



李广田散文选



Selected Prose by Li Guangtian

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Modern

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 现代文学系列

李广田 著
Li Guangtian

·大学生读书计划·

University Reader

英汉对照 · 中国文学宝库 · 现代文学系列

English-Chinese · Gems of Chinese Literature · *Modern*

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大学生读书计划

——中国文学宝库出版呼吁

在即将开机印刷这第一批 50 本名为中国文学宝库的英汉对照读本时，我们的心情竟然忧多于喜。因为我们只能以保守的 5000 册印数，去面对全国 400 万在校大学生。

虽然我们并非市场经济的局外者，若仅为印数（销售量）计，大可奋起而去生产诸如 TOFEL 应试指南，或者英语四六级模拟试题集一类的教辅图书，但我们还是决定宁可冒着债台高筑的风险，也有责任对大学生同胞发出一声亲切的呼唤：请亲近我们的中国文学。

身为向世界译介中国文学和向国内出版外语读物的，具有双重责任的出版社，我们得知目前大学生往往仅注重外语的学习而偏废了母语的提高，以及忽视了中国文学的阅读，放弃了人文知识的训练。有统计表明，某理工院校 57% 的同学不曾读过《红楼梦》等四大名著，以致校园内外流行着“样子像研究生，说话像大学生，作文像中学生，写字像小学生”的幽默。还有一副这样的对联，说大学生的文章是“无错不成文，病句错句破残句，句句不堪入目；有误方为篇，别字错字自造字，字字触目惊心”，横批“斯文扫地”。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展关键力量的大学生，这种“文弃”现象的流行，势必导致一场人文精神危机的爆发。对照以科学与人文精神追求为主题的五四新文化运动，八十年的历程告诉我们，以上提醒绝非危言耸听。

我们已经迈入知识经济时代，在追求科学知识的同时，创新精神已成为关键；而创新的源泉其实有赖于多学科多领域知识的交融，依靠的是新型的复合型人才，所以，文学对于新一代

的大学生来说绝非装点,而是沟通自然科学与人文科学的桥梁,使我们在汲取知识的同时更能获得智慧,于创造物质的同时还进一步丰富和完善着精神;无怪乎爱因斯坦认为自己受影响最大的竟是陀思妥耶夫斯基。由此证明,一个真正的科学家应该拥有丰富的文学和文化知识以及完整的人格。十年前,七十五位诺贝尔奖得主聚会巴黎,当时他们所发表的宣言开篇就是,“如果人类要在 21 世纪生存下去,必须回首 2500 年去吸收孔子的智慧。”确实,十年的时间让我们有目共睹,现代经济科技的飞速发展何尝不是一柄双刃的剑?只有文化的力量才能抵消随之而来的负面后果。可见,知识的获取与技能的训练对于大学生来说固然重要,但文化与修养却尤需关切。正因为大学生代表着社会先知先觉的知识力量,置身当前的文化现实,就应有一分责任感与使命感,力求对知识技能以外许多带有根本性质的精神追求形成明确的意识,从而具备一种对生命意义进行探索与追问的精神,一种以人文精神为背景的生存勇气和人格力量。那么,能够引导我们探索前行的一盏明灯,不就是闪烁着理想光芒的不朽的文学名著吗?

一个人乃至一个民族,从其对文学的亲疏态度,可以衡量出其文化素质的程度。文学应是从人类文化中升华出的理想的结晶,她“使人的心灵变得高尚,使人的勇气、荣誉感、希望、尊严、同情心、怜悯心和牺牲精神复活起来”(威廉·福克纳);无疑,只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质,充实人的内心世界,焕发人的精神风貌,带给人们真善美。而亲近文学,特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化,正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养,弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

“越是民族的,就越是世界的”,中国文学属于中国,也属于世界。和平是人类的共同愿望,交流与共享则是新世纪的潮流。

中国当代大学生的血液里流动着数千年的文化积淀,没有理由在让世界了解中国大学生聪明才智的同时,却无缘分享我们的骄傲——中国大学生不但能够读懂英语的莎士比亚,而且能让世界感动于中国文学的伟大。

这是我们作为出版者的理想。我们原有一个世纪礼物的构想,是同大学生一起做一个“读书计划”。这一次将中国文学的最新荟萃配设高水平的英语译文,是其中推荐给新世纪大学生的第一批读物。盼望着您——我们无数知音中的5000名先来者,给我们鼓励,也给我们意见和批评。

编者

一九九九年五月三十日

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只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质,充实人的内心世界,焕发人的精神风貌,带给人们真善美。而亲近文学,特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化,正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养,弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

A Pitiful Plaything

I can't remember in which year this happened, but know it was in my childhood.

I'd never left our village — except to visit my mother's old home — and I was unfamiliar, even rather afraid of our own village. Though it was only a village, the main street was three or four *li* long. We lived at the west end. I never ventured to loiter in the middle, the liveliest part of the street, let alone go all the way to the east end to play. My world at that time was both so restricted and so vast.

