

中英對照

天地一沙鷗

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

by

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Part One

第一部



To the real Jonathan Seagull,
who lives within us all

謹以此書獻給真正的若納生・黎明斯東
他生活在我們每個人的心中。

It was morning, and the new sun sparkled gold across the ripples of a gentle sea.

A mile from shore a fishing boat chummed the water, and the word for Breakfast Flock flashed through the air, till a crowd of a thousand seagulls came to dodge and fight for bits of food. It was another busy day beginning.

But way off alone, out by himself beyond boat and shore, Jonathan Livingston Seagull was practicing. A hundred feet in the sky he lowered his webbed feet, lifted his beak, and strained to hold a painful hard twisting curve through his wings. The curve meant that he would fly slowly, and now he slowed until the wind was a whisper in his face, until the ocean stood still beneath him. He narrowed his eyes in fierce concentration, held his breath, forced one . . . single . . . more . . . inch . . . of . . . curve. . . . Then his feathers ruffled, he stalled and fell.

Seagulls, as you know, never falter, never stall. To stall in the air is for them disgrace and it is dishonor.

But Jonathan Livingston Seagull, unashamed, stretching his wings again in that trembling hard curve—slowing, slowing, and stalling once more—was no ordinary bird.

那是早晨的時分，剛昇起的陽光在寧靜的海面上閃著粼粼的金光。

離海岸一哩遠的地方，一艘漁船正在水上灑餌，面「早餐鷗隊」的暗語快速地傳過空中，一羣約有一千隻的海鷗飛來爭逐片片的食物。又一個忙碌的日子開始了。

但是海鷗若納生·黎明斯東，却飛離漁船和海岸，單獨在遠處的地方練習飛翔。他在一百呎的空中降低足蹠，抬高尖喙，使勁用翅膀舌撐著身體，轉一個急彎。這樣表示他需要慢慢飛翔，所以他開始減低速度，一直到海風像細語拂著他的臉頰，海洋靜靜地躺在他下方。他蹙起眼睛，強烈地集中心思，屏住呼吸，用力又轉了一英吋的彎度，慢慢地……慢慢地……然後他的羽毛顫動著，颯墜而下。

你知道，海鷗從來就不畏縮猶疑，從來就不失速墜下。在空中颯墜而下對他們來講是不體面不光榮的事。

但是海鷗若納生·黎明斯東却不感到羞愧，他又伸展翅膀，轉過那令人心驚肉跳的急劇彎度——緩慢地，緩慢地，又再度失速墜下——他不是一隻平常的鳥。

Most gulls don't bother to learn more than the simplest facts of flight—how to get from shore to food and back again. For most gulls, it is not flying that matters, but eating. For this gull, though, it was not eating that mattered, but flight. More than anything else, Jonathan Livingston Seagull loved to fly.

This kind of thinking, he found, is not the way to make one's self popular with other birds. Even his parents were dismayed as Jonathan spent whole days alone, making hundreds of low-level glides, experimenting.

He didn't know why, for instance, but when he flew at altitudes less than half his wingspan above the water, he could stay in the air longer, with less effort. His glides ended not with the usual feet-down splash into the sea, but with a long flat wake as he touched the surface with his feet tightly streamlined against his body. When he began sliding in to feet-up landings on the beach, then pacing the length of his slide in the sand, his parents were very much dismayed indeed.

"Why, Jon, why?" his mother asked. "Why is it so hard to be like the rest of the flock, Jon? Why can't you leave low flying to the pelicans, the albatross? Why don't you eat? Son, you're bone and feathers!"

"I don't mind being bone and feathers, mom. I just want to know what I can do in the air and what I can't, that's all. I just want to know."

