

外教社中国文化汉外对照丛书

第二辑

英译中国现代散文选(三)

SELECTED MODERN CHINESE ESSAYS 3

张培基 译注 • Rendered into English by Zhang Peiji
汉英对照 • Annotated Bilingual Edition

W 上海外语教育出版社
外教社 SHANGHAI FOREIGN LANGUAGE EDUCATION PRESS

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SFLEP Bilingual Chinese Culture Series (Volume 2)

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前言

《英译中国现代散文选》（三）仍是我自编自译的汉英对照读本。与前两集相比，这次多了若干篇当代港台和海外华人的佳作。这些在与内地很不相同的环境与氛围中创作的散文也同样传承与发扬了祖国散文创作的光辉传统。

本集的编排与前两集相同。书中各篇均附作者与作品的简介以及有关译文的详细注释，对翻译时可能遇到的问题，如语言难点、翻译方法、历史背景等，均作了一些必要的分析讲解。

希望年轻读者们能从众多译例中领略一些有关文学作品汉译英的甘苦，并同时从各篇章中获得各种思想启示和审美的满足。

本书编排仍以遴选的散文家生年为序。

外语教育出版社编辑部江雷红同志细心审校了全部书稿，并提出许多宝贵的修改意见，谨此志谢。

张培基

二〇〇七年二月二十一日

于北京

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我和商务印书馆

◎ 叶圣陶

如果有人问起我的职业，我就告诉他：我当过教员，又当过编辑，当编辑的年月比当教员多得多⁽¹⁾。现在眼睛坏了，连笔划也分辨不清了，有时候免不了还要改一些短稿，自己没法看，只能听别人念⁽²⁾。

做编辑工作是进了商务印书馆才学的。记得第一次校对⁽³⁾，我把校样读了一遍，不曾对原稿，校样上漏了一大段，我竟没有发现。一位专职校对看出来，他用红笔在校样上批了几个字退回给我，弄得我很不好意思。我才知道编辑不好当，丝毫马虎不得，必须认真真一边干一边学。

我进商务是1923年春天，朱经农先生介绍的。朱先生当时在编译所当国文部和史地部的主任。我在国文部，跟顾颉刚兄一同编《新学制中学国文课本》。这套课本的第一册是另外几位编的，其中有周予同兄。我参与了那时候颁发的“新学制中学国文课程标准”的拟订工作。

1927年6月，郑振铎兄去欧洲游历⁽⁴⁾，我代他编《小说月报》，跟徐调孚兄合作。商务办了十几种杂志，除了大型的综合性的《东方杂志》人比较多，有十好几位，其余的每种杂志只有四位。《小说月报》除了调孚兄和我，还有两位管杂务的先生。他们偶尔也看看校样，但是不能让人放心。

那时正是大革命之后，时代的激荡当然会在文学的领域里反映出来。那两年里，《小说月报》上出现了许多有新意的作品，也出现了许多新的名字，最惹人注意的是茅盾、巴金和丁玲。当时大家不知道茅盾就是沈雁冰兄。他过去不写小说，只介绍国外的作品和理论。巴金和丁玲两位都不相识，是以后才见面的。

等振铎兄从欧洲回来，休息了一些日子，我就把《小说月报》的工作交回给他，回到国文部编《学生国学丛书》，时间记不太准，总在1929年上半年。到第二年下半年，我又去编《妇女杂志》，跟金仲华兄合作。1931年初，开明书店创办《中学生》杂志，过了不久，夏丏尊先生章锡琛先生要我去帮忙，我就离开了商务。我在商务当编辑一共八个年头。

商务创办于1898年，老板是几位印《圣经》发家的工人；两年以后，维新派的知识分

子参加进去，成立了编译所，一个编译、印刷、发行三者联合的文化企业就初具规模了。后来业务逐渐发展，就编译和出版的书籍杂志来说，文史哲理工医音体美，无所不包；有专门的，有通俗的，甚至有特地供家庭妇女和学前儿童阅读的。此外还贩卖国外的书刊、贩卖各种文具和体育器械，还制造仪器标本和教学用品供应各级学校，甚至还摄制影片，包括科教片和故事片。业务方面之广和服务对象之广，现在的任何一家出版社都不能和商务相比。商务的这个特点，现在不大有人说起了⁽⁵⁾。

商务的编译所是知识分子汇集的地方，人员最多的时候有三百多位⁽⁶⁾。早期留美回来的任鸿隽、竺可桢、朱经农、吴致觉诸先生，留日回来的郑贞文、周昌寿、李石岑、何公敢诸先生，都在商务的编译所工作过。稍后创办的几家出版业如中华、世界、大东、开明，骨干大多是从商务出来的；还有许多印刷厂装订厂，情形也大多相同。可以这样说，商务为我国的出版事业，从各方面培养了大批技术力量。

有趣的是1949年10月新中国成立，政务院有个管出版事业的直属机构叫出版总署，胡愈老任署长，周建老和我任副署长，二十多年前在商务编译所共事的老朋友又聚在一起了。后来人民教育出版社成立，我兼任社长。1954年9月，出版总署撤销，这一摊工作并入文化部。胡愈老调到文化部，出版工作仍旧由他主管；我调到教育部，主要还是在人民教育出版社做编辑工作。这一二十年来，老朋友过世的不少，周建老、胡愈老和我还健在。有人说，做出版工作的人就是长寿。

The Commercial Press and I

© Ye Shengtao

If I'm asked what profession I've been following, I say I've been a teacher and editor with a much longer experience in editing than teaching. Now, because of my failing eyesight, I even have difficulty in identifying Chinese characters. Nevertheless occasionally I'm still called upon to revise some short articles. Unable to see the manuscripts well, I have to rely on someone to read them out for me.

It was not until I entered The Commercial Press that I learned how to go about editorial work. I remember how I bungled the job when I did proofreading for the first time. It happened that I read the proof sheet without checking it against the original text. Consequently I missed out a whole paragraph in proof. A full-time proofreader discovered it and sent the proof back to me with a comment scribbled in red ink about my mistake. I felt deeply embarrassed. I then realized that it was no easy job to be an editor and that I had to be very careful and train on the job earnestly.

I entered The Commercial Press in the spring of 1923 on the recommendation of Zhu Jingnong, who was then in charge of the Chinese as well as History and Geography Section under the Editing and Translating Department. At the Chinese Section where I belonged I co-compiled with Gu Xiegang *New Chinese Textbook for Middle Schools*. Its first volume was jointly compiled by several other editors, among them Zhou Yutong. I took part in drafting guidelines for compiling the textbook.

In June 1927, when Zheng Zhenduo^[1] was on leave touring Europe, I acted on his behalf as editor of the magazine *Fiction Monthly*, with Xu Diaofu as my collaborator. The Commercial Press then published more than ten different periodicals, of which the biggest was *Eastern Magazine*, a comprehensive publication with a staff of more than ten. The other magazines were each run by a staff of only four. In addition to Xu and me, *Fiction Monthly* had on its staff two men in charge of sundry matters. Occasionally they also did some proofreading, but we didn't have enough confidence in them.

It was the post-Great Revolution^[2] days when the stirring times found expression in

literature. For two consecutive years, there appeared in *Fiction Monthly* a great many works full of new ideas and also a great many new names, of which the most conspicuous were Mao Dun^[3], Ba Jin^[4] and Ding Ling^[5]. People at that time did not know that Mao Dun was the pseudonym for Shen Yanbing. He had up to then written no fiction, but articles introducing foreign literary works and theories. I was not acquainted with Mao Dun and Ding Ling. I met them later.

After Zheng Zhenduo had taken a short rest upon his return from Europe, I gave him back my duties at *Fiction Monthly* and resumed my work at the Chinese Department, this time compiling *Chinese National Culture Series for Students*. I'm not able to recall the exact date, but I'm sure it was in the first half of 1929. In the second half of the next year, I co-edited *Women's Magazine* with Jin Zhonghua. Early in 1931, soon after Kaiming Bookstore started its publication of the magazine *Middle School Students*, Xia Mianzun and Zhang Xichen asked me to help them with editing the new magazine. So I quit The Commercial Press after being with it for eight years.

When The Commercial Press was established in 1898, its proprietors were some ex-workers who had become rich by printing *The Bible*. Two years later, when the Editing and Translating Department was set up with the participation of reformist intellectuals, a cultural enterprise with the triple function of editing and translating, printing and publishing began to take shape. As its business developed gradually, books and periodicals edited, translated and published by it covered all fields, such as literature, history, philosophy, science, engineering, medicine, music, physical culture, fine arts, etc. Some were specialized and some intended for general readership or specifically for housewives and pre-school children. It also sold foreign books and periodicals, and various stationery and sports requisites. It also manufactured instruments, specimens and teaching aids for schools. It even produced films, including popular science and feature films. None of the present-day publishing houses can compare with it in the scope of business and number of customers. Yet people today seldom mention its outstanding features.

The Editing and Translating Department of The Commercial Press boasted a galaxy of talent, sometimes topping 300. Scholars who came to work there at different times included returned students from the US like Ren Hongjuan, Zhu Kezhen, Zhu Jingnong, Wu Zhijue, etc. and those from Japan like Zheng Zhenwen, Zhou Changshou, Li Shicen, He

Gonggan, etc. The core members of the later-established publishing houses, such as Zhonghua, Shijie, Dadong and Kaiming, were mostly former employees of The Commercial Press. The same was true of many printing houses and bookbinderies. It can be fitly concluded that The Commercial Press has trained a huge army of technical personnel for China's publishing industry.

Interestingly enough, when the General Administration of Publication was established following the birth of New China to take charge of publication directly under the Government Administration Council, Hu Yuzhi^[6] was appointed as its director and Zhou Jianren^[7] and I as its deputy directors. So the three old friends who had been colleagues over 20 years before at the Editing and Translating Department of The Commercial Press met again. Later, I became concurrently director of the People's Education Publishing House. In September 1954, when the General Administration of Publication was dissolved, Hu Yuzhi was transferred to the Ministry of Culture to take charge of publication, and I was transferred to the Ministry of Education while still doing editing at the People's Education Publishing House. During the past 20 years or so, many old friends have passed away. Zhou, Hu and I, however, are still living and enjoy good health. It is said that people in the publishing trade live longer.

^[1] Zheng Zhenduo (1898-1958), native of Changle, Fujian Province, well-known writer, literary critic, literary historian and archeologist.

^[2] The Great Revolution refers to the First Revolutionary Civil War in China (1924-1927), waged against the imperialists and the Northern warlords.

^[3] Mao Dun (1896-1981), born in Tongxiang, Zhejiang Province, distinguished literary critic, novelist and short-story writer noted for his commitment to realism.

^[4] Ba Jin (1924-2005), born in Chengdu, Sichuan Province, one of China's most acclaimed novelists of the past century. He studied in France from 1927 to 1929.

^[5] Ding Ling (1904-1986), born in Linli, Hunan Province, one of China's most popular female writers of the past century.

^[6] Hu Yuzhi (1896-1986), native of Shangyu, Zhejiang Province, well-known publisher and social activist. He entered the Editing and Translating Department of The Commercial Press as a trainee in 1914 and became chief editor of Eastern Magazine after the May 4th Movement of 1919.

^[7] Zhou Jianren (1888-1984), native of Shaoxing, Zhejiang Province, well-known biologist and social activist. He was a younger brother of the great writer Lu Xun.

《我和商务印书馆》是叶圣陶（1894—1988）写于1982年的一篇散文，刊于《商务印书馆建馆八十五周年特刊》。作者谈自己的编辑生涯，平平实实，温和亲切，涉及事业、友谊、工作态度等方面，无不出于自己的深切感受，读来耐人寻味。

注释

(1)“我当过教员，又当过编辑，当编辑的年月比当教员多得多”未直译为I've been a teacher and editor, but I've spent more time editing than teaching. 今译I've been a teacher and editor with a much longer experience in editing than teaching, 变复合句为简单句，较简练，其中a much longer experience代替much more time，意思相同。

(2)“只能听别人念”意即“只得靠别人朗读给我听”，故译I have to rely on someone to read them out for me, 其中to read out是成语，作“朗读”解。

(3)“记得第一次校对”未译为I remember how I did proofreading for the first time, 而译I remember how I bungled the job when I did proofreading for the first time, 其中I bungled the job（把工作搞糟）是译文中的增益成分，用以配合上下文的需要。

(4)“郑振铎兄去欧洲游历”译为Zheng Zhenduo was on leave touring Europe, 也可译为Zheng Zhenduo was absent in Europe on a tour或Zheng Zhenduo was on his European tour。

(5)“商务的这个特点，现在不大有人说起了”译为Yet people today seldom mention its outstanding features, 也可不妨译为Yet people today seem to have forgotten its outstanding features, 取其深层内涵。

(6)“商务的编译所是知识分子汇集的地方，人员最多的时候有三百多位”可有几种译法：

The Editing and Translating Department of The Commercial Press was staffed by a large number of intellectuals, sometimes reaching the peak of 300.

The Editing and Translating Department of The Commercial Press had a large number of scholars in its employ, sometimes as many as 300.

The Editing and Translating Department of The Commercial Press boasted a galaxy of talent, sometimes topping 300.

现采用第三种译法，其中boasted表示“拥有”的同时，还有“自豪”的含义；a galaxy of talent表示“人才济济”的同时，还突出人才“出色”、“杰出”的意思。又talent也可改用复数talents; topping意同exceeding。

什么事不可能⁽¹⁾

◎ 邹韬奋

驾雾腾云，在从前哪一个人不视为“封神传”里的“瞎三话四”⁽²⁾？不但在中国，就是在西洋，他们原来也有一句俗谚，遇着你说出不可能的事情，往往揶揄地说道：“你不如尝试去飞上天吧。”“You might just as well try to fly.”可见他们原来也是把“飞”视为不可能的事情。

我们试一考这件由不可能而变为可能的事情所经过的大略情形，便觉得很饶趣味⁽³⁾。在西洋一百二十年前已经有人在那里实验这件“瞎三话四”的事情，他们看见鸟有翼膀能飞，所以实验的时候，总在那里用尽心力于构造人工的翼膀。最初不但在实验方面屡次失败，而且被人笑为发痴，这是所谓“意中事”。这几个“痴子”里面有一位叫做凯雷（George Cayley），在一八〇九年做一篇文章登在一家杂志上，大发挥他的精密的“痴想”⁽⁴⁾，据说现在飞机里的许多机件和原理，没有一件不被他猜着的，所以现在说起飞机的发明家，有许多人推他做“鼻祖”。他原是英国一位有名的哲学家，不知怎地会跳出哲学的范围，想起什么飞上天的把戏来。他不但实行“痴想”，而且就在发表该文的第二年，竟造了一个飞机实验起来，起先上面没有什么原动机（Motor），后来竟给他配上了一个原动机。但是他发明的飞机在实验的时候，非但飞不起来，而且炸毁得一塌糊涂，算是失败了。但是从此以后，便唤起若干人的注意，有的研究机件，有的研究机身，慢慢地比以前较有端倪，不可能的程度已渐渐减少。不过这还是极少数“痴子”的信心，一般人还是嗤之以鼻。

许多“痴子”虽仍在那里继续的研究来，研究去，但是总飞不起来，一点距离都未曾飞过。一直到了一八九六年，有位美国物理学家叫蓝格雷（Samuel Pierpont Langley）造了一个飞机，才算第一次有些效验，不过这个飞机还不能在空中飞，不过在波陀马克河（Potomac River）旁，沿着地飞了半英里左右的距离。同时有一位由学徒出身的在美国的英国发明家⁽⁵⁾，叫做麦克沁（Hiram Maxim），和还有一位发明家叫做爱德（N.C. Ader），也在那里“痴干”，改良了许多地方，但弄来弄去，还是飞不起来。后来爱德也在一八九六年总算造成一个飞机，能稍微离开地面飞过三百五十码的距离。同时在德国柏林也有一位工程师名叫李令索（Otto Lilienthal）对飞机的研究也有些成绩，他实验了二千次，最后一次由十七米之高跌下来，把头颈跌断⁽⁶⁾，做了科学界的“烈士”。

以上所说的实验，都还不够真正说得上一个“飞”字，可是没有先锋队的牺牲，真正

的“飞”当然也无从达到。到了一九〇三年的十二月十七日，美国有一位叫赖奥维（Orville Wright）和他的弟弟赖威柏（Wilbur Wright），他们不过受过中等教育，后来做机匠，不过做做寻常的脚踏车，竟对于飞机大饶兴趣，尽心研究，一跃而为发明家，根据他们研究所得，算是第一次乘着飞机飞了起来⁽⁷⁾，但是只飞了二百六十米的距离。一九二七年美国人林德白（Charles A. Lindbergh）第一次一口气从美国纽约飞越大西洋而达法国巴黎，三十二小时飞过三千六百三十三哩（即一万余中国里），距今不到两年。

赖奥维一九〇三年的飞机也还不是一蹴而成的，他们弟兄在一九〇〇年最初制成的飞机格式，原是想照放纸鸢办法，上面本预备坐一个人，但因为气力不足，只得让飞机独自飞翔，他们弟兄在一九〇一年实验用的第二个飞机，要载人上飞还是不行，若在地上沿地拖着飞，可以一口气飞二十七哩，在水面可一口气驶三百呎，他们弟兄在一九〇三年，替航空事业开新纪元用的飞机，上面装有汽油原动机，其构造比之现在的飞机当然粗率得很，在当时则已经是空前的完备（该机现在英国伦敦科学博物院陈列）。赖威柏已于一九一二年逝世，赖奥维尚健在，已经五十八岁了。自他成功以后，从前似乎不可能的“飞”，已成为无疑的可能的事情了。

天下事只要人努力去干，什么事不可能？但是我们对此问题至少还有下列两个更为明确的要点。

（一）事业愈大则困难亦愈甚，抵抗困难的时期也随之俱长，有的尽我们的一生尚不能目见其成者，我们若能尽其中一段的工夫，替后人开辟一段道路，或长或短，即是贡献。有所成功以备后人参考，固是贡献；即因尝试而失败⁽⁸⁾，使后人有所借镜，亦是贡献。所以能向前努力者，无论成败⁽⁹⁾，都有贡献。最无丝毫贡献⁽¹⁰⁾者是不干，怕失败而不敢干，或半途遇着困难即不愿干。

（二）林德白可以三十二小时一直不停的飞渡万余里，在最初发明者横弄竖弄，竟飞不起来，至赖奥维算是成功了，也不过飞渡二百六十米。可见从不可能达到可能的境域，不是由这一点到那一点的那样简单。必须经过许多麻烦，经过许多失败，经过许多时间，经过许多筹划，经过许多手续，经过许多改进，若是性急朋友，老早丢了哪有成功的可能？所以昔贤告诉我们说“欲速则不达”⁽¹¹⁾。

Nothing Is Impossible to a Willing Mind

© Zou Taofen

Nobody in the past ever believed that man could fly in the air like “gods and spirits” in classical Chinese mythology. In the West, people would say mockingly to anyone attempting the impossible, “You might just as well try to fly.” Evidently, they also disbelieved that man was capable of “flying”.

It is very interesting to make a brief study of how man changed the impossible into the possible in the matter of flying. Westerners began to make aviation experiments as early as 120 years ago. Ascribing a bird's flight to its wings, they concentrated their efforts on making artificial wings for man. But they failed again and again in the attempt and, as was to be expected, ended up as targets of public ridicule. Among them was a man named George Cayley, who in 1809 published an article in a journal to enlarge on his dream, reportedly foreseeing a modern aircraft in terms of its mechanism and theories. He is, therefore, today popularly known as the father of aviation. Originally a famous philosopher in England, he later suddenly quit his special field to pursue his dream of flight. A year afterwards, he went so far as to build a craft for experiment, which he later fitted with a motor. Unfortunately, instead of rising into the air, it was completely wrecked by explosion. Nevertheless, his failed venture attracted the attention of some followers. They started researches on the working parts of an aircraft and its fuselage, indicating man's slow but steady progress towards making the impossible possible. Yet the handful of “dreamers” of those days were subjected to jeers and laughter.

