

University Reader
大学生读书计划



刘恒小说选



Selected Stories by Liu Heng

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Contemporary

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 当代文学系列

刘 恒 著
Liu Heng

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口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以高水平的英语译文,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 Obsessed

Yang Jinshan's wedding day was late in the autumn of 1944, before the first frost heralded the onset of winter. The date had been fixed by a necromancer after much judicious head-shaking. Indeed the day had dawned gloriously. Yang Jinshan climbed on his black mule, and accompanied by his sixteen-year-old nephew Yang Tianqing riding a borrowed donkey, headed up the mountain track to Shijia Village to fetch the bride. Yang Jinshan swayed with the plodding gait of the mule, and his wide-brimmed hat sat on his head like an overturned lampshade. The sixteen-year-old's head had been carefully shaved for the occasion, and gleamed white and vigorous with the joy of youth in the brisk wind of autumn. By the time they gained the jagged ridge of the mountain, clouds began to drift in. The golden disc of the sun swam through the ragged shreds of morning cloud like egg swirling in pumpkin soup. As men and beasts disappeared beyond the ridge, the sun vanished behind dark clouds. The wind was dank. At noon it began to rain. Tentatively at first, as an old man's piss; then gathering force, and finally pelting sown. The valley was filled with the sound of rain. The wedding guests scattered for shelter to their own homes. Only a few diehards remained huddled under the eaves

伏羲伏羲^①

话说民国三十三年寒露和霜降之间的某个逢双的阴历白昼，在阴阳先生摇头晃脑的策划之下成了洪水峪小地主杨金山的娶亲吉日。早晨天气很好，不到五十岁的杨金山骑着自家的青骡子，他的亲侄儿杨天青骑着一头借来的小草驴，俩人一前一后双双踏上了去史家营接亲的崎岖山道。太阳已经高过岭脊，雾蒙蒙地像个让南瓜汤泡碎了的鸡蛋黄。杨金山在骡子腰上晃来晃去，脑袋上的礼帽像个掀翻了而倒扣着的灯碗。十六岁的杨天青秃头刮得白而又白，在秋日肃冷的早风中闪着天真而健康、喜悦而生动的光芒。他们和他们胯下的牲口在山顶消失之后，疲软的太阳也随即消失，阴云四溢，风里流窜出阴沉的潮味儿。挨到晌午终于下起了雨。起初像老人的尿，不久便如线如注，山谷内外沙沙沙响得连声了。等着喝喜酒的人纷纷跳着脚回家，剩几个耐性大的聚在屋檐下抽烟袋，酸溜溜地预言着新娘子

①此篇英文译文有删节。

英汉对照

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puffing on their pipes. The talk turned to the bride. It was rumored that the second daughter of Pockmark Wang of Shijia Village was a beauty. Though no one had actually seen her, the gossips quickly made a juicy morsel of her. They pronounced, sourly, that she was too good to be wasted on Yang Jinshan who was just short of fifty. Not that he was unworthy, mind you. It was his good luck they resented. For without his thirty *mu* of land on the hill he would not have rated a backward glance from a mangy ewe. For it was generally thought that Yang Jinshan was lacking in manhood. And the best proof of it was that he had thrashed about on the *kang* with a wife for nearly thirty years and produced nothing. However, the Japanese ended that problem for him. The day they swept through Floodwater Canyon, Yang's first wife was cutting hay in the sesame fields on Loma Ridge. A Japanese bullet ended the life of the sweaty, barren woman whom some thought was a Communist guerrilla. Since then the small landowner, Yang Jinshan was obsessed with siring a child. That explained his fascination with young women.

Wang Judou was a pretty woman of twenty. She had a small oval face, and her long slender body was as straight and supple as a poplar tree. She guided the donkey down the steep mountain track with the pressure of her firm long thighs. Her red jacket glowed like a nonextinguishable flame in the pelting rain. Her wet, glossy black hair shone like the embers of a charcoal fire.

Yang Jinshan was impatient to begin his enterprise. Had

的长相。都说史家营王麻子的二闺女长得奇俊，又是谁都不曾见过，便七嘴八舌连带素地把她描成一棵水汪汪的嫩菜，叹息这生灵要由杨金山来糟践了。倒不是觉着他配，而是认为他的福气未免太大了些。没有三十亩山地的家当，别说二十岁的雏儿，就是脱了毛的母羊也未必看得上那条瘦弱虚空的汉子。杨金山不是本事很大的男人，阳气颇衰微的。他和前妻在一条土炕上滚了差不多足有三十来年，却没有任何造就，此乃最好的证据。日本人替他清了这笔帐。他们头一次来洪水峪扫荡那天，金山的前妻恰好在落马岭的芝麻地里锄草，隔着老宽老宽的一条山谷，哪个瞎了眼的鬼子一枪就把这个汗淋淋的不会养孩子的女人毙掉了。人家把她当成了老八团神出鬼没的游击兵。抗日战争最吃紧那几年，小地主杨金山朝思暮想的是造一个孩子，为造一个孩子而找一个合适的同谋。他对年轻女人产生了异乎寻常的兴趣。尽管他的最终目的是顺利地制造一个健康的后代，然而眼下假如没有瘟头瘟脑的侄子在跟前碍眼，他深感自己会从被雨淋湿的骡子背上腾空而起，像只老鹰似地向那个骑着毛驴的女人扫过去，扑过去，压过去，了结一种浓厚的趣味。

女人唤做王菊豆，双十的年纪，生着杨树般颇长的身材和一团小蘑菇似的粉脸。她用两条直溜溜的长腿卡着那头活泼的小草驴，稳重地沿着下行的山道移动。红袄闪耀，像一堆阴雨浇不灭的火，淋了雨的发髻黑油油地放光，又像一大块烧乏了的乌炭。

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his young nephew not been in the way, he would have risen from his mule like a great eagle, seized the woman and accomplished his purpose there and then.

