英汉对照描写辞典

主编 贾卫国

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内容提要

本书是一部具有特色，融语言、文化等知识为一体的大型工具书和参考书，全书共分人物、景物和社会生活描写三大部分。根据描写的内容和性质又划分为32个分部类统领390个细部，共约5000余条英汉对照描写片段，每个描写片段前冠以概括性小标题，以帮助读者了解选段的主旨；选段下注原文的作者、书名和译者。书后附参考文献供读者查阅。

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前　言

《英汉对照描写辞典》是一部融语言、文化等知识为一体的大型工具书和参考书。全书共分人物、景物和社会生活描写三大部类。根据描写的内容和性质又划分为32个分部类统领390个细部，共约5000余条英汉对照描写片段。每个描写片段前冠以概括性小标题，以帮助读者了解选段的主旨；选段下注原文的作者、书名和译者。书后附参考文献供读者查阅。

《英汉对照描写辞典》以文学描写为基础，语言规范、生动，具有很强的可读性和欣赏性。书内所选片段皆源于外国名著名篇，其中多数为英文原版著作，也有俄、法等国世界名著的英文版本。这可使读者在品尝原汁原味的英文的同时，也有机会领略到巴尔扎克、大仲马、托尔斯泰等文学巨匠的文采。对照译文多出自国内著名翻译家的手笔，意义贴切，文字优雅，叙事流畅，保存了原作的风格，可视为翻译艺术的精华。

为了适应各类读者的需求，《英汉对照描写辞典》力求拓宽描写的领域，使描写内容涵盖从人类社会到自然界的诸多方面，它们从不同的角度反映出西方的社会、历史、文化风貌与自然风光。这对于那些既想提高鉴赏能力又欲获取知识的读者来说是十分有益的。由于本辞典采用的是英汉对照形式，便于一般读者进行比较阅读，从而增强阅读的兴趣和学习外语的信心。对于从事语言专业的人员和学生来说，本辞典为他们提供了用于研究、翻译和写作的宝贵资料和素材。

《英汉对照描写辞典》的编译工作自1996年开始，共有三所大学参加，分别是：山东财政学院（负责《人物部》），山东经济学院（负责《景物部》），山东科技大学（负责《社会生活部》）。主编负责本书的总体设计，目录和参考文献的翻译和整理，并实际参加了描写片段的选择，小标题的翻译和参考文献的整理工作。全部文稿经主编统阅，汇同各部编者一道修改，定稿，历时近3年完成。在此期间

有关人员曾参阅了大量的原版文学名著和中译本，从中选取了很多的精彩片段和译文。另外，作者从《英语世界》等杂志中，选用了数段文字以充实“社会生活部”的内容，恕不一一列出，在此谨向有关的作者、译者致以最诚挚的谢意。需要说明的是，部分译著发表的时间距今已有几十年，译文虽然出色，但译者的汉语表达，措辞及姓名翻译等与近期的同类译本相比存在某些差异，谨请读者辨识和理解。少部分原文为俄、法文名著，我们提供了英译文和中译文，但这并不意味着中译文译者是根据英译文翻译的，这点也请予理解。本书的编者自译了部分段落，但由于水平有限，错误疏漏之处在所难免，恳请读者批评指正。

本书的完成得益于各位前辈、同仁的关心和鼓励，上海交通大学出版社也给予了大力的支持，在此我们一并表示真诚的感谢。

编　者

1999 年 3 月

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CHARACTER'S SECTION
人物部

I. Portraits 肖像

A. Male 男性

1. Old Men 老翁

An Aged Naval Officer

Along the road walked an old man. He was white-headed as a mountain, bowed in the shoulders, and faded in general aspect. He wore a glazed hat, an ancient boat-cloak, and shoes; his brass buttons bearing an anchor upon their face. In his hand was a silver-headed walking-stick, which he used as a veritable third leg, perseveringly dotting the ground with its point at every few inches' interval. One would have said that he had been, in his day, a naval officer of some sort or other.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

衰老的海军军官

一个老头儿顺着这条大道走来。他满头的白发，好像一座雪山，两个肩膀佝偻着，全身都显出衰老的样子来。他戴着一顶光面儿帽子，披着一件老式海员外氅，穿着一双皮鞋，他的衣服上钉的那些铜钮子上面还刻着船锚。他手里拿着一根镶着银把儿的手杖，简直跟他的第三条腿一样，每隔几时，他就非把它的下端往地上一拄不可。看他那种样子，一准会有人说，他当年大概是海军军官一流人物。

(张谷若 译)

An Imposing and Monumental Old Man

His bulk for a Malay was immense, but he did not look merely fat; he looked imposing, monumental. This motionless body, clad in rich stuffs, coloured silks, gold embroideries; this huge head, enfolded in a red-and-gold head-kerchief; the flat, big, round face, wrinkled, furrowed, with two semicircular heavy folds starting on each side of wide, fierce nostrils, and enclosing a thick-lipped mouth; the throat like a bull;

the vast corrugated brow overhanging the staring proud eyes—made a whole that, once seen, can never be forgotten. (Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

魁梧健壮的老人

他的躯体，就马来人说，是硕大无比的，但他并不是单单显得胖；他看上去魁梧而且雄壮。那稳定不动的身体，穿着华贵的衣饰，染色的丝绸，同金织的锦绣；那庞大的头儿，裹着赤紫的头巾；扁平的大圆脸，满起着皱纹，另有两条半圆形的粗纹，从宽大凶猛的鼻孔两旁出发，围绕着厚厚的嘴唇；脖子像匹公牛；宽阔皱瘪的眉毛，罩在骄横的圆睁睁的眼睛上，——整个儿合在一起，叫你看见一回之后，永远再也不能忘记。（梁遇春 袁家骅 译）

An Odd-Looking Old Fellow

The words referred to a broad, round-shouldered, one-sided old fellow in mourning, coming comically ambling towards the corner, dressed in a pea overcoat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself, he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager, childishly-inquiring grey eyes, under his ragged eyebrows, and broad-brimmed hat. A very odd-looking old fellow altogether. (Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

样子古怪的老头

这句话是对一个壮实、圆肩膀、斜着身子走路的、穿件丧服的老头子说的，他正步态轻盈地、样子有些儿滑稽地向拐角上走来，穿一件豆绿色的外套，拿一根大手杖，脚蹬一双厚底鞋，罩着厚皮的鞋罩子，一双厚手套，像是修篱笆的园丁戴的。从他的装束和他本人看，都像是头满身皱折的犀牛，他的面颊上，额头上，眼皮上，嘴唇上和耳朵上，满都是皱折；但是，在他乱蓬蓬的眉毛和宽檐帽子下边，却是一双明亮、亲切、孩子般好奇的灰色的眼睛。总之是个样子非常古怪的老头子。（智量 译）

An Old Gentleman Reminding One of a Parrot

At this moment, there walked into the room: supporting himself by a thick stick, a stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waist-coat, nankeen breeches and gaiters,

and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt frill stuck out from his waistcoat; and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange; the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted, defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head on one side when he spoke; and of looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time; which irresistibly remained the beholder of a parrot.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

令人联想起鹦鹉的老绅士

就在这当儿，屋里走进一位胖胖的老绅士，拄着一根挺粗的手杖，一条腿颇有点儿瘸；他穿一件蓝色的外套、一件条纹背心和一条本色布面马裤，下面裹一副皮绑腿，头戴翻起绿色镶边的宽檐白礼帽。从背心里面露出一条褶打得很密的衬衫褶边，背心的口袋外面晃荡着一条很长的怀表链，表链末端只有一把钥匙，别无他物。他的白围巾的边角卷成桔子般大小的一个球。至于他扭动的面部作出的种种奇形怪状简直难画难描。他说起话来有把头转向一边的习惯，同时用眼角斜睨，旁人石子都会情不自禁地联想起一只鹦鹉。

(荣如德 译)

A Strange Old Man

In one of the cells, among the exiles, Nekhlyudov recognized, to his surprise, the strange old man he had met on the ferry that morning. All wrinkled, tattered and barefoot, his only garments a dirty ash-grey shirt and trousers, the shirt torn on one shoulder, the old fellow was sitting on the floor beside his bunk and looking sternly and inquiringly at the newcomers. His emaciated body, visible through the rents in his grimy shirt, looked feeble and wretched, but the expression on his face was even more concentratedly serious and animated than on the ferry. As in the other cells, all the prisoners jumped up and stood to attention when the superintendent entered, but the old man remained sitting on the floor. His eyes glittered and he frowned wrathfully.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

怪老头

在流放犯的一个牢房中，聂赫留朵夫看见早晨在渡船上见到过的怪老头，

不由得感到惊奇。这个老头儿，头发蓬乱，满脸皱纹，上身只穿一件肩头磨破的灰色肮脏衬衫，下身穿着同样破旧的长裤，赤脚坐在板床旁边的地板上，目光严厉而疑惑地瞧着进来的人。他那皮包骨头的身子从肮脏的破洞里露出来，显得虚弱可怜，但神色比在渡船上更加专注，更富有生气。犯人们也像别的牢房里的那样，看见长官进来，都跳下床，挺直身子站着；可是老头儿却坐着不动。他的眼睛炯炯有神，双眉愤怒地皱起来。（草婴 译）

A Nice and Charming Old Man

For a moment or two big tears brimmed her eyes and through them she saw the old man unwinding a scarf from his neck and untying the flaps of his Jaeger cap. He looked very old. Ninety at least. He had a white moustache and big gold-brimmed spectacles with little blue eyes behind them and pink wrinkled cheeks. A nice face—and charming the way he bent-forward...

He sat extremely upright, the chest thrown out, the chin well in, knees pressed together, reading a German paper. That was why he spoke French so funnily. He was a German. Something in the army, she supposed not now; he was too old for that now. How spick and span he looked for an old man. He wore a pearl pin stuck in his black tie and a ring with a dark red stone on his little finger; the tip of a white silk handkerchief showed in the pocket of his double-breasted jacket. Somehow, altogether, he was really nice to look at. Most old men were so horrid. She couldn't bear them doddery—or they had a disgusting cough or something. But not having a beard—that made all the difference—and then his cheeks were so pink and his moustache so very white.

（Katherine Mansfield, *The Little Governess*）

讨人喜欢的老头儿

这时她的眼睛里冒出大颗大颗的泪珠，她隔着泪花看见老头儿从脖子上解下围巾和豹皮帽子。看他的样子像是年纪很大，至少有九十岁。他胡须全白了，戴着金边眼镜，镜片后面是一双蓝色的小眼睛，粉红色的双颊布满了皱纹。那是一张和蔼的脸——一他弯身向前结结巴巴讲法语的样子讨人喜欢……他直板板地坐在那儿，挺着胸，缩着下巴，并着两膝，正在读一份德文报纸。是了，这就是他法语讲得蹩脚可笑的缘故了。原来他是德国人，大概是军队里的什么官员，当然是从前，不是现在，现在他太老了。他真是个干净的老头儿。黑领带上别着一个珍珠别针，小指上戴着一枚暗红宝石的戒指，在双排扣的茄

克口袋上露出一角白丝手帕。也不知怎么的，总的印象他是挺体面讨人喜欢的，而一般老头都是那么难看。她就怕看老来那种哆里哆嗦的样子——要不就是咳嗽粘痰，怪恶心的。而这个老头儿下巴上没有山羊胡子——那就大不相同了——况且他的脸颊那么粉红，而小胡须那么雪白。

（陈良廷　郭宗玲　等译）

The Old Root in Snow

As it was still foggy and dark, and as the shop was blinded besides by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, intercepting the light within a couple of yards, we should not have seen so much but for a lighted lantern that an old man in spectacles and a hairy cap was carrying about in the shop. Turning towards the door, he now caught sight of us. He was short, cadaverous, and withered; with his head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within. His throat, chin, and eyebrows were so frosted with white hairs, and so gnarled with veins and puckered skin, that he looked from his breast upward, like some old root in a fall of snow.

（Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*）

雪中老树根

本来，这会儿雾气还浓，天气阴沉，这个铺子又被几尺开外的的林肯法学协会的高墙把光线挡住而显得格外黑暗。因此，要不是有一个架着眼镜、戴着一顶毛茸茸的便帽的老头，拿着一个点亮的手灯在店里走来走去，我们恐怕看不见这么多的东西呢。他转过身向门口走去，看见了我们。这人身材矮小，面容枯槁；脑袋歪到一边，陷在两肩之间；他一呼吸，嘴里就喷出气来，仿佛他的五脏六腑都在燃烧。他的喉咙、下巴和眉头上，长满了雪白的胡须，皮肤上青筋毕露、皱纹满布，显得疙里疙瘩，因此从胸部起往上看去，活像一株雪中的老树根。

（黄邦杰　陈少衡　张白谋　译）

2. Middle-Aged Men 中年男人

A Man with High Spirit

He was a man of forty, with a high but well-shaped head, on which the hair, still dense, but prematurely grizzled, had been cropped close. He had a fine, narrow, extremely modelled and composed face, of which the only fault was just this effect of its running a trifle too much to

points... He had a light, lean, rather languid-looking figure, and was apparently neither tall nor short. He was dressed as a man dresses who takes little other trouble about it than to have no vulgar things.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

气概不凡的人

他四十来岁,气概不凡,相貌端正,头发剪得短短的,还很稠密,但已过早地出现了一丝银丝。他的脸清秀,狭长,棱角鲜明,神态安详,唯一不足之处是下巴颏儿太尖了一些,加上那胡须,这个缺点就更突出了……他动作轻巧,身材清瘦,神气懒洋洋的,生得不高也不矮。他不讲究衣着,仿佛有些不修边幅,但求不流于庸俗就成了。 (项星耀 译)

A Half-Pay Officer

This gentleman was about thirty-five years of age. He was of a middle size, and what is called well built. He had a scar on his forehead, which did not so much injure his beauty as it denoted his valour (for he was a half-pay officer). He had good teeth, and something affable, when he pleased, in his smile; though naturally his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much of roughness in it: yet he could at any time deposit this, and appear all gentleness and good humour.

(Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

退伍军官

这位先生年约三十五岁,中等身材,体格可以说是挺健壮的。额上有块疤痕,那并无损于他的俊秀,却足以表明他的骁勇——他是个退伍军官。他的牙齿很美,而且只要他愿意,笑起来也能显出和蔼可亲的样子。虽然他的相貌神情和嗓音都带着一股粗鲁气,可是他随时都可以收敛起来,显得温柔体贴,好脾气。 (萧乾 李从弼 译)

A Perfect Specimen of South French

The innkeeper himself was a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, tall, strong, and bony, a perfect specimen of the natives of those Southern latitudes. He had the dark, sparkling, and deep-set eye, curved nose, and teeth white as those of a carnivorous animal; his hair, which, spite of the light touch time had as yet left on it, seemed as though it refused to assume any other colour than its own, was like his beard, which

he wore under his chin, thick and curly, and but slightly mingled with a few silvery threads.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

标准的法国南部人

客栈老板是一个年约四十至四十五岁的人，身材高大强壮，骨骼粗大，实是法国南部人的一个好标本。他有闪闪发光而深陷的黑眼睛，弯曲的鼻子和像一只食肉兽那样雪白的牙齿。他的头发，虽然经过时间的吹拂，却似乎不愿变白，像他那蓄在颏下的胡须一样，茂密而卷曲，但已略微混入了几根银丝。

（蒋学模　译）

A Man Down and Out

I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown sortout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of a stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat,—for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

落魄的中年男子

我到了他那儿，只见那儿有个身躯有些粗壮的中年男子，穿着一件棕色外衣，一条黑马裤，一双黑皮鞋，脑壳又大又亮，上面跟鸡蛋一样，一根头发都没有，一个大脸盘儿，完全冲着我这面。他的衣服又旧又破，但是他那衬衫的领子却非常神气。他手里拿着一根很时髦的手杖，上面还带着一对像锈了似的大穗子；他那衣服的前襟上挂着一副单光眼镜。我后来发现，那只是作装饰用的，因为他很少有用它看东西的时候，而且即便用它看东西，也看不见。

（张谷若　译）

O'Donnell in His Early Forties

In his early forties, O'Donnell still rated second glances from women. He had retained the build which had made him an outstanding quarterback in his college years—a tall, erect figure with big, broad shoulders and muscular arms. Even nowadays he had a trick of squaring

his shoulders when ready to do something difficult or make a decision—as if ready instinctively to stop the charge of a red-dogging tackle. Yet despite his bulk—mostly bone and muscle with less than a pound of overweight—he still moved lightly; and regular sport—tennis in summer, skiing in water—had kept him robust and lithe.

O'Donnell had never been handsome in the Adonic sense, but he had a rugged, creased irregularity of face (his nose still carried the scar of an old football injury) which women so often, and perversely, find attractive in men. Only his hair showed the real trace of years; not so long ago jet black, now it was graying swiftly as if the color pigments had suddenly surrendered and were marching out.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

四十开外的欧唐奈

欧唐奈虽然已是四十开外的人了,但还能引起女人的回眸。他那高高的身材、挺直的腰板、宽宽的双肩、坚强的手臂,基本上还保持着大学时打橄榄球四分卫时的体态。直到如今,在遇到难题或要作出困难的决定时,他还会习惯地挺起胸,下意识地摆出一副像要阻挡对方球员冲过来截球的架式。尽管他有一身发达的筋骨,但行动却很轻巧。经常性的体育锻炼——夏天打网球、冬天滑雪——使他一直保持着精力充沛和行动敏捷的特点。

欧唐奈并不是一个很俊俏的人,但他那粗线条的凹凸不平的脸庞(他的鼻子上还带有一处打橄榄球时留下的伤痕)却偏偏常是女人喜爱的男人脸型。只是他的头发却显示出了他的年岁:不久以前还是乌黑的,现在一下子变得灰白了,就好像在生命的战斗中,黑色素突然认输了,退出了战斗。(舒逊 译)

A Ghostly Middle-Aged Man

Mr. Snagsby is dismayed to see, standing with an attentive face between himself and the lawyer, at a little distance from the table, a person with a hat and stick in his hand, who was not there when he himself came in, and has not since entered by the door or by either of the windows. There is a press in the room, but its hinges have not creaked, nor has a step been audible upon the floor. Yet this third person stands there, with his attentive face, and his hat and stick in his hands, and his hands behind him, a composed and quiet listener. He is a stoutly built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed man in black, of about the middle-age. Except that he looks at Mr. Snagsby as if he were going to take his portrait, there

is nothing remarkable about him at first sight but his ghostly manner of appearing. (Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

一个神出鬼没的中年男人

斯纳斯比先生真的吃了一惊,因为他看见离他们桌子不远的地方,有一个人站在他和律师之间;这个人一手拿帽子,一手拿手杖,很注意地在听他说话。斯纳斯比先生记得,他进来的时候,没有看见这个人,而后来也没看见有人从门口或从哪一扇窗户进来。屋子里倒是有一个衣橱,但是他没有听见衣橱打开时铰链发出的那种吱嘎的响声,也没有听见有人走路时踩着地板的声音。然而,这个第三者却站在那里,倒着手,一手拿帽子,一手拿手杖,脸上露出一派从容自若的神色,默默地听他说话。这是个中年人,穿着一套黑衣裳,身材魁梧,神态沉着,目光异常锐利。他注视着斯纳斯比先生,好像要给斯纳斯比画像似的;不过,在他乍一露面时,除了给人那种神出鬼没的感觉以外,却没有什么引人注目的地方。 (黄邦杰 陈少衡 张自谋 译)

A Man with Mr. Pickwick's Benevolence

At that instant there was a clatter and a rattle in the street below. Looking down I saw a stately carriage and pair, the brilliant lamps gleaming on the glossy haunches of the noble chestnuts. A footman opened the door, and a small, stout man in a shaggy astrakhan overcoat descended. A minute later he was in the room.

Charles Augustus Milverton was a man of fifty, with a large, intellectual head, a round, plump, hairless face, a perpetual frozen smile, and two keen gray eyes, which gleamed brightly from behind broad, gold-rimmed glasses. There was something of Mr. Pickwick's benevolence in his appearance, marred only by the insincerity of the fixed smile and by the hard glitter of those restless and penetrating eyes. His voice was as smooth and suave as his countenance, as he advanced with a plump little hand extended, murmuring his regret for having missed us at his first visit. Holmes disregarded the outstretched hand and looked at him with a face of granite. Milverton's smile broadened, he shrugged his shoulders, removed his overcoat, folded it with great deliberation over the back of a chair, and then took a seat.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton*)

面带仁慈的人

这时街上传来马蹄声和车轮声。我循声向窗外望去，只见一辆富丽堂皇的双驾马车已停在楼前，一对栗色骏马的腰腿在明亮的车灯下很是光润柔滑。仆人打开门，从车上走下来一个矮小而强壮、穿着粗糙的黑色卷羊毛大衣的人。过了一分钟他来到屋里。

查尔斯·奥格斯特斯·米尔沃顿大约五十岁上下年纪，头部较大，看起来很聪明，面孔又圆又胖，皮肤很光滑，并且总是带着冷笑，两只灵活的灰眼睛在金边大眼镜后面闪闪发光，脸上带点匹克威克先生(英国小说家狄更斯《匹克威克外传》的主人公，以朴实慷慨著称——译者)的仁慈，堆着假笑，眼里射出锐利而又不耐烦的寒光。他的声音也和长相一样，既温和又稳重。他一面走，一面伸出又小又胖的手，口里低声说他很遗憾第一次来没有见到我们。福尔摩斯没有理会那只伸出来的手，只是冷冰冰地看着他。米尔沃顿的微笑着的嘴咧开了一些，他耸耸肩，脱下他的大衣，放在一个椅子背上，精心叠好，然后坐了下来。

(岳文楚　周可　等译)

A Womanish Man

If a man's personal appearance, when he is out of his dressing-room, and when he has passed forty, can be accepted as a safe guide to his time of life—which is more than doubtful—Mr. Fairlie's age, when I saw him, might have been reasonably computed at over fifty and under sixty years. His beardless face was thin, worn, and transparently pale, but not wrinkled, his nose was high and hooked, his eyes were of a dim greyish blue, large, prominent, and rather red round the rims of the eyelids; his hair was scanty, soft to look at, and of that light sandy colour which is the last to disclose its own changes towards grey. He was dressed in a dark frock-coat of some substance much thinner than cloth, and in waistcoat and trousers of spotless white. His feet were effeminately small, and were clad in buff-coloured silk stockings and little womanish bronze-leather slippers. Two rings adorned his white delicate hands, the value of which even my inexperienced observation detected to be all but priceless.

Upon the whole, he had a frail, languidly-fretful, overrefined look—something singularly and unpleasantly delicate in its association with a man and, at the same time, something which could by no possibility have looked natural and appropriate if it had been transferred to the personal appearance of a woman.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*)

女人气的男人

如果说，一个四十开外的人无论多么精心的打扮，我们也可以根据他的外貌来断定他的年龄(对此我很怀疑)，那么弗里先生看来就像一个五十开外的人。他刮过的脸瘦小疲乏，苍白到透明的程度，没有一道皱纹。他长着一个鼻梁凸起的大鼻子，灰色的眼睛大而无神，眼珠突出，眼皮发红；头发稀疏柔软，略带红色，使花白头发不易发现。他穿着一件软料子做的黑色常礼服，背心和裤子洁白无瑕，耀人眼目，他那女人一样的小脚穿着浅色的袜子和青铜色的黑皮鞋。纤细娇嫩的手指上戴着两个戒指，戒指价值连城，即便我这样的外行人也能看出来。

从整体来看，他显得太脆弱、任性、懒散而神经质，也太过分讲究；在男子身上这一切都令人讨厌，不自然；在女人们的身上也绝不是可取的。

(庄凯勋　译)

3. Young Men　男青年

A Huge Man

A huge man had arrived. His square shoulders barely fitted through the doorways. He was wearing a medal of Our Lady of Help around his bison neck, his arms and chest were completely covered with cryptic tattooing, and on his right wrist was the tight copper bracelet of the niños-en-cruz amulet. His skin was tanned by the salt of the open air, his hair was short and straight like the mane of a mule, his jaws were of iron, and he wore a sad smile. He had a belt on that was twice as thick as the cinch of a horse, boots with leggings and spurs and iron on the heels, and his presence gave the quaking impression of a seismic tremor.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

彪形大汉

原来是来了一位彪形大汉：他那宽阔的胸背几乎连门都挤不进；他野牛似的颈脖上挂着一枚圣女雷梅苔丝像，胳膊和胸脯上刺满了花纹，右手腕上紧紧套着一只刻有"圣婴十字架"的铜镯子。他的皮肤日晒雨淋，像被盐腌过似的，短短的头发竖着，像骡鬃，一口牙齿硬得像钢浇铁铸的一般，只有眼光中露出忧郁的神色。他用的裤带比马鞍子的肚带还要宽两倍多，脚上裹着绑腿，靴子带着马刺，后跟上还钉上了铁钉。他的来到使人有一种地动山摇般的感觉。

(黄锦炎　沈国正　陈泉　译)

A Slender, Little, Girl-like Creature

He was a slender little creature, more like an Italian in a sixteenth-century portrait than a middle-class English lad of the thirties. From the long eyebrows and sensitive mouth to the small hands and feet, everything about him was too much chiseled, overdelicate. Sitting still, he might have been taken for a very pretty girl masquerading in male attire; but when he moved, his lithe agility suggested a tame panther without the claws. (E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

身材苗条、酷似少女的男青年

他那苗条瘦弱的身躯不像是30年代英国中等阶层的青年人，倒颇有些像肖像里所描绘的16世纪的意大利小伙子，从他那长长的睫毛，敏感的嘴角到娇小的手脚，身体各个部位都显得那么精致、轮廓又格外分明。静静地坐在那里，准会有人把他当作一个漂亮的女扮男装的少女；一旦走动起来，他那轻柔活泼的姿态，立即会使人想到一只驯服了的没有利爪的黑豹。 （司仁 译）

A Young Man like Don Quixote

Let us sketch a rapid portrait of him. Imagine Don Quixote at eighteen, a Don Quixote without chain mail or thigh pieces, wearing a woolen doublet whose original blue had been transformed into an elusive shade between purple and azure. He had a long, dark face with prominent cheekbones, a mark of shrewdness; his jaw muscles were heavily developed, an infallible sign by which one can recognize a Gascon, even without a beret, and our young man wore a beret adorned with some sort of feather. His eyes were frank and intelligent; his nose was hooked, but finely drawn; He was too big for an adolescent and too small for a full-grown man.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

模样像堂吉诃德的年轻人

他的模样只消用几句话就可以说明白：请想象一下堂吉诃德十八岁时的模样吧，不过这个堂吉诃德没穿胸盔和护腿甲，只穿一件羊毛紧身短上衣，这件短上衣的蓝颜色，现在已经变成介于酒渣色与天蓝色之间的一种说不上名儿的颜色。长面孔，棕色脸膛，颧骨突出，表明他工于心计；颌部的肌肉特别发达，凭这一点就可以十拿九稳地断定他是加斯科尼人，即使不戴贝雷帽也无妨，何况咱们的年轻人果真还戴了一顶有羽饰的贝雷帽哩；大眼睛，透出股机

灵劲儿;鼻梁往里钩,但轮廓挺秀气;身量要说是孩子吧,显得太高了些,要说是成人吧,又显得太矮了些。 (周克希 译)

A Young Fisherman

He was, now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in atop, like an old building, with something pitchy.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

年轻(的)渔民

他现在长得又大又壮,身高六英尺,虎背熊腰。但是他脸上却老带着憨笑的样子,仍旧一团孩气,头上又满是淡色的鬈发,因此显得十分腼腆羞涩。他穿着一件帆布茄克,一条很硬的裤子,硬得好像用不着有腿在里面撑着,只凭裤子自个儿就可以挺起来。他头上与其说戴着帽子,还不如说顶着一件涂有沥青、像一所老房子的房顶似的东西更恰当。 (张谷若 译)

A Coarse, Thick-Set Young Man

Mr. Benjamin Allen was a coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles, and wore a white neckerchief. Below his single-breasted black surtout, which was buttoned up to his chin, appeared the usual number of pepper-and-salt coloured legs, terminating in a pair of imperfectly polished boots. Although his coat was short in sleeves, it disclosed no vestage of a linen wristband; and although there was quite enough of his face to admit of the encroachment of a shirt collar, it was not graced by the smallest approach to that appendage. He presented, altogether, rather a mildewy appearance, and emitted a fragrant odour of full-flavoured Cubas. (Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

粗气、矮胖的青年

班杰明·爱伦先生是一个粗气的、强壮的、矮胖的青年,黑头发剪得短短的。他戴着眼镜,围着白领巾。在他那件一直扣到下巴的、黑色的、单排钮扣

的紧身外套下面，露出椒盐色的通常数目的腿子。腿子完结的地方是一双没有全擦上油的靴子。他的上衣的袖子虽短，却看不见亚麻布袖口的踪影；他的脸虽然足有地方容许衬衫领子来侵占，却没有丝毫类似这种附属品的东西光临。他的样子，整个说来，是一副有点儿发了霉的样子，并且发出加了充分香料的古巴斯的气味。 （蒋天佐 译）

Morel of Twenty-Seven Years Old

Morel was then twenty-seven years old. He was well set-up, erect, and very smart. He had wavy black hair that shone again, and a vigorous black beard that had never been shaved. His cheeks were ruddy, and his red, moist mouth was noticeable because he laughed so often and so heartily. He had that rare thing, a rich, ringing laugh. Gertrude Coppard had watched him, fascinated. He was so full of colour and animation, his voice ran so easily into comic grotesque, he was so ready and so pleasant with everybody. Her own father had a rich fund of humour, but it was satiric. This man's was different: soft, non-intellectual, warm, a kind of gambling. （D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*）

二十七岁的莫瑞尔

莫瑞尔当时二十七岁，体格强壮，身材挺拔，仪表堂堂，头发自然卷曲，乌黑发亮，胡须浓密茂盛而且不加修饰，满面红光，嘴唇红润，又笑口常开，所以非常引人注目。他的笑声浑厚而响亮，与众不同。格特鲁德·科柏德盯着他，不知不觉入了迷。他生气勃勃，幽默诙谐，和什么人都能愉快相处。她的父亲也极富幽默感，但是言辞近乎辛辣。这个人的幽默感不同：温和，不卖弄知识，热心，还有点儿戏谑。 （刘一之 张燕鸿 张金玲 译）

A Lanky Youth with Natural Humour

He was a lanky youth, loose-jointed and a little round-shouldered. His faded blue shirt was drawn in by a narrow belt, and the sleeves were too short for his long arms. He wore a pair of grey brown-striped trousers, also too short for him, and slippers over bare feet. Long strands of dark straight hair fell over his forehead and ears as he talked and from time to time he tossed them back with a quick movement of the head. His pale face was of the kind which rarely tans in the sun. The youth was obviously bashful. On his face was so much natural humour and a latent enthusiasm

ready at any moment to break through that it excited the girl; she kept her eyes fixed on his face.

(Alexander Fayeyet, *The Young Guard*, trans. Violet Dutt)

身材瘦长、表情幽默的青年

青年生得个子瘦长,四肢不匀称,背有点儿驼。洗旧了的斜领蓝衬衫的袖子,对他的长胳膊已经嫌短;腰里束着一根窄皮带;棕色条纹的灰色裤子也略微嫌短;光脚穿着便鞋。深色的硬直的长发不肯听话,在他说话的时候总要垂到他的额头和耳朵上,他得常常把头猛地一甩,把头发甩到后面去。他的苍白的脸属于几乎晒不黑的类型。而且他还非常怕羞。但是他面部的表情里却含有无限的天生的幽默,同时还蕴藏着似乎马上就要发出闪光的灵感,这激动着那个姑娘,使她目不转睛地望着他的脸。 (水夫 译)

Yu Lian with an Air of Viciousness

His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were downcast. He was a small young man of eighteen or nineteen, weak in appearance, with irregular but delicate features and an aquiline nose. His large black eyes, which in calmer moments revealed a reflective and passionate nature, were now glowing with savage hatred. His dark brown hair, glowing very low, gave him a small forehead and, when he was angry, an air of viciousness. Among the countless varieties of human countenance, there is perhaps none which is distinguished by a more striking characteristic. His slender, well-built body suggested more agility than strength. Ever since his early childhood his thoughtful expression and his extreme pallor had made his father think that he would not live long, or that he would live only to be a burden on his family.

(Stendhal, *The Red and the Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

面露凶相的于连

他脸颊通红,眼睛低垂。他是一个身材矮小的年轻人,十八九岁,看上去身体相当弱。相貌虽然不够端正,但是很清秀,长着一个鹰钩鼻,一双又大又黑的眼睛,平静的时候,闪耀出沉思和热情的光芒,在这一瞬间却流露出最凶狠的憎恨表情。深褐色的头发,长得很低,使他的额头变得狭小,因此在发怒的时候,有一股凶相。人类的相貌无计其数,各不相同,但是具有惊人的个性而与众不同的相貌,也许除了他再也不会有了。细长而匀称的身材表明他身体灵活而不是力气大。从童年的时候起,他的极端沉思的神情和苍白的脸色,

就使他的父亲认为他活不长，即使勉强活下来，也要成为家里的一个累赘。

（郑运 译）

4. Boys 少年

A Child Small for His Age

The child was small for his age, and unnaturally pale. A mass of straight black hair, defying all attempts to train or curl it, fell over his projecting forehead, and hung down to his shoulders, giving increased vivacity to eyes already sparkling with a youthful love of mischief and fondness for every forbidden enjoyment. His mouth was large, and the lips, which had not yet regained their colour, were particularly thin; in fact, the deep and crafty look, forming the principal character of the child's face, belonged rather to a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, than to one so young.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

发育不足的孩子

那个孩子发育不足，脸色特别苍白。头发直而黑，虽然曾想法使它卷曲，却并没有多大的效果，有一大绺头发从他那凸出的前额上挂下来，直垂到他的肩头，那一对充满了狡猾阴险和顽皮执拗的眼睛显得十分机灵活泼。他的嘴巴很大，嘴唇极薄，还没有恢复血色；从这个孩子的脸上，一眼就可以看出他的个性深沉而诡谲，他的面貌倒实在像是一个十三四岁的孩子，不像是这样年幼的。

（蒋学模 译）

A Small Stout Child

He was very small, not above five feet three inches, and thin still as striplings are, but the bare shoulders and arms had muscles already knotted from working with the hammer, and the pale, flawless skin gleamed with sweat. The darkness of his hair and eyes had a foreign tang, his full-lipped mouth and wide-bridged nose not the usual family shape, but there was Maori blood on his mother's side and in him it showed.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

矮壮少年

他个子长得非常矮小，身高不会超过五英尺三英寸，依旧像少年人那么瘦，但抡锤子的工作使他胳膊上的肌肉结成了一块块硬疙瘩，暗淡而又光滑的

皮肤上闪着汗光。他那乌黑的头发和眼睛具有外族人的风味，厚厚的嘴唇和阔阔的鼻梁不是一般家族的特征，而是有着他母亲这一系的毛利人的血统。

（晓明　陈明锦　译）

A Regular Mountaineer

The child was a regular mountaineer, with the black eyes that can face the sun without flinching, a deeply tanned complexion, and rough brown hair. His movements were like a bird's—swift, decided, and unconstrained; his clothing was ragged; the white, fair skin showed through the rents in his garments.

（Honoré de Balzac, *The Wild Ass's Skin*）

地地道道的山里娃

那孩子是地地道道的山里人，他那双乌黑眼睛，可以正视太阳而不致眨眼，茶褐色的脸孔，配上一头乱蓬蓬的棕黑头发。他的样子机灵而果断，动作自然，像只小鸟；他衣着褴褛，从衣上的破裂处，可以看到洁白、鲜嫩的皮肤。

（梁均　译）

A Country Boy

He was a country boy of about fifteen, taller than any of us. He wore his hair cut straight across the forehead, like a cantor in a village church, and he had a gentle, bewildered look. Although his shoulders were not broad, his green jacket with black buttons was apparently too tight under the arms, and the slits of its cuffs revealed red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, sheathed in blue stockings, protruded from his yellowish trousers, which were pulled up tight by a pair of suspenders. He wore heavy, unpolished, hobnailed shoes.

（Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair）

乡下孩子

他是一个乡下孩子。十五岁光景，个子比我们哪一个人都高。头发顺着额头剪齐，像一个唱赞美诗的。他的神情又懂事又很窘。肩膀不算宽，可是他黑色钮扣的绿呢小外衣，在抬肩地方一定嫌紧，硬袖口露出裸惯了的红腕子。背带抽高了浅黄裤子，穿蓝袜的小腿露在外头。他穿一双鞋油没有怎么揩好的结实皮鞋，鞋底打了钉子。

（李健吾　译）

A Mobile-Faced Jouveline

Paul was now fourteen, and was looking for work. He was a rather small and rather finely-made boy, with dark brown hair and light blue eyes. His face had already lost its youthful chubbiness, and was becoming somewhat like William's —rough-featured, almost rugged —and it was extraordinarily mobile. Usually he looked as if he saw things, was full of fire, and warm; then his smile, like his mother's, came suddenly and was very lovable; and then, when there was any clog in his soul's quick running, his face went stupid and ugly. He was the sort of boy that becomes a clown and a lout as soon as he is not understood, or feels himself held cheap; and, again, is adorable at the first touch of warmth.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

表情丰富多变的少年

保罗现在十四岁,正在找工作,他是位个子矮小而秀气的男孩,长着深棕色的头发和淡蓝色的眼睛。脸已不是小时候的那种圆型,而是变得有点像威廉——线条粗犷,甚至有点粗鲁——而且表情极其丰富多变。他看起来仿佛总是若有所思,显得生气盎然,充满活力。他突如其来的笑很可爱,很像他母亲。而且,当他那迅速变化着的思路中出现障碍时,他的表情就变得呆滞、丑陋。他是那种一旦不被别人理解,或感到被人瞧不起,就变得愁眉苦脸的男孩;然而一旦接触到温暖,就又立即变得可爱了。

(刘一之 张燕鸿 张金玲 译)

A Roystering and Swaggering Gentleboy

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer, was about his own age: but one of the queerest looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age: with rather bow legs, and little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment—and would have done so, very often, if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had

turned the cuffs back, half-way up his corduroy trousers; for there he kept them. He was, altogether, as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his bluchers.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

装腔作势的小绅士

向徒步而行的奥立弗提出这个问题的少年同他差不多年纪，但这是奥立弗所看到过的样子最古怪的一个。他长着一条狮子鼻，额头扁平，其貌不扬，而且这个少年的邋遢委实罕见，可是他摆出一副十足的大人气派。按年龄来说，他的个儿较矮，两条罗圈腿弯得很厉害，一双鼠目尖利而讨厌。他的帽子在头顶上戴得极不牢靠，随时有掉下来的危险；若非戴帽子的少年掌握着一种诀窍，不时把脑袋骤然一晃，使帽子复归原位，它肯定会经常跌落下来。他穿一件几乎拖到脚跟的大人外套，袖口翻到肘窝里，让一双手露在袖外，其根本目的显然是为了把它们插进灯芯绒的口袋，现在他的手就插在那里。总之，这是一位少见的装腔作势、好拿架子的小绅士，身高四英尺六英寸，也许还不到，足登一双系带的高帮皮鞋。 (荣如德 译)

A Well-Dressed Boy in a Shabby Village

A stranger was before him—a boy a shade larger than himself. A new-comer of any age or either sex was an impressive curiosity in the poor little shabby village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed, too well-dressed on a week-day. This was simply astounding. His cap was a dainty thing, his close-buttoned blue cloth roundabout was new and natty, and so were his pantaloons. He had shoes on—and it was only Friday. He even wore a necktie, a bright bit of ribbon. He had a citified air about him that ate into Tom's vitals. The more Tom stared at the splendid marvel, the higher he turned up his nose at his finery and the shabbier his own outfit seemed to him to grow.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

小村庄的不速之客

一个陌生的角色来到了他的面前——那是一个比他稍大的男孩。在圣彼得堡这个可怜的不像样子的小村子里，凡是一个新来的人，无论年龄和性别怎样，都是很能引起好奇心的。并且这个男孩又穿得讲究——在一个并非星期天的日子穿得那么讲究是很特别的。这简直是令人惊奇。他的帽子很漂亮，他那件扣得很紧的蓝料子短上装又新又干净，裤子也是一样。他还穿着鞋

——那才不过星期五哩。他甚至还打着领带,那是很漂亮的一条缎带子。他摆出一副城里人的神气,这简直使汤姆嫉妒得要命。 (张友松 译)

5. Infants 幼儿

A Small Quadroon Boy

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

第二代混血儿

正在这当儿,房门开了。一个四五岁左右的第二代混血男孩走了进来。这孩子相貌长得分外清秀,特别逗人喜爱。圆圆的脸蛋上有一对酒窝,头上覆盖着一圈圈光滑、鬈曲、细如绢丝的黑头发;一双又大又黑、柔和而炯炯有神的眼睛,从两道浓浓的长睫毛下面好奇地向屋内张望着。他身穿一件红黄格子花呢的罩衫;手工精致,剪裁合身,越发衬托出这孩子黝黑、浓郁的俊秀劲儿;那种悠然自得、滑稽有趣而又略带羞涩的神态,表明他惯常得到东家的青睐和宠爱。 (黄继忠 译)

An Escaped Angel

Clad in an old pair of khaki shorts and nothing else, bare-footed, he was golden brown and silky-skinned, his slender, boyish body already hinting at later power in the breadth of the young square shoulders, the well-developed calf and thigh muscles, the flat belly and narrow hips. His hair was a little long and loosely curly, just the bleached color of Drogheda grass, his eyes through absurdly thick black lashes intensely blue. He looked like a very youthful escaped angel.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

从天国里逃下来的天使

他穿着一条黄褐色的旧短裤，其余什么都没穿，光着脚。他的皮肤是金褐色的、光滑的，身材是纤细的。这孩子的骨架已经暗示出今后呼吸的力量可以使他的肩膀变成年轻人的宽骨。小腿肚和大腿的肌肉发育得很好，肚皮扁平，臀部很窄。他的头发有点长，微微鬈曲着，颜色就像德洛耶达的草。他的眼睛是蓝色的，配着长得似乎有些过分长的黑睫毛。他看上去就像一个年轻的、从天国里逃下来的天使。（晓明　珠明锦　译）

A Beautiful Infant

The boy was small and frail at first, but he came on quickly. He was a beautiful child, with dark gold ringlets, and dark-blue eyes which changed gradually to a clear grey....

William was only one year old, and his mother was proud of him, he was so pretty. She was not well off now, but her sisters kept the boy in clothes. Then, with his little white hat curled with an ostrich feather, and his white coat, he was a joy to her, the twining wisps of hair clustering round his head. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

漂亮的男婴

孩子刚出生时又小又弱，但长得很快。他是个漂亮的孩子，金黄色的卷发，一双深蓝浅灰相间的眼睛……

威廉刚一岁时，就很漂亮，做母亲的为此而自豪。她那时生活困难，她的姐姐们包了孩子的衣服。儿子满头卷发，身着白衣，头戴白帽，帽子上还饰有一根鸵鸟羽毛。母亲满心欢喜。（刘一之　张燕鸿　译）

An Infant of Eight Months Old

The child was nearly eight months old, and she did not know it again. It had grown rosy and chubby all over like a little bundle of living fat. She threw herself on to it as if it had been some prey, and kissed it so violently that it began to scream with terror, and then she began to cry herself, because it did not know her, and stretched out its arms to its nurse, as soon as it saw her.

(Guy de Maupassant, *The Story of a Farm-Girl*)

八个月的幼儿

孩子快有八个月了，她简直认不得他。完全变成粉红色的了，丰满的脸

儿，浑身也全是滚圆的，活像是个用有生命的脂肪做成的小包裹。他那些由于肌肉隆起而张着的手指头儿，用一种明显的满意的样子从从容容地动着。她热烈得如同野兽去扑一件捕获品似地向他扑过去，拥抱他，热烈得使他因为害怕而狂叫起来。这时候，她本人开始流泪了，因为他不认识她，又因为他一看见他的乳娘就伸起那双胳膊。（李青崖 译）

A Six-Month-Old Baby

The door opened and in came Fenechka with Mitya in her arms. She had dressed him in a red shirt with a braided collar and had combed his hair and wiped his face; he was breathing noisily, wiggling his whole body, and waving his arms as all healthy children do; but the shirt obviously had an effect on him; an expression of pleasure was reflected in every part of his plump body. Fenechka had put her own hair in order too and arranged her kerchief better, but she could very well have remained as she was. And in truth, is there anything in the world more captivating than a beautiful young mother with a healthy baby in her arms?

...

"How many months is he?" asked Pavel.

"Six months."

(Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*, trans. Barbara Makanowitzby)

六个月的婴儿

门开了，费尼奇卡抱了米佳走进来。她给他穿上一件领子上带花边的红衬衫，给他把头发梳光，脸洗干净；他跟所有健康的小孩一样，呼吸声很响，全身都在动着，一双小手不停地在空中舞动。这件漂亮的衬衫在他身上显然起了作用，他的整个圆圆的小脸上都带着愉快的表情。费尼奇卡也已梳好她的头发，把她的头巾也理得更好看些；其实，她照原来那样也就好了。难道世界上真还有比一个年轻美丽的母亲抱着一个健康的小孩更动人的景象吗？

.....

"他有几个月了？"帕维尔问道。

"六个月了。"（巴金 译）

The Little Cochon de Lait

Madame Valmonde had not seen Desiree and the baby for four weeks. When she reached L'Abri she shuddered at the first sight of it, as she

always did. ... The baby was beside her, upon her arm, where he had fallen asleep, at her breast. The yellow nurse woman sat beside a window fanning herself.

Madame Valmonde bent her portly figure over Desiree and kissed her, holding her an instant tenderly in her arms. Then she turned to the child.

"This is not the baby!" she exclaimed, in startled tones. French was the language spoken at Valmonde in those days.

"I knew you would be astonished," laughed Desiree, "at the way he has grown. The little cochon de lait! Look at his legs, mamma, and his hands and fingernails,—real finger-nails. Zandrine had to cut them this morning. ..." (Kate Chopin, *Desiree Baby*)

小"乳猪"

瓦尔蒙德太太已有四个星期没有见到德西雷和那个孩子了。当她到达拉布里时,她见到的第一眼景象就令她打颤,正如她过去常有的。……就在她的臂上,他吮着奶头睡着了。那黄肤色的保姆坐在窗边,正扇着自己。

瓦尔蒙德太太向着德西雷弯下她那肥胖的身躯去吻德西蒙,并把她温柔地抱在怀里片刻。然后她转向那婴儿。

"这不是那个婴儿!"她以惊讶的语气大声说道。在那些日子里人们在瓦尔蒙德家讲的语言是法语。

"我早就知道你会对他成长的方式感到吃惊,"德西雷笑道,"那条小cochon de lait (法语,"乳猪")!瞧他的腿,妈妈,还有他的手和指甲,——真正的指甲。赞德琳今天上午不得不把他的指甲剪了……" (程锡麟 译)

6. Widowers 鳏夫

A Half Savage Man

Half savage as the man showed, with no covering on his matted head, with his brown arms bare to between the elbow and the shoulder, with the loose knot of a looser kerchief lying low on his bare breast in a wilderness of beard and whisker, with such dress as he wore seeming to be made out of the mud that begrimed his boat, still there was business-like usage in his steady gaze. (Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

酷似野人

这个男人看上去一半像个野人,乱蓬蓬的头顶上毫无遮掩,两只棕色的手臂裸露到肩肘之间,一块松散的方巾打成一个不那么松散的结,低低地垂在他

赤裸的胸前，混在一堆乱七八糟的络腮胡子和下巴上的胡子里，他的衣裳仿佛是用那涂满小船的污泥做成的，尽管这样，在他那沉着的凝视中还是显示出一种认真办事的习惯。（智量 译）

A Respectable Widower

Though Goriot's eyes seemed to have shrunk in their sockets, though they were weak and watery, owing to some glandular affection which compelled him to wipe them continually, she considered him to be a very gentlemanly and pleasant-looking man. Moreover, the widow saw favourable indications of character in the well-developed calves of his legs and in his square-shaped nose, indications still further borne out by the worthy man's full-moon countenance and look of stupid good-nature... His hair, worn in ailes de pigeon, and duly powdered every morning by the barber from the École Polytechnique, described five points on his low forehead, and made an elegant setting to his face. Though his manners were somewhat boorish, he was always as neat as a new pin, and he took his snuff in a lordly way, like a man who knows that his snuff-box is always likely to be filled with maccaboy.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

体面的鳏夫

虽然高里奥的里眼角向外翻转，又是虚肿又是往下掉，他常常要用手去抹，她觉得这副相貌还体面，讨人喜欢。他的多肉而突出的腿肚子，跟他的方鼻子一样暗示他具备伏盖寡妇所重视的若干优点；而那张满月似的，又天真又痴呆的脸，也从旁证实……每天早晨，综合理工学院的理发匠来替高里奥把头发扑粉，梳成鸽翅式，在他的低额角上留出五个尖角，十分好看。虽然有点儿土气，他穿扮得十分整齐，倒起烟来老是一大堆，吸进鼻孔的神气表示他从来不愁烟壶里会缺少玛古尼。（傅雷 译）

Old Jolyon, the Head of the Family

In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense white moustache, which drooped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean

cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. He held himself extremely upright, and his shrew, steady eyes had lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of superiority to the doubts and dislikes of smaller men. Having had his own way for innumerable years, he had earned a prescriptive right to it. It would never have occurred to old Jolyon that it was necessary to wear a look of doubt or of defiance..

(John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*)

族长老乔里恩

族长老乔里恩本人因为今天做主人,站在房子中间的灯架下面。他年已八旬,一头漂亮的白发,丰满的额头,深灰色的小眼睛,浓密花白的上须一直拖过自己强有力的下巴;他有一种族长的派头,虽则两颊瘦削,太阳穴深陷进去,仍旧像永远保持着青春似的。他身体站得笔直,一双犀利而坚定的眼睛仍旧是月光炯炯。就因为这样,他给人家的印象是没有小家子气,不会像那些人疑心这个,讨厌那个的。好多年来,他都是一意孤行惯了,所以这已经成为他应得的权利。在老乔里恩的脑子里决计不会想到对外人要摆出一副疑惑或者敌对的神气。

(周熙良 译)

A Strong-Charactered Widower

Sixty years had not dulled his responses; his physical reactions, like his moral ones, were guided by his will and strong character, and these could be seen plainly in his features. He had a long tube-like face with a long rounded open jaw and a long depressed nose. His eyes were alert but quiet, and in the miraculous moonlight they had a look of composure and of ancient wisdom as if they belonged to one of the great guides of men. He might have been Vergil summoned in the middle of the night to go to Dante, or better, Raphael, awakened by a blast of God's light to fly to the side of Tobias.... Mr. Head had once had a wife and daughter and when the wife died, the daughter ran away and returned after an interval with Nelson. Then one morning, without getting out of bed, she died and left Mr. Head with sole care of the year-old child.

(Flannery O'Connor, *The Artificial Nigger*)

又当爹,又当娘

六十年的生活并没有使他的反应迟钝;他身体上的反应如同他精神上的反应一样,受他意志和强硬性格的支配,这些可以从他的外貌上明显地看出

来。他长着一张像试管那样的长脸，嘴张开着，下巴颏又长又圆，还有一个长长的塌鼻子。他的眼睛机警、宁静，在神奇的月色中流露出沉着和足智多谋的神色，似乎是人类某个伟大导师的一双眼睛。他可能是维吉尔，深更半夜被召唤去找但丁，更有可能是拉菲尔，被上帝的一束神光唤醒，飞到托比亚身旁。……海德先生有过妻子和一个女儿，妻子去世后，女儿出走了，过了一段时间她带着纳尔逊回来。后来有一天早晨，她没有起床就死了，留下海德先生独自一人照看这一岁的孩子。（杨怡 译）

A Bachelor with "a Sharp Tongue"

One of them was a sallow, clean-shaven civilian with a thin and wrinkled face, already growing old, though he was dressed like a most fashionable young man. He sat with his legs up on the sofa as if quite at home, and having stuck an amber mouthpiece far into his mouth, was inhaling the smoke spasmodically and screwing up his eyes. This was an old bachelor, Shinshin, a cousin of the countess's, a man with 'a sharp tongue' as they said in Moscow society.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude)

生有"毒舌"的老鳏夫

其中一个是苍白的刮净脸的文官，生有消瘦的带皱纹的脸，已经上了年纪，不过他穿得却像最时髦的青年人。他坐在那里，两条腿盘在沙发上，像在自己家里那么随便，把一支琥珀烟嘴深深地插进嘴里，一面一阵一阵地吸烟，一面挤眼睛。这是老鳏夫辛辛，伯爵夫人的堂兄，莫斯科交际圈里所谓生有"毒舌"的人。（董秋斯 译）

A Bachelor in a World of Abstractions

Mr. Meredith had occasional acute realizations that his children were not so well looked after, physically or morally, as they had been before his wife died, and he had always a dim sub-consciousness that house and meals were very different under Aunt Martha's management from what they had been under Cecilia's. For the rest, he lived in a world of books and abstractions; and, therefore, although his clothes were seldom brushed, and although the Glen housewives concluded, from the ivory-pallor of his clear-cut features and slender hands, that he never got enough to eat, he was not an unhappy man. (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Rainbow Valley*)

埋头于抽象世界里的书虫

默里迪斯先生常会下意识地感觉到，现在有玛莎管家在，家事和饮食都与妻子茜丝莉亚在世时差别颇大。除了这些偶发的感触以外，其他大部分的时间他可以说全部埋头于抽象世界和书堆里。尽管他的衣服几乎未曾用刷子刷过，尽管村妇们从他象牙般苍白、棱角分明的脸以及瘦削的手上推测他一定是经常有一顿没一顿的，但他并非不幸福。（洁岩 译）

B. Female 女性

1. Old Women 老妪

An Aged Woman

She wore a dark striped dress reaching down to her shoe tops, and an equally long apron of bleached sugar sacks, with a full pocket: all neat and tidy, but every time she took a step she might have fallen over her shoe-laces, which dragged from her unlaced shoes. She looked straight ahead. Her eyes were blue with age. Her skin had a pattern all its own of numberless branching wrinkles and as though a whole little tree stood in the middle of her forehead, but a golden color ran underneath, and the two knobs of her cheeks were illuminated by a yellow burning under the dark. Under the red rag her hair came down on her neck in the frailest of ringlets, still black, and with an odor like copper.

(Eudora Welty, *A Worn Path*)

年迈的老太太

她身穿一件长及鞋面的深色条纹连衫裙，系着一条漂白糖袋改做的围裙，与连衫裙一样长，上面缝着一个宽大的口袋；一切都很整洁、干净。但每当她挪动步子时，似乎都要被没有系好拖在地上的鞋带绊倒。她直视前方，双眼因年迈而蒙上一层青灰色，皮肤上密布着枝枝杈杈的皱纹，甚为与众不同，前额中央犹如长着整整一株小树，但是底下却是金黄的肤色。黝黑皮肤下面金黄色的光芒把圆圆鼓起的两颊映得发亮。红布底下的头发，一小簪、一小簪地一直披到颈根，仍然乌黑，颇有点青铜的气味。（曾道明 译）

A Spare Old Woman

She had a round, nut-brown, soft face, all fine wrinkles, large, bright red lips, and screwed-up, winking, benevolent eyes... She was very spare, and even her ample outer garment, fastened in front with jewelled clasps, had somehow a skimpy effect. Her dark bare feet were thrust into yellow straw slippers of Chinese make. I have seen her myself flitting about with her extremely thick, long, grey hair falling about her shoulders. She uttered homely shrewd sayings, was of noble birth, and was eccentric and arbitrary. (Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

消瘦的老妪

她有圆圆的、软软的、棕栗色的脸，满脸起着细纹，嘴唇鲜红而又厚大，眼睛紧瞪着，闪烁着，可是很慈详……她很消瘦，连她那件肥大的外衣，前面用宝石扣子结紧的，也显着几分消瘦的感觉。她那双没有穿袜子的黑脚，套在中国出产的黄草鞋里。我亲眼看见她穿梭似地来来往往，极浓重的灰色长发披垂在两肩。她出身高贵，说话直率而又尖刻，脾气古怪而且专断。

（梁遇春　袁家骅　译）

A Stony Wealthy Lady

Her shock of red hair was almost as bright as it had been in her youth; though the coarse freckled skin had picked up additional splotches from age, for a woman of sixty-five she had few wrinkles, rather a fine network of tiny diamond-shaped cushions like a quilted bedspread. The only clues to her intractable nature lay in the two deep fissures which ran one on either side of her Roman nose, to end pulling down the corners of her mouth, and in the stony look of the pale-blue eyes.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

古板的富婆

她的浓密的红发几乎像她年轻时一样光亮。虽然带雀斑的、粗糙的皮肤随着年龄的增长又增添一些寿斑，但对一个已经年过六十五岁的女人来说，她脸上的皱纹并不算多。相当精美的小小的钻石型靠垫就像垫过毛絮以后再缝好的床罩，她那难以驾驭的性格在脸上仅仅表现为那两条深陷下去的纹路，从她那只罗马式的鹰爪鼻两旁朝下分开，一直拖到嘴角，浅蓝色的眼睛嵌在一张古板的脸上。

（晓明　姝明锦　译）

A Little Old Woman

Everyone watched a frightened-looking little old woman climb onto the platform. She seemed to have shriveled up inside her shabby clothes; she was wearing heavy wooden-soled shoes and a long blue apron. Her face, framed by a close-fitting hood without a border, was more wrinkled than withered apple, and from the sleeves of her red blouse hung two long, knotty hands. They had been so thoroughly encrusted, roughened and hardened by barn dust, washing potash and wool grease that they looked dirty even though she had rinsed them in clear water, and from long years of service they hung half open, as though humbly bearing witness to all the hardships she had endured. Her face was ennobled by a certain monastic rigidity. Her pale eyes were not softened by the slightest hint of sadness or compassion. She had lived so long with animals that she had taken on their mute placidity. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

小老太太

于是就见一个矮老妇人,走上司令台,神色畏缩,好像和身上的破烂衣服皱成了一团一样。脚上蹬一双大木头套鞋;腰里系一条蓝围裙;一顶没有镶边的小风帽兜住的瘦脸;一脸老皱纹,干瘪了的苹果也没有她多。红上衣的袖筒里伸出来的两只长手,关节疙里疙瘩;谷仓的灰尘、洗衣服的碱水、羊毛的油脂在手上留下一层厚皮,今是裂缝,指节发僵;清水再洗,也显得肮脏;苦干多年,闭也闭不拢来;好像明摆着这一双手,就是千辛万苦的卑微的凭证一样。脸上的表情,如同一个修行的道姑那样呆滞。任何哀乐事也软化不了她那黯淡的视线。她和牲畜在一起,也像它们一样喑哑、安详。 (荷枚 余贵堂 译)

An Old Woman with a Toad-Like Will

The old woman sat with her big, reddened face pressed a little back, her lace cap perched on her thin white hair, her stub nose still assertive, and her old mouth shut like a trap. This motherly old soul, her mouth gave her away. It always had been one of the compressed sort. But in her great age, it had gone like a toad's, lipless, the jaw pressing up like the lower jaw of a trap. The look Yvette most hated, was the look of that lower jaw pressing relentlessly up, with an ancient prognathous thrust, so that the snub nose in turn was forced to press upwards, and the whole face was pressed a little back, beneath the big, wall-like forehead. The will, the

ancient, toad-like, obscene will in the old woman, was fearful, once you saw it: a toad-like self-will that was godless, and less than human! It belonged to the old, enduring race of toads, or tortoises. And it made one feel that Granny would never die. She would live on like these higher reptiles, in a state of semi-coma, for ever.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

缺乏人情味的老太婆

老太婆坐在那里,略微压低那张涨得通红的大脸盘,花边帽搭在稀疏的白发上,狮子鼻依然显出一副自信而武断的神气,一张老嘴像个陷阱似地紧闭着。这张嘴将这位老母亲的灵魂暴露无遗。这张嘴曾经是紧抿着的,但是到了晚年,它变得像癞蛤蟆的嘴,没有嘴唇,下颏噘起,活像个陷阱口。叶薇最讨厌的就是那苍老的下颏的样子。它凶狠地往上蹿起,向前突出,以致那个狮子鼻也不得不跟着往上翘起。整张脸略微向后仰着,宽阔的前额像一堵墙似的。老太婆的意志——那苍老的、肮脏的、癞蛤蟆似的意志——令人望而生畏:一种癞蛤蟆似的自我意志,没有神性,更缺乏人情味!这么一种从上古时代遗留下来的癞蛤蟆或者乌龟。这种联想让人觉得奶奶能长生不死。她会像这些高等爬行动物一样,虽然处于半昏迷状态,却能永远生存下去。 (徐崇亮 译)

A Small, Fat Woman

They rose when she entered—a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness *in* another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a plump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand. (William Faulkner, *A Rose for Emily*)

小模小样、腰圆体胖的老女人

她一进屋,他们全都站了起来。一个小模小样、腰圆体胖的女人,穿了一身黑服,一条细细的金表链拖到腰部,落到腰带里去了,一根乌木拐杖支撑着她的身体,拐杖头的镶金已经失去光泽。她的身架矮小,也许正因为这个缘故,在别的女人身上显得不过是丰满,而她却给人以肥大的感觉。她看上去像长久泡在死水中的一具死尸,肿胀发白。当客人说明来意时,她那双凹陷在

脸隆起的肥肉之中，活像揉在一团生面中的两个小球似的眼睛不住地移动着，时而瞧瞧这张面孔，时而打量那张面孔。 （杨岂深 译）

A Wonderfully-Preserved Old Lady

At seventy-two, Pauline Attenborough could still sometimes be mistaken, in the half-light, for thirty. She really was a wonderfully-preserved woman, of perfect chic. Of course it helps a great deal to have the right frame. She would be an exquisite skeleton, and her skull would be an exquisite skull, like that of some Etruscan woman with feminine charm still in the bone and the pretty, naive teeth.

Mrs. Attenborough's face was of the perfect oval and sightly flat type that wears best. There is no flesh to sag. Her nose rode serenely, in its finely-bridged curve. Only the big grey eyes were a tiny bit prominent, on the surface of her face, and they gave her away most. The bluish lids were heavy, as if they ached sometimes with the strain of keeping the eyes beneath them arch and bright; and at the corners of the eyes were fine little wrinkles which would slacken into haggardness, then be pulled up tense again to that bright, gay look like a Leonardo woman who really could laugh outright. （D. H. Lawrence, *The Lovely Lady*）

仪态万方的老妇人

若明若暗的烛光中，谁都难以置信，看上去仅有30岁的安娣伯拉夫·鲍琳娜已是72岁的老妪。她的确是一个很会保养的仪态万方的妇人，这得意于她天生一副匀称的身材，她有精巧的骨架，额头也很完美，像以前伊拉斯坎妇女那样，用柔美浑圆的线条和齿白的天真显露女人的风韵。

安娣伯拉夫夫人有一张标准的椭圆形的脸蛋，虽稍嫌平展却楚楚动人，脸上的皮肤丰腴，丝毫没有松垂的样子，高耸的灰色睫子，那一泓积蓄真情的深潭，只是由于眼睑上蓝色眼影过重，而显得似乎有点疲惫。但当眼角有媚惑目光闪现时，略略带疲惫的眼神又会精神抖擞起来，像里昂妇女纵情大笑时的目光一样快乐，明亮。 （郭培峰 高翔 译）

2. Middle-Aged Women 中年妇女

Ethan's Wife

Against the dark background of the kitchen she stood up tall and angular, one hand drawing a quilted counterpane to her flat breast, while

the other held a lamp. The light, on a level with her chin, drew out of the darkness her puckered throat and the projecting wrists of the hand that clutched the quilt, and deepened fantastically the hollows and prominence of her high-boned face under its ring of crimping-pins. To Ethan, still in the rosy haze of his hour with Mattie, the sight came with the intense precision of the last dream before waking. He felt as if he had never before known what his wife looked like. (Edith Wharton, *Ethan Frome*)

伊坦的女人

衬着厨房的黝黑的背景，她显得高而瘦削，一只手提着一条棉被遮着她的平塌的胸部，另一只手掌着一盏灯。灯光齐着她的下巴颏，照亮她的皱缩的喉头和提着棉被那只手的突出的腕骨，把戴着一圈儿卷头发的夹针的高颧骨的脸照得高处更高，洼处更洼。对于依然置身于五色云中的伊坦，突然面对这明确而强烈的景象，犹如惊醒之前的最后一场噩梦。他觉得他以前从来没有看清他的女人的容貌。（吕叔湘 译）

A Queer Unkempt Mother

She was a queer unkempt figure, in spite of the attempts that had obviously been made to bring her into line for the day. Her face was pale, yellowish, with a clear, transparent skin, she leaned forward rather, her features were strongly marked, handsome, with a tense, unseeing, predative look. Her colourless hair was untidy, wisps floating down onto her sac coat of dark blue skin, from under her blue silk hat. She looked like a woman with a monomania, furtive almost, but heavily proud.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

不修边幅的古怪母亲

做母亲的显然在尽力使自己衣着入时，但仍旧是一个不修边幅的古怪的人。她的脸色白里透黄，皮肤呈透明色，身体前倾，面目清秀，很有特色。那张紧绷着的脸七一副高人一等、目空一切的神气。她的淡色的头发看上去很凌乱，从蓝丝绸帽下露出几绺来，一直垂到深蓝色的丝绸外套上。她像是个偏执狂的女人，不那么光明磊落，却又盛气凌人。（梁一三 译）

A Thin and Pale Woman

She was so thin that her small bones seemed ready to come through

her white skin. Seen from a distance, romping about the back yard with her child, she looked like a little girl, for her waist was unbelievably tiny and she had practically no figure. She had no bust and her hips were as flat as little Beau's and as she had neither the pride nor the good sense to sew ruffles in the bosom of her basque or pads on the back of her corsets, her thinness was very obvious. Like her body, her face was too thin and too pale and her silky brows, arched and delicate as a butterfly's feelers, stood out too blackly against her colorless skin. In her small face, her eyes were too large for beauty, the dark smudges under them making them appear enormous, but the expression in them had not altered since the days of her unworried girlhood. War and constant pain and hard work had been powerless against their sweet tranquillity. They were the eyes of a happy woman, a woman around whom storms might blow without ever ruffling the serene core of her being. (Magaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

瘦弱苍白的女子

现在她愈来愈瘦，仿佛每一根小骨头都要戳穿她那雪白的皮肤了。有时她带着孩子在后院子里散步，远远看去就简直像个小女孩儿。因为她的腰细到快要没有了，身段又本来不高，她前面没有胸脯，后面的臀部跟小坡一样平，她又从来不肯在胸口上或是后腰上垫上一点丝绵，因而越见得瘦嶙嶙了。她的面庞儿也跟她的身体一样，又瘦又苍白，以致那一双丝绒一般的眉毛，像蝴蝶的触须一般弯在那里，显得特别黑。她的眼睛本来大得跟面庞儿不能相称，又加底下一直带着一圈儿黑晕，所以越发显得大了。但是她眼睛里的那种神情，却是从无忧无虑的女孩子时代一直都没有变过。那是一种甜蜜的宁静，无论战争、苦痛、劳作，都不能对它发生丝毫影响。这是一个乐天女子的眼睛，对于这样的女子，无论四周围起了怎样大的风波，都决不能吹皱她那静穆和平的内质。 (傅东华 译)

A Woman Who Had Seen Better Days

Nina Alexandrovna looked about fifty, with a thin and sunken face and dark rings under her eyes. She looked in delicate health and somewhat melancholy, but her face and expression were rather pleasing. At the first word one could see that she was of an earnest disposition and had genuine dignity. In spite of her melancholy air one felt that she had firmness and even determination. She was very modestly dressed in some dark colour in an elderly style, but her manner, her conversation, all her ways betrayed

that she was a woman who had seen better days.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

见过世面的女人

尼娜·亚历山德罗夫娜看来在五十岁上下，面孔瘦削，腮颊凹陷，眼底下有两摊很深的黑色晕圈。她的气色不太健康，还略有几分忧戚，但她的相貌和眼神还是相当给人好感的；只消听她几句话，一个庄重严肃、真正懂得自尊自爱的性格立即出现在你的面前。尽管忧形于色，你还是会感觉到她有坚强的毅力甚至果断的决心。她的穿着非常简朴，衣服的颜色很深，完全是老太太的打扮；然而，她的举止、谈吐和整个气派，无不显露出这是一个见过世面的女人。

(茅如德 译)

A Graceful Middle-Aged Woman

Madame Beck was forty years old. When attired, she appeared a personage of a figure rather short and stout, yet still graceful in its own peculiar way: that is, with the grace resulting from proportion of part. Her complexion was fresh and sanguine, not to rubicund, her eye, blue and serene; her dark silk dress fitted her as a French sempstress alone can make a dress fit; she looked well, though a little bourgeoisie: as bourgeoisie, indeed, she was. I know not what of harmony pervaded her whole person; and yet her face offered contrast, too; its features were by no means such as are usually seen in conjunction with a complexion of such blended freshness and repose: their outline was stern; her forehead was high but narrow; it expressed capacity and some benevolence, but no expanse; nor did her peaceful yet watchful eye ever know the fire which is kindled in the heart or the softness which flows thence. Her mouth was hard: it could be a little grim; her lips were thin. For sensibility and genius, with all their tenderness and temerity. I felt somehow that Madame would be the right sort of Minos in petticoats. (Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*)

风韵文雅的中年女人

贝克夫人四十岁了。打扮好了的时候，她看上去是一个身材矮胖的人，然而还带着一种特有的风韵，也就是说，由于身材匀称而天生的一种优雅风度。她肤色鲜润，脸色倒不太红；眼睛碧蓝清澈；黑色绸衣非常合身，那只有法国女裁缝才能做得出。她看上去很漂亮，只是有点小资产阶级的味道，是的，就像个小资产阶级。我不知道是什么使得她全身和谐，但她的脸却显得与全身不

协调。这决不是那种经常见到的鲜艳与恬静相结合的面容：轮廓严峻；额头又高又窄，表现出有才智，能有点慈善心，但是胸襟不开阔；她的宁静然而警惕的眼睛从来不懂得心灵里燃烧着的激情或者流淌出的柔情蜜意。她的嘴很刻薄，可能有点冷酷无情；她的两片嘴唇薄薄的。就情感和天资来说，温柔亲切又轻率鲁莽。我仿佛觉得贝克太太正是一位穿裙子的米诺斯。 （洁岩 译）

A Complacent Little Lady

Entered the little lady in her finery and her crumpled prettiness. She would not be very old: perhaps younger than fifty. And it was odd that her face had gone so crumpled, because her figure was very trim, her eyes were bright, and she had pretty teeth when she laughed. She was very fine in her clothes: a dress of thick knitted white silk, a large ermine scarf with the tails only at the ends, and a black hat over which dripped a trail of green feathers of the osprey sort. She wore rather a lot of jewellery, and two bangles tinkled over her white kid gloves as she put up her fingers to touch her hair, whilst she stood complacently and looked round.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Captain's Doll*)

自鸣得意的小个子妇人

这位衣着华丽，脸蛋俊俏却爬上了皱纹的小个子妇人进来了。她可能并不太老：也许不到五十岁，奇怪的是她的脸上爬满了皱纹，因为她体形匀称标致，双眸明亮，一笑还露出一嘴漂亮的牙齿。她这身衣着打扮，非常好看：一套质地很厚的白丝绸外衣，一条很大的貂皮围巾，两头缀着流苏；一顶黑色的帽子，上面插着一翎鱼鹰之类的绿色羽毛作装饰。她戴的珠宝首饰略嫌多了一点，在她扬手捋头发时，一对手镯在她那双白羊皮手套上叮当作响：此时，她自鸣得意地站在那儿环顾四周。 （徐崇亮 译）

A Frail Middle-Aged Maid

There was a low knock on the door. Boylan went over to it and opened it. A frail middle-aged maid in a white apron over a short, black dress came in carrying a silver tray. On the tray there was a bucket of ice with a champagne bottle sticking out of it. There were two champagne glasses on the tray. The maid set the tray down on the table next to the tulips without speaking. There was no expression on her face. Her function was to appear not to be present. She began to pry open the cork. She was

wearing felt slippers, Gretchen noticed.

She struggled with the cork, her face becoming flushed with the effort, and a strand of graying hair fell over her eyes. It made her look like the aging, slow-moving women with varicose veins, to be seen at early Mass, before the working day begins.

(Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

瘦弱的中年女佣人

门上轻轻敲了一下,博伊兰去开门。进来的是一位瘦弱的中年女佣人,短小的黑衣服外面罩着白围裙,手里端着个银托盘,盘上放着一桶冰,冰里露出一只香槟瓶,托盘上还放着两只香槟酒杯。女佣人一声不响地把托盘放到桌上那束郁金香旁边。她脸上毫无表情。她的职责是身到人不在。她开始启瓶塞,格丽卿注意到,她脚上穿的是毡拖鞋。

她拼命拔塞子,因为用力,脸涨得通红。一绺灰白的头发拿拉到她眼前,这就使她看上去很像个上班前做弥撒时常看到的,上了年纪、行动迟缓、静脉曲张的妇女。(洁岩 译)

3. Young Married Women 少妇

A Lady-like Young Woman

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days; characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace, which is now recognized as its indication.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

贵妇风范的年轻妇女

那年轻妇女身材颀长,体态优美之极。她头上乌黑的浓发光彩夺目,在阳光下熠熠生辉。她的面孔不仅皮肤滋润、五官端正、容貌秀丽,而且还有一对鲜明的眉毛和一双漆黑的深目,十分楚楚动人。就那个时代女性举止优雅的风范而论,她也属贵妇之列;她自有一种端庄的风韵,并不同于如今人们心目中的那种纤巧、轻盈和不可言喻的优雅。(胡允桓 译)

A Queen in the Full Brilliance

Anne of Austria was then twenty-six or twenty-seven and in the full brilliance of her beauty. She carried herself like a queen or a goddess. Her emerald-green eyes were both soft and majestic. Her mouth was small and red, with the slightly protruding lower lip of the Austrian royal family; it was a mouth that could smile graciously or express deep contempt. Her skin was noted for its softness and smoothness, and poets of the time sang the praises of her incomparably beautiful hands and arms. Her hair, blond in early youth, was now light brown. She wore it curled and heavily powdered, and it admirably framed a face in which the sternest judge could have wished no other changes than a little less brightness in its coloring and a little more delicacy in its nose.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

光彩夺目的王后

奥地利的安娜当时正是二十六七岁的年纪，也就是说，正是她的美貌最光彩夺目的年纪。

她的步履恰如一个王后，或者说恰如一个女神那般仪态万方；那对碧玉似的闪着亮光的眼眸，真是美得无以复加，既柔情似水，又威严庄重。

朱红色的小嘴，虽然如同奥地利王室的贵胄们那样，下嘴唇微微有些往前伸出，但这张小嘴不仅在微笑时显得那么妩媚动人，而且在表示轻蔑时也能把鄙夷不屑的神情勾画得惟妙惟肖。

她的皮肤以细腻润滑著称，那双手和那两条胳臂具有惊人之美，那个时代的每个诗人，都把它们当作美的极致来称颂咏叹。

最后是那头秀发，少女时代它们是金黄色的，现在变成了浅栗色，卷得很蓬松，扑了许多粉，恰到好处地衬托出那张光艳照人的脸庞，即便是最严厉的批评家，至多也只会说这张脸也许颜色太娇艳了些，即便是最苛刻的雕塑家，至多也只会希冀那鼻子稍稍再纤巧一些。 (周克希 译)

A Little Lady

The little lady in Mrs. Jamieson's pew had on ma'am, rather an old black silk, and a shepherd's plaid cloak, ma'am, and very bright black eyes she had, ma'am, and a pleasant, sharp face; not over young, ma'am, but yet, I should guess, younger than Mrs. Jamieson herself. She looked up and down the church, like a bird, and nipped up her petti-

coats, when she came out, as quick and sharp as ever I see.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

小夫人

坐在贾米森太太那张长凳上的小夫人穿了一套发黑的旧绸衫,披了一件黑白小格子花纹斗篷,两只眼睛乌黑发亮,脸儿轮廓分明,挺讨人喜欢的。小姐,她看上去已不太年轻了,但我估计,比贾米森太太要来得少壮些。她在教堂里老是东张张西望望,就像只小鸟。打教堂里出来时,她提起短裙,走起路来又快又轻巧,我从来没看到过这样走路的人。 (徐新 顾明栋 译)

A Lady Full of Horror

It was so beautiful in its form, it was so ashy pale, it was so fixed in its abstraction, it was so full of a wild, sleep-walking, dreamy horror of I don't know what. The eyes were wide open, and her brown hair fell in two rich clusters on her shoulders, and on her white dress, disordered by the want of the lost ribbon. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

心怀恐怖的夫人

……脸形那样美丽,脸色那样灰白,神气那样心不在焉,一个劲儿地出神儿,那样满含着狂乱的恐怖之情,好像魂灵离壳,在睡梦中一样,至于究竟是什么恐怖之情,我是无以名之的。她那两只眼睛睁得大大的,她那棕色的头发,分成两大厚绺儿,披散在她的两肩上,披散在她的白色衣服上,衣服因为没有花结儿绾着了,都不整齐了。 (张谷若 译)

Madame Bovary

Madame Bovary had never been so beautiful as she was now; she had that indefinable beauty which results from joy, enthusiasm and success, and which is essentially a harmony between temperament and circumstances. She had been gradually developed by her desires, her sorrows, her sensual experience and her still-young illusions, as flowers are developed by manure, rain, wind and sun, and her entire nature was now in bloom. Her eyelids seemed to have been made expressly for those long amorous glances in which her pupils were lost in profound reverie while her heavy breathing dilated her thin nostrils and raised the fleshy corners of her lips, with their delicate shadow of dark down. Her twisted hair seemed to have been arranged by some artist skilled in corruption; it

lay coiled in a heavy mass, carelessly shaped by the adulterous embraces that loosened it every day. Her voice now took on softer inflections, and so did her body; even the folds of her dress and the arch of her foot gave off a kind of subtle, penetrating emanation.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

包法利夫人

包法利夫人从来没有像这期间这样好看过。这种难以形容的美丽，来自喜悦、热心和成功，是环境和性情协调的结果。她的贪婪、她的苦恼、风月的经验和她的永远生气勃勃的空想，逐步发展她，就像风、雨、阳光和肥料逐步发展花木一样，本性丰满，最后又盛开了。眼皮像特地为她的视线剪裁的，看上去又杏渺、又妩媚，瞳仁沉在里头，不见踪影。气出急了，玲珑的鼻孔分开，丰盈的嘴唇翘起，同时薄薄的一层黑毛，影影绰绰，盖住她的嘴唇。头发盘在颈后，绕成一个肥硕硕的圆髻，你真还以为是一位专事打扮的巧匠放在上面的：随随便便，又因为幽会，天天散开。声音如今越发优柔动听，身材越发袅娜可爱，甚至于她的袍褶和她的高起的脚面，也妙不可言，像有东西使你沦肌浃髓一般。

（李健吾　译）

A Round Young Woman

This Treckie, a round young woman, is so receptive, so pleasing. Her dark hair, in curls, usually circles her head but sometimes comes down on one side. I was particularly taken with her shape, short and firm. I can admire ling-legged girls, but they aren't my real preference. The fashion word petite, referring to height only, is inadequate since it doesn't tell you whether the figure is flat or full. Treckie has exactly the bosom—top of its class—that I prefer. From the first, I especially resonated to the swell of her shape because of what seemed to me its connection with the physical... and by physical I mean planetary or, more broadly, gravitational forces—strength for strength. Feeling myself to be lean and random, I react to compact forces. Treckie is a small woman, tiny really, and I have this appreciation for condensation in combination with female maturity. This sexual kid, I went for her, her small face and miniature smiles together with the full figure, her well-developed bosom. She was like a pale girl-aborigine. I may be fixated on child-women—the same as Edgar Allan Poe and the retarded girl he married by arrangement with her mother, Mrs. Clemm, who bestowed this metal eight-year-old on him. In

my case, no such luck. Treckie is a smart girl with a degree in biology. When I met her she was employed by the Veterans Administration Hospital and lived in our neighborhood. (Saul Bellow, *More Die of Heartbreak*)

丰满的少妇

这个翠姬,这个丰满的少妇如此善解人意,如此令人赏心悦目。她卷曲的黑发通常环绕着她的头部,但有时下垂一边。我特别欣赏她那短小结实的身材。我也欣赏长腿的女孩,但是她们并不是我真正钟爱的。服装业术语"娇小"只表示身高,不能用来形容她,因为它并不能告诉你,她的身子是扁平还是丰满的。翠姬的胸脯——傲视群峰——长得正合我意。从一开始我就特别对她的身材曲线产生共鸣,因为我感觉到它仿佛与一种物理的——我是说一种行星的,或者更广义地说,一种万有引力,有着一种成比例的关系。我自觉体形瘦小松散,所以对于密实的东西比较有反应。翠姬个子小,真是很小,而我欣赏这种结合了"女性的成熟"的"浓缩"。我爱上了这个性感的孩子,她的小脸蛋,玲珑的微笑以及她的丰满的身子,和发育成熟的胸脯。她像个皮肤苍白的土著女孩。我也许特别喜欢小孩型的女人——就像艾德加·爱伦坡和他娶的弱智女孩,她的母亲克莱姆女士跟他安排好,把这个心智不全的八岁女孩许给了他。我没这个福分。翠姬是个拿了生物学学位的聪明女子。我第一次遇见她时,她在退伍军人医院工作,住在我们那个区里。 (李耀宗 译)

The Bright Young Princess

The young Princess Bolkonskaya had brought some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, on which a delicate dark down was just perceptible, was too short for her teeth, but it lifted all the more sweetly, and was especially charming when she occasionally drew it down to meet the lower lip. As is always the case with a thoroughly attractive woman, her defect—the shortness of her upper lip and her half open mouth—seemed to be her own special and peculiar form of beauty. Everyone brightened at the sight of this pretty young woman, so soon to become a mother, so full of life and health, and carrying her burden so lightly. Old men and dull dispirited young ones who looked at her, after being in her company and talking to her a little while, felt as if they too were becoming, like her, full of life and health. All who talked to her, and at each word saw her bright smile and the constant gleam of her white teeth, thought that they were in a specially amiable mood that day.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude)

爽朗的王爵夫人

小包尔康斯加亚王爵夫人在一只绣金的大鹅绒手提包里带来一种手工。她那生有仅仅可以看得出的细黑毫毛的好看的小上嘴唇,短得遮不住牙齿,不过翘起来就更加可爱,在偶尔伸下来碰下嘴唇时就格外迷人了。正如通体漂亮的女人常有的情形,她的缺点——她那太短的上脣和半开的嘴——似乎是她自己特具的难得的美的形态。这个那么快要作母亲、那么充满生命和健康、那么轻松地负起她的担子的漂亮少妇,每个人一见到就快活起来了。老年人和无精打采的青年人,一经同她接近,同她谈过一小会儿,都觉得好像他们也变得像她一样,充满生命和健康了。每一个同她谈过话、见过她每说一句话时那爽朗的笑容和经常闪光的雪白牙齿的人,都觉得他们那一天的心情特别好。

(董秋斯 译)

4. Young Girls 少女

A Supernatural Creature

She was not very tall, but her slim figure stood so boldly straight that she seemed to be so. She was dark, but one could see that in daylight her skin would have the fine golden glow of Andalusian and Roman women. Her small foot too was Andalusian, for it fitted both snugly and easily into her dainty shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling on an old Persian carpet, thrown down carelessly beneath her feet; and each time her radiant face passed before you as she spun round her great, dark eyes flashed lightning.

...While she danced like that, to the thrumming of a tambourine held above her head by her two pure, shapely arms, slim, frail, lively as a wasp, with her golden unpleated bodice, her brightly coloured dress swirling out, her bare shoulders, her slender legs uncovered now and then by her skirt, her dark hair, her blazing eyes, she was a supernatural creature.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

超自然的生灵

她个儿不高,可是在他看来好像身材高大,因为她那苗条的身段显得挺拔,亭亭玉立。她肤色微黑,不过,白天里看,一定是发出安达卢西亚姑娘或罗马女人那种耀眼的闪闪金光。她那纤纤秀足也是安达卢西亚式的,穿在她那

俏丽的鞋子里窄窄的正好合适自如。她舞着，转着，飞旋着，脚下马马虎虎铺垫着一张旧波斯地毯；旋转着，每逢她那容光焕发的脸闪过你面前，她那黑色的大眼睛就向你投射灼灼的目光……她舞着，滚圆洁白的双臂高举过头，把那巴斯克手鼓嘣嘣敲响，俊俏、纤弱的脸庞蜜蜂似的活泼地转动，金色胸衣平滑无纹，色彩斑驳的衣裙飘舞鼓胀，双肩袒露，裙子撒开，不时可见美妙线条的小腿，秀发如漆，目光似火——真是一个超自然的生灵！ （管震湖 译）

A Girl of Noble Features

Tall, fine bust, sloping shoulders; long, graceful neck; olive complexion, dark and clear; noble features; eyes rather like Mr. Rochester's, large and black, and as brilliant as her jewels. And then she had such a fine head of hair, raven-black, and so becomingly arranged; a crown of thick plaits behind, and in front the longest, the glossiest curls I ever saw. She was dressed in pure white; an amber-coloured scarf was passed over her shoulder and across her breast, tied at the side, and descending in long, fringed ends below her knee. She wore an amber-coloured flower, too, in her hair; it contrasted well with the jetty mass of her curls. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

容貌高贵的少女

……高个儿，胸脯丰满，肩膀坦削，脖子细长优美；脸色黝黑、明净，呈橄榄色；容貌高贵，眼睛有点像罗切斯特先生的：又大又黑，像她佩戴的珠宝一样明亮。她还有那样一头好头发，乌油油的梳得恰到好处，后脑勺上盘着粗粗的发辫，前面垂着我所见过的最长最亮的鬈发。她穿一身纯白色衣服；琥珀色围巾从肩头披到胸前，在旁边打个结，围巾的长流苏垂过了她的膝盖。她头发上还戴着一朵琥珀色的花，和她那黑缎般的鬈发正好形成美丽的对比。

（祝庆英 译）

A Grown-Up Young Student

During the last few months she had changed and developed greatly, and now looked a grown-up young woman, though the dense black plaits still hung down her back in school-girl fashion. She was dressed all in black, and had thrown a black scarf over her head, as the room was cold and draughty. At her breast was a spray of cypress, the emblem of Young Italy. The initiator was passionately describing to her the misery of the

Calabrian peasantry; and she sat listening silently, her chin resting on one hand and her eyes on the ground. To Arthur she seemed a melancholy vision of Liberty mourning for the lost Republic.

(E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

成熟的女学生

看得出来,她近几个月变化很快,尽管一身学生装束,背上拖着两条浓密的黑色长辫,但是看起来已经颇像一个成熟的年青女子了。她身着黑装,由于屋子里阴冷透风,用一条黑色围巾紧紧裹住头部,一支丝柏叶别在胸前——那是青年意大利党的标志。那位"启蒙者"正在满腔激情地向她述说着加拉勃里亚山区农民的悲惨境遇,她坐在那儿,一手托着下颏,两眼凝视着地面。在亚瑟看来,她仿佛是一个为失去的共和国在默哀的自由神雕像。 (司仁 译)

A Complete and Substantial Female Animal

She whom he addressed was a fine dark-eyed girl, not exactly handsome, but capable of passing as such at a little distance, despite some coarseness of skin and fibre. She had a round and prominent bosom, full lips, perfect teeth, and the rich complexion of a Cochin hen's egg. she was a complete and substantial female animal—no more, no less...

(Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

健壮茁实、味道十足的女人

他挖苦的那个女人,是一个身材高大、眼珠儿漆黑的女孩子,生得不能说绝对整齐,但是在稍微远一点的地方看着,却够得上整齐二字,不过肉皮儿并不很细就是了,她的胸部圆圆鼓起,嘴唇丰满,牙齿整齐,捡蛋儿像一个交趾鸡下的蛋那样红润,确实是一个健壮茁实、味道十足的雌性动物,一点也不多,一点也不少。 (张谷若 译)

A Lass in the Lovely Bloom

The younger lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time womanhood; at that age, when, if ever angels be for God's good purpose enthroned in mortal forms, they may be, without impiety, supposed to abide in such as hers.

She was not past seventeen, cast in so slight and exquisite a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful; that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions. The very intelligence

that shone in her deep blue eye, and was stamped upon her noble head, seemed scarcely of her age, or of the world; and yet the changing expression of sweetness and good humour, the thousand lights that played about the face, and left no shadow there; above all, the smile, the cheerful, happy smile, were made for Home, and fireside peace and happiness. (Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

含苞待放的少女

那位小姐正处在女性含苞待放的青春年龄;如果真有天使为替上帝做好事而入主凡人躯壳的话,我们可以无须害怕亵渎神圣地料想,他们会选她那样的人作附身的对象。

她还不满十七岁。她的天赋素质是那样娇嫩、纤弱、那样温和、柔顺,那样纯洁、美丽,看来尘世也不像是她的故土,凡间的俗物也不是她的同类。甚至她那深邃的蓝眼睛里闪耀着的、她那高贵的额头上展现着的聪慧,也与她的年龄不相称,与这个世界不协调。然而,那仪态万方的温柔贤淑,那照亮了整个面庞而不留丝毫阴影的千道光辉,尤其是那种欣悦、快乐的笑容,却生来就为了缔造和睦的家庭、炉边的安宁和幸福的环境。 (荣如德 译)

A Well-to-Do Maiden

'Now what did you gather from that woman's appearance? Describe it.'

'Well, she had a slate-colored, broad-brimmed straw hat, with a feather of a brickish red. Her jacket was black, with black beads sewn upon it, and a fringe of little black jet ornaments. Her dress was brown, rather darker than coffee color, with little purple plush at the neck and sleeves. Her gloves were grayish, and were worn through at the right forefinger. Her boots I didn't observe. She had small, round, hanging gold ear-rings, and a general air of being fairly well to do, in a vulgar, comfortable, easy-going way.'

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *A Case of Identity*)

富裕的姑娘

"好,你从这个姑娘的外表看到了什么呢?你描述一下吧。"

"唔,她头戴一顶蓝灰色的宽边草帽,帽上插着一根赭色的羽毛;她的短外套是灰黑色的,上面缀着黑色珠子,边缘还镶嵌有小小的黑玉饰物;她的上衣是深褐色的,领部和袖口上镶着窄条紫色长毛绒;手套是浅灰色的,右手食指

部位已经磨破；她穿的什么鞋我倒没有特别注意。她稍微有点胖，两耳垂着金耳环。总的看来她是相当富裕的，一副平平常常、舒舒服服、自由自在的神态。”

（岳文楚 译）

A Rondelet Beauty

Of the three young women who pass through these pages Mary was, in my opinion, by far the prettiest. She had infinitely the most life, and infinitely the least selfishness; and physical charms to match... an exquisitely pure, if pink complexion, corn-coloured hair and delectably wide grey-blue eyes, eyes that invited male provocation and returned it as gaily as it was given. They bubbled as the best champagne bubbles, irrepressibly; and without causing flatulence. Not even the sad Victorian clothes she had so often to wear could hide the trim, plump promise of her figure—indeed, 'plump' is unkind. I brought up Ronsard's name just now; and her figure required a word from his vocabulary, one for which we have no equivalent in English: rondelet—all that is seductive in plumpness without losing all that is nice in slimness.

(John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

体态丰满的漂亮女子

在这本书已写到的三位女子中，照我看来，玛丽是最漂亮的一位。她总是那样生气勃勃，没有一点儿私心，而且她的外表又是那样俊俏……她的粉红色的皮肤细嫩纯净，头发呈黄色，淡蓝色的大眼睛特别迷人，男人看了定会为之动情，作为回报，这对眼睛也会含情脉脉地朝那男人回望一下。这对眼睛像是上等美酒，芬香扑鼻，但又不给人过分的感觉。她时常穿一身维多利亚时代的标准衣服，尽管因为旧而显得寒伧，但它不能掩盖玛丽那匀称、丰满的身材。我说“丰满”，其实这个词儿并不确切。我刚才提到过朗萨德，他有个词儿倒是可以用来形容玛丽，叫做“丰裕”，既有挑逗性的丰满，又不失苗条之魅力。

（刘宪之 蔺延梓 译）

Eugenie—A Robust But Refined Girl

Eugenie was robust and strongly made, in physique like many girls of the lower middle classes whose beauty is often rather coarse; but though Eugenie resembled the Venus de Milo in figure, she was refined by that sweetness of Christian feeling which gives a woman a dignity and

distinction unknown to the classical sculptors. She had a very large head, the masculine but delicately chiselled forehead of Phidias's Jupiter, luminous grey eyes, in whose clear brightness her pure life was mirrored. An attack of smallpox, too mild to leave scars, had a little blurred the outlines of her features and brushed the rosy colour from her fair oval face. In spite of this loss of bloom her skin was still so soft and delicate that her mother's gentle kiss marked her cheek with a momentary tinge of red. Her nose was a little too big, but it was in keeping with the generous lines of her strikingly red mouth, with its full lips expressive of goodness and love. Her throat was round and flawless. The curve of her breast in a dress modestly buttoned to the throat caught the eye and stirred the imagination. No doubt she possessed little of the grace which is lent by well-made and fashionable clothes, put on with an eye to their effect, but to judges of beauty the firmness of her tall, well-knit figure must constitute a charm.

In short, Eugenie, so vigorous and built on such a generous scale, had nothing of the prettiness that pleases the crowd; but she was beautiful with that unmistakable beauty that only artists delight in.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

结实却灵秀的欧也妮

像欧也妮那样的小布乔亚，都是身材结实，美得有点俗气的；可是她虽跟米洛岛上的爱神相仿，却有一股隽永的基督徒气息，把她的外貌变得高雅，净化，有点儿灵秀之气，为古代雕刻家没有见识过的。她的脑袋很大，前额带点儿男相，可是很清秀，像菲迪亚斯的朱庇特雕像，贞洁的生活使她灰色的眼睛光芒四射。圆脸上娇嫩红润的线条，生过天花之后变得粗糙了，幸而没有留下痘瘢，只去掉了皮肤上绒样的那一层，但依旧那么柔软细腻，会让妈妈的亲吻留下一道红印。她的鼻子大了一点，可是配上朱红的嘴巴倒很合适；满足纹缕的嘴唇，显出无限的深情与善意。脖子是滚圆的。遮得密不透风的饱满的胸部，惹起人家的注意与幻想。当然，她因为装束的关系，缺少一点儿妩媚；但在鉴赏家心目中，那个不甚灵活的体态也别有风韵。所以，高大健壮的欧也妮并没有一般人喜欢的那种漂亮，但她的美是一望而知的，只有艺术家才会倾倒的。

(傅雷 译)

A Girl Studying Herself in the Mirror

Next she tried to study herself in the mirror enclosed in a tarnished

wreath of gilt plaster. Her ringlets and her oval face pleased her, and today her eyes seemed to slant more than usual under their thin brows. But her nose looked too long, she thought, and she attempted to see herself in profile with the aid of her pocket mirror. Mostly she didn't bother about her profile, she knew that full-face was her strong point. But today she somehow wanted to know the worst, to admit that everything, the lodgings and her profile alike, weren't what they should be. Her eyes were a sort of greenish grey or greyish blue, they seemed to change with the light. Her mouth was rather long, neither thin nor full; and when she made it up with lipstick, she tried to get something of the baby-roundness that came easily to Kath's pouting face. Her skin had a certain pallor, a glistening smoothness, which she felt was injured rather than aided by powder; but she lacked the courage to drop cosmetics altogether when going out with Kath, or with Pearl, her second-best friend, who worked in a tobacconist's shop. (Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

对镜端详的姑娘

随后她在一个金漆已经变色的圆镜子面前仔细地端详一下自己。她那一绺绺卷发和鹅蛋脸使她颇为得意，而今天她的一双眼睛在细细的眉毛下面好像比往日更显得倾斜。但是她认为她的鼻子太长了，于是就用另一面小镜去照自己的侧影。通常她不怎么注意自己的侧影好不好看，她知道自己的正面最美丽，但是今天她有点想索性弄清楚自己的缺点，承认一切，承认自己的住所和侧影同样都不令人满意。她的眼睛是绿灰色或灰蓝色的，好像跟着日光变色似的。她的嘴似乎太大了一点，但是嘴唇长得不厚不薄。当她涂上口红的时候，她给人以小孩子的丰满的印象，常绷着脸的凯丝就很容易给人这种印象。她的皮肤有点苍白，但是晶莹滑润，她觉得涂粉不但对她的皮肤没什么好处反而会有损害。但是她同凯丝或者波儿，那位在一家纸烟铺工作的她的第二个最要好的朋友出去时，就没有勇气完全不施脂粉。 (姜华 译)

An Ugly Lady Beautiful in Form

The instant my eyes rested on her, I was struck by the rare beauty of her form, and by the unaffected grace of her attitude. Her figure was tall, yet not too tall; comely and well-developed, yet not fat; her head set on her shoulders with an easy, pliant firmness; her waist, perfection in the eyes of a man, for it occupied its natural place, it filled out its natural circle, it was visibly and delightfully undeformed by stays... The lady is

dark... The lady is young... The lady is ugly!

...

The lady's complexion was almost swarthy, and the dark down on her upper lip was almost a moustache. She had a large firm, masculine mouth and jaw; prominent, piercing, resolute brown eyes; and thick, coal-black hair, growing unusually low down on her forehead. Her expression — bright, frank, and intelligent, appeared—while she was silent, to be altogether wanting in those feminine attractions of gentleness and pliability, without which the beauty of the handsomest woman alive is beauty incomplete. To see such a face as this set on shoulders that a sculptor would have longed to model —to be charmed by the modest graces of action through which the symmetrical limbs betrayed their beauty when they moved, and then to be almost repelled by the masculine form and masculine look of the features in which the perfectly shaped figure ended —was to feel a sensation oddly akin to the helpless discomfort familiar to us all in sleep, when we recognise yet cannot reconcile the anomalies and contradictions of a dream. (Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*)

容貌虽丑但身材漂亮的女人

她体态美丽,举止优雅自然,使我深为惊叹。她的身材颀长适中,丰满得体,双肩匀称,骄傲地昂着头颅。她那灵活苗条的身材,在男人的心目中堪称完美,因为她的腰身合适,不受紧身衣的拘束。……"是个黑女人"……"她还年轻""唉,她并不美丽!"

.....

她的容貌使人们在遇到优美身材时所产生的期望落空了。她面孔黝黑,嘴唇上面长着黑色的汗毛;她的嘴大而厚实,几乎同男子一样;深棕色的大眼睛炯炯有神,浓密漆黑的头发垂落在低窄的额头上面。她沉默时,那聪明、活泼、开朗的脸庞上完全失去了女性的温柔,纵然是世上最美的女子也要黯然失色。在值得雕刻家镂刻的那美丽的肩膀上,竟看到这样的容貌,在被优雅举止吸引的同时,又感到不满足,因为在无可挑剔的漂亮身材上面,竟是一个男性轮廓的头颅——这种年轻的感觉只有在充满矛盾又无法解释的梦境中才能体会到。 (庄凯勋 译)

Two Girls Who Are Terribly English

The two girls wore their coats with fur collars turned up, and little chic hats pulled down over their ears. Tall, slender, fresh-faced, naive,

yet confident, too confident, in their school-girlish arrogance, they were so terribly English. They seemed so free, and were as a matter of fact so tangled and tied up, inside themselves. They seemed so dashing and unconventional, and were really so conventional, so, as it were, shut up indoors inside themselves. They looked like bold, tall young sloops, just slipping from the harbour, into the wide seas of life. And they were, as a matter of fact, two poor young rudderless lives, moving from one chain anchorage to another. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

两位典型英国味的少女

两位少女穿着大衣，将裘皮领子翻了起来，还将漂亮的小帽子拉下来遮住耳朵。她俩身材苗条，两颊鲜嫩，看上去天真幼稚，然而又颇为自信——自信得未免有些过分。脸上带有女学生常有的那种傲慢神情，全身上下透出一种典型的英国味。她们显得自主自在，但心里却受着某种束缚和禁锢。她俩看起来桀骜不驯、鄙视习俗，但心里却恪守传统，不敢越雷池一步。她们仿佛是两条桅杆高耸的小帆船，勇敢地从港湾驶入生活的海洋，而事实上只是两条可怜的无舵的小船，从生活中的一个锚地随波漂流到另一个锚地。（查培德 译）

5. Infants 幼女

A Five-Year-Old Kid

The child's sunburnt cheeks were flushed, which was not surprising, for though the sun was hot she was wrapped up as though it was mid-winter. It was difficult to see what she was like for she was wearing two frocks, one on top of the other, and had a large red scarf wound round and round her as well. She looked like some shapeless bundle of clothing trudging uphill on a pair of hobnailed boots. (Johanna Spyri, *Heidi*)

五岁的小女孩

这个小女孩两颊绯红，在棕黑色皮肤衬托下宛如通红的火焰。可真奇怪，六月的太阳这么灼热，小女孩身上竟包得紧紧的，好像是要防御刺骨的严寒似的。可要说出她那模样儿就不太容易了，因为她穿着两件衣服，一件套着另一件；她的脖子还围着一条红色的棉线大围巾；她的一双脚被穿着的钉鞋给遮住了，所以这个小东西在熬着酷热吃力地往上爬山的时候，那模样儿是看不清楚的。（王书清 罗晓风 译）

A Provoking Girl

She was very pretty: exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

(Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*)

逗人爱的小姑娘

她长得非常漂亮，出奇地漂亮。一张有酒窝的、带着惊诧神情的绝妙的脸儿；一张圆熟的小嘴，似乎生来是给人亲吻的——它无疑正是如此；她下颏上有各种各样好看的小酒窝儿，当她笑的时候就互相融合起来，而那一双眼睛是你在任何小家伙的脸上都从未看见过的，是最最令人愉快的。总而言之，她是一个你会称之为逗引人的女性，你知道；但也是一个令人满意的女性。哦，十十足足地令人满意！

(汪倜然 译)

A Young Girl in Sleep

Sitting on her little stool, her head resting on her father's knee, and sleeping as soundly as any infant, her breath (still like an infant's) came and went as softly as a bird steals to her leafy nest. Her half-open mouth was as scarlet as the winter-berries, and contrasted finely with the clear paleness of her complexion, where the eloquent blood flushed carnation at each emotion. Her black eye-lashes lay on the delicate cheek, which was still more shaded by the masses of her golden hair, that seemed to form a nest-like pillow for her as she lay. Her father in fond pride straightened one glossy curl, for an instant, as if to display its length and silkiness.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

睡着了的小姑娘

她坐在小凳上，把头枕着父亲的膝盖，就像个婴孩似的睡熟了；她的呼吸也跟婴孩一样轻柔得像在树叶丛中的窠巢里窜进窜出的小鸟。她那掀开了一半的嘴唇红得像冬天的浆果，衬托着她洁白的肌肤，随时浮现出一层红晕。眼睛底下是漆黑睫毛，细嫩的面颊上又点缀着一蓬蓬金黄色的头发，她头发多得好像温软的垫子一样，可以把头埋在里面。她父亲得意地又捏了一绺滑润的卷发，把它拉一拉直，仿佛要炫耀它的长度和光彩

(荀枚 余贵堂 译)

A Lovely Infant

Certainly, there was no physical defect. By its perfect shape, its vigor, and its natural dexterity in the use of all its untried limbs, the infant was worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels, after the world's first parents were driven out. The child had a native grace which does not invariably coexist with faultless beauty, its attire, however simple, always impressed the beholder as if it were the very garb that precisely became it best.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

可爱的女婴

诚然,孩子身上没有生理缺陷。这婴儿体形完美、精力旺盛,在她稚嫩的四肢的动作中具有天生的灵活,称得起是出生在伊甸园中的;可说是在世上第一对父母被逐出之后,留在园中当作天使们的玩物的。这孩子有一种天然的优雅,这可不是无瑕的丽质所一定具备的;她的衣服无论怎样简朴,见到的人总会认为只有这样穿着才能极尽其美。 (胡允桓 译)

A Divine Being

This woman's child was one of the divinest beings that can be imagined: a little girl of two or three years. She might have entered the lists with the other little ones for coquetry of attire; she wore a head-dress of fine linen; ribbons at her shoulders and Valenciennes lace on her cap. The folds of her skirt were raised enough to show her plump fine white leg; she was charmingly rosy and healthful. The pretty little creature gave one a desire to bite her cherry cheeks. We can say nothing of her eyes except that they must have been very large, and were fringed with superb lashes. She was asleep.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

小仙女

那妇人的孩子是个小仙女似的孩子:一个两三岁的女孩。她衣服装饰的艳丽可以和那两个孩子比一比。她戴一顶细绸小帽,帽上有瓦朗斯花边,披一件有飘带的斗篷。掀起裙子就看见她那雪白、肥嫩、坚实的大腿。她面色细润,身体健康,着实可爱。两颊鲜艳得像苹果,教人见了恨不能咬它一口。她的眼睛一定是很大的,一定还有非常秀丽的睫毛,我们不能再说什么,因为她已睡着了。 (长江 译)

A New-Born Baby

Her chuckle brought an answering throaty sound from the baby, and the infant girl opened her eyes. The blue irises looked like pale tinted rings around the black, unfocused pupils. She had long black lashes and two tiny lines for eyebrows. She was not red and misshapen like most newborns because she had not passed through the birth canal. Her tiny nose and ears and mouth and soft pulsing skull were perfect. Her olive skin was very dark against the white blanket. (A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

新生儿

低沉的笑声惹来婴儿一声喉音回应。女婴张开了眼睛。那双茫然的黑瞳孔周围有一圈圈浅色光环似的蓝虹膜。她有着乌黑的长睫毛,两道细眉。由于不是从产道出生的,不像一般新生儿那样红彤彤,也没破相。小鼻子、小耳朵、小嘴巴、头囟门的脉动,无一不美。橄榄色的皮肤在白毯子中显得很黑。

(尚逸文 译)

A Baby About One Year Old

The baby, in her high-waited, tight little night-gown, stood on his (the father's) knee, her wide eyes fixed on us, wild wisps of her brown hair brushed across her forehead and glinting like puffs of bronze dust over her ears. Quickly she put her arms round his neck and tucked her face under his chin, her small feet poised on his thigh, the night-gown dropping upon them....

Suddenly the baby lifted her head and stared at us, thrusting into her mouth the dummy that was pinned to the breast of her night-gown. The faded pink sleeves of the night-gown were tight on her fat little wrists. She stood thus sucking her dummy, one arm round her father's neck, watching us with hazel solemn eyes. Then she pushed her fat little fist up among the bush of small curls, and began to twist her fingers about her ear that was white like a camellia flower.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

一岁左右的女孩

孩子只穿着齐腰紧身小睡衣,站在他(爸爸)膝盖上,一双大大的眼睛望着我们,散乱的棕色头发披在前额上,像一股股青铜色的灰土在耳边微微发光。

她一下伸出双臂搂着父亲的脖子，小脸蛋贴着父亲的下巴，两只小脚站在他的大腿上，睡衣也垂到父亲的腿上…… 孩子突然抬起头来盯着我们，把别在睡衣前胸上的奶嘴塞进嘴里。睡衣那褪了色的粉红色衣袖紧紧裹住了她胖胖的手腕。她就那样站着，吸吮着奶嘴。一只手臂搂在父亲的脖子上。那对淡褐色的眼睛庄重地注视着我们。后来把一只胖胖的小拳头伸进蓬乱的卷发里，在耳边搓着手指头，那耳朵白得像朵山茶花。（谢显宁　刘崇丽　王林　译）

A Helpless Baby

To him there was something very touching in the child's helplessness. It was small, ugly, and querulous. Its birth had been looked forward to with shame and anguish. Nobody wanted it. It was dependent on him, a stranger, for food, shelter, and clothes to cover its nakedness.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

脆弱无助的女婴

菲利普看到这孩子脆弱无力，任人处置，觉得怪揪心的。这个小东西，样子像个丑八怪，还动不动就大哭一通发脾气。她是在生育她的人怀着耻辱、苦恼的期待中降临到人世间来的，谁也不要她，却全仗他这个陌生人为她提供吃的、住的，给她衣衫以遮掩其赤裸裸的躯体。（张柏然　张增健　倪俊　译）

The Baby Born in the Jail

Three or four hours passed; the flies fell into the traps by hundreds; and at length one little life, hardly stronger than theirs, appeared among the multitude of lesser deaths.

...

The baby whose first draught of air had been tinctured with Doctor Haggage's brandy, was handed among the generations of collegians, like the tradition of their common parent. In the earlier stages of her existence, she was handed down in a literal and prosaic sense; it being almost a part of the entrance footing of every new collegian to nurse the child who had been born in the college.

(Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

狱中出生的女婴

三四个钟头过去了，苍蝇成百成百地掉进了罐子里。终于，一个比苍蝇强壮不了多少的小生命，在一堆堆死苍蝇中诞生了。

……

那个孩子呱呱坠地吸进的第一口气，便带有哈葛奇医生的白兰地酒味。她在一代一代的狱中人的手中往下传着，就跟他们共同的父亲——马夏尔西狱之父——一代代的传统一样。在这个孩子还没有学步的时候，她倒真是名副其实地从这一双手传到那一双手的；因为，凡是新进监狱的人，到了狱中想要建立与旁的犯人的良好关系，抱一抱这个在监狱中出生的孩子，那几乎是必不可少的一步。（金绍禹 译）

6. Widows 寡妇

A Middle-Aged Widow of Robust Frame

Mrs. Reed might be at that time some six or seven-and-thirty; she was a woman of robust frame, square-shouldered and strong limbed, not tall, and, though stout, not obese; she had a somewhat large face, the underjaw being much developed and very solid; her brow was low, her chin large and prominent, mouth and nose sufficiently regular; under her light eyebrows glimmered an eye devoid of ruth; her skin was dark and opaque, her hair nearly flaxen; her constitution was sound as a bell—illness never came near her; she was an exact, clever manager, her household and tenantry were thoroughly under her control; her children only, at times, defied her authority, and laughed it to scorn; she dressed well, and had a presence and port calculated to set off handsome attire.

（Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*）

身体强壮的中年寡妇

那时候，里德太太约莫有三十六七岁光景；她是个身体强壮的女人，阔肩膀，四肢结实，个儿不高，胖乎乎的，但还不能算胖得不得了；脸相当大，下颚很发达，很壮实；额头很低，下巴又大又突出，嘴巴跟鼻子还算端正；淡淡的眉毛下面，一双无情的眼睛在闪亮；她的皮肤黑黑的没有光泽，头发差不多和亚麻一个颜色；她的身体结实得跟一口钟一般——疾病从不敢接近她。她是个精明而严厉的总管，她的一家大小和所有的佃户全都归她管；只有她的孩子们偶尔会反抗和嘲笑她的权威。她讲究衣饰，她还有一种指望把她的漂亮衣服衬托得更美的风度和仪态。（祝庆英 译）

A Humble Widow

A moment later the widow shows her face; she is tricked out in a net cap attached to a false front set on awry, and shuffles into the room in her

slipshod fashion. She is an oldish woman, with a bloated countenance, and a nose like a parrot's beak set in the middle of it; her fat little hands (she is as sleek as a church rat) and her shapeless, slouching figure are in keeping with the room that reeks of misfortune, where hope is reduced to speculate for the meanest stakes.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

寒酸气十足的寡妇

不久寡妇出现了,网纱做的便帽下面,露出一圈歪歪斜斜的假头发,懒洋洋地趿着愁眉苦脸的软鞋。她的憔悴而多肉的脸,中央耸起一个鹦鹉嘴般的鼻子,滚圆的小手,像教堂的耗子一般胖胖的身材,膨亨饱满而颠颠耸耸的乳房,一切都跟这寒酸气十足而暗里蹲着冒险家的饭厅调和。 (傅雷 译)

A Beautiful and Delicate Widow

Mrs. Dale was a strikingly beautiful and intelligent widow of thirty-eight...but the size of her family had in on way affected the subtlety of her social personality and the delicacy of her charm and manner. She was tall, graceful, willowy, with a wealth of dark hair, which was used in the most subtle manner to enhance the beauty of her face. She was calm, placid apparently, while really running deep with emotion and fancies, with manners which were the perfection of kindly courtesy and good breeding and with those airs of superiority which come so naturally to those who are raised in a fortunate and exclusive atmosphere.

(Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

美丽文雅的寡妇

戴尔太太是一个二十八岁的寡妇,非常美丽、非常聪明……子女虽多,却并没有影响到她在社交方面的灵活和她的优雅的风韵与态度。她身材苗条、态度文雅、浓密的头发巧妙地梳着,衬出了她美丽的容貌。外表上,她是镇静而温和的,内心里却深藏着热情和幻想;她的态度既亲切又有礼貌,显然受过良好的教育;她有着一种卓越的气概,这是那些在幸运、优越的环境中成长的人自然会具有的。 (主万 西涛 译)

Old Widow Grandma

Her lean face was tanned a deep brown; it was thin, with a sharp nose, the nostrils of which quivered. In profile she always reminded maria

of Dante whose picture she had seen in a pre-revolutionary edition of the Divine Comedy. Her hair, dark chestnut streaked with grey, framed the swarthy face in curls which twined and fell to her shoulders. Usually she wore black horn-rimmed spectacles which she had acquired so long ago that one of the arms had broken off from old age and had been tied on to the frame with black cotton. But for the moment Grandma Vera was without her glasses. (Alexander Fadeyet, *The Young Guard*, trans. Violet Dutt)

老寡妇外婆

外婆的脸很瘦，晒得很黑，鼻子细长，鼻翼不住地翕动。玛丽雅·安德烈叶芙娜一看到外婆的侧面，就会想到她在革命前出版的《神曲》多卷集里看到的但丁的像。卷成一圈一圈的斑白的深栗色头发，围着外婆的黧黑的脸，又垂到她的肩上。平时外婆总戴着黑色窄边的眼镜，眼镜用的年数太久，一只眼镜脚纯粹因为太旧而折断了，于是她就用一根黑线绑在眼镜框上。但是这时候外婆没有戴眼镜。 (水夫 译)

A Rich Widow Living a Gloomy Life

Madame de Bonfons was left a widow at thirty-three years of age, with an income of eight hundred thousand livres.

She was beautiful still, but with the beauty now of a woman of nearly forty. Her face is pale, composed, and calm, her voice sweet but rather serious in tone, her manner unaffected. She has all the dignity that is acquired by suffering, and the saintliness of a person who has kept her soul unspotted by contact with the world, but she has all an old maid's rigidity too, and the penurious ways and narrow views of a small country town.

Although she has eight hundred thousand livers a year she stints herself as Eugenie Grandet was stinted long ago, lights her fire only on the days on which her father used to permit a fire in the parlour, and keeps all the regulations which were in force in her girlhood. She dresses as her mother did. The house at Saumur, clod, sunless, always overshadowed by the ramparts and gloomy, is like her life.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

生活凄凉的富有寡妇

德·蓬风太太三十三岁上做了寡妇，富有八十万法郎的收入，依旧很美，可是像个将近四十的女人的美。白白的脸，安闲，镇静。声音柔和而沉着，举止

单纯。她有经受磨难形成的气质，有灵魂并没被尘世玷污过的人的圣洁，但也有老处女的僵硬的神气，和外省闭塞生活养成的器局狭小的习惯。虽有八十万法郎的岁收，她依旧过着当年欧也妮·葛朗台的生活，非到了父亲从前允许堂屋里生火的的日子，她的卧房决不生火，熄火的日子也依照她年轻时代的老规矩。她的衣着永远跟当年的母亲一样。索漠的屋子，没有阳光，没有暖气，老是阴森森的，凄凉的屋子，便是她一生的小影。（傅雷 译）

A Widow Released from Sick-Room Cares

Polly was fifty-five at this time, stout, grey-haired and lined of face, but with a flush of youthful redness still in her cheeks like the bloom on a wrinkled apple. Her body was as straight as it had ever been, and her eyes behind the spectacles as keen and kindly. There was not a soul in Moonta but knew and respected Mrs. Polly Thomas—now Mrs. Crippled Nat Thomas no longer—and, after Nathan's death released her from the cares of the sick-room, she began at fifty-five to live the life of a free woman.

(Phyllis Somerville, *Not Only in Stone*)

从病床边解脱出来的女人

波莉这时五十五岁，身体粗壮，头发灰白，满脸皱纹，但脸颊上仍残留着一抹青春的红润，仿佛干瘪的苹果上的花瓣。她的身体仍像以前一样硬朗，眼镜后面的那双眼睛仍然敏锐、和善。在蒙塔没有一个人不知道、不敬慕波莉·托马斯夫人——现在她已不是瘸子老纳特·托马斯的女人了——而且，纳森的死使她得以从病床上解脱出来，从五十五岁起，她又过上了自由的女人的生活。

（洁岩 译）

A Widow with Stiff Proprieties

Mrs. General was the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until she was as near forty-five as a single lady can be. A stiff commissariat officer of sixty, famous as a martinet, had then become enamoured of the gravity with which she drove the proprieties four-in-hand through the cathedral town society, and had solicited to be taken beside her on the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed. His proposal of marriage being accepted by the lady, the commissary took his seat behind the proprieties with great decorum, and Mrs. General drove until the commissary died.

...

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance, ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel Mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet powder, or had turned grey. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well. (Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

礼法刻板的寡妇

杰纳勒尔太太是有大教堂的某城牧师中的上层人士之女，在这个城市里，她一直是个开一代新风的人，并尽一个未婚女子之能，一直坚持到了快四十五岁的时候。有一位面容刻板的六十岁的粮秣员，以一名严厉的军纪官出名。她在这个有大教堂的城市上流社会中仪态庄重地驾着那辆礼仪四马马车，这种庄重的仪态，引起了他的倾慕，并请求能与她并肩坐在那冷漠的礼仪马车座位上，驾驭那四匹马。他的求婚为这个女子所接受，于是，那粮秣员非常有礼貌地坐到了礼仪后面，杰纳勒尔太太便驾着这礼仪四马马车，直至那粮秣员去世。

.....

论外表，杰纳勒尔太太，连同她那与外表关系极大的裙子，都是模样显贵，威风凛凛的；体态很有福相，走路悉簌有声，衣裙宽大而有威风；她总是在那礼仪后面正襟危坐。她可以——实际上是已经——上登阿尔卑斯山之巅，下入赫丘拉尼恩城之底，却不会乱了衣裙的一个褶缝，不会失落一枚胸针。倘若她的面容，她的头发，颇有点面粉似的外表，仿佛她居住在一个超凡娴雅的磨坊里，那是因为她一生下来便全身上下具有白垩土的颜色，倒不是因为她靠搽蓝紫色的粉来修饰自己的肤色，也不是因为她的头发已经花白了。倘若她的眼睛没有表情，那可能是因为她的眼睛并没有什么要表达的。倘若她脸上皱纹极少，那是因为她的心之所思，从来不曾在她脸上留下它的名字，也没有刻下别的什么字。她是个冷漠柔顺、泄了气的女人，从来没有过容光焕发的时候。

（金绍禹 译）

7. Old Maids 老处女

A Childlike Old Lady

Her face was round and dimpled... It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

孩子气的老处女

她那圆圆的脸庞上有一对酒窝……一点不错，杰西小姐脸上是有一种孩子气，而且我认为，就是她活到一百高寿，这种孩子气也不会消失。她长着一对蓝莹莹的大眼睛，看人时总是大大方方，闪烁着迷人的光彩。鼻子的形状不太好看，有点扁平。两唇红润，头发梳成一把，一圈圈地盘在头上，越发使她看上去像个孩子。 (徐新 顾明栋 译)

A Tall, Hard-Featured Lady

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage... but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was grey, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mob-cap; I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with side-pieces fastening under the chin. Her dress was of a lavender colour, and perfectly neat; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

身材高大、面目峻厉的老小姐

我姨婆是一个身材高大，面目峻厉的老小姐，但是却决不难看。她的面容，她的声音，她的举止和体态，都带一种绝不通融、毫不苟且的意味；……但是她脸上虽然表示不折不挠，显得凛然森然，她的眉目却生得很齐整。我特别注意到，她的眼睛奕奕有神，犀利明快。她的头发已经苍白了，朴朴实实地分成两半，上面戴着我认为是叫"懒妆头巾"的帽子。我的意思是说，这种帽子，那时很普通，现在却少见了，它的两边，一直搭拉到下巴那儿，有带儿在那儿系

着。她的长袍是浅紫色的,非常整洁,但是做得却非常简净,好像她愿意能多轻便就多轻便才好。 (张谷若 译)

A Lady with a Decline in Appearance

Mlle. Michonneau, that elderly young lady, screened her weak eyes from the daylight by a soiled green silk shade with a rim of brass, an object fit to scare away the Angel of pity himself. Her shawl, with its scanty, draggled fringe, might have covered a skeleton, so meagre and angular was the form beneath it... In spite of the ravages of conflicting passions, her face retained some traces of its former fairness and fineness of tissue, some vestiges of the physical charms of her youth still survived.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

容颜衰退的老姑娘

老姑娘米旭诺,疲倦的眼睛上面戴着一个油腻的绿绸眼罩,扣在脑袋上的铜丝连怜悯之神也要为之大吃一惊。身体只剩一把骨头,穗子零零落落像眼泪一般的披肩,仿佛披在一副枯骨上面……虽然她的面貌被情欲摧残得很厉害,肌肤之间却还有些白皙与细腻的遗迹,足见她身上还保存一点儿残余的美。 (傅雷 译)

A Madame with Ineffable Goodness

Mademoiselle Baptistine's dress was cut after the fashion of 1806, short waist, narrow skirt, sleeves with epaulettes, and with flaps and buttons. Her grey hair was hid under a frizzed front called à l'enfant... Even when she was young, she was not pretty; she had large and very prominent blue eyes, and a long pinched nose, but her whole face and person, as we said in the outset, breathed an ineffable goodness. She had been fore-ordained to meekness, but faith, charity, hope, these three virtues which gently warm the heart, had gradually sublimated this meekness into sanctity. (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

气度贤淑的老处女

巴狄斯丁姑娘的袍子是照1806年的式样裁剪的,上身短,腰围紧,双肩高耸,盘花扣绊。她用一顶孩童式的波状假发遮着自己的斑白头发……即使是少年时期她也并不漂亮,她的蓝眼睛鼓齐面部,鼻子长而曲;但是她的整个面庞和整个人都含有一种说不出的贤淑气度,那是我们在开始时说过的。她生

性仁厚,而信仰、慈悲、愿望,这三种使心灵温暖的美德,又慢慢把那种仁厚升为圣德了。 (长江 译)

A Witch by Painters

She wore that horrible little bag of black silk with which old women insist on covering their skulls, and it was now revealed beneath the night-cap which had been pushed aside in sleep. This rumpled condition gave a menacing expression to the head, such as painters bestow on witches. The temples, ears, and nape of the neck, were disclosed in all their withered horror,—the wrinkles being marked in scarlet lines that contrasted with the would-be white of the bed-gown which was tied round her neck by a narrow tape. The gaping of this garment revealed a breast to be likened only to that of an old peasant woman who cares nothing about her personal ugliness. (Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

画家笔下的妖婆

她像老婆子一样脑袋上包着一小块塔夫绸的黑头巾,式样难看无比,睡帽在床上扭来扭去,推到脑后去了,头巾也露在睡帽外面。披头散发的模样使她神气格外凶恶,像画家笔下的妖婆。脑门,耳朵,颈窝,都没有遮盖好,显得一味枯干;僵硬的皱褶红得好难看,把短袖衬衣褪得发白的颜色衬托得愈加分明。衬衣的袖口扣着扭曲的带子,敞开了一半,露出的胸脯和不怕出丑的乡下老婆子的胸脯差不多。 (傅雷 译)

A Fifty-Year-Old Virgin

Mamzelle Aurelie possessed a good strong figure, ruddy cheeks, hair that was changing from brown to gray, and a determined eye. She wore a man's hat about the farm, and an old blue army overcoat when it was cold, and sometimes top boots.

Mamzelle Aurelie had never thought of marrying. She had never been in love. At the age of twenty she had received a proposal, which she had promptly declined, and at the age of fifty she had not yet lived to regret it.

So she was quite alone in the world, except for her dog Ponto, and the negroes who lived in her cabins and worked her crops, and the fowls, a few cows, a couple of mules, her gun (with which she shot chicken-hawks), and her religion. (Kate Chopin, *Regret*)

五十岁的老处女

芒热尔·奥雷利有一副结实的好身材。她双颊红润，头发正由褐变灰，眼睛里透着坚决。她经常戴一顶男人的帽子在农场上走动。天冷的时候就穿一件旧的蓝色军用大衣，有时也穿高筒靴。

她从没想到过结婚。她没恋过爱。二十岁那一年，曾有个人向她求婚，她当即谢绝了人家，如今活到了五十岁她还不曾为此后悔过。

所以，她在这个世界上没有亲人。与她为伴的只有她养的狗"胖头"，住在她的小木屋里为她种庄稼的黑人，还有她养的家禽和几头母牛，一对骡子，再有就是她的枪（她用枪打老鹰）和她的宗教信仰。 （李素苗 刘灵群 译）

A Graven-Looking But Consciencious Old Maid

Ushered into Miss Mann's little parlour, Caroline found her, as she always found her, surrounded by perfect neatness, cleanliness, and comfort; (after all, is it not a virtue in old maids that solitude rarely makes them negligent or disorderly?) no dust on her polished furniture, none on her carpet, fresh flowers in the vase on her table, a bright fire in the grate....

Certainly Miss Mann had a formidable eye for one of the softer sex: it was prominent, and showed a great deal of the white, and looked as steadily, as unwinkingly, at you as if it were a steel ball soldered in her head; and when, while looking, she began to talk in an indescribably dry monotonous tone—a tone without vibration or inflection—you felt as if a graven image of some bad spirit were addressing you. But it was all a figment of fancy, a matter of surface. Miss Mann's goblin-grimness scarcely went deeper than the angel-sweetness of hundreds of beauties. She was a perfectly honest, conscientious woman, who had performed duties in her day from whose sever anguish many a human Peri, gazelle-eyed, silken-tressed, and silver-tongued, would have shrunk appalled.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

貌似凶恶、十足方正的老处女

卡罗琳被引进曼小姐的小客厅后就发觉自己（她总是这样）置身在十分齐整、清洁和舒适的环境里（说到底，这不是老处女的优点吗？正因为孤独，老处女就不大会懒散或者杂乱无章）；擦亮的家具，一尘不染，地毯也是这样，桌上花瓶里插着鲜花，炉格子里一炉明火……

作为一个女性来说，曼小姐的确有一双可怕的眼睛：眼珠突出，叫人看到大量的眼白，一动不动，一眨不眨地直盯着你看，仿佛那是装在她脑袋瓜子上的钢球。当她一边看着你，一边以一种难以形容的冷淡、单调的声调——一种毫无抑扬顿挫的声调——开口说话的时候，你会觉得仿佛是个凶神恶煞的雕像在对你说话。但是，这都不过是种错觉，是种表面现象。曼小姐那恶煞似的凶相简直就跟成千上万美人的娇柔仙姿没有什么不同。她是个十足敦厚、方正的女人，她一生为尽义务而经历的严重痛苦，准会叫众多眼睛温柔得像羚羊似的、头发梳理得丝绸一般光滑、口若悬河的人间谪仙吓得退避三舍。

（曹庸　译）

An Old Ugly Duckling

Eva, shy and chinless, straining her upper lip over two enormous teeth would sit in corners watching her mother. She looked hungry, her eyes were strained and tired. She wore her mother's old clothes, made over, and taught Latin in a Female Seminary. She believed in votes for women, and had traveled about, making speeches. When her mother was not present, Eva bloomed out a littler, danced prettily, smiled, showing all her teeth, and was like a dry little plant set out in a gentle rain. Molly was merry about her ugly duckling. "It's lucky for me my daughter is an old maid. She's not so apt," said Molly naughtily, "to make a grandmother of me." Eve would blush as if she had been slapped.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *Old Mortality*)

老丑闺女

伊娃，腼腆而且没有下巴，上嘴唇绷紧在她的两颗大门牙上，会坐在角落里，望着她的妈妈。她看上去好像在挨饿，眼神紧张而疲劳，她穿着她妈妈的改过了的旧衣服，在一所女子学校里教拉丁语，她信仰妇女选举权，到各地去旅行，发表演讲。伊娃的妈妈不在场的时候，她稍微焕发出一点青春气息，斯斯文文地跳舞，微笑着露出她一副牙齿，像是一棵缺水的小树被移植在细雨中。莫莉拿她的丑闺女开玩笑。"我真幸运，我的女儿是个老处女。"莫莉恶作剧地说，"她没有本领让我做姥姥。"伊娃会脸涨得通红，好像挨了耳刮子似的。

（鹿金　译）

An Old Maid Dependent on Her Aunt

She was thirty, and dependent on her aunt Pauline.

...

Cecilia, called by her aunt and by her cousin Robert just Ciss, like a cat spitting, was a big, dark-complexioned, pug-faced young woman who very rarely spoke, and when she did couldn't get it out. She was the daughter of a poor Congregational clergyman who had been, while he lived, brother to Ronald, Aunt Pauline's husband. Ronald and the Congregational minister were both well dead, and Aunt Pauline had had charge of Ciss for the last five years.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Lovely Lady*)

依靠婶子生活的老姑娘

她已过三十岁,而立之年依靠着婶子鲍琳娜生活。

……

西希莉娅,她婶子和表兄罗伯特只叫她西斯,听上去像猫叫,她是一个黝黑而高大,长着一副扁平脸的老姑娘,她很少讲话,想倾吐心里话时,话到嘴边又咽下去。她是一位清贫的教会主教的女儿,主教罗纳德是鲍琳娜丈夫的兄弟,罗纳德兄弟很久前辞世而去。这样鲍琳娜婶子在这5年便成了她的监护人。

(郭培峰 高翔 译)

C. Parts of the Human Body 人物局部刻画

1. Hair on the Head 头发

Stiff, Black Hair

Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

又硬又黑的头发

除了那块硌硌棱棱的秃顶而外,他长了一头又硬又黑的头发,参差不齐地扎煞着,而且几乎长到他那狮子鼻上。那头发很像铁匠打出来的,尤其像安上结实的倒刺的墙头,而不像头发,即使玩"跳背"游戏玩得最好的人,也会认为

从他身上跳过去最危险，不肯跟他玩。 （石永礼 赵文娟 译）

Jet-Black Hair

Her jet-black hair, naturally or artfully waved, was parted over her forehead in two thick coils which vanished behind her head, just exposing the lobes of her ears from which hung two diamonds each worth four or five thousand francs.

(Alexandre Dumas fils, *La Dame aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

黑玉色的头发

黑玉色的头发，不知是天然的还是梳理成的，像波浪一样地卷曲着，在额前分梳成两大绺，一直拖到脑后，露出两个耳垂，耳垂上闪烁着两颗各值四五千法郎的钻石耳环。 （王振孙 译）

Hair with a Splendidly Novel Colour

He... used all the hair-oil he possessed upon his usually dry, sandy, and inextricably curly hair, till he had deepened it to a splendidly novel colour, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a nutmeg, or wet seaweed round a boulder after the ebb. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

油光锃亮的头发

他把自己的头油全都抹到他那往日干涩、沙色、梳不开栉不通的卷发上了，直到把头发弄得油光锃亮，显出一种色泽介乎于海鸟粪和洋灰之间的新奇的色彩，这使他的头发紧贴着他的脑袋，像是肉豆蔻那紧裹的外皮，又像是退潮后缠在卵石上的湿海草。 （陈亦君 曾获 译）

"Deep Ebony"

...for her tresses, which rivalled the hue and gloss of the raven, had burst from their confinement, and, dropping over her shoulders, fell along her dress in rich profusion, finally resting on the damask of the couch, in dark folds, like glittering silk. A small hand, which seemed to blush at its own naked beauties, supported her head, embedded in the volumes of her hair, like the fairest alabaster set in the deepest ebony.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pilot*)

"深黑的乌檀木"

你看她那乌黑光亮的长发没有束紧，蓬蓬松松地从双肩垂下来，如乌云盖雪似地披散在她的衣服上，最后一卷卷落在锦缎椅布上面，也像熠熠发光的丝绸一般。一只好像看到它自己裸露的美色也会害臊的小手，深深插进那浓密的黑发中，支着头，好像深黑的乌檀木中嵌进了一块洁白的石膏。

（饶健华 译）

Faint Brown Hair

Her hair is of so faint and pale a brown—not flaxen, and yet almost as light, not golden, and yet almost as glossy—that it nearly melts, here and there, into the shadow of the hat. It is plainly parted and drawn back over her ears, and the line of it ripples naturally as it crosses her forehead.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*)

淡栗色的亮发

她的头发不是亚麻色的，而是淡栗色的，显得很轻软；不是金黄色的，然而却是亮光光的，似乎在草帽的影衬下同空气融为一体了。她头发平分梳着，一缕一缕地环绕在脸庞旁边。

（庄凯勋 译）

Heated Rollers with Natural Wave

Her thick hair had taken to the heated rollers beautifully, its natural wave all back. Now it actually glowed in the lights, changing from mahogany to red to gold as she moved. With just the lightest make-up, her creamy skin looked beautiful, her eyes cleverly emphasized until they seemed to almost fill her small, lovely face.

(Patricia Wilson, *Deared Traitor*)

自然卷曲的红发

她的发型不再是平淡无奇的辫子，一头逐渐恢复自然卷曲的红发显得十分美丽，在灯光下闪闪发亮，变化不同的色彩，从褐到红，再到金。她只是稍施粉黛，但白皙的肌肤看起来非常抢眼，巧妙勾勒的眼线则把她的眼睛衬托得更亮更迷人。

（孙凡轩 译）

Heavy and Luxurious Blond Braids

Then Bernice winced as Marjorie tossed her own hair over her

shoulders and began to twist it slowly into two long blond braids until in her cream-colored negligee she looked like a delicate painting of some Saxon princess. Fascinated, Bernice watched the braids grow. Heavy and luxurious they were, moving under the supple fingers like restive snakes—and to Bernice remained this relic and the curling-iron and a tomorrow full of eyes. (F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*)

金黄色的粗辫子

后来,玛加莉把头发在肩上一摆,开始慢慢把它辫成两条长长的金黄色的辫子,最后,穿着长睡衣的她看起来就像某个撒克森公主的精美的画像。这时,波妮丝退缩了。她着迷地看着辫子在变长,粗大的辫子在她柔软的手指间像不安的蛇在扭动着——而波妮丝呢,依然是老样子,手里还握着那把卷发烙铁,明天还得让人看个够。 (洁岩 译)

2. Beards, Eyebrows and Hairs on the Body 须眉、毛发

Hairy Rudolph

The first thing Rudolph noticed, with a touch of jealousy, was that Thomas had almost no hair on his body. Rudolph was getting quite hairy, with thick, tight, black curls on his chest and sprouting on his shoulders. His legs, too, were covered with dark hair, and it did not fit with the image he had of himself. When he went swimming in the summer, his hairiness embarrassed him and he felt that people were snickering at him. For that reason he rarely sunbathed and put on a shirt as soon as he got out of the water. (Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

浑身毛茸茸的鲁道夫

鲁道夫最先注意到的,而且带点儿妒意,是托马斯的全身几乎光溜溜的。鲁道夫身上的汗毛却长得越来越多了,又厚又密的黑毛长满前胸,甚至还散布到了肩头。他的两条腿上也披着一层黑毛,这情况全不符合他的自我形象。夏天去游泳时,他那毛茸茸的身体使他难堪,老觉得人们在讪笑他。为了这个缘故他很少晒太阳,一出水面马上穿上衬衣。 (施咸荣 董衡巽 译)

Heavy Eyebrows

...with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

浓眉

……两道眉毛非常地浓，在大鼻子上面几乎都联到一块儿了，好像因为她是女性，受了冤屈，天生地不能长胡子，所以才把胡子这笔账，转到眉毛的账上了。（张谷若 译）

Thick and Almost Horizontal Eyebrows

Her eyebrows were a shade darker than her hair. They were thick and almost horizontal, emphasizing the depth of her eyes. She was rather handsome than beautiful. Her face was captivating by reason of a certain frankness of expression and a contradictory subtle play of features. Her manner was engaging. (Kate Chopin, *Awakening*)

浓密的一字形眉毛

她的眉毛比头发的颜色更深一些。它们长得浓，并且几乎成了一字形，这更突出了她眼睛的深邃。她与其说是漂亮，不如说是健美。由于某种坦率的表情和相貌特征的一种矛盾而微妙的作用，她的面孔相当迷人。她的风度也很动人。（程锡麟 译）

Arched Graceful Eyebrows

And certainly—she had a wanton eye. Her eyebrows were closely plucked, and they arched gracefully and were black as a sloe. She was more of a treat to look at than a pear tree, just come into bloom, and she was softer to touch than the wool of a sheep.

(Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*)

弯弯的眉毛

的确，她的眼睛是很迷人的；弯弯的眉毛，像黑刺李那样黑，一部分摘干净了，显得很狭长。看她比才开花的梨树还要甜蜜可爱，比羊毛还要轻柔。

（方重 译）

Ragged Whiskers and Beard

He lies there, dressed in shirt and trousers, with bare feet. He has a yellow look in the spectral darkness of a candle that has guttered down, until the whole length of its wick (still burning) has doubled over, and left

a tower of winding-sheet above it. His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard—the latter, ragged too, and grown, like the scum and mist around him, in neglect. (Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

乱蓬蓬的胡子

那人躺在那里,穿着衬衣和裤子,可是光着脚。在幽暗的烛光照射之下,那人的脸显得很黄。那根蜡烛早就淌着蜡泪,直到整条烛芯(仍然燃烧着)曲卷起来,在蜡烛上面留下一堆包尸布似的东西。那人的头发乱蓬蓬的,和连鬓胡子、络腮胡子连在一起——下巴上的胡子也是乱蓬蓬的,纠缠不清,就像他周围的那些没人管的垃圾和烟雾一样。 (黄邦杰 陈少衡 张自谋 译)

Shapely Moustache and Beard

His mobile face had grown more thoughtful, and had acquired a young man's shapely moustache and beard—the latter of the palest straw colour where it began upon his cheeks, and deepening to a warm brown farther from its root. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

整齐的八字须和颌下须

他那生动的面目变得深沉了,他也有了年轻人的那种整齐的八字须和颌下须了——颌下须在颊上刚长出来的地方,还是极淡的麦秸色,离根儿渐远,就渐渐成了发红的棕色了。 (张谷若 译)

Beard in the Style of the 16th Century

This beard, cut in the manner of the portraits of the sixteenth century and surmounted by a fair moustache, of which the ends had a romantic upward flourish, gave its wearer a foreign, traditionary look and suggested that he was a gentleman who studied style.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

16 世纪式样的胡须

他的胡须是按照 16 世纪画像上的式样修剪的,嘴唇上面还蓄着两撇漂亮的小胡子,胡子尖优美地向上卷起,给它的主人带来了一些外国的、传统的气息,也说明这位先生很重视他的仪表产生的效果。 (项星耀 译)

3. Eyes 眼睛

Large Tender Eyes

. . . large tender eyes, neither black nor blue nor gray nor violet;

rather all those shades together, and a hundred others, which could be seen if one looked into their irises—shade behind shade—tint beyond tint—around pupils that had no bottom.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

一双柔媚的大眼睛

……一双柔媚的大眼睛,说它黑也不是,说它蓝也不是,说它灰,说它紫,都不是,不如说这些深浅不一的颜色,样样都有,还夹着一百样别的;你只要一直瞅着她的虹彩,就能看出一层一层深浅不同的颜色,一道一道浓淡各异的明暗,围在瞳人四周,瞳人自己却又深又远,看不见底。 (张谷若 译)

Flower-like Eyes

And he was aware of her blue, exposed-looking eyes upon him. She had beautiful eyes, flower-like, fully opened, naked in their looking at him. And on them there seemed to float a curious iridescence, a sort of film of disintegration, and sullenness, like oil on water.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

像花朵一样美丽的眼睛

他还意识到姑娘那双大胆的天蓝色的眼睛正在盯着自己。姑娘的眼睛像花儿一样美,在瞧着他的时候张得大大的,毫不隐瞒什么。那双眼睛上似乎漂浮着一层奇异的彩虹色,如同一种崩解了的色泽黯淡的薄膜,又像是浮在水面上的油。 (梁一三 译)

Mysterious Eyes

She had Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries, and their light, as it came and went, and came again, was partially hampered by their oppressive lids and lashes; and of these the under lid was much fuller than it usually is with English women. This enabled her to indulge in reverie without seeming to do so: she might have been believed capable of sleeping without closing them up. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

神秘的眼睛

她的眼睛是异教的眼神儿,又深又黑,富有夜的神秘。眼波去而复来、来而复去地流动,有一部分受了厚眼皮和长眼毛的阻碍;她的下眼皮和英国一般

妇女的比起来厚得多。因为这样,所以她能随便出神儿沉思,却叫人家看不出来;如果说,她能不闭眼睛睡觉,恐怕也会有人相信。 (张谷若 译)

Dark White Blind-Looking Eyes

No one had ever seen anything like them. Around the outer rim of the iris was a very dark grey ring, but the iris itself was so pale it couldn't be called either blue or grey; the closest description of the color was a sort of dark white. They were riveting, uncomfortable, inhuman eyes, rather blind-looking. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

黯白色的死鱼眼

没有一个人看见过这种眼睛。在虹膜外层,是一圈很暗的灰环,可是虹膜本身是青白色,这既不能称之为蓝,也不能称之为灰;最接近它的颜色应该说是黯白色。它们是一对令人注目的、看上去不舒服的、非人的眼睛,像是一对瞎眼。 (晓明 陈明锦 译)

Fierce Eyes

... and with a look which commanded even before he spoke; lightnings seemed to dart from his eyes when they were open, although their expression was generally softened by a careful lowering of the white eyelids. (Alexandre Dumas, *The Forty-Five*)

鹰隼般的眼睛

……目光从鹰隼般的眼睛里像箭一样射出来,不须开口就能叫人慑服;但是他那白色的长眼皮一眨动,往下垂落时,眼睛周围那一圈茶褐色就显得非常突出,这时他的目光也就变得温和了。可是,当黑色的瞳人在浓眉和浅黄褐色的眼眶中间闪亮的时候,情况就完全相反,简直可以说是闪电从两片铜云的中缝里发射出来。 (郝运 周克希 朱角 译)

My Lover's Eyes—Stars of Leda

For eyes we have no models in the remotely antique. It might have been, too, that in these eyes of my beloved lay the secret to which Lord Verulam alludes. They were, I must believe, far larger than the ordinary eyes of our own race. They were even fuller than the fullest of the gazelle eyes of the tribe of the valley of Nourjahad. Yet it was only at intervals—

in moments of intense excitement—that this peculiarity became more than slightly noticeable in Ligeria. And at such moments was her beauty—in my heated fancy thus it appeared perhaps—the beauty of beings either above or apart from the earth—the beauty of the fabulous Houri of the Turk. The hue of the orbs was the most brilliant of black, and far over then, hung jetty lashes of great length. The brows slightly irregular in outline, had the same tint. The "strangeness," however, which I found in the eyes was of a natural distinct from the formation, or the color, or the brilliancy of the features, and must, after all, be referred to the expression. Ah, word of no meaning! Behind whose vast latitude of mere sound we intrench our ignorance of so much of the spiritual. The expression of the eyes of Ligeria! How for long hours have I pondered upon it! How have I, through the whole of a midsummer night, struggled to fathom it! What was it? —That something more profound than the well of Democritus-which lay far within the pupils of my beloved. What was it? I was possessed with a passion to discover. Those eyes! those large, those shining, those divine orbs! they became to me twin stars of Leda, and I to them devoutest of astrologers. (Edgar Allan Poe, *Ligeria*)

勒达的双星

关于眼睛我们可找不出远古的典型。也许在我心爱的人的这双眼睛里，也含有韦拉兰姆勋爵所提到的那种秘密。我得相信，它们比我们自己家族的普通眼睛要大得多。它们甚至比诺贾哈德山谷部族中最圆的那种瞪羚眼睛还要圆。但只有偶尔在热烈兴奋的时刻，这种特点在莉姬娅身上才变得更加明显。在这种时刻，她的美——或许它是在我兴奋的幻想中显得如此——是那种要就是在天上，要就是在尘寰之外才能找到的美——是土耳其神话中伊斯兰教天堂中的仙女的那种美。那对眸子乌黑发亮，眸子上方是修长的黑色睫毛。眉毛的轮廓有点不齐，但同样乌黑。然而，我在她眼睛里发现的"特异"之点，跟她面貌的构造、颜色或光彩不同，归根结蒂应当属于神态上的特异。啊，这是个没有意义的词！就在这个词的广泛含义后面，我们筑防掩饰自己对于人类心灵的一窍不通。莉姬娅的那种眼神！我曾花了多长的时间来细细掂量它！在这种仲夏之夜，我通宵都在努力想领会它的含义！那是什么——那比德谟利特之井更为深奥的——深藏在我心爱的人的眼瞳孔里的？那是什么？我满腔热情，一心只想发现它。那双眼睛！那双硕大的、闪亮的、绝妙的眸子啊！它们成了我心目中的勒达的双星，而我则成了他们的最虔诚的占星学家。

（唐荫荪　邓英杰　丁放鸣　译）

Attentive Eyes

He felt it necessary to glance at her once again—not because she was very beautiful, nor because of the elegance and demure grace visible in everything about her, but there was something particularly tender and caressing in the expression of her sweet face as she passed by him. When he looked around she also turned her head. Her shinning gray eyes, which because of their thick lashes seemed dark, paused with friendly attentiveness at his face as though she recognized him, and then swept on at once to the passing crowd as though looking for someone. In this short glance Vronsky had time to notice the subdued vitality that played over her face fluttered between her shinning eyes, and the scarcely perceptible smile that curved her rosy lips. It was as though an excess of something so filled her whole being that it expressed itself against her will, sometimes in the brilliance of her gaze, sometimes in her smile. She deliberately tried to extinguish that light in her eyes, but it blazed out against her will in that faint smile. (Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

迷人的眼睛

他感到他非得再看她一眼不可，这并不是因为她非常美丽，也不是因为她的整个姿态上所显露出来优美文雅的风度，而是因为在她走过他身边时她那迷人的脸上的表情带着几分特别的柔情蜜意。当他回过头来看的时候，她也掉过头来了。她那双在浓密的睫毛下面显得阴暗了的、闪耀着的灰色眼睛亲切而注意地盯着他的脸，好像她在辨认他一样，随后又立刻转向走过的人群，好像是在寻找什么人似的。在那短短的一瞥中，弗龙斯基已经注意到有一股压抑着的生气流露在她的脸上，在她那亮晶晶的眼睛和把她的朱唇弯曲了的隐隐约约的微笑之间掠过。仿佛有一种过剩的生命力洋溢在她整个的身心，违反她的意志，时而在她的眼睛的闪光里，时而在她的微笑中显露出来。她故意地竭力隐藏住她眼睛里的光辉，但它却违反她的意志在隐约可辨的微笑里闪烁。 (周扬 译)

Pretty and Unconscious Eyes

He looked coldly into the eyes of the photograph and they answered coldly. Certainly they were pretty and the face itself was pretty. But he found something mean in it. Why was it so unconscious and lady-like? The

composure of the eyes irritated him. They repelled him and defied him: there was no passion in them, no rapture. He thought of what Callaher had said about rich Jewesses. Those dark Oriental eyes, he thought, how full they are of passion, of voluptuous longing! ... Why had he married the eyes in the photograph? (James Joyce, *Dubliners*)

俏而沉静的眼睛

他冷淡地瞅着照片上那双眼睛,它们也冷淡地回看他。这双眼睛很俏,面孔也俏。不过他看出其中也有猥琐的气息。为什么神情如此木然,装出贵夫人的仪态呢?眼光如此沉静,使他厌烦。那双眼睛排斥他,向他挑战;眼神中不含激情,没有狂喜。他想起了加拉赫谈到富裕的犹太女郎。他寻思着,那些东方女人黑幽幽的眸子,满含激情,富于性感地渴望!……为什么他当初娶了照片上那双眼睛呢? (孙梁 译)

Slightly Crossed Eyes

His eyes, which were pale brown in color, and not at all large, were slightly crossed—the left eye more than the right. They were not crossed enough to be disfiguring, or even to be necessarily noticeable at first glance. They were crossed just enough to be mentioned, and only in context with the fact that one might have thought long and seriously before wishing them straighter, or deeper, or browner, or wider set. His face, just as it was, carried the impact, however oblique and slow-travelling, of real beauty. (J. D. Salinger, *Teddy*)

有点斜视的眼睛

他那双浅黄色的小眼睛有点斜视,左眼比右眼斜得厉害些,但尚未斜到让人一眼就会注意到的那种畸形程度。他眼睛的斜视人们不仔细看是看不出来的,他的眼睛也不过就是斜视值得人家一提而已,不过那也仅仅是在人们经过再三的认真思量后,而期望他的眼睛比现在更纯真、眼珠更深陷、眼球更黄些、眼窝更宽些的情况下才有的事,他脸上带着一种纯真的美,尽管这种美表现得不太明显,流露得也很缓慢。 (臧良 译)

4. Nose 鼻子

Nostrils with Uncomfortable Way of Twinkling

His nostrils, which were thin and pointed, with sharp dints in them, had a singular and most uncomfortable way of expanding and contracting

themselves; that they seemed to twinkle instead of his eyes, which hardly ever twinkled at all. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

翕张异样的鼻子

他那两个鼻孔——薄而尖,上面还有尖尖的小坑坑——老特别奇怪地那么一翕一张,叫人看了顶别扭的,那就好像是:因为他那两只眼一点也不会眨巴,所以他那两个鼻孔才来替眼睛眨巴。 (张谷若 译)

Parisian Nose

And that nothing might be wanting to this ravishing form, the nose was not beautiful, it was pretty; neither straight nor curved, neither Italian nor Greek; it was the Parisian nose; that is, something sprightly, fine, irregular, and pure, the despair of painters and the charm of poets.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

巴黎人的鼻子

而且,为了使动人的脸完美无缺,那鼻子虽长得不美,却长得漂亮,不直不弯,非意大利型也不是希腊样子,而是巴黎人的鼻子,那就是说某种俏皮、秀丽、不正规、纯洁、使画家失望诗人迷惑的鼻子。 (长江 译)

An Aquiline Nose with Formidable Character

This gentle expression was the more interesting because the schoolmaster's nose, an irregular aquiline twisted a little on one side, had rather a formidable character. (George Eliot, *Adam Bede*)

盛气凌人的鹰勾鼻

老师脸上由于有着那么一只鼻子,他这副温和的表情就叫人觉得更有意思。那是一只不很规则的鹰鼻,略略有点儿向左边歪,显出一股凛然不可侵犯的神气。 (张毕来 译)

Her Least Satisfactory Nose

There stood a slim girl in white—a white serge skirt, a white silk blouse, and a leather belt drawn in very tightly at her tiny waist.

...

Her nose was her least satisfactory feature. Not that it was really. But it was not half as fine as Linda's. Linda really had a perfect little nose.

Hers spread rather—not badly. And in all probability she exaggerated the spreadiness of it just because it was her nose, and she was so awfully critical of herself. She pinched it with a thumb and first finger and made a little face. (Katherine Mansfield, *Prelude*)

不如意的鼻子

镜子里站着一个苗条的姑娘，穿了一身白——白哔叽裙子，白绸衬衫，细腰上紧紧束着条皮带。

……

她的鼻子在五官中长得最不如意。倒不是鼻子真的难看。而是连琳达的一半都及不上。琳达的小鼻子可真是十全十美的了。她的鼻子稍微大一点——并不太难看。而她把自己的鼻子看得太大，多半是因为这是她的鼻子，她对自己是很爱吹毛求疵的。她用大拇指和食指捏起鼻子，做了个鬼脸。

（陈良廷　郑启吟　译）

Nose with a Delicate Outlines

I looked at the delicate outlines of the nose—and nowhere but in the graceful medallions of the Hebrews had I beheld a similar perfection. There were the same luxurious smoothness of surface, the same scarcely perceptible tendency to the aquiline, the same harmoniously carved nostrils speaking the free spirit. . . . . I scrutinized the formative of the chin—and here too, I found the gentleness of breadth, the softness and the majesty, the fulness and the spirituality, of the Greek—the contour which the god Apollo revealed but in a dream, to Cleomenes, the son of the Athenian.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *Ligeia*)

外形优美的鼻子

我看着那鼻子的优美外形——除了希伯莱人的那种雅致的圆型浮雕肖像以外，我没在别的地方看到过类似的样本。还有那舒适光滑的鼻子表面，还有那鼻梁的几乎察觉不出的微微的弯曲，还有那曲线匀称的鼻孔，表明了一种奔放不羁的精神。……我仔细看她那下巴的构造——从这里我发现了希腊人的那种宽阔适中、柔和而又威严的鼻子——这种轮廓，阿波罗神只是在梦中才显示给雅典人的儿子克莱奥门尼斯看过。　（唐荫荪　邓英杰　丁放鸣　译）

5. Mouth(Teeth) 嘴(齿)

Roses Filled with Snow

To a young man with the least fire in him that little upward lift in the middle of her red top lip was distracting, infatuating, maddening. He had never before seen a woman's lips and teeth which forced upon his mind with such persistent iteration the old Elizabethan simile of roses filled with snow. Perfect, he, as a lover, might have called them off-hand.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

玫瑰含雪

在那个红红的小嘴儿上,那上唇中部往上微微撅起的情态,就是心肠最冷的青年见了,也不由得要着迷,要发狂,要中魔。伊丽莎白时代,有一位诗人,拿"玫瑰含雪",来比喻唇红齿白;他生平见过的女人,再没有像她那样,叫他不断地老想起那个比喻来的了。在他以情人的眼光看来,简直就可以说,这口牙齿、这副嘴唇儿,真正完美无瑕。 (张谷若 译)

Red Lips and White Teeth

Her mouth, which might have been found fault with as too large, displayed teeth of pearly whiteness, rendered still more conspicious by the over-redness of her lips, beside which her naturally pale complexion seemed even more colourless.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

红唇玉齿

她的嘴巴里露出一口珍珠似的雪白的牙齿,嘴巴的缺点或许是太大了一些,而且,由于她的嘴唇过分的红,就更使人触目,也使她那苍白的皮肤似乎显得更少血色。 (蒋学模 译)

Well-Shaped Lips

By far his most beautiful possession was his mouth, neither full nor thin-lipped, neither small nor large, but very well shaped, with a distinct cut to the boundaries of its lips and a peculiar firmness in the way he held it; as if perhaps were he to relax his hold upon it, it might give away

secrets about what he was really like.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

形态美丽的嘴唇

他脸上最美丽的部分是他的嘴，嘴唇既不厚，也不薄；既不小，也不大；形态非常好看，嘴唇的棱角线条分明，表情特别坚定，好像他只要松弛一下，它就会泄露出他的真模样的秘密来。 (晓明 陈明锦 译)

Red Rich Lips

Her mouth was rich without being gross, sweet without being weak and dyed dark red with the juice of the grapes.

(Mario Puzo, *The God Father*)

丰满的红唇

她的嘴唇，丰满而没有蛮气；甜蜜而没有虚弱的病态；色泽深红，仿佛要渗出葡萄汁似的。 (周汉林 译)

A Cherub's Mouth

His might have been a cherub's mouth, had not the full, sensuous lips a trick, under stress, of drawing firmly across the teeth. At times, so tightly did they draw, the mouth became stern and harsh, even ascetic. They were the lips of a fighter and of a lover. They could taste the sweetness of life with relish, and they could put the sweetness aside and command life. The chin and jaw, strong and just hinting of square aggressiveness, helped the lips to command life.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

小天使般的嘴

他的嘴，要不是这两片富有美感的厚嘴唇在情绪紧张的当儿老是会紧紧地抿起来，锁住了牙关，很可以说是一个小天使的嘴。有时候，它们抿得那么紧，这张嘴看上去又严峻又冷酷，简直像一个苦行者的嘴。那是一个战士的嘴唇，又是一个恋人的。这两片嘴唇能够津津有味地饱尝生活的甜蜜，也能够不去尝这种甜蜜，而来支配生活。他的下巴和牙床也挺坚强，带着一丁点儿坚决的咄咄逼人的样子，使这两片嘴唇能更好地支配生活。 (吴劳 译)

Sweet Mouth

I regarded the sweet mouth. Here was indeed the triumph of all things

heavenly—the magnificent turn of the short upper lip—the soft, voluptuous slumber of the under—the dimples which sported, and the color which spoke—the teeth glancing back, with a brilliancy almost startling, every ray of the holy light which fell upon them in her serene and placid yet most exultingly radiant of all smiles. (Edgar Allan Poe, *Ligeia*)

楚楚动人的嘴

我注视那张好看的嘴。这确实是一切事物的极好的范例——短短的上唇的动人的弯曲——下唇柔软、妖娆而娴静——嬉戏时酒窝盈盈,说话时红唇闪动——她微笑时发出的每一道沉静而又充满欢乐的圣洁的光落在她的牙齿上,又被牙齿以一种几乎是惊人的光彩反射回来。

(唐荫荪 邓英杰 丁放鸣 译)

A Murderer's Mouth

He was certainly a remarkably handsome man. His European reputation for beauty was fully deserved. In figure he was not more than of middle size, but was built upon graceful and active lines. His face was swarthy, almost Oriental, with large, dark, languorous eyes which might easily hold an irresistible fascinating for women. His hair and moustache were raven black, the latter short, pointed, and carefully waxed. His features were regular and pleasing, save only his straight, thin-lipped mouth. If ever I saw a murderer's mouth it was there—a cruel, hard gash in the face, compressed, inexorable, and terrible. He was ill-advised to train his moustache away from it, for it was Nature's danger-signal, set as a warning to his victims. His voice was engaging and his manners perfect. In age I should have put him at little over thirty, though his record afterwards showed that he was forty-two.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of the Illustrious Client*)

杀人犯的嘴

他确实是一个十分漂亮的男人,不愧为欧洲名不虚传的美男子。他,中等身材,体态优雅而灵活,脸色黝黑,近似东方人,有着黑亮、疲倦的大眼睛,颇具异性诱惑力。卷发乌黑,须短而形尖,修饰整洁。五官端正而悦目,只有平薄的嘴唇有些例外。假使我看到过一个杀人犯的嘴的话,就是在这儿——它是脸上的一道冷酷凶残的切口,口角紧绷,冷漠无情,令人生畏。他把须角向上留起而露出嘴角,这是不明智的,因为这成了天然的危险警告,使受难者警觉。

他声调文雅，举止倜傥。论年纪，我看他不过30出头，事后知道他已经42岁。

（岳文楚 周可 等译）

The Charming Mouth

She had corn-gold hair, this sun-kissed being. She wore it in a hazy aureole that fluffed out all over her head. She had freckles that were like little flecks of gold paint, spatted from some careless painter's brush all over her apricot cheeks, with a saddle across the bridge of her tiny, pert nose. It was her mouth that was the beautiful part of her. And if the rest of her face was not quite up to its matchless beauty, that mouth alone was sufficient to make her lovely-looking, unaided, drawing all notice to itself as it did. Just as a single light is enough to make a plain room bright; you don't have to have a whole chandelier. When it smiled, everything else smiled with it. (Cornell Woolrich, *I Married a Dead Man*)

迷人的嘴

这个愉快的姑娘长着一头金发。这头金发在头上蓬蓬松松地披撒开来，就像一个迷蒙的光环。她的杏黄色的脸颊上长满了雀斑，就像一个不经意的画家用画笔在那儿撒上的金黄色的小斑点，在她细巧雅致的鼻梁上还跨越着一条斑纹。她的嘴是她脸上最美的一部分。即便说她脸上的其余部分没法跟嘴相媲美的话，单这张嘴本身就足以使她看上去十分可爱，能把所有的注意力都吸引过去，而事实也确是如此。就好像一盏灯足以照亮一个空房间一样，不必再装上一盏枝形吊灯。当嘴微笑时，脸上的所有部分都会同它一起微笑。

（孙予 译）

6. Face 面部

The Ideal of Beauty

No charm was wanting, no defect was perceptible; the young girl had regular and delicate lineaments; eyes shaped and coloured as we see them in lovely pictures, large, and dark, and full; the long and shadowy eyelash which encircles a fine eye with so soft a fascination; the pencilled brow which gives such clearness; the white, smooth forehead, which add such repose to the livelier beauties of tint and ray; the cheek oval, fresh, and smooth; the lips, too, ruddy, healthy, sweetly formed; the even and gleaming teeth without flaw; the small dimpled chin; the ornament of rich,

plenteous tresses—all advantages, in short, which combined, realized the ideal of beauty, were fully hers. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

端庄秀丽的面容

不缺少什么魅力，也看不出什么缺点；这个年轻姑娘的容貌长得端正而且秀丽；眼睛的形状和颜色正像我们在可爱的画里看到的，又大又黑又圆；浓浓的长睫毛以如此温柔的妩媚围住美丽的眼睛；画过的眉毛如此鲜明；洁白光滑的额头给更活泼的色彩和光泽之美增添了如此的安详；脸颊呈椭圆形，娇嫩而光滑；嘴唇也很娇嫩，红红的、很健康，形状很可爱；整齐发亮的牙齿，没有一点缺陷；下巴小小的，有着凹窝；此外，还有浓密的头发作为装饰——总之，凡是能结合起来构成美的理想的一切优点，她全都有了。 （祝庆英 译）

An Oval of Indescribable Loveliness

Upon an oval of indescribable loveliness, place two dark eyes beneath brows so cleanly arched that they might have been painted on; veil those eyes with lashes so long that, when lowered, they cast shadows over the pink flush of the cheeks; sketch a delicate, straight, spirited nose and nostrils slightly flared in a passionate aspiration towards sensuality; draw a regular mouth with lips parting gracefully over teeth as white as milk; tint the skin with the bloom of peaches which no hand has touched—and you will have a comprehensive picture of her entrancing face.

(Alexandre Dumas fils, *La Dame aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

极具风韵的椭圆形脸

在一张流露着难以描绘其风韵的鹅蛋脸上，嵌着两只乌黑的大眼睛，上面两道弯弯细长的眉毛，纯净得犹如人工画就的一般，眼睛上盖着浓密的睫毛，当眼帘低垂时，给玫瑰色的脸颊投去一抹淡淡的阴影；细巧而挺直的鼻子透出股灵气，鼻翼微鼓，像是对情欲生活的强烈渴望；一张端正的小嘴轮廓分明，柔唇微启，露出一口洁白如奶的牙齿；皮肤颜色就像未经人手触摸过的蜜桃上的绒衣；这些就是这张美丽的脸蛋给您的大致印象。 （王振孙 译）

An Ugly Face

We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of that tetrahedral nose, that horseshoe mouth, that tiny left eye obscured by a shaggy red eyebrow, while the right eye lay completely hidden beneath an enormous

wart. Those irregular teeth, with gaps here and there like the battlements of a fortress, that calloused lip, over which one of those teeth protruded like an elephant's tusk, that cleft chin, and above all the facial expression extending over the whole, a mixture of malice, amazement, and sadness. Conjure up, if you can, this overall effect.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

一张丑脸

我们不想向读者详细描写那个四面体鼻子,那张马蹄形的嘴,小小的左眼为茅草似的棕红色眉毛所壅塞,右眼则完全消失在一个大瘤子之下,横七竖八的牙齿缺一块掉一块,就跟城墙垛子似的,长着老茧的嘴巴上有一颗大牙践踏着,伸出来好似大象的长牙,下巴劈裂,特别引人注目的是这一切都表现出一种神态,混合着狡狯、惊愕、忧伤。要是能够的话,请诸位自己来把这一切综合起来设想吧! (管震湖 译)

A Face with Defects

She had expected to see a striking and powerful, if not pleasant face; but the most salient points of his appearance were a tendency to foppishness in dress and rather more than a tendency to a certain veiled insolence of expression and manner. For the rest, he was as swarthy as a mulatto... The forehead and left cheek were terribly disfigured by the long crooked scar of the old sabre-cut; and she had already noticed that, when he began to stammer in speaking, that side of his face was affected with a nervous twitch. But for these defects he would have been, in a certain restless and uncomfortable way, rather handsome; but it was not an attractive face.

(E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

一张有缺陷的脸

她料想他的脸即使不太可爱,也一定显得刚毅动人。现在看来,外貌最明显的特点是服装华丽,暗藏着的那种傲慢神态,表现得很充分。除此之外,他皮肤略黑,像一个黑白种的混血儿……他的前额和左颊上留着一条长长的弯曲的刀痕,看上去很可怕。她已经注意到,每逢他结结巴巴说不出话来的时候,脸的另一侧就要泛起一阵神经性痉挛。如果没有这些缺陷,虽然有点浮躁不安的神情,他的相貌还算过得去。现在这脸就差点了。 (司仁 译)

An Arresting Face

But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

令人着迷的脸蛋

但她有一张让人一见就着迷的脸蛋，尖尖的下巴颏儿，方方的牙床骨。她的眼睛是通体的淡绿色，绝无一丝儿茶褐色的杂质，周围竖着一圈儿粗黑的睫毛，眼角有点微微上翘，上面斜竖着的是两撇浓黑的蛾眉，在她那木兰花一样洁白的皮肤上，勾勒出两条非常惹眼的斜线。 （简宗 译）

Harpooneer's Sun-Tanned Tattoed Face

I was all eagerness to see his face, but he kept it averted for some time while employed in unlacing the bag's mouth. This accomplished, however, he turned round—when, good heavens! What a sight! Such a face! It was of a dark purplish, yellow color, here and there stuck over with large, blackish looking squares. Yes, it's just as I thought, he's a terrible bedfellow; he's been in a fight, got dreadfully cut, and here he is, just from the surgeon. But at that moment he chanced to turn his face so towards the light, that I plainly saw they could not be sticking-plasters at all, those black squares on his cheeks. They were stains of some sort or other. At first I knew not what to make of this; but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me. I remembered a story of a white man—a whaleman too—who, falling among the cannibals, had been tattooed by them. I concluded that this harpooneer, in the course of his distant voyages, must have met with a similar adventure. And what is it, thought I, after all! It's only his outside; a man can be honest in any sort of skin. But then, what to make of his unearthly complexion, that part of it, I mean, lying round about, and completely independent of the squares of tattooing. To be sure, it might be nothing but a good coat of tropical tanning; but I never heard of a hot sun's tanning a white man into a purplish yellow one. However, I had never been in the South Seas; and perhaps the sun there

produced these extraordinary effects upon the skin.

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

标枪手酷晒过的、刺花的脸

我急切想看他的脸,可是,有好半天他背着身子,一心在解水手包口上的绳子。不过,他把绳子解开后,转过脸来,啊,老天爷;多怕人呀!这样一张脸!原来是又黑、又紫、又黄的一张脸.这里那里都贴着一大块、一大块黑黑的方块。不错,不出我所料,他是个吓人的睡伴;他跟人家打架,脸给划得这样可怕,刚从外科医生那里来的。但是,就在这时,他偶然把脸转过来,迎着烛光.我这才看清楚他脸上那些黑块块,根本不是贴的膏药,是涂上的颜色之类。起先,我真弄不懂这是怎么一回事;但是,不一会,我就想到一点儿线索了。我记起一个白人的故事——也是个捕鲸者——他曾经落在吃人生番的手里,被他们刺了一身花纹。我断定这个标枪手,在他多次远涉重洋的航程中,一定也碰到过类似的遭遇。那么,说到底,这算是什么呢,我想!这只是他的外表:随便什么肤色都会有老实人的。可是,这样的话,他那可怖的肤色,又怎么说呢——我是说四周的皮肤,跟刺花的方块完全无关的部分。不错,它也许只是一层热带的黧黑;然而我从来没有听说过酷热的太阳会把一个白人晒成紫铜色的。不过我没有到过南海,也许那边的太阳会把皮肤晒成这种奇观呢。

(曹庸 译)

Blemishes on the Face Covered by Eyes

Her hair is of so faint and pale a brown—not flaxen, and yet almost as light, not golden, and yet almost as glossy—that it nearly melts, here and there, into the shadow of the hat. It is plainly parted and drawn back over her ears, and the line of it ripples naturally as it crosses her forehead. The eyebrows are rather darker than the hair; and the eyes are of that soft, limpid, turquoise blue, so often sung by the poets, so seldom seen in real life. Lovely eyes in colour, lovely eyes in form—large and tender and quietly thoughtful—but beautiful above all things in the clear truthfulness of look that dwells in their inmost depths, and shines through all their changes of expression with the light of a purer and a better world. The charm—most gently and yet most distinctly expressed—which they shed over the whole face, so covers and transforms its natural human blemishes elsewhere, that it is difficult of the other features. It is hard to see that the lower part of the face is too delicately refined away towards the chin to be in full and fair proportion with the upper part; that the nose, in escaping

the aquiline bend (always hard and cruel in woman, no matter how abstractedly perfect it may be), has erred a little in the other extreme, and has missed the ideal straightness of line; and that the sweet, sensitive lips are subject to a slight nervous contraction, when she smiles, which draws them upward a little at one corner, towards the cheek.

It might be possible to note these blemishes in another woman's face, but it is not easy to dwell on them in hers, so subtly are they connected with all that is individual and characteristic in her expression, and so closely the expression depend for its full play and life, in every other feature, on the moving impulse of the eyes.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*)

一俊遮百丑

她的头发不是亚麻色的,而是淡栗色的,显得很轻软;不是金黄色的,然而却是亮光光的,似乎在草帽的影下同空气融为一体了。她头发平分梳着,一绺一绺地环绕在脸庞旁边。眉毛比头发颜色稍浓,而那碧绿的如水晶般透亮的双眸,是属于常被诗人们歌颂,但在生活中又千载难逢的那一种。它们不仅色彩美丽,而且形状动人,这双大眼睛充满着沉思和柔情。但是最美的是这双明眸中闪耀着的纯洁无邪和真诚的光辉好像镜子映照着这美妙的世间。她的眼睛令人销魂,它柔和地穿透一切,发出亮光,使她脸上的一切不足之处都消失了,因此,很难描述这张面孔上其他细节的优点。你不可能发现,她那下巴还不够丰满,她那鼻子也显得小了一些(但绝不是使女人脸上显露出凶相的鹰勾鼻,不论这种鹰勾鼻有多么好看)也并不具有那种理想的端正线条,温柔的嘴唇在微笑时双角稍微上翘。

这一些不足之处,在别的女人脸上一定会被发现,而在她脸上根本看不出来,因为一切都连为整体,连为活生生的、美妙的、富有表情的,她所独具的整体。她那迷人的眼睛真具有不可抗拒的魅力。 (庄凯勋 译)

A Boxer's Face

But it was Tom King's face that advertised him unmistakably for what he was. It was the face of a typical prize fighter; of one who had put in long years of service in the squared ring and, by that means, developed and emphasized all the marks of the fighting beast. It was distinctly a lowering countenance, and, that no feature of it might escape notice, it was clean-shaven. The lips were shapeless and constituted a mouth harsh to excess, that was like a gash in his face. The jaw was aggressive,

brutal, heavy. The eyes, slow of movement and heavy-lidded, were almost expressionless under the shaggy, in drawn brows. Sheer animal that he was, the eyes were the most animal-like feature about him. They were sleepy, lionlike—the eyes of a fighting animal. The forehead slanted quickly back to the hair, which, clipped close, slowed every bump of a villainous-looking head. A nose, twice broken and molded variously by countless blows, and a cauliflower ear, permanently swollen and distorted to twice its size, completed his adornment, while the beard, fresh-shaven as it was, sprouted in the skin and gave the face a blue-black stain.

(Jack London, *A Piece of Steak*)

拳击家的脸

不过,只有他那张脸才一丝不差地说明了他是什么人。那是一张典型的职业拳击家的脸,一张在拳击场上混了很多年的脸,因此好斗的野兽的一切标志,在他脸上都非常显著突出。这分明是一张皱眉蹙额的脸,而且,他脸上的特色一点也瞒不过人们的眼目,两片嘴唇破了相,合成一张极难看的嘴巴,好像脸上的一条伤疤。他的下巴显得咄咄逼人,粗壮而残忍。他的眼睛转动得很慢,眼皮很厚,在紧扣的浓眉下面,几乎毫无表情,他简直是个野兽,而最像野兽的部分就是他那双眼睛。这双眼睛看上去昏昏欲睡,跟狮子的一样——是好斗的野兽的眼睛。他的额头向头发根下面斜着塌下去,头发剪得很短,可以看出他那个相貌凶恶的脑袋上的每一个隆起部分。他那断过两次的鼻子,因为挨了无数次打击,变得奇形怪状,他的耳朵跟卷心菜一样,老是肿的,已经比原来大了一倍。这些就是他脸上的全部装饰品。此外,他的胡子虽然才刮过,皮肤里的胡子茬却长出来,在他的脸上涂上了蓝黑的颜色。

(石紫 雨宁 译)

A Face Rosen out of Witches' Caldron

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed—but I may have thought her younger than she was. Rather tall, of a little nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter, but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the witches' caldron.

. . . and I always saw in her face, a face rising out of the caldron. Years afterwards, I made a dreadful likeness of that woman by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing hair to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

表情怪诞的脸

我看这妇人大约四十岁光景，不过也许是我估计低了一些。个子相当高，体态轻柔灵巧，面色极其苍白，一双大眼睛黯然无神采，飘拂的长发十分浓密。嘴唇张得很大，似乎喘不过气来似的；脸上的表情很古怪，显得慌乱不安，我不知道她有没有心脏病；不过我前几天晚上倒是上戏院去看过《麦克贝斯》这出戏，觉得她这张脸仿佛被热气熏坏了，活像我在舞台上见到的从女巫釜子里冒出来的那些脸蛋。……我每次看到她，总觉得她那张脸像从女巫釜子里冒出来的。几年以后，在一间黑暗的屋子里，我把一碗烧酒点着了用来照过另外一个女人的脸，当时我就觉得那副形容和这个女人像得可怕——其实她们的长相并不相像，相像的只有那一头飘垂的秀发。（王科一 译）

A Woman's Profile

Her profile was so calm that it revealed nothing to him. Her features stood out sharply in the bright sunlight, framed by the oval of her bonnet, whose pale ribbons looked like reed leaves. Her eyes, with their long curving lashes, stared straight ahead; although they were wide open, they appeared to be slightly narrowed, because of the blood pulsing gently beneath the delicate skin of her cheekbones. The light shone through the pink flesh between her nostrils. Her head was tilted to one side, and between her lips he could see the pearly tips of her white teeth.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

女人的侧脸相

看她的侧脸，十分安详，简直什么也看不出来。她戴的帽子是椭圆形的，白帽带仿佛芦苇叶子，阳光灿烂，把脸照得特别清楚。长睫毛弯弯的，眼睛虽然睁开了朝前望，可是由于血在白净皮肤下轻轻跳动的缘故，看上去睁得还不够痛快，有一点像是颧骨在拘着眼睛似的。一道玫瑰红颜色照亮鼻孔之间的中隔。头朝一边歪，嘴唇当中露出皓白牙齿的珍珠似的尖梢。（李健吾 译）

Danger-Signals on the Face

It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned

towards us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes's face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You fiend!" he kept on muttering. "You clever, clever fiend!" (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of the Empty House*)

满脸凶相

对着我们的是一张精力充沛而奸诈阴险的面孔。这人长着哲学家的前额和酒色之徒的下颏，似乎他天赋奇才，是好是坏姑且不论。可是，只要一看他那下垂、讥诮的眼睑，那冷酷的蓝眼睛，那凶猛、挑衅的鼻子和那咄咄逼人的浓眉，谁也能认出这都是造物主最明显的危险信号。他一点都不注意别的人，只盯住福尔摩斯的脸，眼中充满了仇恨和惊诧。"你这个魔鬼！"他不停地嘟哝着："你这个狡猾的魔鬼！" （岳文楚 周可 等译）

7. Neck 脖颈

Creamy-Skinned Neck

Her neck, rising from the black taffeta sheath of her basque, was creamy-skinned, rounded and slender, and it seemed always tilted slightly backward... (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

白净的脖颈

她的脖颈子如同牛奶一样白，圆圆的，细细的，加上底下围着一圈黑缎上衣的领口，就更加显得白净了，而且那脖颈子一直是略略往后仰着……

（简宗 译）

A Kind of Stretched Neck

She had a sort of oaky hair that the sun and salt had bleached, done up in a bun that was unrevealing, and a kind of prim face. Walking into the A & P with your straps down, I suppose it's the only kind of face you can have. She held her head so high, her neck, coming up out of those white shoulders, looked kind of stretched, but I didn't mind. The longer her neck was, the more of her there was. (Joseph Conrad, *A & P*)

看似伸长了的头颈

她的头发是那种给太阳和海水弄得褪了色的栎木色，卷成了一个松散的面包卷，脸色一本正经。我想，肩带汤下来走进 A 和 P 超级市场的人，大概也只能是这副面孔。她的头扬得很高，她的头颈挺立在白肩膀上面，好像伸长了，不过我不在乎。她的头颈越长，也更能显出她的本色。 （袁家骅 译）

An Immensely Long Neck

His collar was very short and narrow, so that, although his neck was not particularly long, yet, standing out of the collar, it looked as immensely long as those of the plaster kittens that wag their heads and are carried about on trays on the heads of dozens of foreigners living in Russia.

(Nikolai Gogol, *The Overcoat*)

细长的头颈

制服的领子又窄又矮，因此尽管他的头颈不长，可伸在领子外面似乎显得特别细长，好像在俄国的外国小贩每十来个一盘顶在头上的摇头晃脑的石膏小猫的颈脖。 （陈恩冬 译）

8. Head 头部

Bald Head

Mr. Creakle's face was fiery, and his eyes were small, and deep in his head; he had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose, and a large chin. He was bald on the top of his head; and had some thin wet-looking hair that was just turning grey, brushed across each temple, so that the two sides interlaced on his forehead.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

秃顶

克里克先生赤红脸膛，两只小眼睛深深地眍睑着，脑门子上青筋很粗，鼻子很小，下巴可又很大。他的脑袋瓜子都卸了顶了，只剩了几根稀疏疏、潮糊糊的头发，刚刚苍白，从两鬓往前拢着，在脑门子那儿抿在一块儿。

（张谷若 译）

A Delicate Head

She had the mouth that smiles in repose. The lips met full on the

centre of the bow and thinned along to a lifting dimple... Her eyes were brown, set well between mild lids, often shadowed, not unwakeful. Her hair of lighter brown, swelling above her temples on the sweep to the knot, imposed the triangle of the fabulous wild woodland visage from brow to mouth and chin, evidently in agreement with her taste; and the triangle suited her. (George Meredith, *The Egoist*)

漂亮的头

她有一张平静地微笑着的嘴。嘴唇在唇弓中部丰满,两端较薄,沿嘴唇的线条往上有一对酒窝。……她的眼睛是褐色的,适中地位于温柔的眼睑中间,它们一般是深沉的,但并不朦胧。她的头发是浅褐色的,在鬓角上方卷曲蓬松着,拼成了一个极其美妙的野树林般的三角形面部,从眉毛到嘴到下巴,这个三角形与她很相称,而且很适合她的风度。 (文思 雨映 译)

Ignatius Gallaher's Head

Ignatius Gallaher took off his hat and displayed a large closely cropped head. His face was heavy, pale and clean-shaven. His eyes, which were of bluish slate-colour, relieved his unhealthy pallor and shone out plainly above the vivid orange tie he wore. Between these rival features the lips appeared very long and shapeless and colourless. He bent his head and felt with two sympathetic fingers the thin hair at the crown. Little Chandler shook his head as a denial. Ignatius Gallaher put on his hat again. (James Joyce, *Dubliners*)

伊格内修斯·加拉赫的头

伊格内修斯·加拉赫脱掉帽子,露出个大脑袋,头发剪得短短的。那张横肉脸毫无血色,但刮得光光的。一双蓝灰色眼睛衬托着苍白的脸色,在鲜艳的橘黄领带上面闪亮的这副脸相很不协调,因而他的嘴唇显得格外长,白乎乎的,真不像样。他垂下头,用两只手指怜惜地抚摸头顶上稀稀拉拉的几根发。小钱德勒摇摇头,表示朋友并不老。于是伊格内修斯·加拉赫重新戴上帽子。

(孙梁 译)

A Head Reminding One of General Washington

He looked like a man who had never cringed and never had a creditor. Whether it was, too, that his head being shaved, his forehead was drawn out in freer and brighter relief, and looked more expansive than

it otherwise would, this I will not venture to decide; but certain it was his head was phrenologically an excellent one. It may seem ridiculous, but it reminded me of General Washington's head, as seen in the popular busts of him. It had the same long regularly graded retreating slope from above the brows, which were likewise very projecting, like two long promontories thickly wooded on top. Queequeg was George Washington cannibalistically developed. (Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

酷似华盛顿的脑袋

他的样子像是一个从来既不奉承别人，也从未做过侦主的人。究竟是不是因为他刚剃过了头，使得他的脑门也更显得鲜明突出地向前冲，显得比原来更开阔，我可不敢擅加推断了；但是就骨相学的观点看来，他的脑袋肯定是很出色的。说来也许颇为可笑，然而，它的确教我想起华盛顿将军的脑袋来，这是我从他那到处出现的胸像所看到的。它在眉毛上头也同样有一个有规则的、逐渐退后的斜度，也同样是很突出的，像是两个树木丛生的长长的海岬。魁魁梧梧就是野化了的乔治·华盛顿。 (曹庸 译)

A Bony Head

It was a long head, bony, tight of skin, and set on a neck as string and muscular as a celery stalk. His eyeballs were heavy and protruding; the lids stretched to cover them, and the lids were raw and red. His cheeks were brown and shiny and hairless and his mouth full—humorous or sensual. The nose, beaked and hard, stretched the skin so tightly that the bridge showed white. There was no perspiration on the face, not even on the tall pale forehead. It was an abnormally high forehead, lined with delicate blue veins at the temples. Fully half of the face was above the eyes. His stiff grey hair was mussed back from his brow as though he had combed it back with his fingers. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

皮包骨的脑袋

这是一个皮包骨的脑袋，安置在一只芹菜梗似的结实而少筋的脖子上。他的眼珠呆滞而突出；眼皮伸得很长，把它们盖住，眼睛发红像生肉一般。他的两颊是棕黄色的，闪闪发光，脸上没有胡子，嘴巴长得很丰满——那样子可以说是滑稽、也可以说是肉感。坚硬的鹰钩鼻把皮肤绷得很紧，鼻梁都显得发白了。脸上没有一点汗，连苍白的高额头上也没有。这是个方得古怪的额头，两旁的太阳穴上露着几条细细的青筋。这张脸是有一半在眼睛上面。他那粗

硬的灰白头发从额上乱七八糟地披到后边，仿佛他是用指头向后梳过似的。

（胡仲持 译）

A Patriarch With a Bumpy Head

Patriarch was the name which many people delighted to give him. Various old ladies in the neighboured spoke of him as The Last of the Patriarchs. So grey, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head, Patriarch was the word for him. He had been accosted in the streets, and respectfully solicited to become a Patriarch for painters and for sculptors: with so much importunity, in sooth, that it would appear to be beyond the Fine Arts to remember the points of a Patriarch, or to invent one. Philanthropists of both sexes had asked who he was, and on being informed, "Old Christopher Casby, formerly Town-agent to Lord Decimus Tite Barbacle," had cried in a rapture of disappointment, "Oh! why, with that head, is he not a benefactor to his species! Oh! why, with that head, is he not a father to the orphan and a friend to the friendless!" With that head, however, he remained old Christopher Casby, proclaimed by common report rich in house property; and with that head, he now sat in his silent parlor. Indeed it would be the height of unreason to expect him to be sitting there without that head. （Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*）

可敬的大脑袋老人

可敬的老人，这是许多人喜欢称呼他的名字。附近住着几个老太太说起他来管他叫"最后一位可敬的老人"。头发如此灰白，动作如此迟缓，性情如此平和，如此沉默寡言，脑袋如此般高高隆起，称他为可敬的老人是恰如其分的。他上街常被画家和雕刻家围住，他们怀着敬意请求他做可敬的老人的模特儿。其实，他们如此般纠缠不休，以致要记住可敬的老人的特征或创造出一个可敬的老人来，似乎已超出了艺术范围了。男女慈善家们曾问过他是什么人，当人们回答道，"台西默斯·泰特·巴纳克尔勋爵的前城镇代理人老克里斯托弗·卡斯贝"，这些慈善家们不禁哗然，大失所望道，"哦！咳，长了这么个脑袋，可他不是人们的恩人！哦，咳，长了这么个脑袋，可他不是孤儿的父亲、没有朋友的人的朋友！"然而，他长了这么一个脑袋，一仍其旧，还是那个老克里斯托弗·卡斯贝，一般人说起他来，都说是房产富庶的人；他长了这么一个脑袋，现在坐在静悄悄的客厅里。事实上，期待他不长这么一个脑袋坐在那里是极其不合理的。

（金绍禹 译）

9. Hands and Feet 手脚

Sweet Feet and Hands

Charles Honeyman's is a sweet foot, I have no doubt as delicate and plump and rosy as the white hand, with its two rings, which he passes in impassioned moments through his slender flaxen hair.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

漂亮的手脚

查理·韩尼曼的脚是一双漂亮的脚，毫无疑问，同他那双白净的手一样地柔软、丰满、红润，那手上总戴着两个戒指，到了情绪激动的时候，总是用那只手再三地搔弄他那淡黄色的头发。 (王培德 译)

Mother's Hands

I remember your hands, mother mine, from the first moment I was conscious of being alive in the world; always tanned by the sun in the summer, and in the winter the tan never faded altogether, they were such soft, smooth hands, just a little dark along the veins. Perhaps they were a little rough sometimes, those hands, because so much work came their way; but to me they were always tender hands, and I loved to kiss those dark veins. . . in the winter, in your sheepskin jacket you would carry pails of water with the yoke across your shoulders, and your very small hand in its mitten, resting on the yoke, and yourself as small and fluffy as your mitten. I can still see your finger, the joints slightly thickened, following the letters which I repeated after you.

(Alexander Fadeyet, *The Young Guard*, trans. Violet Dutt)

妈妈的手

妈妈，妈妈！自从我开始意识到世界上有我的那一刻起，我就记得你的手。夏天，你手上的皮肤总是被太阳晒黑，一直到冬天都不褪，——它是那么柔和、均匀，只在有血管的地方颜色略微深些。也许，你的手略嫌粗糙，因为它们不知干了多少活儿，但我总觉得它们非常柔软，我非常喜欢吻你手上暗色的血管。……我也记得冬天你穿着皮袄用扁担挑水的模样，你把一只戴无指手套的小手放在扁担前面，而你自己也像那只手套那么小，那么柔软。我看见你的骨节略微变粗的手指点着初级读本，我就跟着你念。 (水夫 译)

Beautiful and Exquisite Hands

She was growing a little stout, but it did not seem to detract an iota from the grace of every step, pose, gesture. One would not have wanted her white neck a mite less full or her beautiful arms more slender. Never were hands more exquisite than hers, and it was a joy to look at them when she threaded her needle or adjusted her gold thimble to her taper middle finger as she sewed away on the little night-drawers or fashioned a bodice or a bib. (Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*)

漂亮精巧的手

她长得略有一点胖,但是这似乎丝毫没有减损她每一个步子、每一种姿态、每一个手势的优雅。人们不会希望她那雪白的颈项略少一点丰满或者她那双美丽的手臂更修长一些。从来就没有哪双手比她的手更精巧。当她缝制小睡裤或做紧身胸衣或围裙时,她飞针走线或者调整套在她尖细中指上的金顶针,这时看她那双手是一种乐趣。 (程锡麟 译)

Different Hands

He held up his hand, rubbing the ball of the thumb over the callused palm and gazing at the dirt that was ingrained in the flesh itself and which no brush could scrub away. How different was her palm! He thrilled deliciously at the remembrance. Like a rose-petal, he thought; cool and soft as a snowflake. He had never thought that a mere woman's hand could be so sweetly soft.... And there was Gertrude. When her hands were not hard from the endless housework, they were swollen and red like boiled beef, what with the washing. And there was his sister Marian. She had worked in the cannery the preceding summer and her slim, pretty hands were all scarred with the tomato-knives. Besides, the tips of two of her fingers had been left in the cutting machine at the paper-box factory the preceding winter. He remembered the hard palms of his mother as she lay in her coffin. And his father had worked to the last fading gasp; the horned growth on his hands must have been half an inch thick when he died. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

不同人的手

他抬起手来,用拇指球擦擦长着老茧的手心,望着深印在皮肤里的污垢,那是用任何刷子也刷不掉的。她的手心可多么不同呀!他一想起来,就乐得

心里卜卜跳。真像一瓣玫瑰花，他想；又凉又软，像一朵雪花。他万万想不到一只女人的手竟会软得如此叫人心醉。……譬如说葛特露。她那双手，不是给永远干不完的家务弄得又粗又硬，就是为了洗衣裳，给弄得又红又肿，活像煮熟的牛肉。还有他妹妹玛丽安，她上年夏天在罐头厂里干过，一双纤巧、漂亮的手被切番茄的刀弄得满是伤疤。还有，上一年冬天，她被纸盒厂的切纸机轧掉了两个指尖。他想起他母亲躺在棺材里的光景，她的手掌是僵硬的。他父亲干活一直干到了最末了的一口气；他去世时，手上的老茧准有半英寸厚。

（吴劳　译）

10. Limbs 四肢

Pliant and Well-Formed Limbs

...rubbing in her slender fingers, moulded after the antique, a bunch of heath-blossoms, the flowers of which she was picking off, and strewing on the floor; her arms bare to the elbow, embrowned, and resembling those of the Venus at Arles, moved with a kind of restless impatience, and she tapped the earth with her pliant and well-formed foot so as to display the pure and full shape of her well-turned leg, in its red cotton stocking with gray and blue clocks.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

柔美的四肢

……她那像希腊古代雕刻一样纤细的手指，正在抚弄一束石南花，把花瓣撕碎，散播在地板上。她的手臂裸到肘部，露出被日光晒成褐色的一段，这两条美得像生在阿尔的美神像身上一样的手臂，正在焦躁不安地摆动着。她那柔软好看的脚上穿着足踝处绣着灰蓝色花朵的纱袜，一只脚正在轻轻地拍着地面，好像故意要展露她那丰满匀称的小腿似的。（蒋学模　译）

Fine and Slim Legs

So, with curiosity, she followed the woman up the steps of the caravan, the skirts of her well-cut tan coat swinging and almost showing her knees, under the pale-green cloth dress. She had long, long-striding, fine legs, too slim rather than too thick, and she wore curiously-patterned pale-and-fawn stockings of fine wool, suggesting the legs of some delicate animal.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

细长漂亮的腿

于是，她怀着好奇心，跟随吉普赛女人走上踏步。她的棕色外套裁剪入时，裙裾随风摆动，几乎露出淡绿色布下面的双膝。她的腿长得细细长长的，很美，一迈就是一大步。她穿着一双淡淡的、黄褐色的细绒长袜，花色奇特，使人一望而知这是个温柔娇嫩的可人儿。（查培德 译）

It Was the Arm of a Saxon Goddess

Her arm, strong and muscular, was bare to the elbow; he passed his hand over it and wondered at its beauty; it gleamed in the darkness; she had the skin that Rubens painted, astonishingly fair and transparent, and on one side were little golden hairs. It was the arm of a Saxon goddess; but no immortal had that exquisite, homely naturalness; and Philip thought of a cottage garden with the dear flowers which bloom in all men's hearts, of the hollyhock and the red and white rose which is called York and Lancaster, and of love-in-a-mist and Sweet William, and honeysuckle, larkspur, and London Pride.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

只有女神才有的手臂

她那丰腴、健壮的手臂裸露到肘部，菲利普的手在上面轻轻地抚摩着，惊奇地注视着她那美丽的手臂。她的手臂在黑暗里闪烁着光辉，就像鲁宾斯画的那样，白得出奇，给人以透明感，手臂一侧长着金黄色的茸茸汗毛。这是撒克逊女神才有的手臂，然而，没有一个不朽者的手臂有她的那样优美和富有天然淳朴的意趣。菲利普不觉想起了村舍花园，里面盛开着只有男人心中才能开放的可亲的鲜花；想起了蜀葵和命名为约克和兰卡斯特的红白两色相间的玫瑰花束；还想起了黑种草、美国石竹、忍冬草、飞燕和虎耳草。

（张柏然 张增健 倪俊 译）

Contrariety of Limbs

The same contrariety in his members seemed to exist throughout the whole man. His head was large; his shoulders narrow; his arms long and dangling; while his hands were small, if not delicate. His legs and thighs were thin, nearly to emaciation, but of extraordinary length; and his knees would have been considered tremendous, had they not been outdone by the broader foundations on which this false superstructure of the blended

human orders was so profanely reared.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

不匀称的肢体

这种肢体不匀称的情况，他全身都存在着。他的头很大，可是肩膀很窄；他的手臂颀长，而且摇来晃去地垂挂着，但他的手，即使说不上纤细，至少也是小巧的。他的两腿和双股都很瘦削，但是特别长；要不是他那两只支持着整个马马虎虎凑合在一起的身躯的大脚显得更为宽阔，他的一对膝盖可以说是已经其大无比了。（宋兆霖 译）

The Queen's Long White Primadonna Legs

She didn't look around, not this queen, she just walked straight on slowly, on these long white primadonna legs. She came down a little hard on her heels, as if she didn't walk in bared feet that much, putting down her heels and then letting the weight move along to her toes as if she was testing the floor with every step, putting a little deliberate extra action into it.

(John Updlike, *A & P*)

皇后又白又长、自命不凡的腿

这位皇后没有四下里张望，她只是慢慢地笔直向前走，移动着两条又白又长，自命不凡的腿。她的脚跟落地有点重，好像她并不是靠两只赤脚走路，而是脚跟先下来，然后让身体的重量沿着脚掌移到脚趾的，好像她每走一步都是在试探地板，都要故意添加一点小动作。（雨宁 译）

11. Nails 指甲

White Fingernails

Charles was surprised by the whiteness of her fingernails. They were shiny, thin at the tips, almond-shaped and as spotlessly clean as Dieppe ivories. Her hands, however, were not pretty: not pale enough, perhaps, and a little rough at the joints; they were also too long, and without soft curves.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

白净的手指甲

指甲的白净使查理惊讶，亮晶晶的，尖头细细的，剪成杏仁样式，比第厄普的象牙还洁净。其实手并不美，也许不够白，关节瘦了一点；而且也太长了，周围的线条欠柔。（李健吾 译）

Stubby Fingers

Vandervoort Edwina poured herself coffee from a Silex. Vandervoort produced a pipe and lit it. She observed his fingers moving efficiently, with no waste motion. His hands were like his body, short and broad, the fingers ending abruptly with stubby but well-manicured nails.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Money Changers*)

厚厚的指甲

埃德温娜走到这儿,端起石英玻璃真空咖啡壶,给自己倒上一杯。范德沃特掏出一只烟斗,点着了火。她注意到他的手指活动十分利索,连一个多余的动作也没有。他的手就像他的身材,圆滚滚,胖乎乎,手指又短又粗,指甲厚厚的,但经过精心修剪。 (陆谷孙 张增健 翟象俊 译)

Nails Bitten Down to the Quick

She placed her fingers flat on the table edge, like someone at a seance, than, almost instantly, closed her hands—her nails were bitten down to the quick. She was wearing a wristwatch, a military-looking one that looked rather like a navigator's chronograph. Its face was much too large for her slender wrist.

(J. D. Salinger, *For Esme—With Love and Squalor*)

剪得很短的手指甲

她把手指平放在桌边,就像在降神会仪式上那样。但几乎是马上,她的手又攥了起来,那双手的指甲剪得很短,直剪到指甲下的肉处。她戴着一块军用式样的手表,很像是供驾驶员用的手表。那表盘对她那纤细的手腕来说,实在是太大了。 (宋志宏 译)

Well-Pared Nails

Mr. Bloom reviews the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him that they, she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just *looking* at *them*; well pared. (James Joyce, *Ulysses*)

修剪整齐的指甲

布卢姆先生端详起自己的指甲来,先看左手,后看右手。不错,指甲。她

们，她，是不是在他身上看到了什么别的？有吸引力。都柏林最坏的坏蛋。他就是靠这个混日子。她们有时候凭感觉能识别一个人。直觉。但是，这种类型的人。我的指甲。我正看着指甲呢：修剪得整整齐齐的。 （金堤 译）

D. The Whole Images of Characters
人物整体肖像

1. Blue Collars 工人(蓝领)

A Collar-Maker

She had on a small brown hat that did not look any too new, and was pulled low over a face that was small and regular and pretty and that was haloed by bright, light brown hair. Her eyes were of a translucent gray blue. Her little suit was commonplace, and her shoes were not so very new-looking and quite solidly-soled. She looked practical and serious and yet so bright and clean and willing and possessed of so much hope and vigor.

(Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

制领女工

她戴着一顶棕色小帽，不很新，戴得低低的，衬出一张端正、美丽的小脸蛋，配上一头发亮的淡褐色头发，格外显得光彩。她的眼睛是半透明、灰蓝色的。她那套小巧的衣服，质地很普通。她的鞋不见得太新，鞋底做得相当结实。她显得切实、认真，可是又那么聪明、整齐、温顺，又充满了希望和活力。

（许汝祉 译）

Shearer of Sheep

He was a small man, all steel and springs in build, legs bowed from a lifetime among horses, arms elongated from years shearing sheep; his chest and arms were covered in a matted golden fuzz which would have been ugly had he been dark. His eyes were bright blue, crinkled up into a permanent squint like a sailor's from gazing into the far distance, and his face was a pleasant one, with a whimsical smiling quality about it that made other men like him at a glance.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

剪羊毛工

他个头不高，体格健壮，肌肉富有弹性。长期在马背上的生活使他的腿成了弓形；长年剪羊毛又使他的手臂格外细长。他的胸膛和手臂上盖着一层金黄色的茸毛，如果他的肤色是黑色的话，那一定会很难看的。他有一双明亮的蓝色眼睛，常常会像水手那样皱着眉头眯起眼睛注视远方。他的面部表情又是愉快的，带有古怪的微笑，这特征使得他人见人爱。（贾卫国　洁岩　译）

A Worker Abandoned by Her Lover

Her hair, one blonde mesh of which had fallen, seemed very thick, but it was severely fastened up beneath an ugly, close, narrow nun's head-dress, tied under the chin. Laughing shows fine teeth when one has them, but she did not laugh. Her eyes seemed not to have been tearless for a long time. She was pale, and looked very weary, and somewhat sick... Her form was clumsily masked by a large blue handkerchief folded across her bosom. Her hands were tanned and spotted with freckles, the forefinger hardened and pricked with the needle; she wore a coarse brown delaine mantle, a calico dress, and large heavy shoes. It was Fantine.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

被情人抛弃的女工

她头发里的一绺金发露了出来，显出她头发的浓厚，但是她用一条丑而窄的巫婆用的头巾紧紧结在颏下，把头发全遮住了。人会在笑时露出美丽的牙齿，但是她一点也不笑。她的眼睛仿佛刚哭过才干。她脸上没有血色，显得非常疲乏，像是有病一般……一条对角折的粗蓝布大手巾，就是伤兵们用来擤鼻涕的那种大手巾，遮去了她的腰。她的手，干枯而黝黑，生满了斑点，食指上的粗皮满是针痕，肩上披一件蓝色的粗羊毛氅，布裙袍，大鞋。她就是芳汀。

（长江　译）

A Weary Child Laborer

She was slight for her fifteen years, though as she was entirely covered by her tight-fitting nightgown, the only parts of her that could be seen were her feet, tattooed in blue by coal, and her delicate arms, the milk-white colour of which contrasted with her muddy complexion, already ruined by constant washings with soft soap. She opened her mouth wide in a final yawn, and showed her fine teeth set in pale, chlorotic gums. Her

grey eyes were weeping as though they had soap in them, and they had the tired, careworn expression that comes from fighting back sleep. This seemed to give her whole body a puffy look. (Émile Zola, *Germinal*)

疲惫的童工

拿一个十五岁的少女来说，她长得算瘦小的。她穿着瘦小的内衣，只露出像被煤涂黑了的乌青的两脚和纤细的胳臂。粉白的胳臂和她那没有血色的面容截然两样，经常使用劣质肥皂已经损害了她的面容。她张开稍稍嫌大的嘴，打了最后一个呵欠，她的牙齿在由于贫血病而显得苍白的牙龈间还显得很漂亮。她那双灰色眼睛，因为和瞌睡搏斗而在不住地流泪，露出痛苦而疲惫的表情，仿佛全身一点力气也没有。（黎柯 译）

A Coal-Cutter

Grigory Ilyich Shevtsov, a coal-cutter from the same pit, known to the whole town for his output record. . . . Grigory silently bared his head. He had fair hair, blue eyes and a thin, deeply lined face. A man getting on in years, dressed in unbecoming overalls, his face and hands black with coal-dust, he nevertheless gave the impression of being well-built, strong and good-looking in an old Russian way.

(Alexander Fadyet, *The Young Guard*, trans. Violet Dutt)

矿工

另外一个是全城闻名的著名采矿工葛利高利·伊里奇·谢夫卓夫，他也在那个井里工作。……谢夫卓夫默默脱下头上的便帽。他生着淡亚麻色的头发，蓝眼睛，一张俄罗斯中年工匠的瘦脸上满布深深的纵纹。他虽然已经并不年轻，穿着这件不合身的工作服，手上脸上又都是煤灰，但是依然可以感到，他的体格是结实而匀称的，并且具有俄罗斯的古典美。（永夫 译）

A Young Worker

He was below the middle size and slightly made; there was almost a stunted look about him; and his wan, colourless face, gave you the idea, that in his childhood he had suffered from the scanty living consequent upon bad times, and improvident habits. His features were strongly marked, though not irregular, and their expression was extreme earnestness; resolute either for good or evil; a sort of latent, stern, enthusiasm. At the time of which I write, the good predominated over the

bad in the countenance, and he was one from whom a stranger would have asked a favour with tolerable faith that it would be granted.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

青年工人

他是个中等以下的身材，体格也很瘦弱，看样子好像发育不够完全；他的灰白而没有血色的面容给你一种印象，觉得他在儿童时代，一定为了工业不景气和缺乏精打细算的习惯，曾经度过艰苦的生活。这个人长得浓眉大眼，可是五官还算端正，表情也非常诚恳；一切事，他不管好歹，说做就做，内心非常刚强热烈。在我现在所叙述的那一个时期，他善的一面胜过了恶的一面，他那种神情使一个素不相识的人会放心向他请求帮助，相信一定能得到允许。

(荀枚 余贵堂 译)

Pavel in Tattered Clothing

"I am a worker."

...

Tonya could hardly believe that this tramp who stood before her in his tattered clothing and incredible footwear, with a filthy towel around his neck and a face that had not been washed for many a day, was the Korchagin she once knew. Only his eyes blazed as fiercely as ever. The eyes of the Pavel she remembered. And to think only a short while ago she had given her love to this ragged creature. How everything had changed!

(Nikolai Otravsky, *How the Steel Was Tempered*, trans. R. Prokafieva)

青年工人保尔

"我是工人。"

……

她好容易才认出这个衣衫褴褛的人就是保尔。保尔穿着又破又旧的短褂，一只脚穿着破靴，一只脚穿着一只古怪的套鞋，脖子上围着一条脏毛巾，脸好久都没有洗过。只有他那双眼睛，那双炯炯发光的眼睛还跟从前一样。这正是他的眼睛，就是这个像叫化子的衣衫褴褛的人，不久之前还是她所热爱的人！世事变幻，多么惊人啊！

(黄树南 译)

2. Farmers (Peasants) 农民

A Capable Young Man

When Farmer Oak smiled, the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to chinks, and diverging wrinkles appeared round them, extending upon his countenance like the rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun.

His Christian name was Gabriel, and on working days he was a young man of sound judgment, easy motions, proper dress, and general good character. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

能干的农夫

农夫奥克微笑的时候,他的嘴角便向两边拉开,几乎到了耳廓的旁边,眼睛眯成了缝,两眼漾出的皱纹在他的脸上延伸着,像是草草画就的朝阳所射出的光线。

他的教名是加布里埃尔。在干活的日子里,他是一个心中有数的年轻人,动作麻利,穿着得体,俨然是一个好样的小伙子。 (陈亦君 曾胡 译)

Half Peasant, Half Mechanic

He was a tall man, half peasant, half mechanic. He wore a large leather apron that reached to his left shoulder, and formed a pocket containing a hammer, a red handkerchief, a powder-horn, and all sorts of things which the girdle held up. He turned his head; his shirt, wide and open, showed his bull-like throat, white and naked; he had thick brows, enormous black whiskers, and prominent eyes; the lower part of the face was covered, and had withal that air of being at home which is quite indescribable. (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

半农半工模样的人

他是一个身材高大、半农半工模样的人。身上围着一件宽大的皮围裙,一直围到他的左肩,围裙里有一个铁锤、一条红手巾、一只火药匣、各式各样的东西,都用一根腰带兜住,在他的肚子上鼓凸起来。他的头朝后仰着,一件翻领衬衫大大敞开,露出了白皙光滑的牛样的脖子。他有浓厚的眉毛,腮帮上留着一大片黑胡须,眼睛不凹,下颏突出,在那副面貌上,有一种说不出的怡然自得的神色。 (长江 译)

An Old Man with Strength

The old man belonged to the type of model dear to the masculine brush of Schnetz. The countless wrinkles upon his brown face looked as if they would be hard to the touch; the straight nose, the prominent cheek-bones, streaked with red veins like a vine-leaf in autumn, the angular features, all were characteristics of strength, even where strength existed no longer. The hard hands, now that they toiled no longer, had preserved their scanty white hair; his bearing was that of an absolutely free man; it suggested the thought that, had he been an Italian, he would have perhaps turned brigand, for the love of the liberty so dear to him.

(Honoré de Balzac, *The Wild Ass's Skin*)

强健有力的老农

老人属于施奈兹雄健的笔触所喜欢描绘的那类人物的模型:棕色脸孔上深陷的皱纹,似乎触手有粗糙之感,一只笔直的鼻子,突出的双颧像老葡萄叶似的满是红色的纹路、有棱有角的脸部轮廓,显示出强健有力的一切特征,甚至力量已消失的部位仍是如此;尽管他已不再劳动,他那双手还有老茧,手背上长着少量的白毛;他那真正自由人的神态,使人觉得要是他在意大利,为了热爱他所珍视的自由,也许早当了强盗。 (梁均 译)

Beauty of Agricultural Districts

He was accompanied by his wife, who might, without exaggeration, have been called a lovely woman, although now her face was swollen with crying, and often hidden behind her apron. She had the fresh beauty of the agricultural districts; and somewhat of the deficiency of sense in her countenance, which is likewise characteristic of the rural inhabitants in comparison with the natives of the manufacturing towns. She was far advanced in pregnancy, which perhaps occasioned the overpowering and hysterical nature of her grief.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

清新秀美的村妇

他的妻子在边上陪着他,也许不用夸张,她可以算得上一个美貌的女人,虽然她现在眼睛也哭肿了,而且不时把围身蒙住了脸。她有农村女子的那种清新秀美,面容上又带着些不太懂事的神情,那也是农村居民和都市居民不同的一个特点。她怀了孕,快足月了,这也许是使她过分伤心,自己不能控制的

原因。 （苟枚 余贵堂 译）

A Short and Heavy Cattle Herdsman

The man to whom Pilar spoke was short and heavy, brown-faced, with broad cheekbones; gray haired, with wide-set yellow-brown eyes, a thin-bridged, hooked nose like an Indian's, a long upper lip and a wide, thin mouth. He was clean shaven and he walked toward them from the mouth of the cave, moving with the bow-legged walk that went with his cattle herdsman's breeches and boots. The day was warm but he had on a sheep's wool-lined short leather jacket buttoned up to the neck.

(Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*)

矮墩墩的牧牛人

比拉尔招呼的是个矮墩墩的汉子，棕色脸盘，高颧骨，黑头发，黄褐色的眼睛分得很开，长着一个像印第安人那样的狭鼻梁的鹰勾鼻，一张阔嘴，上唇又长又薄。他的胡子刮得光光的。他迈着罗圈腿，这和他穿的牧牛人的马靴是相称的，从山洞口向他们迎来。天气很暖和，但他穿了件羊毛衬里的皮短外套，钮扣直扣到脖子。 （程中珊 译）

A Gentleman-like Farmer

Lucy's father looked proud, as a man will on the day his eldest and most beautiful daughter marries a fine boy in a uniform. He was a farmer, but it was a long time since he had sat on a tractor; he rented out his arable land and used the rest to raise racehorses, although this winter of course his pasture would go under the plough and potatoes would be planted. Although he was really more gentleman than farmer, he nevertheless had the open-air skin, the deep chest, and the big stub hands of agricultural people. Most of the men on that side of the church bore him a resemblance: barrel-chested men, with weathered red faces, those not in tail coats favoring tweed suits and stout shoes.

(Ken Follett, *Eye of the Needle*)

绅士风度的农夫

露西的父亲显得很得意，他最大的一个，也是最漂亮的一个女儿与一个身穿军服，风度翩翩的青年结婚使他感到自豪。他是个农夫，但他有很长时间都没有驾驶拖拉机了；他把全部可以耕种的土地都租出去，剩下的则用来放养赛

马。不过在这个冬天,他自然也得把他的牧场耕地翻了改种土豆。虽然他看起来更像绅士而不像农夫,但他确实有着饱经风霜的皮肤,宽阔的胸膛以及干农活的人所特有的粗大双手。在他周围的多数男人都跟他差不多:个个膀阔腰圆,饱经风霜的脸红红的。这些人喜欢穿苏格兰呢衣服和厚实的鞋子,所以他们都没有穿燕尾服。 (吴建辉 陈力川 郭文峰 译)

3. Servicemen 军人

A Colonel with Inside Coldness

He was wearing an ordinary denim uniform with no insignia of any kind and high boots with spurs that were caked with mud and dried blood. On his waist he wore a holster with the flap open and his hand, which was always on the butt of the pistol, revealed the same watchful and resolute tension as his look. His head, with deep recessions in the hairline now, seemed to have been baked in a slow oven. His face, tanned by the salt of the Caribbean, had acquired a metallic hardness. He was preserved against imminent old age by a vitality that had something to do with the coldness of his insides.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

内心冷峻的上校

他穿着普通的斜纹布军装,没有佩戴表示军衔的绶带。脚上是一双带马刺的皮靴,上面沾满了泥巴和干血迹。他腰里别一支手枪,枪套敞开着,一只手老是按在枪柄上,同他的目光一样,流露出紧张、警觉和果断的神态。他的头上,额角已深深陷进去,像是被文火烤过似的。他的脸被加勒比海的盐水浸裂了,长出一层金属般的硬皮。他以旺盛的精力抵御着迫在眼前的衰老,这种精力看来跟他内心的冷峻有关系。 (黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译)

A Gracious and Experienced Musketeer

He was of average height, but so well proportioned and solidly built that more than once he had emerged victorious from a bout of wrestling with Porthos, that giant whose physical strength was legendary among the musketeers. His face, with its piercing eyes, straight nose, and chin shaped like that of Brutus, gave a striking impression of majesty combined with graciousness. Although he did not take care of his hands in any way, they were the despair of Aramis, who cultivated his own hands with almond

paste and perfumed oil. The sound of his voice was both penetrating and melodious. He never thrust himself forward and seemed to prefer remaining in the background, but his command of the social graces was unmatched.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

高雅练达的火枪手

他是中等个子,但是身材极好,看上去显得那么匀称;波尔多斯的力气在火枪营有口皆碑,但这个巨人好几次跟阿托斯较量都败下阵来;阿托斯的脸上,两眼炯炯有神,鼻梁挺直,下巴的轮廓分明有如布鲁图,整张脸上透出一种无法形容的高雅的气质;他的手从来不加保养,却仍让整天用杏仁膏和香油保养双手的阿拉密斯看得心灰意冷;他的嗓音深沉而又悦耳;而且,在他身上自有一些难以言表、每每使人相形失色的特点,那就是对世事人情的洞明练达,对上流社会的谙熟审悉,还有那种在举手投足中不经意地流露出来的出身世家的气度风范。 (周克希 译)

A Short, Fat Colonel

This imperial colonel, a short, fat man, wore enormous rings in ears that were bushy with tufts of hair. His sparse and grizzly whiskers were called in 1799 "fins." His jolly red face was rather discolored, like those of all who had lived to tell of the Beresina. The lower half of his big, pointed stomach marked the straight line which characterizes a cavalry officer...A sabre cut had slit his nose, by which his speech was made thick and very nasal, like that attributed to Capuchins. His hands, which were short and broad, were of the kind that makes women say: "You have the hands of a rascal." (Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

又矮又胖的上校

上校又矮又胖,耳朵上已经有一大簇浓毛做装饰,还戴一副奇大无比的耳环。乱糟糟的花白鬓角在1799年代叫做鱼翅。通红的大阔脸带着黄褐色,像所有从勃莱齐那河上逃出来的人一样。尖尖的大肚子底下成一个直角,那是老资格骑兵军官的特色……鼻子被大刀斫去一角,因此说话声音很低,鼻音很重,像一般人形容的卡波桑派修士。一双小手又短又阔,的确是妇女们所谓恶棍流氓的手。 (傅雷 译)

An Aged Veteran in the Decline of Life

This gentleman was in the decline of life, though his erect carriage,

quick movements, and steady hand, equally denoted that it was an old age free from the usual infirmities... Age might possibly have thrown its blighting frosts on his thin locks, but art had labored to conceal the ravages with the nicest care. An accurate outline of powder covered not only the parts where the hair actually remained, but whereever nature had prescribed that hair should grow. His countenance was strongly marked in features, if not in expression, exhibiting, on the whole, a look of noble integrity and high honor, which was a good deal aided in its effect by the lofty receding forehead, that rose like a monument above the whole, to record the character of the aged veteran. A few streaks of branching red mingled with a swarthiness of complexion, that was rendered more conspicuous by the outline of unsullied white, which nearly surrounded his prominent features.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pilot*)

垂暮之年的老将

主人虽已到垂暮之年,但腰板挺直,动作敏捷,手脚稳健,显然并没有一般老年人常有的那些疾病。……暮年也许在他稀疏的头发上撒下了使万物凋萎的严霜,但他又煞费苦心地花了很大气力,来巧妙地掩饰岁月摧残的痕迹。不但有头发的地方打上了发粉,就是头发脱落了的地方也没忘打上厚厚一层。如果说面部的表情没有什么特别吸引人的地方,他的长相却极富有特点,整个儿来说,表现了一种清正刚直之气、廉耻自尊之心,再加上前额高耸在突出的鼻梁之上,有如一座丰碑,更显示出这位老将的性格特点。他那黝黑的脸上隐隐现出几条细长的酱紫色的斑纹,又由于从耳边到下颌露出一圈白肉,脸上的纹路就更显眼了。 (饶健华 译)

A Military Peacock and a Military Monk

The major was a giant, with broad shoulders, and a long, fair beard, which hung like a cloth on to his chest. His whole, solemn person suggested the idea of a military peacock, a peacock who was carrying his tail spread out on to his breast. He had cold, gentle blue eyes, and the scar from a sword-cut, which he received in the war with Austria; he was said to be an honorable man, as well as a brave officer.

The captain, a short, red-faced man, who was tightly girthed in at the waist, had his red moustache cropped quite closed to his head, and in certain lights almost looked as if he had been rubbed over with

phosphorus. He had lost two front teeth one night, though he could not quite remember how. This defect made him speak so that he could not always be understood, and he had a bald patch on the top of his head, which made him look rather like a monk, with a fringe of curly, bright, golden hair round the circle of bare skin.

(Guy de Maupassant, *Mademoiselle Fifi*)

着戎装的孔雀和宗教师

少校是个宽肩膀的大个子，一嘴扇形般的长髯铺在胸前，他那种大人物的庄严风采，使人想像到一只戎装的孔雀，一只可以把展开的长尾巴挂在自己下巴上的孔雀。他眼睛是蓝的，冷静而且柔和，脸上挂着一道刀痕，那是普奥战役留给他的；据说他是一个正直的人，也是一个勇将。

上尉是个满面红光的矮胖子，肚子捆得很紧，火红色的胡子几乎齐根剪掉，有时候在某种光线之下竟可以使人以为他的脸上擦过了磷质。他在一次欢乐之夜莫名其妙地失去了两颗门牙，使得他说起话来不大清楚，旁人始终听不出来；他是秃顶的，不过俨然是个行过剃发礼的宗教师，仅仅秃了顶门上那一部分，而围着那一块光秃秃的皮肤的四周全是金黄刷亮卷起来的短头发。

（李青崖　译）

A General of Superb Manners

The General was . . . of rather imposing and decorous appearance—he was above the average in height, with dyed whiskers and moustaches (he had once served in the Cuirassiers); he was still presentable-looking, though his face was puffy. His manners were superb; he looked well in evening dress. In Paris he began wearing his decorations. The promenade on the boulevard with a man like this was not only possible, but advantageous.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Gambler*, trans. Nova Gottlieb and David, Magarshack and Constance Garnett)

风度翩翩的将军

将军仪表不错，身材几乎算得上魁伟，络腮胡子和唇髭染过色（他先前当过胸甲骑兵），相貌堂堂，尽管皮肤松弛了。他风度极好，穿燕尾服十分合身。在巴黎他佩带起勋章来了。跟这样的人一起在林荫道上散步，不仅是可以的，而且会起到绿叶衬红花的作用。

（周朴之　翁文达　译）

Col. Grangerford

Col. Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-pale complexion, not a sign of red in it anywhere; he was clean-shaved every morning, all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep back that they seemed like they was looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight, and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot made out linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. He carried a mahogany cane with a silver head to it.

(Mark Twain, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

格伦基福上校

格伦基福上校个子挺高，身材细长，皮色黑里透着苍白，哪儿也找不到一点儿血色。每天早上，总把那瘦瘦的脸刮得干干净净。他是薄嘴唇，薄鼻翼，高鼻子，浓眉毛。眼睛漆黑，深深地陷在眼眶里，看着你时，不妨说如同从山洞里朝外望着你。额骨高高的，头发又黑又直，一直拖到肩上。双手又长又细。他这一辈子，每天穿着一件干净衬衫，从头到脚的一套服饰是细帆布做的白色西装，白得简直刺眼睛。每逢星期天，总是穿一身蓝色的燕尾服，钮扣是黄铜的。他手提一根镶银的红木手杖。 (许汝祉 译)

An Indian Loister

The former (loister) was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest language, by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely shaved head, on which no other hair than the well known and chivalrous scalping tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume, that crossed his crown, and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, were in his girdle; while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and

sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior, would denote that he had reached the vigor of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared to have yet weakened his manhood. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

印第安勇士

那个印第安人,坐在一棵倒地的长满苔藓的树木一头,他认真、诚挚地说着,还用他那印第安人在辩论时常有的沉着而又富于表情的手势,来强调他的语气。他的躯体几近裸体,身上用黑白两色画着象征死亡的可怕的花纹。在他那剃得光光的脑袋上,只有头顶心留着一簇著名的、表示勇武的发髻,发髻上没有别的装饰品,只有一根老鹰的羽毛。它横插在他的头顶,一头垂挂到左肩。他的腰带上,插着一把战斧,还佩着一柄英国造的剥头皮的猎刀。一支英国人用来武装他们的印第安盟友的军用步枪,随随便便地横在他那裸露的、结实的大腿上。宽阔的胸脯,丰满的四肢,威严的脸容都表明,这个战士已经到了他一生中的盛年,但是还看不出有开始衰老的征兆。 (宋兆霖 译)

A Guard

After a while Dukakis could see a door at the end of the hall. There was a guard standing in front of it. The guard was very tall, and he was dressed in a dark blue uniform with crimson and gold epaulets. Dukakis made a mental note to find out what branch of the service the guard belonged to. His uniform was not familiar. Dukakis noted also that the man's face was a featureless blank.

"Who is that guy?" Dukakis asked in a whisper.

"Oh, he's one of the Synthetics," Watkins said. "Don't worry, he's on our side." (Robert Sheckley, *Dukakis and the Aliens*)

卫兵

过了一会儿,杜卡西斯看到大厅尽头有一扇门,门前有一名卫兵站岗。卫兵个子很高,身穿深蓝色制服,肩上有猩红色和金黄色相间的肩章。杜卡西斯脑子里想这卫兵该属于哪个部队,可那套制服很陌生。杜卡西斯还发现那人脸上既无特征,又无表情。

杜卡西斯低声问:"那人是谁?"

"噢,他是合成部队的,"瓦特肯斯说,"别担心,他和我们是一伙的。"

(洁岩 译)

4. Doctors 医生

An Esteemed Doctor

He was tall and gaunt and wore a pointed beard of iron grey, and his clothes hung on his spare figure as though blown there by a hurricane. Atlanta considered him the root of all strength and all wisdom and it was not strange that he had absorbed something of their belief. But for all his habit of making oracular statements and his slightly pompous manner, he was as kindly a man as the town possessed.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

受人爱戴的医生

他是一个瘦高个子,长着一把铁青色的尖胡须,衣服披在他方正的身体上,像似被一阵狂风飘到上面去的。亚特兰大人都把他看作是一切力量和智慧的所在,所以他就自然而然地吸取了亚特兰大人的一部分信念。但他除了爱好发表一些预言以及稍微带点自负的态度之外,人品是没有人能与之相比的了。 (简宗 译)

A Mechanical Doctor

In his person, Doctor was lean, slender, more mechanical than organic in movement, flat in construction, almost two-dimensional, wide in the shoulders, a touch hectic in his color, almost hypertensive, mobile and urgently clever in facial expression, and with a tendency to bear down on you in conversation—almost as if he were putting you through a pretrial interrogation. He had a thin, gabby mouth, and when he wasn't speaking he sometimes wore a look of violent primness, like an actor in a Shaw play, forced briefly to listen to the other guy but thinking how he would rip into him in a minute. "His thing is to punch the fat out of you," said Benn.

(Saul Bellow, *More Die of Heartbreak*)

动作像机器的医生

医生身材瘦长,看动作简直不像动物,而像一台机器。他骨架扁平得几乎成了两维的平面,肩膀很宽。脸色有些燥红,表情儿近高度紧张又多变化,显示出他急于表现自己的聪明;讲话时又往往咄咄逼人,简直有点像审判前的盘问。他有一双喋喋不休的薄嘴皮子,不说话时,脸上有时显出一种努力克制自己的表情,像萧伯纳戏剧中的角色,虽然暂时强忍着听别人讲,但心里却在想

着待会儿怎样把对方骂得体无完肤。"他的作法就是把你的肥油都揍出来,"本说。 (李耀宗 译)

Two Doctors Differing in Bearing

Dr. Minchin was soft-handed, pale-complexioned, and of rounded outline, not to be distinguished from a mild clergyman in appearance: whereas Dr. Sprague was superfluously tall; his trousers got creased at the knees, and showed an excess of boot at a time when straps seemed necessary to any dignity of bearing; you heard him go in and out, and up and down, as if he had come to see after the roofing. In short, he had weight, and might be expected to grapple with a disease and throw it; while Dr. Minchin might be better able to detect it lurking and to circumvent it. (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

神态各异的两个医生

明钦大夫的手软软的,皮肤白中带青,身材圆圆的,外表跟一个脾气温和的牧师差不多。斯普拉格大夫异常高大,裤子在膝盖处总有一些皱纹,靴子露出很多——尽管当时用带子系住裤管似乎是庄严的仪表所不可缺少的。他进进出出,上上下下,脚步声不断,仿佛他是来检查屋顶的。总之,他威风凛凛,看样子就是一个可以与疾病搏斗,把它制服的勇士。至于明钦大夫,他似乎更擅长侦察病情,发现它潜伏的巢穴,然后设计进行围歼。 (项星耀 译)

The Young Doctor of No Common Aspect

This young doctor (he was young) had no common aspect. His stature looked imposingly tall in that little chamber, and amidst that group of Dutch-made women: his profile was clear, fine, and expressive: perhaps his eye glanced from face to face rather too vividly, too quickly, and too often, but it had most pleasant character, and so had his mouth his chin was full, cleft, Grecian, and perfect. As to his smile, one could not in a hurry make up one's mind as to the descriptive epithet it merited there was something in it that pleased, but something too that brought surging up into the mind all one's foibles and weak points: all that could lay one open to a laugh. (Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*)

相貌俊秀的年轻医生

这个年轻的医生(他确实很年轻)相貌俊秀。他的身材在这个小卧室里,

在这群体格像荷兰人的妇女当中，显得仪表堂堂；他的轮廓清晰、优美、富于表情；也许他的眼光一张脸一张脸扫视过去时过分活泼、灵活和频繁了一点，但是具有一种迷人的魅力，他的嘴也这样；他的下巴丰满，线条鲜明，像希腊人的，完美无比。至于他的笑容，其中有几分让人心悦神怡的意味，也含着几分让人的柔小薄弱情绪涌上心头的情趣：这一切可以让人开心得笑起来。

（谢素台　译）

A Sickly-Looking Docotor

There was in Dr. Audlin's appearance nothing to attract attention. He was tall and spare, with narrow shoulders and something of a stoop; his hair was grey and thin; his long, sallow face deeply lined. He was not more than fifty, but he looked older. His eyes, pale-blue and rather large, were weary. When you had been with him for a while you noticed that they moved very little; they remained fixed on your face, but so empty of expression were they that it was no discomfort. They seldom lit up. They gave no clue to his thoughts nor changed with the words he spoke. If you were of an observant turn it might have struck you that he blinked much less often than most of us. His hands were on the large side, with long, tapering fingers; they were soft, but firm, cool but not clammy. You could never have said what Dr. Audlin wore unless you had made a point of looking. His clothes were dark. His tie was black. His dress made his sallow lined face paler, and his pale eyes more wan. He gave you the impression of a very sick man.

（W. Somerset Maugham, *Lord Mountdrago*）

面带病容的医生

奥德林医生，瘦高个，削肩膀，背有点驼，貌不惊人。他的头发花白而稀疏，灰黄的长脸上布满皱纹。他不到五十岁，看上去却五十出头。他的淡蓝色的眼睛大而呆滞；只要你在他面前坐上一会儿，你就会发现他的眼珠很少转动，而是紧紧地盯着你的面孔；不过，他的眼睛毫无表情，因而倒也不使你感到讨厌。他的眼睛难得显出兴奋神色，也从不流露他的内心的感情，更不会随着他谈话内容的不同而变换神情。如果你细心观察，就会惊奇地发现，他眨眼的次数比平常人少得多。他的双手较大，手指纤长，柔中有刚，阴冷而不滑腻，除非你留意观察，否则就说不出奥德林医生穿的什么衣服。他常穿深色衣服，戴黑色领带，这使他那布满皱纹的瘦长面孔显得更加苍白，淡蓝色的眼睛显得更加失神。他给人留下的印象是一副病容。

（刘宪之　译）

5. Teachers 教师

A Teacher with a Stately Air

Seen now, in broad daylight, she looked tall, fair, and shapely; brown eyes with a benignant light in their irids, and a fine pencilling of long lashes round, relieved the whiteness of her large front; on each of her temples her hair, of a very dark brown, was clustered in round curls, according to the fashion of those times, when neither smooth bands nor long ringlets were in vogue; her dress, also in the mode of the day, was of purple cloth, relieved by a sort of Spanish trimming of black velvet; a gold watch (watches were not so common then as now) shone at her girdle. Let the reader add, to complete the picture, refined features; a complexion, if pale, clear; and a stately air and carriage...

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

仪表端庄的教师

那时候,在大白天,她看上去修长,美丽,身材匀称;棕色的眼睛,眸子里透出慈祥的神情,周围像描出来似的细细的长睫毛,把她宽阔的额头衬托得十分白净;两鬓的深棕色的头发,卷成圆圆的发卷,这是按当时的时兴式样梳成的,光滑的发辫和长长的鬈发在当时都不时兴;她的衣服也是当时风行的式样,是紫色的,镶着一种黑丝绒的西班牙式的饰边;一只金表(表在那时候还没有现在这么普遍)在她的腰带上闪闪发光。让读者自己加上秀美的容貌、略带苍白但也还明净的肤色、端庄的风度和仪态,来完成这幅肖像吧。 (祝庆英 译)

A Poor Gaunt Sallow Teacher

He was a gaunt, sallow young man, with hollow cheeks, and a chin almost as black as Mr. Murdstone's; but there the likeness ended, for his whiskers were shaved off, and his hair, instead of being glossy, was rusty and dry. He was dressed in a suit of black clothes which were rather rusty and dry too, and rather short in the sleeves and legs; and he had a white neckerchief on, that was not over-clean.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

面黄肌瘦的穷教师

他是一个面黄肌瘦的高个儿青年,两颊下陷,下颏上的胡子碴儿几乎和枚得孙先生的一样地黑乎乎的,不过他们相似的地方,就到这儿为止,因为他没

留连鬓胡子，他的头发也不是光滑润泽的，而是锈卜几、干巴查的。他穿着一套黑衣服，看着也有些锈卜几、干巴查的；袖子和裤腿，还都未免不够长。他系着一条白领巾，也不太干净。（张谷若 译）

A Middle-Aged Art Teacher

...there strolled in a rather vigorous and picturesque man of thirty-six or thereabouts, who sauntered to the front of the room and called the class to order. He was clad in a shabby suit of grey tweed and crowned with a little brown hat, shoved rakishly over one ear, which he did not trouble to take off. He wore a soft blue hickory shirt without collar or tie, and looked immensely self-sufficient. He was tall and lean and raw-boned, with a face which was long and narrow; his eyes were large and wide set, his mouth big and firm in its lines; he had big hands and feet, and an almost rolling gait. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

中年美术教师

……走进一个三十六岁上下、相当壮健而漂亮的人来，他穿着一套破旧的灰呢衣服，一件浅蓝色的棉布衬衫，没有衣领和领带，戴着一顶很小的棕色帽子，斜推向一边，不高兴摘下来。他闲踱到房间前边，宣布上课，神气非常自负。他又瘦又高，生着一张瘦长的脸，眼睛很大，间隔得很开，嘴巴很大，嘴上的线条很坚毅，手和脚都很大，走起路来有一种几乎是波动的步伐。

（主万 西海 译）

A Schoolmistress

Schoolmistresses have a way of their own in putting on their caps. Just as old Englishwomen have acquired a monopoly in turbans, schoolmistresses have a monopoly of these caps. Flowers nod above the frame-work, flowers that are more than artificial: lying by in closets for years the cap is both new and old, even on the day it is first worn... Mademoiselle Habert, an ideal of her species, had a stern eye, a grim mouth, and beneath her wrinkled chin the strings of her cap, always limp and faded, floated as she moved. Two moles, rather large and brown, adorned that chin, and from them sprouted hairs which she allowed to grow rampant like clematis. And finally, to complete her portrait, she took snuff, and took it ungracefully. (Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

小学女教员

单说戴帽子吧，小学教员就另有一种款式。英国老婆子裹头巾有独得之秘，小学教员戴帽子也有独得之秘：帽坯子特别大，插的花简直看不见；而那些假花也假得可怜；帽子在衣柜里放久了，老是像新的，也老是像旧的，即便是第一天戴在头上也是如此……阿倍小姐便是这种类型的代表：她眼神很凶，嘴巴四边全是皱纹，打褶的下巴底下扣着软答答的磨烊了的帽带，随着她的动作滑来滑去。脸上两颗棕色的痣非常刺眼，长着两根毛，像乱七八糟的仙人草。她还吸鼻烟，可是毫无吸烟的功架。（傅雷　译）

A Young History Don

He was a young history don, a short, plump man, dapper in dress, with sparse hair brushed flat on an over-large head, neat hands, small feet, and the general appearance of being too often bathed. His manner was genial and his speech idiosyncratic. We came to know him well.

It was Mr. Samgrass's particular aptitude to help others with their work, but he was himself the author of several stylish little books. He was a great delver in muniment-rooms and had a sharp nose for the picturesque. (Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*)

年轻的历史学老师

他是一位年轻的历史学教师，矮小圆胖，穿着干净利落，稀疏的头发平平展展地贴在他那硕大的脑袋上，手很灵巧，脚很小，给人一个过分爱洗浴的印象。他的态度很和蔼，讲起话来有独特的风格。我们很熟悉他。

帮助别人工作是桑格拉斯先生的特殊嗜好，不过他自己也是几本时髦小册子的作者哩。他很善于挖掘、钻研档案，对生动的东西嗅觉很敏感。

（赵鉴襄　译）

An Odd Teacher Impediment in Speech

Bledyard sat as usual quite at his ease in saying nothing, moving his large head gently to and fro, as if he had just had it fixed on and was trying to see if it was firm. Bledyard's age was hard to determine. Mor suspected him of being quite young, that is in his thirties. If he had not looked quite so odd he might have been handsome. He had a great head of dark hair which was perfectly straight and worn a little long. It soughed to and fro as he moved or talked. He had a large moon-like face and a bull

neck, big luminous eyes like a night creature, and a coarse nose. His mouth formless and sometimes hung open. His teeth were good, but were usually concealed behind the massy flesh of his lips. He rarely smiled. His hands were big too, and moved about in slow gestures. Bledyard had an impediment in his speech which he had partly overcome by the expedient of repeating some words twice as he talked. This he did with a sort of slow deliberation which made his utterance ludicrous. It had long ago been discovered that a lecture from Bledyard reduced the whole school to hysterical laugher within a few minutes—and, rather it seemed to Bledyard's chagrin, he had been rationed to one art lecture a year, which he gave annually late in the summer term.

(Iris Murdoch, *The Sandcastle*)

行为古怪,说话口吃的教师

布莱德亚德和平时一样坐着,一句话不说很是自在,轻轻地来回摆动他的大脑袋,好像刚刚让人家把头装上,他正试试看装得稳不稳。很不容易猜准他的年龄,莫尔猜他还相当年轻,也就是说三十多岁。他要不是因为看上去挺古怪的话,说不定还挺漂亮。他满头直的黑发,留得偏长,行动或说话时,头发就来回飘飘飘动。他有一张月亮一样的大圆脸,公牛似的粗脖子,像夜间活动的动物那样的大而发光的眼睛和一个粗糙的鼻子。他的嘴巴没个样子,而且有时候就张在那里。牙很好,但通常藏在多肉的嘴唇后面。他很少笑。他的手也很大,做着缓慢的手势。布莱德亚德说话时口吃,他已部分地克服了这个毛病,办法是在讲话时将一些词重复两遍。他这样做时好像有意讲两遍,这使他说出话来有些滑稽。有人很久以前就发现了,在布莱德亚德讲大课时,几分钟之内就会使整个学校处于歇斯底里的大笑中,而且,看来挺使他懊丧的是,限制他一年只能讲一次美术大课,在每年夏季学期末讲。 (王家湘 译)

A Nigger Professor

There was a free nigger there, from Ohio; a mulatter, most as white as a white man. He had the whitest shirt on you ever see, too, and the shinest hat; and there ain't a man in that town that's got as fine clothes as what he had; and he had a gold watch and chain, and a silver-headed cane—the awfulest old gray-headed nabob in the State. And what do you think? they said he was a p'fessor in a college, and could talk all kinds of languages, and knowed everything. And that ain't the wust. They said he

could vote, when he was at home.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

黑人大学教授

有一个自由的黑人,原籍是俄亥俄;他是个混血种,可是几乎跟白人一样白。他穿着雪白的衬衣——白得简直是出奇,还戴着一顶漂亮极了的帽子;走遍了全镇也找不着一个人跟他穿戴得一样漂亮;他还有一只金表,拖着一条金链,手拿着一根镶银的手杖——真是全州顶神气的一位白发苍苍的大阔老。还有,你猜怎么样?人家说他是个大学教授,会说各国官话,无所不知,无所不晓。可是这还不算是顶糟糕的哪。他们说他在家乡的时候,还有资格参加选举。(张万里 译)

6. Scientists 科学家

A Noticeable Scientist

Physically he was on the large side. The job nature had done with him was easy to make fun of. My father, who didn't have the gift for humor he thought he had, liked to say that his brother-in-law was built like a Russian church—bulbdomed. Uncle was one of those Russian Jews (by origin) who have the classic Russian face, short-nosed, blue-eyed, with light thinning hair. If his hands had been bigger he might have been a ringer for Sviatoslav Richter, the pianist. The weight of those hands, when Richter advances on the piano, drags the arms from the sleeves of his tailcoat so that they hang well below the knees. In uncle's case it wasn't the hands but the eyes that were conspicuous. Their color was hard to fix; they were blue—marine blue, ultramarine (the pigment is made with powdered lapis lazuli). More strike than the color was his gaze, when he looked at you in earnest. There were times when you felt the power of looking turned on you. The eye sockets resembled a figure eight lying on its side and this occasionally had the effect of turning you topsy-turvy and put strange thoughts into your head—like: This is the faculty of seeing; of seeing itself; what eyes actually are for. Or: The light pries these organs out of us creatures for purposes of its own. You certainly don't expect a power like the power of light to let you alone. So that when Benn sounded off about the complexities of existence and talked about "social determinants," you didn't take him seriously, since what you saw when he was bearing down on you was not the gaze of a man formed by "social

determinants." However, he didn't often bear down. He preferred to come on innocent—innocent and perplexed, and even dumb-looking. That was better for all concerned. This business of deliberate or elected "innocence" is damn curious, but I'm not about to go into it here.

(Saul Bellow, *More Die of Heartbreak*)

引人注目的科学家

他的身材属于魁梧型。自然将他塑成一个容易招人揶揄的形象。我那自命幽默的父亲说他的小舅子身材像个洋葱顶的俄罗斯教堂。舅舅和一般俄国犹太人一样生了一幅典型的俄罗斯面孔:短鼻子,蓝眼睛,稀疏的金发。他的手掌再大一些就真像极了钢琴家斯维雅托斯拉夫·里希特。当里希特迈向钢琴时,他那双手的重量使他的胳膊从礼服袖子里钻出来,直落到膝盖下方。在舅舅身上,引人注目的倒不是他的手,而是他那双眼睛。它们的颜色很难用语言描述:它们是蓝色的——海蓝或者佛青色(用天青石粉调出来的颜色)。比颜色更动人心弦的是他诚恳地看着你时的那种凝神。有时你可以感觉到他"注视"的气势直冲你来。他的眼眶像一个侧躺的8字,会使你错乱,并使你萌生奇怪的念头;你会觉得:这就是"视"的官能,这才叫"看";眼睛长着就是这器官,自有它的道理。你当然不会指望光线这种厉害的东西会放过你。因此当本诺大谈存在的复杂和"社会决定因素"时,你就不会跟他认真,因为他逼视你的眼神不像是一个"社会决定因素"塑造成的人所发出的眼神。不过他很少露出逼人的目光。他比较喜欢摆出一脸的天真——天真,困惑,甚至呆滞的神情。这对大家都比较有好处。这种故作天真的作法是饶有趣味的,不过我不打算在这里探讨这个问题。

(李耀宗 译)

A Young Scientist

... The young man was making a quick assessment of his surroundings. Perhaps it was a habit—if so, a good one. Certainly David Coleman would stand up to scrutiny himself. Though he had had a three-hour air journey, his gabardine suit was uncreased, his well-trimmed hair carefully parted and brushed, his shave recent. He wore no hat, which made him look younger than his thirty-one years. Though slighter than O'Donnell in build, his features were clear-cut and well defined; he had a longish face and an incisive jaw. The briefcase under his arm added a professional touch; picture of a young scientist, O'Donnell thought.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

青年科学家

这位年青人正在迅速地熟悉他的新环境。可能这是一种习惯性动作——一个很好的习惯。戴维·柯尔门的外貌是很有气派的。虽然坐了三个小时的飞机，他的轧别丁料子服仍然笔挺，他的修剪合宜的分头梳得很整齐，新刮的脸，没戴帽子，看起来像比他的实际年龄三十一岁还年青一些；虽然体格比欧唐奈略小，身材却很匀称。他有一张略长的脸，一个坚毅的下巴。臂下夹的皮包给他一种医务工作的职业感。欧唐奈心想：这是一个典型的青年科学家的形象。 （舒逊 译）

A Scientist of Frosty Intellectuality

Mr. Gray was thirty-eight, and tall and slender and handsome, a little bald in front, alert, quick in his movements, businesslike, prompt, decided, unsentimental, and with that kind of trim-chiseled face that just seems to glint and sparkle with frosty intellectuality! He was a renowned scientist. I do not know what the word means, but my mother would know how to use it and get effects. （Mark Twain, *A Dog's Tale*）

理智的科学家

格雷先生三十八岁，高个子，细长身材，很英俊，头前面有点秃，机警，动作敏捷，讲求实际，办事机械迅速，决事果断，不感情用事，他那副生来就雕凿得很漂亮的脸孔上，好像闪现着一种冷冰冰的理智！他是一位很有名望的科学家。我不知道科学家这个词是什么意思，可是我母亲一定知道它怎么用法，而且行之有效。 （唐荫荪 译）

A Young Animal Behaviorist

"Sarah Harding?" Kelly asked, looking up.

Arby said, "Who's Sarah Harding?"

"Only the most famous young animal behaviorist in the world, Arb." Sarah Harding was one of Kelly's personal heroes. Kelly had read every article she could about her. Sarah Harding had been a poor scholarship student at the University of Chicago but now, at thirty-three, she was an assistant professor at Princeton. She was beautiful and independent, a rebel, who went her own way. She had chosen the life of a scientist in the field, living alone in Africa, where she studied lions and hyenas. She was famously tough. Once, when her Land Rover broke down, she walked

twenty miles across the savanah all by herself, driving away lions by throwing rocks at them.

In photographs, Sarah was usually posed in shorts and a khaki shirt, with binoculars around her neck, next to a Land Rover. With her short, dark hair and her strong, muscular body, she looked rugged but glamorous at the same time. (Michael Crichton, *The Lost World*)

年轻的动物行为学家

"萨拉·哈丁?"凯莉抬眼问。

阿比说:"萨拉·哈丁是谁?"

"就是那位世界上鼎鼎大名的年轻的动物行为学家,阿比。"

萨拉·哈丁是凯莉心目中的英雄人物之一,有关她的文章凯莉都读过。萨拉·哈丁在芝加哥大学上学时曾是一名可怜巴巴的靠奖学金求学的学生,但现在,年仅三十三岁,就已经是普林斯顿大学的助理教授了。她漂亮,独立性强,还有股叛逆精神,喜好我行我素。她选择了做一名野外科学家,独自生活在非洲,研究狮子和猎狗。她的吃苦耐劳是出了名的。有一次,越野车抛了锚,她独自一人,用石头驱赶着狮子,步行二十多英里穿过热带草原。

照片上的萨拉常短装打扮,身着卡其裙,脖子上挂架望远镜,身旁是她那辆越野车。黑黑的短发和健壮结实的身躯使她看起来既粗旷而又不乏魅力。

(洁岩 译)

7. Scholars 学者

A Combination of the East and West

He was elderly and wizen with a grey moustache and grey-blue eyes, and his complexion was as fair as a European's. He wore a turban that looked like pale purple macaroni, coat, waistcoat, dhoti, socks with clocks. The clocks matched the turban, and his whole appearance suggested harmony—as if he had reconciled the products of East and West, mental as well as physical, and could never be discomposed.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

东西方结合体

他已经上了年纪,眼睛是浅蓝色的,唇上留着一撮灰色的小胡子,显得更老了。他的皮肤像欧洲人一样白皙。他头上缠着头巾,看上去好像一团淡紫色的通心粉;他穿着西服上衣、背心,又围着腰围,脚上穿的是袜根绣花的短筒袜。袜子和头巾很相配,他整副打扮也显得很和谐——仿佛把东、西方的东

内，从精神到肉体都调和起来了，而且永远也不会使二者失调。

（石幼珊 马志行 董冀平 译）

Queer-Looking Physiognomist

This was one of the bewigged gentlemen in the red robes, who was straddling before the fire in the centre of the Court, in the attitude of the brazen Colossus, to the complete exclusion of everybody else. He had gathered up his robe behind, in much the same manner as a slovenly woman would her petticoats on a very dirty day, in order that he might feel the full warmth of the fire. His wig was put on all awry, with the tail straggling about his neck; his scanty gray trousers and short black gaiters, made in the worst possible style, imparted an additionally inelegant appearance to his uncouth person; and his limp, badly-starched shirt collar almost obscured his eyes. （Charles Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*）

怪模怪样的民法学者

他是戴假发、穿红长袍的那些绅士们中的一位，这时候正在法庭中央火炉前叉开腿站着，姿势活像阿波罗神青铜巨像，周围一个人也没有。他已经撩起长袍的后摆，为要充分享受到炉火的暖气，那模样与在暴风雨气候中一个邋遢女人撩起裙子的样子很相像。他的假发戴得七扭八歪的，发辫散在脖子上，所穿的狭小的灰色裤子和黑色短绑腿套的式样再难看也没有，使他那怪模怪样的身躯显得更粗俗。他的上浆不足的软绵绵的衬衫领子几乎把他的眼睛遮住。

（陈漪 西海 译）

A Scholar of Classical Literature

Weeks' s eyes twinkled, but Philip, who did not understand American humour, pursed his lips and looked severe. Weeks to Philip seemed a man of middle age, but he was in point of fact little more than thirty. He had a long, thin body and the scholar's stoop; his head was large and ugly; he had pale scanty hair and an earthy skin; his thin mouth and thin long nose, and great protuberance of his frontal bones, gave him an uncouth look. He was cold and precise in his manner, a bloodless man, without passion, but he had a curious vein of frivolity which disconcerted the serious-minded among whom his instinct naturally threw him. He was studying theology in Heidelbery, but the other theological

students of his own nationality looked upon him with suspicion. He was very unorthodox, which frightened them; and his freakish humour excited their disapproval.

...

Weeks made a courteous objection, then a correction of fact, after that a quotation from some little known Latin commentator, then a reference to a German authority; and the fact was disclosed that he was a scholar. (W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

精通古典文学的学者

维克斯的那对眸子闪闪有光,但是菲利普欣赏不了美国人的幽默,噘嘴翘唇,铁板着脸。在菲利普看来,维克斯似乎已属中年,实际上他才三十出头。维克斯是个瘦长条子,像学者似的,有点佝偻,头颅大得难看,头发暗淡而稀疏,皮肤呈土色。薄薄的嘴唇,细长的鼻子,颚骨明显地向前突出,生就一副粗俗相。他的态度冷淡,举止拘泥刻板,既无生气,也无热情,却有一种莫名其妙的轻浮气质,闹得一些容严心肃的人周章生措,而维克斯出于本能,偏偏喜欢同这等人混在一起。他在海德堡大学攻读神学,而另外一些也在此地攻读神学的同胞对他都心有戒意。此人离经叛道的味儿太浓,使他们望而生畏。他的那种古怪幽默感,也使他们颇不以为然。

.....

维克斯先生彬彬有礼地表示异议,接着纠正了一个事实,然而又援引某个不见经传的拉丁民族注释家的一段注释,再加上一句德国某权威的精辟论断——情况明摆着:他是个精通古典文学的学者。

(张柏然 张增健 倪俊 译)

A Genealogist

Mr. Samgrass was a genealogist and a legitimist; he loved dispossessed royalty and knew the exact validity of the rival claims of the pretenders to many thrones; he was not a man of religious habit, but he knew more than most Catholics about their Church; he had friends in the Vatican and could talk at length of policy and appointments, saying which contemporary ecclesiastics were in good favour, which in bad, what recent theological hypothesis was suspect, and how this or that Jesuit or Dominican had skated on thin ice or sailed near the wind in his Lenten discourses; he had everything except the Faith, and later liked to attend benediction in the chapel of Brideshead and see the ladies of the family

with their necks arched in devotion under their black lace mantillas; he loved forgotten scandals in high life and was an expert in putative parentage; he claimed to love the past, but I always felt that he thought all the splendid company, living or dead, with whom he associated slightly absurd; it was Mr. Samgrass who was real, the rest were an insubstantial pageant. He was the Victorian tourist, solid and patronizing, for those amusement these foreign things were paraded. And there was something a little too brisk about his literary manners; I suspected the existence of a dictaphone somewhere in his panelled rooms.

(Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*)

家谱学家

桑格拉斯先生是一位家谱学家，也是一位正统王朝的拥护者；他爱戴被剥夺了王位的皇族，而且很懂得觊觎王位者们提出的许多敌对要求中，哪一个有准确的法律效力；他并没有宗教习惯，可是他对于天主教会的了解，比多数天主教徒还要多；他在梵蒂冈也有朋友，他可以仔细地讲解梵蒂冈的政策和各项任命，说出当前哪个传教士走红运，哪个倒霉，最近哪个神学假设是可疑的，再不就是某某耶稣会教士或某某耶稣教派的修道士处境困难，或者是在他们四旬斋的演说中差点儿捅出漏子来，等等，等等；他身上除了正统的宗教，可以说什么都有。后来他还喜欢参加在布赖兹赫德的小教堂举行的祈祷仪式，想看看这个家族中头披黑色花边纱巾虔诚地拱着脖子的夫人小姐们；他喜欢名门望族的被遗忘了的丑闻，而且是一位判定家系的专家；他声称爱好过去，可是我总觉得他认为那些和他有着松松垮垮联系的声名显赫的同伴们，不管是活着的或者是死了的，总多少有些荒谬；只有他桑格拉斯先生是实在的，其余的人都不过是华而不实的过眼烟云罢了。他是维多利亚时代的旅游者，稳健而又傲慢，一切的异域风光都展现在他眼前，供他欣赏。在他那种学究的态度中，倒是还有一点轻松活泼；我还疑心，说不定在他装有镶板的房间里的什么地方，还会藏着一部口述留声机哩。 (赵瑾穰 译)

Godliman Who Lost in the Middle Ages

Godliman stood at a lectern, perched on one leg like a bird, his face lit bleak by a spotlight above—he might have been the ghost of the monk who wrote the book, standing a cold vigil over his precious chronicle. The girl cleared her throat and waited for him to notice her. She saw a short man in his fifties, with round shoulders and weak eyesight, wearing a tweed suit. She knew he could be perfectly sensible once you dragged him

out of the Middle Ages. She coughed again and said, "Professor Godliman?" (Ken Follett, *Eye of the Needle*)

沉湎于中世纪的加德里曼教授

加德里曼一只脚站在小架子上，像一只歇息着的鸟。在聚光灯的照射下，他面色苍白——好像已经成为那位多年守熬寒夜，撰写这本书的修道士的幽灵。姑娘清了一下嗓子，希望能引起他的注意。在她看来，他是一个年过五十，身材矮小的人。他曲背，近视，穿着一套花呢衣服。她知道，只要把他从中世纪中拖出来，他就会十分机敏。她又咳了一声，说："加德里曼教授？"

（吴建辉　陈力川　郭文峰　译）

An Unlucky Man of Learning

He was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown. A touch of red in nose and cheeks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes's surmise as to his habits. His rusty black frock-coat was buttoned right up in front, with the collar turned up, and his lank wrists protruded from his sleeves without a sign of cuff or shirt. He spoke in a low *staccato* fashion, choosing his words with care and gave the impression generally of a man of learning and letters who had had *ill-usage* at the hands of fortune. (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Blue Carbuncle*)

倒霉的学者

他身躯魁梧、膀圆腰粗，大头颅，一张宽阔、聪明的脸，和一小撮已呈灰白色的棕色络腮胡须。鼻子和面颊略带红润之色，手伸出来时微微颤抖。这些特征正应证福尔摩斯对于他特征的推测。他的已褪色的黑礼服大衣前面都扣上了，领子也竖了起来，在大衣袖子里面露出细长的手腕，手腕上并没有袖口或衬衣的痕迹。他说话措词谨慎，有点结结巴巴，总的说来他给人留下了一个正处倒霉的学者的印象。

（岳文楚　周可　等译）

A Scholar with a Nickname of Mantis

Richard Levine wore sun-faded field khakis, and an Australian slouch hat pushed low over his head. A battered pair of binoculars hung around his neck. But despite his rugged appearance, Levine conveyed an air of scholarly absorption. Behind his wire-frame spectacles, his features were sharp, his expression intense and critical as he looked out the window.

With his long limbs folded up, his hands tucked under his chin, he looked like a praying mantis. That had been his nickname in graduate school: in part because of his appearance—and in part because of his tendency to bite off the head of anyone who disagreed with him.

(Michael Crichton, *The Lost World*)

绰号螳螂的学者

理查德·赖文穿一身腿了色的黄军装，一顶澳大利亚垂边帽低低地遮在头上，脖子上挂一架破旧的望远镜。尽管形象邋遢，但赖文给人一种学者的专注感。在丝边眼镜后面，面部楞角格外分明。他看着窗外，脸上露出认真而挑剔的神情。他抱着双臂，两只手缩在下巴下面，看起来就像一只正在猎食的螳螂。螳螂正是他上研究生时的绰号：这绰号部分缘于他的尊容，部分缘于他的脾性——谁若敢对他的观点说个"不"字，他非咬掉那人的头不可。

(洁岩　译)

8. Writers and Poets　作家、诗人

A Bitter Poet

Lieutenant Tonder was a poet, a bitter poet who dreamed of perfect, ideal love of elevated young man for poor girls. Tonder was a dark romantic with a vision as wide as his experience. He sometimes spoke blank verse under his breath to imaginary dark women. He longed for death on the battlefield, with weeping parents in the background, and the Leader, brave but sad in the presence of the dying youth. He imagined his death very often, lighted by a fair setting sun which glinted on broken military equipment, his men standing silently around him, with heads sunk low, as over a far cloud galloped the Valkyries, big-breasted, mothers and mistresses in one, while Wagnerian thunder cashed in the background. And he even had his dying words ready.

(John Steinbeck, *The Moon is Down*)

哀怨的诗人

汤陀中尉是一个诗人，一个哀怨的诗人，怀着高尚的青年对穷姑娘的完美的理想爱情。汤陀是一个悲观的浪漫主义者，视野之宽度犹如他的经历。他常常对着幻想中的忧伤的女子哼几句无韵诗。他渴望战死在疆场，双亲站在背后哭泣，"领袖"站在这位将死的青年面前显得又英武又悲切。他常常想象他死时的情景：落日的余晖映着破碎的军器，他的同伴默默地站在他周围低着

头，空中一大片云彩上奔驰着凡尔基里女神，她们个个乳房高耸，融母亲与情妇于一体，他们背后又响彻着华格纳乐曲式的雷声。连临终前说些什么话，他也已经想好。 （董衡巽 译）

Bossonov the Poet

Just then a newcomer appeared at the baize-covered table—seating himself with unhurried movements next to the chairman, he bowed right and left, striking his fair hair, still wet from the snow, with frost-reddened fingers. Hiding his hands beneath the edge of the table, he sat erect in his close-fitting black frock coat, displaying a lean, opaque-skinned countenance, arched brows, enormous dark-ringed grey eyes, and a mop of hair. Alexei Alexeyevich Bossonov was exactly like his lutest portrait in a weekly magazine...

(Alexei Tolstoy, *Ordeal*, trans. Ivy and Tatiana Litvinov)

诗人贝索诺夫

他不慌不忙地坐到主席旁边，向左边右边点点头，伸出一只冻得通红的手掠了下给雪花弄湿了的、淡黄色的头发，随后将双手藏在桌面底下；直挺挺地坐下。他穿着一件剪裁得很合身的黑礼服，脸子瘦伶伶的，而且暗淡无光，在两道弯弯的眉毛底下，一双灰色的大眼睛陷在黑黝黝的凹窝里，头发像一顶便帽似的覆盖着脸。这个阿历克赛·阿历克赛耶维奇·贝索诺夫，跟他给印在最近一期周报上的画像完全一个样…… （朱雯 译）

A Successful Writer

An avant-garde writer, the first of a new generation, he was handsome, fair, large, serious, witty, he was learned. The guy had it all. All the papers reviewed his book. His picture appeared in Time without insult and in Newsweek with praise.

(Saul Bellow, *Humboldt's Gift*)

成功的作家

一位先锋派作家，新一代的佼佼者。他模样俊俏、皮肤白皙、体格魁梧、神态庄重、头脑机敏、博学广识，可谓才貌双全、气度不凡。所有的报刊都对他的著作大加评论。他的照片堂而皇之地出现在《时代》周刊和《新闻周刊》上，而且总少不了赞颂、标榜之词。 （孙云英 译）

9. Reporters and Editors 记者、编辑

A Female Sports Reporter

She was a neat, plump person, of medium stature, with a round face, a small mouth, a delicate complexion, a bunch of light brown ringlets at the back of her head and a peculiarly open, surprised-looking eye. The most striking point in her appearance was the remarkable fixedness of this organ, which rested without impudence or defiance, but as if in conscientious exercise of a natural right, upon every object it happened to encounter... She spoke in a clear, high voice—a voice not rich but loud. (Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

女体育记者

这是一个雅致、丰满的女郎，中等身材，圆脸，嘴巴小小的，皮肤细嫩，一绺绺淡棕色头发披在脑后。她的眼睛睁得大大的，老是露出惊奇的神色。她的外表中给人印象最深的，就是那炯炯逼人的目光，它们不放过每一件遇到的事物，可是并不显得狂妄或者傲慢，只是似乎在光明磊落地行使一种天然的权利……她口齿清楚，音调高亢——嗓音并不圆润，但是响亮。 (项星耀 译)

A Busy Editor

Williams was a small, lean, wiry man, with a black pointed beard and a glass eye which fixed you oddly with its black pupil. He was talkative, skipped about from duty to duty, wore most of the time a green shade pulled low over his forehead, and smoked a brown briar pipe... It took him from eight in the morning until two in the afternoon to gather what local news there was, and either write it or edit it.

(Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

忙碌的编辑

威廉兹是个很结实的人，又矮又瘦，蓄着尖尖的黑胡子，一只玻璃假眼睛用它的黑瞳人奇怪地直盯着你。他碎嘴唠叨，从这件工作做到那件工作，大部分时间都戴着一顶绿色的遮阳帽，低低的盖在前额上，同时还抽着一只棕色石南木烟斗……从早上八点到下午两点，他得忙着搜集当地新闻，或是写下来，或是加以编辑。 (王万 西海 译)

A Reporter Trying Begging

I traveled in my youth, took to the stage, and finally became a reporter on an evening paper in London. One day my editor wished to have a series of articles upon begging in the *metropolis*, and I *volunteered to* supply them. There was the point from which all my adventures started. It was only by trying begging as an amateur that I could get the facts upon which to base my articles. When an actor I had, of course, learned all the secrets of making up, and had been famous in the green-room for my skill. I took advantage now of my attainments. I painted my face, and to make myself as pitiable as possible I made a good scar and fixed one side of my lip in a twist by the aid of a small slip of flesh-coloured plaster. Then with a red head of hair, and an appropriate dress, I took my station in the busiest part of the City, ostensibly as a match-seller, but really as a beggar. For seven hours I plied my trade, and when I returned home in the evening I found, to my surprise, that I had received no less than twenty-six shillings and four pence.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Man with the Twisted Lip*)

乔装成乞丐的记者

我年轻的时候酷爱旅行，喜欢演戏，后来在伦敦一家晚报当了记者。有一天，总编辑想要一组反映大城市的乞丐生活的报道，我自告奋勇来提供这方面的材料。这就成了我一生历险的开端。我只有乔装打扮成乞丐才能收集到写文章所需的一些基本素材。我当过演员，学到了一点化妆的秘诀，并曾以我的化妆技巧而闻名于剧场后台。这时我有了用武之地。我先用油色满脸，然后为了尽量装成最令人怜悯的样子，我用一条肉色的橡皮膏，做出一处令人真假莫辨的伤疤，把嘴唇一边向上翻卷起来，装成歪嘴汉，并戴上一头红发，配上适当的衣服，就在市商业区选定了一个地方，表面上是火柴小贩，实际上是乞丐。我这样干了七个小时，晚上回到家中，发现我竟得到二十六个先令零四个便士，这使我大吃一惊。 (岳文楚 周可 等译)

A Journalist, But Not a Society Man

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an

image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glassed, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eye-glasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.

(Kate Chopin, *A Respectable Woman*)

不善社交的记者

这是一位她听说过很多,但从未见过面的人。他曾是她丈夫大学时代的朋友,现在是一位记者,但他决非是一个善于社交的人或者"活跃于交际场合的人",或许这些就是她从未见过他的原因。不过,她已在她心中无意识地形成了他的一种形象。她把他想像成身材高大,瘦削,好冷嘲热讽、戴着眼镜,他的两手常放在衣袋里;她不喜欢他。古维尔纳尔确实身材瘦削,不过他并不很高,也不喜欢冷嘲热讽;他没有戴眼镜,也不把手放在衣袋中。当他初次出现时,她还相当喜欢他。 (程锡麟 译)

The Chief Editor

The chief editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock-coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal-ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and a checkered necker-chief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume about 1848. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. (Mark Twain, *Journalism in Tennessee*)

主笔先生

主笔先生穿着一件后面很长的黑布上装和白麻布的裤子。他的靴子很小,用黑靴油擦得很亮。他穿着一件有绉折的衬衫,戴着一只很大的图章戒指,一条旧式的硬领,一条方格子的围巾,两端下垂。服装的年代大约是1848年。他皱眉瞪眼,样子很可怕,我估计他是在拼凑一篇特别伤脑筋的社论。

(唐荫荪 译)

10. Lawyers 律师

A Farsighted Young Attorney

Marius was now a fine-looking young man, of medium height, with heavy jet black hair, a high intelligent brow, large and passionate nostrils, a frank and calm expression, and a indescribable something beaming from

every feature, which was at once lofty, thoughtful and innocent... His manners were reserved, cold, polished, far from free. But as his mouth was very pleasant, his lips the reddest and his teeth the whitest in the world, his smile corrected the severity of his physiognomy. At certain moments there was a strange contrast between this chaste brow and this voluptuous smile. His eye was small, his look great.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

目光远大的年轻律师

马吕斯这时候已长成个英俊的少年，中等身材，头发乌黑而茂密，额头高而聪明，鼻孔轩豁，具有热情，气度稳重诚挚，整个面孔有一种说不出的高傲、若有所思和天真的神态……他的态度是谦逊、淡漠、文雅、不大开朗的。由于他的嘴生得很诱人，他的唇是世上嘴唇里最红的，他的牙是世界上牙齿里最白的，他微微一笑便使整个面孔柔和起来，一改那上面的严肃气氛。有时，那真是一种十分神奇的对比，额头高洁而笑起来又富于肉感。他的眼眸虽小，目光却远大。

(长江 译)

An Ambitious Lawyer

But Vinet, devoured by ambition...his conscience grew elastic; and he finally came to think any means of success permissible. His young face changed. Persons about the courts were sometimes frightened as they looked at his viperish, flat head, his slit mouth, his eyes gleaming through glasses, and heard his sharp, persistent voice which rasped their nerves. His muddy skin, with its sickly tones of green and yellow, expressed the jaundice of his balked ambition, his perpetual disappointments and his hidden wretchedness. He could talk and argue; he was well-informed and shrewd, and was not without smartness and metaphor.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

野心勃勃的律师

但维奈受着野心煎逼……一天天放宽良心的尺寸，认为只要能往上爬，什么手段都使得。年轻的脸变了样子；扁脑袋，毒蛇脸，阔嘴巴，戴着眼镜，眼睛炯炯发光；有时人家在法院中看到这副嘴脸暗暗吃惊；又细又尖的声音直往你耳朵里钻，刺激得叫人难受。乌七八糟的皮色带着病态，黄一块青一块，明明是无法施展的野心，连续不断的失意和不可告人的穷困在作怪。他口齿伶俐，专会无理取闹；说话既不缺少警句，也富有形象；既博学，又习滑。(傅雷 译)

A Lawyer Careless of His Appearance

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five-and-forty, or—as the novels say—he might be fifty. He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during many years to a weary and laborious course of study; and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eye-glass which dangled from a broad black rib and round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse tied white handkerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress: while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had. (Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

不修边幅的律师

史纳宾大律师是一位瘦长面孔、面带病容的男子，大约四十五岁，或者如一般小说所说的，也许是五十岁。他那双没有神采的肿眼睛，是常常可以在那种从事乏味而辛苦的研究多年的人们头上看到的；而且无需乎那套在颈子上的用黑色阔丝带吊着的眼镜，就足以告诉一个陌生人他是非常地近视了。他的头发稀疏而柔软，这一部分是因为他从来没有花费很多的时间去修饰，一部分是因为二十五年来常带着那挂在他身旁一只架子上的出庭用的假发。上衣领子上的发粉的痕迹，和颈子上的洗得不清洁、结得不成样子的白领巾，显出他离开法庭之后还没有得到空闲时间来换一下服装；而他的衣服的其他部分的不整洁的样子，也可以叫人看出，纵使他有时间，也不能使他的仪表改善多少。（蒋天佐 译）

An Unconventional Old Lawyer

In external appearance, Mr. Gilmore was the exact opposite of the conventional idea of an old lawyer. His complexion was florid; his white hair was worn rather long and kept carefully brushed; his black coat waistcoat, and trousers, fitted him with perfect neatness; his white cravat

was carefully tied; and his lavender-coloured kid gloves might have adorned the hands of a fashionable clergyman, without fear and without reproach. His manners were pleasantly marked by the formal grace and refinement of the old school of politeness quickened by the invigorating sharpness, and readiness of man whose business in life obliges him always to keep his faculties in good working order.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*)

风度翩翩的老律师

从外貌看，吉尔摩先生同平常那些老律师给我们留下的印象恰恰相反。他神采奕奕，长长的灰白发梳理得十分整齐，黑色的西装，背心和裤子十分得体，衬衣上细心结着一条白领带；他那副淡紫色的手套，即使戴在时髦的神父手上也是够漂亮的了，不会引起任何非议。他的举止和谈吐显示出上流社会的翩翩风度和老一辈人的一丝不苟，同时又显示出从事他这种职业的人们（他们永远保持警觉）所具有的机智和精明。 （庄凯勋 译）

A Ladies' Man and A Good Samaritan

In the first place, Mr. Godfrey was, in point of size, the first man by far of the two. He stood over six feet high, he had a beautiful red and white colour; a smooth round face, shaved as bared as your hand; and a head of lovely long flaxen hair, falling negligently over the poll of his neck... He was a barrister by profession; a ladies' man by temperament; and a good Samaritan by choice. Female benevolence and female destitution could do nothing without him. Maternal societies for confining poor women; Magdalene societies for rescuing poor women; strong-minded societies for putting poor women into poor men's places, and leaving the men to shift for themselves;—he was vice-president, manager, referee to them all. Whenever there was a table with Mr. Godfrey at the bottom of the board, keeping the temper of the committee, and leading the dear creatures along the thorny ways of business, but in hand. I do suppose this was the most accomplished philanthropist (on a small independence) that England ever produced. (Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone*)

逢迎女人、充大善人的律师

首先，高弗利先生的个子就比他高得多，身高六英尺有余，脸色白里透红，俊极了。一张精光溜滑的圆脸，一头漂亮的淡黄色长发。当律师是他的本行，

会逢迎女人是他的天性——充大善人是他的癖好。妇女办的慈善事业少了他，那就办不成事。无论是什么母亲协会啊，妇女教养所啊，还是其他什么团体都有他的份儿，不是担任副主席，就是主任，或是仲裁人。不管在什么地方，只要有妇女组成的委员会在开会，那儿就会有高弗利先生在领导这些好人解决工作上的种种困难。我倒认为他是英国有史以来最能干的慈善家。

（徐汝椿　陈良廷　刘文澜　译）

A Lawyer in Practice

Ong Chi Seng was a Cantonese, and he had studied law at Gray's Inn. He was spending a year or two with Messrs Ripley, Joyce, and Naylor in order to prepare himself for practice on his own account.

...

Mr. Joyce met his clerk's shrewd eyes. As usual Ong Chi Seng was dressed in the height of local fashion. He wore very shiny patent-leather shoes and gay silk socks. In his black tie was a diamond ring. From the pocket of his neat white coat protruded a gold fountain pen and a gold pencil. He wore a gold wristwatch, and on the bridge of his nose invisible pince-nez.　　(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Letter*)

见习律师

他叫黄其森，广东人，曾在格雷法律会学习法律。为了今后能够自己独立开业，他让跟着里普利、乔伊斯和内勒三位律师见习，为期一二两年。

……

乔伊斯先生瞅着这位职员滴溜溜转的眼睛。黄其森一向穿着当地最入时的服装。他脚穿锃亮的漆皮皮鞋和光洁的丝袜，黑领带上别着嵌有珍珠和红宝石的饰针，左手无名指上戴着钻石戒指，洁白上衣的胸袋里插着金光闪闪的钢笔和铅笔，手腕上戴着金表，鼻梁上架着夹鼻眼镜。　　（刘宪之　译）

A Young Lawyer

A moment later he was in the room. Mr. John Garrideb, Counsellor at Law, was a short, powerful man with the round, fresh, clean-shaven face characteristic of so many American men of affairs. The general effect was chubby and rather childlike, so that one received the impression of quite a young man with a broad set smile upon his face. His eyes, however, were arresting. Seldom in any human head have I seen a pair

which bespoke a more intense inward life, so bright were they, so alert, so responsive to every change of thought. His accent was American, but was not accompanied by any eccentricity of speech.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of the Three Garridebs*)

青年律师

不大会儿,他就进来了。律师约翰·加里德布先生是一个身材不高、强壮有力的人,一张圆圆的、气色很好的、修面整洁的脸,是丰满和相当孩子气的,他给人的印象是一个笑容可掬的青年。他的眼睛是引人注目的,我很少见到过一双如此反映内心世界的眼睛,那么机警,那么迅速地反映出每一点思想变化。他的口音是美国腔调,但并不怪。 (岳文楚 周可 等译)

11. Judges 法官

A Self-Sufficient Judge

A moment later Judge O'Shaunnessy entered at the rear door and took his seat in one of the chairs behind the bench; a gentleman in black broadcloth, with sandy hair, inclined to curl, a round, reddish and rather jovial face, sharp rather than intellectual, and with a self-sufficient air.

(Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age*)

自负的法官

片刻之后,奥尚纳西法官从后门进来,在法官席的一个座位上坐下;他是一位体面人物,穿着黑呢子的衣服,茶色的头发稍微有些卷曲,他那圆圆的、稍微有点发红的面孔很有几分喜色,看样子相当精明,却并不怎么聪明,他可是摆出一副自负的神气。 (张友松 张振先 译)

A Grasshopper-like Chief Judge

His height was certainly not three feet. His legs, straight, thin, and tolerably long, would have made him look taller, if they had been vertical; but they formed an obtuse angle like those of a wide-opened pair of compasses. His body was not only short, but thin and in every way indescribably small. When naked, he must have looked like a grasshopper. His head, of ordinary size, with a well-formed face, noble features, and nice eyes, looked like a false head set upon a stump. He might have spared himself much expense in the matter of clothing, for his

large wig alone covered him completely from head to foot.

(Jean Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*)

蝗虫模样的首席法官

首席法官西蒙先生身高肯定不过三尺。他的腿又直又细，其至可以说太长了些，如果他挺直了站着，他的两条腿一定显得特别长；然而他的两腿却是斜叉开的，就像大大张开的圆规。他不仅身材短小，而且还很瘦，从各方面看都小得难以想象。如果他赤身裸体，一定像个蝗虫。他的头和一般人的头一样大小，五官长得很端正，很有上层人物的神态，眼睛也相当美，看上去就像一个假脑袋装在一个树桩上似的。在装束方面他完全可以不必花什么钱的，因为他那副大假发足以把他从头到脚完全遮盖起来。（田晓　译）

Senators

There were four senators present: Nikitin, who presided, a clean-shaven man with a narrow face and steely eyes; Wolf, with significantly compressed lips and small white hands—he constantly turned over the sheets of paper in front of him; next, Skovorodnikov, the learned jurist, a heavy fat pockmarked man; and the fourth, Beh, the patriarchal old man who had been the last to arrive. The chief secretary and assistant public prosecutor, a spare beardless young man of medium height with a very dark complexion and sad black eyes, came in with the senators.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

枢密官

枢密官总共四名。首席枢密官尼基丁脸型狭长，不留胡子，生有一双银灰色眼睛。沃尔夫煞有介事地噘起嘴唇，他那双白净的小手翻阅着案卷。下面是斯科沃罗德科夫，体格魁梧，麻脸，是个有学问的法学家。第四个是贝，就是那个样子像家长的小老头，他走在最后。跟枢密官一起进来的还有书记长和副检察官。副检察官是个中等身材的年轻人，身材干瘦，脸色很黑，胡子刮得精光，生有一双忧郁的黑眼睛。（草婴　译）

The Judge in London Town

There is only one Judge in town. Even he only comes twice a week to sit in chambers. If the country folks of those assize towns on his circuit could see him now! No full-bottomed wig, no red petticoats, no fur, no javelin-men, no white wands. Merely a close-shaven gentleman in white

trousers and a white hat, with sea-bronze on the judicial countenance, and a strip of bark peeled by the solar rays from the judicial nose, who calls in at the shell-fish shop as he comes along, and drinks iced ginger beer!

(Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

伦敦城的法官

伦敦城里只剩下一个法官。就连他也不过每星期去两趟推事室。如果那些在他执行巡回裁判的城镇居民,这时候看到他这副尊容,那才妙呢!没有披散的假发,没有红罩袍,没有皮领子,没有手持长枪的侍从,也没有白色的权标。他只是一个胡子刮得光光的绅士,穿着白裤,戴着白帽。那张原来是法官的脸,显出一种在海滨受到风吹日晒的棕红色;那个原来是法官的鼻子,也被阳光剥削了一层皮。而且,当他路过卖鲍鱼的铺子时,居然跑进去喝一杯加冰块的姜汁啤酒。 (黄邦杰 陈少衡 张自谋 译)

A "Bugaboo"

Judge Anderson wore a pince-nez and, because he was so small, he walked very erect, taking extraordinarily long steps as though he hoped to convince the world and himself that he was really a big man. He was a judge in juvenile court and he was used by parents in the neighborhood as a bugaboo to frighten recalcitrant children... The Judge, as always, wore a neat gray suit and a black hat, the glasses perched securely on his nose, and his thin prim mouth closed tightly, as if he were on guard against a smile.

(Hamilton Maule, *Jeremy Todd*)

"铁面法官"

安德森法官戴着夹鼻眼镜。由于个头矮小,他走起路来昂首挺胸,步子迈得特别大,好像他希望让世人和他本人都相信:他的确是个大人物。他是少年法庭的法官,邻居家的父母说他是铁面法官,拿他来吓唬不听话的孩子……这位法官总是穿着一套整齐的西装,戴着黑帽,眼镜牢牢地架在鼻子上。他那薄薄的、古板的嘴紧紧地闭着,似乎是在严防不注意露出的微笑。(董晶 译)

12. White Collars 白领职员

A Bank Clerk with Composed and Reserved Expression

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence

of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have lost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

老成持重的银行职员

看来，他的穿着打扮非常齐整，有一定之规，两手放在膝上，他那带口袋盖的背心里一只很响的表在嘀嘀嗒嗒大声说教，仿佛以其庄重、长寿，跟那欢实的火的轻佻、易逝争高低。他有双漂亮的腿，还有点以此自负，因为他那双棕色长袜光滑、贴脚，而且是细纱织品；他那双带鞋扣的鞋虽属平常，倒也整洁。头上紧紧地扣着一顶古怪的小巧光滑卷曲的亚麻色假发：我们姑且认为那假发是头发做的，不过看起来倒非常像真丝或玻璃丝的制品。他的亚麻布衬衣，虽然质地不如他的长统袜那么细，却白得像那冲击着附近海滩的波浪的浪花，或大海远处在阳光下闪耀的点点白帆。那张习以为常地保持克制、镇静的脸，由于带了那顶古怪的假发，两眼湿润明亮，仍显得容光焕发，它们的主人在过去的年月里必然费过一番辛苦，才历练出这副特尔森银行的老成持重的态度。脸色健康，脸上虽然有了皱纹，却很少忧虑的痕迹。不过，那些特尔森银行极受信任的单身职员，也许心里主要装着别人的忧虑；也许转手的忧虑跟转手的衣服一样，来得容易去得快。（石永礼　赵文娟　译）

A Counterfeit Cherub

If the conventional cherub could ever grow up and be clothed, he might be photographed as a portrait of Wilfer. His chubby, smooth,

innocent appearance was a reason for his being always treated with condescension when he was not put down... In short, he was the conventional cherub, after the supposititious shoot just mentioned, rather grey, with signs of care on his expression, and in decidedly insolvent circumstances. (Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

冒牌小天使

如果人们所习惯描画的那个小天使一旦长大成人，并且穿上一件衣服的话，给他拍张照片，就可以作为维尔弗的肖像。他如果不是遭人轻贱，也总是被待以一种勉强俯就的态度，这都因为他那一张圆胖、光滑、天真的面庞……总而言之，他就是那么一个通常描绘的小天使，就是像我们刚才所说的那么一个小天使的冒牌的后代。只是头发有点儿白了，面部表情中带有一些饱经风霜的痕迹，并且显然是境遇不佳。 (智量 译)

Director of the Silk Department

But they all at once stopped talking, for a woman of about forty-five was coming in. It was Madame Aurélie, very stout and tightly laced in her black silk dress, the body of which, strained over her massive shoulders and full bust, shone like a piece of armour. Under dark folds of hair, she had big fixed eyes, a severe mouth, and broad and rather drooping cheeks; and in the majesty of her position as manageress her face seemed to swell with pride like the puffy countenance of a Caesar.

(Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*)

丝绸部主任

可是她们住口不谈了，一个四十五岁左右的女人走了进来。这就是奥莱丽太太，她非常健壮，黑色绸衣服把腰身绷得紧紧的，上身撑着滚圆结实的肩膀和胸部，像一副铠甲似地闪着光。在她那黑色的束发带下，一双大眼睛动也不动，嘴是严峻的，脸盘宽大可是有点往下垂；在她那份主任的威严下，面容凛然像是涂了色彩的罗马帝王的假面具。 (侍桁 译)

A Sincere-Looking Slim Schoolmaster

This superintendent was a slim creature of thirty-five, with a sandy goatee and short sandy hair; he wore a stiff standing-collar whose upper edge almost reached his ears and whose sharp points curved forward abreast the corners of his mouth—a fence that compelled a straight lookout ahead,

and a turning of the whole body when a side view was required; his chin was propped on a spreading cravat which was as broad and long as a bank-note, and had fringed ends; his boot-toes were turned sharply up, in the fashion of the day, like sleigh-runners—an effect patiently and laboriously produced by the young men by sitting with their toes pressed against a wall for hours together. Mr. Walters was very earnest of mien, and very sincere and honest at heart; and he held separated them from worldly matters, that unconsciously to himself his Sunday-school voice had acquired a peculiar intonation which was wholly absent on week-days.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

态度严肃、个头瘦小的校长

这个校长是个三十五岁的瘦子，留着淡黄色的山羊胡子和淡黄色的短头发；他戴着一条笔挺的硬领，上边几乎顶到他的耳朵那儿了，两个尖角一直往前面弯过来，齐着他的嘴巴——好像一道围墙似的，逼着他只能一直往前看，每逢他要往旁边看看的时候，就不得不把全身转过来；他的下巴托在一条宽大的领结上面，这个领结像一张钞票那样宽和长，两头还有带着穗子的边；他的靴子的尖头是笔直向上翘的，这是当时的时兴样子，好像雪车底下的翘起来的滑刀一样——这种样式所以时兴起来，是青年们耐心地、费劲地一连几个钟头把脚趾拼命顶墙坐着的结果。华尔特先生的态度是很严肃的，心地是很诚恳和真实的；他对宗教上的事情和场所非常尊敬，把它们和世俗的一切分得非常清楚，所以他不知不觉地把在主日学校说话的声音养成了一种特别的腔调，这种腔调他在平日是完全不用的。（张友松 译）

An Unattractive Poor Junior Official

Yes, indeed, Pseldonymov was in his department, even in his own office; he did remember that. He was a very junior official with a salary of some ten roubles a month. As Mr. Pralinski had only very recently taken over his department, he did not remember all his underlings too well, but Pseldonymov he did remember, just because of his name. It had immediately caught his eye, so that he had been curious enough to look more closely at the owner of so strange a name. He now remembered a very young man with a long hooked nose and colourless bristly hair; he was anaemic and underfed, and wore an impossible uniform and impossible, even indecent, nether garments. He remembered that at the time the thought had crossed his mind: ought he not to give the poor devil a bonus

of ten roubles for the New Year to rig himself out? But because the poor fellow wore an over-hypocritical expression on his face and because his appearance was extremely unattractive, even to the point of repulsion, the kind thought had somehow evaporated, so that in the end Pseldonymov had remained without bonus. (Fyoddor Dostoevsky, *A Disgraceful Affair*)

可怜的小公务员

不错，普谢耳多尼莫夫是他机关里的人，就在他的办公厅里当差；他记起来了。此人是个小公务员，每个月的薪金不过十个卢布。普拉林斯基先生接管这个办公厅还是最近的事，因此，他不能十分详细地记住所有的下属，但是他却记得普谢耳多尼莫夫，因为此人的姓氏比较特别。这个姓第一次投入他的眼帘就引起他的注意，使他不由得对这个姓的拥有者投以好奇的一瞥。此刻，他记起这个人还十分年轻，长着长长的鹰钩鼻、乱成一绺绺的亚麻色头发，体质极差，营养不良，上身穿着破旧不堪的文官制服，下面是一条破得不成体统的裤子。他记得，当时他曾有过一刹那的念头：是不是规定在节日给这个可怜虫十个卢布的补贴？但是，这个可怜虫的脸色十分阴沉，眼神又很不讨人喜欢，甚至令人厌恶，这使长官的善良意图自然地烟消云散，从而普谢耳多尼莫夫也就始终没有获得赏金。（倪亮 译）

The Press Secretary of the Mayor

Striding toward me was Ellen Farley, the mayor's press secretary. Farley was thirty-five, dark blond hair cropped close to her head, perfectly groomed as always. She had been a newscaster when she was younger, but had worked for the mayor's office for many years. Ellen Farley was smart, fast on her feet, and she had one of the great bodies, which as far as anyone knew she retained for her own exclusive use.

(Michael Crichton, *Rising Sun*)

市长的女新闻秘书

朝我大步走来的是市长的新闻秘书埃伦·法利。她三十五岁，深黄色的秀发剪得短短的，贴着脸庞，总是修饰得很漂亮。她年轻时当过新闻播音员，到市长办公室已经很多年了。她的动作潇洒、步履轻快、体态诱人。人人都知道她保持这种体态有她的特殊用处。（斯人 译）

A Beautiful Stenographer

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was

beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets, or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was gray and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peach-blow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

(O. Henry, *The Romance of a Busy Broker*)

俊俏的女速记员

那位妙龄女郎在马克斯韦尔身边当了一年的速记员，那副俊俏劲儿，绝不是一般速记员所具有的。她不愿采用那种诱惑人的邦巴杜尔发式，也不佩戴项链、镯子或是贵重的鸡心等。她丝毫没有准备应邀去赴午宴的神气。她的灰色的衣裙朴实无华，贴合她的身段，十分凝重；她头上雅洁的黑色无边女帽上簪着宝绿色羽毛。这天早上她神光焕发，但不免有点温柔和腼腆。她的眸子里含着梦一般晶莹的光波，双颊像仙桃般吐艳，欢乐的表情微带有追怀的神色。

(陈华　何晓蘩　译)

A Radar Controller

Keith was seated closest to the flatface, his lean, spindly figure hunched forward in a gray steel chair. His body was tense; his legs, hooked underneath the chair, were as rigid as the chair itself. He was concentrating, his face strained and gaunt, as it had been for months. The green reflection of the scope accentuated, eerily, deep hollows beneath his eyes. Anyone who knew Keith well, but had seen him for a year or so, would have been shocked both by his appearance and his change in manner. Once, he had exuded an amiable, relaxed good-nature; now, all signs of it were gone.

(Arthur Hailey, *Airport*)

雷达观察员

基思坐在最靠近这个扁平面的地方，他那颀长瘦细的个子坐在这张灰色钢椅上面，弯身向前。他的身躯直挺挺的，两腿盘在椅子下面，和椅子一样的硬绷绷。他全神贯注，形容憔悴，这已有好几个月了。在镜屏上的绿色反光下，他眼睛下面陷得很深的黑圈圈更为明显怕人。任何熟识基思而又有一年左右没有看见过他的人，看到他的这副样子和举止的变化准会大吃一惊。他

本来是个热情洋溢、从容不迫、随和的人；现在已经完全变了样。

（任家桢 方正平 译）

13. Officials 官员

A Rigid Old Governor

Governor Bellingham, in a loose gown and easy cap,—such as elderly gentlemen loved to endue themselves with, in their domestic privacy... The wide circumference of an elaborate ruff, beneath his gray beard, in the antiquated fashion of King James's reign, caused his head to look not a little like that of John the Baptist in a charger. The impression made by his aspect, so rigid and severe, and frost-bitten with more than autumnal age, was hardly in keeping with the appliances of worldly enjoyment wherewith he had evidently done his utmost to surround himself.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

老气横秋的总督

贝灵汉总督身穿一件宽大的长袍，头戴一顶上年纪的绅士居家独处时喜欢用的便帽……他的灰色胡须下面，围着詹姆斯国王统治期间那种老式的精致而宽大的环状皱领，使得他的脑袋颇有点像托盘中的洗礼者约翰的头颅。他外貌刻板威严，再加上垂暮之年的老气横秋，由此给人的印象，与他显然竭力使自己耽于世俗享乐的措施，二者很难协调起来。（胡允桓 译）

A Coarse Officer

Facing the window, in the chair of dignity, sat a man about forty years of age; of heavy frame, large features, and commanding voice; his general build being rather coarse than compact. He had a rich complexion, which verged on swarthiness, a flashing black eye, and dark, bushy brows and hair. When he indulged in an occasional loud laugh at some remark among the guests, his large mouth parted so far back as to show the rays of the chandelier a full score or more of the two-and-thirty sound white teeth that he obviously still could boast of.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

身材粗壮的官员

面对着窗户、坐在主位上的，是一个四十岁左右的男人；这人身材魁伟、仪貌堂堂、嗓音特别洪亮；他的整个躯体与其说是结实，不如说是粗壮。他有一

副近乎浅黑的、光泽的肤色,一对发亮的黑眼睛,黝黑的浓眉毛和头发。每逢客人谈了什么话,他放声大笑的时候,嘴裂得那么大,在吊灯的光辉下面,把三十二颗白牙齿,整整露出二十颗或许还更多,这口牙齿是他至今引以为自豪的。 (侍桁 淑勤 译)

A Perpetual Titular Councillor

And so, in a certain department there was a government clerk; a clerk of whom it cannot be said that he was very remarkable; he was short, somewhat marked, with rather reddish hair and rather dim, bleary eyes, with a small bald patch on the top of his head, with wrinkles on both sides of his cheeks and the sort of complexion which is usually associated with hemorrhoids... no help for that, it is the Petersburg climate. As for his grade in the service (for among us the grade is what must be put first), he was what is called a perpetual titular councillor, a class at which, as we all know, various writers who indulge in the praiseworthy habit of attacking those who cannot defend themselves jeer and jibe to their hearts' content. This clerk's surname was Bashmatchkin. From the very name it is clear that it must have been derived from a shoe (bashmak); but when and under what circumstances it was derived from a shoe, it is impossible to say. (Nikolai Gogol, *The Overcoat*)

终身九品文官

于是,在某一个司有某一个官员供过职;这个官员不能说是一个才貌出众的人物,而是矮矮的个子,脸上有几粒麻子,头发有点发红,看上去甚至眼睛也有点近视,脑门上秃了一小块,两颊布满了皱纹,而灰黄的脸色,叫人怀疑他患有痔疮……有什么法子呢!这应该归罪于彼得堡的气候。至于说到官衔(因为在我们这里必须首先报出官衔),他是个所谓的终身九品文官。众所周知,各种各样的作家都要将这种人拿来任意取笑和奚落。那些作家的一种值得称颂的癖好,就是欺侮那些不会咬人的人。这个官员姓巴什马奇金。只须看确这几个字,就知道此姓本是从鞋子变来的;但是在什么年份,什么时候,怎么会从鞋子变来的,就不得而知了。 (陈恩冬 译)

A Village Mayor with Dignity

All hats are quickly raised at the sight of him. His hair is turning gray, and he is dressed in gray. He wears a number of decorations, he has

a high forehead and an aquiline nose and, on the whole, his face does not lack a certain regularity; at first sight, in fact, it seems to combine the dignity of a village mayor with that kind of attractiveness which may still be found in a man of forty-eight or fifty. But soon the Parisian traveler is displeased by a certain air of self-satisfaction and smugness mingled with an impression of narrow-mindedness and lack of imagination. Finally one feels that this man's ability is limited to making sure that others pay their debts to him promptly and in full, and to postponing the payment of his debts as long as possible.

(Stendhal, *The Red and The Black*, trans. R. Prokofieva)

颇具尊严的小城市市长

一看到他,所有的人都连忙举帽致敬。他头发开始花白,穿着一身灰衣服。他是好几种勋章的获得者。高额头,鹰钩鼻,总之,他的脸上并不缺乏一定程度的端正;初看上去,甚至让人觉得,在他脸上同时具有小城市长的尊严和四十八岁到五十岁的男人还会有的那种魅力。但是从巴黎来的旅行者很快就会发现他有一种夹杂着几分智力狭窄和缺乏想像力的、自满和自得的神态,不由得产生了反感。最后还会感到这个人唯一的才能就是让欠他钱的人如期归还,而在他欠别人钱的时候却尽可能拖延还期。 (郝运 译)

Executive Committee Chairman

Nikalai Nikolayevich Lisitsyn, the Chairman of the Berezdov Executive Committee, was only twenty-four, but none of the members of his stuff and the local Party workers would have believed it. A big, strong man, stern and often formidable in appearance, he looked at least thirty-five. He had a powerful physique, a big head firmly planted on a thick neck, piercing brown eyes, and a strong, energetic jaw. He wore blue breeches and a grey tunic, somewhat the worse for wear, with the order of the Red Banner over the left breast pocket.

(Nikolai Otravsky, *How the Steel Was Tempered*, trans. R. Prokofieva)

执委会主席

别列兹多夫执委会主席尼古拉·尼古拉耶维奇·利锡增今年才二十四岁,可是他的同事和党内的同志都不知道这一点。他这个魁伟强健的人是非常严峻的,有时候甚至是可怕的,看样子他足有三十五岁。他的身体结实,在粗壮

的脖子上生着一个大脑袋，目光锐利而冷静，下颚的线条清晰有力。他穿着蓝马裤和"见过世面"的弗列奇式灰军服上衣，在胸口袋上挂着红旗勋章。

（黄柯南 译）

A Newly Created General

Only four months had passed since State Councillor Ivan Ilyitch Pralinski had begun to be addressed as "Your Excellency"; in fact he was a newly created General. And he was still young in years, about forty-three, certainly not more and looked and liked to look, younger. He was a handsome man, tall, and clothes-conscious; he had the proper knack of wearing a distinguished order round his neck. From childhood he had learned to adopt some habits of the fashionable world, and, as a bachelor, he dreamed of a rich bride, even a bride from high society. There were many other times he was great talker, and was far from stupid. At times he was great talker, and even liked to adopt the airs of a parliamentarian. He was of good family, the pampered son of a General, and at a tender age was clothed in velvet and fine linen; he had been educated in an aristocratic establishment, and although he had gained little learning therein he had succeeded in office and managed to rise to the rank of General.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *A Disgraceful Affair*, trans. Nora Gottlieb David, Magarshack and Constance Garnett)

青云直上的文职将军

四级文官伊凡·伊里奇·普拉林斯基被称为"大人"还是最近四个月的事，一句话，他是位年轻的文职将军。论年龄，他还年轻，不过四十三岁左右，决不会再大，从外表看，他显得更为年轻，这使他暗暗得意。他长得很英俊，身材挺高，喜欢炫耀自己的服装，为服装的讲究和优雅而自豪。他的胸前总是佩带着一枚引人注目的勋章，绶带十分平正地挂在脖子上。他从小就学会上流社会的某些气派，而且，迄今尚未结婚，梦想娶一位富家的女儿，甚至上流社会的小姐。他还有许多欲望，但决不是个傻瓜。有时候他说话滔滔不绝，甚至喜欢装出议员的姿态。他出身名门，是一位将军的儿子，自幼过着养尊处优的生活，小时候穿的是丝绒和上等细麻布衣服，在贵族学校里受教育；虽然他离校时没有多少学问，但在仕途上却一帆风顺，直至爬上文职将军的地位。（倪亮 译）

14. Gentlemen 绅士

A Thwarted Gentleman

His figure was enveloped in a riding cloak, fur collared and steel clasped; its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height, and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle age; perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

遭受挫折的绅士

他身上披着皮领钢扣的骑马披风;细节看不清楚,但是我揣摩得出总的特征:中等身材,胸膛宽阔。他的脸黑黑的,五官严厉,露出愁容;这时候他的眼睛和皱着的眉毛看上去好像愠怒和受了挫折。他已经不算青年,但还没到中年,大概有三十五岁光景。我对他不感到害怕,但有点儿羞怯。要是他是个漂亮英俊的年轻绅士,我就不敢这样站着违拗他的意志问他问题,不等请求硬要帮忙。

(祝庆英 译)

A Sober Gentleman

He saw that he was a man in his early forties with dark, piercing eyes, a pale complexion, a prominent nose, and a neatly trimmed black mustache. He wore a purple doublet and breeches, and laces of the same color, with no other ornament than the usual slashes through which his shirt appeared. His doublet and breeches, though new, were wrinkled, as if they had just been taken out of a trunk.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

庄重的绅士

他用骄矜的目光凝视着那个陌生人,看清楚了那人约摸四十到四十五岁年纪,黑眼珠,目光锐利,脸色苍白,鼻梁隆得很高,黑色的唇髭修剪得很整齐;身穿紫色的紧身短上衣和束膝短裤,就连饰带也是同一个颜色的,浑身上下除了衬衫衣袖上的那副袖衩,别无任何装饰。这身束膝短裤和紧身短上衣,虽说

都还很新，但是皱巴巴的，像是在旅行箱里放了很久的出门服装。

（周克希 译）

An Aged Gentleman

And, all on a sudden, it flashed across me that it was the Aga himself! For his clothes had an out-of-the-way foreign cut about them, and his face was deep brown, as if tanned and re-tanned by the sun. His complexion contrasted oddly with his plentiful snow-white hair, his eyes were dark and piercing, and he had an odd way of contracting them and puckering up his cheeks into innumerable wrinkles when he looked earnestly at objects. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

老年绅士

不知怎地，我脑海中倏地闪过一个念头——此人会不会是詹肯斯老爷！因为他的衣着式样带有异乡风味，他脸上的皮肤呈深棕色，似乎是长时间给太阳晒的。他的面色与满头白发适成奇异的对照，两眼乌黑发亮，目光炯炯有神，眼睛眯起来的样子十分古怪。当他仔细地观看商品时，他的双颊便会皱起无数条皱纹。

（徐新 顾明栋 译）

An Old Country Gentleman

He allowed his red whiskers to grow wherever nature had planted them, on his cheeks and under his chin. He wore thick shoes with nails in them, or natty round-toed boots, with tight trousers and a single strap. He affected the country gentleman in his appearance. His hat had a broad brim, and the ample pockets of his cut-away coat were never destitute of agricultural produce, samples of beans or corn, which he used to bite and chew even on 'change, or a whip-lash, or balls for horses: in fine, he was a good old country gentleman.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

老乡绅

他那红色的络腮胡子生到哪里就任它长到哪里，从脸腮直到下巴底下。他穿着厚底带钉子的鞋，也就是鞋洁的圆头浅靴子，窄裤子，单背带。他的打扮是一位乡绅的模样。他那顶帽子是宽边的，他那件对襟褂子的肥大口袋里老是装着农产品，不是豆荚就是谷穗的样子，他口里时常咬着嚼着，甚至于在交易所里也这样，否则就装着鞭子梢，或是给马吃的丸药：总之，他是一位很好

的老乡绅。 （王培德 译）

A Pale Young Gentleman

He was still a pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness, that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome, being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly, as in the days when my knuckles has taken such liberties with it, but it looked as if it would have sat more gracefully on him than on me may be a question, but I am conscious that he carried off his rather old clothes much better than I carried off my new suit.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

白面少年绅士

他依然是个白面少年绅士，虽然精神很好，兴致高，其实却是忍着疲劳，勉强撑持，显见得并不是天生的体魄壮健。脸蛋虽然长得并不美，却极其和颜悦色，胜过翩翩美少年。身段虽然也有点不大中看，还像当年挨我不客气的拳头时一样，不过看来似乎永远也不会改变那轻捷的少年体态。他（要是穿了特拉伯白裁缝做的乡下时装，译者注）会不会比我风度好些，我不敢说；可是我敢说，他穿着那身旧衣服，毕竟要比我穿着这身新衣服像样得多。（王科一 译）

A Model of Deportment

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and stepped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neckcloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg in a high-shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had everything but any touch of nature; he was not like

youth, he was not like age, he was not like anything in the world but a model of Deportment. (Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

风度的化身

他是一位肥胖的老绅士，脸部经过修饰，带着假牙、假胡子和假发。他的衣服有一条皮领子，胸部的地方垫得高高的，只要佩上一个勋章或一条绶带，那可就十全十美了。他把该收进去的地方都尽量收进去，该鼓起来的地方都尽量鼓起来，该垫高的地方都尽量垫高，该勒紧的地方，都尽量勒紧。他戴的是那样一个领饰（勒得他的眼睛鼓了起来，而且完全变了样），把他的下巴，甚至他的耳朵都裹在里面了；看样子，如果把它解开的话，他一定会矮了半截。他腋下夹着一顶又大又沉的帽子，从帽顶起，渐渐往下倾斜，一直斜到帽沿。他手里拿着一副白手套，耸着肩，弯着胳臂肘，撑着一条腿，以一种无与伦比的优美姿态站在那里，用那副手套拍打着帽子。他还有一根手杖、一个单眼镜、一个鼻烟盒、几个戒指、两个假袖口，他什么东西都有，可就是没有真实感；他既不像个青年人，也不像个老年人。他什么也不像，只是个风度的化身。

（黄邦杰　陈少衡　张自谋　译）

Mr. Darcy Whose Popularity Turned

His friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien—and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance of his having ten thousand a year. The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his large estate in Derbyshire could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

(Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

讨人嫌的达西先生

他的朋友达西先生身材魁梧，相貌英俊，气宇轩昂，很快就引起了整个舞厅的注目。他进来还不到五分钟，消息就传开了，说他每年有万镑收入。先生们断言他一表人材，有男子气概；太太小姐们宣称他比宾利先生英俊得多。差不多有半个晚上，大家都用羡慕的眼光盯着他，一直到后来他的举止引起了人

家的厌恶，又使他这阵走红急转直下，因为大家发现他傲慢自大，高人一等，难于接近，就算他在德比郡广有产业，也无法抵消他那副极其可畏可憎的面目；他同他的朋友简直无法相提并论。 （张玲 张扬 译）

"Fisher" in London Society

He was a largish gentleman, with a glistening bald head encircled by a crown of stiff black hair. The son of a highly improvident Irish gentleman, cast on the world with neither fortune nor profession, he had early discovered that an excellent baritone voice and a lucky ability at piquet could procure him a very satisfactory existence in London society with the expenditure of scarcely any of the revenues from his modest estate in Kerry. (Clare Darcy, *Georgina*)

伦敦上流社会的"混混"

他是位个头颇大的绅士，光亮的秃顶旁围着一圈又黑又硬的头发。他是一个穷奢极欲的爱尔兰绅士的儿子，来到这个世界上以后既不富有也无职业。他很早就发现，他那优美的男中音和牌场上的运气使他几乎不用花费他在克立郡的那笔不大的房地产业的收入，就得以在伦敦上流社会中立稳脚跟。

（董晶 译）

15. Aristocrats 贵族

A Stiff-Necked Nobleman

The first on whom the light fell was a nobleman superbly dressed in doublet and hose of scarlet striped with silver, and a cloak with padded shoulders in cloth of gold with patterns in black. This splendid costume, where the light played on it, seemed glazed with flame in every fold. The man wearing it bore his coat of arms embroidered on his chest in bright colours: a chevron accompanied in point by a deer passant. The escutcheon was supported on the right by an olive branch, on the left by a deer's horn. On his belt this man wore a costly dagger, with a silver-gilt handle chased in the shape of a helmet crest, surmounted by a count's coronet. He looked evil, haughty, and stiff-necked. At first glance one saw arrogance in his face, at the second, cunning.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

趾高气扬的老爷

烛光照着的第一个人衣着华丽，下身是紧身裤，上穿银色条纹的腥红半长

七衣，外罩黑花纹的金线呢半截袖外套。烛光摇映，这鲜艳的服装似乎每一道褶皱都反射着火焰。穿这样服装的老爷胸襟上用鲜明的颜色绣着他的纹章：一个山尖，顶上有一只奔鹿。盾牌的右侧有一支橄榄枝，左侧是一只鹿角。他腰带上挂着一把华丽的短刀，镀金的银刀柄刻镂成盔尖形，柄端是一顶伯爵冠冕。他面目可憎，神态傲慢，趾高气扬。头一眼看去，他脸上的表情是盛气凌人；第二眼，流露出诡诈。（管震湖 译）

A Lord with a Brilliant Look

...a noticeably handsome face, fresh-coloured, fair and frank, with firm, straight features, a lively grey eye and the rich adornment of a chestnut beard. This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant exceptional look. He was booted and spurred, as if he had dismounted from a long ride; he wore a white hat, which looked too large for him; he held his two hands behind him, and in one of them—a large, white, well-shaped fist—was crumpled a pair of soiled dog-skin gloves.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

容光焕发的勋爵

这是一张相当漂亮的脸，容貌清新秀丽，神态开朗，脸上的线条挺直有力，那对灰色眼睛充满生气，下巴颏上蓄有一簇浓密的栗色胡须。这人容光焕发，神采奕奕，流露出一种称心如意的优越感。他穿一双有踢马刺的长统靴，似乎经过长途跋涉，刚跳下马背。他戴着一顶白礼帽，帽子显得大了一些；他背抄着双手，一副肮脏的狗皮手套被揉成一团，攥在又大又白、形状美好的拳头里。（项星耀 译）

An Ugly Old Lord

The candles lighted up Lord Steyne's shining bald head, which was fringed with red hair. He had thick, bushy eyebrows, with little twinkling bloodshot eyes, surrounded by a thousand wrinkles. His jaw was underhung, and when he laughed, two white buck-teeth protruded themselves and glistened savagely in the midst of the grin. He had been dining with royal personages, and wore his garter and ribbon. A short man was his Lordship, broad-chested, and bow-legged, but proud of the fineness of his foot and ankle, and always caressing his garter-knee.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

又老又丑的勋爵

蜡烛光把斯丹恩勋爵的秃脑袋照得发亮，脑袋上还留着一圈红头发。他的眉毛又浓又粗，底下两只的溜骨碌的小眼睛，上面布满红丝，眼睛周围千缕万条的皱纹。他的下半张脸往外突出，张开口就看见两只雪白的暴牙。每逢他对人嬉皮扯脸一笑，那两个暴牙就直发亮，看上去很可怕。那天他刚在宫中领过宴，身上戴着勋章挂着绶带。勋爵大人是个矮个子，宽宽的胸脯，一双罗圈腿。他对于自己的细脚踝和小脚板非常得意，又不住地抚摸自己左膝盖底下的勋章。（杨必 译）

Lord Marchmain and His Wife

It's when one gets to the parents that a bottomless pit opens. My dear, such a pair. How does Lady Marchmain manage it? It is one of the questions of the age. You have seen her? Very, very beautiful; no artifice, her hair just turning grey in elegant silvery streaks, no rouge, very pale, huge-eyed—it is extraordinary how large those eyes look and how the lids are veined blue where anyone else would have touched them with a finger-tip of paint; pearls and a few great starlike jewels, heirlooms, in ancient settings, a voice as quiet as a prayer, and as powerful. And Lord Marchmain, well, a little fleshy perhaps, but very handsome, a magnifico, a voluptuary, Byronic, bored, infectiously slothful, not at all the sort of man you would expect to see easily put down. And that Reinhardt nun, my dear, has destroyed him—but utterly. He daren't show his great purple face anywhere.

（Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*）

马奇梅勋爵夫妇

当人们谈起父母时，那就深不可测罗，亲爱的，这样一对夫妇。马奇梅夫人是怎么办到的？这是个时代问题。你见过她吗？非常、非常美的；不打扮，她的头发刚刚出现几缕高雅的银丝，不涂胭脂，脸色苍白，大眼睛——让人惊奇的是那双眼睛，显得非常大，两个眼睑上布满了蓝色微血管，这在别人得用指尖沾上油彩才能涂成这种蓝色；戴着几颗珍珠和闪闪发光的大宝石，一些古代镶嵌的传家宝。她的声音像祷告一样轻，一样有力。而马奇梅勋爵呢，嗯，他也许稍微胖了点，但是很漂亮，一个威尼斯式的贵族，一个酒色之徒，一个拜伦式的人物，厌倦、富有感染力的懒散姿态，但决不是那种你看一眼就忘掉的人。亲爱的，那个莱茵哈特的修女毁了他——把他完全毁了 他的紫色大脸

臆不敢在任何地方露面。 （赵隆穰 译）

Lord Robert St. Simon

'Lord Robert St. Simon,' announced our page-boy, throwing open the door. A gentleman entered, with a pleasant, cultured face, high-nosed and pale, with something perhaps of petulance about the mouth, and with the steady, well-opened eye of a man whose pleasant lot it had ever been to command and to be obeyed. His manner was brisk, and yet his general appearance gave an undue impression of age, for he had a slight forward stoop, and a little bend of the knees as he walked. His hair, too, as he swept off his curly brimmed hat, was grizzled round the edges, and thin upon the top. As to his dress, it was careful to the verge of foppishness, with high collar, black frock-coat, white waistcoat, yellow gloves, patent-leather shoes, and light-coloured gaiters. He advanced slowly into the room, turning his head from left to right, and swinging in his right hand the cord which held his golden eye-glasses.

（Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Noble Bachelor*）

罗伯特·圣西蒙勋爵

"罗伯特·圣西蒙勋爵到！"我们的小僮仆推开房门报告说。一位绅士走过来。他相貌不凡，显得颇有教养。高高的鼻子，面色苍白，嘴角微露愠意，有着生来就有发号施令那类人所具有的一双神色镇静、睁得大大的眼睛。他举止敏捷，然而他整个外表却给人一种与年龄很不相称的印象。当他走路时，略有点弯腰驼背，还有点屈膝。头发也是如此，当他脱去那顶帽沿高高卷着的帽子时，只见头部周围一圈灰白的头发，头顶上的头发稀稀拉拉。至于他的穿着，那是考究得近于奢华：高高的硬领，黑色的大礼服，白背心，浅黄色的手套，漆皮鞋和浅色的绑腿。他慢慢地走进房内，眼睛从左边看到右边，右手晃动着系金丝眼镜的链子。 （毛文楚 周可 等译）

Princess Aged Thirty-Eight

The Princess was thirty-eight years old when her father died. And quite unchanged. She was still tiny, and like a dignified, scentless flower. Her soft brownish hair, almost the colour of beaver fur, was bobbed, and fluffed softly round her apple-blossom face, that was modelled with an arched nose like a proud old Florentine portrait. In her

voice, manner and bearing she was exceedingly still, like a flower that has blossomed in a shadowy place. And from her blue eyes looked out the Princess's eternal laconic challenge, that grew almost sardonic as the years passed. She was the Princess, and sardonically she looked out on a princeless world. (Charles Dickens, *The Princess*)

三十八岁的公主

公主三十八岁那年,她父亲去世了。可是她并没有发生什么变化,还是那么娇小,像一朵雍容华贵但却毫无香味的花朵。她那棕色的头发很像海狸毛,剪得短短的,柔软而蓬松,包在她那像苹果一样鲜艳的脸蛋儿周围,再加上她那鹰钩鼻子,她简直像古代佛罗伦萨画像上傲慢的人儿。她的嗓音、举止和风度依旧如故,像一朵在阴影处开着的花儿。她那湛蓝的眼睛带着一种永久性的挑战,这是显而易见的。随着岁月的流逝,这种挑战几乎变成了一种讥讽。她是公主,讥讽地观察着这没有王子的世界。 (刘东兵 译)

16. Emperors 帝王

A Very Meanly Turned-Out King

Behind the armchair on which sat, inelegantly doubled up, knees crossed, elbow on the table, a very meanly turned-out individual. Picture to yourself in fact, on this seat of rich Cordovan leather, two knock-knees, two skinny thighs shabbily dressed in black woollen knitted hose, a torso wrapped in a fustian cloak with a fur trimming showing more hide than hair; finally, to crown it all, a greasy old hat of the meanest black cloth with a circular band of lead figurines running round it. That, with a grimy skullcap which barely let a single hair show, was all that could be made out of the person seated. He kept his head bent so low on his chest that there was nothing to be seen of his face, covered in shadow, but for the tip of his nose, on which a ray of light fell and which must have been a long one. From his skinny, wrinkled hand one could guess that he was an old man. It was Louis XI.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

衣冠不整的国王

椅子上坐着的却是一个衣冠不整的人,身子很不雅观地佝偻着,翘起二郎腿,一只手肘搭在桌子上。读者不妨想象:在那豪华的羊皮椅面上,有两只弯曲的膝盖,两只瘦削的大腿穿着黑羊毛编织的显得寒酸的紧身裤,身躯卷裹着

绵丝绒大衣，皮里子看不见什么毛，只看见皮板；这样犹嫌不足，还来上一顶油腻破旧的劣质黑呢小帽，帽檐四周还套上一圈小铅人。再加上里面那肮脏的帽衬几乎不让一根头发丝露在外面，坐着的这个人的模样就齐全了。他把脑袋低垂到胸口，被阴影遮住的脸也就看不见别的，只看得见他的鼻子尖，有一线光正好照着，看来一定是长鼻子。从他那瘦削的尽是皱纹的手来看，可以猜出是个老头。这就是路易十一。（管震湖 译）

The Emperor of Lilliput

He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

小人国皇帝

他比臣子们大约高出我的一个手指甲盖，就只这一点已经令人肃然起敬。他的仪表威武英俊，有着奥地利人的嘴唇，鹰钩鼻子，棕黄色面皮。他面貌端庄，身躯四肢匀称，举止文雅，态度严谨。他已经度过了青春时代，现年二十八岁零九个月。他在位已经七年，在他的统治下国泰民安，一般说来也是所向无敌的。（张健 译）

Dirty Local Prince

He was a dirty, little, used-up old man with evil eyes and a weak mouth, who swallowed an opium pill every two hours, and in defiance of common decency wore his hair uncovered and falling in wild stringy locks about his wizened grimy face. (Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

龌龊的土王

他是个龌龊、短小、困顿不堪的老头子，一对阴险的眼睛，一张没有气力的嘴，每隔两点钟就吞一粒鸦片药丸，他不管通常的礼节，头上不戴帽子，一串一串散乱的头发垂在他那个皱瘪不洁的脸旁。（梁遇春 袁家骅 译）

Ghost-like Henry III.

First came Henry III., pale, almost bald—although he was at that time only thirty-five years old—his eyes sunk in their bluish circles, and his lips constantly trembling with nervous contractions. He entered, sombre, with eyes fixed, at once majestic and unsteady, strange in his appearance, strange in his bearing, a ghost more than a living person, a spectre more than a king... He was dressed in black, without jewels or orders; a single diamond shone in his cap, serving as a fastening to three short plumes. (Alexandre Dumas, *The Forty-Five*)

幽灵般的亨利三世

首先是国王亨利三世,脸色苍白,虽然当时他才三十五岁,头发却几乎秃光了;眼睛深深地陷在茶褐色的眼眶里,嘴唇由于神经质的痉挛而不停地颤抖着。

他进来时,神色阴郁,目光呆滞,在威严的同时又显得虚弱,衣着古怪,步态也古怪,与其说是活人还不如说是影子,与其说是国王,还不如说是幽灵……

亨利穿着一件黑底镶黑边的紧身短袄;没佩勋章,也不戴宝石;仅有一粒金刚钻在无檐小帽上闪烁着,扣着三根卷曲的短羽毛。

(郝运 周克希 朱角 译)

The King at Rest

The king! His women cleared a path for me, moving slowly from my way. and I saw him at the opposite end of the room, extended on a green sofa about ten feet in length, crescent-shaped, with heavy upholstery, deeply pocketed and bulging. On this luxurious article he was fully at rest, so that his well-developed athletic body, in knee-length purple drawers of a sort of silk crepe, seemed to float, and about his neck was wrapped a white scarf embroidered in gold. Matching slippers of white satin were on his feet. For all my worry and fever I felt admiration as I sized him up. Like myself, he was a big man, six feet or better by my estimate, and sumptuously at rest. Women attended to his every need. Now and then one wiped his face with a piece of flannel, and another stroked his chest, and one kept his pipe filled and lit and puffed at it for him to keep it going.

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

悠闲的国王

国王！他的那些妃子缓缓地给我让出了一条通道，我看见国王在房间的另一端，躺在一张长约十英尺的绿色月牙形大沙发上，沙发有厚厚的家具布面，坐垫高高鼓起。就在这张豪华的沙发上，他非常舒适地躺着，身穿一条长及膝盖的紫色绉绸内裤，使他那匀称而强壮的身体好像要飘起来似的。他颈上围了一条用金线刺绣的白色丝巾，脚上穿的是一双同丝巾相配的白缎拖鞋。我尽管心里在发愁，身体在发烧，但对他上下打量了一番以后，不由得对他感到钦佩。他和我一样，身材魁梧，估计约有六英尺或六英尺以上。他悠闲地休息着，有所需求都由女人来侍候。有一个女人不时地用一块柔软的法兰绒擦他的面颊，另一个轻拍他的胸部，还有一个专为他装烟斗，点火，还替他吸着烟斗，免得熄灭。（诸曼　译）

A Cruel and Sensual King

Then the gigantic figure slipped off the karross and stood up before us, a truly alarming spectacle. It was that of an enormous man with the most entirely repulsive countenance we had ever beheld. The lips were as thick as a Negro's, the nose was flat, it had but one gleaming black eye (for the other was represented by a hollow in the face), and its whole expression was cruel and sensual to a degree. From the large head rose a magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers, the body was clad in a shirt of shining chain armour, whilst round the waist and right knee was the usual garnish of white ox-tails. In the right hand was a huge spear. Round the neck was a stick torque of gold, and bound on to the forehead was a single and enormous uncut diamond.

Still there was silence; but not for long. Presently the figure, whom we rightly guessed to be the king, raised the great spear in its hand.

（H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*）

凶残放纵的国王

忽然，高大的人解下斗篷，站在我们面前，露出一副吓人的凶相。他那极端可憎的面部表情，实在是我见所未见。他的嘴唇像一般黑人那样厚，扁平的鼻子，一只独眼射出凶光，另一边脸上留下一个没有眼珠的空眼窝子。一眼就可以看出，这是一个残暴而放纵的人。在硕大的头上插着一些长长的白鸵鸟羽饰，身上穿着闪闪放光的锁子甲，腰间和右膝悬着普通的白牛尾饰。右手握长矛，颈上戴着一个很粗的金项圈，前额系有一块淡淡的、未经雕琢的钻石。

还是静悄悄的，但不很长。这时，那人举起手中的矛，我们立刻猜到他就是国王。（常政 曼真 译）

Napoleon

He heard hurried footsteps beyond the door, both halves of it were opened rapidly; all was silent and then from the study the sound was heard of other steps, firm and resolute, from they were those of Napoleon. He had just finished dressing for his ride, and wore a blue uniform opening in front over a white waistcoat, so long that it covered his rotund stomach, white leather breeches tightly fitting the fat thighs of his short legs, and Hessian boots. His short hair had evidently just been brushed, but one lock hung down in the middle of his broad forehead. His plump white neck stood out sharply above the black collar of his uniform, and he smelt of eaude-cologne. His full face, rather young-looking, with its prominent chin, wore a gracious and majestic expression of imperial welcome.

He entered briskly, with a jerk at every step and his head slightly thrown back. His whole short corpulent figure with broad thick shoulders, and chest and stomach involuntarily protruding, had that imposing and stately appearance one sees in men of forty who live in comfort. It was evident, too, that he was in the best of spirits that day.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Ivy and Tatiana Litvina)

拿破仑

他听见门外随后匆忙的脚步声，两扇门很快地敞开：大家都不出声了，随后从书房里传来另一种脚步声，稳定而坚决——这是拿破仑的脚步声。他刚穿好骑马的服装，在长得遮起他那圆球一般肚子的背心上面，穿着一件敞开前襟的蓝制服，下身穿的是紧紧地裹起他那两条短而粗的大腿的白皮短裤，黑森靴子。他的短头发显然刚梳过，但是有一缕垂在他那宽阔的前额的中央。他那雪白的胖脖子在他的制服的黑硬领上显得很突出，他身上发出香水的气味。他看起来颇年青的生着大下巴的胖脸上，呈现一种皇帝特有的和蔼而庄严的欢迎表情。

他匆匆地走来，每走一步就颤动一下，他的头略微向后仰着。他那又短又胖的生着宽而厚的肩头的整个身形，他那不由己地向前挺着的胸膛和肚子，具有我们从四十岁的生活舒服的人们身上所见到的那种显赫而威严的外表。他那一天的心情极好，这也是显然可见的。（董秋斯 译）

King of India

With Arcite, as we find in histories, came riding, like Mars, god of arms, the great Emetreus, king of India, upon a bay steed; its trappings were of steel and it was covered with cloth-of-gold patterned skillfully. His coat of arms was of cloth of Tartary, set with pearls that were white and smooth and large. His saddle was of burnished gold newly hammered; a short mantle hanging upon his shoulders was brimful of rubies, sparkling like fire. His curly hair was clustered in ringlets; it was yellow and glittered like the sun. His nose was highly arched, his eyes bright citron-colored, his lips rounded, his color sanguine. A few freckles were sprinkled in his face, mixed between yellow and something near black, and he cast his glance forth like a lion. I estimate his age to have been twenty-five. His beard had made a good beginning; his voice was like a trumpet thundering. Upon his head he wore a garland of green laurel, fresh and pleasant to the eye. Upon his hand he bore for his pleasure a tame falcon, white as a lily. He had a hundred lords there with him, all armed, except for their heads, in all their gear, very richly in all respects. For you can be sure that dukes, earls, and kings were gathered together in this noble company for love and for the glory of chivalry. There ran about this king on every side many a tame lion and leopard.

(Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*)

印度大王

同阿赛脱乘骑而来的有印度的大王伊末屈厄斯，就像战神马尔斯一样威风，骑着一匹栗色马，马饰是钢制的，披着菱形花纹的金饰。他的披挂上缀有纹章，是由鞑靼运来的中国丝绸所制，上面有珠宝，又白、又圆、又大。他的马鞍是用才磨光的金质铸成。两肩挂着一双短披，缀满了闪着火光的红宝石。卷发上的黄色发圈在日光中闪耀。他的鼻子高耸，两唇饱满，眼睛像香橼般鲜亮，面容显出健美的血色，散着几点黄黑色的雀斑；他向周围眺望，像狮子一样。他的年龄我算来应是二十五岁左右；他的胡须开始出现了，他的嗓子像号筒般吼鸣。头上戴的是绿桂花圈，新鲜美观；为了好耍，手上放着一只驯鹰，像铃兰一样洁白。他同来的百名皇族也都装束得堂皇富丽，只有头部装饰稍差，公侯君王都会集在他们的队伍里，相信我的话，他们为的是增进武士精神，加强人间的爱。这位君王的四周奔驰着许多驯狮驯豹。 (方重 译)

17. Clergymen, Priests and Monks 牧师、僧侣

A Restless Priest

He was young—perhaps from twenty-eight to thirty—tall, slender; his face riveted the eye; it was like a Greek face, very pure in outline; quite a straight, classic nose; quite an Athenian mouth and chin... His eyes were large and blue, with brown lashes; his high forehead, colourless as ivory, was partially streaked over by careless locks of fair hair.

This is a gentle delineation, is it not, reader? Yet he whom it describes scarcely impressed one with the idea of a gentle, a yielding, an impressible, or even of a placid nature. Quiescent as he now sat, there was something about his nostril, his mouth, his brow, which, to my perceptions, indicated elements within either restless, or hard, or eager.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

内心不安的牧师

他年轻——也许在二十八岁到三十岁之间——身材修长;他的脸能引人注目,像是希腊式的脸,轮廓完美,有一个十分挺直的、古典式的鼻子,一张雅典式的嘴和下巴……他的眼睛又大又蓝,有着褐色的睫毛;他那跟象牙一样洁白的高高的额头,有一部分被几绺散开的金发遮盖着。

读者啊,这是一个温柔的写生,是不是?然而,它所描绘的那个人,却并不使人觉得他有温柔、和顺、敏感或者恬静的性格。尽管他现在坐着一声不响,可是他的鼻孔、他的嘴、他的额头,都有一种东西,我感觉得到在表示出内心的不安、严厉和渴望的成分。 (祝庆英 译)

A Lost Minister

He was a person of very striking aspect, with a white, lofty, and impending brow, large, brown, melancholy eyes, and mouth which, unless when he forcibly compressed it, was apt to be tremulous, expressing both nervous sensibility and a vast power of self-restraint. Notwithstanding his high native gifts and scholar-like attainments, there was an air about this young minister,—an apprehensive, a startled, a half-frightened look,—as of a being who felt himself quite astray and at a loss in the pathway of human existence, and could only be at ease in some seclusion of his own.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

迷惘的牧师

他的外貌颇具魅力，有着高耸、白皙的额头和一双忧郁的褐色大眼。至于他的嘴唇，如果不是紧紧闭着，就会易于颤抖，表明了他既有神经质的敏感又有极大的自制力。尽管他有极高的天赋和学者般的造诣，这位年轻的牧师身上却流露出一种忧心忡忡和惊慌失措的神色，恰似一个人在人生道路上偏离了方向，颇有迷惘之感，只有把自己封闭起来才觉得安然。 （胡允桓 译）

A Gentleman-like Young Man

The master of the ceremonies introduced to her a very gentleman-like young man as a partner; his name was Tilney. He seemed to be about four or five-and-twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing countenance, a very intelligent and lively eye, and, if not quite handsome, was very near it... He talked with fluency and spirit, and there was an archness and pleasantry in his manner which interested, though it was hardly understood by her. （Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*）

绅士派头的年轻人

典礼官给她介绍了一位很有绅士派头的年轻人作舞伴。他姓蒂尔尼，约莫有二十四五岁的样子，身材高大，面孔和悦，两只眼睛炯炯有神，如果说还不十分漂亮，那也差不多……他口齿伶俐，谈笑风生，谈吐中带有几分调皮与诙谐，凯瑟琳虽然难以领会，但却很感兴趣。 （孙致礼 唐慧心 译）

A Cardinal with Elegant Manners

As soon as he was alone, the Cardinal glanced at himself in the mirror with an air of satisfaction. He was still comparatively young, for he was scarcely forty-six. He had a graceful figure, and was above the average height. His complexion was good, and his eyes sparkled with intelligence. His nose was large, but well shaped, and his brow wide and lofty. His hair was auburn and curling, and he wore a carefully trimmed beard. （Alexandre Dumas, *Twenty Years After*）

风度翩翩的红衣主教

红衣主教独自一人呆着，他很得意地对着一面镜子照着；他还年轻，因为他刚刚四十六岁，他身材比一般人矮些，但是相当优美；他的脸色红润漂亮，眼光炯炯有神，鼻子很大，可是长得非常匀称，前额宽大威严，褐色的短头发稍稍

有点卷曲，胡须要比头发黑一些，因为经常用钳子卷，所以始终是卷起来的，这就使他显得更有风度。 （傅辛 译）

The Rector and the Curate

From a rising-ground they presently saw, on the Whinbury-road, the Whinbury-school approaching: it numbered five hundreds souls. The Rector and Curate, Boultby and Donne, headed it: the former, looming large in full canonicals, walking, as became a beneficed priest, under the canopy of a shovel-hat, with the dignity of an ample corporation, the embellishment of the squarest and vastest of black coats, and the support of the stoutest if gold-headed canes. As the Doctor walked, he now and then slightly flourished his cane, and inclined his shovel-hat with a dogmatical wag towards his aide-de-camp. That aide-de-camp—Donne, to wit—narrow as the line of his shape was compared to the broad bulk of his principal, contrived, notwithstanding, to look every inch a curate: all about his was pragmatical and self-complacent, from his turned-up nose and elevated chin to his clerical black gaiters, his somewhat short, strapless trousers, and his square-toed shoes.

（Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*）

教区长和副牧师

她们在一块高地上顿即看到在惠因伯利大道上，惠因伯利学校的学生正在走来，人数有五百之多。教区长博尔特比和副牧师唐走在前头，教区长穿着全套法衣，庞然耸现，像个领圣俸的教士，顶着华盖似的宽边帽，神气十足，挺胸凸肚，身披最方最大的黑衣，手拄最粗的金柄手杖。博士一边走，一边不时地轻轻挥舞一下手杖，歪着他那宽边帽，煞有介事地对他的副手说话。那个副手——就是唐——尽管同他的长官那宽肩阔背的身躯一比，他细得像根线，还是千方百计装得像个道地的副牧师：他浑身上下，从他的那只朝天鼻，翘下巴到一身黑的牧师衣着，那条有点嫌短，不束皮带的裤子和那双方头皮鞋，都透着种独断专行、妄自尊大的神气。 （曹庸 译）

A Young Preacher

The preacher was standing about ten feet out in the stream where the water came up to his knees. He was a tall youth in khaki trousers that he had rolled up higher than the water. He had on a blue shirt and a red scarf

around his neck but no hat and his light-colored hair was cut sideburns that curved into the hollows of his cheeks. His face was all bone and red light reflected from the river. He looked as if he might have been nineteen years old. He was singing in a high twangy voice, above the singing on the bank, and he kept his hands behind him and his head tilted back.

He ended the hymn on a high note and stood silent, looking down at the water and shifting his feet in it. Then he looked up at the people on the bank. They stood close together, waiting; their faces were solemn but expectant and every eye was on him. He shifted his feet again.

(William Faulkner, *The River*)

青年牧师

牧师站在河中离岸约十英尺的地方,水深没膝。他是一个高个子青年,穿着卡其布长裤,裤腿卷起高过水面。他上身穿了一件蓝衬衫,颈上系了一条红巾,没有戴帽子,浅色的头发,卷曲的鬓角伸到两颊的陷窝里。皮包骨头的瘦脸上映着河水泛出的红光。他看上去大约十九岁。他的歌声高亢带着鼻音,盖过了河边唱歌的人。他双手放在身后,头向后仰着。

他用一个高音符结束了歌唱。然后默默地俯视着河水,两只脚在水中移动着位置。接着他抬头看河边的人群。他们紧挨着站在那里等待,脸上显露出庄重而期待的神色。每一双眼睛都看着他。他再次移动着两脚的位置。

(贺哈定 译)

A Monk

There was a Monk—a splendid sort; an inspector of his monastery's estates, who loved venery; a manly man, capable of being an abbot. ... His head was bald and shone like glass, and his face did, too, as if he had been anointed. He was a fine fat lord, in splendid shape; his protruding eyes rolled in his head and glowed like a furnace under a pot; his boots were supple, his horse well-groomed: now certainly he was a handsome prelate. (Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*)

修道僧

此外有一个修道僧,身材魁梧,是乡间一个善骑的人,最爱打猎,煞有丈夫气概,当得起一个僧院院长。……他的秃头光亮如镜;脸上也是一样,似乎擦了油一般。他是一位肥胖而漂亮的人物。两只眼睛在额头上打转,射出火光,像锅炉一样。鞋靴是细软的,他的马也是十足的傲态。他的确是一位不平凡

的僧侣。 （方重 译）

18. Followers of Religions 教徒

A Community Member

She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy lisse crape-cap, made after the straight Quaker pattern,—the plain, white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom,—the drab shawl and dress,—showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except peace on earth, good will to men, and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

教友会信徒

她也许有五十五岁，也许有六十岁。可是，她有那么一张面孔：岁月在它上面轻轻拂过，只是使它显得更有光彩、更美丽。头上那顶雪白的、丝带镶边的绉纱帽子，是按地道的教友会样式做的；从她那方折得平平整整地别在胸前的素净的白洋布手绢以及淡褐色的披肩和服装，一望便知她是教友会信徒。她有一张红润、健康而温柔的圆脸，令人联想起一只熟透了的蜜桃；她的头发光溜溜地朝后分梳着，由于年事关系，已经银丝斑斑了；头发下面是高而安详的前额，岁月在那上面没有留下任何痕迹，只写下了"大地平安、与人为善"等字样；额头下面闪烁着一双明亮、诚挚而慈祥的棕色大眼睛。你只要仔细观察一下那双眼睛，就会觉得你已经清清楚楚地看到一颗最善良、最真诚的女人的心。 （黄继忠 译）

A Female Methodist

It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting between smooth locks of pale reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two, above the

brow, by a net Quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same colour as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of colour on their pure petals. (George Eliot, *Adam Bede*)

女卫理公会教徒

是这样一张小小的椭圆形的脸:皮肤的白色均匀光亮;面颊和下颌构成一个蛋形线条;丰满而坚定的嘴;纤巧的鼻孔;低而垂直的额头隆起在两股对分的光滑的淡红色发绺之间。头发向后梳到耳朵背后,除了额上一两吋的地方而外,都给一顶教友派式的网状帽子盖住了。眉毛同头发一样的颜色,平平的,用铅笔浓浓地描画过。睫毛的颜色虽然并不比眉毛黑,却又长又多。整个脸型,线条分明,完美无缺。 (张毕来 译)

A Beautiful Catholic

Her beauty was of the kind which lasts, consisting rather in the expression than the features; besides, hers was still in its first brilliancy. She had a caressing and tender air, a gentle look, an angelic smile, a mouth like my own, ashen-grey hair of rare beauty, which she wore in a careless fashion, which gave her a very piquant appearance. She was small of stature, even short—somewhat dumpy, although not disagreeably so; but a more beautiful head and bosom, more beautiful hands and arms, could not have been seen. (Jean Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*)

美丽的天主教徒

她的美不在五官上,而是在风姿上,因此属于经久不衰的那种,至今仍保留着当初少女的风采。她的态度亲切妩媚,看上去很温柔,而带天使般的笑容,嘴和我的差不多,灰白头发,虽然是随便一梳,却有一种罕见的美,给他增添了不少风韵。她身材不高,甚至有些矮小,致使她的体态稍嫌矮胖,虽然没有什么不相称的地方,但是,世上很少有更美的头部、胸部、手和胳膊。

(洁岩 译)

A Pious Catholic

Her knees cling together under sound blue serge, and her round white collar is not purposely nun-like. She wears the uniform of an idea, and has renounced vanities. She was born Roman Catholic, and in spite of her fear

of being seen by someone who might make a scandal of it, she slips now and again into some crumbling little church, kneels on the chilly stone, and says a Hail Mary on the gold rosary she bought in Tehuantepec. It is no good and she ends by examining the altar with its tinsel flowers and ragged brocades, and feels tender about the battered doll-shape of some male saint whose white, lace-trimmed drawers hang limply around his ankles below the hieratic dignity of his velvet robe. She has encased herself in a set of principles derived from her early training, leaving no detail of gesture or of personal taste untouched, and for this reason she will not wear lace made on machines. This is her private heresy, for in her special group the machine is scared, and will be the salvation of the workers. She loves fine lace, and there is a tiny edge of fluted cobweb on this collar, which is one of twenty precisely alike, folded in blue tissue paper in the upper drawer of her clothes chest.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *Flowering Judas*)

虔诚的教徒

她裹在坚实的蓝哔叽底下的膝盖并得很紧，她的白圆领并不是故意裁得像修女的衣领的。她因为有一个信念才穿这身好像是制服的服装，而且已经抛弃了一切虚荣。她生在一个信仰天主教的家庭里，尽管她害怕被人看见到教堂里去，那可能引起流言蜚语，她还是一再不由自主地悄悄地溜进一座快要倒坍的小教堂，跪在冰冷的石头上，瞧着她在特旺特佩克买的那本金色的《玫瑰经》，念一段"万福马利亚"。这没有用，临了，她细细欣赏起来，什么圣坛啊、圣坛上的金银箔花朵了和破旧的锦缎啊，还对一个像破损的玩具娃娃那样的男圣徒感到亲切呢；在他那件神圣、庄严的紫袍底下，抽纱花边的白内裤软绵绵地贴在他的脚踝子上。她已经把自己束缚在从早年的训练中得到的那一套条条框框里，每一个细微的动作，或者说每一种细微的个人爱好无不受到影响，因为这个理由，她不用机器织造的花边。这是她暗地里违反革命原则的行为，因为在她那一伙亲密的人中间，机器是神圣的，将会使工人得到拯救。她喜爱精致的花边，就在她这个衣领上有一道像蝉翼一样薄的细花边，她的衣柜上面的抽屉里，蓝纱纸包着二十来条几乎跟这一模一样的领子。（鹿金 译）

A Tribal Christian

He was in his late thirties, he told me, but looked much older because of premature wrinkles. His skin did not fit tightly. This happens to many black men of certain breeds and they say it has something to do

with the distribution of the fat on the body. He had a bush of dusty hair which he tried sometimes, but vainly, to smooth flat. It was unbrushable and spread out at the sides of his head like a dwarf pine. Old tribal scars were cut into his cheeks and his ears had been mutilated to look like hackles so that the points stuck into his hair. His nose was fine-looking and Abyssinian, not flat. The scars and mutilations showed that he had been born a pagan, but somewhere along the way he had been converted, and now he said his prayers every evening. On his knees, he pressed his purple hands together under his chin, which receded, and with his lips pushed forward and the powerful though short muscles jumping under the skin of his arms, he'd pray. He fetched up deep sounds from his chest; like confiding groans of his soul.

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

土人基督徒

他告诉我,他快四十岁了,但他脸上那些过早出现的皱纹,使他显得苍老。他的皮肤已经松弛了下来。某些种族的许多黑人都是这样,据说这与体内的脂肪分布有关。他的头发蓬蓬松松,而且很脏。有时他竭力想把乱发捋平,可是徒劳无益。这一头乱发根本梳不开,从两鬓伸展开来,活像一棵矮松树。他面颊上有早年刻上的部落的纹样,两只耳朵被割成锯齿形,尖端插进头发里。他的鼻子挺好看,是阿比西尼亚型,并不是扁的。纹样和残缺的耳朵说明他生来就是个异教徒,后来在某年某月皈依了基督教,现在他每晚都做祷告。他祷告时总是跪在地上,把赤褐色的双手合十,撑住了下巴,下巴缩进去,嘴唇撅出来,双臂上强有力而却很短的肌肉在上下抖动着。他胸中发出深沉的声音,像是心灵在呻吟。

(王书清　罗晓凤　译)

Pious Granny and Absent-Minded Grandson

In the home Granny maintained a hard religious regime. There were prayers at sunup and sundown, at the breakfast table and dinner table, followed by a Bible verse from each member of the family. And it was presumed that I prayed before I got into bed at night. I shirked as many of the weekday church services as possible, giving as my excuse that I had to study; of course, nobody believed me, but my lies were accepted because nobody wanted to risk a row. The daily prayers were a torment and my knees became sore from kneeling so long and often. Finally, I devised a method of kneeling that was not really kneeling; I learned, through

arduous repetition, how to balance myself on the toes of my shoes and rest my head against a wall in some convenient corner. Nobody, except God, was any the wiser, and I did not think that He cared.

(Richard Wright, *Black Boy*)

虔诚的外婆和不专心的外孙

在家里,外婆坚持按照严格的宗教章程办事。日出、日落、午餐、晚餐时都要做祷告,接下来家中每个人要轮流念一节《圣经》。而我是被指定在晚上临睡前做祷告的。在星期天的日子里,我总要以学习为借口,尽量逃避到教堂去做礼拜;当然,谁也不会相信我,不过,我的谎言还是被接受了,因为谁也不想冒吵架的风险。每天的祈祷真够呛,由于常常要跪,时间又很长,我的膝盖都疼了。最后,我终于想出了一种似跪非跪的办法:通过艰苦的练习,我学会踮着鞋尖保持平衡,把头靠在近处的墙角上。这一着除了上帝以外谁也不了解,我想上帝对此是不会介意的。 (程超凡 黄冈 译)

19. Merchants 商人

A Mean Man Elbowing His Way Upward

He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, common-place features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors, attached to it,—which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

投机钻营的小人

此人矮矮胖胖,其貌不扬,却老爱摆出一副神气活现的臭架子:一望而知,是那种在社会上极力钻营的小人。他的衣着过分考究:上身穿一件俗不可耐的背心,脖子里围一条蓝底黄点子、十分耀眼的围巾,再配上一根花花绿绿的领带;这副打扮跟他这个人的派头倒是十分相称。两只手又粗又大,手指上戴着好几枚戒指;身上还佩带着一根颇有分量的金表链,表链下面系着一串五光十色、大得惊人的图章;每逢谈话谈得起劲的时候,他总喜欢把表链挥动得叮

当作响，显出一副怡然自得的神气。 （黄继忠 译）

A Merchant with Learned Appearance

The gentle light of a simple unwearied, as it were, and intelligent good-nature illumined his long hairless face. It had deep downward folds, and was pale as of a man who had always led a sadentary life—which was indeed very far from being the case. His hair was thin, and brushed back from a massive and lofty forehead. One fancied that at twenty he must have looked very much like what he was now at threescore. It was a student's face; only the eyebrows nearly all white, thick and bushy, together with the resolute searching glance that came from under them, were not in accord with his, I may say, learned appearance.

(Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

学者相貌的商人

他那个秃发的长脸好像有个单纯的、聪明的、仿佛是不倦的好意的光明照着。他脸上的皮肉下垂，有深刻的皱纹，颜色灰白，好比一个老过静坐生活的人——其实他绝不是那样。他头发很稀少，从高起庞大的额头往后梳去。人们想他二十岁一定就很像现在六十岁的样子了。他的脸是个学生脸；只有那对几乎全白了的浓密眉毛同眉毛下面发出来的坚决精明的眼神跟他这个，我可以说，学者的相貌不大相称。 （梁遇春 袁家骅 译）

A Speculator

...who was fat and forty, a very model of sartorial excellence, and, at the moment, because of nervousness, wet with perspiration. He was a flabby, waxlike man, with black, acquisitive eyes, below which a small, pointed nose stuck out, and below that a soft, puffy mouth. He was forever dreaming of some speculative coup which would make him a multimillionaire, and a well-known figure at first nights at the theater, polo games, dog shows, and other society functions.

(Theodore Dreiser, *The Stoic*)

投机商

他是个肥胖的人，四十岁的年纪，穿了一身非常讲究的西服；现在他由于心神不宁，浑身发着虚汗。他是一个没有什么生气的人，像个蜡人，生着一双黝黑的、贪婪的眼睛，下面突出一只细小而尖削的鼻子，再下面是一张软绵绵

的、厚厚的嘴巴。他永远在幻想着一次成功的投机，可以把他变成大富翁，在剧院、马球场、跑狗场以及其他社交界的初次演出中，做个有名人物。

（余杰　诸葛霖　译）

A Businessman with Outward Confidence

It was Edmundson. He was fat, frog-like, wore glasses, and from the outside looked a typical successful businessman. But his accent, Williams noticed, had clearly originally been working-class. The man was not altogether sure of himself but was—perhaps because of this—outwardly confident and decided.　　(John Wain, *A Visit at Tea Time*)

表面自信的商人

这是埃德蒙德森。他身材肥胖，暴突眼，戴一副眼镜，外表看上去俨然是个财运亨通的商人。但威廉斯注意到，他的语气，清楚地表明他原先属于工人阶级。这个人并不完全自信，但是——也许正因为这点——表面上显得自负而坚定。　　（王逢振　译）

A Strange-Looking Tradesman

Trade was Mr. Moore's hereditary calling.

...

He is what you would probably call, at first view, rather a strange-looking man; for he is thin, dark, sallow; very foreign of aspect, with shadowy hair carelessly streaking his forehead: it appears that he spends but little time at his toilette, or he would arrange it with more taste. He seems unconscious that his features are fine, that they have a southern symmetry, clearness, regularity in their chiseling; nor does a spectator become aware of this advantage till he has examined him well, for an anxious countenance, and a hollow, somewhat haggard, outline of face disturb the idea of beauty with suggestive, whether truly or delusively, of a considerate, perhaps a kind nature with one of care. His eyes are large, and grave, and gray; their expression is intent and meditative, rather searching than soft, rather thoughtful than genial. When he parts his lips in a smile, his physiognomy is agreeable: not that it is frank or cheerful even then, but you feel the influence of a certain sedate charm.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

模样儿古怪的生意人

做生意是穆尔先生的祖传职业。

……

他是那种让你初眼一看也许会认为是个模样儿有点古怪的人，因为他长得又瘦又黑，血色不好，完全是个异邦人的相貌。一抹荫影似的头发，随便地披在前额上，仿佛他根本没有时间进行修饰，要不然，准会梳理得更有气派。他好像没有意识到自己的相貌长得还不错，也没有意识到他的相貌有南方人的匀称、清秀和端正的轮廓，不过，一个旁观者也得对他仔细端详一番才能发现这种特点，因为那种忧心忡忡的脸色和一张凹陷而有点儿憔悴的脸，难免要使细心人一下子看不出什么美来。他的眼睛是灰色的，又大又有威严，透着种专心一意。沉思冥想的神气，与其说是和蔼、亲切，不如说是锐利而有深谋远虑。当他张开嘴来，露出笑容的时候，那副尊容倒是很随和的。不过，即使如此，那副尊容也并不是率直或者愉快的，只是叫人觉得多少有种庄严的魅力。

（曹庸　译）

A British Tradesman

Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy grey shepherds' check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top-hat, and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

（Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Red-Headed League*）

英国商人

这个客人从外表的特征看，是一个很普通的英国商人，肥肥胖胖，样子浮夸，动作迟钝。他穿着一条松松垮垮的灰格子裤，一件印迹斑斑的燕尾服，前面的扣子没有扣上，里面穿着一件深褐色背心，背心上面系有一条艾尔伯特式的粗铜链，还有一小块中间嵌着一个方形窟窿的条形金属装饰品，来回不停地晃动着。在他旁边的椅子上，一顶破旧不堪的礼帽和一件褪了色的灰色大衣静静地放在那里，大衣的线绒领子也已经有皱摺了。我看这个人，总的来说，除了长着一头火红色的头发、表情非常恼怒和不满以外，再也没有什么别的与

众不同的地方。 （岳文楚 周可 等译）

A Millionaire

Sharp at the hour we heard a heavy step upon the stairs, and the famous millionaire was shown into the room. As I looked upon him I understood not only the fears and dislike of his manager but also the execrations which so many business rivals have heaped upon his head. If I were a sculptor and desired to idealize the successful man of affairs, iron of nerve and leathery of conscience, I should choose Mr. Neil Gibson as my model. His tall, gaunt, craggy figure had a suggestion of hunger and rapacity. An Abraham Lincoln keyed to base uses instead of high ones would give some idea of the man. His face might have been chiselled in granite, hard-set, craggy, remorseless, with deep lines upon it, the scars of many a crisis. Cold gray eyes, looking shrewdly out from under bristling brows surveyed us each in turn. He bowed in perfunctory fashion as Holmes mentioned my name, and then with a masterful air of possession he drew a chair up to my companion and seated himself with his bony knees almost touching him.

（Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Problem of Thor Bridge*）

百万富翁

整 11 点，我们听见楼梯上沉重的脚步响，这位名噪一时的百万富翁被引进屋来。一见之下，我不但理解了他的经理对他的恐怖和憎恶，而且明白了他的无数企业对手对他的诅咒。如果我是一个雕塑家，想塑造一个典型的成功企业家，一个具有钢铁意志和冷石心肠的人物，那我一定选择奈尔·吉布森先生做我的模特儿。他那高大瘦削、嶙峋如石的身影，给人一种贪婪之感。把亚伯拉罕·林肯之像的高贵之处用卑下来替换，则有几分像他了。他的脸似乎是用花岗石雕成的，表现出生平的危难。他那冰冷的灰眼睛，精明地在浓眉下面闪亮，来回地睃视着我们俩人。当福尔摩斯介绍我的名字时，他微微鞠躬之状，然后以威严镇静的神色，拉过一把椅子，直对着我的朋友并膝而坐。

（岳文楚 周可 等译）

A Failed Building Contractor

D. O. Guerrero was a gaunt, spindly man, slightly stoop-shouldered, with a sallow face and protruding, narrow jaw. He had deep-set eyes, pale

thin lips, and a slight sandy mustache. His neck was scrawny, with a prominent Adam's apple. His hairline was receding. He had nervous hands, and his figures were seldom still. He smoked constantly, usually lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of the last. At the moment he needed a shave and a clean shirt, and was perspiring, even though the room in which he had locked himself was cold. His age was fifty, he looked several years older. (Arthur Hailey, *Airport*)

失败的建筑承包商

D·O·格雷罗是个瘦削的细长个子，双肩微溜，面有菜色，突出的尖下巴，眼睛深凹，薄薄的嘴唇，全无血色，胡髭稍带茶色。细脖子，大喉结。头发往后秃。双手有点发抖，手指难得是稳定的。他老抽烟，经常一支接一支，用一个烟头点上另外一支。目前，他需要刮一下脸，换件干净衬衫。虽然他把自己锁在里面的那间屋子是冰冷的，身上却在出汗，他今年五十岁，但看上去要老得多。 （任家桢 方正平 译）

20. Bosses and Managers 老板、经理

An Employer Skillful in Making Money

George Carter was a brisk, not very tall man, but sturdy, with a high colour, who with increasing prosperity had put on weight. He was more than rather bald and he had a bristle of grey moustache. Like many another employer who had risen from the working class he was a slave-driver and he got as much work out of his assistants for as little money as was possible. He had an eye for every thing and he wouldn't put up with any nonsense, but he was reasonable and even kindly, so that they did not dislike him. (W. Somerset Maugham, *Episode*)

生财有道的店主

乔治·卡特先生是个矫健的人，个子虽不太高，但却结实，气色很好。由于生意兴隆，事事亨通，他的身体也发福了。他的头顶已几乎全秃，嘴边蓄着灰色的胡子。如同其他从下层社会爬上来的暴发户一样，他也是自己店里的严厉监工，千方百计地让店员多干活少拿钱。他有深刻的洞察力，容不得半点儿荒唐言行。但他处事也通情达理，态度和蔼，因此店员们并不讨厌他。

（刘宪之 译）

A Hot-Tempered Wine-Shop Keeper

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of

thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow path with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

脾气火辣的酒店老板

酒店老板，三十岁，脖子粗壮，一副雄赳赳的样子，他应该有火辣辣的脾气，因为，天气虽然很冷，他却没有穿上衣，而是把上衣搭在肩上。他的衬衫袖子也卷了起来，那双棕色胳膊裸露到肘部。头上什么也没戴，不过一头卷曲的黑短发。他的肤色完全是黝黑的，一双漂亮的眼睛，两眼间隔颇大。总的看来，那样子显得和气，但不宽容；他显然是一个刚强、坚决的人；如果我们匆匆走过架在深渊上的独木桥时，是不愿遇上这样的人的，因为无法使他回头。

（石永礼　赵文娟　译）

A Young Ore Owner

Her son was of a fair, sun-tanned type, rather above middle height, well-made, and almost exaggeratedly well-dressed... In his clear northern flesh and his fair hair was a glisten like sunshine refracted through crystals of ice. And he looked so new, unbroached, pure as an arctic thing. Perhaps he was thirty years old, perhaps more. His gleaming beauty, maleness, like a young, good-humoured, smiling wolf, did not blind her to the significant, sinister stillness in his bearing, the lurking danger of his unsubdued temper.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

年轻的矿主

儿子长得很美，中等个偏高，身材匀称，被太阳晒得黑黑的，衣着有点过分讲究……他的线条分明的北方人的躯体和一头金发，像是阳光在一闪之间照亮了透明的冰层。他可能有三十岁，也许还要大些。他有着光彩夺目的美和男子汉气概，如同一条笑口常开、好脾气的年轻的狼；可这些并没能迷惑住古德伦的判断力。她注意到他那种意味深长的不祥的沉默，还有那奔放不羁的

脾气的潜在危险。 （梁一三 译）

A Farmer with Peculiar Character

His square-framed perpendicularity showed more fully now than in the crowd and bustle of the markethouse. In this meditative walk his foot met the floor with heel and toe simultaneously, and his fine reddish-fleshed face was bent downwards just enough to render obscure the still mouth and the well-rounded though rather prominent and broad chin. A few clear and thread-like horizontal lines were the only interruption to the otherwise smooth surface of his large forehead.

The phases of Boldwood's life were ordinary enough, but his was not an ordinary nature. . . Stagnant or rapid, it was never slow. He was always hit mortally, or he was missed.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

极具个性的农场主

现在，他那宽厚而结实的身材比在那熙攘、喧闹的交易棚中显得更加挺直。在这样沉思踱步的时候，他的脚跟和脚趾同时落在地面上，他那清秀而微红的脸低垂着，使人看不清他那一动不动的嘴，和那颇为突出、宽阔但却十分浑圆的下巴。只有几条清晰的、像细线般的横纹破坏了他那宽额的平滑。

博尔德伍德的生活的各个方面都是相当平淡无奇的，但是他的天性却非同一般……不是死水一潭，便是万马奔腾，决不会老牛拉破车。他总是要么就被致命地击中，要么就根本不沾边。 （陈亦君 曾胡 译）

A Fat Skipper

His skipper had come up noiselessly, in pyjamas and with his sleeping-jacket flung wide open. Red of face, only half awake, the left eye partly closed, the right staring stupid and glassy, he hung his big head over the chart and scratched his ribs sleepily. There was something obscene in the sight of his naked flesh. His bared breast glistened soft and greasy as though he had sweated out his fat in his sleep.

(Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

肥胖的船主

他的船主穿着睡衣，不声不响地走上来，上面的短衫敞开着，露出了胸膛。他脸色红红的，还未十分清醒，左眼半闭着，右眼圆睁着，可是迟钝无光。他垂

着大头颅，对着地图，半睡半醒地搔他的肋骨。他那露出的肉体带一点儿淫猥的气味；光溜溜的胸膛闪着亮光，软绵绵的、油腻腻的样子，好像在睡梦里他的脂肪都流出来了。（梁遇春　袁家骅　译）

A Menagerie Manager

Yak Pedersen was the tamer and menagerie manager, a tall, blond, angular man about thirty-five, of dissolute and savage blood himself, with the very ample kind of mustache that bald men often develop; yes, bald, intemperate, lewd, and an interminable smoker of Cuban cigarettes, which seemed constantly to threaten a conflagration in that mustache.

（A. E. Coppard, *The Tiger*）

巡回动物园经理

耶克·彼德逊是个驯兽员，也是巡回动物园的经理。他三十五岁上下，高高的个子，白皮肤、金发，一副瘦骨嶙峋的模样。他生活放荡不羁，性格野蛮残暴，嘴唇上面有着秃顶的人们通常所蓄的那种浓密的胡髭；是啊，他脑袋光秃秃的，平日里狂食滥饮，是个下流之徒。他抽起古巴卷烟来，会一支接着一支地不肯罢休，这总让人觉得他那浓密的胡髭顷刻之间就会熊熊燃烧起来。

（朱乃长　译）

An Athletic Manager

A spectator would have seen a gray-suited, lithe, athletic man, a year or two past forty, tall, with broad shoulders and a squarish head thrust forward, as if urging the rest of the body on. Nowadays, Adam Trenton dressed more conservatively than he used to, but still looked fashionable, with a touch of flashiness. His facial features were clean-cut and alert, with intense blue eyes and a straight, firm mouth, the last tempered by a joint of humor and a strong impression, when he talked, with a blunt directness which sometimes threw others off balance—a tactic he had learned to use deliberately. His manner of walking was confident, a no-nonsense stride suggesting a man who knew where he was going.

（Arthur Hailey, *Wheels*）

强壮的汽车行经理

只见这个灵活、强壮、一身灰色衣服的人，年纪四十一二，个子颀长，肩膀宽阔，方方的脑袋向前冲着，仿佛要拉着身体往前进似的。如今，亚当·特伦顿

的衣着比过去保守一些，但是看上去还很时髦，有点花里胡哨。他五官端正，眉眼传神，长着一对蔚蓝色的眼睛，一张透着为人果决的直线似的嘴，嘴上还带着点逗人劲儿，总的说来，给人一种坦白老实的强烈印象。这种印象之正确，从他说话时也可看出，他就是直言不讳，有时直得叫人招架不住——这是他学来存心一用的策略。他走路的姿态显出他信心十足，是种一本正经的阔步，暗暗道出此人胸有成竹。（朱雯　李金波　译）

A Banker with Graceful Bearing

Ben Rosselli stood there, smiling slightly, as his eyes passed over the group. As always, his appearance seemed to strike a median point between a benevolent father figure and the strong solidity of one to whom thousands of fellow citizens entrusted money for safekeeping. He looked both parts, and dressed them: in statesman-banker black, with the inevitable vest, across its front a thin gold chain and fob. And it was striking how closely this man resembled the first Rosselli—Giovanni—who had founded the bank in the basement of a grocery store a century ago. It was Giovanni's patrician head, with flowing silver hair and full mustache, which the bank reproduced on passbooks and travellers checks as a symbol of probity, and whose bust adorned Rosselli Plaza down below.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Money Changers*)

颇有风度的银行总裁

班·罗塞利站在门口，带着隐约的笑容向众人扫了一眼。同平时一样，罗塞利一出场就给人一种既像面对一个忠厚长者，又像面对社会百姓相托的一位殷实巨贾的感觉。他看上去确实两种形象兼而有之，穿着也符合双重身份：一身政治家兼银行家通常穿的黑礼服，里边是这等打扮中必不可少的一件背心，背心正面挂着一条细金表链。一眼就看得出来，他同罗塞利一世——那位一个世纪前在一家杂货铺子地下室里开办银行的乔万尼——面貌十分相似。乔万尼那飘拂的银发加美髯的贵族式头像已经印在存折和旅行支票上。作为信用笃实的一种象征，在大楼下面的罗塞利广场上还为他建造了一座半身像。

（陆谷孙　张增健　翟象俊　译）

A Common-Looking Manager

My first interview with the manager was curious. He did not ask me to sit down after my twenty-mile walk that morning. He was commonplace

in complexion, in feature, in manners, and in voice. He was of middle size and of ordinary build. His eyes, of the usual blue, were perhaps remarkably cold, and he certainly could make his glance fall on one as trenchant and heavy as an axe. But even at these times the rest of his person seemed to disclaim the intention. Otherwise there was only an indefinable, faint expression of his lips, something stealthy—a smile—not a smile—I remember it, but I can't explain.

(Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

长相平庸的经理

我这一次和经理见面的情景,实在奇怪之极。那天早晨我已经步行了二十多英里路,可是他竟没有让我坐下。他的肤色、面容、神态和声音都显得非常平庸。他中等身材,个头很一般。他长着一双常见的那种蓝色的眼睛,不过也许有点特别地冷淡,另外他真能够让他的眼神像一把斧子犀利而有力地落在一个人身上。不过甚至就在那时候,他身体的其余部分又似乎在表明他并无此用意。除此之外,只是在他的嘴唇上有一种难以捉摸的、隐隐约约的表情,一种偷偷摸摸的表情,——一点微笑——又不像是微笑——我现在还能记得那样子,可我说不清楚。 (黄雨石 译)

A Shop-Owner with Anxiety on His Face

'Joe?' Wormold asked. 'I don't see any resemblance. Except the limp, of course,' but instinctively he took a quick look at himself in the mirror marked Cerveza Tropical, as though he might really have been so broken down and darkened during his walk from the store in the old town. But the face which looked back at him was only little discoloured by the dust from the harbour-works; it was still the same, anxious and criss-crossed and fortyish: much younger than Dr Hasselbacher's, yet a stranger might have felt certain it would be extinguished sooner—the shadow was there already, the anxieties which are beyond the reach of a tranquillizer.

...

He was aware whenever he entered the shop of a vacuum that had nothing to do with his cleaners. No customer could fill it, particularly not the one who stood there. (Graham Greene, *Our Man in Havana*)

神色忧虑的老板

"我像那家伙?"沃莫尔德问道。"我看不出哪儿像他,是不是因为我腿也

有点儿瘸。"可说归说,他还是下意识地扫了一眼标着"热带啤酒公司"字样的镜子,好像自己从旧城区的商店到这家酒店的路上果真是那般无精打采、丢魂落魄的样子。镜子里出现的那张面孔完全还是平素那副模样,四十岁上下、拧着眉头、老在担心发生什么事情。乍眼看去,远比哈塞尔布克医生显得年轻,只不过脸上稍微挂了灰尘,这都怪刚才那尘土飞扬的港口装卸区;不过陌生人很快就会发现根本不是那么回事,皱纹早已爬上眼角,脸上流露出来的忧虑就是吃镇静剂也消除不了。……

沃莫尔德只要一走进店门,总是感到店里存在着一种与吸尘器毫无缘分的真空状态,根本没有什么顾客能来填充这个空间,想指望眼前那位站着的先生就更没门。 (孙晓胜 译)

21. Clerks 店员

A Graceful Young Man

He was quite a young man, and of the two properties, form and motion, the latter first attracted the eye in him. The grace of his movement was singular: it was the pantomimic expression of a lady-killing career. Next came into notice the more material qualities, among which was a profuse crop of hair impending over the top of his face, lending to his forehead the high-cornered outline of an early Gothic shield; and a neck which was smooth and round as a cylinder. The lower half of his figure was of light build. Altogether he was one in whom no man would have seen anything to admire, and in whom no woman would have seen anything to dislike. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

温雅的年轻人

他是一个很年轻的男子;在他的形体和举动这两种属性里,举动先惹人注意。他的举动里那种温雅,很有些特别,好像是一种用哑剧方式表现出来的调戏妇女的勾当。第二步惹人注意的,才是他形体方面的特质,这里面最显著的,是他那短式的厚头发,在前额上掩覆着,把额角显得好像初期哥特式的高角盾牌;再就是他的脖子,又圆又光,好像圆柱。他那身材的下半部,轻浮而不沉着。总而言之,他这个人,没有男人会觉得他有什么可以称赞的地方,没有女人会觉得他有什么可以讨厌的地方。 (张谷若 译)

A Saleswoman

Her broad face, with small bright eyes and big, tender mouth,

possessed a certain grace, notwithstanding its rather coarse features. And, without any transition, all of a sudden she began to relate her story: ... then her start as a saleswoman in a shop at Batignolles, then at The Ladies' Paradise—a terrible start, very suffering and privation imaginable; and at last her present life, the two hundred francs she earned each month, the pleasures she indulged in, the carelessness in which she allowed her days to glide away. Some jewellery, a brooch, and watch-chain glistened on her close-fitting gown of dark blue cloth; and she smiled from under a velvet toque ornamented with a large grey feather.

(Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*)

女售货员

她那一张宽大的脸上,长着一双灵活的小眼睛,嘴大可是柔和,虽然五官是粗线条的,却含有一种优美。她非常突然而单刀直入地讲起自己的历史来:……后来,她开始作了女售货员,起初是在巴蒂敖尔区的一家店里,然后到了妇女乐园,两次的开端是可怕的,贫困和侮辱到了极点;最后,她讲到她目前的生活,她说她每月赚两百法郎,她寻欢作乐,满不在意地让每天的时间流过去。在她那件深蓝色毛料子衣服上,闪耀着一些首饰,一个胸针,一条表链,衬托着她的身姿,显出一番娇媚;她头戴一顶插着灰色长羽毛的丝绒无边帽,露出了一副笑脸。

(侍桁 译)

Vending Machine Collectors

The vending machine collectors looked as startled as any two men could.

Both wore gray uniforms with the vending company's insignia. One had a thatch of red hair and a pale pink face which, at the moment, had turned even paler; the other, with heavy-lidded eyes, had the features of an Indian. Each carried two burlap bags slung over a shoulder and joined together with a chain and padlock. The pair were big-boned and burly, probably in their thirties, and looked as if they could handle themselves in a fight. Big Rufe gave them no chance.

(Arthur Hailey, *Wheels*)

自动售货机的收款员

自动售货机的两个收款员,他们那满脸的惊讶,别提有多大了。

两个人都穿着灰制服,佩着小卖公司的徽章。一个长着一头浓密的红头

发和一张白里透红的脸，这会儿，脸变得更白了；另一个，厚眼皮，相貌像印第安人。各人肩上都挂了两只粗麻袋，用链条和挂锁拴在一起。这两人都长得魁梧结实，年纪大约三十出头，看样子打起架来可以应付自如。"大个子鲁夫"抢先下手。（朱雯　李金波　译）

The Buyer in the 'Petticoats'

Miss Bennett was the belle of Lynn's. She was the buyer in the 'Petticoats', and when Philip entered was engaged in conversation with the buyer in the 'Gentlemen's Hosiery'; Miss Bennett was a woman of massive proportions, with a very large red face heavily powdered and a bust of imposing dimensions; her flaxen hair was arranged with elaboration. She was overdressed, but not badly dressed, in black with a high collar, and she wore black goat gloves, in which she played cards; she had several heavy gold chains round her neck, bangles on her wrists, and circular photograph pendants, one being of Queen Alexandra; she carried a black satin bag and chewed Sen-sens.

（W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*）

衬裙部的进货员

班奈特小姐是莱恩公司超群出众的美人。她是衬裙部的进货员。菲利普走进会场时，她正在同男用针织部的进货员交谈着。班奈特小姐身材敦实；脸盘又宽又大，上面涂抹着厚厚的脂粉；胸脯沉甸甸的，大有撑破胸衣之势；亚麻色的头发梳理得一丝不乱。她穿着过分讲究，不过收拾得倒干净利落，浑身上下一袭黑色衣服，领头高高的。手上戴着光洁的手套，连打牌也不脱。颈脖子上套了几条沉重的金链子，双腕戴着手镯，耳朵上挂着两个圆圆的头像垂饰，其中一个是亚历山德拉女王的头像。她手里拎一只黑色的缎子提包，嘴里不住地咀嚼着牛皮糖。（张柏然　张增健　倪俊　译）

The Chief Thing at Cypher's

But the chief thing at Cypher's was Milly. Milly was a waitress. She was a grand example of Kraft's theory of the artistic adjustment of nature. She belonged, largely, to waiting, as Minerva did to the art of scrapping, or Venus to the science of serious flirtation. Pedestalled and in bronze she might have stood with the noblest of her heroic sisters as "Liver-and-Bacon Enlivening the World." She belonged to Cypher's. You expected to see

her colossal figure loom through that reeking blue cloud of smoke from frying fat just as you expect the Palisades to appear through a drifting Hudson River fog. There amid the steam of vegetables and the vapors of acres of "ham and," the crash of crockery, the clatter of steel, the screaming of "short orders," the cries of the hungering and all the horrid tumult of feeding man, surrounded by swarms of the buzzing winged beasts bequeathed us by Pharaoh, Milly steered her magnificent way like some great liner cleaving among the canoes of howling savages.

(O. Henry, *An Adjustment of Nature*)

赛福尔饭店的明星人物

不过赛福尔饭店的主要人物还是米莉。米莉是个侍者。她是克立夫特艺术上天然调节论调的最佳实例。米莉主要是服侍人。正像智慧女神米涅瓦主司斗殴术,爱神维纳斯专事正经的调情术一样。世人若是给她塑上金身,将她抬举到神龛上,那她也许能以"司猪肝咸肉以活跃尘世"的尊号等身于她那些英勇的至高至尊的众姐妹行列之中。她是赛福尔饭店里的人。如果你想看看在哈德逊河上飘浮的云雾中的帕利塞德绝壁,那你就来看看米莉穿梭在煎猪油飘腾起来的刺鼻的蓝色烟云里的硕大身躯好喽。这里有蔬菜的水汽和诸如火腿等菜肴的蒸汽。有器皿碰撞声、刀具切剁声、要"快餐"的尖叫声,饿汉子的叫嚷声,进食者那哧人的喧哗声,再加上埃及先王法老传下来的嗡嗡叫的飞虫群集过来。就在这一片混乱中,米莉操理裕如,像是一艘巨舰,在嚎叫的野人的众独木舟中劈浪前进。 (陈华 何晓曦 译)

22. Servants 仆役

An Inn Fellow

It belonged to a red-haired person—a youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older—whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neckcloth; buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

客栈小伙计

现在这个脸,就是一个有红头发的人的——只见他是一个十五岁的小伙

子(这是我现在这样估计,但是看样子却还大几岁),头发剪得短短的,和贴地割剩下的庄稼桩儿那样。这个孩子,连一根眼毛都没有,也几乎连一根眉毛都没有,因此一双棕中带红的眼睛,都一无遮掩,毫无覆蔽,使我当时纳过闷儿,不明白他睡觉的时候,用什么法子,才能把眼睛闭起来。他两肩高耸,全身瘦骨嶙峋,穿着一套素静的黑衣服,只系着一窄溜白领巾,扣子一直扣到脖子底下;手又长又瘦,净是骨头。 (张谷若 译)

An Ugly Maidservant

This lady had a maidservant who was not too young, and she had the ugliest and the most contorted face that you ever saw: her nose was smashed flat, her mouth twisted, with thick lips and enormous, crooked teeth, she squinted, her eyes were always running, and her complexion had a green and yellow tint to it which made her look as if she had spent the summer in Sinagaglia rather than in Fiesole—and besides all this, she was lame and a bit crippled on her right side; her name was Ciuta, but since her face was so yellowishly ugly, everyone called her Cintazza.

(Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*, trans. G. H. McWilliam)

丑陋的女仆

寡妇家里有个女仆,年纪不小了,一张脸儿可长得真难看,世界上再也找不到第二个这样丑陋的女人来,原来她长得鼻梁塌,嘴巴歪,嘴唇皮儿厚,门牙露在外面,一双斜白眼,眼皮又红又烂,再配上一身青铜色的皮肤,你简直以为她不是在费埃索莱过的夏天,而是在西尼加利亚过的夏天。这还不算,她的臀部一边低一边高,走起路来,右脚有点儿带跛。她的名字本来叫西乌达,但是因为她长得像一只癞皮狗,所以大家管她叫做"西乌达扎"。

(方平 王科一 译)

Robinson's Servant—Friday

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large; tall and well-shaped, and as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect; but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity

and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive color that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plumb; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory. (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

鲁宾逊的仆人星期五

他是个眉清目秀、修短合度的汉子,四肢长得又直又结实,但并不粗大;个子很高,处处长得都很匀称;年纪看来大约有二十六岁。他的五官生得很端正,没有狰狞可憎的样子;脸上带有一种男子汉的英勇气概,可是又具有欧洲人的和蔼可亲,尤其当他微笑的时候。他的头发长而且黑,并不像羊毛似的卷着;他的前额又高又大,两眼活泼而有光。他的皮色不很黑,略带褐色,然而又不像巴西人、弗吉尼亚人和其他美洲土人那样褐得那么难看,却是一种爽朗的橄榄色,叫人看起来舒服,却不容易形容。他的脸是圆圆的,胖胖的;鼻子很小,但又不像黑人那样扁;一张嘴的样子也很好看,嘴唇很薄,牙齿生得很整齐,白得同象牙一样。 (方原 译)

A "Capable" Servingman

A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I speaks words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman outparamoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend.

(William Shakespeare, *King Lear*)

"无所不通"的仆人

我是一个仆人,趾高气扬;我的头发卷得弯弯,帽子上戴着我的情妇的手套,讨我的情妇的欢心,和她干了暧昧的勾当;我开口便赌咒,把咒语喷上了天空和蔼的脸上;我在睡前谋划着淫事,醒后便去实行。酒我是很爱,骰子也欢

喜得很，对于女人我是比土耳其人还要风流；心地虚诈，耳朵好听流言，手段毒辣；懒得像猪，阴险得像狐狸，贪婪得像狼，疯得像狗，凶得像狮子。不要听了鞋跟裹蒙绸罗窸窣的声音就在女人面前拜倒；花业里不要涉足，裙缝间不要插手，债主簿上不要留名，并且要和恶魔抗争。（梁实秋 译）

A Shabbily-Dressed Humble Maid

I can remember as though I wore it still my comfortable, ill-fitting flannel suit, and how the skirt was lighter than the coat through harder wear. My shabby hat, too broad about the brim, and my low-heeled shoes, fastened with a single strap. A pair of gauntlet gloves clutched in a grubby hand. I had never looked more youthful, I had never felt so old.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

寒酸的下人

我还记得那套东歪西扭的不合身的法兰绒衣裙，仿佛今天还披在身上让我出丑。那条裙子因为穿得太久，比上衣轻薄得多；还有那顶寒酸的女帽，帽沿过于宽阔；脚下那双低跟皮鞋，只有一根皮带作为襻扣；另外，我那双下人的手还紧抓着一副齐臂的长手套。当时的我，模样从未这般幼稚可笑，而内心却又感到前所未有的成熟。（林智玲 程德 译）

A Cheerful Servant

It was summer-time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farmhouse, on the summit of the hill, and "Aunt Rachel" was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps—for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful, hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire now, as usual when the day was done. That is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer get breath enough to express.

(Mark Twain, *A True Story*)

快活的女佣

那是一个夏天的黄昏。我们坐在小山顶上那个农家门口，拉切尔大娘恭敬地坐在我们那一排下面的台阶上——因为她是我们的女仆，又是黑人。她

身材高大体格健壮，虽然六十岁了，眼睛却并不模糊，气力也没有减退。她是个快快活活，精神饱满的人，笑起来一点也不费劲，就跟鸟儿开口叫那么容易。现在跟平常天黑以后一样，她又在炮火下了。这就是说，大家都毫不留情地拿她开玩笑，她也以此为乐。她往往发出一阵阵响亮的笑声，然后坐在那儿，双手蒙住脸，笑得浑身发抖，肚子都笑痛，简直喘不过气来表达她的高兴。

（唐荫荪　译）

23. Actors and Actresses　演员

A Soloist

Her voice, a rich contralto, deep, full, colorful, had a note of pathos and poignancy which gave a touch of emotion to her gayest songs. She could play well enough to accompany herself with delicacy and emphasis. She was at present one of the soloists with the New York Symphony Orchestra... She had a tall perfectly rounded form, a lovely oval face, a nut brown complexion with the rosy glow of health showing in cheeks and lips, and a mass of blue black hair. Her great brown eyes were lustrous and sympathetic.　(Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

独唱歌手

她的嗓子是嘹亮的女低音，深沉、宽阔、花哨，带有一点悲哀和辛辣的音调，使她唱的最愉快的歌曲都有了一丝情趣。她琴弹得很好，总是精妙而有力地给自己伴奏。目前，她是纽约交响乐队里的一个独唱歌手……她身材很高、非常丰腴，生着可爱的椭圆型脸庞和栗色皮肤，面颊和嘴唇都显出健康的玫瑰色，还有一头蓝黑色的头发。一双褐色的大眼睛，明亮而含情。

（主万　西海　译）

An Actress in Boy's Clothes

Sibyl was playing Rosalind. ... When she came on her boy's clothes she was perfectly wonderful. She wore a moss-coloured velvet jerkin with cinnamon sleeves, slim brown cross-gartered hose, a dainty little green cap with a hawk's feather caught in a jewel, and a hooded cloak lined with dull red. She had never seemed to me exquisite. She had all the delicate grace of that Tanagra figurine that you have in your studio, Basil. Her hair clustered round her face like dark leaves round a pale rose. As for her acting—well, you shall see her tonight! She was simply

born artist.

(Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray and Other Writings*)

身着男装的女演员

西碧儿昨天扮演罗瑟琳……她穿着男孩子的服装出现时真是妙极了！她上身是青苔色的丝绒短褂，镶着肉桂色的袖子，下身是茶褐色的背带紧身裤。插在绿色小帽上的苍鹰的羽毛用宝石扣住，一件带风斗的外套衬着暗红色的里子。在我看来，她比任何时候更美丽动人。她具备你画室里那件塔纳格拉小像——贝泽尔的全部韵致。她的头发衬着她的面庞，好似深色的绿叶烘托洁白的玫瑰。说到她的表演，反正你们今天晚上会看到的。她实在是个天生的演员。

(荣如德 译)

An Actress with an Additional Charm

She was a Provencal, with dark eyes, a Greek profile, and rounded majestic form, having that sort of beauty which carries a sweet matronliness even in youth, and her voice was a soft cooing. She had but lately come to Paris, and bore a virtuous reputation, her husband acting with her as the unfortunate lover. It was her acting which was 'no better than it should be', but the public was satisfied... She talked little; but that was an additional charm.

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

别具魅力的女演员

她是普罗旺斯人，乌黑的眼眸，希腊人的面型，身材丰满，显得仪态万方，具有一种美丽温柔的少妇的风度，她的嗓音柔和，像是喁喁细语。她不久前才来到巴黎，拥有清白的名声，她的丈夫与她同台演出，扮演那个不幸的情人。她的表演不过"聊能称职"，但观众已很满意。……她台词很少，但那更增加了她的魅力。

(项星耀 译)

A Couple Foxtrotting on the Stage

After the audience had been treated to a highly emotional rendering of "Oh, Nights of Burning Passion" by a buxom soprano, a couple sprang onto the stage. The man, half-naked but for a red top hat, some shiny spangles on his hips, a dazzling white shirt front and bow tie, in feeble imitation of a savage, and his doll-faced partner in voluminous skirts. To the accompaniment of a delighted buzz from the crowd of beefy-necked shop-owners standing behind the armchairs and cots occupied by the

sanatorium patients, the couple grated about the stage in the intricate figures of a foxtrot. A more revolting spectacle could scarcely be imagined.

(Nikolai Otravsky, *How the Steel Was Tempered*, trans. R. Prokofieva)

舞台上的一对怪物

当一个胖胖的歌手唱完了《销魂之夜》的歌曲之后，一个男的和一个女的出台了。那男的戴着一顶红色的圆筒高帽子，上身穿着雪白的胸衣，打着领带，下半身几乎全裸，只在屁股上围着一串一串彩色的金属片。一句话，像野人，又不像野人。那女的很好看，身上堆着许许多多的布条子。这一对怪物开始在舞台上缓缓地移动，跳着一种扭屁股的狐步舞，这使那一群站在疗养院休养员们的安乐椅和躺床后面的长着牛一样的粗脖子的"耐普曼"乐得直喊。真是难以想象还有什么比这更丑恶的画面了。 (黄树南 等译)

An Actress Found at the Theater

We looked at many scenes from the life of the master's house, with the characters dressed in the fashion of 1898. They were quite perfect. One girl was especially clever. She was the typical Mexican mixed-blood beauty, her mask-like face powdered white, with a round hard full mouth, and hard slanting dark eyes. Her black waved hair was combed back from a low forehead, and she wore her balloon sleeves and small stiff sailor hat with marvelous elegance.

"But this must be an actress," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Andreyev, "the only one. For that role we need an actress. That is Lolita. We found her at the Jewel Theater."

(Katherine Anne Porter, *Hacienda*)

偶然被发现的女演员

我们看了许多那个庄园主的住房的生活场面，影片中的人物穿着1898年的时装。他们的派头好极了。其中一个姑娘尤其出色。她是典型的墨西哥混血美人，她的面具似的脸上粉擦得雪白，硬梆梆的嘴滚圆而丰满，硬线条的黑眼睛眼梢向上。她的波浪似的黑头发从低额头上往后梳；她穿着灯笼衬衫，戴着小小的便水手帽，显得俊俏极了。

"不过，这准是个女演员，"我说。

"啊，不错，"安德列耶夫说，"只有这一个是。我们需要一个女演员担任那个角色。那是洛莉塔。我们是在宝石剧院里发现她的。" (鹿金 译)

24. Housewives 家庭主妇

A Living Impersonation of Order and Method

Miss Ophelia, as you now behold her, stands before you, in a very shining brown linen travelling-dress, tall, square-formed and angular. Her face was thin, and rather sharp in its outlines; the lips compressed, like those of a person who is in the habit of making up her mind definitely on all subject; while the keen, dark eyes had a peculiarly searching, advised movement, and travelled over everything, as if they were looking for something to take care of.

...

In her habits, she was a living impersonation of order, method, and exactness. In punctuality, she was as inevitable as a clock, and as inexorable as a railroad engine; and she held in most decided contempt and abomination anything of a contrary character.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

严谨持家的家庭主妇

现在你所见到的奥菲丽亚小姐，身着一套闪亮的黄亚麻布旅行服。她在你面前站着，个子高高的，身材方方正正的，颇为瘦削。她面容清癯，眉目分明，双唇紧闭，颇像是个凡事胸有成竹的人；一双犀利的黑眼睛转动起来明察秋毫，总是仔细地观察着每一样事物，仿佛在寻找什么值得照管的东西似的。

.....

她的生活习惯活生生地体现了井井有条、按部就班和精密细致等准则。在遵守时刻上，她就像时钟一样严格，像火车头一样刻不容缓；凡是和这些准则背道而驰的事，她无不深恶痛绝。 (黄继忠 译)

An Industrious Wife and Mother

She was a very handsome, very fair woman, a little under medium height, but rather hard-faced and stern; she had an excellent figure with a tiny waist which had not thickened, in spite of the six babies she had carried beneath it. Her dress was grey calico, its skirts brushing the spotless floor, its front protected by an enormous starched white apron that looped around her neck and tied in the small of her spine with a crisp, perfect bow. From waking to sleeping she lived in the kitchen and back

garden, her stout black boots beating a circular path from stove to laundry to vegetable patch to clotheslines and thence to the stove again.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

贤妻良母

她是一个温文尔雅、中等身材的美丽妇女，但面庞的表情是坚定和冷峻的。她尽管已经生了六个孩子，体形依旧十分苗条，腰还是细细的，没有变粗。她穿着灰色印花布做的长裙，裙摆拂着干净的地板。胸前戴着上过浆的白色的围裙，并在腰脊处扎了一只美丽的活结。从起床到睡觉，她就一直在厨房和后花园里生活。她那耐穿的黑靴子踏出了一条环形路，从炉前到洗衣房，从洗衣房到菜地，从菜地到晒衣绳下，然后再转回到厨房。 （晓明 陈明锦 译）

A Young Landlady

She was a small, almost hipless girl of twenty-five, with styleless, colorless, brittle hair pushed back behind her ears, which were very large. She was dressed in knee-length jeans, a black turtleneck pullover, and socks and loafers. Her joke of a name aside, her general unprettiness aside she was—in terms of permanently memorial, immoderately perceptive, small-area faces—a stunning and final girl.

(J. D. Salinger, *Down at the Dinghy*)

年轻的女房东

她二十五岁年纪，身材矮小，臀部几乎全无线条，一头枯涩而不成型的头发梳在两只特大的耳轮后面。她穿一条齐膝工装裤，一件高领套衫，脚穿袜子和特大的平底便鞋。别看她名字可笑，长得也并不漂亮，可要论起她那张令人久久难忘的、极其生动灵秀的小脸来，她毕竟还是一个顶呱呱的姑娘。

（邢卫平 译）

Mrs. Garth

Mrs. Garth, with her sleeves turned above her elbows, deftly handling her pasty—applying her rolling pin and giving ornamental pinches, which she expounded with grammatical fervour what were the right views about 'the concord of verbs and pronouns with nouns of multitude or signifying many', was a sight agreeably amusing. She was of the same curly-haired, square-faced type as Mary, but handsomer, with more delicacy of feature, a pale skin, a solid matronly figure, and a

remarkable firmness of glance. In her snowy-frilled cap she reminded one of that delightful Frenchwoman whom we have all seen marketing, basket on arm. Looking at the mother, you might hope that the daughter would become like her, which is a prospective advantage equal to a dowry—the mother too often standing behind the daughter like a malignant prophecy—'Such as I am, she will shortly be.' (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

高思太太

高思太太把衣袖挽得高高的，正在熟练地做面食，有时用擀面杖擀一下，有时在做好的饼上捏一些花纹，一边还一丝不苟地教文法，解释动词和代词必须跟"集体名词或表示多数的名词"保持一致，这样的场面是非常有趣的。她同玛丽差不多，属于那种卷发方脸一类的妇女，只是更漂亮一些，相貌也细些，皮肤显得苍白，身材是中年妇女结实的体型，目光炯炯发亮，坚定有力。她的帽子周围有一圈雪白的褶边，这使我们想起那些惹人喜爱的法国妇女，我们常常看到她们挽着篮子，在菜场上转悠。看了这位母亲，我们会希望，女儿将来也像她一样，这一幅美好的前景是抵得上一份嫁妆的；但是另一方面，母亲也会像不祥的预兆，时常出现在女儿背后："瞧，我现在怎样，她不久也会这样。" （项星耀 译）

Southern Lady of the House

Eleanor Butler was a Southern lady. Her slow, soft voice and indolent, graceful movements disguised a formidable energy and efficiency. Ladies were trained from birth to be decorative, to be sympathetic and fascinated listeners, to be appealingly helpless and empty-headed and admiring. They were also trained to manage the intricate and demanding responsibilities of huge houses and large, often warring, staffs of servants—while always making it seem that the house, the garden, the kitchen, the servants ran themselves flawlessly while the lady of the house concentrated on matching colors of silk for her delicate embroidery.

