

90年代英语系列丛书

世界文学名著系列

# 马丁·伊登



## Martin Eden

外语教学与研究出版社

*Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press*

九 十 年 代  
英语系列丛书

马丁·伊登

Jack London 原著

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侯毅凌 评注

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# “九十年代英语系列丛书”

## 出版前言

送您一轮风车，朋友！不是为了怀旧——

九十年代，跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶，新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使，将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律，为您的征程增添情趣；它乘风飞旋——热烈，执着，顽强，或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故，我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下，经过全面调查，深入研究以确定书目，由北京外国语学院等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注，采用全新的编排设计、全新的风格，力求内容的实用和装潢的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版六大系列：

**第一辑：世界文学名著系列（原版注释本）**

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著（已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外），并

附有汉语注释，初步确定为 30 种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名著（如：法国文学和俄罗斯文学中）的英译本。

### **第二辑：世界畅销书系列（原版注释本）**

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者，并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等。

### **第三辑：实用英语系列（英汉对照本）**

包括书信英语、报刊英语、电话电报电传英语、公关秘书英语、广告英语等一系列培养英语交际能力和指导性、方法性的实用图书。

### **第四辑：娱乐英语系列（英汉对照本）**

这一辑包括幽默英语、奇闻趣事、锦言妙语、名歌金曲等等。它将开阔您的视野，丰富您的话题，装点您的言谈，赋予您九十年代不可或缺的素质和风度。

### **第五辑：中学英语读物系列（英汉对照本）**

本系列面向英语初学者，尤其是广大中学生和自学者；题材多样，语言简明、规范，循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等，其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

### **第六辑：简易世界文学名著系列（英汉对照本）**

选入本辑的都是世界文学名著的英语简写本，计划出版 30 种。为了满足初级和中级学习者的需要，我们用英汉对照的形式出版。

我们还将陆续推出第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱，并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

《九十年代英语系列丛书》

编辑委员会

## 作者介绍

杰克·伦敦是美国现实主义文学的著名作家。他作品颇丰,在其短短的16年笔墨生涯中留下了近50部著作,其中长篇小说达19部,短篇小说和论文的结集18部。他的作品广为译介,这使他在世界文坛上也享有较高的知名度。

杰克·伦敦于1876年1月12日出生于加利福尼亚州的旧金山。由于家境极为贫寒,他10岁起就开始上街卖报,打零工,挣钱补贴家用。15岁时,他在旧金山湾干起了“蚝贼”的营生,因生性悍勇桀烈,竟成了“蚝贼之王”。18岁那年,他开始了颠沛流浪的生活,曾因“流浪罪”被捕而在感化院服刑30天。早年的这段经历使他对贫困有了切肤的认识。他从个人经历出发觉悟到劳力不如劳心,只有成为脑力方面的强者才能改变自己的处境。1896年秋,他考入加利福尼亚大学,后因父亲病重而只念了一学期便不得不辍学。但这一时期他阅读了大量哲学、经济学和社会学著作,接受了达尔文的进化论和斯宾塞的学说。而在经济学和社会发展史方面,他还接受了马克思主义。1896年,他加入社会主义工党,并积极投身于奥克兰和旧金山的社会主义活动之中。

1897年7月,他加入了涌往阿拉斯加克朗戴克地区淘金的人潮,次年夏他返回旧金山。这一次经历没有充实他的钱囊,但却丰富了他的头脑,使他积累了大量可供创作的生动素材。自1898年起,他开始进行写作,

踏上了职业作家的道路。他最初发表的作品大多取材于他在北方的淘金经历,这些故事题材新颖,富于传奇色彩。1903年,他出版长篇小说《荒野的召唤》,以此奠定了他在文坛的声誉。此后他一发不可收,相继出版了《海狼》(1904)、《白牙》(1906)等长篇小说,颇受广大美国读者的欢迎,成为畅销书。同一时期,他还写下了大量的论文,如《我如何变成社会党人》(1901)、《工贼》(1904)、《我的生活观》(1906)等。他于1903年发表的报告文学《深渊中的人们》翔实地报道了英国伦敦东区贫民窟恶劣的生活状况,指出“伦敦的深渊是一个庞大的屠宰场”,从而揭露剥削制度给劳动人民带来的深重的灾难。

1907年4月,伦敦携妻子夏米安乘他的私人游艇出金门海峡作环球航行。途中他开始创作《马丁·伊登》。1909年,伦敦在南太平洋染上热带疾病,不得已放弃了环球航行计划,于同年7月返回旧金山。两个月后,《马丁·伊登》问世。

《马丁·伊登》是一部半自传体小说,基本上取材于作者本人早年的经历,尤其是他于1898年至1899年的成名经过。伦敦就这部小说的命名曾有过三种选译:《成功》、《星尘》、《马丁·伊登》。伦敦本人最倾向于选用《成功》,因为这一标题讽刺性地强调了主人公功成名就后幻想的破灭,而出版商则选中了无倾向性的《马丁·伊登》。在这部小说中,伦敦通过描绘主人公的命运和他与现实的冲突,无情地揭露了资产阶级的民主、当时的报刊、教育制度、出版政策以及把人沦为动物的野蛮剥削现象。

自这本小说问世以后，一直来令读者与批评家困惑不解的是小说的结尾，即主人公马丁的自杀。关于这点，伦敦的解释是因为他领悟了他个人主义信条的失败。伦敦曾一度醉心于尼采哲学，信奉“超人”思想，但他后来认识到极端个人主义会妨碍一个人的发展甚至导致悲剧性的毁灭，因此转而对之采取批判的态度。他在赠给作家厄·辛克莱的一本《马丁·伊登》的题词中写道：“我写《马丁·伊登》的宗旨之一，就是攻击个人主义（通过主人公）。”在给另一位友人的赠书题词中他又一次强调了这一宗旨，他认为“马丁·伊登之所以自杀，是因为他是一个彻头彻尾的个人主义者。他无法了解别人的需要，而一旦他的幻想消失之后，他再也没有生活的目标。”也许伦敦的解释不尽令人信服，但他把马丁的毁灭归咎于个人主义，部分原因在于他本人就是一个远近闻名的社会主义者，一个公然自认的马克思主义信徒。伦敦的妻子夏米安在她的《杰克·伦敦传》中提到这本书时，说它是“一个社会主义者的自传”。

1913年以后，伦敦的创作明显地衰退。为了追求个人享受，他挥金如土，为此不惜赶写哗众取宠的媚俗作品。此时的伦敦意气消沉，对作家的成就感日渐觉得虚幻不实，并对社会主义失去了积极参与的兴趣。1916年，他正式声明退出社会党。同年11月22日，伦敦使用过量吗啡死于尿毒症，年仅40岁。从他的人生结局看，伦敦似乎在《马丁·伊登》一书中预写了自己的讣闻。



## 内 容 介 绍

小说主人公马丁·伊登是个出身劳动阶级的青年水手。在一次偶然的场合，他出于正义感解救了遭一群无赖殴打的富家子弟阿瑟·摩斯，因而结识了摩斯一家。

初登这个上层中产阶级家庭，马丁立即为亲眼所见的景象迷住了：室内优雅的陈设，精美的油画，各种书籍以及摩斯家人彬彬有礼的风度和谈吐。而当见到这家的小姐罗丝时，他几乎欣喜若狂。在他看来，罗丝仪态高贵优雅，美得超凡脱俗。他情不自禁地联想起他以前结交过的那些他自己天地里的女人——那些出入于妓院、赌场、酒馆及海港码头的女人。相形之下，罗丝与她们有着天壤之别。当罗丝对他随口谈起文学艺术时，他更是恨不得将她奉若女神，顶礼膜拜了。他自惭形秽，而同时心里却又油然而产生了赢得她的愿望。对于罗丝来说，马丁矫健的体魄、旺盛的精力以及英勇无畏的性格，具有一种她作为女性本能上无法抗拒的力量，使她不由得心旌摇荡，暗生恋慕之情，并同时萌生出一种改造教化他的欲望。

