

University Reader
大学生读书计划



张承志小说选



Selected Stories by Zhang Chengzhi

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Contemporary

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 当代文学系列

张承志 著
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中国文学出版社
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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,就应有一份责任感与使命感,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。

Green Night

After he had finally climbed up the small hill, he raised his head, drew a deep breath and gazed into the distance.

The dazzling and rich green, boundless in all directions, seemed to fill the space between sky and earth. He sensed in it a bitterness, an intimacy and an elusive melancholy. It also brought to mind myriads of recollections. His thoughts fluttered like a soundless, sentimental melody above the immeasurable expanse of grass, his body and soul transparent and tranquil.

Little Oyuna had been only eight years old then. She had sat astride the horse, her hands holding the saddle tightly. She fixed her gaze on him with pursed lips before she broke into loud crying. He had put her on the horse to divert the sorrow of their parting. Huge masses of white clouds surged from the light-blue horizon, lining up like a long formation against the azure sky. And Oyuna, this little girl of eight, what did she have on her mind? How could the light-blue line between the sky and earth produce such endless clusters of white clouds?

What a fresh feeling — giving free rein to thoughts without

绿 夜

他终于登上了那座小山。他抬起头来,深深地吸了一口气,向远方望去。

明亮而浓郁的绿色令人目眩。左右前后,天地之间都是这绿的流动。它饱含着苦涩、亲切和捉摸不定的一股忧郁。这漫无际涯的绿色,一直远伸到天边淡蓝的地平线,从那儿静静地等着他、望着他,一点点地在他心里勾起滋味万千的回忆。

在这一望无际的绿色上方,只有他的思绪在无声地盘旋轻飞,像是那绿中充盈的情调的旋律。他感到身心都透明般地宁静。

小奥云娜那时才八岁。她骑在马上,抓着鞍桥不肯松手。她紧闭着小嘴,牢牢地盯着他。后来她哇地嚎啕起来。本来把她抱上马背不过是为了冲淡分别的感伤。淡蓝的地平线上涌来了浩荡的白云,蓝空上排着云朵的长阵。奥云娜,这八岁小女孩的心理是怎样的呢?那天地间的一抹浅蓝中,又为什么能绵绵不尽地涌流出白白的云朵呢?

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looking for an answer. The ocean-like emerald had filtered away the noisy, disorderly and boring yesterday. And now, here on the hilltop he could remain alone for awhile recalling the past without being disturbed. For eight full years he never again found such a serene moment. Perhaps there had not been an appropriate time or environment, though in the hustle and bustle he had often told himself: Hey, you should stop awhile to meditate carefully. Maybe, sooner or later in his life, he would be entitled to a little time for such placid, uninterrupted contemplation.

Eight years had elapsed. It was eight years before that he set out from the slope of this small hill and headed for the clamorous, bustling city along this same road with three wheel tracks. At first he often recalled Oyuna's sweet dimples and intelligent big eyes, resembling those of a baby camel. He had even published a short poem about the little girl, in which he compared her to a "joyous stream." But, oh, life — carrying coal and storing cabbages in winter, swarms of mosquitoes and flies droning in summer, machines roaring day and night in the factory beside his simple flat, the long queue before a beancurd shop. . . . Such worldly occupations and discomforts had submerged his poem. Deep in the night he had infrequently glimpsed the flash of a star with his mind's eye, but he never recaptured the twinkling that had shaken his heart to the core.

He had left the past behind a long time ago. But now, the boundless green grassland, the winding wheel tracks and the

这是多么新鲜的感觉呵：可以自由地遐想，但用不着真的去寻找答案。大海般的绿色滤去了嘈杂、拥挤、热腻的昨天。此刻，在这儿，可以独自站一会儿，静静地想想过去。整整八年，他总是难得有机会这样站一会儿。也许是没有适当的时间和环境。可是在那匆忙的奔波中，他又确实常有过这样的念头：喂，该停下来，该仔细想想。也许，在人的一生中，需要留一些时间给这种独自一人的、平和的、不受干扰的思索。

八年了。八年前，他就是从这个小山坡前，顺着这条三股车辙印的道路走向那喧嚣着的、熙来攘往的都市的。最初他常常回忆。他想起过小奥云娜羔般聪慧的大眼睛和甜甜的酒涡。他甚至曾经发表过一首关于小奥云娜的小诗。在那首儿歌般的小诗里，他把小奥云娜称为一条“欢快的小河”。可是，哦，生活——冬天运蜂窝煤、储存大白菜，夏天嗡嗡而来的成团蚊蝇，简易楼下日夜轰鸣的加工厂，买豆腐时排的长队……淹没了诗。在深夜里，有时心里也曾闪过一眨星光，但他已经很难捕捉住那曾使他的心颤抖的一瞬。

而这一切都已离他远去。这茫无涯际的青青的原野，这弯曲的三股车辙印，这低缓的小山坡，正把他带回到昔日。在这儿他曾被晒成

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gentle slope, were slowly taking him back in time. Here, he had been burned dark red by the sun, he had come to fierce blows with people, and he had learned the difficulties and pride of manual labour. He fixed his gaze on the limitless green. White clouds, like large boats, sailed away noiselessly in the azure sky. When the indigo shadow cast by the clouds disappeared, the three wheel tracks appeared bright and clear under the rays of the sun. This road led to his youth long gone. He seemed to hear a call from far away, and his eyes moistened as he murmured, "Oh, grassland."

