

经典的回声·ECHO OF CLASSICS

MR. MA & SON

a Sojourn in London

二马



老舍 著
〔美〕尤利叶·吉姆逊 译

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经典的回声 (汉英对照)

二 马

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出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版,几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍,上自先秦,下迄现当代,力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品,英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃,精雕细琢,中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到,这些英译精品,不单有对外译介的意义,而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者,也是极有价值的读本。为此,我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选,编排成汉英对照的形式,陆续推出,以飨读者。

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Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

Foreign Languages Press

作者简介

■ 华裔美国作家和历史学家。其著作内容大多是历史和传记，主要是以挑战人类的无知与偏执、普及知识与真理为目的，围绕人类生存发展的最本质的问题展开讨论，因而具有历久不衰的魅力。早年出版的中译本，曾影响了当时国内整整一代年轻人。



H.W.van Loon (1882-1944)

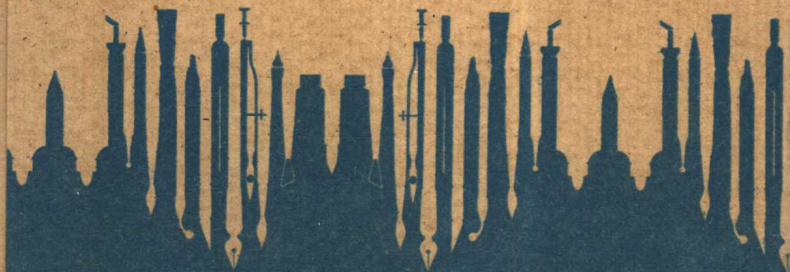
〔美〕亨德里克·威廉·房龙

内 容 简 介

■ 本书是作者为大中学生撰写的世界地理入门书。他用讲故事的方式向人们介绍了全球地貌、气候及各国风土人情。所不同的是，作者并不着眼于山川河流、物产分布、人口统计等普通地理知识的介绍，而是以人为本、以史为纲、以人类大同文明为宗旨。其富有启迪性的独特视角给读者以清新的感觉，不负作者“本世纪最伟大的知识普及者”之名。

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老舍像

The picture of Lao She

第一段

1

马威低着头儿往玉石牌楼走。走几步儿，不知不觉的就楞磕磕的站住一会儿。抬起头来，有时候向左，有时候向右，看一眼。他看什么呢？他不想看什么，也真的没看见什么。他想着的那点事，象块化透了的鳔胶，把他的心整个儿糊满了；不但没有给外面的东西留个钻得进去的小缝儿，连他身上筋肉的一切动作也满满受他的心的指挥。他的眼光只是直着出去，又直着回来了，并没有带回什么东西来。他早把世界忘了，他恨不得世界和他自己一齐消灭了，立刻消灭了，何苦再看呢！

猛孤丁的他站定不走啦。站了总有两三分钟，才慢慢的把面前的东西看清楚了。

“啊，今天是礼拜。”他自己低声儿说。

礼拜下半天，玉石牌楼向来是很热闹的。绿草地上和细沙垫的便道上，都一圈儿一圈儿的站满了人。打着红旗的工人，伸着脖子，张着黑粗的大毛手，扯着小闷雷似的嗓子喊“打倒资产阶级。”把天下所有的坏事全加在资本家的身上，连昨儿晚上没睡好觉，也是资本家闹的。紧靠着这面红旗，便是打着国旗的守旧党，脖子伸



Chapter One

1

MA Wei walked toward Marble Arch with a bowed head and halted mechanically after a few steps to stare off in a daze. He raised his head and glanced about. It wasn't that he was looking for anything in particular, nor did he really focus on anything before him. His mind was preoccupied — absorbed by that something which seemed to permeate his heart like gule, impeding any penetration from outside. Even the movements of his muscles seemed directed by something other than his heart. His gaze drifted about, finding nothing to fix on. He had long since given up on everything, and wished that both he and the world could just vanish away, be extinguished in an instant — then he wouldn't have to endure the anguish of looking any longer.

He remained planted there in utter solitude for several minutes before slowly beginning to discern what was going on around him.

"Mmm, today's Sunday," he murmured to himself.

