

新课标·英汉对照课外名著必读（提高版）

Martin Eden

Jack London

马丁·伊登

【美】杰克·伦敦 ● 著

北方妇女儿童出版社

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内 容 简 介

《马丁·伊登》是美国著名现实主义文学家——杰克·伦敦(Jack London)(1876—1916年)的一部半自传体小说。

马丁·伊登身份卑微,他偶遇富家小姐露丝并与之产生感情。马丁爱好文学,他在文学创作的道路上奋斗多年,但是出版界对他的作品不予理睬,露丝也不理解他并最终因为阶级观念的不同与马丁分手了。

这时命运开始垂青马丁。他的作品忽然受到出版界的重视,各大出版商抢着出版他的著作。上流社会争相与他结交,露丝也表示要和他重续前缘。但是此时的马丁厌倦了人世间的虚伪与冷漠,终于跳海自尽。

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CHAPTER I

The one opened the door with a latch-key and went in, followed by a young fellow who awkwardly removed his cap. He wore rough clothes that smacked of the sea, and he was manifestly out of place in the spacious hall in which he found himself. He did not know what to do with his cap, and was stuffing it into his coat pocket when the other took it from him. The act was done quietly and naturally, and the awkward young fellow appreciated it. "He understands," was his thought. "He'll see me through all right."

He walked at the other's heels with a swing to his shoulders, and his legs spread unwittingly, as if the level floors were tilting up and

第一章

那人拿钥匙打开了门,走了进来,身后跟着一个年轻人。年轻人惶恐地脱掉帽子。他穿着一身粗布衣裳,散发着海腥味儿。很明显,处身于这间宽敞的大厅让他感到局促不安,脱掉的帽子不知该往哪儿放。刚要往外衣口袋里塞,却被那人接了过去,一切做得安安静静、自自然然。窘迫的年轻人心里充满感激。“他理解我,”他想,“他会照顾我的,不会有事。”

他紧紧地紧随在那人后面,晃荡着双肩,两条腿无意识地叉着走,似乎平坦的地板正跟着海水的翻腾迭宕而上下起伏、左右

sinking down to the heave and lunge of the sea. The wide rooms seemed too narrow for his rolling gait, and to himself he was in terror lest his broad shoulders should collide with the doorways or sweep the bric-a-brac from the low mantel. He recoiled from side to side between the various objects and multiplied the hazards that in reality lodged only in his mind. Between a grand piano and a centre-table piled high with books was space for a half a dozen to walk abreast, yet he essayed it with trepidation. His heavy arms hung loosely at his sides. He did not know what to do with those arms and hands, and when, to his excited vision, one arm seemed liable to brush against the books on the table, he lurched away like a frightened horse, barely missing the piano stool. He watched

摇摆。宽大的房间好像显得太小了,容不下他那摇摆的步态。他自己也小心翼翼,担心他那宽阔的肩膀会撞到门上,或把低矮的壁炉架上那些小玩意儿弄掉地上。他在各种各样的物件间跳闪腾挪,原本只跳动于他脑海中的险象因之而环生。那架大钢琴和屋子中间那张高高的堆满了书的桌子之间可以六个人并行,但他经过的时候还是十分谨慎、心惊肉跳。他那两条粗壮的胳膊松松垮垮地吊在身体两侧,手和臂都不知该如何放才好。当发现自己的一条胳膊就要碰到桌儿上堆着的那堆书时,他像匹惊马一样突然一个失蹄,差点儿碰到了琴凳儿。眼看前面那个人走得那么自然,年轻人第一次感觉到自己走路的样子和别人不同。刹时,他为自己愚笨的步态羞惭万分,前额上沁出了滴滴汗珠。他停了下来,掏出

the easy walk of the other in front of him, and for the first time realized that his walk was different from that of other men. He experienced a momentary pang of shame that he should walk so uncouthly. The sweat burst through the skin of his forehead in tiny beads, and he paused and mopped his bronzed face with his handkerchief. "Hold on, Arthur, my boy," he said, attempting to mask his anxiety with facetious utterance. "This is too much all at once for yours truly. Give me a chance to get my nerve. You know I didn't want to come, an' I guess your family ain't hankerin' to see me neither."

...

He went back to the text and lost himself. He did not notice that a young woman had entered the room. The first he knew was when he

手绢儿擦了擦古铜色的脸颊。“等等，亚瑟，你这家伙，”他喊道，试图以俏皮的说话方式掩盖自己的慌乱，“本人一下子实在不能应付，先让我定定神儿。你要知道，我本不想来。而且，我想你们家人也不会急着想见我吧。”

.....

他翻回到正文，看得入了神，没看到有个年轻女人走了进来，他发现到这点是耳闻亚瑟的声音说：

heard Arthur's voice saying:

"Ruth, this is Mr. Eden."

