

# 为无所事事者辩护

陆钰明 编 林文华 等 译



真正的幸福，是我们如何开始，而不是如何结束；

是我们想要什么，而不是拥有什么。

你的思想所在，便是生命所在。

双语经典散文 • 生活哲理篇 •

# 为无所事事者辩护

陆钰明 编 林文华 等 译

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

为无所事事者辩护:双语经典散文生活哲理篇:英汉对照/  
陆钰明编;林文华等译. —北京:新世界出版社, 2011. 4

ISBN 978-7-5104-1717-7

I. ①为… II. ①陆…②林… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读  
物②散文集-世界 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2011)第 039360 号

---

## 为无所事事者辩护:双语经典散文生活哲理篇

---

编 者: 陆钰明 翻 译: 林文华等

责任编辑: 熊文霞

责任印制: 李一鸣 黄厚清

出版发行: 新世界出版社

社 址: 北京西城区百万庄大街 24 号(100037)

发 行 部: (010)6899 5968 (010)6899 8733(传真)

总 编 室: (010)6899 5424 (010)6832 6679(传真)

<http://www.nwp.cn>

<http://www.newworld-press.com>

版 权 部: +8610 6899 6306

版权部电子信箱: [frank@nwp.com.cn](mailto:frank@nwp.com.cn)

印 刷: 山东临沂新华印刷物流集团有限责任公司

经 销: 新华书店

开 本: 889 × 1194 1/32

字 数: 138 千字 印张: 6.75

版 次: 2011 年 4 月第 1 版 2011 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5104-1717-7

定 价: 20.00 元

---

版权所有,侵权必究

凡购本社图书,如有缺页、倒页、脱页等印装错误,可随时退换。

客服电话:(010)6899 8638

# 目 录

## Contents

El Dorado	
黄金国 .....	2
Prologue of Tolerance	
《宽容》序言 .....	8
Three Days to See	
假如给我三天光明 .....	20
Why the Novel Matters	
小说为何重要 .....	28
Companionship of Books	
与书为友 .....	36
About Books	
论书二则 .....	40
Six Famous Words	
六字名言 .....	48
Our Family Creed	
我们的家庭信条 .....	52



An Apology for Idlers	
为无所事事者辩护 .....	56
To Strive After Perfection	
追求完美 .....	66
Beggars	
乞丐 .....	74
A Citizen's Diary	
某君日记 .....	88
On the Decay of the Art of Lying	
论说谎艺术的衰退 .....	100
To Explore the Private Sea	
探索内心世界 .....	112
Of Death	
论死亡 .....	122
Fear of Public Opinion	
论畏惧公众舆论 .....	128
Baseness of Birth	
论出身低贱 .....	138
Nature	
论自然 .....	146
Heroism	
论英雄主义 .....	156
The Tragic	
论悲伤 .....	164



## Reading

论阅读 ..... 174

On Being Sentenced to Be Hanged

被判绞刑时的演说 ..... 186

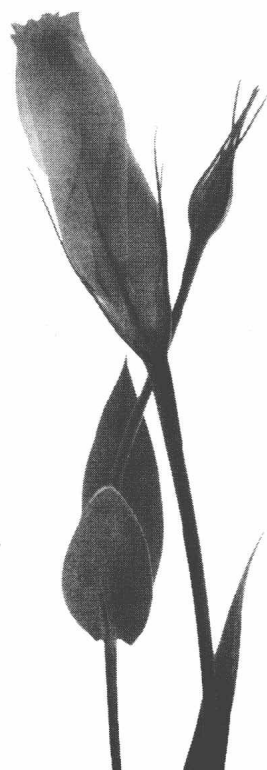
Reply to the US Government

给美国政府的答复 ..... 190

The American Scholar

美国学者 ..... 200

为无所事事者  
辩护



# El Dorado

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and dispatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. To those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colors, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosities are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colors; it is they that



# 黄 金 国

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

在这世上，有许多的婚姻与决定性的交战；在每天的某个时刻，我们都津津有味地将一份食物匆匆地填入承载我们的皮囊。在这样的世界上，能得到的东西似乎很多。匆匆看来，尽可能多地获得似乎是争强好胜的人类生活的唯一目标。然而，从精神上来看，这仅是个假象。我们生活幸福时，便在一个上升的阶梯中，好事连连，永无终结。对于眼睛向上看的人来说，永远是一番新的景象。尽管我们居住于一个小小的星球之上，沉浸于繁琐的小事，只存在短暂的岁月，但我们生来就有高远的期待，仿佛天上遥不可及的星辰。生命不息，希望不灭。真正的幸福，是我们如何开始，而不是如何结束；是我们想要什么，而不是拥有什么。渴望是一种永远的幸福，一种拥有，如地产般踏实；是一种财富，用之不竭，年复一年给我们快乐的收益。这种渴望拥有越多，精神上就越富有。对那些既无艺术又无科学精神的人来说，世界只不过是色彩的排列，或者是崎岖的小径，稍有不慎，便摔坏了腿。正是由于人类的渴望与好奇，才使他坚韧不拔地继续生存，为形形色色的人与事所吸引，每天早晨醒来，以全新的姿态迎接工作与快乐。渴望与好奇是人类的双眼，通过它们去观察这色彩斑斓的世界：正是它们，使女人美丽，使化石有趣。人可能会挥霍他的财产而沦为乞丐；但只

