

满园春色关不住 一枝红杏出墙来

CHINESE MASTERPIECES

SHORT STORY INTERNATIONAL

美国国际短篇小说选

入选中国作品

汉英
对照



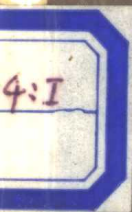
● 沙 狐
郭雪波



中国文学出版社
外语教学与研究出版社

红杏文学丛书

红杏文学丛书



00143214

红杏文学丛书 郭林祥 主编

SHORT STORY INTERNATIONAL

沙 狐

THE SAND FOX

Guo Xuebo 郭雪波

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

中国文学出版社

CHINESE LITERATURE PRESS

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

沙狐: 汉英对照/郭雪波著-北京: 中国文学出版社,
外语教学与研究出版社, 1999. 1
(红杏文学丛书/郭林祥主编)
ISBN 7-5071-0508-3

I. 沙… II. 郭… III. 中篇小说-中国-当代
IV. I247.5

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(98)40275 号

汉英对照 红杏文学丛书

沙 狐

郭雪波 著

外语教学与研究出版社
(北京西三环北路 19 号) 出版发行
中国文学出版社
(北京百万庄路 24 号)

北京师范大学印刷厂印刷
新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本 787×965 1/32 3.5 印张
1999 年 1 月第 1 版 1999 年 8 月第 2 次印刷
5001—10000 册

ISBN 7-5071-0508-3/1·474
定价: 4.50 元

总 序

二十世纪八十年代初,美国出版家坦克尔夫妇独辟蹊径,在纽约创办了一份文学双月刊,名叫《国际短篇小说选》。他们在致读者书中写道:“《小说选》将把你带向世界的四面八方,那里有动人心弦的故事等待你,让你领略未曾见过的遥远国度……与尘世之外的天地。……从这些故事中你将窥视未来与过去,这些故事引人入胜,展示普遍的真实。这种真实超越语言的差别而昭示人类共同的秉性。”

坦克尔夫妇的努力没白费。二十年后的今天,《国际短篇小说选》从众多的文学刊物中脱颖而出,通过对包括中国在内的各国优秀短篇小说的介绍,使人们认识到,全世界人民尽管有种族、肤色和信仰的不同,却有一样的梦想、恐惧与痛苦,都会笑、都会惊奇,都对未来抱有希望。这本杂志最终得到联合国国际文化交流组织的资助,并以该组织的名义出版,从而为增进世界各国人民的友谊与理解起到了独特的作用。

对于中国,这份刊物尤其显得生逢其时。长达十

年的“文革”刚刚结束，文学艺术正在从极左思潮中解脱出来。复苏的冻土下迸发出压抑已久的文学的呼声。几乎在一夜之间，曾经凋零的百花重新绽放。大批反映真实生活、歌颂美好人性的佳作出现在文坛，像早晨阳光下的露珠。作为《中国文学》这本中国唯一的向全世界发行的英、法文文学杂志的编辑，我们面对扑面而来的大量优秀作品感到十分欣喜，但也感到选不胜选，只能如蜜蜂采花，万中取一。然而正是这些经我们选用译载的小说，引起远在大洋彼岸的《国际短篇小说选》的注意，一篇篇经它的转载而传播到更多的国家。

于是我们收到很多国外朋友的来信，他们为发现中国文学的丰富宝藏惊喜。有位读者说，此前他以为中国只有僵化的思想而无优秀的文学，现在他明白，有着五千年文明历史的伟大中国，当代小说写得是多么的优美呵。

许多外国朋友因此来到中国，从了解中国的文学进而了解文学中的中国。也有许多中国作家受邀到外国去，去讲述自己怎样写出了那样动人的作品。

二十年来，《国际短篇小说选》总共选载了我们三十多篇优秀的小说，这些小说都是经过国内外功力深

厚的翻译家译成英文,首先发表在《中国文学》英文版杂志上。转载了我们作品的刊物从美国寄来,我们又把它们寄给原作的作者,为的是与他们共享这份喜悦。中国有一句古诗,叫做“满园春色关不住,一枝红杏出墙来”。无论把它们比做红杏是否恰当,既然已做为文学的使者出访世界,那么它们便可以算是美的和香的了。

现在,我们从这三十多篇美丽的小说中又精选出一些,对照它们的中文和英文编为一套丛书,名字就叫“红杏文学丛书”,分册献给学习英文的中国读者,也献给学习中文的外国读者,如有有志者想来一个中英对看,那更是编者的愿望了。

Introducing “Chinese Masterpieces”

In the early 1980s, two Americans, Sam and Sylvia Tankel, founded the bimonthly journal *Short Story International*. In a letter to their readers they wrote, “*Short Story International* takes you to all points of the compass, to anywhere in the world. There are intriguing stories waiting for you... stories that will involve you in corners of this world you’ve never seen... and in worlds outside this one..., with glimpses into the future as well as the past, revealing fascinating, universal truths that bypass differences in language and point out similarities in people.”

