

前 言

“有时,我还在咖啡园或玉米地里时,丹尼斯会突然来到农场,用留声机把他新带来的唱片放出来。我在落日下开车回家时,夜晚清冷的空气里流淌的旋律便向我宣告着他的到来,我似乎看到了他在向我微笑,一如往昔。¶《走出非洲》)

“看着他活生生的人坐在她面前,她有些发呆,被激起的食欲好像和他的融在了一起。他在为他们两人而吃,而她就希望这样。……坐在旁边那张桌子前独自用餐的一个男人把她的痴情看在眼里,淡淡地微笑着。她看到了他的目光,于是也朝他微笑了一下。越过莫里斯低伏的头,他们认真地对视着,目光中饱含着深切的理解。我爱他,你看,她无声地说。那个男人叹了口气,结了账,然后冲她举起了咖啡杯。是的,她想,祝我好运吧。我终于等到了。¶《天命》)

“文学作品、戏剧和电影都告诉我,无论初吻多么令人激动,它只不过是期盼爱情来临时

的那种狂热而苍白的复制品。当作者或剧作家给他们笔下主人公的感情生活设置障碍时，其实就是为了反映这样一个残酷的事实：如果希望破灭了，热情也将不复存在。况且，我过去所受的折磨使我注定要经历新的磨难，我不承认我所忍受的痛苦会得不到回报。‡《方方》）

以上是来自本书(《英语乐园精品系列——爱情篇》)的几个精彩片段。编者在本书的编译过程中,每每读到这些片段,都会被其中人物痴迷、真挚的情感所打动,同时也会因为体会到情、欲与理的矛盾在人物内心掀起的狂澜而感到深深的震撼。多么希望能有更多的人一起分享这样一种感动!情感和思想的交流是不分国界的,不应该因为语言的障碍而受阻。能够通过另一种优美的语言来欣赏世界各地优秀的文学作品,这一定是一种美的享受。或许这就是我编译此书的目的吧——希望能为读者获得这种享受提供一些帮助。

本书中的 18 个选段是我在近几十年欧美流行的或获奖的通俗小说中精挑细选的结果。选编是一个非常艰难的过程——流行的通俗小说中属于“糟粕”的内容太多了,暴力的、无意义的,甚至不健康的描写充斥其间。从这个角度来看,本书为读者接触优秀的外国作品起到了指点迷津的作用。入选小说的

作者主要来自美国、英国和澳大利亚。他们通过讲述不同社会、不同教育背景下人们的爱情故事，向读者展示了人生百态，个中滋味值得我们每一个人细细咀嚼。因为小说涉及社会生活的方方面面，读者还可从中欣赏到丰富多彩的欧美风情。

本书采取英汉对照的形式，保留了原著的原汁原味。内容贴近生活，文字既浅显又富有表达力。读者可以把本书当成学英语的工具，更可以把它看作一本艺术性很强的小说集锦来欣赏。

李晶洁

2000 年初夏

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1. Providence

Anita Brookners

Her main preoccupation was whether Maurice would ask her to go with him to France. She would be useful, she knew, could do all the boring things, while he got on with driving the car and getting from one place to another and being inspired by what he saw. French, after all, was her mother tongue; she could save him a lot of time and trouble. But how to suggest this? The suggestion must surely come from him, and he was still bent over his maps, his hand blindly reaching for the cup of coffee she had poured for him. It seemed as if he could take the cathedrals of France without any human company to dilute them. She felt humbled by the comparison between them, as always; he was finer, larger, better than she was, his insights nobler, his whole fabric superior. With his background, I suppose, she thought vague-

天 命

安妮塔·布鲁克纳*

现在她最关心的事就是莫里斯会不会请她和他一起去法国。她知道自己会对他很有用处的 当他开着车,一处一处地游览,沉醉于眼前的胜景时,她则可以帮他处理掉所有那些烦人的事情。法语毕竟是她的母语,她能让他省去很多时间和麻烦。但是这话儿怎么说得出口呢 当然得由他提出来。莫里斯仍在弯着腰看地图,手摸索着伸向她给他倒好的那杯咖啡。看上去,他不希望任何人陪在他身边,似乎那样会有损于他将领略到的法国大教堂的风韵似的。像往常一样,在他面前她总感到自卑 他比她好、比她强、比她棒,他的见地比她高深,他的整个资质都是超凡脱俗的。这大概是由于他的出身吧,她茫



* 美国作家,被《纽约时报》誉为当时最杰出的小说家。本文选自《天命》作品中,女主人公基蒂家教良好,在一所大学教书,她一直在默默地喜欢她的同事莫里斯。而莫里斯却曾经沧海难为水,把自己的全身心都交给了上帝。

ly, imagining spacious lawns and grey stone and summer afternoons and his impeccable mother receiving guests.

Although anyone who saw Maurice and Kitty together would have thought them a charming couple, she would have been remarked upon as the luckier of the two, lucky to attract such a man as Maurice. Both were tall and graceful, but there the comparison ended, with their silhouettes. Kitty was artfully put together, manufactured and tutored by her grandmother in the way of presenting herself advantageously, given the names of shoe designers and handbag makers and a special price because of her trade connections. She felt exhausted sometimes by the sheer effort of composing her appearance, and not always sure of the results. Was she perhaps too elaborate? Maurice was ineffably natural. He wore fine clothes, but carelessly, handmade shirts without a tie, cashmere pullovers instead of jackets. She had first seen him drinking tea in the Senior Common Room at the university, a place where low armchairs housed many spreading bottoms and stomachs clad in grey flannel or beige tweed, where legs could be seen protruding in maroon socks and ginger suede shoes. Kitty, alarmed by her first entrance into this important place and dressed as her grandmother decreed a lady should be dressed, instinctively felt drawn to the tall figure wandering around with a cup in one hand and a saucer in the other, a signet ring just visible on the

然地想,想象着他家里宽阔的草坪、灰色的石墙和他那处处都无可挑剔的母亲在夏日的午后接待访客的情景。

尽管无论谁看到莫里斯和基蒂在一起,都觉得他们是天生的一对,但她还是会被认为是两人当中更幸运的那个,幸运得能够迷住像莫里斯这样的男人。他们两人都身材高挑、举止优雅,但说到衣着打扮,两人就不尽相同了。基蒂的鞋是名牌的,手袋是名牌的,并且由于与商业界的关系她享受的价格也是优惠的。她的祖母精心地装扮和调教她,使她总是以高雅的仪态出现在众人面前。基蒂的形象是包装出来的。有时,她也会对这样的包装感到筋疲力尽,而对被包装后的效果又经常没有把握。也许她显得太刻意了。莫里斯的外表则是说不出的自然。他服饰上乘,但看上去却好像很不经意似的。手工制的衬衫,不打领带,外面不是穿着夹克衫,而是配了一件开斯米的套头毛衣。她第一次看见他时,他正坐在大学的教师休息室里喝着茶。休息室里低矮的扶手椅下向外伸展的椅腿和腿肚上都包着灰色的法兰绒或米色花呢,从门缝里能看到人们伸出的裹着栗色袜子的腿和姜黄色的羊皮鞋。基蒂打扮成祖母规定的标准淑女模样,忐忑不安地第一次走进了这个上流社会的人们出入的地方。凭直觉,她一下子对那个正走来走去的高个子产生了好感。他一手拿着茶杯,一手拿着茶托,茶托下露出的手指上戴着一枚

finger beneath the saucer, his brown hair—the hair of a formerly blond child—curling behind his ears and on the nape of his neck. He had swung round and greeted her with a pleasant vague smile, the smile she had come to know so well, and because she was not yet afraid of him she had responded naturally and they became friends. They both lived in London and commuted to the university, which was strictly against the rules, and this created a further bond between them. Very occasionally he gave her a lift back to town and it was during one of these late evening drives that she had fallen in love with him.

That had been two years ago. Since that time, his smile had become no less pleasant and no less vague, for however much she pined for him she knew that she was not indispensable to him. And at bad moments, when she woke in the night, she knew that she was not even necessary. She congratulated herself on her ability to hide her feelings, unaware of the fact that the Roger Fry Professor's wife had observed to her husband, with some satisfaction, "Well, she doesn't appear to be getting anywhere with him. Trying too hard, if you ask me."

