

University Reader  
大学生读书计划



# 刘绍棠小说选



## Selected Stories by Liu Shaotang

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Contemporary

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 当代文学系列

刘绍棠 著  
Liu Shaotang

中国文学出版社  
Chinese Literature Press

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### 刘绍棠小说选

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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。

## Catkin Willow Flats

The mid-morning July sun blazed down.

Manzi was bound firmly to an upright of the vine trellis by his grandfather. The knot was a complicated one used for tying up a thief.

That was in 1936, when Manzi was six, his head shaven clean except for a tuft on his crown. He was burnt brown as a berry, for he had gone about stark naked ever since summer came. Only two patches under his brows showed white where the sun had not touched him. The bridge of his nose was black and cracked. It was as if he had just crawled out of a chimney. Even his eyeballs seemed blacker than before the summer.

His granny had asked Wang Ri Lian, the neighbour on the east side, to make the boy baby vest of the brightest red cloth, lovingly embroidered with a colourful floral design. People must wear clothes as horses must wear saddles. If Manzi had worn his baby vest, he would have been the star attraction among all the other boys. However, Manzi refused to wear it, even for a day.

He went about in his birthday suit, running wild all over the canal flats, no matter how fiercely the sun beat down on

## 蒲柳人家

七月天，中伏大晌午，热得像天上下火。何满子被爷爷拴在葡萄架的立柱上，系的是拴贼扣儿。

那一年是一九三六年。何满子六岁，剃个光葫芦头，天灵盖上留着个木梳背儿；一交立夏就光屁股，晒得两道眉毛只剩下淡淡的痕影，鼻梁子裂了皮，全身上下就像刚从烟囱里爬出来，连眼珠都比立夏之前乌黑。

奶奶叫东隔壁的望日莲姑给何满子做了一条大红兜肚，兜肚上还用五彩细线绣了一大堆花草。人配衣裳马配鞍，何满子穿上这条花红兜肚，一定会在小伙伴们中间出人头地。可是，何满子一天也不穿。

何满子整天在运河滩上野跑，头顶着毒热

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him. If he had deigned to wear the baby vest it would have made him sweat and within hours his whole body would have been covered with an irritating, itching heat rash. Not one of the girls of his age had baby vest to compare with his in splendour, so he would have felt a little sissy, neither a boy nor a girl. The girls would have ridiculed him until he would have wished to find a hole to crawl into in embarrassment. Even the smallest boy in the village would have laughed and jeered. He would never live it down for the rest of his life. Manzi's granny was, of course, furious. She threatened to whack him with the long rolling pin and starve him for three days if he didn't put on the bright red baby vest. It had a very special significance. Manzi was the darling of the whole family, and his granny was always afraid that the King of Darkness would carry him off one day. It was said that the King of Darkness snatched little boys away but never little girls. So if Manzi wore the bright red baby vest which made him look less like a boy, he might escape the rheumy old eyes of the King of Darkness.

People addressed Manzi's granny as Aunt Yi Zhang Qing. She was tall and bronze and had large, unbound feet and a very penetrating voice. When she bawled anyone out, she could be heard fifteen kilometres away. Few could match her in this respect. When she cursed, the words came tumbling out loud and clear like rain beating down on wide banana leaves. She had no need to stop for breath. Abuse poured out of her mouth in one long endless stream. She could also

的阳光，身上再裹起兜肚，一不风凉，二又窝汗，穿不了一天，就得起大半身痱子。再有，全村跟他一般大的小姑娘，谁的兜肚也没有这么花儿草儿的鲜艳，他穿在身上，男不男，女不女，小姑娘们要用手指刮破脸蛋儿，臊得他得找个田鼠窝钻进去；小小儿子们也要敲起锣鼓似的叫他小丫头儿，管叫他一辈子抬不起头。

何满子不穿花红兜肚，奶奶气得咬牙切齿地骂他，手握着擀面杖要梆他，还威吓要三天不给他饭吃。原来，这条兜肚大有讲究。何满子是个娇哥儿，奶奶老是怕阎王爷打发白无常把他勾走；听说阎王爷非常重男轻女，何满子穿上花红兜肚，男扮女妆，阎王爷老眼昏花的看不真切，也就起不了勾魂索命的恶念。

何满子的奶奶，人人都管她叫一丈青大娘；大高个儿，一双大脚，青铜肤色，嗓门也亮堂，骂起人来，方圆二三十里，敢说找不出能够招架几个回合的敌手。一丈青大娘骂人，就像雨打芭蕉，长短句，四六体，鼓点似的骂一天，

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fight. She was well into her fifties, but it would have taken more than a few strapping young men to get the better of her.

