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Books in Books
新东方双语书话译丛

一派书心 /

缘何此生只爱书



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学术对谈 育雨对谈



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言 前

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前言

在这个世界上，有这样一些人——他们一走近书店，心就怦怦乱跳，不管有多少琐事缠身，总忍不住进店转转；见到一本心仪的书，不弄到手就坐立难安，哪怕买了书就要挨饿，也觉得心满意足。他们最爱做的，是在午后时分沏一杯香茶，捧读一本墨香淡淡、诗意浓浓的好书；他们最难忍的，是眼见好书被人蹂躏却无可奈何，抑或爱书在眼皮底下被抢去借走；他们最渴望的，莫过于拥有一间窗明几净、翰墨芬芳的书房，坐拥书城、徜徉书海。这些人，便是所谓的爱书之人了。

许多名人亦为爱书人，他们会在文章中经意不经意地流露爱书之情。这些文章林林总总，篇幅不一，或论读书历程和体会，或谈购书方法与艰辛，或道藏书室中的轶闻趣事，或抒群书散尽的悲伤感触。这套专为爱书人准备的“新东方双语书话译丛”系列之中，就收录了百余篇这样的文章。

这套丛书共五本，分别是：

· 探讨读书方法与阅读境界的《书林辟径——邂逅生命中挚爱的书》

· 分享书海轶闻与随想感悟的《书海逸趣——有书陪伴的人生不寂寞》

· 介绍书籍天敌与呵护爱书的《护书之苦——书若安好，便是晴天》

· 讲述静处书斋与淘书苦乐的《藏书之乐——书架上的珍宝》

· 谈及爱书缘起与书虫定义的《一派书心——缘何此生只爱书》

在这套书中，你将看见形形色色的爱书人。有些以清新隽永的文字，如炉边谈话般将阅读心得娓娓道来；有些以诙谐幽默的笔触，令你或是会心微笑或是心有戚戚；有

些担忧书的未来演进，如数家珍地罗列自己与书的陈年往事；有些则对此不以为然，并以各种事例证明，书籍永远是人类的挚友……同为爱书人的你，是否深有共鸣？

值得一提的是，为了让读者在文山书海遨游的同时，能够领略大师笔下清晰明澈的英文，“新东方双语书话译丛”系列特以中英对照的形式呈现。其中每一篇英文，无不经过多方查找、层层筛选，意图穷尽西方 books about books 的经典之作，以及《纽约书评》《伦敦书评》等报刊的最新评述；每一篇译文，也都经过反复修改、多重校对，力求在贴近原文风格的同时，更符合当代读者的眼光、口味。

“新东方双语书话译丛”系列虽只有小小五本，但从策划、选文到翻译、注释再到编辑、出版却尝尽了“十月怀胎”的艰辛。在这漫长的征程中，我与王岑卉、钱卫、陈滢、姚洋、李鹏程等诸位优秀译者常常为一个句子的结构推敲再三，

也曾为一个短语的用法争执良久，为一个动词的译法辗转半宿更是稀松平常之事。足足十个月废寝忘食的坚持，才有了今天呈现于诸位眼前的精美小书。然而，书海无垠、译界无涯。该系列虽为悉心打造之作，但难免存在疏漏之处。如果您认为选取篇目尚可斟酌、译文质量仍可精进，欢迎随时与我们联系沟通！

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最后，要感谢俞敏洪老师的殷切鼓励，感谢新东方大愚文化传播有限公司的鼎力协助。没有你们的激励与帮助，就没有今天这套“新东方双语书话译丛”系列的诞生。

