

EVERYDAY ENGLISH SNACK
FAMOUS ACCEPTANCE SPEECHES

每天读点英文 获奖感言全集

青 闰 ◎主编

典藏英文全集

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中国宇航出版社



每天读点英文 获奖感言全集

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中国宇航出版社

· 北京 ·

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

每天读点英文获奖感言全集:英汉对照/青闰主编

· 北京:中国宇航出版社,2014.1

ISBN 978-7-5159-0542-6

I. ①每… II. ①青… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物

IV. ①H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2013)第 279172 号

每天读点英文
获奖感言全集

策划编辑 李莹

装帧设计 文道思

责任编辑 刘杰 李莹

责任校对 李文广

出版 中国宇航出版社

社址 北京市阜成路8号

邮编 100830

(010)68768548

网址 www.caphbook.com

经销 新华书店

发行部 (010)68371900

(010)88530478(传真)

(010)68768541

(010)68767294(传真)

零售店 读者服务部

北京宇航文苑

(010)68371105

(010)62529336

承印 北京中新伟业印刷有限公司

版次 2014年1月第1版

2014年1月第1次印刷

规格 787×1092

开本 1/16

印张 24

字数 504千字

书号 ISBN 978-7-5159-0542-6

定价 39.80元

本书如有印装质量问题,可与发行部联系调换

前言

Preface

当颁奖者郑重地宣读各大奖项的获奖者时，当获奖者走向领奖台领取那沉甸甸的奖杯时，当他们满怀激动的心情发表感言时，成功的喜悦与泪水感动着每一位聆听其感言的人。通过阅读获奖感言，尤其是那些功成名就者的感言，我们不仅能体验舞台上获奖者的风采，还可以感受获奖者的心路历程，体味其成功之路的艰辛、坚持与努力；不仅可以欣赏其或幽默或深刻、或清新或生动、或睿智或傲气的精彩表述，还可以站在巨人的肩上望一望世界的广博深邃，甚至还可以与他们碰撞出心灵的火花，从此心有所属，见字如面，捧书而喜。

《每天读点英文获奖感言全集》精选众多知名奖项中经典的感言，包括诺贝尔文学奖、诺贝尔和平奖、诺贝尔化学奖、诺贝尔物理学奖、诺贝尔经济学奖、诺贝尔生理学或医学奖、奥斯卡最佳男主角奖、奥斯卡最佳女主角奖、奥斯卡最佳导演奖、奥斯卡最佳影片奖、奥斯卡最佳配角奖、奥斯卡荣誉奖、格莱美奖、金球奖。所涉及的获奖人涉及政界、商界、科学界、影视界、音乐界等知名人士。

当美国著名意识流小说家福克纳获得诺贝尔文学奖时，他面对评委和观众说出：“我认为这个奖项不是颁给我这个人，而是颁给我的工作。”简单的一句话，却道出了文学家的创作之重要。以“硬汉”形象深入人心的作家海明威获得诺贝尔文学奖时，一句“写作处于最佳状态时，是一种孤独的生活”表现出了这位伟大作家的真实状态。当中国作家莫言获得诺贝尔文学奖时，那长久的感言也深深表达出了中国人对诺贝尔奖的期盼。当美国民权运动领袖马丁·路德·金获得诺贝尔和平奖时，他再次以铿锵有力的声音呼吁“爱才是解决这些世界问题的关键”。当世界著名

的天主教慈善工作者特蕾莎修女获得诺贝尔和平奖时，她所描绘出的一幕幕令人为之动容的画面令人深思，发人深省。美籍华裔科学家杨振宁获得诺贝尔物理学奖时，他说出：“我为我的中国传统和背景而自豪，也为自己致力于现代科学研究而骄傲，现代科学是起源于西方文化的人类文明的一部分，我已经并将继续献身我的工作。”既表达了对中国的浓浓深情，又体现出其对科学研究的不懈追求与坚定信念。奥斯卡最佳男主角获得者汤姆·汉克斯在获奖时，说道：“如果不是因为我生命中两个非常重要的人，我不会站在这儿……”令我们深感朋友、知己、老师、家人在我们成功之路上的重要。被影评人誉为“一代只出一个”的世界影坛常青树梅丽尔·斯特里普凭借《时尚女魔头》获得金球奖最佳女主角时，她那幽默的语言时时刻刻烘托着现场的气氛，令台下观众捧腹不已。

