

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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二十世纪外国文学精选

# 走出非洲

OUT OF  
AFRICA

[丹麦]

伊萨克·迪内森

Isak Dinesen

"One of the finest and  
most singular artists of our time."

--The Atlantic

"A writer with a powerful imagination and  
a shrewd intelligence."

The New York Times Book Review

外语教学与研究出版社

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[丹麦]伊萨克·迪内森

*Isak Dinesen*

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## OUT OF AFRICA



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**走出非洲**

(丹麦) Isak Dinesen 著

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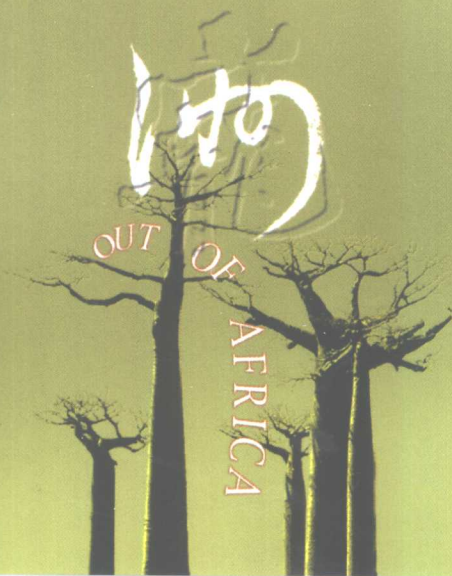
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伊萨克·迪内森 (Isak Dinesen) 丹麦著名女作家，1885 年生于西兰岛龙斯特兹一个贵族家庭。早年就读于丹麦艺术学院，后在巴黎和罗马学习绘画。1914 年随男爵丈夫旅居肯尼亚，经营咖啡农场。1931 年返回丹麦，后来从事文学创作。1934 年发表描写非洲生活的小说集《七个神奇的故事》(Seven Gothic Tales) 一举成名。主要作品有：《走出非洲》(Out of Africa)、《草坪上的影子》(Shadows on the Grass)、《冬天的故事》(Winter's Tales) 等。《走出非洲》被改编成电影，获奥斯卡奖。迪内森于 1962 年去世。





宠 儿  
*Beloved*

托妮·莫里森  
Toni Morrison

看不见的人  
*Invisible Man*

拉尔夫·埃里森  
Ralph Ellison

洛丽塔  
*Lolita*

弗拉基米尔·纳博科夫  
Vladimir Nabokov

走出非洲  
*Out of Africa*

伊萨克·迪内森  
Isak Dinesen

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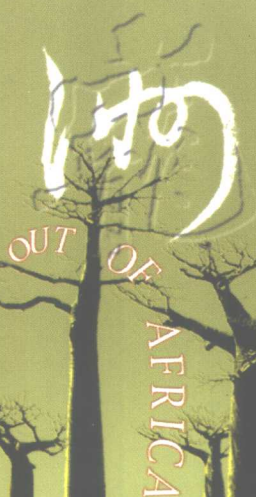
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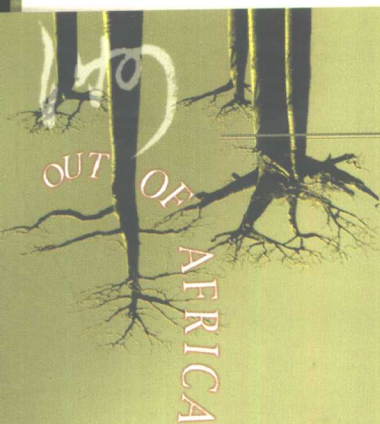
城 堡  
*The Castle*

弗朗茨·卡夫卡  
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日瓦戈医生  
*Dr. Zhivago*

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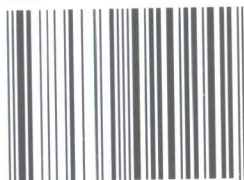
《走出非洲》是迪内森的自传性小说，作家以优美的文字叙述了 1914 年至 1931 年在非洲

经营咖啡农场的生活，充满深情地回忆了非洲的自然景色、动物和人。

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## 前言

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潘小松

伊萨克·迪内森(Isak Dinesen)是凯伦·布里克森(Karen Blixen)的笔名,丹麦“大作家之一”。她先在美国成名,渐渐名播四海。生于1885年,一生大部分时间在出生地容斯泰德伦(Rungstedlund)度过,1962年死于此地。迪内森曾在肯尼亚的一个咖啡种植园生活十七年。1921年,结婚八年后她同瑞典籍丈夫布罗尔·冯·布里克森-芬尼克男爵分手,开始自己经营种植园。然而,1930年,种植园的地主决定放弃这不挣钱的营生。次年,迪氏回到丹麦,搬到母亲家住。1939年,她的母亲去世,自己成了一家之主,可以按照自己的品位来改造房屋了。正是在家乡这片土地上,她开始同时用英语和丹麦语写作,取笔名为伊萨克·迪内森。第一部成功的作品为《七个哥特式的故事》(Seven Gothic Tales),还有其它作品,包括《走出非洲》。1985年,根据此书改编的电影获奥斯卡奖,为作者赢得国际声誉。她另两部短篇集《冬天的故事》(Winter Tales)和《最后的故事》(Last Tales)也较有名。此外另有作品《命运故事》、《草地上的影子》和《厄伦加》面世。

容斯泰德伦庄园是迪内森的父亲1879年买下的,原是个客栈,靠海。此庄园有500年历史,多农舍。至今留存的房屋可追溯到1800年。

1958年,女作家设立了容斯泰德伦基金会。1987年为了纪念女作家,基金会把房屋改成博物馆,1991年起对外开放。

迪内森是在二十七岁上远离丹麦去东部非洲嫁人的。《走出非洲》实际上就是迪氏在肯尼亚一个四千英亩的咖啡种植园上的生活实录。因为她的文字优美,因为她行文时所带的情感,因为她

对非洲风土人情的熟悉和眷念,这本书和电影便有了广泛的影响。我敢打赌,假如没有点怀旧的情绪和对人文精神的关怀,假如你对网络时代的浮躁没有点抵触情绪,你不会有兴趣读这本书;因为它不以故事情节取胜,没有什么令人刺激的东西。

我喜欢这本书的原因是因为我喜爱作者优美的文笔。“我在非洲时有一个农场,在恩恭山脉的脚下。赤道从这些高地一路走过,向北绵延几百英里。我的农场在六千英尺的高度上,白天你感觉高得接近太阳,而早晨和夜晚则清澈宁静,夜深时还有些冷。”这样的文字在新生代文学里会被认为是“白开水”,而我这个年龄的人则容易嚼出味来,以为甘美。迪内森擅长描述自然景观和四时变化,这样写既增添了散文美的内涵,也浓化了地方特色,她终究是在写非洲。聚集的云彩、地平线上的雨、初雨的草腥味和泥土味都是作家感觉的对象。

当然,迪内森也写人物,比如“大头人奇库尤”、“索马里女人”等。迪氏对土人的描写带有浓郁的异国风情,大大地满足了读者对非洲的好奇心。当然,她也写来自“文明社会”的人,比如瑞典自然科学教授等。

迪内森用了很大篇幅写离别非洲前后的生活,可以想见作者对这片热土的眷念,毕竟是生活了许久的地方。“山的轮廓慢慢被距离的手抹平了。”这是怎样的一种感觉?大概不足为外人道吧。

在猛一听见《走出非洲》的名字时读者容易产生幻想。打开书页后你会发现幻想的神奇并未消失,但还增添了平实和浓厚的生活气氛,仿佛置身于非洲东部某地的日常生活,这是本书吸引人的另一个原因。

《大西洋月刊》称誉作者为“我们时代最优雅最独特的艺术家之一。”

女作家尤多拉·威尔蒂称此书让人一瞥作者异常的心智。

《纽约时报》书评称迪内森是“有着非凡想像力的作家,机敏而智慧。”



«*Equitare, Arcum tendere, Veritatem dicere*»

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1



**KAMANTE  
AND LULU**





«*From the Forests and Highlands we come, we come.*»

# THE NGONG FARM

*I* had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills. The Equator runs across these highlands, a hundred miles to the North, and the farm lay at an altitude of over six thousand feet. In the day-time you felt that you had got high up, near to the sun, but the early mornings and evenings were limpid and restful, and the nights were cold.

