

University Reader  
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# 郁达夫小说选

Selected Stories by Yu Dafu

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Modern

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 现代文学系列

郁达夫 著  
Yu Dafu

中国文学出版社  
Chinese Literature Press

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总编辑 杨宪益 戴乃迭

总策划 野 莽 蔡剑峰

编委会(以姓氏笔划为序)

吕 华

李朋义

赵文炎

凌 原

野 莽

蔡剑峰

# 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认识,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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# 目 录

## CONTENTS

大学生读书计划 .....	编 者( I )
——中国文学宝库出版呼吁	
Nights of Spring Fever .....	( 2 )
春风沉醉的晚上 .....	( 3 )
A Humble Sacrifice .....	( 36 )
薄 奠 .....	( 37 )
Smoke Shadows .....	( 66 )
烟 影 .....	( 67 )
Arbutus Cocktails .....	( 94 )
杨梅烧酒 .....	( 95 )
Flight .....	( 112 )
出 奔 .....	( 113 )
Late-Flowering Cassia .....	( 180 )
迟桂花 .....	( 181 )
The Fatalist .....	( 256 )
唯命论者 .....	( 257 )
Private Classes and a Modern School	
—— Part 3 of my autobiography .....	( 278 )
书塾与学堂	
——自传之三 .....	( 279 )

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。

## Nights of Spring Fever

### 1

For six months I lived without a job in Shanghai and, because I was unemployed, changed my lodgings three times. At first I lived in a pigeon-hole on Bubbling Well Road, a prison without guards where the sun never shone. With the exception of a few ferocious gangsterlike tailors, the inmates of this unguarded prison were mostly pitiable unknown scholars. That was why I named the place Yellow Grub Street. After a month or so in this Grub Street, the rent suddenly went up and I, with a few battered books, was forced to move into a small hotel I knew somewhere near the race-course. Here too I met with certain kinds of pressures until I had to move again. This time I found and moved into a tiny room in the slums opposite Rixinli on Dent Road at the north end of the Garden Bridge.

The houses on this side of Dent Road stood no higher than twenty feet. The loft I lived in was extremely small and low. If, standing upright, I had wished to stretch my arms and yawn, my hands would have gone through the dusty grey roof.

Coming in from the lane through the front door, one entered first the landlord's room. Here, edging one's way through heaps of rags, old tins and bottles and other junk, one came to a rickety

## 春风沉醉的晚上

在沪上闲居了半年,因为失业的结果,我的寓所迁移了三处。最初我住在静安寺路南的一间同鸟笼似的水也没有太阳晒着的自由的监房里。这些自由的监房的住民,除了几个同强盗小窃一样的凶恶裁缝之外,都是些可怜的无名文士,我当时所以送了那地方一个 Yellow Grub Street 的称号。

在这 Grub Street 里住了一个月,房租忽涨了价,我就不得不拖了几本破书,搬上跑马厅附近一家相识的栈房里去。后来在这栈房里又受了种种逼迫,不得不搬了,我便在外白渡桥北岸的邓脱路中间,日新里对面的贫民窟里,寻了一间小小的房间,迁移了过去。

邓脱路的这几排房子,从地上量到屋顶,只有一丈几尺高。我住的楼上的那间房间,更是矮小得不堪。若站在楼板上上升一升懒腰,两只手就要把灰黑的屋顶穿通的。从前面的街里踱进了那房子的门,便是房主的住房。在破布洋铁罐玻璃瓶旧铁器堆满的中间,侧着身子走进两步,就有一张中间有几根横档跌落的梯子靠

英汉对照  
*English-Chinese*  
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ladder leaning against the wall. This was the only way one could get up to the dark opening — two square feet — which led to the second storey. This storey was really only a small, dark loft, but it was partitioned into two tiny rooms. I had the one where the trap-door was; the other one was let to a woman who worked in the N Cigarette Co. As she had to go through my "room," to get to hers, my monthly rent was a few dimes cheaper.

Our landlord was an oldish man, in his fifties, with a bent back. There was a dark oily gleam in his sallow face. His eyes were unequal in size, and his cheekbones were sharp and protruding. The lines on his forehead and face were filled with coal dust which seemed indelible despite his daily morning wash. He got up between eight and nine every day and after a fit of coughing left the house with a carrying pole and two bamboo baskets. Usually, he returned at three or four in the afternoon with the same baskets empty. Occasionally he came back with a load, the same kind of stuff as he had all over his room: rags, broken bottles and miscellaneous pieces of junk. On these days he would usually buy himself a few ounces of wine, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, would drink by himself and keep cursing incomprehensibly.