"Tianqing, take good care of your Aunt!"

Tianqing stumbled along, slipping in the mud between the donkey and the mule. He stroked the donkey's rear with a tree branch, not so much to urge it on, as out of a deep and mysterious boredom. And the donkey flicked its tail at the touch of the branch. The fleeting sight of the animal's elementary organs was strangely disturbing yet fascinating. Tianqing was numb; mired in reverie, beset by emotions he did not understand.

The track took a sharp downward turn. The donkey stumbled, and Yang Jinshan became concerned.

"Tianqing, guide the donkey by the reins."

Yang Jinshan was annoyed that Tianqing was completely unaware of possible hazard. Little did the uncle know that the Nephew harboured the same interest in the woman as he.

Tianqing moved ahead and seized the donkey's short leather rein with one hand and its bit with the other. His hand grazed the donkey's mouth and the warm, moist touch startled him. He looked back. The face that loomed out of the rain was no longer touched with a blush of rouge as he had glimpsed it in Shijia Village. The rouge had streaked in the rain. Now it looked like a ripe pumpkin. He had the inexplicable longing to dry it with a cloth, and to cradle it tenderly in his arms. He guided the donkey blindly through the mud. Tianqing felt a great emptiness. He had become as insubstantial as a breath of

“天青，看摔了你婢儿！”

天青两脚泥巴，闪闪跌跌地走在毛驴和骡子之间，用枯树枝懒洋洋地却又不停顿地去拂扫那头驴子的后部。他不是嫌牲口走得慢，而是在忍受一种深刻且神秘的无聊。他每扫一下，草驴就默契地甩动尾巴，无意识地将排泄器官露给他欣赏。他神情木讷得很，似乎沉浸于某种困难的研究，被众多细节诱惑了。

“天青，到头里牵住缰绳。”

山道呈现了一个坡度，杨金山看到前边的驴蹄子在打滑，有些不放心。侄子漫不经心的样子也让他恼火。做叔叔的竟然不知道，十六岁的后生大抵也是饱含了某种趣味的。

天青依照吩咐绕近驴脑袋，一手拽住牛皮短缰，一手拽住粗麻笼头，手指肚触到了热乎乎软乎乎湿乎乎的牲口下巴。不由地回脸看了看，雨丝后面的脸蛋子让他吃了一惊。在史家营看到的那片如云如霞的胭脂全坏了。花搭搭的雨迹纵流横淌，像一颗纹络美观的落了秧的熟南瓜。天青忽而想到，应该用一块干干的清洁的白布把这个南瓜包起来，最好是把它揣到怀里。天青忽而又感到空虚，他牵着毛驴在泥道盘桓，觉得自己正一丝一丝地化成漫天雨雾

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cold air. The autumn rain had not only destroyed his uncle's wedding day, it had destroyed his tender, carefree heart.

"Shall we stop a while at the shrine?"

"We're already wet. Might as well press on."

"Tianqing, drape my jacket over your aunt..."

"No, don't. I'm already wet..."

The Aunt's voice was low and melodious. The Uncle fell silent. Tianqing did not look back. He was painfully aware of the sound of eight hooves and his own feet squishing through the mud, and the breath of the donkey warm on the back of his hand. The donkey's warm breath and the woman's presence made his scalp and the nape of his neck tingle.

The rain became a steady downpour. Three miles from the stone quarry at the head of the canyon, there was a shrine that sat facing the mountain track like a huge toad with its mouth wide open. The Uncle got off the mule grumbling and lifted the woman off the donkey as carefully as a jug of oil. The Aunt dashed into the shelter of the toad's mouth and the Uncle squeezed himself in after her. Tianqing realized there was barely space left for him. The expressions on the two faces inside contradicted one another. But the Uncle's was more commanding.

"Go find some shelter in the woods. And see that the animals are properly tethered. Don't let the mule take fright."

Tianqing was not wanted. As he turned away, the Uncle came after him, tossed him a towel and clapped his felt hat on Tianqing's head. The shrine was a black pit, from which

中的一股凉气。秋雨破坏了他叔叔的喜事，也把他无忧无虑的心境破坏了。

“到石堂子避避雨不？雨大了。”

“湿也湿了，走吧。”

“天青，把我的衫子给你婶儿披上。”

“不啦！湿也湿了……”

婶子的声音很细微，但叔叔却不再有新的言语和动作了，天青没有回头，耳朵里只有叭叭叭的声音，是牲口的八只硬蹄和自己的两只脚在泥水里活动。驴唇把一些暖气喷到他手背上，痒痒的却是光光的脑壳和后脖颈，似乎是女人嘴里的气在吹他。

后来，雨就大得不行了。离石板茬三里地的谷口有一间石堂子，像阔张的蛤蟆嘴一样对着泥泞的小路。叔叔骂骂咧咧地从骡鞍鞦上跳下来，又摔油罐子似的把女人抱到地上。婶子钻进了蛤蟆嘴，叔叔也挤进去了，天青凑到跟前，发觉里面已没有多大余地。叔叔和婶子的眼睛表达着完全相反的意思，天青就闹不明白自己到底该不该进去。叔叔的目光更确凿，天青便知道自己是进不去的了。

“你到林子里找地界儿避避，拴牢牲口，小心让秋雷惊了狗日的。”

天青走了几步，叔叔又追上来扔给他一条羊肚子汗巾，把沉甸甸的礼帽也移到他头上。石堂子里黑洞洞的，然而天青分明感到婶

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