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铁凝小说选



Selected Stories by Tie Ning

English-Chinese · Gems of Chinese Literature · Contemporary 英汉对照 · 中国文学宝库 · 当代文学系列

铁 凝 著 Tie Ning

中国文学出版社 Chinese Literature Press 外语教学与研究出版社

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

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---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,也有责任对大学生间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,对 可偏废了母语的提高,以及忽视了中国文学的阅读,放不曾 人文知识的训练。有统计表明,某理工院校 57%的同学研究 过《红楼梦》等四大名著,以致校园内外流行著"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。还有句 张句,句句不堪入目;有误方为篇,别字错字自造字,字。 境心",横批"斯文扫地"。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展 惊心",横批"斯文扫地"。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展 惊心",横批"斯文扫地"。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展 使力量的大学生,这种"文弃"现象的流行,势必导致一场 大学生的方案。对照以科学与人文精神追求为主题的五四 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巨共睹,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意识,从而具备一种对生命意义讲 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,不孰是闪烁 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。

编者

一九九九年五月三十日

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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。

Ah, Fragrant Snow

If trains had not been invented, if nobody had laid railway tracks into remote mountains, small villages like Terrace Gully would never have been found. The village and its villagers, in fifteen houses, hid in the deep wrinkles of an old mountain, silently accepting the willful mountain's tender caress and brutal temper.

But now, two slim, glittering railway tracks stretched over the mountain. They bravely spiralled halfway up, then quietly felt their way further, wound and curved before finally arriving at the foot of Terrace Gully. Then they made their way into the gloomy tunnel, dashed ahead to another mountain, and hurried away into the mysterious distance.

The villagers jostled to watch the green dragon whistling past. It carried an unfamiliar, fresh wind from some strange place beyond the mountains, and hastened away from poor Terrace Gully. It went at such a pace that the sound of the wheels rolling on the tracks was like an eager voice: can't stop, can't stop! It had no reason to stop at Terrace Gully. Did anyone in the village need to go on a long journey? Did someone from beyond the mountains want to visit relatives or friends at Terrace Gully? Were there oil deposits or gold mines? Terrace Gully had no power at all to invite the train's attention.

Nevertheless, a new stop was added to the railway timetable,

哦,香雪

如果不是有人发明了火车,如果不是有人把铁轨铺进深山,你怎么也不会发现台儿沟这个小村。它和它的十几户乡亲,一心一意掩藏在大山那深深的皱褶里,从春到夏,从秋到冬,默默地接受着大山任意给予的温存和粗暴。

然而,两根纤细、闪亮的铁轨延伸过来了。 它勇敢地盘旋在山腰,又悄悄地试探着前进,弯 弯曲曲,曲曲弯弯,终于绕到台儿沟脚下,然后 钻进幽暗的隧道,冲向又一道山梁,朝着神秘的 远方奔去。

不久,这条线正式营运,人们挤在村口,看见那绿色的长龙一路呼啸,挟带着来自山外的陌生、新鲜的清风,擦着台儿沟贫弱的脊背匆匆而过。它走得那样急忙,连车轮辗轧钢轨时发出的声音好像都在说:不停不停,不停不停!是啊,它有什么理由在台儿沟站脚呢,台儿沟探亲访友吗? 也外有人来台儿沟探亲访友吗?还是这里有石油储存,有金矿埋藏?台儿沟,无论从哪方面讲,都不具备挽留火车在它身边留步的力量。

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"Terrace Gully". Perhaps some passengers had made a suggestion, and one of them who had some influence was related to the village. Perhaps the train attendant, a jolly young fellow, had noticed the pretty girls of Terrace Gully. Every time the train passed, they would come in groups, stick out their chins, and stare at the train with greedy eyes. Some pointed at the train, and occasionally you could hear coy screams when they poked each other. Perhaps none of these was the real reason. Perhaps Terrace Gully was just too small — so small it made your heart ache, so small that even the gigantic dragon couldn't bear to stride proudly ahead without stopping. Whatever the reason, Terrace Gully was on the railway's timetable now. Every evening at seven o'clock, the train from Beijing to Shanxi would stop here for one minute.