The book was closed on his forefinger, and before he turned he was thrilling to the first new impression, which was not of the girl, but of her brother's words. Under that muscled body of his he was a mass of quivering sensibilities. At the slightest impact of the outside world upon his consciousness, his thoughts, sympathies, and emotions leapt and played like lambent flame. He was extraordinarily receptive and responsive, while his imagination, pitched high, was ever at work establishing relations of likeness and difference. "Mr. Eden," was what he had thrilled to—he who had been called "Eden," or "Martin Eden," or just "Martin," all his life. And "MISTER!" It was certainly going

"露丝,这位是伊登先生。"

书夹着他的食指合上了。还没侧过身,他就被那种全新的感觉震惊了。那感觉不是因为女孩儿,而是因为她哥哥的话。在年轻人那强健的身躯下到处都潜埋着敏感的神经。只要外部世界稍微触及一下他的知觉,他的思维、感应和情绪就会像晃荡的火焰一样跳动起来。他的适应能力极强,极其敏感。他的想象力也很活跃,一刻不停地对比着事物之间的异同关系。是"伊登先生"这个称呼让他震惊了——他这一生中一直被人叫作"伊登",或者"马丁·伊登",或者直接就喊"马丁"。"先生!"这个词儿当然太不寻常了,他思考着。他的大脑好像马上转化成一个硕大的暗箱,看到自己的生活场景一幕幕闪过意识深处——锅炉舱和水手舱、野营帐篷

some, was his internal comment. His mind seemed to turn, on the instant, into a vast camera obscura, and he saw arrayed around his consciousness endless pictures from his life, of stoke-holes and forecastles, camps and beaches, jails and boozing-kens, fever-hospitals and slum streets, wherein the thread of association was the fashion in which he had been addressed in those various situations.

And then he turned and saw the girl. The phantasmagoria of his brain vanished at sight of her. She was a pale, ethereal creature, with wide, spiritual blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair. He did not know how she was dressed, except that the dress was as wonderful as she. He likened her to a pale gold flower upon a slender stem. No, she was a spirit, a divinity, a goddess;

和海滩、监狱和盗贼鬼混的小酒馆儿、伤寒医院和贫民窟街道，都被各自环境中人们叫唤他的方式联系到了一起。

然后他侧过身，看到了那姑娘。一看到她，他脑海中的种种幻像立马消失了。她面色苍白，轻盈飘逸，一双蓝色的大眼睛写满灵性，一头浓密金发。他不清楚她穿得怎么样，只看到那衣服和她人一样漂亮。他把她想成在一条纤长的嫩枝上长着的一朵淡金色的花儿。不，她是一个精灵、一个圣女、一个女神，那种高雅清纯的美根本不属于人间。

such sublimated beauty was not of the earth. Or perhaps the books were right, and there were many such as she in the upper walks of life. She might well be sung by that chap, Swinburne. Perhaps he had had somebody like her in mind when he painted that girl, Iseult, in the book there on the table. All this plethora of sight, and feeling, and thought occurred on the instant. There was a pause of the realities wherein he moved. He saw her and coming out to his, and she looked him straight in the eyes as she shook hands, frankly, like a man. The women he had known did not shake hands that way. For that matter, most of them did not shake hands at all. A flood of associations, visions of various ways he had made the acquaintance of women, rushed into his mind and

也许书上说得对,在上流社会确有很多她这样的人。斯威伯恩那家伙很可能也会夸她。也许他在勾勒桌上那本书里的女孩儿伊索尔特时,脑海里就想到一个她这样的模样。一时间,所有这些冒起的影像、感觉、思想纷纷而至。他身处的现实也并未停留。他看到她的手朝自己伸了过来,她和他握手时她直盯着他的眼睛,像个男人一样自然。他见过的女人从不那样握手,而且她们中的一大部份人根本就不和人握手。一阵联想的波涛滚过来,和那些女人来往的各种各样的方式的情景奔入他的脑海,好像要把他盖住。他把它们甩到一边儿,望着她。他从来没看过这样一个女人。哎!他原来见过的那些女人呀!那些女人立刻在她的旁边站开。在那永恒的一瞬他仿佛站在一个肖

threatened to swamp it. But he shook them aside and looked at her. Never had he seen such a woman. The women he had known! Immediately, beside her, on either hand, ranged the women he had known. For an eternal second he stood in the midst of a portrait gallery, wherein she occupied the central place, while about her were limned many women, all to be weighed and measured by a fleeting glance, herself the unit of weight and measure....

“Won't you sit down, Mr. Eden?” the girl was saying. “I have been looking forward to meeting you ever since Arthur told us. It was brave of you—” He waved his hand deprecatingly and muttered that it was nothing at all, what he had done, and that any fellow would have done it. She noticed that the hand

像画廊，她正占着画廊的中心，身旁晃动着许多女人的影像。以她作标准来衡量，那些女人的价值黯然失色。……

“请坐，伊登先生！”那姑娘说。“自从亚瑟给我们介绍了之后，我就一直希望见你。你真是勇敢……”他不赞成地摆摆手，嘴里说着这事根本不值得提，他干的事儿碰上谁都会这么做。她看到那摆着的手上布满了新近的伤口，正在愈合。她扫了一眼另一只松松垮垮吊在那儿的

he waved was covered with fresh abrasions, in the process of healing, and a glance at the other loose-hanging hand showed it to be in the same condition. Also, with quick, critical eye, she noted a scar on his cheek, another that peeped out from under the hair of the forehead, and a third that ran down and disappeared under the starched collar. She repressed a smile at sight of the red line that marked the chafe of the collar against the bronzed neck. He was evidently unused to stiff collars. Likewise her feminine eye took in the clothes he wore, the cheap and unaesthetic cut, the wrinkling of the coat across the shoulders, and the series of wrinkles in the sleeves that advertised bulging biceps muscles.

