

Rudyard Kipling

SOMETHING OF MYSELF

凤凰  
PHOENIX  
苏教文库

英汉对照



# 谈谈我自己

SOMETHING OF MYSELF

[英] 拉迪亚德·吉卜林 著

Rudyard Kipling

丁才云 译

英汉对照



# 谈谈我自己

SOMETHING OF MYSELF

[英] 拉迪亚德·吉卜林 著

Rudyard Kipling

丁才云 译

**图书在版编目(CIP)数据**

谈谈我自己/(英)吉卜林著;丁才云译.

南京:江苏教育出版社,2006.7

(凤凰苏教文库·家庭书架)

ISBN 7-5343-7367-0

I. 谈...

II. ①吉...②丁...

III. 吉卜林, J. R. (1865~1936)—传记

IV. K835.615.6

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 048095 号

出版者 **江苏教育出版社**

社 址 南京市马家街 31 号 邮政编码 210009

网 址 <http://www.1088.com.cn>

出版人 张胜勇

书 名 谈谈我自己

著 者 [英]拉迪亚德·吉卜林

译 者 丁才云

责任编辑 马兰峥

集团地址 凤凰出版传媒集团有限公司

(南京市中央路 165 号 邮政编码 210009)

集团网址 凤凰出版传媒网 <http://www.ppm.cn>

经 销 全国新华书店

印 刷 秦皇岛市昌黎文苑印刷有限公司

厂 址 秦皇岛市昌黎军化学院内 电话 0335-2883226

开 本 787×1092 毫米 1/16

印 张 18 插页 2

字 数 233 000

版 次 2006 年 8 月第 1 版

印 次 2006 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

定 价 24.80 元

发行热线 010-88876731

编辑热线 010-88876730

苏教版图书若有印装错误可向承印厂调换

## 出版前言

在欧美诸国，普通家庭在客厅、壁炉旁或卧室等处，一般都置有一个书架，上面摆满了他们所谓的“家庭读物”。在中国，所谓的家庭常备读物似乎固有所指，通常为菜谱、医疗保健或旅游指南之类，但西方的家庭常备读物却主要是经典的文学艺术作品；这些书不是整整齐齐码在书架上，纯粹为了装饰或摆设，少有开卷，仅供观瞻，而是放在床头、茶几、阳台甚至卫生间，触手可及，可以随时翻阅。出门旅行前也可以顺便带上一册，在候机候车间隙捧而读之，既打发时间，又时时受益。这样的书，父母看过可以传给孩子，孩子看完再传给自己的孩子，子子孙孙，代代相传。文化的传承就这样在不知不觉间静悄悄地进行，伟大的文明就这样绵延于世。

令人遗憾的是，以文明悠久著称的中国，在经济飞速发展的今天，却缺少和自己的民族文化地位相对应的普通家庭常备读物。走进一个个越来越宽敞明亮的中国家庭，我们能看到琳琅满目、充满了艺术感的家具，能感受到灯光营造出的朦胧诗意的氛围，却很少能看到一个书架，一个承载人类文明积淀的书架；乘飞机或火车出行，多见旅人们百无聊赖无所事事地等候、聊天、打牌，亦多见时尚杂志或街头小报人手一份，却少见有人手捧一册文学艺术作品在喧嚣的环境中静静阅读。延续了五千年文明的中国人，在现时代表现出的对精神生活的漠视，让人生出一种巨大的遗憾和忧伤……

正是这样的感时伤怀，正是这样的遗憾和失落，正是这样一种久违了

的文明意识，正是这样一种萦绕于心的担当，让我们起意策划出版这样一套充满着人文气息的“家庭书架”。

这是一套在西方文化发展和文明积淀过程中影响久远的读物，这是一套影响了欧美诸民族心灵世界和集体文明无意识的读物，这是一套可以让个体的精神世界变得无比丰富和无比强大的读物，这还是一套人人皆可阅读但充满着贵族气息的读物。

这套“家庭书架”，凝聚着人类文明中最美妙的智慧和最敏锐的灵感，一群最善于思考最富于想象的伟大作者，将神奇而微妙的精神活动进行到底，凝结成人类文明最璀璨的结晶体。

这些作品是思想的圣坛，回响着每个与之结缘的个体在文明深处徜徉徘徊时细微而悠远的脚步声；这些作品是人类语言的丰碑，文字垃圾在这里被无情地埋葬，快餐文化在这里灰飞烟灭。

这套大型汉英双语版图书大致可以分为文学艺术类、传记类、历史类、游记散文、社会文化类等。作者们虽然身份、职业不同——他们或为文学家，或为艺术家，或为政治家，但都以文辞优美著称，即使深奥难测的美学著作，如佩特的《柏拉图和柏拉图主义》，也因作者优美的散文笔法而让人亲近。其他如奥威尔的《政治与英语》、吉卜林的《谈谈我自己》、康拉德的《生活笔记》、罗斯金的《艺术十讲》、杰罗姆的《小说笔记》、兰姆的《兰姆书信精粹》、卢卡斯的《佛罗伦萨的漫游者》、萨克雷的《巴黎速写》、鲍斯韦尔的《伦敦日志（1762—1763）》等，皆出名家之手。这些游记或散文，不仅充满着精神感召的力量，而且因其文辞隽美，还可以作为美文来欣赏、诵读。执一册在手，当是畅快的精神旅行。

众所周知，译事沉痾业已成为当代中国知识领域难以治愈的顽疾，草率、随性、误译、漏译、跳译、畏难等等随处可见。虽然当前仍有少数译者在译事丛林中艰难爬梳并屡有优秀成果问世，但我们已经很难看到当年傅雷先生之于《约翰·克里斯朵夫》及王道乾先生之于《情人》的译事之工了。在今天的译著中，我们看不到修辞，看不到信达雅，看不到前人遗

风，我们看到的是急功近利，看到的是用电脑翻译工具草译出来的种种无厘头。这是翻译者的悲哀，是出版人的悲哀，是读者的悲哀，是文化的悲哀。

在这种恶劣的翻译环境和悲哀的心境中，我们开始了充满挑战的组译议程。组织会聚了许多大师著作的“家庭书架”的翻译出版，于我们而言，与其说是建立出版功业，毋宁说是进入了布满陷阱的出版丛林。我们规避陷阱的种种努力，都是为了给读者朋友提供一个可资借鉴的阅读文本。

我们深知，大师著作的翻译是艰难的，用汉语来传达他们的思想总会留下或多或少的缺憾，甚至我们都怀疑这些思想是根本无法用另外一种语言传达的。这时候“迁就阅读”就必须成为我们出版人唯一的选择。尽管译者和我们都想“用优秀的作品来鼓舞人”，尽管译者和我们都努力地走在通往理想之塔的道路上，但在这些图书即将付梓之际，我们的内心仍然深感惶恐。我们深知，为读者奉献的译文仍然存在着有待克服的种种问题。

但是我们有勇气，有足够的勇气用这种英汉对照的方式将这些文本呈现给我们的读者。一则希望读者可以在英语与汉语的比照下更深地体察语言的精微和文本的精致；一则希望读者朋友在阅读过程中可以方便地提出自己的疑问，指出我们的不足，使这套丛书在今后不断的修订过程中日臻完备。

译事惟艰，出版惟艰。冀希读者朋友们一如既往地支持我们的翻译事业和出版事业。丛书如存有不当之处，希望读者朋友们宽容并谅解。

江苏教育出版社

2006年8月

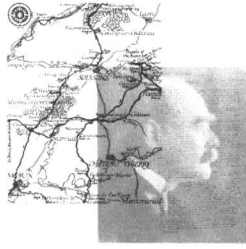
## 目 录

- 第一章 一个年轻人 / 3
  - 第二章 学校 / 27
  - 第三章 艰难的七年 / 49
  - 第四章 空白时期 / 95
  - 第五章 财政委员会 / 129
  - 第六章 南非 / 177
  - 第七章 真正属于自己的房子 / 211
  - 第八章 写作工具 / 245
- 译后记 / 278

# CONTENTS

CHAPTER I . A Very Young Person	2
CHAPTER II . The School before its Time	26
CHAPTER III . Seven Years' Hard	48
CHAPTER IV . The Interregnum	94
CHAPTER V . The Committee of Ways and Means	128
CHAPTER VI . South Africa	176
CHAPTER VII . The Very-Own House	210
CHAPTER VIII . Working-Tools	244





谈谈我自己

## CHAPTER I    A Very Young Person

1865—1878

*Give me the first six years of a child's life and you can have the rest.*

LOOKING back from this my seventieth year, it seems to me that every card in my working life has been dealt me in such a manner that I had but to play it as it came. Therefore, ascribing all good fortune to Allah the Dispenser of Events, I begin—

My first impression is of daybreak, light and colour and golden and purple fruits at the level of my shoulder. This would be the memory of early morning walks to the Bombay fruit market with my *ayah* and later with my sister in her perambulator, and of our returns with our purchases piled high on the bows of it. Our *ayah* was a Portuguese Roman Catholic who would pray—I beside her—at a wayside Cross. Meeta, my Hindu bearer, would sometimes go into little Hindu temples where, being below the age of caste, I held his hand and looked at the dimly-seen, friendly Gods.

Our evening walks were by the sea in the shadow of palm-groves which, I think, were called the Mahim Woods. When the wind blew the great nuts would tumble, and we fled—my *ayah*, and my sister in her perambulator—to the safety of the open. I have always felt the menacing darkness of tropical e-ventides, as I have loved the voices of night-winds through palm or banana leaves, and the song of the tree frogs.

There were far-going Arab dhows on the pearly waters, and gaily dressed Parsees wading out to worship the sunset. Of their creed I knew nothing, nor

# 第一章 一个年轻人

1865—1878

了解了一个孩子最初六年的生活，也就可以了解他以后的生活。

回顾我的这七十年，在我的职业生涯中，我似乎从来都是按照命运发的牌行事。因此，我将所有的好运气归功于真主安拉——世界的管辖者。首先，刚出生的时候——

我脑海中初始的印象来自于破晓时分，明亮的、红润的、金色的、紫色的果实与我的肩膀平齐。这就是我记忆中清晨走向孟买水果集市的景象，一开始是和我的奶妈一起，后来则是和我的推着手推车的姐姐。当我们回去的时候，车头上会堆满买回来的东西。我们的奶妈是葡萄牙人，天主教教徒，她会对着路边的十字架祈祷，而我就站在她身边。米塔是我们的搬运工人，印度人，他常常去矮小印度寺庙，但他还没到被封入世袭阶级的年纪，而我就拉着他的手，看着微暗而友善的神像。

晚上我们通常是沿着海边在棕榈树林的阴影下散步，这片林子我记得叫玛合穆树林。当大风吹得坚果四处滚动，我们——我的奶妈，姐姐和她的手推车——迅速地逃向安全的开阔地。我总是觉得热带日暮的黑暗十分危险，可是我喜欢晚风吹过棕榈叶和香蕉叶时发出的声音，还有树蛙的歌唱声。

did I know that near our little house on the Bombay Esplanade were the Towers of Silence, where their Dead are exposed to the waiting vultures on the rim of the towers, who scuffle and spread wings when they see the bearers of the Dead below. I did not understand my Mother's distress when she found "a child's hand" in our garden, and said I was not to ask questions about it. I wanted to see that child's hand. But my *ayah* told me.

In the afternoon heats before we took our sleep, she or Meeta would tell us stories and Indian nursery songs all unforgotten, and we were sent into the dining-room after we had been dressed, with the caution "Speak English now to Papa and Mamma". So one spoke "English", haltingly translated out of the vernacular idiom that one thought and dreamed in. The Mother sang wonderful songs at a black piano and would go out to Big Dinners. Once she came back, very quickly, and told me, still awake, that "the big Lord Sahib" had been killed and there was to be no Big Dinner. This was Lord Mayo, assassinated by a native. Meeta explained afterwards that he had been "hit with a knife". Meeta unconsciously saved me from any night terrors or dread of the dark. Our *ayah*, with a servant's curious mixture of deep affection and shallow device, had told me that a stuffed leopard's head on the nursery wall was there to see that I went to sleep. But Meeta spoke of it scornfully as "the head of an animal", and I took it off my mind as a fetish, good or bad, for it was only some unspecified "animal".

Far across green spaces round the house was a marvellous place filled with smells of paints and oils, and lumps of clay with which I played. That was the atelier of my Father's School of Art, and a Mr. "Terry Sahib" his assistant, to whom my small sister was devoted, was our great friend. Once, on the way there alone, I passed the edge of a huge ravine a foot deep, where a winged monster as big as myself attacked me, and I fled and wept. My Father drew for me a picture of the tragedy with a rhyme beneath—

*There was a small boy in Bombay*

从远处驶来的阿拉伯单桅帆船出现在珍珠色泽的水面上，这是衣着华丽的印度拜火教徒涉水前来礼拜落日。我对他们的信条一无所知。我也不知道位于孟买海滨空地上我们家小屋附近就有一座静默之塔，印度拜火教徒把死者的尸体遗弃在那里。塔四周等着许多秃鹰，它们一旦见到有尸体运来，便展开双翅，争斗起来。我无法理解我的妈妈在我们的花园里发现“一个孩子的手臂”时的哀伤，并且她不许我多问什么。我想要仔细看看那只手臂，可是我的奶妈告诫我不要这么做。

炎热的下午，在我们午睡之前，奶妈或是米塔会给我们讲故事，唱印度儿歌。这些故事和儿歌我至今牢记不忘。我们穿戴整齐之后，他们会把我们送到餐室，并且嘱咐说：“现在要对爸爸妈妈说英语。”于是我们中的一个就结结巴巴地讲着从本地土话——我们思维和做梦时用的语言——翻译过来的“英语”。妈妈会站在黑色钢琴边唱好听的歌曲，然后出门盛宴餐厅吃饭。有一次她很快就回来了，这时我还醒着，她告诉我“尊贵的贵族老爷”被人杀了，以后再也不会再有盛宴餐厅了。这个人梅奥老爷，他被一个本地人刺杀了。后来米塔告诉我他是被“刀子刺中”的。是米塔无意中把我从对夜晚的恐慌，对黑暗的恐惧中拯救出来的。我们的奶妈对我们的态度是深深的爱护和浅陋的谎话的奇怪结合，她告诉我房间墙上挂着呢绒美洲豹豹头会监督我是不是睡着了；但是米塔用随意的口吻说到“那个动物的头”，因此在我心里它不再是个神物，不论是好是坏，它只不过是普通的“动物”而已。

在我们房子边绿地的远处有一个奇妙的地方，那儿弥漫着油漆和颜料的气味，还有许多我玩耍用的黏土块。那是工作室，我父亲所在艺术学校的工作室。特里先生是他的助手，他是我最小的姐姐深爱的人，也是我们最好的朋友。有一次我一个人去那儿，在经过一英尺深的宽阔的溪谷边缘时，有一个体型像我一样大、长着翅膀的怪物向我发起袭击，我哭着惊恐地逃开了。我父亲为我的这件不幸的事画了一幅画，还配了一首押韵诗如下——

*Who once from a hen ran away.*  
*When they said: "You're a baby",*  
*He replied: "Well, I may be:*  
*But I don't like these hens of Bombay".*

This consoled me. I have thought well of hens ever since.

Then those days of strong light and darkness passed, and there was a time in a ship with an immense semi-circle blocking all vision on each side of her. (She must have been the old paddle-wheel P. & O. *Ripon*.) There was a train across a desert (the Suez Canal was not yet opened) and a halt in it, and a small girl wrapped in a shawl on the seat opposite me, whose face stands out still. There was next a dark land, and a darker room full of cold, in one wall of which a white woman made naked fire, and I cried aloud with dread, for I had never before seen a grate.

Then came a new small house smelling of aridity and emptiness, and a parting in the dawn with father and mother, who said that I must learn quickly to read and write so that they might send me letters and books.

I lived in that house for close on six years. It belonged to a woman who took in children whose parents were in India. She was married to an old Navy Captain, who had been a midshipman at Navarino, and had afterwards been entangled in a harpoon-line while whale-fishing, and dragged down till he miraculously freed himself. But the line had scarred his ankle for life—a dry, black scar, which I used to look at with horrified interest.

The house itself stood in the extreme suburbs of Southsea, next to a Portsmouth unchanged in most particulars since Trafalgar—the Portsmouth of Sir Walter Besant's *By Celia's Arbour*. The timber for a Navy that was only experimenting with iron-clads such as the *Inflexible* lay in great booms in the Harbour. The little training-brigs kept their walks opposite Southsea Castle, and Portsmouth Hard was as it had always been. Outside these things lay the desolation of Hayling Island, Lumps Fort, and the isolated hamlet of Milton.

孟买有个小男孩，  
有次被母鸡吓跑，  
它们说：“你是个小小孩。”  
他回答：“嗯，也许我是吧；  
但我不喜欢孟买的母鸡。”

这首诗让我感到有所安慰。自此之后，我对母鸡的感觉好多了。

那些有着强烈日光和浓厚黑暗的日子过去之后，我们家有段时间乘船外出航行。船上有巨大的、半圆形的东西，它们互相支撑。（这一定是属于里庞城里半岛东方轮船公司的老式的桨轮）我们还乘坐一列穿越沙漠的火车（那时候苏伊士运河还没有开通），并且在沙漠里作了短暂的停留。在火车里一个裹着披肩的小女孩坐在我的对面，如今我还记得她那张平静的脸。那时我们的火车正在一片黑色的大地上前进，车厢里就显得更黑了，而且充满寒意。一位白人妇女在车厢的一堵墙边生起了明火，我满怀恐惧大声地哭了起来，因为在那之前我从没见过壁炉。

后来我来到了一个新的小屋，那个屋子让人感觉乏味而空虚。我开始和父亲母亲分开住，他们认为我应该赶快学习阅读和写字，这样他们可以给我写信、寄书。

我在那个屋子里面住了差不多六年。屋主是个妇人，她专门照顾父母在印度的小孩子。她嫁给了一位老海军上校，那位上校毕业于纳瓦里诺海军军官学校，他曾在一次捕鲸中被鱼叉线缠住拖下水，但却奇迹般地逃了出来。不过这条绳子在他的脚踝上留下了一辈子的伤痕——一条黝黑、冰冷的伤疤。每当我看到伤疤时总是觉得又恐怖又好奇。