One minute, so fleeting, yet it threw Terrace Gully's peaceful evenings into disorder. It had been the custom in the village to go to bed right after dinner, as though everyone heard the old mountain's mute order at the same time. The small stretch of stone houses would suddenly become completely noiseless — so quiet that it seemed the village was silently confiding its piety to the old mountains. But now, the girls of Terrace Gully served dinner in a flurry, absent-mindedly grabbed a quick bite and, soon as they put down their bowls, went straight to their dressers. They washed off the dust and stains of the day, revealing their rough and ruddy complexions, combed their hair, and then vied with one another in wearing their best outfits. Some girls put on new shoes which they were supposed to wear only for

可是,记不清从什么时候起,列车时刻表上,还是多了"台儿沟"这一站。也许乘车的刻态的人类。也许乘车的人为"这一站。也许乘车的人为"这一站。也许乘车的人为"这一时,他们为清,也许是那个快乐的男乘务员到现实。我们为有一群十七八岁的漂亮姑娘、每逢全人的人为有一群十七八岁的漂亮姑娘、每逢五人,如此一个人,就是钢筋铁中。也许什么都不为,就因别的天本在它面前也不能昂首阔步,也不能不停下来。总之,台儿沟上了列车时刻表,每晚七点留一分钟。

这短暂的一分钟,搅乱了台儿沟以往的宁静。从前,台儿沟人历来是吃过晚饭就钻被窝,他们仿佛是在同一时刻听到了大山无声的命令。于是,台儿沟那一小片石头房子在同一时刻忽然完全静止了,静得那样深沉、真切,好会在默默地向大山诉说着自己的虔诚。如今,台儿沟的姑娘们刚把晚饭端上桌就慌了神,她们心不在焉地胡乱吃几口,扔下碗就开始梳了,她们大个。她们洗净蒙受了一天的黄土、风尘,就后出粉、红润的面色,把头发梳得乌亮,然后就比赛着穿出最好的衣裳。有人换上过年时才穿头车鞋,有人还悄悄往脸上涂点胭脂。尽管火车到

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Spring Festival; others even secretly put a little rouge on their cheeks. Then they ran to the railway, where the train passed. Fragrant Snow was always first; her next-door neighbour, Frail Phoenix, followed right behind.

At seven o'clock, the train slowed down as it approached Terrace Gully, gave a loud crash and a shake, then stopped. The girls rushed toward it, their hearts thumping violently. As if watching a movie, they looked into the cars through the windows. Fragrant Snow hid behind her friends and covered her ears. She was the first to come out of her house to watch the train, but retreated when it arrived. She was frightened by its gigantic head. The monster spurted out magnificent white smoke, as though it could suck Terrace Gully into its stomach in one breath.

"Fragrant Snow, come here!" Frail Phoenix dragged Fragrant Snow to her side. "Look at those golden rings in that lady's hair. What do you call them? It's the lady in the back seat with that big round face. Look at her watch, it's smaller than my nail!"

Fragrant Snow nodded. At last she saw the golden rings in the woman's hair and the tiny watch on her wrist. But soon she found something else. "A leather schoolbag!" She pointed to a brown leather satchel on the luggage rack.

Fragrant Snow's discoveries usually did not excite the other girls, but they still rushed up around her.

"You stepped on my toes!" Frail Phoenix cried out and complained to another girl who was pushing to the front.

