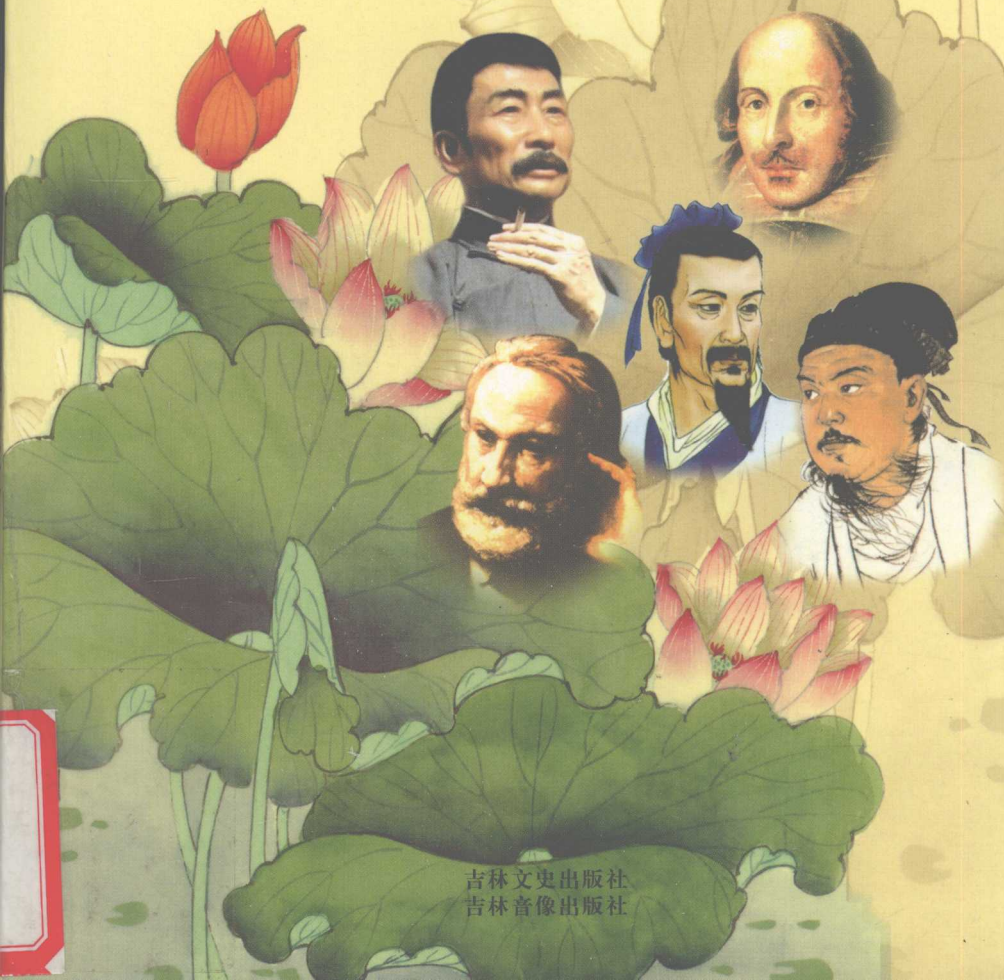


文豪书系

WEN HAO SHU XI WEN HAO SHU XI WEN HAO SHU XI

杰克·伦敦



吉林文史出版社
吉林音像出版社

Wen Hao Shu Xi
文豪书系

杰克·伦敦

第 34 卷

丁华民 孟玉婷◎主编

吉林文史出版社

吉林音像出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

文豪书系/丁华民主编。—长春:吉林文史出版社,2006.2

ISBN 7-80702-247-7

I.文... II.丁... III.文豪—丛书 IV.I37

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 080143 号

文豪书系

丁华民 孟玉婷 主编

吉林文史出版社
出版发行

吉林音像出版社

北京潮运印刷厂印刷

开本:850×1168mm 1/32 印张:280.5

字数:3800千字 2006年3月第1次印刷

印数:5000

ISBN 7-80702-247-7/I·37

定价:936.00元(全36卷)

目 录

杰克·伦敦	(1)		
杰克·伦敦作品选	(3)		
LOVE OF LIFE	(3)	热爱生命	(3)
THE CALL OF THE WILD ...		野性的呼唤	(58)
.....	(58)		
1. INTO THE PRIMITIVE		一、进入原始.....	(58)
.....	(58)		
2. THE LAW OF CLUB AND		二、胜者为王.....	(81)
FANG	(81)		
3. THE DOMINANT PRIMOR-		三、霸主争夺战	(104)
DIAL BEASY	(104)		
4. WHO HAS WON TO MAS-		四、谁是主宰者	(122)
TERSHP	(122)		
5. THE TOIL OF TRACE AND		五、雪道行路难	(138)
TRAIL	(138)		

6. FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN (156)	六、为了人的爱 (156)
7. THE SOUNDING OF THE CALL (178)	七、声声的呼唤 (178)

杰克·伦敦

杰克·伦敦(1876~1916)是美国著名作家,生于旧金山一个破产农民的家庭。因家境贫困,自幼从事体力劳动,当过童工,装卸工和水手等;后又在美国各地流浪。靠劳动所得曾进过加利福尼亚大学学习。

在1897年加入过阿拉斯加等地淘金者的行列。早年坎坷的生活经历使他体会到下层人民的悲惨处境和人与人之间的激烈竞争,成为他后来从事创作的源泉。

杰克·伦敦一共写过19部长篇小说,150多篇短篇小说和故事,3部剧本,以及论文、特写等。主要作品有:小说集《狼的儿子》(1900)、中篇小说《荒野的呼唤》(1903)、长篇小说《海狼》(1904)、《铁蹄》(1908)、《马丁·伊登》(1909)、特写集《深渊中的人们》(1903)等。

杰克·伦敦的创作思想较为复杂,受到过马克思、斯宾塞、尼采等多人影响。作为现实主义作家,他在创作中带有明显的自然主义色彩。作品歌颂对生命的热爱和对大自然的斗争,同时反映了弱肉强食、生存竞争的哲学观点。杰克·伦敦善于通过行动刻画人物性格和揭示主题。他的小说结构紧凑,文字精炼,生动感人。

《马丁·伊登》是杰克·伦敦的代表作,带有自传性质。主人公马丁·伊登原是一个年轻的普通水手。一次偶然的机会,他结识了银

行家莫斯的女儿罗丝。他崇拜罗丝的纯洁高雅，而罗丝也被他的粗野不羁所吸引。在爱情的鼓舞下，马丁刻苦读书，发奋写作。但他们的感情遭到了莫斯夫妇的反对，罗丝同马丁断绝了来往。后来马丁以极大的毅力获得了成功，成为名作家。原先对他不屑一顾的人都对他另眼相看。罗丝也想重修旧好，被马丁愤然拒绝。然而马丁跻身于上流社会后，却看透了资产者的自私和虚伪，在幻灭的痛苦中投海自杀。

《马丁·伊登》是杰克·伦敦最有影响的作品，一则因为它具有明显的自传色彩，提供了认识、研究杰克·伦敦宝贵材料。二则由于它在思想上和艺术上有很高的价值，标志着美国现实主义文学在本世纪初的重要发展。

《马丁·伊登》的思想内容相当丰富。首先，它真实生动地描写了一个出身微贱的作家的艰难的奋斗道路，表现了在资本主义制度下一个正直作家的坎坷命运。其次，小说对资产阶级的体面人物作了细致的解剖和无情的嘲讽。小说告诉人们，真正的野蛮人并不是马丁和他所属的阶级，而恰恰是那些自诩为文明人的罗丝小姐和她的父母莫斯夫妇等。此外，小说对个人主义也作了一定的批判。马丁为了赢得罗丝的爱情，竟可以不顾一切。他离开自己的阶级和朋友，到头来却发现是南柯一梦。他后来的悔恨、落寞、空虚、孤独和自杀，实际上是对个人主义的怀疑和否定。不过，需要指出的是，作者在对个人主义进行鞭挞时，流露出对斯宾塞的社会进化论和尼采的超人哲学的矛盾态度。小说细致的心理描写和善于通过人物的行动去揭示人物的性格这两点，也为人们所称道。

