



# 老舍小说选



## Selected Stories by Lao She

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Modern

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 现代文学系列

老舍著  
Lao She

中国文学出版社  
Chinese Literature Press

外语教学与研究出版社  
Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

· 生读书计划 ·

University Reader

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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



## 亲近中国文学

## 拥抱人文精神

只有文学才能从更高的层次上提高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。

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## A Vision

It must have been after the Clear and Bright Festival,<sup>①</sup> for the crab-apple was coming into full bloom. Spring was late this year, of course, and butterflies still seemed fragile though the lusty bees from the very start found the whole wide world as delectable as honey. Swallows were having fun, too, pinning black letter T-s to the handful of fleecy white clouds in the sky. The willows, although there was no wind, kept their branches swaying softly to mock the hints of greenery all around. The fresh green of the fields, delicate and easily tired, crept up the hills growing fainter the higher it went, till near the top it was lost in patches of brown. The trees halfway up, even those not yet green, had a silky look about them, while the blue sky beyond the hills must have been warm, for geese were flying that way, honking, in formation. Shy epidendrums were hiding in clefts in the rock, their leaves smaller than their flowers.

The scent of the hills is best enjoyed with closed eyes to save the trouble of analysing its sources, for even last year's fallen leaves give off a good smell. The plaintive bleating of some kids in the distance just kept my pleasure within reasonable bounds. And one happened to stray my way. A little creature sprouting a beard

① This usually falls early in April.

## 微 神

清明已过了,大概是;海棠花不是都快开齐了吗?今年的节气自然是晚了一些,蝴蝶们还很弱;蜂儿可是一出世就那么挺拔,好像世界确是甜蜜可喜的。天上只有三四块不大也不笨重的白云,燕儿们给白云上钉小黑丁字玩呢。没有什么风,可是柳枝似乎故意的转摆,像逗弄着四外的绿意。田中的青绿轻轻的上小山,因为娇弱怕累得慌,似乎是,越高绿色越浅了些;山顶上还是些黄多于绿的纹缕呢。山腰中的树,就是不绿的也显出柔嫩来,山后的蓝天也是暖和的,不然,雁们为何唱着向那边排着队去呢?石凹藏着些怪害羞的三月兰,叶儿还赶不上花朵大。

小山的香味只能闭着眼吸取,省得劳神去找香气的来源,你看,连去年的落叶都怪好闻的。那边有几只小白山羊,叫的声儿恰巧使欣喜不至过度,因而有些悲意。偶尔走过一只来,

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before its horns had grown, it stood foolishly in front of a rock for some seconds before trotting off again shaking its comical tail.

As I basked in the sun on the hillside, my mind a blank, pearls of poetry welled up unbidden in my heart to fall noiselessly into that sea of green in my breast, while faint smiles curved my lips and faded quickly away; but not a single line did I complete. The whole universe was poetry, and I no more than one small punctuation mark in a poem.

Basking there in utter content, I knew something of the rapture in a butterfly's wings. I hugged my knees, swaying this way and that in time to the willows' motion, and saw that each small gold-green leaf on their boughs was a tiny ear pricked up to catch the voice of spring. I looked up at the sky and blessed the white cloud at whose edge a swallow, nearly melting into the blue, seemed an infinitesimal black mote in that ocean of liquid light — my heart winged towards it.

Far away a path through the hills was like a brown line on a map of green provinces. Below sloped a wheat field, sweeping down the hillside until stopped by a dark green pine wood, and I hoped against hope that beyond the pines lay the sea. I stood up and climbed higher for a better view. No, there were trees over there — hard to make out just what they were — with low cottages among them. A sudden breeze carried over the faint crow of a cock.

That note of melancholy in a distant cock-crow in spring made me wonder if the scene before my eyes was reality or illusion, or perhaps a golden thread of sound between illusion and reality? For a second I had a vision of a blood-red comb; in my mind, in that

没长犄角就留下须的小动物,向一块大石发了会儿愣,又颠颠着俏式的小尾巴跑了。

我在山坡上晒太阳,一点思念也没有,可是自然而然的从心中滴下些诗的珠子,滴在胸中的绿海上,没有声响,只有些波纹走不到腮上便散了的微笑;可是始终也没成功一整句。一个诗的宇宙里,连我自己好似只是诗的什么地方的一个小符号。

越晒越轻松,我体会出蝶翅是怎样的欢欣。我搂着膝,和柳枝同一律动前后左右的微动,柳枝上每一黄绿的小叶都是听着春声的小耳勺儿。有时看看天空,啊,谢谢那块白云,它的边上还有个小燕呢,小得已经快和蓝天化在一处了,像万顷蓝光中的一粒黑痣,我的心灵像要往那儿飞似的。

远处山坡的小道,像地图上绿的省份里一条黄线。往下看,一大片麦田,地势越来越低,似乎是由山坡上往那边流动呢,直到一片暗绿的松树把它截住;很希望松林那边是个海湾。及至我立起来,往更高处走了几步,看看,不是;那边是些看不甚清的树,树中有些低矮的村舍;一阵小风吹来极细的一声鸡叫。

春晴的远处鸡声有些悲惨,使我不晓得眼前一切是真还是虚,它是梦与真实中间的一道用声音作的金线;我顿时似乎看见了个血红的

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village, or in the <sup>附近 旁边</sup> vicinity there was a cock — and I hoped it was snowy white.