On the evening with the maps she had moved quietly round him, only too happy to have him in her kitchen, and willing to forgo even the cathedrals of France if only she could be sure that he would

图章戒指,褐色的头发——孩提时应该是金黄色的——在耳后和后颈上髻曲着。他转过身来,微笑着向她打招呼。那文雅的、淡淡的微笑现在对她来说,已经变得十分熟悉了。那时,因为对他不感到紧张,她回应得很自然,就这样他们成了朋友。他们俩都住在伦敦,每天往返于伦敦与大学之间。严格说来,这是违反规定的,但无形中这也把两人又拉近了一步。偶尔他也会让她搭他的车回城。就是在一次深夜他送她回家的途中,她爱上了他。

那已经是两年以前的事了。从那以后,他的微笑总是那么文雅,总是那么淡淡的。无论她对他的感情有多热烈,她知道自己对他来说并不是必不可少的。心情不好的时候,她夜不能寐,甚至觉得自己是多余的。她庆幸自己有掩饰感情的本事,却不知道罗杰·弗赖伊教授的太太已经有些幸灾乐祸地向她丈夫发表过这样的评论了:“哎,看样子她跟他不会有什么结果。要我说,是她太下工夫了。”

莫里斯看地图的这个晚上,她在他身旁悄悄地走来走去,忙这忙那。有她在她的厨房,她高兴得甚至愿意放弃去法国看大教堂的机会,只要能

come back to her. As he plotted his courses, with his diary in one hand, she permitted herself to gaze at his fine head, since he could not see her doing so. The longish brown hair, the clear green eyes, the skin healthy with the country air of his weekends at home. There was so much that she wanted to ask him, but she knew that with Maurice questions never met with answers. He remained formal and pleasant, but he disarmed her easily. She wanted to know if he ever thought about her (but she supposed not, for he was always busy) and anyway, to ask that sort of question was unimaginable. But if he took her to France, that would be a sign, and moreover a sign that the world would see, a sign that her grandmother would welcome.

He straightened up, hands on hips. "You ought to come with me, Kitty," he said. She turned away from him, to hide her trembling hands. "Why not?" she said, after a minute, and with no particular inflection in her voice. "My dear child," he laughed, stretching out a long arm and resting it on her shoulder. "You know perfectly well why not. Just think of your reputation."

This was his way and it confused her. She did not know whether, in his world, it would have been truly scandalous to contemplate such a journey with a woman not merely of marriageable age but of marriageable intentions. He was, after all, such a very superior person and it was typical of him to

肯定他会回到她身边。他一只手拿着日程表,计划着自己的行程。趁他不注意,她任自己凝视着他好看的头部。褐色的头发稍稍有些长,绿色的清亮的眼睛,皮肤由于在家乡度了周末而带着健康的乡间气息。她有很多的话想问他,但她知道问莫里斯的问题永远也不会有答案。他总是一本正经,彬彬有礼,但他不费吹灰之力就能让她说不出话来。她想知道他可曾想过她(但她想他不会的,他总是很忙),而且,对她来说,对他提出那种问题简直是不可想象的。但如果他带她去法国,那就说明问题了,更重要的是,这样大家都能看到,她的祖母也会很高兴的。

他直起腰来,手背在后面:“基蒂,你真应该跟我一起去,”他说。她转过身去,不让他看见她有些发抖的手。“为什么不呢?”过了一会儿,她语调平平地说:“我的孩子,”他笑了,伸出长长的胳膊搭在她的肩上:“你很清楚,你知道为什么。想想你的名誉。”

他这人就是这样,她也被搞糊涂了。她不知道在他看来,和一个正值婚龄,而且也有意结婚的女士出游是不是真的非常有损名誉。毕竟,他是这么正派的一个人,处理这种事情时是不会有一点犹

remain untouched by the inconclusive character that sometimes attends such episodes. Her being an orphan, she supposed, made him feel more responsible for her reputation, and he did not know that if only she could be seen to be with him a little more obviously, her reputation would be made for life.

Since that time he had continued to talk about his projected trip to France but had never again suggested that she should go with him.

And since that time their evenings together, and they were not very frequent, for during the term Maurice was greatly in demand, had filled her with a slight but persistent melancholy. It seemed to her, in retrospect, their first meeting is the best moment of her life: her recognition of him, her ease in welcoming whatever would come of it. Since then there had been intimacies, but he always left her afterwards, and she had had to try very hard to censor out of sight a feeling of dismay, almost of shame. For she never knew when she would see him again.

She had wondered if she herself might be too pressing and urgent in wanting a conclusion, pressed and urged by the need to justify herself in Louise's eyes and to bring happiness to those grandparents whom she had so far disappointed.

Haunted by a feeling of despair, she finally decided on giving Maurice a telephone.

豫的。她是一个孤儿,她猜想这一点使他感到更有责任对她的名誉负责。然而他不知道,只要别人再稍微明显一点地看到她和他在一起,她一生的名誉也就完了。

从那以后,他虽然还继续谈论他去法国旅游的计划,但再没提起她应该和他一起去的话。

而且从那以后,他们在一起的夜晚——虽然他们不经常在一起,因为整个学期莫里斯都特别忙——总让她心中充满了淡淡的、却挥之不去的惆怅。回想起来,他们第一次见面的时候是她一生中最美好的时刻。她与他的相识,她让这段感情顺其自然的坦然和潇洒。自那时起,他们也曾有过亲密的关系,但过后他总是丢下她不管。这使她感到十分绝望,甚至是屈辱。她拼命地想摆脱这种感觉,因为她从来都不知道何时才能再见到他。

她也想过,是不是因为在周围人的压力和催促下,自己太急于想要个结果了。比如说,急着要做给路易丝看,或是要让她祖父母们高兴一下——她已经让他们够失望的了。

她被一种绝望的情绪紧紧地抓着,终于,她决定给莫里斯打个电话。

“Maurice,” she said. “Am I disturbing you? It’s kitty, by the way.”

“I know it’s Kitty,” he said mildly. “What can I do for you?”

She took a deep breath.

“I’ve decided to go to Paris to work on my lecture a bit. There are one or two things I need to look up. Can we meet there?”

He laughed. “That might be a bit difficult, my dear. I’m driving around, as you know. When will you be there?”

“I’m not sure,” said Kitty. “But it seems so silly, our being practically in the same place and not meeting.” She was aware that she was pleading and took hold of herself.

“If you’re going to do Saint-Denis, you’ll have to come through Paris. Although,” she added scrupulously, “Saint-Denis is an abbey church, not a cathedral.”

“You’re right,” he pondered. “But I do love all those tombs.” There was a silence. “Why not?” he said. “I could pick you up on my way back. Where will you be?”

“At the Hotel West End,” she said. “Just off the Avenue Montaigne.” She had already decided this.

He laughed. “Ridiculous Kitty. But it would be nice. I’ll give you a call there at the end of the month, then.” And he rang off.

“莫里斯，”她说，“打扰你吗 我是基蒂。”

“我听出来了，”他温和地说，“什么事？”

她深深地吸了一口气。

“我决定去巴黎准备一下我的讲义，有一两个地方要查些资料。我们能在那儿碰个头吗？”

他笑了，“可能有点困难，亲爱的。你知道，我总是开车到处兜。你什么时候到那儿？”

“现在还定不下来，”基蒂说，“但如果我们到了同一个地方却见不着面，这好像太可笑了吧。”她意识到自己已经在恳求了，于是控制了一下情绪。

“如果你要去圣但尼，就肯定得经过巴黎。尽管，”她小心翼翼地加了一句，“圣但尼是修道院，不是大教堂。”

“你说得对，”他考虑了一下，“可是我真的很喜欢那些陵墓。”两人都沉默了片刻。“为什么不呢？”他说，“我可以回来的时候去接你。你会在哪儿？”

“在威斯特安德酒店，”她说，“就在蒙太格大道那儿。”她已经计划好了。

他笑了，“傻基蒂。不过那样也好。那么，月底的时候我会在那儿给你打电话的。”说完，他就挂断了。