Many “dreamers” persisted in the flight research without getting their flying machines off the ground. It was not until 1896 that a little relevant progress was made for the first time in history by an American physicist named Samuel Pierpont Langley. However, instead of rising into the air, his flying model barely moved close to the ground along the Potomac River for only about half a mile. Meanwhile, an English apprentice- turned- inventor in the USA named Hiram Maxim and another inventor by the name of N. C. Ader were also obsessed with aerial experimentation and made quite a few relevant modifications. But, in spite of their repeated tries, they never got their models to take off. However, Ader finally built in 1896 a craft that

was capable of flying at a low altitude over a distance of 350 meters. Then, in Berlin, Germany, an engineer named Otto Lilienthal also got some good results in aviation research. He made as many as 2,000 experiments, but, unfortunately, he died later when he fell from a height of 17 meters, breaking his spine.

Without the above-mentioned early trailblazers, there would be no human flight to speak of today. At the turn of the century, an American named Orville Wright and his brother Wilbur, enamored of the flying machine, made a name for themselves overnight as aviation inventors. They were originally two bicycle mechanics with only high school education. On December 17, 1903, they made the world's first flight in an engined airplane, covering a distance of no more than 260 metres. Less than two years ago, in 1927, an American named Charles A. Lindbergh made the first transatlantic solo nonstop flight from New York to Paris, covering a distance of 3,633 miles in 32 hours.

Orville's 1903 plane was something he accomplished after going through numerous setbacks. In 1900, the Wright brothers made their first glider patterned after a paper kite, but it lacked the power to carry a person. Their second glider, made in 1901, also failed, but the manned machine could move nonstop for 27 miles on the ground, and for 300 feet on the surface of water. However, their airplane of 1903, fitted with a gasoline engine, was a success ushering in a new era for aeronautics. Compared with today's plane, it was of course very crude, but regarded then as a perfect model. And it is now on exhibition at the Science Museum in London, England. Wilbur died in 1912. Orville is now 58. Their success indicates that human flying, impossible in the past, has now become perfectly possible.

Nothing is impossible to a willing mind. Now, however, I would like to call your attention to two vital points as follows:

1. The greater an undertaking, the more difficult it is, and the longer it will take to accomplish it. Sometimes it can't be accomplished even after a lifetime of effort. But it will nevertheless be a contribution of ours if we can devote part of our lifetime to opening up a way, long or short, for the future generations. The same is true if what little we have done serves as a good example to them, or if our fruitless efforts serve as a useful lesson to them. Therefore, succeed or fail, one is considered to have made a contribution so long as he has tried his utmost. Those who refuse to act, those who are afraid to act for fear of failure and those who stop half way in the face of obstacles will have nothing to their credit at all.

2. Before Lindberg made the solo nonstop transatlantic flight of 32 hours, early aviation experimenters had failed again and again to get their flying models off the ground until the Wright brothers succeeded in building a piloted airplane that could fly over a distance of no more than 260 meters. It is thus clear that changing the impossible into the possible is no simple or easy matter. To attain it, you need to endure numerous troubles and frustrations. You need to take much time, do a lot of planning, go through countless procedures and carry out many improvements. And you'll never make it unless you show the utmost patience. As the ancient Chinese saying goes, "Haste does not bring success."

邹韬奋（1895—1944），生于福建永安，原籍江西余江，为著名进步新闻记者、政论家、出版家。去世后，根据他的“遗嘱”，中国共产党追认他为正式党员。《什么事不可能》是他写于1929年6月9日的一篇随笔，现选自1995年由三联书店出版的《韬奋文集》（共三册）。

注释

(1) 题目“什么事不可能”译为Nothing Is Impossible to a Willing Mind，是按原文后面“只要人努力去干，什么事不可能”一语译的。Nothing is impossible to a willing mind（意同Where there's a will, there's a way）本是英语谚语，因酷似原文，故不妨借用之。

(2) 文章第一句“驾雾腾云，在从前哪一个人不视为‘封神传’里的‘瞎三话四’”不宜逐字直译。现用意译法处理：Nobody in the past ever believed that man could fly in the air like“gods and spirits”in classical Chinese mythology。《封神传》本可译为*Canonization of the Gods*，也避而不用，改用classical Chinese mythology（中国古代神话）表达，便于外国读者领会。

(3) “我们试一考这件由不可能而变为可能的事情所经过的大略情形，便觉得很饶趣味”译为It is very interesting to make a brief study of how man changed the impossible into the possible in the matter of flying，其中把“试一考……的大略情形”译为to make a brief study of ...；把“由不可能而变为可能的事情”译为changed the impossible into the possible in the matter of flying，其中in the matter of是成语，作“在……方面”、“就……而论”解。

(4) “大发挥他的精密的‘痴想’”译为to enlarge on his dream，其中to enlarge on的意思是“细说”，可概括“大发挥”和“精密”的含义。

(5) “一位由学徒出身的在美国的英国发明家”译为an English apprentice-turned-inventor in the USA，其中turned是及物动词的过去分词，用作形容词。

(6) “把头颈跌断”据查应为“把脊椎跌断”，故译breaking his spine。

(7) “第一次乘着飞机飞了起来”可按“第一次在世界上乘机动飞机飞了起来”译为made the world's first flight in an engined airplane或made the first flight in human history in a power-driven airplane。

(8) “尝试而失败”译为fruitless efforts，也可译为failed ventures、failed endeavors、failed tries等。

(9) “无论成败”译为succeed or fail，也可译为succeed or not，在句中作状语。

(10) “最无丝毫贡献”本可译为will be the last to make a contribution，现为了避免重复contribution一词，改译will have nothing to their credit at all，其中成语to one's credit的意思是“为……带来荣誉”（to bring honor to...）。

(11) “欲速则不达”是中国谚语，可直译为Haste does not bring success，如借用英国谚语More haste, less speed并非不可，但言出我国“昔贤”，还是直译可取，以照顾民族色彩。

说开卷有益⁽¹⁾

◎ 郁达夫

开卷有益，是古人奖励读书⁽²⁾的一句成语。从前读到一册坏书，读后每觉得为古人所欺⁽³⁾；现在多了一点智识，反过来又觉得古人的不欺我了⁽⁴⁾。总之，好书读了，原有所得，就是可以知道它的好处在哪里，可是坏书读了，而知道它的坏的原因与地方⁽⁵⁾，岂不也是一得？从前孔子说的“三人行，必有我师”之意，也不一定从正的一方面着想，反过来在负的一方面，也何尝不可以为鉴戒⁽⁶⁾。因此，从前是非有定评之书不读的，现在却马勃牛溲⁽⁷⁾，一例的都想看看了，这大约总也是一种进步的现象⁽⁸⁾。

On“Reading Is Always Beneficial”

© *Yu Dafu*

“Reading is always beneficial”is an old idiom first used by our ancients to urge people to do more reading. I used to blame the ancients for misleading me whenever I finished reading a bad book. Now I know better than to do that. Of course we profit from a good book because, by reading it, we know why it is good. But, on the other hand, after reading a bad book, we know all the whys and wherefores of its being bad. Isn't that something of benefit to us too? Confucius says, “When three walk together, there must be one who can be my teacher.”However, it does not necessarily follow that one of the three is always a teacher by positive example; on the contrary, he could be a teacher by negative example for us to take warning from. Therefore, that people nowadays have taken to reading whatever books they like, trashy or not, including those already generally judged to be good or bad, is probably an indication of social progress.

郁达夫（1896—1945），浙江富阳人，小说家、散文家，中国新文化运动代表人物之一。1913年留学日本，入东京帝国大学经济学部学习，但却把主要精力投入文学方面。1922年夏毕业后回国，与郭沫若、成仿吾等组织了“创造社”，编辑《创造月刊》等多种文艺杂志，其间曾在北京大学、武昌大学、中山大学任教。1937年参加抗日救亡运动，同年到南洋参加抗日活动，1945年被日本宪兵秘密杀害，年仅50岁。在《说开卷有益》一文中，他大胆主张人们不应排斥看坏书，其用意是把坏书当作反面教材，从而提高人们的鉴别分析能力和免疫力。

注释

- (1) “开卷有益”也可按原文字面直译为Open a book, and you will be benefited, 但不如Reading is always beneficial (或profitable) 简洁明快。
- (2) “奖励读书”实指“鼓励读书”，译为to urge (或encourage) people to do more reading (或to read more books)。
- (3) “为古人所欺”意即“被古人愚弄或欺骗”，现按“被古人误导”之意译为misleading me。
- (4) “现在多了一点智识，反过来又觉得古人的不欺我了”译为Now I know better than to do that, 其中to know better than...是英语习惯搭配，作“明事理而不至于.....”或“有头脑而不至于.....”解。又，to do that指to blame the ancients for misleading me...。
- (5) “知道它的坏的原因与地方”也可译为to know why it is bad and what makes it so bad, 但不如to know all the whys and wherefores of its being bad晓达可诵，其中the whys and wherefores是成语，作“原因和理由”解。
- (6) “可以为鉴戒”意为“可作为教训”或“可以使人警惕”，现译为for us to take warning from, 也可译为to serve as a warning (或a lesson)。
- (7) “马勃牛溲”中的“马勃”指一种菌类，“牛溲”意同“牛尿”，比喻无用之物。因此“现在却马勃牛溲，一例的都想看看了”可按“现在不管书的好坏，什么都想读了”译为people nowadays have taken to reading whatever books they like, trashy or not...。
- (8) “一种进步的现象”未按原文字面直译为a phenomenon of progress, 现按“表示一种社会进步”之意译为an indication of social progress。

狗

◎ 老舍

中国狗恐怕是世界上最可怜最难看的狗。此处之“难看”并不指狗种而言，而是与“可怜”密切相关。无论狗的模样身材如何，只要喂养得好，它便会长得肥肥胖胖的，看着顺眼。中国人穷。人且吃不饱，狗就更提不到了⁽¹⁾。因此，中国狗最难看；不是因为它长得不体面，而是因为它骨瘦如柴，终年夹着尾巴⁽²⁾。

每逢我看见被遗弃的小野狗在街上寻找粪吃，我便要落泪。我并非是爱作伤感的人，动不动就要哭一鼻子⁽³⁾。我看见小狗的可怜，也就是感到人民的贫穷。民富而后猫狗肥⁽⁴⁾。

中国人动不动就说：我们地大物博。那也就是说，我们不用着急呀，我们有的是东西，永远吃不完喝不尽哪！哼，请看看你们的狗吧！

还有：狗虽那么摸不着吃，那么随便就被人踢两脚，打两棍，可是它们还照旧的替人们服务。尽管它们饿成皮包着骨⁽⁵⁾，尽管它们刚被主人踹了两脚，它们还是极忠诚的去尽看门守夜的责任。狗永远不嫌主人穷⁽⁶⁾。这样的动物理应得到人们的赞美⁽⁷⁾，而忠诚、义气、安贫、勇敢，等等好字眼都该归之于狗。可是，我不晓得为什么中国人不分黑白的把汉奸与小人叫作走狗，倒仿佛狗是不忠诚不义气的动物。我为狗喊冤叫屈⁽⁸⁾！

猫才是好吃懒作，有肉即来，无食即去的东西。洋奴与小人理应被叫作“走猫”。

或者是因为狗的脾气好，不像猫那样傲慢，所以中国人不说“走猫”而说“走狗”？假若真是那样，我就又觉得人们未免有点“软的欺，硬的怕”了⁽⁹⁾！

不过，也许有一种狗，学名叫作“走狗”；那我还不清楚。

The Dog

© Lao She

Of all dogs in the world, those in China are perhaps the most pitiful and ugly-looking. But it is their wretched life rather than their breed that is to blame for their ugliness. All dogs, if well-fed, will be plump and nice-looking irrespective of their bodily form. In poverty-stricken China, people don't even have enough to feed themselves, let alone dogs. Chinese dogs are ugly-looking not because they are born like that, but because they've been reduced to skin and bones by hunger, with tails between their legs all the year round.

I always feel like crying whenever I see a homeless little dog roaming about the street in search of human excrement. It doesn't mean that I'm a sentimental, lachrymose sort. It's because I associate the misery of the little dog with the poverty of our people. Our cats and dogs will never get nice fat unless our people are well-off.

We are apt to declare that ours is a big country with rich natural resources, meaning that there is no need for us to worry because we have plenty of everything to last us forever and ever. Well, why not take a look at our dogs!

Dogs always remain man's faithful servants though they are under-fed and kicked and beaten without any reason. A dog continues to perform with loyal devotion the duty of guarding the door and keeping watch at night though he has been starved to a skeleton and kicked at by his master. He never minds how poor his master is. Such an animal deserves our high praise. We should attribute to them such laudatory epithets as "devotion", "loyalty", "content with poverty", "courage", etc. But I wonder why we have been indiscriminately calling traitors and villains "running dogs", as if dogs were disloyal and unfaithful animals. I should voice grievances for them!

Cats, however, are greedy and lazy. They come to you when you have meat to offer, but otherwise leave you. Flunkeys of imperialism and mean persons should have been called "running cats".

Perhaps the reason why we prefer to say "running dogs" rather than "running cats" is that dogs

are good-tempered while cats are supercilious. If so, I would think that people are perhaps inclined to bully the weak and fear the strong.

Maybe there is a kind of dog whose scientific name is “running dog”. I'm not quite sure.

《狗》是小说家、剧作家老舍（1899—1966）于1944年12月10日发表在《新民报晚刊》上的一篇杂文。时逢国难，作者爱狗、谈狗，借此表达了自己忧国忧民的纯真感情以及对洋奴、汉奸、小人的憎恨。

注释

①“中国人穷。人且吃不饱，狗就更提不到了”可按“在贫穷的中国，人们吃不饱，更别提狗了”译为In poverty-stricken China, people don't even have enough to feed themselves, let alone dogs, 其中成语let alone作“更别提”、“更不必说”、“遑论”解，意同much less。

②“是因为它骨瘦如柴，终年夹着尾巴”译为but because they've been reduced to skin and bones by hunger, with tails between their legs all the year round. 此句也可译为but because they've been reduced to skin and bones by hunger, dragging out a miserable existence with tails between their legs, 其中by hunger（由于挨饿）和dragging out a miserable existence（悲惨地度日）是译文中的增益成份，原文虽无其词而有其意。

③“我并非是为作伤感的人，动不动就要哭一鼻子”译为It doesn't mean that I'm a sentimental, lachrymose sort, 其中lachrymose的意思是“爱哭的”；sort的意思是“某一种人”，等于sort of person. 此句也可译为It doesn't mean that I'm a sentimental sort easily moved to tears.

④“民富而后猫狗肥”译为Our cats and dogs will never get nice fat unless our people are well-off, 其中nice是副词，修饰fat, 作“讨人喜欢地”（pleasingly）解，是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑤“饿成皮包着骨”译为starved to a skeleton, 和reduced to skin and bones by hunger同义。

⑥“狗永远不嫌主人穷”可译为He never minds how poor his master is或He never complains of his master being so poor.

⑦“这样的动物理应得到人们的赞美”可译为Such an animal deserves our high praise或An animal like this ought to earn out high commendation.

⑧“我为狗喊冤叫屈”可译为I should voice grievances for them或I should cry out against such injustice on behalf of hem.

⑨“人们未免有点‘软的欺，硬的怕’了”可译为people are perhaps inclined to bully the weak and fear the strong或people are perhaps prejudiced against the weak but in favour of the strong.

记萨镇冰先生

◎ 冰心

萨镇冰先生，永远是我崇拜的对象，从六七岁的时候，我就常常听见父亲说：“中国海军的模范军人，萨镇冰一人而已。”从那时起，我总是注意听受他的一言一行⁽¹⁾，我所耳闻目见的关于他的一切，无不加增我对他的敬慕。时至今日，虽然有许多儿时敬仰的人物，使我灰心，使我失望，而每一想到他，就保留了我对于人类的信心，鼓励了我向上生活的勇气。

底下所记的关于萨先生的嘉言懿行，大半是从父亲谈话中得来的。——事实的年月，我只约略推算，将来对于他的生平材料搜集得比较完全时，我想再详细的替他写一本传记。——在此我感谢我的父亲，他知道往青年人脑里灌注的，应当是哪一种的印象⁽²⁾。

海军上将萨镇冰先生，大名是鼎铭，福建闽侯人，一八六〇年（？）生，十二岁入福州马尾船政学校，作第二班学生。十七八岁出洋，入英国格林海军大学（Greenwich College），回国后在天津管轮学堂任正教习。那时父亲是天津水师学堂驾驶班的学生，自此和他相识。

在管轮学堂时候，他的卧室里用的是特制的一张又仄又小的木床，和船上的床铺相似，他的理由是，“军人是不能贪图安逸的，在岸上也应当和在海上一样。”他授课最认真，对于功课好的学生，常以私物奖赏，如时表之类，有的时候，小的贵重点的物品用完了，连自己屋里的藤椅，也搬了去。课外常常教学生用锹铲在操场上挖筑炮台。那时管轮学堂在南边，水师学堂在北边，当中隔个操场。学堂总办吴中翔住在水师学堂。吴总办是文人，不大喜欢学生做“粗事”⁽³⁾。所以在学生们踊跃动手，锹铲齐下的时候，萨先生总在操场边替他们巡风，以备吴总办的突来视察。

父亲和萨先生相熟，是从同在“海圻”军舰服务时起（一九〇〇年左右），那时他是海军副统领，兼“海圻”船主，父亲是副船主。

庚子之变，海军正统领叶祖珪，驻海容舰，被困于大沽口。鱼雷艇海龙、海犀、海青、海华四艘，已被联军舰队所掳。那时北洋舰队中的海圻、海琛、海筹、海天等舰，都泊山东庙岛，山东巡抚袁世凯，移书请各舰驶入长江，以避敌锋，于是各船纷纷南下，只海圻坚泊不动。在山东义和团杀害侨民的时候，萨先生请蓬莱一带的教士侨民悉数下船，

殷勤招待，乱事过后，方送上岸。那时正有美国大巡洋舰阿利干号（Oregon）在庙岛附近触礁，海圻又驶往救护，美国国会闻讯，立即驰函道谢，阿利干舰长申谢之余，也恳劝萨先生南下，于是海圻才开入江阴。

在他舰南开，海圻孤泊的时候，军心很摇动，许多士兵称病上岸就医，乘间逃走，最后是群情惶遽，聚众请愿，要南下避敌。舱面上万声嘈杂，不可制止，在父亲竭力向大家劝说的时候，萨先生忽然拿把军刀，从舱里走出，喝说着：“有再说要南下的，就杀却！”⁽⁴⁾他素来慈蔼，忽发威怒，大家无不失色惊散，海圻卒以泊定。

萨先生所在的兵舰上，纪律清洁，总是全军之冠⁽⁵⁾。他常常捐款修理公物，常笑对父亲说，“人家做船主，都打金镯子送太太戴，我的金镯子是戴在我的船上。”有一次船上练习打靶，枪炮副不慎，将一尊船边炮的炮膛，划伤一痕。炮值二万余元，萨先生自己捐出月饷，分期赔偿。后来事闻于叶祖珪，又传于直隶总督袁世凯，袁立即寄款代偿，所以如今海圻船上有一尊船边炮是袁世凯购换的。

他在船上，特别是在练船上，如威远、康济、通济等舰常常教学生荡舢舨，泅水，打靶，以此为日课，也以此为娱乐。驾驶时也专用学生，不请船户。叶统领常常皱眉说：“鼎铭太肯冒险了，专爱用些年轻人！”而海上的数十年，他所在的军舰，从来没有失事过。

他又爱才如命，对于官员士兵的体恤爱护，无微不至。上岸公出，有风时舢舨上就使帆，以省兵力。上岸拜会，也不带船上仆役，必要时就向岸上的朋友借用。历任要职数十年，如海军副大臣、海军总长、福建省长等，也不曾用过一个亲戚。亲戚远道来投，必酌给川资，或作买卖的本钱，劝他们回去，说：“你们没有受过海上训练，不能占海军人员的位置⁽⁶⁾。”

萨先生和他的太太陈夫人，伉俪甚笃。有一次他在烟台卧病，陈夫人从威海卫赶来视疾，被他辞了回去，人都说他不近人情。而自他三十六岁，夫人去世后，就将子女寄养岳家，鳏居终身。人问他为何不续弦，他说：“天下若再有一个女子，和我太太一样的我就娶⁽⁷⁾。”

他的个人生活，尤其清简，洋服从来没有上过身，也从未穿过皮棉衣服，平常总是布鞋布袜，呢袍呢马褂。自奉极薄，一生没有做过寿，也不受人的礼。没有一切的嗜好，打牌是千载难逢的事，万不得已坐下时，输赢也都用铜子。

他住屋子，总是租那很破敝的，自己替房东来修理，栽花草，铺双重砖地，开门辟

户。屋中陈设也极简单，环堵萧然。他做海军副大臣时，在北平西城曾买了一所小房，南下后就把这所小房送给了一位同学。在福建省长任内，任前清总督衙门，地方极大，他只留下几间办公室，其余的连箭道一并拆掉，通成一条大街，至今人称肃威路，因为他是肃威将军。

“肃威”两字，不足为萨先生的考语，他实是一个极风趣极洒脱的人。生平喜欢小宴会，三五个朋友吃便饭，他最高兴。所以遇有任何团体公请他，他总是零碎的还礼，他说：“客人太多时，主人不容易应酬得周到，不如小宴会，倒能宾主尽欢。”请客时一切肴饌设备，总是自己检点，务要整齐清洁。也喜欢宴请西国朋友。屋中陈设虽然简单，却常常改换式样。自己的一切用物文玩，知道别人喜欢，立刻就送了人，送礼的时候，也是自己登门去送，从来不用仆役。

他写信极其详细周到，月日地址，每信都有，字迹秀楷，也喜作诗，与父亲常有唱和之作。他平常主张海军学校不请汉文教员，理由是文人颓放，不可使青年军人沾染上腐败的习气。他说：“我从十二岁就入军校，可是汉文也彀用的，文字贵有自修，不在乎学作八股式的无性灵的文章。”

我有二十多年没有看见他了，至今记忆中还有几件不能磨灭的事：在我五六岁时，他到烟台视察，住海军练营，一天下午父亲请他来家吃晚饭，约定是七时，到六时五十五分，父亲便带我到门口去等，说：“萨军门是谨守时刻的，他常是早几分钟到主人门口，到时候才进来，我们不可使他久候。”我们走了出去，果然看见他穿着青呢袍，笑容满面的站在门口。

他又非常的温恭周到，有一次到我们家里来谈公事，里面端出点心来，是母亲自己做的，父亲无意中告诉了他。谈完公事，走到门口，又回来殷勤地说：“请你谢谢你的太太，今天的点心真是好吃。”

父亲的客厅里，字画向来很少，因为他不是鉴赏家，相片也很少，因为他的朋友不多。而南下北上搬了几次家，客厅总挂有萨先生的相片，和他写赠的一副对联，是“穷达尽为身外事，升沉不改故人情”。

听说他老人家现在福州居住，卖字作公益事业。灾区的放赈，总是他的事。在福州下渡，他用海军界的捐款，办了一个模范村，村民爱他如父母，为他建了一亭，逢时过节，都来拜访，腊八节，大家也给他熬些腊八粥⁽⁸⁾，送到家去。

此外还有许多从朋友处听来的关于萨先生的事，都是极可珍贵的材料。夜深人倦，恕

我不再记述了，横竖我是想写他的传记的，许多事不妨留在后来写。在此我只要说我的感想：前些日子看到行政院“澄清贪污”的命令，使我矍然的觉出今日的贪污官吏之多，擅用公物，虽贤者不免。

我不愿提出我所耳闻目击的无数种种的贪污事实，我只愿高捧出一个清廉高峻的人格，使我们那些与贪污奋斗的朋友们，抬头望时，不生寂寞之感.....

在此我敬谨遥祝他老家长寿安康。

A Profile of Sa Zhenbing

© Bing Xin

I'll always hold Mr. Sa Zhenbing in high esteem. When I was six or seven, I often heard my father say, "Of all personnel in the Chinese Navy, Sa Zhenbing is the only one deserving the title of model officer." Since then, whatever Mr. Sa says or does has held my respectful attention and added to my admiration for him. Many people whom I used to look up to in my childhood have turned out to be very disappointing. Now the thought of Mr. Sa, however, has enabled me to retain confidence in mankind and forge ahead with renewed courage.

Here I'm going to write about his fine words and deeds as I've mostly learned from my father. I'm unable to recall the exact dates. I intend some day to write a biography of him when I've collected sufficient material about his life. Now gratitude is due to my father, who has tried to inculcate only the best example into a young mind.

Admiral Sa Zhenbing, whose formal name is Ding Ming, was born in Minhou County, Fujian Province, in 1860 (?) [\[1\]](#). He enrolled at Fuzhou Mawei Naval Academy at the age of 12, among its second batch of cadets, and then entered Greenwich College in England at the age of 18. After he came back from abroad, he served as an instructor at the Academy of Marine Engineering in Tianjin. It happened that my father was then receiving training in navigation at Tianjin Naval Academy. That's how they got acquainted.

While at the Academy of Marine Engineering, Mr. Sa slept on a specially made narrow, small plank bed like in a ship. He said, "We soldiers shouldn't seek ease and comfort. Our life on sea or shore should be alike." He worked conscientiously as an instructor. He would often award to good cadets his personal belongings, such as his watch, or even his cane chair when he had nothing valuable to spare. Outside class, he would often teach cadets how to dig out gun emplacements on the drill ground with spades and shovels. The Marine Engineering Academy was situated on the south and the Navel Academy on the north, with the drill ground in-between. President of the Marine Engineering Academy Wu Zhongxiang, who happened to live in the Navel Academy, disapproved of cadets doing rough work, being himself a bookish type. So, when the cadets were in the middle of wielding their spades and shovels, Mr. Sa

would stand at the side of the drill ground to keep watch lest President Wu should crop up making his rounds.

Father and Mr. Sa began to know each other better when they both served on the warship *Hai Yin* around 1900. Mr. Sa was then Deputy Navy Commander and concurrently captain of the ship while father was its second in command.

During the 1900 Boxer War^[2], the warship *Hai Rong* directly under the personal command of Navy Commander Ye Zugui was pinned down at Dagou by the eight-power allied forces, and the torpedo boats the *Hai Long*, *Hai Xi*, *Hai Qing* and *Hai Hua* were captured by them. Meanwhile, Governor of Shandong Yuan Shikai sent out a letter suggesting that the *Hai Yin*, *Hai Chen*, *Hai Chou* and *Hai Tian*, ships of the Northern Fleet then anchored at Miao Island, Shandong Province, all move to the Yangtze River so as to steer clear of the formidable foe. Thereupon all the ships retreated southward except the *Hai Yin*. When Yihetuan^[3] threatened the lives of foreign residents in China, Mr. Sa let all foreign missionaries and nationals take shelter in his ship and be well taken care of until the uprising was over. When the US cruiser *Oregon* struck a reef near Miao Island, the *Hai Yin* rushed to the scene for its rescue, for which American Congress immediately sent a message of thanks. And the captain of the US ship, while expressing gratitude to Mr. Sa, also advised him to move his ship to the south. Consequently the *Hai Yin* sailed into Jiangyin near the mouth of the Yangtze River.

The departure of the other ships had shaken the morale of the men on the lone vessel. Many deserted after going ashore under pretext of seeing a doctor. All were in a state of alarm and together petitioned for the ship to seek shelter in the south. There was a horrible hubbub of voices on the deck. Father was making every effort to pacify the men when suddenly Mr. Sa emerged from the cabin sword in hand, shouting sternly, "Stop the racket, or you die!" Shocked by the great anger on the otherwise benevolent face, the ship crew rapidly dispersed, and the *Hai Yin* remained moored at the same old place until the American captain offered his advice.

Discipline was exemplary on Mr. Sa's ship. He often donated money from his personal purse for repairs of public property, saying jokingly to father, "Other captains make gold bracelets for their wives, I make them to deck out my ship." Once, during a shooting practice on the ship, a gun officer through carelessness damaged the bore of a light gun worth more than 20,000 yuan. Mr. Sa gave away his monthly salaries to pay for the damaged gun by

instalments. When the news later reached Navy Commander Ye Zugui and Yuan Shikai, then Governor-General of Hebei Province, the latter immediately remitted money to pay for the damaged gun. Hence, one of the light guns on the *Hai Yin* has since been known as Yuan's gift.

Often on his ship, especially on a drill ship like the *Wei Yuan*, *Kang Ji* or *Tong Ji*, Mr. Sa would teach the cadets how to row a sampan, swim across the water or practise shooting—not only as daily military training, but also as recreational activities. In navigating, he would let the cadets do the piloting instead of hiring a boatman to do it. That made Navy Commander Ye complain with a frown, “Sa is too reckless, always trusting the young chaps!” Yet, for several decades no mishap has ever befallen the ship under Mr. Sa's command.

Mr. Sa is very fond of talent and shows deep sympathy and care for officers and men. When he went ashore on business by sampan, he would have the sails unfurled on a windy day so as to save labor on the part of the sailors. He had no orderly with him when making visits on land, but would, when necessary, borrow a servant from a land-based friend of his. He never tried to find a job for any of his relatives during the several decades when he was in a position of power as Naval Vice-Minister, Naval Minister or Governor of Fujian Province. When relatives came from distant places to seek his patronage, he would persuade them to return home after giving them traveling expenses or some money with which to go into business, saying, “To hold down a post in the navy without naval training, you would be a real dog in the manger.”

Mr. Sa and his wife Chen were deeply in love with each other. Once, when Mr. Sa was bedridden in Yantai, his wife came hurriedly from Weihaiwei to visit him, but he immediately sent her away. People, however, looked on it disapprovingly. When he became widowed at the age of 36, he entrusted his children to the care of his in-laws. He has since been wifeless. When people asked him why he didn't remarry, he said, “Not unless I can find a woman precisely like my late wife.”

He lives a simple life. He never wears a Western suit, nor fur or cotton-padded clothes. Generally, he wears cloth shoes and socks, and a woolen mandarin jacket and long gown. He denies himself every luxury in life. He has never held a birthday party for himself, nor has he accepted any birthday present. He has no hobby except mah-jong which he plays for fun once in a long, long while—and that with copper coins only.

He lives in a very humble house. He did all the repairs for the landlord. He grew flowers and plants, paved the ground with bricks and renovated the gate and doors. His rooms with bare walls are simply furnished. When he was Naval Vice-Minister, he bought a house in the western part of Peiping, which was later given to a former classmate of his after he moved to the south. When he was Governor of Fujian, he worked in the huge compound which used to be the yamen of the former Qing-Dynasty governor-general. He had most of the yamen buildings, together with the surrounding walls, pulled down except a few rooms where he held office. The nearby street has to this day been generally referred to as "Su Wei Street" in honor of Mr. Sa, the "su wei" (meaning "awe-inspiring") Admiral.

"Su wei", however, is not an adequate epithet for him, for he is in fact a very witty and outgoing man. He is fond of giving a dinner for just a small number of friends. After attending a banquet collectively hosted by some people, he will give a return dinner for them in small batches. He said, "When there are too many guests, it's hard to take very good care of everyone. On the contrary, at a small dinner everybody can thoroughly enjoy themselves." In preparing a dinner, he will personally check up every dish and see to it that everything is neat and clean. He also likes to entertain foreign friends at a dinner. He likes personally to rearrange from time to time the simple furnishings in his house. If any article of daily use or ornamental object happens to catch the fancy of a guest, he will immediately give it to him, usually by calling at the latter's house in person instead of by sending a servant.

He writes letters in a beautiful hand, always paying attention to small details, such as dates and addresses. He also likes to write poems, and he and father often write poetry in response to each other. He disapproves of naval academies employing scholars to teach Chinese on the ground that decadent literati may taint young cadets with unhealthy habits. He said, "Though I entered the naval academy at an early age of 12, my Chinese is passable. Language can be mastered through self-study, not by learning to write empty stereotyped essays."

Though it is more than twenty years since I last saw Mr. Sa, several things have left an indelible impression on my memory. Once, when I was about six, he came to Yantai on an inspection tour and put up at the local naval training camp. One afternoon, at the invitation of father, he was to have dinner at our home at 7 pm. At 6:55 pm, father went with me to the gate to wait for him, saying, "The Admiral is punctual to the minute. He always comes to a

host's gate several minutes earlier and refuses to come in until exactly the appointed time. Now we shouldn't let him wait too long.”As soon as we stepped out, we saw him already standing at the gate as expected. Dressed in a black woollen gown, he was all smiles.

He was very courteous and considerate. Once, when he was in our home to discuss official business with father, he was treated to some pastries, which, as father told him inadvertently, had been prepared by mother. Then as he was about to leave us at the gate, he suddenly turned back to say to father thoughtfully, “Thanks a lot to your wife for the real delicious pastries.”

Father's drawing room has always been decorated with few pieces of calligraphy and paintings because he himself is not a connoisseur of art. The same with photos because he has not too many friends. But, although he has moved several times, from north to south or vice versa, his drawing room is always hung with Mr. Sa's portrait and written couplet given to him as a gift, which reads as follows:

Rich or poor, all is vanity,

Ups and downs, old friends remain true.

I hear that he now lives in Fuzhou, selling the calligraphy he writes to subsidize public welfare undertakings and providing relief to people in disaster areas. In Xiadu, Fuzhou, a model village has been set up with donations he collected from the naval circles. The villagers love him deeply. They have erected a pavilion to pay tribute to him. They visit him on New Year's Day and other festivals. On laba Festival^[4], they call on him to present him with laba porridge—a kind of rice porridge they make, as a tradition, with nuts and dried fruit.

Numerous other things I've heard about him will make valuable material too. But pardon me for leaving off now, for it is deep night and I'm tired. Anyway, I might as well put the rest in the biography I'm going to write about him in the future. Now I would like to speak my mind about the present situation in our country. Some time ago, an order issued by the Executive Yuan^[5] to “stamp out corruption” shocked me to realize how the country is being plagued by countless corrupt officials and how they have even been joined by some otherwise honest officials in seizing public property at will.

Now, rather than enumerating the many cases of corruption I've seen or heard of, I hold

aloft the noble image of an honest and upright man so that our friends now fighting corruption may look up at it and feel they are not isolated...

Let me from afar wish the venerable old man to enjoy good health and longevity.

[1] Sa Zhenbing, of Mogolian origin, was born in 1858 into an impoverished family that had been living in Fuzhou, Fujian Province for generations. He died in April 1952 in his hometown Fuzhou.

[2] When an anti-imperialist armed struggle was launched by north China peasants and handicraftsmen at the end of the 19th century, known in the West as the Boxer Rebellion, Britain, the United States, Germany, France, tsarist Russia, Japan, Italy and Austria jointly sent aggressive troops to China in 1900, known as the eight-power allied forces, to brutally suppress the uprising and occupy Beijing and Tianjin.

[3] The anti-imperialist organization formed by peasants and handicraftsmen in north China at the end of the 19th century.

[4] The eighth day of the twelfth lunar month (on which porridge made with cereals, beans, nuts and dried fruit is served).

[5] The highest administrative organ of the Kuomintang government (before 1949).

《记萨镇冰先生》是冰心（1900—1999）写于1936年3月23日的一篇称颂旧海军耆宿萨镇冰（1858—1952）的散文。萨与冰心的父亲是同乡、同僚，清廉正直，爱国反蒋，深受梓里人民爱戴敬仰。作者以真挚感情介绍这位杰出老前辈的方方面面，文章率真坦陈，写得无拘无束，洋洋洒洒。此文英译时略作删节。

注释

(1)“从那时起，我总是注意听受他的一言一行”译为Since then, whatever Mr. Sa says or does has held my respectful attention, 加用respectful一词，表达“恭敬”的内涵，比译...has held much of my attention更为确切。

(2)“他知道往青年人脑里灌注的，应当是哪一种的印象”未逐字直译，而作较灵活处理：...my father who has tried to inculcate the best example into a young mind（父亲总用最好的榜样教育年幼的我），其中to inculcate的意思是“谆谆教诲”、“灌输”等。

(3)“吴总办是个文人，不大喜欢学生做‘粗事’”译为President of the Marine Engineering Academy Wu Zhongxiang...disapproved of cadets doing rough work, being himself a bookish（或scholarly）type，其中type作“具有某种特点的人”解，因此bookish（scholarly）type的意思就是“书生气十足的人”、“斯斯文文的人”。

(4)“有再说要南下的，就杀却！”译为“Stop the racket, or you die!”或“Any more racket, and you die!”未逐字直译“有再说要南下的”，而用Stop the racket（吵闹）表达，因口头下达命令，用词应尽量简短。又you die比你will die可取，因前者有“必杀无疑”之意。

(5)“萨先生所在的兵舰上，纪律清洁，总是全军之冠”译为Discipline was exemplary on Mr. Sa's ship, 用墨不多，却能概括原意，其中exemplary作“堪称楷模”解。

(6)“你们没有受过海上训练，不能占海军人员的位置”意即“没有受过海上训练，勉强担任海军职务，就会占着茅坑不拉屎”，故译To hold down a post in the navy without naval training, you would be a real dog in the manger, 也可译作Holding a post in the navy without naval training means usurping the position of a naval officer or man without ability to do your duties。

(7)“天下若再有一个女子，和我太太一样的我就娶”译为Not unless I can find a woman precisely like my late wife, 其中Not unless...是I won't remarry unless ...之略。又“我太太”指“已故妻子”，故译my late wife。

(8)“腊八粥”译为laba porridge—a kind of rice porridge they make, as a tradition, with nuts and dried fruit, 其中laba porridge后面的释义词是译文中的增益成分。

当教师的快乐⁽¹⁾

◎ 冰心

我只当过十年的教师。那是一九二六年我从美国留学回来，在母校燕京大学⁽²⁾国文系当了一名教师。那时系里的主任和教师大半是我的老师。校内其他科、系里也有我的老师。总之，全校的教师都是我的师辈！因此在开教授会的时候，我总是挑个极边极角的座位，惶恐地缩在一旁。大家都笑着称我为Faculty Baby（教授会的婴儿）。那一学期我还不满二十六岁⁽³⁾。

在学生群中就大不一样了。他们是我的好朋友。我教一年级必修科⁽⁴⁾的国文，用的是古文课本。大学一年级的男女学生很多，年纪又都不大，大概在十七到二十岁之间。国文课分成五个班，每班有三四十名。因为他们来自全国各地，闽粤的学生，听不大懂马鉴主任、周作人、沈尹默、顾随、郭绍虞等几位老先生的江南口音，于是教务处就把这一部分学生分到我的班上。从讲台上望去，一个个红扑扑的稚气未退的脸，嬉笑地好奇地望着我这个小先生——那时一般称教师为先生。这些笑容对我并不陌生，与我的弟弟们和表妹们的笑容一模一样。打开点名簿请他们自己报名，我又逐一纠正了他们的口音，笑语纷纭之中，我们一下子就很熟悉很亲热了⁽⁵⁾！我给他们出的第一道作文题目，就是自传，一来因为在这题目下人人都有话可写，二来通过这篇自传，我可以了解到每个学生的家庭背景、习惯、性情等等。我看完文卷，从来只打下分数，不写批语，而注重在和每个人做半小时以内的课外谈话上。这样，他们可以告诉我：他们是怎么写的，我也可告诉他们我对这篇文字的意见，思想沟通了，我们彼此也比较满意。

我还开了一班习作的课，是为一年级以上的学生选修的。我要学生们练习写各种文学形式的文字，如小说、诗、书信，有时也有翻译——我发现汉文基础好的学生，译文也会更通顺——期末考试是让他们每人交一本刊物⁽⁶⁾，什么种类的都行，如美术、体育等等。但必须有封面图案、本刊宗旨、文章、相片等等，同班同学之间可以互相组稿，也可以向班外的同学索稿或相片。学生们都觉得这很新鲜有趣⁽⁷⁾，他们期末交来的刊物，内容和刊名都很一致，又很活泼可喜。

回忆起那几年的教学生涯，最使我眷恋的是：学生们和我成了知心朋友。那时教师和男女学生都住在校内，课外的接触十分频繁⁽⁸⁾。我们常常在未名湖上划船，在水中央的岛边石舫上开种种的讨论会，或是作个别谈话。这种个别谈话就更深入了！有个人的择业与

择婚问题等等！这时我眼前忽然涌现出好几对美满的夫妻，如郑林庄和吴瑞梧，林耀华和饶毓苏，等等。有的是我以大媒的身份去参加他们的完婚仪式，有的是由我出面宴请双方的家长，为他们撮合。说起来是半个世纪以前的事了。他们中有过半数的人已先我而进入另一个世界⁽⁹⁾，写到这里，我心里有说不出的一种滋味⁽¹⁰⁾！

我应该停笔了，我说的既不是“尊师”，也不是“爱生”，我只觉得“师”和“生”应当是互相尊重互相亲爱的朋友。

Joys of the Teaching Career

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I was a teacher for only ten years. In 1926, on my return to China after finishing studies in the United States, I began to teach at my alma mater Yenching University, Peiping, as a lecturer in Chinese. The deans and teachers of the Department of Chinese then were mostly my former teachers. Other faculties and departments also had no lack of my former teachers. I may well say that practically all the teaching staff of the University were my seniors. Therefore, at a faculty meeting, I always chose a seat at an unobservable corner of the room. Everybody jokingly called me “faculty baby”. I was then on the right side of 26.