I sat down again, or rather stretched out on the <sup>草地 草皮</sup> turf, my eyes opened just enough to catch the blue brilliance of the sky growing deeper and higher as it let fall on my pupils blue drops of light and warmth. And presently I closed my eyes to enjoy the sunshine and laughter within my own heart.

I was not asleep but close to the land of dreams, still able to hear distinctly the twittering and warbling of birds around me. Strangely enough, in that state between sleep and waking, the same scene — just where it is I do not know — always floats before me as I start dozing off. We may as well call it the borderland of dreams.

Not large, with neither hills nor sea, it is like a garden that has no definite limits, a rough triangle whose tips reach out into shifting darkness. The tip at which I invariably look first is a mass of gold and crimson flowers, with no sunlight, nothing but darkness, behind this blaze of colour; and the dark background intensifies the crimson and gold, just as red peonies painted in a black vase flame with almost fearful beauty. That dark background, I know, helps the crimson and gold to retain their brightness instead of diffusing it; for without sunshine the brightness cannot take flight but is held and imprinted on the ground. My eyes turn here first because this part conjures up a picture of the rest in the same way that by looking at the Western Hills you know where the Temple of Azure Clouds is hidden.

From the left tip curves a long slope of wild flowers like heather,

鸡冠;在心中,村舍中,或是哪儿,有只——希望是雪白的——公鸡。

我又坐下了;不,随便的躺下了。眼留着个小缝收取天上的蓝光,越看越深,越高;同时也往下落着光暖的蓝点,落在我那离心不远的眼睛上。不大一会儿,我便闭上了眼,看着心内的晴空与笑意。

我没睡去,我知道已离梦境不远,但是还听得清清楚楚小鸟的相唤与轻歌。说也奇怪,每逢到似睡非睡的时候,我才看见那块地方——不晓得一定是哪里,可是在入梦以前它老是那个样儿浮在眼前。就管它叫作梦的前方吧。

这块地方并没有多大,没有山,没有海。像一个花园,可又没有清楚的界限。差不多是个不甚规则的三角,三个尖端浸在流动的黑暗里。一角上——我永远先看见它——是一片金黄与大红的花,密密层层,没有阳光,一片红黄的后面便全是黑暗,可是黑的背景使红黄更加深厚,就好像大黑瓶上画着红牡丹,深厚得至于使美中有一点点恐怖。黑暗的背景,我明白了,使红黄的一片抱住了自己的彩色,不向四外走射一点;况且没有阳光,彩色不飞入空中,而完全沾染在地上。我老先看见这块,一看见它,其余的便不看也会知道的,正好像一看见香山,准知道碧云寺在哪儿藏着呢。

其余的两角,左边是一个斜长的土坡,满盖着灰紫的野花,在不漂亮中有些深厚的力量,或

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更雄壮的  
more virile than beautiful; and moonlight touching the grey tints with silver might well bring out the transcendence of poetry here; but it slips my mind whether there is a moon or not. At all events, 清明的月光  
far from disliking this heath, I delight in the frost-darkened purple which reminds me of a young mother in a dark purple gown. But the right-hand tip is the loveliest of all, for there stands a thatched cottage with a trellis before its door where pink rambler roses are a riot of pure blooms.

If I run my eyes from left to right, from the purple, the crimson and gold to the pale pink, it seems as if time has regressed from autumn to spring, as if nature's prime is not followed by decay but life ends with the two-fold glory of the scent and colour of roses.

In the middle of the triangle lies a meadow of dark green grass, soft, thick and moist, each blade thrusting up as if listening to distant rain. Not a breath of wind here, not an insect stirs. In this small world of ghostly beauty, only colours are alive.

In real life I have never seen a place like this. Yet it has a permanent existence on the threshold of my dreams. It may be descended — but who can say for certain? — from the deep green of England, the heather-clad moors of Scotland, the shadowy Black Forest of Germany. Again, take away the sunshine and there is a resemblance to the lush tropics; except that here are no snakes all colours of the rainbow, no birds of brilliant plumage. I know it, though, and that is enough for me.

I have visited it so often, it is like a picture in my heart, as real as the couplet: