

SHORT STORY INTERNATIONAL

美国国际短篇小说选

入选中国作品

汉英对照



● 八百米深处

孙少山

中国文学出版社
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汉英对照

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总 序

二十世纪八十年代初,美国出版家坦克尔夫妇独辟蹊径,在纽约创办了一份文学双月刊,名叫《国际短篇小说选》。他们在致读者书中写道:“《小说选》将把你带向世界的四面八方,那里有动人心弦的故事等待你,让你领略未曾见过的遥远国度……与尘世之外的天地。……从这些故事中你将窥视未来与过去,这些故事引人入胜,展示普遍的真实。这种真实超越语言的差别而昭示人类共同的秉性。”

坦克尔夫妇的努力没白费。二十年后的今天,《国际短篇小说选》从众多的文学刊物中脱颖而出,通过对包括中国在内的各国优秀短篇小说的介绍,使人们认识到,全世界人民尽管有种族、肤色和信仰的不同,却有一样的梦想、恐惧与痛苦,都会笑、都会惊奇,都对未来抱有希望。这本杂志最终得到联合国国际文化交流组织的资助,并以该组织的名义出版,从而为增进世界各国人民的友谊与理解起到了独特的作用。

对于中国,这份刊物尤其显得生逢其时。长达十

年的“文革”刚刚结束，文学艺术正在从极左思潮中解脱出来。复苏的冻土下迸发出压抑已久的文学的呼声。几乎在一夜之间，曾经凋零的百花重新绽放。大批反映真实生活、歌颂美好人性的佳作出现在文坛，象早晨阳光下的露珠。作为《中国文学》这本中国唯一的向全世界发行的英、法文文学杂志的编辑，我们面对扑面而来的大量优秀作品感到十分欣喜，但也感到选不胜选，只能如蜜蜂采花，万中取一。然而正是这些经我们选用译载的小说，引起远在大洋彼岸的《国际短篇小说选》的注意，一篇篇经它的转载而传播到更多的国家。

于是我们收到很多国外朋友的来信，他们为发现中国文学的丰富宝藏惊喜。有位读者说，此前他以为中国只有僵化的思想而无优秀的文学，现在他明白，有着五千年文明历史的伟大中国，当代小说写得是多么的优美呵。

许多外国朋友因此来到中国，从了解中国的文学进而了解文学中的中国。也有许多中国作家受邀到外国去，去讲述自己怎样写出了那样动人的作品。

二十年来，《国际短篇小说选》总共选载了我们三十多篇优秀的小说，这些小说都是经过国内外功力深

厚的翻译家译成英文,首先发表在《中国文学》英文版杂志上。转载了我们作品的刊物从美国寄来,我们又把它们寄给原作的作者,为的是与他们共享这份喜悦。中国有一句古诗,叫做“满园春色关不住,一枝红杏出墙来”。无论把它们比做红杏是否恰当;既然已做为文学的使者出访世界,那么它们便可以算是美的和香的了。

现在,我们从这三十多篇美丽的小说中又精选出一些,对照它们的中文和英文编为一套丛书,名字就叫“红杏文学丛书”,分册献给学习英文的中国读者,也献给学习中文的外国读者,如有有志者想来一个中英对看,那更是编者的愿望了。

Introducing "Chinese Masterpieces"

In the early 1980s, two Americans, Sam and Sylvia Tankel, founded the bimonthly journal *Short Story International*. In a letter to their readers they wrote, "Short Story International takes you to all points of the compass, to anywhere in the world. There are intriguing stories waiting for you... stories that will involve you in corners of this world you've never seen... and in worlds outside this one... with glimpses into the future as well as the past, revealing fascinating, universal truths that bypass differences in language and point out similarities in people."

This American couple's efforts are not in vain. Two decades later today, their journal has emerged as a force to be reckoned with on the international literary scene, disseminating across the world fine short stories from different countries, including China. The peoples of the world may vary in race, color and creed, but *Short Story International* makes one realize that truly all of us share the same dreams, fears, pain, capacity for laughter, sense of wonder, and hopes for the future. The journal eventually gained the financial support of the UN International Cultural Exchange, and, pub -

lished under that organization's name, is playing an ever-increasing role in enhancing understanding between the people of different countries.

For China, this journal was born at the perfect moment. The decade-long trauma known as the "Great Cultural Revolution" had just come to an end, and Chinese literature was being delivered from the influence of "ultra-leftist" ideologies. New, pent-up literary voices began to make themselves heard from beneath the thawing spring soil. Almost overnight, a hundred withered flowers suddenly re-blossomed. Countless fine literary works appeared that reflected the true lives of people and eulogized the beauty to be found in humanity. It was like tears of morning dew breaking into sunlit smiles. Editors of *Chinese Literature*, founded in the 1950s as the only literary journal published in English and French out of China for worldwide circulation, suddenly found their hands full coping with a dazzling outpouring of great short stories. There were so many to publish that issues of the journal often ran out of space. Only a limited number of these masterpieces made it to the journal, as the editors worked like bees buzzing through a sea of flowers. Some of the pieces drew the attention of editors of *Short Story International*, who reprinted them one after another for the benefit of a much larger audience.

Then letters began pouring into the editorial department of *Chinese Literature*, from friends from every corner of the globe, expressing their pleasant surprise at the discovery of Chinese literature as a rich mine of literary gems. One reader said he had thought that China had nothing but ossified thoughts, but upon reading the Chinese short stories carried in this journal was amazed by what beautiful literature writers of a country with a 5,000-year-old civilization were capable of creating. Tempted by these fine short stories, many readers have gone the extra miles to travel to China for a closer look at Chinese literature as well as the land and people depicted in what they had read. Many Chinese writers have also travelled abroad to tell international readers how they have come up with their captivating stories.

Incomplete statistics show that over the last two decades and more, *Short Story International* has carried over thirty outstanding Chinese short stories, beautifully rendered into English, which had been previously published in *Chinese Literature*. Every now and then we receive copies of *Short Story International* that have carried our translations, and make it a point to pass them on to the writers so that they can share in the joy. As the Chinese old saying goes, "The apricot tree makes its presence felt by extending a bough of blossoming flow-

ers over the top of the wall, unbeknownst to those who live behind the wall." In our case, no matter what our short stories are, they have flown across the seas like Chinese literary ambassadors to foreign countries, and thus deserve their reputation as the highest representatives of the Chinese short story.

Now, we have collected a few Chinese masterpieces from that prestigious UN journal and published them once again in this Chinese-English bilingual book series, called *Red Apricot Series* in Chinese and simply *Chinese Masterpieces* in English. The books are meant for Chinese readers learning English, and foreign readers who want to learn Chinese. If you will enjoy reading them by comparing the Chinese originals with the English translations, or vice versa, that is the best this series' editors could wish for.



孙少山, 1947 年生于山东省胶南县, 中学毕业后在农村劳动, 1968 年移居黑龙江省东宁县, 在山区垦荒、做伐木工, 以后在条件极差的小煤矿采煤。1981 年在煤矿期间开始文学创作。1984 年考入北大中文系进修。《八百米深处》获 1982 年全国短篇小说大赛一等奖。

Born in 1947 in Jiaonan County, Shandong Province, Sun Shaoshan began work in the countryside after middle school. In 1968 he moved to Dongning County, Heilongjiang Province where he opened up lands in mountainous areas, worked as a lumberman and later in a small coal mine where working conditions were poor. It was there that his literary career began. In 1984 he qualified for a literary workshop sponsored by China's Writers' Association. "Eight Hundred Meters Below" won first place in a 1982 national competition in China.