It was, however, a different story when I was with my students. They and I were good friends. When I taught freshman Chinese as a required course, I used a textbook of classical prose. The freshmen were mostly young boys and girls aged between 17 and 20. Freshman Chinese was taught in five classes, each consisting of 30 to 40 students hailing from various places of China. Those from Fujian and Guangdong had difficulty in understanding the heavily accented speech of teachers like Ma Jian (Dean), Zhou Zuoren, Shen Yinmo, Gu Shui and Guo Shaoyu who all came from places south of the Yangtse River. Consequently, some of these students were transferred to my class through the arrangements of the Dean's Office. Looking down from the rostrum, I was delighted by a multitude of rosy-faced naïve young students smiling and staring curiously at me—the little teacher. Their smiles were by no means unfamiliar to me, being similar to those I often saw on the faces of my younger brothers and younger female cousins. Often, when I opened the roll-call book and asked them each to give their own names, I corrected their accents one by one. Thus, between laughter and chat, we came to know each other better and were soon on friendly terms. The first composition they did was “My Autobiography”. I let them write on this subject because, firstly, everybody always had got something to say on it and, secondly, it would afford me a good opportunity to understand each student's family background, habit, disposition, etc. I only put marks but never gave comments on the papers after reading them. Instead I laid emphasis on holding outside-class individual talks with them lasting not more than 30 minutes. They would tell me how they had done the composition, and I would express my opinion on it. And we would

both feel pleased with the frank exchange of views.

I also offered a course on advanced writing, which was an elective for students above the freshman level. It gave them training in different genres of literary writing, such as fiction, poetry, correspondence and sometimes translation. I found that students with a solid grounding in Chinese often did good translations. For the end-of-term examination, I had them each hand in a self-edited magazine specializing in any subjects, such as fine arts, sports, etc. and complete with well designed front cover, aim of its publication, photos, etc. Students of the same class could solicit contributions or photos from each other, or from students of other classes. They called it an interesting try. The magazines they handed in by the end of the term were very lively and encouraging, each having its content quite in line with its title.

In recalling my past career as a teacher, I always think fondly of the intimate friendship between the students and me. In those days, teachers and students all lived on the campus, which greatly facilitated our after-school contact. We often went boating on the Weiming Lake, or had discussions about various things on the marble boat by the island in the middle of the Lake, or had heart-to-heart private talks about, for instance, job selection or marriage. At this moment the images of quite a few couples, such as Zheng Linzhuang and Wu Ruiwu, Lin Yaohua and Rao Yusu, etc. suddenly appear in my mind's eye. I attended some of their wedding ceremonies in my capacity as a go-between. Sometimes, preparatory to making a match, I had the parents of both parties meet each other at a dinner I gave. All that took place over half a century ago, and now, alas, more than half of them have gone to another world before me. I feel very bad about it indeed.

It's time for me to stop writing now. I've not been talking solely about "students respecting teachers" or "teachers cherishing students" because, to my mind, teachers and students should be friends with mutual respect and love.

冰心年轻时当过十年教师。她于晚年所写《当教师的快乐》一文意味深长地追忆了这段教书生涯。文章写于1986年7月间，通过一系列事件的叙述，如点名时逐一纠正学生口音、作文课让学生写自传、课外与学生作个别谈话、让学生自编刊物、替学生做媒等等，表达师生间的思想沟通与友爱情感，强调师生间应“互相尊重互相亲爱”。

注释

(1) 题目“当教师的快乐”译为Joys of the Teaching Career，可供选择的其他译文是：How I Enjoyed Teaching、I Enjoyed My Teaching Job、My Joyous Days as a Teacher等。

(2) “燕京大学”译为Yenching University，是该校的固定译名，国际上一直通用，不宜按拼音译成Yanjing University。

(3) “不满二十六岁”译为on the right side of 26，属口语，意同younger than 26。

(4) “必修科”译为a required course，也可译为a requirement。

(5) “笑语纷纭之中，我们一下子就很熟悉很亲热了”中的“笑语纷纭之中”意即“边谈边笑之际”，全句译为Thus, between laughter and chat, we came to know each other better and were soon on friendly terms，其中between的意思是“由于……与……的共同作用”（because of...and...combined），是常见用法。

(6) “让他们每人交一本刊物”意即“让他们每人交一本自编的刊物”，故译I had them each hand in a self-edited magazine，其中self-edited是译文中的增益成分。

(7) “学生们都觉得这很新鲜有趣”可按“他们都对这尝试感到有趣”译为They called it an interesting try，其中try是名词，作“尝试”、“努力”等解。

(8) “课外的接触十分频繁”可按“便于我们的课外接触”译为greatly facilitated our after-school contact。

(9) “他们中有过半数的人已先我而进入另一个世界”译为and now, alas, more than half of them have gone to another world before me，其中alas意同unfortunately，是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意。

(10) “我心里有说不出的一种滋味”意即“我心中感到很难过”，故译I feel very bad about it indeed。

春的消息⁽¹⁾

◎ 冰心

坐在书桌旁往外看，我的窗外周围只是一座一座的长长方方的宿舍楼，楼与楼之间没有一棵树木！窗前一大片的空地上，历年来堆放着许多长长的、生了锈的钢筋——这是为建筑附近几座新宿舍楼用的——真是一片荒凉沉寂。外边看不到什么颜色了⁽²⁾，我只好在屋子里“创造”些颜色⁽³⁾。我在堂屋里挂上绿色的窗帘，铺上绿色的桌布，窗台上摆些朋友送的一品红、仙客来，和孩子们自己种的吊兰。在墙上挂的总理油画前，供上一瓶玫瑰花、菊花、石竹花或十姊妹。那是北方玫瑰花公司应我之请，按着时节，每星期送来的。我的书桌旁边的窗台上摆着一盆朋友送的还没有开过花的君子兰。有时也放上一瓶玫瑰。这一丝丝的绿意，或说是春意吧，都是“慰情聊胜无”的。

我想起我窗前的那片空地，从前堆放钢筋的地方，每到春来，从钢筋的空隙中总会长出十分翠绿的草⁽⁴⁾。夏雨来时，它便怒长起来，蔓延到钢条周围。那勃勃的生机，是钢铁也压不住的。如今，这些钢条都搬走了，又听说我们楼前这一块空地将要种上花草。

前几天，窗外一阵阵的喧哗笑语，惊动了。往外看时，原来是好几十个男女学生，正在整理这片空地呢⁽⁵⁾！女学生穿的羽绒衣、毛衣，红红绿绿的；男学生有的穿绿军装，有的穿深色的衣服。他们拿着种种工具，锄土的锄土，铲土的铲土，安放矮栏的就在场地边上安插下小铁栏杆。看来我们楼前这一大片土地，将会被这群青年人整治成一座绿草成茵、繁花似锦的公园……

窗外是微阴的天，这群年轻人仍在忙忙地劳动着⁽⁶⁾。今天暖气停了，我脱下毛衣换上棉袄，但我的心里却是暖烘烘的，因为我得到了春的消息！

Tidings of Spring

© Bing Xin

Whenever I looked out of the window sitting at my desk, what struck my eye at once would be a cluster of rectangular dormitory buildings standing side by side without a single tree in-between. The wide open ground beyond my window, which had been for years piled with rusty long steel bars—building materials for some new dormitories to be put up nearby, was a scene of desolation. Disappointed at the drab surroundings, I had to turn to “creating” colour under my roof. I decorated my room with green-coloured window curtains, spread a green cloth on the table, placed on the windowsills some poinsettias and, cyclamens given by a friend and some *diaolan* planted by my children. A vase filled with roses, chrysanthemums, carnations or multiflora roses was placed before an oil portrait of Zhou Enlai hanging on the wall. These flowers, when in season, were sent me weekly by Northern Rose Company at my request. On the windowsill beside my desk was a potted tender kaffir lily given me by a friend or sometimes a vase of roses. The consolation I derive from things green or from the vague hint of spring, though very small, is better than none.

Every year, I remember, when spring came, emerald-green grass would start shooting up from among the steel bars. It grew still faster under the summer rain until it enveloped all the steel bars, which were unable to arrest its exuberance. Now the steel bars have been removed and I hear that the vacant lot will be planted with flowers.

Several days ago, I was suddenly disturbed by a joyous din from outside the window. Looking out of it, I saw scores of boy and girl students in the middle of tidying up the open ground. The girls were in colourful down jackets or woolen sweaters, and the boys were in green army uniforms or dark-coloured jackets. They worked with hoes or shovels. Some were busy fencing off the land with iron-bar railings. Evidently, they were trying to turn the wide open ground in front of our building into a garden bright with lush green grass and blooming flowers.

It became somewhat gloomy, but the young people didn't slack off their efforts. Today I took off my woolen sweater and put on a cotton-padded jacket instead because the central

heating in our dormitory buildings had stopped as scheduled. Nevertheless, thanks to the tidings of spring, I'm warm at heart.

《春的消息》是冰心1987年3月16日写于北京中央民族学院一幢深灰色的教师宿舍楼上。从五十年代开始她和吴文藻先生就一直住在该楼。译者过去曾先后两次去民族学院登门拜访这位著名女作家，因而也算是该楼环境的见证人。

注释

(1) 题目“春的消息”译为Tidings of Spring, 其中tidings意同news或information。此题目也可译为Hints of Spring或Signs of Spring。

(2) “外边看不到什么颜色了”译为Disappointed at the drab surroundings, 是灵活处理, 其中Disappointed at是译文中的添加成分, 原文虽无其词而有其意; drab surroundings意即“色调灰暗的环境”, 与原文“外边看不到什么颜色”内涵一致。

(3) “我只好在屋子里‘创造’些颜色”译为I had to turn to “creating” colour under my roof, 其中to turn to是成语, 作“致力于”(to apply oneself to)解。

(4) “长出十分翠绿的草”译为emerald-green grass would start shooting up, 其中shooting up是成语, 意同growing rapidly。

(5) “好几十个男女学生, 正在整理这片空地呢”译为I saw scores of boy and girl students in the middle of tidying up the open ground, 其中in the middle of是成语, 作“正在”、“正忙于”解。

(6) “这群年轻人仍在忙忙地劳动着”译为but the young people didn't slack off their efforts, 意同but the young people kept on working hard。

我差点被狼吃了！⁽¹⁾

◎ 冰心

《儿童时代》的编辑们叫我给小朋友写一篇《我的童年》。关于“童年”，我写过不止一篇了。现在不妨讲一段惊险的故事，给小朋友们听。

这大概是一九〇六年的事了，那时我的父亲是烟台海军练营的营长，我们的家就住在练营对面的一个职工家属的四合院里⁽²⁾，这个四合院是盖在从山坡上挖出来的一块平地上。我总记得每天我母亲替我梳小辫的时候，我从后窗望去，外面是一堵高高的土墙，在每一个锄头挖过的凹孔里，都长着一小丛的蒲公英，她是我一生中所结交的“花”的朋友中的第一个！

在我家后面的山坡上，有一座和海上兵舰通旗语的旗台，我父亲常常带着一块石板——就是我们小时候上学时用的做算术的那种石板——和一个带着两面彩旗的水兵，上旗台去跟海港里的军舰通话。

那时候的烟台东山，还是荒凉得很，时常有狼在夜里出来觅食。我们的厨师傅常抱怨说：昨天夜里盖在大鸡笼下，上面还压着一块大石头的鸡笼，又被狼顶开，把小鸡吃了。不如砌一个砖头的鸡舍好。我从来没看见过狼，也就没把这话往心里去⁽³⁾。

有一天傍晚，父亲又带一个打旗语的水兵上旗台去了。水兵下来半天了，父亲还在台上，我就跑上旗台去找父亲。夜色苍茫里⁽⁴⁾，我听见身后仿佛有一只大狗在跟着我，忽然听见父亲一声断喝：“你快上来！”⁽⁵⁾我回头看时，只见一双亮得又凉得透骨的、灰蓝的眼睛⁽⁶⁾，同时旗台上砰的一声巨响，是石板摔在地上的碎声，那大狗似的、有一双可怕的灰蓝眼睛的东西，拖着一条长长的尾巴，转身就跑了。这一切只发生在几秒钟的时间⁽⁷⁾！

我跑上了旗台，父亲把我紧紧地搂在怀里说：“刚才追在你后面的是一只狼！不是我砸了石板把它吓跑了，你早就让它吃了。以后在这么晚的时候千万不要自己一个人出来，听见没有？”那时我在父亲怀里只是嘻嘻地笑着，我想像不出被狼咬着吃了是什么感觉。现在回想起来却有一种“后怕”⁽⁸⁾。

My Narrow Escape from a Wolf's Jaws

© Bing Xin

The editors of the *Childhood* asked me to write for kids an article entitled *My Childhood*. Since I have written more than once on the same subject, now I might as well tell you a thrilling story instead.

It was probably in 1906. My father was then in charge of a Yantai naval training camp. We lived just opposite in an old-style quadrangle for naval officers' family members. It stood on a piece of level land dug out of the mountain slope. Every day, I remember, when mother was busy plaiting my hair, I would look out of the back window to set my eyes on a tall earthen wall and small clusters of dandelions growing out of the holes in the ground left by digging. They were the first flowers I have ever been friends with in my life!

On the slope behind our house was a platform for exchanging flag signals with warships at sea. Often, armed with a slate—the kind of slate as used by schoolchildren for learning arithmetic, father would mount the platform to communicate with warships in harbour, together with a seaman carrying two coloured flags.

Dongshan in Yantai was then a bleak and desolate place, often haunted by wolves at night hunting for food. Our cook often complained about wolves eating up our chicks the previous night after pushing off the heavy stone on top of the big bamboo coop. He suggested that a brick hen house be built to replace the bamboo coop. I had never seen a wolf, so didn't take his words too much to heart.

One evening, father went up the platform again with a signal man, but he remained there long after the seaman came back. So I started running up to meet him. Then, in the midst of the deepening dusk, I became aware of something like a big dog following at my heels. All of a sudden, father gave a loud shout, "Come on! Quick!" I looked back and saw a pair of grayish blue eyes glittering piercingly. Meanwhile, there was a terrific Bang! as father's slate was smashed to pieces on the ground. The dog-like big beast, with its fearful grayish blue eyes, immediately turned to scurry away with its long tail between its legs. All that lasted but a few seconds!

Up on the platform, father hugged me closely in his arms and said, "It was a wolf that pursued you just now! Had I not frightened it away by smashing the slate, it would have eaten you up. From now on, don't come out by yourself after dark. Understand?" I giggled in his arms, not knowing what it was like to be eaten up by a wolf. Today, nevertheless, the small incident never fails to strike fear in me whenever I recall it.

《我差点被狼吃了！》是冰心写于1990年4月的一篇散文。作者回忆了她童年时代的一段惊险经历，文章写于晚年，但仍流露出她早期作品的风格，如对童心和童年时代的憧憬、对父母的挚爱、对自然景物的赞赏（如文中的蒲公英、山坡、海等）。

注释

(1) 题目“我差点被狼吃了！”译为My Narrow Escape from a Wolf's Jaws，比I Had a Narrow Escape from a Wolf's Jaws简练，其中Jaws作“险境”解。此句也可译为I Was Almost Killed (Eaten up) by a Wolf，但不如上述译文地道。

(2) “我们的家就住在练营对面的……”译为We lived just opposite in ... (其中opposite是副词)，比We lived opposite the naval training camp in ... (其中opposite是介词)简练。

(3) “没把这话往心里去”意即“没有认真对待这话”，故译didn't take his words too much to heart，其中take...to heart是成语，作“认真对待”(take seriously)解。此句也可译为didn't take too much care about what he said。

(4) “夜色苍茫里”可译为In the midst of the deepening dusk，其中In the midst of也可改为Amidst或In; deepening dusk也可改为gathering dusk。

(5) “你快上来！”可译为Come on! Quick! 或Come up quick!，其中quick等于quickly，常用于口语。

(6) “一双亮得又凉得透骨的、灰蓝的眼睛”意即“锐利的灰蓝双眼，寒光闪闪”，译为a pair of grayish blue eyes glittering piercingly，其中piercingly一词兼有“锐利”和“彻骨寒冷”之意。

(7) “这一切只发生在几秒钟的时间”可译为All that lasted but a few seconds或All that lasted for a matter of seconds，其中a matter of是成语，作“仅仅”解。

(8) “现在回想起来却有一种‘后怕’”不便按字面直译，现用意译法处理：Today, nevertheless, the small incident never fails to strike fear in me whenever I recall it，其中nevertheless (然而)和the small incident (小事)是译文中的添加词。

无题

◎ 夏衍

静下来想想⁽¹⁾，我这样一个出身贫寒，经历坎坷的人，居然能活到92岁，实在有点奇怪。

过了80岁，经常有人问我，有什么养生之道。我不仅不懂得养生⁽²⁾，而且还有一些不好的习惯。

我性急图快，走路快，下笔快，吃饭更快，简直是狼吞虎咽⁽³⁾，因此，得了胃病、十二指肠溃疡。医生治好了我的病，但没有治好我的习惯。

我偏食。“史无前例”的那十年之前⁽⁴⁾，我不吃瓜，很少吃蔬菜和水果。70年代进了秦城监狱，天天窝窝头，顿顿萝卜白菜，这样才勉强改造过来，但一旦出狱，依旧我行我素⁽⁵⁾，少吃菜果如故。

我不喝酒⁽⁶⁾，但从30岁那年开始抽烟，先是偶尔为之，后来上了瘾。在文化部工作那十年，每天两包（40支），连手指也熏黄了，到晚上唇干舌燥，也毫无戒意。当然，这中间也有曲折，进秦城之后，被强制戒了，但回家后，第一件事就是向家人要烟。为了检验自己的意志力，主动戒了几个月，没有事，又抽上了。有人在报刊上写文章讲吸烟有害，我认为，这是危言耸听，有逆反心理。歪道理的理由是，我烟龄几十年还活到这把年纪。奇怪的是，两年前的一个早上，点上第一支烟，觉得不是滋味⁽⁷⁾，掐灭了，从此，不戒自戒。在我的吸烟史上画了一个句号⁽⁸⁾。

话说回来，一个人的健康，要从生理、心理、适应能力这三方面来决定。我能活到现在，大概是总结了过去几十年的经验教训，卸下了思想包袱，不生气、不悲观。我这个人还有一个好处，就是求知欲强，趣味广泛。上至天下大事，小至草木鱼虫，我都有兴趣爱好。我养过鸟，养过狗，现在还养猫；集邮、搜集书画我都着迷；看电视、听广播，除新闻之外，主要是看球，特别是足球。意大利甲级联赛的录像，我每场必看，只是我好胜心强，中国队在国际比赛中受挫，我就生气⁽⁹⁾。

近年来，朋友写信和来访总要说⁽¹⁰⁾“祝你健康长寿”。我说：寿不能太长，有生有死，这是常道⁽¹¹⁾，人人长寿，生而不死，试想，孔老夫子、秦始皇、袁世凯、蒋介石都还活着，这将是怎样一个世界！

人世间，万物万事，都有一定的规律，掌握了这个规律，才能够改革和创造。我认为，习惯不属于意识形态范围，它有一种“惯性”。所以，古人说：习之难改也甚矣⁽¹²⁾。当然，这是说难改，不是说不能改。只要下了决心，持之以恒，习惯也还是可以改的。

No Title

© Xia Yan

Often, in my calm moment of contemplation, I find it amazing that a man like me who was born of a poor family and has suffered a lifetime of frustrations should have lived to the age of 92.

When I was in my eighties, people often asked me for advice on how to keep in good health. But the fact is, instead of a recipe for healthy living, I have some very bad habits.

I'm impetuous and tend to rush all things. I walk quickly, I write quickly, I eat even more quickly or, so to speak, just wolf down my food. As a result I became ill with duodenitis. The doctor at last cured me of my stomach trouble, but not of my bad habit of eating quickly.

I'm a picky eater. Prior to the outbreak of the 10-year domestic political turmoil in 1966, I refused to eat melon, and seldom took vegetables and fruit. During the seventies, when I was confined in jail in Qincheng, my daily three meals consisted of nothing but corn buns plus turnip and Chinese cabbage. That, however, cured me of my being choosy about food. But, once out of prison, I slipped back to my old self, taking little vegetable and fruit.

I'm a teetotaler, but I began to smoke at the age of 30. At first I did it only occasionally, but later I became addicted to it. During the ten years when I was with the Ministry of Culture, I used to consume two packs a day, containing 40 cigarettes, till my fingers were yellowed and my lips and tongue parched. But I still couldn't get out of the tobacco habit. Smoking was banned in prison, but as soon as I was released the first thing I did was to ask my folks for a cigarette. Once, by way of testing my willpower, I stopped smoking for several months, but only to end up in a relapse. Some people dwelled on the harmfulness of smoking in articles published in newspapers or magazines. To me, however, they were exaggerating things just to scare people and sort of manifesting a rebellious mentality. I reasoned lamely that decades of heavy smoking hadn't shortened my life at all. Strange to say, early on a certain morning two years ago, my first cigarette of the day happened to be so sickening that I stubbed it out immediately and from then on smoked no more. That marked the beginning of my clean

break with cigarettes.

Three things, however, have much to do with one's health, namely, physiology, psychology and adaptability. That I've lived to this age is probably due to my effort to sum up my personal experience of the past decades and draw a lesson from it. I've never been weighed down by cares. I never get angry or become pessimistic. Another strong point of mine is that I'm always thirsting for knowledge and have many-sided interests. My interests range over a wide field, from major events at home and abroad to plants and trees, and fish and worms. I used to raise birds and dogs, and now I keep cats. I was once crazy about philately and collecting books and paintings. I watch TV or listen in to the radio, not only for news but mainly for ball games, soccer in particular. I watch each and every Italian Serie A Match without fail. Only, due to my eagerness for national honor, it always makes me mad to see the Chinese Team lose out in international matches.

In recent years, when friends write or call on me, they have often greeted me by saying, "May you have good health and a long life!" Well, I think life shouldn't be excessively long. Some come into this world while some depart from it, that's the way of all flesh. What if everybody should live an undying life? What would become of this world if Confucius, Qinshihuang^[1], Yuan Shikai^[2] and Chiang Kai-shek were still alive today!

In this human world, things all go by certain rules. Only by grasping these rules can we make reforms and create. I think habits do not come under the category of ideology, but have something to do with inertia. That's why the ancients say, "Old habits die hard." Nevertheless, it doesn't mean that habits are impossible of being broken. With strong resolution and perseverance, we can certainly break ourselves of old habits.

^[1] Qinshihuang (c.259-210 BC), first emperor of the Qin Dynasty, who united China for the first time in history.

^[2] Yuan Shikai (1859-1916), president of the Republic of China (1912-1916), and chieftain of the Northern Warlords.

夏衍（1900—1995），浙江杭州人，散文家、剧作家，写过脍炙人口的报告文学《包身工》和剧本《秋瑾传》、《上海屋檐下》等等，也写过大量很出色的杂文、随笔，内容广泛，文字朴实平易，不落俗套。《无题》是他写于1992年4月的一篇小品。

注释

(1)“静下来想想”可直译为When I calm down and think，今译Often，in my calm moment of contemplation，其中Often是译文中的添加词，表示作者的有关思想活动是经常性的。

(2)“我不仅不懂得养生……”译为But the fact is，instead of a recipe for healthy living...，其中短语the fact is...等于the fact is that...，是译文中的添加词，用以加强语气。

(3)“简直是狼吞虎咽”译为or，so to speak，just wolf down my food，其中用插入语so to speak（可以这么说）表达原文的“简直是”。

(4)“‘史无前例’的那十年之前”指“‘文化大革命’那十年之前”，译为Prior to the outbreak of the 10-year domestic political turmoil in 1966（1966年开始的国内政治动乱之前），未按原文直译，也未按“所谓‘文化大革命’那十年之前”加以意译，均为了便于国外读者理解。

(5)“依旧我行我素”可作如下灵活处理：I slipped back to my old self，...（故态复萌）或I relapsed into my old habit of ...。

(6)“我不喝酒”译为I'm a teetotaler，也可译为I don't drink。

(7)“不是滋味”意即“觉得厌恶”，故译to be so sickening。

(8)“在我的吸烟史上画了一个句号”可按“从此我和卷烟彻底断绝关系”译为That marked the beginning of my clean break with cigarettes。

(9)“中国队在国际比赛中受挫，我就生气”译为It always makes me mad to see the Chinese Team lose out in international matches，其中lose out是动词短语，作“输掉”、“失败”等解。

(10)“朋友写信和来访总要说……”译为when friends write or call on me，they have often greeted me by saying...。“总要说……”意即“总要祝贺我说……”，如直译为they have often said，则欠确切，故译they have often greeted me by saying...。

(11)“这是常道”可结合上下文理解为“此乃众生之道”，故译that's the way of all flesh，其中all flesh的意思是“所有人类”（all human beings）。

(12)“习之难改也甚矣”可按字面直译为Old habits are not easily changed或It is difficult to get rid of old habits等，现不妨借用英语同义谚语Old habits die hard。

龙

◎ 巴金

我常常做梦。无月无星的黑夜里我的梦最多。有一次我梦见了龙。

我走入深山大泽，仅有一根手杖做我的护身武器，我用它披荆棘，打豺狼，它还帮助我登高山，踏泥沼。我脚穿草鞋，可以走过水面而不沉溺。

在一片大的泥沼中我看见一个怪物，头上有角，唇上有髭，两眼圆睁，红亮亮像两个灯笼。身子完全陷在泥中，只有这个比人头大过两三倍的头颅浮出污泥之上。

我走近泥沼，用惊奇的眼光看这个怪物。它忽然口吐人言，阻止我前进：

“你是什么？[\(1\)](#)要去什么地方？为什么来到这里？”

“我是一个无名者，我寻求一样东西。我只知道披开荆棘，找寻我的道路，”我昂然回答，对着怪物我不需要礼貌。

“你不能前进，前面有火焰山，喷火数十里，伤人无算。”

“我不怕火。为了得到我所追求的东西，我甘愿在火中走过[\(2\)](#)。”

“你仍不能前进，前面有大海，没有船只载你渡过白茫茫一片海水。”

“我不怕水，我有草鞋可以走过水面。为了得到我所追求的东西，甚至溺死，我也毫无怨言。”

“你仍不能前进，前面有猛兽食人。”

“我有手杖可以打击猛兽。为了得到我所追求的东西，我愿与猛兽搏斗。”

怪物的两只灯笼眼射出火光，从鼻孔中突然伸出两根长的触须，口大张开，露出一嘴钢似的亮牙。它大叫一声，使得附近的树木马上落下大堆绿叶，泥水也立刻沸腾起泡。

“你这顽固的人，你究竟追求什么东西？”它厉声问道。

“我追求生命。”

“生命？你不是已经有了生命？”

“我要的是丰富的、充实的生命。”

“我不明白你的意思，”它摇摇头。

“我活着不能够做一件有益的事情。我成天空谈理想，却束手看着别人受苦。我不能给饥饿的人一点饮食，给受冻的人一件衣服；我不能揩干哭泣的人脸上的眼泪。我吃着，谈着，睡着，在无聊的空闲中浪费我的光阴——像这样的一个人怎么能说是有生命？在我，若得不到丰富的、充实的生命，那么活着与死亡又有什么区别？”

怪物想了想，仍然摇头说：“我怕你会永远得不到你所追求的东西。或许世界上根本就没有这样的东西。”

我在它那张难看的脸上见到一丝同情了。我说：

“不会没有，我在书上见过。”

“你这傻子，你居然相信书？”

“我相信，因为书上写得明白，讲得有道理。”

怪物叹息地摇摆着头：“你这顽强的人，我劝你立刻回头走。你不知道前面路上还有什么东西等着你。”

“我知道，但是我还要往前走。”

“你应该仔细想一下。”

“你为什么这样不惮烦地阻止我？我同你并不相识。我甚至不知道你的名字。告诉我，你究竟叫什么名字！”

“已经很久没有人提起我的名字了，我自己也差不多忘记了它。现在我告诉你：我是龙，我就是龙⁽³⁾。”

我吃了一惊。我望着那张古怪的脸。

“你是龙，怎么会躺在泥沼中？据我所知，龙是水中之王，应该住在大海里。你为什么又不能乘雷上天⁽⁴⁾？”我疑惑地问道。这时天空响起一声巨雷，因此我才有后一句话。

我看看它的身子，黄黑色的污泥盖住了它的胸腹和尾巴。泥水沸腾似地在发泡，从水面不断地冒起来难闻的臭气。

龙沉默着，它似乎努力在移动身子。但是身子被污泥粘着，盖着，压着，不能够动弹。它张开嘴哀叫一声，两颗大的泪珠从眼里掉下来。

它哭了！我惶恐地望着它的头，我想，这和我在图画上看见的龙头完全不像，它一定对我说了假话，它不是龙。

“我也是为了追求丰富的生命才到这里来的，”它止了泪开始叙述它的故事。它的话是我完全料不到的。这对我是多大的惊奇！

“我和你一样，也不愿意在无聊的空闲中浪费我的光阴。我不愿意在别的水族的痛苦上面安放我的幸福宝座，我才抛弃龙宫⁽⁵⁾，离开大海，去追求你所说的那个丰富的、充实的生命。我不愿意活着只为自己，我立志要做一些帮助同类的事情。我飞上天空，我又不愿终日与那些飘浮变化的云彩为伍，也不愿高居在别的水族之上。我便落下地来。我要访遍深山大泽，去追寻我在梦里见到的东西。在梦中我的确见过充实的、有光彩的生命。结果我却落在污泥里，不能自拔。”它闭了嘴，从灯笼眼里流出几滴泪珠，颜色鲜红，跟血一样。

“你看，现在污泥粘住了我的身子，我要动一下也不能够。我过不了这种日子，我宁愿死！”它回过头去看它的身子，但是眼前仍然只是那一片污泥。它痛苦地哀叫一声，血一样的眼泪又流了下来。它说：“可是我不能死，而且我也不应该死。我躺在这里已经过了多少万年了。”

我的心因同情而痛苦，因恐惧而猛跳。多少万年！这样长的岁月！它怎么能够熬过这么些日子？我打了一个冷噤。但是我还能够勉强地再问它一句：“你是怎样陷到污泥里来的？”

“你不用问我这个。你自己不久就会知道，你这顽固的年轻人。”它忽然用怜悯的眼光望我，好像它已经预料着，不幸的遭遇就会降临到我身上来似的。

我没有回答。它又说：“我想打破上帝定下的秩序，我想改变上帝的安排，我去追求上帝不给我们的东西，我要创造一个新的条件。所以我受到上帝的惩罚。为了追求充实的生命，我飞过火焰山，我斗过猛兽，我抛弃了水中之王的尊荣，历尽了千辛万难。但是我终于逃不掉上帝的掌握，被打落在污泥里，受着日晒、雨淋、风吹、雷打。我的头、我的

脸都变了模样⁽⁶⁾，我成了一个怪物。只是我的心还是从前的那一颗，并没有丝毫的改变。”

“那么，你为什么阻止我前进，不让我去追寻生命？”

“顽固的人，我不愿意你也得着恶运。你是人，你不能活到万年。你会死，你会很快地死去，你甚至会毫无所获而失掉你现在有的一切。”

“我不怕死。得不到丰富的生命我宁愿死去。我不能够像你这样，居然在污泥中熬了多少万年。我奇怪像你这样的生活还有什么值得留恋？”

“年轻人，你不明白。我要活，我要长久活下去。我还盼望着总有那么一天，我可以从污泥中拔出我的身子，我要乘雷飞上天空。然后我要继续追寻丰富的、充实的生命。我的心在跳动，我的意志就不会消灭。我的追求也将继续下去，直到我的志愿完成。”

它说着，泪水早已干了，脸上也没有了痛苦的表情，如今有的却是勇敢和兴奋。它还带着信心似地问我一句：“你现在还要往前面走？”

“我要走，就是火山、大海、猛兽在前面等我，我也要去！”我坚决地甚至热情地回答。

龙忽然哈哈地笑起来。它的笑声还未停止，一个晴空霹雳突然降下，把四周变成漆黑。我伸出手也看不见五根指头。就在这样的黑暗中，我听见一声巨响自下冲上天空。泥水跟着响声四溅。我觉得我站的土地在摇动了。我的头发昏。

天渐渐地亮开来。我的眼前异常明亮。泥沼没有了。我前面横着一片草原，新绿中点缀了红白色的花朵。我仰头望天。蔚蓝色的天幕上隐约地现出淡墨色的龙影，一身鳞甲还是乌亮乌亮的。

The Dragon

© *Ba Jin*

I often have dreams, especially on a moonless and starless dark night. Once I dreamed of a dragon.

I traveled across a remote mountain and a large swamp, armed with only a stick, with which I cleared away brambles and thorns and fought jackals and wolves. It also helped me in climbing the high mountain and crossing the marshland. And the straw sandals I wore enabled me to wade through the mud without getting my feet stuck in it.

On a vast expanse of marsh, I came across a monster. He had two horns on his head, a moustache on his upper lip and two wide open round eyes glowing like two lanterns. Being sunk deep in the mire, he had only his head exposed above the surface, a head at least thrice the size of that of a human.

As I walked near to the marsh to view the monster with curiosity, he suddenly uttered in the human language to prevent me from proceeding,

“What's your name? Where are you going? Why did you come here? ”

“I'm a nameless person, ”I replied proudly, thinking it unnecessary to treat a monster with courtesy.“I'm seeking for one thing. All I do is to break through brambles and briers in search of my way.”

“No, you shouldn't because a fiery mountain ahead is spurting flames far and wide and killing lots of people.”

“I don't care. I'm ready to go through the fire for my objective.”

“No, you shouldn't. There's an ocean ahead of you. You can't cross the vast expanse of its foamy waters without a ship.”

“I'm not afraid. I can go through the waters in my straw sandals. To achieve my aim, I'm

willing to run the risk of getting drowned.”

“No, you can't go forward because you'll run into man-eating wild beasts.”

“I'll use my stick to strike at them. To achieve my aim, I'm ready to engage in a desperate struggle with them.”

The monster's lantern-like eyes gave out a fiery light. Two long tentacles suddenly stretched out of his nostrils. With his mouth wide open, he showed a complete set of steely gleaming teeth. Then a sudden howl he gave sent the green leaves falling off the nearby tress and the muddy water bubbling and foaming.

“You mulish guy, what the hell are you seeking? ”the monster demanded in a stern voice.

“I'm seeking life.”

“Life? Haven't you already got your life? ”

“I want a life that is full and substantial.”

“I don't understand what you mean, ”he shook his head.

“I'm living a worthless life. I engage in empty talk all day long, not knowing what to do to help the wretched of the earth. I don't give food to those who are going hungry. I don't give clothing to those who are suffering from cold. I don't dry tears on the faces of those who are weeping. I eat, I talk, I sleep. I'm idling away my time listlessly. Do you think that, being a man like this, I still have life? To me, one is as good as dead if his life isn't full and substantial.”

The monster, after a moment of pondering, continued shaking his head, “I'm afraid you'll never get what you're chasing after. Most probably what you're seeking for doesn't exist in this world at all.”

Noticing a trace of sympathy in his ugly face, I replied,

“It does exist. I've read about it in books.”

“You idiot! Fancy you believing books! ”

“Yes, I believe them. They tell the truth in clear terms.”

The monster sighed shaking his head, “You mule, I advise you to turn back immediately. You don't know what is waiting in ambush for you ahead.”

“Yes, I know, but I still want to go ahead.”

“You should think it over.”

“Why are you going to all lengths to stop me from going ahead? We're not acquainted with each other. I don't even know your name. Now, what name, please! ”

“I haven't been called by my name for a long time. I've almost forgotten my own name. Now, let me tell you, I'm a dragon. I sure am.”

I stared at his bizarre face in astonishment.

“As a dragon, how come you're stuck in the mire? ”I asked with puzzlement.“As far as I know, being king of the water, a dragon should live in the sea. And why don't you go up to the heavens by taking advantage of a thunder-storm? ”A loud crash of thunder had just prompted the last question. The dragon's chest, belly and tail were covered in dark brown mud. The muddy water was bubbling like it was boiling and emitting an awful smell all the time.

The dragon was silent and seemed to be trying desperately to extricate himself, but to no avail because the heavy mud had his whole body glued, buried under and weighed down. He opened his mouth to utter a woeful howl, two big teardrops rolling down his cheeks.

He was crying! As I fearfully looked at his head, I found it didn't at all look like that of a dragon as I had seen in pictures, and therefore suspected him to be a fake.

“Like you, I've come here to seek a full and substantial life, ”he restrained his tears and began to tell his own story. That was totally beyond my expectation. What a big surprise!

“Like you, I hate to idle away my time listlessly. I hate to pursue my personal happiness at the expense of other aquatic animals. That's why I've abandoned my Dragon King's Palace and quit the seas so as to pursue what you call a full and substantial life. I hate to live solely for

my own benefit. I've made up my mind to do something for the benefit of my own kind. Up in the skies, I don't like to keep company with the drifting colourful clouds all day long. Nor do I like to rule over other aquatic animals. Now that I've fallen on earth, I want to travel across remote mountains and swamps in search of what I've seen in my dreams, that is, a full and bright life. But I've ended up being bogged down in a quagmire and unable to extricate myself."He kept his mouth shut, several blood-red teardrops starting from his lantern-like eyes.

"You see, I'm stuck in the mud and immovable. I can no longer endure it. I would rather die!"Turning round his head, he saw nothing but a vast expanse of mud. Then, as he cried piteously, blood-like tears again coursed down his face. He said, "But I mustn't die. No, I shouldn't. I've been lying here for tens of thousands of years."

My heart ached with sympathy and throbbed with fright. Tens of thousands of years! What a long time! How did he manage to drag out the miserable existence? A shiver came upon me. Nevertheless, I put to him one more question."How did you get stuck in the mire?"

"Don't ask me. You'll soon understand, young mule."He suddenly looked at me with pity as if he had predicted that a misfortune was befalling me.

