

University Reader  
大学生读书计划



# 谌容小说选



## Selected Stories by Shen Rong

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Contemporary

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 当代文学系列

谌 容 著  
Shen Rong

中国文学出版社  
Chinese Literature 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。

## At Middle Age

Were the stars twinkling in the sky? Was a boat rocking on the sea? Lu Wenting, an ophthalmologist, lay on her back in hospital. Circles of light, bright or dim appeared before her eyes. She seemed to be lifted by a cloud, up and down, drifting about without any direction.

Was she dreaming or dying?

She remembered vaguely going to the operating theatre that morning, putting on her operating gown and walking over to the wash-basin. Ah, yes, Jiang Yafen, her good friend, had volunteered to be her assistant. Having got their visas, Jiang and her family were soon leaving for Canada. This was their last operation as colleagues.

Together they washed their hands. They had been medical students in the same college in the fifties and, after graduation, had been assigned to the same hospital. As friends and colleagues for more than twenty years, they found it hard to part. This was no mood for a doctor to be in prior to an operation. Lu remembered she had wanted to say something to ease their sadness. What had she said? She had turned to Jiang and inquired, "Have you booked your plane tickets, Yafen?"

What had been her reply? She had said nothing, but her

人到中年<sup>①</sup>

仿佛是星儿在太空中闪烁，仿佛是船儿在水面上摇荡。眼科大夫陆文婷仰卧在病床上，不知自己是在什么地方。她想喊，喊不出声来。她想看，什么也看不见。只觉得眼前有无数的光环，忽暗忽明，变幻无常。只觉得身子被一片浮云托起，时沉时浮，飘游不定。

这是在迷惘的梦中？还是在死亡的门前？

她记得，好像她刚来上班，刚进手术室，刚换上手术衣，刚走到洗手池边。对，她的好友姜亚芬是主动要求给她当助手的。姜亚芬的出国申请被批准了，他们一家就要去加拿大，这是姜亚芬跟自己一起做最后的一次手术了。

她们并肩站在一起洗手。这两个五十年代在医学院一起读书，六十年代初一起分配到这所大医院，同窗共事二十余载的好友即将天各一方，两人心情都很沉重。这种情绪在手术之前是不适宜的。她记得，自己曾想说些什么，调节一下这种离别前的惨淡的气氛。她说了些什么呢？对，她扭头问过：

“亚芬，飞机票订好了吗？”

姜亚芬说什么了？她好像什么也没有说，

①英文文有删节。

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eyes had gone red. Then after a long time Jiang asked, "You think you can manage three operations in one morning?"

Lu couldn't remember what she had answered. She had probably gone on scrubbing her nails in silence. The new brush hurt her fingertips. She looked at the soap bubbles on her hands and glanced at the clock on the wall, strictly following the rules, brushing her hands, wrists and arms three times, three minutes each. Ten minutes later she soaked her arms in a pail of antiseptic, 75 per cent alcohol. It was white—maybe yellowish. Even now her hands and arms were numb and burning. From the alcohol? No. It was unlikely. They had never hurt before. Why couldn't she lift them?

She remembered that at the start of the operation, when she had injected novocaine behind the patient's eyeball, Yafen had asked softly, "Has your daughter got ver her pneumonia?"

What was wrong with Jiang today? Didn't she know that when operating a surgeon should forget everything, including herself and her family, and concentrate on the patient? How could she inquire after Xiaojia at such a time? Perhaps, feeling miserable about leaving, she had forgotten that she was assisting at an operation.

A bit annoyed, Lu retorted, "I'm only thinking about this eye now."

She lowered her head and cut with a pair of curved scis-

只是眼圈儿红了。

停了好久，姜亚芬才问了一句：

“文婷，你一上午做三个手术，行吗？”

她回答了吗？不记得了，好像是没有回答，只是一遍一遍地用刷子刷手。那小刷子好像是新换上的，一根根的鬃毛尖尖的，刺得手指尖好疼啊！她只看见手上白白的肥皂泡，只注视着墙上的挂钟，严格地按照规定，刷手、刷腕、刷臂，一次三分钟。她刷完三次，十分钟过去，她把双臂浸泡在消毒酒精水桶里。那酒精含量75%的消毒水好像是白色的，又好像是黄色的，直到现在，她的手和臂都发麻，火辣辣的。这是酒精的刺激吗？好像不是的。从二十年前实习时第一次上手术台到如今，她的手和臂几乎已经被酒精泡得发白，并没有感到什么刺痛呀？为什么现在这手好像抬也抬不起来了？

她记得，已经上了手术台，已经给病人的眼球后注射了奴佛卡因，手术就要开始了，这时，姜亚芬却悄悄问了一句话：

“文婷，你小孩的肺炎好了吗？”

啊！亚芬今天是怎么啦？难道她不知道一个眼科大夫上了手术台，就应该摒弃一切杂念，全神贯注于病人的眼睛，忘掉一切，包括自己，也包括自己的爱人、孩子和家庭。怎么能在这时候探问小佳佳的病呢？或许，亚芬正为她将去到异国而不安，竟至忘掉了她正在协助手术？

陆文婷几乎有些生气了；只答了一句：

“现在我除了这只眼睛，什么也不想。”

于是，她低下头去，用弯剪刀剪开了病眼

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sors.