谨以此书献给天下爱书人！愿各位畅享阅读之乐！

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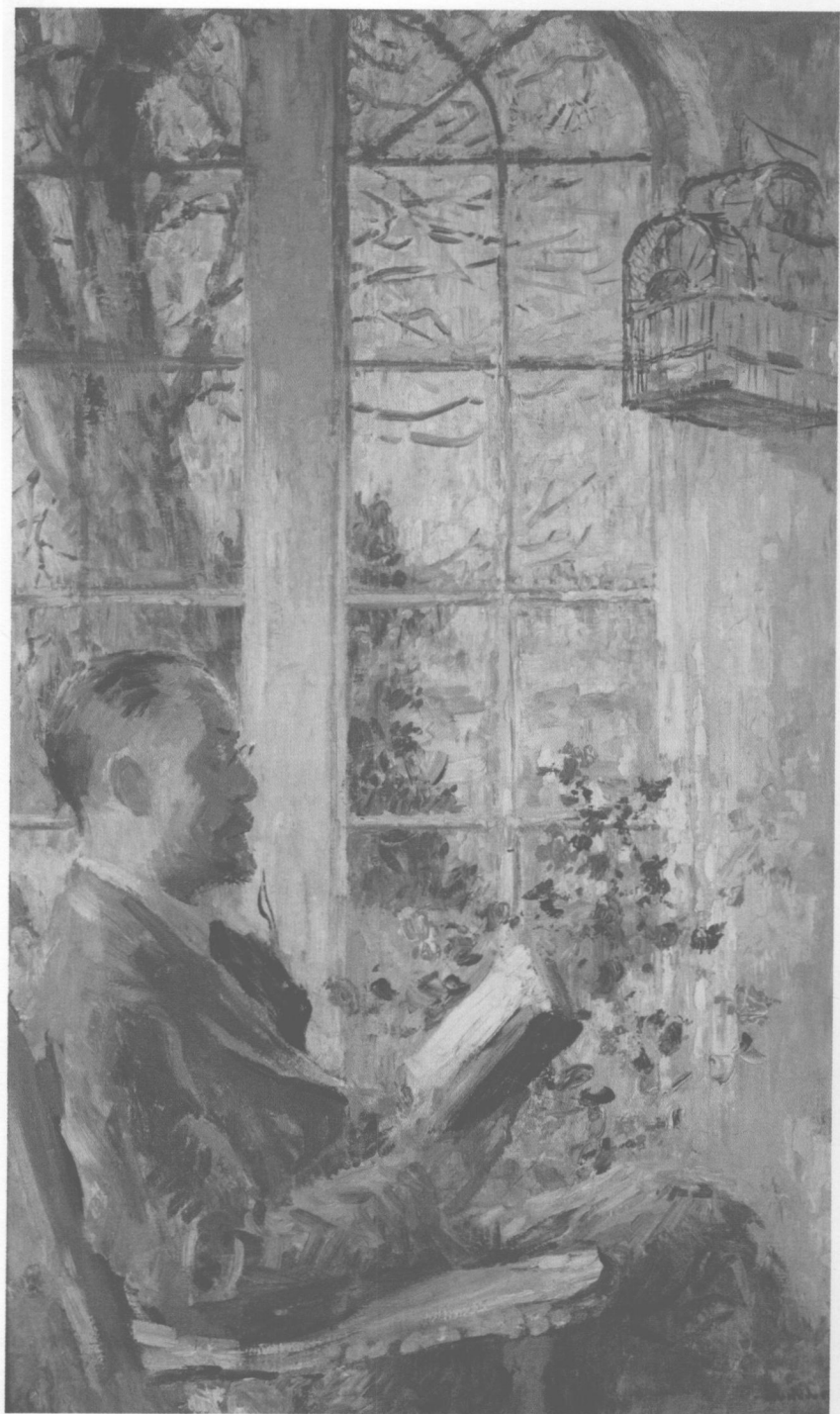
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第一章

书之赞歌



My Books

我的书

James Henry Leigh Hunt
詹姆斯·亨利·利·亨特

作者简介

詹姆斯·亨利·利·亨特（James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784—1859），英国著名新闻记者、诗人、散文家。他曾在《考察者》（*Examiner*）杂志社担任编辑并撰文，后因支持废奴并涉嫌以言论攻击王储而入狱。在狱中，他仍坚持出版《考察者》，被公众视为争取言论自由的英雄。他独具慧眼地将雪莱、济慈的诗歌介绍给大众，他与这二人的交往亦是文坛佳话。

本文节选自 1823 年发表在《考察者》上的文章，为作者旅居意大利时所写。该文后来收入 1834 年出版的《向导与同伴》（*The Indicator, and the Companion*）一书。亨特为人率性，以灵动的文字展示了对书的热爱，同时也毫不掩饰对宏伟书房的厌恶，他一本正经地开列“不还书”条款时流露出的孩子气更是令人莞尔。



The Indicator, and the Companion; a
miscellany for the fields and fire-side

Leigh Hunt



Sitting, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fire-side could afford me; to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet, I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books; how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my Spenser, my Theocritus, and my *Arabian Nights*; then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my Dryden and Pope, my romances, and my Boccaccio; then on my left side at my Chaucer, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's *Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! "We had talk, Sir,"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my moveables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my Spenser. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean

去年冬天，我坐在一堆书中间，被书与炉火带来的舒适感与安全感团团包围。也就是说，我背后是一桌摞得高高的书，写字台在我的一边，另一边是几个书架。我一边把脚烤得暖暖的，一边想着我有多爱这些书的作者，多爱这些书——不仅因为它们给我带来了想象的愉悦，还因为它们让我爱上了这些书本身，让我与它们接触时感到快乐。我看看身边的斯宾塞¹、忒奥克里托斯²和《一千零一夜》，以及它们上面的意大利诗人；又看看我身后的德莱顿、蒲柏、浪漫小说和薄伽丘；再看着我左手边写字台上的乔叟。我想着，查尔斯·兰姆亲吻一册古旧的对开本其实是多么自然的事，因为我见过他亲吻查普曼译的《荷马史诗》。同时我又想知道，他怎么能做到一直坐在那么简陋的前厅（那里只有几张冷冰冰的桌椅，最多还有几幅镶框的版画），而不是在藏书的后室里摆几把扶手椅（那里起码还有一扇窗户）。如果是我的话，不仅会在两间房里都摆上扶手椅，而且还会多放一两张！“我们可以聊天，先生。”——这是唯一能让人忘记书的话。

我躲进书堆抵御悲伤和坏天气。如果穿廊风刮来，我便四下看看，换个好位置躲避穿廊风；如果愁思挥不去，我便再看一眼我的斯宾塞。我说的“与书接触”，指的是字面意思。

1. 埃德蒙·斯宾塞（Edmund Spenser, 1552—1599），英国文艺复兴时期的伟大诗人。

2. 忒奥克里托斯（Theocritus, 约前 310—250），古希腊诗人，西方田园诗的创始人。

my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fireplace in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well I could, in the manner above-mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my English evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country, which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannize