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本社专事外文图书的编辑出版,几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍,上自先秦,下迄现当代,力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品,英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃,精雕细琢,中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到,这些英译精品,不单有对外译介的意义,而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者,也是极有价值的读本。为此,我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选,编排成汉英对照的形式,陆续推出,以飨读者。

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It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successfully in Chinese-English bilingual form.

**Foreign Languages Press**



老舍像  
The picture of Lao She



——

我们所要介绍的是祥子，不是骆驼，因为“骆驼”只是个外号；那么，我们就先说祥子，随手儿把骆驼与祥子那点关系说过去，也就算了。

北平的洋车夫有许多派：年轻力壮，腿脚灵利的，讲究赁漂亮的车，拉“整天儿”，爱什么时候出车与收车都有自由；拉出车来，在固定的“车口”或宅门一放，专等坐快车的主儿；弄好了，也许一下子弄个一块两块的；碰巧了，也许白耗一天，连“车份儿”也没着落，但也不在乎。这一派哥儿们的希望大概有两个：或是拉包车；或是自己买上辆车——有了自己的车，再去拉包月或散座就没大关系了，反正车是自己的。

比这一派岁数稍大的，或因身体的关系而跑得稍差点劲的，或因家庭的关系而不敢白耗一天的，大概就多数的拉八成新的车；人与车都有相当的漂亮，所以在要价儿的时候也还能保持住相当的尊严。这派的车夫，也许拉“整天”，也许拉“半天”。在后者的情形下，因为还有相当的精气神，所以无论冬天夏天总是“拉晚儿”。夜间，当然比白天需要更多的留神与本事；钱自然也多挣一些。

年纪在四十以上，二十以下的，恐怕就不易在前两派里有个地位了。他们的车破，又

## CHAPTER 1

THIS story is about Xiangzi, not about Camel, because "Camel" was only his nickname. So let us start with Xiangzi, just mentioning in passing how he became linked with camels.

The rickshaw pullers of Beiping fall into many different categories. There are strong, fleet-footed young men who rent smart rickshaws and work round the clock, starting work or knocking off whenever they please. They pull their rickshaws to a rickshaw-stand or the gate of some big house and wait for fares who want a fast runner. With luck, a single trip can net one or two silver dollars; but it may happen too that they spend the whole day idle, not even recouping their rickshaw rent. Still, they take this all in their stride. These fellows generally have two ambitions. One is to get a job on a monthly basis, the other is to buy their own rickshaw. For with their own vehicle, it doesn't matter whether they have a monthly job or take odd fares, the rickshaw is their own property anyway.

Then there is a category of slightly older men, and others who for health reasons cannot run quite as fast, or who for family reasons cannot afford to let a day go by without earning something. Most of them pull fairly new rickshaws, and because both puller and rickshaw are quite smart-looking they can still demand a respectable price. Some of them work round the clock, some only half days. Of these latter, the more energetic take the night-shift all the year round. At night more care and skill are needed, so naturally the fee is higher.

The pullers over forty and under twenty find it hard to join either of these categories. Their rickshaws are ram-





不敢“拉晚儿”，所以只能早早的出车，希望能从清晨转到午后三四点钟，拉出“车份儿”和自己的嚼谷。他们的车破，跑得慢，所以得多走路，少要钱。到瓜市，果市，菜市，去拉货物，都是他们；钱少，可是无须快跑呢。

在这里，二十岁以下的——有的从十一二岁就干这行儿——很少能到二十岁以后改变成漂亮的车夫的，因为在幼年受了伤，很难健壮起来。他们也许拉一辈子洋车，而一辈子连拉车也没出过风头。那四十以上的人，有的是已拉了十年八年的车，筋肉的衰损使他们甘居人后，他们渐渐知道早晚是一个跟头会死在马路上。他们的拉车姿式，讲价时的随机应变，走路的抄近绕远，都足以使他们想起过去的光荣，而用鼻翅儿扇着那些后起之辈。可是这点光荣丝毫不能减少将来的黑暗，他们自己也因此在擦着汗的时节常常微叹。不过，以他们比较另一些四十上下岁的车夫，他们还似乎没有苦到了家。这一些是以前决没想到自己能与洋车发生关系，而到了生和死的界限已经不甚分明，才抄起车把来的。被撤差的巡警或校役，把本钱吃光的小贩，或是失业的工匠，到了卖无可卖，当无可当的时候，咬着牙，含着泪，上了这条到死亡之路。这些人，生命最鲜壮的时期已经卖掉，现在再把窝窝头变成的血汗滴在马路上。没有力气，没有经验，没有朋友，就是在同行



