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第二辑

英汉
双语
经典阅读

Lens Masterpiece Classical English-Chinese Bilingual Reading
All Quiet on the Western Front & Hamlet

西线无战事

王子复仇记

天津科学技术出版社

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

名著镜头:英汉双语经典阅读.第2辑/李四清主编.

天津:天津科学技术出版社,2009.2

ISBN 978-7-5308-4210-2

I. 名… II. 李… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②长篇小说—作品集—世界—缩写本 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 155869 号

责任编辑:侯 萍 傅雪莹

责任印制:王 莹

天津科学技术出版社出版

出版人:胡振泰

天津市西康路 35 号 邮编 300051

电话:(022)23332394(编辑室) (022)23332393(发行部)

网址:www.tjkjcs.com.cn

新华书店经销

北京世纪雨田印刷有限公司印刷

开本 787×1092 1/24 印张 38 字数 1 000 000

2009 年 5 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

定价:(共四册)88.00 元



编译者名单

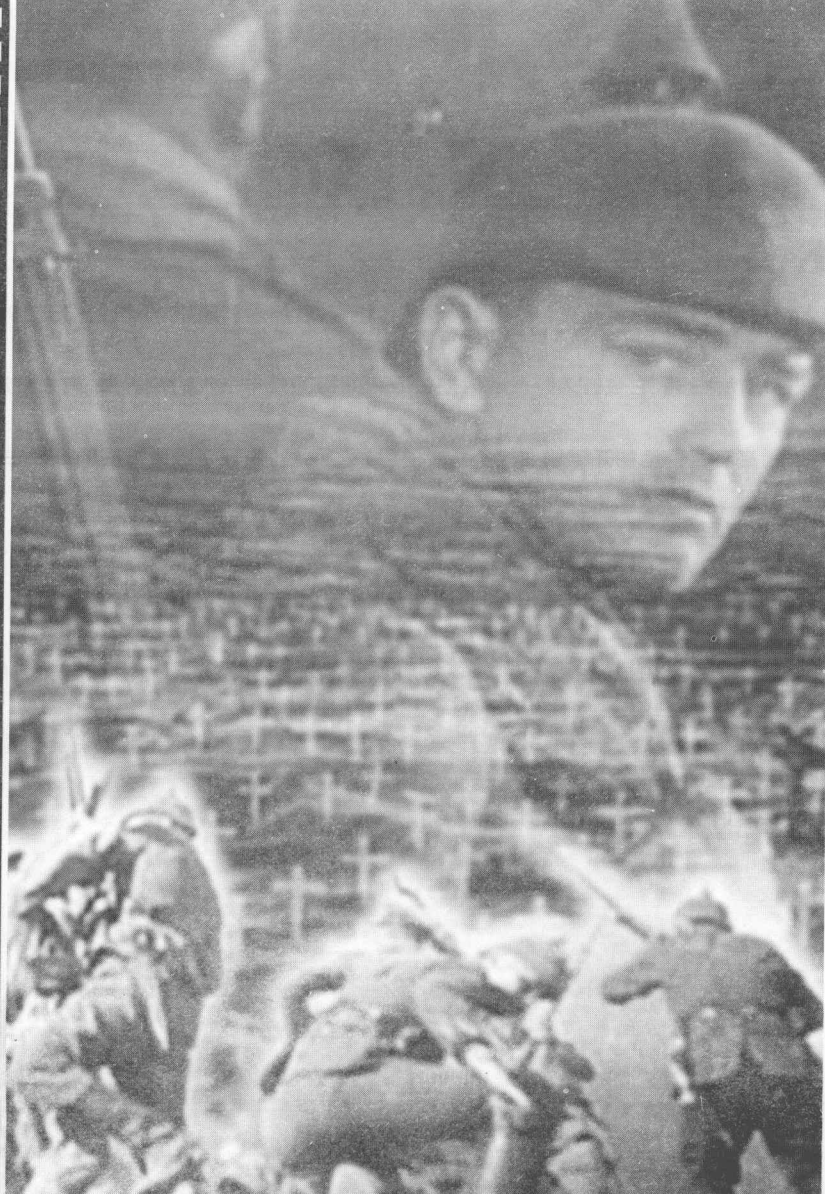


主 编 李四清

副主编 赵冬梅 李正鸿

编译者 晏尚元（悲惨世界）
 傅 铮（战地钟声）
 李 彦（西线无战事）
 李媛霞（王子复仇记）
 齐晓亮 庞双子（乱世佳人）

西线无战事



简介

作者埃里希·马里亚·雷马克,是德国现代著名作家,后加入美国籍。小说创作于 1929 年,是作者第一部成功之作。它被誉为“一战”时期被毁灭的德国青年一代的控诉书,有力地谴责了帝国主义战争,毫不留情地揭开了蒙在战争头上的“神圣”面纱,表现了极为鲜明的反战主题。这本书一出版就引起巨大的轰动效应,先后被译成 29 种文字,销量高达 800 万册。

影片《西线无战事》于 1930 年出品,导演路易斯·迈尔斯通以简明精练的手法写活了战争的荒谬无情,鲜明地表达出反战主题,主角卢·艾尔斯的演出也动人心弦。影片荣获第三届奥斯卡最佳影片、最佳导演奖,美国百部经典名片之一,在 1962 年美国西雅图世界博览会评选的“电影诞生以来的十四部最伟大的美国影片”中名列第三位。

小说人物关系谱

Paul Bäumer 保罗·博伊默尔——小说的主人公,故事的叙述者

Stanislaus Katczinsky 斯坦尼斯劳斯·卡特辛斯基——第二连的士兵,足智多谋,是保罗在军中最好的朋友