One operation after another. Why three in one morning? She had had to remove Vice-minister Jiao's cataract, transplant a cornea on Uncle Zhang's eye and correct Wang Xiaoman's squint. Starting at eight o'clock, she had sat on the high operating stool for four and a half hours, concentrating under a lamp. She had cut and stitched again and again. When she had finished the last one and put a piece of gauze on the patient's eye, she was stiff and her legs wouldn't move.

Having changed her clothes, Jiang called to her from the door, "Let's go, Wenting."

"You go first." She stayed where she was.

"I'll wait for you. It's my last time here." Jiang's eyes were watery. Was she crying? Why?

"Go on home and do your packing. Your husband must be waiting for you."

"He's already packed our things." Looking up, Jiang called, "What's wrong with your legs?"

"I've been sitting so long, they've gone to sleep! They'll be OK in a minute. I'll come to see you this evening."

"All right. See you then."

After Jiang had left, Lu moved back to the wall of white tiles, supporting herself with her hands against it for a long time before going to the changing-room.

She remembered putting on her grey jacket, leaving the hospital and reaching the lane leading to her home. All of a

的球结膜,手术就进行下去了。

啊!手术,手术,一个接着一个,这天上午怎么安排了三个手术呢?焦副部长的白内障摘除;王小嫚的斜视矫正;张老汉的角膜移植。从八点到十二点半,整整四个半小时,她坐在高高的手术凳上,俯身在明亮的灯下,聚精会神地操作。剪开,缝合;再剪开,再缝合。当她缝完最后一针,给病人眼睛上盖上纱布时,她站起身来,腿僵了,腰硬了,迈不开步了。

姜亚芬换好了衣服,站在门边叫她:

“文婷,走啊!”

“你先走吧!”陆文婷站住不动说。

“我等你。今天是我最后一次到医院来了。”

说着,姜亚芬的眼圈儿又红了。她那对漂亮的大眼睛水汪汪的,她是在哭吗?她为什么难过?

“你快回家收拾东西吧,刘大夫一定等你呢!”

“他都弄好了。”姜亚芬抬起头来,忽然叫道:“你,你的腿怎么啦?”

“坐久了,有点麻,一会儿就好了。晚上我去看你。”

“那,我先走了。”

姜亚芬走了,陆文婷退身到墙边,用手扶着白色瓷砖镶嵌的冰冷的墙壁,站了好一阵,才一步一步走到更衣室。

她记得,她是换了衣服的,是那片灰色的布上衣。她记得她走出医院的大门,几乎已经走进了那条小胡同,已经望见了家门口。可是

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sudden she was exhausted, more tired than she had ever felt before. The lane became long and hazy, her home seemed far away. She felt she would never get there.

She became faint. She couldn't open her eyes, her lips felt dry and stiff. She was thirsty, very thirsty. Where could she get some water?

Her parched lips trembled.

## 2

"Look, Dr Sun, she's come to!" Jiang cried softly. She had been sitting beside Lu all the time.

Sun Yimin, head of the Ophthalmology Department, was reading Lu's case-history and was shocked by the diagnosis of myocardial infarction. Very worried, the greying man shook his head and pushed back his black-rimmed spectacles, recalling that Lu was not the first doctor aged about forty in his department who had fallen ill with heart disease. She had been a healthy woman of forty-two. This attack was too sudden and serious.

Sun turned his tall, stooping frame to look down at Lu's pale face. She was breathing weakly, her eyes closed, her dry lips trembling slightly.

"Dr Lu," Sun called softly.

She didn't move, her thin, puffy face expressionless.

"Wenting," Jiang urged.



忽然，她觉得疲劳，一种从来没有感到过的极度的疲劳。这疲劳从头到脚震动着她，眼前的路变得模糊了，小胡同忽然变长了，家门口忽然变远了，她觉得永远也走不到了。

手软了，腿软了，整个身子好像都不是自己的了。眼睛累了，睁不开了。嘴唇干了，动不了了。渴啊，渴啊，到哪里去找一点水喝？

她那干枯的嘴唇颤动了一下。

## 二

“孙主任，你看，陆大夫说话了！”一直守在病床边的姜亚芬轻声叫了起来。

眼科主任孙逸民正在翻阅陆文婷的病历，“心肌梗塞”四个字把他吓住了。他显得心事重重，摇了摇头，推了推架在高鼻梁上的黑边眼镜，不由联想到在他这个科里，四十岁左右的大夫患冠心病的已经不是一个了。陆文婷大夫才四十二岁，自称没病没灾，从来没有听说过她心脏不好，怎么突然心肌梗塞？这多么出人意料，又是多么可怕啊！

听到姜亚芬的喊声，孙主任转过高大的，有些驼背的身躯，俯视着面色苍白的陆文婷大夫，只见她双目紧闭，鼻息微弱，干裂的唇动了一下，闭上了，又颤动了一下。

“陆大夫！”孙逸民轻轻地喊了一声。

陆文婷又一动不动了。她那瘦削的浮肿的脸上没有一点反应。

“陆大夫！文婷！”姜亚芬低声唤着。

陆文婷依旧没有反应。

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