

# The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

James Thurber

## 沃尔特·米蒂的隐秘生活（白日梦想家）

詹姆斯·瑟伯

"The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," first published in 1941, is one of James Thurber's most well-known and beloved stories. Its famous protagonist holds a place in the cultural lexicon, meriting his own entry in English-language dictionaries. In 1947, Norman McLeod directed an MGM Technicolor musical with the same title based on Thurber's story. The film, which extends Mitty's imaginary adventures over a two-day period, stars Danny Kaye as the affable daydreamer.

《沃尔特·米蒂的隐秘生活》（白日梦想家）首次于1941年出版，是詹姆斯·瑟伯最为人知和喜爱的故事之一。其著名的主角在文化词典中占有一席之地，值得在英语词典中拥有一个词条。1947年，诺曼·麦克劳德执导了一部米高梅彩色印片的基于瑟伯的故事的同题音乐剧。这部将米蒂的幻想冒险扩展到两天时长的电影，由丹尼·凯出演这位和蔼的白日梦想家。

"We're going through!" The Commander's voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. "We can't make it, sir. It's spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me." "I'm not asking you, Lieutenant Berg," said the Commander. "Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8,500! We're going through!" The pounding of the cylinders increased: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" he shouted. "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" repeated Lieutenant Berg. "Full strength in No. 3 turret!" shouted the Commander. "Full strength in No. 3 turret!" The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. "The old man will get us through" they said to one another. "The Old Man ain't afraid of Hell!" . . .

“我们要穿过去！”指挥官的声音就像薄冰破碎一样。他穿着他的礼服军装（\*军装按场合分礼服和常服），那顶有厚厚镶边的白帽不拘地斜压在一只冷峻灰色的眼睛上。“我们做不到的，长官。飓风马上就要到来了，如果你问我意见的话。”“我不是在问你，伯格中尉，”指挥官说道。“让动力指示灯亮起来！将她抬升到8500英尺！我们要穿过去！”气缸的冲击声增大了：扑哧扑哧扑哧。指挥官看了眼驾驶舱玻璃上正在凝结的冰。他走过去扭了下一排复杂的按钮。“开启8号备用引擎！”他喊道。“开启8号备用引擎！”伯格中尉复述道。“3号炮塔满负荷！（\*此处的turret理论上是炮塔，考虑到作者后面还犯了几个错误，此处可结合上下文推断出是引擎不是炮塔）”指挥官喊道。“3号炮塔满负荷！”机组成员们，俯身投入在各自的任務中，在巨大的飞驰着的八引擎海军水上飞机里，彼此相视一笑。“老头儿会带我们穿过去”他们对互相说道。“这个老头儿一点儿都不怕死！”。。。

"Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" said Mrs. Mitty. "What are you driving so fast for?"

“不要这么快！你开得太快了！”米蒂太太说道。“你开这么快做什么？”

"Hmm?" said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. "You were up to fifty-five," she said. "You know I don't like to go more than forty. You were up to fifty-five." Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind.

“嗯？”沃尔特·米蒂说。他惊讶地看着坐在他边上位置的老婆。她看起来似乎不太熟悉，像个在人群中大声吼了他的陌生女人。“你快开到55迈了，”她说。“你知道我不喜欢比40迈更快。你刚才快到55迈了。”沃尔特·米蒂一言不发，继续向沃特伯里开去，在海军飞行史上二十年一遇的最糟糕的风暴中穿越的SN202引擎的咆哮声，从他熟悉的航线上，渐渐消失在远方。

"You're tensed up again," said Mrs. Mitty. "It's one of your days. I wish you'd let Dr. Renshaw look you over."

“你又紧张了，”米蒂太太说道。“今天你又这样（犯病）。我希望你能让伦肖医生给检查下。”

Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done.