I gave no reply. He continued, "I wanted to break up the old order established by God. I wanted to change the arrangement made by God. I tried to strive for things denied me by God. I wanted to create a new condition. That's why I was punished by God. To seek a full and substantial life, I flew over fiery mountains, fought wild beasts, abandoned the honorary title of King of the Water and experienced untold hardships. But I'm still under God's thumb. I've been banished to this swamp to be exposed to the sun, rain, wind and thunder. My head and face are weatherbeaten and I look like a freak. But I still have the same heart as before. It's not a bit changed."

"Then why do you stop me from going ahead to seek life?"

"Young mule, I don't want to see you get into trouble too. You're a mortal. You can't live to ten thousand. You'll die, you'll die very soon. You'll gain nothing and even lose all that you have now."

"I'm not afraid of death. Without a full and substantial life, I would rather die. I don't want to follow your example by enduring the torment in the mire for tens of thousands of

years. I wonder what it is that has made you so reluctant to part with the kind of life you're living.”

“Young man, you don't understand. I don't want to die. I want to live long. I'm looking forward to a day when I can extricate myself from the mire and fly to the skies by taking advantage of a thunder-storm. Then I can continue to seek a full and substantial life. As long as my heart beats, there is my aspiration. I'll keep seeking until I've fulfilled my expectations.”

As he was talking, tears had stopped flowing and pain on his face had given place to courage and excitement. He asked me with self-assurance, “Do you still want to go ahead? ”

“Yes, I do, ”I answered resolutely and yet enthusiastically.“Fiery mountains, rolling seas and wild beasts may be awaiting me out there, but I don't care.”

The dragon burst out laughing. But hardly had his peal of laughter died away when a thunderbolt from the clear sky plunged all around me into darkness. And I even could not see the fingers when I stretched out my hand. Just then I heard a terrific noise shooting up into the sky from the ground and, meanwhile, the splashing of muddy water. I felt the earth under my feet quaking and my head swimming.

The day was dawning. My eyes were extremely bright. The swamp was nowhere to be found. Lying in front of me was a vast expanse of grassland with its fresh green studded with reddish white flowers. Looking up at the sky, I caught a glimpse of the blackish dragon silhouetted dimly against the azure sky, his scales and shell being as jet-black as ever.

《龙》是巴金（1904—2005）写于1941年7月的一篇散文，描写“我”和龙会见时的一段梦境。他们互相倾诉为追求“丰富的、充实的生命”而不惜历尽千辛万难，叙述为人类光明的未来而甘愿自我牺牲。文中的龙已人格化，是勇士的形象，代表革命先驱的精神。“我”是后来者，是龙的精神的传人。和巴金的许多其他散文一样，此文也抒发了他爱国爱民、追求理想和光明的感情。

注释

(1)“你是什么？”本应译为What are you?，根据上下文，原句应作“你叫什么？”解，故译为What's your name?。

(2)“我甘愿在火中走过”译为I'm ready to go through the fire for my objective，是为了忠实于原文。也可灵活地译为I'm ready to go through fire and water for my objective，其中to go through fire and water（赴汤蹈火）是英语成语。

(3)“我是龙，我就是龙”译为I'm a dragon. I sure am., 其中sure是副词，意同certainly。

(4)“你为什么又不能乘雷上天？”意即“你为什么不在打雷时趁机上天？”或“你为什么不利利用打雷上天？”，故译And why don't you go up to the heavens by taking advantage of a thunder-storm?。

(5)“龙宫”即“龙王宫”，故译the Dragon King's Palace，不宜译为the dragon's palace。

(6)“我的头、我的脸都变了模样”本可译为My head and face have changed beyond recognition，现灵活处理之：My head and face are weatherbeaten，意即“我的头、我的脸都受风雨侵蚀（都饱受风霜）”。

一千三百圆

◎ 巴金

一个朋友在西关宴客邀了我去⁽¹⁾。同去的连主人一共是七位。

我早就听说西关是一个很热闹的地方。那里还是许多旧式大家庭的根据地⁽²⁾。马路宽阔，但也有不少的窄巷和石板铺的小路⁽³⁾。在那些密集的房屋里面隐藏着种种神秘的事情⁽⁴⁾。每天下午马路上出现了许多服饰华丽的年轻女人，后面还跟着女佣⁽⁵⁾。据说这些女人都大家庭里的姨太太。她们的主人因为害怕她们逃走，专门雇了女佣来监视她们。

我们的汽车停在大马路上。我们下了车，走进一条窄巷，路是石板铺砌的，两旁是些矮小的房屋。

我们转了一个弯，走到一座大酒楼的门前。这样漂亮的酒楼立在这条街上⁽⁶⁾就像一个奇迹，实在叫人不能相信。

酒楼里面很宽敞，是旧式的建筑，有楼，有阁，有廊，有厅，有天井，有树木，又像一个公馆。我们在里面走了一转，就登楼，在一个名称很美的房间里坐了下来。

主人点了菜。我们嗑着瓜子饮茶谈话。楼房很大，还开着电风扇。露台上摆了好几盆鲜花。檐下垂着竹帘，遮住了阳光。从外面不时送来鸟声。这个地方倒还清静。

一个五十多岁的黄脸女人拿着一把伞在楼房门口出现了。她起先在门外徘徊了一阵，然后走进来，对我们说了几句话。我不懂她的意思。一个本地的客人⁽⁷⁾和她问答了几句，她便走了。

他们在笑，我想我懂得他们笑的原因。等一会儿那个女人又来了。在她后面跟着一个年轻姑娘和一个中年妇人。

姑娘相貌平常，却打扮得很漂亮。她坐下来，并不说一句话。她垂下眼皮，手里拿着一把折扇不停地挥着。她在众人的陌生的眼光下有点害羞。

没有人讲话，主人也显得不好意思了。后来还是那个本地的客人和那个老妇人问答了几句。他们的谈话我也懂得一点。他问她多少价钱，老妇人回答说，一千三百圆。我现在才知道这是怎么一回事情。姑娘不过是一个候补姨太太⁽⁸⁾，等待合意的主顾来把她买去。

大家没有话说了。于是那个老妇人接了两毫银角（这是她应得的数目），把姑娘带走了。走出房门，姑娘还回转身向我们微微鞠躬。

过了一会儿，我们正在吃菜的时候，那个老妇人又来了。这次她带了两个姑娘进来。一个年纪很轻，据她说只有十六岁，颈后拖着一根辫子。一个年纪大一点，头发剪短了，据说只有十八岁，实际的年龄恐怕已经超过二十了。

这两个姑娘就在旁边的靠背椅上坐下。两个人都不停地摇着折扇，大概因为手闲着没有事情做的缘故吧，或者是被人看得有些不好意思了。她们也不说话，只有那个本地客人直接问起她们的姓名时，她们才开了口。

她们的相貌显然比先前的一个漂亮，身价也就贵了许多。年纪小的一个要价一千五百圆，年纪较大的索价到一千八百圆。一个朋友嫌身价太高⁽⁹⁾，老妇人就得意地说她们两个都读过书认识字。她还到外面去找了纸笔来，放在茶几上。年纪较大的姑娘便侧着身子拿起笔写出自己的姓氏。她写完就把笔递给垂着辫子的姑娘，那个少女也写了自己的姓名。

老妇人把两张纸条都送到我们的席上来。我们依次传观。第一张纸上的字比较好一点，是“黄旭贞”三个端端正正的字。另一张是那个十六岁的姑娘写的，她的姓名是“李盼好”。

虽然两个姑娘都会写自己的姓名，结果依旧是各人拿了两毫银角走了。走出楼房门口，她们也回转身给我们行礼。

客人们继续在谈笑。他们还说，他们选定在西关吃饭，是为了给我找小说材料。他们的话也许是真的。他们都是研究自然科学的人，对于文学并没有兴趣。他们只知道我会写小说，却不曾读过我的作品，即使有机会读到它们，也未必会赞美。我自然感激他们。但是他们完全不了解我。我的心里并不快乐。方才见到的一切似乎放了一块石头在我的心上。我不敢想象那三个少女离开房间时行礼的一瞬间的心情。难道她们已经习惯了这种事情？

自然买卖人口并不是一件新奇的事情。我知道它也是我们的畸形的社会制度⁽¹⁰⁾的一个产物。每天每天在各个地方都有许多这样的被称为“女人”的生物让人们当作商品来买卖。

我的祖父买过姨太太，我的叔父买过姨太太，我的舅父也买过姨太太，我的一些同辈还准备学他们长辈的“榜样”。关于这件事我知道得很多，很多。但是公开地在茶馆酒楼把

女人当一件商品来招揽主顾，当面讲价钱（而且据说在讲定身价付了定钱以后，还得由主顾把她的全身仔细检验一遍⁽¹¹⁾），这在我还是第一次看见。对这样的事情我不能没有愤怒！

1,300 Yuan

© *Ba Jin*

I was asked to a dinner party in Xiguan given by a friend of mine. There were seven of us going together, including the host.

As has long been known to me, Xiguan is a busy downtown area in Guangzhou — a place inhabited by many old-fashioned big families. The streets are wide, but there are quite a few narrow lanes and flagstones too. Hidden in the tightly packed dwellings were unfathomable mysteries of all sorts. Every afternoon many gaudily dressed young women will be seen parading through the streets, escorted by their maid servants. It is said that they are concubines of big families and that the maid servants have been hired by their masters specially to keep watch on the young women in case they should run away.

After parking our car by the side of a big street, we alighted and walked into a narrow flagged lane lined with small houses.

We came to a big restaurant after taking a turning. The gorgeous restaurant, standing in such a lowly place, struck us as unusual and fantastic.

It was quite roomy inside. An old-style multi-storeyed building, with corridors, halls, courtyards and trees, it also looked like a VIP private mansion. After walking about for a while, we went upstairs and took our seats at table in a beautifully-named room.

The host having ordered food, we sat chatting and cracking melon seeds. The room was quite spacious. The electric fan kept rotating. The balcony was decorated with potted flowers. A bamboo shade under the eaves kept off the sun. Birds were heard again and again singing outside. The whole place was nice and quiet.

A sallow-faced woman in her early fifties appeared at the door of our room, umbrella in hand. She paced about for a while before she came in and said a few words to all of us. I couldn't make out what she said. Then she left after exchanging a few words with one of us, who was a native of Guangzhou.

My friends laughed and I thought I knew why they laughed. The woman reappeared shortly, with a young girl and a middle-aged woman following after her.

The young girl, though nicely dressed, was plain-looking. She sat down without saying a word, and having her eyes dropped, kept waving a folding fan. She looked embarrassed with all eyes centered on her.

The silence among all made the host feel rather uncomfortable until the Guangzhou man and the old woman exchanged a few words which, however, I could understand a bit. He wanted to know what price she was asking and the answer was, "1,300 yuan." It was not until then that I realized what it was all about. The young girl was a potential concubine, waiting for a prospective buyer.

All kept silent. The old woman accepted a 20-cent silver coin (a sum due to her) and then left with the young girl. On leaving the room, the latter turned round to make a slight bow to us.

A moment later, while we were eating, the old woman came again, this time bringing with her two young girls. One, wearing a braid at the back of her head, was very young, said to be only 16. The other, with bobbed hair, was older and said to be only 18, but her real age was probably over 20.

The girls both sat down in a chair, waving a folding fan all the time, probably because they wanted to keep their idle hands occupied or because they were fidgety beneath the gaze of so many eyes. They kept quiet until the Guangzhou man asked them their names.

The two girls were more nice-looking than the previous one, hence their higher selling prices. 1,300 and 1,800 yuan were the prices asked for the two girls respectively. When one of my friends said the old woman was asking too much, she replied complacently that the two girls had got some schooling and knew how to read and write. Then she fetched from outside the room two slips of paper and a pen and put them on a tea table. Thereupon, the older girl turned sideways to pick up the pen and write down her name, and then handed the pen to the girl with the braid, who also wrote down her name.

The old woman brought the two slips of paper to our table and we took a look at them in turn. The three neatly written characters Huang Xu Zhen on one slip showed that the older girl wrote a slightly better hand. The other slip was written by the 16-year-old girl, whose name was

Li Pan Hao.

However, despite their ability to write their own names, the two girls were turned down and left after each receiving a 20-cent silver coin. They also turned about to bow to us.

My friends continued to chat and laugh. They said the reason why they had chosen to eat at Xiguan was to find me some materials for writing fiction. They may have told the truth. But, being students of natural science, they had little interest in literature. They knew I was a novelist, but they had never read any of my works, and even if they had, they probably wouldn't have appreciated them. Nevertheless I was grateful to them. But they didn't know how sorry I felt. What I had just seen seemed to weigh heavily on my mind like a solid stone. I couldn't imagine how the three girls had felt the moment they bowed to us on leaving the room. Had they accustomed themselves to such dealings?

Human trafficking is nothing new. I know it is one of the outcomes of our morbid social system. From day to day, a great many living things named "women" are being bought and sold across the land as commodities.

My grandpa bought a concubine, so did my father's brother and my mother's brother. And some of my generation are going to follow the example of their elders. I know of just too many instances of concubinage. But it was the first time for me to see women openly offered for sale at a restaurant like they were commodities, and prices negotiated in their presence. It was said that after the bargain was struck and the deposit paid, the customer would go so far as to scrutinize the woman he had bought physically from top to toe. I could not help feeling most indignant about all that.

《一千三百圆》是巴金1933年6月在广州写的一篇著名散文，选自他的散文集《旅途随笔》。文章记述了作者在广州目睹公开买卖妇女为人妾的情景，充满了对下层不幸妇女的同情以及对黑暗社会的憎恨。

注释

(1)“一个朋友在西关宴客邀了我”译为I was asked to a dinner party in Xiguan given by a friend of mine。也可译为A friend of mine invited me to dinner at a restaurant in Xiguan，其中a restaurant是添加词。

(2)“那里还是许多旧式大家庭的根据地”按“许多旧式大家庭都住在那里”译为a place inhabited by many old-fashioned big families。

(3)“石板铺的小路”译为narrow flagstones；flagstone本指铺路用的石板，复数flagstones指石板路。

(4)“种种神秘的事情”译为unfathomable mysteries of all sorts，其中unfathomable（难理解的）是译文中的添加词，用以强调神秘感。

(5)“每天下午马路上出现了许多服饰华丽的年轻女人，后面还跟着女佣”本可译为Every afternoon there will appear on the streets many young women in their gaudy dresses, followed by their maid servants，今译Every afternoon many gaudily dressed young women will be seen parading through the streets, escorted by their maid servants，其中parading through有“招摇”和“自我展示”的含义。又escorted除表示“陪伴”外，还表示“护送”。此外，“服饰华丽”在此有“艳丽而俗气”的含义，故译gaudily dressed。

(6)“在这条街上”未按字面直译，现根据上下文译为in such a lowly place（在这低下的地方）。

(7)“一个本地的客人”意即“一个广州籍客人”或“一个广州人”，故译为a native of Guangzhou。

(8)“一个候补姨太太”可按“一个未来的姨太太”译为a potential concubine或a would-be concubine。

(9)“一个朋友嫌身价太高”译为one of my friends said she was asking too much，其中asking的意思是“讨价”、“索价”。此句也可直译为one of my friends called（considered）the prices too high，但不如上译干脆利落，并表示是直接对老妇人说过的话。

(10)“我们的畸形的社会制度”本可译为our abnormal social system，今译为our morbid social system，其中morbid作“病态的”解。

(11)“还得由主顾把她的全身仔细检验一遍”译为the customer would go so far as to scrutinize the woman he had bought physically from top to toe，其中go so far as意为“居然”，是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意；to scrutinize作“细看”解，意同to examine closely；from top to toe本作“从头到脚”解，这里用以表达“全身”。

再忆萧珊

◎ 巴金

昨夜梦见萧珊，她拉住我的手，说：“你怎么成了这个样子？”⁽¹⁾我安慰她：“我不要紧。”她哭起来。我心里难过，就醒了⁽²⁾。

病房里有淡淡的灯光，每夜临睡前陪伴我的儿子或者女婿总是把一盏开着的台灯放在我的床脚。夜并不静，附近通宵施工，似乎在搅拌混凝土。此外我还听见知了的叫声。在数九的冬天哪里来的蝉叫？原来是我的耳鸣。

这一夜我儿子值班，他静静地睡在靠墙放的帆布床上。过了好一阵子，他翻了一个身。

我醒着，我在追寻萧珊的哭声。耳朵倒叫得更响了。……我终于轻轻地唤出了萧珊的名字：“蕴珍”⁽³⁾。我闭上眼睛，房间马上变换了。

在我们家中，楼下寝室里，她睡在我旁边另一张床上，小声嘱咐我：“你有什么委屈，不要瞒我，千万不能吞在肚里啊！”……

在中山医院的病房里，我站在床前，她含泪地望着我说：“我不愿离开你。没有我，谁来照顾你啊？！”……

在中山医院的太平间，担架上一个带人形的白布包，我弯下身子接连拍着，无声地呼唤：“蕴珍，我在这里，我在这里……”

我用铺盖蒙住脸⁽⁴⁾。我真想大叫两声⁽⁵⁾。我快要给憋死了。“我到哪里去找她？！”我连声追问自己。于是我又回到了华东医院的病房。耳边仍是早已习惯的耳鸣。

她离开我十二年了。十二年，多么长的日日夜夜！每次我回到家门口，眼前就出现一张笑脸，一个亲切的声音向我迎来，可是走进院子，却只见一些高高矮矮的没有花的绿树。上了台阶，我环顾四周，她最后一次离家的情景还历历在目：她穿得整整齐齐，有些急躁，有点伤感，又似乎充满希望，走到门口还回头张望。……仿佛车子才开走不久⁽⁶⁾，大门刚刚关上。不，她不是从这两扇绿色大铁门出去的。以前门铃也没有这样悦耳的声音。十二年前更不会有开门进来的挎书包的小姑娘。……为什么偏偏她的面影不能在这里再现？为什么不让她看见活泼可爱的小端端？

我仿佛还站在台阶上等待车子的驶近，等待一个人回来。这样长的等待！十二年了！甚至在梦里我也听不见她那清脆的笑声。我记得的只是孩子们捧着她的骨灰盒回家的情景。这骨灰盒起初给放在楼下我的寝室内床前五斗橱上。后来，“文革”收场，封闭了十年的楼上她的睡房启封，我又同骨灰盒一起搬上二楼，她仍然伴着我度过无数的长夜。我摆脱不了那些做不完的梦。总是那一双泪汪汪的眼睛！总是那一副前额皱成“川”字的愁颜⁽⁷⁾！总是那无限关心的叮咛劝告！好像我有满腹的委屈瞒住她⁽⁸⁾，好像我摔倒在泥淖中不能自拔，好像我又给打翻在地让人踏上一脚⁽⁹⁾。……每夜，每夜，我都听见床前骨灰盒里她的小声呼唤，她的低声哭泣。

怎么我今天还做这样的梦？怎么我现在还甩不掉那种种精神的枷锁？……悲伤没有用。我必须结束那一切梦景。我应当振作起来，即使是最后的一次。骨灰盒还放在我的家中，亲爱的面容还印在我的心上，她不会离开我，也从未离开我。做了十年的“牛鬼”，我并不感到孤单。我还有勇气迈步走向我的最终目标——死亡⁽¹⁰⁾，我的遗物将献给国家，我的骨灰将同她的骨灰搅拌在一起，洒在园中，给花树作肥料。

……闹钟响了。听见铃声，我疲倦地睁大眼睛，应当起床了。床头小柜上的闹钟是我从家里带来的。我按照冬季的作息时问：六点半起身。儿子帮忙我穿好衣服，扶我下床。他不知道前一夜我做了些什么梦，醒了多少次。

More Memories of Xiao Shan

© Ba Jin

Last night I met Xiao Shan^[1] again in a dream. She held me by the hand and asked, "What's up, dear? You're a wreck." "I'm all right," I answered consolingly. Then she wept. And I woke up with grief in my heart.