一、绝境之中

地震之后，在距地面八百米深的煤层中有四名幸存者。这四个矿工被一块巨大的石板挤在了一个死角里，八个小时之后，他们靠一把斧头砍出了一条出路。正当他们为自己的活命庆幸时，却又发现一切往地面的通道全都塌得严严实实了，这等于说他们给活埋了。没有人会知道他们的行踪，他们是临时到这里来放顶的。即使地面有人准确地知道他们的地点又能怎样？正常掘法，掘到这里得半年时间。

Trapped in an Impasse

The earthquake stranded four men in a mine eight hundred meters below ground where they were squashed into a corner by a huge rock fall. Eight hours later they had hewn out a path with their picks only to find all exits to the surface blocked. They were practically buried alive. As they had come to this particular mine to do a quick job, nobody knew they were there. What could anyone do even if they knew

八百米深处

下面唯一的事情便是等待着死亡了。饥饿和寒冷将会一点儿一点儿把他们扼死。死神要玩弄够了才会收留他们。绝望象耗子似的在啃啃着他们的心，有人忍受不了，呻吟起来。

老工长张昆，一个五十五岁的瘦小的老头子，四十年的地下生涯，使得他那双小眼睛早已混浊不清，看人总是一副恶狠狠的凶相。此时更加冷气逼人，叫你一望就觉得脊梁骨发麻。他盯着每个人的脸看一遍道：

“别慌，还不到死的时候！”

这话给大家一线希望。据他说，如果他没记错，那么穿过这堵煤壁便是伪满时的采空区。万一能穿过这片采空区，便可以找到一个自然通风井，万一那风井没完全塌掉，也许可以爬到地面上去。总之，希望，是万分之一。

冷西军抡起斧头狠狠地向煤帮劈了过去。这三十多岁的矿工是他们中最强壮者，斧头下去煤屑四溅，时而迸出火星，带一股硫磺气味。他似乎把绝望和恐怖都化作了对这煤壁的仇恨，一下比一下凶狠有力。要求生，第一步就是必须把这岩石般坚硬的煤帮凿穿。用一把斧

their exact location? It would take six months to reach them with the normal methods.

They could only wait for death to come. Their lives would ebb away slowly through cold and hunger. Death would only take them when it got tired of toying with them. Despair gnawed at their hearts. Someone began to groan.

Zhang Kun, the foreman, was a small man of fifty-five. His eyes were bleary from having worked forty years underground but they had a fierce expression. Now their steely coldness was menacing. ^{He} ~~He~~ fixed them on everyone in turn before saying, "Keep cool. We aren't dead yet."

That gave them a shred of hope. According to Zhang, if he remembered clearly, behind the wall of coal was a deserted seam from which all the coal had been mined dozens of years back. If they could make their way there, they could escape through an air shaft, that is, if it hadn't collapsed. Anyway, it was a forlorn hope.

Leng Xijun, a miner in his thirties and the strongest among them, threw all his weight be-

头在平日这是连想也不敢想的，然而现在他们必须做到！

四个人中，年龄最小的是小王，名叫王江，刚二十岁，一个没精打采的中学生，四个月前考大学落了榜。

人称“呱哒板子”的是一个长着螳螂般长脖的中年人。一张嘴一天到黑“呱哒”个不停，干起活儿来却是草包一个。他见饿了一天的冷西军还有这般力气，吓得直吐舌头。

冷西军佩服的只有张昆，这个人是条能咬牙的好汉，可惜又老了。现在开劈道路的重任理所当然地落在了他肩上。

二、意外之声

冷西军正一边想着一边干，突然他们一齐喊着要他停下来。他一愣，住了手。发现其余三个人全把耳朵贴在对面帮上倾听什么。

“咚——咚咚”，“咚——咚咚。”

这种有节奏的声音，只有人才能弄出来。他十分惊奇，走过去用斧头，“咚咚”敲了两下，

hind his pick, sending sparks and bits of coal flying, permeating the area with the smell of sulfur. He wielded his pick tackling the coal face, despair and fear transformed into hatred. To live he must break through it, but it was harder than rock. With only his pick, it would be an impossible task even in normal circumstances.

Wang Jiang, the youngest, was barely twenty. He was a despondent middle-school graduate, who had failed to pass the university entrance exam four months previously.

The middle-aged man with a long neck like a grasshopper was nicknamed "Chatterbox" because he talked non-stop and was a poor worker. He was amazed at Leng, who hadn't eaten all day, hacking away for all he was worth.

Leng admired only Zhang, a man who courageously faced any hardship, but he was getting old. The task of finding a way out naturally fell on Leng's shoulders.

An Unexpected Sound

Suddenly, Leng was asked to stop. Star-