"Remember to get those overshoes while I'm having my hair done," she said. "I don't need overshoes," said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. "We've been all through that," she said, getting out of the car. "You're not a young man any longer." He raced the engine a little. "Why don't you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?" Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven to a red light, he took them off again. "Pick it up, brother!" snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

沃尔特·米蒂将车停在他老婆要去做头发的那幢大楼前。“在我做头发的空当，记得去把那套鞋买来，”她说。“我不需要套鞋，”米蒂说。她把镜子放回手袋里。“我们不是已经讲好了的，”她说着，走下车。“你已经不是一个小孩子了。”他踩了踩油门。“为什么你不戴上手套？你把手套弄丢了吗？”沃尔特·米蒂手伸进口袋掏出了手套。他戴上它们，但在她转身离开进入大楼后，开到一红绿时，他又把手套摘掉了。“赶紧地，兄弟！”交通灯变绿的时候一个警察急促喊道，米蒂慌忙把手套戴上，蹒跚前行。他漫无目的地在街道绕了一段时间，然后途径一家医院前往停车场。

... "It's the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan," said the pretty nurse. "Yes?" said Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. "Who has the case?" "Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Mr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over." A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came. He looked distraught and haggard. "Hello, Mitty," he said. "We're having the devil's own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you'd take a look at him." "Glad to," said Mitty.

。。。 “是百万富翁银行家，惠灵顿·麦克米兰，”漂亮的护士说道。“嗯？”沃尔特·米蒂问，慢悠悠地摘下手套。“谁是主治医生？”“伦肖医生和本伯医生，但是有两个专家在这里，从纽约来的雷明顿医生和从伦敦来的普里查德-米特福德先生。他专程飞过来的。”一扇通往一条冷清长廊的门打开，伦肖医生走了出来。他看起来心烦意乱和憔悴。“你好，米蒂，”他说。“我们和麦克米兰这位罗斯福的个人好友、百万富翁银行家，正经历一段见鬼的艰难时刻。XXX管道阻塞（\*经求证，作者不怎么懂医，瞎编的）。第三期。希望您能帮忙看看他。”“好哒！”米蒂说。

In the operating room there were whispered introductions: "Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Mr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty." "I've read your book on streptothricosis," said Pritchard-Mitford, shaking hands. "A brilliant performance, sir." "Thank you," said Walter Mitty. "Didn't know you were in the States, Mitty," grumbled Remington. "Coals to Newcastle, bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary." "You are very kind," said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. "The new anesthetizer is giving way!" shouted an intern. "There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!" "Quiet, man!" said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. "Give me a fountain pen!" he snapped. Someone handed him a fountain pen. He pulled a faulty piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place. "That will hold for ten minutes," he said. "Get on with the operation." A nurse hurried over and whispered to Renshaw, and Mitty saw the man turn pale. "Coreopsis has in," said Renshaw nervously. "If you would take over, Mitty?" Mitty looked at him and at the craven figure of Benbow, who drank, and at the grave, uncertain faces of the two great specialists. "If you wish," he said. They slipped a white gown on him; he adjusted a mask and drew on thin gloves; nurses handed him shining...

在手术室里，有人低声介绍道：“这是雷明顿医生；这是米蒂医生；这是普里查德-米特福德先生。”“我读过你写的关于链丝菌病的书，”普里查德-米特福德边握手边说。“一部出色的论著！”“谢谢，”沃尔特·米蒂说。“不知道您在美国啊，米蒂，”雷明顿抱怨道。“早知如此，把米特福德和我叫到这里来主治这种第三期病例，真是多次一举啊（原文旁白语：把煤运到产煤的纽卡斯尔）！”“您太谦虚了，”米蒂说。只见一个巨大的复杂的机器连接在手术台上，有许多管子和电线，在这时开始扑哧扑哧作响。“新的麻醉剂正在泄漏！”一个实习生喊道。“在东部没有一个人知道该怎么修理它！”“淡定，少年！”米蒂用低沉冷静的声音说道。他跳到机器那边，机器此时的声音已经变成了扑哧--卡扑哧--卡。他开始摆弄一排亮锃锃的刻度盘。“给我一支钢笔！”他厉声说道。有人递给了他一支钢笔。他把出错的活塞拉出了机器然后在同个位置插入了钢笔。“这能坚持十分钟，”他说。“继续手术吧。”一个护士慌忙地跑过来对伦肖耳语，米蒂看见那个人脸色变得苍白。“金鸡菊已经出现（\*此处金鸡菊一词纯属作者外行在瞎掰，推断是想表达病人出现了即将挂掉的一种征兆）”任肖紧张地说道。“您能接手吗，米蒂？”米蒂看了看他，以及喝了酒的怯懦的本伯，又看了看两个伟大专家死寂一筹莫展的面容。“如果你想的话，”他说。他们给他披上白大褂；他理了理口罩，并戴上了薄手套；护士们递给他闪着光的（手术器械）。。。

"Back it up, Mac! Look out for that Buick!" Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. "Wrong lane, Mac," said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. "Gee. Yeh," muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Exit Only." "Leave her sit there," said the attendant. "I'll put her away." Mitty got out of the car. "Hey, better leave the key." "Oh," said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up with insolent skill, and put it where it belonged.

“退后，老兄！当心那辆别克！”沃尔特·米蒂急踩刹车。“弄错车道了，老兄，”停车场管理员盯着米蒂说道。“哦，恩。”米蒂喃喃道。他开始小心翼翼地倒车退出这条标着“仅出口”的车道。“停，”管理员说。“让我来。”米蒂下了车。“嘿，把钥匙留下。”

“哦，”米蒂应道，将车打火钥匙递给那个人。管理员钻进车里，利索地将它倒出，然后停到了该停的地方。

They're so damn cocky, thought Walter Mitty, walking along Main Street; they think they know everything. Once he had tried to take his chains off, outside New Milford, and he had got them wound around the axles. A man had had to come out in a wrecking car and unwind them, a young, grinning garageman. Since then Mrs. Mitty always made him drive to the garage to have the chains taken off. The next time, he thought, I'll wear my right arm in a sling; they won't grin at me then. I'll have my right arm in a sling and they'll see I couldn't possibly take the chains off myself. He kicked at the slush on the sidewalk.

"Overshoes," he said to himself, and he began looking for a shoe store.

他们是如此该死的狂妄自大，沃尔特·米蒂边沿着主大街走着边这样心想：他们以为自己什么都懂。有一回在新米尔福德城外，车链缠到车轴上，他不得不试图把它取出来。一个过路人从一辆破旧报废的车里跳出来帮他松开链条，那是个年轻的车库管理员，干完活后一脸笑嘻嘻的嘲讽。打那儿以后，米蒂太太就一直要求他开到车库去让人卸下车链。他想，下一次，我要把我的右臂用绑带吊起来，这样他们就不会再嘲讽我了。我把右臂打上绷带，那么他们就会看出我不可能自己卸下车链。他踢了人行道上的泥巴。“套鞋，”他对自己说，然后开始找鞋店。

When he came out into the street again, with the overshoes in a box under his arm, Walter Mitty began to wonder what the other thing was his wife had told him to get. She had told him, twice, before they set out from their house for Waterbury. In a way he hated these weekly trips to town—he was always getting something wrong. Kleenex, he thought, Squibb's, razor blades? No. Toothpaste, toothbrush, bicarbonate, cardorundum, initiative and referendum? He gave it up. But she would remember it. "Where's the what's-its-name," she would ask. "Don't tell me you forgot the what's-its-name." A newsboy went by shouting something about the Waterbury trial.