This American couple’s efforts are not in vain. Two decades later today, their journal has emerged as a force to be reckoned with on the international literary scene, disseminating across the world fine short stories from different countries, including China. The peoples of the world may vary in race, color and creed, but *Short Story International* makes one realize that truly all of us share the same dreams, fears, pain, capacity for laughter, sense of wonder, and hopes for the future. The journal eventually gained the financial support of the UN International Cultural Exchange , and , pub -

lished under that organization's name, is playing an ever-increasing role in enhancing understanding between the people of different countries.

For China, this journal was born at the perfect moment. The decade-long trauma known as the "Great Cultural Revolution" had just come to an end, and Chinese literature was being delivered from the influence of "ultra-leftist" ideologies. New, pent-up literary voices began to make themselves heard from beneath the thawing spring soil. Almost overnight, a hundred withered flowers suddenly re-blossomed. Countless fine literary works appeared that reflected the true lives of people and eulogized the beauty to be found in humanity. It was like tears of morning dew breaking into sunlit smiles. Editors of *Chinese Literature*, founded in the 1950s as the only literary journal published in English and French out of China for worldwide circulation, suddenly found their hands full coping with a dazzling outpouring of great short stories. There were so many to publish that issues of the journal often ran out of space. Only a limited number of these masterpieces made it to the journal, as the editors worked like bees buzzing through a sea of flowers. Some of the pieces drew the attention of editors of *Short Story International*, who reprinted them one after another for the benefit of a much larger audience.

Then letters began pouring into the editorial department of *Chinese Literature*, from friends from every corner of the globe, expressing their pleasant surprise at the discovery of Chinese literature as a rich mine of literary gems. One reader said he had thought that China had nothing but ossified thoughts, but upon reading the Chinese short stories carried in this journal was amazed by what beautiful literature writers of a country with a 5,000-year-old civilization were capable of creating. Tempted by these fine short stories, many readers have gone the extra miles to travel to China for a closer look at Chinese literature as well as the land and people depicted in what they had read. Many Chinese writers have also travelled abroad to tell international readers how they have come up with their captivating stories.

Incomplete statistics show that over the last two decades and more, *Short Story International* has carried over thirty outstanding Chinese short stories, beautifully rendered into English, which had been previously published in *Chinese Literature*. Every now and then we receive copies of *Short Story International* that have carried our translations, and make it a point to pass them on to the writers so that they can share in the joy. As the Chinese old saying goes, "The apricot tree makes its presence felt by extending a bough of blossoming flow-

ers over the top of the wall, unbeknownst to those who live behind the wall." In our case, no matter what our short stories are, they have flown across the seas like Chinese literary ambassadors to foreign countries, and thus deserve their reputation as the highest representatives of the Chinese short story.

Now, we have collected a few Chinese masterpieces from that prestigious UN journal and published them once again in this Chinese-English bilingual book series, called *Red Apricot Series* in Chinese and simply *Chinese Masterpieces* in English. The books are meant for Chinese readers learning English, and foreign readers who want to learn Chinese. If you will enjoy reading them by comparing the Chinese originals with the English translations, or vice versa, that is the best this series' editors could wish for.

目 录

总序

Introducing "Chinese Masterpieces"

沙狐 郭雪波 1

The Sand Fox

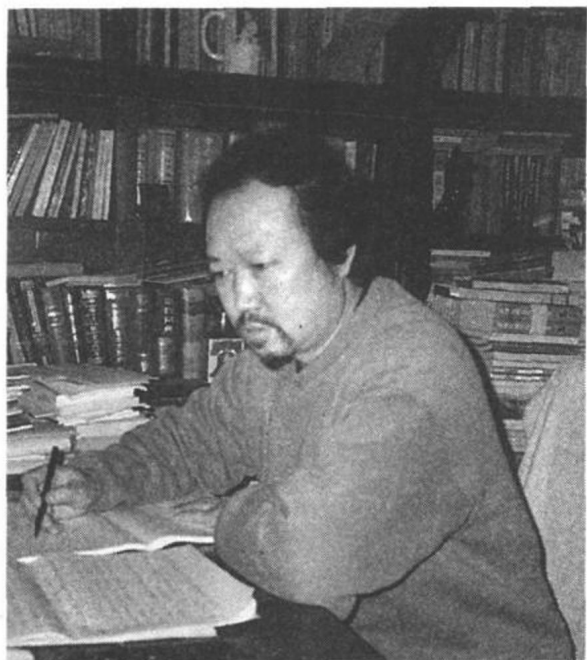
科尔沁沙地上的一眼活泉

——郭雪波和他的沙漠小说 徐慎贵 70

Spring on the Horqin Sands

—Guo Xuebo and His Desert Fiction

忠实翻译的多种手法 温晋根 89



郭雪波，1948 年生于内蒙古，1980 年毕业于中央戏剧学院戏剧系，1965 年发表作品。已发表多篇短篇、中篇和长篇小说。现供职于华文出版社。

Born in 1948, in Inner Mongolia, Guo Xuebo graduated from the Department of Dramatic Literature of the Central Academy of Drama in 1980. His first short story was published in 1965. He has published short stories, a novella and a novel. He now works with the Huawen Publishing House.