(A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

典型南方淑媛

埃莉诺·巴特勒是个典型南方淑媛。徐缓、柔美的声音及懒惰、优雅的举止，掩饰着一股难以忽视的活力和才干。淑女一生下来就被培育当摆设，当个富有同情心和魅力的听众，当个楚楚可怜、爱赞美别人、脑袋空空的木头美人。她们也被培育担负起管理大家庭里纷杂费神的琐事，及人数众多又经常明争

暗斗的仆役的吃力工作——要做到女主人一面忙着丝线配色的精巧绣花活儿,一面把屋子、花园、厨房、下人管得井井有序。 (尚逸文 译)

25. Craftsmen 工匠

A Mechanic Doing Rough Work

He was young, sallow, with dark and melancholy eyes... He was wearing a shabby linen suit with shoes that showed the desperate defense of superimposed patches of white zinc, and in his hand he was carrying a straw hat he had bought the Saturday before. In all of his life he could never have been as frightened as at that moment, but he had a dignity and presence that spared him from humiliation and a genuine elegance that was defeated only by tarnished hands and nails that had been shattered by rough work. Fernanda, however, needed only one look to guess his status of mechanic. She saw that he was wearing his one Sunday suit and that underneath his shirt he bore the rash of the banana company.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

干粗活的工匠

他是个小伙子,脸色黄里泛青,长着一双乌黑而忧郁的眼睛……小伙子穿着很旧的麻布衣服,鞋帮上杂乱地遮着好几层白锌皮,手里拿着一顶上个星期六才买的窄边草帽。他一生中从没有,也将永远不会像现在这样担惊受怕。但是他所持的尊严和自制,使他并不显得卑躬屈膝。他那端庄的仪容只是由于干粗活而显得脏黑的手和起了毛刺的指甲才稍见逊色。然而,菲南达只瞟了他一眼就凭直觉看出他是个工匠。她知道他穿的是仅有的一套星期日外出做客的衣服,衬衫里面的皮肤上生着香蕉公司里传播过的那种疥疮。

(黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译)

A Specimen-Maker

The face looking up is a sallow face with weak eyes, surmounted by a tangle of reddish-dusty hair. The owner of the face has no cravat on, and has opened his tumbled shirt-collar to work with the more ease. For the same reason he has no coat on: only a loose waistcoat over his yellow linen. His eyes are like the over-tried eyes of an engraver, but he is not that; his expression and stoop are like those of a shoemaker, but he is not that.

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

标本制作匠

抬起头来望他的这副面孔，是一副灰黄色的面孔，有两只微弱的眼睛，上面覆盖着一堆红灰色的乱头发。这张面孔的主人没有打领带，把他揉皱的皮领子敞开着，以便更自在地工作。也为了同样的理由，他没有穿上衣；只把一件宽大的背心罩在他黄色的衬衫上。他的眼睛像是使用过度的雕刻师的眼睛，但是他不是一位雕刻师；他的表情和他佝偻的身形好像是一个鞋匠的表情和身形，但是他也不是一个鞋匠。（智量 译）

Gimpel the Fool

I was an orphan. My grandfather who brought me up was already bent toward the grave. So they turned me over to a baker, and what a time they gave me there! Every woman or girl who came to bake a batch of noodles had to fool me at least once. "Gimpel, there's a fair in heaven; Gimpel, the rabbi gave birth to a calf in the seventh month; Gimpel, a cow flew over thereof and laid brass eggs." A student from the yeshiva came once to buy a roll, and he said, "You, Gimpel, while you stand here scraping with your baker's shovel the Messiah has come. The dead have arisen." "What do you mean?" I said. "I heard no one blowing the ram's horn!" He said, "Are you deaf?" And all began to cry, "We heard it, we heard!" Then in came Rietze the Candle-dipper and called out in her hoarse voice. "Gimpel, your father and mother have stood up from the grave. They're looking for you."

(Isaac Bashevis Singer, *Gimpel the Fool*)

被人要弄的面包师

我是一个孤儿。抚养我长大的祖父眼看快要入土了。因此他们把我交给了一个面包师傅，我在那儿过的是什么日子啊！每一个来烤一炉烙饼的女人或姑娘都至少要耍弄我一次。"吉姆佩尔，天上有一个市集；吉姆佩尔，拉比在第七个月养了一只小牛；吉姆佩尔，一只母牛飞上屋顶，下了许多铜蛋。"一个犹太教学堂的学生有一次来买面包，他说："吉姆佩尔，当你用你那面包师傅的铲子在刮锅的时候，救世主来了。死人已经站起来了。""你在说什么？"我说，"我可没有听见谁在吹羊角！"他说，"你是聋子吗？"于是大家都叫起来，"我们听到了，我们听到了！"接着蜡烛工人里兹进来，用她嘶哑的嗓门喊道："吉姆佩尔，你的父母已经从坟墓里站起来了。他们在找你。"（万紫 译）

A Big Well-Set Smith

The smith was a man of thirty-one or thirty-two. He came occasionally through Paul's corner—a big, well-set man, also striking to look at, and handsome. There was a peculiar similarity between himself and his wife. He had the same white skin, with a clear, golden tinge. His hair was of soft brown his moustache was golden. And he had a similar defiance in his bearing and manner. But then came the difference. His eyes, dark brown and quick-shifting, were dissolute. They protruded very slightly, and his eyelids hung over them in a way that was half hate. His mouth, too, was sensual. His whole manner was of cowed defiance, as if he were ready to knock anybody down who disapproved of him—perhaps because he really disapproved of himself.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

高大结实的铁匠

这个铁匠大约三十一二岁，偶尔他也从保罗的角落走过——他是个高个子，身体结实，也很引人注目，长相颇英俊，他跟妻子有一个奇怪的相似点。皮肤都很白皙。稍稍有一点明净的金黄色。他的头发是柔和的棕色，胡子是金黄色；举止态度是同样的目中无人。不过两人也有不同的地方，他的眼睛是深褐色的，滴溜溜转个不停，一副放荡轻浮的样子。眼睛还稍微有些鼓起，眼皮向下耷拉着，一副叫人讨厌的神情。他的嘴也很丰满，给人逼人的印象，准备把任何不满意他的人打倒在地——也许他倒是对自己很不满意。

(刘一之　张燕鸿　张金玲　译)

A Skilled Stonemason

Jude would now have been described as a young man with a forcible, meditative, and earnest rather than handsome cast of countenance. He was of dark complexion, with dark harmonizing eyes, and he wore a closely trimmed black beard of more advanced growth than is usual at his age; this, with his great mass of black curly hair, was some trouble to him in combing and washing out the stone-dust that settled on it in the pursuit of his trade. His capabilities in the latter, having been acquired in the country, were of an all-round sort, including monumental stone-cutting, Gothic free stone-work for the restoration of churches, and carving of a general kind. In London he would probably have become specialized and

have made himself a "moulding mason," a "foliage sculptor"—perhaps a "statuary". (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

妙手石匠

现在要形容他,与其说他是一个脸上看着端正清秀的青年,不如说他是一个脸上表现出有力量、好思索、态度诚恳严肃的青年。他的皮肤是深色的,眼珠是黑的,和他的肤色协调;他留着修得很短的一撮小胡子,再加上他那长得很厚的黑卷发,所以要把他工作的时候落在胡子上和头发上的石头末儿梳掉了,洗干净了,很是一件麻烦事。说到他的工作能力,因为他的手艺,是在乡间学的,所以他样样都通,会錾纪念碑,会修整教堂的哥特式自由石活儿,会作一般雕刻。要是在伦敦,他也许就要专攻一门,只能作"牙子雕刻匠",或者"花叶雕刻匠",或者"石像雕刻匠"了。 (张谷若 译)

A Weak Barber

The barber shop was small and clean, wrapped in white towels, shining with mirrors and full of warm soapy steam. A weakly shaped, bloodless little man took him in hand and began to tuck cloths around his neck. He had scanty discouraged hair the color of tow, and a sickly, unpleasant breath. He wanted to cut Charles' hair long on top, clip it to the skin around the back of his head in a wide swath over the ears. His own was cut that way, the streets were full of such heads.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *The Leaning Tower*)

身子骨单薄的理发师

理发铺小而干净,到处都是白毛巾、闪闪发亮的镜子和散发着肥皂气味的蒸汽。一个身子骨单薄、没有血色的小个子男人侍候他,在他的脖子周围塞紧白布。这个理发师长着稀稀拉拉得可怜的头发,颜色像亚麻屑,还有叫人讨厌的口臭。他要把查尔斯的头发理成这样的式样:头顶上的头发留得很长,头后面的头发都剃光,耳朵上面露出挺阔的一片头发茬。他自己剃的就是这种发式,街上也尽是剃成这种式样的脑袋。 (鹿金 译)

Half Tailor, Half Furrier

Shimul-Leibele was half tailor, half furrier, and a complete pauper...

Shumul-Leibele was small and clumsy. His hands and feet were too large for his body, and his forehead bulged on either side as is common in

simpletons. His cheeks, red as apples, were bare of whiskers, and but a few hairs sprouted from his chin. He had scarcely any neck at all; his head sat upon his shoulders like a snowman's. When he walked, he scraped his shoes along the ground so that every step could be heard far away. He hummed continuously and there was always an amiable smile on his face. Both winter and summer he wore the same caftan and sheepskin cap and earlaps. Whenever there was any need for a messager, it was always Shmul-Leibele who was pressed into service, he always went willingly. The ways saddled him with a variety of nicknames and made him the buff of all sorts of pranks, but he never took offense. When others scolded his tormentors, he would merely observe: " What do I care? Let them have their fun. They're only children, after all..."

(Isacc Bashevis Singer, *Short Friday*)

一身两技

施穆内·莱贝尔一半是裁缝,一半是皮毛匠,一个彻头彻尾的穷人。

施穆内·莱贝尔个子又小,又笨手笨脚。他的手脚大得和身子不相称,他的额角在两侧鼓了出来,这是经常在傻子中间见到的。他的双颊红得像苹果,光秃秃没有一根胡子,只有在下颌上窜出来那么几根须毛。他几乎根本没有脖子。脑袋直接连在双肩上,活像个雪人。他走起路来,鞋跟就在地上蹭,因之远远就可以听到他的脚步声。他老是在哼哼着什么,脸上经常堆着温厚的笑容。不论寒暑,他总是穿着一件土耳其式的长袖长袍,戴一顶有护耳的羊皮帽。不论什么时候要找送信的人,总是施穆尔·莱贝尔抢着来要这个差使,而且不论路有多远,他也老是高高兴兴上路。爱开玩笑的人给他起了各式各样的绰号,而且使他成为种种恶作剧的笑柄,可他从来不生气。别人呵责那些作弄他的人,他只不过说一声:"我才不在乎呢,让他们开开心吧。他们不过是群孩子,说到底……"

(冯亦代 译)

26. Landlords 地主

A Small Fat Landlord

Gerald was a small man, little more than five feet tall, but so heavy of barrel and thick of neck that his appearance, when seated, led strangers to think him a larger man. His thickset torso was supported by short sturdy legs, always encased in the finest leather boots procurable and always planted wide apart like a swaggering small boy's... His was as Irish a face as could be found in the length and breadth of the homeland he had left so

long ago—round, high-coloured, short-nosed, wide-mouthed and belligerent. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

矮胖的地主

郝小姐的父亲郝嘉乐先生是个矮身材，身高只有五呎零一点，可腰身极粗，脖颈肥胖，如果只看他的坐相，他一定会感到他是极其魁伟的。他身体最胖的部分是躯干，靠着底下的两条结实的短腿支撑着，那两条腿儿再穿上天底下头等的皮靴，并且两条腿又宽宽地分开站着，你会觉得他像是一个睥睨一切的小孩子……虽然他已经离开祖国多年，他那张脸却是典型的爱尔兰人，圆圆的，红红的，矮鼻子，阔嘴巴，满脸的凶相。 (简宗 译)

A Landowner Dressed Like a Begger

There was nothing remarkable about his face; it was practically identical to that of many scrawny old men with the exception that the chin was extremely prominent, forcing its owner to keep on covering it with a handkerchief lest he beslobber it; his little eyes still had not lost their gleam and darted about beneath his tufted eyebrows like mice when they stick their sharp little noses out of their dark mouseholes, their ears pricked up and their whiskers twitching, on the lookout for a lurking cat or a mischievous smell by lying in wait, and suspiciously sniff the air. What was far more remarkable was his attire: by no efforts or devices could one possibly divine of what his dressing-gown was concocted; the sleeves and upper skirts were shiny and greasy to a point where they shone like boot-leather. In the back hung not even two, but four skirts, from which the cotton stuffing dangled in lumps. Wound round his neck was something similarly mysterious: a stocking, perhaps, or a knitted sash, or even a stomacher, but most definitely not a necktie. In a word, if Chichikov had met him thus attired somewhere by the doors of a church, he would probably have given him a kopek. ... Yet standing before him was not a beggar but a landowner.

(Nikolai Gogol, *Dead Souls*, trans. Christopher)

乞丐模样的地主

和普通的瘦削的老头子是不大有什么两样的了；不过下巴凸出些，并且常常掩着手帕，免得被唾沫所沾湿。那小小的眼睛还没有呆滞，在浓眉底下转来转去，恰如两匹小鼠子，把他的尖嘴钻出暗洞来，立起耳朵，动着胡须，看看是

否藏着猫儿或者顽皮孩子,猜疑地嗅着空气。那衣服可就更加有意思。要知道他的睡衣究竟是什么底子,只好白费力;袖子和领头都非常龌龊。好像做长靴的郁赫皮;背后并非拖着两片的衣裾,倒是有四片,上面露着一些棉花团。颈子上也围着一种莫名其妙的东西,是旧袜子,是腰带,还是绷带呢,不能断定。但决不是围巾。一句话,如果在那里的教堂前面,乞乞科夫遇见了这么模样的他,他一定会布施他两戈克;……但面对他站着的人,却不是乞丐,而是上流社会的地主。 (鲁迅 译)

A Russian Landowner

The third was a rather short man who kept himself apart. He was not old, but his curly hair had gone prematurely grey. His movements were abrupt and his unusually glittering eyes moved rapidly from one object to another. He wore an old overcoat, evidently from a first-rate tailor, with an astrakhan collar, and a tall astrakhan cap. When he unbuttoned his overcoat a sleeveless Russian coat and embroidered shirt showed beneath it. A pecularity of this man was a strange sound he emitted, something like a clearing of his throat, or a laugh begun and sharply broken off... "I am a landowner and a graduate of the university."

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, trans. Louise Maude and Aylmer Maude)

俄罗斯地主

还有一位躲在一边、个子矮小、动作仓率的绅士,年岁不大,但一望而知是未老先衰的白色卷发,他还有一双特别发亮的眼睛,迅速地一件事物移到了一件上去。他穿着一件旧的,但出自工价昂贵的、裁缝之手的羔皮领子外套,戴着一顶高高的羔皮帽子,当他解开外衣的时候,在外套下面可看见一件俄罗斯式坎肩,和一件俄罗斯式的绣花衬衫。这个绅士有一个特点,便是老发出一种奇怪的声音,又像是要咳清他的喉咙,又像是要开始笑,却立刻又止住似的。……"我是一个地主,又是一个大学毕业生。" (吴育群 译)

A Landlord with a Reputation for Kindness

He was a man of little culture, but with a considerable amount of rude strength, both physically and mentally. He knew hardly any books, but he had travelled far, had seen much of the world, and had remembered all that he had learned. In person he was a thick-set, burly

man with a shock of grizzled hair, a brown, weather-beaten face, and blue eyes which were keen to the verge of fierceness. Yet he had a reputation for kindness and charity on the countryside, and was noted for the leniency of his sentences from the bench.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The "Gloria Scott"*)

以慈善著称的地主

他知识并不多,可是体力和脑力都相当强。他对书本所知甚少,但曾经远游,见过许多世面,对于所见所闻,都能牢记不忘。从外貌上看,他体格很结实,身材粗壮,一头蓬乱的灰白头发,一张饱经风霜的褐色面孔,一双蓝色的眼睛,眼光锐利得近乎凶残。但他在乡中却以和蔼、慈善著称,盛传他在法院理案时也以宽大为怀。 (李家云 译)

27. Foremen 工头

An Insistent, Defiant Master

Timothy Deegan, master of a score of "guineas," as he called the Italian day laborers who worked for him, who took Eugene's fancy greatly. He was of medium height, thick of body and neck, with a cheerful, healthy red face, a keen, twinkling gray eye, and stiff, closely cropped gray hair and mustache... Eugene was amused and astonished at his insistent, defiant attitude and the brisk manner in which he was handing out orders to his men. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

强横傲慢的工头

他是二十来个"基尼"——他这样称呼替他干活儿的意大利散工——的工头,尤金很喜欢他。他高矮适中,身体和脖子很粗,有着一张愉快、健康、红润的脸,一种锐利、闪烁、深沉的目光和坚硬的、短短的灰头发和灰胡须……尤金对他强横、傲慢的态度和他指挥工人的那副利落的神气感到既有意思又吃惊。 (主万 西海 译)

A Close-Fisted Headman

Then, at the end of the table, opposite his master, there was Alick, the shepherd and head man, with the ruddy face and broad shoulders... but he was honest even to the splitting of an oat-grain rather than he would take beyond his acknowledged share, and as "close-fisted" with his master's property as if it had been his own,—throwing very small handfuls

of damaged barley to the chickens, because a large handful affected his imagination painfully with a sense of profusion.

(George Eliot, *Adam Bede*)

"手紧"的工头

接着要说的就是牧羊夫兼工头的亚里克。他坐在桌子的这一端,面对着他的东家。您看他,圆圆的面孔,宽宽的肩膀……不过,他倒是一个很可靠的人。除了被人公认是他应得的那一份而外,决不苟取。甚至连一粒燕麦他也要劈开来,如果照道理应该瓜分。对于他东家的财产,他"手非常紧"。这财产好像就是他自己的。喂小鸡的时候,他只抓了很少的一把发了霉的大麦抛给小鸡。如果抓一大把,他就觉得痛心。 (张毕来 译)

The Spanish Overseer

The Spanish overseer, who had been cast for the role of villain—one of them—in the film, came out wearing a new pair of tight riding trousers, of deerskin and silver embroidery, like the saddles, and sat slouched on the long bench near the arch, facing the great corral where the Indians and soldiers were. There he sat nearly all day, as he had sat for years and might sit for years more. His long wry North-Spanish face was dead with boredom. He slouched, with his English cap pulled over his close-set eyes, and did not even glance to see what Carlos was laughing at. Andreyev and I waved to Carlos and he came over at once. He was still laughing. It seemed he had forgotten the pig and was laughing at the overseer, who had already forty pairs of fancy charro trousers, but had thought none of them quite good enough for the film and had caused to be made, at great expense, the pair he was now wearing, which were entirely too tight. He hoped by wearing them every day to stretch them. He was miserable, entirely, for his trousers were all he had to live for, anyhow.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *Hacienda*)

西班牙监工

那个西班牙监工,他是影片中的反角——其中一个——穿着一条绷紧的新骑马裤,裤子跟马鞍一样是鹿皮的,装饰着银线,他没精打彩地坐在拱门附近的长椅上,面对着有印第安人和士兵的那个大院。他在那儿坐了几乎整整一天,就像他已经坐了许多年,而且还可能坐上许多年似的。他那张西班牙北方人的扭曲的长脸上显出一副腻烦得要命的神情。他没精打采,一顶英国式

便帽拉到那双挤在一起的眼睛上，对逗得卡洛斯哈哈大笑的那个场面连一眼也不瞟。安德列耶夫和我向卡洛斯招招手，他马上走过来。他还在笑。他看上去好像已经忘掉了那头猪，而是在笑那个监工，这个人已经有了四十条花里胡哨的骑手穿的马裤，可是认为没有一条够得上拍影片用，就吩咐去做了眼下他穿的这一条，花了许多钱哪，可这条裤子实在太瘦了。他指望天天穿能绷得肥一点。他实在太可怜了，因为不知怎么回事，他就是为了裤子才活着的。

（鹿金　译）

A Skillful Foreman

This was the foreman—a boiler-maker by trade—a good worker. He was a lank, bony, yellow-faced man, with big intense eyes. His aspect was worried, and his head was as bald as the palm of my hand; but his hair in falling seemed to have stuck to his chin, and had prospered in the new locality, for his beard hung down to his waist. He was widower with six young children (he had left them in charge of a sister of his to come out there), and the passion of his life was pigeon-flying. He was an enthusiast and a connoisseur. He would rave about pigeons. After work hours he used sometimes to come over from his hut for a talk about his children and his pigeons; at work, when he had to crawl in the mud under the bottom of the steam-boat, he would tie up that beard of his in a kind of white serviette he brought for the purpose. It had loops to go over his ears. In the evening he could be seen squatted on the bank rinsing that wrapper in the creek with great care, then spreading it solemnly on a bush to dry.

（Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*）

技工班长

眼下的这个人就是技工班长——他的本行是做锅炉——他是个非常好的工人。他的身材又高又瘦，脸色发黄，却长着一双非常有神的大眼睛。他看上去总显得心事重重，脑袋光得和我的手心一样；可他的头发在往下落的时候似乎又都扎在他的下巴颏上，而且来到这个新地方又大为繁荣起来，因为他的大胡子直拖到他的腰边。他是个鳏夫，有六个很小的孩子（他为了到这里来，便把他们都交给了他的一个妹妹照看），他最感兴趣的活动是放鸽子，他对养鸽子十分热心，而且也是个行家。他可以整天跟你谈鸽子。工作结束之后，他有时从他的住房跑来跟我聊聊他的孩子和鸽子；工作的时候，因为他常常必须在烂泥中爬到汽船底下去，他总用他专门带来的一块白餐巾似的包袱皮把他的胡子给包起来。包袱皮两边有两个环，可以挂在耳朵上。天晚的时候，你可以

看到他蹲在河沟的岸边非常仔细地洗他那个包袱皮，然后郑重其事地把它摊在树丛上晾干。 （黄雨石 译）

28. Drivers 司机、驭手

An Ash Cart Driver

His business was driving an ash cart. . . His hands were immense and were covered with great red patched woolen and leather gloves—dirty, bulbous, inconvenient, one would have said. His head and ears were swaddled about by a red flannel shawl or strip of cloth which was knotted under his pugnacious chin, and his forehead, shawl and all, surmounted by a brown canvas cap with his badge and number as a garbage driver on it. About his waist was tied a great piece of rough coffee sacking and his arms and legs looked as though he might have on two or three pairs of trousers and as many vests. （Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*）

赶垃圾车的车夫

他是赶垃圾车的……他的手极大，戴着一副用皮补缀的红色毛线大手套——肮脏的、圆滚滚的、不方便的，人们会这么说。脑袋和耳朵用一条红法兰绒的围脖（或者不如说是一条布）裹着，在他那恶狠狠的下巴颏儿下边打了个结。前额、围脖等上面又罩有一顶褐色帆布便帽，有着垃圾车赶车的证章和号码。腰上系着一只装咖啡的大麻布袋；胳膊和腿显得仿佛穿着两三条裤子和两三件汗衫似的。 （主万 西海 译）

A Cabman

He was a man of most simple and prepossessing appearance. He was a brown-whiskered, white-hatted, no-coated cabman; his nose was generally red, and his bright blue eye not unfrequently stood out in bold relief against a black border of artificial workmanship; his boots were of the Wellington form, pulled up to meet his corduroy knee-smalls, or at least to approach as near them as their dimensions would admit of; and his neck was usually garnished with a bright yellow handkerchief. In summer he carried in his mouth a flower; in winter a straw—slight, but, to a contemplative mind, certain indications of a love of nature and a taste for botany. （Charles Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*）

出租马车车夫

他的外表非常单纯而令人喜爱。他是个留着褐色小胡子、戴白帽子、不穿外套的出租马车车夫。他的鼻子通常发红，那双发亮的蓝眼睛在黑眼镜架的衬托下常常显得很突出；他的靴子是惠灵顿式的，靴统直达灯芯绒裤子的膝盖部位，或者就靴统尺寸容许范围之内尽量接近那个部位；他的脖子上通常围着一条显眼的黄色颈巾。夏天，他的嘴上叼着一朵花；冬天，叼着一根麦秆——尽管是一小枝，可是在一个好沉思冥想的人看来，这是一种热爱大自然、欣赏植物的迹象。（陈漪　西海　译）

An Unlatching Charioteer of Love

Over his cradled head, she could see the driver, his back toward her, busy with red lights, green lights, rash pedestrians, what the passengers do is the passengers' business. His photograph stared at her from the lighted tag. A man about forty with glaring, defiant eyes and kidney trouble, a man who had seen everything, who knew the whole city. Eli Lefkowitz, his name, prominently displayed by police order. She would remember his name forever. Eli Lefkowitz, unlatching charioteer of love.（Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*）

不偷窥爱情的司机

她抱着他的头，从他头上望过去可以看见司机背对着她，正忙着应付红灯、绿灯、鲁莽的行人，乘客们爱干什么是他们的事。他的相片从一块亮着灯的牌子那儿瞪着她。是个四十左右的男人，有一双虎视眈眈的眼睛和一副患腰子病的神态，这个人见识过一切，熟悉整个城市。根据警察局规定，他的名字"伊利·莱夫科维茨"很醒目。她会一辈子记住他的名字。伊利·莱夫科维茨，不偷窥爱情的司机。（施咸荣　董衡巽　译）

Not Dressed like a Chauffeur

He wasn't dressed like a chauffeur. He wore white duck trousers and espadrilles on his bare feet, a white tennis shirt, with no tie and open at the neck, and a straw hat. Carruthers frowned. Betty oughtn't to let her chauffeur drive the car like that. It was true that he had had to get up before daybreak and it looked like being a hit drive up to the villa. Perhaps under ordinary conditions he wore uniform. Though not so tall as Carruthers, who was six feet one in his socks, he was not short; but he

was broad-shouldered and squarely built, so that he looked stocky. He was not fat, but plump rather; he looked as though he had a hearty appetite and ate well. Young still, thirty perhaps or thirty-one, he had already a massive look and one day would be very beefy. Now he was a hefty fellow. Oddly enough Carruthers had a vague feeling that he had seen him before.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Human Element*)

衣着不像司机的司机

他的衣着不像个司机:他穿着白色帆布裤子,没有穿袜子,拖着平底凉鞋,白色网球衬衫敞着胸口,没有系领带,头上戴着草帽。卡拉瑟斯皱了皱眉头,他想贝蒂不该让司机就这身打扮前来接他。可是,他天不亮就起身了,看来从这里开车到别墅一路上很热的,因此也情有可原,也许在一般情况下他总是穿制服的吧。卡拉瑟斯身高六英尺一英寸,这个司机虽然没他高,但也不矮;这个人长得膀宽腰圆,看起来很粗壮,虽算不上肥胖,但也相当臃肿;看来他胃口挺大,吃得也很好;尽管还年轻,大概三十或三十一岁吧,但身体已开始发福,将来一定是个大胖子。不过这会儿他是个身材魁梧的大汉,一张晒得黑红的宽阔脸膛上长着一只很短的肉鼻子,蓄着短短的胡子。他看来有点闷闷不乐。奇怪得很,卡拉瑟斯模模糊糊觉得他以前见过这个人。 (刘宪之 译)

A Chauffeur at the Station

They were met at the gate by the chauffeur Cornstock had hired for her, a tall, seedy-looking man of indeterminable age in a black suit and cap, with a long, sorrowful-looking mustache. He stood holding a large card with her name written on it in red ink...

(Daniel Steel, *Once in a Lifetime*)

接站的司机

在大门口,他们见到了考恩斯得克雇来接她的司机。他高个,瓜子脸,说不上年龄多大,穿黑衣,戴黑帽,留着长胡子,显得一脸苦相。他站在那里,手里举着一个大牌子,牌子上用红墨水写着她的名字…… (洁岩 译)

29. Seamen 海员

A Captain Shaped like Perseus

Captain Ahab stood upon his quarter-deck. There seemed no sign of common bodily illness about him, nor of the recovery from any. He looked like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has over-runningly

wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness. His whole high, broad form, seemed made of solid bronze, and shaped in an unalterable mould, like Cellini's cast Perseus. Threading its way out from among his grey hairs, and continuing right down one side of his tawny scorched face and neck, till it disappeared in his clothing, you saw a slender rod-like mark, lividly whitish. It resembled that perpendicular seam sometimes made in the straight, lofty trunk of a great tree, when the upper lightning tearingly darts down it, and without wrenching a single twig, peels and grooves out the bark from top to bottom, ere running off into the soil, leaving the tree still greenly alive, but branded. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

钢筋铁骨的船长

亚哈船长站在后甲板上了。他的身体似乎看不出有什么普通的症状，也看不出好了多少。他那样子就像一个刚从火柱上解下来的人，虽然火焰烤干了四肢，却没有把四肢烧掉，也分毫没有损及他那久经风霜的结实躯体。他整个高大的身材，似乎是用坚硬的古铜塑成的，塑成一个无法改动的模型，有如切林尼塑出来的柏修斯。你可以看到有一条细长的、青白色的鞭痕似的东西，像根线一般从他那簇灰发里蜿蜒而出，直顺着他那焦黄色的半边脸和脖子而下，消失在衣衫里。它仿似天上的闪电，猛然地击了下来，落在一棵笔直、高耸的树身上，往往就这样留下了一道垂直的线痕，却没有损伤一枝嫩枝，只是把突出土面的树干从顶到底划了一条细沟，剥了一细条树皮，大树虽还长得绿油油，却已刻上了痕记。 （曹庸 译）

The Chief Mate of Pequod

The chief mate of the pequod was Starbuck, a native of Nantucket, and a Quaker by descent. He was a long, earnest man, and though born on an icy coast, seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes, his flesh being hard as twice-baked biscuit. Transported to the Indies, his live blood would not spoil like bottled ale. He must have been born in some time of general drought and famine, or upon one of those fast days for which his state is famous. Only some thirty arid summers had he seen; those summers had dried up all his physical superfluousness. But this, his thinness, so to speak, seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares, than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight. It was merely the condensation of the man. He was by no means ill-looking; quite the

contrary. His pure tight skin was an excellent fit; and closely wrapped up in it, and embalmed with inner health and strength, like a revivified Egyptian. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

"裴廓德号"的大副

"裴廓德号"的大副叫做斯达巴克,他是个南塔开特土著,也是桂克的后代。他身材颀长,为人真诚,虽然生在冰天雪地的海滨,却似乎很经得起热带的气候,他全身肌肉硬得像回炉的面包。他身上的热血,即使运到东印度群岛去,也不会像瓶装土啤酒那样容易变质。他出生的时候,一定是正逢旱灾和饥荒,或者正逢他的国家所盛行的禁食日。他不过三十来岁;可是岁月却已吞噬了他那旺盛的体力。但是,他的这种瘦弱,仿佛既看不出是消耗精力于忧虑,也不像是有任何体力衰退的迹象。这只是成年男子的一种凝缩现象。他可决不是其貌不扬的人,恰恰相反,他那洁白而紧绷绷的皮肤,就像一件非常合身的衣服,把身体裹得紧紧的,充分表露出体内的健康有力,活像个再世的古埃及人。 (曹庸 译)

A Mate Sublime in Profanity

I was sorry I hated the mate so, because it was not in (young) human nature not to admire him. He was huge and muscular, his face was bearded and whiskered all over; he had a red woman and a blue woman tattooed on his right arm—one on each side of a blue anchor with a red rope to it; and in the matter of profanity he was sublime. When he was getting out cargo at a landing, I was always where I could see and hear. He felt all the majesty of his great position, and made the world feel it, too. When he gave even the simplest order, he discharged it like a blast of lightning, and sent a long, reverberating peal of profanity thundering after it. I could not help contrasting the way in which the average landsman would give an order with the mate's way of doing it.

(Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi*)

出言不逊的大副

我很懊悔不该那么恨那位大副,因为按照(青年)人的天性,简直就非羡慕他不可。他身材魁伟,健壮有力,脸上和下巴都长满了胡子;右胳臂上刺着一个红色女人和一个蓝色女人——两个女人当中刺着一只蓝色的锚,拴着一根红色的绳子;他破口乱骂的本领,也是卓越非凡的。他在码头上卸货的时候,我每次总在看得到和听得见的地方。他充分感到他那个高贵的身分的威风,

也故意使大家都有这种感觉。即令在他发出最简单的命令的时候，也总是像一道电光那么一闪，跟着就是响雷似的一阵乱骂，那声音直在空中回旋。我不由得要把一个普通的新水手发命令的方式和一个大副的方式对比一番。

（张友松 译）

A Sailor Looked Not like His Status

Thomas looked at him seriously. Dwyer was wearing a gob's white hat, pulled down all around a yellow sou'wester and solid new rubber-soled, high, working shoes. He was a small man and he looked like a boy dressed up for a costume party, with the new, natty, sea-going clothes. The wind had reddened his face but not like an outdoor man's face, rather like a girl's who is not used to the cold and has suddenly been exposed to it. He had long, dark eye lashes over soft, black eyes and he seemed to be begging for something. His mouth was too large and too full and too busy. He kept moving his hands in and out of his pockets restlessly.

（Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*）

不似水手，确是水手

托马斯好奇地望着他。德怀尔戴着一顶白色水手帽，帽檐拉下来搭在一件黄色长油布雨衣上，穿一双结实的新胶底高筒轻便鞋。他个子不大，穿了这么一身整洁的新航海服，看上去像是打扮好了准备参加什么服装晚会的孩子。风把他的脸吹得通红，不过那不像老在外边干活的男人面孔，倒像一张不习惯寒冷、突然受冻变红了的姑娘的脸。在他那双柔和的黑眼睛上，长着长长的黑睫毛，他像在乞求着什么。他的嘴太大、太丰满，而且说个没完。手也是一会儿放进衣袋，一会儿又掏出来，动个不停。

（施咸荣 译）

Old Sailor Singleton

Old Singleton, the oldest able seaman in the ship, sat apart on the deck right under the lamps, stripped to the waist, tattooed like a cannibal chief all over his powerful chest and enormous biceps. Between the blue and red patterns his white skin gleamed like satin; his bare back was propped against the heel of the bowsprit, and he held a book at arm's length before his big, sunburnt face. With his spectacles and a venerable white beard, he resembled a learned and savage patriarch, the incarnation of barbarian wisdom serene in the blasphemous turmoil of the world. He

was intensely absorbed, and, as he turned the pages an expression of grave surprise would pass over his rugged features. He was reading Pelham.

(Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*)

老水手辛格尔敦

老辛格尔敦,全船最年长的能干海员,独自待在甲板的一方,位置就在两盏灯下面,腰部以上脱得精光,活像一个吃人的蛮族首领,魁伟的胸膛和壮大的双头肌上刺满了花纹。他白皙的皮肤绫缎似的透露在红蓝花纹之间;他赤裸的脊背靠着船头斜桅的底部;他双手捧着一本书,书离他那张晒黑的阔脸约有一臂之远。他戴着一副眼镜,须发雪白得令人肃然起敬:他俨然像是一位博学的蛮族长老,原始智慧的化身,在猥亵纷扰的境地还能清明自躬。他一心凝神。而每当他翻揭篇页时,一种庄重而惊奇的表情便浮上他皱纹很密、凹凸不平的颜面。他正在读《沛兰姆》。 (袁家骅 译)

A Rascal Sailor

His neck was long and thin; his eyelids were red; rare hairs hung about his jaws; his shoulders were peaked and drooped like the broken wings of a bird; all his left side was caked with mud which showed that he had lately slept in a wet ditch. He had saved his inefficient carcass from violent destruction by running away from an American ship where, in a moment of forgetful folly, he had dared to engage himself; and he had knocked about for a fortnight ashore in the native quarter, cadging for drinks, starving, sleeping on rubbish-heaps, wandering in sunshine: a startling visitor from a world of nightmares. He stood repulsive and smiling in the sudden silence. This clean white forecastle was his refuge; the place where he could be lazy; where he could display his talents for shirking work, for cheating, for cadging; where he could find surely someone to wheedle and someone to bully—and where he would be paid for doing all this. They all knew him. Is there a spot on earth where such a man is unknown, an ominous survival testifying to the eternal fitness of lies and impudence?

(Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*)

无赖水手

他的颈脖又长又细,他的眼皮是红的;稀疏的须毛飘挂在他上下颚;他的肩膀瘦削低垂,宛如一只鸟儿折断的两只翅膀;他身体左边全是一块块硬结的污泥,足见他前不久还睡在潮湿的阴沟里呢。有一回,因为糊涂健忘,他大胆

混进一条美国船，险些儿死在暴力之下，拼命逃跑才救了他这不中用的躯壳；他在当地一带海滨，流浪了两个星期，讨些饮料，受冻挨饿，睡垃圾堆，在太阳下乱跑乱窜；俨然像个从梦魇世界里来的吓人的访客。周围突然沉默了，他怪惹人厌恶地站在那里微笑。这白净的水手舱倒成了他的避难所；待在这儿他很可以闲散了；他尽管打滚，挺尸，吃——并且咒骂他所吃的东西，却大可显一显他的本领，躲懒、欺骗、行乞；他定能发现有人可以哄骗，有人可以硬敲——干了这一切勾当，他还会得到报酬。他们都对他有所了解。这样一个汉子，简直是个不祥的遗物，证明撒谎与轻狂是永远适于生存的要素；难道世间还有地方不知道他么？ （袁家骅 译）

30. Natives and Minorities 土著人、少数民族等

Mr. Healthcliff—a Gypsy

But Mr. Healthcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-kind gypsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman: that is as much a gentleman as many a country squire; rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure; and rather morose.

(Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

吉卜赛人希克厉先生

可是希克厉先生跟他的居处和生活方式，形成了一个奇怪的对照。从模样来说，他是一个皮肤黝黑的吉卜赛人；从服装、举止来说，又像一位绅士——那是说，就像乡间那许多地主那样的绅士，也许很可以说是衣冠不整，但并不见得就叫人看不入眼，因为他的身材挺直、很有样儿。 （方平 译）

A Hairy Man

This other man was shorter of leg and longer of arm, with muscles that were stringy and knotty rather than rounded and swelling. The hair of this man was long and matted, and his head slanted back under it from the eyes. He uttered strange sounds, and seemed very much afraid of the darkness, into which he peered continually, clutching in his hand, which hung midway between knee and foot, a stick with a heavy stone made fast to the end. He was all but naked, a ragged and fire-scorched skin hanging part way down his back, but on his body there was much hair. In some places, across the chest and shoulders and down the outside of the arms

and thighs, it was matted into almost a thick fur. He did not stand erect, but with trunk inclined forward from the hips, on legs that bent at the knees. About his body there was a peculiar springiness, or resiliency, almost catlike, and a quick alertness as of one who lived in perpetual fear of things seen and unseen. (Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

毛人

另外那一个人,腿比较短,胳臂比较长,筋肉与其说又圆又粗,不如说青筋累累、疙疙瘩瘩。这个人的头发很长,纠缠在一起,他的头从眼睛向后斜斜地扎进头发根下面。他发出奇怪的声音,并且似乎非常害怕黑暗,不断地向黑暗里窥视;他的手垂到膝头和腿之间,手里拿着一根棍子,棍子头上牢牢地安装着一块沉重的石头。他几乎赤身裸体,一块破烂的被火烧焦的兽皮在他脊背的腰里悬挂着,但是他身上长着很多毛,铺满胸部和两肩,下达手臂和大腿的外侧,这地方毛交织得特别厚,几乎像浓密的兽毛。他不直立,却是从臀部起向前倾着,屈膝蹲在两腿上,他身上特别富于弹性,或反弹力,几乎像猫一样,还有一种敏锐的警觉,是那种生活在对于看得见的和看不见的东西怀着没完没了的恐惧那种情况的人所特有的。 (蒋天佐 译)

A Savage

The native bore both the tomahawk and knife of his warrior. On the contrary, there was an air of neglect about his person, like that which might have proceeded from great and recent exertion, which he had not yet found leisure to repair. The colors of the war-paint had blended in dark confusion about his fierce countenance, and rendered his swarthy lineaments still more savage and repulsive than if art had attempted an effect which had been thus produced by chance. His eyes, alone, which glistened like a fiery star amid lowing clouds, was to be seen in its state of native wildness. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

土人

这个土人佩带着自己部落的战斧和猎刀,但是他的神气又不完全像个武士。恰恰相反,他像是心不在焉的样子,多半是因为近几天来他极度紧张,而且又找不到时间使自己恢复正常的缘故。他那凶狠的脸上画着的战斗花纹,颜色已经有些模糊不清,因而使这张黝黑的脸显得更加狰狞可憎,即使绘画艺术也达不到这样偶然产生的效果。他的眼睛中射出两道炯炯的光芒,仿佛是乌云中两颗闪亮的星星,看起来显得凶暴粗野。 (宋兆霖 译)

A Gigantic Cossack

Uncle Eroshka was a gigantic Cossack with a broad, snow-white beard and such broad shoulders and chest that in the wood, where there was no one to compare him with, he did not look particularly tall, so well proportioned were his powerful limbs. He wore a tattered coat and, over the bands with which his legs were swathed, sandals made of undressed deer's hide tied on with strings; while on his head he had a rough little white cap. He carried over one shoulder a screen to hide behind when shooting pheasants, and a bag containing a hen for luring hawks, and a small falcon; over the other shoulder, attached by a strap, was a wild cat he had killed; and stuck in his belt behind were some little bags containing bullets, gunpowder, and bread, a horse's tail to swish away the mosquitoes, a large dagger in a torn scabbard smeared with old bloodstains, and two dead pheasants.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Cossacks*, trans. J. D. Duff)

体格魁伟的哥萨克人

耶罗施卡大叔是个体格魁伟的哥萨克人，留着一把宽阔的银白色大胡子，肩膀和胸膛都很宽阔，树林里没有人能跟他相比。他看上去个儿并不太高，那是因为他的手脚生得粗壮，跟他的体格十分相称。他身穿一件腰间掖起的褴褛短褂，脚套一双用绳子系在包脚布上的鹿皮鞋，头戴一顶破旧的白色便帽。他一边肩上搭着一张打野鸡用的遮身布幔和藏有引诱鹌子用的小鸡和小隼的口袋；另一边肩上用皮带吊着一只打死的野猫子；腰带后面挂着一只装子弹、火药和面包的小口袋，一个驱蚊用的马尾拂尘、一柄插在血迹斑斑的破旧鞘里的短刀和两只打死的野鸡。（吴育群 译）

Two Indian Riders

Two ghost-like figures on horseback emerged from the black of the spruce across the stream. It was two Indians on horseback, swathed like seated mummies in their pale-grey cotton blankets. Their guns jutted beyond the saddles. They rode straight towards her, to her thread of smoke.

As they came near, they unswathed themselves and greeted her, looking at her curiously from their dark eyes. Their black hair was somewhat untidy, the long rolled plaits on their shoulders were soiled.

They looked tired. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Princess*)

两个印第安骑手

这时,两个像魔鬼似的骑马人的身影从小溪彼岸的黑色云杉树丛中钻了出来。那是两个印第安人,他们披着浅灰色的棉毯,就像两具被裹起来的木乃伊一样。他们的猎枪从马鞍后面伸了出来。他们骑着马一直朝她奔来,朝她升起的一小堆火奔了过来。

他们靠近她时,撩开身上的棉毯,向她打招呼,他们那乌黑的眼睛好奇地望着她。他们的黑发看上去乱蓬蓬的,垂到肩上的长发辫布满了灰尘。看样子他们很累了。 (刘东兵 译)

An Esquimau Girl

She was a beautiful creature. I speak from the Esquimau point of view. Others would have thought her a trifle over-plump. She was just twenty years old, and was held to be by far the most bewitching girl in her tribe. Even now, in the open air, with her cumbersome and shapeless fur coat and trousers and boots and vast hood, the beauty of her face at least was apparent; but her figure had to be taken on trust. Among all the guests who came and went, I had seen no girl at her father's hospitable through who could be called her equal. Yet she was not spoiled. She was sweet and natural and sincere, and if she was aware that she was a belle, there was nothing about her ways to show that she possessed that knowledge. (Mark Twain, *The Esquimau Maiden's Romance*)

爱斯基摩姑娘

她长得很漂亮。我这是从爱斯基摩人的观点来说的。换了别人,会要认为她长得过于肥胖了一点。她刚好二十岁,尤其是她被认为是她那个部族里最迷人的姑娘。甚至现在在野外,穿着那笨重的、不成样子的毛皮大衣、毛皮裤子。毛皮长统靴和戴着那宽大的兜帽,至少她面部的美还是很明显的。但她的姿态也是完全可以信得过的。在她父亲的那个好客的小山谷中的来来往往客人中,我还没见过可以跟她比美的姑娘。然而她却没有被宠坏。她愉快,自然,诚恳,如果她自己知道她是个美女,那从她一贯的表现看,人们总看不出她有了这种认识。 (唐荫荪 译)

Papuans

They were true Papuans with handsome faces and athletic bodies,

high, broad foreheads, noses that were wide but not flat, and white teeth, Their woolly hair was dyed red, and thus provided a sharp contrast to their black shining bodies. Bone earrings hung from their cut and distended earlobes. For the most part these savages were naked. But I could make out several women among them dressed in grass skirts held up by belt also made from some plant. Several of the chieftains wore necklaces made of crescent-shaped objects or of red and white beads. Almost all of them were armed with bows, arrows and shields, and around their shoulders hung a kind of net containing the stones they hurled from their slings with deadly accuracy.

One of the chieftains nearest the Nautilus was examining it carefully. He must have been a very high-ranking "mado," because he was dressed in banana leaves with scalloped edges and painted in bright colors.

(Jules Verne, 20, 000 *Leagues under the Sea*, trans. Anthony Bonner)

巴布亚土人

他们是地道的巴布亚人,相貌英俊,身体强健,额头又方又宽,鼻子宽而不平,牙齿雪白。满头羊毛似的卷发染成红色,与黑亮的皮肤相映成趣。耳垂穿了孔,胀鼓鼓的,戴着石耳环。绝大多数土人都是赤身裸体,但我看见一些妇女穿着草裙子,用草扎的腰带系紧。几个酋长戴着用月牙形饰物或红、白色珠子做成的项链。土人们几乎全都武装有弓、箭、盾牌,肩膀上搭着一个网,里面装着弹弓石子。他们打弹弓,又准又狠。

离诺第留斯号最近的一位酋长在仔细地打量着船。他准是地位显赫的马多,因为他穿扇贝镶边的香蕉叶衣服,色彩十分亮丽。 (王荣生 译)

31. The Handicapped and Disabled 残疾人

A Very Ugly Little Man

The "little fellow"—a very ugly little man, from what Benton could see of him out of the corner of his eyes, with a lopsided hump and dark or dirty features, like a gnomish gypsy—entered the compartment and took a seat in the far corner. He was dressed in a floppy black wide-brimmed hat that fell half over his face and a black overcoat longer than himself that trailed to the floor. (Brian Lumley, *The Whisper*)

长相丑陋的矬子

那"矬子"走进了他的车室,在另一个角落里坐了下来。本顿打从眼角里

瞥了他一下,见他长得很丑,背上长着一个偏在一侧的隆块,面貌黝黑,或者说肮脏得像个土地爷般的吉普赛人。他头戴一顶软绵绵的黑色宽边帽,帽子向下耷拉着,把整整半个脸都遮了起来。他身上穿的是一件比他的身子更长的黑大衣,一直拖到地板上。 (朱乃长 译)

A Dumb Girl

The old woman went out, and a few minutes later Lukashka's dumb sister came up the creaking steps and entered the hut. She was six years older than her brother and would have been extremely like him had it not been for the dull and coarsely changeable expression (common to all deaf and dumb people) of her face. She wore a coarse smock all patched; her feet were bare and muddy, and on her head she had an old blue kerchief. Her neck, arms, and face were sinewy like a peasant's. Her clothing and her whole appearance indicated that she always did the hard work of a man. She brought in a heap of logs which she threw down by the oven. Then she went up to her brother, and with a joyful smile which made her whole face pucker up, touched him on the shoulder and began making rapid signs to him with her hands, her face, and whole body.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Cossacks*, trans. J. D. Duff)

哑巴姑娘

老太婆走出去,过了一会儿,鲁卡沙的哑姐姐踏着吱嘎作响的台阶,走进屋子里。她比她弟弟大六岁,要不是她也带有聋哑人常有的那种迟钝而又粗鲁多变的表情,她的相貌倒是跟他很像的。她穿一件打满补丁的粗布衫,光脚上沾满泥泞,头上包着一块很旧的蓝色头巾。她的脖子、手臂和腿上都筋脉毕露,像庄稼汉一样强壮。从她的穿着和外表上可以看出,她经常干男子干的重活。她搬来一捆木柴,扔在火炉旁。接着满脸浮起快乐的微笑,走到弟弟跟前,摸摸他的肩膀,迅速地用手、脸和全身向他做着各种姿势。 (草婴 译)

Lame Phil

"Phil, close the door."

As Phil moves about to execute this order, it appears that he is lame, though able to move very quickly. On the speckled side of his face he has no eyebrow, and on the other side he has a bushy black one, which want of uniformity gives him a very singular and rather sinister appearance.

Everything seems to have happened to his hands that could possibly take place, consistently with the retention of all the fingers; for they are notched, and seamed, and crumpled all over. He appears to be very strong, and lifts heavy benches about as if he had no idea what weight was. He has a curious way of limping round the gallery with his shoulder against the wall, and tacking off at objects he wants to lay hold of, instead of going straight to them, which has left a smear all round the four walls, conventionally called "Phil's mark." (Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

瘸子菲尔

"菲尔,关门吧!"

当菲尔执行这道命令而来回走动的时候,虽然动作敏捷还是可以看出他是个瘸子。带着青色斑点的那一边脸上没有眉毛,但另一边却有一道又黑又浓的眉毛,正因为只有这么一道,他的样子便更显得非常古怪,甚至相当阴险。除了手指头没有弄掉以外,他那双手似乎遭过种种事故,因为那上面伤痕累累,皱纹满布。他似乎力气很大,举着沉重的长凳走动,一点也不嫌重。他走路的样子很古怪,喜欢用肩膀蹭着墙,沿着射击场四周一瘸一拐地走,要拿什么东西,也不是径直走过去,而是绕着弯儿走,因此射击场的四壁留下了一条黑道,大家都管它叫"菲尔的记号"。 (黄邦杰 陈少衡 张自谋 译)

Clubfoot

The foot formed almost a straight line with the leg, although it also turned inward, so that it was an equinus mingled with a little varus, or perhaps a slight varus with a strong admixture of equinus. But with his equinus—which actually was as wide as a horse's hoof, with rough skin, hard tendons and huge toes whose black nails were like the nails of a horseshoe—the taliped galloped like a deer from morning to night. He was constantly seen in the square, hopping around the carts, thrusting his crippled leg forward. In fact, this leg seemed to be more vigorous than the other. Through long use it had taken on what might almost be called moral qualities of patience and determination, and Hippolyte preferred to rest his weight on it whenever he was given heavy work to do.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

跛脚

他的脚差不多和腿成为一条直线,同时还朝里歪,看上去是马蹄型.兼

点外拐型,或者可以说成轻微的外拐型,结合严重的马蹄型。这只马蹄型脚,确实也有马蹄大小,疙瘩皮,硬筋,粗脚趾,脚趾甲黑得像马掌钉子一样,可是跛子从早到晚,快步如飞。大家看见他,时刻在广场跳跳蹦蹦,兜着大车转。这条坏腿朝前一丢,简直像比那条好腿还要得力。侍应日久,它通达灵性,养成忍耐和刚强的品质,赶上重活,他信赖的,总归是它。 (李健吾 译)

32. Police 警察

A Grim-Looking Magistrate

The magistrate... was a grim-looking man with a pointed nose, a sallow complexion, prominent cheekbones, and small, lively, inquisitive eyes; the sum of all these features gave his face the look of both a fox and a ferret. He had a long, flexible neck, and the way his head swayed above his black robe suggested a turtle putting its head out of its shell.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

面目可憎的督察长

这督察长是个面目可憎的家伙,尖尖的鼻子,黄碴碴的凸颧骨,小小的老鼠眼老是滴溜溜打转,看起人来目光犀利;这副尊容,可以说是犴貂和狐狸的神情特征兼而有之。这么个脑袋,搁在一根细长而活络的脖子上,从宽松的黑袍里伸将出来,左摇右晃的,动作有点像从背壳里伸出来的乌龟脑袋。

(周克希 译)

Two Security Policemen

Two men waited for him in the inner office: Mr. Muller sat behind a large desk of the finest South African wood which bore nothing but a blank blooting pad and a highly polished pen-stand and one file suggestively open. He was a man a little younger than Castle, approachingly fifty perhaps, and he had the kind of face which in ordinary circumstances Castle would have found it easy to forget: an indoor face, as smooth and pale as a bank clerk's or a junior civil servant's, a face unmarked by the torments of any belief, human or religious, a face which was ready to receive orders and obey them promptly without question, a conformist face. Certainly not a face of a bully—though that described the features of the second man in uniform who sat with his legs slung with insolence over the arm of an easy chair as though he wanted to show he was any man's

equal; his face had not avoided the sun: it had a kind of infernal flush as though it had been exposed too long to a heat which would have been much too fierce for ordinary men. Muller's glasses had gold rims; it was a gold-rimmed country. (Graham Greene, *The Human Factor*)

两个保安警察

有两个人在里间屋里等着他,其中之一就是马勒,坐在一张用南非最好木料做的大办公桌后边。桌子上只有一个崭新的吸墨滚台、一个镀得贼亮的笔架和一份打开着的卷宗之类的东西。马勒比卡斯尔稍微年轻些,大概近五十岁的样子。马勒的面容,如果在一般情况下,卡斯尔会把它忘得一干二净,可是在那种情况下,他的面容深深地刻在卡斯尔的脑海里:一副书生"小白脸",像银行职员或低级文职人员的脸一样,光洁而又苍白,丝毫未为政见或宗教信仰所烦忧;一副俯首贴耳、唯命是从的面容;一副尊奉者的面容,绝不是一副残暴者的面容——这样的面容是坐在房间里另一个人的特征。此人身着军服,坐在安乐椅里,傲慢地把脚跷在椅子的扶手上,好像想表明他绝不低于任何人。而他的面容,由于饱经风吹日晒,红得有点可怕,好像经受了长时间的暴晒,这种暴晒一般人是受不了的。马勒的眼镜镶着金边——这个国家盛产金子,很多东西都镶着金边,可以说是镶金边的国家。 (尚明 张林 译)

A Cold Private Investigator

The white man clicked on the light. He had a cold, impersonal manner that told Bigger to be on his guard. In the very look of the man's Bigger saw his own personality reflected in narrow, restricted terms.

'What's the matter, bey?' the man asked.

Bigger said nothing; he swallowed, caught hold of himself and came forward slowly. The white man's eyes were steadily upon him. Panic seized Bigger as he saw the white man lower his head, narrow his eyes still more, sweep back his coat and ram his hands into his pants' pockets, revealing as he did so a shining badge on his chest. Words rang in Bigger's mind: This is a cop! He could not take his eyes off the shining bit of metal. Abruptly, the man changed his attitude and expression, took his hands from his pocket and smiled a smile that Bigger did not believe.

...

'He's a private investigator.' (Richard Wright, *Native Son*)

冷酷的私人侦探

那白人咔嚓一声开亮了灯。他具有一种冷酷的、超然的神态,别格一见,

马上警惕起来。从那人眼里流露出来的神色中,别格看到了他自己的人格得到狭窄的、有限制的反映。

"怎么啦,孩子?"那人问。

别格没吭声;他咽了口唾沫,控制住自己,慢慢地走向前来。那白人的眼睛紧盯着他。他看见那白人低着头,眼睛眯得更细,随手把上衣的衣襟往后一撩,两只手插到了裤袋里,这样一来,就露出了胸上那颗亮晶晶的徽章,别格一见,吓得非同小可。他的脑子里响起了这几个字:他是警察!他的目光已离不开那一小片闪闪发亮的金属。突然间,那人改变了他的态度和表情,把两只手从裤袋里取出来,露出一个使别格难以置信的笑容。

……

"他是个私人侦探。"

(施咸荣 译)

A Policeman on the Beat

The policemen on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye down the pacific thoroughfare, the office, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

(O. Henry, *After Twenty Years*)

执勤警察

执勤警察神气活现地沿着大街巡视着。他这种神气活现的神态已成为习惯,并不是为了招摇过市、露个脸面,因为街上看他的脸面的人很少。时间只不过才晚上十点钟,可是一阵阵夹着雨意的寒风把街上的行人差不多都给赶走了。

他边走着边试试人家的门户是否关好,手中的警棍在巧妙地令人目眩地耍动着;时不时地还转过来朝着宁静的街面上投去机警的一瞥。这位警官先生魁梧的身躯配上那么点昂首阔步的神态,真是活脱脱的一幅保护治安的形象。这个地区都兴早起早睡,也许你能时不时地看到一家雪茄烟店、或是通宵

营业的饭馆柜台仍亮着灯光;可是绝大多数店家商号的大门早就紧闭了。

(陈华 何晓曦 译)

A Policeman on the Street

The unmoved policeman (to whom a little opium, more or less, is nothing), with his shining hat, stiff stock, inflexible great-coat, stout belt and bracelet, and all things fitting, pursues his lounging way with a heavy tread: beating the palms of his white gloves one against the other, and stopping now and then, at a street-corner, to look casually about for anything between a lost child and a murder.

(Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

大街上的巡警

这个神色自若的巡警(在他看来,一点点鸦片根本算不了什么)戴着亮闪闪的帽子,系着浆得硬梆梆的围颈布,穿着笔挺的大衣,围着宽大的皮带,皮带上扣着一副手铐,此外,还有种种的配备。他拖着沉重的脚步踱来踱去,戴着白手套的手掌互相拍打着;不时在街头拐角的地方站住,看看有没有发生丢失小孩和谋杀之类的事情。 (黄邦杰 陈少衡 张自谋 译)

33. Prisoners 囚犯

A Girl on the Way to the Execution

In the fateful cart sat a girl, arms bound behind her back, but no priest beside her. She wore a shift, her long, black hair (it was then the custom to cut it off only at the foot of the gallows) fell loose over her breast and her half-uncovered shoulders.

Across the undulating hair, darker than a raven's wing, could be seen twisting and knotting a thick grey, coarse rope, chafing her delicate collarbones and twining round the poor girl's charming neck like an earthworm on a flower. Under the rope sparkled a little amulet decorated with green glass beads, which she had been allowed to keep, no doubt because nothing is refused to those about to die. The spectators in the windows could see at the bottom of the tumbril her bare legs which she was trying to tuck out of sight beneath her as though from a last feminine instinct.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

女死囚

在死囚车里坐着一位姑娘，双臂反剪，身旁没有教士，她只穿着内衣，长长的黑发披散在几乎裸露的胸前和肩上——当时的风俗是到了绞刑台下才剪掉头发。

透过这黑玉般乌黑闪亮的波浪状秀发，可以看见扭曲绞结着一根灰色的粗绳索，粗暴地蹂躏着可怜姑娘的纤弱锁骨，缠绕着她那美丽的颈脖，好像一条蚯蚓爬在鲜花上。这根绳索下面闪烁着一个缀饰着绿玻璃的护身符，让她保留着，大概是因为对于快死的人是不会拒绝什么的。站在窗口的观众可以瞅见刑车里面她赤裸着的双腿，——她竭力把腿藏在身下，大概是出于最后的女性本能。

（管震湖　译）

A Priest in Life Imprisonment

He was a man of small stature, with hair blanched rather by suffering and sorrow than years. A deepset, penetrating eye, almost buried beneath the thick gray eyebrow, and a long (and still black) beard reaching down to his breast.

The meagreness of his features, deeply furrowed by care, joined to the bold outline of his strongly marked features, announced a man more accustomed to exercise his moral faculties than his physical strength. Large drops of perspiration were now standing on his brow, while his garments hung about him in such rags...

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

终身监禁的长老

他是一个身材瘦小的人，头发已经灰白，那大概是由于受苦和忧虑的结果而不是由于年龄的关系，眼睛深陷有神，几乎被那灰色的长眉毛所掩没，一丛长而依旧还是黑色的胡须一直垂到他的胸际。他那神色疲惫的脸上刻满了忧虑的皱纹，再加上他那个性坚毅的轮廓，一望而知他是一个习于劳心面较少劳力的人。他的额头这时正挂着大滴的汗珠。他的衣服东一块西一块地悬挂在身上。

（蒋学模　译）

A Released Prisoner

The man who stood in the Gilly sunset was too thin, gaunt almost, very pale; his hair was cropped halfway up his head, he wore shapeless clothes which hung on a frame still hinting at power for all its small size,

and his well-shaped hands were clamped on the brim of a grey felt hat. He wasn't stooped or ill-looking, bt he stood helplessly twisting that hat between his hands... (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

刑满释放犯

站在吉利黄昏夕阳下的那个男人多么消瘦、憔悴、苍白。他的头发剃掉了一半,身上穿着一件没样子的衣服,那衣服吊在他的身上,让人一看就知道它的主人身架太小,他那双长得很漂亮的手正捏着灰色毡帽的帽檐;他背没有驼,也没有病态,只是无力地站着,帽子在他的手里颤抖。

(晓明 陈明锦 译)

An Escaped Criminal

He was the kind of man that calls forth the remark: 'He looks a jovial sort!' He had broad shoulders, a well-developed chest, muscular arms, and strong square-fisted hands; the joints of his fingers were covered with tufts of fiery red hair. His face was furrowed by premature wrinkles; there was a certain hardness about it in spite of his bland and insinuating manner. His bass voice was by no means unpleasant, and was in keeping with his boisterous laughter.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

在逃犯

人家看到他那种人都会喊一声好家伙! 肩头很宽,胸部很发达,肌肉暴突,方方的手非常厚实,手指中节生着一簇簇茶红色的浓毛。没有到年纪就打皱的脸似乎是性格冷酷的标记;但是看他软和亲热的态度,又不像冷酷的人。他的低中音嗓子,跟他嘻嘻哈哈的快活脾气刚刚配合,绝对不讨厌。他很殷勤,老堆着笑脸。 (傅雷 译)

The Formidable Criminal Head

Tony Bear Marino, in shirtsleeves in the stuffy, heated office, appeared physically formidable as usual. His shoulders were a prizefighter's; his wrists and biceps thick. He overflowed the chair he sat in, though not with fat; most of him was solid muscle. Wizard Wong tried not to be intimated, either by Marino's bulk or his reputation for ruthlessness. But, whether from the hot room or other reasons, Wong began to sweat. (Arthur Hailey, *The Money Changers*)

犯罪集团魁首

托尼·贝尔·马里诺在这间闷热的办公室里只穿着衬衫，像往常一样，那一身横肉看着就叫人害怕。他的肩膀像职业拳击家的肩膀一样，手腕粗大，二头肌隆起。他把椅子塞得满满的，这并不是因为他脂肪多；他浑身上下都是结实的肌肉。翁"魔术师"尽量不使自己被马里诺的个头或者是他残忍成性的名声所吓倒。但是，不知是因为房间太热还是因为其他原因，翁开始出汗了。

（陆谷孙　张增健　翟象俊　译）

A Rakish and Boastful Prisoner

He was a tall fellow, with an olive complexion, long dark hair, and very thick bushy whiskers meeting under his chin. He wore no neckerchief, as he had been playing rackets all day, and his open shirt collar displayed their full luxuriance. On his head he wore one of the common eighteenpenny French skull-caps, with a gawdy tassel dangling therefrom, very happily in keeping with a common fustian coat. His legs: which, being long, were afflicted with weakness: graced a pair of Oxford-mixture trousers, made to show the full symmetry of those limbs. Being somewhat negligently braced, however, and moreover, but imperfectly buttoned, they fell in a series of not the most graceful folds over a pair of shoes sufficiently down at heel to display a pair of very soiled white stockings. There was a rakish, vagabond smartness, and a kind of boastful rascality, about the whole man, that was worth a mine of gold.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

放荡嚣张的囚犯

他是一个高个儿，有一张橄榄形的脸，黑色的长头发，一副很浓的在下巴下面连成一片的络腮胡子。他没有打领带，因为打了一天的球，他的敞开的衬衫领子里露出茸茸的毛。头上戴着一顶普通的十八便士一顶的法兰西式便帽，上面垂下一大撮漂亮的缨络，和他的粗斜纹布上衣偏巧非常调和。他的腿很长，但苦于很衰弱，穿上一条紫蓝色的裤子，足以显出它们的匀称，不过因为系得马虎，而且掉了些钮子，所以两条裤管不甚雅观地垂在一双后跟塌得很厉害的鞋上，露出一双纯白的袜子。他全身有一种放荡的、光棍派头的时髦和一种嚣张的流氓气，那是举世无双的无价之宝。　　（蒋天佐　译）

A Woman Prisoner

A couple of minutes later a short full-bosomed young woman in a grey

cloak over a white jacket and skirt came briskly out of the door, swung round and stood beside him. She was wearing calico stockings and prison shoes, and round her head she had tied a white kerchief, from beneath which a few ringlets of curling black hair had with evident intent been allowed to escape. Her face was pale with the pallor peculiar to people who have been shut in for a long time and which puts one in mind of the shoots which sprout from potatoes kept in a cellar. Her small broad hands and as much of the plump neck as could be seen beneath the big collar of her prison cloak were the same colour. Her sparkling jet-black eyes, though they were somewhat puffy and one of them had a slight cast, were very lively and offered a striking contrast to the dull pallor of her face. She held herself absolutely erect, her full bosom well forward. Emerging into the corridor, head thrown back a little, she looked the warder straight in the eye and stood ready to obey his orders, whatever they might be.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

女囚犯

过了两分钟光景，一个个儿不高、胸部丰满的年轻女人，身穿白衣白裙，外面套着一件灰色囚袍，大踏步走进牢房，敏捷地转过身来，在看守长旁边站住。这个女人脚穿麻布袜，外套囚犯穿的棉鞋，头上扎着一块白色巾，显然有意让几绺乌黑的卷发从头巾里露出来。她的脸色异常苍白，仿佛储存在地窖里的土豆的新芽。那是长期坐牢的人的通病，她那双短而阔的手和从囚袍宽大领口里露出来的丰满脖子，也是那样苍白。她那双眼睛，在苍白无光的脸庞衬托下，显得格外乌黑发亮，虽然有点浮肿，但十分灵活。其中一双眼睛稍微有点斜视。她挺直身子站着，丰满的胸部高高地隆起。她来到走廊里，微微仰起头，盯住看守长的眼睛，现出一幅唯命是从的样子。 （草婴 译）

The Last Woman to Commit Murder

She was the last woman to whom one would have expected such a thing to happen. She was in the early thirties, a fragile creature, neither short nor tall, and graceful rather than pretty. Her wrists and ankles were very delicate, but she was extremely thin, and you could see the bones of hers hands through the white skin, and the veins were large and blue. Her face was colourless, slightly sallow, and her lips were pale. You did not notice the colour of her eyes. She had a great deal of light brown hair, and it had a slight natural wave; it was the sort of hair that with a little

touching-up would have been very pretty, but you could not imagine that Mrs. Crobie would think of resorting to any such device. She was a quiet, pleasant, unassuming woman. Her manner was engaging, and if she was not very popular it was because she suffered from a certain shyness. This was comprehensible enough, for the planter's life is lonely, and in her own house, with people she knew, she was her quiet way charming. Mrs. Joyce, after her fortnight's stay, had told her husband that Leslie was a very agreeable hostess. There was more in her, she said, than people thought; and when you came to know her you were surprised how much she had read and how entertaining she could be.

She was the last woman in the world to commit murder.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Letter*)

决不会犯谋杀罪的女人

人们无论如何也不会料到,这样的事竟会发生在她身上。她三十出头,体质娇弱,身材不高不矮,虽说不上漂亮,倒也有几分姿色。她的手腕和脚脖都很纤细,全身瘦弱,手臂上白皙的皮肤下面的骨头甚至依稀可见,青筋毕露。她的面部暗淡,微露黄色,双唇苍白,眼睛的颜色不明显。她那一头浓密的淡褐色头发自然地微微卷曲,只要稍加修剪,她的头发就很漂亮。但很难想象,克罗斯比太太怎么会用那种办法呢。她是个沉静、快活、谦逊的女人。她的风度优雅,如果说她得不到大家的喜爱,那仅是因为她多少有些羞怯的缘故。这也不难理解,因为庄园生活是离群索居的。在庄园里跟自己的一伙人相处时,她虽然沉静,却有着迷人的魅力。那一次,乔伊斯太太在她家里呆了半个月,回来时对丈夫说,莱斯利是个非常招人喜欢的女主人,可是人们对她不十分了解。可是你跟她熟悉以后,对她的博览群书、情趣高雅会赞叹不迭。

这样一位女性是决不会犯谋杀罪的。 (刘宪之 译)

A Cautious Escaped Criminal

The words were hardly out of my mouth when we both saw him. Over the rocks, in the crevice of which the candle burned, there was thrust out an evil yellow face, a terrible animal face, all seamed and scored with vile passions. Foul with mire, with a bristling beard, and hung with matted hair, it might well have belonged to one of those old savages who dwelt in the burrows on the hillsides. The light beneath him was reflected in his small, cunning eyes which peered fiercely to right and left through the darkness like a crafty and savage animal who has heard the steps of the

hunters.

Something had evidently aroused his suspicions. It may have been that Barrymore had some private signal which we had neglected to give, or the fellow may have had some other reason for thinking that all was not well, but I could read his fears upon his wicked face.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*)

害怕被发觉的逃犯

我的话刚说出口,我们两人就看到了他,在蜡烛附近的岩石后面探出来一张可怕的黄面孔——一张吓人的野兽般的面孔,满脸横肉,肮脏不堪,长着粗硬的长须,乱蓬蓬的头发,倒很像是古代住在山边洞穴之中的野人。在他下面的烛光照着他的小而狡猾的眼睛,可怕地向左右黑暗之中窥探,好像是一只听到了猎人脚步声的狡黠的野兽。

显然已有什么东西引起了他的怀疑。说不定是因为他还有什么和白瑞摩私订的暗号我们不知道,也许是那家伙根据其他理由感觉到了事情的不妙,因为我从他那凶恶的脸上看出了恐惧的神色。 (倏莹 译)

34. Gamblers 赌徒

Gamblers Risking Everything on One Attempt

Three bald-headed seniors were lounging round the green table. Imperturbable as diplomatists, those plaster-cast faces of theirs betokened blunted sensibilities, and hearts which had long forgotten how to throb, even when a woman's dowry was the stake. A young Italian, olive-hued and dark-haired, sat at one end, with his elbows on the table, seeming to listen to the presentiments of luck that dictate a gambler's "Yes" or "No." The glow of fire and gold was on that southern face.

(Honoré de Balzac, *The Wild Ass's Skin*)

孤注一掷的赌棍

三个秃顶的老头子,懒洋洋地围坐在铺着绿毯的桌子旁边;他们那石膏般苍白的脸孔,和外交官的脸孔一样不动声色,表明他们的精神已经萎靡,他们的心情早已不惯于激动,即使是把老婆的陪嫁孤注一掷也无动于衷。一个黑头发、橄榄色脸孔的意大利青年,默默地支着肘子,坐在赌桌的一端,似乎在倾听那种老是在赌徒耳边叫唤的秘密预告:是的!——不是。这个南国青年心里渴望的是黄金和火热的生活。 (梁均 译)

Yashvin—A Gambler and Rake

Yashvin—a gambler and rake who was not only without principles, but whose principles were vicious—was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment. Vronsky was fond of him because of his unusual physical strength, which he demonstrated principally by being able to drink like a fish and never going to sleep without being affected by it in the least, because of his great strength of character, which he demonstrated in his relations with his superiors and comrades, attracting their fear and respect, and also because of his card playing, when he would stake tens of thousands of rubles and invariably, in spite of all the wine he had drunk, play with such skill and dash that he was considered the best player in the English Club. Vronsky respected and liked him especially because he felt that Yashvin liked him not for his name and fortune, but for himself.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

酒徒赌棍雅希文

雅希文是个赌棍和酒徒。他放荡不羁,常常做些缺德的事。他是伏伦斯基在团里最好的朋友。伏伦斯基喜欢他,因为他有过人的体力,能够狂饮不醉,通宵不眠而毫无倦意,又因为他有坚强的意志,使长官和同僚对他十分敬畏,在赌博上敢于上万的输赢,不管喝了多少酒,赌起钱来照样沉着精明,因此在英国俱乐部里被认为是第一号赌徒。伏伦斯基看重他,喜欢他,特别是因为他觉得雅希文喜欢他并非由于他的名声和财富,而是由于他的为人。

(周扬 译)

Granny Gambler

Granny' commanding and authoritative appearance as she was carried up in the chair was chiefly responsible for the sensation she caused. Whenever she met any one fresh she scrutinized him inquisitively and questioned me about him in a loud voice. Granny was powerfully built, and though she did not get up from her chair, it could be seen that she was very tall. Her back was as straight as a board and she did not lean back in the chair. Her big grey head with its large, bold features was held erect; she had a positively haughty and gestures were perfectly natural. In spite of her seventy-five years there was still a certain vigour in her face; and even her teeth were almost perfect. She was wearing a black silk dress and a

white cap.

...

The croupiers' expectations rose. Such an eccentric person certainly seemed to promise something out of the ordinary. An old woman of over seventy, who could not walk, yet wished to play, was, of course, not a sight to be seen every day.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Gambler*, trans. Nora Gottlieb and David. Magarshack and Constance Garnett)

古稀之年的女赌客

坐在轮椅上由众人抬上楼去的老太太,主要是她的威风凛凛、发号施令的气派引起人们的注目。凡是遇到陌生人,她立即以好奇的目光打量人家,大声向我打听种种情况。老太太生得身材高大,她虽然没有从椅子上站起来,但一看便知。她的腰板挺得笔直,没有靠在椅子上。白发苍苍的大脑袋,向上昂起,五官粗大,线条分明;她看起人来有点傲慢的神气,带点挑衅的味道,看来,她的眼神和举止纯粹是天生如此。尽管已是七十五的高龄,脸色却相当鲜润,连牙齿也没有全坏。她身穿一件绸衣,头上戴着雪白的软帽。

.....

庄家们心里产生了希望:看样子,来了这样稀奇古怪的赌客确实将会发生非同寻常的事情。七十五岁、不能行走的老妇人还想赌钱——这情况自然颇为少见。 (周朴之 翁文达 译)

Edna Fortunate in Horse Gambling

There were possibly a few track men out there who knew the race horse as well as Edna, but there was certainly none who knew it better. She sat between her two companions as one having authority to speak. She laughed at Arobin's pretensions, and deplored Mrs. Highcamp's ignorance. The race horse was a friend and intimate associate of her childhood. The atmosphere of the stables and the breath of the blue grass paddock revived in her memory and lingered in her nostrils. ... She played for very high stakes, and fortune favored her. The fever of the game flamed in her cheeks and eyes, and it got into her blood and into her brain like an intoxicant. People turned their heads to look at her, and more than one lent an attentive ear to her utterances, hoping thereby to secure the elusive but ever-desired "tip". (Kate Chopin, *Awakening*)

赌运亨通的埃德娜

在那里可能有几个赛马家运动员同埃德娜一样懂得赛马，但是肯定没有谁比她懂得更多了。她作为一个有发言权的权威坐在两个同伴中间。她嘲笑阿罗宾的自以为是，哀叹海坎普夫人的一无所知。赛马是她童年时期的朋友和亲密的伙伴。马厩的气氛和六月禾训马围场的气息在她的记忆中复活了，在她的鼻孔里继续存留着。……她进行输赢很大的赌博，运气总是偏爱她。赌博的热情在她脸上和眼睛里燃烧，就像一种酒类饮料进入她的血液，并进入她的头脑之中。人们都调过头来看她，不少人还专心地听她讲，希望由此获得那种难以理解然而一直渴望的"内部情报"。 （程锡麟 译）

35. Prostitutes 妓女

A Scarlet Woman Wearing Heavy Make Up

And besides, as he now saw, this girl was really pretty. She had on a Delft blue evening gown of velvet, with slippers and stockings to match. In her ears were blue earrings and her neck and shoulders and arms were plump and smooth. The most disturbing thing about her was that her bodice was cut very low—he dared scarcely look at her there—and her cheeks and lips were painted—most assuredly the marks of the scarlet woman. （Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*）

浓妆艳抹的妓女

而且，他看出这个姑娘确实很漂亮。她身上穿一件白底蓝花的天鹅绒晚礼服，脚上穿着便鞋和袜子，配得很好。耳朵上戴着蓝色的耳环，脖子、肩膀和胳臂都丰满而光泽。最惹人心乱的是她的胸衣裁得很低，他几乎不敢朝那儿看，她的两腮和嘴唇都抹了胭脂和口红，显然是妓女的标志。 （许汝祉 译）

A Miserable Prostitute

In the next box is a young female, whose attire, miserably poor, but extremely gaudy, wretchedly cold, but extravagantly fine, too plainly bespeaks her station in life. The rich satin gown with its faded trimmings, the worn-out thin shoes, and pink silk stockings, the summer bonnet in winter, and the sunken face, where a daub of rouge only serves as an index to the ravages of squandered health never to he regained, and lost happiness never to he restored, and where the practised smile is a

wretched mockery of the misery of the heart, can not be mistaken.

(Charles Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*)

境遇凄凉的妓女

在隔壁的分隔开的柜台里是一个年轻的女子,她的衣着赤脚透顶,却又极端华丽和俗气;看上去单薄得够惨,却又过分好看,这一切再清楚不过地说明了她的身份。准没错。她穿着华美的绸长外衣,边上的装饰物已经褪色;一双单薄的破鞋,粉红色的丝袜,值此严冬还戴着夏季的帽子,凹陷的面孔上涂的胭脂只能作为一种标志。它说明她已恣意破坏了自己那糟蹋了再也恢复不了的健康和失去了再也不能复得的幸福。那强颜一笑则是对内心痛苦的悲惨的讥讽。

(陈漪 西海 译)

Ball-of-Fat

The woman, one of those called a conquette, was celebrated for her embonpoint, which had given her the nickname of "Ball-of-Fat." Small, round, and fat as lard, with puffy fingers choked at the phalanges, like chaplets of short sausages; with a stretched and shining skin, and enormous bosom which shook under her dress, she was, nevertheless, pleasing and sought after, on account of a certain freshness and breeziness of disposition. Her face was a round apple, a peony bud ready to pop into bloom, and inside that opened two great black eyes, shaded with thick brows that cast a shadow within; and below, a charming mouth, humid for kissing, furnished with shining, microscopic baby teeth. She was, it was said, full of admirable qualities. (Guy De Maupassant, *Ball-of-fat*)

羊脂球

女人呢,所谓尤物之一,她是以妙龄发胖著名的,得了个和实际相符的诨名叫做羊脂球。矮矮的身材,满身各部分全是滚圆的,胖得像是肥膘,手指头儿全是丰满之至的,丰满得在每一节小骨和另一节接合的地方都箍出了一个圈,简直像是一串短短儿的香肠似的;皮肤事实上光滑而且绷紧了的,胸脯丰满得在裙袍里突出来,然而她始终被人垂涎又被人追逐,她的鲜润气色教人看了多么顺眼。她的脸蛋儿像一个发红的苹果,一朵将要开花的芍药;脸蛋儿上半段,睁着一双活溜溜的黑眼睛,四周深而密的睫毛向内部映出一圈阴影;下半部,一张妩媚的嘴,窄窄儿的和润洋得使人想去亲吻,内部露出一排闪光而且非常纤细的牙齿。

(李青崖 译)

Whores

Feenande represented the handsome blonde; she was very tall, rather fat, and lazy; a country girl, who could not get rid of her freckless, and whose short, light, almost colorless, tow-like hair, which was like combed-out flax, barely covered her head.

Raphaelle, who came from Marseilles, played the indispensible part of the handsome Jewess. She was thin, with high cheek-bones covered with rouge, and her black hair, which was always covered with pomatum, curled on to her forehead. Her eyes would have been handsome, if the right one had not had a speck in it. Her Roman nose came down over a square jaw, where two false upper teeth contrasted strangely with the bad color of the rest.

Rosa the Jade was a little roll of fat, nearly all stomach, with very short legs. From morning till night she sang songs, which were alternately indecent of sentimental, in a harsh voice, toll silly, interminable tales, and only stopped talking in order to eat, or left off eating in order to talk. She was never still, was acting as a squirrel, in spite of her fat and her short legs; and her laugh, which was a torrent of shrill cries, resounded here and there, ceaseless, in a bedroom, in the loft, in the cafe, everywhere, and always about nothing.

The two women on the ground floor were Louise, who was nicknamed "la Cocotte," and Flora, whom they called "Balanciere" because she limped a little. The former always dressed as Liberty, with a tri-colored sash, and the other as a Spanish woman, with a string of copper coins which jingled at every step she took, in her carroty hair. Both looked like cooks dressed up for the carnival, and were like all other women of the lower orders, neither uglier nor better looking than they usually are. In fact they looked just like servants at an inn, and were generally called "the Two Pumps." (Guy de Maupassant, *Mme. Tellier's Excursion*)

群妓

飞尔南获代表金黄头发的美人，很高很高，胖得几乎近于臃肿，脾气柔和，农村的女儿，一脸无法消除的雀子斑，一头淡得几乎没有颜色像是理好了的麻一般的短发，不大盖得满她的头颅。

拉斐尔是一个马赛女人，到各处海口跑码头的老油子，充着不可缺少的犹太美人的角儿，瘦瘦的，鼓着一副涂满了胭脂的脸蛋子。她那头用牛骨髓擦得

通亮的黑头发在两鬓卷成钩形。她那双眼睛本是美的，倘若右边那一只没有眼翳。她那条弓式的鼻梁压着一条颇为发达的上牙床，在那儿有两粒新装的牙齿在下牙床的那些牙齿旁边显出痕迹，那些旧的牙齿已经用得太久了，颜色变得和陈旧的木料相似。

驮马乐骚是一个肚子大而腿子细的小肉球儿，从早到晚用一种发嘎的声音，轮流地唱着种种放荡不羁的或者富于感伤的曲子，谈着种种没有结局的和毫无意义的故事，仅仅只是为着吃饭而停止谈天和只是为着谈天而停止吃饭，虽然脂肪过多而肢体细小，她却轻捷得像松鼠一般整日绝不休息；并且她的笑声像一道声音尖锐的瀑布，不管是这儿，是那儿，在卧房里在阁楼里，在楼下客座上，可以无缘无故连续不断地爆发起来。

楼下的两个娘儿们露绮思，绰号"老母鸡"，而佛洛娜，因为略略有些儿跛，被旁人称为"跷跷板"，前一个系着一条三色腰带，一直装束得像个自由神，后一个装束是假想的西班牙式的，她在头发丛里挂着许多铜的圆片儿，跟着她一高一低的步儿摇晃，她们都像是两个穿上奇装异服来过嘉年华狂欢节的厨娘。她们正如同民间一切娘儿们一样，既不更丑，也不更美，真是地道小客店里的女招待；在码头上，旁人用"两条唧筒"的绰号来称呼她们。　　（李青崖　译）

An Inexperienced Whore

A quieter street. And they passed a gaslight under which stood a solitary girl. Perhaps because of the flagrant frequency of the women in the street they had left she seemed forlorn, too inexperienced to venture closer. Yet her profession was unmistakable. She wore a dingy pink cotton dress with imitation roses at the breast: a white shawl round her shoulders. A black hat in the new style, small and masculine perched over a large netted chignon of auburn hair. She stared at the passing hansom; and something about the shade of the hair, the alert dark-shadowed eyes, the vaguely wistful stance made Charles crane forward and keep her in view through the oval side-window as the hansom passed. He had an intolerable moment, then he seized his stick and knocked hard with it on the roof above and then the face appeared, slightly below him, beside the open front of the hansom.　（John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*）

不够老练的妓女

在一条比较安静的街上，他们经过一盏路灯时，他看见灯下站着一个孤单单的姑娘。可能是因为刚才走过的地方街头女郎太多、太露骨的缘故，相比之下，这个姑娘显得很孤独，看起来还不够老练，不敢向查尔斯坐的马车靠近。

然而她的职业却一目了然。她穿着一件肮脏的粉红色布裙子,胸口上挂着纸做的玫瑰花,肩裹白披肩,头戴一顶新式黑帽。帽子不大,有点像是男式的,扣在带网的棕色发髻上。她瞅着从身边经过的马车。她那头发的颜色,那忽闪着的黑色眼睛,那盼望客人的姿态,这一切都使查尔斯伸长了脖子,在马车驶过时从椭圆形的车窗口望着她。他一时控制不住自己的激情,于是抓起手杖,用力捣着车顶。车夫立即刹住车。一阵急促的脚步声过后,那姑娘出现在他的面前,站在马车旁。 (刘宪之 蔺延梓 译)

Naked Nana

Her masses of yellow hair were unknotted behind, and they covered her back with the fell of a lioness.

Bending back thus, she displayed her solid Amazonian waist and firm bosom, where strong muscles moved under the satin texture of the skin. A delicate line, to which the shoulder and the thigh added their slight undulations, ran from one of her elbows to her foot, and Muffat's eyes followed this tender profile, and marked how the outlines of the fair flesh vanished in golden gleams, and how its rounded contours shone like silk in the candlelight. He thought of his old dread of Woman, of the Beast of the Scriptures, at once lewd and wild. Nana was all covered with fine hair, a russet down made her body velvety; whilst the Beast was apparent in the almost equine development of her flanks, in the fleshy exuberance and deep hollows of her body, which lent her sex the mystery and suggestiveness lurking in their shadows. She was, indeed, that Golden Creature, blind as brute force, whose very odour ruined the world.

(Émile Zola, *Nana*)

裸体的娜娜

她的金黄色的发髻已经在背后散开,像母狮的鬃毛披散在背上。她挺着胸,绷紧肋部,炫耀那女战士般结实的腰身,坚挺的乳房,健壮的肌肉和白缎子一样光滑皮肤上的小痣。从一只胳膊到脚尖,形成一条妙不可言的曲线,只有肩膀和臀部稍显弧度。穆法凝视那线条如此柔和的侧影,那隐没在金光中的金黄色的肉体,和那在烛影中显现出丝绸一样光泽的浑圆的臀部和乳房。他想起过去女人在他心目中造成的恐怖,想起《圣经》中所说的怪物,淫荡并且散发着野兽的味道。娜娜浑身上下长满了小茸毛,金黄一片,使她的身体如覆盖一层丝绒。她的确具有一种兽性的力量,这表现在她母马般的后臀和大腿上,表现在那藏有深沟的肉感的隆起上,这些肉体中最为隐秘的部分,让人心旌摇

曳，又让人如同雾里看花。她是金色的怪兽，是到处窜动的野性，只要闻到它的气味，世界就会腐烂。 （赵坚 译）

36. Scoundrels 流氓恶棍

A Ferocious Scoundrel

Montparnasse was a child; less than twenty, with a pretty face, lips like cherries, charming black locks, the glow of spring in his eyes; he had all the vices and aspired to all the crimes. The digestion of what was bad gave him an appetite for what was worse. He was the gamin turned vagabond, and the vagabond became an assassin. He was genteel, effeminate, graceful, robust, weak, and ferocious. He wore his hat turned upon the left side, to make room for the tuft of hair, according to the fashion of 1829. He lived by robbery.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

心狠手辣的恶徒

巴纳斯山是个小伙子，年龄不到二十岁，他长得很漂亮，樱桃似的红嘴唇，美丽动人的黑头发，满眼含春光，可干尽缺德事，想犯各式各样的罪。干了坏事还想干更坏的事，食量越吃越大。他从野孩子变成流氓，又从流氓变成凶手。他既温和、娇柔、文雅、强健、软绵绵，又极其心狠手辣。他照1829年的式样，将帽子卷起在左面，右边是那丛蓬松的头发。他靠暴力抢劫为生。

（长江 译）

Hopeless Young Ruffian Thomas

She has no hope for Thomas. With his blond, sly, derisive face. He is a ruffian, always brawling, always in trouble at school, insolent, mocking, going his own way, without standards, sliding in and out of the house on his own secret schedule, impervious to punishment. On some calendar, somewhere, disgrace is printed in blood red, like a dreadful holiday, for her son Thomas. There is nothing to be done about it. She does not love him and she cannot hold out a hand to him.

(Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

无可救药的小流氓

她对托马斯不抱希望。他有一张白皙、狡猾、含讥带讽的脸。他是个小流氓，老吵架，老在学校里闹事，目空一切，爱嘲弄人，一意孤行，没有生活准则，

按照自己的时间我行我素地从家里出出进进,对惩罚无动于衷。在某个日历的某一页上,已用血一般的红色给她儿子托马斯印上了耻辱的标记,就像个可怕的假日似的。已经无可挽回。她不爱他,她不能向他伸出手去。

(施咸荣 译)

Mr. Crackit

Muttering a curse upon his tardiness, Sikes pushed Oliver before him; and they entered a low dark room with a smoky fire, two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch; on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was reposing at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut snuff-coloured coat, with large brass buttons; an orange neckerchief; a coarse staring, shawl-pattern waistcoat, and drab breeches, Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had, was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers, ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he contemplated, in their elevated situation, with lively satisfaction.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

贼头托比·克瑞基特

赛克斯嫌奥立弗动作缓慢,骂了一声,推他往前走。他们走进一间又矮又暗的屋子,那里有一座冒烟的壁炉、两三把破椅子、一张桌子和一张很旧的沙发;一个男子挺直身体躺在沙发上抽陶制长烟袋,两条腿翘得比头还高。他穿一件款式摩登、钉着铜质大钮扣的鼻烟色上衣,系一条桔黄色的围巾,内衬色彩同围巾一样触目的厚背心,下身是土黄色的紧身裤。托比·克瑞基特先生的头发不多,胡须也稀稀落落,仅有的一些被染成微微泛红的一种颜色,卷成瓶塞拔那样长长的螺旋状;他的手脏得要命,偏偏戴着好几枚不值钱的大戒指,不时要伸到头上脸上去摸摸那一绺绺卷曲的须发。他的身材略高于中等个子,两条腿显然是个大弱点,但丝毫也不妨害他自鸣得意地欣赏高高翘起的那双翻口马靴。

(荣如德 译)

Mr. Milverton, a Bit of Villain

Right in front of us, and almost within our reach, was the broad,

rounded back of Milverton. It was evident that we had entirely miscalculated his movements, that he had never been to his bedroom, but that he had been sitting up in some smoking or billiard room in the farther wing of the house, the windows of which we had not seen. His broad grizzled head, with its shining patch of baldness, was in the immediate foreground of our vision. He was leaning far back in the red leather chair, his legs outstretched, a long, black cigar projecting at an angle from his mouth. He wore a semi-military smoking jacket , claret-coloured, with a black velvet collar. In his hand he held a long, legal document which he was reading in an indolent fashion, blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his lips as he did so. There was no promise of a speedy departure in his composed bearing and his comfortable attitude.

...

We had had our eyes upon this Mr. Milverton for some time, and, between ourselves, he was a bit of a villain. He is known to have held papers which he used for blackmailing purposes.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton*)

恶棍米尔沃顿

米尔沃顿的又宽又圆的后背正对着我们，几乎伸手就能够着。显然我们犯了一个错误，刚才他一直没有在卧室里，而是坐在房子另一端的吸烟室里或是台球室里抽烟，那儿的窗户我们刚才没有看见。他的头又圆又大，头发已经灰白，头上还有一块因秃了而发着光，这些正在我们视线的前方。他仰靠在红皮椅子上，两条腿伸出，一支雪茄烟斜叼在他嘴上。他穿一件紫红色军服饰的吸烟服，领子是黑绒的；手里拿着一叠很厚的法律文件懒散地读着，嘴里吐着烟圈儿。没有迹象表明他会很快改变他的平静和舒适的姿势。

.....

我们监视这位米尔沃顿先生已经有一段时间了，老实说，他只是一个恶棍。人们知道他持有些可以用来要挟人家的书面材料。

（岳文楚　周可　等译）

A Vicious Reptile

I have two brothers: Arthur, my elder, with a soul like his father's, and Hugh, younger than I, a mean spirit, covetous, treacherous, vicious, underhanded—a reptile. Such was he from the cradle; such was he ten

years past, when I last saw him—a ripe rascal at nineteen, I being twenty then, and Arthur twenty-two. ... Hugh loved the Lady Edith's fortune, though in truth he said it was herself he loved—but then 'twas his way, always, to say one thing and mean the other. But he lost his arts upon the girl, he could deceive my father, but none else. My father loved him best of us all, and trusted and believed him; for he was the youngest child and others hated him—these qualities being in all ages sufficient to win a parent's dearest love; and he had a smooth persuasive tongue, with an admirable gift of lying—and these be qualities which do mightily assist a blind affection to Cozen itself. (Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

卑鄙阴险的小人

我有两个弟兄:我的哥哥叫做亚赛,他的心肠正像家父一样;我的弟弟休吾是个卑鄙龌龊的家伙,他贪得无厌,诡计多端,心地狠毒,专爱暗算别人——是个卑鄙阴险的小人。他生下来就是那样;十年前我最后看到他的时候,他也是那样——他才十九岁就成了个十足的坏蛋,那时候我才二十岁,亚赛二十二岁。……休吾爱上了爱迪思小姐的财产,虽然他口头上还是说他爱的是她本人——不过他向来是这样,老是嘴里说的是一套,心里想的又是另一套。可是他的诡计在这位姑娘身上施展不开;他能骗得过我的父亲,可骗不了别人。我父亲在我们弟兄三个当中最喜欢他,也最信任他,最听他的话,因为他是最小的孩子,别人都恨他——这些特点自古以来总是足以博得父母的欢心;他还有一张很甜的嘴,最会哄人,撒谎的本领又特别高明——这些特长又正好能够大大地助长那盲目的疼爱,使它更加人迷。 (张友松 译)

37. Pirates and Robbers 海盗、强盗

An Assassin through Nonchalance

Gueulemer was a Hercules without a pedestal. His cave was the Arche-Marion sewer. He was six feet high, and had a marble chest, brazen biceps, cavernous lungs, a colossus' body, and a bird's skull... Low forehead, large temples, less than forty, the foot of a goose, coarse short hair, a bushy cheek, a wild boar's beard; from this you see the man. His muscles asked for work, his stupidity would have none. This was a huge lazy force. He was an assassin through nonchalance.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

凭懒劲杀人的凶手

海嘴是个力大无比的人。他的窝在马利容桥拱的阴沟里。他身高有六

尺,石头般的胸,铁一般的铜臂,呼吸起来像风在山洞里面跑,巨无霸的腰身,小雀的脑袋……他额头低,额角阔,不到四十岁两侧眼角便有了鹅掌纹,毛发又粗又短,板刷肋帮,野猪胡子。从这里我们可以想见其人。他的一身肌肉要求工作,但是他的愚蠢不愿意。这是个有力气的懒汉,凭懒劲杀人的凶手。

(长江 译)

A Pirate at a Masquerade

The pirate was wearing a white dress shirt and dark evening trousers. Not a costume at all, except for the wide red silk sash tied around his waist, with two pistols tucked into it. And blue bows tied to the ends of his thick beard. His mask was a simple black one over his eyes... his teeth very white against his dark beard and swarthy skin.

(A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

化装舞会上的海盗

这海盗身穿白衬衫、黑夜礼服的长裤。除了绑在腰间的阔幅红绸巾和塞在红巾内的两把手枪之外,一点都没有化装。他的浓胡子梢上系着蓝结。只戴着一副样式简单、露出眼睛的黑面具。…… 在黑胡子与黝黑皮肤的衬托下,牙齿显得特别白。

(尚逸文 译)

A Pretended Pirate's Swindle

Well, the first I knowed, the king got agoing; and you could hear him over everybody; and next he went a-charging up on to the platform and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was pirate—been a pirate thirty years, out in the Indian Ocean, and his crew was thinned out considerable, last spring, in a fight, and he was home now, to take out some fresh men, and thanks to goodness he'd been robbed last night, and put ashore off of a blessedest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all the pirate crews in that ocean and thought it would take him a long time to get there, without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say

to him, 'Don't you thank me, don't you give me no credit, it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race—and that ear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!' (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

假海盗的骗局

啊,我一眼就看到国王正在跑过去。你听得到他那压倒一切人的声音。接着,他一抬腿就走上了讲台,牧师请他对大家讲话,他也就讲了。他对大家说,他是一个海盗——一有三十年历史的海盗,远在印度洋之上。在春天一次战斗中,他部下的人损失惨重。如今他已回了国,想招募一批人。昨晚上,他不幸遭到了抢劫,被赶下了轮船,落得身无分文。他对这个遭遇倒是很高兴,认为该谢天谢地,看作是平生一大好事。因为,如今嘛,他已经是变了一个人,平生第一回真正感到了什么叫做幸福。尽管他如今确实很穷,但是他已主意已定,要立即设法返回印度洋,他能比任何人做得更好,因为他和纵横印度洋上的海盗全都非常熟悉。尽管他远途前往,要花很多时间,加上自己又身无分文,他反正要到达那里的。他要不放过每一个机会,对被他劝说悔改过来的每一个海盗说,"你们不必感谢我,你们不用把功劳记在我的名下,——一切功劳归于朴克露营布道会的亲人们,人类中天生的兄弟和恩人们——还应归功那里亲爱的传教士,一个海盗们最最真诚的朋友!" (许汝祉 译)

One-Legged Pirate

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old 'Benbow'. (Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*)

独脚海盗

我正在犹豫,有一个人从侧面一间屋里出来,我一看就肯定他是高个儿约

翰。他的左腿一直截到臀部，左肩下的一根拐杖却出奇地听他使唤，他拄着拐杖一跳一跳，简直像一只小鸟。他身高体壮，一张宽脸盘大得像火腿，相貌平常，面色苍白，但是笑容可掬，颇不愚蠢。确实，他看来心情十分愉快，吹着口哨在桌子之间走来走去，对比较要好的顾客或者说两句笑话，或者拍拍肩膀。

说老实话，从屈利劳尼先生信中第一次提到高个儿约翰时起，我便暗暗担心这可能正是我在本葆老房守候了那么久的独脚海上漂。　　（荣如德　译）

38. Dissolute Women　荡妇

A Lustful Worker

Ruza Nikoforitch—a Russian-American girl—big and blonde and animal, with swimming brown eyes, a snub fat nose and chin, was very much drawn to him. . . Ruza tried to nudge or lean against Clyde whenever he came sufficiently near. At the same time she herself sought by every single device known to her—her shirtwaist left open to below the borders of her white breast, her outer skirt lifted trimly above her calves when working.　　(Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

放荡的女工

罗莎·尼柯夫里奇是一位俄裔的美国姑娘，个儿大大的，一头金发，野性子，水汪汪的棕色眼睛，肉团团的狮子鼻，下巴胖胖的，她对他很动情……克莱德一走近她身边，罗莎总是想碰一碰他，或是朝他偎过去。同时，她使出浑身解数，把衬衫敞开，露出胸前的白肉；工作的时候，把裙子撩到小腿上面。

（许汝祉　译）

A Woman Who Spelled Trouble

She was very handsome, but she spelled trouble. She was a big, graceful (old-style) lady, vampy, rich, ornate, slow-moving, a center-stage personality. Middle-aged, she still stood out like a goddess from a Ziegfeld extravaganza, the Venus de Oro type, one of those figures that would rise through the stage floor while the musicians whipped away with their bows. She would wear egret feathers, pearls on her throat, diamonds on her breasts, and stand in a scallop shell. The note of the past, of the twenties and thirties, was one of the strange nice things about Caroline.

(Saul Bellow, *More Die of Heartbreak*)

招引祸水的女人

她长得好看，但是一见就知道她是祸水。她是个高大、风度翩翩的（老式）

淑女，她风骚、富有、华丽，步态悠闲，是个舞台中心的人物。她虽然已经人到中年，却仍然出落得像个齐格菲尔德大型歌舞剧中的女神，在乐队琴弦的热闹伴奏下从舞台下面升起的金色维纳斯女神。穿戴着白鹭羽毛，颈上挂着珍珠，胸脯上佩带着钻石，亭亭玉立扇贝里。卡洛琳的一个奇怪而可爱的地方就是她会使人想起过去，想起二十年代，三十年代。 （李耀宗 译）

A Woman with a Flaunting Vulgarity

She was dark, small, and fat, quite young, with black hair that seemed always on the point of coming down. She wore a slatternly blouse and no corsets. With her red cheeks, large sensual mouth, and shining, lewd eyes, she reminded you of the Bohemienne in the Louvre by Franz Hals. She had a flaunting vulgarity which amused and yet horrified. A scrubby, unwashed baby was playing on the floor. It was known that the slut deceived Cronshaw with the most worthless ragamuffins of the Quarter, and it was a mustery to the ingenuous youths who absorbed his wisdom over a cafe table that Cronshaw with his keen intellect and his passion for beauty could ally himself to such a creature. But he seemed to revel in the coarseness of her language and would often report some phrase which reeked of the gutter. He referred to her ironically as la fille de mon concierge. （W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*）

招蜂引蝶的女人

她肤色黝黑，身材矮小而丰腴，年纪很轻。满头乌黑的云鬓像是随时都会蓬松开来。她贴身裹了件邋遢的短上衣，连紧身胸衣也没穿。那张红扑扑的脸庞，那张富有性感的阔口，还有那对流金泛彩、勾魂摄魄的双眸，使人不禁想起那帧陈列在卢佛尔宫内的弗兰兹·海尔斯的杰作《波希米亚女子》。她浑身上下透出一股招蜂引蝶的浪劲儿，既让人觉得有趣，又令人不胜骇然。一个蓬头垢面的婴儿正趴在地上玩。那个荡妇背着克朗肖，同拉丁区一些不三不四的野小子勾勾搭搭，已不成为什么秘密。然而才智过人、爱美胜似性命的克朗肖竟然和这样一个宝贝货搅在一起，真叫那些常在咖啡馆餐桌旁汲取克朗肖的睿智敏慧的天真青年百思而不得其解。克朗肖自己呢，对她满口不登大雅之堂的粗俗言词似乎大加赞赏，还常常把一些不堪入耳的粗话转述给别人听。他调侃地称她 la fille de mon concierge. （张柏然 张增健 倪俊 译）

A Sexy Kid with a Curve of Life

Francis knew Clara less than three weeks, but he could see the curve

of her life: sexy kid likes the rewards, goes pro, gets restless, marries and makes kids, chucks that, pro again, sickens, but really sick, gettin' old, gettin' ugly, locks onto Jack, turns monster. But she's got most of her teeth, not bad; and that hair: you get her to a beauty shop and give her a marcel, it'd be all right; put her in new duds, high heels and silk stockin's; and hey, look at them tities, and that leg: the skin's clear on it.

Clara saw Francis studying her and gave him a wink. "I knew a fella once, looked a lot like you. I had the hots for him."

(William Kennedy, *Ironweed*)

一生曲折的风流女郎

弗朗西斯认识克拉拉还不到两三个星期,可对她一生曲折的经历已一目了然:风流女郎喜欢报酬,卖娼,不安定,结婚,生孩子,不干了,再卖娼,厌倦了,真正厌倦了,越来越老,越来越丑,拴不住杰克了,变成一个怪物。可她大部分的牙还没掉,真不赖。还有那头发,你把她带到理发店烫烫头就好看了,给她穿上新衣裳、高跟鞋、丝线袜;嘿,瞧瞧那奶子、那腿:上面的皮肤还挺白净。

克拉拉见弗朗西斯在仔细看她,便冲他眨了眨眼。"我认识一个家伙,看上去很像你。我对他很有好感。"

(王约西 袁凤珠 译)

An Omsk Woman of White-Guard Putridity

Beside him, on a stool, her legs crossed, showing her garters and a froth of lace, sat Zena, plucking at the strings of a guitar. She was a blue-eyed young woman with moist, vividly coloured lips, a fine, determined-looking nose, and fair hair piled loosely on the top of her head. But the scarcely perceptible unhealthy lines at the corners of her mouth gave her delicate face the expression of a wee beast whose teeth might be dangerous. Her passport showed that she was from Omsk, the daughter of a railwayman, but of course nobody believed this, or that she was eighteen years old, and that her name was Zenaida Kanavina. But she was a splendid typist, could drink vodka, play the guitar, and sing delightful songs. Sorokin had threatened to shoot her with his own hands if she attempted to infect headquarters with White-Guard putridity. And so nobody worried.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Year* 1918, trans. Ivy and Tatiana Litviana)

沾染了白卫军习气的女人

在他旁边，一张矮凳上坐着秦奈，搭着二郎腿，露出吊袜带和花边，正在弹六弦琴。她是一个年轻的女人，长着一对碧蓝的眼睛，两片鲜明、湿润的嘴唇，一个细巧的鼻子，和一头蓬蓬松松地堆在头顶上的浅色头发。只有她嘴角边那不健康的皱纹，虽然不容易看见，却使娇嫩的脸露出一种会咬人的小兽似的神情。按照她身份证上的记载，她是鄂木斯克人，是一个铁路工人的女儿，但是这一点当然谁也不会相信，而且谁也不会相信她今年十八岁，相信卡娜薇娜是她的姓，秦奈达是她的教名。可是她是一个打字能手，会喝伏特加，会弹六弦琴，而且会唱极其有趣的小曲。索罗金曾威胁过她，要亲手把她枪毙，如果她企图把白卫军的腐化风气沾染到他指挥部里来。因此，大家都觉得很放心。

（朱雯　译）

39. Drunkards　酒鬼

An Incurable Drunkard

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way... But, in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sank down on a door-step faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.　（Charles Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*）

无药可救的酒鬼

他挨家挨户地讨饭，依靠乞讨对象的怜悯和轻信好不容易得到的每个半便士都照老样子花掉……然而，到了贫病交加、无家可归的最潦倒的阶段，他依然是一个酒鬼。

最后，在一个严寒的夜晚，他晕倒在一个门前石阶上，病弱不堪。他的恶习和放荡的生活使他未老先衰，而且彻底垮了。他双颊凹陷苍白，双眼眶瞍，视力模糊不清。两条腿撑不住自己的体重而哆嗦着，浑身打着寒战。

（陈蒲　西海　译）

A Drunkard in Illusion

Nearing him, leaning listlessly against the wall, stood a strong-built

countryman, flicking with a worn-out hunting-whip the top-boot that adorned his right foot: his left being (for be addressed by easy stages) thrust into an old slipper. Horses, dogs, and drink, had brought him there, pell-mell. There was rusty spur on the solitary boot, which he occasionally jerked into the empty air, at the same time giving the boot a smart blow, and muttering some of the sounds by which a sportsman encourages his horse. He was riding, in imagination, some desperate steeple-chase at that moment. Poor wretch! He never rode a match on the swiftest animal in his costly stud, with half the speed at which he had torn along the course that ended in the Fleet.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

出现幻觉的酒鬼

附近,一个身材魁梧的乡下人没精打采地倚在墙上,用一根损坏的猎鞭在轻轻抽打着穿在右脚上的高统靴,他的左脚呢(因为是随随便便穿的),却伸在一只旧拖鞋里。马、狗、和酒胡里胡涂地就把他弄到这里来了。那孤独的靴子上有根生锈的马刺,他时时把它向空中一踢,同时就把靴子痛快地抽一下,嘴里还咕哝着猎人催马的一种声音。这时候他想像他在骑着马作什么拼命的野外赛马。可怜的家伙!他骑着他的高价换来的马群里最快的牲口去竞赛,从来也没有一次比得上他在以弗利特为终点的路上狂奔的速度的一半呵。

(蒋天佐 译)

A White-Faced Drunkard

He was almost fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white: not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes—just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on 'tother knee; the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor; an old black slouch with the top caved in, like a lid.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

面色惨白的酒鬼

他快到五十岁了,看样子也很像那个岁数的人。他的头发又长又乱,油腻

腻地往下搭拉着;他那两只眼睛在一绺一绺的乱头发后面闪光,仿佛他是躲在葡萄蔓子后面往外瞧似的。他的头发都是黑的,一根白的也没有;他那又乱又长的连鬓胡子也是一样。从他露着的那一部分脸上可以看出他面无血色。他那张脸是白的,可是并不像别人那种白,那是一种惨白,看上去叫人怪不好受的,叫人浑身直起鸡皮疙瘩——一种象树蛙的白色,像鱼肚皮的白色。谈到他的衣裳——只是一身破烂布罢了。他把一只脚搭在另一条腿的膝盖上。那只脚上的鞋子也开绽了,露着两个脚趾头,他隔一会儿就活动那两个趾头儿下。他那顶帽子放在地板上;那是一顶黑色的旧垂边帽子,帽顶陷了进去,像个锅盖似的。 (张万里 译)

A Hardened Drunkard, a Dexterous Thief

When the dock laborers, knocking off work, had scattered about the dock in noisy groups, buying various edibles from the women hawking food, and were settling themselves to dinner in shady corners on the pavement, there walked into their midst Grishka Chelkash, an old hunted wolf, well known to all the dock population as a hardened drunkard and a told and dexterous thief. He was barefoot and bareheaded, clad in old, threadbare, shoddy breeches, in a dirty print shirt, with a torn collar that displayed his mobile, dry, angular bones tightly covered with brown skin. From the ruffled state of his black, slightly grizzled hair and the dazed look on his keen, predatory face, it was evident that he had only just waked up. There was a straw sticking in one brown mustache, another straw clung to the scrubby bristles of his shaved left cheek, and behind his ear he had stuck a little, freshly-picked twig of lime. Long, bony, rather stooping, he paced slowly over the flags, and turning his hooked, rapacious-looking nose from side to side, he cast sharp glances about him, his cold, gray eyes shining, as he scanned one after another among the dock laborers. His thick and long brown mustaches were continually twitching like a cat's whiskers, while he rubbed his hands behind his back, nervously clenching the long, crooked, clutching fingers. Even here, among hundreds of striking-looking, tattered vagabonds like himself, he attracted attention at once from his resemblance to a vulture of the steppes, from his hungry-looking thinness, and from that peculiar gait of his, as though pouncing down on his prey, so smooth and easy in appearance, but inwardly intent and alert, like the flight of the keen,

nervous bird he resembled. (Maxim Gorky, *Chelkash*)

双料一身

装卸工人们放下工作,一群群吵吵嚷嚷地四散在港湾上,向女商贩购买各种食物,就在马路上遮荫的角落里,坐下来吃起来。正当这个时候,葛里什卡·切尔卡什出现了,他是港湾上的人都很熟悉的、经常被追捕的一头老狼,一个嗜酒成性的酒鬼,一个机灵大胆的偷儿。他光着脚,穿一条破旧的绒布裤,没有戴帽子,穿着一件肮脏的印花布衬衫,领口已经破了,露出他那干瘦的、嶙峋的、紧包着棕色皮肤的骨头。看了他那蓬乱的略带斑白的黑发和压皱的、瘦削而凶狠的脸,就可以知道他是刚刚睡醒。在他一边的栗色口髭上戳着一根稻草,还有一根稻草嵌在剃过的左边面颊上的胡茬里,耳朵后面他插了一根刚折下的椴树小枝,他身材很高,瘦骨嶙峋,有点驼背,他慢慢在石板路上跨着步,动着他那凶相的鹰鼻,锐利的目光朝自己周围扫射着,冷冷的灰色眼睛时时闪着光,在装卸工人中间寻找着什么人。他那栗色的口髭,浓而且长,不时像猫须一样抖动着,背着的双手互相擦着,神经质地搓着弯曲有力的长手指。甚至在这里,在几百个像他一样引人注目的流浪汉中间,由于他的模样酷似草原上的鸽鹰,由于他凶猛而瘦削的身材,以及貌似从容平静,内心却亢奋激动、聚精会神,就像和他相似的猛禽的飞翔似的攫食步伐,顿时引起人家的注意。

(水夫 译)

An Old Man Overset with a Small Measure

Sometimes, on holidays towards evening, he will be seen to walk with a slightly increased infirmity, and his old eyes will glimmer with a moist and marshy light. Then the little old man is drunk. A very small measure will overset him; he may be bowled off his unsteady legs with a half-pint pot. Some pitying acquaintance—chance acquaintance very often—has warmed up his weakness with a treat of bear, and the consequence will be the lapse of a longer time than usual before he shall pass again.

(Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

每饮必醉的老人

有时候节假日里,时已近黄昏,还可以看见他走起路来较平时更显得有些颤巍巍的,他老眼昏花,眼眶里湿漉漉、粘糊糊的。那个时候这个瘦小老人便是喝醉了。只要稍稍多喝几口他便不行了;要是喝上半品脱的酒,他便两腿飘飘了。一些可怜他的熟人——十有八九都是些偶然认识的熟人——请他喝点儿啤酒,他便来了兴致,这一来,他便要经过比往常更长的日子才能再外出走

动。 （金绍禹 译）

40. Vagrants 流浪汉

A Gloomy Gypsy

That prodigious creature, said to possess the keys of Nostradamus, was a gloomy man, enveloped in a sad aura, with an Asiatic look that seemed to know what there was on the other side of things. He wore a large black hat that looked like a raven with widespread wings, and a velvet vest across which the patina of the centuries had skated. But in spite of his immense wisdom and his mysterious breadth, he had a human burden, an earthly condition that kept him involved in the small problems of daily life. He would complain of the ailments of old age, he suffered from the most insignificant economic difficulties, and he had stopped laughing a long time back because scurvy had made his teeth drop out.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

忧郁的吉普赛人

这个自称掌握了诺斯特拉达姆斯的密码的怪人，是个愁容满面、郁郁寡欢的人，长着一双仿佛能看透一切的亚洲人的眼睛。他戴着一顶又大又黑、活像乌鸦展开的翅膀似的帽子，穿着一件好像穿过几个世纪、已经发绿的天鹅绒背心。虽然他有无穷的智慧和神秘的外表，却有着凡人的品性和俗子的素质，这使他陷在日常生活的琐碎问题之中。他苦于年老多病，忍受着不屑一提的经济拮据。很久以前他就失去了笑容，因为坏血病夺走了他满口牙齿。

（黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译）

A Passer-By Wretched in Appearance

It would have been hard to find a passer-by more wretched in appearance. He was a man of middle height, stout and hardy, in the strength of maturity; he might have been forty-six or seven. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind, and dripping with sweat. His shaggy breast was seen through the coarse yellow shirt which at the neck was fastened by a small silver anchor; he wore a cravat twisted like a rope; coarse blue trousers, worn and shabby, white on one knee, and with holes in the other; an old ragged grey blouse, patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine: upon his back was a

well-filled knapsack, strongly buckled and quite new. In his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick: his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; his hair was cropped and his beard long.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

褴褛的过路人

要碰见一个比他更褴褛的过路人太难了。他中等身材，体格粗壮，正当盛年，四十六或四十七岁左右。一顶皮檐便帽压齐眉心，把他那被太阳晒黑、淌着大汗的脸遮去了一些。从他那领上扣一个小银锚的黄粗布衬衫里露出一部分毛茸茸的胸脯，他的领带扭得像根绳子，蓝棉布裤也磨损不堪，一个膝头成了白色，一个膝头有了窟窿；一件老灰布衫破旧褴褛，左右两肘上都已用麻线缝上了一块绿呢布；他背上有只布袋，装得满满的也扣得紧紧的；手里拿根多节的粗棍，一双没有穿袜子的脚踩在两只钉鞋里，光头，长须。 （长江 译）

A Wandering Boy

Huckleberry was always dressed in the cast-off clothes of full-grown men, and they were in perennial bloom and fluttering with rags. His hat was a vast ruin with a wide crescent lopped out of its brim; his coat, when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels and had the rearward buttons far down the back; but one suspender supported his trousers; the seat of the trousers bagged low and contained nothing; the fringed legs dragged in the dirt when not rolled up. (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

流浪儿

哈克贝利经常穿着大人丢掉不要的破衣服，满身都是一年四季在开花，破布条条老在飘动。他的帽子是个很大的破家伙，边上有一块很宽的新月形的帽边子搭拉着；他要是穿上装的时候，那上装就差不多拖到脚跟，背后两颗并排的纽扣一直到背部的底下；裤子只有一边的背带吊着；裤裆像个口袋似地垂得很低，里面什么也没有；裤腿没有卷起来的时候，毛了边的下半截就在灰尘里拖着。 （张友松 译）

A Handsome Gipsy

The gipsy man had been sitting loosely on the side of his cart, watching the faces. He now jumped softly down from the shaft, his knees a bit stiff. He was apparently a man something over thirty, and a beau in his way. He wore a sort of shooting-jacket, double-breasted, coming only to

the hips, of dark green-and-black frieze; rather tight black trousers, black boots, and a dark-green cap; with the big yellow-and-red bandanna handkerchief round his neck. His appearance was curiously elegant, and quite expensive in its gipsy style. He was handsome, too, pressing in his chin with the old, gipsy conceit, and now apparently not heeding the strangers any more, as he led his horse off the road, preparing to back his cart. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

风流倜傥的吉卜赛人

那吉卜赛人一直随随便便地坐在马车边上,打量着每一张脸。这时,他从车辕上轻盈地跳下来,他的膝盖有点僵硬。他看上去有三十来岁,有几分花花公子的气派。他上身穿着一件猎装式的上衣,是用绿黑相间的起绒粗呢做的,前襟有两排纽扣,下摆只到胯部;下身着一条相当紧身的黑裤子,脚上蹬着一双黑皮鞋,头上戴着一顶墨绿色的帽子;脖子上还围着一块红黄相间的印花大手帕。他的装束有一种奇妙的优雅感,一种吉卜赛式的奢华感。他风流倜傥,压低的下颌显露出吉卜赛人的那种自负感。他现在似乎不再注意那些陌生人了,独自一个人将马牵到路旁,又过来倒他的大车。 (查培德 译)

Tramp—A Carpenter

Although the old woman lived in this desolate spot with only her daughter and she had never seen Mr. Shiftlet before, she could tell, even from a distance, that he was a tramp and no one to be afraid of. His left coat sleeve was folded up to show there was only half an arm in it and his gaunt figure listed slightly to the side as if the breeze were pushing him. He had on a black town suit and a brown felt hat that was turned up in the front and down in the back and he carried a tin tool box by a handle.

...

The Old Gruman began to gum a seed. "What you carry in that tin box, Mr. Shiftlet? "She asked.

"Tools," he said, put back. "I'm a carpenter."

(Flannery O'Connor, *The Life You Save May Be Your Own*)

流浪汉木匠

虽然老妇人和女儿一起住在这个荒僻的地方,她以前也从未见过希夫利先生,可是,即使打远处她都能看出,他是个流浪汉,什么人都不怕。他的左袖挽起着,看得出里面只有半条胳膊,他身体瘦削,微微往一边倾斜着,好像微风

在推着他走似的。他穿着一套城里人穿的黑色衣服，戴一顶棕色毡帽，帽檐的前面往上起卷着，后面往下耷拉着，手提一只马口铁工具箱。

……

老妇人用牙床咀嚼起一颗种子来。"你那个马口铁箱里装的是什么，希大利先生?"她问。

"工具，"他说，往后退了退，"我是个木匠"。 （汤怡 译）

41. Beggars 乞丐

Beggars Gaunt in Countenance

Unless one were looking up this matter in particular, he could have stood at Sixth Avenue and Fifteenth Street for days around the noon hour and never have noticed that out of the vast crowd that surged along that busy thoroughfare there turned out, every few seconds, some weather-beaten, heavy-footed specimen of humanity, gaunt in countenance and dilapidated in the matter of clothes. The fact is none the less true, however, and the colder the day the more apparent it became. . . . The men waited patiently, like cattle, in the coldest weather—waited for several hours before they could be admitted. （Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*）

形容憔悴的乞丐

要不是特别关心这种事情，一个人可以在中午前后，在六马路和十五街的转角上站上几天，也不会注意到在车水马龙的大街上熙来攘往的庞大的人群里，每隔几秒就会出现一个风尘仆仆、脚步沉重的家伙，形容憔悴，衣衫褴褛。可是这事实是千真万确的，而且天气越冷，这种情况就越显得触目……这些人在严寒的天气里耐性地等待着，像牛马一般往往要等上几个钟头才能进去。

（裘柱常 译）

A Blind Beggar

Another frequenter of our mohallah, who came every night was a feeble, blind beggar. He was thin and short, and his small beard was dust-begrimed. He carried a broken bamboo-stick in his hand with whose help he felt his way. He looked mean and insignificant like a swarm of flies over a dirt heap or the skeleton of a dead cat. But his voice had sadness and pathos which spoke of the futility and transience of like. It came from far away on winter nights, bringing with it gloom and

hopelessness. Never a sadder voice was heard from man, and it still rings in the ears. (Ahmed Ali, *Our Lane*)

瞎眼叫花子

另一位常客,每天晚上都光顾我们店的是个虚弱的瞎叫花子。他又瘦又矮,小山羊胡子上沾满了灰尘。他手里持根破竹棍来探路。他看起来既卑贱又不起眼,仿佛落在垃圾堆上的一群苍蝇,又像是一具死猫骷髅架子。但他的声音里饱含着辛酸和可怜,诉说着生命的短暂和自己的不中用。在严冬寒夜里这声音从远处传来,带着忧伤和绝望。从来也没有听到过如此悲切的声音,这声音依然回荡在耳边。 (洁岩 译)

A Raggedly-Dressed Beggar

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt by the sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement. (Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*)

衣衫褴褛的乞丐

现在我看出他是个跟我一样的白人,他的面貌甚至相当讨人喜欢。他的皮肤露出的部分都晒黑了,连嘴唇也是黑的,一双淡黄的眼睛在这样深色的脸上显得十分突出。在我见过或想象得到的所有乞丐中,数他穿得最破烂。他的衣服只是旧的船帆和旧的水手装的破布条;而且全身与众不同的鹑衣一片一片都是用各种各样的扣襻物件(如铜钮子、细枝条、涂柏油的麻绳)胡乱连缀起来的。他的腰间束一条有铜搭扣的旧皮带——这是他的全副装备中唯一比较结实的东西。 (荣如德 译)

42. Lunatics 精神不正常者

A Prisoner out of His Mind

He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face

would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise; but, they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

精神失常的犯人

……一部白胡子,剪得参差不齐,但不很长,双颊下陷,眼睛特别明亮。在那仍是黑色的眉毛和蓬乱的白发下面,他那瘦骨嶙峋的脸可能使眼睛显得很大,虽然它们本来的确不是那样;不过,它们天生就大,现在显得不自然的大罢了。他那件破烂的黄衬衣,衣领敞着,显出他的身子枯瘦不堪。他,他那件旧帆布工作服,他那双松松垮垮的长袜,以及他那身破破烂烂的衣服,由于长期不直接接触阳光和空气,都已褪成羊皮纸黄色,浑然一体,很难对它们加以区别。

他把一只手举在眼前,遮住光,那手的骨头似乎透明。他放下工作,这样坐着,两眼发呆。他总要先看看这一边的地板,又看看另一边,才看他面前的那个人影.好像他失去了凭声音定位的习惯;他总要先这样看来看去,才说话,于是忘了说话。

(石永礼 赵文娟 译)

A Vacant Gentleman

And his grey eyes prominent and large, with a strange kind of watery brightness in them that made me, in combination with his vacant manner, his submission to my aunt, and his childish delight when she praised him, suspect him of being a little mad... He was dressed like any other ordinary gentleman, in a loose grey morning coat and waistcoat, and white trousers; and had his watch in his fob, and his money in his pockets:

which he rattled as if he were very proud of it.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

傻楞楞的绅士

同时,他那一双灰色的眼睛,大而凸出,里面奇怪地含有一种水汪汪的亮光;这种情况,再加上他那样恍恍惚惚、楞楞傻傻,他对于我姨婆那样驯服,她夸他的时候他那样和小孩子一样地快乐,这都使我疑心,他这个人,精神可能有些不太正常。……他的穿戴打扮,和一般的绅士一样,上身是平常白天穿的那种又肥又大的灰褂子和背心,下身是白色的长裤子;表放在裤子上的表袋里,钱放在褂子上的口袋里;他老把钱弄得噶啦噶啦地直响,好像他对于钱很得意似的。 (张谷若 译)

A Megalomaniac

Once a week I would carry my rolls still further: to the "Crazy House", where the psychiatrist Bekhterev delivered lectures and demonstrated patients. One day he showed the students a megalomaniac. When this man appeared in the doorway of the lecture hall, a lanky figure, in a white hospital robe and a stocking cap past me into the hall—he paused for an instant, and glanced into my face; and I shrank back. It was as though his piercing gaze, coal black, yet fiery, had struck to my very heart. And all through the lecture, while Bekhterev, twitching at his beard, made respectful conversation with the maniac, I kept furtively rubbing a hand over my face. It felt as though a wave of scalding dust had blown against it.

In a dull, toneless bass, the man kept demanding something of Bekhterev. He stretched out a lanky arm in an imperious gesture, and the sleeve of his robe fell far back from his lanky fingers. His whole figure seemed to me to stretch out unnaturally, to grow and lengthen, until that swarthy arm—I felt—could reach across the room at will, and seize me by the throat. Menace and command gleamed in the penetrating glare of the dark eyes sunk in black pits in his bony face.

(Maxim Gorky, *My Apprenticeship My University*, trans. Margaret Wettlin and Hellen Altschuler)

燥狂病人

每周有一次我得远行,去疯人院,在那儿精神病学家别赫捷罗夫给大学生

们上实例教学课。我还记得他讲一个燥狂病人，病人当时已站到了教室门口，他模样怪怪的，身着白色病号服，个子很高，头上顶着尖筒帽。他经过我时特意停留片刻，然后瞪了我一眼，可把我吓坏了，我一个劲儿往后缩，仿佛他那黑眼睛放射的光芒刺进了我的心脏似的。精神病学家捋着胡子讲课时，我一直用手护着像是被火燎了似的脸。

病人语调低沉，白色病号服里伸出他可怕的细长的手，手指是一样可怕的细长，那样子像是在索取什么。也许是我的幻觉，我觉得他的整个身体都在拉长延伸。他的那只黑手仿佛随时都可以卡住我的咽喉，尤其那张干瘪的瘦脸上黑眼窝里的眼睛，放射出威严、凶狠的锐利光芒。（奇玉 译）

A Mad Woman

A mad woman frequently came out to mohallah. Someone had shorn her hair; and her head looked like a walnut on her heavy, well-built body. God-fearing people often dressed her in clothes; but she would soon become naked again. Either someone took off her clothes or she herself tore them away. Saliva ran down her mouth, and her arms hung stiff by her sides. She often pranced and capered on the road, and mumbled incoherently like the dumb. (Ahmed Ali, *Our Lane*)

疯女人

一个疯女人时常来这儿。有人给她剪去了头发，她的头在她那笨重、粗壮的身躯上看起来像个小胡桃一样。敬畏上帝的人不时给她穿穿衣服，可她不久又赤身裸体了。有别人给她扯开的，也有她自己扯掉的。她嘴边流着口水，两臂僵硬地下垂着。她常在路上或昂首阔步，或欢腾跳跃，像哑巴一样语无伦次地咕哝着。（洁岩 译）

43. People in Group 群体

A Coach of People

At one crossing an elegant open carriage was held up by the party. A coachman with a shiny face and a broad seat, and two rows of buttons down his back, sat on the box. Inside the carriage a husband and wife sat facing the horse: the wife, a pale thin woman in a light-coloured bonnet, with a bright parasol, and the husband in a top hat and light, well-cut dust coat. In front, opposite them, were their children: a little girl with loose fair hair, dressed up and fresh as a flower, also holding a bright

parasol, and a boy of eight with a long thin neck and sharp collar-bones, wearing a sailor-hat trimmed with long ribbons.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

乘马车的一家人

在一处十字路口,队伍挡住了一辆豪华的马车。马车驭座上坐着一个满脸油光、屁股肥大的车夫,身穿一件背上有两排钮扣的号衣。马车后座上坐着一对夫妻:妻子消瘦,苍白,戴一顶浅帽子,打一把色彩鲜艳的阳伞;丈夫戴一顶高礼帽,穿一件讲究的浅色大衣。前座上,面对他们坐着两个孩子:女孩打扮得漂漂亮亮,娇嫩得像朵小花,披着一头浅色头发,也打着一把色彩鲜艳的阳伞;八岁的男孩脖子细长,锁骨突出,戴一顶水手帽,拖着两条长飘带。

(草婴 译)

An Old Couple

As far as Beuzeille they were alone, and chattered like magpies, but at that station a couple got in. The man, an aged peasant dressed in a blue blouse with a folding collar, wide sleeves tight at the wrist, and ornamented with white embroidery, wore an old high hat ... He held an enormous green umbrella in one hand, and a large basket in the other, from which the heads of three frightened ducks protruded. The woman, who sat stiffly in her rustic finery, had a face like a fowl, and with a nose that was as pointed as a bill. She sat down opposite her husband and did not stir, as she was startled at finding herself in such smart company.

(Guy de Maupassant, *The Best Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant*)

老夫妇

由开车之后一直到白石乡,她们都没有遇到同仓的旅客,所以噪聒得像一群喜鹊了。但是在白石乡却上来了两夫妇。男的呢,一个乡下老头儿,披着一件蓝布罩衫,领子发皱,宽大的袖子在手掌边收得紧紧的,绣上些儿白花做装饰;戴着一顶古式的平顶高帽子…… 一只手抓着一柄绿的大雨伞,另一只手挽着一只很大的篮子,篮口露出三只鸭子的神色惊惶的脑袋。女的呢,硬挺挺地坐着,一身村庄式的打扮,有一副母鸡一样的面貌,带着一条鸡喙样的钩子鼻梁。她坐在她男人的对面,因为插在一个这样漂亮的团体中间,一直不敢动弹。

(李青崖 译)

People on the Road

People walked towards her, people walked ahead, but in her eyes they were faded shadows, and she saw no faces, only legs—in boots, unshod, in ragged foot-cloths, in trousers, shirts, with soft pumps and women's stockings nuked round the ankles. So many legs, cranking to and fro, tireless and dusty... The woman were not the same as they had been in spring, so very recently. Smart outfits bloomed everywhere: flowery hats, transparent cambric, fashionable French heels... The men had dicky-fronts, ties and kid shoes. Perfume wafted through the air again and loud and happy voices range out.

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

路上行人

路上的人,迎面走来的,朝前走去的,一起在她眼中掠过模糊的影子,她没看见他们的脸,只看见那些腿和脚:有光着的,有穿着套鞋的,有穿着平底软鞋的,有扎着绑腿的,有从裤腿里伸出来的,有从裙边下面露出来的,有穿着女式短袜而短袜已经褪下来了的,——无数的腿和脚,忙碌不停,灰尘仆仆……妇女们已经不像不久以前春天里那样了,她们打扮得花枝招展:缀着花球的帽子,透明的麻纱衣服,时髦的法国式高跟皮鞋,……男人们身上是衬胸,领结,软羊皮鞋。又到处散发着香水的气味,回荡着响亮愉快的笑语声。

(叶冬心 译)

Ladies of Genuine Respectability

This was the physiognomy of the drawing-room into which Lydgate was shown; and there were three ladies to receive him, who were also old-fashioned, and of faded but genuine respectability: Mrs. Farebrother, the Vicar's white-haired mother, befrilled and kerchief with dainty cleanliness, upright, quick-eyed and still under seventy; Miss Noble, her sister, a tiny old lady of meeker aspect, with frills and kerchief decidedly more worn and mended; and, Miss Winifred Farebrother, the Vicar's elder sister, well-looking like himself, but nipped and subdued as single women are apt to be who spend their lives in uninterrupted subjection to their elders.

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

具有大家风范的妇女

利德盖进入的客厅便是这副样子,三位妇女在这里迎接他,她们的衣着也

已过时,外表有些寒碜,但仍保持着大家风范。一位是牧师的白发老娘费厄布拉泽太太,她穿着有褶边的衣服,裹着围巾,全身干净利落,腰板硬朗,眼睛灵活,还不到七十岁。另一位是她的妹妹诺布尔小姐,一个外表慈祥的小老太太,衣服的褶边和围巾更旧得多,而且打了补丁;还有一位是牧师的姊姊威妮弗莱德·费厄布拉泽小姐,相貌像牧师一样不算难看,但神色憔悴,态度温顺,凡是独身女子经常在长辈的压制下过着低声下气生活的,大抵如此。

(项星耀 译)

People on the Ball

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. in came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her Mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them.

(Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*)

舞会上的人们

一位小提琴手夹着乐谱走了进来,跑到那高大的写字台上,把它变成一个奏乐台,像胃病患者在一迭连声地哼叫。费昔威太太走了进来,完全是一副笑逐颜开的样子。三位费昔威太太走了进来,笑容可掬,而且令人生爱。六个年青的追随者走了进来,他们的心都被她们搅碎了。这个商行所雇用的男女青年们都走了进来。使女走了进来,带着她的表兄,一个面包师。厨娘走了进来,带着她哥哥的好朋友,送牛奶人。街对面的小厮走了进来,人们怀疑他在他主人家里是吃不饱的;他想躲在隔壁第二家的使女的背后,而她是已经证明

被她女主人扯过耳朵的，他们都走了进来，一个接着一个；有的害臊，有的大胆，有的优雅，有的笨拙，有的推着，有的拉着；反正以各种各样的方式，他们大家都走了进来。他们立刻组成了二十对，下去跳舞；手搭着手转了半圈，然后再从另一方向转过来；队伍穿过场子中间跳到一端；原来领头的那一对总是走错了地方，后来的第一对跳到领头的地方就立刻重新开始；最后大家都排成一行，无所谓头一对了，所以也没什么后面的一对来衬托他们了！（汪倜然 译）

A Company of Odd-Looking Personages

On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

（Washington Irving, *Rip Van Winkle*）

一群形容古怪的人

在中央一块平地上，有一群形容古怪的人正在玩九柱戏。他们的服装都是古怪的外国式样：有的穿着紧身白短上衣，有的穿着马甲，腰带上插着长刀，其中大多数人的裤子都和那位向导的一样宽大。同时，他们的面貌也很奇特：有一个是大胡子，阔面孔，一双小小的猪眼睛；另外一个人的脸似乎全给一个鼻子占了，头上戴着一顶圆锥形的白帽子，插着一根小小的红鸡毛。他们留着形形色色的胡子。其中有一个仿佛是首领。他是个身材魁梧的老先生，一张饱经风霜的脸，身上穿着一条镶花边的紧身短上衣，束着一条宽皮带，挂着一柄短剑，头上戴一顶插着羽毛的高帽子，脚上穿着一双红袜子和一双系着玫瑰花结子的高跟皮鞋。这一群人使瑞普想起了挂在乡村牧师凡·夏克客厅里的一张弗兰德尔古画上的人物，那幅画还是初次移民时，牧师从荷兰带来的。

（万紫 雨宁 译）

Prisoners

In the galleries themselves, and more especially on the staircases, there lingered a great number of people, who came there, some because their rooms were empty and lonesome, others because their rooms were full and hot: the greater part because they were restless and uncomfortable, and not possessed of the secret of exactly knowing what to do with themselves. There were many classes of people here, from the labouring man in his fustian jacket, to the broken-down spendthrift in his shawl dressing gown, most appropriately out at elbows; but there was the same air about them all—a listless jail-bird careless swagger, a vagabondism who's-afraid sort of bearing, which is wholly indescribable in words, but which any man can understand in one moment if he wish, by setting foot in the nearest debtor's prison, and looking at the very first group of people he sees there, with the same interest as Mr. Pickwick did.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

众囚犯

就在过道里,尤其在楼梯口上,有一大堆人逗留着:他们来到这儿,有些是因为房间里又空洞又寂寞,有些是因为房间里又拥挤又闷热,而大部分是因为坐立不安和不舒服,并且不知道如何自处的秘诀。这里有许多阶级的人,从穿着粗布上衣的劳动者到穿着披巾样式的睡衣——当然是破得露出胳臂肘来了——的破产的浪子:但是他们全都有一种神气———一种没精打采的、囚犯派头的、满不在乎的大模大样神气;这些光棍派的天不怕地不怕的风度,完全不是言语所能形容的;但是任何人假使愿意的话,立刻就能够理解它,只要他抱着匹克威克先生那样的兴趣。 (蒋天佐 译)

Children in Long Straight Dressing-Gowns

Presently the children came in. They looked very quaint, like acolytes, in their long straight dressing-gowns of quilted blue silk. The boy, particularly, looked as if he were going to light the candles in some childish church in paradise. He was very tall and slender and fair, with a round fine head, and serene features. Both children looked remarkably, almost transparently, clean: it is impossible to consider anything more fresh and fair. The girl was a merry, curly headed puss of six. She played

with her mother's green jewels and prattled prettily, while the boy stood at his mother's side, a slender and silent acolyte in his pale blue gown. I was impressed by his patience and his purity. When the girl had bounded away into George's arms, the lad laid his hand timidly on Lettie's knee and looked with a little wonder at her dress.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

穿长睡衣的孩子们

不一会儿,孩子们进来了,他们穿着拼缝起的蓝色丝绸长睡衣,像侍僧一样显得古怪有趣,特别是那个男孩,那样子就像正要去点燃天堂里那个儿童教堂的蜡烛。他身材修长,皮肤白净,长着漂亮的圆脑袋,表情安详沉静。两个孩子都显得超群出众,几乎是无懈可击;不可能想象还有什么能比他们更新鲜更可爱了。六岁的女孩长着活泼喜人的一头卷发。她抚弄着母亲的绿色首饰,快活地哼哼唧唧。那个身材细小的男孩,穿着淡蓝色的睡衣,像个安详的侍僧站在母亲身旁。我对他的耐心和纯洁留下了深刻的印象。当女孩子跳起来扑到乔治怀里时,小男孩伸出手来不好意思地放在莱蒂膝盖上,用有些惊奇的目光看着她的衣服。 (谢显宁 刘崇丽 王林 译)

44. Others 其他

A Passenger

He was warmly dressed in a full, black, sheep-lined overcoat, and had not felt the cold at night, while his shivering neighbor had been exposed to the chill and damp of a Russian November night, for which he was evidently unprepared. He had a fairly thick and full cloak with a big hood, such as is often used in winter by travellers abroad in Switzerland, or the North of Italy, who are not of course proposing such a journey as that from Eydtkuhnen to Petersburg. But what was quite suitable and satisfactory in Italy turned out not quite sufficient for Russia.

(Fyodor Dostoeevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

旅行者

他穿得很暖,一件宽大的羔皮桶子挂了黑色的面儿,经过一宿的旅途劳顿并没有畏寒瑟缩之状,而他对面那一位对于潮湿的俄国十一月之夜是怎么回事显然没有经验,所以不得不打着寒颤饱尝个中滋味。他只披一件带大风帽的肥腰身呢斗篷,十足是远在国外(例如在瑞士或北意大利)作冬季旅行的寻常装束,在这同时当然不会把从艾德库能到彼得堡这样漫长而寒冷的路程考

虑进去。然而,在意大利绰绰有余的御寒用品,在俄国就不太够了。

(荣如德 译)

An Undertaker

Mr. Sowerberry was a tall, gaunt, large-jointed man, attired in a suit of threadbare black, with darned cotton stockings of the same colour, and shoes to answer. His features were not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he was in general rather given to professional jocosity. His step was elastic, and his face betokened inward pleasantry, as he advanced to Mr. Bumble, and shook him cordially by the hand.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

殡葬承办人

索厄伯里先生是个粗手大脚的瘦高个儿,身上一套黑色常礼服已旧得经纬毕露,黑色的棉纱袜是织补过的,一双鞋也与之相配。他的相貌天生不宜含笑,但总的说来此人颇有职业的风趣。他步履轻快,当他走到班布尔先生跟前同他亲切握手的时候,脸上洋溢着内心的喜悦。 (荣如德 译)

A Mannequin

Lisette was French, and she passed several hours of every working day dressing and undressing herself at one of the most expensive and fashionable establishments in Paris. A pleasant occupation for a young woman who was well aware that had a lovely figure. She was in short an mannequin. She was tall enough to be able to wear a train with elegance and her hips were so slim that in sports clothes she could bring the scent of heather to your nostrils. Her long legs enabled her to wear pajamas with distinction, and her slim waist, her little breasts, made the simplest bathing dress a ravishment. She could wear anything. She had a way of huddling herself in a chinchilla coat that made the most sensible persons admit that chinchilla was worth all the money it cost.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *Appearance and Reality*)

时装模特

李塞特是法国人。每个工作日,她都要花上几个小时,在巴黎一家最昂贵、最时髦的服装公司上装、卸装。对一位深知自己有着优美身段的姑娘来说,这个职业是很惬意的。一句话,她是个时装模特儿。她身材修长,穿上拖

裙时优美娴雅;她的臀部富有线条美,她穿上运动服时,人们可以从她身上闻到石楠的香味儿。她有一双长腿,穿上睡衣时也婀娜多姿。她的腰身苗条,乳房尖挺,即使最普通的游泳衣穿在她的身上,也成为令人心往神驰的东西。无论穿什么衣服,她都合身。她将鼠皮大衣只要往身上一裹,就别有一番风度,使最识货的顾客也感到价格虽贵,但值得购买。 (刘宪之 译)

The Baseball Chief

In his hours of liberation from the Comanches, the chief was John Gedsudsi, of Staten Island. He was an extremely shy, gentle young man of twenty-two or-three, a law student at New York University, and altogether a very memorable person. I won't attempt to assemble his many achievements and virtues here. Just in passing, he was an Eagle Scout, an almost-All-America tackle of 1926, and it was now that he had been most cordially invited to try out for the New York Giants' baseball team. He was an impartial and unexcitable umpire at all our bedlam sporting events, a master fire builder and extinguisher, and an expert, uncontemptuous first-aid man. Every one of us, from the smallest hoodlum to the biggest, loved and respected him.

The chief's physical appearance in 1928 is still clear in my mind. If wishes were inches, all of us Comanches would have had him a giant in no time. The way things to, though, he was a stocky five three or hour—no more than that. His hair was blue-black, his hair-line extremely low, his nose was large and fleshy, and his torso was just about as long as his legs were. In his leather wind-breaker, his shoulders were powerful, but narrow and sloping. At the time, however, it seemed to me that in the Chief all the most photogenic features of Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, and Tom Mix had been smoothly amalgamated.

(J. D. Salinger, *The Laughing Man*)

棒球教练

一离开科曼契俱乐部,教练便是斯塔腾岛上的普通公民约翰·杰德休斯基。他是个很怕羞又很和蔼的年轻人,约摸二十二三岁,在纽约大学读法律。他是个非常令人怀念的人物。这里我不想列举他的成就与美德。就说那么点吧,他是鹰旗童子军,是1926年全美第一号阻挡手,大家都知道,他曾被盛情邀请为纽约巨人棒球队出场。每当我们在球场上发生争执时,他总是头脑冷静,做出公正的裁决。他善于巧妙地提出和解决问题,是排解紧急纠纷的权

威、专家。我们每个人,无论大小都喜欢他,佩服他。

教练在1928年的外貌,我至今记忆犹新。要是希望管用,我们科曼契人就会使他立刻变为高个子。而事实却是:他是五英尺三或五英尺四高的矮胖子。一头黝黑的头发压得很低,生来是一个肉乎乎的大鼻子,他的身体几乎和腿一样短。肩很窄,还有些溜,穿上皮大衣才显得魁梧,不过那时在我眼里,教练兼备巴克·琼斯、肯梅纳德、汤姆米克斯这些最上相的人物的优点。

(魏静安 译)

White Hunter

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who had known hardships and exertion from his earliest youth. His person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscular appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest green, fringed with faded yellow, and a summer cap of skins which had been shorn of their fur. He also bore a knife in a girgle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his under-dress which appeared below the hunting-frock, was a pair of buckskin leggings, that laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees with the sinews of a deer. ... The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game, or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking enemy. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

白人猎手

那个白人,从他没有被衣着遮住的那部分躯体看,显然是一个从小就历尽苦辛的人。他的肌肉虽然发达,但并不丰满,而是显得有点瘦弱。但是,他的每一根神经,每一块肌肉,看来都因长年累月的餐风饮露和茹苦含辛,锻炼得十分坚强和结实。他身穿一件淡黄色镶边的深绿色猎衫,头戴一顶夏天戴的光板皮帽,腰间束一条只有印第安人才用的贝壳串珠的腰带,腰带上也佩着一柄刀子,但是没有插战斧。他脚上的鹿皮鞋,也像土人一样装饰得很花哨。他下身的服装,只能看到露在猎衫下方的一副鹿皮裹腿,裹腿的外侧系着带子,并用鹿筋吊在膝盖的上端。……这个猎人——或者是侦察员——的眼睛细小,但是明快、锐利、灵活,说话时不住地滴溜溜转,仿佛在搜寻什么猎物,或者

是疑心潜伏在什么地方的敌人会突然到来似的。 （宋兆霖 译）

A Dreamer

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt in eight years more he should be able to supply the Governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate... (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

空想家

我见到的第一个人形容枯槁，双手和脸都像烟一样的黑，头发、胡子很长，衣衫褴褛，而且有几处被火烧糊了。他的外衣、衬衫和皮肤全是一种颜色。八年以来他都在埋头设计从黄瓜里提出阳光来，密封在小玻璃瓶里，在阴雨湿冷的夏天，就可以放出来使空气温暖。他告诉我，再过八年他毫无疑问可以以合理的价格供给长官的花园足量的阳光…… （张健 译）

E. Clothes 服饰

1. National Costumes 民族装束

Indian Clothes

A party of Indians—in their savage finery of curiously embroidered deer-skin robes, wampum-belts, red and yellow ochre, and feathers, and armed with the bow and arrow and stone-headed spear—stood apart...

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

印第安服装

一群印第安人，身穿有着野蛮人华丽的、绣着奇形怪状图案的鹿皮袍，腰束贝壳缀成的带子，头戴由红色和黄色赭石及羽毛做成的饰物，背挎弓箭，手执石尖长矛，站在一旁，…… （胡允桓 译）

Epirus Dress

Her dress, which was that of the women of Epirus, consisted of a pair of white satin trousers, embroidered with pink roses, displaying feet so exquisitely formed and so delicately fair, that they might well have been taken for Parian marble, had not the eye been undeceived by their constantly shifting in and out of the fairy-like slippers in which they were encased; these tiny coverings were beautifully ornamented with gold and pearls, and turned up at the point; a blue and white striped vest, with long open sleeves, trimmed with silver loops and buttons of pearls.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

伊皮鲁斯女子的服装

她穿着伊皮鲁斯女子的服装,下身是一条白底子绣粉红色玫瑰花的绸裤,露出两只小巧玲珑的脚,要不是这两只脚在玩弄那一对嵌金镶珠的小拖鞋,或许竟会被人误认是用大理石雕成的哩;上身穿一件蓝白条子的短衫,袖口宽大,用银线滚边,珍珠作钮扣。 (蒋学模 译)

Kilt

Nothing is more masculine on a masculine man than a kilt, for it swings with a long clean stride in a flurry of pleats behind and stays perfectly still in front, the sporran like a lion guard, and below the mid-knee hem strong fine legs in diamond checkered hose, buckled shoes.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

苏格兰短裙

苏格兰短裙使男人更富有男性美,当他们急促地向前迈步时,裙褶全部甩到后面,当他们停下来时,裙褶依旧回到前面。裙子的腰袋就像护腰带,从裙褶下露出的粗壮的腿上穿着菱形的方格长袜,脚上穿着有扣子的鞋子。

(晓明 陈明铸 译)

Tunisian Costume

This personage was dressed in a Tunisian costume, that is to say, a red cap with a long blue silk tassel, a vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, pantaloons of deep red, large and full gaiters of the same colour, embroidered with gold, like the vest, and yellow slippers; he had a splendid cashmere round his waist, and a small sharp and crooked cangiar was passed through his girdle.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

突尼斯人的服饰

那人穿着一套突尼斯人的服饰，就是说，一顶红色的便帽，帽上垂下一长绺蓝色的丝穗，一件绣金的黑色长袍，深红色的裤子，同色的扎脚套，扎脚套很宽大，也像长袍一样是绣金的，一双黄色的拖鞋；他的腰部围着一条华丽的丝带，腰带上插着一柄锋利的小弯刀。（蒋学模 译）

An Indiana Girl's Complete Attire

The girl who had so suddenly arrested the steps of Hetty was dressed in a calico mantle, that effectually protected all the upper part of her person, while a short petticoat of blue cloth edged with gold lace, that fell no lower than her knees, leggings of the same, and moccasins of deerskin, completed her attire. Her hair fell in long dark braids down her shoulders and back, and was parted above a low smooth forehead, in a way to soften the expression of eyes that were full of archness and natural feeling. Her face was oval, with delicate features; the teeth were even and white, while the mouth expressed a melancholy tenderness, as if it wore this peculiar meaning in intuitive perception of the fate of a being who was doomed from birth to endure a woman's sufferings, relieved by a woman's affections.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer*)

印第安姑娘的全身装束

这位突然止住海蒂脚步的姑娘，上身穿一件印花的罩衫，下身穿一条镶金边的蓝布短裙，裙长及膝，腿上还套着蓝色的裹腿；脚上蹬一双鹿皮皮鞋——这就是这位印第安姑娘的全身装束。她头发乌黑，梳成许多小辫，一直拖到双肩，有的甚至长至腰间；她的乌发在低低的光滑额头前分开，使她的眼光显得更为柔和，而她那双眼睛则活泼调皮，表情自然。她长着一张鹅蛋脸，皮肤细嫩，牙齿整齐皓白，嘴角露出一种忧郁的柔情，一眼看上去就好像让人觉得，她命里注定要忍受女人种种苦难。（宋兆霖 郭建中 译）

Marie the Cossack

Marie the Cossack came to the door in her green silk tights and high black boots with gilded fringes; her black velvet doublet had plenty of gilded buttons upon it. She was a big, finely-molded woman; her dark and splendid features were burned healthily by the sun. In each of her ears two gold discs tinkled and gleamed as she moved.

(A. E. Coppard, *The Tiger*)

哥萨克女人的着装

哥萨克人玛丽来到门口。她身穿绿色丝绸紧身裤，脚蹬一双饰有金黄色镶边的黑色长统靴；她那黑色丝绒紧身衣上钉着许多金光闪闪的钮扣。她身材高大，体型优美；她那黝黑俏丽的脸蛋被阳光晒得焕发着健康的气息。两个耳朵下各悬着的两只圆盘形的金耳饰，在她走动时发出叮当声、熠熠闪亮。

（朱乃长 译）

Dressing Like a Circassian

Olenin looked quite a different man. In place of his clean-shaven lips and chin he had a youthful moustache and a small beard. Instead of a sallow complexion, the result of nights turned into day, Iris cheeks. his forehead and the skin behind his ears were now red with healthy sunburn. In place of a clean new black suit he wore a dirty white Circassian coat with a deeply pleated skirt, and he bore arms. Instead of a freshly starched collar, his neck was tightly clasped by the red band of his silk beshmet. He wore Circassian dress but did not wear it well, and anyone would have known him for a Russian and not a Tartar brave. It was the thing—but not the real thing. But for all that, his whole person breathed health, joy, and satisfaction.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Cossacks*, trans. J. D. Duff)

契尔克斯人的扮相

奥列宁看上去完全变成另一个人了。本来剃得光光的两颊，现在冒出年轻人的胡须。由于夜生活弄得枯槁憔悴、又黄又瘦的面孔，现在两颊、前额、耳后都露出发红的、晒黑的健康颜色。本来是洁净的、簇新的黑色燕尾服，现在换上白色的、肮脏的、打着宽大皱褶的束腰无领长袍，而且佩上武器。本来是新浆洗过的小领子，现在紧箍着晒黑的脖颈的是粗绸子上衣的红领子。他是学契尔克斯人的装束，但学得不好；谁都可以认出他是俄罗斯人，而不是骑手。看来满像那回事，其实不像。虽然如此，他仍然散发着健康、快乐和得意的气息。

（刘辽逸 译）

2. Modern Fashions 摩登式样

Fashionable Costume

She was dressed in a close-fitting tailored suit which followed her form exactly and which was enhanced by a small dark leather hat, pulled

fetchingly low over her eyes. A leather belt of the same color encircled her neck. By a leather leash she led a French bull and over one arm carried a most striking coat of black and gray checks—not too pronounced and yet having the effect of a man's modish overcoat.

(Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

流行服饰

她穿一件非常配身的衣服,跟她的身段再配也没有了。再加一顶小小的黑皮帽,迷人地、低低地拉到眼睛上面,越发显得妩媚。她脖子上围着一条同样颜色的皮带,一手拿着一根皮绳拴着一只法国种哈叭狗。手臂上搭着一件灰底黑格、颜色很美的外套,这件外套不大显眼,可是有些像流行的男式外衣。

(许汝祉 译)

Bright-Coloured Dress

Jos Sedley was splendid. He was fatter than ever. His shirt-collars were higher; his face was redder; his shirt-frill flaunted gorgeously out of his variegated waistcoat. Varnished boots were not invented as yet; but the Hessians on his beautiful legs shone so, that they must have been the identical pair in which the gentleman in the old picture used to shave himself; and on his light green coat there bloomed a fine wedding favour, like a great white spreading magnolia.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

鲜艳的服装

乔斯·赛特笠十分好看。他越长越胖,衬衫领子比以前更高,皮色比以前更红,漂亮的衬衫皱边成堆地堆在五颜六色的背心口上。他的两条腿生得很有样子,脚上穿着有流苏的长统靴。当年还没有漆皮鞋,不过他的那双靴子也够亮了。从前有一幅画儿,画着一个男人把发亮的靴子当作镜子,照着刮胡子,大概用的就是乔斯脚上的一双吧?他的淡绿外套上面挂着一大朵缎带做的喜花,像一朵开足的大白玉兰花。

(杨必 译)

Fashionable Dress

She was fashionably dressed in blackish-green and silver, her hat was brilliant green, like the sheen on an insect, but the brim was soft dark green, a falling edge with fine silver, her coat was dark green, lustrous, with a high collar of grey fur, and great fur cuffs, the edge of her dress

showed silver and black velvet, her stockings and shoes were silver grey.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

入时装束

她衣着入时,穿一身墨绿夹银色的衣服;帽子是一种明晃晃的绿色,像是昆虫身上的光泽;帽边却是柔和的墨绿色,有着银色的塌边;墨绿色的外套光泽夺目,上面有一道灰皮高领,还有宽大的皮袖口;衣服边上镶着银色和黑色的天鹅绒;短袜和鞋子都是银灰色的。 (梁一三 译)

A Lady's Fashionable Dress in 1867

The young lady was dressed in the height of fashion, for another wind was blowing in 1867: the beginning of a revolt against the crinoline and the large bonnet. The eye in the telescope might have glimpsed a magenta skirt of an almost daring narrowness—and shortness, since two white ankles could be seen beneath the rich green coat and above the black boots that delicately trod the revetment; and perched over the netted chignon, one of the impertinent little flat 'port-pie' hats with a delicate tuft of egret plums at the side—a millinery style that the resident ladies of Lyme would not dare to wear for at least another year;... The colours of the young lady's clothes would strike us today as distinctly strident; but the world was then in the first fine thrones of the discovery of aniline dyes. And what the feminine, by way of compensation for so much else in her expected behaviour, demanded of a colour was brilliance, not discretion.

(John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

19 世纪年轻姑娘的时髦装束

那年轻姑娘穿着入时。1867 年还吹着另一股风:人们对女裙衬架和大女帽感到厌恶了。透过望远镜,可以看到她穿着一品红的裙子,裙子很瘦,紧紧地捆在身上——而且还很短,因为厚厚的绿色外套下面裸露着一双雪白的脚踝,在码头的护墙上婀娜地移动着。带网的发髻上面戴着一顶卷边低平小帽,小帽的边上插着一束精致的白鹭羽毛——未见过大世面的莱姆妇女当时觉得这种头饰很不顺眼,她们至少还得再过一年才敢于尝试。……今天看来,我们必定感到那年轻女子衣服的头面颜色十分刺眼,可是那是因为刚刚发明了苯胺染料,所以衣服都是大红大绿的。再说,其他方面的陈规陋习紧紧地束缚着妇女们的一举一动,于是作为一种补偿妇女们希望穿大红大绿的刺激性颜色,而不愿谨小慎微地去穿得素净淡雅。 (刘宪之 蔺延梓 译)

A Girl's Bright Dress

The girl who had addressed the sentry was dressed in such bright colours that Oleg and Kolya could not tear their eyes away. This impression of brightness was not produced by the exceptionally gay and striking dress she was wearing, a bright crepe de Chine heavily dotted with red cherries, and green spots, and splashes of something yellow and lilac. The morning sun shone on her hair with its high, golden wave above the forehead and the soft curls, no doubt carefully arranged in front of two mirrors, which fell on her neck and shoulders. The bright dress fitted so neatly at the waist and fell in such graceful folds to the shapely legs in smart, beige shoes on high heels that the girl gave an impression of being unusually lively, light, airy and natural.

(Alexander Fadeyet, *The Young Guard*, trans. Violet Duff)

姑娘的艳丽服装

和哨兵说话的那个姑娘打扮得十分艳丽，所以奥列格和柯里亚舅舅首先注意到她。这种艳丽的印象是来自她的绚烂夺目的衣服：天蓝色的绉纱上满是红的樱桃、绿的圆点，还有亮晶晶的、黄的和紫的亮片。朝阳照耀着她的头发。她前面的头发卷成金光灿然的一圈高耸着，后面卷成一个个细长的发卷，垂到颈上和肩上，这些发卷大概是照着两面镜子精心卷出来的。那件灿烂夺目的连衣裙非常合身地裹住她的腰肢，又轻盈飘逸地罩住她的穿着肉色长袜和优雅的奶油色高跟鞋的匀称丰满的双腿，使她整个给人一种非常自然、活泼、轻盈的印象。（水夫 译）

The Most Becoming Shooting Costume

And so Charles had brought with him the most becoming shooting costume he possessed, the finest gun, the most decorative knife with the prettiest sheath in Paris. He had brought the most elaborate collection of waistcoats, grey, white, black, beetle-green, shot with gold, spangled, mottled, speckled, double-breasted, with roll collars and stand-up collars, collars turned back, and collars buttoned up to the throat with gold buttons. He had a specimen of every variety of tie and cravat in favour at the moment, two coats designed by Buisson, and his finest linen, the handsome gold-fitted dressing-case that his mother had given him; all the appurtenances of a young man about town, not forgetting a ravishing little writing-case.

(Honore Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

最漂亮的猎装

夏尔带了巴黎最漂亮的猎装，最漂亮的猎枪，最漂亮的刀子，最漂亮的刀鞘。他也带了全套最新奇的背心：灰的，白的，黑的，金壳虫色的，闪金光的，嵌水钻的，五色条纹的，双叠襟的，高领的，直领的，翻领的，钮扣一直扣到脖子的，金钮扣的。还有当时风行的各式硬领与领带，名裁缝布依松做的两套服装，最讲究的内衣。母亲给的一套华丽的纯金梳妆用具也随身带了。凡是花花公子的玩意儿，都已带全；一只玲珑可爱的小文具盒也没有忘记。

（傅雷 译）

The Dress and Adornment with Exquisite Harmony

Her dress and adornment were marked by that exquisite harmony that can come only of a fine natural taste perfected by culture. Her gown was of a simple magenta tulle, cut bias, traversed by three rows of light-blue flounces, with the selvage edges turned up with ashes-of-roses chenille; over-dress of dark bay tarlatan with scarlet satin lambrequins; corn-colored polonaise, en panier, loped with mother-of-pearl buttons and silver cord, and hauled aft and made fast by buff velvet lashings; basque of lavender reps, picked out with valenciennes; low neck, short sleeves; maroon velvet necktie edged with delicate pink silk; inside handkerchief of some simple three-ply ingrain fabric of a soft saffron tint; coral bracelets and locket-chain; coiffure of forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley massed around a noble calla. (Mark Twain, *The Loves of Alonzo and Rosannah*)

具有优美和谐特色的服饰

她的服饰，由于那种仅仅因教养才能完成的很好的自然风味而具有优美和谐的特色。长外衣料子是一种单纯的品红薄纱，按斜纹剪裁，斜纹被3行淡蓝色的荷叶织边所隔断，织边由玫瑰灰色的绳绒线翻开来。用暗赤褐色塔拉丹薄纱做的轻薄的外衣带有鲜红缎子垂饰。淡黄色的波兰连衫裙用裙环撑开，撑开的那一圈还围以螺钿钮扣和银线，用一根淡黄色丝绒绳子从后面将它扎紧。淡紫色棱纹平布的巴斯克衫装饰着法国瓦朗西纳边。低领，短袖。酱紫色的丝绒领带镶着精巧的粉红色丝边。围巾是一种柔和的番红花色调的三股单色染色原纱织物。珊瑚手镯和带有小金盒的表链。发饰是一些勿忘我和欧铃兰环绕着一个水芋。

（唐荫荪 译）

3. Uniforms 制服

Resplendent Uniforms

They were such resplendent uniforms, brave with shining buttons and dazzling with twined gold braid on cuffs and collars, the red and yellow and blue stripes on the trousers, for the different branches of the service, setting off the grey to perfection. Scarlet and gold sashes swung to and fro, sabres glittered and banged against shining boots, spurs rattled and jingled. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

漂亮的军服

他们的军服都很漂亮，亮晶晶的铜扣子，金闪闪的袖章和领章，裤子上缝着红黄蓝三色的条子，将那军服灰色的质地装饰得丝毫不觉得其颜色是灰的。此外还有大红和金色的徽章带，不停地随风飘荡，指挥刀在雪亮的长靴上闪耀着，马刺锒锒地碰响着。（简宗 译）

Uniform of the Great Northwest Grazier

...in what was gradually replacing the old-fashioned grey twill and flannel as the uniform of the Great Northwest grazier: white moleskin breeches, white shirt, a flat-crowned grey felt hat with a broad brim, and anklehigh elastic-sided riding boots with flat heels.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

大西北牧人穿的制服

……穿着老式的灰色斜纹布和法兰绒做的衣服，就像大西北牧人穿的制服：白色的鼹鼠皮骑马裤、白色的衬衫，一顶有着扁平的帽顶、宽的帽檐、周围一圈朝下翻卷的灰色帽子，一双半跟的齐踝高的弹性骑马靴。

（晓明 陈明镐 译）

Uniform of Nuns

They are clothed with a black guimp, which, according to the express command of Saint Benedict, comes up to the chin. A serge dress with wide sleeves, a large woollen veil, the guimp which rises to the chin, cut square across the breast, and the fillet which comes down to the eyes, constitute their dress. It is all black, except the fillet, which is white.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

修女的服装

她们一身黑衣，遵照圣伯努瓦的特殊规定，头巾必须遮住下巴。一袭宽袖哔叽袍服，一个宽大的毛料面罩，遮住下巴的头巾方方正正地垂在胸前，一条扎额巾压齐眼睛，这就是她们的装扮。除扎额帽是白色以外，其他都是黑的。

（长江 译）

Dress of a Page-in-Waiting

I wore a dark green dress-coat, with long narrow tails, gold buttons, red edgings worked with gold on the sleeves, and with a high, erect, open-collar, worked in gold, and embroidery on the tails; tight white chamois leather breeches, a white silk waistcoat, silk stockings, and buckled shoes... and when the Emperor rode out, if I was one of the suite, I wore high top-boots.

(Fyodor Dosoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

皇帝侍童的制服

我穿着深绿色的燕尾服，后襟又窄又长；金色的扣子、红色绣金的袖口；高高的竖式敞领也用金线装饰；燕尾服的后襟上绣了花；白色的鹿皮紧身裤、白缎子背心、白色长统袜、带搭扣的皮鞋……当皇帝骑马闲游时，如果我在随从行列之中，则穿高统马靴。

（荣如德 译）

Uniform of Trans-America Airlines

Across the table, Tanya smoothed her shirt with a swift stroking gesture which Mel had noticed before and liked. It was a feminine habit and a reminder that few women looked as good in uniform, which often seemed to have a de-sexing effect, but with Tanya worked the opposite way.

Some airlines, Mel Knew, lets their senior passenger agents out of uniform, but Trans America liked the authority which its jaunty blue and gold commanded. Two gold edged with white, on Tanya's cuffs, proclaimed her job and seniority.

(Arthur Hailey, *Airport*)

环美航空公司的制服

坦妮亚在桌子的那一边以一种敏捷拍打的动作把身上的裙子拉直。这个动作梅尔过去也曾见过而且非常欣赏。这是个非常女性化的习惯，令人想起她那样穿了制服仍然那样好看的女人为数寥寥。一般来说，女人穿上制服总

会产生一种男女不分的效果，而坦妮亚穿上制服，却更能突出她的性别。

梅尔知道有些航空公司允许它们的处理乘务的高级职员不穿制服，但是环美公司却喜欢这种制服的派头，制服的颜色是明快的蓝色和金色相配。坦妮亚的制服袖口上有两个金黄色的圆圈，四周嵌上白的，表明她的职务和级别。（任家桢　方正平　译）

A Red Army Man's Uniform

A giant of a Red Army man in a helmet fit for the titans of old moves away from a post with the sickle-and-hammer shield and with heavy tread set out on his beat. He is wearing a grey greatcoat with green tabs on the collar, and felt boots. On top of the greatcoat he has a sheepskin coat reaching down to his heels with a collar of generous proportions to match—a coat that will keep a man warm in the cruellest blizzard. On his head he wears a cloth helmet and his hands are encased in sheepskin mittens. His rifle is slung on his shoulder, and as he proceeds along the sentry path, the tail of his long coat wearing a groove in the snow, he pulls at a cigarette of home-grown tobacco with obvious relish.

(Nikolai Otravsky, *How The Steel Was Tempered*, trans. R. Prokofieva)

红军战士的军装

一个身材高大的红军战士，戴着英武的尖顶军帽，从那带着锤子与镰刀的界标旁边走开，有力地迈着步子，在他的防地里巡逻。天气非常冷。他身上穿着灰色陆军大衣，佩着绿色领章，脚上穿着长统毡靴。在大衣的外面，又披着一件高领子的宽敞羊皮外套。他的头暖暖地包在呢子军帽里。手上戴着羊皮手套。那羊皮外套一直盖住脚跟，即使外面刮着大风雪，里面还是暖和的。他背着步枪，津津有味地抽着自己卷的马合烟，在边境巡逻线上来回走着，皮外套不断刮着地面上的积雪。（黄树南　等译）

A Shabby and Dirty Uniform

He gave no thought at all to his clothes; his uniform was—well, not green but some sort of rusty, muddy colour. His collar was very short and narrow, so that, although his neck was not particularly long, yet, standing out of the collar, it looked as immensely long as those of the plaster kittens that wag their heads and are carried about on trays on the heads of dozens of foreigners living in Russia. And there were always things sticking to his

uniform, either bits of hay or threads; moreover, he had a special art of passing under a window at the very moment when various rubbish was being flung out into the street, and so was continuously carrying off bits of melon rind and similar litter on his hat. (Nikolai Gogol, *The Overcoat*)

寒碜肮脏的制服

他根本不注意自己的衣着:他身上的制服颜色已不是绿的了,而变得红褐带灰。制服的领子又窄又矮,因此尽管他的头颈不长,可伸在领子外面似乎显得特别细长,好像在俄国的外国小贩每十来个一盘顶在头上的摇头晃脑的石膏小猫的颈脖。并且,在他的制服上总粘带着什么东西,不是草,就是线头;而且,每次上街,走过窗口的时候,总赶上人家扔出各种各样的脏东西,弄得他的帽子上老是挂着西瓜皮、香瓜皮,以及诸如此类的垃圾。 (陈恩冬 译)

4. Ancient Styles 古装

Gentlemen's Wear in the 19th Century

The old man was attired in a suit of black, trimmed with steel buttons, beautifully cut and polished. His thin but still powerful legs were arrayed in a pair of richly embroidered clocked stockings, evidently of English manufacture; while from his three-cornered hat depended a long streaming knot of white and blue ribands.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

19 世纪的绅士打扮

他穿着一套剪裁合体、熨得笔挺、钉着铁钮扣的黑衣服。他那瘦而依旧相当有力的腿上穿着一双脚踝处绣满了花的长统袜子,一望而知是英国货;他的三角帽上垂下一长条蓝白色丝带结成的穗子。 (蒋学模 译)

Women's Wear in the Mid-1800s

Her new green flowered-muslin dress spread its twelve yards of billowing material over her hoops and exactly matched the flat-heeled green morocco slippers her father had recently brought her from Atlanta. The dress set off to perfection the seventeen-inch waist, the smallest in three counties, and the tightly fitting basque showed breasts well matured for her sixteen years. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

19 世纪中期的女装

她身着一件新做的绿色花布春衫,从弹簧箍上(旧时妇女撑裙子用的一种

弹性圈子)撑出的波浪纹长裙,脚配的是绿色的平跟鞋,那是她父亲前不久从亚特兰大为她买来的。不过十七吋的腰围,配上那窄窄的春衫,显得十分合身。里面紧紧绷着的一件小马甲,更显得她的胸部特别丰满。 (简宗 译)

Dressed in a Suit of Mail

First each of the heroes set the greaves upon his legs, beautifully fashioned and fastened with silver ankle-clasps; next upon his chest each fastened the moulded corselet of beaten bronze; and over his shoulder cast the baldric which held his brazen sword with the silver-studded handle. And on his mighty head each set a cunningly wrought helmet with a great crest of horse-hair that nodded terribly, and took in his hand a strong ashen spear with a point of bronze. (R. L. Green, *Legends of Troy*)

甲胄在身

首先英雄双方均在腿上绑有胫甲,样式非常讲究,足踝处用银钩扣紧;另外,双方胸前均有薄铜铸成的盔甲护胸,肩上挎着饰带,带上挂着黄铜宝剑,剑柄上饰有银钉。双方的头上各戴着一顶精制的大头盔,上面装饰着一串马鬃,上下剧烈地摆动着,各人手中各拿着一把坚固的梣木铜尖长矛。

(那惕夫 吴燕尔 译)

Armed Cap-a-Pie

And he had sent this cuirass as a gracious offering to the king. It was made of parallel strips, ten of dark blue enamel, twelve of gold, and twenty of tin. On either side three snakes rose up in coils towards the opening for the neck. Their iridescent enamel made them look like the rainbow that the son of Cronos hangs on a cloud as a portent to mankind below. (Next, Agamemnon slung his sword from his shoulders.) Golden studs glittred on the hilt, but the sheath was of silver, with a golden baldric attached. Then he took up his manly and man-covering shield, a nobly decorated piece, with its ten concentric rings of bronze, and twenty knobs of tin making a white circle round the dark enamel boss. The central figure on it was a grim Gorgon's head with awe-compelling eyes, and on either side of her, Panic and Rout were depicted. It was fitted with a silver baldric, round which a writhing snake of blue enamel twisted the three heads that grew from its single neck. On his head, Agamemnon put his helmet, with its four plates, its double crest and its horsehair plume

nodding defiantly above. (Homer, *Iliad*)

全副武装

他(基倪拉斯)把胸甲赠给国王结友谊。那件胸甲由十条碧蓝色珐琅饰带、十二条黄金饰带、二十条锡饰带组成,两侧各有三条珐琅蛇蜿蜒至甲颈,有如空中彩虹,克罗诺斯的儿子让它们再现在云际,把征兆显示给凡人。他再把双刃剑背到肩上,剑上的金钉熠熠闪光,那剑收在银制的剑鞘里,剑鞘系在一条镏金的过肩带上。他拿起一面可遮护全身的精制盾牌,形象可怖而华丽,周围有十匝青铜圈,面上突起二十个闪光的锡锻半球,一块碧蓝色珐琅在盾面最中央,上面绘有戈尔戈的脑袋,面目可憎,眼神凶狠,侧边是恐怖和溃逃之神。盾牌上系着条镏银佩带,佩带上蜿蜒着一条褐色的长蛇,同时朝不同的方向晃动着由一根颈脖长出三个脑袋。他把一饰槽双脊盔戴到头上,盔饰有马鬃,鬃饰骇人地颤动。 (罗念生 王焕生 译)

Antique Dress of Dutch Fashion

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. (Washington Irving, *Rip Van Winkle*)

古荷兰人装束

走近以后,他看到那个陌生人的外表非常古怪,就更加惊异了。那是个矮胖的老头子,头发蓬松浓密,胡子已经斑白,衣服是古代的荷兰装束:上身穿一件呢马甲,腰上束着皮带,上面穿着好几条裤子,外面的一条非常宽大,两侧装饰着两排钮扣,膝上打着褶。他肩上驮着一个似乎装满了油的大桶,对瑞克做做手势,叫他过去帮忙。 (万紫 雨宁 译)

5. Holiday Best 节日盛装

Wedding Gown

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was

white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her had—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectation*)

结婚礼服

她穿的都是重料子，绸缎花边一应俱全，全身雪白。鞋子是白的，从头上一直披下来的那条长长的披纱也是白的，头上还戴着做新娘戴的花朵，可是她已经是白发满头了。脖子上和手上都戴着亮闪闪的珠宝，梳妆台上也放好些亮闪闪的珠宝。遍地衣衫狼籍（论气派，都要比她身上穿的略逊一筹），还有东一只西一只没有收拾好的衣箱。看来她还没有完全打扮好，脚上只穿着一只鞋子——另外一只还放在梳妆台上，就在她手边——披纱也没有完全戴好，带链的表还没有系上，应该戴在胸口的花边却和一些小装饰品、手套、花朵、祷告书一起乱七八糟地堆放在穿衣镜周围。

(王科一 译)

Servants' Dress in the Gala Day

...whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen, at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

仆人的过节服装

……如果碰上过节的日子，那些高大的仆人本来穿着一身牛津布，灰色夹杂着白点点，那时候就从地窖里走了出来，一个个头上扑着发粉，身上穿着黄褂子，粉红裤子，天蓝背心镶着银花边，脚上穿着带扣子的皮鞋，背上背着黑色的丝绸口袋，还有我数不清、说不明的许多代表奴隶的疯狂标记和昏聩糊涂的荒唐装饰。

(王培德 译)

Sunday Suit

Mr. Poyser was in his Sunday suit of drab, with a red-and-green waistcoat, and a green watch-ribbon having a large cornelian seal attached, pendant like a plumb-line from that promontory where his watch-pocket was situated; a silk handkerchief of a yellow tone round his neck; and excellent grey ribbed stockings, knitted by Mrs. Poyser's own hand, setting off the proportions of his leg. (George Eliot, *Adam Bede*)

礼拜天的衣服

勃艾色先生穿的是他那套淡褐色的礼拜天衣服。背心是绿底子红条花。一根绿色表带系着一颗大大的玛瑙图章,像一条铅垂线一样从那隆起部分垂下来。这隆起部分就是他装表的袋子。他颈子上围着一条黄色丝颈巾。那双勃艾色太太亲手织的精美的灰色横条纹长袜,勃艾色先生穿起来很合适,大小跟小腿的肥瘦相称。 (张毕来 译)

Party Dress

Bathilde, by Vinet's advice, had become more elaborate in her dress. She now wore a charming gown of blue velveteen, with the same transparent fichu, garnet pendants in her ears, her hair in ringlets, the wily jeannette round her throat, black satin slippers, gray silk stockings, and gants de Suède; add to these things the manners of a queen and the coquetry of a young girl determined to capture Rogron.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

宴会服装

巴蒂尔特听着堂姊夫的话,打扮得越发娇艳:穿一件挺好看的蓝灯芯绒衫,照常披着浅色围巾;戴一副红宝石坠子的耳环,一连串的头发卷儿完全是英国式,脖子上挂一个十字架,格外显得妖冶;底下是灰色丝袜、轻巧的黑缎鞋;手上戴着瑞典货的皮手套;加上一副王后般的神气,还有那风情十足的姿态,大可以叫所有洛格龙一流的男人上钩。 (傅雷 译)

Costume for a Masquerade

Scarlett was costumed as the Queen of Hearts. She would have preferred to be the Queen of Diamonds, with a glittering paste crown and dog collar and brooches. However, then she wouldn't have been able to wear her pearls, which the jeweller had told her were "fine enough for the

Queen herself." And besides she had found nice big imitation rubies to sew all round the low neck of her red velvet gown. It was so good to be wearing color!

The train of her dress was bordered with white fox. It would be ruined before the Ball was over, but no matter; it looked elegant draped over her arm to dance. She had a mysterious red satin eye mask that covered her face down to the tip of her nose, and her lips were reddened to match it.

(A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

化装舞会的艳装

斯佳丽穿上华服，摇身一变，成了红心皇后。她本来倒情愿做钻石皇后，戴上闪闪发光的人造钻石宝冠，套上项圈竖领，佩上胸针。珠宝商告诉过她"皇后戴珍珠已经够高贵典雅了"，可是，她偏偏没戴成。再说，她找到了大颗的仿红宝石缝在朱红天鹅绒礼服低领四周，要添气派。能打扮得花哨些真好啊！

礼服后幅长裙镶着白狐皮，没等舞会结束就会给糟蹋了，不过没关系；把裙裾挽在手臂上跳舞，看起来一定高雅。她有一幅遮住鼻子以上的神秘红缎面具，同她的红唇正好相配。

（尚逸文　译）

A Woman in Her Sunday Finery

As he approached Hume Street corner he found the air heavily scented and his eyes made a swift anxious scrutiny of the young woman's appearance. She had her Sunday finery on. Her blue serge skirt was held at the waist by a belt of black leather. The great silver buckle of her belt seemed to depress the centre of her body, catching the light stuff of her white blouse like a clip. She wore a short black hacker with mother-of-pearl buttons and a ragged black boa. The ends of her tulle collarette had been carefully disordered and a big bunch of red flowers was pinned in her bosom, stems upwards. Lenehan's eyes noted approvingly her stout short muscular body. Frank rude health glowed in her face, on her fat red cheeks and in her unabashed blue eyes. Her features were blunt. She had broad nostrils, a straggling mouth which lay open in a contented leer, and two projecting front teeth.

(James Joyce, *Dubliners*)

身穿盛装的女人

当他走近休姆街拐角时，感到一阵浓郁的香气扑鼻，赶紧对那妙龄女郎扫视一眼，只见她穿着礼拜天盛装，打扮得很漂亮。她穿一条天蓝色哔叽裙子，

腰里束着黑皮带，上面一颗挺大的银扣子，好像压住腹部，像夹子一般钳住上身薄薄的白衬衫；外面罩一件镶珍珠母纽扣的黑色短外套，脖子上绕着一条破旧的长毛黑围巾。她故意把薄纱披肩的两端松开，露出用针别在胸口的一簇大红花，花枝向上。莱内汉欣赏着她那矮胖而茁壮的身躯。她身体健壮，容光焕发，胖乎乎的脸颊红喷喷的，一双蓝眼睛毫不羞涩。浑身是粗线条。她脸上长着一对大鼻孔，阔嘴巴。当她包着眼送秋波时，便张开嘴，露出两只虎牙，一副心满意足的样子。

（孙梁　译）

People in Their Sunday Best

On the right stood the men: old men in home-spun caftans, bast shoes and clean white leg-bands; the younger ones in new cloth tunics with bright-coloured belts round their waists, and top-boots. On the left were the women, with red silk kerchiefs on their heads, sleeveless velveteen jackets, bright red blouses and gay-coloured skirts of blue, green and red. and boots with steel heel-plates. The more staid, older women with white kerchiefs, grey jackets and old-fashioned linen petticoats, and leather or new bast shoes on their feet, stood behind; between them and the others were the children, their hair greased, and dressed in their best clothes.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

穿着漂亮衣服过礼拜的人

右边都是庄稼汉：老头子身穿土布长袍，脚包白净的包脚布，外套树皮鞋；小伙子身穿崭新的呢长袍，腰束色彩鲜艳的阔腰带，脚登高统皮靴。左边都是女人，她们头上包着红绸巾，身穿棉绒紧身袄，配着大红衣袖，系着蓝色、绿色、红色或者花色的裙子，脚上穿着钉上铁钉的半统靴。老年妇女衣着朴素，站在后面，她们包着白头巾，身穿灰短袄，系着老式毛织裙子，脚穿平底鞋或者崭新的树皮线鞋。人群中还夹杂着孩子，他们打扮得漂漂亮亮，头发抹得油光光。

（草婴　译）

Engagement Dress

Liz was wearing a dress Bernie had bought for her, a pretty gray flannel with a white satin collar, and she wore it with a rope of pearls he had picked up at Chanel for her, and gray flannel Chanel shoes with black satin toes, and her huge engagement ring, her golden hair swept up, her makeup faint but impeccable, and pearl and diamond earrings on her ears. She looked alluring and demure and very beautiful and he could see that

his mother was impressed when they met her in the hotel lobby.

(Daniel Steel, *The Fine Things*)

订婚礼服

丽茨穿着伯尼送的漂亮衣服——一件以白缎镶领的灰色法兰绒衣服，腰上系着镶满珍珠的带子，脚上穿着有黑缎子鞋头的灰法兰绒鞋，手指上戴着那颗硕大的订婚戒指。她的头发挽在头顶上，双耳坠着珍珠和钻石的耳环，脸上的妆淡而无瑕，整个人看上去既妩媚动人，又端庄典雅。当他和丽茨在饭店过厅与他母亲见面时，他能看出她给母亲的印象极深。（程乃欣　吕文镜　译）

Holiday Dresses of Peasants from Hills

The shops were all shut, but peasants from the hills were already strolling about, in their holiday dress: the men in their short leather trousers, like foot-ball drawers, and bare brown knees, and great boots: their little grey jackets faced with green, and their green hats with the proud chamois-brush behind. They seemed to stray about like lost souls, and proud chamois-brush behind their hats, this proud, cocky, perking-up tail, like a mountain-buck with his tail up, was belied by the lost-soul look of men, as they loitered about with their hands shoved in the front pockets of their trousers.—Some women also were creeping about: peasants women, in the funny little black hats that had thick gold under the brim and long black streamers of ribbon, brim behind and streaming right to the bottom of the shirt. These women in their thick dark dresses with tight bodices, and massive heavy stride of the mountain women, the heavy, quick, forward-leaning motion. They were waiting for the town-day to begin.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Captain's Doll*)

山民的节日盛装

店铺还关着门，可从山里来的着上节日盛装的农民们，早就在四处溜达了。男人们穿着短皮靴，恰似足球运动员穿的短裤头，露出褐色的膝头，脚蹬大长统靴。他们都穿那种镶了绿边的灰色小坎肩，他们戴的绿颜色的帽子上，都有一根小羚羊尾巴翘在后面。他们仿佛丢魂落魄似地漫无目的，而帽子后面那条羚羊尾巴却得意洋洋。当他们把手放在裤子前面的口袋里闲逛时，这条自鸣得意、趾高气扬，往上翘的尾巴，就像一只公羊噘起它的尾巴一样，与这些人那副失魂落魄的神态形成强烈对比。也有女人在款款而行。那些农村妇女，戴着那种滑稽可笑的小小的黑礼帽：帽边底下镶了粗粗的金边，还有两条长长的黑缎子飘带，宽宽的黑色的波浪型的缎带，从后面帽边底下一直拖到裙

子跟。这些女人穿着厚厚的黑上衣，外加紧身背心和厚实、笨重、多褶的裙子，以及亮色或暗色的围裙，迈着山里女人笨重的步子，以其沉重、迅速、身子前倾的姿势到处奔走。他们在等着集市开张。 （徐崇亮 译）

6. Common Dresses 普通服装

Dresses of Good Townswomen of Paris

Two of these women were dressed like good townswomen of Paris. Their fine white gorgets, their red-and-white striped tiretaine skirts, their white knitted stockings, with coloured embroidery at the ankles, pulled trimly over the leg, their square shoes of fawn leather with black soles, and especially their headdress, a sort of tinsel horn loaded with ribbons and lace, such as women still wear in Champagne, in common with the grenadiers of the Russian Imperial Guard, proclaimed that they belonged to the class of rich tradespeople which comes midway between what servants call 'a woman' and what they call 'a lady'.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

巴黎中等市民的衣着

其中两位的衣着是巴黎中等市民的。细软的白胸衣，红蓝条纹相间的细呢子裙，脚踝处彩绣、白线编织的长统袜把腿部包得严严实实，褐色方头皮鞋鞋底是黑色的，尤其她们的帽子：那种尽是缎带、花边、金属碎片缀饰的尖顶高帽（香巴涅省女人今天还戴这种帽子），堪与俄罗斯帝国近卫榴弹兵的帽子媲美——这一切都表明她们属于那种富商太太阶层，也就是，介乎如今仆人会称呼"老板娘"和"夫人"之间的那种女人。 （管震湖 译）

Family Dress

Madame Magloire wore a white funnel-shaped cap: a gold jeannette at her neck, the only bit of feminine jewellery in the house, a snowy fichu just peering out above a black frieze dress, with wide short sleeves, a green and red checked calico apron tied at the waist with a green ribbon, with a stomacher of the same pinned up in front; on her feet, she wore coarse shoes and yellow stockings like the women of Marseilles.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

家居服饰

马格洛大娘戴顶白楞边帽，颈上挂了个小金十字，算是这家里独一无二的首饰了。她身穿玄青粗呢袍，袖子宽而短，领口里露出一条雪白的围脖，一根

绿带子拦腰束住一条红绿方块花纹的棉布围裙，外加一块同样布料的胸巾，用别针扣住上面的两只角，脚上穿双马赛妇女穿的那种大鞋和黄袜。

（长江 译）

An Artist's Ordinary Dress

Eugene, with Angela's approval, still affected a loose, flowing tie, a soft turn-down collar, brown corduroy suits as a rule, the coat cut with a belt, shooting jacket fashion, a black iron ring of very curious design upon one of his fingers, and a soft hat. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

艺术家的平时着装

尤金取得安琪拉的同意，仍旧喜欢打一条松松的、飘拂的领带，戴一个柔软向下翻的衣领，通常总穿着一条褐色灯芯绒布衣服，上衣束着一条带子，猎装式样，手上戴着一只式样古怪的黑铁戒指，还有一顶柔软的帽子。

（主万 西海 译）

Cheap and New Clothes

The man's clothes were new—all of them, cheap and new. His grey cap was so new that the visor was still stiff and the button still on, not shapeless and bulged as it would be when it had served for a while all the various purposes of a cap—carrying sack, towel, handkerchief. His suit was of cheap grey hardcloth and so new that there were creases in the trousers. His blue chambray shirt was stiff and smooth with filler. The coat was too big, the trousers too short, for he was a tall man. The coat shoulder-peaks hung down on his arms, and even then the sleeves were too short and the front of the coat flapped loosely over his stomach. He wore a pair of new tan shoes of the kind called 'army last', hobnailed and with half-circles like horseshoes to protect the edges of the heels from wear.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

廉价的新衣

这人穿着一身新衣服——全是廉价而又崭新的。他那灰色的鸭舌帽很新，连帽舌都还是硬挺挺的，钮扣也没有掉，并不像作过一阵各种用途——如代替口袋、毛巾、手帕等等以后的便帽那样走了样子，变得胀鼓鼓的。他的衣服是廉价的灰色粗布做的，还新得很，裤子上还留着折痕。他那件蓝条纹布衬衫是有衬料的，又挺括又光滑。他的上装太大，裤子太短，因为他是个高个子。

上装的托肩搭拉在他的胳膊上，尽管这样，袖子还是太短，上装的前襟还是松松地在他的肚子上摆荡。他穿着一双名叫"军用式"的棕黄色新皮鞋，鞋底钉装了平头钉，还有蹄铁似的两个半圆形的后掌保护鞋跟，免得磨损。

（胡仲持　译）

Neither Exciting Nor Overly Stylish

His secretary had noticed that, but she didn't seem to fit into any of those categories. She didn't have the stereotyped look of the Junior League, with blond streaks in her hair, gold shrimp earrings she'd had for ten years, and shoes with little gold chains running across them. Nor did she have the look of the dowdy matron planning the charity event, or the sharklike air of the buyers from New York, or the press. She looked wholesome and clean, and yet well put together somehow, even though her clothes were neither exciting nor overly stylish. She was wearing a navy blue suit and a beige silk blouse, pearl earrings and high-heeled navy blue shoes. And she had very good legs, although she was tall. Almost as tall as Bernie.

（Daniel Steel, *Fine Things*）

恰到好处的衣着

秘书注意到，她确实很吸引人，但似乎不属于上述任何一类。她头发上系着金色的带子，耳朵上戴着虾形的、戴了有十年的金耳环，海军蓝的高跟鞋上镶着金色小链子，完全不像青年联盟的人那副古板的样子，也不像组织慈善活动的那些不讲究穿着的妇女的外表，也没有从纽约来的采购员或从报社来的记者那狡诈的神情。她健康，整洁，整个人看上去很舒服，虽然她的衣着既不惹人注意，也不过分时髦。她穿的是一身深蓝色套装和灰棕色绸衬衫，耳佩珍珠坠，脚蹬蓝高跟鞋。她的腿很美，虽然个头很高——几乎和伯尼一样。

（程乃欣　吕文镜　译）

Plain Garments

Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible,—or from one of our elder poets,—in a

paragraph of today's newspaper. (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

素雅的衣衫

布鲁克小姐的姿色，在素淡的衣衫衬托下，反而显得格外动人。她的手和腕关节大小适中，尽管她的衣袖谈不到式样，跟意大利画家笔下圣母穿的差不多，也无损于它们那美好的形状；平凡的穿戴只是给她的容貌，以及她的身材和举止，增添了一种高贵的气息。她同外省那些时髦女郎站在一起，给人的印象，仿佛当今报上的文章中出现了一句摘自《圣经》的名言，或者老一辈诗人的警句。 (项星耀 译)

Factory Girls' Usual Out-Of-Doors Dress

Groups of merry and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens; namely, a shawl, at mid-day or in fine weather was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, because a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no un-picturesque fashion.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

女工们出门常穿的服装

一群群喜洋洋、闹嚷嚷的姑娘，年龄都在十二到二十岁之间，连蹦带跳地走过来。她们大多数是厂里的女工，穿着她们这一类出门时经常穿的服装，那就是：一条大披肩，在中午或是天气好的时候，只当披肩用，到了黄昏，或是逢到天气阴凉，可就变成一种西班牙女人的头巾，或者一方苏格兰格子呢，罩在头上，两边下垂，有时在下颌边用别针扣住，看来倒也绰约动人。

(荀枚 余贵堂 译)

Dressing in the Same Fashion for Years

He was always dressed in the same fashion: to see him today was to see him as he had been since 1791. His heavy shoes were tied with leather laces. Winter and summer he wore thick woolen stockings, knee-breeches of coarse chestnut-coloured homespun, with silver buckles, a velvet waistcoat, striped yellow and purplish-brown, buttoned up to the throat, a loose chestnut-coloured coat with full skirts, a black neckcloth, and a

Quaker hat. His gloves, made like a gendarme's for hard wear, lasted him nearly two years, and to keep them clean he was in the habit of placing them tidily, always on the same spot, on the brim of his hat.

(Honoré Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

多年不变的装束

他老是同样的装束,从 1791 年以来始终是那副模样。笨重的鞋子,鞋带也是皮做的;四季都穿一双呢袜,一条黑色的粗呢短裤,用银箍在膝盖下面扣紧,上身穿一件闪光的丝绒背心,颜色一会儿黄一会儿古铜色,外面罩一件衣裾宽大的栗色外套。戴一条黑领带,一顶阔边帽子。他的手套跟警察的一样结实,要用到一年零八个月,为保持清洁起见,他有一个一定的手势,把手放在帽子边缘一定的地位。 (傅雷 译)

7. Luxurious Dresses 华贵服装

Rich Young Ladies' Gaudy Dress

...some lovely young girls were laughing and chatting in the most delightful and light-hearted manner. From the length of the veil which fell from the top of their pointed head-dress, all wound about with pearls, down to their heels, from the delicacy of the embroidered chemisette covering their shoulders and revealing, in the attractive fashion of the times, the cleavage of their beautiful maidenly bosoms, from the opulence of their underskirts, even more costly than their topcoats (a wonderful refinement!), from the gauze, the silk, and the velvet lavished on all this, above all from the whiteness of their hands, which betokened leisure and idleness, it is easy to guess that these were rich and noble heiresses.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

富家小姐的华丽衣着

……有几个美貌少女,以千种风流、万般轻佻说着、笑着。珠环翠绕的高高尖帽顶上的轻纱一直披垂下来,齐至脚后跟。精工细作的绣花短衫遮住肩膀,却按照当时那种迷人的风尚,袒露出美丽的处女胸脯升起之处。华丽的衬裙甚至比罩裙(已经是令人惊赞不迭的高贵)更为珍贵。而这些衣着的质料不是绫罗绸缎,就是天鹅绒;尤其是白嫩的纤纤细手说明她们素性慵懒,游手好闲——从这一切,很容易看出她们是富贵人家的小姐,大宗财产的继承人。

(管震湖 译)

Queen's Hunting Costume

Her hunting costume was marvelously becoming to her. She wore a felt hat with blue feathers, a pearl-gray coat fastened with diamond clasps, and a blue satin skirt covered with silver embroidery. On her left shoulder glittered the diamond tags, attached to a bow of the same color as the feathers and her skirt.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

王后的猎装

确实,她身上的这套女猎装对她真是合适极了:她头戴一顶插着蓝色羽饰的呢帽,一件银灰色的丝绒披风用几粒钻石搭扣系在胸前,下面穿一条银线绣花的蓝色绸裙。左肩上别着一个跟羽饰和绸裙同样颜色的饰带结,上面系着的颗颗坠饰闪闪发光。 (周克希 译)

Female Dress in High Society

They lighted up Rebecca's figure to admiration, as she sate on a sofa covered with a pattern of gaudy flowers. She was in a pink dress that looked as fresh as a rose; her dazzling white arms and shoulders were half covered with a thin hazy scarf through which they sparkled; her hair hung in curls round her neck; one of her little feet peeped out from the fresh crisp folds of the silk—the prettiest little foot in the prettiest little sandal in the finest silk stocking in the world.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

上流社会妇女的衣着

利蓓加坐在一张花色鲜艳的安乐椅上,蜡烛光照着她,把她的身材越发衬得好看。她穿一件娇嫩得像玫瑰花一般的粉红袍子;肩膀和胳膊白得耀眼,上面半披着一条云雾似的透明纱巾,白皮肤在下面隐隐发亮。她的头发卷成圈儿挂在颈边;一层层又松又挺的新绸裙子底下露出一只美丽的小脚,脚上穿的是最细的丝袜和最漂亮的镂空鞋。 (杨必 译)

Party Dress

She took one final look in the tall pier glass. The deep blue watered silk of her gown shimmered in the lamp light and made her powdered bare shoulders and bosom look as pale as alabaster. Her diamonds sparkled brilliantly, as did her green eyes. Black velvet ribbon in loops bordered

the gown's train and a wide black velvet bow lined with paler blue silk sat atop the gown's bustle, emphasizing her tiny waist. Her slippers were made of blue velvet with black laces, and narrow black velvet ribbon was tied around her throat and each wrist. White camellias tied with black velvet bows were pinned to her shoulders and filled a silver-lace bouquet holder. She had never looked lovelier, and she recognized it. Excitement made her cheeks rosy with natural color. (A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

舞会装束

她对着高高的穿衣镜看了最后一眼。深蓝色波纹绸丝舞衣在灯光下闪闪发亮,将扑了粉的裸肩与酥胸衬托得雪白粉嫩。钻石耳环和绿眸一样璀璨耀眼。长裙上的黑丝绒环行滚边,裙撑顶上系着镶淡蓝丝绸边的黑丝绒蝴蝶结,强调出她的纤腰。舞鞋是蓝丝绒的,配着黑鞋带,在脖子和手腕上也系着窄条黑丝绒带。双肩上别着白山茶与黑丝绒蝴蝶结,银带扎的一束捧花上也插满白山茶。她自认为这是生平第一次打扮得如此美丽迷人,兴奋得双颊也添上自然的嫣红。 (尚逸文 译)

New and Rich Clothes

He was in the best form for entertaining this evening. His clothes were particularly new and rich in appearance. The coat lapels stood out with that medium stiffness which excellent cloth possessed. The vest was of a rich Scotch plaid, set with a double row of wound mother-of-pearl buttons. His cravat was a shiny combination of silken threads, not loud, not inconspicuous. What he wore did not strike the eye so forcibly as that which Drouet had on, but Carrie could see the elegance of the material. Hurstwood's shoes were of soft, black calf, polished only to a dull shine. Drouet wore patent leather, but Carrie could not help feeling that there was a distinction in favor of the soft leather, where all else was so rich. She noticed these things almost unconsciously. They were things which would naturally flow from the situation. She was used to Drouet's appearance.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

新颖美观的衣服

这天晚上,他十分高兴地应酬着。他的衣服显得特别新颖美观。上衣的翻领相当挺括,凡是上等衣料总是这样的。背心是上等苏格兰格子呢的,缀着两排螺钿圆钮扣。他的衣服不像杜洛埃穿的那么强烈刺眼,但嘉莉看得出这料子是精美的。赫斯渥的鞋子是柔软的黑色小牛皮的,只擦得半亮,而杜洛埃

却着漆皮鞋，但是嘉莉不得不认为配上全身华丽的打扮，还是软皮的来得好。她差不多是不自觉地注意到这些东西的。这些东西很自然地会在这种场合显现出来。因为她看惯了杜洛埃的打扮。 （裘柱常 译）

Master Dressed in Gorgeousness

The master himself was a man of about forty, with black hair, and carefully combed whiskers. He was dressed in a particularly gorgeous manner, with plenty of articles of jewellery about him—all about three sizes larger than those which are usually worn by gentlemen—and a rough great-coat, he thrust his left hand the moment he dismounted, while from the other he drew forth with his right, a very bright and glaring silk handkerchief, with which he whiskered a speck or two of dust from his boots, and then, crumbling it in his hand, swaggered up the court.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

穿戴华丽的男主人

主人是四十来岁的男子，长着黑头发和细心梳理好的胡须，穿戴得非常华丽：戴了大量的珠宝饰物——全都比一般绅士们通常戴的要大三倍光景——外面再加上一件粗质地的大衣。他下车就把左手插进大衣的一只口袋，同时用右手从另外一只口袋里掏出一条非常耀眼的丝手绢，用它掸一掸靴子上的一两点灰尘，然后把它捏在手心里，大模大样地走进了胡同。 （蒋天佐 译）

Make-Up in a Spanish Style

She even looked a trifle Spanish herself, with a high comb and a marvelous dark-brown shawl embroidered in thick silvery silk embroidery. So she would sit at the perfect old table, soft as velvet in its deep brown surface, a high comb in her hair, ear-rings with dropping pendants in her ears, her arms bare and still beautiful, a few strings of pearls round her throat, a puce velvet dress on and this or another beautiful shawl, and by candlelight she looked, yes, a Spanish high-bred beauty of thirty-two or three. She set the candles to give her face just the chiaroscuro she knew suited her; her high chair that rose behind her face was done in old brocade, against which her face emerged like a Christmas rose.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Lovely Lady*)

西班牙贵妇一般的打扮

她看上去有点西班牙味。头上插一把梳子，肩披厚丝边的深褐色华丽披

肩。她常常这样坐在那张旧桌子旁,头上高插着梳子,两耳垂挂着夺目的耳环,裸露着双臂,显得很美;脖颈上绕着几串珍珠项链,身穿褐色衣服,披肩不时地更换,在烛光中,她看上去的确像一位三十二、三岁的西班牙贵妇。她把蜡烛弄得明暗对比正好适合她。她后面的高椅子用点缀着金银色浮花的墨绿色锦缎包裹着,把她的脸衬托得像一朵盛开的圣诞玫瑰。 (洁岩 译)

Dress in Black Velvet

This is in 1885, and she wore a blustle. Her gown was of black velvet, with tight sleeves and sloping shoulders, and the skirt had three large flounces. She wore a black bonnet with velvet strings. She hesitated. The question she had expected did not come, and so she could not give the answer she had prepared. (W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

黑色天鹅绒服装

这是1885年。她身上穿一件黑天鹅绒裙袍,腰里衬着裙撑,窄袖削肩,裙子上镶了三条宽荷叶边;头上戴一顶系有天鹅饰带的黑色无边帽。她犹豫起来。她原以为孩子一见面,一定会提出那个问题,结果压根儿没提,这一来,她预先准备的回答也就无从出口了。 (张柏然 张增健 倪俊 译)

8. Fancy Clothes 奇装异服

Striking Clothes

Hermione Roddice came up, in a handsome gown of white lace, trailing an enormous silk shawl blotched with great embroidered flowers, and balancing an enormous plain hat on her head. She looked striking, astonishing, almost macabre; so tall, with the fringe of her great cream-coloured vividly-blotched shawl trailing on the ground after her...

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

惊世骇俗的装束

赫麦恩妮·罗迪丝走上前来。她披着一件镶白色花边的漂亮大氅,拖着一条绣了大朵花的丝绸长披巾。与此相映成趣的是头上一顶硕大的素色帽子。她看上去惊世骇俗、引人注目,几乎到了令人毛骨悚然的地步;点缀着色彩鲜艳的大朵花的奶油色长披巾的蓬边拖曳在她身后的地上…… (梁一三 译)

Gaudy Costume

...but Mr. Barkis bloomed in a new blue coat, of which the tailor

had given him such good measure, that the cuffs would have rendered gloves unnecessary in the coldest weather, while the collar was so high that it pushed his hair up on end on the top of his head. His bright buttons, too, were of the largest size. Rendered complete by drab pantaloons and a buff waistcoat, I thought Mr. Barkis a phenomenon of respectability.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

花丽狐哨的服装

……但是巴奇斯先生却穿得花丽狐哨的，上身是一件新做的蓝褂子，成衣匠给他做的时候，尺码尽量往宽里放，连天气顶冷的时候，袖子都可以代替手套；领子就非常的高，连头上的头发都叫它顶起来了，直竖在头上。他那些发亮的钮子，也是个儿顶大的。这一身服装，再加上浅棕色的马裤和暗黄色的背心，把他装扮得整整齐齐，我认为巴奇斯先生真是了不起的体面人物。

（张谷若 译）

Coat Collar out of Fashion

In those days we wore very tall stocks, only a few poetic and eccentric persons venturing on the Byron collar; but Fred Bayham confined his neck by a simple ribbon, which allowed his great red whiskers to curl freely round his capacious jowl. He wore a black frock and a large broad-brimmed hat, and looked somewhat like a Dissenting Preacher.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

不合潮流的领饰

在那个时代我们脖子上一般都围着很高的领子，只有很少数的诗人或离奇古怪的人物才敢戴拜伦式的翻领；可是腓特烈·贝罕谟只用一根简简单单的丝带扎在脖子上，这使得那红络腮胡子无拘无束地在他那大下巴周围蜷曲起来。他穿着一件黑袍子，戴了一顶宽边帽子，那副神气有几分像一个非国教派的牧师。

（王培德 译）

A Strange Figure with Fantastic Dressing

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once, was on being of this world. His long fantastic legs which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed after a quaint, fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare; and his hands rested on his knees. On his short round body, he

wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes; a short cloak dangled at his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at his toes into long points. On his head, he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost; and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably, for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

怪人怪装

紧靠着他,在一块笔直的墓碑上,坐着一个奇怪的、妖异的人物,加布利尔立刻觉察出那不是人间的生物。他的奇形怪状的长腿,本来可以踏在地上的,却跷在空中,并且离奇古怪地盘着腿;筋肉发达的手臂裸露着;两只手搭在膝头上。他的短而圆的身体上穿一件紧身的蔽体之物,上面开了些小岔;一件短斗篷飘在背后;衣领裁成奇怪的尖形,算是代替了16世纪式的皱领或者领巾;鞋子的前端向上翘起很长一块。头上呢,戴了一顶阔边宝塔糖式的帽子,上面插了孤零零的一根羽毛。帽子上结满了白霜;看样子,那妖怪像是很舒服地一直在那块墓碑上坐了两百年了。他正完全静止地坐着,舌头伸在嘴外,像在嘲弄;并且正对着加布利尔·格勒伯露出唯有妖怪才流露得出的怪笑。

(蒋天佐 译)

Odd Costumes Unsuitable for Full-Grown Girls

Ranged on benches down the sides of the room, the eighty girls sat motionless and erect: a quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible; in brown dresses, made high, and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of holland (shaped something like a Highlander's purse) tied in front of their frocks, and destined to serve the purpose of a workbag: all, too, wearing woollen stockings and country-made shoes, fastened with brass buckles. Above twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather young women; it suited them ill, and gave an air of eddity even to the prettiest.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

不适合成年姑娘的怪装

八十个姑娘一动不动、端端正正地挨个儿坐在屋子两旁的凳子上;看上去

是古里古怪的一群人，头发都平伏地往后梳着，看不到一绺鬈发；都穿着棕色衣服，领子很高，喉部围着窄窄的一圈领饰，衣服前面还系着一个荷兰麻布小口袋（样子就像苏格兰人的钱袋），这是作为放活计的口袋用的；每个人都穿着羊毛长统袜，乡下做的有铜扣的鞋子。有二十多个穿这样衣服的人是成年的姑娘，或者不如说是年轻妇人；这衣服不适合她们穿，哪怕最美丽的姑娘穿了也会有一种怪模样。（祝庆英 译）

Gaudy Neckties

His only peculiarity, if you could call it that, was a habit of wearing impossibly gaudy neckties. O'Donnell shuddered inwardly as he noticed the creation his colleague was sporting today—turquoise circles and vermilion zigzags on a background of mauve and lemon yellow. Bill Rufus took a good deal of ribbing about his ties. One of the psychiatrists on staff had suggested recently that they represented "a pus crater from an inner seething below a conservative surface."

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

扎眼的花领带

他唯一的怪癖——如果能算得上怪癖的话——那就是爱打特别扎眼的花领带。欧唐奈一看见他这位同事今天打的这一条领带，不由得打了一个冷战。这条领带是在紫红和柠檬黄底色上显现着青绿色圆圈和大红花纹的图案。比尔·罗弗斯为了他的花领带，受过不少讥笑。神经科的一位大夫最近还说：罗弗斯的领带代表"表面平静的火山掩盖着内在的沸腾着的岩浆，终于在这里找到一个喷火口。"（舒逊 译）

A Man in Women's Clothes

I saw one guy, a gray-haired, very distinguished looking guy with only his shorts on, do something you wouldn't believe me if I told you. First he put his suitcase on the bed. Then he took out all these women's clothes, and put them on. Real women's clothes—silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, brassiere, and one of those corsets with the straps hanging down and all. Then he put on this very tight black evening dress. I swear to God. Then he started walking up and down the room, taking these very small steps, the way a woman does, and smoking a cigarette and looking at himself in the mirror. (J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*)

男扮女装

我看见有个头发花白的家伙，看样子还很有身份，光穿着裤衩在干一件我说出来你决不会相信的事，他先把自己的手提箱放在床上，然后拿出整整一套妇女服装，开始穿戴起来。那是一套真正妇女服装——长统丝袜，高跟皮鞋，奶罩，搭拉着两条背带的衬裙，等等。随后他穿上了一件腰身极小的黑色晚礼服。我可以对天发誓。随后他在房间里走来走去，像女人那样迈着极小的步子，一边还拍烟照镜子。（施咸荣 译）

Ill-Assorted and Injudicious Attire

The ill-assorted and injudicious attire of the individual only served to render his awkwardness more conspicuous. A sky-blue coat, with short and broad skirts and low cape, exposed a long thin neck, and longer and thinner legs, to the worst animadversions of the evil disposed. His nether garment was yellow nankeen, closely fitted to the shape, and tied at his bunches of knees by large knots of white ribbon, a good deal sullied by use. Clouded cotton stockings, and shoes, on one of the latter of which was a plated spur, completed the costume of the lower extremity of this figure, no curve or angle of which was concealed, but, on the other hand, studiously exhibited, through the vanity or simplicity of its owner.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

不伦不类的打扮

此人的一身不伦不类的打扮，也只能使他显得更加滑稽可笑：一件天蓝色的上衣，耷拉着肩膀，下摆又短又大，衬托出一个又细又长的脖子，还有一双更细更长的腿，简直难看之极。他那条淡黄色的棉布裤紧绷着身子，在膝盖隆起的地方，各用一条用得很脏的白缎带扎着，还打了一个大蝴蝶结。他脚套条纹布袜，穿着鞋子，有一只鞋子上还装有一个镀锡的踢马刺——这就是他下身的全部装束了。他身上没有一根曲线或者一个棱角是掩饰着的，相反，由于此人的虚荣和无知，而是有意让它们暴露无遗。（宋兆霖 译）

Extinct Costume

Look at his loose, wide, brown coat, with capacious pockets on each side; the knee-breeches and boots, the immensely long waistcoat, and silver watch-chain dangling below it, the wide-brimmed brown hat, and the white handkerchief tied in a great bow, with straggling ends sticking

out beyond his shirt-frill. It is a costume one seldom sees nowadays, and, when the few who wear it have died off, it will be quite extinct.

(Charles Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*)

行将绝迹的装束

瞧他那件宽大的褐色上衣,左右各有一只大口袋。短裤和靴子,奇长的背心,背心下面摇摇晃晃地悬挂着一根银表链,褐色宽边帽,打成一个大蝴蝶结的白手帕,它那散开的四角从衬衫饰边下钻出来。这是一种如今很少见的装束,等到还穿这种衣服的几个人去世以后,它们也就会完全绝迹了。

(陈漪 西海 译)

9. Old Clothes 旧衣服、老式服装

Clothes in Low Society

The colour of the men's coats was problematical; such shoes, in more fashionable quarters, are only to be seen lying in the gutter; the cuffs and collars were worn and frayed at the edges; every limp article of clothing looked like the ghost of its former self. The women's dresses were faded, old-fashioned, dyed and re-dyed; they wore gloves that were glazed with hard wear, much-mended lace, dingy ruffles, crumpled muslin fichus. (Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

下层人们的衣着

男人们穿着说不出颜色的大褂,像高等住宅区扔在街头巷尾的靴子,快要磨破的衬衫,有名无实的衣服。女人们穿着黯淡陈旧,染过而又褪色的服装;戴着补过的旧花边,用得发亮的手套,老是暗黄色的领围,经纬散率的围巾。

(傅雷 译)

A Servant's Patched-Up Dress

And with absolutely no concern for his cowl, which was covered with so much grease it would have seasoned all the soup kettles in Altopascio, or his torn and patched-up doublet, covered with sweat stains all around his collar and under his arms and in more spots and colors than a piece of cloth from India or China ever had, or his shoes, which were all worn out, or his hose, which were full of holes...

(Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*, trans. G. H. McWilliam)

佣人的补丁衣

他可不晓得自己的头巾上满是油渍,尽够用来涂抹阿尔托派斯丘的大釜,

也不晓得他那件紧身上衣已经破破烂烂，领子上和胳肢窝下面全是斑斑点点的油垢、窟窿和补丁，简直比土耳其或印度人的衣服还要鲜艳夺目，鞋子也裂口了，袜子也绽线了。 （方平 王科一 译）

Faded Finery

He turned, and saw, even by the darkness visible of that badly-lighted street, that the woman who stood by him was of no doubtful profession. It was told by her faded finery, all unfit to meet the pelting of that pitiless storm; the gauze bonnet, once pink, now dirty white, the muslin gown, all draggled, and soaking wet up to the very knees; the gay-colored barege shawl, closely wrapped round the form, which yet shivered and shook... （Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*）

褪了色的衣着

他回头来，就在街灯幽微的黑暗地带也能看出，站在他旁边的女人做的是什么买卖。她的装束便能叫你明白了，她那身褪了颜色的打扮完全经不起倾盆大雨的淋打；薄纱的帽子，原来是粉红的，现在变成了灰白；花布的衣裳拖到地上，一直到膝部都浸透了雨水；身上裹紧了一条颜色鲜艳的纱围巾，可是她浑身打着哆嗦……（荀枚 余贵堂 译）

Worn-Out Overcoat

Akaky Akakyevitch had for some time been feeling that his back and shoulders were particularly nipped by the cold, although he did try to run the regular distance as fast as he could. He wondered at last whether there were any defects in his overcoat. After examining it thoroughly in the privacy of his home, he discovered that in two or three places, to wit on the back and shoulders, it had become a regular sieve; the cloth was so worn that you could see through it and the lining was coming out. I must observe that Akaky Akakyvitch's overcoat had also served as a butt for the jibes of the clerks. It had even been deprived of the honorable name of overcoat and had been referred to as the "dressing jacket." It was indeed of rather a strange make. Its collar had been growing smaller year by year as it served to patch the other parts. The patches were not good specimens of the tailor's art, and they certainly looked clumsy and ugly.

（Nikolai Gogol, *Overcoat*）

破旧的外套

近来，阿卡基·阿卡基耶维奇开始感到他的脊梁和肩膀冻得够呛，尽管他以最快的速度使劲地跑完应该走的一段路。他终于省悟，毛病是不是出在他的外套上。回到家里，他把外套从头到尾仔细地查看一遍，发现有两三个地方，正是在背脊和两只肩膀上，面子已经成了稀麻花了；呢面磨穿了孔，里子也破得稀稀拉拉。这里需要交待几句，就是阿卡基·阿靠基耶维奇的外套也是官员们取笑的对象；外套这个高贵的名字甚至也被剥夺了，而管它叫长袍。事实就是这样，他的这件外套的确与众不同：领子一年比一年缩小，因为把它剪下来去补别的地方了。而且补得又笨，又难看，丝毫也看不出什么裁缝的手艺。

（陈恩冬　译）

An Aged Man's Old-Fashioned Clothes

Anybody may pass, any day, in the thronged thoroughfares of the metropolis, some meagre, wrinkled, yellow old man (who might be supposed to have dropped from the stars, if there were any star in the Heavens dull enough to be suspected of casting off so feeble a spark), creeping along with a scared air, as though bewildered and a little frightened by the noise and bustle. This old man is always a little old man. If he were ever a big old man, he has shrunk into a little old man; if he were always a little old man, he has dwindled into a less old man. His coat is of a color, and cut, that never was the mode anywhere, at any period. Clearly, it was not made for him, or for any individual mortal. Some wholesale contractor measured Fate for five thousand coats of such quality, and Fate has lent this old coat to this old man, as one of a long unfinished line of many old men. It has always large dull metal button, similar to no other buttons. This old man wears a hat, a thumbed and napless and yet an obdurate hat, which has never adapted itself to the shape of his poor head. His coarse shirt and his coarse neckcloth have no more individuality than his coat and hat; they have the same character of not being his—of not being anybody's. Yet this old man wears these clothes with a certain unaccustomed air of being dressed and elaborated for the public ways; as though he passed the greater part of his time in a nightcap and gown. And so, like the country mouse in the second years of a famine, come to see the town-mouse, and timidly threading his way to the town-mouse's lodging through a city of cats, this old man passes in the

streets. (Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

老头的过时衣着

在这座都市人群熙熙攘攘的通衢大道，无论是哪一个人，无论是在哪一天，都可以遇见一个模样消瘦、满脸皱纹、面色昏黄的老人(人们会以为他是从星星上掉下来的，倘若天上真有一颗星星如此昏黄，让人们怀疑隐现出如此微弱的一点星光)。只见他蹒跚而行，神色惊慌，仿佛街上的嘈杂与喧嚷使他惊慌失措，颇有点骇怕。这个老人始终是一个瘦小的老人。即便他是一个壮大的老人，现在也已萎缩，变成一个瘦小的老人；即使他一直是一个瘦小的老人，现在也已枯萎，变成愈加瘦小的老人了。他那件外套的颜色、式样，无论是在哪一个年代，无论是在哪一个地方，从不曾流行过的。一眼便可看出，这件外套并不是他穿的，哪一个活人都不会穿这样的外套。哪个成衣批发商遵照命运，裁制了五千套这种质地的外套，命运又将这件旧外套借给了这个老人，一长串没有穷尽的许多老人中的一位。这件外套上总钉着形大而色暗的铜钮扣，与别的钮扣毫无相似之处。这个老人也戴一顶帽子，一顶沾满污垢、磨去了绒头，然而却还挺括的帽子，戴在他那个形状可怜的脑袋上，横戴竖戴总不服帖。他那粗糙的衬衫，他那粗糙的领结，也并不比他的外套、他的帽子好，一样是不服帖的；也同样并不是他穿的，不是他戴的——哪个人都不会穿这样的衬衫、戴这样的领结。然而，这个老人穿戴了这一身衣着，表现出特地为了外出才穿戴、才讲究一番的那种不习惯的神情；仿佛他的大半生是只戴睡帽、只穿睡衣过来的。这个老人就是穿戴了这样的一身衣着，像一只活到了荒年的第二个年头的乡下老鼠，来到城里来拜访都市老鼠，穿过猫儿盘踞的都市，胆战心惊地朝都市老鼠的家而去，他就这样走过大街，穿过小巷。(金绍禹 译)

An Old Lady's Old-Fashioned Ornament

It was the old lady who first excited my interest. She wore a voluminous dress of black silk and a black lace cap; on her wrists were heavy gold bangles and round her neck a substantial gold chain from which hung a large gold locket; at her neck was a large gold brooch. I did not know that anyone still wore jewellery of that sort. Often, passing second-hand jewelers and pawnbrokers, I had lingered for a moment to look at these strangely old-fashioned articles, so solid, costly, and hideous, and thought with a smile in which there was a tinge of sadness, of the women long since dead who had worn them. They suggested the period when the bustle and the flounce were taking the place of the crinoline and the pork-

pie hat was ousting the poke-bonnet.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Round Dozen*)

老妇人的过时穿戴

那位老妇首先引起了我的兴趣。她穿着宽大的黑色缎子衣服，戴一顶黑色镶边帽，手腕上戴着两只沉甸甸的金镯子，脖子上挂着一串粗粗的金项链，下面垂着一只大金盒子，胸前还别着一枚大金饰针。我真想不到至今竟还有人那样穿戴。每逢经过旧珠宝店和当铺的时候，我常常停下来浏览那些早已过时的怪东西。它们既结实、昂贵，又使人感到讨厌。想起那些用过它们但早已逝去的女人，常使我的脸上浮现凄楚的微笑。这些首饰使人想起那腰垫和荷叶边取代裙撑，卷边平顶帽取代宽边圆帽的时代。 (刘宪之 译)

10. Rags 破衣烂衫

Children in Rags

All three were in rags. The garments given them by the battalion of the Bonnet Rouge had worn to shreds; they had not even a shirt between them. The two boys were almost naked; Georgette was muffled in a rag which had once been a petticoat, but was now little more than a jacket.

(Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

衣不蔽体

三个小孩都穿着破衣服；红帽子联队给他们的衣服都已经成为碎片；他们身上穿的已经说不上是一件衬衫；两个男孩子几乎等于全裸，乔治特裹着一块破布，这块破布曾经是一条裙子，现在连一件短衬也说不上了。(郑永慧 译)

Girls Dressed in 'Bits'

The truth was they were dressed in "bits" given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge tablecloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the post mistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots.

(Katherine Mansfield, *The Doll's House*)

穿"百家衣"的姑娘

实际情况是,她们的衣服,都是由人家给的"破烂儿"拼起来的。比方说,丽儿(她是个满脸大雀斑、胖嘟嘟的、长得并不标致的孩子)上学穿的外衣,就是用伯恩奈尔家的绿色假哔叽的台布、外加用罗银家红丝绒窗帘做的袖子,拼凑起来的。搁在她的高额头上的那顶成年女人戴的帽子,原来曾经是女邮政局长莱基小姐的财产。帽子的后沿向上翻卷,还带着一根鲜红的大羽毛。小家伙那副样子可真滑稽!简直叫人没法忍住不笑!她的小妹妹——我们的爱尔丝——穿了一件白长袍,倒有点像睡衣,和一双男孩子的长统皮靴。

(陈良廷 郑启吟 等译)

Dress as Shabby as That of Beggars'

It was the scarecrow Dean—in foxy shoes, down at the heels; socks of odd colors, also "down"; damaged trousers, relics of antiquity and a world too short, exposing some inches of naked ankle; an unbuttoned vest, also too short, and exposing a zone of soiled and wrinkled linen between it and the waistband; shirt-bosom open; long black handkerchief, wound round and round the neck like a bandage; bobtailed blue coat, reaching down to the small of the back, with sleeves which left four inches of forearm unprotected; small, stiff-brimmed soldier-cap hung on a corner of the bump of whichever bump it was.

(Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi*)

叫化子似的打扮

原来这就是那位叫化子似的狄恩——他穿着一双褪了色的、破烂不堪的鞋;短袜也是破的,颜色很古怪;裤子也破得一塌糊涂,简直像是古物,底下短一大截,脚脖子露出好几寸来;没扣上的背心也太短,在背心和腰带之间,露出一片又脏又皱的衬衣;衬衣的胸部是放开的;一条很长的黑围巾,在脖子上围了好几转,就像绷带似的;一件蓝色的短上衣,背后只到腰部,袖子前臂露出四寸没有遮住;一顶硬边的军帽扣在头上凸起的一个大块八角上——不管它是一块什么吧。

(张友松 译)

In Shabby Clothes

The approaching man stopped, startled by the call, and then he came on quickly. He was a lean man, rather short. His movements were jerky and quick. He carried a gunny sack in his hand. His blue jeans were pale

at knee and seat, and wore an old black suit coat, stained and spotted, the sleeves torn loose from the shoulders in back, and ragged holes worn through at the elbows. His black hat was as stained as his coat, and the band, torn half free, flopped up and down as he walked.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

敝衣

来人听见喊声,吃了一惊,他先停住了一会,随即急忙走过来。他是个瘦子,相当矮。他的动作是摇摇晃晃的、急匆匆的。他手里提着一只粗麻布口袋。他那蓝斜纹布裤子在膝部和屁股上都发白了,他穿着一件黑色的旧上装,有好些污迹和斑点,袖子在肩部的背后扯开了,肘部有些破洞。他那顶黑帽子也像他的上装一样,沾有污迹,帽箍扯脱了一半,他走着的时候,这条带子老是上下飘动。 (胡仲持 译)

Ragged Clothes

His ears were bending down under the weight of his battered felt hat. The torn tails of his black coat flapped in fringes about the calves of his legs. He unbottoned the only two buttons that remained and everyone saw that he had no shirt under it. It was his deserved misfortune that those rags which nobody could possibly be supposed to own looked on him as if they had been stolen. (Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*)

破烂衣衫

他的耳朵垂在他那顶凹凸歪扭的沉重毡帽下面。他的黑外衣的尾部破成了一条一条,在他后腿上轻轻晃荡。他解开了仅存的两个钮扣,谁都看得见里面没穿衬衣。我们绝不会有人穿那样破烂的衣裳,而穿在他身上就好像偷来的东西:虽说有点冤枉,倒也活该。 (袁家骅 译)

A Doctor's Amazingly Shabby Clothes

The doctor was amazingly shabby, in a torn and darned rough-weather sea-jacket, out at elbows and eminently short of buttons (he had been in his tie the experienced surgeon carried by a passenger ship), the dirtiest white trousers conceivable by mortal man, carpet slippers, and no visible linen. "Child bed?" said the doctor. "I'm the boy!" With that the doctor took a comb from the chimney-piece and stuck his hair upright—which appeared to be his way of washing himself—produced a professional

chest or case, or most abject appearance, from the cupboard where his cup and saucer and coals were, settled his chin in the frowsy wrapper round his neck, and became a ghastly medical scarecrow.

(Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

医生的乞丐服

医生衣衫之褴褛,真是惊人,一件破旧、织补过的海员风雨衣,胳膊肘也露了出来,而且一看就知道连钮扣都掉光了(他当初是一艘客轮上的有经验的外科医生),一条谁也无法想象的脏得不能再脏的白裤子,一双软面拖鞋,但是却没有穿内衣。"生孩子?"医生说。"包在我身上!"话音刚落,他便从壁炉架上拿起一把梳子,梳得头发一根根都竖起来,——似乎他就是这样洗澡的——打开他放杯碟、放煤块的小橱,拿出一只模样凄惨的医疗箱什么的,然后在脖子上扎一条油光光的包布,捂住下巴,就这样他成了一个医生模样的可怕的稻草人。 (金绍禹 译)

11. Dressing-Up 梳妆打扮

Dressing a Little Girl

Then the importance of the process quickly steadied her, and by the time she had her curls arranged in well-smoothed, drooping clusters, her pink satin frock on, her long sash tied, and her lace mittens adjusted, she looked as grave as any judge. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

给一个小姑娘打扮

梳妆打扮的重要性很快就把她稳住了;等到把她的鬈发梳成十分光滑的垂下的一束一束,给她穿上粉红色的缎子外衣,并且系好长腰带、戴好花边无指手套的时候,她看上去就跟任何一个法官一样严肃。 (祝庆英 译)

Dressed like a Pope

Even Ursula was different under the radiant light in the garden because there she did not talk about fearful things but would brush his teeth with charcoal powder so that he would have the radiant smile of a Pope, and she would cut and polish his nails so that the pilgrims who came to Rome from all over the world would be startled at the beauty of the Pope's hands as he blessed them, and she would comb his hair like that of a Pope, and she would sprinkle his body and his clothing with toilet water

so that his body and his clothes would have the fragrance of a Pope.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

打扮成教皇的模样

……在阳光明亮的花园里,连乌苏拉也变样了,在那里她不跟他说怕人的事情,而是用木炭粉给他擦牙齿,以便让他在微笑时能像教皇那样光彩照人。还给他修剪指甲,将来他当上教皇为从世界各地前往罗马的朝圣者祝福时,这双洁净的手会使人惊倒。她还给他梳了教皇头,为他洒花露水,使他全身和衣服都散发出教皇身上的香气。 (黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译)

Dressing for Visiting Relatives

First she fetched a great basin, and washed Tess's hair with such thoroughness that when dried and brushed it looked twice as much as at other times. She tied it with a broader pink ribbon than usual. Then she put upon her the white frock that Tess had worn at the club-walking, the airy fulness of which, supplementing her enlarged coiffure, imparted to her developing figure an amplitude which belied her age, and might cause her to be estimated as a woman when she was not much more than a child.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

梳妆打扮访亲戚

她先舀了一大盆水,把苔丝的头发洗了一遍,洗得非常地彻底,等到擦干梳光,头发都好像比平常多出一倍来。她挑了一根比往常宽的粉色带子,把头发给她扎起来,又把苔丝穿着过游行会节的那件白色连衣裙给她穿上。头发既然梳得蓬松,白衫又因轻飘而显得肥大,因此使她正在发育的身躯,看着好像成熟了的样子,叫人辨不出她的真正年龄来,而把她错认为成年的妇人;其实她比一个小孩子大不了多少。 (张谷若 译)

Combing the Hair

Fee used an old Mason Pearson hairbrush, taking one long, scraggly curl in her left hand and expertly brushing the hair around her index finger until the entire length of it was rolled into a shining thick sausage; then she carefully withdrew her finger from the center of the roll and shook it out into a long, enviably thick curl. This maneuver was repeated some twelve times, the front curls were then drawn together on Meggie's crown with a freshly ironed white taffeta bow, and she was ready for the day.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

梳理头发

菲用一把梅森·皮尔逊的旧梳子，左手握住一束粗糙的长发，熟练地用梳子将头发绕到她的食指上，直到它们整个都卷成了腊肠似的一条，然后她从发髻中小心地抽出手指，摇着它们，使它们成为长长的、令人羡慕的稠密的鬈发。这样一次一次要做十二次，随后就可以用一只新烫过的白色塔夫绸蝴蝶结将她的头发从前额束起，她这一天的发型也就是这个模样了。

（晓明　陈明锦　译）

Dressing Up for Work

Usually he allowed himself a little nap after supper. Then he washed and shaved afresh, talcum powder generously used to shroud the heavy black beard. A mouthwash always. He respectfully changed into fresh linen, white gleaming shirt, the black tie, a freshly pressed dark suit, dull black shoes and black socks. And yet the effect was comforting instead of somber.

（Mario Puzo, *The God Father*）

上班前的修饰

他通常在晚饭后要小睡一会儿，醒来，他就洗一洗，刮一刮脸，然后给脸上大量地擦些爽身粉，想把他那刚刮的但仍然乌黑的胡子盖住。他每次都要用漱口剂漱漱口，慢条斯理地换上新衣服，白得发亮的衬衫、黑领带、刚烫过的黑服装、暗黑色的鞋袜。但是，总的效果是使人感到安慰，而不是使人感到忧郁。

（周汉林　译）

Sick Beauty

Mrs. Linton sat in a loose, white dress, with a light shawl over her shoulders in the recess of the open window, as usual. Her thick long hair had been partly removed at the beginning of her illness, and now she wore it simply combed in its natural tresses over her temples and neck. Her appearance was altered, as I had told Healthcliff; but when she was calm, there seemed unearthly beauty in the change.

（Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*）

病美人

林敦大人穿着一件宽松的白袍子，披一条轻薄的肩巾，像往常一般，独坐在向外伸出的开着的窗子边。她那一头浓密的长发，在她刚生病的时期，有一部分盘到后头去了，现在她顺着那发丝的天然卷曲，随随便便编成了两条辫

子，从她的鬓角边挂到了脖子上。她的人样儿已经改变了，这是我已对希克历讲过了的，但是在她平静的当儿，只见她的改变显出一种不是人间所有的美。

（方平 译）

Dressing Up to Wait for Her Lover

Eugenie, like all country girls, was accustomed to rise early in the morning. Next morning she got up earlier than usual, said her prayers, and then set about the business of dressing, an occupation that from that day on was to hold some interest for her. She first brushed her chestnut hair till it shone, twisted the heavy braids up on top of her head with the most scrupulous care to prevent stray hairs escaping, and pinned them with a prim tidiness that set off her face, the simple style harmonizing with its shy candour, and purity of line. Then as she washed her hands over and over again in cold spring water that roughened and reddened the skin, she looked at her beautiful round arms and wandered what her cousin did to have such soft white hands, such well-kept nails. She put on new stockings and her prettiest shoes. She laced herself right up, careful not to leave undone a single eyelet hole. For the first time in her life she wished to look best, and felt how pleasant it was to have a new, well-made dress that suited her, to put on.

(Honoré Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

梳妆打扮会情人

跟所有外省姑娘一样，她起身很早，祷告完毕，开始梳妆，从今以后梳妆是一件有意义的事情了。她先把栗色的头发梳光，很仔细地把粗大的辫子盘上头顶，不让零星发从辫子里散出来，发髻的式样改成对称，越发烘托出她一脸的天真与骄羞；头饰的简朴与面部线条的单纯配得很调和。拿清水洗了好几次手，那是平日已浸得通红，皮肤也变得粗糙了的，她望着一双滚圆的胳膊，思忖堂兄弟怎么能把手养得又软又白，指甲修得那么好看。她换上新袜，套上最体面的鞋子；一口气束好了胸，一个眼子都没有跳过。总之，她有生以来第一次希望自己显得漂亮，第一次懂得有一件裁剪合式、使她惹人注目的新衣衫的乐趣。

（傅雷 译）

The Glory of Lady Goddess

She began by removing every stain from her comely body with ambrosia, and anointing herself with the delicious and imperishable olive-

oil she uses. It was perfumed and had only to be stirred in the Palace of the Bronze Floor for its scent to spread through heaven and earth. With this she rubbed her lovely skin; then she combed her hair, and with her own hands plaited her shining locks and let them fall in their divine beauty from her immortal head. Next he put on a fragrant robe of delicate material that Athene with her skillful hands had made for her and lavishly embroidered. She fastened it over her breast with golden clasps and, at her waist, with a girdle from which a hundred tassels hung. In the pierced lobes of her ears she fixed two ear-rings, each a thing of lambent beauty with its cluster of three drops. She covered her head with a beautiful new headdress, which was as bright as the sun; and last of all, the Lady goddess bound a fine pair of sandals on her shimmering feet.

(Homer, *Iliad*)

女神的光辉

她首先用安布罗西亚把姣美的身体上所有的垢污去除,再浓浓地抹上一层安布罗西亚神膏,散发出馥郁的香气。只要把那油膏在宙斯的青铜宫殿里稍微摇一摇,馨香会立即充满天地。她用油膏抹完柔美的肌肤,又梳理她那美丽的长发,用手把它们编成闪亮的发辫,从不朽的头上动人地垂下。然后她穿上精美的长袍,那是雅典娜为她缝制,巧饰着许多艳丽的花彩,她用黄金扣针在胸前把长袍扣好。她再把一条垂有百条穗子的腰带系在腰间,又把三坠暗红耳环挂在柔软的耳垂眼里,光灿动人。女神们的女神又在头上扎了一块精致的闪亮头巾,辉耀如同白日,最后把精美的绳鞋绑到光亮的脚上。

(罗念生 王焕生 译)

Failure in Making up

She's not really as plain as people said, but she doesn't do anything with herself. Look at how she's got her hair all skinned back in that big knot on the nape. And she's not even wearing ear-bobs, though her ears are right pretty. Kind of sallow. I guess that's what Rhett's skin would be like if he wasn't always in the sun. But a bright-colored frock would take care of that. She picked the worst possible thing in that dull brown-green.

(A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

不会打扮

她并不真的如人们所说的那样丑,只是她没在打扮上下功夫罢了。瞧她将头发全向脑后,在颈背处绾个大髻。她耳朵长得很美,却没戴耳坠子。肤色

有点蜡黄。如果瑞特不常在大太阳下曝晒，肤色大概也是那样。找件颜色鲜艳一点的衣服来穿，就能遮掩肤色的缺点。她身上穿的那件棕绿色衣服是一大败笔。（尚逸文 译）

12. Jewellery 珠宝首饰

Costume Jewelry

Now with her love for the theater came the second desire to adorn herself with costume jewelry. True, her clothes remained as before, in good taste; but she had soon acquired many pieces of jewelry, some of which sparkled like real diamonds. Around her neck she wore a pearl necklace, and on her arms bracelets of imitation gold. When she bought a new dress, she would frequently ask her husband to buy a piece of costume jewelry to go with it—a pin, a bracelet, or a necklace.

"Why do you want all that stuff?" he would ask.

"It's nice to have variety," she would answer sweetly.

Her husband scolded her, saying, "My dear, as we can't afford real diamonds, you shouldn't wear imitation jewelry. You already have a natural beauty and modesty, the most valuable of all jewels."

But she would smile lovingly and say: "What can I do? I'm so fond of jewelry. I can't change my nature. My grandmother always liked jewelry. You know she sent me some nice things when we were married."

Then Jeanine would roll the pearl necklace around her fingers, and hold up the bright gems for her husband to see, saying: "Look! Aren't they lovely? These aren't imitation, you know."

Emil shook his head and said rather sadly, "You have extravagant ideas, my dear. I'm afraid you're fond of make believe."

（Guy de Maupassant, *The Costume Jewelry*）

"假"服饰珠宝

然后，随着对剧场的爱好又产生了用服饰珠宝打扮自己的要求。那倒是真的，她的衣着还仍旧和以前一样，大方得体；不过她很快就弄到了不少珠宝，其中有的像真钻石似的闪闪发光。她的脖子上戴着珍珠项链，手臂上套着仿金的手镯。她每买一套新衣服，往往就要求丈夫给她配上一件服饰珠宝——一枚别针、一个手镯或者一条项链。

"你为啥要这么些东西呢？"他常这样问她。

"变换花式总是好的嘛，"她会温柔地回答。

她丈夫责怪地说，"亲爱的，既然我们买不起真的钻石，你也不该戴那些仿

造的珠宝。你已有了天然的美貌和端庄,这比一切珠宝都珍贵。"

但她总是深情地笑着说,"我没法子呀!我太喜欢珠宝了。我改不了自己的本性。我祖母也一直喜欢珠宝。你知道我们结婚时她送过我一些好东西。"

接着珍琳妮会把项链绕在手指上,举起明亮的宝石给丈夫看,一面说,"看!这些宝石不可爱吗?它们可不是假的,你知道。"

艾米尔摇摇头,有点哀伤地说:"你的想法太不切实际了,亲爱的。我怕你喜欢装假。"

(魏国行 杨毓之 译)

The Moonstone

Lord bless us! It was a Diamond! As large, or nearly, as a plover's egg! The light that streamed from it was like the light of the harvest moon. When you looked down into the stone, you looked into a yellow deep that drew your eyes into it so that they saw nothing else. It seemed unfathomable; this jewel, that you could hold between your finger and thumb, seemed unfathomable as the heavens themselves. We set it in the sun, and then shut the light out of the room, and it shone awfully out of the depths of its own brightness, with a moon gleam, in the dark.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone*)

月亮宝石

我的老天爷呐!真是颗了不起的钻石!足足有鸟蛋那么大。散发出来的光彩就像中秋的月亮一般。您往宝石里一看,就见一片黄澄澄的深渊,吸引了您的眼睛,别的什么也看不见。看上去真好比云霄一样深不可测。我们先把它放在太阳光底下,随后把房间里的光遮住,在暗头里,它从本身光源的深处,发出一种月亮光。

(陆谷孙 张增健 翟象俊 译)

A Wedding-Band with Diamonds

She continually toyed with a wedding-band on her third finger. Caressed it, so to speak, fondled it. She was probably unconscious of doing so by this time; it must have become a fixed habit by now. But originally, months ago, when it was first there, when it was new there, she must have taken such a fierce pride in it that she'd felt the need for continually displaying it to all the world—as if to say, "Look at me! Look what I've got"—must have held such an affection for it that she couldn't keep her hands off it for very long....

It had a row of diamonds, and then a sapphire at each end for a stop.

She caught her new seat-mate's glance resting upon it, so then she turned it around her way a little more, so she could see it all the better, gave it a pert little brush-off with her fingers, as if to dispel the last, lingering, hypothetical grain of dust. A brush-off that pretended she didn't care any more about it just then. (Cornell Woolrich, *I Married a Dead Man*)

结婚钻戒

她一直不停地玩弄着戴在无名指上的结婚戒指。她很在乎它,这么说吧,她非常钟爱这枚戒指。这会儿,或许她完全是无意识地在这样做;这一定已成了她的一个固定的习惯。不过她在几个月以前,当这枚戒指第一次戴在那儿时,她一定是怀着一种无比的自豪感戴上的,打从那时起,她就觉得有必要在世人面前一直不停地玩弄它——就好像在说,"看着我!瞧我得到了什么啊!"她必定对它情有独钟,以致在很长很长的时间内,她都没法把自己的手从戒指上挪开……

戒指上镶了一排钻石,两端各有一粒蓝宝石。她注意到她的新同伴的眼光正注视着这个戒指,于是她把戒指朝她转过去一点,让她能看得更清楚些,并用手指十分优雅地将戒指一抹,似乎要除去想象中的滞留其上的细尘。同时又想以这个不经意的动作表明自己这时根本不在乎这枚戒指。(孙予 译)

A Pair of Pearl Ear-Rings

With a little flash of triumph, she lifted a pair of pearl ear-rings from the small box, and she went to the mirror. There, earnestly, she began to hook them through her ears, looking at herself sideways in the glass. Curiously concentrated and intent she seemed as she fingered the lobes of her ears, her head bent on one side.

Then the pearl ear-rings dangled under her rosy, small ears. She shook her head sharply, to see the swing of the drops. They went chill against neck, in little, sharp touches.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The White Stocking*)

珍珠耳坠

她从小盒子里取出一对珍珠耳坠,心里不由一阵狂喜,就向镜子走了过去。在镜子面前,她开始急切地把耳坠挂到耳朵上,侧身照着镜子,用手指摸着耳垂,歪着脑袋瓜,好奇得简直全神贯注,忘掉了一切。

珍珠耳坠在她那玫瑰色的小耳朵下一荡一荡。她使劲地摇摇头,看耳坠怎样摆动。坠子立即轻轻地触着她的脖子,凉冰冰的。 (汤天一 译)

Mama's Necklace

Adam swallowed. 'Yes.' He glanced down at the red leather box in his hand.

'mama's necklace?' Holly prompted, reaching for it.

'Just a minute.' Adam approached Ivy. 'Over the years, whenever Holly or Laurel had an important event, they would wear your mother's diamond necklace. I don't think you've ever worn it.' He looked at her questioningly.

Ivy shook her head. 'It didn't seem quite right for locker rooms.' She eyed the box apprehensively. The gaudy diamond necklace was too much for her. Three diamond strands were caught in front by a bar of three multicarat stones. From that hung a huge pear-shaped diamond drop. Once a stunningly valuable and famous piece of jewelry, her mother had gradually sold the stones to support their father's oil company and then replaced the diamonds with fakes so he wouldn't know.

(Heather Allison, *Ivy's League*)

妈妈的项链

亚当咽一咽口水,"是的",接着低头瞥了一眼握在手里的红色盒子。

"是妈妈的项链?"荷莉伸手要拿。

"等一下,"亚当走到艾薇身前。"这些年来,每当荷莉或萝拉要赴重要的场合,她们都会戴上妈妈的钻石项链,我想,你从来都没戴过吧?"他探问地注视着她。

艾薇摇摇头。"戴这个上球员更衣室恐怕不太合适。"她望着盒子。这串项链对她而言显得太华丽贵重了。三条钻石链子的前端镶着三颗好几克拉的宝石,宝石下面再悬上一大串圆锥形的钻石垂饰。这曾经是一件价值连城的名贵珠宝,后来,妈妈为了爸爸的石油公司,逐渐变卖宝石,再换上赝品,而不让爸爸知道。 (张焕堂 译)

Expensive Combs

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!" (O. Henry, *The Gift of the Magi*)

贵重的发梳

詹姆从大衣口袋里掏出一个纸包，扔到桌子上。

"你别误会了我，德尔，"他说，"像剪发、修脸，洗头这类小事，决不会改变我对我的姑娘的爱情。不过你要是打开那纸包看看，你就会明白刚才我为什么会呆住了。"

白皙的指头敏捷地拆开绳头和包装纸。欣喜若狂的一声呼喊，紧接着，唉呀！突如其来的女性神经质的泪水和哀号，只弄得大家忙不迭地使出全身解数来劝慰她了。

因为桌上放的是发梳——一套发梳，有用在两鬓的，有插在脑后的等等。这套百老汇橱窗里的发梳德拉是早已渴慕已久了。美丽的发梳，纯玳瑁制的，还有珠宝镶边，颜色也正好配得上她那已失去的秀发。她知道，发梳很名贵，自己只有心中想往而已，从来没产生过占有它的念头。眼下，发梳是她的了，可是这渴望已久的妆饰的秀发却失去了。

她还是把发梳紧紧地搂在胸前，好大一会儿才抬起模糊的泪眼来，微笑着说："我的头发长得顶快，詹姆！"

说着德拉像遭了火烫的小猫，一下子跳将起来，"哦哦"地叫着。

（陈华　何晓曦　译）

13. Caps and Hats 帽子

Various Ways of Having Hats

In fact, everybody in the room bore on his head this characteristic

emblem of man's sovereignty; whether it were felt hat, palm-leaf, greasy beaver, or fine new chapeau, there it reposed with true republican independence. In truth, it appeared to be the characteristic mark of every individual. Some wore them tipped rakishly to one side—these were your men of humor, jolly, free-and-easy dogs; some had them jammed independently down over their noses—these were your hard characters, thorough men, who, when they wore their hats, wanted to wear them, and to wear them just as they had a mind to; there were those who had them set far over back—wide-awake men, who wanted a clear prospect; while careless men, who did not know, or care, how their hats sat, had them shaking about in all directions. The various hats, in fact, were quite a Shakespearean study. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

形形色色的戴帽法

实际上,屋子里人人头上都戴着这样一顶帽子,标志着至高无上的男子汉大丈夫气概。不管是毡帽也好,棕榈帽也好,油腻的獭皮帽也好,或是精致、崭新的礼帽也好,全都稳稳地戴在各人头上,显示着十足的共和独立精神。不但如此,每顶帽子还代表着每个人的特点呢:有些人爱时髦,略略歪戴着帽子——这是那些爱逗趣作乐、逍遥自在的人;有些人别开生面,把帽子盖在鼻子上——这是那些严肃认真、一丝不苟的人,他们戴帽子就是觉得需要戴,而且完全按照自己的意思戴;也有人把帽子远远地推在后脑勺上——这是那些头脑清醒的人,想把面前的事物看得清清楚楚;另外还有些随随便便的人,他们有的不知怎么戴好,有的则无所谓,因此头上的帽子老是向四面乱晃荡。这些形形色色的戴帽法,实在是一门相当深奥的学问。 (黄继忠 译)

A Wretched Headgear

It was a headgear of composite nature, combining elements of the busby, the lancer cap, the round hat, the otter-skin cap and the cotton nightcap—one of those wretched things whose mute ugliness has great depths of expression, like an idiot's face. Egg-shaped and stiffened by whalebone, it began with three rounded bands, followed by alternating diamond-shaped patches of velvet and rabbit fur separated by a red stripe, and finally there was a kind of bag terminating in a cardboard-lined polygon covered with complicated braid. A network of gold wire was attached to the top of this polygon by a long, extremely thin cord, forming a kind of tassel. The cap was new; its visor was shiny.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

寒伧的鸭舌帽

这是一种混合式的帽子，具有熊皮帽、骑兵盔、圆筒帽、水獭鸭舌帽和睡帽的成分，总而言之，这是一种不三不四的寒伧东西，它那不声不响的样子，活像一个表情莫名其妙的傻子的脸。帽子外貌像鸭蛋，里面用鲸鱼骨支开了，帽口有三道粗圆滚边；往上是交错的菱形丝绒和兔子皮，一条红带子在中间隔开；再往上，是口袋似的帽筒，和硬纸板粗糙剪成的多角形的帽顶；帽顶蒙着一幅图案复杂的彩绣，上面垂着一条过分细长的长绳，末端系着一条金线结成十字花纹的坠子。崭新的帽子，帽檐闪闪发光。（李健吾 译）

A Charming Hat

She had run up breathlessly, cut the cords, scattered the tissue paper, and yes, there was the very hat—rather large, soft, with a great, curled feather, and a black velvet rose, nothing else. They had been charmed.

...

She would sit down before the mirrors and the little French maid would fasten her hat and find her a thin, fine veil and another pair of white suede gloves—a button had come off the gloves she had worn that morning. She had scented her furs and gloves and handkerchief, taken a big muff and run downstairs.

(Katherine Mansfield, *The Tiredness of Rosabel*)

好看的女帽

她上气不接下气地奔到楼上，剪断绳子，把盖在上面的薄纸撒了一地，可不，就是这种帽子——又大，又软，一根长长的卷曲的羽毛，加上一朵黑丝绒的玫瑰花，别的什么装饰也没有。他们喜欢得不得了。

……她就坐在镜子前面，那个法国小侍女给她扣上帽子，再给她一块薄薄的细面纱，另外换副白色的山羊皮手套——她早上戴的那副手套掉了一个扣子。她在皮大衣，手套和手绢上都洒了香水，拿起一只大的手笼就跑下楼来。

（陈良廷 译）

A Red Hunting Hat

I took off my coat and my tie and unbuttoned my shirt collar, and then I put on this hat that I'd bought in New York that morning. It was this red hunting hat, with one of those very, very long peaks. I saw it in

the window of this sports store when we got out of the subway, just after I noticed I'd lost all the goddam foils. It only cost me a buck. The way I wore it, I swung the old peak way around to the back—very corny, I'll admit, but I liked it that way. (J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*)

红色猎人帽

我脱下大衣解下领带,松了衣领上的钮扣,然后戴上当天早晨在纽约买来的那顶帽子。那是顶红色猎人帽,有一个很长、很长的鸭舌。我发现自己把所有那些混账宝剑丢了之后,刚下了地铁就在那家体育用品商店橱窗里看见了这顶帽子,只花一块钱买下来。我戴的时候,把鸭舌转到脑后——这样戴十分粗俗,我承认,可我喜欢这样戴。我这么戴了看上去挺美。 (施咸荣 译)

An Interesting Black Felt Head-Piece

Mrs. Snell had her hat on. It was the same interesting, black felt head-piece she had worn, not just all summer, but for the past three summers—through record heat waves, through change of life, over scores of ironing boards, over the helms of dozens of vacuum cleaners. The Hattie Carnegie label was still inside it, faded but (it might be said) unbowed. (J. D. Salinger, *Down at the Dinghy*)

逗人的黑毡帽

斯奈尔太太头上戴一顶帽子。这依旧是那顶逗人的黑毡帽,这帽子她不仅戴了整整一个夏天,而且是在过去的三年中一直戴着,在创纪录的高温天气里都不曾摘下。帽子随着她经历了生活中的风风雨雨,也不知被多少个熨斗熨烫过、在多少个吸尘器前清扫过。那写着"哈蒂·卡内吉"的商标如今仍旧在帽子里,虽然已见褪色,但却还(如可以这样说的话)坚守着自己那块地盘。

(邢卫平 译)

14. Others 其他

Shoes

Without appearing to, Mrs. Turpin always noticed people's feet. The well-dressed lady had on red and gray suede shoes to match her dress. Mrs. Turpin had on her good black patent leather pumps. The ugly girl had on Girl Scout shoes and heavy socks. The old woman had on tennis shoes and the white-trashy mother had on what appeared to be bedroom slippers, black straw with gold braid threaded through them—exactly what you would have expected her to have on. (Flannery O'Connor, *Revelation*)

鞋子

特平太太向来喜欢暗地里观察别人的脚。那位衣着体面的夫人为了配她那身衣裳穿了一双红灰两色的羊皮皮鞋。特平太太本人穿着她那双好看的浅口黑漆皮鞋。丑姑娘穿的是女童子军鞋和厚袜子。那个老太婆脚登一双网球鞋,那个下等穷白人婆娘则趿拉着一双很像卧室里穿的黑草编的还镶着金线边的拖鞋——恰恰是您料想她准会穿的那种玩意儿。 (屠珍 译)

A Purse

He reached down in his hip pocket and took out a fat purse. It was filled with slips of paper, some mileage books, a roll of greenbacks. It impressed her deeply. Such a purse had never been carried by any one attentive to her. Indeed, an experienced traveller, a brisk man of the world, had never come within such close range before. The purse, the shiny tan shoes, the smart new suit, and the air with which he did things, built up for her a dim world of fortune, of which he was the center. It disposed her pleasantly toward all he might do.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

一个钱包

他伸手到后面的裤袋里,掏出一只饱鼓鼓的荷包,里面塞满了不少纸条,几本里程表、一卷钞票等等。这给她的印象很深。从来没有一个对她献殷勤的人身边带着这样的荷包,确实还没有过任何富有经验的旅行者,一个生气勃勃、见过世面的男人,和她这样亲近过。这种荷包、发亮的黄褐色皮鞋、时髦的新套装以及待人接物的风度,为她筑起了一个朦胧的幸福世界,而他正是其中的中心人物。这使她乐于接受凡是他可能做出的一切事。 (裘柱常 译)

II. Expressions 表情

1. Affection and Admiration 爱慕、羡慕

Deeply Felt Love

She was very quiet, and Robert paid her little attention, scarcely ever addressing his discourse to her; but Mr. Helstone, not being one of those elderly gentlemen who are easily blinded, on the contrary, finding himself on all occasions extremely wide-awake, had watched them when they bade each other good-night; he had just seen their eyes meet once—only once. Some natures would have taken pleasure in the glance then surprised, because there was no harm and some delight in it. It was by no means a glance of mutual intelligence, for mutual love-secrets existed not between them: there was nothing then of craft and concealment to offend; only Mr. Moore's eyes, looking into Caroline's, felt they were clear and gentle, and Caroline's eyes encountering Mr. Moore's, confessed they were manly and searching; each acknowledged the charm in his or her own way. Moore smiled slightly, and Caroline coloured as slightly. Mr. Helstone could, on the spot, have rated them both; they annoyed him; why? — impossible to say. If you had asked him what Moore merited at that moment, he would have said 'a horsewhip'; if you had inquired into Caroline's deserts, he would have adjudged her a box on the ear; if you had further demanded the reason of such chastisement, he would have no such folly going on under his roof. (Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

爱在心中

她十分文静，罗伯特也不很注意她，简直没有同她谈什么，可是赫尔斯通先生并不是一个容易瞒得过的老先生，相反的，他觉得自己在各方面都极为机警，在他们相互道别的时候，他也瞅着他们看，他只看到他们四眼相对过一次——只有一次。如果有人喜欢看看那种眼色的话，看了不免要骇异，因为那种眼色既没含有邪恶，也没有一点欢愉。那种眼色决不是一种心照不宣的眼色，因为两双眼睛并没有相互悄悄相爱的神色，也一点都没有什么诡谲和鬼鬼祟祟的痕迹，不过，穆尔先生的眼睛直望着卡罗琳的眼睛时，觉得那双眼睛又明

亮又温柔，卡罗琳的眼睛所面对着的穆尔那双眼睛也明摆着是大丈夫气概的、炯炯有神的眼睛，各人都自有一种承认对方的魅力的方式。穆尔微露笑容，卡罗琳也微泛红晕。赫尔斯通先生简直会当场把他们都训斥一顿。他们叫他看了不舒服，为什么呢？——说不上来。如果你当时问他该怎样处罚穆尔，他准会说"吃顿马鞭"；如果你问该如何处置卡罗琳，他准会判给她一记耳光。如果你再问这种处罚的理由，他准会勃然大怒，痛骂那是男女调情，是在搞恋爱，而且发誓他决不能让这种蠢事继续在他家里出现。（曹庸 译）

Frankly Expressed Admiration

The starlight was sufficient to permit objects to be plainly distinguished when near at hand, and the bright eyes of the girl had an expression of kindness in them, when they met those of the youth, that the latter was easily enabled to discover. Her rich hair shaded her spirited and yet soft countenance, even at that hour rendering it the more beautiful—as the rose is loveliest when reposing amid the shadows and contrasts of its native foliage. Little ceremony is used in the intercourse of the woods; and Judith had acquired a readiness of address, by the admiration that she so generally excited, which, if it did not amount to forwardness, certainly in no degree lent to her charms the aid of that retiring modesty on which poets love to dwell. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer*)

袒露爱慕之情

星光灿烂，身边的物体明晰可辨。两人目光相遇，小伙子一下子就觉察到姑娘那双明亮的眼睛中闪出的脉脉温情。她那浓黑的秀发衬托着一张神采奕奕却是柔和温存的脸蛋，此时此刻，越发显得妩媚秀丽，楚楚动人——有如万绿丛中的一朵玫瑰，出落得分外娇艳。这两位林野中人相逢时没有寒暄客套，朱迪思早已流露出她那易于激起的爱慕之情，倘若这算不得孟浪，但也没有装出入诗上画的那种腼腆羞怯，而这丝毫无损于她的妩媚姿色。（宋兆霖 译）

Mutual Affinity

Lydgate was quick in anticipating her. He reached the whip before she did, and turned to present it to her. She bowed and looked at him: he of course was looking at her, and their eyes met with that peculiar meeting which is never arrived at by effort, but seems like a sudden divine clearance of haze. I think Lydgate turned a little paler than usual, but

Rosamond blushed deeply and felt a certain astonishment. After that, she was really anxious to go, and did not know what sort of stupidity her uncle was talking of when she went to shake hands with him.

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

心心相印

利德盖特立即猜到了她的意图,抢先一步,先拿到了马鞭,转身递给了她。她弯弯腰,瞧了他一眼:他无疑也在看她,他们的眼睛相遇了。这种神奇的会合绝不是人力所能办到的,它像漫天迷雾中突然闪现的一道灵光。我想,利德盖特变得比刚才又苍白了一些,但罗莎蒙德却满脸通红,一阵惊异之感涌上了心头。这以后,她确实想走了,在跟她的姨父握手告别时,根本没有听到他在说些什么蠢话。 (项星耀 译)

Shining with Love

Had Princess Mary been capable of reflexion at that moment, she would have been more surprised than Mademoiselle Bourienne at the change that had taken place in herself. From the moment she recognized that dear, loved face, a new life-force took possession of her and compelled her to speak and act apart from her own will. From the time Rostov entered, her face became suddenly transformed. It was as if a light had been kindled in a carved and painted lantern and the intricate, skillful, artistic work on its sides, that previously seemed dark, coarse, and meaningless, was suddenly shown up in unexpected and striking beauty. For the first time all that pure, spiritual, inward travail through which she had lived appeared on the surface. All her inward labour, her dissatisfaction with herself, her sufferings, her strivings after goodness, her meekness, love, and self-sacrifice—all this now shone in those radiant eyes, in her delicate smile, and in every trait of her gentle face.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*)

爱的闪烁

假如玛丽公主当时能反省一下,对于她内心发生的变化,她一定比布里恩小姐更加吃惊。从她认出那张亲切的、可爱的脸的时候起,一种新的生命力就支配了她,强迫她摆脱自己的意志来说话和行动。从劳斯托夫进来的时候起,她的脸突然起了变化。好像在一只雕刻的、彩绘的灯笼里点上了一盏灯,灯笼四面先前似乎黑暗、粗糙,没有意义的那复杂而精巧的艺术工作,突然以出乎

意料的惊人的美显现了。她所经历的那一切纯洁的、精神的、内在的活动第一次现到表面上来了。所有她那内部的活动，她对自己的不满、她的痛苦，她向善行的追求，她的驯良、仁爱和自我牺牲——这时候都在她那双灿烂的眼睛里闪光，在她那温柔的笑容中闪光，在她那和蔼的脸上每一特征中闪光。

（董秋斯　译）

The Clerk Saw His Boss with Wholly Reassured Admiration

"London! You don't say, Chief. Great! I knew you'd do something, Chief! I knew it! Oh, I can't tell you how this makes me feel, Chief!" As he spoke, his face brightened as with a light turned on within, and his fingers twitched. He half rose and then sat down again, a sure sign of excitement within him. He pulled at his fierce and rather top-heavy mustache, while he contemplated Cowperwood with brooding and wholly reassured admiration. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Stoic*)

钦慕的神情

"伦敦！老总，真的吧。伟大！我知道您准会干一点什么的，老总！我知道！哦，我说不上，这一下您叫我多高兴，老总！"他说话的时候，脸上光彩焕发，就好像是心里点着了一盏灯火，手指抽搐着。他欠着身子站起来，接着又坐下去，显然是内心非常激动。他一边捋捋他那可怕的、有点乱糟糟的胡须，一边带着沉思盘算和忠心钦慕的神情端详着柯帕乌。（余杰　诸葛霖　译）

An Admiring Light Shone out of a Noble Maiden's Eyes

A light shone out of her eyes; a gleam bright enough to kindle passion in any breast. There were times when this creature was so handsome, that she seemed, as it were, like Venus revealing herself a goddess in a flash of brightness. She appeared so now: radiant, and with eyes bright with a wonderful lustre. A pang, as of rage and jealousy, shot through Esmond's heart, as he caught the look she gave the Prince; and he clenched his hand involuntarily and looked across to Castlewood, whose eyes answered his alarm-signal, and were also on the alert.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond*)

少女眼中的光辉

一种光辉从她的一双眼睛里射了出来;那目光很能燃起任何人胸中的热情。有的时候这位人物的漂亮确实异常,好像她是维纳斯在金光闪耀中现露了女神的本相。她这时候又现出了这种样子:容光焕发,双目放出了炯炯的神采。艾斯芒德见了她对亲王那一脉,心中一阵刺痛,好像是愤怒加上嫉妒;他不知不觉地捏紧了拳头,对着卡斯乌德望过去,卡斯乌德的眼色回答了他的报警信号,同时也警戒起来了。 (陈逵 王培德 译)

Admiring the Singing of Miss Sherrick

Miss Sherrick looks doubly handsome as she sings. Clive Newcome is in a rapture; so is good-natured Miss Rosey, whose little heart beats with pleasure, and who says quite unaffectedly to Miss Sherrick, with delight and gratitude beaming from her blue eyes, "Why did you ask me to sing, when you sing so wonderfully, so beautifully, yourself? Do not leave the piano, please do sing again!" And she puts out a kind little hand towards the superior artiste, and, blushing, leads her back to the instrument.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

羡慕同伴的才艺

舍里克小姐唱起歌来,更显得加倍漂亮。克莱武·钮可谟欢喜得不得了;那忠厚的绿绥小姐也是一样,她那颗小心喜欢得直跳,她一双蓝眼睛露着又高兴又感激的神情,毫不做作地对舍里克小姐说:"你自己唱得这样美,这样妙,为什么偏要找我唱呢?请你不要离开钢琴,千万再唱一个!"说着,她朝那位更高一筹的艺人伸出一只好意的小手来,一面红着脸,把她又领到钢琴旁边。

(王培德 译)

2. Enjoyment 喜悦

Happy after Giving Birth

Washed, combed, wearing a fancy cap with something blue on it, she was lying on her back with her arms outside the blanket, and she met his glance with a glance that called him to her. Her eyes, always bright, grew brighter with every step that brought him nearer. Her face showed the change from the earthly to the unearthly that is seen on the faces of the dying; only with her it was hail, and with them it is farewell. Once more his heart became as agitated as when she was giving birth.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margaret Wettlin)

生育后的喜悦

她收拾得干干净净，梳好头发，戴着一顶镶着蓝边的漂亮的小帽，两手放在被窝外面，仰卧在床上，用一种把他吸引过去的眼光迎住他的视线。那种眼光，本来就很明亮，在他走过来的时候就越发明亮了。她的脸上起了一种像死人脸上那样的，由尘世到超然境界的变化，不过那是永诀，而在这里却是欢迎。一种激动的心情，就像婴儿降生那一瞬间他感觉到的，又涌上了他的心头。

（周扬　谢素台　译）

A Child's Joy on Seeing Her Father

She had sat listlessly, hardly looking, and not counting, when—my eye being fixed on hers—I witnessed in its iris and pupil a starting transfiguration. These sudden, dangerous natures—sensitive as they are called—offer many a curious spectacle to those whom a cooler temperament has secured from participation in their angular vagaries. The fixed and heavy gaze swum, trembled, then glittered in fire; the small overcast brow cleared; the trivial and dejected features lit up; the sad countenance vanished, and in its place appeared a sudden eagerness, an intense expectancy.

（Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*）

看到父亲的喜悦

她无精打采地坐着，几乎不东张西望，也不计算，可是——我目不转睛地盯着她——我亲眼看到她的虹膜和瞳仁惊人地变了形。这种人们称作多愁善感的、突然发作的危险大性，向那些性格冷静、不会参与这种变化莫测的古怪行径的人提供了许多稀奇古怪的奇观。两颗凝滞、不灵活的眼睛泪汪汪的，颤动起来，炯炯发光；小小的、忧愁的容貌开朗了；平凡沮丧的相貌喜气洋洋；愁容消失了，取而代之的是一种突然出现的渴望，一种热切的期待。

（谢素台　译）

Delight of a Would-Be Bride

She was dressed in a plain, fresh holl and frock, with a white apron: Her black, heavy hair reflected the sunlight, and her ripe face was luxuriant with laughter.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, trying not to show that she guessed his errand. "Fancy you here at this time o' morning!"

Her eyes, delightful black eyes like polished jet, untroubled and

frank, looked at us as a robin might, with bright questioning. Her eyes were so different from the Saxtons': darker, but never still and full, never hesitating, dreading a wound, never dilating with hurt or with timid ecstasy. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

将做新娘的喜悦

她身穿一件素净新鲜的白色亚麻细布上衣,腰间系着白色围裙,浓密的黑发在阳光下闪闪发光,红润丰满的脸蛋笑逐颜开。

"哎呀,真没想到!"她大声说道,尽量不显露出她已经猜着了他来的意图。"没想到早上这个时候你们会来这儿!"

她那对乌黑的眼睛就像雕琢得发光的黑色大理石,无忧无虑,爽直坦然,像只知更鸟一样,带着欣喜的疑问看着我们。她那对眼睛与萨克斯顿家的眼睛迥然不同:她的眼睛更黑,但绝不呆板,绝不犹豫和畏惧痛苦,也不会因伤心或羞怯的欣喜而瞪得大大的。(谢显宁 等译)

The Joy of Seeing Her Foster-Child

But it was something different from common to see Alice's joy at once more having her foster-child with her. She did not speak, for she really could not; but the tears came coursing down her old withered cheeks, and dimmed the horn spectacles she had put on, in order to pry lovingly into his face. So what with her failing sight, and her tear-blinded eyes, she gave up the attempt of learning his face by heart through the medium of that sense, and tried another. She passed her sodden, shriveled hands, all trembling with eagerness, over his manly face, bent meekly down in order that she might more easily make her strange inspection. At last, her soul was satisfied. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

见到养子的喜悦

可是爱丽思,再能看见她的养子回来和她在一起,这一喜真是非同小可。她没有讲话,其实她要讲也讲不出,她的眼泪在又老又憔悴的脸上一行行往下淌,把她为了要仔细看看他的面孔而特地戴上的牛角眼镜都沾模糊了。她的眼光不济事,眼眶里又满含着泪水,看不真切,她于是只得改用一种方法。她抖抖瑟瑟地举起了一双潮湿皱缩的手,亲切地在他结实的脸上抚摩,他温驯地低下头,让她用着这种奇怪的方法端详他起来,可以便当些.这样一来,她的心方才完全满足了。(荀枚 余贵棠 译)

A Happy and Friendly Talk

Isabel blushed a little as she concluded this speech, and the blush, together with momentary ardour she had thrown into it, was so becoming to her that Ralph stood smiling at her for a moment after she had ceased speaking. "I'm not sure the Pacific's so green as that," he said; "but you're a young woman of imagination. Henrietta, however does smell of the Future—it almost knocks one down."

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

话语投机，欢喜不已

伊莎贝尔在结束这一席话的时候，脸上泛起了淡淡的红晕，这红晕，以及她一时流露的热情，对她是那么合适，以至拉尔夫在她讲完以后，还笑嘻嘻地站着，瞧了她一会。"我不相信太平洋是绿的，"他说，"但你有丰富的想像力。不过亨利艾塔身上确实散发着未来的气息，这是使人不能不佩服的。"

（项星耀 译）

Exciting Reunification

Mr. Micawber was uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. He made his face shine with the punch, so that it looked as if it had been varnished all over. He got cheerfully sentimental about the town, and proposed success to it. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

重逢的喜悦

米考伯先生异乎寻常地嘻笑欢乐。我从来没看见他曾那样有说有笑。他喝盆吃酒都喝得脸上放光，好像满脸上了一层油彩一样。他对于这座城市，由高兴而爱好起来，直干杯祝它繁荣。

注：盆吃酒是一种甜酒"punch"的音译名。 （张谷若 译）

Ignoble Happiness

Thénardier stopped, out of breath. His little narrow chest panted like a forge-bellows. His eyes were full of the ignoble happiness of a weak, cruel, and cowardly creature, who is at length able to trample on the man he feared, and insult him whom he flattered. The joy of a dwarf setting his heel on the head of Goliath, the joy of a jackal beginning to rend a sick bull, dead enough to be unable to defend itself, but still alive enough to suffer. (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

卑贱的喜悦

德纳第停下来。他气喘吁吁。他那窄小的胸脯，像个熔炉上的风箱，起伏不停。他的眼睛充满了那种卑贱的喜悦，那正是一个无能、无义、凶残成癖的人在有机会践踏侮辱他所惧怕过、讨好过的对象时具有的那种喜悦，一个想把脚跟踩在巨人头上的侏儒的快乐，一只豺狼在开始撕咬一头病到已无法自卫、却还有知觉感知痛苦的雄牛时的快乐。（长江 译）

3. Indignation 愤怒

Resentfully Indignant

'Don't touch me!' he said, with an utterance like the cut of a lash, darting from her, and changing from pink to white and back again, as if his whole frame were tingling with the pain of the sting. He wheeled round to the other side of the room and stood opposite to her, with the tips of his fingers in his pockets and his head thrown back, looking fiercely not at Rosamond but at a point a few inches away from her.

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

怨恨

"不要碰我！"他说，那声音仿佛她用鞭子抽了他一下，他的脸从红变白，又从白变红，整个身子似乎给针刺得在抽搐。他一个转身，走到屋子另一头，面朝着她，把指尖伸进口袋，仰起了头，眼睛恶狠狠的，没有看罗莎蒙德，却瞧着离她几寸远的地方。（项星耀 译）

Fury for Humiliation

Tartar seemed to think the visitor's descent effected with unwarranted eclat, and accordingly he growled once more. Malone, however, was no coward; the spring of the dog had taken him by surprise; but he passed him now in suppressed fury rather than fear; if a look could have strangled Tartar, he would have breathed no more. Forgetting politeness, in his sullen rage, Malone pushed into the parlour before Miss Keeldar. He glanced at Miss Helstone; he could scarcely bring himself to bend to her. He glared on both the ladies; he looked as if, had either of them been his wife, he would have made a glorious husband at the moment; in each hand he seemed as if he would have liked to clutch one and gripe her to death.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

恼羞成怒

鞑靼看来认为这个客人下来时，准会莫名其妙地摆摆威风，因此，它又号叫一阵。不过，马龙可不是个胆小鬼，那只狗纵身一跳，虽然不免使他吃了一惊，可是，他现在打它身边走过时，与其说是害怕，不如说是压住一腔怒火，如果眼睛一瞪，就可以把鞑靼扼杀的话，它准会就此断了气。马龙在满腔愠怒中竟忘记了礼貌，抢在基达尔小姐前头，直冲进了客厅。他对赫尔斯通小姐瞟了一眼，他简直不屑对她哈一哈腰。他瞪目望望两位小姐，他那副神色仿佛是，如果她们两个人中，有一个是他的妻子的话，他会当即扮起个可怕的丈夫来，他似乎真想一手抓住一个，把她们掐死。（曹庸 译）

Intense Hatred

A most extraordinary and startling change passed over her. Her face, at all ordinary times so touching to look at, in its nervous sensitiveness, weakness, and uncertainty, became suddenly darkened by an expression of maniacally intense hatred and fear, which communicated a wild, unnatural force to every feature. Her eyes dilated in the dim evening light, like the eyes of a wild animal. She caught up the cloth that had fallen at her side, as if it had been a living creature that she could kill, and crushed it in both her hands with such convulsive strength that the few drops of moisture left in it trickled down on the stone beneath her.

（Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*）

极度的愤恨

她的脸色已陡然大变。平常那种神经质的、细腻和略带迟疑的动人面容，马上沉了下来，代之以疯狂的仇恨和恐怖，使她的脸上呈现出一种野蛮的、非自然的力量。她的眼睛同野兽一样，在灰暗的暮色中闪闪发光。她一把抓起刚才落在地上的抹布，好像抓起一只可恨的活物，紧紧地攥在手里，使抹布里的水滴在了墓碑上面。（庄凯勋 译）

Revengeful Fury

Never had Morrel witnessed such an expression—never had so terrible an eye flashed before his face,—never had the genius of terror he had so often seen, either on the battlefield or in the murderous nights of Algeria, shaken around him more dreadful fires. He drew back terrified.

As for Monte Cristo, after this ebullition, he closed his eyes, as if

dazzled by internal light. In a moment he restrained himself so powerfully that the tempestuous heaving of his breast subsided, as turbulent and foaming waves yield to the sun's genial influence when the cloud has passed.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

复仇的怒火

莫雷尔从来没有见到过像这样的表情;他从来没有见到过一双眼睛对着他喷射出这样可怕的光芒,他在战场上,在阿尔及利亚浴血的夜晚屡屡见过的恐怖的精灵,也从来不曾在他周围晃动过如此阴森吓人的火光。他惊恐地往后退去。

而基督山呢,在这阵感情的宣泄和大声的喊叫过后,他闭上一会儿眼睛,就像是被内心的闪光照花了眼似的;这会儿,他正凭着坚强的毅力在使自己冷静下来进行思考,渐渐地,只见刚才发作时剧烈起伏的胸膛变得平静了,犹如乌云过后,浪花翻滚,泡沫飞溅的波涛又在阳光下变得平静了。

(韩沪麟 周克希 译)

The Countess's Fury When Offended

When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The Countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swollen blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation—her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet—her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes which it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the Graces to have been animated by a Fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Vaney. (Sir Walter Scott, *Kenilworth*)

盛怒下的伯爵夫人

他们一进屋子,只见瓦尼站在门边,咬牙切齿,脸上表现出又是愤怒、又是

羞愧、又是恐惧的神情。伯爵夫人站在屋子中间，好像一位年轻的派萨尼斯发表预言的时候，全身激动起来那种暴怒的神气。她因为受了那阵急忙呼喊的冲动的影响，漂亮的额角上的血管都膨胀起来，冒出青筋，脸腮和颈项都涨得通红，她好像一只笼中的鹰，两眼发红，像闪电似地射出光来，瞪着它的对手，只可惜爪子抓不到他。即使象征着美丽、温雅和欢乐的三位女神中有哪一位竟会被专司复仇的女神鼓动起来，脸上也不能同时表现出那么强烈的仇恨、鄙弃、藐视和憎恶的情绪与美貌相结合的神采。她的姿态和手势与她的声音和神色完全一致，表现出一股既美丽、又可怕的神情；伯爵夫人天生的美，在盛怒之下，与她那神圣不可侵犯的气概一样相称。刚一开门，珍妮特马上就跑到女主人跟前；福斯特走到理查德·瓦尼身边，脚步比珍妮特慢一些，可是比他自己平时的习惯却要快一些。（王培德 译）

The Irritated Miss Vernon

She led him, however, a few steps aside; they conversed in an undervoice, and she appeared to insist upon some request which he was unwilling or unable to comply with. I never saw so strong a contrast betwixt the expression of two faces. Miss Vernon's from being earnest, became angry; her eyes and cheeks became more animated, her color mounted, she clenched her little hand, and stamping on the ground with her tiny foot, seemed to listen with a mixture of contempt and indignation to the apologies, which from his look of civil deference, his composed and respectful smile, his body rather drawing back than advanced, and other signs of look and person, I concluded him to be pouring out at her feet. At length she flung away from him, with "I will have it so."

(Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

恼怒的沃尔侬小姐

但是，她把他向旁边拉过去几步，他们就悄声交谈起来。她显然在坚持她提出来的要求，而他却不愿或者不能依从她。我从来不曾见到表情的对比这么强烈的两个脸庞。沃尔侬小姐的神情由于急切而发了火。她的双目与面颊变得更加顾盼生姿，她涨红了脸紧握起纤小的拳头，顿着她小巧的双足，似乎是用一种轻蔑与愤怒相混合的神情，听着对方的辩解；而他呢，却显出安详而尊敬的笑容，用有礼貌的顺从目光注视着她，他的身体不是步步前进而是不断后退，从他的整个神态看来，似乎他很快就要拜倒在她的跟前。最后，她突然转身离开了他，只说了一句："我就是要这样！"（李俍民 译）

Anger of a Mentally-Disordered Father

And now I was crying. "That's why I must find a way to leave my marriage. I do not expect you to forgive me."

My father sat up straight. He stared at me with one sad eye, one angry eye. I was startled to see this, that he had heard what I said. He stood up. His mouth moved up and down. But no words come out, he could ouly chew the air with "uh! uh!" sounds. A terrible expression grew on his face. He waved his hands in front of his face, as if words stuck in his throat were choking him. (Amy Tan, *The Kitchen God's Wife*)

神经失常的父亲发怒

我哭了:"所以我必须想办法离婚。我不指望您能原谅我。"

父亲坐直了身子。他直盯着我,眼睛里一半是忧伤,一半是愤怒。看到他这副样子,我很吃惊,他居然听见了我的话。他站了起来,嘴哆嗦着,却连一个字也说不出,只是含糊地噘动着嘴发出"哦! 哦!"的声音。他脸上的表情越来越可怕。他把手在面前挥来舞去,好像话堵在嗓子里噎住了似的。

(马宏伟 译)

4. Sadness 悲伤

The Grief of a Poverty-Stricken Father

On his entrance, his wife served out, in orderly sort, such dinner as she had to give him and the baims: it was only porridge, and too little of that. Some of the younger children asked for more when they had done their portion—an application which disturbed William much; while his wife quieted them as well as she could, he left his seat, and went to the door. He whistled a cheery stave, which did not, however, prevent a broad drop or two (much more like the 'first of a thunder-shower' than those which oozed from the wound of the gladiator) from gathering on the lids of his grey eyes, and plashing thence to the threshold. He cleared his vision with his sleeve, and the melting mood over, a very stern one followed. (Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

贫苦父亲的悲哀

他一进家门,他的妻子便有条有理地端出饭食来,这是她不得不端给他和孩子们吃的午饭:只是一份粥,而且实在很少。几个小点的孩子吃完了自己一份后又要再添,这个要求很使威廉心里不安,他的妻子尽力使他们安静下来,

他起身走到门口，吹个好像很快活的调子的口哨，可是，这阵口哨却挡不住那本来就凝聚在他灰眼皮上的一两滴大泪珠啪哒落在门口，这些泪珠与其说是像从斗士的伤口渗出来的血，不如说是更像"头一阵的雷阵雨"，他用袖口揩揩视线模糊的眼睛，伤感的心情过去了，又十分坚定起来了。 （曹庸 译）

Hurt by Her Daughter's Indifference

She sat there lost in thought, her lips moving soundlessly, apparently unaware of my presence. The corners of her lips drooped, turning her mouth into a crescent, and it was painful to see the twitching of her lips and the quivering of her wrinkles, speaking some silent message. Her face was hurt and childlike. A lock of hair had slipped from under the shawl on her head and lay on her cheek, curling back about her small ear. A tear fell into the glass of cold tea. Seeing this, she moved the glass away and closed her eyes tightly, squeezing out two more tears, and wiped her face with the ends of her shawl. （Maxim Gorky, *My Apprenticeship*）

因女儿的冷淡而伤心

她沉静下来，久久地沉思，不出声地努动她的嘴唇，看来她忘了我在她眼前了。她的嘴角挂下来，嘴弯成镰刀样子。看了她的模样，谁都会难过。她的嘴唇抖动，那些颤抖的细纹好像在无言述说一件事。她的脸有些孩子气，委委曲曲。头巾里滑下一绺头发，披在脸颊上，弯到她的耳朵后边。她的泪滴在放着凉茶的杯子里。这个女人发现了这一点，就把这个茶杯挪开，紧闭上眼睛，接着又挤出两滴泪珠，随后用手绢擦她的脸。 （奇玉 译）

Lament at Their Only Son's Leaving Home

"Molly!" said he, "I did not think all this would happen." He looked into her face for comfort—her poor face, all wild and white; for neither she nor my father had dared to acknowledge—much less act upon—the terror that was in their hearts, lest Peter should have made away with himself. My father saw no conscious look in his wife's hot, dreary eyes, and he missed the sympathy that she had always been ready to give him—strong man as he was, and at the dumb despair in her face his tears began to flow. But when she saw this, a gentle sorrow came over her countenance, and she said, "Dearest John! don't cry; come with me, and we'll find him," almost as cheerfully as if she knew where he was.

And she took my father's great hand in her little soft one and led him along, the tears dropping as he walked on that same unceasing, weary walk, from room to room, through house and garden.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

强忍独子离家的悲伤

"莫莉!"父亲说,"我没想到会出这样的事。"他盯着母亲的脸看,想得到一丝慰藉,可母亲的脸色苍白,焦灼万分。他俩谁也不敢承认心中的恐惧——更不敢表现心里可怖的想法。他们提心吊胆的是:彼得说不定已经自寻短见了。我父亲从母亲那双发红倦怠的眼中看到的只是呆滞的神色。父亲虽是个刚强的人,这时他也希望能从母亲身上得到以往随时都能得到的抚慰之情。一发现母亲脸上那呆滞绝望的神色,父亲的泪水便涌了出来。而当母亲看到这一情景时,一阵淡淡的悲伤掠过了她的面容。她说:"亲爱的约翰,不要流泪。跟我来吧,我们会找到他的。"她的这几句话几乎是用一种欢快的语调说出来的,仿佛她知道了彼得的下落似的。她把父亲的大手抓在自己松软的小手里,领着他开始寻找。父亲淌着眼泪,跟在母亲后面,一刻不停、步履沉重地搜寻着,从一个房间找到另一个房间,从屋子里找到花园。 (徐新 陈明株 译)

Troy's Deep Grief in front of His Lover's Tomb

Troy's brow became heavily contracted. He set his teeth closely, and his compressed lips moved as those of one in great pain. This singular accident, by a strange confluence of emotions in him, was felt as the sharpest sting of all. Troy's face was very expressive, and any observer who had seen him now would hardly have believed him to be a man who had laughed, and sung, and poured love-trifles into a woman's ear. To curse his miserable lot was at first his impulse, but even that lowest stage of rebellion needed an activity whose absence was necessarily antecedent to the existence of the morbid misery which wrung him. The sight, coming as it did, superimposed upon the other dark scenery of the previous days, formed a sort of climax to the whole panorama, and it was more than he could endure. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

痛悼情人

特罗伊的眉头紧紧地皱在了一起。他紧咬着牙关,紧闭的嘴唇就像那些极其痛苦的人的嘴唇那样颤动着。他百感交集,这非同寻常的意外使他的心里感到一种无以复加的剧痛。特罗伊的脸十分明显地流露出了这种痛苦,看

见他的人现在很难相信他曾经是个又说又唱、贴着女人的耳朵情话绵绵的人。他最初的冲动是想骂自己命苦，然而，即使是咒骂这种反抗的最低形式也需要有一种动力，这种动力已经不复存在了，因为那可怕的痛苦之所以能折磨他，就是以失去这种动力为必不可少的前提的。眼前的这番情景和前几天的那些令人忧郁的情景汇合在一起，使整个事情达到了他所无法忍受的顶点。

（陈亦君 译）

A Deep Sorrow for the Dead

Jennie stood rigid, staring into the wonders of this picture, her face white, her eyes wide, her hands unconsciously clasped, but one thought in her mind—they were taking his body away. A leaden November sky was ahead, almost dark. She looked, and looked until the last glimmer of the red lamp on the receding sleeper disappeared in the maze of smoke and haze overhanging the tracks of the far-stretching yard.

（Theodore Dreiser, *Jennie Gerhardt*）

情系亡人

珍妮硬僵僵地站在那里，眼着着这种种的奇景；她的面色惨白，她的眼睛大张，她的两手无意识地相互扭绞着，她心中只有一个思想——他们把他的尸体拿走了。一个铅色的十一月的天在她头上，差不多是黑暗的。她看了又看，直到最后一盏红灯消失在那凝聚在远处轨道上的烟雾里面。（傅东华 译）

5. Gloom 抑郁

Agony of Anxiety about Her Boy

Jane Wilson's eyes were swelled with crying; and it was sad to see the ravages which intense anxiety and sorrow had made on her appearance in four-and-twenty hours. All night long she and Mrs. Davenport had crooned over their sorrows, always recurring, like the burden of an old song, to the dreadest sorrow of all, which was now impending over Mrs. Wilson. She had grown—I hardly know what word to use—but, something like proud of her martyrdom; she had grown to hug her grief; to feel an excitement in her agony of anxiety about her boy.

（Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*）

替子担忧

吉英·威尔逊的眼睛也哭肿了，二十四小时的深虑重忧，竟使她的面目变

得这样憔悴，看来也叫人伤心。整个晚上，她和戴文保太太低声谈着她们一件件的痛苦，可是好像旧式的曲子一般，每节的结尾要重复一句，她们总是归结到威尔逊太太当前最恐怖的痛苦。她竟然变得——我简直不知道用什么词语来表达——好像为她当前的苦难而骄傲；她变得和痛苦有一种难割难分的亲热；为了她儿子担忧，她竟然变得异常兴奋。 （荀枚 余贵棠 译）

Heavyhearted

I can tell by the way he will look lost and puzzled suddenly, all expression dying away from his dear face as though swept clean by an unseen hand, and in its place a mask will form, a sculptured thing, formal and cold, beautiful still but lifeless. He will fall to smoking cigarette after cigarette, not bothering to extinguish them, and the glowing stubs will lie around on the ground like petals. He will talk quickly and eagerly about nothing at all, snatching at any subject as a panacea to pain.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

忧心忡忡

他怎能瞒过我的眼睛？有时，他显出茫然若有所失的样子，可爱的脸容上，所有的表情消失得一干二净，仿佛被一只无形的手一下子全抹掉了似的，取而代之的是一副面具，一件雕塑品，冷冰冰，一本正经，纵然不失英俊，却毫无生气；有时，他会猛抽香烟，一支接一支，甚至连烟蒂也顾不上弄熄，结果，那闪着火星的烟头就像花瓣似地在他周围散了一地；有时，他胡乱找个什么话题，口若悬河，讲得眉飞色舞，其实什么内容也没有，无非是想借此排解心头的忧伤。 （林智玲 程德 译）

Dissatisfaction at Life

Despite her "flightiness" (as the ladies of Yonville described it), Emma did not seem happy; at the corners of her mouth, there was usually that stiff contraction which marks the faces of old maids and men who have seen their ambitions destroyed. She was pale all over, white as a sheet; the skin of her nose was pinched around the nostrils and her eyes stared vaguely. When she discovered three gray hairs at her temples she began to talk about growing old.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

忧愁的纹路

爱玛虽说风度轻狂(永镇的太太们这样说她)，不过并不见得快活。她的

嘴角常有一条纹路，挨挨呆呆，像老姑娘，也像失意政客，由于这条纹路，脸都皱了。她面无血色，布单一般白，鼻子的皮朝鼻孔抽搐，眼睛望着你，一副神不守舍的模样。她在鬓角发现三根灰头发，谈起她的老境。 （李健吾 译）

Sluggish Apathy

Athos was thus an extraordinary man. And yet, despite his distinction and refinement, he sometimes sank into sluggish apathy, as old men sink into physical and mental debility. In his periods of lethargy, and they were many, the radiant side of his nature disappeared, as though engulfed in darkness. Then, when the demigod had vanished, what remained was scarcely a man. With his head bowed, his eyes dull, and his speeches heavy, he would sit for hours, staring at his bottle and glass, with an occasional glance at Grimaud, who, being used to obeying orders given by signs, always understood the wish expressed by his master's lackluster gaze and satisfied it immediately. If the four friends gathered during one of those periods, a few words, spoken with great effort, would be Athos's only contribution to the conversation. He would drink as much as the other three combined, though without showing any effects other than a more pronounced frown and a deeper sadness.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

呆滞冷漠

阿托斯常有心情忧郁的时候，遇到这种时候，他的风采就会变得黯然失色，那些闪光点就像销匿进了深邃的黑暗之中。于是，天神般的人物不见了，剩下的仅仅是个不起眼的凡人，脑袋耷拉，两眼无光，说话滞缓而尖刻，可以一连几个钟头不是瞅着酒瓶和酒杯，就是瞅着格里莫，这个仆从早已习惯了按主人的手势办事，能从主人全无表情的目光中看出主人最隐秘的愿望，即刻就去办妥。赶上哪天四位朋友聚在一起说话的时候，阿托斯即便说上片言只语，也是十分难得的。可要说喝酒，情况却不一样了。阿托斯一个能抵四个，而且喝得再多也不会失态，只是眉头蹙得更紧，神色更加忧郁而已。 （周克希 译）

Lifelessness

Pierre said nothing; he looked fixedly at his friend with surprise. He was struck by the change in him. His words were kindly and there was a smile on his lips and face, but his eyes were dull and lifeless and in spite

of his evident wish to do so he could not give them a joyous and glad sparkle. Prince Andrew had grown thinner, paler, and more manly looking, but what amazed and estranged Pierre till he got used to it was his inertia and a wrinkle on his brow indicating prolonged concentration on some one thought. (Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*)

毫无生气

彼尔一句话不说;他带着惊讶定定地看他的朋友。他身上的改变使他吃惊。他的话是恳切的,嘴上和脸上还有笑容,但是他的眼睛是呆板的,没有生气的,尽管他显然愿意使他的眼睛发出快乐的欢喜的光彩,但是他无法办到。安德列王爵已经变得更瘦,更苍白,也更倔强了,但是在彼尔还未见惯的时候,使他觉得诧异和生疏的,是他的迟钝和他额上表明长久集中在某一种思想上的一道皱纹。 (董秋斯 译)

Depression after Killing One's Rival in Love

Not one other word did Bradley utter all that night. Not once did he change his attitude, or loosen his hold upon his wrist. Rigid before the fire, as if it were a charmed flame that was turning him old, he sat, with the dark lines deepening in his face, its stare becoming more and more haggard, its surface turning whiter and whiter as if it were being overspread with ashes, and the very texture and colour of his hair degenerating.

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

刺杀情敌后的郁闷

整个夜晚布拉德莱没有再说一句话,也没有改变过姿势,或是松开他握住左手腕的右手。他面色严峻地坐在炉火前,仿佛这是一股具有魔力的火焰,正在使他变成一个老人。他坐在那儿,脸上阴沉的线条愈来愈深,呆滞的目光越来越萎靡不振,面色也愈来愈苍白,仿佛被涂上了一层灰,他头发的质地和颜色也在退化着。 (智量 译)

Poor Mother Fantine's Sad Looking

As for the mother, she looked sad and poor, and was dressed like a working-girl trying to turn country-woman again. She was young; was she pretty? Perhaps so; but in this dress she did not appear so. Her hair, a light lock of which peeped out, seemed very thick, but was completely hidden beneath an ugly, tight, close fitting, nun's hood, fastened under

her chin. Laughters displays fine teeth when a person happens to possess them, but she did not laugh. Her eyes looked as if they had not been dry for a long time; she had a very weary and rather sickly air and she looked at the child sleeping in her arms in the manner peculiar to a mother who had suckled her babe. (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

贫困母亲的忧郁

而那母亲却是副贫穷忧郁的模样，她的装束像个女工，却又露出一些想要重做农妇的迹象，她还年轻。她美吗？也许，但由于那种装束，她并不显得美。她头发里的一缕金发露了出来，显出她头发的浓厚，但是她用一条丑而窄的巫婆用的头巾紧紧结在颏下，把头发全遮住了。人会在笑时露出美丽的牙齿，但是她一点也不笑。她的眼睛仿佛刚哭过才干。她脸上没有血色，显得非常疲乏，像是有病一般。她瞧着睡在她怀里的女儿的那种神情，只有亲自哺乳的母亲才会有。 （长江 译）

6. Panic and Fear 惊恐、恐惧

Dumbfounded

They all stared at me like dumb things. Beatrice uttered a little cry and put her hand to her mouth. I went on smiling, I put one hand on the banister.

'How do you do, Mr. de Winter,' I said.

Maxim had not moved. He stared up at me, his glass in his hand. There was no colour in his face. It was ashen white. I saw Frank go to him as though he would speak, but Maxim shook him off. I hesitated, one foot already on the stairs. Something was wrong, they had not understood. Why was Maxim looking like that? Why did they all stand like dummies, like people in a trance? (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

呆若木鸡

他们全呆若木鸡，朝我瞪眼望着。比阿特丽斯失声惊叫，接着又忙不迭用手捂住嘴巴。我脸上还是挂着微笑，手搁在楼梯的扶手上。

"您好，德温特先生，"我说。

迈克西姆一动不动地站在那儿，抬起眼睛直勾勾地盯着我，手里拿着酒杯，脸上没有一丝儿血色，死灰一般惨白。我看见弗兰克走到他身边，像是要说什么，可是迈克西姆一把将他推开。我的一只脚已经跨到楼梯上，一见这阵势不禁犹豫起来：情况有点不妙，他们不明白我的用意吧。为什么迈克西姆这

般模样？为什么他们全都哑了，像梦中人那样神情恍惚？

（林智玲　程德　译）

Shock at Finding the Truth

Mary took the paper, and flattened it; then suddenly stood stiff up, with irrepressible movement, as if petrified by some horror abruptly disclosed; her face, strung and rigid; her lips compressed tight, to keep down some rising exclamation. She dropped on her seat, as suddenly as if the braced muscles had in an instant given away. But she spoke no word.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

发现真相后的震惊

玛丽把那张纸摊开一看，禁不住从椅子里直跳起来，直僵僵地站在那里，好像看见了什么恐怖的形象，给怔住了。她的嘴唇闭得紧紧的，抑止住了正要发出来的叫唤。她接着就倒在椅子里，好像她用劲扎紧的肌肉，突然间松散开来。可是她一句也没有说。　　（荀枚　余贵棠　译）

Terror on Being Caught in a Clandestine Love Affair

Having crept up stealthily to the door, I suddenly opened it. I remember the expression of their faces. I remember that expression because it gave me a painful pleasure—it was an expression of terror. That was just what I wanted. I shall never forget the look of desperate terror that appeared on both their faces the first instant they saw me. He I think was sitting at the table, but on seeing or hearing me he jumped to his feet and stood with his back to the cupboard. His face expressed nothing but quite unmistakable terror. Her face too expressed terror but there was something else besides. If it had expressed only terror, perhaps what happened might not have happened; but on her face there was, or at any rate so it seemed to me at the first moment, also an expression of regret and annoyance that love's raptures and her happiness with him had been disturbed. It was as if she wanted nothing but that her present happiness should not be interfered with. These expressions remained on their faces but an instant.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, trans. Louise & Aylmer Maude)

偷情被捉的恐慌

我悄无声息地走到门口，猛地打开了门。我现在还记得他们脸上的表情。

我所以还记得这个表情，因为这种表情给了我一种使人感到痛心的快乐，这是一种恐惧的表情，我要的就是这个。我永远也忘不了他们猛一看见我时脸上显露出来的绝望的恐惧的表情。他好像坐在桌子旁边，但是他一看到我或者一听到我的声音以后，就倏地站起身来，背靠着碗柜，木然不动。他脸上只有一个确凿无疑的恐惧的表情。她脸上也是同样的表情，不过其中还羼杂着一点别的什么。如果她的表情只有一种，也许就不会发生后来发生的那件事了；但是在她的面部表情中还有(起码在最初的一瞬间我是那么觉得的)一种恼恨和不满，好像人家破坏了她的爱情缠绵，破坏了她跟他在一起的幸福似的。那会儿她似乎什么也不需要，只要人家不来干涉她眼下的幸福就成。两种表情只在他们的脸上停留了一刹那。 (臧仲伦 译)

Horrified to See the Evidence of Her Crime

She read the words now, and as she read a horrible change came over her. Her colourless face grew dreadful to look at. It turned green. The flesh seemed on a sudden to fall away and her skin was tightly stretched over the bones. Her lips receded, showing her teeth, so that she had the appearance of making a grimace. She stared at Mr. Joyce with eyes that started from their sockets. He was looking now at a gibbering death's head. (W. Somerset Maugham, *The Letter*)

暴露罪证的惊恐

这时她开始读信了。她读着读着，面部发生了可怕的变化。她那苍白的脸变得铁青，令人可怖。面部的肌肉仿佛突然消失，只剩下一张皮紧紧地包在骨头上。她的双唇向后收缩，龇牙咧嘴，一副怪相。她瞪着眼睛，木然地望着乔伊斯，而乔伊斯感到，他面前是一个说话含糊不清的骷髅。 (刘宪之 译)

Hearing Shocking News

Amazement, horror, and anger struggled within him; Mor could scarcely believe his ears. He turned his head to where Demoyte and Rain were sitting. Demoyte looked completely stunned; he was half turned towards Nan, his hand raised to his mouth. Then he turned sharply back towards Mor, a look of surprise, dismay, and accusation. But it was the face of Rain that made Mor almost cry out aloud. He had told her nothing of his political plans. She was hearing of them now for the first time. She looked towards him, her lips parting as if to question him, her eyes

expressing astonishment and sheer horror, her whole face working in an agony of interrogation. (Iris Murdoch, *The Sandcastle*)

闻变而惊

惊异、恐惧和愤怒在他身上斗争着;莫尔几乎无法相信他的耳朵。他把头转向迪莫特和雷恩坐着的地方。迪莫特看来完完全全被惊呆了,他半转向南恩,手举到嘴边上。然后他突然转向莫尔,满脸惊奇、沮丧和责备的神情。但是使莫尔差一点大喊出来的是雷恩的脸色。他从未对她讲过他的政治方向的打算,这是她第一次听到。她向他看着,嘴唇微张,好像要询问他什么,眼睛里流露出惊异和纯粹的恐惧神色,整个脸因痛苦的疑问而扭歪了。(王家湘 译)

Frightened by a Gun

The guy's face went from pink to white to gray, and sort of slid loose like jelly ready to fall off his skull. He took a very slow step back to keep from falling, and Brains took a very slow step out after him. He kicked the guy's coat out of the way without looking at it.

"Well, Hitch," he said softly. "the first three out have your name on 'em. Close your eyes if you want to."

Hitch didn't; instead they got big and round as hard-boiled eggs with their shells off. His mouth and tongue moved for a whole minute without getting anything off. Finally three words formed. "What's it for?"

(Cornell Woolrich, *Change of Murder*)

面对枪口的恐惧

那人的脸色由红变白,由白变灰,整个脸儿像果子冻似的要从脑壳上流下来。他慢慢向后退了一步,不让自己摔倒,布赖恩斯慢慢地向前跨了一步,跟上他。他看都没看一眼便将那人的外衣踢开。

"嗨,希契,"他轻轻地说,"最先射出的三颗子弹上有你的名字。愿意的话就把眼睛闭上。"

希契没有闭上眼睛;相反他的眼睛瞪得又大又圆,活像剥去壳的煮过头的鸡蛋。他的嘴巴和舌头动了整整一分钟,什么也没说出来。最后他终于吐出了这么几个字:"这是为什么?" (张建平 译)

Silent Panic in the Storm

Some blinked vacantly, others shook convulsively; Wamibo's head hung over his breast; and in painful attitudes, cut by lashings, exhausted

with clutching, screwed up in corners, they breathed heavily. Their lips twitched, and at every sickening heave of the overturned ship they opened them wide as if to shout. The cook, embracing a wooden stanchion, unconsciously repeated a prayer. In every short interval of the fiendish noises around he could be heard there, without cap or slippers, imploring in that storm the Master of our lives not to lead him into temptation. Soon he also became silent. In all that crowd of cold and hungry men, waiting wearily for a violent death, not a voice was heard; they were mute, and in sombre thoughtfulness listened to the horrible imprecations of the gale.

(Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*)

孽海祈生

有些人茫无所视地眨眼,有的人痉挛地震战;王密保的脑袋垂在胸脯上,他们都在缓慢沉重地喘气,种种姿态无不是苦痛的表示,他们被绳索擦破了皮肉,手脚把握地精疲力竭了,在角角落落里推推挤挤。他们扭动着嘴唇;每当倾侧的船身令人心泛作呕地向上浮起时,他们便张大嘴巴,好像要放声叫喊的样子。厨子抱着一根木柱,不知不觉地背诵祷辞。周围洪大可怕的喧声只消平息一会儿,便能听见那没有戴帽子也没有穿便鞋的厨子在这风暴里祈求生命的主不要引他们走入险途。随后不久,他也沉默了。那一大群饥寒交迫的人,疲乏地等待暴死的来临,并不出一点声音;他们哑口无言,在阴郁的沉思里倾听狂风的可怕诅咒。

(袁家骅 译)

A Fidgety Stranger

He stepped back to the table, tore open the envelope, and began to read, giving the stranger an opportunity to recover himself. And the stranger understood and appreciated. His was the gift of sympathy, understanding; and beneath his alarmed exterior that sympathetic process went on. He mopped his forehead dry and glanced about him with a controlled face, though in the eyes there was an expression such as wild animals betray when they fear the trap. He was surrounded by the unknown, apprehensive of what might happen, ignorant of what he should do, aware that he walked and bore himself awkwardly; fearful that every attribute and power of him was similarly afflicted. He was keenly sensitive, hopelessly self-conscious, and the amused glance that the other stole privity at him over the top of the letter burned into him like a dagger-thrust.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

自惭形秽

他走到桌子边，撕开信封就看，给这位生客一个定神的机会。这位生客会意，心里很感激。他天生富有同情心，懂得好歹，因此尽管外表上神色慌张，心里可感觉到别人的好意。他擦干前额上的汗水，朝四下望着，控制住自己的感情，脸上不流露出来，然而眼睛里还带着惊慌的表情，如同一头野兽生怕掉在陷阱里去时的神气一样。他处身在一个完全陌生的环境里，害怕会出什么事，不知道该怎么办才好，明白自己的走路样子和一举一动都笨拙得很，又生怕自己所有的品性和能力都同样地犯上了毛病。他非常神经过敏，自惭形秽得到了不可救药的地步，因此对方从信纸顶上偷偷对他投射的那一瞥感到有趣的眼光，像匕首般热辣辣地直扎进他的心里。（吴劳 译）

Not Yet Recovered from Taking a Beating

I had not seen Uriah Heep since the time of the blow. Our visit astonished him, evidently; not the less, I dare say, because it astonished ourselves. He did not gather his eyebrows together, for he had none worth mentioning; but he frowned to that degree that he almost closed his small eyes, while the hurried raising of his gristly hand to his chin betrayed some trepidation or surprise. This was only when we were in the act of entering his room, and when I caught a glance at him over my aunt's shoulder. A moment afterwards, he was as fawning and as humble as ever.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

惊恐犹在

自从我打了乌利亚·希坡那一下以后，我再也没见到他。他当时看到我们这一来，显然吃了一惊；本来我们自己也吃了一惊，但是他那一惊，却并没因为我们那一惊而减轻。他并没把眉头皱起，因为他的眉毛根本不值一提，但是他却把前额蹙得非常厉害，因为他差一点没把他那两只小眼睛都眯得没缝儿。同时他把他那净是骨头的手急忙往下颏上一摸，泄露出他有些震惊或者慌张。不过这种惊慌，只在我们刚刚进门、我隔着我姨婆的肩头看到他那一眼的时候才泄露的。过了一会儿，他又完全是他从前那种胁肩谄笑、卑鄙下作的样子了。（张谷若 译）

7. Dignity and Stateliness 威严

Dignity in Rebuking Youths

There was a certain dignity in the little elderly gentleman's manner of

rebuking these youths; though it was not, perhaps, quite the dignity most appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Helstons—standing straight as a ramrod—looking keen as a kite, presented, despite his clerical hat, black coat, and gaiters, more the air of a veteran officer chiding his subalterns, than of a venerable priest exhorting his sons in the faith. Gospel mildness—apostolic benignity, never seemed to have breathed their influence over that keen brown visage; but firmness had fixed the features, and sagacity had carved her own lines about them.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

长者的威严

这个身材矮小的长辈先生在斥责这几个年轻人时，自有一种威严，虽说这也许不是很适合时宜的威严，赫尔斯通先生站在那里，像通条一般挺直，样子像风筝一般敏捷，尽管他头戴牧师帽，身穿黑衣，箍着皮裹腿，可是，那副神气，与其说是个年高德劭的牧师在劝告他的子弟坚定信仰，不如说是个老官僚在训斥他的部下。那张精明的棕色面庞，似乎一点也看不出有传播福音的圣徒那种慈祥亲切的神色，而是面貌刚毅，脸上处处透着机敏精明。 （曹庸 译）

Graceful Bearing of the Warrior

The wary, though seemingly abstracted Uncas, caught a glimpse of the movement, and turning suddenly to the light, their looks met. Near a minute these two bold and untamed spirits stood regarding one another steadily in the eye, neither quailing in the least before the fierce gaze he encountered. The form of Uncas dilated, and his nostrils opened like those of a tiger at bay; but so rigid and unyielding was his posture, that he might easily have been converted by the imagination into an exquisite and faultless representation of the warlike deity of his tribe. The lineaments of the quivering features of Magua proved more ductile; his countenance gradually lost its character of defiance in an expression of ferocious joy, and heaving a breath from the very bottom of his chest, he pronounced aloud the very formidable name of—"Le Cerf Agile!"

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

勇士的风采

貌似茫然但十分警觉的恩卡斯，看到对方的动作，立刻转过脸来对着亮光，他们的目光相遇了。约摸过了一分钟，这两名骠悍的战士就这么一动不动

地对视着，谁都没有显出丝毫胆怯的样子。恩卡斯怒目挺身，鼻孔掀动着，犹如一只陷入绝境的猛虎，但他的态度却如此顽强不屈，看了很容易使人想象成这是代表他部落的一尊完美的战神形象。麦格瓦的脸虽然也在颤抖，但还不太那么形同浇铸，他脸上那挑衅的神气，渐渐地变成了幸灾乐祸的表情。接着他深深地吸了一口气，大声地喊出了这十分令人生畏的名字："快腿鹿！"

（宋兆霖 译）

Gallant in the Battle

And yet more gallant was the vision of Sir Henry, whose ostrich plumes had been shorn off by a spear stroke, so that his long yellow hair streamed out in the breeze behind him. There he stood, the great Dane, for he was nothing else, his hands, his axe, and his armour, all red with blood, and none could live before his stroke. Time after time I saw it come sweeping down, as some great warrior ventured to give him battle, and as he struck he shouted, 'O-hoy! O-hoy!' like his Bersekir forefathers, and the blow went crashing through shield and spear, through head-dress, hair, and skull, till at last none would of their own will come near the great white 'tagati' (wizard), who killed and failed not.

(H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*)

威震敌胆

亨利爵士的样子更是威风凛凛，头上的驼鸟羽饰已为敌矛所刺落，一头黄发在微风中飘散着。他伫立着，手持战斧，身着锁子甲，浑身为鲜血染红，俨然就是古代的丹麦英雄，没有人能在他的斧下逃脱性命。我看见几个魁梧的敌人向他挑战，他一边挥斧一边嘴里吆喝着："哦——嗬！哦——嗬！"真像他的狂斗士祖先那种模样。他的战斧砍处，枪和盾应声碎裂，人的脑壳开花，羽饰和头发飞散。敌人望风丧胆，不敢靠近这个凶神恶煞般的白皮肤"天神"。

（常玫 曼真 译）

Unyielding Dignity

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate

at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eyes. Bois-Guilbert, proved himself and high-spirited, thought he had never behold beauty so animated and so commanding.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe*)

不屈的尊严

蕊贝卡既有了崇高而坚定的决心——这和她的花容玉貌是完全相称的——当她说话的时候，她的神采更显出肃穆庄严，简直像是超凡入圣。尽管是惨痛的厄运已经临头，她的眼神里决无畏缩，她的面颊上决未变色。相反地，她一想到她能够掌握自己的命运，随时可以一死来避免玷污，她这种坚定的思想，使她的肤色更加红润，使她的双目更加奕奕有神。波阿·基尔勃平日虽然盛气凌人，现在也感到他从未见过一个美貌佳人竟能有这样充沛的精神，这样雄伟的气魄。

(刘尊棋 章益 译)

The Manageress's Majestic-Looking

But they all at once stopped talking, for a woman of about forty-five was coming in. It was Madame Aurelie, very stout and tightly laced in her black silk dress, the body of which, strained over her massive shoulders and full bust, shone like a piece of armour. Under dark folds of hair, she had big fixed eyes, a severe mouth, and broad and rather drooping cheeks; and in the majesty of her position as manageress her face seemed to swell with pride like the puffy countenance of a Caecar.

(Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*)

女主任的威严

可是她们住口不谈了，一个四十五岁左右的女人走了进来。这就是奥莱丽太太，她非常健壮，黑色绸衣服把腰身绷得紧紧的，上身撑着滚圆结实的肩膀和胸部，像一副铠甲似地闪着光。在她那黑色的束发带下，一双大眼睛动也不动，嘴是严峻的，脸盘宽大可是有点往下垂；在她那份主任的威严下，面容凛然像是涂了色彩的罗马帝王的假面具。

(侍桁 译)

8. Arrogance 傲慢

Bloated with Pride

He was an elderly, pompous man, who did some tailoring in his spare time. For some unknown reason he despised me beyond measure, and

looked down upon me in a way that was simply maddening. He looked down upon everyone, as a matter of fact. Take one look at that fair, smoothly brushed head, at the tuft of hair which he fluffed out over his forehead and smeared with lenten oil, at that gravely pursed mouth, always compressed into the shape of the letter V—and you felt that you were in the presence of a creature who was never in doubt. He was pedantic to a degree, the greatest pedant, in fact, I ever met in my life, and, in addition, possessed of a vanity that was worthy only of Alexander the Great. He was in love with every button on his coat, with every hair on his head. Yes, in love, most decidedly in love with them! And he looked it. His attitude towards me was utterly despotic. He hardly ever spoke to me, and if occasionally he did deign to look at me, his look was so hard, so majestically self-confident, and invariably so contemptuous, that it alone was sometimes sufficient to drive me into a fury. He carried out his duties with an air of conferring the greatest favour upon me.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Notes from the Underground*, trans. David Magarshack)

高傲自负

他是一个上了年纪的、高傲自负的人，能做一点缝纫活儿。但不知为什么他瞧不起我，甚至可以说是极度的鄙视我，他对我态度傲慢，令人不能容忍。不过，他在任何人面前都是这样趾高气扬的。只要对他那长着淡黄色头发、梳理得光溜溜的脑袋，对他那簇隆起在脑门子上的、抹着植物油的额发，对他那庄重的、始终抿成V形的嘴巴看上一眼，你们就会觉得，在你们面前的是一位永远也不会怀疑自己的人物。他是一个极端迂腐的人，是我在世上遇到过的第一号迂夫子；更有甚者，他还具有恐怕只有马其顿的亚历山大才配有的那种自尊心。他爱着自己的每一颗纽扣，自己的每一个指甲——这是肯定的，他就是这么一副神气嘛！他对我态度十分专横，极少跟我说话，即使肯赏脸看我一眼，目光也是那么的坚定、威严而自信，而且始终带着讥讽，常常惹得我怒不可遏。他给我办事时，他那副样子就好像是在赐给我极大的恩惠似的。

（顾柏林　译）

A Wealthy Young Lady's Haughty Looking

The shadow in which she sat, falling like a gloomy veil across her forehead, accorded very well with the character of her beauty. One could hardly see the face, so still and scornful, set off by the arched dark eyebrows and the folds of dark hair, without wondering what its expression

would be if a change came over it. That it could soften or relent, appeared next to impossible. That it could deepen into anger or any extreme of defiance, and that it must change in that direction when it changed at all, would have been its peculiar impression upon most observers. It was dressed and trimmed into no ceremony of expression. Although not an open face, there was no pretence in it. I am self-contained and self-reliant; your opinion is nothing to me; I have no interest in you, care nothing for you, and see and hear you with indifference—this it said plainly. It said so in the proud eyes, in the lifted nostril, in the handsome but compressed and even cruel mouth. Cover either two of those channels of expression, and the third would have said so still. Mask them all, and the mere turn of the head would have shown an unsubduable nature.

(Charles Dickens; *Little Dorrit*)

富家小姐的傲慢神情

她此刻坐着的那个地方的阴影，仿佛一片阴郁的面纱，落在她的额头上，与她那种美貌非常地协调。她那张脸，那般安详，含有嘲弄，衬托它的是一对弯弯的黑眉毛和一头黑发，你一看见这张脸就会嘀咕，这张脸倘若发生什么变化，那该是什么样的表情。这张脸会变得柔顺或宽厚，那几乎是不可能的。它会深化为愤怒或无比的蔑视；倘若它会发生什么变化，那必定朝着那个方面发展的，这就是大多数的观察者都获得的奇特的印象。这张脸的打扮、修饰也并不讲究表现。尽管这不是一张坦诚的脸，但也没有什么做作的地方。我沉默寡言，无求于人；你们的看法我并不在乎；对你们我毫无兴趣，你们怎么样我不管，看见你们，听到你们，我都装作没事儿似的——这个意思可以从这张脸上看得分明。这个意思还表现在她那傲慢的眼睛上，微翘的鼻孔上，漂亮却是紧闭甚至是冷酷的嘴上。倘若这三个表情的渠道遮去两个，第三个渠道仍然能表现这样的意思。倘若将三个渠道全部蒙住，只要她的头一转，便会显示出不可征服的本性来。

（金绍禹 译）

9. Threat 威胁

Mary's Old Tricks

Mary executed a wild dance around the dismayed and bewildered Rilla, flirting her ragged skirt and vociferating "Look at me—look at me" until poor Rilla was dizzy. But as the latter tried to edge away towards the gate Mary pounced on her again.

"You give me that basket," she ordered with a grimace. Mary was

past mistress in the art of "making faces". She could give her countenance a most grotesque and unearthly appearance out of which her strange, brilliant, white eyes gleamed with weird effect.

(L.M. Montgomery, *Rainbow Valley*)

玛丽的惯技

瑞拉感到惶然不知所措,玛丽却在这时开始在她面前跳起舞来,并以粗野的动作让破烂的裙子扬起。她继续说:"看着我,看一看我!"可怜的瑞拉被整得晕头转向。不过,她仍设法慢慢地绕过旁边,想进入屋里。

玛丽毫不放松地扑向瑞拉,并大叫:"把篮子交给我!"接着脸上便显现出很不耐烦的表情。玛丽的脸真是善变,不论是皱眉或作鬼脸,对她来说简直易如反掌。尤其是翻白眼更有一套。 (林淑女 译)

An Evil Person

He looked powerful as ever, but showed a strange and affected unsteadiness in his gait; his face was perhaps a trifle thinner, and his eyes appeared rather startlingly prominent. He seemed to hasten the retreat of departing light by his very presence; the setting sun dipped sharply, as though fleeing before our nigger; a black mist emanated from him; a subtle and dismal influence; a something cold and gloomy that floated out and settled on all the face like a mourning veil. The circle broke up. The joy of laughter died on stiffened lips. There was not a smile left among all the ship's company. ... He leaned his back against the door post, and with heavy eyes swept over them a glance domineering and pained, like a sick tyrant overawing a crowd of abject but untrustworthy slaves.

(Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*)

恶人

他的外貌还是和以往那样地雄壮有力,可是他的步履似乎有点不稳,这未免太奇怪而太不自然了,他的脸也许消瘦了些,他的眼睛却特别惹人注意。他这一出现,简直是催促将逝的光明赶快退隐;落日猛然下沉,仿佛逃避我们的黑家伙哩;他身上散发出一种黑雾;一种微妙而阴郁的感应;一种凄清惨淡的气息漂浮四散,像服丧的黑面纱似的笼罩在大家脸上。围聚着的人们星散了。欢快的笑意在僵硬的嘴唇上消逝了。全船的伙伴们里面再没有谁留下一丝笑容…… 他将背靠着门柱,抬起沉重的眼睛向他们扫射了一道凛然而令人难受的目光,好像一位带病的暴君威胁着一群卑贱而不可靠的奴隶呢。

(袁家骅 译)

The Hatchet Men's Threatening Countenances

The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front-de-Beuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting; but that of the Baron exhibited the same cold, half-sullen, half-sarcastic smile which had been the prelude to his cruelty; and the savage eyes of the Saracens, rolling gloomily under their dark brows, acquiring a yet more sinister expression by the whiteness of the circle which surrounds the pupil, evinced rather the secret pleasure which the expected from the approaching scene, than any reluctance to be its directors or agents. The Jew then looked at the glowing furnace, over which he was presently to be stretched, and, seeing no chance of his tormentors relenting, his resolution gave away.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe*)

打手的威胁神情

苦恼的犹太人瞟瞟两人的面色，又瞟瞟弗朗·德·别夫的面色，希望从他们的脸上发现一点缓和的迹兆。可是弗朗·德·别夫的脸上只表现出和刚才一样的冷冰冰的、半是愠怒、半是讽刺的微笑，这种微笑一向是他的残暴行为的序幕。那两个撒拉逊人的凶恶的眼睛，在乌黑的眉毛下面阴沉地转动着，由于瞳孔周围的那一道白圈，更显出一副凶相。从他们的眼睛透露出，他们对于即将发生的事件暗中颇感乐趣，并不是不愿担当这桩事件的执行人。犹太人再望望那通红的炉子，他马上就将被平放在炉子上面，眼见得他的残害者是决不会饶他的，于是，他的顽强终于瓦解了。 （刘尊棋 章益 译）

10. Contempt 蔑视

Facing the Coming Storm

Still the calm continued. We ate dinner, a hurried and anxious meal for me with eighteen men abroad on the sea and beyond the bulge of the earth and with that heaven-rolling mountain range of clouds moving slowly down upon us. Wolf Larsen did not seem affected, however, though I noticed, when we returned to the deck, a slight twitching of the nostrils, a perceptible quickness of movement. His face was stern, the lines of it had grown hard, and yet in his eyes,—blue, clear blue this day,—there was a strange brilliancy, a bright scintillating light. It struck me that he was joyous, in a ferocious sort of way; that he was glad there was an impending struggle; that he was thrilled and up borne with knowledge that one of the

great moments of living, when the tide of life surges up in flood, was upon him. (Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*)

傲视将临的风暴

还是风平浪静。我们吃了中饭,匆促而焦虑的一顿饭,有十八个人都在海上,远在地平线以外,而满天打滚的山峦般的乌云正慢慢地遮掩上来。海狼赖生好像无动于衷;虽然当我们回到甲板上的时候,我发觉他把鼻孔微微收缩,显而易见是动得很快。他面色严肃,脸上的线条也变得坚毅有力,可是在他的眼睛里——青碧的,这一天是青碧的——有一种奇异的光芒,一种明亮的闪闪发光的光芒。这使我知道他心里很快乐,快乐得要发狂;他正为一阵即将降临的斗争而高兴;他明白感觉到生活的波浪如潮般涌来,生活的一个重要关头,已临到他身上,他就又惊又喜地来接受它。 (裘柱常 译)

Elinor's Disdainful Looking at a Hypocrite

Elinor, while she waited in silence and immovable gravity the conclusion of such folly, could not restrain her eyes from being fixed on him with a look that spoke all the contempt it excited. It was a look, however, very well bestowed, for it relieved her own feelings and gave no intelligence to him. He was recalled from wit to wisdom, not by any reproof of hers but by his own sensibility.

(Jane Austin, *Sense and Sensibility*)

轻蔑的眼光

埃丽诺默默地听着他说,表情一直很严肃。这样的愚蠢行为,使她不由自主地盯着他。这种目光包含了对这愚蠢行为的全部轻蔑。然而,这又是一种使用得很得体的目光,因为这使她自己的感情缓和下来,却没有使罗伯特觉察到。罗伯特从自作聪明的状态中恢复了理智,并非因为他受到了埃丽诺的任何责备,而是由于他受到了自己感情的支配。 (罗文华 译)

Contemptuous Looking at One's Rival in Love

Composedly smoking, he leaned an elbow on the chimneypiece, at the side of the fire, and looked at the schoolmaster. It was a cruel look, in its cold disdain of him, as a creature of no worth. The schoolmaster looked at him, and that, too, was a cruel look, though of the different kind, that it had a raging jealousy and fiery wrath in it.

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

蔑视情敌

他悠然自得地抽着烟，一只手肘支撑在壁炉架上，立在壁炉的一边，眼睛望着这位老师。这眼光是残酷无情的，因为其中充满冷冰冰的蔑视，把他当做一个毫无价值的生物。这位老师瞧着他，那眼光也是冷酷无情的，只不过属于另一种类型，其中充满强烈的嫉妒和火一般的愤恨。 （智量 译）

Ironical Smile

I looked at Campbell as he muttered these words, and never recollect to have seen a more singular contrast than that between the strong daring sternness expressed in his harsh features, and the air of composed meekness and simplicity which his language assumed. There was even a slight ironical smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, which seemed, involuntarily as it were, to intimate his disdain of the quiet and peaceful character which he thought proper to assume, and which led me to entertain strange suspicious that his concern in the violence done to Morris had been something very different from that of a fellow-sufferer, or even of a mere spectator. （Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*）

嘲讽的微笑

当坎贝尔讲出这番话来的时候，我注视着他（假扮证人的红酋罗伯）；我记得从来不曾见过有比这更强烈的对比；他那粗犷的脸相所显示的是坚强、勇敢而又刚毅的性格，而他用话语描述的，却是个温和善良的老实人。从他的嘴角边甚至流露出一丝嘲讽的微笑，这虽然是不由自主的，却暗示了他对他所故意冒充的那种爱安静、求太平的角色的轻蔑；这使我产生了一种奇特的怀疑，他对莫里斯遭到暴徒抢劫的关切，不但不像一个同时遭难的伙伴，甚至不像是一个单纯的旁观者。 （李俍民 译）

11. Complacence 得意

Furious Amusement

The fireman was looking straight at the pump operator. The operator turned his face upward as the light came. Every feature could be distinguished. As they stared into each other's faces, a lump of fear choked the fireman's throat. For the operator was smiling! Beneath the dark V of his brows the eyes glittered with furious amusement, the lips drew back on teeth half-opened in a yellow snarl of delight. Have you ever

seen a dog laugh? It was like that. Humourous yet malevolent, a puppet of a laugh, the mouthing of a lunatic child over fangs that were made to bite.

(William Sansom, *The Witnesses*)

幸灾乐祸

消防员直愣愣地瞅着水泵操作员。火光照过来的时候,操作员把脸抬了起来,火光中,他的五官可以分辨得一清二楚。他看到那个水泵操作员在嘻笑!在那间着两旁高挑的黑色眉毛下面,他的一双眼睛里闪烁着强烈的幸灾乐祸的表情。他呲牙咧嘴,卑鄙地露出一副狰狰狂吠的得意相。你曾经见到过狗在狞笑吗?就是这种模样。皮笑肉不笑,滑稽而又凶险,就好像在一个长着一副专门用来咬人的獠牙上面露出了一个疯了的孩子的那副嘴脸。

(马钢 译)

Carried Away by His Own Lecture

Presently the fun would become too much for him; pear-shaped tears would trickle down his tanned cheeks. Not only his shocking teeth but also an astonishing amount of pink upper-gum tissue would suddenly pop out, as if a jack-in-the-box had been sprung, and his hand would fly to his mouth, while his big shoulders shook and rolled. And although the speech he smothered behind his dancing hand was now doubly unintelligible to the class, his complete surrender to his own merriment would prove irresistible.

(Vladimir Nabokov, *Pnin*)

自我陶醉

这个时候他就变得乐不可支,豆大的泪珠从古铜色的脸颊上一个劲地往下滚,牙齿和一大片粉红色的牙龈吓人地突出来,就像玩具盒里猛地蹦出的玩偶一样,他乐得手捂着嘴,宽肩膀摇来晃去。他那里手舞足蹈,而全班学生愈发不知其所云,但他却自得其乐,欲罢不能。

(马宏伟 译)

Complacent and Amused

Mr. Perry's oily, complacent voice frickled on. He was in his element. Nothing suited him better than to lay down the law, patronize and exhort. He had no idea of stopping, and he did not stop. He stood before the fire, his feet planted firmly on the rug, and poured out a flood of pompous platitudes. Faith heard not a word. She was really not listening to him at all. But she was watching his long black coat-tails with impish delight growing in her brown eyes. Mr. Perry was standing very near the

fire. His coat-tails began to smoke. He still posed on, wrapped up in his own eloquence. The coat-tails smoked worse. A tiny spark flew up from the burning wood and alighted in the middle of one. It clung and caught and spread into a smouldering flame. Faith could restrain herself no longer and broke into a stifled giggle. (L. M. Montgomery, *Rainbow Valley*)

各自得意

皮里牧师以顺畅、得意的声音继续说。洋洋自得的表情浮现在他的脸上，因为没有比论断事物，居于领导者的地位劝谏他人更能令他引以为傲的了。他站在火前，踩在地毯上，以自大的态度，小题大作的叨絮不停，蕙丝一句也听不进去，但她褐色的眼睛，却突然像淘气的小狗般露出欣喜的神色，一直注视牧师晨礼服上的缀饰。皮里牧师离火太近，上衣的流苏突然传来焦味，并且冒出少许黑烟，但他却毫不知情地继续说教，忘我地陶醉于自己的雄辩中。下摆的烟愈来愈浓，原来炽烈燃烧在柴火上的火花恰好跳上下摆，就此延烧了起来。蕙丝咬紧牙，强忍住笑意，但最后还是忍不住放声大笑。 （林淑女 译）

Look of Enjoyment at Work

It would be hard to find a man who lived in his work as did Akaky Akakyevitch. To say that he was zealous in his work is not enough; no, he loved his work. In it, in that copying, he found a varied and agreeable world of his own. There was a look of enjoyment on his face; certain letters were favourites with him, and when he came to them he was delighted; he chuckled to himself and winked and moved his lips, so that it seemed as though every letter his pen was forming could be read in his face. (Nikolai Gogol, *The Overcoat*)

洋洋自得

未必在别的地方还能找到这样忠于职守的人了。只说他尽心尽责是不够的，——不，他对这份差使是情有独钟。他于抄抄写写之中似乎看到了一个多彩而舒心的世界。一种洋洋自得之情洋溢在他的脸上；有几个字母尤其令他心醉，一写到它们便难以自持：小声笑着，眨眨眼睛，撇着嘴唇，只要看他脸上的表情仿佛就能看出他描画的是什么字母。 （杨衍松 译）

Showing off Her Beauty

Lettie stood between the firelight and the dusky lamp glow, tall and warm between the lights. As she turned laughing to the two men, she let

her cloak slide over her white shoulder and fall with silk splendour of a peacock's gorgeous blue over the arm of the large settee. There she stood, with her white hand upon the peacock of her cloak, where it tumbled against her dull orange dress. She knew her own splendour, and she drew up her throat laughing and brilliant with triumph. Then she raised both her arms to her head and remained for a moment delicately touching her hair into order, still fronting the two men. Then with a final little laugh she moved slowly and turned up the lamp, dispelling some of the witchcraft from the room. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

自我炫耀

莱蒂站在火光与微弱的灯光之间,显得高挑而热烈。她一边转身对着两个男人笑,一边让外套从洁白的肩上滑下,任华丽的孔雀蓝色的外套掉在大靠背椅的扶手上。她站在那儿,洁白的手放在外套的孔雀上,华丽的孔雀蓝色映照着她那暗桔红色上衣。她知道自己的漂亮,于是,就伸长脖子,得意地大笑,更显得光彩照人。接着抬起双臂放在头上,稍停一下之后又以优美的动作抚平秀发,仍然站在两个男人面前。最后又轻声一笑,才慢悠悠地转个身扭大了灯火,驱散了一些屋里的魔力。 (谢显宁 等译)

Looking Triumphant after Winning an Case by Bribery

... He was standing so when the two young men strode freely up the aisle, confident and cool-eyed, smiling, not giving him so much as a glance. He let them pass without a word, pressing the fresh linen against his mouth.

The parents of the animals were coming by now, two men and two women his age but more American in their dress. They glanced at him, shame-faced, yet in their eyes was an odd, triumphant defiance.

(Mario Puzo, *The Godfather*)

贿赂胜诉,趾高气扬

……他就这样站在那儿瞅着那两个年轻人,从旁观席位中间的过道迈着方步,悠哉悠哉地走了过来,趾高气扬,目光冷冰冰,嘴角笑眯眯,对他简直不屑一顾。他眼睁睁瞅着他们走过去,忍着一言不发,把新手绢紧紧按在自己的嘴巴上。

那两个小畜生的父母,都同他差不多年纪,但衣着带有更多的美国风度,现在也走过来了。他们一个个向他晃了一眼,面部有点难为情的样子,但眼神

里却流露着一种莫名奇妙的、洋洋得意的、盛气凌人的神色。 （周汉林 译）

12. Ingratiation 谄媚

Submissive to Her Lover

But Nana could not restrain herself. She was in a perfect ecstasy of love. Her face was as full of blushes as an innocent young girl's, and her looks and her laughter seemed to overflow with tenderness. Gazing on Fontan, she overwhelmed him with pet names—"my doggie! my old bear! my kitten!"—and, whenever he passed her the water or the salt she bent forward and kissed him at random on lips, eyes, nose, or ear. Then, if she met with reproof, she would return to the attack with the cleverest manoeuvers, and with infinite submissiveness, and the supple cunning of a beaten cat, would catch hold of his hand, when no one was looking, in order to kiss it again. （Émile Zola, *Nana*）

向情夫讨好

可是娜娜总是控制不住自己。她在热恋中简直发了狂，少女似的脸上泛着桃红色，湿润的眼睛里含着柔情。她目不转睛地盯住方堂，对他用尽了各种各样的亲昵的称呼："我的小狗，我的小狼，我的小猫咪"；每当他给她递盐或倒水，她一定弯下身子，吻他的嘴唇，吻他的眼睛，他的鼻子、耳朵，碰到哪里就吻哪里。如果她受到责骂，她就用最巧妙的策略，装出猫挨打时那样的谦恭和温柔，再回来重修旧好，还偷偷地抓住他的一只手，紧紧握住不放，找机会再亲一下。 （郑永慧 译）

A Cloying Facial Expression

"And then, you know, Pavel Ivanovich!" exclaimed Manilov, his face taking on an expression that was not merely sweet, but actually cloying, like that cough mixture which a cunning society doctor has mercilessly sugared to the expected delight of his patient.

（Nikolai Gogol, *Dead Souls*, trans. Christopher English）

甜得发腻的表情

……玛尼洛夫说道，脸上显露出一种不仅甜蜜甚至是甜得发腻的表情，这种表情酷似一位周旋于上流人士之间的机灵圆滑的医生狠命地给加上甜味，想让病人高高兴兴喝下肚里去的一种药水。 （满涛 许庆道 译）

Deprecating like a Dog

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression of the princess's pretty face changed into a winning and piteous look of fear. Her beautiful eyes glanced askance at her husband's face, and her own assumed the timid, deprecating expression of a dog when it rapidly but feebly wags its drooping tail. (Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*)

叭狗一般讨饶

突然间王爵夫人好看的脸上那愤怒的松鼠一般的表情,变成一种娇媚可怜的恐惧相了。她那美丽的眼睛斜起来看她的丈夫的脸,她自己的脸上现出怯弱的讨饶的神情,一头急急地但软弱地摇着下垂的尾巴时的狗的神情。

(董秋斯 译)

Making Up to Customers

Whenever a lady entered the shop, the master would take his hand out of his pocket, lightly touch his moustaches, and glue on a saccharine smile which covered his cheeks with wrinkles without changing the expression of his vacuous eyes. The senior assistant would draw himself up, his elbows pressed to his sides, his hands flapping fawningly. Sasha would blink in the effort to hide his bulging orbs, while I would remain at the door furtively scratching my hands and watching the ceremonial of the sale. (Maxim Gorky, *My Apprenticeship*)

讨好顾客

每一个女顾客进门,老板就把他的手从口袋里抽出来,摸着上髭,装出一副甜蜜的微笑。这种笑容弄得他脸上都是皱纹,可瞎眼的样子依然如故。大店员把两臂紧贴在腰际,挺直身子,两只手恭恭敬敬地悬在空中。萨沙紧张地不断眨眼,极力掩盖那双爆眼睛。我站在店门口,偷偷抓我的手,仔细看他们做生意的规矩。

(奇玉 译)

Fiancier Cowperwood's Dignity

And for the moment his lips stiffened, and his eyes took on that hard, metallic, inscrutable luster which those who mistrusted and feared him hated. Sippens threw out his chest and chin and stood attention. He was a little man, not more than five feet four, but heightened by high-heeled shoes and a top hat that he never doffed to anyone but Cowperwood.

He wore a long double-breasted and skirted coat, which he thought gave him height and dignity. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Stoic*)

媚上欺下

这时候他的嘴唇闭得很紧，他的眼光现出那种冷酷、坚定、刚强以及莫测高深，这都是那些不信任他的，害怕他的人所深恶痛绝的。西盘斯恭恭敬敬地、小心翼翼地站着。他个子小，身长不到五英尺四英寸，但是穿了一双高跟鞋，戴上一顶礼帽，就显得高了许多，那顶礼帽除了柯帕乌之外，他从来对谁也不摘下来。他穿了一身双排钮扣有褶的西服外套，他想这样可以使他显得又高又威严。（余杰 诸葛蕖 译）

13. Embarrassment 尴尬

Awkward at Meeting a Rival in Love

Bewildered by her piercing outcry, Steiner stopped short. Muffat's unexpected presence annoyed him, for he feared an explanation and had been doing his best to avoid it these three months past. With blinking eyes, he stood first on one leg, then on the other, looking embarrassed the while, and avoiding the Count's gaze. He was out of breath, and as became a man who had rushed across Paris with good news only to find himself involved in unforeseen trouble, his face was flushed and distorted. (Émile Zola, *Nana*)

遇见情敌的尴尬

这下尖叫使斯泰内十分惊愕，立刻止住了脚步。在这里出乎意料地遇到米法，使他很扫兴，因为他最害怕解释，所以他三个月来一直躲避着这种事情出现。现在他眨巴着眼睛，尴尬地摇摆着身子，避免碰到伯爵的眼光。他气也喘不过来，脸色通红而沮丧，好像一个人跑遍了全巴黎，特意来报喜信，却碰上了一件倒霉事的模样。（郑永慧 译）

Embarrassment Caused by the Chief's Unexpected Visit

"I suppose you won't turn me out. . . .Glad or not glad, we have to welcome our guests. . ." continued Ivan Ilyitch, continuing to feel embarrassed to the point of weakness. He wanted to smile but no longer could; he felt that to tell his humorous story about Stepan Nikiforovitch and Trifon was becoming progressively less and less possible. Yet

Pseldonymov, as if purposely, would not emerge from his stupor, and continued foolishly gazing at him. Ivan Ilyitch winced, he felt that it wanted only a moment more for the whole situation to become grotesque.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *A Disgraceful Affair*, trans. Nora Gottlieb)

上司突访引起的尴尬

"我想你大概不会把我撵走吧……不管怎么样,你就把我当个客人吧!"伊凡·伊里奇继续说,感到十分狼狈,简直到了束手无策、有失体面的地步,他想笑,但笑不出来;他原来准备用幽默的口吻讲述一下有关斯切潘·尼基福罗维奇和特里丰的事,现在他却觉得越来越难以启齿了。而普谢耳多尼莫夫又好像故意作难似的,仍然站在那儿发愣,眼睛直盯住他,那样儿完全跟傻子一般。伊凡·伊里奇浑身发紧,感到再这样过一分钟,局面就会不可收拾。

(倪亮 译)

Caught at Something Shameful

What happened then was what happens to people who are caught at something shameful. He couldn't manage to put on the right expression for his situation with respect to his wife now that his guilt was exposed. Instead of acting offended, making denials or excuses, asking forgiveness, or even remaining indifferent—anything would have been better than what he did do! —his face quite involuntarily (a reflex of the brain, he thought; he was fond of physiology.) suddenly took on its usual goodhearted and therefore silly smile.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margaret Wettlin)

被揭发后的尴尬

那一瞬间,在他身上发生了一般的人在他们的极不名誉的行为突如其来地被揭发了的时候所常发生的现象。他没有能够使他的脸色适应于他的过失被揭穿后他在妻子面前所处的地位。没有恼怒,否认,替自己辩护,请求饶恕,甚至也没有索性不在乎——随便什么都比他所做的好——他的面孔却完全不由自主地(司忒潘·阿卡谛耶维奇是喜欢生理学的,他认为这是脑神经的反射作用)——完全不由自主地浮出了他那素常的,善良的,因而痴愚的微笑。

(周扬 谢素台 译)

Embarrassed at Being Laughed at

Her laughter lasted several minutes, and Ganya's face certainly was

terribly distorted. His stupefaction, his comic crest-fallen confusion had suddenly left him. But he turned fearfully pale, his lips worked convulsively. He bent a silent, intent and evil look on the face of his visitor, who still went on laughing.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

被嘲笑时的尴尬

这一阵笑持续了好大一会儿工夫,加尼亚果然神色大变。他那种目瞪口呆的模样,他那副可笑的胆怯狼狈相一下子都不见了;但他的面色煞白煞白的,嘴唇像抽风似地扭曲着;他以不祥的眼光定睛注视着还在笑的女客人。

(荣如德 译)

Looking Awkward When Suddenly Seeing His Old Lover

But the moment that she moved again he recognized her. The effect upon her old lover was electric, far stronger than the effect of his presence upon her. His fire, the tumultuous ring of his eloquence, seemed to go out of him. His lips struggled and trembled under the words that lay upon it; but deliver them it could not as long as she faced him. His eyes, after their first glance upon her face, hung confusedly in every other direction but hers, but came back in a desperate leap every few seconds. This paralysis lasted, however, but a short time; for Tess's energies returned with the atrophy of his, and she walked as fast as she was able past the barn and onward. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

突遇旧情人时的尴尬

但是她一活动,他就立刻认出她来了。只见她那个旧情人,当时好像过电的一样,因为她对于他的影响,比他对于她的可就大得多了。他那番劝善的热心,他那滔滔的讲辞,都一齐停止,一齐消灭了。他嘴里的话,本来想说出来,但是因为她在面前,他的嘴唇却只剩了挣扎颤抖的份儿了,一个字也说不出来了。他看见她以后,他的眼睛就四下里乱瞧,不知往哪儿放才好,只是不敢往苔丝那儿瞧,却又忍不住,过不几秒钟,就不顾死活地瞧她一眼;他这种瞠目结舌的情况,只延长了不大一会儿的工夫;因为在德伯精神瘫痪的时候,苔丝已经气力恢复,尽力急忙走过仓房,往前去了。 (张玲 译)

Looking Embarrassed after Being Seen Through

"I cannot say I do," said I, "Andrew; but I should like to hear you

explain yourself;" and therewithal I slipped a crownpiece into Andrew's horn-hard hand. The touch of the silver made him grin a ghastly smile, as he nodded slowly, and thrust it into his breeches pocket; and then, like a man who well understood that there was value to be returned, stood up, and rested his arms on his spade, with his features composed into the most important gravity, as for some serious communication.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

被人看穿心思时面露尴尬

"我不懂,安德鲁。"我说。"可是,我想请您把您的意思说得明白些。"我边说边把一枚五先令银币,塞到他那粗糙的手掌里。接触银币的感觉,使他的脸上浮起一个尴尬的笑容。他一面缓缓地点了点头,一面把钱塞进了他的裤袋。接着,他显出一副充分懂得必须用有价值的东西来还报你的神气,挺起了身体,把两手撑在铁铲的长柄上。最后,他的脸显出一副一本正经的神色,仿佛要告诉你一件极其重要的事情。 (李俍民 译)

14. Pitifulness 可怜

Piteous Regret

He raised his hand deliberately to his face, and made picking motions with his fingers as though he had been bothered with cobwebs, and afterwards he looked into the open palm for quite half a second before he blurted out—

'I had jumped...' He checked himself, averted his gaze... 'It seems,' he added.

His clear blue eyes turned to me with a piteous stare, and looking at him standing before me, dumbfounded and hurt, I was oppressed by a sad sense of resigned wisdom, mingled with the amused and profound pity of an old man helpless before a childish disaster.

(Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

因悔恨表现出的可怜

他默想着,举起一只手到脸上,手指挑剔着,好像有个蜘蛛网缠着他,然后望着张开的手掌,足足有半秒钟光景,才糊里糊涂说出——

"我跳下去了……"他自己又截住,眼睛也不望着我……"大概是跳下去了吧,"他加上这一句。

他那副碧清的眼睛转向我,怪可怜地瞪着。看他站在我面前,哑巴的样

子，很痛心的神气，我也感到悲哀了，觉得我虽然有智慧，却无从措手，同时又混有老年人看到小孩子般的祸事，爱莫能助时所感到的好玩的、深刻的怜悯。

（梁遇春 袁家骅 译）

The Misery of Being Blamed

Rosamond, while these poisoned weapons were being hurled at her, was almost losing the sense of her identity, and seemed to be waking into some new terrible existence. She had no sense of chill resolute repulsion, of reticent self-justification such as she had known under Lydgate's most stormy displeasure; all her sensibility was turned into a bewildering novelty of pain; she felt a new terrified recoil under a lash never experienced before. What another nature felt in opposition to her own was being burnt and bitten into her consciousness. When Will had ceased to speak she had become an image of sickened misery: her lips were pale, and her eyes had a tearless dismay in them. If it had been Tertius who stood opposite to her, that look of misery would have been a pang to him, and he would have sunk by her side to comfort her, with that strong-armed comfort which she had often held very cheap. (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

遭谴责后的可怜相

这些话像毒箭一样射向罗莎蒙德，使她几乎不再意识到自己的存在，仿佛陷入了一个可怕的梦境。在利德盖特大发雷霆的时候，她那种坚不认错的冷漠态度，那副默不作声、心安理得的神气，都不知去向了。她的全部感觉变成了一种无所适从、茫惑不解的痛苦，在她从未经历过的鞭击面前，她战战兢兢、毂觫不安。她感到，有一种与她的天性格格不入的东西，像一团火似地在刺进她的意识中。到威尔把话讲完的时候，她像生了一场病，变得那么可怜，她的嘴唇苍白，眼睛没有神，但是也没有眼泪。如果这时站在她对面的是泰第乌斯，她这副可怜相会使他感到不忍，于是俯下身子安慰她，他那强壮的手臂的拥抱，在她眼中常常是十分廉价的。（项星耀 译）

Pitible But Laughable

When he told me this he put his hand to his cheek as though he still felt the smart of the blow, and in his eyes was a pain that was heartrending and an amazement that was ludicrous. He looked like an overblown schoolboy, and though I felt so sorry for him, I could hardly help

laughing. (W. Somerset Maugham, *The Moon and Sixpence*)

既可怜又可笑

他一边给我讲这段故事，一边用手摸着脸，好像那火辣辣的痛劲儿到现在还没有过去似的。他的眼睛流露着痛苦而迷惘的神色，他的痛苦让人看着心酸，而他的迷惘又有些滑稽，他活脱儿是个挨了训的小学生；尽管我觉得他很可怜，却禁不住好笑。 (傅惟慈 译)

The Piteous Pleading Looking of a Drunkard

The shaking figure, unnerved and disjointed from head to foot, put out its two hands a little way, as making overtures of peace and reconciliation. Abject tears stood in its eyes, and stained the blotched red of its cheeks. The swollen lead-coloured under-lip trembled with a shameful whine. The whole indecorous threadbare ruin, from the broken shoes to the prematurely grey scanty hair, grovelled. Not with any sense worthy to be called a sense, of this dire reversal of the places of parent and child, but in a pitiful expostulation to be let off from a scolding.

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

醉鬼的可怜相

这个发抖的人，从头到脚都神魂颠倒和脱了关节，把两只手向前微微摊开，像在求和讨好。眼睛里挂着的可怜巴巴的泪珠滚落在他红一块白一块的面颊上，使面颊变得更脏。肿胀的铅灰色的嘴唇抖动着，发出自觉羞愧的嘀咕声，整个这个极不雅观的、衣衫褴褛的、毁掉的人，从脚下一双破鞋到头上那早衰的稀疏的白发，都是一副低三下四的样子。他对于这种父母地位的极端颠倒，毫无任何值得称之为感觉的感觉，而只是苦苦地好言劝说，以求免掉一顿臭骂。 (智量 译)

15. Imploration 乞求

Interceding for Her Son

His sister Nina, at home because it was Sunday, sat frowning on her bed with averted eyes while the quarrel went on, keeping her thoughts to herself as usual. Her mother, a kindly and weak woman prematurely aged, who had spent her whole life working in the fields or bending over the kitchen stove, was tormented by the overriding fear that, in his rage, her husband might curse her Vanya and turned him out of the house. Every

time the father spoke she tried to propitiate him with a winning smile and a wagging of her head and when the son spoke she still looked at her husband, but with a forced smile and blinking as if ask him to listen to what their son had to say and to forgive him, although they, the old folk, knew there was no rhyme or reason in it.

(A. Fadeyev, *The Young Guard*, trans. Violet Dutt)

替儿子求情

因为是星期天,妮娜姐姐这时候在家。她皱着眉头坐在自己床上,不去看两个争吵的人;像平时一样,别人也猜不出她在想什么心事。母亲是一个善良的妇女,早衰得厉害,身体很弱。她整个的生活圈子不是在地里干活,就是围着锅台转。她最担心亚历山大·费奥多罗维奇在火头上会诅咒万尼亚,把他撵出去。在父亲说话的时候,她讨好地向他点头,希望他能发点慈悲,而在儿子说话时,她又装出笑容望着老伴,挤着眼,仿佛叫他还是耐着性听听儿子的话,原谅他,尽管他们老两口都明白儿子的话是多么没有道理。 (水夫 译)

The Captured Begging for Life

He fell prostrate before the female Chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plait. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstacy of fear was such, that instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

俘虏乞求饶恕

他匍匐在这位女酋长面前,打算抱住她的双膝,可是她退回去,好像接触他就是对神灵的亵渎,因此他只能吻她方格花呢披风的边缘,以表示他的极度卑屈。我从来不曾听到过这种哀求饶命的痛苦声音。恐惧到了极点的时候,竟然使他一反连话也说不出来的常态,变得口若悬河,滔滔不绝;他的双颊已转为死灰,他的两手痛苦地绞扭在一起,他的眼睛也好似在对所有活人作最后的一瞥,但他那张嘴巴却不断赌重誓、发恶咒地反复声辩,说他完全是清白无

辜的。 （李俍民 译）

The Employee Looking Pleadingly at His Boss

"Right, Chief, I understand. All I ask, though, is that if I can be useful to you anywhere over there afterward, I hope you'll keep me in mind. I've worked with you so long, Chief, and so close, it would be hard on me if after all this time..." he paused and stared at Cowperwood almost pleadingly, and Cowperwood returned his look blandly but at the same time inscrutably. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Stoic*)

雇员恳求关照

"对，老总，我明白。不过，我所要求的是，将来，在那儿我要是可以效点劳，我希望您会惦记着我。我跟随您工作已经这么久了，老总，又这么密切，我会觉得很难受的，如果这一次到头来……"他停下来，几乎是带着恳求的神情盯着柯帕乌，柯帕乌温和地，但同时也是莫测高深地还他一眼。

（余杰 诸葛霖 译）

16. Cowardice 胆怯

Dull-Witted and Uneasy

Arkady looked at Bazarov's disciple. The small but pleasant features of his clean-scrubbed face had a restless and dull-witted expression; smallish deep-set eyes stared fixedly and uneasily, and he laughed uneasily—a sort of short, wooden laugh.

(Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*)

局促不安

阿尔卡季望着巴扎罗夫的学生。这张小而讨人喜欢的、刮得干干净净的脸上露出一种慌张而又愚蠢的表情；他那一对小眼睛好像是给压进去的，它们注意地而且局促不安地望着人，他的笑声也是局促不安的——一种短促的、呆板的笑声。 （巴金 译）

Shy and Scared

Badin always ate with Shramm and the stout Doctor Suksin (labelled sucekggs behind his back), the head of the public health department, who was always taciturn, shy and scared, always sweaty, deaf and distraught. Paunchy, unshaven, his skull bristly as a horse-hair brush, he looked with

bewilderment into Badin's eyes, never understanding a word the chairman said—or anyone else, for that matter—though he eagerly agreed to everything, with a sound that came not from his throat but from his gut:

"Yee-ar, Yee-ar..."

Articulation gave him trouble because his tongue was too big: it did not fit in his mouth and tended to slip out, like a slug, when he talked.

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

胆怯害怕

巴津一向是跟希拉姆和卫生处处长苏克内伊(人们背后恶毒地管他叫狗崽子)一桌吃饭。这个胖子医生老是那样不声不响,老是那样胆怯害怕,老是那样淌着汗发呆,露出一副神思恍惚的样子。面孔浮肿,胡子拉碴,脑瓜儿上扎煞着马鬃似的硬发,他茫然无主地冲着巴津的眼睛里瞅,始终听不懂执委会主席说了些什么,其他在座的又说了些什么,他对所有的人都恭恭敬敬,那说话声音不是从嗓子里而是从肚子里发出的:

"是——呵……是——呵——呵……"

他说话很费力,因为他的舌头大得过了分,嘴里容纳不下它,于是一说话它就像鼻涕虫似地爬出来了。 (叶冬心 译)

Utterly Humble

Then he glanced at Miriam. She was poring over the book, seemed absorbed in it, yet trembling lest she could not get it. It made him cross. She was ruddy and beautiful. Yet her soul seemed to be intensely supplicating. The algebra book she closed, shrinking, knowing he was angered; and at the same instant he grew gentle, seeing her hurt because she did not understand.

But things came slowly to her. And when she held herself in a grip, seemed so utterly humble before the lesson, it made his blood rouse. He stormed at her, got ashamed, continued the lesson, and grew furious again, abusing her. She listened in silence. Occasionally, very rarely, she defended herself. Her liquid dark eyes blazed at him.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

诚惶诚恐

他看了一眼米丽亚姆。她正扑在那本书上,像是全神贯注的样子,然而身子却直打哆嗦,生怕自己不明白。她这副模样真让他生气。她脸色红润而美

丽，然而她的内心却似乎在拼命地祈求什么。她合上那本代数书，知道他生气了，不由得畏缩了。与此同时也看出，她因为听不懂而伤了自尊心，他态度就温柔了些。

接着，讲课进度慢了些。她战战兢兢地竭力想明白讲的内容，那诚惶诚恐的紧张兮兮的样子又让他冒火。他对她大发雷霆，接着又觉得不好意思了，又接着上课。后来，教着教着又发火了，又责备了她，她只默默地听着。偶尔，很难得的，她也为自己辩解几句。那双水汪汪的大眼睛对他直冒金星。

（刘一之　等译）

17. Shame　羞愧

Ashamed beyond Words

I looked at him. The red of his fair sun-burnt complexion deepened suddenly under the down of his cheeks, invaded his forehead, spread to the roots of his curly hair. His ears became intensely crimson, and even the clear blue of his eyes was darkened many shades by the rush of blood to his head. his lips pouted a little, trembling as though he had been on the point of bursting into tears. I perceived he was incapable of pronouncing a word from the excess of his humiliation.

(Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

羞愧难言

我望着他。他那个给太阳晒黑了的漂亮的脸盘鬓毛底下绯红了，接着他的额头也红了，一直扩张到他卷发的发根了。他的耳朵红得非常厉害，连他那副深蓝色的眼睛都因为血液跑到头上，变暗淡得多了。他的嘴唇稍微撅着，好像他快哭出眼泪了。我看他是羞得说不出一个字来了。

（梁遇春　袁家骅　译）

Despairing Shame

Suddenly Ippolit got up, horribly pale and with an expression of terrible, almost despairing, shame on his distorted face. It was expressed chiefly in his eyes, which looked with fear and hatred at the company, and in the vacant, twisted, and abject grin on his quivering lips.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

绝望的愧色

忽然，伊波利特站了起来，面色煞白，五官变了样的脸上带着可怕的，简直

是绝望的愧色。这主要表现为他又恨又怕地望着众人的那种目光，表现为浮现在他哆嗦的嘴唇上那丝迷茫扭曲的冷笑。 （荣如德 译）

Abashed Because of Mother's Ignorance

Nothing that she could say, however, had any influence. Her mother would talk of her views in the same intelligible tone. Elizabeth blushed and blushed again with shame and vexation. She could not help frequently glancing her eye at Mr. Darcy, though every glance convinced her of what she dreaded; for though he was not always looking at her mother, she was convinced that his attention was invariably fixed on her. The expression of his face changed gradually from indignant contempt to a composed and steady gravity. （Jane Austin, *Pride and Prejudice*）

因母亲的浅薄而羞愧

不过，任凭她怎么说都没有用。她的母亲偏偏要大声发表高见。伊丽莎白又羞又恼，脸蛋红了又红。她禁不住一眼眼望着达西先生，每望一眼会越发证实了自己的疑虑。因为达西虽然并没有老是瞧着她的母亲，却准是一直在留心听她高谈阔论。他脸上先是显出气愤和厌恶的表情，慢慢地变得冷静庄重，一本正经。 （罗文华 译）

Shameful Expression

A perception caused him to withdraw his own eyes from hers as suddenly as if he had been caught in a theft. Recollection of the strange antics she had indulged in when passing through the trees was succeeded in the girl by a nettled palpitation, and that by a hot face. It was a time to see a woman redden who was not given to reddening as a rule; not a point in the milkmaid but was of the deepest rose-colour. From the Maiden's Blush, through all varieties of the Provence down to the Crimson Tuscany the countenance of Oak's acquaintance quickly graduated; whereupon he, in considerateness, turned away his head.

（Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*）

满面羞色

一种感觉使他像作贼被抓住了手似地突然从她的身上收回了自己的眼光。想起穿过树林时所做出的古怪举动，这姑娘烦恼得心直跳，脸上火辣辣的。这是看看平时不好脸红的女人满面通红的一次机会，这倒并不是说挤奶

女郎就是不爱脸红，而是因为那玫瑰红的颜色实在太深了。奥克的这位相识的脸上的玫瑰红很快地从"处女羞"变成了普罗旺斯葡萄酒的颜色，最后竟变成了深红色的图斯卡尼玫瑰的颜色了；看到这种情景，奥克体谅地把头转开了。（陈亦君 译）

Shyness on Mentioning Her Lover

As she said this, she shone with a beauty which struck Gringoire powerfully and seemed to him in perfect harmony with the almost Oriental exaltation of her words. Her pure, rosy lips were half smiling; her candid, serene forehead was clouded now and then by her thoughts, like a mirror which is momentarily breathed upon; and from her long, lowered eyelashes emanated a kind of ineffable light which gave her profile that ideal sweetness which Raphael was later to find at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity and divinity.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

提起心上人的羞涩

这街头献舞的姑娘说这话的时候，格外艳丽，格兰古瓦感动异常。在他看来，这样的美貌正是同她言辞的几乎东方式的魅力完全协调的，她那纯洁的鲜红嘴唇微微泛起微笑，她那率真而又端庄的容颜由于思虑不时显得暗淡，就好像镜子上哈了一口气似的；黑黑长长的睫毛低垂，时时射出无可形容的光芒，使她整个面貌显得那样芬芳沁人，——正是后世拉斐尔把处女的纯洁，母性的美丽和神祇的圣明，神秘地交汇糅合恰到好处而获致的典范。（管震湖 译）

Shyness on Seeing Her Lover

She wakened once more; her soft eyes opened, and met his overbending look. She smiled gently, as a baby does when it sees its mother teuding its little cot; and continued her innocent, infantine gaze into his face as if the sight gave her much unconscious pleasure. But by-and-by a different expression came into her sweet eyes; a look of memory and intelligence; her white face flushed the brightest rosy red, and with feeble motion she tried to hide her head in the pillow.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

见到情人的羞涩

她又醒了；她又张开她那柔和的眼睛，正好接触到他俯身下视的眼神。她

微微地笑一笑，正像一个婴儿看见母亲来到她小床边那样；她又继续用了那种天真无邪的婴儿似的目光凝视着他的脸，仿佛看着他不知不觉会有一种欢喜。可是隔了一会，她那美丽的眼睛里出现了一种不同的表情。脸上显露出有了记忆和知觉的神情；苍白的面颊上更透出一层更鲜艳的玫瑰色的红晕；她虽然四肢无力，可是依然挣扎着，把脸蛋躲进了枕头里面。（荷枚 余贵棠 译）

18. Honesty 忠厚

Infectious Sincerity

Mr. Cadwallader was a large man, with full lips and a sweet smile; very plain and rough in his exterior, but with that solid imperturbable ease and good-humour which is infectious, and like great grassy hills in the sunshine, quiets even an irritated egoism, and makes it rather ashamed of itself. (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

感人的忠厚

卡德瓦拉德先生是大个子，嘴唇厚厚的，脸上挂着亲热的笑容。他的外表朴实无华，有些粗犷，但神态安详、泰然自若，流露出一种感人的忠厚气质。他有些像阳光下一片苍翠欲滴的青山，使你眼前仿佛豁然开朗，尘念顿消，还为自己的私心杂念感到可耻。（项星耀 译）

Simple and Honest

His face would have little to recommend it except youth, were it not for an expression that seldom failed to win upon those who had leisure to examine it, and to yield to the feeling of confidence it created. This expression was simply that of guileless truth, sustained by an earnestness of purpose, and a sincerity of feeling, that rendered it remarkable. At times the air of integrity seemed to be so simple as to awaken the suspicion of a want of the usual means to discriminate between artifice and truth, but few came in serious contact with the man, without losing this distrust in respect for his opinions and motives. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer*)

纯朴敦厚

他那张脸，除了年轻以外，说不上特别俊美，但那表情，准能博得有闲朝它细细打量一番的人的好感，这表情充分反映了他的淳朴敦厚、忠诚老实以及坚强的性格和真挚的感情。有时候，他那如此天真的神态，甚至会引人犯疑，疑心在这背后是否隐藏着某种狡猾，然而只要和他真正一接触，对他的怀疑立刻

就会冰消瓦解。 （宋兆霖 译）

The Honest Look of the Clerk of Bon Marché

And thereupon she introduced her lover, and Denise felt at her ease at once, he seemed such a nice fellow. Big, and strong as an ox, with a long Flemish face, in which his expressionless eyes twinkled with infantile puerility, Baugé was the youngest son of a grocer of Dunkerque, and had come to Paris, almost driven from home by his father and brother, who thought him a fearful dunce. However, he now made three thousand five hundred francs a year at the Bon Marché. Certainly *in* some things he was rather stupid, but he proved a very good hand in the linen department.

（Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*）

面容厚道的店员

她把她的情人介绍给她，黛妮丝立刻就觉得安心，因为这个男人的样子很老实。包杰的身材高大，有一股耕牛似的持久的气力，他生有一副法郎德斯人的长面孔，两只没有表情的眼睛含着孩子般稚气的微笑。他诞生在敦扣克，是一个食品杂货商的小儿子，他的爸爸和哥哥都认为他是一个非常笨的东西，差不多是把他赶了出来，他就到了巴黎。眼前在好公道（商店），他每年可以赚到三千五百法郎。他是愚笨的，可是在布行里却是十分能干。 （侍桁 译）

19. Naivety 天真

Young and Green

When Katya spoke, she smiled very charmingly, timidly and candidly, and looked up and down in a rather amusingly stern way. Everything about her was still young and green: her voice, the down on her face, her rosy hands with white-circled palms, her slightly pinched shoulders. She blushed continually and breathed quickly.

（Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*）

年轻而天真

卡佳讲话的时候，脸上带着微笑，这笑容是很动人的、害羞的、坦白的；她又做出一种又滑稽又正经的样子偷偷望她的姐姐。她的一切都是非常年轻的，还没有成熟的：她的声音，她脸上的柔毛，粉红色的手带着白净的、起涡的掌心，略微瘦削的两肩……她不住地红脸，喘气。 （巴金 译）

Naively Disclosing Her Secret

she quickly put down the candle and run off. She must have remembered something or wanted to show me something. As she was running away, she again blushed all over, her eyes were shining, a smile flitted over her lips—what could it mean? I waited against my will. She came back in a minute and looked at me as though asking forgiveness for something. It was altogether a different look from a few hours ago—sullen, mistrustful, and obstinate. Now her eyes were soft and beseeching, and at the same time trustful, tender, and shy. So do children look at people they are very fond of and from whom they expect some favour. She had light-brown eyes, beautiful and full of life, eyes which could express love as well as sullen hatred.

Without a word of explanation, as though I, like a sort of higher being, ought to know everything without explanations, she held out a piece of paper to me. At that moment her whole face was radiant with the most naive, most childlike, triumph.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Notes From the Underground*, trans. David Magarshack)

孩子般地吐露真情

"你等一下。"我们在过道里快走近大门口的时候，她突然扯了扯我的大衣，叫我停下，然后急忙放下蜡烛，奔了回去，——看来她想起了什么，或者想拿什么东西给我看。她奔去的时候满面红光，两眼闪亮，唇边漾着笑意，——这是怎么回事？我不由自主地等待着，一会儿她回来了，眼神里似乎包含着某种歉意。总的来说，这已经不是刚才的那张脸，不是刚才的那种眼神——忧郁、疑惧和固执的眼神。眼下她的目光是恳切的、柔和的，同时又是信赖的、温柔的、怯生生的。孩子们瞧着自己所喜欢的人，想求他做什么事的时候用的就是这种目光。她的眸子是浅褐色的，妩媚，水灵，能映照出她的爱和阴沉的恨。

她没向我作解释，——好像我是什么超人似的，不需任何说明便能洞悉一切，——她把一张纸递给了我。这一瞬间，她的整个脸上洋溢着天真无邪的、几乎是孩子气的喜悦。

(顾柏林 译)

The Innocent Looking of Two Small Children While They Played

The two children, who were dressed prettily and with some taste, were radiant; they looked like two roses among old iron. Their eyes were a triumph, their healthy cheeks laughed; one had auburn hair, the other black; their innocent faces had a look of delighted surprise; a flowering shrub a little distance off sent to passers-by a perfume which seemed to come from them; and the eighteen months old one displayed her pretty little bare stomach with the chaste indecency of childhood.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

嬉戏中的孩子的天真模样

两个欢欢喜喜的孩子，确也打扮得惹人喜爱，是有人细心照顾着的，就像废铁中的两朵蔷薇；她们的眼睛，神气十足，鲜润的脸蛋儿笑嘻嘻的。一个的头发是栗色，另一个是棕色。她们天真的面庞露出又惊又喜的神气。附近有一丛野花对着行人频送香味，人家总以为那香味是从她们那里来的。十八个月的那个，天真烂漫，露出她那赤裸裸、挺可爱的小肚皮。 （长江 译）

20. Cunningness 阴险狡诈

The Cunning Bodymaster

At the far end, with his body resting upon the bar and a cigar stuck at an acute angle from the corner of his mouth, stood a tall, strong, heavily built man who could be none other than the famous McGinty himself. He was a black-maned giant, bearded to the cheek-bones, and with a shock of raven hair which fell to his collar. His complexion was as swarthy as that of an Italian, and his eyes were of a strange dead black, which, combined with a slight squint, gave them a particularly sinister appearance.

All else in the man—his noble proportions, his fine features, and his frank bearing—fitted in with that jovial, man-to-man manner which he affected. Here, one would say, is a bluff, honest fellow, whose heart would be sound however rude his outspoken words might seem. It was only when those dead, dark eyes, deep and remorseless, were turned upon a man that he shrank within himself, feeling that he was face to face with an infinite possibility of latent evil, with a strength and courage and cunning

behind it which made it a thousand times more deadly.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Valley of Fear*)

狡诈的匪首

在酒店的另一端,一个身材高大,体格健壮的人,侧身倚在柜台旁,一支雪茄从他嘴角斜伸出来形成一个锐角,这就是大名鼎鼎的麦金蒂本人。他是一个黝黑的巨人,满脸络腮胡子,一头墨黑蓬乱的头发直披到他的衣领上。他的皮肤像意大利人一样黝黑,他的双眼黑得惊人,轻蔑地斜视着别人,这使他显得格外的阴险和袭人。

这个人体型匀称,相貌不凡,性格坦率,都符合他所假装出来那种爽朗诚实的样子。人们会说,这是一个坦率诚实的人,他忠实善良,不管他说起话来多么粗鲁。只有当他那双阴沉而残忍的乌黑眼睛对准别人时,对方便会缩成一团,感到他面对着的是潜在的无限灾祸,其后显示的实力、胆量和狡诈,使这种灾祸显得万分严重。 (岳文楚 周可等 译)

Craftiness under a Motherly Face

And it was then that Yvette, looking round, suddenly saw the stony, implacable will-to-power in the old and motherly-seeming Granny. She sat there bulging backwards in her chair, impassive, her reddish, pendulous old face rather mottled, almost unconscious, but implacable, her face like a mask that hid something stony, relentless. It was the static inertia of her unsavoury power. Yet in a minute she would open her ancient mouth to find out every detail about Leo Wetherell. For the moment she was hibernating in her oldness, her agedness. But in a minute her old mouth would open, her mind would flicker awake, and with her insatiable greed for life, other people's life, she would start on her quest for every detail. She was like the old toad which Yvette had watched, fascinated, as it sat on the edge of the bee-hive, immediately in front of the little entrance by which the bees emerged, and which, with a demonish lightning-like snap of its pursed jaws, caught every bee as it came out to launch into the air, swallowed them one after the other, as if it could consume the whole hive-full, into its aged, bulging, purse-like wrinkledness. It had been swallowing bees as they launched into the air of spring, year after year, year after year, for generations.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

慈爱掩盖下的狡猾

叶薇蒂环顾四周，突然看清了慈母模样的老奶奶身上那种冷酷无情而又不可捉摸的支配欲望。她仍身坐在椅子里，表情冷漠，那张微红而下垂的老脸上布满斑点，几乎没有知觉，然而又神秘莫测。她的脸像是一个假面具，掩饰着她那冷酷无情的内心。这是她那令人讨厌的权威的惰性的表现。然而，只一眨眼的功夫，她便张开老口，详细地询问起利奥·威泽热尔的情况。她因年老而暂时蛰伏，但是过了不一会儿，她便开口说话，脑子里闪出了火花；她带着对生活——别人的生活——难以满足的渴望，询问起一切细节。她就像叶薇蒂曾经观察过并为之吸引的那只老蛤蟆，坐在蜂窝的突出物上，守着蜜蜂经常出入的小孔。它那起皱的嘴巴恶魔似地，闪电般地一张，便逮住了一只钻出蜂窝想飞向天空的蜜蜂。它将钻出来的蜜蜂一只一只地吞食下去，仿佛能将整窝蜜蜂都吞入它那苍老起皱的、胀鼓鼓的、口袋似的肚子里去。它年复一年又年复一年地吞食那些想飞向春天的晴空里去的蜜蜂，已经吃了好几代蜜蜂了。

（查培德　译）

Wild Slyness

The individual to whom Lowten alluded, was a little yellow high-shouldered man, whose countenance, from his habit of stooping forward when silent, Mr. Pickwick had not observed before. He wondered though, when the old man raised his shrivelled face, and bent his grey eye upon him, with a keen inquiring look, that such remarkable features could have escaped his attention for a moment. There was a fixed grim smile perpetually on his countenance; he leant his chin on a long skinny hand, with nails of extraordinary length; and as he inclined his head to one side, and looked keenly out from beneath his ragged grey eyebrows, there was a strange, wild slyness in his leer, quite repulsive to behold.

（Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*）

狂暴的狡诈神情

劳顿所指的人是一个矮小的、黄色的、耸肩膀的人，他的脸在沉默的时候有向前垂着的习惯，所以匹克威克先生先前没有看见。可是当老头子抬起皱脸，灰色的亮晶晶的眼睛发出锐利的探究的光芒，对他盯着的时候，他觉得这样一副奇突的相貌竟被他一时忽略掉了，真是怪事。老年人的脸上始终有一种固定的不变的狞笑；他的下巴托在一只手上，那手又长又枯瘦，长得特别长的指甲；他的头歪在一边，眼光从毛茸茸的灰色眉毛下面对外面锐利地扫射的

时候，他的睨视里显出一种奇怪而狂暴的狡诈神情，看上去叫人十分讨厌。

（蒋天佐 译）

As Cunning as Smiling Foxes

In such a short time he had learned a wholesome terror of landladies in that city. They were smiling foxes, famished wolves, slovenly house cats, mere tigers, hyenas, furies, harpies; and sometimes worst of all they were sodden melancholy human beings who carried the history of their disasters in their faces, who all but wept when they saw him escape, as if he carried their last hope with him.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *The Leaning Tower*)

狐狸般狡诈

在这么短短的时间里，他已经尝到这个城市里的女房东的滋味，对她们感到害怕，不得不小心提防了。她们是微笑的狐狸、饿慌了的狼、邋遢的家猫、地道的母老虎，阴险得像鬣狗、凶暴得像复仇女神、贪婪得像鸟身女妖，最糟糕的是，有时候她们却是眼光呆滞、神情忧伤的人，脸上显出以前受苦受难的痕迹，她们看到他逃走，几乎要哭出来，好像他带走了她们最后的希望似的。

（鹿金 译）

Wearing a Mask

Remembering what the prudent Planchet had told him about his landlord's sinister character, he looked at him more attentively than he had ever done before. He noticed the sickly, yellowish pallor caused by an infiltration of bile in the blood; that might not be significant, hut he also noticed something cunning and treacherous in the wrinkles of his face. A criminal does not laugh in the same way as an honest man, a hypocrite does not shed the same tears as a man of good faith. Duplicity is a mask, and no matter how well made that mask may be, it can always be distinguished from the face with a little attention.

It thus seemed to D'artagnan that Bonacieux was wearing a mask, and that it was very unpleasant to see.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

伪善的面具

处事谨慎的布朗谢昨晚上对主人讲了房东好些坏话，说他为人奸诈阴险，

这会儿布朗谢的话又在达德尼昂的脑际冒了出来，叫他不由得比以前用心得多地端详起这位房东来。果然，除了那副淡白泛黄病态的脸容，不知是胆汁渗透到了血里去的缘故，还是碰巧天生就是这样的，达德尼昂另外还注意到这张脸的一道道皱纹之间确实透出一股阴鸷的奸相。一个无赖笑起来自会跟正派人有所不同，一个伪君子的哭相也不会跟老实人的一个样。伪善终究只是一副面具，无论这面具多么精巧，只要你稍加注意，还是能看出它并非真正的面孔。

因而，在达德尼昂眼里，博纳修先生好比戴面具，即便看上去和颜悦色，终究还是副面具。（周克希 译）

The Look of Cunning Blended with the Stare of Vacancy

The countenance of Captain Borroughcliffe, when the sentinel admitted him to the apartment he had selected, was in that state of doubtful illumination, when looks of peculiar cunning blend so nicely with the stare of vacancy, that the human face is vendered not unlike an April day, now smiling and inviting, and at the next moment clouded and dreary. It was quite apparent that the soldier had an object for his unexpected visit, by the importance of his air and the solemnity of the manner with which he entered on the business. He waved his hand for the sentinel to retire, with lofty dignity, and continued balancing his body, during the closing of the door, and while a sound continued audible to his confused faculties, with his eyes fixed in the direction of the noise, with that certain sort of wise look that in many men supplies the place of something better. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pilot*)

茫然中又显露狡诈

当卫兵开门让波鲁克利夫上尉走进他指定的那个房间时，上尉脸上的表情是在将悟未悟之间，他两眼发呆，茫然若失的神色中带有几分狡诈，因此这副面孔倒像四月的天气，开始是阳光灿烂，景色诱人，刹那间又变得阴霾蔽天，满目凄凉了。从这个军人煞有介事的神气和他严肃的办事态度来看，他这回不期而至显然有他的目的。他威严地挥了挥手，示意卫兵退出去。他的感官有些紊乱，关门的时候，听到有个声音在响，他继续保持身体的平衡，两眼死死盯住有声响的地方，脸上露出一种狡狯的神色，许多人常用这种神色来掩饰自己的困惑。（倪健华 译）

The Upstart Who's Too Profound to be Understood

A kind of illegibility, though a different kind, stole over Mr. Boffin's face. Its old simplicity of expression got masked by a certain craftiness that assimilated even his good-humour to itself. His very smile was cunning, as if he had been studying smiles among the portraits of his misers. Saving an occasional burst of impatience, or coarse assertion of his mastery, his good-humour remained to him, but it had now a sordid alloy of distrust; and though his eyes should twinkle and all his face should laugh, he would sit holding himself in his own arms, as if he had an inclination to hoard himself up, and must always grudgingly stand on the defensive. (Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

高深莫测的暴发户

不知不觉之间,鲍芬先生脸上有了一种虽是意味不同,却也莫测高深的味道。在他过去那种淳朴的表情上笼罩了一层面具,这是某种狡猾的表情,甚至使他原先的和善态度也变成好像是狡猾的了。连他的笑容也是诡诈的,仿佛他一直在他的那些守财奴的画像上研究他们的笑容似的。除了偶尔忍不住发作一阵,或者以主人家的身份粗暴地吆喝几声之外,他的和善本性并没有泯灭,然而其中如今已经搀杂了一种讨人厌的不信任感;尽管他的两只眼睛还会闪光,他的整个脸上还会挂着笑容,他却老是紧抱双臂坐在那里,仿佛是有意要藏起自己,仿佛他必须一天到晚斤斤计较地进行防御。 (智量 译)

21. Greediness 贪婪

Portraits of Pigs

With their nervous dogs wailing in their arms, the people, shameless mounds of fat, stood in a trance of pig worship, gazing with eyes damp with admiration and appetite. They resembled the most unkind caricatures of themselves, but they were the very kind of people that Holbein and Durer and Urs Graf had drawn, too: not vaguely, but positively like, their late-medieval faces full of hallucinated malice and a kind of sluggish but intense cruelty that worked its gluttonous fat.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *The Leaning Tower*)

贪馋人的自画像

那些人,胖得像一大堆一大堆肥肉的人,抱着他们的胆小的、呜呜乱叫的狗,站在那儿,陶醉在猪的崇拜里,神情恍惚,眼睛湿润润的,显出一副赞美和

馋嘴的模样。他们就像他们自己的最挖苦的漫画像,可是他们也是霍尔因斯、丢勒和乌尔斯·格拉夫画过的那种人:不是隐隐约约地像,而是一望即知地像,他们的中世纪后期的脸上显出一种由幻觉产生的恶意和迟钝而强烈的残忍性,这种残忍性仿佛是从他们的心底深处慢腾腾地透过一层层贪嘴积下来的、厚得没法对付的脂肪,好不容易才升到他们的脸上的。 (鹿金 译)

Leering upon Food

There was something in the sound of the last word which roused the unctuous boy. He jumped up; and the leaden eyes, which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks, leered horribly upon the food as he unpacked it from the basket.

"Now make haste," said Mr. Wardle; for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon, which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply, and, bestowing an ardent gaze upon its plumpness, unwillingly consigned it to his master.

(Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*)

贪恋美食

"吃的东西"这几个字眼里面有种什么东西使那叫人感到油腻的孩子振奋了起来。他跳起来从篮子里拿出食物,一面用他那双藏在像山一样鼓起来的两颊后面眨动着的没有光泽的眼睛,可怕地对那些食物睨视着。

"哪,快些。"华尔德先生说;因为胖孩子恋恋不舍地拿住一只阉鸡,好像完全不可能放手了。被催促之后,他就深深叹一口气,并且热烈地凝视一番它的肥壮,然后才不情愿地交给了它的主人。 (蒋天佐 译)

Hungery for Reading

He glanced around at his friend reading the letter and saw the books on the table. Into his eyes leaped a wistfulness and a yearning as promptly as the yearning leaps into the eyes of a starving man at sight of food. An impulsive stride, with one lurch to right and left of the shoulders, brought him to the table, where he began affectionately handling the books. He glanced at the titles and the authors' names, read fragments of text, caressing the volumes with his eyes and hands, and once, recognized a book he had read. For the rest, they were strange books and strange authors. He chanced upon a volume of Swinburne and began reading

steadily, forgetful of where he was, his face glowing.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

如饥似渴读书的神情

他掉过头去望望在读信的朋友，看到了桌子上的那些书。他眼睛里顿时出现一股热烈的渴望，活像饿着肚子的人一看到食物，眼睛里顿时露出贪馋的神色一般。他凭着冲动迈一大步，肩膀左一摇右一摆的，就到了桌子边，亲切地翻阅起书本来。他看着一本本书的书名和作者的名字，挑几段文字阅读一番，眼睛爱恋地瞅着，双手抚摸着这些书本，有一次，还认出一本他以前看过的书。除了这本以外，可全是陌生的，作者也全是陌生的。他偶然翻到一本史文朋的诗集，就一直看下去，忘掉了自己在什么地方，脸上红通通的。

(吴劳 译)

Watching the Gold at the Death Bed

At last death drew near, and the cooper's strong frame wrestled with destruction. Even then he obstinately sat in his accustomed seat by the fire, in front of his strong-room door; and he would pull off all the blankets they tried to keep round him, and roll them up, saying to Nanon, "Lock it up, lock that away, so that it won't be stolen."

So long as he could open his eyes, which still looked wide awake and full of life, in contrast to his inert body, he would turn them at once to the door of his strong-room where all his treasure lay, and say to his daughter, "Are they there? Are they there?" in a voice which betrayed a kind of panic fear.

"Yes, father."

"Watch over the gold!... Let me see some gold!"

Eugénie would spread some louis on a table for him, and he would sit for hours at a time with his eyes fixed on the coins, with the blank, fascinate gaze of a child who is just beginning to notice objects, and like a child he would painfully smile. "That warms me!" he said from time to time, with an expression of perfect contentment on his face.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Eugenié Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

命终不舍财

末了，终于到了弥留时期，那儿日老头儿结实的身子进入了毁灭的阶段。他要坐在火炉旁边，密室之前。他把身上的毯子一齐拉紧，裹紧，嘴里对拿侬

说着：

"裹紧，裹紧，别给人家偷了我的东西。"

他所有的生命力都退守在眼睛里了，他能够睁开眼的时候，立刻转到满屋财宝的密室门上：

"在那里吗？在那里吗？"问话的声音显出他惊慌得厉害。

"在那里呢，父亲。"

"你看住金子！…… 拿来放在我面前！"

欧也妮把金路易铺在桌上，他几小时的用眼睛盯着，好像一个才知道观看的孩子呆望着同一件东西；也像孩子一般，他露出一点儿很吃力的笑意。有时他说一句："这样好教我心里暖和！"脸上的表情仿佛进入了极乐世界。

（傅雷 译）

22. Painfulness 痛苦

A Guilty Conscience

"He turned upon me, his eyes suddenly amazed and full of pain, with a bewildered, startled, suffering face, as though he had tumbled down from a star. Neither you nor I will ever look like this on any man. He shuddered profoundly, as if a cold finger-tip had touched his heart. Last of all he sighed. (Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

因内疚而痛苦

"他转过身子来向着我，忽然现出惊奇的眼色，十分沉痛的样子，脸上有种迷乱、慌张、苦痛的神气，好像他是从一颗明星上跌下来的。你我都绝不会这样望着人。他浑身震颤，好像有个冰冷的指尖触着他的心儿。末了，他叹一口气。

（梁遇春 袁家骅 译）

Suffering an Empty Life

George was still asleep. He lay half uncovered, and was breathing quietly. His face looked inert like a mask. The pallid, uninspired clay of his features seemed to have sunk a little out of shape, so that he appeared rather haggard, rather ugly, with grooves of ineffectual misery along his cheeks. I wanted him to wake, so that his inert, flaccid features might be inspired with life again. I could not believe his charm and his beauty could have forsaken him so, and left his features dreary, sunken clay.

As I looked he woke. His eyes opened slowly. He looked at me and

turned away, unable to meet my eyes. He pulled the bed-clothes up over his shoulders, as though to cover himself from me, and he lay with his back to me, quite still, as if he were asleep, although I knew he was quite awake; he was suffering the humiliation of lying waiting for his life to crawl back and inhabit his body. As it was, his vitality was not yet sufficient to inform the muscles of his face and give him an expression, much less to answer my challenge. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

生活空虚而痛苦

乔治还在睡。只盖着半个身子，呼吸安详。他面容迟钝，像是一副面具，失去了灵性。苍白如土的面颊深深凹陷，像是变了形，所以，显得形容枯槁，丑陋寒碜，脸上布满了无可奈何的痛苦的沟纹。我希望他醒来。这样，他那迟钝松弛的面孔就可以随之恢复活力。我真难相信，他的魅力，他的俊美就这样离他而去，而留在他的面貌上的只是凄凉凹陷的肉而已。

我看着他醒来时，他慢慢睁开了眼睛。他望着我，侧过身去，无法与我的眼光相遇。他拉过被子盖上肩头。好像要把自己盖上，不让我看见他。他被对我躺着，一动不动，好像睡着了一样，虽然我明明知道他是醒着的；他正忍受着屈辱的痛苦，躺在床上等待着生命再慢慢回到躯壳。但即使如此，他还是没有足够的精力来激活面部肌肉，使他恢复表情，更不用说回答我的挑战了。

（谢显宁 等译）

Pain after Taking Poison

Then she began to moan, weakly at first. Her shoulders were shaken by a violent shudder and she turned as pale as the sheet into which she was digging her tensed fingers. Her pulse was now irregular and almost imperceptible.