Albert Kropp 艾伯特·克罗普——保罗的同班同学,善于思考,是战争期间保罗最要好的朋友之一

Müller 米勒——保罗的同班同学,粗鲁,但善良好学

Franz Kemmerich 弗朗茨·克默里希——保罗的同班同学,第二连中的伙伴

Leer 勒尔——保罗的同班同学,第二连中的伙伴

Joseph Behm 约瑟夫·贝姆——保罗的同班同学,最后一个决定参军,却是第一个阵亡

Tjaden 恰登——第二连的士兵,骨瘦如柴却胃口极好

Detering 德特林——第二连的士兵,最后作了逃兵

Haie Westhus 海伊·韦斯特胡斯——第二连的士兵,战前是挖泥煤的

Kantorek 坎托雷克——保罗高中的老师,盲目号召学生应征入伍

Himmelstoss 希默尔施托斯——战前是邮递员,后来成为保罗等新兵的训练军士

Gérard Duval 热拉尔·迪瓦尔——保罗杀死的法国士兵



Everybody is talking about the war, which seems to be in triumph tomorrow.

"Thirty thousand."

"From the Russians?"

"No, from the French. From the Russians we capture more than that every day."

Countless volunteers stride steadfastly on the street with enviable guns in their hands. People are shouting and cheering, immersed in the esteem of their heroes. Meanwhile, more and more young men are going to join the army. Even our postman, Himmelstoss, has been called. This is his last day to deliver mails, for he will change uniforms and become a sergeant in the reserves tomorrow.

Rapturous crowds send off soldiers who are setting out to the front. Accompanied with the band, everyone is full of confidence, expecting a glorious war lasting couple of months.

Compared with the ebullience on the street, the atmosphere in the classroom is hotter. Kantorek is giving us a long but excellent lecture during drill-time.

