

英语阅读丛书

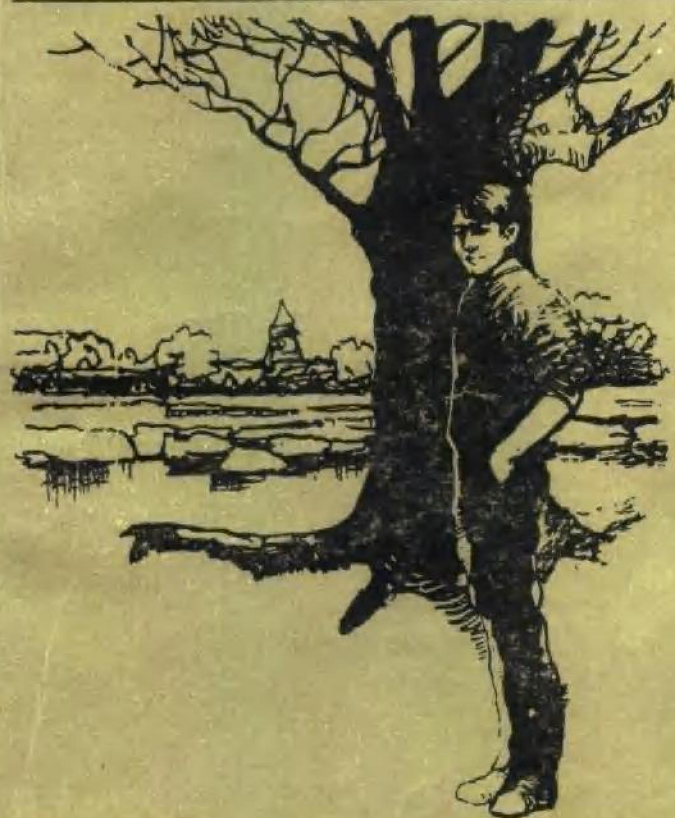
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# A Separate Peace

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## 独自和解

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上海译文出版社

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约翰·诺尔斯 著

顾芸 注释

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**A Separate Peace**

**独自和解**  
【美】约翰·诺尔斯 著  
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## 作者简介

约翰·诺尔斯 (John Knowles, 1926— ), 生于西弗吉尼亚州的费尔蒙特, 就读于耶鲁大学, 后任《假日》(*Holiday*) 的副主编, 曾获威廉·福克纳基金奖。接着, 他的第一本小说 *A Separate Peace* 问世, 获得了国家文学艺术学院的罗森塔尔奖 (Rosenthal Award)。诺尔斯曾在普林斯顿大学和北卡罗来纳大学当过住校作者 (writer-in-residence)。诺尔斯的其他作品有: *Indian Summer*, *Morning in Antibes*, *Double Vision* 及短篇小说集 *Phineas*。

## 内 容 简 介

故事以第二次世界大战为背景，主人公吉恩回忆十五年前在德文学校求学时期他和同学特别是和菲尼亚斯相处在一起时发生的事情。那是1942年夏，十七足岁的高年级学生为应征入伍都要进行备战训练。有一项训练项目是爬树，再从树上跳入河中。吉恩和菲尼亚斯等人都不满十七岁，但他们也都私下去爬树跳水。吉恩比较孤独，性格内向，但在班上学习成绩名列前茅；菲尼亚斯慷慨大方，有一股犟劲，是全校最好的运动员。吉恩渴望能在毕业典礼上当学生代表致告别词，但他担心菲尼亚斯会取代他去致词；另一方面，他妒忌菲尼亚斯，却又误认为菲尼亚斯是个妒忌他，想阻止他学业进步的人，因而暗中对菲尼亚斯怀有敌意；而菲尼亚斯一直信任吉恩，并视他为自己最好的朋友。一次，他们又同去爬树跳水，菲尼亚斯刚爬到一棵小树枝上，由于吉恩在后面震动了树枝，菲尼亚斯失却平衡跌了下去，以致成了跛子。后来吉恩向菲尼亚斯承认事故是他造成的，但菲尼亚斯怎么也不相信。之后，其他同学也逼着吉恩把事实经过说说明白，可就在当天晚上，菲尼亚斯又摔跤受伤，最后因开刀死在手术台上。

故事以吉恩怀着独自和解的心情从回忆往事的角度来描述，故对主人公的内心思想活动刻划得非常细腻。

本书适宜于大学英语专业中、高年级学生及具有相仿英语水平的社会读者阅读欣赏。

I went back to the *Devon School*<sup>1</sup> not long ago, and found it looking oddly newer than when I was a student there fifteen years before. It seemed more sedate than I remembered it, more perpendicular and strait-laced, with narrower windows and shinier woodwork, as though a coat of varnish had been put over everything for better preservation. But, of course, fifteen years before there had been a war going on. Perhaps the school wasn't as well kept up in those days; perhaps varnish, along with everything else, had gone to war.