There was always a hub of activity in front of Marble Arch on Sundays. The green lawns and walkways were crowded with groups of people: workers waving a red flag craned their necks, and holding up rough dark fists, they thundered out in raspy voices, "Down with the capitalists!" It was as if all the world's ills could be placed squarely on the shoulders of the capitalists; even if one hadn't slept well the night before, it had to be the doing of those capitalists. Conservatives carrying the Union Jack were squeezed against the red flag, their necks out even further



得更长,(因为戴着二寸高的硬领儿,脖子是没法缩短的。)张着细白的大毛手,拼着命喊:“打倒社会党,”“打倒不爱国的奸细。”把天下所有的罪恶都撂在工人的肩膀上,连今天早晨下雨,和早饭的时候煮了一个臭鸡蛋,全是工人捣乱的结果。紧靠着这一圈儿是打蓝旗的救世军,敲着八角鼓,吹着小笛儿,没结没完的唱圣诗。他们赞美上帝越欢,红旗下的工人嚷得越加劲。有时候圣灵充满,他们唱得惊天动地,叫那边红旗下的朋友不得不用字典上找不出来的字骂街。紧靠着救世军便是天主教讲道的,再过去还有多少圈儿:讲印度独立的,讲赶快灭中国的,讲自由党复兴的;也有什么也不讲,大伙儿光围着个红胡子小干老头儿,彼此对看着笑。

红旗下站着的人们,差不多是小泥烟袋嘴里一叼,双手插在裤兜儿里。台上说什么,他们点头赞成什么。站在国旗下面听讲的,多半是戴着小硬壳儿黑呢帽,点头咂嘴的嘟囔着:“对了!”“可不是!”有时候两个人说对了劲,同时说出来:“对了。”还彼此挤着眼,一咧嘴,从嘴角儿挤出个十分之一的笑。至于那些小圈儿就不象这些大圈儿这么整齐一致了。他们多半是以讨论辩驳为主体,把脑瓜儿挤热羊似的凑在一块儿,低着声儿彼此嚼争理儿。此外单有一群歪戴帽,横眉立目的年青小伙子,绕着这些小圈儿,说俏皮话,打哈哈,不为别的,只为招大家一

(because of their starched high collars). Raising up soft white hands, they shouted in a frenzy, "Down with the Socialists!" "Down with those disloyal traitors!" All the world's evils were foisted onto the workers — if it rained that morning or if you happened to get a rotten egg for breakfast — it was all invariably the workers' trouble-making. Pressed against this group were Salvation Army soldiers waving a blue flan, beating on octagonal drums, and blowing small flutes in unending hymns. As the praises of the Lord rose more jubilantly, so grew the enthusiasm of the workers's cries. There were moments when the soldiers were fired so with the holy ghost, that their singing would jar the earth, so much so that those beneath the red flag could but shout forth maddened curses that could not be found in dictionaries. Right next to the soldiers of the Salvation Army, he saw a Catholic proselytizing. Further on there were other groups: those in favor of Indian independence, others calling for a post-haste thrashing of China, and still others advocating the revival of the Liberal Party. And there were a few people who weren't preaching anything, but just standing around a shriveled-up old man with a red beard, looking at each other and smiling.

Most of the people standing beneath the red flag were puffing on church-warden pipes, with their hands in their pants pockets, nodding in approval to whatever was said at the podium. Below the Union Jack, almost everyone wore black felt bowler hats, nodding and smacking their lips in agreement as they muttered, "Aye, aye!" or "So indeed!" Every now and then a couple of them would hear something that sounded perfect, and both would come out simultaneously with a "Jolly right you are!" Turning to each other then, they would wink and grin. The smaller groups of people didn't seem as orderly or cohesive as the larger ones. Most of them were arguing with one another; huddling their heads together like sheep, they wagged their tongues in a bleating din of contention. Aside from them there was only a bunch of young men wearing crooked caps, scowling as they circled around the groups, making sarcastic remarks and poking





笑,露露自己的精细。圈儿外边围着三五成群的巡警,都是一边儿高,一样的大手大脚,好象伦敦的巡警都是一母所生的哥儿们。

这群人里最出锋头,叫好儿的,是穿红军衣的禁卫军。他们的腰板儿挺得比图画板还平还直,裤子的中缝象里面撑着一条铁棍儿似的那么直溜溜的立着。个个干净抹腻,脸上永远是笑着,露着雪白的门牙,头发剪得正好露出青青的头皮儿。他们是什么也不听,光在圈儿外边最惹人注目的地方站着,眼睛往四下里溜。站个三五分钟,不知道怎么一股子劲儿,就把胳膊插在姑娘的白手腕上,然后干跺着脚后跟,一同在草地上谈心去了。