Father busied himself in the fields, Mother in the house. That left only Granny to tell me stories and sing me folk-songs. Sometimes I sat woodenly all by myself on one side, listening to the whirr of her spinning-wheel. That was the home I had.

I often went outside to play too, but always on my own. The children in the street wouldn't let me join in their games, unless by any chance they needed someone to make up the right number. Unfortunately I was always the cause of my side losing, so I soon lost interest in their games myself. To start with I was afraid they would bully me, but they never did, perhaps thinking it unsporting to bully a helpless child. They simply ostracized me, which was already humiliating enough. Often I would sneak home alone, skirting the walls. "They won't play with me," I'd say, running

悲哀的玩具

依然不记得年龄，只知道是小时候罢了。

我不曾离开过我的乡村——除却到外祖家去——而对于自己的乡村又是这样的生疏，甚且有着几分恐怖。虽说只是一个村子吧，却有着三四里长的大街，漫说从我家所在的村西端到街东首去玩，那最热闹的街的中段，也不曾有过我的足迹，那时候我的世界是那样狭小而又那样广漠呀。

父亲在野外忙，母亲在家里忙，剩下的只有老祖母，她给我说故事，唱村歌，有时听着她的纺车声嗡嗡地响着，我便独自坐在一旁发呆。这样的，便是我的家人。

我也常到外面去玩，但总是自己个。街上的孩子们都不和我一块游戏，即使为了凑人数而偶尔参加进去，不幸，我却每是作了某方面失败的原因，于是自己也觉得无趣了。起初是怕他们欺侮我，也许，欺侮了无能的孩子便不英雄吧，他们并不曾对我有什么欺侮，只是远离着我，然而这远离，就已经是向我欺侮了。时常，一个人蹣跚地沿着墙角走回家去，“他们不和俺

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into Granny's arms. Stroking my head she would answer, "Play by yourself, there's a good boy."

Though I was only a child, I knew what it was to be lonely. Now that I am a man, I still suffer from loneliness, but it isn't the same; and I look back nostalgically on the loneliness of my childhood.

Father was always grim and stern. I don't believe I ever saw him smile. Mother, though she loved me — or so I thought — never bought me any sweets behind his back. She told me, "When you see people buying sweets, scam." Small as I was, I knew quite well what she meant; so whenever I saw grown-ups or other children crowd round the sweet pedlar at the sound of his gong, which set my mouth watering, I slipped away. Later on, if I heard the sweet pedlar's gong outside I stayed indoors.

The fact is, the only one who loved me in those days was Granny. She did her best to comfort me, making me little kites of waste paper, little whistles of grass or carts and horses of millet stalks, all of which delighted me. One day, the moment she saw me coming home, she beckoned me, calling softly, "Come here."

I ran over. "What is it, Granny?" I asked eagerly.

"A plaything for you, child."

With that, from her sewing-basket she took out a wad of cotton-wool and opened it to disclose a fledgling sparrow. I jumped for joy.

"Where's this sparrow from, Granny?"

"Picked it up under the eaves. Most likely its mother carried it out from its nest."

玩，”这样说着一头扑在了祖母的怀里，祖母摸着我的头顶，说，“好孩子，自己玩吧。”

虽然还是小孩子，寂寞的滋味是知道得很多了。到了成年的现在，也还是苦于寂寞，然而这寂寞已不是那寂寞，现在想起那孩子时代的寂寞，也觉得是颇可怀念的了。

父亲老是那么阴沉，那么严峻，仿佛历来就不曾看见过他有笑脸。母亲虽然是爱我——我心里如是想——但她从未曾背着父亲给我买过糖果，只说，“见人家买糖果就得走开。”虽然幼小，也颇知道母亲的用心了，见人家大人孩子围着敲糖锣的担子时，我便咽着唾沫，幽手幽脚地走开；后来，只要听到外面有糖锣声，便不再出门去了。

实际上说来，那时候也就只有祖母一个人是爱我的，她尽可能地安慰我，如用破纸糊了小风筝，用草叶作了小笛，用秫秸扎了车马之类，都很喜欢。某日，我刚从外边回家，她老远地用手招我，低声说，“来。”

我跑去了，“什么呢，奶奶？”我急喘地问。

“玩艺儿，孩子。”

说着，从针线筐里取出一包棉花，伸开看时，里面却是包着一只小麻雀。简直喜得雀跃了。

“哪来的麻雀呀，奶奶？”

“拾的，从檐下。八成是它妈妈从窝里带出来的。”

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"Why should she carry it down?"

"Little silly! Its mother'd been holding it in the nest. She must have flown off so fast to find food for it that she carried it with her. The fall could have killed it!"

I only half believed her, and felt rather upset. Poor little fledgling! But now I had a fine plaything. I promptly pulled out a small bamboo crate from under the bed, spread cotton-wool on the bottom and put rags on top to make a cage for it. When it was hungry I fed it, kissing its yellow beak. I offered it food when it wasn't hungry too, but it wouldn't open its beak. I carried that bamboo crate back and forth in our yard, and Mother seeing this said, "Now you've a fine plaything!"

