

英语注释读物



珍珠

THE
PEARL

外语教学与研究出版社

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John Steinbeck 著

陈德彰 注释

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说 明

约翰·斯坦贝克(John Steinbeck, 1902—1968)是当代美国著名的小说家,著有小说多种。他出身于加利福尼亚州一个不很富裕的家庭,上小学时就在假期中帮邻近的农场打杂,以后,在大学学习期间和毕业后,曾在牧场、修路队、制糖厂和建筑工地从事过各种职业,与劳动人民有较多的接触,熟悉他们的思想和生活,了解他们的疾苦。因此他的作品大多能深刻地反映严峻的生活现实,无情地鞭挞社会的黑暗和邪恶。

他最初的三部小说《金杯》(Cup of Gold, 1929)、《天堂的牧场》(The Pastures of Heaven, 1939)和《献给一位无名的神》(To a God Unknown, 1933)并没有引起人们多大的注意,销路也不佳。1935年出版的《托蒂亚平地》(Tortilla Flat)这部现实主义小说第一次引起了人们的重视。1936年出版的《鼠与人》(Of Mice and Men)更为文学界所注目。

他的代表作《愤怒的葡萄》(The Grapes of Wrath),出版于1939年。此书在思想上与艺术上都比以前的作品前进了一大步,标志着他本人文学创作的高峰,也是二十世纪美国文学中最重要的作品之一。该书于1940年获得美国普利策奖金。小说讲述琼德(Joad)一家在垄断资本控制下,土地被兼并,生活日益贫困,不得不离乡背井到加利福尼亚去另谋生路。一

路上他们历尽了千辛万苦;到了加利福尼亚之后,仍然备受当地官员和资本家的欺凌。为了争取生存的权利,他们组织起来进行罢工斗争。琼德的一个儿子在斗争中牺牲了,另一个儿子又继承起哥哥的事业。虽然这部小说的指导思想是人道主义和改良主义,但从一个侧面反映了美国当时汹涌澎湃的群众运动。

斯坦贝克在这个时期前后写的一些作品的主题,基本上都是探讨金钱文明与人性的关系的。有的写人们寻欢作乐、归真返朴,以逃避金钱文明的腐蚀;有的则写金钱文明如何残酷破坏幸福生活,甚至戕害人们的生命。除了《愤怒的葡萄》之外,这一时期的作品还有《红马驹》(The Red Pony, 1937)、《罐头厂街》(Cannery Row, 1944)和短篇小说集《长谷》(The Long Valley, 1938)。四十年代后,斯坦贝克写过一些反法西斯主义的作品,如《月落》(The Moon Is Down, 1942)。他晚期的作品有一些逃避现实的倾向,如最后一本小说《不满意的冬天》(Winter of Our Discontent, 1961)完全描述一个郊区居民的内心矛盾,流于抽象。

美国文学评论界对斯坦贝克的评价并不太高,传统的美国知识界批评他“不文雅,不懂礼仪,不完整”。可是他的作品在世界上赢得了广泛的读者。他的作品画面广阔,歌颂了人类的善良和美德,谴责了腐败、残暴和堕落,有深远的社会意义。1962年,斯坦贝克“由于他那现实主义的、富于想象力的写作,把蕴含同情的幽默和对社会的敏感结合起来”而荣获诺贝尔文学奖。

斯坦贝克于1968年病逝。死后还出版了《书信集》(Collected Letters)与其它一些遗著。

中篇小说《珍珠》发表于1945年，这篇优秀的中篇小说是根据墨西哥一个民间传说写成的寓言体小说。印第安族渔民奇诺(Kino)因无钱给儿子治病，到海里去捞珍珠，碰巧捞到一颗硕大无比的珍珠。他满以为这颗举世稀有的珍珠会给他带来幸福，帮助 he 实现自己的理想。可是伴随这颗珍珠而来的是各种人对财富的觊觎和争夺。奇诺本人受到袭击，房子被烧毁，连祖传下来的小船也被毁坏掉。镇上的珍珠商则串通一气，狠压珠价。奇诺仍不甘心，他带了妻儿准备把珍珠拿到首都去卖，可是很快就受到职业追捕者的搜查追捕。就在他杀死追捕者的一瞬间，追捕者的子弹也击中了他的儿子，夺走了他们的幸福。奇诺和妻子回到海边，把那颗珍珠扔回了大海。小说以洗练的笔触刻划了善良淳厚的劳动人民的典型形象，歌颂了他们坚韧不拔的精神。

对于故事悲剧性的结尾，美国文学批评界有人解释说，“证明了一个人不能沉浸于幻想。因为奇诺不切实际地梦想得到一切，因而注定要成为失败者”。这是抹煞了它的深刻的社会意义。作者对劳动人民的代表奇诺的同情，对代表殖民主义者的医生和珠宝商的奸诈凶狠的辛辣揭露，都十分清楚。作者鞭挞的是金钱社会的残忍无情，谴责的是殖民主义的罪恶。