青草地上的男男女女,也有脸对脸坐着的,也有搂着脖子躺着的,也有单人孤坐拿着张晚报,不看报,光看姑娘的腿的。一群群的肥狗都撒着欢儿乱跳,莫名其妙的汪汪的咬着。小孩儿们,有的穿着满身的白羊绒,有的从头到脚一身红绒的连脚裤,都拐着胖腿东倒西歪的在草地上跑来跑去,奶妈子们戴着小白风帽,唠里唠叨的跟着这些小神仙们跑。

马威站了好大半天,没心去听讲,也想不起上那儿去好。

他大概有二十二三岁的样子。身量不矮,可是很瘦。黄白的脸色儿,瘦,可是不显着枯弱。两条长眉往上稍微的竖着一些,眼角儿也往上吊着一点;要是没有那双永远含笑的大眼睛,他的面目便有些可怕了。他的眼珠儿是非常的

fun at people. They weren't interested in anything save for getting a few laughs out of everyone and the chance to show off their own clever wit. Policemen were grouped in threes and fours around the crowds of people, all of them about the same height, with identically large hands and feet; it was almost as if London's bobbies were all born of the same mother.

But of all the people in the crowds, it was the Coldstream Guards with their red uniforms, who stood out and attracted the most attention. Their backs were even stiffer and straighter than drawing boards, and the pleats in their pants seemed to be supported by smooth rigid steel rods. Each and every one of them was sharp and spiffy, ever-graced with a hint of smile that revealed a thin line of snow-white teeth. Their hair was clipped close enough to let the blue-black color of their scalp peek through. They weren't listening to anyone, just standing away from the clusters of people in the most conspicuous part of the park, deigning to let their gaze fall upon the things about them. After standing there for a few minutes, they took off to link their arms around those of tender-wristed young ladies, turning then on their heels to go off to their tête-à-têtes on the grass.

On the lawn there were couples, some sitting facing one another, others lying down embracing. There were also men sitting alone holding evening newspapers, not really reading, but looking off at young women's legs. Packs of pudgy dogs scattered about jumping with glee, barking and yapping at nothing. Small children dressed in white cashmere outfits and red jumpsuits twisted their stubby legs to and fro, running back and forth on the grass. Nannies sporting white bonnets chattered as they scurried after their little pixies.

Ma Wei stood there for a long time, not in the mood to listen to speeches, yet not knowing quite where else to go.

He looked to be around 22 or 23 years old. Though not short in build, he was fairly thin. His complexion was a pale yellow, slender, but not haggard. His long eyebrows lifted up at the ends, and the corners of his eyes slanted upwards as well. It was



黑，非常的亮；黑与亮的调和，叫他的黑眼珠的边儿上浅了一些，恰好不让黑白眼珠象冥衣铺糊的纸人儿那样死呆呆的黑白分明。一条不很高的鼻子，因为脸上不很胖，看着高矮正合适。嘴唇儿往上兜着一点，和他笑迷迷的眼睛正好联成一团和气。

从他的面貌和年纪看起来，他似乎不应当这样愁苦。可是，他的眉毛拧着，头儿低着，脊梁也略弯着一点，青年活泼的气象确是丢了好些。

他穿着一身灰呢的衣裳，罩着一件黑呢大氅。衣裳作得是很讲究，可是老没有槌刷，看着正象他的脸，因为颓丧把原来的广彩减少了一大些。拿他和那些穿红军衣，夹着姑娘胳膊的青年比起来，他真算是有点不幸了。

无心中的他掏出手巾擦了擦脸；擦完了，照旧的在那里楞头磕的站着。

已经快落太阳了，一片一片的红云彩把绿绒似的草地照成紫不溜儿的。工人的红旗慢慢的变成一块定住了的紫血似的。听讲的人也是一会儿比一会儿稀少了。

马威把手揣在大氅兜儿里，往前只走了几步，在草地边儿上的铁栏杆上靠住了。

西边的红云彩慢慢的把太阳的余光散尽了。先是一层一层的蒙上浅葡萄灰色，借着太阳最后的那点反照，好象野鸽子脖子上的那层灰里透蓝的霜儿。这个灰色越来越深，无形的和



fortunate that his large eyes always held a hint of smile, otherwise there would certainly have been something a bit frightening about his looks. His irises were extremely dark, yet extremely bright. This balance of darkness and clarity made the edges of his irises brighten a little, just enough so that the contrast in his eyes wasn't as stark and simple as the black and white irises of paper figurines burned for the dead. His nose wasn't too high, and because his face lacked girth, the height seemed just in proportion. Curling up a bit, his lips together with his smiling eyes combined to form a gentle countenance.