I was thinking to myself: Let those rough children keep away from me. I shan't go out any more. At home I've Granny and this pet. It'll be even better when it's big enough to fly.

At noon Father came back from the fields. As usual, the sight of him depressed me; but how could I know it was wrong to keep a sparrow?

"What's that?" he demanded sternly.

"A . . . sparrow." I hung my head.

"Bring it here!" He snatched the little bamboo crate, and before I looked up I heard a thud — the crate had been flung on the roof.

Naturally I cried, but I didn't dare sob loudly, not wanting to be beaten. At such times Mother always took Father's side, sometimes saying, "Give him a good beating!" as if both angry with me yet sorry for me. There were times when, because of me, Father slapped or kicked her too. As a child I couldn't understand her

“怎么带到地下来?”

“傻孩子! 大麻雀在窝里抱它,要到外面去给它打食,不料出窝时飞得太猛了,就把它带了出来,几乎把它摔死哩。”

我半信半疑地,心里有点黯然了,原是只不幸的小麻雀呀,然而我有了好玩具了。立刻从床下取出了小竹筐,里面铺了棉花,上面蒙了布片,这就是我的鸟笼了。饿了便喂它,我吻它那黄嘴角;不饿也喂它,它却不开口了。携了竹筐在院里走来走去,母亲见了说,“你可有了好玩物了!”

这时,我心里暗暗地想道:那些野孩子,要远离就远离了吧,今后我就不再出门了,反正家里有祖母,又有了这玩物,要它长大起来能飞的时候就更好了。

晌午,父亲从野外归来,照例,一见他便觉得不快,但,我又怎晓得养麻雀是不应当呢!

“什么?”父亲厉声问。

“麻——雀——。”我的头垂下了。

“拿过来!”话犹未了,小竹筐已经飞上了屋顶。

我自然是哭了,哭也不敢高声,高声了不是就要挨打吗?当这些场合,母亲永是站在父亲一边,有时还说“狠打! 狠打!”似乎又痛又恨的样子。有时候母亲也曾为了我而遭父亲的拳脚,这样的心,在作为小孩子的我就不大懂得

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psychology. Finally I climbed on to Granny's lap to weep disconsolately. By now Father seemed less angry. He just growled, "Useless brat. Why don't you go out and pick some grass for me!" Then he sighed.

Granny swore under her breath, "Your dad's heartless, with no feeling for old or young. All he can do is skimp and scrape to scratch a living from the soil. Don't cry, there's a good boy. Tomorrow Granny will climb a tree to catch a little magpie for you." She wiped away my tears.

After crying I forgot the whole incident, because things like this kept happening all the time. And I can no longer remember what became of that fledgling sparrow. It seems that only now, after twenty years, I feel any concern for that unfortunate fledgling. Poor thing, deprived of its parents' love, its brothers and sisters, its warm nest, then picked up by Granny and put in my little crate, only to be thrown on the cold, bare roof by my father. What a wretched fate for a lonely, unloved fledgling!

At the time I really hated Father; but now, instead, I pity him. My heart aches at the thought of that grizzled peasant working away by starlight, threatened by cold and hunger and exposed to the elements, without much hope of living many years longer. Besides, born and bred on the land, from boyhood he had watered it with his sweat, hoping the sandy soil would produce enough to support his family. No wonder he had such a temper. I hear his health is failing now and he often thinks of his son so long away from home.

了。最后，还是倒在祖母怀里去啜泣。这时，父亲好像已经息怒，只远远地说：“小孩子家，糟践信门^①，还不给我下地去拾草去！”接着是一声叹气。

祖母低声骂着，说：“你爹不是好东西，上不痛老的，下不痛小的，只知道省吃俭用敲坷垃^②！不要哭了，好孩子，到明天奶奶爬树给你摸只小野鹊吧。”说着，给我擦眼泪。

哭一阵，什末也忘了，反正，这类事是层出不穷的。究竟那只小麻雀的下落怎样，已经不记得了。似乎到了今日才又关心到了二十年前的那只小麻雀，那只不幸的小麻雀，我觉得它是更可哀的了，离开了父母的爱，离开了兄弟姊妹，离开了温暖的巢穴被老祖母捡到了我的小小竹筐里，不料又被父亲给抛到那荒凉的屋顶上去，寂寞的小鸟，没有爱的小鸟，遭了厄运的小鸟！

在当时，确是恨着父亲，现在却是不然：反觉得他是可悯的。正当我想起：一个头发已经斑白的农夫，还是在披星戴月地忙碌，为饥寒所逼迫，为风日所摧损，前面也只剩着短短的岁月了，便不由地悲伤起来。而且，他生自土中，长自土中，从年少就用了他的污汗去灌溉那些砂土，想从那些砂土里去取得一家老幼之所需，父亲有着那样的脾气，也是无足怪的了。听说，现在他更衰老了些，而且也时常念想到他久客他乡的儿子。

① 糟践信门：即草菅生命。

② 敲坷垃：即劳苦种田。

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