在选材上，编者披沙拣金，尽可能多方位、多角度、多层面地展现获奖感言的语言魅力。为了方便广大读者的学习，每篇文章均配以精彩译文，更易理解英文原文。书中“名人档案”这一板块可以令读者更多地了解获奖者的生平、成绩及其影响地位等。而详细的注释又可以在方便阅读的同时，提高读者的词汇量，从而提高英语水平。

英语能力的提高是一个持之以恒的过程，其中特别需要广泛阅读的积累。《每天读点英文获奖感言全集》便是您休闲阅读的一个上佳选择，让您在内容丰富、充满魅力语言中，感受名人的风采。本书在遴选、翻译和注解过程中追求精美韵致，得到了廉凤仙、宋娟、张灵敏、王艳玲、冯婷婷、张喜梅等同志的热情支持与帮助，在此深表感谢。

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第一章

诺贝尔文学奖 获奖感言

诺贝尔文学奖获奖感言
（1901-2000）
诺贝尔文学奖获奖感言
（1901-2000）
诺贝尔文学奖获奖感言
（1901-2000）

Selma Lagerlöf's Speech

塞尔玛·拉格洛夫获奖感言

名人档案

塞尔玛·拉格洛夫(1858—1940)，瑞典女作家。1858年11月20日出生于瑞典中部韦姆兰省莫尔巴卡庄园，并在那里度过了童年、青年和晚年。1909年“因她作品中特有的高贵的理想主义、丰富的想象力、平易而优美的风格”而获得诺贝尔文学奖，获奖作品是《尼尔斯骑鹅旅行记》。

原声再现

A few days ago I was sitting in the train, bound for Stockholm. It was early evening; there was little light in my compartment and none at all outside. My fellow passengers were dozing in their **respective** corners, and I was very quiet, listening to the rattling of the train.

And then I began to think of all the other times I had come up to Stockholm. It had usually been to do something difficult—to pass examinations or to find a publisher for my **manuscript**. And now I was coming to receive the Prize in Literature. That, too, I thought would be difficult.

All through this autumn I had lived at my old home in Värmland in complete **solitude**, and now I should have to step forward in the presence of so many people. I had become shy of life's bustle in my solitary retreat and was **apprehensive** at the thought of facing the world.

Deep within me, however, was a wondrous joy at receiving this Prize, and tried to **dispel** my anxiety by thinking of those who would rejoice at my good fortune. There were my good friends, my brothers and sisters and, **first and foremost**, my old mother who, sitting back home, was happy to have lived to see this day.

But then I thought of my father and felt a deep sorrow that he should no longer be alive, and that I could not go to him and tell him that I had been awarded the Nobel Prize. I knew that no one would have been happier than he to hear this. Never have I met anyone with his love and respect for the written word and its creators, and I wished that he could have known that the Swedish Academy had bestowed on me this great Prize. Yes, it was a deep sorrow to me that I could not tell him.

Anyone who has ever sat in a train as it rushes through a dark night will know that

respective *adj.* 分别的，各自的
manuscript *n.* 手稿，原稿
solitude *n.* 单独，隐居处

apprehensive *adj.* 忧虑的，恐惧的
dispel *v.* 消除（疑虑等）
first and foremost 首要，首先

sometimes there are long minutes when the coaches slide smoothly along without so much as a shudder. All rustle and bustle cease and the sound of the wheels becomes a **soothing**, peaceful melody. The coaches no longer seem to run on rails and sleepers but glide into space. Well, that is how it was as I sat there and thought how much I should like to see my old father again. So light and soundless was the movement of the train that I could hardly imagine I was on this earth. And so I began to daydream: Just think, if I were going to meet Father in Paradise! I seem to have heard of such things happening to other people—why, then, not to myself? The train went gliding on but it had a long way to go yet, and my thoughts raced ahead of it. Father will certainly be sitting in a rocking chair on a **veranda**, with a garden full of sunshine and flowers and birds in front of him. He will be reading *Fritjofs Saga*, of course, but when he sees me he will put down his book, push his **spectacles** high up on his forehead, and get up and walk toward me. He will say, “Good day, my daughter, I am very glad to see you,” or “Why, you are here, and how are you, my child,” just as he always used to do.

He will settle again in his rocking chair and only then begin to wonder why I have come to see him. “You are sure there is nothing amiss?” he will ask suddenly. “No, Father, all is well,” I will reply. But then, just as I am about to break my news to him, I will decide to keep it back just a while longer and try the indirect approach. “I have come to ask you for advice, Father,” I will say, “for I am very heavily in debt.”