make women beautiful or fossils interesting; and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlor; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright with the ten notebooks upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there not more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labors.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! It is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious

要他保存这两道护身符，他极有可能仍是快乐的。如果他饱餐一顿便永不饥饿；如果他匆匆一瞥便把世界万象尽收眼底，不再渴望知识；如果他在任何经验领域均如此——那他从此以后不就缺乏快乐了吗？

一个徒步旅行的人，如果行囊中只带了一本书，便会悉心阅读，常常停下来思考，放下书本，对着远处的风景或旅店客厅的版画沉思；因为他害怕阅读的乐趣会终结，在他旅程的后期变得孤单无伴。一个年轻人最近读完了托马斯·卡莱尔的著作，如果我们没有记错，他最后作了十本关于腓特列大帝的笔记。这个年轻人惊喊道：“什么！卡莱尔的书读完了吗？我只能天天读报了吗？”更为著名的一个例子是没有更多世界去征服而痛苦的亚历山大。吉本完成了他的《罗马帝国衰亡史》时，只兴奋了一时便怀着一种“庄严的忧郁”告别了他的工作。

我们都乐此不疲地把徒劳的箭射向月球；我们的希望指向遥不可及的黄金国；到头来却一无所获。兴趣被连根拔起，只是为了再次播种，像芥菜一样。当孩子出生时，你以为麻烦就会终结；但这只是新的担忧的开始；你看着孩子长牙，受教育，最后结婚，天哪！每天都有新的恐惧，新的战栗感觉；让孩子的孩子健康慢慢变得跟自己的健康一样让你揪心。当你跟妻子结婚的时候，你会以为你已爬上了山顶，可以轻松地下山了。但你只是结束了求婚而开始婚姻生活。对于专横且具有反叛意识的人来说，坠入爱河与赢得爱情都是很困难的事；但维持爱情也同样重要，丈夫与妻子都必须善待彼此。真正的爱情故事开始于圣坛，从那时起夫妻双方便展开了一场智慧与大度的美丽竞赛，一场通往不可企及的理想



spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher, and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study forever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the future side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighborhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimaeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. Oh toiling hands of mortals! Oh unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

的终生奋斗。不可企及？是，当然不可企及，因为他们是两人而不是单个。

“著述无止境。”传道者这样感叹，没有意识到他对作家这一职业的评价有多高。确实，写书、做实验、旅游、敛财都无止境。问题一个接着一个。我们可以一辈子学习，但我们永远不能像我们想象的那样博学。当我们发现一个大陆，或跨越连绵的山脉时，我们会发现远处还有一汪海洋或者一片平原。无穷的宇宙总为我们的勤奋留出余地。这不像卡莱尔的著作那样可以被读完。即使在某个角落，某个私人公园，或某个邻近的村庄，天气和季节交相更替，即使我们终身不断造访这些地方，也总会有一些新的东西令我们惊喜。

这世上只有一样愿望可以实现；只有一件事绝对可以达到，那就是死亡。可在许多情况下，都没有人能告诉我们死亡是否值得达到。

在通往幻想之途中，我们创造了一幅奇异的图画：不停地前行，不愿去休息，不知疲倦、勇于冒险的拓荒者。确实，我们永远不会达到目标；也许根本就没有这种地方能到达；假如我们能活几个世纪，被赐予神的力量，我们也会发现最终离我们的目标并没有多远。啊，芸芸众生的辛苦劳作的双手！啊，不知疲倦的双脚，前行却不知走向何方！马上，马上，你似乎意识到你必须到达某个光辉灿烂的山顶，在更远一点的地方，在落日余晖中，隐约可见黄金国的尖顶。你很少意识到你正处于幸福之中；因为，满怀希望的旅行胜于到达，真正的成功是努力奋斗。

（陆钰明 译）



## Prologue of Tolerance

*Hendrik Willem Van Loon*

Happily lived mankind in the peaceful Valley of Ignorance.

