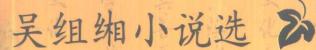
University Reader 大学生读书计划





Selected Stories by Wu Zuxiang

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

> 吴组缃 著 Wu Zuxiang

中国文学出版社 **Chinese Literature Press** 外语教学与研究出版社 **Foreign Language Teaching and Research 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,放弃曾人文知识的训练。有统计表明,某理工院校57%的同学不完生,说话像大学生,作文像中学生,写字像小学生"的幽默。还有一说话像大学生,作文像中学生,写字像小学生"的幽默。还有一般过样的对联,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,势必导致一场和量的大学生,这种"文弃"现象的流行,势必导致一场新文化运动,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。

Green Bamboo Hermitage

Ah Yuan and I arrived home on the tenth day of the fifth month of the Chinese lunar calendar. It was the trying damp season in our province, scorching sun alternating with relentless rain, an ordeal unimaginable for those who have never gone through it. Mother told us that Second Aunt had inquired about our return and sent a verbal message saying, "I am so ill-fated that even my nephew and his bride neglect me." This meant she would like us to visit her and stay for some time.

I had been to Second Aunt's home only once in my childhood. That was more than ten years ago before I left home to live in another world of electric lamps, cinemas, books in stiff foreign-style covers and asphalt roads. My old home had seemed a legendary place in my recollection, and my impression of Second Aunt's home was even more hazy, like a wisp of cloud or a streak of pale smoke. Her large, sombre house with three courtyards, the study littered with moth-eaten, mildewed old books and the pond, bamboos and plants in the garden were all as unsubstantial as a dream in my memory.

The tale of Second Aunt's past seemed to have been taken out of a storyteller's script. Of course I never saw her in the prime of her beauty. But what I saw of her later in her life — the way she carried herself, her tall slender figure, the pallor of her comely face,

菉竹山房

阴历五月初十和阿圆到家,正是家乡所谓"火梅"天气:太阳和淫雨交替迫人,那苦况非身受的不能想象。母亲说,前些日子二姑姑托人传了口信来,问我们到家没有;说"我做姑姑的命不好,连侄儿侄媳也冷淡我。"意思之间,是要我和阿圆到她老人家村上去住些时候。

二姑姑家我只于年小时去过一次,至今十多年了。我连年羁留外乡,过的是电灯电影洋装书籍柏油马路的另一世界的生活。每当想起家乡,就如记忆一个年远的传说一样。我脑中的二姑姑家,到现在更是模糊得如云如烟。那座阴森敞大的三进大屋,那间摊乱着雨蚀虫蛀的古书的学房,以及后园中的池塘竹木,想起来都如依稀的梦境。

二姑姑的故事好似一个旧传奇的仿本。她 的红颜时代我自然没有见过,但从后来我所见 到的她的风度上看来:修长的身材,清癯白皙的

her narrow sorrowful eyes and reticent melancholy — all fitted in perfectly with the sad story of her past.

We need not go into the details of her story now. As a matter of fact, my knowledge was fairly limited, for all my elders had always avoided the subject. The little I did know was gleaned from hints they let fall in casual conversation through long months and years.

It seemed many years ago there was a clever young boy studying under my grand-uncle. He was the sole heir of a man who was an only child himself. Because he noticed the many attractive butter-flies embroidered on the canopy, the brush sheath and the large square of brocade in my grand-uncle's room his heart warmed towards the girl who had embroidered them. And his admiration was reciprocated by the girl, who often heard him mentioned with approval by my grand-uncle. I did not know how the hero and heroine came to meet each other, and few of the older generation knew this either. From the scraps of material I had gathered, I learned the climax of the sad story: one balmy spring day at noon my grandmother, who had gone into the deserted back garden to admire the peonies in bloom, caught, by accident, a pair of naughty children fumbling in confusion with their belts in the artificial rock cave.

When this comedy of beauty and talent became known, the girl so much admired for the butterflies she embroidered was suddenly scorned even by serving maids. My broad-minded grand-uncle tried his best to make a match of it but did not succeed. Several years later, the young man, on his way to take the imperial examination in Nanjing, drowned in the Yangtze River, when his boat

脸庞,狭长而凄清的眼睛,以及沉默少言笑的阴暗调子,都和她的故事十分相称。

故事在这里不必说得太多。其实,我所知 道的也就有限;因为家人长者都讳谈它。我所 知道的一点点,都是日长月远,家人谈话中偶然 流露出来,由零碎摭拾起来的。

多年以前,叔祖的学塾中有个聪明年少的门生,是个三代孤子。因为看见叔祖房里的幛美车,与一幅大云锦上的刺绣,绣的都是各种姿态的美丽蝴蝶,心里对这绣蝴蝶的人起常,羡慕之情:而这绣蝴蝶的姑娘因为听叔祖常常夸说这人,心里自然也早就有了这人。这故事中的主人以后是乘一个怎样的机缘相见相识,我不知道,长辈们恐怕也少知道。在我所摭拾的零碎资料中,这以后便是这悲惨故事的顶峰:一个三春天气的午间,冷清的后园的太湖石洞中,祖母因看牡丹花,拿住了一对仓惶失措的系裤带的顽皮孩子。

这幕才子佳人的喜剧闹了出来,人人夸说的绣蝴蝶的小姐一时连丫头也要加以鄙夷。放佚风流的叔祖虽从中尽力撮合周旋,但当时究未成功。若干年后,扬子江中八月大潮,风浪陡作,少年赴南京应考,船翻身亡。绣蝴蝶的小姐

capsized in one of the storms rising with the autumnal tides. The girl who embroidered butterflies was nineteen at that time. When the news reached her she tried to hang herself from a cassia tree but was rescued by the gardener. The young man's family thought there was some praiseworthy quality in the girl after all. They got the consent of family and amid wedding music took the girl home to receive the young man's coffin. She went through the wedding rituals in mourning dress and red bridal shoes, and holding a wooden tablet inscribed with the name of the deceased young man, paid homage to ancestors in the family temple.

