

University Reader  
大学生读书计划



# 施蛰存小说选



Selected Stories by Shi Zhecun

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Modern

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 现代文学系列

施蛰存 著  
Shi Zhecun

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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## 大学生读书计划

——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,也有责任对大学生同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的学习而偏废了母语的提高,以及忽视了中国文学的阅读,放弃了人文知识的训练。有统计表明,某理工院校 57% 的同学不曾读过《红楼梦》等四大名著,以致校园内外流行着“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。还有一副这样的对联,说大学生的文章是“无错不成文,病句错句破残句,句句不堪入目;有误方为篇,别字错字自造字,字字触目惊心”,横批“斯文扫地”。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展关键力量的大学生,这种“文弃”现象的流行,势必导致一场人文精神危机的爆发。对照以科学与人文精神追求为主题的五四新文化运动,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目共睹,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进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,不就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。

这是我们作为出版者的理想。我们原有一个世纪礼物的构想,是同大学生一起做一个“读书计划”。这一次将中国文学的最新荟萃配设高水平的英语译文,是其中推荐给新世纪大学生的第一批读物。盼望着您——我们无数知音中的 5000 名先来者,给我们鼓励,也给我们意见和批评。

**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。

## One Rainy Evening

A grey drizzle once again filled the early summer sky. I don't have anything against rain as such; it's just that I hate the way passing motorcycles splash water and mud all over my clothes. It even gets into my mouth. Sometimes, when I have nothing better to do, I sit in my office, gaze out at the rain and complain bitterly to my colleagues about the motorcycle wheels. They always urge me to take a bus or a rickshaw, saying it isn't worth getting drenched in order to save a bit of money. But so far I've never taken their advice, for in truth I enjoy walking home in the pattering rain, sheltered beneath an umbrella. My apartment is not far from work so I don't need to take the tramcar. Moreover, since I don't own a raincoat it would be pointless for me to get on a bus filled with people in wet mackintoshes as I would still arrive home soaked. In any case, when night falls and the street lamps are lit, it is delightful to stroll along the street absorbing the atmosphere. The sights and sounds of the metropolis — especially in the rain — never fail to entertain me, even though I inevitably get covered in mud and water. Passing vehicles and pedestrians become hazy through the misty drizzle; yellow light floods, and is reflected in the wide streets and every now and again the odd flash of green or red beams out of the mist like a policeman's beacon, making the passersby blink. When it rains heavily the sound of human voices,

## 梅雨之夕

梅雨又淙淙地降下了。

对于雨，我倒并不觉得嫌厌，所嫌厌的是在雨中疾驰的摩托车的轮子，它会溅起泥水猛地洒上我的衣裤，甚至会连嘴里也拜受了美味。我常常在办公室里，当公事空闲的时候，凝望着窗外淡白的空中的雨丝，对同事们谈起我对于这些自私的车轮的怨苦。下雨天是不必省钱的，你可以坐车，舒服些。他们会这样善意地劝告我。但我并不曾屈就了他们的好心，我不是为了省钱，我喜欢在滴沥的雨声中撑着伞回去。我的寓所离公司是很近的，所以我散工出来，便是电车也不必坐，此外还有一个我所以不喜欢在雨天坐车的理由，那是因为我还不曾有一件雨衣，而普通在雨天的电车里，几乎全是裹着雨衣的先生们，夫人们或小姐们，在这样一间狭窄的车厢里，滚来滚去的人身上全是水，我一定会虽然带着一柄上等的伞，也不免满身淋漓地回到家里。况且，尤其是在傍晚时分，街灯初上，沿着人行路用一些暂时安逸的心境去看看都市的雨景，虽然拖泥带水，也不失为一种自己的娱乐。在蒙雾中来来往往的车辆人物，全都消失了清晰的轮廓，广阔的路上倒映着许多黄色的灯光，间或有几条警灯的红色和绿色在闪烁着行人的眼睛。雨大的时候，很近的人语声，即使

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no matter how close by, seem to come from somewhere in the sky.