每个人都在谈论着这场战争，一场似乎明天就要胜利的战争。

"3万人哟。"

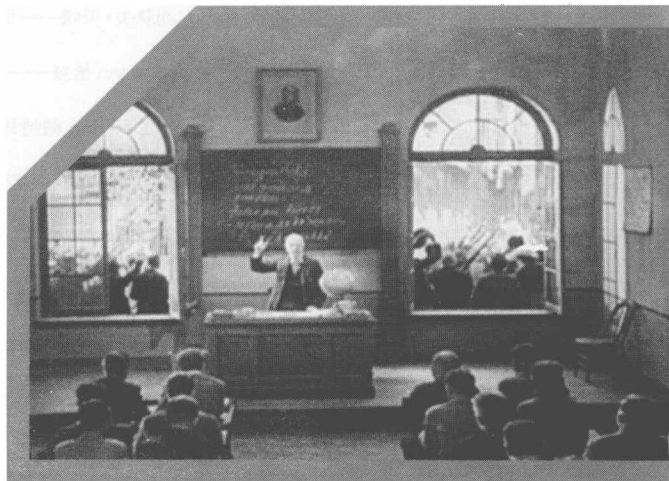
"是俄国人?"

"不,是法国人。俄国的俘虏每天比这还多咧!"

大街上,数不清的志愿兵坚实地踏着步子,手中握着令人艳羡的枪。人们叫喊着、欢呼着,沉浸在対英雄们的崇敬之中。与此同时,越来越多的年轻人志愿参军,甚至连我们的邮递员希默尔施托斯也应征入伍。今天是他最后一天送信,因为明天他将换上军服,成为预备队的一名军士。

兴高采烈的群众欢送开拔的士兵。在乐队的伴奏中,所有人都满怀信心地期待着一场短暂而光荣的战争。

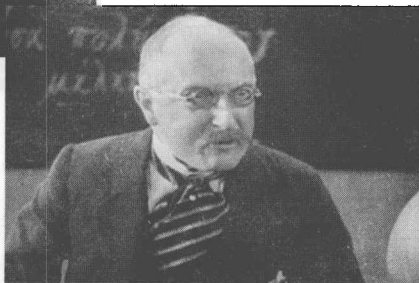
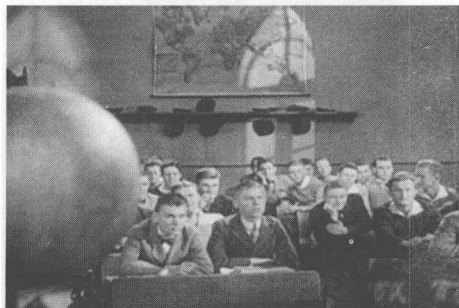
同街上的热情相比,教室里的气氛更加热烈。坎托雷克正利用训练课,向我们做一篇长长但却精彩的报告。



Kantorek is our schoolmaster. He is a stunted but very harsh man, always in a gray tailcoat. His face gives an outline of a shrewmouse. "Now, my beloved class, this is what we must do. To strike with all our power, and give every ounce of strength to win victory before the end of the year." Kantorek says. "It is with reluctance that I bring this subject up again. You are the life of the fatherland, you boys. You are the iron men of Germany. You are the gay heroes who will repulse the enemy. It is not for me to suggest that any of you should stand up and offer to defend his country. I know you have never desired the adulation of heroes. That has not been part of my teaching. But I wonder if such a thing is going through your heads. I

know that in one of the classes, the boys have risen up in the classroom and enlisted in a mass. But, of course, if such a thing should happen here, you would not blame me for a feeling of pride." Kantorek becomes more excited, "We have sought to make ourselves worthy and let a claim come when it would. To be foremost in battle is a virtue not to be despised. I believe it will be a quick war, that there will be few losses. But if losses there must be, then let us remember the Latin phrase which must have come to the lips of many Romans when they stood embattled in a foreign land, 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Sweet and fitting it is to die for the fatherland.'"

Kantorek words bestir every one of us in the classroom.