This was the Xilin Gol grassland, consisting of such famous pastures as Left and Right Sunid, East and West Ujimqin, Abag and Abagnar. Now that he had finally returned, he felt an urge to open the door to his heart that had remained too long shut. His cousin had said, "May you sit steady on the gaunt back of Rocinante." Why? Because Don Quixote set out on that horse to begin his crusade against his imagined enemies, whereas he had packed his travel bag to look for his imagined pure land. He had simply cast a glance in silence at his cousin instead of disclosing his heart to him. They belonged to different generations, though he was only ten years senior. He could not bear to tell his cousin the story about little Oyuna, who was so sacred to him, for his cousin would very likely laugh in his face! Perhaps what happened eight years ago had dispersed like the clouds. But Oyuna's smile had stayed with him, the only gift left by time and life. It was also the only thing he possessed that helped

黑红色。在这儿他曾恶煞般和人打架。在这儿他第一次懂得了劳动的艰难和自豪。他凝望着这无边的绿色。蓝空中巨大的白船般的云朵无声地驶去了，深黛的云影移开后，那三股车道在阳光的直射下显得明亮而线条清晰。那里通向他逝去的青春。他已经听见一声遥远的呼唤。他的眼睛湿润了。“哦，草原。”他轻声说。

这里是锡林高勒。是由左右苏尼特、东西乌珠穆沁、阿巴嘎和阿巴哈纳尔等响亮的地名组成的锡林高勒草原。他终于回到了这里。他觉得自己就要打开紧闭着的、心上的门。表弟说过：“祝你在洛西南特的瘦背上骑得稳。”为什么呢？“因为堂·吉珂德为寻找假想的敌人踏上征途，而你为寻找想象的净土而提起旅行袋。”他默默地看了表弟一眼。应当对属于不同世代的人闭紧心扉。他和他仅差十岁，但属于两代人。他怎么能把小奥云娜的事告诉他，再被他恣意挖苦嘲弄一番呢！不，小奥云娜是不能玷污的……也许，八年前的一切都已烟消云散，但岁月、生活和动荡的历史留给他的唯一礼物，就是小奥云娜的笑脸。他比表弟仅仅多这么一点财富。当然，表弟是不会承认这种结

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him keep his dignity in front of his cousin, who would, of course, disagree with this. But then, he knew, he could find acknowledgement, sympathy, patience and condolence in the Xilin Gol grassland.

He strode along the three wheel tracks, his feet brushing aside the tips of grass and his exposed chest embracing the sweeping grassland wind. He was so impatient to see the lovely girl with sweet dimples.

When he passed commune^① office a little while earlier, he had run into Kua Yisi, a native of Henan Province. From the crowd coming down to the long corridor of the first floor, Kua had accosted him, "Hey, brother. Come to collect folk songs? How much do you plan to reap this time? You should write a novel, making two or three thousand yuan. The last piece was worthless — how could you write about a little girl!" "Don't think everybody is like you," he had retorted, "only interested in money. . . ." But Kua Yisi would not give in, "How about you? For just the few lines about that maiden you earned ten yuan! Would you have accepted one cent less?" The people nearby, who were leaving for home, roared with laughter. Their footsteps and cackling echoed in the dimly lit corridor. Speechless, he left the office building lonely and miserable. Why was there no communication between him and the others? Why were Kua Yisi and his cousin more popular? Did people detest the use of decent language to express sincerity,

①Commune, or People's Commune, an administrative unit consisting of several production brigades in some rural areas then.

论的。承认他、同意他、等待和安慰他的，是这锡林高勒大草原。

他等不及捎口信给毡包。他一到公社，就大步踏上了这条三马车道。他解开衣服，草原的长风直入胸怀。草梢在脚下唰唰地分开。他渴望看到那可爱的小姑娘。他的眼前已经清晰地现出了一对甜甜的酒窝。

“老弟，这回采风，时机难得。怎么样？计划捞多少？”人流正匆匆地涌向办公楼底层那长长的楼道。河南口音的侂乙已追着他问个不休。“这回弄个长篇小说，抓它个两三千！上回那不中——咋写个小妮儿！”脚步嚓嚓，人流匆匆。“你别以为人人都和你一样，光想捞钱……”“咋？”侂乙已恨恨地嚷起来，“你咋着了！你崇高多少？你编小妮儿那几句词，还不是落了十块！少一分你能行？”一阵哄笑。原来下班的人都在满有滋味地听着。他们赞成侂乙己。楼道光线很暗。脚步声、谈笑声在墙壁上击出回音。他默默走着。孤独使人痛苦。缺乏沟通彼此的语言使人孤独。人们为什么更欣赏侂乙己的或表弟的语言呢？难道大家都讨厌用真诚的，亲切的，尊重别人感情，也使自己更纯净的语言交谈么？

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