This story would not have been so interesting had it not concerned Second Aunt, nor would we have been so eager to visit her had she not been the heroine of this story.

Mother urged us to go, of course, saying that we were newly-weds and we seldom returned home. We should not grudge Second Aunt, lonely all her life, what little enjoyment she hoped to get out of our visit. But Ah Yuan was more than a little afraid of the old ladies in my hometown. My uncle's wife was a good example of these old ladies, she loved to pull Ah Yuan down to sit on her knee, to call her pet names, kiss her cheeks, pretend to bite her and caress her arms. She even wanted me to show her how I kissed Ah Yuan. Whenever she had time, she would come to sit in our room, a water-pipe in her hands, to stare at us with a beaming face and to utter all sorts of embarrassing compliments. I personally didn't mind it so much. But Ah Yuan was often so embarrassed that she didn't know where to look. Hence her reluctance to visit Second Aunt.

那时才十九岁,闻耗后,在桂花树下自缢,为园丁所见,救活了,没死。少年家觉得这小姐尚有稍些可风之处,商得了女家同意,大吹大擂接小姐过去迎了灵柩;麻衣红绣鞋,抱着灵牌参拜家堂祖庙,做了新娘。

这故事要不是二姑姑的,并不多么有趣;二姑姑要没这故事,我们这次也就不致急于要去。

母亲自然怂恿我们去。说我们是新结婚,也难得回家一次。二姑姑家孤家了一辈子,如今如此想念我们,这点子人情是不能不尽的。但是阿圆却有点怕我们家乡的老太太。这些老太太——举个例,就如我的大伯娘,她老人家就最喜欢搂阿圆在膝上喊宝宝,亲她的脸,咬她的肉,摩挲她的臂膊;又要我和她接吻给她老人家有。一得闲空,就托支水烟袋坐到我们房里来,盯着眼看守着我们作迷迷笑脸,满口反复地说些叫人红脸不好意思的夸美的话。这种种罗电,我倒不大在意;可是阿圆就老被窘得脸红耳赤,不知该往那里躲。——因此,阿圆不愿去。

我知道弊病之所在,告诉阿圆:二姑姑不是

Since I knew the crux of the matter I assured Ah Yuan that Second Aunt was not such an outspoken and merry old lady. Besides, I knew how to intrigue romantic young girls. I added many touching episodes to Second Aunt's story so that Ah Yuan was moved to tears and sighed in sympathy. When I assured her also that Second Aunt was not the kind to bother her, she overcame her reluctance. Before long she was all eagerness to go, for she found Second Aunt's story as interesting as those taken out of ancient Chinese romances. Furthermore she was glad of a chance to get away from the old ladies at home to enjoy the beautiful scenery of Golden Swallow Village, so much talked about, and the cool, spacious quarters of Green Bamboo Hermitage.

Second Aunt lived in Green Bamboo Hermitage, her house in Golden Swallow Village. We followed the stone dike of Jingxi Stream for seven or eight li until the surrounding mountains converged to meet us and the emerald green of old locusts and willows deepened. There were more dark ochre boulders now in the stream, and the sound of water dashing against them was louder. This part of the Jingxi was called Echoing Pool. The banks of Echoing Pool were thronged with lush green locusts, willows and elms, their rich foliage entwining to form a canopy over the foaming water so that not a ray of sun could penetrate to the pool. A score or so of malm-brick houses could be detected among the trees, the largest of them being a white house on the west bank. Peeping out over the enclosing walls with plum-blossom-shaped openings were some bamboos, half of them green, the other half, sprinkled with flowers, just turning brown. This was Golden Swal-

这种善于表现的快乐天真的老太太。而且我会 投年轻姑娘之所好,照二姑姑原来的故事又编 上了许多的动人的穿插,说得阿圆感动得红了 眼睛叹长气。听说二姑姑决不会给她那种罗 唣,她的不愿去的心就完全消除;再听了二姑姑 的故事,有趣得如从线装书中看下来的一样;又 想到借此可以暂时躲避家下的老太太;而且又 知道金燕村中风景好,菉竹山房的屋舍阴凉 畅:于是阿圆不愿去的心,变成急于要去了。

我说金燕村,就是二姑姑的村;菉竹山房就是二姑姑的家宅。沿着荆溪的石堤走,走的七八里地,回环合抱的山峦渐渐拥挤,两岸葱翠哗水激石块声越听越近。这段溪,渐不叫荆溪,两岸越听越近。这段溪,渐不叫荆溪,啊潭。响潭的两岸,槐树柳树榆树更多更葱茏,两面缝合,荫罩着乱喷白色水涂两厚。一缕太阳光也晒不下来。沿着响潭的的大玩,一缕太阳光也晒不下来。沿着响潭的的围墙上面探露着一丛竹子;竹子一半是绿色的,一半已开了花,变成槁色。——这座村子便是金燕村,这座大屋便是二姑姑的家宅菉竹山房。