"See here, Jonathan," said his father, not unkindly

大部份的海鷗只管學習飛翔的最簡單事實——如何從海岸飛去覓食然後又飛回來。對大部份海鷗而言，重要的並不是飛翔而是覓食。但是對這隻海鷗來講，重要的是飛翔而不是覓食。海鷗若納生・黎明斯東最喜愛飛翔不過了。

他發覺，這種想法並不是邀寵於其他海鷗的方式。甚至他的雙親也感到悲傷，因為他成天孤單地練習好幾百次的低空滑行，成天都在實習飛翔。

譬如說，他就不知道為什麼，當他飛行於海拔不到他翼距一半高的海面上時，就能夠停留得長久一點，並且比較不費力氣。他滑行終了時，並不是像往常一樣把足蹠降低濺起水花，而是雙足緊緊挨著身體形成流線型，輕觸海面，拖曳著長長的平穩水紋。當他開始站直身子滑進海灘歇腳處，並且衡量著他在沙上滑行的長度時，他的雙親真的是非常傷心。

「為什麼，若兒，為什麼？」他的母親問：「為什麼要像其他海鷗就那麼難，若兒？為什麼你就不能讓鸕鶿鳥和信天翁去做低空飛行？為什麼你不吃東西？兒呀，你瘦得只剩骨頭和羽毛了！」

「只剩骨頭和羽毛我也不介意，媽。我只要知道我在空中能做什麼，不能做什麼，如此而已。我只是想知道。」

「聽我說，若納生，」他的父親說，並沒有表現不溫和的

"Winter isn't far away. Boats will be few, and the surface fish will be swimming deep. If you must study, then study food, and how to get it. This flying business is all very well, but you can't eat a glide, you know. Don't you forget that the reason you fly is to eat."

Jonathan nodded obediently. For the next few days he tried to behave like the other gulls; he really tried, screeching and fighting with the flock around the piers and fishing boats, diving on scraps of fish and bread. But he couldn't make it work..

It's all so pointless, he thought, deliberately dropping a hard-won anchovy to a hungry old gull chasing him. I could be spending all this time learning to fly. There's so much to learn!

It wasn't long before Jonathan Gull was off by himself again, far out at sea, hungry, happy, learning.

The subject was speed, and in a week's practice he learned more about speed than the fastest gull alive.

From a thousand feet, flapping his wings as hard as he could, he pushed over into a blazing steep dive toward the waves, and learned why seagulls don't make blazing steep power-dives. In just six seconds he was moving seventy miles per hour, the speed at which one's wing goes unstable on the upstroke.

Time after time it happened. Careful as he was, working at the very peak of his ability, he lost control at high speed.

樣子。「冬天離我們不遠了。漁船就要變少了，水面的魚兒會游到深處。如果你一定要學習的話，那麼就學習食物方面以及如何覓食。飛行的事是不錯，但是飛行又不能當飯吃，你知道的。不要忘記，你飛翔的道理就是爲了吃飯。」

若納生順從地點頭。此後的幾天，他努力要表現得像其他海鷗一樣；他真的努力了，跟他們繞著碼頭和漁船尖叫追逐，俯衝水面獵取小魚和麵包。但是他就是提不起勁。

這種事毫無意義，他想，同時故意把一條好不容易到手的鱒魚丟給一隻正追逐著他的飢餓老海鷗。我可以利用這些時間來學習飛行。要學的事真多啊！

不久，若納生又自己飛到遠處海邊，雖然飢餓，但是却感到快樂，並且正在學習。

他學習的主題是速度，而在一個星期的練習中，他比飛得最快的海鷗學到了更多速度的技巧。

他從一千英尺的高空奮力振翅，急轉直下對著海上波浪俯衝而去，同時知道了海鷗們不用力急衝的道理。只經過六秒鐘的時間，他就可以每小時飛行七十英哩了，在這種速度之中，翅膀上騰時會顯得無力而不穩。

這種現象屢次發生。雖然他很細心，發揮出最高度的能力，但是他還是無法在高速度中控制自己。





Climb to a thousand feet. Full power straight ahead first, then push over, flapping, to a vertical dive. Then, every time, his left wing stalled on an upstroke, he'd roll violently left, stall his right wing recovering, and flick like fire into a wild tumbling spin to the right.

He couldn't be careful enough on that upstroke. Ten times he tried, and all ten times, as he passed through seventy miles per hour, he burst into a churning mass of feathers, out of control, crashing down into the water.

The key, he thought at last, dripping wet, must be to hold the wings still at high speeds—to flap up to fifty and then hold the wings still.

From two thousand feet he tried again, rolling into his dive, beak straight down, wings full out and stable from the moment he passed fifty miles per hour. It took tremendous strength, but it worked. In ten seconds he had blurred through ninety miles per hour. Jonathan had set a world speed record for seagulls!