The geographical position, and the height of the land combined to create a landscape that had not its like in all the world. There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere; it was Africa distilled up through six thousand feet, like the strong and refined essence of a continent. The colours were dry and burnt, like the colours in pottery. The trees had a light delicate foliage, the structure of which was different from that of the trees in Europe; it did not grow in bows or cupolas, but in horizontal layers, and the formation gave to the tall solitary trees a likeness to the palms, or a heroic and romantic air like fullrigged ships with their sails clewed up, and to the edge of a wood a strange appearance as if the whole wood were faintly vibrating. Upon the grass of the

great plains the crooked bare old thorn-trees were scattered, and the grass was spiced like thyme and bog-myrtle; in some places the scent was so strong, that it smarted in the nostrils. All the flowers that you found on the plains, or upon the creepers and liana in the native forest, were diminutive like flowers of the downs,—only just in the beginning of the long rains a number of big, massive heavy-scented lilies sprang out on the plains. The views were immensely wide. Everything that you saw made for greatness and freedom, and unequalled nobility.

The chief feature of the landscape, and of your life in it, was the air. Looking back on a sojourn in the African highlands, you are struck by your feeling of having lived for a time up in the air. The sky was rarely more than pale blue or violet, with a profusion of mighty, weightless, ever-changing clouds towering up and sailing on it, but it has a blue vigour in it, and at a short distance it painted the ranges of hills and the woods a fresh deep blue. In the middle of the day the air was alive over the land, like a flame burning; it scintillated, waved and shone like running water, mirrored and doubled all objects, and created great *Fata Morgana*. Up in this high air you breathed easily, drawing in a vital assurance and lightness of heart. In the highlands you woke up in the morning and thought: Here I am, where I ought to be.

The Mountain of Ngong stretches in a long ridge from North to South, and is crowned with four noble peaks like immovable darker blue waves against the sky. It rises eight thousand feet above the Sea, and to the East two thousand feet above the surrounding country; but to the West the drop is deeper and more precipitous,—the hills fall vertically down towards the Great Rift Valley.

The wind in the highlands blows steadily from the North-North-East. It is the same wind that, down at the coasts of

Africa and Arabia, they name the Monsoon, the East Wind, which was King Solomon's favourite horse. Up here it is felt as just the resistance of the air, as the Earth throws herself forward into space. The wind runs straight against the Ngong Hills, and the slopes of the hills would be the ideal place for setting up a glider, that would be lifted upwards by the currents, over the mountain top. The clouds, which were travelling with the wind, struck the side of the hill and hung round it, or were caught on the summit and broke into rain. But those that took a higher course and sailed clear of the reef, dissolved to the West of it, over the burning desert of the Rift Valley. Many times I have from my house followed these mighty processions advancing, and have wondered to see their proud floating masses, as soon as they had got over the hills, vanish in the blue air and be gone.

The hills from the farm changed their character many times in the course of the day, and sometimes looked quite close, and at other times very far away. In the evening, when it was getting dark, it would first look, as you gazed at them, as if in the sky a thin silver line was drawn all along the silhouette of the dark mountain; then, as night fell, the four peaks seemed to be flattened and smoothened out, as if the mountain was stretching and spreading itself.

From the Ngong Hills you have a unique view, you see to the South the vast plains of the great game-country that stretches all the way to Kilimanjaro; to the East and North the park-like country of the foot-hills with the forest behind them, and the undulating land of the Kikuyu-Reserve, which extends to Mount Kenya a hundred miles away,—a mosaic of little square maize-fields, banana-groves and grass-land, with here and there the blue smoke from a native village, a small cluster of peaked mole-casts. But towards the West, deep down, lies the dry, moon-like landscape of the African low country. The brown desert is irregularly dotted with the