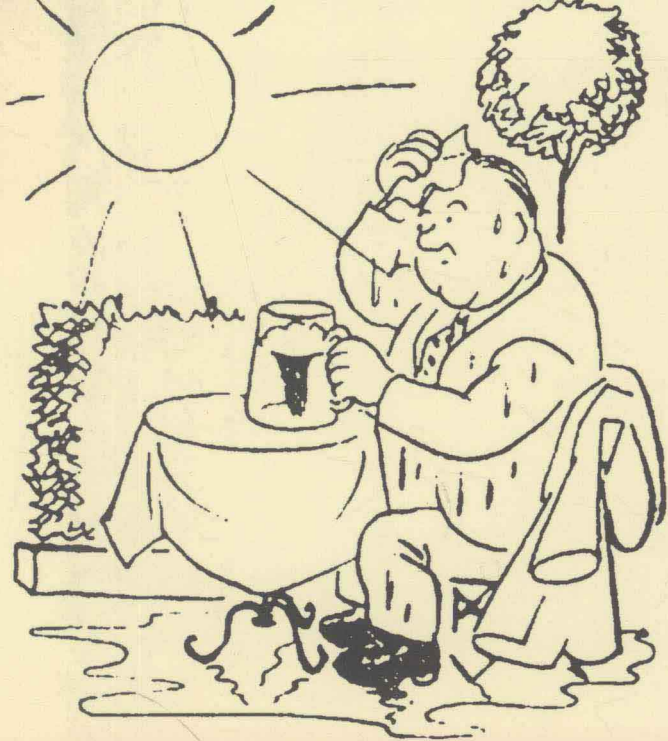




双语译林

英汉双语对照



美国佬都是骗子

All Yankees Are Liars

[英国] 约瑟夫·康拉德 等 著 胡宝贵 译

译林出版社

美国佬都是骗子

〔英国〕约瑟夫·康拉德等 著

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ALL YANKEES ARE LIARS



双语译林

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■ 前 言

《美国佬都是骗子》是一部现代短篇小说集，共收录短篇小说作品十一篇，分别出自英国和爱尔兰现代文坛上的九位著名作家之手，时间跨度大致从十九世纪下半叶到二十世纪二十年代。一书在手，即能欣赏到诸多年代、诸多成名作家的传世之作，这可说是本书的一个特色；除译文之外，左页还附上了英文原文，便于有兴趣的读者直接欣赏英语语言之美，这是本书的另一特色。

这个集子收录的作品题材广泛，异彩纷呈，通过不同侧面，反映了英国和爱尔兰的社会生活；喜欢外国文学的读者朋友，在语言文学的享受之外，还可以从中窥见短篇小说在现代英语世界的发展足迹，了解那里的作家所关注的社会现象，以及他们的创作态度和写作风格。译者相信本书里的英语短篇小说具有相当的代表性，颇值一阅。

本书在翻译、出版过程中，曾有多方亲友，包括我的妻子和女儿，帮助排解疑难；其中包括妻子所在单位中石油廊坊分院的同事、我的母校黑龙江大学黄铁聚教授和部分老同学，还有859农场我当年的荒友，甚至还有中学的老同学；由于提供帮助的人很多，难以在此一一列出姓名，本人深表遗憾；然而必须提及远在海外的周黎同学曾经不辞辛劳克服重重困难查找英语原著，为编辑工作的顺利开展创造条件。对所有这些方方面面真诚无私的帮助，本人在此致以衷心的感谢！

我是科技英语翻译，因车祸失明后转向文学翻译；能为读者奉上这样一部翻译作品集，本人感到很欣慰。由于能力和水平有限，尽管作了很大努力，译文中难免漏误，还请读者朋友不吝指正。

胡宝贵

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■ The Lagoon

Joseph Conrad

The white man, leaning with both arms over the roof of the little house in the stern of the boat, said to the steersman:

"We will pass the night in Arsat's clearing. It is late."

The Malay only grunted, and went on looking fixedly at the river. The white man rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed at the wake of the boat. At the end of the straight avenue of forests cut by the intense glitter of the river, the sun appeared unclouded and dazzling, poised low over the water that shone smoothly like a band of metal. The forests, sombre and dull, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. At the foot of big, towering trees, trunkless nipa palms rose from the mud of the bank, in bunches of leaves enormous and heavy, that hung unstirring over the brown swirl of eddies. In the stillness of the air every tree, every leaf, every bough, every tendril of creeper and every petal of minute blossoms seemed to have been bewitched into an immobility perfect and final. Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash, while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man's canoe, advancing upstream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had forever departed.