I met my neighbour on the other side of the partition on the afternoon I moved in. At about five o'clock, when the fast-falling spring dusk had already descended, I had lit a candle and begun to arrange the books I had brought with me from the hotel, setting them up into two stacks, one big and one small. On the bigger stack I placed two 24-inch picture frames. I had sold all the furniture I ever possessed, so my arrangement of books and picture

墙摆在那里。用了这张梯子往上面的黑黝黝的一个二尺宽的洞里一接,即能走上楼去。黑沉沉的这层楼上,本来只有猫额那样大,房主人却把它隔成了两间小房,外面一间是一个N烟公司的女工住在那里,我所租的是梯子口头的那间小房,因为外间的住者要从我的房里出入,所以我的每月的房租要比外间的便宜几角小洋。

我的房主,是一个五十来岁的弯腰老人。他的脸上的青黄色里,映射着一层暗黑的油光。两只眼睛是一只大一只小,颧骨很高,额上颊上的几条皱纹里满砌着煤灰,好像每天早晨洗也洗不掉的样子。他每日于八九点钟的时候起来,咳嗽一阵,便挑了一双竹篮出去,到午后的三四点钟总仍旧是挑了一双空篮回来的,有时挑了满担回来的时候,他的竹篮里便是那些破布破铁器玻璃瓶之类。像这样的晚上,他必要去买些酒来喝喝,一个人坐在床沿上瞎骂出许多不可捉摸的话来。

我与隔壁的同寓者的第一次相遇,是在搬来的那天午后。春天的急景已经快晚了的五点钟的时候,我点了一枝蜡烛,在那里安放几本刚从栈房里搬过来的破书。先把它们叠成了两方堆,一堆小些,一堆大些,然后把两个二尺长的装画的画架覆在大一点的那堆书上。因为我的器具都卖完了,这一堆书和画架白天要当写字

英汉对照

English-Chinese

中国文学宝库

Gems of Chinese Literature

现代文学系列

Modern Literature

frames had to serve as a desk during the day and a bed at night. I then sat myself down on the smaller stack of books, facing the "desk," and lit a cigarette. As I sat staring at the candle and smoking I heard a slight noise under the trapdoor, behind my back. I looked round but could only see the shadow of my own head. But my ears told me plainly that someone was coming up. I stared intently into the darkness and then saw a pale white oval face and the upper part of a slim woman's figure emerge before my eyes. I knew immediately that she was my housemate on the other side of the partition. When I first came to get a room, the old landlord told me that besides himself there was a woman worker who lived in this house and had one of the rooms. I had taken the room without a moment's hesitation because first of all I liked the low rent and secondly, I was glad there was no real housewife and children in the house. As my neighbour came up into my room, I stood up and bowed politely. "Good evening," I said. "I moved in today. I hope we'll get along all right."

She made no answer but her big dark eyes looked at me searchingly. Then she went to her door, unlocked it and went in. That was all I saw at my first encounter with her, but for some reason I felt that she was a defenceless young thing. Her pointed nose, her oval but ashen face and her small slim figure all seemed to indicate that she was a desolate and pitiful soul. However, at that time, I myself had enough worries of my own to spare much pity for someone who at least was not yet out of work, and I turned back to sit motionless on the smaller stack of books, staring at the candle-light.

台,晚上可当床睡的。摆好了画架的板,我就朝着这张由书叠成的桌子,坐在小一点的那堆书上吸烟,我的背系朝着梯子的接口的。我一边吸烟,一边在那里呆看放在桌上的蜡烛火,忽而听见梯子口上起了响动。回头一看,我只见了一个自家的扩大的投射影子,此外什么也辨不出来,但我的听觉分明告诉我说:“有人上来了。”我向暗中凝视了几秒钟,一个圆形灰白的面貌,半截纤细的女人的身体,方才映到我的眼帘上来。一见了她的容貌我就知道她是我的隔壁的同居者了。因为我来找房子的时候,那房主的老人便告诉我说,这屋里除了他一个人外,楼上只住着一个女工。我一则喜欢房价的便宜,二则喜欢这屋里没有别的女人小孩,所以立刻就租定了的。等她走上了梯子,我才站起来对她点了点头说:

“对不起,我是今朝才搬来的,以后要请你照应。”

她听了我的话,也并不回答,放了一双漆黑的大眼,对我深深的看了一眼,就走上她的门口去开了锁,进房去了。我与她不过这样的见了一面,不晓是什么原因,我只觉得她是一个可怜的女子。她的高高的鼻梁,灰白长圆的面貌,清瘦不高的身体,好像都是表明她是可怜的特征,但是当时正为了生活问题在那里操心的我,也无暇去怜惜这还未曾失业的女工,过了几分钟我又动也不动的坐在那一小堆书上看蜡烛光了。

英汉对照

English-Chinese

中国文学宝库

Gems of Chinese Literature

现代文学系列

Modern Literature



A week had gone by since my move into the slums. Every day when my neighbour went to work — she went before seven in the morning and returned after six — she would find me sitting dully on my stack of books watching the candle flame or the oil lamp. Perhaps her curiosity was stirred by my constantly keeping to myself in a sullen manner. Finally, one day when she came up the ladder after work and I stood up as usual to let her pass, she stopped and looked directly at me.

“What is it you are always reading so hard every day?” she asked in a faltering, timid voice. She spoke a soft pure Suzhou dialect but the feeling this charming tongue produced in me is impossible to describe so I’ll just translate her words into ordinary speech.

What she said made me quite red in the face. The fact was that though I placed a number of foreign books before me, as I sat woodenly thus day in and day out, my mind was actually in complete confusion and I wasn’t reading a single word. Sometimes I let my imagination fill the space between the lines with strange shapes and forms; at other times I merely glanced at the illustrations and my fancy promptly conjured up fantastic images from them. Actually, at that time, I was suffering from insomnia and malnutrition and was not in a normal state at all. Furthermore, since my only possession in the world, the padded gown on my back, was too shabby for words, I hadn’t been able to go out in the daytime, and in my dark little room which let in no daylight whatever, I had to use a candle or the oil lamp all the time, so that my eyes, and legs too, were weak from disuse.