本书语言生动流畅，人物刻划栩栩如生，对人物内心世界描写得淋漓尽致，写景则情景交融，艺术上很有特色，是一篇值得向广大英语学习者推荐的书。现对此书加以注释出版，可供大学英语专业二年级学生和广大英语自学者阅读。注释中除了对较难懂的词句作

了一些解释之外,对作者的修辞、写作等也有所涉及。

陈德彰

专有名词发音

Apolonia [apo'lonia]
Coyotito [kojo'tito]
Juan [hu:'an]
Juana [hu:'ana]
Kino ['kino]
La Paz [la'paθ]
Loreto [lo'reto]
Nayarit [naja'rit]
Santa Rosalia ['Santa ro'salia]
Tomás [to'mas]

THE PEARL

“In the town they tell the story of the great pearl — how it was found and how it was lost again. They tell of Kino, the fisherman, and of his wife, Juana, and of the baby, Coyotito. And because the story has been told so often, it has taken root in every man's mind. And, as with all retold tales¹ that are in people's hearts, there are only good and bad things and black and white things and good and evil things and no in-between anywhere.

“If this story is a parable², perhaps everyone takes his own meaning from it and reads his own life into it.³ In any case, they say in the town that ...”

1. as with all retold tales: 和所有反复传诵的故事一样。

2. parable: 寓言。

3. reads his own life into it: 一边读，一边以自己的生活经历对故事作出解释。

I

Kino awakened in the near dark. The stars still shone and the day had drawn only a pale wash of light¹ in the lower sky to the east. The roosters had been crowing for some time, and the early pigs were already beginning their ceaseless turning of twigs and bits of wood to see whether anything to eat had been overlooked. Outside the brush house² in the tuna clump,³ a covey of little birds⁴ chattered and flurried with their wings.

Kino's eyes opened, and he looked first at the lightening square which was the door⁵ and then he looked at the hanging box where Coyotito slept. And last he turned his head to Juana, his wife, who lay beside him on the mat, her blue head shawl over her nose and over her breasts and around the small of her back.⁶ Juana's eyes were open too. Kino could never remember seeing them closed when he awakened. Her dark eyes made little reflected stars.⁷ She was looking at him as she was always looking at him when he awakened.

Kino heard the little splash of morning waves on the beach. It was very good—Kino closed his eyes

again to listen to his music. Perhaps he alone did this and perhaps all of his people did it. His people had once been great makers of songs so that everything they saw or thought or did or heard became a song. That was very long ago. The songs remained; Kino knew them, but no new songs were added. That does not mean that there were no personal songs. In Kino's head there was a song now, clear and soft, and if he had been able to speak it, he would have called it the Song of the Family.

His blanket was over his nose to protect him from the dank air. His eyes flicked to a rustle beside him.⁸ It was Juana arising, almost soundlessly. On her hard bare feet she went to the hanging box where Coyotito slept, and she leaned over and said a little reassuring word. Coyotito looked up for a moment and closed his eyes and slept again.

Juana went to the fire pit and uncovered a coal and fanned it alive⁹ while she broke little pieces of brush over it.

Now Kino got up and wrapped his blanket about his head and nose and shoulders. He slipped his feet into his sandals and went outside to watch the dawn.

Outside the door he squatted down and gathered the blanket ends about his knees. He saw the specks of Gulf clouds flame high in the air.¹⁰ And a goat came near and sniffed at him and stared with its

cold yellow eyes. Behind him Juana's fire leaped into flame and threw spears of light through the chinks of the brush-house wall and threw a wavering square of light out the door.¹¹ A late moth blustered in to find the fire. The Song of the Family came now from behind Kino. And the rhythm of the family song was the grinding stone where Juana worked the corn¹² for the morning cakes.

The dawn came quickly now, a wash, a glow, a lightness, and then an explosion of fire as the sun arose out of the Gulf. Kino looked down to cover his eyes from the glare. He could hear the pat of the corncakes in the house and the rich smell of them on the cooking plate. The ants were busy on the ground, big black ones with shiny bodies, and little dusty quick ants. Kino watched with the detachment of God while a dusty ant frantically tried to escape the sand trap an ant lion had dug for him.¹³ A thin, timid dog came close and, at a soft word from Kino,¹⁴ curled up, arranged its tail neatly over its feet, and laid its chin delicately on the pile¹⁵. It was a black dog with yellow-gold spots where its eyebrows should have been. It was a morning like other mornings and yet perfect among mornings.

Kino heard the creak of the rope when Juana took Coyotito out of his hanging box and cleaned him and hammocked him in her shawl in a loop¹⁶

that placed him close to her breast. Kino could see these things without looking at them. Juana sang softly an ancient song that had only three notes and yet endless variety of interval.¹⁷ And this was part of the family song too. It was all part. Sometimes it rose to an aching chord that caught the throat, saying this is safety, this is warmth, this is the *Whole*¹⁸.

Across the brush fence were other brush houses, and the smoke came from them too, and the sound of breakfast, but those were other songs, their pigs were other pigs, their wives were not Juana. Kino was young and strong and his black hair hung over his brown forehead. His eyes were warm and fierce and bright and his mustache was thin and coarse. He lowered his blanket from his nose now, for the dark poisonous air was gone and the yellow sunlight fell on the house. Near the brush fence two roosters bowed and feinted at each other with squared wings and neck feathers ruffed out.¹⁹ It would be a clumsy fight. They were not game chickens²⁰. Kino watched them for a moment, and then his eyes went up to a flight of wild doves²¹ twinkling inland to the hills. The world was awake now, and Kino arose and went into his brush house.

As he came through the door Juana stood up from the glowing fire pit. She put Coyotito back in his hanging box and then she combed her black hair and braided it in two braids and tied the ends with thin

green ribbon. Kino squatted by the fire pit and rolled a hot corncake and dipped it in sauce and ate it. And he drank a little pulque²² and that was breakfast. That was the only breakfast he had ever known outside of feast days and one incredible fiesta on cookies that had nearly killed him.²³ When Kino had finished, Juana came back to the fire and ate her breakfast. They had spoken once, but there is not need for speech if it is only a habit anyway. Kino sighed with satisfaction — and that was conversation.

The sun was warming the brush house, breaking through its crevices in long streaks. And one of the streaks fell on the hanging box where Coyotito lay, and on the ropes that held it.

It was a tiny movement that drew their eyes to the hanging box. Kino and Juana froze in their positions.²⁴ Down the rope that hung the baby's box from the roof support a scorpion moved slowly. His stinging tail was straight out behind him, but he could whip it up in a flash of time.²⁵

Kino's breath whistled in his nostrils²⁶ and he opened his mouth to stop it. And then the startled look was gone from him and the rigidity from his body. In his mind a new song had come, the Song of Evil, the music of the enemy, of any foe of the family, a savage, secret, dangerous melody, and underneath, the Song of the Family cried plaintively.

The scorpion moved delicately down the rope toward the box. Under her breath Juana repeated an ancient magic²⁷ to guard against such evil, and on top of that she muttered a Hail Mary²⁸ between clenched teeth. But Kino was in motion. His body glided quietly across the room, noiselessly and smoothly. His hands were in front of him, palms down, and his eyes were on the scorpion. Beneath it in the hanging box Coyotito laughed and reached up his hand toward it. It sensed danger when Kino was almost within reach of it.²⁹ It stopped, and its tail rose up over its back in little jerks and the curved thorn on the tail's end glistened.

Kino stood perfectly still. He could hear Juana whispering the old magic again, and he could hear the evil music of the enemy. He could not move until the scorpion moved, and it felt for the source of the death that was coming to it.³⁰ Kino's hand went forward very slowly, very smoothly. The thorned tail jerked upright. And at that moment the laughing Coyotito shook the rope and the scorpion fell.

Kino's hand leaped to catch it, but it fell past his fingers, fell on the baby's shoulder, landed and struck³¹. Then, snarling, Kino had it, had it in his fingers, rubbing it to a paste in his hands. He threw it down and beat it into the earth floor with his fist, and Coyotito screamed with pain in his box. But

Kino beat and stamped the enemy until it was only a fragment and a moist place in the dirt. His teeth were bared and fury flared in his eyes³² and the Song of the Enemy roared in his ears.

But Juana had the baby in her arms now. She found the puncture with redness starting from it already. She put her lips down over the puncture and sucked hard and spat and sucked again while Coyotito screamed.

Kino hovered; he was helpless, he was in the way.

The screams of the baby brought the neighbors. Out of their brush houses they poured³³ — Kino's brother Juan Tomás and his fat wife Apolonia and their four children crowded in the door and blocked the entrance, while behind them others tried to look in, and one small boy crawled among legs to have a look. And those in front passed the word back to those behind — "Scorpion. The baby has been stung."

Juana stopped sucking the puncture for a moment. The little hole was slightly enlarged and its edges whitened from the sucking, but the red swelling extended farther around it in a hard lymphatic mound.³⁴ And all of these people knew about the scorpion. An adult might be very ill from the sting, but a baby could easily die from the poison. First, they knew, would come swelling and fever and tightened throat³⁵, and

then cramps in the stomach,³⁶ and then Coyotito might die if enough of the poison had gone in. But the stinging pain of the bite was going away. Coyotito's screams turned to moans.

Kino had wondered often at the iron³⁷ in his patient, fragile wife. She, who was obedient and respectful and cheerful and patient, she could arch her back in child pain with hardly a cry.³⁸ She could stand fatigue and hunger almost better than Kino himself. In the canoe she was like a strong man. And now she did a most surprising thing.

"The doctor," she said. "Go to get the doctor."

The word was passed out among the neighbors where they stood close packed in the little yard behind the brush fence. And they repeated among themselves, "Juana wants the doctor." A wonderful thing, a memorable thing, to want the doctor. To get him would be a remarkable thing. The doctor never came to the cluster of brush houses. Why should he, when he had more than he could do to take care of the rich people³⁹ who lived in the stone and plaster houses of the town.

"He would not come," the people in the yard said.

"He would not come," the people in the door said, and the thought got into Kino.

"The doctor would not come," Kino said to Juana.