西线无战事 *All Quiet on the Western Front*

坎托雷克是我们班里的老师，他身材矮小，但却很严厉，经常穿着一件灰色的燕尾服，脸长得特别像老鼠。“我亲爱的学生们，这是我们现在这个时候必须做的。我们必须全力以赴抗击敌人，在年底前取得战争的

胜利。”坎托雷克说道：“我不想再重复所说的话了，你们，你们这些男孩子是祖国的生命，是德国的铁汉青年，是能击退敌人的英雄。我并不是鼓动你们当中的任何一个人站出来，立志从军。我知道你们从没想过被人恭维为英雄，我从未教过你们这些。但是我在想，你们是否有过这样的念头。据我所知，有一个班全体自愿参军，如果你们

也能和他们一样，全都自愿参军的话，我将是多么的骄傲啊。”坎托雷克越来越激动，“我们要寻找我们的价值，说出我们的誓言。冲锋陷阵是英勇

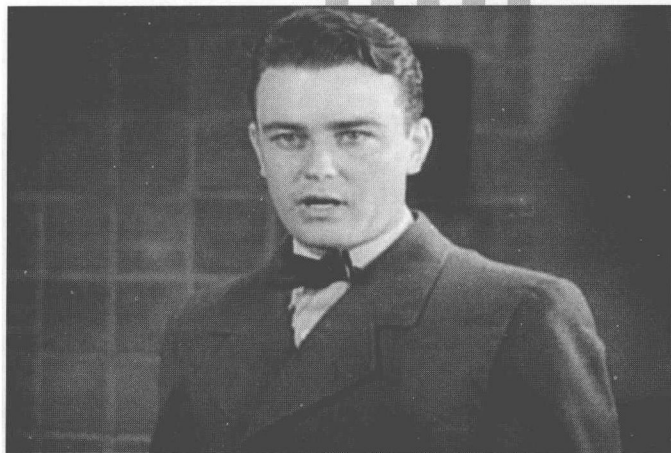
的，绝不会被轻视。我相信战争会很快结束，伤亡很少，但如果必须要牺牲，我们就要记住一句拉丁名言，这是罗马人在外征战时常挂在嘴边的一句话——‘为国捐躯，甘之如饴，死得其所’。”

坎托雷克的话激励着教室中的每一个人。

Although some think that he should not be allowed to go because he is too young, he has home, mother and father, most of us can't help imagining what will happen after we become volunteers. Maybe mothers will cry. They are so weak that they cannot send their sons to defend the land which gave them birth. While fathers may be pleasantly surprised, for they are not so forgetful of their fatherland that they would let it perish. Honor of wearing a uniform is something from which we should run. If our young ladies glory in those who wear it, there is nothing to be ashamed of.

And I, Paul Bäumer, a 19-year-old boy, am also thinking my life. Actually I have a great promise as a writer, and dreaming of following the footsteps of Goethe and Schiller. There is the beginning of a play called "Saul" and a pack of poems at home in the drawer of my writing table. I can't remember how many evenings I have worked on them. But now our country calls, and the fatherland needs soldiers. As Kantorek says, "Personal ambition must be thrown aside in the one great sacrifice for our country. There is a glorious beginning of your lives. The field of honor calls you. Why are you here?" So as the leader of the class, I first declare to join the army. Others follow actively. One of us hesitates and doesn't want to go with us. That is Joseph Behm, a bulky but homelike boy. But eventually he gives in to Kantorek's unrelenting pressure.

We begin to sing excitedly, throwing our textbooks into the air. We go out of the classroom, march like real soldiers and merge into the fevered crowds.