The white man, turning his back upon the setting sun, looked along the empty and broad expanse of the sea reach. For the last three miles of its course the wandering, hesitating river, as if enticed irresistibly by the freedom of an open horizon, flows straight into the sea, flows straight to

■ 魔 鬼 湖

约瑟夫·康拉德

白人双臂斜撑在船尾小舱的顶盖上对马来人舵手说：“天色晚了，我们到阿萨特的林中空地去过夜。”

马来人一直紧盯着河面，只哼了一声。白人把下巴顶在交叉的手臂上望着船的尾波出神。河面上泛起的强光在森林中劈开一条通道，遥指天际；通道尽头水面的不高处，稳稳地挂着熔金般的夕阳，没有一丝云彩遮挡，光焰灼目，把平静的河面照得雪亮，宛如一条光闪闪的银链。宽阔的河流两岸伫立着阴沉、昏暗的森林，一动不动，寂静无声。在高大的大树脚下，无躯干的聂帕榈从岸边泥地上长起身形，一簇簇巨大沉重的叶片，悄悄然地悬在褐色的旋涡之上。在静止的空气中，每一棵树，每一个枝桠，每一片树叶，乃至藤蔓上的每一根嫩须和小花上的每一片花瓣，都像被魔法定格在完美和终极。河面上没有活动的东西，只有八只船桨一闪一闪地跃出水面，再齐刷刷地插进水里，还有舵手也在舞动桨片，不时地在头上划出一道闪光的弧线。两侧的河水被搅动得泛出气泡，困惑地嘟囔着。白人的这只轻舟，正乘着自己营造的转瞬即逝的骚动逆流而上，仿佛要驶入一个国度的大门，那里动感的最初记忆早已永久地逝去。

白人转身背向西坠的夕阳，举目眺望开阔空旷的入海口。这条迂回曲折的河流，最后的三英里因地势开阔而自由通畅，仿佛被怙恶而不可遏制，径直地流进大海，径直地流向东方——流向光明与黑暗交替栖身

the east—to the east that harbours both light and darkness. Astern of the boat the repeated call of some bird, a cry discordant and feeble, skipped along over the smooth water and lost itself before it could reach the other shore in the breathless silence of the world.

The steersman dug his paddle into the stream, and held hard with stiffened arms, his body thrown forward. The water gurgled aloud; and suddenly the long straight reach seemed to pivot on its centre, the forests swung in a semicircle, and the slanting beams of sunset touched the broadside of the canoe with a fiery glow, throwing the slender and distorted shadows of its crew upon the streaked glitter of the river. The white man turned to look ahead. The course of the boat had been altered at right angles to the stream, and the carved dragonhead on its prow was pointing now at a gap in the fringing bushes of the bank. It glided through, brushing the overhanging twigs, and disappeared from the river like some slim and amphibious creature leaving the water for its lair in the forests.

The narrow creek was like a ditch: tortuous, fabulously deep; filled with gloom under the thin strip of pure and shining blue of the heaven. Immense trees soared up, invisible behind the festooned draperies of creepers. Here and there, near the glistening blackness of the water, a twisted root of some tall tree showed amongst the tracery of small ferns, black and dull, writhing and motionless, like an arrested snake. The short words of the paddlers reverberated loudly between the thick and sombre walls of vegetation. Darkness oozed out from between the trees, through the tangled maze of the creepers, from behind the great fantastic and unstirring leaves; the darkness, mysterious and invincible; the darkness scented and poisonous of impenetrable forests.

The men poled in the shoaling water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright green, reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate colouring of its image under the floating leaves and

的地方。船的后方，一只不知名的鸟儿在一声声地啼鸣，叫声像单调刺耳的哭号在平静的水面上掠过，未及传到对岸便消失在无声无息的世界里。

舵手猛地把桨片插入水流，绷紧双臂奋力拉住，身体被扯向前倾。河水被搅拨得响声大作。又长又直的入海河道突然好像在围绕自己的中心转动，森林也摇晃出一道半圆。夕阳斜射的光束照到船的侧舷，火一般灼烤，把船工们细长扭曲的身影投射在波光粼粼的河面上。白人转向前看。船的航向已变，与河道成为直角，雕成龙头的船首此刻正指向岸边蔓生的灌木丛中的一道缝隙。船擦着上方细嫩的枝条钻了进去，从河面上消失了，如同一只细长的两栖动物，离开河流到森林中去寻找藏身之处。

溪流狭窄得像一条沟渠：弯弯曲曲的河道充满了昏暗，在细长的一条晶莹的碧空之下，显得幽深莫测。高大的乔木拔地而起，却悄悄躲在藤蔓植物浓密枝叶的后边。黝黑发亮的水边，这里或那里，不时地露出高大树木的扭曲的根，乌黑呆板，像捕获的巨蛇扭结困顿于矮小的蕨类植物编织的网格中间。船工们短促的话语，在浓密阴暗的植被墙内高声回响。黑暗，神秘无形而又不可遏止的黑暗，从树木之间，从奇形怪状、纹丝不动的叶片后面，透过密密麻麻的藤蔓植物的迷宫，悄悄地飘散开来，使密不通风的大森林嗅着似有瘴气在弥漫。

人们在浅水中撑篙行船。溪流渐行渐宽，终于向外扩展成一汪开阔的静水湖面。森林从岸边退去，留出的一带湿地上丛生着芦苇和杂草，为湖中碧空的倒影镶上鲜亮的绿边。空中彩云飘飘，倩影入湖，与水面

the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance. Near it, two tall nibong palms, that seemed to have come out of the forests in the background leaned slightly over the ragged roof, with a suggestion of sad tenderness and care in the droop of their leafy and soaring heads.

The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, "Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles."

The polers ran along the sides of the boat glancing over their shoulders at the end of the day's journey. They would have preferred to spend the night somewhere else than on this lagoon of weird aspect and ghostly reputation. Moreover, they disliked Arsat, first as a stranger, and also because he who repairs a ruined house, and dwells in it, proclaims that he is not afraid to live amongst the spirits that haunt the places abandoned by mankind. Such a man can disturb the course of fate by glances or words; while his familiar ghosts are not easy to propitiate by casual wayfarers upon whom they long to wreak the malice of their human master. White men care not for such things, being unbelievers and in league with the Father of Evil, who leads them unharmed through the invisible dangers of this world. To the warnings of the righteous they oppose an offensive pretence of disbelief. What is there to be done?

So they thought, throwing their weight on the end of their long poles. The big canoe glided on swiftly, noiselessly, and smoothly, towards Arsat's clearing, till, in a great rattling of poles thrown down, and the loud murmurs of "Allah be praised!" it came with a gentle knock against the crooked piles below the house.

The boatmen with uplifted faces shouted discordantly, "Arsat! O Arsat!" Nobody came. The white man began to climb the rude ladder giving access to the bamboo platform before the house. The juragan of the boat said sulkily, "We will cook in the sampan, and sleep on the water."

"Pass my blankets and the basket," said the white man curtly.

He knelt on the edge of the platform to receive the bundle. Then

睡莲的绿叶银花交相辉映。远处影绰绰现出一间小房，坐落在几根木桩之上。房屋附近有两棵聂帕桐，看来是从后边不远的林中移植来的；繁茂而蓬松的树冠微微倾斜着垂向破烂的屋顶，显露出温柔的关切和缕缕的忧愁。

舵手用桨指点着说：“阿萨特在这儿呢。我看见他的独木舟了，牢牢地拴在木桩上。”

船工们在船舷上一边跑动着撑篙，一边回头张望那一天航程的终点。他们希望在别的什么地方过夜，而不愿意待在这荒僻、鬼祟的湖上；此外他们也不喜欢阿萨特这个人，首先因为他这人挺怪，还因为他整修了这间荒废了的房子住了进去，并声称他不惧怕生活在鬼魂们中间，在被人类遗弃了的那些地方。这样的人说句话或看一眼，都会把人的命运搞糟。而且他所熟悉的那些鬼魂，对他们这些远道而来的生人是很难有好感的，它们肯定希望把对人类主人的怨恨发泄到他们头上。白人不在乎这类事情，他们不信这些，他们和天父在一起，他能引导他们避开这个世界上那些看不见的危险，使他们免受伤害。对于那些善意的劝告他们总是一副不屑一顾的神情，令人不快。那又有什么办法呢？