Beads of sweat were oozing from her bluish face, which looked as though it had been hardened in some sort of metallic vapor. Her teeth were chattering, her wide open eyes stared vaguely around her, and to all his questions she replied only with a nod; she even smiled two or three times. Little by little, her groans became louder.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

服毒后的痛苦

接着她就哼唧，起初声音低微。她的肩膀直抖，脸比床单还白，痉挛的手指抠着床单。她的脉搏不匀，现在几乎细到听也听不出来了。

脸呈淡蓝颜色，好像在金属蒸气当中凝成的一样，汗水直往外渗。牙齿乱响；眼睛睁大，迷迷茫茫，向四下望。任凭问她什么话，只是摇头，甚至于微笑了两三次，哼唧的声音越来越响。她不要叫唤，可是不由自己，还是低声叫起来了。

（李健吾 译）

Knowing Her Husband Having Another Woman

At once she came to her senses completely, recognized the thing that troubled her so terribly, was certain of what she wanted. She sat down quietly under a sheltering thorny bush and gave herself over to her long devouring sorrow. The thing which had for so long squeezed her whole body into a tight dumb knot of suffering suddenly broke with shocking violence. She jerked with the involuntary recoil of one who receives a blow, and the sweat poured from her skin as if the wounds of her whole life were shedding their salt ichor. Drawing her rebozo over her head, she bowed her forehead on her updrawn knees, and sat there in deadly silence and immobility. From time to time she lifted her head where the sweat formed steadily and poured down her face, drenching the front of her chemise, and her mouth had the shape of crying, but there were no tears and no sound. All her being was a dark confused memory of grief burning in her at night, of deadly baffled anger eating at her by day, until her very tongue tasted bitter, and her feet were as heavy as if she were mired in the muddy roads during the time of rains.

（Katherine Anne Porter, *Maria Concepcion*）

得知丈夫有外遇时的痛苦

她神志立刻清醒过来了，明白了使她如此苦恼的原因，也肯定了她需要什么。于是她就静静地坐在一丛多刺的矮树荫下，发泄长期折磨她的悲哀。有一样东西长期以来把她的全身挤压成坚实、痛苦而又默不作声的一块，现在它突然以惊人的力量迸发出来了。她像一个受了猛击的人，浑身惊人不自觉地痉挛收缩；她全身汗流涔涔，好像她一生的创伤都在排出咸汗一样。她把披肩拉到头上，额头伏在她蜷起来的膝盖上，坐在那里毫无声息，呆若木鸡。她不时抬起头来，因为很快满头都是大汗，并且顺着脸往下直流，浸湿了她衬衫的前部，而她的嘴张着似乎想哭，但是既无眼泪也没有声音。她整个生命不过是一团隐藏着的、混乱不堪的回忆：晚上在她身内燃烧的悲痛和白天硬憋在心里煎熬她的怒火，直到她的舌头发出苦味，双脚沉重得像雨天陷在泥泞的道路中。

（刘玉麟 译）

Suffering from Jealousy

He stood in front of her with eyes flashing from under drawn brows and with his hands clapsed tightly on his chest, as if it took all his strength to keep himself in hand. The expression of his face could have been harsh, even cruel. but for the suffering that softened it for her. His jaw quivered and his voice broke.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margaret Wettlin)

因嫉妒而痛苦

他站在她面前,紧皱着的眉头下面的眼睛里闪耀着可怕的光芒,两只强有力的臂膀紧抱在胸膛上好像在竭尽全力抑制着自己,要不是他的脸上同时还流露出一种打动了她的痛苦神情,他脸上的表情一定会是严峻的,甚至是冷酷的。他的下颚抽搐着,声音直打颤。 (周扬 谢素台 译)

A Soul in Pain

I noticed also that he never smiled. He talked with a sort of harsh eagerness as though he were afraid of a moment's silence and the sound of his voice shut out of his mind something that tortured him. It was very strange. Though I did not like him, though he meant nothing to me and to be with him irked me somewhat, I was against my will a trifle interested. I gave him a searching glance. I wondered if it was my fancy that I saw in those pale eyes of his the cowed look of a hunted dog and, notwithstanding his neat features and his expression so civilly controlled, in his aspect something that suggested the grimace of a soul in pain.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Human Element*)

心灵的痛苦

我还注意到,他的脸上从没一丝笑容,讲话时声音沙哑,有种迫不及待的神色,似乎唯恐冷场,而且,他的嗓音掩盖着某种使他痛苦的东西。这真是咄咄怪事。尽管我对他没有好感,他跟我也毫不相干,和他在一起反而使我觉得有点讨厌,可我还是违心地装出对他有些兴趣。我打量他一下,似乎从他那黯淡的眼睛里看到丧家之犬的胆怯目光;尽管他容貌端正,也尽力装得文质彬彬,但他的外表仍掩饰不住内心的痛苦。 (刘宪之 译)

The Agony of Being Refused

The only signs of the terrible sorrow Boldwood had been combating through the night, and was combating now, were the want of colour in his well-defined face, the enlarged appearance of the veins in his forehead and temples, and the sharper lines about his mouth. The horse bore him away, and the very step of the animal seemed significant of dogged despair. Gabriel, for a minute, rose above his own grief in noticing Boldwood's.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

被爱人拒绝后的悲伤

一整夜凄然的悲痛在博尔德伍德的脸上所留下的依然可见的唯一迹象是他那轮廓分明的脸庞失去了颜色，额头和太阳穴上的青筋扩张了，嘴的周围露出了明显的皱纹。那匹马驮着他远去了，就连那匹马的步态中似乎也有一种执着的绝望。有那么一会儿，加布里埃尔因为看到了博尔德伍德的绝望，暂时忘记了自己的悲伤。 (陈亦君 译)

Sorrow after Receiving the Kidnap Note

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Dalton. "Please! Give me just a moment. I do want to make a statement." Mr. Dalton paused, his lips quivering. Bigger could see that he was very nervous. "Gentlemen," Mr. Dalton said again, "I want to make a statement and I want you to take it carefully. The way you men handle this will mean life or death to someone, someone close to this family, to me. Someone..." Mr. Dalton's voice trailed off. The basement filled with murmurs of eagerness. Bigger heard the kidnap note crackling faintly in Mr. Dalton's fingers. Mr. Dalton's face was dead-white and his blood-shot eyes were deep set in his head above patches of dark-coloured skin. The fire in the furnace was low and the draft was but a whisper. Bigger saw Mr. Dalton's white hair glisten like molten silver from the pale sheen of the fire. (Richard Wright, *Native Son*)

接到绑票信后的痛苦

"诸位先生，"道尔顿先生说："请你们等一等！我确实要发表一个声明。"道尔顿先生顿了顿，他的嘴唇哆嗦着。别格看得出他的神经非常紧张。"诸位先生，"道尔顿先生又说一遍。"我要发表一个声明，我还要你们仔细记下来。你们处理这件事的方式方法关系到一个人的生命，这个人对这家庭、对我都有极密切的关系。这个人……"道尔顿先生的声音越来越低。地下室里一片热

切的嗡嗡声。别格听见绑票信在道尔顿先生的指头里窸窸窣窣地响。道尔顿先生的脸呈死灰色，他的两只布满血丝的眼睛深陷在他的眼眶里，眼皮底下是斑驳的黝黑色皮肤。炉火不旺，炉里的风声很轻。别格看到，在灰白色火光照映下，道尔顿先生的白发像熔化了的银子一样闪闪发亮。 （施咸荣 译）

23. Expressionlessness 木然

Expressionless like Props

The band played on, and the swaying couples twisted like bobbing marionettes, to and fro, to and fro, across the great hall and back again, and it was not I who watched them at all, not someone with feelings, made of flesh and blood, but a dummy-stick of a person in my stead, a prop who wore a smile screwed to its face. The figure who stood beside it was wooden too. His face was a mask, his smile was not his own. The eyes were not the eyes of the man I loved, the man I knew. They looked through me and beyond me, cold, expressionless, to some place of pain and torture I could not enter, to some private, inward hell I could not share.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

木然如道具

琴鼓声不绝于耳，舞池里双双对对的舞伴，像牵线木偶似地摆动扭曲着身子，转过来转过去，转过来转过去，从大厅的这头转到那头，又从那头转回到这头；那个站在一旁冷冷静观的似乎不是我本人，并不是一个有血有肉，有感情的活人，而是一具借托我这形体的泥塑木雕，一具钉上了笑脸的木头架子。站在他旁边的也是一个木头人。他的脸俨然是一副面具，脸上的笑容分明也不是他自己的。那对眼睛并不属于我所热爱并熟悉的那个人。冷漠，黯然无神的目光，透过我的形体，投向某个我无法跨入的人间地狱，投入某个我无法分担且与外界截然分隔的精神绝境。 （林智玲 程德 译）

Stupefied with Grief

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb—stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery...

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

麻木——悲痛之极点

她昏昏沉沉地坐了下来，松弛的双手木然落在两旁，两眼发直，眼前一片茫然；隆隆的马达声和船上各种杂音的声响，梦幻似地交织在她懵懂的耳朵里。她已欲喊无声，欲哭无泪，再也无法表达那颗可怜的已经麻木不仁的心所感受的那极度的痛楚了。（黄继忠 译）

Lifeless like a Specter

She appeared to have neither animation, thought nor breath. Wearing only a thin robe of sackcloth, in January, sitting on the stone floor, without fire, in the darkness of a dungeon whose oblique opening admitted only the wind and never the sunlight, she did not seem to be suffering or even feeling. She looked as though she might have changed into stone with the dungeon or into ice with the season. Her hands were clasped and her eyes were fixed; at first glance one would have taken her for a specter, at second glance for a statue.

At intervals, however, her blue lips opened slightly and trembled for a moment, but did so as lifeless and mechanically as leaves blown apart by the wind. And there was an expression of unspeakable and inalterable melancholy in her dull eyes as she incessantly stared into a corner of the cell which could not be seen from outside, seeming to focus all the somber thoughts of her anguished soul on some mysterious object there.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

灵魂出窍

这个仿佛牢牢钉在石板上的形体似乎没有动作，没有思想，也没有呼吸。在那单薄的麻袋之下，时值一月，没有火，直接躺在石头上，就在土牢的阴影之中，斜斜的气孔只能够从外面吹进寒风，不能射进阳光，她似乎没有痛苦，甚至感觉也没有。仿佛她已经化作这牢房的石头，化作这季节的冰块。她合着双手，两眼直勾勾的。头一眼，你以为这是幽灵，第二眼，你觉得这是石像。

然而，她那发青的嘴唇间或开合，仿佛有呼吸，在颤动，却宛如随风飘落的枯叶一般死寂、机械。但是，她那死滞的眼睛里闪现出一种目光，一种难以言状的目光，一种深沉、阴森、冷酷的目光，不断凝视着室外某个看不见的角落。这样的一种目光似乎把这个悲苦万分的灵魂的一切阴暗思想都固定在无可形容的什么神秘之物上。（管震湖 译）

Tragic and Inert

Moketubbe sat motionless, with his flipper like arms extended. On his face was an expression profound, tragic, and inert. He did not open his eyes when Basket and Berry came in.

...

Moketubbe had not moved. His eyes were closed; upon his supine monstrous shape there was a colossal inertia, something profoundly immobile, beyond and impervious to flesh. They watched his face, squatting. (William Faulkner, *Red Leaves*)

痛苦而麻木

莫克土贝靠在那里纹丝不动，大大的脸膛蜡黄蜡黄的，鼻子眼儿里气息微微，鳍足一般的手臂直挺挺伸拉着。脸上的表情痛苦而又麻木，莫测高深。三筐和伯雷进来的时候，他连眼皮也没抬一下。

……

莫克土贝还是一点都不动。他两眼紧闭，那似倚似卧的庞然的身形叫一股无比巨大的怠惰的势力给压住了，这股凝然不动的力量，是人力无法加以推倒，也无法撼动分毫的。他们还是坐在那儿，望着他的脸。 （蔡慧 译）

Catherine's Blank Look Because of Her Sad Marriage

The flash of her eyes had been succeeded by a dreamy and melancholy softness; they no longer gave the impression of looking at the objects around her: they appeared always to gaze beyond, and far beyond—you would have said out of this world. Then, the paleness of her face—its haggard aspect having vanished as she recovered flesh—and the peculiar expression arising from her mental state, though painfully suggestive of their causes, added to the touching interest which she awakened; and—invariablly to me, I know, and to any person who saw her, I should think—refuted more tangible proofs of convalescence, and stamped her as one doomed to decay.

(Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

婚姻不幸，凯瑟琳的茫然神色

她那对本来炯炯闪亮的眸子，现在蒙上了一层迷梦般凄楚的温柔，你只觉得她不再注视她身边的事物，而似乎老是在凝视着远方，那遥遥的远方——你也许可以说，她那视线落到了人世之外呢。她那苍白的脸色、憔悴的模样儿已

经消失了，她的肌肤现在逐渐在丰腴了。她的心境让她流露出一种异常的神态，叫人看了不由得痛心地想起她得这场病的缘故，同时又格外地惹人怜惜，因为照我（或者是随便哪个见到过她的人）看来，尽管眼前她正在逐渐复元，她那种茫茫然的神态，却已打上了命运的烙印，终究难免要香消玉殒了。

（方平 译）

Battered out of One's Senses

Mr. Guppy stares. Lady Dedlock sits before him, looking him through, with the same dark shade upon her face, in the same attitude even to the holding of the screen, with her lips a little apart, her brow a little contracted, but, for a moment, dead. He sees her consciousness return, sees a tremor pass across her frame like a ripple over water, sees her lips shake, sees her compose them by great effort, sees her force herself back to the knowledge of his presence, and of what he has said. All this so quickly, that her exclamation and her dead condition seem to have passed away like the features of those long-preserved dead bodies sometimes opened up in tombs, which, struck by the air like lightning, vanish in a breath. （Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*）

失魂落魄

格皮先生瞪大了眼睛。德洛克夫人坐在他面前，好像透过他，望着什么地方，她的脸还是那样阴沉，她的姿势也是那样，连拿遮扇的姿势都没有改，她微微张着嘴唇，稍稍皱着眉头，可是，有一会儿，她好像断了气似的。格皮先生看见她恢复了知觉，看见她浑身哆嗦了一下，好像波浪掠过水面，看见她的嘴唇翕动着，看见她费了好大劲儿，才让嘴唇不再颤动，同时，还看见她在设法回忆，他这个年轻人为什么到这里来，他说过些什么话。凡此种种，都是转眼间就过去了，她刚才那声惊呼和断了气的样子，现在已经消失了，如同长期埋在墓里的木乃伊，乍一开墓，见到天日，脸上的特征就都化为乌有了。

（张谷若 译）

As Motionless as a Wooden Image

Jean Valjean's eyes had become frightful; they were no longer eyes, but those deep glass bulbs which take the place of the eye in some unfortunate men, which seem unconscious of reality, and in which flash the reflection of horrors and catastrophes. He was not looking at a

spectacle, but beholding a vision. He strove to rise, fly, escape, but could not move a foot. Sometimes things which you see seize upon you, and root you to the ground. He remained nailed to the spot, stupid, asking himself through confused and inexpressible anguish what was the meaning of this sepulchral persecution, and whence came this Pandemonium that pursued him. All at once he raised his hand to his forehead, the usual gesture of those to whom memory suddenly returns; he remembered that this was really the road taken, that this détour was usual to avoid all possibility of meeting with royalty on the Fontainebleau road, and that five-and-thirty years before he had passed through that barrier.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

呆若木鸡

冉阿让的眼睛变得惊人的可怕。那已不是眼睛，而是一种深奇的玻璃体，它既有一种对现实的木然，又反射出大难临头、恐惧欲绝的光芒，一种灾难中人常有的那种眼神。他看到的已不是事物的实体，而是一种幻象。他想站起来，避开，逃走，但是一步也走不动。有时我们看见的东西是会把我们拖住，拉着不放的。好像被钉住了，变成了一块石头，呆呆地立着，心里是说不出的烦乱和痛苦，他不明白这种非人的迫害是为了什么，他的心怎么会紊乱到如此程度。他猛地抬起一只手放在额头上，忽然想起这地方正是必经之路，照例要走一段弯路，以免在枫丹白露大道上惊动国王，而且在三十五年以前，他正是打这便门经过的。 （长江 译）

Abstraction

Yvette went pale, and very distant. Her pride, that frail, precious flame which everybody tried to quench, recoiled like a flame blown far away, on a cold wind, as if blown out, and her face, white now and still like a snowdrop, the white snow-flower of his conceit, seemed to have no life in it, only this pure, strange abstraction.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

漠然处之

叶薇蒂面无血色，表情冷漠。她的骄傲就像是一团微弱而珍贵的火，人们却想扑灭它，现在，这团微火在冷风中被吹得远远的，似乎快要熄灭了。她那张惨白的脸仍像一朵雪莲花——教区长想象中的洁白的雪莲花——但却没有一点儿生气，剩下的唯有单纯而又心不在焉的奇异神情。 （查培德 译）

24. On One's Deathbed 弥留之际

Fearful Features on Dying

Wilson looked. The flesh was sunk, the features prominent, bony, and rigid. The fearful clay-color of death was over all. But the eyes were open and sensible, though the films of the grave were settling upon them.

...

Most probably, as they all felt, he could not speak, for his strength was fast ebbing. They stood round him still and silent; even the wife checked her sobs, though her heart was like to break. She held her child to her breast, to try and keep him quiet. Their eyes were all fixed on the yet living one, whose moments of life were passing so rapidly away. At length, he brought, (with jerking, convulsive effort) his two hands into the attitude of prayer. They saw his lips move, and bent to catch the words, which came in gasps, and not in tones.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

弥留之际的可怕脸色

威尔逊仔细一看。病人的肌肉已经陷了下去,皮肤绷得很紧,骨头突了出来,满脸是土一般可怕的脸色。他的眼睛依旧张开着还有感觉,可是上面已罩住了一层死气。

……

他们都觉得他也许已经不能讲话,因为他的力气显然一点点在消失。他们寂静地站在他的身旁,连那妇人也抑制住了抽噎,虽然她的心快要碎了。她把那个小孩抱紧在怀里,竭力想法叫他不要作声。他们的眼睛都瞪住了看着那个还剩下一口气的人,但是他的生命已像游丝一般了。最后他挣扎着把一双手做成祈祷的样子。他们看到他的嘴在翕动,便都弯下身来,只听得他急促地喘着气,说的话简直一点儿没有声音。 (荀牧 余贵棠 译)

Immortal Solemnness

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of the face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. (Herriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

不朽的庄严

那小姑娘躺在枕头上精疲力竭地喘着气，两只清澈的大眼睛朝上一翻便不动了。啊，那双往常显示天意的眼睛在说些什么呢？尘世及其一切的痛苦都已超脱了，她脸上那种凯旋的光辉多么庄严，多么神秘，连人们悲痛的哭声都被它噤住了。 （黄继忠 译）

Gentle Expression of Womanly Sensibility in Death

By this time Hetty's sight had entirely failed her. Nevertheless, death approached with less than usual of its horrors, as if in tenderness to one of her half-endowed faculties. She was pale as a corpse, but her breathing was easy and unbroken, while her voice, though lowered almost to a whisper, remained clear and distinct. When her sister put this question, however, a blush diffused itself over the features of the dying girl; so faint, however, as to he nearly imperceptible; resembling that hue of the rose which is thought to portray the tint of modesty, rather than the dye of the flower in its richer bloom. No one but Judith detected this expression of feeling, one of the gentle expressions of womanly sensibility, even in death. On her, however, it was not lost, nor did she conceal from herself the cause. （James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer*）

弥留之际女性柔情的流露

这时海蒂的视力已完全丧失，死神渐渐向她逼近，但不像通常那样令人恐怖，却仿佛在爱抚这个天赋不足的姑娘。她脸色苍白如纸，但呼吸均匀、轻快；声音低沉，近于耳语，但清晰、分明。听到姐姐这么一问，她双颊泛起一层淡淡的红晕，很难觉察，有如玫瑰的蓓蕾；那么清雅，却不是怒放时的娇艳。除了朱迪思，谁也没有发觉她的感情的泄露。这是女性——纵令在垂死时——特有的柔情的流露，虽则短暂，却掩饰不了它的真意。 （宋兆霖 译）

Bewildered Soul under the Black Veil

for some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side, and wore away what little strength he had. But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its

sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Minister's Black Veil*)

黑纱下的迷惘的灵魂

他已经神志不清许久了，他怀疑地徜徉于过去和现在之间，有时竟跨进未来世界的一片混沌里。不时发着高热，辗转反侧，消耗了所剩无几的气力。但即使在最痛苦的痉挛挣扎中，在最荒诞无稽的昏迷狂想中，当任何思想都失去了理智的力量时，他仍然提心吊胆生怕黑纱掉落。其实，即使他那迷惘的灵魂会有所疏忽的话，坐在他枕边的忠实伴侣也会转过脸去而为他遮住那副衰老的面孔，那在她最后一次看见时还是他正当盛年的韶秀容颜。最后，濒死的老人在精神与肉体的极度疲乏之中平静地躺着，脉搏几乎感觉不到，除了偶尔一阵深长而又不规律的呼吸预示灵魂即将离去以外，气息也渐渐微弱了。

（李牧　译）

A Young Girl with TB at Death's Door

It was a piteous spectacle. The young woman's room, a little room into which came a livid light, looked out on to the yard. At first the parents had put her in their room, in the front part of the house; but the sight of The Ladies Paradise opposite affected her so deeply that they had been obliged to bring her back to her own again. And there she lay, so very thin under the bedclothes, that you could hardly divine the form and existence of a human body. Her skinny arms, consumed by the burning fever of consumption, were in a perpetual movement of anxious, unconscious searching; whilst her black hair, heavy with passion, seemed thicker still, and to be preying with its voracious vitality upon her poor face, that face in which was fading the final degenerateness of a long lineage, a family that had grown and lived in the gloom of that cellar of old commercial Paris.

(Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*)

病魔缠身命若悬丝

这是一片伤心惨目的情景。年轻姑娘的卧室朝着院子，是照着惨淡白光的一个小房间。起初父母叫病人睡在临街的他们的正房里；可是对面妇女乐园的景象使她发狂，于是他们不得不又把她送回她自己的房间里。她躺在那里，在被窝底下显得那么细小，简直令人感觉不到一个肉体的形状和存在了。她那被肺结核的寒热症烧焦了的细小手腕子，经常动着，像是急切而无意识地找寻什么东西；同时她那重得难堪的黑头发似乎更厚实了，而且用它们贪而无厌的活力吞噬着她那憔悴的面容，这副脸孔，在一个从黑暗中发放出来的古老的家庭后面，在商业的老巴黎的这个洞穴里，渐渐退化濒于死亡。（傅东华 译）

Despair on Dying

One evening coming in with a candle I was startled to hear him say a little tremulously, "I am lying here in the dark waiting for death." The light was within a foot of his eyes. I forced myself to murmur, "Oh, nonsense!" and stood over him as if transfixed.

Anything approaching the change that came over his features I have never seen before, and hope never to see again. Oh, I wasn't touched. I was fascinated. It was as though a veil had been rent. I saw on that ivory face the expression of sombre pride, of ruthless power, of craven terror—of an intense and hopeless despair. Did he live his life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision—he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath—

"The horror! The horror!" (Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

临死前的绝望

一天晚上，我燃起一支蜡烛走进屋里，我吃惊地听见他用微微颤抖的声音说："我躺在这儿的黑暗里等死啊。"烛光离他的眼睛只有不到一英尺远。我强使自己喃喃地说一声："噢，胡说！"便好像麻木了一样站在他床前。

这以前我从没有在他的面容上看见过类似此刻的变化，但愿今后也不再看见。噢，我不是被感动了。而是被强烈地吸引住了。仿佛被扯破了一层面纱似的。我在那张象牙般的面孔上看见了一种表现出阴沉的骄傲、无情的力量和怯懦的恐惧——表现出一种强烈而又无可救药的绝望的表情。在那恍然大悟的决定性的时刻里，他是否把他的一生的各个细节，诸如欲望、诱惑和屈服等等，都重新体验了一番呢？他低声地对某个偶像、某个幻影喊叫了一声

——他喊了两次，那喊叫声并不比一声喘息更大些——

"吓人啊！吓人！"

（智量 译）

Lingering before Death

For she was now looking around her, slowly, like someone awakening from a dream; then, in a clear voice, she asked for her mirror and remained leaning over it for some time, until great tears began to flow from her eyes. She raised her head with a sigh and fell back on the pillow.

Her chest immediately began to heave rapidly. Her whole tongue emerged from her mouth; her eyes rolled and grew dim, like the globes of two lamps about to go out, and she would have seemed dead already if it had not been for the frightful movement of her ribs, shaken by furious, constantly quickening gasps, as though her soul were struggling to break away.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

对生的留恋

说实话，她看看四周，慢条斯理，好像一个人做梦才醒一样，然后声音清清楚楚的，要她的镜子，她照镜子照了好久，直到后来，流出许多眼泪，这才不照。她于是仰起头来，叹了一口气，又倒在枕头上。

她的胸脯立刻迅速起伏，舌头完全伸到嘴外；眼睛转动着，仿佛一对玻璃灯在逐渐发暗，终于熄灭了。不是肋骨拼命抽动，她已经可以说是死了。

（李健吾 译）

25. Calmness 平静

Not Showing One's Feelings

It was one of those dramatic moments for which my friend existed. It would be an overstatement to say that he was shocked or even excited by the amazing announcement. Without having a tinge of cruelty in his singular composition, he was undoubtedly callous from long over-stimulation. Yet, if his emotions were dulled, his intellectual perceptions were exceedingly active. There was no trace then of the horror which I had myself felt at this curt declaration; but his face showed rather the quiet and interested composure of the chemist who sees the crystals falling into position from his over saturated solution.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Valley of Fear*)

不露声色

这是一个富有戏剧性的时刻，我的朋友好像就是为这样的时刻而生存的。如果说这个骇人的消息使他吃了一惊，或者说使他有所激动，那都言过其实了。虽然在他的癖性中没有残忍的成分，但由于长期的过度兴奋，他无疑变得冷漠了。然而，他的感情固然冷漠，但他的理智的洞察力却不露声色，他的脸上只有镇静而沉着的表情，就像一个化学家看到结晶体从过饱和溶液里分离出来一样。（岳文楚　周可　等译）

The Tower of Strength

The baby turned with sudden coy shyness, and clung to her mother's neck. Meg kissed her fondly, then the child laid her cheek against her mother's. The mother's dark eyes, and the baby's large, hazel eyes looked at me serenely. The two were very calm, very complete and triumphant together. In their completeness was a security which made me feel alone and ineffectual. A woman who has her child in her arms is a tower of strength, a beautiful, unassailable tower of strength that may in its turn stand quietly dealing death. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

力量之塔

婴孩突然害羞地转过身，抓住她妈妈的脖子。梅格溺爱地亲吻着她，然后孩子把脸蛋贴在妈妈的面颊上。母亲的黑眼睛和孩子淡褐色的大眼睛都安详地望着我。母女俩在一起，显得非常平静，非常完美而得意。在她们的完美中有一种安全感，这种安全感使我感到孤独，产生了活在世上的怅然感。一个怀抱孩子的女人，就是一座力量之塔。一座美丽的、坚不可摧的力量之塔。它可以从容不迫，面对死亡而傲然挺立。（谢显宁　等译）

Calmness in the Face of Danger

Duncan had seen the threatening action, and sprang upon his feet, with a heart which while it leaped into his throat, swelled with the most generous resolution in behalf of his friend. A glance told him that the blow had failed, and terror changed to admiration. Uncas stood still, looking his enemy in the eye with features that seemed superior to emotion. Marble could not be colder, calmer, or steadier than the countenance he put upon this sudden and vindictive attack. Then, as if pitying a want of skill which had proved so fortunate to himself, he smiled, and muttered a few words of

contempt in his own tongue.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

临危不惧

邓肯目睹这一危险的举动，吓得跃起身来，心都快从喉头跳出来了，心里着实为自己的朋友捏一把汗。后来看到这一斧并未砍中，恐惧也就变成了惊叹，只见恩卡斯依然一动不动地站在那儿，似乎丝毫不为感情所动地注视着自己的敌人。面对这种报复性的突然袭击，他的脸仍像大理石似地冷静和坚定。接着，他还用自己的土语嘀咕了几句表示鄙夷的话，仿佛是在惋惜敌人的武艺太差，因而才使自己侥幸得免于难似的。 (宋兆霖 译)

Calmness on Hearing a Disaster

The words "we've smashed them!" rung in his ears. How did the catastrophe affect him? By the light of the lantern he held, were his features visible, relaxing to a singular smile: the smile the man of determined spirit wears when he reaches a juncture in his life where this determined spirit is to feel a demand on its strength; when the strain is to be made, and the faculty must bear or break. Yet he remained silent, and even motionless; for at the instant he neither knew what to say nor what to do. He placed the lantern on the ground, and stood with his arms folded, gazing down and reflecting. (Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

闻变不惊

"都给我们砸烂了"这句话仍在他耳际回荡。灾难怎么会落到他头上？借着他手里拿的灯笼，我们可以看到他脸上肌肉松弛成一副奇特的笑容——这是意志坚决的人，在生死关头觉得需要加强这种坚决意志时所表露的笑容，因为这时神经极其紧张，心智必须承担得了，否则，就会崩溃。然而，他依然一声不响，甚至一动不动，他一时间既不知道该说什么，也不知道该怎么办。他把灯笼放在地上，叉起双臂，站在那儿，眼睛凝望地上，陷入沉思。 (曹庸 译)

26. Mystification 神秘

Incomprehensible Expression

"It will last," said Hans. Over his face spread an expression very puzzling to Charles. It was there like a change of light, slow and deep, with no perceptible movement of eyelids or face muscles. It rose from within in the mysterious place where Hans really lived, and it was amazing

arrogance, pleasure, inexpressible vanity and self-satisfaction. He lay entirely motionless and this look came, grew, faded and disappeared on the tidal movement of his true character. Charles thought, Why, if I drew him without that look I should never have him at all.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *The Leaning Tower*)

无法理解的表情

"会永远留下伤疤,"汉斯说。他脸上的表情查尔斯是完全没法理解的。这表情在他的脸上像是光线的变化,冷漠而深沉,看不到丝毫眼睑和脸上的肌肉的扭动。这是从汉斯内心深处那个神秘的所在,他的生命真正的居住地点,涌上来的表情;这是惊人的骄横、喜悦、无法说明的虚荣心和自我满足。他躺着,一动也不动,随着他真正的气质的起伏变化,这副神情出现、显著、减退和消失。查尔斯想,唷,我要是画他而不画出这副神情,那我压根儿就没画出他。

(鹿金 译)

Deliberately to Make Things Look Mysterious

Here breaking off, he (Andrew) sucked in both his cheeks, till his lantern jaws and long chin assumed the appearance of a pair of nut-crackers; winked hard once more, frowned, shook his head, and seemed to think his physiognomy had completed the information which his tongue had not fully told. (Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

故作神秘

说到这儿他(仆人安德鲁)又缩住了,他把面颊两边吸得凹了进去,使他的上腭与长长的下巴成了一个胡桃夹的形状,他又一次用力眨了眨眼睛,皱了皱眉头,又摇了摇头。显然,他认为他这一表情已足够使我懂得他的舌头没有完全说出来的答案。

(李俍民 译)

27. Affectionateness 慈祥

The Softened Features of A Father

It was impossible to describe the music of their language, while thus engaged in laughter and endearments, in such a way as to render it intelligible to those whose ears have never listened to its melody. The compass of their voices, particularly that of the youth, was wonderful,—extending from the deepest bass to tones that were even feminine in softness. The eyes of the father followed the plastic and ingenious

movements of the son with open delight, and he never failed to smile in reply to the other's contagious, but low laughter. While under the influence of these gentle and natural feelings, no trace of ferocity was to be seen in the softened features of the Sagamore. His figured panoply of death looked more like a disguise assumed in mockery, than a fierce annunciation of a desire to carry destruction in his footsteps.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

父亲慈祥的面容

要把他们那种音乐般的亲热的谈笑声描绘出来，使那些从未听到过这种美妙和谐声音的人也能理解，那是不可能的。这种声音的音域，特别是那青年人的音域，简直令人吃惊。他能从最低沉的低音，一直提高到为女性所特有的那种柔和的高音。父亲的眼睛充满喜悦地注视着儿子灵巧的一举一动，对于儿子那富有感染力的但是轻轻的笑声，他也总是报以微笑。由于这种慈祥的天然感情的流露，他那温柔的脸上，已经见不到凶暴的痕迹。他身上那象征死亡的花纹，看上去更像是一种闹着玩的化装，而不像是希望带来毁灭和死亡的标志。

(宋兆霖 译)

Hidden Love

Arina Vlassevna did not notice Arkady and made no effort to entertain him; her tiny fist propping up her round face, whose kindly expression was enhanced by her plump cherry-colored lips and the moles on her cheeks and above her eyebrows, she never lifted her eyes from her son and sighed incessantly; she was dying to know how long he would stay, but she didn't dare ask him. "What if he says for two days," she thought, and her heart sank.

(Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*)

母爱的默默流露

阿琳娜·弗拉西耶夫娜并不注意阿尔卡季，也不劝他多吃；她把她的圆脸（她的丰满的樱桃色的嘴脣，她的脸颊上和眉毛上的小黑痣使她的脸显得非常和善）支在她的捏紧的小拳头上面，她的眼睛始终不离开他的儿子，而且一直不停地在叹气；她非常着急想知道他这次回来要住多少时候，可是她又害怕问他。"要是他说只住两天又怎么办呢？"她想道，她的心就沉下去了。

(巴金 译)

An Unexpected Beneficent Look

In all the first bewilderment of her wonder, the most bewilderingly

wonderful thing to Bella was the shining countenance of Mr. Boffin. That his wife should be joyous, open-hearted, and genial, or that her face should express every quality that was large and trusting, and no quality that was little or mean, was accordant with Bella's experience. But, that he, with a perfectly beneficent air and a plump rosy face, should be standing there, looking at her and John, like some jovial good spirit, was marvellous. For, how had he looked at he looked when she last saw him in that very room (it was the room in which she had given him that piece of her mind at parting), and what had become of all those crooked lines of suspicion, avarice, and distrust, that twisted his visage then?

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

不可思议的慈祥面容

在所有令贝拉感到惊异而悼念的第一批事物当中，令她最感惶惑而惊异的是鲍芬先生那张容光焕发的面孔。他的妻子会是快活的、坦率的、亲切的，她的面孔会表现出一切宽厚和信赖的品质，而不会表现出任何琐碎和卑鄙，这一点贝拉已习以为常了。然而，鲍芬先生竟会带着一种全然是慈祥的气度和一张爽直的红彤彤的面孔，站立在那里，眼睛凝视着她和约翰，好像一个愉快的善良的神灵，这的确是不可思议的。因为，她正是在这间屋子里（正是在这间屋子里，她在向他告别时说出了自己的那些心思），最后一次见他时，他是怎样的一副神气啊，所有那些当时在他脸上扭曲着的怀疑、贪婪和不信任的歪歪斜斜的皱纹都上哪儿去了？

（智量 译）

A Motherly Compassion from the Teacher

Cimourdain advanced as noiselessly as possible, moved close, and looked down upon Gauvain. The glance of a mother watching her nursling's slumber could not have been more tender or fuller of love. Even Cimourdain's will could not control that glance. He pressed his clinched hands against his eyes with the gesture one sometimes sees in children, and remained for a moment motionless. Then he knelt, softly raised Gauvain's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

(Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

慈师如母

西穆尔登向前走去，尽力不弄出一点声音来，他走近以后，开始凝视着郭文；一个注视自己的婴儿睡觉的母亲，也不会有比他的眼光更慈祥、更无法形

容。这种眼光也许是西穆尔登的意志所不能控制的;西穆尔登像孩子们有时的做法那样,把两只拳头按在眼睛上,呆在那里好一会没有动,然后他跪下来,轻轻地拿起郭文的手,把自己的嘴唇凑上去。 (郑永慧 译)

28. Smiling and Laughing 笑

Pleasant Smile

Dorothea wondered; but the smile was irresistible, and shone back from her face too. Will Ladislaw's smile was delightful, unless you were angry with him beforehand: it was a gush of inward light illuminating the transparent skin as well as the eyes, and playing about every curve and line as if some Ariel were touching them with a new charm, and banishing for ever the traces of moodiness. The reflection of that smile could not but have a little merriment in it too, even under dark eyelashes still moist, as Dorothea said inquiringly, "Something amuses you?"

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

动人的微笑

多萝西娅有些纳闷,但这微笑是不可抵制的,它也在她脸上得到了反映。威尔·拉迪斯拉夫的笑意是惹人喜爱的,除非你本来在生他的气,你才会无动于衷。它像一股发自内心的光,透过明亮的皮肤和眼睛向外照射,在每一条弧线和直线上跳跃着,仿佛它们经爱丽儿一点,产生了新的魅力,把忧郁的痕迹一扫而光了。这微笑引起的反应也只能是一种愉快的表情,尽管那乌黑的睫毛还湿湿的。多萝西娅不免问道:"你心里在想什么有趣的事吧?"

* 爱丽儿:莎士比亚的《暴风雨》中一个善良的精灵。 (项星耀 译)

An Uncontrollable Burst of Laughter

But at this point the two sisters could not contain themselves and burst into laughter. Adelaida had long noticed in the twitching features of Aglaia's face symptoms of imminent and irrepressible laughter, which she was, for the time, controlling with all her might. Aglaia looked menacingly at her laughing sisters, but a second later she, too, broke down, and went off into a frantic, almost hysterical, fit of laughter.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

忍俊不禁

这时两个姐姐忍不住扑哧一声笑了出来。阿黛拉伊达早已注意到阿格拉

雅微微抽动的面部线条中掩藏着呼之欲出的狂笑，不过暂时她正竭尽全力克制自己。阿格拉雅刚欲板着脸对发笑的两个姐姐瞪上一眼，但自己连一秒钟也没能坚持，终于爆发出一阵疯劲十足，近乎歇斯底里的大笑。（荣如德 译）

Vigorous Laughter

Here Nozdryov burst into peals of ringing laughter that can come only from a healthy man, with all his sugar-white teeth revealed and his jowls trembling and shaking, the kind of laugh that makes the neighbour sleeping somewhere behind double door three rooms away wake up with a violent start, rub his eyes and mutter: "Something's tickling him!"

(Nikolai Gogol, *Dead Souls*, trans. Christopher English)

充满活力的大笑

诺兹德廖夫爆发出一阵只有生气蓬勃的健康结实的汉子才会发出的那样一种笑来，这种人一笑起来，就张大了嘴，露出白糖般洁白的牙齿，笑得脸上的肌肉直发抖，跳动个不停，一个隔开两重门，住在第三个房间的邻居，也会给笑声惊醒，从床上跳起来，瞪大了眼睛，说："哎呀，他发疯了！"

（满涛 许庆道 译）

Smiling Dryly

He smiled dryly, but said nothing. I wish I knew how to describe his smile. I do not know that it was attractive, but it lit up his face, changing the expression, which was generally sombre, and gave it a look of not ill-natured malice. It was a slow smile, starting and sometimes ending in the eyes; it was very sensual, neither cruel nor kindly, but suggested rather the inhuman glee of the satyr.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Moon and Sixpence*)

干笑

他只干笑了一下，没说什么。我真希望我能形容一下他笑的样子。我不敢说他的笑容多么好看，但是他一笑起来，脸就泛起光彩，使他平时总是阴沉着的面容改了样子，平添了某种才钻刻薄的神情。他的笑容来得很慢，常常是从眼睛开始也就消失在眼梢上。另外，他的微笑给人以一种色欲感，既不是残忍的，也不是仁慈的，令人想到森林之神的那种兽性的喜悦。（傅惟慈 译）

The Mischievous Smile of a Young Lady

I startled, I was struck dumb. ... Near me, the other side of the fence, stood a man with close-cropped black hair, looking ironically at me. At the same instant the girl too turned towards me... I caught sight of big grey eyes in a bright mobile face, and the whole face suddenly quivered and laughed, there was a flash of white teeth, a droll lifting of the eyebrows, ... (Ivan Turgenev, *First Love*)

少女调皮的笑容

我吃了一惊,哑子一般了。……在我近旁,低垣的那一边立着一个有短的黑发的男子,讥讽似地对着我看。同时那女子也转向了我。……我刚在明媚而生动的颜面中看见一双大而灰色的眼,忽然全部的颜面微微地动起来笑出来,闪出洁白的牙齿,双眉滑稽似地向上一挺。 (丰子恺 译)

A Happy Smiling Face

"Oh! no sir!" answered Denise; and she could not help laughing as she spoke, for the idea appeared to her so singular. That laugh was like a transfiguration; she became quite rosy, and the smile playing around her rather large mouth lighted up her whole face. Her grey eyes sparkled with a soft flame, her cheeks filled with delicious dimples, and even her light hair seemed to partake of the frank and courageous gaiety that pervaded her whole being. (Émile Zola, *The Ladies Paradise*)

幸福的笑脸

"哦!不,先生!"她禁不住要笑了,她觉得这个想头很奇特。她的容貌起了变化。她的脸发红了,比较大一点的嘴上露出了笑容,像是满脸开了花。她的灰色眼睛呈现出一团温柔的火焰,她的脸蛋上露出两个可爱的笑窝,就连她那无光彩的头发也似乎都在她全身的优美而放胆的快乐中飘动起来。

(侍桁 译)

Beaming with Smiles

"Ah, my life!" said Eustacia, with a laugh which unclosed her lips so that the sun shone into her mouth as into a tulip, and lent it a similar scarlet fire. "You think too much of my influence over men-folk indeed, reddleman. If I had such a power as you imagine I would go straight and use it for the good of anybody who has been kind to me—which Thomasin

Yeobright has not particularly to my knowledge."

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

笑靥如花

"啊,我的天!"游苔莎大笑起来说;她这一笑,就把嘴张开了,因此日光射进她的嘴里,好像射进郁金花香一般,并且把她的嘴映得猩红,也像映在郁金香上一样。"红土贩子,你把我对男人的力量实在估计得太高了。要是我的力量真像你想的那样,那么,我一定马上就去用我的力量帮助一切于我有过好处的人,叫他们得到幸福。不过据我所知道的,朵荪对于我并没有过什么特别的好处。"

(张谷若 译)

29. Crying 哭泣

Weeping in Sympathy

The woman did not sob nor weep. She had gone to a place where tears are dry; but everyone around her was, in some way characteristic of themselves, showing signs of hearty sympathy.

The two little boys, after a desperate rummaging in their pockets, in search of those pocket-handkerchiefs which mothers know are never to be found there, had thrown themselves disconsolately into the skirts of their mother's gown, where they were sobbing, and wiping their eyes and noses, to their hearts' content;—Mrs. Bird had her face fairly hidden in her pocket-handkerchiefs; and old Dinah, with tears streaming down her black, honest face, was ejaculating, "Lord have mercy on us!" with all the fervor of a camp-meeting:—while old Cudjoe, rubbing his eyes very hard with his cuffs, and making a most uncommon variety of wry faces, occasionally responded in the same key, with great fervor. Our senator was a statesman, and of course could not be expected to cry, like other mortals; and so he turned his back to the company, and looked out of the window, and seemed particularly busy in clearing his throat and wiping his spectacle-glasses, occasionally blowing his nose in a manner that was calculated to excite suspicion, had any one been in a state to observe critically.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

同情的泪水

那妇人家没有哽咽,也没有落泪。她已经到了无泪可流的地步;可是她周围的人,却各自以不同的方式,对她表示深切的同情。

两个小男孩,在口袋里摸索了半天,也没有找到手绢,(做母亲的都知道,

孩子们的手绢在口袋里是永远找不到的)于是都伤心地扑在母亲的衣裙里,一面呜咽,一面用她的裙子尽情地揩着眼泪和鼻涕——柏德太太的脸,也完全捏在手绢里;黛娜老大娘那张朴实的黑脸上泪如雨下,嘴里就像在野外布道会上那样诚恳地祈祷着,"上帝啊,宽恕我们吧!"——卡德卓老大爷则在一旁用袖子使劲擦眼睛,脸上作出各式各样的怪样子来;偶尔也用同样的诚恳的声调响应着黛娜的祈祷。我们的参议员是政治家,当然不能像凡夫俗子一样流眼泪。因此他连忙转过身去,背着众人,眼睛望着窗外,好像在咳嗽和手忙脚乱地擦眼镜,偶尔还擤擤鼻涕;当时要是有人有这种心绪仔细观察的话,他那副神态,难免会引起人家怀疑的。 (黄继忠 译)

Shedding Tears Stealthily

But Kezia bit a big piece out of her bread and dripping, and then stood the piece up on her plate. With the bite out it made a dear little sort of a gate. Pooh! She didn't care! A tear rolled down her cheek, but she wasn't crying. She couldn't have cried in front of those awful Samuel Josephs. She sat with her head bent, and as the tear dripped slowly down, she caught it with a neat little whisk of her tongue and ate it before any of them had seen. (Katherine Mansfield, *Prelude*)

暗自流泪

凯西亚咬了一大口肉汁面包,就把面包竖在盘子上。咬掉一口的面包片竖在盘子上成了一扇小小的门。呸!她才不在乎呢!一颗泪珠滚下她脸蛋,可是她不哭。她可不能在塞缪尔·约瑟夫斯家当着这些讨厌鬼的面哭。她低下头坐着,泪珠慢慢流下来,她舌头灵活地那么一扫,趁此把泪珠舔进嘴里,谁也没看见,她就把眼泪吞下肚了。 (刘文澜 译)

Crying Soundlessly

Dasha stood with her back against the wall and Gleb watched her cry soundlessly, fighting for breath and swallowing hard. Tears flowed down her cheeks to her trembling chin and fell on her breast. She did not wipe them away; she seemed to be smiling a helpless, submissive smile. Close by against the same wall, Gromada was fighting for air, wheezing, coughing... (Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

无声痛哭

达莎背靠着墙站着,格列勃看到,她说不出话来,只哽咽着,喘着气咽眼

泪。泪珠沿着双颊滚到颤抖着的下巴上，坠落在胸前。她也不去拭它们，那样儿仿佛是在可怜、无奈中干笑。格罗乌达也靠着墙，跟她并排站着，哑着嗓子咳得喘不过气来。 （叶冬心 译）

Tears of Grief and Indignation

She had secured her hat and jacket and slipped the latter on over her little evening dress. Some wisps of wavy hair had loosened from the bands at the side of her head and were straggling over her hot, red cheeks. She was angry, mortified, grief-stricken. Her large eyes were full of the anguish of tears, but her lids were not yet wet. She was distracted and uncertain, deciding and doing things without an aim or conclusion, and she had not the slightest conception of how the whole difficulty would end.

（Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*）

悲愤的眼泪

她拿起帽子和上装，把上装披上她的晚礼服。几缕鬈曲的头发从头的一侧的丝带里松了出来，散落在她那又烫又红的面颊上。她感到愤怒，屈辱，伤心得很。她的大眼睛里满是痛苦的眼泪，但是眼眶却还没有湿。她心乱如麻，拿不定主意，作出决断和干事时茫无头绪，不知如何是好，她一点也不知道这整个难题会怎么了结。 （裘柱常 译）

Tears Sparking on Her Eyelashes

The poor thing couldn't bear that: she grew white and red in rapid succession, and, while tears beaded her lashes, bent the strength of her small fingers to loosen the firm clutch of Catherine; and perceiving that as fast as she raised one finger off her arm another closed down, and she could not remove the whole together, she began to make use of her nails; and their sharpness presently ornamented the detainer's with crescents of red.

（Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*）

泪眼晶莹

这可怜的小东西忍受不住了。只见她脸上白一阵红一阵，接连地变着颜色，眼泪像明珠般挂在睫毛上。她纤细的手指竭力想掰开卡瑟琳的紧紧地抓住她的手；可是她才从自己手臂上掰开一只手指儿，另一只手指儿又压下来了，再没法把五个手指儿一齐拔掉；看到这样，她就使用起手指甲来了。那尖

尖的指甲顿时在那紧抓着的手指儿上面画出几条鲜红的新月形来。

（方平 译）

Crying One's Heart Out

Mrs. Jennings laughed again, but Elinor had not spirits to say more, and eager at all events to know what Willowghby had written, hurried away to their room, where on opening the door she saw Marianne stretched on the bed, almost choked by grief, one letter in her hand and two or three others lying by her. Elinor drew near, but without saying a word; and seating herself on the bed, *took her hand*, kissed her affectionately several times, and then gave way to a burst of tears, which at first was scarcely less violent than Marianne's.

The latter, though unable to speak, seemed to feel all the tenderness of this behaviour, and after some time thus spent in joint affliction, she put all the letters into Elinor's hand; and then covering her face with her handkerchief, almost screamed with agony. Elinor, who knew that such grief, shocking as it was to witness it, must have its course, watched by her till this excess of suffering had somewhat spent itself...

(Jane Austin, *Sense and Sensibility*)

失声痛哭

詹宁斯太太又大笑了起来。但埃丽诺没有兴致再说什么了，她渴望无论如何要了解威洛比写了些什么，于是赶忙起身回到她们的房间。推开门，她就看到玛丽安摊手摊脚躺在床上，一副悲痛欲绝的样子。她手里拿着一封信，另外两三封信散在她身旁。埃丽诺默默地走近了她，在床上坐下来，拿起玛丽安的手来，充满深情地吻了好几遍，再也忍不住了，失声痛哭起来。她痛苦之强烈几乎不亚于玛丽安。

玛丽安呢，虽然说不出话来，但似乎感到了其中的手足之情。两个人就这样一起伤心了一阵子，然后，玛丽安就把所有的信都交到了埃丽诺的手里。然后她用手帕蒙住了脸，在极度痛苦的折磨之下几近嚎啕大哭。埃丽诺知道这样强烈的痛苦必须要发泄出去，于是她就坐在玛丽安身边守护着她，直到这痛苦有所减弱。

（罗文华 译）

Pearls of Anguish

It was a sight that made those present tremble when they saw the old

gray woman, a sublime spectre, standing beside her grandchild's pillow. Terror and vengeance wrote their fierce expressions in the wrinkles that lined her skin of yellow ivory; her forehead, half hidden by the straggling meshes of her grey hair, expressed a solemn anger. She read, with a power of intuition given to the aged when near their grave, Pierrette's whole life, on which her mind had dwelt throughout her journey. She divined the illness of her darling, and knew that she was threatened with death. Two big tears painfully rose in her wan grey eyes, from which her troubles had worn both lashes and eyebrows, two pearls of anguish, forming within them and giving them a dreadful brightness; then each tear swelled and rolled down the withered cheek, but did not wet it.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

痛苦的泪珠

那时洛兰老太太像庄严的鬼影一般站在孩子床头，叫两个木工看着惊心动魄。皮色赛过发黄的象牙，无数的皱褶中间闪出恐怖和报复的火焰。脑门上稀稀朗朗剩着一些花白的头发，有一股义愤填膺的表情。她来的时候一路想着比哀兰德，此刻凭着快死的老年人常有的直觉，体会到比哀兰德的全部生活。她猜到她的宝贝孩子害着少女们特有的病，生命遭到了威胁。她一生吃了许多苦，眉毛和眼睫毛都脱光了，灰白的眼睛里好容易冒出两大颗眼泪，结成两颗痛苦的珠子，使眼睛有一种怕人的光彩；泪珠愈来愈大，滚在干枯的腮帮上。

(傅雷 译)

Trying to Hold Back Tears

It was the first time since our entry that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father and mother, as if all that sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling, busy way. But now, when Tom cried; although she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not by any movement disturb a hair of the head of either of her little charges; I saw two silent tears fall down her face.

(Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

贫家女强忍泪水

我们进屋以后，这还是头一次看见孩子哭。这个孤苦的小姑娘刚才谈到她那已故的父母时，所以能把悲哀硬压下去，似乎是由于她认为有必要鼓起勇

气，由于她能做工而产生一种幼稚的骄傲感，由于她过着那种忙忙碌碌的生活。可是现在，托姆哭了，我发现她脸上也流下两颗泪珠——尽管她仍然很安静地坐在那里，默默地望着我们，也没有拿手去抚弄她看管的那两个小孩子的头发。（张谷若 译）

Crying of a Failure

She went still whiter, fearful. The two stood facing one another. Her black eyes gazed on him with the last look of resistance. And then in a last agonized failure she began to grizzle, to cry in a shivery little fashion of a child that doesn't want to cry, but which is beaten from within, and gives that little first shudder of sobbing which is not yet weeping, dry and fearful.

He had won. She stood there absolutely helpless, shuddering, her dry sobs and her mouth trembling rapidly. And then, as in a child, with a little crash came the tears and the blind agony of sightless weeping. She sank down on the grass and sat there with her hands on her breast and her face lifted in sightless, convulsed weeping. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Fox*)

失败者的哭泣

她的脸色更加惨白，十分怕人。两个人面对面站着。她那带着最后一点反抗神色的黑眼睛凝视着他，然后，在这一最后回合中惨遭失败之后，她开始啼泣了。那样子有点像一个孩子，抖抖嗦嗦，不想哭出声来，可是内心又感到被打败的颓丧，于是就发出那种算不上哭泣的干巴巴的怕人的呜咽声。

他胜利了，而她，完全孤立无援地站在那儿，浑身战栗，干巴巴地抽泣，嘴唇不住地抖动。尔后，她像一个孩子一样突然泪如泉涌，哭得什么也看不见。她一下子坐到草地上，两手捂着胸口，仰起脸孔，浑身抽搐，嚎啕大哭。

（高健民 译）

30. Discomposure 狼狈

Mistaking Tar-water for Wine

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterwards, the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning

round several times in an appalling spasmodic whooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window, violently plunging and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

错把煤焦油水当酒喝后的狼狈相

我目不转睛地瞅着潘波趣,双手抱牢桌腿,双脚钩住桌腿,只见这个卑鄙的家伙把那杯白兰地摩挲把玩了好一阵,最后端起杯子,露出笑脸,仰起脑袋,一饮而尽。谁知酒一进口,他就猛地跳了起来,咳咳呛呛,又跳又蹦地绕着桌子转了几圈,遍身一阵阵抽搐,样子好不怕人;他直奔门外,在座的顿时都给吓得惊慌失措。我从窗口望出去,见他在外面没命地跺脚,吐口沫,脸上做出种种奇尽怪绝的吓人模样,简直像发了疯。 (王科一 译)

Amazing Plight after an Adventure

He was in an amazing plight. His coat was dusty and dirty, and smeared with green down the gleeves; his hair disordered, and as it seemed to me greyer—either with dust and dirt or because its colour had actually faded. His face was ghastly pale; his chin had a brown cut on it—a cut half healed, his expression was haggard and drawn, as by intense suffering. For a moment he hesitated in the doorway, as if he had been dazzled by the light. Then he came into the room. He walked with just such a limp as I have seen in footsore tramps. We stared at him in silence, expecting him to speak. (H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*)

历险之后的狼狈相

他的狼狈相令人吃惊。他的上衣沾满了灰土,袖口全抹上了绿色的东西;头发乱蓬蓬的,在我看来好像又灰白了一些——或是由于盖满灰土和脏东西所致,或是真的褪色了。他的脸色像死人般的苍白;下巴颏有一块褐色的伤口——已经半愈合了;样子既憔悴又愁眉苦脸的,似乎在忍受着剧烈的痛苦。他在门口迟疑了好一会,好像被灯照得眼花似的,然后走进屋子,就像经过长途跋涉走痛了脚似地一瘸一拐地走着。我们默不作声地盯着他看,等着他开口说话。 (沈师光 译)

Being Teased

Captain Segura squeezed out a smile. It seemed to come from the wrong place like toothpaste when the tube splits. He said, 'For the first

time I have been shot in the back. I am glad that it was by a woman.' He had made an admirable recovery; the water still dripped from his hair and his collar was limp with it. (Graham Greene, *Our Man in Havana*)

被捉弄后的狼狈相

塞古拉警长脸上挤出了一丝笑意,他笑得那么难看,就跟从牙膏皮的裂缝中漏出的牙膏差不多。"我这是头一回在背后被人打了一枪,很高兴开枪的是一位女士。"他很快就恢复了常态,可是汽水还顺着头发往下滴着,浆过的衣领被弄得软塌塌的。 (张晓勇 译)

Failure in Recitation

Tom Sawyer stepped forward with conceited confidence and soared into the unquenchable and indestructible "Give me liberty or give me death" speech, with fine fury and frantic gesticulation, and broke down in the middle of it. A ghastly stag-fright seized him, his legs quaked under him and he was like to choke. True, he had the manifest sympathy of the house—but he had the house's silence, too, which was even worse than its sympathy. The master frowned, and this completed the disaster. Tom struggled awhile and then retired, utterly defeated. There was a weak attempt at applause, but it died early.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

表演失败的狼狈相

汤姆·索亚自负地满怀信心走上前去,气势雄壮地背诵那热情奔放、锐不可挡的"不自由,毋宁死"那篇演说,他慷慨激昂地背诵着,还做了些疯狂的手势,可是背到当中就接不下去了。一阵可怕的怯场心理侵袭着他,两条腿直发抖,他简直像是透不过气来。他固然是分明地获得了全场的同情,但同时也遭到了大家的冷场,这比同情更叫他难受。校长皱了皱眉头,这就使他的不幸到了极点。汤姆挣扎了一会儿,然后惨败地退场了。有人也勉强鼓了一下掌,但声音很微弱,很快就平静下来了。 (张友松 译)

31. Change of Expressions 表情变化

The Conquest of Gratitude over Pride

If the roof of the house had suddenly flown off, the old gentleman wouldn't have been more astonished; but he liked it—oh, dear, yes, he liked it amazingly! —and was so touched and pleased by that confiding

little kiss that all his crustiness vanished; and he just set her on his knee, and laid his wrinkled cheek against her rosy one, feeling as if he had got his own little granddaughter back again. Beth ceased to fear him from that moment, and sat there talking to him as cozily as if she had known him all her life, for love casts out fear, and gratitude can conquer pride.

(Louisa May Alcott, *Little Women*)

感恩战胜矜持

这事真如天翻地覆，老头子惊奇得不可名状；但他却是很喜欢的，——是的，他真是又惊又喜！——他被这十分信任的小小的吻这样地感动而怡悦，他的一股严峻拗戾之气忽地消失净尽；他只抱她在膝上，把他皱纹累累的面颊偎那小姑娘的玫瑰色的容颜，仿佛他已重复得到了他的小孙女一般。从这个时候开始，佩丝不再怕他了。只坐在他膝上和他谈话，亲密得像似一生的老相识；因为爱情能把畏惧驱之门外，而感恩可以战胜一切矜持。（郑晓沧 译）

From Joy to Solemnness

The hilarious gaiety changed swiftly at the closing bars, and the drummer rattled his sticks in the inevitable prelude to God Save the King. The smiles left our faces as though wiped clean by a sponge. The Mandarin sprang to attention, his hands stiff to his sides. I remember wondering vaguely if he was in the Army. How queer he looked with his long poker face, and his drooping Mandarin moustache. I caught the salmon lady's eye. God Save the King had taken her unawares, she was still holding a plate heaped with chicken in aspic. She held it stiffly out in front of her like a church collection. All animation had gone from her face. As the last note of God save the King died away she relaxed again, and attacked her chicken in a sort of frenzy, chattering over her shoulder to her partner.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

由狂喜突变为严肃

唱到结尾的几小节，兴高采烈的狂欢气氛急转直下，接着，鼓手照例用鼓棒嗒嗒敲了几下作为引子，乐队随即奏起《上帝保佑英王》。大家脸上的笑容不见了，就好比是被一块海绵抹了个干净。那位满汀遗老猛地双脚一并，来了个立正姿势，双手恭自地垂在身子两侧。我记得当时自己曾暗暗揣摩，不知此公是不是现役陆军军人。那张毫无表情的马脸，配着一簇满大人式的垂髯，样子好不古怪。我看见那个身穿肉色衣服的太太正朝我望。乐队冷不防地在这

时奏起《上帝保佑英王》。弄得她手足无措，所以只好直挺挺地把一满盘冻鸡捧在胸前，那模样就好比捧着做礼拜时募到的捐款一般，脸上生气全无。一俟《上帝保佑英王》奏完，她忙不迭地松散一下身上，接着又吃起她那盘鸡肉来。她一面狼吞虎咽，一面转过头去同她的伴侣没完没了地闲扯。

（林智玲　程德　译）

Fading Surprise

Then he stopped laughing, or whatever it was. Then his face looked surprised. Then it quit looking surprised, the surprise fading out of it steady at first and gradually faster but not very much faster like the heat fades out of a piece of iron on a blacksmith's anvil until his face just looked amazed and quiet and almost peaceful. "Unless I lost it in battle," he said.

(William Faulkner, *My Grandmother Millard*)

逐渐消失的惊讶表情

然后他就不再笑了，反正不做出那样的表情了，如果叫它笑不合适的话。这时他的面部现出吃惊的表情。然后吃惊的表情停止了，起初是稳定地消失着，又逐渐变快，但比铁匠铁砧上的铁块的热消失得快不到哪儿去，最后他的面部只有惊愕、文静，几乎是安详的表情。"除非我在战斗中失去这个名字。"他说道。

（王义国　译）

A Quickly Recovered Face

At last she stopped, panting. Her face was no longer human, it was distorted with cruelty, and rage and pain. You should never have thought that this quiet, refined woman was capable of such fiendish passion. Mr Joyce took a step backwards. He was absolutely aghast at the sight of her. It was not a face, it was a gibbering, hideous mask. Then they heard a voice calling from another room, a loud, friendly, cheerful voice. It was Mrs. Joyce.

"Come along, Lesile darling, your room is ready. You must be dropping with sleep."

Mrs. Crosbie's features gradually composed themselves. Those passions, so clearly delineated, were smoothed away as with your hand you would smooth crumpled paper, and in a minute the face was cool and calm and unlined. She was a trifle pale, but her lips broke into a pleasant,

affable smile. She was once more the well-bred and even distinguished woman. (W. Somerset Maugham, *The Letter*)

善变的表情

她说到这里停下来，激动得上气不接下气。她的脸这时已不再像人的模样，残忍、愤怒和痛苦使它变了形。人们万万不会想到，一位娴静、有教养的妇女怎么竟会有这种恶魔般的情感。乔伊斯先生被她那副样子吓了一跳，连忙向后倒退。他看到的不是一张人脸，而是一张喋喋不休、丑恶吓人的假面具。这时，他听到隔壁房间里有人在呼唤，那是乔伊斯太太响亮、友善、欢快的嗓音。

"来啊，亲爱的莱斯利，房间已经收拾好啦，你得马上睡觉。"

听到那呼唤声，克罗斯太太那变了形的脸渐渐恢复了原状，原先那些明显的痛苦表情消失了，正像一张折皱的纸被手捋平了一样。霎时间，她的脸变得冷静、沉着，折皱完全不见了。她的面色仍有些苍白，但嘴唇上却露出令人愉快、和蔼可亲的微笑。她又成为那位具有良好教养的高贵女性了。 (刘宪之 译)

III. Psychology 心理

A. Disposition 人物性格

1. Extroversion 外向

Overflowing Feelings

She was conscious that by her toilette and her beauty she had eclipsed the loveliest and best-dressed women in Paris. She laughed to show her white teeth; her head with its wreath of flowers was never still, in her quest of admiration. Her glances went from one box to another, as she diverted herself with the awkward way in which a Russian princess wore her bonnet, or over the utter failure of a bonnet with which a banker's daughter had disfigured herself. (Honoré de Balzac, *The Wild Ass's Skin*)

情感外露

……确信自己的服饰和美貌已压倒巴黎所有最美丽、时髦的女人时，她的脸上焕发出无法形容的快乐；她笑了，为的是向人显露她雪白的牙齿，她摆动了一下饰满鲜花的脑袋，为的是让人来欣赏她，她的眼光从这个包厢移到另一个包厢，她嘲笑一位俄罗斯公主笨拙地把法国式软帽戴在前额上，或一顶难看的帽子可怜地扣在一位银行家的女儿头上。 （梁均 译）

A Piquant Girl

Sally Leadbitter was vulgar-minded to the last degree; never easy unless her talk was of love; in her eyes it was an honour to have had a long list of wooers. So constituted, it was a pity that Sally herself was but a plain, red-haired, freckled girl; never like, one would have thought, to become a heroine in her own account. But what she lacked in beauty she tried to make up for by a kind of witty boldness, which gave her, what her betters would have called piquancy. Considerations of modesty or propriety never checked her utterance of a good thing. She had just talent enough to

corrupt others...

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

泼辣的姑娘

莎莉·利得比脱只是一个十分粗俗的姑娘，谈到恋爱或者情人就浑身有劲；在她看来，有了一大串追求的男人才算得起光荣。她虽然天赋这样的性情，可惜自己的相貌不好看，一头赤发，满脸雀斑，大家觉得她要是单靠她本身的优点恐怕不大可能成为一个男子追求的对象。她善于说笑，胆子又大，就竭力用这些来弥补她相貌上的缺陷；一般太太小姐们却又会把它叫作泼辣。她开出口来从来不怕难为情。她别的没什么，就有把人带坏的本领……

（荀枚　余贵棠　译）

Dashing Fellow Nozdryov

People of Nozdryov's type are no doubt already fairly familiar to the reader. We have each of us had occasion to encounter a great many like him. They are called dashing fellows even as children and at school they are known for good friends, and yet they come in for quite painful beatings. Their faces always display something open, direct and devil-may-care. They are quick to make friends, and in no time are on the most intimate terms. The friendship is to last forever, it would seem, but somehow it invariably happens that the new friends quarrel that very same evening, at their first binge together. They are always line-spinners, carousers and dashing blades, they like to be seen and noticed. At the age of thirty-five Nozdryov was exactly the same as he had been at eighteen and twenty: a great one for carousing.

(Nikolai Gogol, *Dead Souls*, trans. Christopher English)

快男儿罗士特来夫

罗士特来夫的相貌，读者也一定已经很有些认识了。我们里面的无论谁，遇到这种类型的人物，是决不只一次的。大家称他们为快男儿；当还是儿童和在学校的时候，就被看作好脚色，他也因此得到往往很痛的鞭笞。他们的脸上，总表现着坦白，直爽，和确实的英勇。他们一看见人，别人还不及四顾，就马上成了朋友。他们还立誓要做永久的朋友，而且好像也要守住他们的誓约似的；然而这新朋友大抵就在结交的欢宴的这一晚上，发生争论，又彼此打起来了。他们爱说话，爱花钱，有胆量，不改口。罗士特来夫已经三十五岁，却还像十八、二十岁一样：爱逛荡、找玩乐。

（鲁迅　译）

An Unfettered Tomboy

'My wife was twenty before her father became a rich man. During that time she ran free in a mining camp, and wandered through woods or mountains, so that her education has come from nature rather than from the schoolmaster. She is what we call in England a tomboy, with a strong nature, wild and free, unfettered by any sort of traditions. She is impetuous—volcanic, I was about to say. She is swift in making up her mind, and fearless in carrying out her resolutions. On the other hand, I would not have given her the name which I have the honour to bear' (he gave a little stately cough) 'had I not thought her to be at bottom a noble woman. I believe she is capable of heroic self-sacrifice, and that anything dishonourable would be repugnant to her'.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Noble Bachelor*)

不受管束的姑娘

"我的妻子在她父亲发财以前,已经二十岁了。在这时期,她在矿镇上自由自在,整天游荡,所以她所受的教育,与其说是教师传授的,还不如说是大自然赋予的。她是一个我们英国人们所称的顽皮姑娘。她性情泼辣、粗野,而又有点任性,不受任何习俗的约束。她很性急,或近乎暴躁。她轻易地作出决定,干起来从不害怕。另一方面,要不是我考虑她是一位高贵的女人,"他庄严地咳嗽了一声,"我是决不会让她享受我所享有的高贵称号的。我相信,她是能够做一个出色的妻子的,任何不名誉的事情都是她所深恶痛绝的。"

(岳文楚 周可 等译)

Vivacious Celia

At the side of Celia's slender height, Georgina looked tiny. She was vivacious, and as alert and racy as the horse she rode. Laughter sat easily on her face and often a mercurial temper, but today her ready temper was under strict control. From now on she would have to be a steadying influence, help whenever possible and keep quiet for the rest of the time. It looked like being a lasting arrangement.

(Patricia Wilson, *Deared Traitor*)

个性活泼的姬那

和莉亚修长的身材相比,姬那显得娇小。但是她的个性活泼,喜怒形于色,脾气来得快,去得也快。只是今天,她全力控制脾气,因为从现在开始,她

必须保有稳定的影响力，才会尽可能地改善府中的气氛。 （孙凡轩 译）

Carrying the Soul's Prevailing Weather in the Face

Necessarily, such a man is impressionable, impulsive, emotional. This one was, and had not gift at biding his feelings; or if he had it he took no trouble to exercise it. He carried his soul's prevailing weather in his face, and when he entered a room the parasols or the umbrellas went up—figuratively speaking—according to the indications. When the soft light was in his eye it meant approval, and delivered a benediction; when he came with a frown he lowered the temperature ten degrees. He was a well-beloved man in the house of his friends, but sometimes a dreaded one. （Mark Twain, *Was It Heaven? Or Hell?*）

表里如一

当然，这样一个人是敏感的，冲动的，易动感情的。这个人从来不会掩饰自己的感情；或者说，他有了某种感情，就一定会直截了当地表示出来。他将他内心的主要气候表现在脸上，当他走进一间房子时，那些阳伞或雨伞就按照指示撑开了——这是一个比喻性的说法。当他眼里出现柔和的光时，是表示赞成，并发出祝福；当他皱着眉头时，那他对事情的热度就已降低了十度了。他在友人们家里是个很受尊敬的人，但有时也是个可怕的人。（唐荫荪 译）

2. Introversion 内向

Being Silent

She was a silent woman, not given to spontaneous conversation. What she thought, no one ever knew, even her husband; she left the disciplining of the children to him, and did whatever he commanded without comment or complaint unless the circumstances were most unusual... She never laughed, nor did she ever lose her temper.

（Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*）

沉默寡言

她是个沉默寡言的女人，从不轻易说话。她的思想没有人知道，就连她的丈夫也不知道。她把管教孩子的事都交给了他，并按照他的指令做事，除非碰到特殊情况，一般她是从来不加评价也不抱怨的……她从来不笑，也不发脾气。 （晓明 陈明锦 译）

Secret Suffering

What increased the secret suffering of Grandfather Gillenormand, was that he shut her entirely out, and let her suspect nothing of it. His chagrin was like those newly invented furnaces which consume their own smoke. Sometimes it happened that some blundering, officious body would speak to him of Marius, and ask: "What is your grandson doing, or what has become of him?" The old bourgeois would answer, with a sigh, if he was too sad, or giving his ruffle a tap, if he wished to seem gay: "Monsieur the Baron Pontmercy is pettifogging in some hole."

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

痛在心底

吉诺曼公公的内心痛苦如此之深,可是他把痛苦全闷在心底,绝不透露半点。他的悲伤就像那种最近发明的连烟也烧尽的火炉。偶尔,某些不大识趣的一般朋友和他谈起马吕斯,问他道:"您的那位外孙先生近来如何了?"或是"他在做什么呢?"这老绅士,当时如果过于郁闷,就叹口气,如果要假装愉快,便弹着自己的衣袖说:"彭眉胥男爵先生或许在什么地方料理诉讼。"

(长江 译)

Silence Gives Benefits

His natural taciturnity was in his favour; nothing could be more calculated to give people, especially people with property (Soames had no other clients), the impression that he was a safe man. Tradition, habit, education, inherited aptitude, native caution, all joined to form a solid professional honesty, superior to temptation from the very fact that it was built on an innate avoidance of risk. How could he fall, when his soul abhorred circumstances which render a fall possible—a man cannot fall off the floor!

(John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*)

沉默是金

他生平沉默寡言对他很有好处;要使人家,尤其那些有产业的人(索米斯的主顾都是这些人),觉得他的为人可靠,再没有比这样沉默寡言更加靠得住的了。而且他也的确可靠。传统、习惯、教育、遗传的干练、生性的谨慎,这一切都合起来形成一种十足的职业上的诚实:这种性格天生就是害怕风险,因此决不会弄得利令智昏。他自己从灵魂深处就厌恶那种可以使人跌交的场合,

因此他自己绝不会跌交——一个人站在地板上哪会跌交呢！ （周熙良 译）

An Isolated Soul

Philip had few friends. His habit of reading isolated him: it became such a need that after being in company for some time he grew tired and restless; he was vain of the wider knowledge he had acquired from the perusal of so many books, his mind was alert, and he had not the skill to hide his contempt for his companions' stupidity. They complained that he was conceited, and, since he excelled only in matters which to them were unimportant, they asked satirically what he had to be conceited about. He was developing a sense of humour, and found that he had a knack of saying bitter things, which caught people on the raw; he said them because they amused him, hardly realizing how much they hurt, and was much offend when he found that his victims regarded him with active dislike. The humiliations he suffered when first he went to school had caused in him a shrinking from his fellows which he could never entirely overcome; he remained shy and silent. But though he did everything to alienate the sympathy of other boys he longed with all his heart for the popularity which to some was so easily accorded. These from his distance he admired extravagantly; and though he was inclined to be more sarcastic with them than with others, though he made little jokes at their expense, he would have given anything to change places with the dullest boy in the school who was whole of limb.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

落落寡合的菲利普

菲利普没有什么朋友。他酷爱读书的这一雅癖使他变得落落寡合。披卷破帙成了他生活的第一需要，他无论和谁聚在一起，不多一会便感到厌倦烦躁；他自恃博览群书，学识丰富，不把旁人放在眼里；他思想敏捷，又不善于掩饰，对于同伴的愚昧无知，轻蔑之情往往溢于言表。同窗学友抱怨他尾巴翘到天上；在他们看来，菲利普又不是在什么了不起的事情上胜他们一筹，所以常反唇相讥，问他究竟凭什么这么目中无人。菲利普逐渐显出辛辣的幽默感，自有一套挖苦人的功夫，一开口就能触到人的痛处。对他来说，讲些调皮刻薄的话，无非是觉得有趣罢了，很少想到自己的话锋有多厉害。而等他发现被挖苦过的人就此怀恨在心，他又自怨自艾起来。初进学校时所受的种种屈辱，使他对那些同窗学友避之唯恐不及；他始终没法完全摆脱这种畏葸心理，始终那么

忸怩，腼腆，沉默寡言。其实，尽管他视同窗为异己，尽量敬而远之，然而心底里却希望得到他们的拥戴，这对有些孩子来说，似乎易如反掌。他暗暗闪在一旁，对这些孩子崇拜得五体投地。虽说他讥讽起他们来往往更不留情面，而且常常当众取笑他们，可是他愿意拿自己的一切来换取他们的地位。

（张柏然　张增健　倪俊　译）

3. Straightforwardness 直率

Making No Secret of One's Feelings

Too quick to detect affectation or insincerity in others, too impatient of dulness or pomposity, she is more sarcastic now than she became when after years of suffering had softened her nature. Truth looks out of her bright eyes, and rises up armed, and flashes scorn or denial, perhaps too readily, when she encounters flattery, or meanness, or imposture.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

毫不掩饰自己的情感

后来她经过多年忧患，使她的性情变温柔了，可是这时候她遇到别人虚伪做作，一眼就看得穿，遇到无聊或夸大，立刻就忍耐不住，因此比后来尖刻得多。她一见到别人谄媚、卑鄙、欺骗，那双明亮的眼睛就露出一片真诚，带着戒备的神情挺身而出，闪闪地发出鄙夷或拒绝的神情来，这种反应也许未免太快了一点。

（王培德　译）

Frankness

You want to know my character. I am good-natured to those who do me a good turn, or to those whose hearts speak to mine. These last may do anything they like with me; they may bruise my shins, and I shall not tell them to "mind what they are about"; but, nom d'une pipe, the devil himself is not an uglier customer than I can be if people annoy me, or if I don't happen to take to them.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

坦言

你要知道我的性格吗？只要对我好的或是我觉得投机的人，我对他们和气得很。这种人可以百无禁忌，尽管在我小腿上踢几脚，我也不会说一声哼，当心！可是，小乖乖！那些跟我找麻烦的人，或是我觉得不对劲的，我会凶得像魔鬼。

（傅雷　译）

Frank and Easy Herbert Pocket

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen anyone since, who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret and mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. I became imbued with the notion on that first occasion before we sat down to dinner, but I cannot define by what means.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

谈吐直爽、平易近人

赫伯尔特·林顿谈吐直爽，平易可亲，很讨人欢喜。顷刻之间使我深深领会到这个人天生不会做阴险卑鄙的事——这样的人我以前没有见过，以后也没有再见过第二个。他的整个风貌，即使我觉得他前途大有可为，可同时也使我感到似乎有个声音在向我悄悄耳语，说他这人一辈子也成不了大事，发不了大财。我也不明白这是怎么搞的。第一次正式相见，还没有坐下来吃饭，就对他有了这个印象，可惜说不出个所以然来。 （三科一 译）

Honest Colonel Sir James Damery

Sharp to the half-hour, Colonel Sir James Damery was announced. It is hardly necessary to describe him, for many will remember that large, bluff, honest personality, that broad, clean-shaven face, and above all, that pleasant, mellow voice. Frankness shone from his gray Irish eyes, and good humour played round his mobile, smiling lips. His lucent top-hat, his dark frock-coat, indeed, every detail, from the pearl pin in the black satin cravat to the lavender spats over the varnished shoes, spoke of the meticulous care in dress for which he was famous. The big, masterful aristocrat dominated the little room.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of the Illustrious Client*)

直率开朗的詹姆斯爵士

四点半整，詹姆斯爵士来了。用不着更多地去描述他，因为许多人都记得他那开朗直率的性格，宽阔而剃刮得很干净的面颊，尤其是他那快活圆润的声调。他那灰色的爱尔兰眼睛流露着诚恳坦率；他那富于表情的微笑着的嘴唇

含有机智的幽默感;他发亮的礼帽,深黑的燕尾服,总之,他身上的每一处,从黑缎领带上的镶珠别针到光亮的皮鞋上的淡紫色的鞋罩,无一不显示出他那出名的讲究衣着的习惯。这位高大雍容的贵族完全支配了这个房间。

(岳文楚 周可 等译)

Frank and Generous Richard

I believe Richard's was as frank and generous a nature as there possibly can be. He was ardent and brave, and, in the midst of all his wild restlessness, was so gentle, that I knew him like a brother in a few weeks. His gentleness was natural to him, and would have shown itself abundantly, even without Ada's influence; but, with it, he became one of the most winning of companions, always so ready to be interested, and always so happy, sanguine, and light-hearted.

(Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

豪爽又和蔼可亲的理查德

我相信理查德的性格是最坦白、最豪爽的。他热情而勇敢,虽然跳跳蹦蹦,坐立不安,却非常和蔼可亲。因此,不多几个星期,我就像了解自己兄弟那样,非常了解他了。他那种和蔼可亲的性格是与生俱来的,即便没有婀达的影响,也会到处流露出来;可是,有了婀达的影响,他就成了一个最叫人喜欢的伴侣了;他总是那么体贴、那么愉快、那么乐观、那么无忧无虑。

(黄邦杰 陈少衡 张自谋 译)

4. Weakness and Tameness 软弱、温顺

Being Weak and Subservient

She was very earnestly and humbly entreating Miss Murdstone's pardon, which that lady granted, and a perfect reconciliation took place. I never knew my mother afterwards to give an opinion on any matter, without first appealing to Miss Murdstone, or without having first ascertained by some sure means, what Miss Murdstone's opinion was; and I never saw Miss Murdstone, when out of temper(she was infirm that way), move her hand towards her bag as if she were going to take out the keys and offer to resign them to my mother, without seeing that my mother was in a terrible fright.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

低声下气

她正在那儿低声下气地哀恳权得孙小姐饶了她这一遭儿;那位小姐总算

开恩，不再怪她，两个人才算完全言归于好。从那时候以后，我只知道，我母亲对于任何事，不先请示枚得孙小姐，或者不先想法确实弄清楚了枚得孙小姐是什么意见，就决不敢表示意见。我每逢看见枚得孙小姐一发脾气(她在那一方面最拿不住，最不坚定)，把手伸到手提包那儿，好像要掏钥匙、把它交还我母亲，我就看见我母亲吓得心惊胆战。 (张谷若 译)

Frederick Who Accepted Every Accident

His brother Frederick of the dim eye, palsied hand, bent form, and groping mind, submissively shuffled at his side, accepting his patronage as he accepted every incident of the labyrinthian world in which he had got lost. He held the usual screwed bit of whity-brown paper in his hand, from which he ever and again unscrewed a spare pinch of snuff. That falteringly taken, he would glance at his brother not unadmiringly, put his hands behind him, and shuffle on so at his side until he took another pinch, or stood still to look about him—perchance suddenly missing his clarionet.

(Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

逆来顺受的弗莱德

威廉的兄弟弗莱德两眼朦胧，双手颤抖，佝偻着脊背，心中迷惘，在威廉的身旁顺从地拖曳着双脚，听从他的保护，如同对他已经迷失了方向的迷宫般的世界里发生的每一件事情，他都逆来顺受一样。常不离手的那一张捏皱了的白里泛黄的纸握在手中，他不时地展开，抓出一撮来吸一下。颤抖着抓起来的一撮鼻烟吸过之后，他就瞟一眼他的哥哥，对哥哥毕竟还是敬佩的，然后他便倒背双臂，在哥哥身边拖曳着脚步，过一会儿又抓起一撮鼻烟，或者停下脚步，环顾四周——兴许突然发现没带他的双簧管。 (金绍禹 译)

Meek and Mild

He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else. It is nothing to say that he hadn't a word to throw at a dog. He couldn't have thrown a word at a mad dog.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

温良柔顺

在男性中，他的脾气最柔顺，在瘦小的人里，他的性格最温和。他进屋子、

出屋子，都屈着身子，免得多占地方。他走起路来，脚步那样轻，和《哈姆雷特》里的鬼魂一样，而脚步那样慢，比那个鬼魂更其。他把脑袋往一边歪着，一半是由于要谦虚地贬低他自己，一半是由于要谦虚地讨好所有别的人。如果说他连对一条狗都不肯呵叱，那还不足以尽其为人。总得说，他连对一条疯狗都不肯呵叱才成。（张谷若 译）

No Quarrel with the World

Major O'Dowd...was the most modest, silent, sheepfaced and meek of little men, and as obedient to his wife as if he had been her tay-boy. At the mess-table he sat silently, and drank a great deal. When full of liquor, he reeled silently home. When he spoke, it was to agree with everybody on every conceivable point; and he passed through life in perfect ease and good humour. The hottest suns of India never heated his temper; and the Walcheren ague never shook it. He walked up to a battery with just as much indifference as to a dinner-table; had dined on horse-flesh and turtle with equal relish and appetite.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

随遇而安

他身材短小，平常待人十分谦虚，而且怕羞得厉害，向来不大说话。他凡事听凭妻子摆布，就是她的茶几，也不过像他那么听话。他常常在军营的饭堂里闷着头不停地喝酒，灌饱了酒，便不声不响地趔趄着脚回家。凡是他开口说话，总顺着别人的口气。无论什么人说随便什么话，他没有不赞成的；一辈子就是这么随随便便、舒舒服服地过去。印度火热的太阳不能使他烦躁，华尔契瑞的疟疾也不能叫他激动。他到炮台上打仗的当儿就跟坐下来吃饭那么镇定。乌肉也罢，甲鱼也罢，照他看来差不了多少，都很可口。（杨必 译）

Gentle Mrs. Grandet

She was an excellent woman, a la Bertelliere to the backbone. The Abbe Cruchot managed to find occasional opportunities for telling her that she had been rather good-looking once, and she did not disagree. An angelic sweetness of nature, helpless resignation like that of an insect in the hands of tormenting children, unusual devotion to her religion, unvarying evenness of temper, a kind heart, had won for her universal pity and respect. Her husband never gave her more than six francs at a time for

pocket money. Although she appeared to be well-off, this woman who had brought Monsieur Grandet more than three hundred thousand francs in her dowry and the fortunes she had inherited, had always felt so profoundly humiliated by her state of dependence and subjection, although the gentleness of her nature prevented any revolt against it, that she had never asked her husband for a sou, nor had she made any comment about the documents which Maître Cruchot presented for her signature from time to time.

(Honorè de Balzac, *Eugenie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

天性柔和的葛朗台太太

可是她为人极好，真有拉贝特利耶家风。克罗旭常常有心借机会告诉她，说她当初并不怎样难看，她居然会相信。性情柔和得像天使，忍耐功夫不下于给孩子捉弄的虫蚁，少有的虔诚，平静的心境绝不会骚乱，一片好心，个个人可怜她，敬重她。

丈夫给她的零用，每次从不超过六法郎，虽然相貌奇丑，她的陪嫁与承继的遗产，给葛朗台先生带来三十多万法郎。然而她始终诚惶诚恐，仿佛依人篱下似的；天性的柔和，使她摆脱不了这种奴性，她既没要求过一个钱，也没对克罗旭公证人要她签字的文件表示过异议。 （傅雷 译）

An Amiable and Affectionate Woman

Mrs. John Knightley was a pretty, elegant little woman, of gentle, quiet manners, and a disposition remarkably amiable and affectionate, wrapped up in her family, a devoted wife, a doting mother, and so tenderly attached to her father and sister that, but for these higher ties, a warmer love might have seemed impossible. She could never see a fault in any of them. She was not a woman of strong understanding or any quickness; and with this resemblance of her father. She inherited also much of his constitution; was delicate in her own health, over careful of that of her children, had many fears and many nerves, and was as fond of her own Mr. Wingfield in town as her father could be of MR Peng. They were alike, too, in a general benevolence of temper, and a strong habit of regard for every old acquaintance. (Jane Austen, *Emma*)

性情温和的夫人

约翰·南特利夫人是一个漂亮、文雅的年轻女人，态度娴静，性情非常和

嵩，一心扑在家庭上；既是一个忠实的太太，又是一个慈祥的母亲，而且又体贴入微地爱着父亲跟妹妹。要没有这些亲人，像这样热烈的爱就似乎不可能产生。在他们任何一个人身上，她从来看不出一点短处。她不是一个理解力很强的女人，一点也不灵敏，除掉这一点跟她父亲相似之外，她还继承了他的许多气质：她身体纤弱，过分关怀孩子们的健康，还有许多的恐惧和紧张，喜欢城里的文菲尔德先生，像她父亲喜欢伯里先生一样。他们在慈爱的性情上和敬老的习惯上也相同。（刘重德 译）

Gentle and Sincere

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of rugged countenance that was never lightened by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse, backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eyes, something indeed while never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank *gin* when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theater, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approval tolerance for others, sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of charge in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson: for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde*)

温文敦厚

律师厄塔森先生是个身材高瘦、面目粗犷的人。脸上从无笑容，生性沉默

寡言，不善交际，叫人觉得索然乏味——但说到底，他却是个讨人喜欢的人物。每当好友相聚，只要酒合口味，他的眼光中便充满一种敦厚的温情。他的品格确实从未在谈吐中表现出来。但饭后他那沉默的面容却是这种品格的象征，而他的行动更是这种品质有力的证明。他律己极严，独处时只喝杜松子酒，目的是煞一煞上等佳酿的瘾头；虽然他喜爱戏剧，可他已有二十年没进剧院的门。不过，他对别人却很能大度宽容。虽然有时对某些人一味胡作非为的精神倾向表示关注，甚至有点嫉妒，但无论闹到何种地步，他都宁可提供援助，而不愿加以指责。他经常颇为风趣地说："我不反对该隐的歪门邪道，我放手让我的兄弟上魔鬼那儿去。"有这样一种性格，他就只好做那些走下坡路的人的最后一个正派朋友，发挥最后一点良好的影响。既如此，即使是他们来到他家中，他也丝毫没有加以指责的意思。

尤可怀疑，厄塔森先生乐于行善原是他的天性，因为他是个最不喜欢表现自己的人。甚至他的友谊也建筑在一个与人为善的信仰上。接受命运为他安排的现成的社交圈子，是一个人处世谦恭的标志。而这也就是律师的交友之道。

（赵毅衡　译）

5. Staunchness 坚强

Firmer Trust in Her Own Powers

On a dark, misty, raw morning in January, I had left a hostile roof with a desperate and embittered heart—a sense of outlawry and almost of reprobation—to seek the chilly harbourage of Lowood: that bourne so far away and unexplored. The same hostile roof now again rose before me: my prospects were doubtful yet; and I had yet an aching heart. I still felt as a wanderer on the face of the earth; but I experienced firmer trust in myself and my own powers, and less withering dread of oppression. The gaping wound of my wrongs, too, was now quite healed; and the flame of resentment extinguished.

（Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*）

坚信自己的力量

在正月的一个黑暗有雾的阴冷早晨，我怀着绝望痛苦的心情，怀着被放逐被摒弃的感觉，离开了一所敌视的房子，去寻求劳渥德那寒冷的栖身之所，那既遥远又没探索过的目的地。这所敌视的房子现在再一次矗立在我面前，我的前途还渺茫；我的心还疼痛。我仍然觉着自己像是地球表面上的一个流浪者；可是，对于我自己和自己的力量我感到有了更坚定的信心，对于压迫也不再感到那么畏畏缩缩。我的冤屈的绽开的伤口，现在已经愈合；怨恨的火焰已经熄灭。

（祝庆英　译）

A Man of Strong Character

It wasn't certainly as if his nature had been soft, so that pin-pricks would draw blood from it...would grasp at everything of every sort that one might give him, (was wasted agility). It was not that he had not susceptibilities, but his passive surface, as well as his active, was large and hard, and he might always be trusted to dress his wounds, so far as they required it, himself. She came back, even for her measure of possible pangs and aches in him, to her old sense that he was naturally plated and steeled, armed essentially for aggression.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

具有坚强性格的人

伊莎贝尔知道,他的性格不是柔弱的,针尖刺不出血来……他可以忍受别人带给他的一切痛苦。这倒不是由于他缺乏敏感的天性,而是因为他的防御能力跟进攻能力一样强大而坚韧。只要必要,他永远可以自己包扎伤口。在衡量他忍受痛苦和不幸的功能的时候,她总会想起她过去的那个认识:他天生是由钢片组成的,是一个武装到牙齿的人物。 (项星耀 译)

Ready to Bear Anything

She thought without surprise, looking down from her height, that her shoulders were strong enough to bear anything now, having borne the worst that could ever happen to her. She could not desert Tara; she belonged to the red acres far more than they could ever belong to her. Her roots went deep into the blood-coloured soil and sucked up life, as did the cotton. She would stay at Tara and keep it, somehow, keep her father and her sisters, Melanie and Ashley's child, the Negroes.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

勇挑重担

她觉得自己经历过最恶劣的一场梦,现在什么担子都吃得消了……她要自己挑起这副担子。她决不能抛弃这个陶乐,这里属于红色土地,她也属于这红色的土地,她的根已深深扎进这些红色泥土里。她要住在陶乐,支撑陶乐,并且支持她的父亲,她的妹妹,也要支持媚兰跟希礼的孩子,乃至支持那几个未走的黑人。 (筒宗 译)

Enduring Her Father's Death

Yet she came back almost calm, as if she had gained a new strength. She put off her mourning dress, and came in, looking pale and gentle, thanking us each with a soft long pressure of the hand. She could even smile—a faint, sweet, wintry smile—as if to reassure us of her power to endure. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

强忍丧父之痛

可是,杰西小姐从墓地回来几乎不露丝毫悲恸之色,竟仿佛获得了一种新的力量。她脱去了丧服走了进来,脸色看上去苍白、孱弱。她轻盈而又长时间地握着我们的手,向我们一一道谢。她竟然还能面露微笑——那是一种细微、温柔但令人心酸的微笑,似乎是在使我们相信,她能挺得住。

(徐新 顾明栋 译)

Mother's Force and Determination

Of the group the mother alone stood out as having that force and determination which, however blind or erroneous, makes for self-preservation, if not success in life. She, more than any of the others, stood up with an ignorant, yet somehow respectable air of conviction. If you had watched her, her hymn book dropped to her side, her glance directed straight before her into space, you would have said: "Well, here is one who, whatever her defects, probably does what she believes as nearly as possible." (Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

母亲的毅力和决心

他们这几个人,只有母亲特别突出,显得有那么一股毅力和决心,即使是盲目或错误的,不能叫她发迹,至少总能保持住自己。她比另外几个都强,显得有一种虽然无知却能令人起敬的自信神情。你要是注意观察过她,看见她把那本《赞美诗》放在身边,眼睛直望着前面,那你一定会说:"哦,瞧她这个人,不管她有什么缺点,也许是怎么信就怎么干的人。" (许汝祉 译)

The Citadel of the Family

She seemed to know, to accept, to welcome her position, the citadel of the family, the strong place that could not be taken. And since old Tom and the children could not know hurt or fear unless she acknowledged hurt and fear, she had practised denying them in herself. And since, when a

joyful thing happened, they looked to see whether joy was on her, it was her habit to build up laughter out of inadequate materials. But better than joy was calm. Imperturbability could be depended upon. And from her great and humble position in the family she had taken dignity and a clean calm beauty. From her position as healer, her hands had grown sure and cool and quiet; from her position as arbiter she had become as remote and faultless in judgement as a goddess. She seemed to know that if she swayed the family shook, and if she ever really deeply wavered or despaired the family would fall, the family will to function would be gone.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

家庭的主心骨

她似乎知道自己是全家的堡垒，是一个攻不破的坚强阵地；她似乎是承认了自己这种地位，还表示欢迎。除非她承认遭到了忧患，老汤姆和孩子们是不知道忧患的，因此她就把自己锻炼得很坚强，根本就不把忧患放在心上。每次发生了什么快乐的事情，大家就首先看看她是否有快乐的表情，于是，她就养成了一种习惯，遇到无足轻重的喜事，也大笑一场。但是比快活更大的特色，是她的镇定。她经常都保持着泰然自若的神色。由于她在这个家庭里处着这么一个伟大而又平凡的地位，她倒有了她的尊严和纯洁的美。在她给别人医治精神创伤的时候，她是有把握的、冷静而沉着的；在评判是非的时候，她的见解是大公无私的、像女神那么公正。她似乎知道，如果她动摇了，全家就会动摇，如果她居然大大地动摇或是绝望，全家就会完蛋，全家的意志就会不起作用了。

(胡仲持　译)

Shouldering the Burden of Two Lives

Her momentary weakness past, the child again summoned the resolution which had until now sustained here, and endeavouring to keep steadily in her view the one idea that they were flying from disgrace and crime, and that her grandfather's preservation must deepen solely upon her firmness, unaided by one word of advice or any helping hand, urged him onward and looked back no more.

While he, subdued and abashed, seemed to crouch before her, and to shrink and cower down as if in the presence of some superior creature, the child herself was sensible of a new feeling within her, which elevated her nature, and inspired her with an energy and confidence she had never known. There was no divided responsibility now; the whole burden of their

two lives had fallen upon her, and henceforth she must think and act for both. 'I have saved him,' she thought. 'In all dangers and distresses, I will remember that.' (Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

肩负着两个人的命运的姑娘

一时的软弱消逝后,一直支撑着她的果敢又重新在心头唤起,她牢牢地把握住一个念头,要设法使他们不受羞辱、免遭毒手,要保护外祖父只有依靠她的坚定了,不会有谁给她出主意,更没有人能帮助她。她催着他,只管往前走,不要回头看。

而他呢,已完全屈服了。他面色羞愧,在她面前似乎要蜷缩起来,仿佛面对着什么高级生命,瑟瑟发抖,行将倒下。女孩心中又涌起了新的情感,这股情感使她的性格高大起来,一种前所未有的力量和信心激励着她,现在不能再把责任分给谁,保住两个人性命的担子就全落在她肩上了,所以从这以后,想问题,做事情都必须为两个人着想。"我会记住,"她想,"是我从艰险困苦中救了他的命。" (洁岩 译)

An Able Woman

For some time she sat where she was, looking straight ahead through the window across the room into a scene of indistinct grays and greens. She stretched her face and her neck muscles and drew in a long breath but the scene in front of her flowed together anyway into a watery gray mass. "They needn't think I'm going to die any time soon," she muttered, and some more defiant voice in her added: I'll die when I get good and ready.

She wiped her eyes with the table napkin and got up and went to the window and gazed at the scene in front of her. The cows were grazing on tow pale green pastures across the road and behind them, fencing them in, was a black wall of trees with a sharp saw tooth edge that held off the indifferent sky. The pastures were enough to calm her. When she looked out any window in her house, she saw the reflection of her own character. Her city friends said she was the most remarkable woman they knew, to go, practically penniless and with no experience, out of a rundown farm and make a success of it. (Flannery O'Connor, *Greenleaf*)

女强人

半晌她坐在那里一动也不动,直勾勾地瞪视着窗外对面一片又灰又绿的模模糊糊的景致。她舒展一下脸和脖子的肌肉,深吸一口气,但是眼前那片景

色总是灰蒙蒙的一团。"他们也用不着想我很快就会死去。"她喃喃地说.内心还有一种更加对抗的声音补充道:等我万事齐备之后.我才死呐。

她用餐巾擦干眼泪,走到窗前,凝视着眼前的景致。奶牛正在路两旁两块淡绿色的草地上吃草,在它们身后,围住它们的是一道黑糊糊的树屏障,锯齿般削尖的树梢挡住淡漠的天空。草原足能使她心情平静下来。她不管从这所房子里哪扇窗户望出去,都能看见自己性格的映象。城里的朋友都说她是他们所认识的女人当中最杰出的一位,她几乎身无分文,又无经验,来到一座破烂的农场,却下出了头。 (屠珍 译)

A Steadfast Man

A staid, steadfast man, whose life for the most part was a telling pantomime of action, and not a tame chapter of sounds. Yet, for all his hardy sobriety and fortitude, there were certain qualities in him which at times affected, and in some cases seemed well nigh to overbalance all the rest. Uncommonly conscientious for a seaman, and endued with a deep natural reverence, the wild watery loneliness of his life did therefore strongly incline him to superstition; but to that sort of superstition, which in some organizations seems rather to spring, somehow, from intelligence than from ignorance. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

坚定不移的人

他是个坚定不移的人,他的生活大多是一种充满行动的有声有色的哑剧,而不是一种单调的字面记载。虽然他有吃苦耐劳的严谨态度和坚韧不拔的精神,可是在他身上也有一些特质,不时影响,而且在某些场合上,似乎还会超过其他一切的特质。他是个耿直非凡的水手,又有一种根深蒂固的虔诚的心,因此,他那种海上的狂暴而孤寂的生活非常容易使他趋向迷信;至于那种迷信,就它的构成说来,却似乎多少有点出之于智慧,而不是出之于愚昧。

(曹庸 译)

6. Stubbornness 固执

Bond-Slave of the "Ought"

Miss Ophelia was the absolute bond-slave of the "ought." Once make her certain that the "path of duty," as she commonly phrased it, lay in any given direction, and fire and water could not keep her from it. She would walk straight down into a well, or up to a loaded cannon's mouth,

if she were only quite sure that there the path lay. Her standard of right was so high, so all-embracing, so minute, and making so few concessions to human frailty, that, though she strove with heroic ardor to reach it, she never actually did so... (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

"有责任感"的奴隶

奥菲丽亚小姐是个地地道道的"有责任感"的奴隶。凡是遇到"义不容辞"(这是她的口头禅)的事,即使赴汤蹈火,她也在所不辞;只要她断定了这是"义不容辞"的事,她真会毫不犹豫地跳下井去,或是朝着一尊实弹待发的大炮昂然前进。她的处世准则实在太高、太广、太细致了,而且丝毫不肯迁就凡夫俗子的弱点;因此,尽管她不断为达到这个目标而英勇奋斗,实际上却从来没有达到过目标…… (黄继忠 译)

Cardinal's Obstinacy

"And I," Montanelli interrupted, "am responsible to God and His Holiness that there shall be no underhand dealing in my diocese. Since you press me in the matter, colonel, I take my stand upon my privilege as Cardinal. I will not allow a secret court-martial in this town in peace-time. I will receive the prisoner here, and alone, at ten tomorrow morning."

"As Your Eminence pleases," the Governor replied with sulky respectfulness; and went away, grumbling to himself: "They're about a pair, as far as obstinacy goes." (E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

主教的牛脾气

"可是我,"蒙太尼里打断他说,"也得向上帝和圣父负责,我的教区里不容有任何刚私卑劣的行为。既然你逼我过问这件事,上校,我就要站在主教立场上行使我的特权了。在当前这种和平时期内,我绝不允许本城设立秘密的军事法庭。明天上午十点钟,我要在这里接见那个犯人,单独接见他。"

"请便。"统领闷闷不乐但恭恭敬敬地说道,然后他退出来,喃喃自语地说:"他跟犯人倒简直都是天生的一副牛脾气。" (司仁 译)

Always to Be Right

Old Osborne did not speculate much on the mingled nature of his feelings, and how his instinct and selfishness were combating together. He firmly believed that everything he did was right, that he ought on all occasions to have his own way, and like the sting of a wasp or serpent his

hatred rushed out armed and poisonous against anything like opposition. He was proud of his hatred as of everything else. Always to be right, always to trample forward, and never to doubt—are not these the great qualities with which dullness takes the lead in the world?

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

坚信自己永远正确

奥斯本老头儿一向不大分析自己的感情;他自私的心理和他的良心怎么冲突,他也不去揣摩。他坚决相信自己永远不错,在不论什么事上,别人都应该听从他的吩咐。如果有人违拗了他,他立刻想法子报仇,那份儿狠毒真像黄蜂螫人、毒蛇咬人的样子。他对人的仇恨,正像他其余的一切,使他觉得十分得意。认定自己永远不犯错误,对于自己永远没有疑惑,勇往直前地干下去,这是了不起的长处,糊涂人要得意发迹,不是都得靠这种本事吗?(杨必 译)

A Capricious Girl

Certainly, she had ways with her such as I never saw a child take up before; and she put all of us past out patience fifty times and oftener on a day: from the hour she came down stairs till the hour she went to bed we had met a minute's security that she wouldn't be in mischief. Her spirits were always at high-water mark, her tongue always going—singing, laughing, and plaguing everybody who would not do the same. A wild, wicked slip she was—but she had the bonniest eye, and sweetest smile, and lightest foot in the parish; and, after all, I believe she meant no harm; for when once she made you cry in good earnest, it seldom happened that she would not keep you company and oblige you to be quiet that you might comfort her. (Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

任性的姑娘

说真的,我也从没见过像她这样任性的姑娘。她一天里也不止五十次地把我们一个个招惹得按捺不住。从她起身下楼,直到上床睡觉,我们没有一分钟拿得稳她不会淘气捣蛋。她的精神总是像潮水那样高涨,一张嘴永远停不下来——唱着、笑着,谁不陪着她唱、笑,就跟谁纠缠。她是个又野又坏的小东西;可是她又有一双最动人的媚眼,有最甜蜜的笑容和最轻灵的脚步,在全教区中再找不出第二个能跟她相比的。再说,我相信她的心眼儿到底是不坏的;她一旦把你当真弄得哭出来,她很少不陪你一起哭闹的,让你不得不止住了哭反而去安慰她。(方平 译)

A Dogged Determination

Mary went quick along. The strange new part of her native town with the hubbub of life always stirring and asserting itself had a strong fascination for her. There was something dark and resentful in her own nature that made her feel at home in the crowded place where life carried itself off darkly, with a blow and an oath. The habitual silence of her father and the mother concerning the unhappy married life of her father and mother, that had affected the attitude toward her of the people of the town, had made her own life a lonely one and had encouraged in her a rather dogged determination too in some way think her own way through the things of life she could not understand.

And back of Mary's thinking there was an intense curiosity and a courageous determination toward adventure. She was like a little animal of the forest that has been driven by hunger to go forth and seek food. Twenty times during the year she had walked alone at evening in the new and fast growing factory district of her own town. She was eighteen and had begun to look like a woman, and she felt that other girls of the town of her own age would not have dared to walk in such a place alone. The feeling made her somewhat proud and as she went along she looked boldly about.

(Sherwood Anderson, *Unlight Lamps*)

执拗的决心

梅莉急忙向前走去。她家乡这个奇怪的新地区,生活的喧嚣永远骚扰它,同时又维护着它,这对于她有一股强烈的魅力。在她自己的天性中有点儿甚么是黯淡而愤慨的,那使得她在这个熙熙攘攘的地方感到很自在,那儿的生活就是过得很黯淡的,不是殴打,就是咒骂。她父亲习以为常的沉默,以及关于她父母不幸福的婚姻生活的秘密,影响了镇上的人对她的态度,使得她过着孤单的生活,并且在她内心引起了颇为执拗的决心,就是多少照着她自己的想法来看她所不能了解的人生诸相。

在梅莉的思想背后,还有一股强烈的好奇心,和准备铤而走险的毅然决心。她好像是森林里的一只小动物,猎人的枪使它丧失了母亲,它受着饥饿的驱使而出外寻找食物。这一年里,她在黄昏中踽踽独行于镇上这新兴的、发展迅速的工厂区,已经有二十次了。她才十八岁,看上去已经像个妇人。她想镇上与她同年的女孩子是绝不敢在这样一个地方独行的。这想法使她多少有些骄傲,她向前走去的时候,大胆地四下张望。 (聂华苓 译)

7. Sanguinenty 开朗

Let Bygones Be Bygones

After wearing and wasting her palpitating heart with every engine of regret that lonely inexperience could devise, common-sense had illumined her. She felt that she would do well to be useful again—to taste a new sweet independence at any price. The past was past; whatever it had been it was no more at hand. Whatever its consequences, time would close over them; they would all in a few years be as if they had never been, and she herself grassed down and forgotten. Meanwhile the trees were just as green as before; the birds sang and the sun shone as clearly now as ever.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

让过去的都过去吧

她那样一个没有阅历的人,独居孤处,想出种种自悔自恨的方法,折磨、消耗她那颗搏动跳跃的心,这样以后,通常情理又使她心里豁亮起来。她觉得,她还很可以再做点儿有用的事情,再尝一尝独立的甜味,无论付出什么代价。过去究竟是过去;无论它从前怎么样,反正眼前它不存在了。无论它有什么结果,时光总会把它都掩盖了。在若干年之内,它就都要和并没发生过的一样,她自己也要叫青草掩埋,没人记得了。同时树木仍旧要像以前一样地青绿,鸟声仍旧要像以前一样地清脆,太阳仍旧要像以前一样地辉煌。(张谷若 译)

Disabled in Leg but Relieved in Mind

There's twice as much in the newspaper, since I've taken to this chair, as there used to be. As to general reading, dear me, what a lot of it I do get through! That's what I feel so strong, you know! If it had been my eyes, what should I have done? If it had been my ears, what should I have done? Being my limbs, what does it signify? Why, my limbs only made my breath shorter when I used 'em. And now, if I want to go out into the street or down to the sands, I've only got to call Dick, Joram's youngest 'prentice, and away I go in my own carriage, like the Lord Mayor of London.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

腿残心宽

自从我和这把椅子结成了拆不开的伙伴以后,报上的新闻,比起从前来,也加倍地多了。至于普通读物,哎哟,我看了也不知道有多少!就是有这方

而，你要知道，我才觉得我这个人有劲头。要是有毛病的是我的眼睛，那我得怎么办？要是有毛病的是我的耳朵，那我得怎么办？现在有毛病的既然只是我这两条腿，那又有什么关系？你瞧，原先我这两条腿好用的时候，它们只不过教我的气喘得更短促。现在哪，要是我想要到街上去，或者到海滩上去，我只要招呼一声狄克——周阑的小徒弟，那我就跟伦敦市长老爷一样，蹭地一下，坐着我自己这辆车就去了。（张谷若 译）

A Jolly Little Man

He was a gay, jolly little man, who took nothing very solemnly, and he was constantly laughing. He made her laugh too. He found life an amusing rather than a serious business, and he had charming smile. When she was with him she felt happy and good-tempered. And when she was with him she felt happy and good-tempered. And the deep affection which she saw in those merry blue eyes of his touched her.

（W. Somerset Maugham, *The Force of Circumstance*）

快活的男士

他快活、乐观，对啥事都漫不经心，整天乐呵呵的，也常逗她开心。在他看来，生活就是有趣好玩，不必那么一本正经。他的微笑非常迷人。跟他在一起，她感到心情舒畅，愉快幸福。他那双快活的蓝眼睛里所流露出的柔情蜜意打动着她的心弦。（刘宪之 译）

8. Irritability 暴躁

Flying into a Rage

He became, therefore, like one thunderstruck at his sister's relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any answer, having been almost deprived of his breath by the violence of the surprize. This, however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other cases after an intermission, with redoubled force and fury.

The first use he made of the power of speech, after his recovery from the sudden effects of his astonishment, was to discharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded hastily to the apartment where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or rather indeed roared forth, intentions of revenge every step he went.

（Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*）

火冒三丈

所以听了他妹妹的叙述，真如晴天霹雳一般。开头，他惊愕得几乎接不上气，一句话也说不出。可是过一会儿他缓过劲来，气势更猛，火力更冲了。任何事物经过一段间歇后，通常都是如此。

他镇定下来，恢复了说话的能力之后，首先就排炮般地咒骂了一通，然后赶忙朝着苏菲亚的房间走去，估计准会抓到这对恋人；每走一步还喃喃自语——或者不如说是叫嚷着非报仇不可。（萧乾　李从荫　译）

The Violence in Nature

There was no question that the violence in Sonny Corleone's nature rose from some deep mysterious physical well. As they watched they could actually see the blood rushing to his heavy corded neck, could see the eyes film with hatred, the separate features of his face tightening, growing pinched, then his face took on the grayish hue of a sick man fighting off some sort of death, except that the adrenaline pumping through his body made his hands tremble. (Mario Puzo, *The God Father*)

本性中的残暴

毫无疑问，桑儿本性中的残暴性从一种深邃的神秘的情绪之泉里升起来了，大伙儿注视着，真切地看到了热血涌向了他那青筋鼓胀的脖子，真切地看到了仇恨蒙住了他的眼睛。他脸上的各个部位都在抽搐、收缩，接着他的脸色发灰了，恰似一个同死亡搏斗的病人的脸色，只不过肾上腺素还在他全身转动着，使他的双手在颤抖。（周汉林　译）

Easily Angered

He was superficial, hasty, easily angered. He got into a rage on all occasions, most frequently when most unreasonable. When anybody contradicted him he raised his cane; he beat his servants as in the time of Louis XIV. He had an unmarried daughter over fifty years old, whom he belaboured severely when he was angry, and whom he would gladly have horsewhipped. She seemed to him about eight years old. He cuffed his domestics vigorously and would say: Ah! Slut! One of his oaths was: By the big slippers of big slipperdom! (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

易动肝火

他是肤浅、急躁、易动肝火的。他动辄大发雷霆，经常违悖事理。假如某

人不愿迎合他的意思，他就经常举起手杖打人，好像他仍生活在大世纪似的。他有一个女儿，五十多岁了，没有结婚，他一发脾气就痛打那个女儿，恨不得用鞭子抽。在他眼里，她好像只有八岁。他经常凶狠地咒骂佣人，常说："哩！坏女人！"他骂人的话中有一句"破鞋堆的破鞋"！ （长江 译）

Easily Excitable by Birth

I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming, for many reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. ... Thenceforward my voice was a household law; and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *William Wilson*)

生来乖戾暴躁

我们族人素以想象丰富、性情乖戾暴躁著称，我就是这样一族人的后裔；早在襁褓中，我便地地道道地承袭了家族的秉性。时间一天天流逝，我的特性也一天天发展显著；由于许许多多的原因，我着实害得我的朋友们焦虑不安，同时又危及我自己。慢慢地，我变得固执任性、喜怒无常，我行我素，到了无可救药的地步。…… 从此以后，我的话便成了家法；到了几乎没有小孩不被人牵着走路的年龄，就已经畅所欲言，无拘无束了。除了我的名字是爹妈给取的以外，一切都由我自作主张。 （唐荫荪 邓莱杰 丁放鸣 译）

A Husband with a Trying Temper

Praskovya Fedorovna now had good reason to say that her husband's temper was trying. With characteristic exaggeration she said he had always had a dreadful temper, and that it had needed all her good nature to put up with it for twenty years. It was true that now the quarrels were started by him. His bursts of temper always came just before dinner, often just as he began to eat his soup. Sometimes he noticed that a plate or dish was chipped, or the food was not right, or his son put his elbow on the table,

or his daughter's hair was not done as he liked it, and for all this he blamed Praskovya Fedorovna. (Leo Tolstoy, *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, trans. Louise Maude and Aylmer Maude)

坏脾气的丈夫

现在普拉斯科维娅·费多罗芙娜不无理由地说，她的丈夫脾气很坏、很难和她相处。她以她固有的习惯夸张说，他的脾气向来这么可怕、需要有她的善良，才能忍受这二十年。现在争吵都是由他引起，这是事实。吃饭以前，往往在他开始进餐喝汤的时候，他老是横加挑剔。…一会儿说盘子、碟子边破了，一会儿说饭不好，一会儿说儿子把胳膊肘放在桌子上，一会儿议论女儿的发式。所有这些他都怪罪于普拉斯科维娅·费多罗芙娜。 （吴育群 译）

A Fierce Mistress

Closer acquaintance, while it developed both faults and eccentricities, opened, at the same time, a view of a character I could respect. Stern and even morose as she sometimes was, I could wait on her and sit beside her with that calm which always blesses us when we are sensible that our manners, presence, contact, please and soothes the persons we serve. Even when she scolded me—which she did not humiliate, and left no sting; it was rather like an irascible mother rating her daughter, than a harsh mistress lecturing a dependent: lecture, indeed, she could not, though she could occasionally storm. Moreover, a vein of reason ever ran through her passion; she was logical even when fierce. (Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*)

暴躁的主妇

更密切的了解使缺点和怪僻都暴露出来，同时，也展现出令我可以尊敬的性格。尽管她很严肃，有时甚至是愁眉苦脸的，但是我们感到我们的举止、风度和接触能使被服侍的人满意、舒心，所以我还是心情平静地服侍她，坐在她身边，甚至当她责骂我们的时候——即便责骂，也不使人感到蒙受羞辱、刺痛；那种做法与其说像一个苛刻的主妇训斥侍从，倒不如说像一个容易动怒的母亲斥责女儿一样。训斥，她倒的确不可能，然而偶尔会大发雷霆，而且，她的激怒中贯穿着理智，甚至暴躁的时候她也头脑清楚。 （洁岩 译）

Impatient and Choleric Gorden

The Rev. B. B. Gordon was a man by nature ill-suited to be a

school-master; he was impatient and choleric. With no one to call him to account, with only small boys to face him, he had long lost all power of self-control. He began his work in a rage and ended in a passion. He was a man of middle height and of a corpulent figure; he had sandy hair, worn very short and now growing grey, and a small bristly moustache. His large face, with indistinct and small blue eyes, was naturally red, but during his frequent attacks of anger it grew dark and purple. His nails were bitten to the quick, for while some trembling boy was construing he would sat at his desk shaking with the fury that consumed him, and gnaw his fingers. Stories, perhaps exaggerated, were told of his violence.

(W. Somerset Maugham. *Of Human Bondage*)

动辄发火的戈登先生

这位 B·B·戈登牧师先生，就其性情来说，似乎并不适宜做教师，既无耐心，肝火又旺。再加上长期以来无人过问他的教学，接触的又尽是些年幼学生，他可以为所欲为，自制力早丧失殆尽。他上起课来，往往以大发雷霆开始，以暴跳如雷结束。他个子不高也不矮，胖墩墩的，一头黄中带红的短发已开始染上白霜，唇上蓄着一撮又短又硬的小胡子。此公其貌不扬，大脸盆上长着对小小的蓝眼睛，脸色红扑扑的，可脾气一发作立时转成猪肝色，而他这个人又是动辄发火的。手上的指甲由于经常咬呀，咬呀，连肉也包不住了：只要有哪个学生解释课文时打哆嗦，他就怒从心头起，坐在讲台边直发抖，同时狠咬自己的指甲。关于他的虐待学生的丑事，师生中传得沸沸扬扬，其中免不了也有夸大其词的地方。 (张柏然 张增健 倪俊 译)

9. Eccentricity 孤僻

Solitude Due to Nostalgia

Although she seemed expansive and cordial, she had a solitary character and an impenetrable heart. She was a splendid adolescent with long and firm bones, but she still insisted on using the small wooden rocking chair with which she had arrived at the house, reinforced many times and with the arms gone. No one had discovered that even at that age she still had the habit of sucking her finger. That was why she would not lose an opportunity to lock herself in the bathroom and had acquired the habit of sleeping with her face to the wall. On rainy afternoons, embroidering with a group of friends on the begonia porch, she would lose the thread of the conversation and a tear of nostalgia would salt her palate

when she saw the strips of damp earth and the piles of mud that the earthworms had pushed up in the garden. Those secret tastes, defeated in the past by oranges and rhubarb, broke out into an irrepressible urge when she began to weep.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

性格孤僻的少女

她表面上坦率、诚恳,但实际上性格孤僻内向。她已是位妙龄少女,身材修长坚实,但还喜欢坐她带来的那张几经加固、拆了扶手的摇椅。别人都不知道,她这么大了还保持着吮手指头的习惯。所以她总是把自己锁在浴室里,而且习惯于脸朝着墙睡觉。雨天的下午,当她和小姐妹们在海棠花长廊里绣花的时候,她望着花园里蚯蚓堆起土坎土丘,每每忘了话题,怀念的泪水带着咸涩味流进嘴里。过去用浸了大黄的橘子汁戒除了的那些秘密嗜好,在她流泪的时候又变成了一种无法抑制的焦渴。 (黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译)

Playing by Herself

She saw the children of the settlement, on the grassy margin of the street, or at the domestic thresholds, disporting themselves in such grim fashion as the Puritanic nurture would permit... Pearl saw, and gazed intently, but never sought to make acquaintance. If spoken to, she would not speak again. If the children gathered about her, as they sometimes did, Pearl would grow positively terrible in her puny wrath, snatching up stones to fling at them, with shrill, incoherent exclamations, that made her mother tremble because they had so much the sound of a witch's anathemas in some unknown tongue.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

不合群

珠儿看到过这块殖民地上的小孩子们,在路边的草地上或是在自家门前,做着清教徒童规所允许的种种怪里怪气的游戏……珠儿在一旁瞅着,注视着,但从来没打算和他们结识。如果这时和她说话,她也不会吱声。如果孩子们有时围起她来,她就发起小脾气,变得非常凶狠,她会抄起石子向他们扔去,同时发出连续的尖声怪叫,跟巫婆用没人能懂的咒语喊叫极其相似,吓得她母亲浑身直抖。 (胡允桓 译)

Natural Melancholic Disposition

Thus, either from the circumstances of his birth, or the natural

melancholy of his disposition, Esmond came to live very much by himself during his stay at the university, having neither ambition enough to distinguish himself in the college career, nor caring to mingle with the mere pleasures and boyish frolics of the students, who were, for the most part, two or three years younger than he. He fancied that the gentlemen of the common-room of his college slighted him on account of his birth, and hence kept aloof from their society. It may be that he made the ill-will, which he imagined came from them, by his own behaviour, which, as he looks back on it in after-life, he now sees was morose and haughty.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond*)

生性郁郁寡欢

因此,也许是由于他的身世情况,也许是由于他的生性郁闷,艾斯芒德在大学里求学期间,总是孤独地生活着,他既没有在学业上出人头地的雄心,也不愿意去参加那些一般都要比他小两三岁的学生们单纯的游玩和孩童式的娱乐集会。他总是疑心他的学院俱乐部里那些先生们因为他出身不正而轻视他,因此也就不和他们交往。也许这些恶意是他自己的行为招惹出来的,而不是如他所想像的那样,由于他们的过错;时过景迁,他现在回想起来,也明白了是由于他自己的傲慢和阴沉的性格。 (陈逵 王培德 译)

Queer Sherlock Holmes

During my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sherlock Holmes I had never heard him refer to his relations, and hardly ever to his own early life. This reticence upon his part had increased the somewhat inhuman effect which he produced upon me, until sometimes I found myself regarding him as an isolated phenomenon, a brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was preeminent in intelligence. His aversion to women and his disinclination to form new friendships were both typical of his unemotional character, but not more so than his complete suppression of every reference to his own people. I had come to believe that he was an orphan with no relatives living.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Greek Interpreter*)

古怪的福尔摩斯

我和歇洛克·福尔摩斯先生虽然相识很久,亲密无间,但极少听他说起他的亲属,也很少听他讲起自己早年的生活。他这样沉默寡言,更加使我觉得他

有点不近人情，以至有时我把他看作一个孤僻的怪人，一个有头脑无感情的人，虽然他的智力超群，却缺乏人类的感情。他不喜欢接近女人，不愿结交新友，这都表明他不易动感情的性格特征，不过尤其无情的是他绝口不提家人。因此我开始认为他是一个孤儿，没有亲属在世了。 （李家云 译）

My Uncle's Singular Character

My uncle Elias emigrated to America when he was a young man, and became a planter in Florida, where he was reported to have done very well.... He was a singular man, fierce and quick-tempered, very foul-mouthed when he was angry, and of a most retiring disposition. During all the years that he lived at Horsham I doubt if ever he set foot in the town. He had a garden and two or three fields round his house, and there he would take his exercise, though very often for weeks on end he would never leave his room. He drank a great deal of brandy, and smoked very heavily, but he would see no society, and did not want any friends, not even his own brother. （Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Five Orange Pips*）

伯父的古怪性格

我的伯父伊莱亚斯年轻时侨居美国，成了佛罗里达州的一个种植园主，据说他经营得很不错。……他性情怪僻，凶残暴躁，发怒时言语粗俗，性情极为孤癖。自从他定居霍尔舍姆以来，他深居简出，我不知道他曾否涉足城镇。他拥有一座花园，房子周围有两三块田地，他可以在那里锻炼身体，可是他却往往几个星期足不出户。他狂饮白兰地酒，而且烟瘾极大，但他不喜欢社交，不要任何朋友，甚至和自己的胞弟也不相往来。 （岳文楚 周可 等译）

Saturine

Mr Duffy abhorred anything which betokened physical or mental disorder. A mediaeval doctor would have called him saturnine. His face, which carried the entire tale of his years, was of the brown tint of Dublin streets. On his long and rather large head grew dry black hair and a tawny moustache did not quite cover an unamiable mouth. His cheekbones also gave his face a harsh character, but there was no harshness in the eyes which, looking at the world from under their tawny eyebrows, gave the impression of a man ever alert to greet a redeeming instinct in others but often disappointed. He lived at a little distance from his body, regarding

his own acts with doubtful side-glances. He had an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense. He never gave alms to beggars and walked firmly, carrying a stout hazel. (James Joyce, *Dubliners*)

忧郁型的人

达菲先生厌恶一切显示物质上或精神上混乱的事物。中世纪的医生会断定他是一个属于忧郁型的人。他那饱经风霜的脸像都柏林街道那样黝黑。他的脑袋又长又大，留着一头干枯的黑发，黄褐色的小胡子盖不住那张缺乏友好表情的嘴巴。他的颧骨也使他的脸看起来很严厉；可是，他那双眼睛倒一点也没有严厉的样子；那双眼睛在黄褐色的眉毛下观察客观世界的事物，使人们觉得他是这样一个人：他随时随地欢迎别人改过自新，但又经常感到失望。他使自己的生活跟自己的身体保持一点距离，总是以怀疑的目光从侧面观察自己的一举一动。他有一种构思自传的奇特的习惯，时常在自己的脑子里组成一个关于自己的短句，句子的主语是第三人称的，而谓语是过去式的。他从来不施舍给乞丐，走起路来带着一根粗大的榛木手杖，步伐坚定。（孙梁 译）

10. Confinelessness 不拘小节

Be Unscrupulous

They transgressed, without fear or scruple, the rules of behavior that were binding on all others; smoking tobacco under the beadle's very nose, although each whiff would have cost a townsman a shilling; and quaffing, at their pleasure, draughts of wine or aqua-vitæ from pocket-flasks, which they freely tendered to the gaping crowd around them.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

无拘无束

他们肆无忌惮地违犯着约束着众人的行为准则；公然在差役的鼻子底下吸烟，尽管镇上人每这样吸上一口就要被罚一先令；他们还随心所欲地从衣袋里掏出酒瓶，大口喝着葡萄酒或烈性酒，并且随随便便地递给周围那些目瞪口呆的人们。（胡允桓 译）

Nothing Daunted

True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing

daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

无所顾忌

不错,布朗上尉串门的目的是帮别人找出生火时烟囱串烟的原因,但他上楼时毫无顾忌,说话的嗓门震得屋顶都快塌了,而且还像在自己家里一样无所忌惮地大开玩笑。他对主人接待时的怠慢态度和礼仪不周一概不放在心上……(徐新 顾玥栋 译)

In a Careless Manner

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of respect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his master's approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his master's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtless, giddy youth, with little sobriety in his manners, and less in his countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his serious behaviour. (Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

举止随便

汤姆·琼斯恰恰相反。他不但在礼貌上有欠周到,老师走过来时他还总是忘记脱帽鞠躬,而且把老师的教诲和做出的榜样一概不放在心上。他确实是个轻率、浮躁的少年,举止随便,嬉皮笑脸,时常肆无忌惮地嘲笑他的学伴那副道貌岸然的神态。(萧乾 李从弼 译)

A Casual Commander

He would say the most terrific things to his crew, in a tone so strangely compounded of fun and fury, and the fury seemed so calculated merely as a spice to the fun, that no oarsman could hear such queer invocations without pulling for dear life, and yet pulling for the mere joke of the thing. Besides he all the time looked so easy and indolent himself, so loungingly managed his steering-oar, and so broadly gaped—open-mouthed at times—that the mere sight of such a yawning commander, by sheer force of contrast, acted like a charm upon the crew. Then again, Stubb was one of those odd sort of humorists, whose jollity is sometimes so

curiously ambiguous, as to put all inferiors on their guard in the matter of obeying them. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

嘻嘻哈哈的指挥员

他会对他的水手说出最可怕的话来，腔调非常奇特，其中既含有开玩笑又像冒火，而且那种冒火也冒得像是完全只给开玩笑添加情趣那般，所以任何一个桨手听到这样奇特的咒语，无不拚着性命划起来，好像只是为了这种笑料才在划桨。再说，他始终显得这样随便，这样懒散，撑着他的舵桨也是这样吊儿郎当，嘴巴张得那么大——时常张开嘴巴——教人一看到这样一个尽打哈欠的指挥人，就好像他是完全借对比的力量，对他的水手施了魔术。再说一遍，斯塔布是属于罕见的幽默家一类的，他的嘻嘻哈哈的态度有时竟是这样出奇地含含糊糊，好像要使他所有的下属都得小心听从他的命令似的。

（曹庸 译）

A Most Untidy Man

An anomaly which often struck me in the character of my friend Sherlock Holmes was that, although in his methods of thought he was the neatest and most methodical of mankind, and although also he affected a certain quiet primness of dress, he was none the less in his personal habits one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. Not that I am in the least conventional in that respect myself. The rough-and-tumble work in Afghanistan, coming on the top of natural Bohemianism of disposition, has made me rather more lax than befits a medical man. But with me there is a limit, and when I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe end of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very centre of his wooden mantelpiece, then I began to give myself virtuous airs. I have always held, too, that pistol practice should be distinctly an open-air pastime; and when Holmes, in one of his queer humours, would sit in an armchair with his hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V. R. done in bullet-pocks, I felt strongly that neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of our room was improved by it.

(Sir Arthur Connan Doyle, *The Musgrave Ritual*)

生活习惯杂乱无章的人

我的朋友歇洛克·福尔摩斯的性格有一点与众不同的地方，经常使我烦

恼。虽然他的思想方法敏锐过人，有条有理，着装朴素而整洁，可是他的生活习惯却杂乱无章，使同住的人感到心烦。我自己在这方面也并不是无可指责的。我在阿富汗时那种乱糟糟的工作，还有放荡不羁的性情，已使我相当马虎，不是一个医生应有的样子。但对我来说总是有个限度。当我看到一个人把烟卷放在煤斗里，把烟叶放在波斯拖鞋顶部，而一些尚未答复的信件却被他用一把大折刀插在木制壁炉台正中时，我便开始觉得自己还怪不错的呢。此外，我总认为，手枪练习显然应当是一种户外消遣，而福尔摩斯一时兴之所至，便坐在一把扶手椅中，用他那手枪和一百匣子弹，以维多利亚女王的爱国主义精神，用弹痕把对面墙上装饰得星罗棋布，我深深感到，这既不能改善我们室内的气氛，又不能改善房屋的外观。（李家云 译）

11. Superciliousness 高傲

Aristocratic Manner

She had a perfect calm sufficiency, an easy indifference to any criticism whatsoever, as if she were beyond it. Her clothes were always rather odd, and as a rule slip-shod, yet she wore them with a perfect ease and satisfaction. Whatever she had on, so long as she was barely tidy, she was right, beyond remark; such an aristocrat she was by instinct.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

贵族派头

她怀着心平气和的自负，对一切批评抱着满不在乎的坦然态度，就好像自己是超然于其上的。她的服装总是怪里怪气地有点儿邋遢，而她穿着它们时却是悠然自得、心满意足。无论穿什么，只要还够得上整洁，她就是无懈可击的。从天性上讲，她是个有贵族派头的人。（梁一三 译）

Self-Esteem

It may be affirmed without delay that Isabel was probably very liable to the sin of self-esteem; she often surveyed with complacency the field of her own nature; she was in the habit of taking for granted, on scanty evidence, that she was right; she treated herself to occasions of homage. Meanwhile her errors and delusions were frequently such as a biographer interested in preserving the dignity of his subject must shrink from specifying. Her thoughts were a tangle of vague outlines which had never been corrected by the judgement of people speaking with authority. In

matters of opinion she had had her own way, and it had led her into a thousand ridiculous zigzags. (Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

自负

我们可以毫不迟疑地说,伊莎贝尔常犯的错误,也许就是自负。她往往带着沾沾自喜的目光,衡量自己性格中的一切。她习惯于不凭充分证据,便认为自己当然正确。她觉得她应该受到尊敬。她对自己的错误和谬见,正如传记作者要竭力保护女主人公的尊严一样,往往避而不谈。她的思想是一些模糊的原则的混合物,它们的准确性还没有得到权威人士的鉴定。在见解方面,她总是坚持自己的看法,这使她走了许多可笑的弯路。 (项星耀 译)

A Servant's Arrogance

I assure you I do not look on any of the servants in this house to be proper company for me. I am company, I hope, for their betters every day in the week...I must acquaint you, Mrs Honour, that you are not so good as me. In the country, indeed, one is obliged to take up with all kinds of trumpery; but in town I visit none but the women of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs Honour, there is some difference, I hope, between you and me." (Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

仆人的骄傲

我不认为这宅里的哪个仆人配跟我论姐妹。老实告诉您,我平时往来的人地位都要比你们高……那么我就干脆告诉你说吧:昂诺尔大姐,你比我差得远哩。在这乡村地方,我不得不跟各色各样的下贱货打交道,可是在伦敦,我只跟上流贵妇人的女佣人交往。昂诺尔大姐,你我之间贵贱高低就是不一样。

(萧乾 李从弼 译)

Superior to Others

More by instinct than reason, he was inclined to stand off and look very superior—more so since those, including this very youth on whom he practised this seemed to respect him the more. And although upon eager—and even—after its fashion, supplicating request, he now went with this youth—still he went cautiously.

(Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

高人一等

与其说出于理性的考虑,不如说是由于本能,他神态冷漠,俨然高人一等。

他用这种态度对待人家,对待这个年轻人,人家就更加尊敬他,因此他就更摆出这副神气。虽说他由于对方一再邀请,甚至可以说是恳求,跟这个年轻人一起出去了,可他那副神气还是很谨饬的。 (许汝祉 译)

A Loner with a Streak of Puritanism

Perhaps, from the beginning, a streak of puritanism had been latent, deep inside him. If so, it surfaced.

He progressed from youth to manhood as an individual with uncompromising standards and, because of this, became something of a loner, among his friends and eventually when he became a cop. But he was an efficient cop who learned and rose fast, and was incorruptible, as Ben Rosselli and his aides once learned.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Money Changers*)

清教徒一样的性格

也许,从一出世起,就有一种清教徒式的性格深深潜伏在他身上。果真如此,那么这种性格此时抬头外露了。

他一天天长大成人,他的道德标准十分严格,不容变通。正因为这一点,他在朋友们中间多少显得有些孤高,后来当了警察,加上勤学善学,晋升很快。另外,他这个人从不贪赃枉法,对此,班·罗塞利和他的助手们是早领教过的。

(陆谷孙 张增健 翟象俊 译)

A Supercilious Diplomat

He was in the Foreign Office and he had a position of some importance. He was in charge of I know not what department.... It was stupid of me not to have seen at once that he was the profession. He had the supercilious courtesy that is so well calculated to put up the backs of the general public and the aloofness due to the consciousness the diplomat has that he is not as other men are, joined with the shyness occasioned by his uneasy feeling that other men do not quite realize it.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Human Element*)

高傲的外交官

他在外交部任职,职务不低,但我不知道他负责哪个部门的工作。……我这个人真蠢,刚才竟没看出他跟外交职业有关。其实,他身上有着那个职业的明显特征:傲视一切,又彬彬有礼,这往往使得公众很反感;由于意识到自己不

同凡响，便带着一种超然清高的神气；还有，这种人心绪不宁，生怕别人不懂得他们的重要性。 （刘宪之 译）

A Stubborn Man's Pride

"He was a stubborn man," she said. "And too set on being strong. If pride is a sin, and I don't think a reasonable amount of it is, he was a sinful man. He wouldn't bend his neck to any man or to pain or to sorrow and I used to be afraid for you when I saw him teaching you to feel that way, too... If he had been a little less prideful he would have been alive today. He died out of pure pride." (Hamilton Maule, *Jeremy Todd*)

固执人的骄傲

"他是个固执的人，"她说，"总要表现得很坚决。如果骄傲是一种罪行的话，而且我认为适度的骄傲并不是罪行，那么他是个有罪的人。他不愿向任何人低头，也不会因为痛苦和悲伤而屈服。每当我看见他教导你那样处事时，我总是很为你担心……要是他不这么骄傲，他会活到今天的。他纯粹是死于骄傲。" （董晶 译）

12. Amiableness 随和

A Girl Easy to Get on With

She was a good-natured and sensible girl, very easy to get on with, though she had a will of her own. It was conceivable that she had been perfectly ready to marry Totsky; and if she gave her word, she would keep to it honourably. She was not fond of show, with her there would well be no risk of violent change and disturbance, and she might well bring sweetness and peace into her husband's life. She was very handsome, though not particularly striking.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

容易相处的姑娘

这位姑娘虽有坚毅的性格，但心地善良、头脑清醒，非常容易相处。她甚至会心甘情愿地嫁给托茨基；要是她答应了，一定会诚实地履行诺言。她不喜欢招摇，非但不会制造麻烦和兴风作浪，还能把生活安排得甜蜜而宁静。她的模样长得挺不错，尽管并不那么光彩夺目。 （荣如德 译）

An Easy-Natured Boxer

And yet Tom King was not a criminal, nor had he ever done anything criminal. Outside of brawls, common to his walk in life, he had harmed no one. Nor had he ever been known to pick a quarrel. He was a professional, and all the fighting brutishness of him was reserved for his professional appearance. Outside the ring he was slow-going, easy-natured, and, in his younger days, when money was flush, too openhanded for his own good. He bore no grudges and had few enemies. Fighting was a business with him. (Jack London, *A Piece of Steak*)

性情随和的拳击手

不过,汤姆·金既不是罪犯,也没有干过犯罪的事。他除了在职业上经常打架以外,没有伤过任何人。也从来没有听说他跟人吵过嘴。他是以斗拳为职业的人,他的好斗的野蛮行为,全留到斗拳场上表现出来。在斗拳场外面,他是一个行动迟缓、性情随和的人,而且在他年轻时,钱来得容易,他对人非常慷慨,不为自己打算。他不记仇,也少有仇人。对他来说,斗拳就等于谋生。

(石紫 雨宁 译)

Amiable and Easy to Approach

There warn't no frivolishness about him, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be—you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty-pole, and the lightning began to flicker out from under his eyebrows you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was an awful dark for half a minute and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

和蔼可亲

他没有轻浮气息,丝毫也没有;也从来没有高声说话。为人和蔼可亲——你知道吧,人们可以感觉到这一点。因此,你也就感觉到了一种信任之感。他有时候微微一笑,而这是挺动人的。可是一旦他把腰板子那么一挺,如同一根

旗竿站立在那里，再加两道浓眉下目光一闪一闪，那你就一心想往下爬，然后再探问究竟出了什么事。他毋庸提醒人家注意自己的行动举止，——不论他在哪里，在他的面前，一个个都有规有矩的。谁都喜欢和他在一起；他多半总是一片阳光——我的意思是说，他神态像个好天气。一旦他成了层层乌云，那就够了，一个星期之内，准定不会有什么不恰当之事发生。 （许汝祉 译）

Love for Mother

Sally's seed of the future soul was her love for her mother, an aged bedridden woman. For her she had self-denial; for her, her good-nature rose into tenderness; to cheer her lonely bed, her spirits, in the evenings when her body was often woefully tired, never flagged, but were ready to recount the events of the day, to turn them into ridicule, and to mimic, with admirable fidelity, any persons gifted with an absurdity who had fallen under her keen eye. （Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*）

莎莉对母亲的爱

莎莉也有着这一种灵性，那就是她对于她母亲的孝思。母亲年纪老，经常病倒在床上。为了她，她情愿自己吃苦；为了她，她变得又温顺又体贴；为了她母亲独自躺在那里无聊，她虽然身体十分疲倦，到了晚上，仍旧抖擞起精神，把白天经过的事情，编成了笑话，一件件讲给她听；要是她那双犀利的眼睛看到人家有什么可笑的样子，她就活龙活现地来装给她的母亲看。

（荀枚 佘贵棠 译）

13. Others 其他

Vulgar Tastes

Besides, he was a man of changeable moods and, need it be said? of somewhat vulgar tastes. Although of most noble birth, he had in the course of his military service contracted more than one of the common soldiery's habits. He enjoyed the tavern, and what came next. He only felt at ease with coarse language, a soldier's approach to women, easy beauties, and easy conquests. Yet he had received from his family some education and some manners; but he was too young when he had started to roam the country, too young when he had begun garrison duty, and with every day more of the gentlemanly veneer was rubbed away by the harsh pressure of his soldier's baldric.

（Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair）

趣味低下

况且，他这个人没个长性，还应该指出：趣味也相当低下。虽然门第十分高贵，他那甲胄底下掩盖着的还不仅仅是酗酒。杯中物以及由此而产生的一切恶习，他都嗜之如命。他唯一感到惬意的，只是说下流话，军人式的吊膀子，把美人轻易搞到手，不费功夫就情场得意。固然也曾从家庭受到过一点教育，学到过一些礼仪，但是他闯荡江湖的时候，兵营驻扎的时候都太年轻，侍从贵族的金玉其表也就由于近卫骑兵戎装的厮磨而日渐消退了。（管震湖 译）

A Fellow in Sulky Mood

Bentley Drummle, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a look as if its writer had done him an injury, did not take up an acquaintance in a more agreeable spirit. Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension—in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room—he was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He came of rich people down in Somersetshire, who had nursed this combination of qualities until they made the discovery that it was just of age and a blockhead. Thus, Bentley Drummle had come to Mr. Pocket when he was a head taller than that gentleman, and half a dozen heads thicker than most gentlemen.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

表情阴沉的人

本特里·蛛穆尔是个阴沉沉的人，甚至对一本书也没有好脸色，好像著书人得罪了他似的；对待人，自然更不会现和善到哪里去。他身个儿长得笨，动作笨，脑子笨——连脸上表情也很迟钝，一条不灵便的大舌头在他嘴里懒洋洋打起转来，就像他本人在屋子里懒洋洋打转一样——而且他为人懒惰，自大，小气，多疑。出身于桑麦塞州的富贵人家，从小就让父母养成了这副德性，等他成了年，才发现他是个草包。本特里·珠穆尔到朴凯特先生家里的时候，论个子，比朴凯特先生要高出一头，论脑子，则比谁都要矮上半截。

（王科一 译）

Toughness

At seventy-eight Eustace Swayne still exhibited much of the toughness he had learned in the competitive malestorm of large-scale retail

merchandising. At times he took advantage of his age to toss out barbed remarks to his guests, though O'Donnell suspected that most times their host was merely angling for an argument. O'Donnell had found himself thinking : the old boy still likes a fight, even if it's only in words. In the same way he had an instinct now that Swayne was overstating his feelings about medicine, though perhaps in this case merely for the sake of being ornary. Watching the old man covertly, O'Donnell had suspected gout and rheumatism might be factors here. (Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

强悍狡黠的性格

斯温已经七十八岁了,还带着一种强悍狡黠的性格,这种性格是几经商业竞争的大风大浪培养出来的。有时候他倚老卖老地向请来的客人抛出些不好听的话,可是欧唐奈怀疑在大多数情况下,他不过是故意用矫情的办法来引起辩论。欧唐奈心想:这个老头子这个年纪了,童心未退,还爱挑起一场战斗,即使只不过是口头上的你来我往也好。他直觉地感到斯温是在故意过甚其词来攻击医务工作,就目前这个问题讲,只不过存心要赖而已。根据欧唐奈的暗地观察,这老头子的脾气很可能是他患有痛风病或者风湿病的因素造成的。

(舒逊 译)

A Calculating Woman

In fact, she was not a woman who would fly into a passion. She had too little faith in mankind not to know that they were erring. She was too calculating to jeopardize any advantage she might gain in the way of information by fruitless clamor. Her wrath would never wreak itself in one fell blow. She would wait and brood, studying the details and adding to them until her power might be commensurate with her desire for revenge. At the same time, she would not delay to inflict any injury, big or little, which would wound the object of her revenge and still leave him uncertain as to the source of the evil. She was a cold, self-centered woman, with many a thought of her own which never found expression, not even by so much as the glint of an eye. (Theodore Dresier, *Sister Carrie*)

工于心计的女人

她确实不是一个爱发脾气的女人,她对别人很不信任,知道他们是会犯错误的。她很有心计,绝不轻易作无谓的争吵,来影响她从了解信息中获得好处。她的怒气决不会通过一次致命的打击发泄出来。她会等待,反复思量,研

究细枝末节，积聚起力量来，直到这力量足以发挥她报复的欲望。同时她会不失时机地给人家以或多或少的伤害，叫她的冤家吃点苦，却不让他明白祸从何来。她是一个冷酷、自私自利的女人，心里自有各种盘算而从不透露出来，甚至眼光里也不透露一些。（裘柱常 译）

Man of Dual Nature

I was born in the year 18 – – to a large fortune, enclosed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many imperious desire to carry may head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasure; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man would have blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high bias that I had set before me, I regarded them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*)

双重性格的人

我生于一八一一年，生来就占有大笔财产，此外，天赐予我许多禀赋，以及勤劳的天性，那些善良而聪颖的人的尊敬使我醉心，因此，自然而然地，我注定要有一个声名显赫的锦绣前程。的确，我唯一最坏的缺点就是一种急不可耐的寻欢作乐的性格，这种性格使很多人得到幸福，却使我很难与自己趾高气扬的傲慢猖介相调和。因此，我在人们面前摆出一副与众不同的庄重神气。我变成这样一个人，时刻隐藏着追求快乐的欲望，当我长大到了能够思考的年龄，我开始观察周围世界，并且估量我在这世界上的前程和地位。此时，我已经被紧紧束缚于极端的双重性格中，我做出的一些不正常的事，许多人甚至会认为值得吹嘘一番。但是我已经形成了一种孤高自许的立场，这些事使我感到羞耻难受，因此我竭力加以掩盖。我之所以成为现在这样一个人，与其说是由于我的缺点的日益严重，还不如说是由于我的抱负过于狂妄。

（赵毅衡 译）

A Man with Edges Chipped by Schools

Childhood was the germ of all mistrust. You were cruelly joked upon and then you cruelly joked. You lost the remembrance of pain through inflicting it. But somehow, through no virtue of his own, he had never taken that course back of character perhaps. Schools were said to construct character by chipping off the edges. His edges had been chipped, but the result had not, he thought, been character—only shapelessness, like an exhibit in the Museum of Modern Art.

(Graham Greene, *Our Man in Havana*)

被学校磨掉个性的人

所有不信任的种子都是童年时代播下的。别人肆无忌惮地奚落你，你再拚命地拿别人开心。用将痛苦强加于人的办法解脱自己的痛苦。可是也不知道怎么回事，他身上并不具有那种男子汉的刚毅，他从来没有那样干过。也许是缺乏人的通性的缘故。照理说，学校是个磨掉学生个性和一些小毛病、培养共同品格的地方。可他现在想起来他的小毛病倒是没有了，可是结果呢，要培养的东西没培养起来——弄成了个四不像，跟现代美术馆的一些展品差不多。

（孙晓胜　译）

Being Lord of My Person

In the meanwhile, I was lord of my person, and experienced that feeling of independence which the youthful bosom receives with a thrilling mixture of pleasure and apprehension. My purse, though by no means amply replenished, was in a situation to supply all the wants and wishes of a traveler. I had been accustomed, while at Bourdeaux, to act as my own valet; my horse was fresh, young, and active, and the buoyancy of my spirits soon surmounted the melancholy reflection with which my journey commenced.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

做独立自主的人

同时，我觉得自己是个充分独立自主的人，这种独立自主的感情在我年轻的胸膛中激荡不已，使我产生一种高兴而又害怕的极其兴奋的心情。我的钱袋虽然不是塞得紧鼓鼓的，却也能满足一个旅行者应有的愿望与需求。我在波尔多的时候已经习惯于自己照顾自己。我那匹小马显得生气勃勃而又轻快敏捷。我那兴高采烈的心情，很快就克服了旅行开始时的那种凄惨念头。

（李俍民　译）

B. Emotions 人物情感

1. Gaiety 欢乐

The Blessedness of That First Day of Freedom

Who can speak the blessedness of that first day of freedom? Is not the sense of liberty a higher and a finer one than any of the five? To move, speak and breathe,—go out and come in unwatched, and free from danger! Who can speak the blessings of that rest which comes down on the free man's pillow, under laws which insure to him the rights that God has given to man? How fair and precious to that mother was that sleeping child's face, endeared by the memory of a thousand dangers! How impossible was it to sleep, in the exuberant possession of such blessedness! And yet, these two had not one acre of ground,—not a roof that they could call their own,—they had spent their all, to the last dollar. They had nothing more than the birds of the air, or the flowers of the field,—yet they could not sleep for joy.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

获得自由的愉快心情

谁能说出他们获得自由的第一天的愉快心情呢？自由感难道不是比人的五种感觉更崇高、更美好的一种感觉吗？行动、言语、呼吸、出入都不再受监视、不再受威胁了！当上天赐给人的权利得到法律保障之后，一个自由人便可以高枕无忧了。谁能说出他这种愉快呢？那酣睡的孩子的脸蛋在他母亲心目中是多么姣美、多么贵重啊！回想起往日里经历的千灾万难，就益发觉得它亲切无比！置身于这种无比丰盛的幸福之中，要想睡得着觉是多么不可能的事啊！然而，夫妻俩上无片瓦，下无寸土，身上的钱已经花得干干净净。除了天空的飞鸟，田野的花草之外，简直就一无所有。可是，他们却快乐得连觉都睡不着。

(黄继忠 译)

Highest Points of Ecstasy

Northanger Abbey! These were thrilling words, and wound up Catherine's feelings to the highest points of ecstasy. Her grateful and

gratified heart could hardly restrain its expressions within the language of tolerable calmness. To receive so flattering an invitation! To have her company so warmly solicited! Everything honourable and soothing, every present enjoyment and every future hope was contained in it.

(Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*)

极度兴奋

诺桑觉寺！这是多么令人激动的几个字啊，凯瑟琳心里兴奋到了极点。她简直按捺不住内心的喜悦，说话都平静不下来，人家这样赏脸来请她！这样热情地请她做伴！一切是那样体面，那样令人欣慰，眼前的一切喜悦、未来的一切希望，通通包含在其中。 （孙致礼 唐慧心 译）

The Bliss of Having a Little Life

Oh, oh, the bliss of the little life sucking the milk of her body! Oh, oh, oh the bliss, as the infant grew stronger, of the two tiny hands clutching, catching blindly yet passionately at her breasts, of the tiny mouth sucking her in blind, sure, vital knowledge, of the sudden consummate peace as the little body sank, the mouth and throat sucking, sucking, sucking, drinking life from her to make a new life, almost sobbing with passionate joy of receiving its own existence.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

婴儿给母亲带来的欢乐

啊，啊，那小生命吸吮她的奶水，真让她感到巨大的幸福！啊，啊，啊，当这孩子长壮实了，两只小手盲目但充满激情地揪、抓她的双乳，小嘴儿盲目但自信而有力地吸吮她的奶水时她是多么高兴啊。当那小小的身体埋进她的怀抱，嘴巴吸吮着，喉咙蠕动着，吸呀，吸呀，从她体内吸走生命去制造新的生命时，那一刻是绝对宁静的。她几乎因为获得了自身的存在而欣喜若狂地啜泣，她多么狂喜啊。 （毕冰宾 石磊 译）

The Joys of Love

She repeated to herself, "I have a lover! I have a lover!" and the thought gave her a delicious thrill, as though she were beginning a second puberty. At last she was going to possess the joys of love, that fever of happiness she had despaired of ever knowing. She was entering a marvelous realm in which everything would be passion, ecstasy and

rapture; she was surrounded by vast expanses of bluish space, summits of intense feeling sparkled before her eyes, and everyday life appeared far below in the shadows between these peaks.

She remembered the heroines of novels she had read, and the lyrical legion of those adulterous women began to sing in her memory with sisterly voices that enchanted her. It was as though she herself were making the long dream of her youth come true by placing herself in the category of those amorous women she had envied so much. Furthermore, she had a satisfying feeling of vengeance. How she had suffered! But now she was triumphing, and love, so long repressed, was gushing forth abundantly with joyous effervescence. She savored it without remorse, anxiety or distress. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

风月乐趣

她三番两次自言自语道:"有一个情人!一个情人!"她一想到这上头,就心花怒放,好像刹那之间,又返老还童了一样。她想不到的那种神仙欢愉、那种风月乐趣,终于就要到手了。她走进一个只有热情、销魂、酩酊的神奇世界,周围是一望无际的碧空,感情的极峰在心头明光闪闪,而日常生活只在遥远、低洼、阴暗的山隙出现。

她于是想起她读过的书的女主人公,这些淫妇多感善歌,开始成群结队,在她的记忆之中咏唱,声气相投,入耳受听,就像自己变成这些想象的真正一部分一样,实现了少女时期的长梦,从前神往的情女典型,如今她也成为了其中一个。再说,她感到报复的满足。难道她没有受够活罪!可是现在,她胜利了。久经压制的感情,一涌而出,欢跃奔腾。她领略到了爱情,不后悔,不担忧,不心乱。 (李健吾 译)

An Unexpected Intelligence

It was almost too much happiness to bear. Oliver felt stunned and stupefied by the unexpected intelligence; he could not weep, or speak, or rest. He had scarcely the power of understanding anything that had passed, until, after a long ramble in the quiet evening air, a burst of tears came to his relief, and he seemed to awaken, all at once, to a full sense of the joyful change that had occurred, and the almost insupportable load of anguish which had been taken from his breast.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

出乎意料的喜讯

这样的幸福几乎超过了可以承受的限度。奥立弗听到这个出乎意料的喜讯，一时竟目瞪口呆；他流不下泪，开不出口，喘不过气。他简直完全不能理解到底发生了什么事情，直到在傍晚的宁静的气氛中徘徊良久之后，痛痛快快地哭了一场，似乎这才恍然大悟所发生的变化带来了多大的欢喜，解除了险些把他的心都压碎了的焦虑。（荣如德 译）

A Vague Pleasurable Excitement

Sergei was swept by a vague, pleasurable excitement—and did it really matter whether the feeling came from inside him or was flowing from the crowd that sat there) bathed in light? Pleasure sang and laughed, childlike, in every cell of his body and everything—the people, the hilarious whispers behind him, the chandelier with its cluster of fiery grapes—everything was all so different, so new, full profound meaning. His consciousness grasped only isolated sounds and gestures, or only one gust of the deep collective breath, and it was all so dear and simple. They were but instants which chanced with vivid, living reality.

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

隐隐约约的快乐

谢尔盖被模糊的快乐激动了。这快乐是从他内心中发出的吗？还是从坐在那儿沐浴在灯光下的人群中传来的？这又有什么呢？快乐在他身上每一个细胞中唱歌，像孩子那样欢笑，于是，这些人，后边的嘻笑低语，一串串火葡萄似的枝形挂灯：一切都显得异常新鲜了，都富有深奥的意义了。他在意识中只觉出零乱的声音，个别的姿势、或浪潮般的人群的叹息，而一切都是那么清晰和单纯。这是断续的瞬息，但是这些瞬息却是那么精彩生动。（叶冬心 译）

2. Satisfaction 惬意

Sweetness of Her Family

How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came, and those of her own dear father's, always active and self-possessed, and those of her dear husband's, need not be told. Nor, how the lightest echo of their united home, directed by herself with such a wise and elegant thrift that it was more abundant than any waste, was music to her. Nor, how there were echoes all about her, sweet in her ears, of the many times her

father had told her that he found her more devoted to him married (if that could be) than single, and of the many times her husband had said to her that no cares and duties seemed to divide her love for him or her help to him, and asked her "What is the magic secret, my darling, of your being everything to all of us, as if there were only one of us, yet never seeming to be hurried, or to have too much to do?"

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

家庭的甜蜜

不消说,她小女儿的脚步的回声,她亲爱的父亲那总是积极而镇定的脚步的回声,她亲爱的丈夫的脚步的回声,对于她是多么亲切。不消说,由于她勤俭持家,既精打细算,又安排得很雅致,一家过得富富裕裕,毫不浪费,他们这个和美的家的哪怕最轻微的回声,对她都像音乐一样美。不消说,她的父亲多次告诉她,他觉得她婚后比未婚时更孝顺他(如果可能更孝顺的话),她丈夫多次跟她说,尽管她有种种操心事,要尽种种义务,似乎并未分心,影响她对他的爱,对他的帮助,便问她,"我们都把你看得重于一切,好像我们就一个人,而你似乎从不手忙脚乱,也不太劳累,你这戏法有什么秘诀呀,亲爱的?"她周围这些回声,她听来多么甜蜜。 (石永礼 赵文娟 译)

The Holy Calm of Nature

He took the throat of Gudrun between his hands, that were hard and indomitably powerful... And this he crushed, this he could crush. What bliss! oh what bliss, at last, what satisfaction, at last! The pure zest of satisfaction filled his soul. He was watching the unconsciousness come into her swollen face, watching the eyes roll back. How ugly she was! What a fulfilment, what a satisfaction! How good this was, oh how good it was, what a God-given gratification, at last!

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

大自然的神圣宁静气氛

他用不可抗拒的两只刚硬的手抓住了古德伦的脖子……他掐住了这根弦,他能毁掉这根弦。何等的幸福啊!哦,何等的幸福啊,总算来了;何等的满足啊,总算来了!他心中充溢着纯净的志得意满的滋味。他眼见着古德伦肿胀起来的脸颊失去了知觉,眼见她的眼睛朝上翻去。她多丑啊!多么圆满、多么称心如意啊!这有多好,哦,这有多好啊,真是天赐的喜事,总算来了!

(梁一三 译)

Perfect Health and Tranquil Mind

I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering or pimping to procure the favour of any great man or of his minion. I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire.

(Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

身体健康,心情平静

我的身体十分健康,心里也很平静。我用不着害怕朋友陷害我、背叛我,也用不着防备敌人的明攻暗害。我也不必使用贿赂、谄媚、诲淫等手段来讨好大人物和他们的爪牙。我也用不着担心受骗或者受害。这里没有医生能残害我的身体,也没有律师来败毁我的家产,更没有告密者在旁监视我的言语行动,也没有人为了取得奖金而捏造证据对我妄加控告。 (张健 译)

Plain Sailing

Everything seemed to co-operate for her advantage. By the kindness of her first friends, the Allens, she had been introduced into scenes where pleasures of every kind had met her. Her feelings, her preferences had each known the happiness of a return. Wherever she felt attachment, she had been able to create it. The affection of Isabella was to be secured to her in a sister. The Tilneys, they by whom above all she desired to be favourably thought of, outstripped even her wishes in the flattering measures by which their intimacy was to be continued.

(Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*)

一帆风顺

仿佛一切因素都在协力成全她似的。最初,承蒙她的朋友艾伦夫妇的美意,她接触了这些场面,尝到了各式各样的乐趣。她的每一种情感,每一种喜爱,都得到了愉快的报偿。她不管喜欢哪一个人,都能与其建立起亲密的友谊。伊莎贝拉对她的厚爱将以姑嫂关系固定下来。她最希望赢得蒂尔尼一家的垂爱,而蒂尔尼家则出乎意外地采取这个措施,致使他们的密切关系得以继续下去。 (孙致礼 唐慧心 译)

Pure Delight from the Nature

It was the air of repose—the solitudes, that spoke of scenes and forests untouched by the hands of man—the reign of nature, in a word, that gave so much pure delight to one of his habits and turn of mind. Still, he felt, though it was unconsciously, like a poet also. If he found a pleasure in studying this large, and to him unusual opening into the mysteries and forms of the woods, as one is gratified in getting broader views of any subject that has long occupied his thoughts, he was not insensible to the innate loveliness of such a landscape neither, but felt a portion of that soothing of the spirit which is a common attendant of a scene so thoroughly pervaded by the holy calm of nature.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer*)

大自然的恩惠

四周是一片深沉的宁静——一片荒凉，表明森林景物未曾为人类这个大自然的主宰者触动的荒凉。总之，这使他在思想感情上洋溢着无比纯洁的欢欣。然而他同样感到——虽然是下意识地——自己仿佛是个诗人。这块广漠的土地向他展示了大森林的奥秘和神奇，在探讨过程中如果说获得了乐趣，正像一个人头脑中久久萦绕的疑团豁然开朗那样，那么他对这幅美景上的野趣也无动于衷。沉浸在这一片大自然神圣宁静气氛之中，不能不使人心灵感到恬然慰藉。

（宋兆霖　译）

Never So Free and So Young

Dasha was still feeling strongly weightless. Her chest rose and fell steadily, calmly, and her head was empty—no thoughts in it, no self-pity, no fear. Never, it seemed, had she been so free. So young as she was at that moment. And she wondered: why did that lonely little pine up there on the mountain peak (oh, how high!) beguile her so, why had she never seen the air lying so thick over the hillside and why did it ripple in lilac waves? And really the pine was not important, nor was the air. It was something else—dear to her, something transcendent, something she could not name...

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

轻松舒畅的心情

达莎一直感到异常轻松。她的胸部均匀地、徐缓地呼吸着，脑袋里仿佛是空洞的——没有思想，没有恐惧，没有自怜心理。她仿佛从来没有像现在这样

感觉到自由和年轻。她觉得奇怪：远远山巅峭壁上那棵孤松(啊，它多么高啊！)怎么会这样吸引着她？她怎么会第一次看见山坡上弥漫着那么浓厚的空气？空气怎么会换着淡紫色彩？其实，这时吸引着她的并不是那松树，也不是那空气，而是另一种亲切的、微妙的、她所叫不出的什么东西……

(叶冬心 译)

The Enjoyment from the New Companionship

There was such delicious freedom, such recovery of that independence a man enjoys before he founds a family, about these weeks of lovely weather, and this new companionship with one who demanded nothing, and remained always a little unknown, retaining the fascination of mystery. It was like a draught of wine to him who has been drinking water for so long that he has almost forgotten the stir wine brings to his blood, the narcotic to his brain. The flowers were coloured brighter, scents and music and the sunlight had a living value—were no longer mere reminders of past enjoyment. There was something now to live for which stirred him continually to anticipation. He lived in that, not in retrospection; the difference is considerable to any so old as he.

(John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*)

生活的美酒

这几个星期的好天气，和这里新形成的友谊——对方是那样无求于他，而且始终有那一点不可捉摸的地方，使得她更显得神秘可亲——使他尝到自由的可爱，尝到成家之前过的那种逍遥自在的生活。他就像一个戒酒的人，很久的时间都在喝水，连酒对于他血液的作用，对他脑筋的刺激，都几乎忘掉了时，后来忽然又喝到一杯酒那样。花的颜色更艳了，花香和音乐和阳光全都有了生命价值——并不仅仅引起过去欢乐的回忆而已。现在生活有种值得过的地方了，而且不断地促使他企盼着。他现在是生活在这上面，而不是生活在回忆里；对于他这样大年纪的人，这种甚殊是相当大的。 (屠熙良 译)

A Sense of Freedom

Now that Maxim was safe in London, and I had eaten my biscuits, I felt very well and curiously happy. I was aware of a sense of freedom, as though I had no responsibilities at all. It was rather like a Saturday when one was a child. No lessons, and no prep. One could do as one liked.

One put on an old skirt and a pair of sand-shoes and played Hares and Hounds on the common grass with the children who lived next door.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

无拘无束的自由感

想到迈克西姆已平安抵达伦敦,再加上把那几块饼干吞进肚子,我心情极为舒畅,甚至莫名其妙地感到快活。一种无拘束的自由感在心头油然而生,大有无牵无挂一身轻的味道,好比是孩提时代度周末,既不用上课,也不要预习,爱干什么就干什么;可以套条旧裙子,穿双帆布鞋,跟邻居小朋友在附近公共草地上一起玩"猎狗追野兔"的游戏。 (林智玲 程德 译)

3. Depression 苦闷、烦恼

In the Hell of Failure

...when he awoke it was as if he had awakened in hell. It was hell—"the hell of conscious failure," both in ambition and in love. He thought of that previous abyss into which he had fallen before leaving this part of the country; the deepest deep he had supposed it then; but it was not so deep as this. That had been the breaking in of the outer bulwarks of his hope: this was of his second line. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

身陷失败的地狱

……他醒来的时候,觉得仿佛身在地狱一样。还不止仿佛是身在地狱,而实际是真正身在地狱,那是自己感觉到一切都失败了——壮志和恋爱都失败了——以后那种万分苦恼的地狱。他想到他还没离开这块地方的时候他掉进去的那个无底洞。那时候,他以为他掉到最深的地方了;其实那时候他还没掉得现在这样深。那一次,只是他的希望堡垒外围被攻破就是了;这一次被攻破的却是他的第二道防线。 (张谷若 译)

Sore Point in Lack of Stature

Frank's face flushed, his lips came together; his lack of stature was a very sore point with him. At school he had always been the smallest boy in his class, and fought twice as many battles as anyone else because of it. Of late a terrible doubt had begun to invade his being, for at seventeen he was exactly the same five feet three he had been at fourteen; perhaps he had stopped growing. Only he knew the agonies to which he subjected his body and his spirit, the stretching, the exercises, the fruitless hoping.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

身材矮小人的苦恼

弗兰克脸红了，双唇闭住了，身材矮小是他最敏感的伤痛。在学校，他一直是个子最小的男孩，为此他打过的架比别人整整多一倍。近来，他常被一种可怕的怀疑折磨着，他已经十七岁了，可身高和十四岁那年一样，只有五英尺二英寸，可能他已经停止长个了。只有他自己了解这种从肉体、精神、无结果的锻炼和希望等方面给他带来的苦恼。 （晓明 陈明锦 译）

Hopeless Future

"O Amelia, Amelia," he thought, "you to whom I have been so faithful—you reproach me! It is because you cannot feel for me that I drag on this wearisome life. And you reward me after years of devotion by giving me your blessing upon my marriage, forsooth, with this flaunting Irish girl!" Sick and sorry felt poor William, more than ever wretched and lonely. He would like to have done with life and its vanity altogether, so bootless and unsatisfactory the struggle, so cheerless and dreary the prospect seemed to him. （William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*）

前途无望

……他暗想道："唉，爱米丽亚，爱米丽亚！我对你始终如一，你倒来抢白我。我为什么勉强自己一天天在这里瞎混，还不是因为你对我没有感情吗？多少年来我一心一意地爱你，你报答我的是什么？亏你相信我会娶这个轻薄浮浪的爱尔兰女人，居然来祝贺我婚后称心如意！"可怜的威廉闷上心来，那寂寞凄凉的滋味是以前从来没有尝过的。倘若咬着牙干下去吧，不但没有用，而且无味得很，前面是一片荒凉，没有使他振奋的东西。他恨不能一撒手撇开了人生的虚名浮利，甚至于对于生命本身，他也没有什么留恋。 （杨必 译）

Perplexed to the Last Degree

I had now such a load on my mind that it kept me perpetually waking; to reveal it, which would have been some ease to me, I could not find would be to any purpose, and yet to conceal it would be next to impossible; nay, I did not doubt but I should talk of it in my sleep, and tell my husband of it whether I would or no. If I discovered it, the least thing I could expect was to lose my husband, for he was too nice and too honest a man to have continued my husband after he had known I had been

his sister; so that I was perplexed to the last degree.

(Daniel Defoe, *Moll Flanders*)

极度烦恼

我现在心上有这么重的一个担子压着,所以我老是坐卧不宁;把这事说出来,我觉得又没有什么,隐藏在心里,又几乎是不可能的;不,我相信我会在睡梦中说到这件事,把这事告诉我丈夫,不管我愿意不愿意。假使我说出了这件事,最少我也该料到,我会失去我的丈夫,因为他是个很知礼很诚实的人,当他知道了我原来是他的妹妹以后,绝不肯再继续做我的丈夫,所以我烦恼到了极点。 (梁遇春 译)

In a Confused Grievance

I am sorry to add that she was sobbing bitterly, with such abandonment to this relief of an oppressed heart as a woman habitually controlled by pride on her own account and thoughtfulness for others will sometimes allow herself when she feels securely alone. And Mr. Casaubon was certain to remain away for some time at the Vatican.

Yet Dorothea had no distinctly shaped grievance that she could state even to herself; and in the midst of her confused thought and passion, the mental act that was struggling forth into clearness was a self-accusing cry that her feeling of desolation was the fault of her own spiritual poverty.

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

说不清的烦恼

我很遗憾,我只得说她正在哭,哭得那么伤心,好像要尽情发泄心中郁积的烦恼似的。一个女人由于自己的骄傲,也由于自己的体贴,一直克制着自己,要到她相信周围没有人的时候,才会这样出声痛哭。这时卡苏朗先生无疑还在梵蒂冈,他得在那儿多待一会。

然而多萝西娅自己也说不清楚,她的烦恼究竟是什么。在她混乱的思想和情绪中,有一种心理活动正在竭力挣扎,要使自己变成明确的概念,即一种自我谴责的声音,向她大声疾呼,说她的孤独感是她自己的过错,是她精神贫乏的表现。 (项星耀 译)

Undismissible Depression

I remembered, one day as I sat in the train hastening to Charing Cross on my way from France, that that was George's birthday. I had the

feeling of him upon me, heavily, and I could not rid myself of the depression. I put it down to travel fatigue, and tried to dismiss it. As I watched the evening sun glitter along the new corn-stubble in the fields we passed, trying to describe the effect to myself, I found myself asking: "But—what's the matter? I've not had bad news, have I, to make my chest feel so weighted?" (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

无法摆脱的沮丧

我记得,一天,我正坐火车从法国匆忙赶往河伦·克罗斯车站的途中。那天正好是乔治的生日。想到他,就产生了一种沉重的感受,我无法摆脱压在身上的沮丧感。我想让旅途的疲劳压倒这种情绪,我想尽力摆脱它。当我看见夕阳照在路旁大片田野新生的谷茬时,就尽力描绘这种情景对我的影响。我发现,我在自问:"可是——怎么搞的?我并没有听到什么不幸的消息,不是吗?为什么我的心情感到这样压抑?" (谢显宁 刘崇丽 王林 译)

Bitter Grief of Losing One's Spouse

His wife's death nearly finished Thompson too. He was a changed man. Always active, carrying his years easily, and with red good health in his face, he now seemed to age overnight. He seemed to dry up and bend like a tree whose roots lack water. His hands were suddenly uncertain and awkward, when they had held thing as surely before. The world about him seemed to lose interest for him. He became silent and withdrawn. He sat for long hours in his tall wooden-backed armchair by the fire, and what he thought about in his silence no one knew. (Stan Barstow, *Waiting*)

因丧偶引起的极度悲伤

汤普森的老婆的死几乎也叫他送了命。他完全变了一个人。他一向爱动,不显老,满面红光,身体很健康,现在似乎一夜之间变老了。他仿佛干瘪了,腰弯得像根缺水的树一样。他的两手顿时变得颤抖而笨拙,过去拿东西是很牢靠的。他对周围的世界感到没有意思。他变得沉默而孤独。他每天坐在火旁的高高的木背椅子上,一坐就是几个钟头。他在静静地想些什么,谁也不知道。 (刘若端 译)

4. Loneliness 寂寞、孤独

A Lonely Woman

Ursula, left alone, felt as if everything were lapsing out. There seemed to be no hope in the world. One was a tiny little rock with the tide of nothingness rising higher and higher. She herself was real, and only herself—just like a rock in a wash of flood-water. The rest was all nothingness. She was hard and indifferent, isolated in herself.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

孤独的人生

厄秀拉感到十分孤独,似乎一切都如水东流了。世界上好像不再有希望了。人就如同一粒小石子,随着虚无的潮水越涨越高。她自己是真实的,只有她自己如此——正如洪水冲刷下来的一粒石子。其余一切都是虚无。她坚硬冰凉,与外界隔绝。

(梁一三 译)

Excluded from Any Social Stratum

That high world! But plainly he was not to be allowed to share in it. And yet because of his vain hope in connection with it, he had chosen to cut himself off in this way. And to what end? Was he not if anything more lonely than ever? Mrs. Peyton! Going to and from his work but merely nodding to people or talking casually—or however sociably with one or another of the storekeepers along Central Avenue who chose to hail him—or even some of the factory girls here in whom he was not interested or with whom he did not dare to develop a friendship.

(Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

自我孤立

那个上等社会啊!不过,人家显然不许他沾边。他却一味痴心妄想,竟然就跟别的方面断绝了来往。可是又有什么结果呢?不是反倒更寂寞了吗?佩顿太太,嘿!每天上班下班,见了人不过点点头,或是浮面地谈几句,最多跟中央路上愿意跟他打招呼的什么店主人讲几句客套话,再不然,跟什么女工讲一点客套话,可是这些女工,他既没有什么兴趣,又不敢跟她们产生什么友谊。

(许汝祉 译)

In a Tremendous Blank

I wanted somebody to talk to, then. I missed Agnes. I found a tremendous blank, in the place of that smiling repository of my confidence. Mrs. Crupp appeared to be a long way off. I thought about my predecessor, who had died of drink and smoke; and I could have wished he had been so good as to live, and not bother me with his decease.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

孤寂如处广漠之野

那时候,我很想能有个人跟我谈谈话,那时候,我就非常想念爱格妮。那个微笑着接受我的肺腑之言的人不在我眼前的时候,我只觉得我眼前是一大片广漠之野。克洛浦太太好像离我有千里之遥。我想到我前面住在这里、因嗜好烟酒而丧生的房客;我恨不得他能看在我的面上活了下去,而不要死去,因而剩了我孑然一身,惹得我孤寂烦恼。 (张谷若 译)

Fearful to Meet Every Person

Fanny, whether near or from her cousins, whether in the schoolroom, the drawing-room, or the shrubbery, was equally forlorn, finding something to fear in every person and place. She was disheartened by Lady Bertram's silence, awed by Sir Thomas's grave looks, and quite overcome by Mrs. Norris's admonitions. Her elder cousins mortified her by reflections on her size, and abashed her by noticing her shyness.

(Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*)

害怕与人交往导致的孤独

范妮不论是在表姐们身旁还是不在她们身旁,不论是在课堂、客厅还是在灌木丛间,都感到同样孤独,她觉得每个人、每块地方都有点可怕。贝特伦夫人的沉默使她胆怯,托马斯爵士的阴沉面孔使她害怕,诺利斯太太的告诫使她慌乱,表姐们议论她的个子使她感到羞辱,说她见人不够大方使她脸红。

(秭佩 译)

The Great Loneliness in the Dark

The coming of the dark always made him feel lonely and tonight he felt so lonely that there was a hollowness in him as of hunger. In the old days he could help this loneliness by the saying of prayers and often coming home from hunting he would repeat a great number of the same prayer and

it made him feel better. But he had not prayed once since the movement. He missed the prayers but he thought it would be unfair and hypocritical to say them and he did not wish ask any favours or for any different treatment than all the men were receiving.

No, he thought, I am lonely. But so are all the soldiers and the wives of all the soldiers and all those who have lost families or parents. I have no wife, but I am glad that she died before the movement. She would not have understood it. I have no children and I never will have any children. I am lonely in the day when I am not working but when the dark comes it is a time of great loneliness.

(Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*)

夜来更孤独

黑夜的来临总使他感到孤单,心里有一种饥饿般的空虚。往日里,他空虚的时候可以靠祷告来帮忙,他经常在打猎回家的路上反反复复地念着同一段祷文,这使他觉得好受一点。但是革命开始以来,他一次也没祷告过。他感到若有所失,但是他认为现在再祷告是不适当的,是言行不一致的,他不愿祈求任何恩宠,或接受与众不同的待遇。

我不愿,他想,我感到孤单。但是所有那些当兵的,当兵的老婆,那些失去家人或爹娘的人都是如此。我没老婆了,幸好在革命前她就死了。她是不会理解的,我没儿女,再不会有儿女啦。白天没事干的时候我感到孤单,可是黑夜来到了感到更孤单。 (程中珊 译)

The Solitude After the Loss of One's Mother

The loss of my mother was a great grief to me; but I must confess to another feeling behind that grief—a feeling that though I was young and pretty (so everyone told me), I was wasting a second winter in the solitude of the country. Before the winter ended, this sense of dejection, solitude, and simple boredom increased to such an extent that I refused to leave my room or open the piano or take up a book. When Katya urged me to find some occupation, I said that I did not feel able for it; but in my heart I said, "What is the good of it? What is the good of doing anything, when the best part of my life is being wasted like this?" And to this question, tears were my only answer.

I was told that I was growing thin and losing my looks; but even this failed to interest me. What did it matter? For whom? I felt my whole life

was bound to go on in the same solitude and helpless dreariness, from which I had myself no strength and even no wish to escape.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Family Happiness*, trans. Louise Maude and Aylmer Maude)

丧母后的孤寂

失去母亲对我是个极大的悲哀,可是我得承认,在这种悲哀的后面还有另一种情绪:虽然我年轻美貌,像大家对我说的那样,可是我在乡村孤寂的生活中又在自由地度过这第二个冬天了。在冬天快要结束时,这种孤寂的忧郁感和纯粹的寂寞感便越来越强烈,以至使我懒得走出房门,懒得打开钢琴,懒得拿起书本。每逢卡佳劝我弹弹琴或读读书时,我就回答说:不想动,没兴致,可我心里却在说:为什么呢?既然我最好的时光都虚度了,何必还去做什么事呢?为什么呢?而对为什么呢这个问题,我没有别的回答,只有眼泪。

人们说,我在这个时期消瘦了,变得憔悴了,但是甚至对于这一点,我也不在乎。为什么要好看呢?为谁呢?我觉得,我的整个一生本来就应该在这种孤独的偏僻荒凉和孤苦无依的忧郁中度过的,我自己一个人既没有力量摆脱它,甚至也不想摆脱它。(芳信 译)

What Memories They Conjure up

Do you know that I love to call to mind and revisit at certain dates the places where in my own fashion I was once so happy? I love to build up my present in harmony with my irrevocably lost past; and I often wander about like a shadow, through the alleys and streets of Petersburg. What memories they conjure up! For instance, I remember that exactly a year ago, at exactly this hour, on this very pavement, I wandered about cheerlessly and alone just as I did today. And I can't help remembering that at the time, too, my dreams were sad and dreary, and though I did not feel better then I somehow can't help feeling that it was better, that life was more peaceful, that at least I was not then obsessed by the black thoughts that haunt me now, that I did not suffer from these gloomy and miserable qualms of conscience which now give me no rest either by day or by night. And you ask yourself—where are your dreams? And you shake your heads and murmur: how quickly time flies! And you ask yourself again—what have you done with your time, where have you buried the best years of your life? Have you lived or not? Look you say to yourself, look how everything in the world is growing cold. Some more years will pass,

and they will be followed by cheerless solitude, and then will come tottering old age, with its crutch, and after it despair and desolation. Your fantastic world will fade away, your dreams will wilt and die, scattering like yellow leaves from the trees.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *White Nights*, trans. Nora Gottlieb David, Magarshack and Constance Garnett)

不堪回首话当年

您知道吗,我现在喜欢在某些日子追忆和探访那些我一度自得其乐的地方,我喜欢使我当前的处境和已经一去不复返的过去合拍,我常常像一个影子似地在彼得堡的大街小巷游荡,既无需求又无目的,凄苦而又忧伤。真是不堪回首话当年啊!比方说,就在这个地方,正好一年以前,也是在这个时刻,我就像现在这么孤单,这么凄苦地在人行道上徘徊。这时候,梦想是忧郁的,尽管当初并不比现在好一些,没有那些如今和我片刻不离的阴暗的思想;没有那些良心的谴责,这些阴沉愁苦的谴责如今使我白天黑夜不得安宁。你问你自己:你的梦想哪儿去了?你摇摇头说:一年年过得真快啊!你又问你自己:这些年你有什么作为?你把自己的最好的时光埋葬在哪儿?你到底生活过没有?瞧,你跟自己说,瞧,这世界变得有多冷。再过一些年头,随之而来的便是阴惨惨的孤独,便是颤巍巍支着手杖的风烛残年,随后便是愁苦与沮丧。你的幻想世界愈趋苍白,你的梦想停滞了,枯萎了,犹如树上黄叶一般飘零。

(成时 译)

Alone, Always, and Forever

In occasional moments of detachment, Keith wondered how the Air Force pilot in difficulty and letting down through storm and crowded airspace, was feeling at this moment. Lonely, probably. Just as Keith himself was lonely; just as all life was lonely, even with others physically close beside you. The pilot would have a co-pilot and crew, in the same way that Keith had fellow-workers who, at this moment, were near enough to touch. But that was not the kind of nearness which counted. Not when you were alone in that *inner room* of the mind, where no one else could enter, and where you lived—apart and solitary—with awareness, memory, conscience, fear. Alone, from the moment you were born until you died. Always, and forever, alone. Keith Bakersfield knew how much alone a single human being could be.

(Arthur Hailey, *Airport*)

孤独人生

基思偶尔也还能偷闲寻思，那个空军驾驶员要在困难之中穿过风雪和拥挤不堪的空域下降，不知道他目前作何感想。大概感到很孤独吧。就像基思自己这样的孤独，就像人生总都是孤独的那样，哪怕其他一些人的身体就紧挨着你。那个驾驶员一定还有一个副驾驶员和其他机组人员和他在一起，一如基思也有其他工作人员和他在一起那样，这些人眼前就近在咫尺，伸手就碰得着。但是这样的接近实在算不了什么。当你独自一人躲在你心田的底里、没有什么人能进得来的地方，当你与世隔绝、形单影只，生活在心里有数、回忆往事、良心责备和恐惧之中的时候，这样一种人与人的接近也算不了什么。从你出生的那个时候开始，直到你老死的那个时候为止，生活就是孤独的。总是而且永远是孤独的。基思·贝克斯费尔德懂得一个人能有多么的孤独。

（任家桢　方正平　译）

5. Anxiety　焦虑

Be Unsure and Unfixed

He was here at Anna's wedding. Well, what right had he to feel responsible, like a father? He was still as unsure and unfixed as when he had married himself. His wife and he! With a pang of anguish he realized what uncertainties they both were. He was a man of forty-five. Forty-five! In five more years fifty. Then sixty—then seventy—then it was finished. My God—and one still was so unestablished.

（D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*）

心里没底，动摇不定

他在这儿，在安娜的婚礼上，这不错，可他有什么权力认为自己负有一个父亲的责任呢？他还像自己刚结婚时那样，心里没底，动摇不定。他，还有他老婆！这两口子都这么茫然，他终于认识到了这一点，不由得心头感到一阵极度的痛苦。他四十五了，四十五了！再有五年就五十了，然后是六十、七十，再往后就完了。我的老天爷啊，我都这个年纪了，可还没有稳定下来。

（毕冰宾　石磊　译）

Anxious for Being Locked Out

If anybody saw me standing here locked out, I'd never be able to look them in the face without perishing of shame, she thought. She could feel her cheeks flaming. Uncle Henry was right the whole way. She wasn't

being received. All her life she had heard of people who were so scandalous that no decent person would open the door to them, but in her wildest imagination she'd never thought it could happen to her. She was Scarlett O'Hara, daughter of Ellen Robillard, of the Savannah Robillards. This couldn't be happening to her.

I'm here to do good, too, she thought with hurt bewilderment. Her eyes felt hot, a warning of tears. Then, as so often happened, she was swept by a tide of anger and outrage. Damn it all, half this house belonged to her! How dare anybody lock the door against her?

(A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

被拒之门外的焦虑心情

如果让别人瞧见我匡在这里进不了门,我将洗刷不掉这份羞辱,今后教我如何见人?她暗自焦急着。两颊发烧。亨利伯伯句句言中。没人愿意见她了。她平生听到过有人闹出丑闻,弄得被正经人家拒之门外,但她根本想都没想过这种事如今竟会落到她头上。她是斯佳丽·奥哈拉,埃伦·罗比亚尔的女儿,萨凡纳罗比亚尔家族的后代。这种事怎能落到她头上呢?

我是好心好意来的,斯佳丽伤心得都糊涂了,心里暗忖着。她感到两眼热辣辣的,这是流泪的前兆。这时,像以往一样,一股怒火涌上心头,无法自制。真该死!这栋房子有一半还是她的呢!谁那么大胆把她锁在门外?

(尚逸文 译)

A Doleful Long Night

What a doleful night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room of cold soot and hot dust; and, as I looked up into the corners of the tester over my head, I thought what a number of bluebottle flies from the butcher's, and earwigs from the market, and grubs from the country, must be holding on up there, lying by for next summer. This led me to speculate whether any of them ever tumbled down, and then I fancied that I felt light falls on my face—a disagreeable turn of thought, suggesting other and more objectionable approaches up my back. When I had lain awake a little while, those extraordinary voices with which silence teems began to make themselves audible. The closet whispered, the fire-place signed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time, the eyes on the wall acquired a new

expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, DON'T GO HOME.

Whatever nights-fancies and night-noises crowded on me, they never warded off this DON'T GO HOME. It plaited itself into whatever I thought of, as a bodily pain would have done.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

凄凉难捱的长夜

好一个凄怆的夜晚！好不心焦，好不黯然，好不难捱！屋子里弥漫一股令人不快的气味，那是冷却的煤烟加上发馊的炉灰。抬头望望床顶，只见角落里仿佛都簇满了屠宰铺子里飞来的绿头苍蝇、市场飞来的钻耳虫、乡下爬来的蛆虫，牢牢守在那里，只等夏天一到，便好大显身手。我正在捉摸，不知道那些玩意儿会不会掉下来，忽然就觉得似乎有什么东西；轻轻地悄悄地到了我脸上——这个念头转得可实在不是滋味，马上我连背上也觉得好像有东西在爬了，其味更加难受。睁着眼睛躺了没多大工夫，寂静照例又响起了种种稀奇古怪的声音。壁橱竟低声谈起话来，壁炉也喟然叹息，小脸盆架滴答作响，抽屉肚子里还不时发出一两声吉他琴弦的声音。大约也就在这当儿，百眼巨人投在墙上的影子也都换了一种表情，每一个睁大眼睛好像在向我表示：万毋回家！

说不尽的夜思，听不尽的夜籁，怎奈万籁也都抵挡不了"万毋回家"几个字。我不论转个什么样的念头，这几个字都要钻到我的念头里来，好似身上惹了什么病痛一般，扔不开，摆不脱。 (王科一 译)

To Marry, Or Not to Marry

Mr. Doran was very anxious indeed this Sunday morning. He had made two attempts to shave but his hand had been so unsteady that he had been obliged to desist. Three days' reddish beard fringed his jaws and every two or three minutes a mist gathered on his glasses so that he had to take them off and polish them with his pocket-handkerchief. The recollection of his confession of the night before was a cause of acute pain to him; the priest had drawn out every ridiculous detail of the affair and in the end had so magnified his sin that he was almost thankful at being afforded a loophole of reparation. The harm was done. What could he do now but marry her or run away? He could not brazen it out. The affair would be sure to be talked of and his employer would be certain to hear of it. Dublin is such a small city: everyone knows everyone else's business. He felt his heart leap warmly in his throat as he heard in his excited

imagination old Mr. Leonard calling out in his rasping voice: Send Mr. Doran here, please.

All his long years of service gone for nothing! All his industry and diligence thrown away! As a young man he had sown his wild oats, of course; he had boasted of his free-thinking and denied the existence of God to his companions in public houses. But that was all passed and done with... nearly. He still bought a copy of Reynolds's Newspaper every week but he attended to his religious duties and for nine-tenths of the year lived a regular life. He had money enough to settle down on; it was not that. But the family would look down on her. First of all there was her disreputable father and then her mother's boarding house was beginning to get a certain fame. He had a notion that he was being had. He could imagine his friends talking of the affair and laughing. She was a little vulgar; sometimes she said I seen and If I had've known. But would grammar matter if he really loved her? He could not make up his mind whether to like her or despise her for what she had done. Of course, he had done it too. His instinct urged him to remain free, not to marry. Once you are married you are done for, it said. (James Joyce, *Dubliners*)

犹疑不定的婚姻

事实上,这个礼拜天的整个上午,多伦先生一直心神不安。他两次试着刮脸,但一双手老是哆嗦,只得作罢。微红的胡子三天没刮了,拉拉茬茬,长满嘴巴四周。每隔两三分钟,眼镜片上就积了一层水气,他不得不把眼睛摘下来,掏出手帕擦干净。他回忆起前天晚上的忏悔,不觉心如刀割。那神父把这桩事的一切荒唐细节,全从他口中套了出来。最后,神父夸大其词地说,你罪孽深重哪!所以,当神父给他一个赎罪的机会时,他几乎感激涕零。已经造了孽,除非结婚或逃走,他还有什么办法呢?挣扎着设法厚着脸皮活下去。人们对这件事一定会窃窃私议,老板肯定会听到流言蜚语。都柏林城太小了,谁都了解谁的底细。他胡思乱想,仿佛听见一个粗嘎的声音。那是利奥纳德老先生在怒喊:"请把多伦先生叫来!"这时,他感到自己的心怦怦乱跳,直跳到喉咙口。

干了那么多年的差使全白费了!兢兢业业,孜孜以求的名声扫地了!诚然,作为一个年轻人,他放荡过。在那些小酒店里,他曾向伙伴们夸过口,说自己思想自由,不信什么上帝。但是,这一切都过去了,消逝了……几乎断绝了。尽管每星期他仍然买一份《雪诺新闻》,但他尽了教徒的义务,并且一年中大都过着正经的生活。他有钱,足够成家了。问题不在于此,而是家里人会瞧不

起她。首先,由于她那不光彩的父亲,其次,近来她母亲开的这所寄寓名气不太好。他有一种感觉:自己上当了。他能想象朋友们议论和嘲笑这件事的情景。她是有些粗俗,有时竟然说:"我冻了"(这句原文是"I seen",语音和语法都错误,应为"I see",意思是"我懂了"),或者"假使我已经过去晓得的话"(这句原文是"If I had've known",语法也错误,应为"If I had known",意思是假如我已知道的话")。不过,要是自己真心爱她,语法不通又有什么关系呢?! 根据她的所作所为,他说不上自己是喜欢她还是鄙视她。当然,那种事他也干了。他本能地感到,不要结婚,仍旧做个自在的光棍吧。常言道:人一结婚就完蛋啦。

(孙梁 译)

Ever-Present Anxiety

Tossing to and fro upon his hot, uneasy bed; tormented by a fierce thirst which nothing could appease; unable to find, in any change of posture, a moment's peace or ease; and rambling for ever through deserts of thought where there was no resting-place, no sight or sound suggestive of refreshment or repose, nothing but a dull eternal weariness, with no change but the restless shiftings of his miserable body, and the weary wanderings of his mind, constant still to one ever-present anxiety—to a sense of something left undone, of some fearful obstacle to be surmounted, of some carking care that would not be driven away and haunted the distempered brain, now in this form, now in that—always shadowy and dim, but recognisable for the same phantom in every shape it took, darkening every vision like an evil conscience, and making slumber horrible.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

焦虑缠身

他在那又热又不舒服的病榻上翻来覆去;焦渴得没有东西舒解;无论怎样辗转反侧也得不到片刻的安宁;在思想的沙漠里漫游,找不到一个可以歇息的地方,没有任何可以养养神或者可以住住脚的迹象或声音,一切都是漫无止境的单调的疲乏,除了他那痛苦身体的抽动和他心情的疲倦旅行之外,没有任何变化,一直为一种焦虑所困扰——总是感到有什么事情不曾做完,还有一些可怕的障碍必须克服,还有一些令人烦恼的顾虑没有驱散,侵扰着他那不健康的神经,一会儿是这种形式,一会儿是那种形式,永远是模模糊糊的,但不论它变做什么样子,都可辨认出是同一的幻觉,像是一颗邪恶的良心越来越黑,使睡眠变得可怖了。

(许君远 译)

Speak Incoherently

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an incosistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternatively vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecison (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance—which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

(Edgar Allen Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*)

语无伦次

在言谈举止方面,我马上感到我朋友有些语无伦次,前后矛盾;不久我就发现,这种状态的产生是由于他想克服那种习惯的恐慌,以及严重的焦躁不安,可是又太软弱,没有什么成效。对此我思想上确实已有所准备,这不仅由于他的那封信,而且因为我想起了他某些孩子气的性格,以及他那种奇特的体态和气质。他的举动时而轻松愉快,时而阴沉古怪。他的声音一会儿显得战战兢兢,毫无决断力(当野性完全被抑制的时候),一会儿马上又变得饱满有力,简明扼要——变得粗犷有力,从容不迫,铿锵深沉——一种深沉、稳重而又抑扬顿挫十分得当的喉音——只有在毫无希望的酒鬼以及不可救药的鸦片烟鬼最最激动的时刻,才能在他们身上看到。 (沈关荣 译)

Confusion of Mind

And now, because my mind was not confused enough before, I complicated its confusion fifty thousand-fold by having states and season when I was clear that Biddy was immeasurably better than Estella, and that the plain honest working life to which I was born had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient means of self-respect and happiness. At those times, I would decide conclusively that my disaffection to dear old Joe and the forge was gone, and that I was growing up in a fair way to be

partners with Joe and to keep company with Biddy—when all in a moment some confounding remembrance of the Havisham days would fall upon me, like a destructive missile, and scatter my wits again. Scattered wits take a long time picking up; and often, before I had got them well together, they would be dispersed in all directions by one stray thought, that perhaps after all Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune when my time was out.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

心烦意乱

好像嫌我本来的心境还紊乱得不够似的，如今我又多了许多心思，时伏时起，把紊乱的心境弄得更加千倍万倍的复杂。有时候我很清楚毕蒂胜过艾丝黛拉的程度真不可以道里计，也明白我是这样的出身，我要过的这种平凡而清白的自食其力的生活并没有什么丢脸之处，相反倒是很值得自尊，引为幸福。逢到这种时候，我就信心十足，觉得我今后再也不会对亲爱的老朋友乔和铁匠铺冷淡无情了，等我满了师，我就可以和乔合伙，并和毕蒂厮守在一起——不料正想得头头是道，突然之间又鬼迷心窍，记起了在郝薇香小姐家里的光景，于是我的神志顿时就像中了一颗毁灭性的飞弹，给搅得心烦意乱。神志一乱，再要定心敛神就费时了；何况，往往我的心思还没有完全定下来，接着又会冷不防心里一动，思及一念，禁不住心曲大乱。这一念不是别的，乃是想到满师以后，说不定郝薇香小姐毕竟还会使我飞黄腾达。 (王科一 译)

6. Expectation 希冀

Wishing to Marry Her

Ah, how I loved her! What happiness (I thought) if we were married, and were going away anywhere to live among the trees and in the fields, never growing older, never growing wiser, children ever, rambling hand in hand through sunshine and among flowery meadows, laying down our heads on moss at night, in a sweet sleep of purity and peace, and buried by the birds when we were dead!

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

期盼佳人

哎呀，我多么爱她呀！如果我能和她结婚，跑到不管什么地方，在树林子里，在野地上，一块儿过，永远也不要再长大了，永远也不要更懂事儿，永远是小孩子，手儿拉着手儿，在太阳地里闲游，在长着花的草原上瞎逛，晚上就在长着青苔的地上放头大睡，睡得又纯洁，又平静，死了的时候，就由鸟儿把我们埋

起来——这样的话(当时我想),可就太幸福了! (张谷若 译)

A Feverish Longing

He wanted her again, wanted her kisses, her soft, little body, her abandonment, all her quick, warm, pagan emotion; wanted the wonderful feeling of that night under the moonlit apple boughs; wanted it all with a horrible intensity, as the faun wants the nymp. The quick chatter of the little bright trout-stream, the dazzle of the buttercups, the rocks of the old "wild men"; the calling of the cuckoos and yaffles, the hooting of the owls; and the red moon peeping out of the velvet dark at the living whiteness of the blossom; and her face just out of reach at the window, lost in its love-look; and her heart against his, her lips answering his, under the apple tree—all this besieged him. Yet he lay inert. What was it which struggled against pity and this feverish longing, and kept him there paralysed in the warm sand? (John Galsworthy, *The Apple Tree*)

爱的渴望

他再次渴望着她,渴望她那热吻、她那柔软小巧的身体,她那放任、她那全部锐敏热烈而不受礼教约束的感情,渴望着那天晚上在月光明亮的苹果树下的那种奇情异景;他强烈得可怕地渴望着这一切,像牧神渴望着林间的仙女一样。那明亮的有鳟鱼的小河里的潺潺流水,金凤花的耀眼的光彩,老"野人"光顾的岩石,布谷鸟和绿啄木鸟的啼声,猫头鹰的呼呼的叫声;还有那红色的月亮从天鹅绒般的黑色云朵里窥视着生气勃勃的一片白茫茫的苹果花;还有在窗口她的脸——差一点儿就可以接触到——那样的为爱情而出神;还有在那苹果树下,她的心贴着他的心,她的嘴唇回答着他的嘴唇——这一切都包围了他。但是,他躺着不动。到底是什么东西在抵拒着怜悯和这种强烈的渴望,使他瘫痪在温暖的沙子里的呢? (黄子详 译)

The Ambition of a Child

In spite of himself, Enoch couldn't get over the expression that something was going to happen to him. The virtue of hope, in Enoch, was made up of two parts suspicion and one part lust. It operated on him all the rest of the day. He had only a vague idea what he wanted, but he was not a boy without ambition: he wanted to become something. He wanted to better his condition. He wanted, some day, to see a line of people waiting

to shake his hand. (Flannery O'Connor, *Enoch and the Gorillam*)

少年的抱负

伊诺克心中不由得长生了一种期望:也就要发生什么变化了。这念头怎么也摆脱不掉。他的希望实质上是由两分怀疑,一分欲望构成的。在整个下半天内它在他身上始终起着作用。他对自己的需求只有一点朦朦胧胧的概念,但他并不是一个没有抱负的孩子,他想成为一个了不起的人物。他想改善自己的境遇:他总想有一天人们站着队等候和他握手。 (贺哈定 译)

7. Disappointment 失望

The Empty Place at the Consciousness

Vanity of vanities; this also is vanity. He was to have died tomorrow. And now the land of his heart's desire had vanished, like the fairyland of golden sunset dreams that fades away when the darkness comes; and he was driven back into the world of every day and every night—the world of Grassini and Galli, of ciphering and pamphleteering, of party squabbles between comrades and dreary intrigues among Austrian spies—of the old revolutionary mill-round that maketh the heart sick. And somewhere down at the bottom of his consciousness there was a great empty place; a place that nothing and no one would fill any more, now that the Gadfly was dead. (E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

心灵中的空地

失败中的失败,这也是一个失败。他本来准备好明天去死,但现在,他心中所向往的境地消失了,像金色的晚霞化成的仙境一样,黑暗一来,便即刻散去了,他被逐回到昼夜交替的世界里——在这个世界有格拉西尼和盖利那样的人,有写密信和小册子之类的事,也有同志间的纷争及奥地利密探的密谋诡计,而从事已久的繁乱的革命工作使他心力交瘁。在他心灵底层的某个地方,有一片巨大的空地,现在牛虻既然死了,这一空地是无人无物能填补了。

(司仁 译)

Disappointment in Her Mother

Her disappointment in her mother was greater; there she had hoped much, and found almost nothing. Every flattering scheme of being of consequence to her soon fell to the ground. Mrs. Price was not unkind—but, instead of gaining on her affection and confidence, and becoming

more and more dear, her daughter never met with greater kindness from her, than on the first day of her arrival. (Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*)

对母亲感到失望

她对她母亲更加失望。她原来在母亲身上寄托很大的希望,但是几乎是完全失望。她对母亲的各种美好的想象很快都破灭了。普莱斯太太并非为人不仁。但是,她的感情没有继续增长,她没有和女儿更多地谈心,她对女儿不是越来越亲。范妮再没有遇到她对她像她刚来的那天晚上那么好过。

(秭佩 译)

Upset Expectations

Fred made no answer: he was too utterly depressed. Twenty-four hours ago he had thought that instead of needing to know what he should do, he should by this time know that he needed to do nothing: that he should hunt in pink, have a first-rate hunter, ride to cover on a fine back, and be generally respected for doing so; moreover, that he should be able at once to pay Mr. Garth, and that Mary could no longer have any reason for not marring him. And all this was to have come without study or other inconvenience, purely by the favour of providence in the shape of an old gentleman's caprice. But now, at the end of twenty-four hours, all those firm expectations were upset. It was rather hard lines that while he was smarting under this disappointment he should be treated as if he could have helped it. But he went away silently and his mother pleaded for him.

(George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

美景成泡影

弗莱德没有回答什么,他垂头丧气,伤心之极。二十四小时以前,他非但没有考虑干什么,而且觉得到这时,他可以高枕无忧了,啥也不干了;他可以穿上红色猎装,带着第一流的猎犬,骑在旅行用的骏马上,前往游猎地点,以致一路上看到他的人,无不对他啧啧称羡;不仅如此,他还可以马上付清高思先生的钱,玛丽也没有任何理由不嫁给他了。这一切都不费吹灰之力,也不必读书,纯粹是天意,是上帝假手于一位老人的怪僻对他的恩赐。但是现在才过了二十四个小时,这一切确凿无疑的前景,顿时成了泡影。他的失望已使他心如刀割,可是他还受到这么粗暴的对待,好像这一切都是他的过错,这实在"太不近人情"了。不过他没说什么,便离开了屋子,让他的母亲去替他辩白。

(项星耀 译)

Disappointment of a Lover Feminine

Rude disappointment! Sharp cross!

...

A lover masculine so disappointed can speak and urge explanation; a lover feminine can say nothing: if she did, the result would be shame and anguish, inward remorse for self-treachery. Nature would brand such demonstration as a rebellion against her instincts, and would vindictively repay it afterwards by the thunderbolt of self-contempt smiting suddenly in secret. Take the matter as you find it; ask no questions; utter no remonstrances: it is your best wisdom. You expected bread, and you have got a stone; break your teeth on it, and don't shriek because the nerves are martyrized: do not doubt that your mental stomach—if you have such a thing—is strong as an ostrich's—the stone will digest. You held out your hand for an egg, and fate put into it a scorpion. Show no consternation: close your fingers firmly upon the gift; let it sting through your palm. Never mind: in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learned the great lesson how to endure without a sob. For the whole remnant of your life, if you survive the test—some, it is said, die under it—you will be stronger, wiser, less sensitive.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

女性恋爱者的苦果

剧烈的失望！刀刺似的苦痛！

……

一个男性的恋爱者碰到如此失望时，还可以开口说话，要求解释；可是，一个女性的恋爱者却只能哑口无言。如果她开口，结果准会因为自我背叛而羞愧，而苦痛，而心里悔恨不已。造化一定会将这种表现指作是违反自己本性的大逆不道行为，以后由于这种自我轻蔑突然悄悄地霹雳般袭来，就会得到惩罚性的报应。世事只可听其自然而顺受之，不要问，不要抗议，这就是上策。你想吃面包，却得到石头，把你牙齿都咬掉了，也别尖声叫嚷，因为神经已经殉了难；不要怀疑你心灵的胃——如果你有这样的胃的话——是否跟驼鸟的胃一样厉害，石头也消化得了。你伸手去接一只蛋，命运之神却把只蝎子放进你手里。不要惊慌失措，紧紧握住这份礼物，让它叮穿你的手掌。不要紧，到了一定时候，等到你的手臂肿痛得老是发抖之后，那只被你捏在掌心里的蝎子自会完蛋，你就会获得大教训，知道怎样忍受而不呜呜咽咽。如果你经历了考验之

后仍然活下来——据说有人因此而死——你的整个余生,就会变得更坚强,更聪明,不那么敏感了。 (曹庸 译)

Happiness—Nowhere

"What a colorless life I'll lead with a creature like Croisenois!" she thought as he escorted her back to her seat an hour later. "Where does pleasure exist for me," she added sadly, "if, after an absence of six months, I don't find it in the midst of a ball that arouses the envy of every woman in Paris? And I'm surrounded by the admiration of a group of people who couldn't possibly be more distinguished. None of them are middle-class, except for a few peers and a Julien or two. And yet," she continued with increasing sadness, "what advantages I've been given by fate! Celebrity, wealth, youth—everything, alas, except happiness."

(Stendhal, *The Red and The Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

难寻快乐

"我跟一个像克鲁泽努瓦这样的人在一起,将要过的是怎样平凡的生活啊!"一个小时以后他把她送回到原来的座位时,她对自己说。"如果我离开巴黎半年以后,来到巴黎的妇女都渴望参加的一个舞会上都不能找到快乐,"她忧郁地补充"对我来说,快乐又在哪里呢?更何况我在这个舞会上还受到一群人的敬意的包围;像这样的一群人,就其组成成分来说,我想象不出还有可能比它更好的了。这儿也许只有几个上议院议员和一两个于连这样的人是平民。然而",她越来越忧郁地补充说,"有哪些好处命运不曾给予我啊:声誉、财产、青春,唉!一切,只除掉幸福"。 (郝运 译)

"All Is Lost"

But he felt less and less hopeful with each failure, and presently began to turn off into diverging avenues at sheer random, in desperate hope of finding the one that was wanted. He still said it was "all right," but there was such a leaden dread at his heart that the words had lost their ring and sounded just as if he had said, "All is lost!"

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

"一切都完了"

可是一次又一次的失败使他越来越觉得没有希望,随后他干脆向那些岔路里拼命乱闯,希望能找到所要找到的出口。他嘴里还是说"没关系",可是心

里却有一种沉重的恐惧,以致他说出来的话失去了爽朗的声调,听起来好像他说的是"一切都完蛋了!" (张友松 译)

8. Despair 绝望

Losing Hope of Life

...it came: in full heavy swing the torrent poured over me. The whole consciousness of my life lorn, my love lost, my hope quenched, my faith death-struck, swayed full and mighty above me in one sullen mass. That bitter hour cannot be described; in truth, "the waters came into my soul; I sank in deep mire: I felt no standing; I came into deep waters; the floods overflowed me." (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

失去生活的希望

……它来了;那滚滚的洪流来势凶猛,一下子全倾泻到了我的头上。我意识到我的生活变得凄凉了,我的爱情失去了,我的希望破灭了,我的信仰死掉了,这整个的意识形成阴沉沉的一大堆,猛烈而强大地威胁着我。那痛苦的时刻是无法描写的;的确是:"水进入我的灵魂,我陷入深深的泥潭;我觉得没有立足之处;我进入深水之中;洪水淹没了我。" (祝庆英 译)

An Implacable Past

All the way along to this point her heart had been heavy with an inactive sorrow; now there was a change in the quality of its trouble. That hunger for affection too long withheld was for the time displaced by an almost physical sense of an implacable past which still engirdled her. It intensified her consciousness of error to a practical despair; the break of continuity between her earlier and present existence, which she had hoped for, had not, after all, taken place. Bygones would never be complete bygones till she was a bygone herself.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

无法挽回的已往

她原先在路上,满心怀着的是一种沉重的悲痛,现在她的烦恼改变了性质。从前是如饥如渴地想那久不见答的爱,现在却是深深感觉到,无法挽救的已往,依然把她缠绕:这种感觉,差不多和肉体上的痛痒一样地分明。她如今更觉得,从前的错误牢牢地存在了,这简直叫她灰心绝望。她原先本来希望,她早年的生命和现在的生命,可以分割隔开,这时候才明白,这种希望到底并

没成为事实。除非她自己也成了陈迹，她的往事决不会完全成为陈迹。

（张谷若 译）

Nothing but the Utmost Distress in Future

But my case was indeed deplorable, for I was left perfectly friendless and helpless, and the loss my husband had sustained had reduced his circumstances so low, that though indeed I was not in debt, yet I could easily foresee that what was left would not support me long; that while it wasted daily for subsistence, I had no way to increase it one shilling, so that it would be soon all spent, and then I saw nothing before me but the utmost distress; and this represented itself so lively to my thoughts, that it seemed as if it was come, before it was really very near; also my very apprehensions doubled the misery, for I fancied every sixpence that I paid for a loaf of bread was the last that I had in the world, and that to-morrow I was to fast, and be starved to death. (Daniel Defoe, *Moll Flanders*)

极端困苦的未来

我的情况的确是可怜的，因为我没有一个朋友，得不到一点帮助，我丈夫由于受到这次损失已经穷到这种地步，即使我还没有欠债，然而我却很容易地看出剩下来的钱是不能维持我多久的；这笔钱一天天地花去，很快就会花光了，那时除了极端的困苦之外，我看不见别的前途；这种未来的幻景清清楚楚地呈现在我的眼前，好像已经来临了，虽然实际上这个可怕的结局还没有真的来临。同时我的恐惧又加深了我的痛苦，因为我觉得我每买一块面包所花的六便士都是我在世界上唯一的财产，明天我就要没饭吃，饿死了。

（梁遇春 译）

Be Plunged into Despair

The pain did not grow less, but Ivan Ilych made efforts to force himself to think that he was better. And he could do this so long as nothing agitated him. But as soon as he had any unpleasantness with his wife, any lack of success in his official work, or held bad cards at bridge, he was at once acutely sensible of his disease. He had formerly borne such mischances, hoping soon to adjust what was wrong, to master it and attain success, or make a grand slam. But now every mischance upset him and plunged him into despair. He would say to himself: 'There now, just as I

was beginning to get better and the medicine had begun to take effect, comes this accursed misfortune, or unpleasantness...' And he was furious with the mishap.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, trans. Louise Maude and Aylmer Maude)

陷入绝望

疼痛并没有减轻,但是伊凡·伊里奇努力克制自己,强迫自己这样想:他好些了。在没有什么事情激动他的时候,他可以欺骗自己。但是和妻子一发生不愉快的事,公务中不顺遂,玩桥牌时分到了坏牌,他马上就感觉到他的病的全部力量;他忍受着这些不如意的事,他期望:我马上就能纠正这些坏事,克服它,我一定能等到成功,获得全胜。现在任何挫折都能使他心灰意冷,使他陷入绝望。他对自己说:我刚刚开始好起来,药刚刚开始起作用,这该死的不幸或不愉快的事……于是他憎恨不幸。

(吴育群 译)

The Desperate Grandfather

Nelson though he had not had water since he had drunk out of a paper cup on the train, passed by the spigot, disdaining to drink where his grandfather had. When Mr. Head realized this, he lost all hope. His face in the waning afternoon light looked ravaged and abandoned. He could feel the boy's steady hate, traveling at an even pace behind him and he knew that (If by some miracle they escaped being murdered in the city) it would continue just that way for the rest of his life. He knew that now he was wandering into a black strange place where nothing was like it had ever been before, a long old age without respect and an end that would be welcome because it would be the end.

(Flannery O'Connor, *The Artificial Nigger*)

绝望的外祖父

纳尔逊在火车上用纸杯喝过一些水,后来就一直没喝过,尽管如此,他还是从自来水龙头旁走过去,不屑在他外公喝过水的地方喝水。当海德先生明白这一点的时候,他失去了一切希望。在即将消逝的暮色中,他看上去憔悴、绝望。他能感觉到男孩根深蒂固的憎恨,男孩用跟他一样的速度跟在他身后;他还知道(如果由于某个奇迹,他们在这座城市里没有被杀害)在他的余生中,他俩将继续这样相处。他知道眼下自己正进入一处完全陌生的地方,那儿没有一样东西跟以前的相同;进入一个失去尊敬的漫长的老年和一个值得欢迎的结局,因为它总是个结局啊。

(杨怡 译)

Crying for Her Misfortune

At first the tears came slowly; then, as she remembered all that had gone wrong, they streamed in great heaving sobs which shock her body. She cried for the past and for the present; for the home she had had and lost; for her children whom she could no longer keep with her; for D. O. who, despite his faults as a husband, and the failure to support his family, was at least familiar, but now had deserted her. She wept for what she herself had been and had become; for the fact that she had no money, nowhere to go but to the mean, cock-roach-infested rooms downtown, from which she would be evicted tomorrow, having nothing left—after the taxi ride and driver's theft—from the pathetically small amount with which she had hoped to stave off the landlord... she was not even sure if she had enough small change to return downtown. She cried because her shoes still hurt her feet; for her clothes which were shabby and sodden; for her weariness, and because she had a cold and a fever which she could feel getting worse. She cried for herself and all others whom every hope was gone.

(Arthur Hailey, *Airport*)

为不幸而痛哭

一开始，泪水慢慢地往外淌，继而想起近年来事事失意，就泪如泉涌，儿声抽泣，身子也随着抽搐起来。她哭她的过去，哭她的现在；她哭她有过的那个家，现已不复存在；她哭她的孩子再也不能和她守在一起了；她哭 D·O，尽管他作为丈夫有他的错，不会养家活口，但总还是她的亲人，如今却抛弃了她。她哭她的一生和目前的遭遇；她哭自己身上一文不名，走投无路，只能回到坐落闹市、到处都是蟑螂的陋室，而且明天还要遭到逐客令。因为原来打算用来搪塞一下房东那么一点点少得可怜的钱，由于坐了一次出租汽车，受到那个司机的欺诈，弄得一点也不剩……她甚至不知道是否还有剩余的零钱回城里去。她哭，因为脚上那双鞋夹得好痛，因为她衣衫褴褛，浑身湿透，因为她困乏已极，着了凉，在发烧，而且感到病势在加剧。她哭自己，也哭天下一切希望都已成为泡影的人们。

(任家桢　方正平　译)

9. Shyness and Shame　羞涩、羞愧

Pitiless Modesty

In cant, Mademoiselle Gillenormand the elder could have given odds to an English miss. She was immodestly modest. She had one frightful

reminiscence in her life: one day a man had seen her garter.

Age had only increased this pitiless modesty. Her dress front was never thick enough, and never rose high enough. She multiplied hooks and pins where nobody thought of looking. The peculiarity of prudery is to multiply sentinels, in proportion as the fortress is less threatened.

(Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

残酷的腼腆

说到为人拘谨方面,吉诺曼大姑娘尽可赛过英国小姐,已发展到一种难以忍耐的拘谨。一天,有个男人看见她的吊袜带,一生中她一想到这事就害怕。

岁月只增多了这种残酷的腼腆。她总嫌她的围巾还不厚,也老怕它围得不够高。在那些谁也不会想要去看一下的地方她添上无数的钩子扣和别针。这就是束身自爱的本义:堡垒未受威胁而偏要处处设防。 (长江 译)

Painful Self-Consciousness

Dinah, for the first time in her life, felt a painful self-consciousness; there was something in the dark penetrating glance of this strong man so different from the mildness and timidity of his brother Seth. A faint blush came, which deepened as she wondered at it.

(George Eliot, *Adam Bede*)

难为情

这一下把汀娜弄得很窘。她一生之中,这是第一次感到非常难为情。她觉得这位强壮男人那双黑眼睛的深邃的光芒里含着一点什么东西,很不同于他弟弟塞司的温顺和羞怯。究竟是什么,她一时也说不出来。正这么想着的时候,脸上泛出一阵微红。 (张毕来 译)

Ashamed of Being a Great Sinner

Mr. Head stood very still and felt the action of mercy touch him again but this time he knew that there were no words in the world that cold name it. He understood that it grew out of agony, which is not denied to any man and which is given in strange ways to children. He understood it was all a man cold carry into death to give his Maker and he suddenly burned with shame that he had so little of it to take with him. He stood appalled, judging himself with the thoroughness of God, while the action of mercy covered his pride like a flame and consumed it. He had never thought

himself a great sinner before but he saw now that his true depravity had been hidden from him lest it cause him despair. He realized that he was forgiven for sins from the beginning of time, when he had conceived in his own heart the sin of Adam, until the present, when he had denied poor Nelson. He saw that no sin was too monstrous for him to claim as his own, and since God loved in proportion as He forgave, he felt ready at that instant to enter Paradise. (Flannery O'Connor, *The Artificial Nigger*)

因罪孽深重而羞愧

海德先生一动不动地站着,又一次觉得仁慈的行动感动了他,但是这回他知道世界上没有什么语言能表达它。他懂得仁慈产生于痛苦,任何人都不能拒绝接受,而且是通过奇怪的方式给予孩子们的。他懂得这是一个人死后能带给造物主的一切,突然他羞愧得脸红了,因为他能够随着死亡带给造物主的仁慈实在太少了。他用上帝的彻底性来审判自己,而仁慈的行动像一团火焰似的盖住了他的骄傲,把他的骄傲烧得干干净净,他站在那儿,感到心惊肉跳。他以前从来没有把自己想象成一个罪孽深重的罪人,但是现在他明白他的真正的腐败堕落一直隐藏着没有让他发现,生怕这样就会绝望。他认识到当他有生以来在自己的心里怀有亚当的罪孽,及至现在,拒绝承认可怜的纳尔逊的罪孽都得到了宽恕。他明白没有什么罪孽大得使他不能承认是自己犯的,因为上帝是按照他恕人的程度爱人类的,他感到自己到那时会作好准备进入天堂。 (杨怡 译)

10. Conflict 矛盾

More Avoided, More Wanted

Every time he saw her, and worse yet when she showed him the latest dances, he felt the same spongy release in his bones that had disturbed his great-great-grandfather when Pilar Ternera made her pretexts about the cards in the granary. Trying to squelch the torment, he sank deeper into the parchments and eluded the innocent flattery of that aunt who was poisoning his nights with a flow of tribulation, but the more he avoided her, the more the anxiety with which he waited for her stony laughter, her howls of a happy hat, and her songs of gratitude, agonizing in love at all hours and in the most unlikely parts of the house.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

越回避越渴望

每次见到她,尤其当她教他学时兴的舞步时,他感到骨头里充满了泡沫,

就像当年他的高祖父在庇拉·特内拉借口玩纸牌跟他一起钻谷仓时的感觉一样。为了压制内心的痛苦，他埋头攻读羊皮书，极力回避着这个用烦人的香味搅得他晚上不得安宁的姑妈，回避着她那纯真无邪的亲近。可是，他越是回避，却越渴望听到她在家里最想不到的地方，在任何时间都会做的情事的声音，渴望听到她绝望地挣扎时发出的捣石般的格格笑声，听到她快乐的牝猫叫和她那感激的歌声。 （黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译）

A Disquiet for Marriage

But a disquiet filled her which was somewhat to her credit, for it would have affected few. Beyond the mentioned reasons with which she combated her objections, she had a strong feeling that, having been the one who began the game, she ought in honesty to accept the consequences. Still the reluctance remained. She said in the same breath that it would be ungenerous not to marry Boldwood, and that she couldn't do it to save her life. （Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*）

待嫁姑娘的矛盾心理

然而，她心中充满了不安，这多少得归咎于她自己，因为与此有关的人实在太少了。除了上面提到过的那些她用以反驳她自己的不愿意的理由之外，她还有一种强烈的感觉，那就是这桩事情是由她做起的，她应当老老实实地承担其后果。然而她还是觉得不乐意。她同时对自己说，不嫁给博尔德伍德就会显得太小心眼了，但为了不毁掉她的一生，她可不能那样做。

（陈亦君 曾朗 译）

Surrounded by Conflict

...and in them there was no such conflict as frequently raged in Scarlett's bosom, where the blood of a soft-voiced, over-bred Coast aristocrat mingled with the shrewd, earthy blood of an Irish peasant. Scarlett wanted to respect and adore her mother like an idol and to rumple her hair and tease her too. And she knew she should be altogether one way or the other. It was the same conflicting emotion that made her desire to appear a delicate and high-bred lady with boys and to be, as well, a hoyden who was not above a few kisses.

（Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*）

冲突无时不在

他们心里不会时时发生冲突，但思嘉却常常要被种种冲突所困扰，这也正

是由于她的父亲和母亲那两大血统不可调和的缘故。她一方面要尊敬她的妈妈,要崇拜她的母亲,像一个偶像一样,同时又想拿母亲的头发同母亲打趣。因此,她深受这种冲突之苦,同样,在男孩子面前装作一个温文尔雅的闺秀,她又想做个有求必应的浮浪女人,所以,她心里的冲突是无时不在的。

(简宗 译)

A Struggle between Honour and Inclination

The injury which he must thus do to Mr. Western, and the concern which would accrue to Mr. Allworthy, were circumstances that tormented him all day, and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a constant struggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often resolved, in the absence of Sophia, to leave her father's house, and to see her no more; and as often, in her presence, forgot all those resolutions, and determined to pursue her at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him. (Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

传统观念与个人情感的较量

白天使他焦虑不安,晚上使他辗转不眠的,是他必然加给魏斯顿先生的损害以及他必然为奥尔华绥先生带来的痛苦。他不断在道义和个人愿望的矛盾中讨生活,这两者轮流在他心里占上风。当苏菲亚不在眼前的时候,他往往决计离开魏斯顿家,永不再见她一面;可是一看到苏菲亚,他又往往把这份决心抛到九霄云外,就是冒丧失性命的危险,甚至不惜牺牲比性命还要宝贵的东西,也一定要追求她。

(萧乾 李从弼 译)

A Balance between Two Forces

For on the one hand all her conventional training was now urging her to stand firm—not to belittle herself in this way—whereas on the other, all her desires for love, understanding, companionship, urged her to run after him before it was too late, and he was gone. His beautiful face, his beautiful hands. His eyes. And still the receding echo of his feet. And yet so binding were the conventions which had been urged upon her up to this time that, though suffering horribly, a balance between the two forces was struck. (Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

势均力敌的两种力量

因为,一方面她过去所受的传统教育命令她要坚持到底,不要这样自轻自

贱，可是另一方面，她追求爱情、追求彼此了解、追求友谊的种种欲念却命令她要赶紧趁着还来得及、趁着他还没有走开，赶上去。他那漂亮的脸、漂亮的手啊。他那双眼睛啊。他的脚步还响着回声。可是一向灌注在她心里的那些传统观念是那么顽强，因此，尽管她心里非常痛苦，这两种力量的斗争终于变成了势均力敌的局面。 （许汝祉 译）

Suspicious of the Content of the Letter

The contents of this letter threw Elizabeth into a flutter of spirits, in which it was difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain bore the greatest share. The vague and unsettled suspicions which uncertainty had produced of what Mr. Darcy might have been doing to forward her sister's match, which she had feared to encourage as an exertion of goodness too great to be probable, and at the same time dreaded to be just from the pain of obligation, were proved beyond their greatest extent to be true.

(Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

半信半疑

这封信所说的一切，使伊丽莎白心中七上八下，思绪万千，她简直难以确定主要是喜还是悲。她在恍恍惚惚，将信将疑，难以决定之中，曾经疑惑达西先生可能做了许多事情来玉成她妹妹的婚事，然而她又不敢让自己过多朝这方面想，因为为这件事殚精竭力非得是出于极其友好的善意不可，这简直不大可能，同时她又担心，事情果真如此，他们欠下的那份情义会令人痛苦不堪，然而这些猜想现在却千真万确地成了事实！ （张扬 译）

Self Justification

Cruelty! Had he been cruel? It was the girl's fault, not his. He had dreamed of her as a great artist, had given his love to her because he had thought her great. Then she had disappointed him. She had been shallow and unworthy. And, yet, a feeling of infinite regret came over him, as he thought of her lying at his feet sobbing like a little child. He remembered with what callousness he had watched her. Why had he been made like that? Why had such a soul been given to him? But he had suffered also. During the three terrible hours that the play had lasted, he lived centuries of pain, aeon upon aeon of torture. His life was well worth hers. She had marred him for a moment, if he had wounded her for an age. Besides,

women were better suited to bear sorrow than men. They lived on their emotions. They only thought of their emotions. When they took lovers, it was merely to have someone with whom they could have scenes. Lord Henry had told him that, and Lord Henry knew what women were. Why should he trouble about Sibyl Vane? She was nothing to him now.

(Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*)

自我辩解

冷酷！他的行为算是冷酷吗？那要怪西碧儿，不能怪他。他把西碧儿幻想成一个伟大的艺术家，正因为如此而把自己的爱情献给了她。不料西碧儿使他大失所望。她原来是个俗物，一无足取。不过，他想到西碧儿躺在他脚下像个小孩子似地呜咽抽泣的情景，禁不住无限懊悔。当时他竟是那样狠心地看着她。他怎么成了这样一个人？造物主为何给了他这样一颗灵魂？但是，他不也感到痛苦吗？在演出持续的那三个小时里，他经历了几世纪的酷刑，忍受了无穷尽的折磨。他和西碧儿一样有权得到同情。如果说他使西碧儿终生受了伤害，那末，西碧儿也造成了他一段时间的创痛。何况，在忍受痛苦方面，女人生就比男人更能适应。她们是生活在情怀里的，想的也只是她们的感情。她们要情人无非是可以向他哭，向他闹。这是亨利勋爵告诉他的，而亨利勋爵对女人是知之甚深。何苦为一个西碧儿·韦恩自寻烦恼呢？在道连的心中，她已不复存在。

(荣如德 译)

Two Emotions Struggling in the Heart

During this last day of Nekhlyudov's visit to his aunts, when the events of the past night were still fresh in his mind, two emotions struggled in his heart. One was the burning sensual recollection of voluptuous love (whose realization, however, had fallen far short of its promise) accompanied by a certain satisfaction at having accomplished his object; the other was a consciousness of having done something very wrong, which had to be put right, not for her sake but for his own.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

两种感情的搏斗

在姑妈家度过的最后一天里，聂赫留朵夫脑子里还清清楚楚地记得前一夜的事。他的内心有两种感情在搏斗着：一种是兽性爱所引起的热辣辣的充满情欲的回忆，这种情欲虽不及预期的那样醉人，但毕竟达到了目的，得到了一定的满足；另一种感情是觉得自己做了一件很坏的事，必须加以弥补，但弥

补不足为了她，而是为了自己。 （章燮 译）

Being Racked between Two Emotions

And up there among the tors he was racked between the passionate desire to revel in this new sensation of spring fulfilled within him, and a vague but very real uneasiness. At one moment he gave himself up completely to his pride at having captured this pretty, trustful, dewy-eyed thing! At the next he thought with factitious solemnity: 'Yes, my boy! But look out what you're doing! You know what comes of it!'

(John Galsworthy, *The Apple Tree*)

在矛盾的心情中挣扎

在那高地的岩石中间，他痛苦地挣扎在矛盾的心情中，一方面有一种强烈的欲望，要趁这满腔新的春意尽情欢乐一番，一方面又有一种模糊而又确实存在的不安。一会儿，他完全沉湎在自豪之中了：他俘虏了这个美丽、信任、眼睛水盈盈的小东西！一会儿，他又矫饰地严肃地想到："不错，好小子！可是当心你干的好事！你知道会有什么后果！" （黄子详 译）

Conflict between Conscience and Avarice

...but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this money likewise. His conscience, however, immediately started at this suggestion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice answered, That his conscience should have considered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his £500. That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater importance, it was absurd, if not downright hypocrisy, to affect any qualms at this trifle. In return to which, Conscience, like a good lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute breach of trust, as here, where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former case.

(Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

贪心与良心的争斗

……路上，他脑子里冒出一个想法：应不应该把这笔钱也吞下来。这个念头一动，良心马上震惊起来，责备他不该这么忘恩负义。贪心答辩说，在他吞没可怜的琼斯那五百镑的时际，良心就应该出来指责呀；既然那么一大笔款子都心安理得地吞了下去，如今又在区区这笔小数目上假装出什么不安的样子，

这如果不是地地道道的伪善,就是荒谬。听到这席话,良心就像一个明辨是非的律师,指出现在这种显然是背信弃义的行为和先前拾到失物留归己有是完全不一样的。 (萧乾 李从弼 译)

11. Regret 懊悔

Regretful for Reproaching His Lover

So there was nothing more to it, on her part, than the hope of finding sincere affection through me which would be a relief from the mercenary loves which beset her life. And now, on the second day, I was in the process of blighting that hope and repaying with high-handed irony the two nights of love which I had accepted! What I was doing was therefore worse than ridiculous: it was dishonest. Had I simply paid the woman back in order to have the right to pass judgment on her way of life? And did not withdrawing on the second day make me look like some parasite of love who is afraid he is about to be presented with the bill for his dinner? It was extraordinary! I had known Marguerite for thirty-six hours, I had been her lover for twenty-four of them, and was acting like some easily injured party. Far from being only too delighted that she should divide her affections to include me, I wanted to have her all to myself, I wanted to force her, at a stroke, to put an end to the affairs of her past which, of course, represented the income of her future. What cause had I to reproach her? None.

(Alexandre Dumas fils, *La Dame aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

为责备情人而懊悔

因此,她唯一有希望在我身上得到的是一种真诚的感情。她的生活充满了商业性的爱情,这种真诚的感情能使她得到休息;我却在第二天就毁了她这种希望,她两夜的恩情换来的是我无情的嘲笑。因此我的行为不但很可笑,而且很粗暴。我又没有付过她一个钱,哪有权利来谴责她的生活?我第二天就溜之大吉,这不就像一个情场上的寄生虫,生怕别人拿账单要他付饭钱么?怎么!我认识玛格丽特才三十六个小时,做她的情人才二十四个小时,我就在跟她怄气了!她能分身来爱我,我非但不感到幸福,还想一人独占她,强迫她一下子就割断她过去的一切关系,而这些关系是她今后的生活来源。我凭什么可以责备她?一点也没有。 (王振孙 译)

Repenting Himself for His Son's Death

"You have killed him! You have killed him! And I suffered it, because I would not let you die. And now, when you come about me with your lying praises and your unclean prayers, I repent me—I repent me that I have done this thing! It were better that you all should rot in your vices, in the bottomless filth of damnation, and that he should live. What is the worth of your plague-spotted souls, that such a price should be paid for them? But it is too late—too late! I cry aloud, but he does not hear me; I beat at the door of the grave, but he will not wake; I stand alone, in desert space, and look around me, from the bloodstained earth where the heart of my heart lies buried, to the void and awful heaven that is left unto me, desolate..." (E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

为儿子的死而忏悔

"你们杀死了他！你们杀死了他！我忍受了，因为我不想让你们死。而现在，当你们带着虚情假意的赞颂和肮脏不洁的祈祷来到我身边时，我后悔了——我后悔我竟做了这样的事！你们这些人最应该落到那污秽的无底的地狱，与你们的罪恶一起腐烂，而他才最该活下去。你们这些遭瘟的灵魂有什么价值，竟值得为你们付出这么高的代价？但是，现在太迟了——太迟了！我大声喊叫，他听不见，我猛叩坟墓之门，他不会醒来。我孤零零地站在荒凉的旷野，向四周望着，从那片埋我心肝的血染的土地一直看到那个空荡可怕的、丢弃给我的天空……" (司仁 译)

Too Late to Repent

My conduct to her was too hideous—I made no advances; and she could not bring herself to forgive me. Now she is dead! If I had only shown myself willing to make it up with her sooner, and we had been friends, and then she had died, it wouldn't be so hard to bear. But I never went near her house, so she never came near mine, and didn't know how welcome she would have been—that's what troubles me.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

追悔莫及

我对她的行为太恶了——我没去迁就她；所以她也没法子来饶恕我。现在她可死了！比方我能早一点儿去跟她和好，把以前的岔儿都找补过来，那时她再闭眼，我就不至于像现在这样难受了。但是我可老也没往她那儿去过，所

以她也就老没到我这儿来过，因此她可就不知道我多么欢迎她了——这就是我过不来的地方。 （张谷若 译）

A Lifelong Regret

But, oh, Jessie! tell my father how I longed and yearned to see him at last, and to ask his forgiveness. He can never know now how I loved him—oh! if I might but tell him, before I die! What a life of sorrow his has been, and I have done so little to cheer him!

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

终生遗憾

哦，杰西啊！你转告爸爸，我是多么想再看他最后一眼啊，多么想祈求他的饶恕啊，他这下永远不会知道我是多么的爱他了！唉，若是我能在临死前把这些话告诉他，那我就死而无怨了。他一生过的日子是多么辛酸，可能让他高兴的事我做得太少了！” （徐新 顾明栋 译）

Missing Good Fortune

Who would have dreamed of Lady Crawley dying so soon? She was one of those sickly women that might have lasted these ten years—Rebecca thought to herself, in all the woes of repentance—and I might have been my lady! I might have led that old man whither I would. I might have thanked Mrs. Bute for her patronage, and Mr. Pitt for his insufferable condescension. I would have had the town house newly furnished and decorated. I would have had the handsomest carriage in London, and a box at the opera; and I would have been presented next season. All this might have been; and now—now all was doubt and mystery.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

错过好运

谁想克劳莱夫人死得这么快！像她这么病病歪歪的女人，拖十年也不希奇。我差一点儿就是爵士夫人了。我要怎么样，老头儿还会不依吗？别德太太那么照顾我，毕脱先生那么提拔我（真叫人受不了！），我也就有机会报答了，哼！我还可以把城里的房子装修布置起来，再买一辆全伦敦最漂亮的马车，在歌剧院定一个包厢，明年还能进宫朝见。这福气只差一点儿就到手，如今呢，只落得心里疑疑惑惑，不知道将来是个什么样子。 （杨必 译）

Torn by Self-Recrimination and Repentance

And Jem Wilson! Oh, Jem, Jem, why did you not come to receive some of the modest looks and words of love which Mary longed to give, to try and make up for the hasty rejection which you as hastily took to be final, though both mourned over it with many tears. But day after day passed away, and patience seemed of no avail; and Mary's cry was ever the old moan of the Moated Grange,

'Why comes he no,' she said,
'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

悔恨交织

再说杰姆·威尔逊！啊，杰姆，杰姆，为什么你不回来，看看玛丽一心想要给你看的和顺的脸色，听听她恩爱的辞句，重新来试一试你的命运？上次她固然回绝得太冒失，你也未免卤莽，竟认为完全没有挽救的希望，你们两人都在为了这件事伤心，流了不知多少眼泪。可是日子一天天过去，朝夕盼望，依旧枉然；玛丽的悲叹正像"城河庄"古老的怨辞——

她说："他为什么不来？
我等他等得这般憔悴。
唉，倒不如死了爽快！"

（荀枚　余贵堂　译）

"I'm a Plain Fool"

Nozdryov departed and Chichikov was left in the worst possible mood. He was vexed with himself and chided himself for coming to this place and thus wasting his time. But he cursed himself still more for having broached his subject with Nozdryov for having acted without discretion, like a child, like a fool: for this was no matter to be entrusted to Nozdryov... Nozdryov was a bouncer, Nozdryov might talk, exaggerate, spread the devil knows what lies, the gossips would make much of the scandal—it was bad, very bad. "I'm a plain fool," he said to himself. He slept very badly that night. Some exceptionally nimble little insects inflicted such unbearably painful bites on him that he scratched away at the bites with all his fingers, muttering: "Damn and blast you, together with Nozdryov!"

(Nikolai Gogol, *Dead Souls*, trans. Christopher English)

自比蠢驴

只剩下乞乞科夫一个人，心情恶劣之至。他在懊恼自己，自责他的同来这里，费了许多要紧的时光；最难宽恕的是对他说了自己的事情；真是粗心浮气，活像一个傻子；因为这一类事情是完全不能对罗士特来夫说的。罗士特来夫是一个坏货；他会添、造些谣言，不知道要散布怎样的谎话，到底还弄出一个无聊的话柄来呢……晦气，真是太晦气！"我真是一头驴子！"他对自己说。这一夜他睡得很坏。有一种很小、却很勇敢的虫，不停地来咬他，痛得挡不住，使他用五个手指头搔着痛处，一面嘴里骂道："恶鬼抓了你去罢，连罗士特来夫！"

（鲁迅 译）

Hate for the Quarrel

When Rose went away he felt suddenly sick with misery. He did not know why he had answered in that fashion. He would have given anything to be friends with Rose. He hated to have quarrelled with him, and now that he saw he had given him pain he was very sorry. But at the moment he had not been master of himself. It seemd that some devil had seized him, forcing him to say bitter things against his will, even though at the time he wanted to shake hands with Rose and meet him more than half-way. The desire to wound had been too strong for him. He had wanted to revenge himself for the pain and the humiliation he had endured. It was pride: it was folly too, for he knew that Rose would not care at all, while he would suffer bitterly. The thought came to him that he would go to Rose, and say:

'I say, sorry I was such a beast. I couldn't help it. Let's make it up.'

（W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*）

为争吵而悔恨

罗斯走后，他忽然感到悲痛欲绝。他不知道自己为什么那样回答。只要能和罗斯和好，叫他干什么都行。他怨自己和罗斯吵了嘴。当他意识到自己给罗斯带来了痛苦，内心非常愧疚。可那会儿他简直管不住自己，好像有魔鬼缠身，逼迫他说出自己不想说的话。而此时他多想去和罗斯握手言和。那种要伤害人的欲望太强烈了。他想为自己所承受的痛苦和屈辱报复。都是自尊心在作怪，这又是多愚蠢啊。他知道罗斯压根不会在乎，而他自己反倒要忍受痛楚。他想自己该去找罗斯，对他说：

"嗨，我真混，对不起。只是我忍不住。让我们和好吧。"

（洁岩 译）

12. Anger 气愤、愤慨

Indignation of Being Deceived

Her resentment of such behaviour, her indignation at having been its dupe, for a short time made her feel only for herself; but other ideas, other considerations soon arose. Had Edward been intentionally deceiving her? Had he feigned a regard for her which he did not feel? Was his engagement to Lucy an engagement of the heart? No, whatever it might once have been, she could not believe it such at present. His affection was all her own. She could not be deceived in that. Her mother, sisters, Fanny, all had been conscious of his regard for her at Norland; it was not an illusion of her own vanity. He certainly loved her. What a softener of the heart was this persuasion! How much could it not tempt her to forgive!

(Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*)

因受骗而愤慨

埃莉诺对这种行为的愤怒,她由于受骗而产生的愤慨,使她一度只怜悯她自己;但是埃莉诺很快又有了别的想法,别的考虑。安德华是故意欺骗她吗?难道他对她的尊敬是伪装的,而不是出自内心的吗?他与露西订婚是出自内心的吗?不,无论情况曾经是怎样的,埃莉诺也不能相信现在是这样。爱德华的爱情都是对她自己的。在这一点上,她不会受欺骗。她的母亲、妹妹们、范妮,在诺兰德都感到了他对她的尊重;这并不是她自己的虚荣心引起的幻觉。他肯定爱她。这一信念使埃莉诺得到了怎样的安慰啊!还有什么样的事使她不能原谅他呢!

(吴力励 译)

Angry for Being Sacrificed

Ball-of-fat, in the haste and distraction of her rising, had not thought of anything; and she looked at them exasperated, suffocating with rage, at all of them eating so placidly. A tumultuous anger swept over her at first, and she opened her mouth to cry out at them, to hurl at them a flood of injury which mounted to her lips; but she could not speak, her exasperation strangled her.

No one looked at her or thought of her. She felt herself drowned in the scorn of these honest scoundrels, who had first sacrificed her and then rejected her, like some improper or useless article. She thought of her great basket full of good things which they had greedily devoured, of her

two chickens shining with jelly, of her pates, her pears, and the four bottles of Bordeaux; and her fury suddenly falling, as a cord drawn too tightly breaks, she felt ready to weep. She made terrible efforts to prevent it, making ugly faces, swallowing her sobs as children do, but the tears came and glistened in the corners of her eyes, and then two great drops, detaching themselves from the rest, rolled slowly down like little streams of water that filter through rock, and, falling regularly, rebounded upon her breast. She sits erect, her eyes fixed, her face rigid and pale, hoping that no one will notice her. (Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

因被当作牺牲品而气愤

羊脂球在慌乱中起床的时候是什么也没有打算的，现在望着这些平平静静吃东西的人，她气极了，因为愤怒而呼吸急促了。开初，一阵骚动的暴怒使得她肌肉痉挛，她张开了嘴预备把一阵升到嘴边的辱骂去斥责他们的行为，不过因为愤怒扼住了嗓子，她简直不能够说话。

没有一个人看她，没有一个人惦记她。她觉得自己被这些顾爱名誉的混账东西的轻视淹没了。当初，他们牺牲了她，以后又把她当做一件肮脏的废物似的扔掉。于是她想起她那只满是美味的提篮，那里面本来盛着两只胶冻鲜明的子鸡，好些点心，好些梨子和四瓶波尔多的名产红葡萄酒。第一天通通被他们饕餮地吃喝得干干净净。末后，她的愤慨如同一根过度紧张的琴弦中断了似的忽然下降了，她觉得自己快要哭了。她使出了惊人的努力，镇定了自己，如同孩子一般吞住自己的呜咽，但是眼泪出来了，润湿了她的眼睑边缘，不久两点热泪从眼睛里往外流，慢慢地从颊部往下落，好些流得更迅速一些的眼泪又跟着来了，像一滴滴从岩石当中滤出来的水，有规则地落到了她胸脯突出部分的曲线上。她直挺挺地坐着，眼光是定着不动的，脸色是严肃而且苍白的，她一心希望不至于有人看她。（李青崖 译）

Unbearable Provocation

Mor had said this at the time merely to annoy; but on the following morning he thought to himself that perhaps that was exactly what he would do. The deep wounds which Nan had inflicted on his pride tormented him without ceasing. He felt, with a deep spasm of anger, that she had provoked him once too often. She must learn that to trample upon the aspirations and self-respect of another is a crime which brings an almost automatic retribution. Mor thought to himself, when I see Tim Burke I shall tell him to go ahead. When the thing is made public Nan will have

too much pride and too much concern for convention to try to make me go back on it. She will have to accept it then. Mor got a bitter, and he knew very unworthy satisfaction out of imaging Nan's fury when she found that he really meant for once to take what he wanted. What annoyed him perhaps most of all about her was the exquisite calmness of her assumption that when she had made it clear that he was not to do something he would not do it. (Iris Murdoch, *The Sandcastle*)

不堪忍受的挑衅

莫尔说这话的时候只不过是为了气气她，但是第二天早上他对自己说这也许正是他要做的。南恩对他自尊心的强烈伤害不停地折磨着他，他怀着一阵极度的愤怒感到，他不能再忍受她的挑衅了，必须使她明白践踏别人的抱负和自尊是犯罪，几乎会自动地带来惩罚。莫尔对自己说，当我见到蒂姆·伯克时，我要告诉他开始进行这事。当事情公开了之后，南恩由于自尊心太强，又注重旧习常规，也就不会逼我退回去了。那时她就不得不接受这件事了。莫尔想象着当南恩发现这次他确实决意要达到自己的目的时会如何暴怒，他得到了一种痛苦的、他自己也知道非常无价值的满足。也许她身上最使他恼怒的就是她那极端厚颜无耻的自负，认为只要她表明了他不应干某件事，他就不会去干。 (王家湘 译)

A Reaction of Tingling Anger

Faith got out. She stumbled blindly down the steps, out of the yard gate and into the lane. Half-way up the lane her daze of fear passed away and a reaction of tingling anger possessed her. By the time she reached the end of the lane she was in such a furious temper as she had never experienced before. Norman Douglas's insults burned in her soul, kindling a scorching flame. She would go straight back and tell that old ogre just what she thought of him—she would show him—oh, wouldn't she! Cheese-face, indeed! (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Rainbow Valley*)

被点燃的怒火

蕙丝举步走下阳台，从楼梯经后院栅门走出小径。走到一半时，蕙丝的恐惧豁然消失，取而代之的是被激发的怒气。来到小径尽头时，她全身充满了过去未曾有过的激烈愤怒。诺曼·道格拉斯凌人的盛气激怒了蕙丝，此刻的她感到怒火中烧，她咬牙握拳，决心回头去告诉那吃人一般的糟老头——我对他的看法。非让他明白我的厉害不可，居然说我是胆小鬼。 (林淑女 译)

The Letter Which Brought Indignation

With what indignation such a letter as this must be read by Miss Dashwood may be imagined. Though aware before she began it that it must bring a confession of his inconstancy and confirm their separation forever she was not aware that such language could be suffered to announce it! nor could she have supposed Willoughby capable of departing so far from the appearance of every honourable and delicate feeling—so far from the common decorum of a gentleman as to send a letter so impudently cruel: a letter which, instead of bringing with his desire of a release any professions of regret, acknowledged no breach of faith, denied all peculiar affection whatever—a letter of which every line was an insult, and which proclaimed its writer to be deep in hardened villainy.

(Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*)

一封令人愤慨的信

可想而知,达什伍德小姐读了这样一封信会多么愤慨。虽然埃莉诺在读信以前就意识到,这封信一定是表明了威洛比是不忠实的,并且一定进一步确定了他们必须永远分开,但埃莉诺没有料到他竟会使用这样的语言来宣布这件事!她也不能想象,威洛比的表现竟会与一切高尚和体贴的感情相距这么远——竟会与一个绅士所应有的礼貌相距这么远,以至写出一封这样无礼、这样残忍的信来。这封信不仅不愿表示他的遗憾心情,而且不愿承认他的不守信用,甚至否认对玛丽安的所有特殊感情。信中的每一行字都是一种侮辱,表明写这封信的人是个狠心、冷酷的恶棍。 (吴力励 译)

Nothing but a Livid Rage

The boy read this letter in camp as he was cleaning his kit. He set his teeth and for a moment went almost pale, yellow round the eyes with fury. He said nothing and saw nothing and felt nothing but a livid rage that was quite unreasoning. Balked! Balked again! Balked! He wanted the woman, he had fixed like doom upon having her. He felt that was his doom, his destiny, and his reward, to have this woman. She was his heaven and hell on earth, and he would have none elsewhere. Sightless with rage and thwarted madness he got through the morning. Save that in his mind he was lurking and scheming towards an issue, he would have committed some insane act. Deep in himself he felt like roaring and

howling and gnashing his teeth and breaking things. But he was too intelligent. He knew society was on top of him, and he must scheme. So with his teeth bitten together and his nose curiously slightly lifted, like some creature that is vicious, and his eyes fixed and staring, he went through the morning's affairs drunk with anger and suppression. In his mind was one thing—Banford. He took no heed of all March's outpouring: none. One thorn rankled, stuck in his mind. Banford. In his mind, in his soul, in his whole being, one thorn rankling to insanity. And he would have to get it out. He would have to get the thorn of Banford out of his life, if he died for it. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Fox*)

无名怒火

小伙子在营房里洗刷自己衣物时收到了这封信。他狠狠咬紧了牙关，脸顿时变得煞白，连眼圈也气得发青了。他什么也说不出，什么也看不见、什么也感觉不到，只有一股狂暴的无名怒火在胸中燃烧。败了！又败了！失败了！他需要那个女人，像命中注定似的非得到她不可。他感到，得到那个女人，这是他的劫数，他的命运，他的报酬。她是他的天堂和地狱，别的什么地方再也不会有这样的女人了。整个上午他怒不可遏，挫折激起的狂怒使他什么也看不清。要不是他脑子里在盘算和策划着一个解决问题的办法，他准会干出什么丧失理智的行动来的。他感到自己心灵深处在咆哮，在怒吼，他咬牙切齿，真想毁坏周围的东西。然而，他很聪明，他懂得在他的头顶上还有社会，他一定得有对策才行。于是他咬紧牙关，鼻子奇怪地稍稍上翘，像头邪恶的野兽，眼睛直勾勾地盯着不放。整个上午他强压着怒火，干了些他要干的事情。他的脑子里只有一个念头——班福德。他对玛奇像中所表露的一切不予理会，压根儿不理会。只有一根刺扎进了他的头脑，感到疼痛——班福德。这根刺扎进他的头脑，他的灵魂，他的整个身子，疼得他要发疯了。所以他非得把它拔掉不可。就是为此而丧命，他也非得将班福德这根刺从他生命中拔走。

（高健民 译）

13. Resentment 怨恨

Blaming His Father

You say you love me,—your love has cost me dear enough! Do you think I can blot out everything, and turn back into Arthur at a few soft words—I, that have been dish-washer in filthy half-caste brothels and stable-boy to Creole farmers that were worse brutes than their own cattle? I, that have been zany in cap and bells for a strolling variety show—

drudge and Jack-of-all-trades to the matadors in the bull-fighting ring; I, that have been slave to every black beast who cared to set his foot on my neck; I, that have been starved and spat upon and trampled under foot; I, that have begged for mouldy scraps and been refused because the dogs had the first right? Oh, what is the use of all this! How can I tell you what you have brought on me? And now—you love me! How much do you love me? Enough to give up your God for me? Oh, what has He done for you, this everlasting Jesus,—what has He suffered for you, that you should love Him more than me? (E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

谴责生父

你说你爱我——你的爱却使我付出了重大的代价！你认为几句甜言蜜语就能让我抹掉一切，重新作你昔日的亚瑟吗？——我，肮脏妓院里的洗碗工，比畜生还畜生的农场主马夫；我，歪戴帽子、斜挎铃铛走街串巷耍杂耍的小丑，斗牛场上为斗牛士做杂活儿的苦力；我，任人把脚踏踩在脖子上、任人吐唾沫的奴隶；我，一个连残羹剩饭都乞求不到，只因他们的狗比我更有优先权的人！唉，说这些有什么用？我怎么说得清你给我带来了什么呢？而现在——你居然说爱我！你到底对我有多少爱呢？爱得可以为我放弃你的上帝吗？啊，那个永恒的耶稣为你做了些什么？——他为你吃过什么苦，使得你爱他胜过爱我？ (司仁 译)

Resenting the Church

It isn't fair! Protestant clergy can marry, why can't Catholic? And don't try to tell me ministers don't care for their flocks the way priests do, because I won't believe you. I've met heartless priests and wonderful ministers. But because of the celibacy of priests I've had to go away from Ralph, make my home and my life with someone else, have someone else's baby...I resent the church's implication that my loving Ralph or his loving me is wrong! (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

怨恨教会

这是不公平的！基督教的牧师可以结婚，为什么天主教的神父不可以结婚呢？不要对我说什么牧师对待他的教民不如神父，我不相信这种话。我碰到过冷酷无情的神父和极好的牧师。就因为神父的禁欲生活使我不得不离开了拉尔夫，去跟别人建立家庭，共同生活，为别人生孩子……我怨恨教会的牵连使得我和拉尔夫的相爱成了罪恶！ (晓明 陈明锦 译)

Grumbling at Being Cruelly Treated

...but you, who are crueler than any savage beast, how can you bear to torture me in this way? What greater punishment could you or anyone else inflict upon me, even if I had murdered every last one of your relatives using the cruelest of tortures? I am certain there is no greater cruelty you could inflict upon a traitor guilty of having slaughtered an entire city's population than this one to which you have subjected me, roasting me in the sun and having me eaten by the flies; moreover, you will not even give me a cup of water, whereas even a condemned murderer on the way to his execution is often given some wine to drink if only he asks for it. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*, trans. G. H. McWilliam)

抱怨过分严厉的惩罚

你真比野兽更残忍,怎么能拿这样毒辣的手段来折磨我呢?即使我惨无人道,杀了你全家,也不过落得这样的报应罢了;你,或者别人,还能把我更怎么样呢?真的,即使是个卖国贼,让敌人屠杀了一城的男女老少,他应得的刑罚也不会比我受到的更残酷了——你把我放在火热的阳光下烧灼,让牛虻咬、苍蝇叮;你现在连一杯水都不给我!你要知道,就是那明正典型的杀人犯,在他就刑的时刻,要求喝一杯酒,也照例要答应他的。 (方平 王科一 译)

Resenting His Domination

Lydia still resented Lensky. When she thought of him, she was always younger than he, she was always twenty, or twenty-five, and under his domination. He incorporated her in his ideas as if she were not a person herself, as if she were just his aide-de-camp, or part of his baggage, or one among his surgical appliances. She still resented it.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

怨恨受人摆布

丽蒂雅仍然怨恨兰斯基。一想到他,她总觉得自己比他小,总是个二十或二十五岁的姑娘,听他的摆布。他用他的理想同化了她,似乎她不是一个独立的人,似乎她仅仅是他的随从,一件行李或是他外科器械中的一件。她对此仍然抱着怨恨的态度。 (毕冰宾 石磊 译)

Hatred for Being Teased

He flushed warm with anger. Goddam her soul to hell! Was she

laughing at him? Were they making fun of him? What was it that they wanted? Why didn't they leave him alone? He was not bothering them. Yes, anything could happen with people like these. His entire mind and body were painfully concentrated into a single sharp point of attention. He was trying desperately to understand. He felt foolish sitting behind the steering wheel like this and letting a white man hold his hand. What would people passing along the street think? He was very conscious of his black skin and there was in him a prodding conviction that Jan and men like him had made it so that he would be conscious of that black skin? Did not white people despise a black skin? Then why was Jan doing this? Why was Mary standing there so eagerly with shining eyes? What could they get out of this? Maybe they did not despise him? But they made him feel his black skin by just standing there looking at him, one holding his hand and the other smiling. He felt he had no physical existence at all right then; he was something he hated, the badge of shame which he knew was attached to a black skin. It was a shadowy region, a No Man's Land, the ground that separated the white world from the black that he stood upon. He felt naked, transparent; he felt that this white man, having helped to put him down, having helped to deform him, held him up now to look at him and be amused. At that moment he felt toward Mary and Jan a dumb, cold, and inarticulate hate. (Richard Wright, *Native Son*)

被人捉弄而引起的愤恨

他气得脸上发烧。他妈的，让她的灵魂永坠地狱！她是不是在讥诮他？他们是不是在拿他开心？他们到底想干什么？他们干嘛要来招惹他？他又没去招他们。是的，跟这样的人在一起，什么事都可能发生。他整个身心都痛苦地成了锐利的注意力集中点。他拚命想理解。他觉得自己很傻，像这样坐在方向盘后面，让一个白人握着他的手，街上过往的行人会作何感想？他对自己的黑皮肤非常敏感，他还痛心地意识到，他之所以对那黑皮肤如此敏感，都是简和像简这样的人造成的。难道不是白人看不起黑皮肤？那么简现在为什么要这样对待他？玛丽为什么要那么热切地站在那儿，两眼闪闪发光？这样做对他们有什么好处？或许他们并不歧视他？但他们像这样站在那儿望着他，一个握住他的手，另一个微笑着，这反而使他感觉到自己的黑皮肤。他觉得当时自己的肉体已不复存在；他已成了某种他所痛慨的东西，成了耻辱的象征，这象征他知道是跟黑皮肤紧密相联的。这是阴暗处，无人区，是把白人世界与他所在的黑人世界隔离开来的世界。他觉得自己赤身裸体，通身透明；他觉得

这个白人在帮着践踏他、戕贼他以后，现在又把他高高举起来欣赏玩弄。在那一刻，他对玛丽和简怀着一种无声的、冷酷的、说不清的仇恨。（施咸荣 译）

Deepened Anguish

Her carnal desires, her longing for money and the melancholy of her unfulfilled passion merged into one vast anguish, and instead of trying to distract herself from it she concentrated her attention on it, stirring up her pain and always looking for a chance to suffer. She complained bitterly about a badly served dish or a door left ajar, she lamented the velvet she did not own, the happiness that eluded her, her too lofty dreams, her too narrow house.

She was exasperated by Charles's apparent unawareness of her ordeal. His conviction that he was making her happy seemed to her an idiotic insult, and his placid confidence about it stuck her as ingratitude. For whom was she being virtuous? Was he not the obstacle to any kind of happiness, the cause of all her misery, the sharp-pointed tongue in the buckle of the strap that wound around her, binding her on all sides?

She therefore made him the sole object of the complex hatred engendered by her frustrations, and all her efforts to lessen it served only to increase it, for their failure gave her one more reason to despair and made her feel still more alienated from him. She sometimes rebelled against her own meekness. The drabness of her daily life made her dream of luxury, her husband's conjugal affection drove her to adulterous desires. She wished he would beat her so that she could feel more justified in hating him and taking vengeance on him. She was sometimes amazed by the horrible conjectures that came into her mind; and yet she had to go on smiling, hearing herself told over and over that she was lucky, pretending to be happy, letting everyone believe it.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

怨恨日深

于是肉体的需要、银钱的欠缺和热情的悒郁，揉成一团痛苦；可是她不但不丢开了不想，反而越发念兹在兹，到处寻找机会，加深她的痛苦。一盘菜做坏了，或者一扇门没有关严，她就有气；想起自己没有丝绒衣斤，幸福插翅飞过，悬想太高，居室太窄，她就难过。

顶气人的是，她受活罪，查理似乎就没有察觉到。他使她幸福的信念，在

她看来，就是一种岂有此理的侮辱；他那方面心安理得，就是忘恩负义。请问，她为谁贤惠？难道不正是他，作成一切幸福的障碍、一切灾难的因由，就像身上皮带的尖插头一样，把她扣得牢牢的，气也出不来一口？

所以种种怨恨，她不管是不是从自己的烦闷来的，统统算在他的账上；她未尝不想减轻怨恨，可是回回努力，回回扑空，不但没有减轻，反而更深了。她这样白白辛苦一场，已经心不快，加上痛苦早已存在的其他原因，彼此之间的隔膜，也就越来越大了。她对自己的柔顺起了反感。家庭生活的庸俗使她神往奢华；夫妇之间的恩爱使她缅想奸淫。她巴不得查理打她一顿，她好抓住理由恨他、报复他。面对着自己想起的一些残酷的假设，她有时候不由一惊。然而她必须继续笑脸相向，听见自己重复说：她很快乐，而且装模作样，要人相信自己快乐。（荀枚　余贵堂　译）

14. Revenge　报复

Leave Her Lover Out in the Cold

And I won't write to him any more, or at least for a long time, to impress him with my dignity! And I hope it will hurt him very much—expecting a letter to-morrow morning, and the next, and the next, and no letter coming. He'll suffer then with suspense—won't he, that's all! —and I am very glad of it!　(Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

冷落情人

我不再给他写信了，至少得在一个很长的时期里，不再给他写信了。这样他才能知道，我也有身份，也会拿架子！同时，我希望，我这样一来，他会非常地难过：我要叫他从明天起，就盼我的信，但是企盼了一天又一天，始终得不到我的信。我要他受这种疑虑不安的痛苦。我要他那样——他那样，我才趁愿！（张谷若　译）

Punish His Rival in Love

I'll punish him—by my soul, that will I! I'll meet him, soldier or no, and I'll horsewhip the untimely stripling for this reckless theft of my one delight. If he were a hundred men I'd horsewhip him...he's away up the country, and not here! I hope he may not return here just yet. I pray God he may not come into my sight, for I may be tempted beyond myself.　(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

惩罚情敌

我要惩罚他——我发誓，我会这样做的！我要见见他，不管他是不是当兵

的，他肆无忌惮地窃去了我的欢乐，我要用马鞭子教训这个不会挑时候的年轻人。就算他力敌百人我也要用马鞭抽他……他已经不在本地了，不在这儿了！我希望他别正赶在这时候回到这儿来。祈祷上帝，别让我看到他，因为我会豁出去的。（陈亦君　曹胡　译）

Retaliate upon Everyone She Hates

And if I married him right away, it would show Ashley that I didn't care a rap—that I was only flirting with him. And it would just kill Honey. She'd never, never catch another beau and everybody'd laugh fit to die at her. And it would hurt Melanie, because she loves Charles so much. And it would hurt Stu and Brent—She didn't quite know why she wanted to hurt them, except that they had catty sisters.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

疯狂的报复

如果我要与他马上结婚，就可以叫希礼明白，他不值一钱，我不过是逗着他玩玩儿罢了。这又可以要了蜜儿的命，从此她就再也找不到一个男人，人人都要取笑她，这又会叫媚兰难受，因为她是很喜欢察理的，同时又叫司徒和伯伦不舒服……为什么叫他们不舒服呢？大约只因他们家里有几个王八蛋妹妹吧。（简宗　译）

Fantasies of Revenge

She had fantasies of revenge: she would tell everyone in Ireland that he had asked her to marry him and been refused; she would write to Rhett and he would come to kill Fenton for calling his child a bastard; she would laugh in Fenton's face before the altar and tell him that she could never bear another child, that he'd made a fool of himself by marrying her; she would invite him to dinner and poison his food... (A. Ripley, *Scarlett*)

幻想报复

她开始幻想报复的情形：她要告诉爱尔兰的每一个人，他曾向她求婚，被她断然拒绝，她要写信给瑞特，他会立刻赶来宰了卢克·芬顿，因为他居然敢说瑞特的女儿是私生女；她要在教堂圣殿前当芬顿的面嘲笑他，告诉他她不能生育，娶了她他就是个大傻瓜；她要邀请他到家里来吃饭，在他的食物里面下毒……（尚逸文　译）

Inward Revenge

So, underneath the blithe, gossamer-straying insouciance, a certain hardness formed, like rock crystallizing in her heart. She lost her illusions in the collapse of her sympathies. Outwardly, she seemed the same. Inwardly she was hard and detached, and, unknown to herself, revengeful.

Outwardly she remained the same. It was part of her game. While circumstances remained as they were, she must remain, at least in appearance, true to what was expected of her.

But the revengefulness came out in her new vision of people. Under the rector's apparently gallant handsomeness, she saw the weak, feeble nullity. And she despised him. Yet still, in a way, she liked him too. Feelings are so complicated.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Virgin and the Gipsy*)

报复的欲望

这样,在她那蜘蛛网飘拂般漫不经心而又快活的神态背后,一种坚定的想法逐渐在她头脑中形成,像是溶岩逐渐凝固了似的。她由于同情心的崩溃而丢掉了幻想。她表面上似乎依然如故。但在心里,她却变得坚定、超然,并且不知不觉地产生了报复的欲望。

表面看来,她一如既往。这是她整个计划的一部分。由于时机未成熟,她必须——至少在表面上——装出人们希望她做出的样子。

然而,她那种报复心理是从她对人们的新的看法中产生出来的。在教区长那豪爽英俊的外表后面,她看到的只有软弱和渺小。她瞧不起他。但是,从某种意义上来说,她依旧喜欢他。感情这东西真是复杂。 (查培德 译)

It Serves Her Damned Well Right

When he had put his hand into the flower-pot, after taking out the cineraria, he had grabbed everything he felt there. The flower-pot was the little hussy's money-box and he had taken out not only his own money, but her savings as well. Nicky leant back in the car and burst into a roar of laughter. It was the funniest thing he had ever heard in his life. And when he thought of her going to the flower-pot some time later in the morning when she awoke, expecting to find the money she had so cleverly got away with, and finding, not only that it wasn't there, but that her own had

gone too, he laughed more than ever. And so far as he was concerned there was nothing to do about it; he neither knew her name, nor the name of the hotel to which she had taken him. He couldn't return her money even if he wanted to.

'It serves her damned well right,' he said.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Facts of Life*)

活该她倒霉

当他一只手提出千日莲，另一只手伸进花盘里时，他把能摸到的东西都抓出来了。花盆原来是那个小荡妇的存钱箱，他不仅拿出了自己的钱，连她的积蓄也一起捞来了。尼基靠在汽车的椅背上，突然哈哈大笑起来。这是他平生里听到的最滑稽的事。他想到那个女人早晨醒来后，满怀希望地去看她那么乖巧地弄来的钱，结果却发现不仅偷来的钱不见了，连她自己的老本也不翼而飞，这时尼基笑得更欢了。就尼基个人而言，这件事已无法补救，因为他既不知道她的名字，也不知道她带他去的是什么旅馆。即使他想把钱还给她，他也办不到。

"活该，那个该死的女人！"

（刘宪之 译）

15. Anguish 痛苦

Suffering from Being a Convenience

For an hour or more, I remained too stunned to think; and it was not until I began to think that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I hed sailed was gone to pieces.

Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a conveniende, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all—it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

被人利用的痛苦

独自一人坐了一个多钟头，脑子还是稀里糊涂，不听使唤；后来好容易定下心来，仔细一想，才完全明白我搭乘的这条命运之船已经触礁撞毁，我这一辈子算是完了。

原来郝微香小姐对我的原意，不过是我自己的一场春梦；她并没把艾丝黛拉许给我。我在沙堤斯庄屋里，只是白白地被人当作了工具，人家无非是利用我去刺刺那些贪婪的亲戚，在一时无人可以折磨的时候，利用我这个只能唯命是从的木头人儿，来试试自己的手段——开始我想到这些，感到痛心。但是最使我刺心彻骨的痛苦却莫过于为了这个逃犯，我竟抛弃了乔；我不知道这个逃犯犯的是什么罪，只知道他随时可能从我这套房间里被逮走，给绞死在"老寨了"的门口。（王科一 译）

Tortured Awakening

Edna bit her handkerchief convulsively, striving to hold back and to hide, even from herself as she would have hidden from another, the emotion which was troubling—tearing—her. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

For the first time she recognized the symptoms of infatuation which she had felt incipiently as a child, as a girl in her earliest teens, and later as a young woman. The recognition did not lessen the reality, the poignancy of the revelation by any suggestion or promise of instability. The past was nothing to her; offered no lesson which she was willing to heed. The future was a mystery which she never attempted to penetrate. The present alone was significant; was hers, to torture her as it was doing then with the biting conviction that she had lost that which she had held, that she had been denied that which her impassioned, newly awakened being demanded. (Kate Chopin, *Awakening*)

觉醒的痛苦

埃德娜痉挛地咬着手帕，竭力要控制并隐藏自己的感情，如同向别人隐藏感情一样，对自己也要隐藏感情，而这种感情使她烦恼——撕碎了她的心。她的两眼充满了泪水。

她第一次重新认识到热恋的感觉，她过去作为孩子时，作为十三四岁的姑娘时，以及后来作为一个年轻妇女时都曾有过这种感觉。这种认识不会减少由任何不可靠的建议或许诺揭示出的现实痛苦。过去对于她是无足轻重的了，没有为她提供她愿意记取的教训。未来是一个她永远不打算戳穿的谜。现时的孤独意味深长，这种孤独是属于她的，在折磨着她，因为当时她痛苦地坚信：她失去了她曾拥有的东西，她充满激情的，新觉醒的生命所要求的那种东西被否决了。（程锡麟 译）

16. Apathy 麻木

Feelings Wiped Out by the War

...and he saw that those damages did not even arouse a feeling of pity in him. Then he made one last effort to search in his heart for the place where his affection had rotted away and he could not find it. On another occasion, he felt at least a confused sense of shame when he found the smell of Ursula on his own skin, and more than once he felt her thoughts interfering with his. But all of that had been wiped out by the war. Even Remedios, his wife, at that moment was a hazy image of someone who might have been his daughter. The countless women he had known on the desert of love and who had spread his seed all along the coast had left no trace in his feelings.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

被战争夷平的感情

……他也证实了母亲的遭遇并没有在他心里激起丝毫的怜悯之情。他最后一次作出努力,在自己心底寻找柔情泯灭腐烂的地方,却还是没有找到。从前,当他在自己的皮肤上闻到乌苏拉的体味时,至少还隐隐约约地觉得有些羞愧,而且不止一次地感到自己的思想是受了乌苏拉的影响。但所有这些现在都被战争夷平了。就连他的妻子雷梅苔丝,此时也只成了某个可做他女儿的人的形象。他在没有爱情的荒漠中所结识的那些女人,多得不可胜数,她们把他的种子撒播在整个加勒比海岸,但没有在他的感情上留下一丝痕迹。

(黄锦炎 沈国正 陈泉 译)

A Stony Crust of Insensibility

She had borne, that morning, all that nature could endure; and as her temperament was not of the order that escapes from too intense suffering by a swoon, her spirit could only shelter itself beneath a stony crust of insensibility, while the faculties of animal life remained entire. In this state, the voice of the preacher thundered remorselessly, but unavailingly, upon her ears. The infant, during the latter portion of her ordeal, pierced the air with its wailings and screams; she strove to hush it, mechanically, but seemed scarcely to sympathize with its trouble.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

麻木的石质硬壳

那天早晨，她忍受了人性所能承担的一切；由于她的气质决定了她不会以昏厥来逃避过于强烈的苦难，她的精神只能躲藏在麻木的石质硬壳下，而令动物生命的机能依然无损。因此，那位布道者的声音虽在她耳畔残酷无情地响如雷鸣，但却无济于事。在她备受折磨的这后一段时间，那婴儿的尖声哭号直贯云霄；她虽下意识地想哄着孩子安静下来，但似乎对婴儿的不安无动于衷。

（胡允桓 译）

Sleeping Senses

I had no trouble, no apprehensions, no sorrow about me, the first surprise was gone; I was, I may well say, I know not how; my senses, my reason, nay, my conscience, were all asleep; my course of life for forty years had been a horrid complication of wickedness, whoredom, adultery, incest, lying, theft; and, in a word, everything but murder and treason had been my practice from the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, to threescore; and now I was engulfed in the misery of punishment, and had an infamous death just at the door, and yet I had no sense of my condition, no thought of heaven or hell at least, that went any farther than a bare flying touch, like the stitch or pain that gives a hint and goes off.

(Daniel Defoe, *Moll Flanders*)

沉睡的理性

我心上没有烦恼，没有恐惧，没有悲哀，开头的那种惊奇已经过去了；我可以说我自己也莫名其妙了；我的感觉，我的理性，甚至我的良心都沉睡了；我四十年来的生活是可怕的作恶、卖淫、通奸、乱伦、扯谎同偷窃；总而言之，从十八岁左右一直到六十岁，除了杀人同造反外，什么事我都干过；现在我落在责罚苦痛的深渊里，一个丢脸的死正在门外等候着我；然而我并不感觉我所处的可怕环境，我没有想到天堂同地狱，除了一下子就过去了的瞬时感触之外，那好像给针刺了一下，稍微感觉一下，就过去了。（梁遇春 译）

The Death of Her Soul

She turned away for her coat. Her soul had gone dead in her. Her hands trembled, but she could not feel any more. She drew on her coat. There was a cruel suspense in the room. The moment had come for her to go. He lifted his head. His eyes were like agate, expressionless, save for

the black points of torture. They held her, she had no will, no life any more. She felt broken. (D. H. Lawrence, *Daughters of the Vicar*)

麻木的灵魂

她转身去拿自己的外套。她的灵魂已变得麻木。她的双手颤抖着，但她已失去了知觉。她披上了外套。屋里呈现出一片严酷的紧张气氛。她走的时间到了。他抬起头来，他的两只眼睛宛如玛瑙，毫无表情，只出现了几个痛苦的黑点。这双眼睛在注视着她，但此时她已失去意志，毫无生气。她感到瘫掉了。（郭培峰 高翔 译）

Holding Himself Rigid

The officer, left alone, held himself rigid, to prevent himself from thinking. His instinct warned him that he must not think. Deep inside him was the intense gratification of his passion, still working powerfully. Then there was a counter-action, a horrible breaking down of something inside him, a whole agony of reaction. He stood there for an hour motionless, a chaos of sensations, but rigid with a will to keep blank his consciousness, to prevent his mind grasping . And he held himself so until the worst of the stress had passed, when he began to drink, drank himself to an intoxication, till he slept obliterated.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Prussian Officer*)

麻木不仁

现在只剩下上尉独自一人了。他使自己变得麻木，避免去思考什么，他的本能警告他必须停止思考。他从心底里感到极度满足，还那么强烈。可是，随即在他心里又产生了反作用，产生了某种可怕的精神崩溃，一种反作用所引起的极度苦恼。他一动不动地站在那儿有个把钟头，心烦意乱，却又有一种保持思绪空虚、免得奔放起来的麻木感。他就这样克制着自己度过感情的难关，他开怀痛饮，喝得烂醉如泥。（朱雍 译）

"Fell on Sleep"

...A tide of quiet thought now came gently caressing my brain: softer and softer rose the flow, with tepid undulations smoother than balm. The pain of weakness left my limbs, my muscles slept. I lost power to move; but, losing at the same time wish, it was no privation. That kind benne placed a screen between me and the lamp; I saw her rise to do this.

but do not remember seeing her resume her place; in the interval between the two acts, I "fell on sleep". (Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*)

"沉入睡乡"

……一股平静的思绪现在来温柔地爱抚我的头脑:随着比镇静剂还爽心适意的、不冷不热的潮水,流速愈来愈平稳地高涨起来。我的四肢摆脱了软弱无力的痛苦,我的肌肉麻木了。我丧失活动的能力;但同时也丧失了希望,毫无痛苦了。那位好心的女佣人把屏风放在我和灯中间;我看见她站起来做这件事,但是不记得看见她回到原位;在这两个动作的间隙里,我"沉入睡乡"。

(谢素台 译)

Numb with Terror

The days passed slowly. The whole household, intent on the wretched, tortured woman downstairs, lived in a state of unnatural excitement. She was like a victim that was being prepared for the savage rites of a bloody idolatry. Her terror numbed her. She could not bear to let Davidson out of her sight; it was only when he was with her that she had courage, and she hung upon him with a slavish dependence. She cried a great deal, and she read the Bible, and prayed. Sometimes she was exhausted and apathetic. Then she did indeed look forward to her ordeal, for it seemed to offer an escape, direct and concrete, from the anguish she was enduring. She could not bear much longer the vague terrors which now assailed her. With her sins she had put aside all personal vanity, and she slopped about her room, unkempt and dishevelled, in her tawdry dressing-gown. She had not taken off her night-dress for four days, nor put on stockings. Her room was littered and untidy.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *Rain*)

因恐惧而麻木

日子一天天缓慢地过去,全屋的人都关切地注视着楼下那个受着折磨的可怜的女人,生活在一种反常的骚动之中。她活像为野蛮祭祀仪式所准备的祭品,她因恐惧而变得麻木了。她不让戴维逊离开她的身边,只有戴维逊在她身旁时,她才有勇气。她紧紧地依附着他,像奴隶似地百依百随。她常常哭叫、念《圣经》和祷告。有时候,她精疲力尽,对一切都漠然视之。这时,她竟真心盼望着灾难来临,因为看来只有这样她才能找到一条直接而又具体的道路,来摆脱她目前所忍受的痛苦。她再也忍受不住眼下正向她袭来的那种捉摸不

定的恐惧了。由于犯了罪，她这时根本不顾及什么个人体面了，她穿着那件妖艳的睡衣，蓬头垢面，在房间里悠悠荡荡。她已四天没有脱睡衣，也不穿袜子。她的房间里乱七八糟。 （刘宪之 译）

17. Jealousy 嫉妒

Being Jealous of a Rival in Love

Eustacia felt a wild jealousy of Thomasin on the instant. Though Thomasin might possibly have tender sentiments towards another man as yet, how long could they be expected to last when she was shut up here with this interesting and travelled cousin of hers? There was no knowing what affection might not soon break out between the two, so constantly in each other's society, and not a distracting object near. Clym's boyish love for her might have languished, but it might easily be revived again.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

嫉妒情敌

游肯莎马上就按捺不住嫉妒起朵苏来。固然朵苏对于另外一个人，也许还有温柔的情感，但是既然她和这位有意思、出过国的堂兄终日厮守，那她对于那另一个人的温柔感情究竟能继续多久呢？他们两个，既是老在一块儿，又没有别的事物分他们的心，那谁敢说，在他们两个之间还有任何感情不能很快地发生呢。克林童年时代对于朵苏的爱，也许现在已经没有劲头了，但是也很容易复活啊。 （张谷若 译）

A Storm of Jealousy

He followed with his eye each movement of Teresa and her cavalier; when their hands touched, he felt as though he should swoon... it seemed as if the whole world was turning round him, and all the voices of hell were whispering in his ears ideas of murder and assassination. Then fearing that his paroxysm might get the better of him, he clutched with one hand the branch of a tree against which he was leaning, and with the other convulsively grasped the dagger with a carved handle, which was in his belt, and which, unwittingly, he drew from the scabbard from time to time.

Luigi was jealous! He felt that, influenced by her ambition and coquettish disposition, Teresa might escape him.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

争风吃醋

他用眼睛跟随着德丽莎和她舞伴的每一个动作。当他们的手儿相触的时候，他觉得自己像是要晕厥了……他似乎觉得天昏地旋，种种地狱里的声音都在他的耳边低语，叫他杀人，叫他行刺。他深怕这种强烈的情感使他不克自制，于是就一手捏住他身边靠着的那棵树的丫枝，另外那只手则痉挛似地紧握住他腰带上那把柄上雕花的匕首，时时不自觉地把它抽出鞘来。罗杰吃醋啦，他觉得，在她的野心和那种爱出风头的天性的影响之下，德丽莎或许会抛弃他。（蒋学模 译）

Full of Envy

The hot colour went up to Arthur's forehead as he read.

Always Bolla! What was he doing in Leghorn again? And why should Gemma want to read with him? Had he bewitched her with his smuggling? It had been quite easy to see at the meeting in January that he was in love with her; that was why he had been so earnest over this propaganda. And now he was close to her—reading with her every day.

（E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*）

妒火中烧

看到这里，亚瑟的脸立刻涨得通红。

总是波拉！他在莱亨干什么？为什么琼玛一定要和他一起学习？是不是他那次为青年党私运书籍的举动把琼玛迷住了？早在一月份那次见面，他就看出来了，波拉已经爱上了琼玛，所以在那次集会上他才热心地向她进行宣传。现在他与她更接近了——竟然每天和她一起学习了。（司仁 译）

Feeling Jealous of One's Brother

For Beatrix, from the earliest time, was jealous of every caress which was given to her little brother Frank... She would turn pale and red with rage if she caught signs of intelligence or affection hetween Frank and his mother; would sit apart, and not speak for a whole night, if she thought the boy had a hetter fruit or a larger cake than hers; would fling away a ribbon if he had one; and from the earliest age, sitting up in her little chair by the great fireplace opposite to the corner where Lady Castlewood commonly sat at her embroidery, would utter infantine sarcasms about the

favour shown to her brother.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond*)

嫉妒弟弟

因为碧爱崔丽克斯从很小的时候起，见了她的小弟弟佛兰克得到无论什么人的抚爱，她都要嫉妒……如果她碰到佛兰克和他母亲有一点通情意相亲爱的形迹，她就会发起怒来，脸上白一阵红一阵；如果她认为弟弟拿到一个好些的水果或大些的饼，她自己就坐得远远地，整晚上不说话；他要是有一条缎带，她就甩掉；她还是很小的时候，坐在那大壁炉旁边的一把小椅子上，面对着卡斯乌德夫人经常坐在那里刺绣的角落，就会吐出幼稚的酸言辣语，说母亲对弟弟偏心。 （陈逵 王培德 译）

A Jealous Despair

The marriage-settlement! The mere hearing of those two words stung me with a jealous despair thus was a poison to my higher and better instincts. I began to think—it is hard to confess this, but I must suppress nothing from beginning to end of the terrible story that I now stand committed to reveal—I began to think, with a hateful eagerness of hope, of the value charges against Sir Percival Glyde which the anonymous letter contained. What if those wild accusations rested on a foundation of truth? What if their truth would be proved before the fatal words of consent were spoken, and the marriage-settlement was drawn? I have tried to think, since, that the feeling which then animated me began and ended in pure devotion to Miss Fairlie's interests. But I have never succeeded in deceiving myself into believing it; and I must not now attempt to deceive others. The feeling began and ended in reckless, vindictive, hopeless hatred of the man who was to marry her.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*)

无望的嫉妒

婚约！一听到这两个字，便激起了我的嫉妒和绝望，进而毒害了我高贵的品性。我有种这样的念头——尽管难以承认这一点，但是，既然决定要彻底抖落出这一家的骇人的历史，我就不应该隐瞒任何细节——怀着愤恨、急切的心情，我开始想起匿名信中对珀西沃·格雷德先生的指责。如果那些粗鲁的指责属实，情况会怎么样呢？如果在大局已定、婚约确定的时候才真相大白，那么情况又会怎么样？我也曾想，我的感情自始至终都是为了弗里小姐的利益。

但我从没能够欺骗了自己,使自己相信这一点;而现在我更不能再去欺骗别人了。对于那个人,她未来的丈夫,我自始至终都怀着不顾后果、充满恶意但又无可奈何的仇恨。 (洁岩 译)

Tormented by Jealousy

During the whole of my married life I never ceased to be tormented by jealousy, but there were periods when I specially suffered from it. One of these periods was when, after the birth of our first child, the doctors forbade my wife to nurse it. I was particularly jealous at that time, in the first place because my wife was experiencing that unrest natural to a mother which is sure to be aroused when the natural course of life is needlessly violated; and secondly, because seeing how easily she abandoned her moral obligations as a mother, I rightly though unconsciously concluded that it would be equally easy for her to disregard her duty as a wife, especially as she was quite well and in spite of the precious doctor's prohibition was able to nurse her later children admirably.

(Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, trans. Louise Maude and Aylmer Maude)

嫉妒的折磨

在我婚后的全部生活中,我一直经受着嫉妒的折磨。但是有时有几个时期我感受到的嫉妒的痛苦特别强烈。其中有一个时期就是生了第一个孩子以后医生禁止她喂奶的时期。这一时期我特别妒忌,因为,第一,我妻子感到母亲特有的那种不安,这种不安的心情必将引起无缘无故地破坏生活的有规律的进程;第二,看到她轻易地抛弃了母亲的道德职责,我理所当然地,虽然是无意识地得出结论:她也会轻易地抛弃夫妇的道德职责的,尤其是因为她很健康,尽管可爱的医生们禁止她喂奶,她还是亲自喂养后来的几个孩子,而且喂得很好。 (吴育群 译)

The Burning Jealousy

Juan and Maria Rosa! She burned all over now, as if a layer of tiny fig-cactus bristles, as cruel as spun glass, had crawled under her skin. She wished to sit down quietly and wait for her death, but not until she had cut the throats of her man and that girl who were laughing and kissing under the cornstalks. Once when she was a young girl she had come back

from market to find her jacal burned to a pile of ash and her few silver coins gone. A dark empty feeling had filled her; she kept moving about the place, not believing her eyes, expecting it all to take shape again before her. But it was gone, and though she knew an enemy had done it, she could not find out who it was, and could only curse and threaten the air. Now here was a worse thing, but she knew her enemy. Maria Rosa, that sinful girl, shameless! (Katherine Anne Porter, *Maria Concepcion*)

燃烧的炉火

胡安和玛丽亚·罗莎！她不觉怒火中烧，似乎有一层仙人掌的小刺，像玻璃丝一样锐利，在她的皮肤下面钻动着。她真想坐下来静静等死，但这还得在把她的男人和那个姑娘的喉管割断以后，这两个家伙正在玉米秸下大笑着接吻呢。当她还是一个年轻姑娘时，有一次从市场回来，发现自家的小茅屋烧成一片灰烬，还有一些银币也不见了。一股黑暗空虚的感觉充满了她全身，她不断在四周踱来踱去，竟然难以相信自己的眼睛，幻想着一切都会在她的面前恢复原状。但是这一切全都毁了，虽然她明白这是一个仇人干的，但是不清楚是谁，只好对着苍天咒骂一顿了事。现在出现的情况更糟，但是她清楚她的仇人，玛丽亚·罗莎，那个罪恶的女人，真无耻！ （刘玉麟 译）

A Touch of Envy

She felt a touch of envy because Erica would now be seeing the lovely river gums. Erica wonld be not so very far away from the crossing, then the road back to Baanya—and Jim Vernon!

Funny how just being that much nearer a person: or in a place with which that person was associated, could make one feel as if one were somehow sharing his actual company!

The silly ticking heart that was in Cindie was very unpredictable, she told herself. She was actually jealous of Erica.

(Lucy Walker, *The River Is Down*)

一丝妒忌

她感到一丝妒忌，因为艾瑞卡现在可能正在看那可爱的河床。艾瑞卡也不会离交叉路口这么远，那么离回到版亚和吉姆·沃纳那里去的路也不会太远。如此接近一个人，或是住在与那个人有关的地方，虽然说不上是什么原因，却会使人感到这个人似乎就在身边。这是多么有趣的事啊！

辛迪那颗砰砰直跳的痴心真是不可预见，她这样告诉自己。她实际上是

在嫉妒艾瑞卡。 （董晶 译）

18. Hesitation 犹豫

In Doubt

. . . I have been tossed to and fro in doubt if I ought, after such strong provocation. To see me now, Thomasin, gives you no idea of what I have been; of what depths I have descended to in these few last days. O, it was a bitter shame to shut out my mother like that! Can I ever forget it, or even agree to see her again? (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

犹豫不定

……她惹我生了那么大的气，这会儿我可给她写信，这应该不应该哪？这个我老拿不定，所以老踌躇。你看我现在的样子，朵荪哪，你是看不出我前些日子的情形来的；只这几天的工夫，我可就不知道掉到多么深的泥坑里去啦。哦，把我母亲那样关在门外头，是一种令人痛心的耻辱！你说我还能饶恕她吗？我是不是连她的面儿都不该再见哪？ （张谷若 译）

Thinking it Over

The waving of a mind under such circumstances is an almost inexplicable thing, and yet it is absolutely true. Hurstwood could not bring himself to act definitely. He wanted to think about it—to ponder over it, to decide whether it were best. He was drawn by such a keen desire for Carrie, driven by such a state of turmoil in his own affairs that he thought constantly it would be best, and yet he wavered. He did not know what evil might result from it to him—how soon he might come to grief. The true ethics of the situation never once occurred to him, and never would have, under any circumstances. (Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

反复思量

在这种情况下，思想的动荡几乎是不可思议的，然而是绝对真实的。赫斯渥没有勇气就这么果断地干。他要考虑考虑——把事情反复思考一下，决定这是否是上策。他对嘉莉有这么强烈的欲望，他紊乱的私事又是这么逼着他，因而他老是认为这是上策，但还是迟疑不决。他不知道这对他可能造成什么恶果——是否很快就会遇到麻烦。他从来没有想到过这件事的是非善恶。看来无论在什么情况之下，他都决不会想到。 （裘柱常 译）

Fire or Not?

If he fired the pistol, M. Leblanc was saved and Thénardier was lost; if he did not, M. Leblanc was sacrificed, and, perhaps, Thénardier escaped. To hurl down the one, or to let the other fall! remorse on either hand. What was to be done? which should he choose? be wanting to his most imperious memories, to so many deep resolutions, to his most sacred duty, to that most venerated paper! be wanting to his father's will, or suffer a crime to be accomplished? He seemed on the one hand to hear "his Ursula" entreating him for her father, and on the other the colonel commending Thénardier to him. (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

开不开枪?

他要开枪,白先生就能得救,德纳第却完蛋了;假如他不开枪,白先生就遭殃,并且,谁知道? 德纳第逃脱了。镇压这一个,或是让另一个去死! 他都问心有愧。怎么办? 如何挑选? 背叛自己向来引以自豪的种种回忆,背叛自己在心灵深处暗许下的种种诺言,背叛最神圣的天职,最庄重的遗训! 背叛他父亲的遗嘱,要么就纵容罪行,让它胜利! 他恍惚一方面听见"他的玉秀儿"在为她的父亲向自己哀求,一方面又听见那上校父亲在叫他照顾德纳第。

(长江 译)

Abortion or No Abortion?

She thought again: a bitter sweetness, and always the same single question recurring. Vernon's child, and her own—an abortion or not?... Yes or no? To be or not to be?... They were on the runway... Abortion or no abortion?... The engines' tempo was increasing. They were rolling already, wasting no time, in seconds, no more, they would be in the air... Yes or no? To permit to live or condemn to die? How, between love and reality, conscience and commonsense, did anyone decide?

(Arthur Hailey, *Airport*)

堕胎呢还是不堕胎?

她又想起了这甜中带苦、苦中带甜的事,这一个问题老在头脑中打转,这是弗农的孩子,也是她自己的骨血——堕不堕胎? 是还是否? 是办还是不办? ……他们已经进入跑道……堕胎呢还是不堕胎? 引擎的速度在增加。飞机已在滚动,分秒必争;在几秒钟之内,就只在几秒钟之内,他们将要飞上天……是耶? 非耶? 是让它活下来,还是把它处死? 在爱情和现实之间,良心和常理

之间，一个人该如何作出决断？ （任家桢 方正平 译）

19. Guilt 负罪

Feeling Sorry for His Wife

"Poor little Faith!" thought he, for his heart smote him. "What a wretch am I to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought as she spoke there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done tonight. But no, no; 't would kill her to think it. Well, she's a blessed angel on earth; and after this one night I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to heaven."

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Young Goodman Brown*)

对妻子的内疚

"可怜的小费思啊！"他想道，因为他内心在责备着自己。"我真浑，竟然会为这样一件事而离开她！她还讲到了梦幻。我觉得她说话时，脸色惶恐不安，似乎她已经从梦中知道今晚将发生什么事了。哦，不，不；如果想到这件事，她会悲痛欲绝的。不过，她是人世间一位有福分的天使；这一夜过去之后，我将寸步不离地留在她身边，并且跟随她去天堂。" （任孟昭 译）

Feeling Heinous for a Private Marriage

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Of course people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, in accordance with a general custom; but such was Potter's thought of his duty to his friends, or of their idea of his duty, or of an unspoken form which does not control men in these matters, that he felt he was heinous. He had committed an extraordinary crime.

(Stephen Crane, *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*)

大逆不道的婚姻

原来，杰克·波特开始感觉到了一桩事情的影子像一块铅板一样沉重地压

在他的心头。他,这位黄天镇的镇长,一个在他那块土地上人们熟悉、爱戴而又害怕的头面人物,到圣安东尼奥去与一个他自信所爱的姑娘幽会;在那里,在做了通常的祈祷以后,他居然没有和黄天镇人就这宗交易进行任何商量,就诱劝她和他结了婚。现在,他就要把新娘带到纯朴的、毫无猜疑的镇民们中间去了。

当然,按照黄天镇人的习俗,他们可以按各自所喜欢的方式结婚。但是波特觉得他有责任同他的朋友们商量,或者说他觉得他的朋友们认为他有这种责任,或者,也许他觉得这是对人们婚嫁没有约束力的某种没有明言的规矩,因此他感到自己大逆不道了,他犯了弥天大罪。 (胡润松 译)

Regret for Poisoned Youth

All her youth had been poisoned by the thought of what she had done. Resolutely, day after day and year after year, she had fought against the demon of remorse. Always she had remembered that her work lay in the future; always had shut her eyes and ears to the haunting spectre of the past. And day after day, year after year, the image of the drowned body drifting out to sea had never left her, and the bitter cry that she could not silence had risen in her heart: "I have killed Arthur! Arthur is dead!" Sometimes it had seemed to her that her burden was too heavy to be borne.

(E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

扪心自责

由于对自己昔日所作所为忧心忡忡,焦虑不安,她的全部青春已被摧残。日复一日,年复一年,她断然迫使自己同悔恨这个魔鬼苦斗,她总是自我告诫自己,事业在于未来,总是紧闭眼睛堵紧耳朵来逃避萦绕于内心的往日的幽灵。然而,日复一日,年复一年漂向人海的那具尸体忽沉忽浮,在她的心灵中从未消逝。那个不甘沉默的凄惨痛苦的呼声在她心头涌起:"我杀死了亚瑟!亚瑟已经死了!"有时她感到那负荷太沉重了,她再也支持不住了。

(司仁 译)

Collector's Wife's Cry

"She is my own darling girl," were the words she spoke, and then, remembering that she had called her "not pukka" and resented her engagement to young Heaslop, she began to cry. No one had ever seen the Collector's wife cry. Capable of tears—yes, but always reserving them for

some adequate occasion, and now it had come. Ah, why had they not all been kinder to the stranger, more patient, given her not only hospitality but their hearts? The tender core of the heart that is so seldom used—they employed it for a little, under the stimulus of remorse.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

市长夫人的悔泪

她说,"她就是我亲生的心肝肉儿,"话一出口,想到自己曾说过她"粗野,怪脾气",还对她和年轻的希斯洛普订了婚愤愤不平,不禁大哭起来。从来没有人见过市长夫人掉眼泪。居然有泪可弹——不错,有眼泪,但要留在某个适当的时候才能挥洒,现在正是时候。唉,为什么她们以前对这个新来的姑娘不能更和蔼一些,更宽容一些呢?她们应该不但要殷勤接待她,而且要与她推心置腹呀。在悔恨中,她们稍微流露出一点软心肠,这是她们平时很难得显露的。

(石幼珊 马志行 董冀平 译)

Feeling Guilty for Dishonesty

And now, going to see Kay, he felt guilty about her also. He had never been completely honest with her about his family. He had told her about them but always with little jokes and colorful anecdotes that made them seem more like adventurers in a Technicolor movie than what they really were. And now his father had been shot down in the street and his eldest brother was making plans for murder. That was putting it plainly and simply but that was never how he would tell it to Kay.

(Mario Puzo, *The God Father*)

为不坦诚而内疚

眼下,要去见恺,他对她感到内疚。他在自己的家庭问题上,一直没有向她完全坦白。他点点滴滴地给她讲过,但每次都穿插着笑话和色彩艳丽的风流韵事,经他这样一讲,家族组织里的人物倒更像电影里的冒失鬼,从而掩盖了他们的精神实质。而目前的情况是,他父亲在大街上遭到了枪击;他大哥在拟定谋杀计划。说得简单明了,就是这么回事,但是他打算对恺讲的绝不会是这样。

(周汉林 译)

The Payment for the Murdered Love

She felt so sinful, so guilty, that the only thing left for her to do was to humble herself and beg to be forgiven; now she had no one in her life

but him, so she addressed her plea for forgiveness to him too. As she looked at him she felt her own humiliation physically, and could say nothing further. But what he felt was what a murderer must feel looking at the body he has deprived of life. The body he had deprived of life was *their love—the first period of their love*. There was something horrifying and repulsive in the recollection of what had been paid for this dreadful price of shame. The shame she felt at her own spiritual nakedness crushed her, and communicated itself to him. But in spite of all the murderer's horror in the face of the murdered body, that body had to be cut in pieces and hidden away; the murderer had to make use of what had gained by the murder. (Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

戕害爱情的代价

她感觉到这样罪孽深重，这言行难辞其咎，除了俯首求饶以外，再没有别的办法了；而现在她在生活中除了他以外再没有别的人，所以她恳求饶恕也只好向他恳求。望着他，她肉体上感到她的屈辱，她再没有什么话好说了。他呢，却觉得如同一个谋杀犯看见被他夺去生命的尸体时的感觉一样。那被他夺去生命的尸体就是他们的恋爱，他们的恋爱的初期。一想起为此而付出的羞耻这种可怕的代价，就有些可怖和可憎的地方。她由于自己精神上的赤裸裸状态而痛切感到的羞耻之情，也感染了他。但是不管谋杀者对于遭到他毒手的尸体感到如何恐怖，他还是不能不把那尸体砍成碎块，藏匿起来，还是不能不享受通过谋杀得来之物。 (周扬 译)

He Had Hurt a Woman

While he was thinking duly of this in some less sensitized part of his brain, his acuter faculties were going over and over the cries he had heard in the orchard. Terror was the only thing that kept him from going back to her, terror that she might still be she, that she might still be suffering. A woman, mutilated and bleeding in his orchard—it was because it was a woman that he was so afraid. It was inconceivable that he should have hurt a woman. He would rather be eaten by wild beasts than see her move on the ground as she had moved in the orchard. Why had she been so careless? She knew he was like a crazy man when he was angry. She had more than once taken that gun away from him and held it, when he was angry with other people. . . . There was a wrench in Frank's mind. He did not honestly believe that of her. He knew that he was doing her wrong. He

stopped his horse to admit this to himself the more directly, to think it out the more clearly. He knew that he was to blame.

(Willa Cather, *O Pioneers!*)

他竟然杀死了一个女人

当他不太清醒的头脑迟钝地考虑着这件事时，他那比较机敏的感官又回响起了刚才果园里的惨叫。恐怖是使他不敢走到她跟前去的唯一原因，他害怕她可能还是她那个样子，害怕她依然在受罪。一个女人，一个肢体残缺，鲜血淋漓的女人躺在他的果园里——正因为她是个女人，他才如此害怕。简直不可思议，他竟然杀死了一个女人。他宁愿叫野兽把自己吃掉，也不愿目睹她在果园里的草地上爬着。她为什么这样粗心大意呢？她明明知道，当他生气时，他就像一个疯子。他和别人生气时，她不止一次地把枪从他手中夺去，紧握在她自己的手中……富兰克心头感到一阵剧痛。说真的，他不相信她能做出这种蠢事来。他只觉得他对她心里有亏，对她犯了罪。他停下马，对自己更加直截了当地承认这一点，更加明白地想通了这一点。他知道自己应该受到谴责和惩罚。 (宋运田 任湘 译)

Remorse for Hanging a Cat

One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a hoose around its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree—hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart—hung it because I knew that it had loved me, and because I felt it had given me no reason of offence—hung it because I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin—a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it—if such a thing were possible—even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Black Cat*)

为吊死一只猫而悔恨

一天早晨，我昧着良心将绞索勒住了猫的脖子，然后将它吊在树枝上——我吊死了它，一边还泪如泉涌，痛心悔恨；我吊死它，就因为我知道它曾经爱过我，就因为我觉得它从来未伤害过我；我吊死它，因为我明知这么做是在作孽犯罪——罪大恶极，会要危及我那永生的灵魂——倘若灵魂可能不灭——即使是慈悲浩荡，至亲至敬的上帝也无法救赎我。 (唐荫荪 译)

20. Desire 欲望

Tantalizing Thoughts

He was full of the most tantalizing thoughts about how wonderful it would be if only he were permitted to hold her close, kiss her mouth, bite her, even. To cover her mouth with his! To smother her with kisses! To crush and pet her pretty figure! She would look at him at moments with deliberate, swimming eyes, and he actually felt a little sick and weak—almost nauseated. (Theodore Dreiser, *An American Tragedy*)

痒得难熬的念头

他心中充满了一些痒得难熬的念头，老想着他如果能紧紧地拥抱她，吻她的嘴，甚至咬她，那该是多么美妙啊。用自己的嘴吻着她的嘴！吻得她喘不过气来！搂紧她那姣美的身子，抚爱她！她有时候故意用那双水汪汪的眼睛望着他，这实在使他感觉到有点发晕、有点发软，几乎难受得作呕。

（许汝祉 译）

A Desire as an Insane Possessiveness

Again Michael for that shortness of breath, that flooding through his body of something that was not so much desire as an insane possessiveness. He understood for the first time the classical jealousy of the Italian male...He wanted to own her as wildly as a miser wants to own gold coins, as hungrily as a sharecropper wants to own his own land.

(Mario Puzo, *The God Father*)

如痴似呆的占有欲

迈克尔又感到上气不接下气了，在他全身汹涌澎湃的，与其说是渴望，还不如说是如痴似呆的占有欲。他头一次体会到了意大利男子的那种名不虚传的贪婪心理……他想要占有她，如疯似癫得就像守财奴想要占有金币一样；如饥似渴得就像地主想要占有耕地一样。

（周汉林 译）

Unsatisfactory Wanting

And he was unsatisfied, unfulfilled, he raged in torment, wanting, wanting. It was for her to satisfy him: then let her do it. Let her not come with flowery handfuls of innocent love. He would throw these aside and trample the flowers to nothing. He would destroy her flowery, innocent

bliss. Was he not entitled to satisfaction from her, and was not his heart all raging desire, his soul a black torment of unfulfilment. Let it be fulfilled in him, then, as it was fulfilled in her. He had given her her fulfilment. Let her rise up and do her part.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

得不到满足的欲望

可他却没有得到满足,仍然不满足,他被折磨得发疯,一个幼儿地渴望、渴望。她应该满足他,应该这样。少来鲜花一样纯洁的爱吧,他会把这些都抛到一边去,把它们踩得稀烂,从而毁灭她美丽、纯洁的祝福。难道他不配从她这里得到满足?难道他的心头没有激荡起欲望?难道他的灵魂不是因为不满足而遭受着冥冥的折磨?让他得到满足吧,就像她得到了满足一样。他让她满足了,那就让她站起来尽她的责任吧。 (毕冰宾 石磊 译)

Wild Desire to Live

It is said that passion makes one think in a circle. Certainly with hideous iteration the bitten lips of Dorian Gray shaped and reshaped those subtle words that dealt with soul and sense, till he had found in them the full expression, as it were, of his mood, and justified, by intellectual approval, passions that without such justification would still have dominated his temper. From cell to cell of his brain crept the one thought; and the wild desire to live, most terrible of all man's appetites, quickened into force each trembling nerve and fibre. Ugliness that had once been hateful to him because it made things real, became clear to him now for that very reason. Ugliness was the one reality. The coarse brawl, the loathsome den, the disordered life, the very vileness of thief and outcast, were more vivid, in their intense actuality of impression, than all the gracious shapes of Art, the dreamy shadows of Song. They were what he needed for forgetfulness. In three days he would be free.

(Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*)

强烈的求生欲望

据说,在强烈的欲望支配下,人的念头会不停地打转。果然,道连·葛雷咬得牙痕累累的嘴唇顽固地翻来覆去念叨着关于灵魂与感官的那句神秘的话,直到认为这两句话确已充分表达他的心情并从理性上承认他的欲望是正当的;其实,即使不承认,欲望照样主宰着他的情绪。这个念头从一个脑细胞潜

入另一个脑细胞;强烈的生的欲望——人类一切欲念中最可怕的一种——加速着每一条神经、每一根毫毛的颤动。丑恶的阴暗面由于使人面对现实而一度为他所憎恨,如今却由于同样的原因而使他感到亲切。丑恶的阴暗面现在是唯一的现实。粗野的詈骂、下流的巢窟、放荡的生活、卑劣的盗贼和无赖,就它给人的印象和强烈而言,胜过一切优美的艺术形式,胜过一切仙乐幻境。这正是他追求忘怀所需要的。三天之内他便将获得解脱。 (荣如德 译)

Yearning for Her Lips

As he gazed at her and listened, his thoughts grew daring. He reviewed all the wild delight of the pressure of her hand in his at the door, and longed for it again. His gaze wandered often towards her lips, and he yearned for them hungrily. But there was nothing gross or earthly about this yearning. It gave him exquisite delight to watch every movement and play of those lips as they enunciated the words she spoke; yet they were not ordinary lips such as all men and women had. Their substance was not mere human clay. They were lips of pure spirit, and his desire for them seemed absolutely different from the desire that had led him to other women's lips. He could kiss her lips, rest his own physical lips upon them, but it would be with the lofty and awful fervor with which one would kiss the robe of God. He was not conscious of this transvalutation of values that had taken place in him, and was unaware that the light that shone in his eyes when he looked at her was quite the same light that shines in all men's eyes when the desire of love is upon them.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

亲吻的欲望

他边望着她边听她讲,心里想法变得大胆起来。他回味着在门口握着她的手时所感到的欣喜若狂的心情,恨不得再握一次。他的目光时不时停在她嘴唇上,如饥似渴地向往着它们。然而它们不是一般男女的那种平常的嘴唇。它们的实质不是凡人的血肉。它们是纯属灵的嘴唇,而他对它们的欲望也与他对其他女人的嘴唇的欲望截然不同,像人们亲吻上帝的圣袍一样。他没有意识到自己的心中产生了这种价值转换,没意识到当他望着好时,他眼睛里闪烁着的光芒,正是人们心中充满爱情欲望时眼睛里所闪烁的那种光芒。

(洁岩 译)

21. Hallucination 幻觉

Ridiculous Fancy

And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity: an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn: a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*)

极其荒谬的幻觉

大概也仅仅是由于这个缘故，所以当我的目光离开水中的倒影，抬头重新看着房子的时候，脑海中出现了一种奇怪的幻觉——确是极其荒谬的幻觉，我提到它只是为了说明压迫我的那种感情的力量是多么活跃。在我的想象中，我好像真的看到，从朽木灰墙里，从静悄悄的小湖上，散发出一种神秘的、令人讨厌的雾气。这种雾气呈铅灰色，阴沉呆滞、隐隐约约，笼罩着整幢房子及其四周，这种特别的雾气同天空的大气没有任何关系，只有这幢房子及周围附近才有。

(沈关荣 译)

An Imaginary Ubiquitous Fiend

He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him; and, pictured as hopping on behind him, bolt upright, upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side—perhaps taking his arm—it was a pursuer to shun. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fiend too, for, while it was making the whole night behind him dreadful, he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys, fearful of its coming hopping out of them like a dropsical boy's Kite without tail and wings. It hid in doorways too, rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors, and drawing them up to its ears, as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

无处不在的恶鬼

他真认为他看到的那口棺材在后面追他;想象着那口棺材在他后面,窄的一头着地,直挺挺竖着跳跳蹦蹦,总是差一点就要赶上他,跳到他身边——也许还拉住他的胳膊——那是必须躲避的追逐者。那也是反复无常、无处不在的恶鬼,因为,它使得他身后的整个黑夜变得很可怕,他冲上大道,避开黑胡同,怕它像个无尾无翅的肿胀的儿童风筝似的从黑胡同跳出来。它也藏在门口,把它那可怕的肩膀在门上蹭着,把双肩耸到耳朵上,仿佛在大笑。它跳进路上的阴影,狡猾地仰躺着,要绊倒他。 (石永礼 赵文娟 译)

Close to Nothingness

Phoebus, the sunshine, noonday, fresh air, dancing to applause, sweet prattling of love with the officer, all that indeed still ran through her mind, sometimes as a goldan, lilting vision, sometimes as a shapeless nightmare; but now it was just a vague, horrible struggle fading into the darkness, or distant music playing up there above ground, no longer audible at the depths to which the unfortunate girl had fallen.

Since she had been down there she had been neither awake nor asleep. In such misfortune, in such a dungeon, she could no longer distinguish sleeping from waking, dream from reality, day from night. It was all mixed up, broken, drifting, scattered in confusion in her mind. At most she dreamed. Never had a living creature come so close to nothingness.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

沉陷在空幻之中

孚比斯,阳光,中午,户外生活,巴黎的大街小巷,在掌声中跳舞,向那军官款款细语诉说爱情,一一掠过她的心头,历历在目,有时好像歌唱着的金色的幻影,有时好像奇形怪状的噩梦。但是,现在,这一切仿佛只是一场可怕的虚渺的斗争,陡然消失在黑暗之中,只是遥远的音乐,高高在空中演奏,然而在这苦命姑娘坠落的深渊里再也不能听见。

自从来到这里,她一直非睡非醒。在这场灾难中,在这间牢房里,她再也不能区分清醒和睡眠、梦幻和现实,正如再也不能区分昼与夜。这一切都混杂、破碎、漂浮、混乱地扩散在她心里。她不再有感觉,不再有知识,不再有思想。充其量,她只是在做梦。从来没有任何生灵像她这样深深沉陷在空幻之中。 (管震湖 译)

A Terrible Illusion

Crowding up with these reflections came the reflection that I had seen him with my childish eyes to be a desperately violent man; that I had heard that other convict reiterate that he had tried to murder him; that I had seen him down in the ditch, tearing and fighting like a wild beast. Out of such remembrances I brought into the light of the fire, a half-formed terror that it might not be safe to be shut up there with him in the dead of the wild solitary night. This dilated until it filled the room, and impelled me to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful burden.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

可怕的幻影

种种遐想纷至沓来,后来又浮起另一个想法——想起童年时代亲眼看见他是个不顾死活的凶狠汉子,亲耳听见那另一个逃犯一再数说他要杀害自己,还亲眼看见他在水沟里和另一个逃犯扭打,厉害得像野兽一样。这样回忆着,似乎看见壁炉的火光里隐隐约约出现了一个可怕的影子——在这样一个风雨肆虐、更深人静的夜里,和这样一个人住在一起,恐怕不大安全吧。那可怕的影子不断扩大,终于笼罩了整个我,再也坐不住了,只好拿起一支来蜡烛,到隔壁屋里去瞧瞧我那个要命的包袱。 (王科一 译)

Sweet Rest in the Grave

And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness! their flames were went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *Pit and Pendulum*)

地狱的安宁

当时,有一种思想像一支圆润的乐曲偷偷潜入我的幻想:我认为躺在坟墓里面该是一种很香甜的休息。这种思想轻轻地、不声不响地溜进来,好像它溜进来好久我才完全知道;但正当我思想上终于真正感觉到它并对它发生兴趣

时，那些法官的身影魔术般地从我面前消失了；高高的蜡烛也不复存在，它们的火焰完全熄灭了；接着便是一片漆黑；一切感觉都像是灵魂在猛地往下沉，一直被卷进地狱。接着就一片宁静，一片死寂，整个世界都是一片黑暗。

（唐荫荪　邓英杰　丁放鸣　译）

Recurring of the Past

One day she was picking her path among the puddles and crushed refuse of a market street in a strange city of a strange country, when without warning, plain and clear in its true colors as if she looked through a frame upon a scene that had not stirred nor changed since the moment it happened, the episode of that far-off day leaped from its burial place before her mind's eye. She was so reasonlessly horrified she halted suddenly staring, the scene before her eyes dimmed by the vision back of them. An Indian vendor had help up before her a tray of dyed sugar sweets, in the shapes of all kinds of small creatures: birds, baby chicks, baby rabbits, lambs, baby pigs. They were in gay colors and smelled of vanilla, maybe.... It was a very hot day and the smell in the market, with its piles of raw flesh and wilting flowers, was like the mingled sweetness and corruption she had smelled that other day in the empty cemetery at home: the day she had remembered always until now vaguely as the time she and her brother had found treasure in the opened graves. Instantly upon this thought the dreadful vision faded, and she saw clearly her brother, whose childhood face she had forgotten, standing again in the blazing sunshine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes, turning the silver dove over and over in his hands.

（Katherine Anne Porter, *The Old Order*）

往事再现

一天，她在一个陌生国家陌生城市的一条菜市街上，正在泥坑和压碎的垃圾当中觅路走的时候，那桩陈年往事又冷不防地从深深埋葬的地方蹦出来，出现在她的脑海里，清晰而鲜明，保留着原来的色彩，叫她觉得好像面对画框里的一幅景色，自从画中描绘的事情发生以后就一直既没动过、也没变过似的。她莫名其妙地吓了一跳，蓦地张大眼睛站住，一阵幻觉把眼前的景象搞模糊了。一个印第安小贩正在眼前举起一盘小动物形状的染色糖块，鸟儿啦，小鸡啦，兔崽儿啦，小绵羊啦，猪仔啦。它们都染着鲜艳的色彩，散发着香草味儿，莫非……这天天气酷热，集市上一堆堆生肉和发蔫的花朵散发出来的气味，就

跟她那天在家乡空荡荡的墓里所闻到的那股腐烂和芬芳掺混的气味完全一样，那天的情景，她至今还依稀记得，当时她跟哥哥正在那些坟坑里搜寻宝藏。一想到这事，可怖的景象便消失了，她又清晰地看见哥哥，他那童年的脸盘儿她早已忘记，如今他又站在灼热的阳光下，还是十二岁那副模样，两眼流露得意而从容的微笑，一再在他手里翻弄着那只银鸽子。（鹿金 译）

Dream-Fantasy

There was the same feeling of unreality about this as before, a sort of dream-fantasy, a state of somnambulism, yet with over-all awareness. The chip-chip of footsteps along the cement garage-driveway that were someone else's, yet were her own-sounding from under her. It was as though she had experienced a violent personality split, and one of her selves, aghast and helpless, watched a phantom murderess issue from the cleavage and start out upon her deadly quest. She could only pace this dark thing, this other self, could not recapture nor reabsorb it, once loosed. Hence (perhaps) the detached objectivity of the footsteps, the mirror-like reproduction of her own movements.

(Cornell Woolrich, *I Married a Dead Man*)

如梦隔世的感觉

在这么做时，她又同先前一样产生了一种不真实的感觉；一种恍恍惚惚如梦隔世的感觉，一种梦游的状态，然而她整个人的神志却是异常的清醒。在水泥的车库道上发出的咯吱咯吱的脚步声听起来像是另外一个人的，然而却是她自己的——就从她自己的脚下发出。这就好像她的躯体经历了一场激烈的分裂，一半是她自己的，惊恐万分孤苦无助，看着一个幽灵似的女谋杀犯从躯体的分裂处出来，开始去执行她要处死一个人的请求。她只能与自身的这另一半，这个黑色的幽灵步履一致，可一旦它分裂出去后，她就既无法控制，也无法把它再度召回。（或许）这样客观上便使她听到了两种脚步声，像看镜子一样看到了自己一切活动的映像。（孙予 译）

22. Dream 梦境

Dreaming of a Brilliant Future

There, the courtesan faded imperceptibly. At my side, I had a young and beautiful woman whom I loved, by whom I was loved and whose name was Marguerite; the shapes of the past dissolved and the future was free of

clouds. The sun shone on my mistress as brightly as it would have shone on the purest fiancée. Together we strolled through delightful glades which seemed as though they were deliberately designed to remind you of lines by Lamartine and make you hum tunes by Scudo. Marguerite was wearing a white dress. She leaned on my arm. Beneath the starry evening sky, she repeated the words she had said to me the previous night, and in the distance the world went on turning without casting its staining shadow over the happy picture of our youth and love.

Such was the dream that day's burning sun brought me through the leafy trees...

(Alexandre Dumas fils, *La Dame aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

梦想光明的未来

妓女的形象在这里渐渐消失了。我身旁是一个叫做玛格丽特的年轻美貌的女人,我爱她,她也爱我,过去的一切已经没有痕迹,未来是一片光明。太阳就像照耀着一个最纯洁的未婚妻那样照耀着我的情妇。我们双双在这富有诗意的地方散步,这些地方仿佛造得故意让人回忆起拉马丁的诗句和斯居杜的歌曲。玛格丽特穿一件白色的长裙,斜依在我的胳臂上。晚上,在繁星点点的苍穹下,她向我反复絮叨着她前一天对我说的话。远处,城市仍在继续它喧闹的生活。我们的青春和爱情的欢乐景象丝毫不受它的沾染。

这就是那天灼热的阳光穿过树叶的空隙给我带来的梦境……

(王振孙 译)

Meeting a Young Prince in Dream

And then she dreamed she was walking by a brook bordered with trees, and lamenting her sad fate, when a young prince, handsomer than anyone she had ever seen and with a voice that went straight to her heart, came and said to her, "Ah, Beauty, you are not so unfortunate as you suppose...for I love you dearly, and in making me happy you will find your own happiness. But as true-hearted as you are beautiful, and we shall have nothing left to wish for." (Charles Perrault, *Beauty and the Beast*)

梦遇王子

她梦见自己在两旁长着树木的溪流边散步,为她的悲惨命运而哀伤。这时,有一个年轻的王子跑到她跟前,他的容貌胜过她所曾经见到过的任何人,他说话的声音直接扣动了她的心弦。他对她说,"啊!美女,你并没有像你所

想象的那么不幸……我深深地爱着你。你使我得到幸福，你也就会找到你自己的幸福了。你是美丽的，希望你也是那样的忠诚，这样我们就会万事如意了。"

（胡瑞璋 华钟尧 译）

Dreaming of a Daughter

...do you know, I dream sometimes that I have a little child—always the same—a little girl of about two years old; she never grows older, though I have dreamt about her for many years. I don't think I ever dream of any words or sound she makes; she is very noiseless and still, but she comes to me when she is very sorry or very glad, and I have wakened with the clasp of her dear little arms round my neck.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

梦中宝贝

……你知道吗，我有时候还梦见自己有了个小宝贝——始终是同一个小宝贝——一个约莫两岁的小女孩。她老是那么一点大，虽然我梦见到她已有好多年了。我记得从来没有梦到她会说话，或跟着大人咿呀学语，她非常文静，总是一声不吭。不过，每当她心里不高兴或十分快乐，总会走到我身边，用她那可爱的小手臂搂住我的脖子，使我从睡梦中惊醒过来。

（徐新 顾明栋 译）

Passing into a Happy Region

He dropped off to sleep amid the happier memories of the last two hours—poetry of Ghalib, female grace, good old Hamidullah, good Fielding, his honoured wife and dear boys. He passed into a region where these joys had no enemies but bloomed harmoniously in an eternal garden, or ran down watershoots of ribbed marble, or rose into domes whereunder were inscribed, black against white, the ninety-nine attributes of God.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

梦游欢乐境界

怀着对过去这两个小时的美好记忆，他迷迷糊糊睡着了。脑子里是：迦利布的诗，女性的温雅，哈米杜拉老友，多好的菲尔丁，他贞洁的妻子和亲爱的儿子。他进入了一个境界。在那里面，没有人对他的欢乐怀有敌意。这种欢乐之花在永恒的花园里和谐地盛开；这种欢乐像泉水一样，在有条纹的大理石上

而奔流;这种欢乐上升到雕有九十九个不同姿态的神的殿宇拱顶上。

(石幼珊 马志行 董冀平 译)

She Dreamed She Had Two Husbands

But in dreams, when she had no power over her own thoughts, her situation appeared to her in all its monstrous nakedness. Almost every night there was one dream that kept returning to her. She dreamed that both of them together were her husbands, and that both lavished caresses on her. Alexis Karenin was weeping as he kissed her hands, and saying: How wonderful it is now! And Alexis Vronsky was also there, and he was her husband too. And she, astonished that this had used to seem impossible to her, was explaining to them with a laugh that this was far simpler and that now they were both pleased and happy. But this dream weighted on her like a nightmare, and she would wake up horrified.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

梦见有两个丈夫

但是在梦里,当她控制不住自己的思想的时候,她的处境就十分丑恶地、赤裸裸地呈现在她眼前。一个同样的梦几乎每夜都缠着她。她梦见两人同时都是她的丈夫,两人都对她滥施爱抚。阿列克谢·亚历山德罗维奇哭泣着,吻着她的手说:"现在多么好呀!"而阿列克谢·弗龙斯基也在那里,他也是她的丈夫。她非常诧异她以前怎么会觉得这是不可能的,而且笑着向他们说明这样真是简单得多了,现在他们两人都快乐和满足。但是这个梦像噩梦似地使她难受,她吓醒了。

(周扬 译)

Tortured by the Nightmare

He sleeps with clenched hands; and wakes with his own bloody nails in his palms.

Often, when forced from his hammock by exhausting and intolerably vivid dreams of the night, which, resuming his own intense thoughts through the day, carried them on amid a clashing of phrensies, and whirled them round and round in his blazing brain, till the very throbbing of his life-spot became insufferable anguish; and when, as was sometimes the case, these spiritual throes in him heaved his being up from its base, and a chasm seemed opening in him, from which forked flames and

lightnings shot up, and accursed fiends beckoned him to leap down among them; when this hell in himself yawned beneath him, a wild cry would be heard through the ship; and with glaring eyes Ahab would burst from his state room, as though escaping from a bed that was on fire.

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

梦魔缠身

他睡觉的时候,双手捏紧拳头,醒来的时候,他的指甲已把掌心掐得鲜血淋漓了。

他往往被非常逼真而消耗精力的夜梦弄得不得不从吊铺上爬起来,这些日有所思、夜有所梦的紧张梦景,又把思潮继续带到如痴如狂的战阵里,在他那熊熊裂火的脑壳里不停地打旋,旋得他那唯一的生命之火激成难抑的苦楚;而且有时候,往往是这般情况,即在他这种精神的苦楚把他弄得魂灵出窍时,他体内就似乎豁成一个大坑,交叉的火光都打坑里射出来,那些该死的恶魔都在招呼他跳下去跟他们在一起;等到他体内这个地狱大张其口的时候,通船便会听到一阵狂叫声;接着,亚哈就瞪着双眼,打他的舱室里冲出来,仿佛是从一只着了火的床铺里逃出来。 (曹庸 译)

The Ringing of Bell and the Bloody Head

The warm room lulled his blood and a deepening sense of fatigue drugged him with sleep. He stretched out more fully on the bed, sighed, turned on his back, swallowed, and closed his eyes. Out of the surrounding silence and darkness came the quiet ringing of a distant church bell, thin, faint, but clear. It tolled, soft, than loud, then still louder, so loud that he wondered where it was. It sounded suddenly directly above his head and when he looked it was not there but went on tolling and with each passing moment he felt an urgent need to run and hide as though the bell were sounding a warning and he stood on a street corner in a red glare of light like that which came from the furnace and he had a big package in his arms so wet and slippery and heavy that he could scarcely hold onto it and he wanted to know what was in the package and he stopped near an alley corner and unwrapped it and the paper fell away and he saw—it was his own head lying with white teeth showing and hair wet with blood and the red glare grew brighter like light shining down from a red moon and red stars on a hot summer night and he was sweating and breathless from running and the bell changed so loud that he could hear the iron tongue

clapping against the metal sides each time it swung to and fro and he was running over a street paved with black coal and his shoes kicked tiny lumps rattling against tin cans and he knew that very soon he had to find some place to hide but there was no place and in front of him white people were coming to ask about the head from which the newspaper had fallen and which was now slippery with blood in his naked hands and—he gave up and stood in the middle of the street in the red darkness and cursed the booming bell and the white people and felt that he did not give a damn what happened to him and when the people closed in he hurdled the bloody head squarely into their faces dongdongdong...

He opened his eyes and looked about him in the darkened room, hearing a bell ring. (Richard Wright, *Native Son*)

钟声和血淋淋的脑袋

温暖的房间缓和了他的血流，一阵越来越厉害的疲乏感给他带来浓重睡意。他在床上把身子伸展得更舒服些，叹了口气，翻身仰卧着，咽了口唾沫，闭上眼睛。从周围的寂静和黑暗中悄悄地传来远处的教堂钟声，声音细小微弱，但很清晰。这钟声开始很轻，但越来越响，最后响得都使他纳闷它究竟来自何处。突然它好像就在头上，等他举目望去，它又不在那儿，但声音却响个不停，而且随着每一秒钟过去，他更觉得有一种迫切的需要想要逃跑躲藏，仿佛那钟声是给他一个警告，他呢，就站在街角，映着一道闪烁的红光，很像是炉子里放射出来的，他怀里还抱着一个很大的纸包，它是那么湿，那么滑，那么重，他几乎抱不住了。他很想知道包里面是什么，因此他在一胡同的拐角处停住脚步，打开纸包，包皮纸掉落下来，他看见——里面包的原来是自己的脑袋——他的脑袋就在那里，脸黑黑的，眼睛半闭着，嘴唇张开着，露出雪白的牙齿，头发血淋淋的，而那红光越来越亮，像是在一个炎热的夏夜从一颗红色的月亮和一群红色的星星照下来的光辉。他浑身冒着汗，奔跑得透不过气来，那钟声又响得那么厉害，他都听得见钟往左右摆动时候它的铁舌撞击金属边缘的声响。他这时已跑到一条街上，那街用黑煤铺路，他的鞋子踢着小小煤块，撞得一些白铁罐叮当作响。他知道很快他就得找一个地方躲起来，但附近没有地方可躲，而他前面有一些白人正在过来，要问他关于脑袋的事，这颗脑袋上面的报纸早已掉下，这时正捧在他两只光着的手中，粘糊糊血淋淋的，他无计可施，就站在街心，站在那红光照映的黑暗中，咒骂着那响个不停的钟声和那些白人，觉得他只好听天由命，什么都不在乎了，等到人们向他围拢来的时候，他就把手中的脑袋对准他们的脸掷去，当当当……

他睁开眼睛，在黑暗的房间里举目四望，听见了钟声。 （施咸荣 译）

23. Terror 恐惧

In Terror No One Can Know

And here he remained in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night-wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger; and springing to his feet, rushed into the open air.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

极端恐惧

他就留在那里,怀着其他任何人不能体会的恐惧,身体的每一部分都在发抖,冷汗从每一个毛孔里沁出来。忽然,夜晚的风传来远处的呼号和杂乱的人声,其中交织着慌乱和惊愕。在这个荒凉冷落的地方听到任何人声,纵使是真正预兆不祥的,对他也是一种安慰。危险临头的前景促使他抖擞精神跳起身来冲出棚子。

(荣如德 译)

White Terror

Castle sat down on the edge of the great white bed, and the white owl glared at him beside the white telephone as if it recognized him as an illegal immigrant who had just perched on the edge of this strange continent of snow—even the walls were white and there was a white rug under his feet. He was afraid—afraid for Sam, afraid for Sarah, afraid for himself—fear poured like an invisible gas from the mouth of the silent telephone. He and all he loved were menaced by the mysterious call. The clamor of voices from the living room seemed now no more than a rumor of distant tribes beyond the desert of snow.

(Graham Greene, *The Human Factor*)

白色恐惧

卡斯尔在这张大白床的边上坐了下来。白色电话机旁边的那只白色的猫头鹰圆睁两眼怒视着他,好像他是一个非法的移民,正停歇在一片奇异的雪的大陆上——甚至四周的墙壁也是白色的,他脚下的地毯也是白色的。他感到害怕了——替萨拉害怕,替萨姆害怕,也替他自己害怕。恐惧就像一种看不见的气体,从这沉默的电话机里喷吐出来。这神秘的电话威胁着他,威胁着他所

有的亲人。现在,起居室里的喧闹声,只不过就像远离这雪的世界的一帮人在喃喃细语。 (尚明 张林 译)

A Trapped Fear

The blows didn't space themselves and wait between. They were aggressive, demanding, continuous. They were already angered, and they were feeding on their own anger with every second's added delay. They drowned out, in her own ears, her second, smothered scream of anguish. A scream that held more real fear in it than even the first one had, in the other room just now. Fear, not of the supernatural now, but of the personal; a fear more immediate, a fear more strong. Agonizing fear, trapped fear such as she'd never known existed before. The fear of losing the thing you love. The greatest fear there is.

(Cornell Woolrich, *I Married a Dead Man*)

备受压抑的恐惧

这阵敲击毫无节制,没有间隔。它们显得毫不松懈、咄咄逼人、连续不断。它们已经在发怒了,随着每一秒的拖延,它们的怒气在不断增加。它们完全盖过了她耳朵里听到的自己第二次发出的闷声闷气的痛苦尖叫。这阵尖叫所包含的痛苦要比刚才在里间发出的第一次痛苦的尖叫显得更真实。现在是一种亲身感受到的恐惧,而不是什么超然物外的恐惧;是一种更为直接,更为强烈的恐惧。是一种非但痛苦而且还得拚命压抑的恐惧,她以前根本就不知道还有这样的恐惧。是失去了你最钟爱的东西时的一种恐惧。是最大的恐惧。

(孙予 译)

A Terrifying Cloud

A thick, black cloud swirled before my eyes, and my mind told me that in this cloud, unseen as yet, but about to spring out upon my appalled senses, lurked all that was vaguely horrible, all that was monstrous and inconceivably wicked in the universe. Vague shapes swirled and swam amid the dark cloud-bank, each a menace and a warning of something coming, the advent of some unspeakable dweller upon the threshold, whose very shadow would blast my soul. A freezing horror took possession of me. I felt that my hair was rising, that my eyes were protruding, that my mouth was opened, and my tongue like leather. The turmoil within my

brain was such that something must surely snap. I tried to scream and was vaguely aware of some hoarse croak which was my own voice, but distant and detached from myself. At the same moment, in some effort of escape, I broke through that cloud of despair and had a glimpse Holmes's face, white, rigid, and drawn with horror—the very look which I had seen upon the features of the dead. It was that version which gave me an instant of sanity and of strength. I dashed from my chair, threw my arms round Holmes, and together we lurched through the door, and an instant afterwards had thrown ourselves down upon the grass plot and were lying side by side, conscious only of the glorious sunshine which was bursting its way through the hellish cloud of terror which had girt us in. Slowly it rose from our souls like the mists from a landscape until peace and reason had returned, and we were sitting upon the grass, wiping our clammy foreheads, and looking with apprehension at each other to mark the last traces of that terrific experience which we had undergone.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of the Devils's Foot*)

令人恐惧的烟雾

我眼前是一片浓黑的烟雾,但我心里还明白,这种虽然是看不见的,却将向我受惊的理性猛扑过来的黑烟里,潜伏着宇宙间一切极其恐怖的、一切怪异而不可思议的邪恶东西。模糊的幽灵在浓黑的烟云中游荡,每一个幽灵都是一种威胁,预感着有什么东西就要出现。一个不知道是谁的人影来到门前,几乎把我的心灵炸裂,一种阴冷的恐怖控制了我。我感到头发竖立起来了,眼睛鼓了出来,口张开着,舌头已经发僵,脑子里一片混乱,似乎有什么东西折断了。我想喊叫,仿佛听见自己的声音是一阵嘶哑的呼唤,离我很遥远,不属于我自己。就在这时,我想到了快跑开,于是冲出了那令人绝望的烟云。我一眼看见福尔摩斯的脸由于恐怖而苍白、僵硬、呆板——我看到的是死人般的一副模样。正是这一景象在顷刻之间使我神志清醒,给了我力量。我撂开椅子,跑过去抱住福尔摩斯。我们两人一起歪歪倒倒地出了房门。过了一会儿,我们躺倒在外面的草地上。只感觉到明亮的阳光射透那股曾经围困我们的地狱般的恐怖烟云。烟云慢慢从我们的心灵中消散,就像雾气从山水间消失一样,直到平静和理智又回归到我们身上。我们坐在草地上,擦了擦我们又冷又湿的前额。两人满怀忧虑地互相看望着、端详我们经历这场险遇所留下的最后的痕迹。

(岳文楚 周可 等译)

A Horror of Great Darkness

A horror of this great darkness came on me. The cold, that smote to my marrow, and the pain I felt of breathing, overcame me. I shivered, and a deadly nausea seized me. Then like a red-hot bow in the sky appeared the edge of the sun. I got off the machine to recover myself. I felt giddy and incapable of facing the return journey. As I stood sick and confused I saw again the moving thing upon the shoal—there was no mistake now that it was a moving thing—against the red water of the sea. It was a round thing, the size of a football perhaps, or it may be, bigger, and tentacles trailed down from it; it seemed black against the weltering blood-red water, and it was hopping fitfully about. Then I felt I was fainting. But a terrible dread of lying helpless in that remote and awful twilight sustained me while I clambered upon the saddle.

(H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*)

害怕黑暗

这种极度的黑暗使我感到恐怖。我完全陷入冷入骨髓和连呼吸都感困难的境地中。我一阵寒栗,感到恶心欲吐。接下来太阳像是一支赤热的弓出现了。我走下机器想自我恢复一下。我头晕得没法再经受这归程了。我正站在那儿又恶心又心慌意乱时,又看到海滩上活动着的东西了——一点没错,是会动的东西——就在红色的海水边上。是一个圆形的东西,大约有足球那么大,或者还大一点,拖着一些触手;在波涛起伏的血红色的水边,它看起来像是黑色的欻欻停停地在四周跳跃着。然后我觉得我要昏过去了。可是一想到要孤孤单单地躺在那遥远而可怕的黄昏里,不禁使我感到极度的恐怖,这就支撑我重新爬上了鞍座。

(沈师光 译)

Afraid of Staying in the House

Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house: the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighourhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlour floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be resolved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek

help in the neighouring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Bare-headed as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*)

不敢待在家中

看来,我们俩谁也不敢再待在家里:炉栅内煤块落下的声音,甚至时钟的滴答声,都使我们胆战心惊。我们老是觉得周围有自远而近的脚步声。想到船长的尸体在客厅的地板上,而那个面目可憎的盲丐就在这里附近,随时可能回来,我有好几次像俗话所说的那样寒毛都竖了起来。必须当机立断。我们终于决定一起到附近的村子里去求援。说做就做。我们连帽子也没戴,立刻跑出店门,冲向苍茫的暮霭和寒冷的浓雾。 (荣如德 译)

Supreme Horror of the Premature Burial

In all that I endured there was no physical suffering, but of moral distress an infinitude. My fancy grew charnel. I talked "of worms, of tombs, and epitaphs." I was lost in reveries of death, and the idea of premature burial held continual possession of my brain. The ghastly Danger to which I was subjected haunted me day and night. In the former, the torture of meditation was excessive—in the latter, supreme. When the grim Darkness over-spread the Earth, then, with every horror of thought, I shook—shook as the quivering plumes upon the hearse. When Nature could endure wakefulness no longer, it was with a struggle that I consented to sleep—for I shuddered to reflect that, upon awakening, I might find myself the tenant of a grave. And when, finally, I sank into slumber, it was only to rush at once into a world of phantasms, above which, with vast, sable, overshadowing wing, hovered, predominant, the one sepulchral Idea.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Premature Burial*)

对活埋的极端恐惧

总之,我承受的并非肉体的痛苦,而是一种无边的精神折磨。我的想象变得鬼气森森。我嘟囔着"蠕虫、坟墓和墓志铭",陷入了死亡的幻想之中,而活埋的念头像是魔鬼附体一般,屡屡缠附在我的心头。我所害怕的这个可怖的危险弄得我日夜提心吊胆。对死亡的冥想本已使我饱受折磨,而对活埋的恐怖更使我痛苦得无以复加。当阴森狰狞的黑暗笼罩大地,我就在那种极为恐怖的想象中瑟瑟抖动起来——抖得像是棺架上的羽毛一般,当身躯不堪忍受这种觉醒状态时,我竭力要让自己入睡,因为醒着就可能发现自己住在坟墓

甲。一想到这点，我就颤抖不已。而最终当我沉沉入睡之后，只不过是立刻撞进了一个鬼影憧憧的世界而已，那同一个阴森的幻想，张开巨大的、乌黑的、遮天蔽地的翅翼，凶猛地翱翔在那世界的上空。 （唐荫荪 译）

The Horror of Unavoidable Destruction

A terrible feeling like a nightmare took possession of him, and all the unlucky accidents that might destroy him occurred to his mind. The Russians might fall on his left wing, might break through his centre, he might be killed by a stray cannon-ball. All this was possible. In former battles he had only considered the possibilities of success, but now innumerable unlucky chances presented themselves, and he expected them all. Yes, it was like a dream in which a man fancies that a ruffian is coming to attack him, and raises his arm to strike that ruffian a terrible blow which he knows should annihilate him, but then feels that his arm drops powerless and limb like a rag, and the horror of unavoidable destruction seizes him in his helplessness.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise Maude and Aylmer Maude)

对不可避免的死亡的恐惧

一种可怕的感觉像梦魇一般支配了他，他想起了一切会毁掉他的不幸的变故。俄国人可能攻破他的左翼，可能突破他的中军，他自己可能被一颗流弹打死。这一切都是可能的。在先前的战役中，他只考虑胜利的可能性，但是这时无数不幸的偶然性显现了，他预料到这一切。是的，这像一场梦，在这场梦中，一个人梦见一个暴徒来打他，于是举起胳臂来，给那个暴徒可怕的一击，他知道这一击一定会消灭他，但是后来觉出他的胳臂无力地垂下来，软得像一块破布，于是那不可避免的灭亡的恐怖在他无可奈何中支配了他。

（董秋斯 译）

Fear in Ascending a Height

Ten rungs further up he began to sweat more violently than ever. His hands were covered with wet rust. Another flake of rust fell on his forehead, and this time it stuck in the wetness. Fear was draining his strength, just when his dangerous position needed extra physical effort. At each step upward his body weighed more heavily and hung from his arms like a sack of lead. Every muscle ached. His legs no longer gave enough

support and seemed to need their remaining strength just to keep close to the ladder. The wind blew more strongly. It dragged at his coat, it blew at him from all sides, and made him feel more lonely than ever. 'Don't look down,' the blood whispered in his forehead. 'Don't look down. For God's sake, don't look down.' (William Sansom, *The Vertical Ladder*)

登高的恐惧

又爬上十个梯阶之后,他就开始大汗淋漓了。双手沾满了汗糊糊的铁锈。又一片铁锈落在他的额头上,这一次它让汗水粘住了。就在他亟须体力的生死关头,恐惧耗尽了他的体力。每爬一阶,他的身子就沉重了一些,像一口袋铅似地挂在他两条胳膊上。全身肌肉都在疼。他的两条腿再也支撑不住了,而且就是为了能紧贴着梯子,这两条腿似乎也需要它们剩下的一点力量来维持。这时候风吹得更猛了。风拽着他的上衣;风从四面八方朝他吹来,使他感到比任何时候都孤单。"别望下看。"血冲到头上,低声地对他说。"别往下看。老天爷啊,别往下看。" (刘若端 译)

24. Squeamishness 神经质

Inexpressible Feeling

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St. John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick; I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited while the flesh quivered on my bones.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

难以言表的感觉

整所房子寂静无声;我相信,除了圣约翰和我自己,所有的人都安息了。一支蜡烛正在渐渐熄灭,屋子里充满了月光。我的心急速而剧烈地跳着;我听见它的跳动。一种无法表达的感觉使心突然停下了,不仅使心整个战栗起来,而且一下子就传到了我的头和四肢。这种感觉不像电击,但是像电击一样锐利、奇怪和惊人;它在我的感官上起了作用,仿佛在这以前感官的极度活动只不过是昏睡,直到现在感官才被从昏睡中叫出来、并且强迫醒来。它们起来期

望着;眼睛和耳朵等候着,而肌肉却在我的骨头上发抖。 (祝庆英 译)

The Stings of Conscience

That pale, loving mother,—her dying prayers, her forgiving love,—wrought in that demoniac heart of sin only as a damning sentence, bringing with it a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. Legree burned the hair, and burned the letter; and when he saw them hissing and crackling in the flame, inly shuddered as he thought of everlasting fires. He tried to drink, and revel, and swear away the memory; but often, in the deep night, whose solemn stillness arraigns the bad soul in forced communion with herself, he had seen that pale mother rising by his bedside, and felt the soft twining of that hair around his fingers, till the cold sweat would roll down his face, and he would spring from his bed in horror.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

良心的谴责

那苍白、慈爱的母亲,她临终前的祷告以及宽恕儿子的爱心,竟像阎王的催命符那样折磨着雷格里狠毒、罪恶的心灵,使他意识到:可怕的最后审判和雷霆般的神怒正在追踪他。雷格里把母亲的头发和信都付之一炬。当他看见那两样东西在火里烧得发出嗞嗞声和噼啪声时,忽然想起了烈火地狱,心里感到不寒而栗。他成天饮酒作乐,咒天骂人,想这样来忘掉这件事。然而,每当夜深人静之际(肃穆的夜色往往迫使做了亏心事的人受到良心的谴责),他往往看见形容苍白的母亲在他床边出现,感觉到那绺柔软的头发缠着他的手指头,每每吓得从床上跳起来,头上冷汗直流。 (黄继忠 译)

Sheer Nervousness

... remembering certain dreadful rumours which he had heard of prisoners secretly drugged with belladonna that notes might be taken of their ravings, he gradually became afraid to sleep or eat; and if a mouse ran past him in the night, would start up drenched with cold sweat and quivering with terror, fancying that someone was hiding in the room to listen if he talked in his sleep. The gendarmes were evidently trying to entrap him into making some admission which might compromise Bolla; and so great was his fear of slipping, by any inadvertency, into a pitfall, that he was really in danger of doing so through sheer nervousness.

(E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

极度紧张

……他听犯人们讲，当局经常给犯人服用颠茄，这样，在他们神经错乱时所说的胡话，就被当局一一记录下来作为佐证。他慢慢地连吃饭和睡觉都不敢了；深夜有只老鼠从他身边跑过，他会突然惊醒，出一身冷汗，吓得浑身发抖，生怕有人真的躲在屋子里偷听他的梦呓。很明显，那些宪兵们正企图设下圈套，诱出他的口供以致牵连波拉。他十分担心自己会由于疏忽大意而钻进他们的圈套，他神经总是处于极度紧张的状态，说不定真会有说梦话的危险了。（司仁 译）

Seeming to See That Rogue

A'most the whole time, she thowt,—now that him as I made mention on just now was lurking for her underneath the winder: now that him as had brought her to this was in the room,—and cried to the good young woman not to give her up, and know'd at the same time, that she couldn't understand, and dreaded that she must be took away. Likewise the fire was afore her eyes, and the roarings in her ears; and there was no to-day, nor yesterday, nor yet to-morrow; but everything in her life as ever had been, or as ever could be, and everything as never had been, and as never could be, was a crowding on her all at once, and nothing clear nor welcome. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

难以摆脱的魔影

在所有那段时间里，她都几乎老认为一会儿是我刚才提的那个家伙就在窗户外面匿着要抓她，一会儿又是把她糟蹋成这样子的那个坏东西跑到屋里——她就对那位好心眼的年轻女人嘱咐，说千万别把她交出去，同时可又知道，她的话没人懂，一心害怕，她一定会叫人拖走。她像在梦里一样，眼前老是火光，耳边老是叫号！也没有今儿，也没有昨儿，也没有明儿，但是所有她这一辈子里出的事儿，可能出的事儿，所有她这一辈子里没出的事儿，也不可能出的事儿，都一齐来到她的脑子里，她什么也不清楚，什么也不欢迎。

（张谷若 译）

25. Hysteria 歇斯底里

Complain of Her Children

"Books!" cried the elder lady indignantly—"book, when the whole house wants bread; book, when to keep you and your son in luxury, and

your dear father out of jail, I've sold every trinket I had—the India shawl from my back, even down to the very spoons...O Amelia, you break my heart with your books and that boy of yours, whom you are ruining, though part with him you will not. O Amelia, may God send you a more dutiful child than I have had! There's Jos deserts his father in his old age, and there's George, who might be provided for, and who might be rich, going to school like a lord, with a gold watch and chain round his neck; while my dear, dear old man is without a sh-shilling." Hysteric sobs and cries ended Mrs. Sedley's speech.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

苦诉

老太太立刻发作起来,嚷嚷道:"故事书!家里面包都没有,你还买书!我为着把你跟你那儿子供养的舒服,为着叫你亲爱的爸爸不至于坐监牢,把自己的首饰和常披的印度羊毛披肩都卖光了。连匙子也卖了……唉,爱米丽亚!你一天到晚顾着儿子,又买什么故事书,真把我活活气死了。儿子给你宠得不成样子,你还死拉住他不放。唉,爱米丽亚!但愿你福气比我好,上帝会赏个孝顺孩子给你。如今你爹上了年纪,乔斯反而不顾他了。乔杰呢,尽有人愿意照顾他,给他钱花。他像大少爷似地上学校,脖子上挂着链子和金表。可怜我亲爱的老伴儿,连一个先——先令都没有。"赛特笠太太越说越苦,止不住号啕大哭起来。

(杨必 译)

The Bursting of Her Grievances

She bursts into tears, declaring herself the wretchedest, the most deceived, the worst-used of women. Then she says that if she had the courage to kill herself, she would do it. Then she calls him vile impostor. Then she asks him why, in the disappointment of his base speculation, he does not take her life with his own hand, under the present favourable circumstances. Then she cries again. Then she is enraged again, and makes some mention of swindlers. Finally, she sits down crying on a block of stone, and is in all the known and unknown humours of her sex at once.

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

情感发泄

她放声大哭,说自己是天下最可怜的女人,是个上了大当、受尽欺骗、遭人百般凌辱的女人。然后她说,假如她有勇气自杀,她一定会那么做的。然后她

把他叫做无耻的骗子。然后她问他,既然他卑鄙的如意算盘落得一场空,为什么他不亲手杀掉她,眼前的环境是这样的方便。然后又哭起来。然后她再发脾气,骂些骗子手等等的话。最后,她坐在一块石头上哭着,一下子把她所有女性的、人家知道的和不知道的情绪全部都表现了出来。 (碧量 译)

A Burning Fury

'If they do not come?' repeated the old man, sobbing. 'Why, I shall be dead before then; I shall die in a fit of rage, of rage! Anger is getting the better of me. I can see my whole life at this minute. I have been cheated! They do not love me—they have never loved me all their lives! It is all clear to me. They have not come, and they will not come. The longer they put off their coming, the less they are likely to give me this joy. I know them. They have never cared to guess my disappointments, my sorrows, my wants; they never cared to know my life; they will have no pre-sentiment of my death; they do not even know the secret of my tenderness for them.'

(Honoré de Balzac, *Old Goriot*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

怒气冲天

"她们再不来,"老人一边大哭一边接了一句,"我要死了,要气疯了,气死了!气已经上来了!现在我把我这一辈子都看清楚了。我上了当!她们不爱我,从来没有爱过我!这是摆明的了。她们这时不来是不会来的了。她们越拖,越不肯给我这个欢乐。我知道她们。我的悲伤,我的痛苦,我的需要,她们从来没体会到一星半点,连我的死也没有想到;我的爱,我的温情,她们完全不了解。" (傅雷 译)

Reprimanding Henry for His Ungratefulness

"Where is my husband?" she broke out. "Give me back my husband, Henry! Why did you stand by at midnight and see him murdered? Why did the traitor escape who did it? You, the champion of our house, who offered to die for us! You that he loved and trusted, and to whom I confided him—you that vowed devotion and gratitude, and I believed you—yes, I believed you—why are you here, and my noble Francis gone? Why did you come among us? You have only brought us grief and sorrow, and repentance, bitter, bitter repentance, as a return for

our love and kindness."

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond*)

痛斥不义之徒

"我的丈夫哪里去了?"她发作起来,"还我的丈夫来,亨利!为什么你半夜里袖手旁观,看着他被人杀害?为什么那个负义卖友的凶手逃脱了?你,你,我们一家的保护人,情愿为我们牺牲性命!你,他曾经爱你,信任你,我把他托付给你——你发过誓对我们忠诚,永不忘恩,而且我一向相信你——是的,我一向相信你——为什么你在这里,而我的高贵的佛兰西斯没有了?当初你为什么到我们家里来?你只是带给我们忧愁和悲伤;还有悔恨,痛切的悔恨,你拿这些来报答我们的情谊和恩惠。" (陈逵 王培德 译)

Hot Fits

He drank more than ever, and he was less inclined for any sort of society. Most of his time he would spend in his room, with the door locked upon the inside, but sometimes he would emerge in a sort of drunken frenzy and would burst out of the house and tear about the garden with a revolver in his hand, screaming out that he was afraid of no man, and that he was not to be cooped up, like a sheep in a pen, by man or devil. When these hot fits were over, however, he would rush tumultuously in the door, and lock and bar it behind him, like a man who can brazen it out no longer against the terror which lies at the roots of his soul. At such times I have seen his face even on a cold day, glisten with moisture as though it were new raised from a basin.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Five Orange Pips*)

阵发性癫狂

他狂喝暴饮更甚于前,并且更加不愿意置身于任何社交场所。他把大部分时间都消磨在自己的屋子里,而且门上还上了锁。他有时又像酒后发狂,手持左轮手枪从屋子里冲出来,在花园中狂奔乱跑,尖声叫喊,说什么他谁也不怕;还说不管是人是鬼,谁也不能把他像绵羊似地圈禁起来。等到这阵突然发作过去以后,他又忐忑不安地急急跑回房间里去,把门锁了起来,还插上门闩,好像一个内心深处充满了恐惧的人,无颜再虚张声势地装下去那样。在这种时刻,我见到他的脸,即使在寒冬腊月,也是冷汗涔涔、湿漉漉的,似乎刚从洗脸盆里抬起头来。 (岳文楚 周可 等译)

Hysteric Reaction at Her Lover's Death

She felt the room spin around her as she saw Harry's face in the distance... John's dead... John's dead... the words were from a bad dream, not reality, this hadn't happened, not to her... again. And suddenly, in the stillness around them, she heard a woman laughing, hysterically, a raucous sound.

"No! No! No!" The shrill laughter turned to sobs as Harry watched her, anxious to explain how he died, but she didn't want to hear it. It didn't matter. She'd been here before. But impervious to what she was feeling, Harry began talking. She wanted to put her fingers in her ears and scream and run. "There was an accident at the camp the day you left. We called the school, but they said there was no way to reach you. Some of those damn college kids lost control of a winch, and a load of trees hit him..." Harry began to cry, and Daphne stared at him with wide eyes. "... broke his back and his neck. He never knew what hit him."

Neither had Jeff. Or so they had said. What difference did it make? What did it matter now? (Daniel Steel, *Once in a Lifetime*)

歇斯底里的哭笑声

当她看到远处哈利的脸,她感到整个屋子都在围着她转。……约翰死了……约翰死了……这是在恶梦中说的呓语,这不是真的,这事没有发生……这事……再也不会发生在她身上。突然间,她听到了一个女人歇斯底里的嘶哑的笑声,这笑声打破了他们周围的沉静。

"不!不!不!"当哈利看着她的时候,焦急地向她讲述他是怎么死的时候,这刺耳的笑声变成了抽咽,她不想听。这没关系。她以前就在这里。但哈利不管她感觉如何,开始讲了起来。她想拿手堵住耳朵,她想喊,她想跑开。"你离开那天校园里出了事。我们给学校打电话,他们说没法找到你。学校里的一些傻小子没控制住绞车,一捆树干砸在了他身上……"哈利开始大叫,达芬目瞪口呆地看着他,"……砸折了他的背和脖子。他永远也无法知道是什么东西砸中了他。"

杰佛也不知道。或者他们就是这么说的。这有什么不一样?现在又管什么事呢? (洁岩 译)

26. Impulsiveness 心血来潮

Awash with Love

Gleb was surprised: her cruel joke had not hurt him. She was testing

him—at a time when it was impossible not to be straight with her, when he would have to show whether he was a human being or an animal. The one thing he felt then was that Dasha had become more to him than just a wife, that his heart was awash with tenderness for her, as if he had found a new friend. He wanted to cry for love of her and to prove somehow—anyhow—that her happiness was the most important thing in his world.

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

爱的冲动

格列勃吃了一惊,心里想,达莎是不会用这样恶毒的笑话来伤他的心的。这是在试探他,是趁这时候试探他,因为这时候他不能说违心的话,他势必要表示出,自己是一个人或者是一头兽。在这片刻里,他只觉得达莎不仅仅是一个妻子,她已经变得比妻子更加可爱,他被柔情激动,倾心于她,像倾心于一个以前不曾有过的新朋友。由于热爱她,他很想哭一场,不惜用任何代价来证明,她的幸福对他比世上一切东西都宝贵。 (叶冬心 译)

A Disorderly Rush in the Heart

When I think of my condition at the age of fifty-five when I bought the ticket, all in grief. The facts begin to crowd me and soon I get a pressure in the chest. A disorderly rush begins—my parents, my wives, my girls, my children, my farm, my animals, my habits, my money, my music lessons, my drunkenness, my prejudices, my brutality, my teeth, my face, my soul! I have to cry, "No, no, get back, curse you, let me alone!" But how can they let me alone? They belong to me. They are mine. And they pile into me from all sides. It turns into chaos.

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

心潮奔腾

我买票时,已是五十岁,想到当时自己的境况,不由得悲从中来。种种往事蜂拥而至,不久便沉重地压在心头。一股杂乱无章的心潮在心中奔腾起来——关于我的父母、我的妻子、我的女友、我的孩子、我的农场、我的家禽、我的习惯、我的金钱、我的音乐课程、我的酗酒、我的偏见、我的蛮横、我的病牙、我的容貌、我的灵魂!我不得不喊出声来:"不,不,滚回去!该死的东西,别纠缠我呀!"可它们怎么会不纠缠我呢?它们都是属于我的。是我自己的事儿。而且从四面八方向我袭来。情况变得一团糟。 (诸曼 译)

The Marquis' Caprice

At one point during the six weeks which had just passed, the marquis, impelled by a caprice, had decided to make Julien rich; he regarded poverty as ignoble and dishonoring for himself and as impossible for his daughter's husband; he handed out his money freely. The next day, his imagination swing had taken another course, it seemed to him that Julien would understand the mute language of this generosity with money, change his name, exile himself to America and write to Mathilde that he was dead to her. Monsieur de La Mole imagined this letter already written and followed out its effect on his daughter's character...

(Stendhal, *The Red and the Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

心血来潮

在刚刚过去的六个星期里,侯爵有时心血来潮,想让于连富起来;他觉得贫穷对他德·拉莫尔先生说来是不体面的,可耻的,对他女儿的丈夫来说应该是不可能的;他把钱扔出去。第二天,他的想象又朝另外一个方向发展,他觉得于连会懂得他慷慨解囊的没有明说出来的意思,会改名换姓,远远地跑到美洲去,写信告诉玛蒂尔德已经为她而死……德·拉莫尔先生想象这封信已经写好,猜测它对他女儿的性格产生什么影响…… (郝运 译)

27. Sensitiveness 敏感

A Sudden Suspicion

He stopped short, struck by a sudden suspicion. It seemed unlikely that d'Artagnan's letter had really been stolen by the man he so loudly claimed to hate. Was there some sort of treachery behind that show of hatred? Had d'Artagnan, or at least this young man who called himself d'Artagnan, been sent by the cardinal to gain his confidence and then betray him, as had been done in so many other cases?

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

突如其来的疑虑

特雷维尔陡地打住话头,一阵突如其来的疑虑攫住了他。这个年轻人口口声声说那个男人抢走了他父亲写的信,这事听起来挺玄的,那么他对此人公然表现出来的这种深仇大恨,它背后是不是会隐藏着什么诡计呢?这个年轻人难道就不能是主教大人派来的吗?怎么知道他就不是来给自己设圈套的呢?这个所谓的达德尼昂说不定就是红衣主教的密探,主教派这家伙到这儿

来卧底，先取得他的信任，然后再把他毁了，这种事以前难道还见得少吗？

（周克希 译）

Sharp Perceptions

...suspicion had so keyed up Angela's perceptions that she could almost tell, and that without knowing, when Eugene was with Carlotta—or had been. There was something about his manner when he came in of an evening, to say nothing of those subtler thought waves which passed from him to her when he was with Carlotta, which told her instantly where he had been and what he had been doing. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

感觉敏锐

猜疑使安琪拉的感觉变得十分敏锐。虽然她并不知道，她却可以说出来尤金什么时候是跟卡萝塔在一块儿的——或是曾经跟她呆在一块儿。他晚上回家来的时候，态度上总有点儿什么能立刻告诉她，他上哪儿去过和干过点儿什么，更不用提跟卡萝塔会面以后，从他那儿传给她的那种比较神秘的思想波涛了。

（主万 西海 译）

Soapy's Receptive State of Mind

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time, he was comparatively young yet: he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes hed set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him tomorrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world.

(O. Henry, *The Cop and the Anthem*)

苏比的敏感心态

苏比这时敏感的心情，同这古老的教堂对他的影响掺合在一起，迅速地在他灵魂里激起了奇妙的变化。他不堪回首他所坠入的深渊，为那颓败的日子，蹉跎的情欲、破灭了的希望、损伤了的才智和支持他活下去的卑微的动机而感到可怕。

一时间他心里对这种新萌起的感触产生了强烈的反应。一股迅猛的冲动感推动他去同绝望了的命运作斗争。他要从泥淖中自拔；他要重新做人。他要同攫持了他的恶神搏击。还来得及；比较起来他还算年轻；他要唤醒他往日里渴望进取的心灵，义无反顾地去追求他的理想。刚才那庄严但很亲切的琴声在他心中引起了天翻地覆的变化。明天就到喧嚣的商业区去找工作。一个做皮货生意的曾要给他一个开汽车的位子。明天找到他，要求去开车。他要在社会上做个有为的人。（陈华 何晓曦 译）

Sensitive of Being Called "Mister"

The book was closed on his forefinger, and before he turned he was thrilling to the first few impression, which was not of the girl, but of her brother's words. Under that muscled body of his brother's words, were quivering sensibilities. At the slightest impact of the outside world upon his consciousness, his thoughts, sympathies, and emotions leapt and played like lambent flame. He was extraordinarily receptive and responsive, while his imagination, pitched high, was ever at work establishing relations of likeness and difference. "Mr. Eden," was what he had thrilled to—he who had been called "Eden," or "Martin Eden," or just "Martin," all his life. And "Mister!" It was certainly going some, was his internal comment. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

对被称作"先生"的敏感

书本合在他的食指上，他还没有转正身来，便被第一个崭新的印象弄得心里卜卜跳，这印象不是由那个姑娘，而是由她弟弟的话引起的。他这肌肉发达的身子里，是一团打着哆嗦、感觉敏锐的神经。哪怕外界对他的知觉极轻微的一碰，他的思想、感觉和情绪就会像明灭不定的火焰似的跳动、摇曳起来。他出奇地颖悟、敏感，他那万分紧张的想象力一刻不停地活动着，在分辨事物的相似和不同的地方。使他心里卜卜跳的是"伊登先生"这个称呼——他一辈子尽被人家叫做"伊登"，"马丁·伊登"，或者光是"马丁"。这一回竟是"先生"啦！他心想，这当然是了不起的事啦。（吴劳 译）

A Romantic Readiness

Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction—Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the 'creative temperament'—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again.

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

富于浪漫色彩的敏捷

唯有盖茨比——就是把名字赋予本书的这个人——除外，不属于我这种反应的范围——盖茨比，他代表我所真心鄙夷的一切。假使人的品格是一系列连续不断的成功的姿态，那么这个人身上就有一种瑰丽的异彩，他对于人生的希望具有一种高度的敏态，类似一台能够记录万里以外的地震的错综复杂的仪器。这种敏感和通常美其名曰"创造性物质"的那种软绵绵的感受性毫不相干——它是一种异乎寻常的永葆希望的天赋，一种富于浪漫色彩的敏捷，这是我在别人身上从来未发现的，也是我以后不大可能会再发现的。

(巫宁坤　等译)

Winterbourne—A Man of Sensibility

Winterbourne was a man of imagination and, as our ancestors used to say, sensibility; as he looked at her dress and—on the great staircase—her little rapid, confiding step, he felt as if there were something romantic going forward. He could have believed he was going to elope with her. He passed out with her among all the idle people that assembled there, they were all looking at her very hard; she had begun to chatter as soon as she joined him...He had been a little afraid that she would talk loud, laugh overmuch, and even, perhaps, desire to move about the boat a good deal. But he quite forgot his fears; he sat smiling, with his eyes upon her face, while, without moving from her place, she delivered herself of a great number of original reflections.

(Henry James, *Daisy Miller*)

敏感的温德朋

温德朋是一个有想象力的人;或者如我们的祖先所说,一个敏感的人;当他看见她的衣裳和她在楼梯上轻盈地向他投奔而来的脚步时,他心中觉得有一股浪漫的热情升起来。他甚至相信自己会同她两人一起私奔。他同她从一群聚在大厅里无所事事的人中走过;大家都对她死盯着不放;她呢,一同他在一起,立刻就说起闲话来……他最初有些担心,怕她说话的声音会太高,笑得过分,甚至于可能在船上动得太厉害。可是过不多久他就把这些顾虑忘得一干二净;他坐着微笑,两眼望着她的脸,同时,她却安然静坐不动,滔滔不绝地发表了很多新奇的见解。 (方馨 译)

A Man of Inward Presentiments

Outward portents and inward presentiments were his. And if at times these things bent the welded iron of his soul, much more did his far-away domestic memories of his young Cape wife and child, tend to bend him still more from the original ruggedness of his nature, and open him still further to those latent influences which, in some honest-hearted men, restrain the gush of dare-devil daring, so often evinced by others in the more perilous vicissitudes of the fishery. "I will have no man in my boat," said Starbuck, "who is not afraid of a whale." By this, he seemed to mean, not only that the most reliable and useful courage was that which arises from the fair estimation of the encountered peril, but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward.

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

内心敏感的人

他就是一个外表非凡而内心敏感的人。如果这些东西会时时使他那焊铁似的心肠屈服的话,主要是由于他想到了他那远在家乡的年轻的妻子和小孩,使他越发消失了他那粗犷的本性,使他更趋向于那种潜在的势力,这种势力,就心地忠实的人说来,就鼓不起那种勇猛的冒险精神,因为人人都经常可以看到捕鱼业的更富危险的变迁情况。"在我的小艇上,不怕大鲸的人是没有的。"斯达巴克说。他这句话,似乎不只是说:能对所面临的危险加以正确估计的,才称得上所谓切实可靠的勇敢,而且还含有这样的意思:跟一个大无畏的人做船伴,比跟一个懦夫做船伴还更危险。 (曹庸 译)

28. Reticence 沉默

Doctors' Silence

All Valentin's observation could discover no trace of a feeling for his troubles in any of the three doctors. The three received every answer in silence, scanned him unconcernedly, and interrogated him unsympathetically. Politeness did not conceal their indifference; whether deliberation or certainty was the cause, their words at any rate came so seldom and so languidly, that at times Raphael thought that their attention was wandering. (Honoré de Balzac, *The Wild Ass's Skin*)

医生的沉默

瓦朗坦在不断地观察这三位医生,没有发现他们对他的病痛有任何同情。三个医生对他的每个回答都保持沉默,漠不关心地打量他,毫无怜悯地询问他,他们表面上的礼貌,未能掩盖他们那种懒洋洋的神气。说他们心里有数也好,在思考也好,总之,他们都很少说话,简直是无精打采,以致拉法埃尔有时候认为他们都已心不在焉。 (梁均 译)

Silence as a Refuge

She looked at him and relapsed into silence. From this day she spoke no more. Tellmarch was obeyed more absolutely than he liked. She spent long hours of stupefaction, crouched at the foot of an old tree. She dreamed, and held her peace. Silence makes an impenetrable refuge for simple souls that have been down into the innermost depths of suffering. She seemed to relinquish all effort to understand. To a certain extent despair is unintelligible to the despairing. (Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

沉默——避难所

她望着他,沉默下来。

她比泰尔马克所希望的还更听话了。她常常蹲在一棵老树脚下呆呆地度过好几个钟头。她在思索,而且一声也不响。对于那些深深地受过痛苦的可怕袭击的简单心灵,沉默往往就是一个避难所。她仿佛放弃了弄懂一切的企图。在一定程度之下,绝望的人对于绝望往往是不能理解的。 (郑永慧 译)

The Impotency of Speech

He kept silence on his side, comprehending the impotency of speech

in face of an absorption like this. The persistence of an all-absorbing idea is terrible. And how to make a mother thus beset hear reason? Maternity is inexplicable; you cannot argue with it. That it is which renders a mother sublime; she becomes unreasoning; the maternal instinct is divinely animal. The mother is no longer a woman, she is a wild creature; her children are her cubs. (Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

无助的话语

他也沉默起来了,他懂得对于这样重大的痛苦,说话是无用的。只想着一个念头而不作声,这是可怕的。怎样才能使一个有固执念头的母亲服从理智呢?母性是顽强的,你不能够跟它争辩。一个母亲之所以崇高,就因为她有点像野兽。母性的本能是兽性的,也是崇高的。一个母亲不再是一个女人,她是一头雌兽。她的孩子就是她的幼兽。 (郑永慧 译)

29. Recalling 回忆

Agonising Recall

Yes, agonising. He remembered how he had suffered not long ago when he had noticed in her symptoms of insanity. Then he had been almost in despair. And how could he have left her when she ran away from him to Rogozhin? He ought to have run after her himself without waiting for news of her. But... was it possible Rogozhin had not yet noticed insanity in her? Hm! Rogozhin sees other causes for everything, passions! And what insane jealousy! What did he mean by his supposition that morning? (Myshkin suddenly flushed and there was a sort of shudder at his heart.)

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

令人肠断的回忆

是的,是令人肠断的。他回忆起不太久以前第一次发现她有疯狂的征候时,自己为之肠断的情形。那时他几乎感到绝望。当她离开他逃到罗果仁那里去的时候,他怎能撒手不管呢?他应当自己去追她。而不是等候消息。但是……难道罗果仁至今没有发现她的疯狂?……嗯……罗果仁在任何事情上只看到另外的原因,只看到情欲的原因!多么疯狂的妒忌!他刚才所做的预测是什么意思?(公爵忽然脸红了,好像有什么东西在他心中颤动了一下。)

(荣如德 译)

A Dark Recollection

Rumours had reached her ear of what that father's character was; old

servants had dropped hints: she knew, too, that he was not a good man, and that he was never kind to her. She recollected—a dark recollection it was—some weeks that she had spent with him in a great town somewhere, when she had had no maid to dress her or take care of her; when she had been shut up, day and night, in a high garret-room, without a carpet, with a bare uncurtained bed, and scarcely any other furniture; when he went out early every morning, and often forgot to return and give her dinner during the day, and at night, when he came back, was like a madman, furious, terrible; or—still more painful—like an idiot, imbecile, senseless. She knew she had fallen ill in this place, and that one night when she was very sick, he had come raving into the room, and said he would kill her, for she was a burden to him; her screams had brought aid, and from the moment she was then rescued from him she had never seen him, except as a dead man in his coffin. (Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

不愉快的回忆

她风闻过那个父亲的为人，老仆人们曾经偶尔提到过他，她也知道他不是个好人，知道他从来没有待她好过。她回忆到——真是种不愉快的回忆——她曾经和他一起在某个大城市待过几个礼拜，那时候，她没有女仆照顾她，为她梳妆打扮；那时候，她日日夜夜给关在一个高高的顶楼里，地上没有地毯，只有一张光秃秃的、没有帷子的床，简直没有其他家具；那时候，他每天一早就出去，白天常常忘记回来给她吃饭，到得晚上，他一回来，就像个疯子，吵吵闹闹，十分吓人；也可以说——更叫人痛苦的是——像个白痴，痴痴呆呆、无知无觉。她知道她曾在那个地方害过病，有天晚上，她已病得十分厉害，他正好回来，在房间里大肆咆哮，说要杀死她，因为她是他的包袱。她大声叫喊，别人赶来救助。从她得救那时起，她就再没有看到他，只到了他成为一个躺在棺材里的死人时才看到一面。（曹庸 译）

Recollections of the Past

He now began recalling to mind certain details of their stay at The Fondettes. One evening, for instance, he had surprised Sabine in the shade of some trees, when she was so much agitated as to be unable to answer his questions. The man had been present: why should she not be with him now? The more he thought about it the more possible the whole story became, and he ended by thinking it natural and even inevitable. Whilst he was in his shirtsleeves in the house of a harlot, his wife was

undressing in her lover's room. Nothing could be simpler or more logical!
(Émile Zola, *Nana*)

回首往事

现在他回想起他们在丰代特短暂居住时的许多细微末节。有一天晚上，他出其不意地在树底下撞见了萨比娜。她当时慌乱得连话也回答不出来。那个男人当时也在场。既然如此，她现在为什么不到他的家里呢？他越想越发觉事情是非常可能的。到了后来，他竟觉得事情自然会有，而且是必然会发生的了。他自己在一个婊子家里脱外衣的时候，他的老婆也在她的姘头的卧室里脱衣服，世界上没有比这个更简单、更合乎逻辑的事了。 (赵坚 译)

Thought of Skiing

When he woke from his dream, he got up and smoked a cigarette at the open window. Getting back into bed, he cast around in his mind for something he desired to do that would injure no one, and he thought of skiing. Up through the dimness in his mind rose the image of a mountain deep in snow. It was late in the day. Wherever his eyes looked, he saw broad and heartening things. Over his shoulder, there was a snow-filled valley, rising into wooded hills where the trees dimmed the whiteness like a sparse coat of hair. The cold deadened all sound but the loud, iron clanking of the lift machinery. The light on the trails was blue, and it was harder than it had been a minute or two earlier to pick the turns, harder to judge—now that the snow was all deep blue—the crust, the ice, the bare spots, and the deep piles of dry powder. Down the mountain he swung, matching his speed against the contours of a slope that had been formed in the first ice age, seeking with ardor some simplicity of feeling and circumstance. Night fell then, and he drank a Martini with some old friend in a dirty country bar. (John Cheever, *The Country Husband*)

回想滑雪

他从梦中醒来，就起身在开着的窗边抽了支烟。回到床上以后，他转念想做一桩与任何人都无害的事，结果想起了滑雪。于是在他迷迷糊糊的脑子里出现了白雪皑皑的高山形象。是在一天的傍晚时分。不管他的眼睛往哪儿看，都看见余辉灿烂、令人鼓舞的东西。他身后是个积满白雪的山谷，山谷渐渐隆起，伸进有树林子的群山，山上的树木宛如疏疏落落的毛发，给一片白色带来暗影。寒冷压抑了一切声响，只听得升降机上铁器发出的巨大叮当声，

小径上的灯光呈蓝色，觅路前进、作出判断要比一两分钟前更困难——现在雪都变成深蓝色了——薄冰、冰块、光秃秃的空地和干粉似的深雪堆。他往山下冲去，根据一个在冰期形成的山坡的轮廓调整速度，热切地追求情景的纯朴交融。接着夜幕降临了，他在一家肮脏的乡下酒吧间里跟几个老朋友喝了一杯马提尼酒。（施咸荣 译）

Homesick

He sat alone in is bedroom—lights off, door closed—looking out the window at the darkened city. Crying.

Timmy misses his old house and the way things used to be when they lived there. He misses his friends and Sarah and he even misses his school. But he especially misses the way that his father—even though he'd been busy back then, too; after all, his father had been the Governor of Massachusetts for goodness sake—used to take time out to play with him each and every day.

That's what they had called it back in those days—"time out". No matter what was going on, his father always found a few minutes to go out for a walk with Timmy or play a card game or watch some television. Sometimes he would even take Timmy along on a short trip when it didn't interfere with school and his mother said it was okay.

His father is always surrounded by people now. And on those few occasions when he is alone or just with the family, his father is always so quiet and serious. And distant. Nothing at all like the goofball who once danced around Timmy's bedroom with a pair of Jockey shorts on his head or the father who once bounced on his bed so hard that the frame broke and they lay there giggling for what had to be fifteen minutes.

This house has changed him, Timmy thinks.

He moves away from the window. He sits on the edge of his bed and stares at the back of the bedroom door. He is no longer crying.

(Richard T. Chizmar, *Homesick*)

思乡

他坐在卧室里，灯没开，门关着，望着窗外黑魆魆的城市，独自饮泣。

蒂米想念家里的老房子，想念在那里住时的一幕幕情景。他想念朋友，想念萨拉，甚至还想念起学校。但他特别怀念过去父亲和他一块儿玩的的情景——尽管那时他是马萨诸塞州的一州之长，总是忙碌了一天才回来——但是

父亲天天都抽时间和他玩，当时他们说的"外出时间"指的就是这。不管有什么事，父亲总能抽出几分钟和蒂米出去，或散步，或玩纸牌游戏，或看点电视。有时，只要不耽搁上学，而且妈妈说可以，他还会带蒂米作短途旅行呢。可现在父亲总是被人包围着。偶尔当独自一人呆着或只与家人在一起的时候，他总是沉默不语，表情严肃，不可接近。全然不像头顶赛马短裤在蒂米卧室里跳来跳去的笨家伙，也不是在蒂米床上用劲蹦，以致蹦断床架，引得俩人躺在那里一笑一刻钟的老爸。

这所房子改变了他，蒂米想。

他离开窗前，坐到床边，盯着卧室门的后面，他已不再哭泣。（洁岩　译）

Thinking of His Grandfather

He closed his eyes and tried to shut out the other noises and only let the lament of the music into his mind and there was no one in the world but Jeremy and the loneliness and the song somewhere out on the edge of seeing.

Jeremy opened his eyes, trying to shut away the lostness. He tried to picture his grandfather as he had been before he was sick. He reconstructed the image in his mind, paying attention to the details he remembered so well and finishing with the strong old face.

(Hamilton Maule, *Jeremy Todd*)

怀念祖父

他闭上眼睛，试图将其他的声音都拒之耳外，只让哀伤的音乐流入心田，除了杰瑞梅、孤独和外面某处时隐时现的歌声外，这世界上再没有其他的人了。

杰瑞梅睁开眼睛，想要摆脱失落感。他试图想像出他祖父生病前的模样。他在脑中重新拼凑他祖父的形象，留心他熟悉的那些细节，最后形成了一副坚毅、苍老的面孔。（董晶　译）

30. Imagination　想象

An Imaginary Husband

She wondered if there might not have been some way, through a different set of circumstances, of meeting another man; and she tried to imagine those events which had not happened, that different life, that husband whom she did not know. Not all men were like Charles. Her

husband might have been handsome, witty, distinguished and attractive. Her former schoolmates had no doubt married men like that. What were they doing now? In cities, with their animated streets, buzzing theaters and glittering ballrooms, they were leading lives which allowed them to give free rein to their emotions and develop their senses. But her life was as cold as an attic facing the north, and the boredom, like a silent spider, was weaving its web in the shadows, in every corner of her heart. She recalled the Prize Days at school when she had mounted the platform to receive her little wreaths. She had been charming, with her braids, her white dress and her open prunella slippers. When she went back to her seat, the gentlemen had leaned over to pay her compliments. The courtyard had been full of carriages, with people looking out the windows to tell her good-by; the music teacher had bowed to her as he walked past with his violin case. How far away it all was, how far away!

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

假想郎君

她问自己,她有没有方法,在其他巧合的机会,邂逅另外一个男子。她试着想象那些可能发生的事件、那种不同的生活、那个她不相识的丈夫。人人一定不如他。他想必漂亮、英俊、夺目,不用说,就像他们一样、她那些修道院的老同学嫁的那些人一样。她们如今在干什么?住在城里。市声喧杂,剧场一片音响,舞会灯火辉煌,她们过着心旷神怡的生活。可是她呀,生活好像天窗朝北的阁楼那样冷,而烦闷就像默不作声的蜘蛛,在暗地结网,爬过她的心的每个角落。她想起发奖的日子,她走上讲台,接受她的小花冠。她梳辫子,穿过袍子,脚上是开口黑毛线鞋,一幅可爱模样;回到座位,男宾斜过身子向她致贺;满院车辆,大家在车门口同她话别,音乐教员挟着他的小提琴匣,边走,边打招呼,这一切都多远啊!多远啊!

(李健吾 译)

Meeting in Imagination [1]

In the interval between their last meeting Mike Seddons had probed the inner chasms of his soul and conscience. What he had found there had left him with disgust and self-contempt, but he had emerged with truth. He knew with certainty that a marriage between himself and Vivian would never succeed—not because of her inadequacy, but through his own.

In moments of searching self-examination he had forced himself to consider situations the two of them might meet together. In a flood light of

imagination he had seen them entering a crowded room—himself young, virile, unimpaired; but Vivian on his arm, moving slowly, awkwardly, perhaps with a cane, and only as an artificial limb allowed. He had seen himself dive through surf, or lie on a beach near-naked in the sun, but with Vivain dressed decorously, sharing none of it because a prothesis was ugly when exposed and, if removed, she would become a grotesque, immobile freak—an object for pitying or averted eyes.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

在虚幻中相会

自从他们上次见面以来，迈克·塞登斯在内省自己的灵魂和良心的缺陷。内省的结果使他感到很不舒服、很惭愧，但却暴露了他的真情。他完全知道他和费雯即使结了婚也决不会是成功美满的——并不是她不配，而是他自己不行。

在他反省的时候，他强迫自己想象他俩在一起的情况。他幻想看见他俩在一间有许多人的屋子里——他自己年青力壮，没有缺陷；而挽着他的臂的费雯却在缓慢地、趔趄地移动着，也许还拄着一根拐杖，只能做那假腿能做的动作。他又看见自己在海水中潜泳或在沙滩上半裸着身体晒太阳，而费雯却不能和他相伴，只能照样穿着全套衣服，因为露出假肢会很难看，去掉假肢又会使她成为可怕的、不能动弹的废人——一个只能招致怜悯或使人尽量避开眼光的人。

(舒逊 译)

Alone with My Own Thoughts

Sitting there, ridiculously, on the cork mat of the bathroom floor, I lived it all, and our journey too, and our arrival in New York. The shrill voice of Helen, a narrower edition of her mother, and Nancy, her horrid little child. The college boys that Mrs. Van Hopper would have me know, and the young bank clerks, suitable to my station. "Let's make Wednesday night a date." "D'you like Hot music?" Snub-nosed boys, with shiny faces. Having to be polite. And wanting to be alone with my own thoughts as I was now, locked behind the bathroom door....

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

独自遐想

坐在浴室的地上，我就这样作着一连串可笑的想象，还想到了旅途和到达纽约时的情景。我想到海伦尖利的嗓音，那女人简直是她母亲惟妙惟肖的翻

版;还有南希,海伦的女儿,一个成天哭闹的小淘气。我想到范·霍珀夫人将我介绍我认识的那些大学生以及和我地位相当的银行小职员,都是些长着塌鼻子的油滑少年,轻佻地对我说:"星期三晚上出去逛逛好吗?""喜欢爵士音乐吗?"而我还不得不装作礼数周到的样子。到那时,我一定也会像此刻一样,只想关在浴室里独自出神遐思……

(林智玲 程德 译)

Images of Escape

Peyton Farquhar smiled again. Within the few seconds that remained before the trap was to be sprung, his imagination , rejecting the idea of death, became excited to an extreme degree. His great desire to hold on to life caused images of escape to flood his mind.

First, it was easy to unite the cords that bound his wrists. All he had to do was pull his hands apart, and then raise a hand to remove the noose about his neck. Quickly he dived into the cool waters below his feet. When he rose to the surface, his lungs were bursting for the need of air. He felt his head come up, and his lungs sucked in the air. He was now physically alert, and he swam away from the bridge.

He had come to the surface facing downstream. In a moment he turned from side to side. Now he saw the bridge, the hillside, and the fort. The soldiers were shouting and pointing at him. The captain had drawn his pistol but did not fire.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report, and something struck the water within a few inches of his head. He heard a second report, and he saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, pointed in his direction.

Farquhar swam away as fast as he could. He heard a loud, clear voice. It was the voice of the lieutenant giving an order: "Attention, company! Ready...! Aim!... Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears, yet he heard the thunder of the volley, and he was sure he heard the bullets striking the water.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he was farther down the stream—nearer to safety. The soldiers began to reload. He saw the rifles flashing in the sunlight. This time he knew the soldiers would be firing at will. He would not likely be able to escape all the flying bullets.

Suddenly a rising sheet of water curved over him, fell down behind him, and blinded him. A cannon at the fort was taking a hand in the game. As he shook the water from his head, he heard the cannonball go crashing into the tree branches along the creek.

"They will do that again," he thought. "This is the end."

Suddenly he found himself caught in a swift current of water. And the next minute he lay against the river bank, gasping for breath. He rose to his feet, staggered out of the water, and crawled into the forest. Then he heard the cannon again. It was a farewell shot.

All day he traveled through the forest, setting his course by the sun. He had never known that he lived so close to so much wild country.

By nightfall, tired and hungry, he found the road he knew so well. At last—at last he would be home with his wife and family!

Now he stands at the gate of his home. All is as he had left it the day before, and all is bright and beautiful—even in the dimming twilight. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees his wife, beautiful and neat, coming down the veranda stairs to meet him. At the bottom of the stairs, she stands, smiling in her great joy at seeing him. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with open arms.

As he was about to clasp her into his arms, the captain spoke and the lieutenant raised his sword. The sergeant stepped off his end of the board.

The trap had been sprung. The man felt a stunning blow upon the back of his neck. A blinding white flash blazed about him with a sound like the shock of a cannon. Then all is darkness and silence.

Peyton Farquhar was dead. His body swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of Owl Creek Bridge.

(Ambrose Bierce, *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*)

痴想逃走

培登·法克哈尔又微笑了。离套索弹跳上去还剩下几分钟，他想象逃避死亡的念头，变得异常激动起来。他要继续活下去的强烈愿望使逃跑的想象涌上心头。

首先，解开缚住手腕的绳子是容易的。他只要掰开双手，再用另一只手去掉脖子上的套索。接着就飞快地跳入脚下清凉的河水。在需要呼吸空气的时候，再游到水面上来。他觉得自己的头抬起来了，肺腑中吸满空气。现在他十分警觉，很快就从桥头游开去了。

他已经浮出水面，向着下游，朝四周观望了一会。这时他看到了那座桥、那个山坡和那个堡垒。士兵们正在大声呼喊，用枪瞄准着他。下尉已经拔出了手枪，不过并没有射击。

突然他听到一声尖利的巨响，有什么东西击落在离开他的头几英尺的水中。他又听到一声巨响，看见一个哨兵肩部抵着枪支在向他的方向瞄准。

法克哈尔尽快地游了开去。他听到一个宏亮清晰的声音，那是中尉在下命令的声音："全体立正！预备！……瞄准！……放！"

法克哈尔潜进水里——潜得尽可能地深。水在他耳朵里鸣叫着，但他还听得到一阵排枪的射击声。他确信自己听到了子弹击中河水。

当他再浮起水面喘息透气的时候，他看到自己已经到了更远的下游——更安全了。士兵们在重新上子弹，他望见他们的步枪在阳光中闪闪发亮。他知道这一次士兵们要任意射击了，他可能不容易躲避所有飞来的子弹。

突然升起一层水幕，盖过他的头，落在身后，使他眼花而看不见东西。堡垒里的火炮也在参加角逐了。他摇掉了头上的水珠，听见炮弹擦着河岸的树枝飞越过去。

"他们还会开炮的，"他想，"一切都完了。"

蓦地他发觉自己被卷进河水中的一股急流，一下就被冲到了岸边。他透过了气，站可起来，蹒跚地离开河水，匍匐进树林。这时他又听到了炮声，但这次是送别的射击了。

他在树林里走了一整天，凭着太阳来辨认道路。他从来也不知道自己竟是和这么大的荒原野林住得这么靠近。

傍晚，他又累又饿，但找到了那条自己多么熟悉的道路。最后——他终于回到家里同自己的妻子和家庭在一起了！

现在他站在自己家门口。一切还都和昨天离开时一个样，即使在暮色苍茫之中一切也都是明亮而又美丽。当他推开家门，走进宽阔的白色甬道时，他见到了妻子。她漂亮、整洁，走下阳台的台阶来迎接他。她走到最底下的一级，站定了，微笑着，因为见到他而十分高兴。呵！她是多么漂亮呀！他张开双臂奔跑着迎向前去。

正在他要把她搂在怀里的时候，上尉说话了，中尉随即举起军刀。那中士跨步离开了木板的那一头。

套索弹跳了下去。那汉子感到后颈部受到一下令人晕眩的猛击。他眼冒金星，耳畔响起一声炮轰般的巨响。接着是一片黑暗和寂静！

培登·法克哈尔死了。他的尸体悬挂在猫头鹰河桥畔的木架下，轻轻地来回摆动着。

（魏国行　杨毓之　译）

A Horrible Imagination

Suddenly the horrible word "burst into her mind". All the disgusting overtones which vile debauchery can give to the idea of physical love arose in her imagination and strove to tarnish the tender, divine image she had formed of Julien and the joy of loving him. The future took on a frightening aspect for her. She saw herself an object of contempt.

It was a terrible moment; her soul was penetrating into unknown realms. The day before, she had enjoyed a totally new kind of happiness; now she was suddenly plunged into atrocious pain. She had never even conceived the possibility of such suffering; it began to trouble her reason. For an instant she thought of confessing to her husband that she was afraid she had fallen in love with Julien. That would have meant speaking about him. Fortunately she recalled a piece of advice her aunt had given her on the eve of her wedding: she had warned her of the danger of confiding in a husband, who is, after all, his wife's master.

She wrung her hands in anguish. She was swept along at random by conflicting and painful images. She was afraid of not being loved, then a moment later she was tormented by the terrible thought of her sin, as though the next day she were going to be exhibited in the pillory in the public square of Verrieres with a sign proclaiming her adultery to the populace. (Stendhal, *The Red and the Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

可怕的想象

突然间,通奸这两个可怕的字出现在她面前。凡是能加在这个观念之上的种种最下流淫猥的、令人厌恶的想法,都纷纷涌进了她的脑海。这些想法力图玷污她以于连和爱他的幸福为对象而为自己绘制的那幅温柔、神圣的图画。未来用可怕的色彩描绘出来。她把自己看成了一个令人鄙视的女人。

这个时刻是可怕的,她的心灵进入了一些陌生的境地。前一天她还尝到了从未感受过的幸福;现在她一下子陷入难以忍受的不幸之中。她想象不到会有这样的苦痛,它搅乱了她的理智。有一瞬间她甚至想向她的丈夫承认,她担心自己爱上于连。那样一来就可以谈谈他了。幸好她记起来了,她的姑母从前在她出嫁前夕给过她一忠告,谈到了向丈夫吐露秘密的危险,因为丈夫毕竟是一个主人。

在极度的痛苦中她绞着自己的手。她受到一些互相矛盾的痛苦的想象任意摆布。她时而担心自己没有被爱上,时而犯罪的可怕想法又折磨她,仿佛第二天她就要给送到维里埃尔广场上去示众.还要挂一块写着字的牌子,向老百

姓说明她犯的通奸罪。 （郝运 译）

Imagining Himself a Poor Little Sufferer

He pictured himself lying sick unto death and his aunt bending over him beseeching one little forgiving word, but he would turn his face to the wall, and die with that word unsaid. Ah, how would she feel then? And he pictured himself brought home from the river, dead , with his curls all wet, and his sore heart at rest. How she would throw herself upon him, and how her tears would fall like rain, and her lips pray God to give her back her boy and she would never, never abuse him any more! But he would lie there cold and white and made no sign—a poor little sufferer, whose griefs were at an end. He so worked upon his feelings with the pathos of these dreams, that he had to keep swallowing, he was so like to choke; and his eyes swam in a blur of water, which overflowed when he winked, and ran down and trickled from the end of his nose.

（Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*）

幻想自己是个小可怜虫

他暗自幻想着自己躺在床上，病得快死了，他的姨妈在他身上弯着腰，恳求他稍说一句简单的饶恕的话，可是他偏要转过脸去向着墙，不说这句话就死去。啊，那时候她心里会觉得怎样呢？他又幻想着自己淹死了，被人从河边抬回来，头发浸得透湿，他那伤透了的心可是得到安息了。她会多么伤心地扑到他身上，像下雨似的掉眼泪，嘴里不住地祈祷上帝把她的孩子还给她，说她永远也不再打他了！可是他却冷冰冰地，惨白地躺在那儿，毫无动静——一个小小的可怜虫，什么烦恼都结束了。他这样拼命地拿这些梦想中的悲伤激动自己的感情，到后来竟不得不老是吞下泪水，因为他老容易把嗓子哽住；他的眼睛也让泪水蒙住了，老是发晕，他一眨眼睛，泪水就流出来，顺着鼻尖往下掉。

（张友松 译）

31. Illusion 幻想

Dreamlike Thought about One's Lover

Philip's heart beat quickly. He was so delighted with his fancies that he began thinking of them again as soon as he crawled back, dripping and cold, into his bathing-machine. He thought of the object of his affections. She had the most adorable little nose and large brown eyes—he would

describe her to Hayward—and masses of soft brown hair, the sort of hair it was delicious to bury your face in, and a skin which was like ivory and sunshine, and her cheek was like a red, red rose. How old was she? Eighteen perhaps, and he called her Musette. Her laughter was like a rippling brook, and her voice was so soft, so low, it was the sweetest music he had ever heard. (W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

想象中的情人

菲利普的心口突突直跳。他的联翩浮想,使他心醉神迷,所以当他水淋淋地爬回海滩,抖抖嗦嗦地钻进更衣车之后,又堕入漫漫遐想之中。他想着自己钟爱的情人。在给海沃德的信里,他要这样来描绘她:玲珑娇小的鼻子,流星似的棕色大眼睛,还有一头浓密的棕色柔发,把脸埋在这样的发堆里才真是妙不可言呢;说到她的皮肤,白腻如象牙、光洁似日光,面颊像是鲜艳欲滴的红玫瑰。她多大了?也许是十八岁吧。她叫缪赛。她笑声清脆,宛如溪水淙淙;说起话来,嗓音之轻柔婉转,胜过人间最甜美悦耳的音乐。

(张柏然 张增健 倪俊 译)

Confused Adoration

These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires. (James Joyce, *Dubliners*)

迷惘的爱慕

这些噪声汇合成一片众生相,使我对生活的感受集中到一点:仿佛感到自己捧着圣餐杯,在一群仇敌中间安然穿过。有时,在莫名其妙地做祷告或唱赞美诗时,她的名字会从我嘴里脱口而出,我时常热泪盈眶(自己也说不清为什么)。有时,一股沸腾的激情从心底涌起,流入胸中。我很少想到前途。我不知道自己究竟会不会同她说话,要是说了,怎么向她倾诉我迷惘的爱慕。这时,我的身子好似一架竖琴,她的音容笑貌宛如拨弄琴弦的纤指。(孙梁 译)

Vague Amorous Raptures

But, as she wrote, she saw another man, a phantom composed of her most ardent memories, her strongest desires and the most beautiful things she had read. He finally became so real, so accessible, that she was thrilled and amazed, even though she was never able to imagine him clearly, for his form, like that of a god, was lost in the abundance of his attributes. He lived in that nebulous realm where silk ladders swing from balconies bathed in moonlight and the fragrance of flowers. She felt him near her; he was about to come and sweep her away entirely in a kiss. Then she would fall back to earth, shattered, for these vague amorous raptures tired her more than the wildest orgies.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

爱情的遐想

但是她在写信中间,见到的仿佛是另一个男子、一个她最热烈的回忆、最美好的读物和最殷切的愿望所形成的幻影。他在最后变得十分真实、靠近,但是她自己目夺神移,描写不出他的确切形象:他仿佛一尊天神,众相纷纷,隐去真身。他住在天色淡蓝的国度,月明花香,丝梯悬在阳台上,摆来摆去。她觉得他近在身旁,凌空下来,一个热吻就会把她活活带走,紧跟着她又跌倒在地,心身交瘁;因为这些爱情的遐想,比起淫欲无度,还要使她疲倦。

(荀枚　余贵堂　译)

Dreaming of Earthly Happiness

In Lydia's imagination, a visit to Brighton comprised every possibility of earthly happiness. She saw with the creative eye of fancy, the streets of that gay bathing place covered with officers. She was herself the object of attention to tens and to scores of them at present unknown. She saw all the glories of the camp; its tent stretched forth in beauteous uniformity of lines, crowded with the young and the gay, and dazzling with scarlet; and to complete the view, she saw herself seated beneath a tent, tenderly flirting with at least six officers at once.

(Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

幻想尘世的幸福

莉迪亚想入非非,以为一去布赖顿,就可以安享尘世的一切幸福。在她那前无古人的幻想中,那个欢快的海水浴场,街头巷尾,满都是军官。她幻想有

成千上万素不相识的军官向她大献殷勤。她幻想中那座军营富丽堂皇；一个个帐篷排列得整整齐齐，美不胜收。那里簇拥着年轻快乐的小伙子，个个身穿光彩夺目的红色制服；还有一幅更加完美的景象：她幻想自己坐在帐篷里，款款地同至少六个军官同时眉目传情。 （张玲 张扬 译）

Suffering from the Illusion of a Grey Face

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child, I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured; and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin.

（James Joyce, *Dubliners*）

难以摆脱的灰白面孔

那天我很晚才睡着。老柯特居然叫我孩子，真使我懊恼，可我仍然动足脑筋，琢磨他那些吞吞吐吐的话究竟有什么含意。在黑黝黝的房子里，我在幻想中似乎看见那瘫痪的神父呆滞的、灰白的脸。我连忙把被子拉上些，蒙住头，一面想象圣诞节的景象。但是，那张灰白脸仍然盯住我。它在喃喃细语。我知道，它要忏悔什么罪过。我感到自己灵魂出窍，飘荡到一个邪恶的地方，心里却乐滋滋的。但在那里又发现那张面孔正对着我。它开始用轻微的声音向我忏悔，而我兀自纳闷：它为什么老是笑眯眯的，为什么那嘴唇上唾沫粘乎乎的。随后想起来了，它是出于瘫痪而死的，于是感到自己也吃吃地笑起来，仿佛表示赦免他那买卖圣职一般的罪孽。 （孙梁 译）

32. Change of Feelings 情感变化

Being Roused from Her Torpor

This apparition, which had always been so fateful for her and had driven her from misfortune to misfortune as far as the torture chamber, roused her from her torpor. It seemed to her that the sort of veil which had

shrouded her memory was being rent asunder. All the details of her dismal adventure, from the nocturnal scene at la Falourdel's down to her condemnation at the Tournelle came back to her mind all at once, not vague and confused as they had been up till then, but distinct, raw, clear-cut, lifelike, terrible. Those half-erased memories, almost wiped away by an excess of suffering, were revived by the sombre figure before her, just as invisible letters traced with sympathetic ink stand out bold and fresh on blank paper when brought close to a fire. It seemed to her that all the wounds in her heart had re-opened at once, and were bleeding.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

从麻木状态惊醒

这个魔影一向是她命中的克星，这样迫害着她，灾难接踵而至，使她经受酷刑。她一看见，顿时从麻木状态惊醒。她仿佛觉得厚厚掩盖了她的记忆的那重帷幕撕碎了。她那阴森悲惨的遭遇的一切细节，从法路岱店里黑夜的一幕直至她在小塔刑庭被判处死刑，猛然一下子出现在她的眼前，不再像先前那样模糊混乱，而是清清楚楚，一无遮掩，确确实实，剧烈悸动，令人恐怖。这些回忆原已几乎遗忘，差不多已被过度的痛苦淹没，她眼前现在出现的这个阴沉形象使它们忽然复活了，仿佛用隐写墨水写在白纸上的字迹用火一烤就忽然清清楚楚地显现了。她觉得，她心上的一切创伤又裂开了，流血了。

（管震湖　译）

From Expectant to Desolate

Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale; her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud: lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead—struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first born in the land of Egypt. I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing; they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

从满怀希望到前途黯淡

简·爱，一度曾经是个热情的、满怀希望的女人——差点儿当了新娘——又成为一个冷漠的、孤苦伶仃的姑娘了；她的生活是苍白的，她的前途是惨淡的。圣诞节的严寒在仲夏来临；十二月的白色暴风雪在六月里飞旋；冰给成熟的苹果上了光，积雪压坏了怒放的玫瑰；干草地和小麦田上蒙了一张冰冻的尸布，昨夜还开满红花的小径，今天已盖上未经踩踏的白雪，看不出哪儿是路了；十二个小时以前，树林还像热带丛林般绿叶婆娑，芳香扑鼻，现在却像冬天挪威的松林般地荒芜，成了白茫茫的一片。我的希望全都破灭了——一夜之间降落在埃及地所有头生子身上的那种不可思议的命运袭击了我。我看看自己所抱的希望，昨天它们还在那样地开着花、发着光，现在却躺在那儿，成了直挺挺、冷冰冰、铅灰色的尸体，再也不会复活过来。（祝庆英 译）

Feeble Resistance

Carrie had never been ill-disposed toward him. Only a moment before she had been listening with some complacency, remembering her old affection for him. He was so handsome, so daring!

Now, however, this feeling had changed to one of opposition, which rose feebly. It mastered her for a moment, and then, held close as she was, began to wane. Something else in her spike. This man, to whose bosom she was being pressed, was strong; he was passionate, he loved her, and she was alone. If she did not turn to him—accept of his love—where else might she go? Her resistance half dissolved in the flood of his strong feeling. (Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

无力的反抗

嘉莉对他从来没有过恶感。就在一会儿之前，她还在怡然自得地听他说话，回想起对他的旧情。他是这么漂亮，这么大胆。

可是现在，这感情变成了反抗，一种无力的反抗。这反抗精神一时占了上风，可是被他搂住了不放，她就开始软化了。她心里响起了另外一个声音。把她紧紧搂在怀里的是一个强有力的男人，他满怀激情，他爱着她，而她却又孤苦伶仃。倘使她不顺从他——接受他的爱情，她又能到什么别的地方去呢？再说，他的体力占了上风。她的抗拒在他强烈的情潮里溶化了几分。

（裘柱常 译）

Pity Merges into Repulsion

My first emotions had been those of pure melancholy and sincerest pity; but just in proportion as the forlornness of Bartleby grew and grew to my imagination, did that same melancholy merge into fear, that pity into repulsion. So true it is, and so terrible, too, that up to a certain point the thought or sight of misery enlists our best affections; but, in certain special cases, beyond that point it does not. They err who would assert that invariably this is owing to the inherent selfishness of the human heart. It rather proceeds from a certain hopelessness of remedying excessive and organic ill. To a sensitive being, pity is not seldom pain. And when at last it is perceived that such pity cannot lead to effectual succor, common sense bids that soul be rid of it. What I saw that morning persuaded me that the scrivener was the victim of innate and incurable disorder. I might give alms to his body; but his body did not pain him; it was his soul that suffered, and his soul I could not reach. (Herman Melville, *Bartleby the Scrivener*)

同情化作厌恶

最初我心头泛起的是纯洁的忧郁和诚挚的同情;但是随着巴图比的悲凉在我的想象中越变越深,这份忧郁融入了恐惧,这份同情化作了厌恶。心之所想,眼之所见的悲哀如此真切,如此可怖,以至于只要在某个极限之内,它能唤起我们最温柔的情感;但是,在特定情况下,悲哀超过了这个极限,也就不再能唤起我们的柔情。谁要是认为这统统是由于人心固有的自私特性那他就错了。其实这是因为我们看到的罪恶过大、病变太深,超过了一切救治的希望,对于一个敏感的人,同情时常伴着痛苦。当他终于认识到同情不能带来实际的帮助时,他便会顺了常识的要求除却同情。那天早上我所见到的使我确信巴图比是不可救治的内在混乱的牺牲品。我可以救济他的身体,但是他的身体并不使他痛苦;使他受折磨的是他的心灵,而他的心灵我无法触及。

(李素苗 译)

From Anger, Hostility and Shame to Pity

He had made up his mind, and there was no point in indulging in painful self-laceration which had no longer any relevance to the making of a decision. He had suggested in the draft letter to Nan that nothing be said to Donald or Felicity until after Donald's exam. He had considered the possibility of delaying his letter to Nan until after this date—but his anxiety

to tell her what he had decided was too intense. He felt, still, that his achievement was precarious and must be fixed and established at once. Towards Nan he felt no more of his former anger, only a dull feeling of hostility, mixed with pity and regret. He knew that she would be very surprised. She would hardly be able to imagine that he would turn against her decisively at last. At the thought of her surprise he felt a very slight satisfaction which faded into a sense of shame. The pity began to take possession of his mind—and as soon as he was able to he brought the full focus of his attention back towards Rain. (Iris Murdoch, *The Sandcastle*)

从生气、敌意、羞愧到怜悯

他已下定了决心,没有必要陷入与作出决定这一行动不再有关的痛苦的自我折磨之中。在给南恩的信中他建议在唐纳德考试之前什么也不要对唐纳德和费利西蒂说。他曾考虑是否可能推迟到考试以后再给南恩写信,但是他太渴切地想把已作出的决定告诉南恩了。他仍感到他已取得的成果是不牢靠的,必须立刻巩固、确立下来。对南恩他不再像过去那样生气了,只隐隐地感到敌意,混杂着怜悯和悔恨。他知道她会十分惊讶。她会很难想象他终于会果断地背弃她。想到她的惊讶他感到骄傲的满足,但这感情慢慢变成了羞愧。然后怜悯开始占据了他的心——但是待他一旦可能,便把全部注意力的中心转回到雷恩身上。 (王家湘 译)

Brooding Over Jekyl and His Own Past

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyl," he thought, "my mind misgives me, he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ay, it must be that, the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace: punishment coming, pede claudo, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault." And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, lest by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing, yet avoided. And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. "This Master

Hyde, if he were studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him, secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside, poor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ay, I must put my shoulders to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me."

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde*)

律师的复杂感情

律师朝家一走,忧心如焚:"可怜的哈里·杰基尔?"他想,"真叫人难受,他一定日子很不好过吶!他年轻的时候有过一段放流形影的生活,那是多少年前的事了。不错,但是在上帝安排的法律中,是没有追诉时限的规定的。哎,肯定是这么回事:那是多年以前罪孽的幽灵,那是隐藏起来的耻辱长成的毒瘤。好多年过去了,记忆中早已忘却,自爱心早已原谅了这错误。但惩罚最后还是缓慢地、却又无法躲避地来到。"

想到这里,律师的心中害怕起来,他也追思自己的过去,在记忆中的各个角落里搜寻,怕的是碰巧一个多年的宿债会像匣中鬼一样跳出来。他的过去真可说是白璧无瑕,很少人能像他这样怀着极少恐惧读自己的历史;但想到做过的许多事,他依然羞愧得无地自容;又想到许多他差点儿动手却又悬崖勒马的事,一种又惊又喜的感恩之情不禁油然而生。然后,当他又重新思考那问题时,他突然看到了一线希望之光。他想:"这个海德先生,只要仔细调查,肯定也有他自己的秘密。瞧那脸,肯定有见不得人的隐私。跟他比,可怜的杰基尔做的最坏的事也像太阳那么光明。事情不能再这样下去,一想到这个怪物贼一样摸到哈里的床边,我就凉了半截。可怜的哈里,他被人弄醒时,那景象该多惨!而且多危险!要是海德猜到有这么一个遗嘱,他很可能没有耐心等下去!哎,只要杰基尔同意,我就要挽狂澜于即倒!"他想道,"只要杰基尔同意就行。"

(赵毅衡 译)

Alone, Panicky and Regretful

Arby felt entirely alone—frighteningly alone—and a sudden sense of panic made his heart pound. He never should have come here, he thought. The whole idea was stupid. And worst of all, it had been his plan. The way they had huddled together in the trailer, and then had gone

back to Thorne's office. And Kelly had talked to Thorne, so that Arby could steal the key. The way he had set up a delayed radio message to be transmitted to Thorne so that Thorne would think they were still in Woodside. Arby had felt very clever at the time, but now he regretted it all. He decided that he had to call Thorne immediately. He had to turn himself in. He was filled with an overwhelming desire to confess.

(Michael Crichton, *The Lost World*)

寂寞、恐慌、后悔

阿比感到孤独透顶，孤独得令人恐慌，一阵恐慌袭来，令他心怦怦乱跳。他想，他压根儿就不该到这里来，整个想法就是个错误。更为糟糕的是，这还是他筹划的呢。他们一起挤在拖车里，然后回到了塞恩的办公室。由于凯莉跟塞恩谈话，所以阿比可以趁机偷出钥匙。他编了个电线电信息延时发给塞恩，以便让塞恩以为他们还在伍德赛德。当时阿比还觉得他做的这一切非常聪明，但现在后悔得不得了。他决定立即呼叫塞恩。他要把自己的所作所为和盘托出。他心里只有一个强烈的念头：彻底坦白。 （洁岩 译）

Ⅳ. Physiology　生理

1. Hunger　饥饿

Hunger of Fast

But it was different at dinner-time, they were furiously hungry then, and the odour of roast beef which pervaded the manse, and which was wholly delightful in spite of the fact that the roast beef was badly underdown, was almost more than they could understand. In desperation they rushed to the graveyard where they couldn't smell it. But Una could not keep her eyes from the dining-room window, through which the Upper Lowbridge minister could be seen, placidly eating.

"If I could only have just a weeny, teeny piece," she sighed.

"Now, you stop that," commanded Jerry. "Of course it's hard—but that's the punishment of it. I could eat a graven image this very minute, but am I complaining? Let's think of something else. We've just go to rise above our stomaches."　　(L. M. Montgomery, *Rainbow Valley*)

绝食引起的饥饿

但午饭时候就不是这样了,这时孩子们都感觉饥饿难耐,闻到从牧师公馆飘散出来的烤牛肉香味,即使烤焦了或尚未烤熟,也都会禁不住诱惑。因此,大家拼命往闻不到香味的墓园跑去。由娜的视线却无法自餐厅的窗口移开,从那里依稀能看到正在悠然自得用餐的亚帕牧师的模样。

"哪怕只是一小片,好想尝尝它的味道!"由娜叹息着说。

"现在绝口不能提吃的事。"吉利命令道。"当然很不好受,但这是处罚,我现在好想把雕像吃下去呢!但如此无异于自打嘴巴,所以我们来谈点别的吧,看看能否就此超越食欲。"　　(林淑女　译)

Hunger of an Escaped Prisoner

His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file and he laid it down on the grass, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down

this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's *in the* bottle, *boy?*" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner—more like *a man who was putting it away somewhere* in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while so violently, that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

饥肠辘辘

我一看那双眼睛,就知道他饿得难熬;我先把锉刀交给他,他随手接过就扔在草地上,可是照我看,他要不是看见我手里还拿着一包吃的,可真要把锉刀都吃下去呢。这一次他可没有把我头朝地脚朝天翻个过儿来倒我身上的东西,却让我好端端地站在那里打开那包吃的,把口袋里的东西一件件掏给他。

他问我:"孩子,这瓶里是什么?"

我说:"白兰地。"

说这话时,他已经动手把碎肉往喉咙眼里送,那副吃相实在是天下少有——哪里像吃,简直像心急慌忙地把碎肉装进一个什么罐子里去。可是一听说酒,马上又放下碎肉,喝了几口。一边喝,一边嗦嗦发抖;总算难为他,酒瓶脖子衔在他嘴里居然没有给咬断。 (王科一 译)

Scanty Supply of Food

Then the scanty supply of food was distressing; with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely insufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. From this deficiency of nourishment resulted an abuse which passed hardly on the younger pupils: whenever the famished great girls had an opportunity they would coax or menace the little ones out of their portion. Many a time I have shared between two claimants the precious morsel of brown bread distributed at teatime, and after relinquishing to a third half the contents of my mug of coffee, I have swallowed the remainder with an accompaniment of secret tears, forced from me by the exigency of hunger. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

食物短缺

食物供应不足也令人苦恼;我们这些正在发育的孩子食欲很强,可是我们

的食物几乎还不够养活一个虚弱的病人。营养不够造成不良风气,这就害苦了年纪小一点的学生;大姑娘们饿坏了,一有机会就或是哄骗或是威吓,要小姑娘们把自己的口粮分出来。有好几次,我在吃点心的时候,把那一小口珍贵的面包分给两个向我要的人;还把我那杯咖啡分一半给第三者,然后,我咽下剩下的一半,同时也咽下饿极了而偷偷掉下的眼泪。 (祝庆英 译)

The Growling of the Stomach

Hunger came to his stomach; an icy hand reached down his throat and clutched his intestines and tied them into a cold, tight knot that ached. The memory of the bottle of milk Bessie had heated for him last night came back so strongly that he could almost taste it. If he had that bottle of milk now he would make a fire out of a newspaper and hold the bottle over the flame until it was warm. He saw himself take the top off the white bottle, with some of the warm milk spilling over his black fingers, and then lift the bottle to his mouth and tilt his head and drink. His stomach did a slow flip-flop and he heard it growl. He felt in his hunger a deep sense of duty, as powerful as the urge to breathe, as intimate as the beat of his heart. He felt like dropping to his knees and lifting his face to the sky and saying: "I'm hungry!" He wanted to pull off his clothes and roll in the snow until something nourishing seeped into his body through the pores of his skin. He wanted to grip something in his hands so hard that it would turn to food. (Richard Wright, *Native Son*)

饥渴难当

饥饿降临他的肠胃,一只冰冷的手伸进他的喉咙,攥住他的肠子,把他们结成一个又冷又紧,阵阵作痛的结。昨天晚上蓓西给他烧牛奶的情景又出现在他的记忆里,形象是那么鲜明,他简直都能尝到它的滋味。要是他现在有那么一瓶牛奶,他就要用报纸生一个火,把瓶子举到火焰上把牛奶烘热。他想象自己打开牛奶瓶的盖子,他的黑手指头上还溅着了一点温暖的牛奶,随即把奶瓶举到嘴边,仰起脑袋喝起来。他的胃慢慢地向后翻了个跟头,他听见它在叫唤。他从他的饥饿里深深感觉到一种责任感,像要求呼吸的欲望一样强烈,像心跳一样不可缺少。他很想跪倒在地,把脸朝向天空说:"我饿啦!"他想要脱光衣服在雪里打滚,直到一些有营养的东西从汗毛孔里渗进他的身体。他想要把什么东西紧紧握在手里,紧得使它变成食物。 (施咸荣 译)

2. Exhaustion 疲倦

The Defeated Army

For many days now the fag-end of the army had been straggling through the town. They were not troops, but a disbanded horde. The beards of the men were long and filthy, their uniforms in tatters, and they advanced at an easy pace without flag or regiment. All seemed worn-out and back-broken, incapable of a thought or a resolution, marching by habit solely, and falling from fatigue as soon as they stopped. In short, they were a mobilized, pacific people, bending under the weight of the gun; ... and, sometimes the brilliant helmet of a dragoon on foot who followed with difficulty the shortest march of the lines.

(Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

疲惫不堪的士兵

接连好几天,溃退下来的队伍零零落落地穿城而过,他们已经不能算作什么军队,简直是一帮一帮散乱的乌合之众。那些人脸上是又脏又长的胡子,身上是又破又烂的制服,他们既没有军旗,也不分什么团队,懒洋洋地往前走着。所有的人都像是十分颓丧,十分疲惫,再也不能想什么念头,再也不能拿什么主意,只是出于习惯不知不觉地往前走着;只要一站住,便会累得倒下来。人们看见的,最多的是被动员令征召入伍的人,都是些爱好和平的人,安静度日的领取年金者,现在被枪支压得直不起腰来;……有时也看得见一个戴着亮晶晶钢盔的龙骑兵,他拖着笨重的脚步,很吃力地随着步兵比较轻松的步伐走着。

(赵少侯 译)

Sleepy Weary

But I was by this time so weary that I could have slept twelve hours at a stretch; I had the taste of sleep in my throat; my joints slept even when my mind was waking; the hot smell of the heather, and the drone of the wild bees, were like possets to me; and every now and again I would give a jump and find I had been dozing.

(Rohert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

困倦

可是这一次我实在太累,我可以一口气睡上十二个钟点;我一心一意只想尝尝睡眠的滋味;甚至当我的头脑醒着的时候,我的骨骼的关节也处在睡眠状

态中;灌木的强烈气味,野蜜蜂的嗡嗡声,好像是催眠的奶酒;每隔一会儿,我总会惊跳起来,发现我已经打过瞌睡了。 (侯浚吉 译)

Weariness of a Country Girl

... When, just against the doorway, he caught sight of Tessa, only two yards off him. She was kneeling with her back against the wall, behind a group of peasant-women, who were standing and looking for a spot nearer to the sacred image. Her head hung a little aside with a look of weariness, and her blue eyes were directed rather absently towards an altar-piece where the Archangel Michael stood in his armour, with young face and floating hair, amongst bearded and tonsured saints. Her right hand, holding a bunch of cocoons, fell by her side listlessly, and her round cheek was paled, either by the light or by the weariness that was expressed in her attitude: her lips were pressed poutingly together, and every now and then her eyelids half fell; she was a large image of a sweet sleepy child. (George Eliot, *Romola*)

乡村少女的疲劳

……恰好快到了门口的时候,他看到了苔莎,就在他面前不过两三尺。她背着墙,跪在那里,在一群站在那里正在找一个靠近圣像的地方的农村妇女后面。苔莎的头稍稍歪在一边,看来很困乏。她的一双蓝眼睛有点心不在焉地望着一座祭坛上的大天使米迦勒——身穿甲胄,年轻的脸,披散的长发,在一些剃了发的大胡子圣徒的簇拥之中。她的右手拿着一束茧子,有气无力地垂在身边;她的圆圆的脸颊显得很苍白,或者是由于光线,或者是由于她那姿态所显出的困乏。她的嘴唇微微地撅着,时不时一双眼睛就半垂了下来。她真是一个想瞌睡的甜蜜孩子的大型塑像。 (王央乐 译)

Terrible Fatigue Which Was Passed into the Bones

... Since nobody would point out the road, she must find it out for herself. Now and then she sat down, then rose, then reseated herself again. She was borne down by that terrible fatigue which first attacks the muscles, then passes into the bones,—weariness like that of a slave. She was a slave in truth,—the slave of her lost children. She must find them; each instant that elapsed might be to their hurt. Who has a duty like this woman's has no rights; it is forbidden even to stop to take breath. But she

was very tired. In the extreme of exhaustion which she had reached, another step became a question,—Can one make it? She had walked all the day, encountering no other village, not even a house. She took first the right path, then a wrong one, ending by losing herself amidst leafy labyrinths, resembling one another precisely. Was she approaching her goal? Was she nearing the term of her Passion? She was in the Via Dolorosa, and felt the overwhelming of the last station. Was she about to fall in the road, and die there? There came a moment when to advance farther seemed impossible to her. The sun was declining, the forest growing dark; the paths were hidden beneath the grass, and she was helpless. She had nothing left but God. She began to call; no voice answered. (Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

精疲力竭

既然人家不肯给她指路,她不得不自己找。她不时地坐下,又站起来,又坐下。她有了这种悲惨的疲倦,起先只发生在肌肉里,逐渐透入到骨头里,那是奴隶的疲倦。她的确是一个奴隶——她失去的孩子们的奴隶。她必须找到他们。每耽搁一分钟,失去他们的机会就更增加一些;一个人有了这样的责任就不再有任何权利了;连停下来喘喘气也是不许可的。可是她已经很疲倦了。精疲力竭到了这样的地步,多走一步也成了问题。她能够多走一步吗?她从大清早起就赶路,一直没有遇见任何乡村、任何房子。她起先走了正路,然后又走了错路,最后终于在无法分辨的树丛中迷了路。她走近目的地了吗?她的苦难到头了吗?她是在苦难的道路上,她感觉到最后一站的重压。她会跌倒在路上而且死在那里吗?有时她觉得不可能再向前走了,太阳西斜了,森林里逐渐昏暗,野草遮没了小径,她不知道怎么办才好。她只有上帝可以依靠。她开始呼喊,可是没有人回答她。 (郑永慧 译)

3. Thirst 焦渴

The Thirst of a Desert Traveller

I literally smacked my cracked lips, or rather tried to smack them. The mere thought of that pure water made me mad. If the Cardinal had been there with his bell, book, and candle, I would have whipped in and drunk his water up, yes, even if he had already filled it with the suds of soap worthy of washing the hands of the Pope, and I knew that the whole concentrated curse of the Catholic Church should fall upon me for so doing. I almost think I must have been a little light-headed with thirst and

weariness and want of food; for I fell to thinking how astonished the Cardinal and his nice little boy and the jackdaw would have looked to see a burnt up, brown-eyed, grizzled-haired little elephant hunter suddenly bound in and put his dirty face into the basin, and swallow every drop of the precious water. (H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*)

沙漠旅行者的焦渴

我馋得直咂嘴，真想舔一口清水，想得发疯，就是红衣主教手持铃铛，书本和蜡烛在此，我也一定抢上前去喝光他的水，是的，即使罐子里装的是给教皇洗手的肥皂水，而且肯定为此被逐出教门，我也要喝光它。我觉得，应该把思想从饥渴和疲倦上引开。可是我就想，红衣主教和他那个乖孩子，还有寒鸦，要是看见一个晒得黑黑的，长一双褐色眼睛，一头灰白头发的猎象老头飞身而上，把一张脏脸浸进盆里，把盆里的水喝得一滴不剩，他们该是何等地吃惊。

（常政 曼真 译）

Thirst after Being Whipped

Time passed. He had now been there for at least an hour and a half, lacerated, abused, constantly jeered at and almost stoned to death. Suddenly he began to struggle against his bonds again with redoubled desperation, shaking the wheel which supported him. Then, breaking the silence which he had so stubbornly kept till then, he cried out in a hoarse and furious voice which was like the roar of a wild animal: "Water!"

This cry of distress, far from arousing any compassion in the crowd, only added to their amusement. Not one voice was raised around the wretched prisoner except to jeer at his thirst. It is true that at that moment he was even more grotesque and repulsive than he was pitiful, with his crimson face streaming with perspiration, his wildly glaring eye, his mouth foaming with rage and pain and his tongue tolling out of it.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

鞭罚后感到焦渴

时间消逝。他在那里至少已经一个半小时了，痛心、备受虐待、受人奚落、苦恼不尽，而且简直快被人用石头砸死。

突然，他再次挣扎，要挣脱锁链，绝望的挣扎加倍剧烈，连身下的整个木架都晃动了。他打破了迄今顽固保持的沉默，叫了起来："水！"愤懑的嘶哑声音不像是人声，倒像是犬吠，盖过了群众的嘲骂声。

这凄惨的呼喊丝毫也没有打动人们的同情心，只是使得"梯子"周围的巴黎善良百姓更加开心。这不幸的罪人周围响起的没有别的声音，只有嘲笑他口渴的轰笑。当然，他那样脸憋得通红，汗流满面，目光散乱，又愤怒又痛苦，嘴里白沫四溅，舌头差不多完全伸了出来，这副模样也确实滑稽可笑，叫人恶心而不是怜悯。（管震湖 译）

Fire-Like Thirst

He tries to open his eyelids. But a fire burns within him. He is suffocating.

He is terribly thirsty, he must get up at once and get a drink. But why does he not get up? He tries to move but his limbs refuse to obey him, his body is a stranger to him. Mother will bring him some water at once. He will say to her: "I want to drink."

... and his lips feel the hard edge of a glass and moisture, life-giving moisture. The fire within him subsides. Satisfied, he whispers: "That's better."

(Nikolai Ostrovsky, *How the Steel Was Tempered*, Trans. R. Prokofieva)

焦渴

他竭力想抬起眼皮。可是，心里像有一团火，热得喘不上气来。

想喝水，多么想喝水呀！他恨不得马上就爬起来，喝个够。那为什么又起不来呢？他刚想挪动一下身子，但是，立刻觉得身体是别人的，不是自己的，根本不听使唤。妈马上会拿水来的。他要对她说："我要喝水。"

……于是，他的嘴唇触到了玻璃杯口和甘露般的液体。心头的那团火逐渐熄灭了。（黄树南 等译）

4. Pain 疼痛

The Pain of a Sudden Heart Attack

And as he floated easily a terrible pain blossomed in his chest, surely as a spear would feel, one long and red-hot shaft of screaming agony. He cried out, threw his arms up above his head, stiffening, muscles convulsed; but the pain grew worse, forced his arms down again, thrust his fists into his armpits, brought up his knees. My heart! I'm having a heart attack, I'm dying! My heart! I don't want to die! Not yet, not

before I've begun my work, not before I've had a chance to prove myself! Dear Lord, help me! I don't want to die, I don't want to die!

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

心绞痛

当他毫不费力地飘着的时候,一阵可怕的疼痛在他的胸内涌起,真像是被矛枪刺中的感觉,一根长长的、炽红的矛枪刺中的令人震惊的锐疼。他喊了出来,两手往头上一扬,身体僵硬,肌肉痉挛。但是,那疼痛愈加厉害了,迫使他的胳膊又放了下来,两个拳头插在了腋窝中,蜷起了膝盖。我的心脏!我发生心力衰竭了,我要死了!我的心脏啊!我不想死!在我没有开始我的工作之前,在我没有得到机会考验自己之前还不要死!亲爱的主,帮助我!我不想死,我不想死啊!

(曾胡 译)

A Pain in Head Wound

There was a resounding of pain. It seemed to sound from the outside of his consciousness: like a loud bell clanging very near. Yet he knew it was himself. He must associate himself with it. After a lapse and a new effort, he identified a pain in his head, a large pain that clanged and resounded. So far he could identify himself with himself. Then there was a lapse.

...

Bit by bit, like a doom, came the necessity to know. He was hit in the head. It was only a vague surmise at first. But in the swinging of the pendulum of pain, swinging ever nearer and nearer, to touch him into an agony of consciousness and a consciousness of agony, gradually the knowledge emerged—he must be hit in the head—hit on the left brow; if so, there would be blood—was there blood? —could he feel blood in his left eye? Then the clanging seemed to burst the membrance of his brain, like death-madness.

(D. H. Lawrence, *England, My England*)

伤痛

这时,一阵疼痛的共鸣声传来了。这声音像是从他的意识之外传来的,就像一只铃在近处响着。他知道这是他自己,他必须把这疼痛与自己联系在一起。又经过一阵新的努力,他才确定了是头部疼痛。一阵剧烈的疼痛在他的脑袋里轰鸣着。至此,他弄清了疼痛的是自己,接着又失去了知觉。

.....

渐渐地，他不可避免地知道了，被击中的是他的头部。起初，他只是隐隐约约地猜测，可是疼痛阵阵发作，渐渐逼近，让他感到了痛苦，痛苦也感到了他。他的头部被击中，弹片击在他的左前额上，要是这样的话，就得流血，究竟有血吗？他感到左眼里流进血去了吗？接着，轰鸣声像死去一样疯狂地向他的脑膜冲击，似乎要将他击穿。（刘东兵　刘春　译）

Punishment of Cane Cuts

As they followed the upward rise of the cane above her own hands Meggie's eyes closed involuntarily, so she did not see the descent. but the pain was like a vast explosion, a scorching, searing invasion of her flesh right down to the bone; even as the ache spread tingling up her forearm the next cut came, and by the time it had reached her shoulder the final cut across her finger-tips was screaming along the same path, all the way through to her heart. she fastened her teeth in her lower lip and bit down on it, too ashamed and too proud to cry, too angry and indignant at the injustice of it to dare open her eyes and look at Sister Agatha; the lesson was sinking in, even if the crux of it was not what Sister Agatha intended to teach.（Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*）

皮肉之苦

当梅吉看见藤条举到了她手上的时候，她不自主地闭上了眼睛，所以没有看见那藤条的下落。可是爆裂、灼烫、炮烙般的疼痛从她的皮肉直透筋骨。在疼痛蔓延到前臂时，第二下打了下来，当疼痛达到她的肩膀时，打在指尖上的最后的一下顺着原路彻骨而来，像是直接抽打在她的心上。她的牙齿紧咬着下唇，几乎都咬进肉里去了，羞惭和自尊使她不愿哭出声来；对这种做法的不平和愤恨使她敢于睁开眼睛望着阿加莎嬷嬷，这次教训在给她留下刻骨铭心的印象，尽管她并不真正明了阿加莎嬷嬷教训她的实质。（曾胡　译）

A Severe Headache

Five dollars for five thousand words, ten words for a cent, the market price for art. The disappointment of it, the lie of it, the infamy of it, were uppermost in his thoughts; and under his closed eyelids, in fiery figures, burned the "$3.85" he owed the grocer. He shivered, and was aware of an aching in his bones. The small of his back ached especially. His head ached, the top of it ached, the back of it ached, the brains inside of it

ached and seemed to be swelling, while the ache over his brows was intolerable. And beneath the brows, planted under his lids, was the merciless "$3.85". He opened his eyes to escape it, but the white light of the room seemed to sear the balls and forced him to close his eyes, when the "$3.85" confronted him again. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

剧烈的头痛

五块钱五千字,十个字一分钱,这是艺术品的市价!他首先想到的是这回事给人的失望、它的欺骗性和丑恶性;在他闭上的眼睑里边,只见他欠食品商的那笔数目,"$3.85",一个个火红的数字在燃烧着。他打了一个寒噤,感到骨头里直发痛。腰部后边特别疼痛得厉害。他脑瓜发痛,头顶上痛,头后边痛,里头的脑子也痛,仿佛在肿胀起来,眉毛上面更痛得叫他受不了。眉毛下面,那个冷酷无情的字样,"$3.85",还是附着在他眼睑里边。他张开眼睛,不想看这字样,可是屋子里满是白天的亮光,仿佛要烧焦他的眼球似的,逼得他又闭上了,面前又是那个字样,"$3.85"。 (吴劳 译)

Sudden Pain

Yet one afternoon, about five months after his return to business, as he sat in his office preparing a note for Ailean, he was suddenly seized with the sharpest pain of any thus far experienced in connection with his illness. It was not unlike a sharp knife being pushed and turned in the region of his left kidney, and from there it seemed to leap to his heart. When he attempted to get up from his chair, he was unable to do so. In fact, as at Tregasal, his breath seemed to fail him, and could not move. But in a few moments the pain lessened and he was able to reach over to summon Jamieson. (Theodore Dreiser, *The Stoic*)

突如其来的剧痛

但是,大约在他重理业务五个月以后的一天下午,当他坐在写字间里准备给爱玲写一封短信时,他突然间感到一阵剧烈的疼痛,这是他生病以来从来没有体验过的剧痛。就像是一把尖刀在他左边腰子的那儿刺进去,再打个转,又从那儿直捣到心窝似的。他企图从椅子上站起来,但是办不到了。实际上,就像在德里格寒尔一样,他似乎接不上气来,不能动弹,不过在几分钟之后,疼痛减轻了一些,他能够伸手去揿电钮叫杰美生进来。 (余杰 诸葛霖 译)

5. Pregnancy and Childbirth 怀孕、生育

The Graceful Pregnancy

For Rose of Sharon was pregnant and careful. Her hair, braised and wrapped around her head, made an ash-blond crown. Her round soft face, which had been voluptuous and *inviting a few months ago*, had already put on the barrier of pregnancy, the self-sufficient smile, the knowing perfection-look; and her plump body—full soft breasts and stomach, hard hips and buttocks that had swung so freely and provocatively as to invite slapping and strocking—her whole body had become demure and serious. Her whole thought and action were directed inward on the baby. She balanced on her toes now, for the baby's sake. And the world was pregnant to her; she thought only in terms of reproduction and of motherhood. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

怀孕后的端庄

她已经怀了孕,所以小心谨慎了。她那结成辫子盘在头上的头发成了一顶灰黄色的宝冠。她那娇嫩的圆脸,几个月前还风骚诱人,现在已经摆出那副有了身孕后的端庄的仪容,自满的微笑,自觉十全十美的神情;她那胖胖的身子——饱满而柔软的乳房和肚子,还有那结实的屁股,自由自在地摆动着,富有诱惑力,仿佛要挑逗人家去拍一拍,摸一摸似的——现在她的整个身子已经变得稳重而端庄了。她的全部心思和行动都向着肚里的婴孩。为了婴孩,她现在才踮着脚尖,使身子稳定。在她看来,整个世界也是怀孕了;她只是转着繁殖和母性的念头。 (胡仲持 译)

The Pride in Pregnancy

She was keenly aware of her newly-conceived love for the future child—almost the present child—and took delight in this love. This child was no longer merely a part of her own body, to some extent it lived its own life now, independent of her. Often this caused her pain, and at the same time made her want to cry out with joy.

All the people she loved were with her, and all were so kind to her, so solicitous of her, so anxious to give her pleasure, that had she not felt and known it must soon end, she could not have wished for anything better. (Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margaret Wettlin)

怀孕的骄傲

她现在清楚地意识到自己心里对于即将诞生的(对于她,在某种程度上说是已存在的)婴儿产生了一种爱。她怀着喜悦体验这种新的情感。他现在已经不完全是她身体的一部分,而是有时过着独立的生活了。有时这使她痛苦,但是同时她又因为这种新奇的欢怀心情大笑。

所有她热爱的人都同她在一起,都对她体贴得无微不至,照顾得那样周到。给予她的一切又是那样如意,要不是她知道和感觉到这一切不久就要告一段落,那她就不会再希望更美好更快乐的生活了。 (周扬 谢素台 译)

An Ordeal Birth

It was the morning of the third day of the Fortnight of Small Snow when Spring Moon felt the first pain and took to bed. This time, unlike the first, the birth was an ordeal. The child is ashamed, she thought over and over as the hours passed. He has no right, does not wish to be born.

She heard the scream of a pig being slaughtered. No, it was she. She no longer knew how long she had laboured, drifting in and out of agony, ashamed to have Dummy and the midwife look upon her face, upon the beast that was she. Then she could hold on no longer and fell into blackness. She drowned. (Bette Bao Lord, *Spring Moon*)

难产

小雪的第三天早晨,春月开始感到阵痛,连忙上炕。与头胎不同,这次是难产。时间一小时一小时地过去,春月一直在想:孩子一定羞于出世吧。他本没有权利来到人间,所以他不愿意出世。

她听到一声像宰猪一样的嚎叫。不,那是她自己的声音。她也不知道阵痛多久了,疼得死去活来。小哑巴和接生婆望着她的脸,望着野兽一般的她,她真难为情。她尽力保持清醒,绝不能喊出他的名字。然而,她终于坚持不住,眼前一片漆黑,昏了过去。 (林彬 等译)

The Pain of Giving Birth

Then the pain again, worse than before, the intervals between growing shorter, the sensation as if all her bones were being twisted beyond endurance with the agony centered in her back, the torture of it overflowing into a flame of red, yellow, purple in front of her eyes. Her nails dug deeper and she screamed. (Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

产痛

疼痛又来了，比以前更厉害了。间歇的时间更短了，那种滋味就像她浑身的骨头都在拧着，那难以忍受的剧痛集中在她的背上，折磨得她眼冒着红的、黄的、紫的火星。她的指甲掐得更深了，忍不住尖叫起来。 （舒逊 译）

Witnessing the Delivery

"Jane wants you both at the delivery," Edward explained. They each dressed in the tiny bathroom, and then they followed Jane down the hall at a dead run, while she was pushed on the gurney to the delivery room. They put her quickly on the table, draped her, and put her legs in stirrups, and then covered her legs in blue paper. And suddenly everything around them seemed frantic. She was screaming and doctors and nurses were coming in and Diana was suddenly terrified that something was wrong, but everyone seemed calm, just busy…

"We are almost there, Jane," the doctor said. "Come on, keep at it, just a couple more pushes…" and with that, he signaled to Diana. He knew why they were there, and he was happy for her. He reckoned to her to come and look between Jane's legs, and when she did, she could see the baby crowning. A tiny head with dark hair, slowly pushing its way through pushing pushing as Jane worked, and then suddenly there was a cry, and she was out of her mother and into the world, looking up at Diana with amazement, as Diana let out a little cry, and Andy stood beside her crying. (Danielle Steel, *Mixed Blessings*)

目睹生育过程

"珍妮想让你俩陪她生产。"爱德华解释道。他们在洗手间穿戴好，跑步跟在躺在轮床上被推往产房的珍妮后面。珍妮被迅速地放在产台上，遮上布帘，腿放在支架上，盖上蓝纸。周围似乎突然忙乱起来。珍妮尖叫起来，医生和护士都来到产房，戴安娜突然有些害怕：是大概出了什么差错？但是大家看起来都很镇静，只是忙碌……

"孩子就快出来了，珍妮，"医生说："加油，再用力……"说着，他朝戴安娜示意了一下。他知道他们夫妇为何在场，并为她感到高兴。他示意她过去看看珍妮的两腿间。她照做了，看见孩子的头露了出来。一个长着黑发的小脑袋在缓缓地往外挤，随着珍妮的用力在挤呀，挤呀…… 突然一声啼哭，她脱离了母体，降生到世上，惊奇地仰面盯着戴安娜。戴安娜发出一声轻呼，而安迪

站在旁边喜极而泣。 （马宏伟 译）

6. Illness and Injury 疾病、伤残

Coughing

From Lennie's little box of a chest there came a sound as though something was boiling. There was a great lump of something bubbling in his chest that he couldn't get rid of. When he coughed, the sweat sprang out on his head; his eyes bulged, his hands waved, and the great lump bubbled as a potato knocks in a saucepan. But what was more awful than all was when he didn't cough he sat against the pillow and never spoke or answered, or even made as if he heard. Only he looked offended.

(Katherine Mansfield, *Life of Ma Parker*)

咳嗽

伦尼的小小胸膛里总是发出一种什么东西在沸腾似的响声。似乎有一大团他摆脱不了的东西在胸腔里翻滚。他一咳嗽，脑门上就冒汗；他眼珠就鼓出来，两手直挥动，胸腔里的那一大团东西在翻滚，就像有一块土豆在小锅里卜卜跳动似的。可是更可怕的是，他不咳嗽的时候，只是靠着枕头一坐，一声不吭，既不说话，也不答腔，好像连别人说话，他也听不见似的。看他的神情，就像是谁得罪了他。 （王知还 译）

A Fit of Catalepsy

So sudden and violent was the fit, that the unfortunate prisoner was unable to complete the sentence begun: a violent convulsion shook his whole frame, his eyes started from their sockets, his mouth was drawn on one side, his cheeks became purple, he struggled, foamed, dashed himself about, and uttered the most dreadful cries, which, however, Dantes prevented from being heard by covering his head with the blanket; the fit lasted two hours, then, more helpless than an infant, and colder and paler than marble, more crushed and broken than a reed trampled under foot, he stretched himself out as though in the agonies of death, and became of the ghastly hue of the tomb.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

蜡屈病发作

病来得太迅速，太猛烈，可怜的囚犯甚至都没能把话说完；他的脸上掠过

--片乌云,像海上风暴那样黑压压滚滚而来,一闪而过。他的瞳孔放大,嘴巴歪斜,两颊呈紫色;他扭动着身体,口吐白沫,大声吼叫着;唐泰斯遵照他本人病发前的嘱咐,用被单捂住了他的喊叫声。这个状况持续了两个小时之久。这时,他比一块枕木更无声息,比一块大理石更白更冷,比踩在脚下的芦苇更加软弱无力;他最后痉挛了一次,就昏厥了过去,身体僵直,脸色铁青。

(韩沪麟 周克希 译)

Pneumonia

The latter was a very young man, seventeen or possibly eighteen, with an intelligent but always irritable expression, and terrible signs of illness in his face. He was thin as a skeleton, pale and yellow, his eyes gleamed and two hectic spots glowed on his cheeks. He coughed incessantly; every word, almost every breath, was followed by gasping. He looked as though he could scarcely live for more than another two or three weeks. He was evidently in the last stage of consumption.

(Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett)

肺炎

伊波利特还非常年轻,才十七岁,也许十八岁,疾病在他聪明的,但总是火气很大的脸上打下了可怕的烙印。他瘦得像具骷髅,皮色蜡黄,眼睛明亮,腮帮上燃烧着两团红晕。他咳嗽不止,每说一句话乃至每喘一口气都夹着嘶嘶的罗音。肺病显然已经入了膏肓。看起来他至多只能再活两三个星期。

(荣如德 译)

Never Worn Down

How he wasted and wasted away in those few long-lingering days, till there seemed but little left of him but his frame and tattooing. But as all else in him thinned, and his cheek-bones grew sharper, his eyes, nevertheless, seemed growing fuller and fuller; they became of a strange softness of lustre; and mildly but deeply looked out at you there from his sickness, a wondrous testimony to that immortal health in him which could not die, or be weakened. And like circles on the water, which, as they grow fainter, expand; so his eyes seemed rounding and rounding, like the rings of Eternity. An awe that cannot be named would steal over you as you sat by the side of this waning savage, and saw as strange things in his

face, as any beheld who were bystanders when Zoroaster died. For whatever is truly wondrous and fearful in man, never yet was put into words or books. And the drawing near of death, which alike levels all, alike impresses all with a last revelation, which only an author from the dead could adequately tell. So that—let us say it again—no dying Chaldee or Greek had higher and holier thoughts than those, whose mysterious shades you saw creeping over the face of poor Queequeg, as he quietly lay in his swaying hammock, and the rolling sea seemed gently rocking him to his final rest, and the ocean's invisible flood-tide lifted him higher and higher towards his destined heaven. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

不垮的精神

在这么缠绵拖延的几天里,竟把他消光耗尽得不成样子,只剩下个躯壳了。可是,尽管他全身其他部分都消瘦了,颧骨也尖耸起来,然而,他那双眼睛却似乎越来越滚圆,越有神气;那双眼睛竟显出一阵奇特而柔和的光彩来;他病恹恹地躺在那里,柔和而深情地对你望着,神妙地证明出他身上有着死不了、垮不掉的不朽的健康状态,那双眼睛好像水圈那样,等到水圈越来越淡,就扩散掉了;因此,他那双眼睛似乎圆而又圆,像只永恒的环。你坐在这个逐渐衰弱的野人身边,就会不知不觉地产生一种说不出的畏惧,而看到他脸上那种奇象,就跟那些在索罗亚斯德临死时,伺候在他旁边的人所看到的那股神气一模一样。因为究竟是什么才真正是人类的可惊与可怕的东西迄今还是既无言传,又未载之典籍,而且在接近死亡时分,究竟是像万念俱灰,还是像全然具有一种最后启示的痕迹,那是只有死过了的作家才说得上来。所以——我们得再说一遍——这时,当可怜的魁魁格寂静地躺在他那晃来晃去的吊铺上,翻腾起伏的大海似乎在温柔地摇他到那最后的安息地,海洋上那眼不能见的涨潮正在越涨越高地把他升到那命定要去的天上去的时候,你所看到的那种悄悄出现在他脸上的神秘的色调,若论高超与神圣,却不是行将要死的迦勒底人或者希腊人的意念所能比拟的。 (曹庸 译)

Suffer from Benzol Poison

One morning about a year later Smythe cut his face while shaving and noticed that the blood flowed for hours in copious quantities from the tiny wound. His teeth also began to bleed when he brushed them and when the flow failed to stop after several days he consulted a doctor. The diagnosis was that the benzol fumes had broken down the walls of his blood vessels.

After eighteen months in bed, during which he slept only under the

effect of opiates, Smythe's spleen and tonsils were removed. Meanwhile the periodic blood transfusions were restored to in an effort to keep bis blood supply near normal.

In all more than thirty-six pints of blood were infused through his arms until when the veins had been destroyed it was necessary to cut into his body to open other veins. During the whole time up to eight bours before his death, the complaint recited, he was conscious and in pain.

(John Dos Passos, *Big Money*)

苯中毒症

大约一年后的一个上午,斯迈思在刮胡子时划破了脸,他发现从那个小伤口一连几个小时流出大量的血。他刷牙时牙齿也开始出血,过了几天出血还是不止,他便去找医生。诊断说苯的烟气已破坏了他血管的管壁。

斯迈思在床上躺了十八个月,只有借助服用鸦片酊才能入睡。他给切除了脾脏和扁桃腺,同时采用给他定期输血的办法,使他的血液量接近正常。

总计从他的手臂输入了三十六品脱多的血,后来静脉给扎烂了,不得不切开皮肤刺入深层的静脉。在这整个期间直到他去世前八小时,控告书说,他神志清楚,始终感到痛苦。 (吴劳 译)

Hysteria

There was a pause; then she came wavering by forward, put her hands on his shoulders, and seemed to collapse, or be dragging him, on to the bed. Unregarded, her spectacles fell off. She was making a curious noise, a steady, repeated, low-pitched moan that sounded as if it came from the pit of her stomach, as if she'd been sick over and over again and still wanted to be sick. Dixon half-helped, half-lifted her on to the bed. Now and then she gave a quiet, almost skittish little scream. Her face was pushed hard against his chest. Dixon didn't know whether she was fainting, or having a fit of hysterics, or simply breaking down and crying. Whatever it was he didn't know how to deal with it. When she felt that she was sitting on the bed next to him she threw herself forward so that her face was on his thigh. In a moment he felt moisture creeping through to his skin. He tried to lift her, but she was immovably heavy; her shoulders were shaking more rapidly than seemed to him normal even in a condition of this kind. Then she raised herself, tense but still trembling, and began a series of high-pitched, inward screams which alternated with the deep

moans. Both were quite loud. Her hair was in her eyes, her lips were drawn back and her teeth chattered. Her face was wet, with saliva as well as tears. At last, as he began speaking her name, she threw herself violently backwards and sideways on to the bed, while she lay there with her arms spread out writhing, she screamed half a dozen times, very loudly, then on more quietly, moaning with every outward breath. Dixon seized her wrists and shouted: " Margaret. Margaret." She looked at him with dilated eyes and began struggling, trying to free herself from him.

(Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim*)

歇斯底里

两个都停住没说话;过了一会儿,她摇摇晃晃走上前来,把手搭在他的肩膀上,并且好像要往床上倒了似的,或许是在拉他上床吧。她的眼镜从鼻子上掉下来,她连理也不理。她在发出一种奇怪的声音,一种平稳不变、反复不断、低声的呻吟声,听上去仿佛来自她的心窝,仿佛她呕吐了许多次以后还想吐似的。狄克逊连扶带挟地把她送到床上。她不时地发出一声低微的、几乎是羞怯的、短暂的尖叫声,脸紧贴着他的胸部。狄克逊不知道她是头发晕,是歇斯底里,还是情不自禁地痛哭。不管是怎么回事,他都对付不了。当她感到她已挨着他坐在床上的时候,她便一下往前扑去,脸趴在他的大腿上。不一会儿,他感觉到裤子给浸湿了。他想把她扳起来,但却沉重得扳不动;她的肩膀抖动得非常厉害,即使是在这种情况下也使他感到很不正常。而后,她抬起身,样子很紧张,仍旧打着颤,开始高声地发出往里吸气的尖叫声来,同时穿插着那种低沉的呻吟声。尖叫声和呻吟声都很大。她头发掉到了眼睛里,嘴唇向后拉着,牙齿直打哆嗦,脸上一把口水一把泪水。最后,当他开始呼唤她的名字的时候,她猛力朝后,向左右摆了摆,倒在床上,两手张开,胡乱翻滚,狂叫了六七声,然后又放低声音继续叫着,同时随着向外呼气呻吟着。狄克逊一把抓住她的手,叫道:"玛格丽特!玛格丽特!"她张大眼睛望着他,挣扎起来,想把他摆脱掉。

(谭理 译)

Ophthalmitis

One morning, after a severer strain than usual, he awoke with a strange sensation in his eyes. The sun was shining directly upon the window-blind, and at his first glance thitherward a sharp pain obliged him to close his eyelids quickly. At every new attempt to look about him the same morbid sensibility to light was manifested, and excoriating tears ran down his cheeks. He was obliged to tie a bandage over his brow while

dressing; and during the day it could not be abandoned. Eustacia was thoroughly alarmed. On finding that the case was no better the next morning, they decided to send to Anglebury for a surgeon.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

眼疾

有一天夜里,他用功用得比别的日子都更厉害,第二天早晨起来的时候,他觉得他的眼睛有一种异样的感觉。那时日光正一直射在窗帘子上,他往那方向看头一眼的时候,觉得眼睛一阵剧痛,只得急忙把眼睛又闭上了。他每一次试着往四周看的时候,都有眼睛见光发痛的感觉,同时荡得肌肉发痛的眼泪往脸上流。他梳洗的时候,没有法子,只好在额上裹了一块绷带当眼罩儿;那一天里面,那个眼罩就没能去掉。游苔莎见了这样,十分惊慌。第二天早晨,觉得情形还不见好,他们就决定打发人上安格堡去请一个普治医生。

(张谷若 译)

Scars in Face

The creature's eyes were alight with a somber frenzy, which blazed and waned with every mouthful. There was very little skin to the face. The face, for that matter, sunken and emaciated, bore little likeness to human countenance. Frost after frost had bitten deeply, each depositing its stratum of scab upon the half-healed scar that went before. This dry, hard surface was of a bloody-black color, serrated by grievous cracks wherein the raw red flesh peeped forth. His skin garments were dirty and in tatters, and the fur of one side was singed and burned away, showing where he had lain upon his fire. (Jack London, *An Odyssey of the North*)

面部冻伤

这人目光忧郁而狂乱,他一口一口地吃着,目光也随之闪烁不定。他脸上已没有多少完整的皮肤。整个脸凹陷、瘦削,根本不像一张人的面孔。一次又一次的冻伤已经深入肌理,前一次的伤疤还没有完全长好,后一次又在上面加了一层新的伤疤。整张脸又干又硬,颜色乌紫,上面还有许多可怕的锯齿形裂口,露出了红花花的肉。他的皮衣脏兮兮的破烂不堪,一边的毛被火烧过,有些地方已经烧光,说明那一边身子挨着火睡过觉。 (蒋坚松 译)

A Twisted Body

In fact, his whole body might have been described as a twisted

grimace: his huge head bristled with stiff red hair; between his shoulders was an enormous hump which had a corresponding projection in front; his legs were so strangely made that they could touch only at the knees, like two sickles with their handles joined; his feet were immense and his hands were monstrous. Yet, with all that deformity, there was a certain air of formidable vigor, agility and courage—a strange exception to the classic rule that strength, like beauty, comes from harmony.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

残丑的肌体

更恰当地说,他整个的人就是一副怪相。一个大脑袋上棕红色头发耷拉着。两个肩膀之间耸着一个大驼背,前面的鸡胸给予了平衡。从股至足,整个的下肢扭曲得奇形怪状,两腿之间只有膝盖那里才勉强接触,从正面看,恰似两把大镰刀,在刀把那里会合。宽大的脚,巨人的手。这样的不成形体却显露出难以言状的可怖体态:那是精力充沛,矫捷异常,勇气超人的混合。这是奇特的例外:公然违抗力与美皆来自和谐这一永恒法则。 (管震湖 译)

7. Insomnia 失眠

Sleepless Because of Guilty Conscience

If I slept at all that night, it was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring-tide, to the Hulks; a ghostly pirate calling out to me through a speaking-trumpet, as I passed the gibbet-station, that I had better come ashore and be hanged at once, and not put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even if I had been inclined, for I knew that at the first faint dawn of morning I must rob the pantry. There was no doing it in the night, for there was no getting a light by easy friction then; to have got one, I must have struck it out of flint and steel, and have made a noise like the very pirate himself rattling his chains.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

心中有鬼睡不着

那天夜里,我如果还阖上过眼睛,那也无非是,一阖眼就影影绰绰觉得置身在波涛汹涌的河上,向着水牢那边漂过去;漂到那绞架跟前,有个幽灵似的海盗拿着话筒向我喊话,说是再不上岸到绞架上去挨绞,更待何时。即便当真想睡,也不敢睡着,因为心里惦记着,天一见亮就得到伙食间去偷东西。想要当夜干好这件勾当,可办不到,因为当时还没有这种一擦就着的取火条件——

要想取个亮，就非得用燧石和火刀打火不可，那样就势必会闹出大声来，同那个海盗克啷克啷的镣铐声也差不了多少了。 （王科一 译）

Fretted Sleeplessness

But I slept ill. Within an hour of tumbling drowsily to bed I was awake again, thirsty, restless, hot and cold by turns, and unnaturally excited. I had drunk a lot, but neither the mixture, nor the Chartreuse, nor the Mavrodaphne Trifle, nor even the fact that I had sat immobile and almost silent throughout the evening instead of clearing the fumes, as we normally did, in puppyish romps and tumbles, explains the distress of that hag-ridden night. No dream distorted the images of the evening into horrific shapes. I lay awake and clear-headed. I repeated to myself Anthony's words, catching his accent, soundlessly, and the stress and cadence of his speech, while under my closed lids I saw his pale, candle-lit face as it had fronted me across the dinner table. Once during the hours of darkness I brought to light the drawings in my sitting-room and sat at the open window turning them over. Everything was black and dead-still in the quadrangle; only at the quarter-hours the bells awoke and sang over the gables. I drank soda-water and smoked and fretted, until light began to break and the rustle of a rising breeze turned me back to my bed.

（Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*）

烦躁失眠

可是我睡得并不好，昏昏沉沉地倒在床上不到一小时我就醒来了，又渴又不安，一阵冷一阵热，异常激动。我喝了很多酒，但是无论是混合酒，无论是修道院的老窖酒，无论是马弗罗·达伏尼甜酒，也不是因为我整晚一动不动，一言不发地坐着，没有像惯常那样出去跑跑颠颠，透透气，都说明不了我这一夜痛苦得仿佛受到女巫折磨的原因。我没有做噩梦把晚间所见的形象歪曲成可怕的样子。我清醒地躺着。我暗自念叨着安东尼的话，默默地学他的语调，学他说话的抑扬顿挫，同时我合着眼，还能看到他坐在餐桌对面，看到他被烛光照着的苍白面孔。在黑夜中，我一度去起居室把画册带到灯光前，坐在窗户前随意翻看，在四方院子里，一切都是漆黑的、死一般的寂静；只有钟声每隔一刻钟响一次，在山墙上鸣响着。我喝汽水，抽烟，烦躁不安，直到天蒙蒙亮，瑟瑟的微风把我送上床。 （赵隆勰译）

Sleepless from Fright

Bonacieux did not sleep that night, not because his cell was too unpleasant, but because he was too apprehensive. He spent the whole night sitting on his stool, quivering at the slightest sound, and when the first rays of daylight slipped into his cell, it seemed to him that the dawn had taken on a funereal tint.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

惊吓失眠

博纳修一夜没合眼,倒不是因为这牢房不舒服,而是因为实在太担惊受怕。他整夜坐在板凳上,听到一点响声就直打哆嗦;待到第一道曙光透进牢房时,晨曦在他眼里也显得分外愁苦。 (周克希 译)

Weary But Sleepless

Every one has experienced that disagreeable state of mind, in which a sensation of bodily weariness in vain contends against an inability to sleep. It was Mr. Pickwick's condition at this moment: he tossed first on one side and then on the other; and perseveringly closed his eyes as if to coax himself to slumber. It was of no use. Whether it was the unwonted exertion he had undergone, or the heat, or the brandy and water, or the strange bed—whatever it was, his thoughts kept reverting very uncomfortably to the grim pictures downstairs, and the old stories to which they had given rise in the course of the evening. After half an hour's tumbling about, he came to the unsatisfactory conclusion, that it was of no use trying to sleep; so he got up and partially dressed himself. Anything, he thought, was better than lying there fancying all kinds of horrors. He looked out of the window—it was very dark. He walked about the room—it was very lonely.

(Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*)

疲困与失眠交织

身体的疲困之感徒然和失眠相挣扎,这种不愉快的心情是人人都经历过的。这时候匹克威克的情形正是如此:他先往这边翻个身,又往那边翻滚;耐心地闭着眼睛像是在哄自己入睡。没有用。不知是因为白天做了不惯的劳动的事呢,还是因为天热,还是因为白兰地和水,还是因为陌生的床,——不论是因为什么吧,反正他脑子里很不舒服地不断回想楼下的那些怪相的图画,并回想他们在晚上因为这些图画而谈起的一些古老的故事。转侧了半小时之后,

他得到一个不愉快的结论，硬想睡是没有用的了，因此他爬了起来，并且穿上了一部分衣服。他想，随便怎么都比躺在那里胡思乱想着种种怕人的事情好。他看看窗户外面——外面很黑。他在房里走走——又是非常寂寞。

（蒋天佐 译）

A Woman Suffered from Insomnia

She was staring wide awake, she was counting old pairs of trousers, torn suits of woolly underwear, old armyshirts with the sleeves cut off, socks with holes in them that didn't match. She was seeing the rickety children with puffy bellies showing through their rags, the scrawny women with uncombed hair and hands distorted with work, the boys with their heads battered and bleeding from the clubs of the Coal and Iron Police, the photograph of a miner's body shot through with machinegun bullets. She got up and took two or three swigs from a bottle of gin she kept in the medicinecloset in the bathroom. The gin burned her throat. Coughing she went back to bed and went off into a hot dreamless sleep.

(John Dos Passos, *Big Money*)

难以入睡

她睡不着，睁大着眼睛发呆，心里计算着有多少旧裤子、套头的破羊毛内衣、扯掉了袖子的旧军用衬衫和有破洞的不配对的袜子。她似乎看见那些患了软骨病的孩子，在破衣服下面露出膨胀的肚子，看见那些妇女骨瘦如柴，蓬首垢面，双手由于过分劳动而弄得变了形，看见头部遭到煤矿和铁厂警察殴打而流血不止的儿童和一张照片上一个被机关枪子弹射穿的矿工的尸体。她起了床，拿出藏在浴室药柜里的那瓶杜松子酒，喝了两三大口。酒使她喉咙辣得难受。她咳嗽着，回到床上，热呼呼地进入无梦的酣睡。 （吴劳 译）

Catherine's Sleepless Night

Heavily passed the night. Sleep, or repose that deserved the name of sleep, was out of the question. That room, in which her disturbed imagination had tormented her first arrival, was again the scene of agitated spirits and unquiet slumbers. Yet how different now the source of her inquietude from what it had been then; how mournfully superior in reality and substance! Her anxiety had foundation in fact, her fears in probability; and with a mind so occupied in the contemplation of actual

and natural evil, the solitude of her situation, the darkness of her chamber, the antiquity of the building, were felt and considered without the smallest emotion; and though the wind was high, and often produced strange and sudden noises throughout the house, she heard it all as she lay awake, hour after hour, without curiosity or terror.

(Jane Austin, *Northanger Abbey*)

凯瑟琳彻夜难眠

这一夜真难熬。睡眠，或者称得上睡眠的休息，是不可能了。刚来的时候，她在这屋里因为胡思乱想而受尽了折磨，现在她又在这屋里忐忑不安地辗转反侧。然而，这次不安的原因与当初是大不相同的，无论在现实上还是在实际上，这次都比上次更令人伤心！她的不安是有事实根据的，她的忧虑也是建立在可能的基础上。她因为满脑子都在想着这些真实而自然的恶劣行径，所以对她那孤单的处境，对那漆黑的屋子和那古老的建筑，也就完全无动于衷了。虽然风很大，刮得楼里常常发出些奇怪而意外的响声，然而她听见这些响声并不感到好奇或害怕，她只是清醒地躺在那儿，一个钟头一个钟头地挨下去。

（孙致礼　唐慧心　译）

8. Death 死亡

Killed by a Bull

In a few minutes something emerged from the tree line, a black heavy shadow that tossed its head several times and then bounded forward. After a second she saw it was the bull. He was crossing the pasture toward her at a slow gallop, a gay almost rocking gait as if he were overjoyed to find her again. She looked beyond him to see if Mr. Greenleaf was coming out of the woods too but he was not. "Here he is, Mr. Greenleaf!" she called and looked on the other side of the pasture to see if he could be coming out there but he was not in sight. She looked back and saw that the bull, his head lowered, was racing toward her. She remained perfectly still, not in fright, but in a freezing unbelief. She stared at the violent black streak bounding toward her as if she had no sense of distance, as if she could not decide at once what his intention was, and the bull had buried his head in her lap, like a wild tormented lover, before her expression changed. One of his horns sank until it pierced her heart and the other curved around her side and held her in an unbreakable grip. She continued to stare straight ahead but the entire scene in front of her had changed—the tree lines was

a dark wound in a world that was nothing but sky—and she had the look of a person whose sight has been suddenly restored but who finds the light unbearable. (Flannery O'Conner, *Greenleaf*)

横死

几分钟后,从树林那边出现一样东西,一个黑糊糊的影子扬了几次头,接着就冲她这边晃晃悠悠奔来。她过了一会儿才看出是那头公牛。它正踩着一种近乎摇摇晃晃的欢乐步伐,慢悠悠地穿过牧场朝她跑来,好像它十分高兴又见到她似的。她朝它身后望去,看看格林里夫先生有没有从树林里出来,可他没露面。"它在这儿呐,格林里夫先生!"她喊道,又朝牧场另一边望去,心想他也许会从那边出现,可也没有他的踪影。她回过头来,看见那头公牛正低着头朝她奔来。她一动也没动,毫不畏惧,只是诧异地僵立在那里。她呆视着那个疯狂的黑糊糊的东西向她飞快地冲来,仿佛她对距离一点概念也没有似的,好像她不能立刻断定它究竟有什么意图似的;在她的表情还没改变之前,那头公牛已把头埋在她的膝间,活像一个狂热的情人。它的一个犄角朝前一顶,刺穿她的心脏,另一个犄角绕住她的腰,把她夹得没法挣脱。她继续瞪视着前方,可是眼前的景象彻底变了——那一排树障在那个只剩下天空别无它物的人间变成一道黑色的伤痕——她本人像一个突然恢复视觉的人,可又感到亮光亮得叫人无法忍受。 (屠珍 译)

Dying of Heart Attack

Then he fell on his back and looked up helplessly along the bare trunks into the tops of the pines and his heart expanded once more with a convulsive motion. It expanded so fast that the old man felt as if he were being pulled after it through the woods, felt as if he were running as fast as he could with the ugly pines toward the lake. He perceived that there would be a little opening there, a little place where he could escape and leave the woods behind him. He could see it in the distance already, a little opening where the white sky was reflected in the water. It grew as he ran toward it until suddenly the whole lake opened up before him, riding majestically in little corrugated folds toward his feet. He realized suddenly that he could not swim and the he had not brought the boat. On both sides of him he saw that the gaunt trees had thickened into mysterious dark files that were marching across the water and away into the distance. He looked around desperately for someone to help him but the place was deserted except for one huge yellow monster which sat to the side, as stationary as

he was, gorging itself on clay.

(Flannery O'conner, *A View of the Woods*)

死于心脏病

随后,他仰跌在地,两眼无能为力地沿着光秃秃的树干往上瞧,一直望到松树顶端;他的心脏又痉挛一阵而扩张起来,扩张得那么快,老头儿觉得自己仿佛正在给拖进树林,仿佛正同那些难看的松树一起朝那个湖泊尽快奔去似的。他觉察到那边会有一小块能使他逃离树林的空地。他已经远远可以看到那一小块空隙之地,苍白的天空映照在那边的水里。随着他奔跑过去,那里变得越来越宽阔,突然那座湖泊整个出现在他面前,微微起伏的波浪朝他的两脚庄严地滚滚而来。他猛然意识到自己不会游泳,而且也没有带汽艇。他看到两边那些细树干已经变粗,成了两排神秘而幽暗的纵列,正趟过河水,朝远方走去。他绝望地环视四周,想找人救救他,可是那里杳无人迹,岸边只有一个庞大的黄色怪物,像他那样静止不动,嘴里塞满泥土。 (屠珍 译)

Dying Motionless and Soundless

We two whites stood over him, and his lustrous and inquiring glance enveloped us both. I declare it looked as though he would presently put to us some question in an understandable language; but he died without uttering a sound, without moving a limb, without twitching a muscle. Only in the very last moment, as though in response to some sign we could not see, to some whisper we could not hear, he frowned heavily, and that frown gave to his black death-mask an inconceivably sombre, brooding, and menacing expression. The lustre of inquiring glance faded swiftly into vacant glassiness.

(Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

悄然死去

我们这两个白种人立在他身边,他那闪光的和询问似的目光包围住了我们两个人。我现在敢说,那眼神令人看来,似乎他马上就要用一种我们所能懂得的语言向我提出某个问题了;然而他却一声没吭地死去了,连肢体也没伸一伸,肌肉也没抖一下。只是在最后的顷刻间,他才紧紧地皱起了眉头,仿佛听到了某种我们无法看见的信号和某种我们无法听见的低语,他这次皱眉使他那张黑皮肤的死人的面孔显出一副不可理解的阴沉、忧思和咄咄逼人的表情:那询问似的目光中射出的闪亮迅速消失了,变成一种空无所有的呆滞。

(智量 译)

Dying Peacefully

Behind him the nurse did he knew not what, for his father made a tiny movement of repulsion as if resenting that interference; and almost at once his breathing eased away, became quiet; he lay very still. The strained expression on his face passed, a curious white tranquility took its place. His eyelids quivered, rested; the whole face rested, at ease. Only by the faint puffing of his lips could they tell that he was breathing. . . . Suddenly he started up; a sound, a dreadful sound such as he had never heard, was coming from his father's lips, as if an outraged heart had broken with a long moan. What a strong heart, to have uttered that farewell! It ceased. Soames looked into the face. No motion; no breath! Dead!

(John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*)

安静地死去

看护在他身后不知做些什么,使他父亲来了一个微弱的抗拒动作,就像厌恶她扰乱似的;几乎就在同一时候,他的呼吸松下来,变得平静了;人躺着一动不动;脸上的紧张神情消失了,变成一种古怪的苍白的静谧;眼皮抖动一下,就不动,整个的脸也不动了,安静的神气。只有唇间轻微呼气声音使人知道他还在呼吸。……忽然他站了起来;他父亲的唇间发出一声,一种他从来没有听见过的可怕的声音,就像一颗心遭到暴力而破裂时发出的长长呻吟。好一个坚强的心,道出这样的告别! 它停止了。索米斯看到那张脸。没有动作了;没有呼吸! 死了!

(周煦良 译)

Darkness and Death

Were they the stars of the sky? Was it possible it was stars in the dark sky? Stars? The world? Ah, no, he could not know it! Stars and the world were gone for him, he closed his eyes. No stars, no sky, no world. No. No! The thick darkness of blood alone. It should be one great lapse into the thick darkness of blood in agony.

Death, oh, death! The world all blood, and the blood all writhing with death. The soul like the tiniest little light out on a dark sea, the sea of blood. And the light glittering, beating, pulsing in a windless storm, wishing it could go out, yet unable.

(D. H. Lawrence, *England, My England*)

黑暗与死亡

那一些是黑暗天空上的星星吗? 那一些可能是黑暗天空的星星吗? 星

星？世界？啊，不，他不可能知道那一些是什么了！对他来说，星星和世界已经逝去，他闭上了眼睛。已没有了星星，没有了天空，也没有了世界。没有，一切都没有了！有的只是黑暗的浓血。要在痛苦中变成黑暗的浓血一定得花很长时间。

死亡，啊，死亡！整个世界都是血，鲜血跟死亡在一起翻滚。灵魂像小光点似地在黑漆漆的海面上浮动——那是血的海洋。这小光点闪烁着，在没有空隙的波浪中冲击着，想冲出去，但怎么也冲不出去。 （刘东兵 刘春 译）

The Disgraceful Death

The dying man beat a tattoo on the hatch with his heels, straightened out his legs, and stiffened in one great tense effort, and rolled his head from side to side. Then the muscles relaxed, the head stopped rolling, and a sigh, as of profound relief, floated upward from his lips. The jaw dropped, the upper lip lifted, and two rows of tobacco-discoloured teeth appeared. It seemed as though his features had frozen into a diabolical grin at the world he had left and outwitted. （Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*）

死亦丑陋

那将死的人用脚跟在舱板上连续敲出声音，伸直了两条腿，竭尽九牛二虎之力，挺直了身子，向左右旋摇他的头。不一会儿，他的肌肉松弛下来，头也不再摇转，一声叹息，好似深沉的解脱，浮上了他的嘴唇。颚颌下陷，上唇张翕着，露出被烟熏黄的两排牙齿。他的面貌好似已凝冻成恶魔的痴笑，笑那个被他所抛弃，所愚弄的世界。 （裘柱常 译）

The Death of a Rascal

Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone was still alive, but so dreadfully wounded that the bottom of the coach was filled with his blood, and long traces of it left from the entrance-door into the stonehall, where he was placed in a chair, some attempting to stop the bleeding with clothes, while others called for a surgeon, and no one seemed willing to go to fetch one. "Torment me not," said the wounded man—"I know no assistance can avail me—I am a dying man." He raised himself in his chair, though the damps and chill of death were already on his brow, and spoke with a firmness which seemed beyond his strength.

……

In a moment after he had uttered this frightful wish, he fell back in the chair; his eyes became glazed, his limbs stiffened, but the grin and glare of mortal hatred survived even the last gasp of life.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

恶棍之死

赖希利·奥斯巴尔迪斯顿爵士倒还活着,可是那可怕的致命伤不但使马车里流满了鲜血,而且从府邸大门口直通到石厅,一路上也淌下了一滩滩的鲜血。大家把他安顿在一把椅子上,有的人竭力设法为他止血,有的人提议去请一个外科医生,却没有一个人愿意出去。"不要再折磨我了。"受伤的人说。"我知道,谁也救不了我的命。我快要死了。"他在椅子上挣扎着坐了起来,可是他的前额已经冒出了死亡的虚汗,浑身发出了临死前的阵阵颤抖,他说话时的强硬口气,也超出了他还能够支撑的体力。

……

他发出这一可怕的誓愿后还不到一分钟,便向后倒在椅子上;他的两眼开始蒙上了玻璃似的薄翳,他的四肢也渐渐僵硬,但是他的狞笑和企图致人于死地的狠毒表情,在他断气以后还久久地留在他的脸上。 (李俍民 译)

The Death of Grandet, the Miser

When the cure came to administer the last sacraments, his eyes, which for several hours had looked dull and lifeless, lit up at the sight of the crucifix, the candlesticks, and the silver holy-water vessel. He stared with concentration at the precious metal, and his wen twitched for the last time. When the priest held the gilt crucifix before his lips so that he might kiss the image of Christ, he made a frightful effort to clutch it, and this last effort cost him his life. He called to Eugénie, whom he could not see, although she was kneeling by his side, bathing his cold hand with her tears. "Give me your blessing, father" she begged him. " Take good care of everything! You will have to give me an account of it all some day," he said, his last words proving that Christianity is the religion for misers, after all.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Eugénie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

吝啬鬼之死

本区的教士来给他做临终法事的时候,十字架、烛台和银镶的圣水壶一出现,似乎已经死去几小时的眼睛立刻复活了,目不转睛地瞧着那些法器,他的

肉瘤也最后地动了一动。神甫把镀金的十字架送到他唇边，给他亲吻基督的圣像，他却作了一个骇人的姿势想把十字架抓在手里，这一下最后的努力送了他的命。他唤着欧也妮，欧也妮跪在他前面流着泪吻着他已经冰冷的手，可是他看不见。

"父亲，祝福我啊。"

"把一切照顾得好好的！到那边来向我交账！"这最后一句证明基督教应该是守财奴的宗教。（傅雷 译）

The Poor Children Hang Themselves

... Hastening forward to pick her up he turned his eyes to the little bed spread on the boards, no children were there. He looked in bewilderment round the room. At the back of the door were fixed two hooks for hanging garments, and from these the two forms of the two youngest children were suspended, by a piece of boxcord round each of their necks, while from a nail a few yards off the body of little Jude was hanging in a similar manner. An overturned chair was near the elder boy, and his glazed eyes were slanted into the room; but those of the girl and the baby boy were closed. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

上吊身亡

……他急忙走上前去扶她起来，同时把眼光转到地上孩子们的床铺那儿；只见那儿并没有人。他莫名其妙地往屋子四周围看去，原来在门的背后有两个钩子，本是为挂衣服用的，现在在这两个钩子上，正吊着那两个年少幼童的身子，每人脖子上套着一根捆箱子用的绳子；同时，在另一个不到几码远的钉子上，在同样的情况下，吊着小裘德的身子。这个较大的孩子旁边，有一把踢翻了的椅子；他那两只定了神儿的眼睛正瞪着盯住屋子的内部；那个女孩和那个娃娃的眼睛则是闭着的。（张谷若 译）

9. Corpse 尸体

Piteous Body

On the table—her blood-drenched body, so recently full of life, shamefully exposed to numerous strange staring eyes; her uninjured head thrown back with the heavy tresses hanging down and the wisps curling at the temples, and on her lovely face with the red mouth half-open a strange frozen expression, piteous on the lips and terrible in the fixed open eyes—

an expression that seemed to give utterance to the dreadful words she had spoken during their last quarrel: "You will repent of this!"

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margaret Wettlin)

凄惨的死尸

在一张桌子上,停放着她那不久以前还充满生命的血迹斑斑的遗体,毫不羞愧地展露在陌生人眼前。那个完整无恙的长着浓厚头发、鬓角上有着发卷的头,朝后仰着;在那红唇半张的妩媚动人的脸上凝结着一种异样的表情——嘴唇上含着凄惨的神情,而在那还睁着的凝然不动的眼睛里带着吓人的光芒,好像在说他们吵架时她对他说过的那句可怕的话——说他会后悔的。

(周扬 谢素台 译)

The Corpse of a Convict

Nekhlyudov was looking at the dead man: there was no one standing between them now, and the face which before had been hidden by the cap was in full view. This convict was as handsome in face and form as the other had been ugly. He was still in the full bloom of life. In spite of the disfigured, half-shaven head, the low straight forehead, that bulged slightly above the black, now lifeless eyes, was very fine, and so was the small aquiline nose above the thin black moustaches.

A smile still hovered on his lips, now turning blue; a little beard only fringed the lower part of the face, and the shaven side of the skull revealed a small, firm, well-shaped ear. The expression on the face was tranquil, stern and kind. (Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

罪犯的尸体

聂赫留朵夫瞧着现在没有被人遮住的死尸。死尸的脸原先盖着帽子,此刻也暴露无遗。刚才那个犯人长得很丑,可是这个犯人面貌和体型都长得非常好。这个人体格强壮,正当盛年。尽管他被剃了怪模怪样的阴阳头,他那饱满的天庭和那双如今毫无生气的黑眼睛却显得很美,还有那个不大的高鼻子和短短的黑色小胡子,也都生得很好看。他的嘴唇发青,唇边挂着笑意。他的大胡子只盖住下半截脸,在那剃光头发的半边脑袋上露出一只结实好看的不大的耳朵。脸上的神情平静、严肃而善良。 (草婴 译)

The Horrible Body of a Woman Dying of Smallpox

She went away; she shut the door. Nana was left alone, with

upturned face in the light cast by the candle. She was fruit of the charnel-house, a heap of matter and blood, a shovelful of corrupted flesh thrown down on the pillow. The pustules had invaded the whole of the face, so that each touched its neighbor. Fading and sunken, they had assumed the greyish hue of mud, and on that formless pulp, where the features had ceased to be traceable, they already resembled some decaying damp from the grave. One eye, the left eye, had completely foundered among bubbling purulence, and the other, which remained half open, looked like a deep black ruinous hole. The nose was still suppurating. Quite a reddish crust was peeling from one of the cheeks, and invading the mouth, which it distorted into a horrible grin. And over this loathsome and grotesque mask of death, the hair, the beautiful hair, still blazed like sunlight and flowed downwards in rippling gold. Venus was rotting. It seemed as though the poison she had assimilated in the gutters, and on the carrion tolerated by the roadside, the leaven with which she had poisoned a whole people, had but now remounted to her face and turned it to corruption.

(Émile Zola, *Nana*)

死于天花病的女人

她也走了,顺手把门关上。娜娜如今单独留在里面,面孔朝天,被明亮的烛光照着。她如今成了藏尸所里的一具尸体,是一滩脓血,一团被扔在一个枕头上的烂肉。脓疱已经侵蚀了整个面孔,一个连一个;这些脓疱已经干瘪,陷了下去,在这堆难看的烂肉上,像土地长了霉,眼耳鼻口都已无法辨认。一只左眼已经全部陷在脓疱里;另一只,还半睁着,像一个腐烂的黑窟窿。鼻子还在渗着脓液。一块淡红色的硬痂从一边脸颊上剥落下来,正好落到嘴巴里,使嘴巴歪着,变作一个丑恶的笑容。在这具可怕而又滑稽的死亡面具上,美丽的头发,仍然像阳光似的闪闪发亮,仿佛是金色的波涛一泻直下。爱神在腐烂着。看来好像她在阴沟和弃置路旁的腐烂尸体上所吸取的毒素,也就是她用来毒害了一大群人的酵素,现在已经升到她的脸庞上,把她的脸也腐蚀了。

(郑永慧 译)

The Body of Dignity

Presently all five went up to look at the body. Under the pure white sheet a quilted counterpane had been placed, for now, more than ever, Aunt Ann had need of warmth; and; the pillows removed, her spine and head rested flat, with the semblance of their life-long inflexibility; the coif

banding the top of her brow was drawn on either side to the level of the ears, and between it and the sheet her face, almost as white, was turned with closed eyes to the faces of her brothers and sisters. In its extraordinary peace the face was stronger than ever, nearly all bone now under the scarce-wrinkled parchment of skin—square jaw and chin, cheek-bones, forehead with hollow temples, chiselled nose—the fortress of an unconquerable spirit that had yielded to death, and in its upward sightlessness seemed trying to regain that spirit, to regain the guardianship it had just laid down. (John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*)

老贵妇的威严遗容

五个人随即一同上楼瞻望遗体。雪白的被单下面加了一条鸭绒被,因为安姑太在这时候比平日更加需要温暖了;枕头已经拿掉,她的脊背和头部平躺着,正符合她平生那种倔强的派头;一条头巾缠着上额,两边拉下来齐着耳朵;在头巾和白被单之间露出一张几乎和被单一样白的脸,闭着眼朝着自己的弟妹;脸上神态极端静谧,也显得更加坚强;这张脸现在只剩下皮包骨头,可是一点皱纹也没有——方腮、方下巴、高颧骨、两额深陷、像雕刻出来一样的鼻子——这个不可征服的灵魂向死神投降之后遗下的堡垒,现在正盲目向上望着,好像竭力想收回那个灵魂,好重新掌握它适才放弃的保护权。(周煦良 译)

The Peaceful Face of a Shot Young Man

On the bed, surrounded by its heavy, pall-like green curtains, lay the dead son. They had carried him up, and laid him down, as tenderly as though they feared to waken him; and, indeed, it looked more like sleep than death, so very calm and full of repose was the face. You saw, too, the chiselled beauty of the features much more perfectly than when the brilliant colouring of life had distracted your attention. There was a peace about him, that told death had come too instantaneously to give any previous pain. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

死者安详的面容

床的四周挂着厚厚得像柩罩似的绿色床帷。床上躺着儿子的尸体。他们已经把他抬上楼来,放在床上,轻手轻脚地生怕惊醒了他似的;真的,那样子说是死了,还不如说睡着了更来的恰当,面容是那么沉静和安闲,你可以看出他五官的清秀轮廓,没有了生前那引人注意的红润的色彩,反而显得格外端庄。他那种安静的模样可以表示出死亡来得突兀,他一点也没有受到什么痛苦。

(荀枚 余贵棠 译)

The Remains of A Woman

She lay raised on the bed, the sweep of the sheet from the raised feet was like a clean curve of snow, so silent. She lay like a maiden asleep. With his candle in his hand, he bent over her. She lay like a girl asleep and dreaming of her love. The mouth was a little open as if wondering from the suffering, but her face was young, her brow clear and white as if life had never touched it. He looked again at the eyebrows, at the small winsome nose a bit on one side. She was young again. Only the hair as it arched so beautifully from her temples was mixed with silver, and the two simple plaits that lay on her shoulders were filigree of silver and brown. She would wake up. She would lift her eyelids. She was with him still. He bent and kissed her passionately. But there was coldness against his mouth. He bit his lips with horror, looking at her, he felt he could never, never let her go. No! He stroked the hair from her temples. That, too, was cold. He saw the mouth so dumb and wondering at the hurt. Then he crouched on the floor, whispering to her: Mum, mum...

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

母亲的遗容

她躺在床上,床单从脚尖向上延伸,就像是一片洁白的雪原。她的躯体在床单下高高隆起,一切是那么宁静,她躺着像一个熟睡的少女。他拿着蜡烛,向她弯下腰。她躺着,像一位熟睡中的少女梦到了自己的心上人似的,嘴巴微张开着,好像在思虑着所受的痛苦。但是她的脸很年轻,她的额头洁白明净,好像生活从未在上面留下痕迹似的。他又看了看她的眉毛和微微偏向一边的迷人的小鼻子。她又变得年轻了,只是梳理得很雅致的头发两侧夹杂着银发,她两条垂在肩旁的发辫里夹杂着银色的头发。她会醒过来,睁开眼睛的,她依然和他在一起。他弯下身子、热烈地吻着她,然而嘴唇感到的却是一片冰凉。他恐惧地咬了咬嘴唇,两眼望着她,感到他不能、绝对不能让她离开。绝不!他把头发从她的鬓角捋开,那儿也是冰凉的。他看见她嘴唇紧闭,像是在纳闷自己所受的痛苦,于是他蹲在地板上,悄声对她说:"妈妈,妈妈!"

(刘一之　张燕鸿　张金玲　译)

A Naked Dead Man

The dead man lay naked and alone on a white table in the great

theater, in the oppressive whiteness, the cruel sobriety of the operation theater that seemed to be vibrating still with the screams of unending torment.

The noon sun covered him and caused the livid spots on his forehead to awaken; it conjured up a bright green out of his naked belly and made it swell like a great sack filled with water.

His body was like the brilliant calyx of giant flower, a mysterious plant from the Indian jungles which someone had shyly laid down at the altar of death.

Splendid shades of red and blue grew along his loins, and the great wound below his navel, which emitted a terrible odor, split open slowly in the heat like a great red furrow. (Georg Heym, *The Autopsy*)

裸尸

那个死人赤身裸体,孤零零地躺在巨大的手术示范室里的一张白色桌子上。

正午的阳光照在他身上,使得他额头上青黑色的斑点分外醒目,使得他那裸露的肚皮上,映现出耀眼的绿色,而肚子则膨胀得像个盛满了水的大皮囊。

他的尸体像一瓣光洁的大花萼,像一株来自印度丛林的奇花异卉,被人难为情地供奉在死神的祭坛上。

他的腰部呈现出深浅不一的红蓝两色,璀璨夺目。他的肚脐下面的那个大伤口里散发着一股可怕的臭气,它因炎热而在慢慢地绽裂,像一道深深的红色的犁沟。 (朱乃长 译)

A Corpse with a Special Expression

The dead man lay, as dead men always lie, in a specially heavy way, his rigid limbs sunk in the soft cushions of the coffin, with the head forever bowed on the pillow. His yellow waxen brow with bald patches over his sunken temples was thrust up in the way peculiar to the dead, the protruding nose seeming to press on the upper lip. He was much changed and had grown even thinner since Peter Ivanovich had last seen him, but, as is always the case with the dead, his face was handsomer and above all more dignified than when he was alive. The expression on the face said that what was necessary had been accomplished, and accomplished rightly. Besides this there was in that expression a reproach and a warning to the living. (Leo Tolstoy, *The Death of Ivan Ilych*)

表情特别的死人

死者和别的死人一样，躺的姿势特别笨重。完全是死人的样子，僵硬的四肢直挺挺地伸展在棺材的铺垫上，头搁在枕头上，脖子永远弯曲着，和所有的死人一样，露出蜡黄的额头，凹陷的太阳穴上方两鬓光秃，胡子翘起，好像压在上嘴唇上。他的样子大大地变了。从彼得·伊凡诺维奇上次看到他以后，变得更瘦了，但是他的脸和所有的死人一样，比他活着的时候更美丽，主要是脸上的表情更意味深长了。他的脸上有一种表情，仿佛说，该做的事情他都做了，而且是做得正确的。此外，这种表情中还有一种责备或对生者的提示。

（吴育群 译）

A Rotted Corpse

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

（Willliam Faukner, *A Rose for Emily*）

腐尸

那男人躺在床上。

我们在那里立了好久，俯视着那没有肉的脸上令人莫测的龇牙咧嘴的样子。那尸体躺在那里，显出一度是拥抱的姿势，但那比爱情更能持久、那战胜了爱情熬煎的永恒的长眠已经使他驯服了。他所遗留下来的肉体已在破烂的睡衣下腐烂，跟他躺着的木床粘在一起，难分难解了。在他身上和他身旁的枕头上，均匀地覆盖着一层长年累月积下来的灰尘。（杨岂深 译）

Body in a Terribly Fiendish Expression

It was the body of a tall, well-made man, about forty years of age. He lay upon his back, his face upturned, with his white teeth grinning through his short, black beard. His two clenched hands were raised above his head, and a heavy, blackthorn stick lay across them. His dark, handsome, aquiline features were convulsed into a spasm of vindictive

hatred, which had set his dead face in a terribly fiendish expression. He had evidently been in his bed when the alarm had broken out, for he wore a foppish, embroidered nightshirt, and his bare feet projected from his trousers. His head was horribly injured, and the whole room bore witness to the savage ferocity of the blow which had struck him down. Beside him lay the heavy poker, bent into a curve by the concussion.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of the Abbey Grange*)

面目狰狞的尸体

一眼看上去,死者大约四十来岁,体格魁梧,身材高大,。他仰卧在地上,短黑的胡须中露出呲着的白牙。他两手握拳放在头前,一根短粗的黑刺李木棍横放在两手上。他面色黝黑,鹰钩鼻,原来相貌倒还英俊,现在却是面孔歪曲,狰狞可怕。显然他是在床上听到声响的,因为他穿着华丽的绣花睡衣,裤腿上露出一双光着的脚。他的头部伤得很重,屋子里到处都溅满鲜血,可见他所受的那致命一击是非常凶狠的。他身旁放着那根很粗的通条,猛烈的撞击已经使它折弯。 (岳文楚 周可等 译)

A Man Staggered by a Knife

In the middle of the floor of the empty room was huddled the figure of an enormous man, his clean-shaven, swarthy face grotesquely horrible in its contortion and his head encircled by a ghastly crimson halo of blood, lying in a broad wet circle upon the white woodwork. His knees were drawn up, his hands thrown out in agony, and from the centre of his broad, brown, upturned throat there projected the white shaft of a knife driven blade-deep into his body. Giant as he was, the man must have gone down like a pole-axed ox before that terrific blow. Beside his right hand a most formidable horn-handled, two-edged dagger lay upon the floor, and near it a black kid glove.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventure of the Red Circle*)

被刀刺死的人

在这间空屋的地板正中,躺着一个身材魁梧的人,他那修整得很干净的黝黑脸孔,歪扭得奇形怪状,狰狞可怕;头上有一圈鲜红的血迹。他的尸体躺在一块白木板上的一个巨大的湿淋淋的环形物上。尸体双膝弯曲,两手痛苦地摊开着。一把白柄的刀子从他又粗又黑的喉咙正中整个地刺进了他的身体。这个身材魁梧的人遭到这致命的一击,就像一头被斧子砍倒的牛一样倒下了。

他的右手旁边的地板上放着一把可怕的两边开刃的牛角柄匕首，匕首旁边是一只黑色羊皮手套。 （岳文楚 周可 等译）

Corpse in the Bath

There was a bath in that corner, from which the water had been hastily drained off. Lying in it, as in a grave or sarcophagus, with a hurried drapery of sheet and blanket thrown across it, was the body of a heavily-made man, with an obtuse head, and coarse, mean, common features. A skylight had been opened, to release the steam with which the room had been filled; but, it hung, condensed into water-drops, heavily upon the walls, and heavily upon the face and figure in the bath. The room was still hot, and the marble of the bath still warm; but, the face and figure were clammy to touch. The white marble at the bottom of the bath was veined with a dreadful red. On the ledge at the side were an empty laudanum-bottle and a tortoise-shell handled penknife—soiled, but not with ink.

"Separation of jugular vein—death rapid—been dead at least half an hour." This echo of the physician's words ran through the passages and little rooms, and through the house. （Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*）

浴缸里的尸体

那个角落里有一浴缸，浴缸里的水急忙放去了。浴缸里躺着那具尸体，仿佛是躺在墓穴中、躺在石棺里似的，上面草草覆盖了床单与毯子。那个身体笨重的人，圆脑袋，五官粗、俗土气。小房间里的天窗已经打开了，放走房间里氤氲的蒸汽；然而墙上，浴缸里的那具尸体的脸上、身上，都挂满了冷凝的水珠。小房间里依旧是热的，大理石的浴缸依旧是暖的；然而那脸与身体摸上去是凉腻的。浴缸底部的白色大理石上遍布了可怕的一丝丝红的颜色。浴缸边的壁架上放了一个鸦片酊空瓶和一把龟甲柄的裁纸刀——小刀沾污了，不过不是墨水沾污的。

"颈静脉断——迅速死亡——至少已经死了半个小时了。"医生这几句话传遍了一条条通道和一个个小房间，传遍了整座房屋。 （金绍禹 译）

A Baby That Died Not Long

Close to the wall, placed among jetsam and seaweed, lay the corpse of a tiny haby. Its head was wrapped in a white kerchief, it had socks on

its feet, and its arms were hidden inside a neatly bound white swaddling cloth... It had not been dead long, and its waxy face was peaceful, lifelike; it could almost have been sleeping... Its mother's hand was still warm on it—that little kerchief, those swaddled arms, those miniature socks, stretched tight on the little face. (Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*)

尸骨未寒的婴孩

贴靠着岸壁,紧挨着垃圾和水藻的地方,漂浮着一具婴儿的尸体。小脑袋上包着一块白手帕,脚上穿着一双小长统袜,小手看不见了,被谁当心地裹在一幅白色的被单里了……尸体是死了不久的婴孩的,蜡白的小脸蛋儿显得那么安静,完全跟活人睡熟时一样。母亲手上的暖气还不曾冷却:还留在这块手帕上,被包裹着的小手上,以及绷得很紧的小袜子上。 (叶冬心 译)

V. Morality 道德品行

1. Uprightness 正直

A Doctor of Integrity

There was another strength, too: a feeling which overrode all other considerations, whether of character, attempts at tolerance, or anything else. It was a determination to practice medicine uncompromisingly, cleanly, honestly—even exactly, as far as exactness was possible in medical affairs. For any who did less—and even in his own few years he had seen and known them—the compromisers, the politicians, the lazy, the at-any-cost ambitious—David Coleman had only anger and disgust.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

正直的医生

使柯尔门敢于斗争还有一个力量源泉。那是超乎其他各种考虑(性格呀，随和呀等等)之外的一种情感，一种决心：他要以一种不妥协的、纯洁的、诚实的、甚至(在目前医疗水平范围内)精确的准则要求自己干好他的医务工作。对于那些不这样要求自己的人，那些讲妥协的、玩弄手段的、偷懒的、不顾一切往上爬的人，柯尔门是嗤之以鼻的。在他从事医务工作这短短几年之内，他看到过这样的人，也接触过这样的人。 (舒逊 译)

Speak Out from a Sense of Justice

"The cruelty, the impolitic cruelty," he replied with great feeling, "of dividing, or attempting to divide, two young people long attached to each other, is terrible, Mrs. Ferrars does not know what she may be doing, what she may drive her son to. I have seen Mr. Ferrars two or three times in Harley Street and am much pleased with him. He is not a young man with whom one can be intimately acquainted in a short time, but I have seen enough of him to wish him well for his own sake, and as a friend of yours, I wish it still more. I understand that he intends to take orders. Will you be so good as to tell him that the living of Delaford, now

just vacant, as I am informed by this day's post, is his if he think it worth his acceptance; but that, perhaps, so unfortunately circumstanced as he is now, it may be nonsense to appear to doubt; I only wish it were more valuable. It is a rectory, but a small one; the late incumbent, I believe, did not make more than £200 per annum; and though it is certainly capable of improvement, I fear, not to such an amount as to afford him a very comfortable income. Such as it is, however, my pleasure in presenting him to it will be very great. Pray assure him of it."

(Jane Austin, *Sense and Sensibility*)

仗义执言

"残忍,不通情理的残忍,"上校义愤填膺地说,"拆开,或是企图拆开两个长久依恋的年轻人,是骇人听闻的。费拉尔斯太太不知道她可能造成什么结果,她不知道她会把她的儿子逼到什么境地。我在哈利街见过费拉尔斯先生两三次,我很喜欢他。他不是那种能使人们在短时间内和他亲密交往的人,但我所看到的已足以使我希望他事事如意了。而他又是您的朋友,我就更希望他能交上好运。我听说他想当牧师。麻烦您告诉他,德拉弗德的牧师职位现在刚好空着,这是我刚从今天的信件中得到的消息。要是他认为那职位值得他接受的话,那就是他的了。但是,他现在身处逆境,对这一点表示出怀疑也许是无稽的,我只是希望这个牧师职位更有价值一些。那是个教区长的辖区,但只是个小辖区,我相信,前任教区牧师每年的收入不会超过二百镑。虽然这肯定能对他有所补益,但恐怕不是一笔能使他过得舒服的进项。可是,虽然如此,我还是非常乐意把他推荐到这个位置上。请您使他相信这一点。"

(罗文华 译)

2. Selflessness 无私

Taking Delight in Helping Others

...He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of anyone; and he felt either the one or the other in greater proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy without conveying great felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

(Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

乐于助人

……他向来对任何人的痛苦或幸福都不是个漠不关心的旁观者。当他促进了旁人的幸福时，就感到极大的快乐；当他加重了旁人的痛苦时，也感到极端苦恼。既然由于他的奔走，使这一家人从痛苦的深渊一直升到幸福的顶巅，他本人自然也无法不感到莫大快乐——这种快乐，也许比世人经历了最辛苦的劳动并且往往还得干一些最卑鄙的勾当而取得的，还要大得多。

（萧乾　李从弼　译）

Never Thinking of Herself

From the day that Katusha first met her she noticed that wherever she was, and whatever her circumstances, she never thought of herself, but was only concerned about other people and how she could help them, in big things as well as small. One of her companions of the army, Novodvorov, jestingly remarked of her that her favourite sport was charity. And this was true. Just as the hunter is bent on finding game, so the whole interest of her life lay in searching for opportunities to serve others. And this sport had become a habit, had become the business of her life. And she did it all so naturally that those who knew her had come to expect it of her and no longer appreciated it.

（Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds）

一心为他人

玛丝洛娃自从认识她以来就看出，不论在什么地方，不论在什么情况下，谢基尼娜从来不顾自己，遇到大小事情，总是只考虑怎样帮助别人，为别人出力。她现在的同志中有个叫诺伏德伏罗夫的，讲到她时总是戏称她为慈善迷。这话确实不错。她生活的全部乐趣就在于找寻机会为别人出力，像猎人找寻猎物一样。这种爱好已成为习惯，成为她的终身事业。她做起来十分自然，以致凡是知道她的人都不客气地要她帮助，并且认为不值得一提。（草婴　译）

The Selfishless Priest

He had put pity aside, reserving it only for the wretched. He devoted himself to those sorts of suffering which cause horror. Nothing was repugnant to him. That was his kind of goodness. He was divine in his readiness to succour what was loathsome. He searched for ulcers in order that he might kiss them. Noble actions with a revolting exterior are the

most difficult to undertake; he preferred such. One day at the Hôtel Dieu a man was dying, suffocated by a tumour in the throat,—a fetid, frightful abscess,—contagious perhaps,—which must be at once opened. Cimourdain was there; he put his lips to the tumour, sucked it, spitting it out as his mouth filled, and so emptied the abscess and saved the man. As he still wore his priest's dress at the time, someone said to him, "If you were to do that for the king, you would be made a bishop." "I would not do it for the king." Cimourdain replied. The act and the response rendered him popular in the sombre quarters of Paris. (Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

无私的教士

他只有一种专门为可怜人而发的同情心。他肯为那些受着令人惧怕的痛苦的人们牺牲。在这一点上,他无论什么事情都肯做,这就是他的善行。他救人的方式是奇特的,也是无上崇高的。他找寻脓疮来接吻。那些外表上令人作呕的善行其实是最难实行的;他就爱做这一类善行。有一天在市立医院里有一个濒死的病人,喉部被一个毒瘤窒息着,那个毒瘤是一个发恶臭的可怕的毒疮,也许是传染的,必须马上把脓挤干净。当时西穆尔登正在那里;他把嘴唇放在毒疮上,吮吸它,直到嘴里装满了才吐出来,这样他把脓吮空了,救了病人的性命。那时候他还穿着教士的法衣,有人对他说:"假使你给国王做了这样的事,你就能够当主教了。""我不会给国王做这样的事。"西穆尔登回答。这件事和他的回答使他在巴黎的贫民区里非常受人爱戴。 (郑永慧 译)

3. Bravery 勇敢

A Brave Ambulance Driver

Bloggs was proud of her, proud. The people she worked with said she was better than two men—she hurtled through blacked-out London, driving like a veteran, taking corners on two wheels, whistling and cracking jokes as the city turned to flame around her. Fearless, they called her. Bloggs knew better; she was terrified, but she would not let it show. He knew because he saw her eyes in the morning when he got up and she went to bed; when her guard was down and it was over for a few hours; he knew it was not fearlessness but courage, and he was proud.

(Ken Follett, *Eye of the Needle*)

勇敢的救护车驾驶员

布罗格斯为她感到骄傲,非常骄傲。和她在一起工作的人都说她比两个

男人还强——她开车就像个老手，在灯光管制的伦敦横冲直撞。转弯时只是两个轮子落地，当周围的房子烧成一片火海时，她还吹着口哨，人们称她做"无所畏惧的人"，布罗格斯知道得很清楚，她是害怕的，只是她不让它表露出来。他知道，是从她的眼睛里；当他早上起床，她回来睡觉时，布罗格斯从她的眼睛里看出来的。她的救护任务完成后一般都可以休息几小时。他知道这并不是不害怕，而是有勇气，因此他感到骄傲。 （吴建辉 陈力川 郭文峰 译）

Indifference to Danger

The good impression which had been produced by his generosity and by his democratic manners was increased by a reputation gained for utter indifference to danger. Though a wretched rider, he turned out at every meet, and took the most amazing falls in his determination to hold his own with the best. When the vicarage caught fire he distinguished himself also by the fearlessness with which he reentered the building to save property, after the local fire brigade had given it up as impossible. Thus it came about that John Douglas of the Manor House had within five years won himself quite a reputation in Birlstone.

（Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Valley of Fear*）

临危不惧

由于道格拉斯慷慨大方、平易近人，人们对他的印象格外好，而他那临危不惧、敢于挑战的精神更大大地提高了他的声望。尽管他是一个不很高明的骑手，但每次狩猎集会他都应邀参加，凭着他的毅力，令人吃惊地与别人较量，而且一点也不比别人差劲。有一次教区牧师的住宅起火，当本地的消防队宣告无法扑灭时，他仍毫不畏惧地冲进火堆，抢救财物，从而名声大噪。因此，约翰·道格拉斯虽然来到此地不过五年，却已誉满伯尔斯通了。

（岳文楚 周可 等译）

The Old Bailie's Courage

"We are three to three," said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party: "if you be pretty men, draw!" and unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon

drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his shabble, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-hot coulter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. (Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

治安法官的勇气

"咱们是仨对仨,"那矮个子高地人瞄了我们一眼说。"要是你们都是好汉,拔剑。"他说着就从剑鞘里拔出他那柄阔刃宝剑,向我冲了过来。我早已摆好了防御态势,由于意识到我的武器(那是一柄狭刃长剑)较占优势,我对决斗会产生什么后果是毫不提惧的。治安法官显示了使人意想不到的勇气。当他看到那个巨人也似的高地大汉对他亮出了武器,他也顿时握住了他那把"军刀"(这是他对他武器的叫法)的柄往外拔,拔了两秒钟,发现它硬是不愿意跟刀鞘告别。原来由于长期没有使用,刀刃早已锈得拔不出来了。于是,他情急智生,随手从火塘里抄起一杆当拨火棒使用的煨得通红的犁刃,作为武器的代用品,他挥舞着它向前冲去,一下子就产生了克敌制胜的效果——把高地大汉的方格子花呢披风烧着了,迫使那巨人后退到很远的地方去扑灭火焰。

(李俍民 译)

Enjolras Died a Martyr

"Shoot me," said Enjolras.

And throwing away the stump of his gun, and folding his arms, he offered his breast.

Courage to die bravely always moves men. So soon as Enjolras folded his arms, accepting the end, the din of strife ceased in the room, and that chaos was suddenly hushed into a sort of sepulchral solemnity. It seemed as if the menacing majesty of Enjolras, disarmed and motionless, produced an effect on the tumult, and as if by the mere authority of his tranquil glance that young man, who alone was unwounded, superb, blood-stained, charming, and indifferent, like one invulnerable, constrained the sinister mob to kill him respectfully. His beauty, heightened at this moment by his haughtiness, was dazzling; and as if he could no more be fatigued than wounded, after the frightful four-and-twenty hours which had just elapsed, he was fresh and rosy. It was to him, possibly, that a

witness referred when he said later, before the court-martial: "There was one insurgent whom I heard called Apollo." A National Guard who took aim at Enjolras, lowered his musket, saying: "I feel as if I were going to shoot a flower." (Victor Hugo, *The Miserable World*)

安灼拉英勇就义

"开枪吧。"安灼拉说。

他扔掉手里的枪筒,两臂交叉,挺起胸站着,等待。

英勇就义总令人感动。当安灼拉叉起双臂,接受死刑,震耳的厮杀声在屋中顿时沉寂下来,混乱状态立刻平息,变成坟场般的静穆。安灼拉手无寸铁,一动不动,凛然不可侵犯。这年轻人,似乎对嘈杂声施加了一种压力,他是唯一没受到一点伤的人。他举止高贵,浑身浴血,神态动人,像不会受伤的人那样无所畏惧,好像单凭他那镇静的目光就能迫使这凶狠的人群怀着敬意来枪杀他。他那英俊的容貌,此刻再加上他的傲岸之气,使他容光焕发,他好像既无疲倦,也不会受伤,在这可怕的二十四小时之后,仍面色红润鲜艳。事后一个证人在军事法庭上谈到的人可能就是他:"有一个暴动者,我听见大家叫他阿波罗。"一个国民自卫军瞄准安灼拉后,又垂下他的武器说:"我感到似乎要去枪杀一朵花。" (长江 译)

4. Kindness 善良

Kind-Hearted

Arina Vlassevna was very kind and, in her way, not stupid at all. She knew that in the world there were lords who were supposed to command, and simple people who were supposed to serve—and therefore she had no aversion to servility or obeisances; she treated her inferiors kindly and gently, never let a single beggar go away empty-handed, and never spoke ill of anyone, although she gossiped now and then.

(Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*)

好心肠

阿琳娜·弗拉西耶夫娜心肠很好,并且在她的范围内她也绝不是愚蠢的。她知道世界上的人是分为两类的:一种是主人,他们的职责是发布命令,另一种是寻常老百姓,他们的职责是服从命令,——因此她也并不厌恶卑屈谄媚和跪拜的礼节;可是她对待比她低下的人却很仁慈,温和;她从来不让一个乞丐空手回去:虽然她有时议论旁人,却从来没有讲过谁的坏话。 (巴金 译)

Well-Intentioned

Evvy had no malic. In some sense of the word Evvy was undoubtedly a good man. He was well-intentioned and unselfish; indeed he seemed utterly to lack the conception of getting anything for himself. Evvy's life was not constructed, it seemed to Mor, in such a way as to leave any place in it where he could store things for himself. Most people's lives had a sort of bulge or recess in which they piled up their selfish acquisitions, their goods, their fame, their power.

Evvy had no such private place. He lived in the open, with simplicity, seeming to lack altogether the concepts of vanity or ambition, weaknesses which he was equally incapable of harbouring within himself or of recognizing in others. If he hurt people, it was through indecision or sheer obtuseness and not through any preference for having things his own way, since his own way was something which had never really developed.

(Iris Murdoch, *The Sandcastle*)

不存恶意

确实艾维没有恶意,就"好"这个词的某些意义来说,他无疑是个好人。他心眼好,又不自私,真的,他似乎完全没有为自己捞点什么的念头。就莫尔看来,艾维所建立的那种生活方式,就没有为藏私货留下余地,多数人的生活都有某些凸出或凹入部分,在里面堆满着他们为自私自利搜罗来的东西:他们的财产、名望、权力。艾维没有这样的私室,他生活坦率单纯,似乎完全没有虚荣心和野心这概念,他自己既不会有这弱点,同样也看不出别人身上有这弱点。如果他伤害了别人,那是因为他的优柔寡断或极端迟钝,而不是因为他喜欢一切按自己意志办,因为他自己的意志至今仍未真正形成。 (王家湘 译)

Goodwill

Fanny thought it a bold measure, but offered no farther resistance; and they went together into the breakfast-room, where Edmund prepared her paper, and ruled her lines with all the good will that her brother could himself have felt, and probably with somewhat more exactness. He continued with her the whole time of her writing, to assist her with his penknife or his orthography, as either were wanted; and added to these attentions, which she felt very much, a kindness to her brother, which delighted her beyond all the rest. He wrote with his own hand his love to

his cousin William, and sent him half a guinea under the seal. Fanny's feelings on the occasion were such as she believed herself incapable of expressing; but her countenance and a few artless words fully conveyed all their gratitude and delight, and her cousin began to find her an interesting object. He talked to her more, and from all that she said, was convinced of her having an affectionate heart, and a strong desire of doing right; and he could perceive her to be farther entitled to attention, by great sensibility of her situation, and great timidity. He had never knowingly given her pain, but he now felt that she required more positive kindness, and with that view endeavoured, in the first place, to lessen her fears of them all, and gave her especially a great deal of good advice as to playing with Maria and Julia, and being as merry as possible.

(Jane Austin, *Mansfield Park*)

友善与关怀

范妮觉得这样做有点冒失，但并没有进一步反对。他们来到早餐室，埃德蒙给她把纸裁好，打上了横格，他的心肠之好可与她的哥哥相比，并且也许比她哥哥还要细致认真一些。她写信，他在一旁一直陪着她。她既没有削鹅毛笔的小刀，有些字又不会拼写，他替她削笔，并改正她的错字。对她的这些关照，使她非常感激。尤其使她高兴的是，他还对她的哥哥表示友好。他亲手在信后附上一笔问候威廉表弟，并且附寄给他半个畿尼。范妮此时此刻深怀感激之情，无法表达。不过，她的表情和寥寥几句质朴无华的语言已充分表达了她的感激与高兴，她表哥此时看出她是个讨人喜欢的孩子。他继续和她谈了下去。根据她所说的一切，他深信她有一颗温柔善良的心和想把事情做好的强烈愿望。他看出，她由于对自己处境的高度敏感，由于过分羞怯，应该得到更多的关心和照顾。他从来不曾有意使她痛苦过，但现在他感到她需要的是更多的正面爱护。因此，他首先努力减少她对大家的恐惧，特别是婉言劝她和玛丽亚及朱丽叶在一起玩，并且尽可能地快活起来。 (秭佩 译)

Rescue the Sick Wanderer

There was nothing else the matter, and his ribs were sound. Clennam remained until everything possible to be done had been skillfully and promptly done—the poor belated wanderer in a strange land movingly besought that favour of him—and lingered by the bed to which he was in due time removed, until he had fallen into a doze . Even then he wrote a few words for him on his card, with a promise to return to-morrow, and left

it to be given to him when he should awake.

All these proceedings occupied so long, that it struck eleven o'clock at night as he came out at the Hospital Gate. He had hired a lodging for the present in Covent Garden, and took the nearest way to that quarter by Snow Hill and Holborn. (Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*)

克莱南救助流浪汉

别的没有什么问题,肋骨正常。克莱南留下来,待到一切能办的事都熟练而迅速地办完——这位天黑还在异国他乡赶路的可怜的流浪者,令人感动地恳求他留下来——病人检查完毕便扶到床上躺着,克莱南又在病床边上陪着,直至病人合上眼。甚至在这个时候他还不走,拿出自己的名片,在上面写了几个字,说自己明天再来探望,然后把名片留下来,待病人醒来时好交给他。

所有这些手续花去了这么长的时间,待到他走出医院大门的时候,已经是晚上十一点钟了。他已经在考文特花园租了一间寓所,这时他便从白雪山和霍尔勃恩街抄近路朝那里走去。 (金绍禹 译)

5. Toil and Moil 吃苦耐劳

A Hard-Working Man

At first they did not like Alyosha. He was too much the peasant and was poorly dressed. He had no manners and addressed everyone familiarly as in the country. But soon they grew used to him. He was a better servant than his brother and was always very responsive. Whatever they set him to do he did willingly and quickly, moving from one task to another without stopping. And at the merchant's, just as at home, all the work was given to Alyosha. The more he did, the more everyone heaped upon him. The mistress of the household and har old mother-in-law, and the daughter, and the younger son, even the merchant's clerk and the cook—all sent him here and sent him there and ordered him to do everything that they could think of. The only thing that Alyosha ever heard was "Run do this, fellow," or "Alyosha, fix this up now," or "Did you forget, Alyosha? Look here, fellow, don't you forget!" And Alyosha ran, and fixed, and looked, and did not forget, and managed to do everything and smiled all the while. (Leo Tolstoy, *Alyosha the Pot*)

吃苦耐劳的庄稼汉

开始阿廖沙不讨人喜欢,他这个庄稼汉太土气,穿的又不好,又不太懂规矩,跟谁都只说"你",可大家很快习惯他了。他比哥哥还干得好。他确实老

实,什么事都叫他干,他兴冲冲地干得又快又好,干完一件事又接着干另一件事,中间停都不停一下。这一下商人全家把所有的事都压在阿廖沙身上了。他干的事越多,往他身上推的事也越多。女主人、女主人的妈、主人的儿子,还有管家和厨娘,都一会这儿、一会那儿地支派他,叫他干这干那,老听着在喊:"阿廖沙,你跑一趟,""阿廖沙,你把这安排好,""你怎么啦,阿廖沙,你忘了吗?留点神,可别忘了,阿廖沙,"阿廖沙就去跑路,去安排,留着神,从不忘记,他总是来得及干完所有事,总在微笑。 (张蕾莉 译)

A Diligent Housewife

Ursula's capacity for work was the same as that of her husband. Active, small, severe, that woman of unbreakable nerves who at no moment in her life had been heard to sing seemed to be everywhere, from dawn until quite late at night, always pursued by the soft whispering of her stiff, starched petticoats. Thanks to her the floors of tamped earth, the unwhitewashed mud walls, the rustic, wooden furniture they had built themselves were always clean, and the old chests where they kept their clothes exhaled the warm smell of basil.

(Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

勤劳的家庭主妇

乌苏拉跟她丈夫一样勤俭能干。这个意志坚强的女人身材瘦小,好动而严肃。在她的一生中,从来没有听到她唱过歌。每天从清晨到深夜,她无所不至,好像到处能听到她那印花布裙的柔和的窸窣声。幸亏有了她,那夯结实的泥地,没有粉刷的土墙和自制的木器家具总是那样干净,那些放衣服的旧木箱总是散发出淡淡的甜罗勒的清香。 (林一安 译)

6. Faith and Honesty 诚实

An Honest Girl

An idiot she could not properly be termed, her mind being just enough enfeebled to lose most of those traits that are connected with the more artful qualities, and to retain its ingenuousness and love of truth. It had often been remarked of this girl, by the few who had seen her, and who possessed sufficient knowledge to discriminate, that her perception of the right seemed almost intuitive, while her aversion to the wrong formed so distinctive a feature of her mind, as to surround her with an atmosphere

of pure morality. . . . Guileless, innocent, and without distrust, equally by nature and from her mode of life, Providence had, nevertheless, shielded her from harm by a halo of mortal light, as it is said "to temper the wind to the shorn lamb." (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer*)

纯朴真诚的女孩

她脑子迟钝,因而不存在大多数正常人所具有的那种刁钻和做作,却保留着纯朴真诚、爱说真话的品性。见过这个姑娘的为数不多而颇有见地的人常说,这个姑娘的正义感来自她的本能,而对邪恶的深恶痛绝,正是她性格的突出之处,仿佛她只受纯洁的环境熏陶而一尘不染……她天生谦卑、娴静,她的纯洁无邪正是常人所望尘莫及,她的天性和生活环境使她成为一个纯真无邪对人充满信任的姑娘。上苍所赐的道德光环使她免受世俗的祸害,正所谓"善人自有天助"。 (宋兆霖 译)

An Angel Beguiled

. . . Whatever else she might be, she was not disagreeable. She was not coldly clever and indirectly satirical, but adorably simple and full of feeling. She was an angel beguiled. It would be a unique delight to wait and watch for the melodious fragments in which her heart and soul came forth so directly and ingenuously. The Aeolian harp again came into his mind. (George Eliot, *Middlemarch*)

天使的化身

……但不管她是怎么一个人,她绝不是毫不足取的。她不是那种聪明而冷酷的女子,也不会转弯抹角挖苦人,她单纯得可爱,而且富有同情心。她像天使的化身。她的心和灵魂都那么坦率,那么真诚,它们是由一些和谐的材料组成的,在它们旁边静听它们的演奏,将是无上的乐事。于是一阵阵仙乐仿佛又来到了他心头。 (项星耀 译)

The Young Boy Who Never Lies

Esmond, young as he was, would have died sooner than betray his friend and master, as Mr. Holt well knew; for he had tried the boy more than once, putting temptations in his way, to see whether he would yield to them and confess afterwards, or whether he would resist them, as he did sometimes, or whether he would lie, which he never did. Holt instructing the boy on this point, however, that if to keep silence is not to lie, as it

certainly is not, yet, silence is, after all, equivalent to a negation—and therefore a downright No, in the interest of justice or your friend, and in reply to a question that may be prejudicial to either, is not criminal, but, on the contrary, wrongful demand.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond*)

从不说谎的少年

艾斯芒德年纪虽小，宁死也不肯出卖他这位朋友和师傅，这是何尔特先生深知的。他曾经屡次考验这孩子，有时候故意在他面前安排一点引诱，看他怎样：是不是能抵抗引诱，还是先受了引诱后来又向他忏悔，或者干脆说谎；考验的结果证明，他抵抗诱惑是常事，说谎是从来没有的。何尔特又教给这孩子一点道理，缄默绝不是说谎，缄默既然不是说谎，而且毕竟又是等于否认——因此为了公道和朋友，如果提出的问题对于公道或朋友不利的时候，一个干脆的否认不但不犯罪过，而且，相反地，是可嘉许的；正如不得已说谎去规避一个无理的要求是同样合法的。（陈逵　王培德　译）

7. Thrift 勤俭

Careful Calculation and Strict Budgeting

Then, by degrees, she almost monoplized the work, and persuaded him to get rid of one servant girl, who had become useless since she had taken to working like two: she economized in the bread, oil, and candles, in the corn which they gave to the fowls too extravagantly, and in the fodder for the horses and cattle, which was rather wasted. She was as miserly about her master's money as if it had been her own, and by dint of making good bargains, of getting high prices for all their produce, and by buffling the peasants' tricks when they offered anything for sale, he at last intrusted her with buying and selling everything, with the direction of all the laborers, and with the quantity of provisions necessary for the household, so that in a short time she became indispensable to him. She kept such a strict eye on everything about her, that under her direction the farm prospered wonderfully, and for five miles round people talked of "Master Vallin's servant," and the farmer himself said everywhere: "That girl is worth more than her weight in gold."

(Guy de Maupassant, *The Story of a Farm-Girl*)

精打细算

她渐渐地把周围的活儿都揽了过来，使得一个女雇工被辞退了，因为自从

她一个人干着两个人的活儿以后，那个女雇工就变成多余的了。她在面包上、在油上、在蜡烛上、在别人大手大脚喂鸡的谷粒上、在别人免不了总会浪费的牲口饲料上，她都精打细算。她花主人的钱好像花她自己的钱，非常吝啬。她善于做买卖，农庄的产品经她的手价钱就能卖高，而那些农民在出售产品时耍的花招她也都能识破，因此买进卖出，分配雇工的活计，计算食品，都由她一个人负责，不久以后她变成不可缺少的了。她对周围一切照料得非常好，因此农庄在她管理之下，变得兴旺发达。方圆五英里以内的人都在谈论"瓦兰老板的女雇工"；农庄主人也到处说："这个姑娘可真是千金难买啊！"　　（郝运　译）

Managing the Household Industriously and Thriftily

Now Miss Matty Jenkyns was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In the winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours—she could do this in the dark, or by firelight—and when I asked if I might not ring for candles to finished stitching my wristbands, she told me to 'keep blind man's holiday.' They were usually brought in with tea; but we only burnt one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in any evening (but who never did), it required some contrivance to keep our two candles of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burnt two always. The candles took it in turns; and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matty's eyes were habitually fixed upon the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it and to light the other before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening.　　(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

勤俭持家

说到马蒂·詹肯斯小姐，她对于用蜡烛十分仔细。为了尽量少用蜡烛，我们想出了种种点子。冬日的下午，她常坐着编织衣物，一干就是两三个小时。摸黑或坐在炉火旁她也能照织不误。有时，我问她是否可以摇铃叫仆人送蜡烛来，好编织毛衣的袖口，她却对我说等过了"盲人假日"再说。蜡烛一般是与下午的茶点一块端进屋来，但我们一次只点一支。由于我们时刻得提防晚上有朋友上门来访（其实从未有人来过），这样就得想个妙法，使两支蜡烛保持相同的长度，以便随时都可点上，并让外人看上去觉得两支蜡烛一直是同时燃点的。于是，我们让两支蜡烛轮流点着。无论我们可能会谈论什么或干些什么，马蒂小姐的双眼总是习惯地盯着蜡烛，随时准备跳起来灭掉一支，点上另一

支，以免心不在焉时让两支蜡烛点得过分长短不一，难以保持相等的长度。

（徐新 顾明栋 译）

8. Generosity 慷慨

Generous Amelia

You may be sure that she showed Rebecca over every room of the house, and everything in every one of her drawers; and her books, and her piano, and her dresses, and all her necklaces, brooches, laces, and gimcracks. She insisted upon Rebecca accepting the white cornelian and turquoise rings, and a sweet sprigged muslin, which was too small for her now, though it would fit her friend to a nicety; and she determined in her heart to ask her mother's permission to present her white Cashmere shawl to her friend. Could she not spare it? —and had not her brother Joseph just brought her two from India?

（William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*）

慷慨善良的爱米丽亚

不用说，她带着利蓓加参观家里每一间屋，又打开抽屉把一样样东西翻出来给她瞧。她的书、钢琴、衣服、项链、别针、花边，还有各种小玩意儿，没有漏掉一样。她拿出一只璁玉戒指，一只水晶戒指，一件短条子花纹的漂亮纱衣服，逼着利蓓加收下来。她说这件衣服她穿不下了，利蓓加穿上一定合适。她私下决定求她妈妈允许，再送她一条白色细羊毛披肩。她哥哥乔瑟夫·赛特笠不是刚从印度给她带了两条回来吗？正好留一条给利蓓加。 （杨必 译）

The Poor Landlady Helped the Impoverished Writer

Likewise she watched his toils, and knew the measure of the midnight oil he burned. Work! She knew that he outdid her, though his work was of a different order. And she was surprised to behold that the less food he had, the harder he worked. On occasion, in a casual sort of way, when she thought hunger pinched hardest, she would send him in a loaf of new baking, awkwardly covering the act with banter to the effect that it was better than he could bake. And again, she would send one of her toddlers in to him with a great pitcher of hot soup, debating inwardly the while whether she was justified in taking it from the mouths of her own flesh and

blood. Nor was Martin ungrateful, knowing as he did the lives of the poor, and that if ever in the world there was charity, this was it.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

穷帮穷

她也留意到他在苦干,知道他一直干到深夜,辛苦到什么地步。干活!她知道他比自己干得更着力,尽管他干的是另一种活。她还看到,他吃的东西愈少,干活的劲头反而愈大,不禁大吃一惊。有几回,她发觉饥饿折磨得他实在太厉害了,就若无其事地送一只刚出炉的面包给他,不高明地开玩笑说,比他自己能烘出来的要来得好,来掩饰这行动。这还不算,她还会打发她的一个小把戏,给他端去一大罐热腾腾的菜汤,一边心里盘算着,把这汤从自己亲生骨肉的嘴边抢走,到底应该不应该。马丁可感激非常,因为他明白穷人的生活境况,如果说世界上有真正的慈善行为的话,这就是了。 (吴劳 译)

9. Loyalty and Obedience 忠诚、顺从

Devotion to His Foster-Father

Quasimodo's gratitude was therefore deep, passionate and unbounded; and although his foster-father's face was often dark and severe and his words were usually curt, harsh and imperious, this gratitude had never wavered for a single instant. The archdeacon had in Quasimodo the most submissive of slaves, the most docile of servants and the most vigilant of watchdogs ...

Nothing could be compared to the archdeacon's dominion over the bellringer or the bellringer's devotion to the archdeacon. A sign from Claude Frolloand the idea of pleasing him could have been enough to make Quasimodo jump from the top of the towers of Notre Dame. It was remarkable to see all that physical strength, developed to such an extraordinary degree in Quasimodo, placed blindly at the disposal of another person. It was a question not only of filial devotion but also of the fascination exerted by one mind on another. It was a poor, dull, awkward creature standing with lowered head and supplicating eye before a high, profound, powerful and superior intellect. But above all it was gratitude; gratitude pushed so far toward its extreme limit that we have nothing with which to compare it. This is not a virtue whose most striking examples are to be found among men; we will therefore say that Quasimodo loved the archdeacon as no dog, horse or elephant ever loved its master.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

忠于养父

因此,卡西莫多的感激之情是深沉、热烈、无限的;尽管养父的脸上时常乌云密布,时常声色俱厉,尽管养父的言辞惯常简短、生硬、专横,他那感激之情却一刻也未曾稍减。卡西莫多对于副主教,就是最驯顺的奴隶、最听话的仆人、最警觉的猛犬……

什么也比不上副主教对打钟人的支配力量,什么也比不上打钟人对副主教的依恋。只要克洛德一招手,只要一想到一定要讨他的喜欢,卡西莫多就立即从圣母院钟楼上冲下来。卡西莫多的体力发达到那样非凡的程度,他却那样盲目交由另一人支配,这真是异乎寻常的事情。这里面当然包含着儿子般的孝顺,奴婢般的依恋;也包含着一个灵魂对另一个灵魂的魔力。这是一个可怜的、拙劣的、笨拙的机体,对另一个高傲、深湛、有力、优异的智慧俯首贴耳,垂目乞怜。最后,超乎这一切的,是感恩戴德。推至极限的感激之情,简直无法比拟。这是这样的一种美德:他的最优美楷模不是人类中间所能觅得的。所以我们说,卡西莫多爱副主教,甚至狗、马、大象爱其主也不能相比。

(管震湖 译)

Complete in Fidelity and Filial Piety

"I had hardly joined our English friends, when I became sensible that our cause was lost. Our numbers diminished instead of increasing, nor were we joined by any except of our own persuasion. The Tories of the High Church remained in general undecided, and at length we were cooped up by a superior force in the little town of Preston. We defended ourselves resolutely for one day. On the next, the hearts of our leaders failed, and they resolved to surrender at discretion. To yield myself up on such terms, were to have laid my head on the block. About twenty or thirty gentlemen were of my mind, we mounted our horses, and placed my daughter, who insisted on sharing my fate, in the center of our little party. My companions, struck with her courage and filial piety, declared that they would die rather than leave her behind..."

"She has endured trials," he said," which might have dignified the history of a martyr;—she has faced danger and death in various shapes;—she has undergone toil and privation, which men of the strongest frame would have shrunk;—she has spent the day in darkness, and the night in vigil, and has never breathed a murmur of weakness or complaint. In a

word, Mr. Osbaldistone, "he concluded," she is a worthy offering to that God, to whom"(crossing himself)"I shall dedicate her, as all that is left dear or precious to Frederick Vernon." (Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

忠孝双全

"我跟英格兰的朋友们一碰面,就知道大势已去,我们的事业已经失败了。我们的人数不是与日俱增,而是越来越少。我们这支部队也没有什么人参加,除了几个跟我们同一派的人。属于高教会派的托利党人绝大部分持观望态度。最后,我们终于在一个叫做普列斯顿的小镇上受到了优势敌军的包围。我们坚决地抵抗了整整一天。到了第二天,我们的几个头头已经显出了丧魂落魄的样子,他们决定作可耻的投降。要我屈服于这一条件,那无异把自己的头放在断头台的铡刀下。约摸有二三十位绅士跟我有同样的想法。我们骑上马,把我这个坚持与我共命运的女儿夹在这一小队人马中间。我的同伴们都被她的坚毅精神与孝心所感动,一齐向我声明,他们宁愿死也决不愿抛弃她……"

"她经受了严重的考验"他说。"那简直可以使一位殉道者的历史增添无上的光彩。她曾经面临形形色色的危险和死亡的威胁;她所忍受的极度劳累、困苦和匿居生活的艰辛,使一些体格最最健壮的男子汉也要望而生畏。她在黑暗中度过白天,又在黑夜里为我值班守护,却从来不曾发过牢骚或者出过一声怨言。总之,法兰西斯·奥斯巴尔迪斯顿先生,"他端出了他的结论。"她是一个值得我献给上帝的最宝贵的牺牲品,(他说到这儿,在胸前划了个十字)因为她就是菲德列·沃尔依所仅有的最亲爱、也最珍贵的一切,我决定把她奉献给天主。" (李俍民 译)

10. Selfishness 自私

Inconsiderate of Others

Marie never had possessed much capability of affection, or much sensibility, and the little that she had, had been merged into a most intense and unconscious selfishness; a selfishness the more hopeless, from its quiet obtuseness, its utter ignorance of any claims but her own. From her infancy, she had been surrounded with servants, who lived only to study her caprices; the idea that they had either feelings or rights had never dawned upon her, even in distant perspective.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

不顾他人利益

玛丽从来就不是个富有感情、善于体谅的女人。她仅有的那点点感情,却

集中地汇成了一种极其强烈而不自觉的自私心。由于冷酷无情，只顾自身利益而完全不顾他人利益，这种自私心发展到了不可救药的地步。玛丽自幼养尊处优，一呼百诺；仆人们每天活着的目的就是观颜察色，小心翼翼地侍候她。玛丽脑子里从来没有想过，这些下人也有感情和权利。 （黄继忠 译）

A Man without Friends

He was immeasurably selfish. He looked upon any service that was rendered him as a right due to his rank and intelligence and therefore deserving of no gratitude. It never entered his head that he was called upon to do anything for others. He had many enemies; he despised them. He knew no one who merited his assistance, his sympathy, or his compassion. He had no friends. （W. Somerset Maugham, *Lord Mountdrago*）

失道寡助

他极端自私。别人为他服务，服侍他，他认为这是身居要职、才华出众的人理应享受的权利，因而也就受之无愧。他从来没有想到自己应为别人做点事。他有许多冤敌，他鄙视那些人。他不知道有谁能值得他同情、怜悯和帮助。他没有朋友。 （刘宪之 译）

The Great Pleasure in Owing Debts

One great cause why Mr. Crawley had such a hold over the affections of his father, resulted from money arrangements. The Baronet owed his son a sum of money out of the jointure of his mother, which he did not find it convenient to pay; indeed he had an almost invincible repugnance to paying anybody, and could only be brought by force to discharge his debts. Miss Sharp calculated (for she became, as we shall hear speedily, inducted into most of the secrets of the family) that the mere payment of his creditors cost the honourable Baronet several hundreds yearly; but this was a delight he could not forego; he had a savage pleasure in making the poor wretches wait, and in shifting from court to court and from term to term the period of satisfaction. What's the good of being in Parliament, he said, if you must pay your debts? Hence, indeed, his position as a senator was not a little useful to him.

（William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*）

恶意的快乐

克劳莱先生能够叫他爸爸喜欢，多半是经济上的关系。从男爵欠他儿子

一笔钱;这钱原是克劳莱先生由母亲那里得来的遗产,如果要还的话,对从男爵不很方便。他最怕花钱付账,对于这件事情真是深恶痛绝。如果没有人强逼他,他是再也不肯还债的。夏泼替他计算下来(我们过些时候就会知道,这家子的秘密她已经知道了--大半了),只是为躲债,从男爵一年就得花好几百镑讼费。他认为这是无上趣事,不肯割舍。他叫那些可怜的债主等了又等,法庭一个个的换,案子一期期的拖,付的钱总不拿出来,他就感觉到一种恶意的快乐。他说,进了国会还得还债那做什么议员呢?这样看来,他这议员的资格对他用处着实不小。 (杨必 译)

The Selfish Mr. and Mrs. Dashwood

"Certainly not; but if you observe, people always live forever when there is any annuity to be paid them; and she is very stout and healthy, and hardly forty. An annuity is a very serious business, it comes over and over every year, and there is no getting rid of it. You are not aware of what you are doing. I have known a great deal of the trouble of annuities; for my mother was clogged with the payment of three to old superannuated servants by my father's will, and it is amazing how disagreeable she found it. Twice every year these annuities were to be paid; and then there was the trouble of getting it to them; and then one of them was said to have died, and afterwards it turned out to be no such thing. My mother was quite sick of it. Her income was not her own, she said, with such perpetual claims on it; and it was the more unkind in my father, because otherwise the money would have been entirely at my mother's disposal without any restriction whatever. It has given me such an abhorrence of annuities that I am sure I would not pin myself down to the payment of one for all the world." (Jane Austin, *Sense and Sensibility*)

自私的夫妻

"当然不能。不过你细心观察一下就会发现,当人们能够享受一笔年金时,通常老是活着不死。而且她结实健康,才刚刚四十岁呢。提供一笔年金,可是件大事,年复一年,无法摆脱。你还没有意识到你这样做的后果是什么。关于支付年金的麻烦事我倒比你清楚。我母亲就曾根据我父亲的遗嘱,不得不给三个长期享受年金的仆人付款,令人惊异的是她发现那差事有多么挠头。这笔年金每年要付两次,而且把钱送到他们手里也是件麻烦事。后来听说其中的一个死了,可是以后又弄清了根本没有这回事。我母亲对此简直烦透了。她说,填这种无底洞,弄成她的财产不属于她自己了。我父亲真不知道体谅

人，要不是这样的话，我母亲就会完全按她的意愿来支配这些钱，而不受任何限制。这件事使我非常讨厌提供年金的做法，因此，无论如何，我也绝不会做这种拿自己的钱满世界撒的蠢事。”（罗文华 译）

The Undisguised Egoist

Sir Willoughby had led the conversation. Displeased that the lead should be withdrawn for him, he turned to Clara and related one of the after-dinner anecdotes of Dr. Corney; and another, with a vast deal of human nature in it, concerning a valetudinarian gentleman, whose wife chanced to be desperately ill, and he went to the physicians assembled in consultation outside the sick-room, imploring them by all he valued, and in tears, to save the poor patient from him, saying: "She's everything to me, everything, and if she dies I am compelled to run the risks of marrying again; I must marry again; for she has accustomed me so to the little attentions of a wife, that in truth I can't, I can't lose her! She must be saved!" And the loving husband of any devoted wife wrung his hands.

(George Meredith, *The Egoist*)

利己主义者

威洛比爵士原来引导着这个话题。他对自己失去了对它的控制十分不快。他转向克莱拉，向她讲述科尼医生的一件餐后轶事。然后又讲一件充分反映了人类本性的事情。故事说的是一个体弱多病的绅士，他的妻子凑巧也病得厉害。他走到聚集在病房外面会诊的医生中，哭着以他的全部财富恳求他们为他拯救可怜的病人。他说："她是我的一切，一切。如果她死了，我就不得不冒险再结一次婚。我必须再结婚。因为她已经使我习惯于妻子的无微不至的关怀。我确确实实不能、不能失去她！必须把她救活！"忠贞的妻子的这个可爱的丈夫绝望地搓着手。（文思 雨映 译）

A Selfish and Vain Father

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connexion (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which was indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his Deportment to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had

found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort; to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times; and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and laboured, and would have toiled and laboured to that hour, if her strength had lasted so long. For, the mainspring of the story was, that, in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his Deportment) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed, in the most moving terms, confided him to their son as one who had an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Deportment always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a-day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle.

(Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*)

虚荣自私的父亲

据说他从前跟一个温顺、娇小的女舞蹈教师结婚(那女教师教的学生很多,而他本人,婚前除了讲究风度以外,根本没做过任何事情),为了维持他那排场所必须的开销,他把妻子给活活累死——起码也得说,他逼得她把自己活活累死了。他要在最有风度的人面前显示自己的风度,又要常常去观摩这些人,所以,他认为必须常到上流人士游乐的地方去,必须在热闹的季节里到布赖顿和其他地方露面,必须穿质地最好的衣服,过着闲散的生活。为了使他能过这样一种生活,那个多情而娇小的女舞蹈教师便不辞劳苦地辛勤工作;看样子,只要她有一口气,她就会这样不辞劳苦地工作下去的。这主要是因为,这个人虽然极其自私,但是他的妻子(完全被他那风度迷住了)却始终相信他,甚至临终的时候,还谆谆告诫儿子要好好照顾他,要克尽赡养的义务,而且不论怎样敬重他都不算过分。这个做儿子的,因此,便在同样的信念之下,度过了漫漫岁月,长大成人;而现在,他已经三十岁了,每天为他父亲工作十二小时,对这个自以为高人一等的老绅士推崇备至。 (张谷若 译)

11. Meanness 吝啬

A Miserly Couple

About the year 1727, just at the time that earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meager, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom

Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself: they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlone-looking house that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney, no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field, where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of puddingstone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

(Washington Irving, *The Devil and Tom Walker*)

吝啬鬼夫妇

大约在 1727 年,正当新英格兰地震频繁的时候,许多十恶不赦的罪人都吓得魂不附体。在这儿附近住着一个名叫汤姆·沃克的干瘪而又吝啬的家伙。他有一个和他一样吝啬的老婆,他们两人甚至吝啬到互相耍手腕儿欺骗对方的程度。这女人把所能到手的东西都藏起来。母鸡刚下了蛋,还来不及咯咯叫,她就忙不迭地把新下的蛋收走了。她丈夫则总是精心窥测她密藏起来的东西。两口子经常为哪些财物应属于个人所有,哪些属于两人共有而发生激烈的争执。他们住在一所左右没有人家的孤零零的房子里,那房子本身也显出一副挨饿的样子,旁边长着几棵低矮的灌木,恰似贫瘠的象征,烟囱里从来没有冒出过炊烟,过路的游客也从未光顾过他们的门前。一匹可怜的弱马,瘦得肋骨像烤架上的铁条,在荒地里溜着步子。一层薄薄的苔藓可怜巴巴地覆盖着凹凸不平的嶙峋石床,既诱惑而又阻碍着他的贪欲。有时,他的脑袋斜靠在篱笆上,无可奈何地望着过路人,似乎在祈求人们把他从这贫瘠的土地上解救出来。

(刘燕英 译)

A Greedy Man Is Bound to Be a Miser

He drew up plans for his estate, and every plan showed the same features: a) the main residence, b) the servant's wing, c) the kitchen garden, d) gooseberry bushes. He lived thriftily, never ate or drank his fill, dressed anyhow, like a beggar, and saved up all his money in the

bank. He became terribly stingy. I could hardly bear to look at him, and whenever I gave him a little money, he put that away, too. Once a man gets an idea into his head, there's no doing anything with him.

The years passed, he was sent to another gubernia, he was over forty, and was still reading advertisements in the papers and saving up. At last I heard he had married. All for the same purpose, to buy himself an estate with gooseberry bushes on it, he married an ugly elderly widow, for whom he had not the slightest affection, just because she had some money. After his marriage he went on living as thriftily as ever, half-starving his wife, and putting her money in his own bank account. Her first husband had been a postmaster, and she was used to pies and cordials, but with her second husband she did not even get enough black bread to eat. She began to languish under such a regime, and three years later yielded up her soul to God. Of course my brother did not for a moment consider himself guilty of her death. Money, like vodka, makes a man eccentric.

(Anton Chekhov, *Gooseberries*)

贪夫必斋

他经常画他的田庄的草图，每一次他的草图上都离不了这几样东西——(甲)主人的正房，(乙)仆人的下房，(丙)菜园，(丁)醋栗树。他生活节俭，省吃俭用，上帝才知道他穿的是什么衣服，活像叫花子。但他不停地攒钱，把钱存在银行里。他变得贪财极了。我一瞧见他就心中难过，常给他点钱，遇到过节也总要送他点什么，可是他就连这也收藏起来。一个人要是拖定了宗旨，那你就拿他无可奈何了。

许多年过去了，他调到别的省里去了。他年纪也已经过了不惑之年，却依然看报上的广告，继续存钱。后来我听说他结婚了。他仍然存心要买一个有醋栗树的庄园，就娶了一个又老又丑的寡妇，事实上他对她一点感情也没有，就因为她有钱罢了。跟她结婚以后，他生活仍然吝啬，经常是弄得她吃不饱；同时，他把她的钱存在银行里，却写上他自己的名字！以前她嫁给一个邮政局长，跟他一块儿生活的时候，吃的是馅饼，喝的是果子酒，可是自从跟第二个丈夫生活，却连黑面包也吃不饱；过着这样的生活，她开始面容憔悴，并且不到三年就见上帝去了。当然，我弟弟从没想到过她的死要由他负责。钱跟伏特加一样，会使人变态。

(沈民翰　译)

Tight-Fisted

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind stone, Scrooge! a

squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as one oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

(Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*)

吝啬而冷酷

哦！斯克罗奇，这是一个从石头里也能榨出油的人！这老家伙贪得无厌，能挤能绞能刮能搜，什么都干得出。他就像块打火石那样又硬又尖，但是就是用钢棒也甭想在他身上打出火花来。他就像一只老牡蛎那样神秘兮兮，又封闭又孤独。他心里的冷酷也使他的老骨架蒙上一层霜冻，冻坏了他的尖鼻子，冻伤了他的瘦脸，冻僵了他的脚步，冻红了他的眼睛，冻紫了他的嘴唇，冻得他声音发了裂，说起话来嘶嘶难听。他的头上蒙了一层霜冻，眉毛上也这样，连他那硬邦邦的下巴上都这样。他走到哪里，就把附在他身上的低温带到哪里。哪怕酷暑，他的办公室如同冰窟。就是圣诞节期间，也不见半度升高。

（石定乐　译）

Old Grandet Kept House Miserly

... Day after day, from April to November, for the last fifteen years, time had passed peacefully for mother and daughter here, in constant work. On the first day of November they were at liberty to take up their winter position by the fireplace. Only on that day did Grandet allow a fire to be lit in the parlour, and he forbade it after the 31st of March, no matter how chilly the early days of spring and autumn might be. A little brazier, which big Nanon managed surreptitiously to keep full of live embers from the kitchen fire, helped Madame and Mademoiselle Grandet to go through the coldest mornings and evenings in April and October. The mother and daughter kept all the household linen in repair, and devoted their days so conscientiously to this extremely labourious task that if Eugénie wanted to embroider a collar for her mother, the time she needed had to be borrowed from her sleep, and she was forced to deceive her

father in order to have light to sew by. It was a long-established custom of the miser's to dole out candles to his daughter and big Nanon, just as he doled out the bread and provisions for the day's meals each morning.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Eugénie Grandet*, trans. Marion Ayton Crawford)

老葛朗台的治家之道

……十五年以来,从四月到十一月,母女俩就在这个位置上安安静静地消磨日子,手里永远拿着活计。十一月初一,她们可以搬到壁炉旁边过冬了。只有到那一天,葛朗台才答应在堂屋里生火,到三月三十一日就得熄掉,不管春寒也不管早秋的凉意。四月和十月里最冷的日子,长脚拿侬想法从厨房里腾出些柴炭,安排一只脚炉,给太太和小姐挡挡早晚的寒气。

全家的内衣被服都归母女俩负责,她们专心一意,像女工一样整天劳作。甚至欧也妮想替母亲绣一方挑花领,也只能腾出睡眠的时间来做,还得想出借口来骗取父亲的蜡烛。多年来女儿与拿侬用的蜡烛,吝啬鬼总是亲自分发的,正如每天早上分发面包和食物一样。 (傅雷 译)

A Tight-Fisted Mistress

I have never known anyone so greedy. By this, I mean she not only knew how to buy fur coats and jewelry, but also knew how to keep her fist closed tight so that not even one extra coin rolled into someone else's pocket. I once saw her give something like a hundred-yuan note to a servant to buy some food. By then, a hundred yuan wasn't worth very much, maybe only a few dollars in today's money. And when the servant came back from the market, Wen Tai-tai made her list everything she had bought: "How much for this? Are you sure? How much for that? Are you sure?" she made the servant count over and over again, the amount spent, the amount to be returned, then questioned her for many minutes when she thought ten fens were missing—not even a tenth of a penny! That servant, who had been with my father's family for nearly forty years, left forever within the hour. (Amy Tan, *The Kitchen God's Wife*)

吝啬的主妇

我从未见过有人如此贪婪。我是说她不仅会买皮大衣和珠宝,还知道怎样捏紧钱袋,不让一枚多余的铜板流入他人的腰包。我曾见过她给仆人一百元钱去买食品。那时候,一百元值不了多少,也就相当于现在的几美元。仆人从市场上回来后,文太太就让她一五一十地报账:"这个多少钱?你算准了吗?

那个多少钱？对不对？”

她让仆人算过来算过去，花了多少，该剩多少。最后她认为少了一角钱——不到一美分的十分之一，便盘问了她好长时间。这个在我家干了四十年的仆人，旋即就永远离开了。（马宏伟 译）

12. Hypocrisy 虚伪

Double-Faced

Danglars nodded, to signify he was satisfied. To the world and to his servants Danglars assumed the good-natured man and the weak father. This was one of his characters in the popular comedy he was performing; it was a physiognomy he had adopted, and which appeared as suitable to him as it was to the right side of the profile masks of the fathers of the ancient theatres to have a turned-up and laughing lip, while, on the left side, it was drawn down and ill-tempered. Let us hasten to say, that in private, the turned-up and laughing lip descended to the level of the drawn-down and ill-tempered one; so that, generally, the indulgent man disappeared to give place to the brutal husband and domineering father.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

两面派

唐格拉尔点了点头，表示感到满意。当着仆人的面，甚至当着手下人的面，唐格拉尔总是装出一副好好先生和宽容父亲的样子；他给自己派定的是通俗喜剧中的一个角色，他给自己设计并且自以为挺适合自己的那副面具，从右边看过去是古典戏剧中咧开着嘴笑嘻嘻的慈父的尊容，而从左边看过去则是耷拉着嘴角的一张哭丧脸。（韩沪麟 周克希 译）

A Chameleon

Castle watched him adapting, as naturally as a chameleon, to the color of the soil. He must have adapted in just that way during his weekend in Lesotho. Perhaps he would have found Muller more likable if he had been less adaptable. All through dinner Muller made his courteous conversation. Yes, thought Castle, I really would have preferred Captain Van Donck. Van Donck would have walked out of the house at the first sight of Sarah. A prejudice had something in common with an ideal. Cornelius Muller was without prejudice and he was without an ideal.

(Graham Greene, *The Human Factor*)

变色龙

卡斯尔眼瞅着马勒随机应变的本领，活像一条变色龙一样，身子一着地，颜色立即变得和泥土一样。他在莱索托度周末时肯定也是这样随情变幻的。如果马勒不是如此善于应变，卡斯尔或许会觉得他更可爱些。在整个晚饭过程中，马勒说话总是小心翼翼的，卡斯尔心里暗想：是的，我确实宁愿与万登科上尉打交道，要是万登科，他一看到萨拉，肯定会拂袖而去，偏见和理想在某些方面有共同之处。马勒没有偏见，因此也就没有理想。 （尚明 张林 译）

Concealing Her Heart

The housewives all admired her for her thriftiness, Charles's patients for her courtesy, the poor for her generosity.

Yet she was full of covetous desires, anger and hatred. The smooth folds of her dress concealed a tumultuous heart, and her modest lips told nothing of her torment. She was in love with Leon, and she sought solitude because it allowed her to revel in thoughts of him at leisure. His actual presence disturbed the voluptuous pleasure of her reveries. Her heart palpitated at the sound of his foot steps, but her agitation always began to subside as soon as he appeared, and she was left with nothing but deep astonishment which eventually turned to sadness.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

掩盖本性

太太们称赞她节省，病人们称赞她有礼貌，穷人们称赞她仁慈。

但是她却满腹贪婪、忿怒和怨恨。衣褶平平整整，里头包藏着一颗骚乱的心；嘴唇娴静，并不讲出内心的苦恼。她爱赖昂，追寻寂寞，为了能更自由自在玩味他的形象。真人当面，反而扰乱沉思的快感。听见他的脚步，她就心跳；但是待在一起，心就沉下去了。她有的只是莫大的惊奇，临了又陷入忧郁。

（李健吾 译）

Pretending to Be Grateful to Mrs. Sedley

Poor Joe's panic lasted for two or three days; during which he did not visit the house, nor during that period did Miss Rebecca ever mention his name. She was all respectful gratitude to Mrs. Sedley: delighted beyond measure at the Bazaars; and in a whirl of wonder at the theatre, whither the good-natured lady took her. One day, Amelia had a headache, and

could not go upon some party of pleasure to which the two young people were invited: nothing could induce her friend to go without her. "What! you who have shown the poor orphan what happiness and love are for the first time in her life—quit you? never!" and the green eyes looked up to Heaven and filled with tears; and Mrs. Sedley could not but own that her daughter's friend had a charming kind heart of her own.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

假装感恩

乔的恐慌继续了两三天;这可怜虫不肯回家,利蓓加小姐也不提他的名字。她全心都在赛特笠太太身上,对她毕恭毕敬,仿佛是感恩不尽的样子。这位好心的太太带她出去走走;到了百货商场,她说不出的高兴,到了戏院,她更是不住口的赞叹。一天,有人请她和爱米丽亚出去玩,临时爱米丽亚头痛,利蓓加宁死也不肯一个人去。她说:"全亏了你,我这孤苦伶仃的可怜虫才得到了温暖,尝到了快乐。我怎么能扔下你一个人出去呢?"她翻起眼珠子瞧着天,绿眼睛里含着两包眼泪。赛特笠太太看了,不得不承认女儿的朋友心地厚道,实在招人疼。

(杨必 译)

The Hypocrite

He attempted a compliment on her truly exceptional character. As when the player's finger rests in distraction on the organ, it was without measure and disgusted his own hearing. Nevertheless she had been so good as to diminish his apprehension that the marriage of a lady in her thirtieth year with his cousin Vernon would be so much of a loss to him; hence while parading the lawn, now and then casting an eye at the windows of the room where his Clara and Vernon were in council, the schemes he indulged for his prospective comfort and his feelings of the moment were in such striving harmony as that to which we hear orchestral musicians bring their instruments under the process called tuning. We are not angels, which have their dulcimers ever on the choral pitch. We are mortals, attaining the celestial accord with effort, through a stage of pain. Some degree of pain was necessary to Sir Willoughby, otherwise he would not have seen his generosity confronting him. He grew, therefore, tenderly inclined to Laetitia once more, so far as to say within himself, "For conversation she would be a valuable wife." And this valuable wife he was presenting to his cousin.

(George Meredith, *The Egoist*)

伪君子

他有心赞扬她确确实实有与众不同的性质。但是，就像一个演奏员心猿意马地把手指放在乐器上，弹出的音符不成调子，连他自己听起来都觉得恶心。然而，她的为人实在是好，他原来担心这个三十岁的女人与他的表兄维农的婚姻会成为他的一个重大损失，现在这种担心消失了。因此，当他们在草坪上漫步时，他不时向克莱拉和维农正在进行协商的房间的窗子打量。为了未来的舒适，他正致力于一个伟大的计划。现在，这个计划以及他目前的感情都处在寻求和谐的阶段，就像我们听到乐队的演奏员都在操起乐器，一齐调弦一样。目前还没有达到完美的和谐，但很快会达到那种境地。我们不是天使，只有天使才时刻根据赞美诗定好了他们的洋琴的调子。我们是凡人，要经过痛苦的阶段，用努力才能实现天国的和谐。对于威洛比爵士来说，一定程度的痛苦是必要的，否则他将无法看清楚自己的慷慨大方。因此，他再次有些喜爱起利蒂霞来，他甚至在内心里自言自语道："她是一个可以与他愉快交谈的妻子"。然而他却要把这个可贵的妻子送给他的表兄。 （文思 雨映 译）

False Display of Affection

Charles's jaw tightened, and, not for the first time, he wondered why he stayed with Phyllis.

He couldn't remember the last time she 'd spoken an affectionate word to him—at least when they were alone. Of course, in public, she was the image of the loving wife. She never failed to stay close to him when they were out together, never let an evening go by without telling whomever they were with about her wonderful husband.

But it was all an act, for when they were alone together, she rarely spoke to him at all, except to complain about one thing or another—if it wasn't one of Cora's shortcomings, or Melissa's, it was usually one of his own. (John Saul, *Second Child*)

虚情假意

查尔斯绷紧了下颏。他又一次自问：为何还要和菲丽丝生活在一起？他记不起她有多久没对他柔声细语了——至少两人单独时不是这样。当然，在公众场合，她仍保持着温情脉脉的妻子形象。她总是形影不离地与他一同出现在各种场合，从不放过任何一个机会向晚会上结识的人夸耀她有个好丈夫。

但这一切都不过是做戏。他们单独相处时，她很少搭理他，要么就是抱怨这，抱怨那——仆人科拉的毛病，女儿梅丽莎的缺点，通常情况下是抱怨他的

不是。 （马宏伟 译）

13. Snobbery 势利

A Timeserver

Not that she was fulsome about it: Madame, in all things worldly, was in nothing weak; there was measure and sense in her hottest pursuit of self-interest, calm and considerateness in her closest clutch of gain; without, then, laying herself open to my contempt as a time-server and a toadie, she marked with tact that she was pleased people connected with her establishment should frequent such associates as must cultivate and elevate, rather than those who might deteriorate and depress.

（Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*）

趋炎附势者

倒不是她虚伪卑鄙：夫人，在一切事情上都是很世故的，在任何事情上也不软弱；在她狂热地追求私利当儿她有分寸，有见识，在她紧紧抓住收益不放时她是厚颜无耻和小心谨慎的；而且，不暴露出趋炎附势者和阿谀逢迎人的模样，免得遭到我的轻视，她以机智圆滑著名，她愿意凡是与她这所学校有联系的人时常与那些必须交往和高攀的人来往，而不愿意那些人败坏削减这种联系。 （谢素台 译）

A Double-Faced Man

But Lord Mountdrago was as conscious of his birth as a nouveau riche is conscious of his money. He never missed an opportunity of impressing it upon others. He had beautiful manners when he chose to display them, but this he did only with people whom he regarded as his equals. He was coldly insolent to those whom he looked upon as his social inferiors. He was rude to his servants and insulting to his secretaries. The subordinate officials in the government offices to which he had been successively attached feared and hated him. His arrogance was horrible. He knew that he was a great deal cleverer than most of the persons he had to do with, and never hesitated to apprise them of the fact.

（W. Somerset Maugham, *Lord Mountdrago*）

阴阳脸

蒙德拉古勋爵看重门第正像暴发户看重钱财一样。他总是不失时机地炫

耀自己的出身。当他炫示自己的高贵时，他总是举止潇洒典雅、彬彬有礼，不过他这样做，仅限于他认为可以跟他平起平坐的人。对于他认为社会地位比他低的人，他冷酷、傲慢；对于佣人，他态度粗暴；对于秘书，他任意侮辱。在他任职多年的政府各部门中，他的下属官员对他既怕且恨。他妄自尊大，目空一切。他知道，他比跟他打交道的大多数人都聪明得多，而且他总是毫不犹豫地提醒他们注意这一事实。（刘宪之 译）

A Snobbish Proprietor

"Sell an eccentric millionaire such an unspeakable suit as that! Tod's a fool—a born fool. Always doing something like this. Drives every millionaire away from this place, because he can't tell a millionaire from a tramp, and never could. Ah, here's the thing I am after. Please get those things off, sir, and throw them in the fire. Do me the favor to put on this shirt and this suit; it's just the thing, the very thing—plain, rich, modest, and just ducally nobby; made to orders for a foreign prince—you may know him, sir, his Serene Highness the Hospodar of Halifax; had to leave it with us and take a mourningsuit because his mother was going to die—which she didn't. But that's all right; we can't always have things the way we—that is, the way they—there! trousers all right, they fit you to a charm, sir; now the waistcoat; aha, right again! now the coat—lord! look at that, now! Perfect—the whole thing! I never saw such a triump in all my experience."　（Mark Twain, *The £ 1,000,000 Bank-Note*）

势利的店主

"把那么一套不像样子的衣服卖给一位脾气特别的百万富翁！托德简直是个傻瓜——天生的傻瓜。老是干出这类事情。把每一个大阔佬都从这儿撵跑了，因为他分不清一位百万富翁和一个流浪汉，而且老是没有这个眼光。啊，我要找的那一套在这儿哩。请您把您身上那些东西脱下来吧，先生，把它丢到火里去吧。请您赏脸把这件衬衫穿上，还有这套衣服；正合适，好极了——又素净，又讲究，又雅致，简直就像个公爵穿的那么考究；这是一位外国的亲王定做的——您也许认识他哩，先生，就是哈利法克斯公国的亲王殿下；因为他母亲病得快死了，他就只好把这套衣服放在我们这儿，另外做了一套丧服去——可是后来他母亲并没有死。不过那都没有问题；我们不能叫一切事情老照着我们——我是说，老照他们——哈！裤子没有毛病，非常合您的身，先生，真是妙不可言；再穿上背心；啊哈，又很合适！再穿上外套——我的天！您瞧吧！真是十全十美——全身都好！我一辈子还没有缝过这么得意的衣服

哩。”

（张友松 译）

The Snobbish Social Climber Lawyer

Though he had come out of the lesser world of the socially weak and ineffective, he was ever aspiring to those upper walks where, if not he, then his children—two sons and one daughter—would be as secure as those whom he so greatly admired and criticized. In fact, he was aspiring to a title for himself: an unpretentious "Sir" to begin with, which later, if luck favoured him, might be accentuated by further royal consideration. To win to that, as he well knew, he must not only secure more money than he now had, but also the favour of those who possessed money and title. In consequence, he intuitively attuned his actions to the ambitions and welfare of the members of that class. （Theodore Dreiser, *The Stoic*）

一心向上爬的律师

虽然他出身于社会上软弱无能的下等门第，他始终巴望着爬到那些上层阶级去，那样，即或不是他自己，那他的几个孩子——两个儿子，一个女儿——也就可以变成像他自己所非常羡慕的而又加以指摘的人们那样的无忧无虑了。事实上，他渴望着给自己弄一个头衔：开头弄个起码的“爵士”称号，以后，如果交运的话，也许得到皇家进一步的考虑而被重视起来。他很明白，要达到这个目的，他不光是一定要比现在弄到更多的金钱，而且还要博得那些有钱有势的人们的好感。因此，他直觉地使他自己的行动符合于那个阶级成员的野心和幸福。

（余杰 诸葛霖 译）

The Obsequious Tradesman

The artist made brief answer in a language of which Tressilian could not understand a word, and which seemed to strike the Jew with the utmost astonishment. He stared upon Wayland like one who has suddenly recognised some mighty hero or dreaded potentate, in the person of an unknown and unmarked stranger. "Holy Elias!" he exclaimed, when he had recovered the first stunning effects of his surprise; and then passing from his former suspicious and surly manner to the very extremity of obsequiousness, he cringed low to the artist, and besought him to enter his poor house, to bless his miserable threshold by crossing it.

（Sir Walter Scott, *Kenilworth*）

看人下菜

那手艺人简单回答了几句，他说的话特雷西利安连一个字也不懂，可是那犹太人一听，却似乎十分惊骇。他瞪着眼睛望着韦兰，好像突然发现原来他刚才还瞧不起的这个陌生人倒是一个大英雄，或者是个可怕的有权有势的大人物一般。"神圣的以利亚！"他从惊惶中苏醒过来，大声喊道；然后他原来那种猜疑和乖张的神情一变而为极端的谄媚，他对那手艺人卑躬屈节，恳求他光临他的寒舍，迈过他那道可怜的门槛，给它增光降福。（王培德 译）

The Snobbish Relatives

Little Clive was the innocent and lucky object upon whom the increasing affection of the Newcomes for their Indian brother was exhibited. When he was first bought home a sickly child, consigned to his maternal aunt, the kind old maiden lady at Brighton, Hobson Brothers scarce took any notice of the little man, but left him to the entire superintendence of his own family. Then there came a large remittance from his father, and the child was asked by Uncle Newcome at Christmas. Then his father's name was mentioned in general orders, and Uncle Hobson asked little Clive at Midsummer. Then Lord H., a late Governor-General, coming home, and meeting the brothers at a grand dinner at the "Albion", given by the court of Directors to his late Excellency, spoke to the bankers about that most distinguished officer their relative; and Mrs. Hobson drove over to see his aunt, where the boy was; gave him a sovereign out of her purse, and advised strongly that he should be sent to Timpany's along with her own boy. Then Clive went from one uncle's house to another; and was liked at both; and much preferred ponies to ride (charged to the debit of Lieut. Clo. T. Newcome), and clothes from the London tailor, to the homely quarters and conversation of poor kind old Aunt Honeyman at Brighton. Clive's uncles were not unkind; they liked each other; their wives, who hated each other, united in liking Clive when they knew him, and petting the wayward handsome boy: they were only pursuing the way of the world, which huzzas at prosperity, and turns away from misfortune as from some contagious disease.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *The Newcomes*)

嫌贫爱富的亲戚

小克莱武天真烂漫，这时倒成了一个幸运儿，钮可谟氏一家对于侨居印度

的那位哥哥，怀着不断增长的好感，都集中在他身上表现出来。当他初次被人带回国来，那时候还是个病孩子，托付给姨母——就是住在布来屯的那位好心的老处女——照料着，何布生兄弟对于这个小伙子简直不睬，完全把他甩给他母系的亲戚。后来他父亲汇回一大宗款项来，于是钮可谟叔叔就招呼那孩子去过圣诞节。后来他父亲在政府通令中有了名字，于是何布生叔叔就招呼小克莱武去家里过暑假了。后来何大人，一位前任总督，回国，在爱尔宾饭店席间遇到他们两兄弟——那是东印度公司董事会为了那位大人特设的一次盛大宴会——谈起他们的亲属，那位赫赫有名的军官，于是何布生太太就坐了马车亲自到那孩子寄住的地方去拜访他姨母。又从自己钱袋里拿出一个金镑来给他，又再三劝告他姨母，该把他送到丁洋尼的学校，和她自己的儿子作同学。于是克莱武在两位叔父家里进进出出；在两家都受到欢迎；于是他可骑着小马，由看守林子的人陪他去追兔儿，袋里也有了钱（支的钱记在托·钮可谟中校账上），身上也有了伦敦成衣铺做的服装，对于布来屯那位可怜的好心的老姨母朝尼曼的简陋家室和日常谈话，也就觉得索然无味了。克莱武的两位叔叔，不是不厚道；他们彼此感情不错；他们两家的妻子虽然互相厌恶，等到认清了克莱武时，却一致喜欢他，宠爱这个不守规矩的漂亮小孩；实际上他们也不过是走着世俗人的路数，见了富贵就欢呼致敬，见了贫贱就远远躲开，好像遇到传染病一般。

（王培德 译）

14. Shamelessness 无耻

Insensible to Shame

From the length of time that elapsed, it appeared that John had some difficulty in persuading Mr. Donne to descend. At length, however, that gentleman appeared; nor, as he presented himself at the oak-parlour door, did he seem in the slightest degree ashamed or confused—not a whit. Donne, indeed, was of that coldly phlegmatic, immovably complacent, densely self-satisfied nature which is insensible to shame. He had never blushed in his life; no humiliation could abash him; his nerves were not capable of sensation enough to stir his life, and make colour mount to his cheek; he had no fire in his blood, and no modesty in his soul; he was a frontless, arrogant, decorous slip of the commonplace; conceited, insane, insipid; and this gentleman had a notion of wooing Miss Keeldar!

（Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*）

厚颜无耻

已经过了这么久，看来约翰要劝唐先生下楼是颇有困难了。不过，这位先

生终于下来了，当他来到橡木客厅门口时，他一点也不显得难为情或者神色慌张——一点也没有。唐确实是属于冷漠迟钝，一味自鸣得意，极度自负，毫无羞耻之心的那种人。他生平从来没有红过脸，任何屈辱都不会使他感到羞愧，他的神经麻木，无动于衷，脸上从来不会泛起红晕。他血液里没有火气，心灵里没有羞怯；他是厚颜无耻，狂妄自大，而又一本正经的庸俗之辈，自负愚蠢，使人望而生厌。可是，这位先生却想追求基达儿小姐！ （曹庸 译）

A Mean and Shameless Count

The chief qualities which enabled Count Ivan Mikhailovich to attain this post were, first, his ability to comprehend documents and laws already formulated, and to draft, though clumsily, intelligible State papers, and spell them correctly; secondly, his commanding appearance by which he could, when necessary, give an impression not only of haughtiness but of unapproachable dignity, while at other times, if need arose, he could be abjectly, even passionately servile; and thirdly, having no general principles or rules of morality, either public or private, made it possible for him to agree or disagree with anybody as best suited the moment. In thus ordering his life and work, his one endeavour was always to behave with good form and avoid being too obviously inconsistent. Whether his actions were in themselves moral or immoral, whether great good or great harm would result from them for the Russian Empire or the world as a whole, was a matter of supreme indifference to him.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, trans. Rosemary Edmonds)

卑鄙无耻的伯爵

察尔斯基伯爵谋得这种高位的主要条件在于，第一，他有本事看懂公文和法规，有本事起草虽不漂亮但可以看懂的公文，而且没有什么错别字；第二，他生得仪表堂堂，在必要时可以装得十分自负，甚至使人感到高不可攀，威风凛凛，在另一种场合，却又可以卑躬屈节，达到肉麻和下贱的地步；第三，不论在个人道德，还是公务处理上他没有一成不变的原则，只要有需要，他可以同意一切，也可以反对一切。他在行动的时候，总是竭力摆出道貌岸然的样子，使人不觉得他自相矛盾。至于他的行为是不是合乎道德规范，对俄罗斯帝国或全世界会造成极大益处还是极大害处，他都无所谓。 （草婴 译）

A Man Devoid of Gratitude

One of the maxims which the devil, in a late visit upon earth, left to

his disciples, is, when once you are got up, to kick the stool from under you. In plain English, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are advised to discard him as soon as you can.

Whether the captain acted by this maxim, I will not positively determine; so far we may confidently say, that his actions may be fairly derived from this diabolical principle; and indeed it is difficult to assign any other motive to them: for no sooner was he possessed of Miss Bridget, and reconciled to Allworthy, than he began to show a coldness to his brother, which encreased daily, till at length it grew into rudeness, and became visible to everyone. (Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

忘恩负义之徒

魔鬼最近一次访问人间时曾给他的徒子徒孙留下若干格言,其中一条是:一旦爬上马背,立刻就踢开你脚下的板凳。说得浅近一些,就是当你靠朋友帮忙发迹了之后,最好尽快把他抛开。

我不想一口咬定大尉就是按照这个格言行事的,不过我们可以有把握地说,他的所作所为完全可以追溯到这条魔鬼的原则上去;除此之外,也实在难以找到旁的动机。因为他一把白丽洁小姐弄到手,并和奥尔华绥言归于好,他对哥哥的态度马上就一天比一天冷淡下来;到后来简直发展为悍然无礼。弄得人人都看出来了。 (萧乾 李从弼 译)

Scrupulous

Most organizations had a person like the Weasel: somebody who is more ambitious than scrupulous, somebody who finds a way to make himself useful to the powers that be, while being roundly hated by everyone else. That was the case with Weasel Wilhelm.

Like most dishonest people, the Weasel believed the worst about everybody. He could always be counted on to portray events in their most unflattering light, insisting that anything less was a cover-up. He had a nose for human weakness and a taste for melodrama. He cared nothing for the truth of any situation, and he considered a balanced appraisal weak. As far as the Weasel was concerned, the underlying truth was always strong stuff. And that was what he dealt in. (Michael Crichton, *Rising Sun*)

无耻小人

大多数机构里总有像韦塞尔这样的人:他们野心勃勃,但人品低下;对当

权者百般奉迎，尽犬马之劳，但其余的人却对他恨之入骨。韦塞尔·威廉就属于这种类型。

那个韦塞尔就像大多数无耻之徒一样，把别人尽往坏处想。对任何事情他保管都能尽其丑化之能事，因为他坚持认为掩盖是没有必要的。他对别人的弱点特别敏感，对耸人听闻的事情津津乐道。他对事实真相不屑一顾，认为公正的评价是软弱的表现。对韦塞尔来说，真理属于强者，而他就是为强者服务的。（斯人 译）

Joyous at Other's Misery

Danglars alone was content and joyous, he had got rid of an enemy and preserved his situation on board the Pharaon; Danglars was one of those men born with a pen behind the ear, and an inkstand in place of a heart. Everything with him was multiplication or subtraction, and he estimated the life of a man as less precious than a figure, when that figure could increase, and that life would diminish, the total of the amount.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*)

陷害他人

只有唐格拉尔一个人既不难受也不惊慌；唐格拉尔甚至很高兴，因为他已经向一个对头报了仇，并且在法老号船上确保了自己担心失去的地位；唐格拉尔属于善于算计的一类人，他们生来就耳朵上搁一支笔，心头放一瓶墨水，在这个世界上，一切对于他只是加减乘除而已，在他眼里，如果一个数字能使总数有所增加，而一个人只能使总数减少的话，那么这个数字比这个人更加珍贵。（韩沪麟 周克希 译）

The Shameless Baronet

In disposition he was sociable, and far from being proud; nay, he rather preferred the society of a farmer or a horse-dealer to that of a gentleman, like my lord, his son: he was fond of drink , of swearing, of joking with the farmers' daughters: he was never known to give away a shilling or to do a good action, bot was of a pleasant, sly, laughing mood, and could cut his joke and drink his glass with a tenant and sell him up the next day; or have his laugh with the procher he was transporting with equal good humour. His politeness for the fair sex has already been hinted at by Miss Rebecca Sharp—in a word, the whole baronetage, peerage,

commonage of England, did not contain a more cunning, mean, selfish, foolish, disreputable old man. That blood-red hand of Sir Pitt Crawley's would be in anybody's pocket except his own; and it is with grief and pain, that, as admirers of the British aristocracy, we find ourselves obliged to admit the existence of so many ill qualities in a person whose name is in Debrett. (William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

无耻的贵族

他的脾气很随和,毫无傲骄之气。说实话,他宁可跟种地的卖马的在一块儿混,不喜欢和他儿子一般的大老爷上等人打交道。他爱喝酒,爱赌神罚誓,爱跟乡下大姑娘说笑话。他一毛不拔,向来不肯做善事,不过嘻嘻哈哈,有些小聪明,人是很有趣的。他今天跟佃户嘻嘻哈哈一块儿喝酒,明天就能出卖他;把偷野味的小贼驱逐出境以前,也能拿出同样的诙谐和犯事的人一起说笑。总而言之,英国所有的从男爵里面,所有的贵族和平民里面,再也找不出比他更狡猾、卑鄙、自私、糊涂、下流的老头儿了。毕脱·克劳莱爵士血红的手在随便什么人的口袋里都想捞一把,只有他自己的口袋是不能碰的。说来伤心,我们虽然佩服英国的贵族,可是不得不承认,毕脱爵士的名字虽然在特白莱脱的贵族名册里,却的确有那么许多短处。 (杨必 译)

15. Brutality 残暴

The Cruel Penalty

The King saw a spectacle that froze the marrow in his bones. Fagots had been piled about the two women, and a kneeling man was lightening.

The women bowed their heads, and covered their faces with their hands; the yellow flames began to climb upward among the snapping and crackling fagots, and wreaths of blue smoke to stream away on the wind; the clergyman lifted his hands and began a prayer—just then two young girls came flying through the gate, uttering piercing screams, and threw themselves upon the women at the stake. Instantly they were torn away by the officers, and one of them was kept in a tight grip, but the other broke loose, saying she would die with her mother; and therefore she could be stopped she had flung her arms about her mother's neck again. She was torn away once more, and with her gown on fire. Two or three men held her, and the burning portion of her gown was snatched off and thrown flaming aside, she would be alone in the world now, and begging to be allowed to die with her mother. Both girls screamed continually, and

fought for freedom; but suddenly this tumult was drowned under a volley of heart-piercing shrieks of mortal agony.

(Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

残酷的刑罚

于是国王看见一个可怕的情景,把他吓得连骨髓都冷透了。那两个女人周围堆起了许多柴把,有一个跪着的人正在把它们点着。

那两个女人低下头来,双手蒙住脸;黄色的火焰开始从那些噼噼啪啪的柴把当中往上升,一卷一卷的蓝烟顺着风飘开;牧师举起双手,开始祈祷——正在这时候,两个年轻的姑娘从大门外面飞跑着冲进来,一面发出凄惨的尖叫声,仆倒在火刑柱前的两个女人身上。她们立刻就被狱卒们拉开,其中有一个被抓得很紧,另外那一个却挣脱了,她说她要和她的母亲死在一起;人家还没有来得及阻止她,她又抱住了她的母亲的脖子。她又一次被拖开了,这一回她的长衣已经着了火。有两三个男人抓住她,把她的长衣烧着了的那一块揪掉,甩到一边,还在冒着火焰,她始终挣扎着要跑开,说她从此就要成为孤儿,恳求让她跟她的母亲一同死去。两个姑娘都不断地哀号,拼命要挣脱出去;但是这一阵喧嚣忽然被一连串钻透人心的临死前的惨叫所淹没了。 (张友松 译)

Tormenting the Child

Estela looked up, visibly trembling, eyes wild with fright. Without hurrying, Angelo took her small right hand, lifted it, inspected the palm, then turned it over. Still slowly he removed the glowing cigar from his mouth and ground it, as if into an ashtray, at the back of her hand. Estela cried out—a piercing shriek of agony. Opposite her, Juanita, frantic, weeping, shouting incoherently, struggled desperately against her bonds.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Moneychangers*)

折磨孩子

埃斯特拉抬起头来,筛糠般地抖着,两眼吓得发直。安吉洛不慌不忙抓住孩子娇小的右手,把它举起来,端详着手心,然后又把它翻过来。他还是用那种慢腾腾的动作,把烟头火红的雪茄从嘴上取下,在孩子的手背上猛地一碾,那模样就像在烟灰缸里撵熄烟蒂一样。埃斯特拉一声惨叫——一声撕人心肝的痛苦的尖叫。坐在孩子对面的胡安尼塔发了狂似地哭叫着,语无伦次地喊出声来,拼命想挣脱捆在身上的绳索。 (陆谷孙 张增健 翟象俊 译)

Dismembering His Opponent

The two Capone men were bound hand and foot and small bath towels were stuffed into their mouths to keep them crying out.

Then Brasi took an axe from its place against the wall and started hacking at one of the Capone men. He chopped the man's feet off, then legs at the knees, then the thighs where they joined the torso. Brasi was an extremely powerful man but it took him many swings to accomplish his purpose. By that time of course the victim had given up the ghost and the floor of the warehouse was slippery with the hacked fragments of his flesh and the gouting of his blood. When Brasi turned to his second victim he found further effort unnecessary. The second Capone gunman out of sheer terror had, impossibly, swallowed the bath towel in his mouth and suffocated. The bath towel was found in the man's stomach when the police performed their autopsy to determine the cause of death.

(Mario Puzo, *The Godfather*)

肢解对手

那两个人,手脚都给捆了起来,还用小毛巾塞到他们嘴里,防他们呼救。

然后,布拉西拿起斧头,对着一个就砍起来,他先把这个人的两只脚砍掉,接着又从膝盖上把腿砍断。再接着又从大腿与身子连接的地方把大腿砍了下来。布拉西是个力气极大的人,但是他也得把斧头抡好几下才能完成任务,当然那个倒霉蛋早已命归西天了。被砍下来的碎肉和流出来的血,把仓库地板弄得滑溜溜的。当布拉西回头准备收拾第二个的时候,他发现没有必要再劳神了。原来另一个刺客,由于恐惧而把(说起来简直不可能)嘴里的毛巾吞下去,给噎死了。当警察为确定死因而进行尸体解剖时,才发现那个人的胃里有毛巾。

(周汉林 译)

Scornful to His Victims

Brown was a latter-day buccaneer, sorry enough, like his more celebrated prototypes; but what distinguished him from his contemporary brother ruffians, ... was the arrogant temper of his misdeeds and a vehement scorn for mankind at large and for his victims in particular. The others were merely vulgar and greedy brutes, but he seemed moved by some complex intention. He would rob a man as if only to demonstrate his poor opinion of the creature, and he would bring to the shooting or

maiming of some quiet, unoffending stranger a savage and vengeful earnestness fit to terrify the most reckless of desperadoes.

(Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*)

恃强凌弱

白朗是个晚近的海盗,够可怜的,同那些比他更出名的模范一样;可是他和他同时代的兄弟帮,……他同他们不同之点,就是他为非作歹的傲岸脾气,和对于一般人类——尤其是对于他那些被牺牲者——的激烈的轻蔑。旁的人们只是些粗俗而且贪婪的蛮子,他的行动却似乎是受了某种复杂的意向的指使。他打劫一个人,仿佛为的是表示他瞧不起这个可怜虫,并且他枪毙或者苦打一个安分无辜的陌生人时,还带上野蛮而且愤恨的迫切情绪,这连那轻狂的亡命之徒都吓得坏哩。 (梁遇春 袁家骅 译)

Pride in Killing Innocent People

Among the older men were many whose features showed the tigerish, lawless souls within; but looking at the rank and file it was difficult to believe that these eager and open-faced young fellows were in very truth a dangerous gang of murderers, whose minds had suffered such complete moral perversion that they took a horrible pride in their proficiency at the business, and looked with deepest respect at the man who had the reputation of making what they called "a clean job."

To their contorted natures it had become a spirited and chivalrous thing to volunteer for service against some man who had never injured them, and whom in many cases they had never seen in their lives. The crime committed, they quarrelled as to who had actually struck the fatal blow, and amused one another and the company by describing the cries and contortions of the murdered man.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Valley of Fear*)

滥杀无辜

长者中大多数人从面貌上看是些生性凶残,无法无天的人。不过从那些普通成员来看,便很难使人相信,这些热情、坦荡的年轻人确实是一伙杀人不眨眼的刽子手。他们道德败坏到了极点,把干坏事的本领引以为荣,并且非常崇拜那些所谓"干得利索"的出名人物。

由于这种变态心理,他们会主动去杀害那些从未得罪过他们的人,甚至还有些素不相识的人,并把这当做勇敢而又侠义的行为。而在作案之后,他们还

互相争论到底是谁打得最致命，并且争相描述被害人的惨叫声和身体受痛苦的扭曲形状，以此为乐。 （岳文楚 厉可等 译）

Brutality of Sailors

They are a company of celibates, grinding harshly against one another and growing daily more calloused from the grinding. It seems to me impossible sometimes that they ever had mothers. It would appear that they are a half-brute, half-human species, a race apart, wherein there is no such thing as sex; that they are hatched out by the sun like turtle eggs, or receive life in some similar and sordid fashion; and that all their days they fester in brutality and viciousness and in the end die as unlovely as they have lived. （Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*）

野蛮残暴

他们是一队独身汉，互相磨牙切齿，因此而一天天变得更加冷酷无情起来。有时候我觉得他们都不是娘养的。他们好像是半野蛮、半人性的一个种属，没有所谓性别的种族；像是乌龟蛋一般由太阳孵化出来的，他们的生命或者也是由类似的污秽方式产生的；他们一生都在残暴与罪恶之中溃烂，最后就像活着的时候一般可恶地死去。 （裘柱常 译）

Sadism

Charley is accordingly introduced, and, under a heavy fire of eyes, sits down to her basin and a Druidical ruin of bread-and-butter. In the active superintendence of this young person, Judy Smallweed appears to attain a perfectly geological age, and to date from the remotest periods. Her systematic manner of flying at her and pouncing on her, with or without pretence, whether or no, is wonderful; evincing an accomplishment in the art of girl-driving, seldom reached by the oldest practitioners. （Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*）

虐待狂

于是，查理被叫进来，在众目睽睽之下，坐下来喝那杯像污水似的茶，吃那像德洛伊废墟一样残缺不全的黄油面包。朱狄对这小女孩进行严密监督的时候，她的样子老练极了，简直是个活了千年百代的老妖精。她根本不管自己有没有理由，一会儿责骂她，一会儿数落她，那种勾条不紊的样子，倒是很惊人的；这表明她在驾驭女仆方面手段高明，连经验丰富的老手都望尘莫及。

（张谷若 译）

Mental Torment

The clergyman's shy and sensitive reserve had balked this scheme. Roger Chillingworth, however, was inclined to be hardly, if at all, less satisfied with the aspect of affairs, which Providence—using the avenger and his victim for its own purposes, and, perchance, pardoning where it seemed most to punish—had substituted for his black devices. A revelation, he could almost say, had been granted to him. It mattered little, for his object, whether celestial, or from what other region. By its aid, in all the subsequent relations betwixt him and Mr. Dimmesdale, not merely the external presence, but the very inmost soul, of the latter, seemed to be brought out before his eyes, so that he could see and comprehend its every movement. He became, thenceforth, not a spectator only, but a chief actor, in the poor minister's interior world. He could play upon him as he chose. Would he arouse him with a throb of agony? The victim was forever on the rack; it needed only to know the spring that controlled the engine; and the physician knew it well! Would he startle him with sudden fear? As at the waving of a magician's wand, uprose a grisly phantom,—uprose a thousand phantoms,—in many shapes, of death, or more awful shame, all flocking round about the clergyman, and pointing with their fingers at his breast!

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

精神折磨

由于牧师生性羞腼和敏感,他的沉默寡言与自我克制阻遏了这一阴谋的得逞。然而,罗杰·齐灵渥斯对事态如此进展,几乎没有表现出什么不满,因为上天既然要改变他的阴险手段,天意对复仇者和他的牺牲者自有一定安排,或许就是要原谅本来罪责当罚的人。他几乎可以说,他已获得一个启示,至于这一启示是来自上苍,抑或是其他什么地方,对他的目标来说,并不足道。由于有这启示之助,在他同丁梅斯代尔先生随后的关系中,不仅牧师外表的言行举止,而且连牧师最深藏的灵魂,似乎都一一展现在他的眼前,致使他能看清楚和理解牧师每时每刻的变化。这样,他在那可怜的牧师的内心世界中,就不仅是个旁观者,而且成了一名主要演员了。他可以随心所欲地利用牧师。他要引起牧师一阵痛苦的悸动吗?那牺牲者反正永远处于遭受煎熬的状态;只消知道控制引擎的弹簧就成了,而医生对此恰恰了如指掌!他要让牧师因突来的恐惧而大惊失色吗?他只消像一个魔法师一般把魔杖一挥,就会升起一个

面目可怖的幽灵——一升起数以千计的幽灵——以千奇百怪的死亡或更加可怖的外形，全都聚在牧师周围，手指直戳他的胸膛！ （胡允桓 译）

16. Laziness 懒怠

Lazy Expedition Members

The two shirks and chronic grumblers were Carter Weatherbee and Percy Cuthfert. The whole party complained less of its aches and pains than did either of them. Not once did they volunteer for the thousand and one petty duties of the camp. A bucket of water to be brought, an extra armful of wood to be chopped, the dishes to be washed and wiped, a search to be made through the outfit for some suddenly indispensable article—and these two effete scions of civilization discovered sprains or blisters requiring instant attention. They were the first to turn in at night, with score of tasks yet undone; the last to turn out in the morning, when the start should be in readiness before the breakfast was begun. They were the first to fall to at meal-time, the last to have a hand in the cooking; the first to dive for a slim delicacy, the last to discover they had added to their own another man's share. If they toiled at the ores, they slyly cut the water at each stroke and allowed the boat's momentum to float up the blade. （Jack London, *In a Far Country*）

懒惰的远征队员

两个不干活而且终日牢骚满腹的人是卡特·韦瑟比和帕西·卡恩弗斯。他们总是嚷这里酸那里疼，全队人发的牢骚加起来都没有他们中任何一个的抱怨多。他们从来不主动去作宿营地需要做的许许多多的小事。有时需要提一桶水啦，劈一抱柴啦，洗洗碟子啦，在那一大堆用品中找一件急用的东西啦——凡是这种时候，这两个文明社会来的娇少爷马上不是扭伤了什么，就是打起了水泡，非立刻治疗不可。他们晚上睡得最早，一大堆事还没做完也不管；早上起得最迟，任凭别人在早餐前去忙着出发前的准备。他们开饭时最先动口，做饭时最后动手；有一点好吃的他们当仁不让，自己多吃多占却装聋作哑。划起桨来，每一下都狡猾地用桨的边从水中划过，任凭船的浮力把桨叶漂起。

（蒋坚松 译）

Avoiding Farm Work

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the

most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

...

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.

(Washington Irving, *Rip Van Winkle*)

好逸恶劳

事实上,他对人家说,在自己的田里干活是白费力气,他说,那是全村最倒霉的一小块地,田里的事情样样都糟,不管他怎么干,也还是要出毛病。他的篱笆总是坍塌;他的母牛不是走迷了路,就是跑到人家菜地里;他田里的野草准比任何地方都要长得快些;每逢他要到田里去干活的时候,天就下起雨来;因此,祖上传下来的田产在他手里,就一英亩一英亩地少下去,最后只剩一小块玉米和马铃薯地,而且还是附近一带最糟糕的一块地。

.....

不过,瑞普·凡·温克尔却是个傻里傻气,无忧无虑的乐天派,过着优哉游哉的生活,吃白面包和黄面包都行,只看哪一样最不用操心和费神;他宁可只有一个便士而挨饿,不愿为一个金镑去工作。 (方紫 雨宁 译)

Full of Disdain and Hate for Work

They all knew him! He was the man that cannot steer, that cannot splice, that dodges the work on dark nights; that, aloft, holds on frantically with both arms and legs, and swear at the wind, the sleet, the darkness; The man who curses the sea while the others work. The man who is the last out and the first in when all hands are called. The man who can't do most things and won't do the rest. The pet of philanthropists and self-seeking landlubbers. The sympathetic and deserving creature that

knows all about his rights, but knows nothing of courage, of endurance, and of the unexpressed faith, of the unspoken loyalty that knits together a ship's company. The independent offspring of the ignoble freedom of the slums full of disdain and hate for the austere servitude of the sea.

(Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*)

憎恨劳作

他们都知道他哩！他这个人既不能操舵，又不能绞绳，黑暗的夜里躲着活儿不干；他一爬到桅墙高处便如癫似狂地抱紧双臂双腿，不肯放松，对着黑暗赌咒发誓；旁人工作时他只顾咒骂大海。当全体船员被召唤时，他是末了一个出去，头一个回来。他大半事情都干不了，别的事情又不乐意干。没想到这个家伙却成了博爱的慈善家们，和自顾不暇的刚上岸的陆地汉们的如意宠儿。好个值得同情的人儿啊，对自己的权利他是无所不知，而对勇敢、坚忍、存于中而不形于外的信义，以及全船同伴借以团结一气的不出诸口的义气，他却一无所知。这个生长于穷街陋巷的下流而自在的环境里，没人管的家伙，对于海上严酷的苦役，怀着满腔的鄙薄和憎恨。（袁家骅　译）

Living an Indolent Life Owing to Illness

A secret hoard of indifference—like a thick cake a fond old nurse might have slipped into his first school outfit—came to his aid and helped to reconcile him to sacrifice; since at the best he was too ill for aught but that arduous game. As he said to himself, there was really nothing he had wanted very much to do, so that he had at least not to renounce the field of valour. At present, however, the fragrance of forbidden fruit seemed occasionally to float past him and remind him that the finest of pleasures in the rush of action. Living as he now lived was like reading a good book in a poor translation—a meagre entertainment for a young man who felt that he might have been as excellent linguist.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

懒散的生活

他的天性中本来隐藏着一种懒散的精神，它像慈爱的老保姆偷偷塞在初次上学的孩子书包里的一块饼那样，现在来帮助他度过这个难关了，因为他始终病病歪歪，不能工作，只能过无可奈何地闲散生活。正如他对自己说的，实在也没有什么事是他非做不可的，因此他并不觉得失去了发挥才能的机会。然而现在，禁果的香味偏偏不时在他身边飘过，使他想起，生活中最美好的欢

乐只有在行动中的激流中才能找到。像他现在这样过日子，就像阅读一本好书的拙劣译本，对一个可望成为优秀语言学家的青年人来说，只是一种贫乏的享受。 （项星耀 译）

The Slothful Tip

Tip tired of everything. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging, and Mrs. Bangham succession, his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stock-broker's, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wool house, into a dry goods house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. Wherever he went, this foredoomed Tip appeared to take the prison walls with him, and to set them up in such trade or calling; and to prowl about within their narrow limits in the old slip-shod, purposeless, down-at-heel way; until the real immovable Marshalsea walls asserted their fascination over him, and brought him back.

（Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*）

懒惰的梯普

梯普讨厌一切。他在马夏尔西狱里游荡了几天，又为邦根太太跑了几趟腿。他的这个矮小的第二位母亲，在她的忠实可信赖的朋友帮助下，设法为他找工作，让他先后到过货栈，菜园，酒花商行，律师事务所，拍卖行，啤酒厂，证券经纪事务所，律师事务所，客车站，货车站，律师事务所，杂货铺，酒厂，律师事务所，羊毛行，谷物行，鱼市场，水果外销公司，码头。但是，他不管到哪里干活，终于都因为讨厌工作而离开，宣布他不想干了。无论他走到哪里，这个命运早已作了安排的梯普，似乎身上总背了那监狱的大墙，干这一行也好，那一行也好，他到了那里就把大墙树起来，他就在这大墙里游荡，还是原先那种疲疲沓沓，毫无目标，拖拖拉拉的样子，直至那没有感觉的真的马夏尔西狱大墙把他吸引住了，又把他招回来。 （金绍禹 译）

Ⅵ. Action 动作

1. Walking 行走

Walking Stealthily

Very stealthily we heard it pass along until it died away in the distance. Then the baronet gently opened his door and we set out in pursuit. Already our man had gone round the gallery, and the corridor was all in darkness. Softly we stole along until we had come into the other wing. we were just in time to catch a glimpse of the tall, black-bearded figure, his shoulders rounded, as he tiptoed down the passage. Then he passed through the same door as before, and the light of the candle framed it in the darkness and shot one single yellow beam across the gloom of the corridor. We shuffled cautiously toward it, trying every plank before we dared to put our whole weight upon it. We had taken the precaution of leaving our boots behind us, but, even so, the old boards snapped and creaked beneath our tread.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*)

潜行

我们听着那脚步声偷偷摸摸地走了过去，直到在远处消失为止。然后准男爵轻轻地推开了门，我们就开始了跟踪。那人已转入了回廊，走廊里是一片漆黑。我们轻轻地走到了另一侧的厢房，刚好能看到他那蓄着黑须的，高高的身影。他弯腰伛背，用脚尖轻轻地走过了过道。后来就走进了上次进去过的那个门口，门口的轮廓在黑暗中被烛光照得显露出来，一道黄光穿过了阴暗的走廊。我们小心地迈着小步走了过去，在以全身重量踩上每条地板以前，都要先试探一下。为了小心起见，我们没有穿鞋，虽然如此，陈旧的地板还是要在脚底下咯吱作响。 (倏莹 译)

Walking Like a Tiger

The valet come and go, Monsienr the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot night.

Rustling about the room, his softly-slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger—looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenctently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

虎步

仆人来了又去了之后,侯爵穿着宽松的睡袍走来走去,一声不响地为那天闷热安静的晚上睡觉作准备。他像一只文雅的老虎,在室内来回走动,衣服沙沙作响,他那穿着轻软拖鞋的脚在地板上没有发出一点响声。看起来,他就像故事里那种不知悔改的邪恶的被施了魔法的侯爵,他定时变为老虎,这时,不是刚变回来,就是刚要变过去。 (石永礼 赵文娟 译)

Strolling in Groups

Thus we went a walk, in two trios.

Unfortunately, as the evening was so fine, the roads were full of strollers: groups of three or four men dressed in pale trousers and shiny black cloth coats, following their suspicious little dogs; gangs of youths slouching along, occupied with nothing, often silent, talking now and then in raucous tones on some subject of brief interest; then the gallant husbands, in their tail coats very husbandly, pushing a jingling perambulator, admonished by a much dressed spouse round whom the small members of the family gyrated; occasionally, two lovers walking with a space between them, disowning each other; occasionally, a smartly dressed mother with two little girls in white silk frocks and much expanse of yellow hair, stepping mincingly, and, near by, a father awkwardly controlling his Sunday suit. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

散步

我们就这样步行,三人一组--共两组。不幸,因为这傍晚太美好,路上满是散步者。三人一堆,四人一组,人们穿着白裤和发亮的黑布大衣。他们后面跟着机警的小狗,成群的年轻人,沿路懒散地闲荡,无所事事,常常是默默而行,只是偶尔粗声粗气地谈一些有趣的事。然后是伟丈夫们,他们穿着燕尾服,丈夫气十足,推着叮铛作响的童车。穿得十分臃肿的妻子在告诫着他们什么,一家人围着她团团转。偶尔,一对恋人走过,中间隔了一点距离,好像在互相否认彼此的亲密关系。偶尔,一位穿着漂亮的母亲带着穿白丝绸外衣满头

金发的女孩，矫揉造作地踏着莲步款款而行。旁边，一位父亲很不自在地在整理他的礼拜服。 （谢显宁 等译）

Walking Wearily

Day began to come in, after years, I thought; and by that time we were past the greatest danger, and could walk upon our feet like men, instead of crawling like brutes. But, dear heart have mercy! What a pair we must have made, going double like old grandfathers, stumbling like babes, and as white as dead folk. Never a word passed between us; each set his mouth and kept his eyes in front of him, and lifted up his foot and set it down again, like people lifting weights at a country play; all the while, with the moor fowl crying "peep!" in the heather, and the light coming slowly clearer in the east. (Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

步伐滞重

晨曦开始来了，我仿佛过了很多年似的；这时候，我们已经通过了最大的危险，可以像人一样的用两只脚走路，而不必学野兽般的爬行。哎，老天爷，可怜可怜吧！我们变成怎样的一对了啊！老公公似的弯腰缓步，娃娃似的东摔西倒，死人似的脸色惨白。我们没有讲过话，都闭紧嘴巴，眼睛紧盯着前面，举起了一只脚，又放落下去，好像人们在乡下庙会上举重那样；松鸡不停地在灌木丛里"啾啾"地叫着，东方慢慢地越来越清楚地传出了曙光。（侯浚吉 译）

Walking Swiftly

But the savage, during all this time, seldom turned to look at his followers, and never spoke. With the sun for his only guide, or aided by such blind marks as are only known to the sagacity of a native, he held his way along the barrens of pine, through occasional little fertile vales, across brook sand rivulets, and over undulating hills, with the accuracy of instinct, and nearly with the directness of a bird. He never seemed to hesitate. Whether the path was hardly distinguishable, whether it disappeared, or whether it lay beaten and plain before him, made no sensible difference in his speed or certainty. It seemed as if fatigue could not affect him: Whenever the eyes of the wearied travellers rose from the decayed leaves over which they trod, his dark form was to be seen glancing among the stems of the trees in front, his head immovably fastened in a

forward position, with the light plume on his crest fluttering in a current of air, made solely by the swiftness of his own motion.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

健步如飞

但是,在所有这段时间里,这个印第安人很少回头看一看跟在后面的人,也从不开口说一句话。他唯一的向导就是太阳,还有就是那些只有凭土人的精明才能识别的暗记。他根据这些标志,行进在松林的瘠地里,穿过偶尔出现的肥沃的小山谷,涉过小河和溪涧,越过岗峦起伏的小丘,凭着他精确的直觉,简直像飞鸟似地径直向前走着。他似乎从来没有踌躇过一下,不管道路几乎难以辨认,甚至根本看不到,或者是清楚地横在面前,对他那坚定的脚步和行进的速度,都没有发生任何明显影响。他仿佛永远不会感到疲劳似的。每当那几个筋疲力尽的旅行者,从脚下的枯叶上抬起目光朝他看望时,都只能看到他那黝黑的身子在前面的林木间匆匆闪过。他头也不回地一直朝前赶路,由于健步如飞,插在他头顶的羽毛都在飘动。 (宋兆霖 译)

Walking Fearfully

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

战战兢兢地行走

一边说,一边用两条胳膊紧紧搂住那瑟瑟发抖的身子,一瘸一拐地朝着那堵矮矮的教堂围墙走去,一路上把身子抱得那么紧,好像只要一松手就要脱骸松榫似的。看他在那一大片草长蒿深、荆蔓萦绕的坟墩里躲躲闪闪地拣着道儿走,我幼稚的心灵还以为他是害怕那些死人从坟墓里悄悄伸出手来,揪住他的脚脖子拖他进去呢。 (王科一 译)

Walking Distractedly

Instead of going back to his place, Sergei went through the rows of chairs to the very back of the hall, and several more Sergeis walked along with him on either side, and came towards him, all looking at him intently

with prominent eyes framed by red, swollen lids. And he felt he was not treading on floorboards but walking downwards, down along a shaky narrow plank. And, hard as he tried, he could not slow up. And he felt that his feet were not moving, that the shaky plank was sliding under him like an undulating ribbon, so fast that his feet could hardly keep up with it. Hundreds of faces, of shaggy heads, countless hordes of them, floating, surging round on all sides through the smoke, the fiery mist...

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, trans. Liv Tadge)

神思恍惚地行走

谢尔盖没回到自己的位子上,而是在一排排工人当中向大厅尽头走去,他两旁和迎面还有好些个谢尔盖跟着他一起走,他们都张大了眼皮红肿的眼睛,直瞪瞪地望着他。他仿佛不是在地上走,而是在一条摇摇晃晃的狭窄的木板上走,——一直向下走,向下走……并且,怎么也没法止住步,仿佛不是他的脚在走路,而是这条摇晃着的木板在脚下滑溜,他的脚几乎是来不及地在急速移动着的窄板上迈步。重重叠叠的面孔和乱发蓬蓬的脑袋,成百上千的,遍看不尽的,在烟和火雾里浮动,四面八方往起堆积…… (叶冬心 译)

Walk with a Swing to One's Shoulders

He walked at the other's heels with a swing to his shoulders, and his legs spread unwittingly, as if the level floors were tilting up and sinking down to the heave and lunge of the sea. The wide rooms seemed too narrow for his rolling gait, and to himself he was in terror lest his broad shoulders should collide with the doorways or sweep the bric-a-brac from the low mantel. He recoiled from side to side between the various objects and multiplied the hazards that in reality lodged only in his mind. Between a grand piano and a center-table piled high with books was space for a half a dozen to walk abreast, yet he essayed it with trepidation. His heavy arms hung loosely at his sides. He did not know what to do with those arms and hands, and when, to his excited vision, one arm seemed liable to brush against the books on the table, he lurched away like a frightened horse, barely missing the piano stool. He watched the easy walk of the other in front of him, and for the first time realized that his walk was different from that of other men. He experienced a momentary pang of shame that he should walk so uncouthly. The sweat burst through the skin of his forehead in tiny beads, and he paused and mopped his bronzed face with his

handkerchief. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

摇摇摆摆的步态

他紧跟在那人后面走,肩膀一摇一摆的,两条腿不知不觉地张开着,好像这平坦的地板正随着海浪的起伏在一忽儿翘起,一忽儿下沉似的。他这样摇摇摆摆地迈步,使这些宽敞的房间似乎显得太狭小了,他心里还怀着恐惧,生怕自己那宽阔的肩膀会撞上门框子,或者把那较低的壁炉架上的小摆设给带下来。他在这些形形色色的东西中间走着,时常东闪西避,这一来平添了不少危险,其实这些危险只存在于他的心里。在一架大钢琴和屋中央一张高高地堆满书本的桌子之间,空着好些地方,尽够五六个人并肩走过,然而他还是战战兢兢地走过去。他两条粗大的胳膊软弱无力地垂在身子两旁。他不知道拿这两条胳膊和两只手怎么办才好,他心情激动,一看到一条胳膊似乎就要碰上桌子上的书本,就像一匹受惊的马儿般猛地朝旁边一跳,差一点把那只琴凳带倒。他看见前面那人走起路来从容不迫,才第一次发觉自己的走路样子跟别人的不一样。想想自己的走路样子竟这么粗野,他不禁感到一阵羞愧。他前额上冒出一颗颗汗珠,于是他停了步,用手绢儿抹抹紫膛色的脸蛋。

(吴劳 译)

Struggle in a Storm

She was soon ascending Blooms-End valley and traversing the undulations on the side of the hill. The noise of the wind over the heath was shrill, and as if it whistled for joy at finding a night so congenial as this. Sometimes the path led her to hollows between thickets of tall and dripping bracken, dead, though not yet prostrate, which enclosed her like a pool. When they were more than usually tall she lifted the baby to the top of her head, that it might be out of the reach of their drenching fronds. On higher ground, where the wind was brisk and sustained, the rain flew in a level flight without sensible descent, so that it was beyond all power to imagine the remoteness of the point at which it left the bosoms of the clouds. Here self-defence was impossible, and individual drops stuck into her like the arrows into Saint Sebastian. She was enabled to avoid puddles by the nebulous paleness which signified their presence, though beside anything less dark than the heath they themselves would have appeared as blackness. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

风雨路难行

她一会儿就从布露恩山谷里往上面走,在起伏的山坡上横着穿行了。吹

过荒原的狂风，声音那样尖锐，好像它碰到这样一种同气和德的昏夜，乐得呼啸起来了一般。有的时候，路径把她引到的地方，会是雨水淋漓的高大风尾草丛中间的一块洼地，因为那些风尾草，虽然已经死了，却还并没倒下，所以那时就会像一个野塘一般地把她围住。遇到风尾草特别高的时候，她就把小婴孩举到头顶上，好别叫滴哒水的风尾草的叶子触到她身上。在比较高一点儿的地方上，风势猛烈，呼呼不停，所以雨点儿都横空飞奔，看不出往地上落的样子来，因此想要捉摸出来雨点儿究竟是从哪一块云彩那儿降下来的，那块云彩究竟远到什么程度，简直出乎想像力以外。在那种地方上，自卫是完全不可能的，一个一个打到她身上的雨点，都像射到圣遂巴提身上的箭一般。遇到泥塘，她倒还能够躲开，因为泥塘有一种暧昧的灰色，表示它的所在。其实那种灰色要不是有荒原那种昏黑比着，那它本身就可以说是黑色的了。

（张谷若　译）

A Drunkard Walking Across the Street

A more ridiculous and feeble spectacle than this tottering wretch making unsteady sallies into the roadway, and as often staggering back again, oppressed by terrors of vehicles that were a long way off or were nowhere, the streets could not have shown. Over and over again, when the course was perfectly clear, he set out, got half way, described a loop, turned, and went back again, when he might have crossed and re-crossed half-a-dozen times. Then, he would stand shivering on the edge of the pavement, looking up the street and looking down, while scores of people jostled him, and crossed and went on. Stimulated in course of time by the sight of so many successes, he would make another sally, make another loop, would all but have his foot on the opposite pavement, would see or imagine something coming, and would stagger back again. There, he would stand making spasmodic preparation as if for a great leap, and at last would decide on a start at precisely the wrong moment, and would be roared at by drivers, and would shrink back once more, and stand in the old spot shivering, with the whole of the proceedings to go through again.

(Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*)

醉鬼过马路

这个站立不稳的不幸的人摇摇晃晃地一再向街心冲去，每次又都怯于往来车辆的威吓而步履艰难地退回去，然而车辆却还离他很远，或者根本不曾出现过，这副滑稽可笑而又衰弱可怜的景象，在所有的大街上怕再也找不出第二

个了。一次又一次地，当道路完全通畅，毫无阻碍了，他便抬脚起步，走过一半，划一个圈儿转过身来又折回原处，而如果要越过去，他早就可以来回走上十几趟了。然后，他便立在人行道边浑身发抖，上上下下地张望着街道两头，这时大量的行人挤撞着他，穿过马路走远了。眼见这许多成功的范例，他渐渐受到激励，会再冲一次，再划一个圈儿，脚尖儿乎要踩上对面的人行道了，而这时他会看见或是在想象中看见有个什么东西正向他走近，他便又蹒跚着折回原处。在那儿，他痉挛地作一番似乎要一跃而过的准备，最后选中一个恰恰是错误的时机，决定向前冲去，而往往会遭到车夫的一顿大声咒骂，便再次缩回来，又站在老地方发抖，把整个过程再重复一遍。（智量 译）

Exploring the Castle Stealthily

It was done; and Catherine found herself alone in the gallery before the clocks had ceased to strike. It was no time for thought: She hurried on, slipped with the least possible noise through the folding doors, and without stopping to look or breathe, rushed forward to the one in question. The lock yielded to her hand, and luckily with no sullen sound that could alarm a human being. On tiptoe she entered: the room was before her: but it was some minutes before she could advance another step. She beheld what fixed her to the spot, and agitated every feature.

(Jane Austin, *Northanger Abbey*)

蹑手蹑脚地探索古堡

她说干就干，钟还没敲完便孤身一人来到了走廊。现在不是思索的时候，她匆匆往前走去，穿过折门时尽量不出动静。接着，也顾不得停下来望一望，或是喘口气，便朝那扇门冲过去。她手一拧，锁打开了，而且很侥幸，没有发出可以惊动人的可怕声音。她踮起脚尖走了进去，整个屋子呈现在她面前。但是，她有好一会儿工夫一步也迈不动了。她看见的情景把她定住了，整个面孔都惊傻了。（孙致礼 唐慧心 译）

2. Running and Jumping 奔跑、跳跃

Rushing and Bounding

A small fly or moth had fluttered across our path, and in an instant Stapleton was rushing with extraordinary energy and speed in pursuit of it. To my dismay the creature flew straight for the great mire, and my acquaintance never paused for an instant, bounding from tuft to tuft behind

it, his green net waving in the air. His grey clothes and jerky, zigzag, irregular progress made him not unlike some huge moth himself. I was standing watching his pursuit with a mixture of admiration for his extraordinary activity and fear lest his should lose his footing in the treacherous mire when I heard the sound of steps and, turning round, found a woman near me upon the path.

(Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*)

奔跑跳跃

一只不知是蝇还是蛾的东西横过了小路,翩翩地飞了过去,顷刻之间斯台普吞就以少有的力量和速度扑了过去。使我大吃一惊的是,那只小动物竟一直向大泥潭飞了过去,而我的朋友却挥舞着他那绿色的网兜,一步不停地在一丛丛小树中间跳跃前进着。他穿着灰色的衣服,加以猛然纵跳,曲折前进的动作,使他本身看来就宛如一只大飞蛾。我怀着既羡慕他那敏捷异常的动作又害怕他会在那莫测深浅的泥潭里失足的复杂心情,站在那里望着他往前追去。

(倏莹 译)

Running Away from the Stormy Sea

The wave came as he got to his knees. He threw himself forward. The wave carried him a few yards then flung him against the wooden planking. He swallowed water and saw stars. When the weight lifted from his back he summoned the will to move again. It would not come. He felt himself being dragged inexorably back, and a sudden rage took hold of him. He would not allow it... not now, goddamn it. He screamed at the fucking storm and the sea and the British and Percival Godliman, and suddenly he was on his feet and running, running, away from the sea and up the ramp, running with his eyes shut and his mouth open, a crazy man, daring his lungs to burst and his bones to break; running with no sense of a destination, but knowing he would not stop until he lost his mind.

The ramp was long and steep. A strong man might have run all the way to the top if he were in training and rested. An Olympic athlete, if he were tired, might have got half way. The average forty-year-old man would have managed a yard or two.

Faber made it to the top.

A yard from the end of the ramp he felt a sharp pain, like a slight heart attack, and lost consciousness, but his legs pumped twice more

before he hit the sodden turf. (Ken Follett, *Eye of the Needle*)

逃离狂风暴雨的海面

当他跪起来时海浪又来了。他拼命向前扑去。海浪把他往前推了几码远,然后把他扔在码头的木板上。他的口腔里灌进了海水,眼里冒着金星。当背上海水的压力减退后,他想唤起继续移动的毅力,但却没有唤来。他感到他自己正被无情地往后拖;一阵突如其来的狂风又向他袭来。他决不能让……现在不能,这该死的狂风。他面对这该死的狂风,整个不列颠,还有加德里曼竭力地嘶叫。突然,他站立起来了,他往前跑,跑啊。他离开大海朝着那个斜坡奔跑。他闭着眼,嘴巴张着,像一个发了狂的人。他不怕肺部炸裂,也不怕骨头折断;他跑着,不停止地跑着。他只知道在失去知觉前他不能停下来。

斜坡又陡又长,一个强壮的人如果在他训练或者休息之后,也许能一口气跑到顶。一位奥林匹克运动员,如果他疲倦了的话,也许能跑到一半。年纪在四十岁以上的一般人,只能跑一到两码。

菲伯尔跑到了顶端。

在离斜坡顶还有一码的时候,他感到一阵剧烈的疼痛,像是轻微的心脏病发作,他失去了知觉。在他倒在这湿潮的草坡之前,他的双脚还继续疲惫地跨出了两步。 (吴建辉 等译)

Running Desperately

So he ran on down the drive, blood and breath roaring; presently he was in the road again though he could not see it. He could not hear either; the galloping mare was almost upon him before he heard her, and even then he held his course, as if the very urgency of his wild grief and need must in a moment more find him wings, waiting until the *ultimate* instant to hurl himself aside and into the weed-choked roadside ditch as the horse thundered past and on, for an instant in furious silhouette against the stars, the tranquil early summer night sky which, even before the shape of the horse and rider vanished, stained abruptly and violently upward: a long swirling roar incredible and soundless, blotting the stars, and he springing up and into the road again, running again, knowing it was too late yet still running even after he heard the shot and, an instant later, two shots, pausing now without knowing he had ceased to run, crying "Pap! Pap!", running again before he knew he had begun to run, stumbling, tripping over something and scrabbling up again without ceasing to run, looking backward over his shoulder at the glare as he got up, running on

among the invisible trees, panting, sobbing: "Father! Father!"

(William Faulkner, *Barn Burning*)

狂奔

所以他还是只顾顺着车道奔去，只觉得血在奔腾，气在上涌；一会儿就又到了大路上，不过他看不见路，他也听不见声音；那疾驰而来的母马快要踩到他身上他才听见，可他还是照旧往前跑，仿佛他遭受苦难到了这样危急的关头，只要再过片刻就自会叫他插翅高飞似的。他直挨到最后一秒钟，才向边上纵身一跃，跳到路旁长满野草的排水沟里，后面的马呼地一声冲过，飞驰而去，映着这初夏的恬静夜空，映着这满天星斗，还留下了一个暴跳如雷的身影，转眼就没了。可是就在那人影马影尚未消逝的当口，夜空里像是突然狠狠地泼上了一滩墨污，不断向上扩大——那是不绝冲天而起的一团团浓烟，惊心动魄，却又冥寂无声，把天上的星星都抹掉了。孩子跳了起来，他连忙又爬到大路上，再撒腿奔去，他知道已经来不及了，可他还是一个劲儿往前奔，听见了枪响也还是往前奔，一会儿又是两声枪响，他不知不觉地停了下来，叫了两声："爹！爹！"又不知不觉地奔了起来。他跌跌撞撞的叫什么东西绊了一跤，赶紧又连跑带爬地从地上起来，起来后匆匆回头望了下背后的灯光，就又在看不见的树木中间只管奔去，一路气喘吁吁、抽抽噎噎地喊着："爸爸呀！爸爸呀！"

（蔡慧 译）

Running and Hiding Naughtily

But Dicky wouldn't come. Oh, he heard right enough. A clear, ringing little laugh was his only reply. And away he flew; hiding, running through the uncut hay on the lawn, dashing past the woodshed, making a rush for the kitchen garden, and there dodging, peering at his mother from behind the mossy apple trunks, and leaping up and down like a wild Indian.

(Katherine Mansfield, *Sixpence*)

淘气地奔跑

可是迪基偏不来。咳！他明明听见了。一串银铃似的轻脆笑声就是他唯一的回答。他奔掉了；躲躲闪闪，穿过草地上没有割除的干草跑着，冲过柴间，闯进菜园，躲在那里，从长满青苔的苹果树干后面偷看他妈妈，跳跳蹦蹦活像个蛮子。

（陈良廷 译）

Playing the Game of Hare and Hounds

The sight of Miss Middleton running inflamed young Crossjay with the

passion of the game of hare and hounds. He shouted a view-halloo, and flung up his legs. She was fleet; she ran as though a hundred little feet were bearing her onward smooth as water over the lawn and the sweeps of grass of the park, so swiftly did the hidden pair multiply one another to speed her. So sweet was she in her flowing pace, that the boy, as became his age, translated admiration into a dogged frenzy of pursuit, and continued pounding along, when far outstripped, determined to run her down or die. Suddenly her flight wound to an end in a dozen twittering steps, and she sank. Young Crossjay attained her, with just breath enough to say," You are a runner!" (George Meredith, *The Egoist*)

嬉戏追逐

看到弥尔顿小姐奔跑,小克罗斯杰心中燃起了玩兔子和猎狗的游戏的热情。他大声吆喝着,拔腿就跑。她非常敏捷,跑起来就像有上百只脚支撑着她,使她像水一样在草地上和园林的野草间平稳的流淌。她那两只隐藏在草中的脚迅速地互相追逐着,使她越跑越快。她跑得那么动人,使得那孩子——以他的年龄——把爱慕变成了猎狗般狂热的追逐。他穷追不舍,忘记了一切,不惜累垮或者跑死也要把她追上。突然,她的奔逃以十几个颤抖的碎步结束了,她跌坐在地上。小克罗斯杰抓住她。他喘着粗气,勉强能说出:"你真能跑!" (文思 雨映 译)

Sneaking on TipToe

My heart jumped up amongst my lungs. I never waited for to look further, but uncocked my gun and went sneaking back on my tip-toes as fast as ever I could. Every now and then I stopped a second, amongst the thick leaves, and listened; but my breath come so hard I couldn't hear nothing else. I slunk along another piece further, then listened again, and so on, and so on; if I see a stump, I took it for a man; if I trod on a stick and broke it, it made me feel like a person had cut one of my breaths in two and I ouly got half, and the short half, too.

(Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*)

踮着脚跑

我的心几乎由嘴里跳出来。我并没有等着仔细看,就把枪上的扳机拉下来,偷偷地踮着脚飞快地往回跑,每隔一会儿就停一下,在稠密的叶子里听一听;可是我喘得太厉害,什么也听不见。我又溜了一段路,然后又听了一阵;我

就这样听了又走，走了又听；假如我看见一棵枯树桩，就把它当成一个人；假如我踩折了一根树枝子，就觉得好像有人把我的喘气截成了两段，我只喘了上一段，并且还是短的那一段。（张万里 译）

Springing like a Tiger

Three yards away from Johnson he was, and sitting down. Nine feet! And yet he left the chair in full leap, without first gaining a standing position. He left the chair, just as he sat in it, squarely, springing from the sitting posture like a wild animal, a tiger, and like a tiger covered the intervening space. (Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*)

如猛虎般跃起

他离约翰生有三码远，而且是坐着。九英尺之隔呢！但是他不用踏稳脚步，一跃离开了椅子。他离开座位，也像他坐着一般端端正正，像一只野兽蹲着一跳，像一只老虎，像一只老虎跳过了中间的空处。（裘柱常 译）

Leaping Desperately across a River

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me in stead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again; and I was sliddering back into the lynn, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety. (Robert Louis Steveson, *Kidnapped*)

奋力跳过急流

现在，只剩我独个儿站在那块岩石上了，我占的地方比较宽敞些了，那几口白兰地在我的耳朵里嗡嗡的响；有了刚才这一个很好的榜样，而且很清楚地看到，要是不马上跳过去，那就永远别想再跳。我把身子伛下，低得几乎膝盖着地，然后，不是靠了勇气，倒是靠了那股绝望下的愤怒，使劲地向前一跳。不用说，只有我的两只手才够过这样长的距离，抓住了岸；手一滑，赶快抓住，又一滑，眼看要滑进那瀑布里去了，这时，艾伦抓住了我，他先抓住我的头发，再抓住我的衣领，他用尽气力，才把我安全地拖上了岸。（侯浚吉 译）

3. Swimming 游泳

Diving into the River

I dived-and I aimed to find the bottom, too, for a thirty-foot wheel had got to go over me, and I wanted it to have plenty of room. I could always stay under water a minute; this time I reckon I stayed under a minute and a half. Then I bounced for the top in a hurry, for I was nearly busting. I popped out to my arm-pits and blowed the water out of my nose, and puffed a bit. Of course there was a booming current; and of course that boat started her engines again ten seconds after she stopped them, for they never cared much for raftsmen; so now she was churning along up the river, out of sight in the thick weather, though I could hear her.

(Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*)

扎猛子

我扎了一个猛子——想要摸着河底,因为船上有一个三十英尺的大轮子要由我头上转过去,所以我打算离它远一点儿。我平常在水里能呆一分钟;这回我算计着我在水里呆了一分半钟。然后我急忙蹿到水面,因为我简直快要憋死了。我一下子伸出头来,水齐着我的胳肢窝那儿,一边由嘴里往外喷水,一边由鼻子里往外擤水。当然,这一带的河水流得很急,这只船停了十秒钟之后,就又开动机器,照样前进,因为那些人对于筏夫从来不关心。现在它正向上游冲过去,虽然我还能听见它的声音,可是它已经在阴暗的夜里消失了。

(张万里 译)

Staying under the Water

I looked at the carabinieri. They were looking at the newcomers. The others were looking at the colonel. I ducked down, pushed between two men, and ran for the river, my head down. I tripped at the edge and went in with a splash. The water was very cold and I stayed under as long as I could. I could feel the current swirl me and I stayed under until I thought I could never come up. The minutes I came up I took a breath and went down again. It was easy to stay under with so much clothing and my boots. When I came up the second time I saw a piece of timber ahead of me and reached it and held on with one hand. I kept my head behind it and did not even look over it. I did not want to see the bank. There were shots when I ran and shots when I came up the first time. I heard them when I

was almost above water. There were no shots now. The piece of timber swung in the current and I held it with one hand. I looked at the bank. It seemed to be going by very fast. There was much wood in the stream. The water was very cold. We passed the brush of an island above the water. I held onto the timber with both hands and let it take me along. The shore was out of sight now. (Ernest Hemingway, *Farewell to Arms*)

潜在水下

我看看那些宪兵。他们的眼睛正盯着三个新抓来的人。另外几个正看那名上校。我身子一蹲,从两个人中间猛冲过去,往河边跑去,脑袋低低的。我在河边绊了一跤,哗啦一声跳下河。水花飞溅。河水冷冰冰,我尽量潜在水里不出来。我感到激流卷得我昏头转向,我闷在水里,直到真以为我永远不上来了。我浮出水面,呼吸一口,又潜下去。穿这么多衣服,又穿了长靴,潜在水里并不难。第二次浮出水面,我看到前面有一根木头,就伸手去抱住它,牢牢不放。我把脑袋藏在木头后面,甚至不抬眼偷看。我不想看岸边的情形。我逃走的时候有人开枪,第一次浮出水面也有枪声。我快要上来的时候又有一次枪声。现在没有枪声了。那根木头在激流中飘来摆去,我用一只手抓牢它。我看着河岸。它似乎飞快从我身边隐退。水中有不少木头。河水冷冰冰的。我飘过水面上的一个沙洲灌木丛附近。双手抓牢那根原木,任它飘向前方。现在已看不到河岸了。 (董衡巽 译)

Rob Swam for Life

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the freebooter, as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely pressed, and several blows were made which flashed in the water around him; the scene much resembling one of the otter-hunts which I had seen at Osbaldistone Hall, where the animal is detected by the hounds from his being necessitated to put his nose above the stream to vent or breathe, while he is enabled to elude them by getting under water again as soon as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGregor, however, had a trick beyond the otter; for he contrived, when very closely pursued, to disengage himself unobserved from his plait, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the horsemen were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots or stabs were averted from the party for whom they were designed.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Rob Roy*)

泅水逃命

对罗伯这个泅水好手来说，在这种情况下溜走自然是并不困难的；他很快就避开了追捕高潮。有那么一阵子，追捕的人已经逼近了他，连连猛砍乱刺，一霎时在他周围水中闪过一道道白晃晃的刀光剑影；那情景很像我在奥斯巴尔迪斯顿府邸居住时看到的一次对水獭的围猎。水獭为了呼吸空气，不得不把它的鼻子伸出水面，这就被猎狗发现了踪迹；可是当猎狗泅水追过来时，已经吸足了空气的水獭早已潜入水底逃得无影无踪。机智的红酋罗伯当然远非水獭可比，他在追捕者越来越逼近的危急情况下，想出了脱身妙计：他解开了他那件方格子花呢披风，让它浮在水面上顺流而下，这使它很快吸引了追捕者的普遍注意；好些骑兵像猎狗嗅错了野兽气味一般，都上了大当。他们原来应当对准红酋罗伯射击的好多发枪弹以及原来应当是对着他身体的好多次匕首猛刺，这一来就统统由他的披风代为承受了。（李俍民 译）

Playing in Cold Water

The water was icily cold, and for a moment deprived me of my senses. When I began to swim, soon the water was buoyant, and I was sensible of nothing but the vigorous poetry of action. I saw George swimming on his back laughing at me, and in an instant I had flung myself like an impulse after him. The laughing face vanished as he swung over and fled, and I pursued the dark head and the ruddy neck. Trip, the wretch, came paddling towards me, interrupting me; then all bewildered with excitement, he scudded to the bank. I chuckled to myself as I saw him run along, then plunge in and go plodding to George. I was gaining. He tried to drive off the dog, and I gained rapidly. As I came up to him and caught him, with my hand on his shoulder, there came a laughter from the bank. It was Emily. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

在冷水中嬉戏

水冰冷刺骨，我在一刹那间失去了感觉。当我开始游动时，水很快就有了浮力。我什么都没感觉到，只感觉到了这充满活力的运动的诗意。我看见乔治在仰泳，在笑我，我立刻像一股冲力般扑了过去，追赶他。当他游过逃走时，他脸上的嘲笑消失了。我追逐着那颗黑色的头和红润的脖颈。特里普这小坏蛋踩着水向我游来，截住我，这时因为它兴奋而迷糊了，竟飞快地向岸边游去，当我见它跑走时，我不由暗自发笑，然后又扑进水中飞快向乔治游去。我游得很快——他想赶走那狗，我游得更快了，当我追上他，抓住他的肩头时，岸上传

来一阵大笑。这是埃米莉。 （谢显宁 等译）

4. Snatching and Grabbing 抢夺

Fighting for a Rifle

When the yellow-moustached soldier came abreast of him, Pavel made a sudden lunge at him and seizing hold of the rifle struck the barrel down.

The bayonet hit the pavement with a grating sound.

The attack caught the soldier unawares, and for a moment he was dumbfounded. Then he violently jerked the rifle toward himself. Throwing the full weight of his body on it, Pavel managed to retain his grip. A shot crashed out, the bullet strike a stone and recocheting with a whine into the ditch.

Hearing the shot, Zhukhrai leapt aside and spun around. The soldier was wrenching at the rifle fiercely in an effort to tear it out of Pavel's hands. Pavel's arms were painfully twisted, but he did not release his hold. Then with a sharp lunge the enraged Petlyura man threw Pavel down on the ground, but still he could not wrench the rifle loose. Pavel went down, dragging the soldier down with him. Nothing could have made him relinquish the rifle at this crucial moment.

(Nikolai Ostrovsky, *How the Steel Was Tempered*, Trans. R. Prokofieva)

抢步枪

当黄胡子押送兵走到保尔跟前的时候，保尔猛然向他扑去，抓住他的步枪，狠命向下压。

刺刀啪嗒一声碰在石头路面上。

佩特留拉匪兵没有想到会有人袭击，愣了一下。他立刻尽全力往回夺枪。保尔把整个身子的重量都压在枪上，死也不松手。突然一声枪响，子弹打在石头上，蹦起来，落到路旁的壕沟里去了。

朱赫来听到枪声，往旁边一闪，回过头来，看见押送兵正狂暴地从保尔手里往回夺枪。那家伙转着枪身，扭绞着少年的双手。但是保尔还是紧紧抓住不放。押送兵简直气疯了，猛一使劲，把保尔摔倒在地。就是这样，枪还是没有夺走。保尔摔倒的时候，就势把那个押送兵也拖倒了。在这样的关头，简直没有什么力量能叫保尔撒开手中的武器。 （黄树南 等译）

Wresting the Letter

"Ha! you will not?" cried Sylvie, advancing upon the girl with a face full of hatred and fury.

Pierrette fell back to get time to put her letter in her hand, which she clenched with unnatural force. Seeing this maneauvre Sylvie grasped the delicate white hand of the girl in her lobster claws and tried to open it. It was a frightful struggle, an infamous struggle; it was more than a physical struggle; it assailed the mind, the sole treasure of the human being, the thought, which God has placed beyond all earthly power and guards as the secret way between the sufferer and Himself. The two women, one dying, the other in the vigor of health, looked at each other fixedly. Pierrette's eyes darted on her executioner the look the famous Templar on the rack cast upon Philippe la Bel, who could not bear it and fled thunderstricken. Sylvie, a woman and a jealous woman, answered that magnetic look with malignant flashes. A dreadful silence reigned. The clenched hand of the Breton girl resisted her cousin's efforts like a block of steel. Sylvie twisted Pierrette's arm, she tried to force the fingers open, unable to do so she stuck her nails into the flesh. At last, in her madness, she set her teeth into the wrist, trying to conquer the girl by pain. Pierrette defied her still, with that same terrible glance of innocence. The anger of the old maid grew to such a pitch that it became blind fury. She seized Pierrette's arm and struck the closed fist upon the window-sill, and then upon the marble of the mantelpiece, as we crack a nut to get the kernel.

(Honoré de Balzac, *Pierrette*)

抢夺信件

"嗯！你不肯?"西尔维怒容满面，杀气腾腾地走近表妹。

比哀兰德退后几步，从线团上拿下字条，用足气力捏在手里。西尔维看她这样，伸出龙爪似的手掌抓住比哀兰德娇嫩洁白的手，想挖开她手指。当下展开了一场恶斗，残酷无比的恶斗，正如一切侵犯到思想的斗争一样。思想原是受到上帝保护，不让任何势力触犯的宝物，上帝特地留着这条路让世界上的可怜虫能和他暗中沟通。那两个女的，一个气息奄奄，一个精神抖擞，互相瞪着眼睛，比哀兰德望着她的刽子手，一副眼神好比寺院派的骑士在漂亮腓列普面前胸部挨着锤子的眼神，当时腓列普也受不住那气势猛烈的目光，觉得浑身震动，走开了。西尔维既是女人，又是妒火中烧，自有一种凶光闪闪的眼风和比哀兰德动人心魄的眼风对抗。两人一声不出，屋子里静得可怕。比哀兰德拆

紧拳头，硬得像钢铁一般，对付表姐的攻击。西尔维扭着比哀兰德的胳膊，死命扳她的指头扳不开，无可奈何地把指甲掐到她肉里去。西尔维愤恨交加，拿比哀兰德的拳头拉到嘴边，想咬她手指，使她痛极了不能不松开。比哀兰德始终用清白无辜的威严的眼风抗拒。老姑娘火气愈来愈大，竟然失去了理性，抓着比哀兰德的胳膊，拿她的拳头往窗口的栏杆上，壁炉架的白石面子上乱撞乱砸，好像我们想砸破一个核桃似的。（傅雷 译）

A Snatch Game

Again the golden negative. But her hand was at the side nearest him, where he could seize it. She started to pass its contents behind her to the other hand but he jumped and caught it.

"Myrtle! Quick!" she called.

Myrtle came. It was a three-handed struggle. In the midst of the contest Stella twisted and rose to her feet. Her hair brushed his face. He held her tiny hand firmly. For a moment he looked into her eyes. What was it? He could not say. Only he half let go and gave her the victory.

(Theodore Dreiser, *The Genius*)

抢栗子的游戏

金黄色的头发又摆了摆，表示拒绝。但是她的手就在他身旁，他可以一把抓住。她开始把栗子从身后传到另一只手去；他跳过来，抓住了她的手。

"玛特尔！快一点！"她叫着。

玛特尔来了。于是变成了一场三个人的抢夺。在抢夺中，丝泰拉一扭身猛地站起来，她的头发拂过了他的脸。他紧紧握住她的小手不放。他对她的眼睛盯视了一会儿。这究竟是什么意思呢？他可说不出。只是他放松了些，让她获得了胜利。（主万 西海 译）

5. Tearing and Biting 撕咬

Tearing and Buffeting

Now, the cook no sooner heard the concluding words of this desperate challenge, and saw Mr. Muzzle about to put it into execution, than she uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and rushing on Mr. Job Trotter, who rose from his chair on the instant, tore and buffeted his large flat face, with an energy peculiar to excited females, and twining her hands in his long black hair, tore therefrom about enough to make five or six dozens of

the very largest-sized mourning-rings. Having accomplished this feat with all the ardour which her devoted love for Mr. Muzzle inspired, she staggered back; and being a lady of very excitable and delicate feelings. she instantly fell under the dresser, and fainted away.

(Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*)

厮打

厨娘呢,她听见了这场性命交关的挑战的最后几句,并且看见麦卡尔先生要实行起来了,立刻发出一声高而尖的颤叫;并且向着那位刚从椅子上站起来的乔伯·特拉伦先生冲了过去,用一般发怒的女性的所特有的劲儿又挖又打他的大而平板的脸孔,并且用手绞住他的黑色的长头发,从里面揪下大约足够做五六打大号丧礼发圈的头发。她用全部的热忱——这是她对麦士尔的挚爱所鼓动起来的——完成了这种英勇行动之后,蹒跚地退了回来;并且因为她是一位感情很容易激动和感情很脆弱的女士,所以立刻就跌倒在伙食桌子下面,昏厥过去了。 (蒋天佐 译)

Biting and Blowing Her Grandfather

He caught his knee and danced on one foot and a rain of blows fell on his stomach. He felt five claws in the flesh of his upper arm where she was hanging from while her feet mechanically battered his knees and her free fist pounded him again and again in the chest. Then with horror he saw her face rise up in front of his, teeth exposed, and he roared like a bull as she bit the side of his jaw. He seemed to see his own face coming to bite him from several sides at once but he could not attend to it for he was being kicked indiscriminately, in the stomach and then in the crotch. Suddenly he threw himself on the ground and began to roll like a man on fire. She was on top of him at once, rolling with him and still kicking, and now with both fists free to batter his chest.

(Flannery O'Conner, *A View of the Woods*)

撕咬祖父

他用两只手抱住一个膝盖,另一只脚不稳地站着,身子摇来晃去,又是一阵拳头雨点般打在他的肚子上。他觉出爪子似的手掐进他的一只胳膊上端的肉里,她吊在那上面,两脚轮番地机械式地踢他的膝盖,另外那个拳头不断地猛捶他的胸膛。接着,他惊惶地看到她的脸升到他的面前来了,龇着牙;她咬他的下巴一侧,痛得他像头牛那样吼叫。他好像看到自己那张脸从几方面同

时过来咬他，可他没法防备，因为他正遭到一阵不分青红皂白的脚踢，先是肚子上，然后是胯骨上。他突然跌倒在地，像一个身上着火的人那样翻滚。她马上扑在他的身上，一边跟他一道打滚儿，一边还在踢他；两只拳头这当儿无拘无束地猛捶他的胸口。（屠珍 译）

Falling Upon Her Husband with Teeth and Hands

As fair Grimalkin, who, though the youngest of the feline family, degenerates not in ferocity, from the elder branches of her house, and, though inferior in strength, is equal in fierceness to the noble tyger himself, when a little mouse , whom it hath long tormented in sport, escapes from her clutches for a while, frets, scolds, growls, swears; but if the trunk, or box, behind which the mouse lay hid, be again removed, she flies like lightning on her prey, and, with envenomed wrath, bites, scratches, mumbles and tears the little animal.

Not with less fury did Mrs. Partridge fly on the poor pedagogue. Her tongue, teeth, and hands, fell all upon him at once. His wig was in an instant torn from his head, his shirt from his back, and from his face descended five streams of blood, denoting the number of claws with which nature had unhappily armed the enemy.

(Henry Fielding, *The History of Tom Jones*)

撕抓丈夫

尽管那美丽的老母猫在猫族中辈分最小，然而它的残酷却不亚于同族里年长位尊的支派；它力气虽然较差，可是其凶悍却比得上那高贵的老虎。当一只被它捉弄了半天的小耗子暂从它爪下逃脱时，它马上发起脾气来责难，号叫，谩骂。一旦把耗子藏躲的箱笼搬开，它就会像闪电般扑到那只猎物身上，恶狠狠地去抓、咬、撕、嚼那只小动物。

巴特里奇太太朝可怜的塾师扑去时的凶猛，也决不在这以下。她的舌头、牙齿和双手一齐向他出动。他的假发立即从头上给扯了下来，衬衣从脊背上撕裂，脸上流下五道血河，标志出造物不幸用那么多利爪把对方武装了起来。

（萧乾 李从弼 译）

6. Eating 进食

Eating Delicious Food

Costain cocked an eyebrow and applied himself to his roast which

rested in a pool of stiff gravy ungarnished by green or vegetable. The thin steam rising from it carried to his nostrils a subtle, tantalizing odor which made his mouth water. He chewed a piece as slowly and thoughtfully as if he were analyzing the intricacies of a Mozart symphony. The range of taste he discovered was really extraordinary, from the pungent nip of the crisp outer edge to the peculiarly flat yet soul-satisfying ooze of blood which the pressure of his jaws forced from the half-raw interior.

Upon swallowing he found himself ferociously hungry for another piece, and then another, and it was only with an effort that he prevented himself from wolfing down all his share of the meat and gravy without waiting to get the full voluptuous satisfaction from each mouthful. When he had scraped his platter clean, he realized that both he and Laffler had completed the entire course without exchanging a single word. He commented on this, and Laffler said," Can you see any need for words in the presence of such food?" (Stanley Ellin, *The Specialty of the House*)

品尝美食

科斯坦扬起一条眉毛,动手吃起他的那份烤肉来。烤肉浸在浓郁的肉汁里,没有什么绿叶蔬菜之类的东西作为配菜。淡淡的蒸气从烤肉上冉冉腾起,他的鼻孔里闻到了一阵奇妙而又撩人的香味。使他不由得垂涎欲滴。他慢条斯理地,若有所思地咀嚼着一块肉片,仿佛是在辨别莫扎特的一首交响乐曲中的精微神妙之处。他发现,这儿的烤肉确实具有异乎寻常的无穷滋味:脆嫩的外皮火辣辣的,当他咬到那半生不熟的里层时,流到嘴里的那一股子血水特别清淡,然而又是那么地沁人心脾,更不用说处于这两者之间的种种味儿令他感到多么心满意足了。 (金德明 译)

Eating in a Ravenous Way

He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, and greedy. Some of his teeth had failed him since I saw him eat on the marshes, and as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

狼吞虎咽

他狼吞虎咽,吃相很不雅观,一举一动都显得那么粗鲁,那么贪馋,嘴巴吃

得咂咂直响。跟他当年在沼地上吃东西的时候相比，他分明已经少了几颗牙齿；只见他嘴里老是翻来覆去嚼个没完，而且总是侧着脑袋，好用那几颗最完美的犬牙去啃，样子活像一条饿荒了的老狗。（王科一 译）

Dining Together Coldly

It was, indeed, an impressive spectacle. The two were seated side by side on an arrangement in marqueterie which looked like three silvery pink chairs made one, with a low tea-table in front of them. They seemed to have taken up that position, as far apart as the seat would permit, so that they need not look at each other too much; and they were eating and drinking rather than talking—Soames with his air of despising the tea-cake as it disappeared, Jolyon of finding himself slightly amusing. To the casual eye neither would have seemed greedy, but both were getting through a good deal of sustenance. (John Galsworthy, *The Forsyte Saga*)

无言地进餐

眼前这幕情景的确给人的印象很深刻。一对堂兄弟并排坐在一张嵌花的长椅上，形状就像三张银红色的椅子拼起来的，前面放了一张矮茶几。两个人都坐得远远的，好像故意挑选了这个位置，避免面向着对方；两个人都只顾喝茶吃点心，不大讲话——索米斯的吃相就像是瞧不起那些点心，乔里恩的神情像在暗笑自己。不留心的人会当作他们并不怎么贪嘴，其实两个人都装了不少营养下肚。（周煦良 译）

Eating like a Dog

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast, and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortbaly, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

狗吃相

我平常看惯了家里一条大狗吃东西，现在相形之下，觉得这人的吃相和那

条狗实在有几分相似。这人一口等不得一口，蛮啃狠咬，和那条狗根本没有什么两样。一口一口囫囵吞，快得什么似的——一说得更恰当些，他简直是一把一把往嘴里塞。一边儿吃，一边儿斜着眼睛左看右看，好像四面八方随时都会有人赶来抢走他这个饼似的。照我看，他这样心神不定，哪里还顾得上品一品这个饼的滋味，假如有谁跟他一起吃，难免连人都要叫他咬上一口。从这种种细节看来，他的确很像我们那条狗。（王科一 译）

Forgetting Eating When Thinking Deeply

... having first watched Charles safely out of sight down Broad Street, with yet another mysterious pursing of the lips—as he toyed with his second supper: a spoonful or two of soup, the choicer hearts of the mutton slices, for Sam had all the instincts, if none of the finances, of a swell. But now again he was staring into space past a piece of mutton anointed with caper sauce, which he held poised on his fork, though oblivious to its charms. (John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

思而忘食

……他(山姆)看着查尔斯走出门去，在布罗德街上渐渐走远了。然后，他神秘地撅了一下嘴唇，舒舒服服地坐下，乐滋滋地吃起第二顿晚饭来。他呷了一两口汤，细细嚼着几片羊肉。他有着富贵人物的天性，却没有富贵人物的钱财。这时，他手里拿着叉子，叉子上挑着一块涂着山柑酱的焖羊肉，但他并不看那块肥美的羊肉，却大睁着两眼，再次陷入沉思。(刘宪之 蔺延梓 译)

Cooking Meat on a Gridiron

There was a gridiron in the pantry, on which my morning rasher of bacon was cooked. We had it in, in a twinkling, and immediately applied ourselves to carrying Mr. Micawber's idea into effect. The division of labour to which he had referred was this:—Traddles cut the mutton into slices; Mr. Micawber (who could do anything of this sort to perfection) covered them with pepper, mustard, salt, and cayenne; I put them on the gridiron, turned them with a fork, and took them off, under Mr. Micawber's direction; and Mrs. Micawber heated, and continually stirred, some mushroom ketchup in a little saucepan. When we had slices enough done to begin upon, we fell-to, with our sleeves still tucked up at the wrists more slices sputtering and blazing on the plates, and the mutton

then preparing.

What with the novelty of this cooking, the excellence of it, the bustle of it, the frequent starting up to look after it, the frequent sitting down to dispose of it as the crisp slices came off the gridiron hot and hot, the being so busy, so flushed with the fire, so amused, and in the midst of such a tempting noise and savour, we reduced the leg of mutton to the bone.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

炉支烤肉

食品贮存室里有一个炉支,我每天早晨用它烤我那片咸肉。我们一眨眼的工夫就把这个炉支拿来了,跟着大家一齐动手,把米考伯先生的意图付诸实行。他所说的分工是这样的——特莱得把羊肉切成薄片;米考伯先生(他对于这类事,无不十二分精通)就用胡椒面儿,芥末面儿,盐和辣子往肉片上洒。我就在米考伯先生的指导下,把肉片翻弄,烤好了,再把它们拿开;米考伯太太就在一个小煮锅里煮,而且不住地搅一些蘑菇汁儿。在一些肉片已经烤好了,够我们吃一回的时候,我们就吃起来,仍旧把袖子挽到手腕子以上,同时火上就有另外的肉,又嘶嘶地冒沫了,又吱吱地发声儿,因此我们就一面把注意力放在盘子里的羊肉片上,一面又把它放在火烤着的羊肉片上。

我们这种烹调法又新颖,烹调的味道又特鲜美,我们大家手脚都不闲着,一会儿从坐位上跑到炉前,去看肉片烤得怎么样,一会儿又坐下,吃那从炉支上刚拿下来,热而又热的酥脆肉片,又手忙脚乱,又让火烤得脸都红了,又觉得好玩儿,就在这样使人馋涎欲滴的嘶嘶吱吱声中和肉片喷鼻香的气味中,我们把那块羊腿吃得只剩骨头了。 (张谷若 译)

Nice Appetite

In a few minutes she returned, bland and benignant as before: but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor ittie doggie" anything to eat, judging by the avidity with which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tea-tray was abundantly loaded—I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seed-cake, slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of her last party, that she never had it in her house, it reminded her so much of scented soap. She always gave us Savoy biscuits. However, Mrs. Jamieson was

kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life; and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seed-cake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance, not unlike a cow's.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Cranford*)

胃口大开

几分钟后,巴克小姐回到了楼上,像先前一样满面春风,和蔼可亲。但我心想,在楼下她一定忘了给"可怜的狗乖乖"吃东西。这点可以从小狗在吃掉在地上的一点点甜饼屑时那种狼吞虎咽的贪婪劲儿看得出来。茶盘上的茶点琳琅满目。我这时正是饥肠辘辘,见到这一情景不禁喜上眉梢,但我又生怕在座的诸位女士在自己家中她们是会想这样是庸人之举。我知道若是在她们自己家中她们是会作这样的评论的。可是在巴克小姐家中,端出的一堆堆茶点,神不知鬼不觉地便无影无踪了。我看到贾米森太太慢条斯理,津津有味地嚼着五仁香饼,那样子跟她做任何事时一样,我对此感到不胜惊讶。我记得,就在她上次举行的茶会上,她曾说过她家里从来不吃这种饼,因为它很容易使人联想到香皂。她总是用荷叶边状的饼干款待我们。不过贾米森太太很会体谅人,迁就了巴克小姐对上流社会生活习惯的粗疏。为了不使巴克小姐难堪,她一连吃了三大块五仁香饼,那咀嚼时不动声色,津津有味的神态,简直无异于母牛反刍时的模样。

(徐新 顾明栋 译)

Eating Chili

"A chili," said Rebecca, gasping. "O yes!" she thought a chili was something cool, as its name imported, and was served with some. "How fresh and green they look!" She said, and put one into her mouth. It was hotter than the curry; flesh and blood could bear it no longer. She laid down her fork. "Water, for Heaven's sake, water!" she cried. Mr. Sedley burst out laughing (he was a coarse man, from the Stock Exchange, where they love all sorts of practical jokes). "They are real Indian, I assure you," said he. "Sambo, give Miss Sharp some water."

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

利蓓加吃洁冽

利蓓加听见这名字,以为是什么凉爽的菜蔬,喘着气回答道:"洁冽吗?好的!"菜上来之后,她说:"你看这东西真是又绿又新鲜。"说着,吃了一口。不料洁冽比咖喱更辣。人都是血肉做的,哪里挡得住这样的苦楚,辣得她放下叉子叫道:"给我点水,给我点水,天哪!"赛特笠先生是个老粗,向来在证券市场做

买卖,同行的人都爱恶作剧,所以他一听这话,哈哈大笑起来,说道:"这才是真正的印度货呢!三菩,给夏泼小姐拿点开水来。" (杨必 译)

7. Smoking 吸烟

Smoking While Observing

The room was one of a very homely description, and was apparently under the especial patronage of stage coachmen; for several gentlemen, who had all the appearance of belonging to that learned profession, were drinking and smoking in the different boxes. Among the number was one stout, red-faced, elderly man in particular, seated in an opposite box, who attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention. The stout man was smoking with great vehemence, but between every half-dozen puffs, he took his pipe from his mouth, and looked first at Mr. Weeler and then at Mr. Pickwick. Then, he would bury in a quart pot, as much of his countenance as the dimensions of the quart pot admitted of its receiving, and take another look at Sam and Mr. Pickwick. Then he would take another half-dozen puffs with an air of profound meditation and look at them again. At last the stout man, putting up his legs on the seat, and leaning his back against the wall, began to puff at his pipe without leaving off at all, and to stare through the smoke at the new comers, as if he had made up his mind to see the most he could of them. (Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*)

吸烟时察颜观色

那是一个很简陋的房间,显然是特别受驿站马车夫们的光顾的;有一些看样子确实是属于这一饱学行业的绅士们正在几处雅座里喝酒和抽烟。其中有一个,坐在对过的雅座里,是个胖胖的、红脸的、上了年纪的人,特别吸引匹克威克先生的注意。这个胖子抽烟抽得很凶,但是每抽五六口,就把烟斗从嘴里拿出来歇一歇,先看看维勒先生,然后看看匹克威克先生,之后他就把脸尽量地埋在一只一夸尔的容量的大杯子里喝点酒,再对山姆和匹克威克先生看看。之后他就带着深思的神色再抽这么五六口烟,于是再对他们看看。最后,这个胖子把腿搁在座位上,把背向墙上一倚,开始不离嘴地抽起烟来,并且透过烟雾对这新来的两个盯着,仿佛他下了决心要把他们看个透彻。(蒋天佐 译)

Smoking Heavily

So, after dining luxuriously from the public-house, he lighted his

pipe, and smoked against the chimney until nothing of him was visible through the mist but a pair of red and highly inflamed eyes, with sometimes a dim vision of his head and face, as, in a violent fit of coughing, he slightly stirred the smoke and scattered the heavy wreaths by which they were obscured. In the midst of this atmosphere, which must infallibly have smothered any other man, Mr. Quilp passed the evening with great cheerfulness; solacing himself all the time with the pipe and the case-bottle; and occasionally entertaining himself with a melodious howl, intended for a song, but bearing not the faintest resemblance to any scrap of any piece of music, vocal or instrumental, ever invented by man.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

吞云吐雾

因此他在酒馆里吃了一顿丰富的大餐之后,便燃着他的烟斗,靠烟囱喷吸,直到后来烟雾弥漫,除了那一双红得像要燃烧起来的眼睛之外,什么也看不见了;在一阵剧烈咳呛的时候,他便轻轻地拨拨烟气,驱散他面前的浓密雾团,这时他那头和脸也便露出了黯淡的影子。在这种气氛里,任何人都会被窒息死了,但是奎尔普先生精神勃勃地度过了一晚,一直用烟斗和酒瓶自我陶醉,偶尔也想来一个悦耳的吼叫,他本想唱一首歌,但是一点也没有音乐的味道(不论是声乐或器乐,只要是人类所创造出来的)。 (许君远 译)

Lighting a Cigarette

He didn't answer. He reached into his pocket and brought out a sack of tobacco and a package of cigarette papers and rolled himself a cigarette, expertly with one hand, and attached it in a hanging position to his upper lip. Then he took a box of wooden matches from his pocket and struck one on his shoe. He held the burning match as if he were studying the mystery of flame while it traveled dangerously toward his skin. The daughter began to make loud noises and to point to his hand and shake her finger at him, but when the flame was just before touching him, he leaned down with his hand cupped over it as if he were going to set fire to his nose and lit the cigarette. (Flannery O'Connor, *The Life You Save May Be Your Own*)

点烟

他没有回答。他把手伸进口袋,掏出一包烟和一叠香烟纸,熟练地用一只手给自己卷了一支烟卷,将它粘在上嘴唇上。然后,他从口袋里掏出一盒火

柴，在鞋上划着了一根。他拿着燃烧的火柴，好像在研究神秘的火焰似的，危险地将它移近自己的皮肤。女儿发出了很大的声响，她指指他的手，又冲着他直摇手指，就在火焰即将燃着他之前，他弯下身去，手弯成杯形拢住火焰，像要用它烧自己的鼻子那样，点着了烟卷。（杨怡 译）

Smoking One's Troubles Away

He fumbled again in his pockets for cigarettes, always refusing to switch on the light. I watched his face bowed to the match as he lighted his cigarette. He was still handsome in the ruddy light, but his features were coarser. I felt very sorry for him, but I saw that I could get no nearer to him, to relieve him. For some time I lay in the darkness watching the end of his cigarette like a ruddy, malignant insect hovering near his lips, putting the timid stars immensely far away. He sat quite still, leaning on the sofa arm. Occasionally there was a little glow on his cheeks as the cigarette burned brighter, then again I could see nothing but the dull red bee.

（D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*）

借烟消愁

他又从衣袋里摸香烟，但始终不开灯。当他点燃香烟时，我看见他低头擦火柴。红色的光亮中他还是那样英俊，但面容更粗糙了。我为他感到很难过，但我明白，我没法再和他接近，没法安慰他。我在黑暗中躺了一会儿，看着烟头像一条红润邪恶的小虫，在他嘴唇上爬动，把腼腆的星星拒之于千里之外。他靠着沙发的扶手，静静坐着。当香烟燃得更亮时，偶尔可以看见他脸上红光一闪，接着又只能看见模糊不清的红色蜜蜂似的烟头了。（谢显宁 等译）

Smoking as a Way of Expressing Opinions

It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

（Washington Irving, *Rip Van Winkle*）

烟的暗示

其实，大家难得听见他讲话，他只是不住地抽烟斗。尽管如此，他的那些信徒（因为凡是大人物都有信徒）却完全懂得他，都知道怎样去揣摩他的意见。如果所读的和所谈的事情使他不高兴的话，你就会看见他剧烈地抽着烟斗，喷出短促的、密密的、愤怒的烟圈；反之，如果听得高兴，他就会慢吞吞地、从容不迫地把烟吸进去，吐出一朵朵淡淡的平静的烟云；有时，他把烟斗从口中拿下来，任凭那一缕缕芬芳的烟在鼻子边袅袅而上，一面庄严地点点头，表示完全赞许。（万紫　雨宁　译）

Enjoy Smoking

"Oh-ah-Gad-yes, so do I exactly, Miss Sharp," the other enthusiast replied. "You don't mind my cigar, do you, Miss Sharp?" Miss Sharp loved the smell of a cigar out of doors beyond everything in the world—and she just tasted one too, in the prettiest way possible, gave a little puff, and a little scream, and a little giggle, and restored the delicacy to the Captain, who twirled his moustache, and straightaway puffed it into a blaze that glowed quite red in the dark plantation, and swore—"Jove-aw-Gad-aw-it's the finest segaw I ever smoked in the world-aw," for his intellect and conversation were alike brilliant and becoming to a heavy young dragoon.（William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*）

悠然自得地抽烟

她的同伴也在热心欣赏，接口道："喔！啊！老天爷！对！我也是那么想，夏泼小姐。你不讨厌我抽雪茄烟吧，夏泼小姐？"夏泼小姐回说在露天，再没有比雪茄烟味儿更好闻的了。说完，她拿烟卷儿来尝了一口。她抽烟的姿势真好看，轻轻地一抽，低低的叫了一声，然后吱吱地笑着把美味的雪茄烟还给上尉。上尉捻着胡子，抽了一大口烟。烟头立刻发出红光，衬着黝黑的田地，越发显得亮。他赌着咒说道："天爷，喔！上帝，喔！我一生没抽过这么好的雪茄，喔！"由此看来，他智力超群，谈吐精采，像他这般年轻力壮的骑兵，能这样最好。（杨必　译）

8. Drinking　饮酒

Wine-Tasting

Wilcox welcomed our interest; we had bottles brought up from every bin, and it was during those tranquil evenings with Sebastian that I first

made a serious acquaintance with wine and sowed the seed of that rich harvest which was to be my stay in many barren years. We could sit, he and I, in the Painted Parlour with three bottles open on the table and three glasses before each of us; Sebastian had found a book on wine-tasting, and we followed its instructions in detail. We warmed the glass slightly at a candle, filled it a third high, swirled the wine round, nursed it in our hands, held it to the light, breathed it, sipped it, filled our mouths with it, and rolled it over the tongue, ringing it on the palate like a coin on a counter, tilted our heads back and let it trickle down the throat. Then we talked of it and nibbled Bath Oliver biscuits, and passed on to another wine; then back to the first, then on to another, until all three were in circulation and the order of glasses got confused, and we fell out over which was which, and we passed the glasses to and fro between us until there were six glasses, some of them with mixed wines in them which we had filled from the wrong bottle, till we were obliged to start again with three clean glasses each, and the bottles were empty and our praise of them wider and more exotic. (Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*)

品酒

威尔科克斯尽情款待我们;我们吩咐从每个箱子里分别取出一瓶酒来。在同塞巴斯蒂安一起度过的那些宁静夜晚,我和葡萄酒初次真的结交了,并且播下了丰收的种子,这样的丰收在以后许多百无聊赖的年月里成了我的精神支柱。他和我经常坐在"彩绘客厅"里,桌上摆着三瓶打开的葡萄酒,每人面前摆上三只玻璃杯。塞巴斯蒂安找到了一本论品尝葡萄酒的书,我们就按照详细指导来品尝葡萄酒。我们先把酒杯放在蜡烛火焰上温一下,然后把酒杯斟上三分之一的酒,接着把酒旋转起来,小心地捧在手里,随后把酒举到灯亮前照一照,嗅一嗅,呷一小口,再喝一大口,让酒在舌头上滚动,就像在柜台上滚动一个硬币那样,让酒在上腭上滚动,然后向后仰起脑袋,让酒一滴一滴流进喉咙。然后,我们就谈谈这种酒;咬一点巴斯·奥利弗牌饼干,接着再品尝另外一种葡萄酒;这种酒品尝完了,再回过来品尝最初的那种,然后再品尝一种新的,到后来这三种酒轮流着品尝过了,酒杯的顺序全乱了,哪个酒杯里到底盛的是哪种酒我们争执不休,酒杯在我们俩之间传过来递过去,直到这六个酒杯中有的已经掺进了我们从不一样的酒瓶倒进来的混合酒,直到我们不得不每人用三只干净酒杯重新开始,酒瓶空了,而我们对酒的赞扬也更加放肆更加出奇了。(赵隆勋 译)

A Sweet Drop at a Time

She continued to look up exactly with the countenance of a child that longs for some prohibited dainty. At last the doctor relented, took it down, and indulged himself in the gratification of letting her taste from his hand; his eyes, always expressive in the revelation of pleasurable feelings, luminously and smilingly avowed that it was a gratification; and he prolonged it by so regulating the position of the cup that only a drop at a time could reach the rosy, sipping lips by which its brim was courted.

"A little more—a little more," said she, petulantly touching his hand with her forefinger, to make him incline the cup more generously and yieldingly." It smells of spice and sugar, but I can't taste it; your wrist is so stiff, and you are so stingy." (Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*)

滴滴酒香

她确确切切带着一副渴望吃严禁食用的美味那样孩子气的脸色仍旧仰望着。终于医生发了慈悲,取下酒杯,沉醉在让她从他手里尝尝的心满意足情绪中;他的眼睛,在展露出欢乐的心情中总是富于表情的,炯炯有神,笑盈盈地坦率承认这是使人心悦神怡的事;他控制着酒杯的高低来拖延时间。使得一次只有一滴酒流进她那直凑近酒杯边、呷一口的红唇。

"再喝一点——再喝一点,"她说,性急地用食指触触他的手,使他更慷慨更顺从地把酒从杯中倾倒出来。"有一股香料和糖味,但是我可尝不出味道;你的手腕那么不灵活,而且你那么吝啬。" (谢素台 译)

A Special Fashion of Drinking

The others called for wine; Cornudet demanded beer. He had a special fashion of uncorking the bottle, making froth on the liquid, carefully filling the glass and then holding it before the light to better appreciate the colour. When he drank, his great beard, which still kept some of the foam of his beloved beverage, seemed to tremble with tenderness; his eyes were squinted, in order not to lose sight of his tipple, and he had the unique air of fulfilling the function for which he was born. One would say that there was in his mind a meeting, like that of affinities, between the two great passion that occupied his life—Pale Ale and Revolutions; and assuredly he could not taste the one without thinking of the other. (Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

别具一格的饮酒方式

其他各位都要了葡萄酒；高尼岱要了啤酒；他喝啤酒，有他自己的一套特别方法，怎样开瓶子，怎样让酒起泡沫，怎样把杯子歪举着仔细端详，都和别人不同；最后他把杯子高举到灯和自己的中间，好好鉴赏一番酒的颜色以后，这才喝下去。喝的时候，他那部跟他所喜爱的饮料颜色相仿的大胡子仿佛也会感动得颤动起来；他的一双眼睛斜盯着啤酒杯一刻也不肯放松；他生在世上唯一的职责好像就在此，而他现在就在完成这个职责。简直可以说，他在脑海里使浅色啤酒和革命这两种伟大的爱好互相接近，甚至合成一个；因此他细尝这一个滋味的时候就不能不想到那一个。 （赵少侯 译）

Drinking Complacently

The great big man poured out a big tumbler half full of raw spirits, and gulped it down without a word. The little man stood tiptoe, and putting his head first to one side then to the other, and snuffing considerately in the directions of the various bottles, ordered at last a mint julep, in a thin and quivering voice, and with an air of great circumspection. When poured out, he took it and looked at it with a sharp, complacent air, like a man who thinks he has done about the right thing, and hit the nail on the head, and proceeded to dispose of it in short and well-advised sips. （Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*）

得意地饮酒

那彪形大汉在玻璃杯里斟了半杯烧酒，一言不发，咕嘟一口就喝了下去；矮个子则踮着脚站着，东张张，西望望，对那些酒瓶小心谨慎地嗅了又嗅，最后用单薄而哆嗦的嗓音十分谨慎地要了一杯薄荷甜酒。酒斟好之后，他端起杯子，以精明而得意的神色端详着它，就像一个人自以为做了一件十分得体的事似的，然后一小口，一小口，斯斯文文地喝了起来。 （黄继忠 译）

9. Embracing 拥抱

Mother Embracing Son after a Long Departure

He lifted himself on his elbow, turned his tousled head from side to side as if seeking something, and opened his eyes. For a few seconds he looked quietly and questioningly at his mother standing motionless beside him, then with a blissful smile he again shut his heavy eyelids and fell, not back on the pillow this time, but into her arms.

"Sergi, my darling!" she murmured, catching her breath and closing her arms round his plump body.

"Mamma!" he said, wriggling in her arms so that they would touch him all over.

Smiling sleepily, still with his eyes shut, he flung his soft little arms round her shoulders and snuggled up to her, bathing her in the sweet fragrance and warmth that only children give off in their sleep, and began rubbing his cheek against her face and neck.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, Trans. Margaret Wettlin)

母子重逢后拥抱

他又用臂肘支起身子,把他那乱发蓬松的头从这边转到那边,好像在寻找什么一样,他张开眼睛,默默地询问般地,他对动也不动地站在他面前的母亲望了几秒钟,随即突然浮上幸福的微笑,又闭上他的睡意惺忪的眼睛,躺下去,没有往后仰,却倒在她的怀抱里。

"谢廖沙,我的乖孩子。"她说。艰难地呼吸着,用手臂抱住他那丰满的小身体。

"妈妈!"他说,在她的怀抱里扭动着,这样使他身体的各个部分都接触到她的手。

还是闭着眼睛,半睡半醒地微笑着,他把他的胖胖的小手从床头伸向她的肩膀,依偎着她,用只有儿童才有的那种可爱的睡意的温暖和香气围绕着她,开始把他的脸在她的脖颈和肩膀上摩擦。 (周扬 谢素台 译)

Hugging Wildly

And she laughed and hid her face against his chest, while he held her tight and felt her heart beating, her body trembling uncontrollably.

They tore apart, stared at each other drunkenly—probing each other's faces, eyes—laughed, and hugged wildly again.

Cleb lifted her like a baby, wanting to carry her inside, as he had when they were just married. but she wriggled out of his grasp and, with a mischievous smile, began to tidy herself up.

(Fyodor Gladkov, *Cement*, Trans. Liv Tadge)

热烈拥抱

她笑着把头伏在他胸前。而他却一直紧搂着她,觉出她的心在跳,她的整个身子止不住地哆嗦着。

他们放开了手，如醉如痴地望着对方的脸，望着对方的眼睛，笑了笑，然后又热烈地拥抱起来。

格列勃像抱孩子一样地把她举了起来，想把她抱进屋里去，就像新婚时那样。但是达莎挣开了，带着调皮的微笑，整理着她的衣服。 （叶冬心 译）

Hugging with a Surprised Joy

The door flew open and on the threshhold appeared a plump, short, little old woman in a white mobcap and colored blouse. She gasped, reeled, and would certainly have fallen if Bazarov hadn't held her. Her fat little hands were instantly clasped around his neck, her head pressed against his chest, and there was a hush. The only sound was her broken sobbing.

... and without unclasping her hands, she lifted her face, crumpled, agitated, wet with tears, looked at Bazarov with rather comically blissful eyes, then fell on his neck again.

（Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*）

惊喜的拥抱

门打开了，门口现出一个又矮又胖的老太太，头上戴着白色包发帽，身上穿一件花短衫。她一边叹气，一边摇摇晃晃地走过来，要不是巴扎罗夫把她搀住，她一定会跌倒了。她那两只圆圆的小胳膊马上绕着他的脖子，她的头紧紧靠在他的胸上，这个时候一点儿声息也没有；只听见她的断断续续的呜咽声。

……她还不放松她的胳膊，只抬起她那张泪湿了的、带着感动表情的起皱纹的脸，稍微离开巴扎罗夫，用幸福的、同时又可笑的眼光把他望了一忽儿，随后又扑过去将他搂住了。 （巴金 译）

The First Embrace of the Lovers

... Her shoulder touched his as lightly as a butterfly touches a flower, and just as lightly as the counter-pressure. She felt his shoulder press hers, and a tremor run through him. Then was the time for her to draw back. But she had become an automation. Her actions had passed beyond the control of her will—she never thought of control or will in the delicious madness that was upon her. His arm began to steal behind her and around her. She waited its slow progress in a torment of delight. She waited, she knew not for what, panting, with dry, burning lips, a leaping

pulse, and a fever of expectancy in all her blood. The girdling arm lifted higher and drew her toward him, drew her slowly and caressingly. She could wait no longer. With a tired sigh, and with an impulsive movement all her own, unpremeditated, spasmodic, she rested her head upon his breast. His head bent over swiftly, and, as his lips approached, hers flew to meet them. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

情人的初次拥抱

……她的肩膀碰上他的，像蝴蝶碰上花朵一般轻盈，而对方碰上她的肩膀的力量也同样的轻盈。她感到他的肩膀贴住自己的，于是他浑身起了一阵哆嗦，这该是她缩回来的时候啦。可是她变成一台不由自主的机器了。她的一举一动超出了她意志的控制范围——一阵美妙的如醉如痴的感觉袭上她的心头，她根本想不到什么控制，什么意志了。他的胳膊开始偷偷地抄到她身子后边去，要把她搂住。她乐得心痒难熬，等待着这条胳膊慢吞吞地过来。她等待着，自己也不知道等待着什么，气喘吁吁的，嘴唇发干，发烫，脉搏砰砰地跳，心焦得浑身上下的血液直发烧。那条绕着她腰肢的胳膊提起了一点儿，把她慢慢儿地，轻怜蜜爱地拖过去。她再也等待不下去啦，她有气无力地喘了一声，完全主动地凭着一股冲动，事先也没有考虑过，就一头倒在他胸膛上。他的头马上低下来，嘴唇一挪近，她就飞也似地把自己的迎上去。 (吴劳 译)

A Comforting Embrace

... but Isabel only looked at what she had come to see. It was fairer than Ralph had ever been in life, and there was a strange resemblance to the face of his father, which, six years before, she had seen lying on the same pillow. She went to her aunt and put her arm around her; and Mrs. Touchett, who was a general thing neither invited nor enjoyed caresses, submitted for a moment to this one, rising, as might be, to take it. But she was stiff and dryeyed; her acute white face was terrible.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

拥抱死者家属表示安慰

……伊莎贝尔只是望着她要来看的人，只见那脸似乎比拉尔夫活着的时候更加美好。她觉得，它非常像她六年前看到的，躺在这同一枕头上的他父亲的脸。她走到姨母跟前，用胳膊搂住了她。杜歇夫人对这种爱抚既不表示欢迎，也不感到愉快，只是机械地站了起来，似乎在接受她的拥抱。但是她站得笔直的，眼睛里没有一点泪水，那张精明的苍白的脸，显得那么可怕。

(项星耀 译)

10. Kissing 接吻

The Farewell Kiss

She turned with a rapid motion to me, and flinging wide her arms, embraced my head, and gave me a warm and passionate kiss. God knows what that long farewell kiss was seeking, but I eagerly tasted its sweetness. I knew that it would never be repeated. "Good-bye, good-bye," I kept saying. (Ivan Turgenev, *First Love*)

吻别

她急速地转向我，张开她的两臂来抱住了我的头，给我一个温暖而情深的吻。这永远诀别的接吻，不知在找求那一个，我却热心地领略了它的甘美。我晓得这是决不会再来的了。"再会，再会"，我反复地说着。 （丰子恺 译）

Kissing the Dead Lover Tenderly

He had originally stood perfectly erect. And now, in the well-nigh congealed immobility of his frame could be discerned an incipient movement, as in the darkest night may be discerned light after a while. He was gradually sinking forwards. The lines of his features softened, and dismay modulated to illimitable sadness....

What Troy did was to sink upon his knees with an indefinable union of remorse and reverence upon his face, and, bending over Fanny Robin, gently kissed her, as one would kiss an infant asleep to avoid awakening it. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

轻吻死去的情人

起初他是直挺挺地站着的。而现在，可以察觉到他那几乎僵滞的身体开始动了，这种情况就像是在最黑暗的夜色中呆上片刻以后方能辨别出某种亮光那样。他的身子渐渐地沉了下去，面部的线条变得柔和了，沮丧转成了彻脾透腑的哀伤……

刚才特罗伊是在屈膝下跪，脸上带着既悔恨又崇敬的复杂神情，向范妮·罗宾俯下身去，像亲吻一个正在沉睡的婴儿而又不愿使她醒来那样温柔地吻着她。 （陈亦明 曹胡 译）

Kissing Madly

He turned abruptly, lowered his face to hers, and seemed to catch

the rounded curve of her lips exactly into his, like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle; though he didn't hold her or touch her elsewhere she felt locked to him and let her head follow as he leaned back, drawing her forward onto his chest. His hands came up to clasp her head, the better to work at that dizzying, amazingly responsive mouth, drain it. Sighing, he abandoned himself to feeling nothing else, at home at last with those silky baby's lips finally fitting his own. Her arm slid around his neck, quivering fingers sank into his hair, the palm of her other hand coming to rest on the smooth brown skin at the base of his throat. This time he didn't hurry, though he had risen and hardened before giving her the second cup of champagne, just from looking at her. Not releasing her head, he kissed her cheeks, her closed eyes, the curving bones of the orbits beneath her brows, came back to her cheeks because they were so satiny, came back to her mouth because its infantile shape drove him mad, had driven him mad since the day he first saw her. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

狂吻

他突然转过身去,把脸向她的脸低下去,似乎想用自己的嘴唇像片玩具拼板一样裹住她嘴唇的整个曲线;尽管他没有搂着她,或碰她身上的其他地方,但她觉得被他紧紧地吸引住了。在他向后靠去的时候,她的头也跟了过去,直到把头放到了他的胸膛上。他抬起双手捧住了她的头,这样就可以更方便地吻她那令人惊讶地作出了反应的嘴,酣尝樱唇。他叹息了一声,便忘情地沉湎于其中了。这孩子般的,柔软的嘴唇终于和他的嘴唇接在了一起;最后,他随便怎样吻都可以了。她的胳膊搂着他的脖颈,颤抖的手指插进了他的头发,另一只手的手掌放在他前颈下那光滑的棕色皮肤上。尽管在递给她第二杯香槟酒的时候他的情绪已经起来,并且下定了决心,但是这一次他没有着忙,只是望着她。他没有放开她的头,吻着她的面颊,吻着她那合上的眼睛,吻着她那眉毛下弯弯的眉额首。然后,他又返回去吻她的面颊,因为那面颊光洁如玉,又返回去吻她的嘴,因为它那稚气的形状使他发狂,自从他头一次见到她的那天起,就使他如狂如痴了…… (曹胡 译)

Welcoming with Kisses

Rostov, who had completely forgotten Denisov, not wishing any one to forestall him, threw off his fur coat and ran on tiptoe through the large dark ball-room. All was the same; there were the same old card-tables and the same chandelier with a cover over it; but someone had already seen the

young master, and before he had reached the drawing-room something flew out from a side door like a tornado and began hugging and kissing him. Another and yet another creature of the same kind sprang from a second door and a third; more hugging, more kissing, more outcries, and tears of joy. He could not distinguish which was papa, which Natasha, and which Petya. Everyone shouted, talked, and kissed him at the same time. Only his mother was not there, he noticed that.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*)

接吻相迎

劳斯托夫已经完全忘记了捷尼索夫,他不愿任何人占了他的先。抛下皮外衣,踮着脚跑过那个暗黑的大舞厅。一切照旧:有原先的几张老牌桌,有原先的带罩子的灯架;但是什么人已经看见那个小主人,他还未到客厅,一种东西就像一股旋风一般从一道旁门飞出,开始拥抱他、吻他。一个又一个同样的生物从第二个和第三个门口里跳出来;更多的拥抱,更多的吻,更多的叫喊,和欢喜的眼泪。他分辨不出哪个是爸爸,哪个是娜塔莎,哪个是别加了。人人在同时又叫喊,又说话,又吻他。只有他母亲不在那里,他看出这一点来了。

(董秋斯 译)

Kissing a Lovely Baby

"Ha! Ha-a-a!" she said with a deep throated vowel, as she put her face against the child's small breasts, so round, almost like a girl's, silken and warm and wonderful. She kissed him, and touched him, and hovered over him, drinking in his baby sweetnesses, the sweetness of the laughing little mouth's wide, wet kisses, of the round, waving limbs, of the little shoulders so winsomely curving to the arms and the breasts, of the tiny soft neck hidden very warm beneath the chin, tasting deliciously with her lips and her cheeks all the exquisite softness, silkness, warmth, and tender life of the baby's body. (D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*)

亲吻婴儿

"哈! ——哈哈!"她以深沉的喉音笑着,把脸贴在孩子小小的胸脯上,小小的胸脯圆滚滚的,就像姑娘的胸脯那样柔软,那样温暖而奇异。她亲吻着他,抚爱着他,在他上方旋转着,醉饮着男婴孩的甜蜜。这是张得大大的,欢笑的小嘴那温润的亲吻的甜蜜,是那圆滚滚的,挥舞着的四肢的甜蜜,是那双优美的,向双臂和胸脯弯曲的小小的肩膀的甜蜜,是藏在温暖的下巴下面那娇小

柔软的脖子的甜蜜;她用双唇和双颊津津有味地品尝着孩子整个躯体的细腻、娇嫩、柔和、温暖以及孩子那纤弱的生命。 (谢显宁 等译)

The First Real Lover's Kiss

Their lips had sought each other's, and they did not speak. The moment speech began all would be unreal! Spring has no speech, nothing but rustling and whispering. Spring has so much more than speech in its unfolding flowers and leaves, and the coursing of its streams, and in its sweet restless seeking! And sometimes spring will come alive, and, like a mysterious Presence stand, encircling lovers with its arms, laying on them the fingers of enchantment, so that, standing lips to lips, they forget everything but just a kiss. While her heart beat against him, and her lips quivered on his, Ashurst felt nothing but simple rapture—Destiny meant her for his arms. Love could not be flouted! But when their lips parted for breath, division began at once. (John Galsworthy, *The Apple Tree*)

情人初吻

他们的嘴唇互相寻找着,他们没有说话。只要一说话,一切就不真实了!春天没有言语,只有淅飒和低吟。春花怒放,春叶茁发,春水奔流,春天欢腾地无休无止地追逐着,这一切都比言语要丰富得多!有时,春天显灵,像一个神秘地精灵一般站着,用它的双臂搂住情侣,用有魔力的手指抚摸他们,于是,他们嘴唇印着嘴唇站在那儿,除了接吻,忘了一切。她的心贴在他身上砰砰跳着,她的嘴唇在他的嘴唇上颤动,这时,艾舍斯特只感觉单纯的狂喜——命运之神有意把她投入自己的怀抱,爱神是不容轻侮的!但是当他们的嘴唇为了呼吸而分开的时候,分歧马上又开始了。 (黄子祥 译)

A Long, Whole Kiss

She turned to him with a splendid movement. Her mouth was offered him, and his throat; her eyes were half-shut; her breast was tilted as if it asked for him. He flashed with a small laugh, shut his eyes, and met her in a long, whole kiss. Her mouth fused with his; their bodies were seeled and annealed. It was some minutes before they withdrew.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

长长的热吻

她优雅地向他转过身来,向他仰起脖子,翘起嘴巴,双目微闭,她的胸向前

倾俯，她像在邀请他来吻。他轻声笑了，随即闭上了眼，同她长长地热吻着。她的嘴和他的仿佛融为一体，两人紧紧地拥抱着，就这样过了许久才分开。

（刘一之 等译）

The Kiss Ritual of the Lovers

He used to leave her at ten o'clock every night, for she liked to go to bed early, and he was obliged to put in another couple of hours' work to make up for the lost evening. He generally brushed her hair for her before he went. He had made a ritual of the kisses he gave her when he bade her good-night; first he kissed the palms of her hands (how thin the fingers were, the nails were beautiful, for she spent much time manicuring them), then he kissed her closed eyes, first the right one and then the left, and at last he kissed her lips. He went home with a heart overflowing with love. He longed for an opportunity to gratify the desire for self-sacrifice which consumed him.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *Of Human Bondage*)

情人的吻别仪式

因为她喜欢早睡，他每天晚上总是十点离开她，然后他不得不再温习两个小时的功课，好把晚上损失的时间补回来。临走之前，他总是要为她梳梳头发。和她告别时他总要吻她几遍，这已经成了一种仪式，他先吻她的手心（那指尖多尖细啊，指甲又是那么漂亮，她要用很多时间修饰指甲），吻完了手心，再去吻那双合上的眼睛，先吻右边的，再吻左边的，最后再吻她的嘴唇。他带着一颗激荡着爱情的心回家去了。他巴望着有个机会来满足他自我牺牲的渴望，这种渴望把他吸净榨干。

（徐进 雨嘉 徐迅 译）

A Grateful Kiss

"Go along an' get your breakfast," she said roughly, though secretly pleased. Of all her wandering brood of brothers he had always been her favorite. "I declare I will kiss you," she said, with a sudden stir at her heart.

With thumb and forefingers she swept the dripping suds first from one arm and then from the other. He put his arms round her massive waist and kissed her wet, steamy lips. The tears welled into her eyes—not so much from strength of feeling as from the weakness of chronic overwork. She

shoved him away from her, but not before he caught a glimpse of her moist eyes. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

感激的吻

"去吃你的早饭吧，"她粗声粗气地说，尽管心里很是高兴。在她所有的浪迹江湖的兄弟里，他始终是她最疼爱的一个。"我当真想亲亲你啊，"她说，心里突然一阵激动。

她用拇指和食指抹掉一条胳膊上滴下来的肥皂水，再抹另一条。他伸手搂住她粗大的腰肢，亲她那冒着水气的湿嘴唇。泪水涌到她眼眶里——这可不尽是因为感情冲动，而是因为经常过度工作，精神实在疲劳了。她使劲把他推开，可是他已经看到了一眼她湿润的眼眶。 (吴劳 译)

11. Struggling 搏斗

Two Women Fighting

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face; but, Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two cities*)

两女相斗

德法日太太向那道门冲过去。普罗斯小姐凭一时的直觉，用双臂抱住她的腰，抱得紧紧的。德法日太太一边挣扎一边打也徒劳。凭着往往比仇恨强烈得多的执着的爱，普罗斯小姐死死抱住她，甚至在她们搏斗时，把她抱了起来。德法日太太那双手往她脸上又打又抓，但普罗斯小姐低下头，死死抱着她的腰，比将要淹死的女人抱住什么人还抱得紧。 (石永礼 赵文娟 译)

Fight between Rivals in Love

The whole night went black. He tore off his overcoat and coat, dodging a blow, and flung the garments over Dawes. The latter swore savagely. Morel, in his shirt-sleeves, was now alert and furious. he felt his whole body unsheath itself like a claw. He could not fight, so he would

use his wits. The other man became more distinct to him; he could see particularly the shirt-breast. Dowes stumbled over Paul's coats, then came rushing forward. the young man's mouth was bleeding. It was the other man's mouth he was dying to get at, and the desire was anguish in its strength. He stepped quickly through the stile, and as Dowes was coming through after him, like a flash he got a blow in over the other's mouth. He shivered with pleasure. Dowes advanced slowly, spitting. Paul was afraid; he moved round to get to the stile again. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, came a great blow against his ear, that sent him falling helpless backwards. He heard Dowes' heavy panting, like a wild beast's, then came a kick on the knee, giving him such agony that he got up and, quite blind, leapt clean under his enemy's guard. He felt blows and kicks, but they did not hurt. He hung on to the bigger man like a wild cat, till at last Dowes fell with a crash, losing his presence of mind. Paul went down with him. Pure instinct brought his hands to the man's neck, and before Dowes, in frenzy and agony, could wrench him free, he had got his fist twisted in the scarf and his knuckles dug in the throat of the other man.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

情敌相搏

夜幕已经完全落下。他扯下大衣和外套，闪过一拳，把大衣朝道伍斯挥去。道伍斯恶狠狠地咒骂着，只穿着衬衣的保罗警戒而狂怒。他觉得自己整个身躯就像一把出鞘的利刃。他不会打架，所以只能随机应变了。逐渐地他能分辨出对方的面孔了，尤其是看清了对方的衬衣前襟。道伍斯踩着了保罗的大衣，被绊了一下，接着他冲了上来。保罗的嘴巴流血了，他拼命去揍对方的嘴巴，他恨得憋足了劲。正当道伍斯冲过来时，他赶紧越过台阶。突然，不知从哪儿飞来一拳，正击中他的耳朵，他无法招架，朝后倒了下去。他听见了道伍斯像头野兽在呼哧呼哧喘气，接着膝部又挨了一脚，痛得他天旋地转地爬起来，也不管对方是不是摆好架势等着他，一下子猛扑过去，他只感到对方在乱踢乱打，可打在身上并不很痛。他像只野猫，紧紧地缠着这个身材比自己高大的人，最后，道伍斯摔倒了，这一下他可心慌神乱了；保罗也跟他一起倒下了，他完全出于本能地伸出双手去扼对方的脖子，道伍斯又气又痛，还没来得及挣扎，保罗的手已经抓住了他的领带，指关节扼住了他的喉部。

(刘一之 等译)

A Fight Between a Man and a Wolf

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the wolf, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth of the man was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, and it was forced by his will alone. later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

(Jack London, *Love of Life*)

人与狼的搏斗

他没有听到喘息,但感到那根舌头在舔他的手,于是慢慢地从梦境中醒过来。他等着。狼的尖牙轻轻地咬上了;咬得更紧了;狼在使出最后一点力气,想把牙咬进等待已久的美餐。但是人也早就等着这一时刻,于是用那只咬破了的手抓住狼下巴。狼无力地挣扎着,手无力地掐着,另一只手也慢慢移过来把狼掐住。五分钟以后,人已经把全身的重量压在狼身上。人的一双手没有足够的力气把狼掐死,但是人的脸已紧贴着狼的咽喉,咬了满嘴狼毛。又过了半个钟头,人感到一种细细的温热的液体流进了自己的喉咙。那滋味可不好受,好像是把铅液硬灌进胃里,而且全凭自己的意志在硬灌。后来,人翻过身,仰面睡着了。

(蒋坚松 译)

Fighting with a Throng Single-Handed

He had kept the door so long; but one of the seaman, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow clung like a leech. Another had broken in and had his cutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faces. I thought we were lost, and catching up my cutlass, fell on them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last; and

Alan, leaping back to get his distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. they broke before him like water, turning, and running, and falling one against another in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeing enemies; and at every flash there came the scream of a man hurt. I was still thinking we were lost, when lo! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheep-dog chases sheep.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

孤身斗群敌

他一直守住那个门口，正跟几个水手对敌，不料有一个水手乘隙而入，迫近了他的身体，艾伦举起他左手的匕首，连连地对准他猛戳，可是，那个家伙像一条水蛭似的缠住他不放。这当儿，另外一个水手已经冲进门口，举起了短剑。那批家伙的脸也是一窝蜂地挤在门口。我想，这一下我们完蛋了，我抓起短剑，不管三七廿一的从侧面向他们扑去。

其实我用不着去帮助艾伦。那个纠缠住他不放的家伙终于倒下来了；艾伦先跳后一步，获得了可以施展的余地，然后，像一头牯牛似的向其他人冲去，一路上吼声不绝。他们在他的猛冲下像水一样的分开了，转过身体，拼命逃跑，匆忙中你推倒了我，我挤倒了你，乱成一堆，而艾伦手中的那把宝剑却像水银似的一闪一闪地砍向那些逃跑的敌人，每一下闪光，就传来有人受伤的尖叫声。我仍在想，我们是完蛋了，然而，你瞧啊！他们都逃掉了！艾伦正沿着甲板追逐他们，像牧羊狗追逐着羊群一样。 (侯浚吉 译)

12. Dueling 决斗

A Duel with Axes

The ex-king laughed savagely, and stepped forward and faced Curtis. For a moment they stood thus, and the setting sun caught their stalwart frames and clothed them both in fire. They were a well-matched pair.

Then they began to circle round each other, their battle-axes raised.

Suddenly Sir Henry sprang forward and struck a fearful blow at Twala, who stepped to one side. So heavy was the stroke that the striker half overbalanced himself, a circumstance of which his antagonist took a prompt advantage. Circling his heavy battle-axe round his head, he brought it down with tremendous force. My heart jumped into my mouth; I thought that the affair was already finished. But no; with a quick upward movement of the left arm Sir Henry Interposed his shield between himself

and the axe, with the result that its outer edge was shorn clean off, the axe falling on his left shoulder, but not heavily enough to do any serious damage. In another second, Sir Henry got in another blow, which was also received by Twala upon his shield. Then followed blow upon blow, which were, in turn, either received upon the shield or avoided. The excitement grew intense; the regiment which was watching the encounter forgot its discipline, and, drawing near, shouted and groaned at every stroke.

...

Once more Twala came on, and as he came our great Englishman gathered himself together, and, swinging the heavy axe round his head, hit at him with all his force. There was a shriek of excitement from a thousand throats, and, behold! Twala's head seemed to spring from his shoulders and then fell and came rolling and bounding along the ground towards Ignosi, stopping just at his feet. For a second the corpse stood upright, the blood spouting in fountains from the severed arteries; then with a dull crash it fell to the earth, and the gold torque from the neck went rolling away across the pavement. As it did so, Sir Henry, overpowered by faintness and loss of blood, fell heavily across it.

(H. Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*)

持斧决斗

前国王险恶地笑笑,跨进一步,面向亨利爵士。两人相向而立,落日余晖照在他们高大强健的身躯上,把两人染得遍身通红。这真是棋逢对手,将遇良材。两人互相回绕,战斧并举。

亨利爵士突然一跃,向特拉瓦狠狠一斧砍去,后者向旁避过。这一斧用力太猛,身子几乎失去平衡。对手马上抓住这个机会,抡圆巨斧砍将过来。我的心跳到了喉咙里,心想这一下算完结了。但是,事实并不如此。亨利爵士迅速抬起左臂,用盾牌隔开战斧,结果斧刃滑下,落在他的左肩上,由于力量已弱,未造成严重伤害。紧接着,亨利爵士砍出第二斧,特拉瓦也用盾牌接住。随后便你来我往,一斧接着一斧砍杀起来。双方或是用盾挡开,或是闪身躲过,打得难分难解。观战部队竟忘了纪律。不断向中间靠来,为每一斧喝彩或者惋惜。

.....

等特拉瓦再次冲来时,我们的英雄倾全力挥斧向特拉瓦砍去。几千张喉咙一齐发出尖叫:"啊!"特拉瓦的头颅仿佛从肩上飞起,随后落在地上,轱辘辘地向伊格诺希滚去,正好到他脚下停住。无头的尸体又直立片刻,然后沉重地

倒在地上。脖子上的金项圈在石灰地上滚出很远。这时亨利爵士也因过度疲劳和流血太多而一头栽倒在已故国王的尸身上。 （常政 曼真 译）

Honourable Reparation

The lantern was placed on the ground, the two adversaries arranged themselves, and the duel commenced.

The light made the two swords appear like flashes of lightning; as for the men, they were scarce perceptible, the darkness was so great.

M. le General d'Epinay passed for one of the best swordsmen in the army, but he was pressed so closely in the onset that he missed his aim and fell. The witnesses thought he was dead, but his adversary, who knew he had not struck him, offered him the assistance of his hand to rise. This circumstance irritated instead of calming the general, and he rushed on his adversary. But his opponent did not miss one stroke. Receiving him on his sword, three times the general drew back, and finding himself foiled, returned to the charge. At the third he fell again. They thought he slipped as at first, and the witnesses, seeing he did not move, approached and endeavoured to raise him, but the one who passed his arm round the body found it was moistened with blood. The general, who had almost fainted, revived.

'Ah,' said he, 'they have sent some fencing-master to fight with me.'

The president, without answering, approached the witness who held the lantern, and raising his sleeve, showed him two wounds he had received in his arm; then opening his coat, and unbuttoning his waistcoat, displayed his side, pierced with a third wound. Still he had not even uttered a sigh.

The General d'Epinay died five minutes after.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

为荣誉而战

提灯放在地上；两位对手各站一边；决斗开始了。

在灯光下，只见两把剑犹如两道寒光。至于人么，几乎很难看清人影，因为夜色实在太浓了。

将军平素被公认为最好的剑手之一。但他从第一个回合起就连连遭到猛攻，只得节节后退；退着退着，他摔倒在了地上。

证人以为他死了;但他的对手知道并未刺中他,所以伸手想扶他起来。这一来,非但没有使将军冷静下来,反而激怒了他,他起身后就向对手猛扑过去。

但他的对手没有后退半步,挥剑奋力迎战。将军一连往后退了三次,每次被逼进死角后,又奋身向前猛扑。

到第三次,他又摔倒了。

旁边的人以为他又像第一次那样滑了一跤;过了一会,两位证人不见他起身,就走到他身边想扶他起来;但抱住他腰的那位,觉得自己的手上热乎乎,湿漉漉的。那是血。

几乎已经昏迷的将军,这时恢复了知觉。

"喔!"他说,"你们给我派来了一个杀手,一个击剑教官。"

主席没有答话,走到提着灯的那位证人身边,撸起袖子,露出手臂上的两处剑伤;然后,他敞开外衣,解开背心纽扣,让他们看肋间的第三处剑伤。

但他连哼也没哼一声。

德·埃皮奈将军进入弥留状态,五分钟后就死了。(韩沪麟　周克希　译)

A Duel with Pistols

The combatants advanced along the trodden tracks, nearer and nearer to one another, beginning to see one another through the mist. They had the right to fire when they liked as they approached the barrier. Dolokhov walked slowly without raising his pistol, looking intently with his bright sparkling blue eyes into his antagonist's face. His mouth wore its usual semblance of a smile.

'So I can fire when I like!' said Pierre, and at the word 'three' he went quickly forward missing the trodden path and stepping into the deep snow. He held the pistol in his right hand at arm's length, apparently afraid of shooting himself with it. His left hand he held carefully back, because he wished to support his right hand with it and knew he must not do so. Having advanced six paces and strayed off the track into the snow, Pierre looked down at his feet, then quickly glanced at Dolokhov and bending his finger as he had been shown, fired. Not at all expecting so loud a report, Pierre shuddered at the sound, and then smiling at his own sensations, stood still. The smoke, rendered denser by the mist, prevented him from seeing anything for an instant, but there was no second report as he had expected. He only heard Dolokhov's hurried steps, and his figure came in view through the smoke. He was pressing one hand to

his left side, while the other clutched his drooping pistol. His face was pale. Rostov ran towards him and said something.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*)

用手枪决斗

决斗的两方沿着踏出来的脚迹前进，彼此越来越近，渐渐从雾中互相看得见了。他们来到界限那里。只要他们喜欢，他们就有开枪的权利了。朵罗豪夫慢慢地走，并不举起他的手枪，聚精会神地用他那明亮的闪光的蓝眼睛看他的对手的脸。他的嘴上带着往常的假笑。

"那末只要我喜欢就可以开枪了！"彼尔说道。一听到"二"字他就赶快往前走，迷失了踏出来的路线，跨进深雪里去。他把枪拿在右手里，伸得远远的，显然怕打中自己。他特意把左手伸到后面去，因为他想用来支持右手，他知道他断乎不可以那样作，既然前进了六步，脱离了路线，跨到雪里去，彼尔向下看了看他的脚，然后赶快看一眼朵罗豪夫，照他受到的指示弯起手指，开了枪。完全未料到枪声是那末响，彼尔一听见那声音，就打了一个寒战，随后嘲笑着他自己的激动站立不动了。被雾气加浓的枪烟，一时使他什么都看不见，但是没有听见他预料的第二声。他只听见朵罗豪夫加快的脚步，他的身形也从雾中可以看见了。他用一只手按着他的左侧，用另一只抓住他那下垂的手枪。他的脸是苍白的。劳斯托夫向他跑去，说了一点什么。（董秋斯 译）

The Duel Between the Rivals in Love

He had scarce completed the sentence, when they instantly closed in combat.

But Leicester, who was a perfect master of defence among all other exterior accomplishments of the time, had seen, on the preceding night, enough of Tressilian's strength and skill, to make him fight with more caution than heretofore, and prefer a secure revenge to a hasty one. For some minutes they fought with equal skill and fortune, till, in a desperate lunge which Leicester successfully put aside, Tressilian exposed himself at disadvantage; and in a subsequent attempt to close, the Earl forced his sword from his hand, and stretched him on the ground. With a grim smile he held the point of his rapier within two inches of the throat of his fallen adversary, and placing his foot at the same time upon his breast, bid him confess his villainous wrongs towards him, and prepare for death.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Kenilworth*)

情敌决斗

这句话几乎还没有说完，他们立刻就交锋了。

莱斯特对当时的各种武艺都很内行，尤其精于剑术，但是他因为头一天晚上已经领教过特雷西利安的力气和武艺，这时候便比以前格外小心，宁可稳健，而不肯鲁莽从事。起先几分钟之内，彼此打了个平手，谁也占不到便宜，后来特雷西利安向前拼命一戳，被莱斯特一剑拨开了，因此特雷西利安便陷入了不利的地位，接着莱斯特向前一逼，把他的剑从手里打落了，逼得他直挺挺地躺在地上。他脸上露出狰狞的微笑，把剑尖伸到离那倒下的对手的咽喉不到二英寸的地方，同时一只脚踩着他的胸膛，吩咐他招认自己对他的流氓行为，准备死。 （王培德 译）

13. Escaping 逃跑

Escaping from the Police

Feliks moved.

A shot rang out.

He felt nothing.

He began to run.

It was like running along a tightrope. He had to hold out his arms for balance, he had to place his feet squarely on the narrow ridge, and he had to avoid thinking about the fifty-foot drop to the courtyard.

There was another shot.

Feliks panicked.

He ran at top speed. The end of the roof loomed up. He could see the downsloping roof of Montreal House ahead. He had no idea how wide was the gap between the two buildings. He slowed down, hesitating; then Walden fired again.

Feliks ran full tilt at the end of the ridge.

He jumped.

He flew through the air. He heard his own voice, as if distantly, screaming. He caught a momentary glimpse of the three policemen, in the alley fifty feet below him, staring up at him openmouthed.

Then he hit the roof of Montreal House, landing hard on his hands and knees. （Ken Follett, *The Man from St. Petersburg*）

逃避警察追捕

费里克斯移动了一下身子。

"砰"地一声枪响。

费里克斯安然无恙。

他撒腿在屋脊上跑了起来。

他不啻是在走钢丝,为了保持身体平衡,他伸展着两手,双脚准确无误地踩在屋脊上。他尽量不去想假若自己从五十英尺高的屋顶摔下去会怎么样。

"砰!"又是一枪。

费里克斯心里一阵惊慌。

他全速向前奔跑着,已经看到了屋顶的尽头。蒙特利尔大厦倾斜的屋顶就在眼前。他不知道这两座大楼之间有多少距离,他犹豫地放慢了脚步。沃尔登又开了一枪。

费里克斯全速向屋脊尽头飞奔而去。

他纵身一跳。

他在空中飞了过去,他不知不觉地喊叫了起来,那声音好像是从远处传来似的。

他急速朝下一瞥,只见五十英尺下面的胡同里站着三个警察。看着他从空中飞越而过,一个个目瞪口呆,一时竟乱了方寸。

他四肢着地,重重地摔在蒙特利尔大厦的屋顶上。 (林珍珍 等译)

A Captive Who Tried to Escape

It will be easily understood, that amid such a concourse of vindictive enemies, no breathing time was allowed the fugitive. There was a single moment when it seemed as if he would have reached the forest, but the whole body of his captors threw themselves before him, and drove him back into the centre of his resentless persecutors. Turning like a headed deer, he shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, through a pillar of forked flame, and passing the whole multitude harmless, he appeared on the opposite side of the clearing. Here too be was met and turned by a few of the older and more subtle of the Hurons. Once more he tried the throng, as if seeking safety in its blindness, and then several moments succeeded, during which Duncan believed the active and courageous young stranger was lost. (James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

企图逃跑的俘虏

不难理解,在这么多凶恶的敌人中间,一个想要逃命的俘虏,是别想得到喘息机会的。有过那么一刹那,他眼看就要逃到树林边了,可是还是被一齐奔过去的敌人截住,被赶回到无情的迫害者中间。他像一只被挡住去路的鹿似

的，急忙一转身，犹如一支脱弦的箭，绕过一堆篝火，毫无损伤地穿过人群，冲到了空地的另一边。可是在这儿，他遇上了几个年纪较大而且更加狡猾的休伦人，又被他们给挡了回去。紧接着，他又在人群中窜了一会儿，似乎想趁人们混乱时找到一个空子，但在随后的几分钟内，海沃德终于看清了形势，确认这个灵活勇敢的陌生青年是输定了。（宋兆霖 译）

A Black Slave Fleeing across the River

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps toward it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her just as she was disappearing down the bank, and throwing himself from his horse, calling loudly to Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came, and , nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry, and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment-with wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, stumbling, leaping, springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone, her stockings cut from her feet, while blood marked every step—but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly as in a dream she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

逃过冰河

对伊莉莎来说，这真是个九死一生的关头，那间房有一扇小门通往河边，她正在下坡时，海利一眼瞥见了她的背影；他立即翻身下马，大声招呼山姆和安第，像老鹰捕小鸡似的追向前去。在那一刹那间，她恍恍惚惚，脚不着地似的飞跑着，一口气跑到了水边。追兵就在背后；她鼓足全身力气——一个人在生死关头得自神明的那种力气——一声狂号，纵身跃过岸边的湍流，跳到河面的冰块上。这真是铤而走险的一跃——只有疯子或是亡命者才有可能这样

做；她跳下河时，海利和山姆和安第都情不自禁地举起双手惊呼起来。

她的脚一落下，底下绿色的大冰块立刻就吱吱作声地摇晃起来；可是她一分钟也不停留，一面尖声狂叫，一面使出全身的劲来，从一块又一块浮冰上跳过去，摔了跤又蹦起来，滑一跤还是向前跳！鞋也掉了——袜子也划破了——所过之处血迹斑斑；但是她什么也没有看见，什么也没有感觉到。最后，仿佛做梦似的，她隐隐约约看见了俄亥俄州的河岸，有一个男人过来扶她上岸。

（黄继忠 译）

Running Away from the Soldiers

Now we ran among the birches; now stooping behind low humps upon the mountain-side; now crawling on all fours among the heather. The pace was deadly; my heart seemed bursting against my ribs; and I had neither time to think nor breath to speak with. Only I remember seeing with wonder, that Alan every now and then would straighten himself to his full height and look back; and every time he did so, there came afar-away cheering and crying of the soldiers.

（Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*）

逃避追捕

我们一会儿在桦树林中奔跑，一会儿弯下身子，躲在山边的小墩子后面前进，一会儿又手脚并用地在灌木丛里爬行。每一步路，都有致命的危险，我的心似乎紧压着肋骨，快要炸裂了；我没有时间思索，连喘一口气、想谈谈的功夫也没有。只记得艾伦不时得挺直身体，回头观看；每一次他这样做的时候，立刻从老远的地方传来士兵们的一阵叫喊。我看到这种情况，不由得不感到惊讶。

（侯浚吉 译）

Fleeing by Night

The fugitive Countess with her guide traversed with hasty steps the broken and interrupted path, which had once been an avenue, now totally darkened by the boughs of spreading trees which met above their head, and now receiving a doubtful and deceiving light from the beams of the moon, which penetrated where the axe had made openings in the wood. Their path was repeatedly interrupted by felled trees, or the large boughs which had been left on the ground till time served to make them into fagots and billets. The inconvenience and difficulty attending these interruptions, the

breathless haste of the first part of their route, the exhausting sensations of hope and fear, so much affected the Countess's strength, that Janet was forced to propose that they should pause for a few minutes to recover breath and spirits. Both therefore stood still beneath the shadow of a huge old gnarled oak-tree and both naturally looked back to the mansion which they had left behind them, whose long dark front was seen in the gloomy distance, with its huge stacks of chimneys, turrets, and clock-house, risiug above the line of the roof, and definedly visible against the pure azure blue of the summer sky. One light only twinkled from the extended and shadowy mass, and it was placed so low, that it rather seemed to glimmer from the ground in front of the mansion, than from one of the windows. The Countess's terror was awakened.—"They follow us!" she said, pointing out to Janet the light which thus alarmed her.

(Sir Walter Scott, *Kenilworth*)

黑夜潜逃

这位逃亡的伯爵夫人和她的向导急急忙忙地在一条断断续续的小路上走过,这条路从前本是一条林荫道,如今时而因为两旁的树枝交叉起来,密密层层地当头笼罩着,遮得一片漆黑,时而在斧头砍伐出的一点空隙处,看得到一点可疑和哄人的月光。她们一路上屡次被砍倒的树木或是留在地面上的大树枝子阻挡着,那些树枝是等着凉干之后做柴火用的。由于这些障碍而来的麻烦和困难,加上头一段路上那一阵上气不接下气的匆忙奔逃,以及希望和恐怖所引起的疲乏的感觉,伯爵夫人早已四肢无力,因此珍妮特只好提议暂时歇几分钟,好喘喘气,恢复恢复精神。于是她们两人便到一株高大而多结的老橡树的阴影底下悄悄地站着,自然而然地回头望一望她们撇在后边的大宅,只见那座房屋的正面在远远的朦胧夜色里呈现出隐隐约约的一长排,高大的烟囱、角楼和钟楼矗立在屋顶之上,映着夏季天空里一片纯净的蔚蓝,看得清清楚楚。从这一团漆黑里,只看得见远远的一点灯光在闪烁着,这道灯光的位置很低,简直像是大宅门前的地面上放射出来,而不像是从窗户里出来的。这又唤起了伯爵夫人的恐怖。"他们在追我们呢!"她一面说着,一面给珍妮特指出了那道使她惊慌的灯光。

(王培德 译)

14. Beating and Killing 打杀

Beaten and Killed by Rioters

Down and up, the head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck

at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her; the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful, and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

被暴徒打杀

他在那幢大楼的台阶上被拖下，拖上，又一头栽倒；时而跪下；时而站起来；时而仰翻在地；拖的拖，打的打，还有几百只手把一把把青草，干草往他脸上塞，憋得气都出不来；身上青一块，紫一块，伤痕累累，流着血喘着气，还不住苦苦哀求饶命；一会儿，人们互相往后拉，为了都能看一看，他周围才有了一小块空地，于是打得他死去活来；一会儿，把他像一根枯木似的从森林似的腿当中拖过去；拖到街上最近的角落，那儿有一盏致命的路灯在摇晃，拖到那儿之后，德法日太太把他放了——像猫对待老鼠那样——人们做好准备时，他哀求德法日太太，她静静地镇定地瞧着他；妇女们一直激动地对他尖声大叫，男人们则厉声嚷着要往他嘴里塞上草处死他。他升了上去，但绳子断了，他尖叫时，人们抓住他；他再次升了上去，绳子又断了，他尖叫时，人们抓住他；接着，绳子发了慈悲，吊住了他，一会儿他的头就挑在长矛上，嘴里塞满草，看到那副样子，足以让全圣安东的人手舞足蹈。 （石永礼 赵文娟 译）

Executing with a Mace

This recommendation was needless; Franz was fascinated by the horrible spectacle. The two assistants had borne Andrea to the scaffold; and there, in spite of his struggles, his bites, and his cries, had forced him to his knees. During this time the executioner had raised his mace,

and signed to them to get out of the way; the criminal strove to rise, but, ere he had time, the mace fell on his left temple. A dull and heavy sound was heard, and the man dropped like an ox on his face, and then turned over on his back. The executioner let fall his mace, drew his knife, and with one stroke opened his throat; and, mounting on his stomach, stamped violently on it with his feet. At every stroke a jet of blood sprang from the wound.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

锤刑

伯爵的规劝几乎已经是不必要的了,因为弗朗兹的视线就像被眼前的恐怖景象吸引住,再也离不开了。两个下手把犯人揪上断头台,不管他怎么挣扎、撕咬、狂叫,强压住他下跪。这时,刽子手已经立在一旁,举起大锤;经他一示意,两个下手松开了犯人。就在犯人刚刚想站起来的这一刹那,大锤已经击在他的左太阳穴上;只听到又沉又闷的一声响,受刑人像一头牛似的倒下来,脸朝地面,接着又一个翻身,仰天了。于是,刽子手把大锤甩在一边,从裤腰上抽出刀,一刀便切开了他的喉管,然后立即跳到他的肚子上,用双脚使劲往上踩。

他每踩一下,鲜血就从罪犯的颈脖处喷溅出来。(韩沪麟 周克希 译)

Whipping

Suddenly, just as the rotation of the wheel presented Quasimodo's monstrous back to Master Pierrat, he raised his arm and the thin lashes of his whip whistled sharply through the air and landed furiously on the wretched prisoner's shoulders.

Quasimodo jumped as he had been awakened from a deep sleep. He was beginning to understand. He twisted in his bonds and a violent contraction of surprise and pain strained the muscles of his face, but not a sound came from his lips. He merely swung his head back and forth like a bull which has been stung by a gadfly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, then another and another. The wheel continued to revolve and the blows continued to rain down, blood began to trickle down Quasimodo's swarthy shoulders and when the thin lashes of the whip tore through the air they sprinkled it over the crowd.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

鞭打

旋转着的转盘把卡西莫多的驼背送到彼埃腊先生的眼下，他猛然抬起右臂，细长的皮索像一团毒蛇在空中嘶嘶地叫，狠命地抽在不幸人的肩上。

卡西莫多这才猛醒，就地往上一窜，他开始明白了。他在捆绑中扭曲着身子，又惊讶又痛苦，脸猛烈地抽搐着，脸上肌肉也紊乱了。但是一声叹息也没有。他只是把脑袋使劲向后仰，又左右躲闪，晃动着，就像一头公牛给牛虻猛螫腰侧。

皮鞭一下又一下抽下来，抽个不停。转盘不停地旋转，鞭笞雨点般刷刷地落下。顿时，血喷了出来，在驼子的黑皮肩膀上淌出一道道细流，细长的皮索在空中嘶鸣，飞旋着，把血滴溅得到处都是，飞溅到观众中间。（管震湖 译）

Beating Ruthlessly

It seemed centuries—possibly it was no more than ten minutes that the beating continued. Wolf Larson and Johanson were all about the poor fellow. They struck him with their fists, kicked him with their heavy shoes, knocked him down, and dragged him to his feet to knock him down again. His eyes were blinded so that he could not see, and the blood running from ears and nose and mouth turned the cabin into a shambles. And when he could no longer rise they still continued to beat and kick him where he lay. (Jack London, *The Sea Wolf*)

凶殴

好像是几个世纪——其实这一场凶殴可能只进行了十分钟。海狼赖生和乔汉生围着这个可怜人打转。他们用拳头打他，用厚皮鞋脚踢他，打倒他又拉他起来，再打得他倒下去。他眼睛已经张不开，不能看人了。耳朵、鼻孔、嘴巴里都流出血来，弄得房间像屠宰场一般。直到他躺在地上，站不起来了，他们还要打他、踢他。（裘柱常 译）

Killing by Surprise Attack

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hustling through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders, in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of

gasp, and fell.

Whether he were injured much or little, none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenceless body. From my place of ambush, I could hear him pant aloud as he struck the blows.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Treasure Island*)

袭杀

说着,这个勇敢的人转过身来,背对着厨师开始向海滩走去。但是他注定了走不多远。一声嚎叫,约翰攀住了一根树枝,从他的肋下挥舞出他的拐杖,把这个粗笨的投射器猛地从空中投掷出去。它的尖端向前,极其猛烈地击中了可怜的汤姆,击中了他两肩中央的背脊。他的双手张开向上,发出一种喘息的声音,接着就跌倒了。

谁也说不清他伤势的轻重。从声音判断,大概是他那段背脊当场就被打穿了。他再也来不及使自己恢复过来。西尔维,敏捷得像猿猴一般,虽然缺了一条腿和拐杖,也一下子就扑到了他的身上,接连两下把自己的刀子深深戳进这个失掉抵抗力的躯体,直到了刀柄。从我隐蔽的地方,我可以听到他在进行这个袭击时发出的喘息。 (徐进 译)

Killing with an Axe

The two Capone men were bound hand and foot and small bath towels were stuffed into their mouths to keep them crying out.

Then Brasi took an axe from its place against the wall and started hacking at one of the Capone men. He chopped the man's feet off, then legs at the knees, then the thighs where they joined the torso. Brasi was an extremely powerful man but it took him many swings to accomplish his purpose. By that time of course the victim had given up the ghost and the floor of the warehouse was slippery with the hacked fragments of his flesh and the gouting of his blood. When Brasi turned to his second victim he found further effort unnecessary. The second Capone gunman out of sheer terror had, impossibly, swallowed the bath towel in his mouth and suffocated. The bath towel was found in the man's stomach when the police performed their autopsy to determine the cause of death.

(Mario Puzo, *The Godfather*)

砍杀

那两个人，手脚都给捆了起来，还用小毛巾塞到他们嘴里，防他们呼救。

然后，布拉西拿起斧头，对着一个就 砍起来，他先把这个人的两只脚砍掉，接着又从膝盖上把腿砍断。再接着又从大腿与身子连接的地方把大腿砍了下来。布拉西是个力气极大的人，但是他也得把斧头抡好几下才能完成任务，当然那个倒霉蛋早已命归西天了。被砍下来的碎肉和流出来的血，把仓库地板弄得滑溜溜的。当布拉西回头准备收拾第二个的时候，他发现没有必要再劳神了。原来另一个刺客，由于恐惧而把（说起来简直不可能）嘴里的毛巾吞下去，给噎死了。当警察为确定死因而进行尸体解剖时，才发现那个人的胃里有毛巾。

（周汉林 译）

15. Committing Suicide 自杀

Shooting Himself

He licked the point of his pencil again, and signed his full name carefully, folded the paper and put it in his outside pocket. Taking off his right shoe and sock, he set the butt of the shotgun along the ground with the twin barrels pointed towards his head. It was very awkward. He thought about this a little, leaning his head against the gun mouth. He was trembling and his head was drumming until he was deaf and blind, but he lay down flat on the earth on his side, drew the barrel under his chin and fumbled for the trigger with his great toe. That way he could work it.

(Katherine Anne Porter, *Noon Wine*)

开枪自杀

他又舔舔笔尖，然后一丝不苟地签下他的全名，他把纸叠起，放在衣服外面的口袋里。接着，他把右脚的鞋、袜脱掉，让枪托支在地上，把双管枪身对着自己的头部，这样非常不得劲。他把脑袋支在枪口上想了片刻。他全身打颤，脑袋里轰隆隆直响，到后来连什么也听不见，什么也看不见了。可是他还是侧着身子在地上躺了下来，拉过枪管对着自己的下巴，用大足趾去探索枪机，只有这样他才能够击发。

（李文俊 译）

Killing Herself on the Railway Tracks

She wanted to throw herself under the middle of the first carriage as it came opposite her, but by the time she had taken the little red bag off her arm it was too late. She had to wait for the next carriage. A feeling similar

to the one she experienced before making the first plunge into cold water when bathing now took possession of her, and she crossed herself. The familiar gesture evoked in her soul a chain of childhood and girlhood memories, and suddeuly the darkness that had settled upon everything was torn asunder and for a brief moment life presented itself to her with all the brightness of past joys. But she did not take her eyes off the wheels of the approaching second carriage. And at just the moment when the middle of the carriage between the wheels came opposite her, she flung away the red bag, hunched her shoulders and fell on her hands under the carriage, then with a swift movement, as if about to get up, she rose to her knees. Instantly she was horrified by what she was doing. Where am I? What am I doing? What for? She tried to rise, to throw herself back, but something enormous and implacable struck her on the head and dragged her down. "God forgive me!" She murmured, knowing a struggle was useless. An old man, muttering to himself, was pottering with some iron. And the candle, by whose light she had been reading a book full of pain, deceit, sorrow and evil, flared up more brightly than ever before, throwing light on all that had hitherto been in darkness; then it flickered and waned and went out forever. (Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, Trans. Margaret Wettlin)

卧轨自杀

她想倒在和她拉平的第一车厢的车轮中间。但是她因为从胳臂上往下取小红皮包而耽搁了,已经太晚了;中心点已经开过去。她不得不等待下一节车厢。一种仿佛她准备入浴时所体会到的心情袭上了她的心头,于是她画了个十字。这种熟悉的画十字的姿势在她的心中唤起一系列少女时代和童年时代的回忆,笼罩着一切的黑暗突然破裂了,转瞬间生命以它过去的全部辉煌的欢乐呈现在她面前。但是她目不转睛地盯着开过来的第二节车厢的车轮,车轮与车轮之间的中心点刚一和她对正了,她就抛掉红皮包,缩着脖子,两手扶着地投到车厢下面,她微微地动了一动,好像准备马上又站起来一样,扑通跪下去了。同一瞬间,一想到她在做什么,她吓得毛骨悚然。"我在哪里?我在做什么?为什么呀?"她想站起身来,把身子仰到后面去,但是什么巨大的无情的东西撞在她的头上,从她的背上碾过去了。"上帝,饶恕我的一切!"她说,感觉到无法挣扎……一个正在铁轨上干活的矮小的农民,吐噜了一句什么。那支蜡烛,她曾借着它的烛光浏览过充满了苦难、虚伪、悲哀和罪恶的书籍,比以往更加明亮地闪烁起来,为她照亮了以前笼罩在黑暗中的一切,哔剥响起来,开始昏暗下去,永远熄灭了。 (周扬 谢素台 译)

Hanging Himself

As if playing a role he had played many times, he wound the cord around a rafter just behind the closed door, adjusted the loop, and set a carved stool directly beneath it. Then he returned to his chair. He finished the last of the bottle, all the time staring at the silken noose. How innocent it looked, like the string of his favourite kite, an orange carp his mother had bought for him. It had become tangled in the branches of the peach tree in the Great Court of his tao chia, and the tatters had fluttered in the breeze throughout the winter.

Carefully he surrendered to the alcohol. His body became an alien weight that encumbered but was no longer a part of him. He touched his face and felt nothing. He rose unsteadily but then thought better of it. If his shaky legs made him topple accidentally, the sentry might come in before he was ready. Slowly he eased himself to his knees. On all fours, he crawled across the room. He touched the redwood claws that were the feet of the stool, pulled himself up, and slipped the noose around his neck. (Bette Bao Lord, *Spring Moon*)

自缢

他就像在演一个他多次演过的角色，把丝绳挂在一扇关着的门后的房梁上，打一个结，把一张雕花木凳放在绳子下边。然后他又回到椅子上。他把瓶里最后的一口酒喝掉，目不转睛地盯着丝绳的纹索。丝绳最得活泼可爱，恰似他最喜欢的风筝上的丝线，那是他母亲买给他的红鲤鱼风筝。风筝让老家大院里的桃树枝挂住了，整整一个冬天，破风筝在寒风中战栗。

他已经不胜酒力了，真是痛快。他的躯体成了与他无关的累赘，不再是他的一部分了。他摸摸脸，一点感觉也没有。他摇摇晃晃站了起来，又好好想了想。他生怕他颤巍巍的两条腿把自己绊倒，他还没准备好，护卫就会闯进来。他慢慢减轻膝盖的负担。他四肢着地满室乱爬。他碰到一个黄檀木雕的东西，原来是凳子腿，他爬上去把绳索套在自己脖子上。（林彬等 译）

Committing Suicide by Jumping Off the High Building

Heyward opened it and went out, onto a narrow balcony almost at the building's peak, high above the city.

A raw November wind struck him blustering force. He leaned against it and found it somehow reassuring, as if enfolding him.... Now Heyward looked downward. He could see smaller buildings, the winding, omnipresent river, traffic, people moving like ants on Rosselli Plaza far bellow. The sounds of them all came to him, muted and blended, on the wind.

He put a leg over the waist-high railing, separating the balcony from a narrow, unprotected ledge. His second leg followed. Until this moment he had felt no fear, but now all of his body trembled with it, and his hands grasped the railing at his back tightly.

Somewhere behind him he heard agitated voices, feet racing on the stairs. Someone shouted, "Roscoe!"

His last thought but one was a line from II Samual: Go, and the Lord be with thee. The very last was of Avril. O thou fairest among women... Rise up, my love, my fair one and come away.

Then, as figures burst through the door behind him, he closed his eyes and stepped forward into the void.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Moneychangers*)

因受贿暴露而跳楼自杀

海沃德把门打开,走到外面一个狭窄的阳台上。阳台俯瞰着全城,差不多是大楼的最高处。

一阵十一月阴冷的风狂怒地扑面刮来。他弯腰顶着风,觉得有风,自己心里倒反而好过些,就好像寒风把自己裹了起来…… 海沃德朝下看去。他可以看到一些比较低矮的建筑物,那条弯弯曲曲、流经全市的大河,来来往往的行人车辆,以及底下罗塞利广场上蝼蚁般缓缓移动的人群。寒风吹过,车水马龙的喧闹声混成一体,隐隐约约向他传来。

他的一条腿已跨过齐腰的栏杆,栏杆外面便是一道狭窄而没有遮拦的边沿。他的另一条腿也跟着跨了过去。在这之前,他一直没有感到恐惧,但此刻却吓得浑身哆嗦。他用两手紧紧抓住身后的栏杆。

背后什么地方传来焦虑不安的声音,他听见有人飞快跑上楼梯的脚步声。这人大喊:"罗斯科!"

临死前的这一刹那,他想到《撒母耳记上》中的一句话:走吧,愿耶和华与你同在。最后又想到阿弗丽尔。啊,女性中最美丽的尤物…… 起来吧,我的爱,我的亲人,跟我走……

接着,当几个人影从身后破门而出时,罗斯科闭上双眼,向前跨了出去。

(陆谷孙 张增健 翟象俊 译)

16. Unconscious Actions 下意识动作

Unconscious Actions to Avoid Awkwardness

He sat in silence and the two men, the pale one and the heated one, looked back at him and said nothing. Castle wondered how long the silence would continue. Cornelius Muller had a sheet detached from the file in front of him, and after a while he began to tap it with the end of his gold ball-point pen, always in the same place, as though he were hammering in a pin. The small tap tap tap recorded the length of silence like the tick of a watch. The other man scratched his skin above his sock, and so it went on, tap tap and scratch scratch. (Graham Greene, *The Human Factor*)

掩饰尴尬的下意识动作

卡斯尔默默地坐下。那两个人——一个苍白脸，一个赤红脸——看着他一言不发。卡斯尔不知道这种沉默要持续多久，马勒面前放着从卷宗里抽出来的一张纸，过了一会儿，他开始用他那金制的圆珠笔尖轻轻地敲打那张纸，他总是敲在同一个地方，好像在钉大头针，轻脆而短促的嗒嗒声宛如钟表的滴嗒声记录着这沉默的时间。另一个人在他袜子上方的小腿部位不停地抓痒。就这样，一个敲着纸，一个抓着痒。 （尚明 张林 译）

Startled Leaping

I saw him extend his short flipper of an arm for a gesture that took in the forest, the creek, the mud, the river—seemed to beckon with a dishonouring flourish before the sunlit face of the land a treacherous appeal to the lurking death, to the hidden evil, to the profound darkness of its heart. It was so startling that I leaped to my feet and looked back at the edge of the forest, as though I had expected an answer of some sort to that black display of confidence. You know the foolish notions that come to one sometimes. (Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

惊跳而起

我看见他伸出他一只短短的鱼鳍似的胳臂做了一个姿势，把森林、溪流、泥土和那条河水全都囊括进去——仿佛他是要在这片阳光普照的大地的外表面前存心不良地挥舞一次手臂，向那潜伏的死亡，向那隐藏的邪恶，向这片土地的内心深沉的黑暗发出一个别有用心的呼吁。这情景是如此之触目惊心，令我一跃而起，回头朝那森林的边缘望了一眼，仿佛我是在期待它对他那邪恶

的显示信心的表演作出某种反映来。你们知道有时候一个人是会产生这种愚蠢的想法的。（智量 译）

Instinctive Act of Survival

Before every great catastrophe there is said to be a pause, a terrible imagined silence. Threatened men for the first time in their lives become aware of certainty. The quick-silver sets, time freezes solid. Always, before, at every crisis, there has somewhere appeared an alternative of escape. But now, even as their minds wildly search for a way out, they are sure in their souls that at least there is none. The hypnosis is absolute. Each muscle freezes, not so much with dread as with knowledge. And then, in the least part of the last second, the will to movement reasserts itself. In any direction—they will run, strike, jump. It is the final act of survival. Hearing the bomb whistle down from above, the audience in a theatre, with no room to throw themselves to the ground, rise to their feet, as though an anthem were being played. A sailor jumps from his boat before it strikes the rock. Just as—before the pressure reached him—the fireman threw himself from the wall. He flung the hose away from him, and, swinging his leg over, just as if he were dismounting from a horse, he left the wall and dived down into the boiling beans.

（William Sansom, *The Witnesses*）

求生的本能

据说，在所有的大灾祸来临之前，总有一个短暂的停顿，总有一阵令人骇怕的想象出来的寂静。在这种时刻，遭到灾难威胁的人们有生以来第一次意识到了什么是事物的必然性。连水银都凝固了，时间也冻结了。以前，每当紧急关头，似乎总会在什么地方出现一种让人脱身的机会。然而现在，即使他们在拼命地搜寻一种逃跑的办法，但是他们的内心却深信，最终必然会无路可走。他们完全处于昏昏沉沉的状态。全身的肌肉都麻木了。这倒并不是由于害怕，而主要是因为他们意识到自己在劫难逃。接着，在最后一刹那间，他们又重新坚定了采取行动的决心。他们会慌不择路地鼠窜狼突，四散奔逃。这是求生的本能所决定的行动。戏院里的观众一听到炸弹呼啸着从天而降，由于他们不能扑倒在地，就全部站立起来，仿佛听到有人在演奏国歌似的。水手趁他的那条船尚未撞上礁石，就先从船上跳下海去。这些情景正和那个消防员的情况一模一样。水压还没有到达他那里，他就从墙上纵身跳下，他用力扔掉了水管，把一条腿从墙的另一边摆过来，好像是在马背上跨下来一样。他从

墙上跳下，一头扎进了那燃烧得滚烫的咖啡豆里。 （马钢 译）

Unconscious Action When in Anger

... Downtown he stopped off long enough to run into the library and search for Saleeby's books. He drew out "The Cycle of Life," and on the car turned to the essay Norton had mentioned on Spencer. As Martin read, he grew angry. His face flushed, his jaw set, and unconsciously his hand clenched, unclenched, and clenched again as if he were taking fresh grips upon some hateful thing out of which he was squeezing the life. When he left the car, he strode along the sidewalk as a wrathful man will stride, and he rang the Morse bell with such viciousness that it roused him to consciousness of his condition, so that he entered in good nature, smiling with amusement at himself. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

愤怒时的下意识动作

到了城里，他在中途下了车，抽空上图书馆去找萨利倍的作品。他把《生命的周期》借到了手，坐上电车，翻到诺顿提起过的那篇关于斯宾塞的论文。马丁看着看着，发起火来了。他脸涨得绯红，牙关紧锁着，一只手不知不觉地一忽儿抓紧，一忽儿放开，一忽儿又抓紧了，好像他又一把抓住了什么切齿痛恨的东西，想把它扼死似的。他下了电车，顺着人行道大踏步地走，像一个气愤不平的人的样子，他狠狠地按着摩斯家的门铃，这铃声使他惊醒过来，意识到自己的心境，不禁觉得自己真是可笑，于是带着笑容，和蔼可亲地走进去。

（吴劳 译）

17. Habitual Actions 习惯动作

A Familiar Gesture

He pulled a chrysanthemum from the vase and began slowly plucking off one white petal after another. As her eyes happened to catch the movement of the slim right hand dropping the petals, one by one, an uncomfortable sensation came over Gemma, as though she had somewhere seen that gesture before. (E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

熟悉的姿势

牛虻从花瓶上摘下了一朵菊花，开始把那白色的花瓣慢慢地一片一片扯下来。琼玛的眼光偶然触着了他那只一片接着一片在扯花瓣的瘦棱棱的右手，突然掠过一阵不安的感觉，她从前仿佛在什么地方看见过这种姿势。

（李俍民 译）

A Habit Denoting Preoccupation

Ere now it has been related how Ahab was wont to pace his quarter-deck, taking regular turns at either limit, the binnacle and mainmast; but in the multiplicity of other things requiring narration it has not been added how that sometimes in these walks, when most plunged in his mood, he was wont to pause in turn at each spot, and stand there strangely eyeing the particular object before him. When he halted before the binnacle, with his glance fastened on the pointed needle in the compass, that glance shot like a javelin with the pointed intensity of his purpose; and when resuming his walk he again paused before the mainmast, then, as the same riveted glance fastened upon the riveted gold coin there, he still wore the same aspect of nailed firmness, only dashed with a certain wild longing, if not hopefulness.

(Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

心事重重的表现

先前已经说过，亚哈怎样喜欢在他的后甲板上从罗盘盒到主桅的两头，来回地踱方步；但是在其他许多必须一说的事情中，还得加上一桩事情，那就是，在他这种散步中，如果碰上他心事重重的时候，他每次总要轮番在两头，停将下来，神色奇特地站在那里，望着他面前那一样东西。当他停在罗盘盒前时，他的眼色就紧盯在罗盘里那支尖针上，那股眼色有如带着他那一发就要中的的一支标枪；待到他重新举步走到主桅前停下来时，他这一股凝注的眼色又紧盯着那只钉在那里的金币，他依然现出同样一种钉得牢牢似的神色，不同的是这会儿却猛射出一种如果不是满怀希望，就是充满狂想的神色。（曹庸 译）

A Habit Showing Love for Her Late Child

"Has it been a dream then?" asked she wildly. Then with a habit, which came like instinct even in that awful dying hour, her hand sought for a locket which hung concealed in her bosom, and, finding that, she knew all was true which had befallen her, since last she lay an innocent girl on that bed.

She fell back, and spoke word never more. She held the locket containing her child's hair still in her hand, and once or twice she kissed it with a long soft kiss. She cried feebly and sadly as long as she had any strength to cry, and then she died.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

怀念亡子的习惯动作

"我是不是做了一场梦?"她疯疯癫癫地问。她又照着她平常习惯的动作,在临死的时候竟像是本能的动作,用手摸索着挂在胸前的一个小匣。找到了那个小匣,她方才明白,她从上次还是清白女儿时睡在那床上起,直到现在的遭遇一件件事都是真的。

她倒了下去,以后一句话也没有说。她依然把那藏有她小孩的头发的小匣抓在手里,她温柔地长长地对它吻了两次。她剩下一点儿气力还能哭泣的时候,便软弱地伤心地哭着,以后她便死了。 (荀枚 余贵棠 译)

Waving Her Hand Affectionately

They always looked back before turning the corner, for their mother was always at the window to nod and smile, and wave her hand to them. Somehow it seemed as if they couldn't have got through the day without that, for whatever their mood might be, the last glimpse of that motherly face was sure to affect them like sunshine.

(Louisa May Alcott, *Little Woman*)

情在挥手间

她们每次出门去后,在第一个转弯以前,总要回头观看,因为她们的母亲那时总在窗上瞭望着,对她们点头微笑,并向她们挥挥手。她们如果没有这一回事,便要觉得偏踏不安有不可终日之势,因为慈母颜色最后的一瞥,使如旸谷春风,能使小草寒虫均有回生之望了。 (郑晓沧 译)

Habitual Action When Bathsheba is in Agony

Bathsheba in after times could never gauge the mood which carried her through the actions following this murdered resolution on this memorable evening of her life. She went to the lumber-closet for a screw-driver. At the end of a short though defined time she found herself in the small room, quivering with emotion, a mist before her eyes, and an excruciating pulsation in her brain, standing beside the uncovered coffin of the girl whose conjectured end had so entirely engrossed her, and saying to herself in a husky voice as she gazed within...

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

痛苦时的习惯动作

巴丝谢芭沉浸在以马上死去而摆脱她的处境的冥想之中,她觉得尽管一

死了之是一个不甚恰当的可怕的方法，但它的令人烦恼和可怕的程度却是有一定限度的；而活着的耻辱却永无尽日。然而，即使是这个以一死而结束一切的计划也只不过是她的情敌的做法的平淡无奇的翻版而已，并且连她的情敌可以引以为荣的那些理由都没有。她像往常激动时所习惯的那样，在房间里快步地来回走动着，两手紧握着放在胸前，她在想着，一些不连贯的话把部分思想说了出来；……

（陈亦君　曹胡　译）

18. Successive Actions　连续动作

Consecutive Blows

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first; "and then after aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on!" and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half-a-dozen seconds.

（Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*）

连续拳击

"他到底记了没有？"另外一个马车夫问。

"他记了，"第一个马车夫回答，——"而且故意激得我要打他的时候，他就找了这三个人来做见证。但是我要叫他吃一顿生活，哪怕有六个月我坐的，来吧，"车夫用一种一点也不顾惜自己的私有财产的样子把帽子向地上一摔，于是打掉了匹克威克的眼镜，紧接着又是一拳打在匹克威克先生的鼻子上，另一拳打在匹克威克先生的胸口，第三拳打在史拿格拉斯先生的眼睛上，第四拳来了一个变化，打在特普曼先生的腰里，随后跳进马路，随后又回到人行道上，最后就把文克尔先生身上所有的暂存的一点胆量打得烟消火灭；而全部的经过只是几秒钟的工夫。

（蒋天佐　译）

Allaying One's Hunger and Thirst with Wild Herbs and Stream Water

... He crossed the stream, picked a double handful, and had the muddy roots clean in the current and then sat down again beside his pack and ate the clean, cool green leaves and the crisp, peppery-tasting stalks. He knelt by the stream and, pushing his automatic pistol around on his belt to the small of his back so that it would not be wet, he lowered himself with a hand on each of two boulders and drank from the stream. The water was achingly cold. (Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*)

野菜溪水充饥渴

他涉过小溪,拔了两把,把根上的泥在水中洗净,然后返身坐在背包旁,吃着那干净而清凉的绿叶和鲜嫩而辛辣的茎梗。他跪在河边,把自动手枪沿着腰带挪到背后,以免弄湿。他两手各撑在一块岩石上,俯身去喝溪水。溪水凉彻心肺。 (张谷若 译)

Five Moves Become One in Killing

As the last blow struck home, Beth Marshall leaped on Cleary, raking his face with her nails and ripping both his cheeks wide open. Shrieking ferally, she brought her hands high to scratch again, but Cleary—in five moves so swift and sinuous they became one—pulled the k - bar from his first victim's chest, pivoted, drove the blade between Beth Marshall's eyes, twisted it ninety degrees, and withdrew it before her nails could break his skin a second time. (Tom Topor, *The Codicil*)

一气完成的杀人动作

看到儿子被重重地击中,贝丝扑向克利里,往他脸上抓挠,留下了道道血痕。她狂怒地尖叫着,高扬着双手再次抓向克利里。可是,克利里身手敏捷地从前一位受害者胸膛里拔出K形铁条,一转身,刺中贝丝的眉心,反手拧了九十度,然后拔了出来——所有这些动作在贝丝的利爪划破他的皮肤之前一气呵成。 (马宏伟 译)

19. Actions in Details 细节动作

Striking Matches with Teeth

After some manipulation, he managed to get the bunch between the

heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

(Jack London, *To Build a Fire*)

以齿代手划火柴

他折腾了一会,好不容易才用两只戴手套的手掌基部扣住那包火柴,就这样捉着火柴向嘴边送。他猛地一张嘴,嘴边的冰凌豁拉拉地响。他下颌往后一收,上唇一拉扯,露出上排牙齿去撕扯那包火柴,想从里面弄出了一根来。他弄出一根,可把它掉到了膝头上。折腾了半天,结果还是一筹莫展。他没法把那根火柴拾起来。后来他找到了一个办法。他用牙咬着那根火柴往腿上擦,一连擦了二十下才把它点燃。他用牙咬着燃着的火柴去点桦树皮。但是那燃烧的硫磺味直冲鼻孔和肺,引起他一阵痉挛性的咳嗽。火柴掉到雪地上灭了。

(蒋坚松 译)

Cutting Bread-and-Butter Dexterously

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she jammed the loaf hard and fast against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf, in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaister—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then, she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaister, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf, which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

灵巧地切面包、涂黄油

姐姐为我们切面包、涂黄油，自有她一套一成不变的精明办法。先用左手把原只面包压在胸兜上，于是总难免有根把别针缝针什么的钻进面包，再由面包钻进我们嘴里。然后她在餐刀上抹一点黄油(当然不会太多)，涂在面包上，那架势活像个药剂师做膏药——把刀子拿在她手里顺涂反抹，灵活自如，薄薄一层黄油括得平平匀匀，把面包皮的边边角角都抹到了。接着又把刀子在膏药边上抹得一干二净，从原只面包上切下厚厚的一圈；圆圈还连在上面没有切断，马上又是一刀把圆圈一切为两，一份给乔，一份给我。 (王科一 译)

Writing with Brush

He took a roll of white rice paper from the suitcase and draped it across the table so that the excess lay at his feet. Then he removed the Four Treasures and placed them beside the paper, on the left.

Rolling up his flowing sleeves, he poured water from the decanter on the bedside stand into the glass. Carefully he carried the glass to the table and poured some of the water onto the inkstone, droplet by droplet, for he must not exceed the correct amount. Adjusting his stance, he took the brush in his right hand, and the inkstick in his left. To screen out extraneous thoughts, he closed his eyes and drew a deep breath.

Now to begin.

He ground the inkstick round and round on the inkstone until the glistening black liquid was the proper consistency. Then he moistened the brush in the ink, drawing a few strokes on the inkstone until the feel of the hairs satisfied him. With the brush firmly gripped, he paused, his arm outstretched above the paper.

Speckles of black blotted the clean sheet. His hand was shaking.

(Bette Bao Lord, *Spring Moon*)

写毛笔字

他从手提箱里取出一卷宣纸，摊在桌上，多余的部分垂到脚边。然后又取出文房四宝，摆在纸的左侧。

他绾好平滑飘拂的衣袖，拿起床头柜上的玻璃水瓶，往玻璃杯里掉了点水，轻手轻脚地端过来，然后一滴滴往砚台里注水，不多不少，恰到好处。他摆好姿势，右手握笔，左手拿着墨锭。为了摒弃种种杂念，他闭上眼睛，深吸了一口气。

开始吧。

他一圈圈地研墨,研到砚台晶晶发亮,墨汁达到了合适的浓度。他在墨汁里润笔,在砚台里掭了几下,让笔毫蘸满墨汁,直到自己感到满意为止。他紧握笔管,停顿片刻,然后伸出手臂,让笔管垂直悬在纸上。

洁白净洞的白纸上点点花花洒上了墨迹。他的手有些发抖。

(林彬 等译)

Crossing the House to the Window

Georgette seeing that her brothers were watching something, must needs know what it was. It was not an easy matter to reach them; still, she undertook the journey. The way was full of difficulties. There were things scattered over the floor. There were footstools overturned, heaps of old papers, packing-cases forced open and empty, trunks, rubbish of all sorts, in and out of which it was necessary to sail,—a whole archipelago of reefs; but Georgette risked it. The first task was to get out of her crib; then she entered the chain of reefs, twisted herself through the straits,—pushing a footstool aside, crept between two coffers, got over a heap of papers, climbing up one side and rolling down the other, regardless of the exposure to her poor little naked legs, and succeeded in reaching what a sailor would have called an open sea,—that is, a sufficiently wide space of the floor which was not littered over, and where there were no more perils; then she bounded forward, traversed this space, which was the whole width of the room, on all fours with the agility of a kitten, and got near to the window. There a fresh and formidable obstacle encountered her: the great ladder lying along the wall reached to this window, the end of it passing a little beyond the corner of the recess; it formed between Georgette and her brothers a sort of cape, which must be crossed. She stopped and meditated; her internal monologue ended, she came to a decision. She resolutely twisted her rosy fingers about one of the rungs, which were vertical, as the ladder lay along its side; she tried to raise herself on her feet, and fell back; she began again, and fell a second time; the third effort was successful. Then standing up, she caught hold of the rungs in succession, and walked the length of the ladder. When she reached the extremity there was nothing more to support her; she tottered, but seizing in her two hands the end of one of the great poles, which held

the rungs she rose again, doubled the promontory, looked at Rene-Jean and Gros-Alain, and began to laugh. (Victor Hugo, *Ninety Three*)

穿过屋子到达窗口

乔治特看见她的两个哥哥在看什么东西，很想知道到底是什么。走到他们那边不是一件容易的事，可是她仍然尝试一下；这段路程有许许多多的困难；地上堆着许多东西，有翻倒的矮凳、破纸堆，拆散了的空木匣、箱子，还有一堆堆各种各样的东西，简直是一群礁石，必须绕道走过；乔治特要冒这个险。她的第一件工作是走出摇篮；然后她走进了礁石堆中，弯弯曲曲地在海峡里穿来穿去，推开一张矮凳，在两只箱子当中爬过，越过一堆破纸，从一边爬上去，从另一边滚下来，很温和地把她的可怜的小身体裸露出来，最后终于走到水手们称为"自由海面"的地方，就是说，她到了一处相当宽阔的地板上，既没有什么障碍，也不再有什么危险；这时她就向前冲，越过这块等于全室的阔度的地面，她用四肢爬着，像猫一样迅速，走到窗户附近，这里她遇到了一个更可怕的障碍；那架顺着墙根横放着的长梯子正好到达这里，梯子的顶端稍微越过窗框一点；这梯子就在乔治特和她哥哥之间形成了一个海岬，她必须绕过去；她停下来思索；等到她心里的自言自语结束以后，她拿定了主意；她坚决地用她的玫瑰色小手抓住梯子的一条横木，梯子既是横靠着墙的，梯子的横木就不是横的，而是直立的了；她试着站起来，又跌下去；她再试一次；她第二次又告失败；第三次她才成功了；于是她笔直地站着，挨次扶着梯子的一条条横木沿着梯子走过去；走到梯子的尽头，扶手没有了，她摇晃了一下，可是她用两只小手抓住梯子的粗大的竖木，又站起来，绕过海岬，望着雷尼-让和胖亚伦，她笑了。

（郑永慧 译）

20. Working 劳动

Cutting a Log

Frank was not on a block; he was working on a massive eucalyptus log and undercutting it to get it small enough to place on the lowest, widest stump. Its two-foot-diameter bulk lay on the earth, each end immobilized by an iron spike, and Frank was standing on top of it, cutting it in two between his spread feet. The axe was moving so fast it whistled, and the handle made its own separate swishing sound as it slid up and down within his slippery palms. Up it flashed above his head, down it came in a dull silver blur, carving a wedge-shaped chunk out of the iron-hard wood as easily as if it had been a pine or a deciduous tree. Sundered pieces of wood were flying in all directions, the sweat was running in streams down

Frank's bare chest and back, and he had wound his handkerchief about his brow to keep the sweat from blinding him. It was dangerous work, undercutting; one mistimed or badly directed back, and he would be minus a foot. He had his leather wristbands on to soak up the sweat from his arms, but the delicate hands were ungloved, gripping the axe handle lightly and with exquisitely directed skill.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

劈柴

弗兰克并没有在墩子上劈柴,他正在对付一根粗大的桉木圆材,把它劈小以便可以放到最低最宽的墩子上去。这根躺在地上的圆木直径有两英尺,两头钉着大铁钉,使它不能移动;弗兰克叉开腿站在上面,正在把脚下的圆木一劈为二。斧子在嗖嗖地飞舞着,斧柄在他那滑溜的掌心里上下滑动着,发出嚓嚓的响声。只见那斧子忽而被光闪闪地举过头顶,忽而银光一闪,直落而下,在其硬如铁的木质上砍出一个楔形口子,就像劈松木或落叶木那样轻而易举。劈下来的木片四处乱飞,汗水像小泉似地在弗兰克的光着的胸前和背后流淌着;他把手绢缠在额头上防止汗水迷住他的眼睛。站在木头上往下劈是个危险的活儿,错了节奏或劈偏了,就可能把一只脚砍下去。他的手腕上戴着皮腕带,吸收着从胳膊上流下来的汗水,可是他那灵巧的双手却没戴手套,它们轻巧地抓着斧把,表现出了精湛的掌握方向的技能。 (曾胡 译)

Working Merrily

He was a good workman, dexterous, and one who, when he was in a good humor, always sang. He had whole periods, months, and almost years, of friction and nasty temper. Then sometimes he was folly again. It was nice to see him run with a piece of red-hot iron into the scullery, crying:

"Out of my road—out of my road!"

Then he hammered the soft, red-glowing stuff on his iron goose, and made the shape he wanted. Or he sat absorbed for a moment, soldering. Then the children watched with joy as the metal sank suddenly molten, and was shoved about against the nose of the soldering-iron, while the room was full of a scent of burnt resin and hot tin, and Morel was silent and intent for a minute. He always sang when he mended boots because of the jolly sound of hammering. And he was rather happy when he sat putting great patches on his moleskin pit trousers, which he would often do,

considering them too dirty, and the stuff too hard, for his wife to mend.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

快乐地劳动

他是个好匠人,心灵手巧,心情开朗时,总是不停地哼哼唱唱。虽然他长年累月和家人闹别扭,脾气暴躁,但干起活来热情很高。大家都会很兴奋地看到他拿着一块通红的铁块冲到洗碗间,嘴里喊着:"让开——让开!"然后,他用锤子在铁砧上锤打着这块烧红发软的东西,随心所欲地打出各种形状。或者,他全神贯注地坐在那儿焊接。孩子们就兴致勃勃地看着这些金属突然化开了,被烙铁头压进缝里去,屋子里飘满烧松香和焊锡的味儿,莫瑞尔就一声不响,一心一意地干活。他修鞋时锤子叮叮当当的敲打声与他的哼唱声和鸣。当他坐着给自己补下井穿的鼹鼠皮裤子时,也总是满心欢喜,他常常亲手干这活儿,他觉得这活儿太脏,皮子又太硬,妻子干不了。 (刘一之 等译)

Toiling Patiently

Often he would be surrounded by an eager circle, all waiting to be served; holding boat-spades, pike-heads, harpoons, and lances, and jealously watching his every sooty movement, as he toiled. Nevertheless, this old man's was a patient hammer wielded by a patient arm. No murmur, no impatience, no petulance did come from him. Silent, slow, and solemn; bowing over still further his chronically broken back, he toiled away, as if toil were life itself, and the heavy beating of his hammer the heavy beating of his heart. And so it was—Most miserable!

(Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

慢功铁匠活

他经常给一群急切的人包围着,大家都在等着他帮忙;各人手里都拿着小艇铲刀、矛头、标枪和捕鲸枪头,妒忌地瞅着他在干活时激起阵阵烟炱的每一个动作。然而,这个老头子以耐心耐性的手,使着一支耐心耐性的锤子。他从来既不嘟嘟哝哝,也不表示不耐烦,更不闹脾气。他不声不响,慢条斯理而一本正经;弓着他那长期佝偻的背,不停地干下去,好像劳作就是生命,他的锤子的沉重的敲击,就是他的心的沉重的跳动。这真是极其可怜! (曹庸 译)

Working Mechanically

In meal dust, in the mud which we brought in from the yard on our boots, in the hot, sticky atmosphere, day in, day out, we rolled the

dough into kringels, which we moistened with our own sweat. And we hated our work with a glowing hatred; we never ate what had passed through our hands, and preferred black bread to kringels. Sitting opposite each other, at a long table—nine facing nine—we moved our hands and fingers mechanically during endlessly long hours, till we were so accustomed to our monotonous work that we ceased to pay attention to it.

We had studied each other so constantly, that each of us knew every wrinkle of his mates' face. It was not long also before we had exhausted almost every topic of conversation; that is why we were most of the time silent, unless we were chaffing each other; but one cannot always find something about which to chaff another man, especially when that man is one's mate. Neither were we much given to finding fault with one another; how, indeed, could one of us poor devils be in a position to find fault with another, when we were all of us half dead and, as it were, turned to stone? For the heavy drudgery seemed to crush all feeling out of us.

(Maxim Gorky, *Twenty-Six Men and a Girl*)

机械地劳动

我们日复一日在面粉的尘雾里,在被我们双脚从院子里踩进来的污泥里,在臭气扑鼻的闷热里搓面团和做面包卷,我们的汗珠滴进面团里,我们对自己的工作怀着强烈的憎恶。我们从来不吃自己亲手做出来的东西,我们宁愿吃黑面包而不愿吃面包卷。我们面对面坐在长桌旁,九个对九个,一连好几个钟头机械地摆动着胳膊和手指,对自己的工作熟练到已经再也不必用眼睛看自己的工作了。我们彼此熟而又熟,以致我们每个人都知道伙伴们脸上所有的皱纹。我们已经没有什么可交谈的了,我们对这已经习以为常,因此常常保持着沉默,要不就开口骂人,——因为总有什么由头可以骂人,尤其可以骂自己的伙伴。然而我们连骂人也很难得:要是一个人已经半死了,要是他成了一个木偶,或者他的一切感觉都被沉重的劳动压垮了的话,那这个人还有什么可指责的呢?

(多人 译)

Steel-Making

In a large and lofty building, supported by pillars of iron, with great black apertures in the upper walls, open to the external air; echoing to the roof with the beating of hammers and roar of furnaces, mingled with the hissing of red-hot metal plunged in water, and a hundred strange uneathly noises never heard elsewhere; in this gloomy place, moving like demons

among the flame and smoke, dimly and fitfully seen, flushed and tormented by the burning fires, and wielding great weapons, a faulty blow from any one of which must have crushed some workman's skull, a number of men laboured like giants. Others, reposing upon heaps of coals or ashes with their faces turned to the black vault above, slept or rested from their toil. Others again, opening the white-hot furnace-doors, cast fuel on the flames, which came rushing and roaring forth to meet it, and licked it up like oil. Others drew forth, with clashing noise upon the ground, great sheets of glowing steel, emitting an insupportable heat, and a dull deep light like that which reddens in the eyes of savage beasts.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

炼钢

一座又大又高的建筑,用铁柱支撑着,墙壁高处开了大的黑洞,为的是流通外面的空气——屋顶反应出铁锤的响声和熔炉的吼声,混杂着烧红了的铁浸到水里的嘖嘖声,还有上百种的在别处从未听到过的新奇的非人间的怪声——在这一个阴沉沉的地方,在火与烟中,一群人就像巨人般在那里工作着,他们好像鬼怪似地行动,模模糊糊地,出没无常地,热火把他们烤得又红又痛苦,手里拿着巨大的武器,如果错误地落到人身上的话,那管保会把脑壳敲个粉碎。另外几个人正在煤堆上或灰堆上躺着,面向着漆黑的天空,他们工作得疲倦了便休息一下,或者睡一下。另外几个人,打开白热的熔炉口,向火里加添燃料,火苗窜出来呼呼有声地迎接燃料,像舐油似地把它吞食下去。还有另外几个人,扯出烧红了的大块钢板,丁当地放在地上,钢板喷射出令人难当的热气和又暗又深,就像把野兽眼睛染红了的光。 (许君远 译)

Ironing Clothes

But there was little time in which to marvel. All Martin's consciousness was concentrated in the work. Ceaselessly active, head and hand, an intelligent machine, all that constituted him a man was devoted to furnishing that intelligence. There was no room in his brain for the universe and its mighty problems. All the broad and spacious corridors of his mind were closed and hermetically sealed. The echoing chamber of his soul was a narrow room, a conning tower, whence were directed his arm and shoulder muscles, his ten nimble fingers, and the swift-moving iron along its streaming path in broad, sweeping strokes, just so many strokes and no more, just so far with each stroke and not a fraction of an inch

farther, rushing along interminable sleeves, sides, backs, and tails, and tossing the finished shirts, without rumpling, upon the receiving frame. And even as his hurrying soul tossed, it was reaching for another shirt. This went on, hour after hour, while outside all the world swooned under the overhead California sun. But there was no swooning in that superheated room. The cool guests on the verandas needed clean linen.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

熨衣

然而,简直也没有时间可以用来诧异。马丁把全副精神都集中在干活上。他一刻不停地活动着,手脑并用,活像一台有智能的机器,他把整个身心都用来充实这种智能了。他脑子里再也容不下宇宙和宇宙间的种种重大问题了;他头脑里那条条宽阔的走廊都封闭着,封闭得密不通风。他心灵里的回声室是间斗室,是个司令塔,它指挥着他的胳膊和肩膀上的肌肉,他那十个灵活的手指以及那只来去如飞的熨斗,这熨斗冒着热气,大刀阔斧地推来推去,就那么几下,一下也不多,一下也不少,每一下就推得那么远,一分也不多,一分也不少,他把熨斗在永远烫不完的衬衫袖子,两腰,背部和后摆上来回烫着,还把烫好的衬衫丢在承物架上,一点也不弄皱。他心急慌忙地一边丢,一边伸手去拿另一件衬衫。这工作一小时一小时地继续下去,而室外呢,整个世界在加利福尼亚当空的烈日下晕过去了。可是,在这间酷热不堪的屋子里,谁也不能晕过去。阳台上那些凉快的旅客等着穿干净的衬衫呢。 (吴劳 译)

Demonstrating How to Make Shoes

She suited action to word, fastened the piece of leather, which was eventually to form the right half of the upper of the man's shoe, by little adjustable clamps, and pushed a small steel rod at the side of the machine. The latter jumped to the task of punching, with sharp, snapping clicks, cutting circular bits of leather out of the side of the upper, leaving the holes which were to hold the laces. After observing a few times, the girl let her work at it alone. Seeing that it was fairly well done, she went away.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

示范如何做鞋

她边说边做,把一块(要做一只男鞋面的右半片的)皮革用一些可调整的小夹子夹住了,然后推动机器旁边的一根小钢柄。机器就马上打起洞来,发出尖锐的咯喇咯喇的声音,冲下几小片圆形的皮,鞋面上就留下了将来穿鞋带的

洞眼。看了一会儿，那女工就让她独自操作了。看她做得还不错，就走开了。

（裘柱常 译）

Binding the Corn

Her binding proceeds with clock-like monotony. From the sheaf last finished she draws a handful of ears, patting their tips with her left palm to bring them even. Then stooping low she moves forward, gathering the corn with both hands against her knees, and pushing her left gloved hand under the bundle to meet the right on the other side, holding the corn in an embrace like that of a lover. She brings the ends of the bond together, and kneels on the sheaf while she ties it, beating back her skirts now and then when lifted by the breeze. A bit of her naked arm is visible between the buff leather of the gauntlet and the sleeve of her gown; and as the day wears on its feminine smoothness becomes scarified by the stubble, and bleeds. （Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*）

捆麦子

她捆麦子的动作，进行得像钟表一样地单调。她从刚捆好了的一抱麦子里，抽出一把麦穗儿来，用左手的手掌，把麦穗头儿拍齐了，再弯腰往前，双手把一抱麦子拢到膝盖，把戴着手套的左手插到那一抱麦子底下，和那一抱麦子那一面的右手合拢，像情人一般，把一抱麦子整个抱住，再把绳子的两头拉到一块儿，跪在那一抱麦子上把它系好；有时微风把裙子吹了起来，还得用手把它送回去。她的胳膊，在暗黄色的皮手套和衣袖之间，漏出了一块，工作久了，胳膊上柔嫩的皮肤，都叫麦秆划破了，往外流血。（张玲 译）

SCENERY SECTION
景物部

Ⅰ. Astronomy 天文

1. The Sun 太阳

Sparkling Sunbeams

The town was glad with morning light; places that had shown ugly and distrustful all night long, now wore a smile; and sparkling sunbeams dancing on chamber windows, and twinkling through blind and curtain before sleepers' eyes, shed light even into dreams, and chased away the shadows of the night. Birds in hot rooms, covered up close and dark, felt it was morning, and chafed and grew restless in their little cells; bright-eyed mice crept back to their tiny homes and nestled timidly together; the sleek house-cat, forgetful of her prey, sat winking at the rays of sun starting through keyhole and cranny in the door, and longed for her stealthy run and warm sleek bask outside. The nobler beasts confined in dens stood motionless behind their bars, and gazed on fluttering boughs and sunshine peeping through some little window, with eyes in which old forests gleamed—then trod impatiently the track their prisoned feet had worn—and stopped and gazed again. Men in their dungeons stretched their cramp cold limbs and cursed the stone that no bright sky could warm. The flowers that sleep by night, opened their gentle eyes and turned them to the day. The light, creation's mind, was everywhere, and all things owned its power.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

闪烁的阳光

晨曦给全城带来了欢乐;在夜间表现得丑恶和可疑的地方现在也泛起了笑容;闪烁的阳光在卧室的窗子上跳舞,透过帘幕和帐幔直射到睡眠人的眼睛上,甚至射入他们的梦里,把夜的黑影驱散。暖房里的小鸟,虽然给盖得紧紧的黑黑的,也感觉到了早晨,在它们的小小的房子里发了脾气,不肯安定下来;眼睛亮晶晶的老鼠爬回它们的洞窟,依生生地蜷伏在一起;全身油光光的猫儿,早把它的猎物丢在脑后,蹲在地下,眨着眼睛,望着从钥匙洞和门缝里渗进来的阳光,急于想溜到外面去取暖。圈在马厩里面那些高贵一点的动物,静静地立在木栏后面,目不转睛地凝视着摇动着的枝叶,凝视着从小窗户里透进来

的阳光，眼里闪出老树林来；然后不耐烦地践踏着它们自己躁出来的蹄窝——于是又停下，又凝视。在监牢里面的人们伸展他们那被桎梏着的冰冷四肢，咒骂着晴天不能温暖过来的石地。夜间睡眠的花睁开了温柔的眼睛，抬起头来望着白昼。到处都是成为造物之心的光辉，万物都承认了它的伟大力量。

（许君远 译）

The Red Sun Is Setting

"Oh, it'll be clear tomorrow and hot as June," said Staurt. "Look at that sunset. I never saw one redder. You can always tell weather by sunsets."

They looked out across the endless acres of Gerald O'Hara's newly plowed cotton fields toward the red horizon. Now that the sun was setting in a welter of crimson behind the hills across the Flint River, the warmth of the April day was ebbing into a faint but balmy chill.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

红红的落日

"噢，明天会好起来的，而且必定热得像六月一般。"司徒说，"你就看这落日罢，我从来没有见过比这更红的落日。天气的状况通常是凭落日测定的。"

说着，他们一起将目光转向郝家那一望无际的新垦的棉花地。一直望到那条红色的地平线为止。这时候，太阳已变成了一团血红的波动物，正向燧石河对岸的山后落下去，于是四月白天所拥有的温热，就已渐渐减退成一种微弱而芬芳的清凉了。

（简宗 译）

The Sunrise over the Sea

...The long waste of foreshore lay moaning under the dawn and the sea; the ocean was a flat dark strip with a white edge. Over the gloomy sea the sky grew red. Quickly the fire spread among the clouds and scattered them. Crimson burned to orange,. orange to dull gold, and in a golden glitter the sun came up, dribbling fierily over the waves in little splashes, as if someone had gone along and the light had spilled from her pail as she walked.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

海上日出

晨曦中，漫长空旷的海滩躺在海水下沉吟着；远处的深洋像一条平整的镶着白边的黑带。天空在阴暗的海面上渐渐现出红色。这火焰迅速地在云中蔓延，驱散云雾，由鲜红色变成了桔红色，再由桔红色变成了暗金色，最后在一片辉耀的金光中，太阳升起来了，挂在翻着细花的波浪上，鲜红欲滴，宛若一个挑

着桶行走的姑娘，边走边把光芒从桶里向外泼撒出去。 （李健 等译）

Sunlight Flapping Out like a Quickly Opened Fan

There was a gusty, high, warm wind; isolated raindrops starred the window-panes at remote distances: the sunlight would flap out like a quickly opened fan, throw the pattern of the window upon the floor of the room in a milky, colourless shine, and withdraw as suddenly as it had appeared. （Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*）

像折扇一样的阳光

风吹得剧烈、强劲、温暖；稀疏的雨点如星光一样从遥远的地方闪耀在玻璃上；太阳光像很快展开来的折扇一样穿射过来，照在窗户上，把它的形影迷蒙蒙毫无光彩地映在室内的地板上，而后又像出现时一样突然不见了。

（侍桁 译）

Solar Rays Shone through the Sea

The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily, and dissipated all colour, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultramarine, and faded into vague obscurity. Truly this water which surrounded me was but another air denser than the terrestrial atmosphere, but almost as transparent. Above me was the calm surface of the sea.

We were walking on fine even sand, not wrinkled, as on a flat shore, which retains the impression of the billows. This dazzling carpet, really a reflector, repelled the rays of the sun with wonderful intensity, which accounted for the vibration which penetrated every atom of liquid. Shall I be believed when I say that, at the depth of thirty feet, I could see as if I was in broad daylight? （Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*）

穿透大海的阳光

阳光可以照到洋面下三十英尺的地方，这般力量真使我惊奇。太阳光强有力地穿过水层，把水中的颜色驱散，我可以清楚地分辨一百米以内的物体。百米之外，水底现出天蓝一般的渐次晕淡不同的色度，在远处变成浅蓝，没入模糊的黑暗中。真的，在我周围的这水实在不过是一种空气，虽然密度较地上的空气大，但透明的情形是跟地上空气相仿。在我头上，我又看见那平静无波的海面。

我们在很细,很平,没有皱纹,像海滩上只留有潮水痕迹的沙上行走。这种眩人眼目的地毯,像真正的反射镜,把太阳光强烈地反射出去。由此而产生那种强大的光线辐射,透入所有的水层中。如果我肯定说,在水中深三十英尺的地方,我可以像在阳光下一样看得清楚,那人们能相信我吗?(曾觉之 译)

2. The Moon 月亮

The Overwhelming Moonlight

...On the glaring expanse of the lake—levels of hard crust, flashes of green ice blown clear, chains of drifts ribbed like the sea-beach—the moonlight was overwhelming. It stormed on the snow, it turned the woods ashore into crystals of fire. The night was tropical and voluptuous. In that drugged magic there was no difference between heavy heat and insinuating cold. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

月光如炬

这时,月光宛如高山瀑布一般,倾泻在这一望无际的令人耀眼的湖面上,——倾泻在一堆堆坚硬的冰层上,倾泻在一条条泛着绿光的冰丘上,倾泻在有如海滩上波涛连涌的雪堆上。月光如炬,映照着皑皑白雪的大地,甚至把湖畔的树木都变成了火红色的水晶一样。这简直是一个富于热带情调、令人心荡神移的夜晚。在那个令人沉醉的奇境里,严寒和酷暑之间似乎并无多大差别。(潘庆舲 译)

The Moon in the Evening

The moon had already come forward with her long face toward the east and a fleece of clouds behind. It gave me something to gauge the steepness of the mountains by, and I believe they approached the ten-thousand-foot mark. The evening air turned very green and yet the beams of the moon kept their whiteness intact. The thatch became more than ever like feathers, dark, heavy, and plumy....

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

傍晚的月光

月亮已经升起,露出一张长脸对着东边,月背后浮着一抹淡云。借着月光,我可以目测这些山的高度,我相信它们几乎有一万公尺的光景。傍晚的空气变得绿沙沙的,但皎洁的月光没有任何变化。茅舍比任何时候更像用羽毛盖成,丰满厚实而又黑黝黝的……(蓝仁哲 陈蜀之 译)

The Blood-Red Moon

...As I looked up at them, the moon appeared momentarily in that part of the sky which filled their fissure. Her disk was blood-red and half overcast; she seemed to throw on me one bewildered, dreary glance, and buried herself again instantly in the deep drift of cloud. ...

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

血红的月亮

我抬头望着它们时，月亮暂时冒了出来，正好挂在大树裂缝后面那方天空上。圆圆的月轮呈血红色，被乌云半掩着。她似乎朝我投来迷惑、困乏的一瞥，随后就马上又回到了厚厚的云层里。（凌雯 译）

The Bright Moon Climbing above the Horizon beyond the Meadows

The moon, dark red and perfectly round, was just climbing above the horizon, beyond the meadows. It rose swiftly behind the poplars, whose branches partially hid it like a torn black curtain, then it appeared in all its elegant whiteness, lighting up the cloudless sky; finally, moving more slowly, it cast on the surface of the river a large patch of light which glittered like an infinity of stars; the silvery gleam seemed to writhe all the way to the bottom of the water like a headless serpent covered with luminous scales. It also resembled a monstrous candlestick with molten diamonds streaming down its sides. The soft night enveloped them; the spaces between the leaves of the trees were filled in with dark shadows.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

从草原上升起的明月

圆圆的紫色的月亮从草原那边的地平线上升起。它很快地升上白杨枝头，枝叶像带孔的黑窗帘，疏疏落落地将它遮住。不久它在明净无云的天空出现，晶莹皎洁，把天空照得透亮；这时它放慢了步子，在水面投下一抹白光，形成无数的星点；这片银光像一条无头巨蟒，鳞甲闪耀，来回扭动，钻向河底，它又像一只庞大无比的蜡烛台，上面流着千万滴熔化了的钻石。他们周围是恬静的夜。枝叶丛中有幢幢的暗影。（张道真 译）

A White Moon Night

There was a slight hoar-frost that night, and the moon, though not more than half full, threw a spirited and enticing brightness upon the fantastic figures of the mumming band, whose lumes and ribbons rustled in their walk like autumn leaves. Their path was not over Rain barrow now, but down a valley which left that ancient elevation a little to the east. The bottom of the vale was green to a width of ten yards or thereabouts, and the shining facets of frost upon the blades of grass seemed to move on with the shadows of those they surrounded. The masses of furze and heath to the right and left were dark as ever; a mere half moon was powerless to silver such sable features as theirs.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

结满白霜的月夜

那天晚上,微微结了点儿白霜。那天的月亮,虽然不过半圆,却在那一队光怪陆离的演员们身上,射上了一片生动活泼、令人神往的光辉;那一队演员们走起来的时候,他们的帽缨子和丝带子,还都萧瑟作响,仿佛秋天的树叶子。他们这回所走的路,并不是越过雨冢的那一条,而是通过那个古老的高冢稍往西一点的那个山谷的那一条。山谷的最低处是一溜青绿的地带,有十码左右那么宽,那儿的草叶上闪闪发光的霜棱都仿佛跟着那一群人的影子向前移动。他们身左身右那一片常青棘和石南,还是和从前一样地昏暗郁苍;因为仅仅半轮的月亮,没有力量能把那样一片的昏沉冥昧照得发亮。 (傅雷寰等 译)

The Beautiful Moonlight

... In passing Field-head on her return, its moonlight beauty attracted her glance and stayed her step an instant. Tree and hall rose peaceful under the night sky and clear, full orb: pearly paleness gilded the building, mellow brown gloom bosomed it round, shadows of deep green brooded above its oak-wreathed roof. The broad pavement in front shone pale also; it gleamed as if some spell had transformed the dark granite to glistening Parian. On the silvery space slept two sable shadows, thrown, sharply defined, from two human figures....

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

美丽月色

……在她回家路过菲尔赫德的时候,美好的月色招引了她的眼目,使她停

下步来。大树和邸宅静穆地屹立在夜空和明澈的满月下面，珍珠似的苍白色镶着那座大厦，四周尽是柔美、暗棕色的百花，深绿色的阴影罩在它那戴着橡树花冠似的屋顶上。屋前那条宽阔的铺道也是苍白色的，它闪闪发光，仿佛有什么魔力把那黝黑的花岗石变成了光闪夺目的大理石。在那片泻着水银的地上，映着两个黑影，轮廓鲜明，分明是两个人。（曹庸 译）

3. Stars 星星

Star Gathering

...The black arch was thickly sown with stars—there were green, red, yellow, blue stars; there were large ones and small ones, winking and steady ones. There were those that were clustered in dense groups and those that were alone. (Isaac Bashevis Singer, *The Spinoza of Market Street*)

繁星荟萃

黑沉沉的天空布满了繁星——有绿色的、红色的、黄色的，还有蓝色的大星星、小星星、眨眼的星星和不眨眼的星星。有些星星簇拥在一起，成为密密麻麻的一大群；而有些星星却只是一个小亮点，孤零零地挂在天空。

（王晓明 译）

Stars in the Bright Sky

...The bright sky was brilliant with stars. Simply raising one's eyes heavenward calmed the spirit. Yasha knew little about astronomy but he had read several lay books on the subject. He had even seen Saturn's rings and the mountains of the moon through a telescope. Wherever the truth was to be found, one thing was sure—the sky was vast, limitless. It took thousands of years for the light to travel from the stars before it reached our eyes. Fixed stars, winking and blinking in the heavens, were suns, each with its own planets which were probably worlds themselves. That pale stain up there was perhaps the Milky Way, a skein of multi-millions of heavenly bodies.

(Issac Bashevis Singer, *The Magician of Lublin*)

明亮天空中闪烁的星星

明亮的天空里闪烁着星星。只要抬起眼睛向天上看，心情就会平静下来。雅夏对天文学懂得很少，但是他看过几本有关这门学问的通俗读物。他甚至用望远镜看到过土星环和月亮上的群山。不管真理将在哪里找到，有一点是

肯定的——天空是广阔的、无穷尽的。星星的光传到我们的眼睛里需要经过几千年的时光。固定的星光在天空中闪烁，那是些恒星，每一颗都有它自己的行星，每一颗行星可能就是一个世界。那里有一道苍白的痕迹，也许就是银河吧；它是由几百万个天体汇合在一起的。 （鹿金 吴劳 译）

Talking about Stars

...We had the sky, up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made, or only just happened—Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could a laid them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done. We used to watch the stars that fell, too, and see them streak down. Jim allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

吉木说星

我们头上顶着青天，天上布满了星星，我们常常仰卧在木筏上，看着上面的星星，并且讨论着它们是造出来的呢，还是偶然冒出来的——吉木非说它们是造出来的，可是我认为它们是偶然冒出来的；我想如果要造那么许多星星，那得费多大的工夫？吉木说月亮可以把它们下出来；对了，这个说法似乎很有道理，所以我就不再驳他了，因为我看见过一个青蛙一次下的子，也差不多有这么许多，当然月亮也能下出那么多星星来。我们还常常看那些掉下来的星星，看着它们闪出一道亮光落下去。吉木认为它们都是变坏了，所以才从窝里被扔了出来。 （张万里 译）

The Gorgeous Constellation

The Dog-star and Aldebaran, pointing to the restless Pleiades, were half-way up the Southern sky, and between them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it soared forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine were almost on the meridian; the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's

chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

光辉灿烂的星座

天狼星和毕宿五正挂在南边的半空中，指着不安宁的昂星团，猎户星座位于它们之间。这个光辉灿烂的星座现正高高升起在地平线上方，比任何时候都更加耀眼。北河二和北河三发出柔和的光芒，几乎就在子午线上；荒芜而阴郁的飞马座方矩正向西北方转移；织女一远远发出闪光穿过林地，看来就像一盏挂在干树枝中间的明灯；椅状的仙后座则端居于最高枝顶端。

(傅雄寰等 译)

Meteors in the Sky

But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors, which the night-watcher may so often observe, burning out to waste, in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance, that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud between the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street, with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light....

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

夜空流星

但不等丁梅斯代尔先生把话讲完，乌云遮蔽的夜空上便远远地闪过一道宽阔的亮光。那无疑是一颗流星发出来的，守夜人可能经常看到这种星在空旷的苍穹中燃成灰烬。它散发出的光辉十分强烈，把天地间浓厚的云层照得通明。那广漠的天穹变得雪亮，犹如一盏巨灯的圆顶。它就像白昼一般清晰地勾勒出街上熟悉的景色，但也平添了那种由不寻常的光线照到熟悉的物体上总要产生的可怕印象。……

(胡允桓 译)

Gazing at the Stars at the Frosty Night

...He had not slept the previous night, but could not think of sleep either. It was cool in his room but he felt oppressively hot. He opened both the little panes in the window and sat down on a table in front of them. Beyond a snow-covered roof he could see a cross adorned with chains and above it the rising triangle of the Charioteer, and bright yellow

Capella. He gazed at the cross, then at the stars, drank in the keen frosty air that steadily filled the room, and followed as in a dream the images and memories that rose in his imagination....

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

寒夜观星

……他昨夜一夜没有睡,但也想不到睡眠这些了。房间里很冷,但是他却感到闷热不堪。他开开气窗,在正对窗口的桌旁坐下。在盖满了雪的屋顶上可以看见那装饰着链子的十字架,而在上空是高高升起的三角形的御夫星座和鲜黄明亮的双鱼座。他先是呆呆地盯着十字架,继而又转向星星,伴着星星,吸进那均匀地流入房间的新鲜的严寒的空气,好像在梦里一般地追忆着涌现在他的想象里的形象和记忆。……

(周扬 译)

4. Morning 晨

Bright and Fresh Morning

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

清新的早晨

星期六的早晨来到了,夏天的世界处处鲜亮清新,蓬蓬勃勃充满了生机。每颗心灵都唱着一只歌,遇上年轻的心灵,那歌便从嘴齿之间飞出来。每张脸上都像要发出一声欢呼;每个脚步都富有活力。刺槐树开了花,空气中充满了花香。卡迪夫山俯瞰全镇,此时草木葱茏,一身奇翠。它的远近刚好使它看上去像一片乐土,洋溢着梦幻色彩,安详诱人。

(成时 译)

The Daybreak

One morning, however, he found himself in the ranks of his prepared regiment. The men were whispering speculations and recounting the old

rumors. In the gloom before the break of the day their uniforms glowed a deep purple hue. From across the river the red eyes were still peering. In the eastern sky there was a yellow patch like a rug laid for the feet of the coming sun; and against it black and pattern like, loomed the gigantic figure of the colonel on a gigantic horse.

(Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*)

战地拂晓

然而，一天早上，他突然发现自己站在了整装待发的团队行列之中。大伙小声嘀咕着种种猜测，重复着谣言。在拂晓之前的昏暗中，大伙儿的军服发出深紫色的微光。河那边的红眼睛仍在鬼头鬼脑地窥探。东方天际有一块金黄的朝霞，就像一条毯子半铺在即将生起的旭日之下。反衬着这朝霞，骑着高头大马的上校，现出他黝黑朦胧的身影，酷似一具模型。 （黄雪人 译）

The Early Morning in the Prairie

It was early and fresh, the air whistling, frost bright on the golden rod. as the sun warmed the world of stubble into a welter of yellow they turned from the highroad, through the bars of a farmer's gate, into a field, slowly bumping over the uneven earth. In a hollow of the rolling prairie they lost sight even of the country road. It was warm and placid. Locusts trilled among the dry wheat-stalks, and brilliant little flies hurtled across the buggy. A buzz of content filled the air. Crows loitered and gossiped in the sky. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

草原晨曲

……这时天色还早，空气清新，耳畔隐隐约约能听到轻微的风啸声，白花花的晨霜正在一簇簇秋麒麟草丛里闪闪发亮。当朝霞给大地上的残茎枯株覆盖上一块金黄色地毯的时候，他们已从大路上拐弯，通过一家农户的栅栏门，走到了田埂上，马车就在坑坑洼洼的地面上，缓缓地颠簸行驶。到了绵延起伏的草原的下坡处，他们连乡间的羊肠小道也都看不见了。这时天气很暖和，四下里又静悄悄的。小虫儿正在干枯的麦梗丛里发出颤音，亮闪闪的小蝇子不时在马车上空掠过，一阵阵似乎心满意足的嗡嗡声，也就随风飘去了。还有几只乌鸦，正在空中盘旋飞翔，不时发出哇哇的叫声，好像在相互酬答似的。

（潘庆龄 译）

A Morning with a Dense Fog

Next morning, accordingly, she rose at five o'clock and went into the

street. It was not yet light; a dense fog prevailed, and the town was as silent as it was dark, except that from the rectangular avenues which framed in the borough there came a chorus of tiny rappings, caused by the fall of water-drops condensed on the boughs; now it was wafted from the West Walk, now from the South Walk; and then from both quarters simultaneously. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

浓雾弥漫的早晨

因此,在第二天早晨,她五点钟就起来了,然后走到大街上。这时候天还没亮,浓雾正弥漫开来,这个城市是又黑暗又静寂,只有在穿插于市区里的那几条直角形的林荫路上有一些微弱的声音发出。这些声音是凝聚在树枝上的露水滴滴答答下落时发出的。它们有时从西区吹送过来,有时又从南区吹送过来;然后又从两方面同时吹送过来。 (王晓明 译)

Bright and Fair Morning

Wednesday morning dawned as bright and fair as if expressly made to order for the picnic. Birds sang around Green Gables; the Madonna lilies in the garden sent out whiffs of perfume that entered in on viewless winds at every door and window, and wandered through halls and rooms like spirits of benediction. The birches in the hollow waved joyful hands as if watching for Anne's usual morning greeting from the east gable.

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

晴朗的早晨

星期三的早上,晨曦初露时,天气晴朗,好像是专门为野餐安排的。小鸟围绕着绿山墙农舍啾啾鸣唱;花园里的白百合花散发出来的阵阵清香随着无形的风飘进了每一道门、每一扇窗,像祝福的神灵一样在厅堂和房间里徘徊。山谷里的白桦树挥动着欢乐的手,好像在等待着安妮和往常一样从东山墙屋子里向它们道早安。 (马爱农 译)

The Moon Sets and Cocks Crow

The roosters were crowing and the dawn was not far off. Smoke of the first fires seeped out through the walls of the brush houses, and the first smell of cooking corncakes was in the air. Already the dawn birds were scampering in the bushes. The weak moon was losing its light and the clouds thickened and curdled to the southward. The wind blew freshly into

the estuary, a nervous, restless wind with the smell of storm on its breath, and there was change and uneasiness in the air.

(John Steinbeck, *The Pearl*)

月落鸡鸣

雄鸡报晓,黎明即将来到。早晨第一批炊烟正从茅屋顶上袅袅升起,到处都可以闻到烙卡米面薄饼的香味。黎明即起的小鸟已在矮树林中跳来跳去。暗淡的月光渐渐失去了光辉。朵朵白云,重叠集结,飞向南方。一股大风把清新的空气吹进河口。这是暴风雨的前奏,给人们带来了紧张烦燥,焦虑惶惑,它预示着风云变幻,动荡不安。 (范仲英 译)

A Cheerless Morning

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street; blowing and raining hard; and the clouds looking dull and stormy. The night had been very wet: large pools of water had collected in the road: and the kennels were overflowing. There was faint glimmering of the coming day in the sky; but it rather aggravated than relieved the gloom of the scene: the sombre light only serving to pale that which the street lamps afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tints upon the wet housetops, and dreary streets. There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of the town; the windows of the houses were all closely shut; and the streets through which they passed, were noiseless and empty.