My colleagues usually cite my refusal to take the bus as an example of how simple and frugal a life I lead. They little know how much pleasure I take in thus ambling the streets. Motorcycles or no, I wouldn't wish to change my habits for the world. And indeed this walk has become a habit, for I have been doing it now for three or four years. Occasionally it crosses my mind that I should really buy a raincoat so that I don't get my clothes splashed, but somehow I've never got around to it.

It has been raining solidly for several days now, but I've still been travelling to and from work on foot with my umbrella.

Yesterday afternoon a lot of work accumulated on my desk, and since it was still raining at four o'clock I decided to stay behind and attend to a few more things while waiting for it to subside. By the time I left the office at six it had long since stopped.

As I walked out into the brightly lit street I saw that the sky had cleared. Tucking my umbrella under my arm, and dodging the drips coming down from the rooftops, I ambled from Jiangxi Road to the bridge on Sichuan Road. This took me about thirty minutes. The big clock on the post office showed 6:25. Just before I reached the bridge the sky darkened again, which I paid no heed to since I knew dusk was falling; but no sooner had I stepped onto the bridge than the skies opened and the rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied by a cacophony of sound. I looked down at the figures scuttling for shelter on the North Sichuan Road and along the two banks of the Suzhou Creek. Their anxiety made me anxious too. What on earth were they in such a panic about? It was only a bit of rain

声音很高,也好像在半空中了。

人家时常举出这一端来说我太刻苦了,但他们不知道我会从这里找出很大的乐趣来,即使偶尔有摩托车的轮子溅满泥泞在我身上,我也并不因此而改了我的习惯。说是习惯,有什么不妥呢?这样的已经有三四年了。有时也偶尔想着总得买一件雨衣来,于是可以在雨天坐车,或者即使步行,也可以免得被泥水溅着了上衣,但到如今这仍然留在心里做一种生活上的希望。

在近来的连日的大雨里,我依然早上撑着伞上公司去,下午撑着伞回家,每天都如此。

昨日下午,公事堆积得很多。到了四点钟,看看外面雨还是很大,便独自留下在公事房里,想索性再办了几桩,一来省得明天要更多地积起来,二来也借此避雨,等它小一些再走。这样地竟逗留到六点钟,雨早已停了。

走到外面,虽然已是满街灯火,但天色却转晴朗了。曳着伞,避着檐滴,缓步过去,从江西路南口走到四川路桥,竟走了差不多半点钟光景。邮政局的大钟已是六点二十五分了。未走上桥,天色早已重又冥晦下来,但我并没有介意,因为晓得是傍晚的时分了。刚走到桥头,急雨骤然从乌云中漏下来,潇潇的起着繁响。看下面北四川路上和苏州河两岸行人的纷纷乱窜乱避,只觉得连自己心里也有些着急。他们在着急些什么呢?他们也一定知道这降下来的是

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after all — nothing life-threatening; yet they were running as if from a disaster. It couldn't be that they didn't want to get wet because I clearly saw that even people who had raincoats and umbrellas were hurrying and stumbling along. It looked like a sort of unconscious disorder. Having said that, if I hadn't been enjoying my stroll in the rain so much I might also have found myself scurrying down the bridge.

But still, why the hurry? It was raining just as hard in front of them as behind. I opened my umbrella. It wasn't long before I passed the Tiantong intersection. The rain continued to thunder down, interrupted only by the odd motorcycle which sped past before quickly disappearing into the spray. There wasn't a tramcar or rickshaw to be seen. I wondered where they had hidden themselves. As for people, there wasn't a soul on the street. Everyone had gathered in clusters under shop awnings or any other shelter they could find and were staring helplessly and resentfully at the rain. I couldn't understand why they had bothered to buy their rain gear.

As for myself, I found I had reached Wenjianshi Road and was still perfectly comfortable. My umbrella protected my head and though my feet were somewhat damp, it was nothing a pair of dry socks wouldn't sort out once I got home. As I walked along it seemed to me that North Sichuan Road, shrouded in misty rain, seemed to have an almost poetic quality about it. I didn't think this consciously, but was somehow aware of it as a sensation. The only thing I was concretely aware of was the fact that I had to turn off at the corner.