The lamplight was dim in my hospital ward. Every night, my son or son-in-law, who had been allowed to stay in the ward to look after me, would have my bedside lamp on until I fell asleep. The quiet of the night was disturbed probably by a noisy cement mixer at a nearby construction site. Besides, I heard the singing noise of cicadas. But how could there be cicadas in the depth of winter? Ah, it turned out to be the tingle in my own ears!

It was then my son's turn to look after me. He was sleeping quietly on a camp-bed close to a wall. Then, after a long while, he turned over in bed.

I lay awake, recalling Xiao Shan's weeping sound. Then the ringing in my ears became even louder...I managed to call her quietly by her original name, "Yun Zhen!" Then, when I shut my eyes, the hospital ward suddenly changed.

I was at home, in my bedroom downstairs. She was on another bed beside me, whispering her advice to me, "If you have any grievance, don't keep it from me. In no case should you swallow it alone."...

I stood beside her bed in a ward at Zhongshan Hospital. She looked at me with tears in her eyes and said, "I can't find it in my heart to leave you. Without me, who is to look after you?"...

In the Zhongshan Hospital mortuary, I bent down to repeatedly pat with my hand a white cloth bag assuming the human shape. I uttered silent words tearfully, "Yun Zhen, I'm here, I'm here..."

I buried my face in a bed sheet. How I felt like uttering a couple of loud yells to give vent to my agony! I was just suffocating. "Where on earth can I ever find her again?" I kept asking

myself. Then I was back in my Huadong Hospital, my ears tingling as usual.

It's twelve years since she left me. Ah, twelve long years with its countless days and nights! Every time when I approach my gate on returning home, I will see her in my mind's eye greeting me with a smiling face and a gentle voice. But, when I step into the courtyard, I will see nothing but some flowerless green trees of various heights. Whenever I stand looking about on the steps leading to the room, the sight of her saying goodbye to our home for the last time will invariably appear vividly before my eyes: Neatly dressed, she looked somewhat impatient and melancholy and meanwhile also seemed to feel quite hopeful about things to come. When she was at the gate, she turned her head to give a look around...It seems like the car carrying her away has just left and the gate has just shut. No, she didn't leave by the two big green iron leaves of the gate. And the doorbell at that time wasn't so musical either. Twelve years ago, there wasn't a little girl entering the gate with a satchel on her back. why shouldn't Xiao Shan's face reappear at the gate? Why shouldn't she be here to see our lovely granddaughter Little Duan Duan?

I seem to be standing all the time on the doorstep waiting for the arriving car and someone to come back. I've been waiting for twelve long years! I can't hear even in a dream her ringing laughter. I only remember how my children came home holding the cinerary casket in their hands. It was at first placed on top of a chest of drawers by my bedside in the downstairs bedroom. Later, at the end of the Cultural Revolution, when her upstairs bedroom, which had been sealed for ten years, was finally opened, I moved upstairs together with the cinerary casket, thus having her keep me company again during the long, long nights. So far I've been unable to rid myself of the endless dreams, in which I always see the same tearful eyes and the same worried look and knitted forehead, and hear the same words of advice uttered with the deepest concern for me. As though I'd been keeping untold grievances from her, or I'd fallen into a quagmire without being able to extricate myself, or I'd been again knocked down onto the ground and that with a foot put on me into the bargain^[2]...Every night, every night, I hear her calling me in a low voice from the bedside casket and sobbing away.

Why do I still have dreams like this? Why am I still in spiritual chains of all descriptions? ...It's no use lamenting. I should put an end to all dreams. I should pull myself up, even for the last time. The cinerary casket is in my home. I still cherish her beloved look in my heart. She'll be with me, as ever. Having been labelled as“monster”or“demon”^[3] for

ten years, I nevertheless don't feel isolated at all. I'm still courageous enough to march forward towards my final objective—the grave. After I die, I'll have all my personal effects donated to the State. My ashes, mixed with hers, shall be sprinkled over the garden to fertilize trees and flowers.

...The alarm clock went off. I opened my wearied eyes wide. The alarm clock on the small bedside cabinet had been brought by myself from my home to the hospital ward. I was to get up at 6:30 according to the winter daily schedule. My son helped me put on my clothes and get out of bed, not knowing what dreams I had had on the previous night and how many times I had waked up from my dreams.

[1] The pen name of the author's late wife, also a writer, who died during the Cultural Revolution (1966–1976) in China.

[2] Referring figuratively to the political persecution and maltreatment suffered by the author himself in the Cultural Revolution.

[3] “Monster or Demon”, referring to wicked people of all descriptions, was a political label used by radicals during the Cultural Revolution to discredit those coming under persecution.

《再忆萧珊》是当代中国文学大师巴金写于1984年1月的一篇散文，选自他的散文集《随想录病中集》。萧珊为巴金的爱妻，在文革时期受到迫害，身心交瘁，以致得病未能及时治疗而逝世。粉碎“四人帮”后，巴金曾写了第一篇悼念她的文章《悼念萧珊》。萧珊去世十二年后，巴金再度写了悼念亡妻的文章，题名《再忆萧珊》。全文写得事细情深，深沉含蓄，余味不尽。

注释

(1)“你怎么成了这个样子？”不宜按字面直译，现按“你怎么形容如此憔悴？”译为What's up, dear? You're a wreck, 其中What's up? 的意思是“怎么啦”，dear是译文中的增益成分，wreck的意思是“形容憔悴”或“消瘦”等。此句也可按“你怎么这样闷闷不乐？”译为What's wrong, dear? You look sad. 或You look miserable. What's up? 等。也可译为How come you look so frustrated? 。

(2)“我心里难过，就醒了”意即“我很伤心就醒了”，故译I woke up with grief in my heart或I woke up with my heart full of sadness。

(3)“萧珊的名字：‘蕴珍’”译为her original name, “Yun Zhen!”，其中在name前加上original一词，表示“蕴珍”是原名。巴金的夫人本名“陈蕴珍”，也从事文学工作。

(4)“我用铺盖蒙住脸”译为I buried my face in a bed sheet, 其中“铺盖”似为“床单”，故译bed sheet。

(5)“我真想大叫两声”译为How I felt like uttering a couple of loud yells to give vent to my agony!，其中成语to give vent to作“发泄”解。译文中的to give vent to my agony是增益成分。

(6)“仿佛车子才开走不久”译为It seems like the car carrying her away has just left, 其中seems like为口语体，全句相同于It seems as if the car carrying her away had just left。

(7)“总是那一副前额皱成‘川’字的愁颜”译为always...the same worried look and wrinkled forehead。“前额皱成‘川’字”不宜按字面直译，应译为wrinkled forehead或knitted forehead (brows)。

(8)“好像我有满腹的委屈瞒住她……”译为As though I'd been keeping untold grievances from her..., 其中用一个As though表达原文中出现三次的“好像”。又，译文为省略句，在as though前面省略了It seemed。

(9)“我又给打翻在地让人踏上一脚”译为I'd been knocked down onto the ground and that with a foot put on me into the bargain, 其中into the bargain是成语，作“而且”、“另加”等解。又，that用来替代前面的句子I'd been knocked down onto the ground。

(10)“死亡”译为the grave, 较形象，比death可取。

彭德怀速写

◎ 丁玲

“一到战场上，我们便只有一个信心⁽¹⁾，几十个人的精神注在他一个人身上，谁也不敢乱动⁽²⁾，就是刚上火线的⁽³⁾，也因为有了他的存在而不懂得害怕。只要他下一声命令‘去死！’我们就找不到一个人不高兴去迎着看不见的死⁽⁴⁾而勇猛地冲上去！我们是怕他的，但我们更爱他！”

这是一个二十四岁的青年政治委员告诉我的，当他述说着这一段话的时候，发红的脸上隐藏不住他的兴奋。他说的是谁呢？就是现在我所要粗粗画几笔的彭德怀同志，他正在前方担任前敌副总指挥的工作。

穿的是最普通的红军装束，但在灰色的布的表面上，薄薄浮着一层黄的泥灰和黑色的油⁽⁵⁾，显得很旧，而且不大适宜⁽⁶⁾，不过在他似乎从来都没有感觉到。脸色是看不清的，因为常常都有许多被寒风所摧毁的小裂口布满着，但在不能成为漂亮的脸上⁽⁷⁾有两个黑的、活泼的眼珠转动，看得见有在成人脸上找不到的天真和天真的顽皮。还有一张颇大的嘴，充分表示着顽强，这是属于革命的无产阶级的顽强的神情。每一遇到一些青年的干部或是什么下级同志的时候，看得出那些昂昂的心⁽⁸⁾都在他的那种最自然诚恳的握手里温柔了起来⁽⁹⁾。他有时也同这些人开着玩笑，说着一些粗鲁无伤的笑话，但更多的时候是耐烦地向他们解释着许多政治上工作上的问题，恳切地显着一个对同志间的勉励。这些听着的人便望着他，心在那些话里沉静了起来，然而同时又更奋起了！但一当他不说话沉思着什么的时候，周围便安静了，谁也惟恐惊扰了他。有些时候他的确使人怕的，因为他对工作是严厉的，虽说在一切生活上马马虎虎⁽¹⁰⁾，不过这些受了很凶的批评的同志却会更爱他的。

拥着一些老百姓的背，揉着它们，听老百姓讲家里事。举着大拇指在那些朴素的脸上摇晃着⁽¹¹⁾说：“呱呱叫你老乡好的很……”他们也会拍着他，或是将烟杆去送到他的嘴边，那怕他总是笑着推着来拒绝了。后来他走了，但他的印象却永远留在那简单的纯洁的脑子中。

A Brief Sketch of Peng Dehuai

© *Ding Ling*

“Once on the battlefield, we begin to trust only one man. Scores of us will focus our attention on him and none dare to slack off. Even newcomers to the battlefield will throw aside all fears so long as he is present. When he gives orders, all will charge ahead unhesitatingly to defy the invisible presence of certain death. Yes we fear him, but we love him more.”

That's what I heard from a 24-year-old young political commissar. While making these remarks, he flushed with excitement. Whom did he refer to? It's Comrade Peng Dehuai, of whom I'm now making a brief sketch. At this moment he is our front-line Deputy Commander-in-Chief.

He is attired in the common grey uniform of a Red Army man, which, covered with a thin layer of yellowish dust and black greasy dirt, looks very shabby and, moreover, very unbecoming to him. But he doesn't seem to care. His facial features are somewhat blurry because they are often chapped all over by the cold wind. From the pair of lively black eyes rolling about on a face short on handsomeness, one detects naivety and mischief seldom seen on the face of an adult. And his big mouth is fully expressive of tenacity—the tenacity of a proletarian revolutionary. Whenever young cadres or junior comrades meet him, they will have their militant hearts mollified by his most natural and sincere handshakes. Sometimes he also enjoys bantering with them, cracking jokes that are coarse but harmless. Much more often he will patiently explain to them various problems concerning politics or work, offering comradely encouragement in all sincerity. His listeners will have their hearts calmed down by his words and meanwhile feel pepped up. When he is silently absorbed in thought, everybody around him will keep quiet lest they should disturb him. Sometimes he is really stern and forbidding because, though lax about things in his own personal life, he is very strict with work. Those who have been harshly criticized by him will nevertheless love him all the more.

He often engages in small talk with villagers while holding them by the shoulder or stroking their backs. He will give the thumbs-up to the simple and honest peasants, saying, “Hi, you buddies are real nice guys...” They will in turn pat him on the shoulder or try to put their long-

stemmed Chinese pipes to his mouth which he always declines with a smile. When he leaves them, he will always leave behind a permanent impression on the simple and honest country folks.

丁玲（1904—1986），湖南临沅人，是我国现代杰出女作家，以小说创作著称，抗战爆发后，从事大量散文写作。她的散文大多注重人物刻画。《彭德怀速写》就是她写于1936年12月的一篇著名的人物速写。彭德怀（1898—1974），湖南湘潭人，是国家和军队的杰出领导人，作战勇敢，耿直刚正，廉洁奉公，严以律己。人民永远怀念他，对他生前所受的不公正待遇莫不深表同情与悲愤。

注释

(1)“我们便只有一个信心”意即“我们便只信任一个人”，故译为we begin to trust only one man。

(2)“谁也不敢乱动”可按“谁也不敢懈怠”之意译为none dare to slack off，比none dare to disobey或none dare to violate discipline等确切。

(3)“就是刚上火线的”译为Even newcomers to the battlefield，比Even those who come to the battlefield for the first time简练。

(4)“迎着看不见的死”译为to defy the invisible presence of certain death，其中用to defy（不顾）表达“迎着”；又certain作“必然发生的”、“不可避免的”解，是译文中的增益词，用以加强death。

(5)“黑色的油”意即“黑色的油迹”，可译为black greasy dirt或black oil stains。

(6)“而且不大适宜”意即“而且与他本人不太相称”，可译为and, moreover, very unbecoming to him或and, what's more, very unsuitable for him。

(7)“不能成为漂亮的脸上”意即“谈不上是漂亮的脸上”，故译为a face short on handsomeness，其中short on是成语，作“缺乏”、“不够”等解。

(8)“昂昂的心”可按“富于战斗性的”或“激进的”译为militant hearts或high-spirited hearts。

(9)“温柔了起来”意即“使平静起来”，不宜译为softened by，现译mollified by。

(10)“生活上是马马虎虎”可译为lax about things in his own personal life或按“生活清苦，不修边幅”译为living an austere way of life and caring little for his appearance。

(11)“举着大拇指在那些朴素的脸上摇晃着”译为He will give the thumbs-up to the simple and honest peasants，其中to give the thumbs-up to作“向……翘拇指表示赞赏”解。此句也可译为He will hold up his thumb and wave it to the face of the simple and honest peasants，其中to the face of作“当面”解。

初恋

——节录日记中的断片

◎ 谢冰莹

一九二六年九月七日下午二时

我真太自苦了，太自寻烦恼了！⁽¹⁾脑海中为什么只有他的影子呢？⁽²⁾眼睛所看到的，好像尽是他的笑容；耳中所听到的，好像尽是他的声音。别人写来的信，也当做是他的，看了一遍又是一遍，整个的心完全被他占有了！唉，这怎么好呢？我一点事也不想做，而且也不能做；我无论在上课，吃饭，行坐，睡眠的时候，总是想着他。听讲，一句也听不进；看书，一个字也看不懂；总之，什么事都不能做，除了静坐着想他而外⁽³⁾。

同年九月十五夜

我真不知道，“爱”是什么东西，它是什么组织成的？

我没有尝过爱的滋味——除了父母之爱——不知爱的味道是苦，是甜，是酸还是辣？我只知道对他发生了一种很神秘很深刻的情感，难道这种情感就是爱吗？

在我第一次和他见面的时候，他的视线和我的视线互相接触的一刹那⁽⁴⁾，他便撒下了爱的种子在我的心田；同时像磁吸引铁似的，把我的心和灵魂，都吸进他的心内去了。从这时起，我开始对于异性发生了情感⁽⁵⁾。

以前，我真是个天真烂漫的孩子，每逢同学们谈到恋爱问题的时候，我便“呸”的一声跑开了。

她们都说我是个未谙世故的小孩，我希望我永远不谙世故；然而现在有一种不知名的痛苦居然降临到我身上来了，天呵，这是怎么一回事呢？

我不知道这是一种什么心理，爱他而绝不让他知道。我要保守着秘密，一直到永远！不使对方知道自己在热烈地爱着他，这是多么神秘而不可思议的心理呀！

痛苦，痛苦，我欢迎你，绝不躲避你，人生只有在痛苦的时候才有意义！

厨川白村⁽⁶⁾说得好：“恋爱在痛苦与流泪的时候，才有价值；等到结婚，便成为恋爱

的坟墓了。”

该死，我为什么要听他的话呢？一个天真纯洁的女孩子，不应该尝到爱的苦味的。

.....

当我生平第一次遇到有一个异性的影子，闯进我的脑海里来时，简直痛苦得想要自杀！我不懂那个微笑着的青年的影子，为什么老是站在我的眼前，使我不能静心读书，不能无忧无虑，过着快乐甜美的生活，我恨他，也恨介绍我和他认识的三哥，我想毁灭他的影子，然而不可能；我常在半夜三更，从凄凉可怕的梦境里惊醒时，就用力捶着自己的脑袋骂着：——你这无用的东西，赶快去死掉吧！高洁的少女心里，为什么要藏着一个异性的影子呢？那是多么不幸的事呀！你的前途，将要被那个影子，像旋风似的卷去了，你的生命，将要被那个影子，像猛兽似的吞没了，多么危险呀！.....苦海茫茫，回头是岸⁽⁷⁾；再不觉悟，你的一生就这样完了⁽⁸⁾！

尽管理智怎样责备情感，但情感还是得着了胜利。那影子不但没有消灭，反而一天比一天更活鲜鲜地在脑海里跳跃起来。

在那种苦痛的心情之下，我却绝不愿意流露丝毫给对方知道；和他通了一年多的信，从没有把我爱他、思念他的情感流露过。我天天写日记和白话诗，有时偷偷地买了烧酒来喝个烂醉，有时想约几个同性朋友，住到深山古庙里修行去。她们都不知道我的秘密，唉！多么圣洁的值得回忆的初恋呵！

时代的警钟响了，一九二六年的北伐⁽⁹⁾爆发了！勇敢的青年男女们，一个个抛弃了书本，脱下了长衫，参加革命去了！陷在苦海中的我，也在这时得到了苦闷的解脱。

那个可爱的影子，突然有一天出现在我的面前；这是真正的影子，两只眼睛充满了热情，紧紧地盯着我。

“信收到了吧？我要找个机会和你深谈一次。”

温柔的声调里，藏着无限的希望与欢愉⁽¹⁰⁾。

“你相不相信？我要从军去了⁽¹¹⁾！”

我的微笑中夹着严肃，他开始惊讶起来。

“我不相信，你说来好玩的吧？”

“不！真的！”

“你的身体吃不了那种苦。”

“我要锻炼。”

“真的这样决心了吗？”

阴沉的忧郁，代替他的微笑了。

“已经报名了！”

“考虑一下再决定吧，我希望和你详细谈谈。”

“无须考虑，你应当无条件地赞成我去的！”

“.....”

他低下头来沉默着，我知道有一种说不出的痛苦，压在他的心头；但是奇怪，我一点也不难受⁽¹²⁾，好像一个被判决了死罪的犯人，突然得到特赦一般，我很骄傲地坐在他的对面微笑着。

“明天我要回去了，告诉我，我们还能见面吗？”

不知怎的，这声音像一曲悲哀的调子，弹动了我的心弦，我突然感到凄凉起来。

“到前方见吧！我也希望你去从军。”

“.....”

他没有回答，眼里闪烁着晶莹的泪光。

别了！就这样默默地什么都没有说，我送他走出了学校的大门，只是含着满眶的热泪转来。

First Love

—Fragments from My Diary

Xie Bingying

September 7, 1926, 2:00 pm

I'm being too hard on myself! I'm suffering a self-inflicted torment! How come his is the only image rising in my mind? It seems that I see nothing but his smile and hear nothing but his voice. I take the sender of any letter I receive for him and then read it over again and again. I'm completely preoccupied with thoughts of him. Oh, my! I'm not in a mood to do anything, nor am I able to. Whether in class or at table, walking or sitting, asleep or awake, I can never banish him from my mind. I fail to concentrate when I listen to a talk or read a book. In short, I just sit about thinking of him.

September 15, 1926, evening

I really don't know what love is and what it is made up of.

I don't know what love is like, except parental love. I don't know whether it tastes bitter or sweet, sour or pungent. But I know I've developed a very mysterious and deep feeling for him. Isn't that feeling named love?

During my first encounter with him, the moment we had an eye contact, he instantly sowed a seed of love in my heart and magnetically attracted my heart and soul. From then on, I began to have a soft spot in my heart for the opposite sex.

Formerly, I was so naïve as to run away from my schoolmates with a loud "Bah!" whenever they chatted about the question of love.

They called me simple-minded, but I would rather be always like this. Now I'm experiencing a nameless agony. Oh, my goodness! I really don't know why!

I can't explain psychologically why I love him and yet completely keep him in the dark about it. I want to keep it secret forever and ever. What a mysterious and inconceivable

behaviour!