But victory was short-lived. The instant he began his pullout, the instant he changed the angle of his wings, he snapped into that same terrible uncontrolled disaster, and at ninety miles per hour it hit him like dynamite. Jonathan Seagull exploded in midair and smashed down into a brick-hard sea.

他又飛到一千英尺高的地方。先使勁集中力量，然後推進，振翅，垂直衝下去。每次他的左翼因上騰而失速下墜時，他就激烈地轉向左邊，墜下他的右翼，恢復平衡，然後像火舌一樣，身體顛簸著，狂野地向右邊旋轉。

他翅膀上騰時最是小心翼翼了。他試了十次，而在十次之中，每當他以每小時七十哩的速度飛穿過時，他身體的羽毛都會突然攪亂成一團，無法控制，墜進水中。

身體浸濕了，他終於想著：最主要的是要在高速度中保持翅膀靜止不動——扶搖直上五十呎高的地方，然後翅膀靜止不動。

他又從二千呎的高處嘗試，連滾帶衝，嘴喙直直向下，兩翅完全伸展，並且一開始以每小時五十哩的速度飛行時就顯得平穩。這需要驚人的力氣，但是却有效果。在十秒鐘之間，他已經以每小時九十哩的速度在空中飛行而變得渺茫不可辨了。若納生已經為海鷗們締造了一個速度方面的世界紀錄了！

但是勝利却是短暫的。他一開始平行飛翔，一開始改變翅膀的角度，就突然又淪入那種無法控制的災難中，而在每小時九十哩的速度中，就像被炸藥擊中了一樣。海鷗若納生在半空中爆炸，撞進像磚頭那麼硬的海中。

When he came to, it was well after dark, and he floated in moonlight on the surface of the ocean. His wings were ragged bars of lead, but the weight of failure was even heavier on his back. He wished, feebly, that the weight could be just enough to drag him gently down to the bottom, and end it all.

As he sank low in the water, a strange hollow voice sounded within him. There's no way around it. I am a seagull. I am limited by my nature. If I were meant to learn so much about flying, I'd have charts for brains. If I were meant to fly at speed, I'd have a falcon's short wings, and live on mice instead of fish. My father was right. I must forget this foolishness. I must fly home to the Flock and be content as I am, as a poor limited seagull.

The voice faded, and Jonathan agreed. The place for a seagull at night is on shore, and from this moment forth, he vowed, he would be a normal gull. It would make everyone happier.

He pushed wearily away from the dark water and flew toward the land, grateful for what he had learned about work-saving low-altitude flying.

But no, he thought. I am done with the way I was, I am done with everything I learned. I am a seagull like every other seagull, and I will fly like one. So he climbed painfully to a hundred feet and flapped his wings harder, pressing for shore.

他清醒過來時，已經是很晚的時分了，他在月光下的海洋表面漂動著。他的雙翼像是兩塊凹凸不平的鉛板，但是失敗的重壓在背部顯得更沉重。他冥冥中希望，重壓足夠大，能够輕輕地把他拖到海底，把事情結束。

當他沉進水中時，在他體內響著一種奇異而空虛的聲音。沒有逃生的路了。我是一隻海鷗。我受到自然的限制。如果我生來註定要學習這麼多關於飛行的事，那麼我頭腦中自然就會有航行圖。如果我生來註定要高速飛行，那麼我自然就會擁有兀鷹的短翼，並且以老鼠而不是以魚類為生。我的父親說對了。我必須忘掉這種優事。我必須飛回去歸隊，要感到心滿意足，自認是一隻能力有限的可憐海鷗。

聲音消退了，若納生同意了。海鷗夜晚的歸宿是岸上，從此刻起，他發誓要成為一隻正常的海鳥。這會使得大家更快樂。

他疲憊地掙脫暗黑的水面，飛向陸地，為自己以前所學得的省力低空飛行方式窃窃自喜。

但是，不行，他想著。我已經揚棄我以前的方式，我已經拋棄我所學習的一切。我就像其他每隻海鷗一樣，我要像他們一樣飛行。於是他就痛苦地升高到一百呎的地方，更用力地拍動翅膀，艱苦地向海岸動身。

