

名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版

*Lord Jim*

# 吉姆爷

[英] 约瑟夫·康拉德 著

纪飞 编译



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## 内 容 简 介

《吉姆爷》是英国著名作家约瑟夫·康拉德的丛林小说经典之作。故事的主人公吉姆是帕特纳号的大副，他年轻有为，雄心勃勃。在一次远航中，满载一船香客的帕特纳号将要沉没时，吉姆鄙视船长等人不顾乘客性命、争夺有限的几只救生艇的行为，决意和一船乘客共患难。然而在最后关头，他被恐惧和混乱吓破了胆，最终还是跳到了他曾经厌恶过的同伴中。为了逃避舆论，吉姆四处逃窜，与一群几乎与世隔绝的土著人和睦相处，被尊称为“大人”；但最终，吉姆又犯了错误，引咎请罪，演出一幕悲剧。

无论作为文学作品的经典读本，还是作为语言学习的课外读物，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是青少年读者将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解每章的主要内容，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每个主题的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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# 前言

约瑟夫·康拉德 (Joseph Conrad, 1857—1924), 波兰裔英国著名作家, 西方现代主义文学的先驱之一。

1857年12月3日, 康拉德出生在被俄国分割出去原属波兰的波多利亚地区, 他的父亲是位爱国(波兰)作家。很小的时候, 他在父亲的指导下阅读了大量法国、英国和波兰著名作家的作品, 这为他日后从事文学创作奠定了坚实的基础。在康拉德8岁和12岁时, 他的母亲和父亲分别因肺结核病去世, 后由舅舅抚养。1874年10月13日, 他前往法国马赛学习航海, 后在英国商船上担任水手、船长, 在海上生活达20年, 曾到过南美、非洲、东南亚等地, 这是他从事文学创作的素材源泉。1886年, 康拉德加入英国国籍。

1889年, 他开始文学创作, 一生共写了14部长篇小说、28篇短篇小说和两篇回忆录。他的作品根据题材可分为航海小说、丛林小说和社会政治小说。他的航海小说出色地传达了海洋上狂风暴雨的气氛, 以及水手们艰苦的航海生活和深刻细微的心理活动, 代表作有《水仙号上的黑家伙》(*The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (1897))、《台风》(*Typhoon* (1902))、《青春》(*Youth* (1902))、《阴影线》(*The Shadow Line* (1917))等。他的丛林小说大部分都是由一个叫马洛的人叙述的, 以《黑暗的心》(*Heart of Darkness* (1899))、《吉姆爷》(*Lord Jim* (1900))为代表, 探讨道德与人的灵魂问题, 包含着深刻的社会历史内容。他的社会政治小说《诺斯特罗莫》(*Nostromo* (1904))、《密探》(*The Secret Agent* (1907))、《罗曼亲王》(*Prince Roman* (1911))及《在西方的眼睛下》(*Under Western Eyes* (1911))



等，表现了他对殖民主义的憎恶。康拉德是英国现代小说的先行者之一，他的创作兼用现实主义和浪漫主义的手法，擅长细致入微的心理描写，行文流畅，有时略带嘲讽。他曾说他要用文字使读者听到、感觉到、更重要得是看到他所表达的东西。读者将因此而产生各种不同的感受：鼓舞、安慰、恐惧、陶醉等，还将看到真理之所在。康拉德把福楼拜和莫泊桑的现实主义手法引入英国小说，并从英国小说那里继承了探索道德问题的传统。他的散文也写得丰富多彩，给人以美的享受。

康拉德在英国文学史上有非常重要的地位，英国著名文学评论家里维斯在其论著《伟大的传统》中，把康拉德列为英国文学史上五大作家之一，著名哲学家罗素对他高度赞赏道：“强烈而热情的高贵风格照亮我的心，像从井底看到的明星一样。”近一个世纪以来，他的作品受到全世界一代又一代读者的喜爱，其中一些作品还被改编成电影、电视剧等。基于以上原因，我们决定编译康拉德系列作品中的代表作，其中包括《黑暗的心》（与《罗曼亲王》、《青春》、《台风》集结成一本书）《水仙号上的黑家伙》、《吉姆爷》、《生活笔记》和《阴影线》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书的英文部分选自原著。原著有些词汇是老式的写法，现在的英汉词典大多已不再收录。为了忠实于原著，本次出版时以不修改为宜。望读者阅读时留意。



# 前言

本书中文导读内容由纪飞编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、王卉媛、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋婷、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平、汪疆玮、乔暘等。限于我们的科学、人文素养及英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 作者注

Author's note



在这篇小说刚成书的时候，有些评论家认为，这本来应该是短篇小说，作者却“讲个没完”。我却不以为然，因为这是个“有趣”的故事。我对我的作品不存在偏爱，也不会因为他人的偏爱所动。不过，还有人认为主人公的行为有些“病态”，我敢保证，主人公吉姆不是冷漠反常的思维的产物。我同情他，而他也带有我这一类人的鲜明特点。

W

hen this novel first appeared in book form a notion got about that I had been bolted away with. Some reviewers maintained that the work starting as a short story had got beyond the writer's control. One or two discovered internal evidence of the fact, which seemed to amuse them. They pointed out the limitations of the narrative form. They argued that no man could have been expected to talk all that time, and other men to listen so long. It was not, they said, very credible.

After thinking it over for something like sixteen years, I am not so sure about that. Men have been known, both in the tropics and in the temperate zone, to sit up half the night 'swapping yarns'. This, however, is but one yarn, yet with interruptions affording some measure of relief; and in regard to the listeners' endurance, the postulate must be accepted that the story was

interesting. It is the necessary preliminary assumption. If I hadn't believed that it was interesting I could never have begun to write it. As to the mere physical possibility we all know that some speeches in Parliament have taken nearer six than three hours in delivery; whereas all that part of the book which is Marlow's narrative can be read through aloud, I should say, in less than three hours. Besides — though I have kept strictly all such insignificant details out of the tale — we may presume that there must have been refreshments on that night, a glass of mineral water of some sort to help the narrator on.

But, seriously, the truth of the matter is, that my first thought was of a short story, concerned only with the pilgrim ship episode; nothing more. And that was a legitimate conception. After writing a few pages, however, I became for some reason discontented and I laid them aside for a time. I didn't take them out of the drawer till the late Mr. William Blackwood suggested I should give something again to his magazine.

It was only then that I perceived that the pilgrim ship episode was a good starting-point for a free and wandering tale; that it was an event, too, which could conceivably colour the whole 'sentiment of existence' in a simple and sensitive character. But all these preliminary moods and stirrings of spirit were rather obscure at the time, and they do not appear clearer to me now after the lapse of so many years.

The few pages I had laid aside were not without their weight in the choice of subject. But the whole was re-written deliberately. When I sat down to it I knew it would be a long book, though I didn't foresee that it would spread itself over thirteen numbers of 'Maga'.

I have been asked at times whether this was not the book of mine I liked best. I am a great foe to favouritism in public life, in private life, and even in the delicate relationship of an author to his works. As a matter of principle I will have no favourites; but I don't go so far as to feel grieved and annoyed by the preference some people give to my Lord Jim. I won't even say that I 'fail to understand . . .' No! But once I had occasion to be puzzled and surprised.

A friend of mine returning from Italy had talked with a lady there who did

not like the book. I regretted that, of course, but what surprised me was the ground of her dislike. 'You know,' she said, 'it is all so morbid.'

The pronouncement gave me food for an hour's anxious thought. Finally I arrived at the conclusion that, making due allowances for the subject itself being rather foreign to women's normal sensibilities, the lady could not have been an Italian. I wonder whether she was European at all? In any case, no Latin temperament would have perceived anything morbid in the acute consciousness of lost honour. Such a consciousness may be wrong, or it may be right, or it may be condemned as artificial; and, perhaps, my Jim is not a type of wide commonness. But I can safely assure my readers that he is not the product of coldly perverted thinking. He's not a figure of Northern Mists either. One sunny morning, in the commonplace surroundings of an Eastern roadstead, I saw his form pass by — appealing — significant — under a cloud — perfectly silent. Which is as it should be. It was for me, with all the sympathy of which I was capable, to seek fit words for his meaning. He was 'one of us'.

J.C.

1917.

# 第一章

## Chapter 1



吉姆靠给轮船货商拉生意为生，是一个受欢迎的水上兜生意人，货商们很看重他，也很迁就他，可是，他却常常莫名其妙地撒手不干。

这全是因为吉姆有一段不为人知的灰暗的过去，他是一个被大海流放的水手。最终，吉姆还是远离了海港和白种人，躲进了一个马来人的丛林村庄。他们称呼他为吉姆大人。

还是让我们先回到吉姆的曾经吧。他出生在一个牧师家庭，在明确了以海为业之后，吉姆在“远洋商船队指挥员训练舰”上接受了系统的学习，成绩非常优异。他心中充满了对冒险世界的动荡生活的渴望，时常幻想着，自己永远是忠于职守的榜样，像英雄一样毫不退缩。

一个冬日的黄昏，飓风肆虐，一艘小商船撞上了一条帆船，水手们纷纷乘快艇去搭救。吉姆却由于一时迟疑，没有加入救人的行列。看着快艇上的勇士们冒险靠近商船，吉姆意识到了自己的失败，舰长目睹了这一切，同情地安慰了他。

快艇最终救了两个人，吉姆看着水手们吹嘘刚才的惊险，不由得后悔自己当时的迟疑。但是在内心深处，吉姆并不认为快艇的举动是多么大的成就，他相信，总有一天，他会在更大的危机中冷静对待，力挽狂澜。

He was an inch, perhaps two, under six feet, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you with a slight stoop of the shoulders, head forward, and a fixed from-under stare which made you think of a charging bull. His voice was deep, loud, and his manner displayed a kind of dogged self-assertion which had nothing aggressive in it. It seemed a necessity, and it was directed apparently as much at himself as at anybody else. He was spotlessly neat, apparelled in immaculate white from shoes to hat, and in the various Eastern ports where he got his living as ship-chandler's water-clerk he was very popular.

A water-clerk need not pass an examination in anything under the sun, but he must have Ability in the abstract and demonstrate it practically. His work consists in racing under sail, steam, or oars against other water-clerks for any ship about to anchor, greeting her captain cheerily, forcing upon him a card — the business card of the ship-chandler — and on his first visit on shore piloting him firmly but without ostentation to a vast, cavern-like shop which is full of things that are eaten and drunk on board ship; where you can get everything to make her seaworthy and beautiful, from a set of chain-hooks for her cable to a book of gold-leaf for the carvings of her stern; and where her commander is received like a brother by a ship-chandler he has never seen before. There is a cool parlour, easy-chairs, bottles, cigars, writing implements, a copy of harbour regulations, and a warmth of welcome that melts the salt of a three months' passage out of a seaman's heart. The connection thus begun is kept up, as long as the ship remains in harbour, by the daily visits of the water-clerk. To the captain he is faithful like a friend and attentive like a son, with the patience of Job, the unselfish devotion of a woman, and the jollity of a boon companion. Later on the bill is sent in. It is a beautiful and humane occupation. Therefore good water-clerks are scarce. When a water-clerk who possesses Ability in the abstract has also the advantage of having been brought up to the sea, he is worth to his employer a lot of money and some humouring. Jim had always

good wages and as much humouring as would have bought the fidelity of a fiend. Nevertheless, with black ingratitude he would throw up the job suddenly and depart. To his employers the reasons he gave were obviously inadequate. They said 'Confounded fool!' as soon as his back was turned. This was their criticism on his exquisite sensibility.

To the white men in the waterside business and to the captains of ships he was just Jim — nothing more. He had, of course, another name, but he was anxious that it should not be pronounced. His incognito, which had as many holes as a sieve, was not meant to hide a personality but a fact. When the fact broke through the incognito he would leave suddenly the seaport where he happened to be at the time and go to another — generally farther east. He kept to seaports because he was a seaman in exile from the sea, and had Ability in the abstract, which is good for no other work but that of a water-clerk. He retreated in good order towards the rising sun, and the fact followed him casually but inevitably. Thus in the course of years he was known successively in Bombay, in Calcutta, in Rangoon, in Penang, in Batavia — and in each of these halting-places was just Jim the water-clerk. Afterwards, when his keen perception of the Intolerable drove him away for good from seaports and white men, even into the virgin forest, the Malays of the jungle village, where he had elected to conceal his deplorable faculty, added a word to the monosyllable of his incognito. They called him Tuan Jim: as one might say — Lord Jim.

Originally he came from a parsonage. Many commanders of fine merchant-ships come from these abodes of piety and peace. Jim's father possessed such certain knowledge of the Unknowable as made for the righteousness of people in cottages without disturbing the ease of mind of those whom an unerring Providence enables to live in mansions. The little church on a hill had the mossy greyness of a rock seen through a ragged screen of leaves. It had stood there for centuries, but the trees around probably remembered the laying of the first stone. Below, the red front of the rectory gleamed with a warm tint in the midst of grass-plots, flower-beds, and fir-trees, with an orchard at the back, a paved stable-yard to the left, and the sloping glass of greenhouses



tacked along a wall of bricks. The living had belonged to the family for generations; but Jim was one of five sons, and when after a course of light holiday literature his vocation for the sea had declared itself, he was sent at once to a 'training-ship for officers of the mercantile marine.'

He learned there a little trigonometry and how to cross top-gallant yards. He was generally liked. He had the third place in navigation and pulled stroke in the first cutter. Having a steady head with an excellent physique, he was very smart aloft. His station was in the fore-top, and often from there he looked down, with the contempt of a man destined to shine in the midst of dangers, at the peaceful multitude of roofs cut in two by the brown tide of the stream, while scattered on the outskirts of the surrounding plain the factory chimneys rose perpendicular against a grimy sky, each slender like a pencil, and belching out smoke like a volcano. He could see the big ships departing, the broad-beamed ferries constantly on the move, the little boats floating far below his feet, with the hazy splendour of the sea in the distance, and the hope of a stirring life in the world of adventure.

On the lower deck in the babel of two hundred voices he would forget himself, and beforehand live in his mind the sea-life of light literature. He saw himself saving people from sinking ships, cutting away masts in a hurricane, swimming through a surf with a line; or as a lonely castaway, barefooted and half naked, walking on uncovered reefs in search of shellfish to stave off starvation. He confronted savages on tropical shores, quelled mutinies on the high seas, and in a small boat upon the ocean kept up the hearts of despairing men — always an example of devotion to duty, and as unflinching as a hero in a book.

'Something's up. Come along.'

He leaped to his feet. The boys were streaming up the ladders. Above could be heard a great scurrying about and shouting, and when he got through the hatchway he stood still — as if confounded.

It was the dusk of a winter's day. The gale had freshened since noon,