shackle and they dare not take on the night-shift. So they have to make a very early start in the hope that, by three or four in the afternoon, they will have earned enough for the rickshaw rent as well as their daily needs. Their broken-down vehicles and lack of speed mean they must make longer trips for lower payment. They are the ones who haul merchandise to the melon, fruit or vegetable markets; for this they earn less, but at least they can take their time.

The under twenties—some have been plying this trade since they were eleven or twelve—rarely become crack pullers later on, because as boys they have over-taxed their strength. They may pull all their lives and never make the grade, not even in this trade. As for the over-forties, some have strained their muscles by pulling for eight or ten years and are content now to take second place, in the growing awareness that sooner or later they will keel over and die in the road. Their pulling posture, their adroit bargaining, their shrewd use of short-cuts or circuitous routes are enough to make them relive past glories and turn up their noses at the younger generation. But these shades of past glories can in no way diminish their dismal prospects, and so they often sigh as they mop their sweat.

However, compared to another group of over-forties, they seem not to have reached rock-bottom yet. This group is composed of men who had never associated themselves with rickshaws but were forced to take up the trade, because they have reached the end of their tether. When policemen, school janitors and cleaners are dismissed and bankrupt peddlers or unemployed artisans have nothing more to sell or pawn, they grif their teeth and with tears in their eyes take this last desperate step, knowing it to be a dead end. These men have already sold the best years of their lives, and now the maize muffins on which they subsist are transformed into blood and sweat which drip on to the road. Weak, inexperienced and friendless, they are



的当中也得不到好气儿。他们拉最破的车，皮带不定一天泄多少次气；一边拉着人还得一边儿央求人家原谅，虽然十五个大铜子儿已经算是甜买卖。

此外，因环境与知识的特异，又使一部分车夫另成派别。生于西苑海甸的自然以走西山，燕京，清华，较比方便；同样，在安定门外的走清河，北苑；在永定门外的走南苑……这是跑长趟的，不愿拉零座；因为拉一趟便是一趟，不屑于三五个铜子的穷凑了。可是他们还不如东交民巷的车夫的气儿长，这些专拉洋买卖的讲究一气儿由交民巷拉到玉泉山，颐和园或西山。气儿长也还算小事，一般车夫万不能争这项生意的原因，大半还是因为这些吃洋饭的有点与众不同的知识，他们会说外国话。英国兵，法国兵，所说的万寿山，雍和宫，“八大胡同”，他们都晓得。他们自己有一套外国话，不传授给别人。他们的跑法也特别，四六步儿不快不慢，低着头，目不旁视的，贴着马路边儿走，带出与世无争，而自有专长的神气。因为拉着洋人，他们可以不用穿号坎，而一律的是长袖小白褂，白的或黑的裤子，裤筒特别肥，脚腕上系着细带；脚上是



eyed askance by even their fellow pullers. Their rickshaws are the most wretched of all and their tyres are always getting punctured. Even as they run they beg their fares to excuse them and consider a mere fifteen coppers a very good fee indeed.

There is yet another category of pullers distinguished by their special beats and know-how. Those living in the western suburbs around Xiyuan and Haidian naturally prefer to take fares to the Western Hills or the universities of Yanjing and Qinghua; those from the northern suburbs outside Andingmen Gate ply the Qinghe and Bei-yuan route, while those in the south outside Yongdingmen Gate will go as far as Nanyuan. . . . These long-distance runners will only make trips which pay and scoff at the paltry three or five coppers which is all that one gets for short distances. But they still lose their wind sooner than the rickshawmen of Dongjiaominxiang, the "Legation Quarter".