“I am afraid you will not get much help from me in this matter,” Father will reply. “One may well say of this place that, like the old estates in our Värmland, it has everything except money.”

“Ah, but it is not money that I owe, Father.”

“But that’s even worse,” Father will say. “Begin right at the beginning, daughter.”

“It is not too much to ask that you should help, Father, for it was all your fault right from the beginning. Do you remember how you used to play the piano and sing Bellman’s songs to us children and how, at least twice every winter, you would let us read Tegnér and Runeberg and Andersen? It was then that I first fell into debt. Father, how shall I ever repay them for teaching me to love fairy tales and sagas of heroes, the land we live in and all of our human life, in all its **wretchedness** and glory?”

Father will straighten up in his rocking chair and a wonderful look will come into his eyes. “I am glad that I got you into this debt,” he will say. “Yes, you may be right, Father, but

soothing *adj.* 缓和的
veranda *n.* 阳台

spectacles *n.* 眼镜
wretchedness *n.* 可怜, 悲惨

then remember that that is not all of it. Think how many **creditors** I have. Think of those poor, homeless **vagabonds** who used to travel up and down Värmland in your youth, playing the fool and singing all those songs. What do I not owe to them, to their mischief and mad **pranks**! And the old men and women sitting in their small grey cottages as one came out of the forest, telling me wonderful stories of **water-sprites** and **trolls** and enchanted maidens lured into the mountains. It was they who taught me that there is poetry in hard rocks and black forests. And think, Father, of all those pale, hollow-cheeked monks and nuns in their dark **cloisters**, the visions they saw and the voices they heard. I have borrowed from their treasure of legends. And our own peasants who went to Jerusalem—do I owe them nothing for giving me such glorious deeds to write about? And I am in debt not only to people; there is the whole of nature as well. The animals that walk the earth, the birds in the skies, the trees and flowers, they have all told me some of their *sécrets*.”

Father will smile and nod his head and look not at all worried.

“But don’t you understand, Father, that I carry a great burden of debt?” I will say, and look more and more serious. “No one on earth knows how I can repay it, but I thought that you, in Heaven, would know.”

“We do,” Father will say and be as carefree and relaxed as he used to be. “Never fear, child, there is a remedy for your trouble.”

“Yes, Father, but that’s not all. I am also heavily in debt to those who have formed and moulded our language into the good instrument that it is, and taught me to use it. And, then, am I not in debt to those who have written in prose and in verse before my time, who have turned writing into art, the **torchbearers**, the pathfinders? The great Norwegians, the great Russians who wrote when I was a child, do I not owe them a thousand debts? Has it not been given to me to live in an age in which my own country’s literature has reached its highest peak? It **nourished** my fantasy, drove me on to compete, and made the dreams bear fruit—do I not owe them anything?”

“Yes, yes,” Father will say. “You are right. Yours is a heavy debt, but never fear, we will find a way.”

“I don’t think, Father, that you really understand how hard it is for me. You don’t realize

creditor *n.* 债权人, 债主

vagabond *n.* 流浪者

prank *n.* 恶作剧, 开玩笑

water-sprite *n.* 水妖

troll *n.* (斯堪的纳维亚神话中居于洞穴或山

上、专门偷小孩的) 巨怪

cloister *n.* (修道院、教堂等建筑的) 走廊, 回廊

torchbearer *n.* 启蒙者

nourish *v.* 滋养, 培养

that I am also in debt to my readers. What would have become of me if no one had wanted to read my books? And don't forget all those who have written of me. Remember the famous Danish critic who, with a few words, won me friends all over Denmark! And he who could mix **gall** and **ambrosia** in a more masterly fashion than anyone in Sweden had ever done before his time. Now he is dead. Think of all those in foreign lands who have worked for me. I owe them gratitude, Father, both for their praise and for their **censure**."

"Yes, yes," Father will say, and I shall see him look a little less calm. Surely, he will begin to understand that it will not be easy to help me.

"Remember all who have helped me, Father!" I shall say. "Think of my faithful friend, Esselde, who tried to open doors for me when no one dared to believe in me. Think of others who have cared for and protected my work! Think of my good friend and travelling companion, who not only took me south and showed me all the glories of art but made life itself happier and lighter for me. All the love that has come to me, the honours, the **distinctions**! Do you not understand now that I had to come to you to ask how such debts can be paid?"