Her home was on the bank of the Northern Canal and the house opened out on to it. Once a large junk from other parts of the country happened to pass her door. It was almost noon, and Aunt Yi Zhang Qing had been sitting in the shade of the willows tending ducks when several boat-haulers came trudging past, naked as the day they were born except for a piece of cloth about their waist, their trousers tied up like a turban high on their heads. Suddenly, they heard someone shout, "Hold it!" Now these were tired men, bone weary. They had been towing upstream against the wind under the broiling sun for the last hundred *li* and had not had so much as a moment's rest. Their stomachs were rumbling angrily for lunch. They ignored Aunt Yi Zhang Qing's shout. When she saw this, fury seized her and she shouted again, louder, "Put on your trousers!" One young hauler, who ought to have known better, looked up and said surlily, "You're old enough to have seen most things. Shut your eyes or turn the other way if you don't like what you see!" That got Aunt Yi Zhang Qing's dander up. Rolling up her sleeves to expose a pair of big bronze bangles, she rushed down on him. "I'm not going to have you insult womenfolk like this!" she yelled, shaking a finger at him. The young hauler brushed her hand aside: "Out of the way, you bitch!" That did it! Aunt Yi Zhang Qing landed him a blow that sent the young

一气呵成，也不倒嗓子。她也能打架，动起手来，别看五六十岁了，三五个大小伙子不够她打一锅的。

她家坐落在北运河岸上，门口外就是大河。有一回，一只外江大帆船打门口路过，也正是歇晌时分。一丈青大娘站在篱笆外的伞柳荫下放鸭子，一见几个纤夫赤身露体，只系着一条围腰，裤子卷起来盘在头上，便断喝一声：“站住！”这几个纤夫头顶着火盆子，拉了百八十里路，顶水又逆风，还没有歇脚打尖，个顶个窝着一肚子饿火。一丈青大娘的这声断喝，他们只当耳旁风。一丈青大娘见他们头也不抬，理也不理，气更大了，又吆喝了一声：“都给我穿上裤子！”有个年轻不知好歹的纤夫，白瞪了一丈青大娘一眼，没好气地说：“一大把岁数儿，什么没见过；不爱看合上眼，掉过脸去！”一丈青大娘火了起来，挽了挽袖口，手腕子上露出两只叮叮当当响的黄铜镯子，一阵风冲下河坡，阻挡在这几个纤夫的面前，手戳着他们的鼻子说：“不能叫你们腌臢了我们大姑娘小媳的眼睛！”那个不知好歹的年轻纤夫，是个生楞儿，用手一推一丈青大娘，说：“好狗不挡道！”这一下可捅了马蜂窝。一丈青大娘勃然大怒，老大一个耳刮子抡圆了，搯过去；那个年轻的

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fellow reeling, his ears ringing and blood spurting from his nose. He staggered and fell on the hot white sand, fighting for breath. His mates rushed to the rescue. They heard Aunt Yi Zhang Qing break off a branch about as thick as a bowl and saw her come at them, flaying wildly. She drove them all into the water like so many dumplings sliding into the pot. Aunt Yi Zhang Qing stood on the bank cursing them, driving each back into the water as he tried to clamber up out. They were all stuck in the canal. The helmsman tried in vain to control the junk which kept twirling along with the current. Finally, the owner of the junk persuaded Liu Guandou, the ferryman, Ji Laocheng, the blacksmith, Zheng Duanwu, the carpenter, and Du Si, the shopkeeper, to come and intercede for him. It had taken all of them a couple of hours to persuade Aunt Yi Zhang Qing to relent and let the men back on dry land.

Aunt Yi Zhang Qing's hands were calloused. She could work in the field, handle a boat and catch fish as well as any man. She also cured people's afflictions with acupuncture and moxibustion. She was the local midwife, surgeon and bone-setter, and old and young in the village sought her when they needed help. Every man, woman and child in the village under thirty had come into this world with the assistance of her able hands.

Though she was such a capable person, she could do nothing with her only grandson, Manzi. The He family for generations had always produced only one son and then al-



纤夫就像风吹乍蓬，转了三转，拧了三圈儿，满脸开花，口鼻出血，一头栽倒在滚烫的白沙滩上，紧一口慢一口捋气，高一声低一声呻吟。几个纤夫见他们的伙伴挨了打，唿哨而上；只听咯吧一声，一丈青大娘折断了一棵茶碗口粗细的河柳，带着呼呼风声挥舞起来，把这几个纤夫扫下河去，就像正月十五煮元宵，纷纷落水。一丈青大娘不依不饶，站在河边大骂不住声，还不许那几个纤夫爬上岸来；大帆船失去了纤力，掌舵的绽裂了虎口，也驾驭不住，在河上转开了磨。最后，还是船老板请出了摆渡船的柳罐斗，钉掌铺的吉老秤，老木匠郑端午，开小店的花鞋杜四，说和了两三个时辰，一丈青大娘才算开恩放行。

一丈青大娘有一双长满老茧的大手，种地、撑船、打鱼都是行家。她还会扎针、拔罐子、接生、接骨、看红伤。这个小村大人小孩有个头疼脑热，都来找她妙手回春；全村三十岁以下的人，都是她那一双粗大的手给接来了人间。

不过，别看一丈青大娘能镇八方，她可管不了何满子。何家世代单传，辈辈一棵苗，何满

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