These are real long-distance runners who cater solely to the foreign trade, and pride themselves on being able to run non-stop from the diplomatic quarter all the way out to the Jade Fountain, the Summer Palace or the Western Hills. And, stamina apart, these men have a special skill which makes it impossible for rivals to snatch away their clientele: they all speak foreign languages. They can understand when English and French soldiers ask for the Summer Palace, the Yongho Lamasery or the "Eight Alleys" red-light district, and they will not teach their foreign lingoers to others. Their way of running is special too. Going at a fair speed, head lowered, looking neither to right nor left, they hug the side of the road, seemingly indifferent to the world yet supremely self-assured. Because they serve foreigners, they do not have to wear the numbered jacket compulsory for other rickshaw pullers. Instead they all wear long-sleeved white shirts, baggy black or white trousers bound at the ankles with tapes and black cloth-soled shoes with a rib sewn up





宽双脸千层底青布鞋；干净，利落，神气。一见这样的服装，别的车夫不会再过来争座与赛车，他们似乎是属于另一行业的。

有了这点简单的分析，我们再说祥子的地位，就像说——我们希望——一盘机器上的某种钉子那么准确了。祥子，在与“骆驼”这个外号发生关系以前，是个较比有自由的洋车夫，这就是说，他是属于年轻力壮，而且自己有车的那一类：自己的车，自己的生活，都在自己手里，高等车夫。

这可绝不是件容易的事。一年，二年，至少有三四年；一滴汗，两滴汗，不知道多少万滴汗，才挣出那辆车。从风里雨里的咬牙，从饭里茶里的自苦，才赚出那辆车。那辆车是他的一切挣扎与困苦的总结果与报酬，像身经百战的武士的一颗徽章。在他赁人家的车的时候，他从早到晚，由东到西，由南到北，像被人家抽着转的陀螺；他没有自己。可是在这种旋转之中，他的眼并没有花，心并没有乱，他老想着远远的一辆车，可以使他自由，独立，像自己的手脚的那么一辆车。有了自己的车，他可以不再受拴车的人的气，也无须敷衍别人；有自己的力气与洋车，睁开眼就可以有饭吃。

他不怕吃苦，也没有一般洋车夫的可以原谅而不便效法的恶习，他的聪明和努力都足以使他的志愿成为事实。假若他的环境好一些，或多受着点教育，他一定不会落在“胶

the middle. They are clean, smart and alert. Other rickshaw men, seeing this outfit, will not compete with them for customers or race with them, and in fact they seem to belong to a completely different trade.

After this brief analysis, let us come back to Xiangzi's status so as to place him as accurately—we hope—as a specific screw in a machine. Before Xiangzi became linked with the nickname "Camel", he was a relatively independent rickshaw puller; in other words, he was young and strong and owned his own rickshaw. Belonging to the category of those who owned their vehicles, he was master of his own fate, a high-class puller.

But this had certainly not easily come. It had taken him at least three or four years and untold tens of thousands of drops of sweat to acquire that rickshaw of his. He had earned it by gritting his teeth in the wind and rain, by skimping his food and drink. That rickshaw represented the fruit and reward of all his struggles and hardships, like the single medal of a warrior who has fought a hundred battles. In the days when he rented a rickshaw, he was like a top sent spinning north, south, east and west from dawn to dusk, at the beck and call of others. But this spinning never made him so dizzy that he lost sight of his objective.

In his mind's eye he could picture that distant rickshaw which was going to bring him freedom and independence, becoming a part of him like his hands and feet. With his own rickshaw he would no longer be bullied by the rickshaw owners, would no longer have to humour anyone else. With his strength and his own vehicle, earning his living would be mere child's play.

Xiangzi was not afraid of hardships, nor did he have the excusable but deplorable bad habits of most other pullers. He was clever and hard-working enough to make his dream come true. If his situation had been a little better, or if he had had a bit more education he would certainly not have





