

叶紫小说选



Selected Stories by Ye Zi

English-Chinese · Gems of Chinese Literature · Modern 英汉对照 · 中国文学宝库。现代文学系列

叶紫著 Ye Zi

·大学生读书计划· University Reader

英汉对照·中国文学宝库·现代文学系列 English-Chinese*Gems of Chinese Literature*Modern

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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的大学生,这种"文弃"现象的流行,势必导致一场和发力,为一场大学生,这种"文东"现象的流行,势必导致一场大学生,这种"文东"现象的流行,势必导致一场不大,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,以上提醒绝非危言聋听。

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,干创造物质的同 时还进一步丰富和完善着精神;无怪平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。

Harvest

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It was nearly Qing Ming Festival. The rain had been coming down for days, and the sky remained overcast without the slightest sign of clearing up.

Uncle Yunpu, still in the shabby padded gown that had seen him through the winter, sat near the entrance of the Cao Ancestral Temple. He was shaking with a slight tremor, as if his body found it hard to withstand the chill that was penetrating to his bones. Looking up to survey the sky, he muttered incoherently under his breath and looked down again.

"Oh, Heaven! Is it going to be like last year?" he whispered.

Then turning towards his wife who was sitting at the foot of the stage in front of the temple, he said hesitatingly: "Ma, they say after the first thunder shower in spring you should be able to take off your padded clothes. Now it's nearly Qing Ming and it's still too cold to go without them. Could it be that this year will be like last?"

She made no reply. She was busy nursing little Sixi at her breast.

The weather was really dreadful enough to worry anyone to

丰 收

时间是快要到清明节了。天,下着雨,阴沉 沉的没有一点晴和的征兆。

云普叔坐在"曹氏家祠"的大门口,还穿着过冬天的那件破旧棉袍;身子微微颤动,像是耐不住这袭人的寒气。他抬头望了一望天,嘴边不知道念了几句什么话,又低了下去。胡须上倒悬着一线一线的涎沫,迎风飘动,刚刚用手抹去,随即又流出了几线来。

"难道再要和去年一样吗?我的天哪!"

他低声地说了这么一句,便回头反望着坐 在戏台下的妻子,很迟疑地说着:

"秋儿的娘呀!'惊蛰一过,棉裤脱落!'现在快清明了,还脱不下袍儿。这,莫非是又要和去年一样吗?"

云普婶没有回答,在忙着给怀中的四喜儿 喂奶。

天气也真太使人着急了,立春后一连下了

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death. The rain had been pattering for more than a month, ever since the lunar calendar marked the beginning of spring. People felt terribly afraid. In the past, it had always been like this: a bitter cold spell around the beginning of spring meant that it would certainly be a flood year again.

"Heaven above, if it's going to be the same..." Uncle Yunpu once more gazed up at the sky, while with one hand he kept tapping his pipe on the stone steps.

"It couldn't be!" said Mrs. Yunpu after a pause, in a rather offhand manner, her face still turned towards the child in her arms.

"Why couldn't it be? Didn't we have a cold spell like this at the beginning of spring in 1924 and 1926? Besides, this year Heaven is going to make people really suffer."

Uncle Yunpu was irritated by his wife's casual answer. He felt as if this year's fate was already sealed. Had not the oracle in the Guan Di ^① Temple stated clearly that it was going to be a bad year and that death would take a toll of 60 to 70 per cent of the population?

Memories of past suffering, deeply engraved in the mind of Uncle Yunpu, inspired these fears. He remembered the year 1924 when he had just managed to scrape together one meal a day composed of yams and weeds which he had gathered here and there. The year after was slightly better, but the following year they were

① Guan Di, or Emperor Guan, was regarded by the peasants in some parts of China as the ruler in Heaven. Originally called Guan Yu, he was a famous general during the period of the Three Kingdoms in the third century.

三十多天雨没有停住过,人们都感受着深沉的恐怖。往常都是这样:春分奇冷,一定又是一个大水年岁。

"天啦!要又是一样,……"

云普叔又掉头望着天,将手中的一根旱烟 管,不住地在石阶级上磕动。

"该不会吧!"

云普婶歇了半天功夫,随便地说着,脸还是朝着怀中的孩子。

"怎么不会呢?春分过了,还有这样的寒冷! 庚午年,甲子年,丙寅年的春天,不都是有这样冷吗?况且,今年的天老爷是要大收人的!"

云普叔反对妻子的那种随便的答复,好像 今年的命运,已经早在这儿卜定了一般。关帝 爷爷的灵签上曾明白地说过了:今年的人,一定 是要死去六七成的!

