

University Reader  
大学生读书计划



# 陆文夫小说选



Selected Stories by Lu Wenfu

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Contemporary

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 当代文学系列

陆文夫 著  
Lu Wenfu

中国文学出版社  
Chinese Literature Press

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总编辑 杨宪益 戴乃迭

总策划 野 莽 蔡剑峰

编委会(以姓氏笔划为序)

吕 华

李朋义

赵文炎

凌 原

野 莽

蔡剑峰

## 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。

## The Man from a Pedlars' Family

To speak of pedlars and well-born families in the same breath is a little unusual. Perhaps we're being a little too literal here. Let's just say that there is a certain Zhu Yuanda whose family from generation to generation has been engaged in peddling. During which dynasty did his family begin to peddle? It has never been ascertained. What things did they peddle? This too can't be said for certain. All I remember is that, thirty-two years ago, the day after I moved to this lane, just after dusk, I heard the sound of a bamboo clapper approaching from a distance. The rhythm was very marked. "Duo duo duo, duo duo, di di di duo, duo duo, di di duo." Although there were only two notes, there were many variations in modulation and in the strength of the tapping. Under the cover of night it seemed as though someone were calling or relating something.

I opened the long window facing the street, and looking down I spotted a light at the end of the alley. The light wavered on the white chalk walls, whizzing along like a spirit on night patrol. Gradually it became more distinct. It was a brightly lacquered *wonton* carrying pole. Steam was rising above the pole, while sticks of firewood burned in a stove. The pole carrier was Zhu Yuanda. At that time he

## 小贩世家

小贩而称世家，有点不伦不类；此地只能望文生义，说是有个叫朱源达的人，他家世代是做小贩的。

朱源达家从哪朝哪代便开始做小贩？没有考证过；都是贩卖的哪种货品？也难一一说清楚。只记得三十二年前，我到这条巷子里来定居时，头一天黄昏以后，便听见远处传来一阵阵敲竹梆子的声音，那声音很有节奏：笃笃笃、笃笃、的的的笃；的的的、笃笃、的的笃。虽然只有两个音符，可那轻重疾缓、抑扬顿挫的变化很多，在夜暗的笼罩之中，总觉得是在呼唤着、叙说着什么。

我推开临街的长窗往下看，见巷子的尽头有一团亮光，光晕映在两壁的白色墙上，嗖嗖地向前，好像夜神在巡游。渐渐地清楚了，原来是一副油漆亮堂的馄饨担子，担子上冒着水汽，红泥锅腔里燃烧着柴禾。那挑担子的便是朱源达，当年十七、八岁，高而精瘦。担子的旁

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was perhaps seventeen or eighteen, tall and thin. Beside him shuffled an old grey-haired fellow — his father. His carrying days were over. He'd very recently passed the carrying on to his son. Now he went on ahead striking the bamboo clapper, leading his son along the bumpy road he'd followed in his life that had enabled him to sell enough *wonton*.

In those days I was out of work. I relied entirely on helping several overworked Chinese language teachers, correcting students' composition exercise notebooks, getting a share of "classroom chalk dust" so as to make ends meet. This was not easy work and every night I was burning the midnight oil!

The "di di, duo duo" sound of that clapper passed nightly beneath my window. It would always depart at dusk and eventually return, most often just as the Beijing opera goers were leaving the theatre.

Whoever works through the long winter nights dressed only in a thin shirt becomes frozen stiff with only his shrunken heart continuing to beat. Inside the room there is no stove, while outside the north wind cuts through the window lattice like a sharp knife. The swirling night rain is turned into ice crystals which dance on the roof tiles. After midnight the whole world becomes an icehouse. At that hour, a steaming hot bowl of *wonton* dumplings for five *fen* with which you can have extra helpings of soup and hot sauce is a powerful temptation and a delightful pleasure!

Almost from the first day I became Zhu Yuanda's main

边走着一个头发斑白，步履蹒跚的老头，那是朱源达的父亲。他再也挑不动了，正在把担子向儿子交付，敲着竹梆子走在前面，向儿子指明他一生所走过的、能够卖掉馄饨而又坎坷不平的小路。

那时候我没有职业，全靠帮几个兼课太多的国文教员批改学生的作文簿，分一点粉笔灰下的余尘，对付着生活。这活儿不好干啊，夜夜熬着灯火！

那的的笃笃的竹梆子声，夜夜从我的窗下经过，出去总在黄昏，回来得却有早有迟，通常都在京戏散场之后。

如果有谁熬过冬天的长夜，身上衣衫单薄，室内没有火炉，那窗外朔风像尖刀似地刺透窗棂，那飘洒的夜雨变成了在瓦垄上跳动的雪珠；十二点钟以后，世界成了一座冰窟，人冻僵了，只有那紧缩着的心在一阵阵地颤抖。这时候，五分钱一碗的小馄饨，热气腾腾，可以添汤，可以加辣，那是多么巨大的引诱，多么美好的享受！

几乎是从头一天开始，我便成了朱源达的

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customer. Later it became my habit that at the last sound of the Beijing opera gong, I would lift my eyes from the students' exercise books and wait to hear the warming sound of the clapper.