I didn't entirely like this glossy new surface, because it made the school look like a museum, and that's exactly what it was to me, and what I did not want it to be. In the deep, tacit way in which feeling becomes stronger than thought, I had always felt that the Devon School came into existence the day I entered it, was vibrantly real while I was a student there, and then blinked out like a candle the day I left.

Now here it was after all, preserved by *some considerate hand*<sup>2</sup> with varnish and wax. Preserved along with it, like

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1. 以地名“德文”命名的学校。 2. 考虑周到的人；替人着想的人。hand: 作某种工作的人，如 a new (an old, a green) hand: 新(老，生)手。

stale air in an unopened room, was the well known fear which had surrounded and filled those days, so much of it that I hadn't even known it was there. Because, unfamiliar with the absence of fear and what that was like, I had not been able to identify its presence.

Looking back now across fifteen years, I could see with great clarity the fear I had lived in, which must mean that in the interval I had succeeded in a very important undertaking: I must have made my escape from it.

*I felt fear's echo, and along with that I felt the unhinged, uncontrollable joy which had been its accompaniment and opposite face,<sup>3</sup> joy which had broken out sometimes in those days like Northern Lights<sup>4</sup> across black sky.*

There were a couple of places now which I wanted to see. Both were fearful sites, and that was why I wanted to see them. So after lunch at the Devon Inn I walked back toward the school. It was a raw, nondescript time of year<sup>5</sup>, toward the end of November, the kind of wet, self-pitying November day when every speck of dirt stands out clearly. Devon luckily had very little of such weather — the icy clamp of winter, or the radiant New Hampshire summers<sup>6</sup>, were more characteristic of it—but this day it blew wet, moody gusts all around me.

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3. 我感觉到恐惧在回荡，与此同时，我也感到一种心烦意乱，一种不能自己的欢乐。这种欢乐伴随恐惧而来，却又与它不能相容。 4. 北极光。北半球高纬度地区高空中出现的一种瑰丽的彩色光象。此处指恐惧的心情记忆犹新，但时而夹杂着抑制不住的欢乐，就象漆黑的天空中出现的北极光一样。 5. 一年中的阴冷而又毫无特色的时令，指冬季。 6. 刺骨寒冷的冬天或阳光灿烂的新罕布什尔夏天。clamp 原义“钳，夹子，夹板”等物，此处以 icy clamp 形容 winter，意即砭骨严寒；新罕布什尔是美国东北部十三州之一。

I walked along Gilman Street, the best street in town. The houses were as handsome and as unusual as I remembered. *Clever modernizations of old Colonial manses, extensions in Victorian wood, capacious Greek Revival temples*<sup>7</sup> lined the street, as impressive and just as forbidding as ever. I had rarely seen anyone go into one of them, or anyone playing on a lawn, or even an open window. Today with their *failing ivy and stripped, moaning trees*<sup>8</sup> the houses looked both more elegant and more lifeless than ever.

Like all old, good schools, Devon did not stand isolated behind walls and gates but emerged naturally from the town which had produced it. So there was no sudden moment of encounter as I approached it; the houses along Gilman Street began to look more defensive, which meant that I was near the school, and then more exhausted, which meant that I was in it.

It was early afternoon and the grounds and buildings were deserted, since everyone was at sports. There was nothing to distract me as I made my way across a wide yard, called the Far Commons, and up to a building as red brick and balanced as the other major buildings, but with a large cupola and a bell and a clock and Latin over the doorway — the First Academy Building.