While he waved his hand and muttered that he had done nothing at all, he was obeying her behest by

手,也是一样的情形。用那犀利的目光快速一扫,她就看到他的脸颊上有一道疤,前额的头发下也有一道隐约可见。还有第三道,向下没入了浆过的衣领下。看到衣领把他那古铜色的脖子勒出了一道红印儿,她尽力忍着不笑出来。显然,他很不习惯穿这种浆硬的领子。她女性的目光还观察到 he 穿的衣服——廉价的剪裁、一点没有美感的款式、外衣肩部起的褶儿,还有袖子上那一道道表明了他凸起的肱二头肌的褶皱。

他一边摆着手,嘴里说着自己没有做什么,一边想按她的邀请找个椅子坐下。他看了一下

trying to get into a chair. He found time to admire the ease with which she sat down, then lurched toward a chair facing her, overwhelmed with consciousness of the awkward figure he was cutting. This was a new experience for him. All his life, up to then, he had been unaware of being either graceful or awkward. Such thoughts of self had never entered his mind. He sat down gingerly on the edge of the chair, greatly worried by his hands. They were in the way wherever he put them. Arthur was leaving the room, and Martin Eden followed his exit with longing eyes. He felt lost, alone there in the room with that pale spirit of a woman. . . .

“You have such a scar on your neck, Mr. Eden,” the girl was saying.

“How did it happen? I am

她坐下时的优雅姿态,然后踉跄着向她对面的一把椅子走去。他满脑子考虑着自己身形笨拙,愈感不知如何是好。他从未经过这种经历。长这么大他从未注意到自己什么时候优雅,什么时候粗鲁。他脑子中从来就没想过这种自我评价。他战战兢兢地在椅子边儿上坐下,不知道手往哪儿搁,放哪儿都感到不好。亚瑟正往外走,马丁·伊登用焦渴的眼神看着他出去。和那个苍白的、精灵一样的女人共居一室,他觉得茫然不知所措。

.....

“你脖子上留有一道疤,伊登先生,”姑娘说。

“怎么留下的?我猜那一定

sure it must have been some adventure.”

“A Mexican with a knife, miss,” he answered, moistening his parched lips and clearing his throat. “It was just a fight. After I got the knife away, he tried to bite off my nose.”

...

“This man Swineburne,” he began, attempting to put his plan into execution and pronouncing the I long.

“Who?”

“Swineburne,” he repeated, with the same mispronunciation. “The poet.”

“Swinburne,” she corrected.

“Yes, that’s the chap,” he stammered, his cheeks hot again. “How long since he died?”

“Why, I haven’t heard that he was dead.” She looked at him

是次历险吧。”

“一个墨西哥佬用刀划的，小姐，”他回答说，舔了舔干燥的嘴唇，清了清嗓子，“就是干了一架。我把他的刀打掉后，他想把我的鼻子咬下来。”

.....

“斯威伯恩这个人，”他说，想实施自己的计划，却把第二个音说得太长了。

“谁？”

“斯威伯恩，”他又重复了一遍，还是没说正确。“那个诗人。”

“斯温伯恩，”她纠正道。

“对，就是那家伙，”他结结巴巴地说，脸又开始发红。“他死了多久了？”

“是吗，我没听说他死了。”她惊奇地望着他，“你在哪儿知

curiously. "Where did you make his acquaintance?"

"I never clapped eyes on him," was the reply. "But I read some of his poetry out of that book there on the table just before you come in. How do you like his poetry?"

And there at she began to talk quickly and easily upon the subject he had suggested. . . .

She nodded her head and smiled, and he felt, somehow, that her smile was tolerant, pitifully tolerant. He was a fool to attempt to make a pretence that way. That Longfellow chap most likely had written countless books of poetry.

"Excuse me, miss, for buttin' in that way. I guess the real facts is that I don' t know nothin' much about such things. It ain' t in my class. But I' m goin' to make it in

道他的?"

"我从没跟他见过面,"他回答道,"但是你进来前我看了桌上那本书里几首他写的诗。你喜欢他的诗吗?"

于是她便顺着他说起的话题轻松自如地侃了起来。……

她点着头,面露微笑。不知怎的,他感到那是一种宽容的微笑,一种出于怜悯的宽容。他那样装腔作势简直是个傻瓜。那个叫朗费罗的家伙很可能写过无数本诗集。

"对不起,小姐。请原谅我那样打断一下。其实我对这些东西了解得不多。对这我可不在行。但是我会变得在行的。"