雨,对于他们没有生命上的危险,但何以要这样急迫地躲避呢?说是为了恐怕衣裳给淋湿了,但我分明看见手中持着伞的和身上披了雨衣的人也有些脚步踉跄了。我觉得至少这是一种无意识的纷乱。但要是我不曾感觉到雨中闲行的滋味,我也是会和这些人一样地急突地奔下桥去的。

何必这样的奔逃呢,前路也是在下雨,撑开我的伞来的时候,我这样漫想着。不觉已走过了天潼路口。大街上浩浩荡荡地降着雨,真是一个伟观,除了间或有几辆摩托车,连续地冲破了雨,仍旧钻进了雨中疾驰过去之外,电车和人力车全不看见。我奇怪它们都躲到什么地方去了。至于人,行走着的几乎是没有,但在店铺檐下或蔽荫下是可以一团一团地看得见,有伞的和无伞的,有雨衣的和无雨衣的,全都聚集着,用嫌厌的眼望着这奈何不得的雨。我不懂他们这些雨具是为了怎样的天气而买的。

至于我,已经走近文监师路了。我并没有什么不舒服,我有一柄好的伞,脸上绝不会给雨水淋湿,脚上虽然觉得有些湿漉漉,但这至多是回家后换一双袜子的事。我且行且看着雨中的北四川路,觉得朦胧地颇有些诗意。但这里所说的“觉得”,其实也并不是什么具体的思绪,除了“我该在这里转弯了”之外,心中一些也不意识着什么。

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I leaned out into the street to see if there were any cars coming and was about to cross over and turn into Wenjianshi Road when I noticed a tramcar which had pulled up at the stop and was letting passengers off. I stepped back onto the pavement and waited for it to start up and go past. In fact there was plenty of time for me to cross before it moved off, and I had lived in Shanghai long enough to know the rules for pedestrians, but for some reason I didn't cross. Why? I had no idea.

As I waited, I counted the passengers getting out of the first-class compartment. Why did I not count those getting out of the third-class compartment? It was not a deliberate choice; merely the result of the fact that the first-class compartment was at the front of the tramcar so I could see it more clearly. The first passenger was a Russian in a red raincoat; the second a middle-aged Japanese woman with her head drawn in between her shoulders. She hurried along by the side of the tramcar, opened a thick-handled Japanese umbrella, crossed in front of the tramcar like a frightened rat and disappeared into Wenjianshi Road. I knew her; she was the owner of a fruit store. The third and fourth passengers were businessmen, possibly from Ningbo. Both wore Chinese-style green rubber raincoats. The fifth, who was also the last, was a young lady. She had neither umbrella nor raincoat, and must have got on the tramcar before the rain had started and was now unfortunate enough to emerge into this downpour. I guessed she must have boarded the tramcar quite a long way away — at least a few stops beyond the Carter Road stop. She descended and stepped awkwardly onto the pavement. Her slender shoulders shuddered with cold. By this



从人行路上走出去，探头看看街上有没有往来的车辆，刚想穿过街去转入文监师路，但一辆先前并没有看见的电车已停在眼前。我止步了，依然退进到人行路上，在一支电杆边等候着这辆车的开出。在车停的时候，其实我是可以安心地对穿过去的，但我并不曾这样做。我在上海住得很久，我懂得走路的规则。我为什么不在这个可以穿过去的时候走到对街去呢？我没知道。

我数着从头等车里下来的乘客，为什么不数三等车里下来的呢？这里并没有故意的挑选，头等座在车的前部，下来的乘客刚在我面前，所以我可以很看得清楚：第一个，穿着红皮雨衣的俄罗斯人。第二个是中年的日本妇人，她急急地下了车，撑开了手里提着的东洋粗柄雨伞，缩着头鼠窜似地绕过车前，转进文监师路去了。我认识她，她是一家果子店的女店主。第三，第四，是像宁波人似的我国商人，他们都穿着绿色的橡皮华式雨衣。第五个下来的乘客，也即是末一个了，是一位姑娘。她手里没有伞，身上也没有穿雨衣，好像是在雨停止了之后上电车的，而不幸在到目的地的时候却下着这样的大雨。我猜想她一定是从很远的地方上车的，至少应当在卡德路以上的几站罢。

她走下车来，缩着瘦削的，但并不露骨的双肩，窘迫地走上人行路的时候，我开始注意着她

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