当他再次回到街上，胳膊下夹着装了套鞋的盒子，米蒂开始思索他老婆叫他买的另一样东西是什么。在他们从家里出发去沃特伯雷之前，她已经叮嘱过他两次。在某种程度上，他厌恶这种每周一次的行程——他总会把一些事情弄糟。面巾纸？他思索着，斯奎布？（大概是药）刀片？不对。牙膏，药膏，小苏打。钢砂？主动和公投？他放弃继续想了。她会记得的。“那个啥呢？”她会这样问。“别跟我说你又忘了要买的是啥。”一个报童走过，叫喊着有关沃特伯雷公审的什么。

... "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!" ...

... “也许这会让你回想起来。”区检察官突然将一把重枪推给站在证人席上那个镇定的人。“你见过这个吗？”沃尔特·米蒂拿起枪并熟练地检查它。“这是我的Webley-Vickers 50.80（枪型），”他平静地说。法庭里发出一阵骚动。法官敲锤子让大家保持秩序。“你是个能使用任何枪支的好射手，我相信？”区检察官说，带着暗示的口吻。“抗议！”米蒂的律师喊道。“我们已经展示了被告人当时无法使用枪支的证据。证据表明7月14日晚他右臂受了伤吊在绑带上。”沃尔特·米蒂简单地举手示意，争吵的律师安静下来。“对于任何已知型号的枪，”他平静地说，“我都能用它们在三百尺以外杀死格里高利·费兹赫斯特，用左手。”法庭陷入一片混乱。一个女人的尖叫在嘈杂声里特别突出。突然一个可爱的黑发姑娘扑向沃尔特·米蒂。区检察官狠狠地揍打她（\*按下一句看此处应该是“他”？）。米蒂没有从椅子上站起，任由他打到下巴。“你这可怜的狗杂种！”...

"Puppy biscuit," said Walter Mitty. He stopped walking and the buildings of Waterbury rose up out of the misty courtroom and surrounded him again. A woman who was passing laughed. "He said 'Puppy biscuit,'" she said to her companion. "That man said 'Puppy to himself.'" Walter Mitty hurried on. He went into an A&P, not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. "I want some biscuit for small, young dogs," he said to the clerk. "Any special brand, sir?" The greatest pistol shot in the world thought a moment. "It says 'Puppies Bark for It' on the box," said Walter Mitty.

“小狗饼干，”沃尔特·米蒂自言自语。他停下脚步，瓦特伯里的建筑物从飘渺的法庭中浮现并让他重新置身其中（拉回现实）。一个路过的女人笑了。“他刚说了‘小狗饼干’，”她对同伴说道。“那个男的刚对自己说了句‘小狗饼干’。”沃尔特·米蒂匆匆离开。他来到一家“A&P”，是街上更远处的一家小一点的店，不是他进去过的第一家。“我想要一些给小狗吃的饼干，”他对售货员说。“要什么特别牌子的吗，先生？”这个世界上最伟大的枪手思考了一会儿。“盒子上写着‘小狗叫着要它’的，”米蒂答道。

His wife would be through at the hairdresser's in fifteen minutes, Mitty saw in looking at his watch, unless they had trouble drying it; sometimes they had trouble drying it. She didn't like to get to the hotel first; she would want him to be there waiting for her as usual. He found a big leather chair in the lobby, facing a window, and he put the overshoes and the puppy biscuit on the floor beside it. He picked up an old copy of Liberty and sank down into the chair. "Can Germany Conquer the World Through the Air?" Walter Mitty looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined streets.

他的妻子将在15分钟后做完头发，米蒂看了一眼手表想了想，除非他们不能把头发吹干；他们吹头发的时候偶尔会出点问题。她不喜欢先回旅馆；她应该会像往常那样让他在那里等她。他在大厅找到一张面朝着窗户的皮制大沙发，并把套鞋和小狗饼干放在沙发边上的地面。他随手拿起一本往期的《自由》杂志然后将自己沉入沙发里。“德国人能通过空中征服世界吗？”沃尔特·米蒂看着轰炸机和被炸毁的街道的照片。

... "The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir," said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through tousled hair. "Get him to bed," he said wearily. "With the others. I'll fly alone." "But you can't, sir," said the sergeant anxiously. "It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman's circus is between here and Saulier." "Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, Sergeant," said Mitty with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your pardon, sir." Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Aupr'Es de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said. . . .