马丁生性颖悟，对美非常敏感。在摩斯家的初次拜访以及与罗丝的邂逅成了他一生命运的转折点。在他眼里，摩斯一家代表着一种他所向往的文明之美，而罗斯则是慧美与爱情的理想化身，因而他把对罗斯的爱情视为他至上的人生追求，并以此为动力对自己开始了脱胎换骨的自我改造。他不仅从生活小节、服饰、礼仪及谈吐入手，而且还发愤自学，如饥似渴学习语法，

攻读词典，博览各类书籍。

在与罗丝的交往中，他产生了强烈的创作欲，于是走上了文学写作的道路。他缩短睡眠时间，拼命地阅读，写作，跑公共图书馆。就这样，在不长的时间里他创作了大量作品，并把它们投寄给各报刊杂志。但是这些作品屡遭出版界的冷落，几乎全被退了回来。马丁并不气馁，他对自己的才能和作品充满信心，仍然茹苦含辛地坚持写作。一次，把他自己的得意之作念给罗丝听，本想得到她的理解和支持，不料罗丝对他大泼冷水，认为他在写作方面没前途，理由是他的作品“卖不出去”，并竭力劝他放弃写作，进她父亲的事务所干，一步步地混到出人头地。马丁虽然大失所望，但并没有动摇写作的信心。由于生活所迫，他不得不也写些无聊的东西，卖文果腹。

在这期间，他偶然结识了社会党人同时也是个天才诗人的勃力森登，并得到了他的赏识。经勃力森登的介绍，他参加了一些社会党人的辩论集会。虽然他从个人主义的立场出发不同意社会党人的思想观点，但却钦佩他们的真诚，赞赏他们的思想活力。由于超人的勤奋，此时的马丁已经变成了一个饱览群书，思想深刻的知识分子。他日渐认识到了资产阶级文化及其文明的庸俗和虚伪，也看出了罗丝作为其阶级成员的狭隘性，但他对爱情依然忠贞不渝。然而罗丝却因阶级观念的差别与马丁在人生观上越来越格格不入，最后，当马丁因一场误会而被报上渲染为一个激进的社会主义者时，罗丝便主动与他分道扬镳了。

而就在他穷困潦倒、心灰意冷之际，命运仿佛突然

跟他开起玩笑来：他以前的作品相继为许多报刊杂志采用刊登。不久，他的作品奇迹般地风靡了出版市场，他因此名利双收，一跃成为社会名流。接下来发生的一切简直是一出讽刺意味十足的闹剧：出版商开始对他的旧作趋之若鹜；跟他断绝亲戚关系的姐夫们，不肯给他赊帐的食品店主，曾经对他不屑一顾的摩斯夫妇和布朗特法官以及上流社会的各种头面人物都争先恐后地请他吃饭；最后连罗丝也主动登门，要求重温旧情，甚至愿意委身于他。然而这一切再也无法唤起马丁的热情了，他已饱尝世态的炎凉，爱情的虚伪，厌倦了资产阶级名利场上的空虚和市侩。在他为跻入上层阶级奋斗的过程中，他已背离本阶级走得太远，再也无法回到他原来所属的阶级中去。他失去了归属感，万念俱灰，剩下的只有彻底的幻灭感了。

他把自己成名后获得的财富用来资助他的亲姐妹、他过去的女房东、他在洗衣店干活时的伙伴乔埃以及一往情深地爱着他的青年女工丽茜·康诺莱，以报答他们在他穷困时给予的帮助和真挚的友爱。他对人生感到已无可留恋，终于在前往南海的途中从马利波萨号的圆窗跳出去，投海自尽，走向了他唯一的归宿——死亡。

## Chapter One

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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 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 center-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 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 fam'ly ain't hankerin' to see me neither."

"That's all right," was the reassuring answer. "You mustn't be frightened at us. We're just homely people— Hello, there's a letter for me."