西线无战事

All Quiet on the Western Front

虽然有人认为年纪太小，有家、有父母，不会被允许参军，但大多数人都禁不住想象着参军后的事情。母亲可能会哭，她们太脆弱了，不忍心送儿子去保卫给予他们生命的祖国；而父亲会十分惊喜，他们不会忘记国家，不会让它灭亡。穿上军装是多么的光荣，从此我们就要干有意义的事啦。如果姑娘们能以我们为荣，那穿上军装就更不是让人羞愧的事了。

而我，保罗·博伊默尔，一个十九岁的男孩儿，也正在思索着我的生活。其实我一直想当个作家，梦想着追随歌德和席勒的足迹。在我书桌的抽屉里，放着一个刚开始写的剧本《扫罗》和一大堆我写的诗稿。我已经不记得曾经有多少个夜晚，一直在奋笔创作。但是，如今国家在召唤，祖国需要战士，正如坎托雷克所说：“个人的雄心应该放置一边，要为国家做出巨大的牺牲。你们生命的光荣就始于于此，荣耀的战场在呼唤你们，你们为什么还待在这儿？”因此，作为班长的我，第一个宣布参军。其他人也都积极效仿。我们中间有一个人犹豫不定，不愿意加入到我们当中。那个人就是约瑟夫·贝姆，一个又胖又不灵活、但却很亲切的男孩儿。可是他最终还是屈服于坎托雷克的无情压力，决定参军。

我们兴奋地开始唱歌，把课本扔到空中。像真正的士兵一样，我们前进走出教室，融入激动的人群。



到区指挥部去报到的时候,我们班总共有二十个人,我知道,在进入营房之前,很多人生平第一次刮胡子,自豪得不得了。之后,我们三人一群,四人一伙,被分到各个排里,很快就和也分到那儿的渔民、农民和工人成了朋友。

克罗普、米勒、克默里希和我,被分到第九排。我们急不可待地找到自己的床铺,换上军服,盼着即将到来的训练。克默里希认为长时间的行军会使我们变得强壮;米勒觉得枪刺术很有意思;而克罗普急于领到枪进行练习,以便多杀敌人。然而对于未来,我们没

有明确的计划,对于事业和职业的想法是那么不切实际,以至于无法规划生活。我们的脑子完全被那些模糊的观念所填满,把人生还有战争理想化了,甚至主观地给它们加上了一层浪漫主义的色彩。不幸的是,这个时候我们根本没有意识到这一点。



We are a class of twenty young men when going to the district commandant to enlist. I know many of us proudly shaved for the first time before they move to the barracks. Then the class is separated into different platoons by threes and fours. We soon make friends with fishermen, peasants, and laborers scattered there.

Kropp, Müller, Kemmerich, and I are assigned No. 9 platoon. We are hurried to find our own beds, getting into uniform and eager to be trained soon. Kemmerich thinks we will be strong for the long marches. Müller wants bayonet drill. While Kropp wants to have some practice of shooting in order to bump off the enemy. Yet we do not have clear-cut plans for our future. Our thoughts of a career and occupation are too impractical to provide any scheme of life. We are still fully chocked up of vague ideas. We regard our life and the war as an ideal and give them almost a romantic character subjectively. Unfortunately, we are not aware of it at all at this time.

Soon we get to know that No. 9 platoon is under Corporal Himmelstoss. He is an undersized but strong man with a foxy and waxed moustache, who has been in twelve years' service as the story goes. Only three days ago he was our postman, so we badinage him as before. "Any mail for us, Himmelstoss?"

"Ah, come on, Himmelstoss. We know ya. Take off the false whiskers."

"Don't you see my rank?" Himmelstoss roars to us and also orders us to address him with "Sir". Now he is a very different fellow. As sure as he gets a stripe or a star he makes himself a disparate man, just as if he swallowed concrete.

"We don't believe that you mean it." I say.

"You'll find out whether I mean it or not. Line up! Get in some kind of a line!" Himmelstoss thunders out.

After we are lined up drowsily, he starts his training speech. "Well, I'll have to teach you. You may be stupid, but I'm used to that. There'll be plenty of things to do. I'll not neglect you. You're not much to begin with, but I'll do my best. I see that you have come here with a slight misunderstanding, and I'll correct that, too. And the first thing to do is to forget everything you ever knew, everything you ever learned. Forget what you've been and what you think you're going to be. You're going to be soldiers, and that's all. I'll take the mother's milk out of you. I'll make you hard-boiled. I'll make soldiers out of you or kill you. Now, salute!"