这个房子位于索思希，临近朴次茅斯——也就是沃尔特·贝赞特爵士在他的小说《西莉亚的凉棚》中提到的地方——那里在特拉法尔加战役之后就没有多大变化。那时只有海军的船上使用铁来包覆，比如说停在海港、

I would go for long walks with the Captain, and once he took me to see a ship called the *Alert* (or *Discovery*) returned from Arctic explorations, her decks filled with old sledges and lumber, and her spare rudder being cut up for souvenirs. A sailor gave me a piece, but I lost it. Then the old Captain died, and I was sorry, for he was the only person in that house as far as I can remember who ever threw me a kind word.

It was an establishment run with the full vigour of the Evangelical as revealed to the woman. I had never heard of Hell, so I was introduced to it in all its terrors—I and whatever luckless little slavey might be in the house, whom severe rationing had led to steal food. Once I saw the woman beat such a girl who picked up the kitchen poker and threatened retaliation. Myself I was regularly beaten. The woman had an only son of twelve or thirteen as religious as she. I was a real joy to him, for when his mother had finished with me for the day he (we slept in the same room) took me on and roasted the other side.

If you cross-examine a child of seven or eight on his day's doings (specially when he wants to go to sleep) he will contradict himself very satisfactorily. If each contradiction be set down as a lie and retailed at breakfast, life is not easy. I have known a certain amount of bullying, but this was calculated torture—religious as well as scientific. Yet it made me give attention to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell; and this, I presume, is the foundation of literary effort.

But my ignorance was my salvation. I was made to read without explanation, under the usual fear of punishment. And on a day that I remember it came to me that "reading" was not "the Cat lay on the Mat", but a means to everything that would make me happy. So I read all that came within my reach. As soon as my pleasure in this was known, deprivation from reading was added to my punishments. I then read by stealth and the more earnestly.

There were not many books in that house, but father and mother as soon as they heard I could read sent me priceless volumes. One I have still, a



发出巨大轰鸣声的“不屈号”。训练用的小双桅船在索思希堡垒对面不断航行，而朴次茅斯那一带却始终保持不变。莱因岛孤独地屹立在更远的地方，那里还有兰普斯堡和一个与世隔绝的小村庄米尔顿。我常常和上校一起散步到很远的地方，有一次他带我去看一个名叫“警报号”（或是“发现号”）的船只。这艘船从北极探险归来，甲板上堆满了破旧的雪橇和杂物，备用舵也被人砍碎拿走留作纪念了。一个船员给了我其中的一小块，可惜被我弄丢了。后来老上校过世了，我很伤心，因为记忆中那个房子里只有他一个人对我言辞和蔼。

我从那个妇人那里得知这个机构是由虔诚的福音派信徒管理的。我原先从没有听说过地狱，他们告诉我那儿充满了可怕的东西——因此我和我可怜的小女仆最好还是留在屋子里面。分配给女仆的食物少得可怜，以至于她不得不去偷食物。有一次我看到那个妇人在鞭打这个小女孩，还扬言要报复她，因为小女孩拾走了厨房里的火钳。而我也常常挨打。那个妇人只有一个十二三岁的儿子，他和她一样极端信奉宗教。我真是他的一个好玩物，因为每当白天他妈妈对付完我之后，他就接着玩弄我，挖苦讥笑我（我们住在一个房间）。

如果你反复盘问一个七八岁的孩子每天所做的事（尤其是他准备睡觉的时候），他一定宁可否定自己、说自己的坏话，也不愿意继续接受盘问。他把我这些自我否定的谎言记下来，再在早餐时向别人转述，从这里可以看出当时我活得不易。我了解相当多的威逼方式，但这是精心策划的折磨——既严谨又科学。这样的经历迫使我留心起谎言来，我很快发现说谎是必不可少的这样的经历，我认为这是我的文学成就的基础。

但是我的无知拯救了我。在对惩罚的恐惧中，我在他们的吩咐下读书，而他们并没有说明为什么要读书。有一天我发现“阅读”并不是“垫子上的猫”——在坐着等待将来的收获，而是一种让我快乐的方法，所以我阅读所有我能读到的东西。当他们知道我阅读的兴趣后，剥夺我的阅读权又成为了加给我的一项惩罚。于是我就秘密地读，便由此对读书变得更加