杰克·伦敦作品选

LOVE OF LIFE

*"This out of all will remain -
They have lived and have
tossed:*

*So much of the game will be
gain,*

*Though the gold of the dice has
been lost."*

THEY limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with

热爱生命

惟一剩下只有这一样——
他们生活过奋斗过

虽然骰子已经丢失

但终将赢得胜利

他俩步履蹒跚，费了好大劲才走下河岸，前面的那个人被地上的碎石绊了一下。他们已经疲惫不堪，从脸上的表情可以看出两人曾经受了很长时间的艰险磨难。他们每人的肩上都背着一个用毯子打成的、沉重的大包裹。背包缠过额头，以此来帮

blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that's layin' in that cache of ourn," said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; and the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their foot-gear, though the water was icy cold-so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their

助减轻肩上的重量。每个人都提着一把枪。他们以一种弓腰的姿势向前走,肩膀向前倾着,脑袋前趋得更厉害,眼睛紧盯着路面。

“我们藏的那些子弹,要是此时有两颗在身上该多好。”后面的人说。

他的话语毫无感染力。说的话也没有热度;前边的人没有回答,摇摇晃晃走进河里,河水很污浊,拍打着岩石浮起了泡沫。

后面的人紧跟其后也下了河。他们没有脱鞋袜,虽然河水冰冷——冰得他们脚脖直痛,双脚麻木。有几个地方,河水淹没膝盖,冲得他们左右摇摆,无法立足。

knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though

后面的人被一块光滑的圆石滑了一下,差点摔倒,但他一使劲,没跌倒,同时发出一声痛苦的叫声。他似乎有些晕头转向,左右摇晃时,伸出那只没拿东西的手在空中挥舞,好像找什么东西拉他一把。他站稳脚步,又向前走,但又摇晃了几下,几乎摔倒。于是,他站在那儿看着前面的人,那个人却头也没回。

他站在那儿足有一分钟之久,仿佛在和自己较劲。然后他大喊:

"我说比尔,我的脚扭了。"

比尔一路歪斜地穿过冰冷的河水。他没有回头。这人望着他离去,虽然脸上仍和原先一

his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill!" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained

样没有表情,但眼神就像一头受伤的鹿。

另一个人步履蹒跚地爬上了河对岸,头也不回地继续径直往前走。站在河里的人望着他。他的嘴唇有些颤抖,长在嘴唇上的棕色胡子也随着颤抖,明显地露出生气的样子。他伸出舌头润了润唇。

"比尔!"他大叫。

这是身临绝境的强者的呼喊,但比尔没有回头。他目送着比尔远去,看着比尔费劲地,跌跌撞撞地爬上缓坡,显得步履蹒跚,向着地平线上天幕笼罩下的小山丘走去。他一直看着比尔走出视线,在小山丘后消失了。然后他收回目光,静静地环视一下比尔走后留给他的世界。

to him now that Bill was gone.

...

The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August, - he did not know the precise date within a week or two, - he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens.

...

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses-naught

.....

这人摸出他的怀表,同时用一条腿支持着身体。现在是四点钟,这个季节大约是七月底和八月初的光景——他不知道一两星期以来的确切日期——他知道太阳大概在西北方向。他朝南看看,知道大熊湖就位于荒芜的山岗后面的某个地方;他也知道,顺那个方向北极圈一直延伸到加拿大的荒僻地带,划定了自己的禁区。

.....