站时已经天黑,她们还是按照自己的心思,刻意 斟酌着服饰和容貌。然后,她们就朝村口,朝火 车经过的地方跑去。香雪总是第一个出门,隔 壁的凤娇第二个就跟了出来。

七点钟,火车喘息着向台儿沟滑过来,接着一阵空哐乱响,车身震颤一下,才停住不动了。姑娘们心跳着拥上前去,像看电影一样,挨着窗口观望。只有香雪躲在后边,双手紧紧捂着耳朵。看火车,她跑在最前边;火车来了,她却看到最后去了。她有点害怕它那巨大的车头,车头那么雄壮地喷吐着白雾,仿佛一口气就能把台儿沟吸进肚里。它那撼天动地的轰鸣也叫她感到恐惧。在它跟前,她简直像一叶没根的小草。

"香雪,过来呀!看!"凤娇拉过香雪,向一个妇女头上指,她指的是那个妇女头上别着的那一排排金圈圈。

"怎么我看不见?"香雪微微眯着眼睛说。

"就是靠里边那个,那个大圆脸。看!还有 手表哪,比指甲盖还小哩!"凤娇又有了新发现。

香雪不言不语地点着头,她终于看见了妇女头上的金圈圈和她腕上比指甲盖还要小的手表。但她也很快就发现了别的。"皮书包!"她指着行李架上一只普通的棕色人造革学生书包,就是那种连小城市都随处可见的学生书包。

尽管姑娘们对香雪的发现总是不感兴趣, 但她们还是围了上来。

"哟,我的妈呀!你踩着我脚啦!"凤娇一声

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"What a loud voice! You want to show off so that white-faced man will talk to you, don't you?"

"I'll tear your mouth off if you repeat that!" Frail Phoenix cried, but couldn't help looking over to the gate of the third car.

The fair-skinned young attendant stepped down from the train. He was tall and had jet-black hair, and spoke with a beautiful Beijing accent. Perhaps this was why the girls called him "The Beijingese" behind his back. "The Beijingese" crossed his arms on his chest, kept a distance neither too close to nor too far from the girls: "Say, young ladies, don't hold onto the windows, it's dangerous!"

"Oh, so we're young; are you so old?" the bold Frail Phoenix retorted.

The girls broke into laughter. Somebody gave Frail Phoenix a shove, and it made her almost bump into him. Instead of embarrassing her, this boosted her courage.

"Hey, don't you feel dizzy staying in that train all day long?" she asked.

"What do you do with that thing hanging on the ceiling? It looks like a broadsword," another girl asked. She was referring to the electric fan in the railway car.

"Where do you heat the water?"

"What if you run into some places and they haven't got any roads?"

"How many meals do you city people eat every day?" Fragrant Snow asked in a small voice, hiding behind other girls.

"Bah, I'm at the end of my rope," grumbled "The Bei-

尖叫, 埋怨着挤上来的一位姑娘。她老是爱一惊一乍的。

"你咋呼什么呀,是想叫那个小白脸和你搭话了吧?"被埋怨的姑娘也不示弱。

"我撕了你的嘴!"凤娇骂着,眼睛却不由自主地朝第三节车厢的车门望去。

那个白白净净的年轻乘务员真下车来了。他身材高大,头发乌黑,说一口漂亮的北京话。也许因为这点,姑娘们私下里都叫他"北京话"。"北京话"双手抱住胳膊肘,和她们站得不远不近地说:"喂,我说小姑娘们,别扒窗户,危险!"

"哟,我们小,你就老了吗?"大胆的凤娇回 敬了一句。

姑娘们一阵大笑,不知谁还把凤娇往前一搡,弄得她差点撞在他身上。这一来反倒更壮了凤娇的胆:"喂,你们老呆在车上不头晕?"她又问。

"房顶子上那个大刀片似的,那是干什么用的?"又一个姑娘问。她指的是车厢里的电扇。

"烧水在哪儿?"

"开到没路的地方怎么办?"

"你们城市里一天吃几顿饭?"香雪也紧跟 在姑娘们后边小声问了一句。

"真没治!""北京话"陷在姑娘们的包围圈 里,不知所措地嘟囔着。

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