In through *swinging doors*<sup>9</sup> I reached a marble foyer, and stopped at the foot of a long white marble flight of stairs. *Although they were old stairs, the worn moons in the middle*

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7. 精巧的、现代化的美国早期庄园,维多利亚女王时代木料建造的扩建房屋及宽敞的希腊教会复兴派式的庙宇。Revival 大写指“教会复兴派”。 8. 枯谢的常春藤和凋零而瑟瑟哀鸣的秃树。 9. 弹簧门。



*of each step were not very deep.*<sup>10</sup> The marble must be unusually hard. That seemed very likely, only too likely, although with all my thought about these stairs this exceptional hardness had not occurred to me. *It was surprising that I had overlooked that, that crucial fact.*<sup>11</sup>

There was nothing else to notice; they of course were the same stairs I had walked up and down at least once every day of my Devon life. They were the same as ever. And I? Well, I naturally felt older — I began at that point the emotional examination to note how far my convalescence had gone — I was taller, bigger generally in relation to these stairs. *I had more money and success and “security” than in the days when specters seemed to go up and down them with me.*<sup>12</sup>

I turned away and went back outside. The Far Common was still empty, and I walked alone down the wide gravel paths among *those most Republican, bankerish of trees, New England elms*<sup>13</sup>, toward the far side of the school.

Devon is sometimes considered the most beautiful school in New England, and even on this dismal afternoon its power was asserted. It is the beauty of small areas of order — a large yard, a group of trees, three similar dormitories, a circle of old houses — living together in contentious harmony. You felt that an argument might begin again

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10. 尽管阶梯的年代已久，但每一步台阶中间的月形磨损部分却并不太深。

11. 令人惊讶的是我竟忽略了那一点，即那关键性的事实。 12. 与昔日相比，今天，我有名有利又有“安全”感，不再那样忐忑不安，摆脱不了疑惧心情了。说明当年在校时因心中有鬼时感不安。specters: 心中疑惧的暗鬼，或无法摆脱的忧惧。 13. 最富于民主党派和银行家风度的新英格兰榆树。喻这种榆树的古老、高大和茂盛；新英格兰指美国东北部，包括缅因、新罕布什尔等六州。

any time; in fact it had: out of the Dean's Residence, a pure and authentic Colonial house, there now sprouted an ell with a big bare picture window. Some day the Dean would probably live entirely encased in a house of glass and be happy as a sandpiper. Everything at Devon slowly changed and slowly harmonized with what had gone before. So it was logical to hope that since the buildings and the Deans and the curriculum could achieve this, I could achieve, perhaps unknowingly already had achieved, this growth and harmony myself.

I would know more about that when I had seen the second place I had come to see. So I roamed on past the balanced red brick dormitories *with webs of leafless ivy clinging to them*<sup>14</sup>, through a ramshackle salient of the town which invaded the school for a hundred yards, past the solid gymnasium, full of students at this hour but silent as a monument on the outside, past the Field House, called *The Cage*<sup>15</sup> — I remembered now what a mystery references to “The Cage” had been during my first weeks at Devon, I had thought it must be a place of severe punishment — and I reached the huge open sweep of ground known as the Playing Fields.

Devon was both scholarly and very athletic, so the playing fields were vast and, except at such a time of year, constantly in use. *Now they reached soggily and emptily away from me*,<sup>16</sup> forlorn tennis courts on the left, enormous football and soccer and lacrosse fields in the center, woods

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14. (宿舍的红砖墙上)爬了没有叶子的纠结成网状的常春藤。 15. 室内练习场。 16. 如今它们(指运动场)浸了水,空荡荡地,已经与我无缘。

on the right, and at the far end a small river detectable from this distance by the few bare trees along its banks. It was such a gray and misty day that I could not see the other side of the river, where there was a small stadium.

I started the long trudge across the fields and had gone some distance before I paid any attention to the soft and muddy ground, which was dooming my city shoes. I didn't stop. Near the center of the fields there were thin lakes of muddy water which I had to make my way around, my unrecognizable shoes making obscene noises as I lifted them out of the mire. *With nothing to block it the wind flung wet gusts at me; at any other time I would have felt like a fool slogging through mud and rain, only to look at a tree.*<sup>17</sup>

A little fog hung over the river so that as I neared it I felt myself becoming isolated from everything except the river and the few trees beside it. The wind was blowing more steadily here, and I was beginning to feel cold. I never wore a hat, and had forgotten gloves. There were several trees bleakly reaching into the fog. Any one of them might have been the one I was looking for. Unbelievable that there were other trees which looked like it here. It had loomed in my memory as a huge lone spike dominating the riverbank, forbidding as an artillery piece, high as the beanstalk. Yet here was a scattered grove of trees, none of them of any particular grandeur.