Judging from his appearance and youth, it would seem that he should have no reason to be troubled. But from his furrowed brow, lowered head, and slightly hunched spine, it was evident that he had long since lost that spark of youthful vigor.

He was dressed in gray wool, with a black overcoat draped around his shoulders. And although his clothes were tastefully cut, they had taken on a seedy appearance from lack of brushing — just as the gloom which hung over his face had come to overshadow its original lustre. Compared to the young men in red uniforms who slipped their arms through those of young girls, he looked a bit wretched indeed.

Without thinking, he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped off his face, then continued to stare off blankly.

The sun was already about to set; one by one clusters of red cloud reflections turned the velvety green grass into lavender, and the workers' red flags were slowly transformed into the purplish color of congealed blood. People listening to speeches grew fewer and fewer.

Ma Wei tucked his hands into his overcoat pockets, and walked a few steps to lean on an iron railing near the lawn.

Reddish clouds from the west gradually dispersed the last glimpses of daylight. Layer by layer the clouds took on a purple-ashen hue, and with the final reflection of the sun's rays, revealed a thin layer of bluish frost, like that on the necks of wild pigeons. The ashen dusk grew deeper, and mingling with the



地上的雾圈儿联成一片，把地上一切的颜色，全吞进黑暗里去了。工人的红旗也跟着变成一个黑点儿。远处的大树悄悄的把这层黑影儿抱住，一同往夜里走了去。

人们一来二去的差不多散净了。四面的煤气灯全点着了。围着玉石牌楼红的绿的大汽车，一闪一闪的绕着圈儿跑，远远的从雾中看过去，好象一条活动的长虹。

草地上没有人了，只是铁栏杆的旁边还有个黑影儿。

2

李子荣已经钻了被窝。正在往左伸伸腿，又往右挪挪手，半睡不睡的时候，恍恍惚忽的似乎听见门铃响了一声。眼睛刚要睁开，可是脑袋不由的往枕头下面溜了下去。心里还迷迷糊糊的记得：刚才有个什么东西响了一声。可是，……

“吱——唧！”门铃又响了。

他把才闭好的眼睛睁开了一小半，又慢慢把耳朵唇儿往枕头上面凑了一凑。

“吱——唧！”

“半夜三更鬼叫门！谁呢？”他一手支着褥子坐起来，一手把窗帘掀开一点往外看。胡同里虽有煤气灯，可是雾下得很厚，黑咕笼咚的什么也看不见。

“吱——唧！”比上一回的响声重了一些，也长了一些。

李子荣起来了。摸着黑儿穿上鞋，冰凉的鞋底碰上脚心的热汗，他不由的身上起了一层小鸡皮疙瘩；虽然是四月底的天气，可是夜间还是凉渗渗的。他摸着把电灯开开。然后披上大氅，大气不出的，用脚尖儿往楼下走。楼下的老太太已经睡了觉，一不小心把她吵醒了，是非挨骂不可的。他轻轻的开了门，问了声：“谁呀？”



fog, swallowed up the earth's colors into obscurity. The workers' flags followed suit and became black patches. Distant trees gently embraced the dark umbrage and drifted off into the night.

Bit by bit the people vanished. The gas lamps came on, and red and green cars flashed past marble. Arch in circles; distantly through the mist they melted to form a long rainbow.

The lawns had emptied of people; only one lone dark figure remained to be seen beside the iron railing.

2

Li Zirong had already settled into bed. Just when he was half-asleep, stretching his arms and legs, he seemed to hear the faint sound of a doorbell. But as he went to open his eyes, his head slipped from the pillow. Somewhere in his mind he hazily recalled that something had sounded. But...

"Bzzzz!"

It was only then that he halfway opened his eyes, eyes that had been closed so comfortably, and slowly moved his head to the pillow.

"Bzzz!"

"Who the devil could that be — in the middle of the night!"

He propped himself up with one hand and opened the curtains to look outside. Although the gaslamps were still on in the alley, the fog was thick; he couldn't make out through the darkness where the racket was coming from.

"Bzzzz!" It sounded longer and louder than before.

Li Zirong got up. He fumbled in the dark for his shoes; when his warm moist arches slid against the cold shoes he couldn't help breaking out in goose pimples. Even though it was late April, the nights were still pretty chilly. He felt for the switch to turn on the lights. Then draping an overcoat on his shoulders, he held his breath and tiptoed down the stairs. The old lady downstairs was already asleep, and if he weren't careful and woke her