He stepped back to the table, tore open the envelope, and began to read, giving the stranger an opportunity to recover himself. And the stranger  
\* understood and appreciated. His was the gift of sympathy, understanding; and beneath his alarmed exterior that sympathetic process went on. He mopped his forehead dry and glanced about him with a controlled face, though in the eyes there was an expression such as wild animals betray when they fear the trap. He was surrounded by the unknown, apprehensive of what might happen, ignorant of what he should do, aware that he walked and bore himself awkwardly, fearful that every attribute and power of him was similarly afflicted. He was keenly sensitive, hopelessly self-conscious, and the amused glance that the other stole privily at him over the top of the letter burned into him like a dagger-thrust. He saw the glance, but he gave no sign, for among the things he had learned was discipline. Also, that dagger-thrust went to his pride. He cursed himself for having come, and at the  
\* same time resolved that, happen what would, having

come, he would carry it through. The lines of his face hardened, and into his eyes came a fighting light. He looked about more unconcernedly, sharply observant, every detail of the pretty interior registering itself on his brain. His eyes were wide apart; nothing in their field of vision escaped; and as they drank in the beauty before them the fighting light died out and a warm glow took its place. He was responsive to beauty, and here was cause to respond.

An oil painting caught and held him. A heavy surf thundered and burst over an outjutting rock; lowering storm-clouds covered the sky; and, outside the line of surf, a pilot-schooner, close-hauled, heeled over till every detail of her deck was visible, was surging along against a stormy sunset sky. There was beauty, and it drew him irresistibly. He forgot his awkward walk and came closer to the painting, very close. The beauty faded out of the canvas. His face expressed his bewilderment. He stared at what seemed a careless daub of paint, then stepped away. Immediately all the beauty flashed back into the canvas. "A trick picture," was his thought, as he dismissed it, though in the midst of the multitudinous impressions he was receiving he found time to feel a prod of indignation that so much beauty should be sacrificed to make a trick. He did not know painting. He had been brought up on chromos and lithographs that were always definite and sharp, near or far. He had seen oil paintings, it was true, in the show windows of shops, but the glass of the windows had prevented his eager eyes from approaching too near.

He glanced around at his friend reading the letter and saw the books on the table. Into his eyes leaped a wistfulness and a yearning as promptly as the yearning leaps into the eyes of a starving man at sight of

food. An impulsive stride, with one lurch to right and left of the shoulders, brought him to the table, where he began affectionately handling the books. He glanced at the titles and the authors' names, read fragments of text, caressing the volumes with his eyes and hands, and, once, recognized a book he had read. For the rest, they were strange books and strange authors. He \*chanced upon a volume of Swinburne and began reading steadily, forgetful of where he was, his face glowing. Twice he closed the book on his forefinger to look at the name of the author. Swinburne! he would remember that name. That fellow had eyes, and he had certainly seen color and flashing light. But who was Swinburne? Was he dead a hundred years or so, like most of the poets? Or was he alive still, and writing? He turned to the title-page . . . yes, he had written other books; well, he would go to the free library the first thing in the morning and try to get hold of some of Swinburne's stuff. 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 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 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 stokeholes and fore-castles, 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; 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 no pause of the realities wherein he moved. He saw her hand 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 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. He saw the weak and sickly faces of the girls of the factories, and the simpering, boisterous girls from the \* south of Market. There were women of the cattle camps, and swarthy cigarette-smoking women of Old Mexico. These, in turn, were crowded out by Japanese women, doll-like, stepping mincingly on wooden clogs; by Eurasians, delicate featured, stamped with degeneracy; by \* full-bodied South-Sea-Island women, flower-crowned and brown-skinned. All these were blotted out by a grotesque and terrible nightmare brood—frowsy, shuffling creatures from the pavements of White-\* chapel, gin-bloated hags of the stews, and all the vast hell's following of harpies, vile-mouthed and filthy, that under the guise of monstrous female form prey upon sailors, the scrapings of the ports, the scum and slime of the human pit.

"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 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 un-