Father has lowered his head and does not look so hopeful any more.

"I agree, Daughter, it is not going to be easy to find help for you but, surely, there is nothing more you owe anyone?"

"Yes, Father, I have found it difficult enough to bear all that I owed before, but my biggest debt has not yet come. That is why I had to come to you for advice."

"I cannot understand how you could owe still more," Father will say.

"Oh, yes," I will reply, and then I will tell him all about this.

"I just cannot believe the Academy..." Father will say but, looking at me and seeing my face, he will know it is all true. And, then, every wrinkle in his face will tremble and tears will come into his eyes.

"What am I to say to those who put my name up for the Prize and to those who have made the decision—think, Father, it is not only honour and money they are bestowing on me. They have shown that they have trust enough in me to single me out before the whole world. How shall I repay this debt?"

Father will sit and still no words will come as he thinks. Then, drying tears of joy from his eyes, he will bang down his fist on the arm of the rocking chair and say, "I will not **rack my brains** about problems that no one in Heaven or on earth can solve. I am too happy that you

gall *n.* 胆汁, 苦物

ambrosia *n.* (希腊、罗马神话中) 神仙的食物, 美味食品

censure *n.* 指责, 谴责, 斥责

distinction *n.* 荣誉, 声望

rack one's brains 绞尽脑汁

have been given the Nobel Prize to worry about anything!”

Your Majesties, Your **Royal Highnesses**, Ladies and Gentlemen—having received no better answer than this to all my questions, it only remains to me to ask you to join me in the toast which I have the honour to propose to the Swedish Academy.

Royal Highness *n.* 殿下

参考译文

几天前，我乘坐开往斯德哥尔摩的列车。当时是傍晚时分，车厢里灯光微弱，车窗外没有任何光亮。同行的旅客们都在各自的角落打着盹，我静静地倾听着火车咣当咣当的声音。

随后，我开始想起了以前到斯德哥尔摩来时的一幕幕情景。通常是去办一些难事——去参加考试或为手稿找出版商。而现在，我是来领诺贝尔文学奖。我想这也是难事。

整个秋天，我都离群索居，住在韦姆兰的一座老宅里，而现在不得不在这么多人面前抛头露面。我隐居独处，对喧闹的生活感到怕羞。一想到要面对那么多人，我就诚惶诚恐。

然而，我内心深处对接受这个奖感到惊喜。我想象着那些将对我的好运感到欣喜的人，设法消除自己的忧虑。他们中有我的好友，有我的兄弟姐妹，最重要的是，有我的老母亲——她坐在老家，非常高兴有生之年看到这一天。

不过，我又想起了父亲，感到深深的悲伤，他不在人世了。我再也无法走到他身边，把我获得诺贝尔奖的消息告诉他。我知道谁也不会比他在听到这个消息时更开心的了。我从来没有见过一个人像他那样热爱文学作品，尊重其作者。我希望他能知道瑞典学院授予我这个大奖。是的，我无法告诉他这个消息，这对我是一种深深的悲伤。

凡是曾在奔驰的列车上过夜的人都知道，有时列车没有多大震颤平稳滑行会有很长时间。刷刷刷的声音都停止了，车轮声变成了一种缓和平静的旋律。列车好像不再是在铁轨和枕木上奔跑，而是滑入了太空。是的，我当时就是这种感觉。我坐在那儿，心里是多么想再见到老父亲。火车行驶得是那么轻快，无声无息，简直想不到自己是在这个地球上。于是，我开始浮想联翩：试想一下，如果去天堂见父亲该多好！我好像听说别人身上发生过这种事——那么，为何不发生在我身上呢？火车继续滑行，还有很长的路要走，我的思绪早已飞跑到了火车前面。父亲肯定会坐在阳台的摇椅上，面前是阳光明媚、鲜花盛开、小鸟啁啾的花园。他肯定会在念着《弗里提奥夫传奇》，但当他看到我时，就会放下书，把眼镜高高地推到前额上，站起身，向我走来。他会说：“你好，我的女儿，很高兴见到你！”要么会说：“啊，你来了！你好，我的孩子！”就像他过去常说的那样。

他会重新坐进摇椅，只有这时才会开始想我为什么会来看他。“孩子，你一定有什么不如意的事儿吧？”他会突然问道。“不，父亲，一切都很好，”我会答道。不过，正当我准备