Zhu Yuanda's clapping was better than his father's. It was livelier and seemed at once both joyful and mischievous. Before long the clapper would be sounding beneath my window. "Eat, eat, come quickly and eat," it seemed to be calling. If I was a little slow, Zhu Yuanda would put down his pole and call up to me,

"Mr Gao, come down and warm yourself."

I would hurry downstairs to stand by his carrying pole, watching him fan the fire in the small oven and put the *wonton* in the pot while I listened to Zhu talk of the evening's business. He was very talkative; the words would flow in a stream, so that while you waited for your *wonton* you didn't feel the least lonely or anxious.

"Tonight's business was very good," he would invariably begin, as though sales never went poorly. "When the opera ended at least twenty people gathered around my carrying pole. And would you believe it, there wasn't enough meat stuffing. I'm not kidding you. The last few bowls had dumplings which were only half-stuffed. . . . Oh! Yours I set aside specially. They're stuffed with meat." He used a brass spoon to stir the *wonton* in the pot so as to prove this to me. "See, each one is bulging with meat."

I laughed as I said, "I don't care whether they're stuffed

主顾。后来成了习惯，每当京戏馆的锣鼓停歇以后，我便不时地把视线离开作文簿，侧起头来，等待着那使人感到温暖的梆子声。

朱源达敲过来了，敲得比他父亲好，有一种跳跃的感觉，显得顽皮而欢乐。快到我的窗下时，那竹梆子简直是在喊话：“吃、吃，快点儿吃；快点儿快点儿、吃吃吃！”如果我的动作迟了一点，朱源达便歇下担子叫唤：

“高先生，下来暖和暖和。”

我慌忙下楼，站在朱源达的担子旁边，看着他投下馄饨，扇旺泥炉，听着他叙述这一晚做生意的经过。他的话很多，东搭西搭，一大连串，使你在等吃馄饨的时候不感到焦急，不感到寂寞。

“今晚生意很好。”他总是这样开头，好像他的生意从来就没有坏过：“散戏馆的辰光，起码有二十个人围着我的担子转。急死人啦，肉馅儿不够！不瞒你说，那最后的几碗馄饨，肉馅只有一半……呃，你这一碗是特意留着的，肉包得很多。”他用铜勺搅动着锅里的馄饨，向我证明：“你看，一个个都是胖鼓鼓的。”

我笑着说：“不管你肉多肉少，我只要多加辣椒！”

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or not, you must add a few more hot peppers!"

Zhu Yuanda didn't miss his chance to add, "It's so cold. Would you like another bowl?"

"Okay. But you're sold out of meat stuffing."

Zhu laughed heartily, his eyes winking slyly. "It would be throwing away your capital if you were to sell *wonton*! When you're doing business, you've got to say that there's a limited supply of your product. Then people will snap it up. If you tell them that there's no meat filling left, then the customers will want even the pastry sheets!" Saying this he withdrew from a little cupboard an earthenware bowl of meat which he thrust before me. "See if this isn't enough for you!" He laughed, thoroughly pleased with himself.

I began to laugh myself. It was just like watching a magician gaily and deliberately giving away the tricks of his trade.

At that time I didn't think that Zhu Yuanda was doing anything dishonest or that he was putting his profits ahead of everything else. I felt that the reason I wanted to correct more exercise books and he wanted to sell more *wonton* was that our lives were so difficult. Every night he brought me a little warmth. If I was able to buy for his sake one more bowl of *wonton* we would be helping each other out like two fish in a drying pond trying to spew foam on one another.

After Liberation I got a job as a cadre in an educational department. Although I was still busy, I didn't have to stay up half the night. Although my salary wasn't much, I felt it



朱源达顺水推舟：“天冷啊！要不要再来一碗？”

“好的，可你的肉馅儿已经卖完。”

朱源达爽朗地笑起来，狡黠地眨眨眼睛：“高先生，要是让你来卖小馄饨，准定是蚀光老本！做买卖的只能说货色不够卖，人家就买得快；你说肉馅没有了，他连馄饨皮子都要的！”说着便从小碗橱里拿出肉钵，向我的面前一伸：“看，还不够你吃的！”他咯咯地笑着，十分得意。

我也笑起来了，好像看见变戏法的人很幽默地把自己的骗术故意说破。

那时候我不觉得朱源达有什么奸诈欺骗，唯利是图。我觉得他想多卖几碗小馄饨，就等于我想多改几本作文簿，都是为了那艰难的生活。他夜夜为我送来温暖，我能够多买他一碗，简直是涸辙之鱼相濡以沫。

解放以后我有了职业，在教育部门当了干部。虽说工作也忙，却用不着夜夜去熬灯火；虽

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