他再次彻底打量一下周围的环境。这地方真是让人丧气。每一个地方都笼罩在天幕之下。到处是一座座低矮的小丘陵。没有树,没有灌木,没有草——只有辽阔可怕的荒野,在他看来

but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

“Bill!” he whispered, once and twice; “Bill!” He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of

是如此恐怖。

“比尔，”他轻声叫着，一遍又一遍。他站在泡沫翻腾的河里浑身发抖，任凭这荒凉的一切以不可抗拒的力量侵袭他，以得意洋洋地令人畏惧的力量打垮他。他打了一个寒颤开始摇晃起来，直到枪啪的一声从手上掉进水里，这才惊动了。他尽量克服惧怕把自己从思绪中拉回来，在水中摸索了一会儿找到了枪。他把背上的背包向左肩那边拉拉，这样就可以减轻一下伤脚的负担。然后慢慢地，小心翼翼地，忍着伤痛向河对岸走去。

他没有停下来。在几乎疯狂的绝望驱使下，他顾不上疼

the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that of limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, spongelike, 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 muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledger which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

痛,迅速地爬上山坡。在那里,比尔曾弃他而去。与比尔一瘸一拐,蹒跚的步态相比,他的动作更为滑稽可笑。在山顶,他看到的是一道浅谷,了无生机。他再次与恐惧作斗争,最终战胜了它,把背包又往左肩上拉了拉,跌跌撞撞地走下山坡。

山谷的底部由于有水湿润润的,上面是厚厚的,海绵似的苔藓。每踩一脚下去,就溅出水来,一抬脚,又是咕唧咕唧的水声,每回他都要费力把脚拔出来就似乎那湿苔藓不愿意放他走似的。他沿着比尔的足迹,穿过一片片苔藓地,踩着一块块裸露的石头,那些石头就像大海一样的苔藓地中露出的一个个小岛。

Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the TITCHIN-NICHILIE, in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream - this he remembered well - but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the river Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net-all the utilities for she

他虽然孑子独行,却没有迷路。再往前走,他知道,他就能走到一个小湖,湖畔四周是些低矮的枯枞木,当地人把它称作“提钦尼其里”意思是“有小树枝的地方”。有一条清澈的小溪流入湖中。他清晰的记得,小溪边长着蒲苇,但没有树木。于是他就一直顺着小溪走,一直走到小溪源头的分水岭。而后穿过分水岭处一条向西流的小溪,走到小溪与弟斯河的汇合处为止。在那里,他能找到船底压着许多石头的小船,小船底朝天扣着,船下有供给。那儿的東西能基本上维持他的需要,有填他那空枪膛的弹药,鱼钩和鱼线,小网——捕食用具样样俱全。另外,他还会发现一些面粉——不会太多,一片咸肉和一点豆子。

killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour, — not much, — a piece of bacon, and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at

比尔一定会在那个地方等他,然后他们划船沿第斯河南下去大熊湖,穿过大熊湖后继续往南走,一直到麦肯齐河。往南,再往南,直到最后把冬天远远的抛到后面,等到河水结冰,天气转冷的时候,他们已到了南部哈得逊湾公司的地点了。那里树木丰茂葱郁,他们就再也不用成天为填饱肚子发愁。

这个人一边吃力地向前走,一边想着这些美事。不但身体受着折磨,脑子也同时受着折磨,尽力去想比尔没有丢下他不管,比尔一定会在藏给养的地方等着他。他硬是灌输给自己这

the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch- and many times-of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat.

...

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and

种想法, 否则他就不用这样撑着, 倒下去死了算了。随着昏黄的夕阳慢慢向西北落下, 他反复计划着他和比尔在冬季来临之前南行的每一步。他心里重复想像着给养地点的吃喝和哈得逊湾公司所在地的食品。他已经有两天时间没吃东西了, 至于他没吃任何想吃的美味东西的时间就更长了。

.....

九点钟时, 他的脚拇指被突起的石头绊了一下, 由于极度的疲劳和虚弱他摔倒在地。他翻身躺了一会儿, 没有动弹, 然后从背包带里挣脱出来, 笨手笨脚地坐起来。天还没有完全黑, 他借着昏暗的光线, 在乱石中间摸索着找寻干苔藓。他把干苔藓