烙印在云普叔脑筋中的许多痛苦的印象, 凑成了那些恐怖的因子。他记得:甲子年他吃 过野菜抖山芋,一天只能捞到一顿。乙丑年刚 刚好一点,丙寅年又喊吃树根。庚午辛未年他

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again reduced to tree bark and roots. As for previous famine years, they had occurred when he was still very young, so the suffering did not seem quite so bad. But last year — Heavens! It was something Uncle Yunpu dared not even think about.

The year before, there had been eight mouths to feed in his household; this year there were only six left. Besides Yunpu and his wife, there was their eldest son, twenty-year-old Liqiu, who was his father's right-hand man. The second son, Shaopu, was fourteen. He too had started to help with work in the fields. Ying-ying, the ten-year-old daughter, helped her mother make rain hats, and the youngest was Sixi, the baby, who was still being breast-fed. Yunpu's father and the six-year-old child, Tiger, had died the September before from eating Mercy Powder. ①

What a jolly family he had, and not a single member who ate without working for it! Who would say Uncle Yunpu wasn't destined to become rich? Yes, Uncle Yunpu was meant to spend a comfortable and prosperous old age. It was only tough luck that had brought a succession of wars, droughts and floods, year after year, crushing him so that he could hardly raise his head.

The year before, that dreadful year before, had been worse than a nightmare. Because of wars and natural calamities, he had been compelled, in desperation, to rent seven mu of Mr. He's land in the hope that his fortune might take a turn for the better. After all,

① Fine white clay, believed to be edible and sent by Guanyin, the Goddess of Mercy.

还年少,好像并不十分痛苦。只有去年,我的天 呀!云普叔简直是不能作想啊!

去年,云普叔一家有八口人吃茶饭,今年就只剩了六个:除了云普婶外,大儿子立秋二十岁,这是云普叔的左右手!二儿子少普十四岁,也已经开始在田里和云普叔帮忙。女儿英英十岁,她能跟着妈妈打斗笠。最小的一个便是四喜儿,还在吃奶。云普爷爷和一个六岁的虎儿,是去年八月吃观音粉① 吃死的。

这样一个热闹的家庭中,吃呆饭的人一个也没有,谁不说云普叔会发财呢?是的,云普叔原是应该发财的人,就因为运气太不好了,连年的兵灾水旱,才把他压得抬不起头来。不然,他也不会那么示弱于人哩!

去年,这可怕的去年啦! 云普叔自己也如同过着梦境一样。为了连年的兵灾水旱,他不得不拚命地加种了何八爷七亩田,希图有个转

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① 观音粉:一种白色的细泥土。——原注。

there were many hands in his family; each extra mu of land cultivated would mean just so much more at harvest time. He had hoped that after deducting the rent to be paid to He there would be some grain left for themselves. If they could have managed to get enough to eat for a year or so, there is no question but that they would have become prosperous, Yunpu had made up his mind to sell his entire property, which consisted of the little hut they lived in, and become a tenant of Mr. He's.

He had moved his whole family into the ancestral temple in March and had become caretaker of the ancestral tablets, for which duty he was given a string of money at the oblation in spring and autumn. Mr. He had taken over his hut and had allowed him to cultivate his seven mu of land at the customary rate of 70 per cent of the harvest. Had Yunpu actually been able to keep the 30 per cent of the harvest in his own hands, he would have considered himself quite lucky.

At first, Yunpu had really felt extremely happy. He and his sons had laboured unstintingly, and he felt doubly reassured by the fact that the crops were growing well and the rain was just right. If he was careful in his cultivation and they managed a good harvest, everything would be all right, he had thought.

Pretty soon the seedlings took root and started to bud. Quickly, ears of grain appeared; with a few more days of mild south wind he could count on the appearance of a golden field of rice. Yunpu had been filled with joy. Was this not ample reward for his unceasing hard labour?

He had felt like jumping up and down for joy. But it happened

运。自己家里有人手,多种一亩田,就多一亩田的好处;除纳去何八爷的租谷以外,多少总还有几粒好捞的。能吃一两年饱饭,还怕弄不发财吗?主意打定后,云普叔就卖掉了自己仅有的一所屋子,来租何八爷的田种。

二月里,云普叔全家搬进到这祠堂里来了, 替祖宗打扫灵牌,春秋二祭还有一串钱的赏格。 自家的屋子,也是由何八爷承受的。七亩田的 租谷仍照旧规,三七开,云普叔能有三成好到 手,便算很不错的。

起先,真使云普叔欢喜。虽然和儿子费了 很多力气,然而禾苗很好,雨水也极调和,只要 照拂得法,收获下来,便什么都不成问题了。

看看地,禾苗都发了根,涨了苞,很快地便标线①了,再刮二三日老南风,就可以看到黄金色的谷子摆在眼前。云普叔真是喜欢啊!这不是他日夜辛劳的代价吗?

他几乎欢喜得发跳起来,就在他将要发跳

① 标线:即稻的穗子从禾苞中长出来。 ----原注。 英汉对照
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