—

闻名遐迩的科尔沁草原西南部，有一片茫茫无际的不毛之地，当地人称为莽古斯·芒赫——意即恶魔的沙漠。

最早，这儿还是沃野千里、绿草如浪的富饶之乡。隋、唐朝开始泛沙，但不严重，《清史稿》和《蒙古游牧记》上还记载，这里“水草丰美，猎物极盛”，曾做为清皇太祖努尔哈赤的狩猎场。后来，大概人们觉得在这样广袤富饶的土地上不耕种庄稼，实在不合算吧，于是人们开

1

Mangos Manha — The Demon's Desert — is what the local people called the boundless stretch of barren land in the southwest of the well-known Horqin Grassland.

In the distant past, this had been a rich, fertile land with rolling, verdant grass. The land began to show signs of sand in the Sui and Tang dynasties over a thousand years ago. Even in the *History of the Qing Dynasty and Nomadic Life in*

沙 狐

始翻耕起草原。由此，人们为自己种下了祸根。草地下层的沙土被翻到表层上来了，终于见到天日的沙土，开始松动、活跃、奔逐，招来了风。沙借风力，风助沙势，西边蒙古大沙漠又渐渐推移过来，这里便成了沙的温床、风的摇篮，经几百年的侵吞、变迁，这里的四千万亩良田沃土就变成了今日的这种黄沙滚滚，一片死寂的荒凉世界。

莽古斯沙漠往西的纵深地区，是寸草不长的死漠，靠近东侧的凸凹连绵的坨包区，还长有些稀疏的沙蓬、苦艾、白蒿子等沙漠植物。坨包区星星点点散居着为数不多的自然屯落，在风沙的吞噬中仍然以翻沙坨广种薄收为生计。五十年代末的红火岁月，忽喇喇开进了一批劳动大军，大旗上写着：向沙漠要粮！他们深翻沙坨，挖地三尺。这对植被退化的沙坨是毁灭性的。没几天，一场空前的沙暴掩埋了他们的帐篷，他们仓惶而逃。但这也没有使人们的盲目而狂热的血有所冷却。

后来，坨子里的自然屯落都撤到东边四十里外的绿沙镇建了一所治沙林场。当时需要一

Mongolia it was recorded that the place had "good pasture, plenty of water and a lot of game" and had been the Qing emperor Nurhachi's hunting ground. Later, people began to farm the grassland, perhaps feeling that they ought to reap such fertile land, finally bringing calamity on themselves. The sand buried under the grass was exposed and began to loosen in the sun and shift in the wind. Helped by the wind, sand from the Mongolian Desert in the west crept eastward to be cradled in the Mangos. In a mere few hundred years, forty million *mu* of fertile land became a dead, deserted world of rolling sand.

The area west of the Mangos was a barren waste, while in the east, where sand dunes rippled, desert plants like sandwort and wormwood grew sparsely. Homesteads sprawled here and there on the dunes, still farming the sand, which yielded very little. In the days of wild enthusiasm in the late fifties, an army of laborers arrived carrying a banner inscribed: "Wrest grain from the desert!" They dug three feet deep, doing devastating damage to the dunes, where vegetation was already deteriorating. They had not

个人留在沙坨里，看管那些幸存的沙柳条子、山榆丛、锦鸡儿。

可谁愿意留在这里呢？

一群低着头的农民——新建林场职工后边，传出一个暗哑的慢吞吞的嗓音：“让我留下吧。”

当时那位大胡子主任眼睛一亮：是啊，谁还比这个人更合适？刚从内地遣散到这儿来的“流放犯”，没有老婆，没有孩子，一双筷子连他一起三条光棍，有啥牵挂？主任拍了拍他的肩膀：“他娘的，好样的！老子先给你摘帽子了，你就是这莽古斯沙漠的主人，土地佬！”

这个“土地佬”，一当就是二十年。也许前半生太奔波，这儿的安宁吸引了他吧，他居然很喜欢这里。他常常面对那茫茫黄沙低语：“你真是一头妖怪呵！谁把你从瓶子里放出来的？这回可咋收回去？这是上天的惩罚哟！”他天天这样唠唠叨叨，同时在住屋附近的沙洼地里插柳条、种沙打旺，坨坡上撒骆驼草籽、沙蒿粒，干起治沙封沙的勾当。大胡子有时来光顾，劝他：“算了，别折腾了，这片坨子没救了，早晚你也得撒