(Charles Dickens, *The Adventures of Oliver Twist*)

令人沮丧的清晨

这是一个令人沮丧的清晨:风急雨骤,黑云压城。夜里下了不少雨,路上出现一个个很大的积水潭,阴沟都告泛滥。即将来临的白天在空中隐约透出的微明,非但不能缓和、反而加剧阴郁的气氛;昏暗的曙色足以把路灯提供的亮光也衬得朦朦胧胧,而没有给潮湿的屋顶和凄凉的街道抹上任何较为温暖或明朗的色彩。在伦敦的这一地区似乎还没有人起床,因为房屋的窗户都紧闭着,他们经过的街巷无不是静悄悄、空荡荡的。 (荣如德 译)

A Perfect Morning

It was a perfect morning. From the ash tree the slender green fruits that the children call "pigeons" were twinkling gaily down on a little breeze, into the front gardens of the houses. The valley was full of a

lustrous dark haze, through which the ripe corn shimmered, and in which the steam from Minton pit melted swiftly. Puffs of wind came. Paul looked over the high woods of Aldersley, where the country gleamed, and home had never pulled at him so powerfully.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

迷人的早晨

这是一个迷人的早晨。岑树上结满了被孩子称作"鸽子"的细长的果实，在微风中快活地闪着光，垂入家家户户前院的墙头。山谷里弥漫着富有光泽的黛色薄雾，成熟的玉米透过雾霭闪闪发亮，从明顿矿升起的蒸汽很快就与晨雾融合在一起。起风了，保罗放眼远眺阿尔德斯莱的山林树木和在阳光下熠熠生辉的农舍田野，心中陡然升起对家庭的眷恋之情。

(李健 何善强 李晓和 译)

5. Evening 暮

A Summer Evening

At this time of summer evening, the cows are trooping down from the hills, lowing and with their bells tinkling, to the old town, with its old moats, and gates, and spires, and chestnut trees, with long blue shadows stretching over the grass; the sky and the river below flame in crimson and gold; and the moon is already out, looking pale towards the sunset. The sun sinks behind the great castle-crested mountains, the night falls suddenly, the river grows darker and darker, lights quiver in it from the windows in the old ramparts, and twinkle peacefully in the villages under the hills on the opposite shore.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

夏日黄昏

正直夏日的黄昏，成群的母牛从小山上下来，哞哞地叫着，脖子上的小铃铛儿叮叮当当地响着回到这古城里来。这座古城有古色古香的城河、城门、尖塔和栗树，日落时分，长长的深蓝色的影子映在草地上。无论天上还是河里，到处闪烁着亮亮的金红色。月亮已经升起，淡淡的灰白色恰好和落日相对。太阳从山顶上的古堡后面落了下去。黑夜突然降临，河水的颜色也变得越来越深。从年深日久的堡垒窗口发出的灯光射在河面上闪闪抖动。对岸山脚下的村庄里也静静地闪烁着灯光。

(王晓明 译)

An Evening View after Rain

I was walking alone in the garden on evening about a fortnight afterwards. . . There had been rain all day, and there was a damp feeling in the air. The leaves were thick upon the trees, and heavy with wet; but the rain had ceased, though the sky was still dark, and the hopeful birds were singing cheerfully. As I walked to and fro in the garden, and the twilight began to close around me, their little voices were hushed, and that peculiar silence which belongs to such an evening in the country when the lightest trees are quite still, save for the occasional droppings from their boughs, prevailed. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

雨后的傍晚

一个晚间，大约在两个星期后，我独自在花园中散步。我清楚地记得那一晚间的情形。已经下过一整天的雨，空气中还有一种湿意。树上的叶子是茂密的，含湿下垂；但是雨已经停止，虽然天空还是暗的；满怀希望的鸟儿正在愉快地唱歌。当我在花园中走来走去、黄昏开始在我周围合拢时，鸟儿们的小声音静下去了；那种专属于乡村晚间的寂静（除了树枝上偶然滴水以外，连最轻飘的树也完全不动）弥漫开来。 （董秋斯 译）

Deepening Dusk

A large drop of sun lingered on the horizon and then dripped over and was gone, and a torn cloud, like a bloody rag, hung over the spot of its going. And dusk crept over the sky from the eastern horizon, and darkness crept over the land from the east. The evening star flashed and glittered in the dusk. the grey cat sneaked away toward the open barn shed and passed inside like a shadow. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

暮色渐浓

一大块红色的太阳在地平线上停留了一些时候才落下去，太阳落下的地方，天空灿烂夺目，浮着一片红色的破絮似的彩云。暮色从东方地平线爬上了天空，黑暗从东边笼罩了大地。金星在黄昏中闪烁着。灰猫悄悄地向仓棚溜过去，像一只黑影一般钻到里面去了。 （胡仲持 译）

A Cooling Evening

In the evenings, Kunta would sit down sideways just inside the doorway of his hut, heels flat against the packed dirt floor to minimize the

iron cuffs' contact with his festering ankles. If there was any light breeze, he enjoyed feeling it blowing against him, and thinking about the fresh carpet of gold and crimson leaves he would find under the trees the next morning. At such times, his mind would wander back to harvest-season evenings in Juffure, with the mosquitoes and other insects tormenting the people as they sat around the smoky night fires and settled into long conversations that would be punctuated now and then by the distant snarling of leopards and the screaming of hyenas. (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

凉爽的傍晚

在晚上,昆塔侧身坐在自己小屋的门口里边,脚跟平平地靠在分实的泥地上,使铁镣尽量少同发炎的脚踝接触。如果清风徐来,他既喜欢让自己迎风吹拂,又喜欢想象第二天早上会在树下看到一层新铺上的金黄色和深红色的落叶的情景。在这样的时候,他的思想就会转回到朱富村收获季节的晚上去:大家坐在篝火周围,聊着闲天,蚊子和其他小虫不断地打扰,他们的长谈还不时被远处传来的豹子咆哮声和鬣狗嗥叫声所打断。 (董亦波 译)

An Evening in the Purple Winter

Anne came dancing home in the purple winter twilight across the snowy places. Afar in the southwest was the great shimmering, pearl-like sparkle of an evening star in a sky that was pale golden and ethereal rose over gleaming white spaces and dark glens of spruce. The tinkles of sleigh bells among the snowy hills came like elfin chimes through the frosty air, but their music was not sweeter than the song in Anne's heart and on her lips. (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

冬日紫红的暮色

当冬日紫红的暮色笼罩着遍地积雪的景物时,安妮轻快地跑回家来。在闪着白色微光的大片旷野和云杉茂密的漆黑的峡谷上面,淡黄色的天空显得优雅飘逸。西南角上的远处有一颗珍珠般晶莹夺目的晚星在放射光芒。凛冽的寒风带来了白雪皑皑的山丘间清脆的雪橇铃声,仿佛是精灵们敲出的和谐的钟声,但是安妮心头和唇边的歌比他们的音乐还要动听。 (马爱农 译)

Sunset Glow

It was now the sweetest hour of the twenty-four: —"Day its fervid fires had wasted," and dew fell cool on panting plain and scorched

summit. Where the sun had gone down in simple state—pure of the pomp of clouds—spread a solemn purple, burning with the light of red jewel and furnace flame at one point, on one hill-peak, and extending high and wide, soft and still softer, over half heaven. The east had its own charm of fine deep blue, and its own modest gem, a rising and solitary star: soon it would boast the moon; but she was yet beneath the horizon.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

夕阳晚照

此刻是一天二十四小时中最可爱的时刻——"白昼已耗尽了它炽热的烈火",露水清凉地洒落在正喘息的平原和被烤焦的山顶上。在夕阳朴素地沉落的地方,不见华丽的彩云,却铺展着一片庄重的紫红。在一座小山的山峰上,仿佛有一小块地方在燃烧,闪现出红宝石和熔炉烈焰似的光辉。那片紫红伸展着,愈来愈高,愈来愈远,愈来愈柔和,终于铺满了半个天空。东方有它自己湛蓝得令人悦目的魅力,有它自己质朴的宝石——一颗正在独自升起的星。很快它就将拥有一轮可以自豪的明月,不过这明月此刻却还在地平线下面。

(凌雯 译)

Evening on the Green Cricket-Ground

She went over the sheep-bridge and across a corner of the meadow to the cricket-ground. The meadows seemed one space of ripe, evening light, whispering with the distant mill-race. She sat on a seat under the alders in the cricket-ground, and fronted the evening. Before her, level and solid, spread the big green cricket-field, like the bed of a sea of light. Children played in the bluish shadow of the pavilion. Many rooks, high up, came cawing home across the softly-woven sky. They stooped in a long curve down into the golden glow, concentrating, cawing, wheeling, like black flakes on a slow vortex, over a tree clump that made a dark boss among the pasture.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

绿茵场上的暮色

她跨过牧羊桥,拐过草地的一角,来到板球场上。夕阳的余辉洒满草地,把它照得一片通红,远处传来水车流水的窃窃私语。她坐在板球场上的栏木下,面对暮色,眼前是球场上平坦坚实的绿茵,仿佛是一片霞光大海。孩子们在亭子前面那蓝色的阴影处玩耍。许多白嘴鸦,在云霞锦绣的苍穹里翱翔,在呱呱叫着飞回窝去。它们作弧线状俯冲进金色的余辉,围着一块乌黑的树桩

盘旋，如同缓慢的旋风卷起的黑色薄片。 （李健等译）

The City Evening

Twilight made a lavender puzzle out of New York as they came out of the bar onto the street. The stone heat of the day had gentled down to a meadowed balminess and they walked against a soft breeze, hand in hand. The air was like a drift of pollen. A three-quarter moon, pale as china in the fading sky, sailed over the towered office buildings.

(Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

城市的黄昏

他们走出酒吧间到了街上，已是黄昏时分，纽约的一切都朦胧地罩着一层淡紫色。白天里石头的热气已转为草地的凉爽，他们手拉着手，迎着一阵阵和风行走。空气甜蜜得像布满了花粉。在逐渐变暗的天空中，有颗像磁器一样惨淡的四分之三月亮，在高耸入云的办公楼上空慢慢驶过。 （施咸荣 译）

6. Night 夜

A Half-Darkness

The flame of the sunset lifted from the mountain-tops and dusk came into the valley, and a half-darkness came in among the willows and the sycamores. A big carp rose to the surface of the pool, gulped air, and then sank mysteriously into the dark water again, leaving widening rings on the water. Overhead the leaves whisked again and little puffs of willow cotton blew down and landed on the pool's surface.

(John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*)

朦胧的夜色

落日的斜辉从山峦散逝了，朦胧的夜色笼罩着山谷，槭树林和柳林上面都铺上了一层灰黯。一尾大鲤鱼浮到潭面来，又诡秘地沉到漆黑的水里去，在潭面留下了好些愈涌愈大的水圈。高处的树叶又拂荡起来，一阵阵的柳絮飘落到潭面上。 （秦似 译）

Night View of a Town

He went to the south window, threw it up, and leaning out stared down on the network of windows, beaded gas-lamps and shops, with its black interstickes of roofs that made up the town at night. "Looks like a crowd down the hill," he said, "by the Cricketers," and remained

watching. Thence his eyes wandered over the town to far away where the ships' lights shone, and the pier glowed, a little illuminated faceted pavilion like a gem of yellow light. The moon in its first quarter hung over the western hill, and the stars were clear and almost tropically bright.

(H. G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*)

城镇夜景

他走到南边的窗户前，把下半截窗户推了去，探出头去俯视城镇夜间那些鳞次栉比的窗户、成串成串的煤气灯和屋顶庭院的阴影参差不齐的店铺。"山脚下好像聚着一群人，"他说，"就在'板球手'旅店附近。"他继续观看着。后来他的视线越过城镇，转到船灯闪烁、码头通明的远处——稍有亮光的一座装饰着浮雕的展览馆像一粒放射着黄色光芒的宝石。西山上面挂着新月，星星清晰而明亮，几乎像在热带似的。

(孙宗鲁 译)

The Tranquil Heavens

Up in the heavens it was like a blue forest—so tranquil! Such a tapestry! The moon itself was yellow, an African moon in its peaceful blue forest, not only beautiful but hungering or craving to become even more beautiful. New ideas as to its beauty were coming back continually from the white heads of the mountain. Again I thought I could hear lions, but as though they were muffled in a cellar. However, everyone seemed asleep.

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

宁静的夜空

明净的夜空，像一片碧蓝的森林，万籁俱寂，一幅宽阔无垠的挂毯！一轮淡黄的非洲明月高悬，衬映着静谧的碧空，这景色不仅美妙宜人，简直令人销魂心醉。环视周围银白的山峦，更给人以无穷的美的享受。我仿佛又听见狮吼的声音，但声音沉闷，像发自隐秘的地窖。不过，人们个个都睡着了。

(蓝仁哲 陈蜀之 译)

The Stillness Night

The sun was now below the horizon and the red glow at the rim of the world faded into pink. The sky above turned slowly from azure to the delicate blue-green of a robin's egg, and the unearthly stillness of rural twilight came stealthily down about her. Shadowy dimness crept over the countryside. The red furrows and the gashed red road lost their magical

blood color and became plain brown earth. Across the road, in the pasture, the horses, mules and cows stood quietly with heads over the split-rail fence, waiting to be driven to the stables and supper. They did not like the dark shade of the thickets hedging the pasture creek, and they twitched their ears at Scarlet as if appreciative of human companionship.

In the strange half-light, the tall pines of the river swamp, so warmly green in the sunshine, were black against the pastel sky, an impenetrable row of black giants hiding the slow yellow water at their feet. On the hill across the river, the tall white chimneys of the Wilkes' home faded gradually into the darkness of the thick oaks surrounding them, and only far-off pin points of supper lamps showed that a house was here. The warm damp balminess of spring encompassed her sweetly with the moist smells of new-plowed earth and all the fresh green things pushing up to the air.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

幽静的夜色

此时的太阳已经沉入地平线以下了,那一团鲜红已被淡红所替代,头顶的天空也已经从青苍色逐渐变成了鸭蛋一般的湖绿色,而且一种幽静的夜色也正慢慢地从四周向她围拢过来。朦胧的阴影伸过了村庄,那些鲜红的田埂和那条闪着红光的大路也都失去了阳光所特有的血色,而变成了一般的土褐色了。在大路那一边的牧场上,有一些马儿、牛和骡子,都已静静地把它们的头伸过那道篱笆,等待着有人来将它们赶回去吃晚饭。它们似乎并不喜欢那种黑暗的阴影,而更看重人类伴侣似的,所以它们看见思嘉就把耳朵抖了抖。

在奇异的夜色中,白天原来是葱翠的高松都已变成了一丛丛的黑影,映衬在湖绿的天空上,仿佛是一行行黑色的巨人,将脚下那条懒洋洋的黄泥河水也给淹没了。在河对面的山顶上,白天可以看见的卫家那些白色高烟囱,现在也都已经隐没在四周的橡树林里去了,因为有几点灯火隐约可见,知道那里有人居住。那春天新耕起的泥土散发出的阵阵潮湿的土香正从四面八方向她袭来,而满眼的嫩绿也在蓬蓬勃勃地向空中升腾。 (简宗 译)

A Cold and Dark Night

It was a cold, dark night. The stars seemed, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind; and the sombre shadows thrown by the trees upon the ground, looked sepulchral and deathlike, from being so still. He softly reclosed the door. Having availed himself of the expiring light of the candle to tie up in

a handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, sat himself down upon a bench, to wait for morning.

(Charles Dickens, *The Adventures of Oliver Twist*)

又冷又暗的夜晚

这是一个又冷又暗的夜晚。在奥立弗眼里，星星距离地面似乎从来没有像今夜这样遥远。外面没有风，树木投在地上的黑影毫无动静，显得鬼气森森。他轻手轻脚地重新关上店门，借助于行将熄灭的烛光把他所有的寥寥几件衣裳用手帕打成一个小包，然后在一条板凳上坐等天亮。 (宋如德 译)

Winter Evenings of the Mining Area

Annie and Paul and Authur loved the winter evenings, then it was no wet. They stayed indoors till the colliers were all gone home, till it was thick dark, and the street would be deserted. Then they tied their scarves round their necks, for they scorned overcoats, as all the colliers' children did, and went out. The entry was very dark, and at the end the whole great night opened out, in a hollow, with a little tangle of lights below where Minton pit lay, and another far away opposite for Shelby. The farthest tiny lights seemed to stretch out the darkness for ever. The children looked anxiously down the road at the one lamppost, which stood at the end of the field path. If the little, luminous space were deserted, the two boys felt genuine desolation. They stood with their hands in their pockets under the lamp, turning their backs on the night, quite miserable, watching the dark houses. Suddenly a pinafore under a short coat was seen, and a long-legged girl came flying up.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

矿区的冬夜

安妮、保罗和亚瑟喜欢没有雨雪的冬夜。等矿工们都下班回家，街上一片漆黑，悄无人迹的时候，他们往脖上围一条围巾便出了门。和其他矿工的孩子一样，他们不屑于穿大衣。三人踏进夜色，走进黑暗中，来到街头。广漠的夜虚无缥缈，迎面扑来。坡下亮着一小丛灯光的地方是明顿矿，对面的一丛则是塞尔比矿，远处灯光闪烁，似乎把黑暗引向无尽的苍穹。孩子们焦急地朝田间小道尽头耸立着一盏街灯的街头张望。如果那一小块明亮的地方空无一人，两个男孩马上显得垂头丧气，把手插进了口袋。他们来到灯下，可怜巴巴地站着，背朝夜色，望着黑暗中的屋舍发呆。突然，黑暗里闪现出一件短外衣，下

面是一条围裙。一个长腿小姑娘飞也似地跑来。 （李健等 译）

A Clear Spring Evening

It was a clear spring evening with just a touch of chill in the air, and the water of the Old Port of Marseilles was like glass. Across its center, a few minutes ago a mirror for the surrounding bars and cafes, a single homecoming trawler cut a swathe of ripples that wandered across the harbor and died chuckling under the hulls of the fishing boats already moored. The cars were locked solid along the Canebiere, smells of cooking fish emanated from a thousand windows, the old men sipped their anisette, and the heroin-sellers scuttled through the alleys on their lucrative missions. It was an ordinary evening. （Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*）

爽朗的春夜

这是个爽朗的春夜，空气中微微有点凉意，马赛旧港的一湾碧波平滑如镜，水面上映出了港口四周林立的酒吧、咖啡馆的倒影。不一会，一条返航的拖轮孤零零地穿过港湾的中心，划破了镜面，留下一道宽阔的水波，浪花向四面荡漾着，拍打着泊在港湾内渔轮的船壳，响起一阵轻微的咯咯声，随后又平息下去。沿着卡尼贝尔大街，停满了一辆辆汽车。千家万户的窗口传出阵阵烧鱼的香味，年迈的老人坐在家中慢慢地啜饮着杯中的茴香酒。而那些毒品贩子们此刻却正借着夜色的掩护，匆匆跑过街头巷尾，为获取巨额利润而四下奔波着。这是个普普通通的春天的夜晚。 （朱雍 尹晓煌 译）

7. The Sky 天空

The Sky of Prairie

All this working land was turned into exuberance by the light. The sunshine was dizzy on open stubble; shadows from immense cumulus clouds were forever sliding across low mounds; and the sky was wider and loftier and more resolutely blue than the sky of cities ...

（Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*）

原野高空

这里一片片田野，在光线的不断变换下，显得杂色纷呈，分外好看。落在耕地残茬上面的阳光，在闪闪发光，使人睁不开眼来；大片大片的积云投下的一块块阴影，若隐若现地从那些低矮的丘陵地上闪过去。这里的天空，如果跟城市相比，显得更加广阔，更加高远，更加蔚蓝…… （潘庆舲 译）

The Sky with Thunder and Lightning

it had been gradually getting overcast, and now the sky was dark and lowering, save where the glory of the departing sun piled up masses of gold and burning fire, decaying embers of which gleamed here and there through the black veil, and shone readily down upon the earth. The wind began to moan in hollow murmurs, as the sun went down carrying glad day elsewhere and a train of dull clouds coming up against it, menaced thunder and lightning. Large drops of rain soon began to fall, and, as the storm clouds came sailing onward, others supplied the void they left behind and spread over all the sky. Then was heard the low rumbling of distant thunder, then the lightning quivered, and then the darkness of an hour seemed to have gathered in an instant.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

天公发怒

天色渐渐阴沉，天幕也低垂下来，只有落日的余烬堆成黄金和火红的云簇，那将熄的余焰星罗棋布地穿过了黑幕，鲜妍地射到大地上面。太阳一落，晚风飒飒地哀鸣，把欢欣的白昼吹到乌有之乡；一团乌云集结天空，闪电准备发作。大雨点不久就要落下，携有暴风雨的浓云向前飞驶着，它们所遗留的空隙也立即由另外的浓云补上，一下子遮住了整个的天空。远处的雷声低沉地响起，电光闪动，一霎时就变得天昏地暗了。 (许君远 译)

A Bright and Splendid Sky

It was not a bright or splendid summer evening, though fair and soft. The hay makers were at work all along the road; and the sky, though far from cloudless, was such as promised well for the future: its blue—where blue was visible—was mild and settled, and its cloud strata high and thin. The west, too, was warm. No watery gleam chilled it: it seemed as if there was a fire lit, an altar burning behind its screen of marbled vapour, and out of apertures shone a golden redness.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

天高云淡

那是一个夏日的黄昏，却并不明媚灿烂。晒干草的人沿着马路干着活。天空虽然远远谈不上是万里无云，却预示着连日的晴朗：空中看得见蓝天的地

方蓝得柔和而清澈，云层高而稀薄。西边的天空也显得暖融融的，没有潮气的闪光给它抹上寒意——那边宛若燃着一片火，就像有个祭坛在大理石似的雾气屏障后面燃烧，透过那屏障的缝隙闪耀出一道金红的光辉。 （凌雯 译）

A Muffled and Steaming Vault

The Evening was pitch-dark: star and moon were quenched in gray rain-clouds—gray they would have been by day, by night they looked sable. Malone was not a man given to close observation of Nature; her changes passed, for the most part, unnoticed by him: he could walk miles on the most varying April day, and never see the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven; never mark when a sunbeam kissed the hill-tops, making them smile clear in green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud. He did not, therefore, care to contrast the sky as it now appeared—a muffled, steaming vault, all black, save where, towards the east, the furnaces of Stilbro' iron-works threw a tremulous lurid shimmer on the horizon-with the same sky on an unclouded, frosty night. He did not trouble himself to ask where the constellations and the planets were gone, or to regret the 'black-blue' serenity of the air-ocean which those white islets stud, and which another ocean of heavier and denser element now rolled below and concealed....

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

水汽蒙蒙的天穹

这天晚上，黑咕隆咚的。星星和月亮都被灰蒙蒙的雨云盖住了——这些雨云，白天灰蒙蒙的，到得夜晚，就显得黑黝黝了。马龙生就不是个善于仔细观察大自然的人；大自然的千变万化，他大多是不注意的。他在极其变幻莫测的四月天走好几英里路，而从来不看天地在嬉戏的美景；从来不注意到阳光吻着山尖，山尖在青光里眉开眼笑；也从来不注意到阵雨压着山尖，把峰峦掩藏在低挂如篷乱束发的云层里。因此，他决不会注意到这会儿的天空——一个覆盖的、水汽蒙蒙的天穹，除了东面，斯蒂布罗铁厂的熔炉在天边投出一片震颤的青白色闪光，尽是一片漆黑——跟晴朗、寒冷的夜空有什么不同。他并没有劳神问一问星座和行星都到哪儿去了，也没有为浩渺的太空那透着"青紫"的宁静气氛感到惆怅，这会儿，浩渺的太空满布着白色的小岛，而浩渺的大地全是更为浓密的雾霭，滚滚不息，把一切都遮住了。 （曹庸 译）

The Evening Sky over the Grass Land

Almost as clearly as the sun could, the moon's still pale light picked out vast sweeping stretches of distance, the grass shimmering and rippling like a restless sigh, silver and white and grey. Leaves on trees sparkled suddenly like points of fire when the wind turned their glossy tops upward, and great yawning gulfs of shadows spread under timber stands as mysteriously as mouths of the underworld....

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

草原夜空

几乎就像在阳光下那样,一切都看得一清二楚。静穆、清淡的月光照出了广阔无垠、一览无余的远方。微光扑朔的草地发出了一片低低的窸窣声,像是不肯停歇的低回浩叹。草原上闪动着一派银色、白色、灰色。当风向七吹动披着月光的树冠时,那片片树叶倏忽一闪,宛如点点火星;树林在地面投下了夹杂无数光斑的黑黝黝的阴影,神秘莫测,就像地狱中张开了许多嘴。

(曾胡 译)

White Earth and Cold Sky

The village lay under two feet of snow, with drifts at the windy corners. In a sky of iron the points of the Dipper hung like icicles and Orion flashed his cold fires. The moon had set, but the night was so transparent that the white housefronts between the elms looked gray against the snow, clumps of bushes made black stains on it, and the basement windows of the church sent shafts of yellow light far across the endless undulations.

(Edith Wharton, *Ethan Frome*)

雪地寒空

整个的乡镇埋在两英尺深的雪底下,迎风的墙角有更深的雪堆。在铁色的天空,北斗星点像冰柱,南天的猎户星射出寒冷的光芒。月亮已经下去,但是夜色清朗,榆树中间的一所所白色的房子让积雪衬托着变成灰色,灌木丛在那上面造成一些黑的斑点。教堂的地下室的窗户送出一条条黄的灯光,远远地横在无穷的雪浪之上。

(吕叔湘 译)

The April Sky Changing Quickly

The April sky was framed by the tawny sand and the pines. It was as blue as his homespun shirt, dyed with Grandma Hutto's indigo. Small

clouds were stationary, like bolls of cotton. As he watched, the sunlight left the sky a moment and the clouds were gray.

(Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, *The Yearling*)

四月的天，娃娃的脸

四月的天空在黄褐色的沙子和铁青色的松树的衬托下，显得尤为美丽。那蓝蓝的天空，蓝得就像用老祖母修托的兰靛染成的家织衬衣一般。小小的云朵像一个个棉花荚壳似的静静地挂在天上。他抬头仰望苍穹，就在这一瞬间，阳光不见了，云也随即变成了灰色。 (王晓明 译)

8. Symbolism 象征意义

What Stars in Sky Is as People on Earth!

...The myriads of fixed stars continued to travel their destined courses in unbounded space. The comets, planets, satellites, asteroids kept circling these shining centers. Worlds were born and died in cosmic upheavals. In the chaos of nebulae, primeval matter was being formed. Now and again a star tore loose, and swept across the sky, leaving behind it a fiery streak. It was the month of August when there are showers of meteors. Yes, the divine substance was extended and had neither beginning nor end; it was absolute, indivisible, eternal, without duration, infinite in its attributes. Its waves and bubbles danced in the universal cauldron, seething with change, following the unbroken chain of causes and effects, and he, Dr. Fischelson, with his unavoidable fate, was part of this. ... (Isaac Bashevis Singer, *The Spinoza of Market Street*)

人生如流星

.....那无数的恒星在无边无际的太空里、在它们的预定的轨道上继续运行。慧星、行星、卫星、小行星始终绕着那些发光的中心在打转。在宇宙的急剧的动荡中，有些世界诞生了，有些世界消亡了。在那星云的动乱中，原始的物质形成了。不时有一颗星星挣脱出来，横扫过天空，留下火似的一条痕迹。这是八月里，天上经常有骤雨似的流星。对啊，神圣的物质是延伸的，无始也无终。它是绝对不可分割的，永恒的，无期限的，具有无限的属性。它的波浪、它的泡沫在那宇宙的大锅子中舞蹈，起着沸腾的变化，追随着永远一环紧扣一环的因果锁链；而它菲谢尔森博士呢，在它那不可避免的命运支配下，是其中的一个组成部分。..... (方平 译)

The Sky Settling Everything

The sky settles everything—not only climates and seasons but when the earth shall be beautiful. By herself she can do little—only feeble outbursts of flowers. But when the sky chooses, glory can rain into the Chandrapore bazaars or a benediction pass from horizon to horizon. The sky can do this because it is so strong and so enormous. Strength comes from the sun, infused in it daily, size from the prostrate earth. No mountains infringe on the curve. League after league the earth lies flat, heaves a little, is flat again. Only in the south, where a group of fists and fingers are thrust up through the soil, is the endless expanse interrupted. These fists and fingers are the Marabar Hills, containing the extraordinary caves.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

上苍的力量

天生万物,安排万物——不仅气候与季节的变化取决于天,连大地的美丑也要由天作出安排,大地本身是无能为力的,只能到时候零落地开放几朵花儿。但是如果天公有意,昌德拉卜的集市区也会大放光彩,从地平线的这一边到那一边普遍受到祝福。天有能力做到这点,因为它强大浩瀚。强大的力量来自太阳,太阳每日向天空注入力量;广阔浩瀚来自在脚下绵延不尽的大地。没有高大的山脉去破坏大地美丽的曲线。大地平平展展,偶尔有些许起伏,但过去之后又是一望无际的平原了。只有在南边,从平地里冒出几个拳头和手指般的东西。这便是玛拉巴山,里面还藏着许多奇异的石窟。

(石幼珊 等译)

The Sun That Brings New Life

The sun-the bright sun, that brings back, not light alone, but new life, and hope, and freshness to man—burst upon the crowded city in clear and radiant glory. Through costly-coloured glass and paper-mended window, through cathedral dome and rotten crevice, it shed its equal ray. It lighted up the room where the murdered woman lay. It did. He tried to shut it out, but it would stream in. If the sight had been a ghastly one in the dull morning, what was it, now, in all that brilliant light!

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

带来新生的太阳

太阳,那个不仅给人带来光明,还带来新生、希望和活力的灿烂太阳,辉煌

夺目地照耀在这座人烟稠密的都会上空。它的光芒一视同仁地穿透富丽的彩色玻璃和纸糊的窗格，穿透教堂的圆顶和污坏的缝隙。它照亮了横陈着一具被杀女尸的房间。确实照亮了。赛克斯企图把阳光关在窗外，但它还是倾泻进来。如果说，在凌晨的薄明中这已经是一幅惨不忍睹的景象；那么，在耀眼的日光下就更不堪设想了！（荣如德 译）

The Temperaments of the Sea and Sky

It was a clear steel-blue day. The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all-pervading azure; only the pensive air was transparently pure and soft, with a woman's look, and the robust and man-like sea heaved with long, strong, lingering swells, as Samson's chest in his sleep.

Hither, and thither, on high, glided the snow-white wings of small, unspeckled birds; these were the gentle thoughts of the feminine air; but to and fro in the deeps, far down in the bottomless blue, rushed mightily leviathans, sword-fish, and sharks; and these were the strong, troubled, murderous thinkings of the masculine sea. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

海与天的气质

天空晴朗，呈铁青色。在一片蔚蓝中，海空简直交融在一起；只是那显得焦虑的天际明朗得又清又滑，像个女人的脸，而那个粗犷、男人似的海洋，却不住地起伏，有力而迟缓，像是熟睡的参孙的胸脯。

在高空上，这里那里都掠过一些毫无斑点的小鸟的雪白的翅膀；这就是发人遐思的女性气质的天空；可是在海里，在无底的深渊里，却有威力无比的大鲸、剑鱼和鲨鱼在游来游去；这就是使人激起强烈的、苦恼的、杀气腾腾的想法的男性气质的大海。（曹庸 译）

Ⅱ. Geography 地理

1. Hills and Mountains 山脉

The Great Snowy Mountain

North of the Tatu River the Reds climbed 16,000 feet over the Great Snowy Mountain, and in the rarefied air of its crest looked to the west and saw a sea of snow peaks—Tibet. It was already June, and in the low-lands very warm, but as they crossed the Ta Hsueh Shan many of those poorly clad, thin-blooded southerners, unused to the high altitudes, perished from exposure. Harder yet to ascend was the desolate Paotung Kang Mountain, up which they literally built their own road, felling long bamboos and laying them down for a track through a tortuous treacle of waist-deep mud, . . .

They climbed on. The Chung Lai range next, and more lost men and animals. Then they straddled the lovely Dream Pen Mountain, and after it the Big Drum, and these also took their toll of life. . . .

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

白皑皑的雪山

红军在大渡河以北爬上了一万八千英尺高的大雪山，在空气稀薄的山顶向西望去，只见一片白雪皑皑的山顶西藏。这时已是六月了。在平原地带天气很热，可是在过大雪山时，这些衣衫单薄、气血不旺的南方战士不习惯于高原气候，冻死不少。更难的是爬荒凉的炮铜岗，他们可以说是自己铺出一条路出来的，一路砍伐长竹，在齐胸深的泥淖上铺出一条曲折的路来。……

他们继续爬山。下一个是玛峰山脉，又损失了许多人马。接着他们过美丽的梦笔山，打鼓山，又损失了不少人。…… (董乐山 译)

A Wooded Hill

That bridge led Anne's dancing feet up over a wooded hill beyond, where perpetual twilight reigned under the straight, thick-growing firs and spruces; the only flowers there were myriads of delicate "June bells,"

those shyest and sweetest of woodland blooms, and a few pale, aerial star flowers, like the spirits of last year's blossoms. Gossamers glimmered like threads of silver among the trees and the fir boughs and tassels seemed to utter friendly speech. (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

林木葱茏的山丘

那座小木桥把安妮轻灵的双足引向远处林木葱茏的山丘。在那里，冷杉和云杉遒劲挺拔，遮天蔽日，永远是朦朦胧胧的弱光萦回其间；那里仅有的花是千朵万朵雅致的六月铃，这些是林地里最娇羞、最可爱的花，另外还有一些随风摇曳的淡雅的七瓣莲，像去年盛开过的花的精灵。绿树丛中，闪现着像银线一般的蛛丝，冷杉的大树枝和流苏状的茎叶像是在发表友好的讲话。

（马爱农 译）

The Magical Hues and Shapes of Mountains

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

(Washington Irving, *Rip Van Winkle*)

神奇变幻的山峦

凡是在哈得逊河上游航行过的人，必定记得卡兹吉尔丛山，那是阿帕拉钦山脉的一支断脉，在河的西岸，巍巍然高耸云端，威凌四周的乡村。四季的每一转换，气候的每一变化，乃至一天中每一小时，都能使这些山峦的奇幻的色彩和形态变换，远近的好主妇会把它们看作精确的晴雨表。天气持续晴朗的时候，它们披上蓝紫相间的衣衫，把它们雄浑的轮廓印在傍晚清澄的天空上，但有时，虽然四处方里无云，山顶上却聚着一团灰雾，在落日的余辉照耀之下，像一顶灿烂的皇冠似地放射着异彩。

（万紫 雨宁 译）

The Glittering Crystal Mountain

Set on the farther side of the range of hills was the single mountain that gave its name to the rest. It was not even the biggest of them. Forty years earlier a lone missionary, penetrating the hills into the interior, branched to the south after following the gap in the range and after twenty miles glimpsed a hill set aside from the rest. It had rained the previous night, a torrential downpour, one of the many that gave the area its annual rainfall of three hundred inches during five soaking months. As the priest looked, he saw that the mountain seemed to be glittering in the morning sun, and he called it the Crystal Mountain. He noted this in his diary. Two days later he was clubbed and eaten. The diary was found by a patrol of colonial soldiers a year later, being used as a juju by a local village. The soldiers did their duty and wiped out the village, then returned to the coast and handed the diary to the mission society. Thus the name the priest had given to the mountain lived on, even if nothing else he did for an ungrateful world was remembered. Later the same name was given to the entire range of hills. (Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

熠熠生辉水晶山

在这条丘陵带的一头是一座大山，这儿的丘陵以此山得名。这座山甚至还不算那儿最高的山。四十年前，有一个传教士只身一人穿过丘陵进入腹地，然后又循着山隘改朝南走，走了二十英里，只见一座卓立不群的山隐约闪现在眼前。头天夜里这儿下过雨，那是一场骤雨，在五个月的雨季里，这样的骤雨很多，给这个地区带来三百英寸的年降雨量。当传教士看见那座山时，它正在晨光里熠熠生辉，于是他把此山叫做"水晶山"，并把这个名字记在日记里。两天后他被人用棍棒打死后吃掉了。过了一年，这本日记才被一个殖民军的巡逻兵发现，它被一个土人村落当成一本咒符来用了。殖民军士兵奉命执行任务，扫荡了这个村落，然后回到海岸，把这本日记递交给教会。这样，那个传教士给这座山起的名字就传下来了，虽然他为忘恩负义的世界做过的其余的事情都被忘却了，后来，整个丘陵带也就以此山命名。 (朱雍 尹骏煌 译)

The Cold Crest of the Down

There are cold spots up and down Wessex in autumn and winter weather; but the coldest of all when a north or east wind is blowing is the crest of the down by the Brown House, where the road to Alfredston crosses

the old Ridgeway. Here the first winter sleets and snows fall and lie, and here the spring frost lingers last unthawed. Here in the teeth of the north-east wind and rain Jude now pursued his way, wet through, the necessary slowness of his walk from lack of his former strength being insufficient to maintain his heat. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

寒冷的高原山巅

在维塞司郡里,秋天和冬天,有好些很冷的地方;但是北风或者东风一刮起来的时候,在所有的冷地方之中,最冷的莫过于棕房子旁边阿尔夫锐屯大路和古道相交叉的那个山顶。在那儿,冬天头几场的霜和雪,只要落下来,就一冬不化;在那儿,春季的霜冻到了最晚的时候才融解。现在就在那儿,裘德正顶着从东北来的风和雨往前走去,他身上全湿透了,他不像从前那样强壮了,只能慢慢地走,这样一来,他可就不能维持身上的热度了。 (张谷若 译)

2. Plains and Plateaus 平原、高原

The Colourful Country

To the red country and part of the grey country of Oklahoma the last rains came gently, and they did not cut the scarred earth. The ploughs crossed and recrossed the rivulet marks. The last rains lifted the corn quickly and scattered weed colonies and grass along the sides of the roads so that the grey country and the dark red country began to disappear under a green cover. In the last part of May the sky grew pale and the clouds that had hung in high puffs for so long in the spring were dissipated. The sun flared down on the growing corn day after day until a line of brown spread along the edge of each green bayonet. The clouds appeared, and went away, and in a while they did not try and more. The weeds grew darker green to protect themselves and they did not spread any more. The surface of the earth crusted, a thin hard crust, and as the sky became pale, so the earth became pale, pink in the red country and white in the grey country. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

色彩斑斓的原野

俄克拉何马的红色原野和一部分灰色原野上,最近不紧不慢地下了几场雨,雨水并未冲裂结了一层硬壳的土地。耕犁在雨水流过的迹印上来回地划了一列列的犁沟。最近这几场雨很快就催起了玉米,并使大路两边到处长出了野草,于是灰色原野和深红色原野开始呈现一片绿色。五月下旬,天空渐渐变成灰白,入春以来,长久悬在高空的一团团浮云消散了。太阳天天逼射着成

长中的玉米，使每一绿色托叶边缘上出现了棕色线条，并逐渐扩展。天上的云出现后又飘散了，不久就再也不见影踪。野草为了保护自身的生存，变成了深绿色，再也不蔓延了。地面结了壳，一层薄薄的硬壳。天空变成灰白，大地也跟着变成了灰白，红色的原野变成了淡红色，灰色的原野变成了白色。

（胡仲持 译）

The Prairie, Flat in Giant Patches

The grass beside the railroad had been burnt over; it was a smudge prickly with charred stalks of weeds. Beyond the undeviating barbed-wire fences were clumps of golden rod. Only this thin hedge shut them off from the plain-shorn wheat-lands of autumn, a hundred acres to a field, prickly and gray nearby but in the blurred distance like tawny velvet stretched over dipping hillocks. The long rows of wheat-shocks marched like soldiers in worn yellow tabards. The newly plowed fields were black banners fallen on the distant slope...

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

广袤无边的原野

铁路两旁已经烧过荒，只剩下黑糊糊一片的痕迹了，有些地方也还留着烧焦了的残草枯茎。在一排排笔直的、用带刺的铁丝编扎的栅栏那一边，有一丛丛金黄色的秋麒麟草。只有这一道稀稀落落的篱笆，把它们跟广阔的原野隔开。在那茫茫的原野上，可以看到秋后收割过庄稼的麦田，每一块地方都有一百多英亩那么大，近处残枝满地，灰朦朦的一片，但遥望远方，朦朦胧胧好像一块黄褐色的天鹅绒铺展在小山岗的斜坡上。一行行麦束堆排得长长的，远远看去就像是穿着破旧黄色短外套、正在行进着的士兵。刚刚犁过的一块块耕地，犹如覆盖在远处斜坡上的一面面黑色大寿旗。

（潘庆舲 译）

The Peaceful Fields

...For here were no long, straight furrows, such as could be seen in the yellow clay fields of the flat middle Georgia country or in the lush black earth of the coastal plantations. The rolling foothill country of north Georgia was plowed in a million curves to keep the rich earth from washing down into the river bottoms.

...It was a pleasant land of white houses, peaceful plowed fields and sluggish yellow rivers, but a land of contrasts, of brightest sun glare and densest shade. The plantation clearings and miles of cotton fields smiled

up to a warm sun, placid, complacent. At their edges rose the virgin forests, dark and cool even in the hottest noons, mysterious, a little sinister, the soughing pines scheming to wait with an age-old patience, to threaten with soft sighs, "Be careful! Be careful! We had you once. We can take you back again." (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

宁静的田野

原来佐治亚州北部的垦地，与别处有些区别。这里并没有很长很直的犁沟，而像中部平坦的黄土地，也不像海滨冲刷过的黑土地。这里是山麓区域，地势逦迤而下，所以被开成无数的曲线，以免那肥沃的泥土被冲入河中去。

……银色的房屋，宁静的田野，加上那懒洋洋蜿蜒而去的黄泥河水，这里可以称得上是一片安乐的地方。那一片片已经清理的垦地，和绵延数里的棉花园，都好像是对着太阳微笑，显现出一片和平宁静的景象。在这些田地的尽头，都矗立着许多处女森林，即使在中午最最热的时候，这里也是幽暗而阴凉的，看上去颇为神秘，并且似有几分凶恶，好像那些呼啸的青松是在那里忍耐地静候着，在那里感慨地威胁，嚷着："当心！当心！你们原来是属于我们的。我们决心要把你们拿回来！" （简宗 译）

The Particular Glory Waste at Night

Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the facade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the facade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

夜色中壮观的荒原

苍苍的暮色和爱敦的景物，共同联合起来造出一种风光，堂皇而不严峻，感人而无粉饰，有深远的警戒性，有浑厚的淳朴性。我们都知道，牢狱的壁垒上往往有一种气概，能使它显得比它大两倍的宫殿都要威严得多；现在荒原上也就是因为有这种气概，所以才有一种世俗称为美丽的地点上所绝对难以看到的高超卓越。能受莽荡荒凉的爱敦的感动的，是那种比较稀少的本能，是那种比较晚近才发生的情绪，不是那种只认柔媚艳丽为美的性情。

（张谷若 译）

A Piece of Flat Green Land

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above an hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the northwest side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a west and by south sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

通到海边的绿草地

在这山坳前面有一块很平的草地，我决定在这里搭我的帐篷。这块平地宽不过一百码，长不过二百码，在我门口像一块草坪一样。它的尽头崎崎岖岖地斜了下去，一直通到海边的低地上。这地方是在小山的西北偏北的地方，所以小山每天可以把太阳遮住，一直到太阳转到西南方的时候，到了那个时候，太阳也就快落了。 (徐霞村 译)

The Irregularities of the Moor

This climax of the series had been reached tonight on the aforesaid moor, and for the first time in the season its irregularities were forms without features; suggestive of anything, proclaiming nothing, and without more character than that of being the limit of something else—the lowest layer of a firmament of snow. From this chaotic skyful of crowding flakes the mead and moor momentarily more naked thereby. The vast arch of cloud above was strangely low, and formed as it were the roof of a large dark cavern, gradually sinking in upon its floor; for the instinctive thought was that the snow lining the heavens and that encrusting the earth would soon unite into one mass without any intervening stratum of air at all.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

混沌的荒原

这天夜晚，在前面提到的这片荒原上，这一系列变化就达到了这么个顶点。凸凹不平的荒原在这个季节第一次变得混混沌沌，眉目不清了，说它像什么都行，可又说不准到底像什么。它没有别的特点，只不过是其他事物的极限漫天大雪的最低层罢了。这一大雪片缤纷散乱，联翩飞洒，顷刻之间就给草地

和荒原增添了一层银装，从而也就在顷刻之间使之显得更加赤裸光秃了。上面庞然的穹隆云翳弥漫，低得出奇，好像一个大黑洞的顶盖，正渐渐向底面塌下来；因为人们会本能地想到，铺在天空上的雪和盖在地面上的雪马上就会合为一体，中间不给留下丝毫空气层了。（傅越赛 译）

The Wonderful Loess Lands

...Next morning, a few miles beyond that city, the loess terraces rose higher and more imposing, and the country was weirdly transformed.

The wonderful loess lands, which cover much of Kansu, Shensi, Ninghsia, and Shansi provinces, account for the marvelous fertility of these regions (when there is rainfall), for the loess furnishes an inexhaustible porous topsoil tens of feet deep. Geologists think the loess is organic matter blown down in centuries past from Mongolia and from the west by the great winds that rise in Central Asia. Scenically the result is an infinite variety of queer, embattled shapes—hills like great castles, like rows of mammoth, nicely rounded scones, like ranges torn by some giant hand, leaving behind the imprint of angry fingers. Fantastic, incredible, and sometimes frightening shapes, a world configurated by a mad god-and sometimes a world also of strange surrealist beauty.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

令人惊叹的黄土高原

……第二天早上刚出城数英里，那片黄土地面便逐层升高，险峻起来，地势古怪地变了样。

这一令人惊叹的黄土地带，遍及甘肃、陕西、宁夏、山西四省的大部分地区，雨量充分的时候异常肥沃，因为这种黄土提供了无穷无尽的、有几十英尺深的多孔表土层。地质学家认为，这种黄土是有机物质，是许多世纪以来被中亚细亚的大风从蒙古、从西方吹过来的。这在景色上造成了变化无穷的奇特、森严的形象，有的山丘像巨大的城堡，有的像成队的猛犸，有的像滚圆的大馒头，有的像被巨手撕裂的岗峦，上面还留着粗暴的指痕。那些奇形怪状、不可思议有时甚至吓人的形象，好像是个疯神捏就的世界，有时却又是个超现实主义的奇美的世界。（董乐山 译）

3. Lakes 湖泊

Lake at Sunset

...The common sitting-room opened on to a large garden, fragrant

with every picturesque plant and flower of the tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there, rising and falling in the sunbeams—a picture never for an hour the same, yet every hour more beautiful.

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory, and makes the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where white-winged vessels glided hither and thither, like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled in the water. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

日落时分的湖面

……公共起居室面临一座大花园，花园里散发着热带各种奇花异卉的芳香；有几条蜿蜒的小道通往湖滨。银色的湖水一望无垠，在阳光下起伏着——一幅瞬息万变而且愈变愈美的图画。

眼前正是彩霞万丈的日落时分，地平线上一大片天被照耀得金碧辉煌，湖水则变成了另一片天。湖面上到处是一道道绯红和金黄的波纹，唯有点点白帆，幽灵似地飘来飘去，颗颗金星在灿烂的霞辉中频频眨眼，俯视着自己在湖水中不断战栗的影子。（黄继忠 译）

Visionary Lake

When the sisters came to Willey Water, the lake lay all grey and visionary, stretching into the moist, translucent vista of trees and meadow. Fine electric activity in sound came from the dumbles below the road, the birds piping one against the other, and water mysteriously plashing, issuing from the lake.

The two girls drifted swiftly along. In front of them, at the corner of the lake, near the road, was a mossy boat-house under a walnut tree, and a little landing-stage where a boat was moored, wavering like a shadow on the still grey water, below the green, decayed poles. All was shadowy with coming summer. (D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

梦之湖

姐妹俩来到威雷沃特湖边，灰蒙蒙的湖水梦幻般地伸展开来，溶入潮湿的、半透明的绿树草地构成的远景之中。壮丽而惊心动魄的水声从道路下方

的千沟万壑中传来。小鸟在相对啼鸣。水波发出神秘的溅泼声从湖中涌来。

两位姑娘沿着湖畔轻步漫游。她们面前,在湖水靠近路旁的一角,一棵胡桃树下有一幢停放游艇的小屋,水里有一只趸船,上面系泊着一只小船。小船在平静的灰色湖面上摇曳不停,活像那些青绿朽烂的木桩下的一个幽灵。初夏时节,一切都显得朦胧虚幻。 (梁一三 译)

The Lake with White-Caps

...We were nearly smashed up on the shore several times. I kept fairly close to the shore because I was afraid of getting lost on the lake and losing time. Sometimes we were so close we could see a row of trees and the road along the shore with the mountains behind. The rain stopped and the wind drove the clouds so that the moon shone through and looking back I could see the long dark point of Castagnola and the lake with white-caps and beyond, the moon on the high snow mountains. Then the clouds came over the moon again and the mountains and the lake were gone, but it was much lighter than it had been before and we could see the shore. I could see it too clearly and pulled out where they would not see the boat if there were customs guards along the Pallanza road, when the moon came out again we could see white villas on the slops of the mountain and the white road where it showed through the trees....

(Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

白浪翻腾的湖面

……我们好几次差一点在岸边撞破船。我们的船相当挨近岸边走,因为我害怕在湖上迷了方向,反而耽搁时间。有时我们那么挨近岸边,甚至望得见一溜树木,湖滨的公路和后边的高山。雨停了,风赶开云儿,月亮溜了出来;我回头一望,望得见卡斯达诺拉那黑黑的长岬,那白浪翻腾的湖面,湖后边雪峰上的月亮。后来云又把月亮遮住,山峰和湖又消失了,不过现在天已比从前亮得多,我们看得见湖岸。岸上景物看得太清楚了,我连忙又往外荡,因为巴兰隆公路上可能有税警,害怕他们看到。月亮再出来时,我们看得见湖滨山坡上白色的别墅和一排排树木间所透露出来的白色公路。…… (林疑今 译)

4. Rivers 江河

The Salinas River

A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops in close to the hill-side bank and runs deep and green. The water is warm too, for it has slipped twinkling over the yellow sands in the sunlight before reaching the narrow pool. On one side of the river the golden foothill slopes curve up to the strong and rocky Gabilan mountains, but on the valley side the water is lined with trees—willows fresh and green with every spring, carrying in their lower leaf junctures the debris of the winter's flooding; and sycamores with mottled, white, recumbent limbs and branches that arch over the pool. (John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*)

夏连那斯河

梭利戴德往南不几里，夏连那斯河靠着山边的崖岸深深地流淌着，水色发绿。水还是暖的，因为它峻急穿过被太阳光晒得热辣辣的黄沙，才到达这狭窄的水潭。河的一边，金色的山坡弯弯曲曲地伸向那巍峨而峻峭的加比兰群山，可是在洋谷的这一边，水树相接——杨柳每年春天都长得又鲜妍又苍翠，把它们低层的残叶卷进冬潮冲来的浮渣中去；合抱的槭树，长着斑驳的、白色的低斜枝桠，弯拱过这水潭。 (秦似 译)

Kentucky Ice River

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

冰河

那时正值初春时节，河里正在涨水，波涛汹涌；大块大块的浮冰在激流中沉重地飘荡着。由于肯塔基州这边的河岸地势奇特，陆地向河面突出一大块，因此大量浮冰淤积在河湾里，层层叠叠，一时形成一重屏障，挡住了上游漂下

来的冰块;这些冰块又被堵塞起来,形成一座起伏不定、铺满河面的大浮桥,几乎一直展延道坎特基州河岸边。 (黄继忠 译)

The Rising River

He unlocked the door and I cleared out, up the river bank. I noticed some pieces of limbs and such things floating down, and a sprinkling of bark; so I knowed the river had begun to rise. I reckoned I would have great times, now, if I was over at the town. The June rise used to be always luck for me; because as soon as that rise begins, here comes cord-wood floating down, and pieces of log rafts—sometimes a dozen logs together; so all you have to do is to catch them and sell them to the wood yards and the sawmill.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

涨水的河

他用钥匙开开房门,我就一溜烟跑到河岸上去。我注意到有几根大树枝和这类的东西打上游漂下来,另外还有一些树皮。我知道河里已经涨水了。我想如果现在我在镇上的话,我一定会过得很快活。六月里涨水对我一向是很好的运气,因为每逢涨水的日子,总有些大块的木料冲下来,还有零散的木筏——有时候有十几根大木材连在一起;你只要把木头捞上来,卖给木料行和锯木场就行了。 (张万里 译)

A Lucid River

...It ran silently, swift and cold-looking; long thin grass swayed with the current, like disheveled green hair growing in its limpid depths. Here and there an insect with delicate legs was crawling or sitting on a water-lily leaf or the tip of a reed. Sunbeams pierced the little blue bubbles which kept forming and bursting on the ripples; branchless old willows mirrored their gray bark in the water;...

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

清凉的小河

河水无声地急速地流着,显得非常清凉。细长的水草,随着水流的推动,伏倒在一起,宛如一些被扔掉的绿色的发丝散开在清澈的水中。在芦苇尖上或是荷叶上,时而可以看到一只细腿的昆虫停歇着或是在爬动。在水波中蓝色的小气泡一个接一个,不断破灭又不断出现,在阳光中灿灿闪光。古老的柳

树枝叶稀疏，灰色的树干倒映在水中。 （张道真 译）

The River Zangaro

. . . The river Zangaro flows from the northern border fairly close to the coast across most of the republic until it reaches the sea just short of the southern border. On the estuary there are a few jetties and a shanty or two which constitute a small port for the exporting of timber. But there are no wharves, and the timber businesses have virtually ceased since independence. The fact that the Zangaro River flows almost parallel to the coast, slanting in toward it, for sixty miles, in effect cuts the republic in two, there is this strip of coastal plain to the seaward side of the river, ending in mangrove swamps which make the whole coast unapproachable by shipping or small boats, and the hinterland beyond the river. East of the river are the mountains, and beyond them the hinterland. The river could be used for barge traffic, but no one is interested. Manandi has a modern capital on the coast with a deep-water harbor, and the Zangaro River itself ends in a silted-up estuary. （Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*）

赞格罗河

……从离海边相当近的北部边界发源的赞格罗河，流经除了南部边界以外的大部分地区，一直流入大海。在入海口，有几条防波堤和一二间棚屋，构成了一个小港口，供出口木材用。那儿没有码头，而木材生意自从独立以来实际上已经停止了。由于赞格罗河几乎与海岸平行，在六十英里的流程中倾斜着入海，所以事实上它把这个国家划成两半，河岸向海的一面有一块沿海平原，海岸边是一片红树沼泽地，大小船只在整个海岸都无法靠岸；另一面河岸向着内陆。河东是丘陵，丘陵以外就是腹地了。这条河可以供驳船航运用，可是没有人对它感兴趣。它北边的邻国在海边有一个现代化的首都，那儿有一个深水港；赞格罗河就在一个淤泥堵塞的入海口终止了。

（朱雍 尹晓煌 译）

The River Pageant

At nine in the evening the whole vast river-front of the palace was blazing with light. The river itself, as far as the eye could reach city ward, was so thickly covered with watermen's boats and with pleasure-barges, all fringed with colored lanterns, and gently agitated by the waves, that it

resembled a glowing and limitless garden of lowers stirred to soft motion by summer winds. The grand terrace of stone steps leading down to the water, spacious enough to mass the army of a German principality upon, was a picture to see, with its ranks of royal halberdiers in polished armor, and its troops of brilliantly costumed servitors flitting up and down, and to and fro, in the hurry of preparation.

(Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

河上的盛景

晚上九点钟,皇宫前面整个河滨大马路上都是一片灯烛辉煌的景象。河里向城内那一面,凡目力所及的地方,水面上都挤满了船夫们的船和游玩的彩船,船边上都挂着彩色灯笼,被波浪轻柔地摇荡着,看上去就好像是一片无边无际的百花怒放的花园,被夏天的微风吹得微微动荡一般。那一直通到河边的雄伟的石阶,宽大得足以容纳一个日尔曼公国的军队在上面排队;这时候那上面站着一排一排的穿着晃亮的盔甲的皇家战兵,还有一队一队打扮非常漂亮的仆役上下跑动、来回跑动,忙着准备这桩大事。这真是一个热闹场面。

(张友松 译)

Tatu River

Some 400 li to the west of An Jen Ch'ang, where the gorges rise very high and the river flows narrow, deep, and swift, there was an iron-chain suspension bridge called the Liu Ting Chiao—the bridge faced by Liu. It was the last possible crossing of the Tatu east of Tibet. Toward this the barefoot Reds now set out along a trail that wound through the gorges, at times climbing several thousand feet, again dropping low to the level of the swollen stream itself and wallowing through waist-deep mud. If they captured the Liu Ting Chiao the whole army could enter central Szechuan. If they failed they would have to retrace their steps through Low land, re-enter Yunnan, and fight their way westward toward Likiang, on the Tibetan border—a detour of more than a thousand li, which few might hope to survive.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

大渡河

安顺场以西四百里,峡谷高耸,河流又窄、又深、又急的地方,有条有名的铁索桥叫做泸定桥。这是大渡河上西藏以东的最后一个可以过河的地方。现在赤脚的红军战士就沿着峡谷间迂回曲折的小道,一路上有时要爬几千英尺

高，有时又降到泛滥的河面，在齐胸的泥淖中前进。如果他们能够占领泸定桥，全军就可以进入川中，否则就得循原路折回，经过彝族区回到云南，向西杀出一条路来到西藏边境的丽江，迂回一千多里，很少人有生还希望。

（董乐山 译）

5. Streams 溪流

Stream with Rocks

At a particularly bad spot, where a ledge of barely submerged rocks jutted out into the river, Hans cast off the rope, and , while Thornton poled the boat out into the stream, ran down the bank with the end in his hand to snub the boat when it had cleared the ledge. This it did, and was flying down-stream in a current as swift as a mill-race, when Hans checked it with the rope and checked too suddenly. The boat flirted over and snubbed in to the bank bottom up, while Thornton, flung sheer out of it, was carried down-stream toward the worst part of the rapids, a stretch of wild water in which no swimmer could live.

...the progress down-stream amazingly rapid. From below came the fatal roaring where the wild current went wilder and was rent in shreds and spray by the rocks which thrust through like the teeth of an enormous comb. The suck of the water as it took the beginning of the last steep pitch was frightful, ... (Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

布满暗礁的溪流

在一处奇险地方，那儿的河道暗礁矗立，礁石被水淹没顶端，汉斯抓住绳头，解缆放船，顺河沿往下跑，以便在船绕过礁石时再挽桩滞缆刹住船。而这时桑顿用篙撑船顺流而下。船绕过暗礁，就像在水车流水沟的急流里一样奔腾直下，这时汉斯要牵绳刹船，但是拉得太猛。船晃翻了，摔到岸上，船底朝上，而桑顿被摔出船外，冲到急流中最为湍急的地方——一片冲波回旋、涡涌澎湃的水面，在这里，没有一个弄潮儿能够幸存的。

……水流往下游冲的速度却快得令人吃惊。从水流下面传来毁灭性的咆哮声，怒涛变得越发狂暴，冲向那些如巨大的梳齿一般的岩石，激起无数晶莹的细浪和水花。水在最末一个陡坡开端的地方，吸力大得可怕，……

（林之鹤 译）

A Brook

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped

down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

横穿路面的小溪

雷切尔·林德太太就住在阿冯利干道插入一个小山谷的地方。小山谷两边桤树成荫,结满了像女士们的耳坠一样的果子。一条小溪横穿路面,这条小溪发源于远处古老的卡思伯特领地的森林,流经森林部分的上游,有着幽僻的池塘和瀑布,以错综复杂的小溪著称;可当它流到林德山谷时,却变成了一条安安静静、规规矩矩的小河了。这是因为,任何事物如果不适当地考虑一下体面和礼节,是通不过雷切尔太太的门前的,就连一条小溪也不例外。也许,小溪意识到雷切尔太太正坐在窗口,犀利的目光老是盯着窗外经过的一切,从小溪和孩子注意起,一旦发现有什么奇怪或者不顺眼的事情,她便非打听个水落石出,不会安下心来。 (马爱农 译)

The Beck

...That beck itself was then a torrent, turbid and curbless: it tore asunder the wood, and sent a raving sound through the air, often thickened with wild rain or whirling sleet; and for the forest on its banks, that showed only ranks of skeletons. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

山溪

.....那条小河本身在那时就是一道激流,水流浑浊,狂暴不羁;它撕裂树木,在空中发出咆哮。时常还有暴雨或飞旋的冻雨来助威;至于急流两岸的森林,只不过是展示着一排又一排的骷髅架子。 (伍厚恺 译)

A Brook in a Dell

...It was a little dell where they had seated themselves, with a leaf-

strewn bank rising gently on either side, and a brook flowing through the midst, over a bed of fallen and drowned leaves. The trees impending over it had flung down great branches, form time to time, which choked up the current and compelled it to form eddies and black depths at some points; while, in its swifter and livelier passages, there appeared a channel way of pebbles, and brown sparkling sand. Letting the eyes follow along the course of the stream, they could catch the reflected light from its water, at some short distance within the forest, but soon lost all traces of it amid the bewilderment of tree-trunks and underbrush, and here and there a huge rock covered over with gray lichens. All these giant trees and bowlders of granite seemed intent on making a mystery of the course of this small brook; fearing, perhaps, that, with its never-ceasing loquacity, it should whisper tales out of the heart of the old forest whence it flowed, or mirror its revelations on the smooth surface of a pool. Continually, indeed, as it stole onward, the streamlet kept up a babble, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy, like the voice of a young child that was spending its infancy without playfulness, and knew not how to be merry among sad acquaintance and events of sombre hue.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

谷底欢快的小溪

她们所坐的地方是一个小小的山谷，两侧的缓坡上铺满树叶，中间流着一条小溪，河底淹没着落叶。悬在溪上的树木常年来投下的大树枝，阻遏了溪流，在一些地方形成了漩涡和深潭；而在溪水畅通、流得欢快的地段，则露出河底的石子和闪光的褐砂。她们放眼沿河道望去，可以看见在林中不远的堤防水面粼粼的反光，但没多久，就在盘错的树干和灌木中失去了踪迹，而不时为一些长满灰色地衣的巨石遮住视线。所有这些大树和巨石似乎有意为这条小小的溪流蒙上一层神秘的色彩；或许是害怕它那喋喋不休的多嘴多舌会悄悄道出它所流经的古老树林的内心秘密，或者是害怕它那流过池塘时的光滑水面会映出其隐衷。确实，当小溪不停地偷偷向前流动时，一直在潺潺作响，那声音和蔼、平静又亲切，但总带点忧郁，就像一个婴儿时期没有玩痛快的小孩子，仍然不知如何在伤心的伙伴和阴暗的事件中自得其乐。 （胡允桓 译）

A Tinkling Chilly Brook

Ursula and Maggie went on exploring, down to a tinkling, chilly brook, that had worn the snow away in little scoops, and ran dark

between. They saw a robin glance its bright eyes and burst scarlet and grey into the hedge, then some pertly-marked blue-tits scuffled. Meanwhile the brook slid on coldly, chuckling to itself.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

溪水潺潺,寒气逼人

厄秀拉和玛琪探着路往前走,到了一条寒气逼人的潺潺小溪边。溪水把积雪冲出一条凹槽,在白雪间流动。她们看见一只知更鸟、鸟儿明亮的眼睛一闪,长着猩红色和灰色羽毛的身子钻进了树丛,惊动了一些羽毛别致的蓝山雀。而小溪在旁边平静地流动着,自己在轻声欢笑。 (黑马 石磊 译)

6. Seas (Waves) 海(浪)

The Sea of Wrath

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and up heaving of all nature.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

愤怒的海

当我在迷眼的狂风、飞舞的沙石、可怕的喧闹声的骚扰中得到充分的停顿时间来看海时,那可怕的海使我惊慌失措了。当那矗立的水的墙壁滚滚而来时,当它们达到最高峰以后,跌成浪头时,似乎连它们中最小的也能吞没那个市镇。当那退却的波浪轰然一声向后扫去时,它似乎要在海滨挖成深洞,仿佛

有意毁坏地面。当一些白头的巨浪轰然向前、在达到陆地以前撞成粉碎时，似乎每一碎片中含有全部愤怒的力量，起忙合成另一个怪物。起伏的高山变成深谷，起伏的深谷（孤零的海燕时时从中间掠过）掀成高山；大量大量的水带着轰然的声音震动和摇撼海岸；每一喧然滚来的形象，成形以后，马上改变了它的形象和地位，同时又击退了另一形象，改变了它的地位；地平线上具有高塔和建筑物的想象中的彼岸，时起时落；乌云迅速而浓密地垂下来；我似乎看见天地的破裂，在掀起。（董秋斯 译）

The Clamouring Sea

...I could see the sea from the terrace, and the lawns. It looked grey and uninviting, great rollers sweeping in to the bay past the beacon on the headland. I pictured them surging into the little cove and breaking with a roar upon the rocks, then running swift and strong to the shelving beach. If I stood on the terrace and listened I could hear the murmur of the sea below me, low and sullen. A dull, persistent sound that never ceased. And the gulls flew inland too, driven by the weather. They hovered above the house in circles, wheeling and crying, flapping their spread wings. I began to understand why some people could not bear the clamour of the sea. It has a mournful harping note sometimes, and the very persistence of it, that eternal roll and thunder and hiss, plays a jagged tune upon the nerves. (Daphne de Maurier, *Rebecca*)

喧嚣的大海

……从庭院和草坪上，我就能望见大海。大海显得灰暗、讨厌。滚滚巨浪扫过海岬的灯塔，涌进了海湾。我想象得到，浪涛如何涌入海湾，隆隆地撞上岩石，接着又迅疾而猛烈地奔上倾斜的海滩。如果我站立在庭院里侧耳倾听，我就能听到大海低沉而悒郁的吼叫。吼声单调，一刻也不停止。天气一变，海鸥也飞上陆地了。它们展开翅膀，在房屋上空叽叽呱呱地盘旋翱翔。我这才明白，有些人为什么忍受不了大海的喧嚣。有时，大海奏出竖琴那样的悲歌，轰轰隆隆，而又凄凄切切，不断刺激你的神经。（高长荣 谢素台 译）

The Sea in a Storm

All this while the Storm increas'd, and the Sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, tho' nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few Days after: But it was

enough to affect me then, who was but a young Sailor, and had never known any thing of the matter. I expected every Wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the Ship fell down, as I thought, in the Trough or Hollow of the Sea, we should never rise more; . . .

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

暴风雨中的大海

这时风势愈来愈大，只见我所从来没有到过的海面上，波浪翻天，汹涌异常，虽然还没有像我后来几次以及过了几天所见到的那样凶，但也够让我触目惊心，因为我这时只是一个初出茅庐的水手，对于海上的事完全没有知识。我觉得每一个浪花都仿佛要把我们吞下去；我们的船每次降落到浪涡里的时候，我都以为它是浮不起来了。（徐霞村 译）

The Sea in the Evening

Outside, it was dusk. The bathers and swimmers had all gone. The sun sank into the ocean, leaving a fiery streak. A breeze brought the smell of underwater decay. A cloud in the form of a huge fish appeared out of nowhere, and the moon crept behind its scales. The weather was changing; the lighthouse fog bell rang sharply. A tugboat pulled three dark barges. It seemed unmovable, as if the Atlantic had turned into the Congealed Sea I used to read about in storybooks.

(Isaac Bashevis Singer, *A Day in Coney Island*)

黄昏时的海洋

外面，天色已经昏黑。洗海水澡和游泳的人都走完了。太阳沉入了大海，只留下一道火焰般的光芒。一阵微风吹过，带来水里的腥臭味。不知从哪里飘来一朵大鱼形状的云彩，月亮在这条鱼的鳞片后面冉冉升起。马上就要变天了；灯塔那儿，警告有雾的钟声刺耳地敲着。一艘拖轮拖了三条驳船在行驶。它像是动不了似的，仿佛大西洋变成了孩提时故事书里读到的那个凝固的海洋。（李文俊 译）

The Snowy Spray

A second legend bears him to the seashore; there tamales in a strong tide, boiling at the base of dizzy cliffs; it rains and blows. A reef of rocks, black and rough, stretches far into the sea; all along, and among, and above these crags, dash and flash, sweep and leap, swells, wreaths,

drifts of snowy spray. Some wanderer is out on these rocks, treading, with cautious step, the wet, wild sea, glancing down into hollows where the brine lies fathoms deep and emerald-clear, and seeing there wilder and stranger, and bugger vegetation than is found on land, with treasure of shells-some green, some purple, some pearly—clustered in the curls of the snaky plants. He hears a cry. Looking up, and forward, he sees, at the bleak point of the reef, a tall, pale thing, shaped like a man, but made of spray, transparent, tremulous, awful. It stands not alone: they are all human figures that wanton in the rocks—a crowd of foam-women—a band of white, evanescent Nereides. (Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

银白的浪花

第二种传说把他带到海边，在那儿，急猛的潮水滚滚而来，在叫人看得眼花缭乱的峭壁下边沸沸腾腾，潮水如狂风暴雨。一片又黑又粗的礁石，远伸入海，雪白的浪花在这些峭崖旁边、中间、上面泼呀，晃呀，冲呀，跳呀，推波助澜，一会儿像只只花环，一会儿又像个个雪堆。有个孤单的浪游者出现在这些礁石上，步履谨慎地踩着不可测的海，像翡翠一般澄明。他看到那儿长着比陆地所能看到的更为千奇百怪，更为庞大的野生植物，还有珍贵的贝壳——绿的，紫的，珍珠色的——都密密麻麻地集结在盘曲得像蛇一样的植物身上。他听到一声叫嚷，他连忙抬起头来，向前看去，看到在那光秃秃的礁石上边，有样高大、灰白的东西，样子像人，却是由浪花激起来的，透明，震颤，煞是可怕。站在那儿的不光是一样东西，它们全都是人形，在礁石间跳来跳去——一群泡沫似的女人——一群虚幻无常的白衣女海神。 (曹庸 译)

The Broad Steely Sea

At last he reached the summit, and a wide and novel prospect burst upon him with an effect almost like that of the Pacific upon Balboa's gaze. The broad steely sea, marked only faint lines, which had a semblance of being etched thereon to a degree not deep enough to disturb its general evenness, stretched the whole width of his front and round to the right, where, near the town and port of Budmouth, the sun bristled down upon it, and banished all colour, to substitute in its place a clear oily polish. Nothing moved in sky, land, or sea, except a frill of milk white foam along the nearer angles of the shore, shreds of which licked the contiguous stones like tongues. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

如钢一般光滑的浩瀚大海

后来他终于到达了山顶，一片广阔的崭新的景色突然展现在眼前，几乎像是太平洋突然进入巴波亚的视域一样。浩瀚的大海像钢一般光滑，海面只有一些极细微的波纹，宛如钢板受到了腐蚀，但并不严重，还保持着一般程度的平滑。大海的前部向右一直伸延到靠巴地茅斯城港附近，阳光在那儿一泻而下，驱散了一切色彩，换上了一层明亮的油质光泽。天空、地面、海上都没有一丝动静，只有沿海岸近角一带泛起了一长条乳白色泡沫，其碎片像舌头一样舔着邻近的石头。（傅雄寰 译）

The Shining Sea

There was green and silver and blue in the air about her now. And there was a strange insistence of light from the sea, to which she must attend. Primroses glimmered around, many of them, and she stooped to the disturbing influence near her feet, she even picked one or two flowers, faintly remembering, in the new colour of life, what had been. All the day long as she sat at the upper window, the light came off the sea, constantly, constantly, without refusal, till it seemed to bear her away, and the noise of the sea created a drowsiness in her, a relaxation like sleep. Her automatic consciousness gave way a little, she stumbled sometimes, she had a poignant, momentary vision of her living child, that hurt her unspeakably. Her soul roused to attention.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

波光粼粼的大海

她周围，天空中变幻着绿色、银白和蓝色，与大海滟潋的波光交相晖映，她非朝它们看上一眼不可。报春花盛开，如火如荼。她弯腰在绊脚的花簇中摘下一两朵来，在生活的新鲜色彩中淡淡地回忆起过去的一切。她一整天都坐在窗台上，大海波光粼粼，忽闪，忽闪，不停地泛着耀眼的光芒，似乎要把她载了去。大海的波涛声对她是一支催眠曲。她觉得舒坦。自我意识稍一放松，有时她会感到迟疑，有时她眼前会产生活蹦乱跳的孩子的强烈幻景，真让她有苦难言。于是她的心灵又泛起了波澜。（黑马 石磊 译）

7. Valleys 山谷

The Hollow of the Three Hills

...Three little hills stood near each other, and down in the midst of

them sunk a hollow basin, almost mathematically circular, two or three hundred feet in breadth, and of such depth that a stately cedar might but just be visible above the sides. Dwarf pines were numerous upon the hills, and partly fringed the outer verge of the intermediate hollow; within which there was nothing but the brown grass of October, and here and there a tree-trunk, that had fallen long ago, and lay mouldering with no green successor from its roots. One of these masses of decaying wood, formerly a majestic oak, rested close beside a pool of green and sluggish water at the bottom of the basin. Such scenes as this (so gray tradition tells) were once the resort of a Power of Evil and his plighted subjects; and here, at midnight or on the dim verge of evening, they were said to stand round the mantling pool, disturbing its putrid waters in the performance of an impious baptismal rite. The chill beauty of an autumnal sunset was now gilding the three hill-tops, whence a paler tint stole down their sides into the hollow.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Hollow of the Three Hills*)

三山夹峙的谷地

三座小山鼎足夹峙，中间是下陷的谷地，几乎呈精确的圆形，有两三百英尺开阔，其深度呢，即使其中有一株高大的雪松也只能到了山顶才瞧得见。三座山上有着数不尽的虬松，有些一直延伸到中间谷地的外缘，而谷内却别无所有，唯见十月的枯草，随处能见躺倒多年的树干，日趋腐朽，再也没有绿叶生长出来了。其中有根枯木，昔日曾是枝叶繁茂的橡树，而今却紧卧在谷底一池发绿的死水旁边。这样的地方(根据长辈们传说)曾是驱神役鬼的佳处；据说，就在这儿，每当午夜或黄昏，恶魔邪道们围绕着这个泛起泡沫的池潭，用一阵兴妖作怪的洗礼仪式，搅动了这一池臭水。现在嘛，西下的秋阳在山顶留下了一抹夕照，美得凄凉，自山坡到山谷的余晖愈往下愈晦暗。 (王敬之 译)

The Valley in the Evening Sun

I came into the valley, as the evening sun was shining on the remote heights of snow that closed it in, like eternal clouds. The bases of the mountains forming the gorge in which the little village lay were richly green; and high above this gentler vegetation grew forests of dark fir, cleaving the wintry snowdrift, wedge-like, and stemming the avalanche. Above these were range upon range of craggy steeps, grey rock, bright ice, and smooth verdure-specks of pasture, all gradually blending with the crowning snow. Dotted here and there on the mountain's side, each tiny

dot a home, were lonely wooden cottages, so dwarfed by the towering heights that they appeared too small for toys.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

夕阳下的山谷

当夕阳在像永存的云一般包围山谷的那些遥远的雪峰上闪光时,我进入了山谷。形成小村所在的深谷的山麓是十分碧绿的;在这柔和的草木的高处,生有楔子一般劈开雪堆阻住崩雪的黑色的枞树林。在这些上面,是一列比一列高的崎岖的峭壁,灰色的石头,光亮的冰,一片一片的柔和的青葱的牧场,一切逐渐与山顶的雪混淆起来。山坡上这里那里点缀有孤单的小木屋,每一个小点就是一个人家,在上面的那些高峰相形之下,似乎小得不能作玩具了。

(董秋斯 译)

The Happy Valley

The sky, now overcast and sullen, so changed from the early afternoon, and the steady insistent rain could not disturb the soft quietude of the valley; the rain and the rivulet mingled with one another, and the liquid note of the blackbird fell upon the damp air in harmony with them both. I brushed the dripping heads of azaleas as I passed, so close they grew together, bordering the path. Little drops of water fell on to my hands from the soaked petals. There were petals at my feet too, brown and sodden, bearing their scent upon them still, and a richer, older scent as well, the smell of deep moss and bitter earth, the stems of bracken, and the twisted buried roots of trees. I held Maxim's hand and I had not spoken. The spell of the Happy Valley was upon me.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

幸福谷

这会儿,天空布满了乌云,显得阴沉沉的,同晌午的晴朗天气大不一样了。雨下个不停,却没有扰乱山谷的宁静。淅沥的雨声和潺潺的溪水互相交融;在湿润的空气里,画眉那婉转的鸣叫,同雨声和溪水声是完全协调的。我举步行进的时候,身子就在滴水的杜鹃花旁边擦过。小径两边,杜鹃花长得很密,锦簇一片。一滴一滴的水珠从花瓣上掉到了我的手上。我的脚边也有不少花瓣,由于雨水浸泡,已经变成褐色,但是芳香依然,甚至更加浓郁,不过带点儿陈腐味儿。散发出各种各样气味的,还有:年深日久的苔藓,芳涩的泥土,羊齿的梗茎,地下弯曲的树根。我挽着马克西姆的胳臂,没有吭声。"幸福谷"简直

把我迷住了。 （高长荣 谢素台 译）

The Var Vale

Amid the oozing fatness and warm ferments of the Var Vale, at a season when the rush of juices could almost be heard below the hiss of fertilization, it was impossible that the most fanciful love should not grow passionate. The ready bosoms existing there were impregnated by their surroundings. （Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*）

伐尔谷

伐尔谷的土地肥得出油，温暖得发酵，赶上万物孕育生长的季节，几乎听得见草木拔节的吱吱声和汁液的涌动声。在这样的季节里，即使是最不切实际的爱情也不可能不变得如胶似漆了。那两颗渴望爱情的心，在周围景物的熏染下，更是情意绵绵，怦然跃动了。 （篮冰 蒸丁 译）

A Dale

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd's head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd's eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him.... （Herman Melville, *Mobydick*）

溪谷

然而，这儿有一位画家，他想为你画一幅萨科溪谷全景，描绘出那充满梦想，令人陶醉，幽娴贞静，神奇浪漫的田园风光。他将采用什么主题呢？那边矗立着他的大树，棵棵树身都是空的，仿佛那里头有个隐士和一个耶稣受难像；这儿沉睡着他的草地，那儿又沉睡着他的牛群；那边的小屋升起缕缕充满睡意的炊烟。一条迷津似的小径，弯弯曲曲地伸入远处的林野，向着那青翠的山坡，重重叠叠的岗峦蜿蜒而去。但是，尽管这幅画的画面是这样的恍如梦境，尽管这棵松树把它的声声叹息像落叶似的撒在牧羊人的头上，然而，除非

那牧羊人的眼睛注视着他面前那道富有魔力的溪流，否则，这一切就都是白费工夫的。（王晓明 译）

A Lovely Hollow

Below the garden a green field lush with clover sloped down to the hollow where the brook ran and where scores of white birches grew, up springing airily out of a undergrowth suggestive of delightful possibilities in ferns and mosses and woody things generally. Beyond it was a hill, green and feathery with spruce and fir; there was a gap in it where the gray gable end of the little house she had seen from the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters was visible.

（Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*）

秀丽的山谷

花园的地上长满了青葱茂密的三叶草，顺着斜坡延到山谷。山谷里小溪潺潺，许多修长的白杨树拔地而起，树下的低矮丛林里是一些羊齿草、苔藓和木质植物，使人联想起可能发生的愉快事儿。山谷那边是个山丘，上面长着云杉和冷杉，树叶碧绿轻柔；透过树林中的一道隙缝，可以瞧见她的闪光的小湖彼岸看到过的那所小房子灰色山墙的一角。（马爱农 译）

The Valley with Sharp Wind

...This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency, before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep, that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at midnight.

（Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Ambitious Guest*）

狂风呼啸的山谷

这户人家位于白山的诺奇峡谷，这里一年到头狂风呼啸，冬天更是天寒地冻，寒流袭击沙科山谷之前，它的前锋总是首先使他们的小茅屋受到侵袭。他们是住在一个寒冷而且危险的地点。门前一座高山就矗立在他们的头顶上，山势峻险，陡峭。石块经常轰隆隆地滚下山来，在半夜里叫他们猛吃一惊。

（黎青 译）

A Colourful Valley in May

They both halted on the green brow of the Common; raiment-on varied meads, some pearled with daisies, and some golden with king-cups; today all this young verdure smiled clear in sunlight, transparent emerald and amber gleams played over it. On Nunnwood—the sole remnant of antique British forest in a region whose lowlands were once all sylvan chase, as its high-lands were breast-deep heather-slept the shadow of a cloud; the distant hills were dappled, the horizon was shaded and tinted like mother-of-pearl; silvery blues, soft purples, evanescent greens and rose-shades, all melting into fleeces of white cloud, pure as azury snow, allured the eye as with a remote glimpse of heaven's fountains. The air blowing on the brow was fresh, and sweet, and bracing.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

色彩万千的五月幽谷

她们两人在公地占翠的崖顶停了下来，俯望着穿上五月衣裳的幽谷，望着各式各样的草地，有的像镶着珍珠似的长满了雏菊，有的是一片金黄似的长满了毛茛。今天，所有这些青翠的草木都在阳光里笑逐颜开，透明的翡翠和琥珀似的光线在它上面嬉戏。一抹云翳栖息在南林上这是英国古代森林的唯一遗迹，这地区的低地原来都是林木茂盛的猎场，高地则都长满高及胸膛的石楠属植物。远处的丘冈斑斑驳驳，地平线像珍珠母似的，色彩时浓时淡，银蓝色，淡紫色，淡绿色和玫瑰色，全都化为片片白云，纯净如晴空的白雪，像是天宫的喷泉在远处一闪那样诱人眼目。崖顶的风儿清新，沁脾，教人振奋。（曹庸　译）

8. Springs and Ponds　泉、潭、池、塘

A Lovely Mountain Spring

High in the gray stone mountains, under a frowning peak, a little spring bubbled out of a rupture in the stone. It was fed by shade preserved snow in the summer, and now and then it died completely and bare rocks and dry algae were on its bottom. But nearly always it gushed out, cold and clean and lovely. In the times when the quick rains fell, it might become a freshet and send its column of white water crashing down the mountain cleft, but nearly always it was a lean little spring. It bubbled out into a pool and then fell a hundred feet to another pool, and this one, overflowing, dropped again, so that it continued, down and down, until it came to the rubble of the upland, and there it disappeared altogether.

There wasn't much left of it then anyway, for every time it fell over an escarpment the thirsty air drank it, and it splashed from the pools to the dry vegetation. (John Steinbeck, *The Pearl*)

可爱的山泉

在灰色的石山高处，一股小小的泉水从嶙峋的山峰下的石缝里冒了出来。它来源于夏季背阴处的积雪。这股山泉有时也会干涸，露出底部光秃秃的岩石和晒干了的水藻。不过在大多数情况下，总是涌出清凉、洁净、可爱的泉水。在雨季到来的时候，它也会变成奔腾的溪流，湍急的、泛着白沫的水柱直泻山涧。但在大多数情况下，它只是一股涓涓细流，冒着气泡，慢慢涌出来，形成一个水坑，然后泻下百十来英尺，流入另一个水坑，流满了，溢出来了，再泻下去。这样，不断地一层一层地流下去，最后流入高地的乱石堆中就完全消失了。这时剩下的水反正已经不多了，每次泻下来时，干燥的空气都使一部分水蒸发掉，还有一些水，溅到干旱的草木上。（范仲英 译）

Coeval Fountain

Roderick was reclining on the margin of a fountain, which gushed into the fleckered sunshine with the same clear sparkle, and the same voice of airy quietude, as when trees of primeval growth flung their shadows across its bosom. How strange is the life of a fountain, born at every moment, yet of an age coeval with the rocks, and far surpassing the venerable antiquity of a forest!

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Egotism; or, The Bosom-Serpent*)

生生不息的喷泉

罗特里克躺在喷泉边，喷泉的水花飞溅在婆娑点点的阳光下，像清虚宁静的空气一样清澈闪耀，阒然无声，如同年代久远的古树穿过自己的胸怀投下了荫影。喷泉的生命是多么奇妙啊！它生生不息，与岩石同寿，比苍劲的古林更要年老得多。（史鸿章 译）

Three Ponds in the Valley

There were three ponds, in terraces descending the valley, large and smooth and beautiful, lying in the sun. The water ran over a little stone wall, over small rocks, splashing down from one pond to the level below. The swans had gone out on to the opposite bank, the reeds smelled sweet, a faint breeze touched the skin. (D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

峡谷下三个宽大平滑的池塘

峡谷下倾斜处的平地上有三个宽大平滑的池塘，优美地躺卧在阳光下。水流越过一堵小石墙，穿过玲珑的鹅卵石，溅泼着从一个池塘滑向下面又一个池塘。天鹅已游向对岸，芦苇闻上去一派清香。微风抚弄着人们的肌肤。

（梁一三 译）

A Pond below the Crest of a Hill

They had driven over the crest of a hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river so long and winding was it. A bridge spanned it midway and from there to its lower end, where an amber-hued belt of sand hills shut it in from the dark blue gulf beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting hues—the most spiritual shadings of crocus and rose and ethereal green, with other elusive tintings for which no name has ever been found. Above the bridge the pond ran up into fringing groves of fir and maple and lay all darkly translucent in their wavering shadows. Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a white-clad girl tiptoeing to her own reflection. From the marsh at the head of the pond came the clear, mournfully-sweet chorus of the frogs.

（Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*）

山顶下的一方池塘

他们已经越过了一个小山顶。山顶下面是一方池塘。池塘很长，蜿蜒曲折，看上去几乎像是一条河。一座桥横跨池塘中央，池塘的尽头有一条琥珀色的带状沙丘将它同下面深蓝色的海湾隔开。水面闪动着多种灿烂的色彩，枯黄色、玫瑰色和淡雅的翠绿色那样一些出神入化、明暗多姿的色调，其中夹杂着其他忽隐忽现、不可名状的色泽变化。在桥的上首，池塘直伸入靠近岸边的枞树林和枫树林，使它们摇曳的影子呈现出半透明的黑色。到处有一棵野李树从岸上探出身子，像个身穿白衣服的小姑娘踮着脚尖欣赏自己在水面上的影子。池塘上端的泥沼里传出青蛙清晰的哀怨而又动听的合唱声。

（马爱农 译）

The Ruin of a Marble Fountain

...Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the centre, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was

impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, . . .

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter*)

大理石喷泉的废墟

……或者,它很可能本来就是一家望族的游憩之地,因为园中央有一座大理石喷泉的废墟,雕工精巧罕见,可惜已经颓败,从残存的这些零乱的断石剩瓦简直看不出原来的模样。泉水则依旧欢乐地喷射,在阳光里闪闪发光。轻轻的琮琮声直送进年轻人的楼窗,使他觉得这泉水像个不朽的精灵,不管人世沧桑,总是在不停地歌唱。…… (冯钟璞 译)

An Iced Pond on the Down

In the dusk of that evening Jude walked away from his old aunt's as if to go home. But as soon as he reached the open down he struck out upon it till he came to a large round pond. The frost continued, though it was not particularly sharp, and the larger stars overhead came out slow and flickering. Jude put one foot on the edge of the ice, and then the other: it cracked under his weight; but this did not deter him. He ploughed his way inward to the centre, the ice making sharp noises as he went. When just about the middle he looked around him and gave a jump. The cracking repeated itself; but he did not go down. He jumped again, but the cracking hed ceased. Jude went back to the edge, and stepped upon the ground. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

丘原上冰封的池塘

那天黄昏的时候,裘德离开了他老姑太太的家,先作出要回家的样子来。但是他刚一走到空旷的丘原上,他却在那上面往前走去,一直走到了一个圆形的大野塘那里。上冻的气温仍旧没变,不过冷得并不特别峭厉,天上比较大的星星出来得很慢,并且还在闪烁不定。裘德先把一只脚放在池塘里结的那片冰的边儿上,跟着把第二只也放到那儿;冰让他一踩,咯吱咯吱地响起来;但是他还是在冰上往前走。他一直往池塘的正中间走去。他一面走,冰就一面吧吧地直响。他快走到正中间的时候,往四外看了一眼,同时使劲跳了一下。冰

只连续不断地响，但是他却没掉下去。他又跳了一下，这回冰却连响都不响了。裴德又回到池塘边儿，上了干地。 （张谷若 译）

A Large Pond with Clear Water

It was a large ordinary pond lovely beyond anything. The facing shore was a stony pasture, down to the water; your eyes followed it up to the blue sky, and to a tremendous towering cloud, whose reflection you could see silent in the water, so most of the water looked white.

(Paul Goodman, *Bathers at Westover Pond*)

塘水清澈，景色宜人

那是一个大而普通的池塘，但它却比什么都可爱。它的对岸是一个岩石林立的高原，那高原一直延伸到水中；你可以随着高原的高度仰望蓝天，仰望天空中那巨大的云朵，你还可以俯视它们映在水中的静静的白色倒影，几乎整个水塘都因此而呈现出白色。 （王晓明 译）

9. Stones 石

Enormous Pumice Stones

... But the base of the high partitions was stony ground, with volcanic blocks and enormous pumice stones lying in picturesque heaps. All these detached masses, covered with enamel, polished by the action of the subterraneous fires, shone resplendent by the light of our electric lantern. The mica dust from the shore, rising under our feet, flew like a cloud of sparks. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

巨大的火山浮石

但悬崖的下边，地势崎岖不平，上面累积得很好看，堆着许多火山喷出的大块石头和巨大的火山浮石。所有这些大堆石头分解了，受地下火的力量，上面浮起一层光滑的珐琅质，一经探照灯的照射，便发出辉煌的光彩。岸上云母石的微粒，在我们步行时掀扬起来，像一阵火花的浓云一般飞走。

（曾觉之 译）

An Old Stone Stump

They had expected a venerable and dignified monument. They found a little, gnarled, twisted stump of rock, something like a decayed mushroom, standing out pathetically on the side of a field. Leonard and

Dick immediately proceeded to carve their initials, "L. W." and "R. P.," in the old red sandstone; but Paul desisted, because he had read in newspaper satirical remarks about initial-carvers, who could find no other road to immortality. Then all the lads climbed to the top of the rock to look round. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

古老的残石

本来,他们以为可以看到一座古老、庄严的纪念塔,不料看到的只是一小块弯弯曲曲的残石,就像一只腐烂了的蘑菇,可怜巴巴地突立在一块地里。伦纳德和迪克立即动手在这块古老的红砂石上刻写名字的启首字母"L.W."和"R.P."。保罗阻止他们这样做,因为他从报上看到过对这种镌刻者的讽刺,说他们除此之外找不到其他可以使自己留芳百世的途径。随后,所有的小伙子都爬到石头上四处眺望。 (李键等 译)

The Paarl Rock

It would rain that evening, a nice cooling shower, and he glanced up toward the Paarl Rock, the phenomenon that had given the valley and the town its name long ago when his ancestors first came into the valley. As a boy he had stared in wonderment at the rock, which was a dull gray when dry but after rain glistened like an enormous pearl in the moonlight. Then it became a great glistening, gleaming thing, dominating the tiny town beneath it. Although the town of his boyhood could never offer him the kind of life he wanted, it was still home; and when he saw the Paarl Rock glistening in the light, he always knew he was back home again....

(Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

高高的帕尔岩

今夜准会下雨,下上一场凉爽宜人的阵雨。他不由得抬头望了一眼高高的帕尔岩。很久很久前,他的祖先们迁居来此,成了山谷中的首批移民,他们就根据这块岩石,将山谷和城镇命名为帕尔。童年时,出于好奇,他曾多次细心地注视这块岩石,发现岩石干燥时表面呈暗灰色,而一场大雨过后,岩石立刻变了样,在月光下像一颗硕大无朋的珍珠,熠熠发光。每逢这时,帕尔岩仿佛就成了一颗瑰丽无比晶莹夺目的大宝石,辉映着脚下的小巧城镇,虽然童年时代这座小城从未带来他所憧憬的那种生活,可她毕竟是故乡啊。每当他抬头看见这块闪闪发光的帕尔岩时,一种欣慰之感便从心底油然而起:他又回到故乡了。 (朱雍 尹晓煌 译)

Granite on the Swell

The early sunbeams hovered cheerfully upon the tree-tops, beneath which two weary and wounded men had stretched their limbs the night before. Their bed of withered oak-leaves was strewn upon the small level space, at the foot of a rock, situated near the summit of one of the gentle swells, by which the face of the country is there diversified. The mass of granite, rearing its smooth, flat surface, fifteen or twenty feet above their heads, was not unlike a gigantic grave-stone, upon which the veins seemed to form an inscription in forgotten characters. On a tract of several acres around this rock, oaks and other hard-wood trees had supplied the place of the pines, which were the usual growth of the land; and a young and vigorous sapling stood close beside the travellers.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Roger Malvin's Burial*)

丘陵中的花岗岩石

清晨的阳光欢快地在树梢飞舞，在树梢下面，两个疲惫而负伤的人在刚过去的一夜中曾经舒展过他们的四肢。他们的那张用枯干的橡树叶做成的卧榻，就铺在一块岩石下面的小小一块平坦空地上；这块岩石坐落在使这一带地方地形为之复杂多变的许多坡度不大的丘陵中的一个的上面，离它的顶部不远。在他们的头的上面耸立着的那块光滑平坦高约十五至二十尺的花岗岩石，简直就像一座巨大的墓碑，石上的纹理仿佛是用已被遗忘的文字镌刻的碑文。岩石周围几英亩大小的土地长着橡树和其他硬质树木，而不是这一带常见的松树。一颗茁壮秀拔的小橡树挺立在这两个过客的身旁。（贺仁麟　译）

Burning Fragments of Marble

...he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were redhot, and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shrivelled him up in a moment.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Ethan Brand*)

燃烧着的大理石碎块

……这样，他走到了石灰窑全部建筑的顶部。这地方直径大约十尺，可以看到堆在窑里的大量大理石碎块的表面。这无数的大理石碎块和碎片全都被火烧得赤热而鲜明。朝上喷吐着大股大股的蓝色火焰，向上颤动着，疯狂地跳动着，如同在一个魔术的圆圈里，持续不断地，形式多样地，非常活跃地沉下去又升上来。当这孤独的人朝这可怕的炉火俯身过去时，热浪猛然向他射来一股热气，这股热气会把他一下子烧焦和烤枯。 （陈冠商 陈平建 译）

Building Stones

The yard was a little centre of regeneration. Here, with keen edges and smooth curves, were forms in the exact likeness of those he had seen abraded and time-eaten on the walls. These were the ideas in modern prose which the lichened colleges presented in old poetry. Even some of those antiques might have been called prose when they were new. They had done nothing but wait, and had become poetical. How easy to the smallest building; how impossible to most men.

He asked for the foreman, and looked round among the new traceries mullions, transoms, shafts, pinnacles, the battlements standing on the bankers half worked, or waiting to be removed. They were marked by precision, mathematical straightness, smoothness, exactitude: there in the old walls were the broken lines of the original idea; jagged curves, disdain of precision, irregularity, disarray. （Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*）

石料

这个石厂子，是一个起死回生的小小中心。那儿净是一些和墙上完全一样的石工活儿，不过墙上那些，都外层磨损，久经风雨，这儿这些，却棱角犀利，曲线光圆。同样的图样，这儿是用近代的散文表现的，而在学院那些苔藓斑驳的墙上则是用古代的诗表现的。即便那些现在成了古董的石活，当年还新的时候，或许也只是散文。它们只在那儿一无所为地等候，就熬成了诗了。这种情况，对于最小的建筑都是很容易的，而对于大多数的人却办不到。

他先问工长在不在，然后在新作的花窗格、直窗棂、横窗框、柱身、尖阁和城垛口中间看了一遍：这些东西，都留在工作台上，有的刚完了一半，有的完全完了，等着搬走。这儿这些活儿，都又光又直，又细致，又精确；而古老的墙上那些，却都把原先的图样歪曲了：参差错落，杂乱不整，这儿多一块，那儿少一块，毫无精确性可言。 （张谷若 译）

10. Islands 岛屿

The Island of the Primary Formation

In a few minutes we were within musket-shot of the coast. The soil was almost entirely madreporical, but certain beds of dried-up torrents, strewn with debris of granite, showed that this island was of the primary formation. The whole horizon was hidden behind a beautiful curtain of forests. Enormous trees, the trunks of which attained a height of 200 feet, were tied to each other by garlands of bindweed, real natural hammocks, which a light breeze rocked. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

原始时期形成的岛

几分钟后,我们和岛岸只有枪弹射程的距离了。土地差不多完全是由造礁珊瑚沉积形成的,但有些干涸了的急流河床间杂有花岗石的残余,说明这岛的形成是在原始的太古时期。整个天际都由令人赞美的森林帘幕遮掩起来。许多高大的树其中有些树干高达两百英尺,由葛藤把它们彼此连接起来,看来真像和风摇摆着的天然吊床呢。 (曾觉之 译)

An Island in the North Sea

The island is a J-shaped lump of rock rising sullenly out of the North Sea. It lies on the map like the top half of a broken cane, parallel with the Equator but a long, long way north; its curved handle toward Aberdeen, its broken, jagged stump pointing threateningly at distant Denmark. It is ten miles long.

Around most of its coast the cliffs rise out of the cold sea without the courtesy of a beach. Angered by this rudeness the waves pound on the rock in impotent rage; a ten-thousand-year fit of bad temper that the island ignores with impunity.

In the cup of the J the sea is calmer; there it has provided itself with a more pleasant reception. Its tides have thrown into that cup so much sand and seaweed, driftwood and pebbles and seashells that there is now, between the foot of the cliff and the water's edge, a crescent of something closely resembling dry land, a more-or-less beach.

Each summer the vegetation at the top of the cliff drops a handful of seeds on to the beach, the way a rich man throws loose change to beggars. If the winter is mild and the spring comes early, a few of the seeds take

feeble root; but they are never healthy enough to flower themselves and spread their own seeds, so the beach exists from year to year on handouts.

(Ken Follett, *Eye of the Needle*)

北海上的小岛

这小岛是一块长十英里的J形岩石,阴森森地矗立于北海之中。它像一根断手杖的上半截横躺在地图上,与赤道平行,但远在赤道以北;它弯曲的柄把对着阿伯丁,犬牙状的断头直指遥远的丹麦。

岛的四周大都是从阴冷的大海中拱起的悬崖峭壁,找不到一块像样的海滩。海浪被大自然的这种无礼安排所激怒,凶猛地拍打着岸边的岩石,然而小岛泰然自若,根本不把海浪千百年的积怒放在眼里。

J形岛环抱的那片海面比较平静;在这里,大海为自己准备了一个舒适的接待站,接纳大量被巨浪卷来的泥沙、海藻、浮木、卵石和贝壳。这些东西在崖脚和水边间的空地上堆积成一块新月形的干地,就算是岛上唯一的海滩了。

每年夏天,崖顶上的草木像富翁给乞丐发放小钱一样,把一撮种子抛撒给海滩。如果冬季不冷,春天来得早,一部分种子就会在海滩上长出纤弱的根芽;但是,它们却从来不能茁壮成长、开花结子。因此,海滩只好年复一年地靠施舍过日子。

(田润之 蔡咽芬 译)

An Island Environed with the Sea

...There was a Hill not above a Mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seem'd to over-top some other Hills which lay as in a Ridge from it northward; I took out one of the fowling Pieces, and one of the Pistols, and an Horn of Powder, and thus arm'd I travell'd for Discovery up to the Top of that Hill, where after I had with great Labour and Difficulty got to the Top, I saw my Fate to my great Affliction, that I was in an Island environ'd every Way with the Sea, no Land to be seen, except some Rocks which lay a great Way off, and two small Islands less than this, which lay about three Leagues to the West.

I found also that the Island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good Reason to believe, un-inhabited, except by wild Beasts, ...

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

四面环海的小岛

……离我不到一英里的地方,有一座又陡又高的小山,它北边还有一连串的小山,好像一道山脉,但都不及它高。我带了一枝鸟枪,一把手枪,和一角筒

火药，向这个山顶出发。当我费了很大的气力艰难地爬上山顶一看，我不禁为我的命运担忧起来。原来我是在一个海岛上，四面环海，看不见一点陆地，只有很远的地方有几块礁岩，另外就是在三海哩之外，在西边，有两个比本岛还小的岛屿。

我又发现我所在的这个岛非常荒僻，以情理论，大概只有野兽，没有人烟。……

（徐霞村 译）

Jacob's Island Surrounding by a Muddy Ditch

In such a neighbourhood, beyond Dockhead in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in the days of this story as Folly Ditch. It is a creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled at high water by opening the sluices at the Lead Mills from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries common to the backs of half-a-dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the slime beneath; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out, on which to dry the linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it—as some have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations; every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage; all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.

(Charles Dickens, *The Adventure of Oliver Twist*)

浑水沟环绕的雅各岛

就在这里附近索思沃克镇的道克黑德后面，有一个雅各岛，该岛周围的浑水沟涨潮时有六至八英尺深，十五至二十英尺宽——它从前名叫磨坊池，但当时大家都管它叫荒唐沟。这是泰晤士河的一条支流或水湾，随时可以把水放满，只要打开李德磨坊那边的闸门，它的老名字即由此而来。开闸的时候，你

站在磨坊巷口一条跨越水沟的木桥上，可以看到两岸的居民开了后门和后窗，把吊桶、提桶等形形色色的家用器具放下来打水。当你把视线从这幅取水图移到房屋本身时，呈现在你眼前的景象会使你大吃一惊。五六所房子屋后合用一条摇摇晃晃的木板走廊，透过木板上的窟窿看得见下面的淤泥；从被打破的和补过的窗子里伸出的晾竿上几乎从来看不见衣服；房间又小又脏，通风极差，所以空气充满恶臭，即使用于藏垢纳污也未免太不卫生；用木料搭建的棚楼悬在浑水沟上方，随时有掉进沟里去的危险，事实上也确曾发生过这样的情况；墙壁污秽不堪，屋基腐朽下沉；怵目惊心的贫困，令人作呕的污垢、腐物和垃圾，装点着荒唐沟的浑水两岸。（荣如德 译）

A Grey-Coloured Woody Island

Grey-coloured woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sand break in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps; but the general colouring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*)

灰色丛林遮蔽的海岛

海岸的很大一部分被灰色的丛林遮蔽了。那均匀的色调却又被低地上的黄沙以及许多松杉科的大树所切断。这些大树高出其他树木的顶端——或是单株的，或是一丛丛的；但总的色彩是单调而阴郁的。山峰那光秃的绝顶清晰地矗立在树丛之上。山上的一切都有很特别的形状，而那座高达三四百尺、成为全岛最高峰的望远镜山，外形最为奇特。它高高耸立，差不多每一面都很险峻，而到了顶峰却突然削平，好像一座放塑像的平台。（王晓明 译）

Cumberland Island

Our favorite place was Cumberland Island, off the Southeast Georgia coast, where one can see dozens of sea turtles coming ashore to lay their eggs in the early summer. We would watch the sun rise over the Atlantic, and drive down twenty miles of the broad white beach without seeing

another living soul. We observed alligators and pileated woodpeckers, and fished for bass in the fresh water lake that is, in all the world, closest to the sea. An hour in a flat boat would produce enough conches, clams, and oysters to last our family for several days, and wild pigs were always available when we developed a taste for barbecue. Some of the northernmost of Georgia's coastal islands still contain the ruins of European settlements which were established by the Spaniards—almost a hundred years before the first English settlers landed at Jamestown.

(Jimmy Carter, *Why Not the Best?*)

昆伯兰岛

我们最喜欢的地方是佐治亚东南海岸外的昆伯兰岛，在初夏，人们可在这里看到几十只海龟上岸来生蛋。我们在这里看旭日从大西洋上升起，在那宽阔的白色沙滩上驱车行驶二十哩也看不见一个人影。我们观察短吻鳄和冠顶啄木鸟，并且在淡水湖中钓鲈鱼，那是世界上最近海洋的淡水湖。在湖中驾平底船，在一小时内捕到的海螺、蛤和牡蛎，足供我们一家吃好几天；在我们想吃烧烤的时候，随时可以获得野猪。佐治亚最北的沿海岛屿，有些地方还有欧洲殖民区的遗迹。那殖民区是西班牙人建立的——在第一批英国移民登陆詹姆斯之前几乎有一百年。 （朱成章 译）

A Heavy-Timbered Jackson Island

...there was Jackson's Island, about two miles and a half down stream, heavy-timbered and standing up out of the middle of the river, big and dark and solid, like a steamboat without any lights. There warn't any signs of the bar at the head—it was all under water, now.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

树木林立的甲克森岛

有个甲克森岛，大概就在下游二哩半左右的地方。岛上树木林立，仿佛是从大河中间钻出来的。它的样子又大又黑又结实，活像一艘没有灯盏的大轮船。在岛的头上有个沙洲，现在却连一点影子也看不见了——那沙洲让大水全给淹没了。 （王晓明 译）

11. Swamplands 沼泽

Muskey in the Valley

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss

held, sponge like, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskey to muskey, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss. (Jack London, *Love of Life*)

山谷中的沼泽

谷底一片潮湿,布满浓厚的苔藓,走上去像踩着海绵一样,它们都紧紧地贴在水面上。他每走一步,水就从他脚底下溅射出来,他每一次提起脚,都被苔藓缠着不肯放松,并发出吸水的叽叽声。他挑着好路,从一块沼地走到另一块沼地,并且沿着比尔的脚印,走过一堆一堆的、像突出在这片苔藓海里的小岛一样的岩石。 (王晓明 译)

A Swamp between the Yellow Ferns

There was an opening towards the east, and the glow from the as yet unrisen sun attracted her eyes thither. From her feet, and between the beautiful yellowing ferns with their feathery arms, the ground sloped downwards to a hollow, in which was a species of swamp, dotted with fungi. A morning mist hung over it now—a fulsome yet magnificent silvery veil, full of light form the sun, yet semi-opaque—the hedge behind it being in some measure hidden by its hazy luminousness. Up the sides of this depression grew sheaves of the common rush, and here and there a peculiar species of flag, the blades of which glistened in the emerging sun, like scythes. But the general aspect of the swamp was malignant. From its moist and poisonous coat seemed to be exhaled the essences of evil things in the earth, and in the waters under the earth. The fungi grew in all manner of positions from rotting leaves and tree stumps, some exhibiting to her listless gaze their clammy tops, others their oozing gills. Some were marked with great splotches, red as arterial blood, others were saffron yellow, and others tall and attenuated, with stems like macaroni. Some were leathery and of richest browns. The hollow seemed a nursery of pestilences small and great, in the immediate neighbourhood of comfort and health, . . . (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

凹地里的沼泽

东边有一片空地,还没有升起的太阳投射出的光辉把她的目光吸引到了

那儿。从她脚下开始，在长着毛绒绒的柄、颜色正在变黄的蕨类植物之间，地面朝下倾斜，连接着一块凹地。凹地里面是沼泽，真菌星罗棋布；凹地上面现在弥漫着晨雾——一层气味难闻、但很堂皇的银色面纱在太阳的照耀下光辉闪闪，但只是半透明，后面的树篱被它那朦胧的光亮挡住，多少有些看不清。在这块洼地的斜坡上长满了一束束常见的灯芯草；到处都有一种特殊的菖蒲，蒲叶像镰刀一样在初出的阳光中闪闪发光。但沼泽的整个面貌很凶险，好像泥土里和泥土下面的水域里那些邪恶事物的精髓都从它那潮湿有毒的表面散发出来了。真菌千姿百态，从腐烂的树叶和树根中生长出来，有的向她那无精打采的目光呈露出自己粘滑透顶；有的露着徐徐冒出的褶或鳃；有的有大斑点，像动脉里的血液一般鲜红；有的是桔黄色；有的又高又细，就像空心面；还有一些柔韧如羽毛，呈极深的棕褐色。这块凹地好像是大大小小疫疠的温床，紧靠在舒适、健康的环境旁边。（傅越寰等 译）

Swampland with Perpetual Rains

In the Grasslands there was no human habitation for ten days. Almost perpetual rain falls over this swampland, and it was possible to cross its center only by a maze of narrow footholds known to the native mountaineers who led the Reds. More animals were lost, and more men. Many foundered in the weird sea of wet grass and dropped from sight into the depth of the swamp, beyond reach of their comrades. There was no firewood; they were obliged to eat their wheat green and vegetables raw. There were no trees for shelter, and the lightly equipped Reds carried no tents. At night they huddled under bushes tied together, which gave but scant protection against the rain. But from this trial, too, they emerged triumphant—more so, at least, than the White troops, who pursued them, lost their way, and turned back with only a fraction of their number intact.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

大雨连绵的沼泽

在大草地一连走了十天还不见人烟。在这个沼泽地带几乎大雨连绵不断，只有沿着一条为红军当向导的本地山民才认得出的像迷宫一样的曲折足迹，才能穿过它的中心。沿途又损失了许多牲口和人员。许多人在一望无际的怪诞神秘的水草中失足陷入沼泽之中而没了顶，同志们无从援手。沿途没有柴火，他们只好生吃青稞和野菜。没有树木遮荫，轻装的红军也没有带帐篷。到了夜里他们就蜷缩在捆扎在一起的灌木枝下面，挡不了什么雨。但是他们还是胜利地经过了这个考验，至少比追逐他们的白军强，白军迷路折回，

只有少数的人生还。 （董乐山 译）

Moors with Much Water

To the east of Casterbridge lay moors and meadows through which much water flowed. The wanderer in this direction who should stand still for a few moments on a quiet night, might hear singular symphonies from these waters, as from a lampless orchestra, all playing in their sundry tones from near and far parts of the moor. At a hole in a rotten weir they executed a recitative; where a tributary brook fell over a stone breastwork they trilled cheerily; under an arch they performed a metallic cymballing; and at Durnover Hole they hissed. The spot at which their instrumentation rose loudest was a place called Ten Hatches, whence during high springs there proceeded a very fugue of sounds.

(Thomas Hardy, *Mayor of Casterbridge*)

水量充足的沼地

卡斯特桥的东面，是一些沼地和草地，上面流着大量的水。到这个地方来游荡的人，在寂静的夜里若是静立上几分钟，便可以听到流水的绝妙的交响乐，仿佛有一队没有灯光的乐队，从沼地的远近各处，一起奏起形形色色的音乐。在一个朽烂的堰坝的洞穴里，水流发出吟诵声；小溪的支流流过一面石建的胸墙向下倾泻的地方，水流发出欢乐的颤音；在拱门下方，水流奏出金属的铙钹声；而在德而诺弗洞里，水流哗哗响着。水流的乐器奏得最响亮的地方，名叫十闸门，到了仲春季节，这块地方发出的音响简直就是最疾速的对位音的演奏。 （侍桁 译）

The Marsh Where Wild Fowls Haunt

"Now, gentlemen," said Levin, pulling up his boots and examining the caps of his gun with a somewhat gloomy expression, "you see those reeds?" He pointed to a little island of blackish green in the huge half-mown wet meadow stretching along the right bank of the river. "The marsh begins here, straight in front of us" do you see—where it looks greener. From here it runs to the right, where those horses are. There are hummocks, and great snipe; and it goes all round those reeds as far as that alder grove and right down to the mill. Over there look, where the pools are! That's the best place. I once shot seventeen snipe there. We can

separate, going in different directions with the dogs, and meet again at the mill.' (Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, Trans. Margareet Wettlin)

野禽出没的沼地

"哦,先生们,"列文带着一点忧郁的神情说,一面把长统皮靴往上提一提,一面检查着猎枪上的弹筒帽。"你们看见那片芦塘吗?"他指着伸展在河右岸的一大片割了一半的湿漉漉的草地上的小小的绿洲。"沼地从这里开始,就在我们面前:你们看,就是那比较绿的地方。沼地从那里往右去,到那马群走动的堤防;那里是草丛,有山鸡;沼地绕过那片芦塘经过赤杨树林,一直到磨坊那里。就在那里,看见吗?在水湾那儿。那地方再好也没有了。我有一次在那里打死了十七只松鸡。我们要分开,带着两条狗分道扬镳,然后在磨坊那里集合。" (周扬 译)

12. Others 其他

A Fascinating Waterfall

It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there, it skips; here, it shoots; in one place 'tis white as snow, and in another 'tis green as grass; hereabouts, it pitches into deep hollows, that tumble and quake the 'arth; and hereaway, it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gulleys in the old stone, as if 'twas no harder that trodden clay.

(James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*)

迷人的瀑布

那瀑布毫无规律地倾泄着;时而跳起,时而跌落;忽而从这边射出;忽而又从那边跳过。在一个地方它白得像雪,而在另一个地方它却绿得如草;在近处,他猛落强降,把地面砸出深深的坑,那隆隆的响声震撼大地;而在远处,它却微拍轻击,宛如那欢快的小溪在古老的大石头上打着漩,那样子好像比地上的黏土还要软似的。 (王晓明 译)

The Two Spits of Sand Running Out across the Water

The two spits of sand running out across the water and forming the natural harbor were about twenty feet high at the base and six feet above the water at the tip. He walked down both until he reached the end. Each one was covered in knee-to-waist-high scrub vegetation, burned brown at

the end of the long dry season, and invisible from the air. Each spit was about forty feet wide at the tip, forty yards wide at the base, where it left the shoreline. From the tip of each, looking back toward the port area, one had a panoramic view of the water-front.

(Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

伸入海里的沙洲

那两个沙洲伸入海里,形成了一个天然港口,底部约有二十英尺高,前端有六英尺露在水面上。他从底部走到前端,一直到沙洲的尽头。沙洲上覆盖着齐膝或齐腰高的矮树丛,经过漫长的旱季曝晒,已经都枯黄了;这从飞机上是看不见的。每一个沙洲的前端约四十英尺宽,底部四十码宽,就是一段海岸线。从每一个沙洲的前端返顾港区,就能看到滨海地区的全景。

(朱雍 尹晓煌 译)

A Sandy Shore

One evening he and she went up the great sweeping shore of sand towards Theddlethorpe. The long breakers plunged and ran in a hiss of foam along the coast. It was a warm evening. There was not a figure but themselves on the far reaches of sand, no noise but the sound of the sea. Paul loved to see it clanging at the land. He loved to feel himself between the noise of it and the silence of the sandy shore.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

沙滩

一天晚上,他俩一齐沿着广袤的海边沙滩向塞德尔索普走去。海浪沿着长长的海岸猛扑过来,伴着哗哗声在海滩上卷起一堆堆泡沫。这是个温暖的夜晚。海岬的沙滩上渺无人迹,悄无声息,只有他们两人和阵阵的涛声。保罗喜欢看海浪拍岸,喜欢在喧闹的大海和寂静的沙滩之间沉思。(李健等 译)

The Coast under Rising Clouds

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with the gray blue hills behind it. The water was a dark blue now, so dark that it was almost purple....

(Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and The Sea*)

彩云下的海岸

陆地上面的云彩现在像是巍峨的山峦似的升到上空去,海岸只剩下长长的一条绿色的线,背后是一丛淡青色的小山。现在水是深蓝色的了,深得几乎

成了紫色。……　　（海观　译）

A Charming Lane

...I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly , not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds, which stirred occasionally in the hedge, looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.　　(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

迷人的小路

我这时离开桑菲尔德有一英里路，正走在一条小径上，它夏天以野蔷薇闻名，秋天以坚果和黑莓闻名。即使现在，小径上也长着一些珊瑚珍宝般的野蔷薇果和山楂果。然而，这儿冬天最迷人的还是它那绝对的寂静和树叶落尽后的安宁。哪怕一阵微风拂过，这里也不会有一点声响，因为没有一棵冬青，没有一棵常青树会沙沙作响，光秃秃的山楂树和榛树丛静悄悄的，就像铺在小径中间那些磨得光溜溜的白石子一样。路的两旁，极目望去只有田野，此刻已没有牛在吃草。几只褐色的小鸟，偶而在树篱间跳跃，看起来就像忘了落下的几片零星枯叶。　　（凌雯　译）

A Delightful Cave

The place I was in was a most delightful cavity or grotto of its kind, as could be expected, though perfectly dark; the floor was dry and level and had a sort of small loose gravel upon it, so that there was no nauseous, or venomous creature to be seen, neither was there any damp or wet on the sides or roof.　　(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

美观的洞穴

我现在所来到的地方，实在是一种最美观的洞穴，虽然里面黑洞洞的没有一点光线。地下又干燥又平坦，上面铺着一层细碎的沙石，所以在里面再也看不见什么令人厌憎的或有毒的虫蛇之类，同时，顶上和四壁上也一点都不潮湿。　　（徐霞村　译）

Ⅲ. Weather 天气

1. Wind 风

Night Wind of Warm Contentment

...The night wind was rising; it swept by in fitful gusts that made the old barn quake and rattle, then its forces died down at intervals, and went moaning and wailing around corners and projections—but it was all music to the king, now that he was snug and comfortable; let it blow and rage, let it batter and bang, let it moan and wail, he minded it not, he only enjoyed it. He merely snuggled the closer to his friend, in a luxury of warm contentment, and drifted blissfully out of consciousness into a deep and dreamless sleep that was full of serenity and peace....

(Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

惬意的夜风

……夜间的风刮起来了,一阵一阵地在外面扫过,把这所老谷仓吹得震动起来,嘎啦嘎啦地响,然后风力时而减退,绕着墙角和突出的地方呜呜咽咽地往远处去了——但是这对国王居然都成了音乐,因为他实在是很舒适、很痛快;让它去吹、让它去吼吧,让它去乱轰响吧,让它去呜呜地叫、伤心地哭吧,他都不在乎,反而还觉得有趣。他只向他的朋友更加偎紧一点,心里有一股十足的温暖惬意的滋味,随后就满心快乐地飘出了清醒的境界,进入那充满平和安静气氛的睡乡,获得了酣甜无梦的安眠。…… (张友松 译)

Clouds Gather, Driven by the Rising Wind

...There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in

September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel; and , at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were faint to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

风起云涌

已经刮过一整天的风;当时风又呼号起来。又过了一点钟,风力大增,越刮越猛,天空一片混沌。

但当深夜来临时,云急剧地合拢起来,整个天空乌云密布,昏暗无比。风势依然增加,就连我们的马儿也不能迎着风走。在那一夜最黑的时候(那时是九月末,夜并不短了),领头的马多次改变方向,或死活不走;我们总是提心吊胆,生怕马车会被风吹翻。在暴风雨到来之前,一阵阵疾雨如剑般地落下;那时要是有树或墙什么的,可以避风遮雨的地方,我们情愿停下来,实在是不能再挣扎着前进了。

(孙云英 译)

A Fresh Gale Blowing from the Shore

. . . but while I was preparing this, I found the Sky over-cast, and the Wind began to rise, and in a Quarter of an Hour it blew a fresh Gale form the Shore; it presently occur'd to me, that it was in vain to pretend to make a Raft with the Wind off Shore, and that it was my Business to be gone before the Tide of Flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the Shore at all: Accordingly I let my self down into the Water, and swam cross the Channel, which lay between the Ship and the Sands, and even that with Difficulty enough, partly with the Weight of the Things I had about me, and partly the Roughness of the Water, for the Wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high Water, it blew a Storm.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

风从岸边来

……可是,我正在做着的时候,就看见天色阴暗下来,风也刮起来了,不到一刻钟的工夫,变成了一股狂风从岸上刮来。我马上想到,风从岸上刮来,做木排是没有用的。还不如乘着潮水还没有涨,赶快走,否则也许根本上不了岸了。于是我立刻下了水,游过那船和沙滩之间那片细长的海峡。就这样,我也

费了很大的劲，一半是由于我身上带的东西很重，一半是由于这时风起得实在快，潮水还没有完全涨起便已经变成了暴风。 （徐霞村 译）

The Strong Wind from the South

I sought the orchard, driven to its shelter by the wind which all day had blown strong and full from the south, without, however, bringing a speck of rain. Instead of subsiding as night drew on, it seemed to augment its rush and deepen its roar: the trees blew steadfastly one way, never writhing round, and scarcely tossing back their boughs once in an hour, so continuous was the strain bending their branchy heads northward: the clouds drifted from pole to pole, fast following, mass on mass: no glimpse of blue sky had been visible that July day.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

猛烈的南风

我奔向果园，风推着我去那里躲避。猛烈的南风已经不停地刮了一整天，可是却没有带来一滴雨。随着夜幕的降临，风势不但没有减小，好像反而刮得更猛，吼声也更大了。树被吹得全都拼命地朝一个方向弯着腰，从不扭转方向，几乎一个小时也不往后甩动一次树枝，那将它们枝冠茂密的头按向北方的风力竟然持久不变。天上一团团的云块追逐着，从南向北迅速翻滚着。在这七月里的一天，头上连一点蓝天也看不见。 （凌雯 译）

A Keen Wind Was Blowing

It was a bitter day. A keen wind was blowing, and rushed against them fiercely: bleaching the hard ground, shaking the white frost from the trees and hedges, and whirling it away like dust. But little cared Kit for weather. There was a freedom and freshness in the wind, as it came howling by, which, let it cut never so sharp, was welcome. As it swept on with its cloud of frost, bearing down the dry twigs and boughs and withered leaves, and carrying them away pell-mell, it seemed as though some general sympathy had got abroad, and everything was in a hurry like themselves. The harder the gusts, the better progress they appeared to make. It was a good thing to go struggling and fighting forward, vanquishing them one by one; to watch them driving up, gathering strength and fury as they came along; to bend for a moment, as they whistled past;

and then to look back and see them speed away, their hoarse noise dying in the distance, and the stout trees cowering down before them.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

寒风刺骨

那是一个严寒的日子。尖锐的风吹刮着，猛烈地向他们进袭——把硬土变白了，震动着挂在树枝和篱笆墙上的霜雪，像卷灰尘似地把它们卷走。但是吉特对于天气并不在意。风在怒号，这里面却有一股自由和新鲜气息，尽管刺人肌肤，还是受欢迎的。它把霜雪卷去，把枯枝败叶压下去，乱七八糟地一齐把它们带去，好像普遍的同情四面八方地散播，每一件东西都是急急忙忙的，正和他们一样。风吹得越紧，他们前进得也越顺利。这倒是满有趣的：挣扎着战斗着向前冲，把一阵一阵的风逐一征服；注视着它们又吹向前来，在吹过来的时候又纠集了力量和愤激；在它们呼啸过去的时候，一切都为之披靡；然后回头望着它们疾驶而去，嘶哑的声音在远处消失，便是强壮的大树也在它们面前瑟缩着。 (许君远 译)

Sounds of the Wind

The wind, indeed, seemed made for the scene, as the scene seemed made for the hour. Part of its tone was quite special; what was heard there could be heard nowhere else. Gusts in innumerable series followed each other from the north-west, and when each one of them raced past the sound of its progress resolved into three. Treble, tenor, and bass notes were to be found therein. The general ricochet of the whole over pits and prominences had the gravest pitch of the chime. Next there could be heard the baritone buzz of a holly tree. Below these in force, above them in pitch, a dwindled voice strove hard at a husky tune, which was the peculiar local sound alluded to.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of The Native*)

风的音调

实在说起来，那样的风，好像正为那样的景物而设，也同那样的景物，正为那样的时光而设一样。风的音调，有一部分，十分特别，只能在这儿听到，不能在任何别的地方上听到。连串无数的狂风，一阵一阵从西北方一个跟着一个吹来，它们之中的每一阵在飞奔而过的时候，都在进行的过程中把声音分化成了三种。低音，中音和最高音都能在里面听出来。全体的风势，掠过坑谷，扑过冈峦，就是合鸣的众钟里那个最沉浊的声音。第二种能听出来的，是冬青树

飒飒作响的半低音。还有一种，比这两种力量小而调门高，听起来像是老年人变细变弱了的嗓子而却强作粗音哑音的情形；刚才说过的那种本地特殊的声音，就是这一种。 （张谷若 译）

2. Rain 雨

How Does the Rain Come?

... You know, Your Highness, my wife Lily subscribes to the Scientific American, and so I am in on the rain problem. The technique of seeding the clouds with dry ice hasn't worked out well. Some recent ideas are that, first of all, the rain comes from showers of dust which arrive from outer space. When that dust hits the atmosphere it does something. The other theory which appeals more to me is that the salt spray of the ocean, the sea foam in other words, is one of the main ingredients of rain. Moisture takes and condenses on these crystals carried in the air, as it has to have something to condense on. So, it's a real wowzer, Your Highness. If there were no sea foam, there would be no rain, and if there were no rain there would be no life.

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

雨的形成

陛下，您可知道，我的妻子莉莉订阅《美国科学》杂志，所以我对降雨的问题颇有了解。用干冰造雨的技术还没有过关。有一种新近的观点认为，雨是外层空间刮风沙的结果；当风沙吹进大气层，便促成了降雨。另一种理论在我看来更有道理：海洋里卷起带盐的水汽，或者说泡沫，是构成雨的主要因素。空气中浮动的水晶体总是与潮湿的成分相结合，聚集在一起。陛下，您瞧，可不是说下雨就下雨的。假如没有海水飞溅的泡沫，就不会降雨；而要是天不降雨，地上便没有生机。 （蓝仁哲 译）

The Rain Like a Deluge

In the middle of the night it suddenly grew warm as if a nocturnal sun had begun to shine. The moon was overcast. The sky writhed with clouds. All at once thunder and lightning began. In a flash of light the fields were illumined as far as the horizon. The stalks of wheat bowed and the rain struck like a deluge. Before Yasha could collect his thoughts the sheets of water began to flail the wagon like a hailstorm. The tarpaulin tore loose

from the frame. The monkey choked off a terrified scream. In less than a minute the highway was mired.

(Isaac Bashevis Singer, *The Magician of Lublin*)

倾盆大雨

半夜里,天气突然变得暖和起来,好像黑夜里有个太阳似的。月亮看不见了。天空里乌云滚滚。一眨眼,传来了霹雳和闪电。在闪电的照耀下,田野一下子明亮起来,直到地平线。小麦秆全弯下去;雨像洪水似的倒下来。雅夏还来不及集中思想,一阵阵大雨像冰雹似的抽打起大车来。钉在车架上的油布被扯开了。猴子吓得连一声尖叫也哽在喉咙里。不到一分钟,公路变成泥潭。

(展金 吴劳 译)

Rain at Night

Then, suddenly, late one night, the big rains began, and the people huddled inside their cold huts listening to the water pound on their thatch roofs, watching the lightning flash and comforting their children as the frightening thunder rumbled through the night. Between cloudbursts, they heard only the barking of the jackals, the howling of the hyenas, and the croaking of the frogs.

The rains came again the next night, and the next, and the next-and only at night—flooding the lowlands near the river, turning their fields into a swamp and their village into a mud hole. Yet each morning before breakfast, all the farmers struggled through the mud to Juffure's little mosque and implored Allah to send still more rain, for life itself depended upon enough water to soak deeply into the earth before the hot suns arrived, which would wither those crops whose roots could not find enough water to survive.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

夜雨

而后,突然在一天夜里,大雨倾盆而至,人们都蜷缩在自己寒冷的茅屋里,听着雨水滴落在他们茅草屋顶上的声音,看着闪电的亮光。吓人的雷声在夜空轰隆而过的时候他们又赶紧抚慰孩子们不要惊吓。在阵阵骤雨的间歇中,他们听到的只是豺狼的嗥鸣、鬣狗的吠叫,和青蛙的嘎嘎声。

第二天晚上又下了雨,第三晚,第四晚——只是在晚上下雨——雨水淹没了河边的低地,把农田灌成了沼泽,使他们的村子成了个泥潭。可是每天早上早饭之前,所有农民仍奋力穿过泥淖,到朱富村的小小清真寺院里去乞求真主

惠施更多的雨水，因为只有足够的水分深深渗入土中，才能维持住生命。不然，到了烈日曝晒之时，那些根部得不到足够水分的庄稼就会枯萎死亡。

（陈尧光 译）

A Torrential Rain

Just after seven the rain began to fall. Gently at first, a light pattering in the trees, and so thin I could not see it. Then louder and faster, a driving torrent falling slantways from the slate sky, like water from a sluice. I left the windows open wide. I stood in front of them and breathed the cold clean air. The rain splashed into my face and on my hands. I could not see beyond the lawns, the falling rain came thick and fast. I heard it sputtering in the gutter-pipes above the window, and splashing on the stones of the terrace. There was no more thunder. The rain smelt of moss and earth and of the black bark of trees.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

瓢泼大雨

刚过了七点钟，雨就下起来。最初轻轻地，树林里发出一阵轻微的淅沥声，雨丝细得我都看不见。然后愈下愈响，风急雨骤，从瓦灰色的天空斜着下起瓢泼大雨，像从水闸里流出来的水一样。我让窗户大敞开着，我站在窗前，呼吸着凉爽清新的空气。雨水溅到我的脸上和手上。我看不清草坪那边的景色，落下的雨又密又猛。我听到雨水在窗户上房檐水槽里飞溅，在阳台的石地上泼溅。没有雷声。雨水发出苔藓、泥土和黑树皮的气息。

（高长荣 谢素台 译）

From Small and Steady Rain to Torrents

The morning came. The sky, which had been remarkably clear down to within a day or two, was overcast, and the weather threatening, the wind having an unmistakable hint of water in it. Henchard wished he had not been quite so sure about the continuance of a fair season. But it was too late to modify or postpone, and the proceedings went on. At twelve o'clock the rain began to fall, small and steady, commencing and increasing so insensibly that it was difficult to state exactly when dry weather ended or wet established itself. In an hour the slight moisture resolved itself into a monotonous smiting of earth by heaven, in torrents to

which no end could be prognosticated.

A number of people had heroically gathered in the field, but by three o'clock Henchard discerned that his project was doomed to end in failure. The hams at the top of the poles dripped watered smoke in the form of a brown liquor, the pig shivered in the wind, the grain of the deal tables showed through the sticking table-cloths, for the awning allowed the rain to drift under at its will, and to enclose the sides at this hour seemed a useless undertaking. The landscape over the river disappeared; the wind played on the tent-cords in Aeolian improvisations; and at length rose to such a pitch that the whole erection slanted to the ground, those who had taken shelter within it having to crawl out on their hands and knees.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

蒙蒙细雨变成暴雨

到了那一天早晨。直到最近一两天一直都非常清澈的天空,罩上了阴云,天气很险恶,风里明显地预示着要有雨来了。十二点钟,开始落雨,虽然很小,可是持续不断;雨从开始到慢慢大起来,简直令人都不觉得,真难说出干燥天气是什么时间结束的,雨天又是什么时间开头的。在一小时以内,蒙蒙的细雨变成了倾盆大雨,上天一个劲儿地击打着地面,真没法预测这场暴风雨什么时候才能收场。

有几个人无畏地聚集在这片草地上,但到了三点钟的时候,亨察尔看出他的计划定要失败了。杆子头上的火腿,往下滴着像黄酒般的烟水,猪在风里打哆嗦,没有上过色的木桌子,因为桌布湿透了,露出木纹来,布篷已经挡不住雨,雨水就任意滴下来,而在这个时候再把四边遮起来,似乎不见得会有什么用处了。河上的景色不见了;风大发神威吹着帐篷的绳索;最后一阵狂风把整个篷子掀倒在地上,原来在里面躲雨的一些人,只好手脚并用地爬出来。

(待桁 译)

A Thunder Storm

It was a very dark evening for summer: the clouds appeared inclined to thunder, and I said we had better all sit down: the approaching rain would be certain to bring him home without further trouble.

However, Catherine would not be persuaded into tranquillity. She kept wandering to and fro, from the gate to the door, in a state of agitation which permitted no repose; and at length took up a permanent position on one side of the wall, near the road: where, heedless of my expostulations

and the growling thunder, and the great drops that began to plash around her, she remained, calling at intervals, and then listening, and then crying outright. She beat Hareton, or any child, at a good passionate fit of crying.

About midnight, while we still sat up, the storm came rattling over the Heights in full fury. There was a violent wind, as well as thunder, and either one or the other split a tree off at the corner of the building: a huge bough fell across the roof, and knocked down a portion of the east chimney-stack, sending a clatter of stones and soot into the kitchen fire.

(Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

雷雨暴风

这样一个夜晚,在夏天,算得是很黑的了,乌云密布,快要打雷的样子;我就说,咱们不如都坐下来吧,那风雨欲来的光景准会把他赶回家来的,也不用我们操心了。

谁知怎么劝,卡瑟琳也不肯安静下来。她只管从大门到园门,来回地转着,焦灼得坐立不安。到最后,她在靠近大路的墙边,像生根似地站定了。不管我怎么劝,不管雷声隆隆地响着,大点子的雨滴在她周围啪啦啪啦地溅着,她只是鹄立在那儿,呼叫一会,倾听一会,于是放声大哭起来,还闹得真凶,就是哈里顿,或者随便哪一个孩子,都比不上她。

大约到了半夜,我们都还守着没睡,像千军万马般的狂风暴雨降落到山头上来了。只听得又是风吼,又是雷轰,接着一声巨响,宅子一角的一株大树倒下来了——也不知是给狂风吹折的,还是遭了雷劈;那粗大的树枝压在屋顶上,把东边的烟囱打开了一个大缺口,砖石、煤灰,哗啦啦地落到了厨房间的炉灶里。

(方平 译)

Rain Came Down in Spears

But then there came a great storm during the rainy season that destroyed all the roofs on all the huts in the village, and the people discovered to their dismay that there was no longer any roofleaf to be found. Where roofleaf had flourished from time's beginning, there was cassava. Millet. Groundnuts.

For six months the heavens and the winds abused the people of Olinka. Rain came down in spears, stabbing away the rocks out of the walls and into the people's cooking pots. Then cold rocks, shaped like millet balls, fell from the sky, striking everyone, men and women and

children alike, and giving them fevers. The children fell ill first, then their parents. Soon the village began to die. By the end of the rainy season, half the village was gone. (Alice Walker, *The Color Purple*)

雨注如矛

雨季下了场暴雨,把村子里所有的屋顶都打坏了。人们大为惊惶,他们发现哪儿都找不到屋顶树叶了。自古以来屋顶树叶长得很茂盛的地方,现在只有木薯、小米、花生。

老天爷用风雨鞭挞奥林卡的人民,狂风暴雨暴虐了六个月。风雨像长矛似地铺天盖地刮过来,刮掉墙壁上的泥巴。狂风把墙上的石块刮下来,刮到饭锅里。天上下小米大小的冰凉的石子,把男女老少打得生疼,使他们发烧得热病。小孩先大病,接着父母也病倒。村里开始死人。到雨季结束时,全村的人死了一半以上。 (陶洁 译)

3. Clouds 云彩

Flying Clouds

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel-of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

飞云疾驰

那是一片暗黑的混乱的——这里那里染有从湿柴上冒出烟一般的颜色——疾驰的云,颠簸成最可惊的堆子,令人想到云中的高度,比从那里到地下最深的洞底还要深些,疯狂的月亮似乎不顾一切地从里边穿过,仿佛由于一种自然法则可怕的变动,她已经迷了路,受了惊。 (董秋斯 译)

High Heavy Clouds

When June was half gone, the big clouds moved up out of Texas and the Gulf, high heavy clouds, rain-heads. The men in the fields looked up at the clouds and sniffed at them and held wet fingers up to sense the wind. And the horses were nervous while the clouds were up. the rain-heads dropped a little spattering, and hurried on to some other country.

Behind them the sky was pale again and the sun flared. In the dust there were clean splashes on the corn, and that was all.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

含雨的浓云

六月过了一半,得克萨斯和墨西哥海湾的天空泛起了大块大块的云,高高的、含雨的浓云。田野上的人们抬起头来望着这些云,用鼻子去闻一闻,伸出润湿的指头去辨辨风势。天上飘着云的时候,田野上的马都有些着慌。浓云洒下几点雨,便匆匆忙忙地转到别的地方去了。云飘走以后,天空又恢复了灰白色,太阳依旧像烈焰般照射着。只是尘埃中间雨点落到的地方有了一些凹穴,玉米上有了一些澄清的水珠。 (胡仲持 译)

Hoary Mist and Cloud in the Mountains

...Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered, likewise, over the breasts of the surrounding minutia's, there were heaps of hoary mist, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others, of the same family of mist or cloud, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere. Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a daydream to look at it.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Ethan Brand*)

山间云雾

古老的格雷洛克山顶上的那朵金色的云彩使它光彩夺目。一团团的灰白色雾蔼奇形怪状地同样散布在周围群山的山腰间,有的雾蔼沉入谷底,有的雾蔼浮向高高的山巅,还有一些似雾似云的云雾逗留在高空上层金色的光辉中。从停在小山上的一朵朵云迈步过去,由此跨到那飘浮在空中的更高的云,使人觉得仿佛一个世间的凡人几乎这样就可以登上天国。地与天如此混合,看这情景真像空中幻景。 (陈冠商 陈平建 译)

A Vast Disorder of Flying Cloud

...Big holes were blown into the sky, the moonlight blew about. Sometimes a high moon, liquid-brilliant, scudded across a hollow space

and took cover under electric, brown-iridescent cloud-edges. Then there was a blot of cloud, and shadow. Then somewhere in the night a radiance again, like a vapour. And all the sky was teeming and tearing along, a vast disorder of flying shapes and darkness and ragged fumes of light and a great brown circling halo, then the terror of a moon running liquid-brilliant into the open for a moment, hurting the eyes before she plunged under cover of cloud again. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

云海翻腾

天上云絮纷纷,月光流泻着。有时,高高的月亮闪着银光掠过晴朗的云隙,有时又被闪着绛紫光圈的云朵吞没。忽而一片云,一片阴影;忽而又一道银光,像一缕蒸汽。整个天空上云海翻腾,黑暗与光明交替着,紫色的巨大晕圈与蒸腾着的月光交相辉映。一会儿月亮露了出来,如水的强烈光线刺得人睁不开眼睛,一会儿又钻进云絮中去藏身。 (黑马 石磊 译)

Angry Cloud over the Infuriated Sea

. . . And there was no break in the weather. The sea was white like a sheet of foam. like a caldron of boiling milk; there was not a break in the clouds, no—not the size of a man's hand—no, not for so much as ten seconds. There was for us no sky, there were for us no stars, no sun, no universe—nothing but angry clouds and an infuriated sea. . . .

(Joseph Conrad, *Youth*)

波涛翻滚,乌云密布

……天气没有一丝变化。海洋成了一片白色的泡沫,就像一锅煮沸的牛奶;乌云不露一些儿破绽,不——就连一巴掌大的漏洞也没有——不,就连十秒钟的时间也不放松。对于我们来说,没有天空,没有星星,没有太阳,没有宇宙——什么也没有,有的只是愤怒的乌云和发狂的海洋。…… (方平 译)

Clouds in the Shape of a Shell

"How beautiful!" he thought, looking up at some fleecy white clouds poised in the middle of the sky right above his head, like a strange mother-of-pearl shell. "How lovely everything is in this lovely night! And when did that shell have time to form? I was looking at the sky a moment ago and only two white streaks were to be seen. Yes, and my views of life changed in the same imperceptible way!" (Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*)

贝壳云

"多么美呀!"他仰望着正在他头上天空中央的那片洁白的羊毛般的云朵所变幻出的奇异的珍珠母贝壳状云彩,这样想。"在这美妙的夜里,一切都多么美妙啊!那贝壳一下子是怎样形成的呢?刚才我还望着天空,什么都没有,只有白白的两条。是的,我的人生观也是这样不知不觉地改变了!"

(周扬 译)

Cumulus Clouds

The sun was near the horizon. The cumulus clouds were white puffballs, stained with the red and yellow wash of the sunset. The south was filled with darkness, like the smoke of gunpowder. A chill air moved across the scrub and was gone, as though a vast being had blown a cold breath and then passed by.

The sun was still above the treetops. There had been no rain for several days, but now cumulus clouds were piled low in the north and west. From the east and south, a steel grayness crept toward the glaring brilliance of the west. (Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, *The Yearling*)

积云

太阳已向地平线靠近。天空中的积云像白色的气球,在落日的余辉照耀下,点缀着红色和黄色的斑点。南边天空黑沉沉的,仿佛火药爆炸冒出的黑烟。一股凉气越过灌木丛,飘逝而去,仿佛一个巨人呼出一口冷气,然后由此走了过去。

太阳似乎仍旧挂在树梢。这里已经多日没下过雨了。但这会儿,那些积云已低低地聚在了北边和西边的天空上。东、南部那块铁灰色的云正在向西部那令人眩目的、光辉灿烂的天空蔓延着。 (王晓明 译)

4. Thunder and Lightning 雷电

A Final Glory of the Lightning

A blossoming blue fire so bright it seared his eyes through their closed lids made Peddy jump to his feet, only to be thrown down like a toy in the heave of a huge explosion. He lifted his face from the earth to see the final glory of the lightning bolt playing shimmering halos of glaring blue and purple all up and down the dead spear of gum tree; then, so quickly he hardly had time to understand what was happening, everything caught

fire.... (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Bird*)

壮观的闪电

漫天乱闪的蓝色闪电极明亮耀眼，透过帕迪紧闭的眼皮灼疼了他的眼睛，使他倏地跳了起来，紧接着又像个小玩偶似地被一声巨大的爆炸声震倒在地上。他从地上抬起脸来，看见最后一下壮观的闪电在那棵枯桉树的顶端四周跳闪着，发出耀眼的蓝紫色的光晕；随后，还没容他明白出了什么事，所有的东西刹那间都被烧着了。…… (曾胡 译)

A Sudden Flash of Lightning

...At the same time it happen'd after I had laid my Scheme for the setting up my Tent and making the Cave, that a Storm of Rain falling from a thick dark Cloud, a sudden Flash of Lightning happen'd, and after that a great Clap of Thunder, as is naturally the Effect of it; I was not so much surpris'd with the Lightning as I was with a Thought which darted into my Mind as swift as the Lightning it self: O my Powder! My very Heart sunk within me, when I thought, that at one Blast all my Powder might be destroy'd, on which, not my Defence only, but the providing me Food, as I thought, entirely depended; I was nothing near so anxious about my own Danger, tho' had the Powder took fire, I had never known who had hurt me. (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

突如其来的闪电

……当我刚刚订好计划，准备支帐篷，打石洞的时候，忽然阴云四合，大雨如注，电光一闪，继之而来的是一个霹雳。使我吃惊的与其说是闪电，不如说是一个像闪电那么快地飞进我的头脑的思想："哎哟！我的火药！"当我想到一个霹雳就会把我的火药完全炸毁的时候，我简直吓得魂都飞了，因为我不但要靠它自卫，也要靠它猎取食物哩。其实如果火药着了火，我自己还不知道是怎样死的哩。可是我只顾为火药焦急，把自己的危险都忘了。 (徐霞村 译)

The Flash and the Thunder in a Storm

...It was my watch below, till twelve, but I wouldn't a turned in, anyway, if I'd had a bed; because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. My souls, how the wind did scream along! And every second or two there'd come a glare that lit up the white-caps for half a mile around, and you'd see the islands looking dusty

through the rain, and the trees thrashing around in the wind; than comes a h-wack! -bum bum! bumble-umble-umbum-bum-bum-bum-bum-and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling away, and quit—and then rip comes another flash and another sockdolager. The waves most washed me off the raft, sometimes, but I hadn't any clothes on, and didn't mind. We didn't have no trouble about snags; the lightning was glaring and filtering around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw her head this way or that and miss them.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

狂风暴雨，电闪雷鸣

下一段时间应该由我来守到十二点，可是我就是有个铺位的话，也不愿意进去睡；谁也不会在一个礼拜里天天都看见这样的狂风暴雨，决不会的。我的天，这阵风怎么这样呜呜地刮呀！每隔一两秒钟，就打一个大闪，把附近半里地之内的白色浪头都照得明亮，从大雨里，你会看出那些小岛全都显得灰蒙蒙的，树木都被狂风打得前仰后合；紧跟着就听见喀嚓！——呼隆、呼隆！咕咚咚、呼隆、呼隆、呼隆、呼隆——这个大雷就咕咚咚、呼隆隆地滚到远处去，后来就听不见了——然后又唰的一下，打了另一个大闪，跟着又来了个惊天动地的大霹雷。有几回，滔天的大浪几乎把我由筏子上冲下水去，可是我根本没穿衣服，也就满不在乎。那些露出水面的树干和木桩，并不碍我们的事：电光老在四下里闪来闪去，我们把水面上的情形看得清清楚楚，来得及把筏头拐来拐去，闪开那些东西。 （张万里 译）

A Flash of Lightning and a Clap of Thunder

A Light flapped over the scene, as if reflected form phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first move of the approaching storm.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow swept to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manoeuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the

same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A popular in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving the darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

雷鸣电掣

一道闪光在场地上晃了一下,好像是磷质翅膀飞过天空时反射出来的光芒,同时空中回荡着隆隆的轰鸣。这是暴风雨来临的第一步。

第二阵是哗然的轰鸣,闪电相对地减少了。盖伯瑞尔看见芭斯谢芭的卧室里点起了一根蜡烛,接着就出现了一个人影,在窗帘上晃来晃去。

然后又是一道闪电。头顶上这片广阔无垠的天穹中正在进行着一场非凡的军事演习。闪电银光辉耀,像是一支身披铠甲的军队。隆隆声变成了哗啦声,盖伯瑞尔站在高处,至少能看见前面六英里之内的景物。每一道垣篱、每一丛灌木、每一棵树都清清楚楚的像线雕画一般。就在这个方向有一个围场,里面有一群小母牛;这时候,只见这些牛都在疯狂地到处奔突,像开了锅似的乱成一团糟,蹄子和尾巴向空中高高甩起,头却顶在地上。紧前面的一棵白杨树就像一块擦亮了的锡皮上划的一道墨迹。一转瞬之间这幅图画便消失了。眼前黑暗得伸手不见五指,盖伯瑞尔完全是用双手摸索着干活。

(傅惠寰 译)

Thunderstrike

...when suddenly there was a glare of light, the whole earth seemed on fire, and the vault of heaven cracked overhead. Opening his blinded eyes, to his horror the first thing Levin saw through the thick curtain of rain between him and the woods was the uncannily altered position of the green crest of a familiar oak in the middle of the copse. 'Can it have been struck?' The thought had barely time to cross his mind when, gathering speed, the oak disappeared behind the other trees and he heard the crash of the great tree falling on to the others.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

雷击

突然间火光一闪,整个大地似乎都燃烧起来,他的头顶上的穹苍似乎裂开

了。睁开他的眩晕的眼睛,列文透过把他和科拉克树林隔开的浓密的雨帘,心惊胆战地首先看到的就是树林中间那棵熟悉的橡树的葱绿的树顶已经不可思议地改变了姿势。"难道是被雷劈了?"列文还没有来得及想,那棵橡树就愈来愈快地消失在其他的树木后面去了,他听见一棵大树倒在别的树木上的轰隆声。

(周扬 谢素台 译)

5. Fogs 雾霭

Thick Fog

...I could see the terrace below me grey and indistinct in the white wall of fog.... The fog filled the open window, damp and clammy, it stung my eyes, it clung to my nostrils.... I could see the flower tubs on the terrace and the blue of the hydrangeas clumped and solid. The paved stones were smooth and grey. They were not jagged and uneven. It was the fog that made them look so far away. They were not far really,...

The fog came thicker than before and the terrace was hidden from me. I could not see the flower tubs and more, nor the smooth paved stones. There was nothing but the white mist about me, smelling of seaweed dank and chill. The only reality was the window-sill beneath my hands and the grip of Mrs. Danvers on my left arm. If I jumped I should not see the stones rise up to meet me, the fog would hide them from me...

(Daphne de Maurier, *Rebecca*)

浓雾

……我可以看到,在白茫茫的迷雾中,下面的大阳台阴惨惨的,模糊不清。……敞开的窗口浓雾弥漫。迷雾是湿漉漉、粘糊糊的,刺痛了我的眼睛,钻进了我的鼻孔。…… 我可以看到阳台上 的一个个花盆和栽得密密麻麻的一株株紫阳的蓝色花朵。一块块铺地的石头非常光滑,灰蒙蒙的。它们并非参差不齐,崎岖不平的。满天大雾使它们显得非常遥远。实际上相距不远,……

迷雾比以前更浓,完全遮住了阳台。我再也看不到一只只花盆,也看不到光滑的铺地石块。我周围只有散发出海藻气味的、潮湿寒冷的白茫茫的浓雾。唯一的实体是我手下的窗台和丹弗斯太太抓住我的左臂的握力。如果我纵身一跳,我看不见迎面扑来的铺地石块,大雾把铺石地面遮住了……

(高长荣 谢素台 译)

A Mist Hanging over the River

A mist hung over the river, deepening the red glare of the fires that

burnt upon the small craft moored off the different wharfs, and rendering darker and more indistinct the mirky buildings on the banks. The old smoke-stained storehouses on either side, rose heavy and dull from the dense mass of roofs and gables, and frowned sternly upon water too black to reflect even their lumbering shapes. The tower of old Saint Saviour's Church, and the spire of Saint Magnus, so long the giant-warders of the ancient bridge, were visible in the gloom; but the forest of shipping below bridge, and the thickly scattered spires of churches above, were nearly all hidden from the sight. (Charles Dickens, *The Adventures of Oliver Twist*)

河上弥漫的夜雾

河上夜雾弥漫，停泊在各处码头附近的小船上灯火的红光因而显得更红，河滨暗沉沉的建筑物也显得更暗、更加朦胧。两岸给煤烟熏黑的货栈笨重而阴郁地矗立在密密麻麻的屋顶和山墙丛中，愠怒地俯视着黑得连它们这样的庞然大物也映不出来的水面。幽暗中隐约可辨古老的救世主教堂钟塔和圣马格努斯教堂尖顶的轮廓，它们像两个巨灵神守卫着这座历史悠久的大桥已不知多少年代。然而，林立于桥下的船桅和密集在岸上的其他教堂的尖顶几乎完全看不出来。 (荣如德 译)

The Swirling Mist in the Dream

She was in a wild strange country so thick with swirling mist she could not see her hand before her face. The earth beneath her feet was uneasy. It was a haunted land, still with a terrible stillness, and she was lost in it, lost and terrified as a child in the night. She was bitterly cold and hungry and so fearful of what lurked in the mists about her that she tried to scream and could not. There were things in the fog reaching out fingers to pluck at her skirt, to drag her down into the uneasy quaking earth on which she stood, silent, relentless, spectral hands. Then, she knew that somewhere in the opaque gloom about her there was shelter, help, a heaven of refuge and warmth. But where was it? Could she reach it before the hands clutched her and dragged her down into the quicksands?

Suddenly she was running, running through the mist like a mad thing, crying and screaming, throwing out her arms to clutch only empty air and wet mist....

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

梦中迷雾

睡梦中，她来到了一个荒凉陌生的地方，那里大雾弥漫，一片模糊不清，脚下的地面摇曳不停，四周寂静可怕，忽又有鬼怪出没，她迷路了，就像黑夜里迷路和吓坏的孩子一样，她又冷又饿，同时又害怕四周弥漫的浓雾中会有潜伏的东西，她想喊叫，又喊不出声，惊慌中她只觉得有双手悄悄地伸向她，要抓住她的衣裙，将她拖到脚下那震动不停的地底下，同时她又预感到在那模糊的阴影里一定有一个可以藏身的地方，她会得到帮助。这地方在哪呢？她能在那双鬼手抓住她之前到达那里吗？

突然她发疯似的飞跑起来，穿过迷雾，呼喊着，狂叫着，挥舞着双臂在空中乱抓，可在这湿雾中，她又能抓到什么呢？ （简宗 译）

The Sea Shrouded by a Thick Mist

It happen'd one time, that going a fishing in a stark calm Morning, a fog rose so thick, that tho' we were not half a League from the Shoar we lost sight of it; and rowing we knew not whither or which way, we labour'd all Day and all the next Night, and when the Morning came we found we had pull'd off to Sea instead of pulling in for the Shoar; and that we were at least two Leagues from the Shoar: However we got well in again, tho' with a great deal of Labour, and some Danger; for the wind began to blow pretty fresh in the Morning; but particularly we were all very hungry. (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

雾锁迷障

有一次，在一个风平浪静的早晨，我们到海上去打鱼，忽然海上起了大雾，我们离岸还不到一海里，就看不见岸了。我们也摸不清东西南北，整整划了一天一夜，到了第二天早晨，才发现我们不但没有朝岸上划，反而划到海里去了，离岸至少有二海里光景。最后，我们费了很大的劲，冒了很大的危险（因为那天早晨风吹得很硬，而且我们都饿得要命），才划了回来。 （徐霞村 译）

The Fog like a Thick Dense Cloud

The day, in the highest and brightest quarters of the town, was damp, dark, cold, and gloomy. In that low and marshy spot, the fog filled every nook and corner with a thick dense cloud. Every object was obscure at one or two yards' distance....

The mist, though sluggish and slow to move, was of a keenly

searching kind. No muffling up in furs and broadcloth kept it out. It seemed to penetrate into the very bones of the shrinking wayfarers, and to rack them with cold and pains. Everything was wet, and clammy to the touch. The warm blaze alone defied it, and leaped and sparkled merrily....

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

云雾

在那个低下的、近似沼地的地方，浓雾像密云一般充塞了每一个角落。在一两码之外的东西，全变得模糊不清……

雾虽然懒洋洋地移动得很慢，倒是一种无孔不入的东西。便是裹上皮裘和厚呢的人也不能把它阻挡住。它好像要渗入到蹙缩的旅人骨髓里面，刺得他们又冷又痛。每一种东西摸上去都是又湿又冷。独有温暖的火焰敢和它对抗，快活地跳跃着射出火星来。

(许君远 译)

The Fog Closing Down

Well, the second night a fog begun to come on, and we made for a tow-head, to tie to, for it wouldn't do to try to run in fog; but when I paddled ahead in the canoe, with the line, to make fast, there warn't anything but little saplings to tie to. I passed the line around one of them right on the edge of the cut bank, but there was a stiff current, and the raft come booming down so lively she tore it out by the roots and away she went. I see the fog closing down, and it made me so sick and scared I couldn't budge for most a half a minute it seemed to me—and then there warn't no raft in sight; you couldn't see twenty yards..

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

从四面八方聚拢来的大雾

第二天夜里可巧又下起雾来，我们向一个沙洲划去，想把木筏拴起来，因为在大雾里没法走木筏；但是我坐在独木船上，拉着一根缆绳向前划，没想到沙岗子上除了些嫩树之外，没有别的东西可以拴上。我就把绳子系在那断岸旁边的一棵小树上，但是因为这里的河水流得特别急，冲得木筏轰隆轰隆地往下跑，劲头太猛，一下子把那棵小树连根拔起，于是木筏就顺水下去了。我眼看着大雾从四面八方聚拢起来，心里觉得又难过、又害怕，弄得我呆了至少有半分钟，一点儿也不能动弹——然后那个木筏就看不见了；二十码以外的地方，你根本就看不清楚。

(张万里 译)

6. Frosts 寒霜

To Add Frost to Snow

Boldwood was listlessly noting how the frost had hardened and glazed the surface of the snow, till it shone in the red eastern light with the polish of marble; how, in some portions of the slope, withered grass-bents, encased in icicles, bristled through the smooth was coverlet in the twisted and curved shapes of old Venetian glass; and how the footprints of a few birds, which had hopped over the snow whilst it lay in the state of a soft fleece, were now frozen to a short permanency....

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

雪上加霜

博尔伍德无精打采地看着寒霜把表面上的一层雪冻成了硬壳,在东方的红光中闪耀着大理石的辉泽,像给它上了釉一般。山坡上有几处地方,枯萎的草茎冻成了冰柱,像老式威尼斯玻璃那样弯弯扭扭的,从那平滑的白罩单下面钻了出来,森然耸立着。雪还像松软的羊毛一般平铺在地上的时候,有几只小鸟在上面跳跃过,留下了许多脚印,现在都已凝住,暂时不会改变形状了。

(傅雄寰 傅绚宁 佟天翎 译)

Frost Cover the Earth

The night was clear and frosty, all ebony of shadow and silver of snowy slope; big stars were shining over the silent fields; here and there the dark pointed firs stood up with snow powdering their branches and the wind whistling through them. Anne thought it was truly delightful to go skimming through all this mystery and loveliness with your bosom friend who had been so long estranged.

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

霜华通地

夜晚明净多霜,到处都是漆黑一片,到处都布满了阴影和银白色的雪坡;硕大的星星在静寂的田野上空闪烁着;到处都矗立着黑黝黝的尖顶冷杉,树枝上覆盖着雪花,风儿从树中间呼啸而过。安妮觉得,能同许久不见的知心好友在一起,滑过整个这片神秘世界的可爱景物,是件真正令人心旷神怡的事。

(王晓明 译)

Frostwork

...Now, being irrevocably awake, you peep through the half drawn window curtain, and observe that the glass is ornamented with fanciful devices in frost work, and that each pane presents something like a frozen dream. There will be time enough to trace out the analogy, while waiting the summons to breakfast. Seen through the clear portion of the glass, where the silvery mountain peaks of the frost scenery do not ascend, the most conspicuous object is the steeple; the white spire of which directs you to the wintry luster of the firmament. You may almost distinguish the figures on the clock that has just told the hour. Such a frosty sky, and the snow covered roofs, and the long vista of the frozen street, all white, and the distant water hardened into rock, might make you shiver, even under four blankets and a woolen comforter. Yet look at that one glorious star! Its beams are distinguishable from all the rest, and actually cast the shadow of the casement on the bed, with a radiance of deeper hue than moonlight, though not so accurate an outline.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Haunted Mind*)

霜花

现在,你无可奈何地醒了,就从半掩半卷的窗帘向外窥视,看见玻璃窗上点缀着构图奇妙的霜花,每个窗格宛如一个冻结着的梦境。在等待召唤去吃早餐时,尚有足够的时间来研究它们像些什么。窗格的透明处未被霜花砌成的银色山峰攀登,从这里看去,最引人注目的是那尖塔的塔尖把你引向天空的寒冷的光辉。刚刚报过时辰的那只钟上的数字依稀可辨。如此寒冷的天空,积雪覆盖的屋脊,渐渐远去的冰冻的街景,一片雪白,远处的河水冻结得坚硬如石,即使盖着四条毛毯,裹着羊毛围巾,这一切也会使你直打哆嗦。可是,瞧,那一颗灿烂的明星!群星中它的光辉灿然夺目,竟然将窗棂的影子投在床上,虽然没有那么分明,却犹比月色更浓。 (李小洪 译)

7. Snows 雪

Snow Is Falling

A Curtain of uninterrupted white flakes constantly sparkled in its descent to the ground. It effaced forms, and powdered everything with a downy moss. And nothing could be heard in the great silence. The town was calm, and buried under the wintry frost, as this fall of snow,

unnamable and floating, a sensation rather than a sound (trembling atoms which only seem to fill all space), came to cover the earth.

(Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

雪花飘飘

大片的鹅毛雪花组成一幅绵延不断的大帏幕从天上放下来,一面下放一面闪烁发光;万物的形象都看不清楚了,一切事物都蒙上了一层薄冰。在这座严冬笼罩着的安静的城市的无边沉寂中,只听见雪片下降时的那种模糊的、无以名之的、捉摸不住的窸窣之声,但这种窸窣之声又不能真正算作一种声响,只好说是我们感觉到有这种声响,因为那不过是一些轻飘飘的微屑掺混在一起,充塞了空间,盖满了世界。 (赵少侯 译)

The Wet Snow

...There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

(Jack London, *Love of Life*)

雨夹雪

天上没有了太阳。灰蒙蒙的大地和天空变得愈来愈阴沉昏暗。一阵刺骨的寒风刮了起来,初雪盖满了山顶。他周围的空气愈来愈浓,到处是白茫茫的一片,这时,他已经升起了火,又烧了一些开水。天上下的一半儿是雨,一半儿是雪,那飘落的雪花又大又潮。起初,雪刚一落到地上就立刻融化了,但后来雪越下越大,越下越多,逐渐盖满了地面,淋灭了火。也糟蹋了他那些当作燃料用的干苔藓。 (王晓明 译)

A Man's First Experience of Snowfall

One cold afternoon almost a moon later-the sky bleak and salty-Kunta was on his way across one of the fields to help another man repair a fence when, to his astonishment, what looked like salt began to fall from the sky, at first lightly, then more rapidly and thickly. As the salt became a flaky whiteness, he heard the blacks nearby exclaiming, "Snow!" and guessed that was what they called it. When he bent down to pick some of it

up, it was cold to his touch-and even colder when he licked it off a finger with his tongue. It stung, and it had no taste whatever. He tried to smell it, but not only did there seem to be no odor either, it also disappeared into watery nothingness. And wherever he looked on the ground was a whitish film.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

初次见到雪的感受

大约在一个月以后,一个寒冷的下午,天空阴沉灰暗,昆塔走过一片田野,去帮助另一个人修理栅栏。他惊讶地看到从天上降下了一些像盐似的东西,开始很稀疏,后来越下越快越密,逐渐变成了一种白色片状的东西。他听见周围的黑人叫道:"雪!"他想他们是这样称呼它的。他弯腰拣起一点,发现它是凉凉的,舔了一下,感到更凉,而且觉得舌头还有点刺痛感,那东西什么味道也没有。他试图闻出点气味来,不但没有闻出那东西的气味,而且它却融化成水消逝了。他环顾四周,只见到处都像蒙上了茫茫的一层白纱。(王晓明 译)

White Christmas

Christmas morning broke on a beautiful white world. It had been a very mild December and people had looked forward to a green Christmas; but just enough snow fell softly in the night to transfigure Avonlea. Anne peeped out from her frosted gable window with delighted eyes. The firs in the Haunted Wood were all feathery and wonderful; the birches and wild cherry trees were outlined in pearl; the ploughed fields were stretches of snowy dimples; and there was a crisp tang in the air that was glorious.

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

白色的圣诞节

圣诞节的早晨展现出一个洁白美丽的世界。那年的十二月非常暖和,人们都指望能有一个绿色的圣诞节;可是数量很多的雪花在夜里轻轻地飘落,使阿冯利的面貌焕然一新。安妮用快乐的目光透过山墙屋子结了霜的窗户向外面窥视。"闹鬼的森林"里的冷杉树都披上了轻软的羽毛,漂亮极了;白桦树和野樱桃被大自然勾画出了晶莹的轮廓;大片大片犁过的田野里布满了雪窝;空气里充满了一种令人喜悦的清新气息。… (马爱农 译)

The Snow Falling in Great Flakes

It had been a bitter day, and a cutting north-east wind had blown for some time. The wind had gone down with the light and so the snow had

come on. It was a heavy, settled fall, I recollect, in great flakes, and *it* lay thick. The noise of wheels and tread of people were as hushed as if the streets had been strewn that depth with feathers.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

鹅毛大雪

那是一个寒冷的日子,刺骨的东北风已经刮了好一些时候了。风与白昼一同沉下去,于是就下起雪来了。我还记得,雪下得很大,大片大片地,连续不断地下着,厚厚地堆积起来。车轮声和脚步声都听不出了,街上仿佛铺了厚厚的羽毛一般。 (王晓明 译)

The Heavy Snow like a Wall

...The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts...

(Francis Bret Harte, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*)

封山的大雪

太阳又抛弃了他们;纷纷的雪片从铅灰色的天空撒落到大地上来。一天天,白雪的包围圈愈来愈逼近他们,后来,从他们的"监狱"看出去,只见一道道耀眼的粉白墙壁,高出他们头上二十来英尺。四周倒下的树木这会儿全半藏在雪堆里,所以他们增添燃料变得愈来愈困难了。 (主万 译)

The First Snow of the Winter

At daybreak the rain stopped and snow began to fall—the first snow of the winter. Clouds gathered in the east but, at sunrise, the sky became pink and yellow. The flame of sunrise caught the edge of a cloud and blazed in a fiery zigzag. Yasha rose, shook off his nocturnal weariness, and the nocturnal doubts. He had once read about snowflakes and now he verified what he had learned. Each flake that fell on the window sill was hexagonal, complete with stems and horns, with designs and appendages, formed by that hidden hand which is everywhere—in the earth and in the clouds, in gold and in carrion, in the most distant star and in the heart of

man. What can one call this force, if not God? Yasha asked himself. And what difference does it make if it's called nature? He reminded himself of the chapter in Psalms: "He that panted the ear shall not hear? He that formed the eye shall not see?" He had sought a sign, yet every minute, every second, within him and outside, God signaled His presence.

(Issac Bashevis Singer, *The Magician of Lublin*)

严冬初雪

天刚亮,雨停了,开始下雪——那是冬天的第一场雪。东方积聚着一团团浓云,太阳一出来,天空显出一片粉红色和黄色。朝阳的火焰似的光芒照着了一朵云的边缘,把它染成弯弯曲曲的火红色。雅夏爬起身来,摆脱了夜间的疲劳和夜间的疑虑。他从前读到过关于雪花的形状,如今证实了他学到的东西。落在窗台上的雪花,朵朵都是六角形的,有着一整套的枝茎和刺、图形和附件,由那只无所不在的手造成的——在土地和云朵里、在黄金和腐尸中、在最遥远的星星和人的心坎里。人们如果不把这股力量叫做上帝,还能叫什么呢?雅夏问他自己。如果管它叫自然,又有什么不同呢?他回想起《诗篇》中的一节:"造耳朵的,难道自己不听见吗?造眼睛的,难道自己不看见么?"他想寻找一个征兆,可是每一分钟,每一秒钟,在他身内身外,上帝无不显示他存在的征兆。

(鹿金 吴劳 译)

8. Clear Days 晴天

A Night of Clear Starlight

It was a night of clear starlight, and below them, stretching away remotely, lay range on range of forest-covered hills. In the distance the heavens were red from the glow of a volcano. At their backs yawned the black mouth of a cave, out of which, from time to time, blew draughty gusts of wind. Immediately in front of them blazed a fire. At one side, partly devoured, lay the carcass of a bear, with about it, at a respectable distance, several large dogs, shaggy and wolf-like. Beside each man lay his bow and arrows and a huge club. In the cave-mouth a number of rude spears leaned against the rock.

(Jack London, *The Strength of the Strong*)

晴朗多星的夜晚

这是一个晴朗多星的夜晚,他们下面的树木,苍郁的群山,层层叠叠,不断地向远处延伸。再向前望去,只看见遥远的天空给一座正在爆发的火山映得

通红。在他们背后,有一个黑沉沉的大山洞,不时喷出一阵阵刺骨的冷风。他们面前有一堆熊熊的烈火。火堆的一边,躺着一头吃剩的死熊。在离火堆不远的地方,还有几条毛茸茸,像狼一样的大狗。每一个人身边都放着自己的弓箭和一根大棍子。另外还有几根粗陋的长矛,放在洞口的岩石旁边。

(万紫 雨宁 译)

A Fine Sunny Day

They all trailed out on to the lawn, It was a sunny, soft morning in early summer, when life ran in the world subtly, like a reminiscence. The church bells were ringing a little was off, not a cloud was in the sky, the swans were like lilies on the water below, the peacocks walked with long, prancing steps across the shadow and into the sunshine of the grass. One wanted to swoon into the by-gone perfection of it all.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

晴空碧日

他们慢悠悠地踱到外面的草坪上。这是初夏一个阳光和煦、气温宜人的上午,生命在大地上难以捉摸地蔓生着,活像是对往事的追忆。万里无云,教堂钟声在远方鸣响飘荡,白天鹅在山坡下的水中如同盛开的百合花。草地上,孔雀在神气活现地昂首阔步,从树荫下走进阳光里。人们不由地要沉湎于这一切,处身在往日完美无瑕的状态中了。 (梁一三 译)

Bright Spring Day in the Sea

Some days elapsed, and ice and icebergs all astern, the Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring, which , at sea, almost perpetually reigns on the threshold of the eternal August of the Tropic. The warmly cool, clear ringing, perfumed, overflowing, redundant days, were as crystal goblets of Persian sherbet, heaped up—flaked up, with rose-water snow. The starred and stately nights seemed haughty dames in jewelled velvets, nursing at home in lonely pride, the memory of their absent conquering Earls, the golden helmeted suns! For sleeping man, 'twas hard to choose between such winsome days and such seducing nights. But all the witcheries of that unwaning weather did not merely lend new spells and potencies to the outward world. Inward they turned upon the soul, especially when the still mild hours of eve came on; then, memory

shot her crystals as the clear ice most forms of noiseless twilights.

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

海上明媚的春日

过了几天,冰块和流冰都撇在后面了,这时,"裴廓德号"正乘风破浪冲过春光明媚的基多。在海洋上,春天差不多是老守在热带的永恒的八月天的门口。那种暖洋洋而凉爽晴朗、鸟语花香、丰富多彩的白昼,就像是波斯那种盛冰果子露的水晶杯子,堆积着——一片片地堆着玫瑰香水凝成的冰雪。繁星闪烁、端庄肃穆的夜空,像是穿着珠光宝气的天鹅绒衣服的傲慢的贵妇,高傲孤单地呆在家里,想念着那不在她身旁的南征北战的公侯,想念着那盔甲辉煌的太阳! 对于熟睡的人说来,这种逗人兴致的白昼和如此诱人的夜晚,都同样是可以酣睡的。不过,这种富有诱惑力的灿烂天气,它不光是给外界增添了新的迷惑力,还打开了人们的心扉,尤其是每当这种静穆柔美的夜色拢来的时候,就像冰霜在万籁俱寂的夜空里结成冰晶体一样,记忆也突然结晶了。

(曹庸 译)

A Clear and Cool Day

It was the noon halt, and we decided to bathe in the cool, inviting stream. We got in and lay on a long, flat rock, while the shallow water rippled over us in cool sheets. Some peasants went past, driving a big cloud of sheep before them, overhead the sky was clear and blue. There was nothing but peace and beauty here, and it was that odd midday moment when the world for centuries has been like this, with only peace, beauty and contentment. (Edgr Snow, *Red Star over China*)

晴朗宜人的中午

当时正好中午要歇脚,我们决定到清凉宜人的溪水中洗个澡。我们下了水,躺在溪底一块长长的平台上,浅浅的凉水在我们身上潺潺流过。有几个农民过去,赶着一大群绵羊;头顶上蔚蓝色的天空晴朗无云。四周一片宁静、幽美。几百年来都是这样的,这种奇怪的晌午时分,只使人感到宁静、幽美和满足。

(董乐山 译)

The Clearing Sky after its Interlude of Storm

They walked together, skirting pools of water which the rain had left, to a tiered parking lot a block and a half from the hotel. Above, the sky was clearing after its interlude of storm, with a three-quarter moon

beginning to break through, and around them the city center was settling down to silence, broken by an occasional late taxi and the sharp tattoo of their footsteps echoing hollowly through the canyon of darkened buildings.

(Arthur Hailey, *Hotel*)

雨过天晴

他们两人一起沿着雨水积成的水潭边缘行走,到了离饭店一条半马路的一个多层停车场。下过一阵暴雨之后,天空变得晴朗起来,微缺的月亮开始破云而出。市中心周围一片寂静,偶尔为一辆晚班出租汽车所打破,他们俩清晰的咯咯脚步声在那些像峡谷似的黑沉沉的建筑物里发出空荡的回声。

(杨万 林师明 译)

The Blue Sea and Clear Sky

And she crawled on, do or die, in the serene weather. The sky was a miracle of purity, a miracle of azure. The sea was polished, was blue, was pellucid, was sparkling like a precious stone, extending on all sides, all round to the horizon—as if the whole terrestrial globe had been one jewel, one colossal sapphire, a single gem fashioned into a planet. And on the luster of the great calm waters the Judea glided imperceptibly, enveloped in languid and unclean vapors, in a lazy cloud that drifted to leeward, light and slow, a pestiferous cloud defiling the splendor of sea and sky.

(Joseph Conrad, *Youth*)

碧海晴空

天气美好,船依然在爬行,死而后已。天空纯净得出奇,蔚蓝得出奇。海面光滑,湛蓝,透明,像宝石一般闪闪发光,向四面扩伸,直到天边,复归于——仿佛整个地球是一颗宝石,一块巨大的蓝玉,就是独粒钻石雕成的星球。在这亮晶晶的平静的大海洋上,"犹太号"几乎察觉不出地滑动着,船身笼罩在沉闷龌龊的烟雾里,笼罩在懒洋洋的、向下风处飘去、又轻又缓慢的烟云里;这一团乌烟瘴气把海天的壮丽景色都弄脏了。

(方平 译)

The Blossom and Clear Spring Day

...In the morning the sun rose brilliant and quickly melted the thin ice on the water, and the warm air all around vibrated with the vapour given off by the awakening earth. Last year's grass grew green again and the young grass thrust up its tiny blades; the buds swelled on the guilder-

rose and the currant-bushes, and on the sticky, resinous birch-trees, and a honey-bee hummed among the golden catkins of the willow. Invisible larks broke into song above the velvety green fields and the ice-covered stubble-land; pewits began to cry over the low lands and marshes, still bubbly with water not yet swept away; cranes and wild geese flew high across the sky, uttering their spring calls. The cattle, bald in patches where they had shed their winter coats, began to low in the pastures; lambs with crooked legs frisked round their bleating mothers who were losing their fleece; swift-footed children ran about the paths drying with imprints of bare feet; there was a merry chatter of peasant women over their linen at the pond and the ring of axes in the yard, where the peasants were repairing their ploughs and harrows. (LEO Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*)

春暖花开,晴空万里

早晨,太阳灿烂地升起来,迅速地溶解了盖在水面上的薄薄的冰层,温暖的空气因为从苏醒的地面上升起来的蒸汽而颤动着。隔年的草又显出绿色,新嫩的草伸出细微的叶片;雪球花、红醋栗的枝芽和粘性的桦树的嫩枝因为液汁而胀满了;一只探险的蜜蜂正绕着布满在柳树枝头的金色的花朵嗡嗡着。看不见的云雀在天鹅绒般的绿油油的田野和盖满了冰的、刈割后的天地上颤巍巍地歌唱着;田枭在那积满了塘水的洼地和沼泽上面哀鸣;鹤和鸿雁高高地飞过了天空,发出春的叫喊。脱落了毛的还没有全长起来的家畜在牧场上吼叫起来了;弯腿的小羊在它们那掉了毛的咩咩地叫着的母亲身边跳跃。敏捷的小孩在盖满了赤脚印迹的干了的路上奔跑,可以听见在池旁浣衣的农妇们的快活的闲谈,和农民们在院子里修理犁耙的斧声。 (周扬 译)

9. Hot Days 热天

A Hot Sweet Autumn

The dim blue-and-gold of a hot, sweet autumn saw the close of the corn-harvest. To Ursula, it was as if the world had opened its softest purest flower, its chicory flower, its meadow saffron. The sky was blue and sweet, the yellow leaves down the lane seemed like free, wandering flowers as they chattered round the feet, making a keen, poignant, almost unbearable music to her heart. And the scents of autumn were like a summer madness to her. She fled away from the little, purple-red button-chrysanthemums like a frightened dryad, the bright yellow little chrysanthemums smelled so strong, her feet seemed to dither in a drunken

dance. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

芳香炎热的秋天

芳香炎热的秋天 一片淡蓝色，一片金黄色，收割结束了。在厄秀拉看来，世界盛开着最柔和最纯洁的花朵，并若菊苣花，番红花。天空碧蓝悦目，小路上的黄叶子看上去像是自由漫步的花朵，在脚下沙沙作响，奏起刺耳的尖声，令厄秀拉的心灵无法忍受。而且，秋天的气息对她就像夏天的狂热。她像个受惊吓的林中仙子从一簇紫红色小菊花旁跑开。另一种鲜黄的小菊花散发的味儿那么浓，熏得她脚步晃晃悠悠的似喝醉了酒。 (黑马 石磊 译)

A Hot Summer Day

The air was utterly dead. There was not a breath stirring. It was the sleepiest of sleepy days. The drowsing murmur of the five-and-twenty studying scholars soothed the soul like the spell that is in the murmur of bees. Away off in the flaming sunshine Cardiff Hill lifted its soft green sides through a shimmering veil of heat, tinted with the purple of distance; a few birds floated on lazy wing high in the air; no other living thing was visible but some cows, and they were asleep.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventure of Tom Sawyer*)

赤日炎炎

空气十分沉闷。一点动荡的气息都没有。那是困人的天气当中最困人的日子。那二十五个念书的小学生的催眠的低吟声就像蜜蜂嗡嗡叫的声音似的，有一股迷人的力量，使人心灵陶醉。外面远处炎热的阳光中，加第夫山透过一层微微闪动的热气蒸腾的薄幕，耸起它那平静的青翠的山腰，表面抹上了一层远景的紫色；几只鸟儿在高空展开懒洋洋的翅膀飞翔；除了几条牛而外，再也看不见别的动物，而这些牛也在睡着。 (张友松 译)

Hot Days in the Dry Season

At hot as the sun already was, the five long months of the dry season had only begun. The heat devils shimmered, making objects larger in the distance, and the people sweated in their huts almost as much as they did in the fields. Before Kunta left home each morning for his goat-herding, Binta saw that he protected his feet well with red palm oil, but each afternoon , when he returnod to the village from the open bush, his lips were parched and the soles of his feet were dry and cracked by the baking

earth beneath them. Some of the boys came home with bleeding feet, but out they would go again each morning—uncomplaining, like their fathers-into the fierce heat of the dry grazing land, which was even worse than in the village.

By the time the sun reached its zenith, the boys and their dogs and the goats all lay panting in the shade of scrub trees. (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

骄阳似火的旱季

虽然这时已经骄阳似火,可是长达五个月的干旱季节才刚开始。热魔闪动着,使远处的景物都变大了。人们在家里几乎也和在地里一样汗流浃背。每天早晨昆塔离家去放羊之前,宾塔总是要他搽上红棕榈油以保护双脚,可是每天下午他从空旷的荒野返回村子时,总是唇干舌燥,炙热的土地把他的脚跟都烤得干裂了。有几个孩子返回家中时脚都裂得流了血,可是第二天早晨他们还是——像他们的父亲那样,毫无怨言地——照样外出,去到干燥的放牧地上经受火爆日晒,那儿比村子里要难受得多。

太阳升到顶点时,孩子们与他们的猎狗和山羊都躺在矮树丛的阴影中喘着气。 (陈尧光 译)

The Indication of the Hurricane

...It was a fiery West Indian night; one of the description that frequently precede the hurricanes of those climates. Being unable to sleep in bed, I got up and opened the window. The air was like sulphursteams-I could find no refreshment anywhere. Mosquitoes came buzzing in and Hummed sullenly round the room; the sea, which I could hear from thence, rumbled dull like an earthquake; black clouds were casting up over it; the moon was setting in the waves. broad and red, like a hot cannon-ball—she threw her last bloody glance over a world quivering with the ferment of tempest... (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

热带风暴的前兆

……那是西印度群岛一个热得如火烧般的夜晚,这是当地气候中热带风暴来临前常有的一种前兆。我在床上睡不着觉,起来开了窗。空气里简直就像有硫磺在蒸发——任哪儿都找不到一丝清新的气息。蚊子飞进来绕着屋子愠怒地嗡嗡着。远处的海洋发出像地震般的沉闷的轰鸣,乌云正在把它的黑影投布在海面上空。月亮又大又红,像一颗滚烫的炮弹,正在波涛中下沉——把她最后的血红的一瞥投向在暴风雨的震撼中发抖的世界。…… (凌雯 译)

A Depressingly Hot Day

When I got there it was all still and Sunday-like, and hot and sunshiny—the hands was gone to the fields; and there was some kind of faint droppings of bugs and flies in the air that makes it seem so lonesome and like everybody's dead and gone; and if a breeze fans along and quivers the leaves, it makes you feel mournful, because you feel like it's spirits whispering-spirits that's been dead ever so many years—and you always think they're talking about you. As a general thing it makes a body wish he was dead too, and done with it all.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

沉闷难当的暑气

我赶到那里,看见到处都很安静,像个礼拜天似的。这时候,天气很热,阳光充足,扛长活的工人都下地去了。有些甲虫和苍蝇在空中嗡嗡地飞,那一片微弱的声音,更叫人觉得沉闷,好像这里的人都死绝了。一阵微风吹过,树叶子就颤动起来,让你觉得阴惨惨的。因为,你觉得有什么鬼魂在悄声说话——那些死了很久很久的鬼魂。并且,你老以为它们正在议论你哪。总体上说,这种沉闷的空气,总是让人觉得死了才好,死了就万事皆休了。 (张万里 译)

A Hot and Still Day

The very day had changed. It was grown darker and more still and full of deeper and more burning heat. Great clouds loomed swollen, black and monstrous, up from the hills. But they shone silver-edged, luminous from some strange inner light. Even the sound of any insect, the call of any bird, was stilled in the vast hot silence of that day.

(Pearl S. Buck, *The Mother*)

炎热而又宁静的夏日

那日到底还是变了天。它变得越来越黑暗,越来越宁静,而且越来越炎热。巨大的云块从山中升起,时隐时现,黑压压的,硕大无比。但他们还是从镶着银边的云层中发出一些奇特的亮光。在这样一个酷热、宁静的夏日,甚至昆虫的叫声和小鸟的歌唱也都停止了,一切都因炎热而静谧。 (王晓明 译)

10. Cold Days 冷天

A Cold Snowy Day

The stranger came early in February, one wintry day, through a

biting wind and a driving snow, the last snow-fall of the year, over the down, walking as it seemed from Bramblehurst railway station, and carried a little black portmanteau in his thickly gloved hand. He was wrapped up form head to foot, and the brim of his soft felt hat hid every inch of his face but the shiny tip of his nose; the snow had piled itself against his shoulders and chest, and added a white crest to the burden he carried. He staggered into the Coach and Horses, more dead than alive as it seemed, and flung his portmanteau down. "A fire," he cried, "in the name of human charity! A room and a fire!" He stamped and shook the snow from off himself in the bar, and followed Mrs. Hall into her guest parlour to strike his bargain. (H. G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*)

雪虐风饕

二月初一个寒冷的日子里，一个陌生人，冒着刺骨寒风和漫天大雪(这年冬天最后一次雪)，越过开阔的高地，从布兰伯赫斯特火车站走来。他戴着厚厚的手套，提着一只黑色的小皮箱，从头到脚都裹得严严的，除了发亮的鼻尖以外，那顶软毡帽的帽檐把他的脸全都遮住了。雪花飘落在他的胸前、肩上，在他那沉甸甸的箱子上也加上了白白的一层。他冻得半死，摇摇晃晃地走进"车马客栈"，扔下皮箱。"快生个火吧，"他喊道，"给我开一个房间！"他在酒吧间里跺了跺脚，抖掉身上的雪，然后跟着霍尔太太走进她的客厅去讲价钱。

(孙宗鲁 译)

A Chill Morning with a Raw Wind

It was now the middle of the month of February; at six o'clock, therefore, dawn was just beginning to steal on night, to penetrate with a pale ray its brown obscurity, and give a demi-translucence to its opaque shadows. Pale enough that ray was on this particular morning; no colour tinged the east, no flush warmed it. To see what a heavy lid day slowly lifted, what a wan glance she flung along the hills, you would have thought the sun's fire quenched in last night's floods. The breath of this morning was chill as its aspect; a raw wind stirred the mass of night-cloud, and showed, as it slowly rose-leaving a colorless, silver-gleaming ring all round the horizon—not blue sky, but a stratum of paler vapour beyond. It had ceased to rain, but the earth was sodden, and the pools and rivulets were full. (Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

寒风刺骨

这会儿是二月中旬，因此，到了六点钟，黎明才开始悄悄地赶上黑夜，一道灰蒙蒙的光线穿过棕褐色的朦胧天空，给那片晦暗的阴影抹上层半透明的东西。这天早晨，那道光线真够灰蒙蒙的，东边一点也没有什么色彩，没有使它温暖的红霞。看到白天像个多么沉重的锅盖慢慢地揭开来，看到它对群山投下了多么苍白的一瞥，简直叫人以为太阳的烈火已让昨儿晚上的洪水给淬息了。这天早晨的空气也像它的外表一样使人感到冷飕飕的；一阵刺骨寒风搅动了一团夜云，随着这团夜云慢慢腾升——留下了一个毫无色泽、银白微光的圈圈，把地平线全部包围起来——显现出来的并不是蓝天，而是一层更为灰蒙蒙的烟蔼，缭绕在远处。雨已经停了，但是，地上湿漉漉的，池塘和小溪都涨满了水。（曹庸 译）

The Biting Air

The streets were covered with ice and soot-flecked snow and from above a feeble sun filtered through the haze. I walked with my head down, feeling the biting air. And yet I was hot, burning with an inner fever. I barely raised my eyes until a car, passing with a thudding of skid chains whirled completely around on the ice, then turned cautiously and thudded off again.

I walked slowly on, blinking my eyes in the chill air, my mind a blur with the hot inner argument continuing. The whole of Harlem seemed to fall apart in the swirl of snow.... (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

风飕飕，雪扬扬

微弱的阳光透过烟雾照射下来，街道上满是冰，还有被煤烟弄得斑斑点点的雪。我低下头走着，只感到寒气袭人；可心里极度的焦躁，火烧火燎的。后来，近处有一辆汽车，防滑链条撞得砰砰作响，车子简直是在冰上打转，小心地转过弯来，再砰砰砰地开走，直到这时我才抬头看了一眼。

我慢慢地走着，在冷飕飕的空气中眨着眼睛，思想由于内心继续着的激烈的争论而变得模糊起来。整个哈莱姆区好像在纷纷扬扬的雪花中土崩瓦解了。（任绍曾等 译）

The Intense Cold

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages,

and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose fluff old bell was always peeping silly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice....

Foggier yet, and colder. Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs,...

(Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*)

彻骨切肤的冷天

这时候,雾更浓了,夜色也更黑了,有些人拿着耀眼的火把跑来跑去,为人们照明。他们走在马车的马匹前面,给这些马车带路。礼拜堂的古老的钟楼已经看不见了,里面有一口声音粗厉的老钟,老是从墙上一个哥特式的窗子里偷偷地向下看着斯克擂奇,它在云端里报时和报刻,敲过以后发出一阵颤抖的尾音,仿佛它的头伸在高空里,给冻坏了,牙齿在打颤。寒气更酷烈了。在大街上,院子的转角处,有几个工人正在修理煤气管,在火盆里生起了熊熊的一大堆火,一群衣衫褴褛的大人和小孩围在这火盆的周围,暖和暖和他们的手,兴高采烈地冲着火光眨眼。水龙头呢,因为这时没人去睬它了,它那溢出的水愤懑地冻结起来,变成厌恨人类的冰块。……

雾更加浓了,天更加冷了,冷得彻骨切肤,无孔不入。如果仁慈的圣邓斯丹不用他那使惯的武器,而用一点儿这样的寒气来钳住恶魔的鼻子,这恶魔也一定会有强烈的理由大声叫嚷!有个小孩子,瘦削的鼻子给这饿慌了的寒风咬住了咀嚼着,像狗啃骨头似的,……

(汪倜然 译)

A Cold Northern Spring

...But in the parks and the old palace grounds I saw the early northern spring, I saw the white loom blossoms flower while the ice still held solid over Pei Hai "the North Sea". I saw the willows over Pei Hai

with the ice crystals hanging from them and remembered the description of the scene by the T'ang poet Chen Chang, who wrote about Pei Hai's winter-jeweled trees looking "like ten thousand peach trees blossoming." The innumerable trees of Peking aroused my wonder and admiration.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

北方的早春

……在公园里,在故宫的庭院里,我看到了北方的早春。当北海上还结着坚硬的冰的时候,我却看到了洁白的梅花在此盛开。我还看到在北海上杨柳倒垂,晶莹的冰柱悬挂在枝头上,因而我想起唐朝诗人岑参咏北海冬树挂珠的诗句:"千树万树梨花开"。北京那数不尽的冬树挂珠令我惊叹不已,同时又激起我对此的赞美。

(董乐山 译)

A Nip in the Air

The air grew colder, as day came slowly on; and the mist rolled along the ground like a dense cloud of smoke. The grass was wet; the pathways, and low places, were all mire and water; the damp breath of an unwholesome wind went languidly by, with a hollow moaning. Still, Oliver lay motionless and insensible on the spot where Sikes had left him.

Morning drew on apace. The air became more sharp and piercing, as its first dull hue—the death of night, rather than the birth of day—glimmered faintly in the sky. The objects which had looked dim and terrible in the darkness, grew more and more defined, and gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down, thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But Oliver felt it not, as it beat against him; for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

寒气逼人

随着清晨的渐渐临近,空气愈来愈寒冷,雾像浓密的烟云在地面上滚动。草都被濡湿了,小径上、洼地里全是稀泥,催腐致病的阴风带着仿佛发自空穴的呻吟懒洋洋地吹来一股潮气。奥立弗依旧躺在赛克斯把他扔下的那个地方毫不动弹,人事不省。

天愈来愈亮。微明的曙色与其说是白天的诞生,毋宁说是黑夜的死亡;随着最初的晨曦在空中闪起暗淡的反光,寒气就更加渣骨侵肌。在黑暗中看起来模糊可怖的景物,不断变得清晰可辨,逐渐恢复它们平时的形状。一阵骤雨

落在光秃秃的灌木丛中,发出很响的哗哗声。但是奥立弗并没有感觉到雨打在他身上;他还是孤单无援、神志昏迷地直挺挺躺在他的土床上。

(荣如德 译)

11. Cloudy and Gloomy Days 阴天

A Gloomy Muggy Day

Under the thickened rain clouds, a heated, darkened breeze sprang up. It had a smoky odor. This was something oppressive, insinuating, choky, sultry, icky. Desirous, the air was, and it felt tumescent, heavy. It was very heavy. It yearned for discharge, like a living thing. Covered with sweat, the generaless with her arm urged me, rolling great eyes and panting. The mud dried stiffly and made a kind of earth costume for me. Inside it I felt like Vesuvius, all the upper part flame and the blood banging upward like the pitch or magma. The whips were hissing and gave a dry, mean sound, and I wondered what in hell are they doing. After the gust of breeze came deeper darkness, like the pungent heat of the trains when they pass into Grand Central tunnel on a devastated day of August, which is like darkness eternal. ...

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

阴沉闷热

带雨的云层愈来愈浓密,天色渐次阴暗,刮起一股带烟味的热风,给人一种沉闷、压抑、窒息、粘乎乎的难受感觉。空气干涩而又凝重,巴不得减轻一些负荷。女将军浑身汗淋淋的,转动着一对大眼珠,喘着气催我前进。我身上敷的一层淤泥干了,活像穿了一件泥衣。我体内像维苏威火山爆发,整个上体像着了火,血液像火山岩浆直往上喷。她们挥动手中的皮鞭,发出干燥单调的嘶嘶声,我真不知她们在玩什么把戏。一股微风吹过之后,天空布满阴霾,像纽约大中干线上奔驰的火车,在炎热的八月天突然钻进隧道,黑暗无边,酷热如炙。

(蓝仁哲 陈蜀之 译)

A Cloudy Day

They were gathering in the west, in the direction of Rouen, swiftly rolling in black spirals with enormous sunbeams emerging from them in back, like the golden arrows of a hanging trophy, while the rest of the sky was empty and as white as porcelain. But a gust of wind bent the poplars

and suddenly rain was pattering on the green leaves...

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

乌云密布

浓云在西边卢昂的那个方向聚积着,乌黑的云朵在快速地翻动,一道道太阳光从背后泻出,就像金色的箭悬在空中;而天空的其他部分却明净无云,白得像瓷器。忽然刮起一阵狂风,吹得白杨弯了腰,一会儿雨落了下来,把绿叶打得沙沙作响。…… (张道真 译)

Chilly and Overcast Night

The night came on, chilly and overcast; and still the foot-sore monarch labored slowly on. He was obliged to keep moving, for every time he sat down to rest he was soon penetrated to the bone with the cold. All his sensations and experiences, as he moved through the solemn gloom and the empty vastness of the night, were new and strange to him. At intervals he heard voices approach, pass by, and fade into silence; and as he saw nothing more of the bodies they belonged to than a sort of formless drifting blur, there was something spectral and uncanny about it all that made him shudder.... (Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

阴冷的夜晚

黑夜来到了,又冷又阴沉;然而那走痛了脚的国王仍旧慢慢地勉强往前走。他不得不继续走,因为他每回坐下来休息休息,马上就觉得寒气透入骨髓。他在那阴森森的一片黑暗和空虚的无边夜色里移动着,一切感觉和经历对他都是新奇的。每过一会儿工夫,他就听见一些声音由远而近,再由他身边飘过,渐渐低下去,变为寂静无声了;他看不出这些声音究竟是由什么东西发出来的;只见一种形象无定的、飘荡的模糊影子,所以他就觉得这一切都有一股妖魔作怪似的、阴森可怖的意味,这不免使他发抖。 (张友松 译)

The Overcast of Dark Clouds

Somewhere to the north, over Lake Pontchartrain probably, a summer storm was brewing in the darkness. The beginnings of it could be sensed in muted rumblings and an occasional flash of light. With luck, if the storm moved south toward the Gulf of Mexico, there might be rain in New Orleans by morning.

The rain would be welcome, Christine thought. For three weeks the

city had sweltered in heat and humidity, producing tensions all around. There would be relief in the hotel too... (Arthur Hailey, *Hotel*)

阴霾满天

在北面某个地方,可能就在庞恰特雷恩湖上空,黑压压的大片云层,预示着一场夏季的暴风雨即将来临。低沉的隆隆声和偶尔出现的闪电,使人感觉到暴风雨已经开始了。倘使走运的话,暴风雨朝南向墨西哥湾移动,那么到天亮,新奥尔良就会下雨了。

克丽丝汀心里想,这场雨将受人欢迎。因为持续了三个星期之久的闷热潮湿天气,给这个城市各方面都带来了紧张。一下雨,连饭店里也可以松一口气了。 (杨万 林师明 译)

The Clouds Gathered before Raining

...the clouds, turning white and then black, gathered so rapidly that they had to quicken their pace still more if they were to reach home before the rain. The leading clouds, lowering and black as soot-laden smoke, drove with extraordinary swiftness across the sky. The party was still some two hundred paces from the house when the wind rose and the downpour was to be expected at any moment.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

乌云急聚,大雨将至

……那云先是白色,而后又变黑,以极快的速度聚积着,他们不得不加快脚步才能在大雨来临之前赶到家。聚在最前边的云越来越低,黑得像浓烟一般,正以惊人的速度横压过天空。这伙人离家还有两百多步远,这时风已经刮了起来,瓢泼大雨随时都可能落下来。 (王晓明 译)

12. Windy and Stormy Days 风雨天

Sharp Wind and Heavy Rain

She was soon ascending Blooms-End valley and traversing the undulations on the side of the hill. The noise of the wind over the heath was shrill, and as if it whistled for joy at finding a night so congenial as this. Sometimes the path led her to hollows between thickets of tall and dripping bracken, dead, though not yet prostrate, which enclosed her like a pool. When they were more than usually tall she lifted the baby to the top of her head, that it might be out of the reach of their drenching fronds.

On higher ground, where the wind was brisk and sustained, the rain flew in a level flight without sensible descent, so that it was beyond all power to imagine the remoteness of the point at which it left the bosoms of the clouds. Here self-defence was impossible, and individual drops stuck into her like the arrows into Saint Sebastian. She was enabled to avoid puddles by the nebulous paleness which signified their presence, though beside anything less dark than the heath they themselves would have appeared as blackness. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

风雨交加

她一会儿就从布露恩山谷里往上面走，在起伏的山坡上横向穿行着。吹过荒原的狂风，声音那样尖锐，好像它碰到这样一种同气和德的昏夜，乐得呼啸起来了一般。有的时候，路径把她引到的地方，会是雨水淋漓的高大凤尾草，虽然已经死了，却还没倒下，所以那时就会像一个野塘一般地把她围住。遇到凤尾草特别高的时候，她就把小婴孩举到头顶上，好别叫滴嗒的凤尾草的叶子触到她身上。在比较高一点儿的地方上，风势猛烈，呼呼不停，所以雨点儿都横空飞奔，看不出往下落的样子来，因此想要捉摸出来雨点儿究竟从哪一块云彩那儿降下来的，那块云彩究竟远到什么程度，简直出乎想像力以外。在那种地方上，自卫是不可能的，一个一个打到她身上的雨点，都像射到圣遂巴提身上的箭一般。遇到泥塘，她倒还可能躲开，因为泥塘有一种爱的灰色，表示它的所在。其实那种灰色要不是有荒原那种昏黑比着，那它本身就可以说是黑色的了。（张谷若 译）

A Stormy Windy Night

A night or two after this, Legree was sitting in the old sitting-room, by the side of a flickering wood fire, that threw uncertain glances round the room. It was a stormy, windy night, such as raises whole squadrons of nondescript noises in rickety old houses, Windows were rattling, shutters flapping, the wind carousing, rumbling, and tumbling down the chimney, and, every once in a while, puffing out smoke and ashes, as if a legion of spirits were coming after them.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

狂风暴雨之夜

过了一两天之后的一个夜晚，雷格里在客厅里飘忽不定的炉火旁边坐着，闪烁的火光映射在四周。那是一个狂风暴雨之夜，在这种时候，摇摇欲坠的旧

房子往往会发出一阵阵无法形容的响声。窗子和百叶窗被刮得啪哒啪哒直响；大风不断呼啸着，呼呼地从烟筒里倒灌进来，卷起一团团烟和灰尘，仿佛后面有一大群阴魂追来似的。（黄继忠 译）

The Sharp Wind and a Driving White Curtain of Rain

In that brief interval of time the heart of the storm-cloud had already so blotted out the sun that it was as dark as during an eclipse. The wind pushed Levin back stubbornly, as though insisting on its own, tearing the leaves and blossoms off the lime-trees, stripping the white birch branches into strange unseemly nakedness, and twisting everything, acacias, flowers, burdocks, grass, and tree-tops all in one direction. The peasant girls who had been working in the garden ran screeching to shelter in the servants' quarters. A driving white curtain of rain had already descended over the distant forest and half the field next to it, and was advancing rapidly towards the woods. The air was filled with the moisture of the rain, shattered into tiny drops.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

狂风暴雨

在这短短的一会工夫，乌云聚拢来了，完全遮住了太阳，使得天色黯然无光，好像日蚀一样。风，好像坚持着要随心所欲似的，顽强地把列文朝后面刮去，吹走了菩提树的树枝和花朵，把白桦树枝剥成奇形怪状，不像样子的裸体，使阿拉伯橡胶树、花朵、牛蒡、青草和树梢全都朝一个方向弯下去。在花园里作活的农家女孩子们尖叫着跑到下房里去了。白茫茫水帘似的倾盆大雨已经在遥远的树林上和附近一半的大地上倾注下来，而且迅速地朝着科拉克树林涌来。雨珠的水分，破碎成小小的水点，充满在空气里。（周扬 谢素台 译）

13. Symbolism 象征意义

Lifesaving Rain

Cillanbone was not a particularly superstitious community, but even the most cynical resident shivered that Sunday, September 2nd. For on the same day that the war ended, so did the longest drought in the history of Australia. For nearly ten years no useful rain had fallen, but that day the clouds filled the sky thousands of feet deep, blackly, cracked themselves

open and poured twelve inches of rain on the thirsty earth. An inch of rain may not mean the breaking of a drought, it might not be followed by anything more, but twelve inches of rain means grass.

Meggie, Fee, Bob, Jack, Hughie and Patsy stood on the veranda watching it through the darkness, sniffing the unbearably sweet perfume of rain on parched and crumbling soil, horses, sheep, cattle and pigs sprawled their legs against the shifting of the melting ground and let the water pour over their twitching bodies; most of them had been born since rain like this had last passed across their world. In the cemetery the rain washed the dust away, whitened everything, washed the dust off the outstretched wings of the bland Botticelli angel. The creek produced a tidal wave, its roaring flood mingling with the drumming of the soaking rain. Rain, rain! Rain. Like a benediction from some vast inscrutable hand, long withheld, finally given. The blessed, wonderful rain. For rain meant grass, and grass was life. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

救命的雨水

基兰博并不是一个特别迷信的地方，但是9月2日那个星期天，就连最愤世嫉俗的居民也都战栗了。因为，在这一天战争结束了，澳大利亚历史上最长的干旱也在同一天结束了。近十年来没下过一场有补于事的雨，可是那天，布满天空的云层却厚达数千英尺。黑云压顶，雨水破云而来，在干渴的土地上倾注了近十二英寸的雨水。也许，一英寸的雨水尚谈不上缓解旱情，过后根本无济于事，可十二英寸的雨水却意味着青草啊。

梅吉、菲、鲍勃、杰克、休吉和帕西站在外廊中，望着夜幕中的大雨，使劲地吸着雨水落在焦干、龟裂的土壤所发出的令人应接不暇的香气。马、羊、牛和猪用腿在渐渐变稠的地面上乱扒着，任雨水冲刷着它们那颤抖的身体；它们大部分都是在上一次像这样的雨浇淋过世界之后才出生的。在墓里，雨水冲走了灰尘，使一切都露出了白色，冲走了那平淡无奇的波梯赛利天使伸展的双翅上的灰土。小河里掀起了浪头，洪水的咆哮与暴雨的抽打声相和。雨，雨，雨！它就像是长期掌握在一个巨大的、神秘莫测的手中的天恩，终于赐与了人间。这赐福的、令人叫绝的雨。因为雨就意味着草地，而草地就是命根子啊。

（曹胡　译）

The Weather's Influence on Men's Emotions

The troop of vagabonds turned out at early dawn, and set forward on their march. There was a lowering sky overhead, sloppy ground under

foot, and a winter chill in the air. All gaiety was gone from the company; some were sullen and silent, some were irritable and petulant, none were gentle-humored, all were thirsty....

After a while the weather grew milder, and the clouds lifted somewhat. The troop ceased to shiver, and their spirits began to improve. They grew more and more cheerful, and finally began to chaff each other and insult passengers along the highway. This showed that they were awaking to an appreciation of life and its joys once more....

(Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

天气对人情绪的影响

那一队游民在黎明时候起来、随即就出发远行。头上是阴沉的天,脚下是泥泞的地,空中有冬季的寒气。这一群人的快乐情绪完全消失了;有的垂头丧气,不声不响,有的烦躁而易怒,谁也不轻松愉快,大家都觉得口渴。……

过了一会儿,天气渐渐晴朗起来,天上的黑云稍微散了一些。那一群人不再哆嗦了,他们的精神也开始好转。他们越来越愉快,后来就开始互相戏弄,并且还侮辱大路上过往的行人。这就表示他们渐渐从苦闷中开朗起来,重新欣赏生活和其中的快乐了。……

(张友松 译)

The Rainbow of New Life

And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew that the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow was arched in their blood and would quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to a new germination, to a new growth, rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching heaven.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

架起新生命的彩虹

那道虹是拱架在大地之上的。她知道,那些给硬壳包着在地上爬行的贱民们,各自都不动声色地活在世间的腐朽表层之中。但是这条虹扎根在他们的血肉里了,它会颤抖着在他们的精神中成活。她知道他们就要挣脱那蜕变中的硬壳甲,用自己崭新、清洁的裸体去迎接那由天而至的光明、劲风和洁净

的雨水。透过这虹，她看到了大地上的新建筑，那些陈旧的、不堪一击的糟朽房子和工厂被一扫而光，这世界将在生命的真实中拔地而起，直耸苍穹。

（黑马 石磊 译）

14. Others 其他

The Thin Ice on the Fish-Ponds

The girls wandered across the snowy grass to where the artificial fish-ponds lay under thin ice. There was a big tree with a thick trunk twisted with ivy, that hung almost horizontal over the ponds. Ursula climbed joyfully into this, and sat amid bosses of bright ivy and dull berries. Some ivy leaves were like green spears held out, and tipped with snow. The ice was seen beneath them. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

鱼池上的薄冰

两个姑娘越过布满积雪的草地，来到了结着一层薄冰的人工鱼塘，塘边有一棵大树，粗壮的树干爬满了长春藤，藤条下垂，几乎与湖面平齐。厄秀拉兴冲冲地爬到树底下，在明亮清楚的长春藤和干浆果树丛中坐了下来。有一些长春藤的叶子伸了出去，仿佛是绿色的长矛，上面沾着星星点点的雪花。冰层就在它们下面。

（王晓明 译）

A Faint, Vast Rainbow

... And then, in the blowing clouds, she saw a band of faint iridescence colouring in faint colours a portion of the hill. And forgetting, startled, she looked for the hovering colour and saw a rainbow forming itself. In one place it gleamed fiercely, and , her heart anguished with hope, she sought the shadow of iris where the bow should be. Steadily the colour gathered, mysteriously, from nowhere, it took presence upon itself, there was a faint, vast rainbow. The arc bended and strengthened itself till it arched indomitable, making great architecture of light and colour and the space of heaven, its pedestals luminous in the corruption of new houses on the low hill, its arch the top of heaven.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

一弧朦胧巨大的彩虹

接着，在漂浮的云层中，她看见一条淡淡的彩虹架在那座小山的一边。她吃了一惊，忘掉了一切，期待着天空显现出五彩，看着彩虹自己慢慢地形成。

虹云在一个地方显得耀眼，她带着强烈的期望搜寻着彩虹的拱形搭到什么地方。虹彩加深了，不知从哪儿来的，神秘极了，它自己呈现在天空——一弧朦胧巨大的彩虹。这个拱形的弯度和强度都精彩极了，是光、彩色在空中的伟大建筑。它光辉灿烂的柱脚坐落在低矮的小山那一片新盖的污秽的房屋上，它的拱划到了天顶。（黑马 石磊译）

A Double Rainbow

The sun would come out, writhing veils of steam issue from the ground, the wet cane shimmer and sparkle diamond prisms, and the river seems like a great gold snake. Then hanging right across the vault of the sky a double rainbow would materialize, perfect through out its length on both bows, so rich in its coloring against the sullen dark-blue clouds that all save a North Queensland landscape would have been paled and diminished....

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

双层彩虹

太阳出来了，地面上腾起了蜿蜒的汽雾，湿淋淋的甘蔗闪着亮，像钻石一样折射出了七色。河流宛如一条金色的巨蛇。随后，突然现出一道双层彩虹，挂在天穹之上，两道弯弯的彩虹完美无缺，和阴沉沉的、深蓝色的云层相比，显得色彩绚丽；那云层只能使北昆士兰的景色显得暗淡，朦胧。……

（曾胡 译）

Dew in the Morning

The rich, sweet smell of the hayracks rose to his chamber window; the hundred perfumes of the little flower-garden beneath scented their around; the deep-green meadows shone in the morning dew that glistened on every leaf as it trembled in the gentle air: and the birds sang as if every sparkling drop were a fountain of inspiration to them.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

朝露

干草堆的浓烈的甜香直扑他的卧室窗户；下面小花园里的种种花草芬香四溢；在微风中颤动着的草叶，每一片草叶上闪耀着朝露，照亮了浓绿的草场；鸟儿歌唱着，好像每一颗晶莹的露珠都是它们的灵感的源泉。……

（蒋天佐 译）

Mist Morning after Rain

It must have rained in the night , for when I woke the next morning, just after seven, and got up, and looked out of the window, I saw the roses in the garden below were folded and dropping, and the grass banks leading to the woods were wet and silver. There was a little smell in the air of mist and damp, the smell that comes with the first fall of the leaf. I wondered if autumn would come upon us two months before her time.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

雨后的早晨雾濛濛

夜里一定下过雨,因为第二天早晨,刚过了七点半钟,我醒来,起身,眺望窗外的时候,我发现下面花园里玫瑰花瓣合拢起来,花朵低垂,通到树林上,长满青草的堤岸湿漉漉的,银光闪闪。空中散发出轻微的雨雾和潮湿气息,随着第一片落叶而散发出的气息。我很纳闷,是不是秋天提前两个月来临。

(高长荣 谢素台 译)

The Cold and Moist Night

The night was very dark. A damp mist rose from the river, and the marshy ground about; and spread itself over the dreary fields. It was piercing cold, too; all was gloomy and black. Not a word was spoken; for the driver had grown sleepy; and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation. Oliver sat huddled together, in a corner of the cart; bewildered with alarm and apprehension; and figuring strange objects in the gaunt trees, whose branches waved grimly to and fro, as if in some fantastic joy at the desolation of the scene.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

寒冷潮湿的夜晚

晚来天色很暗。潮湿的雾蔼从泰晤士河以及附近的沼地升起,弥漫在凄清的田野上。寒气渣人肌骨;一切都笼罩在阴森的幽暗中。谁也不说一句话:赶车人昏昏欲睡,赛克斯也无意同他交谈。奥立弗满怀忧惧和疑虑蜷缩在大车的一角,把几株摇曳着枝柯的枯树当做了妖魔鬼怪,觉得它们面对周围荒凉的景色好像在狂欢中手舞足蹈。

(荣如德 译)

Sleet

Having finished all his business, soaked through with the streams of

water that kept running in at the neck of his leather coat and the tops of his gaiters, but in the most cheerful and lively temper, Levin returned homewards in the evening. The weather had grown worse since the morning; the sleet lashed the drenched mare so cruelly that she walked sideways, shaking her head and ears; but Levin under his hood was all right, and he looked cheerfully about him at the turbid streams running under the wheels, at the drops hanging on every bare twig, at the whiteness of the patch of unthawed hail stones on the planks of the bridge, at the heaps of still juicy, fleshy leaves lying in a thick layer round a denuded elm. In spite of the gloomy aspect of nature around him, he felt extraordinarily elated……

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

冻雨

列文办完了一切事务，全身被沿着皮外套流进他的脖颈和长统靴里的雨水浸透，但却怀着最紧张兴奋的心情，在傍晚回家去。傍晚，天穹更坏了；雹子这样无情地打着那湿透的母马，使得它侧着身子走着，抖动着头和两耳。但是列文戴着风帽，所以觉得很舒适，他只顾愉快地向周围眺望，时而望着沿着车辙流过的浊水，时而望着从树叶落尽的细枝上垂下的水滴，时而望着桥板上没有融化的雹子的斑斑白点，时而望着在赤裸裸的榆树周围厚厚地堆积起的还是汁液饱满的、肥厚的落叶。尽管四周的景物很阴暗，他仍然感到异常兴奋。……

（周扬 译）

Ⅳ. Seasons　四季

1. Spring　春季

Nature's Resurrection

It was beautiful spring weather, but neither dogs nor humans were aware of it. Each day the sun rose earlier and set later. It was dawn by three in the morning, and twilight lingered till nine at night. The whole long day was a blaze of sunshine. The ghostly winter silence had given way to the great spring murmur of awakening life. This murmur arose from all the land, fraught with the joy of living. It came from the things that lived and moved again, things which had been as dead and which had moved during the long months of frost. The sap was rising in the pines. The willows and aspens were bursting out in young buds. Shrubs and vines were putting on fresh garbs of green. Crickets sang in the nights, and in the days all manner of creeping, crawling things rustled forth into the sun. Partridges and woodpeckers were booming and knocking in the forest. Squirrels were chattering, birds singing, and overhead honked the wild-fowl driving up from the South in cunning wedges that split the air.

(Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

万物回春

时值莺啭燕啼的春日，阳光明媚，但是不论狗或者人都没有觉察到这一点。太阳一天比一天升得更早，落得更晚。清晨三点黎明就早早光临，夜晚九点黄昏才姗姗来迟。漫漫长日，阳光灿烂。代替那阴森可怖的严寒寂静的是复苏万物的伟大春天的低语，这种低语来自整个大地，充满着生活的欢乐。它来自复苏和重新运动的东西，这些东西曾经如同死去的一般，在天寒地冻的岁月里沉睡冬眠。松树的液汁往上漫溢。杨树吐露嫩芽。灌木和藤蔓穿上绿色新装。蟋蟀在夜间叫个不停。白昼里，形形色色的爬行或蠕动的东西沙沙地来到阳光之下。鹧鸪和啄木鸟在森林中咕咕地叫，笃笃地敲。松鼠嘁嚓，鸟儿啁啾，而头顶上那大雁之类的野禽也在鸣啼，它们从南方飞来，排成精巧的楔形队列划破长空。

(林之鹤　译)

Spring Comes to California

The spring is beautiful in California. Valleys in which the fruit blossoms are fragrant pink and white waters in a shallow sea. Then the first tendrils of the grapes , swelling from the old gnarled vines, cascade down to cover the trunks. The green hills are round and soft as breast. And on the level vegetable lands are the mile-long rows of pale green lettuce and the spindly little cauliflower's, the grey-green unearthly artichoke plants.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

春至加州

加利福尼亚的春天是美丽的。漫山遍野开着果树的香花，像一片红白相间的浅水海面。多节的老葡萄藤上新生的卷须像瀑布似的披散下来，裹住了主干。碧绿的山头浑圆而又柔软，像女人的乳房一般。在种菜的平地上有长达一哩的成行的浅绿色莴苣和纺锤一般的小小的花椰菜，还有绿里带白的神奇的蓟菜。 (胡仲持 译)

Spring's Harbingers

Spring's real harbingers are too subtle for the eye and ear. Some must have the flowering crocus, the wood-starring dogwood, the voice of bluebird-even so gross a reminder as the farewell handshake of the retiring buckwheat and oyster before they can welcome the Lady in Green to their dull bosoms. But to old earth's choicest kind there come straight, sweet messages from his newest bride, telling them they shall be no stepchildren unless they choose to be. (O. Henry, *The Four Million*)

春之使者

真正的春之使者，微妙异常，是难以眼观耳闻的。她们带来藏红色的花朵，用山茱萸点缀树林，她们引来翠鸣鸟的清唱——她们甚至明白地提醒荞麦还有牡蛎作道别前的握手，然后再在阴郁的大地上迎来绿衣仙子的降临。新花临的嫁娘用世上最完满的方式放出纯真而又娇柔的信息，告诉她们要是她们出于情愿，她们将得到亲生儿女一般的爱抚。 (陈华 何晓曦 译)

Spring on the Meadow

It was now early spring—the time of going to grass with the sheep, when they have the first feed of the meadows, before these are laid up for mowing. The wind, which had been blowing east for several weeks, had

veered to the southward, and the middle of spring had come abruptly—almost without a beginning. It was that period in the vernal quarter when we may suppose the Dryads to be waking for the season. The vegetable world begins to move and swell and the saps to rise, till in the completest silence of lone gardens and trackless plantations, where everything seems helpless and still after the bond and slavery of frost, there are bustlings, strainings, united thrusts, and pulls-all-together, in comparison with which the powerful tugs of cranes and pulleys in a noisy city are but pigmy efforts. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

牧场上的春天

现在正是早春——到草场上放羊的时节，是草场停止使用、等待刈割之前羊第一次在上面吃草的时节。几个星期以来风都是朝东刮，现在已转向南面，仲春猝然来到了——几乎没有开始阶段。在春天的这一时期，可以说森林女仙正从睡梦中醒来，以点缀这个季节。植物界已开始活动，膨胀，产生了汁液，寂寞的园圃和渺无行踪的林地由于严寒的拘禁和束缚，本来一切都显得死气沉沉、瑟瑟缩缩的，现在却呈现出一片熙熙攘攘、紧张奋发、挺拔茁壮、郁郁葱葱的景象；闹哄哄的城市里那些起重机呀滑车呀纵然能拔山举鼎，相形之下也不过是些侏儒行径罢了。 (傅雄寰 傅绚宁 佟天翎 译)

Bright Spring

...Below the starboard wing, the country of Kent was spread out in the sunshine. Weather wise, it had been a beautiful month of May. From the portholes one could see acres of blossom where the apple, pear, and cherry orchards covered the land in pink and white.

Along the lanes that trickle through the heart of the Weald, the Maythorn would be out, the horse-chestnut trees glowing with green and white, the pigeons clattering among the oaks.

(Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

艳阳春

……机翼下，肯特郡的土地沐浴在明媚的阳光中。英伦三岛的五月，正是春光明媚。从舷窗向下望去，大片大片盛开着的苹果花、梨花和樱花，给大地披上了一层粉红间白色的艳装。

通向森林深处的小径两旁，山楂已开始结果。绿白相间的七叶树，郁郁葱葱，高大的橡树上，到处都是成群成群的野鸽。 (朱雍 尹晓煌 译)

The Promise of Spring

But a week later, though the snow was everywhere in slush heaps, the promise was unmistakable. By the invisible hints in air and sky and earth which had aroused her every year through ten thousand generations she knew that spring was coming. It was not a scorching, hard, dusty day like the treacherous intruder of a week before, but soaked with languor, softened with a milky light. Rivulets were hurrying in each alley; a calling robin appeared by magic on the crab-apple tree in the Howlands' yard. Everybody chuckled, "Looks like winter is going," and "This'll bring the frost out of the roads—have the autos out pretty soon now—wonder what kind of bass-fishing we'll get this summer—ought to be good crops this year." (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

春讯

可是,过了一星期以后,虽然到处还可以见到一堆堆半融化的残雪,春讯无疑已来临了。她根据世世代代流传下来的经验,从空气、天色和大地的极其细微的暗示中,意识到春天快要来到。天气不会像一个星期以前那样,突然变得灼热难受,尘土飞扬,而是使人产生一种懒洋洋的感觉,乳白色阳光也显得格外柔和。小河里的水从每一条深巷后街边沿,汩汩地流去,豪兰家院子里的酸苹果树上,像变魔术似的,出现了一只叫春的知更鸟。人们都笑逐颜开地说:"看样子冬天真的快要过去了。""冰化了,路面可要干了,——马上可以坐汽车兜风去了,——真不知今年夏天我们会钓到多少鲈鱼,——今年的庄稼该不错吧。" (潘庆舲 译)

Spring Comes Round to the Earth

Spring had come once more to Green Gables—the beautiful, capricious, reluctant Canadian spring, lingering along through April and May in a succession of sweet, fresh, chilly days, with pink sunset sand miracles of resurrection and growth. The maples in Lovers' Lane were red-budded and little curly ferns pushed up around the Dryad's Bubble. Away up in the barrens, behind Mr. Silas Sloane's place, the May-flowers blossomed out, pink and white stars of sweetness under their brown leaves. All the school girls and boys had one golden afternoon gathering them, coming home in the clear, echoing twilight with arms and baskets full of flowery spoil. (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

春回大地

春天又一次来到绿山墙农舍——美丽、任性、桀骜不驯的春天一直逗留到四月和五月，天天都是甜蜜、清新、寒冷的日子，夕阳瑰丽，大地复苏，万物生长，处处可以看到大自然的奇迹。“情人小径”上的枫树绽出了红红的嫩芽，“森林女神水泡”周围的蜷曲的蕨草一个劲儿往上窜。远处，在赛拉斯·斯隆的宅地后面的那块贫瘠的土地上，五月花争芳斗艳，在它们褐色的叶子底下，躲藏着粉红色和白色的星星般可爱的花朵。在一个金黄色的下午，所有的男学生和女学生都去采集那些花儿，他们在明静的、流动的暮色中走回家去，怀里捧着的和篮子里装满着的都是他们的收获。（马爱农 译）

2. Summer 夏季

Tropical Severe Summer

Making sudden changes of gear, the heat accelerated its advance after Mrs. Moore's departure until existence had to be endured and crime punished with the thermometer at a hundred and twelve. Electric fans hummed and spat, water splashed on to screens, ice clinked, and outside these defences, between a greyish sky and a yellowish earth, clouds of dust moved hesitatingly. In Europe life retreats out of the cold, and exquisite fireside myths have resulted—Balder, Perseghone—but here the retreat is from the source of life, the treacherous sun, and no poetry adorns it because disillusionment cannot be beautiful.

(E.M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

热带酷夏

摩尔太太走后，天气骤然变热，温度计升高到华氏一百二十度，人们不得不忍受着酷热的煎熬。电扇不停地旋转，发出嗡嗡的响声，纱窗上洒了水，人们用冰块降温。但在没有这些防热措施的室外，一团团尘雾在灰蒙蒙的天空和焦黄的土地之间踌躇迟疑地漂浮。在欧洲，生命是从严寒中逃出来的，因此产生了优美的炉边神话——光照之神波德尔，阴间女皇普西芬尼。而这里，人们逃避的却是生命的源泉，那望而生畏的太阳。没有诗句赞颂它，因为幻灭不可能是美丽的。（董冀平 译）

A Happy Summer Day

One time, however, we were near quarreling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a

bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up over head, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his most perfect idea of heaven's happiness: mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throttles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstacy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle, and dance in a glorious jubilee.

(Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

欢乐夏日

可是有一次，我们几乎吵起来。照他说，消磨七月里的一个热天，最愉快不过的办法是，来到原野中央，在石楠丛生的高坡上一躺，从早到晚就躺在那儿不动，蜜蜂在四周的花丛里梦幻似地嗡嗡地哼着，头上，高高的，百灵鸟正在唱歌，还有那蓝蓝的天空，灿烂的阳光，没有一片云彩遮挡着不眨一眼的太阳……这一些，就算是他的十全十美的、天堂般的幸福了。我呢，最快乐的是坐在一株沙沙作响的绿树上摇荡着，西风在吹，明亮的白云在头上飞快地飘浮着，不止有百灵鸟，还有那画眉啊，黑山鸟儿啊，红雀啊，布谷鸟啊，从四面八方送来了歌声，那起伏的原野，远远望去，分散成一个个冷清清的峡谷；在近处，那长长的青草随着微风，大摇大摆，还有那森林，那淙淙的流水——整个世界都苏醒过来了，陶醉在疯狂的欢乐中。他要一切都沉浸在一种恬静的喜悦中；而我呢，要一切都在欢乐的旋涡中闪耀着，舞蹈着。”（方平 译）

A Beautiful Summer

It was a beautiful summer morning. Silver-plate articles were gleaming in the windows of jewelry shops, and the sunlight slanting down on the cathedral sparkled on the rough edges of the gray stones; a flock of birds was wheeling in the blue sky, around the trefoiled pinnacles; the square, echoing with cries, smelled of the flowers that bordered its pavement: roses, jasmine, carnations, narcissus and tuberoses spaced out irregularly by patches of damp catnip and chickweed: the fountain in the center was gurgling, and under broad umbrellas, amid pyramids of cantaloups, bareheaded flower-women were wrapping pieces of paper

around bouquets of violets. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

美好的夏天

这是一个美好的夏天早晨。银楼橱窗里的银盘子晶莹夺目；斜照在教堂上的太阳，使灰色石块的边沿闪闪发光。一群鸟儿在天空中飞翔，绕着那有三叶形装饰的小钟楼盘旋。广场上回荡着喊叫声，泛着花的香味，沿人行道种着各种花，有玫瑰、茉莉、石竹、水仙和晚香玉，它们中间不规则地夹有一些翠绿湿润的猫尾草和雀网草；在广场中间，喷水池发出淅沥的响声；在一些特大的遮阳伞下，在一堆堆的西瓜中间，一些没戴帽子的卖花女人，在往紫罗兰花束上包纸。（张道真 译）

Unendurable Heat

The next day was broiling, almost the last, certainly the warmest, of the summer. As my train emerged from the tunnel into sunlight, only the hot whistles of the National Biscuit Company broke the simmering hush at noon. The straw seats of the car hovered on the edge of combustion; the women next to me perspired delicately for a while into her white shirtwaist, and then, as her newspaper dampened under her fingers, lapsed despairingly into deep heat with a desolate cry. Her pocket-book slapped to the floor. (F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

酷热难当

第二天，天热得要命。那天差不多是夏天最末的一天，不用说，也是最热的一天。我乘坐的那辆火车刚一钻出地道驶进阳光里，迎面就传来全国饼干公司的汽笛声，那喷出来的热气的怪叫声打破了晌午闷热的寂静。车厢座位上的垫子像要着火一样烫人；我身旁坐着一位妇女，她起初还要脸要面的，汗水浸透了身上的白衬衣也不吭声，然而到后来连报纸也被汗渍的手指沾湿时，她竟禁不住绝望地大叫一声，像一捆干柴似地在酷热中倒下去。她的钱包也啪地一声掉到了地板上。（范岳 译）

Hot Summer in an Old Town

Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer's day; bony mules hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the sweltering shade of the live oaks on the

square. Men's stiff collars wilted by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three-o'clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

老城炎热的夏天

梅康姆是个老城镇。在我第一次知道它的时候它就是一个衰败的老镇了。下雨天街上满是红土稀泥;便道上长了青草,法院就坐落在广场上。不知道怎么回事,那时候的天气更热一些。赶上夏天,一条黑狗热得呼呼喘;胡佛家的大车套的那头驴子在广场阿热的橡树荫里用尾巴掸着苍蝇。男人浆洗得好好的硬领到早晨九点钟就沤了。妇女们中午以前洗过澡,在下午三点钟午睡醒来,而到傍晚,身上就像一块糕上面蒙了一层汗水和爽身粉混合的白霜。

(舒逊 译)

Sweet Summer

And Joe got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sunday, and when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed...

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

赏心悦目的夏日

乔也上了车,坐在我身边,马车向郊野驶去。时值盛夏,草木葱郁,清香四溢。凑巧又是星期天。我眺望着四周赏心悦目的景色,心里想到,可怜我躺在床上发着高烧、翻腾不已的那一阵,这里的万物却在太阳和星星的抚育下,日夜不停地发荣滋长;如今细小的野花开得正茂,鸟儿唱得更起劲了。

(王科一 译)

Soft Early Summer

They all trailed out on to the lawn. It was a sunny, soft morning in early summer, when life ran in the world subtly, like a reminiscence. The church bells were ringing a little way off, not a cloud was in the sky, the swans were like lilies on the water below, the peacocks walked with long,

prancing steps across the shadow and into the sunshine of the grass . One wanted to swoon into the by-gone perfection of it all.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

宜人的初夏

他们慢悠悠地踱到外面的草坪上。这是初夏一个阳光和煦、气温宜人的上午,生命在大地上难以捉摸地蔓生着,活像是对往事的追忆。万里无云,教堂钟声在远方鸣响飘荡,白天鹅在山坡下的水中如同盛开的百合花。草地上,孔雀在神气活现地昂首阔步,从树荫下走进阳光里。人们不由地要沉湎于这一切,处身在往日完美无瑕的状态中了。 (梁一三 译)

Splendid Midsummer

A splendid midsummer shone over England: skies so pure, suns so radiant as were then seen in long succession, seldom favour, ever singly, our wave-girt land. It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the south, like a flock of glorious passenger birds, and lighted to rest them on the cliffs of Albion. The hay was all got in; the fields round Thornfield were green and shorn, the roads white and baked; the trees were in their dark prime; hedge and wood, full-leaved and deeply-tinted, contrasted well with the sunny hue of the cleared meadows between.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

明丽的仲夏

明丽的仲夏照耀着英国:连日晴朗的夏日里,天空如此明净,阳光如此灿烂,我们这个被波涛环绕的岛国往往难得有幸得到一个这样的好天。这就仿佛是意大利的天气从南方来到英国,如同一群美丽的候鸟般,停落在英格兰的悬崖上歇息。干草全都收了进来;桑菲尔德四周的田地显出一片翠绿;道路被晒得又白又硬;树木郁郁葱葱;树篱和树林都枝繁叶茂,苍翠欲滴,与它们之间洒满阳光的光溜溜草场形成了色彩鲜明的对比。 (封秀云 译)

Lingering Summer

The erasure of summer was at hand. Yet summer lingered, fading and fainting among her hills, deepened the purple of her valleys, spinning a shroud of haze from waning powers and sated raptures, dying with the calm content of having lived and lived well. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

不肯离去的夏季

夏季眼看就要给排挤掉了。可是夏季逗留着不肯就走，奄奄一息地躺在山峦间，使山谷愈来愈阴暗，把衰微中的力量和满足了的喜悦织成一幅雾蒙的尸衣，它在世上待过了，好好地待过了，因此安详而满足地走向死亡。

（吴劳 译）

3. Autumn 秋季

Cool Autumn

When I awoke the next morning, just after six o'clock, and got up and went to the window there was a foggy dew upon the grass like frost, and the trees were shrouded in a white mist. There was a chill in the air and a little, fresh wind, and the cold, quiet smell of autumn.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

凉爽的秋天

第二天早晨我醒来的时候，刚刚过了六点钟，就起来了，走到结着像一层冰霜似的雾蒙蒙的露水的窗口，外面树林笼罩在白茫茫的浓雾里。天气寒冷、清新的空气轻拂，散发着凉爽而寂静的秋天气息。（谢素台 译）

Fallen Leaves Report the Autumn

When Elizabeth-Jane opened the hinged casement next morning the mellow air brought in the feel of imminent autumn almost as distinctly as if she had been in the remotest hamlet. Casterbridge was the complement of the rural life around; not its urban opposite. Bees and butterflies in the cornfields at the top of the town who desired to get to the meads at the bottom, took no circuitous course, but flew straight down High Street without any apparent consciousness that they were traversing strange latitudes. And in autumn airy spheres of thistledown flosted into the same street, lodged upon the shop fronts, blew into drains; and innumerable tawny and yellow leaves skimmed along the pavement, and stole through people's doorways into their passages with a hesitating scratch on the floor, like the skirts of timid visitors.

(Thomas Hardy, *Mayor of Casterbridge*)

落叶报秋

第二天早上，伊丽莎白·洁恩推开铰链搭着的窗扉，清新的空气使人感到

秋天分明已经来临。这种感觉如此清晰，就好像她在最偏远的村落也会感觉到的那样。卡斯特桥是四周乡村生活的补充，而不是与乡村生活迥异的都市。在城北麦田里的蜜蜂和蝴蝶，如果想去城南的青草地上去，用不着兜圈子，只要一直飞过大街，不会明显地觉得它们正在飞过什么异样的地区。秋天里团团的蓟花冠羽满天乱飞，也飘到这街道上来，或是粘在商店的门面上，或是落进沟渠里；更有无数黄褐色的落叶，掠过铺石的马路，偷偷穿过人们的门口，进到走道里去，在地板上发出磨擦声，给人一种犹豫不定的感觉，恰似着怯的客人摆弄衣裙的悉索声。（封秀云 译）

Dead Autumn

... and in the fall when the rains came the leaves all fell from the chestnut trees and the branches were bare and the trunks black with rain. The vineyards were thin and bare-branched too and all the country wet and brown and dead with the autumn. There were mists over the river and clouds on the mountain and the trucks splashed mud on the road and the troops were muddy and wet in their capes; ...

(Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

秋气沉沉

……而当秋天一到，秋雨连绵，栗树上的叶儿都掉了下来，就只剩下赤裸裸的树枝和被雨打成黑黝黝的树身。葡萄园中的枝叶也很稀疏光秃；乡间样样东西都是湿的，都是褐色的，触目秋气沉沉。河上罩雾，山间盘云，卡车在路上溅泥浆，兵士们披肩淋湿，身上尽是烂泥；... （林疑今 译）

Autumn in the North Land

...In the fall of the year they penetrated a weird lake country, sad and silent, where wild-fowl had been, but where then there was no life nor sign of life—only the blowing of chill winds, the forming of ice in sheltered places, and the melancholy rippling of waves on lonely beaches.

(Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

北国之秋

…… 这一年秋季，他们深入到神秘的湖沼之乡，这里满目凄凉，寂寥冷落，曾经有过野禽在此栖息，不过这时既无生物，又无生物的迹象——仅有朔风在呼啸，背阴处冰层在凝结，波浪抑郁地拍击着寂静的湖岸。（冰之鹤 译）

A California Indian Summer Day

Came a beautiful fall day, warm and languid, palpitant with the hush of the changing season, a California Indian summer day, with hazy sun and wandering wisps of breeze that did not stir the slumber of the air. Filmy purple mists, that were not vapors but fabrics woven of color, hid in the recesses of the hills. San Francisco lay like a blur of smoke upon her heights. The intervening bay was a dull sheen of molten metal, whereon sailing craft lay motionless or drifted with the lazy tide. Far Tamalpaiss, barely seen in the silver haze, bulked hugely by the Golden Gate, the latter a pale gold pathway under the westering sun. Beyond, the Pacific, dim and vast, was raising on its sky-line tumbled cloud-masses that swept landward, giving warning of the first blustering breath of winter.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

加利福尼亚小阳春日

一个美丽的秋日来临了,那是个加利福尼亚小阳春的日子,暖和、困人,使人被季节变换时的静寂弄得心神不定,太阳朦朦胧胧的,一丝丝微风飘忽着,并不惊动这昏昏欲睡的氛围。迷迷糊糊的紫色雾霭,不是水汽,而是色彩交织成的帷幕,躲在山岗深处。旧金山屹立在高地上,像一摊模糊的轻烟。横在中间的海湾像熔化了的铅般闪着暗淡的光辉,水面上的帆船,有的纹丝不动地躺着,有的随着缓缓的潮水漂流。遥远的塔马尔派斯山,在银色的雾霭中隐约可辨,巍然高耸在金门海峡一旁,这海峡在西斜的阳光中,活像一条淡金色的小道。再过去是辽阔的太平洋,茫茫一片,在地平线上掀起一堆堆滚滚的云块,它们正朝陆地汹涌而来,警告着冬令第一股狂风即将来临。 (吴劳 译)

Velvety Early Autumn

Lets say it's one of those velvety days of early autumn when the sun is shining on the pines and the air had a spice of cold and stings your lungs with pleasure. I see a large pine tree on my property, and in the green darkness underneath, which somehow the pigs never got into, red tuberous begonias grow, and a broken stone inscription put in by my mother says, "Goe happy rose..." That's all it says. There must be more fragments beneath the needles. The sun is like a great roller and flattens the grass. Beneath this grass the earth may be filled with carcasses, yet that detracts nothing from a day like this, for they have become humus and the grass is

thriving. When the air moves the brilliant flowers move too in the dark green beneath the trees. (Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

和风丽日的初秋

假定那是初秋的一个宜人的早晨，阳光洒在松树上，空气带着些寒意，吸进肺里令人爽快。我的住地长着一棵高大的松树，上面是一片绿荫的地面。这儿猪群从不涉足，盛开着红艳艳的晚香玉和秋海棠，一块由我母亲竖立的残碑，上面镌刻着这样几个字："多美的玫瑰……"就只剩这几个字了，松针下一定还埋着更多的残块碎片。太阳像一个巨大的滚筒，把草地压得一溜平。草底下的泥土里也许满是动植物的残骸，但这无损于艳丽的天日，因为它们早已变成腐殖质，草也才长得这样茂盛。清风吹拂，各种鲜花艳朵一齐在树荫下的深绿丛中摇曳。 (蓝仁哲 陈蜀之 译)

A Glorious Mid-Autumn

It was October again when Anne was ready to go back to school—a glorious October, all red and gold, with mellow mornings when the valleys were filled with delicate mists as if the spirit of autumn had poured them in for the sun to drain—amethyst, pearl, silver, rose, and smoke-blue. The dews were so heavy that the fields glistened like cloth of silver and there were such heaps of rustling leaves in the hollows of many-stemmed woods to run crisply through. The Birch Path was a canopy of yellow and the ferns were sear and brown all along it.

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

灿烂辉煌的仲秋

安妮准备回学校上学时，已经又是十月份了——一个灿烂辉煌的十月，满眼都是火红和金黄。在一个温馨的清晨，山谷里飘落着美丽的薄雾，好像是秋天的精灵把它们倒进山谷，让太阳来一点点吸干似的——有紫晶色、蓝灰色、银白色、玫瑰色和淡蓝色。露水凝重，使整个旷野像银网一样闪闪发光，一堆堆沙沙作响的叶子活泼地跑过山谷里那片留下许多叶梗的森林。"白桦小道"的上面是一片金黄色的华盖，路边都是凋零的褐色蕨草。 (马爱农 译)

Hot Sweet Autumn

The dim blue-and-gold of a hot, sweet autumn saw the close of the corn-harvest. To Ursula, it was as if the world had opened its softest purest flower, its chicory flower, its meadow saffron. The sky was blue

and sweet,, the yellow leaves down the lane seemed like free, wandering flowers as they chattered round the feet, making a keen, poignant, almost unbearable music to her heart. And the scents of autumn were like a summer madness to her. She fled away from the little, purple-red button-chrysanthemums like a frightened dryad, the bright yellow little chrysanthemums smelled so strong, her feet seemed to dither in a drunken dance. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

芬芳炎热的秋天

芬芳炎热的秋天 一片淡蓝色,一片金黄色,收割结束了。在厄秀拉看来,世界盛开着最柔和、最纯洁的花朵,开着菊苣花,番红花。天空碧蓝悦目,小路上的黄叶子看上去像是自由漫步的花朵,在脚下沙沙作响,奏起刺耳的尖声,令厄秀拉的心灵无法忍受。而且秋天的气息对她就像夏天的狂热。她像个受惊吓的林中仙子从一簇紫红色小菊花旁跑开。另一种鲜黄的小菊花散发的味儿那么浓,熏得她脚步晃晃悠悠的似喝醉了酒。 (黑马 石磊 译)

4. Winter 冬季

Drought Winter

It was August, and bitterly cold. Just a year since they had arrived in Australia; but this was a colder winter than last. The rain was absent and the air was so crisp it hurt the lungs. Up on the tops of the Great Divide three hundred miles to the east, snow lay thicker than in many years, but no rain had fallen west of Burren Junction since the monsoonal drenching of the previous summer. People in Gilly were speaking of another drought: it was overdue, it must come, perhaps this would be it.

(Collen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

干旱的冬季

时当八月,寒气逼人。他们来到澳大利亚刚好一年。不过,今年冬天要比去年冷。干旱少雨,空气干冷,于肺不利。大分水岭向东 300 英里,积雪之厚是多年未见的,但是,自前一个夏天下了一场瓢泼季雨以来,伯伦河口迤西滴雨未落。基里的人们都说,天又要旱了。干旱不过是推迟了,但它一定会来的,也许就是这场干旱。 (曾胡 译)

A Crystallizing Winter Day

There had not been such a winter for years. It came on in stealthy

and measured glides, like the moves of a chessplayers. One morning the few lonely trees and the thorns of the hedgerows appeared as if they had put off a vegetable for an animal integument. Every twig was covered with a white nap as of fur grown from the rind during the night, giving it four times its usual stoutness; the whole bush or tree forming a staring sketch in white lines on the mournful gray of the sky and horizon. Cobwebs revealed their presence on sheds and walls where none had ever been observed till brought out into visibility by the crystallizing atmosphere, hanging like loops of white worsted from salient points of the out-house, posts, and gates. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

结晶的冬日

多年以来,都没有像那一年的冬天那样的。它来的时候,一步一步,蹑手蹑脚,仿佛棋手走棋子儿一样。有一天早晨,那几棵孤零零的大树和篱间的棘树,都好像脱去了一层植物的皮,而换上了一层动物的皮。每一根树枝上,都盖了一层白绒,仿佛一夜的工夫,树皮上都长了一层毛,把原先的粗细,增加了四倍。整丛的灌木或者整棵的大树,都好像是一幅明显触目的素描,用白色的线条,画在灰色惨淡的天空和天边之上。棚子里和墙壁上,从前本来看不见有什么东西,现在在这种结晶的空气里,都露出了蜘蛛的丝网,悬在棚子、柱子和栅栏门突出的犄角那儿,好像白色的绒线结的扣儿。 (张谷若 译)

Agreeable Winter Scenery

You couldn't see very far in the fog, of course; but you could see a great deal! It's astonishing how much you may see, in a thicker fog then that, if you will only take the trouble to look for it. Why, even to sit watching for the Fairy-rings in the fields, and for the patches of hoar-frost still lingering in the shade, near hedges and by trees, was a pleasant occupation; to make no mention of the unexpected shapes in which the trees themselves came starting out of the mist, and glided into it again. The hedges were tangled and bare, and waved a multitude of blighted garlands in the wind; but there was no discouragement in this. It was agreeable to contemplate; for it made the fireside warmer in possession, and the summer greener in expectancy. The river looked chilly; but it was in motion, and moving at a good pace—which was a great point. The canal was rather slow and torpid; that must be admitted. Never mind. It would freeze the sooner when the frost set fairly in, and then there would

be skating, and sliding; and the heavy old barges, frozen up somewhere near a wharf, would smoke their rusty iron chimney pipes all day, and have a lazy time of it. (Charles Dickens, *The Cricket on the Hearth*)

悦意的冬景

当然,在蒙蒙雾气中,你无法看得很远;但你仍然可以看到许许多多的景物!即使大雾再浓些,只要你费心去细看,你一定会惊讶地发现,你还是可以看到许多景致的。是啊,哪怕只是坐在车上观赏原野上的仙人环,以及残留在篱笆和树木旁边的荫蔽处的块块白霜,就已是一件叫人心旷神怡的事情;更不用说看那在雾气中时而出现时而消失的树林了。那些矮树丛互相缠绕着,光秃秃的,在风中摇动着许多枯萎了的花朵;但是,这种景色中却没有凄凉的韵味。此时此地,遐想一番是极其悦意的;因为它会使你觉得你家中的火炉边分外温暖,你期待中的夏天更多了几分浓绿。河水看上去是寒冷的,可它仍在流淌,非常欢畅地流淌——这点是很重要的。渠道里的水却流得十分迂缓,像停滞了一般——这一点是必须承认的,但这毫无关系。当霜冻更加厉害时,它会很快结起冰来,于是,便会有人来溜冰滑雪;那些笨重的旧驳船也被封冻在码头附近的什么地方,动弹不得,每天,它们只得从它们那生了锈的铁烟囱里向外喷吐着烟气,无所事事地消磨着时光。 (邹绿芷 邹晓建 译)

Bitter Coldness

The night was bitter cold. The snow lay on the ground, frozen into a hard thick crust; so that only the heaps that had drifted into by-ways and corners were affected by the sharp wind that howled abroad: which, as if expending increased fury on such prey as it found, caught it savagely up in clouds, and, whirling it into a thousand misty eddies, scattered it in air. Bleak, dark, and piercing cold, it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire and thank God they were at home; and for the homeless starving wretch to lay him down and die.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

酷寒

这个晚上酷寒难当。地面的雪已冻结成一层坚厚的冰壳,只剩下积聚在冷清小径和偏僻角落的雪堆承受如刀朔风的冲击和咆哮。风发现了这样的对象,仿佛变本加厉地把怒气都发泄在它们身上,凶猛地把它们刮上云端,卷成千万团白茫茫的旋涡在空中飘散。在这样凄凉、黑暗、寒冷彻骨的夜晚,吃饱穿暖、身居安乐窝的人们围在熊熊的炉火旁,为他们此刻身在家中而感谢上

帝;而饥寒交迫、无家可归的人们只得倒毙路旁。 (荣如德 译)

Bitter Winter

How well I recollect the wintry ride! The frozen particles of ice, brushed from the blades of grass by the wind, and borne across my face; the hard clatter of the horse's hoofs, beating a tune upon the ground; the stiff tilled soil; the snow-drift, lightly eddying in the chalk-pit as the breeze ruffled it; the smoking team with the wagon of old hay, stopping to breathe on the hill-top, and shaking their bells musically; the whitened slopes and sweeps of Down-land lying against the dark sky, as if they were drawn on a huge slate! (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

严冬

我把那冬季的旅行记得多么清楚! 风从草上刮下来的冰屑,从我的脸上擦过;马蹄踏在冻硬的地面上发出和谐的"得、得"声;耕过的土壤已冻得僵硬;微风吹过,轻轻地旋起田间白垩坑里的积雪;铃声叮当地拉着陈草车的牛马,喷着热气,停在高冈上喘息着;高原变白了的斜坡和冈峦映衬在黑暗的天空下,仿佛是画在一块巨大的石板上 (封秀云 译)

A Cruel Winter Day

... But she forgot his unusual haste in wonder at the tragic landscape. The pale snow, the prickles of old stubble, and the clumps of ragged brush faded into a gray obscurity. Under the hillocks were cold shadows. The willows about a farmhouse were agitated by the rising wind, and the patches of bare wood where the bark had peeled away were white as the flesh of a leper. The snowy slews were of a harsh flatness. The whole land was cruel, and a climbing cloud of slate-edged blackness dominated the sky. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

充满肃杀之气的冬日

……可是四周围这种阴沉沉的景色,却使她不由得深感惊异,以至于连她丈夫那种罕见的行色匆匆的神情都给忘掉了。灰不溜秋的积雪,去年庄稼割后留下来的残梗枯茬,还有一簇簇乱蓬蓬的灌木丛,已渐渐隐没在一片灰濛濛的烟雾之中。一些小山岗在它们的山脚下投下了寒气逼人的阴影。这时风越来越大,有一户农家房子周围的柳树都被刮得东摇西倒,树皮已经剥落殆尽,露出一块块秃斑,简直就像麻疯病人的肌肤一样惨白。一些沼泽地里积了雪,

显得格外凄凉。整个大地呈露出一片肃杀之气，北边的那块乌云周围，仿佛镶着一道蓝灰色边饰，这会儿正在爬上来，渐渐地把天空都给遮蔽了。

（潘庆舲 译）

Unnatural Coldness

They all four wrapped up warmly, and found themselves in a vague, unsubstantial outdoors of dim snow and ghosts of an upper-world, that made strange shadows before the stars. It was indeed cold, bruisingly, frighteningly, unnaturally cold. Ursula could not believe the air in her nostrils. It seemed conscious, malevolent, purposive in its intense murderous coldness. （D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*）

超自然的严寒

于是，四个人穿裹得暖暖和和的，来到朦胧虚幻的户外天地。这里只有闪着微光的积雪和北国世界的幻影，它们在星光下形成了重重暗影。大寒地冻，这是一种能冻伤人的、吓人的、超自然的严寒。厄秀拉不能相信自己吸进的是空气。这似乎是一种头脑清醒、心怀歹意、蓄意杀人的酷寒。 （梁一三 译）

White Winter

By the middle of January I had a beard and the winter had settled into bright cold days and hard cold nights. We could walk on the roads again. the snow was packed hard and smooth by the hay sleds and wood-sledges and the logs that were hauled down the mountain. The snow lay over all the country, down almost to Montreux. The mountains on the other side of the lake were all white and the plain of the Rhene Valley was covered. . . .

（Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*）

白色的冬季

到了正月中旬，我的胡子留成了，这时冬季气候已很稳定，天天是明亮寒冷的白昼，凛冽的寒夜。我们又可以在山道行走了。路上的积雪，给运草的雪橇，装柴的雪车，和从山上拖运下来的木材等等，压挤得又结实又光滑。山野四下，全给白雪遮盖，几乎一直遮盖到了蒙脱儿。湖那一边的高山，一片雪白，伦河河谷也给雪罩住了。 （林疑今 译）

5. Change of Seasons 季节变换

Glowing Season between Spring and Summer

Already summer was in the air, the first hint of Georgia summer when the high ride of spring gives way reluctantly before a fiercer heat. A balmy, soft warmth poured into the room, heavy with velvety smells, redolent of many blossoms, of newly fledged trees and of the moist, freshly turned red earth. Through the window Scarlett could see the bright riot of the twin lanes of daffodils bordering the graveled driveway and the golden masses of yellow jessamine spreading flowery sprangles modestly to the earth like crinolines. The mockingbirds and the jays, engaged in their old feud for possession of the magnolia tree beneath her window, were bickering, the jays strident, acrimonious, the mockers sweet voiced and plaintive. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

明媚的春夏之交

空气中已经是暖意融融了,这是佐治亚夏天到来的标志,也是艳阳春日在日渐炎热的气候面前迟迟未忍遽去的时间。一种暖融融的芬芳柔和的空气扑入房内,这空气中充满了各种柔和的香味,有多种的花香,有刚抽枝的树香,有那潮湿的新翻的红土味儿香。从窗内向外望去,思嘉可以看见长在石子车道两侧的黄水仙正在欢快地纵情恣意,簇簇金灿灿的黄茉莉正像花裙子般靓丽多彩。百鹆、樱鸟又在为争夺思嘉窗下那棵山茱萸而争斗,这时正在不住地斗着嘴,樱鸟之声刚劲而粗壮,百舌之音委婉而凄楚。 (封秀云 译)

Spring Comes and Winter Goes

...But the privations, or rather the hardships, of Lowood lessened. Spring drew on: she was indeed already come; the frosts of winter had ceased; its snows were melted, its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swollen to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April; the nights and mornings no longer by their Canadian temperature froze the very blood in our veins; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden; sometimes on a sunny day it began even to be pleasant and genial, and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which, freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps. Flowers peeped out amongst the leaves:

snowdrops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. . . .

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

冬去春来

不过,洛乌德的贫乏、或不如说它的困苦,减轻了。春天姗姗来临:它实际已经到来了;冬季的严寒已经停止,雪已融化,砭人肌肤的冷风已渐温和;我那被 月的凛冽寒气冻得脱皮、肿得瘸拐的可怜的双脚,在四月温柔气息的吹拂下也开始痊愈和消肿了;早晚时分也不再有加拿大那样的低温把我们血管里的血液都冻结住了;现在我们可以忍受得了在花园里度过的游戏时间,有时天气晴朗,这段时间甚至变得赏心悦目,那些黄褐色的花圃中新生的葱茏绿意令人浮想联翩,以为是希望女神夜晚在花圃中穿行,每天早晨便留下愈加灿烂的足迹,鲜花从叶丛间偷偷窥人:有雪花莲、藏红花、紫色报春花,以及金眼三色堇。……

(伍厚恺 译)

Awakening from Winter Trance

The month of March arrived, and the heath showed its first faint signs of awakening from winter trance. The awakening was almost feline in its stealthiness. The pool outside the bank by Eustacia's dwelling, which seemed as dead and desolate as ever to an observer who moved and made noises in his observation, would gradually disclose a state of great animation when silently watched awhile. A timid animal world had come to life for the season. Litle tadpoles and efts began to bubble up through the water, and to race along beneath it; toads made noise like very young ducks, and advanced to the margin in twos and threes; overhead, bumble-bees flew hither and thither in the thickening light, their drone coming and going like the sound of a gong.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

冬眠渐醒

三月来到了,荒原微露出冬眠渐醒的初步情态。这种醒觉,简直和猫的脚步一样地轻悄。一个人,观察游苔莎的住宅跟前土堤下面那个水塘的时候,如果不安安静静的而弄出声音来,那它就会仍旧和从前一样地死气沉沉,荒凉寂静,不过要是他在它旁边静悄悄不声不响地守视一会儿,他就会慢慢地发现,那里面是一片的生动攘扰。因为一个胆小怕人的动物世界,已经应时出现了。小小的蝌蚪和水蜥蜴,都开始在水面儿上冒泡儿,在水里面角逐;虾蟆也像小鸭子一般嘎嘎地叫,同时两两三三地往岸上爬;天空里嗡蜂也在渐渐强烈的阳

光里到处飞动，它们的嗡嗡时闻时寂，听着仿佛打锣的声音。 （张谷若 译）

Between Autumn and Winter

At length the latter autumn passed: its fogs, its rains withdrew from England their mourning and their tears; its winds swept on to sigh over lands far away. Behind November came deep winter: clearness, still-ness, frost-accompanying.

A calm day had settled into a crytalline evening. The world wore a North Pole colouring—all its lights and tints looked like the 'reflets' of white, or violet, or pale green gems; the hills wore a lilac blue; the setting sun had purple in its red; the sky was ice, all silvered azure; when the stars rose they were of white crystal, not gold. Gray, or cerulean, or faint emerald hues—cool, pure, and transparent—tinged the mass of the landscape.

What is this by itself in a wood no longer green—no longer even russet, a wood neutral tint—this dark-blue, moving object? . . .

(Charlott Brontë, *Shirley*)

秋冬时节

晚秋终于过去了。晚秋的雾，晚秋的雨，都在英国卸掉了它们的丧服，抹掉了泪水；晚秋的风不断向着远方呼啸而去。紧跟在十一月后边而到来的便是隆冬：晴朗，寂静和随之而来的严寒。

白天无风，黄昏必然一片澄明。大地一抹北极色调——尽是北极的光和色，就像是一种"折光"，其中有白色，紫罗兰色，或者淡绿色和宝石光。山峰披上一层紫丁香的蓝色；落日红得发紫；天空如冰，一片镀银的蔚蓝色；星星出来时，都好像不是金光灿烂，而是雪白的水晶体。整个景色都抹上了灰的，天蓝色的，或者是淡淡的翡翠的色泽——凉爽，纯净而透明。

在一个已不再是青翠的，甚至已不再是赤褐色的树林里，在一个色彩不明确的树林里，这个深蓝色而又在走动的东西是什么呀？…… （曹庸 译）

Coming Up in Spring and Flourishing in Summer

Spring flew swiftly by, and summer came; and if the village had been beautiful at first, it was now in the full glow and luxuriance of its richness. The great trees, which had looked shrunken and bare in the earlier months, had now burst into strong life and health; and stretching forth

their green arms over the thirsty ground, converted open and naked spots into choice nooks, where was a deep and pleasant shade from which to look upon the wide prospect, steeped in sunshine, which lay stretched out beyond. The earth had donned her mantle of brightest green; and shed her richest perfumes abroad. It was the prime and the vigour of the year; all things were glad and flourishing. (Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

春发夏荣

春天已飘然逝去,夏天来了;如果说春天的乡村风光旖旎,那末夏天的乡村展示了它的全部丰姿盛装。早几个月显得枯瘦和光秃秃的大树,如今生气勃勃、精力充沛地伸出碧油油的臂膀遮盖焦渴的地面,把裸露的空地变地浓荫诱人的幽僻去处,从那里可以眺望沐浴在阳光下、伸展到远方的广阔空间。大地披上了苍翠欲滴的绿色斗篷,散发着令人陶醉的浓郁芳香。现在正值一年的全盛时期,万物欣欣向荣,一派欢快气象。 (荣如德 译)

The Country of South America in May

...In the last part of May the sky grew pale and the clouds that had hung in high puffs for so long in the spring were dissipated. The sun flared down on the growing corn day after day until a line of brown spread along the edge of each green bayonet. The clouds appeared, and went away, and in a while they did not try any more. The weeds grew darker green to protect themselves and they did not spread any more. The surface of the earth crusted, a thin hard crust, and as the sky became pale, so the earth became pale, pink in the red country and white in the grey country.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

五月的南美原野

……五月下旬,天空渐渐变成灰白,入春以来,长久悬在高空的一团团浮云消散了。太阳天天逼射着成长中的玉米,使每一绿色托叶边缘上出现了棕色线条,并逐渐扩展。天上的云出现后又飘散了,有一个时候再也不见影踪。野草为了保护自身的生存,变成了深绿色,再也不蔓延了。地面结了壳,一层薄薄的硬壳。天空变成灰白,大地也跟着变成了灰白,红色的原野变成了淡红色,灰色的原野变成了白色。 (胡仲持 译)

The Spring and Summer Scenery on the Plantation

...On such occasions—particularly in the spring and summer, when

the meadows were thick with flowers, wild strawberries, and blackberry thickets, and the fences were trellised with lushly growing vines—the buggy would roll along leisurely behind its finely matched pair of bay horses, Massa Waller sometimes nodding off under the black canopy that shielded him from the sun. Everywhere were quail whirring up, brilliant red cardinals hopping about, meadowlarks and whippoorwills calling out. Now and then a bullsnake sunning on the road, disturbed by the oncoming buggy, would go slithering for safety, or a buzzard would go flapping heavily away from its dead rabbit. But Kunta's favorite sight was a lonely old oak or cedar in the middle of a field; ... (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

种植园中的春光夏影

……在这种时候——特别是春夏时节，草地上开满了鲜花，长满了野草莓和黑莓丛，路边的篱笆上爬满了繁茂的青藤——由一对配搭得很好的栗色马驾驭的马车安闲自在。沃勒老爷有时坐在遮阳的黑色车篷下面打起盹来。一路上到处有鹌鹑呼哨，振翅起飞，火艳的红雀频频跳跃，野百灵鸟和怪鹞啾鸣不已。一条游蛇卧在路中间晒着太阳，被徐徐而来的马车惊动而蜿蜒溜走了。有时一只秃鹫扑扇着沉重的翅膀从一只死兔子身旁飞开。昆塔最欣赏的景色是在一片原野里矗立着一株孤独的橡树或杉树。 （李森 译）

The Turn of Summer to Autumn

It was the time of year-the turn of the summer-when the crops of the present year are assured and the farmer begins to think about sowing for next year, and the mowing is at hand; when the grey-green rye waves yet unswollen ears lightly in the wind; when the green oats, interspersed with tufts of yellow grass, droop irregularly over the late-sown fields; when the early buckwheat spreads out and hides the ground; when the fallow-land, trodden hard as stone by the cattle, is half-ploughed, leaving long strips untouched by the plough; when the fields smell night and morning of dried heaps of manure mingled with the honeyed perfume of the grasses; and the lowland meadows, waiting for the scythe, stretch vigilant as the sea, with here and there blackening heaps of weeded sorrel-stalks.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

夏去秋来

这是一年中正值夏季转折点的时节，那时节，本年的收获已成定局，要开

始考虑来年的播种，而且马上要着手割草了；那时节，黑麦通通结了穗，虽然麦穗还没有饱满，还是轻飘飘的，一片浅绿色麦浪随风波动；那时节，绿色的燕麦和四处散布着的一簇簇黄色的草一道，参差不齐地竖立在播种迟了的田野上；那时节，早种的荞麦铺展开，盖没了地面；那时节，被家畜践踏得像石头一样坚硬的休耕地已经翻耕了一半，仅仅残留下没有翻耕过的小路；那时节，堆积在田里的干粪堆在日落时发散出和绣线菊混合在一起的气味；在低地上河畔的草原像一片大海似地伸展着，等待着开镰收割，在草原上黑魆魆地四处混杂着除去杂草的一堆堆酸模草的茎秆。 （周扬 译）

6. Symbolism 象征意义

Spring: Glory and Happiness

...She felt so excited and happy this morning that she included the whole worlds, as well as Gerald, in her affection. She was pretty and she knew it; she would have Ashley for her own before the day was over; the sun was warm and tender and the glory of the Georgia spring was spread before her eyes. Along the roadside the blackberry brambles were concealing with softest green the savage red gulches cut by the winter's rains, and the bare granite boulders pushing up through the red earth were being draped with sprangles of Cherokee roses and compassed about by wild violets of palest purple hue. Upon the wooded hills above the river, the dogwood blossoms lay glistening and white, as if snow still lingered among the greenery. The flowering crab trees were bursting their buds and rioting from delicate white to deepest pink and, beneath the trees where the sunshine dappled the pine straw, the wild honeysuckle made a varicolored carpet of scarlet and orange and rose. There was a faint wild fragrance of sweet shrub on the breeze and the world smelled good enough to eat.

"I'll remember how beautiful this day is till I die," thought Scarlett. "Perhaps it will be my wedding day!"

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

春天：美好与幸福

……因为今天早晨她感到非常高兴，也非常快乐，不但对自己的父亲感到亲切，而且整个世界她都觉得被拥抱进自己的感情里面去了。她清楚自己长得很美，等不及明天晚上，她就要将希礼据为己有了。在温暖而柔和的阳光下，佐治亚州的春天在她的面前展着。藏在冬雨冲成的浅谷里的黑莓子才吐

出了一丝的嫩绿。红土里面突出的花岗岩石块上,披着繁星般的吉落矶蔷薇,它们的周围是野罗兰,亦已透出了浅淡的紫色。河对岸的小山上,被晶莹的山茱萸白花覆盖着,好像是万绿丛中尚存的残雪。山碴子的花儿正欲冲破花苞开放,竞相转入粉红。树下则是一片野忍冬,造成了一条兼有猩红、橙黄和玫瑰红三色的地毯。微风里飘送着各种鲜花的香气,整个世界都充满香气。

"我直到离开人间也会记住今天这么地美丽。"思嘉想:"可能今天就是我结婚的日子呢!" (简宗 译)

Winter: Setback

Tears filled my eyes, and the walks and buildings flowed and froze for a moment in mist, glittering as in winter when rain froze on the grass and foliage and turned the campus into a world of whiteness, weighting and bending both trees and bushes with fruit of crystal. Then in the twinkling of my eyes, it was gone, and the here and now of heat and greenness returned. If only I could make Mr. Norton understand what the school meant to me. (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

冬季:挫折

我噙着泪水,眼前的车道和大楼浮动了起来,霎时间又封上了冰冻,璀璨晶莹,就像隆冬的雨水在青草和树叶上结成了冰霜,把整个校园变成了银色世界,大树上和灌木丛上到处悬挂着水晶般的果实,树枝都被压得低垂了下来。眨眼间,这一切都蓦然消失了。此时此地的炎热和翠绿又重现在眼前。可惜我没法让诺顿先生了解这所学校对我有多大的意义。 (任绍曾等译)

Winter: the Shattering of Hopes

Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman—almost a bride, was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale; her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud; lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead—struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first-born in the

land of Egypt. (Charlotte Bronte, *Jane Eyre*)

冬天：希望的破灭

简·爱，她曾经是一个殷切的，满怀期望的女人——几乎做了新娘——又成了一个心冷如冰，孤独凄凉的姑娘了；她的生活是苍白的；她的前途是惨淡的。圣诞节时期的冰霜在仲夏之际降临了；十二月白色风暴在六月的天空中狂旋；寒冰在成熟的苹果上凝成了光亮的膜；积雪压坏了怒放的玫瑰，草场和麦田上铺盖着冰霜的尸布；昨夜还被盛开的繁花映红了的小道，今天却覆盖着茫茫白雪，渺无人迹，不见路径；树林在十二月以前还像热带丛林一样绿叶婆娑，清香宜人，现在却像挪威冬天的松林一样广漠荒凉，白雪皑皑。我的希望全部破灭了——被阴险的命运所袭击，犹如一夜之间厄运降临在埃及大地上所有的头生子身上。 （伍厚恺 译）

Summer: Vigorousness

Summer morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation; and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

夏天：生气勃勃

星期六早晨来到了，整个夏季世界是光明灿烂、生气勃勃、洋溢着生命的气息的。每个人心里都有一首歌，如果是年轻的人，歌声就从嘴里唱出来了。每个人脸上都流露着喜色，每一个脚步都充满了活力。刺槐正在开花，空中弥漫着花香。村庄外面高出的加第夫山上草木长得很茂盛，遍山是青的，它与这村庄的距离恰好不远不近，正像一片“乐土”，梦一般的境界，安闲而诱人。

（张友松 译）

Summer: Eagerness

The weather continued much the same all the following morning; and the same loneliness, and the same melancholy, seemed to reign at Hartfield—but in the afternoon it cleared; the wind changed into a softer quarter; the clouds were carried off; the sun appeared; it was summer

again. With all the eagerness which such a transition gives, Emma resolved to be out of doors as soon as possible. Never had the exquisite sight, smell, sensation of nature, tranquil, warm, and brilliant after a storm, been more attractive to her. She longed for the serenity they might gradually introduce; and on Mr. Perry's coming in soon after dinner, with a disengaged hour to give her father, she lost no time in hurrying into the shrubbery.—There, with spirits freshened, and thoughts a little relieved, she had taken a few turns, when she saw Mr. Knightley passing through the garden door, and coming towards her. (Jane Austen, *Emma*)

夏天：热情

第二天清早，天气依旧，同样的寂寞与忧闷似乎在笼罩着哈特飞耳德。——但到下午，天放晴，风变小，云吹散，太阳出现，又是夏天了。爱玛带着这种转变所给予她的热情，决定尽快出门。狂风暴雨后的宁静，温暖和明朗的大自然的优美景象、气息与感觉，从不曾这样吸引过她。她看望着它们可能逐渐引起的安详，趁着伯里先生在饭后来同她父亲聊天，可以长达一个小时，她便即刻往灌木丛去了。在那里，精神为之一振，心情轻松多了，兜了几个圈子，突然看见南特利先生打从花园门口路过，向她走来。 （刘重德 译）

The Change of Seasons: Time Flies

Weeks, months, seasons pass along. They seem little more than a summer day and a winter evening. Now, the Common where I walk with Dora is all in bloom, a field of bright gold; and now the unseen heather lies in mounds and bunches underneath a covering of snow. In a breath, the river that flows through our Sunday walks is sparkling in the summer sun, is ruffled by the winter wind, or thickened with drifting heaps of ice. Faster than ever river ran towards the sea, it flashes, darkens, and rolls away. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

季节转换：日月如梭

一个一个的星期、月、季过去了。这些似乎不过是一个夏季的白天或冬季的晚上。我同朵拉散步的公地时而开满了花，一片金光灿烂的田野；时而目不能见的石南高高低低地被一片白雪掩盖起来。转眼之间，流过我们星期日散步场的河水在夏季的太阳下闪光，被冬季的寒风吹皱，或积起一堆一堆的漂浮的冰块。河水比往常迅速地向海奔驰，它闪光，发暗，滚滚而去。

（董秋斯 译）

Spring: Busy and Happy

The May moon shone bright upon the private boarding-house of Mrs. Murphy. By reference to the almanac a large amount of territory will be discovered upon which its rays also fell. Spring was in its heyday, with hay fever soon to follow. The parks were green with new leaves and buyers for the Western and Southern trade. Flowers and summerresort agents were blowing; the air and answers to Lawson were growing milder; hand-organs, fountains and pinochle were playing everywhere.

(O. Henry, *The Four Million*)

春天:欢快,忙碌

五月的月亮明亮亮地照在墨菲太太经营的公寓上。查阅一下历书,你可以发现月光还要洒在一大片土地上的。春意正闹,干草热马上就要流行开来了。公园里到处是绿油油的新叶和来自西部与南部做生意的人。花枝在招展,避暑胜地的经纪人在招揽生意。气候和法院的判决都愈来愈温和。到处都有手风琴声、泉水琤琤声和玩纸牌的人。 (陈华 何晓曦 译)

Ⅴ. Sound　声音

1. Human Voice　人声

Screaming

The cry of grief, rage, and terror was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above Goodman Brown. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Young Goodman Brown*)

尖叫声

当不幸的丈夫屏住气息等待着回答时，仍可听到那悲痛，愤怒和恐惧的哭喊声划破夜空。接着是一个尖利的叫声，它立即被淹没在更吵闹的嘈杂声中，化为渐渐远去的笑声而消失，随着乌云飘去，古德蒙·布朗的头上重又露出了清澈宁静的天空。　(陈平建　译)

Sound from Some Distance Away

...So quiet it was that I could hear the faint water in the fountain. From some distance away came sound, remote too under the thick low sky-shouting, far-heard, on a thin female note like all shouting, even a mob of men, broken now and then by the sound of a band. In the shadow of the wall Monaghan and Comyn held the German on his feet. He was unconscious; the three of them invisible save for the faint blur of the bandage, inaudible save for the steady monotone of Monaghan's cursing.

(William Faulkner, *Ad Astra*)

远处传来的叫喊声

……周围一片静谧，我甚至听见了喷泉轻轻作响。从远方传来一种声音，这声音在低垂的苍穹下显得如此遥远——这是远处传来的叫喊声，像所有的叫喊声一样，即便是一群男人起哄的喊声，它带有一种尖细的女人的音调，这喊声时不时被乐队的演奏打断。在墙影下，莫纳汉和科明把德国人扶起，他已失去了知觉。要不是绷带依稀晃动，根本就看不见这三个人；要不是莫纳汉不

停地单调地骂人，根本就听不见他们。 （赵启光 译）

The Soft Slurring Voice

She spoke in the soft slurring voice of the coastal Georgian, liquid of vowels, kind to consonants and with the barest trace of French accent. It was a voice never raised in command to a servant or reproof to a child but a voice that was obeyed instantly at Tara, where her husband's blustering and roaring were quietly disregarded.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

柔和而又模糊的声音

她说话时的声音柔和而又模糊，明显地带有佐治亚州沿海居民的口音，元音都发得很清楚，而辅音咬得不够准，同时还略带点轻微的法语腔调。这是一种从来也不会提高用来吆喝奴隶或是训斥儿女的声音，然而，陶乐的人无论是谁听见了这声音都会马上服从，在那儿，人们对她丈夫那种吆五喝六的声音反倒常常置之不理。 （王晓明 译）

A Faint Voice

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveler, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die. (Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

微弱的声音

那声音的微弱是可怜而且可怕的。那并不是生理的微弱，然而和拘禁及缺少饮食一定人有关系。这微弱的使人寒心的特点是由于孤寂和废退而成的。那声音好像是许久许久以前的声音所遗留下的细微的回响。它是这样完全失掉人类声音的生趣和韵味，以至它对于感官的影响好像一种美丽的色彩褪化为黯淡的污迹似的。它是这样低沉而咽塞，好像是地下的声音。它是一

个绝望的迷惘的生物的表示，好像一个孑然流落在荒野之中的饥饿的旅客在倒毙之前回想起他的朋友和家人所发出的声音。 （罗稷南 译）

A Slight Groan

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no! —it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me.

(Edgar Allen Poe, *The Tell-Tale Heart*)

低沉的呻吟

不久，耳边听到微微一声哼，我知道只有吓得没命才这么哼一声。既不是呻吟，也不是悲叹——才不是呢！——每逢吓得魂飞魄散，心底里才憋不住发出这么低低一声。这我倒听惯了。不知多少个晚上，恰正在半夜时分，四下里万籁无声，我总是毛骨悚然，心坎里不由涌起这声呻吟，激荡出阴森森的回响，就此更加害怕了。 （徐汝椿 译）

Joyous Cries

In the fullness of time there was an eruption of the merrymakers to the sidewalk. The uninvited guests enveloped and permeated them, and upon the night air rose joyous cries, congratulations, laughter, and unclassified noises born of McGary's oblations to the hymeneal scene.

(O. Henry, *From the Cabby's Seat*)

欢声笑语

婚礼盛况过后，贺喜的人都涌到人行道上，路上没邀自来的客人们一下子围拢上去，交织在他们中间。于是夜空中弥漫着欢快的叫声，祝贺声，说笑声还夹杂着麦克伽利酒家当此婚礼的场合狂喝豪饮的人发出的含糊不清的吵闹声。 （陈华 何晓曦 译）

A Vague and Incomprehensible Rhapsody

...At length, when her fit of inspiration came, she spoke, for the first few moments, in a low voice, and not invariably distinct utterance, Her discourse gave evidence of an imagination hopeless entangled with her

reason; it was a vague and incomprehensible rhapsody, which, however, seemed to spread its own atmosphere round the hearer's soul, and to move his feelings by some influence unconnected with the words. As she proceeded, beautiful but shadowy images would sometimes be seen, like bright things moving in a turbid river; or a strong and singularly shaped idea leapt forth, and seized at once on the understanding or the heart.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Gentle Boy*)

模糊难懂的声音

最后,她的灵感突然来临,开始几分钟她用低沉的,并不是一直清楚的声调说话。她的讲话中想象与说理莫名其妙地交织在一起,形成了一篇模模糊糊的难懂的发言,可是它似乎在听众的周围散布了一种气氛,并且以某种与措词无关的力量感染着他们。当她继续往下讲时,似乎使人看到了美丽而朦胧的形象,如同明亮的东西在浑浊的河流里移动,一种强烈的奇特地形成的思想涌现出来,立刻抓住了人们的意识或心灵。 (谢志民 译)

A Man's Solemn Voice

...In the midst of this wild scene, where unbound passions jostled each other in a drunken career, there was one solemn voice of a man, and a manly and melodious voice it might once have been. He went to-and-fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his individual wrong, and interpreted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate. Even as he went on, the shout, the laugh, the shriek, the sob, rose up in unison, till they changed into the hollow, fitful, and uneven sound of the wind, as it fought among the pine-trees on those three lonely hills.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Hollow of the Three Hills*)

男人严肃的声音

……在这疯狂的场面中,一切失去羁绊的情绪就像发酒疯似的牵扯在一起,这时却出现了一名男子的清醒严肃的声音,这是一个颇有气概的,声调优美的男声。他不断地来回走动,脚步踩在地板上。他对着如痴似醉的,各有其炽烈心事而忘却周围世界的人群,挨个儿地倾诉自己的委屈,并且把他们的笑

声和泪水看作是对他的轻蔑或怜悯。他讲述女人的变心，讲一个妻子违背了海誓山盟，拆散了家，撕碎了心。即使在他喋喋不休的时候，喊声，笑声，尖叫声，哭泣声也是响成一片的，最后这些声音一变而为起伏不定的，吹拂着三座寂寞小山的松柄的空谷风声。（王敬之 译）

2. Melodious Sounds 悦耳声

A Delicate and Sweet Voice

And such a voice! —delicate and sweet, like a strain of music heard far off and faint, or, better, like a bell of silver, a perfect tone, crystal-pure. No mere woman had a voice like that. There was something celestial about it, and it came from other worlds. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

轻柔，甜蜜的声音

这声音多美！轻柔、甜蜜，像一阵从远处传来的轻轻的音乐声或者说得更贴切一点，像一串银铃，音色十全十美，清澈得像水晶。没有一个凡俗的女人会有这么一条嗓子。这声音里带着些仙界的味儿，它不是属于这个世界的。（吴劳 译）

Sounds Coming Soothingly on the Ear

Gimmerton chapel bells were still ringing and the full mellow flow of the beck in the valley came soothingly on the ear. It was a sweet substitute for the yet absent murmur of the summer foliage, which drowned that music about the Grange when the trees were in leaf. At Wuthering Heights it always sounded in quiet days following a great thaw or a season of steady rain. (Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

悦耳的淙淙声

吉牟屯礼拜堂的钟声还在敲着；那涨了水的小溪舒畅地流过山谷，传来了悦耳的淙淙声。那可以算得一种过渡性的可爱的音乐，因为一到夏天，树叶浓密，发出一片低语般的沙沙声，便要淹没田庄附近的溪流声了。在呼啸山庄，在解冻或是久雨之后，逢到无风的日子就总能听到那淙淙的流水声。（方平 译）

Combined Multitudes of Flowers

They were the mummied heath-bells of the past summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colorless by Michaelmas rains, and dried

to dead skins by October suns. So low was an individual sound from these that a combination of hundreds only just emerged from silence, and the myriads of the whole declivity reached the woman's ear but as a shrivelled and intermittent recitative. Yet scarcely a single accent among the many afloat to-night could have such power to impress a listener with thoughts of its origin. One inwardly saw the infinity of those combined multitudes; and perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

花的共鸣

它们是死去干枯的石南花，在夏天的时候，本来花瓣柔嫩，紫色鲜明，现在却叫米克勤节的寒雨冲得失去了颜色，又叫十月的太阳晒成一层死皮了。一个花儿所发出来的声音是非常地低微的，所以成千成万的花儿结合起来所发出来的声音，才刚刚能从静中听出；而现在坡上坡下亿兆的花所发出来的声音送到这个女人的耳边，也不过只像干哑续断的吟诵。但是今天晚上，在那种万籁齐鸣的声音里，却几乎没有任何别的声音，能比它更有力量，能比它更容易叫人想到声音的来源。耳朵听着这种声音的时候，心里就出现了一片铃形花，漫山遍野，在寒风吹过的时候一齐共鸣；眼睛就好像看见，烈风把每个小小的铃形花抓住了，从它那小喇叭嘴儿吹了进去，把它整个地摩挲了一遍，又从它那小喇叭嘴儿吹出来，好像它那小喇叭嘴儿跟火山口一样大似的。

（张谷若 译）

The Voice Sounds like Singing

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and own, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered 'Listen', a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour. (F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

像唱歌一样优美的声音

我把脸转向表妹，她开始娇滴滴地低声向我打听事情。她那起伏的声音

像唱歌一样优美，我侧耳聆听，仿佛那歌声一旦飘逝便再也无法寻找了。她的面庞忧伤而动人，脸上有一双明亮的眸子，鲜红的小嘴脉脉含情。不过，更使那些为她而倾倒的男人难以忘怀的还是她那充满激情的声音。那娓娓动听的声音使你迷恋和神往。"呦，你听呀。"她仿佛在暗暗地向你倾诉：她刚才是幸福和愉快的，而等待着她的还是欢快的事情。（范岳 译）

Arpeggios of Laughter

...and I recall the sudden arpeggios of laughter lilting across the tender, springtime grass—gay-welling, far-floating, fluent, spontaneous, a bell-like feminine fluting, then suppressed; as though snuffed swiftly and irrevocably beneath the quiet solemnity of the vespered air now vibrant with somber chapel bells. (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

爽朗的笑声

……我记起，一阵突发的爽朗的笑声，洋溢着欢乐的笑声，轻快地飘过了大地回春的草坪，余音在远方缭绕——流畅，自然，其中银铃般的女声，十分清脆嘹亮，之后这笑声戛然而止，仿佛是给钟声震荡的肃穆气氛无可挽回地一下扼杀了。（任绍曾 译）

A Sweet and Clear Voice

This voice that spoke was North-American. Ah, what a voice! Sweet as the mandolins of Sorrento! Clear as the bells of Capri! To hear it, was like coming upon sight of the almond-blossoms of Sicily for the first time, or the tulip-fields of Holland. Never before was such a voice!

(Booth Tarkington, *The Beautiful Lady*)

甜美而清翠的声音

说话者是北美人。啊，多美的声音！甜美得宛如所仑多的曼陀林！清翠得宛如开普利的钟声！听到这种声音，仿佛第一次看见西西里含苞待放的花朵，或是第一次看见荷兰的郁金香花圃一般。从未听到过如此甜美清翠的声音！（王晓明 译）

3. Sound of Music 乐声

Accompaniment to the Songs

At nine they stopped work, and sang, as usual, before they went to bed. No one but Beth could get much music out of the old piano, but she

had a way of softly touching the yellow keys and making a pleasant accompaniment to the simple songs they sang. Meg had a voice like a flute, and she and her mother led the little choir. Amy chirped like a cricket, and Jo wandered through the airs at her own sweet will, always coming out at the wrong place with a croak or a quaver that spoiled the most pensive tune. They had always done this from the time they could lisp Crinkle, crinkle, 'little 'tar, ... (Louisa May Alcott, *Little Women*)

琴伴歌声

睡前,与往常一样唱了歌。除了蓓丝,谁也没法从那架旧钢琴里弹出那么多的曲子,她有办法轻按发黄的琴键,欢快地为她们伴奏。麦格的嗓音宛如长笛,她和母亲带领着这支小小的歌咏队。阿蜜唱起歌来像蟋蟀在叫,唧唧啾啾。裘唱起来天马行空,随心所欲,老是不合时宜地唱出一个弯调或一个颤音,这就把极沉郁的情调给破坏了。她们总是那么唱歌。从她们呀呀学语,说"一将,一将,较星星"时起就这样了。 (王汉良 译)

Sounds of the Organ

... The train of withered mourners, the hoary bridegroom in his shroud, the pale features of the aged bride, and the death-bell tolling through the whole, till its deep voice overpowered the marriage words, all marked the funeral of earthly hopes. But as the ceremony proceeded, the organ, as if stirred by the sympathies of this impressive scene, poured forth an anthem, first mingling with the dismal knell, then rising to a loftier strain, till the soul looked down upon its woe.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Wedding-Knell*)

风琴声

…… 一长列憔悴的送葬者,身穿寿衣的白发新郎,脸色苍白的老态新娘,丧钟鸣响不辍盖过了婚礼上的证辞,这一切都是世俗的丧礼的典型标志。但在仪式进行中,风琴手似乎被这个感人场面所触动,起了同情之心,奏出了一曲赞歌,起初与忧伤的丧钟混成一片,接着曲调高昂起来,涤荡心灵,消忧解烦。 (王敬之 译)

The Song Making People Recall the Childhood

She sang religious songs of Mozart, which had been early favourites of Lady Steyne, and with such sweetness and tenderness that the lady

lingering round the piano, sat down by its side, and listened until the tears rolled down her eyes. It is true that the opposition ladies at the other end of the room kept up aloud and ceaseless buzzing and talking; but the Lady Steyne did not hear those rumours. She was a child again—and had wandered back through a forty years' wilderness to her convent garden. The chapel organ had pealed the same tones, the organist, the sister whom she loved best of the community, had taught them to her in those early happy days. She was a girl once more, and the brief period of her happiness bloomed out again for an hour—she started when the jarring doors were flung open, and with a loud laugh from Lord Steyne, the men of the party entered full of gaiety.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

引起童年回忆的歌声

她唱的是斯丹恩夫人早年最喜欢的莫扎特的圣诗。她的歌声甜美温馨，斯丹恩夫人原来站在钢琴旁边，后来索性坐了下来。直听得眼泪扑簌簌的往下掉。其余的太太存心跟蓓基过不去，不断的谈话，嘤嘤嗡嗡的，声音着实不小。可是斯丹恩夫人都听不见。她回忆到小时侯的情形，好像是跳过这四十年悲凉的岁月重新回到了修道院的花园里。教堂里的风琴当年就曾经奏过这曲子。弹琴的修女是全修院中跟她最好的一个，这歌儿也是从她那儿学的。从前的日子真幸福啊！她又重新成了个小姑娘，瞬息即逝的好时光又回到她身边逗留了一小时。直到房门吱呀一声开了，她才如梦初醒。斯丹恩勋爵大声笑着，和一群兴高采烈的男人们一起走进来。 （杨必 译）

The Song of the Cricket and the Kettle

The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardour; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

(Charles Dickens, *The Cricket on the Hearth*)

蟋蟀和水壶的合唱

水壶的独唱表演已接近尾声，它兴犹未尽地坚持唱着；可蟋蟀已明显地担任了主角并保持着这种荣耀。天哪！它是怎样地拼命唱着啊！它那尖厉刺耳的声音在屋子里回响，这声音又像是一颗星星在屋外的黑暗中闪烁。当它的歌声唱到最高昂的时候，那音调里便会出现一种微弱的难以描述的震颤。这表明，它已经腾起双腿，在自己激昂的热情的支配下，即将再次一跃而起。然而，蟋蟀和水壶合唱得十分谐调。那歌曲的重复句是相同的，它俩越唱越响，越唱越响，互相竞争着引吭高歌。（邹绿芷　邹晓建　译）

A Rippling Accompaniment Given off by the Organ

From the organ gallery came the shuffling of feet, a preparatory wheeze, a breathy expulsion of air from pipes. The Saint Mary's Cathedral Boys' School choir was coming in early to sandwich a little practice between now and the coming ritual. It was only a Friday midday Benediction, but one of Dane's friends and teachers from Riverview was celebrating it, and he had wanted to come.

The organ gave off a few chords, quietened into a rippling accompaniment, and into the dim stone-lace arches one unearthly boy's voice soared, thin and high and sweet, so filled with innocent purity the few people in the great empty church closed their eyes, mourned for that which could never come to them again.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

风琴奏出的绝妙伴奏曲

风琴台上传来了脚步的滑动声，管风琴发出试音的呼呼声和琴管排气的声音。圣母玛丽亚天主教童子学校的唱诗班先行进来一步，插在眼下到即将举行的宗教仪式之间这段时间中练习一下。这仅仅是星期五的一次午间祝福式，但是，戴恩在里佛缪学校中的一些朋友和教师要来参加赞美活动，他也就想来了。

风琴试了几声和弦，便徐徐奏出了一曲绝妙的伴奏。幽暗的、石头镶边的穹顶下回响着神秘的童声，尖细、高亢、甜美，充满了天真无邪的纯洁。空旷高大的教堂中的少数几个人合起了眼睛，为那种失而不可复得的纯真而感到哀伤。（曾胡　译）

Plaintive Balads

Nightly the dark tree-lined streets resounded with dancing feet, and from parlors tinkled pianos where soprano voices blended with those of soldier guests in the pleasing melancholy of "The Bugles Sang Truce" and "Your Letter Came, but Came Too Late"—plaintive ballads that brought exciting tears to soft eyes which had never known the tears of real grief.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

乐声与歌声

每天晚上,沿途树木成行的阴暗街道都响起了一片舞步声,客厅里丁丁当当的钢琴声,伴随着女高音和作客士兵的嗓音,唱着《军号吹起停战了》和《来信虽到惜已迟》那些动听的伤感歌曲——一向不识真正愁滋味的人听了这些哀怨的民歌都会一掬同情之泪。 (刘文澜 译)

Whistle

One boy was whistling a tune, at once very complicated and very simple, it seemed to be pouring out of him as though he were a bird, and it sounded very cool and moving through all that harsh, bright air, only just holding its own through all those other sounds.

(James Baldwin, *Sonny's Blues*)

口哨

一个孩子在吹口哨,曲调既复杂又简单。他好像是鸟儿在歌唱一样,曲子十分自然地从心田里涌流出来。在这一片令人头脑发胀的、刺耳的嘈杂声中,它却自成一格,沁人心脾,感人至深。 (陈雄尚 译)

4. Sounds from Touching and Rubbing 物体碰撞声、磨擦声

The Toll of the Bell at Casterbridge

From this tower the clock struck eight, and thereupon a bell began to toll with a peremptory clang. The curfew was still rung in Casterbridge, and it was utilized by the inhabitants as a signal for shutting their shops. No sooner did the deep notes of the bell throb between the housefronts than a clatter of shutters arose through the whole length of the High Street. In a few minutes business at Casterbridge was ended for the day.

Other clocks struck eight from time to time—one gloomily from the goal, another from the gable of an almshouse, with a preparative creak of

machinery, more audible than the note of the bell; a row of tall, varnished case-clocks from the interior of a clock-maker's shop joined in one after another just as the shutters were enclosing them, like a row of actors delivering their final speeches before the fall of the curtain; then chimes were heard stammering out the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn; so that chronologists of the advanced school were appreciably on their way to the next hour before the whole business of the old one was satisfactorily wound up. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

卡斯特桥的钟声

钟楼上时钟响了八下,接着就是一阵肃穆的钟声。卡斯特桥当年还在响着晚钟,本地居民利用它当做关店的信号,隆隆的钟声在店面前一响,大街上从头到底便响起了关门板的噼啪声。几分钟以内,卡斯特桥这一天的商务就算结束了。

另有一些时钟还不时响起八下——有一个阴郁的来自监狱,另一个来自救济院的三角屋脊,每一响先有一阵机械摩擦声,比钟声还要清晰;一家钟表店里面,有一排油漆的大座钟,正在上门板的时刻,也一个接一个地响起来,仿佛一排演员在闭幕前致最后的谢词一般;随后可以听见钟乐断断续续奏起西西里水手的赞美诗;这时高等学校里年代学的学者们,虽说过去一小时的工作还没有得到满意的结束,却也自知要跨进新的时间里去了。 (侍桁 译)

The Sounds of the Drums

. . . the Negro could hear the drums. They were three miles away, but he could hear them as though they were in the barn itself below him, thudding and thudding. It was as though he could see the fire too, and the black limbs turning into and out of the flames in copper gleams. Only there would be no fire. There would be no more light there than where he lay in the dusty loft, with the whispering arpeggios of rat feet along the warm and immemorial ax-squared rafters. (William Faulkner, *Red Leaves*)

鼓声

……他听见了鼓声。擂鼓的地方离这儿虽有三英里远,可是那咚咚咚的声音却直送进他的耳朵,仿佛鼓就在下面马棚里擂。他恍惚连火堆都瞧见了,恍惚还看见乌黑的四肢发着铜色的光洋,在腾起的火焰里穿进穿出。不过他知道事实中那儿是肯定不会有火堆的。那儿也是黑沉沉的一片,就跟这满是灰尘的草料棚里一样岂止满是灰尘,头顶上那年深月久的,削得方方的暖和

的椽子上还有一阵阵耗子跑动的声呢，窸窸窣窣的，好似急速弹奏的和音。

（蔡慧 译）

A Dull, Heavy, Monotonous Clang of a Clock

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hark to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evaluations, and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation.

（Edgar Allen Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*）

沉闷，呆滞又单调的钟声

在这间屋里，西墙前摆着一台巨大的乌檀木时钟。钟摆左右摆动，发出的声音又沉闷又呆滞又单调。每当长针在钟面走满一圈，临到报时之际，大钟的黄铜腔里就发出一下深沉的声音，既清澈又洪亮，非常悦耳，然而调子和点子又如此古怪，因此每过一小时，乐队里的乐师都不由得暂停演奏来倾听钟声；双双对对跳着华尔兹舞的也不得不停止旋转，正在寻欢作乐的红男绿女不免乱一阵子；这且不说，钟声还在一下下敲的时候，连放荡透顶的人都变得脸如死灰，上了年纪的和老成持重的都不由双手抚额，仿佛胡思乱想得出了神。

（陈良廷 译）

A Metallic Clatter and so on

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear-a positive tramp, tramp, a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings: as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aerial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon, and

blended clouds where tint melts into tint. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

践踏声

突然,从远处传来一阵清晰的粗浊声音,打破了这种美妙悦耳的喃喃低语声。那是一种沉重的践踏声,一种刺耳的得得声,掩盖了轻柔的流水汩汩声。犹如一幅图画中,用浓墨重彩在前景上绘出大块的坚岩或粗硕的大橡树树干压倒了由青山翠峦、明丽天际和色彩斑驳的云彩组成的苍茫远景一般。

(凌雯 译)

The Note of the Sheep-Bell

It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle tinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways—by the rapid feeding of the sheep bearing the bell, as when the flock breaks into new pasture, which gives it an intermittent rapidity, or by the sheep starting off in a run, when the sound has a regular palpitation. The experienced ear of Oak knew the sound he now heard to be caused by the running of the flock with great velocity.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

羊铃的急促响声

他过了一个安静,潮湿的夜晚。天快亮的时候,他被一种熟悉的声响惊醒了,但声响听起来有些反常,羊铃的声音在牧人耳里就像钟表的嘀嗒声在其他人耳里那样,总是慢悠悠的不绝于耳,根本不会引起注意,除非是停了下来,或是响得有些异样,不同于平常那种懒洋洋的叮当声响。平常的声响叫一个熟悉的人一听就知道羊栏里平安无事,不管他隔得多么远;但这次的声音在黎明的肃穆,寂静中传入盖伯瑞尔的耳朵时响得特别急剧。这是从何而来的呢?是挂着铃的羊在匆匆忙忙吃草吧?羊群突入一块新牧场时羊铃总是断断续续地发出急剧声响的;不然就是羊突然跑起来了,这时候铃声也会不断地震响。奥克那双老练的耳朵一听就知道,现在传来的是羊群拼命奔跑的声音。

(傅超寰等 译)

Sound of The Pandybat Touching the Hand

He felt the prefect of studies touch it for a moment at the fingers to straighten it and then the swish of the sleeve of the sauterne as the pandybat bat was lifted to strike. A hot burning stinging tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes...

Stephen drew back his maimed and quivering right arm and held our his left hand. The soutane sleeves swished again as the pandybat was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening tingling burning pain made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. (James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*)

戒尺打手发出的声音

他感到教导主任用手摸了摸他的手指头,让他把手伸得更直些,然后,在他举起戒尺向下打的时候,还听到他的法衣袖子呼地响了一下。像针扎一样刺心的火辣辣的一击发出像棍子被折断似的一声巨响,立即使他哆嗦的手像在火里被燃烧的树叶一样皱作一团了:随着这响声和疼痛,火热的眼泪涌进了他的眼眶.....

斯蒂芬抽回他受伤的哆嗦着的右手,把左手伸出去。法衣的袖子在举起戒尺的时候,又呼地响了一声,一声清脆的巨响和一阵刺骨的、火烧一般的、令人发疯的猛烈疼痛使他的手掌和手指全缩成一团,变成了一块哆嗦着的发青的死肉。 (黄雨石 译)

Thudding Sounds

kunta's naked back felt an odd vibration from the hard, rough planking he lay on. He felt a tightening, a swelling within his chest, and he lay frozen. About him he heard thudding sounds that he knew were men lunging upward, straining against their chains. It felt as if all of his blood had rushed into his pounding head. And then terror went clawing into his vitals as he sensed in some way that this place was moving, taking them away. Men started shouting all around him, screaming to Allah and His spirits, banging their heads against the planking, thrashing wildly against their rattling shackles. "Allah, I will never pray to you less than five times

daily!" kunta shrieked into the bedlam, "Hear me! Help me!"

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

铁链碰撞声

昆塔的光脊梁感到他所躺的粗硬板发出一种奇怪的震动。他感到胸中紧一阵，张一阵的，于是他就一动不动地躺在那里。他听到四周有碰撞声，这是有人想要跳起来而拉紧了他们的铁链。他好像觉得全身的血液都往发涨的脑袋里涌。接着他又觉得恐惧袭心，因为他仿佛觉得他所呆的地方正在慢慢移动，把他们带走。周围的人都开始喊叫起来，乞求真主和他的一些天神，他们乱扭乱蹦，脑袋碰到了木板，铁链丁当作响。"真主啊，我以后向你祈祷每天决不少于五次！"昆塔在这一阵混乱中也尖声叫道，"救救我！救救我！"

(董亦波 译)

Roaring Guns

Of a sudden the guns on the slope roared out a message of warning. A spluttering sound had begun in the woods. It swelled with amazing speed to a profound clamor that involved the earth in noises. The splitting crashes swept along the lines until an interminable roar was developed. To those in the midst of it became a din fitted to the universe. It was the whirring and thumping of gigantic machinery, complications among the smaller stars.

(Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*)

枪炮的吼声

突然，山坡上的大炮发出警告的吼声，树林也噼里啪啦响成一片。这声音迅速增大，变成震撼大地的喧嚷。哔啦啦的爆裂声扫荡着阵地，发展成无休止的呼啸。对置身其中的人来说，这声音应属于宇宙，这是巨型机器咚咚的撞击，是小星球之间发生的争端。

(黄建人 译)

5. Noise 噪声

A Strange Noise

She stood, with arrested muscles, outside his door, listening. There was a strange, heavy, and yet not loud noise. Her heart stood still. It was a soundless noise, yet rushing and powerful. Something huge, in violent, hushed motion. What was it? What in God's name was it? She ought to know. She felt that she knew the noise. She knew what it was.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rocking-Horse Winner*)

奇怪的声音

她站在保罗卧室的门外，听着，像是一步也动弹不得。她听见一种奇怪的声音，沉重，但却又不太响。她的跳动的心蓦然被揪住了。她听到的像是不出声的声音，但却十分有力，像有什么东西在奔腾一样。一个疯狂挣扎的庞然大物，却又想把声音掩压起来。到底是什么呀？天啊，究竟是什么呀？她应当知道。她觉得这种声音似曾相识，知道它究竟来自何方。 （孙鹏 译）

The Combination of Noises

. . . the crash of crockery, the clatter of steel, the screaming of "short orders," the cries of the hungering and all the horrid tumult of feeding man, surrounded by swarms of the buzzing winged beasts bequeathed us by Pharaoh, Milly steered her magnificent way like some great liner cleaving among the canoes of howling savages.

(O. Henry, *An Adjustment of Nature*)

噪音组合

有器皿碰撞声，刀具切剁声，要"快餐"的尖叫声，饿汉子的叫嚷声，进食者那赫人的喧哗声，再加上埃及法老传下来的嗡嗡叫的飞虫围集过来。就在这一片混乱中，米莉操理裕如，像是一艘巨舰，在嚎叫的野人的众独木舟中劈浪前进。 （陈华 何晓璞 译）

Compounding of Many Noises

Then he strove to speed away the time, by listening to a murmur which swept continually along the street, yet was scarcely audible, except to an unaccustomed ear like his; it was a low, dull, dreamy sound, compounded of many noises, each of which was at too great a distance to be separately heard. Robin marveled at this snore of a sleeping town, and marveled more whenever its continuity was broken by now and then a distant shout, apparently loud where it originated.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*)

千百种声音的混合

后来他就倾听呢喃不清的声音以消遣。这声音由远处沿街传过来，绵延不断，若非罗宾的耳朵对这种声音很不习惯，那是几乎注意不到的。这声音微弱，低沉，恍惚如梦寐；它是千百种声音的混合，否则，距离那么远，任何一种声音都不可能听到。罗宾对这沉睡的城市鼾声感到惊异，更为惊异的，是有时还

隐约听到一两声喊叫，那叫喊想必很高，但传到罗宾耳中也不过起一种催眠的作用。 （王楫 译）

The Noise on the Way to Heaven

...Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. （Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Celestial Rail-Road*）

天国之旅的噪声

……这时，我们旋风般地朝前一冲，空中闪现出一个拍动双翼的明亮的天使，正带着天国的某些使命向前飞驶，机车发出一声长长的，令人毛骨悚然的尖叫，宣布已经接近终点站。从这声尖叫中，仿佛可以清晰地分辨出各色各样的哭泣和号叫，以及狂暴的愤怒，还混杂着魔鬼或疯子粗野的狂笑。

（柳维理 译）

Noise of Throbbings, Beating Etc.

Now, the clustered roofs, and poles of buildings trembling with the working of engines, and dimly resounding with their shrieks and throbbings; the tall chimneys vomiting forth a black vapour, which hung in a dense ill-favoured cloud above the housetops and filled the air with gloom; the clank of hammers beating upon iron, the roar of busy streets and noisy crowds, gradually augmenting until all the various sounds blended into one and none was distinguishable for itself, announced the termination of their journey. （Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*）

由震荡、敲打等发出的噪音

现在，团团簇簇的屋顶和层层叠叠的建筑，在机器开动中发抖，并且还隐约地反应出它们的尖叫和震荡的声音；高耸的烟囱喷出一种黑色的薄雾，在屋顶上飘成浓密和可厌的乌云，使天空充满了阴沉的空气；打铁锤子的铿锵声，繁华街道和喧噪人群的吼声，越来越强大起来了，直到最后，不同的声音糅杂成一片，再也分不清楚它本身是什么声音，这一切宣布他们的旅程告终。

（许君远 译）

The Cry of Life

...The rabbit could not turn, and as the white teeth broke its back in mid air it shrieked as loudly as a stricken man may shriek. At sound of this, the cry of Life plunging down from Life's apex in the grip of Death, the full pack at Buck's heels raised a hell's chorus of delight.

(Jack London, *The Call of The Wild*)

生命的悲鸣

……这只兔子闪身不及,就在雪白的牙齿于半空之中咬碎它脊骨的时候,它发出一声尖叫,那叫声像一个遭到袭击的人所发出的高声喊叫。这是生命的死亡的支配之下从生命之巅跌落下来的叫声,听到这一叫声,巴克身后的整个狗群发出喧闹的欢天喜地的大合唱。 (林之鹤 译)

A Din of Various Musical Instruments

Meanwhile the musicians' candles were lighted and the chandelier was lowered from the ceiling; the glitter of its facets filled the theater with sudden gaiety. Then the musicians came in one after another and there was a long din of rumbling cellos, squeaking violins, blaring cornets and peeping flutes and flageolets. Finally three loud thumps came from the stage; the kettledrums rolled, the brasses struck a series of chords and the curtain rose, revealing a landscape. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

试音

这时乐池的蜡烛点燃了,天花板上挂的塔形烛台放了下来,上面的小玻璃片灿灿发光,使整个剧场突然笼罩了喜悦气氛。然后乐师们一个个走了进来;先是一阵杂乱的声音:低音管呜隆呜隆,小提琴吱吱啦啦,小号嘀嘀嗒嗒,长笛和单簧管发出悠扬的声音;接着台上敲了三下;鼓响了起来,铜管乐器开始一段合奏,幕徐徐升起,呈现了野外的景色。 (张道真 译)

6. Combination of Special Sounds 特殊声音的组合

Frightful Sounds

And, maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did Goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate that he seemed to fly along the forest path rather than to walk or run. The road grew wilder and drearier and more faintly traced, and vanished at length,

leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward with the instinct that guides mortal men to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds—the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while sometimes the wind tolled like a distant church bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveler, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Young Goodman Brown*)

可怕的声音

古德曼.布朗绝望得像发狂一般,因此他长时间放声大笑。他真的抓起手杖,重新上路了。他的速度快得既不像走也不像奔,简直像是沿着森林小径在飞翔。这条路变得越来越荒僻和凄凉,越来越难以辨认,最后终于消失了。他来到了黑暗的荒野中心,那种引导凡人去犯罪的本能冲动促使他继续向前冲去。整个森林充满了可怕的声音,树木吱吱嘎嘎地作响,野兽在嚎叫,印第安人在呼喊;有时风声听上去像是远处教堂的钟声,有时却像是就在这位旅行者身边狂吼——整个大自然似乎为了表示蔑视而正在嘲笑他。但是当时当地最令人恐怖的东西正是他自己,因而其他的恐怖也就不会使他退缩了。

(任孟昭 译)

Strange Sound

In the midst of these whimsical fancies she heard a new strange sound among the leaves. It might be the wind; yet there was scarcely any wind. Sometimes it was a sort of gasp or gurgle. Soon she was certain that the noises came from wild creatures of some kind, the more so when, originating in the boughs overhead, they were followed by the fall of a heavy body upon the ground. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

奇怪的声音

她正在这样胡思乱想的时候,忽然听到树叶间又发出了奇特的声音。这也许是风声;但周围根本没有刮风呀。那声音,有时候好像是扑动,有时候好像是拍翅。有时候好像是一阵一阵的喘息,有时候又好像是咕嘟咕嘟地冒泡。很快她就弄明,这声音是某种野生动物发出来的;在仔细一听,发现这些声音来自于头顶上的枝叶,而且在这些声音发出之后,会有沉重的物体掉落到地上,这时她更相信那些是野生动物了。

(吴笛 译)

Singing and Other Sounds

...As Dorcas sang, the walls of her forsaken home seemed to encircle her; she no longer saw the gloomy pines, nor heard the wind, which still, as she began each verse, sent a heavy breath through the branches, and died away in a hollow moan, from the burthen of the song. She was aroused by the report of a gun, in the vicinity of the encampment; and either the sudden sound, or her loneliness by the glowing fire, caused her to tremble violently. The next moment, she laughed in the pride of a mother's heart. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Roger Malvin's Burial*)

歌声及其他声音

……多卡丝在唱歌的时候,似乎她那已被抛弃的家屋的四壁又围住她,她不再看见阴暗的松林,也不再听到风声,但每当她开始唱一节歌词,风偶然从繁枝密叶中发出一声沉重的叹息,有在歌词结尾的叠句处以一声悲伤的呜咽而消逝。营地附近一声枪响把她惊动了,也许是这突然的枪声,也许是这灿烂篝火旁的孤独,使她全身猛然哆嗦起来。过了一会儿,她怀着一个母亲心中的自豪,放声大笑。 (贺仁麟 译)

Man's Voice and Sound of the Wind

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveler, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Ambitious Guest*)

人声与风声

女儿刚讲了一些通俗笑话,把大家逗得很高兴,突然一阵寒风通过峡谷刮来,似乎在他们的茅屋前停留了一会——把大门吹得呼呼作响,其中还夹杂着哀号和恸哭的声音,然后进入了山谷。这使他们发了一会儿愁,不过他们的谈吐还保持着通常的语气。可是当他们发觉有个过路客人推开门闩时,一家人又高兴起来。原来这人的脚步声由于混杂在狂风的号叫之中,所以没有被听出来。这阵狂风预告了客人的到来,哀号着把他送进屋子,然后又发出哀悼似

的声音从门口吹走了。 （黎青 译）

Sounds in Various Types

Then, as if brought into being by the waltz music, sounds floated in from the shadowy moonlit street below, the trample of horses' hooves and the sound of carriage wheels, laughter on the warm sweet air and the soft acrimony of Negro voices raised in argument over hitching places for the horses. There was confusion on the stairs and light-hearted merriment, the mingling of girls' fresh voices with the bass notes of their escorts, airy cries of greeting and squeals of joy as girls recognized friends from whom they had parted only that afternoon.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

各种声音的组合

这时，仿佛华尔兹乐曲引起了头，下面那条月色朦胧的街上顿时飘来了种种声响。马蹄得得，车轮辘辘，温暖的芳香空气上荡漾着笑声，还有黑人因抢夺拴马地方，从低声刻薄几句，闹到高声争吵。楼梯上一阵混乱，无忧无虑的嬉笑，姑娘活泼的嗓音，混着护花使者的低沉音调，姑娘认出了下午刚分手的朋友，轻佻地喊着打招呼，高兴得尖声叫唤。 （刘文澜 译）

A Ghastly Confusion of Terror and Mourning and Mirth

Again the withered hag poured forth the monotonous words of a prayer that was not meant to be acceptable in Heaven; and soon, in the pauses of her breath, strange murmurings began to thicken, gradually increasing so as to drown and overpower the charm by which they grew. Shrieks pierced through the obscurity of sound, and were succeeded by the singing of sweet female voices, which in their turn gave way to a wild roar of laughter, broken suddenly by groanings and sobs, forming altogether a ghastly confusion of terror and mourning and mirth. Chains were rattling, fierce and stern voices uttered threats, and the scourge resounded at their command. All these noises deepened and became substantial to the listener's ear, till she could distinguish every soft and dreamy accent of the love songs, that died ceaselessly into funeral hymns.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Hollow of the Three Hills*)

一片乱糟糟的声音

这干瘪的巫婆再次喃喃有辞，念叨一些上不了天庭的咒语；忽然间，在她喘气的间歇中，怪模怪样的嘀咕声大了起来，愈来愈响，直至淹没了原来的细声细气。从一片喁喁声中冒出了尖声极叫，接着又有女性呖呖莺声的歌唱，一变而为粗犷的狂笑，蓦地又被呻吟和抽泣所代替，这一切混合为一片乱糟糟的惊呼、悲啼和欢笑。在锁链锒铛中，发出恶言威胁和厉声恫吓，伴随着皮鞭的抽响。所有这一切都越来越大，毫不含糊地钻进听者的耳鼓，直到后来，她清晰地听出恋歌中的声声柔情和丝丝蜜意全都无缘无故地化入了葬礼曲调之中。

（王敬之 译）

The Noises Which Were Full of Life

...On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street singers, who sang a *come-all-you* about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of like for me...

(James Joyce, *Araby*)

充满生活激情的声响

……星期六晚上，我婶婶要上街去买东西，我得跟着去帮她拿购买的物品。灯火通明的大街上熙熙攘攘，我和婶婶在醉汉和讨价还价的妇人们中间挤来挤去。苦力们在咒骂着；年轻的店员们站在装着猪头肉的木桶边上，一边看护着货物，一边尖声地招揽生意；街头的歌手们反复单调地哼着一首有关"奥唐纳凡·萝莎"的歌曲，名叫"你们都来吧"或者唱根据我们当地人的忧愁而编成的民歌；在我心中，这各色各样的声响汇成了一股生活的激情。……

（孙鹤 译）

7. Change of Sounds 声音的变化

The Increasing Sound

Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose

and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. ... and now—again! —hark! louder! louder! louder! louder! (Edgar Allen Poe, *The Tell-Tale Heart*)

愈来愈大的声音

不料声音愈来愈大怎么办呢？这是匆匆传来的模模糊糊一阵低沉声音简直像蒙着棉花的表声。我直喘粗气；可三位警官竟没听到。我谈得更快，谈得更急；谁知响声反而无休无止的愈来愈大。我站起身，连鸡毛蒜皮的小事都尖声尖气的争辩，一边还舞手拍脚；谁知响声反而愈来愈大。他们干吗偏不走呢？我拖着沉重的脚步在房里踱来踱去，仿佛他们三人的看法把我惹火了；谁知响声反而愈来愈大。啊，天呐！喊怎么办呢？我唾沫乱溅，大肆咆哮，咒天骂地！让椅子就地摇动，在木板上磨得嘎嘎的响，可是响声却压倒一切，而且继续不断，愈来愈大。愈来愈响，愈来愈响，愈来愈响！那三人竟照旧高高兴兴聊着，嘻嘻哈哈笑着。……瞧又来了！听！愈来愈响！愈来愈响！愈来愈响！愈来愈响！ (徐汝椿 译)

The Yelps Growing Closer and Louder

...From far away drifted a faint, sharp yelp, followed by a chorus of similar sharp yelps. As the moments passed the yelps grew closer and louder. Again Buck knew them as things heard in that other world which persisted in his memory. He walked to the centre of the open space and listened. It was the call, the many-noted call, sounding more luringly and compelling than ever before. And as never before, he was ready to obey.

(Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

愈来愈近、愈来愈响的吠声

……从遥远的地方传来一声轻微的尖声长嗥，是同样尖声的一阵齐嗥。过了一段时间之后，这种吠声变得愈来愈近，愈来愈响。巴克又一次懂得了，这些声音是在另一个世界曾听到的并持续地留在了记忆里的东西。他走到空地中间，仔细聆听。正是那种呼唤，多种音符的呼唤，这呼唤所富有的魅力，比

以往任何时候都更能勾起他浓厚的兴趣。他从未像现在这样乐于响应这种呼唤。 （林之鹤 译）

The Sound from the Tomb

No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! —by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and than quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

(Edgar Allen Poe, *Black Cat*)

墓冢里发出的声音

我敲墙的回响余音未寂，就听得墓冢里发出一下声音！——下哭声，开头瓮声瓮气，断断续续，像个小孩在抽泣，随即一下子变成连续不断的高声长啸，声音异常，惨绝人寰——这是一声哀号——一声悲鸣，半似恐怖，半似得意，只有堕入地狱的受罪冤魂痛苦的惨叫，和魔鬼见了冤魂遭受天罚的欢呼打成一片，才跟这声音差不离。 （陈良廷 译）

Rattling

... Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret ; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*)

喋喋不休的谈话

…… 一会儿，他大若嗓门喋喋不休地谈论爱国主义，民族的光荣和人民的权利等等词句；一会儿，他用一种狡猾而含糊的耳语喃喃地说一些危险的话或别的什么，他说得那么谨慎小心，甚至他自己内心也几乎不能捉摸其中的奥秘；再一会儿，他又用一种抑扬顿挫和深表敬意的语调说话，仿佛皇上正在听他措辞巧妙的华丽词藻。 （陈平建 译）

The Sounds of Monstrous Water

...the convict was hearing again that sound which he had heard twice before and would never forget—that sound of deliberate and irresistible and monstrously disturbed water. But this time he could not tell from what direction it came. It seemed to be everywhere, waxing and fading; it was like a phantom behind the mist, at one instant miles away, the next on the point of overwhelming the skiff within the next second; suddenly, in the instant he would believe (his whole weary body would spring and scream) that he was about to drive the skiff point-blank into it and with the unfinished paddle of the color and texture of sooty bricks, like something gnawed out of an old chimney by beavers and weighing twenty-five pounds, he would whirl the skiff frantically and find the sound dead ahead of him again. (William Faulkner, *Old Man*)

怪异的水声

……这时候(他们是不是在动这个犯人并不知道),这个犯人又听到了他以前听见过两次而且永远不会忘的那种声音:那种不慌不忙,不可阻挡,激荡得吓人的水声。可是这一次他听不出水声是从哪个方向来的。仿佛到处都是这种声音——时起时伏,它好像是雾后面的鬼怪,时而好像在多少里之外,时而又像就要把小船打翻;突然间,正在他一霎时以为(他的整个疲乏的身体几乎要跳起来大叫)他要让小船直截了当地闯进去,正在他挥动那只未完工的桨(它的颜色和纹理如同一块乌黑的砖,像是一截被河狸啃咬过的旧烟囱,有二十五磅重),发狂似的要小船掉转船身的时候,他面前的那个声音却憋住了气,不响了。 (雨宁 译)

From Noise to Silence

As yet the horses were not harnessed. A little lantern, carried by a stable boy, went out one door from time to time, to immediately appear at another. The feet of the horses striking the floor could be heard, although deadened by the straw and litter, and the voice of a man talking to the beasts, sometimes swearing, came from the end of the building. A light tinkling of bells announced that they were taking down the harness; this murmur soon became a clear and continuous rhythm by the movement of the animal, stopping sometimes, then breaking into a brusque shake which was accompanied by the dull stamp of a sabot upon the hard earth.

The door suddenly closed. All noise ceased. The frozen citizens were silent; they remained immovable and stiff.

(Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

从有声到无声

不过还没有人来套车。只有一个伙夫提着盏小灯笼不时地从一个黑咕隆咚的门里出来，又立刻钻进一个黑咕隆咚的门里去。只听得马蹄踏地的声音，因为地上铺着草，又有马粪，所以声音不大响亮；还有一个在马厩深处对牲口说话和斥骂的声音。一阵轻微的铜铃声说明有人在搬弄挽具；这铜铃的喃喃细语很快就变成清脆、持续的颤响，此后铃声的节奏随着马的动作不断变化，时而毫无动静，时而骤然一阵剧响，还伴着铁蹄踩地的沉闷响声。

门突然关上。各种声音也都戛然而止。冻僵的居民安静下来，又回到懈怠、僵硬的状态中。（张英伦 译）

A Cry Bursting Upward in Great

Both men stopped. White Fang was howling as dogs howl when their masters lie dead. He was voicing an utter woe, his cry bursting upward in great, heart-breaking rushes, dying down into quavering misery, and bursting upward again with rush upon rush of grief.

(Jack London, *White Fang*)

越升越高的嚎叫声

两人都站住了。雪虎在嚎叫，就像所有的狗守护着死去的主人那般地嚎叫。它是在倾诉它的全部悲哀。它的哀号一阵紧似一阵，听了叫人心碎。继而，声音弱了下来，颤颤抖抖像是在凄惨地抽泣。此后又勃然而发，一声高过一声，声声充满了悲伤。（孙云英 译）

New Sounds

...Then he thought he heard new sounds in the distance, from across the water. Lying on the deck, with his crusty eyes half shut, he couldn't tell from where. But soon the sounds grew closer, and as they did, his fearful whimperings joined those of his mates. As the sounds got louder and louder, so did their praying and gibbering-until finally, in the light wind, Kunta could smell the bodies of many unfamiliar toubob.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

新奇的声音

……接着他好像觉得听到了远处海洋那边传来了一些新的声音。他躺在甲板上，眼屎糊住的眼睛半开半闭，因此无法断定这些声音是从哪儿传来的。但是过了一会儿，这声音越来越近，使他跟着其他同伴一起害怕得呜咽起来。随着这声音越来越大，他们的祈祷和吃语也越来越响，最后，在一阵轻风中，昆塔闻到了许多不熟悉的白鬼子身体的气味。（董亦波 译）

8. Silence 寂静(无声)

The Stillness of Early Morning

The stillness of early morning slumbered everywhere; the curtains were yet drawn over the servants' chamber windows; little birds were just twittering in the blossom-blanched orchard trees, whose boughs drooped like white garlands over the wall enclosing one side of the yard; the carriage horses stamped from time to time in their closed stables; all else was still.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

清晨的寂静

清晨到处一片寂静，一切似乎都沉睡未醒；仆人住房的窗帘还遮盖着窗户；小鸟才刚刚开始在缀满白花的果树上鸣叫，那些树枝像白色的花环在院子一侧的围墙上低垂着；家里的四轮马车的辕马在关闭的马厩里不时地踩着蹄；除此之外一切都是静悄悄的。（任厚恺 译）

The Stillness

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labouring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

可怕的寂静

由于辘辘轮声的突然中断而来的寂静，加上夜的寂静，造成了一片真实的寂静。马匹的喘息传给车子一种颤动，好像它也在一种紧张状态之中似的。乘客们的心跳动到或许可以听得见的程度，但是，无论如何，在这默默踌躇之

中显然可以听见人们急促呼吸和忍住呼吸，以及由于有所期待而心博加快。

（罗稷南 译）

A Deathly Stillness

A profound calm, a frightful, silent expectancy had spread over the city. Many of the heavy citizens, emasculated by commerce, anxiously awaited the conquerors, trembling lest their roasting spits or kitchen knives be considered arms.

All life seemed stopped; shops were closed, the streets dumb. Sometimes an inhabitant, intimidated by this silence, moved rapidly along next the walls. (Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

死寂

此后，城市便笼罩在一片深沉的寂静之中，人们惶恐不安而又默默无言地等待着。做生意伤透了脑筋的大腹便便的店老板们忧心忡忡地等待着战胜者，一想到敌人可能会把他们烤肉的铁钎和切菜刀当做私藏的武器加以追究，就不寒而栗。

店铺一关门，街上无了声息，仿佛生活都停止了。偶尔出现一个居民，也被该种沉寂镇住了，顺着墙根急急忙忙地溜过。（张英伦 译）

The Silence and Quiet

Kunta sat until he knew the prayers must have been over, but the music didn't resume. He listened hard, but could hear only silence. Finally he nodded off, awakening with a start only a few moments later. It was still quiet—and darker under the hood than a moonless night.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

寂静无声

昆塔一直坐到他知道祈祷必定已经结束的时候，可是乐声并没有再起。他仔细竖起耳朵，可依然什么声音也没听到。他终于昏昏入睡了，可一会儿就惊醒过来。四周仍是寂静无声，——在头罩里面比在一个没有月色的夜晚更暗。（陈尧光 译）

The White Silence

The afternoon wore on, and with the awe, born of the white Silence, the voiceless travelers bent to their work. Nature has many tricks

wherewith she convinces man of his finity,—the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven's artillery, —but the most tremendous, the most stupefying of all, is the passive phase of the White silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across the ghostly wastes of a dead world...

(Jack London, *The White Silence*)

死沉沉的雪野

下午慢慢地过去。寂静的雪野上,有一种森严可怕的气氛,迫使着默默的旅客都在战战兢兢地只顾干活。大自然有很多办法使人类相信人生的有限——例如不停的浪潮,猛烈的风暴,突然的地震,隆隆不息的雷鸣——不过,最可怕,最夺人心魄的,还是这冷酷无情的寂静的雪野。什么动静也没有。气候虽晴,天色却跟黄铜一样;只要微微有一点声息,就像亵渎了神圣;人变得非常胆怯,连听到了自己的声音也会害怕。只有他这一丝生命在度过鬼域般的荒原,到处都是死沉沉的……

(雨宁 译)

A Silvery Silence

It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night, when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver; and, by their soft, suffusing seethings, made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude. On such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow. Lit up by the moon, it looked celestial; seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea.

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

银白色的静穆

就在驶过这些地方的时候,有一天晚上,月白天清,浪涛像银轴般滚滚而过;由于浪涛在徐徐沸腾,显得弥漫着一种不是凄寂,而是银白色的静穆;在这样静穆的夜空里,在泡沫四溅的船头的远前方,出现了一股银白色的喷水。它给月色一照耀,赛似一股灵光,似乎突然从海里冒出了一个光耀夺目的神明。

(曹庸 译)

The Silence of the Church

Away from time, always outside of time! Between east and west,

between dawn and sunset, the church lay like a seed in silence, dark before germination, silenced after death. Containing birth and death, potential with all the noise and transition of life, the cathedral remained hushed, a great, involved seed, whereof the flower would be radiant life inconceivable, but whose beginning and whose end were the circle of silence. Spanned round with the rainbow, the jewelled gloom folded music upon silence, light upon darkness, fecundity upon death as a seed folds leaf upon leaf and silence upon the root and the flower, hushing up the secret of all between its parts, the death out of which it fell, the life into which it has dropped, the immortality it involves, and the death it will embrace again. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

教堂的沉寂

远离时间，永远超越时光！在东西之间，晨暮之间，教堂矗立着，如同一颗沉寂的种子。发芽前的黑暗，死后的沉寂。这沉寂的教堂，融生死于一体，载着所有生命的喧嚣与变幻，像一颗硕大无朋的种子，它会开放出难以想象的辉煌的生命之花。但它自始至终都在沉寂中轮回。在彩虹的衬托下，这装饰着宝物的黑暗教堂里，沉寂中弹奏着乐曲，黑暗中闪烁着光芒，死亡中孕育着生命，就像一颗种子里，叶子紧叠着叶子，沉静笼罩着根须，花儿将所有的秘密都珍藏在自己的花蕊中。它挣脱了死亡，投向了生命。它不朽，但它仍会再次拥抱死亡。（黑马 石磊 译）

Ⅵ. Light 光

1. Dim Light 微光

Dark Day

It was near noon before we set out; a dark day with clouds, and the sun shining upon little patches. The sea was here very deep and still, and had scarce a wave upon it ; so that I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. The mountains on either side were high, rough and barren, very black and gloomy in the shadow of the clouds, but all silver-laced with little water-courses where the sun shone upon them. It seemed a hard country, this of Appin, for people to care as much about as Alan did. (Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

天色暗淡

我们出发的时候,快近中午了;这天天色暗淡,云层密布,只有很小几片地方才照到阳光。这儿的海非常的深,却很平静,海面上几乎见不到一丝波浪;我须得拿一点水,放到嘴唇上尝尝,才能相信这真正是咸水。两边的山高而险峻,草木不生,在云层的影子下显得格外的黑暗,阴郁,只有阳光照射到的那些小小的水道,却像是一条条银色的丝带,环绕着群山。这样的亚品,真像艾伦所说的,似乎是一个不容易照料的地方。 (候浚吉 译)

A Strange Darkness

...The air was darkening: a strange darkness, for the sun was blazing—it's darkness of a veld fire: when the air gets thick with smoke and that was like hot sunlight falls in broken rays of thick hot orange. It was heavy, too, and hard to breathe, as before a storm. The locusts were coming fast. Now half the sky was darkened. Behind the reddish streak in front, which marked the beginning of the swarm, the main swarm showed in a thick black cloud, reaching almost to the sun itself.

(Doris Lessing, *A Mild Attack of Locusts*)

奇特的昏暗

……天空渐渐的昏暗了。这是一种奇特的昏暗.因为烈日当空,正放射着

耀眼的光芒这情景有点儿像草原起火，浓烟迷漫，混混沌沌。阳光照射下来，变成了一道道支离破碎的浓艳艳、火辣辣的桔红色光芒。空气异常沉闷，象雷雨将至那样令人窒息。蝗虫飞得很迅速，现在半边天都遮黑了。紧跟在红幔帐似的前哨后面的，便是蝗群主体了。瞧那黑压压的一片，密密麻麻，几乎要顶到日头了。（杨乐云 译）

Twilight over the Left Bank of the Seine

The sun had sunk below the lofty Tour de Nesle and the twilight had begun. The sky and the water were both white. Between them, the left bank of the Seine, on which his eyes were fixed, projected its dark mass. Only the outlines of its houses were visible, standing out sharply against the light background of the sky and the river. Candles were beginning to flicker here and there in windows. The chimneys of the houses, the battlements of the walls, the carved gables of the roofs, the spires of the Augustins and the Tour de Nesle all gave the impression of being part of some complex, fantastic piece of sculpture...

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

塞纳河岸暮色茫茫

夕阳西下，坠落到纳勒高塔的背后，正是薄暮时分。天上白茫茫，水上白茫茫。水天两白之间，是他凝目呆望的塞纳河左岸：这时整个左岸以庞大的阴影投射过来，向远方延伸，越远越细薄，像一支黑箭插入天际雾霭之中。那边房屋成堆，只看见黝黑的侧影，在明亮的水光天色衬托下，越发显得黑糊糊的一片。到处有窗子开始闪亮，像是一个个炉口。……房屋的烟囱、墙垣的雉堞、为屋顶所切削的山墙、圣奥古斯坦的尖塔、纳勒的塔楼，所有这些突角刺破了那伟岸方碑的侧影，以丰富而奇幻的雕塑，奇特地巧饰以种种剪影，平添了幻想翩翩的色彩。（管震湖 译）

Waning Moonlight over the Roman Arena

... The evening was charming, and he promised himself the satisfaction of walking home beneath the Arch of Constantine and past the vaguely light monuments of the Forum. There was a waning moon in the sky, and her radiance was not brilliant, but she was veiled in a thin cloud-curtain which seemed to diffuse and equalize it. When, on his return from the villa (it was eleven o' clock), Winterbourne approached the dusky

circle of the Colosseum, it occurred to him, as a lover of the picturesque, that the interior, in the pale moonshine, would be well worth a glance. He turned aside and walked to one of the empty arches, near which, as he observed, an open-carriage one of the little Roman street-cabs—was stationed. Then he passed in among the cavernous shadows of the great structure, and emerged upon the clear and silent arena. The place had never seemed to him more impressive. One half of the gigantic circus was in deep shade; the other was sleeping in the luminous dusk.... The great cross in the centre was covered with shadow; it was only as he drew near it that he made it out distinctly. Then he saw that two persons were stationed upon the low steps which formed its base....

(Henry James, *Daisy Miller*)

朦胧月色下的罗马广场

……黄昏非常可爱，他许下了愿，打算走过康斯坦丁拱门，经过古罗马广场那些半隐半现的碑石，一路走回家去。天上是一轮昏暗的月亮，它的光彩并不十分明亮，而是被遮在一层薄薄的云幕之中，使月色变成了模糊的一片。从别墅回来时(是十一点钟)，温特伯恩向着圆形剧场昏暗的圈子里走去，作为一个爱好美景的人，他认为在苍白的月光下，场内是值得一看的。他走到一旁，到达了一个空着的拱顶下面，看见一辆敞篷马车一辆罗马小街车在一旁停着。然后他进到这一巨大建筑物的洞穴状的阴影那里，又出现在那清晰而沉默的竞技场中央。他认为这地方从来没有像这时候那样宏伟。那巨大的竞技场一半在深暗的阴影中，另一半在透明的暮色中沉睡着……中央的巨大十字形被阴影遮着，只有走近时才能看清楚。他遂即看见底部的低台级上有两个人驻守在那里……

(赵萝蕤 巫宁坤等 译)

A Glare of Crimson in the Dark Mist

...It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and, above, all is mist and darkness, and, below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare, of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together, set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free;...

(Charles Dickens, *The Cricket in the Hearth*)

夜幕中的紫光

……水壶是这样唱着的："这是一个漆黑的晚上，枯枝败叶铺在道旁。天空中是一片黑暗与朦胧，大地上布满尘土和泥浆。昏暗阴沉的夜幕中，只露出一道光亮；我不知道那是亮光，因为它只是那么一道深浓的、暴怒的紫光；这是太阳和风在乌云身上烙下的印记，因为是乌云带来了这样恶劣的天气。广袤的原野是黑沉沉的一片，路标上挂满了白霜，大路上是融雪，水冻成了冰，不能再自由地流淌。……"

（邹绿芷　邹晓建　译）

A Cold Darkness

The day, in the highest and brightest quarters of the town, was damp, dark, cold, and gloomy. In that low and marshy spot, the fog filled every nook and corner with a thick dense cloud. Every object was obscure at one or two yards' distance. The warning lights and fires upon the river were powerless beneath this pall, and, but for a raw and piercing chillness in the air, and now and then the cry of some bewildered boatman as he rested on his oars and tried to make out where he was, the river itself might have been miles away. (Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

阴冷昏暗

那一天，即使在城市最高和最明朗的地区，也是潮湿、昏黑、凄冷和阴暗的。在那个低下的、近似沼地的地方，浓雾像密云一般充塞了每一个角落。在一两码之外的东西，全变得模糊不清。河上的灯光警号，在这样的暗幕之下，显得格外无力了；如果不是一种刺人的寒冷侵入空气里，如果不是着了慌的船夫停了桨，因为想要知道他到了什么地方而不时发出了叫喊，河的本身就像是迁移到若干里之外了。

（许君远　译）

Faint Light in the Chamber

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the damp old-fashioned grate, and it was more disposed to go out than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air like our own marsh mist. Certain wintry branches of candles on the high chimney piece faintly lighted the chamber: or, it would be more expressive to say, faintly troubled its darkness. It was spacious, and

I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould, and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a tablecloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together. An epergne or centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable; . . . (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

房间里暗淡的烛光

我经过一个楼梯平台,走进她说的那个房间。那里也是不见一线天光,屋子里空气混浊,一股味儿叫人喘不过气来。潮湿的旧式壁炉里刚刚生了火,看上去是熄灭的份儿多,旺起来的份儿少。弥漫在屋子里迟迟不散的烟,看来真比清新的空气还冷——很像我们沼地里的雾。高高的壁炉架上点着几支阴森森的蜡烛,把屋里映照得影影绰绰——如果用词再贴切一些,应当说是几支蜡烛,影影绰绰地搅动了满屋子的黑暗。屋子很大,多半从前一度也很堂皇,只可惜如今已非昔日,屋里纵然有几件物品还依稀可辨,哪一件不是霉尘满布,眼看就要变成破烂。最惹眼的是一张铺着桌布的长桌,仿佛盛宴刚要开始,忽然举宅上下,满屋里的钟表,都统统停止不动了。桌布中央放着一件类似装饰品的玩意儿,结满了蛛丝,根本看不清它的本来面目…… (王科一 译)

A Dim World

They met again in the cafe several hours later. Gerald went through the push doors into the large, lofty room where the faces and heads of the drinkers showed dimly through the haze of smoke, reflected more dimly, and repeated *ad infinitum* in the great mirrors on the walls, so that one seemed to enter a vague, dim world of shadowy drinkers humming within an atmosphere of blue tobacco smoke. There was, however, the red plush of the seats to give substance within the bubble of pleasure.

(D. H. Lawrance, *Women in Love*)

昏暗的世界

几个钟头后,他们又在咖啡馆会面了。杰拉尔德推开弹簧门进到高大宽敞的房间里。喝酒的人的脑袋和脸在云天雾地中朦朦胧胧地显露出来,又更为朦胧和没有穷尽地重叠反映在那些镶在墙上的大镜子里;这样一来,人们就像是进到一个模糊黯淡的世界中,里面全是些幻影般的酒徒,在缭绕着的淡蓝色烟气里发出嗡嗡嗡声。不过,红色座椅的豪华漂亮还是给了这种寻欢做

乐的泡影以实体感。 （梁一三 译）

Dismal Light

One by one the derelicts shuffled outside. Slowly the worshippers began to assemble. In the early morning light the naphtha lamp seemed pallid. Inside the room it was neither dark nor light; a sort of pre-day twilight prevailed. Some of the worshippers had already began to recite the introductory prayers, others simply paced back and forth. The nebulous figures reminded Yasha that corpses were said to pray during the night in synagogues. These shadows followed a fluctuating course. They droned with an unearthly chant....

(Isaac Bashevis Singer, *The Magician of Lublin*)

惨淡的微光

那些要饭的一个个拖着脚走到屋外去。信徒们慢慢开始集合起来。在大清早的亮光中，煤油灯好像变得苍白了。房间里既不暗，又不亮，而是弥漫着一种白天来到以前的朦胧的微光。有几个信徒已经开始在背诵开头一段祈祷词；其他的人还在走来走去。这些模糊的人影使雅夏想起人们的传说：尸体在黑夜里会到教堂里来祈祷。这些黑幢幢的影子摇摇摆摆地走来。他们用低沉的声音唱出非尘世的曲调。…… （鹿金 吴劳 译）

Dim Light over the Marshes

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooked cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again....

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

沼泽地上的死光

我停下来目送着他的背影。这当儿，我眼前的沼泽地已只是一条长长的、

黑黑的地平线;河流也成了一条地平线,只是不及那一条宽,也不及那一条黑;天空中似乎成了一大条用血红色长线条和浓黑色长线条交织起来的带了。纵目四望,影影绰绰看见河边有两个黑乎乎的东西直挺挺地竖在那儿:一个是为船上的人指点航向的灯塔——这玩意儿近看时可真难看,就像个散了箍的桶,桶底朝天撑在木杆上;另外一个东西就是绞刑架,上面还悬着一截链条,早先用来拴过一个海盗。这人一瘸一拐地正向着绞刑架走去,仿佛是那个海盗复活了,刚才下了绞刑架,现在又回去重新吊上…… (王科一 译)

Hazy Dawning

Now the light had reached the stairwell and sent a gleam along the banister, but the carpeted steps were still in darkness and the cat slinking up them was only a shadow, her stripes invisible, her pointed face a single spear of white,... The sheets were a shattered, craggy landscape; the upper reaches of the room were lit by a grayish haze, like the smoke that rises from bombed buildings... (Anne Tyler, *Morgan's Passing*)

朦胧的晨光

这时晨光已经射进楼梯井,一束微光射到楼梯栏杆旁,但那铺着地毯的梯级仍然被笼罩在黑暗之中。在黑暗中偷偷地爬上楼去的猫儿只是一个影子,看不到它身上的条纹,它那尖尖的面孔好似一只白色的标枪头……光线照在床单上,斑斑点点,看上去像是一幅粗糙的风景画。房间上方的亮处,可见一层灰朦朦的薄雾,恰似爆破建筑物时升起的烟尘。 (时庆梅 译)

2. Flashes and Gleams 闪光

The Twinkling Stars

Almost as clearly as the sun could, the moon's still pale light picked out vast sweeping stretches of distance, the grass shimmering and rippling like a restless sight, silver and white and grey. Leaves on trees sparkled suddenly like points of fire when the wind turned their glossy tops upward, and great yawning gulfs of shadows spread under timber stands as mysteriously as mouths of the underworld. Lifting her head, she tried to count the stars and could not; as delicate as drops of dew on a wheeling spider's web the pinpoints flared, went out, flared, went out, in a rhythm as timeless as God. They seemed to hang over her like a net, so beautiful, so very silent, so watchful and searching of the soul, like jewel eyes of

insects turned brilliant in a spotlight, blind as to expression and infinite as to seeing power. . . (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

星星点灯

几乎就像在阳光下那样，一切都看得一清二楚。静穆、清淡的月光照出了广阔无垠、一览无余的远方。微光扑朔的草地发出了一片低低的窸窣声，像是不肯停歇的低回浩叹。草原上闪动着一派银色、白色、灰色。当风向上吹动披着月光的树冠时，那片片树叶倏忽一闪，宛如点点火星；树林在地面投下了夹着无数光斑的黑黝黝的阴影，神秘莫测，就像地狱中张开了许多嘴。她抬起头来，想数一数天上的繁星，可是怎么也数不清；星空恰似一片转动的蛛网上结满了细密的露珠，这些小点在一闪一灭，一闪一灭；这节奏井然的闪动就像永恒的上帝一样，万劫不变地闪着。它们好像结成了一张网，高悬在她的头顶上，如此美丽动人，如此宁谧寂静，洞悉一切地探究着人们的灵魂。星光一闪，就像昆虫那宝石般的眼睛在聚光灯下那样，变得晶莹剔透；星光一灭，就像有表情似地合上了眼睛。阑干星斗，具有震魄惊心的力量。…… （曾胡 译）

Yellow Sunbeams Coming through Holes

The interior was shadowy with a pecular shade. The strange luminous semi-opacities of fine autumn afternoons and eves intensified into Rembrandt effects the few yellow sunbeams which came through holes and divisions in the canvas, and spirited like jets of gold-dust across the dusky blue atmosphere of haze pervading the tent, until they alighted on inner surfaces of cloth opposite, and shone like little lamps suspended there.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

小洞里透进的点点阳光

帐篷里面有一种奇特的阴暗气氛，秋日晴朗的下午和傍晚那种奇异的半透明的光辉使从帐篷上的小洞和接缝处透进来的几缕黄澄澄的阳光加深了色调，很富于雷姆布朗特彩画的效果，又像喷出了一道道金粉，穿过弥漫于整个帐篷中的朦胧蓝色雾气，降落在对面篷布内壁上，闪闪烁烁的宛如挂在那儿的一盏盏小灯。 （傅雄寰 译）

Gleams in the Pale Phosphorescence

While this pallidness was burning aloft, few words were heard from the enchanted crew; who in one thick cluster stood on the forecastle, all their eyes gleaming in that pale phosphorescence, like a far away

constellation of stars. Relieved against the ghostly light, the gigantic jet negro, Daggoo, loomed up to thrice his real stature, and seemed the black cloud from which the thunder had come. The parted mouth of Tashtego revealed his shark-white teeth, which strangely gleamed as if they too had been tipped by corpusants; while lit up by the preternatural light, Queequeg's tattooing burned like Satanic blue flames on his body.

The tableau all waned at last with the pallidness aloft; and once more the Pequod and every soul on her decks were wrapped in a pall....

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

青白色的闪光

这种青白色的火光正在高高地烧着的当儿，那些着迷似的水手们话也不多了；他们都紧挤在一起，站在船头楼上，在那股灰白的磷光的照射下，大家的眼睛都亮闪闪的，像是远远的群星。那个乌黑发亮的魁梧黑人大个儿，衬着那鬼火，更使其轮廓鲜明，他的身材赫然显得比他原来的身躯大了三倍，似乎巨雷就是发自那团黑云。塔斯蒂哥那只张开的嘴巴，露出了他那副雪白的鲨鱼牙齿，牙齿发出的闪光，煞是奇特，仿佛在那上面也有一层电光似的；魁魁格身上的刺花，给这股不可思议的亮光一照，好像也燃得身上发出了恶魔似的蓝光。

后来随着那股青白色的火光的上升，这个戏剧性的场面也就完全消逝了；"悲廊德号"和甲板上的全部船员又再次给笼罩在黑色的帷幕里。……

（曹庸　译）

A Streak of Light

...Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the dark room: at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray from the moon penetrating some aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred: while I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head. I can now conjecture readily that this streak of light was, in all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern, carried by someone across the lawn; but then, prepared as my mind was for horror, shaken as my nerves were by agitation, I thought the swift-darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world....

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

一道闪光

……我摇摇头把头发从眼睛前面甩开，抬起头来尽量大胆地向这屋子的

四面张望，就在这时一道光在墙上闪耀，我问自己，这是不是透过窗帘缝隙射进来的一线月光呢？不是，月光是静止的，而这道光在动，就在我注视的时候，它滑上了天花板，在我头上颤动着。要是在现在，我马上能推测出来，这束光线很有可能是某个穿行草坪的人所提的灯发出的，但是那时，我心里充满恐怖的预感，神经焦虑不安，认为这股猛然射进的光是从另一个世界来临的某个鬼魂的使者，……（伍孚恺 译）

The Pillar of a Cloud

One fine day Tess and 'Liza Lu worked on here with their neighbours till the last rays of the sun smote flat upon the white pegs that divided the plots. As soon as twilight succeeded to sunset the flare of the couch-grass and cabbage-stalk fires began to light upon the allotments fitfully, their outlines appearing and disappearing under the dense smoke as wafted by the wind. When a fire glowed, banks of smoke, blown level along the ground, would themselves become illuminated to an opaque lustre, screening the workpeople from one another; and the meaning of the "pillar of a cloud," which was a wall by day and a light by night, could be understood. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

光的"云柱"

有一天天气很好，苔丝和丽莎·露同着别的街坊们，在那儿一直干活儿干到最后的光线平射到界断分派地的那些白色木橛子上。太阳刚一落下，暮色刚一苍茫，长命草和卷心菜梗儿那种倏忽不定的火光就把那些分派地照得一阵一阵地忽明忽暗，因此大地的轮廓，都随着浓烟让风或吹或否的聚散而忽隐忽现。火光亮起来的时候，就把一片一片贴地横飞的烟也映成半透明的发光体，把干活儿的人互相隔绝；看到这种光景，就可以明白白天是一堵墙、晚上是一片光的"云柱"是什么意思。（张谷若 译）

Fiery Sparks

...He sought clarification in the prayer book, but the print blurred before his eyes. Fiery sparks began to sway before him. I just hope I don't faint, he cautioned himself. He felt nausea. He began to plead with God: Father in Heaven, take pity on me! Everything else, but not this! He shook off the faintness. Taking out a handkerchief, he spat into it. The sparks continued to dip before his eyes, rising and falling in seesaw

motion. Some were red, some green, some blue....

(Isaac Bashevis Singer, *The Magician of Lublin*)

星星点点的火花

……他在祈祷书里找说明,但是字迹在他眼前变得模模糊糊。星星点点的火花在他面前摇晃。我只希望别晕过去,他提醒他自己。他感到要呕吐,他开始求上帝了:天父啊,可怜可怜我吧!什么都行,可别让我落到这个处境!他摇摇头,硬撑着不晕过去。他掏出一条手绢,吐了一口唾沫在手绢里。火星继续在他面前晃动,上上下下像锯子的来回似的。有的是红的,有的是绿的,有的是蓝的……

(鹿金 译)

An Arrow of Golden Flame

She was motoring with kennicott, the car lumping through darkness, the lights showing mud-puddles and ragged weeds by the road. A train coming! A rapid chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck. It was hurling past—the Pacific Flyer, an arrow of golden flame. Light from the fire-box splashed the under side of trailing smoke. Instantly the vision was gone; Carol was back in the long darkness; and Kennicott was giving his version of that fire and wonder: "No. 19. Must be 'bout ten minutes late."

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

金光闪闪的飞箭

她和肯尼科特一起坐着汽车,在黑暗中颠簸行进。路旁的泥水坑和杂草,都给车灯照亮了。蓦然间火车来了!只听见一阵"丘克——阿——丘克,丘克——啊——丘克"的声音,火车飞也似地疾驰而去,——恐怕是"太平洋号"特别快车吧,它像一支金光闪闪的飞箭。机车锅炉炉膛里的火光往四处进射,照亮了拖在它后面的像一条长尾巴似的黑烟。这一幻景刹那间就不见了。卡萝尔又置身在茫茫黑暗之中。对于刚才逝去的那种火光闪闪的奇景,肯尼科特却斩钉截铁地说:"开过去的是十九次列车。大概晚点十分左右。"

(潘庆舲 译)

One Single Solitary Light

...they saw, among some ruined buildings at a distance, one single solitary light.

It shone from what appeared to be an old oriel window, and being surrounded by the deep shadows of over hanging walls, sparkled like a

star. Bright and glimmering as the stars above their heads, lonely and motionless as they, it seemed to claim some kindred with the eternal lamps of Heaven, and to burn in fellowship with them.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

孤寂的亮光

……他们看到在相当距离外的一些废墟中间,透出一点孤寂的亮光。

灯光是从一个像是老式的突出壁外的窗子射出来的,因为四面都是高墙的黑影,就宛如一颗明星照耀着。它和他们头上的繁星一样,明亮而又发着微光,同时也像繁星那般孤单和静止,它仿佛和天空中永恒的灯光有着血缘的关系,和它们共同燃照着。 (许君远 译)

3. Strong Light 强光

Bright Rays of the Day

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominion.

But, the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long bright rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it. (Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

白日的光辉

夜快要过去了,他站在桥上,静听河水冲击着巴黎岛的堤岸,岛上的家宅和教堂如画地混合着,在月光中发亮,这时白天冷冷地来了,从天上显出一副死面孔。然后,夜,连着月和星,变为惨白而且死去,于是,暂时之间,万物似乎被交给死神管理似的。

但是,荣耀的太阳出来了,似乎用它的长长的光芒把那夜间反复歌吟的词句直射入他的心里,使它温暖。他用虔敬的朦胧的眼睛望着白日的光辉,好像他和太阳之间架设着一道光的桥似的,同时河流也在桥下发光。

(罗稷南 译)

Bewildering Dizzy Light

It was bewildering. He was sprawling through solidity. And ever the light grew brighter. Fear urged him to go back, but growth drove him on. Suddenly he found himself at the mouth of the cave. The wall, inside which he had thought himself, as suddenly leaped back before him to an immeasurable distance. The light had become painfully bright. He was dazzled by it. Likewise he was made dizzy by this abrupt and tremendous extension of space. Automatically, his eyes were adjusting themselves to the brightness, focusing themselves to meet the increased distance of objects. At first, the wall had leaped beyond his vision, He now saw it again: but it had taken upon itself a remarkable remoteness. Also, its appearance had changed. It was now a variegated wall, composed of the trees that fringed the stream, the opposing mountain that towered above the trees, and the sky that out-towered the mountain.

(Jack London, *White Fang*)

令人头晕目眩的亮光

那真是叫人头昏眼花，搞不清楚。他爬着穿过了坚固的东西。光线越来越明亮。恐惧逼迫他回去，但是生长驱使他向前。突然他发现自己置身于洞口了。他曾经以为自己在它包围之内的墙，仿佛突然从他面前跳开，退到不知多远的地方去了。光线变得使人痛苦地明亮。他被它弄得眼花。同样，这突兀的广大无边的空间弄得他头昏。他的眼睛自然而然地对着光明，把焦点适应与对象之间的增大了的距离。最初，墙是跳到他的视野之外了，而现在他又看见了它，不过它显得非常遥远，并且它的外貌改变了。它现在是一堵斑驳陆离的墙壁，组成它的是排列在河边的树木，突出树木之上的山，和更突出山上的天。

(蒋天佑 译)

Glaring Sunlight

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes; and like a child, crying, that forgets its grief in watching the sunlight percolate through the tear-dimmed films over the pupils, so Martin forgot his sickness, the presence of Ruth, everything, in watching the masses of vegetation, shot through hotly with sunshine that took form and blazed against the background of his eyelids. It was not restful, that green foliage. The sunlight was too raw and glaring. It hurt him to look at it, and yet he

looked, he knew not why. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

耀眼的阳光

他把脑袋往后一靠，闭上了眼睛；好像一个在哭的孩子，透过瞳孔上蒙着的一层泪水，迷迷糊糊地望着太阳光，一时忘了自己的悲哀，马丁看见自己眼睑里出现一丛丛草木，有热辣辣的阳光，光辉灿烂地从枝叶间穿过，也不禁忘了自己的病、眼前的罗丝和一切。这堆绿色的树叶，叫并不使人感到平静。阳光太强烈、太耀眼了。这阳光使人看得眼睛发痛，然而他还是看着，自己也不知道为什么。 (吴劳 译)

Perfect Network of Light

I hate talking of Paris! Well, I remember one sunny room in the Louvre which would make a fitting place for you to live in—the Galerie d' Apollon. Its windows are mainly east; and in the early morning, when the sun is bright, the whole apartment is in a perfect blaze of splendour. The rays bristle and dart from the encrustations of gliding to the magnificent inlaid coffers, from the coffers to the gold and silver plate, from the plate to the jewels and precious stones, from these to the enamels, till there is a perfect network of light which quite dazzles the eye. . . .

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

光芒织成的网

我不愿意谈巴黎！哦，我想起卢佛宫里你住着顶合适的一间阳光满室的屋子来了——那间阿帕龙陈列馆。它的窗户大半都是朝东开着的；早晨太阳明朗的时候，整个屋子都照得一片灿烂辉煌。阳光从金碧辉煌的藻井墙壁上光芒四射地射到嵌石镶珠的躺柜上，从躺柜上射到金盘子银盘子上，从盘子上射到珠宝玉器上，从珠宝玉器上又射到珐蓝上，射来射去，满屋子里都成了光芒织成的网，看着确实晃眼。…… (张谷若 译)

Daylight and Electric Light

. . .The long shaft of daylight made the electric light look false and yellow. I opened the shutter a little more. The daylight cast a white beam upon the bed. It shone upon the night dress-case, lying on the pillow. It shone on the glass top of the dressing-table, on the brushes, and on the scent bottles.

The daylight gave an even greater air of reality to the room, when the

shutter was closed and it had been lit by electricity the room had more the appearance of a setting on the stage. The scene set between performances. The curtain having fallen for the night, the evening over, and the first act set for tomorrow's matinee. But the daylight made the room vivid and alive. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

阳光与电光

……细长的阳光使电灯光显得昏昏黄黄。我把窗板开得更大一些。阳光在床上投了一缕白光。光线照耀着摆在枕头上的睡衣盒子。在梳妆镜上边，在一把把发刷上，在一瓶瓶香水上，都是闪烁的阳光。

阳光使得房间有一种更加现实的气派。关上百叶窗，在电灯光下，这间屋子更像舞台布景了。一场场戏的布景。黄昏过去，夜幕降落，明天日场戏的第一幕已经安排好。阳光使得这个房间显得生气勃勃、鲜明豁亮……

（荣如德　谢素台　译）

The Brilliant Lights of Manhattan

The streets were filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odored petals. (O. Henry, *An Unfinished Story*)

曼哈顿灯火通明

街上是熙熙攘攘的下班时分的人流。百老汇的电灯光芒四射，招来了周围几英里，几海里甚至几百海里外的飞蛾从黑暗中奔来，加入这烟浓焰重的大学校。衣著严整、面孔刻板得像海员宿舍里的老水手在樱桃核上雕刻出来的人们，扭转头来直盯着在他们身边不顾一切地往前冲的达尔茜。曼哈顿，这朵夜间开放的仙影拳花，正张开它那苍白而浓香的花瓣。（陈华等　译）

The Blaze of Light Sea

When I came home to West Egg that night I was afraid for a moment that my house was on fire. Two o'clock and the whole corner of the peninsula was blazing with light, which fell unreal on the shrubbery and

made thin elongating glints upon the roadside wires. Turning a corner, I saw that it was Gatsby's house, lit from tower to cellar.

At first I thought it was another party, a wild rout that had resolved itself into "hide-and-go-seek" or "sardines-in-the-box" with all the house thrown open to the game. But there wasn't a sound. Only wind in the trees, which blew the wires and made the lights go off and on again as if the house had winked into the darkness....

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

灯海奇观

那天深夜两点我才回到西卵镇,只见岛上的半边天都被映红了.我一时竟担心自己家的房子着了火。那灯光神奇般地泻进灌木丛,照射在路旁的电线上,映出一道道闪光。我拐过街角才看出那是盖茨比家的别墅,从塔楼到地窖一片灯海奇观。

起初我以为那里在举行新的狂欢晚会,把整座别墅都闹腾起来.人们已玩起"捉迷藏"或"罐头沙丁鱼"等游戏。然而,那里却静得出奇,只偶尔能听到风儿穿过树丛的窸窣声。灯光忽明忽暗,仿佛那座别墅正对着黑夜眨巴眼睛……

(范岳 译)

A Strong Living Light

The Nautilus floated in the midst of a phosphoresent bed, which, in this obscurity, became quite dazzling. It was produced by myriads of luminous animalculæ, whose brilliancy was increased as they glided over the metallic hull of the vessel. I was surpassed by lightning in the midst of these luminous sheets, as though they had been rivulets of lead melted in an ardent furnace, or metallic masses brought to a white heat, so that, by force of contrast, certain portions of light appeared to cast a shade in the midst of the general ignition, from which all shade seemed banished. No; this was not the calm irradiation of our ordinary lightning. There was unusual life and vigour; this was truly living light!

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

强烈的生物之光

诺第留斯号浮游在一层磷光里面,在海水阴暗中,磷火也变得光辉夺目了。这光由无数的发光微生物所产生,因为它们在金属板的船身上溜过,闪光就更加增强。这时,我在阵阵光明的水层中间,突然看到了这些闪光,好像熔

在大火炉中的铅铁流一样，或跟烧到白热的金属块一样；由于对立作用，在这火红光下有些明亮的部分也变成阴影了。在这环境中间所有阴影好像都不应当存在。不！这不是我们通常的燃烧发光体的辐射光！在这光中有一种不平常的精力和运动！这光，人们感到它是生动的！活泼的！ （曾觉之 译）

4. Weak and Soft Light 弱光

Solemn and Mild Moonlight

One mild May evening, Caroline, passing near about moonrise, and feeling, though weary, unwilling yet to go home, where there was only the bed of thorns and the night of grief to anticipate, sat down on the mossy ground near the gate, and gazed through towards cedar and mansion. It was a still night, calm, dewy, cloudless: the gables, turned to the west, reflected the clear amber of the horizon they faced. The oaks behind were black, the cedar was blacker. Under its dense, raven boughs a glimpse of sky opened gravely blue: it was full of the moon. Which looked solemnly and mildly down on Caroline from beneath that sombre canopy.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

庄重而温柔的月光

五月一个傍晚，天气温暖，卡罗琳走过那儿时，月亮正要上升，她虽然觉得疲累不堪，却还不愿意回家。在家里，等待她的不过是那只荆棘也似的眠床和痛苦之夜。她在大门旁边的苔藓地上坐了下来，凝望着里边那棵杉树和大厦。这是一个静谧的夜，平静无风，露珠闪结，长空无云；朝西的山形墙，反照出了它所面对着的天边的明朗的琥珀色。后边的橡树黑黝黝的，杉树更其显得墨黑。在浓密的杉树下，乌黑的树丫中露出一线湛蓝凛然的天空：原来是一轮满月出来了，它庄严温柔地从那昏暗的天盖下直照在卡罗琳身上。（曹庸 译）

The Sinking Sun and the Rising Moon

I would have asked why Mrs. Dean had deserted the Grange, but it was impossible to delay her at such a crisis, so I turned away and made my exit, rambling leisurely along with the glow of a sinking sun behind, and the mild glory of a rising moon in front—one fading, and the other brightening—as I quitted the park, and climbed the stony by-road branching off to Mr. Heath cliff's dwelling. Before I arrived in sight of it, all that remained of day was a beamless amber light along the west: but I

could see every pebble on the path, and every blade of grass, by that splendid moon.... (Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

落日迎清辉

我原想问问为什么丁恩太太会丢下田庄走了。但是她正紧张得要命，怎么能去跟她打岔呢。所以我也就转身走了，一路上悠闲地信步走去，我的身后是一片红霞夕照，我的前面，一轮吐着清辉的明月正在升起——一个渐渐暗淡，另一个渐渐亮起来——这时我走出了林苑，攀登上了一条石子路，那条支路通向希克历的宅子。

在我还没能望得见山庄的宅子之前，西天只剩下一片朦胧的琥珀色的光彩了，但是借着皎洁的月光，我还可以看清楚小路上的每一颗石子和每一片草叶。 (方平 译)

A Flush of Rose

The sunset was merely a flush of rose on a dome of silver, with oak twigs and thin poplar branches against it, but a silo on the horizon changed from a red tank to a tower of violet misted over with gray. The purple road vanished, and without lights, in the darkness of a world destroyed, they swayed—on toward nothing. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

一抹玫瑰色的余辉

银灰色的天穹上，落日只剩下最后一抹玫瑰色的余辉，掩映着橡树枝柯和瘦削的白杨树的枝条。远处地平线上的一座谷仓，由红色渐渐地变成了紫色，最后笼罩在灰蒙蒙的暮霭里。紫色的路面倏然消失了，黑灯瞎火，他们的马车仿佛在一片混沌的昏暗世界中，摇摇晃晃地进入了虚无缥缈的幻境。

(潘庆舲 译)

Flickering Sunshine in the Forest

The road, after the two wayfarers had crossed from the peninsula to the mainland, was no other than a footpath. It straggled onward into the mystery of the primeval forest. This hemmed it so narrowly, and stood so black and dense on either side, and disclosed such imperfect glimpses of the sky above, that to Hester's mind it imaged not amiss the moral wilderness in which she had so long been wandering. The day was chill and somber. Overhead was a gray expanse of cloud, slightly stirred, however, by a breeze, so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now

and then be seen at its solitary play along the path. This flitting cheerfulness was always at the farthest extremity of some long vista through the forest. The sportive sunlight—feebly sportive at best, in the predominant pensiveness of the day and scene—withdrew itself as they came nigh, and left the spots where it had danced the drearier, because they had hoped to find them bright.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

森林中闪烁的阳光

这两个行路人越过了半岛走上陆地以后，便只有一条小路可走了，它曲曲折折地向着原始森林的神秘中伸去。森林那么紧紧地夹住这条小路，两旁显得那么幽黑浓密，零零碎碎地一闪一闪现出上方的天空，叫海斯特心里觉得，这恰恰映现出她在精神上长期漂泊的荒野。天气是寒冷而阴沉的。头上笼罩着一片灰色的云，不过当微风吹过的时候，也有轻微的浮动；因此时时可以看见一线闪烁的阳光，孤寂地跳跃在小路上。这种转眼即逝的欢愉，总是浮现在森林中可以遥望到的尽头。那嬉戏的阳光，在笼罩着一切的，阴郁的天气和景色当中，充其量也不过是微弱的嬉戏，她们一走近来就不见了，她们原希望那阳光跳跃过的地方是光明的，这时反倒觉得那地方越发幽暗了。（侍桁　译）

Glowworm's Pale Shining

...As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness they perceived faint greenish points of light among the grass and fern. These lights dotted the hillside like stars of a low magnitude.

...And shaking the glowworms from the leaf he ranged them with a trembling hand in a circle on the stone,... over which the thirteen tiny lamps threw a pale phosphoric shine. The Game was again renewed. It happened to be that season of the year at which glowworms put forth their greatest brilliancy, and the light they yielded was more than ample for the purpose, since it is possible on such nights to read the handwriting of a letter by the light of two or three.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

荧光闪闪

……待了一会儿，他们的眼睛在暗中既是习惯了，他们就看见野草和凤尾草中间，有些带绿色的微茫亮光，点染在山坡上面，好像是光辉微弱的星星。

……他把萤火虫从仙手套叶子上抖下来，用哆嗦着的手把它们在石板上

摆成了一个圆圈。……这十三盏小灯笼，发出一种磷火一般的淡光。他们两个重新干了起来。原来一年之中在那一季里，萤火的亮光正是最强的时候，所以当时它们射出来的亮光，给他们用，很可以说还有剩余哪；因为在那样的夜里，有两三个萤火虫，就够照见信上的字迹了。 （张谷若 译）

Red Glow from the Fire

Her visitor, she saw as she opened the door, was seated in the armchair before the fire, dozing it would seem, with his bandaged head drooping on one side. The only light in the room was the red glow from the fire—which lit his eyes like adverse railway signals, but left his downcast face in darkness—and the scanty vestiges of the day that came in through the open door. Everything was ruddy, shadowy, and indistinct to her, the more so since she had just been lighting the bar lamp, and her eyes were dazzled. . . .

(H. G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*)

炉火的红光

当她开门的时候，她看见客人在炉前的扶手椅里好像在打瞌睡，裹着绷带的脑袋垂在一边。屋里唯一的光线就是炉火的红光。它照到他的蓝眼镜上反射回来，活像铁路上的两盏信号灯。而那垂下来的脸孔却因没有照到光线而埋在一片阴影之中。从这扇开着的门，她看到了今天迎来的实在是一个不祥的兆头——在暗淡的光线下，每一样东西都变得幽暗、发红，对她来说更是一片模糊，因为她刚刚点亮酒吧间的灯，还感到有点眼花…… （孙宗鲁 译）

Purple Sunset Light

It was now the sweetest hour of the twenty-four:—'Day its fervid fires had wasted,' and dew fell cool on panting plain and scorched summit. Where the sun had gone down in simple state—pure of the pomp of clouds—spread a solemn purple, burning with the light of red jewel and furnace flame at one point, on one hill-peak, and extending high and wide, soft and still softer, over half heaven. The east had its own charm of fine, deep blue, and its own modest gem, a rising and solitary star: soon it would boast the moon; but she was yet beneath the horizon.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

落日紫色光

现在是一天二十四小时中最可爱的时刻——"白昼已经耗尽了它的烈

焰",凉露降临在发喘的平原和焦灼的山峰上。在太阳并无壮观的云彩簇拥、朴素地沉落的天际,铺展开一片庄严的紫色,只在一座峰巅上的一点,燃烧着红宝石般的炉焰的光辉;这片紫色伸展得又高远又宽广,色调越来越柔和,一直铺满了半个天空。东边天际也自有其明净湛蓝的魅力,还有它那颗毫不骄矜的珠宝——一颗冉冉升起的孤寂的星星,不一会儿它就该以月亮自豪了,不过月亮还藏在地平线下面。 (伍厚恺 译)

5. Colourful Light 彩色光

Orange Morning Sunshine

As she spoke, the sky to the left turned angry orange. Colour throbbed and mounted behind a pattern of trees, grew in intensity, was yet brighter, incredibly brighter, strained from without against the globe of the air. They awaited the miracle. But at the supreme moment, when night should have died and day lived, nothing occurred. It was as if virtue had failed in the celestial fount. The hues in the east decayed, the hills seemed dimmer though in fact better lit, and a profound disappointment entered with the morning breeze.... The sun rose without splendour. He was presently observed trailing yellowish behind the trees, or against insipid sky, and touching the bodies already at work in the fields.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

桔红色的晨光

她说话的当儿,左边的天空突然喷出橙红色的光芒。这红色在一丛丛树后面颤动着升起来,愈来愈浓,愈来愈亮,亮得难以置信,从外面紧紧包围着地球周围的空间。她们等待着奇迹出现。但是到了关键的一刹那,黑夜逝去白日生成的一刹那,什么也没有出现。好像天上的圣泉已经枯竭。东方的色彩暗淡下来。虽然事实上照在群山上的光大大增强,但它们却更加阴暗了。伴着晨风来到的,是深沉的失望。……太阳升起来了,但没有夺目的光华。这时观看日出的人看见他那黄澄澄的颜色在树丛后面流连不出,衬托在他后面的天空死气沉沉。慢慢地,他的光已经洒在田野里干活的人身上了。

(石幼珊 等译)

Colourful Dawn

The light grew stronger, gushing up against the dark sapphire of the transparent night. The light grew stronger, whiter, then over it hovered a

flush of rose. A flush of rose, and then yellow, pale, new-created yellow, the whole quivering and poising momentarily over the fountain on the sky's rim.

The rose hovered and quivered, burned, fused to flame, to a transient red, whilst the yellow surged out in great waves flinging from the ever-increasing fountain, great waves of yellow flinging into the sky, scattering its spray over the darkness, which became bluer and bluer, paler, till soon it would itself be a radiance, which had been darkness.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

灿烂的晨光

光线越来越强烈，冲着深蓝色的半透明夜空喷薄而出。天越来越亮，接着，在光线射出之处出现了一抹红霞。玫瑰色的云霞变黄了，发白了，又成了一种新的黄色，颤动着，浮现在天边的光源之上。

玫瑰色的光在徘徊颤动着，燃烧起来了，成了一片火红色，倏忽即逝，黄色从越来越亮的光源大片地涌上来，黄色的波浪盖满了天空，把浪花洒向黑暗。黑夜越来越蓝，越来越淡，发白了，很快也要变得光辉明亮。

(黑马 石磊 译)

Morning Light on the Sea

Up on deck was a new Australia, different again. In a high clear sky, delicately colorless, a pink and pearly glow suffused slowly upward from the eastern rim of the ocean until the sun stood above the horizon and the light lost its neonatal redness, became day. The ship was slithering soundlessly through water which had no taint, so translucent over the side that one could look fathoms down to grottoes of purple and see the forms of vivid fish flashing by. In distant vistas the sea was a greenish-hued aquamarine, splotched with wine-dark stains where weed or coral covered the floor, and on all sides it seemed islands with palmy shores of brilliant white sand just grew out of it spontaneously like crystals in silica—jungle-clad and mountainous islands or flat, bushy islands not much higher than the water.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

海上晨光

甲板上，又是一番不同的澳大利亚景致。高远晴朗的天空上发着柔和而暗淡的光，东方的海平线上泛起了一抹粉红的、珠光般的绚丽光芒，直到太阳

离开了海平线。初升时的红光消散了，白昼来了。轮船无声无息地在清纯的水面上滑行着，水面半透明，能看到水下几英寻处紫色的礁窟，鱼儿活跃的身影倏忽游过。远处的海面绿中透蓝，点点深紫色处是覆盖在海底的海藻或珊瑚，无论从哪一边看，它们都像是岸边上长满了棕榈、铺满了耀眼白沙的岛屿；就像礁石上会长出水晶一样浑然天成——就好像是覆盖着丛林的、山岭纵横的岛屿或平原。灌木丛生的礁岛略高出水面。（曾胡 译）

Colorful Rocket Flames

The slow hiss of the rocket as it sped into the air, the burst of the explosion, the stream of little emerald stars. A murmur of approval from the crowd, cries of delight, and a clapping of hands.

...The lawns were black with people. The bursting stars shone on their upturned faces. Again and again the rockets sped into the air like arrows, and the sky became crimson and gold. Manderley stood out like an enchanted house, every window aflame, the grey walls coloured by the falling stars. A house bewitched, carved out of the dark woods. And when the last rocket burst and the cheering died away, the night that had been fine before seemed dull and heavy in contrast, the sky became a pall. ...

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

爆竹烟花

腾空而起的火箭式爆竹发出徐缓的嘶嘶声和突然的爆炸声，空中出现一串串绿色小星星。人群中发出赞叹的低语声、欢呼声和鼓掌声。

……草坪上人山人海，黑压压一片。炸裂的繁星在他们的脸上闪闪发光。一只只火箭式爆竹，像离弦的箭一样，三番五次腾空而起，天空变成了深红色和金黄色。曼德雷庄园像魔宫一样金碧辉煌，一扇扇窗户灿烂夺目。由于落下一串串火星，灰暗的墙壁映出了五颜六色的色彩，像用乌木雕成的魔宫。当最后一只火箭式爆竹爆炸了，喝彩声渐渐消失了的时候，以前曾经是良辰美景的夜晚，对照之下，就变得无限凄凉，天空变成了阴惨惨的幕布……

（荣如德 谢素台 译）

Ruddy Shine

The hall was not dark , nor yet was it lit only by the high-hung bronze lamp: a warm glow suffused both it and the lower steps of the oak staircase. This ruddy shine issued from the great dining-room, whose two-

leaved door stood open and showed a genial fire in the grate, glancing on marble hearth and brass fire-irons, and revealing purple draperies and polished furniture in the most pleasant radiance. It revealed, too, a group near the mantlepiece: . . . (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

红色的闪光

大厅里并不黑暗，那唯一的高高悬挂的青钟吊灯也没点亮，但有一道温暖的光辉撒布在大厅里，照射在橡木楼道的下面几层梯级上。这道微红的光亮是从那间大餐厅里出来的，它的两扇门开着，展示出壁炉里一团暖融融的火，正闪跃着在大理石壁炉前和黄铜的火炉用具上，并以欢悦的光辉展现着紫色的帷幔和光洁的家具。这道红光也展现出壁炉旁边的一群人，……

（伍厚恺 译）

Colour Lights over the Lake

As the golden swim of light overhead died out, the moon gained brightness, and seemed to begin to smile forth her ascendancy. The dark woods on the opposite shore melted into universal shadow. And amid this universal under-shadow, there was a scattered intrusion of lights. Far down the lake were fantastic pale strings of colour, like beads of wan fire, green and red and yellow. The music came out in a little puff, as the launch, all illuminated, veered into the great shadow, stirring her outlines of half-living lights, puffing out her music in little drifts.

All were lighting up. Here and there, close against the faint water, and at the far end of the lake, where the water lay milky in the last whiteness of the sky, and there was no shadow, solitary, frail flames of lanterns floated from the unseen boats. There was a sound of oars, and a boat passed from the pallor into the darkness under the wood, where her lanterns seemed to kindle into fire, hanging in ruddy lovely globes. And again, in the lake, shadowy red gleams hovered in reflection about the boat. Everywhere were these noiseless ruddy creatures of fire drifting near the surface of the water, caught at by the rarest, scarce visible reflections.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

湖上灯火

头顶上金色游光消尽后，月亮散出清辉，像是在微笑中显露出她的统治地位。对岸黑压压的树林融入满目阴影中。星星点点的灯火也闯入了寥廓的昏

暗里。远远湖边有奇妙模糊的一串串彩线，如同微弱火光串成的绿红黄相间的珠串。随着隐隐约约的一阵排汽声，乐声响起，灯火通明的游艇调转航向驶入了广袤的阴影中。游艇明明灭灭的闪光的轮廓移动着，艇上传来阵阵乐声。

四下里亮起了灯火，紧贴在迷蒙一片的湖面上，远远近近的一直到湖的另一头，湖水在那边被残余的天光映成了乳白色。阴影消褪，一盏盏灯笼细微的火光随着目力难及的小船漂荡着。飞来一阵桨声，一条小船越过灰白的水面进到树下黑影里。船上，灯笼似乎燃成了火焰，就悬在可爱的暗红色的圆球上。湖面上，幽暗的红光在小船周围徘徊不定。这种宁静微红的小玩意儿就贴近水面四处漂游着，与蔚为奇观、依稀可辨的水面反光融为一体。

（梁一三　译）

The Gleam of Rose and Orange Light

Within the gleam of rose and orange light from the burning sticks were other soldiers, snoring and heaving, or lying deathlike in slumber. A few pairs of legs were stuck forth, rigid and straight. The shoes displayed the mud or dust of marches and bits of rounded trousers, protruding from the blankets, showed rents and tears from hurried pitchings through the dense brambles.

The fire crackled musically. From it swelled light smoke. Overhead the foliage moved softly. The leaves, with their faces turned toward the blaze, were colored shifting hues of silver, often edged with red. Far off to the right, through a window in the forest, could be seen a handful of stars lying, like glittering pebbles, on the black level of the night.

（Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*）

玫瑰红与桔黄色的光芒

在篝火玫瑰红与桔黄的光芒下，还躺着好些别的兵，在打鼾，在叹息，或死一般纹丝不动。几双腿伸在前头又硬又直。鞋上沾满污泥与灰尘。圆鼓鼓的裤子从毯子下面伸出一点，露出急忙穿过密密刺丛撕扯的口子。

篝火噼噼啪啪唱着歌，轻烟升腾。头顶上的树叶微微拂动，叶片转向火光，染上变幻的银色，再镶上一圈红光。右边远处，透过林中一块天窗，看得见一把星星，宛若闪光的小石子儿，撒在漆黑的天空。　（黄健人　译）

Voltaic Rays upon Great Ice Blocks

...The luminous ceiling had been extinguished, but the saloon was

still resplendent with intense light. It was the powerful reflection from the glass partition sent violently back to the sheets of the lantern. I cannot describe the effect of the voltaic rays upon the great blocks so capriciously cut; upon every angle, every ridge, every facet was thrown a different light, according to the nature of the veins running through the ice; a dazzling mine of gems, particularly of sapphires, their blue rays crossing with the green of the emerald. Here and there were opal shades of wonderful softness, running through bright spots like diamonds of fire, the brilliancy of which the eye could not bear. The power of the lantern seemed increased a hundred-fold, like a lamp through the lenticular plates of a first-class lighthouse. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

冰壁反光

光亮的天花板熄灭了,可是,客厅中有辉煌的光线照明。那是四面冰墙的强烈反射,把探照灯的光波猛烈反射进客厅中来。电光在这些任意割切的冰群上所发生的力量,我简直不能描写,冰上的每一角度,每一条棱,每一个面,按着分布在冰上的线脉的性质,发出种种不同的光线。这是珠宝玉石的眩人眼目的矿藏,特别是青玉的矿藏,蓝宝石的蓝光玻璃翠的碧光交织起来。处处有无限柔和的蛋白色调,散布在晶莹的尖点中间,就像有许多目不能逼视的辉煌钻石一样。探照灯的光力增大了百倍,像灯光通过了一级灯塔的凸形镜片那样。……

(曾觉之 译)

6. Symbolism 象征意义

Soft Starshine

She talked on in her indignant strain, but he was not following her. He was smiling to himself as he looked up into her virginal face, so innocent, so penetratingly innocent, that its purity seemed always to enter into him, driving out of him all dross and bathing him in some ethereal effulgence that was as cool and soft and velvety as starshine....

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

轻灵的星光

她用愤慨的声调往下说,可是他不在听她。他一边暗自微笑,一边抬眼紧瞅着她那处女的脸蛋,那么天真无邪,那么出奇的天真无邪,以致它的纯洁性似乎一刻不停地在打进他的身子,把里头的污物一古脑儿清除出来,用轻灵的光辉沐照着他,这种光辉清凉、柔和、天鹅绒般轻软,一如星光……

(吴劳 译)

A Ray of Sunshine

Aunt Alexandra was fanatical on the subject of my attire. I could not possibly hope to be a lady if I wore breeches; when I said I could do nothing in a dress, she said I wasn't supposed to be doing things that required pants. Aunt Alexandra's vision of my deportment involved playing with small stoves, tea sets, and wearing the Add-A-Pearl necklace she gave me when I was born; furthermore I should be a ray of sunshine in my father's lonely life. I suggested that one could be a ray of sunshine in pants just as well, but Aunty said that one had to behave like a sunbeam, that I was born good but had grown progressively worse every year. She hurt my feelings and set my teeth permanently on edge, but when I asked Atticus about it, he said there were already enough sunbeams in the family and to go on about my business, he didn't mind me much the way I was.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

生活中的一线阳光

亚历山德娅姑妈对我的穿着问题出奇地恼火。她说如果我老穿着裤子不穿裙子,将来我就没有希望进入上流社会。我说我穿连衣裙什么事情都干不了。她说我根本就不应该干那穿裤子干的事。在亚历山德娅姑妈心目中我玩的应该是小炉子、小茶具那种玩具,再戴上我出生的时候她给我的珠子项链。而且,我应该成为我父亲孤独生活中的一线阳光。我说我穿裤子也一样可以成为一线阳光,但是姑妈说那我得真像阳光那样行动才行,说我小时候挺好,可是一年一年地愈来愈学坏了。她伤了我的自尊心,使我总是提心吊胆的,很不自然。我问阿蒂克斯她说的话对不对。他说家里的阳光满够了,叫我只管照样玩我的,他并不怎么在意。 (舒逊 译)

A Ray of Real Belief and Heavenly Love

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears;—large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment, a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed,—while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

圣洁诚信的光芒

那黑孩子敏锐的圆眼睛里噙着泪水，大颗大颗晶莹的泪珠滚滚落下，滴在伊娃白皙的小手上。是的，在那一刹那间，一道真诚信任的光芒，一道圣洁的爱的光芒，划破了托普西那野孩子灵魂中的黑暗！她把头靠在膝盖上，呜呜咽咽地哭了起来。美丽的伊娃则弯着腰站在她面前。那景象活像一幅图画：一个光明的天使弯着腰在感化一个罪人。（黄继忠 译）

Brilliant Light

It was the beginning of a day in June; the deep blue sky unsullied by a cloud, and teeming with brilliant light. The streets were as yet nearly free from passengers, the houses and shops were closed, and the healthful air of morning fell like breath from angels, on the sleeping town.

The old man and the child passed on through the glad silence, elate with hope and pleasure. They were alone together once again; every object was bright and fresh; nothing reminded them, otherwise than by contrast, of the monotony and constraint they had left behind; church towers and steeples, frowning and dark at other times, now shone and dazzled in the sun; each humble nook and corner rejoiced in light; and the sky, dimmed by excessive distance, shed its placid smile on everything beneath.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

阳光普照万物清新

那是六月初的一天；深蓝的天空洁净无云，充满着灿烂的光辉。这会儿大街上几乎还没有行人，住家和商店的大门仍然关闭着，有益健康的清晨空气好像是白天使口中向这座睡城喷出来的芬芳。

老人和女孩子在这种愉快的沉寂里前进，满怀都是希望和愉快。他们又是两个人单独一起了。每一种事物都是又光明又新鲜；除非是对照一下，没有一件事物使他们能够想到那丢弃在背后的单调和羁绊；在别的时候常常蹙眉愁脸的教堂钟楼和尖塔，这会儿也在太阳底下发出了光辉；每一个陋角暗隅都在阳光里欢腾；那由于距离太远而显得朦胧的天空，也在对着下界的每一种东西显示出平静的笑脸来。（许君远 译）

All Shadows Clearing

I put the letter in my breast, and thought, what had I been an hour ago? When I heard the voices die away, and saw the quiet evening cloud

grow dim, and all the colours in the valley fade, and the golden snow upon the mountain tops become a remote part of the pale night sky, yet felt that the night was passing from my mind, and all its shadows clearing, there was no name for the love I bore her, dearer to me, henceforward, than ever until then. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

黑暗消失

我把那封信放在我的胸袋中，然后想一个钟头以前我曾经是什么样子！虽然我听见声音静下去，看见安静的晚云变暗，山谷中一切颜色消褪，山顶上金色的雪就变成灰色天空一个遥远的部分，我依然觉得，夜从我的心上逝去，它的一切黑暗变亮，没有一个名词可以形容我对她怀抱的爱情，从那时以后，我觉得她比过去更加可爱了。 (董秋斯 译)

Dazzling with Brilliance

... There, in the middle of the square—it was noon, bright sunlight—a creature was dancing. Such a beautiful creature... Her eyes were black and splendid; some of her black hair shone in the sunlight like threads of gold. Her feet vanished in their movement like the spokes of a rapidly turning wheel. Around her head in her black tresses, there were pieces of metal which sparkled in the sunlight and formed a crown of stars on her forehead. Her arms, lithe and brown, clasped and unclasped themselves around her waist like two scarves. The form of her body was amazingly beautiful. Oh, that resplendent form, which stood out like something luminous in the light of the sun itself!...

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

光辉夺目

……在广场中间，那时正当中午，在太阳下，有一个生灵在舞蹈。她是那样美丽，...她的眸子乌黑闪亮，她那漆黑的头发中间阳光照耀，金光灿烂，就像缕缕金丝一般。她的脚飞快地跳动，像是迅速旋转的轮辐，全然不见踪影。她那乌黑的发辫盘绕于脑袋周围，缀满金属饰片，在阳光中闪闪烁烁，使她额头上似乎戴着星星的王冠。她那柔软的棕色胳臂，环绕腰肢，盘旋而伸展，轻拂着如同两条飘带。她那苗条的身段，衬托出她那惊人的艳丽！啊！那灿烂的形象，即使在阳光照耀下，也像是什么发光体，光辉夺目！……

(管震湖 译)

The Beam of a Lighthouse

The door to the inner office opened and Bayard Nichols came out with a short, thin man in the suntan uniform of a captain in the Air Force. "...if anything comes up, Willie," Nichols was saying, "I'll let you know." He had a sad, resigned voice. He remembered only his failures. His eyes made a sweep of the people who were waiting to see him, like the beam of a lighthouse, sightless, casting shadows.

(Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

灯塔的光芒

通向里边办公室的那扇门开了,贝阿德·尼科尔斯陪着一个穿着一套晒黑了的空军上尉制服的又矮又瘦的男人出来。"……要是有什么情况,威利,"尼科尔斯在说,"我会通知你的"。他的声音有点忧郁,没精打采。他只记得自己的失败。他的目光向那些等着谒见他的人扫了一下,像是灯塔的光芒,什么也看不见,只照出一些影子。

(施咸荣 译)

A Spark of Soul

The girl sat , her body still, her soul astir; occupied, however, rather in feeling than in thinking—in wishing, than hoping—in imagining, than projecting. She felt the world, the sky, the night, boundlessly mighty. Of all things, herself seemed to herself the centre.—a small, forgotten atom of life, a spark of soul, emitted inadvertent from the great creative source, and now burning unmarked to waste in the heart of a black hollow. She asked, was she thus to burn out and perish, her living light doing no good, never seen, never needed... when the flame of her intelligence burned so vivid; when her life beat so true, and real, and potent; when something within her stirred disquieted, and restlessly asserted a God-given strength, for which it insisted she should find exercise?

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

心灵的火花

这个姑娘坐在那里,身子一动不动,内心却骚动不息。可是,与其说她是若有所思,不如说她若有所感——与其说是有所期望,不如说是有所祈愿——与其说是若有所图,不如说是在尽情想象。她觉得世界、穹苍、夜,都无限强大。可是,她想来想去,似乎只在想她自己——一个被人忘却的小微粒般的生命,一点从伟大的造化那里无意地迸射出来的心灵的火花,现在正在一个暗黑

的废坑中悄悄化为灰烬。她不禁问道，她就这样给烧光烧尽，她那富有生命力的火花就此一无用处，永远不为人们所见，永远不为人们所要…… 难道仅她的智慧的火焰烧得如此炽热，她的生命脉搏跳动得如此真切，如此有力，在她那激动不安的内心里正有一种自称为上帝所赐予的力量，而这股力量还一个劲儿说她应该加以运用的这种时刻，却会是这样吗？ （曹庸 译）

Ⅶ. Colour 色彩

1. Red 红色

The Moon like a White Man's Bloodshot Eyes

...as though even here in the filtering dusk, here beneath the deep indigo sky, here, alive with looping swifts and darting moths, here in the darkness of the night not yet lighted by the moon that looms blood-red behind the chapel like a fallen sun, its radiance shedding not upon the here-dusk of twittering bats, nor on the there-night of cricket and whippoorwill, but focused short-rayed upon our place of convergence; and we drifting forward with rigid motions, limbs stiff and voices now silent, as though on exhibit even in the dark, and the moon a white man's bloodshot eye. (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

月亮——像白人充血的眼睛

……此时此地,暮色渐浓,湛蓝色的天幕下面雨燕盘旋,飞蛾穿梭,教堂背后,月亮血红,就像西斜的落日。月光没有照这蝙蝠啾啾鸣叫的黄昏,蟋蟀、夜鹞活动的夜晚,却全部倾注在我们汇集的地方。我们缓缓地往前走,动作呆板,手足僵硬,缄口不语,即便是呆在暗处,也好像是在众目睽睽之下,而月亮就像白人那充血的眼睛。 (任绍曾 译)

The Pink Like the Water of Watermelon

...it took the form merely of the light at daybreak against the white clay of the wall beside me and had an extraordinary effect, for right away I began to feel the sensation in my gums warning of something lovely, and with it a close or painful feeling in the chest. People allergic to feathers or pollen will know what I'm talking about; they become aware of their presence with the most gradual subtlety. In my case the cause that morning was the color of the wall with the sunrise on it, and when it became deeper I had to put down the baked yam I was chewing and support myself with my hands on the ground, for I felt the world sway under me and I would have

reached, if I were on a horse, for the horn of saddle. Some powerful magnificence not human, in other words, seemed under me. And it was this same mild pink color, like the water of watermelon, that did it....

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

西瓜汁样的粉红色

……黎明时分,阳光照在我身边的白土墙上,造成一种特殊的效果。我一看见,立即打心里产生一种愉快的感觉,同时胸间感到压迫,隐隐作痛。对羽毛或花蕊过敏的人会理解我说的意思;见到它们时,心里会有一种极微妙的感受。当我看见旭日映在墙头的颜色,随后色彩又逐渐加深,我只好放下手里正在啃的烤甘薯,双手支撑地面;因为这时我感到天旋地转,要是骑在马背上,我一定会伸手去抓鞍鞒。换个比方说,这时仿佛有一种强大的神奇力量,而这正是像西瓜汁那样的粉红颜色引起的。…… (蓝仁哲 译)

Bright Red

His light, a little later, broke through chinks of cottage shutters, throwing stripes like red-hot pokers upon cupboards, chests of drawers, and other furniture within; and awakening harvesters who were not already astir.

But of all ruddy things that morning the brightest were two broad arms of painted wood, which rose from the margin of a yellow cornfield hard by Marlott village. They, with two others below, formed the revolving Maltese cross of the reaping-machine, which had been brought to the field on the previous evening to be ready for operations this day. The paint with which they were smeared, intensified in hue by the sunlight, imparted to them a look of having been dipped in liquid fire.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

鲜红色

过了一会儿,他的光线就透过了农舍的百叶窗缝儿,一直射到屋子里面,把碗橱、抽屉柜和别的家具,都映上了一条一条的红线,好像烧红了的通条一般;把躺在床上还没起来那些收拾庄稼的工人,也都晒醒了。

不过那天早晨,在所有红彤彤的东西里,顶鲜明的还是那两根涂着颜色的宽木条,正耸立在马勒村外一片金黄色的麦地边儿上。原来昨天,地边儿上运来一架收割机,预备今天用,机器上有一个转动的马尔他式十字架,就是这两根木条和下面另外两根互相交错而成的。那个十字架,本来涂的就是红色,现

在叫太阳--映射,红色显得更加浓重,好像是在液体的火里蘸过似的。

(张谷若 译)

The Sand's Redness

The sheep coughed in the rough, sere grass of the park, where frost lay bluish in the sockets of the tufts. Across the park ran a path to the wood-gate, a fine ribbon of pink. Clifford had had it newly gravelled with sifted gravel from the pit-bank. When the rock and refuse of the underworld had burned and given off in sulphur, it turned bright pink, shrimp-coloured on dry days, darker, crab-coloured on wet. Now it was pale shrimp-colour, with a bluish-white hoar of frost. It always pleased Connie, this underfoot of sifted, bright pink...

(D.H.Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

沙砾的红色

--些绵羊在园中的干枯草丛里嗤喘着,那儿的草窝里积着一些草蓝色的霜。一条浅红色的小路,像--条美丽的带子似的,蜿蜒地横过大花园直至树林门口。克利福新近才叫人在这小路上铺了一层从煤坑边取来的筛过的沙砾。这是些焚烧过而没有硫磺质的沙砾。在天气干燥的时候,呈鲜明的旺红色,在天气阴湿的时候,便呈着浓重的蟹色,现在这条小路上是呈着淡淡的红色,上面铺着灰白带蓝的薄霜。康妮很喜欢这条铺着细沙的鲜玫瑰色的路径。

(饶述一 译)

Varieties of Spring Redness

Spring had come early that year, with warm quick rains and sudden frothing of pink peach blossoms and dog wood dappling with white stars the dark river swamp and far-off hills. Already the plowing was nearly finished, and the bloody glory of the sunset colored the fresh-cut furrows of red Georgia clay to even redder hues. The moist hungry earth, waiting upturned for the cotton seeds, showed pinkish on the sandy tops of furrows, vermilion and scarlet and maroon where shadows lay along the sides of the trenches. The whitewashed brick plantation house seemed an island set in a wild red sea, a sea of spiraling, curving, crescent billows petrified suddenly at the moment when the pink-tipped waves were breaking into surf....

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone With The Wind*)

春天的红装

这年春来得快，只不过几次急骤温细的春雨，便可见那粉红的桃花和雪白的山茱萸花，把远处的山和近处的河溪，瞬间装扮得一片生机盎然。田地的耕作已基本结束，那些新翻起来的佐治亚州北部平原的泥土本来就带有红色，加上这血红落日的映衬，更显得红上加红。可是那红色又有区别，在那久旱缺水，等待播种的棉田里，在畦顶凸处的是浅红、粉红，在畦沟凹处的是银红、猩红和赭红。那些白粉砖墙的房屋，恰似一片红海中点缀着的一座座岛屿，而那一片红海则一直在波涛汹涌，起伏不定，只有那沟畦折断的地方，才像是潮头忽落而变为余波。……（简宗 译）

The Colour of Rhododendrons

Suddenly I saw a clearing in the dark drive ahead, and a patch of sky, and in a moment the dark trees had thinned, the nameless shrubs had disappeared, and on either side of us was a wall of colour, blood-red, reaching far above our heads. We were amongst the rhododendrons. There was something bewildering, even shocking, about the suddenness of their discovery. The woods had not prepared me for them. They startled me with their crimson faces, massed one upon the other in incredible profusion, showing no leaf, no twig, nothing but the slaughterous red, luscious and fantastic, unlike any rhododendron plant I had seen before.

...for to me a rhododendron was a homely, domestic thing, strictly conventional, mauve or pink in colour, standing one beside the other in a neat round bed. And these were monsters, rearing to the sky, massed like a battalion, too beautiful I thought, too powerful; they were not plants at all.（Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*）

石楠花的颜色

蓦然间，我看见幽暗的车道前头出现一片旷地和天空；一会儿，黑楂楂的树林就稀疏了，无名的灌木丛也不见了。我们身边出现了一堵远远高出我们头顶的血红色墙垣。我们已来到石楠丛中了。突然发现石楠，我不仅觉得有点迷惑，甚至感到惊讶。刚才在林子里时，却没看到这种花卉。石楠花红似鲜血，使我大大吃了一惊；它们长成一片，茂盛已极，看不见叶子，也瞧不见嫩枝，只有一片血红色，浓艳、怪异，完全不像我以前见过的石楠。

……我向来认为石楠是一种很普通的家花，紫红色或粉红色，一排一排地栽种在整洁的圆形花圃中。然而这里的石楠根本不像植物，而是一群高大无

比的怪物，茁壮过度，姿色反常。 （高长荣 谢素台 译）

The Red of a Hot Face

A perception caused him to withdrew his own eyes from hers as suddenly as if he had been caught in a theft. Recollection of the strange antics she had indulged in when passing through the trees was succeeded in the girl by a nettled palpitation, and that by a hot face. It was a time to see a woman redden who was not given to reddening as a rule; not a point in the milkmaid but was of the deepest rose-colour. From the Maiden's Blush, through all varieties of the Provence down to the Crimson Tuscany the countenance of Oak's acquaintance, quickly graduated; whereupon he, in considerateness, turned away his head.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

羞晕

他察觉到了什么，赶紧把目光从她的视线上移开，好像做贼被人当场抓住了似的。原来姑娘想起了她在穿过树丛时表演的古怪动作，心头一阵怒跳，脸变得绯红。看见一般不会脸红的女人脸红，真令人开心极了。这个挤奶姑娘的双颊没有哪一处不呈现出最深最深的玫瑰紫，起先只是处女的羞晕，后来迅速变幻，像普罗旺斯的各色玫瑰次第开放一般，最后竟成了绯红的塔斯克内色。奥克看到这种情况，很体谅他这位相识的心情，便把头转了过去。

（傅惠寰 译）

Scarlet

"Ah, indeed!" cried good old Mr. Wilson. "What little bird of scarlet plumage may this be? Methinks I have seen just such figures, when the sun has been shining through a richly painted window, and tracing out the golden and crimson images across the floor. But that was in the old land. Prithee, young one, who art thou, and what has ailed thy mother to bedizen thee in this strange fashion?...."

"I am mother's child," answered the scarlet vision, "and my name is Pearl!"

"Pearl? —Ruby, rather! —or Coral! —or Red Rose, at the very least, judging from thy hue!" responded the old minister, putting forth his hand in a vain attempt to pat little Pearl on the cheek....

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

猩红色

"啊,真的!"善良的威尔逊老先生叫道。"羽毛这么鲜红的小鸟儿是什么东西呢?当阳光穿过色彩富丽的窗间,在地板上映现出金黄色与鲜红色的影像时,我似乎也曾见过这样的形象。但那是在故园时候的事了。小东西,我问你,你是什么人,你母亲为什么要把你打扮成这么奇奇怪怪的?……"

"我是母亲的孩子",那个鲜红色的幻像答道,"我的名字叫珠儿!"

"珠儿?——还不如说是红玉!——或者是珊瑚!——或者至少从你的颜色来说是红蔷薇吧!"老牧师说着,伸手想摸小珠儿的面颊,可是没摸到。……

(侍桁 译)

Blood Red

... Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one colour. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes; ...

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

血红色

……手斧,尖刀,刺刀,长剑全都带到这里来磨利,全都染着红色。有些人带着缺口的大刀,用各种各类破布条挂在腰间;但是破布条全是一律深红的。挥舞着这些武器的狂徒们把它们放在磨石上磨出火花之后,就飞奔到街上去了;他们疯狂的眼睛全是血红的……

伟大的磨石——地球——已经旋转过来,当劳雷先生再往外望的时候,红日已经照明了庭院。但是,那渺小的磨石却独自在清晨中立定在那里,它上面的红色并非太阳所给与,也非太阳所能消去。

(罗稷南 译)

Lurid Red

When he drew nearer he perceived it to be a spring van, ordinary in

shape, but singular in colour, this being a lurid red. The driver walked beside it; and, like his van, he was completely red. One dye of that tincture covered his clothes, the cap upon his head, his boots, his face, and his hands. He was not temporarily overlaid with the colour: it permeated him. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

恐怖的红色

老头儿走得更靠跟前的时候，只见那件东西原来是一辆带弹簧的大篷车，样式很普通，颜色却很特别，是一种叫人害怕的红色。赶车的跟在车旁，也和车一样，全身红色。他的衣服、他的靴子、他的头上的便帽、他的脸、他的手，一律红通通的。看他的样子那种颜色并不是暂时涂在他的外面的，而是渗到他的皮肤里面去了。（张谷若 译）

2. White 白色

The Essence of Whiteness

...as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color, and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows—a colorless, all-color of atheism from which we shrink? And when we consider that other theory of the natural philosophers, that all other earthly hues—every stately or lovely emblazoning—the sweet tinges of sunset skies and woods; yea, and the gilded velvets of butterflies, and the butterfly cheeks of young girls; all these are but subtle deceits, not actually inherent in substances, but only laid on from without; so that all deified Nature absolutely paints like the harlot, whose allurements cover nothing but the charnel-house within; and when we proceed further, and consider that the mystical cosmetic which produces every one of her hues, the great principle of light, for ever remains white or colorless in itself, and if operating without medium upon matter, would touch all objects, even tulips and roses, with its own blank tinge... (Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

白色的本质

……就本质说来，白色与其说是一种颜色，不如说是明显的没有颜色，同时又是各种颜色的凝结物，是不是说，因此我们就认为，在一片茫茫的雪景中，就有这样一片意义深长的，没有光彩的空白——一种我们所害怕的毫无色彩的，而又非常具有色彩的无神论呢？不过，当我们来细思自然哲学家们的另一

种理论时，就会发现世间各种色彩——各种壮丽的或者可爱的美饰——夕阳西下的天际和树林里的可爱的色调；而且还有涂着金色丝绒似的蝴蝶，和少女的蝴蝶似的面孔；所有这些都不过是巧妙的欺诈，都不是实际的固有的本质，而不过是从外部敷上去的东西，所以，神化了的大自然完全像是妓女的涂脂抹粉一样，她们的魅力只是掩盖那藏骸所在的内部；如果我们再继续探讨下去，细想一下神秘的宇宙，它虽产生了每一种色泽，产生了伟大的光学原理，可它本身却始终是白色的或者是无色的，如果它对物质起作用而缺乏媒质的话，它就会用它自己的空白的色泽来渲染一切物体，甚至包括郁金香和玫瑰花在内……

（曹庸　译）

Livid White

...He found the inside of it as dark and silent as a tomb. From the large shadows that fell in broad masses on all sides, he knew that the hangings for the ceremony of that morning had not yet been taken down. The great silver cross glittered in the shadows, dotted with sparkling points, like the Milky Way of that sepulchral night. The upper ends of the long pointed windows of the choir were visible above the black hangings. With the moonlight shining through them, they had only the doubtful colors of the night, the shades of violet, white and blue which are found on the face of a corpse. When he perceived those pale pointed window tops he imagined them at first to be the miters of bishops in hell. He closed his eyes and when he opened them again he seemed to be surrounded by a circle of livid faces looking down at him.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

白如死灰

他发现教堂里面像地穴一般黑暗死寂。到处都有大块大块的黑影，他知道这是为上午的死刑典礼张挂的帷幔还没有拆除。那银制大十字架在黑暗中以点点光斑闪亮，就像这坟墓似的夜空中的银河。唱诗班后面那几扇长窗的尖拱窗顶露出在黑色帷幕上面，一线月光透过窗子的彩色玻璃，玻璃窗显出可疑的颜色，如同这黑夜一般，紫中泛白，白里透青，只应为死人脸上所有。副上教看看唱诗班席次四周窗顶的这些惨白尖拱，感到好像是看见了那些被上苍遣下地狱的主教们的法冠。他闭上眼睛，等他把眼睛重新睁开，又觉得这是一圈白如死灰的面孔在凝视他。

（管震湖　译）

Varieties of Whiteness

The banded ones were all dressed in white gowns—a gay survival from Old Style days, when cheerfulness and May-time were synonyms-days before the habit of taking long views had reduced emotions to a monotonous average. Their first exhibition of themselves was in a processional march of two and two round the parish. Ideal and real clashed slightly as the sun lit up their figures against the green hedges and creeper-laced house-fronts; for, though the whole troop wore white garments, no two whites were alike among them. Some approached pure blanching; some had a bluish pallor; some worn by the older characters (which had possibly lain by folded for many a year) inclined to a cadaverous tint, and to a Georgian style.

In addition to the distinction of a white frock, every woman and girl carried in her right hand a peeled willow wand, and in her left a bunch of white flowers. The peeling of the former, and the selection of the latter, had been an operation of personal care.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

各种各样的白色

所有结队的会员，都穿着白色的长衫——这种鲜明的服装，是旧历通行时的遗风；那时候，欢乐的心情和五月的时光，是分不开的；那时候，人们还没有深思远虑的习惯，把人类的情绪压低到单调一律的程度呢。她们那天最先出现的时候，是二人一排，摆队在区上游行。她们的身躯，让绿色的树篱和藤萝攀附的房屋前脸一衬托，就在日光辉煌的映射下，显出理想和事实，稍微有点冲突；因为虽然她们全体穿的都是白色的衣服，但是却没有两件衣服白得一样。有些近乎纯粹的漂白；有些是发蓝的灰白；有些年长的会员们所穿的，近于死人一般的灰色和乔治时代的样式，那可能是叠在箱子里，放了好些年了。

除了穿白色连衣裙那种特点以外，每个女人，右手里还拿着一根剥了皮的柳条儿，左手里拿着一束白花儿。柳条儿的修剥和花束的选择，都是每个人费过一番心思的事情。

(张谷若 译)

Old White

It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-table

again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn, I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this arrest of everything, this standing still of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long veil so like a shroud. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

陈年旧色

这时候我才看明白,这屋子里的一切都像那只表和那架钟一样,早就停了。又看见郝薇香小姐把那颗宝石照旧归还原处。我趁艾斯黛拉发牌的时候,又瞟了一下那架梳妆台,看清了台上的那只鞋子从来没有穿过,从前是白的,现在已经发黄了。又看了看郝薇香小姐那只没有穿鞋的脚,脚上的丝袜从前是白的,现在也发黄了,袜底早踩破了。要不是屋里的一切都处于这种停顿状态,要不是这许多褪了色的陈年古董造成屋里这种常年死寂的气氛,那么,即便是这么一个衰朽之躯穿着这么一件干瘪的新娘礼服,决不至于这样像穿着一件尸衣,那条长长的披纱也决不至于这样像块裹尸布了。(王科一 译)

Milk White

About seven o'clock in the evening, the Nautilus, half immersed, was sailing in a sea of milk. At first sight the ocean seemed lactified. Was it the effect of the lunar rays? No; for the moon, scarcely two days old, was still lying hidden under the horizon in the rays of the sun. The whole sky, though lit by the sidereal rays, seemed black by contrast with the whiteness of the waters.

...the whiteness which surprises you is caused only by the presence of myriads of infusoria, a sort of luminous little worm, gelatinous and without colour; of the thickness of a hair, and whose length is not more than7/1000 of an inch. These insects adhere to one another sometimes for several leagues."

...

Towards midnight the sea suddenly resumed its usual colour; but behind us, even to the limits of the horizon, the sky reflected the whitened waves and, for a long time seemed impregnated with the vague glimmerings of an aurora borealis. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

乳白色

晚上七点左右，诺第留斯号在奶海里航行，船身一半在水里，一半露在水面上。大洋一望无际的呈乳白色。这是月光的力量吗？不是的，因为新月还不到两天，早在阳光中水平线下不见了。整个天空，虽然有星光照亮，但跟水上的白色对比，显得很黯淡。

……这种使你惊奇的白色是由于水中有无数亿万的细微滴虫，那是一种发光的微虫，外形是胶质无色的，有一根头发那样厚，长也不超过一毫米的五分之一。这些微生滴虫在几里长的海面上彼此连接起来，形成一片白色。

……

半夜左右，海面忽然又现出平常的颜色来，但在我们船后面，直至天边尽处，天空反映着水面的白色，很久都像受北极模糊曙光澈照一样。

（曾觉之 译）

Whiteness of Pale Face

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no colour in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white.... （Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*）

惨白的脸色

他快到五十岁了，看样子也很像那个岁数的人。他的头发又长又乱，油烘烘的往下搭拉着；他那两只眼睛在一缕一缕的乱头发后面闪光，仿佛他是躲在葡萄蔓子后面往外看似的。他的头发都是黑的，一根白的也没有；他那又长又乱的连鬓胡子也是一样。从他露着的那一部分脸上可以看出他面无血色。他那副脸是白的，可并不像别人那样白。那是一种惨白，看上去叫人怪不好受的，叫人浑身直起鸡皮疙瘩——一种像树蛙的白色，像鱼肚皮的白色。……

（张万旦 黄兰林 译）

3. Black, Yellow, Green 黑色、黄色、绿色

Carbon Black

The car ploughed uphill through the long squalid straggle of Tevershall, the blackened brick dwellings, the black slate roofs glistening

their sharp edges, the mud black with coal-dust, the pavements wet and black. It was as if dismalness had soaked through and through everything. The utter negation of natural beauty, the utter negation of the gladness of life, the utter absence of the instinct for shapely beauty which every bird and beast has, the utter death of the human intuitive faculty was appalling. . . . (D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

炭黑

汽车艰辛地爬着上坡，经过达娃斯哈的散漫龌龊的村落，一些黑色砖墙的屋宇，它们的黑石板的屋顶的尖锐楼缘发着亮光，地上的泥土杂着煤屑，颜色是黑的，行人道是湿而黑的。仿佛一切的一切都给凄凉忧郁的情绪所浸透了。丝毫没有自然的美，丝毫没有生之乐趣，甚至一只鸟、一只野兽所有的美的本能都全部消失了，人类的直觉官能都全部死了。这种情形是令人寒心的……

（饶述一 译）

Blueblack

. . .They are the blackest people I have ever seen, Celie. They are black like the people we are talking about when we say, "So and so is blacker than black, he's blueblack." They are so black, Celie, they shine. Which is something else folks down home like to say about real black folks. But Celie, try to imagine a city full of these shining, blueblack people wearing brilliant blue robes with designs like fancy quilt patterns. Tall, thin, with long necks and straight backs. Can you picture it at all, Celie? Because I felt like I was seeing black for the first time. And Celie, there is something magical about it. Because the black is so black the eye is simply dazzled and then there is the shining that seems to come, really, from moonlight, it is so luminous, but their skin glows even in the sun. (Alice Walker, *The Color Purple*)

黑得发蓝

……他们是我见到过的皮肤最黑的人，西丽亚。我们平时不是常常说，"某某人黑得没法再黑，黑得发蓝"。这里的人就是黑得不能再黑了，他们黑极了，西丽亚，黑得发亮。老家的人们谈起真正的黑人时总说他们黑得发亮。可是西丽亚，要是满城都是这些黑的发亮，黑得发蓝的人，他们穿着蓝色的长袍，长袍上是希奇古怪的图案跟用各种布料缝成的被子的花样差不多，你能想象是一番什么情景吗？他们个子高高的，瘦瘦的，脖子挺长，腰板笔直。你能想

象这种情景吗，西丽亚？我简直觉得我是第一次看到黑颜色。西丽亚，整个场面有点神奇。这些黑人黑的耀眼，他们的光泽好像来自月光，真是熠熠生辉，不过他们的皮肤在阳光下也闪闪发亮。 （陶洁 译）

Yellow and Muddy

...To complete his description, his teeth were large and yellow, while the two eye teeth, larger than their fellows, showed under his lean lips like fangs. His eyes were yellow and muddy, as though Nature had run short on pigments and squeezed together the dregs of all her tubes. It was the same with his hair, sparse and irregular of growth, muddy-yellow and dirty-yellow, rising on his head and sprouting out of his face in unexpected tufts and bunches, in appearance like lumped and wind-blown grain. （Jack London, *White Fang*）

泥黄

……为了完成对他的描写，可以再说，他的牙齿大而黄，而那两根上犬齿比其他的更大，露在他的枯瘦的嘴唇下面，像狗的虎牙。他的眼睛发黄而浑浊，仿佛自然缺了颜料，就把各个颜料瓶的渣滓并在一堆。他的头发也是如此，稀薄而生得乱，是一种泥黄和污黄的颜色，翘在头上并且出奇地一簇一簇伸出面部之外，就像丛生的谷物被风吹乱的样子。 （蒋天佑 译）

Dark Green

I saw them on a case strewn with sun visors, hair nets, rubber gloves, a card of false eyelashes, and seized the darkest lenses I could find. They were of a green glass so dark that it appeared black, and I put them on immediately, plunging into blackness and moving outside.

I could barely see; it was almost dark now, and the streets swarmed in a green vagueness. I moved slowly across to stand near the subway and wait for my eyes to adjust. A strange wave of excitement boiled within me as I peered out at the sinister light. （Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*）

墨绿

我看到在一只柜子里墨镜和遮阳帽舌、发网、橡皮手套、假睫毛卡等放在一起。我挑了一副镜片最黑的墨镜，绿玻璃的颜色深得发黑，我抓起立即把它戴上，一下子就栽进了黑暗的深渊，接着我就往外走去。

我简直什么也看不见，几乎一片黑咕隆冬，街上则是闹哄哄的一片模糊的

绿色。我慢吞吞地走到街对面的地铁入口处旁边，就站在那儿等眼睛适应起来。我凝视着周围诡异的光线，心中蒸腾起一阵莫名的激动。……

（任绍曾 译）

4. Change of Colour 色彩变化

Color Changing at the Dawn Break

The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting. As the landscape changed from brown to green, the army awakened, and began to tremble with eagerness at the noise of rumors. It cast its eyes upon the roads, which were growing from long troughs of liquid mud to proper thoroughfares. A river, ambertinted in the shadow of its banks, purled at the army's feet; and at night, when the stream had become of a sorrowful blackness, one could see across it the red, eye like gleam of hostile camp fires set in the low brows of distant hills.

(Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*)

晨曦初露时的色彩变化

寒气不乐意地离开大地，雾霭四散，露出漫山遍野安营扎寨、正在沉睡的一支军队。景物渐渐由褐色变为绿色，军队醒了。官兵们急切地战栗着，留心四起的谣言。眺望道路，长长泥沟已变成规规矩矩的大路。脚下一条琥珀色的小河在夹岸阴影中缓缓流淌。夜晚，这河只是一片忧伤的黑暗。河对岸，敌人的营火遥遥在望，在山下眼睛似的闪着红色微光。（黄健人 译）

The Colours of Morning Light

...The cold sharp interval between night and morning—the distant streak of light widening and spreading, and turning from grey to white, and from white to yellow, and from yellow to burning red—the presence of day, with all its cheerfulness and life—men and horses at the plough—birds in the trees and hedges, and boys in solitary fields, frightening them away with rattles....

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

晨光的色彩

……到了夜晚和早晨的寒冷交叉口——远处的光线在逐渐扩展，在散开，由灰变白，由白变黄，由黄变成火烧的红色——白昼露面了，带来了喜悦和生命——人和驾犁的马——栖止在树梢和篱笆上的鸟，在孤寂的田地里的儿童，

全被嘎乳的声音吓跑了……　　（许君远　译）

Alternations of Light and Shade over the Hill

To the hill, then, I turned. I reached it. It remained now only to find a hollow where I could lie down, and feel at least hidden, if not secure; but all the surface of the waste looked level. It showed no variation but of tint: green, where rush and moss overgrew the marshes; black, where the dry soil bore only heath. Dark as it was getting, I could still see these changes; though but as mere alternations of light and shade: for colour had faded with the daylight.　　(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

荒原上的色彩转变

于是，我就转向小山走去，到了那里。现在只需找到一个低洼的地方，我可以在那儿躺下来，即使不觉得安全，至少也能觉得隐蔽些。可是，这片荒地的表面看上去整个都是平坦的。除了颜色各处不同而外看不出什么别的变化：在灯芯草和苔藓覆盖着的沼泽地上呈现着绿色，在只长着石南的干燥土地上则是一片乌黑。尽管天色越来越暗，我仍然看得出这些变化，尽管那只是亮度和色调的改变，因为颜色已经随着日光减弱而变暗淡了。　　（伍厚恺　译）

The Changing Colour of Grass and Flowers

A pale-green fuzz appeared, poked its little blades skyward, ramified, burgeoned, grew a darker green as it lengthened, then faded and waxed fat, became the silver-beige, knee-high grass of Drogheda. The Home Paddock looked like a field of wheat, rippling with every mischievous puff of wind, and the homestead gardens exploded into color, great buds unfurling, the ghost gums suddenly white and limegreen again after nine years of griming dust. For though Michael Carson's insane proliferation of water tanks still held enough to keep the homestead gardens alive, dust had long settled on every leaf and petal, dimmed and drabbed....　　(Collen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

草与花的色彩变化

浅绿色的茸茸小草露头了，小叶片直指青天，分开叉，往上窜，随着草叶的生长，渐渐变成了深绿色；随后，深绿渐次褪去，勃发茂盛，变成了一片银米色的、深可没膝的德罗海达草原。家内围场看上去像是一片麦田，清风起处，草浪起伏。庄园的花园里百卉争妍，群芭怒绽，魔鬼桉在经过九年蒙尘之后，突

然之间又变成了白色和浅绿色。尽管迈克尔·卡森发疯似地安装的许多水箱依然足以维持庄园的花园，但是，这九年来灰尘落在每一片叶子上和花瓣上，使它们显得色彩黯淡，毫无生气。…… （曾胡 译）

Colors of the End of the Fall

The forest oak trees on the mountain beyond the town was gone. The forest had been green in the summer when we had come into the town but now there were the stumps and the broken trunks and the ground torn up, and one day at the end of the fall when I was out where the oak forest had been I saw a cloud coming over the mountain. It came very fast and the sun went a dull yellow and then everything was gray and the sky was covered and the cloud came on down the mountain and suddenly we were in it and it was snow. The snow slanted across the wind, the bare ground was covered, the stumps of trees projected, there was snow on the guns and there were paths in the snow going back to the latrines behind trenches.

（Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*）

秋末的色彩

小镇外高山上的橡树林，现在没有了。我们初到小镇时，正在夏日，树林青翠，但是现在已只剩有断椿残干，地上则给炮弹炸得四分五裂。这一年秋末的一天，我正在原有树林的地点徘徊，看见一块云朝山顶飞来。云块飞得好快，太阳转成晦暗的黄色，样样东西都变成灰的，天空已被乌云遮蔽住，接着云块落在山上，突然间落到我们身下，到那时候才知道原来是雪。雪在风中横飞斜落，掩盖了赤裸的大地，只有树木的残干突了出来。大炮上也盖上了雪，而战壕后边通向便所去的雪地上，已有人走出了几条雪径。 （林疑今 译）

Miraculous Colors of the Hills

The farms of Shensi could have been described as slanting, and many of them also as slipping, for landslides were frequent. The fields were mostly patches laid on the serried landscape, between crevices and small streams. The land seemed rich enough in many places, but the crops grown were strictly limited by the steep gradients, in both quantity and quality. There were few genuine mountains, only endless broken hills. Their sharp-angled shadowing and coloring changed miraculously with the sun's wheel, and toward dusk they became a magnificent sea of purpled

hilltops with dark velvety folds running down, like the pleats on a mandarin skirt, to ravines that seemed bottomless.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

山丘色彩的奇异变化

陕西的农田可以说是倾斜的,有许多也可以说是滑溜溜的,因为经常发生山崩。农田大部分是地缝和小溪之间的条状小块。在许多地方,土地看来是够肥沃的,但是所种作物受到很陡的斜坡的严格限制,无论从数和质上来说都是这样。很少有真正的山脉,只有无穷无尽的断山孤丘,连绵不断,随着阳光的转移,这些山丘的角度陡峭的阴影和颜色起着奇异的变化,到黄昏时分,紫色的山巅连成一片壮丽的海洋,深色的天鹅绒般的褶层从上而下,好像满族的百褶裙,一直到看上去似乎深不及底的沟壑中。 (董乐山 译)

The Changed Colour of the Dog's Hair

Gabriel had two dogs, George, the elder, exhibited an ebony-tipped nose, surrounded by a narrow margin of pink flesh, and a coat marked in random splotches approximating in colour to white and salty grey; but the grey, after years of sun and rain, had been scorched and washed out of the more prominent locks, leaving them of a reddish-brown, as if the blue component of the grey had faded, like the indigo from the same kind of colour in Turner's pictures. In substance it had originally been hair, but long contact with sheep seemed to be turning it by degrees into wool of a poor quality and staple. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

变色的狗毛

盖伯瑞尔有两条狗。乔治年纪大一点,有个乌黑的鼻尖,边上长着窄窄的一圈粉红色的肉;周身的毛皮零乱长着些接近于白色和蓝灰色的斑点,但经过多年的日晒雨淋,一簇簇较为突露的卷毛已变成了棕红色,好像灰色中含有的蓝色素已经褪净,跟这种颜色在图尔纳水彩画中变成靛青色的情况一模一样。这层皮毛本是狗毛,但因长时间和羊接触,好像已渐渐变成劣等羊毛了。

(傅雄寰 译)

Shifting Brightness of the Dress

...There was natural grace in her attitude, and there was artistic effect in the ample and shining folds of her silk dress—an attire simply fashioned, but almost splendid from the shifting brightness of its dye, warp

and woof being of tints deep and changing as the hue on a pheasant's neck. A glancing bracelet on her arm produced the contrast of gold and ivory; there was something brilliant in the whole picture....

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

色彩闪烁变换的衣裙

……她的姿态天生有种魅力,她的丝绸衣服的大片闪亮的褶裥也富有艺术效果——这套衣服式样虽很平常,可是,因为衣服的颜色具有摇曳的光辉,看上去简直是灿烂辉煌,衣料本身因为色泽很深,所以像是雉头颈的颜色一般变化。腕上的闪耀发光的手镯发出金黄和象牙相映照的光辉,全身都显得光彩鉴人。…… (曹庸 译)

A Hue that Was Baffling

"Kind of a strange color for a wolf," was Bill's criticism. "I never seen a red wolf before. Looks almost cinnamon to me."

The animal was certainly not cinnamon-colored. Its coat was the true wolfcoat. The dominant color was gray, and yet there was to it a faint reddish hue—a hue that was baffling, that appeared and disappeared, that was more like an illusion of the vision, now gray, distinctly gray, and again giving hints and glints of a vague redness of color not classifiable in terms of ordinary experience. (Jack London, *White Fang*)

变幻不定的光彩

"狼有这种毛色倒是奇怪的,"毕尔批评道,"我从来没有见过红色的狼。照我看几乎像是肉桂色"。

当然那畜生并不是肉桂色。她的毛是的的确确的狼毛。主要的颜色是灰色,不过在上面微微有点红稀稀的光彩——那光彩变幻不定,时隐时现,更可能像是想象的幻觉,一下明明是灰色,而一下又显出一种依稀仿佛是红色的闪光,那不是凭普通经验选择的字眼说得明白的。 (蒋天佑 译)

5. Combination of Colours 色彩组合

Spring Flowers in their Rich Colour

...Fields of springing wheat drew her from the straight propriety of the railroad and she crawled through the rusty barbed-wire fence. She followed a furrow between low wheat blades and a field of rye which showed silver lights as it flowed before the wind. She found a pasture by the lake.

So sprinkled was the pasture with rag-baby blossoms and the cottony herb of Indian tobacco that it spread out like a rare old Persian carpet of cream and rose and delicate green. Under her feet the rough grass made a pleasant crunching. Sweet winds blew from the sunny lake beside her, and small waves sputtered on the meadowy shore. She leaped a tiny creek bowered in pussy-willow buds. She was nearing a frivolous grove of birch and poplar and wild plum trees.

The poplar foliage had the downiness of a Corot arbor; the green and silver trunks were as candid as the birches, as slender and lustrous as the limbs of a Pierrot. The cloudy white blossoms of the plum trees filled the grove with a springtime mistiness which gave an illusion of distance.

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

春花烂漫

……绿油油的麦田，诱使她离开笔直的铁路线，爬过了锈斑累累的铁丝网。她沿着小麦低畦和裸麦田之间的小沟往前走去，眼望着一大片裸麦被微风吹拂，闪现出点点碎银一般的光影。她在燕子湖畔发现一块草地，到处都是五颜六色的野花，而印第安人种的烟草上则开着洁白如雪的绒花，一眼望去，就像是一块举世罕见的古代波斯地毯，奶油色、玫瑰色、淡绿色相映成趣，煞是好看。野棘在她脚跟边发出悦耳的喧闹声。洒满阳光的燕子湖上，和风轻拂；绿草如茵的湖边，浪花四溅。她纵身一跃，跳过了一道落满柳絮的小溪，来到一个嬉闹的小树林，那里有许许多多白桦树、白杨树和野李子树。

白杨树上的叶子，如同科鲁特画上一样，都有一层灰色绒毛，碧绿银白的树干，看上去很像白桦树，同时也像舞台上小丑的胳膊腿，细长而富有光泽。野李子树上云朵般的白花，像是给小树林布满春天朦胧的轻雾，一直逶迤到远方。

(潘庆舲　译)

The Colourful Barry Garden

The Barry garden was a bowery wilderness of flowers which would have delighted Anne's heart at any time less fraught with destiny. It was encircled by huge old willows and tall firs, beneath which flourished flowers that loved the shade. Prim, right-angled paths, neatly bordered with clamshells, intersected it like moist red ribbons and in the beds between old-fashioned flowers ran riot. There were rosy bleeding-hearts and great splendid crimson peonies; white, fragrant narcissi and thorny, sweet Scotch roses; pink and blue and white columbines and lilac-tinted

Bouncing Bets; clumps of southern wood and ribbon grass and mint; purple Adam-and-Eve, daffodils, and masses of sweet clover white with its delicate, fragrant, feathery sprays; scarlet lightning that shot its fiery lances over prim white musk-flowers; a garden it was where sunshine lingered and bees hummed, and winds, beguiled into loitering, purred and rustled. (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Cables*)

巴里的花园里的绚丽色彩

巴里的花园里遍地花卉,如果安妮不为命运而忧心忡忡,她会随时为之欢天喜地的。花园四周围绕着巨大的古柳树和参天的冷杉树,树下盛开着一些喜爱阴凉的花。在交成直角的两条整洁的小道边上,齐崭崭地嵌着蛤壳,像有点潮湿的红缎带一样横切花园,两条小路之间的花坛里盛开着老式的花。有玫瑰色的伤心花,硕大的光彩夺目的红牡丹;还有雪白清香的水仙花和带刺儿的可爱的苏格兰玫瑰;有蓝色、白色和粉红的耧斗花,也有丁香紫的大贝花;有丛生的南方木、缎带草和薄荷;有紫色的狗牙花、黄水仙花,还有一丛丛被精致、芬芳而轻柔的小花枝染白了的三叶草;猩红色的闪电花把它那火一样的叶片从拘谨的麝香花上直窜出去;花园里的阳光留连忘返,蜜蜂嗡嗡地飞,哄得风儿徘徊不忍离去,有时发出低沉颤动的声音,有时瑟瑟作响。(马爱农 译)

The Colors of the Artistic Platform

The raised platform for the musicians was especially artistic. It was completely hidden from view by the banked greenery and starry bunting and Scarlet knew that every potted and tubbed plant in town was there, coleus, geranium, hydrangea, oleander, elephant ear—even Mrs. Elsing's four treasured rubber plants, which were given posts of honor at the four corners.

At the other end of the hall from the platform, the ladies had eclipsed themselves. On this wall hung large pictures of President Davis and Georgia's own "Little Alec" Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy. Above them was an enormous flag and, beneath, on long tables was the loot of the gardens of the town, ferns, banks of roses, crimson and yellow and white, proud sheaths of golden gladioli, masses of varicolored nasturtiums, tall stiff hollyhocks rearing deep maroon and creamy heads above the other flowers. Among them, candles burned serenely like altar fires.... (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

演出平台的艺术色彩

音乐队的演出平台装饰得非常艺术。它的四面都用花草和星旗点缀着，使之遮蔽掉台上所有的东西。思嘉一看见那些花草，就知道城中所有的盆栽植物和桶栽植物都聚在这里了，花薄荷、牦牛儿苗、八仙花、夹竹桃、象耳——甚至连艾太太那四盆珍贵的天仙果树，也放在台上四角了。

跟这平台对面的一端，站在那里的女人比较少。这里墙壁上挂着两幅巨像，分别是威维斯总统和联盟州副总统佐治亚州本地人施谛文。巨像上面是一面极大的旗子，下面摆放着许多长桌子，桌上放着从本城各花园里采来的珍品。凤尾草，红黄白三色的蔷薇，金色的水仙菖，杂色的煤菜花，还有高标独秀的锦葵，在群花之上昂仰着深栗色和乳色的花朵。在这些花草中点着庄严肃穆的蜡烛，肃穆得如同祭坛上的灯火一样。……

（简宗　译）

A Perfect Kaleidoscope

It was then ten in the morning; the rays of the sun struck the surface of the waves at rather an oblique angle, and at the touch of their light, decomposed by refraction as through a prism, flowers, rocks, plants, shells, and polypi were shaded at the edges of the seven solar colours. It was marvellous, a feast for the eyes, this complication of coloured tints, a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue; in one word, the whole palette of an enthusiastic colourist!...

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

色彩缤纷的万花筒

这时是早晨十点。太阳光在相当倾斜的角度下，投射在水波面上，光线由于曲折作用，像通过三棱镜一样被分解、海底的花、石、植物、介壳、珊瑚类动物，一接触被分解的光线，就在边缘上显现出太阳分光的七种不同颜色。这种所有浓淡颜色的错综交结，真正是一架红、橙、黄、绿、青、蓝、紫的彩色缤纷的万花筒，总之，它就是十分讲究的水彩画家的一整套颜色！看起来实在是神奇，实在是眼福……

（曾觉之　译）

The Rich Fashion Colours

...she admired Gudrun's dress more. It was of green poplin, with a loose coat above it, of broad, dark-green and dark-brown stripes. The hat was of a pale, greenish straw, the colour of new hay, and it had a plaited ribbon of black and orange, the stockings were dark green, the shoes

black. It was a good get-up, at once fashionable and individual. Ursula, in dark blue, was more ordinary, though she also looked well.

Hermione herself wore a dress of prune-coloured silk, with coral beads and coral-coloured stockings....

(D. H. Lawrance, *Women in Love*)

富丽时髦的服装颜色

……她十分赞赏古德伦的衣着,绿府绸衣服外面罩了件宽松的外套,上面有墨绿色和深褐色的宽条纹;帽子是新鲜的干草色,由白里透绿的麦秆编成,上面有结成辫状的黑色、桔黄色相间的缎带;长统袜是深绿色的,鞋子又是黑色的。装束很不错,时髦,又有个性。厄秀拉一身深蓝,看上去也挺好,只是平凡了些。

赫麦恩妮自己穿一身紫色的绸衣,佩带着珊瑚珠串,脚登红珊瑚色的长统袜!……

(曹庸 译)

A Variety of Room Colours

...These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color....

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*)

色彩各异的房间

……窗子都是彩色玻璃的,色彩各个不同,和打开的各间室内装饰主要色调一致。譬如说,东厢那间悬挂的装饰是蓝色的——窗子就蓝得晶莹。第二间屋子的装饰和帷幔都是紫红的,窗玻璃也照样是紫红的。第三间屋里一律是绿的,窗扉也是绿的。第四间的家具和映入的光线都是橙黄的。第五间全是白的,第六间全是紫罗兰色的。第七间从天花板到四壁脚都密密层层地罩

着黑丝绒帷幔,重重叠叠的拖到同色同料的地毯上。只有这一间的窗子,色彩同室内装饰不一致。这里的窗玻璃是猩红色的——红得像浓浓的血一般。……

(陈良廷 译)

The Colourful Sea Aquatics

...Live coral, she discovered, wasn't garnishly hued from dyes the way it was in the souvenir counter of the store. It was soft pink or beige or blue-grey, and around every knob and branch wavered a marvelous rainbow of color, like a visible aura. Great anemones twelve inches wide fluttered fringes of blue or red or orange or purple tentacles; white fluted clams as big as rocks beckoned unwary explorers to take a look inside with tantalizing glimpses of colorful, restless things through feathery lips; red lace fans swayed in water winds; bright-green ribbons of weed danced loose and drifting....But the fish! Like living jewels they darted in thousands upon thousands, round like Chinese lanterns, slender like bullets, raimented in colors which glowed with life and the light-splitting quality water imparts, some on fire with scales of gold and scarlet, some cool and silvery blue, some swimming rag bags gaudier than parrots....

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

水生动物的炫丽色彩

……她发现,活珊瑚的颜色并不像商店柜台上当礼品摆着的那样鲜艳夺目。它们是淡粉色、米色和蓝灰色的,每一个球形部和枝杈的周围都摇曳着一种妙不可言的彩虹色,就像是一种清晰的辉光。十二英寸宽的大海葵的边缘飘动着蓝色、红色、桔黄或紫色的触手;带凹槽的白色海蚌子像石块一样大,逗弄着粗心大意的考察者们通过它们那多毛的唇部隐隐约约地观察它里面那色彩富丽、动个不停的东西,心里干着急;镶着红边的扇形生物在水流中歪向了一边;海藻那绿色的条带散乱而飘逸地舞动着。……可是还有鱼呢!它们就像是活生生的闪光的宝石,成千上万地飞速游过。圆的像中国的灯笼;细长的像枪弹,披着五颜六色的鳞片,生气勃勃地闪着斑斓的光;可分解光线的海水也被搅得五彩缤纷,金黄和深红的鳞片像熊熊的火焰,银蓝色的鳞片显得阴冷,有些令人目眩的碎纹鳞囊比鹦鹉的皮色还要炫丽。……

(曾胡 译)

Ⅷ. Animals　动物

1. Birds　鸟类

Bird Flocks

The bird life was so rich and varied there seemed no end to new kinds, and they lived not in ones and twos but in thousands upon thousands: tiny green-and-yellow parakeets Fee used to call lovebirds, but which the locals called budgerigars; scarlet-and-blue smallish parrots called rosellas; big pale-grey parrots with brilliant purplish-pink breasts, underwings and heads, called galahs; and the great pure white birds with cheeky yellow combs called sulphur-crested cockatoos. Exquisite tiny finches whirred and wheeled, so did sparrows and starlings, and the strong brown kingfishers called kookaburras laughed and chuckled gleefully or dived for snakes, their favorite food. They were well-nigh human, all these birds, and completely without fear, sitting in hundreds in the trees peering about with bright intelligent eyes, screaming, talking, laughing, imitating anything that produced a sound.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

欢快的鸟群

鸟类多不胜数,新品种似乎层出不穷;它们不是三三两两地在一起,而是千千万万地成群营巢;有一种绿黄相间的长尾鹦鹉,菲奥娜一直把它们叫做情鸟,而本地人则称之为牡丹鹦鹉;另一种有红有蓝的小鹦鹉,叫做红鹦鹉。还有一种胸脯、翅下部和头部鲜红的浅灰大鹦鹉;而那种纯白的、脸上有黄色肉冠的大鸟,名叫硫磺冠白鹦鹉。小巧的雀科鸟儿上下翻飞着,麻雀和燕八哥也不甘落后;深褐色鱼狗鸟欢歌高唱着,或是向它们最可口的食物——蛇俯冲下去。所有的鸟儿几乎都通人性,毫无畏惧地成百上千地栖息在树上;它们四下转动着明亮、聪慧的眼珠,尖叫着,啾啁着、欢唱着,模仿着能发声的万物的各种各样的声响。　(曹胡　译)

Prairie Chickens

She heard Kennicott gasp, "Look!" Three gray birds were starting up

from the stubble. They were round, dumpy, like enormous bumble-bees. Kennicott was sighting, moving the barrel. She was agitated. Why didn't he fire? The birds would be gone! Then a crash, another, and two birds turned somersaults in the air, plumped down.

When he showed her the birds she had no sensation of blood. These heaps of feathers were so soft and unbruised—there was about them no hint of death. She watched her conquering man tuck them into his inside pocket, and trudged with him back to the buggy.

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

草原沙鸡

她忽然听见肯尼科特舒了一口气,"看!"三只大灰鸟正从残枝上掠飞过来,都是滚圆而胖乎乎的,看上去很像是硕大无比的野蜂。肯尼科特正屏着眼在瞄准,扳着枪机。她很着急,这会儿为什么还不开枪呢?眼看着大灰鸟就要跑掉了!蓦然间砰地一响,接着又是一响,两只大灰鸟在空中翻个筋头,一下子掉在地上。

肯尼科特把那两只大灰鸟拿来给她看,她似乎并没有看到有流血的迹象。眼前是两堆羽毛,那么柔软,又没有任何伤痕,简直完全看不到死亡的影子。她眼看着她的丈夫——那位征服者——把两只大灰鸟塞进贴身的口袋里。随后,她步履蹒跚地跟着他一起回到马车上。 (潘庆舫 译)

The Early Morning Birds

...A blackbird ran across the rose-garden to the lawns in swift, short rushes, stopping now and again to stab at the earth with his yellow beak. A thrush, too, went about his business, and two stout little wagtails, following one another, and a little cluster of twittering sparrows. A gull poised himself high in the air, silent and alone, and then spread his wings wide and swooped beyond the lawns to the Happy Valley....

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

晨鸟

……一只燕八哥穿过玫瑰园朝着草坪匆匆地飞掠过去,不时停下来用黄黄的鸟喙啄啄大地。一只画眉,也在干自己的事,两只强壮的小鹡鸰,相互追逐着,还有一小群喊喊喳喳叫着的麻雀。一只海鸥高高地悬在空中,无声无息,孤孤单单的,然后张开翅膀,在草坪那边猛扑下来,朝着树林和"幸福谷"飞去。…… (高长荣 译)

The Tropical Birds

...The room was quiet as a tomb—until suddenly there was a savage beating of wings and I looked toward the window to see an eruption of color, as though a gale had whipped up a bundle of brightly colored rags. It was an aviary of tropical birds set near one of the broad windows, through which, as the clapping of wings settled down, I could see two ships plying far out upon the greenish bay below. A large bird began a song, drawing my eyes to the throbbing of its bright blue, red and yellow throat. It was startling and I watched the surge and flutter of the birds as their colors flared for an instant like an unfurled oriental fan....

(Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

热带鸟

……房间寂静得像一座坟墓——突然一阵猛烈的翅膀扑打声打破了沉寂,我抬头向窗子望去,只见眼前是五光十色的一片,上下翻腾,就好像一阵大风卷起了一大堆色彩鲜明的碎布那样。原来那是一只装在一扇大窗子附近的鸟舍,里面关着几只热带鸟。当鸟儿的翅膀停止扑打的时候,我能够透过窗子看到下方浅绿色的海湾上,有两艘大船在远处航行。一只大鸟开始鸣唱,我转过眼去,看着它那长着淡蓝色、红色和黄色羽毛的喉头的颤动,看着那些鸟儿不停地跳动,用翅膀拍击,它们那五彩缤纷的羽毛一时间像一把打开的东方扇子那样陡然展现开来,真是令人叹为观止……

(任绍曾 译)

The Birds from North Pole

After this season of congealed dampness came a spell of dry frost, when strange birds from behind the North Pole began to arrive silently on the upland of Flintcomb-Ash; gaunt spectral creatures with tragical eyes—eyes which had witnessed scenes of cataclysmal horror in inaccessible polar regions of a magnitude such as no human being had ever conceived, in curdling temperatures that no man could endure; which had beheld the crash of icebergs and the slide of snow-hills by the shooting light of the Aurora; been half blinded by the whirl of colossal storms and terraqueous distortions; and retained the expression of feature that such scenes had engendered. These nameless birds came quite near to Tess and Marian, but of all they had seen which humanity would never see, they brought no account. The traveller's ambition to tell was not theirs, and, with dumb

impassivity, they dismissed experiences which they did not value for the immediate incidents of this homely upland—the trivial movements of the two girls in disturbing the clods with their hackers so as to uncover something or other that these visitants relished as food.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

北极鸟

过了这一阵上冻而潮湿的时期,跟着来的是一个一切都冻得硬邦邦的时期。在那个时期里,奇怪的鸟,都不声不响地从北极后面飞到棱窟槐这块高原上来;它们都是又瘦又秃,形同鬼怪的生物,眼里都含着凄惨的神情;因为它们在人迹所不能到的北极地带,在寒气凝固血液、人类无法忍受的空气里,曾经亲眼见过奇伟可怕、难以想象的景象;曾经在北极光的闪耀下,亲眼见过冰山的崩裂,雪山的滑动;曾经叫狂风暴雪和翻天覆地的涸澈痉挛,把眼睛弄得半明半瞎;它们的面目仍旧保留了饱尝那种风光的神气。这些无名的怪鸟儿,跑到离苔丝和玛琳很近的地方,不过它们对于人类从来不会看见的奇景,却没有报告。旅行家都有一种报告他们游览所得的野心,这种野心它们是没有的。它们老老实实地不动声色。只顾到这片平淡的高原上眼前的事物,把它们所不宝贵的那些旧日经验,一概撂开。它们所注意的,只是那两个姑娘拿着铁耙刨地那种细微动作,因为那种动作,能够掘出一些使它们吃得津津有味的东西来。(张谷若 译)

Some Indian Wild Bird

... and frowned up at the tree beneath which they were sitting. A little green bird was observing her, so brilliant and neat that it might have hopped straight out of a shop. On catching her eye it closed its own, gave a small skip and prepared to go to bed . Some Indian wild bird....

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

印度野鸟

……她皱起眉头,抬眼看头顶上的树。一只绿色的小鸟也在看着她。那鸟儿小巧伶俐,好像刚从鸟店里逃了出来。看见她在看它,鸟儿便闭上眼睛,轻轻地抖了抖,准备睡觉了。这是只印度的野鸟。(石幼珊 等译)

Birds of Paradise

This bird belonged to the most beautiful of the eight species that are found in Papua and in the neighbouring islands. It was the "large emerald

bird, the most rare kind." It measured three feet in length. Its head was comparatively small, its eyes placed near the opening of the beak, and also small. But the shades of colour were beautiful, having a yellow beak, brown feet and claws, nut-coloured wings with purple tips, pale yellow at the back of the neck and head, and emerald colour at the throat, chestnut on the breast and belly. Two horned downy nets rose from below the tail, that prolonged the long feathers of admirable fineness, and they completed the whole of this marvelous bird, that the natives have poetically named the "bird of the sun." (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

大翡翠无双鸟

这只无双鸟属于巴布亚和邻近群岛出产的八种无双鸟中最美的一种。这是"大翡翠"无双鸟,最罕有的一种。它有三分米长,头比较小,眼睛也不大,就在嘴近边。它的嘴是黄色,脚爪和指甲是褐色,翼是榛子色,翼端是朱红色,头上和颈后是淡黄色,喉间是翡翠色,腹部和胸部是栗子色,因此,它看来像是十分华丽的各种色彩的综合。而且尾巴上耸起两个角形的绒毛绿球,和很细腻很轻飘的细长羽毛连接,好像拖垂的长带,于是这一切就把这只鸟的整个形象完全美化起来了,所以当地土人很诗意的称它为"太阳鸟"。 (曾觉之 译)

Parrots of All Kinds

Indeed, under the thick foliage of this wood, a world of parrots were flying from branch to branch, only needing a careful education to speak the human language. For the moment they were chattering with parrots of all colours, and grave cockatoos, who seemed to mediate upon some philosophical problem, whilst brilliant red lories passed like a piece of bunting carried away by the breezes; papuans, with the finest azure colours, and in all a variety of winged things most charming to behold, but few eatable. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

形形色色的鹦鹉

正是这样,在树林的浓密的树叶底下,一大群鹦鹉在树枝间飞来飞去,只要细心地教育它们,便可以说人类的语言了。目前它们只是陪着所有各种颜色的雌鹦鹉,叽叽喳喳地说个不休:有神气严肃的五彩鹦鹉,好像在思考些哲学问题;有大红色的赤鹦鹉,在飞时作响声的加罗西鹦鹉中间,好像一块随风飘荡的红纱;有染上最美的天蓝色的巴布亚鹦鹉,以及各种各样的美丽可爱的飞禽,但一般来看,都是属于不可食用的一类。 (曾觉之 译)

2. Insects 昆虫

Fireflies

A cool wind was blowing down over the long harvest fields from the rims of firry western hills and whistling through the poplars. One clear star hung above the orchard and the fireflies were flitting over in Lovers' Lane, in and out among the ferns and rustling boughs. Anne watched them as she talked and somehow felt that wind and stars and fireflies were all tangled up together into something unutterably sweet and enchanting.

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

萤火虫

一阵凉风从西边长满冷杉的山丘的边缘吹来，刮过到了收获期的长长的田野，又呼啸着穿过白杨树丛。果园上空悬挂着一颗明亮的星，"情人小径"上飘忽地飞过许多萤火虫，它们在蕨草丛中和沙沙作响的大树枝间忽隐忽现。安妮一边说，一边凝视着它们，不知怎么，她感到风、星和萤火虫缠绕在一起，变成了某种难以形容的可爱而令人陶醉的东西。 （马爱农 译）

Heedless Flies

... The day was very hot, and heaps of flies, who were extending their inquisitive and adventurous perquisitions into all the glutinous little glasses near madame, fell dead at the bottom. Their decease made no impression on the other flies out promenading, who looked at them in the coolest manner (as if they themselves were elephants, or something as far removed), until they met the same fate. Curious to consider how heedless flies are! —perhaps they thought as much at Court that sunny summer day.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

无头苍蝇

……这一天很热，苍蝇成堆，它们扩张它们的侦察和追踪范围到太太近旁的一切粘性的小杯子里，结果陷于灭亡。这些死者对于正在遨游着的那些苍蝇并无印象，后者以最冷淡的态度看着前者（好像它们自己是象类或相差很远的什么东西），以至于遭遇同样的命运。想来也奇怪，这些苍蝇是何等不小心呀！——或许它们只是一心思念着朝廷的恩光德泽吧。 （罗褒南 译）

Bee Swarms

This was the case at present. Bathsheba's eyes, shaded by one hand, were following the ascending multitude against the unexplorable stretch of blue till they ultimately halted by one of the unwieldy trees spoken of. A process somewhat analogous to that of alleged formations of the universe, time and times ago, was observable. The bustling swarm had swept the sky in a scattered and uniform haze, which now thickened to a nebulous centre: this glided on to a bough and grew still denser, till it formed a solid black spot upon the light.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

蜂群

现在的情况就是这样。芭斯谢芭的眼睛用一只手遮着，顺着一大群在一望无际的蔚蓝天宇的衬映下往上飞去的蜜蜂移动，直到它们最后被一棵刚才提到过的那种庞然大树挡了驾。这个过程与据说在亿万年前形成宇宙的过程有点相像，现在她亲眼看见了。这群乱哄哄的蜜蜂原来像一层朦朦胧胧的烟霭一样星星散散而又齐齐整整地掠过天空，现在向一个中心汇合成了一团星云，慢慢滑向一棵树枝上，越来越密集，最后形成了粉底上的一个浓浓的黑点。

（傅惠寰 译）

Wasps

...above twenty Wasps, allured by the Smell, came flying into the Room, humming louder than the Drones of as many Bag-pipes. Some of them seized my Cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my Head and Face, confounding me with the Noise, and putting me in the utmost Terror of their Stings. However I had the Courage to rise and draw my Hanger, and attack them in the Air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my Window. These Insects were as large as Partridges; I took out their Stings, found them an Inch and a half long, and as sharp as Needles... (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

黄蜂

……甜饼的香味引来了二十多只黄蜂，它们一齐飞进了我的房间，嗡嗡的叫声比二十多只风笛奏出的低音还响。有的抓住了甜饼一块块地把它抢走了，有的扑头扑脸地飞来，闹轰轰地弄得我手足失措，非常害怕它们螫我。好在我还有勇气站起身来，拔出腰刀在半空中向它们进攻。我杀死了四只，余下

的都逃走了。我马上关了窗户。这些昆虫都有鹌鹑那么大,我拔出了蜂刺,都有一英寸半长,像针一样锋利。…… (张健 译)

A Large Black Beetle

Now he lapsed into suffering again as the dry argument was resumed. Presently he bethought himself of a treasure he had, and got it out. It was a large black-beetle with formidable jaws—a 'pinch-bug' he called it. It was in a percussion-cap box. The first thing the beetle did was to take him by the finger. A natural fillip followed, the beetle went floundering into the aisle, and lit on its back, and the hurt finger went into the boy's mouth. The beetle lay there working its helpless legs, unable to turn over.... (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyres*)

黑甲虫

牧师把他那篇枯燥的道理往下讲的时候,汤姆又陷入厌倦的情绪中了。随即他就想起了他有一个宝贝,赶快把它拿出来,那是一只下巴骨长得很可怕的大黑甲虫——他把它叫做"老虎甲虫"。这只甲虫在一只放雷管的盒子里装着。他把它一放出来,它干的第一桩事就是咬住他的手指。汤姆很自然地弹了一下手指,那甲虫就滚到过道里,仰着落在地下,汤姆那只咬痛了的手指就伸到他嘴里去了。甲虫躺在那儿,无可奈何地动弹着它那几条腿,翻不了身……

(张友松 译)

The World of Insects

His daily life was of a curious microscopic sort, his whole world being limited to a circuit of a few feet from his person. His familiars were creeping and winged things, and they seemed to enroll him in their band. Bees hummed around his ears with an intimate air, and tugged at the heath and furze-flowers at his side in such numbers as to weigh them down to the sod. The strange amber-coloured butterflies which Egdon produced, and which were never seen elsewhere, quivered in the breath of his lips, alighted upon his bowed back, and sported with the glittering point of his hook as he flourished it up and down. Tribes of emerald-green grasshoppers leaped over his feet, falling awkwardly on their backs, heads, or hips, like unskilful acrobats, as chance might rule; or engaged themselves in noisy flirtations under the fern-fronds with silent ones of

homely hue. Huge flies, ignorant of larders and wire-netting, and quite in a savage state, buzzed about him without knowing that he was a man....

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

昆虫世界

他每天过的只是一种稀奇的显微镜下的生活,他整个的世界只限于他四周几尺以内的地带。他的熟朋友只是在地上爬的和在空中飞的小动物,那些小动物也好像把他收容在它们的队伍以内。蜜蜂带着跟他很亲密的神气在他耳边上嗡嗡地鸣,并且往他身旁那些石南花和常青棘花上爬,多得都把那些花儿坠到地上去了。琥珀色的怪蝴蝶,爱敦所独有而别处所永远见不到的,都随着他的呼吸翩跹,往他弯着的腰上落,并且跟他那上下挥动的钩刀上发亮的尖儿逗着玩儿。翡翠绿的蚂蚱,成群结队地往他的脚上跳,落下来的时候,好像笨拙的翻跟头的,有的头朝下,有的背朝下,有的屁股朝下,看当时碰到的情形,还有一些,就在凤尾草的大叶子底下沙沙地叫着,跟那些颜色素净不作一声的蚂蚱调情。大个的苍蝇,都从来没有见过伙食房和铁丝网,并且还完全在野蛮的状态里,就在他四周嗡嗡乱鸣,并不知道他是个人。……(张谷若 译)

A Beautiful Languishing Moth

...Mrs. Mao also was still awake. Suddenly both of them bent over and gave an exclamation of delight at a moth that had languished beside the candle. It was a really lovely thing, with wings shaded a delicate apple-green and fringed in a soft rainbow of saffron and rose. Mao opened a book and pressed this gossamer of color between its leaves.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

奄奄一息的飞蛾

……毛夫人也还没有睡。忽然间,他们两个都俯过身去,看到一只飞蛾在蜡烛旁边奄奄一息地死去,高兴得叫起来。这确实是一只很可爱的小东西,翅膀是淡淡的苹果绿,边上有一条橘黄和玫瑰色的彩纹。毛泽东打开一本书,把这片彩色的薄纱般的羽翼夹了进去。(董乐山 译)

Beautiful Butterflies

Ursula was watching the butterflies, of which there were dozens near the water, little blue ones suddenly snapping out of nothingness into a jewel-life, a large black-and-red one standing upon a flower and breathing with his soft wings, intoxicatingly breathing pure, ethereal sunshine; two

white ones wrestling in the low air; there was a halo round them; ah, when they came tumbling nearer they were orange-tips, and it was the orange that had made the halo. Ursula rose and drifted away, unconscious like the butterflies. (D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love)

美丽的蝴蝶

水边有许多蝴蝶在飞舞,厄秀拉凝望着它们。蓝色的小蝴蝶如同从虚无中一下子绽开成宝石般的生命。一只黑红条纹的大蝴碟钉在一朵花上,柔软的双翅轻轻翕动,令人陶醉地在纯净飘渺的阳光中扇着。两只白蝴蝶在低空中上下翻飞,围绕着它们的是一圈光晕;啊,它们飞近后,翼尖竟是桔黄色的,光环正是由这桔黄色而来。厄秀拉站起身来信步走去,无意中像蝴蝶一样。

(梁一三 译)

Lice

The hair was a mass of brilliant, glittering gold in the sun, and Paddy saw nothing at first. Then he became aware that a *creature* was marching down the back of Fee's hand. He took a curl for himself, and in among the leaping lights of it he discerned more creatures, going about their business busily. Little white things were stuck in clumps all along the separate strands, and the creatures were energetically producing more clumps of little white things. Meggie's hair was a hive of industry.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

虱子

那头发在阳光下闪着一片金亮亮的颜色,起初帕迪什么也没看见。接着,他发觉有一个小生物正从菲的手上爬下来。他自己也抓起了一卷头发,在闪亮的光线里他看清了,有许多小生物正在顾自忙个不休。每一缕头发上都密密麻麻地粘满了这种白色的小东西,这些小生物正在干劲十足地产出更多的一团团的小东西;梅吉的头发成了它们熙来攘往的繁忙场所了。(曾胡 译)

3. Aquatic Animals 水生动物

Invisible Animals

"Is there such a thing as an invisible animal? Is the sea, yes. Thousands! millions! All the larvæ, all the little nauplii and tornarias, all the microscopic things, the jelly-fish. In the sea there are more things invisible than visible! I never thought of that before. And in the ponds

too! All those little pond-life things,—specks of colourless translucent jelly! But in air? No! (H. G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*)

看不见的动物

"难道真有什么看不见的动物？……海洋里——是有的。成千上万。一切幼虫，一切硬壳动物和软体动物的幼虫，一切微生物——海蜇都是看不见的！在海洋里，看不见的东西要比看得见的更多！这一点我以前从来没有想过……池塘里也一样！所有那些生活在池塘里的小东西——无色透明的微粒胶状物！……但在空气里？没有！ (孙宗鲁 译)

Coral

The light produced a thousand charming varieties, playing in the midst of the branches that were so vividly coloured. I seemed to see the membranous and cylindrical tubes tremble beneath the undulation of the waters. I was tempted to gather their fresh petals, ornamented with delicate tentacles, some just blown, the others budding, while small fish, swimming swiftly, touched them slightly, like flights of birds. But if my hand approached these living flowers, these animated sensitive plants, the whole colony took alarm. The white petals reentered their red cases, the flowers faded as I looked, and the bush changed into a block of stony knobs. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

珊瑚

灯光在色彩很鲜艳的枝叶中间照来照去，发生无穷的美丽迷人的景象。我好像是看见薄膜一般的和圆筒形状的细管在海波下颤动。我要去采它们的带有纤维触须的新鲜花瓣（有的刚开，有的刚露头）的时候，有些身子轻快，鳍迅速摆动的鱼走来，像鸟飞过一样触动了它们。但是，一当我的手挨近这些活花朵，这些有生命的含羞草的时候，花丛中立即发出警报来了。于是雪白的花瓣缩入它们的朱红匣中去了，花朵在我眼前消失了，珊瑚丛随即变成一大团的石圆丘。 (曾觉之 译)

The Gold and Silver Fish

...The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping

round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

(Charles Dickens, *Christmas Carol*)

金色和银色的鱼

……那些金色和银色的鱼,盛在一只缸里,安置在这些精美的水果中间,它们虽然属于一个呆笨迟钝的族类,似乎也知道现今正有什么事情在发生着;而且,所有的鱼都一样,全在它们那小小的天地里,带着缺乏热情的兴奋,喘着气大兜其圈子。 (汪倜然 译)

Catfish and Freshwater Eel and Redhorse Sucker

There was work enough to be done by the men when it rained, but as young boys my playmates and I tended to live in the woods and swamps. We fished in the creeks with set hooks when the water was rising following a rain, primarily for catfish and freshwater eels. When the high water receded we fished in water holes in the swamp by "muddying," stirring the mud up in the bottom of the hole with a hoe or with our feet until the fish would come up to the top for oxygen and we could scoop them up with our hands or a homemade net.

One of the exciting times of the year was when the redhorse sucker fish were running. Then the men and boys would descend on the small creeks, stand in the swift cold water at night with a flashlight, and gig the suckers as they swam upstream on their annual pilgrimage. The suckers were fearsome fighters, and the meat was delicious if slashed in thin strips so that the tiny bones could be thoroughly cooked. Although there are still these fish, suckers, in the large creeks, the many dams on our main rivers now make this ocean-to-headwater annual pilgrimage impossible.

(Jimmy Carter, *Why Not the Best?*)

红鲤鱼、河鳗和鲶鱼

下雨天,大人们有足够的工作要做,但是在我小的时候,我和我的朋友们,喜欢到树林和沼泽里去。下雨以后,溪里水涨,我们就在溪里用鱼勾钓鱼,主要是钓鲶鱼和河鳗。高涨的溪水退了以后,我们就在沼泽水洞里"翻泥",以锄头或脚搅动洞底的泥,等到鱼儿冒出水面来吸取氧气,我们就用手或自己制造的鱼网加以捕捉。

一年里一个最令人兴奋的时刻,是在红鲤鱼产卵以后回游的时候。这时大人和男童都会到小溪里去,在夜里拿着手电筒站在湍急的冷水中,当红鲤鱼

溯流而上，作一年一度的远游时，就用鱼叉叉鱼。红鲤鱼挣扎起来，非常怕人，要是把它的肉切成细片，使那些小骨头能够烧酥，吃起来就美味可口，虽然大溪流里现在还有这种鲤鱼，但是我们主要河流的许多水坝，现在已经使这种从海洋游返河源一年一度的远游成为不可能的事了。 （朱成章 译）

The Immense Cuttle-Fish

...It was an immense cuttle-fish, being eight yards long. It swam crossways in the direction of the *Nautilus* with great speed, watching us with its enormous staring green eyes. Its eight arms, or rather feet, fixed to its head, that have given the name of cephalopod to these animals, were twice as long as its body, and were twisted like the furies' hair. One could see the 250 air-holes on the inner side of the tentacles. The monster's mouth, a horned beak like a parrot's, opened and shut vertically. Its tongue, a horned substance, furnished with several rows of pointed teeth, came out quivering from this veritable pair of shears. What a freak of nature, a bird's beak on a mollusc! Its spindle-like body formed a fleshy mass that might weigh 4000 to 5000 lbs.; the varying colour changing with great rapidity, according to the irritation of the animal, passed successively from livid grey to reddish brown....

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

巨大的章鱼

这是一条身躯巨大的章鱼，长八米。它极端快捷地倒退着走，方向跟诺第留斯号走的相同。它那海色的呆呆的巨大眼睛盯视着。它的八只胳膊，不如说八只脚，长在它的脑袋上，因此这种动物得了头足类的名称，发展得很长，有它身躯的双倍那样长，伸缩摆动，像疯妇人的头发那样乱飘。我们清楚地看见那排列在它触须里面、作半球形圆盖的二百五十个吸盘。这怪东西的嘴——骨质的嘴，生成像鹦鹉的一样——垂直的或开或合。它的骨质的舌头本身有几排尖利的牙，颤抖着露出那一副真正的大铁钳。大自然是怎样离奇古怪呵！在软体上有一个鸟嘴！它的身躯作纺锤形，中腰膨胀，形成一大肉块，重量不下二千至二千五百公斤。它身上的不定的颜色随着这怪东西的激动，极端迅速的改变着，从灰白色陆续变为红褐色。 （曾觉之 译）

A Big Cat-Fish

Well, the days went along, and the river went down between its

banks again; and about the first thing we done was to bait one of the big hooks with a skinned rabbit and set it and catch a cat-fish that was as big a fish as a man, being six foot two inches long, and weighed over two hundred pounds. We couldn't handle him, of course; he would a flung us into Illinois. We just set there and watched him rip and tear around till he drowned. We found a brass button in his stomach, and a round ball, and lots of rubbage. We split the ball open with the hatchet, and there was a spool in it. Jim said he'd had it there a long time, to coat it over so and make a ball of it. It was as big as a fish was ever catched in the Mississippi, I reckon. Jim said he hadn't ever seen a bigger one. He would a been worth a good deal over at the village. They peddle out such a fish as that by the pound in the market house there; everybody buys some of him; his meat's as white as snow and makes a good fry.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

鲶鱼

日子一天一天过去了,泛滥的河水又回到两岸当中。大概我们干的头一件事,是把一只兔子的皮剥掉,把兔子肉挂在一个大钩子上,当做鱼饵,然后放下去。我们钓着了一条跟人一样大的鲶鱼,足有六尺二寸长,二百多磅重。我们当然没法把它弄上岸来——它会一下子把我们扔到伊里诺那边去。我们只坐在旁边,看着它乱跳乱挣,一直等到它死了才算完事。我们由它肚子里找着一个铜纽扣,一个圆球,还有许多乱七八糟的东西。我们用斧子砍开那个圆球,看见里面有个线轴儿。吉木说看那线轴儿外面挂了那么多东西,慢慢成了一个球的样子,就知道它把线轴儿吞进去已经好久了。那是由密西西比河里打上来的一条最大的鱼,我想。吉木说他从来没见过一条比这还大的鱼。如果把它运到那边村子里去,一定能卖好多钱。他们在市场上把这样的鱼论磅零卖;无论是谁都要买上几磅;它的肉白得像雪一样,用油炸熟了,比什么都好吃。

(张万里 黄兰林 译)

Moby Dick the Whale

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice, swiftly rising to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard; a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths; as bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist, it hovered

for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then fell swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale. (Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

白鲸

突然间,他们四下的海面慢慢地激起许多大水圈来;接着,又迅速地往上一冒,仿佛旁边涌出一块沉在水里的冰块,飕地腾到水面上来。于是听到了一阵低沉的隆隆声;一阵地底下发出来的唔唔声;大家都屏声息气。一只巨大的形体好像里里拉拉地拖着许多绳索;标枪和捕鲸枪,纵长而微斜地打海里冲了出来。它给笼罩在一阵低垂的雾障中,在虹彩似的天空里逗留一下后,便扑通一声跌回海里去。海水哗啦哗啦地往上溅了三十英尺高,像是一堆堆的喷泉似的闪烁了一下后,又像一阵雪花散落在水里,撒下一个圆圈圈,水面油腻腻的,像新鲜牛奶那样,把这条身躯如大理石的白鲸围住了。 (曹庸 译)

A Baby Seal

A baby seal was weeping on the sand and I was very much absorbed by his situation, imagining that the others had abandoned him, and I send Edward to get a can of tuna fish at the store while I stood guard against the roving dogs, but one of the beachcombers told me that this seal was a beggar, and if I fed him I would encourage him to be a parasite on the beach. Then he whacked him on the behind and without resentment the creature hobbled to the water on his flippers, where the pelican patrols were flying slowly back and forth, and entered the white foam....

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

小海豹

一条小海豹在沙滩上哀鸣,想是被别的海豹丢下不管了,我对它的处境感到十分关切。我叫爱德华去商店买一筒金枪鱼罐头,自己留下守护,怕野狗来欺侮它。一个海滩逐浪人告诉我,这只小海豹是个乞丐,专门上岸讨东西吃,假如喂它东西,会鼓励它成为寄生虫的。然后他用力敲它后部,小动物毫无反抗地拍打着鳍肢,一拐一拐地滑向水里,钻进白色的水沫中。水面上鹈鹕缓缓地飞来飞去。 (蓝仁哲 译)

4. Mammals 哺乳动物

Disturbed Bats

...Under the roof vast knots of bats had packed themselves together, thousands in a bunch; the lights disturbed the creatures, and they came flocking down by hundreds, squeaking and darting furiously at candles. Tom knew their ways, and the danger of this sort of conduct. He seized Becky's hand, and hurried her into the first corridor that offered; and none too soon, for a bat struck Becky's light out with its wing while she was passing out of the cavern. The bats chased the children a good distance; but the fugitives plunged into every new passage that offered, and at last got rid of the perilous things....

(Mark Twain, *The Adventure of Tom Sawyer*)

受惊的蝙蝠

……石窟顶下有一大群一大群的蝙蝠结集在一起,每一群有成千上万那么多;烛光惊动了这些小动物,于是他们就几百几百地成群地飞下来,一面尖叫,一面向蜡烛猛扑。汤姆知道它们的习惯和这种行动的危险。他揪住贝奇的手,推着她往首先发现的一个通道里去;这一着做得正好,因为贝奇走出石窟的时候,就有一只蝙蝠用它的翅膀扑灭了她的蜡烛。那些蝙蝠把孩子们追了很远;可是这两个逃亡者碰到每一条新出现的通道都往里面钻。最后终于摆脱了这些危险的东西……

(张友松 译)

A Rabbit

And suddenly the rabbit, which had been crouching as if it were a flower, so still and soft, suddenly burst into life. Round and round the court it went, as if shot from a gun, round and round like a furry meteorite, in a tense hard circle that seemed to bind their brains. They all stood in amazement, smiling uncannily, as if the rabbit were obeying some unknown incantation. Round and round it flew, on the grass under the old red walls like a storm.

And then quite suddenly it settled down, hobbled among the grass, and sat considering, its nose twitching like a bit of fluff in the wind. After having considered for a few minutes, a soft bunch with a black, open-eye, which perhaps was looking at them, perhaps was not, it hobbled calmly forward and began to nibble the grass with that mean motion of a rabbit's

quick eating. (D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

野兔

野兔一直软瘫地缩在地上，静默得像是一朵花。它这时冷不防又活了过来，绕着院子一圈又一圈地奔跑，快得像是枪膛里射出的子弹，又像是披上了毛皮的一颗流星。那个飞跑旋转的圈子像是要把他们的头脑给箍住。他们都惊愕地站在那儿，怪模怪样地微笑着，就像野兔在遵从某种鲜为人知的妖术。在旧红砖围墙下的青草地上，兔子一圈圈地飞跑着，活像是卷起了一场风暴。

随后它又出人意料地停了下来，在草地上蹒跚而行，又蹲在那里思索着什么，鼻子抽动着，如同风中的一片绒毛。它像是一团软软和和的毛球，上面有乌黑的大眼睛；那双眼睛也许在看着他们，也许根本就没瞧他们。这样考虑了好几分钟，它又镇静地一瘸一拐地朝前走了几步，便带着野兔那种难看的快吃快嚼相开始小口小口地吃草。 (梁一三 译)

The Mischievous Monkey

...After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espyed me; and reaching one of his Paws in at the Door, as a Cat does when she plays with a Mouse, although I often shifted Place to avoid him; he at length seized the Lappet of my Coat (which being made of that Country Silk, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out... the Monkey was seen by Hundreds in the Court, sitting upon the Ridge of a Building, holding me like a Baby in one of his Fore-Paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my Mouth some Victuals he had squeezed out of the Bag on one side of his Chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the Rabble below could not forbear laughing; ...

(Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

恶作剧的猴子

……它咧嘴龇牙吱吱地叫了半天，终于发现了我。它从门口伸进一只爪子来，像猫逗老鼠玩一样。尽管我躲来躲去，到后来还是被它抓住了我的上衣下摆(我的上衣是用本地绸作的，又厚又结实)，把我拖了出去。……宫里有好几百人都看见那猴子坐在一座屋脊上，用一只前爪像抱一个婴孩似地抱着我，用另一只前爪喂我，把从嘴边嗉袋里挤出来的食物硬塞进我的嘴里，我不肯吃，它就轻轻地拍打我，惹得许多人在下边哈哈大笑。…… (张健 译)

The Head Wolf

In the summers there is one visitor, however, to that valley, of which the Yeehats do not know. It is a great, gloriously coated wolf, like, and yet unlike, all other wolves. He crosses alone from the smiling timber land and comes down into an open space among the trees. Here a yellow stream flows from rotted moose-hide sacks and sinks into the ground, with long grasses growing through it and vegetable mould overrunning it and hiding its yellow from the sun; and here he muses for a time, howling once, long and mournfully, ere he departs.

But he is not always alone. When the long winter nights come on and the wolves follow their meat into the lower valleys, he may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the younger world, which is the song of the pack.

(Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

头狼

然而每到夏季,便有一个来访者来到这个山谷,这是伊哈兹人所不了解的。这是一条硕大的、皮毛灿烂的狼,模样似狼而又不似狼。它瑞踽独行,穿过可爱的森林地带,走下来进入树木中间的一片空地。这里,一股黄黄的流水从那些腐烂的麋鹿皮口袋里倾泻出来,渗入地里。这里长着深深的野草,还有植物的腐殖质覆盖着,把黄水遮蔽得见不到阳光;它在这里沉思片刻,嗥叫一次,这叫声悠长而又哀痛,在这之后它才怅然离去。

不过,它并不总是形影相吊的孤独者。冬季的漫漫长夜来临时,狼为了追踪捕食对象而进入地势低洼的山谷时,人们可以看见,在苍白的月光下或是闪耀的北极星光下,它率领狼群跑着,比它的伙伴们腾跃得都要高,它那洪大的嗓门高唱出一支更为年轻的世界的歌,这便是狼群的歌。 (林之鹤 译)

A Tame Elephant

...An elephant, waving her painted forehead at the morn!....The elephant had knelt, grey and isolated, like another hill. They climbed up the ladder, and he mounted shikar fashion, treading first on the sharp edge of the heel and then into the looped-up tail. When Mohammed Latif followed him, the servant who held the end of the tail let go of it according to previous instructions, so that the poor relative slipped and had to cling

to the netting over the buttocks... Then the beast rose in two shattering movements, and poised them ten feet above the plain. Immediately below was the scurf of life that an elephant always collects round its feet—villagers, naked babies.... (E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

驯服的大象

……一头大象,在晨曦中摇摆着它那绘了彩的前额!……那大象早已跪了下来,就好似眼前兀立着一座灰色的小山。他们从梯子爬上了象背,阿济兹做出一副当向导的猎人的姿势,一只脚先踏在大象后脚跟的边上,然后跨上那条卷起的尾巴。等到穆罕默德·勒梯夫跟着他踏上去,抓住象尾巴的仆人按照事先的吩咐,一下子放开了手。可怜的穷亲戚一骨碌滑了下来,只好从象屁股后狼狈地爬了上去。……这时大象先后用两个剧烈的动作站起身,一下子把他们举到离地十英尺的高处。下面立刻聚集起一堆象脚下经常聚集起的生物来——乡下佬和光屁股的孩子们。 (石幼珊 等译)

The Hideous Lion

The Keeper observing the Posture Don Quixote had put himself in, and that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the Lions, without incurring the Resentment of the desperate Knight, set the Door of the foremast Cage wide open; where, as I have said, the Male Lion lay, who appeared of a monstrous Bigness, and of a hideous frightful Aspect. The first thing he did was to roll and turn himself round in his Cage; in the next Place he stretch'd out one of his Paws, put forth his Claws, and rouz'd himself. After that he gap'd and yawn'd for a good while, and shew'd his dreadful Fangs, and then thrust out half a Yard of Broad Tongue, and with it lick'd the Dust out of his Eyes and Face. Having done this, he thrust his Head quite out of the Cage, and star'd about with his Eyes that look'd like two live Coals of Fire; a Sight and Motion, enough to have struck Terror into Temerity itself. But Don Quixote only regarded it with Attention, wishing his grim Adversary would leap out of his Hold, and come within his reach, that he might exercise his Valour, and cut the Monster piece-meal. To this Height of Extravagance had his Folly transported him; but the generous Lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his Vapouring and Bravadoes, after he had look'd about him a while, turn'd his Tail, and having shew'd Don Quixote his

Posteriors, very contentedly lay down again in his Apartment....

(Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, trans. Motteux)

可怕的狮子

管狮子的瞧堂吉诃德已经摆好阵势,他如果不打开狮笼,这位威风凛凛的骑士就要不客气了。他就把前面笼子的门完全打开;里面是一头公狮子,那狮子大得吓人,形状狰狞可怕。它原来是躺在笼里,这时转过身,撑出一只爪子,伸了一个懒腰;接着就张开嘴巴,从容打了一个大呵欠,吐出长有约两手掌大小的舌头来舔眼圈上的尘土,洗了个脸,然后把脑袋伸出笼外,睁着一对火炭也似的眼睛四面观看,那副神气,可以使大勇士也吓得筋酥骨软。堂吉诃德只是目不转睛地看着它,专等它跳下车来相搏,就把它斫成肉丁。

他的疯劲儿真是破天荒的。可是那只气象雄伟的狮子并不摆架子,却彬彬斯文,对胡闹无理的冒犯满不在乎。它四面看了一下,掉转身子把屁股朝着堂吉诃德,懒洋洋、慢吞吞地又在笼里躺下了。……　　(杨绛　译)

A Hunting Panther

Springing upright, they saw over the edge of the tall grass a great, tawny panther dropping a goat from his jaws and lunging at two of their wuolo dogs. The boys were still standing there, too shocked and scared to move, when one of the dogs was flung aside by the panther's sweeping paw—as the other dog leaped wildly back and forth, the panther crouched to spring, their horrible snarlings drowning out the frantic barking of the other dogs and the cries of the other goats, which were bounding off in all directions.

...but when the panther saw the two yelling boys rushing at him, he backed off a few feet, then turned and raced back toward the forest with the enraged dogs at his heels.　　(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

猎食的豹

孩子们马上跳起身子,看见长得高高的草丛那边有一只黄褐色的豹子正丢下口中咬着的山羊,直向两只卧洛猎狗冲去。孩子们仍站在那里,吓得呆如木鸡,一步也不能动弹,眼见着那豹子用它那弯弯的脚爪子一下子把一只猎狗打翻在地,甩得老远。当另一只狗忽前忽后地猛蹦乱跳时,那豹子向后一蹲,跳起来扑向前去,它们的恐怖的嗥叫声淹没了其他猎狗的狂吠声和四处逃散的山羊的呼叫声。

……当那豹子见到有两个大声吼叫着的男孩子向它冲去时,它往后退跑

了几尺远，然后又回过头来看一下，接着又朝着森林逃跑了，几条愤怒的狗还在它后面远远追着。 （陈尧光等 译）

Forest Mammals

...A squirrel, from the lofty depths of his domestic tree, chattered either in anger or merriment,—for a squirrel is such a choleric and humorous little personage, that it is hard to distinguish between his moods,—so he chattered at the child, and flung down a nut upon her head, It was a last year's nut, and already gnawed by his sharp tooth. A fox, startled from his sleep by her light footsteps on the leaves, looked inquisitively at Pearl, as doubting whether it were better to steal off, or renew his nap on the same spot. A wolf.... came up, and smelt of Pearl's robe, and offered his savage head to be patted by her hand. The truth seems to be, however, that the mother-forest, and these wild things which it nourished, all recognized a kindred wildness in the human child.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

森林动物

……一只松鼠，从它居住的高耸的树顶上，不晓得是发脾气还是欢喜地在叽叽咕咕，因为松鼠原是一种脾气不定而滑稽的小动物，所以很难摸清它的心情，它就这样对那孩子叽叽咕咕着，并投下一颗栗果在孩子头上。那是一颗去年的栗果，已被它锐利的牙齿咬过了。一只狐狸，因为它踏着落叶的轻轻的脚步声，从睡眠中惊醒过来，它疑虑地端详着珠儿，仿佛正拿不定主意，是偷跑掉好呢。还是在原来的地方重新睡觉。……还有一只狼走上前来，嗅着珠儿的衣服，要她用手拍抚着它那野蛮的头呢。不过，实际上仿佛是：森林母亲与它养育着的那些牲畜，全都在这个人类的孩子身上，看出和它们一脉相承的野性来。 （侍桁 译）

5. Reptiles and Crawlers 两栖和爬行动物

Lizards and Snakes

Fearsome lizards five or six feet long pounded over the ground and leaped lithely for high tree branches, as at home off the earth as on it; they were goannas. And there were many other lizards, smaller but some no less frightening, adorned with horny triceratopean ruffs about their necks or with swollen, bright-blue tongues. Of snakes the variety was

almost endless, and the Clearys learned that the biggest and most dangerous-looking were often the most benign, while a stumpy little creature a foot long might be a death adder; carpet snakes, copper snakes, tree snakes, red-bellied snakes, brown snakes, lethal tiger snakes.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

蜥蜴和蛇

五六英尺长的吓人的蜥蜴在地面上沉重地爬行,轻巧自如地往高挂着的树枝上跳去,无论是在空中,还是在地面上,它们都感到同样安闲和自在,它们就是澳洲大蜥。这里还有许多别的蜥蜴,虽然小一些,但却同样吓人,不是颈部长着角质的三角觚龙式的翎颌,就是长着膨起的艳蓝色的舌头。至于蛇,它的种类也多得数不胜数。克利里家的人听说,最大的、貌似最危险的蛇倒常常是危害最小的,而外表像树枝、一英尺长的小蛇却可能是致命的毒蛇,譬如锦蛇、铜头蛇、树蛇、赤腹黑蛇、褐蛇、毒虎蛇。 (曾胡 译)

Garters and House-Snakes

...there warn't no real scarcity of snakes about the house for a considerable spell. You'd see them dripping from the rafters and places, every now and then; and they generly landed in your plate, or down the back of your neck, and most of the time where you didn't want them. Well, they was handsome, and striped, and there warn't no harm in a million of them;... (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

菜花蛇和家蛇

……在这所房子里,所看见的蛇可真不少,它们在这儿足足地闹了一阵。你能够看见由房椽子上,或是别的地方,隔一会就掉下几条来;而且它们总是落在你的盘子里面,要不然就掉在你的脖颈上,反正多半都掉在你那怕见人的地方。其实它们长得非常漂亮,都带着一条一条的花纹,这样的蛇即使爬来一百万条,也不至于伤害人。..... (张万里 黄兰林 译)

The Water-Snake

A watersnake glided smoothly up the pool, twisting its periscope head from side to side; and it swam the length of the pool and came to the legs of a motionless heron that stood in the shallows. A silent head and beak lanced down and plucked it out by the head, and the beak swallowed the little snake while its tail waved frantically. ...

As quickly as it had come, the wind died, and the clearing was quiet again. The heron stood in the shallows, motionless and waiting. Another little watersnake swam up the pool, turning its periscope head from side to side. (John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*)

水蛇

一条水蛇平滑地溜过潭面,不住地左右扭摆着它那潜望镜般的头;它游过了潭的纵长,来到一只一动不动的鹭的脚边,这只鹭是站在浅滩上的。一截不声不响的头嘴突然戳下来,朝蛇头一嘴攫去,那嘴甲就开始吞噬那小蛇,这时,蛇尾巴还在发狂地摆动着。……

一如来时那么骤急,风突然消逝了,林中空地又回复了谧静。鹭立在浅滩上,一动不动守候着。又一条小水蛇游到潭面来了,不住左右扭动着它那潜望镜般的头。 (秦似 译)

A Vast Number of Frogs

...So now, when everything fitted together, the tranquil water of the cistern became as black to my eyes as the lake of darkness. There really was a vast number of these creatures woggling and crowding stroking along with the water slipping over their backs and their mottles, as if they owned the medium. And also they crawled out and thrummed on the wet stone with congested, emotional throats, and blinked with their peculiarly marbled eyes, red and green and white, and I shook my head much more at myself than at them, thinking that a damned fool going out into the world is bound and fated to encounter damned fool phenomena....

(Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

群蛙

……现在我把各种事联在一起,这水潭在我眼里成了一个黑魆魆的阴森小湖。水里的青蛙数目众多,有的拥簇在一起,有的在水里翻滚,映现出背上的斑纹,一个个自由自在,像是池水的主人。有的还爬出水面,用鼓胀而富于感情的喉头在湿润的石头上敲击,大理石般的古怪眼睛隐约反光,有的呈红色,有的呈绿色,有的呈白色。我不禁摇头叹息,我暗暗在想:一个该死的笨蛋周游世界,命中注定要遇上该死的怪现象。…… (蓝仁哲 陈蜀之 译)

Crabs and Crocodiles

...The water here was very soft, with reeds and roots rotted, and

there were crabs in the sand. The crocodiles boated around in the lilies, and when they opened their mouths they made me realize how hot a damp creature can be inside. The birds went into their jaws and cleaned their teeth.... (Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

螃蟹和鳄鱼

……这儿的水性很软,苇草连根泡烂,螃蟹钻在泥沙里。鳄鱼在百草丛中浮游,当它们张开大口,我才意识到栖息在水中的动物会感到多么炎热。鸟儿飞进它们的口腔,把它们的齿槽啄洗得干干净净。…… (蓝仁哲 译)

The Mocked Turtle

And now a light truck approached, and as it came near, the driver saw the turtle and swerved to hit it. His front wheel struck the edge of the shell, flipped the turtle like a tiddly-wink, spun it like a coin, and rolled it off the highway. The truck went back to its course along the right side. Lying on its back, the turtle was tight in its shell for a long time. But at last its legs waved in the air, reaching for something to pull it over. Its front foot caught a piece of quartz and little by little the shell pulled over and flopped upright. The wild oat head fell out and three of the spearhead seeds struck in the ground. And as the turtle crawled on down the embankment, its shell dragged dirt over the seeds. The turtle entered a dust road and jerked itself along, drawing a wavy shallow trench in the dust with its shell. The old humorous eyes looked ahead, and the horny beak opened a little. His yellow toe nails slipped a fraction in the dust.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

被嘲弄的乌龟

一会儿,又有一辆轻便卡车过来了,车子开近的时候,司机看见了乌龟,便故意过去要撞它。他那前轮碰着了甲壳的边缘,把乌龟像做游戏的人掷钮扣似地一甩,像旋铜币似地一旋,一下子就叫它滚到公路旁边去了。运货汽车兜回原来靠右边的路线。乌龟脊背着地仰卧着,在甲壳里紧紧地蜷缩了好一会儿。但是最后它的四条腿终于向空中晃来晃去,想抓住什么东西,使身子翻转过来。它的两只前脚终于抓住了一块石头,甲壳一点一点地翻起,终于砰地一声翻正了。那根野生燕麦梢头落了下来,于是便有三颗矛头似的种子紧粘在地里了。乌龟爬下路坎的时候,它的甲壳拖带一些泥土,盖住了这几颗种子。乌龟爬上了一条土路,一颠一颠地向前移动,它的甲壳在尘沙里划出了一条弯

弯曲曲的浅沟。它那双可笑的眼睛望着前面，角状的嘴微微张着。它那黄色的趾爪在尘沙里留下了细碎的痕迹。 （胡仲持 译）

Sea-Turtles

The fishing over, the *Nautilus* neared the coast. About here a number of sea-turtles were sleeping on the surface of the water. It would have been difficult to capture these precious reptiles, for the least noise awakens them, and their solid shell is proof against the harpoon. But the echeneids effects their capture with extraordinary precision and certainty.

...The echeneids, thrown into the sea, directly began their game, and fixed themselves to the breast-plate of the turtles. Their tenacity was such, that they were torn rather than let go their hold. The men hauled them on board, and with them the turtles to which they adhered. They took also several cacouannes a yard long, which weighed 400 lbs. Their carapace covered with large horny plates, thin, transparent, brown, with white and yellow spots, fetch a good price in the market. Besides, they were excellent in an edible point of view, as well as the fresh turtles which have an exquisite flavour....

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

海甲鱼

打完了鱼，诺第留斯号驶近海岸。在这里有不少的海甲鱼睡在水面上。想捉到这些宝贵的爬行动物是不容易的，因为最轻微的声音就能把它们惊醒，它们的坚固甲壳又不怕鱼叉的攻击。不过，鲔鱼捕捉甲鱼可以很有保证并能特别准确地来执行任务。

……鲔鱼被投到海中，马上开始执行它们的任务，游过去吸在海甲鱼的胸甲上。它们钉得那么牢固结实，宁愿被海甲鱼撕烂也不肯松开。于是把它们拉回船上，被它们粘住的海甲鱼也就一起被拉回来了……我们就这样捉到好几条"嘉古安"海甲鱼，鱼长一米，重二百公斤。它们的胸甲是一层一层的宽大骨片，很薄，透亮，棕色，带黄白色的斑点，因为有这胸甲，它们就非常珍贵。并且，从食用的观点看，它们是很美味的，像普通的甲鱼一样，味道很鲜。

（曾觉之 译）

The Ferocious and Formidable Mugger Crocodile

The mugger crocodile, blackish brown above and yellowy white

under, lay motionless, able to wait for ever till food came. This antediluvian saurian—this prehistoric juggernaut, ferocious and formidable, a vast force in the water, propelled by the unimaginable and irresistible power of the huge tail, lay lapped by ripples, a throb in his throat. His mouth, running almost the whole length of his head, was closed and fixed in that evil bony smile, and where the yellow underside came up to it, it was tinged with green. (Norah Burke, *The Blue Bead*)

凶残可怕的食人鳄

这是一只背部深褐色,腹部黄白色的阔鼻鳄鱼。它一动不动地呆在那里,它能够一直等到食物的到来。这只荒洪以前的蜥蜴——这位史前的主宰,凶猛残暴,外貌可怕。它是水中的强者,它靠着那只巨大的尾巴以难以想象的不可抗拒的力量向前推进。它敛着喉头,整个身躯陷入那细碎的涟漪里。它的嘴,紧闭着,显出那种狞笑的凶相,长长的嘴几乎占了整个头部的长度,腹部与嘴之间是黄色的,而嘴是淡青色的。 (叶沃梅 译)

6. Poultry and Livestock 家禽家畜

A Tiny Perky Chicken

...there was one tiny, tiny perky chicken tinily prancing round in front of a coop, and the mother hen clucking in terror. The slim little chick was greyish brown with dark markings, and it was the most alive little spark of a creature in seven kingdoms at that moment. Connie crouched to watch in a sort of ecstasy. Life, life! Pure, sparky, fearless new life! New life! So tiny and so utterly without fear! Even when it scampered a little, scrambling into the coop again, and disappeared under the hen's feathers in answer to the mother hen's wild alarm-cries, it was not really frightened, it took it as a game, the game of living. For in a moment a tiny sharp head was poking through the gold-brown feathers of the hen, and eyeing the Cosmos.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

傲然自得的小鸡

……在一个鸡笼前面,一只很小的小鸡在傲然自得地蹒跚着,母鸡在惊骇地叫喊。这只纤小的小鸡是棕灰色的,带了些黑色斑点。在这时候,这整个大地上最有生气的东西,就是这只小鸡了。康妮蹲下去,在一种出神入化的状态中注视着它。这是生命!这是生命!这是纯洁、闪光的、毫无恐惧的新生命!这样的纤小,而这样的毫无畏惧!甚至它听着了母鸡的惊叫而蹒跚地走进笼

子里去藏在母鸡的羽毛下时，它也不是真正惧怕什么，它只当作那是一种游戏，一种生活的游戏。瞧！一会儿过后，一只小小的尖头儿，从母鸡的金棕色的毛羽里钻了出来，探视着这花花的大千世界。 （饶述一 译）

Warlike Cocks

Within seconds came a loud crowing from among the trees, and again the old catchcock rooster crowed, its hackles rising. Then goosepimples broke out over George when he saw the magnificent gamecock that came bursting from the edge of the grove. Iridescent feathers were bristled high over the solid body; the glossy tail feathers were arched. A covey of about nine hens came hurrying up nervously, scratching and clucking, as the rangewalk cock powerfully beat its wings and gave a shattering crow, jerking its head about, looking for the intruder. （Alex Haley, *Roots*）

好斗的公鸡

一瞬间，树丛间传来了响亮的啼声，老常胜公鸡再次啼鸣，啼得脖子上的细长羽毛都竖了起来。于是一只健壮的大公鸡从林边冲了出来，彩虹色的羽毛，倒竖在结实的躯体上，光滑的尾巴毛拱起成弓形，看得乔治浑身都起了鸡皮疙瘩。这只饲养场里的公鸡有力地扑打着双翅，啼声震耳欲聋，来回转动着脑袋，寻找闯入者。在它的后面很快地赶来一群约莫九只光景忐忑不安的母鸡，一面咯咯地叫着，一面用爪搔痒。 （陈尧光 等译）

A Cat of Nonchalance

The young cat trotted lordly down the path, waving his tail. He was an ordinary tabby with white paws, a slender young gentleman. A crouching, fluffy, brownish-grey cat was stealing up the side of the fence. The Mino walked statelily up to her, with manly nonchalance. She crouched before him and pressed herself on the ground in humility, a fluffy soft outcast, looking up at him with wild eyes that were green and lovely as great jewels. He looked casually down on her. So she crept a few inches further, proceeding on her way to the back door, crouching in a wonderful, soft, self-obliterating manner, and moving like a shadow.

He, going statelily on his slim legs, walked after her, then suddenly, for pure excess, he gave her a light cuff with his paw on the side of her face. She ran off a few steps, like a blown leaf along the ground, then

crouched unobtrusively, in submissive, wild patience. The Mino pretended to take no notice of her. He blinked his eyes superbly at the landscape. In a minute she drew herself together and moved softly, a fleecy brown-grey shadow, a few paces forward. She began to quicken her pace, in a moment she would be gone like a dream, when the young grey lord sprang before her, and gave her a light handsome cuff. She subsided at once, submissively. (D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

冷漠的猫

年轻的猫摇着尾巴,神气十足地跑过甬道。他是只普普通通的白爪斑猫,是一位身段苗条的年轻绅士。另一只绒毛蓬松、灰中带褐的猫蹑手蹑脚地贴地溜到栅栏边。米诺带着男子汉的冷漠神情,气派十足地走向她。母猫蜷伏在他跟前,谦卑地紧贴着地面,活像一个毛绒绒的流浪儿。她抬头仰望米诺,目光狂野的眼睛是绿色的,如同价值连城的可爱的珠宝。米诺漫不经心地俯视着她。于是她又潜行了几英寸远,继续向后门爬去,以一种奇妙温柔,自甘人下的风度匍匐在地上,移动起来活像是条影子。

米诺迈开修长的腿庄严地跟在她后面。猝然间,出于纯粹的暴虐,他用脚爪在母猫脸上扇了一巴掌。那只猫跑开几步,犹如风吹起了地上的一片落叶;然后怀着柔顺而野性未泯的耐心,又谦卑地蹲伏下来。米诺装作不再搭理她了,眨巴着眼睛高人一等地观赏着风景。那只猫立刻蜷成一团,像是一片毛绒绒的灰褐色的阴影悄悄朝前挪了几步,又加快了脚步。再稍事耽搁,她就会一纵即逝,如同一梦。灰色的年轻主子突然跳到她跟前,敏捷地给了她轻轻的一击。母猫马上顺从地躺倒下来。 (梁一三 译)

The Sheep of Different Breeds

The great mass of sheep in the fair consisted of South Downs and the old Wessex horned breeds; to the latter class Bathsheba's and Farmer Boldwood's mainly belonged. These filed in about nine o'clock, their vermiculated horns lopping gracefully on each side of their cheeks in geometrically perfect spirals, a small pink and white ear nestling under each horn. Before and behind came other varieties, perfect leopards as to the full rich substance of their coats, and only lacking the spots. There were also a few of the Oxfordshire breed, whose wool was beginning to curl like a child's flaxen hair, though surpassed in this respect by the effeminate Leicesters, which were in turn less curly than the Cotswolds. But the most picturesque by far was a small flock of Exmoors, which

chanced to be there this year. Their pied faces and legs, dark and heavy horns, tresses of wool hanging round their swarthy foreheads, quite relieved the monotony of the flocks in that quarter.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

不同品种的羊

集市上绝大部分的羊都是南当斯种和古老的威塞克斯角种。芭斯谢芭和庄主博而伍德的羊主要属于后者。这些羊大约九点钟的时候一个跟着一个走了进来，头上那些虫蛀状的特角呈螺旋形，从几何学上说都很完美，优雅地垂在脸庞两边，每一只下面都倦伏着一只红白色的小耳朵。前前后后还有其他种类的羊，论其毛皮质地之丰美，简直可以说是无瑕的貂兽，只是没有斑点罢了。也有一些牛津郡羊，身上的毛已开始蜷曲，很像孩子的淡黄色的头发，但在这方面赶不上娇柔的莱斯特羊，而莱斯特羊的毛又不如科次窝德羊的毛蜷曲。但远为最漂亮的还算今年偶然到这儿来的那一小群艾克斯摩羊，那颜色斑驳的脸和腿，那又黑又重的角，那一绺绺披散在黑黝黝的前额上的绒毛，使集中在那一边的羊都显得不那么单调了。 (傅超寰 译)

The Loyal Dog

...when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's Gytrash,—a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head; it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would.... The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound; which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; ...

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

忠实的狗

……这时候，在得得的踏地声之外，我又听见了树篱下发出哗的一下猛冲的声音，随即，紧贴着榛子树干下面，溜出一条大狗，它那黑白间杂的毛色在树木反衬下显得十分清晰。这正好是贝茜所说的吉特拉希的一种外形——一头身披长毛，长着大头的狮子似的畜生，不过，它相当安静地从我身边跑过去了；并没有像我料想的那样停下来，并用奇异的超乎犬类的眼光盯着我的脸。

……那条狗跳跃着跑回来,看到它的主人陷入困境,并听见了马的呻吟,便大声地吠叫起来,以至于黄昏中的山岗都发出了回响,它身躯庞大,所以吠声也深沉有力。它嗅嗅匍匐在地的人和马,然后朝我跑来。…… (伍厚恺 译)

White Steed of the Prairies

Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies; a magnificent milk-white charger, large-eyed, small-headed, bluff-chested, and with the dignity of a thousand monarchs in his lofty, over-scorning carriage. He was the elected Xerxes of vast herds of wild horses, whose pastures in those days were only fenced by the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. At their flaming head he westward trooped it like that chosen star which every evening leads on the hosts of light. The flashing cascade of his mane, the curving comet of his tail, invested him with housings more resplendent than gold and silver-beaters could have furnished him. A most imperial and archangelical apparition of that unfallen, western world... Nor can it be Questioned from what stands on legendary record of this noble horse that it was his spiritual whiteness chiefly, which so clothed him with divineness; and that this divineness had that in it which, though commanding worship, at the same time enforced a certain nameless terror. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

草原白驹

在我们西方的历史和印第安人的传说中,最著名的就是那种大草原的白驹,这是一种壮大的、乳白色的战马,大眼小头,胸部扁平,在它那高傲的仪表中,自有种唯我独尊的威严气概。它就是野马群中特别精选出的泽克西斯,它们当年的牧场只限于落基山脉和阿利根尼山脉一带。当它昂起那如火的脑袋向西疾驰的时候,就跟每天晚上那颗诱使群星发光的神选的明星一样。那滚滚如小瀑布的鬃毛,那弧形如彗星的尾巴,都使它的鞍褥比之银匠所能给它装备的更为辉煌灿烂。它是那种不朽的西方世界的最庄严和天使似的幽灵。……根据这匹骏马的传奇性的记载,毫无疑问,这匹马之所以具有如此的神圣性,主要是因为它那神圣的白色;而且这种神圣性中所含有的白色,虽然博得大家顶礼膜拜,同时也增添一种难以名状的恐怖。 (曹庸 译)

The Fleet and Spirited Little Horse

The instant Haley touched the saddle, the mettlesome creature

bounded from the earth with a sudden spring, that threw his master sprawling, some feet off, on the soft, dry turf. Sam, with frantic ejaculations, made a dive at the reins, but only succeeded in brushing the blazing palm-leaf a fore-named into the horse's eyes, which by no means tended to allay the confusion of his nerves. So, with great vehemence, he overturned Sam, and, giving two or three contemptuous snorts, flourished his heels vigorously in the air, and was soon prancing away towards the lower end of the lawn, . . .

Haley's horse, which was a white one, and very fleet and spirited, appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene with great gusto; and having for his coursing ground a lawn of nearly half a mile in extent, gently sloping down on every side into indefinite woodland, he appeared to take infinite delight in seeing how near he could allow his pursuers to approach him, and then, when within a hand's breadth, whisk off with a start and a snort, like a mischievous beast as he was, and career far down into some alley of the wood-lot. . . . (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

烈性小马

海利一跨上马鞍,那匹烈性子的小马就突然从地而腾空而起,把它的主人抛出一丈多远,趴在柔软的草地上。山姆拚命叫嚷起来,立即纵身跳过去抓小马的缰绳,不料前面提到的尖利的棕榈叶刺痛了马的眼睛,当然丝毫也不能平息小马狂乱的神经。它猛地把山姆掀翻在地,目中无人地嘶鸣了两三声,后脚使劲往空中一踢,就朝草坪低处疾驰而去了……

海利骑的是匹白马,性子烈,跑得快,在这种热闹场面下,劲头似乎特别大。前面可供它驰骋的是一片差不多有半英里路长的草坪,渐渐向下倾斜,坡下是一望无际的森林。它先让后面的追兵赶上来,等他们离它近在咫尺时,却突然纵身一跃,大吼一声,俏皮地往林木深处的小径飞驰而去。……

(黄继忠 译)

The Savage Bull

Lucetta and Elizabeth regarded the animal in doubt, he meanwhile drawing vaguely towards them. It was a large specimen of the breed, in colour rich dun, though disfigured at present by splotches of mud about his seamy sides. His horns were thick and tipped with brass; his two nostrils like the Thames Tunnel as seen in the perspective toys of yore. Between them, through the gristle of his nose, was a stout copper ring, welded on,

and irremovable as Gurth's collar of brass. To the ring was attached an ash staff about a yard long, which the bull with the motions of his head flung about like a flail.

It was not till they observed this dangling stick that the young women were really alarmed; for it revealed to them that the bull was an old one, too savage to be driven, which had in some way escaped, the staff being the means by which the drover controlled him and kept his horns at arms' length. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

蛮牛

露赛妲和伊丽莎白狐疑不决地望着这头牛，它这时仿佛正向她们这边走来。这头牛真够大，是深褐色的，不过如今屁股的周围有斑斑点点的污泥，弄得不成样子了。它的犄角粗大，铜一样亮光光的；它的两个鼻孔，如同古时玩具模型里可以见到的泰晤士河隧道。通过鼻子的软骨，中间穿着一支粗的铜鼻环；这个鼻环拴在上面，如同葛尔兹的铜项圈一样没法去掉。鼻环上拴着一根将近一码长的白杨木短棒，随着牛头的摆动就像连枷似的甩来甩去。

到了她们看到这样摇摆的棒子，这两个年轻的女人才真的惊惶起来；因为这告诉她们，这是头野蛮得没法赶动的老牛，曾经逃走过的，赶牛的就用这根短棒来辖制它，好跟它的犄角保持一臂长的距离。 (侍桁 译)

The Delighted Farm Animals

...And then, after a few preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into 'Beasts of England' in tremendous unison. The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession, and might have continued singing it all night if they had not been interrupted. (George Orwell, *Animal Farm*)

兴奋不已的农场动物

……众伙伴先是小试几次，然后同声高唱起来，于是整个农场上响起了《英格兰动物》之歌。牛儿哞，狗儿嗷，羊儿咩，马儿嘶鸣，鸭儿嘎嘎，个个眉飞色舞，一连唱了五遍，若不是这时有人出面干涉，它们很可能会直唱到天明。

(王治奎 译)

7. Symbolism 象征意义

Overstatement

The gentleman who announced that the world was an oyster which he with his sword would open made a larger hit than he deserved. It is not difficult to open an oyster with a sword. But did you ever notice any one try to open the terrestrial bivalve with a typewriter? Like to wait for a dozen raw opened that way?

Sarah had managed to pry apart the shells with her unhandy weapon far enough to nibble a wee bit at the cold and clammy world within. She knew no more shorthand than if she had been a graduate in stenography just let slip upon the world by a business college. So, not being able to stenog, she could not enter that bright galaxy of office talent. She was a free-lance typewriter and canvassed for odd jobs of copying.

(O. Henry, *Springtime a la Carte*)

言过其实

那个声称地球是一只牡蛎,他用刀子可以剖开来的先生大人曾名噪一时,这对他来说实在是过誉了。用刀子剖开牡蛎实是不难。你可曾注意过有什么人用打字机来把地球上的双壳牡蛎掰开来的?您喜欢等着瞧用这办法剥它十来个好么?

萨拉想方设法要用她那不利索的武器撬开那硬壳物,可是想要啃到里面哪怕一丁点的冷腻粘滑物,那还差得远。她掌握的速记本领和一个从商业院校混出来的速记毕业生一样蹩脚。因为不能胜任速记工作,她想与营业所里灿若群星的才子才女共事是没指望的。她只能做个打散工的打字员,找一些打字的零活干干。

(陈华等 译)

An Enlightenment Brought by the Clamorous Crows

It was a very quiet place, as such a place should be, save for the cawing of the rooks who had built their nests among the branches of some tall old trees, and were calling to one another, high up in the air. First one sleek bird, hovering near his ragged house as it swung and dangled in the wind, uttered his hoarse cry, quite by chance as it would seem, and in a sober tone as though he were but talking to himself. Another answered,

and he called again, but louder than before; then another spoke and then another; and each time the first, aggravated by contradiction, insisted on his case more strongly. Other voices, silent till now, struck in from boughs lower down and higher up and midway, and to the right and left, and from the tree-tops; and others, arriving hastily from the grey church turrets and old belfry window, joined the clamour which rose and fell, and swelled and dropped again, and still went on; and all this noisy contention amidst a skimming to and fro, and lighting on fresh branches, and frequent change of place, which satirised the old restlessness of those who lay so still beneath the moss and turf below, and the useless strife in which they had worn away their lives. (Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

噪鸦给人们的启示

那是一个很沉静的地方，而这类地方经常是这样的，只有一些在参天的古树枝头上筑巢的乌鸦的喧噪，一唱一和地在半空中互相召唤着。起初是一只羽毛光滑的乌鸦，环绕着它那个迎风摇摆晃动的破烂住处而翱翔，叫的声音很粗沙，好像很偶然似的，情调又很沉稳，仿佛只是对它自己讲话。另一只乌鸦答话了，于是它又叫起来，比先前更响了；接着另一个说话，接着又是一个；每一次那个带头的，因为遭到反驳而气恼，就越发坚持它的意见，叫个不停。其他的乌鸦本来是保持沉默的，这会儿也从树枝里上下左右中四面八方地插进嘴来干涉；还有另外一群，是刚从灰色的教堂尖顶和古老钟楼窗口匆匆地赶来，也参加这一场舌战，于是忽高忽低，忽起忽落，一直叫来叫去。在这场喧嚣的论辩进行中，它们总是飞到这儿飞到那儿，一会儿落到嫩枝上面，不断改换着地位，这对于那些长眠在苔藓和青草下面，忙碌了一辈子，并且在吵吵闹闹中把生命消耗掉的人们，正是一个很好的讽刺。 （许君远 译）

The Snake of Jealousy

...When I saw my charmer thus come in accompanied by a cavalier, I seemed to hear a hiss, and the green snake of jealousy, rising on undulating coils from the moonlit balcony, glided within my waistcoat and eat its way in two minutes to my heart's core....

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

嫉妒的毒蛇

……当我看见让我着魔的人这样被一个骑士陪着进来的时候，我似乎听见了嘶的一声响，同时那条嫉妒的毒蛇便从月光照耀着的阳台上早已盘旋而

起,钻进我的背心,两分钟内就咬进了我的内心深处。…… (伍厚恺 译)

The Mysterious Harmony between a Creature and an Edifice

And there can be no doubt that there was a kind of mysterious pre-existent harmony between him and the edifice. When, while still a small child, he crawled tortuously around beneath its gloomy arches, he seemed to be, with his human face and his bestial members, the native reptile of the damp, dark floor, on which the shadows of the capitals of the Roman pillars projected so many other grotesque forms. . . .

Thus, little by little, developing in harmony with the cathedral, living and sleeping in it, almost never leaving it, continuously undergoing its mysterious influence, he came to resemble it, to be molded by it and form an integral part of it. His salient angles dovetailed, if we may be allowed the expression, into the receding angles of the edifice and he seemed to be not only its inhabitant but its natural contents. There was such a deep, instinctive sympathy between him and the old church, so many magnetic and material affinities, that he adhered to it like a tortoise to its shell.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

动物与建筑物之间的神秘和谐

确实,在这个活东西和这座建筑物之间存在着某种先定的神秘和谐。在稚童之年,当他歪歪倒倒,一瘸一跳,拖曳着身躯,在它的穹窿黑暗之中行走的时候,他那人脸兽躯就仿佛真是一条天然爬行动物匍匐蠕动在罗马式斗拱投下了那么许多希奇古怪阴影的、潮湿阴暗的石板地面上。……

就这样,始终顺应主教堂的模式而渐渐发育成长,在主教堂里生活、睡觉、几乎足不出户,随时承受着它那神秘的压力,他终于酷似主教堂了,镶嵌在它里面,可以说已经成为它的一个组成部分了。他那躯体突出的一个个棱角——请允许我这样修辞——正好嵌合在这座建筑物凹进去的一个个角落里。他似乎不仅仅是它的住客,而且是它的天然内涵。古老教堂和他之间本能上的息息相通,是那样深沉,有那么多的磁性亲和力、物质亲和力,使得他紧紧粘附于它,在某种程度上犹如乌龟之粘附于龟壳。凸凹不平的主教堂就是他的甲壳。 (管震湖 译)

Ⅸ. Plants　植物

1. Flowers　花

Fresh Flowers

We could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden; sometimes on a sunny day it began even to be pleasant and genial, and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which, freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps. Flowers peeped out amongst the leaves: snowdrops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

鲜花

我们现在已经能忍受在花园里度过的游戏时间，有时碰到阳光灿烂的日子，这段时光甚至使人感到舒适而愉快。灰黄的花坛上冒出了绿芽，一天比一天更显得绿意盎然，令人想到希望之神也许在夜间曾光临过这儿，每个清晨都留下更加清晰的足迹，花儿从叶丛中探出头来，有雪莲花，藏红花，紫色报春花和长着金眼似的三色堇。　　(凌雯　译)

The Daffodils Fluttering in the Wind

She went quietly round to the back, where the bank rose up; she had an excuse, to see the daffodils.

And they were there, the short-stemmed flowers, rustling and fluttering and shivering, so bright and alive, but with nowhere to hide their faces, as they turned them away from the wind.

They shook their bright, sunny little rags in bouts of distress. But perhaps they liked it really; perhaps they really liked the tossing.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

风中摇荡的水仙花

她轻轻地绕到屋后，斜坡从那儿开始向上延伸，她已经想好了到这儿来的借口，她是来看水仙花的。

那些短梗的水仙花就在那儿，正在风中发出瑟瑟的声响，摇曳着，战傈着，如此的光耀而又生机勃勃。然而，在躲避风向时它们却无处藏匿它们的脸儿。

在一次次的困境中，它们仍然摇摆着那些光耀的、向阳的、残破的小花瓣。也许它们的确喜欢这样；也许它们的确喜欢这样在风中摇荡。（王晓明 译）

The Faded Rose

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*)

一枝枯萎的玫瑰

他揭开花瓶，将枯萎的玫瑰花投入瓶里的水中。开始，它轻轻地浮在那液体的表面，仿佛并不吸一点水分。然而一会儿，一种奇异的变化开始出现了。那压瘪的干枯的花瓣开始颤动起来，显示出越来越深的绯红色，仿佛这花朵正在从一种死一般的沉睡中苏醒转来；那纤细的花梗和叶片也变成了绿色；这半个世纪前的玫瑰花看上去就像当初西尔维娅·华德送给她爱人时一样的鲜艳。它还没有完全盛开，几片纤巧的花瓣羞怯地蜷曲在它那湿润的芳心周围，花上有两三颗晶莹的露珠在闪光。（陈平建 译）

The Daffodils and Bluebells

The daffodils were in bloom, stirring in the evening breeze, golden heads cupped upon lean stalks, and however many you might pick they would be no thinning of the ranks, they were massed like an army, shoulder to shoulder. On a bank below the lawns, crocuses were planted, golden, pink, and mauve, but by this time they would be past their best, dropping and fading, like pallid snowdrops...

Too early yet for bluebells, their heads were still hidden beneath last

year's leaves, but when they came, dwarfing the more humble violet, they choked the very bracken in the woods, and with their colour made a challenge to the sky.

...Thrust into vases they became dank and listless, and to see them at their best you must walk in the woods in the morning, about twelve o'clock, when the sun was overhead. They had a smoky, rather bitter smell, as though a wild sap ran in their stalks, pungent and juicy.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

水仙花和风信子花

水仙花盛开,纤细的花梗托着金黄色的穗子,在晚风中摇来摆去。密集地并肩生长的水仙好像一支大军,不管你采摘了多少,水仙丛中都不会出现缺口。草坪尽头的海岸上,栽种了一簇簇藏红花,有金黄的,粉红的,紫红的,但它们这时已过了旺盛的季节,全都搭拉着脑袋,枯萎凋零,好似苍白的雪片。……

风信子开花为时过早,它们的穗子仍然藏在去年的残叶底下;但是风信子一经开花,就会使更加卑微的紫罗兰相形见绌,并且胜过林中的羊齿。风信子的艳丽简直可以同天空媲美。

……要观赏鲜花怒放的风信子,最好是中午十二点左右太阳当头的时候到树林里去。风信子香气刺鼻,带点儿烟味,好像花梗里流着饱满的辛辣的液汁。

(林智玲 程德 译)

Anemones

It, too, was caught and trying to tear itself free, the wind, like Absalom. How cold the anemones looked, bobbing their naked white shoulders over crinoline skirts of green. But they stood it. A few first bleached little primroses too, by the path, and yellow buds unfolding themselves.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

银莲花

风也像押沙龙一样,在那儿扭动着、摇摆着,试图使自己获得自由。那些银莲花看上去好像极怕冷的样子。在它们那绿色的衣裙上,摆动着洁白,赤裸的肩膀。但是它们却忍住了寒冷。在小径的两旁,还有一些初出的小樱草花,乍开着淡黄色的花蕾。

(王晓明 译)

A Bowl of Roses

A rose was one of the few flowers, he said, that looked better picked than growing. A bowl of roses in a drawing-room had a depth of colour and scent they had not possessed in the open. There was something rather blousy about roses in full bloom, something shallow and raucous, like women with untidy hair. In the house they became mysterious and subtle.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

一盆玫瑰

他说,摘下之后更加好看的花儿是很少的,但玫瑰却是例外。客厅里的一盆玫瑰,色彩妍丽,香气浓郁,而野外的玫瑰却不是这样。盛开的玫瑰活像披头散发的女人,显得轻薄和粗野。但在室内,玫瑰就变得神秘莫测。

(高长荣 谢素台 译)

Fresh Flowers in the Court

...and, ranged in a circle round upon the turf, were marble vases of arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the tropics. Huge pomegranate trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-colored flowers, dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars, geraniums, luxuriant roses bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbenum, all united their bloom and fragrance, while here and there a mystic old aloe, with its strange, massive leaves, sat looking like some hoary old enchanter, sitting in weird grandeur among the more perishable bloom and fragrance around it.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

百花争妍

……草地上摆着一圈盆景,大理石的花盆上点缀着阿拉伯雕刻,花盆里长着各种热带的奇花异卉;此外,院子里还有高大的石榴树,叶子亮晶晶的,花朵红得像火焰一样;有阿拉伯莺萝树,黑叶子,花朵像银色的星星;有天竺葵,有绚丽的玫瑰,枝头开满了花朵;还有金黄色的莺萝树,带着柠檬香味的马鞭花;真是百花争妍,群芳竞艳。有的地方偶尔还可以看到龙舌兰,枝叶茂盛,但样子却很古怪,像个白发苍苍的老巫婆,装出一副怪诞而神气活现的面孔,屹然独立于那些较易枯萎的花草丛中。

(黄继忠 译)

2. Grasses 草

Juicy Grass

The outskirts of the garden in which Tees found herself had been left uncultivated for some years, and was now damp and rank with juicy grass which sent up mists of pollen at a touch; and with tall blooming weeds emitting offensive smells—weeds whose red and yellow and purple hues formed a polychrome as dazzling as that of cultivated flowers. She went stealthily as a cat through this profusion of growth, gathering cuckoo-spittle on her skirts, cracking snails that were underfoot, staining her hands with thistle-milk and slug-slime, and rubbing off upon her naked arms sticky blights which, though snow-white on the apple-tree trunks, made madder stains on her skin. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

多汁的杂草

苔丝发现自己来到了庭院的外边，这块地方多年没有耕作了，现在是一片潮湿，而且是杂草滋生。有些多汁的野草，用手一碰，就飞起一团团雾气般的花粉；还有一些长得很高、开着花儿的杂草，散发出难闻的气味，它们那红色、黄色、紫色，简直构成了一件彩色艺术品，和人工培植的鲜花一样令人眼花缭乱。苔丝像猫一样，悄悄地穿过这一片茂盛的野草，裙子沾上了吐泡虫的泡沫，脚底踩碎了蜗牛壳，手上染满了蓟汁和鼻涕虫的粘液，两只裸露的胳膊也都抹上了粘性的霉菌，这玩意在苹果树干上倒显得雪白，可是，在她皮肤上却变成了红色的斑点。 (吴笛 译)

Precious Hydrophytes

I revelled also in great herbals filled with the rarest marine plants, which, although dried up, retained their lovely colours. Amongst these precious hydrophytes I remarked some vorticellae, pavonariae, delicate ceramics with scarlet tins, some fan-shaped agari, and some natabuli like flat mushrooms, which at one time used to be classed as zoophytes; in short, a perfect series of algae.

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

珍贵的水产植物

我也潜心搜索那宽大的植物标本库，库里充满着海中最希罕的植物，它们虽然风干了但仍然保存着令人赞美的颜色。在这些珍贵的水产植物中间，我

看到了那些环生的海苔，孔雀昆布，葡萄叶形的海藻，粒状的水马齿，大红色的柔软海草，扇子形的海蒜，吸盘草，这草很像外形下陷的冬菇，很久以来就被归入植虫动物的一类，最后我看到了整个一组的海藻类植物。 （曾觉之 译）

Nettles

Nettles were everywhere, the vanguard of the army. They choked the terrace, they sprawled about the paths, they leant, vulgar and lanky, against the very windows of the house. They made indifferent sentinels, for in many places their ranks had been broken by the rhubarb plant, and they lay with crumpled heads and listless stems, making a pathway fro the rabbits. I left the drive and went on to the terrace, for the nettles were no barrier to me, a dreamer. I walked enchanted, and nothing held me back.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

荨麻

到处都可以见到荨麻，这是侵略大军的先遣部队。这类植物瘦长难看，布满了台阶，蔓延爬过小道，斜靠在宅子的窗户上。它们是很不中用的哨兵，因为在很多地方，它们的阵线被大黄草突破，于是搭拉着脑袋，无精打采地伸着肢体，给野兔开辟了一条路径。我离开车道，踏上台阶，因为荨麻拦不住我，任何东西都挡不住我，我这个梦中人走路是有魔力的。 （高长荣 谢素台 译）

The New Zealand Grass

Around it gorse grew everywhere, at the moment smothered in rich yellow flowers; the grass was green and luxuriant, like all New Zealand grass. Not even in the middle of winter, when the frost sometimes lay unmelted all day in the shade, did the grass turn brown, and the long, mild summer only tinted it an even richer green. The rains fell gently without bruising the tender sweetness of all growing things, there was no snow, and the sun had just enough strength to cherish, never enough to sap.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

新西兰草地

房子四周长满了金雀花丛，眼下正怒放着一片艳丽的黄花，草地葱绿而繁茂葳蕤，像所有的新西兰草地一样。即使是在仲冬季节，背阴处的白霜有时终日不化，草地也不会变成棕褐色，至于那漫长温暖的夏日则只能使它更加郁郁葱葱。那缓缓飘落的细雨不会伤害所有滋生着的植物所散发出来的柔和的芳

香。这里没有雪,阳光充足,恰到好处,使万物滋长而从不蔫萎。(曾胡 译)

A Green Spot

Where she walked slowly along the valley for a distance of a mile and a half. This brought her to a spot in which the green bottom of the dale began to widen, the furze bushes to recede yet further from the path on each side, till they were diminished to an isolated one here and there by the increasing fertility of the soil. Beyond the irregular carpet of grass was a row of white palings, which marked the verge of the heath in this latitude. (Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

青绿的草地

她沿着山谷慢慢地走了大约有一哩半地左右。这条路引她来到了一块绿草地,在那儿只见谷底的绿草地开始渐渐展宽了。小路两旁的金雀花丛也沿小路两旁向后倾斜,土地越来越肥沃,而那些灌木却越来越稀少,到了后来,只能孤零散乱东一堆西一块地长着了。在这杂乱无章的绿草坪上有一排白色的木栅栏,这标志着已到了这石楠丛生地区的边缘了。(王晓明 译)

The Thick Grass beside the Track

The thick grass beside the track, coarse and prickly with many burnings, hid canary-yellow buttercups and the mauve petals and woolly sage-green coats of the pasque flowers. The branches of the kinnikinic brush were red and smooth as lacquer on a saki bowl.

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

铁道两旁的野草

铁道两旁,杂草丛生,荒乱不堪,烧荒以后留下的残茎枯茬还会把人刺痛。草丛里还藏着金黄色的茅莨草和有着淡紫色的花瓣、毛茸茸灰绿色叶子的海棠花。那一丛熊果树的枝叶上,有着红红的、亮亮的叶子,看上去很像涂在日本酒杯上面的彩漆。(王晓明 译)

3. Leaves 叶

The Leaves of the Young Corn under the Sun

And as the sharp sun struck day after day, the leaves of the young corn became less stiff and erect; they bent in a curve at first, and then, as the central ribs of strength grew weak, each leaf tilted downward. Then it

was June, and the sun shone more fiercely. The brown lines on the corn leaves widened and moved in on the central ribs. The weeds frayed and edged back toward their roots. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

烈日下的嫩玉米叶

……由于整天在酷烈的太阳下暴晒，那些嫩绿的玉米叶也没有原先那样挺拔、坚实了；这些叶子首先弯曲变成弧形，随后因为主叶脉渐变虚弱，所以每片叶子都斜倒下去了。到了六月份，阳光更加酷烈。玉米叶上的棕色线条扩展到了主叶脉上。就连野草也打蔫了，叶子都朝根部耷拉下来。

（王晓明 译）

The Dry Leaves

The hill was covered on its northern side by an ancient and decaying plantation of beeches, whose upper verge formed a line over the crest, fringing its arched curve against the sky, like a mane. To-night these trees sheltered the southern slope from the keenest blasts, which smote the wood and floundered through it with a sound as of grumbling, or gushed over its crowning boughs in a weakened moan. The dry leaves in the ditch simmered and boiled in the same breezes, a tongue of air occasionally ferreting out a few, and sending them spinning across the grass. A group or two of the latest in date amongst the dead multitude had remained till this very mid-winter time on the twigs which bore them, and in falling rttled against the trunks with smart taps.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

干树叶

小山北坡覆盖着一片古老而渐趋荒芜的山毛榉丛林，其上缘沿着弧形的山顶镶成一道弓状穗带，像骏马的鬃毛一般衬托着天空。当天夜里，凛冽的寒风震撼着树木，发着凄厉的呼啸从林子里窜出来，掠过树梢，萧萧逝去。南坡多亏有这些树林给挡住了风势，只是沟渠里的干树叶还随风翻滚，偶尔给卷起几片，旋转着刮过草地去了。在这一大堆落叶中有一两簇最晚长出来的叶子，直到仲冬还残存在树枝上，掉落下来时打着树干发出劈劈啪啪的响声。

（傅惠寰等 译）

New and Humid Leaves

At length Clym reached the margin of a fir and beech plantation that

had been enclosed from heath land in the year of his birth. Here the trees, laden heavily with their new and humid leaves, were now suffering more damage than during the highest winds of winter, when the boughs are specially disencumbered to do battle with the storm.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

柔嫩肥泽的新叶子

克林后来走到一片杉桦交杂的人造林的边缘上了;这是他生下那一年从荒原上圈种出来的。只见那些树上密密层层地长着柔嫩肥泽的新叶子,现在受的损害,比冬天风力顶猛的时候还要厉害;因为那时候,树枝子都把树叶完全脱掉,一身毫无累赘,跟风雪交战。 (张谷若 译)

The Leaves of Multifarious Colours

The sky had become blue. The leaves were no longer rustling. There were wide spaces full of heather in bloom, and patches of violet gave way here and there to tangled clumps of trees with gray, reddish-brown or golden foliage. They often heard a faint fluttering of wings under the bushes, or the hoarse, soft cries of crows flying away through the oaks.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

色彩斑斓的叶子

天变蓝了。树叶一动也不动。树林间一块块空地上,长满正在开花的映山红;一片片的紫罗兰夹杂在杂乱的矮树和藤萝间,这些植物随着叶子不同,有的呈灰色,有的呈褐色,有的呈金黄色。在灌木丛中不时可以听到扑动翅膀的声音;在橡树枝上,飞起的乌鸦发出干哑而缓慢的叫声。 (张道真 译)

Deep Lying Leaves

...the water is lined with trees.....carrying in their lower leaf junctures the debris of the winter's flooding; and sycamores with mottled, white, recumbent limbs and branches that arch over the pool. On the sandy bank under the trees the leaves lie deep and so crisp that a lizard makes a great skittering if he runs among them.

(John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*)

落叶层

……水树相连,……把它们低层的簇叶卷进冬潮冲来的浮渣中去;合抱的槭树,长着斑驳的、白色的低斜枝桠,弯拱过这水潭。沙滩上树底下,落叶积得

厚厚一层，而且是那么干脆，一条蜥蜴走过便会嘎嘎地大声响起来。

（秦似 译）

The Last Ivy Leaf

...after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

(O. Henry, *The last leaf*)

最后的春藤叶

经过了漫长一夜的风吹雨打，在砖墙上还挂着一片藤叶，它是长春藤上最后的一片叶子了。靠近茎部仍然是深绿色，可是锯齿形的叶子边缘已经枯萎发黄，它傲然挂在一根离地二十多英尺的藤枝上。 （文美惠 译）

4. Trees 树木

An Oak Tree

The sapling, to which he had bound the blood-stained symbol of his vow, had increased and strengthened into an oak, far indeed from its maturity, but with no mean spread of shadowy branches. There was one singularity, observable in this tree, which made Rueben tremble. The middle and lower branches were in luxuriant life, and an excess of vegetation had fringed the trunk, almost to the ground but a blight had apparently stricken the upper part of the oak, and the very topmost bough was withered, samples, and utterly dead.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Roger Malvin's Burial*)

一棵橡树

那时他曾系上那块沾着鲜血的手帕作为宣誓象征的那棵小橡树，已经长成一棵大橡树，虽然还远未成材，也已枝叶扶疏，蔚然成荫。但这棵树上独有一件怪事使卢宾为之悚然。这棵树的中段和靠近根部长得繁茂，过盛的枝叶暗蓬蓬地围裹着树干直到地面，但它的上部显然受过病害的袭击，顶梢那根大枝，却枯萎了，毫无生气，完全死了。 （贺仁麟 译）

A Ruin Tree

Descending the laurel walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut tree: it stood up black and riven; the trunk, split down the centre, gasped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsoldered below; though community of vitality was destroyed—the sap could flow no more: their great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter's tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth. As yet, however, they might be said to form one tree—a ruin, but an entire ruin. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

死树

沿着桂树小道跑下去,迎面而来的是那株七叶树的残骸:它矗立在那儿,浑身黝黑,裂痕赫然:树干从中心被劈开了,阴森森的张着大口。被劈开的两半却并没有互相脱离,因为牢实的基部和强壮的树根把它们从下面连在一起,不过共有的生命力已经被摧毁了——树液不能再流通,两边的大树枝已经枯死,下个冬天的风暴一定会把一边或者两边都刮倒在地的。然而,现在它们还仍然可以说是一棵树——一棵死树,却是一棵完整的死树。 (伍厚恺 译)

Tropical Trees

...It is a city of gardens. It is no city, but a forest sparsely scattered with huts. It is a tropical pleasance washed by a noble river. The toddy palms and neem trees and mangoes and people that were hidden behind the bazaars now become visible and in their turn hide the bazaars. They rise from the gardens where ancient tanks nourish them, they burst out of stifling purlieus and unconsidered temples. Seeking light and air, and endowed with more strength than man or his works, they soar above the lower deposit to greet one another with branches and beckoning leaves, and to build a city for the birds. Especially after the rains do they screen what passes below, but at all times, even when scorched or leafless, they glorify the city to the English people who inhabit the rise,...

(E.M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

热带树木

……从市镇那边望过去,被集市区的房屋挡住了的棕榈树、芒果树等美丽的热带植物,从这边望过去,却恰好把那乱糟糟的集市区遮得严严实实。这些树长在那座大花园里,园中古老的水池里的水灌溉着这些树木。它们从闷热

中，从不被人注意的寺庙中探出头来，享受着阳光和空气，比人类和人类造的房屋更有生气和力量，它们昂首向上伸出摇曳的枝叶，彼此交叉攀附，为鸟类筑成另一座城。在雨季之后，这树林更加青葱郁茂，浓荫覆盖。但即使在树叶枯黄或完全脱落的时候，它们也终年为住在这块高地上的英国人装点着这个城市，使它无限生色。（石幼珊 等译）

A Tall Fir Tree

At the far end of the clearing, a fir grew high above the neighbouring wood, and planted its black shock of foliage clear against the sky. For about fifty feet above the ground the trunk grew straight and solid like a column. At that level, it split into two massive boughs; and in the fork, kick a mastheaded seaman. (Robert Louis Stenenson, *The Black Arrow*)

一棵高大的枞树

原来在空地遥远的尽头，长着一棵枞树，比邻近的树木都高，它那浓密的蔟叶，在天空的衬托下，格外清晰。那树高出地面有五丈多，挺直而又结实，好像一根擎天的柱子。在五丈多高树身的尽头，分裂成为两根巨大的树枝；就在这叉形的树枝上，站着一个穿绿色粗布短外套的男人，像船桅上守望的水手那样，向四周侦察着。（陈伯吹 沈小娴 译）

Elm Trees Swinging in a Wind

The evening wind made such a disturbance just now among some tall old elm trees at the bottom of the garden... As the elms bent to one another, like giants who were whispering secrets, and after a few seconds of such repose, fell into a violent flurry, tossing their wild arms about, as if their late confidences were really too wicked for their peace of mind, some weather-beaten ragged old rooks' nests, burdening their higher branches, swung like wrecks upon a stormy sea.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

风中骚动的榆树

这时晚间的风在花园深处一些高高的老榆树中间引起了一场骚动，……榆树像低诉秘密的巨人一般相向低垂，经过了几秒钟这样的平静状态，就陷入一场狂乱中，四下里摇摆它们那狂暴的胳臂，仿佛它们方才的密语确实厌恶到拢乱它们内心的和平，这时压在较高的枝子上的一些风雨摧残的旧鸦巢像狂风暴雨的海面上的破船一般摇摆。（赵伟 译）

A Happy Pine Tree

This venerated emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The May-Pole of Merrymount*)

快乐的松树

这个被人崇敬的象征是一棵松树，它保持着青春时期苗条的身姿，而在高度上能够与年代久远的森林之王媲美。它的顶端有一面彩虹似的绸旗迎风招展。靠近地面的柱脚边，装饰着桦树枝和其他长着生气盎然的绿叶的青枝，有些枝条还带有银色的树叶，这些树枝都用丝带紧紧缚住，丝带打成各种奇异的结，随风飘扬，有二十种不同的颜色，其中没有一种是灰暗色的。采自庭园和荒野的鲜花在绿叶丛中惹人注目地展露笑容，向前探首，它们是如此艳丽娇嫩，露珠晶莹，酷似靠魔法长在这株快乐的松树上的。 (柳光青 译)

The Solitary Gum Tree

...emerging from the woods, into the old clearing, with the solitary gum tree directly before him. At first glance the tree seemed to be alive with frantic squirrels. There appeared to be forty or fifty of them leaping and darting from branch to branch until the whole tree had become one green maelstrom of mad leaves, while from time to time, singly or in twos and threes, squirrels would dart down the trunk then whirl without stopping and rush back up again as though sucked violently back by the vacuum of their fellows' frenzied vortex. (William Faulkner, *The Bear*)

孤单的橡胶树

……他走出树林，来到林中空地，正好面对着那棵孤单单的橡胶树。一眼看去，那棵树木上仿佛满是发狂的松鼠，看起来总有四五十只，在树枝之间跳过来蹿过去，使整棵树仿佛变成了癫狂的叶子形成的一个绿色大漩涡。偶尔，

也会有一只一只的或是两只三只的松鼠从树干上蹦下来，但是落到地上后还是在不停地打旋，然后又蹿回树上，仿佛是被伙伴们那个疯狂的漩涡所造成的真空猛烈地吸进去似的。（李文俊 译）

5. Woods and Forests 树林

A Wood at Dawn

It was the cool grey dawn, and there was a delicious sense of repose and peace in the deep pervading calm and silence of the woods. Not a leaf stirred; not a sound obtruded upon great Nature's meditation. Beaded dew-drops stood upon the leaves and grasses. A white layer of ashes covered the fire, and a thin blue wreath of smoke rose straight into the air.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

黎明时分的树林

那是凉爽的灰暗的黎明时分，树林里遍地深沉的平静之中，有一种甜蜜的安息与和平的意味。没有一片叶子动一动；没有任何声音打搅大自然的沉思。露水珠还留在树叶和草叶上。一层白色的灰盖在那堆火上，一缕淡蓝的烟一直升向天空。（张友松 译）

The Obscure Forest

All at once, as with a sudden smile of heaven, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest, gladdening each green leaf, transmiting the yellow fallen ones to gold, and gleaming adorn the gray trunks of the solemn trees. The objects that had made a shadow hitherto, embodied the brightness now. The course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

朦胧的树林

突然之间，天空似乎一下子绽出微笑，立刻阳光四射，将灿烂的光芒洒向朦胧的树林，使每一片绿叶都兴高采烈，把所有枯黄的落叶染成金黄，肃穆的树木的灰色树干也闪出亮光。原先造成阴影的东西，如今也成了发光体。小溪的河道也愉快地粼粼闪光，溯源而上可以直到树林那神秘的心脏，此时也已变成为一种欢乐的神秘。（胡允桓 译）

Wood in Early Spring

Little gusts of sunshine blew, strangely bright, and lit up the cleanliness at the wood's edge, under the hazel-rods, they spangled out bright and yellow. And the wood was still, stiller, but yet gusty with crossing sun. The first wildflowers were out, and all the wood seemed pale with the pallor of endless little anemones, sprinkling the shaken floor.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

早春的树林

一阵阵的阳光乍明乍暗,奇异的光辉,林边榛树下的毛茛草,在阳光照耀下,好像金叶似的闪着黄光。树林里寂静着,这样地寂静着,但给一阵阵的阳光照得惴惴不发。新出的野花竞相开放,满地上布散着它们苍白的颜色。整个树林都好像花白了。 (饶述一 译)

A Clump of Fir Trees

At one side of Clym's house was a knoll, and on the top of the knoll a clump of fir trees so highly thrust up into the sky that their foliage from a distance appeared as a black spot in the air above the crown of the hill.

.....

Not a bough in the nine trees which composed the group but was splintered, lopped, and distorted by the fierce weather that there held them at its mercy whenever it prevailed. Some were blasted and split as if by lightning, black stains as from fire marking their sides, while the ground at their feet was strewn with dead fir-needles and heaps of cones blown down in the gales of past years. The place was called the Devil's Bellows, and it was only necessary to come there on a March or November night to discover the forcible reasons for that name. On the present heated afternoon, when no perceptible wind was blowing, the trees kept up a perpetual moan which one could hardly believe to be caused by the air.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of The Native*)

一丛杉树

在克林那所房子的一面有一个小圆丘,圆丘顶上有一丛杉树,都高得耸到云霄里,老远看来,它们那一片绿叶,好像只是圆丘顶上的天空里的一个黑点。

.....

那一丛树,一共九棵,它们里面没有一个枝子没受过狂暴天气的摧折,砍

削，扭狼的；因为只要一有坏天气，它们就只好毫无办法地俯首贴耳受它的蹂躏。它们之中，有一些一经枯萎，劈开，好像叫雷击了的一般，因为它们的侧面还留着像火烧了的黑色斑痕；同时树底下，就到处是历年让狂风吹下来的死亡针叶和一堆一堆的杉龙。那个地方叫魔鬼的吹火管；想要发现这个名字的强大理由，只要三月或者十一月晚上到那儿去一下就得。就像今天这样热气蒸腾的下午，本来一点风丝都觉不出来，但是那些树却也老在那儿呜呜咽咽地响，老没有间断的时侯，简直叫人不大相信那会是空气激动的。（张谷若 译）

The Woods Straggling Cheek by Jowl with the Beeches

The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

盘根错节的树林

即使在过去，树林对车道来说，也始终是个威胁，如今则终于赢得胜利，黑压压势不可当地向着车道两侧边沿逼近。榉树伸开赤裸的白色枝体，互相紧紧依偎，枝条交叉错杂，形成奇特的拥抱，在我头顶构成一个形似教堂拱道的穹隆。这里还长有许多别的树木，有些我叫不出名字，还有些低矮的橡树和翘曲的榆树，都同榉树盘根错节地纠结在一起。橡树、榆树，还有巨怪似的灌木丛以及其他一些草木，就这么纷列在这块静谧的土地上，全然不是我记忆中的景象。（林智玲 程德 译）

A Submarine Forest

This forest was composed of large tree-plants; and the moment we penetrated under its vast arcades, I was struck by the singular position of their branches—a position I had not yet observed.

Not an herb which carpeted the ground, not a branch which clothed

the trees, was either broken or bent, nor did they extend horizontally; all stretched up to the surface of the ocean, Not a filament, not a ribbon, however thin they might be, but kept as straight as a rod of iron. The fuci and lianas grew in rigid perpendicular lines, due to the density of the element which had produced them. Motionless, yet when bent to one side by the hand, they directly resumed their former position. Truly it was the region of perpendicularity!

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

海底森林

这森林中生长的都是高大的木本植物,当我们走到树林中间阔大的拱形枝干之下,我的眼光首先就被林中树枝排列的奇特形状所吸引,感到奇怪的是这种形状,我从来没有看见过。

林中地上并没有生长什么草,小树上丛生的枝杈没有一根向外蔓延,也不弯曲垂下,也不向横的方面伸展。所有草木都笔直伸向洋面。没有枝条,没有叶带,不管怎么细小,都是笔直的,像铁杆一般。海带和水藤,受到海水强大密度的影响,坚定不移的沿着垂直线生长。而且这些水草又是静止不动的,当我用手分开它们的时候,一放手,它们立即回复原来的笔直状态。这林子简直就是垂直线的世界。 (曾觉之 译)

A Young Plantation of Tapering Firs

Her way back to the house was by a path through a young plantation of tapering firs, which had been planted some years earlier to shelter the premises from the north wind. By reason of the density of the interwoven foliage overhead it was gloomy there at cloudless noontide, twilight in the evening, dark as midnight at dusk, and black as the ninth plague of Egypt at midnight. To describe the spot is to call it a vast, low, naturally formed hall, the plumy ceiling of which was supported by slender pillars of living wood, the floor being covered with a soft dun carpet of dead spikelets and mildewed cones, with a tuft of grass-blades here and there.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

一块锥形小枞树林

她沿着一条小路往回走,穿过一块锥形小枞树林。这些树是几年前为了给房子挡北风种下的,树上密叶层层,纵横交错,荫蔽着这个地方。即使在晴朗的正午这儿也是阴沉沉的,在傍晚只有一点微弱的光亮,薄暮时像半夜一样

晦暗,到了半夜就像埃及地九灾那么乌黑了。要描述这个地方就得称它为巨大的、低矮的、天然形成的大厅,毛丛丛的屋顶由活木头构成的纤细柱子支撑着,地板上铺着一张由枯干的小谷穗和发霉的球果构成的暗褐色柔软地毯,到处是一簇簇的草叶。 (傅雄寰等 译)

The Huge and Old Trees

"...I know group of trees that ravish the eye with their perfect, picture-like effects: rude oak, delicate birch, glossy beech, clustered in contrast; and ash trees stately as Saul, standing isolated, and superannuated wood-giants, clad in bright shrouds of ivy." ...

"...The trees are huge and old. When you stand at their roots, the summits seem in another region, the trucks remain still and firm as pillars, while the boughs sway to every breeze. In the deepest calm their leaves are never quite hushed, and in high wind a flood rushes—a sea thunders above you."

(Chalotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

巨大而古老的树林

"……我知道有许多树,由于外表完全像是一幅幅的画儿,叫人眼花缭乱:粗壮的橡树林呀,优雅的桦树林呀,光滑的山毛榉呀,密结丛集,相映成趣;还有那些榛树,庄严有如扫罗,傲然屹立,还有一些老朽的大树王,给金光闪烁的常春藤盘绕得像是穿着件寿衣。"……

"……林中的树木巨大而古老。你站在树根旁边,树顶就像是在天上,树身昂然屹立,稳固有如廊柱,枝丫随风漂摇。即使在静寂无风的时候,树叶也决不是很悄静的,刮起大风来,那就像是洪水冲来在你头顶发出一片雷霆万钧的霹雳声。" (曹庸 译)

6. Gardens 庭园

A Pleasant Rhine Gardens

Pleasant Rhine gardens! Fair scenes of peace and sunshine-noble purple mountains, whose crests are reflected in the magnificent stream—who has waver seen you, that has not a grateful memory of those scenes of friendly repose and beauty?

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

莱茵河上可爱的花园

莱茵河上的花园好不可爱啊! 四周的景致清明而恬静,阳光照耀着,青紫

色的山峰气势雄伟，峰顶倒映在壮丽的河面上。好一幅亲切、宁静、美丽的风景！见过你的人谁能不留恋呢？ （杨必 译）

The Inside and Outside of a Neat Vegetables Garden

In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native multiflora rose, which, entrusting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o'clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendors.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

小菜园内外

门前有一个打理整齐的小菜园，由于精心栽培，每逢夏季来临，这里的草莓、覆盆子和各种各样的水果蔬菜总是长得十分茂盛。花园的前面开满了大朵鲜红的海棠花和本地一种多花的玫瑰；它们互为缠绕，相映成趣，几乎把那些粗糙的圆木全给遮掩了。夏季，这里还盛开姿态各异、艳丽夺目的一年生的花，比如金盏花，牵牛花，茉莉花等等，它们总在菜园的某个角落竞相开放，争奇斗妍。 （王晓明 译）

A Garden to Mr Spenlow's House

There was a lovely garden to Mr. Spenlow's house; and though that was not the best time of the year for seeing a garden, it was so beautifully kept, that I was quite enchanted. There was a charming lawn, there were clusters of trees, and there were perspective walks that I could just distinguish in the dark, arched over with trelliswork, on which shrubs and flowers flew in the growing season. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

斯宾罗先生家的花园

斯宾罗先生的住宅有个可爱的花园。虽然并非时值一年中赏玩花园的最佳季节，但我仍被那打理美丽的花园迷住了。那儿有一片可爱的草地，有一丛丛的树，有我在昏暗中仍可辨出的观景小径，小径上有搭成拱型的棚架；棚架上有时令的花草。 （石定乐 石定柔 译）

Flower Garden

Beth had old-fashioned, fragrant flowers in her garden—sweet peas and mignonette, larkspur, pinks, pansies, and southern wood, with chickweed for the bird and catnip for the pussies. Amy had a bower in hers—rather small and earwiggy, but very pretty to look at—with honeysuckles and morning-glories hanging their colored horns and bells in graceful wreaths all over it, tall white lilies, delicate ferns, and as many brilliant, picturesque plants as would consent to blossom there.

(Louisa May Alcott, *Little Women*)

花圃

蓓丝的花圃里种着古雅的香花，还有甜豌豆、木犀草、飞燕草、石竹、三色紫罗兰、青蒿，以及种给鸟吃的繁缕和种给猫吃的猫耳薄荷。阿蜜的领地里有一个凉亭，虽然小了点，也不遮风隔音，但看上去却很漂亮。忍冬和牵牛花组成了雅致的花环，它们五彩缤纷的喇叭和铃铛挂满了亭子的四周；此外还有亭亭玉立的雪白的百合花，秀美的羊齿，以及其他品目繁多姹紫嫣红的会开花的植物。

(王汉良 译)

Cool Gardens

They came to the place where the brush house stopped and the city of stone and plaster began, the city of harsh outer walls and inner cool gardens where a little water played and the bougainvillaea crusted the walls with purple and brick-red and white. They heard from the secret gardens the singing of caged birds and heard the splash of cooling water on hot flagstones.

(John Steinbeck, *The Pearl*)

荫凉的花园

他们走过了茅屋堆，来到了尽是石砌房子的城市。那里家家都有坚固的围墙，里面有荫凉的花园。花园里小喷泉水声淙淙，九重葛爬满墙头，紫、红、白三色花朵交相辉映。他们听到在外人不得入内的花园里笼中鸟儿在婉转歌唱，还听见清凉的喷泉落在晒烫了的石板上的声音。

(范仲英 译)

Eden

—Adam and Eve were then created by God and placed in Eden, in the plain of Damascus, that lovely garden resplendent with sunlight and colour, teeming with luxuriant vegetation. The fruitful earth gave them her

bounty: beasts and birds were their willing servants: they knew not the ills out flesh is heir to, disease and poverty and death: all that a great and generous God could do for them was done. But there was one condition imposed on them by God: obedience to His word. They were not to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

(James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*)

伊甸园

——当时上帝造出了亚当和夏娃,把他们安置在大马士革平原上的伊甸园里,那是一个充满阳光和色彩,长满无比茂盛植物的可爱花园。那长满各种果实的大地让他们过着富饶的生活:飞鸟和走兽都是自愿为他们服役的仆从;他们完全不知道我们的肉体常常会遭受到的病痛,没有病,没有贫穷,也没有死亡;一个伟大仁慈的上帝能够为他们做到的一切都已经做到了。但是上帝曾对他们提出一个条件:那就是永远服从他的吩咐。他们决不能去偷吃禁树上的果实。 (黄雨石 译)

7. Fruits 果实

Ripe Grapes

...in this part I found different fruits, and particularly I found melons upon the ground in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees; the vines had spread indeed over the trees, and the clusters of grapes were just now in their prime, very ripe and rich.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

成熟的葡萄

在那里,我看到许多不同的水果,特别是地下有许多瓜类,树上有许多葡萄,葡萄藤子爬满在树上,…挂一挂的葡萄生得非常茂盛,又熟又大。

(徐霞村 译)

Strawberries

—" The best fruit in England—every body's favourite—always wholesome.—These the finest beds and finest sorts.—Delightful to gather for one's self—the only way of really enjoying them.—Morning decidedly the best time—never tired—every sort good—hautboy infinitely superior—no comparison—the others hardly eatable—hautboys very scarce—Chili preferred—white wood finest flavour of all—price of strawberries in

London—abundance about Bristol—Maple Grove—cultivation—beds when to be renewed—gardeners thinking exactly different—no general rule—gardeners never to be put out of their way—delicious fruit—only too rich to be eaten much of—inferior to cherries—currants more refreshing—only objection to gathering strawberries the stooping—glaring sun—tired to death—could bear it no longer—must go and sit in the shade."

(Jane Austen, *Emma*)

草莓

"草莓——英国最好的水果——每个人都喜欢吃——总是很滋补人的。这儿有最好的园地,最好的种类。自摘自吃才有味道——才真是享受它们的唯一办法。清早无疑是最好的时间——永不疲倦——每一种都好——白花蛇莓味道最美——无比——其余几乎不可吃——白蛇草莓很少红——番椒人们喜欢吃——白木最香——草莓在伦敦价钱很贵——布里斯托尔很多——槭树林——培植——园地翻新的时节——园丁的想法迥然不同——没有一般的规则——园丁要得当——好吃的水果——吃多了只是太腻——赶不上樱桃——红醋栗更开胃口——采摘草莓唯一可以反对的就是要弯腰——炫目的太阳——累死啦——受不了啦——必须到阴凉里坐坐。" (刘重德 译)

Pears, Peaches, Grapes, Apples and Other Fruits

And all the time the fruit swells and the flowers break out in long clusters on the vines. And in the growing year the warmth grows and the leaves turn dark green, The prunes lengthen like little green birds' eggs, and the limbs sag down against the crutches under the weight. And the hard little pears take shape, and the beginning of the fuzz comes out on the peaches. Grape-blossoms shed their tiny petals and the hard little beads become green buttons, and the buttons grow heavy. ..... Little sour apples have grown large and sweet, and that old grape that grew among the trees and fed the birds, its tiny fruit has mothered a thousand varieties, red and black, green and pale pink, purple and yellow; and each variety with its own flavour. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

梨、桃、葡萄、苹果等水果

果实时时都在长大,葡萄藤上的花一长串一长串地开放了。在这成长的季节,天气渐渐热起来,叶子便变成了深绿色。梅子像绿色的小鸟蛋似的,长成长形,枝条让果实压弯了,坠在撑杆中。又硬又小的梨子成形了,桃子上也

开始长出了绒毛。葡萄花洒落了细小的瓣子,那些又小又硬的小珠子变成了绿色的钮扣,那些钮扣又渐渐地大起来。……小小的酸苹果也长得又大又甜,在果树中间生长着的老葡萄树,原来只能把它那小小的果实给鸟儿啄来吃,现在它却成了母树,嫁接了无数的新品种,有红的和黑的,绿的和淡红的,紫的和黄的;每一种都有各自的香味。 (胡仲持 译)

Fruits in the Shop

... There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeeper's benevolence to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner.

(Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*)

水果铺里的水果

……梨啊,苹果啊,都叠得高高的,堆成了壮丽的金字塔;一串串的葡萄,由于水果铺老板的好心肠,悬挂在特别触目的钩子上,使得人们在经过的时候嘴里禁不住会流出口水来,而不费分文;一堆堆带着藓苔的褐色榛子,它们所发出的香气,使人回忆起森林中古老道路,以及在深可没踝的枯叶堆里,愉快地蹒跚行走的情景;还有烹调用的诺福克苹果,矮胖胖,黑黝黝的,把桔子和柠檬的黄颜色衬托得格外鲜明,它们那多汁的身体长得非常结实,迫切地恳求人们把它们装在纸袋里带回家去,在饭后把它们吃掉。 (汪倜然 译)

A Great Crop of Cherries

There was a great crop of cherries at the farm. The trees at the back of the house, very large and tall, hung thick with scarlet and crimson drops, under the dark leaves. Paul and Edgar were gathering the fruit one evening. It had been a hot day, and now the clouds were rolling in the sky, dark and warm. Paul climbed high in the tree, above the scarlet roofs of the buildings. The wind, moaning steadily, made the whole tree rock with a subtle, thrilling motion that stirred the blood. The young man,

perched insecurely in the slender branches, rocked till he felt slightly drunk, reached down the boughs, where the scarlet beady cherries hung thick underneath, and tore off handful after handful of the sleek, cool-fleshed fruit. Cherries touched his ears and his neck as he stretched forward, their chill finger-tips sending a flash down his blood. All shakes of red, from a golden vermilion to a rich crimson, glowed and met his eyes under a darkness of leaves. (D. H. Lawrence, *Lover and Son*)

樱桃

农场的樱桃获得了大丰收。房后高大的树上，密密麻麻红色的樱桃挂在深绿色的叶子中。一天傍晚，保罗和埃德加在一起摘樱桃。这是个大热天，此时乌云在空中翻滚着，天气又暗又热。保罗高高地爬在那棵树上，底下是房子的红顶。微风飒飒，整棵树带着轻柔的颤抖摆动着，晃动着它的血液。这个青年冒冒失失地攀在细长的枝杈上，被树摇晃得有点头晕脑胀了，于是沿着挂满累累红珠般樱桃的树干往下爬。他摘下一簇簇光滑清凉的果实，樱桃碰到了耳朵和头颈，凉丝丝的，一阵寒颤传遍他的全身。此时一片红荫映入他的眼帘，这红荫正从金朱砂色变成浓艳的深红色，在幽暗的树叶下放着红光。

（李健等 译）

The Green Fruits

The life-giving rain had made every growing thing fresh and luxuriant. Birds sang everywhere. The trees and plants were explosions of fragrant blossoms. The reddish-brown, clinging mud underfoot was newly carpeted each morning, with the bright-colored petals and green leaves beaten loose by the rain of the night before. But amid all the lushness of nature, sickness spread steadily among the people of Juffure, for none of the richly growing crops was ripe enough to eat. The adults and children alike would stare hungrily at the thousands of plump mangoes and monkey apples hanging heavy on the trees, but the green fruits were as hard as rocks, and those who bit into them fell ill and vomited.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

绿绿的青果

拯救生命的雨水使一切生物都生机勃勃，葱郁茂盛，到处虫唧鸟鸣，树木和花草都绽开芬芳的花朵，脚底下赤褐色的粘粘的泥土每天早晨都新铺上一层昨晚被雨打下来的色彩鲜艳的花瓣和绿叶织成的地毯。可是尽管大自然如

此茂盛，朱富雷村的村民中间却疫病丛生，因为那些茁壮成长的作物还没有成熟到可供食用的程度，大大小小的村民们都馋涎欲滴地仰望着树上长得沉甸甸的千万只丰满的芒果和猴苹果，可是这些青色的果实坚如顽石，谁要是去啃咬一口，就会病倒和呕吐。 （陈尧光 译）

Pale Muskeg Berries

He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth, and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed enclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

(Jack London, *Love of Life*)

灰白色的浆果

他已经两天没吃东西了，至于没有吃到他想吃的东西的日子，那就更不止两天了；他常常弯下腰，摘起沼地上那种灰白色的浆果，把它们放到口里，嚼几嚼，然后吞下去。这种沼地浆果只有一小粒种籽，外面包着一点浆水。一进口，水就化了，种籽又辣又苦。他知道这种浆果并没有养分，但是他仍然抱着一种不顾道理，不顾经验教训的希望，耐心地嚼着它们。 （万紫 雨宁 译）

8. Crops and Seeds 庄稼、种子

Wheat

Mounds of straw, and wheat-stacks like bee-hives, stood out in startling rose and gold, and the green-tufted stubble glistened. As the vast girdle of crimson darkened, the fulfilled land became autumnal in deep reds and browns.

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

小麦

路上的麦秆堆得高高的，简直像小山头一般，一堆堆小麦，望过去仿佛蜂窝似的，忽闪忽闪地发出惊人的玫瑰色和金黄色的光芒。甚至连草皮带绿的残茬地里，也在闪闪发亮。当天边一大抹深红色的落日斜辉渐渐暗下来的时候，收割过的田野里，呈现出一片色彩斑斓的秋日景象。 （潘庆舲 译）

Spotty Cotton

...The corn-field ended and dark green cotton took its place, dark green leaves through a film of dust, and the bolls forming. It was spotty cotton, thick in the low places where water had stood, and bare on the high places. The plants strove against the sun. And distance, toward the horizon, was tan to invisibility. (John Steinbeck, *The Crapes of Wrath*)

棉桃

……玉米地完了,接着是一片深绿色的棉花地,深绿色的叶子上蒙着一层薄薄的尘沙;棉桃正在成长。这片棉花长得不整齐,有水的低洼地上长得很密,高地上却是光秃秃的。这些植物抵抗着阳光,顽强地生长着。靠近天边的远方是一片隐隐约约的黄褐色。 (胡仲持 译)

Early-Growing Seeds

...The early mornings echoed with the sound of the women's mortars pounding millet and conscious and groundnuts—not from there in harvest, but from those early-growing seeds that the past year's harvest had left living in the soil....And the women busily collected the ripened reddish mangkano berries, shaking the bushes over cloths spread beneath, then drying the berries in the sun before pounding them to separate the delicious futo flour from the seeds. Nothing was wasted. Soaked and boiled with pounded millet, the seeds were cooked into a sweetish breakfast gruel...

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

生长早的种子

妇女们用杵臼捣击粟子、御谷和花生的声音从凌晨就响起来了。那些粟子、御谷和花生并不是大收季节的收获物,而是得自去年收获时掉落在泥土中而依然活着的、提前生长的种子。……忙碌的妇女们在矮树丛下铺上白布,摇晃树枝,以采集红艳艳、熟透了的芒卡诺浆果。然后她们先把果实在太阳底下晒干,再加以椿捣,把美味的福妥面同种子分离开来。什么东西也不会浪费掉。那些种子在浸透后就同捣碎的粟子合在一起煮,煮成一种甜滋滋的粥。

(陈尧光 译)

The Conical Tips of the Ricks

...Oak returned to the stack-yard. All was silent here, and the conical tips of the ricks jutted darkly into the sky. There were five wheat-

ricks in this yard, and three stacks of barley. The wheat when threshed would average about thirty quarters to each stack; the barley, at least forty.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

麦垛

……奥克又回到麦垛场院里。--切都是静悄悄的。麦垛的圆锥形顶尖模模糊糊地向天空中耸着。场院里有五个小麦垛,三个大麦垛。小麦平均每垛能打三十夸特的麦子,大麦每垛至少能打四十夸特。 (傅雄寰 译)

Cotton

Cotton—one of the main crops on the farm—grew quickly here in the toubob's land. Soon its flowers had turned into hard green bolls and split open, each filled with fluffy balls, until the fields as far as Kunta could see were vast seas of whiteness, dwarfing the fields he had seen around Juffure. It was time to harvest, and the wake-up hour began blowing earlier in the morning, it seemed to Kunta, and the whip of the "overseer" was cracking in warning even before the "slaves," as they were called, could tumble from their beds. (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

棉花

棉花——农场的主要作物之一——在这片白鬼子的土地上成长很快。不久花朵变成了坚实的绿色棉桃,绷裂开来以后,绽出毛茸茸的白絮。极目望去,整个田野变成了一片辽阔的白色海洋,使昆塔感到他在朱福雷村所见到的棉田相形见绌了。摘收的季节到了,昆塔觉得起床号吹得比往日更早;甚至在被称为"奴隶"的人们还没有滚下床铺的时候,监工的鞭子就已发出了噼啪的警告声。 (李淼 译)

Barley

...in the Middle of all my Labours it happen'd, that rumaging my Things, I found a little Bag, which, as I hinted before, had been fill'd with Corn for the feeding of Poultry, not for this Voyage, but before, as I suppose, when the Ship came from Lisbon; what little Remainder of Corn had been in the Bag, was all devour'd with the Rats, and I saw nothing in the Bag but Husks and Dust; and being willing to have the Bag for some other Use, I think it was to put Powder in, when I divided it for Fear of

the Lightning, or some such Use, I shook the Husks of Corn out of it on one Side of my Fortification under the Rock.

It was a little before the great Rains, just now mention'd, that I threw this Stuff away, taking no Notice of any Thing, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown any Thing there; when about a Month after, or thereabout, I saw some few Stalks of something green, shooting out of the Ground, which I fancy'd might be some Plant I had not seen, but I was surpriz'd and perfectly astonish'd, when, after a little longer Time, I saw about ten or twelve Ears come out, which were perfect green Barley of the same Kind as our European, nay, as our English Barley.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

大麦

当我从事这些劳动的时候,我偶然翻翻我的东西,找到了一个小布袋。我上面已经提过,这个布袋原来是用来装那些喂家禽的谷类的,并且还不是为这次旅行用的,可能是为上次从里斯本出发时用的。袋里的一点谷类早已被老鼠吃光了,只看到有一点尘土和谷皮。后来因为想把布袋派别的用场,我就把那点谷皮抖在岩石下面的围墙里面。

我把这点东西扔掉,是在上面提到的那场大雨不久。当时我什么都没有注意,甚至连扔东西这件事都忘记了。不料过了一个多月,我忽然看见地上抽出几根青绿的茎子。我起初还以为是自己以前没有注意到的什么草类,不料过了些时候,我却大为惊愕,因为我看见那些茎子上又生出十几个穗子,完全和我们欧洲的大麦,甚至英国的大麦一模一样。 (徐霞村 译)

9. Symbolism 象征意义

Evil-Symbolizing Plants

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly and individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had lared at him out of the thicket. Several also would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with ouly an evil mockery of beauty. (Nathaniel Hawthorn, *Rappaccini's Daughter*)

作为邪恶象征的植物

所有这些植物的外表都使他不满，它们硕大无朋，看起来很凶猛，强烈，甚至不自然，游人在其中漫游时，每一棵都会吓他一跳，因为它们都长得那样野，好像一个个怪脸从榛莽中瞪视着。有一些的外表很是矫揉造作，显示出它们是好几种植物杂交而成，是淫邪的表现，会使生性脆弱的人大为震惊；它们已不是上帝的创造，而是人的堕落幻想的可怕贡献，只有着对美的恶意嘲笑。

（冯钟璞 译）

The Philosophy Attitude of the Buckwheat

Well, this is the reason. We bow to the inevitable. We're not wheat, we're buckwheat! When a storm comes along it flattens ripe wheat because its dry and can't bend with the wind. But ripe buckwheat's got sap in it and it bends. And when the wind has passed, it springs up almost as straight and strong as before. We aren't a stiff-necked tribe. We're mighty limber when a hard wind's blowing, because we know it pays to be limber. When trouble comes we bow to the inevitable without any mouthing, and we work and we smile and we bide our time. And we play along with lesser folks and we take what we can get from them. And when we're strong enough, we kick the folks whose necks we've climbed over. That, my child, is the secret of the survival.

（Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*）

荞麦的哲学

那么我来讲给你听吧。缘故就在于我们凡是不可避免的事情一向肯于低头。我们不是小麦，是荞麦。成熟了的小麦一遇风就被吹倒，因为小麦是干燥的，不会随着风势而折；而荞麦却不然，因为荞麦成熟时，杆儿里仍有水分，风一来，它就随势低头了。风去了，它又抬头了。我们并不是硬头颈的种族，我们碰到风暴，便会柔顺。难关来了，我们认为不可避免了，就低头。一点也不怨天尤人，只是工作着，微笑着，等待着我们的好日子。对于比我们低级的人，也是敷衍着，等自己强壮了，再骑到他们头上去。我的孩子，这就是我们渡过难关的秘诀。

（简宗 译）

The Silence of the Old Wood

Connie walked dimly on. From the old wood came an ancient melancholy, somehow soothing to her, better than the harsh insentience of the outer world. She liked the inwardness of the remnant of forest, the

unspeaking reticence of the old trees. They seemed a very power of silence, and yet a vital presence. They, too, were waiting: obstinately, stoically waiting, and giving off a potency of silence. Perhaps they were only waiting for the end; to be cut down, cleared away, the end of the forest, for them the end of all things. But perhaps their strong and aristocratic silence, the silence of strong trees, meant something else.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

古老树林的静默

康妮朦胧地向前走着。这古老的树林发出一种古代的忧郁,这却使她觉得有点安慰,因为这忧郁比之外面世界那种顽固的麻痹状态还要好些。她喜欢着残余的树林的"内在性"和那些老树无言的隐忍。它们像是一种静默的力量,却又是一种有生命的现实。它们也是等待着,固执着,从而发挥着一种静默的权能。也许它们只等着它们的末日——被人砍伐,被人运走!森林之末日,对于它们是一切之末日!但是,也许它们高傲,有力的静默,那大树的静默是含有其他意义的。 (饶述一 译)

The Sombre Hydrangeas

I noticed for the first time how the hydrangeas were coming into bloom, their blue heads thrusting themselves from the green foliage behind. For all their beauty there was something sombre about them, funereal; they were like the wreaths, stiff and artificial, that you see beneath glass cases in a foreign churchyard. There they were, all the way along the drive, on either side of us, blue, monotonous, like spectators lined up in a street to watch us pass. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

阴气森森的紫阳花

我第一次看到紫阳花含苞欲放,蓝色的蓓蕾从绿色簇叶后面伸出来。尽管鲜花艳丽,却带着一种阴森森的气味,它们就像一个个花圈,又僵硬又不自然,就像你看见外国教堂公墓玻璃棺材下面的东西一样。沿着车道两边,一路上长满了这种鲜花,蓝莹莹的,千篇一律,就像在大街上列队观看我们驶过的观众一样。 (高长荣 谢素台 译)

The China Tree Never Daunt or Alter

The wagon rolled up a weedy gravel walk, under a noble avenue of China trees, whose graceful forms and ever-springing foliage seemed to be

the only things there that neglect could not daunt or alter,—like noble spirits, so deeply rooted in goodness, as to flourish and grow stronger amid discouragement and decay. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

不屈的楝树

马车拐进一条长满野草的石子路,路旁栽着两排高大的楝树,姿态挺秀,欣欣向荣好像是庄园上唯一在冷遇面前不屈不挠,坚贞不移的东西——就像是品德高尚的人们,由于对上帝的信仰根深蒂固,即使是在挫折和落魄之际,还是精神愈来愈旺盛,意志愈来愈坚强。 (黄继忠 译)

A Beautiful Flower Indicating Pride and Pomp

It was an exotic, of rare beauty, and as fresh as if the hot-house gardener had just clip it from the stem. That flower has struck deep root into my memory. I can both see it and smell it, at this moment. So brilliant, so rare, so costly, as it must have been, and yet enduring only for a day, it was more indicative of the pride and pomp which had a luxuriant growth in Zenobia's character than if a great diamond had sparkled among her hair. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Blithedale Romance*)

一朵显示高傲和奢华的美丽鲜花

这是一朵奇特的花,它具有罕见的美丽姿色,新鲜得就像刚被温室园丁从根上剪下来一样。那朵花已深深地扎根于我的脑海中了。我现在还可以感受它的美丽,闻到它的芳香。那朵花竟如此灿烂,如此罕见,又如此昂贵,很显然它才开了一天。它已经不仅仅是根植于泽诺比亚性格中那傲慢与高贵的显示了。它甚至比她头上闪耀的钻石更加耀眼辉煌。 (王晓明 译)

The Stacks of Corn Make One's Feeling Burning

They went towards the stack yard. There he saw, with something like terror, the great new stacks of corn glistening and gleaming transfigured, silvery and present under the night-blue sky, throwing dark, substantial shadows, but themselves majestic and dimly present. She, like glimmering gossamer, seemed to burn among them, as they rose like cold fires to the silvery-bluish air. All was intangible, a burning of cold, glimmering, whitish-steely fires. He was afraid of the great moon-conflagration of the corn stacks rising above him. His heart grew smaller, it began to fuse like a bead. He knew he would die. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

月光下令人情感燃烧的秸秆垛

他们朝着堆干草的院子走去。在那儿,斯克里宾斯基看到了可怕的景象:新堆起的大垛大垛的秸秆闪闪发光,变形了,在深蓝的夜空下显得银白一片,威严、朦胧,而地上则留下了它们一个个实实在在的黑影。这些发光的秸垛腾起冰冷的火苗,与淡蓝发白的空气融为一体。厄秀拉像微微发光的薄纱,似乎要在它们中间燃烧。冰冷的燃烧、微微白光、白色泛青的火苗,这一切都是飘忽无形的。斯克里宾斯基害怕这秸秆垛的月光大火在他头上燃起。他的心越缩越紧,越来越小,熔化,熔化成了一滴小水珠般大。他知道自己要死了。

(黑马 石磊 译)

X. Natural Calamities 自然灾害

1. Fire 火灾

A Night Fire on a Church

All eyes were raised toward the top of the church. What they saw was extraordinary. On the highest gallery, above the central rose window, a great flame was rising up between the two towers in a whirlwind of sparks; a turbulent, furious flame, tongues of which were now and then carried off by the wind along with the smoke. Below it two waterspouts carved into the shape of monsters were incessantly vomiting that burning rain, whose silvery streams stood out against the dark background of the lower part of the facade. As they approached the ground, the two jets of liquid lead spread out into a spray. The innumerable sculptured demons and dragons of the two towers rising above the flames took on a formidable aspect. The flickering light made them move their eyes. There seemed to be dragons laughing, gargoyles yelping salamanders blowing into the fire and griffins sneezing in the smoke. And among those monsters awakened from their stony sleep by the flames and the noise, there was one which could be seen passing before the fire from time to time like a bat before a candle.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

吞食教堂的烈焰

人人都抬眼观察教堂的上层。所见的是一片奇异景象。在最高层走道顶上,在中央花瓣格子圆窗的上面,熊熊烈焰在两座钟楼之间腾起无数火星的旋涡。这散漫狂乱飞舞的火焰不时被风刮走--部分化为浓烟。在烈焰下面,在火花从梅花形空档中喷射而愈形黝黑的石栏杆下面,两道水槽雕塑成妖怪巨口,不断喷射烈焰,银色雨点飞溅,衬托出黑漆漆的下层建筑。越接近地面,两股熔铅就越是四向扩散,好似水从喷壶的无数细眼中喷出。钟楼上的无数鬼怪和巨龙塑像显出阴森凄惨的模样。火焰跳动不定,闪闪烁烁,看上去这些塑像也在跳动。半狮半鹫怪似乎在大笑,笼嘴兽好像在吠叫,蝾螈在吹火,塔腊斯贡兽在深烟中打喷嚏。这些怪物都由于火光熊熊、人声鼎沸而从石头的沉睡中惊醒。它们中间有一个在走动,不时可以看见他掠过柴堆的火焰,像是一

只蝙蝠掠过烛光。 （管震湖 译）

Cotton Quarter Fire

She soused the end of the rug into the bucket and drawing a deep breath plunged again into the smoke-filled room slamming the door behind her. For an eternity she reeled and coughed, beating the rug against the lines of fire that shot swiftly beyond her. Twice her long skirt took fire and she slapped it out with her hands. She could smell the sickening smell of her hair scorching, as it came loose from its pins and swept about her shoulders. The flames raced ever beyond her, toward the walls of the covered runway, fiery snakes that writhed and leaped and, exhaustion sweeping her, she knew that it was hopeless.

Then the door swung open and the sucking draft flung the flames higher. It closed with a bang and, in the swirling smoke, Scarlett, half blind, saw Melanie, stamping her feet on the flames, beating at them with something dark and heavy. She saw her staggering, heard her coughing, caught a lightening-flash glimpse of her set white face and eyes narrow to slits against the smoke, saw her small body curving back and forth as she swung her rug up and down. For another eternity they fought and swayed, side by side, and Scarlett could see that the lines of fire were shortening. Then suddenly Melanie turned toward her and, with a cry, hit her across the shoulders with all her might. Scarlett went down in a whirlwind of smoke and darkness.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on the back porch, her head pillowed comfortably on Melanie's lap, and the afternoon sunlight was shining on her face. Her hands, face and shoulders smarted intolerably from burns. Smoke was still rolling from the quarters, enveloping the cabins in thick clouds, and the smell of burning cotton was strong. Scarlett saw wisps of smoke drifting from the kitchen and she stirred frantically to rise.

（Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*）

棉仓失火

她在水里浸了浸地毯，深深地吸进一口气，冲进了烟雾弥漫的厨房，随手关上门。她一面摇晃着，咳嗽着，一面用地毯挥打那一片片火苗，她的衣裙两次被火烧着，都被她用手将它扑灭，她忽然闻到头发烧着的焦味，因为她的头发已经松散了披在肩上。火焰总是跑在她的前面，又像一条条火蛇在那里爬，

迅速地向四周延伸，这时她已经精疲力竭了，她彻底地感到了绝望。

这时候，门却忽然被推开，一阵风涌了进来，火焰被刮得更高，接着门又砰地一声关上了，只见媚兰拿着一件又黑又大的东西在烟雾中扑打。思嘉看见她晃晃荡荡，咳嗽着，脸色更加苍白了，她的眼睛眯成一条缝，将手里的那件东西左右地挥舞着。她们并肩战斗了很久，才发现那火焰已经逐渐地缩短了。这时候，媚兰却向她身后发出了一声大喊，并用手中的东西向思嘉的后背猛烈地抽打。思嘉便在浓烟里晕倒在地上。

她睁开眼睛时，发现自己已经枕着媚兰的大腿，躺在了后面的走廊上，午后的阳光照在她的脸上，她的手、脸和肩膀都被火烧伤了。下房还在继续冒烟，浓烟笼罩了那里的一切，四周弥漫着棉花燃烧的刺鼻味。她看见厨房还有一缕缕的黑烟飘出来，便发疯似的要爬起来。（简宗 译）

Neighborhood Fire

Smoke was rolling off our house and Miss Rachel's house like fog off a river bank, and men were pulling hoses toward them. Behind us, the fire truck from Abbottsville screamed around the curve and stopped in front of our house. .....

The Abbottsville fire truck began pumping water on our house; a man on the roof pointed to places that needed it most. I watched our Absolute Morphodite go black and crumble; Miss Maudies's sunhat settled on top of the heap. I could not see her hedge-clippers. In the heat between our house, Miss Rachel's and Miss Maudie's, the men had long ago shed coats and bathrobes. They worked in pajama tops and night-shirts stuffed into their pants...

Another fire truck appeared and stopped in front of Miss Stephanie Crawdord's. There was no hydrant for another hose, and the men tried to soak her house with hand extinguishers.

Miss Maudie's tin roof quelled the flames, Roaring, the house collapsed; fire gushed everywhere. followed by a flurry of blankets from men on top of the adjacent houses beating out sparks and burning chunks of wood.

It was dawn before the men began to leave, first one by one, then in groups.... (Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

火漫街区

黑烟席卷了我们房子和拉契尔小姐的房子，像河岸上飘过的浓雾，人们在

向那里拉水龙带，阿巴茨维尔镇的救火车呼叫着在我们后边绕过街角，停在我们家门口。……

阿巴茨维尔镇的救火车开始往我们的房子喷水；房顶上有一个人指挥着往哪儿喷。我看到我们那个"十足的怪物"变成黑的塌下来了；茂迪小组的遮阳帽落在雪堆上。她那把修树枝的剪刀不见了。在我们的房子、拉契尔小姐的家和茂迪小姐的家之间气温很高，站着的人早就脱掉了外衣、浴衣，衬衫掖在裤子里，外面套着件睡衣，在那里救火……

另外来了一辆救火车，停到斯菩芬妮·克劳福小姐门口。但是没有消防水栓了，接不上水龙。消防人员用手提的灭火器在喷她的房子。

茂迪小组家的锡屋顶压住了火焰，房子塌了，火势向四处蔓延，旁边房顶上的救火员在用毯子扑打四溅的木块和火星。

救火的人一直忙到天明才开始离去，先是一个一个的撤，后来就成群撤退了。…… （舒逊 译）

Old Ship Fire

"Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disc of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously; mournful and imposing like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious day. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeper of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night patient and watchful, the vast night lying silent upon the sea. At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within.

(Joseph Conrad, *Youth*)

旧船失火

"在漆黑的天地中间，它烧得好旺——在被血染红的、摇曳的火光照耀出一圈紫色的海面上——在一圈亮晃晃又阴森森的水面上。从海里腾起了一股明亮的火焰，一团巨大、孤独的火焰；火焰的顶端吐着黑烟，一个劲儿地直向天空冲去。帆船在猛烈地燃烧，好不悲壮，就像火葬的积薪在晚上燃烧，大海围

绕着，星星守望着。这条辛苦奔波的老船，临终却这样煊赫，好像这是老天给它的一种恩惠、一种赏赐、一种嘉奖。它把疲乏不堪的灵魂交出，托付给星星和海洋，就跟光荣的凯旋同样激动人心。船桅倒下时，刚巧在天亮以前；一时里只见迸出万千火星，纷飞乱溅，叫那耐心守望的黑夜，那默默地躺在海洋上的广漠的黑夜，好像充满了流火。黎明时分，大船烧剩了一个焦壳，却仍旧载着一船燃烧着的煤块飘浮在那烟云底下。 （方平 译）

Helpless Fire

The parched wilga caught and the gum resin at its tender heart exploded outward. There were solid walls of fire in every direction Paddy looked; the trees were burning fiercely and the grass beneath his feet was roaring into flames. He could hear his horse screaming and his heart went out to it; he could not leave the poor beast to die tied up and helpless. A dog howled, its howl changing to shriek of agony almost human. For a moment it flared and danced, a living torch, then subsided into the blazing grass. More howls as the other dogs, fleeing, were enveloped by the racing fire, faster in the gale than anything on foot or wing. A streaming meteor scorched his hair as he stood for a millisecond debating which way was the best to get to his horse; he looked down to see a great cockatoo roasting at his feet. （Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*）

无情的大火

被烤干的芸香树也燃着了，它那湿嫩的树心往外渗着树胶。帕迪放眼看去，四下都是厚厚的火墙；树林在熊熊地燃烧着，他脚下的草也呼呼作响，冒起了火苗。他听见自己的马在嘶叫着，这叫声使他的心都快跳出来了。他可不能眼巴巴地看着这可怜的畜生栓在那里，孤弱无助地被活活烧死。一条狗狂嗥了起来，这狂嗥声变成了像人一样的痛苦的尖叫。有那么一会儿，它狂窜乱跳着，就像一个跳动着的火把，随后，慢慢地倒在了火焰熊熊的草地上。其他那些惨叫着四散逃去的狗被飞速蔓延的火吞没了，大火乘风，比任何长眼生翅的东西都要快。当他正站在那里盘算哪条路离他的马最近的时候，席卷而来的大火刹那间就把他的头发烧焦了。他低头一看，只见脚下一大片美冠鹦鹉被烤得吱吱作响。 （曾胡 译）

Forest Fire

As Meggie rode beside Fee the ominous cloud in the west grew, and

stronger and stronger on the wind came the smell of burning. It was growing dark; creatures fleeing from the west came thicker and thicker across the paddock, kangroos and wild pigs, frightened sheep and cattle, emus and goannas, rabbits by the thousands....

The fire had gone ten miles when they reached it, and it was spreading laterally as well, along a front expanding with every second. As the long dry grass and the high wind took it leaping from timber stand to timber stand they sat their frightened, jobbing horses and looked into the west helplessly.... Already the front was five miles wide; if they didn't push their weary mounts they too would be caught, and passed. Too bad for the sheep, too bad. But it couldn't be helped.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

森林大火

在菲和梅吉并辔而驰的时候,不祥的烟云在西边升起,随风扑过愈来愈浓的燃烧气味。天色渐暗,越来越多的野兽从西边逃窜过来,有袋鼠、野猪、发抖的绵羊和牛、鸸鹋、大蜥蜴以及成百上千的兔子。……

人们到达火场时,大火已经向前推进了十英里,并且还在向两侧蔓延,每一秒钟大火都在向前延伸着。又长又深的草和疾风使大火从一片树林跃向另一片树林。她们骑在惊惶万状,被嚼子勒疼的马身上,无可奈何地望着西边...火的前缘已经有五英里宽了,假若他们不催逼疲惫的坐骑的话,大火也会赶上他们,并且超过它们的。这情形对绵羊来说是太糟糕了,但是却无计可施。

(曾胡 译)

Night Fire

The broad sky seemed on fire. Rising into the air with showers of sparks, and rolling one above the other, were sheets of flame, lighting the atmosphere for miles round, and driving clouds of smoke in the direction where he stood. The shouts grew louder as new voices swelled the roar, and he could hear the cry of Fire! mingled with the *ringing* of an alarm-bell, the fall of heavy bodies, and the crackling of flames as they twined round some new obstacle, and shot aloft as though refreshed by food....

He came upon the spot. There were half-dressed figures tearing to and fro, some endeavouring to drag the frightened horses from the stables, others driving the cattle from the yard and out-houses, and others coming laden from the burning pile, amidst a shower of a falling sparks, and the

tumbling down of red-hot beams. The apertures, where doors and windows stood an hour ago, disclosed a mass of raging fire; walls rocked and crumbled into the burning well; the molten lead and iron poured down, white-hot, upon the ground. Women and children shrieked, and men encouraged each other with noisy shouts and cheers. The clanking of the engine-pumps, and the spirting and hissing of the water as it fell upon the blazing wood, added to the tremendous roar.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

夜间大火

广阔的天穹好像在燃烧。烈焰迸出阵雨似的火花，一片高过一片升入空中，把周围数英里的地方照得通明。滚滚浓烟朝着他所站的方向飘来。随着有人加入这一片呼号，喧嚷声愈来愈响；他听见"失火了！"的喊声与警钟长鸣、重物倒塌、火柱爆裂的声音混成一片；火舌遇到了新的障碍物，先把他团团围住，然后像补充了营养一般猛蹿起来。……

他奔到火场。衣履不整的人们来回乱跑，有的竭力想把受惊的马匹从厩里牵出来，有的在把牛赶出院子和棚屋，有的冒着火雨和烧红的桁条当头坠落的危险从燃烧的建筑物里抢搬东西。一小时以前有门有窗的洞口现出一片汹涌的火海；墙壁摇晃着向燃烧的楼梯井孔崩塌下去；铅和铁熔成白热的液体流到地上。妇孺尖声哭喊，男人叫嚷着互相鼓励。救火泵哐啷啷的响声、水喷射在燃烧的木头上发出的刺刺声和震耳欲聋的喧嚷声汇成一片。（茅如德　译）

Brush House Fire

He saw a little glow ahead of him, and then without interval a tall flame leaped up in the dark with a crackling roar, and a tall edifice of fire lighted the pathway. Kino broke into a run; it was his brush house, he knew. And he knew that these houses could burn down in a very few moments....

The fierce light of the burning house lighted Kino's face strongly....

The neighbours were tumbling from their houses now, and they watched the falling sparks and stamped them out to save their own houses....

(John Stainbeck, *Pearl*)

茅屋着火

他看见前面有一点小小的火光，顷刻间，变成一条高大的火柱，毕剥作响。把整条大道照得如同白昼。他马上奔跑起来。他知道这正是自己的茅屋。他

还知道,这种茅屋一着火,不消几分钟就会化为灰烬。……

烧房子的熊熊火光把基诺的脸映得通红……

邻居们急急忙忙地从自己的茅屋里跑出来,看着落下来的火星,赶忙把它扑灭,以免自己的房子着火。 (范仲英 译)

2. Floods 水灾

Motionless Flood on the Surface

It was perfectly motionless, perfectly flat. It looked, not innocent, but bland. It looked almost demure. It looked as if you could walk on it. It looked so still that they did not realize it possessed motion until they came to the first bridge. There was a ditch under the bridge, a small stream, but ditch and stream were both invisible now, indicated only by the rows of cypress and bramble which marked its course. Here they both saw and heard movement—the slow profound eastward and upstream("It's running backward," one convict said quietly) set of the still rigid surface, from beneath which came a deep faint subaquean rumble which (though none in the truck could have made the comparison) sounded like a subway train passing far beneath the street, and which suggested a terrific and secret speed. It was as if the water itself were in three strata, separate and distinct, the bland and unhurried surface bearing a frothy scum and a miniature flotsam of twigs and screening, as though by vicious calculation, the rush and fury of the flood itself, and beneath this in turn the original stream trickle, murmuring along in the opposite direction, following undisturbed and unaware of its appointed course and serving its Lilliputian end, like a thread of ants between the rails on which an express train passes, they (the ants) as unaware of the power and fury as if it were a cyclone crossing Saturn. (William Faulkner, *Mississippi Flood*)

表面平静的洪水

那片水完全静止不动,非常平稳。它看起来并不是那样温良单纯,而似乎是无动于衷。它几乎是在故作正经。看上去,就好像你简直可以在它上面行走似的。这片水看起来那么平静,在他们到达第一座桥之前,他们还没有感到它是在运动的。桥下有一条小沟,但是这时候小沟和水流去向都看不出了,只有一排一排的柏树和荆棘标示出它的流程。到了这里,他们不仅看到了,而且听见了水的流动慢腾腾,深沉地向东,向上游的流动("水是在往回流"。一个犯人在悄悄地说),在平静僵止的表面之下传出了深沉、微弱的水下隆隆声,这

种声音好像(虽然卡车上的人谁也没有这样来比方),好像一列地下列车从街道下面的深处驶过,而且可以推断出它是在以惊人的、隐秘的速度行驶。好像这片水本身有三层,分得清清楚楚:娴静从容的水面上浮着泡沫渣滓和貌似破船碎片但小得多的树枝,它仿佛出于恶毒的算计,遮没了汹涌澎湃的洪水,而在洪水下面则是原来的水流,这股涓涓细流沿着相反的方向,不受干扰,也没有觉察地顺着既定的流程潺潺流去,尽到它在小人国里的作用,它好像一行蝼蚁行走在上面有特快列车驶过的铁轨之间,它们(这些蝼蚁)并没觉察到列车的威力,仿佛那只是掠过土星的一股旋风。 (雨宁 译)

The Churning Freshets

... And at first the dry earth sucked the moisture down and blackened. For two days the earth drank the rain, until the earth was full. Then puddles formed, and in the low places little lakes formed in the fields. The muddy lakes rose higher, and the steady rain whipped the shining water. At last the mountains were full, and the hillsides spilled into the streams, built them to freshets, and sent them roaring down the canyons into the valleys. The rain beat on steadily. And the streams and the little rivers edged up to the bank sides and worked at willows and tree roots, bent the willows deep in the current, cut out the roots of cottonwoods and brought down the trees. The muddy water whirled along the bank sides and crept up the banks until at last it spilled over, into the fields, into the orchards, into the cotton patches where the black stems stood. Level fields became lakes, broad and grey, and the rain whipped up the surfaces. Then the water poured over the highways, and cars moved slowly, cutting the water ahead, and leaving a boiling muddy wake behind. The earth whispered under the beat of the rain, and the streams thundered under the churning freshets.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

翻腾的洪水

……起初,干燥的大地吮吸着水分,变黑了。地里喝了两天雨水,终于喝够了。于是到处出现了许多泥潭,田野的低洼地方形成了一个个的小湖。这些泥泞的小湖高涨起来,下个不停的雨飘打着晃亮的水面。后来那些高山也吸足了雨水,于是山边的洪水涌入溪流,使它们湍急起来,哗啦哗啦地顺着深深的峡谷向山下奔流。雨还是连绵不断地下着。溪流和小河泛滥到两岸,冲击着柳树和树根,使柳树深深地弯到急流里,把白杨连根冲掉,整个儿拖倒。

泥浆的水沿着两岸翻腾着，终于上了岸，泛滥到田野、果园和那些只剩下黑色梗子的棉花地里。平坦的田野变成了广阔的、灰色的湖泊，雨在那水面上飘打着。随后雨水又倾泻在公路上，汽车慢慢地行驶着，划开前面的水，背后掀起一道翻腾的泥浆。大地在雨水的飘打下低语着，翻腾的洪水在溪流中狂奔，发出澎湃的吼声。（胡仲持 译）

The River Running over the Banks

The river went on raising and raising for ten or twelve days, till at last it was over the banks. The water was three or four foot deep on the island in the low places and on the Illinois bottom. On that side it was a good many miles wide; but on the Missouri side it was the same old distance across—a half a mile—because the Missouri shore was just a wall of high bluffs.

Daytimes we paddled all over the island in the canoe. It was mighty cool and shady in the deep woods even if the sun was blazing outside. We went winding in and out amongst the trees; and sometimes the vines hung so thick we had to back away and go some other way. Well, on every old broken-down tree you could see rabbits, and snakes, and such things; and when the island had been overflowed a day or two, they got so tame, on account of being hungry, that you could paddle right up and put your hand on them if you wanted to; but not the snakes and turtles—they would slide off in the water. The ridge our cavern was in was full of them. We could a had pets enough if we'd wanted them.

（Mark Twain, *The Adventure of Huckleberry Finn*）

河水泛滥

河里一连涨了十一二天水，最后大水把岸都淹没了。在岛上洼下的地方和伊里诺河边低地上都有三四尺深的水。在这一边，河面已经有好几哩宽了；可是在密苏里那一边，距离对岸还是跟原来一样远——半哩多地——因为密苏里的沿岸是像一堵高墙似的峭壁。

在白天，我们乘着独木船在小岛上到处划来划去。虽然外面的太阳像火烧似的晒着，在深林里却非常阴凉。我们在树林中绕来绕去；有时候藤蔓长得太密了，我们只得退回来，另走别的路。在每一棵倒下的老树上面，你都能看见兔子和蛇那类的动物；小岛被淹了一两天以后，它们都变得非常驯顺，因为它们都很饿，你可以把船划到它们面前，伸出手去摸它们，如果你想这样做的话；这当然不是指蛇和鳖说的——你一过去它们就会溜到水里去。我们那个

洞上面的山脊上,到处都是这类的东西。我们可以捉到许多好玩的小动物,假如我们想要捉的话。 (张万里 黄兰林 译)

A Huge Plain of Water in the Moonlight

...He had woken up one night and seen a great white light coming in at the window. He had crawled out of bed and climbed on to a chair that stood beneath the window. Outside it seemed that there was nothing but empty space. Soon he noticed that, stretching as far as the eye could see, there was nothing but a huge plain of water. All the houses and other buildings had disappeared. The water washed against the side of the house. It moved strangely in the moonlight, as though there were great mysterious beasts below its calm surface. The water attracted him, and he felt that he must jump from the window and sink his head slowly beneath it. But he was too high and could only look down helplessly. He had been deeply frightened at the great emptiness, the sky and the water, and the lonely stone walls of the house. (William Sansom, *The Vertical Ladder*)

月光下的洪水

……有一天晚上他睡醒了,看见一大道白光映进屋来。他下了床,爬到一把摆在窗下的椅子上。窗外只见一个一无所有的空间。他极目纵观,不久就注意到,外面只不过是一片汪洋。所有的房屋和其他建筑物都消失了。洪水拍打着房子的外墙。洪水在月光下很奇异地流动着,好像在那平静的水面下,有许多神秘的巨兽在蠕动。那片洪水吸引住他,他觉得必须从窗户跳出去,让脑袋慢慢地沉到水里。然而,他离水面太高了,只能无可奈何地往下瞧着。他望着那一大片虚空、那天和水、那房子的孤零零的石墙,感到十分害怕。

(黄邦杰 译)

The Sea Running out of the Shore

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us: The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at

intervals above the rolling abyss, where like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings.... (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

溢出的大海

当我们向前挣扎时,愈近海滨(大风从海里用全力向岸上吹),风势愈可怕。在我们还未望见海好久以前,海里的飞沫已经落在我们嘴唇上,把带咸味的雨喷在我们身上。海水流出来,淹没雅茅斯附近许多哩平原;每一个洼子,每一条沟子,拍击它的堤岸,用尽它那小小的浪花的力量重重地向我们进攻。当我们望见海时,地平线上时时有浪头从翻滚的深渊腾起,好像带高塔和建筑物的对岸一闪一闪地出现。…… (董秋斯 译)

Marsh Flood

The flood rose through the night, till it washed the kettle off the hob in the kitchen. Mrs. Brangwen sat alone at a window upstairs. She called no more. The men were busy with the pigs and the cattle. They were coming with a boat for her.

Towards morning the rain ceased, the stars came out over the noise and the terrifying clucking and trickling of the water. Then there was a pallor in the east, the light began to come. In the ruddy light of the dawn she saw the waters spreading out, moving sluggishly, the buildings rising out of a waste of water. Birds began to sing, drowsily, and as if slightly hoarse with the dawn. It grew brighter. Up the second field was the great, raw gap in the canal embankment. (D.H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

马斯的洪水

黑暗中水势上涨着,厨房里的水壶都被从炉架上冲了下来。布朗太太独自一个人坐在楼上的窗前,她不再喊叫了。男人们忙着救猪和牛,然后驾一条船来接她。

天快亮时,雨停了,星星开始在天际闪烁,地上一片汪洋,发出一阵阵可怕的撞击和浪花的翻滚声。然后东方露出鱼肚白,天破晓了。微微红熹中,她看到大水悠缓地蔓延着,水中露出一座座建筑物来。鸟儿开始昏昏然歌唱,叫声有点儿沙哑。天更亮了。大堤那边的地面上情形跟这边差不多,运河堤坝上裂着一个巨大的豁口。 (黑马 石磊 译)

3. Tornadoes 风灾

The Hurricane

While I sat thus, I found the Air over-cast, and grow cloudy, as if it

would Rain; soon after that the Wind rose by little and little, so that, in less than half an Hour, it blew a most dreadful Hurricane: The Sea was all on a Sudden cover'd over with Foam and Froth, the Shore was cover'd with the Breach of the Water, the Trees Were torn up by the Roots, and a terrible Storm it was; and this held about three Hours, and then began to abate, and in two Hours more it was stark calm, and began to rain very hard. (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

飓风

……我正这么坐着的时候,忽然看见阴云密布,仿佛要下雨了。不一会,风势渐起,不到半小时,就刮起了可怕的飓风。顷刻间,海面波浪奔腾,海岸上浪花四溅,连树木都给拔起来,真是可怕的风暴。这风暴一直刮了三小时,才开始减刹了一些;又过了两小时,才平静起来,开始下大雨。 (徐霞村 译)

The Typhoon of the Japanese Seas

Warmest climes but nurse the cruellest fangs: the tiger of Bengal crouches in spiced groves of ceaseless verdure. Skies the most effulgent but basket the deadliest thunders: gorgeous Cuba knows tornadoes that never swept tame northern lands. So, too, it is, that in these resplendent Japanese seas the mariner encounters the direst of all storms, the Typhoon. It will sometimes burst from out that cloudless sky, like an exploding bomb upon a dazed and sleepy town.

Towards evening of that day, the Pequod was torn of her canvas, and bare-poled was left to fight a Typhoon which had struck her directly ahead. When darkness came on, sky and sea roared and split with the thunder, and blazed with the lightning, that showed the disabled masts fluttering here and there with the rags which the first fury of the tempest had left for its after sport. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

日本海上的台风

最热的地方也就是最会培育凶残的毒物的地方:孟加拉的老虎蹲在那长绿的香料树丛里。最灿烂的天空最会窝藏那最会致人死命的大雷电;绮丽的古巴就经历过那从来不会刮到单凋的北方地带的旋风。所以,在这辉煌灿烂的日本海上,也会教水手们碰到最可怕的风暴——台风。它往往会突然从那晴朗无云的天际飓地刮起来,像是扔向瞌眍懵懵的小城市的一颗大炸弹。

那天傍晚时分,突然迎头来了一阵台风,把"裴廊德号"的帆布刮得精光,

只剩几根赤裸裸的桅杆在风里挣扎。夜幕拢来的时候，霹雳一阵雷鸣，弄得海天齐吼，电光狂闪，照出了那仅剩下一些破布条在这里那里索索抖着的残桅，这就是初发的暴风雨，在一阵恶作剧后所留下来的东西。 （曹庸 译）

The Formidable Cyclone

...The raging sea was swept by huge cloud-drifts, which were actually saturated with the waves. The *Nautilus*, sometimes lying on its side, sometimes standing up like a mast, rolled and pitched terribly. About five o'clock a torrent of rain fell, that lulled neither sea nor wind. The hurricane blew nearly forty leagues an hour. It is under these conditions that it overturns houses, breaks iron gates, displaces twenty-four pounders...A terrible noise filled the air, a complex noise, made up of the howls of the crushed waves, the roaring of the wind, and the claps of thunder. The wind veered suddenly to all points of the horizon; and cyclone, rising in the east, returned after passing by the north, west, and south, in the inverse course pursued by the circular storms of the southern hemisphere. Ah, that Gulf Stream! It deserves its name of the King of Tempests. It is that which causes those formidable cyclones, by the difference of temperature between its air and its currents...

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

凶残的风暴

...波涛汹涌的海面被浸在水中的片片巨大浓云扫过。诺第留斯号有时侧边躺下，有时像桅一般竖起，翻滚颠摆，惊险怕人。五点左右，倾盆大雨下起来，但雨并没有打击了风，也没有打击了海。风暴刮来的速度差不多是每小时四十海里。在这种情况下，它可以推倒房屋，它可以折断铁栅，它可以移动口径二十四厘米的大炮。……隆隆可怕的响声布满空中，这是很复杂的声响，由互相击打的波浪怒吼声，大风的呼啸声，雷电的爆裂声所组成。风从天际各处吹来，台风自东方出发，经过北方，西方和南方，又回到东方，跟北半球的回旋风暴的方向正相反。

啊！这大西洋暖流！它被称为风暴王，真有道理！由于它在水流上面，各层空气的温度不同，使它造成厉害强大的台风。 （曾觉之 译）

Rages of Wind and Rain

...We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the

river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten lighthouse. Occasionally the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows(opening them ever so little, was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain) I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

暴风骤雨

……我们住的是临河一幢房子的顶层,那天晚上河上狂风怒号,连房子都震动了,好似遭到炮击或是海涛的拍打。后来狂风又带来了骤雨,忽喇喇打在玻璃窗上,抬眼看时,窗子都在摇晃,恍若置身在一座风雨飘摇的灯塔中一般。有时候,壁炉里的烟会从烟囱里倒灌进来,似乎受不住屋外风雨的侵凌。我打开门,望望楼下,楼梯上的灯已经扑灭;我手搭凉篷,透过漆黑的玻璃窗朝外一望(在这种风侵雨虐的夜晚,休说开窗,连一丝缝儿也露不得),只见院子里的灯也扑灭了,桥上和岸上的灯也都在瑟瑟发抖,狂风从驳船上的炉子里刮起一阵阵火星,有若一阵阵火雨。 (王科一 译)

Violent Wind

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns; but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London—and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church tower, and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and

fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

狂风

破晓的时候,风愈刮愈厉害。我过去在雅茅斯听航海的人们说,狂风如大炮,但是我从来不曾见过这样的风,或任何与此相近的风。我们来到伊普斯维契——已经很晚,我们离开伦敦十哩路以后,就必须一寸一寸地向前挣扎;我们看见市场上有一群人,他们担心烟囱被吹落,在夜间就起床了。当我们换马时,聚在旅店前的一些人告诉我们说,一个很高的教堂顶上大块的铅皮被揭了去,落在一条横街中,当时把那条横街阻断。另外一些人告诉我们,有几个从附近乡村来这里的人,曾经见过从土内拔出来横在地上的大树,以及散布在路上和田中的整个的干草堆。那暴风雨不但未见杀势,却来得更厉害了。

(董秋斯 译)

Howling Wind with a Tossing Sea

It lasted all down the North Sea, all down Channel; and it lasted till we were three hundred miles or so to the westward of the Lizards; then the wind went round to the sou'west and began to pipe up. In two days it blew a gale. The *Judea*, hove to, wallowed on the Atlantic like an old candle-box. It blew day after day: it blew with spite, without interval, without mercy, without rest. The world was nothing but an immensity of great foaming waves rushing at us. under a sky low enough to touch with the hand and dirty like a smoked ceiling.

In the stormy space surrounding us there was as much flying spray as air. Day after day and night after night there was nothing round the ship but the howl of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the noise of water pouring over her deck. There was no rest for her and no rest for us. She tossed, she pitched, she stood on her head, she sat on her tail, she rolled, she groaned, and we had to hold on while on deck and cling to our bunks when below, in a constant effort of body and worry of mind.

(Joseph Conrad, *Youth*)

风啸浪涌

这种好天气一直维持到经过北海,英吉利海峡,维持到帆船驶过蜥蜴岬西面三百英里左右的地方,于是风向一转,呼呼地刮起西南风来了。刮了两天就变成暴风。"犹太号"停住了,在大西洋的浪涛里打滚,就像一个古老的蜡烛

箱。风一天天刮下去:它刮得好凶,一刻也不间断,一点也不留情,一点也不放松。整个世界就只有无边无际的巨浪,白沫翻腾,向我们冲来;头上的天低得似乎伸手就摸得着,肮脏得像烟熏过的天花板。

我们被包围在暴风雨里,飞溅的水花就跟空气一样稠密。日日夜夜,船的前后左右没有别的,只有风号、海啸、浪涛打在甲板上的声响。船休想有片刻清静,人也休想有片刻安宁。它摇晃,颠簸,一会儿倒竖蜻蜓,一会儿金鸡独立,它辗转滚动,呼号呻吟。我们在舱面时,就得抓住东西;到舱下去,就得紧贴着床铺,时时刻刻提心吊胆全身紧张。 (方平 译)

Violent Wind and Tide

...On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of Summer in those Parts, the Weather being very hazy, the Seamen spyed a Rock, within half a Cable's length of the Ship; but the Wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the Crew, of whom I was one, having let down the Boat into the Sea, made a Shift to get clear of the Ship, and the Rock. We rowed by my Computation, about three Leages, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with Labour while we were in the Ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the Mercy of the Waves; and in about half an Hour the Boat was overset by a sudden Flurry from the North. What became of my Companions in the Boat, as well as of those who escaped on the Rock, or were left in the Vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own Part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by Wind and Tide. I often let my Legs drop, and could feel no Bottom....

(Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

狂风巨浪

……十一月五日,那一带正是初夏时节,天气沉霾多雾,水手们在离船不到五十寻(三百英尺)的地方发现了礁石;但是风势那么猛烈,我们的船向礁石对直撞去,船身立刻触礁裂开。六个船员,连我在内,把救生艇放下海去,想尽办法脱离大船和礁石。据我估计,我们大约划出了三里路远,就再也划不动了,因为我们在大船上时,就已经精疲力尽了。我们只得听任波涛摆布,过了半个多钟头,突然又从北方刮来一阵狂风,这就把小艇刮翻了。小艇上的同伴,以及那些脱险在礁石上或者留在大船上的人们后来怎样了,我说不上来,但是可以断定他们全完了。我自己呢,却听天由命地泅着水,被风浪推向前方。我不时把腿沉下去,却总探不到底;…… (张健 译)

4. Drought 旱灾

Ranch Drought

So Drogheda, too, was seeing its share of bloodletting, and hating it. The grass was all gone, the ground a dark cracked waste lightened only by grey and dun-brown timber stands. They armed themselves with knives as well as rifles; when they saw an animal down someone would cut its throat to spare it a lingering death, eyeless from the crows. Bob put on more cattle and hand-fed them to keep up Drogheda's war effort. There was no profit to be had in it with the price of feed, for the agrarian regions closer in were just as hard hit by lack of rain as the pastoral regions farther out. Crop returns were abysmally low....

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

牧场大旱

于是,德罗海达也得流血了,这是件令人嫌恶的事。草全都枯死了,大地变成了龟裂的黑色荒原,只有树林在闪着灰色和暗褐色的光。他们用刀子和步枪把自己武装了起来;看到一头牲口倒下,便割断它的喉咙,让它快些死去而不让其他的羊看见。鲍勃又添了一些牛,买饲料来喂养它们,保证德罗海达为战争做出的艰苦努力。由于饲料的价格很高,牛身上是无利可图的。远处的农区和远处的牧区一样,受到了缺少雨水的严重打击。庄稼的收成低的可怜。……

(曹胡 译)

Lasting Drought in Juffure

...After two days of big rain, she told them, the burning suns had come. Although the people prayed very hard to Allah, and danced the ancestral rain dance, and sacrificed two goats and a bullock every day, still everything growing in the ground began to parch and die. Even the forest's waterholes dried up, said Nyo Boto, and first wild fowl, and then the forest's animals, sick from thirst, began to appear at the village well. In crystal-clear skies each night, thousands of bright stars shone, and a cold wind blew, and more and more people grew ill. Clearly, evil spirits were abroad in Juffure.

Those who were able continued their prayers and their dances, and finally the last goat and bullock had been sacrificed. It was as if Allah had turned His back on Juffure. Some—the old and the weak and the sick—

began to die. Others left town, seeking another village to beg someone who had food to accept them as slaves, just to get something into their bellies, and those who stayed behind lost their spirit and lay down in their huts.... (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

久旱无雨

……有一次下了两天大雨后,烈日炎炎的日子来到了。尽管人们使劲地祈祷真主,跳起祖传的求雨舞,并每天献祭两头山羊和一头小公牛,可是地上长着的一切庄稼仍陆续枯焦而死亡。尼奥·博托说,甚至连森林里的水坑也干涸了,接着,先是野禽,后是野兽,因干渴难忍,开始出现在村里的井旁。每天晚上天空皎洁无云,千万颗星闪烁着,寒风习习,可是病倒的人越来越多,很明显,邪神恶魔笼罩了朱富雷村。

那些还有精力的人,继续进行祈祷和跳舞,最后,献祭用的山羊和小公牛都宰光了,真主似乎对朱富雷村毫不理睬。有些年老体弱的以及患病在身的人便开始死去。另外一些人就外出逃荒,去找别的村子,乞求那些家有余粮的人,收他们作奴仆,只要能让他们填饱肚皮就行。至于那些留下未走的人,也垂头丧气,躺在自己的茅屋里。…… (陈尧光 等译)

The African Drought

...We came into a region like a floor surrounded by mountains. It was hot, clear, and arid and after several days we saw no human footprints. Nor were there many plants; for that matter there was not much of anything here; it was all simplified and splendid, and I felt I was entering the past—the real past, no history or junk like that. The prehuman past. And I believed that there was something between the stones and me. The mountains were naked, and often snakelike in their forms, without trees, and you could see the clouds being born on the slopes. From this rock came vapor, but it was not like ordinary vapor, it cast a brilliant shadow.... (Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King*)

非洲的干旱

……我们来到一片坪坝,周围群山环绕,气候炎热干燥,土地贫瘠枯裂,一连几天不见人的踪迹,也很少见到植物。因而,这地方可以说是几乎什么也没有。周围的一切都呈现出一个色调,十分静穆。我仿佛进入了远古时代——真正的往昔,没有历史或任何与历史有关的东西,一幅人类出现以前的洪荒景象。我相信,那些石头与我之间存在着联系。座座山峰光秃秃的,形状像蛇,

没有树木覆盖,你可以一眼望见云彩在山坡上聚成的情形。雾气从岩石边升起,投下耀眼的光影,这与通常的雾气不同。…… (蓝仁哲 译)

5. Others 其他

Sea Island Earthquake

As I was busy in the Inside of it, behind my Tent, just in the Entrance into my Cave, I was terribly frighted with a most dreadful surprising Thing indeed; for all on a sudden I found the Earth come crumbling down from the Roof of my Cave, and from the Edge of the Hill over my Head, and two of the Posts I had set up in the Cave crack'd in a frightful Manner; I was heartily scar'd, but thought nothing of what was really the Cause, only thinking that the top of my Cave was falling in, as some of it had done before; and for Fear I shou'd be bury'd in it, I run forward to my Ladder, and not thinking my self safe there neither, I got over my Wall for Fear of the Pieces of the Hill which I expected might roll down upon me: I was no sooner stepp'd down upon the firm Ground, but I plainly saw it was a terrible Earthquake, for the Ground I stood on shook three Times at about eight Minutes Distance, with three such Shocks, as would have overturn'd the strongest Building that conld be suppos'd to have stood on the Earth, and a great Piece of the Top of a Rock, which stood about half a Mile from me next the Sea, fell down with such a terrible Noise, as I never heard in all my Life, I perceiv'd also, the very Sea was put into violent Motion by it; and I believe the Shocks were stronger under the Water then on the Island.

...the Motion of the Earth made my Stomach sick like one that was toss'd at Sea; but the Noise of the falling of the Rock awak'd me as it were, and rousing me from the stupify'd Condition I was in, fill'd me with Horror.... (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

海岛地震

当我正在我的围墙里面,在我的帐篷后面,在我的山洞口上忙着的时候,忽然发生了一件可怕的事情,把我吓得魂不附体。因为,突然之间,我看到一大堆石土从我的山洞顶上和上面的小山边上滚了下来,把我竖在洞里的两根柱子一下子压断了。我简直吓坏了,可是还没有想到究竟是什么缘故,以为不过像前几回一样,我的山洞的屋顶塌下了一部分。当时我怕被埋在底下,连忙向我的梯子跑去,后来又觉得那里还是不够妥当,便索性爬到墙外面来,唯恐

山上的石块滚到我身上来。一直等我从梯子上下来，站在平地上，我才明白这是可怕的地震，因为我所站着的地面在八分钟之内一连震动了三次，这三次震动，其强烈的程度，足以把地面上任何坚固的建筑物震倒；离我大约半英里以外，靠近海边，有一座小山的岩顶，也给震得崩裂下来，发出我生平所没有听到过的可怕的巨响。同时只见整个大海也凶猛地震荡起来，使我相信海底的震动比岛面上还凶。

……在地震的时候，像晕船一样，我的胃直想吐，但是那山石崩裂的声音却把我惊醒了，把我从呆若木鸡的境况中唤醒，使我满心恐怖。（徐霞村 译）

The Attack of Locusts

...By now the locusts were falling like hail onto the roof of the kitchen. It sounded like a heavy storm. Margaret looked out and saw the air dark with the insects, and she set her teeth and ran out into the swarming mass—what the men could do, she could. Overhead the air was thick—locusts everywhere. The locusts were flopping against her, and she brushed them off, heavy red-brown creatures, looking at her with their old-men's eyes while they hung on tight with hard legs. She held her breath with disgust and ran into the house. There it was even more like being in a heavy storm. The iron roof was ringing, and the sound of iron being beaten in the fields was like thunder. When she looked out, all the trees were strange and still, hidden beneath the insects, their branches weighed down to the ground. The earth seemed to be moving, locusts crawling everywhere, she could not see the lands at all, so thick was the swarm of insects. Towards the mountains it was like looking into heavy rain—even as she watched, the sun was blacked out by another wave of locusts. It was half-night, an unreal blackness. Then came a sharp crak from the bush—a branch had broken off. Then another. A tree leaned over and settled heavily on the ground.... (Doris Lessing, *A Mild Attack of Locusts*)

蝗灾

……这会儿，蝗虫冰雹似地一阵阵打在厨房屋顶上，势如暴风骤雨。玛格蕾特向外张望，只见遮天蔽日的蝗虫穿梭似地闪来闪去。她咬咬牙关跑出门外——男人能做到的，想必她也能做得到吧。头顶上，空气闷腾腾的，到处都是蝗虫，它们扑扑地跳到她身上——红褐色的家伙，瞪着圆珠子般的老人眼打量她，一面用硬梆梆的、锯齿状的小腿钩在她身上不放。她连连拂打，厌恶地屏息着跑进宅子。这里更像身临暴雨之境了，铁皮房顶震荡回响，远处的铁器

打击声好似惊雷滚滚。再往窗外看时,但见所有的树木都变得怪模怪样了,一棵棵静止不动,疙疙瘩瘩地爬满了蝗虫,树枝压得低垂下来。大地仿佛在微微摇晃,满眼都是蠕蠕而动的蝗虫,堆积得如此之厚,地面压根儿就见不到了。抬头往山上看时,却像看瓢泼大雨一般。而且,就在她看的当口,又一批蝗虫汹涌而至,遮住了日头,形成似夜非夜、不同寻常的昏暗。然后,只听得啪的一声脆响,一根树枝压断了。接着又是一根。山坡下面,一棵树歪斜过去了,沉重地栽倒在地上……

(唐逸 译)

The Gambia Plague of Locusts

...He wanted to tell her how the life-giving river was revered by his people as a symbol of fertility, but he couldn't find a way to say it, so he told her about the fish that teemed in it—including the powerful, succulent kujalo, which sometimes leaped right into a canoe—and about the vast living carpet of birds that floated on it until some young boy like himself would jump growling from the brush on the banks so that he could watch them rise up and fill the sky like some feathery snowstorm. Kunta said that reminded him of a time his Grandmother Yaisa had told him about when Allah sent The Gambia a plague of locusts so terrible that they darkened the sun and devoured everything green until the wind shifted and carried them out to sea, where they finally fell and were eaten by the fish.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

冈比亚河蝗灾

……他本想要告诉她,他的同胞如何把这条生命之河尊为多产的标志,但他无法表达,因此只对她说,河里满是鱼,有一种大而多肉的库亚洛鱼,这种鱼有时自己跳进舟中。他还描绘河面上栖满了大群水鸟,一些像他自己那样的男孩子常从岸边丛林里嚎叫着跳进水里,这样就能看到鸟群飞起来,布满天空,就像一场羽毛组成的暴风雪。昆塔说,这种景象使他想起他的雅伊莎奶奶讲的,有一次真主给冈比亚河降临一场蝗灾,蝗虫多得连太阳都给遮住了。它们吞食了一切绿色的东西,直到风向转了才把它们刮向大海,最终坠入海里被鱼吃掉了。

(陈尧光等 译)

A Submarine Volcano

...My eyes ranged far over a large space lit by a violent fulguration. In fact, the mountain was a volcano. At fifty feet above the peak, in the

midst of a rain of stones and scoriæ, a large crater was vomiting forth torrents of lava which fell in a cascade of fire into the bosom of the liquid mass. Thus situated, this volcano lit the lower plain like an immense torch, even to the extreme limits of the horizon. I said that the submarine crater threw up lava, but no flames. Flames require the oxygen of the air to feed upon, and cannot be developed under water; but streams of lava, having in themselves the principles of their incandescence, can attain a white heat, fight vigorously against the liquid element, and turn it to vapour by contact. Rapid currents bearing all these gases in diffusion, and torrents of lava, slid to the bottom of the mountain like an eruption of Vesuvius on another Torre del Greco.

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

海底火山喷发

……我的眼睛看得很远,一眼就看见了烘烘的电光所照明的广大空间,是的,这山是一座火山。山峰五十英尺下面,在雨点一般的石头和渣滓中间,一个阔大的喷火口吐出硫磺火石的急流,四散为火的瀑布,没入团团的海水里面。这火山在这样的位置上,像一把巨大的火烛,照着海底下面的平原,一直到远方水平线的尽头。上面说过,这是海底喷火口喷出硫磺火石,但这并不是烈焰。必须有空气中的氧气才有火焰。在水底下火焰是无从燃起的。但火石奔流的本身就有白热化的能力,发出白色的火,跟海水作斗争,两相接触便化成汽了。迅速的海流把所有这些混合的气体都卷下去,火石的急流一直就滚到山脚底下,像维苏威火山喷出的东西倒在另一个多列·德尔·格里哥海港中那样。

(曾觉之 译)

The Great Slide

For a moment, the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers, that a sound, abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house, and all within it, trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move....

...Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches—

shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great Slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Ambitious Guest*)

泥石流

老太太令人可怖的想象完全抓住了她的听众的心，正在这时，外面黑洞洞的夜空发出了一声巨响，好像是狂风突然一阵咆哮，在这群命运已经注定的人还没有意识到这是什么的时候，它已经向四下扩散开来，变得巨大、深沉、可怕。这可怖的声音如同世界末日的号角，使房子和屋内的一切都颤动起来，甚至连大地也似乎在摇晃。年轻人和老人彼此交换了丧魂失魄的一瞥，并保持着这个姿势，在一刹那间变得脸色惨白，惊恐万状，一言不发，无力动弹。……

……这座山朝着屋子的一面整片倒塌下来了，石块像瀑布般翻滚下来，一直冲到屋前。可是石流连一片玻璃窗也没打掉，就分成两路，势不可挡地摧毁了邻近的全部地区，堵塞了大路，以可怕的威力毁灭了所经之处的一切事物。殉难者忍受着临死前极大的痛苦，终于得到了安息，而大山崩雷鸣般的轰响尚在群山之中回荡。他们的躯体再也找不到了。 (黎青 译)

The Sand Storm

The dawn came, but no day. In the grey sky a red sun appeared, a dim red circle that gave a little light, like dusk; and as that day advanced, the dusk slipped back toward darkness, and the wind cried and whimpered over the fallen corn.

Men and women huddled in their houses, and they tied handkerchiefs over their noses when they went out, and wore goggles to protect their eyes.

When the night came again it was black night, for the stars could not pierce the dust to get down, and the window lights could not even spread beyond their own yards. Now the dust was evenly mixed with the air, an emulsion of dust and air. Houses were shut tight, and cloth wedged around doors and windows, but the dust came in so thinly that it could not be seen in the air, and it settled like pollen on the chairs and tables, on the dishes. The people brushed it from their shoulders. Little lines of dust lay at the door sills.

In the middle of that night the wind passed on and left the land quiet.

The dust-filled air muffled sound more completely than fog does. . . . In the morning the dust hung like fog, and the sun was as red as ripe new blood. All day the dust sifted down from the sky, and the next day it sifted down. An even blanket covered the earth. It settled on the corn, piled up on the tops of the fence posts, piled up on the wires; it settled on roofs, blanketed the weeds and trees. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

沙暴

黎明到来了,白昼却不露面。灰蒙蒙的天空出现了一轮红日,那只是一个朦胧的红色圆盘,放射出微弱的光线,好似黄昏一般;再过些时,阴暗的天色重新变成了一片漆黑,风在倒伏的玉米上呜呜地悲鸣。

男男女女都挤在自己的家里,出去的时候都在脸上扎了手帕盖住鼻子,还戴了风镜保护眼睛。

一到夜里更是漆黑一团,因为星光没法穿过尘沙照到地面上,窗内的灯光甚至还照不出院落。现在,尘沙和空气匀称地掺杂在一起,成了尘沙和空气的混合物了。家家户户都紧关着门窗,用布塞住了缝隙,然而细得肉眼看不出的尘沙还是钻进来,像花粉一般停积在桌椅上和碟子上。人们从自己的肩膀上把尘土掸下来。门槛上也积聚着一行一行的尘沙。

夜半,风止了,地面平静下来。尘沙弥漫的空气所起的隔音作用比雾还大……早上,尘沙像雾一般笼罩着,太阳红得像鲜血一样。尘沙整天从天空筛下来,到第二天还是往下筛落,给大地铺了一床平整的毯子。这尘沙落到玉米上,积在篱笆顶上,堆在电线上;它也落在屋顶上,覆盖在野草和树木上。

(胡仲持 译)

People Suffered from Famine

Have you ever seen a man—a good honest man who has worked hard, a "law-abiding citizen," doing no serious harm to anyone—when he has had no food for more than a month? It is a most agonizing sight. His dying flesh hangs from him in wrinkled folds; you can clearly see every bone in his body; his eyes stare out unseeing; and even if he is a youth of twenty he moves like an ancient crone, dragging himself from spot to spot. If he has been lucky he has long ago sold his wife and daughters. He has also sold everything he owns—the timber of his house itself, and most of his clothes. Sometimes he has, indeed, even sold the last rag of decency, and he sways there in the scorching sun, his testicles dangling from him like withered olive seeds—the last grim jest to remind you that this was once a

man.

Children are even more pitiable, with their little skeletons bent over and misshapen, their crooked bones, their little arms like twigs, and their purpling bellies, filled with bark and sawdust, protruding like tumors. Women lie slumped in corners, waiting for death, their black blade-like buttocks protruding, their breasts hanging like collapsed sacks. But there are, after all, not many women and girls. Most of them have died or been sold.

Those were things I myself had seen and would never forgot. Millions of people died that way in famine, and thousands more still died in China like that. I had seen fresh corpses on the streets of Saratsi, and in the villages I had seen shallow graves where victims of famine and disease were laid by the dozens.... (Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

饿殍遍野

你有没有见过一个人——一个辛勤劳动、"奉公守法"、于人无犯的诚实的好人——有一个多月没有吃饭了？这种景象真是令人惨不忍睹。挂在他身上快要死去的皮肉打着皱折；你可以一清二楚地看到他身上的每一根骨头；他的眼光茫然无神；他即使是个二十岁的青年，行动起来也像个下瘪的老太婆，一步一迈，走不动路。他早已卖了妻鬻了女，那还算是他的运气。他把什么都已卖了——房上的木梁，身上的衣服，有时甚至卖了最后的一块遮羞布。他在烈日下摇摇晃晃，晕丸软软地挂在那里像下瘪的橄榄核儿——这是最后一个严峻的嘲弄，提醒你他原来曾经是一个人！

儿童们甚至更加可怜，他们的小骷髅弯曲变形，关节突出，骨瘦如柴，鼓鼓的肚皮由于塞满了树皮锯末像生了肿瘤一样。女人们躺在角落里等死，屁股上没有肉，瘦骨嶙峋，乳房下瘪下垂，像空麻袋一样。但是，女人和姑娘毕竟不多，大多数不是死了就是给卖了。

我并不是想要危言耸听。这些现象都是我亲眼看到而且永远不会忘记的。在灾荒中，千百万的人就这样死了，今天还有成千上万的人在中国这样死去。我在沙拉子街上看到过新尸，在农村里，我看到过万人冢里一层层埋着几十个这种灾荒和时疫的受害者。…… （董乐山 译）

Ⅺ. Architecture 建筑

1. Mansions and Courtyards 宅院

Courtyard of a Plantation Owner

It(the white house) was built by slave labor, a clumsy sprawling building that crowned the rise of ground overlooking the green incline of pasture land running down to the river; and it pleased Gerald greatly, for, even when new, it wore a look of mellowed years. The old oaks, which had seen Indians pass under their limbs, hugged the house closely with their great trunks and towered their branches over the roof in dense shade. The lawn, reclaimed from weeds, grew thick with clover and Bermuda grass, and Gerald saw to it that it was well kept. From the avenue of cedars to the row of white cabins in the slave quarters, there was an air of solidness, of stability and permanence about Tara, and whenever Gerald galloped around the bend in the road and saw his own roof rising through green branches, his heart swelled with pride as though each sight of it were the first sight. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

种植园主的宅院

这座白粉砖墙的房屋是由郝家的农奴自己盖起来的。它建在一座山的高坡上,下临一片碧绿的牧场,有非常坚硬结实的质地,当它新造起来时,呈现出一片古色古香,对此,嘉乐感到满意极了,郁郁苍苍的古橡,环绕在房屋的四周,将它牢牢地裹匝在中间,树身成了它的屏障,而枝叶做了它的荫盖。房屋的前面原本长满茸茸的乱草,现在已是娇绿茸绵,如同茵席一样整齐了。堂前有一条柏树的夹道,屋后是一片用白木搭造的仆房,瞧起来都是那样坚实耐久。因此,嘉乐每从外边骑马回家,总是要站在一段路外欣赏一番,真是越看越得意。 (简宗 译)

The Mansion of Newborn Nobles

The crimson brick lodge came first in sight, up to its eaves in dense evergreens. Tess thought this was the mansion itself till, passing through

the side wicket with some trepidation, and onward to a point at which the drive took a turn, the house proper stood in full view. It was of recent erection—indeed almost new—and of the same rich red colour that formed such a contrast with the ever-greens of the lodge. Far behind the corner of the house—which rose like a geranium bloom against the subdued colours around—stretched the soft azure landscape of The Chase. ...

Everything on this snug property was bright, thriving, and well kept; acres of glass-houses stretched down the inclines to the copses at their feet. Everything looked like money—like the last coin issued from the Mint. The stables, partly screened by Austrian pines and evergreen oaks, and fitted with every late appliance, were as dignified as Chapels-of-Ease. On the extensive lawn stood an ornamental tent, its door being towards her. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

新生贵族的宅第

最先看见的，是那所红砖门房，直到房檐，满是冬夏长青的蔓藤，厚厚地攀附着。苔丝起先还以为，这就是宅第本身，等到后来，她心里扑腾扑腾地进了小角门，往前走到了车路拐弯的地方，才看见正房的全部。房盖得不久——实在说起来，差不多是崭新的——它的颜色也是深红的，和那所长青蔓藤交映的门房一样。那所房子，叫四围一片柔和浅淡的景色一衬托，看着好像一丛石蜡红一样。由房角往后面远远望去，就是围场，呈显出一片飘渺清淡的蔚蓝景色。……

在这一处幽静安逸的宅第里，一切都光明、蓬勃，修整有方、管理合宜。占好几亩地的玻璃花房子，都从山坡上面，一直伸到山脚下的小树林子那儿。每样东西，都像钱一样，像造币厂新铸造出来的钱一样。在澳洲松和长青橡后面，半隐半露，有一溜马棚，里面最新器物无一不备，而它的建筑那样壮丽，简直和"安逸小教堂"一样。在一片广大的草坪上，支着一架花里胡哨的帐篷，帐篷的门正向苔丝开着。（张谷若 译）

A Large Stone Courtyard

It was a heavy mass of building, that chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished,

two centuries ago. (Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

石造的大宅院

侯爵老爷的别墅是一座厚重的建筑物,它前面有一个石造的大庭院;院里有两道石阶通到大门前的石走廊上。各处林立着厚重的石栏杆、石瓮、石花、石人面、石狮头,一切都是石造的。好像在两个世纪之前,当它造成的时候,戈尔贡曾经来踏勘过似的。(罗稷南 译)

Courtyard of the Morish Fashion

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashion,—a square building enclosing a court-yard, into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. the court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideality. Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back , as in a dream, to the reign of oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court, a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this, again, was surrounded by turf, smooth as green velvet, while a carriage-drive enclosed the whole.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

非洲特色的宅院

马车在一幢古色古香的公馆门前停下。房子的式样很别致,是西班牙和法国建筑的混合物;如今在新奥尔良有些地方还可以看到这种房子。它的结构有点非洲特色——一所方方正正的房子,中央有个大院子,马车可以从拱形大门一直赶进院子里去。院子内部显然是按照什么人瑰丽、豪华的想象布置起来的。院子四周都有宽敞的回廊,廊子里那非洲式的拱门、小巧玲珑的柱子、富有阿拉伯色彩的装饰,不禁隐隐约约使人想起东方人统治西班牙的那个传奇时代来。院子中央有个喷水池,银色的水花在半空中喷洒着,源源不绝地落到一个大理石水池中。水池边缘上密密地长着一簇簇芬芳的紫罗兰;池水

清澈如镜，成群的小金鱼在池中忙碌地穿来穿去，有如无数的珍珠在那里闪灼发光。喷水池四周是一条用石子砌成各种瑰丽图案的小道，小道外层是一圈像绿丝绒一般平滑的青草地，最外层是一条马车道，把这一切圈在中间。

（黄继忠 译）

A Elaborate House Near the Sea

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, over-looking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran towards the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sundials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

（F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*）

临海的雅致别墅

这样我便在一个温暖有风的晚上驱车前去东卵镇探望这几位生疏了的老朋友。他们的房子比我想象的还要雅致：一座红白两色、明亮悦目的乔治殖民时期式的别墅，俯瞰着海湾；草坪有四分之一英里长，从海滩一直延伸到大门前，越过日晷、砖墙和花卉妍丽的花园最后在房前一跃而起，转眼之间化为晶莹翠绿的常青藤，一直沿着墙壁向上攀去。别墅的正面有一排法兰西式的落地长窗，此刻那些敞开着的玻璃窗正在落日的余辉中闪闪发光。汤姆·布坎南身着骑装，叉开双腿站在前厅的阳台上。

（范岳 译）

The Courtyard of the Broken Down

They left the high-road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were over-run with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its

ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savour in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat. (Charles Dickens, *Christmas Carol*)

破落户的宅院

他们离开大路,拐上一条很熟悉的小路,不久就走到一座暗红色的砖砌大厦跟前。大厦顶上有个钟形小阁,上面安着一只小风信鸡,里面挂着一口钟。这是一幢大房子,不过是一家破落户的房子;因为那些宽敞的下房简直没人在使用了,墙壁都是潮湿的,生满着苔藓,窗户都破碎了,院门已经腐烂。家禽在马厩里咯咯叫,昂首阔步地走着;马车房和棚子里都长满了草。即使屋子里面也并不更多地保持着旧观;因为他们一踏进那凄凉的门厅,从开着的房门望到那许多房间里,就发现这些房间陈设简陋,寒冷、空旷。空气里有一股泥土气息,屋子里有一种阴森森的荒凉气象,这多少使人联想到是由于常常天不亮就点上蜡烛起床,同时吃的东西又不充足。 (汪倜然 译)

A Judge's Mansion

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

(Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

法官府邸

巴克住在阳光普照的圣克拉拉谷地的一所大房子里,这所大房子被称为米勒法官的府邸。它离大道还有一段距离,半掩映在绿树丛中。透过枝叶的间隙,可以瞥见宅第四周宽阔阴凉的游廊。在高大白杨树纵横交错的粗枝覆

蔽下,那些蜿蜒曲折地穿过几片大草坪的铺着石子的车道,一直通到这所房子。房子后面比前面更为宽敞。那里建有几个很大的马厩,十几个马夫和男孩子常在那儿谈天说地,一排排为葡萄藤蔓所覆盖的佣人的下房横陈在眼前,还有一排一眼望不到尽头、排列整齐的披屋,几个长长的葡萄架,几处绿草如茵的牧场、果园以及一块块种有浆果的零星土地。此外还有自流井上的抽水设备和水泥砌成的大贮水池,这个水池是米勒法官的孩子们早晨洗冷水浴以及炎热的午后纳凉的地方。 (林之鹤 译)

2. Tall and Large Buildings 高大建筑

The House of a Governor

Without further adventure, they reached the dwelling of Governor Bellingham. This was a large wooden house..... It had, indeed, a very cheery aspect; the walls being overspread with a kind of stucco, in which fragments of broken glass were plentifully intermixed; so that, when the sunshine fell a slant-wise over the front of the edifices, it glittered and sparkled as if diamonds had been flung against it by the double handful. The brilliancy might have befitted Aladdin's palace, rather than the mansion of a grave old Puritan ruler. It was further decorated with strange and seemingly cabalistic figures and diagrams, suitable to the quaint taste of the age, which had been drawn in the stucco when newly laid on, and had now grown hard and durable, for the admiration of after times.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

州长的官邸

他们再没有经历任何的冒险就到了贝灵汉州长的住宅。那是一所木造的大房子。…… 它的外观确实是令人愉快的.墙壁上涂着一层泥灰,泥灰里满掺着玻璃碎片;因此当阳光斜照在大厦的前面时,那种灿烂的光耀,宛如有两手捧着大把的钻石正对着它投去一样。这种光彩,应当是适合于阿拉丁的宫殿的,与一个严厉的老清教徒的邸宅可并不相称。在大厦的前面适合着当时的古怪趣味,还装潢了许多奇异的古代神秘人像和图样,是在起初涂泥灰时,就已经画上了的,现在已变得坚固耐久,可供后代人欣赏了。 (侍桁 译)

Palladian Building

The Hall, with its grey facade and parapet, was the only residence of its sort so near the centre of the town. It had, in the first place, the

characteristics of a country mansion—birds' nests in its chimneys, damp nooks where fungi grew, and irregularities of surface direct from Nature's trowel. At night the forms of passengers were patterned by the lamps in black shadows upon the pale walls. . . .

It was Palladian, and like most architecture erected since the Gothic age was a compilation rather than a design. But its reasonableness made it impressive. It was not rich, but rich enough. A timely consciousness of the ultimate vanity of human architecture, no less than of other human things, had prevented artistic superfluity.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

帕拉第奥式建筑

这座大楼的正面和护墙是灰色的,在离市中心这么近的地方类似的住宅只有这么一座。它具有明显的乡下邸宅的特征:鸟儿在烟囱上搭了窝,潮湿的角落里生着菌类,表面被"大自然"涂抹得凸凹不平。晚间行路人的姿态,被黑影中的路灯映在灰白的墙上。……

它是帕拉第奥式的建筑,如同大多数哥特式时代以后的建筑物一样,与其说是按某种设计风格而建成,不如说是拼凑而成的。不过拼凑得很合理,给人一种庄严的印象。虽然算不上富丽,却也说得过去。由于意识到对人类建筑的过分浮夸,正如对人类其他事物一样,应有一个适当的节制,也就没在艺术方面下多余的苦心。 (封秀云 译)

Hideous Jail

The Maycomb jail was the most venerable and hideous of the county's buildings. Atticus said it was like something Cousin Joshua St. Clair might have designed. It was certainly someone's dream. Starkly out of place in a town of square-faced stores and steep-roofed houses, the Maycomb jail was a miniature Gothic joke one cell wide and two cells high, complete with tiny battlements and flying buttresses. Its fantasy was heightened by its red brick facade and the thick steel bars at its ecclesiastical windows. It stood on no lonely hill, but was wedged between Tyndal'a Hardware Store and The Maycomb Tribune office. The jail was Maycomb's only conversation piece; its detractors said it looked like a Victorian privy; its supporters said it gave the town a good solid respectable look, and no stranger would ever suspect that it was full of niggers.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

造型难看的监狱

梅康姆监狱是县政府的建筑中最老和造型最难看的一幢楼。阿蒂克斯说它倒像是乔舒亚·圣克莱尔表叔会想象出来的怪样子。它肯定是某人狂想的产物。在梅康姆的清一色人字形屋顶方型房屋之中,这座监狱却与众不同地盖成了只有一间宽两层楼高的微型哥德式建筑。这幢楼胸墙和扶壁拱架一应俱全,再加上正面的红砖清水墙和教堂式长窗上装着的粗钢栅栏,更使它显得非常奇特。这种中世纪的城堡式建筑没有盖在寂静的山头,而是夹在庭达尔金属器皿店和《梅康姆论坛报》报社中间。这座监狱是梅康姆谈论的中心话题:反对者说它像一座维多利亚式厕所;支持者说它给这座城增添了一种良好的稳固的尊严感。外地人想象不到的是,里面关的都是黑人。 (舒逊 译)

A Picturesque Building

If Fieldhead had few other merits as a building, it might at least be termed picturesque; its irregular architecture, and the gray and mossy colouring communicated by time, gave it just a claim to this epitit. The old latticed windows, the stone porch, the walls, the roof, the chimney-stacks, were rich in crayon touches and sepia lights and shades. The trees behind were fine, bold, and spreading; the cedar on the lawn in front was grand, and the granite urns on the garden wall, the fretted arch of the gateway, were, for an artist, as the very desire of the eye.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

景色如画的大厦

如果菲尔赫德尚有作为大厦的少数优点的话,那么,它至少可以说是富于画趣:它那无规律的建筑样式,加上由于时间推移而显得灰蒙蒙兼有苔藓的色泽,使得它的所谓富于画趣正好名副其实。古老的格子窗,石门廊,墙壁,屋顶,高烟囱,都是富有蜡笔画风味,兼有水墨画的明暗浓淡的特色。屋后的树木优美、雄伟、茂盛;屋前草地上那棵杉树昂然屹立,花园围墙上的花岗石缸,回纹装饰的拱门,在艺术家看来,都十分赏心悦目。 (曹庸 译)

Pure Old House

At length we stopped before a very old house bulging out over the road—a house with long low lattice-windows bulging out still further, and beams with carved heads on the ends bulging out too, so that I fancied the whole house was leaning forward, trying to see who was passing on the

narrow pavement below. It was quite spotless in its cleanliness. The old-fashioned brass knocker on the low arched door, ornamented with carved garlands of fruit and flowers, twinkled like a star, the two stone steps descending to the door were as white as if they had been covered with fair linen; and all the angles and corners, and carvings and mouldings, and quaint little panes of glass, and quainter little windows, though as old as the hills, were as pure as any snow that ever fell upon the hills.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

洁净的老房子

我们走到后来,到底在一所很古老的房子前面把车停下来了。只见那所房子的上部都伸展到街道的上方。那长而低的方格窗户,伸展得更往外去,房上的椽子(椽子头儿都刻着头像),也都往外伸展。因此我当时想,房子是在那儿往外探身,想看一看下面那条窄窄的便道上,都是什么人往来呢。房子非常清洁干净,可以说洁净无尘。低矮的拱门上老式的门环,刻着花果交缠的花样,像一个星儿那样直眨巴眼。那两条往下通到房门的石头台阶,白净得好像蒙着光洁的纱布。所有的畸角、旮旯、雕刻、牙子、稀奇古怪的小方块玻璃,还有更稀奇古怪的小窗户,虽然都像山一样地老,却都像落到山上的雪一样地白。

(张谷若 译)

President's Palace

He glanced to his left as he walked and took in the details of the palace. Thirty yards wide, its ground-floor windows now bricked up and painted over the same off-white wash as the rest of the building, it was dominated at ground level by a tall, wide, bolt-studded timber door, almost certainly another new addition. In front of the bricked-up windows ran a terrace, now useless because there was no access from the building to it. On the second floor a row of seven windows ran from side to side of the facade, three left, three right, and one above the main entrance, The topmost floor had ten windows, all much smaller. Above these were the gutter and the red-tiled roof sloping away toward the apex.

(Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

总统府

他一边走,一边迅速地朝左边看,这一回就看得仔细了。总统府三十码宽,底层的窗子现在都用砖砌死,并且涂上和楼房其余部分一样的灰白色。楼

前一道又高又宽的木门，上了门栓，控制着楼下的出入。不用说，这又是后来添造的。在被砖砌死的窗户前面有一个大平台，由于和楼里不通，现在是毫无用处了。二楼上有一排窗子，一共七扇，从总统府下面的一头排到另一头，三扇在左，三扇在右，还有一扇在门的上头。最高的一层有十扇窗子，比楼下的小得多。顶楼窗户上方是导水沟，倾斜的红瓦顶上有一个尖顶。（朱雍 等译）

The Building of Classic Renaissances

By daylight, the bower of Oak's new-found mistress, Bathsheba Everdene, presented itself as a hoary building, of the early stage of Classic Renaissances regards its architecture, and of a proportion which told at a glance that, as is so frequently the case, it had once been the manorial hall upon a small estate around it, now altogether effaced as a distinct property, and merged in the vast tract of a non-resident land-lord, which comprised several such modest demesnes.

Fluted pilasters, worked from the solid stone, decorated its front, and above the roof the chimneys were panelled or columnar, some coped gables with finials and like features still retaining traces of their Gothic extraction. Soft brown mosses, like faded velveteen, formed cushions upon the stone tilling, and tufts of the houseleek or sengreen sprouted from the eaves of the low surrounding buildings. A gravel walk leading from the door to the road in front was encrusted at the sides with more moss—here it was a silver-green variety, the nut-brown of the gravel being visible to the width of only a foot or two in the centre.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

文艺复兴时期的建筑

天亮了，奥克新找到的主人芭斯谢芭·埃弗登的闺房露出了自己的面目：一座古老的楼房。从建筑上说这所房子是文艺复兴时代早期的产物，而且，从其布局上一眼就可以看出，它曾经是一幢位于一个小庄园中间的庄园主邸宅，不过这个庄园现在已不再是一项独立的田产，而是跟一个不居住在这儿的地主所拥有的一大片包含好几个这种小庄园的广阔土地融会在一起了。这种情况现在是屡见不鲜的。

房屋前面装饰着刻有条形凹槽的坚固石头壁柱，房顶上的烟囱有的是方格式，有的是圆柱式，几处带着尖顶饰及类似装饰物的尖顶山墙还仍保留着哥特式建筑的痕迹。柔软的褐色苔藓像褪了色的平绒一样，在石瓦上铺成了一层软垫，一簇簇长生草在周围那些低矮建筑物的屋檐下油然抽芽。一条砾石

小径从门口一直通到房屋对面的公路上，石径两旁镶满了一层更浓厚的苔藓——这儿的苔藓是一种银绿色的。在一片绿色的苔藓中，石径的栗色只在中间一二英尺宽的地方才显露出来。 （封秀云 译）

House Without Human Warmth

The Trenchers live in a comfortable and unpretentious private house in our neighborhood. The house is old-fashioned; its living rooms are large, its halls are gloomy, and the Trenchers don't seem to generate enough human warmth to animate the place, so that you sometimes take away from them, at the end of an evening, an impression of many empty rooms.

(John Cheever, *The Season of Divorce*)

没有人气的住宅

特连卓尔住在我们临近一幢舒适、朴实的私人住宅里。这是幢老式建筑；起居室非常宽敞，大厅阴森森的，而他们似乎又不能发出足够的人气来点旺这个地方，这使你晚上离去时总觉得是与许多空荡的房间告别。 （泓湖 译）

3. Halls 大厅

Circular Salon

The grand salon in which the masquerade was to take place, was a circular room, very lofty, and receiving the light of the sun only through a single window at top. At night (the season for which the apartment was especially designed) it was illuminated principally by a large chandelier, depending by a chain from the centre of the sky-light, and lowered, or elevated, by means of a counter-balance as usual; but(in order not to look unsightly) this latter passed outside the cupola and over the roof.

The arrangements of the room had been left to Trippetta's superintendence; but, in some particulars, it seems, she had been guided by the calmer judgment of her friend the dwarf. At his suggestion it was that, on this occasion, the chandelier was removed. Its waxen drippings (which, in weather so warm, it was quite impossible to prevent) would have been seriously detrimental to the rich dresses of the guests, who, on account of the crowded state of the salon, could not all be expected to keep from out its centre; that is to say, from under the chandelier. Additional sconces were set in various parts of the hall, out of the way; and a flamebeau emitting sweet odor was placed in the right hand of each of the

Caryatides that stood against the wall; some fifty or sixty altogether.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *Hop-Frog*)

圆形大厅

举行化装舞会的大殿，是座圆形大厅，巍峨雄伟，只有殿顶一扇窗子透进阳光；造来专为夜间设宴作乐，到了晚上，主要靠一盏巨型烛灯照得通亮，天窗当中垂下条铁链，吊着这盏灯，照例靠平衡锤拉上放下；但为了雅观起见，滑轮通出穹窿，装在屋顶上。

殿内一切布置本来交给屈丽佩泰监督照料；但有些细节看来是按着伙伴矮子的卓见办理。这回，照他意思，烛灯撤掉了。天这么热，难免没有烛泪掉下，大殿内挤得水泄不通。来宾中势必有人挤在大殿当中，换句话说，就是烛灯底下，烛泪免不了弄脏华丽衣服，殿内各个角落，凡是不碍手脚的地方，都另外摆上烛台；靠墙有排女像石柱，总共五六十个，右手各执火把一支，散发出馥郁香味。 (徐汝椿 译)

An Audience Hall

The room inspired him. It was an audience hall built in the eighteenth century for some high official, and though of wood had reminded Fielding of the Loggia de' Lanzi at Florence. Little rooms, now Europeanized, clung to it on either side, but the central hall was unpapered and unglassed, and the air of the garden poured in freely. One sat in public—on exhibition, as it were—in full view of the gardeners who were screaming at the birds and of the man who rented the tank for the cultivation of water chestnut. (E.M. Forster: *A Passage to India*)

敞廊式大厅

这美丽的房间使得他情绪高涨起来。这本是个什么高级官员接见人的大厅，建造于十八世纪。虽然是木结构，它的风格却使菲尔丁想起意大利艺术城佛罗伦萨的兰斯敞廊，大厅两旁紧挨着一些小室，如今已改成欧式摆设。中间大厅不糊墙纸，也不装玻璃窗，花园里的新鲜空气大量涌进来。坐在大厅上，外面完全能看得见——等于在里面开展览了。在园子里轰鸟雀的园丁和租用水池灌溉水栗树的人都清楚地看得见大厅里面。 (石幼珊 等译)

Rosy-Colored Hall with a Breeze

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-coloured space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end. The

windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-coloured rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall.

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

微风拂动的玫瑰色大厅

我们穿过一条高屋顶的走廊，走进一间明亮的玫瑰色大厅，两排法兰西式的落地长窗将大厅精巧地镶嵌在中央。这些半开着的长窗在外面碧绿草地的辉映下熠熠闪烁，仿佛那片草地就要延伸进这座大厅里来似的。微风吹过室内，轻柔地掀动着窗帘，那宛如无数白色旌旗的帘儿飘飘扬扬，飞舞着卷向如同结婚蛋糕似的雪白的天花板，然后风又徐徐地掠过紫红色地毯，恰似海风轻拂海面留下一层阴影。

室内唯一静止不动的东西是一溜长长的沙发，载着两个年轻女郎，如同一个大气球在空间悬浮着。她们身穿白色衣裙，那雪白的薄纱仍在风中飘舞，仿佛她们绕着房子飞行了一圈，刚刚才乘风飞回来。一瞬间我准是站在那儿发起呆来，倾听那窗帘发出的呼啦呼啦的响声和墙上的一幅油画沙沙的颤动声。

（范岳　译）

Entrance Hall of the Chateau Residence

It had a marble floor and a very high ceiling; footsteps and voices echoed in it as in a church. At the far end rose a straight staircase, and to the left a gallery facing the garden led to the billiard room, from which the clicking of ivory balls could be heard as one approached the door. Passing through it on her way to the drawing room, Emma saw a group of dignified-looking men around the table; . . . (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

侯爵官邸大厅

大厅地面铺着大理石，房顶很高，脚步声和说话声在里面回响，就像在教

堂里那样。正对着大门有一道笔直的楼梯，在左面有一道俯瞰花园的回廊，通向弹子房，从这个门里可以听到象牙弹子撞击的声音。当爱玛从这房间穿过走向客厅时，她看到弹子台边站着一些表情庄严的男子，…… （张道真 译）

Great Hall in the Queen's Mansion

And oh, my dear, the great hall, I am sure, is as big and as glum as the great hall in the dear castle of Udolpho. It has a large fireplace, in which we might put half Miss Pinkerton's school, and the grate is big enough to roast an ox at the very least. Round the room hang I don't know how many generations of Crawleys, some with beards and ruffs, some with huge wigs and toes turned out; some dressed in long straight stays and gowns that look as stiff as towers, and some with long ringlets, and, oh my dear! scarcely any stays at all. At one end of the hall is the great staircase all in black oak, as dismal as may be, and on either side are tall doors with stags' heads over them, leading to the billiard room and the library, and the great yellow saloon and the morning rooms.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

女王大厦的大厅

啊，亲爱的，厅堂又大又阴，大概和"尤道尔福"堡里的大厅差不多。厅里有个大壁炉，大得容得下平克顿女校一半的学生。壁炉里的铁架上至少可以烤一只整牛。大厅墙上挂了克劳莱家里不知多少代的祖宗画像。有些留着胡子，戴着络领；有些两脚八字排开，戴了大得不得了的假头发；有些穿了长长的紧身衣，外面的袍子硬绷绷的，看上去像一座塔；还有些披着长长的卷发，而身上呢，嗳哟哟，压根儿没穿紧身！大厅尽头是黑橡木的大楼梯，那阴森森的样子你想都想不出。厅的两边都是高大的门，通到弹子房、书房、黄色大客厅和上午动用的几间起居室。每扇门上面的墙上都装了鹿头标本。 （杨必 译）

The Great Hall That Had Come Alive

As we crossed the great hall on the way to our rooms I realized for the first time how the house lent itself to the occasion, and how beautiful the rooms were looking. Even the drawing-room, formal and cold to my consideration when we were alone, was a blaze of colour now, flowers in every corner, red roses in silver bowls on the white cloth of the supper table, the long windows open to the terrace, where, as soon as it was

dusk, the fairy lights would shine. The band had stacked their instruments ready in the minstrel's gallery above the hall, and the hall itself wore a strange, waiting air; there was a warmth about it I had never known before, due to the night itself, so still and clear, to the flowers beneath the pictures, to our own laughter as we hovered on the wide stone stairs.

The old austerity had gone. Manderley had come alive in a fashion I could not have believed possible. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

变得生机勃勃的大厅

我们穿过大厅回到房里的途中，我第一次领悟到这幢大宅多么适合这种盛会，一间间房屋多么富丽堂皇。连那间客厅，我们独自在里面的时候，我认为它非常刻板沉闷，现在也花团锦簇：各个角落都摆上了鲜花；餐桌的雪白台布上摆着一只只银杯，银杯里插着一枝枝红玫瑰；朝着阳台的一扇扇大窗户都已打开；阳台上，临近薄暮时分，万盏彩灯光芒四射。乐队已把乐器放在大厅上面的乐池里，大厅本身呈现出一种异样的期待气氛；由于黄昏来临，万籁俱寂，天空晴朗无云；由于一幅幅画像下的朵朵鲜花，由于我们在宽敞的大理石楼梯上徘徊时的欢声笑语，屋里有了一股以前我从未感觉到的暖烘烘的气氛。

过去那种庄严肃穆的气氛已经消失。曼德雷庄园难以置信地变得生机勃勃起来。 （封秀云 译）

Crazy Club Dancing-hall

They went down into the Krazy Klub; and after they'd been let in and Dave had written her name in a big book, they went on into the dance-room. "Nobody here yet," he said to explain the fact that the floor was empty and that on the dais, under the canopy of shiny green stuff, there was only a slightly hattered piano and a man doing something to a double bass. The bar had notices: *Hot Dogs and Poison*, *Coca-Cola for the Carocoler*, and other such mystifying phrases. Various people were lounging about the walls or sitting in the seats. A small furry-headed man, with a vast coat broad at the shoulders and tight at the knees, leaned against a pillar painted with red cats and talked to a tall gangly fellow with pointed beard and short overcoat, while a girl with cropped hair and yellow jumper was pulling up her very brief skirt of purple to adjust her suspenders. Another furry-headed man in a large check-suit (also of the zoot-suit type) was listening to a willowy girl in a green slit skirt and a sort of puce smock.

Phyl didn't feel at home, but she let Dave pilot her to one of the

tables at the side behind the pillars painted with yellow devils. On the walls were scarlet women, very thin and naked, drinking or dancing in ingenious attitudes. Dave went over to the bar and bought two glasses of red wine. (Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

狂欢俱乐部舞厅

他们到狂欢俱乐部去;进门后德夫在一本大簿子上写了她的名字,他们走进舞厅去。"人还没有来",他说,为了解释舞池里空空的样子。乐台上在闪光的绿色料子做的垂帐下面,只有一架稍微有点破旧的钢琴,有一个人在弄着大提琴。卖酒的柜台上有些招贴:"热狗和毒药","卡罗可乐的可口可乐",以及其他这类的古怪名称。各色各样的人在沿着墙闲荡或者坐在位子上。有一个个子矮小、头发蓬松的男人,穿着一件肩膀很宽膝部很紧的大衣靠在一根画着红猫的柱子上,和一个下巴底下有一尖撮胡子,穿着短外衣瘦得难看的高个子在谈话,同时有一个剪短头发穿黄色短外衣的女孩子撩起她那紫色的非常短的裙子去整理她的吊袜带。另外还有一个头发蓬松,穿着大方格子衣服(也是属于朱特奇装式)的男人在听一个穿绿色开衩裙子和棕色衬衫很苗条的女人讲话。

菲儿感到不自在,但是她让德夫把她领到旁边画着黄色魔鬼的柱子后面的桌子跟前。墙上画着一些深红色的女人,很瘦,裸体,喝着酒或是很灵巧地跳着舞。德夫走到卖酒的柜台跟前去拿来两杯红酒。 (姜华 译)

4. Living Rooms 客厅

A Confused and Unpromising Sitting-Room

The sitting-room of Legree's establishment was a large, long room, with a wide, ample fireplace. It had once been hung with showy and expensive paper, which now hung mouldering, torn and discolored, from the damp walls. The place had that peculiar sickening, unwholesome smell, compounded of mingled damp, dirt, and decay, which one often notices in close old houses. The wall-paper was defaced, in spots, by slops of beer and wine; or garnished with chalk memorandums, and long sums footed up, as if somebody had been practicing arithmetic there. In the fireplace stood a brazier full of burning charcoal; for though the weather was not cold, the evenings always seemed damp and chilly in that great room; and Legree, moreover, wanted a place to light his cigars, and heat his water for punch. The ruddy glare of the charcoal displayed the confused and unpromising aspect of the room,—saddles, bridles, several

sorts of harness, riding-whips, overcoats, and various articles of clothing, scattered up and down the room in confused variety; and the dogs, of whom we have before spoken, had encamped themselves among them, to suit their own taste and convenience.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

杂乱无章的客厅

雷格里家的客厅是一间长方形的大房间,里面有个宽大的壁炉。从前,板壁上糊着华贵的糊墙纸,现在却已剥落、褪色,依附在潮湿的墙壁上发霉。客厅里有一股令人恶心的臭味,是潮气、垃圾和腐烂东西的混合产物,在空气不流通的旧屋里常可闻到。糊墙纸上到处是啤酒和葡萄酒的斑痕;有的地方还点缀着粉笔写的备忘录和长串的结算数字,好像有人在上面做过算术似的。壁炉中烧着一炉熊熊的炭火;天时虽然还不算冷,但是大客厅到了晚上总好像又阴又冷;何况雷格里也需要个火点雪茄烟和烧水拌喷趣酒喝。通红的火光把屋子里杂乱无章、不成体统的面貌照得清清楚楚:到处是乱丢乱放的马鞍、马笼头、各色马具、马鞭、外套和其他衣物;我们前面提到的几条狗也都各得其所地在这些东西中间找到了安身之处。 (黄继忠 译)

A Bright Drawing-Room

She pointed to a wide arch corresponding to the window, and hung like it with a Tyrian-dyed curtain, now looped up. Mounting to it by two broad steps, and looking through, I thought I caught a glimpse of a fairy place, so bright to my novice eyes appeared the view beyond. Yet it was merely a very pretty drawing-room, and within it a boudoir, both spread with white carpets, on which seemed laid brilliant garlands of flowers; both ceiled with snowy mouldings of white grapes and vine leaves, beneath which glowed in rich contrast crimson couches and ottomans; while the ornaments on the pale Parian mantel piece were of sparkling Bohemian glass, ruby red, and between the windows large mirrors repeated the general blending of snow and fire. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

璀璨夺目的客厅

她指着和窗子相对的一道宽拱门,也和窗子一样挂着泰尔红紫染成的窗幔,现在用搭环挂起来了。我跨上两级宽台阶走过去往里看,一瞥之间竟以为自己窥见了童话中的仙境。那边的景象在我初见世面的双眼前是那样地璀璨夺目。其实它仅仅是一间非常漂亮的客厅而已,在里面还有一间供女士使用

的小会客室，两间屋内都铺着白色地毯，地毯上好像放着鲜艳的花环。两间屋内的天花板上都有雪白的葡萄和蔓叶的模塑，下面则是深红色的长沙发椅和脚登耀眼的红色与之形成鲜明的对比，在灰白的巴罗斯大理石壁炉架上，放着闪闪发光的波希米亚玻璃做成的装饰品，像红宝石一样鲜红。这样，窗户之间的大镜子便反射出雪白与火红的一片错杂交融的图景。 （伍厚恺 译）

A Newly Decorated Living-Room

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairei, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

重新布置的客厅

前厅和后厅之间的隔墙已叫木匠拆掉，成了一个很长的房间，又用了大量黄的和深蓝的颜色装饰得令人眩目。一条日本女人和服上的宽腰带——深蓝色薄绸做底，看上去很挺括，还用金丝绣成许多精美图案——她就拿它来当作镶板，悬挂在淡黄色墙壁上。有一张长沙发椅，上面摆了一些镶着金色饰带的蓝丝绒枕头。至于那些椅子，在戈镇这个地方来说，似乎显得太轻佻，不够庄重了。肯尼科特家里原有一架奉若神明的留声机，这次卡萝尔干脆把它藏到吃饭间去，原处另摆上一只小方柜，上面摆上一只蓝色广口瓶，瓶的两边再摆上黄蜡烛。 （潘庆舲 译）

A Great Living-Room

The room was the largest private room Rudolph had ever been in. It didn't seem like November at all. Dark-red velvet curtains were drawn over the high windows, books were ranged on shelves on the walls, there were many paintings, portraits of highly colored ladies in nineteenth-century dresses and solid, oldish men with beards, and big cracked oils. Rudolph recognized the latter as views of the neighboring valley of the Hudson that must have been painted when it was all still farmland and forest. There was a grand piano with a lot of bound music albums strewn

on it, and a table against a wall with bottles. There was a huge upholstered couch, some deep leather armchairs, and a library table heaped with magazines. An immense pale Persian carpet that looked hundreds of years old, was shabby and worn to Rudolph's unknowing eye. Perkins had, indeed, started a fire in the wide fireplace. Three logs crackled on heavy andirons and six or seven lamps around the room gave forth a tempered evening light. Instantly, Rudolph decided that one day he would live in a room like this. (Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

巨大的起居室

这间房子很大,鲁道夫从来没有到过这么大的起居室。一点儿不像十一月的气温。高大的窗户都拉上暗红色的丝绒帘子,书籍排在沿墙的书架上,有许多人物画像,有穿着十九世纪服装、色彩鲜艳的贵夫人,有严肃的、留胡子的老头子,还有油彩裂化了的油画。鲁道夫认得出来:这些油画画的是赫德森和临近山谷的景色,一定是那一带还是农田和森林的年代画的。还有一架很大的钢琴,上面点缀着很多装订好了的乐谱,一张靠墙的桌子上放着瓶子。有一张很大的弹簧床,几张高背扶手皮椅,一张书桌上堆满了杂志。有一张特大的灰白色波斯地毯,在鲁道夫不懂行的眼里,像是用过几百年了,又破又旧。珀金斯确实已经在宽大的壁炉里生了火。三块大木头搭成一个大架子,噼噼啪啪地烧着,房间四周点了六七盏灯,发出柔和的灯光。鲁道夫立刻打定主意:他有朝一日也要生活在这样一间房子里。 (董衡巽 译)

An Awfully Decorated Drawing-Room

In the drawing room Fee paused longest, eyeing it expertly. Only the reception room exceeded it in size, for it was forty feet long and thirty wide, and had a fifteen-foot ceiling. It was a curious mixture of the best and the worst in its decoration, painted a uniform cream which had yellowed and did nothing to emphasize the magnificent moldings on the ceiling or the carved paneling on the walls. The enormous floor-to-ceiling windows that marched uninterruptedly for forty feet along the veranda side were heavily curtained in brown velvet, casting a deep gloom over the dingy brown chairs, two stunning malachite benches and two equally beautiful benches in Florentine marble, and a massive fireplace of cream marble veined in deep pink. On the polished teak floor three Aubusson carpets had been squared with geometrical precision, and a Waterford

chandelier six feet long touched the ceiling, its chain bunched round it.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

装潢糟糕的会客厅

在会客厅里,菲停留的时间最长,非常在行地打量着。这个会客室就是太大了,有四十英尺长,二十英尺宽。天花板有十五英尺高。它的装潢是最好的东西和最糟糕的东西的令人莫名其妙的混合。房间里漆着一层均匀的奶白色,已经有些发黄了,根本不能突出天花板上那豪华的造型图案或墙壁上的雕花镶板。沿着走廊的一侧,一溜儿四十英尺长都是巨大的落地窗,挂着厚实的棕色丝绒窗帘,深黑的影子投在失去了光泽的、棕色的椅子上。还有两只极漂亮的孔雀蓝的长椅和两只同样漂亮的佛罗伦萨大理石长椅,一个堂皇的带紫粉色纹理的奶白色大理石壁炉。在打磨得亮闪闪的柚木地板上,三块奥巴松地毯铺成了精确的几何图形,天花板上垂下一只六英尺高的沃特福德枝形吊灯,周围是一串串的链子。 (曾胡 译)

An Overcrowded Living-Room

The apartment was on the top floor—a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath. The living-room was crowded to the doors with a set of tape stride furniture entirely too large for it, so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles. The only picture was an over-enlarged photograph, apparently a hen sitting on a blurred rock. Looked at from a distance, however, the hen resolved itself into a bonnet, and the countenance of a stout old lady beamed down into the room. Several old copies of Town Tattle lay on the table together with a copy of Simon Called Peter, and some of the small scandal magazines of Broadway.

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

拥挤的客厅

她的那套房间在最高的一层上——一间小客厅,一间小卧室,外加一个洗澡间。客厅里挤满了一套过于大的用挂毯装饰起来的家具,屋子太小,那套笨重的家具一直堆到了房门口。因此人们在房间里走动时,时常会撞进挂毯上的那群正在凡尔赛宫的花园里打秋千的美人怀里。墙上唯一挂着的画是一幅放得过大的相片。乍看上去好像一只老母鸡蹲在一块模糊的岩石上。不过,站得稍远点儿仔细看看,那只老母鸡便逐渐变成一顶女人的帽子,一个胖老太太眉开眼笑地俯视着屋子。桌上放着几本旧的《都市奇闻》,还有一本《名

叫彼得的西门》和几册百老汇的淫秽的小丛刊。 （封秀云 译）

Drawing-Room in an Old Apartment

The drawing-room in the sprawling apartment above Cotteamore Gardens, not far from Kensington High Street, was gloomy in the extreme, with heavy drapes across the windows to shut out the spring sunshine. A gap a few inches wide between them allowed a little daylight to filter in through thick net curtains. Between the four formally placed and overstuffed chairs, each of them late-Victorian pieces, myriad small tables bore assorted bric-a-brac. There were buttons from long-punctured uniforms, medals won in long-past skirmishes with long-liquidated heathen tribes. Glass paperweights nudged Dresden china dolls, cameos of once demure Highland beauties, and fans that had cooled faces at balls whose music was no longer played.

Around the walls of discolored brocade hung portraits of ancestors, Montroses and Monteagles, Farquhars and Frazers, Murrays and Mintoes. Surely such a gathering could not be the ancestors of one old woman? Still, you never knew, with the Scots. (Frederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

古宅客厅

距肯辛顿的高街不远的科茨莫尔公园附近，有一座爬满青藤的古宅。客厅里，密不通风的帷幔遮住了窗外明媚的春风，给整个房间笼罩上一种昏暗、郁闷的气氛。室内阴沉沉的，唯有厚厚的窗帘之间露出的几寸宽的缝隙才透进一缕阳光。里面整整齐齐地摆着四张又厚又软的维多利亚朝代末年的椅子。椅子之间雅致的小茶几上放满了各式各样的小古玩。其中有早已化为乌有的军装上留下来的扣子，如今已不复存在的异教徒部落在漫长的岁月前发生的小冲突中赢得的奖章，德累斯顿制作的娃娃形玻璃镇纸，镶有一度以娴静著称的苏格兰美女像的小徽章以及当年在舞会的热烈气氛中给人带来舒适凉意的小扇子，那种舞会演奏的乐曲如今早已销声匿迹了。

客厅四周的墙上悬挂着已失去昔日辉泽的壁毯，上面挂满了祖先们的画像：有蒙特罗斯氏和蒙蒂格尔氏、法夸尔氏和法雷泽氏、默里氏和默托氏。毋庸置疑，如此之多的名人，肯定不会同是一位老妪的祖先。不过，苏格兰人的事儿你永远也搞不清楚。 （朱雍 尹晓煌 译）

A Room with Little Sign of Life

The room, however, had changed almost out of recognition. The

furniture was modern, with that dead modernity that seems to belong to the laboratory and the machine-shop rather than humanity. As if to make up for the lifeless silence of the rubber-covered arm-chairs, the blankness of the sensible sofa, and the impersonal grin of the electric fire, the wallpaper and curtains contained busy little patterns which did their best to call out in high, childish voices. Yet anything in the nature of communication remained clearly out of their reach.

(John Wain, *A Visit at Tea-Time*)

缺乏生机的房间

但是,这个房间却变得几乎认不出来了。家具都是新式的,但非常死板,好像是一个实验室和机器间,而不像是人住的地方。包皮扶椅毫无生响,柔软的沙发一尘不染,电炉火自鸣得意;好似要弥补它们没有生气的缺陷,贴墙纸和窗帘上印满了各种各样极力焕发儿童情调的小型图案。然而很明显,它们并不能真地起到交流情感的作用。

(王逢振 译)

5. Interior Decoration 室内装饰

A Puzzling Oil Painting

On one side hung a very large oil-painting so thoroughly besmoked, and every way defaced, that in the unequal cross-lights by which you viewed it, it was only by diligent study and a series of systematic visits to it, and careful inquiry of the neighbors, that you conld any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unaccountable masses of shades and shadows, that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist, in the time of the New England hags, had endeavored to delineate chaos bewitched. But by dint of much and earnest contemplation, and oft repeated ponderings, and especially by throwing open the little window towards the back of the entry, you at last come to the conclusion that such an idea, however wild, might not be altogether unwarranted.

(Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

费解的油画

在一边墙上,挂着一幅非常大的油画,它给熏得一塌糊涂,难以辨认,因此,在屋里那种不均匀的交叉光线下,只有对它细心研究,不断加以周密考察,再仔细地请教邻人后,才能多少理解它的含义。一团团大大小小的阴影那么让人费解,乍一看,简直会使人认为那是在新英格兰的逐巫案时期某个抱负不

凡的青年艺术家,力图勾勒出的令人心荡神移的纷乱景象。不过,经过多番认真凝视,不断反复沉思默想,尤其是把进口处后面那扇小窗打开后,总算可以获得如此结论:这种想法,不管多么荒唐,倒也不是毫无理由。 (封秀云 译)

Decorations of Unusual Taste

There was no splendour, but there was taste everywhere—unusual taste—the taste, you would have said, of a travelled man, a scholar, and a gentleman. A series of Italian views decked the walls; each of these was a specimen of true art; a connoisseur had selected them; they were genuine and valuable. Even by candlelight, the bright, clear skies, the soft distances with blue air quivering between the eye and the hills, the fresh tints, and well-massed lights and shadows, charmed the view. The subjects were all pastoral, the scenes were all sunny. There was a guitar and some music on a sofa; there were cameos, beautiful miniatures; a set of Grecian-looking vases on the mantelpiece; there were books well arranged in two elegant bookcases. (Charlette Brontë, *Shirley*)

富有情趣的装饰品

屋里并没有什么富丽堂皇的气概,但是,处处都显得很有情趣——不同凡响的情趣——你会说,那是旅行家、学者、绅士的情趣。墙上挂着一套意大利的风景画;每张画都是真正的艺术品;是经过行家挑选的画;这些都是真品、名品,极有价值。即使在烛光下,也是令人神往:那明朗的天,衬着蓝天的柔和远景,在眼睛与小丘间抖颤不息,那鲜艳的色彩,巧妙集中的光与影。画上画的都是田园生活,景色全是阳光满溢。沙发上还有一只吉他和几张乐谱;壁炉架上摆着一套希腊式的花瓶,一些玉石、贝壳的浮雕和一些漂亮的画像;两只精制的书架里,书籍摆得井井有条。 (封秀云 译)

A Suit of Mail

At about the centre of the oaken panels, that lined the hall, was suspended a suit of mail, not, like the pictures, an ancestral relic, but of the most modern date; for it had been manufactured by a skillful armorer in London, the same year in which Governor Bellingham came over to New England. There was a steel headpiece, a cuirass, a gorget, and greaves, with a pair of gauntlets and a sword gorget, and greaves, with a pair of gauntlets and a sword hanging beneath; all, and especially the helmet and

breastplate, so highly burnished as to glow with white radiance, and scatter an illumination everywhere about upon the floor. This bright Panoply was not meant for mere idle show, but had been worn by the Governor on many a solemnn muster and training field, and had glittered, moreover, at the head of a regiment in the Pequot war.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

铠甲

大厅四周的墙上,镶着橡木嵌板,嵌板的中央挂着一副铠甲,它并不像那些画像那样是什么古代遗物,而是属于最近代的;因为这是在贝尔汉州长到新英格兰来的那一年,由一位伦敦的能工巧匠制成的。有一只钢盔,一面护胸,一个颌甲,两个护胫,还有一双铁手套,下面悬挂着一把剑;这一切,尤其是头盔和胸甲,都是磨得最亮,闪着白色光芒,在地板上到处发射着光辉。这副光亮的甲胄,并非仅仅是无聊的炫耀,而是州长在许多庄严的检阅场和演武厅中穿戴过的,而且在"皮廓战争"中,也曾闪耀在部队的先头。 (封秀云 译)

Rhododendrons in a Woman's Morning Room

And I noticed then that the rhododendrons, not content with forming their theatre on the little lawn outside the window, had been permitted to the room itself. Their great warm faces looked down upon me from the mantelpiece, they floated in a bowl upon the table by the sofa, they stood, lean and graceful, on the writing-desk beside the golden candlesticks.

The room was filled with them, even the walls took colour from them, becoming rich and glowing in the morning sun, They were the only flowers in the room, and I wondered if there was some purpose in it, whether the room had been arranged originally with this one end in view, for nowhere else in the house did the rhododendrons obtrude. There were flowers in the dining-room, flowers in the library, but orderly and trim, rather in the background, not like this, not in profusion. I went and sat down at the writing-desk, and I thought how strange it was that this room, so lovely and so rich in colour, should be, at the same time, so business-like and purposeful. Somehow I should have expected that a room furnished as this was in such exquisite taste, for all the exaggeration of the flowers, would be a place of decoration only, languorous and intimate.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

女士起居室的石楠花

我还发现，石楠并不满足于在窗外的小草坪上蓬勃生长，而且进入室内。它们那热情的面孔从壁炉台上俯视着我。沙发旁边的茶几上也立着一瓶。写字台桌上，一个金色烛台旁边，也有它们那艳丽的身姿。

房间里摆满了石楠花，甚至墙上也映出了血红的颜色，在早晨的阳光下显得鲜艳夺目。石楠是这个房间里唯一的花卉，不知这种安排有没有什么打算？这个房间布置成这种样儿，是否就是为了摆设石楠？因为宅子里任何地方都没有石楠。餐厅里和书房里也有鲜花，但都摆得整整齐齐，多半作为室内背景，不像这里的石楠那么繁多。我走到写字桌边去坐下。我觉得奇怪的是，这个色彩浓艳瑰丽的房间，同时又像是办事的处所。我本来认为，这个情趣高雅、设备豪华的房间，尽管花卉很多，只不过是装饰起来供人困倦时休息的地方。（谢素台 译）

Fantastic Tapestry

But in the draping of the apartment lay, alas! the chief phantasy of all. The lofty walls, gigantic in height—even unproportionably so—were hung from summit to foot, in vast folds, with a heavy and massive-looking tapestry—tapestry of a material which was found alike as a carpet on the floor, as covering for the ottomans and the ebony bed, as a canopy for the bed, and as the gorgeous volutes of the curtains which partially shaded the window. The material was the richest cloth of gold. It was spotted all over, at irregular intervals, with arabesque figures, about a foot in diameter, and wrought upon the cloth in patterns of the most jetty black. But these figures partook of the true character of the arabesque only when regarded from a single point of view. By a contrivance now common, and indeed traceable to a very remote period of antiquity, they were made changeable in aspect. (Edgar Ellan Poe, *Ligeia*)

怪诞的帷幔

可天呐！最最怪诞的就数房里的帷幔。巍峨的四壁真是高不可攀，甚至高得不相称，从顶到脚，重重叠叠的挂着巨幅沉甸甸的帐幔——帐幔的料子看来就跟地毯、床帐、长塌的套子、乌木床的罩单、半遮着窗户的罗纹花窗帘一模一样。全是华贵无比的金布，一团一团的布满阿拉伯式的图案，或远或近的，每团直径约莫一英尺光景，在布上形成漆黑的花样。但只有从一个角度望去，才带着几分真正的阿拉伯式花样。经过一番设计（这种设计目前流行世上，其

实太古时代就有了),这些图案便显得变化无穷。 (徐汝椿 译)

Panels

Mr. and Miss Helstone were ushered into a parlour. Of course, as was to be expected in such a Gothicold barrack, this parlour was lined with oak; fine dark, glossy panels compassed the walls gloomily and grandly. Very handsome, reader, these shining brown panels are—very mellow in colouring and tasteful in effect—but, if you know what a 'spring clean' is, very execrable and inhuman. Whoever, having the bowels of humanity, has seen servants scrubbing at these polished wooden walls with beeswaxed cloths on a warm May day must allow that they are 'intolerable, and not to be endured'; and I cannot but secretly applaud the benevolent barbarian who had painted another and larger apartment of Fieldhead—the drawing-room, to wit, formerly also an oak room—of a delicate pinky-white, thereby earning for himself the character of a Hun, but mightily enhancing the cheerfulness of that portion of his abode, and saving future housemaids a world of toil. (Charlette Brontë, *Shirley*)

镶板

赫尔斯通先生和赫尔斯通小姐被引进一间客厅。不出所料,在这样一幢哥特式的古老的大屋里,这间客厅自然是四面都镶着橡木,晶黑光滑的镶板把墙壁围得又阴森又堂皇。读者,这些闪光的褐色镶板确实十分漂亮——色调十分柔和,外观又颇风雅。不过,如果你知道"掸尘"是怎么一回事的话,那就使人觉得十分可厌,不近人情了。凡是稍为有点人性的人,看到那些仆人在暖热的五月天,拿着蘸了蜂蜡的布头,在擦这些锃亮的木板墙,一定会认为他们是"吃不消而且不堪忍受的"。我不得不暗自赞美那个好心的蛮子,把菲尔赫德另一间更大的房间——就是那个会客室,先前也是一个橡木房间——漆成一种雅致的白里透粉红色,因而获得了一个匈奴人的名声,而且使得他所住的这个地方大大增加快感,又为未来一些女佣省却了许多劳苦。 (曹庸 译)

Tapestry with First-Rate Pictures

Thirty first-rate pictures, uniformly framed, separated by bright drapery, ornamented the walls, which were hung with tapestry of severe design. I saw works of great value, the greater part of which I had admired in the special collections of Europe, and in the exhibitions of paintings.

The several schools of the old masters were represented by a Madonna of Raphael, a Virgin of Leonardo da Vinci, a nymph of Corregio, a woman of Titan, an Adoration of Veronese, an Assumption of Murillo, a portrait of Holbein, a monk of Velasquez, a martyr of Ribera, a fair of Rubens, two Flemish landscapes of Teniers, three little "genre" pictures of Gerard Dow, Metsu. and Paul Patter, two specimens of Gericault and Prudhon, and some sea-pieces of Backhuysen and Vernet Amongst the works of modern painters were pictures with the signatures of Delacroix, Ingres, Decamps Troyon, Meissonier, Daubigny, etc;

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

点缀着名画的壁毯

四周的墙壁悬挂着带图案的壁毯,壁毯上点缀着三十来幅名画,画框子都是一式一样的,每幅画之间隔以闪闪发亮的武器饰物。我看见其中有不少名贵的作品,大部分我在欧洲私人的收藏馆中,或在图画展览会上曾经欣赏过。古代各家大师的作品挂在这里的有:拉斐尔的一幅圣母,达·芬奇的一幅圣女,戈列治的一幅少女,狄提恩的一幅妇人,维朗尼斯的一幅膜拜图,缪利罗的一幅圣母生天图,贺尔拜因的一幅肖像,魏拉斯开兹的一幅修士,里贝拉的一幅殉教者,鲁本斯的一幅节日欢宴图,狄尼埃父子的两幅佛兰德风景,哥拉都、米亦、包台尔派的三幅"世态画",叶利哥和普吕东的两幅油画,巴久生和魏宜的几幅海景图。在近代的作品中,有签署德洛克洛瓦、安格尔、德甘、杜罗扬、梅索尼埃、多宾宜等名字的油画。 (曾觉之 译)

6. Kitchen 厨房

Bare kitchen

The fire had burned up fairly bright, and showed me the barest room I think I ever put my eyes on. Half-a-dozen dishes stood upon the shelves; the table was laid for supper with a bowl of porridge, a horn spoon, and a cup of small beer. Besides what I have named, there was not another thing in that great, stone-vaulted, empty chamber but lock-fast chests arranged along the wall and a corner cupboard with a padlock

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

空洞的厨房

灼烁的火光使我看清楚了这一间厨房,我想,这是我有生以来所看到的最空洞的房间。架子上搁着六七只碟子,桌子上摆出了晚饭——一碗麦片粥,一

只角制的匙，一小杯啤酒。除了我所说的这些东西以外，这间石砌的圆顶大房间里面竟空洞洞别无他物，只有一些锁紧了的箱子沿墙壁摆着，还有一具扣上锁，放在屋角里的碗柜。 （侯浚吉 译）

Kitchen in Wuthering Heights

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here 'the house' pre-eminently. It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to reread altogether into another quarter: at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin calendars on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been underdrawn: its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villanous old guns, and a couple of horse-postols: and, by way of ornament, three gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green : one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses. （Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*）

呼啸山庄的厨房

一跨步，就把我们带进了起居室，根本不必经过什么外间或是穿堂。这里人多半把这间屋子称做"正屋"，它通常连厨房带客堂都包括在内。不过我相信在呼啸山庄，那厨房必定是被挤到另一个区域去了——至少，我听出来尽里边有说话的声音，有瓶罐相碰的声音；而在大壁炉四周，我看不出有什么烤炙、炝炖、或是烘烤的迹象，也不看见墙上有什么铜锅和锡滤器在闪闪生光。光彩、热量，倒是从屋子的另一边反射过来，十分热闹；原来那儿有一口橡木大碗厨，陈列着一排又一排数不胜数的白镴盆子，中间还杂放着银壶、银杯，一直堆叠到屋顶。这口橱从来不曾敞开过，它全部的结构（只除了一个搁着麦饼和牛腿、羊肉、火腿的木架子把它遮蔽了一部分外）总是让人一览无遗。在壁炉

上面，是几支蹩脚的旧枪和一对马枪，还有三个油漆鲜艳的茶叶罐，一齐溜放在壁架上，算是装饰品。地板是光滑的白石铺砌的，椅子涂了绿漆，是那种简陋的高背椅；有一两只笨重的黑椅子躲在阴暗里。在碗橱底下的圆拱里，躺着一只巨大的酱色的母猎狗，一窝尖叫的狗崽子围绕在他身边；此外，还有别的狗另找别的地方做安身之处。（方平 译）

Broken Kitchen

He climbed to the split porch and looked into the kitchen. The windows were broken out, and throwing rocks lay on the floor, and the floor and walls sagged steeply away from the door, and the sifted dust was on the boards. Joad pointed to the broken glass and the rocks. 'Kids,' he said. 'They'll go twenty miles to bust a window. I done it myself. They know when a house is empty, they know. That's the fust thing kids do when folks move out'. The kitchen was empty of furniture, stove gone and the round stovepipe hole in the wall showing light. On the sink shelf lay an old beer opener and a broken fork with its wooden handle gone. Joad slipped cautiously into the room, and the floor groaned under his weight. An old copy of the Philadelphia *Ledger* was on the floor against the wall, its pages yellow and curling. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

坍塌的厨房

他爬上破裂了的门廊，向厨房里望了一望。窗户都砸掉了，外边抛来的石头留在地板上，地板和墙壁都陷下去了，跟屋门成了倾斜的角度，尘沙蒙在木板上。约德指着破碎的玻璃和石头。“孩子们，”他说。“他们往往会跑二十哩路去砸人家的窗户。我自己就干过。每逢谁家屋里搬空了，他们都知道。人家搬家的时候，孩子们最喜欢干这一手。”厨房里家具都没有了，炉子也不见了，墙上圆圆的烟囱洞里透着光。污水槽的架子上放着一支开啤酒的起子和一把掉了木柄的叉子。约德小心地溜进屋里，地板在他体重的压力下嘎嘎地直响。一份旧费城《记事报》靠墙丢在地板上，每页都已经发黄，卷起了角。（胡仲持 译）

A Large Quiet Kitchen

A quiet scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatly-painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked, cooking-stove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of

unmentionable good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm; a small, flag-bottomed rocking-chair with a patch-work cushion in it, neatly contrived out of small pieces of different colored woolen goods, and a larger sized one, motherly and old, whose wide arms breathed hospitable invitation seconded by the solicitation of its feather cushions,—a real comfortable, persuasive, old chair, and worth, in the way of honest, homely enjoyment, a dozen of your plush or brochette drawing-room gentry; and in the chair, gently swaying back and forward, her eyes bent on some fine sewing, sat our old friend Eliza.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

宁静宽大的厨房

一幅宁静的场景展现在我们面前。这是一间宽大的厨房,油漆得很雅致,光溜溜的黄色地板上一尘不染;厨房里有一口干净、乌黑的铁锅,一排排亮晶晶的洋铁罐,令人联想起许多不可名状的可口食品;几把油光的绿椅子,虽然旧些,却还很坚固;一把石板镶底的摇椅,上面垫着一个用一块块杂色呢绒拼缀的十分精致的坐垫;此外还有一把大一点的,年迈而慈祥,两只宽大的扶手,仿佛在殷勤地邀人落坐,上面的鸭绒坐垫好像也在帮着劝诱——那着实是一把舒适宜人的旧椅子,如果就简朴而实惠的享受而言,足以抵得上十几把你们客厅里那种高贵的丝绒沙发或花缎子沙发。这把摇椅上坐着我们的老朋友丽莎。她一面慢慢地来回摇摆着,一面专心致志地在绣花。 (黄继忠 译)

An Old Kitchen

The kitchen.

Damp black iron sink, damp whitey-yellow drain-board with shreds of discolored wood which from long scrubbing were as soft as cotton thread, warped table, alarm clock, stove bravely blackened by Oscarina but an abomination in its loose doors and broken drafts and oven that never would keep an even heat.

Carol had done her best by the kitchen: painted it white, put up curtains, replaced a six-year-old calendar by a color print. she had hoped for tiling, and a kerosene range for summer cooking, but Kennicott always postponed these expenses. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

陈旧的厨房

还有那个厨房呢——黑铁洗涤槽里终年潮湿;滴水板也是湿漉漉,早已白

里发黄,它的木质由于潮湿和长期揩擦,如今像一束棉纱线那样柔软;那只小圆桌,桌面已经发翘了;此外还有一只小闹钟。灶台——好像已被奥斯卡里娜大胆地涂上了一层黑糊糊的生漆似的,可是尽管这样,它仍然叫人见了摇头——因为几扇炉门已经松了,通风管道也坏了,烘箱里热度从来就没有稳定过。

卡萝尔对这个厨房间总算是下了自己的最大努力:她先是给它四壁粉刷得雪白,又给窗子挂上帘子,最后还把那个挂了六年之久的月份牌拿走,另换上了一幅彩色图片。她巴望能给厨房间砌上瓷砖,添置一个夏天烧饭用的煤油炉,可是到了肯尼科特那里,他老是舍不得花这笔钱。 (潘庆龄 译)

Neat Kitchen

The room he entered when she opened the door had a feeling of cozy comfort, with its wall of mud-chinked logs and a chimney of home-made bricks that widened down from the roof to her large fireplace, alongside which hung her shining cooking utensils. And Kunta noticed that instead of the usual one room with one window, such as he had, Bell's cabin had two rooms and two windows, both covered with shutters that she could pull down in case of rain, or when it grew cold. The curtained rear room was obviously where she slept, and Kunta kept his eyes averted from that doorway. On her oblong table in the center of the room he was in, there were knives and forks and spoons standing in a jar, and some flowers from her garden in another, and two lighted candles were sitting in squat clay holders, and at either end of the table was a high-backed, cane-bottomed chair. (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

洁净的厨房

贝尔打开门以后,昆塔进入的房间给人以一种温暖而舒适的感觉。墙是用圆木垒成的,用泥抹了缝;还有一个用自制的砖砌成的烟肉,上小底大,从屋顶一直通向她那宽敞的壁炉,炉旁吊着擦得锃亮的炊具。昆塔注意到,同他的那种一般的、只有一间房间和一扇窗户的小屋不一样,贝尔的小屋有两个房间带两扇窗户,上面都装有百叶窗,随时都可以拉下来遮雨或御寒。有门帘的后屋一定是贝尔的卧室,昆塔的目光避开不看那扇门。他所在的这间房间的中央有一张长方形的桌子,上面放了一只罐,里面插着刀、叉和汤匙,另一只罐里插着从她的花园里采来的鲜花。两支点燃的蜡烛插在矮小的陶制烛台上。在桌子的两端各放一把高背、藤座的椅子。 (李森 译)

A Domestic American Kitchen

. . . Gold and shadowy in the metaled mirrors, he made his way soundlessly over the deep carpets toward the kitchen. He found the light and switched it on, Huge white refrigerator, humming sortly, a wall oven, a mixer, a juicer, copper pans arranged on the white walls, steel double sink, a dish-washing machine, the bottle of Scotch in the middle of the red formica table, the domestic American dream in the bright white neon light, He took two glasses down from a cupboard (bone china, flowered cups, coffee pots, huge wooden pepper mills, housewifely accouterments for the non-housewife in the bed in the other room). He ran the water until it was cold and first rinsed his mouth, spitting into the steel sink, xylophones of the night, then drank two long glasses of water. Into the other glass he poured a big slug of Scotch and half filled the glass with water. There was the ghost of a sound, a faint scratching and scurrying. At the back of the sink black insects, fat and armored, roaches, disappeared into cracks. Slob, he thought. (Irwin Shaw, *Rich Man, Poor Man*)

美国家庭的厨房

……在那些带金属框镜子映射出的金黄昏暗之中，他踩着厚厚的地毯无声地走向厨房。他找到灯，开亮。大白冰箱嗡嗡地轻响，墙内炉，调和器，榨汁器，白墙上挂着铜平底锅，大钢洗槽，洗碟机，一瓶苏格兰威士忌就放在红塑料贴面的桌子中央，在又白又亮的氖光灯下的美国家庭生活之梦。他从碗橱取出两个玻璃杯(洁白半透明的磁器，描花的茶杯，咖啡壶，大的木制胡椒磨子，都是家庭主妇的装备，却归那屋里床上那个非家庭主妇所有)。他拧开水龙头，把水放凉，漱漱口，把这天晚上的浊气吐到水槽里，又喝了两玻璃杯水。他往另一只玻璃杯里倒够一大口酒，加水对到半杯。水槽后面发出一种轻微的抓爬急走声。有些黑色昆虫，肥大带甲，是些蟑螂，消失在裂缝中。邋遢鬼，他想。 (范千中 译)

A Cheerful Kitchen

Mrs. Rachel rapped smartly at the kitchen door and stepped in when bidden to do so. The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment—or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean as to give it something of the appearence of an unused parlor. Its windows looked east and west; through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a

flood of mellow Jun sunlight; but the east one, whence you got a glimps of the bloom white cherry trees in the left orchard and nodding, slender birches down in the hollow by the brook, was greened over by a tangle of vines. (Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

令人愉快的厨房

雷切尔太太举止轻快地敲了敲厨房的门,得到准许后,她走进屋子。绿山墙农舍的厨房是个令人愉快的房间——或者本来是会令人愉快的,如果它不是过分干净,看起像一间废弃不用的客厅的话。厨房的东西两面都有窗子;通过朝西的那扇,可以看到后院,六月里柔和的阳光;打窗口直泻进来;可是如果朝东面的窗子撇上一眼,你会看到果园左边开着雪白花朵的樱桃树,以及溪边山谷下曳曳生姿的修长的白桦树,这个窗口被悬挂在上空的错综纠结的葡萄藤染成了一片绿色。 (马爱农 译)

7. Dining Rooms 餐厅

The Mayor's Dinning-Room

Henchard preceded her trough the door in the wall to the suddenly changed scene of the garden and flowers, and onward into the house. The dining-room to which he introduced her still exhibited the remnants of the lavish breakfast laid for Farfrae. It was furnished to profusion with heavy mahogany furniture of the deepest red-Spanish hues. Pembroke tables, with leaves hanging so low that they will-nigh touched the floor, stood against the walls on legs and feet shaped like those of an elephant, and one lay three huge folil volumes—a Family Bible, a *Josephus*, and a *Whole Duty of Man*. In the chimney corner was a fire-grate with a fluted semicircular back, having urns and festoon cast *in relief* thereon; and the chairs were of the kind which, since that day, has cast lustre upon the names of Chippendale and Sheraton, though, on point of fact, their patterns may have been such as those illustrious carpenters never saw or heard of. (Thomas Hardy, *Mayor of Casterbridge*)

市长家的餐厅

亨察尔领着她通过前院门,来到花园里,景色陡然不同了,又向上走进屋里去。他领她走进去的那间餐厅,依然还摆着为伐尔伏雷预备的过多的早餐的残余。这个房间陈列着许多紫红色沉重的桃花心木家具,几张潘卜鲁克桌子,两叶垂下来的活片快要触到了地板,它们靠着墙,腿和脚站立的样子像

只大象的姿势.有一张桌子上,放着三大卷对折本的书:一本是《家庭圣经》;一本是《约瑟福斯》;另一本是《为人之道》。在壁炉边的角落里,有一个炉格子,背后是凹槽式半圆形的,上面雕刻着凸出的壶形和垂花装饰;至于那些椅子,自从有了这种式样以来,就使齐本侬尔和雪拉顿这两个名字增加了光荣,而实际上它们的式样,即使是那些卓越的木匠帅傅恐怕也从没见过和听过的。

(告桥 译)

Uncheerful Dining-Room

On entering the dinning-room, by the orders of the individual in gaiters, Rebecca found that apartment not more cheerful than such rooms usually are, when genteel families are out of town. The faithful chambers seem, as it were, to mourn the absence of their masters. The Turkey carpet has rolled itself up, and retired sulkily under the sideboard: the pictures have hidden their faces behind old sheets of brown paper: the ceiling-lamp is muffled up in a dismal sack of all sorts of shabby envelopes: the marble bust of Sir Walpole Crawley is looking from its black corner at the bare boards and the oiled fire irons,, and the empty card racks over the mantelpiece: the cellaret has lurked away behind the carpet: the chairs are turned up heads and tails along the walls: and in the dark corner opposite the statue, is an old-fashioned crabbed knife box, locked and sitting on a dumb-waiter.

Two kitchen chairs, and a round table, and an attenuated old poker and tongs were, however, gathered round the fire-place, as was a saucepan over a feeble sputtering fire. There was a bit of cheese and bread, and a tin candlestick on the table, and a little black porter in a pint pot.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

生气全无的餐厅

利蓓加依着那打绑腿的人说的话,走进饭间,发现屋里生气全无。上等人家出城下乡的时候,家里总是这样,倒好像这些屋子忠心耿耿,舍不得主人离开似的。土耳其地毯把自己卷成一卷,气鼓鼓的躲在碗橱底下;一张张的画儿都用旧桑皮纸遮着脸;装在天花板上的大灯台给蒙在一个黑不溜湫的棕色布袋里;窗帘在各式各样破烂的封套里面藏了起来。华尔泊尔·克劳莱爵士的大理石半身像从暗黑的角落里低下头瞧着下面空荡荡的桌子,上过油的火钳火捧,和壁炉架上没插卡片的名片架子。酒瓶箱子缩在地毯后面;椅子都给面对面叠起来,靠墙排成一行。大理石像对面的黑角落里,有一个老式的刀叉盒

子，上了锁，隔着脸儿坐在碗盏架子上。

壁炉旁边搁了两张厨房里用的椅子，一张圆桌，还有一付用旧了的火棒和火钳。炉里的火萎靡不振，必必剥剥地响着，火上搁着一个平底锅子。桌子上有一点点乳酪和面包，一个锡做的烛台，还有一只装得下一品脱酒的酒钵，里面有薄薄一层黑颜色的浓麦酒。（杨必 译）

A Dining-Room Decorated in Severe Taste

I then entered a dining-room, decorated and furnished in severe taste, High oaken sideboards, inlaid with ebony, stood at the two extremities of the room, and upon their shelves glittered china, porcelain, and glass of inestimable value. The plate on the table sparkled in the rays which the luminous ceiling shed around, while the light was tempered and softened by exquisite paintings.

In the center of the room was a table richly laidout. Captain Nemo indicated the place I was to occupy.

(Jules Verne, 20,000 *Leagues Under the Sea*)

陈设讲究的餐厅

我于是走进了餐厅，餐厅内的摆设和家具都十分讲究。餐厅的两端摆着镶嵌乌木花饰的高大橡木餐橱，在架子的隔板上，有价值不可估量的闪闪发光的陶器、瓷器、玻璃制品。金银制的餐具在由天花板倾泻的光线下显得辉煌夺目，天花板上绘有精美的图画，使光线更加柔和而悦目。

餐厅中间摆着一桌丰盛的菜。尼摩船长指给我坐的位子。

（曾觉之 译）

A Clean Dining-Room

A wide porcelain stove was purring beneath an iche occupied by a cactus plant, and against the oak-colored wallpaper hung two pictures in black wooden frames. Steuben's *Esmeralda* and Schopin's *Potiphar*. The table, already set, the two silver chafing dishes, the crystal doorknobs, the floor, the funiture—everything gleamed with meticulous English cleanliness; the windows were adorned at each corner with panes of colored glass.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

一尘不染的餐厅

大白瓷火炉里，劈劈啪啪地响着，在它上方的壁龛里，摆设着一株仙人掌。

在糊着橡木花纹纸的墙壁上，黑色木框里嵌着斯特本画的艾斯米拉达像和索邦的毕迪法尔。摆好的饭桌上的两只银火锅，门上的水晶把手、地板和家具，都晶莹光洁，一尘不染，就像英国人的家，窗子四角装饰着彩色玻璃。

（张道真 译）

Home Dining-Room

The home was the dining-room. There the hard rush floor-covering made the ground light, reflecting light upon the bottom of their hearts; in the window-bay was a broad, sunny seat, the table was so solid one could not jostle it, and the chairs so strong one could knock them over without hurting them. The familiar organ that Brangwen had made stood on one side, looking peculiarly small, the sideboard was comfortably reduced to normal proportions. This was the family living-room.

(D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

家庭气氛浓厚的餐厅

家庭气氛最浓的是餐厅，厚实的草垫子一铺上就使的地板显得很光亮，折射出一家人心底的欢快。窗台就是一个向阳的宽大座位，桌子牢固的谁也推不动，椅子也很结实，倒在地上也摔不坏。布朗温制作的那架熟悉的风琴放在一边，看起来特别小。餐具柜的大小就显得正常了，看着顺眼了。这也是布朗温家的起居室。

（黑马 石磊 译）

The King's Banqueting-Room

Let us privileged ones hurry to the great banqueting-room and have a glance at matters there while Tom is being made ready for the imposing occasion. It is a spacious apartment, with gilded pillars and pictured walls and ceilings. At the door stand tall guards, as rigid as statues, dressed in rich and picturesque costumes, and bearing halberds. In a high gallery which runs all around the place is a band of musicians and a packed company of citizens of both sexes, in brilliant attire. In the center of the room, upon a raised platform, is Tom's table.

(Mark Twin, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

国王的宴会大厅

现在让我们这些享有特权的人赶快到大宴会厅去，看看那儿的人替汤姆安排一切，让他进行这次排场十足的御餐情况吧。那是个宽大的房间，大柱和

墙柱都是涂着金漆的，墙上和天花板上都绘着图画。门口站着高大的卫士，站得笔挺，像雕像一般，他们都穿着富丽而鲜艳的服装，拿着长柄的戟。宴会厅的周围有一道高高的回廊，那上面有一个乐队，还拥挤着许多男男女女的市民，都穿着光彩夺目的衣裳。在那个房间当中的一个高台子上，摆着汤姆的餐桌。（张友松 译）

Dining-Room or Hall

It was dusk, and she was sitting by the fire in the dining-room or hall which they occupied at this time of the year in preference to the parlour, because of its large hearth, constructed for turf-fires, a fuel the captain was partial to in the winter season. The only visible articles in the room were those on the window-sill, which showed their shapes against the low sky: the middle article being the old hour-glass and the other two a pair of ancient British urns which had been dug from a barrow near, and were used as flower-pots for two razor-leaved cactuses.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

兼作厅堂的餐厅

那时候已是暮色苍茫了，游苔莎正在餐厅里的火旁坐着；那个餐厅也用作厅堂，每年的这个季节他们都喜欢坐在这儿，因为冬天的时候，老船长最喜欢点泥炭，而那个餐厅里的大炉床，又正是为点泥炭砌的，因此他们不愿意到小客厅里去。屋子里面可以看得见的东西，只有摆在窗台上面的物件，它们在低低的天空下，显露着自己的形体：中间是那个旧沙漏，两旁是一对不列颠古盆，那本是从附近一个古冢里掘出来的，现在当做了花盆，里面栽着长剃刀形叶子的仙人掌。（封秀云 译）

Public Room in a Tavern

He entered the tavern, and was guided by the murmur of voices, and fumes of tobacco, to the public room. It was a long and low apartment, with oaken walls, grown dark in the continual smoke, and a floor, which was thickly sanded, but of no immaculate purity. A number of persons, the larger part of whom appeared to be mariners, or in some way connected with the sea, occupied the wooden benches, or leather-bottomed chairs, conversing on various matters, and occasionally lending their attention to some topic of general interest.

(Nathaniel Howthorne, *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*)

客栈餐厅

他走进客栈，靠喃喃的谈话声和烟草味引路，来到餐厅。那是间通长的房子，天花板不高，橡木墙板给长年的烟气熏黑了；地面铺着厚厚的沙子，但并没有打扫。那一伙就餐的人，大部分显然是水手，或者是各种跟大海打交道的人，有的坐在长木凳上，三三两两地交谈，偶尔也留神听某些普遍关心的话题。

（王楫 译）

8. Bedrooms 卧室

A Bedroom Where a Murder Had Happened

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled with blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an ear-ring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of metal d Alger, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a bueau, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them, A small iron safe was discovered under the bed (not under the bedstead) It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*)

发生过命案的卧室

房内凌乱不堪，家具全遭捣毁，散弃一地。房内仅有一个床架，床垫早已拖开，扔在当中地板上。有柄血污斑斑的剃刀搁在一张椅子上。壁炉上有两三大把花白的长头发，也溅满鲜血，仿佛是给连根拔起的。地板上找到四枚拿破仑，一只黄玉耳环，三把小号的白铜茶匙，两个钱袋，装了约莫四千枚金法郎。房内角有只五斗橱，抽屉全都拉了开来，分明给搜劫过了，不过许多东西照旧放在里头。在床垫底处找到一只小铁箱。铁箱开着，钥匙还插在门上。里面只有几封旧信，还有一些无关紧要的文件。（陈良廷 译）

Sleeping Cabin

. . . and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my

bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweeed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patch work counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish, which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

船屋

跟着坡勾提开了一个小门,把我睡觉的地方指给我瞧。我长这么大所看见过的寝室里,这要算最完备,最招人爱的了——它在船的后部,有一个小小的窗户,那原先本来是安船舵的窟窿眼儿。那儿墙上挂着一面小小的镜子,镜子框上镶着牡蛎壳,镜子的高低,恰好合乎我的高矮。还有一张小小的床,恰好够我躺得下;还有一张桌子,桌子上摆着一个蓝盂子,盂子里生着一丛海藻。这个寝室里的墙,粉刷得像牛奶一样地白;杂布拼成的被,花哨得叫我看着眼睛都发痛。在这个好玩的房子里,我特别注意到一种情况,那就是一股鱼虾的味儿,这种味儿,简直是无孔不入。我掏出手绢来擦鼻子的时候,发现我的手绢有一股好像包过龙虾似的味儿。 (张谷若 译)

A Bedroom of Golden-Coloured Wood

...Gudrun and Gerald took the first bedroom. In a moment they found themselves alone in a bare, smallish, close-shut room that was all of golden-coloured wood, floor, walls, ceiling, door, all of the same warm gold paneling of oiled pine. There was a window opposite the door, but low down, because the roof sloped. Under the slope of the ceiling were the table with wash-hand-bowl and jug, and across, another table with mirror. On either side the door were two beds piled high with an enormous blue-checked overbolster, enormous. (D.H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

金色木头卧室

……古德伦和杰拉尔德占用了第一间卧室。过了一会儿,他们发现自己已经单独留在这间一无装饰、门窗紧闭、略嫌狭小的房间里了。这里的一切都

是金黄色的木头——地板、四壁、天花板和门。所有这些都同样是涂油松木的嵌板细工，发着暖人的金色。由于房顶是倾斜的，正门口的窗子也有些偏低。斜面天花板下有张桌子，上面有洗手用的钵子和大水壶。再过去又是一张带镜子的桌子。门两边各有一张床，印有蓝色方格图案的大垫枕高高地堆在床上，实在是不小。（梁一三 译）

A Disused Bedroom

With the first peep of day I opened my eyes, to find myself in a great chamber, hung with stamped leather, furnished with fine embroidered furniture, and lit by three fair windows. Ten years ago, or perhaps twenty, it must have been as pleasant a room to lie down or to awake in, as a man could wish; but damp, dirt, disuse, and the mice and spiders had done their worst since then. Many of the window-panes, besides, were broken; and indeed this was so common a feature in that house, that I believe my uncle must at some time have stood a siege from his indignant neighbours—perhaps with Jennet Clouston at their head

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

无人居住的卧室

东方刚破晓，我的眼睛也同时睁开了，我发现自己是睡在一间宽敞的卧室里，壁上挂着各种兽皮、室内陈饰着雕镂精致的家具，光亮就从三扇大窗那儿射进来。要是在十年甚至二十年以前，这准是人们求之不得的可以舒服地安睡的房间；可是如今却是那么潮湿，肮脏，无人居住，成了老鼠和蜘蛛大显身手的场地，窗子上的玻璃零零落落，没有几块是完整的；这种现象在这幢屋子里确是随处可见，因此我相信，我的伯伯一定曾经被他的愤怒的邻居们围攻过——也许带头的就是琼妮特·克劳斯顿。（侯浚吉 译）

A Stately Red-Room

The red-room was a square chamber, very seldom slept in—I might say never, indeed, unless when a chance influx of visitors at Gateshead Hall rendered it necessary to turn to account all the accommodation it contained: yet it was one of the largest and stateliest chambers in the mansion. A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stood out like tabernacle in the centre; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half

shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery, the carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson cloth; the walls were a soft fawn colour with a blush of pink in it; the wardrobe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of darkly polished old mahogany. Out of these deep surrounding shades rose high, and glared white, the piled-up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spread with a snowy Marseilles counter-pane. Scarcely less prominent was an ample cushioned easy-chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thought, like a pale throne. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

堂皇的红房子

红屋子是一个空闲房间,很少有人在里面过夜。我实在可以说从来没人在里面睡过觉,除非盖兹赫德庄园偶然来了大批客人,不得不利用所有的住宿设备。不过它是这所大宅子里最宽最堂皇的房间之一,粗木的红木柱子支撑着一张床,挂着深红色锻子帐幔,就像一顶帐篷似地矗立在房间中央,两扇大窗户,百叶窗总是放下来,被相同质料的穗边饰物和下垂的帐幔半遮掩着;地毯是红色的,床脚边的桌子上铺着深红台布;墙壁是柔和的浅黄褐色,含有一点儿粉红,衣橱、梳妆台都是用深红色的光亮的老红木做的。在周围这些深沉的色调中跃然而出一片高色调的耀眼的白色,那是高高堆积的被褥与枕头,以及铺展开的雪白的马赛布的床单,显得同样醒目的是靠近床头一张宽大的、带椅报垫的安乐椅,也是白色的,前面有一张脚登,在我看来,它就像一个灰白的宝座。 (伍厚恺 译)

An Acrid Bed-Room as of a Tomb

The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust, A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valence curtains at faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks. (William Faulkner, *A Rose for Emily*)

墓室般阴惨的卧室

门猛烈地打开,震得屋里灰尘弥漫。这间布置得像新房的屋子,仿佛到处

都笼罩着墓室一般的淡淡的阴惨惨的氛围:败了色的玫瑰色窗帘,玫瑰色的灯罩、梳妆台,一排精细的水晶制品和白银做底的男人盥洗用具,但白银已毫无光泽,连刻制的姓名字母图案都已无法辨认了。杂物中有一条硬领和领带,仿佛刚从身上取下来似的,把它们拿起来时,在台面上堆积的尘埃中留下淡淡的月牙痕。椅子上放着一套衣服,折叠得好好的;椅子底下有两只寂寞无声的鞋和一双扔了不要的袜子。 (汤岂深 译)

A Girl's Bed-Room

So Mary Jane took us up, and she showed them their rooms, which was plain but nice. She said she'd have her frocks and a lot of other traps took out of her room it they was in Uncle Harvey's way, but he said they warn't. The fricks was hung along the wall, and before them was a curtain made out of calico that hung down to the floor. There was an old hair trunk in one corner, and a guitar box in another, and all sorts of little knick-knacks and Jimcracks around, like girls brisken up a room with. The king said it was all the more homely and more pleasanter for these fixings, and so don't disturb them. (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Fin*)

女孩的卧室

于是玛莉·真就把我们领上楼,把她们的房间指给他们看,屋里布置得都很简单,可是非常精致。她说假若她屋子里的衣裳和别的许多零碎东西,会叫哈卫叔叔觉得不方便的话,她可以把它们都搬出去,可是他说没有关系。那些衣裳都贴着墙挂在那里,前面用一块花布幔子挡着,幔子很长,一直拖到地下。在一个角落里放着一只蒙着毛布的旧箱子,在另一个角落里立着一个盛六弦琴的木匣子,还有各式各样的小玩具,花花哨哨的小摆饰,点缀在各处,都是些女孩子装饰屋子用的东西。皇帝说越有这些摆饰,越像在家里一样,越叫人看着舒服,所以不必移动它们。 (张万里 译)

A Small but Clean Bedroom

The room was small but clean, with a fumed-oak wardrobe, a dressing-table and mirror, and a chest-of-drawers, as well as the large cast-iron bedstead with a photogravure of *the Light of the World* at its head and a very weak water-colour of sunset on the Pyramids over the chest-of drawers. There was just room to move round the bed.

(Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

狭小洁净的卧室

那房间虽然小却很干净，里面放着一口熏槲木衣橱，一个带镜子的梳妆台，一口五斗柜和一张大铁床，床头有一个“世界之光”的照相凹版画，五斗柜上还有一幅颜色很淡的金字塔日落的水彩画。床的周围只有仅仅让你走路的地方。（姜华 译）

9. Studies 书房

A Study without Vitality

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*)

缺乏生气的书房

只见那间房巍峨堂皇。窗户又长又窄，尖尖耸起，离开漆黑的橡木地板老高，手根本够不着。几道红艳艳的微光，透过格子玻璃射进来，四下比较触目的物体刚好照得清清楚楚；但就是使尽眼力，也看不到房内远处的角落，和回纹凸花的拱顶深处。四壁挂着黑幔。一般家具全都大而无当，真不舒服，又古老又破残。四下尽是书籍和乐器，可房里并没增添一分生气。只觉得闻到一股凄凉的气息。各处笼罩着阴森、深沉、万难弥补的郁郁气氛，一切都浸透了这种气氛。（徐汝椿 译）

Library in a Submarine

It was a library. High pieces of furniture, of black violet ebony inlaid with brass, supported upon their wide shelves a great number of books uniformly bound. They followed the shape of the room, terminating at the

lower part in huge divans, covered with brown leather, which were curved, to afford the greatest comfort. Light movable desks, made to slide in and out at will, allowed one to rest one's book while reading, In the centre stood an immense table, covered with pamphlets, amongst which were some newspapers, already of old date. The electric light flooded everything; it was shed from four unpolished globes half sunk in the volutes of the ceiling. I looked with real admiration at this room, so ingeniously fitted up, and I could scarcely believe my eyes.

(Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

潜艇图书室

这是图书室。图书室的四壁摆着高大的紫檀木嵌铜丝的书架,架上一层层的隔板上放满了装帧一律的书籍。架子下面摆着一排蒙着栗色兽皮的长沙发,沙发的曲度正合适,坐上去很舒服。沙发旁边有可以随意移来移去的轻巧的活动书案,人们可以把书放在上面看。图书室中央放一张大桌子,上面摆满了许多小册子,其中有些是过时的报纸。半嵌在拱形天花板上的四个磨沙玻璃球发出柔和的电光,沐浴着这和谐的整体。我看了这间布置十分精致的图书室,心中十分赞美,我几乎都不敢相信自己的眼睛。 (曾觉之 译)

A Quaint Distracting Study

... and so at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands and pranced, as she always did when especially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleepy Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes, and, best of all, a great open fireplace with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depth of a velvet chair and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction." Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head as he perched on a table opposite. (Louisa May Alcott, *Little Women*)

古雅诱人的书房

最后,他们来到书房时,她竟拍手跳了起来。她特别高兴的时候,老是这样。那里全是一排排的书,还有绘画和雕塑,好几个诱人的小盒子里都装满了

古币和珍玩，还有催眠椅，古怪的桌子和青铜器。最妙的是那个敞开的大壁炉，四周镶满了古雅的瓷砖。

“多富丽啊！”裘感叹道。她坐进一张法兰绒椅子里，带着一种心满意足的神气左顾右盼了起来。“西奥多·劳伦斯，你应该是世界上最幸福的男孩子。”裘感慨地补了一句。

“一个人不能完全靠书本过日子。”劳笠坐在对面一张桌子上，摇摇头道。

（王汉梁 译）

A Gothic Library

...On a chance we tried an important-looking door, and walked into a high Gothic library, panelled with carved English Oak, and probably transported complete from some ruin overseas.

A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a great table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books.

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

哥特式书房

……于是，我们无意间推开一扇很神气的门，走进一间高大的哥特式图书室。室内的墙壁是用刻有雕花的英国橡木镶嵌的，这些东西很可能是盖茨比从海外某一古迹拆下后原封不动运回来的。

一个肥胖的中年男人，戴着一副古怪的大眼镜，醉醺醺地坐在一张宽大的桌子边上，睁开两只迷惘的眼睛盯着那些书架出神。（范岳 译）

A Widower's Study-Room

Behind Mr. Osborne's dining-room was the usual apartment which went in his house by the name of the study; and was sacred to the master of the house. Hither Mr. Osborne would retire of a Sunday forenoon when not minded to go to church; and here pass the morning in his crimson leather chair, reading the paper. A couple of glazed bookcases were here, containing standard works on stout gilt bindings. The *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Blair's Sermons*, and Hume and Smollett. From year's end to year's end he never took one of these volumes from the shelf; but there was no member of the family that would dare for his life to touch one of the books, except upon those rare Sunday evenings when there

was no dinner party, and when the great scarlet Bible and Prayer-book were taken out from the corner where they stood beside his copy of the *Peerage*, and the servants being rung up to the dining parlour, Osborne read the evening service to his family in a loud grating pompous voice.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

鳏夫的书房

在奥斯本先生的家里,大家管饭厅后面的房间叫书房,除了主人以外,别的人轻易不准进去。奥斯本先生如果星期日不高兴上教堂,便在那屋里的红皮安乐椅上坐着看报。屋里有两口玻璃书柜,摆着装订得很坚固的金边书,都是大家公认有价值的作品,像"年鉴"呀,"绅士杂志"呀,"白来亚的训诫"呀。他一年到头从不把书本子从架子上拿下来看,家里别的人也是宁死不敢去碰一指头。除非在星期天晚上,家里偶然不请客,"阶绅录"旁边的大红"圣经"和祈祷文才给拿下来。奥斯本打铃传齐了佣人,在客厅里举行晚祷,自己提高了声音,摆足了架子,读那祈祷文。 (杨必 译)

A Huge Study-Room

... She knocked at a huge carved door. He heard the Massa say, "Come in!" and Bell went on inside, turning to beckon expressionlessly to Kunta. He couldn't believe the size of the room; it seemed as big as the inside of the barn. The polished oaken floor was covered with rugs, and the walls were hung with paintings and tapestries. The richly dark, matched furniture was waxed, and long rows of books sat on recessed shelves. Massa Waller sat at a desk reading under an oil lamp with a circular shade of greenish glass, and his finger held his place in his book when, after a moment, he turned around to face Kunta.

(Alax Haley, *Roots*)

宽大的书房

……贝尔在一扇雕花的大门上敲了几下。他听见老爷说:"进来!"贝尔走了进去,转过身来毫无表情地示意昆塔也进去。房间之大使他难以置信,好像有谷仓那么大。擦得锃亮的橡木地板上铺着地毯,墙上挂着绘画和花拼毯。华美深色的成套家具都上了蜡;长长的一排排书籍放在嵌入墙壁的书架上。沃勒老爷坐在书桌旁边的一盏带有圆形绿玻璃灯罩的油灯下看书。过一会儿他转过头来面对昆塔时,用手指按住了他看到的那一页书。 (李森 译)

A Rich Study-Room

We entered a room lined with books and decorated with old musical instruments: An Irish harp, a hunter's horn, a clarinet and a wooden flute were suspended by the neck from the wall on pink and blue ribbons. There were a leather divan and a number of easy chairs.

"Throw your coat on the divan" Brother Jack said.

I slid out of my overcoat and looked around, The dial of the radio built into a section of the natural mahogany bookshelf was lighted, but I couldn't hear any sound; and there was an ample desk on which rested silver and crystal writing things, and, as one of the men came to stand gazing at the bookcase, I was struck by the contrast between the richness of the room and their rather poor clothing.

(Ralph Ellision, *Invisible Man*)

华丽的书房

我们走进一间屋子,四壁摆满了书籍,墙上缀着几把古老的乐器,包括一把爱尔兰竖琴,一只猎号,一支单簧管和一支黑管。乐器上都系着红蓝缎带,用来挂在墙上。还有一张皮面长沙发和几把扶手椅。

"把大衣扔到沙发上吧,"杰克兄弟说道。

我顺溜溜地脱下大衣,就便把屋子打量了一番,红木书架的一格装着一台收音机,度盘里亮着灯光,但听不到一点音响;宽阔的书桌上放着银质和水晶制的文具。一个同行者走了过来,停住脚步,两眼直盯盯地瞧着书架,室内华丽的陈设与同行者们寒伧的衣着所形成的对照不禁使我心里一怔。

(任绍曾 等译)

Pleasant Little Study

In the early evening time Doctor Kemp was sailing in his study in the belvedere on the hill over-looking Burdock. It was a pleasant little room, with three windows, north, west, and south, and bookshelves covered with books and scientific publications, and a broad writing-table, and, under the north window, a microscope, glass slips, minute instruments, some cultures, and scattered bottles of reagents. Doctor Kemp's solar lamp was lit, albeit the sky was still bright with the sunset light, and his blinds were up because there was no offense of peering outsiders to require them pulled down.

(H. G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*)

舒适的小书房

在俯瞰伯多克的小山上，立着一座观景楼，傍晚，肯普医生正在这座楼的书房里。这是一间舒适的小屋，北面、南面和西面都有窗户，书架上摆满着书和科学刊物，还有一张宽大的写字台，北窗下面还放着一台显微镜，一些玻璃涂片、精密仪器，细菌培养皿和零散的化学药瓶。虽然夕阳的余辉还很明亮，而且由于不怕外人偷觑而无须放下百叶窗，肯普医生还是点了灯。

（孙宗鲁 译）

10. Churches 教堂

A Black People's Church

First Purchase was unceiled and unpainted within. Along its walls unlighted kerosene lamps hung on brass brackets; pine benches served as pews. Behind the rough oak pulpit a faded pink silk banner proclaimed God Is Love, the church's only decoration except a rotogravure print of Hunt's *The Light of the World*. There was no sign of piano, organ, hymn-books, church programs—the familiar ecclesiastical impedimenta we saw every Sunday. It was dim inside, with a damp coolness slowly dispelled by the gathering congregation. At each seat was a cheap cardboard fan bearing a garish Garden of Gethsemane, courtesy Tyndal's Hardware Co. (You-Name-It-We-Sell-It) (Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

黑人教堂

新购教堂室内没有天花板，墙壁没有粉刷。沿着墙壁的一排铜钩挂着没有点燃的煤油灯；教堂里放着一排排松木长凳。在粗糙的讲坛后边有一幅褪了色的粉红绸布做的横幅，上面写着"上帝是爱的化身"。还有一张胶板印制的亨特的名画《世界之光》。这就是教堂仅有的装饰了。这里没有我们在星期日经常看到的教会设备，如钢琴、风琴、圣诗本和教堂礼拜日程等。教堂室内，光线不足，显得阴森森的有些凉意。在做礼拜的人群聚集以后，凉意慢慢被驱散了。每个座位上有一把廉价的硬纸做的摇扇，上面画着五颜六色的"耶稣蒙难"宗教画，上面写着庭达尔金属用具公司敬献（本公司物品应有尽有）。

（舒逊 译）

Old and Grey Church

If the peace of the simple village had moved the child more strongly, because of the dark and troubled ways that lay beyond and through which

she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building; where the very light, coming through sunken windows seemed old and grey, and the air, redolent of earth and mould, seemed laden with decay, purified by time of all its grosser particles, and sighing through arch and aisle and clustered pillars, like the breath of ages gone! Here was the broken pavement, worn so long ago by pious feet, that Time, stealing on the pilgrims' steps, had trodden out their track, and left but crumbling stones. Here were the rotten beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb on which no epitaph remained,—all,—marble, stone, iron, wood, and dust, one common monument of ruin. The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the stateliest and the least imposing—both of Heaven's work and Man's—all found one common level here, and told one common tale.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

古老灰暗的教堂

如果说到了这个质朴的村庄,和平的气氛就使她深受感动,那么她一个人到了那座庄严肃穆的建筑里,又该发生多么深刻的印象呀!——在那里,便是从深陷的窗户中透进来的阳光,也好像又古老又灰暗,含有土香霉味的空气也好像注上了朽腐,时间已经把粗大的尘屑澄清,在圆拱、通廊和密集中的石柱中发出来的叹息,就像是多少世纪以前的呼吸!这里有破碎的石板路,多少年前就被虔诚的脚步磨光了,时间又跟踪着这些朝圣的人,践踏出轨迹,留下来的只是一堆碎石。这里还有朽败的栋梁,下陷的圆拱,剥蚀和生了霉的墙壁,凹成壕沟的地面,庄严的冢墓上也看不到什么铭志了——全部——大理石、白石、铁、木和灰尘——成了废墟的普通纪念物了。最好的作品和最坏的作品,最平凡的和最富丽的,最庄严的和最不显赫的——不论是天国的作品,也不论是人的作品——在这里一律平等,都是一个共同的故事。 (许君远 译)

Baptist Church in a Small Town

The church was half barn and half Gopher Prairieparlor. The streaky brown wallpaper was broken in its dismal sweep only by framed texts, "Come unto Me" and "The Lord is My Shepherd," by a list of hymns, and by a crimson and green diagram, staggeringly drawn upon hemp-colored paper, indicating the alarming ease with which a young man may descend from Palaces of Pleasures and the House of Pride to Eternal Damnation.

But the varnished oak pews and the new red carpet and the three large chairs on the platform, behind the bare reading-stand, were all of a rocking-chair comfort. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

小镇浸礼会教堂

这座礼拜堂一半像谷仓,一半像戈镇人家里的客厅。墙上糊着褐色条纹纸,上面挂着"跟我来吧"和"耶和华是我的牧者"的字框,此外还有一份赞美诗目录和一张红红绿绿的画在浅灰色纸上的图画,画的是一个年轻人完全可以不费吹灰之力,从"欢乐之宫"和"荣耀之家"一下子坠入"永劫不复的深渊"。可是,那些被油漆糊得亮晃晃的橡木座椅,大红的新地毯,以及讲台后面的三只大安乐椅,却使人顿时感到如坐摇椅一般的舒适。 (潘庆舲 译)

A Great Church in Rome

The church could hold twenty thousand people; so it wasn't crowded. Nowhere in the world had so much time and thought and genius been put into the creation of a temple of God; it paled the pagan works of antiquity to insignificance. It did. So much love, so much sweat. Bramante's basilica, Michelangelo's dome. Bernini's colonnade. A monument not only to God, but to Man. Deep under the confessio in a little stone room Saint Peter himself was buried; here the Emperor Charlemagne had been crowned. The echoes of old voices seemed to whisper among the pouring slivers of light, dead fingers polished the bronze rays behind the high altar and caressed the twisted bronze columns of the *baldacchino*. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

罗马的大教堂

教堂能够容纳两万人,所以并不拥挤。世界上没有任何地方在建造一座上帝的庙堂之上投入了如此之多的时间、思想和创造才能;它使非基督教的古代建筑相比之下黯然失色。它就是这样的。恣肆洋溢着爱,沛然充盈着柔情。布拉曼特长方形教堂,米开朗琪罗的天顶画,伯尼尼柱廊。这不仅是上帝的纪念碑,也是人的纪念碑。在一个小石屋的下面埋葬着圣徒彼得;查理大帝就是在这里加冕的。苍老的声音似乎在倾泄进来的银白色的光线中低低回响着,在高耸的祭坛后面,麻木的手指把青铜磨得发光,抚弄着华盖上扭曲的青铜柱。 (曾胡 译)

Church in a French Town

The church is on the other side of the street, twenty yards further on,

at the entrance to the public square. The little cemetery surrounding it is so full of graves that the old tombstones, lying flat on the ground, form a continuous pavement on which the grass has traced out green rectangles. The church was rebuilt during the latter part of the reign of Charles X. The arched wooden ceiling is beginning to rot at the top, and its blue surface is marred here and there by black cavities. Above the door, where most churches have an organ, is a gallery for the men, reached by a spiral staircase which echoes beneath their wooden soles.

The daylight coming in through the plain glass windows falls obliquely on the pews projecting from the wall. There are straw mats tacked on some of them with these words in big letters below: "Mondieur So-and-So's Pew." Further on, where the nave narrows, is the confessional. Beside it stands a statue of the Virgin; she is dressed in a satin gown and a tulle veil sprinkled with silver stars, and her cheeks are painted bright red like an idol from the Sandwich Islands. Finally, the view is terminated by a copied painting—"The Holy Family, Presented by the Minister of the Interior"—hanging above the main altar between four candlesticks.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

法国小镇的教堂

教堂离这里有二十步远，在街的那边，在广场入口处。教堂四周是一小块坟地，周围有一圈半人高的围墙，坟墓是如此密集，坟上和地面相齐的老石板竟连成了一片，绿草在它们中间滋生，形成了一个个整齐的四方形。这座教堂在查理十世末年曾重建过一次。现在木头圆顶上部已开始朽坏，在它的蓝颜色上有的地方已经现出黑窟窿。大门上方的阁楼，本来是应当放风琴的，现在却成了男人们待的地方，有一座楼梯回旋而上，本头鞋走在上面，发出噔噔的响声。

太阳光透过玻璃窗，斜照在一排排靠墙摆的长凳上，凳上有些地方放着草垫，下方用大字写着"某某先生之座"。再往前，在大厅较窄处，有个忏悔间，对着它是圣母的小塑像，穿一件缎子长袍，头上蒙一层缀着银色星点的轻纱，两颊涂得红红的，就像夏威夷群岛出的神像。最后面能看到的是一张由"内政部长赠"的复制的"圣家族"像，在四根蜡烛当中俯瞰着神坛。唱诗台是杉木做的，一直还没有油漆。

（张道真 译）

The Chapel

And I remember the chapel with its sweeping eaves, long and low as

though risen bloody from the earth like the rising moon; vine-covered and earth-colored as though more earth-sprung than man sprung...

Into the doors and into the soft lights I go, silently, past the rows of puritanical benches straight and torturous, finding that to which I am assigned and bending my body to its agony. There at the head of the platform with its pulpit and rail of polished brass are the banked and pyramided heads of the student choir, faces composed and stolid above uniforms of black and white; and above them, stretching to the ceiling, the organ pipes looming, a gothic hierarchy of dull gilded gold.

(Raph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

学校教堂

我还记得,那教堂的屋面倾斜而下,屋檐既宽又低,颜色血红,就像刚刚升起的月亮,拔地而起;那教堂爬满了常青藤,夜色朦胧之中,上下一片灰蒙蒙的泥土色,好像这座建筑不是出自人工之手,而是破土生长起来的……

我进了教堂,里面灯光柔和。我悄悄走过一排排极不舒适的直背条椅,找到了我的位置,便弯着身子坐下,准备受苦。讲台设有专门的布道台,前方围着擦亮的铜栏杆。讲台的上首按个儿高矮站了几排唱诗班的学生。他们身穿黑白两色制服,表情镇静自若,甚至有点呆头呆脑。一根根光泽晦暗的镀金风琴管,从他们的头顶一直伸展到天花板,高低参差,很像哥特式建筑的屋顶。

(任绍曾 等译)

Little Family Church

With all their houses, barns, sheds, and fences built by 1874, the family—led by Matilda—turned its attention to an enterprise they considered no less important to their welfare: the construction of a church to replace the make-shift bush arbors that had been serving as their place of worship. It took almost a year, and much of their savings, but when Tom, his brothers, and their boys had finished building the last pew and Irene's beautiful white hand-woven cloth—emblazoned with a purple cross—had been draped over the pulpit in front of the $250 stained-glass window they'd ordered from Sears, Roebuck, everyone agreed that the New Hope Colored Methodist Episcopal Church was well worth the time, effort, and expense it represented. (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

家庭小教堂

到1874年时,他们所有的住房、马厩、牛棚和篱垣都已盖齐,全家人在马

蒂尔达的带头下,就把注意力集中到一项他们认为同他们的福利同样重要的事情上:建造一座教堂来代替他们做礼拜用的临时灌木凉棚。这件事用了差不多一年以及他们的很大一部分储蓄,但是当汤姆和他的兄弟以及他们的孩子们把最后一个座位安装好,艾琳手织的美丽的白台布绣有一个紫十字铺上了彩色玻璃窗(玻璃是他们花了二百五十元从西尔斯罗巴克公司订购来的)前的布道小讲坛时,大家都一致认为,为这座"新希望有色人卫理公会主教教堂"所花的时间、精力和钱,是十分值得的。 (陈亮 译)

Church in a New Spirit

The time came near, the girls were decorating the church, with cold fingers binding holly and fir and yew about the pillars, till a new spirit was in the church, the stone broke out into dark, rich leaf, the arches put forth their buds, and cold flowers rose to blossom in the dim, mystic atmosphere. Ursula must weave mistletoe over the door, and over the screen, and hang a silver dove from a sprig of yew, till dusk came down, and the church was like a grove. (D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*)

焕然一新的教堂

圣诞节一天天近了,姑娘们开始装饰教堂,用冰冷的手指把冬青、冷杉和紫杉环绕在柱子上,直至教堂里焕然一新:石柱上绕满了绿油油的叶子,拱顶上绽着蓓蕾,神秘、幽暗的气氛中盛开出冷艳的花朵。厄秀拉要用槲寄生枝搭在门楣上和祭坛屏风上,在紫杉枝上挂一只银色的鸽子,一直忙到夜幕降临,教堂已经打扮得像一片林子了。 (黑马 石磊 译)

11. Stelae 碑碣

Newly-Built Tomb-Stones

There were two new marble markers in the brick-inclosed lot under the funereal cedars—so new that no rain had splashed them with red dust.

"We got them last week." said Mrs. Tarleton proudly. "Mr. Tarleton went to Macon and brought them home in the wagon."

Tombstones! And what they must have cost! Suddenly Scarlett did not feel as sorry for the Tarletons as she had at first. Anybody who would waste precious money on tombstones when food was so dear, so almost unattainable, didn't deserve sympathy. And there were several lines carved on each of the stones. The more carving, the more money. The

whole family must be crazy! And it had cost money, too, to bring the three boy's bodies home. They had never found Boyd or any trace of him.

Between the graves of Brent and Stuart was a stone which read: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided ."

On the other stone were the names of Boyd and Tom with something in Latin which began "Dulce et—" but it meant nothing to Scarlett who had managed to evade Latin at the Fayetteville Academy.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

新立的墓碑

坟地周围的砖墙附近种着许多柏树,那里面有两块新的大理石碑,新得连雨水都没有淋过。

"这碑是上周立起来的,"汤太太骄傲地说,"汤先生上周亲自用大车从马岗拉回来的。"

墓碑,这需要很多钱的!思嘉忽然觉得这家人太可怜了。现在连饭都快吃不上的人。却能买起墓碑,那就不应该可怜他了,而且每个墓碑上都刻着几行字。多刻一个字,就多花一个钱。看起来这家人一定是疯了,何况把那三个孩子的遗体拉回来,也是需要很多钱的。而保义的尸体,却一点踪影都没有。

在伯伦和司徒的两个坟地间有一块石碑,上面刻着:"活着时在一起,死的时候也在一起。"

另一块石碑上刻着保义和说谟两个名字,下面几行是以"Dulceet"起头的拉丁文,可思嘉却不认识,因为她在万叶女中上学时,从没认真学习过拉丁文。"

(简宗 译)

Headstones in the Heath

I sought, and soon discovered, the three headstones on the slope next the moor; the middle one grey, and half buried in heath; Edgar Linton's only harmonized by the turf, and moss creeping up its foot; Heathcliff's still bare.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

(Emily Brontë *Wuthering Heights*)

石楠丛中的墓碑

我在靠近原野的斜坡上寻找那三块墓碑，不一会儿就给我找到了——那中间的一块是灰色的，一半埋在石楠树丛里；埃德加·林敦的墓碑脚下已爬上了草皮和苔藓，总算和周围的景色已有些协调；只有希克厉的墓碑还是光秃秃的。

在那温和的露天，我在那三块墓碑前留连徘徊，望着飞蛾在石楠丛中和钓钟柳中闪扑着翼翅，倾听着柔风在草上飘过的呼吸声，不禁感到奇怪，怎么会有人能想象，在这么一片安静的土地下面，那长眠者竟会不得安睡呢。

（方平 译）

One Tombstone That Served for Both Graves

...And , after many, many years a new grave was delved, near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tomb stone served for both. All around, there were monuments carved with armorial bearings; and on this simple slab of slate—as the curious investigator may still discern, and perplex himself with the purport—there appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a herald's wording of which might serve for a motto and brief description of our now concluded legend; so sombre is it, and relieved only by one ever-glowing point of light gloomier than the shadow:...

"ON A FIELD, SABLE, THE LETTER A, GULES."

（Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*）

两坟合用的墓碑

……于是在许多年许多年以后，在后来建筑王家礼拜堂旁边的那块坟地里，在一座深陷的老坟的附近，又掘了一个新坟。新坟是在深陷的老坟附近，可是却隔着相当的空间，好像两个长眠者的遗骸是没有资格混在一起的。不过两座坟合用一块墓碑。在周围的墓石上，全都刻着世家的纹章；而在这块简单的石板上——好奇的研究者现在还可以看得见，只不过是不明白它的意义了——却雕刻着盾形纹章的式样。上面刻着的铭文，很可以拿它当作我们现在讲完的这篇传说的一个标语和简短的说明；这传说是那么阴惨，其中只浮现着比阴影更幽暗的永远不灭的一点红光——

"一片黑地上，刻着血红的A字。"

（侍桁 译）

Guiding Stones on the Barren

I had remarked on one side of the road, at intervals of six or seven yards, a line of upright stones, continued through the whole length of the barren: these were erected, and daubed with line on purpose to serve as guides in the dark; and also when a fall, like the present, confounded the deep swamps on either hand with the firmer path: but, excepting a dirty dot pointing up here and there, all traces of their existence had vanished: and my companion found it necessary to warn me frequently to steer to the right or left, when I imagined I was following, correctly, the windings of the road. (Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

荒野中的路碑

我曾经注意到在路的一边,每隔六七码,便竖着一块石碑,连续不断地一直贯穿整个荒野,石碑上还涂了石灰,这些石碑立在那儿是作为黑夜行路的指导,或是逢到一场像现在那样的大风大雪,两边的沼地与坚实的路径不可分辨的时候就可以作一个标志。可是这会儿除了这里那里露出几个黑点子外,这些石碑全都连影踪也不见了。我的同伴不得不随时指点我向左或是向右走,而我还以为自己正没有差错地沿着弯曲的路径前进呢。 (封秀云 译)

Milestone That Sparkles the Old Fire

A little further on was the summit whence Christminster, or what he had taken for that city, had seemed to be visible. A milestone, now as always, stood at the roadside hard by. Jude drew near it , and felt rather than read the mileage to the city. He remembered that once on his way home he had proudly cut with his keen new chisel an inscription on the back of that milestone, embodying his aspirations. It had been done in the first week of his apprenticeship, before he had been diverted from his purposes by an unsuitable woman. He wondered if the inscription were legible still and going to the back of the milestone brushed away the nettles. By the light of a match he could still discern what he had cut so enthusiastically so long ago:

THITHER

J. F

The sight of it, unimpaired, within its screen of grass and nettles, lit

in his soul a spark of the old fire. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

燃起旧日热情的里程碑

往前不远就是山顶,从那儿好像可以看见基督寺,或者说可以看见他想象的基督寺。一个里程碑那时也跟平时一样,正立在离他不远的地方上。他走到那个碑跟前;上面刻的从那儿到基督寺去的里数,那时他虽然看不见,却可以摸得到。他想起来了:从前有一次,他回家的时候走到那儿,曾骄傲地用他那把锋利的新凿子,在那个里程碑的背面,錾了几个字,来表示他的志愿。那时候,他做学徒刚一个星期,还没有性情不和的女人,来把他引入歧路。他不知道那几个字现在是不是还看得清楚。他走到里程碑后面,把那儿长得荨麻拨开。在一根火柴的亮光下,他仍旧能辨出他那么些年以前那样热烈地在那上面錾的那几个字:

往那面去

裘·范。

这几个字,在野草和荨麻的掩复之下,仍旧完全无恙,他看见了这些字以后,旧日的热烈感情,就在心里又燃烧起来了。…… (张谷若 译)

Tombstones That Derive Fancies

As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tomb stones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

引起奇思异想的墓碑

我既没有见过亲生父母,也没见过爹娘的肖像(他们那时候离开拍照这玩意儿还远着呢),因此,我第一次想到父母究竟像个什么模样,完全是根据他们

的墓碑胡乱揣测出来的。看了父亲墓碑上的字体，我就有了个稀奇古怪的想法，认定他是个皮肤黝黑的矮胖个儿，长着一头乌黑的鬈发。再看看墓碑上"普夫人乔治安娜"这几个瘦骨嶙峋的字样，便又得出一个孩子气的结论，认为母亲脸上一定长着雀斑，是个多病之身。父母的坟墓边上还有五块菱形小石碑，每块约有一英尺半长，整整齐齐列成一排，那就是我五个小兄弟的墓碑（在芸芸众生谋求生存的斗争中，他们很早就一个个偃旗息鼓，撒手不干了）；见了这些石碑，我从此就有个不可动摇的看法，我相信这五个小兄弟出娘胎时一定都是仰面朝天、双手插在裤袋里的，而且一辈子也没有把手拿出来过。

（王科一 译）

First-Class Marble Tomb-Stone

..."Here 's a marble headstone beautifully crickets, with medallions beneath of typical subjects; here's the foot stone after the same pattern, and here's the coping to enclose the grave. The polishing alone of the set cost me eleven pounds—the slabs are the best of their kind, and I can warrant them to resist rain and frost for a hundred years without flying."

.....

Here now stood the tomb as the men had stated, snow-white and shapely in the gloom, consisting of head and foot stone, and enclosing border of marble-work uniting them. In the midst was mould, suitable for plants.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

上好的大理石墓碑

……"这是块大理石碑，卷叶雕得很漂亮，下面还有典型主题的圆雕。这是墓脚石，图样是一样的，这是封坟的盖子。仅仅全套磨光就花了我十镑——石板都是头等货，我可以保证能经得起雨淋霜冻，一百年也不会碎裂。"

……

那两个人说得不错，碑已立在那儿，在朦胧的夜色中显的洁白如雪，美观雅致，有碑和墓脚石，还有把它们联接在一起的围边大理石。中间是泥土，适合于栽花。

（傅惠寰 等译）

Suggested Tomestones

He had brilliant ideas for Emma's tomestone. First he suggested a truncated column with drapery, them a pyramid, Temple of Vesta, a kind of rotunda, or "a mass of ruins." In all his plans he firmly insisted on a

weeping willow, which he regarded as the obligatory symbol of grief.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

设想中的墓碑

鄂梅对爱玛的碑有许多美妙的想法。他先建议采用半截石柱,外加帷幔式花饰,接着建议做成金字塔形,后来又主张仿照火神庙雕成圆亭形……或是索性雕成"一堆残垣颓壁"。在所有这些设计中鄂梅都不放弃雕一株垂柳的想法,他认为这是不可缺少的哀痛的象征。 (张道真 译)

Elaborate Monument on the Church Wall

...and that from his cushion opposite, he looked up at the wall over their heads. This caused the young women likewise to gaze in the direction towards which the father's gloomy eyes pointed: and they saw an elaborate monument upon the wall, where Britannia was represented weeping over an urn, and a broken sword, and a couchant lion, indicated that the piece of sculpture had been erected in honor of a deceased warrior. The sculpters of those days had stocks of such funereal emblems in hand; as you may see still on the walls of St. Paul's, which are covered with hundreds of these braggart heathen allegories. There was a constant demand for them during the first fifteen years of the present century.

Under the memorial in question were emblazoned the well-known and pompous Osborne arms; and the inscription said, that the monument was "Sacred to the memory of George Osborne, Junior, Esq., late a Captain in His Majesty's-th regiment of foot, who fell on the 18th of June, 1815, aged 28 years, while fighting for his King and country in the glorious victory of Waterloo. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

教堂墙上精致的石碑

他靠在椅垫上,抬起头来直瞪瞪的瞧着她们后面的墙。姑娘们看见父亲昏昏默默的尽望着那一边,也跟着回过头去,这才发现墙上添了一块精致的石碑。碑上刻着象征英国的女人像。她俯下身子,正在对着一个骨灰坛子哭泣,旁边还有一柄断剑和一头躺着的狮子,都表明这石碑是为纪念阵亡战士建立的。当年的雕刻家手头都拿得出一套这类丧事中应用的标记,至今在圣保罗教堂的墙上还塑着一组组的人像兽像,全是从异教邪说里借过来的寓言故事,意义和式样十分夸张。本世纪开始的十五年里头,这种雕刻的需要大极

了。

这块石碑底下刻着奥斯本家里有名的纹章，气概十分雄壮，另外有几行字，说这块碑为纪念皇家陆军第一联队步兵上尉乔治·奥斯本先生而建立。奥斯本先生在1815年6月18日在滑铁卢大战中为英王陛下和祖国光荣牺牲，行年二十八岁。底下刻着拉丁文："为祖国而死是光荣的，使人心甘情愿的。"

（杨必 译）

12. Cemeteries 墓地

The Kirkyard

The Place of Catherine's interment, to the surprise of the villagers, was neither in the chapel, under the carved monument of the Lintons, nor yet by the tombs of her own relations, outside. It was dug on a green slope in a corner of the kirkyard, where the wall is so low that heath and bilberry plants have climbed over it from the moor; and peat mould almost buries it. Her husband lies in the same spot now; and they have each a simple headstone above, and a plain grey block at their feet, to mark the graves.

（Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*）

教会坟地

林敦家在小教堂里有一个墓穴，竖立起雕饰的墓碑，使村民们吃惊的是，卡瑟琳的遗体并没安葬在祖茔，也并没安葬在教堂外边她娘家的祖茔，而是在那教会的坟地一角，那青绿的斜坡上掘个坟坑，落了葬。那儿的围墙很低，荒野上的荆棘、覆盆子都爬过墙来，泥煤几乎要把墙埋没了。

她的丈夫如今也躺在那儿了。他们两个坟上都立了一块简单的墓碑，在他们的脚边又都有一块灰色的石头给坟墓做标志。（方平 译）

Defaced Tomb of a Declined Noble Family

Within the window under which the bedstead stood were the tombs of the family, covering in their dates several centuries. They were canopied, altar-shaped, and plain; their carvings being defaced and broken; their brasses torn from the matrices, the rivet-holes remaining like marten-holes in a sand-cliff. Of all the reminders that she had ever received that her people were socially extinct there was none so forcible as this spoliation.

She drew near to a dark stone on which was inscribed:

Ostium sepulcbri antique familie d' Urberville.

Tess did not read Church-Latin like a Cardinal, but she knew that this was the door of her ancestral sepulchre, and that the tall knights of whom her father had chanted in his cups lay inside.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles*)

残破的贵族墓地

他们放床铺的那个窗户里面就是德伯家几百年间所在的地方。坟上都有华盖,是祭坛式的,样子很朴素;坟上的雕刻都已经残缺漫漶;铜纪念牌也都从框子上掉下去了,只剩下了一些钉眼在上面露着,好像沙石峭崖上的沙燕窝一般。所有天地之间,使苔丝感到她们家已经没落了的东西,没有比这种残破的光景再厉害的了。

苔丝往前走到一块黑黝黝的石头跟前,只见上面刻着拉丁文:

古德伯氏之墓门

苔丝当然不像一个红衣教主那样精通教会拉丁文,但是她却知道,这一个门是她那些祖坟的墓门,墓门里面埋的,就是她父亲酒酣歌咏的那些高贵武士。 (张谷若 译)

Cemetery

The churchyard was brick-hard clay, as was the cemetery beside it. If someone died during a dry spell, the body was covered with chunks of ice until rain softened the earth. A few graves in the cemetery were marked with crumbling tombstones; newer ones were outlined with brightly colored glass and broken Coca-Cola bottles. Lightning rods guarding some graves denoted dead who rested uneasily; stumps of burned-out candles stood at the heads of infant graves. It was a happy cemetery.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

公墓

教堂大院的土地像砖头那么硬,旁边公墓上的土地也如此。如果有人在天气干燥的时候死去,得先用冰块镇起来,等下过雨地湿以后才能下葬。公墓里少数几个坟前有一些已经倾圮的墓碑;新坟地界是用彩玻璃和破可口可乐瓶子标出来的。有些坟有避雷针保护,说明死者尚未安息。儿童墓前插着烧过的蜡烛头。这是一个弥漫着快乐气氛的公墓。 (舒逊 译)

An Aged Churchyard

The child watched him from the porch until the intervening foliage hid

him from her view, and then stepped softly out into the old churchyard—so solemn and quiet, that every rustle of her dress upon the fallen leaves, which strewed the path and made her footsteps noiseless, seemed an invasion of its silence. It was a very aged, ghostly place; the church had been built many hundreds of years ago, and had once had a convent or monastery attached; for arches in ruins, remains of oriole windows, and fragments of blackened walls, were yet standing; while other portions of the old building, which had crumbled away and fallen down, were mingled with the churchyard earth and overgrown with grass, as if they too claimed a burying-place and sought to mix their ashes with the dust of men. Hard by these grave stones of dead years, and forming a part of the ruin which some pains had been taken to render habitable in modern times, were two small dwellings with sunken windows and oaken doors, fast hastening to decay, empty and desolate. (Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

年代久远的教堂墓地

女孩子从门廊里望着他，直到绿树遮住他的身影，她这才轻移脚步前往教堂公墓，里面是那么严肃安静，落叶铺满小径，使得她的脚步无声，甚至衣服拂扫落叶的窸窣声都好像是侵害了它的沉寂似的。那是一个年代久远鬼气森森的地方。教堂建造于数百年前，曾经附设过一个尼庵或者修道院；因为颓圮了的拱门，凸窗的残迹，黑色的残壁仍然屹立在那里，而老建筑的其他部分则在分崩离析，混在公墓的泥土上面，长满了茂草，好像它们也要求一块埋葬的地方，想把它们的灰烬和人的尸骨混在一起。在这些年代荒远的碑碣的近旁，也就是废墟的一部，有两座在近代曾经辛苦地改造过的小小住处，附有凹窗和橡门，也快要倾圮，空在那里荒废着。 （许君远 译）

An Old-Fashioned Graveyard of the West

It was a graveyard of the old-fashioned western kind. It was on a hill, about a mile and a half from the village. It had a crazy board fence around it, which leaned inward in places, and outward the rest of the time, but stood upright nowhere. Grass and weeds grew rank over the whole cemetery. All the old graves were sunken in, there was not a tomb stone on the place; round-topped, worm-eaten boards staggered over the graves, leaning for support and finding none. "Sacred to the memory of so-and-so had been painted on them once, but it could no longer have been read,"

on most of them, now, even if there had been light.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

西部老式坟场

那是一个西部的老式坟场，在一座小山上，离村庄大约有一里半远。坟场周围有一道歪歪倒倒的木板围墙，有些地方往里面斜，其余的地方往外面斜，没有一处是笔直的。整个墓地到处都长满了杂草。所有的旧坟都塌下去了，墓碑连一块都没有；圆顶的、虫蛀了的木牌子歪歪斜斜地插在那些坟墓上，想要有所依靠，可是一点依靠也没有。"某某之墓"这些字原来是用油漆写在这些木牌子上面的，可是现在即令有字，大多数已经再也认不出来了。

(张友松 译)

Churchyard in the Darkness

Then in another moment he had clambered up the wall and was going among the graves. Even in this darkness he could see the heaped pallor of old white flowers at his feet. This then was the grave. He stooped down. The flowers were cold and clammy. There was a raw scent of chrysanthemums and tube-roses, deadened. He felt the clay beneath, and shrank, it was so horribly cold and sticky. He stood away in revulsion.

Here was one centre then, here in the complete darkness beside the unseen, raw grave. But there was nothing for him here. No, he had nothing to stay here for. He felt as if some of the clay were sticking cold and unclean on his heart. No, enough of this.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

黑暗中的教堂墓地

过了一会儿，他已经翻过墙，走在坟墓中间了。即便在一团漆黑中，他也能见到脚下一片灰白，那是些时日已久的白花。这就是墓穴了。他弯下腰去，花儿摸上去冷冰冰粘糊糊的。有一股阴森森的菊花和晚香玉花的气息，不过已经走了味儿。他触摸到了下面的泥土，不由地颤抖起来；它冰凉胶粘的好不吓人。杰拉尔德满心嫌恶地站到了一边。在一片昏黑中，在视力所不及的阴森森的坟墓旁，这就是中心处。可这里并没有给他的东西，不，他呆在这儿没事可做。他觉得有些泥土冷冰冰、脏乎乎地粘在了自己的心窝上。不，这就够了。

(梁一三 译)

Churchyard Full of Grass and Weeds

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place! (Charles Dickens, *Christmas Carol*)

良草和杂草丛生的墓地

一片教堂的坟场。这么说,这儿就是那个倒霉的人的葬身之地,这个人的姓名他眼看就要知道了。这是一个令人肃然起敬的的地方。四周被房屋包围住;遍地的良草和杂草,而植物是正在不断枯死,却不是正在生长;埋葬了太多的人,塞得满满的;由于它的胃口得到满足,显出很发福的样子。好一个令人肃然起敬的地方! (汪倜然 译)

13. Bridges 桥梁

Worn Bridges

These bridges had speaking countenances. Every projection in each was worn down to obtuseness, partly by weather, more by friction from generations of loungers, whose toes and heels had from year to year made restless movements against these parapets, as they had stood there meditating on the aspect of affairs, In the case of the more friable bricks and stones even the flat faces were worn into hollows by the same mixed mechanism. The masonry of the top was clamped with iron at each joint; since it had been no uncommon thing for desperate men to wrench the coping off and throw it down the river, in reckless defiance of the magistrates. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

磨损的桥

这两座桥,都有过生动的面貌。每一座桥的每一个棱角都磨光了,一部分是由于风雨,而大部分是由于世世代代的游荡者的摩擦,一年过去一年又来,每逢这些人们站在那里想心事,他们的脚尖和脚后跟:不停地磨擦着石栏杆。比较脆弱的砖和石,就因为这样来来去去的机械动作,平面都被磨得洼下去了。桥顶上的石工,每个接缝的地方原来都是用铁夹夹牢的,后来有些不顾死活的人,对于地方官的警告毫无顾忌,拧开桥顶上的笠石,扔到河里去,也算是很平常的事情。 (侍桁 译)

Bridges at Sunrise

Wednesday morning was dawning when I looked out of window. The winking lights upon the bridges were already pale, the coming sun was like a marsh of fire on the horizon. The river, still dark and mysterious, was spanned by bridges that were turning coldly grey with here and there at top a warm touch from the burning in the sky.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

日出时的桥

醒来时从窗口向外一望,已是星期三的破晓时分。桥上眨巴着眼睛的灯火已经暗淡了,朝阳像一片熊熊的烈焰出现在天边。泰晤士河依旧显得那么阴暗而神秘,横跨河上的一座座桥梁渐渐泛出了青灰色,透着几分寒意,天空里火烧一般的红霞,也偶尔给桥顶抹上一点温暖的色彩。 (王科一 译)

High Bridge Overlooking a Poor Village

The High Bridge crosses the Mississippi, mounting from low banks to a palisade of cliffs. Far down beneath it on the St. Paul side, upon mud flats, is a wild settlement of chicken-infeasted gardens and shanties patched together from discarded sign-boards, sheets of corrugated iron, and planks fished out of the river. Caros leaned over the rail of the bridge to look down at this Yang-tse village; in delicious imaginary fear she shrieked that she was dizzy with the height.

(Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

俯瞰穷困村落的大桥

大桥横跨密西西比河,从堤岸上逐渐升高,一直延伸到对岸的悬崖峭壁。桥下圣保罗那边的浅滩上,有一片破烂不堪的村落,村落里到处可见雏鸡成群的菜园子,以及利用商店旧招牌、波纹铁皮以及从河里捞上来的木板搭起来的矮棚屋。卡萝尔凭着桥上的铁栏杆,俯视着下面那个沿河的穷困村庄;她正在浮想联翩,突然惊恐万状地发出了一声尖叫,她说她这会儿居高临下,身子晃晃悠悠,不免感到有些头晕。 (封秀云 译)

Iron-Chain Bridge

The Bridge Fixed by Liu was built centuries ago, and in the manner of all bridges of the deep rivers of western China. Sixteen heavy iron chains, with a span of some 100 yards or more, were stretched across the

river, their ends imbedded on each side under great piles of cemented rock, beneaath the stone bridgeheads. Thick boards lashed over the chains made the road of the bridge, but upon their arrival the Reds found that half this wooden flooring had been removed, and before them only the bare iron chains swung to a point midway in the stream. At the northern bridgehead an enemy machine-gun nest faced them, and behind it were positions held by a regiment of White troops. The bridge should, of course, have been destroyed, but the Szechuanese were sentimental about their few bridges; it was not easy to rebuild them, and they were costly. Of Liu Ting it was said that "the wealth of the eighteen provinces contributed to build it." And who would have thought the Reds would insanely try to cross on the chains alone? But that was what they did.

(Edgar Snow, *Red Star over China*)

铁索桥

泸定桥建桥已有数百年的历史,同华西急流深河上的所有桥梁一样都是用铁索修成的。一共有十六条长达一百多码的粗大铁索横跨在河上,铁索两端埋在石块砌成的桥头堡下面,用水泥封住。铁索上面铺了厚木板做桥面,但是当红军到达时,他们发现已有一半的木板被撬走了,在他们面前到河流中心之间只有空铁索。在北岸的桥头堡有个敌军的机枪阵地面对着他们,后面是一师白军据守的阵地。当然,这条桥本来是应该炸毁的,但是四川人对他们少数几座桥感情很深;修桥很困难,代价也大。据说光是修泸定桥"就花了十八省捐献的钱财"。反正谁会想到红军会在没有桥板的铁索上过桥呢,那不是发疯了吗?但是红军就是这样做的。 (董乐山 译)

Bridge over a Dry Riverbed

on to where the road became a bridge over a dry riverbed tangled with brush and clinging vines; the bridge of rustic logs, made for trysting, but virginal and untested by lovers; (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

枯河上的小桥

我一直走到横跨在一条河上的小桥,桥上长着一丛丛灌木,爬满了枝蔓交错的长青藤。这座用原木造成的小桥,本是个供情人幽会的处所,然而,至今还没有起过作用,因为情人们并不到这儿来。 (任绍曾 等译)

London Bridge

Our friends threaded their way slowly through the throngs upon the

Bridge. This structure, which had stood for six hundred years, and had been a noisy and populous thoroughfare all that time, was a curious affair, for a closely packed rank of stores and shops, with family quarters overhead, stretched along both sides of it, from one bank of the river to the other. The Bridge was a sort of town to itself; it had its inn, its beer-houses, its bakeries, its haver-dasheries, its food markets, its manufacruring industries, and even its church. It looked upon the two neighbors which it linked together—London and Southwark—as being well enough, as suburbs, but not otherwise particularly important. It was a close xorporation, so to speak; it was a narrow town, of a single street a fifth of a mile long, its population was but a village population, and everybody in it knew all his fellow-townsmen intimately, and had known their fathers and mothers before them—and all their little family affairs into the bargain. (Mark Twain, *The Prince and the Pauper*)

伦敦桥

我们这两位朋友在桥上从人群中穿过，慢慢地往前走。这座存在了六百年的桥在那些年代里一向都是一条熙熙攘攘的通衢，它是个稀奇的建筑物，两旁紧密地排列着许多商店，楼上尽是些住家的房屋，从河的一边一直伸展到对岸。这座桥的本身就可以算是一个市镇：那上面有小客栈，有啤酒铺，有面包房，有服饰杂货店，有食品市场，有手工业工场，甚至还有教堂。在它的心目中，它所连接起来的两个邻区——伦敦和南市——如果作为它的郊区，还算不坏，但此外就没有什么特别了不起。这个地方可以说是一个生息相关的小天地；它是个狭窄的市镇，只有一条五分之一里长的街道，它的人口只够一个村镇的人口，那里面的居民个个都和他所有同镇的人熟识，并且还认识他们的父母和祖先——连他们的家庭琐事也都一清二楚。 (张友松 译)

14. Walls 围墙

The Fences of Boards

...The fences was made of different kinds of boards, nailed on at different times; and they leaned every which-way, and had gates that didn't generly have but one hinge—a leather one. Some of the fences had been whitewashed, some time or another, but the duke said it was in C'lumbus's time, like enough.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

木板围墙

……这里的围墙是用各种不同的板子拼凑的，是在先后不同的时候钉起来的，东倒西歪，很不雅观，围墙的大门上没有钉着合叶，只用一根牛皮拴着。有些围墙不知道什么时候刷上了白灰，可是公爵说那多半是哥伦布时代的事。

（张万里 译）

The Palace Wall

He completed the afternoon just before the sun went down by making a tour of the palace from afar. At each side he saw that a new wall eight feet high ran from the main mansion toward the land for a distance of eighty yards, and the fourth wall joined them together at the rear. Interestingly, there were no other gates to the entire compound. The wall was uniformly eight feet high—he could tell by the height of a guard he saw walking near the wall—and topped by broken bottles. He knew he would never see inside, but he could retain the image from the air. It almost made him laugh. (Rederick Forsyth, *The Dogs of War*)

总统府围墙

下午剩下的时间他用来远远地巡视了一番总统府，这时，太阳快偏西了。他能看到总统府三面都有新砌的墙。墙高八英尺，从主楼到外面八十码，房后还有一道墙和其余的墙连在一起。有趣的是，整个大院没有别的门。墙一律都是八英尺高——他看见士兵们挨着墙溜达，能从他们的身高估出墙的高度来——墙上扎着碎瓶子片儿。他知道他决不可能看到总统府的内部，不过他还记得从飞机上看到的样子。这使他险些笑出声来。（朱雍 尹晓煌 译）

School Enclosing Wall

Doctor Strong looked almost as rusty, to my thinking, as the tall iron rails and gates outside the house; and almost as stiff and heavy as the great stone urns that flanked them, and were set up, on the top of the red-brick wall, at regular distances all round the court, like sublimated skittles, for Time to play at. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

学校围墙

这所房子前面有一道铁栅栏，栅栏中间有两扇铁栅栏门，房外四周围有红砖墙，墙头上从栅栏门两旁开始，距离整齐，摆着大个石头盆形饰物，好像玩九柱戏的小柱子一样，高踞俯视，等待时光老人来玩耍，我刚一看到斯特朗博士，

我就心里琢磨，博士的面色那样锈里巴唧的，就跟铁栅栏和铁栅栏门一样，他的身躯肢体那样又沉重、又僵硬，就跟墙头上的盆形饰物一般。（张谷若 译）

The Garden Walls

The garden walls, with their copings of pieces of broken bottles, were as warm as the glass of a greenhouse. Wall-flowers had taken root between the bricks, and the edge of Madame Bovary's open parasol crumbled some of their blossoms into yellow dust as she passed; or an overhanging branch of honeysuckle clematis would catch on the fringe and brush against the silk for a moment. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

花园墙

花园墙热得像暖房的窗子，墙顶上嵌着许多碎玻璃片，砖头间长出些香萝兰花，包法利夫人打着遮阳伞走过，伞尖把萎谢的小花碰了下来，落在黄色的尘土里。有时，墙里伸出些金银花或是铁线莲的枝条，和伞边的丝线绞在一起，在绸伞面上拖一下。（张道真 译）

Courtyard Wall in the Darkness

My star vanished as I drew near: some obstacle had intervened between me and it. I put out my hand to feel the dark mass wall—above it, something like palisades; and within, a high and prickly hedge, I groped on. Again a whitish object gleamed before me: it was a gate—a wicket; it moved on its hinges as I touched it. On each side stood a sable bush—holly or yew. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

黑暗中的宅院围墙

当我挨近它时，我的星星却消失了。有个什么障碍物把我和它隔开了。我伸出手去，摸摸前面那堆黑东西。我感觉出那是一堵矮墙上的粗糙的石块——矮墙上面，是像栅栏一样的东西，矮墙里面则是高高的带刺的树篱。我沿着矮墙摸索着走去。又有个发白的东西在我面前闪光，那是一扇园门——一扇小边门。我碰了碰它，它就滑动着铰链打开了。门里面两边各矗立着一丛黑黑的灌木——冬青或是紫杉。（凌雯 译）

The Outer Walls of Sarcophagus

Sue sat looking at the bare floor of the room, the house being little more than an old intramural cottage, and then she regarded the scene

outside the uncurtained window. At some distance opposite, the outer walls of Sarcophagus College—silent, black, and windowless—threw their four centuries of gloom, bifotry, and decay into the little room she occupied, shutting out the moonlight by night and the sun by day.

(Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

石棺学院的垣墙

淑坐在那儿,看着屋子里没铺地毯的光地(因为这所房子,实在只是一所乡下村舍,不过坐落在城里就是了),看了一会儿,又隔着没挂窗帘子的窗户看外面的光景。只见在对面不远的地方,石棺学院外部的垣墙——静悄悄、黑乌乌的一片,连一个窗户都没有——把它四个世纪以来混天黑地、偏击固执和腐朽衰老的气氛,都一古脑儿倾注到她待的这一个小屋子里了:它晚上把月光给这个屋子遮住,白天把太阳给它遮住。 (张谷若 译)

15. Humble Rooms 陋屋

A Cozy Hut

The hut was quit cozy, panelled with unvarnished deal, having a little rustic table and stool beside her chair, and a carpenter's bench, then a big box, tools, new boards, nails; and many things hung from pegs: axe, hatchet, traps, things in sacks, his coat. It had no window, the light came in through the open door. It was a jumble, but also it was a sort of little sanctuary. (D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

舒适的小屋

小屋里是很舒适的,板壁是些没有上漆的松木做的。她在坐的椅子旁,有一张小桌子,一把粗陋的小凳,一条木匠用的长板凳,还有一口大木箱,一些工具,新木板,钉子和各种各样的东西挂在钩子上:大斧、小斧,几年捕兽的夹子,几袋东西和他的外衣。那儿并没有窗户,光线是从开着的门边进来的。这是一个杂物的储藏室,但同时却也是一个小小的庇护所。 (饶述一 译)

Shacks

There was no order in the camp; little grey tents, shacks, cars were scattered about at random. The first house was nondescript. The south wall was made of three sheets of rusty corrugated iron, the east wall a square of mouldy carpet tacked between two boards, the north wall a strip of roofing paper and a strip of tattered canvas, and the west wall six pieces of gunny

sacking. Over the square frame, on untrimmed willow limbs, grass had been piled, not thatched, but heaped up in a low mound. The entrance, on the gunny-sack side, was cluttered with equipment. A five-gallon kerosene can served for a stove. It was laid on its side, with a section of rusty stove-pipe thrust in one end. A wash boiler rested on its side against the wall; and a collection of boxes lay about, boxes to sit on, to eat on.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

棚舍

那地方一点秩序也没有;横七竖八地散着一些灰色的小帐篷和棚舍,还有一些汽车。第一家就是怪模怪样的。南墙是三张发锈的波状铁皮钉成的,东墙是一块破毛毯夹在两块木板中间;北墙是一张盖屋顶的硬纸板和一条破帆布;西墙则是六只麻布袋缀成的。方形的屋架上有一些没有修剪的柳枝,上面厚厚地堆着茅草,这就算是屋顶了。麻布袋那一边的进口处堆着一些用具。一只五加仑装的煤油箱当火炉使用。油箱是横放着的,有一头装着一节发锈的烟筒。一只锅子靠墙放在火炉旁边;地下摆着许多木箱,有的当作椅子坐,有的当作吃饭的桌子用。 (胡仲持 译)

A Crowded World

In his own small room Martin lived, slept, studied, wrote, and kept house. Before the one window, looking out on the tiny front porch, was the kitchen table that served as desk, library, and type-writing stand. The bed, against the rear wall, occupied two-thirds of the total space of the room. The table was flanked on one side by a gaudy bureau, manufactured for profit and not for service, the thin veneer of which was shed day by day, This bureau stood in the corner, and in the opposite corner, on the table's other flank, was the kitchen—the oil-stove on a dry-goods box, inside of which were dishes and cooking utensils, a shelf on the wall for provisions, and a bucket of water on the floor. Martin had to carry his water from the kitchen sink, there being no tap in his room. On days when there was much steam to his cooking, the harvest of veneer from the bureau was unusually generous. Over the bed, hoisted by a tackle to the ceiling, was his bicycle.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

拥挤的天地

马丁在他那小房间里生活、睡觉、读书、写作并料理家务。在外眺屋前小

阳台唯一的窗子前搁着那只既当写字台，又当书架，又当打字机台的厨房用的桌子。床铺靠后墙放着，足足占去了整个房间三分之二的地位。桌子一边放着一张华丽得俗气的镜台，制造的人只想赚钱，不计实用，因此上面镶饰的薄板天天在碎裂下来。这张镜台搁在屋角里，它对面那个屋角，桌子的另一边是"厨房"——一只布匹箱上搁着火油炉，箱子里是碟子和炊事用具。墙上有块放食品的搁板，地板上搁着一桶水。马丁不得不到厨房水槽边去打水，因为他屋里没有水龙头。有些日子他做起饭来有很多蒸汽冒出来，这时镜台上掉下的镶板就格外多。他的自行车用滑车吊起来，挂在床顶天花板上。（吴劳 译）

A Shabby Cabin

the house, the cabin a little larger than a horse-box, of cypress boards and an iron roof, rising on ten-foot stilts slender as spiders' legs, like a shabby and death-stricken (and probably poisonous) wading creature which had got that far into that flat waste and died with nothing nowhere in reach or sight to lie down upon, a pirogue tied to the foot of a crude ladder, a man standing in the open door holding a lantern (it was that dark now) above his head, gobbling down at them.

(William Faulkner, *The Old Man*)

寒碜的木屋

那座房子，比运马的有篷货车稍大一点的木房，它是用柏木板搭的，铁皮房顶，由细得像蜘蛛腿的十英尺长的支柱撑着，好像一个寒碜而垂死的（也许是有毒的）动物，经过远途跋涉来到这个平坦的荒地上，既没有找到也没有看见任何可以让它躺下的地方就死了。在一只粗陋的扶梯脚下拴着一只独木舟，一个人站在敞开的门口，提着一盏提灯（这时天已经黑了）把它举过头顶，向他们咯咯咯地叫着。（雨宁 译）

A Little Cracked Wooden House

Caleb Plummer and his Blind Daughter lived all alone by themselves, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house, which was, in truth, no better than a pimple on the prominent red-brick nose of Gruff and Tackleton. The premises of Gruff and Tackleton were the great feature of the street; but you might have knocked down Caleb Plummer's dwelling with a hammer or two, and carried off the pieces in a cart.

If any one had done the dwelling-house of Caleb Plummer the honour

to miss it after such an inroad, it would have been, no doubt, to commend its demolition as a vast improvement. It stuck to the premises of Gruff and Tackleton, like a variance to a ship's keel, or a snail to a door, or a little bunch of toadstools to the stem of a tree. But it was the germ from which the full-grown trunk of Gruff and Tackleton had sprung;

(Charles Dickens, *The Cricket on the Hearth*)

矮小破裂的木屋

他们住在一座矮小的、像破裂的胡桃壳一般的木屋子里，如果把格拉夫·泰克尔顿的那幢赫赫显眼的红砖楼房比作一只鼻子，那他们的木屋实际上还不及那上面的一只小脓疱。格拉夫·泰克尔顿的宅邸是那条街上最了不起的特征；可是，对凯里卜·普鲁默的住房你只须敲它一两锤，它便会坍塌，然后，一辆大车便可以把那些破破烂烂一齐拉走了。

如果有谁真把那木屋砸垮，如果在这一场浩劫之后有谁还会怀念起那座小木屋，那么毫无疑问，人们只会赞许说，把它拆除是一项极大的改进。木屋紧挨着格拉夫和泰克尔顿的宅邸，就像大船龙骨下的一只藤壶，门上的一只蜗牛，或是树干上的一簇毒蕈。但是，那木屋确实曾经是一株幼芽，有了它，格拉夫和泰克尔顿的家业才得以生长成参天大树。 (邹绿芷 邹晓建 译)

Huts of Negro Slaves

In many ways, this toubob farm was very different from the last one, Kunta began to discover the first time he was able to get to the hut's doorway on his crutches and stand looking around outside. The black people's low cabins were all neatly whitewashed, and they seemed to be in far better condition, as was the one that he was in. It contained a small, bare table, a wall shelf on which were a tin plate, a drinking gourd, a "spoon", and those toubob eating utensils for which Kunta had finally learned the names: a "fork" and a "knife"; he thought it stupid for them to let him have such things within his reach. And his sleeping mat on the floor had a thicker stuffing of cornshucks. Some of the huts he saw nearby even had small garden plots behind them, and the one closest to the toubob's big house had a colorful, circular flower patch growing in front of it.

(Alex Haley, *Roots*)

黑奴的木屋

昆塔第一次拄着拐走到小木屋门口，站在那里向门外四处张望了一下，发

现这座白鬼子农场在许多方面同上一座农场大不相同。黑人居住的矮小木屋都粉刷得洁白，而且条件设备要好得多，他目前居住的木屋就是这样。在他这间屋里，有一张光秃秃的小桌子；墙上有一个架子，上面放着一只白铁盘子，一只葫芦瓢；一把"汤匙"，还有那种白鬼子吃饭时用的东西。"叉子"和"刀子"，这些名称是他后来才知道的。他认为白鬼子把这样的东西放在他伸手可及的地方，简直是愚蠢之至。在地上那块他睡觉的垫子中，玉米皮填塞得比较厚实。他还看到附近有些木屋甚至在屋后还有小小的菜园子。离白鬼子的大房子最近的那一间小木屋前，还有种着色彩缤纷花卉的圆形花圃。（李森 译）

A Clean and Neat Homely Room

The milk arrived, and the child producing her little basket and selecting its best fragments for her grandfather, they made a hearty meal. The furniture of the room was very homely of course—a few rough chairs and a table, a corner cupboard with their little stock of crockery and delf, a gaudy tea-tray, representing a lady in bright red, walking out with a very blue parasol, a few common, coloured Scripture subjects in frames upon the wall and chimney, an old dwarf clothes-press and an eight-day clock, with a few bright saucepans and a kettle, comprised the whole. But everything was clean and neat, and as the child glanced round, she felt a tranquil air of comfort and content to which she had long been unaccustomed. （Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*）

洁净的陋屋

牛奶拿来了，女孩子提起篮子，为她的外祖父选择最好的零碎食物，他们开心地吃了一顿。房子里的家具十分简陋，那是当然的——几张粗糙的椅子和一张桌子；一只三角橱，装着家中所存的少量陶瓷器；一个华丽的茶盘，画着一个穿着鲜红衣服的女人，她撑着一把深蓝色的阳伞，在散步；几幅平常的《圣经》故事的彩色画片，配了镜框，挂在墙上；一只又旧又小的衣柜；还有一架能走八天的时钟、几个明亮的锅子和一把壶；这便是全部。但是每一件东西都是又干净又清爽。女孩子四下望了望，她感到那里弥漫着一种充满安慰和满足的平静气氛，她对此早就不习惯了。（许君远 译）

The Bunk-House of Workers

The bunk-house was a long, rectangular building. Inside, the walls were white-washed and the floor unpainted. In three walls there were

small, square windows, and, in the fourth, a solid door with a wooden latch. Against the walls were eight bunks, five of them made up with blankets and the other three showing their burlap ticking. Over each bunk there was nailed an apple-box with the opening forward so that it made two shelves for the personal belongings of the occupant of the bunk. And these shelves were loaded with little articles, soap and talcum-powder, razors and those Western magazines ranch-men love to read and scoff at and secretly believe. And there were medicines on the shelves, and little vials, combs; and from nails on the box sides, a few neckties. Near one wall there was a black cast-iron stove, its stove-pipe going straight up through the ceiling. In the middle of the room stood a big square table littered with playing-cards, and around it were grouped boxes for the players to sit on.

(John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*)

工人寝室

工人寝室是一间长长的、矩形的屋子。里边，墙壁是刷白了的，地板没有上油漆。三面墙上都开了个小小的方形的窗户，第四面有一道结实的门，门上有木的门闩。靠着墙边，摆着八个铺位，五个是铺了毛毡的，剩下的三个看上去只是麻布裹上麦秆的垫子。每个铺位上头，都有一只苹果箱钉牢在壁上，开口的那一面向外并做成两格，让睡这个铺位的人放他的私人东西。这些格子里经常摆满了洗衣粉、滑石粉、剃刀之类的零星物件，还有农场庄稼人爱读的，能从中得到乐趣并私心信仰的那些西部杂志。格子里还塞满了各种各样的药、小药水瓶、梳子；苹果箱侧的铁钉上，挂着几条领带。靠近一侧墙旁，有一座生铁火炉，它那烟囱直穿过天花板。屋子正中摆着一张大方桌，桌面上是一堆乱七八糟的扑克牌，桌子四周有用苹果箱叠成的凳子，那是专供玩牌的人们坐的。（秦似 译）

16. Others 其他

Sunless County Cubbyholes

To reach the courtroom, on the second floor, one passed sundry sunless county cubbyholes; the tax assessor, the tax collector, the county clerk, the county solicitor, the circuit clerk, the judge of probate lived in cool dim hutches that smelled of decaying record books mingled with old damp cement and stale urine. It was necessary to turn on the lights in the daytime; there was always a film of dust on the rough floorboards. The inhabitants of these offices were creatures of their environment: little gray-

faced men, they seemed untouched by wind or sun.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

昏暗的办公室

要到二楼审判厅先要经过许多没有阳光的窄小办公室:估税员,收税员、县书记官,县检察官,巡回法院书记官,遗嘱检验法官等都住在又冷又暗的斗室之中,那里充满霉烂的档案味,夹杂着潮湿的陈年水泥味和尿臊味。白天也需要开灯;粗糙的地板上总是盖着薄薄的一层土。在这些房间里办公的人——都像是这种环境里熏陶出来的人——都像是从来不见太阳不经风雨的一群脸色发灰的小个子男人。 (舒逊 译)

Nibbled Clock Tower of a Church

They came to a grizzled church, whose massive square tower rose unbroken into the darkening sky, the lower parts being illuminated by the nearest lamps sufficiently to show how completely the mortar from the joints of the stonework had been nibbled out by time and weather, which had planted in the crevices thus made little tufts of stonecrop and grass almost as far up as the very battlements. From this tower the clock struck eight, and thereupon a bell began to toll with a peremptory clang. The curfew was still rung in Casterbridge, and it was utilized by the inhabitants as a signal for shutting their shops. No sooner did the deep notes of the bell throb between the housefronts than a clatter of shutters arose through the whole length of the High Street. In a few minutes business at Casterbridge was ended for the day. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

岁月侵蚀的教堂钟楼

她们来到一座灰色的教堂前,它那巨大方形的钟楼直耸在阴暗的天空里,下面的各部分映着近边的灯火,足以叫人看得出石缝里的灰泥因为日久天长风吹雨打已经完全剥落了;如今隙缝里生长着一丛一丛的景天草,几乎蔓生到雉堞上去。钟楼上时钟响了八下,接着就是一阵肃穆的钟声。卡斯特桥当年还在响着晚钟,本地居民利用它当做关店的信号。隆隆的钟声在店面前一响,大街上从头到底便起了关门板的噼啪声。几分钟以内,卡斯特桥这一天的商务就算结束了。 (侍桁 译)

The Old Church-Tower in Pure Cold White

The old church-tower, clad in a ghostly garb of pure cold white,

again rose up before them, and a few moments brought them close beside it. A venerable building—grey, even in the midst of the hoary landscape. An ancient sundial on the belfry wall was nearly hidden by the snow-drift, and scarcely to be known for what it was. Time itself seemed to have grown dull and old, as if no day were ever to displace the melancholy night.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

缟素寒衣的老教堂钟塔

穿着一身鬼气森森缟素寒衣的老教堂钟塔，又在他们面前耸立起来，他们一下子就到了它的旁边。一座尊严的建筑——便是在一片白茫茫景色之中也很幽暗。钟塔墙壁上面有一个古老的日规，差不多全部埋在雪堆里面，几乎辨识不出它是什么东西来了。时间本身也似乎变得迟钝了，年纪老了，好像没有任何白天能够把这阴郁的夜晚更换了去似的。 （许君远 译）

Church-Tower with Gurgoyles

The tower of Weatherbury Church was a square erection of fourteenth-century date, having two stone gurgoyles on each of the four faces of its parapet. Of these eight carved protuberances only two at this time continued to serve the purpose of their erection—that of spouting the water from the lead roof within. One mouth on each front had been closed by gone churchwardens as superfluous, and two others were broken away and choked—a matter not of much consequence to the well-being of the tower, for the two mouths which still remained open and active were gaping enough to do all the work.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

带滴水嘴的教堂塔楼

韦特伯里教堂的塔楼建于十四世纪，是一座方形建筑，护墙的每一面都伸出两个石雕水嘴，四面八个，现在只有两个还继续起应有的作用，即把里面铅皮屋顶上的雨水喷射出来。每面墙上都有一个出水口据认为是多余的，被从前的教堂执事堵死，另外还有两个也被拆掉并塞住了。不过这对塔楼的完好并无多大妨碍，因为还有两个仍然大张着嘴，畅通无阻，足以承担所有的工作。

（傅越寰 等译）

The Shine of the Head

A slim, tall eight-sided building stood at the top of the slope, among

some bushes. This was the Shrine of the Head. It had not been roofed, and was indeed merely a screen. Inside it crouched a humble dome, and inside that, visible through a grille, was a truncated gravestone, swathed in calico. The inner angles of the screen were cumbered with bees' nests, and a gentle shower of broken wings and other aerial oddments kept falling, and had strewn the damp pavement with their flue.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

圣头的祠堂

斜坡顶上立着一座细高的八角形小庙，那就是圣头的祠堂。这庙没有盖顶，事实上不过只有几块薄墙或隔板似的东西当作墙。里面低低地造起一个不起眼的圆堆，透过一个铁篦子，可以看到圆堆里面用印花布包着的一块无顶墓碑。薄墙里的各个角落，是密密麻麻的一堆堆蜂巢，从蜂巢里面不断地掉下些破碎的蜂翅等等小东西，蓬蓬松松地堆满了湿漉漉的砖地。（赵秀云 译）

A Mosque

He had always liked this mosque. It was gracious, and the arrangement pleased him. The courtyard—entered through a ruined gate—contained an ablution tank of fresh clear water, which was always in motion, being indeed part of a conduit that supplied the city. The courtyard was paved with broken slabs. The covered part of the mosque was deeper than is usual; its effect was that of an English parish church whose side has been taken out. Where he sat, he looked into three arcades whose darkness was illuminated by a small hanging lamp and by the moon. The front—in full moonlight—had the appearance of marble, and the ninety-nine names of God on the frieze stood out black, as the frieze stood out white against the sky. The contest between this dualism and the contention of shadows within pleased Aziz, and he tried to symbolize the whole into some truth of religion or love. A mosque by winning his approval let loose his imagination. (E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

清真寺

他一向喜欢这所清真寺。这寺院很清幽，他喜欢里面的布局。院门已经朽坏。进得门来是一个院落，院落里有一个斋戒沐浴池，一池清澈的活水，不断地流动。实际上，这是城里用水流过的一段沟渠。院子铺地的石板已经破残不堪了。寺院内部比寻常的寺院要深，看上去有点像去掉一个侧面的英国

教区教堂。阿济兹坐在那里，向里面三个拱廊望去，拱廊上挂着小小的一盏灯，灯光和月光驱散了拱廊里的黑暗。在一轮满月的清光照射下，寺院的山墙好似由大理石砌成，大柱上刻着九十九个真主的名字，这些名字在柱身上呈现出黑色，后面衬托着天空的大柱却成了白色。这种互相衬托着的色调以及寺院里面的重重黑影，令阿济兹叹赏不已。他尽力把这全部景色变成宗教与爱情真谛的象征。一所赢得了他赞美的清真寺，总是使他浮想联翩。

（石幼珊 等译）

Admirable Tunnel

...Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position, as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed, of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double-track; so that, unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great, though incidental advantage, that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Celestial Rail-Road*)

令人赞叹的隧道

……接着我们又兴致勃勃地谈论我们的处境，与过去的天路客和现在一些心胸狭窄的人相比，我们的处境是多么顺利，不久我们发现，已经到达艰难山的山脚下。穿过这座岩石山的中心修建了一条隧道，它的建筑真令人赞叹不已。高耸的拱架，宽阔的双行道公路，除非大地或岩石有朝一日坍崩，它将成为建筑师的精湛技艺和企业的永恒的纪念碑。它还有一大好处，尽管这是附带的好处：从艰难山中开出来的岩石都填进了屈谦谷，这样就排除了坠入这个讨厌害人的山谷中去的必然性。

（柳维理 译）

The Office of an Intelligence Officer

The offices were quiet. Far below I could hear the rumble of tube trains carring commuters to the West End. I unlocked my door. In front of me stood the essential tools of the intelligence officer's trade—a desk, two

telephones, one scrambled for outside calls, and to one side a large green metal safe with an oversized combination lock on the front. I hung up my coat and began mechanically to arrange my affairs.

(Peter Wright, *Spycatcher*)

情报官的办公室

情报官的办公室都很安静。我们可以听到地底下的隆隆声,是地铁在运送通勤人员去西区。我打开房门。眼前是干情报官这一行的基本用具——一张写字台,两部电话,一部装有外线保密器,一侧立着一个大型的绿色金属保险柜,柜正面装有特大号的号码锁。我挂上外套,习惯性地收拾起来。

(郝启成 译)

Ⅻ. Appliances　器具

1. Vehicles　车辆

A Special Vehicle

The vehicle was not exactly a gig, neither was it a stanhope. It was not what is currently denominated a dog-cart, neither was it a taxed-cart, nor a chaise-cart, nor a guillotined cabriolet; and yet it had something of the character of each and every of these machines. It was painted a bright yellow, with the shafts and wheels picked out in black; and the driver sat, in the orthodox sporting style, on cushions piled about two feet above the rail. The horse was a bay, a well-looking animal enough; but with something of a flash and dog-fighting air about him, nevertheless, which accorded both with the vehicle and his master.

(Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*)

一辆特殊的马车

那车子不是普通两轮单马车,也不是那种有高座及特别的边的两轮马车。既不是有两只背对背座位的两轮单马车,又不是农用双轮轻马车,又不是两轮有篷轻马车,又不是处刑时用的那种两轮轻马车。但是各种车辆的特性它却似乎兼而有之。它漆的是浅黄色,车杠和轮子漆的是黑色;驾车的人按照正统派的行家风格坐在叠得比扶手高出约两尺的坐垫上。马是一匹栗色马,相漂亮的牲口;可是有一种浮华轻佻的风度,跟那车子和他的主人是调和得令人赞叹不止的。

(蒋天佐　译)

An Expensive Car

I'd seen it. Everybody had seen it. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and upper-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozed suns.

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gasby*)

昂贵的汽车

我当然见过,谁都见过他这辆奶油颜色的汽车。车身很长,电镀的地方闪

闪发光，有突出来的精美的帽盒、饭盒和工具箱，还有鱼鳞状的挡风板，从十几个不同角度映射出太阳的光辉。…… （范岳 译）

The Car on the Snow-Covered Road

The car was a monster at rest after furious adventures. The headlights blazed on the clots of ice in the road so that the tiniest lumps gave mountainous shadows, and the taillight cast a circle of ruby on the snow behind. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

冰雪路上的汽车

那辆汽车历险归来之后，像一头怪兽停在那儿直喘息。前灯把冰冻的路面照得雪亮，甚至连最小的冰块后面也都拖着一道像山一样巨大的影子；同时尾灯也在车后面的雪地上投下了一个像红宝石似的大圆圈。 （王晓明 译）

A Coach With Wonderful Equipage

It was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a harrow below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

装备奇妙的马车

这辆马车的装备实在奇妙：车外挂着六只大华冠，车后是好大一堆破破烂烂的环啊扣啊什么的，想当年也不知可供多少随侍的跟班攀援之用，辕手下面搁着一张齿耙，以防爱搭白车的家伙一时看得心痒，也来"客串"一下跟班。

（王科一 译）

A Coach with a Big Yellow Box

It was a big yellow box mounted on two enormous wheels which came all the way up to the luggage rack on top, blocking the passengers' view and throwing dirt on their shoulders. The little panes of its narrow windows quivered in their frames when the carriage was closed, and they had mud stains scattered over their thick coating of dust, which even heavy rainstorms never washed off completely. It was drawn by three horses, the first one alone and the other two abreast, and when it went downhill its bottom bumped against the road. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

一辆黄色车厢的马车

这是一辆黄色车厢的马车，一对大轮子有车蓬那么高，让车里的人看不见道路，还让他们肩上吃土。车窗很小，车门关上时，玻璃在框子里当啷直响；窗上本来积有一层土，好几场暴雨都没完全冲干净，现在这儿那儿又加上好几块泥印子。拉车的有三匹马，一匹走在前面，其他的两匹并行在后。在下坡时，车厢底部轰隆轰隆直碰地。（张道真 译）

The Whirling Onward Train

The great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquite and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice. (Stephen Crane, *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*)

飞驰的火车

普尔门式的豪华客车风驰电掣向前疾驶，煞是威风。窗景闪逝，一瞥之间，似乎整个得克萨斯州的广阔平原都在向东奔泻。一片片茫茫的绿色草原，一簇簇色泽晦暗的牧豆树和仙人掌，一群群小巧的木屋，一座座轻枝嫩叶的树林一切都在向东飞驰，掠过地平线，最后如滚下悬崖峭壁般地从视野里消失了。（胡润松 译）

2. Watercraft 船舶

A Boat on the Lake

On the green surface of the lake a little boat, with white wings faintly fluttering, rocked in the dewy breeze. It looked as light and frail as a tuft of silvery dandelion seed flung upon the water.

(E. L. Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

湖上的一只小船

绿盈盈的湖面上，一只微微颤动的白色翅膀的小船，在润湿的微风中荡漾，那样子，看上去显得很轻盈，很纤弱，就像是投在水面上的一簇银色的蒲公英。（李俍民 译）

An Spanish Galleon

Before them, surrounded by ferns and palm trees, white and powdery

in the silent morning light, was an enormous Spanish galleon. Tilted slightly to the starboard, it had hanging from its intact masts the dirty rags of its sails in the midst of its rigging, which was adorned with orchids. The hull, covered with an armor of petrified barnacles and soft moss, was firmly fastened into a surface of stones.

(Gabriel Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*)

西班牙大帆船

在他们面前,在静谧的晨辉中,矗立着一艘沾满尘土的白色西班牙大帆船,周围长满了羊齿和棕榈。帆船的左舷微微倾侧,完好无损的桅樯上,在装饰成兰花的绳索之间,悬挂着肮脏的帆幅的破片。船体裹着一层印鱼化石和青苔构成的光滑外壳,牢牢地嵌在一片乱石堆里。 (黄锦炎 等译)

A Small Fishing Boat

She was a small fishing boat, fifty or sixty feet long and broad in the beam, with an inboard motor. The aerial told of a powerful radio. Most of the deck was taken up with hatches to the small hold below. The cabin was aft, and only large enough to hold tow men, standing, plus the dashboard and controls. The hull was clinker-built and newly caulked, and the paintwork looked fresh. (Ken Follett, *Eye of the Needle*)

一艘小渔船

海滨停着一艘长五六十英尺、横梁宽大的小渔船。发动机装在舱内,舱外架一副天线,从天线的大小来看,船上备有一部大功率的电台。甲板下面是小货舱,舱口盖占了甲板的大半个空间。紧靠船尾是驾驶室,除仪表板和控制设备外只剩下两个人站立的地方。船壳是叠接的,刚刚堵好缝,涂上油漆。

(田润之 蔡帼芬 译)

A Beautiful Whale-Boat

The whale-boat, I may explain, was one specially built for us at Dundee, in Scotland. We had brought it with us as we knew that this coast is a network of creeks, and that we might require something in which to navigate them. She was a beautiful boat, thirty feet in length, with a centre-board for sailing, copper bottomed to keep the worm out of her, and full of water-tight compartments. (H. Rider Haggard, *She*)

漂亮的救生艇

我得说明一下，那艘救生艇是我们在苏格兰的敦提市特制的。我们知道这一带海岸河湾交错，密如蛛网，我们可能需要一只小巧灵活便于摆布的船，所以就带来这么一只。这艘船很漂亮，长三十尺，船体中央装有升降板，船底用铜皮包了起来以防虫蛀，而且都是防水船舱。（胡心吾 译）

The White and Blue Canoes

And on the beach the white and blue canoes that came from Nayarit were drawn up, canoes preserved for generations by a hard shell-like waterproof plaster whose making was a secret of the fishing people. They were high and graceful canoes with curving bow and stern and a braced section amidships where a mast could be stepped to carry a small lateen sail.

(John Steinbeck, *The Pearl*)

一排蓝白色小船

海滩上摆着一排蓝白色小船。这些纳亚里特生产的小船，外面涂了一层渔民用秘方配制成的贝壳状硬质防水灰泥，几代相传，从不损坏。小船船身高大美观，首尾上翘，中部装着帆桁，可以竖起一根桅杆，挂上小三角帆。

（范仲英 译）

A Strange Ship

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind. What she is not, I can easily perceive—what she is I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvass, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such indistinct shadows of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

(Edgar Allen Poe, *MS. Found in a Bottle*)

奇怪的大船

不久前，我把这条大船的结构观察一番。虽然船上武装配备齐全，看来倒不是兵船。看到船上的索具、构造和一应设备，这种猜测就不攻自破。一看就

知道这不是条兵船，可究竟是什么船，就说不上来啦。我细细打量着船身的奇怪模样，桅桁的独特形状，大而无当的巨幅船帆，简单朴实的船头，古色古香的船尾，不知怎的，心里就不时掠过一种似曾相识的感触，而且老是模模糊糊的回想起往事，莫名其妙的追忆起古老的外国史略和年代湮久的事情。

（陈良廷　译）

A Vessel under the Sea

We were close to a vessel of which the tattered shrouds still hung from their chains. The keel seemed to be in good order, and it had been wrecked at most some few hours. Three stumps of masts, broken off about two feet above the bridge, showed that the vessel had had to sacrifice its masts. ...This skeleton of what it had once been, was a sad spectacle as it lay lost under the waves, but sadder still was the sight of the bridge, where some corpses, bound with ropes, were still lying.

（Jules Verne, 20,000 *Leagues Under The Sea*）

一只沉船

我们面前是一只船，上面弄断了的护桅索仍然挂在链上。船壳看来还很好，船沉下来至多不过是几小时以前的事。三根断桅从甲板上两英尺高的地方砍下来，表明这只遇难的船不得不把桅樯牺牲了。……这种落在波涛中的残骸的景象，看来实在是凄惨；更为凄惨的，是看见甲板上还有躺着挂在绳索上的尸体！

（曾觉之　译）

A Fleet of Barges

It was flood tide when Daniel Quilp sat himself down in the wherry to cross to the opposite shore. A fleet of barges were coming lazily on, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping up against the larger craft, running under the bows of steamboats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut-shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands were busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog

running to and fro upon the deck or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forests of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short impatient strokes with her heavy paddles as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames. On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbour with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board , re-echoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old grey Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church-spire shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbour. (Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

大队的木船

当丹尼尔·奎尔普坐上小渡船向对岸行使时，正逢涨潮。大队的木船懒洋洋地荡过，有的是斜行，有的是头部在前，有的是尾部在前；都很执迷、顽固、倔强地向较大的船只冲撞，漂到汽艇的舷下，钻进和它们毫无业务关系的僻角里去，像是许多剥碎了的胡桃壳零乱地散浮在水面上；每一只船都使用一双长桨在水中挣扎着划动，看来很像是害了病的笨鱼。在一些抛了锚的船上，水手们都在忙于绞缠绳缆，摊开帆篷晾晒，上货或者卸货；在另外一些船上，除了两三个男孩子逗留在那里，偶然有一只狂吠着的狗在甲板上跑来跑去，或者匍匐着望着船边，叫出更高的声音，此外便看不到别的生物了。一条大船慢慢地穿过樯林，沉重的轮翼不耐烦地排水，好像它在找寻空地方呼吸一下似的，它那庞大的身体摆动着，宛如一只夹在泰晤士河鲦鱼群中的水怪。两旁都是黑色长行列的煤驳；中间行驶着出港的船只，帆篷在太阳光里闪耀，咯吱声传到四面八方。水和水面上的一切都在积极活动，跳舞，浮荡，翻腾着泡沫；岸上的灰色古塔和一排一排的建筑中间，还有许多教堂的尖顶耸立，却只是在冷静地观望着，好像是看不起它们那个激动和不安定的邻居似的。 (许君远 译)

3. Weapons and Punishment Tools 武器、刑具

Monstrous Clubs and Spears

The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws; others were tufted with knots of human hair; and one was sickle-shaped, with a vast handle sweeping round like the segment made in the new-mown grass by a long-armed mower. You

shuddered as you gazed, and wondered what monstrous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a death-harvesting with such a hacking, horrifying implement. Mixed with these were rusty old whaling lances and harpoons all broken and deformed. Some were storied weapons.

(Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

怪异的棍棒和枪矛

进口处对面的墙上,挂满着一大排具有异教色彩的,怪异的棍棒和枪矛。有的还密密地镶有象牙锯似的闪亮的牙齿;有些却饰着一簇簇的人发;有一支是镰刀刑的,装有一支大柄子,直像是一架长臂刈草机扫过后,在新刈过的草地上所留下来的弓形痕迹。你一边看,一边不禁直打寒颤,不知道是什么怪异的食人生番和野人才会用这样一种劈斧似的、吓人的家伙去干那杀人的勾当。在这些东西中还夹杂有一些全都已经破烂失形,发锈古旧的捕鲸鱼枪和标枪。有的还是传说中的有名的武器。 (曹庸 译)

The Turning Pillory

...They passed the time by looking at the pillory, which was a very simple structure consisting of a cube of masonry about ten feet high, hollow inside. A steep flight of rough-hewn stone steps led to the top of it, on which there was a horizontal wheel made of oak. The prisoner was tied to this wheel, kneeling with his hands behind his back. A wooden shaft, moved by a capstan concealed inside the structure, made the wheel revolve horizontally, thus successively exhibiting the prisoner's face to every spectator.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Note Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

会转的耻辱柱

……待着无聊,他们就仔细观察耻辱柱来消遣。这玩艺其实很简单,只是一个立方石头台子,约摸十尺高,里面是空的。有一道粗石垒成的陡峭台阶,当时一般称作"梯子",通至上面的平台,平台上有一个平放着的转盘,是光板橡木制作的。犯人双臂反剪,跪着,绑在这个转盘上面。有一个木杆轴,由平台里面藏着的绞盘起动,使得转盘旋转,总是保持水平,这样,犯人的脸就能转动给广场上任何一点上的观众看见。这就叫做"转"犯人。 (管振湖 译)

The Whipping-Post

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine

of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post,—with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evil-doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine; while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the King, was confined by the legs in the latter.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Endicott and The Red Cross*)

笞刑柱

紧挨着神圣的建筑物,可以看到那个体现了清教教规的重要工具——笞刑柱,柱旁培的土已经给前来受刑的罪犯的两脚踩平了。在聚会所的一角是颈手枷,另一角是足枷,而我们这点笔墨也算是特别有缘,正赶上前一架枷具上套着一个主教兼天主教嫌疑犯的人头,模样古怪,后一架枷具又拴上了一名同押犯的双脚,这人原来竟为了祝国王健康而大叫大嚷地喝了个痛快。

(戎逸伦 译)

Irons

...He was strangely loaded with Irons; a heavy Chain clogg'd his Leg, and was so long, that he twisted it about his Waist like a Girdle: He had a Couple of Collars about his Neck, the one to link him to the rest of the Slaves, and the other, one of those Iron-Ruffs which they call a Keep-Friend, or a Friend's Foot; from whence two Irons went down to his Middle, and to their two Bars were rivetted a Pair of Manacles that grip's him by the Fists, and were secur'd with a large Padlock; so that he could neither lift his Hands to his Mouth, nor bend down his Head towards his Hands. (Miguel De Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, trans. Motteux)

枷锁

……他的枷锁和别人的不同:脚上拖一条很长的铁链,缠住全身;脖子上套着两个铁圈,一个圈扣在铁链上,另一个圈是所谓护身枷或叉形护身枷上的。这个铁圈底下有两条铁棍,齐腰装一副手铐,把两手套住,再用大锁锁上。这就使他不能把手举到嘴边,也不能把脑袋低到手边。 (杨绛 译)

4. Working Tools 劳动工具

Axes

Meggie crouched down beside his discarded shirt and undervest to

watch, awed. Three spare axes were lying nearby, for eucalyptus wood blunted the sharpest axe in no time at all. She grasped one by its handle and dragged it onto her knees, wishing she could chop wood like Frank. The axe was so heavy she could hardly lift it. Colonial axes had only one blade, honed to hair-splitting sharpness, for double-bladed axes were too light for eucalyptus. The back of the axe head was an inch thick and weighted, the handle passing through the air as hard and fast as a cannonball and kill someone. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

斧子

梅吉在他扔在地上的衣服旁蹲了下来,敬畏地看着。跟前有三把备用的斧子,因为即便是用最锋利的斧子来劈坚硬的桉木,不多时也会变钝。她握住一把斧子的把柄,用力把斧子拖至膝部,作出劈柴的架势,她多希望能像弗兰克那样挥斧劈柴。但是,斧子太沉,她根本举不起来。殖民地的斧子都是单刃的,锋利无比,吹毛得过,而双刃的斧子太轻,不适合劈桉木。 (孙云英 译)

The Mortar and Pestle

...Kunta began to chop away at the block with a sharp hatchet, making a rough shape of the outside rim of a mortar for grinding corn. By the third day, with a hammer and a wood chisel, he dug out the mortar's inside, also roughly, and then he began to carve with a knife. After a week, Kunta's fingers surprised him at how nimbly they flew, considering that he hadn't watched the old men in his village carving things for more than twenty rains.

When he had finished the inside and the outside of the mortar, he found a seasoned hickory limb, perfectly straight and of the thickness of his arm, from which he soon made a pestle, scraping it first with a file, next with a knife, and finally with a piece of glass. (Alex Haley, *Roots*)

杵和臼

……昆塔开始用一把锋利的斧头把胡桃木砍成捣玉米用的臼的雏形。到第三天,他用一把锤子和一把木凿子粗略地把臼心挖空,然后开始用刀子雕琢。一个星期以后,昆塔对自己的十指能如此灵巧地工作感到惊奇,要知道他已经有二十多年没有看见他村里的老人雕刻东西了。

在把臼的表里都雕好以后,昆塔找到一根干透了的胡桃木枝,枝干笔直,有他的手臂那么粗。他用这根枝干很快做好一根杵。为了使杵把光滑,他先

用锉,然后用刀,最后用一块玻璃片打磨它。 (李森 译)

A Folding Knife

It was his inheritance, that knife, his father's knife. The long heavy blade folded back into the black handle. There was a button on the handle. When Pepe pressed the button, the blade leaped out ready for use. (John Steinbeck, *Flight*)

一把可折叠的刀

那把刀是他父亲留给他的遗产,它又长又重,还可以把刀刃折叠放入黑色的刀柄中。在刀柄上有一个小按钮,只要一按这个小按钮,刀刃就立刻弹出刀柄,这样就可以使用了。 (王晓明 译)

Harness and Leather-Working Tools

On the wall by the window there were pegs on which hung broken harness in process of being mended, strips of new leather; and under the window itself a little bench for leather-working tools, curved knives and needles and balls of linen thread, and a small hand riveter. On pegs were also pieces of harness, a split collar with the horsehair stuffing sticking out, a broken hame, and a trace chain with its leather covering split. (John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men*)

马具和加工皮革的工具

靠窗口的墙上有很多的挂钉,挂着须逐一修理的马具,新的皮带;窗子下面是一张小小的工作台,满摆着加工皮革的工具,弯刀呀,缝针呀,麻线捆呀,还有一副手按的钉皮机。挂钉上也有诸如此类的马具:马鬃毛插了出来的一只裂了的轭,一根折断了的轭上的曲棒,一条包皮裂开了的挽链。(秦俨 译)

Various Tools in Stalls

The port's "town" is the size of the hardware store in town. Inside there are stalls filled with cloth, hurricane lamps and oil, mosquito netting, camp bedding, hammocks, axes and hoes and machetes and other tools. The whole place is run by a white man, but some of the stalls that sell produce are rented out to Africans. Joseph showed us things we needed to buy. A large iron pot for boiling water and our clothes, a zinc basin.

Mosquito netting. Nails. Hammer and saw and pick-ax. Oil and lamps.

(Alice Walker, *The Color Purple*)

集市上的各种工具

港口"市区"的大小就跟城里的五金商店差不多。市内有小摊,摆满了布料、风雨灯、煤油、帐子、野营用的被褥、吊床、斧子、锄头、坎刀等工具。整个地方是由一个白人经营的,可有些卖农产品的摊子是租给非洲人的。约瑟夫指点我们买该买的东西。一把煮水的大铁壶、一个洗衣服的镀锌的铁盆、帐子、钉子、锄头、锯子、镐、煤油和灯。 (陶洁 译)

A Wooden Shovel of a Long Making

The next Day in searching the woods I found a Tree of that Wood, or like it, which, in the Brasils they call the Iron Tree, for its exceeding Hardness, of this, with great Labour and almost spoiling my Axe, I cut a Piece, and brought it home too with difficulty enough, for it was exceeding heavy.

The excessive Hardness of the Wood, and having no other Way, made me a long while upon this Machine, for I work'd it effectually by little and little into the Form of a shovel or Spade, the Handle exactly shap'd like ours in England, only that the broad Part having no Iron shod upon it at Bottom, it would not last me so long, however it serv'd well enough for the uses which I had occasion to put it to; but never was a Shovel, I believe, made after that Fashion, or so long a making.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

费力制成的木铲

今天我在树林里找了半天,终于发现一种树,在巴西,人们叫它"铁树",因为它非常坚硬。我费了很大的气力,几乎把我的斧子都砍坏了,才把它砍下一块来,又费了很大的困难,才把它弄回来,因为它实在太重了。

这木料实在硬,可是我又没有别的法子,只好在这东西上面花很多的时间。后来,一点一点地把它削成了一把铲子的形状,铲柄完全像我们英国用的一样,不过那宽的一头没有铁掌,恐怕不大耐用。不过,在不要的时候用用,倒还能勉强对付。我相信,世界上没有一把铲子是这样做成的,并且是费了这么久的工夫才做成的。 (徐霞村 译)

Electric Mule Clippers

Electric mule clippers took the place of the hand-cranked machine

which Daddy had always used to shear the mules and to cut my hair. On one early occasion, I was planning to go to Columbus to visit my mother's parents, and I was very nervous about the long trip. In preparation for the trip my father took me into the back yard to cut my hair. The clippers were driven by a flexible steel cable which another person turned by a hand crank. Daddy's hand slipped and a big gap was cut out of the hair on top of my head. After studying the situation for a few minutes, he decided that the old solution was to clip my head completely so at least it would be uniform, and this he did. (Jimmy Carter, *Why Not the Best?*)

电动骡子修毛器

电动骡子修毛器,已取代父亲一直用来修剪骡毛和给我剪发的手摇曲柄剪发器。以前有一次,我打算到哥伦布市去探访外祖父母,对于这次远行,我很忐忑不安。为了准备这次远行,父亲把我带到后院去为我理发。理发推子由一条有伸缩性的钢线通电推动,由另一个人用手推曲柄转动。父亲的手滑了一下,在我头顶的头发上剪了一个大洞。他把这情形研究了几分钟之后,认定唯一的办法就是把我的头发完全剪掉,这样至少可以使头发长短一致,结果他就这么办了。 (朱成章 译)

5. Furniture 家具

The Heavy Furniture

The heavy furniture rose up at her in the half-light, high-backed chairs with deep seats and wide arms, made for the tall Wilkes men, squatty soft chairs of velvet with velvet hassocks before them for the girls. Far across the long room before the hearth, the seven-foot sofa, Ashley's favorite seat, reared its high back, like some huge sleeping animal.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

笨重的家具

那些笨重的器具,对她庞然竖立着,也使她感到一种威胁。里面有高靠背、深座儿、阔扶手的大椅子,是为卫家的高个儿的男子们特制的;还有一些天鹅绒的矮椅子,前面配着天鹅绒的踏脚凳,则是给女孩子们用的。在里边的尽头处,面对着壁炉,放着一张七尺长的沙发,那是平时希礼最喜欢的座位,从外面看去,只见竖着一个高高的靠背,跟一头巨兽一般。 (简宗 译)

The Furniture in the Bedroom

...the awkward knuckle L—shape of it; the black walnut bed with

apples and spotty pears carved on the headboard; the imitation maple bureau, with pink-daubed scent-bottles and a petticoated pin-cushion on a marble slab uncomfortably like a gravestone; the plain pine washstand and the garlanded water-pitcher and bowl. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

卧室里的家具

……整个房间怪别扭地呈"L"形；一张乌黑的胡桃木床，床头板上雕刻着苹果和生梨之类饰物；一张仿枫木的五斗柜，上面铺着一块大理石板，看起来不伦不类的，好像是一块墓碑，柜子上面放着几只粉红色的香水瓶和一个四周饰有衬裙花边的针插；此外还有一个很普通的松木脸盆架，一个两边饰有花环状把手的水罐和钵头。 (潘庆舲 译)

A Wooden Arm-Chair

It was an arm-chair of simple wood, probably birch, but of such fine delicacy of grace, standing there on the sordid stones, it almost brought tears to the eyes. It was square in shape, of the purest, slender lines, and four short lines of wood in the back, ...

(D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

木扶手椅

那是一把用廉价木料制成的扶手椅，也许是用桦木做的，立在肮脏的石砌路面上显得那样精美雅致，厄秀拉瞧得泪花都要冒出来了。椅子方方正正的，线条纯净纤秀，椅背上还有四条木雕的短线，它们使厄秀拉想起了竖琴弦。

(梁一三 译)

The Bamboo Bedstead, Chairs

...The bedstead, chairs, and lounges, were of bamboo, wrought in peculiarly graceful and fanciful patterns. Over the head of the bed was an alabaster bracket, on which a beautiful sculptured angel stood, with drooping wings, holding out a crown of myrtle-leaves. From this depended, over the bed, light curtains of rose-colored gauze, striped with silver, supplying that protection from mosquitos which is an indispensable addition to all sleeping accommodation in that climate.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

竹床、竹椅等

……床、椅子、长椅都用竹子制成，件件式样高雅，让人浮想联翩。床顶上

放着一个雪花石膏托架，上面一个双翅下垂的美丽的天使雕像正举着一个爱神木花冠。托架上面还挂着带有银色条纹的精致的玫瑰色纱帐帘子(南方这种气候，这种东西是必不可少的)，用来抵御蚊虫的叮咬。 (屠国元 译)

A Sorry Bed

...This charming Original likewise assisted the Mistress and the Daughter; and with the latter, help'd to make the Knight's Bed, and a sorry one it was; the Room where it stood was an old gambling Cock-loft, which by manifold Signs seem'd to have been, in the Days of Yore, a Repository for chopp'd Straw. Somewhat further, in a Corner of that Garret, a Carrier had his Lodging; and tho' his Bed was nothing but the Pannels and Coverings of his Mules, 'twas much better than that of Don Quixote, which only consisted of four rough-hewn Boards laid upon two uneven Tressels, a Flock-bed, that, for Thinness, might well have pass'd for a Quilt, and was full of Knobs and Bunches, which had they not peep'd out thro' many a Hole, and shewn themselves to be of Wool, might well have been taken for Stones: The rest of that extraordinary Bed's Furniture was a Pair of Sheets, which rather seem'd to be of Leather than of Linen Cloth, and a Coverlet whose every individual Thread you might have told, and never have Miss's one in the Tale.

(Miguel De Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, trans. Motteux)

破旧的床

……这位好姑娘帮着客店小姐在顶楼上给堂吉诃德铺了一张破旧的床。这个顶楼分明是多年堆草料的，里面还住着个骡夫，床铺和堂吉诃德的相去不远。他那床铺虽然是用骡子的驮鞍和披盖凑成的，却比堂吉诃德的强多了。堂吉诃德的床只是四块粗糙的木板架着高低不平的两只板凳；褥子薄得像床单，里面尽是疙瘩，要不是窟窿眼露着羊毛，摸来硬绷绷的疙瘩就像石子；两条床单好像盾牌上的皮革；一条毯子上经纬的线缕，谁要是有兴数一数，准可以一根不漏地数个清楚。 (杨绛 译)

The Settle

At the other side of the chimney stood the settle, which is the necessary supplement to a fire so open that nothing less than a strong breeze will carry up the smoke. It is, to the hearths of old-fashioned

cavernous fireplaces, what the east belt of trees is to the exposed country estate, or the north wall to the garden. Outside the settle candles gutter, locks of hair wave, young women shiver, and old men sneeze. Inside is Paradise. Not a symptom of a draught disturbs the air; the sitters' backs are as warm as their faces, and songs and old tales are drawn from the occupant by the comfortable heat, like fruit from melon-plants in a frame.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of The Native*)

一把长椅子

只见烟囱的那一边,放着一把长椅子;这种家具,遇到壁炉豁敞,非有强烈的气流就难以使烟气往上冒的时候,是一件必需的东西。它对于张口很大的古式壁炉,和北墙对于庭院,或者东边的树林对于一无遮拦的庄田,有同样的功用。长椅子外面,蜡焰直打颤动,头发直飘摆,年轻的女人们直打哆嗦,老头儿们直打喷嚏。长椅子里面,却和乐园一样,连一点荡动空气的风丝儿都没有;坐在那儿的人脊背和面部都同样地暖和,并且令人舒服的热气把他们烘着,使他们的歌儿和故事,都自然地唱了出来,说了出来,好像玻璃架子里的瓜类都自然就结出果实来一样。 (张谷若 译)

A Bed in Semblance a Bookcase

In this flight of fancy, Mr. Swiveller was assisted by a deceptive piece of furniture, in reality a bedstead, but in semblance a bookcase, which occupied a prominent situation in his chamber and seemed to defy suspicion and challenge inquiry. There is no doubt that by day Mr. Swiveller firmly believed this secret convenience to be a bookcase and nothing more; that he closed his eyes to the bed, resolutely denied the existence of the blankets, and spurned the bolster from his thoughts. No word of its real use, no hint of its mighty service, no allusion to its peculiar properties, had ever passed between him and his most intimate friends. Implicit faith in the deception was the first article of his creed. To be the friend of Swiveler you must reject all circumstantial evidence, all reason, observation, and experience, and repose a blind relief in the bookcase. It was his pet weakness, and he cherished it.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

一张颇像书橱的床

在这个奇想里面,斯威夫勒先生还得到一件骗人的家具的帮助,实际上是

一张床，但是样子却又像书橱，在寝室里占着很显眼的地位，好像不怕怀疑，随你便问好了。无疑问地，在白天，斯威夫勒先生坚决地相信这件秘密的用具是一张书橱，不能派别种用场；当他闭起眼睛睡到床上，绝不存什么毛毯和枕头的念头。在他和他最密切的朋友谈话中，从不提到它的真正用途，从未暗示它的夜间职务，也不曾涉及到它的特别性能。对于这种欺骗的默认乃是他信条里面的第一款。作为斯威夫勒的朋友，你必须放弃一切情况证据、一切道理、观察和经验，只是盲目地相信它是个书橱好了。这是他最得意的弱点，他也很珍贵这弱点。 （许君远 译）

6. Clocks, Watches, Musical Instruments, Lamps
钟、表、乐器、灯具等

The Clock on The Mantel-piece

There was a clock on the middle of the mantel-piece, with a picture of a town painted on the bottom half of the glass front, and a round place in the middle of it for the sun, and you could see the pendulum swing behind it. It was beautiful to hear that clock tick; and sometimes when one of these peddlers had been along and scoured her up and got her in good shape, she would start in and strike a hundred and fifty before she got tuckered up. They wouldn't took any money for her.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

壁炉上的大钟

壁炉上面的条案中间，放着一座大钟，钟前面那块玻璃的下半段，画着一幅城镇的风景，这幅画当中又有圆圆的一块，算是太阳，你可以看见钟摆在那后面摇摆。这座钟嘀嗒嘀嗒的声音，实在是美极了。有时候，一个修理钟表的匠人来了，把它的油泥擦掉，收拾得好好的，于是它就一口气敲上一百五十下，然后才累得敲不动了。人家修完它之后，老是不愿意要钱。 （张万里 译）

An Old Watch

This watch, however, turned out to be painfully delicate. It was old, I was young. We were not exactly made for each other. It had a back and front of thin gold, and as Mother had had the former owner's monogram shaved off the front cover, that cover used to sink in the middle when pressed. Also, the lid fitted so closely that there was barely room for the

glass crystal over the face. Such a very thin crystal had to be used that any pressure on the lid broke it. (Clarence Day, *Life with Father*)

一块旧表

可是我回来才知道这个表是异常的脆弱。它太老,我太年轻。我们不是天生的伙伴。这个表的前盖后盖都是金的,薄薄的两片;前盖上原来有旧主人的名字,母亲把它刮了,因此一按那个盖子,中间就瘪了下去。还有,那个盖子盖得紧紧的,表盖和表盘之间竟没有多大空隙,只能安一片极薄的玻璃,在表盖上轻轻一压那个玻璃就破了。 (吕叔湘 译)

A Harmonica

A harmonica is easy to carry. Take it out of your hip pocket, knock it against your palm to shake out the dirt and pocket fuzz and bits of tobacco. Now it's ready. You can do anything with a harmonica: thin reedy single tone, or chords, or melody with rhythm cords. You can mould the music with curved hands, making it wail and cry like bagpipes, making it full and round like an organ, making it as sharp and bitter as the reed pipes of the hills. And you can play and put it back in your pocket. It is always with you, always in your packet. And as you play, you learn new tricks, new ways to mould the tone with your hands, to pinch the tone with your lips, and no one teaches you. You feel around—sometimes alone in the shade at noon, sometimes in the tent door after supper when the women are washing up. Your foot taps gently on the ground. Your eyebrows rise and fall in rhythm. And if you lose it or break it, why, it's no great loss. You can buy another for a quarter. (John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

口琴

口琴是便于携带的。从你裤子的屁股口袋里拿出来,在手掌上敲一敲,把灰尘和口袋里面的脏东西和烟草末都抖掉。这就算预备好了。你可以用口琴吹奏各种乐曲:可以吹出轻快的芦笛似的单声调子,也可以吹出和声,或是带和声的旋律。你只要把两只手一弯,就可以奏出音乐来,使它像手风琴一般发出哀诉的调子,或是像风琴一般圆润悠扬,也可以使它像山中的芦笛一般尖利和凄凉。你尽可以把它吹一吹,又放回口袋。它老是在你身边,在你的口袋里。你一面吹奏,一面又可以学到一些新花样,学会用两手调度高低抑扬,用嘴调节音调,这都是不用别人教你的。你到处都可以吹奏——有时一个人在中午的树荫下面,有时在晚饭后女人们洗餐具的时候,在帐篷门口吹奏。你把

脚在地下轻轻地踏着拍子。你的眉毛跟着节奏起落。如果你把口琴丢了或是弄坏了，那也损失不大。你可以花两毛半再买一只新的。 （胡仲持 译）

Fiddle

Exasperated, the brown one got up and brought from a corner the oddly shaped box that Kunta had seen him arrive with. Opening it, he lifted out an even more oddly shaped light brown wooden thing with a slender black neck and four taut, thin strings running almost its length. It was the same musical instrument he had heard the old man play at the other farm.

（Alex Haley, *Roots*）

小提琴

无可奈何之下，棕色皮肤的人站起来，从一个角落里拿过来那只昆塔见过的、他刚来时拿着的那只奇形怪状的盒子。他打开盒子，拿出一件更为怪相的东西，一个木制的淡棕色的玩艺儿，有一只细长、黑色的脖子，从一头儿乎到另一头有四根绷得紧紧的细线。这和他在另一座农场里听见过的一个老人拉的乐器完全一样。 （李森 译）

The Pewter Lamp

While thus employed, the heavy pewter lamp suspended in chains over his head, continually rocked with the motion of the ship, and for ever threw shifting gleans and shadows of lines upon his wrinkled brew, till it almost seemed that while he himself was marking out lines and courses on the wrinkled charts, some invisible pencil was also tracing lines and courses upon the deeply marked chart of his forehead.

（Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*）

一盏蜡锡灯

他在这样用功的时侯，吊在他头顶那盏系着链条的沉重蜡锡灯，不断地随着船身的摇动而晃动，始终把闪闪的微光和簇簇的阴影，投射在他那刻满皱纹的额头上，简直叫人以为，他自己在那幅皱折的海图上划着航线记号的同时，也有一枝肉眼看不见的铅笔，在他那深刻着海图似的额角上划着航线。

（曹庸 译）

The Waterford Chandelier

The Waterford chandelier had been lowered until its bottom pendant

chimed a bare six and a half feet from the floor, every prism of its thousands polished to a flashing rainbow, and its great brass chain tethered to the wall instead of being bunched up. On spindly cream-and-gilt tables Waterford lamps stood next to Waterford ashtrays and Waterford vases stuffed with cream and pink roses; ...

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

沃特福德吊灯

那只沃特福德枝形吊灯被放低到离地板只有六英尺半高了，上面数千个小棱晶都擦得雪亮像闪光的彩虹。吊灯上那条大的黄铜链子被拴在了墙上，而不是盘在天花板上了。在细长的、乳白色镀金的桌子上，沃特福德烟灰缸旁放着沃特福德台灯和插着乳白色、粉红色玫瑰的沃特福德花瓶；……

(王晓明 译)

Candlestick

Every candle and candlestick in Atlanta must be in this hall tonight, she thought, silver ones with a dozen spangling arms, china ones with charming figurines clustering their bases, old brass stands, erect and dignified, laden with candles of all sizes and colors, smelling fragrantly of bayberries, standing on the gun racks that ran the length of the hall, on the long flower-decked tables, on booth counters, even on the sills of the open windows where the draughts of warm summer air were just strong enough to make them flare. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

烛台

她看见那儿灯烛辉煌，又想整个饿狼陀的蜡烛台都已聚集在这里，烛台有银的，有瓷的，有古铜的，说不尽几千种花样。上面插着大大小小、五颜六色、飘着月桂花香的蜡烛，放在两边连贯不断的枪架上，点缀着花的长桌子上，摊儿的柜台上，甚至于那些开着窗口的窗台上，因被夏天的暖风吹拂得飘飘忽忽。

(傅东华 译)

7. Containers and Other Objects 器皿及其他物品

The Cape Horn Measure

Abominable are the tumblers into which he pours his poison. Though true cylinders without—within, the villainous green goggling glasses deceitfully tapered downwards to a cheating bottom. Parallel meridians

rudely pecked into the glass, surround these footpads' goblets. Fill to this mark, and your charge is but a penny; to this a penny more; and so on to the full glass—the Cape Hore measure, which you may gulp down for a shilling. (Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

量器

可恶的是他那些装酒的大杯子。外表上虽然的确是圆筒体,可是,那些讨厌的绿色玻璃杯子却在中间狡诈地往下逐渐缩小,变成一种骗人的杯底。在这些拦路贼也似的酒杯四周,还粗拙地刻有平行的一格一格。值到这一格,只要你一个便士;再倒到这一格,又得再加一个便士;依此类推,直到倒满一杯这种合恩角的量器,使人一口就可以喝掉一个先令。 (曹庸 译)

A Set of China

She knew every nick and brown spot on each piece of the set of china purchased by Kennicott's mother in 1895—discreet china with a pattern of washed-out *forget-me-not*, rimmed with blurred gold: the gravy-boat, in a saucer which did not match, the solemn and evangelical covered vegetable-dishes, the two platters. (Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*)

细瓷餐具

她知道肯尼科特老太太远在 1895 年所买的那一套细瓷餐具,连它上面的每一个豁口和褐色斑点,她都知道得一清二楚。那是一套细瓷餐具,上面的"勿忘我"图案早已褪色,金边也变得模糊不清了。整套餐具包括一个盛卤汁的碟子,放在跟它极不相称的托盘里,此外还有一些色彩庄严,印着福音书上箴言,带盖子的菜盆,以及两个大盘子。 (潘庆舲 译)

The Tea Set

When Meggie saw the tea set, she was overcome. It had 108 pieces, tiny miniature cups and saucers and plates, a teapot and a sugar bowl and a milk jug and a cream jug, with wee knives and spoons and forks just the right size for dolls to use. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

茶具

当麦基看到那套茶具时,她完全折服了。这是一套共有 108 件的茶具,其中包括小巧而精致的茶杯、茶碟和托盘,还有一把茶壶、一个糖罐、一个牛奶罐和一个奶油罐,还有适合布娃娃用的极小的刀子、勺子和叉子。(王晓明 译)

The Pipe

...he then drew out his pipe, which plays among democrats a part almost equal to his own, because in serving Comudet it was serving its country. It was a superb pipe, an admirably colored meerschaum, as black as the teeth of its master, but perfumed, curved, glistening, easy to the hand, completing his physiognomy. (Guy de Maupassant, *Ball-of-Fat*)

烟斗

……然后叼着烟斗抽他的烟。他那只烟斗在那些民主党人中间几乎和他本人一样那么受人重视,他虽只是为高尼岱服务,但仿佛也在为祖国服务。那是一只海沫石做的十分美丽的烟斗,乌黝黝和主人的牙齿一般黑,不过烟斗是香喷喷的、弯弯的、亮晶晶的,与主人的手已经混得很熟;有了这个烟斗在手,主人的神气显得十足。 (赵少侯 译)

An Old Basket

It was the same basket his father had used, in the same way and in the same place, thirty or forty years before. Nothing had changed about it except the slip of osier cane that held the lid in place. Time had simply worn it down to the thinness of a knitting-needle and it had been replaced with another. (H. E. Bates, *The Man Who Loved Squirrels*)

旧篮子

这就是那个三十或四十年前他父亲以同样的方式,在同样的地点用过的那个篮子。除了支撑盖子用的那根柳条已滑落之外,那篮子一点也没变。随着时间的推移,那编篮子的针线被磨细、磨断了,但这些已被新的针线替换过了。 (王晓明 译)

A Shawl of a Peculiar Colour

She was an old woman of mottled countenance, attired in a shawl of that nameless tertiary hue which comes, but cannot be made—a hue neither tawny, russet, hazel, nor ash.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

混合色的披肩

这是一个老女人,脸上长得斑斑点点的,她披着一件披肩,颜色是说不出名堂的混合色的,既不是黄褐色,小豆色,淡红褐色,也不是灰色,这是一种逐

渐变成而无法制造出来的颜色；……　　（侍桁　译）

A Stair Carpet

They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsworn. It seemed to have become vegetable; to have degenerated in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches to the stair-case and was viscid under the foot like organic matter.

（O. Henry, *The Furnished Room*）

楼梯上的地毯

他们不出声地踩在楼梯上铺着的地毯上。那地毯已不成模样，想必原来织造它的织机，也不肯承认这是它织造出来的了。地毯似乎变成了植物，在不见阳光的腐臭空气里，在楼梯上繁衍成大块大块茂盛的地衣和蔓延的藓苔，踩在脚下，粘糊糊的，好像是踩上了有机物。　　（陈华 何晓曦　译）

Father's Colored Socks

These colored socks were the one outlet of something in Father which ran contrary to that religion of propriety to which he adhered. In that day of somber hued for men's suits and quiet tones for men's neckties, most socks were as dark and severe as the rest of one's garments; but Father's hidden from the public eye by his trousers and his high buttoned shoes, had a really astonishing range both of color and fancy. They were mostly in excellent taste, but in a distinctly French way, and Wilhelmine used to tease him about them. She called them his "secret joys."

（Clarence Day, *Life with Father*）

父亲的花袜子

父亲是个规行矩步的人，要是说他的性情中有这个教条所不能满足的一点，这一点东西的唯一出路就是这些花袜子。在他那个时代，男人的衣服颜色要深沉，领带的花样要素净，大多数的袜子是暗淡而严肃，和衣裤相称；可是父亲的袜子，藏在他的裤脚和深帮鞋里头，不但是五色缤纷，而且是花样新异。这些袜子其实一点也不恶俗，可是显然是法国风味。威尔海敏常常取笑父亲，她说这是他的"秘密的快乐"。　　（吕叔湘　译）

XⅢ. Substances 物质

1. Foods 食物

Salt

...I was at first at a great Loss for Salt; but Custom soon reconciled the Want of it; and I am confident that the frequent Use of Salt among us is an Effect of Luxury and was first introduced only as a Provocative to Drink; except where it is necessary for preserving of Flesh in long Voyages, or in Places remote from great Markets. For we observe no Animal to be fond of it but Man: And as to myself, when I left this Country, it was a great while before I could endure the Taste of it in any thing that I eat. (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

盐

……开头我因为没有盐吃感到十分难熬。但是习惯成自然,也就不觉得需要它了。我认为我们时常吃盐实际上是一种奢侈的要求,因为我们最先把盐放在饮料里只作为一种兴奋剂。当然我们在长途旅行中,或者在离大市场远的地方食用的腌肉需要用盐,但是这种情形只是一种例外。要知道除了人以外,没有什么动物是喜欢吃盐的。拿我自己来说,离开这个国家以后,过了很久我才吃得下带咸味的食物。 (张健 译)

Menu Pervaded with the Spirit of Spring

To-day there were more changes on the bill of fare than usual. The soups were lighter; pork was eliminated from the entrees, figuring only with Russian turnips among the roasts. The gracious spirit of spring pervaded the entire menu. Lamb, that lately capered on the greening hillsides, was becoming exploited with the sauce that commemorated its gambols. The song of the oyster, though not silenced, was *dimuendo con amore*. The frying-pan seemed to be held, inactive, behind the beneficent bars of the broiler. The pie list swelled; the richer puddings had vanished; the sausage, with his drapery wrapped about him, handy

lingered in a pleasant thanatops is with the buckwheats and the sweet but doomed maple. (O. Henery, *The Four Million*)

渗进了春之倩影的菜谱

今天菜单上改动的地方比平日多得多。汤更清淡了，主菜中没了猪肉的影子，只是在烤肉上象征性地撒上了几根俄国萝卜条。春之倩影渗进了整个菜谱。爸于近日来在披上绿装的山坡上蹦跳的羊羔的肉，眼下也只好换上煮过的水臭，算是象征着羊羔的活蹦乱跳吧。牡蛎之歌虽说还没齐喑，但也是情意绵绵地消去了。煎锅看来也在烤焙炉宽大的炉条后面束之高阁了。馅饼的品种增加了，而甘美的布丁却消失得无影无踪，裹上包装纸的香肠也只是同荞麦和香甜可口但日渐消失的枫蜜一样流连在人们快活的想念中。

(陈华 等译)

The Menu of Anglo-India

And sure enough they did drive away from the club in a few minutes, and they did dress, and to dinner came Miss Derek and the McBrydes, and the menu was: Julienne soup full of bullety bottled peas, pseudo-cottage bread, fish full of branching bones, pretending to be plaice, more bottled peas with the cutlets, trifle, sardines on toast: the many of Anglo-India. A dish might be added or subtracted as one rose or fell in the official scale, the peas might rattle less or more, the sardines and the vermouth be imported by a different firm, but the tradition remained; the food of exiles, cooked by servants who did not understand it.

(E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

英印混合的饭菜

果然，过了几分钟，他们便驱车离开了俱乐部，也果然是换了晚礼服。果然是戴丽克小姐和麦伯莱夫妇来和他们一起吃晚饭。晚饭吃的是：菜丝汤，里面尽是子弹那么硬的罐头豆子，仿英式的家制面包、多刺的鱼——却做成鳎鱼的样子。再就是猪排里夹罐头豆子，葡萄酒蛋糕，烤面包片夹沙丁鱼。这是一桌英印混合的菜肴。家家的饭菜都是如此，官阶高些的，可能多一两个菜，官阶低些的，可能少一两个菜，豆子可能多些，也可能少些，沙丁鱼和苦艾酒可能是从不同的公司进口的，但是菜谱一成不变。这是客居印度的英国人的饭菜。给他们做饭的印度厨子，根本不知道英国菜是什么。 (石幼珊 等译)

A Magnificent English Breakfast

How impressed I was, I remember well; impressed and a little overawed by the magnificence of the breakfast offered to us. There was tea, in a great silver urn, and coffee too, and on the heater, piping hot, dishes of scrambled eggs, of bacon, and another of fish. There was a little clutch of boiled eggs as well, in their own special heater, and porridge, in a silver porringer. On another sideboard was a ham, and a great piece of cold bacon. There were scones too, on the table, and toast, and various pots of jam, marmalade, and honey, while dessert dishes. piled high with fruit, stood at either end. It seemed strange to me that Maxim, who in Italy and France had eaten a *croissant* and fruit only, and drunk a cup of coffee, should sit down to this breakfast at home, enough for a dozen people, day after day probably, yet after year, seeing nothing ridiculous about it, nothing wasteful. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

丰盛的英国早餐

我清楚地记得,那样丰盛的早餐给我留下了多深的印象,甚至使我有点吃惊。一只银质的大壶盛着热茶,还有咖啡;炉子上,炒鸡蛋、熏肉和红烧鱼正在冒着热气;在一只特制的炉子上,有几只煮鸡蛋;一只银碗里盛着麦片粥;在另一个餐具柜上,搁着火腿和一大块冻肉;而在餐桌上,却摆着烤饼和烤面包。还有蜂蜜和各种各样的果酱;桌子两端则是一盘盘堆得高高的水果。我觉得奇怪的是,在意大利和法国的时候,马克西姆早饭时只吃月牙形甜面包和水果,只喝一杯咖啡,而在家里却面临够十二个人吃的一顿早餐。一天天过去,一年年过去,他似乎并不觉得这有什么荒谬,有什么浪费。 (谢素台 译)

Sandwich

...He presses down a hissing hamburger with his spatula. He lays the split buns on the plate to toast and heat. He gathers up stray onions from the plate and heaps them on the meat and presses them in with the spatula. He puts half the bun on top of the meat, paints the other half with melted butter, with thin pickle relish. Holding the bun on the meat, he slips the spatula under the thin pad of meat, flips it over, lays the buttered half on top, and drops the hamburger on a small plate. Quarter of a dill pickle, two black olives beside the sandwich.

(John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*)

夹心面包

……他用他那把刮刀把一块嗞嗞响着的碎牛排使劲按扁。他把切开了的甜面包放在盘子里，准备烤成吐司。他把浅锅里跑开的洋葱拨拢，堆在肉上，用那把刮刀把洋葱按到肉里去。他把半块甜面包放在肉上，用溶化了的奶油涂在另外那半块上，还加一点稀薄的盐水作料。他一手按住肉上的甜面包，一手把刮刀插到那薄薄的肉饼底下，把它翻过来，然后把涂了奶油的那一半面包放在上面，再把这份碎牛排放到一只小盘子里。这份夹心面包旁边摆上一块莳萝泡菜和两颗黑色的腌橄榄。（胡仲持 译）

A Camp Breakfast

They came back to camp wonderfully refreshed, glad-hearted, and ravenous; and they soon had the campfire blazing up again. Huck found a spring of clear cold water close by, and the boys made cups of broad oak or hickory leaves and felt that water, sweetened with such a wild wood charm as that, would be a good enough substitute for coffee. While Joe was slicing bacon for breakfast, Tom and Huck asked him to hold on a minute; they stepped to a promising nook in the riverbank and threw in their lines; almost immediately they had reward. Joe had not had time to get impatient before they were back again with some handsome bass, a couple of sun perch, and a small cat-fish—provisions enough for quite a family. They fried the fish with the bacon, and were astonished, for no fish had ever seemed so delicious before. They did not know the quicker a fresh-water fish is on the fire after he is caught the better he is; and they reflected little upon what a sauce open-air sleeping, open-air exercise, bathing, and a large ingredient of hunger makes, too.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

一顿露营早餐

他们玩得兴致淋漓地回到他们露营的地方，心里非常欢喜，肚子也饿得很想吃东西了；不久他们就把营火又弄得旺盛起来。哈克在附近发现了一处清凉的泉水，孩子们就拿宽大的橡树叶或是胡桃树叶做成杯子，他们觉得这儿的泉水有那么一股森林的清香味道，很可以代替咖啡。乔埃正在切咸肉作早餐的时候，汤姆和哈克叫他稍等一会儿；他们跑到河边一个大有希望的湾子里，垂下了钓，几乎立刻就有了收获。还没有到乔埃等得不耐烦的时候，他们就带着几条漂亮的石首鱼、一对鲈鱼和一条小鲶鱼回来了——这些鱼是足够一大

家人吃的。他们把鱼和咸肉在一起煎来吃，结果喜出望外，因为从来没有什么鱼有这么鲜美。他们不知道淡水鱼捉上来之后，越是快些拿到火上烧来吃，味道就越好；同时他们也没有想到露天的睡眠、露天的运动、加上洗澡和饥饿就可以配成多么好的作料。 （张友松 译）

Pork

"Now we have killed a porker, and Emma thinks of sending them a loin or a leg; it is very small and delicate—Hartfield pork is not like any other pork—but still it is pork—and , my dear Emma, unless one could be sure of their making it into steaks, nicely fried, as our's are fried, without the smallest grease, and not roast it , for no stomach can bear roast pork—I think we had better send the leg—do not you think so, my dear?"

"My dear papa, I sent the whole hind-quarter. I knew you would wish it. There will be the leg to be salted. you know, which is so very nice, and the loin to be dressed directly in any manner they like."

"That's right, my dear, very right. I had not thought of it before, but that was the best way. They must not over-salt the leg; and then, if it is not over-salted, and if it is very thoroughly boiled, just as Serle boils our's and eaten very moderately of , with a boiled turnip, and a little carrot or parsnip, I do not consider it unwholesome.

(Jane Austen, *Emma*)

猪肉

"现在我们已经宰了一个小肥猪，爱玛想送她们一块腰肉或者一只腿，又细又嫩——哈特飞耳德的猪肉不像仟何其他地方的猪肉——但仍然是猪肉——亲爱的爱玛，要是没有把握她们把它做成肉排，好好炸一炸，就像我们做的一样，一点没有油腻，而且不来烤它，因为没有胃口可以受得了烤猪肉啊——我想我们最好还是把腿送给她们吧，你以为好吗，亲爱的?"

"亲爱的爸爸，我把整个后半截都送去了。我知道你一定愿意。腿可以腌，你知道，那是这样的精美，而腰肉呢，是她们即刻可以随意烹调的。"

"好，非常好。起先我还不曾想到哩，但这是最好的办法。她们千万不要把腿腌得太咸了。若是腌得不过咸，煮得又很透，就像塞尔替我们煮的那样，吃得又不太多，配着一种煮芜菁，再加一点胡萝卜或美国防风，我不相信不补养人。" （刘重德 译）

Processed Food

My father also separated sweet milk into its component parts, and we sold cream and butter to the grocery stores and peddled chocolate milk in five cent bottles to stores and filling stations. During the winter we would slaughter twenty to forty hogs at a time on a cold day and process all the meat, curing hams, grinding sausage, rendering lard, making souse meat, pickling pigs' feet, and so forth. Wild cherries, peaches, blackberries, and muscadines were make into jelly and ham and sometimes into wine for my parents' and their friends' consumption. And some of our vegetables were processed into finished products, such as cats up made from homegrown tomatoes during season. (Jimmy Carter, *Why Not The Best*)

成品食物

我父亲又把甜奶分解成它的组成部分，我们把奶油和牛油卖给杂货店，把巧克力奶装在五分钱一瓶的瓶子里，卖给商店和加油站。我们在冬天碰到寒冷的天气，一次要宰二十头到四十头猪，把全部猪肉加工、腌火腿、做香肠、炸猪油、做腌肉、腌猪脚等等。我们又把野樱桃、桃子、黑莓和元叶葡萄制造果子冻和果酱，有时制成酒给我父母和他们的朋友饮用。我们的蔬菜有一部分经加工后成为制成品，例如把自己种的番茄制成番茄酱等。 （朱成章 译）

Food and Machines

...And then she would put a nice saltimbocca alla romana in the electric frying pan and start that, and then she would sit in the salone in front of the TV and listen to all the machines around her doing the work, and it delighted her and made her feel powerful. Then there was the frigidario in the kitchen, making ice and keeping the butter as hard as stone, and there was the deep freeze full of lamb and beef as fresh as the day when they had been killed, and there was an electric egg beater, and a machine for squeezing the oranges, and a machine for breathing in the dust, and she would have them all going at once, and a machine for making the toast—all bright silver—where you put in the plain bread and turned your back and allora, there were two pieces of toast just the color you had asked for, and all done by the machine.

(John Cheever, *Clementina*)

食物与机器

然后把一块嫩嫩的五香火腿小牛肉夹卷放到自动平底煎锅上，把它启动，

她就可以坐到客厅的电视机前看电视，两耳听着所有的机器在她周围做工。这使她感到快意，还觉得自己很有主宰力。还有厨房里放着个电冰箱，能制冰，能把牛油冻得像石头般硬；有深冻设备，里头放满牛羊肉，随时拿出都像开宰那天一样新鲜；还有电动搅蛋器，绞鲜橙汁的机器，吸尘的机器，她总是把这些全都同时开动起来，还有那个烤面包的器具——整个是闪亮的银子造的——你只要把普通的白面包放进去，一转身的工夫，两片面包就烤好了，正是你要烤的颜色，而这一切全是机器做的。 （流溯 译）

2. Waters 水

Water in a Swimming Pool

There was faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other. With little ripples that were hardly the shadows of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its accidental course with its accidental burden. The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it slowly, tracing, like the leg of transit, a thin red circle in the water.

（F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*）

游泳池水

池里的水缓缓地、几乎看不出地流动着，一股清澈的水流从池子的一端冲向另一端，朝着排水管流去。水中荡起一层微微的涟漪。那沉甸甸的垫子歪歪斜斜地朝池底下沉。一阵微风掠过，虽没吹皱池里的水面，然而却足以扰乱它那载着它偶然的负重而变幻莫测的进程。一堆落叶使它缓缓地打起漩儿，在水中划出一个淡红色的圈子。 （范岳 译）

Accumulated Water of the Wet Monsoon

...The scenery, according to their standards, was delightful—the dark grey and black, hellyfuls of rain all over it, the earth pocked with pools of water and slimy with mud. A magnificent monsoon—the best for three years, the tanks already full, bumper crops possible. Out towards the river (the route by which the Fieldings had escaped from Deora) the downpour had been enormous, the mails had to be pulled across by ropes. They could just see the break in the forest trees where the gorge came through, and the rocks above that marked the site of the diamond mine,

glistening with wet. Close beneath was the suburban residence of the Junior Rani, isolated by floods, and Her Highness, lax about purdah, to be seen paddling with her handmaidens in the garden and waving her sari at the monkeys on the roof. (E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*)

湿季风时节的积水

……按照阿济兹和孩子们的标准，这里的风景就是赏心悦目的：天空灰黑色，布满了雨云，地上到处都是水潭和泥泞。今年的季风是这三年里最好的，水池子里的水都满了，眼看要有个好收成。大量的水从山上流到河里，河水水流湍急，运送邮件的船要用缆索拉过河。菲尔丁从底奥拉那边逃过来时，走的就是这条水路。阿济兹和孩子们从这里透过林中的空隙，可以看到河床的来路，看到河床上面作为金刚石矿矿地标志的一块块岩石。岩石湿漉漉的，闪着亮光。紧挨着下面，便是大君的偏妃的郊外别墅。大水把这住处围了起来。偏妃殿下不怎么严格遵守闺帷制度，他们可以看见她和宫女们在花园里面趟着水走路，还向蹲在屋顶上的猴子摇晃她的莎丽服呢。（董衡平 译）

Turbid Water in a River

Thus encouraged, the matron drew near to the brink; and even Mr. Bumble himself, impelled by curiosity, ventured to do the same. The turbid water, swollen by the heavy rain, was rushing rapidly on below; and all other sounds were lost in the noise of its plashing and eddying, against the green and slimy piles. There had once been a water mill beneath; and the tide, foaming and chafing round the few rotten stakes, and fragments of machinery that yet remained, seemed to dart onward, with a new impulse, when freed from the obstacles which had unavailingly attempted to stem its headlong course. (Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

暴涨的河水

经他这样一说，壮了胆的女管家走近暗洞的边沿；甚至班布尔先生也在好奇心的驱使下冒险走近来。大雨后暴涨的河水在下面卷起滚滚浊浪；一切其他的声音都淹没在河水向苔滑的基桩猛冲和打旋的哗哗巨响之中。这里下面曾经是一个水力磨坊；潮水泛着泡沫在腐朽的木桩和残余的机件周围盘旋，等到摆脱了那些无效地试图阻止它乱闯的障碍物之后，仿佛以更大的冲劲向前奔流。（荣如德 译）

Boiling Sea Water

While I was hailing the brig, I spied a tract of water lying between us where no great waves came, but which yet boiled white all over and bristled in the moon with rings and bubbles. Sometimes the whole tract swung to one side, like the tail of a live serpent; sometimes, for a glimpse, it would all disappear and then boil up again. What it was I had no guess, which for the time increased my fear of it; but I now know it must have been the roost or tide race, which had carried me away so fast and tumbled me about so cruelly, and at last, as if tired of that play, had flung out me and the spare yard upon its landward margin.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

沸腾的海水

当我向那一艘船呼救时，我觉察，我和船只之间的那股水流并不是汹涌的浪涛，而像煮沸了的开水，在月光下，到处冒起一个个水泡，有时，这一股水流像活蛇的尾巴似的向一旁挥动，有时，再一看，一切都消失了，过一会儿，又重新沸腾起来。起初我猜不透这是什么样的玩意，心头增加了对它的害怕，我现在才知道，那准是一股急流，它那么飞快地把我冲走，又那么狠心地把我摔了很多个筋头，临了，它仿佛玩厌了似的，把我和那根桅杆向陆地的边缘抛去。

(侯浚吉 译)

Water-Drip Falling for Thousands of Years

In one place near at hand, a stalagmite had been slowly growing up from the ground for ages, builded by the water-dip from a stalactite over head. The captive had broken off the stalagmite, and upon the stump had placed a stone, wherein he had scooped a shallow hollow to catch the precious drop that fell once in every three minutes with the dreary regularity of a clock tick—a dessert-spoonful once in four and twenty hours. That drop was falling when the Pyramids were new; when Troy fell; when the foundations of Rome were laid; when Christ was crucified; when the Conqueror created the British Empire; when Columbus sailed; when the massacre at Lexington was "news". It is falling now; it will still be falling when all these things shall have sunk down the afternoon of history and the twilight of tradition and been swallowed up in the thick night of oblivion. Has everything a purpose and a mission? Did this drop fall

patiently during five thousand years to be ready for this flitting human insect's need? And has it another important object to accomplish ten thousand years to come? (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

千年流泄的水滴

在附近的一处地方,有一个石笋已经慢慢地从地下往上长了许多年代了.那是头顶上一个钟乳石的滴水积成的。那被囚的人敲断了那只石笋,在它的墩墩上放上了一块石头,他在石头上挖了一个浅浅的窝,用来接住那每隔三分钟落下一滴的宝贵的水,这种滴水掉下来是很有规则的,简直像钟摆的响声那么沉闷——每一昼夜也不过积得起一茶匙那么多。那一滴水在金字塔新建成的时候就已经在往下滴;在特洛伊陷落的时候也在往下滴;在罗马城刚铺地基的时候,在耶稣被钉在十字架上的时候,在征服上创建不列颠帝国的时候,在哥伦布航海的时候,在来克星屯的屠杀惨剧还是"新闻"的时候,那一滴水都在往下滴。现在还在往下滴;而且将来这些事情从人类历史的后期和世代流传的史实的最后阶段再往下推移,终于好像在漫漫长夜中似的,通通被忘却了的时候,它还是会往下滴。是否一切事物都有一个目标,有一个使命呢?这一滴水是否耐心地滴了五千年之久,特为准备供这个流浪的可怜虫的需要呢?它是否在今后一万年之中还要达到一个重要的目的呢? (张友松 译)

Currents of the Sea

...There once existed two currents: an upper one, long since recognised, which conveys the waters of the ocean into the basin of the Mediterranean; and a lower counter-current, which reasoning has now shown to exist. Indeed, the volume of water in the Mediterranean, incessantly added to by the waves of the Atlantic, and by rivers falling into it, would each year raise the level of this sea, for its evaporation is not sufficient to restore the equilibrium. As it is not so, we must necessarily admit the existence of an undercurrent, which empties into the basin of the Atlantic. through the Straits of Gibraltar, the surplus waters of the Mediterranean. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

海中水流

……海峡中有两道水流:一道是上层水流,很久以来就有人知道是它把大西洋的水引入地中海的,又有一道相反的下层水流,现在由于推理证明了它的存在。是的,地中海水的总量,由大西洋潮水和流入其中的大河水,不停地增加,这海水的水平应该每年上涨,因为水汽的蒸发作用不能保持水量的平衡。

不过，事实上并不是这样，因此，人们就自然而然地承认有一道下层水流的存在，把地中海过剩的水从直布罗陀海峡输送到大西洋去。 （曾觉之 译）

Water from the Gargoyles of the Church Tower

Troy slept on in the porch, and the rain increased outside. Presently the gargoyle spat. In due time a small stream began to trickle through the seventy feet of aerial space between its mouth and the ground, which the water-drops smote like duckshot in their accelerated velocity. The stream thickened in substance, and increased in power, gradually spouting further and yet further from the side of the tower. When the rain fell in a steady and ceaseless torrent the stream dashed downward in volumes.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

教堂塔楼滴水嘴喷出的水

特洛伊还在门廊里睡着，外面的雨越下越大，滴水嘴立即往外喷射，不一会儿功夫，水就穿过兽嘴和地面之间七十英尺的空间，泻成了一股细流，水珠像打野鸭的弹丸一般迅疾溅落在地面上。水越积越多，流量也越来越强，渐渐喷到了离塔楼侧越来越远的地方。有时绵绵不绝地降着倾盆大雨，水流就大股大股地往下冲刷。 （傅惠寰 等译）

Whale's Spray

"There she breaches! there she breaches!" was the cry, as in his immeasurable bravadoes the White Whale tossed himself salmon-like to Heaven. So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea, and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky, the spray that he raised, for the moment, intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier; and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity, to the dim mistiness of an advancing shower in a vale.

(Herman Melville, *Mobydick*)

鲸鱼喷水

"它在跳了！它在跳了！"又是一阵叫声，这时这条白鲸以它无限的骁勇，身子像只鲑鱼直冲云霄。在青翠的草原也似的海面上，衬着那个还要青翠的天边，突然看到它喷出来的水雾，顿时有如看到一条闪烁的冰河，闪闪发光，叫人眼睛难耐；接着，那条冰河从那开始时的炫眼的强度逐渐逐渐消退，终于变成山谷中行将到来的阵雨那么迷雾朦胧。 （曹庸 译）

3. Fires 火

A Big Fire of an Australia Station

In between trips to the cookhouse Meggie watched the fire, awed and terrified. In its way it had a beauty beyond the beauty of anything earthly, for it was a thing of the skies, of suns so far away their light came coldly, of God and the Devil. The front had galloped on eastoward, they were completely surrounded now, and Meggie could pick out details the undefined holocaust of the front did not permit. Now there were black and orange and red and white and yellow; a tall tree in black silhouette rimmed with an orange crust that simmered and glowered; red embers floating and pirouetting like frolicsome phantoms in the air above; yellow pulsations from the exhausted hearts of burned-out trees; a shower of spinning crimson sparks as a gum exploded; sudden licks of orange-and-white flames from something that had resisted until now, and finally yielded its being to the fire. Oh, yes, it was beautiful in the night; she would carry the memory of it all her life. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

壮美的澳洲牧场上的大火

在厨房里跑来跑去的梅吉惊惶恐惧地望着那片大火。火本身有一种超乎世间万物之美的壮观,因为它是一种来自天上的东西,一种无情地来自遥远的日光的东西,一种来自上帝和魔鬼的东西。火的前部已经迅速地推进到了东边,现在,他们已经完全被包围了。梅吉什么都能看得一清二楚,在这场范围难定的大燔烧的前缘所过之处,什么东西都休想存活。黑、橙、红、白、黄,搅成了一团;一棵大树的黑色侧影四周镶上了一层橙色的外壳,缓缓地燃着,闪着刺眼的白光;红色的余烬就像嬉戏的幽灵一样在上空飘动着,旋转着;烧空了心的树木呈现出黄色,跳动着;一棵桉树就像爆裂了似的,令人目眩的深红色的树皮纷纷如雨下;突然从某个直到现在才烧着的东西上窜起了橙黄和白色相混的火舌,它终于顶不住这场大火了。哦,是啊,在茫茫夜色中这景色实在壮美,她会一辈子记住这场面的。 (曹胡 译)

Chateau Fire

The chateau was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising

and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The chateau burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shrivelled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallisation; stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

邸宅失火

让邸宅自己燃烧下去。在烈火的怒吼之中，一阵红热的风，真像从地下爆发出来，好像要吹走这大厦似的。在火势起落之间，那些石面孔显出受苦刑的模样。当大块石头和木头落下来的时候，那鼻子上有两个凹处的面孔就变为模糊不明；而立刻又从烟雾中挣扎出来，好像它就是那残酷的侯爵的面孔，正在受火刑而且正在对火抗争似的。

邸宅燃烧着，最近的树木，被火抓住，烧焦烧缩；远处的树木，被那四位凶人放火，以一阵新的林立的烟柱环绕着那炽烈的大厦。熔铅熔铁都沸腾在喷泉的大理石盆里，泉水都干涸了；灭烛台式的高塔像冰被热溶化似地消灭了，流落进四个高底不平的火井里。坚固的墙上的裂口和缝隙透明得好像水晶似的；骇得发呆的鸟雀飞绕而且堕进这火炉里；东、南、西、北四位凶人沿着黑夜包庇的道路，在他们所燃起的烽火的引导下，辛苦跋涉到他们的别的目的地去。

（罗稷南　译）

War Fire in a Town

As she sat straining her ears toward town, a faint glow appeared above the trees. It puzzled her. She watched it and saw it grow brighter. The dark sky became pink and then dull red, and suddenly above the trees. she saw a huge tongue of flame leap high to the heavens. She

jumped to her feet, her heart beginning again its sickening thudding and bumping.

The Yankees had come! She knew they had come and they were burning the town. The flames seemed to be off to the east of the center of town. They shot higher and higher and widened rapidly into a broad expanse of red before her terrified eyes. A whole block must be burning. A faint hot breeze that had sprung up bore the smell of smoke to her.

She fled up the stairs to her own room and hung out the window for a better view. The sky was a hideous lurid color and great swirls of black smoke went twisting up to hand in billowy clouds above the flames. The smell of smoke was stronger now.

(Margaret Michell, *Gone with the Wind*)

焚城的战火

正当她侧耳向市区方向听着的时候，只看见外边树顶上面出现一道薄薄的红晕来。她觉得非常奇怪。她全神贯注地看着，见那红晕愈来愈明了。那黑暗的天空先是变成粉红，渐渐变成深红，然后又见树顶上面高高跃起巨大的火舌。她从地上霍地跳了起来，心也怦怦地跳了起来。

北佬已经到了！她知道他们已经到了，在那里放火烧城了。那火焰是从市中心起来的，但似乎略偏东一点。它射得愈来愈高了，愈来愈广了，刹那间她眼前的一大片天空都红了，一定是整条街都着起火来了。

她急忙跑上楼，钻进自己的房间里，靠到楼窗口去看，希望看得更清楚一点。此刻，天空已是一片可怕的死灰色，一阵阵的黑烟盘旋着冲了上来，将那绯红的火焰像浓云似的笼罩着。（简宗 译）

Rick-Yard Fire

...He was about to walk on, when he noticed on his left hand an unusual light—appearing about half a mile distant. Oak watched it, and the glow increased. Something was on fire.

Gabriel again mounted the gate, and, leaping down on the other side upon what he found to be ploughed soil, made across the field in the exact direction of the fire. The blaze, enlarging in a double ratio by his approach and its own increase, showed him as he drew nearer the outlines of ricks beside it, lighted up to great distinctness. A rick-yard was the source of the fire. His weary face now began to be painted over with a rich orange glow, and the whole front of his smock-frock and gaiters was covered with

a dancing shadow pattern of thorn-twigs—the light reaching him through a leafless intervening hedge—and the metallic curve of his sheep-crook shone silver-bright in the same abounding rays. He came up to the boundary fence, and stood to regain breath. It seemed as if the spot was unoccupied by a living soul. (Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

草料场起火

……他正要继续赶路,突然看见左边有一道很特别的亮光,离他大概有半英里远。奥克看着,看着,光越来越明亮了,是什么东西着了火。

盖伯瑞尔再一次爬上门去,向篱笆的那一边跳下,落在一块耕地上,再穿过耕地,径直向起火的方向奔去。火越烧越猛,他又来到了附近,火焰便显得在加倍增大。他再向前靠近,只见火旁有几垛干草,映着火光轮廓格外分明。起火的地方是一个草料场。他被倦的面孔现在给染上了一层亮堂堂的桔红色,长罩衫和皮腿套的前部映满了棘树枝的影子,像是图案一般,而且来回摇晃着——原来火光是隔着一排光秃秃的树篱映照到他身上的——他那把牧羊杖上的铁钩子也在熊熊烈焰的照耀下银光闪闪。他走到界栏旁边站下来喘了口气。看样子这地方好像一个人也没有。 (傅雷寰 译)

Fire of Straw Stacks

The fire was issuing from a long straw-stack, which was so far gone as to preclude a possibility of saving it. A rick burns differently from a house. As the wind blows the fire inwards, the portion in flames completely disappears like melting sugar, and the outline is lost to the eye. However, a hay or a wheat rick, well put together, will resist combustion for a length of time if it begins on the outside.

This before Gabriel's eyes was a rack of straw, loosely put together, and the flames darted into it with lightning swiftness. It glowed on the windward side, rising and falling in intensity like the coal of a cigar. Then a superincumbent bundle rolled down with a whisking noise; flames elongated, and bent themselves about with a quiet roar, but no crackle. Banks of smoke went off horizontally at the back like passing clouds, and behind these burned hidden pyres, illumimating the semi-transparent sheet of smoke to a lustrous yellow uniformity. Individual straws in the foreground were consumed in a creeping movement of ruddy heat, as if they were knots of red worms, and above shone imaginary fiery faces, tongues hanging from lips, glaring eyes and other impish forms, from

which at intervals sparks flew in clusters like birds from a nest.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

一干柴烈火

火从一个长长的稻草垛上不断冒出，已蔓延到难以扑救的地步。草垛着火跟房子着火不一样，风吹火往里灌，烧着的地方就像熔掉了的糖一般完全化为乌有，连影子也看不见。不过一堆干草垛或麦秆垛如果堆得非常结实，火又是从外面烧起来的，那就不至于很快就大烧起来。

盖伯瑞尔眼前这一垛是干草，堆得很松散，火焰转瞬之间就直透里层。迎风的一边烧得通红，像吸着的雪茄烟头一样一会儿亮一些一会儿又暗一些，接着哗啦一声响，压在上面的一捆草塌了下来，火便向前蔓延，发出呼呼的鸣啸而不是劈劈啪啪的爆响。草堆后面横冒出一团团浓烟，宛如过往的云块。隐蔽在烟后面的一些柴堆也燃烧起来，把一大片半透明的烟尘都照映成了亮黄色。火场前面的稻草都一根根烧成了灰烬，发着热腾腾的红光，像一节节红蚯蚓似的在地上蜿蜒着，上面闪现出一些鬼怪似的形象：冒着火焰的面孔，吊在嘴唇上的舌头，光闪闪的眼睛；还不时从中冒出一团团火星，像从窝里飞出来的小鸟儿一般。 （傅雄寰 等译）

Fire in the Censer

The boy that held the censer had swung it gently to and fro near the door with the silvery cap lifted by the middle chain to keep the coals lighting. That was called charcoal; and it had burned quietly as the fellow had swung it gently and had given off a weak sour smell. And then when all were vested he had stood holding out the boat to the rector and the rector had put a spoonful of incense in it and it had hissed on the red coals. (James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*)

香火

拿香炉的那个男孩子，提着中间的一根铁链不停地晃动，好让里面的炭火烧得更旺。他们把那燃烧的火叫做木炭：它在那孩子轻轻晃着的时候，静静地燃烧着，并散发出一种淡淡的发酸的气味。然后等所有的人都穿戴好以后，他站在那里向着校长把那个香炉船举过去，校长于是舀一勺香末倒在里面，香末落在红红的炭火上，发出一阵嗞嗞声。 （黄雨石 译）

Bizarre Fire Burning in the Watery Desolation

...Two hours later in the twilight they saw through the streaming

windows a burning plantation house. Juxtaposed to nowhere and neighbored by nothing it stood, a clear steady pyre-like flame rigidly fleeing its own reflection, burning in the dusk above the watery desolation with a quality paradoxical, outrageous and bizarre. (William Faulkner, *Old Man*)

荒原怪火

……两个小时之后,他们从雨水直流的窗户里望见在暮色里有一幢种植园里的房屋正在起火。那幢房子坐落在一个前后左右什么也没有的地方,一团清晰的、持续的、火葬堆似的火焰正在呆板地飞离它本身反射的光芒,它在暮色里,在一片汪洋的荒原之上燃烧着,显得不近情理,令人憎恶,而又稀奇古怪。 (雨宁 译)

Blazing Fire in the Forge

...Within was seen the forge, now blazing up, and illuminating the high and dusky roof, and now confining its luster to a narrow precinct of the coal-strewn floor, according as the breath of the bellows was puffed forth, or again inhaled into its vast leather lungs. In the intervals of brightness, it was easy to distinguish objects in remote corners of the shop, and the horse-shoes that hung upon the wall; in the momentary gloom, the fire seemed to be glimmering amidst the vagueness of unenclosed space. Moving about in this red glare and alternate dusk, was the figure of the blacksmith, well worthy to be viewed in so picturesque an aspect of light and shade, where the bright blaze struggled with the black night, as if each would have snatched his comely strength from the other. Anon, he drew a white-hot bar of iron from the coals, laid it on the anvil, uplifted his arm of might, and was soon enveloped in the myriads of sparks which the strokes of his hammer scattered into the surrounding gloom.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Artist of the Beautiful*)

锻炉里闪动的火焰

……可以看到里面有一座锻炉,随着风箱的一呼一吸,先往外吐气,然后又把它吸进巨大的皮制的肺内,锻炉时而喷出火焰,照亮了又高又黑的屋顶,时而把火光局限在地上撒着煤块的一小块地方。在火光照耀的一闪一闪时间里,很容易分辨出店铺远处角落里的物品和挂在墙上的马蹄铁;而在光线昏暗的瞬间,火焰只是在一个四周没有明显边框的空间内微微发光。在红通通的耀眼火光和与之交替出现的昏暗中,铁匠的身子在四下晃动,在一亮一暗的生

动如画的背景衬托下，显得十分别致，在那儿明亮的火焰和昏暗的黑夜正在搏斗，仿佛双方都想把铁匠身上那种优美的力量从对方夺过来。过了一会儿，他从煤块里抽出一根烧得白热的铁条搁在铁砧上，高举起有力的胳膊，不久周围就出现了亿万颗火花，随着他的铁锤一次又一次的猛击，把这些火花洒落在四周的昏暗中。（李小洪 译）

4. Smokes 烟

Smoke Ring

He blew a smoke ring, the blue-gray circle rising up boiling within its own jetting form, hovering for an instant then disintegrating into a weaving strand. (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

香烟烟圈

他喷了一个烟圈，那蓝灰色的圆圈向上飘浮，尽管那呈喷射状的烟圈内部翻滚升腾，它在空中却只停了一刹那，然后就化成一缕袅丝散去了。（封秀云 译）

Cooking Smoke

Country folk went by from the fields as I sat there on the ditch, but I lacked the spirit to give them a good-e'en. At last the sun went down, and then, right up against the yellow sky, I saw a scroll of smoke go mounting, not much thicker, as it seemed to me, than the smoke of a candle; but still there it was, and meant a fire, and warmth, and cookery, and some living inhabitant that must have lit it; and this comforted my heart.

(Robert Loius Stevenson, *Kidnapped*)

炊烟

我坐在水沟边上，兴致索然，老乡们从田里回来，在我的身边走过，我也懒得向他们招呼一声。太阳下山了，一会儿后，我看见一缕黑烟飘上了黄澄澄的天空，在我看来，那烟比一支蜡烛的烟也浓不了多少。不过到底是烟，这就意味着火、温暖、烹调和点燃它的活生生的人；这慰藉了我的心。（侯浚吉 译）

Enjoying the Heavy Smoke

Pursuing these thoughts, and gasping as he went along, after his own peculiar fashion, Mr. Quiop once more crossed the Thames and shut himself up in his Bachelor's Hall, which, by reason of its newly-erected

chimney depositing the smoke inside the room and carrying none of it off, was not quite so agreeable as more fastidious people might have desired. Such inconveniences, however, instead of disgusting the dwarf with his new abode, rather suited his humour; so, after dining luxuriously from the public house, he lighted his pipe, and smoked against the chimney until nothing of him was visible through the mist but a pair of red and highly inflamed eyes, with sometimes a dim vision of his head and face, as, in a violent fit of coughing, he slightly stirred the smoke and scattered the heavy wreaths by which they were obscured. In the midst of this atmosphere, which must infallibly have smothered any other man, Mr. Quilp passed the evening with great cheerfulness; solacing himself all the time with the pipe and the case-bottle; and occasionally entertaining himself with a melodious howl, intended for a song, but bearing not the faintest resemblance to any scrap of any piece of music, vocal or instrumental, ever invented by man. Thus he amused himself until nearly midnight, when he turned into his hammock with the utmost satisfaction.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

陶醉在吞云吐雾中

奎尔普这样想着，依照平常他自己所特有的方式，一面走一面大喘其气，重新穿过泰晤士河，把自己关在他的光棍堂里，由于新装的烟囱使屋子散布着浓烟，一点儿也没有送到外面，当然不会使一般喜欢吹毛求疵的人们感到舒服的。不过这些烦恼并不曾使得矮子对他的新居发生厌恶，反而可以说更合他的胃口；因此他在酒馆里吃了一顿丰富的大餐之后，便燃起他的烟斗，靠烟囱喷吸，直到后来烟雾弥漫，除了那一双红得像要燃烧起来的眼睛之外，什么也看不见了；在一阵剧烈咳呛的时候，他便轻轻地拨拨烟气，驱散他面前的浓密雾团，这时他那头和脸也便露出了黯淡的影子。在这种气氛里，任何人都会被窒息死了，但是奎尔普先生精神勃勃地度过了一晚，一直用烟斗和酒瓶自我陶醉，偶然也想来一个悦耳的吼叫，他本想唱一支歌，但是一点也没有音乐的味道（不论是声乐或器乐，只要是人类所创造出来的）。他这样娱乐到将近午夜，才非常洋洋自得地转上了他的吊床。 （许君远 译）

Smoke of Gun Powder

But the firing began somewhere on the regimental line and ripped along in both directions. The level sheets of flame developed great clouds of smoke that tumbled and tossed in the mild wind near the ground for a

moment, and them rolled through the ranks as through a gate. The clouds were tinged an earth-like yellow in the sunrays and in the shadow were a sorry blue. The flag was sometimes eated and lost in this mass of vapor, but more often it projected, sun-touched, resplendent.

(Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*)

硝烟弥漫

然而,本团军地的什么地方开火了,于是双方子弹横飞,平行的弹雨生出巨大的烟雾,挨近地面,在和风中翻滚片刻,然后卷过队伍,像穿过一张大门。阳光下这烟团染上了泥土的黄色,而影子却是一种可怜巴巴的蓝色。军旗时而被吞没,消失在大片硝烟之中。但更多时候,它高高飞扬,浴满阳光,灿烂辉煌。 (黄建人 译)

Train Smoke

...Those nearest the edge saw it, watched it—a passenger coach apparently running under its own power and trailing a cloud of smoke from no visible stack, a cloud which did not rise but instead shifted slowly and heavily aside and lay upon the surface of the aqueous earth with a quality at once weightless and completely spent. (William Faulkner, *Old Man*)

火车的烟

……那些站在离站台边缘最近的人看见了它,注视着它——一节客车,它显然是靠它本身的动力行驶的,后面拖着一缕烟云,看不见烟囱,这片烟云并没有向上升起,反而慢慢地、沉重地向旁边扩散,浮在淹了水的地面上,仿佛既没有重量又耗尽了气力。 (雨宁 译)

Incense Smoke from the Altar

...And then? Smoke , incense ascending from the altar of the world.

Above the flame the smoke of praise
Goes up from ocean rim to rim.
Tell no more of enchanted days.

Smoke went up from the whole earth, from the vapoury oceans, smoke of her praise. The earth was like a swinging smoking swaying censer, a ball of incense, an ellipsoidal ball.

(James Joyce, *The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*)

人世的烟云

……后来呢？后来是烟雾，那从人世的祭坛上向上飞去的香烟。

在那火焰上飘动着赞美的香烟。

它从海面上一圈圈飞向天上。

啊，不要再提那令人陶醉的华年。

香烟从整个大地的地面上，从整个沸腾的海洋上向上飘去，那是为赞美她而升起的香烟。整个地球像一个被来回摇晃着的香炉，它本身便是一个用香料做成的大球，一个椭圆形的球。 （黄雨石 译）

Coal Smoke in a Ship's Hold

"we tried. We battened down everything, and still she smoked. The smoke kept coming out through imperceptible crevices; it force itself through bulkheads and covers; it oozed here and there and everywhere in slender threads, in an invisible film, in an incomprehensible manner. It made its way into the cabin, into the forecastle; it poisoned the sheltered places on the deck; it could be sniffed as high as the mainyard. It was clear that smoke came out the air came in. This was disheartening. This combustion refused to be stifled.

"We resolved to try water, and took the hatches off. Enormous volumes of smoke, whitish, yellowish, thick, greasy, misty, choking, ascended as high as the trucks. All hands cleared out aft. Then the poisonous cloud blew away, and we went back to work in a smoke that was no thicker now than that of an ordinary factory chimney.

(Joseph Conrad, *Youth*)

船舱里的煤烟

"我们尝试了。我们拿到什么就往舱口上钉，可是它还是在冒烟，烟老是从看不见的裂缝里冒出来；烟硬是从船舱的间壁里，从船面的盖布底下钻出来；烟在这里那里，从四面八方一丝丝漏出来，像一片看不清的薄雾——这真是一件不可思议的事。烟闯进了房间，溜到了船头甲板；连船面有遮盖的地方也染上了毒气，甚至在主桅的顶上也嗅得出烟味。如果烟能够溜出来，那么分明空气也能够钻进去。这叫我们灰心丧气。船底的燃烧就是窒息不了。

"我们决定用水来试一试，就把货舱口打开。一大团一大团的烟——白烟，黄烟，浓烟，油腻的烟，雾一般的烟，叫人透不过气来的烟——一直上升到桅顶。全体人手都躲到船梢去。等这阵瘴气吹散了，我们回去工作，现在笼罩

在我们周围的烟，只有一般工厂烟囱里喷出来的那么浓密了。 （方平 译）

Heavy Smoke from a Burning Kitchen

Suddenly she swung about, rigid as a pointer, and stared with horror-struck eyes down the hall, down the covered passageway toward the kitchen. There was smoke coming from the kitchen!

Somewhere between the hall and the kitchen, she laid the baby down. Somewhere she flung off Wade's grip, slinging him against the wall. She burst into the smoke-filled kitchen and reeled back, coughing, her eyes streaming tears from the smoke. Again she plunged in, her skirt held over her nose.

The room was dark, lit as it was by one small window, and so thick with smoke that she was blinded, but she could hear the hiss and crackle of flames. Dashing a hand across her eyes, she peered squinting and saw thin lines of flame creeping across the kitchen floor, toward the walls. Someone had scattered the blazing logs in the open fire-place across the whole room and the tinder-dry pine floor was sucking in the flames and spewing them up like water. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

厨房失火的浓烟

她突然像罗盘里的指针，机械地转过身，惊恐的眼睛穿过穿堂的甬道向厨房望去，原来厨房也在冒烟。

她不知随手把婴儿放在了什么地方，也不知道什么时候卫德已经松开了紧抓她的手。她急忙地向厨房跑去，可又被浓烟呛了回来，烟雾使她流出了眼泪并且不住地咳嗽。她用衣裙捂住鼻子，又一次冲了进去。

黑暗的厨房只有一扇小窗透亮，现在浓烟弥漫，使她什么也看不见了，但她听见火焰燃烧的噼啪声。她用手挥开烟雾，遮着眼睛仔细地看了看，只见燃烧的地板上火苗已经扑向墙壁。原来有人将炉火中燃烧的木柴扔在地板上，使干燥的松木地板很快地燃烧起来。 （简宗 译）

Articulating Smoke

As it got late, it got cold and clear and still, and on the stillness the waste from the smokestacks along the East River seemed to articulate, as legibly as the Pepsi-Cola plane, whole words and sentences. Halcyon. Disaster. They were hard to make out.

(John Cheever, *The Season of Divorce*)

似在拼写的烟

傍晚时，天气变得冷清，肃穆。在这一片肃穆当中，林立于东河沿岸高大烟囱喷出的烟，似乎拼写出完整的字句来，清楚得就像百事可乐飞机广告的字一样。宁静。灾祸。叫人难以理解。（泓湖文 译）

5. Air 空气

Dead Air

The air was soft and dead, as if all the world were slowly dying. Grey and clammy and silent, even from the shuffling of the collieries, for the pits were working short time, and today they were stopped altogether. The end of all things!

In the wood all was utterly inert and motionless, only great drops fell from the bare boughs, with a hollow little crash. For the rest, among the old trees was depth within depth of grey, hopeless inertia, silence, nothingness. (D.H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

死的空气

空气是软的，死的，好像世界就要断气了。一切都是灰色的，滑湿，静寂。煤矿场的声音也听不着，因为今天停电了。好像世界之末日到了！

树林里，一切都是毫无生命似地静息着，仅有无叶的树枝上落下来的大雨滴，发着空洞的声音。在老树丛中，只有无边的灰色，绝望的静止，寂默虚无。（饶述一 译）

Ancient Smell in a Study

There was an old quiet smell about the room, as though the air in it was little changed, for all the sweet lilac scent and the roses brought to it throughout the early summer. Whatever air came to this room, whether from the garden or from the sea, would lose its first freshness, becoming part of the unchanging room itself, one with the books, musty and never read, one with the scrolled ceiling, the dark panelling, the heavy curtains.

it was an ancient mossy smell, the smell of a silent church where services are seldom held , where rusty lichen grows upon the stones and ivy tendrils creep to the very windows. A room for peace, a room for meditation. (Dapnne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

书房内陈旧的气味

房间里有一种安谧而陈旧的气味。虽然整个初夏这儿都弥漫着丁香花和玫瑰花的香味，但是屋里的空气似乎始终没有多少改变。无论哪儿来的空气，不管从花园或大海来的，只要一钻进这个房间，就会失去原先的清新味儿，成为这个房间的组成部分，同从来无人阅读的、发霉的图书混成一体，同旋涡雕饰的天花板混成一体，同护壁板和沉重的窗帷混成一体。

这是一种陈旧的，苔藓似的气味，很少做礼拜的寂静教堂的气味；在这种教堂里，石头上经常长出腐臭的苔藓，长春藤一直爬上窗子。这书房是个修身养性的处所，闭门深思的好地方。（谢素台 译）

Filthy Air

... Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted, seemed to escape, and all spoilt and sickly vapours seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighbourhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre-Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

恶浊的空气

……在这高大建筑物的丑陋大窠里和每个小住所——就是说，开在这公用楼梯上的每一道门之内的房间——都把它自己的垃圾弃置在它自己的楼梯口上，除了从它自己的窗子里抛出去的别的废物而外。这样聚集起来的无法控制的和毫无希望的垃圾堆已经足够使空气恶浊的了，即使贫穷和剥削不曾

把它们的无形的污秽散布在它里面;再加上这两种坏因素,这就使人几乎不能忍耐了。在这样一种污秽的氛围中,他们沿着峻急而黑暗的竖坑边缘摸索上去。抵挡不住他自己内心的扰乱和他的年轻同伴的越来越大的激动,杰尔维·劳雷先生停住休息了两次。每次都在一个惨淡的铁格窗子前面;还未腐化的一点微弱的好空气似乎都由此逃了出去,而一切恶毒的气氛似乎都由此爬进来。从那锈格子里望出去,就闻见,而不是看见,邻近的一片乌烟瘴气;在看得见的地方,在比圣母院的两座高塔的顶尖更低更近的各处,都没有健康生活和高尚志趣的任何迹象。 (罗稷南 译)

Intense Air

...At all the Sunday dinners of the people, there seemed a strange presence. It was as if the angel of death were very near, there was a sense of the super-natural in the air. The men had excited, startled faces, the women looked solemn, some of them had been crying. The children enjoyed the excitement at first . There was an intensity in the air, almost magical. Did all enjoy it? Did all enjoy the thrill?

(D.H. Lawrence: *Women in Love*)

充满紧张气氛的空气

……在所有人家星期日的晚餐上,好像都出现了一种奇怪的东西。就像是死神已近在眼前,空气中存在着一种神奇的感觉。男人们脸上挂着兴奋惊讶的神情;妇女们却显得庄重肃穆,有的人还哭了。孩子们起初甚至还喜欢上了这样一片兴奋不安的气氛。空气里有一股让人难以思议的紧张气氛。难道所有人都喜欢它吗?难道所有人都喜欢这样紧张的刺激吗? (封秀云 译)

Sweet Fresh Air

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight! Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious! (Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*)

清新的空气

他跑到窗户边,打开了窗,把头伸出去。没有浓雾,没有烟雾;晴朗、明亮、欢欣、活跃、寒冷;寒冷,号召血液去跟着跳舞;金黄色的阳光;美妙无比的天空;新鲜清香的空气;欢乐的钟声。哦,真堂皇啊,真堂皇啊! (汪倜然 译)

Delightful Fresh Air

... But I breathed, I inhaled the vivifying sea-air. My two companions were getting drunk with the fresh particles. The other unhappy men had been so long without food, that they could not with impunity indulge in the simplest aliments that were given them. We, on the contrary, had no need to restrain ourselves; we could draw this air freely into our lungs and it was the breeze, the breeze alone, that filled us with this keen enjoyment.

"Ah!" said Conseil, "how delightful this oxygen is! Master need not fear to breathe it, there is enough for everybody."

Ned Land did not speak, but he opened his jaws wide enough to frighten a shark. (Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*)

醉人的新鲜空气

…… 但我呼吸、我细细尝到那大海的兴奋刺激的空气了。我的两个同伴在我旁边也尽情狂吸这新鲜的空气。不幸受苦的人们长久没有吃东西，是不能马上尽情乱吃人们第一次给他们的食物的；我们却正相反，我们用不着节制，我们可以尽各人的肺量吸取这海上的空气。而给我们送来这种快意迷醉的，正是那海风，正是那海风！

"啊！"康塞尔说，"氧，真好！先生不用怕呼吸了！现在并不缺少，人人都可以有了。"至于尼德·兰，他不说话，但他张开大嘴，简直要让鲨鱼看见都害怕。 （曾觉之 译）

Dry Air in August

... It was the close of August: the weather was fine—that is to say, it was very dry and very dusty, for an arid wind had been blowing from the east this month past: very cloudless, too, though a pale haze, stationary in the atmosphere, seemed to rob of all depth of tone the blue of heaven, of all freshness the verdure of earth, and of all glow the light of day.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*)

八月的干燥空气

……这时是八月底，天气晴好——也就是说，十分干燥，灰尘弥漫，这个月来，一直都是吹着干燥的东风；万里长空，一点云也没有，但是，大气里却始终弥漫着一层灰蒙蒙的烟雾，好像要夺去苍穹一切浓烈色调，夺去大地一切青翠葱茏的生气，夺去白昼一切灿烂光华。 （曹庸 译）

Air Full of Life

We deferred our exercise on till the afternoon; a golden afternoon of August: every breath from the hills so full of life, that it seemed whoever respired it, though dying, might revive.

Catherine's face was just like the landscape—shadows and sunshine flitting over it in rapid succession; but the shadows rested longer, and the sunshine was more transient; and her poor little heart reproached itself for even that passing forgetfulness of its cares.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

充满生机的空气

我们把出门延迟到下午。那是八月里的一个金黄色的下午，从小山上飘来的每一阵风，都洋溢着生气，仿佛无论是谁，哪怕是奄奄一息的人，吸进了这股新鲜空气，也会重新获得了生命。卡瑟琳的那张脸儿，就像眼前的风景一样，阴影掠过，阳光掠过，在迅速地变换着；不过阴影停留的时间长一些，阳光的照临比较短暂；她那颗可怜的小心儿还因为有那么一会儿忘记了忧愁而责备自己呢。

(方平 译)

SOCIAL LIFE SECTION
社会生活部

Ⅰ. History 历史

1. Historical Events 历史事件

Storming the Bastille

'Come, then!' cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. 'Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!'

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke, Through the fire and through the smoke-in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier-Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier. Two fierce hours.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

攻打巴士底狱

"那就来吧!"德发奇用响亮的声音喊道,"爱国的志士们,朋友们,我们准备好了! 到巴士底去!"

只听得一声怒吼,仿佛全法兰西的人声都汇成了这样的一个人们深恶痛绝的字眼。人海翻腾,汹涌澎湃,波涛滚滚,一浪推一浪,漫过整个城市,到了巴士底。警钟当当,鼓声隆隆,人潮轰鸣,一直冲到新开拓的岸边,攻击开始了。

深深的壕沟,双重吊桥,坚固的石头墙,八个大高塔,大炮、火枪,火与烟。酒店老板德发奇穿过火与烟——应该说是在火里和烟里,因为人海把他推到一门大炮跟前,使他马上成了一名炮手——像个英勇的士兵般干了起来。两小时的激战。

(马小弥 译)

Past Glory of the Thames

It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the

night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! … The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

(Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

显赫一时的泰晤士河

它曾载浮过所有那些名字如同宝石一般在时代的暗夜中熠熠发光的船只,从"金鹿号"开始——它圆滚滚的两侧船舱中装满金银财宝归来时,女王陛下曾亲临拜访,那显赫一时的故事,就是以此结束的——一直到"爱瑞巴斯号"和"恐怖号"——它们出发去进行另一些征讨而都一去不复返。它熟悉许多船和许多人。这些人和船从德夫特弗德、从格林威治、从伊瑞斯出海,——其中有冒险家和移民;有皇帝们的船和生意人的船;有船长们和海军将领们,有专做东方生意的隐秘的"私贩"们,还有在东印度舰队服现役的"将军们"。黄金的猎取者或名誉的追逐者们,都是从那条河流上驰出的,他们手持利剑,往往还高举着火炬,他们是陆上强权的使者,是从圣火中取来火花的人们。有什么样的伟大的人和事,不曾随这条河的退潮,向一个未知世界的神秘中漂浮而去啊! ……人们的梦想,共和国的种子,帝国的萌芽。 (智量 译)

Time of Adventure

That was a time of colour when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners: a time of adventure and fierce struggle—nay, of living, religious art and religious enthusiasm; for were not cathedrals built in those days and did not great emperors leave their western palaces to die before the infidel strongholds in the sacred east? Therefore it is that these Rhine castles thrill me with a sense of poetry: they belong to the grand historic

life of humanity, and raise up for me the vision of an epoch.

(George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

冒险时代

那是一个色彩缤纷的时代,阳光照耀着明晃晃的钢刀和迎风飞舞的战旗;那是一个充满冒险和激烈厮杀的时代——不仅如此,那是一个产生生气勃勃的宗教艺术和宗教热忱的时代;因为大教堂不就是在那些日子里建造起来的吗?伟大的君主们不是都离开了西方的宫殿,跑到神圣的东方,在异教徒们的要塞前喋血丧生吗?所以,正因为这一切,莱茵河畔的城堡使我感到充满诗意,从而内心激动;它们属于人类伟大的往昔生活,为我展现了一个时代的景象。 (伍厚恺 译)

The End of World War Ⅰ

At eleven o'clock on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1918, a devastating war, involving most of the great nations of the world, came to an end. There was unbridled rejoicing all over the world. Spontaneous parades formed in the streets; there was singing, dancing and shouts of joy. After four years of bitter struggle the fighting had stopped. Lights came on in long darkened places, and it was the common hope that this war had made the world "safe for democracy." (*Holidays USA*)

一战结束

1918年11月11日11时,世界上多数大国卷入的一场残酷战争结束了,全球一片欢腾。人们自发地走上街头游行庆祝;唱歌、跳舞和欢呼。浴血奋战四年以后,这场战争终于停止了。长期被黑暗的阴影所笼罩的地方恢复了光明,人们普遍期望战争结束以后能建立一个"平安的民主"世界。 (张祖武 译)

Succeeding to the Throne

Princess Elizabeth and her husband, Prince Philip, had spent the night at the famous Treetops Hotel in Kenya. That afternoon, when Philip told her, she remained remarkably composed. Her private secretary opened the sealed accession documents the princess had been carrying with her because of her father's precarious health. At 25, this young wife and mother of two children became Elizabeth Ⅱ, the 42nd English monarch since William the Conqueror. And ever since, her diligence and concept of duty have set an example for the British people, and for us all, of how to

behave in the face of adversity.

(Robert K. Massie, *God Save the Queen*)

伊丽莎白二世继位

伊丽莎白公主和她的丈夫菲利普亲王是在肯尼亚的树梢饭店过的夜。那一天下午，当菲利普告诉她上述的消息时，她依然非常镇定自若。她的私人秘书拆开了密封的继位文件，这些文件是公主因为她父亲的健康情况欠佳而一直随身携带着的。于是这位25岁的年轻妻子、两个孩子的妈妈就成为伊丽莎白二世，从威廉征服者以来的第42位英国君主。从那时起，她的勤奋和责任感一直成为英国人民、也为我们所有的人树立了一个怎样在逆境中立身处世的榜样。 (应可之 译)

Death of a Great Thinker

On the 14th of March, at a quarter to three in the afternoon, the greatest living thinker ceased to think. He had been left alone for scarcely two minutes, and when we came back we found him in his armchair, peacefully gone to sleep — but forever.

An immeasurable loss has been sustained both by the militant proletariat of Europe and America, and by historical science, in the death of this man. The gap that has been left by the departure of this mighty spirit will soon enough make itself felt.

(Frederick Engels, *Speech at the Graveside of Karl Marx*)

伟人之死

3月14日下午两点三刻，当代最伟大的思想家停止思想了。让他一个人留在房里总共不过两分钟，等我们再进去的时候，便发现他在安乐椅上安静地睡着了——但已经是永远地睡着了。

这个人的逝世，对于欧美战斗着的无产阶级，对于历史科学，都是不可估量的损失。这位巨人逝世以后所形成的空白，在不久的将来就会使人感觉到。

(《马克思恩格斯选集》第三卷)

2. Historical Figures 历史人物

Commanders of the Army

I wished we had a Napoleon, but instead we had Generale Cadorna, fat and prosperous, and Vittorio Emmanuele, the tiny man with the long thin neck and the goat beard. Over on the right they had the Duke of

Aosta. Maybe he was too good-looking to be a great general but he looked like a man. Lots of them would have liked him to be king. He looked like a king. He was the King's uncle and commanded the third army.

(Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

军队将领

我希望我们有个拿破仑,但是我们有的只是胖胖的幸运的卡尔多纳将军和维托里奥·伊马莫埃尔,那个长着细长的脖子和山羊胡须的身材极小的人。在这个战区右面,他们有阿奥斯塔公爵。也许因为他长得太漂亮了,他不能成为一位伟大的将军,但是他看上去像个男子汉。他们有很多人原希望他能当上国王。他看起来也像个国王。他是国王的叔叔,指挥着第三军。

(林疑今 译)

Passionate and Radical Heinrich Heine

Heinrich Heine, a young man of genius, born at Hamburg, and with all the culture of Germany, but by race a Jew; with warm sympathies for France, whose revolution had given to his race the rights of citizenship, and whose rule had been, as is well known, popular in the Rhine provinces, where he passed his youth; with a passionate admiration for the great French Emperor, with a passionate contempt for the sovereigns who had overthrown him, for their agents, and for their policy, —Heinrich Heine was in 1830 in no humour for any such gradual process of liberation from the old order of things as that which Goethe had followed. His counsel was for open war. Taking that terrible modern weapon, the pen, in his hand, he passed the remainder of his life in one fierce battle.

(Matthew Arnold, *Heine and the Philistines*)

狂热而激进的海涅

海因里希·海涅,一位年轻的天才,生于汉堡,浸淫于日耳曼文化,然而论种族却是一个犹太人;对法兰西怀有满腔的同情,法兰西革命赋予他的种族以公民的权利,而法兰西的规章,正如现在人们所知晓的,已经在莱茵河流域诸省广为流传,海涅正是在这一带度过他的青年时代的。怀着对伟大的法兰西帝国狂热的爱慕,怀着对君主们、他们的代理人以及他们的政策的极大蔑视,1830年的海因里希·海涅对于歌德所从事的改造旧秩序的缓慢的解放进程已失去了耐心,他向人们发出的忠告是打一场公开的战争。他手里拿起笔,这可怕的现代武器,便将自己一生剩余的岁月投入一场残酷的战争。

(汪义群 译)

Gandhi in His Youth

It is well to be reminded that Gandhi started out with the normal ambitions of a young Indian student and only adopted his extremist opinions by degrees and, in some cases, rather unwillingly. There was a time, it is interesting to learn, when he wore a top hat, took dancing lessons, studied French and Latin, went up the Eiffel Tower and even tried to learn the violin—all this with the idea of assimilating European civilization as thoroughly as possible. He was not one of those saints who are marked out by their phenomenal piety from childhood onwards, nor one of the other kind who forsake the world after sensational debaucheries. He makes full confession of the misdeeds of his youth, but in fact there is not much to confess. (George Orwell, *Reflections on Gandhi*)

青年时代的甘地

这里最好提醒一下的是，甘地开始也怀有一个年轻的印度大学生通常怀有的抱负，只是逐渐地，而且在有些情况下是相当不情愿地，才采取了他那些极端的主张。有趣的是，曾经有一段时间，他头戴高顶黑色大礼帽，上舞蹈课，学习法语和拉丁语，爬埃菲尔铁塔，甚至还试图学拉小提琴——这一切都是为了尽量彻底地吸收欧洲文明。他既不是那种从童年开始就以其非凡的虔诚而与一般人区别开来的圣人，也不属于那种纵情于声色犬马后弃绝尘世的圣人。他彻底忏悔了青年时期的不端行为，但实际上他并没有多少可忏悔的东西。

（翟象俊 译）

Richard Nixon

The President turned from the window, forced a smile and extended his hand to greet me. I was so nervous at that moment I have no memory of what he said, but I recall he had a rather weak handshake, not in the tradition my father had instilled in me as a youngster. Immediately I realized a President has to shake so many hands that he saves his good grip for important occasions.

Richard Nixon, I found, was taller than he appeared in his pictures and on television, and he looked older. He was dressed casually in a maroon sport coat, but his manner was formal as he directed me to be seated in a chair in front of his desk. (John W. Dean, *Blind Ambition*)

理查得·尼克松

总统从窗边转过身，挤出一丝微笑，伸出一只手来招呼我。我当时异常紧

张，早已记不得他说过什么，但我可以回忆起他的握手相当无力，不是用我父亲从我十几岁起就灌输给我的那种传统握手方式。我随即意识到，总统要与很多人握手，他得把那些热情有力的握手留待重要的场合。

我发现理查得·尼克松看起来比在照片和电视屏幕上显得高大苍老。他衣着随便，身穿一件栗色运动上衣，但他在示意我坐在他办公桌前的椅子里时，举止态度却庄重严肃。 （姚继青 译）

Dimitrov in Prison

He read Shakespeare, to help his English, because he felt something in the poet, some mastery of life, that made his mind work quicker, strengthened the grip on life of his own will. He noted Hamlet's words: "'To thine own self be true, and it shall follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Loyalty, loyalty to his own life, to his communist convictions, was his dominating passion, his road to life. The thought of death did not often trouble him. He thought not so much of possible death as of the urgent need to win, to defeat his enemies, to turn his trial into a mighty condemnation of Fascism which should damage it irreparably. The atmosphere of madness never afflicted him, because he was himself so supremely sane that he knew he could not fail.

(Ralph Fox, *The Novel and the People*)

季米特洛夫在狱中

他读莎士比亚的作品来提高他的英语程度，因为他觉得在这位诗人身上有可取法的东西——对于生活的掌握，这个会使得他的心灵更加敏锐，也会加强他的生活意志。他记下了哈姆雷特的话："对你自己忠实，仿佛夜之随日，你也不会对不起他人。"忠实，忠实于自己的生活，忠实于自己的共产党员的信仰，是他的主要热情，是他的生命之路。死的念头，并不时常烦恼他。他想到死的可能性，还没有和想到必须胜利、必须摧毁敌人、必须把自己的审判转变成一个对于法西斯的不可挽救的巨大打击的时候那样多。疯狂的空气，从不曾使他痛苦，因为他的神志是那样的清醒，他知道自己绝对不会失败。

（何家槐 译）

Meeting of the Two Number One Men

In an odd way the two leaders diminished each other. They were both Number One Men. But that was impossible. Who, then, was Number One? Roosevelt stood a full head taller, but he was pathetically braced on

lifeless leg frames, clinging to his son's arm, his full trousers drooped and flapping. Churchill, a bent Pickwick in blue uniform, looked up at him with majestic good humor, much older, more dignified, more assured. Yet there was a trace of deference about the Prime Minister. By a shade of a shade, Roosevelt looked like Number One.

(Herman Wouk, *The Winds of War*)

双雄相会

这两位领导人用一种奇怪的方式互相压低对方。他们俩都是第一号人物。然而这是不可能的。那么,谁是第一号呢?罗斯福站着要高一个头,然而他是撑在两条毫无生气的腿棍子上,紧偎着他儿子的胳膊,他的长裤空荡荡的耷拉着。邱吉尔呢,是一个穿蓝制服、弯腰屈背的匹克威克,庄重而高兴地抬头看着罗斯福,他年龄更老,更严肃,更自信。然而在首相身上有点敬佩对方的痕迹。仅仅是一丝一毫之差,到底还是罗斯福看起来是第一号人物。

(施咸荣 等译)

Lenin

It was just 8.40 when a thundering wave of cheers announced the entrance of the presidium, with Lenin—great Lenin—among them. A short, stocky figure, with a big head set down in his shoulders, bald and bulging. Little eyes, a snubbish nose, wide, generous mouth, and heavy chin; clean-shaven now, but already beginning to bristle with the well-known beard of his past and future. Dressed in shabby clothes, his trousers much too long for him.…

Now Lenin, gripping the edge of the reading stand, letting his little wiuking eyes travel over the crowd as he stood there waiting, apparently oblivious to the long-rolling ovation, which lasted several minutes. When it finished, he said simply, "We shall now proceed to construct the Socialist order!" Again that overwhelming human roar.

(John Reed, *Ten Days that Shook the World*)

列宁

这时刚刚是晚上八点四十分,主席团入场,全场掀起了一阵雷鸣般的喝采。在主席团里有列宁——伟大的列宁。他身材不高,但很茁壮,头大,前额凸出,已经秃顶了。他的眼睛细眯眯的,鼻梁端正,口形宽厚有力,下颌厚重。这时他已剃掉了胡须,然而他那过去和将来都很有名的胡子又已经开始毛茸茸地露了出来。他穿着一套旧衣服,那条裤子对他说来嫌太长了。……

此刻列宁发言，全场响起一片长时间的震耳欲聋的欢呼，历时达数分钟之久。当他站着等待大家安静下来时，他把手紧紧地撑在讲台边上，眨着眼向会众巡视，显然没有为人们的欢呼声所动。欢呼声一停止，他就简单扼要地说道："现在我们要着手建立社会主义的秩序了！"于是全场又掀起一阵热烈的欢呼。（郭圣铭 译）

Mao Zedong

Chairman Mao wore the usual suit of dark blue cotton, but it was neater and better cared for than with others. There was no haste or restlessness in his manner but a poised friendliness. His comments were full of imagery and his face lit often into vivid humour when he smiled, but he had eyes that nothing escaped.

…Mao's direct speech, wide range of knowledge, sharp analysis and poetic imagery made his conversation the most stimulating I have ever known. (Anna Louise Strong, *Reminiscences*)

毛泽东

毛主席穿着普通的深蓝色棉制服，但比别人的衣服更整洁、更讲究。他从容不迫，和蔼可亲。他的评论生动形象，他面带笑容，很有风趣，目光敏锐，明察秋毫。

……毛主席直率的话语，渊博的知识，敏锐的分析和富有诗意的比喻，这一切使他的谈话给我留下了前所未有的深刻印象。（赵厚宪 译）

Roosevelt

Thus Roosevelt stands out principally by his astonishing appetite for life and by his apparently complete freedom from fear of the future; as a man who welcomed the future eagerly as such, and conveyed the feeling that whatever the times might bring, all would be grist to his mill, nothing would be too formidable or crushing to be subdued and used and moulded into the pattern of the new and unpredictable form of life, into the building of which he, Roosevelt, and his allies and devoted subordinates would throw themselves with unheard-of energy and gusto.

(Sir Isaiah Berlin, *Churchill and Roosevelt*)

罗斯福

因此罗斯福的过人之处主要在于他对生命的那种惊人的热爱，而且在于他表面完全超脱了对未来的惧怕，作为一个人来说，他热切地迎接未来，给人

的感觉是无论时势造成什么局面，一切在他的磨盘里都化为面粉，没有什么事情是万分可怕或者摧毁性的，一切都可以征服，加以利用，进行铸造，使之变为新型的无法预测的生活模式，变为这样一个建筑物：他罗斯福，他的同盟者和忠诚的追随者，会以前所未闻的干劲和热忱投身其中。（杨自伍 译）

Alexander Ⅲ, the Great

Only twenty, Alexander was far older and wiser than his years. Like all Macedonians he loved drinking, but he could usually handle it; and toward women he was nobly restrained and chivalrous. Like all Macedonians he loved fighting; he was a magnificent commander, but he was not merely a military automation. He could think. At 13 he had become a pupil of the greatest mind in Greece, Aristotle, who gave him the best of Greek culture. He taught Alexander poetry. He taught him philosophy, in particular the shapes and uses of political power. And he taught him the principles of scientific research. Indeed, it was from Aristotle that Alexander learned to seek out everything strange which might be instructive. (Gilbert Highet, *Diogenes and Alexander*)

亚历山大大帝

虽然年仅二十岁，亚历山大却比自己的年龄显得老成聪慧。像所有马其顿人一样，他也喜欢喝酒。但他却能控制酒量。面对女人，他情操高尚，节度克制，一派骑士风度。像所有马其顿人一样，他也好战，是一位杰出的指挥官。但他并不单纯是一台战争机器，他善于思考。十三岁时，他做了希腊最伟大的思想家亚里斯多德的学生。亚里斯多德教给他希腊最优秀的文化，教他诗歌、哲学，尤其是政权的形式和运用，并教给他科学研究的原则。的确，正是从亚里斯多德那里他学会了去寻求一切有可能带来教益的新奇东西。（智玲 译）

3. Discoveries and Inventions 发明、发现

Columbus Finding America

Armed with this commission and with a letter to the emperor of China, Columbus made his magnificent mistake. He failed to deliver the letter but found America (so named after his death for a later explorer, Amerigo Vespucci), at the island of San Salador, on October 12, 1492. From here he threaded his way through the other Bahamas to Cuba and Hispaniola. By March 15, 1493, he was back in Spain. In succeeding years he explored the rest of the Caribbean area, still looking for China and

Japan. Though he did not find them, he did find gold; and everyone in Europe knew what to do with that.

(John M. Blumetal, *Columbus and America*)

哥伦布发现美洲

哥伦布肩负着这一任务,带着一封致中国皇帝的信,就这样他犯下了他的非凡的错误。他没有能递交这封信,但却发现了亚美利加洲(在哥伦布死后起的名,它取自稍后的一名探险家亚美利哥·维斯普奇之名),那天正是1492年10月12日,他所到的地方是圣萨尔瓦多岛。从这里,他穿过巴哈马群岛到达了古巴和伊斯帕尼奥拉。1493年3月15日哥伦布回到西班牙。在随后的一些年月中,他考察了加勒比地区的其余一些岛屿,总想找到中国和日本。虽然他没有找到中国和日本,但的确找到了黄金,而每一个欧洲人都知道黄金的用途。

(曹德谦 译)

Exploring an Unknown Land

"Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, and impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once — somewhere — far away — in another existence perhaps …"

(Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

探测新领地

"沿那条河溯水而上,就好像是走回到世界最初起源的时代一个样,大地上丛林密布,巨大的树木俨若人间君王。空荡荡一无所有的河流,一种硕大无边的寂静,一座无法穿透的森林。空气是温热的,浓密的,重浊的,呆滞的。光天化日之下却了无一点儿欢乐气息。一段接一段的漫长的水道向前流去;荒无人迹,直流进那浓荫覆盖的远方的郁郁葱葱之中。银色的沙岸上,河马跟鳄鱼身子贴着身子在晒太阳。河水愈来愈宽阔,流过一群树木丛生的小岛;在这条河流上,你会像是在沙漠上一样地迷失路途,整天价在一个个的浅滩上冲撞,力图找到河道,直搞得你以为你是着了魔,从此跟你曾一度——在尚处

——在远远的天边——或许是在另一个人间吧——相识的一切永远隔绝……"

（智量 译）

Contrivance to Kill Whales

All whale-boats carry certain curious contrivances, originally invented by the Nantucket Indians, called druggs. Two thick squares of wood of equal size are stoutly clenched together, so that they cross each other's grain at right angles; a line of considerable length is then attached to the middle of this block, and the other end of the line being looped, it can in a moment be fastened to a harpoon. It is chiefly among gallied whales that this drugg is used. For then, more whales are close round you than you can possibly chase at one time. But Sperm Whales are not every day encountered; while you may, then, you must kill all you can. And if you cannot kill them all at once, you must wing them, so that they can be afterwards killed at your leisure. Hence it is, that at times like these the drugg comes into requisition. (Elizabeth cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

捕鲸用具——"得拉格"

所有的捕鲸小艇都带有一些精巧的小发明品，这种东西叫做"得拉格"，原来是南塔开特的印第安人始创的。它是把两块四方的、大小一样的厚木头紧嵌在一起，使两块木头的纹路彼此相交成直角；然后用一根相当长的绳子缚在这木块中间，把绳子的另一端结成一个活圈，使它可以立刻缚住标枪。它主要是在碰到"吓怕了"的鲸群才拿出来用的。因为在这时，你周围的那些鲸已经密集得叫你无法一下子追击它们了。而抹香鲸又不是每天都可以碰到的；于是，既然有了机会，就得竭尽力之所及，把它们全都捕杀了。如果你不能一下子都把它们杀倒，那就得把它们弄伤，这样，可以等你以后有空的时候再慢慢地来捕杀。因此，凡是碰到这样的场合，就用得着这种"得拉格"了。

（荀枚 余贵棠 译）

Galileo's Discovery

The young professor calmly mounted the steps of the Tower. He carried a ten-pound shot in one hand and a one-pound shot in the other. Undaunted by the sneers of his students and the wrath of his fellow professors, he was prepared to prove his theory that two different weights, dropped simultaneously from the same height, would fall to the ground at the same time.

He released the balls. A gasp of astonishment rose from the crowd. It

was unbelievable! The two balls of iron had reached the ground simultaneously.

The young professor was Galileo.

(H. Thomas & D. L. Thomas, *Galileo, the Stargazer Who Defied the World*)

伽利略的发现

这位年轻教授,一步一步平静而稳重地登上高塔。他一只手里托着一个十磅重的铁球,另一只手里握着个一磅重的铁球。学生们的窃笑,同事们的愤怒,并没有令他畏惧。他准备好来证明他的理论:两个不同重量的物体,从同一高度落下,将同时落在地面。

他从高高的塔顶,把两个铁球同时松开了。人群中爆发出一阵惊异的唏嘘声。简直不可思议!这两个铁球竟真的同时落在了地面。

这位青年教授就是伽利略。 (张廷彦 译)

Ⅱ. Politics and Justice　政治法律

1. Assemblies and Demonstrations　集会、游行

Celebration

A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand in hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags; but, as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

庆祝

一会儿之后，一大群人汹涌到监狱墙角周围，其中就有锯柴匠和复仇手拉着手。人数不会比五百更少，而他们正在跳舞，好像五千个魔鬼似的。除了他们自己的歌唱而外并无音乐。他们一面跳一面唱流行的革命歌曲，依照着一种凶猛底节奏，好像一致咬牙切齿似的。男人和女人跳，女人和女人跳，男人和男人跳，都是随意胡乱凑合的。当初，他们不过是粗陋的小红帽和粗陋的破衣服一阵风暴；但是，当他们充满了那地方，跳到路茜旁边的时候，他们就现出某种狰狞妖异的疯狂舞式。

（罗稷南　译）

Defiant March of the Strikers

They came out into the Strand. There was a jam of people at the corner. She gave one glance at the curious and indifferent faces, and straightened her back, holding the placard up firm and high. And she swore to herself that since she thus appeared before the world on the

pavement as a representative of the strikers, she'd be true to the cause··· the words on the placards, on her own placard: *Trade Unionism*, *Freedom*, *Better Conditions*, *Solidarity*. She wasn't sure what the cause was in its full working-out, what the big words implied when the march was ended and the strike was won; but she felt the meaning of it all inside her, in the deep determination and happiness that gripped her, the pride of being there in the defiant march. (Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

罢工者示威

队伍走进了史特兰大街了。在转角的地方有一大群人在看热闹。她对这些好奇和满不在乎的面孔看了一眼,把身子挺直起来,把标语牌子拿得紧紧地,举得高高地。她对自己发誓,既然她现在已经成为罢工者的一个代表出现在人行道上的群众面前了,她就一定要忠于这个事业……标语,她手里的木牌上面的标语就写着:"工会主义"、"自由"、"改善生活"、"团结"。究竟这个事业的整个的效果是什么,在游行结束和罢工获得胜利之后,这些冠冕堂皇的字眼将会发生什么意义,她是不很清楚的;但是她的内心,被决心和快乐渗透了的内心,是能体会这一切的意义的,对于能参与这次反抗性的游行她感到骄傲。

(姜华 译)

Singing the Internationale

Suddenly someone struck up the *Internationale*. A few voices joined in, then more. Then everyone was singing. The first notes had frightened some of the squatters; the police might be provoked into an attack.··· But as the song surged up in increasing loudness, even the most timid lost their fear and joined in; and all the things that King had said at the meeting in the ballroom, things that they hadn't believed or had only half-believed, became suddenly and powerfully true. Now, in the moment of loss, it was theirs, the hotel, the union, the purpose, held in a resolute moment of song which echoed on into the future, into the environing darkness and beyond. (Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

高唱国际歌

突然间,有人开始唱国际歌。几个人跟着唱起来,接着唱的人更多了。后来是全体都唱起来。开头几句使有些占居者感到害怕:警察也许会被激怒了来攻击他们。但是当歌声越来越响亮的时候,连那些最胆小的人也没什么恐惧了,他们也跟着唱起来,金在舞厅里开会时所说的一切话,那些他们曾经不相信或者半信半疑的话,忽然很有力地变成是真的了。现在,在这失败的一

刻,在这坚决的歌声里,这个旅馆、集会、目的、都成了他们的了,歌声一直到将来还有不断的回声,响彻四周的黑暗,甚至透过黑暗到更远的地方。

(姜华 译)

Enthusiastic Audience

Good! Hear, hear! Hurrah! The eagerness both of attention and intention, exhibited in all the countenances, made them a most impressive sight. There was no carelessness, no languor, no idle curiosity; none of the many shades of indifference to be seen in all other assemblies, visible for one moment there. (Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*)

热情的听众

好哇! 听,听! 哇哈! 他们热忱的注意和意向充分在面部的表情中显露出来,看起来使人非常感动。在他们当中,没有注意力不集中、没有疲倦、没有无味的好奇心的表现;所有一切其他集会里面可以看到的许多满不在乎的表情,在这里片刻也看不见。 (全增嘏 译)

2. Public Speeches 演讲

Inciting Speech

"Every gentleman who hears me is probably acquainted with the reply made by an individual who—to use an ordinary figure of speech—'hung out' in a tub, to the emperor Alexander: 'If I were not Diogenes,' said he, 'I would be Alexander.' I can well imagine these gentlemen to say, 'If I were not Dumkins, I would be Luffey; if I were not Podder, I would be Struggles.' (Enthusiasm.) But, gentlemen of Muggleton, is it in cricket alone that your fellowtownsmen stand pre-eminent? Have you never heard of Dumkins and determination? Have you never been taught to associate Podder with property? (Great applause.) Have you never, when struggling for your rights, your liberties, and your privileges, been reduced, if only for an instant, to misgiving and despair? And when you have been thus depressed, has not the name of Dumkins laid afresh within your breast the fire which had just gone out? And has not a word from that man lighted it again as brightly as if it had never expired? (Great cheering.) Gentlemen, I beg to surround with a rich halo of enthusiastic cheering the united names of 'Dumkins and Podder.'"

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

煽情演讲

"听我这么说,在座的每一位绅士大概都知道有一个人所回答的话的,那是一个——用一句普通的说法就是——'住在'一个桶里的人对亚历山大皇帝说的:——'假使我不是提奥奇尼斯,'他说,'我就要做亚历山大。'我想象得到这些绅士一定会这样说,'假使我不是钝金,就要做路菲;假使我不是拔多,就要做史特勒格尔。'(大激昂)但是玛格尔顿的绅士们,难道你们的贵同乡仅仅是在板球方面杰出吗?难道你们没有听说过钝金和果断?难道你们从来不知道把拔多和财富联系起来?(大喝采)难道你们在为你们的权利、你们的自由和你们的特权而奋斗的时候,就没有遭遇过忧惧和失望,哪怕是一瞬间的?而你们处在这种境地的时候,难道不是钝金的名字使那刚熄掉的火在你们胸中重新燃烧起来的;难道不是这人的一句话使它重新燃烧得像绝没有熄过一样的明亮的?(大欢呼)绅士们,我要求你们用热烈的欢呼给'钝金和拔多'这联合的名字装上一圈辉煌的光轮。"

(蒋天佐 译)

Addressing the Youth

'It is a difficult question, my friends, for any young man—that question I had to grapple with, and which thousands are weighing at the present moment in these uprising times—whether to follow uncritically the track he finds himself in, without considering his aptness for it, or to consider what his aptness or bent may be, and re-shape his course accordingly. I tried to do the latter, and I failed. But I don't admit that my failure proved my view to be a wrong one, or that my success would have made it a right one; though that's how we appraise such attempts nowadays—I mean, not by their essential soundness, but by their accidental outcomes. If I had ended by becoming like one of these gentlemen in red and black that we saw dropping in here by now, everybody would have said: "See how wise that young man was, to follow the bent of his nature." But having ended no better than I began they say: "See what a fool that fellow was in following a freak of his fancy!"'

(Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

寄语青年

"朋友们,一个青年,还是应该不加辨别,不考虑自己的才能和志趣,碰到什么就作什么哪?还是应该考虑自己的才能或者原来的志趣然后再按照这种才能和志趣改造自己的地位哪?——这是一个很难回答的问题,这是我曾经

想要尽力解决的问题，也是上千上万的青年，在现在这种人人追求上进的时代里，正据算的问题。我本是按照后面那种看法作而失败了的。但是我可不承认我失败了就证明了我的看法错了；假使我成功了，我也不承认因为我成功，就证明我的看法对了；但是现在一般人可都是以成败论事，他们只看见我这种看法偶然的结果，而看不见我这种看法本质上的好坏。假设我的企图实现了，我成了咱们现在看见从车上下来的这些穿红穿青的老爷，那大家就都要说啦，'你们瞧，那个青年有多明白，按照自己天生的志趣发展前途！'但是，他们看到我这样比从前毫无进展的样子，他们就都说啦，'你们瞧，那个家伙多么傻，凭自己一时的古怪想法想往上爬！'"

（张谷若 译）

Inferior Orator

As he stood there, trying to quench his fiery face with his drink of water, the comparison between the orator and the crowd of attentive faces turned towards him, was extremely to his disadvantage. Judging him by Nature's evidence, he was above the mass in very little but the stage on which he stood. In many great respects he was essentially below them. He was not so honest, he was not so manly, he was not so good-humoured; he substituted cunning for their simplicity, and passion for their safe solid sense.

(Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*)

拙劣的演说者

当他站在那儿喝水想使他那火红的脸冷静下来时，我们把这个演说者跟那一群抬着头静听他讲话的人进行比较，是对他极不利的。从外表看来，要不是他站在台上，也不会比群众高多少。在许多重要方面，他实质上是远在他们之下的。他不是那么诚实，他不是那么有丈夫气概，他不是那么和善；他以奸滑代替了他们的率真，他以激情代替了他们的实事求是和可靠的辨别力。

（全增嘏 译）

Eloquent Orator

They were now ready to listen to him with approbation. He felt it; and rising like a great orator, with his right arm outstretched, his left in the breast of his waistcoat, he began to declaim, with a forced theatrical voice.

After a burst of eloquence, in which he blended the deeds of the elder and the younger Brutus, and magnified the resistless might of the

"millions of Manchester," the Londoner descended to matter-of-fact business, and in his capacity this way he did not belie the good judgement of those who had sent him as delegate. Masses of people, when left to their own free choice, seem to have discretion in distinguishing men of natural talent; it is a pity they so little regard temper and principles.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

滔滔不绝的演讲者

现在他们准备乐意地来听他的谈话了。他领会到这一点,于是像一位大演说家似的站起身来,把右臂向前伸出,左手插在胸前的背心里面,用了舞台上读台词那种压紧着的嗓子开始发言。

他滔滔不绝地讲了一大篇,他掺和了老布鲁图斯和小布鲁图斯的事迹,又夸大了曼彻斯特几百万人的不可抗拒的力量;接着便谈当前的事实问题,在这一点上他的确没有辜负那些派他来做代表的人的期望。一般群众,自己作主的时候,似乎很难辨认得出天生有才干的人,可惜他们不大注意感情或原则。

(荀枚 余贵棠 译)

Slave's Declaration

"I know very well that you've got the law on your side, and the power," said George bitterly. "You mean to take my wife to sell in New Orleans, and put my boy like a calf in a trader's pen, and send Jim's old mother to the brute that whipped and abused her before, because he couldn't abuse her son. You want to send Jim and me back to be whipped and tortured, and ground down under the heels of them that you call masters; and your laws will bear you out in it, — more shame for you and them! But you haven't got us. We don't own your laws, we don't own your country; we stand here as free, under God's sky, as you are; and, by the great God that made us, we'll fight for our liberty till we die."

George stood out in fair sight, on the top of the rock, as he made his declaration of independence; the glow of dawn gave a flush to his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and despair, gave fire to his dark eye; and, as if appealing from man to the justice of God, he raised his hand to heaven as he spoke. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

奴隶的宣言

"法律和一切权力都在你们那边,这一点我很清楚,"乔治辛辣地说。"你

们打算把我的妻子带到新奥尔良去拍卖，把我的儿子像牛犊似地送进那个黑奴贩子的牛圈里去，把吉姆的老母亲押回那个野蛮家伙那里去；那家伙由于没有办法压迫她的儿子，就用鞭子抽她、虐待她来出气。你们想把吉姆和我押回去受鞭打，受刑罚，给你们的主子们踩在脚底下，而你们的法律却支持你们这些做法。（这使你们自己和你们的法律都蒙上了一层更大的耻辱！）不过，现在你们还没有抓住我们。我们不承认你们的法律就是我们的法律，我们不承认你们的国家就是我们的国家。我们跟你们毫无区别，同样都是顶天立地的自由人；我们在造物主面前发誓，一定要为我们的自由斗争到底。”

乔治发表这篇独立宣言时，站在岩石之巅，轮廓清晰；黎明的光辉把他黝黑的面庞映照得红光满脸，那双黑眼睛由于深切的愤慨和绝望而炯炯发光。他说话时双手高举，仿佛是在向世人和苍天呼吁，请求主持公道。

（黄继忠 译）

Comparing the Past with the Present

But at this moment the voice of the Counsellor rose in a remarkable manner as he warmed to his declamatory effort:

'The times are past, gentlemen, when civil discord stained our public places red, when the owner of wide acres, the man of business, and even, yes, gentlemen, even the humble artisan, as he sank at night into his peaceful slumbers, trembled lest he be awakened by the din of incendiary tocsins, times when the most subversive theories dared brazenly to sap the very foundations…'

'But, gentlemen'-continued the Counsellor- 'if I banish such dark pictures from my memory, and glance round me for a moment at our beautiful country as it now is, what do I see? I see commerce and arts everywhere flourishing. I see new systems of communication which have come into being like so many fresh arteries in the body politic, establishing new contacts. Our great centres of manufacture have resumed their ancient activity: religion, more firmly grounded than ever before, smiles in all our hearts: the ports are full of shipping: confidence has been born anew, and France, at long last, breathes again…'

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

新旧对比

不过州行政委员会声音分外高了，他朗诵道：

‘诸位先生：兄弟阋于墙，血染公众广场的时期，已经一去而不复返了；业

主、商人、共至于工人，夜晚安眠，听见警钟齐鸣，忽然惊醒的时期，已经一去而不复返了；邪说横行，擅敢颠覆社稷的时期，已经一去而不复返了……

可是，诸位先生，放下这些暗无天日的画面不去回想，转过眼睛，浏览一下我们美丽祖国的现状，我又看见了什么？处处商业繁盛，艺术发达，处处兴修新的道路，仿佛国家添了许多新的动脉，构成新的联系；我们伟大的工业中心又活跃起来；宗教加强巩固，法光普照；我们的码头堆满货物，信心再起，法兰西终于得到了新生……'

（李健吾 译）

Excited Orator

"Good!" "Hear, hear, hear!" "Hurrah!" and other cries, arose in many voices from various parts of the densely crowded and suffocatingly close Hall, in which the orator, perched on a stage, delivered himself of this and what other froth and fume he had in him. He had declaimed himself into a violent heat, and was as hoarse as he was hot. By dint of roaring at the top of his voice under a flaring gas-light, clenching his fists, knitting his brows, setting his teeth, and pounding with his arms, he had taken so much out of himself by this time that he was brought to a stop, and called for a glass of water. (Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*)

激动的演讲者

"好哇!""听，听，听啊!""哇哈!"和其他的叫喊声由许多人从会场的各个角落里发了出来，会场里挤得水泄不通，令人窒息。那个演讲者站在会场的台子上，情绪激昂，夹杂着唾沫吐出这许多话来。他越说越激动，已经脸热声嘶了。在耀眼的煤气灯下，他声嘶力竭地叫喊，握着拳头，皱着眉头，咬紧牙关，两只手臂乱挥乱甩，到了这个时候，他已经精疲力竭，停止了说话，要了杯水喝。

（全增嘏 译）

Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final restingplace for those who here gave their lives that that

nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly revolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Abraham Lincoln, *The Gettysburg Address*)

葛底斯堡演讲

八十七年前我们的先辈在这块大陆上建立了一个新的国家,这个国家在争取自由中诞生,忠于人人生来平等这一信念。

目前我们正进行着一场伟大的国内战争,战争考验着以上述信念立国的我们或其他国家,是否能长期坚持下去。今天我们在这场战争的战场上集会,来把战场的一角奉献给为我们国家的生存而捐躯的人们,作为他们的安息之地。这是我们应该做的事。

但是,从更大的意义上说,我们无权把这块土地奉献给他们,我们不能使这块土地增加光彩,成为圣地。这是那些活着的或已经死去的、曾经在这里战斗过的英雄们才使这块土地成为神圣之土,我们无力使之增减一分。我们在这里说些什么,世人不会注意,也不会长期记住,但是英雄们的行动却永远不会被人们遗忘。这更要求我们这些活着的人去继续英雄们为之战斗并使之前进的未竟事业。我们还需要继续为摆在我们面前的伟大的事业献身——更忠诚于先烈们为之献出了生命的事业;我们决不能让先烈们的鲜血白流;——我们这个国家在上帝的保佑下,要争得自由的新生;这个民有、民治、民享的政府一定要永远在地球上存在下去。 (邹德孜 译)

Answering to Call

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its

national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need; not as a call to battle, though embattled we are; but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation," a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

(John Fitzgerald Kennedy, *Inaugural Address*)

响应召唤

同胞们,我们事业的最终成败,主要不在我手中,而在你们手中。从我国建国伊始,每一代美国人都曾经被召唤为祖国忠诚服务。许许多多美国青年回答了祖国的召唤,他们的忠骨埋遍世界各地。

现在召唤我们的号角又吹响了——不是号召我们拿起武器,虽然我们需要武器;不是号召我们奔赴战场,虽然我们已在备战;这号角声召唤我们去作黎明前漫长的斗争,年复一年地"在希望中欢欣,在苦难中忍耐";这是一场反对专制、贫穷、疾病与战争等人类共同敌人的斗争。 (石幼珊 译)

Policy, Aim and What We Could Offer

I say to the House as I said to Ministers who have joined this government, I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat. We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many months of struggle and suffering.

You ask, what is our policy? I say it is to wage war by land, sea and air. War with all our might and with all the strength God has given us, and to wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark and lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy.

You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word. It is victory. Victory at all costs—victory in spite of all terrors—victory, however long and hard the road may be, for without victory there is no survival.

(Winston Churchill, *Blood, Toil, Sweat and Tears*)

政策、目的及我们所能奉献的

我已告诉过组成新政府的各位大臣,在此我再敬告诸位议员:我所能奉献的没有其他,只有热血、辛劳、汗水与眼泪。我们还要经受极其严峻的考验,我们面临着漫长而艰苦卓绝的斗争。

要问我们的政策是什么？我的回答是：在海、陆、空作战，尽我们所能、以上帝赐予我们的一切力量作战，同人类犯罪史上空前暴虐凶残的暴君作战。这就是我们的政策。

要问我们的目的是什么？我可以用两个字回答，那就是：胜利。不惜一切代价夺取胜利，不顾一切流血恐怖夺取胜利。不论道路多么漫长，多么崎岖，一定要夺取胜利！因为没有胜利就不能生存。（石幼珊 译）

3. Election Campaigns 竞选

Hard-Fought Campaign

The campaign was hard-fought all the way. The two candidates began to argue about the big issues instead of attacking each other so much. Each candidate tried to show the voters that he could lead the country in tackling its real needs in a tough world. Just before Election Day—November 8, 1988—Bush returned to Houston, Texas, and Dukakis to Brookline, Massachusetts, to vote.

It was time for the public to make a decision. The winner would direct the course of American life, power, and prosperity almost into the next century. The polls showed George Bush was way ahead.

……

Late that night, Bush stood with his family before a crowd of cheering supporters in Houston. He was very tired, but he was happy. "The people have spoken," he said. And they had spoken for him. Now George Bush was ready to face the challenges yet to come.

(Mark Sufrin, *George Bush—The Story of the Forty-first President of the United States*)

艰苦的竞选

竞选运动的全过程是场艰苦的战斗。两个候选人开始辩论那些重大争论点，而不是过多地相互攻击。每个候选人都试图向投票者表明，在这个激烈竞争的世界上，唯有他能领导这个国家，解决国家的真正需要。正好在选举日之前——1988 年 11 月 8 日——布什返回得克萨斯州的休斯敦市投票；杜卡基斯则回到马萨诸塞州的布鲁克莱恩市参加投票。

公众做出决定的时刻来到了。竞选胜利者将指导美国生活、权力和繁荣昌盛的事业，顺利地跨入下个世纪。选举投票结果表明，乔治·布什处于领先地位。

……

那天夜里很晚，布什与他的全家人还站在休斯敦市欢呼的支持者人群面前。他实在太累了，然而他又是幸福、快乐的。布什呼喊着说："人民说话了。"人民为他说了话，支持了他。现在，布什一切准备就绪，迎接未来的挑战。

（樊义　胡乃正　译）

Fierce Competition

At the formal election in November very few people vote and everyone knows that the Democrat will win. But the Democratic primary election often produces a very exciting struggle. Candidates for the Democratic nomination rival one another in their attempts to win the Democratic voters. Sometimes they concentrate on trying to present themselves as attractive personalities, sometimes they advocate particular types of policies. So far it has been dangerous in the south to advocate liberal policies towards Negroes, and some candidates have gained votes through campaigns based on racial hatred.

(*Life in Modern America*)

激烈角逐

在11月份的正式选举中投票者寥寥无几，大家都清楚民主党将稳操胜券。然而民主党的预选往往演出一场非常紧张的角逐。争取民主党提名的候选人在力图赢得民主党的选民上互相竞争。他们有时竭尽全力表现自己吸引人的人格，有时鼓吹别树一帜的政策。到目前为止在南方主张对黑人实行开明政策仍然是危险的，某些候选人是通过煽动种族仇恨的竞选运动获得选票的。

（贾高荣　译）

Slandering Campaign

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to "answer" a mass of baseless charges and mean and wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates, because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for

the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering. And at last, as a due and fitting climax to the shameless persecution that party rancor had inflicted upon me, nine little toddling children, of all shades of color and degrees of raggedness, were tauht to rush onto the platform at a public meeting, and clasp me around the legs and call me PA!

(Mark Twain, *Running for Governor*)

如此竞选

置若罔闻是不可能了，于是，屈辱之极，我开始对诸多毫无根据的指控及险恶卑鄙的谎言予以"答复"。然而，斩不断，理愈乱，就在次日早一家报纸刊出了愈发骇人听闻的消息，再次对我恶毒攻击，煞有介事地指控我曾焚烧过一家疯人院——只因我恼于它阻挡住处视野，而竟置里面众生于不顾！这足以陷我于恐慌之中了。接着又有人指控我为获取叔父财产而将其毒死，并强烈要求开棺验尸。我气得要发狂了。这还不算，我又被指控在担任一家育婴堂的监护人时雇用牙齿掉光，无能至极的亲戚当厨子。我迷惘——迟疑不决了。最后，这帮人对我的卑劣指控自然而然地达到登峰造极的地步：在一次公共集会上，九个蹒跚学步的孩童，肤色不一，衣衫褴褛，竟被唆使着冲上讲台，抱着我的腿直喊"爸"！ (李庆学 译)

4. Violence and Struggle 暴力、抗争

Against Discrimination

So I pretended *not* to have understood her, hoping to draw her closer. And she did step a very short step closer, with her pencil poised incongruously over her pad, and repeated the formula: "… don't serve Negroes here."

Somehow, with the repetition of that phrase, which was already ringing in my head like a thousand bells of a nightmare. I realized that she would never come any closer and that I would have to strike from a distance. There was nothing on the table but an ordinary water mug half full of water, and I picked this up and hurled it with all my strength at her. She ducked and it missed her and shattered against the mirror behind the bar. And, with that sound, my frozen blood abruptly thawed, I returned from wherever I had been, I *saw*, for the first time, the restaurant, the people with their mouths open, already, as it seemed to me, rising as one man, and I realized what I had done, and where I was, and I was frightened. I rose and began running for the door. A round,

potbellied man grabbed me by the nape of the neck just as I reached the doors and began to beat me about the face. I kicked him and got loose and ran into the streets. My friend whispered. "Run!" and I ran.

(James Baldwin, *Notes of a Native Son*)

反抗种族歧视

因此我装作不明白她说什么，希望把她引得近些。她也确实迈近非常小的一步，她的铅笔怪模怪样地举在小本子上面，嘴里重复着那个公式？"……这儿不招待黑人。"

这句话早已像恶梦里的一千只铃似的在我脑袋里轰响，它才重复说出口来，不知怎的我就看出她再也不会走近一步，我必须从远处袭击。桌上别无他物，只有一只盛有半杯水的普通大水杯，我就捡起杯子，用尽全力向她掷去。她一低头，杯子没击中她，却打在酒吧后面的镜子上撞得粉碎。就是这一声响，我冻结的血液突然溶化了，我出窍的灵魂也重新回来，第一次看见这餐馆，看见这些张大了嘴的人，在我眼里他们仿佛已经像一个人似的站立起来，我意识到我自己做了什么，以及我身在何处，我害怕了。我站起来，开始向门口奔去。我刚到门边，有个圆滚滚的大肚皮男人一把攥住我的脖颈子，开始揍我的脸。我踢了他一脚，挣脱开去，奔到街上。我朋友悄没声儿说："跑！"我拔腿就跑。

(施咸荣 译)

Police Brutality

Crack came an officer's club on his forehead. He blinked his eyes blindly a few times, waddled on his legs, threw up his hands, and staggered back. In return, a swift fist landed on the officer's neck.

Infuriated by this, the latter plunged left and right, laying about madly with his club. He was ably assisted by his brother of the blue, who poured ponderous oaths upon the troubled waters. No severe damage was done, owing to the agility of the strikers in keeping out of reach. They stood about the sidewalk now and jeered.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

警察暴行

一个警察的警棍往他额头上敲了一棍子。他两眼昏花地眨了几下子，脚踉踉晃晃，手一伸，踉踉跄跄往后退。作为回报，一拳很快地打在警察的颈子上。

警察给这下子惹怒了，就疯狂地挥舞警棍，左冲右撞。他的警察兄弟出力

地帮了他一手，他大声地咒骂盛怒的人群。幸亏罢工工人动作敏捷躲得快，没有造成严重伤害。他们站在过道上，使劲笑骂。 （许汝祉 译）

Scramble of Demonstrators

How or by what means it became mixed up with the other procession, and how it was ever extricated from the confusion consequent thereupon, is more than we can undertake to describe, inasmuch as Mr. Pickwick's hat was knocked over his eyes, nose, and mouth by one poke of a Buff flag-staff very early in the proceedings. He describes himself as being surrounded on every side, when he could catch a glimpse of the scene, by angry and ferocious countenances, by a vast cloud of dust, and by a dense crowd of combatants. He represents himself as being forced from the carriage by some unseen power, and being personally engaged in a pugilistic encounter; but with whom or how or why, he is wholly unable to state. （Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*）

示威游行者之间的混战

这个行列如何或怎么和另外的行列混合了起来，以及它如何由因此而产生的混乱中解脱出来，这可不是我们所能够加以描写的了，因为游行才开始不久，匹克威克先生的帽子就被浅黄党的一根旗一击，打得一直歪到眼睛、鼻子和嘴巴上。他描写说，在他能够对当时的情景瞥视一眼的时候，只看到包围在他自己四面八方的是许多发怒的和凶猛的脸孔、一大阵灰尘和密密的一群格斗者。他说他自己是被什么看不见的力量硬拖出了马车，并且亲自参加了一场斗拳的遭遇战；但是跟谁打，怎么打，或者为什么打，他完全说不出来。

（蒋天佐 译）

Mass Violence

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

群众暴力场面

那一天早晨,圣安东尼区曾经有广大的黑色饥民群众汹涌往来,波浪似的人头上时常闪出光芒,钢刀和枪刺在阳光中发亮。圣安东尼的喉咙里发出骇人的咆哮,赤裸的武器森林在空中乱动,好像树枝摇曳在冬风里似的:一切手指都紧握着各种武器或类似武器(从下层深处抛出来的,不论远近)。

在群众中无人能看出谁抛出这些家伙,从什么地方抛出来,什么力量使它们在群众头上动乱摇摆,闪出闪电似的光芒;但是,毛瑟枪是有人配给的——也有人在配给枪弹,火药,炮弹,铁棒,木棍,小刀,巨斧,长矛,以及犯上作乱的天才所发明的各种武器。什么也抓不到手的人们就自动拆下附近墙壁的石块和砖头。圣安东尼的每一血脉和心都在高度紧张之中,都在发着高热。这里的每个生物都把生命看作不算什么,以一种疯狂的热情准备牺牲掉它。

(罗稷南 译)

Strike for Higher Pay

So class distrusted class, and their want of mutual confidence wrought sorrow to both. The masters would not be bullied, and compelled to reveal why they felt it wisest and best to offer only such low wages; they would not be made to tell that they were even sacrificing capital to obtain a decisive victory over the continental manufacturers. And the workmen sat silent and stern with folded hands refusing to work for such pay. There was a strike in Manchester.

Of course it was succeeded by the usual consequences. Many other Trades' Unions, connected with different branches of business, supported

with money, countenance, and encouragement of every kind, the stand which the Manchester power-loom weavers were making against their masters. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

为加薪而罢工

阶级和阶级之间,就这样互相猜忌着;他们彼此不信任,于是双方同时受到了痛苦。厂主们不愿受人家的威吓,也不愿让人家逼着他们去说明为什么他们觉得规定这样低微的工资是最聪明最好的办法;他们并且不愿意说出,他们为了要压倒欧洲大陆上的厂商,甚至不惜牺牲他们的资本。工人们于是静静地坐着,意志坚决地交叉着手,拒绝接受这种的工资去干活。曼彻斯特罢工了。

当然,各方面就发生了广泛的响应。其他许多行业的工会,都用金钱的协助、暗中的同情,以及各种鼓励的方式来拥护曼彻斯特机器纺织工人反对他们的厂主的坚定立场。 (荀枚 余贵棠 译)

5. Courts 法庭

Trouble-Inviting Defendant

…"Perhaps this will refresh your memory." The District Attorney suddenly thrust a heavy automatic at the quiet figure on the witness stand. "Have you ever seen this before?" Walter Mitty took the gun and examined it expertly. "This is my Webley-Vickers 50.80," he said calmly. An excited buzz ran around the courtroom. The judge rapped for order. "You are a crack shot with any sort of firearms, I believe?" said the District Attorney, insinuatingly. "Objection!" shouted Mitty's attorney. "We have shown that the defendant could not have fired the shot. We have shown that he wore his right arm in a sling on the night of the fourteenth of July." Walter Mitty raised his hand briefly and the bickering attorneys were stilled. "With any known make of gun," he said evenly, "I could have killed Gregory Fitzhurst at three hundred feet *with my left hand*." Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom. A woman's scream rose above the bedlam and suddenly a lovely, dark-haired girl was in Walter Mitty's arms. The District Attorney struck at her savagely. Without rising from his chair, Mitty let the man have it on the point of the chin. "You miserable cur!"… (James Thurber, *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*)

自找麻烦的被告

……"也许这会使你想起来的"。地方检察官突然把重型自动手枪塞给默

不作声站在证人席上的人。“你以前见过这玩意儿吗?”沃尔特·米蒂接过枪，很内行地仔细看了看镇静地答道:“这是我的 50.80 式韦伯利·维克手枪。”法庭上一阵骚动。法官敲着桌子要大家保持安静。“我相信你不管用什么武器都能百发百中,对吗?”地方检查官含沙射影地说。“反对!”米蒂的律师喊道，“我们已证明被告不可能开那一枪。我们已经证明七月十四日晚上他的右臂吊着绷带。”沃尔特·米蒂略一举手,争吵着的律师就闭口了。“任何牌号的枪在我手里,”他平静地说,“我都可以用左手在三百英尺之外把格雷戈里·菲茨赫斯特打死。”法庭上顿时一片混乱。一个女人的尖叫声压倒了所有的喧闹声。突然,一位可爱的黑发女郎投入了沃尔特·米蒂的怀抱。地方检察官狠狠地对着女郎打去;米蒂坐在椅子上没动,对准检察官的下巴就是一拳。“你这不要脸的狗杂种!”……

(龚金保 译)

Showing-Off Barristers

Mr. Pickwick stood up in a state of great agitation and took a glance at the court. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs in the barristers' seats, who presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is so justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry carried it in as conspicuous a manner as possible, and occasionally scratched their noses therewith, to impress the fact more strongly on the observation of the spectators. Other gentlemen, who had no briefs to show, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that underdone-pie-crust-coloured cover, which is technically known as "law calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets and looked as wise as they conveniently could; others, again, moved here and there with great restlessness and earnestness of manner, content to awaken thereby the admiration and astonishment of the uninitiated strangers.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

爱出风头的律师

匹克威克先生非常兴奋地立起来看看法庭上的景象。走廊里已经有一大群旁听者,在律师席上也集合了许多戴假发的绅士;他们,作为一个整体来看,已经具备了使英格兰律师界驰名世界的那一切有趣而变化多端的鼻子和胡子。那些有诉讼事实摘要书拿在手里的,就尽可能把它拿得很显眼,并且时而用它去搔鼻子,使旁观者们心目中的印象更为加强。其他没有摘要书来“证”

的绅士们，臂下夹着漂亮的八开本大书，后面拖着一条红色书签，外面是那种“半生半熟的面饼皮色”的面子，按照专门技术的说法叫做“法律小牛皮”。还有些绅士，既没有摘要书，也没有大书籍，就把手插在口袋里，尽可能做出聪明样子来；再有些呢，非常不安和焦急地走到这里走到那里，唤起那些门外汉的赞美和惊异，也就满足了。

（蒋天佐 译）

Nervous Defendant

He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times, he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest featherweight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel, in mute appeal that he would, even then, urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him, as though he listened still.

（Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*）

焦虑不安的被告

他站在众目睽睽之下，一只手放在他前面的木板上，另一只手半罩在耳边，尽可能向前伸长脖子，以便最大限度地听清庭长向陪审团陈述对他提出的控告的每一句话。他偶尔把目光急遽地转向陪审团，观察一下他们对若干有利于他的细枝末节有何反应；当庭长以清晰得可怕的声音历数不利于他的各点事实时，老犹太通过眼神默默地哀求他的律师即使在这样的情况下也要为他辩护几句。除了这些焦虑不安的迹象以外，他的手或脚一动也不动。开庭以来，他几乎没有做过一个动作；现在，庭长说完了，他仍保持原先那种全神贯注的紧张姿态，眼睛盯着庭长，仿佛还在听。 （荣如德 译）

Village Courthouse

All the village flocked to the courthouse the next morning, for this was to be the great day. Both sexes were about equally represented in the

packed audience. After a long wait the jury filed in and took their places; shortly afterwards, Potter, pale and haggard, timid and hopeless, was brought in with chains upon him, and seated where all the curious eyes could stare at him; no less conspicuous was Injun Joe, stolid as ever. There was another pause, and then the judge arrived, and the sheriff proclaimed the opening of the court. The usual whisperings among the lawyers and gathering together of papers followed. These details and accompanying delays worked up an atmosphere of preparation that was as impressive as it was fascinating.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

小镇法庭

第二天早上全镇的人都蜂拥到法院去,因为这是个盛大的日子。挤满法院的听众当中,男女大约各占半数。等了很久之后,陪审团才排着队进来就座;随后过了一会儿,波特带着镣铐被押进来了,他脸色惨白而憔悴,神情羞怯,显出无可奈何的样子,他坐在全场好奇的眼睛都能望得见的地方;印江·乔埃也是同样地显眼,他还是和原先一样地不动声色。又过了一阵,然后法官来到,执法官才宣布开庭。随后是律师们照例的交头接耳和文件的收集。这些细节和相随的耽搁造成一种准备开庭的气氛,这种气氛产生了很深的印象,同时也具有很大的吸引力。 (张友松 译)

Formality of a Court-Martial

The court-martial was held on Tuesday morning. It was a very short and simple affair; a mere formality, occupying barely twenty minutes. There was, indeed, nothing to spend much time over; no defence was allowed and the only witnesses were the wounded spy and officer and a few soldiers. The sentence was drawn up beforehand. Montanelli had sent in the desired informal consent; and the judges (Colonel Ferrari, the local major of dragoons, and two officers of the Swiss guards) had little to do. The indictment was read aloud, the witnesses gave their evidence, and the signatures were affixed to the sentence, which was then read to the condemned man with befitting solemnity. He listened in silence; and when asked, according to the usual form, whether he had anything to say, merely waved the question aside with an impatient movement of his hand. Hidden on his breast was the handkerchief which Montanelli had let fall. It had been kissed and wept over all night, as though it were a living thing.

Now he looked wan and spiritless, and the traces of tears were still about his eyelids; but the words "to be shot" did not seem to affect him much. When they were uttered, the pupils of his eyes dilated, but that was all.

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

流于形式的军事法庭

军事法庭于星期二上午开审。审判草草了结,仅仅流于形式,前后勉强只有二十分钟。的确没有什么可以消磨时间的。不准进行辩护,仅有的证人是负伤的暗探和军官,以及几名士兵。提前起草好了判决书。蒙泰尼里已经派人过来,转达了想要得到的非正式认可意见。法官(费拉里上校、本地龙骑兵少校和瑞士卫队的两名军官)没有多少事情可做。宣读了起诉书,证人作了证,判决书上签了字,随后郑重其事地向犯人宣读了一遍。犯人默默地听着。根据惯例问了他有什么话要说,他只是不耐烦地挥了挥手,打发了这个问题。蒙泰尼里丢下的手帕藏在他的胸前。昨夜他一直吻着手帕哭泣,仿佛它是一个活人。现在他看上去憔悴不堪,无精打采;眼睑上还有泪痕。但是"枪毙"这个词并没有给他造成多大的影响。念出这个词的时候,他的瞳孔放大了一些,也就仅此而已。

(庆学先 译)

Death Sentence

The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the judge, linking both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater Judgment that knoweth all things and cannot err. Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again. There was some hushing, and the judge went on with what he had to say to the rest. Then they were all formally doomed, and some of them were supported out, and some of them sauntered out with a haggard look of bravery, and a few nodded to the gallery, and two or three shook hands, and others went out chewing the fragments of herb they had taken from the sweet herbs lying about.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

宣判极刑

太阳通过法庭大玻璃窗上的亮闪闪的雨点照了进来,在三十二个男女犯

人和大法官之间洒下一大片阳光，阳光把双方连为一片，也许旁听席上有人见了这个景象就会想到，这双方也即将以绝对平等的地位，去听候那位洞察一切、绝无舛错的更高的审判者的审判了。那个犯人挣扎着站了起来，脸儿罩在这一片阳光里，只见满面斑驳，他说："老爷，我早已接受了上帝判处我的死刑，可是对于您的判决，我还是鞠躬领受。"说完便重新落座。堂上喝了一声"肃静"，法官继续向其他犯人讲话。讲完话，便正式宣读判决书，然后有的由人扶着走了出去，有的憔悴的脸上做出一副勇敢的样子，大摇大摆走了出去，有几个向旁听席上点点头，有两三个在相互握别，有的一面往外走，一面从地下随手拾起几片香草叶子放在嘴里嚼。（王科一 译）

6. Prisons 监狱

Ugly Prison

Certain it is, that, some fifteen or twenty years after the settlement of the town, the wooden jail was already marked with weather-stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front. The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the New World. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with burdock, pigweed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilized society a prison.

（Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*）

丑陋的监狱

自从这城市建立了约十五年或二十年后，木造的监狱已显示出风吹日晒和各种苍老的痕迹，使它那晦暗凶恶的外表，露出更凄惨的景象。橡木大门上沉重的铁件所生的锈，看起来是比这新世界里任何一切都更古老。像一切附着于罪恶的东西一样，它似乎从来不曾有过青春的时代。在这所丑陋的大厦前面，在房子和街心的车辙中间，有一块草地，丛生着牛蒡、茨藜、毒草以及各式各样非常难看的花草，这些杂草显然跟这片土地有些意气相投，在这片土地上这么早就产生了文明社会的黑花——牢狱。（侍桁 等译）

Prison Cell Sight

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the

wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood-ashes on the hearth. There was a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

囚室景象

墙壁高处有一个安着粗栅栏、没安玻璃的小窗,前面还立了一块挡住窗口的石头屏风,这样一来,只有低低弯下身子抬头仰望,才能看见天空。离窗口不到几尺远的地方,有一个小炉灶,用又粗又重的栅栏挡着。壁炉里有一堆像羽毛似的陈年木灰。还有一条板凳,一张桌子,一个草铺。周围是四面发黑的墙壁,一面墙上钉着个生锈的铁铃。

(罗稷南 译)

Prison within a Prison

It is a prison within a prison; the walls are double the thickness of the rest. The courtyard of this quarter is enclosed by enormous walls, over which the sun glances obliquely, when it deigns to penetrate into this gulf of moral and physical deformity. On this paved yard are to be seen, pacing from morning till night, pale, careworn and haggard, like so many shadows, the men whom justice holds beneath the steel she is sharpening.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*)

狱中狱

这是一个监狱里面的监狱。这里的墙壁比别处的墙壁厚一倍。这一部分的天井四面都是极高的墙头,太阳只有在当空的那一刻才照得到它,像是太阳也不愿意多看这一群精神和肉体的怪物似的。在这个铺石板的天井里,从早到晚踱着一群脸色苍白、忧虑满面、外貌凶暴、紧压在法律铁腕底下的人,像是许多憧憬往来的幽灵一样。

(蒋学模 译)

Gothic Jail

The Maycomb jail was the most venerable and hideous of the county's buildings. Atticus said it was like something Cousin Joshua St. Clair might have designed. It was certainly someone's dream. Starkly out of place in a town of square-faced stores and steep-roofed houses, the Maycomb jail was

a miniature Gothic joke one cell wide and two cells high, complete with tiny battlements and flying buttresses. Its fantasy was heightened by its red brick facade and the thick steel bars at its ecclesiastical windows. It stood on no lonely hill, but was wedged between Tyndal's Hardware Store and *The Maycomb Tribune* office. The jail was maycomb's only conversation piece: its detractors said it looked like a Victorian privy; its supporters said it gave the town a good solid respectable look, and no stranger would ever suspect that it was full of niggers.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

哥德式监狱

梅康姆监狱是县政府的建筑中最老和造型最难看的一幢楼。阿蒂克斯说它倒像是乔舒亚·圣克莱尔表叔会想象出来的怪样子。它肯定是某人的一种狂想的产物。在梅康姆的清一色人字形屋顶方型房屋之中，这座监狱却与众不同地盖成一幢只有一间宽、两层楼高的微型哥德式建筑。这幢楼胸墙和扶壁拱架一应俱全，再加上正面的红砖清水墙和教堂式长窗上装着的粗钢栅栏，更使它显得非常奇特。这种中世纪的城堡式建筑没有盖在寂静的山头，而是夹在庭达尔金属器皿店和《梅康姆论坛报》报社中间。这座监狱是梅康姆谈论的中心话题：反对者说它像一座维多利亚式厕所；支持者说它给这座城增添了一种良好的稳固的尊严感。外地人想象不到的是，里面关的都是黑人。

(舒逊 译)

Punishment Cell

The punishment cell was a dark, damp, filthy hole under ground. Instead of bringing Arthur "to reason," it thoroughly exasperated him. His luxurious home had rendered him daintily fastidious about personal cleanliness, and the first effect of the slimy, vermin-covered walls, the floor heaped with accumulations of filth and garbage, the fearful stench of fungi and sewage and rotting wood, was strong enough to have satisfied the offended officer. When he was pushed in and the door locked behind him he took three cautious steps forward with outstretched hands, shuddering with disgust as his fingers came into contact with the slippery wall and groped in the dense blackness for some spot less filthy than the rest in which to sit down.

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

禁闭室

禁闭室是一间黑暗、潮湿而又肮脏的地下室。这非但不能使亚瑟"回复理

性",反而把他彻底激怒起来。他的奢侈的家庭早已使他养成一种非常讲究个人清洁的习惯,这些滑腻腻的爬满了毒虫的墙壁,堆满了垃圾的地板,再加上那些青苔、脏沟水、烂木头发出的一阵阵恶臭,对他所产生的强烈刺激,就够使那位被冒犯的审问官感到满意了。亚瑟一被推到里边,牢门立刻被反锁,他就伸出两手,小心翼翼地向前跨了三步,手指一触到那滑腻的墙壁,心里就嫌恶得浑身战栗起来,他在一片漆黑里摸索,想找一块稍微干净点的地方坐下来。

(庆学先 译)

7. Tortures and Executions 行刑、处决

Execution at Will

Only when they ordered him to put his back to the wall did Arcadio see Rebeca, with wet hair and a pink flowered dress, opening wide the door. He made an effort to get her to recognize him. And Rebeca did take a casual look toward the wall and was paralyzed with stupor, barely able to react and wave good-bye to Arcadio. Arcadio answered her the same way. At that instant the smoking mouths of the rifles were aimed at him and letter by letter he heard the encyclicals that Melqufades had chanted and he heard the lost steps of Santa Soffa de la Piedad, a virgin, in the classroom, and in his nose he felt the same icy hardness that had drawn his attention in the nostrils of the corpse of Remedios. "Oh, God damn it!" he managed to think. "I forgot to say that if it was a girl they should name her Remedios." Then, all accumulated in the rip of a claw, he felt again all the terror that had tormented him in his life. The captain gave the order to fire. Arcadio barely had time to put out his chest and raise his head, not understanding where the hot liquid that burned his thighs was pouring from.

"Bastards!" he shouted. "Long live the Liberal Party!"

(Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, trans. Gregory Rabassa)

随意处决

直到命令他背对墙根站定时,阿卡迪奥才瞧见了雷蓓卡。她一头湿发,穿着玫瑰色的衣服,正在打开屋子的门窗。雷蓓卡好不容易才认出了他,实际上她也只是偶尔向大墙望了一眼才发现他的。她惊呆了,几乎没能作出反应,向他挥手告别。阿卡迪奥挥手作了回答。这时枪口被熏黑了的步枪已对准他,阿卡迪奥一字一句听到了墨尔基阿德斯抑扬顿挫地诵读的训谕,似乎听到课堂里当时还是处女的圣塔索菲娅·德·拉·佩达渐去渐远的脚步声,并在鼻子上

体验到同留梅蒂丝尸体的鼻孔里引起他注意的同样冰凉坚硬的感觉。"啊,糟糕!"他想起来了,"我忘了说,要是生女的,就给她取名雷梅蒂丝。"于是,撕心裂胆地全身一震,他重又感觉到折磨了他一生的那种恐惧。上尉下令开枪,阿卡迪奥几乎来不及挺起胸膛抬起头,就不知道从什么地方涌出一股热乎乎的液体,烧灼着他的大腿。

"你们这批王八蛋!"他喊道,"自由党万岁!" (黄锦炎 等译)

Death by Starvation

…for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint and lose your appetite, and consequently decay and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his Majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cartloads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity. (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

饥饿致死

你既然缺乏足够的食物,自然会瘦弱下去,食欲减退,不到几个月就会死去。那时候你的尸体的臭气也不至于十分危险了,因为那时你的身体至少轻了一半,你一死,五六千个老百姓,在两三天内,把你的肉从骨头上割下来,用货车运走,远远地埋起来,免得传染疾病,并且可以把你的骨胳留下作为纪念物给后人瞻仰。 (张 健 译)

Terrified Execution Squad

A general groan and shudder passed through the row of carabineers. Each man had aimed aside, with a secret hope that the death-shot would come from his neighbour's hand, not his; and there the Gadfly stood and smiled at them; they had only turned the execution into a butchery, and the whole ghastly business was to do again. They were seized with sudden terror, and, lowering their carbines, listened hopelessly to the furious curses and reproaches of the officers, staring in dull horror at the man whom they had killed and who somehow was not dead.

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

惶恐的行刑者

士兵发出一阵共同的呻吟和颤抖。原先每个人都故意向旁边瞄准,暗中

希望那致命的一弹不是从自己手里而是从旁人手里发出去的。现在呢，牛虻仍旧站在那儿，对他们微笑；他们只不过把行刑变成了屠宰，那可怕的一套又得从头做一遍。他们都吓得不知怎么办才好，把枪口垂下来，无可奈何地听着军官们狠声的咒骂和斥责，用麻木的惶恐的眼光瞪视着那个已被他们枪杀但又还没有死的人。（庆学先 译）

Beheading

The silent witnesses on the other side of the river saw the executioner raise his arms. Moonlight glittered on the broad blade of his sword. There was a scream as he swiftly brought down his arms, then a truncated mass collapsed beneath the blow.

He took off his red cloak, spread it on the ground, placed the body and the head on it, tied its four corners together, lifted it onto his shoulder, and got back into the boat.

（Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*）

砍头极刑

这时候，河对岸的人看见刽子手慢慢地举起两条胳膊，他的长刀在残月下映出一道寒光，接着那两条胳膊一齐往下直落；于是听见刀锋在空中一声呼啸，受刑的人叫了一声，接着，一堆斩断了的东西在刀锋下面倒下来。

这时候，刽子手脱下了身上的大红斗篷，铺在地上，先把尸体摊在上边，再把脑袋扔上；然后把斗篷的四只角儿结好，他提起这个包裹背在肩上，回到了船上。（李青崖 译）

Torture of Quasimodo

At length the torturer stamped his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo staggered in his bonds. The stupefaction suddenly depicted on his deformed features provoked renewed gusts of laughter all round. slender thongs hissed sharply through the air like a bunch of snakes and came down furiously on the poor wretch's shoulders.

Quasimodo jerked up as if suddenly roused from sleep. He was beginning to understand. He writhed in his bonds; a violent spasm of surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face; but he uttered not a sigh. He merely turned his head backwards, to the right, then to the left, swinging it about like a bull stung on its flank by a horsefly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, and another,

continuously. The wheel did not stop turning nor the blows raining down. Soon the blood spurted, and could be seen trickling in countless streams over the hunchback's black shoulders, and the slender thongs as they whirled slashing through the air sprinkled drops of it over the crowd.

(Victo Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

鞭打驼背人

最后刽子手用脚踏起来,轮子开始转动,加西莫多在他的绳绑中战抖。他奇丑的脸上忽然现出来的蠢笨表情,更加惹起了群众的嘲笑。那些皮条挥在空中发出好像弹子掷响的声音,一阵阵疯狂地落到那个可怜人的肩膀上。

加西莫多跳起来,仿佛惊醒了似的。他刚才开始懂得那是怎么回事。他在绳绑里蜷伏着。一种惊惶和痛苦的抽搐散布在他脸上每一根筋络,但他不迸出一声叹息。他仅仅把头向后转动,向右转动,又向左转动,并且摇晃得像只被人踢了一脚的牡牛。

一下跟着一下,然后又是一下,又一下,一直不断。轮子不停地转动,鞭子不断地像雨点样落下来。血迸溅出来了,人们看见成千条血流在那驼子底黑黑的肩膀上流滴着,而皮条挥动的时候,便把一些血滴溅到观众中间。

(陈敬容 译)

Ⅲ. War 战争

1. Outbreaks 战争爆发

Excitement on Leaving for War

The South was intoxicated with enthusiasm and excitement. Everyone knew that one battle would end the war and every young man hastened to enlist before the war should end-hastened to marry his sweetheart before he rushed off to Virginia to strike a blow at the Yankees. There were dozens of war weddings in the County and there was little time for the sorrow of parting, for everyone was too busy and excited for either solemn thoughts or tears. The ladies were making uniforms, knitting socks and rolling bandages, and the men were drilling and shooting. Train-loads of troops passed through Jonesboro daily on their way north to Atlanta and Virginia.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

投军热潮

南方沉醉在热情和激动之中。谁都知道只消一个战役便能结束战争，每个青年人都急急忙忙去报名投军，生怕战争很快就结束了。他们同样急急忙忙跟自己的心上人结婚，好立即赶到弗吉尼亚去给北方佬打一棒子。县里举行了好几十桩这样的战时婚礼，而且很少有时间来为送别伤心，因为谁都太忙、太激动，来不及认真思考和相对流泪了。太太小姐们在缝制军服，编织袜子，卷绷带，男人们在操练和打靶。一列列载运军队的火车每天经过琼斯博罗往北向亚特兰大和弗吉尼亚驶去。

(傅东华 译)

Attacking Osbech

Before these events took place, the Emperor had been negotiating with Basano, King of Cappadocia, for him to attack Osbech from one side with his forces while he with his men would attack him from the other, but they had not yet completely come to an agreement, for the Emperor did not wish to grant some of the demands which Basano was making, believing them to be somewhat excessive. But when he heard what had happened to

his son, he was so grieved that without further delay, he granted what the King of Cappadocia had requested and asked him to attack Osbech as soon as he was able, while he was making ready to attack from the oppostite side. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

进攻奥斯比

在这件事未发生之前,君士坦丁堡皇帝已经和伽伯多家王巴萨奥立约,请他从那边袭击奥斯比的后方,而他自己则从正面向他进攻,但他们未曾完全商妥,因为君士坦丁堡皇帝没有完全答应巴萨尼奥所要求的条件。如今他听到他的儿子所遭遇的事情,万分焦虑,便立刻应允了伽伯多家王的要求,请他立即统率所有军队向奥斯比进攻,而他自己也起兵从正面攻击。 (黄石 译)

Hard March

As soon as day dawned the march began. The artillery and baggage-wagons moved noiselessly through the deep dust that rose to the very hubs of the wheels, and the infantry sank ankle deep in that soft, choking, hot dust that never cooled even at night. Some of this dust was kneaded by the feet and wheels, while the rest rose and hung like a cloud over the troops, settling in eyes, ears, hair and nostrils, and worst of all in the lungs of the men and beasts as they moved along that road. The higher the sun rose the higher rose that cloud of dust, and through the screen of its hot fine particles one could look with naked eye at the sun, which showed like a huge crimson ball in the unclouded sky. There was no wind, and the men choked in thet motionless atmosphere. They marched with handkerchiefs tied over their noses and mouths. When they passed through a village they all rushed to the wells and fought for the water, and drank it down to the mud. (Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*)

艰苦的行军

天刚黎明,便开始行军。在柔软的、窒息的、夜间不冷的热尘土中,辎重车和炮车陷到轮毂,步兵陷到足踝,无声地走着。一部分砂尘被人脚和车轮搅拌着,另一部分像云一样飞腾在军队的上空,弥入在路上行走的人们和兽畜的眼睛、毛发、耳朵、鼻孔里,特别是肺里。太阳升得愈高,尘土的云升得愈高,隔着细粒的热尘土,可以用肉眼望着无云遮盖的太阳。太阳好像一个大紫球。没有风,士兵们在静止的空气里喘息着。人们用手巾扎着鼻子和嘴巴走着。到了村庄,大家都向着井跑去。他们争夺井水,一直喝到水的泥底。

(董秋斯 译)

2. Pre-Battle Scenes 战前景象

Two Armies Pitting against Each Other

The English men-at-arms, most of whom were on foot, took station in three blocks, under the command of the Duke of York, to the right, the King, in the centre, and Lord Camoys, on the left. The archers were disposed between them and also on the flanks; the whole line was about four or five deep. The archer flanks may have been thrown a little forward, and the archers of the two inner groups may have adopted a wedge-like formation. This would have made it appear as if the men-at-arms were deployed a little to their rear. Opposite them, the French were drawn up in three lines, of which the third was mounted, as were two groups, each about five hundred strong, on the flanks. The two forward lines, with a filling of crossbowmen between and some ineffectual cannon on the flanks were each, perhaps, eight thousand strong, and so ranked some eight deep. On both sides, the leaders of the various contingents—nobles, bannerets and knights—displayed armorial banners, under which they and their men would fight, and among the French there was a great deal of tiresome struggling, during the period of deployment, to get these banners into the leading rank. (John Keegan, *The Face of Battle*)

两军对垒

英军(大部分为步兵)布成三个方阵,右边由约克公爵指挥,中间由国王统帅,左边由凯莫斯勋爵指挥。弓箭手被排列在方阵之间以及侧翼,约有四至五层人。侧翼弓箭手可能稍为突前,方阵之间的两组弓箭手或许成楔形,这样,步兵的布置显得稍微靠后些。对面的法军排成三列,其中一列为骑兵,分为两部,每部约五百人,布置在两侧。突前的两列(弩手排列在中间,部分威力不大的火炮排在侧翼),每列八千人左右,约有八层。双方五花八门的分队指挥官们——贵族和骑士们展示着各自带有纹章的旗帜,他们将率领部下在这些旗帜的指引下去冲杀。布阵期间,为了使各种旗帜进入指挥位置,法军方面忙乱得不可开交。 (思平 译)

Advance from the Trenches

Silence. Stilled, absolute silence, breaking like waves on distended eardrums; unbearable silence. Five minutes before ten, exactly. The

Ninth got up and moved forward out of its trenches into no man's land, fixing bayonets, feeling for ammunition clips, releasing safety catches, checking water bottles, iron rations, watches, tin hats, whether bootlaces were well tied, the location of those carrying the machine guns. It was easy to see, in the unholy glow of fires and red-hot sand melted into glass; but the dust pall hung between the Enemy and them, they were safe. For the moment. On the very edge of the minefields they halted, waited.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

冲出战壕

沉默,寂然而绝对的沉默被那使耳膜鼓发胀的波涛打破了。它们打破了令人无法忍受的沉寂。恰好差 5 分 10 点。第九师的官兵从战壕里跃了出来,在空无人迹的土地上向前运动着。他们按上了刺刀,摸索着子弹夹,打开了保险,检查着支放重机枪的地点。在可怕的灼灼火光中,在熔成了玻璃的炽热的沙子中,最很容易被发现的。但是在他们和敌人之间悬着一道屏幕,使他们安然无事。此时此刻是安然无事的。每到一片布雷区的边缘,他们就停下来,等待着。

(曾胡 译)

Reviewing Troops

At length that low roar of many voices ran through the crowd which usually announces the arrival of whatever they have been waiting for. All eyes were turned in the direction of the sallyport. A few moments of eager expectation, and colours were seen fluttering gaily in the air, arms glistened brightly in the sun, column after column poured on to the plain. The troops halted and formed; the word of command rung through the line: there was a general clash of muskets as arms were presented; and the commander-in-chief, attended by Colonel Bulder and numerous officers, cantered to the front. The military bands struck up all together; the horses stood upon two legs each, cantered backwards, and whisked their tails about in all directions; the dogs barked, the mob screamed, the troops recovered, and nothing was to be seen on either side, as far as the eye could reach, but a long perspective of red coats and white trousers, fixed and motionless.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

检阅部队

终于,群众中间传出许多声音所组成的一种低吼声了,这种声音通常是宣

布他们所等待着的什么东西来临了。所有的眼睛都向着暗门那边看。望眼欲穿地等了一会儿之后，看见旗帜在空中得意地飞扬，武器在阳光之下亮晶晶地闪耀；于是一队接一队的兵涌到平地上了。军队停下来排好了队；命令传遍了行列，全体克拉一声，都举起枪；总司令由布尔德尔上校和许多军官陪着，策马缓步而来，到了队伍前面。军乐队全体吹奏起来；每匹马都用两只腿站着，慢慢向后退着，把尾巴四面八方地拂着；狗吠着，群众尖叫着，军队举枪完毕，恢复了原样；这时，目光所及之处，无论在哪一边都是什么也看不见了，只有一片由红衣服和白裤子构成的由近而远的景色，一动也不动地固定在那里。

（蒋天佐 译）

3. Battle Scenes 战斗场面

War at a Distance

But this was a different war: sporadic bombings from the azure tropic sky setting ships ablaze and raising pretty bursts of flame among the waterfront palm trees; nothing like the storm of German bombs and shells that had wrecked the Polish capital. Nor was there yet the fear of an enemy closing in. Cavite had been a hot show, a thorough rubbing-out of a military target, but the base was just a smudge on the untouched hundred-mile coast of Manila Bay. The city itself kept its peacetime look: shimmering heat, glaring sunshine, heavy automobile traffic and crawling oxcarts, a few white men and hordes of Filipinos strolling the sidewalks. Sirens, fires, sandbags, tiny Japanese bombsrs glinting over green palm-feathered hills far above the thudding black AA puffs, made a war of it—a war slightly movie-ish in feel.

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

远方的战争

这可是另一种战争：从热带晴朗的天空中偶尔投下的炸弹，使舰艇起火，使海滨棕榈树丛中冒起许多火焰；和摧毁波兰首都的暴风雨的德国炮弹和炸弹全然不同，也没有敌人逼近的恐怖。甲美地已被炸得一塌胡涂了，一个彻底炸毁了的军事目标，但那基地只是马尼拉湾一百英里长安然无恙的海岸线上一个硝烟滚滚的污点，城市本身仍保持着和平时期的样子：灼人的暑热、强烈得眩眼的阳光、来来往往的拥挤的汽车和慢腾腾的牛车，几个白人和成群的菲律宾人在人行道上溜达。警报、大火、沙袋，小小的日本轰炸机在尽是棕榈树的绿色小山上空隐隐出现，带着黑烟的砰砰响的高射炮弹差着一大截，根本打不到，这一切构成了这个城市的战争场面——在感觉上略微有点像电影中的

战争。 （王圣珊 等译）

Death under Fire

A volley was heard, and some bullets whistled past, while others plashed against something. The Cossacks and Dolokhov galloped after Petya into the gateway of the courtyard. In the dense wavering smoke some of the French threw down their arms and ran out of the bushes to meet the Cossacks, while others ran down the hill towards the pond. Petya was galloping along the courtyard, but instead of holding the reins he waved both his arms about rapidly and strangely, slipping farther and farther to one side in his saddle. His horse, having galloped up to a camp-fire that was smouldering in the morning light, stopped saddenly, and Petya fell heavily on to the wet ground. The Cossacks saw that his arms and legs jerked rapidly though his head was quite *motionless*. A bullet had pierced his skull. (Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude)

战死沙场

传来一阵射击声，一些枪弹呼啸着飞过，另一些啪嚓啪嚓打在什么东西上。那些哥萨克和朵罗豪夫随着别加跑进院子的大门。在那浓密的动荡的枪烟中，法国人中间有一些扔下武器，跑出树丛来迎接哥萨克，另一些向着池塘跑下山去。别加沿着院子飞跑，但是他不握住缰绳，却迅速地奇特地挥舞两臂，越来越从鞍子上滑到一边去。他那匹马跑到在晨光中冒烟的营火前，突然停下来，于是别加沉重地跌在湿地上了。那些哥萨克看见他的两臂和两腿迅速地抖动，不过他的头完全不动了。一颗枪弹已经打穿了他的头骨。

（董秋斯 译）

Direct Hit

I ate the end of my piece of cheese and took a swallow of wine. Through the other noise I heard a cough, then came the chuh-chuh chuh-chuh—then there was a flash, as a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind.… I heard the machine-guns and rifles firing across the river and all along the river. There was a great splashing and I saw the star-shells go up and burst and float whitely and rockets going up and heard the bombs, all this in a moment, and then I heard close to me someone saying, 'Mama mia! Oh,

mama mia!' I pulled and twisted and got my legs loose finally and turned around and touched him. (Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

突袭

透过别的喧闹声我听到一声像咳嗽似的声音,接着传来区—区—区—区的声音,接着像鼓风炉打开炉门时那样,一道闪光和一声轰鸣,开始时发白光,接着在一阵急疾的强风中不断变红。……我听到河对岸和沿河一线机关枪和长枪在射击。一片劈劈啪啪的声音,我看到星形的炮弹升起,爆炸,然后白茫茫地飘动,看到火箭冲上天空,听到炸弹声,这一切都在一瞬间,接着在我身边我听到有人在说"哎呀! 呵,哎呀!"我又拉又扭最后终于把我的两条腿松开了,我转过身去触摸他。 (林疑今 译)

Bombardment

Eight hundred and eighty-two British guns and howitzers spoke together. The heavens reeled, the ground lifted, expanded, could not settle, for the barrage went on and on without a second's diminution in the mind-shattering volume of noise. It was no use plugging fingers in ears; the gargantuan booming came up through the earth and traveled inward to the brain via the bones. What the effect must have been on Rommel's front the troops of the Ninth in their trenches could only imagine. Usually it was possible to pick out this type and size of artillery from that, but tonight their iron throats chorused in perfect harmony, and thundered on as the minutes passed. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

地动山摇的炮击

882门英国的大炮和榴弹炮一齐开火了。天空在旋转,大地在跳动,在膨胀,坐也坐不住。接二连三的猛击继续着,令人头脑欲裂的响声一秒钟也未减弱过。用手指堵住耳朵也没用。巨大的爆炸声是从地下来的,通过骨头直传入脑袋。隆美尔的前沿部队会有怎样的感受,在战壕里呆过的第九师官兵能够想象得到。通常辨别出这种火炮的型号和规格是可能的,可是今晚它们那钢铁的喉咙却是以一片浑然的声音一齐开火的,并且不停地轰鸣着。

(曾胡 译)

4. Victories and Defeats 战胜、溃败

Occupation

They had an old Citroen in which before the war Madame Perier had

taken the farm produce into the market at Soissons two mornings a week, but since the German occupation they had had nothing to sell that made the journey worth while. Petrol was almost unobtainable. But now they got it out and drove into town. The only cars to be seen were the military cars of the Germans. German soldiers lounged about. There were German signs in the streets, and on public buildings proclamations in French signed by the Officer Commanding. Many shops were closed.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Unconquered*)

占领区景象

她们家有一辆旧的"雪铁龙"汽车,打仗以前贝利埃太太每星期有两个上午用这辆车装上农产品到苏瓦松的市场上去卖。德国人占领以后,他们没有什么东西可卖,更不值得跑这么远了。汽油也很难搞到。现在他们把车子弄了出来,开着进了城。街上看到的都是德国人的军车。到处都是德国兵在闲逛。街上有德文招牌、公共建筑物上还挂着警备司令官签署的法文告示。好多店铺关了门。

(潘绍中 译)

Aftermath on the Battlefield

The bodies, numerous as they are, strike the eye less than the blasted and burned-out tanks that dot this weirdly beautiful wasteland, these squat hulks with their long guns, casting elongated blue shadows on the pastel grays, browns, and pinks of the far-stretching sands.

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

战罢惨象

尸体确实多不胜数,看了使人怵目惊心,但更为显眼夺目的是,在这片奇异的美丽荒原上,炸毁和烧毁了的坦克遍地都是;蜷伏着的残骸伸出长长的炮筒,在柔和的灰白色、棕褐色和粉红色的广袤沙地上,投下延长的青灰色影子。

(王圣珊 等译)

Quiet after the Battle

Towards dusk the cannonade began to subside. Alpatych left the cellar and stopped in the doorway. The evening sky that had been so clear was clouded with smoke, through which, high up, the sickle of the new moon shone strangely. Now that the terrible din of the guns had ceased a hush seemed to reign over the town, broken only by the rustle of footsteps,

the moaning, the distant cries, and the crackle of fires which seemed widespread everywhere. The cook's moans had now subsided. On two sides black curling clouds of smoke rose and spread from the fires. Through the streets soldiers in various uniforms walked or ran confusedly in different directions like ants from a ruined ant-hill. Several of them ran into Ferapontov's yard before Alpatych's eyes. Alpatych went out to the gate. A retreating regiment, thronging and hurrying, blocked the street.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude)

战后寂静

靠近黄昏的时候，炮轰开始消沉下去。阿尔巴提契离开地窖子，站在门口上。晚间本来很明朗的天空被烟气遮暗了，透过烟雾，高高在上、镰形的新月奇特地放光。可怕的炮声既然停止了，一片寂静似乎主宰了那个城市，仅被那匆忙的脚步声、呻吟声、远处的呐喊声以及似乎在各处延烧的火声所打破。那个厨子的呻吟声这时也平静下去了。黑色的盘旋的烟云从两边腾起，从火上伸展开来。穿着各种制服的士兵穿过各街道，像逃出毁掉的蚁穴的蚂蚁一般，昏乱地向不同方向走或跑。他们中间有几个在阿尔巴提契眼前跑进菲拉旁托夫的院子。阿尔巴提契走向大门去。一个后退的联队，拥挤着，忙乱着，塞住了那条街。

(董秋斯 译)

Pearl Harbour

Bulging out of the black oil coating the harbor waters, the streaked red underside of the capsized Utah proclaimed the shame of the whole Pacific Fleet in one obscene symbol. Out of view in the shambles of Battleship Row, the ship he had come to Hawaii to command, the U.S.S. California, sat on the mud under water to its guns, still wisping smoke ten days after the catastrophe.

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

珍珠港

海港水面上浮着一层黑黑的油，凸出在水面上的是翻了身的"犹他号"战列舰的有条纹的红色船底，就凭这令人厌恶的象征，表明了整个太平洋舰队的奇耻大辱。在这片被炸成一片废墟的战列舰停泊区中，美国战列舰"加利福尼亚号"搁浅在帕格望不见的海底淤泥里，这原是他到夏威夷来要统率的战舰，如今水已淹到大炮那里，在遭到这场灾难的十天之后还在冒烟。

(王圣册 等译)

Horror of the Wounded

Lying in the pitiless sun, shoulder to shoulder, head to feet, were hundreds of wounded men, lining the tracks, the sidewalks, stretched out in endless rows under the car-shed. Some lay stiff and still but many writhed under the hot sun, moaning. Everywhere, swarms of flies hovered over the men, crawling and buzzing in their faces, everywhere was blood, dirty bandages, groans, screamed curses of pain as stretcher-bearers lifted men. The smell of sweat, of blood, of unwashed bodies, of excrement rose up in waves of blistering heat until the fetid stench almost nauseated her. The ambulance men hurrying here and there among the prostrate forms frequently stepped on wounded men, so thickly packed were the rows, and those trodden upon stared stolidly up, waiting their turn.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

战罢的伤兵惨状

在那烈日底下,肩并肩,头接脚,躺着好几百个伤兵,有的在路轨旁边,有的在月台上面,有的在列车底下,像沙丁鱼似的无穷无尽地排列着。其中也有直僵僵躺着不动的,但是多数都在那里拘挛,在那里哼得震天响。到处都是成群结队的苍蝇,在伤兵的脸上爬行着,嗡嗡着。到处都是血,都是稀脏的绷带,都是呻吟声,以及抬担架的将他们抬起时的尖利咒骂声。汗臭,血腥,烂肉臭,尿溺臭,顺着热风一阵阵地扑过来,使得思嘉恶心地几乎要呕出来。救护队在那密稠稠的行列里奔来奔去,有时不免踩在人身上,那些被踩的人也只向上翻翻眼睛,等着轮到他们上担架。 (傅东华 译)

Defeating Osbech

When Osbech heard about this, he assembled his army in order to avoid being trapped between these two powerful rulers, and he proceeded to attack the King of Cappadocia, leaving his beautiful lady guarded by one of his friends and faithful vassals; before long he met the King of Cappadocia in combat, but his army was derfated and scattered, and he himself was killed. Victorious, Basano began to advance to advance toward Smyrna, meeting little opposition, and as he approached, everyone paid homage to him as the conqueror. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

大败奥斯比

奥斯比听见这个消息,便在这两支大兵未把他合围以前,集中他的军队,

亲自率领前往和伽伯多家王廛战，将那妇人留在士麦那后方，托付给一个忠心的仆人，叫他替他关照她。不久，两军相遇，奥斯比的军队完全败溃，而他自己也被杀死了。巴萨尼奥乘战胜之余威，长驱而入士麦那，兵到之后，当地人都纷纷望风而降了。（黄石 译）

5. Atrocities and Traumas 战争罪行、创伤

War Crimes

They entered noiselessly before dawn, with two pieces of light artillery drawn by mules, and they set up their headquarters in the school. A 6 P. M. curfew was established. A more drastic search than the previous one was undertaken, house by house, and this time they even took farm implements. They dragged out Dr. Noguera, tied him to a tree in the square, and shot him without any due process of law. Father Nicanor tried to impress the military authorities with the miracle of levitation and had his head split open by the butt of a soldier's rifle. …The decisions were made by the army captain, who each morning collected an extraordinary levy for the defense of public order. Four soldiers under his command snatched a woman who had been bitten by a mad dog from her family and killed her with their rifle butts. (Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, trans. Gregory Rabassa)

战争罪行

拂晓前士兵们悄悄地进了镇，他们带了两门由骡子拖曳的轻炮，在学校里安营扎寨。从下午六点起就实行戒严。他们挨家挨户地进行搜查，搜得比上一回更严厉，居然把耕作用的农具都带走了。他们把诺盖拉医生从家里拖出来，绑在广场上的一棵树上，不经任何审判便把他枪毙了。尼卡诺尔神父还是想用他的升腾奇迹打动军事当局的心，却被一个士兵一枪托打破了脑袋。……一切决定都由军队里的一名上尉作出。此人每天早晨都要收取维护公共秩序的特别人口税。四个士兵得了他的命令闯入家门把一个被疯狗咬了的女人拖出来，当街用枪托砸死。（黄锦炎 译）

Killing the P.O.W

Berel Jastrow's oaken constitution is nearing collapse. All around him, men have been dropping in their tracks right along; often silently, sometimes with a groan or a cry. When kicking or clubbing does not rouse

a man who falls, he gets a bullet through the head. This is a routine precaution, for partisans might otherwise revive and recruit him. Calmly but punctiliously the Germans blow each skull to pieces, leaving a red mass on the snow by the neck of the huddled Russian greatcoat.

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

残害战俘

班瑞尔·杰斯特罗像树一样结实的身体也几乎拖垮了。在他周围，人们走着走着就倒下了，经常是一声不吭，有时候发出一声呻吟或是叫喊。当棒打脚踢都不能使倒下的人醒来的时候，就用一颗子弹打穿他的脑袋。这是一种例行的预防措施，免得游击队可能把他救活并吸收进去。德国人镇静而仔细地用枪把每一颗头颅打得粉碎，在雪地上缩成一团的俄国军大衣的领边留下一大摊红通通的东西。 (王圣珊 等译)

Aimless Shelling

Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on thereabouts. Her ensign dropped limp like a rag; the muzzles of the long six-inch guns stuck out all over the low hull; the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily and let her down, swaying her thin masts. In the empty immensity of earth, sky, and water, there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop, would go one of the six-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives—he called them enemies! —hidden out of sight somewhere.

(Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*)

狂轰滥炸

一次，我记得，我们碰见一艘在岸外抛锚的军舰。那儿甚至连个茅棚也没有，而它却在对丛林开炮，看来法国人正在附近一带进行一场他们的战争。舰上的军旗像一块破布那样有气无力地垂挂着，长长的八英寸大炮的炮口越过低低的船体向外伸去；油腻、粘滑的浪潮把船体懒洋洋地荡起又荡落，使它那细细的桅杆晃动着。在这片大地、苍天和海水所组成的空旷浩瀚之中，是它，

莫名其妙的它,在对着一片大陆开炮。砰,一尊六英寸的大炮响一声;一股小小的火焰腾起又隐没,一点儿白烟消散了,一粒小小的弹丸发出一阵微弱的呼啸——什么事也没有发生。什么事也不会发生。这种作法中,有一些儿神经错乱的成分,这幅景像中,有一股故作悲哀的开玩笑的味道;船上有个人煞有介事向我保证说,有一个营地里住着土著——他把他们称作敌人——隐藏在岸上某个地方。他的这番话并不能驱散我的这种想法。 (智量 译)

Destruction of Boats and Bridges

In retreating westward the enemy troops had destroyed all bridges over the rivers and had crushed all the boats, even those small and flimsy ones that can barely hold a pair of lovers (and lovers, since they love each other, sit side by side). By this time, close to the front and even some distance from it (for the front is here today and elsewhere tomorrow), there did not exist a solitary bridge, scow, or ferry of any kind. Even the few small rowboats which the fishermen had carefully hidden from the retreating army had been destroyed by the advancing troops, not because they needed them but because they might have proved useful to the enemy to transport spies or saboteurs. (Milovan Djilas, *War: A Harvest of Horrors*)

船沉桥毁

在西撤的过程中,敌军已把这两条河上的桥梁全部拆毁,把所有的船只全部捣碎,甚至那种只能勉强容纳一对情侣(由于情侣们互相爱恋,他们总是并肩而坐)的很不牢固的小船儿都不能幸免。到了这个时候,在阵地近处,甚至在离阵地稍远些的地方(因为阵地今天在这儿,明天又会移到别处去了),连一座桥梁、一条驳船、或者不管什么样子的摆渡船,都已荡然无存。就连渔夫们曾为了不让那支正在后撤的军队破坏而小心地隐蔽了起来的寥寥可数的几条小划子,后来也被那支正在向前推进的军队毁坏。这倒并不是因为他们需要这几条船,而是因为它们也许会有利于敌军输送间谍或者运载从事破坏的人员。 (金德明 译)

Losing All in Civil War

But the town knew worse troubles even than the floods: troubles of the civil wars when it was a continual fighting place where first puritans thanked God for the blood of the loyalists and then loyalists thanked God for the blood of the puritans. Many honest citizens lost all their possessions

for conscience sake in those times and went forth beggared from their native town. (George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

痛失家园

可是这座市镇还经历过比洪水更严重的灾祸——内战的兵灾，这里一次又一次成为战场，先是清教徒们为保王党人流血而感谢上帝，接着又是保王党人为清教徒们流血而感谢上帝。许多正直的居民在那时候为了信仰而倾家荡产，离开了家园去讨饭。 (伍厚恺 译)

Counting the Cost

Not until the Emperor Hirohito's delegate signed Japan's official surrender did Gillanbone believe the war was finally over. The news came on Sunday, September 2, 1945, which was exactly six years after the start. Six agonizing years. So many places empty, never to be filled again: Dominic O'Rourke's son Rory, Horry Hopeton's son John, Eden Carmichael's son Cormac. Ross MacQueen's youngest son, Angus, would never walk again, Anthony King's son David would walk but never see where he was going, Paddy Cleary's son Patsy would never have children. And there were those whose wounds weren't visible, but whose scars went just as deep; who had gone off gaily, eager and laughing, but came home quietly, said little, and laughed only rarely. Who could have dreamed when it began that it would go on so long, or take such a toll?

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

抹不去的创伤

裕仁天皇的代表没有签署日本的官方投降书，基兰博的人就相信战争终于结束了。消息是1945年9月2日传来的，这个日子正好是战争开始六周年。这是极其痛苦的六年。许许多多的位置都已空缺，永远不会再填补上了：他们是多米尼克·奥鲁尔克的儿子罗利，霍里·霍普顿的儿子约翰，伊登·卡迈克尔的儿子科马克。罗斯·麦克奎恩最小的儿子安格斯再也不能走路了，安东尼·金的儿子大卫还能走路，可再也看不到他所去的地方了。帕迪·克利里的儿子帕西永远不会有孩子了。还有这样一些人，他们的创伤是肉眼看不到的，可他们的伤痕却同样深。他们欢天喜地，心情急切，仰天大笑而去，但回家后却沉沉默默，慢言寡语，罕见其笑。在战争开始的时候，他们能想到战争如此旷日持久，付出的代价是如此沉重？ (曾胡 译)

Ⅳ. Religion　宗教

1. Church Services　礼拜

Reluctant Believer

He saw the priest bend down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the people. All crossed themselves and stood up. Mr Bloom glanced about him and then stood up, looking over the risen hats. Stand up at the gospel of course. Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his bench. The priest came down from the altar, holding the thing out from him, and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin. Then the priest knelt down and began to read off a card:

—O God, our refuge and our strength…

(James Joyce, *Ulysses*)

不情愿的信徒

他看到牧师跪下去吻神坛，然后转过身来祝福全场的人。人们都在自己身上画了十字站起身来。布卢姆先生左右张望了一下，也站了起来，望着眼底下那一片帽顶。是站起来听福音了，当然。然后所有的人又跪下了，他也悄悄地又坐了下去。牧师把那东西擎在面前走下神坛，和他的助手互相用拉丁文一问一答。接着，牧师跪下念一张卡片：

——天主啊，您是我们的庇护所，是我们的力量……　　(金隄　译)

Grand Scene

"*Introibo ad altare Dei.*" Montane lli stood before the high altar among his ministers and acolytes and read the introit aloud in steady tones. All the Cathedral was a blaze of light and colour; from the holiday dresses of the congregation to the pillars with their flaming draperies and wreaths of flowers there was no dull spot in it. Over the open spaces of the doorway fell great scarlet curtains, through whose folds the hot June sunlight glowed, as through the petals of red poppies in a corn-field. The religious orders with their candles and torches, the companies of the parishes with

their crosses and flags, lighted up the dim side-chapels; and in the aisles the silken folds of the processional banners drooped, their gilded staves and tassels glinting under the arches. The surplices of the choristers gleamed, rainbowtinted, beneath the coloured windows; the sunlight lay on the chancel floor in chequered stains of orange and purple and green. Behind the altar hung a shimmering veil of silver tissue; and against the veil and the decorations and the altar-lights the Cardinal's figure stood out in its trailing white robes like a marble statue that had come to life.

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

盛大的场面

"Introibo ad altare Dei." 蒙泰尼里站在高大的祭坛上朗诵赞美诗，语调平稳。四周都是他手下的教士和侍祭。整个大教堂装饰得金碧辉煌。从汇聚一起的人们所穿的节日盛装，到悬挂火红的帷幕和花圈的柱子，没有一处黯然无光。敞开的入口挂上了鲜红的门帘，炎热的六月阳光通过门帘的褶皱发出耀眼的光芒，就像阳光映过麦田里的红色罂粟花瓣。各修道会的会友举着蜡烛和火炬，各教区的教友举着十字架和旗帜，照亮了两侧的小祭坛；游行旗帜的丝绸褶皱在过道里垂挂下来，镀金的旗杆和流苏在拱门之下闪闪发光。在彩色玻璃窗户下，唱诗班教士的白色法衣呈现出缤纷的色彩；阳光照到内殿的地板上，闪耀着橘红色、紫色和绿色的方形光斑。祭坛后面挂着一道闪亮的银色织锦；红衣主教穿着拖曳的白色长袍，他的身影衬着帷幕以及饰物和祭坛的灯光，站在那里就像一尊被赋予生命的大理石雕像。 (庆学先 译)

Public Worship

…and the following morning, chanting and all dressed in their vestments with their prayer books in hand, and preceded by their crosses, they went to get his body, and with the greatest ceremony and solemnity they carried it to their church, followed by almost every person in the city, men and women alike; once the body had been placed in the church, the holy friar who had confessed him mounted the pulpit and began to preach marvelous things about him and his life, his fastings, his virginity, his simplicity, innocence, and holiness, recounting, among other things, what Ser Ciappelletto had tearfully confessed to him as his greatest sin, and describing to them how he was scarcely able to convince him God might forgive him for it; from this he turned to reprove the people who were listening, and he said:

"And you, God's wretched sinners, blaspheme against Him, His Mother, and all the saints in Paradise when a little blade of straw is caught under your feet!" (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

隆重礼拜

"……第二天早上,神父们个个都穿起法帽法袍,手持圣书,用十字架在前引道,沿途歌唱。他们用最隆重的礼式,迎他到教堂,全城的人都在后面跟着往前走。遗体被抬到教堂,老神父便登坛宣述他平生的一切奇迹,如禁食、禁欲、诚朴、无咎和圣洁等等。对于他郑重招认的大罪,更特别提出,好像不必劝告,上帝也会宽恕他的样子。从此以后,他不时的叱责他的听众道:"你们这么奸恶,也不恤因小故而咒诅上帝、圣母和天上的列圣啊。" (黄石 译)

Going to Church

The sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling lustily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children with bright faces tript merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week-days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell … (Nathaniel Hawthone, *The Minister's Black Veil*)

过礼拜

米尔福德礼拜堂的司事站在廊子上忙着拉扯系钟的绳子。村里的老人弯腰曲背沿街走来。孩子们笑脸盈盈、跳跳蹦蹦地跟在父母身边,有的则神气十足地迈着庄重的步子,显示自己一身过礼拜日的新装。衣冠楚楚的小伙子侧眼偷觑好看的姑娘们,觉得礼拜日的阳光使她们比平时更为动人。当人群大部分走进礼拜堂的门廊后,司事开始摇钟…… (聿枚 译)

Sleepy Sermon

We hitched up the spring wagon this morning and drove to the center to church. It's a sweet little white frame church with a spire and three Doric columns in front (or maybe Ionic —I always get them mixed).

A nice sleepy sermon with everybody drowsily waving palm-leaf fans, and the only sound, aside from the minister, the buzzing of locusts in the

trees outside. I didn't wake up till I found myself on my feet singing the hymn, and then I was awfully sorry I hadn't listened to the sermon; I should like to know more of the psychology of a man who would pick out such a hymn. This was it:

Come, leave your sports and earthly toys
And join me in celestial joys.
Or else, dear friend, a long farewell.
I leave you now to sink to hell. (Jean Webster, *Daddy-Long-Legs*)

催人入睡的布道

今天早晨,我们套上马车到镇中心的教堂去。教堂是一所可爱的白色建筑,有尖顶和三个陶立克式柱子(或许是爱奥尼亚式,我搞不清)。

在那催人入睡的布道声中,众人懒洋洋地摇着芭蕉扇。除了牧师的声音之外,只有窗外树丛中蚱蜢的一片唧唧声。我一直瞌睡到大家起立唱赞美诗。这时,我忽然为刚才没有听布道感到一阵懊恼,真想知道选择这首赞美诗的人的心理,请看:

来吧,丢下你的玩物和尘世的消遣,
与我在天国携手腾欢。
要不,朋友,你我从此永别,
任你沦入地狱受尽磨难。 (喻璠琴 译)

2. Prayers 祈祷

Pleading for Protection

The priest prayed:

—Blessed Michael, archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil (may God restrain him, we humbly pray): and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.

The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off. All over. The women remained behind: thanksgiving. (James Joyce, *Ulysses*)

祈求神佑

牧师在祈祷:

——神圣的大天使米迦勒,请您在冲突的时刻保护我们。请您保护我们不受魔鬼的阴谋诡计之害(我们恭求天主管住他!);天使长呵,请您务必借助

天主的神威,将撒旦抛入地狱,并将其余游荡世间戕贼灵魂的恶鬼也一起投入地狱吧。

牧师和他的助手站起身来,走了。结束了。妇女们还不走:感谢恩赐。

(金隄 译)

Special Prayer

Charles seated himself halfway down the main aisle and stared through the roodscreen at the crucifix over the altar. Then he got to his knees and whispered the Lord's Prayer, his rigid hands clenched over the prayer-ledge in front of him.

The dark silence and emptiness welled back once the ritual words were said. He began to compose a special prayer for his circumstances: "Forgive me, O Lord, for my selfishness. Forgive me for breaking Thy laws. Forgive me my dishonor, forgive me my unchastity. Forgive me my dissatisfaction with myself, forgive me my lack of faith in Thy wisdom and charity. Forgive and advise me, O Lord in my travail…" but then, by means of one of those miserable puns made by a distracted subconscious, Sarah's face rose before him, tearstained, agonized, with all the features of a Mater Dolorosa by Grünewald…

(John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

特别的祈祷

查尔斯在教堂正中走道一侧的中间坐下,透过圣坛屏风注视着祭坛上方的耶稣受难像,之后,他跪下,低声念主祷文,他僵直的双手握在一起摆在面前的祈祷架上。

当他念完这些礼仪性的祷文时,寓于黑暗中的寂静和空旷又笼罩四周。接着,他开始念他根据自身的处境编出来的特殊祷文:"主啊!宽恕我的自私。宽恕我触犯了您的律法。宽恕我的耻辱,宽恕我的不贞。宽恕我欲壑难填,宽恕我对你的智慧和仁爱缺乏信心。主啊,在我的痛苦中宽恕我,给我以忠告吧……"然而,由于心不在焉的下意识活动而产生的一个凄凉的双关语,莎拉的面孔突然浮现在他的眼前,她满脸泪痕,在痛苦中挣扎,露出了格鲁恩华德的名画《忧郁的母亲》中的一切特征;…… (阿良 刘坤尊 译)

Difficult and Exhausting Prayer

Arthur went into the alcove and knelt down before the crucifix, trying

to compose his mind to the proper attitude for prayer and meditation. But this he found difficult to accomplish. He had, as Thomas said, rather overdone the Lenten privations, and they had gone to his head like strong wine. Little quivers of excitement went down his back, and the crucifix swam in a misty cloud before his eyes. It was only after a long litany, mechanically repeated, that he succeeded in recalling his wandering imagination to the mystery of the Atonement. At last sheer physical weariness conquered the feverish agitation of his nerves, and he lay down to sleep in a calm and peaceful mood, free from all unquiet or disturbing thoughts.

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

艰难而令人疲劳的祈祷

亚瑟走进壁龛,在十字架前跪下去,他竭力安静自己的心神,想好好的进行祈祷和默念。但是他觉得很难做到。正如汤麦斯所说,他把四月斋的斋戒做得太过分了,现在他的头脑好像喝了烈酒一样,背上也微微发抖,那个十字架在他眼前就像在云雾里荡漾。--直到他机械地一遍一遍将祷文背诵了好久,才排除掉奔放不羁的幻想,把注意力集中到赎罪的祈祷上面来。最后,一种纯粹是体力上的疲劳压服了他神经上的激动,使他从各种骚动不安的思想中摆脱出来,带着一种宁静平和的心境躺上床去睡了。 (庆学先 译)

Praying on a Serene Night

Worn out with this torture of thought, I rose to my knees. Night was come, and her planets were risen: a safe, still night; too serene for the companionship of fear. We know that God is everywhere; but certainly we feel His presence most when His works are on the grandest scale spread before us: and it is in the unclouded night-sky, where His worlds wheel their silent course, that we read clearest His infinitude, His omnipotence, His omnipresence. I had risen to my knees to pray for Mr. Rochester Looking up I with tear-dimmed eyes, saw the mighty milky-way. Remembering what it was-what countless systems there swept space like a soft trace of light-I felt the might and strength of God. Sure was I of His efficiency to save what He had made: convinced I grew that neither earth should perish, nor one of the souls it treasured. I turned my prayer to thanksgiving: the Source of Life was also the Saviour of Spirits. Mr. Rochester was safe he was God's, and by God would he be guarded. I

again nestled to the breast of the hill, and erelong, in sleep, forgot sorrow.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

静夜祈祷

我被这种念头折磨得疲乏不堪，于是便起来跪着。夜已来临，星星已经升起，这是一个平安宁静的夜，平静得与恐怖无缘。我们知道上帝无处不在，但当他的劳作壮丽地展现在我们面前时，我们才最感觉到他的存在。在万里无云的夜空中，在他的宇宙无声地滚滚向前的地方，我们清楚地看到了他的无边无涯，他的万能，他的无处不在。我已起来跪着为罗切斯特先生祈祷。抬起头来，我泪眼朦胧地看到了浩瀚的银河。一想起银河是什么——那里有无数的星系像一道微光那么扫过太空——我便感到了上帝的巨大力量。我确信他有能力拯救他的创造物，更相信无论是地球，还是它所珍爱的一个灵魂，都不会毁灭。我把祈祷的内容改为感恩。生命的源泉也是灵魂的救星。罗切斯特先生会安然无恙。他属于上帝，上帝会保护他。我再次投入小山的怀抱，不久，在沉睡中便忘掉了忧愁。

(祝庆英 译)

First Prayer

…I was earnestly begging of God to give me Repentance, when it happen'd providentially the very Day that reading the Scripture, I came to these Words, *He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour*, *to give Repentance*, *and to give Remission*. I threw down the Book, and with my Heart as well as my Hands lifted up to Heaven, in a Kind of Extasy of Joy, I cry'd out aloud, *Jesus*, *thou Son of David*, *Jesus*, *thou exalted Prince and Saviour*, *give me Repentance*!

This was the first Time that I could say, in the true Sense of the Words, that I pray'd in all my Life; for now I pray'd with a Sense of my Condition, and with a true Scripture View of Hope founded on the Encouragement of the Word of God; and from this Time, I may say, I began to have Hope that God would hear me.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

第一次祈祷

……有一天，我正恳切地祈求上帝给我忏悔的机会，忽然，就像天意一样，我在"圣经"读到了这句话："上帝且用右手将他高举，叫他作君王，作救主，赐给人悔改的心和赦罪的恩。"于是我把书放下，把我的心灵和双手举向天空，大喜若狂地高声喊道："耶稣，你大卫的儿子，耶稣，你被上帝抬举的君王和救主

啊，赐给我悔改的心吧！”

严格的说起来，这可以说是我生平第一次的祈祷：因为我现在做祈祷的时候，联系到了我个人的处境，并且由于上帝的言语的鼓励，抱着一种符合于“圣经”的精神和希望。也可以说，从这时候起，我才敢于希望上帝会听到我的话。

（方原 译）

Grand Ceremony

In front of the door knelt twenty-four young ladies, all belonging to the most distinguished families of Verrieres. Before opening the door, the bishop knelt among these girls, who were all pretty. As he prayed aloud, it seemed that they could not sufficiently admire his fine lace, his charm and his young, gentle face…

The door suddenly opened. The little chapel seemed to be ablaze with light. On the altar could be seen more than a thousand candles divided into eight rows separated by bouquets of flowers. The sweet odor of the purest incense floated in clouds from the door of the sanctuary. The newly gilded chapel was very small, but extremely high.

(Henri Beyle Stendhal, *The Red and Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

盛大的祈祷仪式

小门的前面，已经跪着二十四个少女，都是维立叶尔最显贵的家庭的小姐。在没有打开这扇门以前，主教也跪在这一群十分美丽的少女当中。当他高声地祈祷的时候，她们好像争着欣赏他美丽的花边，他的风度，他的年轻而和善的相貌，……小门突然开启，小教堂内灯火辉煌。我们可以看到那祭台上，燃着千余支大蜡烛。蜡烛分作八排，每排之间，用鲜花间隔着。最纯洁的香烟的馥郁的香气从圣堂门内喷出，好似海潮的旋涡。这座新近镀金的小教堂仄狭已极，但是非常华贵。

（罗玉君 译）

Praying for All

And now the minister prayed. A good, generous prayer it was, and went into details. It pleaded for the Church, and the little children of the Church: for the other churches of the village; for the village itself; for the county; for the State; for the State officers; for the United States; for the churches of the United States; for Congress; for the President; for the officers of the Government; for poor sailors, tossed by stormy seas; for the

oppressed millions groaning under the heel of European monarchies and Oriental despotisms; for such as have the light and the good tidings, and yet have not eyes to see nor ears to hear withal; for the heathen in the far islands of the sea; and closed with a supplication that the words he was about to speak might find grace and favour, and be as seed sown in fertile ground, yielding in time a grateful harvest of good. Amen.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

为一切祈祷

后来牧师就做祷告了。这是一篇很好的、内容丰富的祈祷，说得很周到：它替教会向主求福；替教堂里的孩子们求福；替本村别的教堂求福；替全村求福；替全县求福；替全州求福；替州里的官员们求福；替美国求福；替美国各教会求福；替国会求福；替总统求福；替政府的官员们求福；替漂泊在狂风暴雨的海洋上的可怜的水手们求福；替呻吟在欧洲的君主制度和东方的专制制度铁蹄下的无数百万被压迫者求福；替那些有了救主的光和福音而视若无睹、充耳不闻的人们求福；替远在海外岛上的那些异教徒求福；最后牧师祈求天主让他所要说的话能够获得主的恩宠，成为播种在肥沃的地里的种子一样，将来开花结果，造福无穷。亚门。 (张友松 译)

Excellent Prayer

But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the child-like earnestness, of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being, as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

精彩的祈祷

他讲道时措词简洁、恳切而诚挚，就是对那些比他受过更好教育的人，也会大有裨益的。可是他特别擅长的还是祈祷。他的祷告淳朴感人，单纯诚恳，真是无与伦比；而且由于他经常引用《圣经》的语言，内容就更为丰富。《圣经》的语言仿佛渗透了他的灵魂，融化在他的生命之中，因而随时可以不假思索，脱口而出。诚如一个虔诚的老黑人所说，"他祷告起来，直上天庭。"他的祈祷

往往激起会众虔敬的感情,因而常有被四面八方响起的应答声淹没的危险。

(黄继忠 译)

3. Baptisms 洗礼

Child Angel Awaiting Baptism

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered around, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages!

(Charles Lamb, *The Child Angel: a Dream*)

等待洗礼的小天使

天使来自何方,如何而来,是谁命令它来的,还是纯粹它自己的意思要来,你我都不得而知——但是,确切无疑,那儿躺着的是,裹在云团缭绕的小襁褓里——一位小天使。

太阳的光束——薄雾似的日光——穿过那王子气派的摇篮上精美的亚麻布。身带羽翼的九极天使个个都在四周盘旋,看着这新生儿睁开合闭的双眼;它睁眼的时候,先是一只,接着又是一只——流露出一种焦虑和担忧,不过并没有因为透露出害怕而使那双和凡胎一样肿起的眼皮黯然无光,却是仿佛在它那些并非先天而来的殿堂里探索道路——多么难以抑制的一团憨笑呀,时光仍然赋予了天神之相!

(张建平 译)

Baptizing at Home

'Sorrow, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

She sprinkled the water, and there was silence.

'Say "Amen", children.'

The tiny voices piped in obedient response 'Amen!'

Tess went on:

'We receive this child' - and so forth - 'and do sign him with the sign of the Cross.'

Here she dipped her hand into the basin, and fervently drew an immense cross upon the baby with her forefinger, continuing with the customary sentences as to his manfully fighting against sin, the world, and the devil, and being a faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. She duly went on with the Lord's Prayer, the children lisping it after her in a thin gnatlike wail, till, at the conclusion, raising their voices to clerk's pitch, they again piped into the silence, 'Amen!'

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

家中洗礼

"苦恼,我现在以圣父、圣子及圣灵的名义,给你行洗礼。"

念到这儿,她洒起水来,一时都静悄悄的。

"孩子们,你们都说'阿门'。"

细小的声音,听了吩咐,都异口同音,应声说道"阿门"。

苔丝又接着念:

"我们纳受这婴孩"——等等——"我们给他划一个十字作记号。"

念到这儿,她把手在水盆里蘸了一蘸,用食指照着小孩热热烈烈地划了一个很大的十字。接着又把普通行洗礼念的那些话——像说他要奋勇地和世俗、罪恶、魔鬼交战,要自始自终作上帝忠实的仆人和兵士等等——一直念到末了。于是又按着规矩往下念《主祷文》,孩子们也都像蚊子似的、咿咿呀呀跟着她念,念完最后一句,他们都和教堂的助手一样,又提高了嗓门,在静悄悄的屋子里,齐声尖喊"阿门!" (张谷若 译)

Solemn Christening at Roaring Camp

A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the Church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the

little man, stoutly eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the square. It's playin' it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there's goin' to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been otherwise uttered than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously an he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

(Brett Harte, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*)

咆哮营的庄严洗礼

遂即又定下一个日子给他洗礼。这个仪式对于咆哮营来说意味着什么，那些已经洞悉咆哮营之野蛮与无礼的人是不难想象的。掌管各种仪式的人是来自波士顿的一个有名的诙角儿。洗礼仪式似乎将成为最大的滑稽场面。这位机智的风趣人花了两天的时间准备了一个模仿教堂仪式的滑稽节目，其中有不少地方明显喻指咆哮营内的人与事。合唱团也进行了正规的培训。桑弟·提普顿充当教父。但是，当队伍吹吹打打前进到小树林，小孩也已被安放到一个仿制的祭坛前时，斯坦皮走到翘首以待的人群前开了口："伙计们，我不想毁坏大家的兴致，"这位矮小的男人坚定地望了望周围的面孔说道，"但是我觉得这事儿不太公平。拿一个不大懂事的孩子打趣儿，这有点卑鄙，再说，如果要选教父的话，我倒想看看哪一位比我更有资格。"斯坦皮的话音落下，大家便都默不作声。值得所有风趣人物自豪的是波士顿那位诙角儿第一个承认斯坦皮的话有道理并终止了他的打趣。"但是，"斯坦皮乘机又说道，"既然我们是来给他施洗的，我们现在就开始。按照美利坚合众国和加利福尼亚州的法律，我宣布你为托马斯·福，遵上帝的旨意。"这是咆哮营中第一次用了上帝的名字而不是进行诅咒。施洗仪式也许比风趣者所想象的还要可笑；但奇怪的是，没有人觉得可笑，也没有人发笑。"汤米"受到十分庄重的洗礼——即便是在基督教堂里受洗，其庄重程度也无非如此。他哭叫并受到了以同样正统的方式所赋予的安慰。

(李素苗 译)

Careful Baptizing

Another five days passed, and then the young Prince Nicholas Andreevich was baptized. The wet-nurse supported the coverlet with her chin, while the priest with a goose feather anointed the boy's little red and wrinkled soles and palms.

His grandfather, who was his godfather, trembling and afraid of dropping him, carried the infant round the battered tin font, and handed him over to the godmother, Princess Mary. Prince Andrew sat in another room, faint with fear lest the baby should be drowned in the font, and awaited the termination of the ceremony. He looked up joyfully at the baby when the nurse brought it to him, and nodded approval when she told him that the wax with the baby's hair had not sunk in the font but had floated.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude)

小心翼翼施洗

又是五天过去了,这时小王爵尼古拉·安德列维契受洗礼了。奶妈用下巴支起被单,教士用一支鹅毛把油涂在那个男孩的又红又皱的小脚掌和小手掌上。

他的祖父,也就是孩子的教父,战战兢兢地抱着婴儿,只怕失手跌下去,绕过凹凸不平的锡圣水盆,然后递给教母玛丽王爵小姐。安德列王爵怕婴儿会在圣水盆里淹死,怕得失了神,坐在另一个房间,等候仪式完结。当保姆把婴儿抱到他那里的时候,他愉快地向上看那个婴儿。她对他说,粘有婴儿头发的蜡并未沉在圣水盆里,已经漂起来了。 (董秋斯 译)

4. Repentances 忏悔

Confession before Communion

He knelt down before the crucifix. Father Cardi had promised to receive him in the morning; and for this, his last confession before the Easter communion, he must prepare himself by long and earnest prayer. Kneeling with clasped hands and bent head, he looked back over the month, and reckoned up the miniature sins of impatience, carelessness, hastiness of temper, which hed left their faint, small spots upon the whiteness of his soul. Beyond these he could find nothing; in this month he had been too happy to sin much. He crossed himself, and, rising,

began to undress. (E.L Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

圣餐前的忏悔

他在十字架前跪了下来。卡尔迪神父已经答应在第二天早晨接待他，而且因为这是他在复活节圣餐前的最后一次忏悔，所以他必须长久而又认真地祈祷，以使自己作好准备。他跪在那里，双手合掌，脑袋低垂。他回顾了过去一个月里的所作所为，历数急躁、粗心、急性子所犯下的轻微罪过，那些已经在他纯洁的心灵里留下了淡淡的细小污点。除此之外，他没有发现什么。在这个月里，他实在是太高兴了，所以没有时间犯下太多的罪过。他在胸前画了一个十字，然后站起来开始脱衣服。 (庆学先 译)

Confession on an Isolated Island

September the thirtieth, I was now come to the unhappy Anniversary of my Landing. I cast up the Notches on my Post, and found I had been on Shore three hundred and sixty five Days. I kept this Day as a Solemn Fast, setting it apart to Religious Exercise, prostrating my self on the Ground with the most serious Humiliation, confessing my Sins to God, acknowledging his Righteous Judgments upon me, and praying to him to have Mercy on me, through Jesus Christ; and having not tasted the least Refreshment for twelve Hours, even till the going down of the Sun, I then ate a Bisket Cake, and a Bunch of Grapes, and went to Bed, finishing the Day as I began it. (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

荒岛上的忏悔

九月三十日。今天是我上岸的不幸的周年纪念日。我把我那柱子上的刻痕算了一算，发现我已经上岸三百六十五天了。我把这天定为斋戒日，在这一天举行宗教仪式，以极端虔诚谦卑的心情跪伏在地上，向上帝忏悔我的罪恶，接受他对我的公正的处分，求他看在耶稣基督的面上，哀怜饶恕我。从早晨到晚上，我差不多一点东西都没有吃，一直到太阳落山，我才吃了几块饼干，一把葡萄干，上床睡觉。 (方原 译)

Taking an Oath

Hence he reached the church without observation, and the door being only latched he entered. The hay-trusser deposited his basket by the font, went up the nave till he reached the altar-rails, and opening the gate entered the sacrarium, where he seemed to feel a sense of the strangeness

for a moment; then he knelt upon the foot-pace. Dropping his head upon the clamped book which lay on the Communiontable, he said aloud:

"I, Michael Henchard, on this morning of the sixteenth of September, do take an oath before God here in this solemn place that I will avoid all strong liquors for the space of twenty-one years to come, being a year for every year that I have lived. And this I swear upon the Book before me; and may I be struck dumb, blind, and helpless if I break this my oath."

When he had said it and kissed the big book, the hay-trusser arose, and seemed relieved at having made a start in a new direction.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

发誓

因此一路上没人看见他便到了教堂,门不过是搭着闩,他走了进去。打草的把篮子放在洗礼盆的旁边,走进正堂直到祭坛栏杆的地方,开了门,进入神龛,在这里他暂时似乎感到一阵奇异的感觉;然后他跪在高坛上。他把头俯在圣餐台夹牢的那本书上,大声说:"我——麦克尔·亨察尔,在今天,九月十六日早晨,在这神圣的地方诚心发誓,照我活过来的有一年算一年,在未来二十年期内我决不再喝各种烈性的酒。我对面前的圣书立了这个誓;如果违悖了我的誓言,叫我受天罚,变成聋子、瞎子和不可救药的人!"

打草的说完了,并跟那本大书接过吻,便站起身来,似乎开始展开了一个新的生命,心里安然了。 (侍桁 淑勤 译)

Confessing the Truth

"I, whom you behold in these black garments of the priesthood, —I, who ascend the sacred desk, and turn my pale face heavenward, taking upon myself to hold communion, in your behalf, with the Most High Omniscience, —I, in whose daily life you discern the sanctity of Enoch, —I, whose footsteps, as you suppose, leave a gleam along my earthly track, whereby the pilgrims that shall come after me may be guided to the regions of the blest, —I, who have laid the hand of baptism upon your children, —I, who have breathed the parting prayer over your dying friends, to whom the Amen sounded faintly from a world which they had quitted, —I, your pastor, whom you so reverence and trust, am utterly a pollution and a lie!" (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

袒露内心

"我——你们眼见穿着牧师黑袍的这个人;我——登上神圣的讲坛,面孔苍白地朝着上天,替你们向最高的全能之神传达音信的这个人;我——你们认为日常生活有如以诺般圣洁的这个人;我——你们以为在人间的途径上脚步留下一道光明,许多巡礼者追随着我便可被领进仙界里的这个人;我——亲手给你们的孩子施行洗礼的这个人;我——曾经在你们的临终的朋友身边念了告别的祈祷,从他们离别的世界对他们微弱地响起'亚门'之声的这个人;我——你们的牧师,你们如此尊敬如此信任的这个人,完全是一团污秽,一个骗子!"

(侍桁 等译)

Repenting and Starting Anew

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet: he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as a driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world.

(O. Henry, *The Cop and the Anthem*)

悔过自新

苏贝这种对外界事物敞开心扉的心态一旦同老教堂的影响力结合在了一起,就使他心灵上突然发生了奇妙的变化。当他回顾自己所掉进的深渊,回顾构成了自己一生的那些堕落的日子,卑劣的欲望,幻灭的希望,被糟践的才能和卑鄙无耻的动机时,他顿时感到胆战心惊。

而且片刻之间他的内心也激动地对这种前所未有的心情作出了反应。一种即刻产生的强烈冲动驱使他去同自己绝望的命运进行斗争。他要把他自己

拽出泥潭;他要重新做个堂堂正正的人;他要战胜那曾经控制过他的邪恶。现在还来得及;他还算比较年轻;他要恢复他以前的那些一心向往的理想,并且毫不动摇地去追求它们。那些庄严而美妙的音符在他身上引发了一场革命。明天他将要到热闹的商业区去找工作。一位皮货商人曾经表示愿意要他担任司机。他明天要去找他,向他要求这个职位。他要在世界上成为一个有所作为的人。 (刘竞 译)

5. Funerals 葬礼

Funeral Ceremony in the Rain

No flowers smothered these coffins, and the vases all round the chapel were empty. What blossoms had survived the terrible heat of the fiery air two nights ago had succumbed to the rain, and laid themselves down against the mud like ruined butterflies. Not even a stalk of bottle brush, or an early rose. And everyone was tired, so tired. Those who had ridden the long miles in the mud to show their liking for Paddy were tired, those who had brought the bodies in were tired, those who had slaved to cook and clean were tired, Father Ralph was so tired he felt as if he moved in a dream, eyes sliding away from Fee's pinched, hopeless face, Meggie's expression of mingled sorrow and anger, the collective grief of that collective cluster Bob, Jack and Hughie…

…

Then out into it, the grieving rain, across the lawn all browned and scorched by heat, to the little white-railinged cemetery. This time there were pallbearers willing to shoulder the plain rectangular boxes, slipping and sliding in the mud, trying to see where they were going through the rain beating in their eyes. And the little bells on the Chinese cook's grave tinkled drably: Hee Sing, Hee Sing, Hee Sing.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

雨中葬礼

没有鲜花可以放在这两口棺材上,经受了可怕的热流摧残而遗存下来的花朵,却被雨水降伏了,它们像死去的蝴蝶似地纷纷坠落在泥地上,甚至没有一朵花留下,小教堂里的花瓶只只都是空的。每个人都很疲乏,非常疲乏,那些在泥地上骑着马长途跋涉来对帕迪表示敬爱的人们显得有点倦了,那些把尸体抬进来的人厌倦了,那些雇来烧饭和打扫的人厌倦了,拉尔夫累得昏昏沉沉地,好像在做梦。他的眼睛从一个个人的脸上移过去,非那张痛苦、绝望的

脸，麦琪那张混杂着忧戚和恼怒的脸，鲍勃、杰克和胡伊悲哀的脸……

……

然后人们走到了悲哀的雨中，越过被火烤成了棕色的发焦的草坪来到围着白色铁栏杆的墓地。这次抬棺材的人愿意用肩扛着那两口普通的长方形棺材了，他们在泥地上一脚高一脚低地滑行着，尽力想透过打在他们眼睛上的雨水看清前面的方向。中国厨师坟上的小铃发出了单调的声音：喜声、喜声、喜声。

（晓明　陈明绵　译）

Most Desolate Cortege

She could not have conceived of a more desolate cortege. They had put the coffin in an oxcart over which they built a canopy of banana leaves, but the pressure of the rain was so intense and the streets so muddy that with every step the wheels got stuck and the covering was on the verge of falling apart. The streams of sad water that fell on the coffin were soaking the flag that had been placed on top, which was actually the flag stained with blood and gunpowder that had been rejected by more honorable veterans. On the coffin they had also placed the saber with tassels of silver and copper, the same one that Colonel Gerineldo Márquez used to hang on the coat rack in order to go into Amaranta's sewing room unarmed. Behind the cart, some barefoot and all of them with their pants rolled up, splashing in the mud were the last survivors of the surrender at Neerlandia, carrying a drover's staff in one hand and in the other a wreath of paper flowers that had become discolored in the rain. They appeared like an unreal vision along the street which still bore the name of Colonel Aureliano Buendia, and they all looked at the house as they passed and turned the corner at the square, where they had to ask for help to move the cart, which was stuck.

(Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, trans. Gregory Rabassa)

凄惨的送葬队伍

无法想象比这更凄惨的送葬队伍了。棺材就放在一辆用香蕉树叶搭着遮棚的牛车上。但是暴风雨的冲力那么猛，街上又那么泥泞，每走一步轮子都要往下陷，那遮棚都快塌了。凄凉的雨水倾泻在棺材板上，浸湿了覆盖在上面的军旗。实际上，这是一面沾满鲜血和尘土、为最有骨气的老军人们所唾弃的旗帜。棺材上还放着一把饰有铜线和真丝流苏的军刀，就是从前赫里奈多·马尔克斯上校为了不把兵器带进阿玛兰塔的缝纫间而挂在大厅的衣帽钩上的那一

把。车子的后面跟着最后一批尼兰德投降时的幸存者，他们一只手扶着车辕，另一只手拎着被雨水淋得退了色的纸花圈，吧嗒吧嗒地在泥潭中行进。在这条仍然沿用奥雷良诺·布恩地亚上校名字的大街上，他们的出现犹如一种幻景。他们经过布恩地亚家时，眼光都注视着这座房子。在广场的拐角上转弯时，他们不得不请人帮忙把陷进泥潭的牛车拉出来。 （黄锦炎 等译）

Touching Funeral Sermon

As the service proceeded, the clergyman drew such pictures of the graces, the winning ways, and the rare promise of the lost lads, that every soul there, thinking he recognized these pictures, felt a pang in remembering that he had persistently blinded himself to them always before, and had as persistently seen only faults and flaws in the poor boys. The minister related many a touching incident in the lives of the departed, too, which illustrated their sweet, generous natures, and the people could easily see, now, how noble and beautiful those episodes were, and remembered with grief that at the time they occurred they had seemed rank rascalities, well deserving of the cowhide. The congregation became more and more moved as the pathetic tale went on, till at last the whole company broke down and joined the weeping mourners in a chorus of anguished sobs, the preacher himself giving way to his feelings, and crying in the pulpit. （Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*）

感人的悼词

丧仪进行中，牧师把死去的孩子们的美德和他们讨人欢喜的行为，以及非凡的前途描述得有声有色，以致在座的人个个都觉得自己承认他所描写的很对，因此他们回想起从前一贯地瞎着眼睛没有看出这一切，而且一贯地只看到这几个不幸的孩子的过错和毛病，心里不免觉得很难受。牧师还叙述了死者生前许多动人的小事件，这些事情都表现出他们可爱的、慷慨的天性，大家现在很容易看出这些偶然的小事是如何地高尚和优美，同时很悲伤地回想起当初这些事情发生的时候，都好像是些道地的流氓行为，简直该挨皮鞭子才行。牧师这一番凄楚动听的话继续下去的时候，会众越来越被他感动了，后来全体终于痛哭起来，和服丧的人们悲恸的哭泣声打成了一片，牧师本人也情不自禁，在讲道坛上哭起来了。 （张友松 译）

Burial

There were, for a while, soft whisperings and foot-falls in the

chamber, as one after another stole in, to look at the dead; and then came the little coffin; and then there was a funeral, and carriages drove to the door, and strangers came and were seated; and there were white scarfs and ribbons, and crape bands, and mourners dressed in black crape; and there were words read from the Bible, and prayers offered; and St. Clare lived, and walked, and moved, as one who has shed every tear; —to the last he saw only one thing, that golden head in the coffin but then he saw the cloth spread over it, the lid of the coffin closed; and he walked, when he was put beside the others, down to a little place at the bottom of the garden, and there, by the mossy seat where she and Tom had talked, and sung, and read so often, was the little grave. St. Clare stood beside it, —looked vacantly down; he saw them lower the little coffin; he heard, dimly, the solemn words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," and, as the earth was cast in and filled up the little grave, he could not realize that it was his Eva they were hiding from his sight.

(Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

下葬

这时,家人纷纷蹑手蹑脚地进来向死者告别;屋子里只听见耳语声和脚步声;过了一会儿,一口小棺材抬进来了;接着便举行了葬礼。大门口来了好几辆马车,许多陌生人进来入了座;还有许多白头巾、白线带和黑纱,还有身穿黑色丧服的哭丧人;接着,有人念经文、做祷告。圣·克莱亚活着、走动着,似乎已经流尽了最后一滴泪。然而,自始至终,他眼睛里只看见一样东西,那就是棺材里的那个金发的小脑袋。可是不多一会儿,他看见人家用一块布遮住了那脑袋,接着棺材也盖起来了。于是有人把他跟其他的人排列在一起,他和大家走到花园尽头的一块小地前,就是往日里她跟汤姆常在一起说话、唱歌和读《圣经》的那个长满青苔的凳子旁边,她的小坟墓就在那里。圣·克莱亚站在墓穴旁茫然朝下望着。他看见人家把那口小棺材放下去,隐隐约约听见有人在念这几句庄严的话:"复活在我,生命也在我;信我的人,虽然死了,也必复活。"当人家往墓穴里填土时,他简直不能相信他们在眼前埋的就是他的伊娃。

(黄继忠 译)

Strange Funeral

Mathilde followed her lover to the tomb he had chosen for himself. A large number of priests escorted the bier and, alone in her carriage draped

in mourning, she bore on her knees, unknown to everyone, the head of the man she had loved so deeply.

Having arrived in this way near the top of one of the towering mountains of the Juras, in the middle of the night, in that little cave magnificently illuminated by countless candles, twenty priests celebrated the Office of the Dead. All the inhabitants of the little mountain villages through which the procession had passed had followed it, drawn by the extraordinary nature of the strange ceremony.

(Henri Beyle Stendhal, *The Red and Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

奇特的葬礼

玛特儿伴随他的爱人一直到他生前所选定的墓穴上去。很多的教士护送着棺材,没有人知道她独自坐在一辆披着黑纱的车子里,把她如此爱过的人的头颅,放在她的膝盖上。

像这样前进,到了汝拉山的一个高峰,在一个小的山洞里,黑夜中,煊赫的照耀着无数的蜡烛,有二十个教士做着安葬的祈祷。丧葬的行列经过许多小村庄,那里的居民,被这奇特的礼节所吸引,都跟随着上山来。(罗玉君 译)

Goodly Show of a Funeral

They, too, had been summoned from school to attend the funeral ceremonies. It seemed Sir Pitt Crawley, for the dignity of the house and family, had thought right to have about the place as many persons in black as could possibly be assembled. All the men and maids of the house, the old women of the almshouse, whom the elder Sir Pitt had cheated out of a great portion of their due, the parish clerk's family, and the special retainers of both Hall and Rectory were habited in sable; added to these the undertaker's men, at least a score, with crapes and hatbands, and who made a goodly show when the great burying show took place…

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

装作体面的葬礼

两个姑娘本来在学校里,这一回给叫回来参加丧礼。大概华脱·克劳莱爵士为一家的体面着想,认为应该尽量多拉几个穿黑的人来送丧。家里所有的男女佣人,收容所里的贫苦老太婆(死了的华脱爵士吞没了她们许多钱),教区书记的一家,大厦和牧师家里雇着的手下人,都穿上了黑衣服。除此之外,包办丧事的人也带了好些帮忙的人,少说也有二十来个,都是浑身穿黑,帽子上

也围着黑纱，这样，盛大的葬仪举行时场面上可以好看些…… （杨必 译）

6. Heaven and Hell 天堂、地狱

Child Angel

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ce-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang upon angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

(Charles Lamb, *The Child Angel: a Dream*)

小天使

该给这位小小天使取个名字，可以把它叫作天地之子，因为它是尘世和天国共同的产儿。

由于它为不朽的殿堂所接纳，所以它不会尝到死亡的滋味；但是它会知道衰弱、依赖以及凡人低能的阴影；它跛着脚行走；但在行走时，不论步履优美还是匆匆，都胜似一切凡胎的孩子。于是同情心首先在天使的胸怀里油然而生，看见一个不朽的跛子，怜悯之情（如同凡人）就会触动方寸。 （张建平 译）

Appalling Scene of Hell

In her misery she rocked herself upon the bed. The clock struck the solemn hour of one, that hour when fancy stalks outside reason, and malignant possibilities stand rock-firm as facts. She thought of the child consigned to the nethermost corner of hell, as its double doom for lack of baptism and lack of legitimacy; sawthe arch-fiend tossing it with his threepronged fork, like the one they used for heating the oven on baking days; to which picture she added many other quaint and curious details of torment sometimes taught the young in this Christian country. The lurid presentment so powerfully affected her imagination in the silence of the sleeping house that her nightgown became damp with perspiration, and the bedstead shook with each throb of her heart.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

地狱的恐怖景象

她疼得无法可想，只在床上来回翻腾。钟声刚敲了一点那个庄严的时刻。就在这种时候，毫无根据的想象，才越出理智的范围，心头种种恶毒的揣测，才变成牢不可破的实事。她就想到，那个孩子，既是私生，又没受洗，两罪俱罚，于是就打到了地狱最下层的角落上；她看见那个大魔鬼，拿着一把三刃叉，像他们烤面包的时候热烤炉用的那样，把这孩子叉来叉去；在这种想象里，她又添了许多另外奇奇怪怪的惨酷刑罚，这都是她平素听人讲的，因为在这一个信基督教的国家里，有时给小孩讲道，就这么个讲法。在人们都睡着了的屋子里，静悄悄的，她越琢磨，那种森然阴惨的情况，就越活现，她的睡衣都叫冷汗湿透了，她的心跳一下，她的床也跟着动一下。（张谷若 译）

7. Bible Stories 圣经故事

Sufferings of the Lord

But ye see what come on His own Son, —the blessed Lord of Glory, —wa'nt He allays poor? and have we, any on us, yet come so low as He come? The Lord han't forgot us, —I'm sartin' o' that ar'. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign, Scripture says; but, if we deny Him, He also will deny us. Didn't they all suffer? —the Lord and all His? It tells how they was stoned and sawn asunder, and wandered about in sheep-skins and goatskins, and was destitute, afflicted, tormented.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

上帝遭受的苦难

可是，你看他的亲生儿子，我们光荣、圣洁的主耶稣，他的遭遇又怎样呢？他不是一辈子都很贫苦吗？我们这些人有谁落到过他那样卑贱的地步呢？上帝没有忘记我们，这一点是肯定无疑的。圣书上说，我们若能忍耐，也必和他一同作王。可是，我们若不认他，他也必不认我们。救主和他的门徒们不是都受过罪吗？《圣经》上告诉我们，他们如何被石头砸死，被锯锯死，披着绵羊山羊的皮各处奔跑，受穷乏、患难、苦害。（黄继忠 译）

Unfortunate Millionaire

…Property produces men of weight, and it was a man of weight who failed to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. He was not wicked, that unfortunate millionaire in the parable, he was only stout; he stuck out in front, not to mention behind, and as he wedged himself this way and that

in the crystalline entrance and bruised his well-fed flanks, he saw beneath him a comparatively slim camel passing through the eye of a needle and being woven into the robe of God. The Gospels all through couple stoutness and slowness. (E. M. Foster, *My Wood*)

不幸的百万富翁

……财产造就出分量很重的人，而且是无法进入天国的那种分量很重的人。他并不邪恶，《圣经》寓言中那个不幸的百万富翁，他只是肥胖而已；他腹部突出来，屁股就更不用说了；当他在水晶门里身子左转右转想通过去，却把肉墩墩的两侧挤得尽是淤伤的时候，他看见在他下方有一只相对来说比较瘦削的骆驼正在穿过一个针眼，并且被编织进上帝的袍服之中。所有的福音书从头至尾都把肥胖与迟缓联系在一起。 (郑大民 译)

Ⅴ. Myths and Mysteries　神话奥秘

1. Eastern Myths and Legends　东方神话传说

Legend of Sultan

In the Eastern story, the heavy slab that was to fall on the bed of state in the flush of conquest was slowly wrought out of the quarry, the tunnel for the rope to hold it in its place was slowly carried through the leagues of rock, the slab was slowly raised and fitted in the roof, the rope was rove to it and slowly taken through the miles of hollow to the great iron ring. All being made ready with much labour, and the hour came, the sultan was aroused in the dead of the night, and the sharpened axe that was to sever the rope from the great iron ring was put into his hand, and he struck with it, and the rope parted and rushed away, and the ceiling fell.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

苏丹王的传说

东方有个故事，说的是有个苏丹王打算于征战得胜之后，用一块极大的石板砸碎敌国君主的宝座。于是慢慢地先在石矿里采凿好石板，又在岩石丛中慢慢地掘出一条坑道，以便能用粗绳穿入坑道兜住石板，然后再把石板慢慢地吊起来架上屋顶，又把绳子一头兜住石板，另一头慢慢地穿过几里长的坑道，拴在一个大铁环上。费尽了九牛二虎之力，准备工作始告就绪；到了时候，深更半夜把苏丹王叫醒，把早就磨快专备此刻砍绳之用的利斧交到他手里，他举斧一砍，绳索断裂，于是石板就把那屋顶砸烂了。　　（王科一　译）

Fisherman and Genie

As the fisherman looked into the lake he saw in it fish of various colors, red and white and blue and yellow, at which he was astonished; and he cast his net and drew it in and found in it four fishes, each of a different color. The genie then said to him: "Take these to the sultan and present them to him. He will give you what will make you a rich man. But take not fish from this lake more than once each day. At present I know no

other way to reward you, having been in the sea a thousand and eight hundred years and not having seen the surface of the earth until now." Having said this, he struck the ground with his feet, and it clove asunder and swallowed him. (*The Arabian Nights*)

渔夫和妖怪

渔夫往湖里窥望,看到里面有五颜六色的鱼,红的,白的,蓝的,黄的,他看了以后大为惊讶。他撒下网,又拉上来,发现里面有四条鱼,各条颜色都不相同。妖怪于是对他说:"把这些拿去送给苏丹王作为礼物,他给你的东西,将使你成为富翁。但是在这个湖里打鱼,每天不要超过一次。现在我知道,我没有别的办法来酬谢你,我已经在大海里呆了1800年,一直到今天才看到地球的表面。"说完这些,他用双脚跺大地,大地裂开了,把它吞没了。(张德懿 译)

Wedding of Aladdin

Meanwhile Aladdin arose and rode to the palace with his mamelukes behind and before him, scattering gold upon the people as he passed. And the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, the sultan marveling especially at the queenly appearance of Aladdin's mother. The princess went in state to her husband's new palace, and she was astonished at its magnificence. The table was laid and a feast was spread, while eighty slave girls sang, and played on musical instruments. There was mirth and good cheer among all the guests, and the bride was charmed with her husband's intelligence and courtesy. "Verily," said the sultan, "no king or kaiser could have equaled this." (*The Arabian Nights*)

阿拉丁的婚礼

就在这时,阿拉丁起来,骑着马,前后簇拥着奴隶兵向宫殿走来。一路上,所到之处向百姓撒金子。婚礼在极为隆重的气氛中进行,苏丹王对阿拉丁母亲的王后般的仪表特别感到惊奇。公主庄重地步入她丈夫的新宫殿,她对这座富丽堂皇的建筑感到惊叹不已。桌子摆好了,筵席也准备就绪。这时,八十个女奴唱起歌来,在乐器的伴奏下翩翩起舞。所有的客人都喜笑颜开,兴高采烈。丈夫的聪明和谦逊使新娘子眉开眼笑,心花怒放。"真的,"苏丹王说,"没有一个国王和皇帝能比得上这个。" (张德懿 译)

Alibaba and the Forty Thieves

No sooner had he spoken than the door opened, and he saw a cavern

cut in the solid rock and lighted through holes in the roof. The room was filled with bales of stuffs and with heaps of coins, some gathered into bags and some scatered upon the ground. The sight of these riches convinced Ali Baba that for many years the cave had been the storehouse of thieves. He did not, however, stand long considering what he should do, but went into the cave, and as soon as he was inside, the door closed behind him. This did not disturb him, for he had kept in mind the magic words by which it could be opened again. Paying no attention to the rich goods about him, he carried out several bags of coins and loaded them upon his mules. Then, covering his plunder with sticks and fagots, he called out, "Shut, Sesame!" and the door closed. (*The Arabian Nights*)

阿里巴巴和四十大盗

话音刚落,门就开了。他看到在坚固的岩石上有一个洞口,光线通过顶上的洞透进山洞。洞里堆满了一捆捆的货物和一堆堆的货币。有些是装在袋子里,有些是散放在地上。看到这些财富,阿里巴巴确信,多年来这个山洞就是强盗们的仓库,然而他并没有站多久去考虑该怎么办,而是进了山洞。他刚一进去,门就在他身后关上了。这对他并没什么,因为他记住了那句暗语,使门重新打开。阿里巴巴没有注意周围那些贵重货物,就拿了几袋子硬币放在骡子背上,然后用柴木把他掠夺的硬币盖起来,他呼叫:"芝麻,芝麻,关上!"门关上了。 (张德鹤 译)

Adventures of the Yellow Diamond

The adventures of the Yellow Diamond begin with the eleventh century of the Christian era.

At that date, the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni, crossed India; seized on the holy city of Somnauth; and stripped of its treasures the famous temple, which had stood for centuries —the shrine of Hindoo pilgrimage, and the wonder of the Eastern world.

Of all the deities worshipped in the temple, the moon-god alone escaped the rapacity of the conquering Mohammedans. Preserved by three Brahmins, the inviolate deity, bearing the Yellow Diamond in its forehead, was removed by night, and was transported to the second of the sacred cities of India —the city of Benares.

(Wilkie Collins, *The Moon Stone*)

钻石魔劫

这颗黄钻石从公元十一世纪就开始历经魔劫。那时，伊斯兰教国的征服者，嘎自尼的麦摩特占领了圣城桑那司，抢走了历史悠久的著名古庙里的全部宝藏——这庙是印度教徒的朝拜圣地，也是东方的奇迹。庙里的神像只有月亮神未遭魔劫。三个婆罗门连夜把前额镶嵌宝石的神像，搬了出来，运到印度的第二圣城——贝拿勒斯去了。（山珊 译）

2. Western Myths and Legends 西方神话传说

Agony of Prometheus

Now Prometheus, the son of a Titan called Iapetus, had in former days done great service to mankind, for, seeing that man had all gifts save the gift of fire, he had stolen a lighted brand from Olympus, and had borne it to men upon the earth. For this service many generations of mankind had blessed him; but Jupiter, in anger at the theft, had caused Prometheus to be chained to a rock in the Caucasian mountains. There a hungry vulture fed daily on his liver, giving him unspeakable pain; while at night, as the vulture slept, the liver grew whole again. So that the agonies of Prometheus were never ended; and the sound of his lamentations drowned the hymns in his praise which arose from the earth below.

(*Greek Myths and Legends*)

普罗米修斯的痛苦

普罗米修斯是提坦伊阿珀托斯的儿子，他曾对人类作出过巨大贡献。当他看到人类已有了一切唯独缺火时，就从奥林匹斯山偷了一块燃烧的木头，送给地球上的人类。为此人类世世代代都感激他。但是朱庇特对他的偷窃行径非常恼火，用铁链将普罗米修斯锁在高加索山的悬崖上。那儿有一只饥饿的兀鹰每日啄食他的肝脏，给他带来难言痛苦。但是一到晚间，那只兀鹰休息时，他的肝脏又恢复原样。因此普罗米修斯的痛苦无休无止。他痛苦的呻吟甚至淹没了从下面传来的人们唱给他的赞歌。（吕志士 译）

Jupiter's Lottery

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and

exclusively of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of WISDOM was neither regretted nor remembered; FOLLY supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

(Lord Chesterfield, *Upon Affectation*)

朱庇特的摇奖抽彩活动

说是朱庇特在天上搞了个摇奖抽彩活动,不论神祇还是凡人都可以买彩票,奖品是智慧。于是智慧女神密涅瓦得了头奖。凡人们嘀咕了起来,责怪天上的神祇营私舞弊。为了平息诽谤,朱庇特宣布搞一种神祇不能参加、专为凡人举办的摇奖抽彩。奖品是愚笨。凡人们中奖之后便在他们中间分享起来。结果人人心满意足。再也没有人对失去智慧感到后悔,甚至根本没有人还记得此事。愚笨取代了智慧的位置,那些分得最多的愚笨的人便自以为是最聪明的人。

(汪义群 译)

White Steed of the Prairies

Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies; a magnificent milkwhite charger, large-eyed, small-headed, bluff-chested, and with the dignity of a thousand monarchs in his lofty, overscoming carriage. He was the elected Xerxes of vast herds of wild horses, whose pastures in those days were only fenced by the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. At their flaming head he westward trooped it like that chosen star which every evening leads on the hosts of light. The flashing cascade of his mane, the curving comet of his tail, invested him with housings more resplendent than gold and silver-beaters could have furnished him. A most imperial and archangelical apparition of that unfallen, western world, which to the eyes of the old trappers and hunters revived the glories of those primeval times when Adam walked majestic as a god, bluff-bowed and fearless as this mighty steed.

(Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

大草原的白驹

在我们西方的历史和印第安人的传说中,最著名的就是那种大草原的白驹,这是一种壮大的、乳白色的战马,大眼小头,胸部扁平,在它那高傲的仪表中,自有种唯我独尊的威严气概。它就是野马群中特别精选出来的泽克西斯,它们当年的牧场只限于落基山脉和阿利根尼山脉一带。当它昂起那如火的脑

袋向西疾驰的时候，就跟每天晚上那颗诱使群星发光的神选的明星一样。那滚滚如小瀑布的鬃毛，那弧形如彗星的尾巴，都使它的鞍褥比之银匠所能给它装备的更为辉煌灿烂。它是那种不朽的西方世界的最庄严和天使似的幽灵，在古代的设陷阱者和猎手看来，就是原始时代的光荣的再现，当时亚当就像这匹雄伟的骏马一样显赫，昂首无畏、步武庄重地走着。 （曹庸 译）

Origin of Bath Waters

"'Oh,' said the unhappy Bladud, clasping his hands and mournfully raising his eyes towards the sky, 'would that my wanderings might end here! Would that these grateful tears, with which I now mourn hope misplaced and love despised, might flow in peace forever!'"

"The wish was heard. It was in the time of the heathen deities, who used occasionally to take people at their words, with a promptness in some cases extremely awkward. The ground opened beneath the prince's feet; he sunk into the chasm; and instantaneously it closed upon his head forever, save where his hot tears welled up through the earth, and where they have continued to gush forth ever since."

"It is observable that to this day large numbers of elderly ladies and gentlemen who have been disappointed in procuring partners, and almost as many young ones who are anxious to obtain them, repair annually to Bath to drink the waters, from which they derive much strength and comfort. This is most complimentary to the virtue of Prince Bladud's tears and strongly corroborative of the veracity of this legend."

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

巴斯泉水的渊源

"'阿！'不幸的布赖都德说，合着掌，悲伤地仰望着天空，'但愿我的流浪在这里终结吧；但愿我用来悲悼寄托错了的希望和遭到鄙弃的爱情的这些感恩的眼泪，从此永远和平静谧地流吧！"

"这愿望被神听到了。那是异教徒的神道的时代，常常人们一说，这种神道就会接受他们的祷词，而且那么迅速，有些时候竟是极其粗卤。大地在王子的脚下裂开了；他陷进了裂口；而那裂口马上又在他头上永远闭拢了，只留了他的热泪从地底下流出来的一个口子，而从此以后它就永远从那里迸流而出。"

"值得注意的是，到了现在，许许多多在获得伴侣上失望的年长的女士们和绅士们以及差不多同样数目的急于获得伴侣的年轻的男女，每年都到巴斯

来喝这泉水,由这里面获得许多力量和安慰。这对于布赖都德王子的眼泪的功德是一种最高的赞誉,也是这个传说的真实性的有力的证明。"

(蒋天佐 译)

Happiness of Europa

In one of the loveliest valleys of his kingdom King Agenor had built his palace, and beyond its gardens stretched deep meadows, warmed by the sun and caressed by the sea. Here each morning his daughter, Europa, came to play. The king her father often gazed upon her with pride; and her brothers, Cadmus, Phoenix and Cilix, were hardly less proud of their sister. For all the beauty of that green valley, where never harsh wind blew —all the softness of its light and the gold of its fruit, seemed to have touched Europa; and the warmth which they shed was breathed back from her body. When she played in the meadows or rested under the shade of the great trees, her three brothers were never far away from her; and her father, at home in his palace, looked each evening for her return. (*Greek Myths and Legends*)

幸福的欧罗巴

阿革诺耳国王的宫殿座落在他的王国最可爱的山谷中。深深的草地从王国的花园旁蔓延开去,得到阳光的沐浴和大海的爱抚。他的女儿欧罗巴每天早晨都来这里玩耍。国王呢,则总是以骄傲的目光凝视着她;她的哥哥,卡德摩斯,腓尼克斯和希里克斯也同样为她感到骄傲。因为这个从未受过狂风暴雨蹂躏过的葱绿山谷的所有美丽——其光芒的全部温柔,其收获的全部华贵,好像都已触及欧罗巴;他们对她的温暖又被从她的身上反馈回来。当她在草地上玩耍或在深绿的树荫下休息时,三个哥哥从不远离她;她那居于宫殿中的父亲,每天晚上都盼望着她的归来。 (吕志士 译)

One-Eyed Giant

'O, there are very fine stories of that sort about the Greeks —about the heroes of early times who killed the wild beasts, as Samson did. And in the *Odyssey* —that's a beautiful poem —there' a more wonderful giant that Goliath —Polypheme, who had only one eye in the middle of his forehead, and Ulysses, a little fellow, but very wise and cunning, got a red-hot pinetree and stuck it into this one eye and made him roar like a

thousand bulls.' (George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

独眼巨人

"啊,关于希腊人有许多非常好听的这一类的故事——有许多像参孙那样杀死野兽的古代英雄。就说《奥德赛》吧——那是一部很美的长诗——里面就有一个比歌利亚还要奇妙的巨人——波吕斐摩斯,他只有一只眼,长在额头正中;尤利西斯是一个小个子,但是非常聪明机警,拿了一棵烧红了的松树,戳进他的那只眼睛里,痛得他咆哮得就像一千头牛在吼叫一样。" (伍厚恺 译)

Legend of the Bug

Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterward in Massachusetts, —from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feed his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb —heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board, —may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

(Henry D. Thoreau, *Conclusion of Walden*)

爬虫的传说

大家都听到过新英格兰传说的这个故事,有一只强壮而美丽的爬虫,它从一只古老的苹果木桌子的干燥的活动桌板中爬了出来,那桌子放在一个农夫的厨房中间已经六十年了,先是在康涅狄格州,后来搬到了马萨诸塞州来,那卵还比六十年前更早几年,当苹果树还活着的时候就下在里面了,因为这是可以根据它外面的年轮判断的;好几个星期来,已经听到它在里面咬着了,它大约是受到一只钵头的热气才孵化的。听到了这样的故事之后,谁能不感到增强了复活的信心与不朽的信心呢?这卵已几世代地埋在好几层的一圈圈围

住的木头中间，放在枯燥的社会生活之中，起先在青青的有生命的白木质之间，后来这东西渐渐成了一个风干得很好的坟墓了，——也许它已经咬了几年之久，使那坐在这欢宴的餐桌前的一家子听到声音惊惶失措，——谁知道何等美丽的、有翅膀的生命突然从社会中最不值钱的、人家送的家具中，一下子跳了出来，终于享受了它完美的生命的夏天！ （徐迟 译）

3. Fascinating Facts 奇闻

Mermaid Sunning Herself

"…and when they got near, they heard a puffing, like a creature come up to take breath; you've never heard a diver? No! Well; you've heard folks in th' asthma, and it were for all the world like that. So they looked around, and what should they see but a mermaid, sitting on a rock, and sunning herself. The water is always warmer when it's rough, you know, so I suppose in the calm she felt it rather chilly, and had come up to warm herself." (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

晒太阳的美人鱼

"……将近海岛的时候，他们听到了一阵喘息，好像有人从海底里浮到水面上来透气。你们没有看到过有人潜水吗？好吧，你们该看见过有人发气喘病，那种声音就跟这个完全一样。他们回过头来一看，只见一条美人鱼坐在岩石上晒太阳。你知道，海水在大风浪时才比较和暖，当时风平浪静，她大概身上太冷了，所以跑上岸来取暖。" （苟枚 余贵棠 译）

Potency of a Spell

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed drew slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust —but then without the doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold —then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

(Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*)

咒语应验

他的话里好像有什么超人的魔力，其咒语的威力马上得到了应验，他手指着那扇古老、笨重的黑檀木镶板，就在这个时刻它正像巨口般慢慢张了开来。这是呼啸的阵风干的事——但是，大门开处，只见那儿确实站着厄谢尔家的马德琳小姐，高高的身躯，裹着尸衣，白色的袍子上敞着血，消瘦的身子的每一个部分都显露出痛苦挣扎的样子。她在门槛那儿停了一会，浑身发抖，身子来回摇晃——然后，她发出一阵低低的呻吟声，身子朝里倒来，沉重地倒在她弟弟身上。在一阵剧烈痛苦的垂死挣扎中，将她弟弟拖倒在地上。他顷刻身亡，真如他所预料的那样，成了恐惧的牺牲品。（沈美荣 译）

Seductive Plant

At the same time the singing grew louder, sweeter, more imperious, and the swaying of the great plant assumed an indescribably seductive tempo. It was like the allurement of voluptuous sirens, the deadly languor of dancing cobras. Thone felt an irresistible compulsion: a summon was being laid upon him and his drugged mind and body must obey it. The very fingers of Falmer, twisting viperishly, seemed beckoning to him. Suddenly he was on his hands and knees in the bottom of the boat.

(Clark Ashton Smith, *The Seed from the Sepulchre*)

诱惑人的植物

同时，歌声变得响亮些了，听上去就更为悦耳，也更加殷切动人。那株摇晃着的巨大植物也采取了难以言传的美妙的节奏。它好像是正在施展诱人魔法的一个个妖娆迷人的娇娃，又像是散发出致人死命的柔情的一条条扭动着舞蹈的眼镜蛇。索恩感到了一种不可抵抗的力量：有什么东西正在召唤他，他那沉醉了的身心无法抗御，只得俯首贴耳，听命于它。法尔莫的手指毒蛇似地扭动着，好像正在对他招手示意，要他过去。他突然趴倒在船底上。

（李素苗 译）

Terrible Appetite

She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a fullgrown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle. The spoons,

forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

(Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

吓人的饭量

她一口咬住一只百灵鸟的翅膀,有九只肥大的火鸡那么大,连骨头一齐嚼成粉碎。她把一小块面包送进嘴去,大小也有两个价值十二便士的面包那么大。她用一只金杯喝酒,一口也能喝下一大桶(盛五十二加仑的)。她的餐刀有两把镰刀拉直了那么长。匙子、叉子和其他餐具也跟餐刀的大小成正比。我记得,有一次因为好奇,葛兰达克利赤带我到宫里去看人吃饭。十一二把这样大的刀叉一齐举了起来,我觉得我从来还没有见过这么可怕的情景。

(张健 译)

Rising Up

She had just finished saying it when Fernanda felt a delicate wind of light pull the sheets out of her hands and open them up wide. Amaranta felt a mysterious trembling in the lace on her petticoats and she tried to grasp the sheet so that she would not fall down at the instant in which Remedios the Beauty began to rise. Ursula, almost blind at the time, was the only person who was sufficiently calm to identify the nature of that determined wind and she left the sheets to the mercy of the light as she watched Remedios the Beauty waving good-bye in the midst of the flapping sheets that rose up with her, abandoning with her the environment of beetles and dahlias and passing through the air with her as four o'clock in the afternoon came to an end, and they were lost forever with her in the upper atmosphere where not even the highest-flying birds of memory could reach her.

(Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* trans. Gregory Rabassa)

飞升

她刚讲完,菲南达觉得有一阵发光的微风把床单从她手中吹起,并把它完全展开。阿玛兰塔感到衬裙的花边也在神秘地飘动,她想抓住床单不致掉下去,就在这时,俏姑娘雷梅苔丝开始向上飞升。乌苏拉的眼睛几乎全瞎了,此时却只有她还能镇静地辨别出这阵无可挽回的闪着光的微风是什么东西。她

松开手，让床单随光远去，只见俏姑娘雷梅苔丝在朝她挥手告别。床单令人目眩地扑扇着和她一起飞升，同她一起渐渐离开了布满金龟子和大丽花的天空，穿过了刚过下午四点钟的空间，同她一起永远地消失在太空之中，连人们记忆所及的、飞得最高的鸟儿也赶不上。 （黄锦炎 等译）

Mysterious Vanishing

At 2 P.M. on Dec. 5, 1945, five Navy bombers took off in perfect flying weather from the Naval Air Station at Fort Lauderdale, Fla, on a routine *training mission* over the Atlantic Ocean. Less than two hours later, the flight commander radioed that he was "completely lost." Then there was silence. A rescue plane was sent to search for the missing aircraft and it, too, disappeared. In all, six planes and 27 men vanished that day without a trace. Despite one of history's most extensive search efforts, involving more than 300 planes and dozens of ships, the Navy was unable to discover even floating wreckage or a telltale oil slick.

(Robert Ritter, *Graveyard of the Atlantic*)

神秘失踪

1945 年 12 月 5 日下午 2 时，气象条件非常适合飞行，五架海军轰炸机从佛罗里达州罗德戴尔要塞的海军空港起飞，进行一次横穿大西洋的常规训练飞行。此后不到两小时，机长通过无线电联络报告：他已"完全迷航"，随之便杳无音讯。一架救援飞机被派去寻找失踪的飞机，又告失踪。那天，总计有六架飞机二十七人先后消失得无影无踪。尽管这次行动动用了三百多架飞机及数十艘船只，堪称历史上范围最广的搜索之一，海军依然一无所获；甚至未找到半点漂浮的残骸或是可作为线索的油迹。 （邹鲁路 译）

Incredible Plague

What I am about to say is incredible to hear, and if I and others had not witnessed it with our own eyes, I should not dare believe it (let alone write about it), no matter how trustworthy a person I might have heard it from. Let me say, then, that the plague described here was of such virulence in spreading from one person to another that not only did it pass from one man to the next, but, what's more, it was often transmitted from the garments of a sick or dead man to animals that not only became contaminated by the disease but also died within a brief period of time. My

own eyes, as I said earlier, were witness to such a thing one day: when the rags of a poor man who died of this disease were thrown into the public street, two pigs came upon them, and, as they are wont to do, first with their snouts and then with their teeth they took the rags and shook them around; and within a short time, after a number of convulsions, both pigs fell dead upon the illfated rags, as if they had been poisoned.

(Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

怪诞的瘟疫

说出来似乎很怪诞,如果不是我亲眼看见,或除我之外还有许多目击的证人,那便即使有很可靠的人告诉我,我也不敢把它复述出来了。我所说的怪事,就是这种疫症传染并不只是由人传给人,而是无论何种生物,只要它触及患疫者的东西,它就会被传染上,甚至非常快地死去。有个例子引起了我们的特别注意:一个患疫而死的穷人,他穿过的认服被扔在街边,有两只猪从那里经过,它们把那些衣服撕开,用嘴叼着玩耍,不到一个小时它们就死了。

(黄石 译)

4. Mysteries 奥秘

Giants of Easter Island

You feel miserably insignificant approaching the vanished sculptors' workshop, whether on horseback or driving in a jeep along the island's ancient roads. Dismounting from your horse in the shadow of a great block of stone, you see that the block has features on its underside: it is the head of a fallen giant. On approaching the closest figures, which are buried in the earth up to their chests, we were shocked to find that you cannot even reach up to the chins of the colossi. Thirty feet is no uncommon height for these figures; the largest, which lies unfinished and aslant on the side of the volcano, is sixty-nine feet long—as tall as a seven-story building. . . (Thor Heyerdahl, *The Giants of Easter Island*)

复活节岛石像

无论你骑马还是乘吉普车沿着岛上的古道来到那业已不复存在的雕刻匠们的工场,你会觉得自己非常渺小。当你在一块巨石的背阴处下马时,你发现那块石头的下侧刻着面容:那是一座倒下的巨像的头部。朝向胸部以下埋在土里的最近的一些石像走去,你会惊奇地发现,即使伸出手去你也摸不到巨像的下巴。这些雕像的高度一般为三十英尺。一座尚未完工、斜躺在火山边的

最大的石像长达六十九英尺，足有七层楼那么高。 （孟伟根 译）

The Loch Ness Monster

More than one slippery creature is said to be living in Loch Ness. In any case, people have reported seeing a humped "what-is-it" for over 30 years.

For a long time the mysterious monster was considered just a joke. But things changed in 1966. Then, some photo experts of the Royal Air Force reported on their study of a film of the "monster." They said that there really is some huge object in Loch Ness—and it's probably alive!

(David Scott, *Closing in on "Nessie"*)

尼斯湖怪

据说尼斯湖里生存着不止一个令人难以捉摸的动物。不管怎么说，三十年来一直不断有人报道到了一个有驼峰般隆起的背部的"不知叫什么"的动物。

在相当长的一段时间里，人们只不过把尼斯湖的神秘的动物当作是一个玩笑。但是在1966年这种情况改变了。那一年英国皇家空军的一些摄影专家们做了对一段"怪兽"影片的研究报告。他们说尼斯湖里确实有某种巨大的物体，而且这个物体可能是有生命的！ （王春丽 译）

Mysterious "Money Pit"

Tiny Oak Island is shaped somewhat like a question mark. That shape is just right for a place which holds a 200-year-old mystery.

On this little island just off the rugged shore of Nova Scotia, pirates are said to have buried their gold long ago.

Here, ever since 1795, treasure hunters have dug hopefully, but uselessly. Mostly they have been trying to find out what lies at the bottom of a deep shaft called the "Money Pit."

More than 20 attempts have been made to solve the mystery. Not one has succeeded. Each time a digging crew has seemed close to success, water has suddenly rushed into the shaft. It's now known that the Money Pit is protected by man-made flood tunnels. But to this day no one knows who dug the pit, or why. (David MacDonald, *Mysterious "Money Pit"*)

神秘的"金钱坑"

泰妮奥克岛的形状有点像一个问号。这个岛的形状恰好符合它的身份，

它拥有一个二百年历史的秘密。

传说海盗们很久以前在这个离诺瓦·斯科舍不远的小岛的崎岖不平的海岸上埋下了金子。

从1795年开始,寻宝人就满怀希望地来到这儿,然而徒劳无功地挖掘着。大多数寻宝人一直想发现在一个叫做"金钱坑"的深竖井底下埋藏着什么。

人们作出了二十多次尝试,想解开这个谜。可是一次也没有成功。每当一伙挖掘人好像快要发现秘密的时候,竖井就被突然而至的水给淹没了。现在人们了解到"金钱坑"是用人工的溢水隧道保护着的。可是直到今天,没有一个人知道是谁挖了这个坑,而挖掘它又是为了什么目的。 (王春丽 译)

The Mystery of Bermuda

This is just one of the many chilling stories told of "The Bermuda Triangle," a mysterious area of the Atlantic Ocean roughly stretching south from Bermuda to the Florida coast and Puerto Rico. During the past 30 years, the triangle has claimed the lives of some 1,000 seamen and pilots. Among sailors, it is known variously as "The Triangle of Death," "The Hoodoo Sea" and "The Graveyard of the Atlantic" because of the mysterious calms, waterspouts, and sudden storms that have bothered seafarers in its water. When he entered this stretch of the Atlantic, Christopher Columbus noted curious glowing streaks of "white water." The mysterious patches of light and foam are still visible today and so bright that they have been seen by U.S. astronauts from outer space.

(Robert Ritter, *Graveyard of the Atlantic*)

百慕大之谜

"百慕大三角区"是大西洋中的一片神秘地带,大体上从百慕大地区向南延伸到佛罗里达海岸和波多黎各。上述事件只是关于"百慕大三角区"的众多令人毛骨悚然的传闻之一。近三十年来,三角区已夺去了大约一千名海员和飞行员的生命。缘于出现在这一水域中的神秘莫测的风平浪静、波浪涛天以及困扰着远航探险家们的突如其来的风暴,在水手们中间流传着关于这一地区的各种各样的绰号:"死亡三角区"、"灾星海域"以及"大西洋墓地"等等。当克里斯托弗·哥伦布进入大西洋的这段航程时,他曾特别注意到那奇特耀目的道道"浪花"。这一块块神秘的闪着亮光泡沫翻腾的海区,即使在今天也依然可见;且如此明亮,亦被在外层空间探测的美国宇航员所观测到。

(邹鲁路 译)

Incredible Survival

The massive rod, three and a half feet long, an inch and a quarter in diameter, weighing 13 pounds, shot from the hole under the force of the explosion. This terrible missile struck Phineas Gage just beneath his left eye and, in a fraction of a second, tore through his skull, departed from a hole in the top of his head, and finally landed some fifty yards away.

Believe it or not, this was not the end of Phineas P. Gage—at least not of the body that bore his name. He was thrown to the ground, and his feet and hands twitched convulsively; but within minutes, he was conscious again, and able to speak. The other workmen carried him gently to an ox-cart nearby, and he rode for three quarters of a mile to a hotel in town. With little assistance, Phineas stepped from the cart, climbed a long flight of stairs to a room, where his awful wounds were dressed.

At ten o' clock that same evening, though the bleeding was still terrible, Phineas was rational enough to say that he did not need to see his friends, because he should be back at work within a couple of days. There could be no doubt that a large metal rod had passed completely through the part of his brain that filled his forehead, yet his senses and speech were normal and his memory apparently unimpaired.

(Colin Blakemore, *How Brain Research Got Started*)

奇迹般的存活

这根铁棍子长三英尺半，直径一又四分之一英寸，重十三磅。炸药一炸，把铁棍从洞里顶了出来。这个可怕的东西飞起来以后，正好打在盖奇左眼下方，霎时间，穿过颅骨，在头顶上穿了一个洞，落在离他五十码远的地方。

信不信由你，菲尼斯·P.盖奇并没有就此完蛋，至少挂着他这个名字的躯体没有完蛋。他倒在地上，手脚抽搐，但是几分钟后又恢复了知觉，而且能开始说话。工人们轻轻地把他抬到附近一辆牛车上，赶了二里多路，来到镇上一家旅馆。他没怎么用人搀扶，自己下了车，登上高高的一溜台阶，走进一间屋子，他那可怕的伤口在这里才得到了包扎。

当天晚上十点钟，盖奇虽然还在大量出血，人却是清醒的，他要朋友们不必来看他了，因为他过几天就能回去干活了。整个一根大铁棍子穿过了他的前脑，这是毫无疑问的，然而他的知觉和说话的能力正常，记忆力显然也没有减弱。

(庄绎传 译)

Ⅵ. Love and Marriage　恋爱婚姻

1. First Love　初恋

Magic Strength of Love

By making enquiries he found that the girl's name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that the cow would go dry in about seven days. He dreaded the eighth day.

At last the eighth day came. The cow had ceased to give milk for that year, and Bathsheba Everdene came up the hill no more. Gabriel had reached a pitch of existence he never could have anticipated a short time before. He liked saying "Bathsheba" as a private enjoyment instead of whistling, turned over his taste to black hair, though he had sworn by brown ever since he was a boy, isolated himself till the space he filled in the public eye was contemptibly small. Love is a possible strength in an actual weakness. Marriage transforms a distraction into a support the power of which should be, and happily often is, in direct proportion to the degree of imbecility it supplants. Oak began now to see light in this direction, and said to himself, "I'll make her my wife, or upon my soul I shall be good for nothing."　(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

爱的魔力

他打听到了这个姑娘名叫芭斯谢芭·埃弗登，还听说那头牛的奶七天后就会挤完。他真害怕第八天来到。

第八天终于来到了。那头牛年内不会再有奶了。芭斯谢芭·埃弗登也不会再到山上来了。盖伯瑞尔达到了他生命中的一个高潮时期，这是不久前他绝不会预计到的。他以前爱吹口哨，现在却喜欢说"芭斯谢芭"，并以此作为他私下的乐趣。他从小就非常喜爱棕色头发，现在却转而倾心于黑头发了。他和谁都不相往来，在人们心目中的地位也就小得极为可怜了。爱情可能会使一个实际上软弱的人产生力量；婚姻则会使人由丧魂失魄变为坚定刚毅，其力量的强度应该是，而且很幸运往往就是，与它所取代的无能为力的程度正好成正比。奥克现在开始在这方面有所领悟，他对自己说，"我要使她成为我的妻子，不然的话，我肯定会变成一个毫无用处的人！"　(谭超襄　等译)

Anchorage for Thoughts

The girl for whom he was beginning to nourish an extraordinary tenderness, was at this time ensphered by the same harmonies as those which floated into his ears; and the thought was a delight to him. She was probably a frequenter of this place and, steeped body and soul in church sentiment as she must be by occupation and habit, had, no doubt, much in common with him. To an impressionable and lonely young man the consciousness of having at last found anchorage for his thoughts which promised to supply both social and spiritual possibilities, was like the dew of Hermon, and he remained throughout the service in a sustaining atmosphere of ecstasy. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

精神的寄托

传到他的耳朵里那种和协的音浪，也正在他现在开始爱慕的那个女孩子四周萦回荡漾。他想到这一点，觉得很快活。她大概是常到这个圣堂里来的；像她那样一个人，由于职业和习惯的关系而身心完全浸在敬爱教会的情感里，一定和他有很多相同的地方。一个易受感动、生活孤单的青年，一旦意识到自己的精神有了寄托，而这种寄托，对于他在社会的进展和心灵的进益各方面，都有帮助，那他这种意识对于他就要像黑门的甘露一样了；所以那天他作着礼拜的时候，就一直觉得，身子好像在一种使他腾空驾云的欢乐气氛之中。

（张谷若 译）

Cowardly Admirer

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-coast, I was thrown into the company of a most fascinating creature, a real goddess, in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I 'never told my love' vocally; still, if looks have language, the merest idiot might have guessed I was over head and ears; she understood me, at last, and looked a return-the sweetest of all imaginable looks-and what did I do? I confess it with shame-shrunk icily into myself, like a snail, at every glance retired colder and farther; till, finally, the poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and, overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to decamp. (Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Height*)

胆怯的爱慕者

当时我正在海滨享受着一整个月风和日丽的天气，谁想碰上了一个最迷

人的姑娘——在我的眼里，她是一位天仙——在她没有接触我之前，我始终是这样看待她的。我从没有把自己爱情说出口，可是如果眉目也能传情，那么一个白痴也能看出，我已经陶醉在爱河里，没了顶了。终于，她懂得了我的情意，回报了我一个秋波——啊，也不说多甜蜜，你尽管去想象吧！可是我怎么办呢？说来丢脸，我就像一只蜗牛似的，冷冰冰地缩回去了；对方每向我瞅一眼，我就变得越冷淡、越往里缩得紧。可怜天真的姑娘，到最后怀疑起自己的感觉，以为自己闹了个大笑话，窘得什么似的，硬是要她的妈妈陪着她，一溜了事。

（梁虹 译）

Infatuating First Love

She was the first "nice" girl he had ever known. In various unrevealed capacities he had come in contact with such people, but always with indiscernible barbed wire between. He found her excitingly desirable. He went to her house, at first with other officers from Camp Taylor, then alone. It amazed him —he had never been in such a beautiful house before. But what gave it an air of breathless intensity was that Daisy lived there —it was as casual a thing to her as his tent out at camp was to him. … It excited him, too, that many men had already loved Daisy —it increased her value in his eyes. He felt their presence all about the house, pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still vibrant emotions.

（F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*）

令人神魂颠倒的初恋

黛西是他所认识的第一个"绝代佳人"。虽然他也曾通过各种隐蔽的手段接触过类似的女性，但总觉得有一种无形的铁丝网隔在中间。他认为黛西是自己最理想的姑娘。他起初跟泰勒营的其他军官一起到她家去，后来便单独接触她。她的家使他惊叹不已——这是他有生以来第一次走进这么豪华的住宅，不过令他如此神魂颠倒的还是黛西，她住在这里——豪华的房舍对她来说算不了什么，那简直像军营外面的帐篷使他感到微不足道一样。……许多男子拜倒在她的脚下，这也使他感到兴奋——他更加崇拜她了。他觉得这座房子的周围到处都是黛西的追求者，空气中也弥漫着感情颤动的朦胧回音。

（范岳 译）

Discreet Annoucement

She had turned away, but in the movement she had stopped herself

and dropped her gaze upon him. The two remained a while in this situation, exchanging a long look —the large, conscious look of the critical hours of life. Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar. 'I'm absolutely in love with you.'

He had repeated the announcement in a tone of almost impersonal discretion, like a man who expected very little from it but who spoke for his own needed relief. The tears came into her eyes: this time they obeyed the sharpness of the pang that suggested to her somehow the slipping of a fine bolt —backward, forward, she couldn't have said which. The words he had uttered made him, as he stood there, beautiful and generous, invested him as with the golden air of early autumn.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

战战兢兢的表白

她转过身去打算走开,但又停住了,垂下眼睛来打量他。两人在这样的姿势中停顿了一会,彼此注视着对方——这是在一生的关键时刻发出的聚精会神的观察。然后他站起来,走到她身边,态度恭恭敬敬,仿佛怕自己会表现得太随便似的,说道:"我深深地爱上了你。"

他又说了一遍,口气显得战战兢兢的,就像一个人对这抱着极其渺小的希望,但又不得不把心中的话吐露出来。眼泪涌上了伊莎贝尔的眼睛,这一次是由于她心头感到了一阵剧烈的疼痛,仿佛有一根精致的门闩突然插上了——这是在前面还是后面,她还说不清楚。他讲的那些话使他站在那里显得那么美好,那么崇高,似乎有一道初秋的金黄色光线照亮了他。 (项星耀 译)

Falling in Love

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful, as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But, he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads—the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream—had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

初恋情怀

从他处于危险的时刻起，他就爱上了露茜·乌奈特。他从未听过一种声音像她那体贴动人的语声那样悦耳亲切；他从未见过一副容颜像他站在已经为他挖好的坟墓旁边和她相对而立的时候见到的那副容颜那样娇嫩艳丽。不过，他那时尚未对她谈到这个问题；远隔那波涛起伏的海洋，在尘土飞扬的漫长大道那边那座废弃了的府邸——那座结实的石头府邸本身已不过是一场迷梦的烟尘——谋杀事件已过去了一年，而他却还没有用哪怕是一个字，向她袒露自己的心怀。

（罗稷南 译）

Girlish Love

To learn under the aegis of Father Ralph cast her into a joy which she didn't show, for by this time her adoration of Father Ralph had turned into an ardent, very girlish crush. Knowing it was quite impossible, she permitted herself the luxury of dreaming about him, of wondering what it would be like to be held in his arms, receive his kiss. Further than that her dreams couldn't go, as she had no idea what came next, or even that anything came next. And if she knew it was wrong to dream of a priest, there didn't seem to be any way she could discipline herself into not doing it. The best she could manage was to make absolutely sure be had no idea of the unruly turn her thoughts had taken.

（Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*）

少女的迷恋

在拉尔夫神父的帮助下，她终于跨上了马鞍，她内心有说不出的欢乐，她对拉尔夫神父的崇拜也变成了热爱，那就是少女的迷恋。她知道得到他是不可能的，她便允许自己在梦境中见到他，她不知道要是投入他的怀抱或是和他接吻会是怎样的一种滋味，她的梦不会进一步深入下去，因为她不知会发生什么事，或将要发生什么事。即使她知道这样梦见一位教士是不应该的，她也无法阻止自己不做梦。她唯一能做的最好的事情是不让他了解她思想上的这种转变。

（晓明 陈明锦 译）

Inner Conflict

And whenever her eyes, after watching him for some time, inevitably met his, she was aware of a heat beating up over her consciousness. She sat motionless and in conflict. Who was this strange man who was at once

so near to her? What was happening to her? Something in his young, warm-twinkling eyes seemed to assume a right to her, to speak to her, to extend her his protection. But how? Why did he speak to her? Why were his eyes so certain, so full of light and confident, waiting for no permission nor signal? (D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

内心的矛盾

她的目光观察着他的时候,不时会和他的目光相遇,这时她会觉得有一股热流冲击着她的意识。她一动不动地坐着,心里却极矛盾。这个她一见面就觉得很亲近的陌生男人是谁?她自己怎么啦?他年轻而又热情洋溢的眼睛里仿佛对她拥有一种权利,向她倾诉并给她施以保护。但是,怎么会这样?他为什么要和她说话?为什么他的眼睛那么肯定,充满光明和自信?既不等待准许,也不等待信号? (马志刚 齐元涛 译)

Heart Answering to Heart

…she began to think some instinct made the blind girl feel whose eyes were so often fixed upon her pale face; that some inner feeling made the delicate and becoming rose-flush steal over her countenance. She did not speak so decidedly as before; there was a hesitation in her manner, that seemed to make her very attracvtive; as if something softer, more loveable than excellent sense, were coming in as a motive for speech; her eyes had always been soft, and were in no ways disfigured by her blindness, and now seemed to have a new charm, as they quivered under their white downcast lids. She must be conscious, thought Mary —heart answering to heart. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

心心相印

……那个盲目的姑娘本能地体会到谁的眼光时常凝视在她苍白的脸上,有一种内在的感觉使她脸上不知不觉地显出一阵惹人怜爱的红晕。她讲起话来不像以前那样直截爽快了,她的态度中有一种迟疑的样子,使她变得格外动人;仿佛她谈的话里面,不只是包括着真知灼见,还掺进了柔情脉脉的成分;她的眼睛一向是温柔的,并不因为盲了有什么异样,现在在她苍白低垂的眼睑下闪动着,似乎更显得可爱了。玛丽觉得她一定明白:这便叫做心心相印。

(荷枚 余贵棠 译)

Everlasting Memory

She had been on the front porch and he had ridden up the long

avenue, dressed in grey broadcloth with a wide black cravat setting off his frilled shirt to perfection. Even now, she could recall each detail of his dress, how brightly his boots shone, the head of a Medusa in cameo on his cravat pin, the wide Panama hat that was instantly in his hand when he saw her. He had alighted and tossed his bridle reins to a piccaninny and stood looking up at her, his drowsy grey eyes wide with a smile and the sun so bright on his blond hair that it seemed like a cap of shining silver. And he said, "So you've grown up, Scarlett." And, coming lightly up the steps, he had kissed her hand. And his voice! She would never forget the leap of her heart as she heard it, as if for the first time, drawling, resonant, musical.

She had wanted him, in that first instant, wanted him as simply and unreasoningly as she wanted food to eat, horses to ride and a soft bed on which to lay herself. (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

永恒的记忆

那时她站在前面的走廊上,看见希礼从那条长夹道上骑马而来,身上穿件灰色绒布的褂子,领头打着一个阔黑蝴蝶结,跟一件绉领的衬衫配合得非常妥贴。一直到现在,她对于他当时的服饰,还是一件件都想得起来。他脚上穿着一双雪亮的长靴,蝴蝶结上插着一枚浮雕着魔女头的别针,头上戴着一顶阔檐的巴拿马帽子。一见了她,就把帽脱下来拿在手里,这才跳下马来,将马缰绳扔给一个黑小子,站在地上朝她看了看,一双朦胧的灰色眼睛张得大大的,充满着笑容,一头金丝的头发给太阳照着,像是戴着一顶银光灿烂的便帽一般。然后他说道:"思嘉,你长得这么高了。"然后他轻轻地跨上台阶,拿住她的手吻了吻。那时他的声音是——她一听见了就不禁心里怦怦的跳着,仿佛是初次听见一般——是那么的漫长、响亮、像音乐似的。

自从那一刻儿起,她就要上他了,就像她要东西吃,要马骑,要温软的床睡觉那样,很简单而无理由地要上他了。 (傅东华 译)

Silent Contemplation

Turning round, he saw near the door a beautiful fair face, whose large blue eyes were without any marked expression fixed upon him, while the bouquet of myosotis was gently raised to the lips.

The salutation was so well understood, that Morrel, with the same expression in his eyes, placed his handkerchief to his mouth; and these two living statues, whose hearts beat so violently under their marble

aspect, separated from each other by the whole length of the room, forgot themselves for a moment, or rather forgot the world in their mutual contemplation. (Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*)

凝视

他转过身来,在门边看到一张美丽的白面孔,白面孔上的那一对蓝色大眼睛正凝视着他,那对眼睛里并没有什么明显的表情,但她手里的那一勿忘我花却已慢慢地举到她的唇边。

这种致敬的姿势摩莱尔懂得很清楚,他的眼睛里也含着同样的表情,把他的手帕举到嘴唇上。于是这两尊活的石像,隔着整个房间的距离,默默地互相凝视着,一时忘掉了他们自己,甚至忘掉了世界,但在他们那种大理石似的外表底下,他们的心却在猛烈地狂跳。 (蒋学模 译)

2. Passion in Love 热恋

Light of Love

Her affection for him was now the breath and life of Tess's being; it enveloped her as a photosphere, irradiated her into forgetfulness of her past sorrows, keeping back the gloomy spectres that would persist in their attempts to touch her doubt, fear, moodiness, care, shame. She knew that they were waiting like wolves just outside the circumscribing light, but she had long spells of power to keep them in hungry subjection there.

A spiritual forgetfulness co-existed with an intellectual remembrance. She walked in brightness, but she knew that in the background those shapes of darkness were always spread. They might be receding, or they might be approaching, one or the other, a little every day.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

爱的光辉

苔丝现在爱克莱爱到极点,克莱就是她的性命、她的心肝;这股爱力,仿佛光辉四射,把她包围起来,叫她把过去的苦恼一概忘却,叫她把日夜缠绕她的那些幽灵——疑虑、恐惧、郁闷、烦恼、羞耻——完全排除,完全摒绝。她自己分明知道这些幽灵,全在那一圈光辉外面,如同饿狼一般等待时机,往里进攻,但是她却有持久的力量制伏它们,叫它们不能任所欲为。

深厚的爱力叫她把往事忘记,清醒的理智却又叫她把往事记起:这两种情形同时并存。她虽然身在光明之中,但是她却知道,暗中老有一些黑黝黝的东西在那儿蠢蠢思动。它们每天也许前进一点儿,也许后退一点儿,不是前进,

就是后退，反正总在那儿，不能消灭。 （张谷若 译）

Pleasure in Looking

No sooner did I see that his attention was riveted on them, and that I might gaze without being observed, than my eyes were drawn involuntarily to his face: I could not keep their lids under control: they would rise, and the irids would fix on him, I looked, and had an acute pleasure in looking, —a precious, yet poignant pleasure; pure gold, with a steely point of agony: a pleasure like what the thirst-perishing man might feel who knows the well to which he has crept in poisoned, yet stoops and drinks divine draughts nevertheless. （Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*）

含情脉脉

我一见他心思全在她们身上，而我可以盯着他看而不被觉察，我的目光便不由自主地被吸引到他的脸上。我无法左右我的眼皮，它们硬要张开，眼珠硬要盯着他。我瞧着他，这给了我一种极度的欢乐，——一种宝贵而辛辣的欢乐；是纯金，却又夹杂着痛苦的钢尖。像一个快渴死的人所体会到的欢乐，明知道他爬近的泉水已下了毒，却偏要俯身去喝那圣水。 （祝庆英 译）

Accepting the Challenge

She was very beautiful then, so wide open, so radiant, so palpitating, exquisitely vulnerable and poignantly, wrongly, throwing herself to risk. It roused a sort of madness in him. Like a flower shaking and wide-opened in the sun, she tempted him and challenged him, and he accepted the challenge, something went fixed in him. And under all her laughing, poignant recklessness was the quiver of tears. That almost sent him mad, mad with desire, with pain, whose only issue was through possession of her body. （D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*）

爱的挑战

她这时显得异常美丽，那样的开放，那样的娇艳，弱不禁风，急切地想将自己投入这项冒险行动之中。这情景刺激得他几乎要失去理智。她宛如阳光下盛开的一朵鲜花，花枝乱颤，引诱着他，挑逗着他，他迎合着她的意愿，心里已下定决心。她笑得浑身颤抖，忘乎所以，脸上泪珠莹莹，他简直感到快要疯狂了。心里燃烧着灼灼欲望，感到痛苦不堪，唯一的解脱办法就是占有她的身体。 （马志刚 齐元涛 译）

Eternal Love

My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning; my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger. I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods. Time will change it. I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath—a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff—he's always, always in my mind—not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself-but as my own being-so, don't talk of our separation again—it is impracticable; and—"

(Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Height*)

永恒的爱

我在世上的最大苦恼,就是希克厉的苦恼;他的每一个苦恼,从开头,我就觉察到、切身感受着了,我依然还是我。假使其他一切都留下来,独有他给毁灭了,那时整个宇宙就变成了一个巨大的陌生人,我再不像是它的一部分了。

"我对林敦的爱,就像挂在林子里的一簇簇树叶,时光会改变它,我是知道,到了冬天,树叶就要凋落了。我对希克厉的爱,好比是脚下的永恒的岩石,从那里流出很少的、看得见的快乐的泉源,可是却必不可少。纳莉,我就是希克厉!他时时刻刻在我的心头——并不是作为一种欢乐,就像我不能老是我自己的欢乐一样,而是因为他就是我自己的存在。所以不用再提我们两个会分开吧。这是办不到的事。再说——"

(梁红 译)

On the Phone

Quite irrelevantly, still at the telephone and talking with her, he felt an overpowering desire to die for her, and visions of heroic sacrifice shaped and dissolved in his whirling brain. He loved her so much, so terribly, so hopelessly. In that moment of mad happiness that she should go out with him, go to a lecture with him —with him, Martin Eden —she soared so far above him that there seemed nothing else for him to do than die for her. It was the only fit way in which he could express the tremendous and lofty emotion he felt for her. It was the sublime abnegation of true love that

comes to all lovers, and it came to him there, at the telephone, in a whirlwind of fire and glory, and to die for her, he felt, was to have lived and loved well. And he was only twentyone, and he had never been in love before. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

与爱人通 话

他这会儿站在电话机旁,跟她讲着话,心里没来由地感到一阵压倒一切的欲望,情愿为她死,于是一幕幕为她牺牲的英勇的情景,在他那发晕的头脑里出现了又消失了。他爱她爱得那么深、那么厉害、那么不可自拔啊。她竟然肯跟他一块儿出去,跟他——跟他,马丁·伊登——一块儿去听演讲,叫他快乐得直发狂,这一刹那,她一飞冲天,高高地凌驾在他之上,叫他觉得仿佛没有别的办法,只有为她死啦。要表达自己心里对她的感情是多么深沉而崇高,只有这样做才最恰当。这种真正的爱情的那份崇高的自我牺牲精神,正是每个恋人都有的,而在这儿电话机旁,这种感觉好像一股卷着火焰和光辉的旋风一样,扑上他的心头;他并且觉得,为她死,就等于一辈子好好儿地活过和好好儿地爱过了。他还只有二十一岁,过去没有爱过谁呢。 (吴芬 译)

To Go Where She Goes

What would come of it all he did not know and did not even consider. He felt that all his powers, hitherto dissipated and scattered, were now concentrated and directed with terrible energy toward one blissful aim. This made him happy. He knew only that he had told her the truth: that he would go where she went, that all the happiness of life and the only meaning of life for him now was in seeing and hearing her. When he had got out of the train at Bologoe station to drink a glass of seltzer water and had seen Anna, he had involuntarily at once told her just what he was thinking about it. He was glad he had said it to her, and that she now knew it and was thinking about it. He did not sleep at all that night. When he returned to the train, he kept recalling all the positions in which he had seen her, and all her words; and in his imagination, causing his heart to stand still, floated pictures of a possible future.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

矢志相随

这一切会发生什么结果,他不知道,他甚至也不去想。他感觉到他以前所消耗和浪费的全部力量,现在已集中在一件东西上面,用可怕的威力趋向于一

个幸福的目标.他为此感到了幸福。他只知道他把真话告诉了她:他要到她所在的地方去,现在他的生活的一切幸福,他生活的唯一的意义就在于看见她和听她说话。当他在波罗戈瓦车站走下车去喝一点苏打水,看见了安娜的时候,不由自主地他第一句话就把他所想的告诉她了。他把那个告诉了她,她现在知道这个了,而且在想着这个了,这他觉得很高兴,他整夜没有入眠。当他回到车厢来的时候,他尽在回忆着他看见她时的一切情景,她吐露出来的每一句话。而且在他的想象里浮现出可能的未来的图画,这可使他的心激动得要停止跳动了。 (草婴 译)

3. Lovesickness 相思

Nocturnal Hopes and Fears

I did not close my eyes that night.

I did not know what to think. I was half mad. At some moments, I could not believe I was handsome enough nor rich enough nor sufficiently fashionable to possess a woman like her; at others, I felt swollen with vanity at the thought that she was to be mine. Then I would start fearing that Marguerite had no more than a passing fancy for me which would last only a few days and, scenting disaster for me if the affair ended abruptly, I told myself that I would do better not to call on her that evening but go away and tell her my fears in a letter. From thinking this, I moved to limitless hopes and boundless optimism. I dreamed impossible dreams for the future; I told myself that this girl wonld have me to thank for her spiritual and physical salvation, that I would spend the whole of my life by her side, and that her love would make me happier than all the most virginal of loves in creation.

In short, I should be quite incapable of repeating to you the countless thoughts which rose from my heart to my head and faded slowly into the sleep which overpowered me when it grew light.

(Alexandre Dumas, *La Dame Aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

爱情的折磨

我一夜没有合眼。

我失魂落魄,如痴似醉。一忽儿我觉得自己还不够漂亮,不够富有,不够潇洒,没有资格占有这样一个女人;一忽儿,我为自己能占有她而沾沾自喜,得意洋洋。接着我又担心玛格丽特是在逢场作戏,对我只不过是几天的热情,我预感到这种关系很快就会结束,并不会有好收场。我心里在想,晚上还是不到

她家里去的好，而且要把我的疑虑写信告诉她，然后离开她。接着，我又产生了无限的希望和无比的信心。我做了一些对未来的不可思议的美梦。我心里想要给这位姑娘医好肉体上和精神上的创伤，要和她一起白头到老，她的爱情将比最纯洁无瑕的爱情更使我幸福。

总之，我思绪纷繁，心乱如麻，实在无法向您描绘我当时脑子里的全部想法。天亮了。我迷迷糊糊地睡着了，这些念头才在朦胧中消逝了。

（王振孙 译）

Enduring Memory

Perhaps you think I had forgotten Mr. Rochester, reader, amidst these changes of place and fortune. Not for a moment. His idea was still with me; because it was not a vapour sunshine could disperse; nor a sandtraced effigy storms could wash away: it was a name graven on a tablet; fated to last as long as the marble it inscribed. The craving to know what had become of him followed me everywhere: when I was at Morton, I re-entered my cottage every evening to think of that; and now at Moor-House, I sought my bedroom each night to brood over it.

（Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*）

魂牵梦萦

读者，你也许以为在地点和命运的变迁中，我已经忘掉了罗切斯特先生。事实上，一刻都没有忘记。他的思想仍旧伴随着我，因为这不是阳光就能驱散的雾气，也不是风暴便可吹没的沙造人像。这是刻在碑石上的一个名字，注定要像刻着它的大理石一样长存。无论我走到哪里，我都渴望知道他的情况。在莫尔顿的时候，我每晚一踏进那间小屋便想起他来；这会儿在沼泽居，每夜一走进自己的卧室，便因为他而魂萦梦牵。（祝庆英 译）

Happy Dream

I think I am in a happy dream. I waltz with the eldest Miss Larkins once again —she says I waltz so well! I go home in a state of unspeakable bliss, and waltz in imagination, all night long, with my arm round the blue waist of my dear divinity. For some days afterwards, I am lost in rapturous reflections; but I neither see her in the street, nor when I call. I am imperfectly consoled for this disappointment by the sacred pledge, the perished flower.

（Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*）

幸福的梦

我觉得我在一个幸福的梦中，我和最大的拉京士小姐再度跳华尔兹舞——她说我跳得非常好！我在一种说不出的幸福心情下回家，整夜在想像中挽着我那亲爱的神仙的蓝腰跳华尔兹舞。此后一连几天，我陷入快乐的回忆中；但是我既未在街上见过她，也未在造访时见过。我只好用那神圣的保证品，那朵枯萎了的花，来慰借这失望了。 （董秋斯 译）

Overwhelming Feelings

Sitting by the window on her sixty-seventh birthday, Francesca watched the rain and remembered. She carried her brandy into the kitchen and stopped for a moment, staring at the exact spot where the two of them had stood. The feelings inside of her were overwhelming; they always were. Strong enough that over the years she had dared do this in detail only once a year or her mind somehow would have disintegrated at the sheer emotional bludgeoning of it all.

Her abstinence from her recollections had been a matter of survival. Though in the last few years, the detail was coming back more and more often. She had ceased trying to stop him from coming into her. The images were clear, and real, and present. And so far back. Twenty-two years back. But slowly they were becoming her reality once again, the only one in which she cared to live.

(Robert James Waller, *The Bridges of Madison County*)

心潮澎湃

费郎西丝卡在六十七岁生日时坐在窗口望着秋雨细细回味。她拿着白兰地到厨房去，停下来凝视着他们俩人曾经站过的那块地方，内心汹涌澎湃不能自已。每次都是这样的。这感情太强烈，以至于多年来她只敢每年详细回忆一次，不然单是那感情的冲力就会使她精神崩溃。

她必须克制自己不去回忆，这已成为她生死攸关的问题，尽管近年来那些细节越来越经常地回到脑海中来。她已停止设法制止他钻进她的身体。形象十分清晰、真实而且就在眼前。然而又是那样久远，二十二年之久。但是慢慢地它再次成为她的现实，是她值得活下去的唯一的现实。 （梅嘉 译）

Waiting Anxiously

I readily forgave Marguerite her regrets. I waited impatiently for her

to come so that I could tell her, as I smothered her in kisses, that I had guessed the reason for her mysterious absence.

But the night wore on and still Marguerite did not come.

Imperceptibly, my anxiety tightened its hold, and gripped both my mind and my heart. Perhaps something had happened to her! Perhaps she was lying injured or ill or dead! Perhaps I would see a messenger arrive with news of some terrible accident! Perhaps the new day would find me still plunged in the same uncertainties, the same fears!

The thought that Marguerite was being unfaithful to me even as I waited in the midst of the terrors unleashed by her absence, no longer entered my head. There had to be some good reason, independent of her will, to keep her far from me, and the more I thought about it, the more convinced I was that this reason could only be some misfortune or other. Oh, the pride of man assumes protean shapes! It had just stuck one. I told myself I would wait another hour and then, if Marguerite were not back by two o'clock, I would leave for Paris.

(Alexandre Dumas, *La Dame Aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

焦急等待

我非常体谅玛格丽特这种留恋不舍的心情。我焦急地等着她回来，我要好好地吻吻她，并对她说，我已经猜到了她神秘地出走的原因。

然而，夜深了，玛格丽特仍旧没有回来。

我越来越感到焦虑不安，心里紧张得很。她会不会出了什么事！她是不是受伤了，病了，死了！也许我马上就要看见一个信差来通知我什么噩耗，也许一直到天亮，我仍将陷在这同样的疑惑和忧虑之中。

玛格丽特的出走使我惊慌失措，我提心吊胆地等着她，她是否会欺骗我呢？这种想法我一直没再有过。一定是有一种她作不了主的原因把她拖住了，使她不能到我这里来。我越是想，越是相信这个原因只能是某种灾祸。啊，人类的虚荣心呵！你的表现形式真是多种多样啊。

一点钟刚刚敲过，我心想我再等她一小时，倘使到了两点钟玛格丽特还不回来，我就动身到巴黎去。（王振孙 译）

Conjuring up the Loved One

The girl laughed again. The joy of a caged bird was in her voice. Her eyes caught the melody, and echoed it in radiance; then closed for a moment, as though to hide their secret. When they opened, the mist of

dream had passed across them.

…Her prince, Prince Charming, was with her. She had called on Memory to remake him. She had sent her soul to search for him, and it had brought him back. His kiss burned again upon her mouth. Her eyelids were warm with his breath. (Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*)

心中召唤爱人

姑娘又笑了,那是笼中鸟的欢乐。她的眼睛合着笑声的旋律,一闪一闪地应和着;接着闭了一会儿,似乎生怕泄露了秘密。当它们重新睁开的时候,已经罩上一层朦胧的幻想。

……迷人王子——和她在一起。她召唤自己的记忆再现他的形象。她派遣自己的灵魂去寻找他,果然把他找来了。她的嘴唇重又感觉到他热烈的亲吻,她的眼皮再次被他的呼吸所温暖。 (宋如德 译)

Sweet Memories

It was in that yellow vehicle that Léon had so often come back to her, and along that same road that he had gone for ever from her sight. She imagined for a moment that she could see him at the window opposite. Then the vision grew confused: clouds passed, and it seemed to her that once again she was turning in the waltz beneath the crystal lustres, the Viscount's arms about her—that Léon was close at hand, would come now at any moment. …Yet it was Rodolphe's head of which she was aware at her side. The sweetness of this feeling mingled with her old desires which, like grains of sand before a blustering wind, eddied in the faint gusts of perfume that seemed to spread about her soul.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

甜蜜的回忆

赖昂就是乘了这辆黄车,时刻来到她的身边;也就是经这条路,他又一去不回!她仿佛看见他在对面窗口,接着就又一片模糊,满天浮云,她觉得吊灯照耀,她还像在跳回旋舞,挎着子爵的胳膊,同时赖昂离得也不远,眼看就要过来……但是她总意会罗道耳弗的头在她旁边。这种甜蜜的感觉就这样渗透从前她那些欲望,好像一阵狂飚,掀起了沙粒,香风习习,吹遍她的灵魂,幽渺的氤氲卷起了欲望旋转。 (李健吾 译)

4. Love Letters 情书

Pouring out Her Heart

Don't you love me? Are you tired of my frenzies and my remorse, impious man? Do you want to ruin me? I am giving you an easy way to do so: go and show this letter to everyone in Verrieres, or, rather, show it only to Monsieur Valenod. Tell him I love you; but no, do not utter such a blasphemy: tell him I worship you, that my life began only on the day I first saw you; that even in the wildest moments of my youth I never had the slightest idea of the happiness I owe to you; that I have sacrificed my life to you, that I am sacrificing my soul to you. And you know that I am sacrificing even more than that to you.

(Henri Beyle Stendhal, *The Red and Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

爱的倾诉

你不爱我了吗？是不是你现在厌倦了我的痴情，我的懊悔，和我的渎神呢？你愿意使我毁灭吗？我给你一个最容易的法子。去吧，把这封信向维立叶尔的人民公开；或者更简单，只把这封信送给哇列诺先生一个人看就行了。告诉他我爱你。不，不要说得这样的轻微，你还是向他说我崇拜你，你说我的生命是从认识你那天起才开始的。你说在我的青春时代，最疯狂的时刻里，我都未梦想到我给你的幸福。你还向他说我为了你，牺牲了我的生命；我为了你，牺牲了我的灵魂。你知道我为了你牺牲的还多着呢！ （罗玉君 译）

After the Declaration

Be not alarmed, Madam, on receiving this letter, by the apprehension of its containing any repetition of those sentiments, or renewal of those offers, which were last night so disgusting to you. I write without any intention of paining you, or humbling myself, by dwelling on wishes, which, for the happiness of both, cannot be too soon forgotten; and the effort which the formation, and the perusal of this letter must occasion, should have been spared, had not my character required it to be written and read. You must, therefore, pardon the freedom with which I demand your attention; your feelings, I know, will bestow it unwillingly, but I demand it of your justice. (Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

被拒之后

小姐：接到这封信时，请你不必害怕。既然昨天晚上向你诉情和求婚，结

果只有使你极其厌恶，我自然不会又在这封信里旧事重提。我曾经衷心地希望我们双方会幸福，可是我不想在这封信里再提到这些，免得使你痛苦，使我自己受委屈。我所以要写这封信，写了又要劳你的神去读，这无非是拗不过自己的性格，否则便可以双方省事，免得我写你读。因此你得原谅我那么冒昧地亵渎你的清神，我知道你决不会愿意劳神的，可是我要求你心平气和一些。

（王科一 译）

Farewell

Farewell, my dear Marguerite. I am neither rich enough to love you as I should wish, nor poor enough to love you as you would like. Let us both forget: you, a name which must mean very little to you, and I, happiness which has become impossible for me to bear.

(Alexandre Dumas, *La Dame Aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

绝情之笔

再见吧，亲爱的玛格丽特，我希望自己能像一个百万富翁似地爱您，但是我力不从心；您希望我能像一个穷光蛋似地爱您，我却又不是那么一无所有。那么让我们大家都忘记了吧，对您来说是忘却一个几乎是无关紧要的名字，对我来说是忘却一个无法实现的美梦。

（王振孙 译）

Longing

The daylight has nothing to show me, since you are not here, and I dont't like to see the rooks and starlings in the fields, because I grieve and grieve to miss you who used to see them with me. I long for only one thing in heaven or earth or under the earth, to meet you, my own dear! Come to me—come to me, and save me from what threatens me—Your faithful heartbroken Tess.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

渴望

因为你不在这儿，所以我觉得阳光之下没有一样值得看的东西。地里的白嘴鸦和惊鸟，我现在不喜欢看了，因为我想起那个跟我一同看它们的你，我怎么能不难过呢？我不论在天上，不论在地上，也不论在地下，都不想别的，只想你，只想跟你见面！你来吧！快来吧！快来把我从威胁我的大难里救出来吧！你的忠实的，心碎了的苔丝。

（张谷若 译）

Plea for Eustacia's Return

My Dear Eustacia,

I must obey my heart without consulting my reason too closely. Will you come back to me? Do so, and the past shall never be mentioned. I was too severe; but O Eustacia, the provocation! You don't know, you never will know, what those words of anger cost me which you drew down upon yourself. All that an honest man can promise you I promise now, which is,that from me you shall never suffer anything on this score again. After all the vows we have made, Eustacia, I think we had better pass the remainder of our lives in trying to keep them.

(Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*)

请求爱人归来

我的亲爱的游苔莎——我一定不要过分听从我的理智了,我一定得服从我的感情了。你要不要回到我这儿来?你回来吧,过去的事永远不要再提了。我待你太严厉了;不过,哦,游苔莎呀,你想一想那多让人感情激动啊!你现在不知道,将来也永远不会知道,我对你说了那些你自己招出来的气忿话,我都出了什么代价。所有一个诚实人能够答应你的,我现在全答应了,那就是说,从此以后,你决不会从我这方面为了那件事再受任何苦恼了。游苔莎呀,咱们两个既然说了那些海誓山盟了,那我想,咱们就得在咱们这一辈子余下的全部岁月里尽力遵守那些誓盟才好。 (张谷若 译)

Declaration of Love in Anticipation of Death

"It desires just one thing more, though. A man who is going to die has a right to a personal fancy, and mine is that you should see why I have always been such a sulky brute to you, and so slow to forget old scores. Of course, though, you understand why, and I tell you only for the pleasure of writing the words. I loved you, Gemma, when you were an ugly little girl in a gingham frock, with a scratchy tucker and your hair in a pig-tail down your back; and I love you still. Do you remember that day when I kissed your hand, and when you so piteously begged me 'never to do that again'? It was a scoundrelly trick to play, I know; but you must forgive that; and now I kiss the paper where I have written your name. So I have kissed you twice, and both times without your consent."

"That is all. Good-bye, my dear."

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

临刑前爱的表白

"只是我还有这么一个小小的心愿。一个快要去死的人是有权利可以提出他个人的心事的，我的一点心事就是要你心里明白，为什么我一直都像一头含怒的野兽一样对待你，为什么迟迟不肯把夙怨一笔勾销。当然，这是你自己心里也明白的，我所以还要唠叨，也不过是写着玩玩罢了。我是爱你的，琼玛，当你还是一个难看的小姑娘，穿着一件花格子布的罩衫、围着一个皱缩不平的胸襟、背上拖着一条小辫子的时候，我已经爱上你了，我现在也还爱着你。你还记得有一天我吻了你的手，而你那样可怜地央求我'请你以后不要再这样'那件事情吗？这是一种不光明的把戏，我也知道的；可是你一定得饶恕我；现在，我又在这张纸上写着你名字的地方吻过了。这样，我已经跟你亲过两次吻，两次都没有得到你的允许。"

"话已经说完了。别了，亲爱的。"　　（庆学先　译）

5. Appointments　约会

Appointment in the Garden

Mike touched her arm. "Let's go through the park."

Vivian laughed. "That's an old line I've heard before." But she offered no resistance as he steered her to a gateway and into the park beyond. In the darkness she could make out a line of poplars on either side, and the grass was soft underfoot.

"I've a whole collection of old lines. It's one of my specialties." He reached down and took her hand. "Do you want to hear more?"

"Like what, for example?" Despite her self-assurance her voice held the slightest of tremors.

"Like this." Mike stopped and took both her shoulders, turning her to face him. Then he kissed her fully on the lips.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

花园约会

迈克碰了碰她的胳臂。"咱们到花园转转。"

费雯笑了。"我听见过这句老词儿。"可是当他引她到门口进花园时，她没有拒绝，在黑暗之中她看得出两旁的白杨树，脚下是柔软的青草。

"我搜集了不少的老词儿，这是我的专长之一。"他拉起了她的手。"你还想听吗？"

"还有什么？说一个。"尽管她很自信，现在声音却有一点发颤。"像这

个。"迈克站住脚,两手扳着她的肩,扭过她的身体。然后他吻了她的嘴唇。

(舒逊 译)

Nervous Waiting

The deep-feeling manager was himself a little strained in the nerves by the thorough consciousness of his mission. He felt that he must make a strong play on this occasion, but now that the hour was come, and he heard Carrie's feet upon the stair, his nerve failed him. He sank a little in determination, for he was not so sure, after all, what her opinion might be.

When she entered the room, however, her appearance gave him courage. She looked simple and charming enough to strengthen the daring of any lover. Her apparent nervousness dispelled his own.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

等候的焦虑与胆怯

多情的经理由于自觉到他这一趟来所负的使命,自己也有点儿神经紧张。他认为,自己在这次必须采取有力行动才是。不过,一听到嘉莉下楼的脚步声,他又胆怯了。他的决心,锋芒稍减,因为她会怎么样看法,他自己毕竟没有什么把握。

不过,她一跨进屋子,她的神情就给了他勇气。她单纯而富于魅力,足以激励任何一位情人的那股冲劲。她那种明显是慌乱不安的神情,反倒把他自己的这种感觉赶得一干二净。 (许汝祉 译)

Tender Affection

It entered into them, dreamy and languorous, weakening the fibers of resolution, suffusing the face of morality, or of judgment, with haze and purple mist. Martin felt tender and melting, and from time to time warm glows passed over him. His head was very near to hers, and when wandering phantoms of breeze stirred her hair so that it touched his face, the printed pages swam before his eyes. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

柔情蜜意

这良辰美景打进了他们的心灵,像梦幻般懒洋洋的,软化了人的决心,在道德或理智的面貌上蒙上一层雾霭和紫色的烟云。马丁觉得充满了柔情蜜意,时不时有一团团热火掠过他的心头。他的头跟她的靠得很近,每逢游移不

定、虚无缥缈的微风把她的头发吹得拂上他的脸，白纸上的黑字就在他眼前浮动起来。 （吴芬 译）

Exchanging Vows

The whole of the next day passed in a sweet delight such as she had never known before. They exchanged vows. She told him of her sorrows … Rodolphe silenced her with kisses, and she, looking at him through half-closed eyes, begged him to call her once more by her name, to say again he loved her.

All this happened, as on the previous afternoon, in the forest, under a lean-to used by clog-makers. Its walls were of straw, and it had a roof so low that they had to stoop. They sat close together on a bed of dry leaves.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

海誓山盟

第二天，整天沉入新的欢乐。他们海誓山盟。她对他说起她的种种哀愁。罗道耳弗用吻打断她；她闭住一半眼皮，目不转睛，要他再叫一遍她的名字，再说一遍他爱她。他们像昨天一样，走进森林，待在一个做木头套鞋的人的小屋。墙是草堆成的，屋顶低极了，他们不得不弯下腰来。他们相倚相偎，坐在一张干树叶床上。 （李健吾 译）

Passion for Lover

I have forgotten much of Monte Carlo, of those morning drives, of where we went, even our conversation; but I have not forgotten how my fingers trembled, cramming on my hat, and how I ran along the corridor and down the stairs, too impatient to wait for the slow whining of the lift, and so outside, brushing the swing doors before the commissionaire could help me.

He would be there, in the driver's seat, reading a paper while he waited, and when he saw me he would smile, and toss it behind him in the back seat, and open the door, saying, 'Well, how is the friend-of-the-bosom this morning, and where does she want to go?' If he had driven round in circles it would not have mattered to me, for I was in that first flushed stage when to climb into the seat beside him, and lean forward to the wind-screen hugging my knees, was almost too much to bear. I was

like a little scrubby schoolboy with a passion for a sixthform prefect, and he kinder, and far more inaccessible. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

赴约激情

关于蒙特卡洛的好多事情我都忘了。我俩如何每天早上驾车去兜风，玩了哪些地方，甚至我俩谈论过什么，全都忘了。但是我没忘记自己如何以颤抖的手指胡乱把帽子往脑门上一覆，又如何在走廊里急跑，并且因为没有耐心等候慢腾腾的电梯而飞奔下楼，不待门役搀扶，擦着转门往外冲去。

他总是坐在驾驶座上，一边等我，一边看报。见到我来，他莞尔一笑，把报纸搁到后座，替我打开车门，问道："嗨，'心腹朋友'今天早上感觉怎么样？爱上哪儿玩去？"可是对我说来，即便他开着车老在一个地方来回绕圈子也没关系，因为这时我正处于出游开始时最得意的心情中。登上汽车，坐在他身边的位置上，抱着双膝，曲身向着前面的挡风玻璃——这一切简直都是难以消受的幸福。我就像一个对六年级的级长崇拜得五体投地的小不点儿，而他呢，他比这样一个级长固然要和善一些，但却难以接近得多。 （林智玲 程德 译）

Appointment before Departure

On the last afternoon before he went abroad, he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day, with fire in the room and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little, and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while, as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love, nor communicated more profoundly one with another, than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

(F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*)

临别相会

在出国作战的最后一天下午，他把黛西搂在怀里默默地坐了很长时间。那是秋季里寒冷的一天，屋里生了火，黛西的面颊绯红。她不时地挪动着身子，他也稍动一动胳膊，有一次他还亲吻了一下她那乌黑闪亮的头发。他们一起享受到了午后安谧宁静的时光，这好像是特为他们翌日命中注定要长期分离而留下深刻记忆似的。她默默地用双唇蹭动着他上衣的肩头，他也轻柔地抚弄着她那纤细的手指尖儿，她简直像熟睡似地一样安静。他们相爱了一个月彼此还从未像今天这样恩爱，这样心心相印。 （巫宁坤 译）

6. Engagements 订婚

Reading the Contract

The contract was read during a profound silence. But as soon as it was finished, the buzz was redoubled through all the drawing-rooms: the brilliant sums, the rolling millions which were to be at the command of the two young people, and which crowned the display which had been made in a room entirely appropriated for the purpose of the wedding presents and the young lady's diamonds, had resounded with all their delusion on the jealous assembly. Mademoiselle Danglars' charms were heightened in the opinion of the young men, and for the moment seemed to outvie the sun in splendour.

As for the ladies, it is needless to say that, while jealous of these millions, they thought they did not require them to render them beautiful. Andrea, surrounded by his friends, complimented, flattered, beginning to believe in the reality of his dream, was almost bewildered. The notary solemnly took the pen, flourished it above his head, and said:

"Gentlemen, the contract is to be signed."

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

宣读婚约

读婚约的时候四处鸦雀无声。但婚约一读完,那几间客厅里便加倍嘈杂起来;那即将属于未婚夫妇的几百万巨款,那些陈列在一个大房间里的礼物以及那位未来新娘的钻石,使人们的耳朵里充满了羡慕的声音。据那些青年男子的评价,邓格拉司小姐的可爱已增加了几倍,她的光彩现在似乎已胜过太阳。至于太太小姐们,毋庸说,她们虽然嫉妒那几百万,但心里却以为她们自己的美丽可以不必用金钱来点缀。安德里被他的朋友包围了起来,在一片道喜和赞美声中,他开始相信他的梦境已变成现实,几乎欢喜得糊涂了。律师庄严地拿起笔,在他的头上巧妙地一挥,说:"诸位,婚约就要签字了。"

(蒋学模 译)

Long-Awaited Moment

He could not go on, for she had turned, her eyes full of tears. Their hands met, and he drew her to him. They did not kiss. They could not. How can you mercilessly imprison all natural sexual instinct for twenty

years and then not expect the prisoner to be racked by sobs when the doors are thrown open?

A few minutes later Charles led Tina, a little recovered, down the aisle of hothouse plants to the door back to the drawing room. But he stopped a moment at a plant of jasmine and picked a sprig and held it playfully over her head.

"It isn't mistletoe, but it will do, will it not?"

And so they kissed, with lips as chastely asexual as children's. Ernestina began to cry again; then dried her eyes, and allowed Charles to lead her back into the drawing room, where her mother and father stood. No words were needed. Ernestina ran into her mother's opened arms, and twice as many tears as before began to fall. Meanwhile the two men stood smiling at each other; the one as if he had just concluded an excellent business deal, the other as if he was not quite sure which planet he had just landed on, but sincerely hoped the natives were friendly.

(John Fowels, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

期待已久的时刻

他无法再往下说,因为她转过身来,眼里噙满了泪水。他们的手接触了,他把她轻轻地拉到身旁。但他们没有接吻。他们不能。不妨设想,人们已把一切天生的性的本能关在牢笼中达二十年之久,当大门一旦敞开,被释放的囚徒怎能不悲喜交集,泪如雨下呢?

几分钟之后,当欧内丝蒂娜稍稍平静过来,查尔斯便领她沿着暖房的过道走回通向客厅的门口。他在一棵茉莉花前停了片刻,摘下一束,打趣地举在她的头顶上。

"这不是槲寄生树,但也凑合了,行吗"?

于是,他们亲吻了。两人的嘴唇犹如孩子儿的一般纯洁、无邪。欧内丝蒂娜又开始流泪,后来揩掉泪水,让查尔斯领着她回到客厅。她的双亲正站在那里等候。此时语言已是多余的。欧内丝蒂娜投入母亲的怀抱,她这时淌出的眼泪要比刚才多一倍。而两位男士则站在一旁,笑眼相望,一个好像刚刚成交了一笔绝妙的生意,而另一个仿佛降落到一个陌生的星球,但诚挚地盼望跟那儿的居民友好相处。

(阿良 刘坤尊 译)

Engaged at Midnight

Although Alessandro knew nothing about her, he judged from the company she kept that she must be noble and wealthy, and he could see

for himself that she was very beautiful; so, without giving the matter another thought, he replied that if the arrangement pleased her, it was certainly most pleasing to him. Then she sat up in bed, and in front of a small table where an image of Our Lord stood, she placed a ring on his finger and made him promise to marry her; afterward they embraced and kissed and to the great pleasure of both parties, they enjoyed each other for the rest of the night. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

午夜订婚

虽然以前不认识她，但看见她的随从便可知她一定是个高贵的女郎，而且在他看来，她也长得很美。因此，只略一思考，便说，要是她愿意，他十分乐意。

她一听此言，立即起来，向案上的十字架走去，拿一只戒指给他，和他订婚。仪式完毕后，他们这才拥抱接吻，这一夜里云雨交欢，二人有说不尽的恩爱和快乐。 （黄石 译）

7. Wedding Ceremonies 婚礼

Solemnity of Marriage

The marriage being by licence there were only a dozen or so of people in the church; had there been a thousand they would have produced no more effect upon her. They were at stellar distances from her present world. In the ecstatic solemnity with which she swore her faith to him the ordinary sensibilities of sex seemed a flippancy. At a pause in the service, while they were kneeling together, she unconsciously inclined herself towards him, so that her shoulder touched his arm; she had been frightened by a passing thought, and the movement had been automatic, to assure herself that he was really there, and to fortify her belief that his fidelity would be proof against all things.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'urbervilles*)

郑重的婚礼

婚礼既然是采取许可证那种办法，所以教堂里只有十二三个人；不过，就是有千儿八百人在那儿，于她也不会发生更大的影响。他们离她现在的世界，简直和天上的星辰一样地遥远。她宣誓说要作他忠心的妻子那时候那样郑重严肃，真使人觉得如登九天；平常男女的爱慕，让那种情况一比，可就显得轻薄而不庄重了。在仪式停顿的中间，他们两个一齐跪在那儿，她不知不觉地歪到他那面儿，肩膀碰着了他的胳膊；因为她那一刹那间，起了一个惊心的念头，所

以出于机械，做出那种动作，为的是要知道一下，他一点儿不错，的确是在那儿，好把一颗心放下，好把自己认为他对她的忠诚能抵抗一切的信心，巩固一下。 （张谷若 译）

Going to Church

Susan Henchard entered a carriage for the first time in her life when she stepped into the plain brougham which drew up at the door on the wedding day, to take her and Elizabeth-Jane to church. It was a windless morning of warm November rain, which floated down like meal, and lay in a powdery form on the nap of hats and coats. Few people had gathered round the church door, though they were well packed within. The Scotchman, who assisted as groomsman, was of course the only one present, beyond the chief actors, who knew the true situation of the contracting parties. （Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*）

上教堂

到了结婚那一天，一辆轻便轿式的四轮马车开到门口，接她和伊丽莎白——杰恩到教堂去，苏珊·亨察而算是有生以来第一次坐上了一辆轿车。这是十一月里无风温暖的一个早晨，雨丝像细粉一样飘下来，又像粉末一样停留在衣服和帽子的绒毛上。教堂门口聚有很少的几个人，不过屋里却挤得满满的。那个苏格兰人担任宾相，除了主要当事人以外，他自然是在场人中唯一知道结婚双方实际情况的人。 （侍桁 淑勤 译）

Superior Wedding Party

There was an improving party assembled on the auspicious occasion, who knew what everything they had to eat and drink was made of, and how it was imported or exported, and in what quantities, and in what bottoms, whether native or foreign, and all about it. The bridesmaids, down to little Jane Gradgrind, were, in an intellectual point of view, fit helpmates for the calculating boy; and there was no nonsense about any of the company. （Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*）

不凡的来宾

在这个良辰吉日，聚集了一帮可以益人智慧的人，他们知道吃的和喝的每一件东西是用什么原料做成的，怎样输出和怎样输入的，输出或输入的数量是多少，是装在本国或者外国船只的哪一种货仓底下的，以及其他等等有关的事

实。以理性的眼光来看，那些女侯相从小珍·葛插硬起，都配得上做善于计算的男孩子们的贤内助；总而言之，这一群人中，谁也没有荒谬的念头。

（全增嘏 胡文淑 译）

Dressed for the Occasion

There were all the female servants, in a brand-new uniform of pink muslin gowns with white bows in their caps, running about the house in a state of excitement and agitation which it would be impossible to describe. The old lady was dressed out in a brocaded gown which had not seen the light for twenty years saving and excepting such truant rays as had stolen through the chinks in the box in which it had been lain by during the whole time. Mr. Trundle was in high feather and spirits, but a little nervous withal. The hearty old landlord was trying to look very cheerful and unconcerned, but failing signally in the attempt. All the girls were in tears and white muslin except a select two or three who were being honoured with a private view of the bride and bridesmaids upstairs. All the Pickwickians were in most blooming array; and there was a terrific roaring on the grass in front of the house, occasioned by all the men, boys, and hobbledehoys attached to the farm, each of whom had got a white bow in his button-hole, and all of whom were cheering with might and main.

（Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*）

盛装赴会

全部女仆都穿了簇新的粉红洋布长袍制服，帽子上打了白结，她们在屋子里奔走着，兴奋得无法形容。老太太穿上一件织锦的袍子，这衣服已经有二十年没有见过阳光——除了那些偷偷从放这件衣服的箱子缝里溜进去的懒散的光线。特伦德尔兴高采烈，却又有点儿神经过敏。那位强健的老地主极力想表现得很畅快和漠不关心，但是他的企图大大地失败。全部女孩子都穿着白洋纱布衣服，并且流着眼泪，除了特选的两三个，她们获得了在楼上跟新娘和女宾相们见面了的光荣。全部匹克威克派都打扮得十分漂亮。屋子前面的草地那儿传来一阵怕人的吼声，是那些隶属于这个庄房的全部男子们、孩子们和少年们所发出的；他们每人都在钮扣孔上弄了一个白结，全都在拼命欢呼。

（蒋天佐 译）

Cheerless Ceremony

There was nobody in the church besides the officiating persons and

the small marriage party and their attendants. The two valets sat aloof superciliously. The rain came rattling down on the windows. In the intervals of the service you heard it, and the sobbing of old Mrs. Sedley in the pew. The parson's tones echoed sadly through the empty walls. Osborne's 'I will' was sounded in very deep bass. Emmy's response came fluttering up to her lips from her heart, but was scarcely heard by anybody except Captain Dobbin. (William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

寥落的婚礼

教堂里只有牧师,执事人,男女两家寥寥几个亲友,和他们的佣人而已。两个男佣人目无下尘的坐在一边。雨下得很大,拍拍的打着窗户。仪式一停下来,便听得外面哗拉拉的下雨和赛特笠老太太的呜咽。牧师的声音在空荡荡的教堂里激起凄惨的回声。奥斯本用低沉的声音说:"我愿意。"爱米给牧师的回答是从心底里发出来的,只是轻得除了都宾之外谁也没听见。

(杨必 译)

Wedding Procession

The Mairie being no more than half a mile from the farm, the company proceeded there on foot, and returned in the same manner after the church ceremony. The procession, at first close-knit as a coloured scarf, undulating over the countryside and stretching along the path which wound through the fields of green corn, soon became extended, and broke up into little groups which stopped to talk. The fiddler went on ahead, his instrument gaily garlanded with ribbons. Next came the bride and groom, followed by their relations and a nondescript clutter of friends. The children brought up the rear, amusing themselves by plucking the ears of sprouting oats, or indulging in games among themselves, unseen by their elders.

…The other guests talked business or nudged one another in the ribs as a stimulating preliminary to the gaieties to come. It was possible, with a little straining of the ears, to hear the fiddler who all this while was scraping away across the open countryside. Whensoever he noticed that he had left the company far behind, he stopped for breath, applied resin to his bow with much elaboration in order to get a fuller caterwauling from the strings, and then went on again, alternately raising and lowering the neck of his violin, the better to mark the time. The noise he made put the little

birds to flight long before he had reached them.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

婚礼行列

村公所离田庄半英里远,去时步行,教堂行礼回来,仍是步行,行列起初齐齐整整,走在绿油油小麦之间的狭窄陌陌,曲曲折折,好似一条花披肩,在田野动荡起伏,不久拉长了,三三两两,放慢步子闲谈。前面走着提琴手,提琴的卷轴扎了彩带;新人跟在后头,亲友随便走动;孩子们待在末尾,掐荞麦杆子尖尖的花儿玩,要不然就瞒着大人,自己玩耍。

……别的贺客,谈自己事,要不然就是,兴致勃勃,彼此在背后捣乱;提琴手一直在田野拉琴,格支格支的声音总在大家耳边响。他一看大家落远了,就站住换气,仔细给弓子上松香,弦子吱嘎起来,也好听些。然后举步又走,琴柄忽高忽低,帮自己打拍子。乐器的声音惊起小鸟,远远飞去。 (李健吾 译)

Torturing Wedding

At the wedding, his face was stiff and expressionless. He wanted to drink, to get rid of his forethought and afterthought, to set the moment free. But he could not. The suspense only tightened at his heart. The jesting and joviality and jolly, broad insinuation of the guests only coiled him more. He could not hear. That which was impending obsessed him, he could not get free. (D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

折磨人的婚礼

在婚礼上,他神情呆板,面无表情。他想喝酒,借以浇去重重偏见和顾虑,获得片刻的自由。但是他办不到,焦灼地等待只能把他的心揪得更紧。客人们的插科打诨、嬉笑诙谐使他更加烦躁,他什么也听不见。即将到来的事使他烦躁不安,他得不到自由。 (马志刚 齐元涛 译)

8. Honeymoon 蜜月

Oppressive Honeymoon

All that time they were conscious of peculiar strain, as if the chain that bound them were being pulled first one way and then the other. Altogether, the honeymoon —the first month of their marriage, from which Levin had expected so much —was not delightful, but remained in both their recollections as the most oppressive and humiliating time of their lives. They both tried in after life to efface from their memories all the ugly

shameful circumstances of this unhealthy time, during which they were rarely in a normal state and rarely themselves.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

痛苦的蜜月

在这全部的初期他们特别主动地感觉到紧张,好像是从两头拉曳那条捆紧他们的链索。总之这个蜜月,就是列文由于习俗对它期望很多的婚后一个月,不但不是甜蜜的,而且在他们俩的记忆中成了他们生活上最痛苦最耻辱的时期。他们俩在以后的生活中都同样极力想忘掉这个不健全的时期的一切丑恶可羞的事情,在那时期,他们俩很少是在常态的心情中,很少能够控制自己。

(草婴 译)

Honeymoon Travel

Several contented and devoted wives have told me that not a day of the honeymoon passed without tears. No one has ever told me that it was the happiest time of her life. Brides expect too much. Everyone has conspired to persuade them that the first month of marriage is a time of unshadowed bliss, when it proves to be full of ordinary annoyances they fall despondent and think: "If I am not deliriously happy now, when shall I ever be?"

…A honeymoon is a holiday; the first, one hopes, of many. It has certain unique features, but the more it is treated at the planning stage as something commonplace, the more enjoyable it is likely to be.

(Evelyn Waugh, *Honeymoon Travel*)

蜜月旅行

有几位心满意足忠贞不渝的太太都对我说,度蜜月的时候没有一天不落泪。从来也没有哪一位告诉我,那是她生命中最幸福的时光,新娘期望过高。大家异口同声地要她们相信,新婚第一个月是毫无阴影的福星高照的一段时光;等到结果充满了日常生活的烦恼,她们便垂头丧气,开始思忖道:"如果此时此刻我还不是欣喜若狂的话,更待何时?"

……一次蜜月是一次度假;人们总是希望,那是许许多多次中的第一回。蜜月肯定是别开生面的,不过在筹划的阶段,越是把它当成普普通通的事情去对待,可能得到的享受也就越多。

(杨自伍 译)

Bitter First Night

A moment more and the bride stood alone in the middle of the

bedroom.

Before her was the bridal bed of carved rosewood, with its elaborately embroidered canopy and red curtains. The red satin coverlet was strewn with rose petals and baby shoes of every color. Nearby, on a stand, was the tray containing the small square of white silk. With this she must supply in the morning the proof of her purity and of her true acceptance as a daughter of the House of Woo.

She heard footsteps and turned to find Glad Promise standing in the doorway. It seemed to her that he looked all around the room, at the bed littered with the traditional symbols of fertility, at the tray with the white silk square, before he saw her standing there. She could not read his face.

For a long time he did not move. Then, quite deliberately, he stepped to the stand and kicked it over. He retrieved the white silk square and flung it as far as he could. It floated gently to the floor at his feet. Furiously he picked up the cloth and threw it again and again until he was panting with frustration.

At first she wondered if he were displeased with her. Then, No, she thought. He acts like a small boy. Fatso was right. He did not wish to be married to a stranger. (Bette Bao Lord, *Spring Moon*)

苦涩的第一夜

不一会儿,新房里只剩下新娘一人孤零零地站在房间中央。面前是一张雕有图案的花梨木喜床,带有精心绣制的顶罩和红色的床帘,红缎子床单上布满了玫瑰花瓣和各色宝宝鞋。床边的支架上放有一只盘子,盛有一块不大的方形白绸巾,次日清晨,她必须以此来证明她的贞洁以及她已正式成为吴家一员这一事实。

她听到了脚步声,扭头只见喜诺正站在门口,像是在打量整个房间:布满传统生育象征物的喜床,盛有白绸方巾的盘子,最后才注意到站在房间中央的她。说不上他脸上是何种表情。

他在那儿站了很久。后来,便径直走向那支架,一脚将其踢倒在地。他捡起那块方巾,竭力想将其扔得远远的,可方巾却翩然飘至他的脚边。盛怒之下,他一次又一次地捡起那方巾向外扔去,白费力气,却把自己折腾得气喘吁吁。

起先,她纳闷他是否是在生她的气,继而一想不是。他的举止就像个小孩子。胖胖说对了:他不想与一个陌生人成婚。 (思平 译)

9. Loss of Love 失恋

Regrets

William had even written once or twice to her since his departure, but in a manner so unconstrainedly cold, that the poor woman felt now in her turn that she had lost her power over him, and that, as he had said, he was free. He had left her, and she was wretched. The memory of his almost countless services, and lofty and affectionate regard, now presented itself to her, and rebuked her day and night. She brooded over those recollections according to her wont: saw the purity and beauty of the affection with which she had trifled, and reproached herself for having flung away such a treasure.

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

悔恨

威廉离开之后，甚至于还写过一两封信给爱米丽亚本人，可是口气老实不客气的冷淡，因此这一回轮到可怜的女人心里气馁，觉得已经失去了控制威廉的力量。正是他说的，他如今是自由身子了。威廉离开了她，又叫她心酸。她想到以前他一次又一次的替自己当差，不知帮了多少忙，而且对自己又尊重又体贴；这一切都涌到眼前，日日夜夜使她不得安宁。她依照向来的习惯，暗底下难过，想起从前把他的爱情不当一回事，现在才明白这种感情的纯洁和美丽。只怪自己不好，轻轻扔掉了这样的珍宝。 (杨必 译)

Death Is Preferable

"Well", said Morrel, changing his expression of calmness for one of violence; "well, and if I do intend to turn this pistol against myself, who shall prevent me? who will dare prevent me? All my hopes are blighted, my heart is broken, my life a burden, everything around me is sad and mournful; earth has become distasteful to me, and human voices distract me. It is a mercy to let me die, for if I live I shall lose my reason and become mad. When, sir, I tell you all this with tears of heartfelt anguish, can you reply that I am wrong, can you prevent my putting an end to my miserable existence? Tell me, sir, could you have the courage to do so?"

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

生不如死

"好吧！"摩莱尔说，他的表情又从凶猛变为平静，——"好吧，即使我的确

想用这支手枪对准我自己，谁可以阻止我？谁敢来阻止我？当我说，我的全部希望已扑灭，我的心已破碎，我的生命已熄灭，我周围的一切都使我伤心，地球已变成灰烬，每一个人的声音都伤害我，当我说，让我死是慈悲，假如我活下去，我就会丧失我的理智而发疯，来，阁下，告诉我，——当我说了这一番话以后，还有谁会来对我说'你错了'。还有谁会来尝试阻止我逃脱苦境！告诉我，阁下，难道你有那种勇气吗？"（蒋学模 译）

Death of Hope

My hopes were all dead —struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first born in the land of Egypt. I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing; they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive. I looked at my love: that feeling which was my master's —which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle: sickness and anguish had seized it; it could not seek Mr. Rochester's arms —it could not derive warmth from his breast. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

希望破灭

我的希望全部熄灭了——受到了微妙致命的一击，就像埃及的长子一夜之间所遭受的一样。我观察着自己所抱的希望，昨天还是那么茂盛，那么光彩照人，现在却变得光秃秃、冷冰冰、铅灰色的永远无法复活的尸体。我审视着我的爱情，我主人的那种感情——他所创造的感情，我在心里打着寒颤，像一个冰冷摇篮里的一个病孩，病痛已经缠身，却又无法回到罗切斯特先生的怀抱——无法从他的胸膛得到温暖。（祝庆英 译）

Pleading

"I am beyond myself about this, and am mad," he said. "I am no stoic at all to be supplicating here; but I do supplicate to you. I wish you knew what is in me of devotion to you —but it is impossible, that. In bare human mercy to a lonely man don't throw me off now!"

…O could I but have foreseen the torture that trifling trick was going to lead me into —how I should have cursed you; but only having been able to see it since, I cannot do that, for I love you too well! But it is weak idle driveling to go on like this … Bathsheba, you are the first woman of any shade or nature that I have ever looked at to love, and it is the having

been so near claiming you for my own that makes this denial so hard to bear. How nearly you promised me!

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

爱的祈求

"在这件事上我已不能自拔,我已发疯了,"他说。"我绝不是一个禁欲主义者,在这儿祈求;但我确实祈求你。我真希望你能知道我心里是多么专诚地热爱着你;但这是不可能的。就算为了从人道出发,怜悯一个孤独的人吧,现在不要抛弃我了。"

……啊,我那时要是能预见到那个小把戏会使我遭受这种折磨,我会怎样咒骂你啊!可是我只是在那以后才看到这一点,我就不能那样做了,因为我太爱你了!但这样说下去都只是些软弱、无聊的瞎扯淡……芭斯谢芭,无论你是什么样的或什么性情的女人,你是第一个我看了一眼就爱上的;就是因为我几乎可以声称你是我的人了,才使你这次拒绝那么令人难以忍受。你不几乎是答应我了吗!

(傅越寰 等译)

Misunderstandings

I didn't tell him why; I was just dumb and miserable. I couldn't think of anything to say. And now he has gone away imagining that I want to marry Jimmie McBride —I don't in the least, I wouldn't think of marrying Jimmie; he isn't grown up enough. But Master Jervie and I got into a dreadful muddle of misunderstanding and we both hurt each other's feelings. The reason I sent him away was not because I didn't care for him, but because I cared for him so much. I was afraid he would regret it in the future —and I couldn't stand that! It didn't seem right for a person of my lack of antecedents to marry into any such family as his.

(Jean Webster, *Daddy-Long-Legs*)

误解

我没说理由,我默默无语,心中酸楚,不知说什么好。他走了,以为我想和吉美·麦克布莱德结婚——我根本没想过和吉美结婚,他太不成熟,可是杰维少爷和我之间误解很深,彼此伤了对方的心。我把他赶走不是因为对他没有感情,恰是感情太深了。我怕他将来后悔——那将使我无法忍受!我这个没有来历的人嫁到他那样的家庭里太不合适了。

(喻瑞琴 译)

Remembering the Past

Something was wrong with him, he thought. When one lost a girl, it ought to be like having a tooth out; brief sharp pain, then a rapid healing of the hole. Every man went through it. But Natalie Jastrow, utterly gone, preoccupied him yet like a teasing mistress. The very look of the letter gave him a poignant bittersweet sensation; ah, the passionate outpourings he had received on just such yellow sheets, in this Remington typeface with the crookedy! Gone, all gone, that fiery love, that once-in-a-lifetime golden chance! (Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

往昔难忘

他心里想，自己出了什么毛病啦。当你失去一个情人的时候，应该就像拔掉一颗牙那样，短短一阵子剧痛，痛定之后，牙洞立即就愈合了。人人都经历过这等事。可是娜塔丽·杰斯特罗虽然一去不复返了，却还像一个撩人心弦的娇娘那样迷住了他。单单看一眼这封信就给他一种甜酸苦辣都有的感觉。唉，她就用这种黄信笺，用这架y字字面已磨损的雷明顿打字机，向他倾吐了多少热情洋溢的心里话啊！一去不复返了，那种如火如荼的爱情，那种人生难得一回逢的大好机会，全都一去不复返了！ （王圣珊 等译）

Torture of Love

She went back to her chair like a sleepwalker. Her face felt stiff as from pain and her mouth actually hurt from having stretched it, unwillingly, in smiles to prevent the twins from learning her secret. She sat down wearily, tucking one foot under her, and her heart swelled up with misery, until it felt too large for her bosom. It beat with odd little jerks; her hands were cold, and a feeling of disaster oppressed her. There were pain and bewilderment in her face, the bewilderment of a pampered child who had always had her own way for the asking and who now, for the first time, was in contact with the unpleasantness of life.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

痛失所爱

她像梦游般地回到了自己的椅子上，她的脸仿佛痛得发木，嘴巴也酸痛得很，因为刚才不情愿地咧着嘴装笑，以免哥儿俩看出她的秘密。她疲倦地坐下，蜷起一条腿，心中充满了痛苦，几乎都要痛苦得爆炸了。她的心阵阵抽动，两手冰凉，一种大难临头的感觉压得她喘不过气来。她脸上露出痛苦和惶惑

的神情，这种惶惑的神情，就像是一个要风得风的小孩第一次碰到生活中的不如意的事情时露出的神情。 （傅东华 译）

Black Misery

The morrow was for Emma funereal. A black mist seemed to lie over everything, drifting aimlessly across the surface of objects, while misery swept through her heart, moaning softly like the winter wind in a deserted castle. She was in the mood which afflicts one when one dreams of things that have gone, never to return. She felt in her bones the sort of lassitude which deadens the heart when something has come to an end. She felt the pain that strikes at one when an accustomed rhythm has been broken or when some prolonged vibration ceases.

…And now he was gone, the one delight of her life, her only possible hope of happiness! Why had she not snatched at the chance while she had had it within her reach? Why had she not clung to him with both hands, knelt to him, so that he should not flee? She cursed herself for not having loved Léon. She hungered for his lips. She was seized with a desire to run after him, to throw herself into his arms, to say to him: "Here I am! I am yours!" But she foresaw the difficulties of such an enterprise, and her desires, increased by regret, became the more imperative.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

愁云惨雾

第二天对爱玛成了一个死气沉沉的日子。她觉得一片愁云惨雾，弥漫天空，乱乱腾腾，浮游无定，而悲痛沉入心底，低哭轻号，仿佛冬天的风，在荒凉的庄园啸叫。这好像韶光一去不返，魂绕梦萦，又像做完一件事，身心疲劳，也更像习惯动作中断，或者经久不停的摆动，骤然停止。

……啊！他走了，她的生命的唯一的欢乐、幸福的唯一有可能实现的希望！幸福当前，她怎么就不抓住！眼看幸福远扬，为什么就不双手伸出，双膝下跪，一把揪牢？她诅咒自己没有向赖昂表示爱情，她想念他的嘴唇。她恨不得追上他，扑进他的胸怀，对他说："是我，我是你的！"可是爱玛想到困难重重，先失了勇气，她一起懊恼之心，欲望因而越发活跃了。 （李健吾 译）

10. Opposing an Arranged Marriage 抗婚

Unexpected Revolt

"Father," said Louisa, "do you think I love Mr. Bounderby?"

Mr. Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. "Well, my child," he returned, "I —really —cannot take upon myself to say."

"Father," pursued Louisa in exactly the same voice as before, "do you ask me to love Mr. Bounderby?"

"My dear Louisa, no. No. I ask nothing."

"Father," she still pursued, "does Mr. Bounderby ask me to love him?"

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Gradgrind, "it is difficult to answer your question…"

"Difficult to answer it Yes or No, Father?"

(Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*)

出乎意外的反抗

"爸爸,"露意莎说,"你以为我爱庞得贝先生吗?"

葛擂硬先生被这句出乎意外的问话弄得极其狼狈。

"哎呀,我的孩子,"他回答说,"这话——的确——不能由我来说。"

"爸爸,"露意莎追问道,声调跟方才一样,"你要我爱庞得贝先生吗?"

"我亲爱的露意莎,不。不,我不要求什么。"

"爸爸,"她仍然追问着,"庞得贝先生要我爱他吗?"

"真的,我的亲爱的,"葛擂硬先生说,"我很难回答你的问题……"

"很难说是,还是不是,对不对,爸爸?" (全增嘏 译)

Private Contract

But in the midst of all this festivity and rejoicing, there was one individual present who tasted not when the sparkling wines were poured forth, and who danced not when the minstrels played. This was no other than Prince Bladud himself, in honour of whose happiness a whole people were at that very moment straining alike their throats and purse-strings. The truth was that the prince, forgetting the undoubted right of the Minister for Foreign Affairs to fall in love on his behalf, had, contrary to every precedent of policy and diplomacy, already fallen in love on his own account, and privately contracted himself unto the fair daughter of noble Athenian. (Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

私订终身

但是,在一切狂欢之中,却有一个人在倒出泡沫翻飞的美酒的时候不喝,

在乐人奏乐的时候不跳舞，这不是别人，正是全国人民这会儿正为了祝贺他的幸福而勒紧喉咙和钱袋的那位布赖都德王子。原来是这么一回事，那位王子忘记了外交部长具有为他恋爱的无可置疑的权利，却违反了政策和外交的一切前例，为了他自己的利益而已经恋爱上了，和一位高贵的雅典人的美丽的女儿私订了终身。 （蒋天佐 译）

For the Honor of the Royal Blood

…And after paying him their respects in the customary manner, the Abbot began to speak in this fashion:

"Holy Father, as you know better than all others, anyone who wishes to live a good and honest life must avoid, insofar as he is able, everything which might lead him to do the opposite; to this end, I myself, being a person who wishes to lead a totally honest life, set out dressed in the clothes you see on me now to seek the blessing of your holiness for my marriage, but I have fled in secret, taking with me a large part of the treasures belonging to my father, the King of England, who planned to have me marry the King of Scotland, who is an extremely old man, whereas I, as you can see, am so young. What caused me to flee was not so much the old age of the King of Scotland but rather the fear that if I were married to him, because of the fragility of my youth, I might commit some act contrary to divine law and against the honor of the royal blood of my father." （Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*）

为王族的名誉而抗婚

……行过了相当的礼仪之后，她便对教皇说：

"圣父，你比谁都知道得清楚，但凡欲想生活正直良好的人，一定要竭力避免势所难免的一切会让他们适得其反的事情。因此之故，我带了我父亲一大部分财宝，逃了出来，我父亲是英国国王，我年纪还轻，他要把我嫁给年纪衰老的苏格兰王，我特地到此乞求圣父处理我的婚事。我之所以逃出来，不但因为苏格兰王年老，更恐怕我嫁了他之后，因我意志薄弱，会违背上帝的律法，有损我们王族的名誉。 （黄石 译）

11. Extramarital Affairs 婚外恋

Errant Wife

I was told that a great court lady, who had several children, is

married to the Prime Minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island, went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the King sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again with all her jewels to the same gallant, and hath not been heard of since.

(Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

执着的贵妇

我听说有一位朝廷贵妇已经是儿女满堂，她的丈夫就是王国首相，人也很体面，并且极为爱她。他们住在岛上最华美的府邸里。但是她却借口调养身体到拉格多去了。她这一去就在下方藏了几个月。后来国王签发了搜捕文书，才找到她衣衫褴褛地住在一家偏僻的、不出名的小饭馆里，为了养活一个年老、丑陋的跟班把衣服典当净尽，并且天天还挨那跟班的打。后来人们把她抓了回来，她竟舍不得离开他。虽然他的丈夫极为和蔼地接她回来，一点也没有责备她，但是过了不久她带着她的全部珠宝首饰又偷偷地跑到下方，还是去找她那老情人去了，后来一直没有下落。 （张健 译）

Passion and Remorse

Even when she had nothing left to refuse him, she pushed him away from her with genuine indignation, then threw herself in his arms a moment later. There was no apparent purpose in this behavior. She believed herself to be damned without hope of remission, and she tried to shut out the vision of hell by showering Julien with ardent caresses. In short, nothing would have been lacking in our hero's happiness, not even the passionate responsiveness of the woman he had just seduced, if he had been capable of enjoying it. His departure ended neither her raptures, which took possession of her against her will, nor her struggles with the remorse that was piercing her heart.

(Henri Beyle Stendhal, *The Red and Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

激情与懊悔

甚至于，当她什么要求也不再拒绝他的时候，她真实的愤怒，使她用强力

将于连推开很远，但是顷刻间，她又自动的投入他的怀抱里了。在他们的一切行为里，自然得很，丝毫没有固定的计划。她觉得自己该受诅咒，罪不可赦，她努力逃避地狱里可怕的光景，为了这个，她对于连表示出最温柔最热烈的爱抚。总之，在幸福的范围说起来，我们的英雄真是未缺少分毫。如果他自己会欣赏的话，甚至他刚才搂得来的女人的身上，一丝燃烧着的灼人的感觉，对于他都未缺乏过。于连虽然离开她了，她心里的欢乐，还没有减退，虽然她在痛苦，虽然她心中的矛盾和懊悔已经把她的心撕得粉碎。 （罗玉君 译）

Intensity of Reunion

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly; she motioned me to admit him; but he found it out, ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke, nor loosed his hold for some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say; but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! …

"O, Cathy! Oh, my life! how can I bear it?" was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair.

And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish, they did not melt. （Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*）

重聚激情

卡瑟琳焦灼不安地望着房门口。他并没有一下子就闯到她的卧室。她向我示意，要我去接他进来；可我还没走到房门口，他已经找到了。他迈开大步，就来到她的身边，紧紧地把她搂在怀里了。

约摸有五分钟光景，他一句话也没有说，只是紧紧搂住不放。在那一段时间里，我敢说，他接连吻她的次数，比他过去一生中所吻过的次数还要多。不过呢，还是我家女主人第一个先吻他。他看得很清楚，他心疼得简直没法对着她的脸瞧。

"哎哟，卡茜哪！哎哟，我的生命哪！叫我怎么能受得了哟！"他一开口就嚷出了这一串话，那种声调不想隐瞒他内心的绝望。现在他又直瞪瞪地瞧她，那一眼不眨的猛劲儿我想他的眼睛会流出泪水；谁知他的两眼闪烁着痛苦的火焰，并未流泪。 （梁实 译）

Surreptitious Kiss

As this change stole on Annie, once like sunshine in the Doctor's house, the Doctor became older in appearance, and more grave; but the sweetness of his temper, the placid kindness of his manner, and his benevolent solicitude for her, if they were capable of any increase, were increased. I saw him once, early on the morning of her birthday, when she came to sit in the window while we were at work (which she had always done, but now began to do with a timid and uncertain air that I thought very touching), take her forehead between his hands, kiss it, and go hurriedly away, too much moved to remain. I saw her stand where he had left her, like a statue; and then bend down her head, and clasp her hands, and weep, I cannot say how sorrowfully.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

偷偷的一吻

因为这种变化偷偷地侵入安妮心中,(她在过去像博士家中的阳光,)博士在外表上变得更老了,更严肃了;不过他的脾气的柔和,他的态度的仁慈,他对她的关切却增加了(如果有增加的余地的话)。在她的生日的一清早,当我们工作时,她来坐在窗子里(她一向是这样,但是现在开始带着一种我觉得很动人的怯弱的不安定的神气)。我见他双手捧住她的前额,吻过,然后匆匆忙忙地走开,激动到不能留下去。我见她站在他离开她的地方,像一尊石像;然后俯下头,握起手,哭得使我说不出她有多么伤心。 (董秋斯 译)

Extra Marital Love Is Common Place

Dearest, you can love your wife and also love me. Do I shock you? Well, the fact is you already do. You know you do. You've even told me so. You have only to act realistically about it. To be blunt, it's just as possible for your wife to love you, and also love another man. Maybe that shocks you even more. But this sort of thing happens all the time, my sweet, I swear it does, especially in wartime, to perfectly good and decent people. You and Mrs. Henry have somehow spent a quarter of a century shut off in a very special church-and-Navy shell. Oh, dear!

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

不足为奇

最亲爱的,你可以爱你的妻子,也爱我呀。我让你吓了一跳吧?嗨,事实

是你已经这样做了。你知道自己是爱你妻子也爱我的。你甚至已告诉过我的。你只不过对此装出一副讲究实际的模样罢了。老实说,就你妻子来讲,也完全可能爱你也爱另外一个男人。可能这更让你吓一跳吧。但是这类事情一直都有,我的爱人啊,我打赌真是这样的,特别是战争年代里,连很好、很体面的人也是这样。你和亨利太太被关在一个非常特别的由教堂到海军的小天地里过了四分之一个世纪。哦,亲爱的! (王圣珊 等译)

Falling in Love

"Jesus," he said softly. All of the feelings, all of the searching and reflecting, a lifetime of feeling and searching and reflecting, came together at that moment. And he fell in love with Francesca Johnson, farmer's wife, of Madison County, Iowa, long ago from Naples.

"I mean" —his voice was a little shaky, a little rough —"if you don't mind my boldness, you look stunning. Make-'em-run-around-the-block-howling-in-agony stunning. I'm serious. You're bigtime elegant, Francesca, in the purest sense of that word."

His admiration was genuine, she could tell. She reveled in it, bathed in it, let it swirl over her and into the pores of her skin like soft oil from the hands of some deity somewhere who had deserted her years ago and had now returned. (Robert James Waller, *The Bridges of Madison County*)

坠入情网

"天哪,"他柔声说。所有的感觉,所有的寻觅和苦思冥想,一生感觉、寻觅和苦思冥想此时此刻都到眼前来。于是他爱上了弗朗西丝卡·约翰逊——多年前来自那不勒斯的、依阿华州麦迪逊县的农夫之妻。

"我想说,"——他的声音有些发抖,有些嘶哑——"假如你不介意的话,我想说你简直是光艳照人,照得人眼花缭乱晕头转向。我是认真的。你是绝代美人,弗朗西丝卡,是从这个词的最纯的意义上说。"

她可以感觉得出来他的倾慕是真诚的。她尽情享受这欢乐和得意,沐浴其中,听凭漩涡没顶,像是多年前抛弃了自己今又归来的不知何方仙女双手洒下的甘油浸透每一个毛孔。 (梅嘉 译)

12. Reunion of Spouses 破镜重圆

Becoming Reconciled

He put his arm round me and pulled me to him very close. My

reserve was broken, and my shyness, too. I stood there with my face against his shoulder. "You've forgiven me, haven't you?" I said.

He spoke to me at last. "Forgiven you?" he said. "What have I got to forgive you for?"

"Last night," I said, "you thought I did it on purpose."

"Ah, that," he said. "I'd forgotten. I was angry with you wasn't I?"

"Yes," I said.

He did not say any more. He went on holding me close to his shoulder. "Maxim," I said, "can't we start all over again? Can't we begin from today, and face things together? I don't want you to love me, I won't ask impossible things. I'll be your friend and your companion, a sort of boy. I don't ever want more than that." (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

重归于好

他伸出手臂,把我紧紧搂在身边。什么矜持,什么腼腆,都从我身上一扫而光。我用脸擦着他的肩胛,问道:"你原谅我了吗?"

他总算对我说话了:"原谅你?你做了什么事竟要我原谅?"

"昨晚的事,"我说。"你大概以为我是故意的。"

"喔,那事我已忘啦,"他说。"我对你发脾气了,是不?"

"是的,"我说。

他不再说什么,只是仍然把我紧紧搂着。"迈克西姆,"我说,"我们难道不能一切从头开始?两人不能从今天起同甘共苦吗?我不奢望你爱我,我不作非分之想,让我做你的朋友和伴侣吧,就算一个贴身小厮。我只有这点要求。"

(林智玲 程德 译)

Solemn Pledge of Love

"Forgive me, forgive me", I murmured, "I knew all this, but I wanted to hear you say it, my darling Marguerite. Let's forget the rest. Let's just remember one thing: we belong to one another, we are young and we are in love."

"Marguerite, do with me what you will. I am your slave, your dog. But, in the name of God, tear up the letter I wrote you and don't let me go away tomorrow. It would kill me."

Marguerite withdrew the letter from the bodice of her dress and, as she handed it back to me, said with a smile of infinite sweetness:

"Here, I was bringing it back to you."

I tore up the letter and, with tears in my eyes, kissed the hand which held it.

(Alexandre Dumas, *La Dame Aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

言归于好

"原谅我,原谅我,"我喃喃地说,"一切我自己也已经明白了,但是我愿意听你把这些说出来,我最最亲爱的玛格丽特,我们只要记住一件事,把其余的丢在脑后吧;那就是我们永不分离,我们年纪还很轻,我们相亲相爱。"

"玛格丽特,随便你把我怎样都行,我是你的奴隶,你的狗;但是看在上天的份上,把我写给你的信撕掉吧,明天别让我走,否则我要死的。"

玛格丽特把我给她的信从她衣服的腋口里取出来,还给了我,她带着一种难以形容的微笑对我说:

"看,我把信给你带来了。"

我撕掉了信,含着眼泪吻着她向我伸过来的手。 (王振孙 译)

Long Awaited Reunion

So Justine crossed the room, knelt, and laid her forehead on his lap. "Rain, I'm so sorry for all the years, and I can't atone," she whispered.

He didn't rise to his feet, draw her up with him, he knelt beside her on the floor.

"A miracle," he said.

She smiled at him. "You never did stop loving me, did you?"

"No, *herzchen*, never."

"I must have hurt you very much."

"Not in the way you think. I knew you loved me, and I could wait. I've always believed a patient man must win in the end."

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

期待已久的团圆

贾斯丁穿过房间,径直走过去跪下,把她的额头放在他的膝盖上。"雷,这些年我非常对不起你,这是我无法赔偿的。"她小声地说。

他没有站起来,也没有把她拉起来,而是跪倒在她身边的地板上。

"真是个奇迹。"他说。

她对他微笑,"你一直是爱我的,是吗?"

"是的,我心爱的姑娘,我一直爱着你。"

"我一定伤透了你的心。"

"并不像你所想的那样。我知道你也爱我,我可以等待。我一直相信有耐心的人能赢得最后的胜利。" (晓明 陈明锦 译)

Remarriage

There they stood, five altogether: the parson, the clerk, the couple and Gillingham; and the holy ordinance was resolemnized forthwith. In the nave of the edifice were two or three villagers, and when the clergyman came to the words, "What God hath joined," a woman's voice from among these was heard to utter audibly:

"God hath joined indeed!"

It was like a re-enactment by the ghosts of their former selves of the similar scene which had taken place at Melchester years before. When the books were signed the vicar congratulated the husband and wife on having performed a noble, and righteous, and mutually forgiving act. "All's well that ends well," he said, smiling. "May you long be happy together, after thus having been 'saved as by fire.'"

(Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

复婚

他们就站在那儿——共五个人:牧师,助理,一对新人和吉令恩。跟着神圣的仪式就又举行了一次,在教堂的本部有两三个村里的人,牧师念到"天主所配合的"这句话的时候,只听见这几个人里面有一个女人说:

"是天主配合的才怪哪!"

那时候,就好像是他们的前身,把多年以前的梅勒寨出现的光景,又重演了一番。他们在结婚簿子上签了名以后,牧师就向这一对夫妻道喜,说他们这是作了一件又高尚、又正直、又忠恕的事情。"结局好,就无一不好",他微微笑着说。"我祝你们,这样'从火里经过而得救'以后,白头偕老,永远快活。"

(张谷若 译)

Reunion of Lovers

"You cannot now wonder," continued my master, "that when you rose upon me so unexpectedly last night, I had difficulty in believing you any other than a mere voice and vision: something that would melt to silence and annihilation, as the midnight whisper and mountain echo had melted before. Now, I thank God! I know it to be otherwise. Yes, I thank

God!"

He put me off his knee, rose, and reverently lifting his hat from his brow, and bending his sightless eyes to the earth, he stood in mute devotion. Only the last words of the worship were audible.

"I thank my Maker, that in the midst of judgment he has remembered mercy. I humbly entreat my Redeemer to give me strength to lead henceforth a purer life than I have done hitherto!"

Then he stretched his hand out to be led. I took that dear hand, held it a moment to my lips, then let it pass round my shoulder: being so much lower of stature than he, I served both for his prop and guide. We entered the wood, and wended homeward. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

恋人重聚

"这会儿你不会奇怪了吧,"我主人继续说,"那天晚上你出乎意外地在我面前冒出来时,我难以相信你不只是一个声音和幻象,不只是某种会销声匿迹的东西,就像以前已经消失的夜半耳语和山间回声那样。现在我感谢上帝!我知道这回可不同了。是的,我感谢上帝!"

他把我从膝头上放下来,虔敬地从额头摘下帽子,向大地低下了没有视力的眼睛,虔诚地默默站立着,只有最后几句表示崇拜的话隐约可闻。

"我感谢造物主,在审判时还记着慈悲。我谦恭地恳求我的救世主赐予我力量,让我从今以后过一种比以往更纯洁的生活!"

随后他伸出手让我领着,我握住了那只亲爱的手,在我的嘴唇上放了一会儿,随后让它挽住我肩膀。我个子比他矮得多,所以既做支撑,又当了向导。我们进了树林,朝家里走去。 (杭庆英 译)

Reunion after Misfortunes

When the girl saw him, she was so happy that she nearly died, and unable to contain herself, with open arms she ran up to him and embraced him, and overcome by the memory of her past misfortunes as well as her present joy, unable to utter a single word, she began to cry tenderly. When Martuccio saw the girl, he stood for a moment in astonishment, and then with a sigh he exclaimed:

"Oh, my Gostanza, are you really alive? Some time ago I heard that you were lost and that you were never heard of again at home." After saying this, crying tenderly, he embraced and kissed her. Gostanza told him everything that had happened to her and about the welcome she had

received from the kind lady with whom she was living.

(Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

劫后重逢

那少女一见了他，喜悦非常，她情不自禁地用两手抱住了他的脖子。但当她想起她为此所受过的苦难，她的眼泪便禁不住像潮水般涌出。马特施奥惊骇地直立了一会儿，最后，他叹息说："呵，我的君士坦提亚呀，你还活着呀？自从我听到你失踪消息之后，我便再没有得到你的消息了。"他一面说，一面用温柔的情爱把她拥抱着。于是她便述说她所遇着的风险，以及她曾怎样受这位善良的老妇人的尊重和善待。（黄石 译）

Ⅶ. Family 家庭

1. Environment 生长环境

Priviledged Upbringing

She had had everything a girl could have: kindness, admiration, bonbons, bouquets, the sense of exclusion from none of the privileges of the world she lived in, abundant opportunity for dancing, plenty of new dresses, the London *Spectator*, the latest publications, the music of Gounod, the poetry of Browning, the prose of George Eliot.

(Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

享有一切

凡是一个女孩子可能有的一切，她统统都有：友谊，赞美，糖果，鲜花，她享有着她所生活的世界中的一切权利，经常参加舞会，拥有大量时装，阅读伦敦的《旁观者》，阅读最新的出版物，欣赏古诺的音乐，诵读勃朗宁的诗歌和乔治·爱略特的小说。 (项星耀 译)

Excellent Education

Such was Jane Fairfax's history. She had fallen into good hands, known nothing but kindness from the Campbells and been given an excellent education. Living constantly with right-minded, and well-informed people, her heart and understanding had received every advantage of discipline and culture; and Col. Campbell's residence being in London, every lighter talent had been done full justice to, by the attendance of first-rate masters. Her disposition and abilities were equally worthy of all that friendship could do; and at eighteen or nineteen she was, as far as such an early age can be qualified for the care of children, fully competent to the office of instruction herself; but she was too much beloved to be parted with. Neither father nor mother could promote, and the daughter could not endure it. The evil day was put off. It was easy to decide that she was still too young; and Jane remained with them, sharing, as another daughter, in

all the rational pleasures of an elegant society, and a judicious mixture of home and amusement, with only the drawback of the future, the sobering suggestions of her own good understanding to remind her that all this might soon be over. (Jane Austen, *Emma*)

良好的教育

这些就是简·费尔法克斯的经历。她遇到了好人,坎贝尔夫妇对她百般呵护,使她接受了良好的教育。由于她长年和品格高尚、知识丰富的人住在一起,她在心灵和智力等方面都受到熏陶,成为一个知书识礼,有文化教养的女孩。坎贝尔上校的家又在伦敦,那儿有许多水准一流的老师,他们能帮助学生充分地发挥自己的才能。她性情好,有才能,没有辜负她的朋友们的一片苦心。才十八九岁,她便学会了看管小孩的那一套方法,完全胜任教师工作,这对于她那个年龄的人来说实属不易。可是他们太喜欢她,舍不得让她走。坎贝尔夫妇不愿意开口,他们的女儿更是受不了。那令人痛苦的日子因此被推到以后。这事就这么轻而易举地定下来,简的年龄还小,所以她应该留在他们身边,就像他们的女儿一样,享受上流社会生活的种种乐趣,拥有家庭的温暖。然而她毕竟是个头脑清醒的女孩子,知道这一切都长不了,因此不得不考虑将来的事情。这可以说是她目前生活唯一不完美之处。 (袁德成 译)

Ordered Childhood

I am indebted to my dear parents (both now in heaven) for having had habits of order and regularity instilled into me at a very early age.

In that happy bygone time, I was taught to keep my hair tidy at all hours of the day and night, and to fold up every article of my clothing carefully, in the same order, on the same chair, in the same place at the foot of the bed, before, retiring to rest. An entry of the day's events in my little diary invariably preceded the folding up. The 'Evening Hymn' (repeated in bed) invariably followed the folding up. And the sweet sleep of childhood invariably followed the 'Evening Hymn.'

(Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone*)

循规蹈矩的童年

多亏我亲爱的爹妈(如今他俩老都归天了),在我幼年时代,就教导我养成了做事有条有理、循规蹈矩的习惯。

在那段幸福的日子里,他俩老教导我,头发要梳理光整,临睡前,衣服得仔细折好,照例放在床脚边那儿,那一张椅子上。还没折衣服,我照例先把当天

的事全记在我那小日记本里。折好衣服,我照例唱一遍晚祷歌。唱完晚祷歌,我就照例沉浸在童年时代那种酣睡中。 (山姗 译)

The Only Child

The poor girl had had to suffer the agony of every only child since time began —that is, a crushing and unrelenting canopy of parental worry. Since birth her slightest cough would bring doctors; since puberty her slightest whim summoned decorators and dressmakers; and always her slightest frown caused her mama and papa secret hours of selfrecrimination. Now this was all very well when it came to new dresses and new wall hangings, but there was one matter upon which all her *bouderies* and complaints made no impression. And that was her health. Her mother and father were convinced she was consumptive. They had only to smell damp in a basement to move house, only to have two days' rain on a holiday to change districts. Half Harley Street had examined her, and found nothing; she had never had a serious illness in her life; she had none of the lethargy, the chronic weaknesses, of the condition. She could have —or could have if she had ever been allowed to —danced all night; and played, without the slightest ill effect, battledore all the next morning. But she was no more able to shift her doting parents' fixed idea than a baby to pull down a mountain. (John Fowels, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

独生女

这位可怜的姑娘是她爹娘的独生女,因而不得不忍受自古以来独生子女特有的苦恼,即父母那种压倒一切、始终如一的关心。自她问世以来,只要她轻轻咳一声,便会召来一批又一批医生;自她情窦初开之后,只要她闪过最微弱的一丝新奇念头,装饰家与服装师便会纷至沓来;每当她眉头稍稍一蹙,往往会招致她双亲长时间的暗暗自责。倘若只是新衣服、新装饰的话,事情还好办。但有一件事,不管她怎样赌气、抱怨都无法解决,那便是她的健康问题。她父母深信她已染上肺结核,因此只要嗅到地下室有潮气,他们便要匆匆迁居;当度假时,只要遇上两天阴雨,他们便立即更换地点。哈利大街的半数医师都为她作过检查,但未发现什么病。其实,她从未患过重病,也未出现过嗜睡、慢性虚弱等症状。她可以——如果得到允许的话——跳舞通宵达旦,第二天再玩一个上午的板羽球游戏而毫无不适之感。尽管这样,她依然无法改变糊涂爹娘的偏见,这就如同婴儿无法移山一样。 (阿良 刘坤尊 译)

Spoiled

From her infancy, she had been surrounded with servants, who lived only to study her caprices; the idea that they had either feelings or rights had never dawned upon her, even in distant perspective. Her father, whose only child she had been, had never denied her anything that lay within the compass of human possibility; and when she entered life, beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had, of course, all the eligibles and non-eligibles of the other sex sighing at her feet.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

养尊处优

玛丽自幼养尊处优，一呼百诺；仆人们每天活着的目的就是观颜察色，小心翼翼地侍候她。玛丽脑子里从来没有想过，这些下人也有感情和权利。她父亲膝下只有她一个独生女儿，对她百依百顺，有求必应。当玛丽刚入社交界时，人出落得既漂亮，又多才多艺，而且还是一笔大家产的继承人；因此，青年郎君无不拜倒在她石榴裙下，不论门第配不配得上。 （黄继忠 译）

2. Fraternity 友爱

Sharing Sister's Games

William was too far removed from him to accept him as a companion. So the smaller boy belonged at first almost entirely to Annie. She was a tomboy and a 'flybie-skybie', as her mother called her. But she was intensely fond of her second brother. So Paul was towed round at the heels of Annie, sharing her game. She raced wildly at lerky with the other young wild-cats of the Bottoms. And always Paul flew beside her, living her share of the game, having as yet no part of his own. He was quiet and not noticeable. But his sister adored him. He always seemed to care for things if she wanted him to. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

姐弟情深

威廉与他年龄相差太大，不能与他做伴，因此，这个小男孩一开始几乎完全属于安妮。她是个淘气的女孩，母亲叫她"顽皮鬼"。不过她特别喜欢弟弟，因此保罗一步不离地跟着她，一起玩游戏。她和河川区那些野猫似的孩子疯一般地玩游戏，保罗总是跟随在她身边。由于他太小还不能参加这些活动，只和她分享游戏的快乐。他很安静，也不引人注目，但姐姐十分喜欢他，因为他最听姐姐的话。 （刘一之 等译）

Comforting Little Sister

'Don't cry then, Magsie: —here, eat a bit o'cake.'

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies. (George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

安慰小妹妹

"那就别哭了,玛格西——喂,吃点蛋糕吧。"

玛吉的啜泣声低下去了,把嘴凑向蛋糕咬了一口;接着汤姆也咬了一口,只是为了陪她吃;于是他们一块儿吃起来,边吃边相互摩擦着脸颊、眉额和鼻子,那丑样儿就像两匹友爱的小马。 (伍厚恺 译)

Georgiana's Respect for Her Brother

Pemberley was now Georgiana's home; and the attachment of the sisters was exactly what Darcy had hoped to see. They were able to love each other, even as well as they intended. Georgiana had the highest opinion in the world of Elizabeth; though at first she often listened with an astonishment bordering on alarm at her lively, sportive manner of talking to her brother. He, who had always inspired in herself a respect which almost overcame her affection, she now saw the object of open pleasantry. Her mind received knowledge which had never before fallen in her way. By Elizabeth's instructions she began to comprehend that a woman may take liberties with her husband, which a brother will not always allow in a sister more than ten years younger than himself.

(Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

尊敬兄长

乔治安娜现在长住在彭伯里了;姑嫂之间正如达西先生所料到的那么情投意合,互尊互爱,甚至融洽得完全合于她们自己的理想。乔治安娜非常推崇伊丽莎白,不过,开头看到嫂嫂跟哥哥谈起话来,那么活泼调皮,她不禁大为惊异,几乎有些担心,因为她一向尊敬哥哥,几乎尊敬得超过了手足的情分,想不到现在他竟成为公开打趣的对象。她以前无论如何也弄不懂的事,现在才恍然大悟了。经过伊丽莎白的陶冶,她开始懂得:妻子可以对丈夫放纵,做哥哥

的却不能允许一个比自己小十岁的妹妹调皮。 （王科一 译）

3. Parental Love 父母之爱

Fatherly Advice

"No, let me finish what I have to say. I told you once that I have no one in the world but you. I think you do not fully understand what that means. It is difficult when one is so young; at your age I should not have understood. Arthur, you are as my —as my —own son to me. Do you see? You are the light of my eyes and the desire of my heart. I would die to keep you from making a false step and ruining your life. But there is nothing I can do. I don't ask you to make any promises to me; I only ask you to remember this, and to be careful. Think well before you take an irrevocable step, for my sake, if not for the sake of your mother in heaven."

（Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*）

谆谆慈父

"不，让我把话说完。有一次我告诉过你，在这个世上除了你之外我没有一个人。我并不认为你完全理解这话的意思。人在年轻的时候很难理解这话的意思。如果我像你这么大，我也理解不了。亚瑟，你就像我的——就像我的——我自己的儿子。你懂吗？你是我眼里的光明，你是我心中的希望。为了不让你走错一步路，毁了你的一生，我情愿去死。但是我无能为力。我不要求你对我作出什么承诺。我只要求你记住这一点，并且事事小心。在你毅然决然地走出这一步时好好想一想，如果不为了你那在天的母亲，那也为了我想一想。"

（庆学先 译）

No Longer a Child

Then she heard Dane get up, and opened her eyes. He had always been her baby, her lovely little boy; though she had watched him change and grow with proprietary pride, she had done so with an image of the laughing baby superimposed on his maturing face. It had not yet occurred to her that actually he was no longer in any way a child.

（Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*）

爱子成熟

这时她听见丹尼站了起来，便睁开眼睛，他永远是她的婴儿，她可爱的小男孩；虽然她带着物主的自豪看着他在变化、长大。她常常会想象将一个欢笑

的婴儿附加在他那张成熟的脸上。对她来说，她还未想到他实际上已经不是一个小孩子了。（晓明 陈明锦 译）

Father's Dotage

But Rhett showed no inclination to make Bonnie behave. Whatever she did was right and if she wanted the moon she could have it, if he could reach it for her. His pride in her beauty, her curls, her dimples, her graceful little gestures was boundless. He loved her pertness, her high spirits and the quaint sweet manner she had of showing her love for him. For all her spoiled and wilful ways she was such a lovable child that he lacked the heart to try to curb her. He was her god, the centre of her small world, and that was too precious for him to risk losing by reprimands.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

溺爱无比

可是瑞德没有表现出要教育孩子学好的意思。她做什么都是对的，她要月亮就给月亮，如果他能去摘下来的话。他对她的美貌，她的鬈发，她的酒窝，她的优美姿势，无不感到骄傲。他爱她的淘气，爱她的兴高采烈，以及她用以表示爱他的那种奇特而美妙的样子。尽管她有些娇惯和任性的地方，但她毕竟是那样可爱的一个孩子，他怎么忍心去约束她呢！他是她心目中的上帝，是她那小小世界的中心，这对他实在太宝贵了，他决不冒丧失这一地位的危险去训斥她。（傅东华 译）

Memory and Reality

"Serezha!" she whispered, drawing nearer with inaudible steps.

During the time they had been parted and under the influence of that gush of love which she had felt for him of late she had always imagined him as a little fellow of four, the age when she had loved him best. Now he was not even as she had left him; he was still further removed from the four-year-old child; he had grown still more and had got thinner. What did it mean? How thin his face was! How short his hair! How long his arms! How changed since she had left him! But still it was he: the slope of the head was his, the lips were his, the soft neck and the broad shoulders.

"Serezha!" she repeated, just above the child's ear.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margreet Wettlin)

记忆与现实

"谢辽沙!"她轻轻唤着,没有一点声息地走到他身边去。在她和他分别的时间,在最近她对他感到汹涌的爱的时候,她总把他想象成四岁时的小孩,那是一个她最爱他的年龄。现在他甚至和她离开他的时候都不同了;他和四岁的小孩更不相同了,他长得更大了,也更消瘦了。这是怎么回事?他的脸多么瘦!他的头发多么短啊!多长的胳膊啊!自从她离开他以后,他变得多么厉害啊!但是这仍然是他,他的头的姿势,他的嘴唇,他的柔软的颈项和宽阔的肩膊。"谢辽沙!"她凑在小孩耳边又唤着。 (草婴 译)

His Own Flesh and Blood

From the first, the baby stirred in the young father a deep, strong emotion he dared scarcely acknowledge, it was so strong and came out of the dark of him. When he heard the child cry, a terror possessed him, because of the answering echo from the unfathomed distances in himself. Must he know in himself such distances, perilous and imminent?

He had the infant in his arms, he walked backwards and forwards troubled by the crying of his own flesh and blood. This was his own flesh and blood crying! His soul rose against the voice suddenly breaking out from him, from the distances in him.

He became accustomed to the child, he knew how to lift and balance the little body. The baby had a beautiful, rounded head that moved him passionately. He would have fought to the last drop to defend that exquisite, perfect round head. (D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

骨肉之情

从一开始,这婴儿就在年轻的父亲心里激起一种他不敢声张的深沉、强烈的感情。那种感情如洪流般从他阴暗的内心深处奔涌出来。听见孩子哇哇哭叫时,他就感到恐慌不已,因为他内心深不可测的地方会发出呼应的回声。他是不是应该马上弄清自己内心深处这危险的所在?

他把婴儿抱在怀里走来走去地哄着,为自己心肝宝贝的哭叫感到很不安,这是他自己的亲骨肉在哭喊!他的灵魂挺身而起与突然从心底爆发出来的那个应和的声音对抗着。

他慢慢地和孩子混熟了,知道怎样举起和平衡她娇小的身体,婴儿长着一个美丽的小圆脑袋,使他疼爱得发疯,他要豁出一切来保护这个别致、完美的小圆脑袋。 (马志刚 齐元涛 译)

Treated like a Young Prince

When her child was born it had to be put out to nurse, and when the little brat was eventually brought home he was thoroughly spoiled and treated like a young prince. His mother stuffed him with sweets, his father let him run about barefoot, and, wishing to pose as a philosopher, went so far as to say that he might go naked for all he cared, like the beasts of the field. In opposition to her maternal solicitude, he developed a theory that childhood should be a time of manly rigours. He did his best to rear his son on these lines, determined that he should be brought up in a school of Spartan austerity, and so grow strong in body. He made him sleep in a room without a fire, taught him to indulge in long draughts of rum, and trained him up to insult all religious processions. But the boy, who was of a mild temperament, responded ill to these attempts. His mother dragged him about with her wherever she went, cut out cardboard figures for him, told him stories, and indulged with him in endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and baby-talk.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

掌上明珠

她生了一个男孩子，必须交给别人乳养。小把戏回到家，惯得活像一个王子。母亲喂他蜜饯；父亲叫他赤脚跑，甚至于冒充哲学家，说他可以学学幼畜，全身光着走路。他对教育儿童有一种男性理想，所以排斥母亲的影响，试着按照这种理想训练，用斯巴达方式，从严管教。他打发他睡觉不生火，教他大口喝甘蔗酒和侮辱教堂行列。可是小孩子天性驯良，辜负了他的心力。母亲总把他拖在身边，帮他剪裁硬纸板，给他讲故事，喋喋不休，一个人和他谈古道今，充满了忧郁的欢乐和闲话三七的甜蜜。 （李健吾 译）

4. Conjugal Affection 夫妻恩爱

Mutual Understanding

…they went along with that tender attention to each other which the shyest can scarcely disguise, and which these, among entire strangers as they imagined, took less trouble to disguise than they might have done at home. Sue, in her new summer clothes, flexible and light as a bird, her little thumb stuck up by the stem of her white cotton sunshade, went along

as if she hardly touched ground, and as if a moderately strong puff of wind would float her over the hedge into the next field. Jude, in his light grey holiday-suit, was really proud of her companionship, not more for her external attractiveness than for her sympathetic words and ways. That complete mutual understanding, in which every glance and movement was as effectual as speech for conveying intelligence between them, made them almost the two parts of a single whole.

(Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

彼此关爱

……他们开始带着彼此疼怜的关切,往前走去,这种关切,即便最腼腆的人也难以掩藏。而他们两个,以为在生人中间,没有人认识他们,所以就比在家里的时候更随便一些,更不去掩藏了。淑穿着夏天的服装,跟一只鸟儿一样的轻盈、活泼,把大拇指伸着按在她那把白色的布阳伞伞把上,往前走的时候,都好像脚不沾地似的,都好像来一阵稍为大一点的风,就能把她从树篱上吹到那一面的地里一般。裘德穿着他那身轻便的灰色节日服装,觉得有她做伴,真正得意之极。这样得意,固然由于她的外表有引人注意的地方,但是更由于她的谈话、她的行动,都是跟他同气相应的。因为他们两个完全互相了解,所以他们只要看一眼,只要作一个动作,就能很切实地把他们的灵犀互相传递,切实得像用言语表达出来的一样。这种互相了解的情况,使他们显得好像只是一个整体的两半。 (张谷若 译)

Devotion in Adversity

In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place; and every day on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times: it might be twice or thrice running: it might be, not for a week or a fortnight together. It was enough that he could and did see her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day, seven days a week. (Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

患难情深

不管什么天气,冒着冬天的霜雪,迎着春天的寒风,顶着夏天的烈日,淋着秋天的苦雨,然后又冒着冬天的霜雪,露茜每天在这地方挨过两个小时,而且

每天离开这儿的时候，还吻那监狱大墙。可每五六次当中只有一次，她丈夫看得见她。这是她从她父亲那儿听说的。可能连续有两次或三次都看见；也许整整一两个星期都没有看见。在机会凑巧的时候，他能够而且确实看见了她，这就足够了，而且为了有这种可能性，她可以一周七日天天等，等整整一天。

（罗稷南 译）

Sticking Together in Life and Death

My shyness fell away from me, loosening as it did so my reluctant tongue, and out they all came, the little secrets of childhood, the pleasures and the pains. It seemed to me as though he understood, from my poor description, something of the vibrant personality that had been my father's, and something too of the love my mother had for him, making it a vital, living force, with a spark of divinity about it, so much that when he died that desperate winter, struck down by pneumonia, she lingered behind him for five short weeks and stayed no more. I remember pausing, a little breathless, a little dazed. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

生死相随

我的羞怯消失得无影无踪，与此同时，那不愿说话的舌头也解放了。于是，往事一股脑儿奔涌而出：儿时琐碎无聊的隐私，各种甜酸苦辣。我感到，从我十分拙劣的叙述中，他似乎多少了解到我父亲往昔朝气蓬勃的性格以及我母亲对他的爱。母亲把爱情化作一种生命的活力，使爱情带上神性的光辉，以至于在那个令人心碎的冬天，父亲患肺炎死去之后，她只在人间多呆了短短五个星期，便也绝裾长逝了。我记得说到这儿曾上气不接下气的停顿过一会儿，觉得一阵头晕眼花。

（林智玲 程德 译）

Thoughtful Husband

Jake was more kind and thoughtful than many of the husbands I had encountered. He loved his children, and had always helped his wife wash and dress them. He had brought water up and carried garbage down before he left in the morning, and did as much as he could for me while he anxiously watched her progress.

(Margaret Sanger, *The Turbid Ebb and Flow of Misery*)

体贴的丈夫

杰克比许多我碰到过的丈夫都和蔼、体贴，他爱他的孩子，总帮他的妻子

给孩子洗洗涮涮、穿衣服。早上农家之前，他把水提上三楼，又把垃圾送下去。在他焦急地注视着妻子病情的进展情况时，还尽量帮我做他力所能及的一切。

（邓懿 译）

5. Suspicion 猜忌

Suspecting a Child of Lying

When Anne had gone Marilla went about her evening tasks in a very disturbed state of mind. She was worried about her valuable brooch. What if Anne had lost it? And how wicked of the child to deny having taken it, when anybody could see she must have! With such an innocent face, too!

"I don't know what I wouldn't sooner have had happen," thought Marilla, as she nervously shelled the peas. "Of course, I don't suppose she meant to steal it or anything like that. She's just taken it to play with or help along that imagination of hers. She must have taken it, that's clear, for there hasn't been a soul in that room since she was in it, by her own story, until I went up tonight. And the brooch is gone, there's nothing surer. I suppose she has lost it and is afraid to own up for fear she'll be punished. It's a dreadful thing to think she tells falsehoods. It's a far worse thing than her fit of temper. It's a fearful responsibility to have a child in your house you can't trust. Slyness and untruthfulness —that's what she has displayed. I declare I feel worse about that than about the brooch. If she'd only have told the truth about it I wouldn't mind so much."

(Lucy Maud Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*)

怀疑孩子撒谎

安妮走了以后，玛丽拉心绪烦乱地开始忙晚上的活儿。她很担心她那宝贝胸针，如果安妮把它弄丢了该怎么办呢？谁都能看出是她拿走了，她还不承认，这孩子多可恶啊！表面上还装得那么无辜！

"真希望什么都没有发生，"玛丽拉一边心神不安地剥豌豆一边想，"当然了，我知道她不是要把它偷走或者怎么着，她只想拿去玩玩儿或者丰富一下她的想象。一定是她把它拿走了，这一点很清楚，因为照她讲的，在我今天晚上上去之前，房间里除了她再没进去过别人。现在胸针不见了，这再清楚不过了。我想她是把东西弄丢了，怕受惩罚不敢承认。想想她居然说慌，这真令人震惊。这比她脾气暴可要严重多了。家里有个你都不能信任的孩子实在是件可怕的事。狡猾、不诚实——这些现在都露出马脚来了，我觉得这比丢了胸针

更让我难受。如果她说了实话,我也不会这么难受的。"

(邓少勉 马新林 译)

Unfounded Jealousy

No man ever had less real cause for jealousy than Ainslie. His wife was frank as the day, a splendid house -keeper, a very good mother to their two children. But Ainslie (hardworking and anxious to succeed) was almost a maniac. He could not believe that though he had married Adela Morton, she had not a strong affection for the ne'er-do-well cousin who had courted her so long. The fact that Dicky Soames had years back gone out to join his —and Adela's —uncle at a Melbourne store made no difference to him. He was sure that some day his rival would return and take Adela from him.

(Austin Philips, *Lost in the Post*)

无由的嫉妒

艾因斯莱并没有可嫉妒的真正的理由,这一点是谁也比不上他的。他的妻子光明坦荡,持家有方,抚育两个孩子也堪称良母。然而艾因斯莱(虽说工作勤奋,立志求成)却几乎是个躁狂症患者。他不能相信,虽然他已和阿德拉·莫顿结了婚,她对那个长期追求过她的饭桶表哥是断了依依之情的。目前的事实是,那个狄盖·梭姆士已在几年前到他的(也是阿德拉的)舅舅那儿帮助经营一家在墨尔本的商店,但这也仍不能改变艾因斯莱的想法。他深信有朝一日他的情敌会回来,并把阿德拉从他身边夺去。

(王蓝 译)

Torturing Suspicion

When she was gone, he gave freer play to his feelings. His face, never easily controlled by him, expressed all the perplexity and disturbance which he felt. Could it be that Carrie had received so many visits and yet said nothing about them? Was Hurstwood lying? What did the chambermaid mean by it, anyway? He had thought there was something odd about Carrie's manner at the time. Why did she look so disturbed when he had asked her how many times Hurstwood had called? By George! he remembered now. There was something strange about the whole thing.

He sat down in a rocking-chair to think the better, drawing up one leg on his knee and frowning mightily. His mind ran on at a great rate.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

满怀疑虑

她一走，他的感情就更加充分地表现出来了。他从来不善于控制自己的脸色，如今便表现出了他深切感受到的疑惑与烦恼。会不会嘉莉见了这么多次，却什么都没有说？是赫斯特渥特在撒谎么？那个女仆究竟是什么意思啊？他思量，当时嘉莉的神色就有点儿异样啊。他问起她赫斯特渥特来过几次，她为什么要慌张啊？天啊，他现在记得了。整个儿的事有点蹊跷啊。

他在摇椅里坐下，为了更好地想一想。他架起了腿，眉头皱紧。他的心正像野马一般奔腾。（许汝祉 译）

Jealousy among Sisters

Now although each of the sisters had obtained precisely what she had asked for, the hearts of the two elder were filled with anger and jealousy. For many months they cherished these hateful feelings, and whenever they saw the young queen in her beauty and happiness they could only plan how to make her miserable. She, on the other hand, showed them all kindness and affection and was always eager to give them pleasure.

(*The Arabian Nights*)

姐妹间的嫉妒

当时，虽然三姐妹个个都如愿以偿，可是两个姐姐的心里却充满了怨恨和嫉妒。几个月来她们都耿耿于怀，怀恨在心，不论什么时候，只要看到年轻王后那么漂亮，那么幸福，就千方百计地算计，怎么让她痛苦不幸。而她呢，却总是对她们那么温情和亲切，并且总是一心想使她们过得愉快。（张德蓉 译）

Jealousy beyond All Measure

So then, there once lived in Rimini a merchant who was very wealthy in land and money, who had a most beautiful wife and who became jealous of her beyond all measure; he had no reason to be so except for the fact that because he loved her greatly and considered her to be extremely beautiful and knew that she tried to do everything she could to please him, he assumed that every man must love her, that she must seem beautiful to them all, and even that she would, as a result, try to please other men besides himself— an argument worthy of a wicked man of little sensitivity. And as jealous as he was, he guarded her so closely and kept her under such tight reins that even those sentenced to death are not so closely

watched by their captors. Not even to mention the fact that he would not allow her to go to weddings, festive occasions, or church, or even to set her foot outside the house, nor did she dare to show herself at a window, or to look outside the house for any reason; and so her life was most miserable, and she endured this pain all the more impatiently since she knew that she was guiltless. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

无端猜疑

在阿民尼尼阿住着一个富商，他得到一个美貌绝伦的姑娘来做他的妻子，他对于她常是过其地猜疑。他这种猜疑毫无道理，只因为他自己非常喜欢她，而且知道这是因为她懂得怎样叫他欢喜，便以为其他的人们都像他一样爱她，而她也会像对待他一样让其他男人来恋慕她。由此可知，他是一个性情很坏同时又没有理性的人。他常用一只眼来盯着她，可以说，世界上再没有比她更被严密地看守着，她几乎是判了死罪的犯人。她不论强调什么理由也不能随时出外赴宴、去礼拜堂，或到门外去散步，甚至在窗口望一望也不行，这使她过着一种最不幸的生活，尤使她痛苦的，就是她觉得自己是无辜的。（黄石 译）

6. Disputes 纠纷

Unhappy Family

All happy families resemble one another, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was upset in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered an intrigue between her husband and their former French governess, and declared that she would not continue to live under the same roof with him. This state of things had now lasted for three days, and not only the husband and wife but the rest of the family and the whole household suffered from it. They all felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that any group of people who had met together by chance at an inn would have had more in common than they.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*)

不幸的家庭

幸福的家庭都是相似的；不幸的家庭各有各的不幸。

奥布浪斯基家里，一切都混乱了。妻子发觉了丈夫和他们家从前的一个法国女家庭教师有暧昧关系，她向丈夫声言她不能和他再在一个屋子里住下去了。这样的状态已经继续了三天，不只是夫妻两个，就是他们整个的家庭和

仆人都为此感到痛苦。家里的每个人都觉得他们住在一起没有意思，而且觉得就是在任何客店里萍水相逢的人也都比他们，奥布浪斯基的整个家庭和仆人情投意合些。 （草婴 译）

Innermost Impulse

He fumbled for the knob and entered a lighted room, where sat his sister and Bernard Higginbotham. She was patching a pair of his trousers, while his lean body was distributed over two chairs, his feet dangling in dilapidated carpet-slippers over the edge of the second chair. He glanced across the top of the paper he was reading, showing a pair of dark, insincere, sharp-staring eyes. Martin Eden never looked at him without experiencing a sense of repulsion. What his sister had seen in the man was beyond him. The other affected him as so much vermin, and always aroused in him an impulse to crush him under his foot. "Some day I'll beat the face off of him," was the way he often consoled himself for enduring the man's existence. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

内心冲动

他摸到了门把手，走进一间点着灯的屋子，他姐姐跟伯纳德·希金波森坐在里头。她在补他的一条裤子，他呢，瘦削的身子占着两把椅子，脚上穿着双破旧的便鞋，在第二把椅子的边上挂下来。他正在看报，从报纸顶上对马丁望了一眼，露出一双刁沉、不老实而咄咄逼人的眼睛。马丁·伊登一看到他，总免不了感到一阵厌恶。他猜不透他姐姐看上了这个人的什么地方。他觉得此人十足像条害虫，心里老是激起一股冲动，恨不得把他一脚踩死。"总有一天我会把他的脸揍得稀巴烂，"他时常这样安慰自己，暂时不去难为他了。

（吴劳 译）

Indifference Between the Couple

The complete ignoring by Hurstwood of his own home came with the growth of his affection for Carrie. His actions, in all that related to his family, were of the most perfunctory kind. He sat at breakfast with his wife nd children, absorbed in his own fancies, which reached far without the realm of their interests. He read his paper, which was heightened in interest by the shallowness of the themes discussed by his son and daughter Between himself and his wife ran a river of indifference.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

夫妻冷漠

赫斯特涩特对嘉莉的情意越来越高涨，结果是对自己的家就完全抛在一边了。凡是有关家庭的事，他一律都是马马虎虎稀里糊涂的。早上跟老婆孩子一起吃早饭，一边吃，一边沉溺在自己的幻想之中，发展到了和他们的利益全然无关的程度。他看他的报，并且由于他儿子、女儿谈论的话题极端狭隘，相形之下，报纸便更加显得有趣了。在他自己和老婆之间，隔着一道漠不关心的鸿沟。 （许汝祉 译）

Futile Argument

His face was white, and his eyes strained and wretched with that dark lost look they had had when I first met him. I put out my hand to him, I took hold of his, holding it tight.

"Please, Maxim, please," I said. "What's the matter?" he said roughly.

"I don't want you to look like that," I said. "It hurts too much. Please, Maxim. Let's forget all we said. A futile silly argument. I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry. Please let everything be all right."

"We ought to have stayed in Italy," he said. "We ought never to have come hank to Manderley. Oh, God, what a fool I was to come back."

He brusbed through the trees impatiently, striding even faster than before, and I had to run to keep pace with him, catching at my breath, tears very near the surface, dragging poor Jasper after me on the end of his string. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

无谓之争

他脸色发白，眼睛里又露出我头一回见到他时的那种深邃莫测的表情，惶恐而凄苦。我伸出手去，紧紧握住他的手，说道："喔，迈克西姆，迈克西姆！"

"什么事？"他粗暴地说。

"我不要你这样，看着叫人心都碎了。求求你，迈克西姆，把刚才这一切全忘了吧，一场无谓的、愚蠢的争论。亲爱的，我难过，我真难过。算了，讲和吧。"

"我们应该留在意大利，"他说。"我们原不该再回曼陀丽来。啊，上帝，我多蠢，干吗要回来？"

他性急火燎地穿过树林走去，步子更快了。我噙着眼泪，不得不气喘吁吁

地急奔着赶上他，一边还狠命拉着身后可怜的杰斯珀。（林智玲 程德 译）

Contrastive Personalities

Looking out, as she must, from the front of her house towards the activity of man in the world at large, whilst her husband looked out to the back at sky and harvest and beast and land, she strained her eyes to see what man had done in fighting outwards to knowledge, she strained to hear how he uttered himself in his conquest, her deepest desire hung on the battle that she heard, far off, being waged on the edge of the unknown. She also wanted to know, and to be of the fighting host.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

性情迥异

她禁不住站在屋前远眺外面自由世界里人们的忙忙碌碌。与此同时，她的丈夫却在向后张望，他所关心的只是天气变化、收成情况、畜禽的活动和田野的景色。她极尽目力想看清那儿的人们为探索知识而进行的种种奋斗，凝视谛听他们在征服世界后的自言自语。她时刻关注着远方所进行的征服未知的战斗，她梦寐能认识那些正在战斗的勇士，憧憬着自己能成为其中的一员。

（马志刚 齐元涛 译）

Battle between Husband and Wife

There began a battle between the husband and wife-a fearful, bloody battle that ended only with the death of one. She fought to make him undertake his own responsibilities, to make him fulfil his obligations. But he was too different from her. His nature was purely sensuous, and she strove to make him moral, religious. She tried to force him to face things. He could not endure it-it drove him out of his mind.

While the baby was still tiny, the father's temper had become so irritable that it was not to be trusted. The child had only to give a little trouble when the man began to bully. A little more, and the hard hands of the collier hit the baby. Then Mrs Morel loathed her husband, loathed him for days; and he went out and drank; and she cared very little what he did. Only, on his return, she scathed him with her satire.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

夫妻争斗

一场可怕、残忍，你死我活的斗争开始在夫妻之间展开。她努力迫使他明

自己的责任，履行自己的义务。尽管他跟她天性殊异，他只注重纯感官上的享受，她却硬要他讲道德，信宗教。她努力让他面对现实，他受不了——这简直让他发疯。

孩子还很小的时候，父亲的脾气就变得急躁易怒，令人难以信赖。孩子稍微有一点吵闹声，他就蛮横地吓唬他，再敢闹，那双矿工的拳头就朝孩子身上打去。然后，莫瑞尔太太就一连几天生丈夫的气。他呢，就出去喝酒。她对他干些什么，漠不关心，只是，等他回家时，就讽刺奚落他。 （刘一之 等译）

Disputes between King and Queen

After the seizure of her letter, the queen expected to be sternly reprimanded. She was therefore surprised the next day when the king came to her in a conciliatory mood. Her first impulse was to reject his overtures, for her womanly pride and queenly dignity had been so cruelly offended that she could not simply overlook what had happened. But finally, influenced by the advice of her ladies-in-waiting, she acted as if she were beginning to forget. When he saw that her attitude had softened, the king told her that he was going to give a ball.

A ball was such a rare thing for her that, as the cardinal had thought, when she heard the news the last trace of her resentment disappeared —if not from her heart, at least from her face.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

国王与王后之间的争执

安娜·奥地利自从那封信被搜去以后，正在听候斥责，第二天，却看见国王在她身边试图重续旧好，她因此非常诧异。她的第一个动作是表示拒绝的，她那种女性的自尊心和王后的崇高地位曾经同时受到非常残酷的侮辱，使得她不能在第一次接触就这样将就国王；不过女官们的劝告说服了她，她终于像是渐渐忘记了以前的事。国王利用这第一个转变就对她谈起他准备不久开一个跳舞会。

在可怜的安娜·奥地利看来，一个跳舞会是非常希罕的，所以听见了这种预告，正像红衣主教所料的一样，她连最后的一点余恨的痕迹都消失了，即令在她的心里并不这样，至少在她的脸上是这样的。 （李青崖 译）

Hideous Quarrel

"And you, you worthless —" he broke out as I entered, turning to

his daughter-in-law, and employing an epithet as harmless as duck, or sheep, but generally represented by a dash.

"There you are at your idle tricks again! The rest of them do earn their bread - you live on my charity! Put your trash away, and find something to do. You shall pay me for the plague of having you eternally in my sight-do you hear, damnable jade?"

"I'll put my trash away, because you can make me, if I refuse," answered the young lady, closing her book and throwing it on a chair. "But I'll not do anything, though you should swear your tongue out, except what I please!"

Heathcliff lifted his hand, and the speaker sprang to a safer distance, obviously acquainted with its weight. (Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

翁媳争吵

"还有你,你这个没出息的——"我跨进屋子的时候,他正转过去向他的儿媳妇开腔,还使用了鸭子呀、绵羊呀,等等无伤大雅的称号,不过他往往临时缩住,用一个无声的短横(——)来代替。

"瞧你,又在那里玩你的鬼把戏! 别人个个都在挣自己的面包,你却靠着我的施舍过日子! 把你那废物扔掉、找些事情做做吧。算我晦气,让你永远出现在我眼前,这笔账我迟早要跟你算的。听见了吗,你这该死的贱货!"

"我就把我那废物扔掉——我不扔也得扔,你不会放过我的,"少妇回答道,把书合上了,丢在旁边的椅子上。"可是我偏什么都不干,哪怕你咒烂了舌根也没用,除非出于我的自愿!"

希克厉扬了扬他的手,对方连忙跳开去,保持一段安全的距离,显然很熟悉那只手掌的分量。 (梁虹 译)

Silent Anger

She had drifted to the door. She was going without kissing him good-night. He watched her with sharp, cold eyes. So! She did not even kiss him good-night, after he had spent an evening reading to her. Such depth of callousness in her! Even if the kiss was but a formality, it was on such formalities that life depends. She was a bolshevik, really. Her instincts were bolshevistic! He gazed coldly and angrily at the door whence she had gone. Anger! (D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

无声的愤怒

她已经不由自主地走到了门口。她没有吻他晚安就走了。他用尖锐的、

冷酷的眼睛望着她。好！他为她念了整晚的诗，她居然连一个晚安的吻都不给他。她竟如此地铁石心肠！就算这样的吻只是一种形式，生活不也就是筑在这种形式上的吗！她真是个地道的布尔什维克主义者。她的本能也是布尔什维克主义者的！他冷酷地、愤怒地盯着她出去的那扇门。愤怒！

（饶述一 译）

7. Disasters 灾祸

Uncle's Tragic Death

"This car was full of white men. They was all drunk, and when they seen your father's brother they let out a great whoop and holler and they aimed the car straight at him. They was having fun, they just wanted to scare him, the way they do sometimes, you know. But they was drunk. And I guess the boy, being drunk, too, and scared, kind of lost his head. By the time he jumped it was too late. Your father says he heard his brother scream when the car rolled over him, and he heard the wood of that guitar when it give, and he heard them strings go flying, and he heard them white men shouting, and the car kept on a-going and it ain't stopped till this day. And, time your father got down the hill, his brother weren't nothing but blood and pulp." (James Baldwin, *Sonny's Blues*)

叔叔惨死

"那辆汽车上坐满了白人，他们都喝醉了，看到你叔叔的时候都哄叫起来，还把汽车对准他冲去。他们在寻开心，只是想吓吓他。你知道，他们有时候就是这样干的。可是他们都喝醉了，而且你叔叔也喝醉了，再加上受惊，也许一下子呆住了。等他想到要躲开已经来不及了。你爸爸说，汽车压过你叔叔身体时，他听到了一声惨叫，还听到吉他碎裂、弦线绷断的声音。他听到那些白人在高声叫嚷着，听到那汽车继续向前冲去，而且直到今天还没有停下来呢。等你爸爸来到山下，你叔叔已经只是血肉模糊的一堆了。" （陈雄尚 译）

Unexpected Disaster

St. Clare had turned into a cafe, to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an affray arose between two gentlemen in the room, who were both partially intoxicated. St. Clare and one or two others made an effort to separate them, and St. Clare received a fatal stab in the side with a bowie-knife, which he was attempting to wrest from one of them.

The house was full of cries and lamentations, shrieks and screams; servants frantically tearing their hair, throwing themselves on the ground, or running distractedly about, lamenting. Tom and Miss Ophelia alone seemed to have any presence of mind; for Marie was in strong hysteric convulsions. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

飞来横祸

圣·克莱亚适才走进一家咖啡馆,想看看当天的晚报。他正在看报的时候,有两个喝得醉醺醺的汉子忽然吵起架来。圣·克莱亚和另外一两个人走过去想把他们拉开。两者之中有一个人手里拿着一把猎刀,圣·克莱亚想把刀夺过来,不意腰间受到一处致命伤。

一时痛哭哀号之声,不绝于耳。仆人们有的如疯似狂地扯自己的头发,有的在地上打滚,有的一面嚎啕大哭,一面失魂落魄似地四处乱窜。只有汤姆和奥菲丽亚小姐两人稍微镇静一点;玛丽发作了严重的歇斯底里痉挛症。

(张友松 译)

Misfortunes Never Come Singly

He'd been plowing that morning and he'd just broke the plowshare on a rock that he could have sworn hadn't been there yesterday. And, as he stood looking at the plowshare, the off horse began to cough —that ropy kind of cough that means sickness and horse doctors. There were two children down with the measles, his wife was ailing, and he had a whitlow on his thumb. It was about the last straw for Jabez Stone.

(Stephen Vincent Benet, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*)

祸不单行

那天上午他正在犁地。他把犁铧撞在了一块大石头上,而他可以发誓前一天这里绝对没有石头。就在他站着看犁铧的功夫,右边的那只马开始咳嗽——是那种很厉害的、病态的咳嗽,这意味着要找兽医。家里已经有两个孩子得了麻疹,卧床不起;他的妻子也在受着病痛的折磨;他的大拇指上也长出一个脓包。这些简直要让加贝·斯通崩溃。 (潘绍中 译)

Losing both Husband and Sons

She observed this practice of hers every day, until one day it happened that while she was alone and plunged in her grief, all of a sudden a pirate galley swooped down, capturing the sailors and all the

others, who were taken by surprise, and then sailed off.

After completing her daily lament, Madam Beritola, as was her custom, returned to the shore to see her children again, but no one was to be found there; at first she was surprised, but then, suspecting what had happened, she looked out to sea and saw, not too far away, the galley towing the small boat behind it, and then she realized that now she had lost her sons just as she had lost her husband. Finding herself there impoverished, alone, and abandoned, and not knowing how she would ever find any of them again, calling out to her husband and children, she fell unconscious upon the shore. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

痛失丈与子

这已成了她每日的惯例。有一天,她正独自一人,暗自神伤,悲痛不已。突然驶来一只海盗船,趁船上的水手和其他人正在吃惊之际,把他们都捕捞去,又开走了。

柏列托拉哭了多时,像往常一样,回船去看她的孩子,到了泊船之处,不觉吓了一跳,连船带人没有半点踪迹。她心里满腹疑团,睁眼望着大海,远远望见一只大船正拖着小船驶出港去,至此才知道不但失去了丈夫,连儿子都失去了。又想自己身上一无所有,被弃在荒岛上,更难得有再见人类的希望,悲痛欲绝,大呼其夫其子数声,一下子昏倒在岸。 (姚继青 译)

8. Parting 离别

Final Embrace

But he pushed her away, and was gone. She followed him to the door, her eyes blinded by sudden tears; she stood there looking after him. He was so strange, so cold, so hard. Suddenly, at the end of the court, he turned, and saw her standing there; he came back quickly, and took her in his arms.

...

And he was out of sight! She did not know why, but she had never before felt so depressed, so desolate. She turned in to Job, who sat there still. Her father, as soon as he was out of sight, slackened his pace, and fell into that heavy listless step, which told as well as words could do, of hopelessness and weakness. It was getting dark, but he loitered on, returning no greeting to any one.

(Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

最后的拥抱

可是他把她推开了，往外就走。她跟着他到门口，她的视线立刻被盈眶的泪水遮蔽住了；她站在那里望着他的背影。他真是古怪、冷酷、残忍。突然间，到了门口，他回头一看，只见她依然站在那里，便很快地走了回来，把她抱在怀里。

……

他已经走得看不见了！她不知道什么原因，只觉得以前从来没有像现在这样沮丧、凄凉。她转身进去，约伯依旧静静地坐在那里。她的父亲，走到人家看不见他的地方，便把脚步放慢，没精打采地拖着脚跟走着，他心里面的绝望和颓唐是不言而知的。天色渐渐地黑下来了，他懒散地往前走去，有人向他招呼他也不理睬。

（荀枚　余贵棠　译）

Seeing Tess off

So the girls and their mother all walked together, a child on each side of Tess, holding her hand, and looking at her meditatively from time to time, as at one who was about to do great things; her mother just behind with the smallest; the group forming a picture of honest beauty flanked by innocence, and backed by simple-souled vanity.

It had come—appearing suddenly from behind the forehead of the nearest upland, and stopping beside the boy with the barrow. Her mother and the children thereupon decided to go no farther, and bidding them a hasty good-bye Tess bent her steps up the hill.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'urbervilles*)

母女送别图

于是她们母女们一同走着，苔丝左右两边，各有一个小孩，握着她的手，走几步就带着含有心思的样子看她一看，好像看一个正要去作大事的人一般；她母亲带着她那个顶小的，紧跟在后面；她们母女们构成了一幅画图；前面走的是诚实的"美丽"，两旁围的是烂漫的"天真"，后面跟的是头脑单纯的"虚荣"。

大车是买了——忽然从最近那片高地的一个崖头后面出现，停在推小车那个小伙子的身旁。她母亲和那几个孩子就决定不再往前送了，苔丝向她们匆匆告了别以后，就弯着腰往山上走去。

（张谷若　译）

Reluctant to Part

I am glad to recollect that when the carrier's cart was at the gate, and

my mother stood there kissing me, a grateful fondness for her and for the old place I had never turned my back upon before, made me cry. I am glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine.

I am glad to recollect that when the carrier began to move, my mother ran out at the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss me once more. I am glad to dwell upon the earnestness and love with which she lifted up her face to mine, and did so.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

母子依依不舍

我喜欢回忆,当脚车停在大门前,我母亲站在那里吻我时,一种对她和我先前永远不曾离开的老地方的感激的依恋使我哭起来。我喜欢知道,当时我母亲也哭了,我觉得她的心靠着我的心跳。

我喜欢回忆,当那个脚夫开始走动时,我母亲跑出大门来,叫他停下,以便她再吻我一次。我喜欢玩味她的脸凑上我的脸吻我时所表现的亲切和热爱。

(董秋斯 译)

Maternal Hurt

Indeed, as the days drew near for his departure, her heart began to close and grow dreary with despair. She loved him so much! More than that, she hoped in him so much. Almost she lived by him. She liked to do things for him: she liked to put a cup for his tea and iron his collars, of which he was so proud. It was a joy to her to have him proud of his collars. There was no laundry. So she used to rub away at them with her little convex iron, to polish them, till they shone from the sheer pressure of her arm. Now she would not do it for him. Now he was going away. She felt almost as if he were going as well out of her heart. He did not seem to leave her inhabited with himself. That was the grief and the pain to her. He took nearly all himself away. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

母亲伤别离

随着他动身的日子的迫近,她越来越感到绝望伤心。她多么爱他呀!而且,她对他的希望多大呀!他是她生活的动力,她喜欢为他做事,喜欢给他端一杯茶,喜欢给他熨衣服。因为当地没有洗衣房。看着他穿上领口挺括的衣服那种自豪的神情时,她内心洋溢着喜悦。她常常用一个凸肚的小熨斗把衣

领熨得干干净净，甚至在领口上用力摸出光泽来。如今，他要离开了，她再不能为他做这些了，她仿佛觉得他将要离开她的心。似乎他并没有想让她和他住在一起的意思，这更让她悲痛，他彻彻底底地走了，带走了所有的一切。

（刘一之 等译）

Tears upon Parting

When he left his father's room, the young man found his mother waiting for him with the famous recipe, which he could expect to use rather often if he followed the advice he had just been given. This time the farewells were longer and more tender —not that Monsieur d'Artagnan did not love his son, who was his only child; but he was a man, and he considered it unworthy of a man to let himself be carried away by emotion, whereas Madame d'Artagnan was not ouly a woman but also a mother. She wept abundantly, and, to her son's credit, his feelings won out despite his efforts to hold them in check as he thought a future musketeer should do. He shed many tears and was able to hide only half of them.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

洒泪话别

从父亲的屋子里走出来以后，青年人就去找他的母亲，她正拿着那种神妙药方等候他，我们说过这种药今后是要常常使用的。母子间的话别比父子间的话别长久、温柔，并非达尔大尼央老翁不爱他这个独子，而是因为自己是男人，他认为不抑制自己的别离之感，那对一个男人说来是不相称的，至于达尔大尼央夫人是个妇人而且又是母亲，那自然两样了。她尽情哭着，至于年青的达尔大尼央先生，我们却要对他称赞：他虽然竭力教自己沉着得如同一个未来的火枪手应有的样子，但是天性激动了他，所以他也流了很多眼泪，而且有一半还是被他使劲忍住的。

（李青崖 译）

Deserted

Two persons were coming down the stairs: he had ouly time to creep into a cabinet to avoid them. It was Mercedes leaning on her son's arm, and leaving the hotel. They passed close by the unhappy being, who, concealed behind the damask door, almost felt Mercedes' dress brush past him, and his son's warm breath pronouncing these words:

"Courage, my mother! Come, this is no longer our home!"

The words died away, the steps were lost in the distance. The general drew himself up, clinging to the door; he uttered the most dreadful sob which ever escaped from the bosom of a father abandoned at the same time by his wife and son. He soon heard the clatter of the iron step of the hackney-coach, then the coachman's voice, and then the rolling of the heavy vehicle shook the windows. He darted to his bedroom to see once more all he had loved in the world; but the hackney-coach drove on without the head of either Mercedes or her son appearing at the window to take a last look at the house or the deserted father or husband.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

抛弃

两个人正从楼梯上走下来;他急忙躲到一个小间里避开他们。来者是美茜蒂丝,正扶着她儿子的臂膀离开这座房子。他们经过那个不幸的人的身边,后者躲在门帘后面,几乎感觉到美茜蒂丝的衣服擦到他的身体,和他儿子讲话时的那股热气,因为阿尔培正巧在这时说:"勇敢一点,妈!来,这已不是我们的家了!"语声渐渐沉寂,脚步声愈去愈远。将军挺起身子,紧紧地抓住门帘;从一个同时被他的妻子和儿子所抛弃的为父者的胸膛里,发出了人世间最可怕的啜泣。不久,他就听到马车铁门的关闭声,车夫的吆喝声,然后,那辆笨重车子的滚动震得窗户发起响来。他跑到他的寝室里,想再看一眼他在这个世界上所爱的一切;但马车继续向前滚动,美茜蒂丝或阿尔培的脸都没有在车窗上出现,他们都没有向那座被舍弃的房子和向那个被抛弃的丈夫与父亲投送最后一个告别和留恋的眼光,——也就是宽恕的眼光。 (蒋学模 译)

9. Bidding Farewell 诀别

Last Mark of Love

"Yes, I know you do! There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

It is impossible to describe the scene, as, with tears and sobs, they gathered round the little creature, and took from her hands what seemed to them a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; they sobbed, and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment; and the elder ones poured forth words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings, after the

manner of their susceptible race.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

最后的纪念

"是的,我知道! 你们大家一向都对我很好;我想送你们一样东西,以后你们只要一看到它,就会想起我来。我要送一绺头发给你们每一个人。你们看到它,就会想起,我爱你们,我已经到天堂里去了,并且希望在天上和你们大家会面。"

那情景简直非纸笔所能形容。大家都痛哭流涕地围在那小姑娘床边,接受她的纪念物;在他们心目中,这是她最后的爱的标志。他们不由自己地跪了下来;有的呜咽,有的祷告,有的吻她的衣襟,年长的仆人们向她倾吐着夹杂着祷告和祝福的亲切的话语(这是心肠慈和的黑人的习惯)。 (黄继忠 译)

Losing Father

"I shall bid father good-night first," said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck before we could hinder her.

The poor thing discovered her loss directly - she screamed out—

"Oh, he's dead, Heathcliff! he's dead!"

And they both set up a heart-breaking cry.

I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter; but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in heaven.

(Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*)

痛失慈父

"我要先向父亲道个晚安,"卡瑟琳说道。我们想拉住她也来不及了,她的双臂已经搂住他的脖子了,这可怜的小东西立即发觉她失去了亲人。她发出一声尖叫:

"噢,他死了,希克厉——他死了!"

他们两个一齐放声大哭起来,叫人听得心酸。

我也跟着两个孩子一起哭了起来,哭得痛苦不堪;可是约瑟夫责问道:"我们面对一个上了天堂的圣者,这么大吵大闹究竟算什么意思呢?"(梁虹 译)

Parting Forever

"'You shall not die, Mary, you shall not die,' said the husband, starting up. He paced hurriedly to and fro, striking his head with his clenched fists; then, reseating himself beside her and supporting her in his

arms, added more calmly, 'Rouse yourself, my dear girl. Pray, pray do. You will revive yet.'

"'Never again, George, never again,' said the dying woman. 'Let them lay me by my poor boy now, but promise me that if ever you leave this dreadful place, and should grow rich, you will have us removed to some quiet country churchyard, a long, long way off —very far from here —where we can rest in peace. Dear George, promise me you will.'

"'I do, I do,' said the man, throwing himself passionately on his knees before her. 'Speak to me, Mary, another word; one look —but one!'

"He ceased to speak —for the arm that clasped his neck grew stiff and heavy. A deep sigh escaped from the wasted from before him; the lips moved, and a smile played upon the face; but the lips were pallid, and the smile faded into a rigid and ghastly stare. He was alone in the world."

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

生离死别

"'你不能死,玛丽,你不能死;'丈夫说,跳了起来。他急促地来回走着,用捏紧的拳头捶自己的头;然后重新坐在她身边,把她抱在怀里,比较镇静地接着说,'振作起来,我的好爱人——请你振作起来。你还会活下去的。'

"'再也不会了,乔治,再也不会了——'将死的女人说。'让他们把我埋在我们的可怜的儿子旁边,但是你答应我,假使你一旦能够离开这可怕的地方,并且有一天能够发财的话,你要把我们移到一个什么乡村墓地里去——在离这里老远老远的地方,我们可以和平地休息。亲爱的乔治,答应我你要照我的话做。'

"'我答应,我答应,'男子说,热情地跪在她的面前。'跟我说话,玛丽,再说一句;看我一眼——只要一眼!——'

"他住了嘴;因为那只抱住他的颈子的手臂变硬变重了。一声深沉的叹息从他面前的消瘦不堪的身体里发出;嘴唇动了一下,一丝微笑在脸上浮动了一下,但是嘴唇失了血色,微笑隐退成为僵硬的、可怖的凝视。他是孤单单一个人在世界上了。"

(蒋天佐 译)

Soothing the Dying Wife

The nurse opened the door and motioned with her finger for me to come. I followed her into the room. Catherine did not look up when I came in. I went over to the side of the bed. The doctor was standing by the bed

on the opposite side. Catherine looked at me and smiled. I bent down over the bed and started to cry.

"Poor darling," Catherine said very softly. She looked grey.

"You're all right, Cat," I said. "You're going to be all right."

"I'm going to die," she said; then waited and said, "I hate it."

I took her hand.

"Don't touch me," she said. I let go of her hand. She smiled. "Poor darling. You touch me all you want."

"You'll be all right, Cat. I know you'll be all right."

(Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

夫妻诀别

护士打开房门,用手指示意要我过去。我跟着她走进了房间。我进去的时候,凯瑟琳没有抬眼望我。我走到床边。医生站在对面那边。凯瑟琳望着我露出了笑容。我向床边弯下身子,放声哭了起来。

"可怜的亲爱的,"凯瑟琳柔声说。她脸色灰白。

"你没事儿,凯特,"我说。"你就要好起来的。"

"我快要死了,"她说;接着等了一会说,"我憎恨死。"

我握着她的手。

"别碰我,"她说,我放开了她的手。她微笑了。"可怜的亲爱的。随你怎么摸我吧。"

"你会好的,凯特。我知道你会好的。" (林疑今 译)

Agony of Losing One's Son

He took the child in his arms, pressed him, shook him, called him, but the child replied not. He pressed his burning lips to the cheeks, but they were icy cold and pale; he felt his stiffened limbs; he pressed his hand upon the heart, but it no longer beat: the child was dead. A folded paper fell from Edward's breast.

Villefort, thunderstruck, fell upon his knees; the child dropped from his arms, and rolled on the floor by the side of its mother.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

丧子之痛

他把那孩子抱在他的怀里,搂他,摇他,喊他,但那孩子并不回答。他把他那急切的嘴唇去亲那孩子的脸颊,那个脸颊是冰冷惨白的。他摸他那僵硬的

四肢,他把手压在他的心上,但那心已不再跳动了,那孩子死了。一张折拢的纸从爱德华的胸部落下来。维尔福像遭了雷击似地跪下来,那孩子从他的手上落下来,在地板上滚到他母亲的身边。 (蒋学模 译)

Agony of Sorrow

Poor Mary, meanwhile, had mechanically helped the neighbour in all the last attentions to the dead; and when she was kissed and spoken to soothingly, tears stole quietly down her cheeks; but she reserved the luxury of a full burst of grief till she should be alone. She shut the chamber-door softly, after the neighbour had gone, and then shook the bed by which she knelt with her agony of sorrow. She repeated, over and over again, the same words; the same vain, unanswered address to her who was no more. "Oh, mother! mother, are you really dead! Oh, mother, mother!" (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

肠断心碎

可怜的玛丽当时机械地听从了邻居的指示,帮着一同把死者打扮端正。后来邻居吻了吻她,又讲了些话来安慰她,可是她只在面颊上沉静地淌下几行眼泪,预备等邻居走了,痛痛快快地大哭一场。邻居走后,她便轻轻地关上了卧室的房门,跪在床边,肠断心碎地尽是摇撼着那张床铺,口里又不断地重复着下面的几句话:"啊!妈妈!妈妈!你真是死了吗?啊,妈妈!妈妈!"

(荀枚 余贵棠 译)

Painful Death

At once her breath began to come in pants. Her tongue protruded from her mouth to its full length. Her eyes rolled wildly and grew pale like two lamp globes which have just been extinguished. She might have been thought already dead, had it not been that her ribs were agitated by a terrifying spasm of quick breathing, as though her soul were struggling for freedom. Félicité knelt before the crucifix, and even the chemist was a little unsteady on his legs, while Monsieur Canivet gazed with unseeing eyes into the square.

Monsieur Bournisien had returned once more to his prayers, his forehead resting on the edge of the bed, his long black soutane trailing behind him on the floor. Charles, kneeling at the opposite side, stretched

out his arms to Emma. He had taken her hands and was pressing them, trembling at each beat of her heart, as at the thundering fall of stones from a doomed ruin. As the death-rattle became more marked, the churchman hastened his prayers. They mingled with Bovary's stifled sobs, and at times all other sounds seemed to vanish in the low murmur of the Latin syllables which rang out like a passingbell…

She fell back on the mattress in a convulsion. All in the room drew close. She was no more.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

痛苦的死亡

她的胸脯立刻迅速起伏。舌头完全伸到嘴外；眼睛转动着，仿佛一对玻璃灯在逐渐发暗，终于熄灭了。不是肋骨拼命抽动，她已经可以说是死了。全福跪在十字架前；就连药剂师也曲了曲膝盖；卡尼外漫无目标，望着广场。布尔尼贤又在祈祷，脸靠床沿，黑长道袍拖在背后地上。查理跪在对面，胳膊伸向爱玛。他握她的手，握的紧紧的。她一心跳，他就哆嗦，好像一所破房子在倒坍，把他震哆嗦了一样。喘吼越来越急，教士的祷告也越来越快，和包法利的哽咽打成一片，有时候又像全不响了，只有拉丁字母暗暗哑哑，咿咿唔唔，好像哀祷的钟声一样……

一阵痉挛，她又倒在床褥上，大家走到跟前。她已经咽气了。

(李健吾 译)

Repentant Farewell

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke! —the sin here so awfully revealed! —let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God, —when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul, —it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture

always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be his name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke but in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

(Nathenial Hawthorn, *The Scarlet Letter*)

忏悔诀别

"海丝特,"牧师说,"别了!"

"我们不能再会了吗?"她俯下面孔靠近他的脸,悄悄地说。"我们不可以在一起度我们不朽的生命吗? 一定的,一定的,我们已经用这一切的悲苦彼此赎了罪! 你用那双明亮的将死的眼睛遥望着永恒! 然后把你见到的告诉我!"

"不要响,海丝特,不要响!"他颤抖着庄严地说道。"我们破坏了的法律! ——此地如此可怕显露出来的罪恶! ——你只能想着这些! 我怕! 我怕! 也许是,我们既然已经忘记了我们的上帝——我们既然已经彼此侵犯了对方灵魂的尊严——所以便不能再希望来世的会面,在永恒和纯洁中重新结合。上帝明了,他是慈悲的! 在我的痛苦中,他尤其明显地表明了他的慈悲。他使我在胸上负着这燃烧的痛楚! 他把那个阴森可怕的老人派遣了来,使那痛楚永远如火烧一样! 他带我到这里来,使我在胜利的耻辱中,死在人民的面前! 只要这些痛苦缺少了一点,我便永远无救了! 赞美他的圣名吧! 完成他的意旨吧! 别了!"

这最后一句话吐出来以后,牧师的气息断绝了。直到此刻始终沉默着的群众,突然发出一种异常深沉的敬畏和惊愕的声音,那还不能变成语言,只是喃喃地随着逝世的灵魂隆隆地轰响着。 (侍桁 等译)

10. Family Reunion 团聚

Enjoyment of Family Happiness

The old lady was in a state of great grandeur just then, for she was sitting at the top of the table in the brocaded gown, with her newly married grand-daughter on one side and Mr. Pickwick on the other, to do the carving. Mr. Pickwick had not spoken in a very loud tone, but she understood him at once and drank off a full glass of wine to his long life and happiness; after which the worthy old soul launched forth into a minute and particular account of her own wedding, with a dissertation on

the fashion of wearing high-heeled shoes, and some particulars concerning the life and adventures of the beautiful Lady Tollimglower, deceased; at all of which, the old lady herself laughed very heartily, indeed, and so did the young ladies too, for they were wondering among themselves what on earth Grandma was talking about. When they laughed, the old lady laughed ten times more heartily and said that these always had been considered capital stories, which caused them all to laugh again, and put the old lady into the very best of humours. Then the cake was cut and passed through the ring; the young ladies saved pieces to put under their pillows to dream of their future husbands on; and a great deal of blushing and merriment was thereby occasioned.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

天伦之乐

老太太穿着织锦的袍子坐在桌子上首，神情庄严，一边是她的新婚的孙女，一边是匹克威克先生，替她切东西。匹克威克先生并没有用很高的声音说，她即马上听见了，就喝干满满的一杯葡萄酒，祝他长寿和幸福；之后，这位可敬的老年人就开始详详细细叙述自己结婚的情节，附带讨论了穿高跟鞋的风尚，还说了些已故的美丽的托林格洛娃女士的生活和奇遇；对于这一切，她自己当然是笑得很开心，而年轻女士们却也是如此，因为她们大家都在纳闷老祖母到底在说些什么。她们一笑，老太太就笑得比以前开心十倍，并且说，这些一向就是公认的绝妙的故事；这话又叫她们大笑一阵，因此使老太太的兴致再好也没有了。随后，切开了蛋糕，一一分过来；青年女士们留了几小片预备放在枕头下面梦见未来的丈夫；因此又引起了许多的羞涩和笑乐。

（蒋天佐 译）

Reunion of Sisters

It was a journey of only twenty-four miles, and they began it so early as to be in Gracechurch Street by noon. As they drove to Mr. Gardiner's door, Jane was at a drawing-room window watching their arrival; when they entered the passage she was there to welcome them, and Elizabeth, looking earnestly in her face, was pleased to see it healthful and lovely as ever. On the stairs were a troop of little boys and girls, whose eagerness for their cousin's appearance would not allow them to wait in the drawing-room, and whose shyness, as they had not seen her for a twelvemonth, prevented their coming lower. All was joy and kindness. The day passed

most pleasantly away; the morning in bustle and shopping, and the evening at one of the theatres. (Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

姐妹团聚

这段旅程不过二十四英里路，他们启程很早，为的是要在正午赶到天恩寺街。他们走近嘉丁纳先生的大门时，吉英正在会客室的窗口望着他们。他们走进过道时，吉英正等在那儿接他们，伊丽莎白真挚地仔细望了望吉英的脸，只见那张脸蛋儿还是像往常一样地健康美丽，她觉得很高兴。男男女女的孩子们为了急于要见到表姐，在客厅里等不及，又因为一年没见面，不好意思下楼去，便都待在楼梯口。到处是一片欢乐与和善的气氛。这一天真过得极其愉快：上午乱哄哄地忙做一团，又要出去买东西；晚上上戏院去看戏。

（王科一 译）

Rapture of Reunion

Melanie's thin hand was at her throat, clutching it as if it was torn with pain, and Scarlett could see the veins beneath the white skin throbbing swiftly. Her face went whiter and her brown eyes dilated enormously.

"She's going to faint," thought Scarlett, leaping to her feet and catching her arm.

But, in an instant, Melanie threw off her hand and was down the steps. Down the gravelled path she flew, skimming lightly as a bird, her faded skirts streaming behind her, her arms outstretched. She reeled back against an upright of the porch as the man lifted a face covered with a dirty blond beard and stopped still, looking toward the house as if he was too weary to take another step. Her heart leaped and stopped and then began racing, as Melly with incoherent cries threw herself into the dirty soldier's arms and his head bent down toward hers.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

重逢之喜

玫兰妮的一只骨瘦如柴的手按在脖子上，使劲抓住不放，仿佛剧痛难忍，斯佳丽看见血管在她白皮肤下快速搏动。玫兰妮的脸色更加苍白，一双棕色的眼睛睁得巨大。

"她马上要晕过去了，"斯佳丽心想，同时急忙跳起来抓住玫兰妮的胳臂。

但是玫兰妮甩开她的手，才一眨眼的功夫就下了台阶。只见她展开双臂

沿着石径飞奔，像鸟儿一般轻盈地掠过，褪色的裙裾在她身后飘扬。她向后靠在一根廊柱上，这时那男子仰起覆盖着肮脏的金色胡须的脸来，望着眼前的宅院，站着一动不动，仿佛累得一步也走不动了。斯佳丽的心猛跳过后又停止，直至玫兰妮不知喊了什么扑向那肮脏士兵的怀抱，他低下头来偎着玫兰妮的脸，斯佳丽的心又开始怦怦乱跳。（傅东华 译）

Mother's Tears upon Reunion

But it was something different from common to see Alice's joy at once more having her foster-child with her. She did not speak, for she really could not; but the tears came coursing down her old withered cheeks, and dimmed the horn spectacles she had put on, in order to pry lovingly into his face. So what with her failing sight, and her tear-blinded eyes, she gave up the attempt of learning his face by heart through the medium of that sense, and tried another. She passed her sodden, shrivelled hands, all trembling with eagerness, over his manly face, bent meekly down in order that she might more easily make her strange inspection. At last, her soul was satisfied. (Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

团圆时分慈母泪

可是爱丽思再能看见她的养子回来和她在一起，这一喜真是非同小可。她没有讲话，其实她要讲也讲不出；她的眼泪在又老又憔悴的脸上一行行地往下淌，把她为了要仔细看看他的面孔而特地戴上的牛角眼镜都沾模糊了。她的眼光不济事，眼眶里又满含着泪水，看不真切，她于是只得改用一种方法。她抖抖瑟瑟地举起了一双潮湿皱缩的手，亲切地在他结实的脸上抚摩，他温驯地低下了头，让她用着这种奇怪的方法端详他起来，可以便当些。这样一来，她心里方才完全满足了。（荀枚 余贵棠 译）

Reunion of Father and Son

When *Friday* came to him, I had him speak to him, and tell him of his Deliverance, and pulling out my Bottle, made him give the poor Wretch a Dram, which, with the News of his being deliver'd, reviv'd him, and he sat up in the Boat; but when *Friday* came to hear him speak, and look in his Face, it would have mov'd any one to Tears, to have seen how *Friday* kiss'd him, embrac'd him, hugg'd him, cry'd, laugh'd, hollow'd, jump'd about, danc'd, sung, then cry'd again, wrung his Hands, beat his

own Face, and Head, and then sung, and jump'd about again, like a distracted Creature: It was a good while before I could make him speak to me, or tell me what was the Matter; but when he came a little to himself, he told me, that it was his Father. (Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

父子团聚

等星期五来到他跟前,我就吩咐星期五跟他讲话,告诉他,他已经遇救了,同时我又把酒瓶掏出来,叫他给这可怜的野人喝两口。那野人喝了酒,又听见自己已经遇救,不觉精神为之一振,居然在船上坐了起来。不料,星期五一听见他说话,把他的脸一看,立刻又是吻他,又是拥抱他,又是大哭,又是大笑,又是叫唤,一个劲儿地乱跳乱舞,大声歌唱,接着又是大哭,又是扭自己的两手,又是打自己的脸和头,然后又是唱,又是乱跳,活像发了疯似的,那种样子,任何人看了都要感动得流泪。足足有好半天,我才使得他开口,使得他告诉我是怎么回事;他稍稍镇静了一会,才告诉我,这是他父亲。 (方原 译)

Christmas Reunion

Everybody was mad with excitement. William was coming on Christmas Eve. Mrs Morel surveyed the pantry. There was a big plum cake, and a rice cake, jam tarts, lemon tarts, and mince-pies-two enormous dishes. She was finishing cooking-Spanish tarts and cheese-cakes. Everywhere was decorated. The kissing bunch of berried holly hung with bright and glittering things, spun slowly over Mrs Morel's head as she trimmed her little tarts in the kitchen. A great fire roared. There was a scent of cooked pastry. He was due at seven o'clock, but he would be late. The three children had gone to meet him. She was alone. But at a quarter to seven Morel came in again. Neither wife nor husband spoke. He sat in his armchair, quite awkward with excitement, and she quietly went on with her baking. Only by the careful way in which she did things could it be told how much moved she was. The clock ticked on.

(D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

圣诞团聚

每个人都激动万分,威廉将在圣诞前夜回来。莫瑞尔太太在伙房里巡视了一遍,里面摆着一个葡萄干大蛋糕,还有一块米糕,有果酱馅饼、柠檬馅饼和碎肉馅饼——装满了两个大盆子。西班牙馅饼和奶酪饼也快烤好了。屋子里都装饰一新。一束束结着浆果的邀吻冬青树枝上挂着亮闪闪的装饰物。莫瑞

尔太太在厨房里做小馅饼时，树枝就在她头上慢悠悠地旋转。炉火很旺，烘糕饼的香味迎面扑来。他应该七点钟到家，不过有可能迟到。三个孩子去接站，只有她一人在家。在七点差一刻时莫瑞尔又进来，夫妻俩谁也没说话，他坐在自己的扶手椅上，激动得不知所措。而她，静静地继续烤饼，只要从她干活时的那种小心翼翼样子，就看出她内心有多么激动。闹钟滴嗒、滴嗒走着。

（刘一之 等译）

Reunion of Young Master and Maidservant

"Peggotty!" I cried to her.

She cried, "My darling boy!" and we both burst into tears, and were locked in one another's arms.

What extravagancies she committed; what laughing and crying over me; what pride she showed, what joy, what sorrow that she whose pride and joy I might have been, could never hold me in a fond embrace; I have not the heart to tell. I was troubled with no misgiving that it was young in me to respond to her emotions. I had never laughed and cried in all my life, I dare say —not even to her —more freely than I did that morning.

（Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*）

主仆情深

"辟果提！"我对她叫道。

她叫道，"我的宝贝孩子！"于是我们两个都哭起来，互相搂抱在一起。

她是怎样的忘形；怎样的对我笑和哭；她显示了怎样的骄傲，怎样的快乐，怎样的悲哀（悲哀她不能拥抱俨然是她的骄傲和快乐的我）；我不忍得叙述了。我也不必考虑自己太年轻，不能反应她的感情。我相信，我一生绝对没有——连对她也没有——比那一早晨笑得更随便，哭得更随便。 （董秋斯 译）

Ⅷ. Social Contacts　社会交往

1. Meetings　会晤

Self Introduction

"Well, gentlemen, "said the stout man, "very glad to see you. Know you very well, gentlemen, though you mayn't remember me. I spent some evenin's at your club last winter—picked up my friend Mr. Tupman here this morning, and very glad I was to see him. Well, sir, and how are you? You do look uncommon well, to be sure."

Mr. Pickwick acknowledged the compliment and cordially shook hands with the stout gentleman in the top-boots.

"Well, and how are you, sir?" said the stout gentleman, addressing Mr. Snodgrass with paternal anxiety. "Charming, eh? Well, that's right—that's right. And how are you, sir" (to Mr. Winkle)? "Well, I am glad to hear you say you are well; very glad I am, to be sure. My daughters, gentlemen—my gals these are; and that's my sister, Miss Rachael Wardle. She's a miss, she is; and yet she an't a miss—eh, sir, eh?" And the stout gentleman playfully inserted his elbow between the ribs of Mr. Pickwick and laughed very heartily.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

自我介绍

"唔,绅士们,"胖子说,"看见各位荣幸得很。久仰了,绅士们,虽然你们也许不记得我了。去年冬天我在你们贵社消磨过几个晚上——早晨在这里碰上了我的朋友特普曼先生,我真高兴。唔,先生,你好吗?你看来是好得很的,毫无疑问罗。"

匹克威克先生接受了这番恭维,跟那穿高统靴的胖绅士热忱地握了手。

"你呢,你好吗,先生?"胖绅士用父兄般的关切对史拿格拉斯先生说。"动人得很吗,呃?唔,不错——不错。而你呢,先生(对文克尔先生)?好,听你说好,我很高兴;非常高兴,的确的。我的女儿们,绅士们——这是我的女儿们;那是我的妹妹,来雪尔·华德尔小姐。她是一位小姐;然而她又不是一位小姐——呃,先生——呃!"这位胖绅士用手拐子开玩笑地捣了一下匹克威克先生

的肋骨，纵声大笑起来。 （蒋天佐 译）

Waiting to Be Received

I had not, at first, the courage to ring at the gate; and when I did ring, my errand seemed to me to be expressed in the very sound of the bell. The little parlor-maid came out, with the key in her hand.…

Giving her a strict charge to be careful of her manner, and only to carry in my card and say I waited, I sat down in the drawing-room (which we had now reached) until she should come back. Its former pleasant air of occupation was gone, and the shutters were half closed. The harp had not been used for many and many a day. His picture, as a boy, was there. The cabinet in which his mother had kept his letters was there. I wondered if she ever read them now; if she would ever read them more!

The house was so still, that I heard the girl's light step up-stairs. On her return, she brought a message, to the effect that Mrs. Steerforth was an invalid and could not come down; but, that if I would excuse her being in her chamber, she would be glad to see me. In a few moments I stood before her. (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

等待接见

一开始，我没有勇气在门前牵铃；当我终于牵铃时，我觉得我的使命就在那铃声中表示出来了。那个小使女手里拿着钥匙出来。……

我切实吩咐她，不要露声色，只送进我的名片，说我在下面等待。我坐在我们当时走进的客厅中，等待她回来。客厅先前有人时的愉快气息已经没有了，百叶窗半闭起来。竖琴已经有许多许多日子没有人弹了。他那幼年的画像在那里。他母亲保存他的书信的匣子在那里。我不知道她这时读不读那些信；将来还读不读那些信！

那住宅是那么静，我听见那个女孩在楼上的很轻的脚步声。当她回来时，她带回的使命大意是，斯提福兹夫人是一个久病的人，不能下来；不过，假如我肯原谅她的话，她很高兴在卧室中见我。不久我就站在她面前了。

（董秋斯 译）

Meeting a Boyhood Friend

As the time approached I should have liked to run away, but the Avenger pursuant to orders was in the hall, and presently I heard Joe on

the staircase. I knew it was Joe by his clumsy manner of coming upstairs—his state boots being always too big for him—and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his ascent. When at last he stopped outside our door, I could hear his finger tracing over the painted letters of my name, and I afterwards distinctly heard him breathing in at the keyhole. Finally he gave a faint single rap, and Pepper—such was the compromising name of the avenging boy—announced "Mr. Gargery!" I thought he never would have done wiping his feet, and that I must have gone out to lift him off the mat, but at last he came in.

"Joe, how are you, Joe?"

"Pip, how are you, Pip?"

With his good honest face all glowing and shining, and his hat put down on the floor between us, he caught both my hands and worked them straight up and down, as if I had been the last patented pump.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

童年旧识的相会

时间愈来愈迫近了,要不是淘气鬼奉命守在穿堂里,我早就想临阵脱逃了。不久,就听到乔上楼来了。那样粗手笨脚地摸上楼来,一听就知道是乔,因为他那双会客鞋子总是嫌大,何况他每上一层楼,总要花上好半天念出门上标着的名姓。后来他站住在我们门外,我先听见他用手指摸摸漆在门上的我的名字,后来从钥匙孔里又清清楚楚听见他吸了口气。最后,他轻轻敲了一下门,裴裴儿(这就是那淘气鬼的诨名)一声通报:"葛吉瑞先生到!"我倒急了,他怎么在门口的鞋擦上老擦个没完,再擦下去我得跑出去把他拉进来了;正想着,他倒进来了。

"乔,你好吗,乔?"

"匹普,你好吗,匹普?"

他那善良而诚朴的脸上神采奕奕,他把帽子往我们当中的地板上一放,立即抓住我的一双手,一起一落地晃个没完,简直把我当作了一架新出品的水泵。

(王科一 译)

Doing One's Social Duty

He first advanced towards the baroness, who was chatting with Madame Villefort, who had come alone, Valentine being still an invalid; and without turning aside, so clear was the road left for him, he passed from the baroness to Eugénie, whom he complimented in such rapid and

measured terms, that the proud artist was quite struck. Near her was Mademoiselle Louise d'Armilly, who thanked the count for the letters of introduction he had so kindly given her for Italy, which she intended immediately to make use of. On leaving these ladies he found himself with Danglars, who had advanced to meet him.

Having accomplished these three social duties, Monte Cristo stopped, looking round him with that expression peculiar to a certain class, which seems to say, "I have done my duty, now let others do theirs."

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

完成责任

他首先向男爵夫人走过去。男爵夫人这时正在与维尔福夫人谈天(维尔福夫人是独自来的,因为凡兰蒂依旧还不能走动);然后,他从男爵夫人那儿一直走到——人群中间早已让出一条路给他——欧琴妮那儿,用非常急速而含蓄的辞句向她道贺,以致这位骄傲的女艺术家不得不表示惊奇。亚密莱小姐就在她的身边,她感谢伯爵这样好意地为她写了给意大利剧院的介绍信,并表示她立刻就要用到那些介绍信。离开了这些女太太们以后,基度山发觉他已临近邓格拉司,因为后者已向他迎上来。

完成了这三项社交责任以后,基度山停下来,带着某种人所特有的表情环顾四周,像是在说:"我已完成我的责任,现在让旁人去完成他们的责任吧。"

(蒋学模 译)

Visiting the Ailing Old Man

As he approached O'Donnell noticed with shock how frail the old man had become since their last meeting—the night of the dinner with Orden Brown and Denise.

"Thank you for coming." Swayne said. His voice, too, was weaker than before. He motioned his visitor to a chair beside the bed.

As he seated himself O'Donnell said, "I heard you wanted to see me." In his own mind he was already revising some of the forthright statements which earlier he had planned to make. Nothing would change his own stand, of course, concerning Joe Pearson, but at least he could be gentle. O'Donnell had no wish now to tangle with this ailing old man; any contest between them would be too uneven.

(Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

探访生病的老人

当欧唐奈走近时，他很吃惊地注意到，自从上次和奥尔登·布朗以及丹尼丝一起吃饭那次晤面以来，这位老人竟变得如此憔悴了。

"谢谢你来这里。"斯温的声音也比以前微弱得多了。他挥手请客人在他的床头一张椅子上就坐。

欧唐奈坐下说："我听说你要见我。"这时，他的脑子里已经在暗暗修改原来想直言不讳的一套话了。自然，他对约瑟夫·皮尔逊的立场是不会变的，但起码在态度上他可以变得温和一些。现在他不再打算和这位生病的老人纠缠往事，因为在他们之间的任何较量，都已经显得十分不相称了。（舒逊 译）

2. Entertainments 宴请

The Duchess's Tea Party

It was tea-time, and the mellow light of the huge lace-covered lamp that stood on the table lit up the delicate china and hammered silver of the service at which the Duchess was presiding. Her white hands were moving daintily among the cups, and her full red lips were smiling at something that Dorian had whispered to her. Lord Henry was lying back in a silk-draped wicker chair looking at them. On a peach-coloured divan sat Lady Narborough pretending to listen to the Duke's description of the last Brazilian beetle that he had added to his collection. Three young men in elaborate smoking-suits were handing tea-cakes to some of the women.

(Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*)

公爵夫人的午茶会

现在正是茶点时刻，桌上放着一盏带花边罩子的大灯，柔和的灯光照亮了细磁的和银质的茶具。主持茶政的是公爵夫人。只见她的一双雪白的手在杯盘之间如蝴蝶翻飞，丰满的朱唇微微含笑，大概道连向她说了些什么有趣的悄悄话。亨利勋爵靠在有绸套的柳条椅里瞧着他们。纳尔巴勒夫人坐在妃色的无靠背软塌上，装做在听公爵描述他的收藏中新近增添的一只巴西甲虫。三个年轻人穿着精工制作的晚礼服在向几位女客敬点心。（荣如德 译）

Toasts

Mr. Pickwick concluded amidst a whirlwind of applause; and once more were the lungs of the super-numeraries, under Mr. Weller's command, brought into active and efficient operation. Mr. Wardle

proposed Mr. Pickwick; Mr. Pickwick proposed the old lady. Mr. Snodgrass proposed Mr. Wardle; Mr. Wardle proposed Mr. Snodgrass. One of the poor relations proposed Mr. Tupman, and the other poor relation proposed Mr. Winkle; all was happiness and festivity until the mysterious disappearance of both the poor relations beneath the table warned the party that it was time to adjourn.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

祝酒

匹克威克先生在一阵旋风一样的赞美声中结束了祝辞;在维勒先生的指挥之下,使那些临时演员的肺部又作了一次兴奋而见效的活动。华德尔先生向匹克威克先生提议干杯;匹克威克先生向老太太提议。史拿格拉斯先生向华德尔先生提议,华德尔先生向史拿格拉先生提议。穷亲戚之一向特普曼先生提议,另外一位向文克尔先生提议;无穷的快乐和祝贺,直到两位穷亲戚都神秘地消失到桌子下面去了,这才提醒了大家是应该休会的时候了。

(蒋天佐 译)

Rich Barbecue

The long trestled picnic tables, covered with the finest of the Wilkes' linen, always stood under the thickest shade, with backless benches on either side; and chairs, hassocks and cushions from the house were scattered about the glade for those who did not fancy the benches. At a distance great enough to keep the smoke away from the guests were the long pits where the meats cooked and the huge iron wash-pots from which the succulent odours of barbecue sauce and Brunswick stew floated. Mr. Wilkes always had at least a dozen darkies busy running back and forth with trays to serve the guests. Over behind the barns there was always another barbecue pit, where the house servants and the coachmen and maids of the guests had their own feast of hoecakes and yams and chitterlings, that dish of hog entrails so dear to negro hearts, and, in season, watermelons enough to satiate.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

丰盛的野餐

那些长长的带有支架的野餐桌上铺着威尔克斯家最漂亮的亚麻布,这些餐桌常常摆在最阴凉的地方,两旁是没有靠背的条凳;空地上还放着一些椅

子、矮脚凳和坐垫，是给那些不喜欢坐条凳的人准备的。在离宴席较远的地方才是那些长长的烤兽肉的火坑和炖肉汁的大铁锅，这里散发的油烟和种种浓烈的香味是客人们闻不到的。威尔克斯先生经常养着至少十来个黑人，他们端着托盘来回跑动为客人提供食品。那边仓房背后还设有另一个野宴火坑，专供家仆、来宾们的车夫、侍女等人使用，他们吃的是玉米饼、山薯和黑人最喜欢的牲畜内脏，时令碰巧时还有足够的西瓜让他们吃个饱。 （傅东华 译）

Sea Food Delicacies

And now commenced the work of devastation upon the many good things with which the table was loaded. Sausages of Arles, with their delicate seasoning and piquant flavour, lobsters in their dazzling red cuirasses, prawns of large size and brilliant colour, the echinus, with its prickly outside and dainty morsel within; the clovis, esteemed by the epicures of the south as more than rivalling the exquisite flavour of the oyster. All these, in conjunction with the numerous delicacies cast up by the wash of waters on the sandy beach, and styled by the grateful fishermen "sea fruits," served to furnish forth this marriage table.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

海鲜婚筵

现在就开始来大嚼那放满在桌子上的好东西了。新鲜香美的阿尔腊肠，鲜红耀目的带壳龙虾，色彩鲜明的大虾，外面有刺而里面细腻滑口的海胆，还有那为南方吃客所极口赞美、认为比牡蛎更香美可口的蛤蜊，——这一切，再加上无数从沙滩上投网捕来，被那些可感谢的渔夫称为"海果"的珍馔美肴，都杂陈在这次婚筵席上。 （蒋学模 译）

Sumptuous Party

It was a splendid, sumptuous, brilliant, glorious party. Monegasque princelings, Liechtensteinian dukes, beware! Mary Carson was greater. So they whirled in waltzes to the sleek Sydney band and stood back indulgently to watch their children dance the Charleston, ate the lobster patties and the chilled raw oysters, drank the fifteen-year-old French champagne and the twelve-year-old single-malt Scotch. If the truth were known, they would rather have eaten roast leg of lamb of corned beef, and much preferred to drink cheap, very potent Bundaberg rum or Grafton

bitter from the barrel. But it was nice to know the better things of life were theirs for the asking. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

豪华的宴会

这是一次壮观的、豪华的、辉煌的、令众人满意的宴会。比起蒙内盖斯克小诸侯和里奇田斯维尼安爵爷们来，玛丽·卡森更伟大。所以他们跟着悉尼请来的乐队演奏的轻快音乐翩翩起舞，跳着旋转的快三步，或是朝后站站，宽容地看着孩子们跳查尔斯顿舞；吃着虾肉馅饼和生牡蛎，喝着十五年前的法国香槟和十二年前的一次发酵的苏格兰威士忌。其实他们更愿吃烤羊腿或是咸牛肉，喝便宜的、大桶大桶的本达堡烈性朗姆酒或格拉夫顿苦啤酒。不过他们也愿意尝尝高档的食品。 (晓明 陈明锦 译)

Invaluable Helper at a Tea Party

Frank Crawley was invaluable at a moment like this. He took the cups from me and handed them to people, and when my answers seemed more than usually vague owing to my concentration on the silver tea-pot he quietly and unobtrusively put in his small wedge to the conversation, relieving me of responsibility. Maxim was always at the other end of the room, showing a book to a bore, or pointing out a picture, playing the perfect host in his own inimitable way, and the business of tea was a side-issue that did not matter to him. His own cup of tea grew cold, left on a side table behind some flowers, and I, steaming behind my kettle, and Frank gallantly juggling with scones and angel cake, were left to minister to the common wants of the herd. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

茶会上的好帮手

在这种场合，弗兰克·克劳利实在是个不可多得的好帮手。他从我手中接过一盏盏茶盅，递到客人手里。由于尽顾着手里的银茶壶，我的对答言词似乎比平时更加含糊，不知所云。每逢这时，他就会在一旁很得体地悄悄插进一言半语，接过话头，巧妙地给我解了围。迈克西姆一直呆在客厅的另一头，应付着某个讨厌的家伙，给他看本书或是看幅画什么的。他施展出那套炉火纯青的应酬功夫，充当着完美无缺的男主人的角色。至于像沏茶这种玩意儿，在他看来不过是无关紧要的细枝末节。他自己的那杯茶已被忘在鲜花后面的一张茶几上冷了。而我和弗兰克就得在这一边照料一大帮子客人，满足他们的口腹之欲。我提着水壶冲茶，头上直冒热气；周到殷勤的弗兰克则像玩杂耍似地分送着薄煎饼和蛋糕。 (林智玲 程德 译)

Luxurious Dinner

As soon as Emma entered the room, she felt herself enveloped in a gust of warm air which smelled of flowers, fine linen, roast meat and truffles. The flames of the candles in the sconces rose long and straight above bell-shaped casings of silver. The cutcrystal lustres, misted over with a dull sheen of moisture, gave back a dull glow. There were bunches of flowers all down the long table, and, on the wide-bordered plates, the napkins, in the form of bishops' mitres, held small oval rolls in the yawning gap between their folds. The red claws of lobsters hung over the China rims of dishes. Luscious fruit, set in open baskets, stood piled on beds of moss. The quails were served with all their plumage, A cloud of steam rose to the ceiling.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

豪华丰盛的宴席

爱玛一进去,就感到四周一股热气,兼有花香、肉香、口蘑味道和漂亮桌布有气味的热气。烛焰映在银罩上,比原来显得长了,多面水晶蒙了一层厚气,对放苍白光线;桌上一丛一丛花,排成一条直线;饭巾摆在宽边盘子里,叠成主教帽样式,每个折缝放着小小一块椭圆面包。龙虾的红爪伸出盘子;大水果一层又一层,压着敞口筐子的青苔;鹧鸪热气腾腾,连毛烧。 (李健吾 译)

Prudent Recommendations

Upon such occasions poor Mr. Woodhouse's feelings were in sad warfare. He loved to have the cloth laid, because it had been the fashion of his youth; but his conviction of suppers being very unwholesome made him rather sorry to see any thing put on it; and while his hospitality would have welcomed his visitors to every thing, his care for their health made him grieve that they would eat.

Such another small basin of thin gruel as his own, was all that he could, with thorough self-approbation, recommend, though he might constrain himself, while the ladies were comfortably clearing the nicer things, to say:Mrs. Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome. Serle understands boiling an egg better than any body. I would not recommend an egg boiled by any body else—but you need not be afraid—they are very small, you see—one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help

you to a little bit of tart—a very little bit. Ours are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you to half a glass of wine? A small half glass—put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you. (Jane Austen. *Emma*)

审慎的建议

在这些时候,可怜的伍德豪斯先生的内心总是进行着痛苦的斗争。他喜欢餐桌上铺上桌布,他年轻时就喜欢这样。可是他又认为吃晚餐是不卫生的习惯,所以无论那上面摆着什么样的食物,他看着心里都难受。出于好客的天性,他希望客人们什么都尝一尝,可是他又为他们的健康担忧,看见他们吃就心中不安。

他最多只能劝客人们像他那样再喝一小碗稀粥,只有这样他才觉得问心无愧。不过当女士们高高兴兴地大嚼其他更好吃的菜肴时,他还是强迫自己说道:

"伯兹太太,我建议你试着吃一个蛋。煮得很嫩的蛋是不会对健康有害的。赛欧比其他任何人都懂得该如何煮蛋。别人煮的蛋我是不会劝你吃的。你用不着害怕。你瞧,这些蛋很小。吃一个这样的蛋不会对你有害。伯兹小姐,让爱玛再拿点馅饼给你,只那么一点点。我们家的馅饼都是苹果馅饼。你不要担心里头会有什么有害的成分。我不劝你吃乳蛋糕。戈达德夫人,喝半杯酒怎么样?小半杯,再掺一大杯水?我想这对你没有什么不好。"

(袁德成 译)

3. Balls 舞会

Memory of a Party

When I look back at my first party at Manderley, my first and my last, I can remember little isolated things standing alone out of the vast blank canvas of the evening. The background was hazy, a sea of dim faces none of whom I knew, and there was the slow drone of the band harping out a waltz that never finished, that went on and on. The same couples swung by in rotation, with the same fixed smiles, and to me, standing with Maxim at the bottom of the stairs to welcome the late-comers, these dancing couples seemed like marionettes twisting and turning on a piece of string, held by some invisible hand. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

追忆舞会

今天,当我回顾我在曼陀丽初次参加的舞会——是第一次也是最后一次,

我只能追忆起一些互不关联的琐碎细节，因为如果把那次晚会比作一块色彩单调的巨幅画布，那么唯独这些细节还具有比较清晰的轮廓。至于背景，那是一片朦胧，隐隐约约地浮现着无数张面孔，其中没有一张是我认识的；乐队缓慢而沉闷地演奏着华尔兹舞曲，一曲又一曲，没完没了。成双结对的舞伴旋转着经过我们面前，脸上凝固着一成不变的笑容；我和迈克西姆站在楼梯下，迎接迟到的宾客。在我看来，那对对舞伴就像一些被无形的手牵住了的木偶，在那儿不停地转动扭摆。（林智玲 程德 译）

The First True Ball

It was the first really true ball I ever attended—college doesn't count where we dance with girls. I had a new white evening gown(your Christmas present—many thanks) and long white gloves and white satin slippers. The only drawback to my perfect, utter, absolute happiness was the fact that Mrs. Lippett couldn't see me leading the cotillion with Jimmie McBride. Tell her about it, please, the next time you visit the J.G.H.

(Jean Webster, *Daddy-Long-Legs*)

初次参加舞会

这是我第一次参加名副其实的舞会——大学的舞会不算，因为我们只能和女生跳舞。我穿了一件白色夜礼服(你的圣诞礼物——多谢了)，戴长统白手套、脚下是白缎鞋。我沉浸在完全、彻底、绝对的幸福中，只有一点缺陷，就是李培太太没有看到我和吉美·麦克布莱德领跳交谊舞。下次你去约翰·格利尔孤儿院时，请千万把这告诉她。（喻璠琴 译）

Intoxicating Dance

But I do waltz(pretty well, too, as it happens), and I take Miss Larkins out. I take her sternly from the side of Captain Bailey. He is wretched, I have no doubt; but he is nothing to me. I have been wretched, too. I waltz with the eldest Miss Larkins! I don't know where, among whom, or how long. I only know that I swim about in space, with a blue angel, in a state of blissful delirium, until I find myself alone with her in a little room, resting on a sofa.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

令人陶醉的华尔兹

但是我会华尔兹舞(碰巧也很好)，于是我领出拉京士小姐。我严肃地把

她从白雷上尉身边领开。没有疑问,他是不满意的;但是他和我不相干。我也不满意过呀。我同最大的拉京士小姐跳华尔兹舞了!我不知道在哪里,在什么人中间,或有多么长久。我只知道,我在一种幸福的陶醉状态中带着一个蓝天使游来游去,游了一会儿,直到后来我发现自己同她在一个小房间的一个沙发上休息。

(董秋斯 译)

Graceful Contradance

Emma's heart gave a faint flutter as she stood in the line of dancers, her partner's fingers lightly laid upon her arm, waiting for the first stroke of the fiddler's bow to give the signal for starting. But very soon her emotion vanished. Moving to the rhythm of the orchestra, she swam forward with a gentle undulation of the neck. A smile showed upon her lips at certain tender passages on the violin, when, now and again, it played alone and the other instruments were hushed. The sound of gold coins chinking on the baize surfaces of card-tables was clearly audible. Then, with a crash of brass, the music would once more strike up loudly. Feet took up the measure, skirts swelled, swishing as they touched one another, hands were given and withdrawn, eyes, downcast a moment before, were raised again in silent colloquy.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

优美的对列舞

邀爱玛跳舞的男子,用手指尖搂着她,她过去站好,等候音乐开始;这期间她有一点心跳。不过她很快就心不乱了,随着乐队的节奏,左右摇曳,脚向前滑,颈项微微摆动。有时候,别的乐器停止,只有小提琴演奏,她听到妙处,嘴唇露出微笑;隔壁传来金路易倒在桌毯上的叮当响声;随后,乐器又全响了,铜号吹出嘹亮的声音。脚再合上拍子,裙子飘开,蹭了过去,手时而握在一起,时而分开,眼睛原来在你面前低下去,现在又仰起来,望你的眼睛。

(李健吾 译)

Bustling Ball-Room

Bath being full, the Company and the sixpences for tea poured in, in shoals. In the ball-room, the long card-room, the octagonal card-room, the staircases, and the passages, the hum of many voices and the sound of many feet were perfectly bewildering. Dresses rustled, feathers waved,

lights shone, and jewels sparkled. There was the music—not of the quadrille band, for it had not yet commenced, but the music of soft tiny footsteps, with now and then a clear merry laugh—low and gentle, but very pleasant to hear in a female voice, whether in Bath or elsewhere. Brilliant eyes, lighted up with pleasurable expectation, gleamed from every side; and look where you would, some exquisite form glided gracefully through the throng, and was no sooner lost than it was replaced by another as dainty and bewitching. (Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

迷人的舞会

巴斯挤满了人,与会者和花六便士来喝茶的人,成群地拥进来。舞厅里,长方的牌室里,八角形牌室里,楼梯口上,过道里,许多说话声和许多脚步声十分使人迷醉。衣服沙沙作响,羽毛摇晃着,灯光照耀着,珠宝闪烁着。有一片音乐声——可不是四组舞的乐队奏的,因为那还没有开始;却是轻盈的小脚步的音乐,时而带一声清脆的欢笑——笑声低而温雅,但是非常悦耳;女性的声音大抵如此,不论是在巴斯或是在别的地方。由于愉快的期望而发光的亮眼睛,从四面八方闪烁着,无论你向哪里一看,都看得见美丽的身材从人群中优雅地滑过,刚刚消失,就有另外一个人来接替,也是同样地美丽迷人。

(蒋天佐 译)

Rural Dancing Party

When she came close and looked in she beheld indistinct forms racing up and down to the figure of the dance, the silence of their footfalls arising from their being overshoe in 'scroff'— that is to say, the powdery residuum from the storage of peat and other products, the stirring of which by their turbulent feet created the nebulosity that involved the scene. Through this floating, fusty debris of peat and hay, mixed with the perspirations and warmth of the dancers, and forming together a sort of vegeto-human pollen, the muted fiddles feebly pushed their notes, in marked contrast to the spirit with which the measure was trodden out. They coughed as they danced, and laughed as they coughed. Of the rushing couples there could barely be discerned more than the high lights—the indistinctness shaping them to satyrs clasping nymphs—a multiplicity of Pans whirling a multiplicity of Syrinxes; Lotis attempting to elude Priapus, and always failing. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

乡村舞会

苔丝走到门口，往里一瞧，看见一些模模糊糊的人影，按照跳舞的步调，一来一往地回旋；那儿地上的“木渣”，那也就是，放在那儿那些泥炭和别的东西残余的末子和渣滓，都埋到他们的脚面，因此他们跳起来才没有声音；笼罩在地上的雾气，也就是那些东西叫他们那凌乱的脚步践踏而扑腾起来的。那一片煤末草渣，纷飞乱舞，掺上跳舞那些人的汗水和热气，变为一种人和植物混合而成的粉末；就在这种云蒸雾迷之中，音弱声微的提琴有气无力地奏着，和兴头十足的那些跳舞者的舞蹈，成了显著的对比。他们一面跳一面咳嗽，一面咳嗽一面笑。那些一冲一撞的对对舞侣里，只有在光线最强的地方上那些人，还可以辨别得出来。那种昏暗模糊的光景，使他们变成了一群林神，和一群仙女拥抱；一大群盘恩，和一大群随林回旋；一些娄提，想躲开一些蒲来，却永远办不到。

（张谷若 译）

Unexpected Performance

He came out from behind the chairs, clasped his partner's hand firmly, threw back his head and advanced his foot, waiting for the beat. Only on horseback and in the mazurka was Denisov's short stature not noticeable and he looked the fine fellow he felt himself to be. At the right beat of the music he looked sideways at his partner with a merry and triumphant air, suddenly stamped with one foot, bounded from the floor like a ball, and flew round the room taking his partner with him. … Natasha guessed what he meant to do, and abandoning herself to him followed his lead hardly knowing how. First he spun her round, holding her now with his left now with his right hand, then falling on one knee he twirled her round his, and again jumping up, dashed so impetuously forward that it seemed as if he would rush through the whole suite of rooms without drawing breath, and then he suddenly stopped and performed some new and unexpected steps. When at last, smartly whirling his partner round in front of her chair, he drew up with a click of his spurs and bowed to her, Natasha did not even make him a curtsey.

(Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Louise and Aylmer Maude)

出乎意外的舞会表演

他从那些椅子后面绕出来，紧紧地握起他的对手的手，把头摆向后方，伸出一只脚，等候音乐的拍子。只有在马背上和在马兰尔加舞中，捷尼索夫的短

身材才看不出来，他像一个他自己觉得的漂亮人物了。--听到适当的音乐拍子，他就带着快活的得意的神气斜着眼睛看他的对手，突然间用一只脚跺了一下，像皮球一般从地板上跳起来，然后拉着他的对手在舞厅里飞旋起来。……纳塔莎猜测他要作什么，终于莫名其妙地由着他牵引了。一开始他拉着她转，一会儿用左手握着她，一会儿用右手握着她。然后他一臂着地使她围着他转，然后又跳起来，那么猛地冲向前方去，好像他要一口气穿过整排的房间了，这时他突然停下来，表演了几种新的出乎意外的步法。他终于把他的对手巧妙地旋到她的椅子前，马刺叮当一声挺起身子，对她鞠了一躬，这时纳塔莎连礼也不曾还。（董秋斯 译）

4. Etiquette 礼仪

Blunt Visit

It is almost never a good idea to walk in on a woman without warning her: not a sweetheart, not a wife, not a mother, and certainly not a sister. Madeline, in a fluffy blue negligee, with her black hair down to her shoulders, looked out at him. Her eyes rounded and popped, and she exclaimed "EEK!" exactly as though he had come upon her naked, or as though he were a rat or a snake.

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

鲁莽造访

事先不通知一声，径直闯进一个女子的房间，几乎在不论什么情况下，都是个很不妥当的举动：对你的情人，对你的妻子，对你的母亲，更不要说对你的妹妹，都是不行的。梅德琳穿着一件绒毛长睡衣，一头黑发披到肩上，探出头来看见了拜伦。她圆睁两只眼睛，好似就要蹬了出来，吃惊得大叫一声"哎呀！"就好像他果真冒冒失失闯进来，正巧看到她赤身裸体，或者，就好似她看见了一只老鼠或是一条蛇。（王圣珊 等译）

Rejoicing at the Sight of Each Other

Mr. Collins and Charlotte appeared at the door, and the carriage stopped at the small gate, which led by a short gravel walk to the house, amidst the nods and smiles of the whole party. In a moment they were all out of the chaise, rejoicing at the sight of each other. Mrs. Collins welcomed her friend with the liveliest pleasure, and Elizabeth was more and more satisfied with coming, when she found herself so affectionately

received. She saw instantly that her cousin's manners were not altered by his marriage; his formal civility was just what it had been, and he detained her some minutes at the gate to hear and satisfy his inquiries after all her family. They were then, with no other delay than his pointing out the neatness of the entrance, taken into the house; and as soon as they were in the parlour, he welcomed them a second time with ostentatious formality to his humble abode, and punctually repeated all his wife's offers of refreshment. (Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*)

宾主相见

柯林斯先生和夏绿蒂走到门口来了。在宾主频频点头脉脉微笑中,客人们在一道小门跟前停下了车,从这里穿过一条短短的鹅卵石铺道,便能直达正屋。一眨眼工夫,他们都下了车,宾主相见,无限欢欣。柯林斯太太笑容满面地欢迎自己的朋友,伊丽莎白受到这么亲切的欢迎,就越发满意这次的作客了。她立刻看到她表兄并没有因为结了婚而改变态度,他还是完全和以往一样的拘泥礼节,在门口耽搁了她好几分钟,问候她全家大小的起居安好。听到她一一回答了之后,他才满意。于是他就没有再耽搁他们,只指给他们看看门口是多么整洁,便把客人们带进了屋子;等到客人一走进客厅,他又对他们作了第二次的欢迎,极其客气地说,这次承蒙诸位光临寒舍,真是不胜荣幸,并且一次又一次把他太太送上来的点心敬给客人。 (蒋天佐 译)

Oppressive Customs

A widow had to wear hideous black dresses without even a touch of braid to enliven them, no flower or ribbon or lace or even jewellery, except onyx mourning brooches of necklaces made from the deceased's hair. And the black crepe veil on her bonnet had to reach to her knees, and only after three years of widowhood could it be shortened to shoulder length. Widows could never chatter vivaciously or laugh aloud. Even when they smiled, it must be a sad, tragic smile. And, most dreadful of all, they could in no way indicate an interest in the company of gentlemen. And should a gentleman be so ill-bred as to indicate an interest in her, she must freeze him with a dignified but well-chosen reference to her dead husband. 'Oh, yes,' thought Scarlett, drearily, some widows do remarry eventually, when they are old and stringy. Though Heaven knows how they manage it, with their neighbours watching. And then it's generally to some

desperate old widower with a large plantation and a dozen children.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

苛刻的习俗

一个寡妇必须穿难看的黑色衣服，上面连一点装饰也不能有，不能有花、丝带或镶边，乃至珠宝，只能有条纹玛瑙的丧服胸针或用死者头发做的项链。而她帽子上缀着的那幅黑纱必须垂到膝盖，要到守寡满三年之后才能缩短到肩头的部位。寡妇决不能开怀畅谈和放声嬉笑，连微笑也只能是愁苦的，悲戚的。还有，最可怕的是，她们不能露出一点乐意跟先生们在一起的样子。要是有位先生缺乏教养，竟至于表示对她感兴趣，她就得严肃而措辞适当地谈起她的亡夫，使对方听了肃然起敬，并从此死了这条心。啊，是的，思嘉纳闷地想，有些寡妇到年老色衰时还是再嫁了，虽然谁也不知道在周围邻居的监视下她们是怎么谈成的。而且通常都是嫁给一些拥有大农场和大群孩子的老鳏夫呢。

(傅东华 译)

Foolish and Ridiculous Ceremony

But, besides all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down, by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birthday at court, a great lady was utterly desperate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade, while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next her. Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order, to every person in the company; so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with wet sweetmeats and cream.

(John Swift, *A Treatise on Good Manners and Good Breeding*)

愚蠢可笑的繁琐礼仪

除此之外，我在这邦繁琐礼仪的不幸信奉者之间所观察到的愚蠢可笑的事便真是多得不胜枚举。我曾看见一个过于殷勤的蠢小子，急匆匆奔上前去，

为一位伯爵夫人开门，以免除她的举手之劳，那时候伯爵夫人几乎为之跌倒。我记得在一次宫廷的生日宴会上，一位贵妇人向邻座的客人行礼如仪，突然移动手肘，仆人手中的一小盘酱油便泼洒在她的头饰和缎子衣服上，那时她那副气急败坏的样子有多狼狈。荷兰使臣伯干斯先生的政治才能和礼貌举止一样非凡，有一次带了个十三岁的儿子到宫中赴宴。父子两人不管把什么菜装进盆子，都要首先挨次传给在座的每一个人，所以在整个进餐时间里我们没有一分钟的安宁。最后他们的盆子不巧猛烈相撞，瓷盆碎裂成二十多块，在座的有半数人身上被甜食和奶油溅湿。（侯维瑞 译）

Changing Conventions

It was an evening that Charles would normally have enjoyed; not least perhaps because the doctor permitted himself little freedoms of language and fact in some of his tales, especially when the plump salmon lay in anatomized ruins and the gentlemen proceeded to a decanter of port, that were not quite *comme il faut* in the society Ernestina had been trained to grace. Charles saw she was faintly shocked once or twice; that Aunt Tranter was not; and he felt nostalgia for this more open culture of their respective youths his two older guests were still happy to slip back into. Watching the little doctor's mischievous eyes and Aunt Tranter's jolliness he had a whiff of corollary nausea for his own time: its stifling propriety, its worship not only of the literal machine in transport and manufacturing but of the far more terrible machine now erecting in social convention.

(John Fowels, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

礼仪变化

通常，这样的傍晚是会使查尔斯感到很愉快的。尤其是医生谈笑风生，不拘小节，特别当那条大鲑鱼已被解剖殆尽，几杯葡萄酒下肚之后，宴席上的礼仪就变得不太像欧内丝蒂娜所熟悉的那种社交场合了。查尔斯发现，她曾多次表示震惊，而特兰特姨妈却不然。两位年长客人正兴高采烈地在重温他们年轻时体验过的那种更开明的文化，对此查尔斯感到很羡慕，仿佛被怀旧之情所缠绕。看着医生那双顽皮的眼睛和特兰特姨妈的开怀大笑，他自然会联想到自己所生活的那个令他作呕的时代：令人窒息的礼节和行为规范；对运输和制造业机械的迷信；对社会习俗中正在形成的更可怕的精神机械的盲目崇拜，这一切都使他感到恶心。（阿良 刘坤尊 译）

Royal Etiquette

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs: these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers: these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children: there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and , last of all this grand procession, came THE KING AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

(Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*)

皇家礼仪

走在最前面的是十个兵,拿着木棒;他们的体形都和三个园丁一样,长方形,又扁又平,手脚长在四个角上;他们后面是十个大臣,混身装饰着金刚钻,两个一排,像那些士兵一样走着。这以后是王家的孩子;他们一共有十个,这些小宝贝一对对地手拉着手,快快活活,跳跳蹦蹦地走来;他们身上都装饰着红心。跟在后面的是来宾,多数都是国王和王后,阿丽思看到白兔子也在里面;它正在又急又慌张地说着话,人家说什么,它都笑眯眯的,从她旁边走了过去,也没有注意到她。后面是红心杰克,手捧深红色丝绒垫子,上面放着国王的王冠;在这壮丽的队伍的最后面,是红心国王和王后。 (陈复庵 译)

5. Making Friends 交友

Little Circle of Friends

Mr. Woodhouse was fond of society in his own way. He liked very much to have his friends come and see him; and from various united causes, from his long residence at Hartfield, and his good nature, from his fortune, his house, and his daughter, he could command the visits of his own little circle, in a great measure as he liked. He had not much intercourse with any families beyond that circle; his horror of late hours and large dinner-parties made him unfit for any acquaintance, but such as would visit him on his own terms. Fortunately for him, Highbury,

including Randalls in the same parish, and Donwell Abbey in the Parish adjoining, the seat of Mr. Knightley, comprehended many such. Not unfrequently, through Emma's persuasion, he had some of the chosen and the best to dine with him, but evening-parties were what he preferred, and, unless he fancied himself at any time unequal to company, there was scarcely an evening in the week in which Emma could not make up a card-table for him.

(Jane Austen, *Emma*)

朋友社交圈

伍德豪斯喜欢按照自己的方式社交。他十分喜欢朋友们到他家来看望他。由于他在哈特费尔德居住的时间很长，由于他性情好，由于他的家产，他的房子，他的女儿等诸多原因，在很大程度上，他能按照自己的意愿，安排他那个小圈子的人到他家访问。他同这个圈子以外的人来往不多。他不喜欢客人在家里玩到深夜，也不喜欢开大型宴会，这使得他难以结交朋友，只能同那些按照他的要求来见他的人打交道。幸运的是，在海贝瑞这地方，包括本教区的兰道斯和邻近教区的唐维尔寺(那是奈特利先生的邸宅)，这一类人委实不少。他依照爱玛的建议，常常同一些经过选择的精英人士吃饭，他还特别喜欢晚会，除了他认为自己不能陪客的那些时候。几乎每天晚上，爱玛都要给他凑够一桌打牌的人。

(袁德成 译)

Inseparable

The three musketeers were very fond of their young companion. Because of the friendship that united the four men, and the need to see each other three or four times a day, for dueling, work, or pleasure, they had quickly become inseparable. They were often seen looking for each other between the Luxembourg and the Place Saint-Sulpice or the Rue du Vieux-Colombier.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*, trans. Lowell Bair)

形影不离

说到那三个火枪手，他们都很喜爱他们这个年青的伙伴。那种把他们四个人连结在一起的友谊，以及他们每天或者为了决斗，或者为了正经事情，或者为了消遣作乐，必须见面三四次的需要，使他们如同影子一样不断地这一个追着另一个跑，旁人常常碰得见这几个分不开的人从卢森堡宫到圣徐尔比斯广场，或者从老鸽笼街到卢森堡宫，你找我，我找你。

(李青崖 译)

The Art of Pleasing

He was rather dexterous in avoiding everything that would suggest that he knew anything of Carrie's past. He kept away from personalities altogether, and confined himself to those things which did not concern individuals at all. By his manner, he put Carrie at her ease, and by his deference and pleasantries he amused her. He pretended to be seriously interested in all she said. (Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

取悦友人的艺术

他相当巧妙地避开了任何足以提示他知道嘉莉身世的事。他也不谈议论他人的事，限于谈不牵涉到任何个人的事。这样一来，他叫嘉莉放下了心，并且通过对她表示尊重和说些笑话，叫她很高兴。至于她所说的话，他装得一概都很感兴趣。 (许汝祉 译)

Spending Time with Friends

He began to give more time to his friends. There was Jessop, at the Art School; Swain, who was chemistry demonstrator at the University; Newton, who was a teacher; besides Edgar and Miriam's younger brothers. Pleading work, he sketched and studied with Jessop. He called in the University for Swain, and the two went 'down town' together. Having come home in the train with Newton, he called and had a game of billiards with him in the Moon and Stars. If he gave to Miriam the excuse of his men friends, he felt quite justified. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

与朋友共处

他开始更频繁地与男朋友们来往。其中一个是艺术学校的杰斯普；一个是大学里的化学实验辅导员斯温；一个是当教师的牛顿；此外还有艾德加和米丽亚姆的几个弟弟。借口要工作，。他跟杰斯普一起写生、学习。他去大学里找斯温，两人一起去"闹市区"玩。还和牛顿一起乘火车回家，顺道和他到星月俱乐部去打一盘弹子球。如果他借口和男友在一起，而不去米丽亚姆那里，他也觉得心安理得。 (刘一之 等译)

Helping Each Other

"We were cowboys together. Bod and I," continued the major, "and we looked together for gold and silver in New Mexico and California. We were both in the war of sixty one (1861) but in different divisions. Later

we fought Indians side by side; we starved for weeks in the Arizona Mountains, buried twenty feet deep in snow—well, Bob and I had gone through many hardships since the first time we met in the cowboy's camp and during that time we found it necessary more than once to help each other out of difficulties. In those days a man was expected to help his friend when he was in trouble. And Bob was a man who was willing to do even more than that for his friend. (O. Henry, *Friends in San Rosario*)

同甘共苦

"我们在一起放过牛,鲍勃和我,"少校继续说道,"我们一起在新墨西哥和加利福尼亚找过金矿和银矿。我们俩都参加过1861年战争,只是不在同一个师。此后,我们又肩并肩地与印第安人作过战,我们在埃里尚山度过几周饥饿的日子,在雪深二十英尺处隐藏过——是的,鲍勃和我自从首次在牛仔营地结识以来,经历了多少艰辛,在这段时间中,我们不止一次地体会到,互相帮助来摆脱困境是很必要的。在那年头要求人们去援助患难的朋友。而鲍勃愿为朋友做的则远不止此。 (王蓝 译)

Confidence

She had an ideal of friendship as well as of several other sentiments, which it failed to seem to her in this case—it had not seemed to her in other cases—that the actual completely expressed. But she often reminded herself that there were essential reasons why one's ideal could never become concrete. It was a thing to believe in, not to see—a matter of faith, not of experience. Experience, however, might supply us with very creditable imitations of it, and the part of wisdom was to make the best of these. Certainly, on the whole, Isabel had never encountered a more agreeable and interesting figure than Madame Merle; she had never met a person having less of that fault which is the principal obstacle to friendship—the air of reproducing the more tiresome, the stale, the too-familiar parts of one's own character. The gates of the girl's confidence were opened wider than they had ever been; she said things to this amiable auditress that she had not yet said to any one. Sometimes she took alarm at her candour: it was as if she had given to a comparative stranger the key to her cabinet of jewels. (Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

信任

她对友谊,正如对其他一些感情一样,有一种理想,在目前这场合正如在

其他场合一样，她并不认为，实际情况已充分体现了这个理想。但她也常常提醒自己，理想不能成为现实，这是完全有理由的。那是一种只能相信、不能目睹的事，它属于信念，不属于经验。然而经验能给我们提供非常可靠的摹拟品，智慧的作用就是要充分重视这些摹拟品。当然，总的说来，梅尔夫人这样可爱和有趣的女人，伊莎贝尔还头一次遇到；在她所认识的人中，那种成为友谊的主要障碍的缺点——一种使自己个性中令人厌恶的、平淡无味的、过于不拘礼节的部分愈来愈滋长的趋向——在梅尔夫人身上表现得最少。姑娘敞开了信任的大门，把它开得比任何时候都大。她把从不跟任何人讲的话，告诉了这位和蔼可亲的朋友。有时她也对自己的坦率大吃一惊，仿佛她把开启珠宝柜的钥匙交给了一个不太熟悉的人。（项星耀 译）

Opening the Heart

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift of confession. （Francis Bacon, *Of Friendship*）

敞开心肺

友谊底主要效用之一就在使人心中的愤懑抑郁之气得以宣泄弛放，这些不平之气是各种的情感都可以引起的。闭塞之症于人底身体最为凶险，这是我们知道的；在人底精神方面亦复如此：你可以服撒尔沙以通肝，服钢以通脾，服硫华以通肺，服海狸胶以通脑，然而除了一个真心的朋友之外没有一样药剂是可以通心的。对一个真心的朋友你可以传达你底忧愁、欢悦、恐惧、希望、疑忌、谏诤，以及任何压在你心上的事情，有如一种教堂以外的忏悔一样。

（金衡山 译）

A Sense of Brotherhood

Titus was lodged by him in his own home in the company of one of his sons named Gisippus, and both Titus and Gissippus were put under the guidance of a philosopher named Aristippus.

And as the two young men spent much time in each other's company, they discovered they had so much in common that there sprang up between them a sense of brotherhood and friendship so strong that nothing but death itself might separate them: neither of them ever felt happy or at ease except when with the other. Having begun their studies, since both were endowed with the highest intelligence, they rose to the glorious heights of philosophy side by side and with marvelous acclaim. And living this way, they spent a good three years to the greatest delight of Chremes, who looked upon them both alike as his sons. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

情同手足

这位贵族把泰塔斯招待在自己的家里,和自己的儿子吉西巴斯做伴。他们二人在一个叫做亚列斯得保的哲学家门下学习哲学。因为他们共同长大,而他们又这样情投意合,彼此之间便产生了一种深厚的兄弟般的情谊,除死之外,无论什么事情都不能把他们分开。而且,他们除了彼此相伴着之外,是不能快活和安乐的。他们共同学习,因为他们都有非常的天资,不久,便对哲学有很深的造诣,并赢得很高的名誉。他们这样同学了三年,克蓝斯对他们二人是一样的爱顾,不分薄厚。 (黄石 译)

Ⅸ. Customs and Habits 习俗

1. Festivals 节日

Christmas Decorations in Church

The time came near, the girls were decorating the church, with cold fingers binding holly and fir and yew about the pillars, till a new spirit was in the church, the stone broke out into dark, rich leaf, the arches put forth their buds, and cold flowers rose to blossom in the dim, mystic atmosphere. Ursula must weave mistletoe over the door, and over the screen, and hang a silver dove from a sprig of yew, till dusk came down, and the church was like a grove. (D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

圣诞节教堂装饰

过圣诞的时间越来越近,女孩子们开始装饰教堂,用冻得僵直的小手机械地往廊柱上扎着冬青枞树和杉树的树枝,教堂一下子焕然一新了,石墙上长出了碧绿的枝叶,拱顶绽放出嫩绿的花蕾,冰冷的花朵在幽暗、神秘的气氛中翘首怒放。这时,厄秀拉一定会在教堂门上、帷幕上插上木解寄生,并在杉树枝上吊一只银色纸鸽。夜幕四合,教堂顿时变成一处园林。

(马志刚 齐元涛 译)

Christmas Treat

We have the jolliest times at the table—everybody laughs and jokes and talks at once, and we don't have to say grace beforehand. It's a relief not having to thank somebody for every mouthful you eat. (I dare say I'm blasphemous; but you'd be, too, if you'd offered as much obligatory thanks as I have.)

Such a lot of things we've done—I can't begin to tell you about them. Mr. McBride owns a factory and Christmas eve he had a tree for the employees' children. It was in the long packing room which was decorated with evergreens and holly. Jimmie McBride was dressed as Santa Claus and Sallie and I helped him distribute the presents.

Dear me, Daddy, but it was a funny sensation! I felt as benevolent as a trustee for the John Grier home. I kissed one sweet, sticky little boy—but I don't think I patted any of them on the head!

(Jean Webster, *Daddy-Long-Legs*)

圣诞会餐

饭桌上是最美妙的时刻,大家说呀,笑呀,谁也不让谁。饭前还不用作祷告。不用为到嘴的每口食物对谁感恩戴德,使我非常宽慰。(我确实不敬神明,可如果你像我那样对一切都要千恩万谢,想必也会有同感。)

我们做了那么多事情,我都不知怎样对你描述。麦克布莱德先生开了一家工厂。圣诞节前夕,他为职工的孩子们准备了一棵圣诞树,放在长长的包装车间里,车间装缀着长青树和冬青树的叶子。吉美·麦克布莱德扮成圣诞老人。莎莉和我帮他发礼物。

哦,天哪,真带劲。我感到自己就像约翰·格利尔孤儿院仁慈的理事一样。我吻了一个可爱的粘糊糊的小男孩——不过,我好像没有摸他们的脑袋。

(喻璠琴 译)

Celebration of Fools

After the kingdom of the Argoteers came the empire of Galilee. Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee, marched majestically in his purple, wine-stained, robe, preceded by mummers hitting each other and doing a war dance, surrounded by his mace-bearers, his henchmen and clerks from his counting-house. Last came the law clerks, the *basoche*, with maypoles wreathed in flowers, their black gowns, music fit for a witches' sabbath, and great candles of yellow wax. In the middle of this crowd the high officers of the confraternity of Fools bore on their shoulders a litter more heavily laden with candles than the reliquary of Sainte-Genevieve in time of plague. And upon this litter shone in splendour, decked in cross, cope, and mitre, the new Pope of Fools, the bell-ringer of Notre-Dame, Quasimodo the Hunchback.

(Victo Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

愚人庆典

在这黑话王国之后,来了加里雷帝国。加里雷帝国的皇帝居约姆·卢梭高贵地走着,穿着绣着葡萄的紫红花的袍子,前面是一些丑角作着军队里的拍手和舞蹈,周围是他的执戈者们,他的副官们,他的侍从们。最后来了律师公

会，同着缀满花朵的五月柱，黑色衣服，安息日的神圣的音乐，高大的有黄晕的蜡烛。在这群人中间，愚人社的社员们抬着一个辇舆，比在瘟疫流行的时候的圣·葸需韦也勿的神座更豪华地装饰着小蜡烛。新的愚人之王，圣母院的敲钟人驼子加西莫多，持着手杖，穿着袈裟，戴着王冠，煊赫地坐在这个辇舆上。

（陈敬荣 译）

May Day Dance

The banded ones were all dressed in white gowns—a gay survival from Old Style days, when cheerfulness and May-time were synonyms—days before the habit of taking long views had reduced emotions to a monotonous average. Their first exhibition of themselves was in a processional march of two and two round the parish. Ideal and real clashed slightly as the sun lit up their figures against the green hedges and creeper-laced house-fronts; for, though the whole troop wore white garments, no two whites were alike among them. Some approached pure blanching; some had a bluish pallor; some worn by the older characters (which had possibly lain by folded for many a year) inclined to a cadaverous tint, and to a Georgian style. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

五朔节联欢

所有结队的会员，都穿着白色的长衫——这种鲜明的服装，是旧历通行那时候的遗风；那时候，欢乐的心情和五月的时光，是分不开的；那时候，人们还没有深思远虑的习惯，把人类的情绪压低到单调一律的程度呢。她们那天最先出现的时候，是二人一排，摆队在区上游行。她们的身躯，让绿色的树篱和藤萝攀附的房屋前脸一衬托，就在日光辉煌的映射下，显出理想和事实，稍微有点儿冲突；因为虽然她们全体穿的都是白色的衣服，但是却没有两件衣服白得一样。有些近乎纯粹的漂白；有些是发蓝的灰白；有些年长的会员们所穿的，近于死人一般的灰色和乔治时代的样式，那可能是叠在箱子里，放了好些年了。

（张谷若 译）

Carnival in Rome

Instead of the spectacle of gloomy and silent death, the Place del Popolo presented a spectacle of gay and noisy mirth and revelry. A crowd of masks flowed in from all sides, escaping from the doors, descending from the windows. From every street and every turn drove carriages filled

with pierrots, harlequins, dominoes, marquises, Transteveres, knights, and peasants,—screaming, fighting, gesticulating, whirling eggs filled with flour, confetti, nosegays, —attacking, with their sarcasms and their missiles, friends and foes, companions and strangers, indiscriminately, without any one taking offence, or doing anything else than laugh.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

罗马狂欢节

在波波罗广场上,代替死的阴郁和沉寂的,是一片兴高采烈和嘈杂的狂欢景象。四面八方,一群群戴面具的人流动过来,有从门里跑出来的,有离开窗口奔下来的。从每一条街,每一个角落,都有马车拥过来。马车上坐满了白衣白裤白面具的小丑,身穿花衣手持木刀的滑稽角色,戴半边面具的男男女女,侯爵夫人,勒司斐人,骑士和农民。大家尖声喊叫,打打闹闹,装腔作势,满天飞舞着装满了面粉的蛋壳,五色碎纸,花球,用他们的冷言冷语和种种可投掷的物品到处攻击人,也不分是敌是友,是同伴是陌生人,谁都不动气,大家都只是笑。

(蒋学模 译)

Wild Throng

Innocent of the tragedy that threatened it, the town poured into the main square in a noisy explosion of merriment. The carnival had reached its highest level of madness and Aureliano Segundo had satisfied at last his dream of dressing up like a tiger and was walking along the wild throng, hoarse from so much roaring, when on the swamp road a parade of several people appeared carrying in a gilded litter the most fascinating woman that imagination could conceive. For a moment the inhabitants of Macondo took off their masks in order to get a better look at the dazzling creature with a crown of emeralds and an ermine cape, who seemed invested with legitimate authority, and was not merely a sovereign of bangles and crepe paper.

(Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, trans. Gregory Rabassa)

狂欢人群

镇上的居民对威胁着他们的悲剧毫无戒备,他们挤满了公共广场,那里是一派兴高采烈、熙熙攘攘的景象。狂欢节达到了最狂热的高潮,奥雷良诺第二终于如愿以偿,扮成一只老虎,满心欢喜地行走在放浪形骸的人群中,他狂呼乱叫,声音都哑了。正在这时,通往沼泽地的路上出现了一队数目众多的人

马,一顶金色的轿子里坐着一位你想她多美就有多美的最为迷人的女人。一时间,马贡多那些心情平和的居民都摘下了假面具,以便好好看看这位叫人眼花心乱的尤物,她戴着翡翠皇冠,披着豹皮斗篷,俨然一副真正君主的气派,而非仅仅是用金属饰片和皱纸装扮起来的女王。 (黄锦炎 等译)

Church at Easter

The place was decorated for Easter. In the font hundreds of white narcissi seemed to be growing. The air was dim and coloured from the windows, and thrilled with a subtle scent of lilies and narcissi. In that atmosphere Miriam's soul came into a glow.

(D. H. Lawrence. *Sons and Lovers*)

复活节教堂

因为是复活节,教堂已经被装饰过了。似乎有百朵水仙花长在圣水器里。光线透过玻璃窗户射了进来,暗淡的光线染上玻璃上的五颜六色,弥漫着一种淡淡的百合和水仙花的清香。在这种气氛下。米丽亚姆兴奋起来。

(刘一之 等译)

2. Recreations and Entertainments 娱乐

Fire Works

The slow hiss of the rocket as it sped into the air, the burst of the explosion, the stream of little emerald stars. A murmur of approval from the crowd, cries of delight, and a clapping of hands.

The salmon lady well to the front, her face eager with expectation, a remark for every star that fell. 'Oh, what a beauty … look at that one now; I say, how pretty … Oh, that one didn't burst … take care, it's coming our way … what are those men doing over there?' … Even the hermits left their lair and came to join the dancers on the terrace. The lawns were black with people. The bursting stars shone on their upturned faces.

Again and again the rockets sped into the air like arrows, and the sky became crimson and gold. Manderley stood out like an enchanted house, every window aflame, the grey walls coloured by the falling stars.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

焰火华彩

焰火筒拖着嗖嗖的长音,飞快窜入夜空,接着,嗵地一声炸开,化作一串翡

翠似的礼花。人群中发出啧啧赞叹声，有人欢乐地大叫，也有人鼓掌。那个穿肉色衣裳的太太挤到最前面，脸上显出急不可待的神情，每落下一朵礼花都要评论一番："哦，美极了……快看那一颗，哦，真是婀娜多姿……哦，那一颗没爆开……当心，冲我们这边来啦……那些人在那儿干吗？"……连那些玩桥牌的隐士也都从蜜居的斗室钻了出来，和跳舞的人一起站在平台上观看焰火。草坪上人头攒动，炸开的礼花照亮了一张张仰望的脸。

焰火筒像离弦的箭，接二连三窜入空中；夜空金紫交辉，一片光华。曼陀丽像所魔屋似也巍然屹立着，每扇窗子都在闪闪发光，四周的灰墙也被五颜六色的礼花抹上一层华彩。（林智玲 程 德 译）

Travelling Circus

In the street a travelling circus was passing, with mountebanks on donkeys and harlequins in parti-coloured dresses. The crowd of holiday masqueraders, laughing and shoving, was exchanging jests and showers of paper ribbon with the clowns and flinging little bags of sugar-plums to the columbine, who sat in her car, tricked out in tinsel and feathers, with artificial curls on her forehead and an artificial smile on her painted lips. Behind the car came a motley string of figures-street Arabs, beggars, clowns turning somersaults, and costermongers hawking their wares.

(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

巡回马戏班

一个走江湖的马戏班子从街上经过，卖艺人骑在驴上，扮作哈里昆的人穿着五颜六色的衣服。披上节日盛装的人们开怀大笑，摩肩接踵。他们与小丑潘科打诨，相互扔着如雨般的纸带，并把小袋的话梅掷向坐在彩车里的科伦宾。那位扮作科伦宾的女人用金银纸箔和羽毛把自己装饰起来，前额披着几缕假发卷，涂了口红的嘴唇露出做作的笑容。彩车后面跟着一群形态迥异的人——流浪汉、叫花子、翻着斤斗的小丑和叫卖的小贩。（庆学先 译）

Parlour Games

Meanwhile the round game proceeded right merrily. Isabella Wardle and Mr. Trundle "went partners," and Emily Wardle and Mr. Snodgrass did the same; and even Mr. Tupman and the spinster aunt established a joint-stock company of fish and flattery. Old Mr. Wardle was in the very height of his jollity; and he was so funny in his management of the board,

and the old ladies were so sharp after their winnings, that the whole table was in a perpetual roar of merriment and laughter. There was one old lady who always had about half a dozen cards to pay for, at which everybody laughed regularly every round; and when the old lady looked cross at having to pay, they laughed louder than ever; on which the old lady's face gradually brightened up till at last she laughed louder than any of them.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

室内娱乐

同时,那围成一圈的一局却进行得着实快活。伊莎白拉·华德尔和特伦德尔先生"配了对",爱米丽·华德尔和史拿格拉斯先生也一样;甚至特普曼先生和老处女姑母也合开了经营筹码和谄媚的股份公司。华德尔老先生快乐得无以复加;他做庄的时候如此的滑稽,而那些老太太对于他们的赢账算得如此地精明,所以全桌永远在喧闹声中。有一位老太太老是有约摸半打的牌要赎,这使得大家都笑,每回都如此;而这位老太太因为要赎牌显得不高兴的时候,他们就笑得更加厉害;于是老太太的脸色渐渐开朗起来,而终于笑得比谁的声音都大。

(蒋天佐 译)

Alphabet Games

Emma was pleased with the thought; and producing the box, the table was quickly scattered over with alphabets, which no one seemed so much disposed to employ as their two selves. They were rapidly forming words for each other, or for any body else who would be puzzled. The quietness of the game made it particularly eligible for Mr. Woodhouse, who had often been distressed by the more animated sort, which Mr. Weston had occasionally introduced, and who now sat happily occupied in lamenting, with tender melancholy, over the departure of the 'poor little boys,' or in fondly pointing out, as he took up any stray letter near him, how beautifully Emma had written it.

(Jane Austen, *Emma*)

拼词游戏

听他这样说,爱玛很高兴。她把盒子端了出来,桌子上很快就铺满了字母,他俩比其他人玩得更带劲。一下子就凑成这样那样的单词,给对方猜,或者给其他人猜。伍德豪斯先生最喜欢这种安静的游戏,韦斯顿先生有时教他们玩一些热闹的游戏,弄得他心烦意乱。此刻韦斯顿先生坐在那里,想着那两个"可怜的小男孩",为他们不在这里而深感惋惜,有时又拿起身边没有用上的字

母，小孩子般地称赞爱玛的字写得好。 （袁德成 译）

Wine Game

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children-resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

抢酒游戏

在这个抢酒喝的游戏继续进行当中，街上响彻了男男女女还有小孩大笑逗乐的喧哗。这种消遣并不算怎么粗俗野蛮，倒是非常滑稽有趣。其中包含着一种特别的亲善友爱，一种明显可见的人人都想和他人打交道的意愿，特别是那些运气更佳或是心情更好的人还因此嬉笑拥抱，彼此祝酒，相互握手，甚至十几个人手拉手地跳起舞来。等到酒已精光了，那些一度美酒流溢的地方都让手指头耙成横七竖八的方格子，这些表演就消失了，正像它们出现得一样突然。 （罗稷南 译）

Circus Riders

It was a real bully circus. It was the splendidest sight that ever was, when they all come riding in, two and two, a gentleman and lady, side by side, the men just in their drawers and undershirts, and no shoes nor stirrups, and resting their hands on their thighs, easy and comfortable—there must a' been twenty of them—and every lady with a lovely complexion, and perfectly beautiful, and looking just like a gang of real sure-enough queens, and dressed in clothes that cost millions of dollars, and just littered with diamonds. It was a powerful fine sight; I never see anything so lovely. And then one by one they got up and stood, and went a-weaving around the ring so gentle and wavy and graceful, the men

looking ever so tall and airy and straight, with their heads bobbing and skimming along, away up there under the tent-roof, and every lady's rose-leafy dress flapping soft and silky around her hips, and she looking like the most loveliest parasol. (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

马戏团骑手

那实在是一场刮刮叫的大马戏，真是好看极了，一辈子也没见过；他们骑着马进来，一对一对的，一男一女，一左一右，男的只穿着短裙和汗衫，没有穿鞋，也不登蹬，双手叉在大腿上，又逍遥、又舒服——他们差不多有二十个人——每一个女人的脸色都很好看，模样长得也非常美——简直像是一群地地道道的皇后，他们穿的衣服上面，到处都镶着钻石，似乎值几百万块钱。那个场面实在是漂亮极了；我从来没有见过那么好看的把戏。然后他们一个个在马背上站起来，围着圆场兜圈子，那种姿态非常轻盈、美妙，男的显得又高又直又潇洒，他们的头一上一下的点点，像燕子似的擦着篷顶轻轻地飞。那些女人穿的玫瑰花瓣似的衣裳，围着她们的胯股轻轻地、丝光闪闪地飘扬着，看上去好像一把一把顶可爱的小阳伞。 （张万里 译）

3. Badges and Symbols 徽章、标志

Evangelical Symbols

No need to dwell on the legendary beauty of the cornerpieces, the acme of art, wherein one can distinctly discern each of the four evangelists in turn presenting to each of the four masters his evangelical symbol a bogoak sceptre, a North American puma (a far nobler king of beasts than the British article, be it said in passing), a Kerry calf and a golden eagle from Carrantuohill. The scenes depicted on the emunctory field, showing our ancient duns and raths and cromlechs and grianauns and seats of learning and maledictive stones, are as wonderfully beautiful and the pigments as delicate as when the Sligo illuminators gave free rein to their artistic fantasy long long ago in the time of the Barmecides.

(*James Joyce*, Ulysses)

福音标识

无需详述四角的绣像是如何传奇般的精美，那是艺术的顶峰，人们在那里可以清楚看到四位福音书作者依次向四位大师分赠各自的福音标识，一根泥炭栎木的权杖、一头北美山狮（顺便提一下，这是比英国狮子高贵得多的众兽之王），一头凯里牛犊，以及一只卡朗图厄尔山的金鹰。排泄面上绣的图像描

绘了我们的古堡、山寨、巨石圈、殿堂、学术场所、诅咒石，全都是形象精美，色彩鲜艳，很久很久以前斯莱戈那些巴密沙地斯时代的书籍装饰家们尽情发挥其想象力而创造的形象丝毫没有减色。 （金隄 译）

Coat with a Bust and Letters

"It's a new coat," said Mr. Tupman as the stranger surveyed himself with great complacency in a cheval-glass; "the first that's been made with our club button," and he called his companion's attention to the large gilt button which displayed a bust of Mr. Pickwick in the centre and the letters P.C. on either side.

"P.C." said the stranger, "queer set-out—old fellow's likeness and P.C. What does P.C. stand for—Peculiar Coat, eh?"

Mr. Tupman, with rising indignation and great importance, explained the mystic device. （Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*）

带半身像和字母的上衣

"是一件簇新的上衣，"特普曼先生说，这时陌生人正在很满意地对着穿衣镜打量自己。"是第一件钉着我们社徽的钮子的衣服。"——于是他叫他的同伴注意那镀金的大钮子，在中央有一个匹克威克先生的半身像，两边各有"P.C."两个字。

"P.C."陌生人说——"古怪的装饰——老家伙的像，还有 P.C.——P.C. 是什么意思——'特别的上衣'吗，嗳？"特普曼先生带着勃然的愤慨和很大的自傲，解释了这徽章的奥妙。 （蒋天佐 译）

Cherished Emblems

A very quaint place with broad faded stripes painted on the walls and here and there a show of heraldic animals of a bristly, long-snouted character, the cherished emblems of a noble family once the seigniors of this now civic hall. （Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*）

珍爱的纹章

这是一个古色古香的地方，墙上漆着宽阔的已经褪了色的彩色条纹，这儿那儿还可以看到长着短毛长鼻子的动物的图画，那就是现在这座公用大厅当年的主人们，一个高贵家族所珍爱的纹章。 （黄继忠 译）

Story about the Scarlet Letter

The vulgar, who, in those dreary old times, were always contributing a grotesque horror to what interested their imaginations, had a story about the scarlet letter which we might readily work up into a terrific legend. They averred, that the symbol was not mere scarlet cloth, tinged in an earthly dye-pot, but was red-hot with infernal fire, and could be seen glowing all alight, whenever Hester Prynne walked abroad in the night time. And we must needs say, it seared Hester's bosom so deeply, that perhaps there was more truth in the rumor than our modern incredulity may be inclined to admit. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

红字的传说

在那凄凉古老的时代里，鄙俗的人们对于使他们的想象发生兴趣的事，总是赋予它一种古怪的恐怖，所以关于这个红字，也就造出一个故事来，我们可以用它编成一篇恐怖的传说。他们确信那个标记绝不是世上染缸里染出来的红布，而是由地狱的火焰把它烧得火红的，每逢海丝特·白兰深夜走在外面的时候，可以看见它闪耀得非常明亮。而我们必须说，那个红字是深深地烫进了海丝特的胸膛，所以在那种传说中，也许会比我们现代人的怀疑所能承认的，包含着更多的真理。 （侍桁 等译）

Beautiful Miniature

When they were arranging him for his last rest, they found upon his bosom, a small, plain miniature case, opening with a spring. It was the miniature of a noble and beautiful female face; and on the reverse, under a crystal, a lock of dark hair. They laid them back on the lifeless breast, —dust, to dust, —poor mournful relics of early dreams, which once made that cold heart beat so warmly! (George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

美丽的肖像

装殓入棺的当儿，家人在他胸前发现一个朴素、装有弹簧开关的小像盒，盒子里是一个高贵而美丽的妇人的肖像；背面的水晶片下面压着一绺黑头发。他们把小盒子放回那停止了呼吸的胸口。尘土归于尘土。这些令人回忆起早年梦想的凄凉的纪念物，一度曾使这颗冰凉的心跳动得多么热乎啊！

（伍厚恺 译）

The Star and Crescent

The rejection of this hypothesis on astronomical grounds is strongly supported by historical information that the star and crescent was widely used as a symbol of the Ottoman Empire long before the Battle of Sakarya. The modern Turkish flag first appeared officially as an Ottoman flag in the early 19th century, when Selim Ⅲ created a European-style army. The first Turkish postage stamps in 1863 also displayed the icon. Various countries under Ottoman control later adopted variations on the Ottoman flag. Tunisia was the first to follow the Turks, sometime around 1830, then Egypt in 1923. Many other nations followed the Ottoman example in the years after the Second World War. In Sudan, the Mahdi fought General Cordon in Khartoum under a flag with a crescent and crossed spears. (Bradley Schaefer, *The Star and Crescent*)

星和新月

根据天文理由否定这种假说的主张得到历史资料的强烈支持。历史资料表明,早在萨卡里亚之战以前,星和新月就被广泛用作奥斯曼帝国的标记。19世纪初,现代土耳其国旗正式作为奥斯曼国旗第一次出现,那时塞利姆三世创建了一支欧洲式的军队。1863年第一批土耳其邮票上也印有这种图像。在奥斯曼控制下的许多国家后来的奥斯曼国旗上作了一些改动。突尼斯于1830年左右首先仿效土耳其人,然后埃及于1923年也这样做。在第二次世界大战之后的几年里,其他许多国家效法在奥斯曼的榜样。在苏丹,马赫迪高举新月和交叉长矛的旗帜在喀土穆同戈登将军作战。 (舒明 译)

4. Taboos 禁忌

No Women in Business

That sawmill, for example. It was the shock of his life when she told him with a sweet smile, in answer to his questions, that she intended to run it herself. 'Go into the lumber business myself,' was the way she put it. Frank would never forget the horror of that moment. Go into business for herself! It was unthinkable. There were no women in business in Atlanta. In fact, Frank had never heard of a woman in business anywhere. If women were so unfortunate as to be compelled to make a little money to assist their families in these hard times, they made it in quiet womanly ways—baking as Mrs. Merriwether was doing, or painting chinas and

sewing and keeping boarders, like Mrs. Elsing and Fanny, or teaching school like Mrs. Meade or giving music lessons like Mrs. Bonnell. These ladies made money but they kept themselves at home while they did it, as a woman should. But for a woman to leave the protection of her home and venture out into the rough world of men, competing with them in business, rubbing shoulders with them, being exposed to insult and gossip... Especially when she wasn't forced to do it, when she had a husband amply able to provide for her! (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

女人不经商

譬如说,那家锯木厂吧。当她带着甜蜜的微笑回答他提出的一些问题,说她自己准备经营这个厂子时,他确实吓坏了。"我自己做木材生意,"这是她的原话,弗兰克永远也忘不了那个时刻他所感到的恐怖。她自己去做生意!这简直难以想像。在亚特兰大,没有一个女人做生意的。事实上,弗兰克从来也没有听说过哪里有女人做生意的事。如果在艰难时世女人不幸要被迫赚点钱来贴补家用,她们也总是悄悄地干点适合女人身份的事情——如梅里韦瑟太太烤馅饼卖,埃尔辛太太和范妮画瓷器,做针线活和收留寄宿者或者像米德太太到学校教书,邦内尔太太教音乐。这些太太们在挣钱,但她们都像女人应该做的那样留在家里干活。可是,身为一个女人,却离开家庭的保护,冒险跑出来进入粗野的男人世界,同他们在生意上竞争,同他们厮混在一起,受人侮辱和议论……尤其是当她有一个能够充充裕裕养活她的丈夫,无需被迫这样做的时候! (傅东华 译)

Taboo on Butter Buying

Tilly bridled her head, bursting to say that, according to the etiquette of people who bought butter, it was no sort of manners whatever coming to a place cool as you like and knocking at the front door asking for a pound as a stopgap while your other people were short. If you go to Brown's you go to Brown's, an' my butter isn't just to make shift when Brown's has got none. (D.H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

买黄油的禁忌

蒂莉把头昂起来,几乎要脱口而出:按当地习惯,买黄油的人冷不丁地跑到别人家,敲开前门,张口就要一磅黄油应急,是很不礼貌的。你到布朗家要黄油你就去呗,我们家的黄油可不是替人家充数填窟窿的。

(马志刚 齐元涛 译)

Ominous Friday

'Looky here, Tom, do you know what day it is?'

Tom mentally ran over the days of the week, and then quickly lifted his eyes with a startled look in them.

'My! I never once thought of it, Huck!'

'Well, I didn't, neither, but all at once it popped on to me that it was Friday'.

'Blame it; a body can't be too careful, Huck. We might a got into an awful scrape, tackling such a thing on a Friday.'

'*Might*! Better say we *would*! There's some lucky days, maybe, but Friday ain't.'

'Any fool knows that. I don't reckon *you* was the first that found it out, Huck.' (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

不吉利的星期五

"你瞧,汤姆,你知道今天是星期几?"

汤姆心里暗自把这个星期的日子计算了一下,然后很快地抬起眼睛来,显出惊骇的神情——

"哎呀!我根本就没想起哩,哈克!"

"咳,我原来也是一样,可是猛一下子我忽然想起今天是星期五。"

"他妈的,可得特别小心才行,哈克。咱们要是在星期五干这种事情,说不定要闯出大祸来哩。"

"说不定才怪哪!,还不如说一定!别的日子也许能碰上好运气,星期五可是不行。"

"随便哪个傻子都懂得这个。我看你并不是头一个发现这个道理,哈克。"

(张友松 译)

5. Addictions 嗜好

Addicted Pipe-Smoker

What, perhaps with other things, made Stubb such an easy-going, unfearing man, so cheerily trudging off with the burden of life in a world full of grave peddlers, all bowed to the ground with their packs; what helped to bring about that almost impious good-humor of his; that thing must have been his pipe. For, like his nose, his short, black little pipe was one of the regular features of his face. You would almost as soon have

expected him to turn out of his bunk without his nose as without his pipe. He kept a whole row of pipes there ready loaded, stuck in a rack, within easy reach of his hand; and, whenever he turned in, he smoked them all out in succession, lighting one from the other to the end of the chapter; then loading them again to be in readiness anew. For, when Stubb dressed, instead of first putting his legs into his trousers, he put his pipe into his mouth. (Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

嗜烟如命

斯塔布为什么会这样事事处之泰然，无所畏惧，在一个到处尽是死亡关头的世间，大家都让包袱压得趴在地上，他却能这样逍遥自在地挑起生的重担走去；究竟是什么东西使他会有这种简直是大不韪的高高兴兴的态度；那东西一定就是他的烟斗。因为，他那根短小的黑烟斗就像他的鼻子一样，是他脸上的固定特征之一。你简直别想在他下床的时候，会先看到他的鼻子而看不到他的烟斗。他在床边的架子上搁有一整排装了烟叶的烟斗，一伸手就可摸到；他一上了床铺，就接连不断地把它们一支支都吸个遍，一支吸完，又凑上这一支再点燃一支，直吸到最后一支为止；然后又把它一支支装满烟叶，以便随时重新取用。因为斯塔布在穿衣服的时候，他总不是先把双腿插进裤筒里，而是先把烟斗插到嘴里去的。 （曹庸 译）

Fondness of Grotesques

At any rate he saved all the little monstrous things that had been born on our chicken farm. They were preserved in alcohol and put each in its own glass bottle. These he had carefully put into a box and on our journey into town it was carried on the wagon seat beside him. He drove the horses with one hand and with the other clung to the box. When we got to our destination the box was taken down at once and the bottles removed. All during our days as keepers of a restaurant in the town of Bidwell, Ohio, the grotesques in their little glass bottles sat on a shelf back of the counter. Mother sometimes protested but father was a rock on the subjest of his treasure. The grotesques were, he declared, valuable. People, he said, liked to look at strange and wonderful things.

(Sherwood Anderson, *The Egg*)

喜欢怪物

总之，他保存了所有在我们养鸡场出世的小怪物。他把它们浸在酒精里，

一个个分开放在玻璃瓶里。然后仔细地装进一只盒子。在进镇的路上，盒子就放在他的身旁。他一只手赶马车，一只手紧紧地护住那只盒子。到了目的地，盒子立刻被取了下来，那些瓶子也马上被搬了出来。我们在俄亥俄州比德韦尔镇经营饭馆的那段日子里，那些装着小怪物的瓶子始终都放在柜台后面的架子上。有时母亲提出抗议，但是父亲在他的宝贝的问题上，顽固得简直像块石头。他声称那些怪东西是宝贵的。还说，人们喜欢看稀奇古怪的东西。

（孙晴霞 译）

Gambling

During the nights I did not spend in the rue d' Antin, I should not have slept if I had spent them alone in my apartment. Jealousy would have kept me awake and heated my thoughts and blood. On the other hand, gambling temporarily beguiled the fever which would otherwise have overrun my heart which was, thereby, diverted towards a passion fascinating enough to absorb me despite myself until the time came for me to go to my mistress. When that hour struck—and this was how I became aware of how violent my love was—then, whether I was winning or losing, I would abandon the table without compunction, feeling pity for those I left there who, unlike me, would not find happiness when they came to take their leave.

For most of them, gambling was a necessity; for me, it was a kind of antidote.

When I was cured of Marguerite, I would be cured of gambling.

And so, in the middle of it all, I was able to keep a fairly cool head. I lost only what I could afford, and won only what I could have afforded to lose. (Alexandre Dumas, *La Dame Aux Camelias*, trans. David Coward)

赌博

如果哪天夜晚我不去昂坦街，一个人呆在家里的话，我是睡不着的。我炉火中烧，无法入睡，我的思想和血液如同在燃烧一般，而赌博可以暂时转移我心中燃烧着的激情，把它引向另一种热情，我不由自主地投身到里面去了，一直赌到我应该去会我情妇的时间为止。因此，从这里我就看到了我爱情的强烈，不管是赢是输，我都毫不留恋地离开赌桌，并为那些仍旧留在那里的人感到惋惜，他们是不会像我一样在离开赌桌的时候带着幸福的感觉的。

对大部分人来说，赌博是一种需要，对我来说却是一服药剂。

如果我不爱玛格丽特，我也不会去赌博。

因此,在赌钱的过程中,我能相当冷静,我只输我付得出的钱,我只赢我输得起的钱。 (王振孙 译)

Billiard Master

Now, our friend the colonel had a great aptitude for all games of chance: and exer-cising himself, as he continually did, with the cards, the dice-box, or the cue, it is natural to suppose that he attained a much greater skill in the use of these articles than men can possess who only occasionally handle them. To use a cue at billiards well is like using a pencil, or a German flute, or a small-sword—you cannot master any one of these implements at first, and it is only by repeated study and perseverance, joined to a natural taste, that a man can excel in the handling of either. Now, Crawley, from being only a brilliant amateur had grown to be a consummate master of billiards. Like a great general, his genius used to rise with the danger, and when the luck had been unfavourable to him for a whole game, and the bets were consequently against him, he would, with consummate skill and boldness, make some prodigious hits which would restore the battle, and come in a victor at the end. (William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

台球高手

我们的朋友克劳莱上校对于各种赌博,像玩纸牌、掷骰子、打弹子,没一样不擅长,而且他经过长期练习,自然比偶然赌一两场的人厉害得多。打弹子也和写字、击小剑、吹德国笛子一般,不但需要天赋的才能,而且应该有不懈的研究和练习,才能专精。克劳莱对于打弹子一道,本来是客串性质,不过玩得非常出色,到后来却成了技术高明的专家。他好像了不起的军事家,面临的危险愈大,他就愈有办法,往往一盘赌博下来,他手运一点也不好,所有的赌注都输了,然后忽然来几下子灵敏矫捷得出神入化的手法,把局势挽回过来,竟成了赢家。 (杨必 译)

Passion for Dice

At Crawley's charming little reunions of an evening this fatal amusement commonly was practised—much to good-natured little Mrs. Crawley's annoyance. She spoke about her husband's passion for dice with the deepest grief; she bewailed it to everybody who came to her house.

She besought the young fellows never, never to touch a box; and when young Green, of the Rifles, lost a very considerable sum of money, Rebecca passed a whole night in tears, as the servant told the unfortunate young gentleman, and actually went on her knees to her husband to beseech him to remit the debt, and burn the acknowledgement. How could he? He had lost just as much himself to Blackstone of the Hussars, and Count Punter of the Hanoverian Cavalry. Green might have any decent time; but pay? —of course he must pay;—to talk of burning IOU's was child's play. (William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

沉迷赌海

在克劳莱家里,到黄昏往往有有趣的小聚会,也少不了这种有危险性的娱乐。克劳莱太太的心地忠厚,为这件事心上很烦恼。她一谈起丈夫好赌的脾气就伤心得不得了,每逢家里有客,她总是唉声叹气地抱怨。她哀求所有的小伙子总不要挨近骰子匣。有一次来福枪联队里的葛里恩输了不少钱,害得利蓓加陪了一夜眼泪。这是她的佣人后来告诉那倒楣的输家的。据说她还向丈夫下跪,求他烧了债票,不要再去讨债。她丈夫不肯。那怎么行呢?匈牙利轻骑兵联队的勃拉克斯顿和德国汉诺伐骑兵联队里的本脱伯爵也赢了他那么多钱呢!葛里恩当然不必马上付钱,不妨过一个适当的时期再说,至于赌债,那是非还不可的。谁听说过烧毁债票呢?简直是孩子气! (杨必 译)

Collecting Precious Stones

This taste enthralled him for years, and, indeed, may be said never to have left him. He would often spend a whole day settling and resettling in their cases the various stones that he had collected, such as the olive-green chrysoberyl that turns red by lamplight, the cymophane with its wire-like line of silver, the pistachio-coloured peridot, rose-pink and wine-yellow topazes, carbuncles of fiery scarlet with tremulous four-rayed stars, flame-red cinnamon-stones, orange and violet spinels, and amethysts with their alternate layers of ruby and sapphire. He loved the red gold of the sunstone, and the moonstone's pearly whiteness, and the broken rainbow of the milky opal. He procured from Amsterdam three emeralds of extraordinary size and richness of colour, and had a turquoise de la vieille roche that was the envy of all the connoisseurs.

(Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*)

收藏宝石

这种嗜好持续了若干年,甚至可以说始终没有被他抛弃。他常常整天玩弄收藏在首饰匣里的各种宝石。搬来倒去,理了又理。其中有金绿宝石,它的橄榄绿颜色在灯光下会转成红色;有嵌着银色纹理的乳光宝石、淡黄中微泛绿色的橄榄石、玫瑰红和醇酒色的黄玉;有鲜艳夺目的红玉,其中闪烁可见一颗颗四角的星星;有红得火辣辣的钙铝榴石、桔黄色和淡紫色的尖晶石;有红蓝闪色的紧晶。他喜欢日长石的金红、月长石的珠白、蛋白石的虹晕。他从阿姆斯特丹物色到三颗大得出奇而又晶莹可爱的绿柱玉,还有一颗采自古老岩层的绿松石,是行家无不啧啧称羡的极品。 (荣如德 译)

Paleontologist

Yet he was not, adrift in the slow entire of Victorian time, essentially a frivolous young man. A chance meeting with someone who knew of his grandfather's mania made him realize that it was only in the family that the old man's endless days of supervising bewildered gangs of digging rustics were regarded as a joke. Others remembered Sir Charles Smithson as a pioneer of the archaeology of pre-Roman Britain; objects from his banished collection had been gratefully housed by the British Museum. And slowly Charles realized that he was in temperament nearer to his grandfather than to either of his grandfather's sons. During the last three years he had become increasingly interested in paleontology; that, he had decided, was his field. He began to frequent the *conversazioni* of the Geological Society. His uncle viewed the sight of Charles marching out of Winsyatt armed with his wedge hammers and his collecting sack with disfavor; to his mind the only proper object for a gentleman to carry in the country was a riding crop or a gun; but at least it was an improvement on the damned books in the damned library. (John Fowels, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

古生物迷

尽管他在步伐缓慢的维多利亚时代随波逐流,但从本质上说他还不是一个轻浮、浅薄的青年男子 。他偶然与一位了解他祖父癖好的人邂逅,才发现祖父热中于组织人马发掘古迹,而此事在自己的家人中却被视为笑柄。在其他人的眼里,他祖父是研究古罗马时代的英国的开山鼻祖。他收集的许多实物都散落在社会上,后来又被大英博物馆当作珍宝收藏。查尔斯逐渐觉得,自己的脾性像祖父多子像祖父的两个儿子。近三年来,他对古生物学越来越感

兴趣,决定把它作为自己的研究领域。他开始参加地质学会的座谈。他伯父反感地目送他背着楔形锤和标本袋走出温塞特庄园。在他看来,绅士在乡间携带的物品,只能是马鞭和猎枪。不过,这比他坐在那间该死的书房里看那些该死的书总算是个进步。 (阿良 刘坤尊 译)

6. Habits 习惯

Adapting to Regular Life

At first I hated the school, but by-and-by I got so I could stand it. Whenever I got uncommon tired I played hookey, and the hiding I got next day done me good and cheered me up. So the longer I went to school the easier it got to be. I was getting sort of used to the widow's ways, too, and they warn't so raspy on me. Living in a house, and sleeping in a bed, pulled on me pretty tight, mostly, but before the cold weather I used to slide out and sleep in the woods, sometimes, and so that was a rest to me. I liked the old ways best, but I was getting so I liked the new ones, too, a little bit. The widow said I was coming along slow but sure, and doing very satisfactory. She said she warn't ashamed of me.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

适应正常生活

起初我非常恨学校,可是过了不久,我能够将就下去了。每逢我非常厌倦的时候,我就逃学,第二天挨的那一顿板子,对我倒有些好处,它能叫我振作起来。所以我上学的日子越长,我越觉得容易混下去。我对寡妇那种作风,也有点儿习惯了,它也不那么叫我急躁了。住在家里,睡在床上,把我拘束得真够紧的。不过在天还不冷的时候,我有时也溜到树林子里去睡觉,那样我才能真正休息一下。我最留恋旧的习惯,可是我现在也有点儿喜欢新的生活了。寡妇说我长进得虽然是慢,但是很稳,我的所作所为也还叫人满意。她说我没有给她丢脸。 (张万里 译)

Regular Walk

He had proudly resumed his privilege, in many of his spare hours, of walking up and down the garden with the Doctor; as he had been accustomed to pace up and down The Doctor's Walk at Canterbury. But matters were no sooner in this state, than he devoted all his spare time (and got up earlier to make it more) to these perambulations. If he had

never been so happy as when the Doctor read that marvellous performance, the Dictionary, to him; he was now quite miserable unless the Doctor pulled it out of his pocket, and began. When the Doctor and I were engaged, he now fell into the custom of walking up and down with Mrs. Strong, and helping her to trim her favorite flowers, or weed the beds.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

散步的习惯

在他多数空闲的时候，他骄傲地恢复了与博士一同散步的特权；因为他已经习惯在坎特布雷的博士散步场上走来走去了。但是他一把他所有的空闲时间献给这些散步(他比往常起床更早，使他更多空闲的时间)，情形立即不同了。假如过去博士对他读那希有的作品(那部"字典")时，他感到非常的快乐，现在博士若不从衣袋中取出来读，他就感到十分烦恼了。当博士和我进行工作时，他造成了与斯特朗夫人一同散步、修剪她所心爱的花、拔除花坛的莠草的习惯。

(董秋斯 译)

Different Ways of Life

They did not go to church, Maycomb's principal recreation, but worshiped at home; Mrs. Radley seldom if ever crossed the street for a mid-morning coffee break with her neighbors, and certainly never joined a missionary circle. Mr. Radley walked to town at eleven-thirty every morning and came back promptly at twelve, sometimes carrying a brown paper bag that the neighborhood assumed contained the family groceries.…

The shutters and doors of the Radley house were closed on Sundays, another thing alien to Maycomb's ways: closed doors meant illness and cold weather only.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

不同的生活方式

他们不参加梅康姆的主要消遣——上教堂做礼拜，而自己在家里做礼拜；拉德雷夫人很少走街串巷去和她的邻居一起喝杯早咖啡歇歇腿，如果去也是绝无仅有的几次。而教友会那样的活动是肯定从未参加过的。拉德雷先生每天十一点半到城里去，十二点准时回来，有时候带一个牛皮纸袋，邻居们估计那里边装的是日用品。……

拉德雷寓所的门窗一到星期日就关上，这又是和梅康姆一般人的习惯相反的一件事：梅康姆人只是在家里有病人和天气寒冷时才关门窗。

(舒逊 译)

Reckless Driving

His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets without footways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But, few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and, in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

横冲直撞

他的车夫像对敌猛冲似地赶着马车,而此人这样肆无忌惮地横突直撞,主人的脸上或嘴上都未以任何示意加以制止。王公显贵在那没有人行便道的狭窄街道上驱车乱闯,这种恶习野蛮地使俚俗平民丧生、致残,即使在这个聋子城市和哑巴时代,有时也能听到怨言,但是他们只把这些当作耳旁风,很少予以考虑。而且,在这件事情上,也像对所有其他事情一样,普通贱民就落得只能竭尽自己之所能消灾免祸。 (罗稷南 译)

Peculiar Tradition

There were particular ways of doing everything in that family, particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making the cowslip wine, curing the hams and keeping the bottled gooseberries, so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of having been born a Dodson, rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always conducted with peculiar propriety in the Dodson family: the hathands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated: if the illness of trouble was the sufferer's fault, it was not in the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so. In short, there was in this family a peculiar tradition as to what was the right thing in household management and social demeanour.

(George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

特殊传统

这家人做什么事都有特别的方法:用特别的方法漂白亚麻布、酿野樱草酒、腌火腿、保存瓶装醋栗;因此,这一家的小姐就没有一个不为自己有幸生为一个多德森家、不是吉布森或者沃特森家的人而感到光荣。在多德森家,举办丧礼总有特殊的规矩:帽带从来不用蓝色的,手套从来不在大拇指那儿裂开,凡是应该来送葬的人都来送葬,枢夫脖子上总要戴上围巾,当家里的人谁遇到了麻烦或者生了病,其余的人都要去探望这个不幸的家庭成员,通常都是在同一时间去,并且按照正确的家庭感情的指引毫不犹豫地说出最不受听的真话来:倘若疾病或者麻烦是那个倒楣的人自己的过失造成的,那么按照多德森家的惯例,是不怕直言不讳的。总而言之,在家务管理和社交行为方面应该怎样做才对,多德森家都有特殊的传统。 (伍厚恺 译)

Extreme Avarice

Now, some time ago there lived in Genoa a nobleman named Messer Ermino de' Grimaldi, whose rich estates and enormous wealth far surpassed that of every other rich citizen then known in Italy. And just as he outdid every other Italian in his wealth, so did he surpass beyond all measure in avarice and stinginess every miser or greedy person in all the world, for not only in entertaining others did he keep his purse strings tight, but even in those matters pertaining to his own person (contrary to the general custom of the Genoese, who are used to dressing elegantly) he would deprive himself, and he did the same with food and drink. Because of this, and rightly so, he lost the surname Grimaldi and everyone called him simply Messer Ermino Miser. (Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

贪吝成习

很久很久以前,热那亚有个绅士名叫革里马第,大家都相信他的财产家业压倒了意大利全国的富豪。他的富有,在意大利无与伦比,而他的贪婪鄙吝,全世界也无人匹敌。他从不肯和人做朋友,连自己的普通必需品也不肯置备。他的作法与喜欢鲜衣美食的热那亚人的风俗形成鲜明对比。因此之故,大家都叫他作鄙吝的"白蚀",天长日久竟忘记了他的真名。 (黄石 译)

7. Customs 风俗

Burial Custom

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because

they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down; and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar. (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

小人国的丧葬习俗

他们埋葬死人时,把死人的头一直朝下,因为他们相信一种说法,一万一千个月以后死人们都要复活。那时候地球(他们以为是扁平的)会上下颠倒。按照这样的埋法,他们复活以后就会安稳地站在地上了。当然他们的学者也承认这种说法荒谬,不过顺从世俗的习惯,这种办法还在继续采用。

(张健 译)

Chinese Urbanity

Chinese life, even among the most modernized, is far more polite than anything to which we are accustomed. This, of course, interferes with efficiency, and also (what is more serious) with sincerity and truth in personal relations. If I were Chinese, I should wish to see it mitigated. But, to those who suffer from the brutalities of the West, Chinese urbanity is very restful. (Betrand Russell, *The Chinese Character*)

中国人的彬彬有礼

在中国人生活中,即使是在最现代化的中国人生活中,礼貌要比在我们社会习惯中注重得多。这当然会妨碍效率,也会妨碍人际关系中的真诚和真实性(这就更为严重)。如果我是中国人,我希望看到这种缺点有所减轻。但是对于西方残暴行为的受害者来说,中国人的彬彬有礼是很令人感到舒服的。

(裘克安 译)

Sea Burial

The weather was too bad to give the corpse a proper sea burial. So next day at dawn they took it up on the poop, covering its face with a bit of bunting; he read a short prayer, and then, just as it was, in its oilskins and long boots, they launched it amongst those mountainous seas that seemed ready every moment to swallow up the ship herself and the terrified lives on board of her. (Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer*)

海葬

天气太坏，不能好好地给尸体举行海葬，所以第二天破晓的时候，他们把尸体抬上船尾，用一小片船旗盖上尸体的面部，船长念了一小段祷文后，他们便把照旧穿着油布外套和长统靴的尸体抛进了随时都会把船连同吓坏了的船员一起吞没的波涛汹涌的大海。 （孙铢 陈雄尚 译）

Kissing under the Mistletoe

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen, old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion; in the midst of which, Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry that would have done honour to a descendant of Lady Tollimglower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. The old lady submitted to this piece of practical politeness with all the dignity which befitted so important and serious a solemnity, but the younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious veneration for the custom—or imagining that the value of a salute is very much enhanced if it cost a little trouble to obtain it—screamed and struggled, and ran into corners, and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room until some of the less adventurous gentlemen were on the point of desisting when they all at once found it useless to resist any longer and submitted to be kissed with a good grace （Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*）

圣诞槲寄生下之吻

在这厨房的天花板的中央，老华德尔刚刚亲手挂了一大根槲寄生树枝，这一根树枝立刻就引起了一场普遍的和极其愉快的挣扎和骚乱；在正中间是匹克威克先生，他用那种足以使美人托林格洛娃的后裔感到荣幸的殷勤，拉住老太太的手，把她领到那神秘的树枝下面，礼貌周全地吻吻她表示致敬。老太太就用适合于如此重大而严肃的事情的全部尊严接受了这实惠的礼貌；而那些年轻的女士呢，对于这个风俗没有抱着那样全心全意的迷信式的尊敬，或者也许是认为假使这样的"接吻致敬"费点儿事才得到的话是足以大大地增加它的价值吧，所以就又叫唤又挣扎，向角落里逃避，说狠话，说软话，总之用尽一切方法来拒绝，但是并不离开这房间；直到有些比较缺少冒险性的绅士正要断了

这种念头的时候，她们却突然觉得继续抵抗是没有用的，就爽爽快快地让人吻了。 （蒋天佐 译）

Valentine in Victorian Britain and America

There was a time in Victorian Britain and America when men used to send rude and insulting cards to tease a lady they either loved or loathed. The problem for the recipient was trying to guess not only who the sender was, but also what his secret feelings might be. Most of the nasty cards were addressed to the pot-bellied, cross-eyed, one-legged or to old maids, wishing them the three dreadful "Ds": *Disgrace*, *Death* or *Damnation*.

(Lailan Young, *Romantic Valentine*)

维多利亚时代的情人节

从前，在维多利亚女王时代的英国和美国，男士们常向他们心爱或厌恶的女士寄赠措词粗鲁、带有侮辱意味的瓦伦丁卡，以此戏弄她们。收信人不仅要尽力猜出是谁寄的，还要推测寄信人内心有什么想法。多数下流的贺卡称呼对方为胖女人、斗鸡眼、一条腿的妇女或老处女，祝愿她们遭受三个由 D 开头的可怕字眼所表示的噩运："耻辱"、"死亡"或"遭天罚"。 （赵家玮 译）

Mourning and Funeral Customs

It was the custom, as it is again today, for the women relatives and neighbors to gather together in the house of a dead person and there to mourn with the women who had been dearest to him; on the other hand, in front of the deceased's home, his male relatives would gather together with his male neighbors and other citizens, and the clergy also came, many of them of sometimes just a few, depending upon the soccial class of the dead man. Then, upon the shoulders of his equals, he was carried to the church chosen by him before death with the funeral pomp of candles and chants.

(Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*)

丧葬习俗

从前的习惯是：每当有人死的时候，便有许多死者的女友，或邻居的妇人，聚集在死者的屋里，和死者的亲属一起痛哭，而那些男人们和牧师们则在门前聚集叙谈，牧师的人数多少可视死者之地位而定。出殡的时候，死者的尸体由一班和死者同阶级的人们扶挽，一路点燃着蜡烛，唱着诗，一直送到埋葬死者的教会坟场去。 （黄石 译）

X. Literature and Art 文学艺术

1. Music 音乐

Wonderful Playing

There was a breathless silence in the hall. When the kettledrum announced the opening of the concerto, Yehudi stood calmly, so absorbed in the music that some people feared he would not come in on time. But, with only seconds to spare, he adjusted his violin and raised his bow. At the great singing tone that filled the hall, there was a gasp, a slight stirring—and then a deep hush.

It was only during the most difficult part of the concerto, when the soloist played alone, that the audience once more realized that a child was playing. Listeners marveled at his pure tone, expert fingering and wonderful trills. A burst of applause almost stopped the concert. But Yehudi played on, bringing everyone's attention back to Beethoven's great music. (Robert Magidoff, *Top Soloist or "Trained Seal"*)

琴声悠扬

大厅内观众鸦雀无声，屏息以待。定音鼓声宣布协奏曲开始时，耶胡迪安静地站着，完全被乐曲迷住了，以至有些观众都担心他不能及时投入演奏。但是，在只剩下几秒钟时，他就调整好了小提琴的位置，举起琴弓，美妙的提琴声在大厅的每个角落里萦绕，人们先是屏着气，微微激动，继而是一片寂静。

只是在协奏曲的难度最大的部分，当耶胡迪单独演奏时，观众才再次意识到是一个孩子在演奏，听众为他的纯正的音色、娴熟的指法和美妙的颤音而惊叹不已。雷鸣般的掌声几乎打断了音乐会，但是耶胡迪继续演奏，把每个人的注意力又吸引到贝多芬伟大的音乐上来。（张镜 译）

Foster's Pop Music

The name David Foster doesn't ring a bell with most people, but his music strikes loud chords with almost anyone tunad in to the pop scene. They are sung by various performers, from stars like Whitney Houston to

the new group All-4-One, but the songs all bear the unmistakable Foster touch: the soaring vocals, the lush arrangements dripping with strings and keyboards, the crescendos built on crescendos. Whether the sound is timeless or just stuck in a time warp is a matter of taste. But it sure does sell—and earn him hefty royalties.

(Charles P. Alexander, *The True King of Pop*)

福斯特的流行音乐

戴维·福斯特;他的名字不会激起大多数人怀旧的遐想,然而他的音乐却深深地拨动着几乎所有听流行音乐现场直播的听众人们的心弦。他制作的歌曲由各色各样的表演者演唱——从惠特尼·休斯敦这样的大牌歌星到新组建的"四合一"乐队——但是无不具有鲜明的福斯特个人特色:突然高扬的声乐,有着弦乐和键盘乐丰满音响的动听的编配,渐渐加强、层层升高的音乐力度。他的歌声,在时间上不论是永恒的,或只是短暂的,只是个是否合口味的问题,但其畅销是实实在在的——而为他挣得大笔的版税。 (贾高荣 译)

Inexorable Power of Sound

When the strain passed into the minor she half started from her seat with the sudden thrill of that change. Poor Maggie! She looked very beautiful when her soul was being played on in this way by the inexorable power of sound. You might have see the slightest perceptible quivering through her whole frame, as she leaned a little forward, clasping her hands as if to steady herself, while her eyes dilated and brightened into that wide-open, childish expression of wondering delight which always came back in her happiest moments. (George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

音乐的魅力

当曲调转入小调的时候,她几乎因为这种变化的突然刺激而跳了起来。可怜的玛吉!每当她的灵魂被乐音那无情的力量所抚弄的时候,她就显得非常的美。在她身体稍稍前倾,紧握双手仿佛要让自己镇定下来的时候,你就可以看到她的整个身体在轻微地、但又可以觉察出地颤栗着;这时候她的眼睛就会睁大、发亮、流露出坦诚的、孩子似的惊喜神情,这种神情每逢她最快乐的时刻就会出现。 (伍厚凯 译)

Soft Spirituals

The next day it was the same —until, late in the afternoon, there

was a delay in the program while the order of conference speeches was being worked out. White whispered to his singers, all still in the back of the church, to very softly start singing "Steal Away to Jesus." They did, and suddenly everyone in the church was quiet, listening. One conference member wrote that the "soft, hauntingly beautiful music seemed to come from nowhere; it filled the church and seemed to fall gently on us all." Then, the rich, deep contralto of one of the girls could be heard above the other voices: "My Lord, He Calls me! He calls me by the thunder…" The audience requested that more spirituals be sung, and they were—that day and the next. Some who heard the singers were moved to tears.

(Peggy Robbins, *Saved by a Song*)

轻柔的圣歌

第二天还是照旧坐等。一下午快过去时,大会发言程序上突然出现耽搁情况,这时歌手们还都坐在教堂后边,怀特低声吩咐他们要特别轻柔地起唱"悄悄地去寻找耶稣"的歌。歌手们没有使怀特失望。教堂里一下子鸦雀无声,人们都在倾听着。一位大会会员写道:"轻柔萦绕人们心头的优美乐声,好像从天而降,充满了教堂,好像轻轻地落在我们大家身上一样"。接着,其中一个姑娘的丰富而又低沉的女低音脱颖而出,"上帝在召唤我,他用雷声召唤我…"听众要求再唱几首,他们如愿了。这天是这样,第二天还是这样。有些人听完后热泪盈眶。

(于学功 译)

Soothing Lullaby

Singing was allowed, being supposed to have a soothing quality, and one song, sung by an English sailor from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship. Either through the rocking of Jack or the length of his song. the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious sounds. An idea that this was happiness existed in the camp.

(Bret Harte, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*)

安神的催眠曲

唱歌是允许的,因为这被认为有安神的效果,有一支歌,是由一个从女王陛下澳大利亚殖民地来的英国水手唱开头的,变得非常流行,大家把它当作催

眠曲来唱。看着杰克抱着幸运儿左右摇晃像坐船似的，这景象是极动人的。不知是由于杰克的摇晃，还是由于没完没了的歌唱，催眠曲总是能收到预期的效果。在这样的时候人们总是舒展开身子躺在树下，浴着柔和的夏天的落日光，抽着烟斗，陶醉在悠扬的歌声中。当时营中有这样的看法：这便是幸福。

（王蓝 译）

Touching Music

Tess was conscious of neither time nor space. The exaltation which she had described as being producible at will by gazing at a star, came now without any determination of hers; she undulated upon the thin notes of the second-hand harp, and their harmonies passed like breezes through her, bringing tears into her eyes. The floating pollen seemed to be his notes made visible, and the dampness of the garden the weeping of the garden's sensibility. Though near nightfall, the rank-smelling weed-flowers glowed as if they would not close for intentness. and the waves of colour mixed with the waves of sound.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

和谐动人的乐声

苔丝也意识不到时间，也意识不到空间了。以前她讲过的那种由看星星而能随意生出来的超绝意境，现在并没经过她决心想要那样，就出现了；旧竖琴尖细的音调抑扬顿挫，她也跟着它起伏澎湃。和谐的琴声，像清风一般，沁入她的心脾，叫她眼里流泪。飘扬的花粉，好像就是曲调变成、目所能睹的东西。花园的湿气，好像就是花园受了感动而啼泣。夜色虽然就要来临，那气味难闻的丛芜开的花儿，却都放出光彩，仿佛聚精会神，不肯睡去；颜色的波浪和声音的波浪，也融合在一起。

（张谷若 译）

Pathetic Song

The air to which this is sung is a kind of droning recitative, depending much on expression and feeling. To read it, it may, perhaps, seem humorous; but it is that humour which is near akin to pathos; and to those who have seen the distress it describes it is a powerfully pathetic song. Margaret had both witnessed the destitution, and had the heart to feel it, and withal, her voice was of that rich and rare order, which does not require any great compass of notes to make itself appreciated.

(Mrs Elizabeth C. Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

深沉动人的歌曲

这支歌曲的调子像是一种平淡的朗诵，全靠唱歌人的表情和声调。读起来也许会觉得滑稽，但是这一种滑稽是和悲感十分相近的，要是听的人曾经亲眼目睹过它所描写的那种惨况，那么，这一支歌曲就非常沉痛动人。玛格丽脱眼见过那种贫困的景象，心里起了共鸣；她的声调又那样浓厚，真是天赋的歌喉，因此不需要十分渲染，听的人已经被她深深地感动了。 （张谷若 译）

2. Painting 绘画

Monna Lisa

The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? （Walter Pater, *Monna Lisa*）

蒙娜·丽莎

一番风采临着水次如此奇妙地亭亭玉立，表现的是千百年来人们想方设法渴望的神韵。她的头像是"天涯海角众心所归"，眼睑显出几分倦意。那是呕心沥血倾注于肉体的一种美，一点一滴积聚着奇思异想和刻骨的激情。在一位莹白的希腊女神或古代佳丽的身旁，如果把蒙娜·丽莎这幅画略放片刻，这种美准会使得她们惶惶不安，原来充满病态的灵魂已经化入了蒙娜·丽莎的美！ （杨自伍 译）

An Obscure Picture

But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long, limber, portentous, black mass of something hovering in the centre of the picture over three blue, dim, perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast. A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a sort of indefinite, half-attained, unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous painting meant. Ever

and anon a bright, but, alas, deceptive idea would dart you through. —It's the Black Sea in a midnight gale. —It's the unnatural combat of the four primal elements. —It's a blasted heath. —It's a Hyperborean winter scene. —It's the breaking-up of the ice-bound stream of Time.

(Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*)

令人费解的绘画

但是最使人大惑不解的是:在那张画的中央,有一团又长又黑又软的、其兆不祥的什么东西,翱翔在三根暗蓝色的直线上,而这三根直线又在一种形容不出的气泡似的东西中晃荡着。这张泥泞、潮湿、又摆动不息的图画,真够教一个胆小鬼精神错乱。然而,它可又有一种无限的、半青半黄的、难以想象的崇高性,足以使人对它依依不舍,直教你不由自主地立起誓来:非把这幅不可思议的油画的含义给找出来不可。虽然不时会冒出一种似乎豁然开朗,然而可惜是靠不住的想象来——是午夜风暴的黑海。——是四行的阅墙之争。——是一种枯萎的石南灌木。——是一种北方乐土的冬景。——是时代之冰封溪流在解冻。

(曹庸 译)

Most Poetical Painter

Poussin was, of all painters, the most poetical. He was the painter of ideas. No one ever told a story half so well, nor so well knew what was capable of being told by the pencil. He seized on, and struck off with grace and precision, just that point of view which would be likely to catch the readers' fancy. There is a significance, a consciousness in whatever he does (sometimes a vice, but oftener a virtue) beyond any other painter. His Giants sitting on the tops of craggy mountains, as huge themselves, and playing idly on their Pan's-pipes, seem to have been seated there these thousand years, and to know the beginning and the end of their own story. And infant Bacchus or Jupiter is big with his future destiny. Even inanimate and dumb things speak a language of their own. His snakes, the messengers of fate, are inspired with human intellect. His trees grow and expand their leaves in the air, glad of the rain, proud of the sun, awake to the winds of heaven.

(William Hazlitt, *On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin*)

最具诗意的画家

普桑是所有的画家中最具诗意的。他是表现意境的画家。如此活灵活现

地言传一个故事，如此通晓以画笔传达故事的潜力所在，古今一人而已。可能引起读者遐想的那个视角，他把握住了，一挥而就，笔墨潇洒而精致。凡所命笔(时而也有瑕疵，不过更多的则是妙笔)，其中都包含着一番意蕴，一番领悟，其他任何画家都望尘莫及。他笔下的巨人都坐在悬崖峭壁的山顶，高大得如巍巍群山，悠然地次着排箫，俨然稳坐了三千载，仿佛知道自己身世的来龙去脉。婴儿的巴克斯或朱庇特孕育着自身的未来命运。甚至无生命不会言语的东西也表达着属于它们的语言。他画中的蛇，天命的使者，无不灌注着人的智力。他画中的树木欣欣向荣，绿叶繁茂直入九霄，为甘霖而喜悦，为太阳而自豪，天际四面的来风恍然有觉。 (杨自伍 译)

Haunting Portraits

He looked up, and perceived two life-size portraits on panels built into the masonry. As all visitors to the mansion are aware, these paintings represent women of middle age, of a date some two hundred years ago, whose lineaments once seen can never be forgotten. The long pointed features, narrow eye, and smirk of the one, so suggestive of merciless treachery: the bill-hook nose, large teeth, and bold eye of the other, suggesting arrogance to the point of ferocity, haunt the beholder afterwards in his dreams. (Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

过目难忘的画像

他抬头看去，只见嵌在墙里头的木板上，有两个活人一般大的画像。到过这所宅第的人全都知道，那是两个中年妇人的画像，论年份大概是二百年以前，画像上的面貌很特别，只要见过一次，就永远不会再忘。一个是又长又尖的嘴脸，眯缝眼，把嘴裂着强作笑容，一股奸险无情的神气；那一个是鹰鼻子，大牙齿，瞪着两只大眼睛，气焰万丈，差不多要吃人的样子。看见过这两副脸的人，做梦也非梦见它们不可。 (张谷若 译)

Attractive Painting

An oil painting caught and held him. A heavy surf thundered and burst over an outjutting rock; lowering stormclouds covered the sky; and, outside the line of surf, a pilot-schooner, close-hauled, heeled over till every detail of her deck was visible, was surging along against a stormy sunset sky. There was beauty, and it drew him irresistibly.

(Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

引人入胜的油画

一幅油画吸引了他的视线，把他迷住了。一股大浪轰隆隆地冲击在一块突出的岩石上，卉得浪花四溅；天空中一片黑压压的孕育着暴风雨的乌云；那道浪涛以外，有一条迎风行驶的领港帆船，船身倾斜得使甲板上什么东西都看得见，正在破浪前进，背景是一个风雨欲来、落日映照的天空。画幅上洋溢着美，不可抗拒地把他吸引住了。（吴芬 译）

Reproduction

He had various folios of reproductions, and among them a cheap print from Fra Angelico's "Entry of the Blessed into Paradise." This filled Anna with bliss. The beautiful, innocent way in which the Blessed held each other by the hand as they moved towards the radiance, the real, real, angelic melody, made her weep with happiness. The floweriness, the beams of light, the linking of hands, was almost too much for her, too innocent. (D.H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

名画赝品

威尔手头有好几幅复制的名画，其中有一幅是弗洛·安琪利珂《进入天堂》一画的廉价复制品。这幅画给安娜带来了无穷快乐。正在升入天堂的有福的人们手拉着手步向光明，那神态、那举止，美丽而纯真，还有那流水般的天使似的旋律，看得安娜流下幸福的泪水。那似锦的繁花，那和煦的阳光，亲密的握手，一切的一切简直太丰富，太纯真了。（马志刚 齐元涛 译）

Charm of the Portrait

Another reflector-lamp fixed to the wall illuminated a large full-length portrait of a woman, which attracted Levin's involuntary attention. It was Anna's portrait painted in Italy by Mikhaylov. … Levin looked at the portrait, which in the bright illumination seemed to step out of its frame, and he could not tear himself away from it. He forgot where he was, and without listening to what was being said gazed fixedly at the wonderful portrait. It was not a picture, but a living and charming woman with curly black hair, bare shoulders and arms, and a dreamy half-smile on lips covered with elegant down, looking at him victoriously and tenderly with eyes that troubled him. The only thing that showed she was not alive was

that she was more beautiful than a living woman could be.

(Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*, trans. Margareet Wettlin)

妩媚动人的女士画像

安装在墙壁上的另外一盏反光灯照亮了一幅女人的全身大画像,引得列文不由自主地注目起来。这是安娜的画像,是在意大利时米哈罗夫画的。……列文定睛凝视着那幅画像,它在灿烂的光辉下好像要从画框中跃跃欲出,他怎样也舍不得离开。他甚至遗忘了他在哪里,也没有听见在谈论些什么,只是一个劲儿目不转睛地凝视着这幅美妙得惊人的画像。这不是画像,而是一个活生生的妩媚动人的女人,她长着乌黑卷发,袒肩露臂,长着柔软的汗毛的嘴角上含着沉思得出了神的似笑非笑的笑意,用一双使他心花缭乱的眼睛得意而温柔地凝视着他。她不是活的,仅仅是由于她比活着的女人所能有的美丽更美。

(草婴 译)

Amateur Painter

"Then here is my last" —unclosing a pretty sketch of a gentleman in small size, whole-length—"my last and my best—my brother, Mr. John Knightley. —This did not want much of being finished, when I put it away in a pet, and vowed I would never take another likeness. I could not help being provoked; for after all my pains, and when I had really made a very good likeness of it—(Mrs. Weston and I were quite agreed in thinking it very like)—only too handsome—too flattering—but that was a fault on the right side—after all this, came poor dear Isabella's cold approbation of —'Yes, it was a little like—but to be sure it did not do him justice.' We had had a great deal of trouble in persuading him to sit at all. It was made a great favour of; and altogether it was more than I could bear;…"

(Jane Austen, *Emma*)

业余画家

"这是我最近才画的一幅",她展开一张尺寸不大的画,上面是一位绅士的速写全身像。"这是我最近画的,也是我画得最好的一张——我的姐夫,约翰·奈特利先生。当时差不多快要画好了,可是我一生气,就把它撂下了,并且还发誓今后再也不画肖像画了。我当时怎么能不发火,我花了这么多功夫,画了一张这么好的像(韦斯顿太太和我都一致认为画得很像),只不过肖像要比本人好看一些,即使算错,也错不到哪里去。可是伊莎贝拉却冷言冷语地说:'画得还比较像,可是说实在的,并不像他的本来面目。'我们好不容易才说服他坐

下来，简直是天大的人情，我真受不了。” （袁德成 译）

Portrait of a Lady

Here, from the fading canvas, smiled Lady Elizabeth Devereux, in her gauze hood, pearl stomacher, and pink slashed sleeves. A flower was in her right hand, and her left clasped an enamelled collar of white and damask roses. On a table by her side lay a mandolin and an apple. There were large rosettes upon her little pointed shoes. He knew her life, and the strange stories that were told about her lovers. Had he something of her temperament in him? These oval heavy-lidded eyes seemed to look curiously at him. (Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*)

贵妇画像

瞧，伊丽莎白·德弗罗夫人从褪色的画布上在向他微笑。她头戴罗纱帽兜，身穿珠绣的三角胸衣，粉红色的袖子开着叉。她右手拿一朵花，左手握一条白玫瑰和红玫瑰的珐琅颈饰。她旁边的桌上放着一把曼陀铃和一只苹果。她的尖头小鞋上缀有绿色的大花结。道连对她的一生和关于她的好些情人的奇闻轶事有所了解。他身上有没有她的某些气质呢？那一对眼睑厚厚的细长眼睛仿佛在好奇地看着他。 （荣如德 译）

Portrait of a Young Woman

This portrait attracted the Count of Monte Cristo's attention, for he made three rapid steps in the chamber, and stopped suddenly before it. It was the portrait of a young woman of five or six and twenty, with a dark complexion, and light and lustrous eyes veiled beneath their long lashes. She wore the picturesque costume of the Catalan fisherwomen, a red and black bodice, and the golden pins in her hair. She was looking at the sea, and her shadow was defined on the blue ocean and sky.

(Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, trans. Lowell Bair)

青年女子的画像

这幅人像画吸引了基度山伯爵的注意，因为他在房间里急行三步，然后突然在画像前面停下来。画上是一个青年女子，年约二十五六岁，肤色微黑，在长长的睫毛下面，有一对水汪汪明亮的眼睛。她穿着美丽的迦太兰渔家女的服装，一件红色夹黑色的短衫，头发上插着金发针。她望着大海，背景就是蓝色的海与天。 （蒋学模 译）

Water-Colours

These pictures were in water colours. The first represented clouds low and livid, rolling over a swollen sea: all the distance was in eclipse; so, too, was the foreground, or rather, the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam, its beak held a gold bracelet, set with gems, that I had touched with as brilliant tints as my palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as my pencil could impart. Sinking below the bird and mast, a drowned corse glanced through the green water, a fair arm was the only limb clearly visible, whence the bracelet had been washed or torn.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

水彩画

这几张都是水彩画。第一张画的是:在波涛汹涌的大海上空,乌云低低地翻滚着,远处一片黑暗,前景也是这样,或者不如说最前面的巨浪也是这样,因为没有陆地。一线亮光把半沉的桅杆衬托出来。桅杆上栖息着一只鸬鹚,又大又黑,羽翼上溅着点点浪花。它嘴里衔着一只镶宝石的金镯。这我尽可能用我调色板上最鲜明的颜色来画,而且尽我画笔可能画得闪烁而清楚。碧波中隐隐约约可以看见一具淹死的尸体正在鸟儿和桅杆下面往下沉。一条美丽的胳臂是唯一看得清楚的肢体,金镯就是从那儿给水冲走或给鸟儿啄下来的。

(祝庆英 译)

3. Sculpture 雕塑(刻)

Spell of the Greek Statues

It is impossible, in Rome at least, to look long at a great company of Greek sculptures without feeling the effect of their noble quietude; which, as with a high door closed for the ceremony, slowly drops on the spirit the large white mantle of peace. I say in Rome especially, because the Roman air is an exquisite medium for such impressions. The golden sunshine mingles with them, the deep stillness of the past, so vivid yet, though it is nothing but a void full of names, seems to throw a solemn spell upon them. The blinds were partly closed in the windows of the Capitol, and a clear, warm shadow rested on the figures and made them more mildly

human. Isabel sat there a long time, under the charm of their motionless grace, wondering to what, of their experience, their absent eyes were open, and how, to our ears, their alien lips would sound. The dark red walls of the room threw them into relief; the polished marble floor reflected their beauty. (Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

希腊雕塑的魅力

长时间凝视着大量的希腊雕塑，一点也不受到它们那种崇高的宁静的感染，那是不可能的，至少在罗马是不可能的。它们好像在一间大房子里，关上了门，让和平的白色幕布慢慢降落在人们的心灵上。我说尤其是在罗马是这样，这是因为罗马的气氛是获得这种印象的最好媒介。金黄色的阳光笼罩着这些雕像，那伟大的静寂的过去，虽然只剩了一堆空虚的名字，这时仍显得栩栩如生，似乎赋予了它们一种庄严的魅力。神庙的百叶窗半关着，清晰温煦的阴影分布在雕像上，使它们变得那么柔和，仿佛真人一般。伊莎贝尔坐了很久，陶醉在那些一动不动、丰富多彩的形象面前。她感到奇怪，根据它们的经历，不知道它们那失神的眼睛在望着什么，它们那异族的嘴唇要向我们的耳朵倾诉些什么。室内那深红色的墙壁把它们映衬得更加轮廓鲜明，光滑的大理石地面反映出它们美丽的形体。（项星耀 译）

Classical Marble Bust

There were many marble busts on painted wooden pillars along the walls of the room they used for an office. The hall too, that the office opened on, was lined with them. They had the complete marble quality of all looking alike. Sculpture had always seemed a dull business—still, bronzes looked like something. But marble busts all looked like a cemetery. There was one fine cemetery though—the one at Pisa. Genoa was the place to see the bad marbles. This had been the villa of a very wealthy German and the busts must have cost him plenty. I wondered who had done them and how much he got. I tried to make out whether they were members of the family or what; but they were all uniformly classical. You could not tell anything about them.

(Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

古典式大理石雕像

在他们用作办公室的房间里沿着墙壁的油漆的木柱上，有很多大理石雕刻的半身像。通往办公室的过厅里也排列着这样的半身像。它们具有那种看

起来全是一模一样的十足大理石的品质。雕刻似乎始终是一种沉闷单调的玩艺——而青铜艺术品看来倒还像那么回事。可是那些大理石半身像看起来却像是一座公墓。虽说真有一座漂亮的公墓——一座在比萨的公墓。热那亚是看拙劣的大理石雕像的地方。这里曾经是一个非常富有的德国人的别墅，那些半身像准花了他不少钱。我不知道那到底是谁干的，他到手了多少钱。我想了解那些雕像是这个家庭的成员还是什么人，但是它们一律是古典式的。你辨别不出它们到底是什么。（林疑今）

Wood-Carving

Will Brangwen worked at his wood-carving. It was a passion, a passion for him to have the chisel under his grip. Verily the passion of his heart lifted the fine bite of steel. He was carving, as he had always wanted, the Creation of Eve. It was a panel in low relief, for a church. Adam lay asleep as if suffering, and God, a dim, large figure, stooped towards him, stretching forward His unveiled hand; and Eve, a small vivid, naked female shape, was issuing like a flame towards the hand of God, from the torn side of Adam. (D.H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

木刻

威尔·布朗文义在雕着自己的木刻。这是一种爱好，手里握着凿子时，他心里燃烧着激情，心中的激情随着钢凿的运动在慢慢升腾，他正在雕刻他一直想雕刻的"夏娃诞生"。这是为教堂雕刻的一块浮雕镶板；亚当在痛苦中沉沉睡去，上帝那模糊巨大的身影俯在他身上，一只袒露的手向前伸展着。夏娃，一个纤细、生动的裸体女人，刚从亚当的肋骨里分离出来，像火苗一样地燃向上帝伸出的手。（马志刚 齐元涛 译）

The Statue of Saint Clement

It was only then that Julien, pressed up against the gilded door and looking over the bare arm of one of the girls, saw the charming statue of Saint Clement. It was hidden beneath the altar, in the uniform of a young Roman soldier. There was a gaping wound in the neck from which blood seemed to flow. The artist had surpassed himself. The eyes, dying but full of grace, were half closed; a budding mustache adorned the charming mouth, which, slightly opened, still seemed to be praying.

(Henri Beyle Stendhal, *The Red and Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

圣克里蒙塑像

这时候，差不多只有于连一人，被挤得贴在镀金的门上，从一个少女赤裸

的胳臂之上，看见了圣克里蒙的美丽的塑像。这塑像在祭台的帷里藏着，穿着罗马少年军人的服装，颈上有一道宽的伤痕，好像血从那里流出的样子。艺术家完成了空前的创作，看他临死时半闭的眼睛，充满了温柔优雅的表情。他有很神气的短须，衬托出一张秀美的嘴，嘴半闭着，好像还在祈祷。

（罗玉君 译）

Grotesque Gargoyles

Weatherbury tower was a somewhat early instance of the use of an ornamental parapet in parish as distinct from Cathedral churches, and the gurgoyles, which are the necessary correlatives of a parapet were exceptionally prominent—of the boldest cut that the hand could shape, and of the most original design that a human brain could conceive. There was, so to speak, that symmetry in their distortion which is less the characteristic of British than of Continental grotesques of the period. All the eight were different from each other. A beholder was convinced that nothing on earth could be more hideous than those he saw on the north side—until he went round to the south. Of the two on this latter face, only that at the southwestern corner concerns the story. It was too human to be called like a dragon, too impish to be like a man, too animal too be like a fiend, and not enough like a bird to be called a griffin. This horrible stone entity was fashioned as if covered with a wrinkled hide, it had short erect ears, eyes starting from their sockets, and its fingers amd hands were seizing the corners of its mouth, which they thus seemed to pull open to give free passage to the water it vomited. The lower row of teeth was quite washed away, though the upper still remained. Here and thus, jutting from the wall against which its toes rested as a support, the creature had for four hundred years laughed at the surrounding landscape voicelessly in dry weather, and, in wet, with a gurgling and snorting sound.

（Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*）

奇异的滴水嘴雕刻

韦特伯里塔楼就是教区里在相当早的时候即已使用装饰护墙以区别于大教堂的一个例子，而滴水嘴是护墙必不可少的部分，尤其显得突出——是人类的双手所能作出的最豪放的雕凿，是人类的头脑所能想象出的最新颖的图样，其特点是大陆式的而不是英国式的；即风格固然奇异，但畸曲中有匀称。八个滴水嘴各不相同。凡是亲眼看见的人起先都会相信，世界上没有任何东西比

北面那些滴水嘴更为丑恶了;等他一转到南面,这种看法便会立即消失。南面这两个滴水嘴中只有东南角上的那一个与本故事有关:那样子太像人,不能说它像条龙;又太像鬼,不能说它像个人;又太像走兽,不能说它像鬼;又不太像飞鸟,不能称之为鹰头狮身飞兽。这个用石头凿成的可怕实体,好像给盖上了一层皱皱巴巴的皮,长着短小的耳朵,直挺挺地竖立着,眼珠从眼窝里鼓了出来,两手和十指紧抓住自己的嘴角,好像是要把它拉开来,让自己吐出的水自由往外淌;下牙已全被冲刷掉,上牙倒安然无恙。这只怪兽从它落脚支住身子的墙头上伸出两只前脚,用这个样子在这儿对四周的景物嘲笑了四百年,晴天寂然无声地干笑,雨天就响着咯咯的、哼哼的声音讥笑。 (傅越寰等 译)

4. Dance 舞蹈

The Function of Dancing in Life

But when we look at the function of dancing in life from a higher and wider standpoint this episode in its history ceases to occupy so large a place. The conquest over dancing has never proved in the end a matter for rejoicing, even to morality, while an art which has been so intimately mixed with all the finest and deepest springs of life has always asserted itself afresh. For dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. (Havelock Ellis, *The Art of Dancing*)

舞蹈在生命中的作用

但是一旦我们从更高更广的立场来看待跳舞在生命中的作用,便会发现舞蹈历史上的这段曲折不再占据如此重要的地位。战胜舞蹈绝对证明不了最终是一件值得欣喜的事情,即使对于道德而言;这门艺术已经和生命中一切最美好最深远的源泉水乳交融,所以始终能够重见天日。跳舞乃是诸门艺术中最高尚、最感人、最美丽的,因为它不单单是生命的转化或摄取,它是生命本身。 (杨自伍 译)

Graceful Dancer

She was not tall, although the graceful lines of her slender figure made her seem to be so. Her colouring was dark, but it was easy to see that in the daylight her skin probably had the beautiful golden luster of Andalusian and Roman women. She was dancing and whirling on an old Persian carpet carelessly spread out on the pavement. Her large black eyes

flashed fire.

All eyes were fixed upon her, all mouths hung open. As she danced to the rhythm of the tambourine which her round, delicate arms held over her head, she seemed to be some sort of supernatural creature, with her billowy, multicolored dress, her bare shoulders, her shapely legs, which her skirt revealed from time to time, her jet-black hair and her fiery eyes.

(Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, trans. Lowell Bair)

迷人的舞姿

她个儿不高,但她苗条的身材,优美的曲线,使她显得亭亭玉立。她肤色黝黑,不过,在白天看,她的皮肤很可能有安达卢西亚女人或罗马女人那种美丽的金光。她舞着、转着,脚下的人行道上,马马虎虎地铺着一张伯波斯地毯。她那黑色的大眼睛投射出灼热的目光。

所有的人都注视着她,张着嘴巴。她舞着,滚圆优美的双臂高举过头,把那巴斯克手鼓嘭嘭敲响,色彩斑驳的衣裙波浪似地起伏,双肩袒露,裙子飘撒,不时可见线条美妙的小腿,秀发如漆,目光似火,真是个超自然的生灵!

(陈敬容 译)

Cheerful Men's Dances

A high shrill scream ripped above the airy wavering of the pipes, the tune became 'All the Blue Bonnets over the Border', the sabers were scooped up, and every man in the room swung into the dance, arms linking and dissolving, kilts flaring. Reels, strathspeys, flings; they danced them all, feet on the board floor sending echoes among the rafters, buckles on shoes flashing, and every time the pattern changed someone would throw back his head, emit that shrill, ululating whoop, set off trains of cries from other exuberant throats. While the women watched, forgotten. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

欢快的男子舞蹈

一声又高又尖的喊声压过了轻盈颤抖的风笛声,曲子变成了"边疆蓝色女帽曲",两把长剑架了起来,屋里所有的男人都旋转着跳起舞来,胳臂忽而挽起,忽而松开,短裙张开了。他们跳着苏格兰双人舞,斯特拉斯贝舞,福令舞。大伙全都在跳着,脚踏在木板地上的声音在椽间回响着,鞋上的扣带闪着光,每次变换队形时,总有人一仰脑袋,发出一种尖叫。这种大叫大嚷,引得其他人也亮开兴高采烈的嗓门叫喊起来。与此同时,女人们则观看着,忘记了

一切。 （曾胡 译）

Dancing Dumb Show

The Contessa was ready first. Alexander went to the piano, a space was cleared. Orpah, in beautiful Oriental clothes, began slowly to dance the death of her husband. Then Ruth came, and they wept together, and lamented, then Naomi came to comfort them. It was all done in dumb show, the women danced their emotion in gesture and motion. The little drama went on for a quarter of an hour.

(D.H.Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

哑剧舞蹈

康泰萨第一个打扮完毕，亚历山大去弹钢琴，场地清开了。扮演奥帕的康泰萨一身漂亮的东方打扮，悠扬地起步跳起她丈夫的忠魂舞。接着露丝出场了，她俩悲恸欲绝，哀悼不已；一会儿诺米又出场了，前来安慰她们。整场戏都是用哑剧形式表演，扮演者只用舞姿和手势来表达自己的感情。这出戏整整演了一刻钟。 （庄彦 译）

Morris-Dancers

I was told that the wife or sweetheart of every Morris-dancer takes special pains to deck her man out more gaily than his fellows. But this pious endeavour had defeated its own end. So bewildering was the amount of brand-new bunting attached to all these eight men that no matron or maiden could for the life of her have determined which was the most splendid of them all. Besides his adventitious finery, every dancer, of course, had in his hands the scarves which are as necessary to his performance of the Morris as are the bells strapped about the calves of his legs. Waving these scarves and jangling these bells with a stolid rhythm, the six peasants danced facing one another, three on either side, while the minstrel fluted and the dysard strutted around.

(Sir Max Beerbohm, *The Morris Dancers*)

跳莫里斯舞的人

我听人说，每个跳莫里斯舞的人的娘子或心上人，比起他的伙伴来，都特意费心把她的男人打扮得格外光鲜些。可是这一片用心良苦却适得其反。所有八个男子身上贴的簇新的彩旗连成一片，使人眼花缭乱，结果妇人或少女寻

思来寻思去，还是无法确定其中哪个才是最风光的。每个跳舞的人，除了那身华丽的服饰，当然双手还拿着丝巾，如同系在腿肚子上的响铃，都是他表演莫里斯舞所必要的。一面摇晃着丝巾，一面跺足发出丁丁当当的铃响，伴着呆板的节奏，六位庄稼汉面对面地跳着，一边三个，同时奏乐的吹起长笛，看场儿的则神气活现地走来走去。（杨自伍 译）

Hawaiian Hula-Hula Dance

Then half a dozen hula-hula girls came undulating barefoot into the pink spotlight, their grass skirts audibly swishing. They danced and sang, then broke their chorus line to move out along the cleared floor, inviting diners to dance with them. One by one men jumped up to face the girls and hula, some kicking off their shoes. Mostly they clowned. The most beautiful girl, who looked more Eurasian than Hawaiian, came weaving her hips toward the Henry table. Seeing the decorated cake at Warren's place, she turned a brilliant smile at him, and extended beckoning hands.

"Go ahead, darling," said Janice. "Show them how it's done."

With a serious expression Warren got to his feet and faced the grass-skirted girl. He did not take off his shoes. Moving with grace, maintaining the dignity of his gold-winged white uniform, he danced a cold correct hula-hula. (Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

夏威夷呼拉圈舞

接着六个跳呼拉圈舞的姑娘赤着脚扭着波浪起伏似的舞步，进入粉红色的聚光灯照明圈，她们的草裙发出悉悉卒卒的声音。她们边唱边跳，后来打破合舞的队形，在空舞池中分散开来，邀请就餐的客人同她们一起跳舞。男人一个接一个跳起来，面对姑娘们，跳起呼拉圈舞来，有的甩掉了他们的皮鞋。他们大都只是做出一些滑稽的动作罢了。那个最漂亮的姑娘，看上去更像个欧亚混血儿而不太像夏威夷人，扭着屁股向亨利的桌子走过来。看到华伦座位前那个花式蛋糕，她向他娇媚地微笑，伸出双手来招呼他。

"去吧，亲爱的，"杰妮丝说，"让他们看看应该怎么跳的。"

华伦带着严肃的表情站起来，面对着那个穿草裙的姑娘。他没脱掉皮鞋，优雅地摆动着身子，保持着他那身有一双金翼的白军服的尊严，冷冰冰地跳着循规蹈矩的呼拉圈舞。（王圣珊 等译）

Dancing to the Lord

And she lifted her hands and danced again, to annul him, the light

glanced on her knees as she made her slow, fine movements down the far side of the room, across the firelight. He stood away near the door in blackness of shadow, watching, transfixed. And with slow, heavy movements she swayed backwards and forwards, like a full ear of corn, pale in the dusky afternoon, threading before the firelight, dancing his non-existence, dancing herself to the Lord, to exultation.

He watched and his soul burned in him. He turned aside, he could not look, it hurt his eyes. Her fine limbs lifted and lifted, her hair was sticking out all fierce, and her belly, big, strange, terrifying, uplifted to the Lord. Her face was rapt and beautiful, she danced exulting before her Lord, and knew no man. (D.H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

为上帝而舞

她又抬手舒臂跳起舞来,丝毫不把他放在眼里。她在做着优美而舒缓的舞蹈动作。火光照耀着她的膝盖。她在火光中跳着舞着,走向屋子的另一端。他就站在门口,阴沉着脸,看着她跳舞,惊得目瞪口呆。她拖着沉重缓慢的脚步,在房间里来来回回地跳着,宛如一穗饱满的玉米,在昏黄的下午她显得脸色苍白,在炉火前面穿来穿去地舞着,似乎他不存在,她在为上帝跳舞,在为快乐而舞。

他看着她跳舞,灵魂在灼热地燃烧。他转过身去,他不想看,她那模样太刺眼。她优美的四肢举着、开着,头发胡乱地披散着,她的肚子,那硕大、古怪而可怕的肚子向上帝腆着。她脸上露出狂喜的神情,美丽动人。她在上帝面前纵情地舞着,不把任何男人放在眼里。 (马志刚 齐元涛 译)

Intensely Physical

The way they danced was intensely physical. They all huddled together in the middle of the room and, rubbing each other's heads with one hand—most were shaved on top—and holding themselves closely together with the other, they jumped up and down. Each tune was played at the same brutal and breathless speed, and the lads, to keep up, had to do a lot of jumping. The tune ended. The lads bent over, breathing heavily. Neil put on some-thing that my untutored ear was unable to distinguish from the last thing he had taken off, and the lads were off again: they clasped each other, rubbed their heads a bit and started jumping up and down. (Bill Buford, *A Racialist Group in England*)

原始的舞蹈方式

他们跳舞的方式极为原始。他们都挤拢在房间的中央，上下跳动，相互用一只手摩旁人多半是剃光了的头。每个曲子都奏得极快，冷酷而使人透不过气来，而小伙子们为了跟上节拍，得不断地跳跃。音乐停了。他们弯着腰，大声喘息。尼尔换了唱片，我这未经训练的耳朵不能区别它跟换下的那张有什么不同。小伙子们又开始了，他们相互拥抱，摩一下彼此的头，又上下蹦跳起来。（凡夫 译）

5. Literature 文学

Literatures in Contrast

One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman—of some vigour of mind, but by no means a poet—seem in his verse than in his prose! His verse partly suffers from his not being really a poet, partly, no doubt, from the very same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with thorough success in it. But how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp it is just the reverse: set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent; set him to write prose, he is free, natural and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets.

(Matthew Arnold, *The Spirit of the English Nation*)

英法文学对比

在看待个人作品的时候，人们不妨经常谈谈这样一种见解：一般来说，任何一个英国人——他具有某种思想的生机，但决算不上诗人——在诗歌方面的表现力，似乎要比他在散文方面的表现力出色得多！他的诗算不得上乘之作，一方面因为他毕竟不是个真正的诗人，一方面也因为那些损害他散文作品的瑕疵，无疑也同样反映在他的诗歌作品中，所以他无法淋漓尽致地表露自己的创造力。但是一个常人，就凭着情感、独创能力和意念的涌动，在诗作中所透出的气势，远比他写作的散文磅礴有力！就同样类型的法国人来说，情况恰恰相反：让他去创作诗歌，他才情有限，矫揉造作，诗句萎顿无力；让他写作散文，他却如行云流水，挥洒自如，感人至深。法兰西文学的力量，在于它的散文作家；英国文学的力量，植根于它的诗人之中。（张增健 译）

Writing Nothing but Verities

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and , worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands. (William Faulkner, *Address upon Receiving the Nobel Prize for Literature*)

只写下真情实感

作家必须把这些铭记于怀,必须告诫自己;最卑劣的情操莫过于恐惧。他还要告诫自己:永远忘掉恐惧。占据他的创作室的只应是心灵深处的亘古至今的真情实感、爱情、荣誉、同情、自豪、怜悯之心和牺牲精神,少了这些永恒的真情实感,任何故事必然是昙花一现,难以久存。他若是不这样做,必须在一种诅咒的阴影下写作。因为他写的不是爱情而是情欲;他所写的失败里,谁也没有失去任何有价值的东西;他所写的胜利里没有希望,而最糟糕的还是没有怜悯或同情。他的悲伤并不带普遍性,留不下任何伤痕。他描写的不是人的灵魂而是人的内分泌。 (张子清 译)

Literature—the Medicine for Grief

The lover of literature has a medicine for grief that no doctor can furnish; he can always transmute his pain into something precious and lasting. None of us in this world can expect to be very happy; the proportion of happiness to unhappiness in the average human life has been estimated as something less than one-third. No matter how healthy or strong or fortunate you may be, every one of you must expect to endure a great deal of pain; and it is worthwhile for you to ask yourselves whether you cannot put it to good use. For pain has a very great value to the mind that knows how to utilize it. Nay, more than this must be said; nothing great ever was written, or ever will be written, by a man who does not know pain. All great literature has its source in the rich soil of sorrow; and

that is the real meaning of the famous verses of Goethe.

(Lafcadio Hearn, *Medicine for the Grief of Lovers of Literature*)

文学——排忧的良药

文学爱好者拥有一种排忧良药，那是医生无法提供的。他总是能把痛苦转化为一种宝贵而长存于世的东西。我们生在世界上，没有一个人能指望过得非常幸福。就一般人来说，幸福与不幸福之比，估计前者还不到三分之一。一个人不论多么健康茁壮，多么幸运，他肯定还是要尝受好些痛苦的，这原是意料中的事。你是否能好好利用这些痛苦的经验，是值得你反躬自问的，因为痛苦对善于利用它的人是很有价值的。我还得进一步说，一个不知道痛苦为何物的人，他是写不出伟大的作品的，不论过去或未来都是如此。一切伟大的文学作品都产生于悲痛的沃土，这便是歌德一首首著名诗篇的真谛。

(傅举晋 译)

Comment on "The Odyssey"

What can I say? It's a page turner, all right, not like the author's first book, which was too static, all concerned with unity of place and tediously overplotted. By the time the reader reached the third battle and the 10th duel, he already got the idea. But this second book is a totally different thing: it reads as smooth as silk. The tone is calmer, pondered but not ponderous. And then the montage, the use of flashbacks, the stories within stories. In a word, this Homer is the right stuff. He's smart.

(Umberto Eco, *Sorry, Mr. Homer, Your Epic Is Marvelous, But It's Just Not Right for Us as Publishers*)

《奥德修记》评述

我能说什么呢？没有问题，这是部扣人心弦，令人爱不释手的佳作，不像作者的第一部作品那么拖沓，一味拘泥于地点一致，结构过于斧凿，以致单调乏味。读到第三场战役或第十场决斗，已大致知道结局如何分晓。但是这部作品却完全不同，读来淋漓尽致，行文极为流畅。叙述从容不迫，深沉而不做作。而尤为突出者是全书的蒙太奇手法，闪回的恰到好处的运用，故事套故事的技巧……总而言之，荷马的这部作品完全符合市场需要。他确是个聪明人。

(董乐山 译)

Literary Achievements of Brobdingnag

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid, for they

avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the latter I was much diverted with a little old treatise which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bedchamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind and is in little esteem except among women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from the inclemencies of the air or the fury of wild beasts. How much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*)

巨人国的文学成就

他们的文章风格清丽、雄健、流畅，但是并不华丽，因为他们最忌堆砌不必要的词藻，最忌使用各种不同的说法。他们的书我读了不少，特别是关于历史和道德方面的书籍。至于其他的书籍，我最喜欢阅读老是摆在葛兰达克利赤卧房中的那一本小书。这本书是她的女教师的。这位老成持重的太太喜欢阅读关于道德和宗教的著作。这本书论述人类的弱点，除了妇女和世俗人喜欢读它以外，并不受到重视。不过我却很想知道这个国家的一位作家关于这个题目能有什么样的议论。这位作家论述了欧洲道德学家常常论述的各种主题，指出人本来是一个多么渺小、卑鄙无能的动物；既不能抗御险恶的天气，又不能抵抗凶猛的野兽；其他动物，论气力，论速度，论视力，论勤劳，各有所长，都远远超过人类。（张健 译）

Inarticulation

Of course it was beautiful; but there was something more than mere beauty in it, something more stingingly splendid which had made beauty its handmaiden. He sprawled silently on the ground, watching the grisly form of a great doubt rising before him. He had failed. He was inarticulate. He had seen one of the greatest things in the world, and he had not expressed it. (Jack London, *Martin Eden*)

言不达意

这篇小说当然是美的；然而它里头不但有美，还有些别的东西，别的更尖

锐更出色的东西，它使美屈居于使女的地位。他不作一声地趴在地上，眼看一个偌大的疑团像吓人的鬼影般在面前直竖起来。他失败了。他言不达意。他看到了世界上最伟大的事当中的一桩，可就是没有把它表达出来。

（吴芬 译）

Lawrence's Style

Some of Lawrence's techniques express his themes; others, his temperament and sensibility. Often a story is built around two couples, as in "Love Among the Haystacks." Writing, for Lawrence, depended on inspiration. Inspired, he worked in a white heat of creative energy; uninspired, he worked not at all. He never made notes but trusted to memory, always vivid in him when he wrote and creative of "a moment of heightened life." The background of "Love Among the Haystacks" is just such a vivid memory, recalling "The Haggs"—the farm where he met and loved Jessie Chambers. He cared little for "the art and craft of fiction"—or of poetry—and his novels, poems, and stories are loose in form, though unified by the intensity of the experience conveyed.

(Theodore Gross, *D. H. Lawrence*)

劳伦斯的文学风格

劳伦斯的某些写作技巧有助于表现他的主题思想；而另一些手法则体现出他的气质和敏锐感觉。往往一个故事围绕着两对男女进行，像《大草垛中的爱情》就是这样。在写作上，劳伦斯依靠灵感。灵感来时，他极度兴奋地写作，创造力源源涌至；缺乏灵感时，他干脆搁笔。他从不写笔记，而专靠记忆。在他开始动笔，并出现"精神亢奋之一刹"时，往事总是栩栩如生地展现在他面前。《大草垛里的爱情》的背景情节正是基于这种活灵活现的回忆：如对"赫格斯"农庄情景的追忆。这是他和杰茜·钱伯斯相识和相爱的地方。他对"写小说的技艺"或"作诗的技艺"并不太讲究，因而他写的长篇小说，诗歌和故事，在形式上总是松散的，但由于他所表达的生活经验异常强烈，依然收到紧凑连贯之效。

（邱禾 王跃平 译）

6. Movies and Television 电影、电视

Spielberg's Awesome Skill

Spielberg's treatment of this vast subject, played out on a broad, multidimensional canvas, is awesome. First of all, as can be expected

from a master storyteller, he recounts the story—darker than anything he has ever imagined—in fascinating detail, on the original sites in Krakow, including Schindler's actual factory and apartment. This is history, depicted intelligently, passionately and uncompromisingly—with the savagery intact. (Michael J. Bandler, *Crossing the Line: Steven Spielberg's "List"*)

斯皮尔伯格的高超技巧

斯皮尔伯格对这个宽广的主题——它展现在一幅宽阔的多层面的画布上直到结束——的处理是令人惊叹的。首先，像人们要求于第一流的说书人那样，讲述这个故事时——这个故事比他虚构过的任何事情更加黑暗——使用了吸引人的细节，使用了克拉科夫原来的旧址，其中包括真正是辛德勒的工厂和公寓套房。这是历史，斯皮尔伯格在描述它的时候见解高超、感情强烈、态度凛然——将那些令人发指的暴行原封不动地反映出来。 (贾高荣 译)

Dreamy Movie

Now a dreamy music was accompanying the film and train whistles were sounding in the distance, and he was a boy again walking along a railroad trestle down South, and seeing the train coming, and running back as fast as he could go, and hearing the whistle blowing, and getting off the trestle to solid ground just in time, with the earth trembling beneath his feet, and feeling relieved as he ran down the cinder-strewn embankment onto the highway, and looking back and seeing with terror that the train had left the track and was following him right down the middle of the street, and all the white people laughing as he ran screaming···

"Wake up there, buddy! What the hell do you *mean* hollering *like* that! Can't you see we trying to enjoy this here picture?"

He stared at the man with gratitude.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said. "I musta been dreaming."

(Ralph Ellison, *King of the Bingo Game*)

引人入梦的电影

现在，电影的伴乐变得十分柔和，引人入梦：从远处传来了呜呜的火车汽笛声。他又成了一个孩子，正在南方沿着铁路栈桥走着，看见火车向他开来，便转身拚命地逃跑。他听见火车就在身后吼叫，一下跳下栈桥，落到坚实的地面，才差一点没被压死，脚底的大地还在抖动。他跑过煤渣铺成的路堤，到达

公路时，感到松了口气。他回过头来看看，发现火车已经离开了轨道，追着他直向路中央冲来。他恐惧已极，尖叫着向前奔逃，所有的白人都在哈哈大笑……

"喂，朋友，醒醒。你乱叫什么！你不知道我们在看电影吗？"

他感激地望着那人。

"对不起，朋友，"他说，"我一定在做梦。"　　（庄和玲　译）

Candid Camera

"Just to make sure there's no mistake, we will repeat," said the loudspeaker, "Put shirts with starch in the red bag, shirts with no starch in the green bag, underwear in the yellow bag and sheets and pillowcases in the gray bag."

The woman madly juggled laundry from bag to bag in an effort to keep up with the new directions. Finally she realized it was a losing battle. Angrily she gathered up her scattered clothing and started for the shop door.

At this point a stocky, gray haired man burst out of the back room. "I'm Allen Funt." he called. "You're on Candid Camera!"

Then the woman caught on—the whole thing was a stunt for Funt's TV show, Candid Camera. She herself enjoyed the show, enjoyed watching Funt's reactions to them. She gave Funt permission to use the film of the stunt. And she was really looking forward to seeing herself on TV!　　(John Reddy, "*You're On Candid Camera*")

本来面目

"为了防止出差错，我们再说一遍，"扩音器说，"把要上浆的衬衫放到红色袋子里，把不上浆的衬衫放到绿色袋子里，内衣放到黄色袋子里，床单和枕套放到灰色袋子里。"

这位妇女又按照新的指令发疯似地把要洗的衣物在几个袋子里倒来倒去。末了，她意识到这是白费力气。她气鼓鼓地把散乱的衣物收集在一起，朝店门口走去。

这时候，一个白头发的矮胖男人从后面屋子蹦了出来："我是艾伦·芬特，"他说，"你上了'本来面目'镜头了！"

她这才恍然大悟，原来这一切都是在为芬特的电视节目'本来面目'拍摄噱头镜头。她自己很欣赏这节目，喜欢看芬特的恶作剧和看人们对这些恶作剧的反应。她同意芬特使用这个噱头的胶卷，并且她确实期待着在电视上看

到她自己！ （张镜 译）

TV Shows about Myths

In a way, it is old-fashioned television: six hours in which American TV journalist Bill Moyers and mythologist and teacher Joseph Campbell do little but sit in armchairs and talk. As American critic Robert Goldberg put it: "To think that—in this MTV age—people would actually stay still for six hour-long shows about philosophy and myths and religion is some sort of Quixotic notion. It's an idea so old-fashioned, so anti-hype, so anti-entertainment, it's positively at the cutting edge."

(Noel O'Hare, *The Importance of Myth in Our Lives*)

神话节目

在某种意义上说，这是一个老式的电视节目：在六个小时的节目时间里，美国电视记者比尔·莫耶斯和神话学家兼教师约瑟夫·坎贝尔只是坐在软椅上侃侃而谈。正如美国评论家罗伯特·戈德堡所指出的："如果设想一下在如今音乐电视的时代，人们真会坐在那儿一动不动地看完长达六个小时关于哲学、神话和宗教的节目，这岂不是有点像堂·吉诃德式的空想吗？这种想法多么过时，多么与夸张的广告、轻松的娱乐格格不入，可又绝对是个领先潮流的节目。"

（郝迎红 译）

Ⅺ. Sports 体育

1. Horse Racing and Car Racing 赛马、赛车

Serene Boy Punter

The child had never been to a race meeting before, and his eyes were blue fire. He pursed his mouth tight, and watched. A Frenchman just in front had put his money on Lancelot. Wild with excitement, he flayed his arms up and down, yelling "Lancelot! Lancelot!" in his French accent.

Daffodil came in first, Lancelot second, Mirza third. The child, flushed and with eyes blazing, was curiously serene. His uncle brought him four five-pound notes, four to one.

(D.H.Lawrence, *The Rocking-Horse Winner*)

沉着的赌马少年

孩子从未参加过赛马会,那双眼睛真像是发出蓝光的火焰。他撅着闭得紧紧的嘴,全神贯注地看着。坐在他正前面的是一个法国佬。他把钱押在兰斯洛特那匹马上。他激动得发狂似地上下挥舞双臂,一边又用带法国口音的英语高喊:"兰斯洛特加油!兰斯洛特快加油!"

马赛结果是黄水仙跑第一,兰斯洛特第二,米尔扎得了第三名。孩子虽说是满脸上泛出红晕,眼睛像是一团火,举止却异常沉着。舅舅给他取回四张五镑票面的钞票,押一赢四。 (孙骊 译)

Watching a Horse-Race

We went up in the grand-stand to watch the race. They had no elastic barrier at San Siro then and the starter lined up all the horses, they looked very small way up the track, and then sent them off with a crack of his long whip. They came past us with the black horse well in front and on the turn he was running away from the others. I watched them on the far side with the glasses and saw the jockey fighting to hold him in but he could not hold him and when they came around the turn and into the stretch the black horse was fifteen lengths ahead of the others. He went way on up and around the turn after the finish.

(Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

观看赛马

我们登上看台准备观看赛马。那时他们在圣西罗还没有橡皮围栏，发令员让所有的马排成一列，它们在跑道上显得很小，接着他挥起长鞭劈拍一声便把它们打发走了。马儿从我们面前跑过去，那匹黑马远远地跑在它们前头，在转弯的地方它跑离了马群。我在远处用望远镜观看它们，看见骑师在竭力使它不离开其他的马，但他控制不住它，当它们重又来到转弯处，奔入终点前最后一段赛程时，黑马已领先其他马十五个马身。它跑完最后一段距离以后继续向前跑到转角的地方。（林疑今 译）

Thrilling Auto Race

What follows must be heard to be believed. First one, then several, then all 33 engines sputter into life and begin to rev up. Racer engines do not, like limousines, purr with quietly contained power. They roar, they scream, they terrify—with a combined volume of 15,000 horsepower.

…To one who has never seen an auto race, the sport can be frightening, confusing and thrilling. A spectator needs sharpness of vision and patience. The track is so large that no more than a quarter of it is visible from any single seat. Moreover, it is no easy task to separate one car from another, so fast do they whiz by, and so much like do they seem.

(Jacquin Sanders, *Gentlemen, Start Your Engines!*)

惊心动魄的赛车

以后发生的事情，你如果不是亲自听到，是不会相信的。先是一辆，接着几辆，接着所有三十三辆赛车的发动机都发出劈劈啪啪的响声发动起来，越转越快了。与豪华轿车不同，赛车发动机不是带着安静的内在强大动力发出猫打呼噜的响声，而是发出令人害怕的轰鸣声、尖叫声，这些发动机的总功率达一万五千马力。

……对于从没有看过汽车赛的人来说，这项运动能使人感到恐惧、迷惑，令人惊心动魄。观众需要有敏锐的视力和耐心。赛车跑道范围非常之大，从任何一个座位上看也只能看到跑道的四分之一，此外，赛车风驰电掣而过，速度非常之快，每辆赛车又非常相象，要分辨出不同的赛车也不是一件容易的事情。（吴景堂 译）

2. Boxing and Wrestling 拳击、摔跤

Cruel Match

Dempsey's first title fight in 1919, against the aging champion Jess Willard, was called "pugilistic murder" by some sportswriters and is said to have been one of boxing's all-time blood baths. Today, this famous fight—which brought the nearly unknown twenty-four-year-old Dempsey to national prominence—would certainly have been stopped in the first minute of the first round. Badly out of condition, heavier than Dempsey by almost sixty pounds, the thirty-seven-year-old Willard had virtually no defense against the challenger. By the end of the fight, Willard's jaw was broken, his cheekbone split, nose smashed, six teeth broken of at the gum, an eye was battered shut, much further damage was done to his body. Both boxers were covered in Willard's blood. Years later Dempsey's estranged manager Kearns confessed—perhaps falsely—that he had "loaded" Dempsey's gloves—treated his hand tape with a talcum substance that turned concrete-hard when wet. (Joyce Carol Dates, *On Boxing*)

残酷的比赛

1919年，戴蒲西首次参加拳王争霸赛，对手是青春不再的现冠军杰西·威乐德。这场比赛被某些体育评论员称之为"拳击谋杀"，是拳击史上突前的血浴大战之一。这场大战虽便得原本鲜为人知，年仅二十四岁的戴蒲西誉满全国，但如果在今天举行，在第一回合的第一分钟便会被断然停赛。时已三十七岁的威乐德状态极差，体重比戴蒲西多了近六十磅，实际上毫无还手之力。大战结束时，威乐得下巴破碎，颧骨断裂，鼻子遭重创，六颗牙齿脱落牙龈，一只眼睛遭重击肿得睁不开，身上受到的打击更为严重。双方身上都沾满了威乐德的鲜血。几年之后，与戴蒲西疏远的经理克尔恩斯坦白说——或许不是实话——他在赛前曾给戴蒲西的拳击手套"加了东西"——用滑石材料将缠手胶带加以处理，胶带湿后会变得如同混凝土般坚硬。 (恩平 译)

Fighting for Championship

The fight, on March 8, 1971, lasted 15 rounds. Frazier was fast enough to slip under Ali's stinging right; Ali was strong enough to take Frazier's crunching left hook. Joe crowded in, drilling his fiercest body punches, always attacking; Ali, taking possibly the worst punishment of

his career, defended himself magnificently. But in the last round the left hand of Rubin Frazier finally reached all the way back to Beaufort County for a country punch that knocked Ali down. At the bell, Joe fell into Yank Durham's arms. The big man whispered, "You done it, Joe." The judges agreed, giving Joe unanimous decision. Frazier's share of the purse: $2.5 million. (William D. Ellis, *The Champ, Joe Frazier*)

拳王争霸

这场在1971年3月8日举行的比赛打满了15回合。弗雷泽反应灵敏，常能低头躲过阿里凌厉的右拳。阿里身体强健，在弗雷泽力能碎石的左钩拳下岿然不动，乔进身积极，全力猛击对方的身体，总是不停地进攻。阿里很可能是经受着他步入拳坛以来所遇到的最猛烈的袭击，可还是防守得极为漂亮。但是在最后一个回合鲁宾·弗雷泽的左手臂使出了小时候从博福特县得到的威力，一拳击倒了阿里。钟声响时，乔倒在扬克·达勒姆怀里。这位大个子轻声说："你赢了，乔。"裁判员也同意这个看法，他们一致裁决乔赢得了这场比赛。弗雷泽此次共获250万美元奖金。 （茅润龙 李用义 译）

Dissimilar Wrestlers

So the two men began to struggle together. They were very dissimilar. Birkin was tall and narrow, his bones were very thin and fine. Gerald was much heavier and more plastic. His bones were strong and round, his limbs were rounded, all his contours were beautifully and fully moulded. He seemed to stand with a proper, rich weight on the face of the earth, whilst Birkin seemed to have the centre of gravitation in his own middle. And Gerald had a rich, frictional kind of strength, rather mechanical, but sudden and invincible, whereas Birkin was abstract as to be almost intangible. He impinged invisibly upon the other man, scarcely seeming to touch him, like a garment, and then suddenly piercing in a tense fine grip that seemed to penetrate into the very quick of Gerald's being.

(D.H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*)

风格迥异的摔跤手

于是这两位男子汉又开始摔了起来。他俩很不相称。伯金人瘦，个高，骨头架子虽匀称但不粗壮。杰罗德则大相径庭，魁梧高大，骨架又粗又壮，在地上简直像身上带着一种特有的丰腴的引力，而伯金的引力则只存在于自己的重心之中。杰罗德具有丰腴和摩擦的力度，虽比较机械、呆板，但富有爆发力。

而伯金只具有一种抽象的魅力而且很难令人捉摸。他对别人造成的冲击是微妙的,似乎只能称其为触摸,像一件衣服。突然他死死地捉住对方不放,仿佛刺入到杰罗德最敏感的部位。 (庄彦 译)

Decisive Fight

It was a fight to a finish and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers and excitement ran fever high. The referee twice cautioned Pucking Percy for holding but the pet was tricky and his footwork a treat to watch. After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of the military man brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth the lamb suddenly waded in all over his man and landed a terrific left to Battling Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout clean and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was being counted out when Bennett's second Ole Pfotts Wettstein threw in the towel and the Santry boy was declared victor to the frenzied cheers of the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with delight. (James Joyce, *Ulysses*)

决战

这是一场殊死战,台上你死我活,台下激动万分。裁判两次警告拳手珀西犯规,但红人非常巧妙,他的脚步动作准确漂亮。两人互敬快拳,其中军人的一记有力的上手拳,把对手的嘴里打出不少鲜血,但绵羊突然全面进击,一记特猛的左拳落在背水一战的贝内特肚皮上,把他放倒在地。这一下是干净利索的击倒不起。全场尚在紧张屏息,倾听裁判对波托贝罗兵营的拳击家数数计时,贝内特的助手奥利·福兹·韦茨坦已给他盖上了毛巾,于是裁判宣布桑特里的小伙子获胜,全场观众爆发出疯狂似的欢呼声,人们纷纷越过拦索,将他紧紧地围在欢乐之中。 (金隄 译)

Unyielding Boxer

The gong struck, and the battle was on. The audience howled its delight. Danny covered three quarters of the distance in the rush to get together, his intention to eat up the Mexican lad plainly seen. He gave Rivera endless blows. It was not a fight. It was a slaughter, a massacre. The audience rarely saw Rivera, so closely was he enveloped in Denny's man-eating attack. Then in a separation the audience could see the Mexican. His lip was cut, his nose was bleeding, there were red bars

across his back. But what the audience didn't notice was that his chest was not heaving and that his eyes were coldly burning as ever.

(Jack London, *The Mexican*)

不屈不挠的拳击手

锣声响了,战斗便开始。观众们兴高采烈地狂呼起来。但尼猛冲到台面的四分之三处和对手交锋,他的意图很明白,他要吃掉这个墨西哥人。他不停地向里弗拉身上击去。这不是拳赛,这是屠宰,是虐杀。观众几乎见不到里弗拉,他被密密地笼罩在但尼的吃人的攻击之中。随后,在一段间隙中观众可以看到这个墨西哥人。他的嘴唇破了,他的鼻子流着血。他的背上露出横七竖八的血痕。然而观众所没有注意到的是:他的胸部没有起伏喘息,他的眼睛像往常一样冷冷地燃烧着。 (王蓝 译)

Driven by Rage

He had hardly been touched by a glove, the few blows he had taken only provoking his ever-smouldering rage. He was wild-eyed, almost spitting in passion, each of his opponents wearing Paddy's face, the yells and cheers of the crowd throbbing in his head like a vast single voice chanting *Go*! *Go*! *Go*! Oh, how he had ached for the chance to fight, denied him since coming to Drogheda! For to fight was the only way he knew of ridding himself of anger and pain, and as he landed the felling punch he thought the great dull voice in his ears changed its song, to *Kill*! *Kill*! *Kill*!

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

满腔愤怒

他几乎没挨上一拳,而他已经打出的可数的几拳反倒激起了他久已郁结在心头的怒气。他怒目圆睁,他的每一个对手都仿佛长着帕迪的面孔。人群发出的喊叫和喝彩声冲进他的脑子,好像有一个洪大的声音在叫着:上! 上! 上! 哦,他是多么渴望能有打架的机会啊。自从到了德罗海达,他还没有过这样的机会呢! 因为打架斗殴是他所知道的唯一能发泄自己的愤怒和痛苦的方法,当他打出使对方倒地的一拳时,他觉得耳朵里听到的沉闷的喊声变成了:杀! 杀! 杀! (曾胡 译)

3. Ball Games 球类

Making Every Effort

When the whistle blew to signal the opening kickoff, quiet fell on the

field and bleachers. The ball was booted into the air, and of course it began falling toward me. All I could think was, "Don't drop it!"

The ball came banging into my chest. Believe me, no mother ever clung to her child harder than I clung to that football. When I started moving forward, it was the progress of a man mad with fear, and no madman ever moved faster.

When the other team finally got their hands on me I was halfway up the field. I think I even got up running after they had tackled me.

The rest of the game I was in a kind of trance. I did everything a man would do to survive. When the game ended, I was one of the leading ground-gainers, having used only my favorite straight-ahead play. My mad rompings had scored one touchdown and helped with another.

(Warren Robertson, *Ten Football Stars and Yours Truly*)

全力以赴

当吹响了开球的哨子以后,球场和露天看台上鸦雀无声,球被踢到了空中,当然啦,球开始向我落下来。我只有一个念头:"千万别失球!"

球砰地一声打在了我的前胸上。请相信我,哪位母亲抱孩子也没有我抱那个橄榄球抱得紧,当我向前运动时,那是一个恐惧得发了狂的人在前进,并且即便是狂人也没运动得那么快过。

对方终于抓住我时,我已到了中场了。我相信,即使在他们抱倒我以后,我仍站起身来奋力奔跑。

在那场比赛的其余时间里,我处于精神恍惚状态。我做了一个人为了生存下去而会去做的一切事。比赛结束时,我是主要跑码手之一,采用的就是我那个唯一拿手的绝招儿:一个劲儿往前跑。我的发狂的跑撞获得了一次触端区得分,又帮助队友获得了另一次触端区得分。 (张镜 译)

Tough Match

"Run—run—another. Now, then, throw her up—up with her—stop there—another—no—yes—no—throw her up, throw her up!" Such were the shouts which followed the stroke; and, at the conclusion of which, All-Muggleton had scored two. Nor was 'Podder behindhand in earning laurels wherewith to garnish himself and Muggleton. He blocked the doubtful balls, missed the bad ones, took the good ones, and sent them flying to all parts of the field. The scouts were hot and tired; the bowlers were changed and bowled till their arms ached; but Dumkins and Podder

remained unconquered. Did an elderly gentleman essay to stop the progress of the ball, it rolled between his legs or slipped between his fingers. Did a slim gentleman try to catch it, it struck him on the nose and bounded pleasantly off with redoubled violence, while the slim gentleman's eyes filled with water and his form writhed with anguish. Was it thrown straight up to the wicket, Dumkins had reached it before the ball. In short, when Dumkins was caught out and Podder stumped out, All-Muggleton had notched some fifty-four, while the score of the Dingley Dellers was as blank as their faces. The advantage was too great to be recovered. In vain did the eager Luffey and the enthusiastic Struggles do all that skill and experience could suggest to regain the ground Dingley Dell had lost in the contest—it was of no avail; and in an early period of the winning game, Dingley Dell gave in and allowed the superior prowess of All-Muggleton.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

激烈的球赛

"跑呀——跑呀——再跑呀。——好啦,甩过来——甩——站住——另外一个——不——是——不——甩掉,甩掉!"——这些是接着那一击的叫唤;这一次的结果,"全玛格尔顿"得了两分。拔多在替自己和玛格尔顿争荣誉这方面,也不落后。他挡住可疑的球,放过坏的,看中好的,把它们打得飞到四面八方。外野手们跑得浑身又热又疲乏;投球手们换了又换,掷球掷得手臂发痛;而钝金和拔多兀然不败。一位上了年纪的绅士企图阻止球的前进,但是球从他的腿中间滚掉了,或者从他的手里滑掉了。有一位瘦绅士想接住它,但是它打着他的鼻子,带着双倍的力量轻快地跳走了。让那位瘦绅士的眼睛里泪汪汪的,痛得身体乱扭。假使球是直向三柱门投来的,钝金就已经比球先到。总之,钝金和拔多失利下场的时候,全玛格尔顿队已经得了五十四分,而丁格来谷队的分数还是像他们的脸一样的一片空白。这种形势是太难挽回了。发狠的路非和热心的史特勒格尔使尽了浑身的解数,还是不能挽救丁格来谷队在这场竞赛中的失败;——徒劳无功;这场悦目的竞赛还没有结束的时候,丁格来谷队就服输了,承认了全玛格尔顿的优越的本事。 (蒋天佐 译)

Swift Pitchers

If pitchers offer batters any comfort, it lies in the fact that they aren't quite as overpowering as they once were. In the old days, pitchers had a larger strike zone and softer baseballs, which they frequently altered with razor-sharp thumbnails and tobacco juice. Cy Young, the winningest

pitcher in history with 511 victories, was so sure of his skills that he got mad when certain batters even hit a long foul. During his heyday, Young threw fast balls so hard that, when his catcher missed them, they sometimes splintered the boards in the grandstand.

(Bill Surface, *Baseball's Tormented Magician*)

快捷的投球手

如果说投球手们也让击球手们舒服了一点的话,那就是因为他们现在不像过去那样占有压倒优势的缘故。过去,击球区较大,球也比较软,投球手们相信用锋利的大拇指甲和烟草汁在球上捣鬼。棒球史上取胜最多,达 511 次的赛伊·扬对自己的能力自信到了极点,以至即使在某些击球手击中一次大大出界的球时也会怒气冲冲。在他的全盛时期,扬投的快球非常之硬,以至当他的接球手没能接到球的时候,有时它们竟把正面看台的护板给打裂了。

(吴景堂 译)

Great Joy

Pro football involves so much necessary violence that players, particularly in the line, build up in themselves a towering hatred against their opponents. Crier, however, was different. He loved the game and played it with spirited, unsettling laughter. Somewhere in the course of each of his 142 bruising National Football League games, Rosey would pick up a flattened opposing ball carrier, stand him on his feet, slap him on the back and say, "You don't want a touchdown, man. You're just stallin' around for a time-out!"

Rosey has always appreciated tough competition. "When my competition is only fair, I'm only fair. When my competition is good, I'm great."

(William D. Ellis, *This Is Our House, Y'see*)

乐趣无穷

职业橄榄球比赛涉及许多的必要冲撞,以致队员们逐渐对他们的对手积怨如仇。然而,格里尔却与众不同,他热爱橄榄球运动,并且总是满怀激情地笑声朗朗地打球,使人感到突然。在他参加的 142 场争夺激烈,遍体鳞伤的全国橄榄球联盟比赛中,罗斯福常常扶起被撞到的对方抱球队员,让他站稳,并拍拍他的肩膀说:"你并不是想底线得分吧,朋友,你只是在拖延时间等到暂停。"

罗斯福十分喜欢激烈的争夺。他说:"若竞争对手球艺平平时,我的表现

也一般。若对手球艺非凡时，我临场发挥也就非常出色。” （夏飞 译）

Soccer Violence

Soccer is the most truly international team sport. (Most countries call it football.) Legend says that it started when two Cro-Magnon men started kicking around the skull of an enemy. There is still some question as to whether it should be called a game or open warfare. When England's Liverpool team journeyed to Italy in 1965 to play Inter of Milan, fans of the Milan team circled the visitors' hotel all night on 500 coughing motorcycles. When the Rangers of Glasgow, Scotland, went to Newcastle, England, and lost, their angry fans damaged much of the center city. In 1967, supporters of Turkey's Kayseri team set off a full-scale battle with pistols, knives and broken bottles against fans from neighboring Sivas. The result was 42 dead and more than 600 wounded.

(James A. Michener, *Soccer's Wild World Cup Scramble*)

足球暴力

足球比赛是真正最具世界性的一项整队作战的体育运动。(绝大多数国家称之为“足球”)传说曾有两名史前的克罗马农人把敌人的头颅当球踢来踢去。是把它称作体育比赛呢？还是算公开战斗？现在对此尚未定论。1965年英国利物浦队前往意大利同米兰的国际队进行足球赛。他们到达目的地后，米兰队的球迷们骑着500辆轰轰作响的摩托车整夜将客队住的旅馆团团围住。当苏格兰格拉斯哥的巡游者队到英格兰纽卡斯尔参加比赛，最终败于敌手时，该队愤怒的球迷们捣毁了市中心许多建筑物。1967年土耳其开塞利队的支持者们向邻城锡瓦斯队的球迷们发动了一场大规模战斗，使用了手枪、匕首和破瓶子等武器。这场冲突导致42人死亡，600多人受伤。 （夏飞 译）

Basketball Star

The Los Angeles Lakers were facing the Milwaukee Bucks in a pro basketball game at Milwaukee. The Los Angeles team had a plan to beat the Bucks. The star of the Bucks was their 7-foot, 1 $\frac{5}{8}$-inch center, Lew Alcindor. So the idea was to keep him from scoring. The Lakers would surround young Alcindor. They would never let him get his hands on the ball.

The plan worked—for the first two minutes of the game. Then Lew faked right, whirled left. He took two steps forward and three sideways. Then he leaped up like a moon rocket. At a height of 12 feet, he picked a pass out of thin air—and sent the ball through the basket.

Lew scored 46 points that night, winning the game for the Bucks.

(James Stewart-Gordon, *Take A Bow, Lew Alcindor*)

篮球明星

在密尔沃基市举行的一次职业篮球比赛中，洛杉矶的雷克斯队同密尔沃基的巴克队交锋。洛杉矶队有一个打败巴克队的计划。巴克队的最佳球星是身高7英尺1⅝英寸的中锋——卢·阿尔辛多。洛杉矶队的计划是不让阿尔辛多得分。雷克斯队员将把年轻的阿尔辛多团团围住，让他总也摸不到球。

在比赛的头两分钟，雷克斯队的计划很奏效，后来，卢向右边虚晃一下，急转向左边，他向前跑了两步，又向旁边跑了三步，然后他像一个发往月球的火箭似的一跃而起。在13英尺的高空，变戏法似的用手抓到传球，并把它稳稳地送进了篮筐里。

那天晚上卢得了46分，为巴克队赢得了这场比赛。 （王春丽 译）

4. Stunts 奇人绝活

Gifted Trainer

Gunther Gebel-Williams can command 18 tigers at once and direct a herd of 32 elephants by his voice alone. He has trained horses, leopards, pumas, zebras, even a giraffe. He is a phenomenally gifted trainer who has been seen and applauded by over 100 million people and has almost singlehandedly changed the way Americans think about wild-animal circus acts.

(John Culhane, *World's Greatest Showman*)

非凡的驯兽师

冈瑟·格贝尔-威廉斯只是用噪音就能同时支配十八只老虎和指挥一群三十二只的大象。他已经训练过一些马、豹、美洲狮、斑马，甚至还有一头长颈鹿。他是一位具有非凡才能的驯兽师，大约有一亿多人次的观众观看过他的演出并热烈喝彩。他几乎单枪匹马改变了美国人对野生动物马戏团节目的想法。 （闫显 译）

Excellent Skill

My eyes were fixed on his stubby fingers as they creased a small-

square of green paper into a triangle. Then he made 13 more firm folds, pressing evenly. When finished, he placed before me a lifelike frog. He pushed his finger down on its end—and it jumped four inches!

Next, he fashioned a yellow chick. Its beak was wide open, and its tiny feet were so exactly engineered that it balanced upright on them.

Such are the wonders of origami (or-ih-GAH-me), the Japanese art of paper folding. By tradition, models must be made only by folding paper, not by cutting it. How astonishing, then, to see the variety of origami figures. (Leland Stowe, *Paper Magic of Origami*)

巧夺天工

我的一双眼睛集中在他那粗短的手指上,它们正在把一块小小的绿色方块纸折成三角形。然后,他又用力折了13下,压平整。折完之后,他便把一只栩栩如生的青蛙摆在了我的面前。他用一个手指头按了一下那只纸青蛙的尾巴,青蛙竟跳了4英寸!

接着,他又折了一个黄色的小鸡。小鸡的嘴大张着,两只小爪折得极精确,竟然能够支撑着身体婷婷玉立。

这便是日本折纸艺术的魅力。传统上,只能是用折纸来制作物品的模型,而不能用剪纸来制作,因此,当你看到用折纸艺术制作出形形色色的人物形象时,你是多么惊奇呀! (张镜 译)

Skillful Priest

Then all at once there was a flash of black as a man—a priest—ran toward the cage. Grabbing a chair, he hurled it over the top of the cage and into the midst of the lions. They drew back, snarling. He shouted for someone to open the chute leading from the cage to pens offstage. Then, barehanded, he stepped into the cage.

The priest had never been alone in a cage with wild animals before. But he'd often watched trainers at work and knew the basic rules: show no fear; act with firmness. Picking up the trainer's stick, he began talking gently to the lions, edging them toward the chute. One cat whipped the air with a heavy paw. The priest poked him sharply, and the lion turned and ran into the chute. With his left hand the man in black signaled the band. As the music burst forth, the last lion, with a snap of its tail, fled.

(George Kent, *Circus Priest*)

技艺高超

说时迟那时快，一个黑色的人影——一位神父——闪电般地跑向狮子笼。他抓起一把椅子，把它猛地一下越过笼栅扔到狮子笼里，椅子在狮子群中间落下，狮子咆哮着后退了。他喊着叫人打开从狮笼通向幕内狮圈的笼道。然后他赤手空拳地走进了狮子笼。

这位神父以前从来未曾独自和野兽呆在一个笼子里。可是他过去经常观看驯兽员工作，了解了一些驯兽的基本原则：不要露出恐惧的神色，行动要坚定。他捡起那位驯狮员的长棍，开口向狮子们温和地说话，并把它们挤向那个笼道。有一头狮子举起一只沉重的爪子在空中抓了一下。神父用力地用棍子戳了它一下，那头狮子就转身跑进了笼道。这位穿黑衣的神父用左手示意乐队奏乐。音乐声响起时，最后的一头狮子猛地甩了一下尾巴也逃进了笼道。

（王春丽　译）

Dances on the Rope

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour, at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (Which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, Principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

（Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*）

绳上跳舞

只有那些正在候补朝廷中的重要官职和希望得到皇帝宠幸的人才来表演这种技艺。他们从小就受这种杂技表演的训练。他们并不一定都是贵族出身或者是受过高等教育。一遇到重要官职出缺，不管哪位官员是病死还是失宠

撤职(这都是常有的事),五六位候补人员就会呈请皇帝准许他们给皇帝和朝廷官员表演一次绳上跳舞,谁要是跳得最高,而且没有跌下来,谁就接任这个官职。大官们也常常奉命表演这种技艺,使皇帝相信他们并没有忘掉自己的本领。大家都认为财政大臣佛林奈浦在拉直的绳子上跳舞,跳得比全王国的任何大臣至少要高一英寸。我见过他在一只安装在绳子上的木盘里一连翻了好几个跟头,那根绳子只有英国普通的包扎绳那么粗。如果我并没有偏袒谁,那么据我看来,我的朋友内务大臣瑞颛沙的本领仅次于财政大臣;其余大臣的本领也都不相上下。 (张健 译)

Ⅻ. Towns and Cities 城镇

1. Urban Sights 城镇面貌

Marseilles during the Occupation

It had much changed. The people appeared peaked, weary, and impoverished. The long, wide, quiet Canebiere, all but empty of auto traffic, had a plague-stricken look. The rain-blurred shop windows offered scanty dusty things like badly made garments, cheap Vichy propaganda books, and cardboard luggage. The famous food markets were pitifully shrunken. The meat stalls that were not barred shut vended horrid scraps caked with black blood: tails, ears, guts, lungs. The few vegetables for sale were sparse, wilted, and wormy-looking. There was no fruit. Amazingly, there was no fish. All the famous stalls, which once had been piled with gleaming bright-eyed fish wet from the sea, and all manner of shellfish in beds of seaweed, were shuttered. The cancer of German conquest was visibly eating at Marseilles.

(Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*)

沦陷期的马赛

它变得多了。人们显得憔悴、困乏、贫穷。长长的、宽阔的、安静的卡内比埃林荫大街除了来往汽车之外不见一个行人，好像是经受过一场瘟疫的浩劫一般。被雨水淋得一片模糊的橱窗里只看得见区区几样积上了灰尘的货物，如做工粗劣的服装、不值一文的维希宣传读物以及纸板做的衣箱之类。著名的食物市场萎缩得叫人不忍卒睹。没有拉上铁栅宣告歇业的肉摊上出售的是些怕人的、跟发黑的死血凝成一块的尾巴、耳朵、肠子、肺之类的下水。摆出来卖的蔬菜呢，只是稀稀拉拉的、枯萎的、像是长了虫的那么几棵。水果根本没有。奇怪的是连鱼也看不见。所有那些出名的鱼摊，从前曾经堆满刚从海里打来的湿漉漉、亮晶晶、眼睛闪光的鱼，还有用海藻垫起来的各种海贝，现在全都停业了。一望可知，德国占领像癌症正在侵噬马赛。 (王圣珊 等译)

Tired Old Town

Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first

knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer's day; bony mules hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the sweltering shade of the live oaks on the square.…

People moved slowly then. They ambled across the square, shuffled in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

衰败老镇

梅康姆是个老城镇。在我第一次知道它的时候它就是一个衰败的老镇了。下雨天街上满是红土稀泥;便道上长了青草,法院就坐落在广场上。不知道怎么回事,那时候的天气更热一些。赶上夏天,一条黑狗热得呼呼喘;胡佛家的大车套的那头驴子在广场闷热的橡树荫里用尾巴撵着苍蝇。……

那时候人们的行动是迟缓的。他们慢条斯理地走过广场、在附近店铺遛遛逛逛、进进出出,无论做什么都不慌不忙。一天似乎比二十四小时要长些。谁都不必慌忙,因为没有地方去,没什么要买的,也没钱去买,在梅康姆的疆界以外也没什么可看的。但对某些人来说,那年头却有一种朦胧的乐观情绪:那时梅康姆刚刚听到这样一句话:除去恐惧本身之外,没有什么值得恐惧的。

(舒逊 译)

Little French Town

The little town of Verrieres may be regarded as one of the most attractive in Franche-Comte. Its white houses, with their steep red tile roofs, are spread over the slope of a hill whose slightest irregularities are marked by clumps of sturdy chestnut trees. The Doubs flows past several hundred feet below its fortifications, built long ago by the Spaniards and now in ruins.

(Henri Beyle Stendhal, *The Red and Black*, trans. Clifton Fadiman)

美丽的法国小城

维立叶尔小城可算是法朗士-孔德省里最美丽的城市当中的一个了。它

的白色的房屋，有着用红瓦盖成的尖尖的屋顶，疏疏密密，排列在一个山坡的斜面上，曲折蜿蜒的地方，却被一丛丛茁壮的栗树衬托出来。杜柏河在旧堡寨的下面，约有数百步的地方奔流着，这旧堡寨是从前西班牙人建筑的，到今天只剩下断瓦颓垣了。（罗玉君 译）

Industrial Town

It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steamengine worked monotonously up and down like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and tomorrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

(Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*)

工业革命早期的城镇

这是个到处都是机器和高耸的烟囱的市镇，无穷无尽长蛇似的浓烟，一直不停地从烟囱里冒出来，怎么也直不起身来。镇上有一条黑色的水渠，还有一条河，这里面的水被气味难闻的染料冲成深紫色，许多庞大的建筑物上面开满了窗户，里面整天只听到嘎啦嘎啦的颤动声响，蒸汽机上的活塞单调地移上移下，就像一个患了忧郁症的大象的头。镇上有好几条大街，看起来条条都是一个样子，还有许多小巷也是彼此相同。那儿的居民也几乎个个相似，他们同时进，同时出，走在同样的人行道上，发出同样的脚步声音，他们做同样的工作，而且，对于他们，今天跟昨天和明天毫无区别，今年跟去年和明年也是一样。

（全增嘏 译）

Building Atlanta

The people who settled the town called successively Terminus, Marthasville and Atlanta were a pushy people. Restless, energetic people from the older sections of Georgia and from more distant states were drawn

to this town that sprawled itself around the junction of the railroads in its centre. They came with enthusiasm. They built their stores around the five muddy red roads that crossed near the depot. They built their fine homes on Whitehall and Washington streets and along the high ridge of land on which countless generations of moccasined Indian feet had beaten a path called the Peachtree Trail. They were proud of the place, proud of its growth, proud of themselves for making it grow. Let the older towns call Atlanta anything they pleased. Atlanta did not care.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

发展中的亚特兰大

在这个先后叫做特尔米纳斯、马撒斯维尔和亚特兰大的市镇落户的人，都是很有闯劲的。这些好动而强壮有力的居民来自佐治亚州老区和一些更远的州县，他们被吸引到这个以铁路交叉点为中心向周围扩展的市镇上来。他们满怀热情而来，在车站附近那五条泥泞红土路交叉处的周围开起了店铺，他们在白厅大街和华盛顿大街，在地脊上那条由世世代代印第安人用穿鹿皮鞋的脚踩出的名叫桃树街的小径两侧，盖起了漂亮的住宅。他们为这个地方感到骄傲，为它的发展感到骄傲，为促使它发展的人，即他们自己，感到骄傲。至于那些旧的城镇，让它们高兴怎样称呼亚特兰大就怎样称呼去吧。亚特兰大是一点也不在乎的。

（傅东华 译）

London at Night

It is the moon that makes London by night beautiful in war-time. It is the moon that makes the north side of Trafalgar Square white with romance like a Moorish city, and makes the South Kensington Museum itself appear as though it had been built to music. London under the moon is a city of wonder, a city of fair streets and fair citizens. Under the moon the arc-lamps in their cowls no longer affect us like sentinel killjoys. They seem feeble and insignificant as dying torches when the moonlight performs her miracles and exalts this city of mean dwellings into a beauty equal to that of the restless sea.

(Robert Lynd, *The Darkness*)

月夜伦敦

在战时只有月亮才使伦敦城到了夜晚变得美丽起来。只有月亮才使特拉法尔加广场的北端皎洁得富于浪漫情调，犹如一座摩尔风格的城邑，才使南肯辛顿博物馆仿佛是为了音乐而建造的。月色下的伦敦城是一座神奇的都市，

是一座处处有美好的街道和美好的居民的都市。月色下蒙上灯罩的弧光灯再也不像大煞风景的哨兵那样令人意兴阑珊了。它们显得微弱无力可有可无，犹如快要熄灭的火把一般，因为这时月光施展着她的奇迹，把这座区区栖身之地的都市升华到一种美的境界，可与滔滔不息的大海平分秋色。

（杨岂深 译）

Lights of New York

It was dusk now, the warm, mellow dusk of late summer, and the lights of New York were flickering on. From the streets below the throb of evening traffic was steady and insistent, punctuated by the peaklike whine of diesel buses and the full points of impatient horns. Across the way, its outline blurring into shadow, was Central Park, only scattered street lamps marking the roadways through. Beyond, the west-side streets dimmed darkly into the Hudson River; and on the river the pinpoint lamps of shipping were a link between the blackness and the distant glimmering New Jersey shore. Uptown, O' Donnell could see the George Washington Bridge, its highstrung floodlights a chain of white, bright beads, and, below, the headlights of cars, multi-laned, streaming across the bridge, away from the city. （Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*）

华灯初上的纽约

黑夜已经降临，这是晚夏的一个温和的夜。纽约刚刚是华灯初上的时候。下面的街道上，汽车川流不息。柴油公共汽车和焦急的小轿车的喇叭，时或发出呜呜嘟嘟的响声。街那边，中央公园的轮廓已经看不清了，只有零星的街灯照亮着园中的道路。再往远看，隐隐约约可以看到通往哈德逊河的西岸街道；哈德逊河上的船舶灯光一直延伸到远方，通到新泽西海岸的一片灯光闪烁的城区。往纽约的城区方向看，欧唐奈认出了乔治·华盛顿桥。桥上的泛光灯，形成一串银光闪闪的珠链，下面是成排的汽车头灯，穿过大桥驶向城外。

（舒逊 译）

2. Streets and Squares 街道、广场

Unrecognizable Quiet Street

The best light of the day was gone when I passed along the quiet echoing courts behind the High Street. The nooks of ruin where the old monks had once had their refectories and gardens, and where the strong

walls were now pressed into the service of humble sheds and stables, were almost as silent as the old monks in their graves. The cathedral chimes had at once a sadder and a more remote sound to me, as I hurried on avoiding observation, than they had ever had before; so the swell of the old organ was borne to my ears like funeral music; and the rooks, as they hovered about the grey tower and swung in the bare high trees of the priory-garden, seemed to call to me that the place was changed, and that Estella was gone out of it for ever. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

风物全非的静巷

来到大街后面那几条响起回声的静巷僻径，天光已经开始黯淡下来。这里的好些个瓦砾堆原是昔日修道士的高堂和园圃，如今几乎已和那些长眠地下的修道士一样寂静无声，只是沿着那年周的旧院墙边上砌出了几间简陋的棚屋和马厩。我生怕撞见熟人，走得急急忙忙，教堂里的钟声在我听来似乎也比往常更其凄凉，更其遥远；古老风琴奏出的抑扬的琴声，传到我的耳里，简直像出殡时的哀乐；鸦阵绕着灰白的塔尖盘旋，在修道院废园旧址的光秃秃的大树梢头打转，似乎是向我报信：这儿已经风物全非，艾丝黛拉已经一去不复返了。 (王科一 译)

Street with Various Shops

There was an open square for the market-place, and in the centre of it, a large inn with a sign-post in front, displaying an object very common in art, but rarely met with in nature—to wit, a blue lion, with three bow-legs in the air, balancing himself on the extreme point of the centre claw of his fourth foot. There were, within sight, an auctioneer's and fire-agency office, a cornfactor's, a linen-draper's, a saddler's, a distiller's, a grocer's, and a shoe-shop—the last-mentioned warehouse being also appropriated to the diffusion of hats, bonnets, wearing apparel, cotton umbrellas, and useful knowledge. There was a red brick house with a small paved courtyard in front, which anybody might have known belonged to the attorney; and there was, moreover, another red brick house, with Venetian blinds and a large brass door-plate, with a very legible announcement that it belonged to the surgeon.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

店铺云集的大街

那里有一片作市集之用的方场；场中央有一座大旅馆，旅馆面前有一块招

牌，上面表现了一种在艺术上很普通、而在自然界却很少有的事情——这就是，一只蓝狮把三条弯腿悬在空中，用第四条腿的脚爪的中间一根爪子的最尖端平衡着身体。一眼看去，那里有一家拍卖行、一个火灾保险公司办事处、一家粮行、一家亚麻布店、一家马具店、一家糖坊、一个杂货店和一个鞋店——这最后一家商店还附带推销呢帽、女帽、服装、布伞和其他有用的东西。有一座红砖房屋，面前有一个小小的铺石院子，这大约任何人都知道是律师的产业；此外，还有一座安着百叶窗的红砖房屋，门上有一块大大的铜牌子，上面明明白白地宣布了这是属于外科医生的。（蒋天佐 译）

Noisy and Crowded Streets

We came to the suburbs of London about three o'clock. It was then that I began to feel tired, the noise and the traffic blocks started a humming in my head. It was warm in London too. The streets had that worn dusty look of August, and the leaves hung listless on dull trees. Our storm must have been local, there had been no rain here.

People were walking about in cotton frocks and the men were hatless. There was a smell of waste-paper, and orangepeel, and feet, and burnt dried grass. Buses lumbered slowly, and taxis crawled. I felt as though my coat and skirt were sticking to me, and my stockings pricked my skin.

(Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

喧闹拥挤的街景

三点钟光景，我们来到伦敦市郊。到这时我才开始感到疲劳，四周的喧闹声和拥挤的来往车辆开始搞得我头脑发胀。再说，伦敦的气候又热，大街上尘土飞扬，一派八月里没精打采的景象：树木千篇一律，树叶全垂头丧气地挂在枝头上。昨天我们那儿的一场雷雨，想必是局部性的，这儿没有下过一滴雨。

人们穿着棉布衣服熙来攘往，男人都不戴帽子。空气中夹杂着废纸屑、桔皮、脚汗和烧焦的干草的气味。笨重的公共汽车慢腾腾地跑着，出租汽车像在爬行。我觉得外衣和裙子似乎都粘乎乎地贴在身上，袜子也热辣辣地扎着自己的皮肤。（林智玲 程德一 译）

Loathsome Streets and Lanes with Mud

All the streets and lanes was just mud, they warn't nothing else but mud—mud as black as tar, and nigh about a foot deep in some places; and two or three inches deep in all the places. The hogs loafed and grunted

around, everywhere. You'd see a muddy sow and a litter of pigs come lazying along the street and whollop herself right down in the way, where folks had to walk around her, and she'd stretch out, and shut her eyes, and wave her ears, whilst the pigs were milking her, and look as happy as if she was on salary. (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

稀泥遍布的肮脏街巷

无论大街小巷,到处都是稀泥,没有别的,只有稀泥——像沥青一样黑的稀泥,有几处差不多有一尺深;其余的地方也都有两三寸。到处都有猪走来走去,咕噜咕噜地叫着。你能够看见一口泥糊糊的母猪带着一窝猪崽子,顺着大街懒洋洋地走过来,一歪身就躺在当街上,弄得过路的人不得不由它旁边绕过去。它把腿伸开,把眼闭上,把大耳朵甩来甩去,让那些小猪吃它的奶,它那副快活的样子,好像是能按月领薪水似的。 (张万里 译)

Chaotic Streets

In addition to these fixed obstacles which spoke so cheerfully of individual unrestraint as to boundaries, movables occupied the path and roadway to a perplexing extent. First the vans of the carriers in and out of Casterbridge, who hailed from Mellstock, Weatherbury, the Hintocks, Sherton-Abbas, Kingsbere, Overcombe, and many other towns and villages round. Their owners were numerous enough to be regarded as a tribe, and had almost distinctiveness enough to be regarded as a race. Their vans had just arrived, and were drawn up on each side of the street in close file, so as to form at places a wall between the pavement and the roadway. Morcover every shop pitched out half its contents upon trestles and boxes on the kerb, extending the display each week a little further and further into the roadway, despite the expostulations of the two feeble old constables until there remained but a tortuous defile for carriages down the centre of the street, which afforded fine opportunities for skill with the reins. Over the pavement on the sunny side of the way hung shop-hlinds, so constructed as to give the passenger's hat a smart buffet off his head as from the unseen hands of Cranstoun's Goblin Page, celebrated in romantic lore. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

混乱的街道

这些固定的障碍,活灵活现地表明了个人对于界限的不受限制,而除了这些以外,还有移动的东西侵占了人行道和马路,达到混乱的程度。首先是运货

车在卡斯特桥出出进进，车夫们都是来自麦尔斯托克、威则尔伯里、行托克家庄、谢尔敦方丈、金斯比尔、奥弗康甫和附近的一些乡镇。车主多得足可认为他们自成一个部落，而且特征鲜明几乎可以把他们看作一个种族。他们的车子一到，就赶在街道两边，密密地列成一长排，以致有些地方，就在人行道和马路中间形成一堵墙。此外，每一家商店都把一半货色用架台和盒子摆在外边的边石上，不管那两个软弱无力的警察怎样劝告，这些摊子却每个星期都一点一点地向马路里侵占，直到街心只剩了一条弯弯曲曲的狭道留给车辆通行，这就造成了表演驾驶技术的好机会。在朝阳的一面，人行道上方张着商店遮太阳的布篷，只要行人一不当心，头上的帽子就会干净利落地飞出去，仿佛是浪漫派小说里驰名的克兰斯敦鬼仆人用那双看不见的手干出来的。

（侍桁 凌勤 译）

Street with Ethnic Restaurants

Several blocks from the park, running parallel to it, Clement Street bustles like a second Chinatown with dozens of ethnic restaurants. Here you can feast on Thai, Vietnamese, Chinese, Burmese, Cambodian, Indonesian, French, Italian, even Persian food. And the dining is cheap. Walk off some of your meal wandering among the jam-packed Asian produce stands and grocery stores.

（Rebecca Burns, *San Francisco—Quake City on a New Roll*）

少数民族餐馆林立的大街

离公园几个街区便是与公园平行的克莱门特街。那儿有几十家少数民族餐馆，热闹得如同第二个唐人街。在这儿你可以尽情品尝泰国、越南、中国、缅甸、柬埔寨、印度尼西亚、法国、意大利甚至波斯的菜肴。而且价钱也很便宜。吃完饭为帮助消化你还可漫步街头，浏览一个挨一个出售亚洲产品的货摊和杂货店。

（张振梅 译）

The Majestic Red Square

All the breadth, strength, history, and glory of Russia seemed to burst on him at a glance when the command car drove out on the stupendous square before the facade of the Winter Palace, a sight more extravagantly majestic than Versailles. Pug remembered this square from films of the revolution, roaring with mobs and czarist horse guards. It was deserted. There was not one track in the acres of snow.

（Herman Wouk, *War and Remembrance*）

庄严的红场

在指挥车驶上冬宫正面前方那个巨大的广场时，他在一瞥之间完全领略了俄罗斯的雄伟、力量、历史和光荣，就是在凡尔赛宫也看不到如此庄严华丽的景色。帕格记得在描绘那次革命的电影中看到过这个广场，造反的人群和沙皇禁卫军马队发出震耳的吼声。而今，广场上杳无人迹。在这一大片雪地上看不到一条车辙和一点人迹。 （王圣珊 等译）

3. Parks and Gardens 公园、花园

Beautiful Sight of the Garden

The sight of this garden, its exquisite plan, the plants, and the fountain with its little streams flowing from it pleased each of the ladies and the three young men so much that all of them decided that if Paradise were to be created on earth, they could conceive of it as having no other form than that of this garden, not could they imagine what beauty might be added to the garden other than what it already possessed. As they happily wandered through it, making for themselves the most beautiful garlands form the branches of different trees while they listened to the songs of perhaps twenty different kinds of birds singing almost as if they were competing with each other, they discovered another delightful feature which, being so overwhelmed by the others, they had not yet noticed: for they saw that the garden was full of as many, perhaps, as one hundred varieties of beautiful animals. （Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*）

花园美景

这个花园的景色，其构造和布局是特别的完美。有繁盛的花木，有喷水泉，有从喷水池里流出来的蜿蜒清溪，小姐绅士啧啧称赞，都说是如果天堂的乐园就筑在人间的话，那么一定跟这个花园一模一样，断难再锦上添花，增加一分美丽了。他们尽情地在四周游赏，或采集花束编织花冠，或谛听各种鸟儿的歌唱。就在他们以愉悦的心情陶醉在如此美景之中时，他们发现了一种更美妙的去处。花园里足有一百种以上的动物。 （黄石 译）

Fair Garden

"Come along, Pearl!" said she, drawing her away. "Come and look into this fair garden. It may be, we shall see flowers there; more beautiful ones than we find in the woods."

Pearl, accordingly, ran to the bow-window, at the farther end of the hall, and looked along the vista of a garden-walk, carpeted with closely shaven grass, and bordered with some rude and immature attempt at shrubbery. But the proprietor appeared already to have relinquished, as hopeless, the effort to perpetuate on this side of the Atlantic, in a hard soil and amid the close struggle for subsistence, the native English taste for ornamental gardening. Cabbages grew in plain sight; and a pumpkin vine, rooted at some distance, had run across the intervening space, and deposited one of its gigantic products directly beneath the hall-window; as if to warn the Governor that this great lump of vegetable gold was as rich an ornament as New England earth would offer him.

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*)

美丽的花园

"过来,珠儿,"她说着把她拉开。"过来看看这美丽的花园。也许可以看见好多花哩,比我们在树林里看见的还要美丽。"

听了这话,珠儿便跑到大厅顶头上的凸窗边,望着园内路径上的景色,那路径中铺着剪得很短的青草,围有几株栽种不得法没有成熟的灌木。但是花园主人似乎觉得在大西洋的这一边,在这样坚硬的土地上,在这样剧烈的生存竞争中,还要致力保存英国家乡的园艺趣味,已经是绝望了,完全放弃了这个念头。甘蓝菜生长得并不肥满;有一支南瓜藤,虽然扎根在较远的地方,却匍匐过草木的空隙,把它的一个巨大的果实,恰好放在厅窗的下方,像是有意提醒那个州长,说这个大形的黄金蔬果,就是新英格兰的大地可能贡献给州长的最华丽的装饰品了。 (侍桁 等译)

Most Unusual Garden

The freckled-face policeman braked in front of the most unusual garden he'd ever seen. A bank of white azaleas outlining the outer curve of the garden narrowed into white lilies at the tips, and drifts of bright, white impatiens defined the inner curve of a sickle moon.

(Jean Marie Kelly, *The Moon Garden*)

不寻常的花园

这位满脸雀斑的警察在一座他从未见过的、最不寻常的花园前刹住车。园子的月牙形的弓背部是一排白杜鹃花,两端狭窄近末梢部分种的是白百合,月牙形的弓弦部是一簇簇鲜艳的白凤仙花。 (鲍春英 译)

Neglected Garden

It is not much the purpose whether a gate in that garden wall which I had scrambled up to peep over on the last occasion was, on that occasion, open or shut. This time it stood open. I strolled into the garden, and strolled all over it. It was quite a wilderness, and there were old melon-frames and cucumber-frames in it, which seemed in their decline to have produced a spontaneous growth of weak attempts at pieces of old hats and boots, with now and then a weedy offshoot into the likeness of a battered saucepan. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

荒芜的花园

上次我曾攀上墙去窥探花园，那墙上本有一扇门，那扇门当时是开还是关，反正关系不大，也勿庸推敲。这次门是开着的。我信步走进花园，到处闲逛。花园已全部荒芜。园里原来有几处甜瓜棚和黄瓜棚，早已败落不堪，不过败落之后似乎还长出过一些瓜藤，曾经攀着一些破破烂烂的旧帽旧鞋勉力挣扎，自生自灭，时而还分出一枝，蔓伸到一堆破烂里，看样子可像是一只破锅了。 (王科一 译)

Cloister Garden

They went out into the still, shadowy cloister garden. The seminary occupied the buildings of an old Dominican monastery, and two hundred years ago the square courtyard had been stiff and trim, and the rosemary and lavender had grown in close-cut bushes between the straight box edgings. Now the white-robed monks who had tended them were laid away, and forgotten; but the scented herbs flowered still in the gracious midsummer evening, though no man gathered their blossoms for simples any more. Tufts of wild parsley and columbine filled the cracks between the flagged footways, and the well in the middle of the courtyard was given up to ferns and matted stone-crop. The roses had run wild, and their straggling suckers trailed across the paths; in the box borders flared great red poppies; tall foxgloves drooped above the tangled grasses; and the old vine, untrained and barren of fruit, swayed from the branches of the neglected medlar-tree, shaking a leafy head with slow and sad persistence.
(Ethel Lilian Voynich, *The Gadfly*)

修道院的花园

他们走进修道院的花园，这里很幽静，绿树成荫。神学院所占的建筑曾是

多明我会的一座修道院。两百多年以前，这个四四方方的院落曾被收拾得整整齐齐。笔直的黄杨树之间长着丛丛的迷迭香和薰衣草，被剪得短短的。现在，那些曾经栽种过它们的白袍修士全都入土为安，没有人再去想起他们。但是幽香的药草仍在静谧的仲夏夜晚开花吐艳，尽管再也没有人去采集花蕊炮制草药了。丛生的野荷兰芹和耧斗菜填满了石板路的裂缝，院中央的水井已经让位给了羊齿叶和纵横交错的景天草。玫瑰花蓬蓬，纷披的根伸出条蔓越过了小径；黄杨树篱闪耀着硕大的红罂粟花；高高的毛地黄在杂草的上面低垂下了头；无人照看的老葡萄藤也不结果，藤条从一棵可已为人们遗忘的枸杞树枝上垂挂下来，摇晃着叶茂的枝头，慢悠悠的，却不停下来，带着一种哀怨。

（庆学先　译）

Golden Gate Park

Golden Gate Park has become one of the most beautiful municipal parks in the world. It sprouted into meadows, eucalyptus groves, and more than 5,000 different breeds of flowers and trees. Its amusements are endless. You can sip tea in the graceful Japanese Tea Garden or look at fine art and natural history displays in stately museums. The Conservatory of Flowers, a Victorian greenhouse as elegant as a palace, transports you to the steaming tropics, while the vast Strybing Arboretum invites you to get lost in every environment from biblical gardens to redwood forests.

（Rebecca Burns, *San Francisco—Quake City on a New Roll*）

金门公园

现在金门公园已成为世界上最美的城市公园之一。这里绿草如茵，枝繁叶茂，有桉树园和五千多种花木。娱乐的地方多得是。你可以在典雅的日本茶园品茶或在宏伟的博物馆欣赏美术作品，看博物学展览。花暖房是一座维多利亚式的温室，如宫殿般高雅，把你带到了赤日炎炎的热带地区。斯特宾植物园很大，你从圣经花园到红杉森林的每一处景观都可能迷失方向。

（张振梅　译）

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are one big park. Most Londoners can't tell you where one park stops and the other starts. But there is a difference. Hyde Park has pop festivals, with 200,000 people sitting on the grass, while Kensington Gardens have music, with four old ladies sitting in chairs. Hyde Park has Speaker's Corner, with speakers shouting about the future of the country, while Kensington Gardens have mothers

with their children, talking about the weather. The writer Richard Church, when working for the London County Council, always said that people should have passports to travel from one park to the other.

(Saxon Menn'e, *Hyde Park*)

海德公园与肯辛顿花园

海德公园和肯辛顿花园实际上是一个大公园。大多数伦敦人都说不清海德公园到哪里为止,肯辛顿花园从哪里开始。可是区别还是有的。海德公园举行流行歌曲音乐会有二十万人坐在草地上听,而肯辛顿花园的乐队演奏只有四五个老太太坐在椅子上欣赏。海德公园有演说家之角,演说者声嘶力竭地大讲国家的前途,而在肯辛顿花园里,带着孩子的母亲们却在谈论着天气。作家理查德·丘奇在伦敦郡议会工作时期经常说,人们须凭护照在海德公园和肯辛顿花园之间通行。 (赵瑾 译)

4. Transportation 交通

Traffic at Daybreak

By the time they had turned into Bethnal Green-Road, the day had fairly begun to break. Many of the lamps were already extinguished; a few country waggons were slowly toiling on, towards London; and now and then, a stage-coach, covered with mud, rattled briskly by: the driver bestowing, as he passed, an admonitory lash upon the heavy waggoner who, by keeping on the wrong side of the road, had endangered his arriving at the office, a quarter of a minute after his time. The public-houses, with gas-lights burning inside, were already open. By degrees, other shops began to be unclosed; and a few scattered people were met with. Then, came straggling groups of labourers going to their work; then, men and women with fish-baskets on their heads; donkey-carts laden with vegetables; chaise-carts filled with live stock or whole carcasses of meat; milkwomen with pails; and an unbroken concourse of people, trudging out with various supplies to the eastern suburbs of the town. As they approached the City, the noise and traffic gradually increased; and when they threaded the streets between Shoreditch and Smithfield, it had swelled into a roar of sound and bustle. It was as light as it was likely to be, till night came on again; and the busy morning of half the London population had begun.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

破晓时的交通

他们折上倍思奈尔草地大道的时候，这才真的开始破晓。许多路灯已经熄灭，几辆乡下来的大车朝着伦敦方向缓缓而行。偶尔有一辆溅满泥浆的班车辚辚驶过，驭者见哪个赶大车的动作迟缓，还走在逆向的一边，怕班车会因此比规定时间晚十几秒钟到站，就给他一鞭子以示教训。酒店已经开门，堂内点着煤气灯。其他店铺也陆续开始营业，路上也有零星的行人可以遇到。后来出现了三五成群去上班的工人；接着是头上顶着鱼篓的男人和女人、拉蔬菜的驴车、满载活的或宰好的整只猪、牛、羊的马车、手拿提桶送牛奶的女人以及把各种食品运往东郊的川流不息的人们。赛克斯带着奥立弗愈是临近老城，人声就愈趋嘈杂，交通也愈趋繁忙；当他们穿过肖尔狄奇和斯米思菲尔德之间的一些街道时，车马和人声终于汇成一片喧嚷。天已经亮足，不会更亮了，直到黄昏重临之前大概就是这个样子。对于伦敦城的半数居民来说，忙碌的上午开始了。（荣如德 译）

River at Low Tide

…While the winding river turned and turned, and the great floating buoys upon it turned and turned, and everything else seemed stranded and still. For now the last of the fleet of ships was round the last low point we had headed; and the last green barge, straw-laden, with a brown sail, had followed; and some ballast-lighters, shaped like a child's first rude imitation of a boat, lay low in the mud; and a little squat shoal-lighthouse on open piles stood crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches; and slimy stakes stuck out of the mud, and slimy stones stuck out of the mud, and red landmarks and tidemarks stuck out of the mud, and an old landing-stage and an old roofless building slipped into the mud, and all about us was stagnation and mud. (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

落潮时的河运景观

……河流曲曲弯弯，蜿蜒向前，河上的一连串大浮标也随着曲曲弯弯，蜿蜒向前，除此以外，似乎一切都搁浅了，不动了。因为，现在那大队的船只已经全部绕过我们来时经过的最后一个转角，开得看不见了；满载干草、扯着棕色篷帆的最后一艘绿色平底船也跟着消失了；只见几艘装运砂石的驳船，蹩脚得像小孩子第一次学做的船舶模型，一艘艘都陷在泥浆里；沙洲上一座支在桩上又矮又小的灯塔，像个踩着高跷、拄着拐杖的瘸子踏在泥浆里；泥糊糊的桩竖起在泥浆里，泥糊糊的石块戳起在泥浆里，红色的界标和潮标露出在泥浆里，一个破旧的码头和一座没有了屋顶的破旧房子眼看就要埋在泥浆里。总之，

我们的四周全是一片死寂和泥泞。 （王科一 译）

Setting Sail

The blue sky was plumped with silver-white clouds and there was a tearing Sydney wind. Sun warmed the upturned heads and the shoulder blades of those leaning down; a great multicolored swath of vibrating ribbons joined ship and shore. Then suddenly a gap appeared between the old boat's side and the wooden struts of the wharf; the air filled with cries and sobs; and one by one in their thousands the streamers broke, fluttered wildly, sagged limply and crisscrossed the surface of the water like a mangled loom, joined the orange peels and the jellyfish to float away.

(Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

客轮启航

蓝色的天空中布满了被悉尼的风撕碎的银白色的云彩，太阳暖暖地照着向上抬起的头和斜下去的肩胛骨，一条条颤动着的，各种颜色的飘带紧连着码头和船。突然，在船和码头的木柱间出现了一条裂缝，空气中立即灌满了哭叫声和呜咽声，千万条飘带一条接一条地挣断了，激烈地抖动着，无力地往下沉去，一条条交叉在水面上就像是弄坏的织布机，渐渐地，它们和那些橙皮、海蜇一块漂开了。 （晓明 陈明锦 译）

Pause before a Long Journey

She floated at the starting point of a long journey, very still in an immense stillness, the shadows of her spars flung far to the eastward by the setting sun. At that moment I was alone on her decks: There was not a sound in her—and around us nothing moved, nothing lived, not a canoe on the water, not a bird in the air, not a cloud in the sky. In this breathless pause at the threshold of a long passage we seemed to be measuring our fitness for a long and arduous enterprise, the appointed task of both our existences to be carried out, far from all human eyes, with only sky and sea for spectators and for judges.

(Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Sharer*)

远航前的暂息

在万籁俱寂之中，船一动也不动地浮在海面，准备启程远航，在落日的照射下，长长的桅杆影子投向东方。这时我独自站在甲板上，船上鸦雀无声——

周围死一般沉寂，水面上不见轻舟飘荡，天空中小鸟和浮云也都销声匿迹。在即将长途航行前的短暂停息时刻，我和我的船似乎在衡量自己是否能胜任我们所接受的任务：进行这一次长途而艰巨的航行。我们将远离人类，只有天空和海洋在观察和判断我们这次行动的成败。 （孙铢 陈雄尚 译）

Travel by Train

The great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of *motion* that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquit and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice. （Stephen Crane, *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*）

火车旅行

普尔门式火车的豪华客车风驰电掣向前疾驶，煞是威风。窗景闪逝，一瞥之间，似乎整个得克萨斯州的广阔平原都在向东奔泻。一片片茫茫的绿色草原，一簇簇色泽晦暗的牧豆树和仙人掌，一群群小巧的木屋，一座座轻枝嫩叶的树林——一切都在向东飞驰，掠过地平线，最后如滚下悬崖峭壁般地从视野里消失了。 （胡润松 译）

Teeming New York

Mass hysteria is a terrible force, yet New Yorkers seem always to escape it by some tiny margin: they sit in stalled subways without claustrophobia, they extricate themselves from panic situations by some lucky wisecrack, they meet confusion and congestion with patience and grit—a sort of perpetual muddling through. Every facility is inadequate—the hospitals and schools and playgrounds are overcrowded, the express highways are feverish, the unimproved highways and bridges are bottlenecks; there is not enough air and not enough light, and there is usually either too much heat or too little.

（E. B. White, *Here is New York*）

拥挤的纽约

集体歇斯底里症是一股可怕的冲击力，但纽约人却每次总能死里逃生：他们身处出了故障的地铁里，却未发生任何恐怖症。他们用几句吉祥的俏皮话就能使自己脱离恐怖场面。他们以耐心和坚韧面对混乱和交通阻塞——这是

通过多次失败后的经验所得。每一种设施总有美中不足之外，医院、学校、运动场总是人满为患，快速公路(车辆多得如患了燥热病)、未加修复的高速公路和桥梁都成了交通瓶颈；空气不足，光亮不足，而热量总是要么太足，要么太少。 (金衡山 译)

Frustrations of Catching a Train

The whole world seemed in a horrid plot to delay him; people got in his way as he passed through the barriers; others, a long string of them, were at the ticket-office getting tickets for other trains than his and they counted their change with exasperating care; his luggage took an interminable time to register; and then if he was travelling with friends they would go to buy newspapers, or would take a walk along the platform, and he was certain they would be left behind, they would stop to talk to a casual stranger or suddenly be seized with a desire to telephone and disappear at a run. In fact the universe conspired to make him miss every train he wanted to take and he was not happy unless he was settled in his corner, his things on the rack above him, with a good half-hour to spare.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Hairless Mexican*)

赶车的烦恼

好像全世界都在十分可恶地合伙耽搁他：他过栅栏时被人挡住；在售票处又有别人在买别的车次的票——整整一长队的人，他们数起找头来那股仔细劲儿真让人烦透了；交行李花的时间简直没完没了；然后，如果他和朋友们一起旅行，他们又跑去买报纸，或者沿着月台散步去了，——他肯定他们准会给拉下，他们居然还停下来和一个陌生人聊了起来，要不又突然灵机一动要打电话而不知跑到什么地方去了。真的，整个宇宙都在阴谋策划使他误掉每一列他要乘的火车；只有当他终于坐在自己的角落里，东西全在头上的行李架上放好，然后还整整剩下半个钟头的时候，他才会感到心情舒畅。 (潘绍中 译)

Cosmopolitan Docks

And Mary did look, and saw down an opening made in the forest of masts belonging to the vessels in dock, the glorious river, along which white-sailed ships were gliding with the ensigns of all nations, not "braving the battle," but telling of the distant lands, spicy or frozen, that sent to that mighty mart for their comforts or their luxuries; she saw small boats

passing to and fro on that glittering highway, but she also saw such puffs and clouds of smoke from the countless steamers. … The cries of the sailors, the variety of languages used by the passers-by, and the entire novelty of the sight compared with anything which Mary had ever seen, made her feel most helpless and forlorn.

(Mrs Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *Mary Barton*)

大都市的码头

玛丽当真看了一看,从靠岸的船舶上那些像树林似的帆樯中望出去,只见一条广阔的河流,上面有一条条白帆的大船在行驶;船上挂着各国的旗号,不是在"耀武扬威",只是表明它们从酷热的或寒冷的遥远地带前来,到这个大市场来装运它们的享用品或奢侈品。她看到许多小船在这耀眼的河道上来往,又看见无数的轮船在喷出像云雾似的煤烟。……水手们的叫嚷,来往的人所讲的各种语言,那种玛丽以前从没有见过的一切新奇的景象,都使她感到自己的零仃孤苦。

(荀枚 余贵棠 译)

Good Network of Roads and Highways

Australia is also a fine place for self-drive holidays, thanks to its good network of well-maintained roads and highways. Rental cars are available at major air and rail terminals and from central city locations, surburbs and resorts throughout Australia. Camping tours and safaris are other options available for those willing to enjoy Australia's spectacular natural scenery and excellent outdoor life. There are no age restrictions, and you don't need to be an experienced camper. You can travel in a comfortable air-conditioned coach, specially designed for country roads, or join a safari in a smaller four-wheel drive vehicle. Safaris can also be combined with overnight stops at hotels and inns.

(Ahn Mi-Young, *Come Back to Life in Sydney*)

四通八达的公路网络

澳大利亚有四通八达的公路网络,优质的公路与高速路为驾车旅游度假提供了便利条件。在澳大利亚的各个机场、车站、市中心、郊区和度假村都能方便地租到汽车。若要体验澳大利亚如诗如画的自然风光和美妙的户外生活,露营和远游也是良好的选择。这种活动,无论老幼,均可参与,也无需露营的经验。你可以乘坐专为乡间公路设计的舒适的空调客车,或者参加旅游队乘坐小四轮旅行车。远游途中,你也不妨在旅馆、客栈里留宿。

(吴启金 王纲 译)

5. Markets 市场

The Santa Fe Indian Market

The air fairly crackles with currents of excitement as dawn comes to the Plaza in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Wisps of a pastel sunrise drift lazily across the sky, and people from all walks of life begin streaming into the Plaza. Anticipation builds as exhibitors and buyers prepare for the annual Santa Fe Indian Market to commence. Seasoned collectors position themselves in front of their chosen artists' booths, armed with checkbooks, tensely eyeing rival buyers. Suddenly, Market opens, and there is a brief but startling flurry of frenzied activity as the artworks that won prizes in earlier judging are brought out and bought. The successful buyers are elated; others move on, undaunted, for they know that many other fine pieces of Native American art and craftwork still await them.

(Carol Osman Brown, *The Magic of Santa Fe Indian Market*)

圣菲市印第安人市场

天刚破晓,新墨西哥州圣菲市集贸市场就开始人潮涌动,充满生气。

几条淡淡的朝霞缓慢地飘过天际,各行各业的人们开始涌入市场。当参展者和买主为一年一度的圣菲市印第安人市场的开始作准备时,人们的期待逐渐达到高潮。熟练的收藏家们在其选好的艺术家货摊前占好位置,身上带着支票簿,眼睛紧张地打量着前来争购的对手。突然间市场开张了,当摊主将那些早先经过鉴定而获奖的艺术品向顾客展出并被买走时,立刻掀起一阵短暂但令人吃惊的疯狂抢购风。如愿以偿的买主兴高采烈;其他的人向前走动,毫不气馁,因为他们知道还有其他许多件美洲当地精致的美术品和手工艺品在等待他们去选购。 (吴培基 译)

Crowded Market

In the tiny market-place on the top of the hill, where four roads from Nottingham and Derby, Ilkeston and Mansfield meet, many stalls were erected. Brakes ran in from surrounding villages. The market place was full of women, the streets packed with men. It was amazing to see so many men everywhere in the streets. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

拥挤的市场

这个小市场坐落在小山顶上,从诺丁汉、德比、伊克斯顿和曼斯菲德沿伸

过来的四条大路在这里汇合，这里货摊林立。许多大马车从周围村子涌到这儿。市场上的女人摩肩接踵，街上挤满了熙熙攘攘的男人，简直让人惊异。

（刘一之 等译）

Market Oddities

Phyl went out and wandered up and down the stalls. There were so many peculiar things for sale, as well as the staple stocks of crockery, linen, stockings, kitchen things. All sorts of bunion-cures and a roller for producing imitation wood-graining on paint, a patent needle for ladders in silk stockings, joke-soap that left a black stain, instruments for cutting vegetables up (Give your Chips a Permanent Wave), springs to hold broom handles into the heads (Grips like a Bulldog), bottles of stain remover, corn cures, gadgets for cutting the cores out of apples or for lighting gas ovens without having to bend. But best of all were the quacks.

(Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

市场上的小杂货

菲儿走出来，沿着摊子走来走去。摊子上有许多奇怪的东西出卖，也有大批的陶器，布匹，长统袜子，厨房用具。治炎肿的各种药品，在油漆面上做出假木纹的滚子，巧妙的织补丝袜的针，洗后留下黑迹的跟人开玩笑的肥皂，切菜的机器（使你切的薄片卷起来，像烫过的头发一样），把笤帚头和笤帚柄紧扣在一起的弹簧（像虎头狗抓东西一样紧），去污水瓶，治鸡眼的药水，挖苹果心的小机器，或者点燃煤气炉不必弯下腰的小玩意儿。但是其中最有意思的是卖假药的。

（姜华 译）

Slave Auction

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro, over the marble pave. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group, waiting the moment of sale to begin. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not intending, as the case might be, gathered around the group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same

freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

黑奴市场

在一个富丽堂皇的圆穹顶下,许多不同国籍的人士,在大理石地板上熙熙攘攘地走动着。圆形大厅的四周,为演说人或拍卖人设置了几个小讲坛,或是拍卖站。大厅两旁的讲坛被两位才气横溢的先生占据着;他们正在用夹杂着法语的英语紧逼着那些赏识其商品的行家们提高投标价码。另一端的讲坛还空着,周围站着一群黑奴,正在等待拍卖开市。这伙黑奴面前围着好些看客,有打算买的,也有不打算买的,情况各有不同。他们一面随意用手扳弄、检查着那些黑人,一面品头评足,就像骑师们评论一匹马的好坏似的。

(黄继忠 译)

Bustle of the Village Market

A few weeks later, in the early morning, we visited the Wilton Village Market. On a small scale, its smells and bustle may be compared with those of the great markets in Paris or in New York City. Huge produce trucks rumble up to the receiving entrance, drop their tail gates and spill forth their harvest of red, green and gold. Delicious raw smells fill the air: the strong smell of cabbage, the perfume of sun-ripe berries, the earthy odor of tiny new potatoes. The men bawl orders to which nobody pays much attention. Yet somehow all the produce is unloaded and stored inside.

(June Robhins, *We "Discovered" Our Town*)

热闹的农民市场

几周以后的一个清晨,我们参观了威尔顿的农民市场。它的规模虽小,但它的各种气味和繁忙热闹可以同巴黎或纽约市里的农产品大市场相媲美。巨大的农产品运货车轰轰隆隆地开向进货入口,把车的后横板放下吐出他们红色、绿色和金黄色的收获物。空气中弥漫着各种好闻的时鲜菜果的味道:洋白菜的浓烈气味,太阳晒热了的浆果的香味和新鲜小土豆的泥土芳香。人们高声叫喊着,命令别人干这干那,而又好像没有人理会这些命令。可是不管怎样,所有的农产品都被卸下来并被收藏到市场里边了。 (王春丽 译)

6. Schools 学校

The Oxford University

Again were those venerable buildings before me in their architectural

richness. There were tower, and roof, and gateway, in all their variety of outline, defined with the sharp light and shade peculiar to ecclesiastical architectures. There were tufted groves overshadowing the haunts of learning; and there, too, was old Magdalen, which used to greet our sight so pleasantly upon our approach to the city. I began to fancy I had leaped no gulf of time since, for the Cherwell ran on as of old.

(James A. Froude, *Oxford Revisited*)

牛津大学

那些楼房的建筑风格丰富多样,令人肃然,又在我的眼前再次展现。塔楼,尖顶,门道,轮廓各异,具有教堂建筑独具的明暗强烈对比的鲜明特色。有一簇簇小树林,可以给求知的出没之处蔽日遮阳;还有古老的马德林学院,我们一踏进这个城市,它总是那么赏心悦目地映入眼帘。我开始想象自己并没有跨越时间的鸿沟,因为查韦尔河奔流不息,一如当年。 (杨自伍 译)

Frustrated Student

When he got to school, he made a violent struggle against his physical inability to study. He sat gripped, making himself pale and ghastly in this effort to concentrate on the book, to take in what he had to learn. But it was no good. If he beat down his first repulsion, and got like a suicide to the stuff, he went very little further. He could not learn deliberately. His mind simply did not work.

He could not voluntarily control his attention. His mind had no fixed habits to go by, he had nothing to get hold of, nowhere to start from. For him there was nothing palpable, nothing known in himself, that he could apply to learning. He did not know how to begin. Therefore he was helpless when it came to deliberate understanding or deliberate learning.

(Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*)

焦虑的学生

在学校里,汤姆拼命克服着自己体力上的不支。坐在课堂上,他的心揪成一团,面色苍白如死灰——他在竭力使自己把精力集中到学习上,拼命吞下要学的东西,到头来却效果不佳。即便他已竭力压下了最初的厌恶感,自杀般地啃着书本,却怎么也深入不下去。他永远无法使自己专心致志于一个目标,他的脑子榆木疙瘩似的不管用。

他无法自如地控制自己的注意力,没有固定的思路,没有抓得住的思想,

也不知道思维源于何方。在学习上,他没有一点已知的东西可以作为前进之资,因此,一旦要他有目的地去理解,去学习,他就变得一筹莫展。

(张友松 译)

Exclusive School

The school my parents had selected for my education was one of the most fashionable and expensive in the country. It modelled itself upon Eton and aimed at being preparatory for that Public School above all others. It was supposed to be the very last thing in schools. Only ten boys in a class; electric light (then a wonder); a swimming pond; spacious football and cricket grounds; two or three school treats, or "expeditions" as they were called, every term; the masters all M. A.'s in gowns and mortarboards; a chapel of its own; no hampers allowed; everything provided by the authorities. (Winston Churchill, *My First Day at School*)

贵族学校

父母为我受教育选择了一所全国最昂贵、最时尚的学校。这所学校完全以伊顿公学为楷模,首先是为升入该公学作准备的。这是当时全国最新式的学校:每班只有十名男生;有电灯照明(当时电灯还是稀有之物);还有游泳池、宽阔的足球场和板球场;每学期总有两、三次郊外远足(他们叫作"远征探险");教师都具有硕士学位,个个身着硕士服、头戴硕士帽;学校有自己的教堂;不准携带提篮;一切物品都由校方提供。 (范谊 黄渝萍 译)

Confusion in Class

At that pandemonium broke loose, rising to a confused crescendo of shrill voices (shrieks, yells, stamping of feet, and *Charbovaril-Charbovaril* repeated again and again) which gradually dispersed in single syllables. Finally, and with great difficulty, it was got under control, only to be taken up again by the occupants of another bench, as some burst of stifled laughter exploded on a sudden like a badly extinguished squib. To the accompaniment of a rain of impositions, order was eventually restored, and the form-master having at last succeeded in getting hold of the name, Charles Bóvary, by dint of having it dictated, spelled out and read over to him, immediately told the poor wretch to take his place on the 'dunces bench' which stood immediately below his own rostrum.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

乱哄哄的课堂

就见轰的一声，乱哄哄响成一片，强音越来越强，还夹着尖叫（有人号，有人吠，有人跺脚，有人重复："查包法芮！查包法芮！"），跟着就又变成零星音符，好不容易这才静了下来。笑声堵是堵回去了，可是有时候还沿着一排板凳，好像爆竹没有火净了一样，又东一声，西一声，响了起来。

不过由于大罚功课，教室秩序逐渐恢复了；教员最后听出查理·包法利这个名字，经过默写、拼音、再读之后，立刻罚这可怜虫坐到讲桌底下的懒板凳。

（李健吾 译）

Quiet Schoolroom

The schoolroom was a pretty large hall, on the quietest side of the house, confronted by the stately stare of some half-dozen of the great urns, and commanding a peep of an old secluded garden belonging to the Doctor, where the peaches were ripening on the sunny south wall. There were two great aloes, in tubs, on the turf outside the windows; the broad hard leaves of which plant (looking as if they were made of painted tin) have ever since, by association, been symbolical to me of silence and retirement. About five-and-twenty boys were studiously engaged at their books when we went in, but they rose to give the Doctor good morning, and remained standing when they saw Mr. Wickfield and me.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

安静的课室

课室是一个很大的厅堂，在校舍最安静的一面，跟半打左右的大瓮相对，可以窥见博士古老僻静的花园，园中的桃子正在向阳的南墙上熟起来。窗外草地上有两盆大龙舌兰，由于联想，我从来觉得它那宽而硬的叶子（样子仿佛是用染色的白铁皮作的）是寂静和幽闲的象征。当我们走进时，大约有二十五个学生专心致志地读书，他们起来向博士请早安，当他们看见威克菲尔先生和我时，他们站着不动了。

（董秋斯 译）

Current Events Period

Once a week, we had a Current Events period. Each child was supposed to clip an item from a newspaper, absorb its contents, and reveal them to the class. This practice allegedly overcame a variety of evils: standing in front of his fellows encouraged good posture and gave a child

poise, delivering a short talk made him word-conscious; learning his current event strengthened his memory; being singled out made him more than ever anxious to return to the Group.

(Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*)

时事课

我们每星期有一堂时事课。每个孩子都要从报纸上剪下一条新闻,看明白了,向全班讲。这堂课据说可以纠正孩子们的一些坏毛病:在课堂前头一站可以使他们端正立姿,使孩子们保持仪态;做简短讲话可以使他们学会遣词造句;学习时事可以加强他们的记忆;把他们一个一个地叫出来使他们更急于回到他们的集体。 (舒逊 译)

Ornaments in Schoolroom

The child looked round the room as she took her seat. There were a couple of forms, notched and cut and inked all over; a small deal desk perched on four legs, at which no doubt the master sat; a few dog-eared books upon a high shelf; and beside them a motley collection of peg-tops, balls, kites, fishinglines, marbles, half-eaten apples, and other confiscated property of idle urchins. Displayed on hooks upon the wall in all their terrors, were the cane and ruler; and near them, on a small shelf of its own, the dunce's cap, made of old newspapers and decorated with glaring wafers of the largest size. But, the great ornaments of the walls, were certain moral sentences fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked sums in simple addition and multiplication, evidently achieved by the same hand, which were plentifully pasted all round the room: for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school, and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars.

(Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

教室陈设

女孩子就坐的时候向四下望了望屋子。那里有两条长凳,上面满是刀痕和蓝墨水;一张四条腿支起来的枞木小书桌,无疑那是教师的座位;几本折了角的书摆在一个高架子上;书旁边乱七八糟地放着一堆陀螺、皮球、风筝、钓竿、石子、吃剩一半的苹果以及其他许多被充公的顽童财产。木杖和戒尺森严地挂在墙壁的钩子上;靠近这些东西还特备了一个小架子,放着一顶用旧报纸做成的蠢人帽,上面还裱着两大块炫目的封糊片。但是墙上最大的装饰品乃

是用工整的圆体抄下来的一些道德的文句，还有用简单加法和乘法精心算出来的总数，显然是出自同一个人之手，四面墙壁上都贴满了。这好像是有双重用意的，一方面是要证明学校成绩优良，一方面是要鼓舞学生们的高尚竞争心。（许君远 译）

7. Hospitals 医院

Hospital Scene

So it went—that morning as all mornings—through the hospital. In the clinics, the nurseries, laboratories, operating rooms; in Neurology, Psychiatry, Pediatrics, Dermatology; in Orthopedics, Ophthalmology, Gynecology, Urology; in the charity wards and the private patients' pavilion; in the service departments—administration, accounting, purchasing, housekeeping; in the waiting rooms, corridors, halls, elevators; throughout the five floors, basement, and sub-basement of Three Counties Hospital the tides and currents of humanity and medicine ebbed and flowed. (Arthur Hailey, *The Final Diagnosis*)

医院常景

医院大楼上上下下、里里外外，今天早晨和每天早晨一样，生活在沸腾着。在诊室、婴儿室、试验室、手术室；在神经科、心理科、小儿科、皮肤科；在矫形科、眼科、妇科、泌尿科；在免费病房和私人病房；在服务性部门——院部、会计科、采购科、清洁班；在候诊室、楼道、大厅和电梯上，整个三郡医院五层大楼，地下室和地下室二层，到处是生活，到处是人类与医学汇合的激流，泛起的滚滚的生活浪花，似潮汐起伏，千变万化。（舒逊 译）

Mental Hospital

Dad says it's awful to go into. The corridors are long, the paint peeling, the smell diabolical. The ward Grandma will go into is locked. Inside, there are three rooms. One is vast, the sitting room and dining room combined; one is medium-sized, used as an extrasitting room; yet another is huge, the dormitory with twenty four beds. The first sight, says Dad, struggling, is pretty bad. Old women sitting in chairs, the television blaring, half of them shouting out. But the staff seem kind and attentive. The inmates are all clean and their hair is brushed. There are plants and flowers everywhere and pictures on the wall. There is a garden outside with

a door opening onto it. Once you're in, Dad repeats, it's not too bad.

(Margaret Foster, *Have the Men Had Enough?*)

精神病院

爸爸说,乍一进医院感觉很可怕。走廊狭长,油漆剥落,气味刺鼻。奶奶要住的大病室是上锁的,里面有三个房间。一间很宽敞,兼作起居室和饭厅之用;一间中等大小,作为第二起居室;而第三间大得出奇,是放有二十四张床位的寝室。第一眼看上去的确很可怕,爸爸费力地说。电视机噼哩叭啦地响着,老妇人们坐在椅子上,有一半的人在大喊大叫。但工作人员看起来都亲切周到,室友们也都干干净净,头发理得整整齐齐。室内摆设着花草,墙上装饰着画,还有一扇门直通花园。一旦你住进去了,也就不那么可怕了,爸爸重复道。

(邹鲁路 译)

Patient Doctor and Arrogant Patient

The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man, "I've got a proposition for you," he said quietly.

Old Ellsworth looked suspiciously over his spectacles. "What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides to keep me away from the office?"

"How'd you like to take up art?" The doctor had his stereoscope ready in case the abruptness of the suggestion proved too much for the patient's heart.

But the old gentleman's answer was a vigorous "Rot!"

"I don't mean seriously," said the doctor, relieved that disaster had been averted. "Just fool around with chalk and crayons. It'll be fun."

"Bosh!"

"All right." The doctor stood up. "I just suggested it, that's all."

(Rube Goldberg, *Art for Heart's Sake*)

耐心的医生与高傲的病人

医生拉过来一把椅子,靠近老头儿坐下来。"我想向你提出一个建议,"他轻轻地说。

老艾斯沃斯用怀疑的眼光从眼镜上方往外看。"是什么建议,再来点药,再来几次坐汽车兜风,再来点胡说八道,好叫我少上办公室么?"

"来点艺术,你看怎么样?"医生把听筒拿在手里,以便在病人的心脏受不住这种突如其来的建议时,随时可以应用。

然而这位老先生的答复只是一声坚定有力的"瞎说!"

"我不是说要你很认真的去学,"医生说,危机已过,他放下了心。"只是拿粉笔和蜡笔胡乱涂着玩儿,这挺有趣的。"

"呀!"

"得啦。"医生站了起来。"我只是提出这么个建议罢了。" (吴柱存 译)

Terrible Hospital Conditions

The hospital conditions in Abumombazi were not as deplorable as in other parts of the country. A prominent Zairian general came from the region. He had had the clout to attract a white doctor to the village, and there, with Belgian nuns, Grethe worked with what she could beg and borrow. This was Central Africa, after all, and even a favored clinic would never have such basics as sterile rubber gloves or disposable needles. You just used needles again and again until they wore out; once gloves had worn through, you risked dipping your hands in your patient's blood because that was what needed to be done. The lack of rudimentary supplies meant that a surgeon's work had risks that doctors in the developed world could not imagine, particularly because the undeveloped part, specifically Central Africa, seemed to sire new diseases with nightmarish regularity.

(Randy Shilts, *And the Band Played on: Politics, People, and the AIDS Epidemic*)

恶劣的医疗条件

阿布蒙巴济的医疗条件与这个国家其他地方相比还不是那么可悲。这地方出了一位杰出的扎伊尔将军,他利用声望将一名白人医生吸引到村子里来。格莱特与来自比利时的修女一道,利用能乞求、取借到手的一切开展着工作。这儿终归是非洲中部地区,即便是受到关照的诊所也永不会有消毒橡胶手套或一次性注射针头等基本用具。你只好将针头用了一次又一次,直至用秃;一旦手套磨破了,你只能冒险使双手浸在患者的血液中操作,因为你不得不如此。缺少基本医疗用品意味着,外科医生工作时面临发达国家的医生们想象不出的种种危险,尤其是因为像中部非洲这样的不发达地区似乎是梦魇般地经常有新的疾病滋生。 (思平 译)

8. Libraries 图书馆

Public Library

But it seems probable that the public library, despite many a good

turn it has done for culture, is even more guilty in this general debauching of public taste. People will read a great many more novels borrowed from a public library than they would ever buy, and the great majority of people, reading many, will happen upon more poor ones than good.

…The public library has, with one class of readers, largely taken the place of the old Seaside Library of fiction; it supplies them with books that they read, but would never care to keep. The sale of works of fiction to the public libraries alone is now almost large enough to justify the publisher in issuing them. (Willa Cather, *The Hundred Worst Books and They That Wrote Them*)

公共图书馆

不过,公共图书馆在败坏公众趣味方面的罪责可能更大,尽管它们过去曾经对文化多有贡献。人们从图书馆借阅的小说的数量远远超过自己买的书,而绝大多数人,读的书多了,碰到的劣书总比好书多。

……对于某一类读者来说,公共图书馆很大程度上取代了早先经营小说的海滨图书馆,它们供应读者乐于阅读,但无意保存的书籍。如今单是卖给公共图书馆的书籍的数量就大到足以诱使出版商发行某个作品了。(黄梅 译)

Reading Room of a British Libary

I am in love. The object of my affections is the Reading Room of the British Library and I know I am not the first to be besotted by this extraordinary place …

… To describe it as a room is not to do justice to its magnificence. It is a circular space with a floor area of 1350 square metres, reaching up to a dome 30 metres high.

Sometimes, finding my way from the circular catalogue desks to the place where I am circularly sitting—where there is room for 412 "circular" readers at any one time—I get disorientated and quite dizzy. Several times I have had to fight the urge to lie down on the floor and look up at the dome in order to collect myself.

(Barbara Ewing, *Occasional London Diary*: "*I Am in Love*")

英国图书馆的阅览室

我恋爱了。我爱的对象是英国图书馆的阅览室。我知道我并不是第一个被这不寻常的地方迷得神魂颠倒的人……

……把这样一个富丽堂皇的场所描写成一个房间是不太恰当的。这是一个占地面积达 1350 平方米的圆形空间，有一个圆形屋顶，高达 30 米。

有时我从环形的藏书目录台回到环形桌子自己的座位——这些环形座位同时可以容纳 412 位"流动"的读者阅览——我简直有点迷失方向，感到晕头转向。有好几次我真想躺在地板上仰望上面的圆屋顶而使自己镇定下来。

（秋实　译）

Reading Room

The circular wall of the Reading Room wrapped the scholars in a protective layer of books, while above them arched the vast, distended belly of the dome. Little daylight entered through the grimy glass at the top. No sounds of traffic of other human business penetrated to that warm, airless space. The dome looked down on the scholars, and the scholars looked down on their books; and the scholars loved their books, stroking the pages with soft pale fingers. The pages responded to the fingers' touch, and yielded their knowledge gladly to the scholars, who collected it in little boxes of file-cards. When the scholars raised their eyes from their desks they saw nothing to distract them, nothing out of harmony with their books, only the smooth, curved lining of the dome.

（David Lodge, *The British Museum is Falling Down*）

阅览室

阅览室的墙恰好把学者们环绕在一层层、一堆堆的书籍当中，他们头顶上方是拱起的巨大的圆屋顶，上方的玻璃积满污垢，几乎透不进多少日光。在这片温馨、静谧的空间，听不到车辆的嘈杂，也没有尘世的喧嚣。圆顶俯瞰着学者们，学者们俯首凝神于书本之中。他们都酷爱这些书籍，轻抚书页，随着指尖的轻轻移动，无穷的知识就像汩汩清泉流向学者们如饥似渴的心田。他们用成盒的小记录卡贪婪地采撷着其中的精华。每当学者们目光离开书本，抬头仰望，他们看不到任何东西可以分散他们的注意力，一切都是那么和谐。因为映入眼帘的唯有那向上拱起的圆顶。

（李庆学　译）

Library on the Decline

On Border Street, the town's northern boundary, the Bay Borough Public Library crouched between a church and an Exxon station. It was hardly more than a cottage, but the instant Delia stepped inside she always

felt its seriousness, its officialness. A smell of aged paper and glue hung above the four tables with their wooden chairs, the librarian's high varnished counter, the bookcases chockablock with elderly books. No CDs or videotapes here, no spin racks of paperback novels; just plain, sturdy volumes in buckram bindings with their Dewey decimal numbers handwritten on the spines in white ink. It was a matter of finances, Delia supposed. Nothing seemed to have been added in the last decade. Best-sellers were nowhere to be seen, but there was plenty of Jane Austen, and Edith Wharton, and various solemn works of history and biography. The children's corner gave off a glassy shine from all the layers of Scotch tape holding the tattered picture books together.

(Anne Tyler, *Ladder of Years*)

破落的图书馆

边境街在小镇的最北端,这里有一座教堂和名叫埃克森的车站,低矮的海湾公共图书馆就座落在教堂和车站之间。它不过是一幢简陋的建筑,然而,狄利亚一走进去就产生一种沉重而又压抑的感觉。配有木椅的四张桌子,高而发亮的柜台,堆满旧书的橱子,空气中弥漫着旧纸张与胶水的混合气味。这里没有 CD 或录像带,没有旋转架上的平装小说,有的只是用硬麻布片装订而成的普通而又结实的书卷,书背上都按杜威十进码用白墨汁做了编注——大概是节俭的缘故吧,狄利亚猜想。最近十年几乎没再添置新书,因而这里见不到什么畅销书,但却有许多简·奥斯汀、伊迪斯·华顿等的作品及各种有关历史、传记的严肃书籍。在儿童期刊处,绑着破旧图画书的层层苏格兰胶带像玻璃一样闪着光。

(李庆学 译)

Presidential Library

The material housed in the Presidential Libraries is staggering a total of more than 200 million pages of paper records, 6.5 million microform images, 3 million still photographs, 12.5 million feet of motion picture film, 42,000 hours of discs, videotape recordings, and 6,000 hours of recorded interviews and 175,000 pages of transcripts.

The most important holdings, the White House files, cover all major aspects of public policy and include such records as presidential speeches, correspondence and staff memoranda that show how the President supervises the executive branch of government, influences congressional legislation and conducts foreign relations. The libraries also preserve

papers prior to or following the President's career. President Eisenhower's military career, for example, is well documented in the holdings of the Eisenhower Library, while in the Kennedy Library are materials relating to President Kennedy's years as Congressman and Senator. (Rom Chepesiuk, *Presidential Libraries: Monuments to the American System*)

总统图书馆

藏在总统图书馆中的材料多得惊人:有超过两亿页的文件记录,六百五十万张缩微图像,三百万张照片,一千二百五十万英尺电影胶片,可放四万二千小时的唱片和录像带,以及六千小时的录下来的会见和十七万五千页的谈话记录。

最重要的收藏是白宫卷宗,内容涉及所有公共政策的主要方面,并包括总统讲话、书信以及工作人员备忘录等案卷.从而表明总统是如何指导政府行政部门、如何影响国会立法和如何处理对外关系的。总统图书馆也藏有关于总统生涯前后的文件。例如,在艾森豪威尔图书馆里就藏有详细记载艾森豪威尔军事生涯的文件,而在肯尼迪图书馆里就藏有他担任众议员和参议员期间的材料。 (雨花 译)

The Library of Congress

Called a time capsule of human knowledge, a storehouse of America's national memory, the Library of Congress is all this and more. Located across the street from the U.S. Congress, this largest library in the world contains some 535 miles of shelves holding over 85 million items, just 20 million of which are books. There are more maps, globes, newsreels, recordings, sheet music, government documents and personal papers than anyplace else on earth. The library also boasts the oldest motion picture, the earliest example of printing and the smallest book ever published.

Each day over 31,000 new books, periodicals and recordings pour into the library's mailroom. More contributions arrive from scholars, philanthropists, missionaries and others who have something of interest to share. (Randy Fitzgerald, *The Largest Library on Earth*)

国会图书馆

美国国会图书馆被称为当代人类知识的宝库和美国国家记忆储存库是当之无愧的,而且有过之而无不及。这个世界上最大的图书馆坐落在美国国会大厦的对面,仅一街之隔。馆内的书架总长约达五百三十五英里,收藏品超过

八千五百万件，其中图书为两千万册。馆内所藏的地图、地球仪、新闻记录片、录音带、活页乐谱、政府文件和私人文件都超过世界上任何地方的收藏。国会图书馆引以自豪的收藏还包括最古老的电影片、最早的印刷品的清样和已出版的最小的图书等。

每天有三万一千件以上各种新书、期刊和录音带源源涌入国会图书馆的邮件室。而更多的捐赠则来自学者、慈善家、传教士和其他慷慨捐献的人士。

（诸葛勤 译）

9. Hotels 旅馆

Gay Ornaments of a Guest Room

The bed was a large affair of mahogany made in the shape of a boat. The curtains, of red material, hanging from near the ceiling, were looped back over the recessed pillow—and there was no lovelier sight than her dark hair and white skin seen in relief against the wine-red background when, with a gesture of modesty, she clasped her two bare arms across her breast, and hid her face in her hands.

The warm room with its carpet that deadened every sound, its gay ornaments and tranquil light, seemed just made for the intimacies of passion. The uprights of the canopy ended in arrow-points. The brass curtain-rings and the great balls on the andirons glittered suddenly in a fitful burst of sunshine. On the mantelpiece, flanked by candlesticks, were two of those big pink shells which echo the sound of the sea when held to the ear. (Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*)

轻狎的房间陈设

床是一张船形桃花心木大床。天花板挂着素红缎幔帐，低低下垂，兜着敞口床头；——世上没有比这再美的了：红颜色衬着她的棕色头发、她的白色皮肤，同时她羞答答的，缩拢两条光胳膊，脸藏在手心。

房间暖和，地毯没有声息，陈设轻狎，光线柔和，似乎一切专为颠鸾倒凤而设。太阳进来，箭头帐竿、铜床钩、火篦的大球，马上发出亮光。两只玫瑰红大蚌壳，放在壁炉上两支蜡烛当中，举到耳边，可以听见海啸。 （李健吾 译）

Vault-like Bedroom

And the chamberlain, letting me in at his ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on his shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom

next in order on his list. It was a sort of vault on the ground floor at the back, with a despotic monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of his arbitrary legs into the fireplace, and another into the doorway, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a divinely righteous manner.

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)

地窖似的后房

掌柜开了便门放我进去,点亮了他搁板上排着的头一支蜡烛,马上把我带进他水牌上标出的头一间空房。那是底层的一间后房;样子像个地窖。一张用四根木柱撑起来的床架简直像个专制魔王,叉开四条腿,占据了整个地盘:它一只蛮不讲理的脚踏住壁炉,另外一只脚一直迈到门洞子里,俨然摆出一副神圣不可侵犯的架势,把个可怜巴巴的小脸盆架挤得不能动弹。

(王科一 译)

Spacious Bow-Window

The building before whose doors they had pitched their music-stands was the chief hotel in Casterbridge, namely the King's Arms. A spacious bow-window projected into the street over the main portico, and from the open sashes came the babble of voices, the jingle of glasses, and the drawing of corks. The blinds moreover being left unclosed the whole interior of this room could be surveyed from the top of a flight of stone steps to the road-waggon office opposite, for which reason a knot of idlers had gathered there. (Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*)

宽大的弓形窗户

乐队把乐谱架在一座建筑物的门前,它就是卡斯特桥市最大的一家旅馆——王家甲胄。在正门的回廊上有一扇宽大的弓形窗,突出到街上;窗框子开启着,传出了人们的谈话声,叮当的碰杯声和拔瓶塞的声音。还有,窗幔也没有合上,整个房间里的情景,从对面台阶的顶上都可以看得见,也就因为这个原故,有一堆闲散的人挤在那里看热闹。 (侍桁 淑勤 译)

"The Gracious Living"

There is nothing louder than an American hotel; and, mind you, this was supposed to be a quiet, cozy, old-fashioned, homey place—"gracious living" and all that stuff. The clatter of the elevator's gate—some twenty

yards northeast of my head but as clearly perceived as if it were inside my left temple—alternated with the hanging and booming of the machine's various evolutions and lasted well beyond midnight. Every now and then immediately east of my left ear (always assuming I lay on my back, not daring to direct my viler side toward the nebulous haunch of my bedmate), the corridor would brim with cheerful, resonant and inept exclamations ending in a volley of good-nights. (V. Nabokov, *Lolita*)

"幽雅起居"

没有什么地方比美国的旅馆更嘈杂不堪了,要提醒你的是,这里还是一家被认为安静、舒适、有传统风尚、待客如家人的旅馆——所谓"幽雅起居"的所在。在我头部东北方二十码远处的电梯门开的声音清晰传入耳鼓,好像是就在我的天灵盖里面,它随着机器的升降起落不断变换着各种刺耳的尖响,一直响到午夜。时不时地,从我左耳东面很近的地方(请时刻记住我是仰身而卧,未敢把我罪恶的一面直指我同床睡友那朦胧的臀部)传来阵阵笑声,回声在走廊里震荡;人们互祝晚安的问候在走廊尽头缓缓消失。

(彭晓丰 孔小炯 译)

Renovated Hotel

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated". That means twenty thousand dollars' worth of new marble pillars, electric lights and cuspidors in the lobby, and a train timetable in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the service as slow as a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. (O. Henry, *A Municipal Report*)

翻新的旅馆

旅馆是一家那种号称"整修翻新的"。这意味着价值2万元的新大理石柱子、电灯,和门廊中的痰盂,以及上面的每间大房间中的火车时刻表。经营管理是无可指责的,招待服务就像蜗牛那么慢条斯理,但脾气好得又像里普·范·温克尔一样。伙食也好,值得走上1000英里来品尝一番。 (王蓝 译)

Suite on the Parlour Floor

The rooms which Mr. Withers displayed to Carrie and Lola were three and a bath—a suite on the parlour floor. They were done in chocolate and dark red, with rugs and hangings to match. Three windows looked down

into busy Broadway on the east, three into a side street which crossed there. There were two lovely bedrooms, set with brass and white enamel beds, white, ribbon-trimmed chairs and chiffoniers to match. In the third room, or parlour, was a piano, a heavy piano lamp, with a shade of gorgeous pattern, a library table, several huge easy rockers, some dado book shelves, and a gilt curio case, filled with oddities. Pictures were upon the walls, soft Turkish pillows upon the divan, footstools of brown plush upon the floor. Such accommodations would ordinarily cost a hundred dollars a week. (Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

旅馆套间的陈设

惠特斯先生给嘉莉和萝拉看的是三间屋加一个浴室——是在客厅楼上的一个套间。房间里漆成巧克力色和暗红色，地毯、挂毯齐全。东边有三面窗可以俯瞰车水马龙的百老汇，另外三扇窗朝着横过来的一条小街。有两间可爱的卧室，放着白珐琅的钢床，白缎子包边的椅子和梳妆台。在第三间里，也就是会客间里，有一架钢琴，一只很大的琴灯，配着式样华丽的灯罩，一张阅览台，还有几张舒适的大摇椅，几只沿墙的矮书架，一只镀金的古董橱，里面摆着各种珍宝。墙上挂着画，长沙发上放着软软的土耳其式枕垫，地板上放着棕色丝绒踏脚垫。这样陈设的房间一般要每周一百块钱。 (许汝祉 译)

Strongly Flavored Little Inn

It was a little inn where Mr. Micawber put up, and he occupied a little room in it, partitioned off from the commercial room, and strongly flavored with tobacco smoke. I think it was over the kitchen, because a warm greasy smell appeared to come up through the chinks in the floor, and there was a flabby perspiration on the walls. I know it was near the bar, on account of the smell of spirits and jingling of glasses.

(Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

气味混杂的小旅店

密考伯先生寄宿的地方是一个小旅店，他住在一个由代办室分隔开的小房间，其中有强烈的烟草的烟味。我觉得这房间是在厨房的上面，因为似乎有一种热烘烘的油腻气从地板的裂缝中透上来，墙上还有一种潮润的汗湿。由于酒精气和酒杯声，我知道它挨近卖酒的地方。 (董秋斯 译)

Georgian Family Hotel

In a street on the fringe of this area there stood a row of Georgian

terrace houses. No doubt they had when built enjoyed a pleasant prospect down towards the river. But warehouses had gone up and blocked that view; the houses had most visibly lost self-confidence in their natural elegance. Their woodwork lacked paint, their roofs tiles, the door panels were split. One or two were still private residences; but a central block of five, made shabbily uniform by a blasphemous application of dull brown paint to the original brick, declared themselves in a long wooden sign over the central doorway of the five to be a hotel-Endicott's Family Hotel, to be precise. (John Fowels : *The French Lieutenant's Woman*)

乔治亚式家庭旅社

在紧靠这区域的边缘的一条街上,有一排建在台地上的乔治亚式房屋。当房子初盖起来的时候,它们确实面对一片开阔的临河美景。可惜后来盖的仓库把这美景挡住了,使这些房屋明显地失去了原来的自然美。木结构上的髹漆已经剥落,屋顶没有瓦,门板露出了裂缝。这些房屋只有一二栋是私人住宅,正中是联结成一片的五栋房屋,原先的砖墙上被涂了一层令人感到亵渎的棕漆,看起来虽然清一色,但却十分寒伧;这片房屋正中的门廊上悬挂着一条木制招牌,说明它们是一家旅社,确切地说,叫恩狄葛特家庭旅社。

(阿良 刘坤尊 译)

10. Restaurants 饭店

Spring Pervading to the Menu

Today there were more changes on the bill of fare than usual. The soups were lighter; pork was eliminated from the entrees, figuring only with Russian turnips among the roasts. The gracious spirit of spring pervaded the entire menu. Lamb, that lately capered on the greening hillsides, was becoming exploited with the sauce that commemorated the gambols. The song of the oyster, though not silenced, was dimuendo con amore. The frying-pan seemed to be held, inactive, behind the beneficent bars of the broiler. The pie list swelled; the richer puddings had vanishad; the sausage, with his drapery wrapped about him, barely lingered in a pleasant thanatopsis with the buckwheats and the sweet but doomed maple. (O. Henry, *Gifts of the Magi*)

弥漫着春天气息的菜单

今天菜单上的改动要比平时多一些。汤稀薄了一些;猪肉被从主菜里取

消了，只是在烧烤类里才和俄国胡萝卜一起露面。整个菜单里弥漫着使人感到亲切的春天气息。那不久以前还在刚刚泛出绿色的山坡上蹦蹦跳跳的小羊羔已开始登场上桌，再洒上些调味汁，以此来纪念它昔日的欢蹦乱跳。牡蛎之歌虽未静止下来，却是怀着爱意音量渐小了。煎炸锅似乎是被闲置在烧烤器的仁慈的铁条后面闲置不用了。馅饼的品种增加了；那些比较油腻的布丁消失了；香肠连同裹着它的肠衣只能与荞麦片和那虽然味甜但却注定遭厄运的槭树汁一起留在人们对逝去事物的愉快的沉思默想中了。 （刘竞 译）

Sheen of a Superior Restaurant

Vance led the way through lanes of shining tables, at which were seated parties of two, three, four, five, or six. The air of assurance and dignity about it all was exceedingly noticeable to the novitiate. Incandescent lights, the reflection of their glow in polished glasses, and the shine of gilt upon the walls, combined into one tone of light which it requires minutes of complacent observation to separate and take particular note of. The white shirt fronts of the gentlemen, the bright costumes of the ladies, diamonds, jewels, fine feathers—all were exceedingly noticeable.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

华丽的上流饭店

万斯在前边带路，穿过了一长列华丽的餐桌形成的狭窄过道，餐桌上散坐着两个、三个、四个、五个或是六个人一堆。在这位初出茅庐者眼里，这些人那种自信与尊严的气派全都是非常明显的。灼热的灯光，亮晶晶玻璃杯耀眼的反光，给四周墙上涂抹得闪闪金光，这些汇合成一种色调，需要悠然自得地进行观察，才能分辨得清楚。绅士们雪白衬衫的胸口和女士们色彩鲜明的服饰，都装点着钻石、珠宝和美丽的羽毛——全都非常光彩夺目。 （许汝祉 译）

Parlour of an Inn

The woman opened to him the door of a little parlor, covered with a rag-carpet, where stood a table with a very shining black oil-cloth, sundry lank, high-backed wood chairs, with some plaster images in resplendent colors on the mantelshelf, above a very dimly-smoking grate; a long hard-wood settle extended its uneasy length by the chimney.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

小饭馆的客堂

老板娘为他打开一间小客堂，里面铺着一块破旧的地毯，地毯上面摆着一

张桌子;桌子上铺着一块发光的黑油布,周围有几把瘦长的高背椅子;壁炉架上摆着几个鲜艳夺目的泥菩萨,炉子里还微微有点冒烟;壁炉旁边放着一张硬木的长睡椅,显得地方很局促。 (黄继忠 译)

Delicacy of Touch in China Town

San Francisco is a really beautiful city. China Town, peopled by Chinese labourers, is the most artistic town I have ever come across. The people—strange, melancholy Orientals, whom many people would call common, and they are certainly very poor—have determined that they will have nothing about them that is not beautiful. In the Chinese restaurant, where these navvies meet to have supper in the evening, I found them drinking tea out of china cups as delicate as the petals of a roseleaf, whereas at the gaudy hotels I was supplied with a delf cup an inch and a half thick. When the Chinese bill was presented it was made out on rice paper, the account being done in Indian ink as fantastically as if an artist had been etching little birds on a fan.

(Oscar Wilde, *Impressions of America*)

中国餐馆里的艺术韵味

旧金山是一座真正美丽的城市。聚居着中国劳工的唐人街是我见过的最富有艺术韵味的街区。这些古怪、忧郁的东方人,许多人会说他们下贱,他们肯定也很穷,但他们打定主意,身边不能有任何不美的东西。在那些苦工们晚上聚集在一起吃饭的中国餐馆里,我发现他们用如同玫瑰花瓣一样纤巧的瓷杯喝茶,而那些俗丽的宾馆给我用的陶杯足有一英寸半厚。中国人的菜单拿上来的时候是写在宣纸上的,账目是用墨汁写出来的,漂亮得就像艺术家在扇面上蚀刻的小鸟一样。 (谈瀛洲 译)

Exclusive Restaurant

On the walls were designs in colour, square spots of robin's-egg blue, set in ornate frames of gilt, whose corners were elaborate mouldings of fruit and flowers with fat cupids hovering in angelic comfort. On the ceilings were coloured traceries with more gilt, leading to a centre where spread a cluster of lights—incandescent globes mingled with glittering prisms and stucco tendrils of gilt. The floor was of a reddish hue, waxed and polished, and in every direction were mirrors tall, brilliant,

beveledged mirrors—reflecting and re-reflecting forms, faces, and candelabra a score and a hundred times.

The tables were not so remarkable in themselves, and yet the imprint of Sherry upon the napery, the name of Tiffany upon the silverware, the name of Haviland upon the china, and over all the glow of the small, red-shaded candelabra and the reflected tints of the walls on garments and faces, made them seem remarkable. (Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

豪华的饭店

墙上画着淡蓝色小方块的彩色图案,围着镀金的、华丽的框子,角上刻着精致的花果,有肥胖的小爱神在上面自如飞翔。天花板上绘着金碧辉煌的藻井,围护着中间的一丛明灯——在闪光的棱柱和镀金泥灰卷叶之间点缀着好些电灯泡。地板打蜡、擦亮、发出微红的光来,四周都装着镜子——高大、明洁、车边的镜子——相互辉映,映出了不知多少人影、面容和灯架来。

餐桌本身并不怎么出色,可是台布上印着饭店的名称,银器上刻着特芬纳的牌号,瓷器上有哈弗兰的厂名,小红灯罩下灯光照耀着这样的器物,以及客人的衣服上、脸庞上反映出的墙壁的色泽,使餐桌显得仿佛很夺目。

(许汝祉 译)

Sickening Restaurant

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A pallid suetfaced young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin. New set of microbes. A man with an infant's saucestained napkin tucked round him shovelled gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: halfmasticated gristle: no teeth to chewchewchew it. Chump chop from the grill. Bolting to get it over. Sad booser's eyes. Bitten off more than he can chew. Am I like that? See ourselves as others see us. Hungry man is an angry man. Working tooth and jaw. Don't! O! A bone!

Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale of

ferment. (James Joyce, *Ulysses*)

令人倒胃口的餐馆

他推开伯顿餐厅的门时,心还怦怦地跳着。一股强烈的气味,憋住了他的颤动的呼吸:刺鼻的肉汁、稀烂的蔬菜。看牲口喂食。

人,人,人。

有的高踞在酒柜边的凳子上,帽子推在背后,有的坐在桌子边,大声喊叫着还要免费面包,唏哩胡噜地喝着汤,大口大口地吞着泥浆似的菜,鼓着眼睛,擦着唇边胡子上的汤水。一个面色苍白如板油的年轻人,用餐巾擦着他的杯子刀叉和汤匙。换一批细菌。一个围着染了汤水的婴儿口水布的人,咕噜咕噜地用大勺往脖子里灌汤。有一个人把没有嚼烂的软骨吐回盘子里:没有牙齿去嚼嚼嚼。明火炙烤的羊排。急急忙忙,想赶紧把这顿饭吃下去。忧伤的酒鬼眼睛。一口咬多了,嚼不动。我也是这样的吗?要用别人看我们的眼光看自己才行。饿汉是怒汉。使劲用牙,用颚。别!唷!骨头!……

人的气味。斯佩顿锯末、甜兮兮热烘烘的纸烟烟雾、一大股难闻的气味,其中混和着口嚼烟草味、泼洒出来的啤酒味、啤酒似的人尿味、以及发酵过头的气味。 (金隄 译)

11. Bars 酒吧

Inn in the Trees

There was an inn in the trees at the Bains de l' Alliaz where the woodcutters stopped to drink, and we sat inside warmed by the stove and drank hot red wine with spices and lemon in it. They called it *glubwein* and it was a good thing to warm you and to celebrate with. The inn was dark and smoky inside and afterwards when you went out the cold air came sharply into your lungs and numbed the edge of your nose as you inhaled. We looked back at the inn with light coming from the windows and the woodcutters' horses stamping and jerking their heads outside to keep warm.

(Earnest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*)

林中小酒店

在阿利雅士温泉浴场的树林里有一家小酒店,伐木工人在那儿逗留小酌。我们坐在生着火炉暖融融的酒店里喝加了香料和柠檬的红葡萄酒。他们管这种酒叫滚烫的甜红葡萄酒,是给你取暖和痛饮的好东西。酒店里光线暗淡,烟雾弥漫,以后你走出酒店呼吸空气的时候,冷冽的空气直透你的心肺,使你的

鼻尖麻木起来。你回头去望那酒店，窗子里透出灯光。伐木工人的马正在门外跺着脚用力挥着头取暖。 （林疑今 译）

Dull and Sordid Bar

He dragged it aside, and entered a long, low room which looked as if it had once been a third-rate dancing-saloon. Shrill flaring gas-jets, dulled and distorted in the fly-blown mirrors that faced them, were ranged round the walls. Greasy reflectors of ribbed tin backed them, making quivering disks of light. The floor was covered with ochre-coloured sawdust, trampled here and there into mud, and stained with dark rings of spilt liquor. Some Malays were crouching by a little charcoal stove playing with bone counters, and showing their white teeth as they chattered. In one corner, with his head buried in his arms, a sailor sprawled over a table, and by the tawdrily-painted bar that ran across one complete side stood two haggard women mocking an old man who was brushing the sleeves of his coat with an expression of disgust.

（Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*）

昏暗肮脏的酒店

他把门帘拉开，跨进一间很低的、但相当长的屋子，看样子过去是一所三等舞厅。靠墙排列着煤气灯的喷火口，刺目的灯光映在对面满是蝇卵的镜子里，变得昏暗、歪斜。灯口后面衬着油腻腻的波纹形铁皮回光罩，火焰的圆圈在回光罩的反射下不住地颤动。地上铺着黄褐色的锯屑，有些地方被踩实了露出泥地，还有泼翻的酒留下的一圈圈深色的痕迹。几个马来人蹲在一只小炭炉旁边掷骰子，说话时露出很白的牙齿。角落里有个水手头枕着胳膊趴在一张桌子上。漆色非常恶俗的酒吧柜占着整整一堵墙，两个骨瘦如柴的女人站在柜边嘲弄一个正在刷大衣袖子的老头儿。 （茅如德 译）

Awful Waitress

She felt thirsty and found a cafe round one of the side-streets, where she had two cups of tea and a meatpie and a coconut tart, served by a waitress who looked as fly-specked as the cards in the window. 'I've got the yawns today,' the waitress said, to explain why she slopped the tea in the saucer, 'and when I yawn I yawn.' To prove it, she yawned again, throwing her head back and lifting her chest, closing her eyes and opening

her mouth most alarmingly. 'But it's not as bad as sneezes. There was an awful rush the other day, and I got a fit of sneezes in the middle of it. I was frightened they'd say I was sneezing in the food, so I held it right out as far as I could, and a sneeze came on me just as I was serving a plate of soup.' She giggled. 'So most of it went down somebody's neck.'

(Jack Lindsay, *Betrayed Spring*)

可怕的女侍

她觉得口渴,在一条小街上找到一家咖啡馆,她要了两杯茶,一个肉饼,和一个椰子馅饼,招待她的女侍者脸上长满苍蝇屎样的黑斑,就像窗子上那些纸板一样。"我今天直打哈欠,"那女侍者说:解释她为什么把茶泼翻在碟子里,"我一打起哈欠来就打个不停",为了证明这句话,她又打了一个哈欠,把头往后一仰,挺起胸,闭上眼睛,拼命大张着嘴。"可是比打喷嚏还好些。有一天来了很多顾客,在正忙着的当口,我打起一连串的喷嚏来。我怕他们说我把喷嚏打到食品中去,所以把手尽量伸得远远的,我正要送上一盘汤的时候,来了一个喷嚏。"她格格地笑起来。"于是大半盘子的汤都浇进一个人的领子里去。"

(姜华 译)

Bar-Room with a Miscellaneous Company

It was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveller alighted at the door of a small country hotel, in the village of N—, in Kentucky. In the bar-room he found assembled quite a miscellaneous company, whom stress of weather had driven to harbor, and the place presented the usual scenery of such reunions. Great, tall, raw-boned Kentuckians, attired in hunting-shirts, and trailing their loose joints over a vast extent of territory, with the easy lounge peculiar to the race,—rifles stacked away in the corner, shot-pouches, game-bags, hunting-dogs, and little negroes, all rolled together in the corners,—were the characteristic features in the picture. At each end of the fireplace sat an long-legged gentleman, with his chair tipped back, his hat on his head, and the heels of his muddy boots reposing sublimely on the mantelpiece,—a position, we will inform our readers, decidedly favorable to the turn of reflection incident to western taverns, where travellers exhibit a decided preference for this particular mode of elevating their understandings.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

三教九流汇聚的酒吧

一个细雨蒙蒙的黄昏，肯塔基州N村一家乡村小旅馆门前，有一位旅客从马车上下来。他走进酒吧间，看见里面聚集着三教九流人物，都是因天时不好进来避雨的。屋子里呈现出来的正是这种场合下常见的一幅图画。画面上最突出的特征是：身材高大、瘦骨嶙峋、身穿猎衣的肯塔基人（他们具有当地人特有的懒散劲儿，把松松垮垮的手脚向四面撒开，占着大片地方），架在屋角上的来复枪架以及四面角落里成堆的子弹袋、猎物袋、猎狗和小黑奴等。壁炉两边坐着两个长脚大汉：椅子向后仰着，帽子头上扣着，两只泥靴子目空一切地在壁炉架上翘着；——读者诸君有所不知，西部客店里低头沉思的风气十分盛行，旅客们特别喜欢把双脚高高翘起这种思考姿势，因为这对提高修养显然大有裨益。（黄继忠 译）

Customers of Every Hue

In the evening the frequenters of the house dropped in one by one, Jude still retaining his seat in the corner, though his money was all spent, and he had not eaten anything the whole day except a biscuit. He surveyed his gathering companions with all the equanimity and philosophy of a man who has been drinking long and slowly, and made friends with several: to wit, Tinker Taylor, a decayed church-ironmonger who appeared to have been of a religious turn in earlier years, but was somewhat blasphemous now; also a red-nosed auctioneer, also two Gothic masons like himself, called Uncle Jim and Uncle Joe. There were present, too, some clerks, and a gown-and surplice-maker's assistant; two ladies who sported moral characters of various depths of shade according to their company, nicknamed 'Bower o' Bliss' and 'Freckles'; some horsey men 'in the know' of betting circles; a travelling actor from the theatre, and two devil-may-care young men who proved to be gownless undergraduates; they had slipped in by stealth to meet a man about bull-pups, and stayed to drink and smoke short pipes with the racing gents aforesaid, looking at their watches every now and then. (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*)

形形色色的顾客

到了晚上，酒店里常来的顾客。一个跟着一个光临了。裘德仍旧坐在一个角落上他原先坐的地方没动，其实他的钱早已经花完了，并且他一整天，除了一块饼干，再就没吃什么别的东西。他用那种一人独饮、慢慢久酌所生出来

的镇定和冷静，看着他那些越来越多的酒伴，并且还和其中的几个闹得熟起来。这几位里面有补锅匠太勒，他是一个老朽不堪的教堂铁器商，好像年轻的时候曾虔诚过一阵儿，现在却或多或少地变得辱骂起教会来了；有一个拍卖行的经纪人，他是个酒糟鼻子；还有两个石匠，和他自己同行，都是作哥特式石工活儿的，一个叫资姆大叔，一个叫周大叔。在坐的人还有几个店伙，一个牧师礼服和法衣成衣匠的助手，两个女人，一个外号叫快活亭，一个叫雀儿斑；她们的好坏随着和她们在一块的人而变化不定；还有几个赛马迷，对于跑马场上的输赢很内行；又有一个串乡游巷的演员，还有两个天不怕地不怕的青年，原来是两个没穿学士袍的大学生，他们和另一个人关于一条小狗有点交道，说好了在这儿见面，所以现在溜进酒店来，进来了就和前面说的那几个跑马场上的绅士一块儿喝起酒、抽起烟来。他们过一会儿就把表掏出来看一看。

（张谷若 译）

12. Banks 银行

Old-Fashioned Bank

TELLSON'S Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. Thyey were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heavent! —

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

老式银行

即使在公元 1780 年，圣堂门旁的泰尔森银行也算得上是一个十足的老式铺面。它非常狭小，非常阴暗，非常不体面，又非常不方便。就其风气来说，这是个因循守旧的所在。行里的股东们以它的狭小为荣，以它的阴暗为荣，以它的不体面为荣，也以它的不方便为荣。他们甚至夸口说，它的名气就在于具有这些特点。他们公然热诚地表示：假如它不这么遭人反对，就不会有当前的地位。这并不是一种消极的信念，而是可以用来有效地对付那些主张就有更方

便的营业场所的人的一根大棒。他们说，泰尔森不需要宽敞的地盘。泰尔森不需要明亮的光线。泰尔森不需要装点门面。诺亚克公司也许需要，史努克兄弟公司也许需要，但泰尔森银行，感谢上帝！——（罗稷南 译）

Customers' Lingering Fear

Brother Louie was assistant cashier at the First Ingqvist State Bank, which entitled him to a cubicle, three feet of oak paneling topped with two feet of frosted glass. He sat in there and received loan applicants, the small-time ones, and also some depositors. Many older people who remembered their elders' memories of the failure of the New Albion Bank in the Panic of 1873 did not quite trust a bank per se and were uneasy about shoving their money under the grill to Mary Dahl, who was nineteen years old and chewed gum. They wanted Louie to accept it personally.

(Garrison Keillor, *Lake Wobegon Days*)

客户心有余悸

路易大哥当时在州立第一英格卫斯特银行任助理出纳，独自一个小间，由三英尺高的橡木镶板上方加两英尺毛玻璃隔离而成。他坐在里边接待前来短期贷款的顾客，也接待存款者。许多上点年纪的顾客对其长辈关于纽阿尔边银行在1873年金融恐慌中倒闭的回忆记忆犹新，因而本能地不信任银行，当从铁格窗下将钱推给年仅十九，嘴嚼口香糖的玛丽·戴尔时总觉忐忑不安。他们想让路易亲自收钱。（思平 译）

Special Service

She was greeted by a receptionist and led to a small office where another form had to be completed, one that couldn't be faxed. Within minutes, a young man named Marcus introduced himself. They had spoken many times on the phone. He was slender, well groomed, well tailored, very European, with a slight accent to his perfect English.

The money had arrived, he informed her, and Marlee managed to take the news while suppressing any sign of a smile. It was difficult. The paperwork was in order. She followed him upstairs to his office. Marcus' title was vague, like a lot of bankers' titles in Grand Cayman, but he was a vice president of this or that, and he managed portfolios.

(John Grisham, *The Runaway Jury*)

特别服务

接待员与她打了招呼，然后将她带进一间不大的办公室，还得再填一份表格，因无法电传。几分钟后，一位名叫马尔科斯的年轻人自我介绍，其实他们曾在电话上交谈过多次。他身材修长，外表整洁，衣着得体，非常欧化。他的英语无懈可击，只不过稍稍带点口音。

小伙子告诉她，钱已汇到。玛莉听到这个消息后尽量控制住自己不露笑容，但不容易。手续办齐了，她又随他去楼上他的办公室。像格兰德·凯曼里许多银行家的称呼相似，马尔科斯的头衔也不太清楚，不过他好像是个什么副总裁，经管有价证券。（思平 译）

13. Downtown Areas 闹市区

Downtown London

In the evening under the nailvarnish pink of the artificial London sky, the trees blacken into a forest wall : one is walking in the cool of a long quiet twilight and, at some turns of the walk, the rumble of the place is cut off and one could be in the outer isles. Such a city is too countrified to be megalopolis. (V.S. Pritchett, *London Perceived*)

伦敦市区

黄昏时分，伦敦灯火辉煌，在指甲油般的粉红色天空下，树木渐渐昏暗，变成一道漆黑的森林屏障；人们漫步在一片宁静暮霭的清爽空气中，在人行路的一些拐弯处，附近的喧嚣声会骤然消失，你仿佛置身于遥远的小岛中。这城市弥漫着如此浓郁的乡村气息，简直难以称为大都市。（赵迎凯 译）

London Streets

She was so fond of the spectacle of human life that she enjoyed even the aspect of gathering dusk in the London streets—the moving crowds, the hurrying cabs, the lighted shops, the flaring stalls, the dark, shining dampness of everything. (Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

伦敦街头

她对人生的场景这么喜爱，甚至伦敦街头愈来愈浓的暮色，那来来往往的人群，那奔驰而过的街车，那灯光灿烂的商店，那五光十色的杂货摊子，那黑暗的、闪闪烁烁的、湿渌渌的一切，都使她感到陶醉。（项星耀 译）

Bustling Streets

Carrie had noticed the appearance of gaiety and pleasure-seeking in the streets which they were following. Coaches were numerous, pedestrians many, and in Fifty-ninth Street the street cars were crowded. At Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue a blaze of lights from several new hotels which bordered the Plaza Square gave a suggestion of sumptuous hotel life. Fifth Avenue, the home of the wealthy, was noticeably crowded with carriages, and gentlemen in evening dress.

(Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*)

繁华街区

嘉莉在一路之上注意到了寻欢作乐的光景。马车很多,行人更多,在第五十九条街上,街车也挤。在第五十九条街和第五条街,普拉柴广场四周一些新开的旅馆灯光通明,表明了那是豪华的旅馆地段。第五条街是富豪居住区,只见车辆熙熙攘攘,穿着晚礼服的绅士们来来去去。 (许汝祉 译)

14. Slums and Ghettos 贫民区

Stench of Poverty

Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation has not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable.

(Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

贫民区的肮脏景象

家家户户都住在一幢像个奇臭无比的大窝似的高楼里,这就是说,那些单间房或单元房的门都直通一个总楼梯——他们除了把一部分垃圾从自家窗口倒下去之外,还在自家门口堆着垃圾。大股腐臭就这样不断产生,无法控制,无法根除,即使穷困和赤贫没有把它们那看不见嗅不到的肮脏和它混在一起,这种腐臭也足以污染空气了;而这两股不洁的源泉合到一起,则简直令人难以忍受。 (罗稷南 译)

Harlem Revisited

These streets hadn't changed, though housing projects jutted up out of them now like rocks in the middle of a boiling sea. Most of the houses in which we had grown up had vanished, as had the stores from which we had stolen, the basements in which we had first tried sex, the rooftops from which we had hurled tin cans and bricks. But houses exactly like the houses of our past yet dominated the landscape, boys exactly like the boys we once had been found themselves smothering in these houses, came down into the streets for light and air and found themselves encircled by disaster. Some escaped the trap, most didn't. Those who got out always left something of themselves behind, as some animals amputate a leg and leave it in the trap. It might be said, perhaps, that I had escaped, after all, I was a school teacher; or that Sonny had, he hadn't lived in Harlem for years. (James Baldwin, *Sonny's Blues*)

重访哈莱姆

尽管这里竖起了住宅建筑，犹如露出在波涛汹涌的海面上的岩石，但街道本身没有变化。我们小时候居住过的房屋大多已经消失。我们偷过东西的商店，初次尝试性的乐趣的地下室，站在上面扔马口铁罐头和砖头的屋顶，也都不存在了。可是，这里看到的大多数房屋跟我们过去的房子简直毫无二致。生活在这种屋子里的孩子跟我们童年时代一样感到窒息，只好到街上来寻求光明和空气，但发现灾难四伏。有些人逃出了这个陷阱，大多数人未能逃出。得以脱身的人总会留下些什么，正如有些动物为了逃离陷阱而折断一条腿一样。也许可以这样说：我总算逃出来了，因为我已经成了教书匠；也许可以说小弟也脱离了，因为他已经有好久没有住在哈莱姆了。 （陈雄尚 译）

Decaying Slums

They walked on, for some time, through the most crowded and densely inhabited part of the town; and then, striking down a narrow street more dirty and miserable than any they had yet passed through, paused to look for the house which was the object of their search. The houses on either side were high and large, but very old; and tenanted by people of the poorest class : as their neglected appearance would have sufficiently denoted, without the concurrent testimony afforded by the squalid looks of the few men and women who, with folded arms and bodies half doubled,

occasionally skulked along. A great many of the tenements had shop-fronts; but these were fast closed, and mouldering away : only the upper rooms being inhabited. Some houses which had become insecure from age and decay, were prevented from falling into the street, by huge beams of wood reared against the walls, and firmly planted in the road; but even these crazy dens seemed to have been selected as the nightly haunts of some houseless wretches; for many of the rough boards, which supplied the place of door and window, were wrenched from their positions, to afford an aperture wide enough for the passage of a human body. The kennel was stagnant and filthy. The very rats, which here and there lay putrefying in its rottenness, were hideous with famine.

(Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

衰败的贫民窟

他们先是穿过该镇人口最稠密的部分,走了一段时间后,折入一条比他们刚才所经之处更脏、更穷的狭巷,不时停下来寻找他们此行的目的地。狭巷两旁的房子倒是又高又大,但已很旧,住户大都属于最贫困的阶层;要了解这一点,单看房屋的颓败景象便够了,不消由那些胳膊拳曲、身体几乎弯成两截、偶尔在巷里趔趄而过的男男女女的可怜相提供旁证。不少房屋的底层设有店面,但都紧紧关闭着任其腐朽崩坏,只有楼上住人。有几幢房屋因年久失修已摇摇欲坠,全靠几根大木头一端埋在路下、一端抵住墙壁得免坍倒。然而,即便像这样风雨飘摇的破屋,看来也被一些无家可归的可怜虫选作过夜的栖身之所,因为钉在门窗上的粗木板好多已被扳开,露出的空档钻得进一个人的身体。沟里的积水又脏又臭。甚至东一只、西一只的臭水沟里腐烂的老鼠,也是一副饿死的丑恶相。

(荣如德 译)

Street Sight in a Slum

The crippling stones of the pavement, with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all; Which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamplighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril

of tempest. (Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*)

贫民区的街巷景象

拐脚的石头路面，到处是泥坑水洼，根本没有人行便道，都是径直对着各家门口。流水沟为了弥补这种不便，直通到街心——不过是在它真流水的时候，这得是暴雨过后，此时它就像莫名其妙地抽起风来似地，一股一股涌进各家屋子里。从条条长街的一头到另外一头，每隔很远，有一盏粗陋的街灯，用绳子和滑轮吊着；到了晚上，点灯的人把这些灯放下，点着，再把它们吊上去。一束微弱的灯光就在头上半死不活地摇来晃去，仿佛是在海上。它们确实是在海上，而那只船和全体船员正面临风暴的危险。 （罗稷南 译）

Fetid Odors

There were then approximately ten thousand apartments in New York into which no sun ray penetrated directly; such windows as they had opened only on a narrow court from which rose fetid odors. It was seldom cleaned, though garbage and refuse often went down into it. All these dwellings were pervaded by the foul breath of poverty, that moldy, indefinable, indescribable, smell which cannot be fumigated out, stickening to me but apparently unnoticed by those who lived there. When I set to work with antiseptics, their pungent sting, at least temporarily, obscured the stench.

(Margaret Sanger, *The Turbid Ebb and Flow of Misery*)

臭气熏天

在纽约大概有近万所公寓没有阳光能直接射入，窗户开到狭窄的小庭院里，臭气熏天。虽然垃圾和废品经常扔到院子里去，却很少有人打扫。这些住处，弥漫着贫困的臭气，那股发了霉的、无以名状、无法描绘的气味，没有法子给消毒干净。它令我作呕，但住在那里的人显然没有觉察，当我用消毒剂动手工作时，它的气味刺鼻，但是至少暂时把臭气压了下去。 （邓懿 译）

Jewish Quarters

When you go through the Jewish quarters you gather some idea of what the medieval ghettoes were probably like. Under their Moorish rulers the Jews were only allowed to own land in certain restricted areas, and after centuries of this kind of treatment they have ceased to bother about overcrowding. Many of the streets are a good deal less than six feet wide,

the houses are completely windowless, and sore-eyed children cluster everywhere in unbelievable numbers, like clouds of flies. Down the centre of the street there is generally running a little river of urine.

(George Orwell, *Marrakech*)

犹太人居住区

当你穿过犹太人居住区时就极容易想象得出中世纪贫民区的情形。犹太人当初处在摩尔人统治之下,只能在限定区域内得到一点点土地。遭受这种待遇历经几个世纪之后,他们已习以为常,不再抱怨住地拥挤了。在这个居住区,许多街道远不足6英尺宽,屋子连窗户也没有;到处是一群群眼神忧郁的儿童,数目多得令人难以置信,就像成群的苍蝇。街道中间还往往流淌着一股尿流。

(李庆学 译)

XIII. Countryside 乡村

1. Rural Scenery 田园风光

Spring Murmur

The ghostly winter silence had given way to the great spring murmur of awakening life. This murmur arose from all the land, fraught with the joy of living. It came from the things that lived and moved again, things which had been as dead and which had not moved during the long months of frost. The sap was rising in the pines. The willows and aspens were bursting out in young buds. Shrubs and vines were putting on fresh garbs of green. Crickets sang in the nights, and in the days all manner of creeping, crawling things rustled forth into the sun. Partridges and woodpeckers were booming and knocking in the forest. Squirrels were chattering, birds singing, and overhead honked the wild-fowl driving up from the south in cunning wedges that split the air.

From every hill slope came the trickle of running water, the music of unseen fountains. (Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

春回大地

阴森可怖的冬天的沉寂，已经让位给了伟大的复苏生命的春季的喧嚣。这种喧嚣发自大地的各个地方，洋溢着生命的喜悦；发自于生机盎然的活动的东西，它们在漫长的冰天雪地的岁月中一动不动，像死了一样。松树树下的浆汁升起来了，杨柳吐出了嫩芽；灌木与葛藤披上了新绿的衣装。晚上，蟋蟀在叫。白天，各种各样爬行、蠕动的东西沙沙地爬进阳光里。鹧鸪和啄木鸟在森林里咕咕地叫，笃笃地敲。松鼠喊喊地嘁啾，鸟儿在唱歌，从南方飞来的野雁在头顶上盎盎鸣叫，排成精巧的人字形划破大空。

万物解冻，一切都在溶解，噼啪作响。每座山坡上都有流水潺潺的声音，那是条条泉水奏响的音乐。 (吴格言 译)

Stillness of Rural Twilight

The sun was now below the horizon and the red glow at the rim of the

world faded into pink. The sky above turned slowly from azure to the delicate blue-green of a robin's egg, and the unearthly stillness of rural twilight came stealthily down about her. Shadowy dimness crept over the countryside. The red furrows and the gashed red road lost their magical blood colour and became plain brown earth. Across the road, in the pasture, the horses, mules and cows stood quietly with heads over the split-rail fence, waiting to be dirven to the stables and supper. They did not like the dark shade of the thickets hedging the pasture creek, and they twitched their ears at Scarlett as if appreciative of human companionship.

(Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*)

宁静的田园薄暮

这时太阳已经落到地平线以下，大地边沿那片红霞已消褪成淡粉色的暮霭。天空渐渐由浅蓝变为知更鸟蛋般淡淡的青绿，田园薄暮中那种超尘绝俗的宁静也悄悄在她周围降落。朦胧夜色把村庄笼罩起来了。那些红土垅沟和那条仿佛刚被切开的红色大路，也失掉了神奇的血色而变成平凡的褐色土地了。大路对面的牧场上，牛、马和骡子静静地站在那里，把头颈从篱栏上伸出去，等待着被赶回棚里去享受晚餐。它们不喜欢那些灌木丛的黑影把牧地小溪遮蔽，同时抽动双耳望着思嘉，仿佛很欣赏人类的陪伴似的。（傅东华 译）

Rich and Varied Landscape

On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

丰富多彩的风景

两边，麦德威的两岸，是谷田和牧场，这里那里都有一架风车，或是远远的教堂，伸展到视力所能看到的远处；薄而半定形的云在晨曦的光辉之中掠过，投下变化多端的影子在地上迅速地推移，使这一片丰富多彩的风景更加美丽

了。河水无声地流着,闪耀着光芒,反映着天空的清彻的蓝色;渔夫们的桨投入河水发出清脆的声音,沉重的然而像图画一般美的小船缓缓地顺流而下。

(蒋天佐 译)

Quiet Villiage in the Valley

Dotted here and there on the mountain-sides, each tiny dot a home, were lonely wooden cottages, so dwarfed by the towering heights that they appeared too small for toys. So did even the clustered village in the valley, with its wooden bridge across the stream, where the stream tumbled over broken rocks, and roared away among the trees. In the quiet air, there was a sound of distant singing — shepherd voices; but, as one bright evening cloud floated midway along the mountain-side, I could almost have believed it came from there, and was not earthly music. All at once, in this serenity, great Nature spoke to me; and soothed me to lay down my weary head upon the grass, and weep as I had not wept yet, since Dora died! (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*)

山谷中的幽静小村

山坡上这里那里点缀有孤单的小木屋,每一个小点就是一个人家,在上面的那些高峰相形之下,似乎小得不能作玩具了。连山谷中团聚的村子也是那样。村子所在的地方,有一道小溪滚过零乱的石头,喧然地在树木中间流去。村中有一道木桥跨过小溪。在那安静的空气中,有一种遥远的唱歌的声音——牧人的声音;但是,当一片光明的晚云沿半山坡浮过时,我几乎相信,歌声来自云中,并非尘世的乐曲。在这一种宁静中,大自然突然对我说话了;安慰我,使我把我那疲倦的头枕在草上,然后开始朵拉死后的第一次哭泣!

(董秋斯 译)

Country on a Summer Morning

I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays, I lost myself, with a great deal of pleasure, among several thickets and bushes that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the

world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon everything about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. (Joseph Addison, *Tulips*)

夏日清晨的乡间

今年夏天的一个清晨，我偶然起了个大早，信步走向乡间，期望在田间和草丛之间寻求一份惬意。其时，绿草茵茵，百花吐艳。每年的这个季节，任何一条小道都是一派美丽景色，每一丛篱笆都缀满花束。我心中充满欢欣，陶醉流连于那一丛丛灌木之间。林中鸟儿，数不胜数，凑出各种混杂但悦耳的音符，对一个在噪音和烟雾中度过了整整一个冬天的人来说，这一切构成了世界上最舒适的景致。我周围的一切都还沾着新鲜的露水，早晨的空气凉爽怡人，极大地激发出鸟儿愉快的本能，同样也在我心中掀起阵阵快感。一种神秘的、无法描述、无法阐明的舒心和快乐的情感从我心中溢出。 (金衡山 译)

Charming English Landscape

How happy and green the country looked as the chaise whirled rapidly from milestone to milestone, through neat country towns where landlords came out to welcome him with smiles and bows; by pretty roadside inns, where the signs hung on the elms, and horses and wagoners were drinking under the chequered shadow of the trees; by old halls and parks; rustic hamlets clustered round ancient grey churches—and through the charming friendly English landscape. Is there any in the world like it?

(William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*)

美丽的英国田园风光

马车飞快的跑过一块块的里程碑，穿过整齐的乡镇，那儿的客店主人堆着笑，哈着腰来迎接他。路旁有美丽的小客店，招牌就挂在榆树枝上，赶货车的人马都在浓淡不一的树荫里喝水；还有古色古香的大宅子、大花园，灰色的教堂，旁边成窝儿的小村屋。一路都是眼熟的英国风景，非常可爱，田里绿油油的一派欢乐的气象。世界上哪里有这样的好地方？ (杨必 译)

Scenery at Dusk

The sun had got low, the golden light took a deeper tone, and on the

mountains and the plain that stretched beneath them the masses of purple shadow glowed as richly as the places that were still exposed. The scene had an extraordinary charm. The air was almost solemnly still, and the large expanse of the landscape, with its gardenlike culture and nobleness of outline, its teeming valley and delicately-fretted hills, its peculiarly human-looking touches of habitation, lay there in splendid harmony and classic grace. (Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*)

薄暮美景

太阳快下山了,金黄的光线逐渐变浓,在山上和山麓的平原上,一簇簇紫铜色的阴影,似乎也和没有阴影的地方一样鲜艳夺目。景色显得异乎寻常的美。空气肃穆而宁静,一望无际的大地上,树木葱茏,轮廓秀丽,溪谷中流水滚滚,山丘给冲刷得绰约多姿,星星点点的住宅显示出人的踪迹,这一切构成了一幅光辉灿烂的和谐的画面,使大自然显得格外优美。 (项星耀 译)

Pastures Bathed in Glow

The front garden was a small square with a privet hedge. There she stood, trying to soothe herself with the scent of flowers and the fading, beautiful evening. Opposite her small gate was the stile that led uphill, under the tall hedge between the burning glow of the cut pastures. The sky overhead throbbed and pulsed with light. The glow sank quickly off the field; the earth and the hedges smoked dusk. As it grew dark, a ruddy glare came out on the hilltop, and out of the glare the diminished commotion of the fair. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

沐浴霞光

宅前园子是水蜡树篱围着的一个小方块地。她站在那儿,尽情想寄情于花香和渐渐深沉的悦目景色。园门对面,高高的树篱下,是上山的踏级,两旁是割过了草的草坡,沐浴在一片耀眼的霞光中。天色瞬息万变,那片霞光转眼就在田野上消失,大地和树篱都笼罩在暮霭里。天渐渐黑了,小山顶上亮起一道红光,红光中看得见集市已渐渐冷落下来了。 (刘一之 等译)

2. Farms and Pastures 农牧场

Rich Pastures

Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or

touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of the last year's golden clusters of beehive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows; and everywhere the hedgerows are studded with trees: the distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. (George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*)

丰饶的牧场

河的两岸远远延伸着一片片丰饶的牧场，还有一块块黑黝黝的土地，有的已经耕耙完毕，只等播下绿叶宽阔的庄稼的种子，有的则已经蒙上了秋季种下的细叶谷物的色泽。在一排排树篱外面，还疏疏落落地矗立着去年留下的一丛丛包蜂房用的金黄色草垛；在树篱中处处都间杂着大树，远处的船只看起来就像在枝叶舒展的榉木枝桠间竖起桅杆、张开着棕红色的风帆似的。

（伍厚恺 译）

Luxuriant Vegetation

Its activity in sucking the moisture from the rich damp soid was almost a process observable by the eye. The outskirts of this level watermeadow were diversified by rounded and hollow pastures where, just now, every flower that was not a buttercup was a daisy. The river slid along noiselessly as a shade—the swelling reeds and sedge forming a flexible palisade upon its moist brink. To the north of the mead were trees, the leaves of which were new, soft, and moist, not yet having stiffened and darkened under summer sun and drought, their colour being yellow beside a green, green beside a yellow. From the recesses of this knot of foliage the loud notes of three cuckoos were resounding through the still air.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*)

草木繁盛的牧场

草正在从肥沃、潮湿的土地里吸吮水分，肉眼几乎观察得出这种活动。在这片平坦、水分饱满的草地边缘上是一块块凹面圆形牧场，里面现在盛开着的每一株花不是金凤就是雏菊，小河无声无息地流过去，宛如一道阴影，茁壮的芦苇和蓑衣草在湿润的河岸上形成一圈柔软的栅栏。草地的北面是树木，新生的树叶柔软湿润，还没有被夏日和干旱晒黑变硬，衬着绿色显得是黄的——衬着黄色又显得是绿的。从这一大片簇叶中传出三只布谷鸟的高昂歌声，在寂静的天空中震响。

（傅惠寰 译）

Revival of the Pasture

A pale-green fuzz appeared, poked its little blades skyward, ramified, burgeoned, grew a darker green as it lengthened, then faded and waxed fat, became the silver-beige, knee-high grass of Drogheda. The Home Paddock looked like a field of wheat, rippling with every mischievous puff of wind, and the homestead gardens exploded into color, great buds unfurling, the ghost gums suddenly white and limegreen again after nine years of griming dust. (Colleen McCullough, *The Thorn Birds*)

恢复生机的牧场

发青的草像绒毛似地长了出来，朝着天空伸出它的小小的叶片。分枝、开花，长到一定的高度，就变成了墨绿色，然后叶子增胖褪色，变成米银色，最后形成了德洛耶达式的没膝高的草。家宅围场看上去像一片麦地，随着阵风的每一次顽皮的喷气，翻起一阵阵波浪。家宅花园也有了色彩，大多数花都发芽了。经过九年的灰尘扫荡，橡胶树突然发白了，胡椒树又绿了。

（晓明　陈明锦　译）

Farm on the Decline

It was a good farm, not too big and not too small, well watered, for a sizable brook ran through it, and well wooded, with arable land and pasture. Hans listened with understanding sympathy when the old man bewailed himself because without labour, without fertilisers, his stock taken from him, it was all going to rack and ruin.

(W. Somerset Maugham, *The Unconquered*)

渐趋衰落的农场

这是一个挺好的农场，不大不小，水源充足，有一条相当宽的小溪从这儿流过，树木很多，又有耕地又有草场。因为没有劳力，没有肥料，牲口又给牵走了，农场一天天破落下去，老头不由得唉声叹气、叫苦连天；汉斯同情地听着，完全理解老头的心情。

（潘绍中　译）

Meadows Full of Life

There the meadows are all lawns with the lustrous green of spring even in August, and often over-shadowed by old fruit-trees—cherry, or apple, or pear; and on Sunday after the rain there was an April glory and

freshness added to the quiet of the later summer.

(Arthur Clutton-Brock, *Sunday before the War*)

生机勃勃的牧场

这儿的牧场全是精心整理的草地,即使在八月仍是一片春日的葱郁;不少地方更有栽培经年的樱桃、苹果和梨树等果树掩映。在这雨后的星期天,除了残夏特有的恬静,田乡还透出一种四月的辉耀和新生气息。 (陆谷孙 译)

Small Hilltop Farm

"Hilltop Farm" was exactly where you would expect it to be, at the top of the hill.

It was a small farm, just about viable. It would never have supported a farm hand. Haggard and his wife, Ruth, ran it between them. Its continuing viability; self-evidently, depended on their continuing good health, and there they were lucky. Seldom did a doctor visit the farm. Perhaps the wind that whistled incessantly across the hilltop blew away any infections to which they might be exposed on their weekly visits to Newbridge. (Robert Dundas, *The Climber on the Hill*)

山顶小农场

"山顶农场",正是在你意想之中的地方,在山顶上。

这是一个规模很小的农场,勉强能够维持下去。要雇一个农场工人那是绝对养不起的,就只哈格德和他妻子露丝两个人经营。不说也清楚,农场能否生存下去就要看他们俩的身体是不是能够继续保持健康了,在这方面他们的运气还挺不错。农场难得有大夫光临。也许是那常年不断从山顶呼啸而过的大风,把他们每周去新桥村可能沾上的传染病都刮走了。 (贾高荣 译)

3. Farm Houses and Manors 农舍、庄园

Building of Respectable Size and Style

She felt all the honest pride and complacency which her alliance with the present and future proprietor could fairly warrant, as she viewed the respectable size and style of the building, its suitable, becoming, characteristic situation, low and sheltered—its ample gardens stretching down to meadows washed by a stream, of which the Abbey, with all the old neglect of prospect, had scarcely a sight—and its abundance of timber in rows and avenues, which neither fashion nor extravagance had rooted

up.—The house was larger than Hartfield, and totally unlike it, covering a good deal of ground, rambling and irregular, with many comfortable and one or two handsome rooms.—It was just what it ought to be, and it looked what it was. (Jane Austen, *Emma*)

气派宏伟的房屋

她放眼望去,看见那房子挺大,挺有气派,它所处的位置很合适,独具特色,是在不受风雨侵蚀的低处。成片的果园一直伸展到草地,草地上流淌着一条小溪,在埃比那儿看不到这条小溪,因为以前修房子并不重视视界。她还看见一排排高大而茂盛的树木,这儿的主人并没有嫌它们过于茂密,也没有因为追求时尚而对它们加以疏理。爱玛与这个地方现在和将来的主人都有着亲戚关系,因此由衷地感到骄傲。这儿的房子比哈特费尔德大,式样也迥然不同,它占地颇广,修得没有什么章法,里面的房间倒又多又舒适,有一两间还挺漂亮。这房子体现了主人的身份,历经风霜仍保持了原来的风貌。

(袁德成 译)

Nice House

I hadn't seen no house out in the country before that was so nice and had so much style. It didn't have an iron latch on the front door, nor a wooden one with a buckskin string, but a brass knob to turn, the same as houses in a town. There warn't no bed in the parlor, not a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns had beds in them. There was a big fireplace that was bricked on the bottom, and the bricks was kept clean and red by pouring water on them and scrubbing them with another brick; sometimes they washed them over with red water-paint that they call Spanish-brown, same as they do in town. They had big brass dog-irons that could hold up a saw-log. (Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*)

精致的房子

我从前在乡下,向来没见过一所房子有这么精致,有这么大的派头。大门上并没有铁插销,也没有用鹿皮绳子吊着的木门闩,可是有个能转的铜把手,像城里的房子上的一样。客厅里没有放着床:连床的影子都没有;但是城里的许多客厅里都摆着床。这里有一个大壁炉,炉底下是砖砌的,这些砖都弄得又红又干净,因为常常泼上水用另一块砖在上面磨。有时候,他们在砖上抹上一种叫做西班牙赭石的红颜料,像城里的人做的事一样。他们有铜做的大劈柴架子,可以夹住一根大木材。

(张万里 译)

Gentleman's Manor-house

Advancing on to the lawn, I looked up and surveyed the front of the mansion. It was three stories high, of proportions not vast, though considerable a gentleman's manor-house, not a nobleman's seat: battlements round the top gave it a picturesque look. Its grey front stood out well from the back-ground of a rookery, whose cawing tenants were now on the wing: they flew over the lawn and grounds to alight in a great meadow, from which these were separated by a sunk fence, and where an array of mighty old thorn trees, strong, knotty, and broad as oaks, at once explained the etymology of the mansion's designation.

(Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

绅士的住宅

我走到草坪上,抬起头来,观察一下这个宅子的正面。它有三层高,体积虽然可观,但还算不上宏大;是绅士的住宅,而不是贵族的府第;顶上的一圈雉堞墙给它增添了画意。宅子的灰色正面明显地突出在白嘴鸦巢的背景上。白嘴鸦巢里的哇哇叫的居民这会儿正在飞翔。它们飞过草坪和庭园,要去停落在一个大牧场上。一道坍塌的篱笆把牧场和这边隔开。那边有一排高大的老荆棘,粗壮多节,大得像橡树,一下子就说明了这宅子命名的由来。

(祝庆英 译)

Big House of the Judge

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

(Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*)

堂皇的法官府邸

鲍科住在沐浴着阳光的圣科拉拉山谷的一座深宅大院里，这里据说是米勒大法官的府邸。远离大路，树木荫庇，透过树枝缝隙，四周宽敞阴凉的走廊隐约可见。

几条碎石铺成的车道，从马路通向府邸，蜿蜒穿过几大片草地。路旁，高大的白杨枝条错综，遮蔽了车道。房屋的后面比前面更宽敞，几间宽大的马厩，成打的马夫仆人正高谈阔论；几排仆人住的房子上爬满了葡萄藤；一大串整齐的下房一望无际。几排长长的葡萄架，几处绿油油的牧场、果园和种有草莓的田圃，还有喷水井上的抽水机，一口水泥做成的池塘，米勒大法官的孩子们在那里早晨时洗浴，下午炎热时乘凉。 （吴格言 译）

Wuthering Heights

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff's dwelling. 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones. （Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*）

呼啸山庄

"呼啸山庄"就是希克厉先生的住宅名称。"呼啸"在当地是个有特殊意义的词儿，形容在大自然逞威的日子里，这座山庄所承受的风啸雨吼。可不是，住在这儿，一年到头，会有清新凉爽的气流吧。只要看一看宅子尽头的那几株衰败萎缩、倾斜厉害的枞树，那一排瘦削的都向一边倒的荆棘，也许你就能捉摸出从山边刮来的那一股北风的猛劲儿了。多亏当初造屋时，高明的建筑师，把它盖得特别结实——狭窄的窗子深深嵌在墙壁内，两边墙角用凸出的大石块保护着。 （梁虹 译）

Ancient Mansion

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some

parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashion,—a square building enclosing a court-yard, into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. The court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideality. Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court, a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

古色古香的公馆

马车在一家古色古香的公馆门前停下。房子的式样很别致,是西班牙和法国建筑的混合物;如今在新奥尔良有些地方还可以看到这种房子。它的结构颇有点非洲色彩——一所方方正正的房子,中央有个大院子,马车可以从拱形大门一直赶进院子里去。院子内部显然是按照什么人瑰丽、豪华的想象布置起来的。院子四周都有宽敞的回廊,廊子里那非洲式的拱门、小巧玲珑的柱子、富有阿拉伯色彩的装饰,不禁隐隐约约使人想起东方人统治西班牙的那个传奇时代来。院子中央有个喷水池,银色的水花在半空中喷洒着,源源不绝地落到一个大理石水池中。水池边缘上密密地长着一簇簇芬芳的紫罗兰;池水清澈如镜,成群的小金鱼在池中忙碌地穿来穿去,有如无数的珍珠在那里闪烁发光。

(黄继忠 译)

Decaying House

Shaking off from my spirit what must have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled webwork from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from

the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of excessive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn. (Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*)

颓败的房屋

那肯定是个幻觉,我从中挣脱出来,更加仔细地打量这幢房子的真实面貌。它的主要特点似乎就是太古老了。由于年深日久,颜色褪得很厉害。房子的外墙布满了细细的菌丝,缠结在一起,如同一个精致的网,从屋檐口直挂下来;但除此之外,并无严重的颓败景象,整个砖石结构,任何部分都没有倒塌情况。从房子的整体来看,每部分仍然完整无缺,可是一块块石头却摇摇欲坠,两者显得十分矛盾。这里有许多东西使我想起:它就像一件旧木器,放在某个无人照看的地下室里,虽然已经腐朽多年,由于吹不到外界的风,整体上却还保持着美观的外表。但这种十分腐朽的迹象也就仅此而已,整个结构几乎看不出有什么不稳固。仔细观察的人说不定能发现一条难以察觉的裂缝,从房子正面的屋顶,弯弯曲曲地顺着墙延伸下来,一直消失在小湖黑沉沉的水中。 (沈关荣 译)

4. Fields 田野

Desolate Patch

The swede-field in which she and her companion were set hacking was a stretch of a hundred odd acres, in one patch, on the highest ground of the farm, rising above stony lanchets or lynchets—the outcrop of siliceous veins in the chalk formation, composed of myriads of loose white flints in bulbous, cusped, and phallic shapes. The upper half of each turnip had been eaten off by the live-stock, and it was the business of the two women to grub up the lower or earthy half of the root with a hooked fork called hacker, that it might be eaten also. Each leaf of the vegetable having already been consumed, the whole field was in colour a desolate drab; it was a complexion without features, as if a face, from chin to brow, should be only an expanse of skin. The sky wore, in another colour, the same likeness; a white vacuity of countenance with the lineaments gone. So these two upper and nether visages confronted each other all day long, the white face looking down on the brown face, and the brown face looking up

at the white face, without anything standing between them but the two girls crawling over the surface of the former like flies.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

凄凉的农田

苔丝和她的同伴刨瑞典萝卜的那块地，有一百多英亩那么大，在那一带的农田上，它的地势最高，本是那一片白垩质地层里一道矽石岩脉，突出到砂石混杂的地面上，上面净是松松的白色棱石，成千累万，像球茎、新月和阳物的样子。每个萝卜露在地上的那半截，都早已经叫牲畜吃得干干净净的了，现在这两个女人所要作的，是把埋在地下的那半截，用一种带钩儿的铁耙刨出来，好再喂牛羊。萝卜的绿叶已经完全吃光了，所以那一片土地全都是使人感到凄凉的黄褐色，好像一副没有眉目口鼻的脸，从下巴颏到天灵盖，只是一片平铺的皮肤。地上是这种状态，天上也正相同，不过颜色不一样，好像一张没有鼻子没有嘴的白脸。因此，灰白的脸往下看着褐黄的脸，褐黄的脸往上看着灰白的脸，上天下地，成天价相对无言；它们中间，除了她们两个女工，像苍蝇一般在那儿爬动，再就没有别的东西了。 (张谷若 译)

Green Landscape

Though the green landscape was blotted here and there with heaps of coal, it was green elsewhere, and there were trees to see, and there were larks singing (though it was Sunday), and there were pleasant scents in the air, and all was over-arched by a bright blue sky. In the distance one way, Coketown showed as a black mist; in another distance hills began to rise; in a third, there was a faint change in the light of the horizon where it shone upon the far-off sea. Under their feet, the grass was fresh; beautiful shadows of branches flickered upon it, and speckled it; hedgerows were luxuriant; everything was at peace.

(Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*)

葱绿的田野

虽然这一片绿荫荫的野景到处都被煤堆所玷污了，但是另一些地方还是绿草如茵，也看得见许多树木。虽然这是个星期天，但依然有百灵鸟在树枝上歌唱着，空气中弥漫着清香，头顶上是明朗的蔚蓝的天空。从一个方向远远地望去，焦煤镇像是一片黑雾；从另一个方向望去，却有一些起伏不平的小山，再从第三个方向望去，太阳照耀着远处的海洋，地平线上的光彩微微的有点变化。她们脚下所踏的是绿荫荫的草，美丽的树影映在草地上斑斑点点地闪烁

不定;一排一排的灌木长得很茂盛,一切都显得很安静的样子。(全增嘏 译)

Corn Harvest

Corn harvest came on. One evening they walked out through the farm buildings at nightfall. A large gold moon hung heavily to the grey horizon, trees hovered tall, standing back in the dusk, waiting. Anna and the young man went on noiselessly by the hedge, along where the farm-carts had made dark ruts in the grass. They came through a gate into a wide open field where still much light seemed to spread against their faces. In the under-shadow the sheaves lay on the ground where the reapers had left them, many sheaves like bodies prostrate in shadowy bulk; others were riding hazily in shocks, like ships in the haze of moonlight and of dusk, further off. (D. H. Lawrence, *Rainbow*)

收获季节

收获燕麦的季节到了。一天傍晚,夜幕降临时他们走过农庄场院,一轮巨大的金色月亮沉甸甸的浮在灰蒙蒙的地平线上,树木在暮色中等待着什么似地翘首挺立着,安娜和那小伙子顺着树篱沿着草地上马车碾出的黑色车辙无声无息地走着。他们走出农场大门,来到了一片开阔地带,幽暗的霞光映射在他们脸上。割麦的人撂下的麦捆在地上投下阴影,好多的麦捆宛如幢幢身影平躺在地上,另外一些麦捆堆在一起,形象模糊,如同朦胧的夜幕中影影绰绰的船只航行远去。(马志刚 齐元涛 译)

Colourful Landscape

The landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, sprouting fern-stems like bishops' pastoral-staves, the square headed moschatell, the odd cuckoo-pint—like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite—snow-white lady's-smocks, the toothwort, approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled doleful-bells were among the quainter objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time.

(Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*)

勃郁斑斓的田野

田野上，即便是最贫瘠的草场上，都呈现出一片勃郁斑斓的景象。每一片叶子都呈嫩绿色，每一个气孔都舒张着，每一根茎都胀鼓鼓的，充满了滚滚川流般的汁液。可以感觉得出，上帝已降临在乡间，魔鬼已和尘凡一起滚到城市里去了。在这个丰富多产的季节里，韦特伯里及其周围一带的植物世界有许许多多奇花异草，其中尤为特异的有毛绒绒的新生柔黄花、像主教权杖似的蕨芽、方头罂香草、奇特的蔬叶阿若母——像是孔雀石壁龛里患中风病的圣徒一般——雪白的布谷鸟剪秋罗、几乎像人肉一样的水堇、巫士的龙葵、黑瓣悼钟花，等等。

（傅越寰　译）

Beautiful Valley

We stood on a slope of a wooded hill, and the path wound away before us to a valley, by the side of a running stream. There were no dark trees here, no tangled undergrowth, but on either side of the narrow path stood azaleas and rhododendrons, not blood-coloured like the giants in the drive, but salmon, white, and gold, things of beauty and of grace, drooping their lovely, delicate heads in the soft summer rain.

The air was full of their scent, sweet and heady, and it seemed to me as though their very essence had mingled with the running waters of the stream, and become one with the falling rain and the dank rich moss beneath our feet. There was no sound here but the tumbling of the little stream, and the quiet rain. When Maxim spoke, his voice was hushed too, gentle and low, as if he had no wish to break upon the silence.

（Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*）

秀美的山谷

我们正站在一座草木青葱的小山坡上，脚下小径蜿蜒，通向一个山谷，山谷边是一条潺潺的溪流。这儿没有黑压压的大树，也没有纷乱交错的矮树丛。小径两边是杜鹃和石南。这儿的石南花与车道上血红色的巨怪也不同，有的呈橙红，有的呈白色和金黄，在蒙蒙夏雨之中低垂着婀娜娇柔的花穗，既秀美又优雅。

空气里洋溢着花香，其甜美熏人欲醉。我觉得鲜花的芬芳仿佛和潺潺的溪水融合在一起，同落地的雨滴以及我们脚下湿漉漉的茂盛的苔藓融成了一体。这儿除了小溪流水声和恬静的雨声，再没有别的声响。迈克西姆说话的时候，把声音压得很低，很轻，仿佛不想去打扰四下的宁静。

（林智玲　程德　译）

Unenclosed Landscape

Behind him the hills are open, the sun blazes down upon fields so large as to give an unenclosed character to the landscape, the lanes are white, the hedges low and plashed, the atmosphere colourless. Here, in the valley, the world seems to be constructed upon a smaller and more delicate scale: the fields are mere paddocks, so reduced that from this height their hedgerows appear a network of dark green threads overspreading the paler green of the grass.

(Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*)

苍茫田野

他身后面,山势空旷显敞,篱路漫漫灰白,树篱低矮盘结,大气无颜无色,太阳明晃晃地照耀的那些块田地,一处一处非常广大,只显得那片景物,好像没有围篱界断一样。但是在这个山谷里,世界却好像是在纤巧、精致的规模上建造起来的。这儿的田地,都只是一些小小的牧场,完全是大草场的缩影,因此从这个高岗上看来,一行一行纵横交错的树篱,好像是一张用深绿色的线结成的网,伸展在浅绿色的草地之上。 (张谷若 译)

5. Country Roads 乡间小路

Road in a Shady Wood

A delightful walk it was, for it was a pleasant afternoon in June and their way lay through a deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage and enlivened by the songs of the birds that perched upon the boughs. The ivy and the moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park with an ancient hall displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time. Long vistas of stately oaks and elm-trees appeared on every side; large herds of deer were cropping the fresh grass; and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground, with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds which swept across a sunny landscape like a passing breath of summer.

(Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

密林中的小路

那是愉快的步行:因为那正是六月的愉快的下午,而他们的路是在又深又

密的树林之中，使浓密的树叶轻轻响着的微风吹得他们很凉爽，停在树枝上的鸟儿的歌唱增加了他们的兴致。长春藤和青苔一丛丛地爬在古树上，柔软的绿茵像丝质地毯似地铺在地上。他们走进一个开放的花园，里面有一所古厦，是伊莉莎白时代的古雅而别致的建筑。四面是长排的威风凛凛的橡树和榆树；一大群一大群的鹿正在吃新鲜的草；偶尔有一只吃惊的野兔在地上窜过，速度快得就跟那像夏季的微风似的掠过充满阳光的地面的轻云所投下的影子一般。（蒋天佐 译）

Wild, Forsaken Road

It was a wild, forsaken road, now winding through dreary pine barrens, where the wind whispered mournfully, and now over log causeways, through long cypress swamps, the doleful trees rising out of the slimy, spongy ground, hung with long wreaths of funereal black moss, while ever and anon the loathsome form of the moccasin snake might be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there, rotting in the water. (Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

荒凉偏僻的小路

这条路既荒凉而又偏僻，时而迂回曲折地穿过荒漠、贫瘠、悲风萧萧的松林；时而越过漫长的沼地中的栈道，海绵般的泥沼里矗立着一棵棵阴森森的丝柏，上面垂挂着一串串修长、阴郁的黑苔藓；沼地里到处是断桩残枝，不时还可以看到狰狞可怕的摩卡辛蛇出没其间。（黄继忠 译）

High Road in the Valley

…and on passing a certain point you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could

make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze. (William Hazlitt, *On Going a Journey*)

山路

刚刚走过这段路，山谷便像座圆形剧场一样展现眼前，两边巍然耸立着宽阔而光秃的山峦，下面是绿茵如织的高地山坡，羊群的咩咩声在空中回荡。迪河水在卵石累累的河床间潺潺流泻。此时，山谷中“艳阳普照，闪耀着绿油油的光芒”。一株含苞欲放的槐树将它纤柔的枝条浸润在奔流的溪水中。沿着这条可以俯瞰美景的高山道路前行，我一边吟诵着恰才引用的柯勒律治的诗句，何等怡然自得！我的脚下正展现着自然风景，而在我的心幕间却又有着一幅天国的圣景，上边是希望写就的如下大字：自由、天才、爱情、美德；到如今，这些幻想已渐渐失，变成了平常的大天白日，似乎又像在嘲弄着我徒劳的凝望。 (张晓全 译)

Path Full of Azaleas

The sky, now overcast and sullen, so changed from the early afternoon, and the steady insistent rain could not disturb the soft quietude of the valley; the rain and the rivulet mingled with one another, and the liquid note of the blackbird fell upon the damp air in harmony with them both. I brushed the dripping heads of azaleas as I passed, so close they grew together, bordering the path. Little drops of water fell on to my hands from the soaked petals. There were petals at my feet too, brown and sodden, bearing their scent upon them still, and a richer, older scent as well, the smell of deep moss and bitter earth, the stems of bracken, and the twisted buried roots of trees. (Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*)

开满杜鹃花的小径

天空乌云密布，十分阴沉，与午饭后的晴朗相径，大不一样。雨不住地下着，却丝毫不去惊扰山谷的静谧。雨声和溪水声交融在一起，而画眉那婉转的曲调在湿润的空气里回荡，与前面两者非常协调。我一路走去，身子擦过杜鹃往下淅沥滴水的花朵。杜鹃花沿着小径的边沿生长，成簇成团。小水滴从浸湿透了的花瓣里落在我手上。我的脚边也有不少花瓣，因浸泡多时已开始变色，可芳泽犹存，甚至变得更浓郁，同时却又不免带点陈腐。此外，还有多年苔藓的清香，泥土的苦涩味，羊齿梗和扭曲入地的树根的气息。

(林智玲 程德 译)

Still Path in Winter

I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws; but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge, looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop. (Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*)

冬日幽静的小径

我走在离桑菲尔德一英里的一条小路上。夏天,这里野玫瑰盛开;秋天,坚果与黑草莓累累,就是现在,也还留着珊瑚色珍宝般的蔷薇果和山楂果。但冬日最大的愉悦,却在于极度的幽静和光秃秃的树木所透出的安宁。微风吹来,在这里听不见声息,因为没有一枝冬青,没有一棵常绿树,可以发出婆娑之声。片叶无存的山楂和榛灌木,像小径中间磨损了的白石那样寂静无声。小路两旁,远近只有田野,却不见吃草的牛群。偶尔拨弄着树篱的黄褐色小鸟,看上去像是忘记掉落的零星枯叶。 (祝庆英 译)

Broad Green Alley of the Wood

They found a little gate, and soon were in a broad green alley of the wood, with a new thicket of fir and pine on one hand, an old oak glade dipping down on the other. And among the oaks, the bluebells stood in pools of azure, under the new green hazels, upon a pale fawn floor of oak-leaves. He found flowers for her.

"Here's a bit of new-mown hay," he said; then, again, he brought her forget-me-nots. And, again, his heart hurt with love, seeing her hand, used with work, holding the little bunch of flowers he gave her. She was perfectly happy. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

宽阔的翠绿林间小路

他们找到一扇小门,进去不久就踏上了一条宽宽的翠绿的林间小路。路的一旁是新生的杉树和松树。另一旁是长着老橡树的很陡的林间空地,橡树

间，一片绿蓝色池水般的风玲草，长在落满了橡树叶的浅黄褐色的土地上，长在长满了新枝的榛树下。他为她采了几朵勿忘我。看见她那双辛勤劳作的手拿着他给她的那一小束花，他又一次心里充满了怜爱，而她也欣喜得不能自已。（刘一之 等译）

6. Country Fairs 集市

Fair Crowd

The trusser and his family proceeded on their way, and soon entered the Fair field, which showed standing-places and pens where many hundreds of horses and sheep had been exhibited and sold in the forenoon, but were now in great part taken away. At present, as their informant had observed, but little real business remained on hand, the chief being the sale by auction of a few inferior animals, that could not otherwise be disposed of, and had been absolutely refused by the better class of traders, who came and went early. Yet the crowd was denser now than during the morning hours, the frivolous contingent of visitors, including journeymen out for a holiday, a stray soldier or two home on furlough, village shopkeepers, and the like, having latterly flocked in, persons whose activities found a congenial field among the peep-shows, toystands, wax-works, inspired monsters, disinterested medical men, who travelled for the public good, thimble-riggers, nicknack vendors, and readers of Fate.

（Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*）

集市人群

打草的全家往前赶路，不久来到了集上，从各处的马栏和羊圈可以看出上午标卖过好几百匹马和羊，不过这时大半都已牵走了。现在，正如那个指路的人所说，剩下的没有什么真正的买卖了，主要的就是拍卖劣等牲口，而这又是别无他法可以卖掉的，比较高一级的买卖人，早来早去，决不肯要这种货色。然而人群却比早上稠密的多，这批无足轻重临时来观光的人，内中有休假的职工，一两个请假回家在外游浪的士兵，乡下店铺的老板和诸如此类的人，都是刚刚拥进来的；这里有西洋景，玩具摊，蜡人像，半人半兽的怪物，为了救人不图赢利的走方郎中，赌番摊的，卖小摆设的和算命先生等等，那些观光的人就在这里面很自在的活动起来。（侍桁 淑勤 译）

Fruit Stalls in the Market

It was very sunny. Over the big desolate space of the marketplace the

blue sky shimmered, and the granite cobbles of the paving glistened. Shops down the Long Row were deep in obscurity, and the shadow was full of colour. Just where the horse trams trundled across the market was a row of fruit stalls, with fruit blazing in the sun-apples and piles of reddish oranges, small greengage plums and bananas. There was a warm scent of fruit as they passed. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

市场上的水果摊

那天阳光灿烂,在市场那片荒凉的大场地上空,蓝天晶莹,路面的花岗岩圆石闪闪发光。长街上好多店铺都深深掩映在朦胧中,阴影也是五彩缤纷的。就在有轨马车穿过市场滚滚向前的地方,有一排水果摊,水果在太阳下绚丽夺目——有苹果,有一堆堆红桔子,有青梅,有香蕉。他们俩走过时,一股暖烘烘的水果香味扑鼻而来。 (刘一之 等译)

Goods Display in the Square

From early morning the square was filled with a line of carts standing up-ended, with their shafts in the air all the way along the row of houses which stood between the church and the inn. On the opposite side was a range of canvas booths devoted to the sale of cotton-goods, blankets, woollen stockings, halters for horses and bunches of blue ribbons fluttering in the wind. On the ground stood piles of pots and pans flanked by pyramids of eggs and hampers of cheeses from which protruded a quantity of sticky straw. Near some agricultural machinery, a number of fowls were clucking, thrusting their necks through the bars of their cages.

(Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, trans. Lowell Bair)

集市商品

从早晨起,广场堆满大车,个个车辕朝天,由教堂到客店,顺着房屋,摆了一排。对面是帆布摊子,出卖布帛、被褥、毛袜、马络和成包的蓝带子;带子露出一头,随风飘扬。地上是粗笨的铜铁器皿,一边是高高摞起的鸡蛋,一边是小柳条筐,里头放着干酪,干酪外皮还有粘粘的草。好些母鸡,靠近打麦机,头探出笼子,咯咯叫唤。 (李健吾 译)

Bewildering Market Scene

It was market-morning.

All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary

ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep, tied up to posts by the gutter side were long lines of beasts and oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass; the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides; the ringing of bells, and roar of voices, that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and the yelling; the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng; rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confounded the senses. (Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*)

喧闹的集市

这天上午正值集市。广场中央所有的牲畜栏以及占去全部空地的临时围栏里,都挤满了羊群;沿水沟一边的界桩上拴着长长的三四排菜牛和牯牛。乡下人、屠夫、牲口贩子、叫卖小贩、顽童、扒手、看热闹的和各色游民杂凑成密密麻麻的人群。牲口贩子的唿哨声、狗的吠声、牛的吼声和撒野声、羊的咩咩声、猪的咕噜声和尖叫声;小贩的叫卖声;四面八方的嚷嚷声、诅咒声和吵闹声;从每一家酒店里传来的铃声和嘈杂的话声;拥挤、推搡、驱赶、打架、呐喊、号叫;来自市场每个角落的震耳欲聋的噪音;老是跑来跑去、奔出奔进于人群之间的那些不洗脸、不刮胡子、寒伧而邋遢的人们——所有这一切组成了一幅令人头晕目眩、手足无措的纷扰景象。 (荣如德 译)

7. Farm Produce 农产品

Barley Growing on the Isolated Island

It was a little before the great Rains, just now mention'd, that I threw this Stuff away, taking no Notice of any Thing, and not so much as remembring that I had thrown any Thing there; when about a Month after, or thereabout, I saw some few Stalks of something green, shooting out of the Ground, which I fancy'd might be some Plant I had not seen, but I was surpriz'd and perfectly astonish'd, when, after a little longer Time, I saw about ten or twelve Ears come out, which were perfect green Barley of

the same Kind as our European, nay, as our English Barley.

(Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*)

荒岛上长出的大麦

我把这点东西扔掉,是在上面提到的那场大雨之前不久。当时我什么都没有注意,甚至连扔东西这件事都忘记了。不料过了一个多月,我忽然看见地上抽出几根青绿的茎子。我起初还以为是自己以前没有注意到的什么草类,不料过了些时,我却大为惊愕,因为我看见那些茎子上又生出十几个穗子,完全和我们欧洲的大麦,甚至英国的大麦一模一样。 (方原 译)

Good Cherry Harvest

There was a great crop of cherries at the farm. The trees at the back of the house, very large and tall, hung thick with scarlet and crimson drops, under the dark leaves. Paul and Edgar were gathering the fruit one evening. It had been a hot day, and now the clouds were rolling in the sky, dark and warm. Paul climbed high in the tree, above the scarlet roofs of the buildings. The wind, moaning steadily, made the whole tree rock with a subtle, thrilling motion that stirred the blood. The young man, perched insecurely in the slender branches, rocked till he felt slightly drunk, reached down the boughs where the scarlet beady cherries hung thick underneath, and tore off handful after handful of the sleek, cool-fleshed fruit. Cherries touched his ears and his neck as he stretched forward, their chill finger-tips sending a flash down his blood. All shades of red, from a golden vermilion to a rich crimson, glowed and met his eyes under a darkness of leaves. (D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*)

樱桃丰收

农场的樱桃大丰收。屋后的樱桃树又高又大,茂密的枝叶下果实累累,红红的一片散挂在绿叶中。一天傍晚,保罗和艾德加一起摘樱桃。那是个大热天,天空乌云翻滚,天气昏暗闷热。保罗高高地爬在树上,高踞房子的红屋顶上,微风吹过,整棵树轻轻地摇晃起来,晃得保罗心神荡漾。这个年轻人摇摇欲坠地攀在细枝上,被树摇晃得有点头晕,于是他顺着挂满红珠般樱桃的树干往下溜。他伸手摘下一串串光滑冰凉的果实,樱桃磨擦着他的耳朵和脖子,凉嗖嗖的,舒服极了。此时一片深浅不同的红荫跃入他的眼帘,有灿烂的朱砂红,有鲜艳的绯红,在幽暗的绿叶下显得光彩夺目。 (刘一之 等译)

Pleasant Harvest Time

and yet what a pleasant time it is! Orchards and cornfields ring with the hum of labour; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit, which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very waggon, whose slow motion across the wellreaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear. (Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*)

收获时节美景

然而八月还是何等可爱的时节呵！果园里和谷田里震荡着嘈杂的劳动声；结了一丛丛丰硕果实的枝条垂到地面，连树干都坠得发弯了；谷物呢，整整齐齐地一束一束堆着，或者被不时掠过的一阵阵的微风吹得摇摇摆摆，像是在向镰刀求爱，它们给这片风景染上一片金色。似乎有一种丰美的柔和气氛笼罩着整个地面；时节的影响像是连大车也受了感染，它在收割过的田野里的缓慢的移动唯有眼睛可以看得出来，而耳朵却听不到粗浊的声音。

（蒋天佐 译）

Strawberries—Best Fruit in England

…and only strawberries, could now be thought or spoken of. —The best fruit in England —every body's favourite —always wholesome. —These the finest beds and finest sorts. —Delightful to gather for one's self —the only way of really enjoying them. —Morning decidedly the best time —never tired —every sort good —hautboy infinitely superior —no comparison —the others hardly eatable —hautboys very scarce —Chili preferred —white wood finest flavour of all —price of strawberries in London —abundance about Bristol —Maple Grove —cultivation —beds when to be renewed —gardeners thinking exactly different —no general rule —gardeners never to be put out of their way —delicious fruit —only too rich to be eaten much. (Jane Austen, *Emma*)

草莓——英国的最佳水果

……此刻人们想的说的全是草莓：草莓是英国的最佳水果——人人都喜欢——对每个人的健康都有好处。这儿的草莓地属于上乘，草莓的品种也属

上乘。自己摘来自己吃，这样才有意思——只有这样才能体会到吃草莓的妙处。摘草莓最好在早晨——早晨摘草莓不累人——每种草莓都好——麝香草莓远比其他种类好——其他草莓根本没法同麝香草莓相比——其他草莓简直难以入口——麝香草莓很少——我喜欢智利草莓——白本草莓的味道最好——伦敦的草莓价——布利斯托附近的草莓不少——枫树园——草莓的栽培方法——翻耕草莓园的方法——栽草莓的人有不同的方法——没有固定的方法——栽草莓的人各有一套——草莓这种水果味道好极了——味道太好，反而不宜多吃。（袁德成 译）

Virtues of the Orange

It is well that the commonest fruit should be also the best. Of the virtues of the orange I have not room fully to speak. It has properties of health giving, as it cures influenza and establishes the complexion. It is clean, for whoever handles it on its way to your table but handles its outer covering, its top coat, which is left in the hall. It is round, and forms an excellent substitute with the young for a cricket ball. The pips can be flicked at your enemies, and quite a small piece of peel makes a slide for an old gentleman. (A. A. Milne, *Golden Fruit*)

桔子的长处

令人满意的是，最普通的水果同时也是最佳的水果。关于桔子的长处我说也说不完。它具有健身的功能，因为它能治疗流行性感冒，使人面色红润。桔子是干净的，因为上桌之前，人们只是摸着它们的外皮，也就是桔子的外套，桔子皮是留在厅堂那里的。桔子呈圆形，可供孩子们当作板球玩耍。桔子核可以用来弹射你的对手，一块小小的桔皮便可使一位老绅士滑倒在地。

（陈诚 方行 译）

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