很快我们就知道第九排的排长是希默尔施托斯下士。他是个身材矮小，但很结实的人，留着两撇狐狸那样火红色的、像用蜡浸过的油光的小胡子，据说已经在军队里待过12

年了。三天前他还是我们的邮递员，所以我们就和以前一样开他玩笑：“希默尔施托斯，有我们的信吗？”“得了，希默尔施托斯，我们都认得你，别装腔作势了。”

“没看见我的军衔吗？”希默尔施托斯却对我们咆哮，还命令我们尊称他为“长官”。现在他已经是另外一个人了。只要是

缝上了一个显示军阶的条纹或者星星，他就把自己弄成一个完全不一样的人，活像是吞了混凝土似的。

“真没想到你来真的。”我说。

“你们一会就知道我不是认真的啦。站队！赶紧站成一行！”希默尔施托斯咆哮着。

在我们懒懒散散地列队站好之后，他开始了他的训练讲话：“好，我会勉为其难教导你们。你们可能都是蠢材，不过我早习惯了。以后要有很多的事情做，我会好好训练你们的。你们好像还没准备好，但我一定会全力以赴。我知道，你们是带着误解来到这儿的，我也会把它纠正过来。你们首先要忘记所有你们知道的、学到的东西，忘记你们曾经是什么人，将来会成为什么人，因为你们只能成为军人，仅此而已。你们不再有母亲的呵护，而要饱受煎熬，我将使你们成为军人，不然就杀了你们。现在，敬礼！”



We can't believe that one's head could be turned after having so little power. Yet, Himmelstoss doesn't break his word. He is proud of the reputation of being the strictest and the most ruthless man in the camp. He is as much as a devil hid in the drill-sergeant. He has a special dislike of Kropp and me, because he has a clear consciousness of a quiet defiance from us.

With full pack and rifle we have to practise the "Prepare to advance, advance!" and the "Lie down!" on a wet, soft, and newly-ploughed field until each of us is a mess of mud and finally breaks down. Then while we are marching back from the parade ground, deadbeat, there comes the order to sing. We sing feebly. We'd love to, for it is all we can do to plod along with our rifles. Apparently Himmelstoss is not satisfied. At once the group is order to go back and has to do another hour's drill as punishment. On the march back his order to sing is given again, and once more we start. In the classroom what we had reckoned our training is not in this way. Now we realize that the so-called iron men being trained for heroism are just like the ponies in the circus.

我们真不敢相信一个人有了一丁点儿的权力之后，就会彻底地改变。但希默尔施托斯并没有食言，他以营房里最严厉、最冷酷无情的人而著称，并且以此为荣。他就是个装扮成教官的恶魔。他尤其不喜欢克罗普和我，因为他可以明显地感觉到我们对他的的一种无声的对抗。

扛着全副行军装备和步枪，我们不得不在又湿又软、新翻耕过的田地里练习“预备，齐步走”和“卧倒”，直到我们每一个人都是一身泥浆，累到垮掉为止。我们精疲力竭地从练兵场列队回来，可这时命令又来了——唱歌。于是，我们便有气无力地唱着，这倒也不赖，因为这样我们可以扛着步枪，拖着沉重的步伐缓慢地前进。很显然，希默尔施托斯对此非常不满意。他马上命令队伍向后转，再操练一小时，以此作为惩罚。重新列队回来的时候，他又命令大家唱歌，于是我们不得不又唱起来。我们在教室里设想的训练绝不是以这种方式进行的，现在我们才意识到我们这些正接受英雄主义训练的所谓的铁汉青年，其实和马戏团里的小马没什么两样。





We become so infuriated that we're going to teach Himmelstoss a good lesson. What would he do to us anyhow if he can't recognize us?