To the north, to the south, to the west and to the east stretched the ridges of the Hills Everlasting.

A little stream of knowledge trickled slowly through a deep worn gully.

It came out of the Mountains of the Past.

It cost itself in the Marshes of the Future.

It was not much, as rivers go. But it was enough for the humble needs of the villagers.

In the evening, when they had watered their cattle and had filled their casks, they were content to sit down to enjoy life.

The Old Men who knew were brought forth from the shady corners where they had spent their day, pondering over the mysterious pages of an old book.

They mumbled strange words to their grandchildren, who would have preferred to play with the pretty pebbles, brought down from distant lands.

Often these words were not very clear.

But they were writ a thousand years ago by a forgotten race. Hence they were holy.

For in the Valley of Ignorance, whatever was old was venerable. And those who dared to gainsay the wisdom of the fathers were shunned by all decent people.

And so they kept their peace.

## 《宽容》序言

亨德里克·威廉·房龙

人类幸福地生活在宁静的无知谷。

无尽的山脊朝东南西北各个方向绵延。

一条智慧小溪在幽深古老的峡谷中缓缓流淌着。

它发源于昔日的群山。

它消失在未来的沼泽。

这小溪不如河流充盈，但对需求极少的村民来说已是绰绰有余。

傍晚，村民们喂完牲口，往桶里装满清水，心满意足地坐下来享受生活。

守旧的老人们被搀扶出来，他们已在阴凉角落里呆了一天，对着一本神秘旧书苦思冥想。

他们对儿孙们咕哝着一些稀奇古怪的话，可孩子们宁愿玩从远处弄来的好看的小鹅卵石。

老人们的话总是说得含糊不清。

但它们是一千多年前由一个如今已不知其名的部落写下的，因此神圣而不可亵渎。

因为在无知谷，古老的东西总是受人尊敬。若有人胆敢反驳先辈的智慧，定会遭到正派人的冷落。

Fear was ever with them. What if they should be refused the common share of the products of the garden?

Vague stories there were, whispered at night among the narrow streets of the little town, vague stories of men and women who had dared to ask questions.

They had gone forth, and never again had they been seen.

A few had tried to scale the high walls of the rocky range that hid the sun.

Their whitened bones lay at the foot of the cliffs.

The years came and the years went by.

Happily lived mankind in the peaceful Valley of Ignorance.

Out of the darkness crept a man.

The nails of his hands were torn.

His feet were covered with rags, red with the blood of long marches.

He stumbled to the door of the nearest hut and knocked.

Then he fainted. By the light of a frightened candle, he was carried to a cot.

In the morning throughout the village it was known: "He has come back."

The neighbors stood around and shook their heads. They had always known that this was to be the end.

Defeat and surrender awaited those who dared to stroll away from the foot of the mountains.

And in one corner of the village the Old Men shook their heads and whispered burning words.

They did not mean to be cruel, but the Law was the Law. Bitterly this man had sinned against the wishes of Those Who Knew.

As soon as his wounds were healed he must be brought to trial.

They meant to be lenient.

They remembered the strange, burning eyes of his mother. They recalled the tragedy of his father, lost in the desert these thirty years ago.



于是,大家保持缄默,相安无事。

恐惧总是相伴左右。谁要是没得到果园里属于自己的那份果实,又会是何情形呢?

夜晚,人们聚集在小镇狭窄的街头巷尾,讲述模糊不清的故事,都是有关一些敢于质疑的男人女人。

这些男人女人都已离家出走,再也没回来过。

一些人尝试着攀援挡住太阳的峭壁巉岩。

悬崖脚下便是他们的累累白骨。

岁月流逝,年复一年。

人类幸福地生活在宁静的无知谷。

黑夜中一人正在爬行。

他的十指已是血肉模糊。

他的双脚裹着破烂衣服,因长途跋涉,上面已是血迹斑斑。

他跌跌撞撞来到最近一间茅舍前,抬手敲门。

紧接着他昏了过去。在受惊的烛光下,他被抬到一张小床上。

第二天早晨,全村人都在传说:“他回来了。”

邻居们围在他身旁,晃着脑袋。他们早已知道会有如此结局。

那些敢于离开山麓的人,等待他们的必将是失败和屈服。

村子的一角,守旧的老人们摇着头,低声说着一些极端恶毒的话。

他们并非故意如此残忍,但法规就是法规。他执意违抗长辈们的意志,等于犯下了滔天罪行。

一旦伤愈,他就要被带上审判台。

长辈们本想慈悲为怀。

他们还记得他母亲奇怪却充满渴求的眼光,想起了他父亲三十年前在沙漠中失踪的悲剧。