... “连续的炮击已经把小莱利吓破魂了，长官！”军士说道。米蒂队长透过乱蓬蓬的头发看了他。“把他弄到床上去，”他疲惫地说道。“跟其他人一起。我自己去飞。”“但是不行，长官！”军士紧张地说。“得需要两个人才能操纵那个轰炸机，何况高射炮打得这么猛烈。冯·里奇曼的小队在这儿跟苏里尔之间。”“总得有人去炸掉军火库，”米蒂说道。“我要过去了。来点白兰地？”他给军士和自己各倒了一小杯。战事如雷鸣般轰隆，呼啸声响彻防空洞周围，不断冲击着大门。一些碎木头和铁片飞进屋里。“有点险的，”米蒂队长淡淡地说道。“攻击越来越近了！”军士说道。“我们只活一次，军士，”米蒂带着他那平静的转瞬即逝的笑容说道，“不是吗？”他又倒了白兰地并一饮而尽。“我从没见过像你这样喝白兰地的人，长官。”军士说。“你说什么？”米蒂队长站起来，挂上了他那把巨大的Webley-Vickers自动手枪。“还有万恶的四十公里远，长官。”军士说。米蒂喝了最后一杯白兰地。“是啊，”他轻声说，“谁说不是呢？（人就是要这样痛快活一把）”炮火的轰击更加猛烈了；夹杂着哒哒哒的机枪声，还有不知哪里传来的新型火焰喷射器的来势汹汹的嗤嗤声。沃尔特·米蒂走到防空地道门口，哼着“美丽的金发女郎。”他转身跟军士挥挥手，“别了！”他说。...

Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?" "Things close in," said Walter Mitty vaguely. "What?" Mrs. Mitty said. "Did you get the what's-its-name? The puppy biscuit? What's in that box?" "Overshoes," said Mitty. "Couldn't you have put them on in the store?" "I was thinking," said Walter Mitty. "Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes thinking?" She looked at him. "I'm going to take your temperature when I get you home," she said.

什么东西击中了他的肩膀。“我满旅馆在找你，”米蒂太太说，“你为什么要躲在这旧沙发里？你怎么指望我能找到你？”“敌人逼近了，”米蒂喃喃道。“什么鬼？！”米蒂太太说，“你买到那啥了吗？小狗饼干？盒子里是什么？”“套鞋，”米蒂说。“你不能在鞋店里就把它们穿上吗？”“我当时在思索，”沃尔特·米蒂说。“你有看到过我偶尔在思索走神吗？”她看着他。“把你带回家之后我得给你量量体温！”她说。

They went out through the revolving doors that made a faintly derisive whistling sound when you pushed them. It was two blocks to the parking lot. At the drugstore on the corner she said, "Wait here for me. I forgot something. I won't be a minute." She was more than a minute. Walter Mitty lighted a cigarette. It began to rain, rain with sleet in it. He stood up against the wall of the drugstore, smoking . . . He put his shoulders back and his heels together. "To hell with the handkerchief," said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last.

他们穿过旋转门走出去，门被推的时候发出依稀嘲弄的呼啸声。离停车场还有两个街区。在街角的药店，她说：“在这儿等我，我忘了点东西，马上就会回来。”她去了好一会儿。沃尔特·米蒂点了根烟。天开始下起雨，雨夹着雪。他倚站在药店的墙上，抽着烟…他把双肩后靠，并拢脚跟站好，“去它的遮眼布，”沃尔特·米蒂轻蔑地说。他抽了最后一口烟，然后甩掉烟头。嘴角闪过一丝微笑，面向行刑队，一动不动笔直地站着，带着骄傲和轻蔑；不败的沃尔特·米蒂，谜一样的人，走到了终结。