皮团”里,而且无论是干什么,他总不会辜负了他的机会。不幸,他必须拉洋车;好,在这个营生里他也证明出他的能力与聪明。他仿佛就是在地狱里也能作个好鬼似的。生长在乡间,失去了父母与几亩薄田,十八岁的时候便跑到城里来。带着乡间小伙子的足壮与诚实,凡是以卖力气就能吃饭的事他几乎全作过了。可是,不久他就看出来,拉车是件更容易挣钱的事;作别的苦工,收入是有限的;拉车多着一些变化与机会,不知道在什么时候与地点就会遇到一些多于所希望的报酬。自然,他也晓得这样的机遇不完全出于偶然,而必须人与车都得漂亮精神,有货可卖才能遇到识货的人。想了一想,他相信自己有那个资格:他有力气,年纪正轻;所差的是他还没有跑过,与不敢一上手就拉漂亮的车。但这不是不能胜过的困难,有他的身体与力气作基础,他只要试验个十天半月的,就一定能跑得有个样子,然后去赁辆新车,说不定很快的就能拉上包车,然后省吃俭用的一年二年,即使是三四年,他必能自己打上一辆车,顶漂亮的车!看着自己的青年的肌肉,他以为这只是时间的问题,这是必能达到的一个志愿与目的,绝不是梦想!

他的身量与筋肉都发展到年岁前边去;二十来的岁,他已经很大很高,虽然肢体还没被年月铸成一定的格局,可是已经像个成人了——一个脸上身上都带出天真淘气的样子的大人。看着那高等的车夫,他计划着怎

fallen among the "Tyre Brigade". And no matter what his trade, he would have made the most of every opportunity. Unluckily, he had no choice but to be a rickshaw puller. Very well then, even in this job he would prove his ability and intelligence. Had he been a spirit in hell, he would probably have made the best of his surroundings.

Xiangzi was country born and bred. At eighteen, having lost his parents and their few *mu* of poor land, he fled to the city. He brought with him his country boy's sturdiness and simplicity, and tried his hand at most jobs that called only for brawn. However, he soon realised that pulling a rickshaw was an easier way to earn money. The pay for other hard manual jobs was limited whereas pulling a rickshaw offered more variety and opportunities, as there was no telling when and where one might earn more than expected. Of course he also knew that this would not be entirely a matter of chance, that the rickshaw and puller must both look smart to attract discriminating customers.

But after consideration, Xiangzi felt that he had the requisite qualities, for he was young and strong. Though his lack of experience meant that he could not begin with a new rickshaw, this was not an insurmountable difficulty; and with his fine physique he was sure that after ten days or two weeks he would be running quite presentably. Then he would rent a brand-new rickshaw, and might very soon land himself a monthly job; after which by skimping and saving for a few years he was bound to be able to buy himself a really beautiful rickshaw. Gazing at his young muscles, he felt sure it was just a matter of time. This goal he had set himself could definitely be reached—it was no pipe-dream.

Though hardly twenty, he was tall and robust. Time had not yet moulded his body into any set form but he already looked like a full-grown man—a man with an ingenuous face and a hint of mischief about him. Watching those high-







样杀进他的腰去，好更显出他的铁扇面似的胸，与直硬的背；扭头看看自己的肩，多么宽，多么威严！杀好了腰，再穿上肥腿的白裤，裤脚用鸡肠子带儿系住，露出那对“出号”的大脚！是的，他无疑的可以成为最出色的车夫；傻子似的他自己笑了。

他没有什么模样，使他可爱的是脸上的精神。头不很大，圆眼，肉鼻子，两条眉很短很粗，头上永远剃得发亮。腮上没有多余的肉，脖子可是几乎与头一边儿粗；脸上永远红扑扑的，特别亮的是颧骨与右耳之间一块不小的疤——小时候在树下睡觉，被驴啃了一口。他不甚注意他的模样，他爱自己的脸正如同他爱自己的身体，都那么结实硬棒；他把脸仿佛算在四肢之内，只要硬棒就好。是的，到城里以后，他还能头朝下，倒着立半天。这样立着，他觉得，他就很像一棵树，上下没有一个地方不挺脱的。

他确乎有点像一棵树，坚壮，沉默，而又有生气。他有自己的打算，有些心眼，但不好向别人讲论。在洋车夫里，个人的委屈与困难是公众的话料，“车口儿”上，小茶馆中，大杂院里，每人报告着形容着或吵嚷着自己的事，而后这些事成为大家的财产，像民歌似的由一处传到一处。祥子是乡下人，口齿没有城里人那么灵便；设若口齿灵利是出于天才，他天生来的不愿多说话，所以也不愿学着城里人的贫嘴恶舌。他的事他知道，不喜欢和别人讨论。因为嘴常闲着，所以他有工夫去思想，他的眼仿佛是老看着自己的心。只要