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17. 大风毫无阻拦地将阵阵湿风打在我身上：要是在任何其他时候，我在雨水和泥泞中挣扎行走，仅仅为了去看一看那棵树，那我真象个傻子了。此处的树指十五年前他的老同学菲尼亚斯从树上跌下伤了腿的那棵树，因此那树对他有着不可磨灭的记忆。

Moving through the soaked, coarse grass I began to examine each one closely, and finally identified the tree I was looking for by means of certain small scars rising along its trunk, and by a limb extending over the river, and another thinner limb growing near it. This was the tree, and it seemed to me standing there to resemble those men, the giants of your childhood, whom you encounter years later and find that they are not merely smaller in relation to your growth, but that they are absolutely smaller, shrunken by age. In this double demotion *the old giants have become pigmies*<sup>18</sup> while you were looking the other way.

The tree was not only stripped by the cold season, it seemed weary from age, enfeebled, dry. I was thankful, very thankful that I had seen it. *So the more things remain the same, the more they change after all — plus c'est la même chose, plus ça change.*<sup>19</sup> Nothing endures, not a tree, not love, not even a death by violence.

Changed, I headed back through the mud. I was drenched; anybody could see it was time to come in out of the rain.

The tree was tremendous, an irate, steely black steeple beside the river. I was damned if I'd climb it. The hell with it. No one but Phineas could think up such a crazy idea.

He of course saw nothing the slightest bit intimidating

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18. 旧时的巨人变成了身材矮小的侏格米人。巨人常喻身材、能力、力量特别大的人；侏格米人则喻微不足道的人或物。 19. 事物存在的时间越久，变化越大。法文部分意义相同。

about it. He wouldn't, or wouldn't admit it if he did. Not Phineas.

"What I like best about this tree," he said in that voice of his, *the equivalent in sound of a hypnotist's eyes*<sup>20</sup>, "what I like is that it's such a cinch!" He opened his green eyes wider and gave us his maniac look, and only the smirk on his wide mouth with its droll, slightly protruding upper lip reassured us that he wasn't completely goofy.

"Is that what you like best?" I said sarcastically. I said a lot of things sarcastically that summer; that was my sarcastic summer, 1942.

"Aey-uh," he said. This weird New England affirmative — maybe it is spelled "aie-huh" — always made me laugh, as *Finny*<sup>21</sup> knew, so I had to laugh, which made me feel less sarcastic and less scared.

There were three others with us — Phineas in those days almost always moved in groups *the size of a hockey team*<sup>22</sup> — and they stood with me looking with masked apprehension from him to the tree. Its soaring black trunk was set with rough wooden pegs leading up to a substantial limb which extended farther toward the water. Standing on this limb, you could by a prodigious effort jump far enough out into the river for safety. So we had heard. At least the seventeen-year-old bunch could do it; but they had a crucial year's advantage over us. No *Upper Middler*<sup>23</sup>, which

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20. 菲尼亚斯的声音就象施催眠术者的眼神(那样有魔力)。 21. 菲尼亚斯的爱称。

22. 棒球队的人数。一般 field hockey 是十一人, ice hockey 是六人。

23. 比毕业班低一级的学生。middler 相当于三年制学校的二年级学生或一般四年制学校的二、三年级学生。lower middler 是比 middler 低的年级的学生。

was the name for our class in the Devon School, had ever tried. Naturally Finny was going to be the first to try, and just as naturally he was going to inveigle others, us, into trying it with him.

We were not even Upper Middler exactly. For this was the *Summer Session*<sup>24</sup>, just established to keep up with the pace of the war. *We were in shaky transit that summer from the groveling status of Lower Middlers to the near-respectability of Upper Middlers.*<sup>25</sup> The class above, seniors, draft-bait, practically soldiers, rushed ahead of us toward the war. They were caught up in accelerated courses and first-aid programs and a physical hardening regimen, which included jumping from this tree. We were still calmly, numbly reading *Virgil*<sup>26</sup> and playing tag in the river farther downstream. Until Finny thought of the tree.