他们这样想着，同时把身体的重量狠狠地压在长篙的顶端。那条大船平稳快捷地行进，悄无声息地滑向阿萨特的领地，随着竹篙纷纷抛下的声响和“真主保佑”的大声祷告，它轻轻地撞在支撑房子的弯曲的木桩上。

船工们仰起脸直着脖子朝上喊：“阿萨特，喂，阿萨特！”没人应声。房子前面是个用竹子搭成的平台，一架简陋的梯子通到上边。这时白人已开始往上爬。船工头目赌着气说：“我们在船上做饭，在水上过夜。”

“把我的毯子和篮子递上来。”白人简洁地说。

他跪在平台边上接过东西。于是船向后退去，白人站起身来，迎面

the boat shoved off, and the white man, standing up, confronted Arsat, who had come out through the low door of his hut. He was a man young, powerful, with broad chest and muscular arms. He had nothing on but his sarong. His head was bare. His big, soft eyes stared eagerly at the white man, but his voice and demeanour were composed as he asked, without any words of greeting:

"Have you medicine, Tuan?"

"No," said the visitor in a startled tone. "No. Why? Is there sickness in the house?"

"Enter and see," replied Arsat, in the same calm manner, and turning short round, passed again through the small doorway. The white man, dropping his bundles, followed.

In the dim light of the dwelling he made out on a couch of bamboos a woman stretched on her back under a broad sheet of red cotton cloth. She lay still, as if dead; but her big eyes, wide open, glittered in the gloom, staring upwards at the slender rafters, motionless and unseeing. She was in a high fever, and evidently unconscious. Her cheeks were sunk slightly, her lips were partly open, and on the young face there was the ominous and fixed expression—the absorbed, contemplating expression of the unconscious who are going to die. The two men stood looking down at her in silence.

"Has she been long ill?" asked the traveller.

"I have not slept for five nights," answered the Malay, in a deliberate tone. "At first she heard voices calling her from the water and struggled against me who held her. But since the sun of today rose she hears nothing—she hears not me. She sees nothing. She sees not me—me!"

He remained silent for a minute, then asked softly:

"Tuan, will she die?"

"I fear so," said the white man, sorrowfully. He had known Arsat years ago, in a far country in times of trouble and danger, when no friendship is to be despised. And since his Malay friend had come unexpectedly to dwell in the hut on the lagoon with a strange woman,

正碰见刚从棚屋的小门里出来的阿萨特。这是个强壮的年轻人，生得肩宽背厚，臂膀粗壮。他没穿衣服，只围了一条纱笼¹，头上什么也没戴，一双温柔的大眼直盯着白人，充满着希望和企盼，没有一句寒暄，直接发问，但声音和举止都很镇定：

“您有药吗，先生？”

“没有哇，”来访者说，语气十分惊讶，“怎么，房子里有病人吗？”

“进来看吧。”阿萨特说，神情依然那么平静。说完灵巧地转身穿过低矮的门道进去了。白人把手里的东西放下，也跟了进去。

在昏暗的居室光线中，他发现一个女人躺在竹床上，盖着一条宽宽的红棉布单。她静静地躺着，像死了一样，一双眼睛却瞪得很大，在昏暗中闪光，朝上直直地盯着房顶上的椽子，其实什么也没看见。她在发高烧，神智显然已经不清；两颊微陷，双唇半张，年轻的脸上一副不祥的、凝固的表情，行将死亡的人那种若有所思而又毫无知觉的表情。两个男人站在那里默默地注视着她。

“她病了很久了吗？”行路人问。

“我已经五天没睡觉了，”马来人小心翼翼地回答，“最初她听见湖水里有声音叫她，我把她抱住，她还极力要挣脱。今天太阳升起来以后，她就听不见什么了——连我的声音也听不见了。她也看不见了——连我也看不见了。”

他沉默了一会儿，然后轻声地问：

“先生，她会死吗？”

“怕的就是这个。”白人伤心地说。他几年前就认识了阿萨特，在一个很远的地方，正当危难时期，友情抵万金的时候。自从他的马来朋友出人意料地同一个陌生女子住进湖上这棚屋以来，他在河上往来的

1 马来人男女均可穿用的宽松长筒裙。