We know which pub he visits every evening. He has to go along a dark and uninhabited road when going back to the camp. There we wait for him behind a heap of stones. I have a bed-cover in my hand. We shiver with cold, hoping he could return alone. At last we hear his footstep, which we can recognize easily. Himmelstoss seems a little bit tipsy, but he is still shouting "Lie down. Crawl forward." His belt-buckle gleams in the light of the moon. He comes on, unsuspecting of what's going on later.

We seize the bed-cover, make a quick leap, throw it over his head from behind and pull it round him so that he stands there in a white sack, incapable of raising his arms. Then we strip him of his pants, and take turn blowing on his convulsed striped drawers. Finally we leave him in the slurry, and Himmelstoss never discovers who gave him the beating.

我们简直要被气疯了，于是决定要好好教训一下希默尔施托斯。只要他认不出我们，又能对我们怎么样呢？

我们知道他每天晚上都要去的是哪一家小酒馆儿，他回营房的时候，必须要走一条很黑，而且也没什么人的路。就在那儿，我们躲在一堆石头后面等他。我手里拿着一条床单。大家冻得直发抖，希望他是一个人回来。终于，我们听到了他的脚步声，这声音我们一下子就能听出来。希默尔施托斯好像有点儿喝醉了，但他仍然喊着“卧倒，匍匐前进”。他的腰带搭扣在月光下闪闪发亮，他朝我们走过来，对接下来要发生的事儿毫无防备。

我们抓住那条床单，轻轻一跳，从后面蒙住他的脑袋，用床单紧紧地裹住他，使他站在一个白布袋里，无法抬起胳膊。然后，我们扒了他的裤子，轮流打着他那颤动着的、穿着条纹衬裤的屁股。最后，我们把他扔在泥地里，而希默尔施托斯一直没有发现是谁揍了他一顿。

After trained how to salute, spring to attention, parade march, click the heels, etc. in the army for ten weeks, we are allocated to a recently formed regiment. First, we go to the garrison for equipment, and then take the train to the barracks of Second Company.

This is the first time that we are so close to the front. Our faces are pale, without any flush. Maybe because of the extreme tense, they are contorted. We feel that something in our blood reaches promptly. It is the front, the consciousness of the front, that makes this happen. When hearing the sound of the first blast, we subconsciously throw ourselves to the earth. No one can imagine how much the earth means to the soldiers. We bury our bodies in her for shelter, and she receives us every time we throw ourselves down in a fold, furrow, or hollow. At this time the earth is our only friend, and even our mother. Our senses are sharpened in a strange manner, and our bodies are fully prepared to leap. The ancient animal instinct is awakened inside us. It exists and leads as well as protects us from then on.

We, the mopish yardbirds, march up again towards the zone where the front begins.



在经过了十个星期的敬礼、立正、分列前进、叩掬脚后跟这些军事训练后，我们被分配到一个刚刚成立的团里。我们首先到卫戍部队领取装备，然后坐火车去第二连的兵营。

这是我们第一次如此靠近前线。我们的脸色苍白，没有一丝血色，也许是因为极度的紧张，模样儿都扭曲了。我们感觉到，在我们的血液中有某种东西一下子涌了上来。那是前线，是对于前线的意识，使我们产生了这种感觉。当听到第一声爆炸时，我们下意识地扑向大地。没有人能想象得到，大地对于士兵是多么的重要。我们在大地的庇护下遮蔽自己的身体，每当我们扑进大地的褶皱、坑洼或洞孔时，大地都接受了我们。这时，大地就是我们唯一的朋友，甚至是我们的母亲。我们的感官奇异地敏锐，而我们的身体也充分准备随时跃起。一种远古动物的本能从我们心底被唤醒，它从此存在于我们体内，指引并保护着我们。

我们这批茫然沮丧的新兵，又向前开拔了。