We stood looking up at it, four looks of consternation, one of excitement. “Do you want to go first?” Finny asked us, rhetorically. We just looked quietly back at him, and so he began taking off his clothes, stripping down to his underpants. For such an extraordinary athlete — even as a Lower Middler Phineas had been the best athlete in the school — he was not spectacularly built. He was my height — five feet eight and a half inches (I had been claiming five feet nine inches before he became my roommate, but he had said in public with that simple, shocking self-acceptance of his, “No, you’re the same height I am,

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24. 暑期班。为适应战时需要。参加暑期班学习后，可提前毕业。 25. 那年夏天，我们怀着惴惴不安的心情从俯首贴耳的低年级爬上勉强受尊敬的高年级。 26. 弗吉尔，罗马诗人(公元前70—19)，亦作 Vergil。

five-eight and a half. *We're on the short side*<sup>27</sup>). He weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, a galling ten pounds more than I did, which flowed from his legs to torso around shoulders to arms and full strong neck in an uninterrupted, unemphatic unity of strength.

He began scrambling up the wooden pegs nailed to the side of the tree, his back muscles working like a panther's. The pegs didn't seem strong enough to hold his weight. At last he stepped onto the branch which reached a little farther toward the water. "Is this the one they jump from?" None of us knew. "If I do it, you're all going to do it, aren't you?" We didn't say anything very clearly. "Well," he cried out, "here's my contribution to the war effort!" and he sprang out, fell through the tops of some lower branches, and smashed into the water.

"Great!" he said, bobbing instantly to the surface again, his wet hair plastered in droll bangs on his forehead. "That's the most fun I've had this week. Who's next?"

I was. This tree flooded me with a sensation of alarm all the way to my tingling fingers. My head began to feel unnaturally light, and the vague rustling sounds from the nearby woods came to me as though muffled and filtered. I must have been entering a mild state of shock. Insulated by this, I took off my clothes and started to climb the pegs. I don't remember saying anything. The branch he had jumped from was slenderer than it looked from the ground and much higher. It was impossible to walk out on it far

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27. 我们都是比较矮的。

enough to be well over the river. I would have to spring far out or risk falling into the shallow water next to the bank. "Come on," drawled Finny from below, "stop standing there showing off." I recognized with automatic tenseness that the view was very impressive from here. "When they torpedo the troopship," he shouted, "you can't stand around admiring the view. Jump!"

What was I doing up here anyway? *Why did I let Finny talk me into stupid things like this?*<sup>28</sup> Was he getting some kind of hold over me?

"Jump!"

With the sensation that I was throwing my life away, I jumped into space. Some tips of branches snapped past me and then I crashed into the water. My legs hit the soft mud of the bottom, and immediately I was on the surface being congratulated. I felt fine.

"I think that was better than Finny's," said Elwin — better known as Leper—Lepellier, who was bidding for an ally in the dispute he foresaw.

"All right, pal," Finny spoke in his cordial, penetrating voice, that reverberant instrument in his chest, "don't start awarding prizes until you've passed the course. The tree is waiting."

Leper closed his mouth as though forever. He didn't argue or refuse. *He didn't back away.*<sup>29</sup> He became inanimate. But the other two, Chet Douglass and Bobby Zane, were vocal enough, complaining shrilly about school

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28. 我怎么会让我菲尼怂恿得干出这样的蠢事来呢? talk sb. into (或 into doing) sth.: 劝使某人做某事。 29. 他并没有畏俱后退。



regulations, the danger of stomach cramps, physical disabilities they had never mentioned before.

"It's you, pal," Finny said to me at last, "just you and me." He and I started back across the fields, preceding the others like two seigneurs.

We were the best of friends at that moment.

"You were very good," said Finny good-humoredly, "once I shamed you into it."

"You didn't shame anybody into anything."

"Oh yes I did. I'm good for you that way. You have a tendency to back away from things otherwise."

"I never backed away from anything in my life!" I cried, my indignation at this charge naturally stronger because it was so true. "You're goofy!"

Phineas just walked serenely on, or rather flowed on, rolling forward in his white sneakers with such unthinking unity of movement that "walk" didn't describe it.

I went along beside him across the enormous playing fields toward the gym. Underfoot the healthy green turf was brushed with dew, and ahead of us we could see a faint green haze hanging above the grass, shot through with the twilight sun. Phineas stopped talking for once, so that now I could hear cricket noises and bird cries of dusk, a gymnasium truck gunning along an empty athletic road a quarter of a mile away, a burst of faint, isolated laughter carried to us from the back door of the gym, and then over all, cool and matriarchal, the six o'clock bell from the Academy Building cupola, the calmest, most carrying bell