Pain, pain, I welcome you. I'll never shy away from you. Life will be insignificant without pain.

Kuriyagawa Hakuson^[1] says aptly, "Anguish and tears make love worthwhile. Marriage is the grave of love."

Damn it, why should I quote him? An innocent and artless girl like me shouldn't get a foretaste of bitter love.

...

When for the first time in my life my mind was haunted by the image of a member of the other sex, I was so much distressed that I felt like committing suicide. I couldn't understand why the image of the smiling young man kept appearing before my mind's eye, so that I couldn't concentrate on my studies and could no longer live a happy life free from anxieties and cares. I hated him. And I also hated my third brother who had introduced him to me. I tried to destroy the image, but in vain. Often in the depth of night, on waking up from a dreadful nightmare, I would thump my head with my fist and curse: —You good-for-nothing, go to hell! Why should the unsullied mind of a young girl be haunted by a member of the opposite sex? O what a misfortune! The image, like a whirlwind, will sweep away your future, and, like a beast of prey, will devour your life. Ah, you're in great danger! It is, however, never too late to mend your way. You'll be done for unless you become awakened to the danger facing you.

Much as emotion was condemned by reason, the former, nevertheless, got the upper hand. Instead of disappearing, the image of the young man became with each passing day even more vigorous in my mind's eye.

I managed, however, to refrain from revealing to him my troubled state of mind. For over a year when I exchanged correspondence with him I never let him know how much I loved and thought fondly of him. Every day I wrote an entry in my diary as well as some free verse in vernacular Chinese. Sometimes I got dead drunk with the strong liquor I had bought on the sly. Sometimes I even thought of asking some friends of the same sex to go with me to an ancient temple in the remote mountains to become Buddhist nuns. They of course had no idea

of what had happened to me. Oh, first love, how unblemished and unforgettable it is!

The alarm bell began to ring in a new era. The Northern Expedition started. Courageous young men and women threw away their books, took off their long gowns and joined the revolutionary army. It was then that I succeeded in freeing myself from the deep distress I was in.

One day the lovely image suddenly appeared before me. It was none other than the young man. He fixed his passionate eyes on me and said,

“You must have received my letter. I've been looking for an opportunity to have a serious talk with you.”

The tender voice was charged with immeasurable hidden hope and joy.

“Don't you believe it? I'm going to join up.”

A smile, accompanied by sternness, passed over my face. He looked astonished.

“No, I don't. You're joking, aren't you? ”

“No. I mean what I said.”

“Physically, you won't be able to go through the hardships! ”

“I need to be toughened up by the army life.”

“So you've really made up your mind? ”

The smile on his face was replaced by deep gloom.

“I've already signed up! ”

“Why not think it over again before you make the final decision? Let's talk it over thoroughly.”

“No need to think it over. You should unconditionally agree to let me go! ”

“...”

He hung his head in silence. I knew he was suffering untold mental agonies. But, strange to say, I didn't feel bad at all. On the contrary, I sat before him smiling a proud smile like a prisoner under death sentence being suddenly granted a special pardon.

“I go back home tomorrow. Tell me if we can ever meet again.”

His voice, like a melancholy tune, unexpectedly touched me to the heart. And a feeling of sadness suddenly came over me.

“Let's meet at the front! I hope you'll join up too.”

“...”

He gave no reply, his eyes glittering with tears.

So we parted silently without saying a word. I saw him to the school gate and then turned round with warm tears in my eyes.

[\[1\]](#) Kuriyagawa Hakuson (1880-1923), professor of Kyodo Imperial University, was a well-known Japanese literary critic.

谢冰莹（1906—2000），湖南新化人，我国现代杰出“女兵”作家，曾两度从军，经历坎坷，创作成果丰硕，不愧为一代奇女。她的散文风格以直接晓畅著称，对任何事物，均以直叙的笔调描述，不渲染，不夸张，简洁明了，真切动人。1926年，北伐大革命期间，她毅然从军。《初恋》一文细腻描述了她初恋时的少女心态以及后来因从军不得不与男友分道扬镳的情景。

注释

(1)“太自寻烦恼了！”中的“烦恼”在此指“精神上的痛苦”，故译I'm suffering a self-inflicted torment，未译为I'm just asking for trouble。

(2)“脑海中为什么只有他的影子呢？”译为How come his is the only image rising in my mind?，其中rising与appearing同义，但前者有“浮现”的含义，较生动。

(3)“总之，什么事都不能做，除了静坐着想他而外”译为In short, I just sit about thinking of him，未把“什么事都不能做”也译出来，因习语sit about的意思就是sit doing nothing或lounging idly（懒洋洋地闲坐）。

(4)“他的视线和我的视线互相接触的一刹那”译为the moment we had an eye contact，也可译为the moment our eyes met或the moment I met his eyes。

(5)“我开始对于异性发生了情感”译为From then on, I began to have a soft spot in my heart for the opposite sex，其中to have a soft（或warm）spot for ...是成语，作“喜欢某人”、“对某人有好感”解，相当于to become especially fond of...或to feel attracted by...等。

(6)“厨川白村”译为Kuriyagawa Hakuson。此人（1880—1923）原名辰夫，毕业于日本东京帝国大学，留学美国，回国后任京都帝国大学教授，是著名日本文艺评论家。

(7)“苦海茫茫，回头是岸”在此无须逐字直译，现按“改过不嫌晚”用谚语It's never too late to mend your way表达。

(8)“你的一生就这样完了”译为You'll be done for，其中be done for是成语，作“完蛋了”解，相当于be ruined。

(9)“北伐”即“第一次国内革命战争”，指1924—1927年中国人民在中国共产党领导下进行的反帝、反封建的国内革命战争，现译为The Northern Expedition。

(10)“温柔的声调里，藏着无限的希望与欢愉”译为The tender voice was charged with immeasurable hidden hope and joy，也可译为Hidden behind the tender voice was very much hope and joy。

(11)“我要从军去了”译为I'm going to join up，其中to join up是成语，作“入伍”、“参军”解，意同to enlist in the army。

(12)“我一点也不难受”意即“我一点也不感觉歉疚和伤心”，故译I didn't feel bad at all，其中feel bad意同feel sorry and sad。

樱之家

◎ 谢冰莹

为了找房子，不知花费我多少时间，受过多少闲气⁽¹⁾。记得在特没有来之前，我和雪影去找房子，老太婆出来回答的，不是说不租给中国人，便是说不租给独身的女人⁽²⁾。这些话不知引起我们发过多少牢骚，有时就气得啼笑皆非。你如果要质问她为什么不租给中国人，那才倒天下之大霉，她会乱七八糟地说⁽³⁾中国人如何爱闹爱吵，不讲卫生……

好容易和两个朋友一同找着了樱“阿怕拖”（公寓之英语译音）。这是一座精巧玲珑的小房子，外面漆的粉红色，完全和樱花的颜色一般。我最初望到它时，脑筋里立刻受了一个大大的刺激，呵，住在粉红色的房子里，该是多么有诗意的生活！

我一面这样想着⁽⁴⁾，一面念着这房子的名字：“沙枯拉阿怕拖”，太美了！这名字太美了！如果有房子，我非住在这里不可！

他们听了我自言自语的话，都哈哈大笑起来，房主人告诉我还有一间楼下的房子空着，于是我看了后立刻就放下定钱，决定第二天搬来。

下了电车，走过铁路，就是一条有相当热闹的乡村的街。走到一间卖花店的面前，你会突然发现一个奇迹，摆在你眼前的原来是一座高耸入云的松林。树是那样高，笔直，而又整齐得特别可爱！因为是松树和杉树的原故，所以四时都是绿油油的。你如果要到“樱之家”去，最经济，最美丽的道路自然是穿过森林。自己在树底下行走，如果把风景看得太严重了，倒反没有什么趣味。最有意思的是自己慢慢地在后面走，看着人家一个个地从树荫下经过。若遇着晴天，人的影子迅速地在路上移动着，好像看电影似的，非常有趣；雨天，路太坏了，不但感不到什么好处，而且非常恨这块地方。下雪天，不待说，这儿是最令人留连的了！雪景，白茫茫的一片，亮晶晶的冰条，挂在屋檐上、树枝上，再加上一眼望过去的白皑皑的冰山，简直令你忘记了此身还在人间⁽⁵⁾。其实这些景致并不算稀奇，最妙的还是堆积在松枝上的白雪，当着行人从底下经过时，它突然轻轻地打了下来，弄得你满头满身都是雪。有时恰好落在日本的少女头上，或者粉颈⁽⁶⁾上，她们那娇滴滴的叫笑声，和泛着桃红色的两颊，真有描写不出的美丽。

是第二次下了春雪的第二天，我们从森林中经过，走到半途，雪块忽然掉下来，差一点打在特的头上，他连忙把帽子取下来给我戴上，自己光着头在前面打先锋。后面两个日

本男学生，看我戴着男人的帽子，笑得一塌糊涂⁽⁷⁾，我并不觉得女人戴男人的帽子好笑，而觉得他们的笑才真是好笑，于是自己也笑了起来。

是的，这里是这样一个有趣味的地方，路的右边是神社，去邮局常常要经过这里。寂静、清洁自不待言，最令人怀恋的是黄昏时晚风吹动的松涛和在清晨听到的一声声告春鸟的歌唱。

有月亮的晚上，你经过这里，一定会不知不觉地念出⁽⁸⁾“明月松间照，清泉石上流”的诗句，而且理解那是怎样一个情境。

森林的旁边有一湾溪水，这溪水永远在潺潺地流着，经过深邃的森林，也经过粉红色的房子。

“樱之家”，就在山水清幽的地方建筑起来的。里面虽没有外面的美丽，然而只花十二元一月，有精巧的书斋、睡房、厨房给你享受，在东京，这样便宜的地方是再也找不到的。何况早晨有太阳唤醒你起床，晚间有清朗的月亮陪伴你写作，只这两点也值得我们留恋了。

然而，这样幽静、这样美丽的地方，我们终于离开它了！

一直到搬运夫来搬行李为止，我还在犹豫地对特说：“不要搬了吧，这里太好了！”

当汽车走了半个多钟头之后，我好似在梦里似的，仍然回过头来，从玻璃窗里寻找那在森林深处的“樱之家”。

Sakura^[1] Apartment

© Xie Bingying

In my long seeking for lodgings, I often met with a snub. I remember how, before Te arrived, when Xue Ying and I went out hunting for a room to let, we would often encounter an elderly woman emerging from a house to announce her curt refusal to rent out a room to a Chinese or a single woman. That incurred our great displeasure and we sometimes found it both laughable as well as irritating. If we had asked her for the reason why, she would probably have, to our even greater displeasure, cooked up stories of how noisy and messy the Chinese were...

It was with great difficulty that I finally, together with two friends, managed to find a living place called Sakura Apartment. It was an exquisite small house with its exterior painted pink—of exactly the same colour as cherry blossoms. I was very much struck by it at first sight. Oh, how poetic it would be to be domiciled in a pink house!

Meditatively, I kept muttering the name of the house“Sakura”. Beautiful! What a beautiful name! I'd sure take up my lodgings here if only there was a room available!

Hearing me talk to myself, my friends burst out laughing. When the landlord told me there was a flat available downstairs, I immediately paid some earnest money and decided to move in the next day.

After alighting from a street car and crossing a railway track, I came to a busy village street. Near a florist's shop, a wonderful scene suddenly came into view. Standing tall and erect before me in neat array was a forest of evergreen pines and firs. The shortcut to Sakura Apartment was by a beautiful track through this forest. While walking in the shade of the trees, I preferred not to focus my attention exclusively on the scenery. I found it most interesting to watch, by slowing down my pace, other people walking ahead of me one after another. On a fine day, I enjoyed watching them like on television. On a rainy day, however, the bad condition of the track was abominable. The place was, however, very charming on a snowy day when all was white. Glittering icicles hanging from eaves of houses

and branches of trees plus the snow-capped mountains in sight would make you feel like living in an earthly paradise. Snow falling off branches of pines and firs would land all over on pedestrians. When it happened to land on young girls' heads or their delicate necks, their sweet giggles and rosy cheeks would form a picture of indescribable beauty.

Once, on the second day after the second fall of snow in spring, when we were halfway through the track, a lump of snow falling from the trees almost hit Te on the head. He immediately put his own hat on my head and walked ahead of me bareheaded. Two nearby Japanese boy students, seeing me wearing a man's hat, began to laugh out loud. I didn't see anything funny about a woman wearing a man's hat. I rather thought it funny for them to laugh. So I also laughed.

Yes, this was a very interesting place. On the right side of the track stood a Japanese Shinto shrine, which we often passed by on our way to the post office. All was quiet and clean. The most memorable thing was the sighing of the wind in the pines at dusk and the singing of spring birds at dawn.

On a moonlit night, when you passed through this place, you would better understand the following two lines^[2] escaping your lips:

The bright moon peeps through pine trees,
Crystal-clear spring water flows over stones.

Beside the forest lay a brook, which kept babbling along, through the thick forest and by the pink house.

Sakura Apartment was tucked away in a natural environment of peace and quiet. Though the interior of the house was not so beautiful as its exterior, I paid only 12 yen a month for my flat complete with study, bedroom and kitchen. An accommodation renting so cheaply was hard to come by in Tokyo. Moreover, I could rise at the call of the early morning sun and enjoy the company of the bright moon every night. These were but two of the things I didn't want to miss.

Yet I had to leave this quiet and enchanting place !

“Let's stay on...in this nice place ! ”I kept saying falteringly to Te until the porter came.

Thirty minutes after the car left, I, in a dreamy state, still turned back to look out of the glass window in search of Sakura Apartment hidden in the depths of the forest.

[1] From a poem entitled Autumn Evening in the Mountains by the famous Tang poet Wang Wei (701-761) .

[2] The Romanized Japanese word for cherry blossoms.

《樱之家》是著名女作家谢冰莹1935年3月写于日本东京的一篇散文。当时她在日本早稻田大学文学研究所攻读西洋文学。作者在文章中谈到自己所受的歧视，同时详细描述了留日生活的片段以及周围的秀丽风光，语言平实自然，朴素流畅。

注释

(1)“受过多少闲气”的译文I often met with a snub是参照文章内容而作的灵活处理。英语snub的意思是“冷落”、“怠慢”等。

(2)“不是说不租给中国人，便是不租给独身的女人”译为to announce her curt refusal to rent out a room to a Chinese or a single woman，文字结构与原文不尽相同，也属灵活处理，其中curt作“简慢”、“三言两语”解，是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意。

(3)“乱七八糟地说”可按“捏造”、“想出”之意译为to cook up，为英语中的习语。

(4)“我一面这样想着”译为Meditatively，意同While meditating。

(5)“简直令你忘记了此身还在人间”可按“使你感觉似乎身处人间乐土”译为would make you feel like living in an earthly paradise，其中feel like是习语，作“感到好似”解。

(6)“粉颈”意即“白嫩的脖子”，可译为white necks、fair necks、delicate necks等，不宜照字面直译为powdered necks。

(7)“后面两个日本男学生……笑得一塌糊涂”译为Two nearby Japanese boy students...began to laugh out loud，其中“后面”可按“附近”之意译为nearby，比walking behind us简洁；又“笑得一塌糊涂”意即“大笑不已”，可译为to laugh out loud（或loudly）。习语to laugh out loud（loudly）意同to laugh loudly，但往往指由“有趣的”或“滑稽的”的事物所引起的大笑。

(8)“会不知不觉地念出”意即“……会脱口而出”，故译escaping from your lips。

别了，贺年片⁽¹⁾

◎ 柯灵

我出生于1909年元月，混迹人间⁽²⁾，荏苒八十八年。去秋⁽³⁾一病，病后颓唐⁽⁴⁾，至今没有恢复到原来的健康水平⁽⁵⁾。长寿非福之感，不觉油然而生。

退离工作岗位，淡出社会活动，倏忽十有余年。自喜晚景静好⁽⁶⁾，无虑饥寒，还赶上了百年难遇的太平岁月。虽然许多现象不免使人牵愁惹恨，总算免了提心吊胆，唯恐什么时候会来一阵防不胜防的人造风暴。坐食⁽⁷⁾之余，积习难除，不免干些灾梨祸枣⁽⁸⁾的闲人之业。这本来也是消磨余年的一法，犹如老农冬闲，负暄⁽⁹⁾闲话，乐在其中。但现在也渐感到后难为继。

矛盾的焦点⁽¹⁰⁾，在于来日苦短，精神体力日见不济，世故困人，而又不能抽刀断水，毅然割弃文字因缘⁽¹¹⁾，顾此失彼，难以周全。在人际关系中，久已无力做到有信必复，有求必应，一面又不能释然于怀，洒脱得无牵无挂⁽¹²⁾。岁尾年头，向亲朋好友发个贺年片，兼代通候，原是一件使人感到温暖和愉快的事，也渐觉力不从心。因为一来一往，为数可观，操作需时，不免手忙脚乱。暮年行动不便，购卡，投邮，又须求人代劳。市上行销的时髦贺卡，多是金碧辉煌的豪华版，代价不菲，姑置不论，流行歌曲式的新潮贺词，也很不合老人身份。诸多烦扰，不一而足。曾经几次想自己设计，印制一些素朴大方，既能表情达意，又堪供清赏的贺卡，也难以实现。不得已狠一狠心，向贺年片挥手告别，从此不再发寄，也不再裁答⁽¹³⁾。失礼之愆，只好请求多多体谅了。

在大公无私的时间前面，谁也不能不低头认输。一年容易，又是腊尽春回时节，谨布心曲⁽¹⁴⁾，向海内外旧雨新知，识与不识的读者，表达我的惓惓之意⁽¹⁵⁾。

Goodbye to New Year Cards !

© *Ke Ling*

I was born in January 1909. Time slipped by and I've been muddling along in this world for eighty-eight years. My illness in the autumn of last year left me in poor shape and so far I've not yet restored my former state of health. I cannot help feeling that longevity doesn't necessarily mean happiness.

More than ten years has quickly passed away since I retired and began to stay away from public activities. I congratulate myself, however, on spending my declining years in peace and comfort, free from hunger and cold, and on happening to live in time of peace and tranquility, which is hard to come by even once in a century. Though I still cannot help feeling concerned about many aspects of the status quo, I am, nevertheless, spared from having to live in constant fear of being overtaken unawares by an unpredictable man-made storm^[1]. In my retirement, I keep the old habit of wielding my clumsy pen. I regard it as one way of whiling away my remaining years, and also find pleasure in it, similar to an old farmer enjoying a chat while taking the sun during the slack winter season. But now I feel I'm not quite up to even this because of age.

The main problem is that my days are numbered and I'm going from bad to worse both physically and mentally. While busy attending to social relations, I'm meanwhile loath to cut off my devotion to writing. But I find it difficult to take care of both at the same time. As to interpersonal correspondence, I've long been unable to write letters in reply though it doesn't mean I've clean forgotten the sender or I don't feel apologetic for my silence. It certainly gives rise to a feeling of warmth and pleasure to send new year cards to relatives or friends at the end or beginning of a year, which not only offer messages of greetings but also serve as a substitute for correspondence. But much as I want to, it is now beyond my power to keep doing it. The exchange of a considerable number of such cards will take up much of my time and send me bustling around. Having difficulty getting about because of age, I have to ask somebody else to buy the cards or mail them out for me. The trendy cards in the market appear mostly in glittering de luxe editions and are very expensive. What is worse, the stylish new year messages printed therein in popular song fashion are incompatible with the status of an old man

like me. Due to numerous frustrations, I many times even thought of having cards of my own design printed—cards which would be both simple and unaffected, and both expressive of my true feelings and in good taste, but unfortunately it never materialized. So all I have to do is wave goodbye to new year cards. From now on I no longer send them, either on my own initiative or in reply. Pray forgive me for lack of manners on my part.

Time is impartial and nobody can fail to bow to it and admit defeat. Another year has gone by and spring has returned after winter is over. Let me avail myself of this opportunity to tell what is on my mind and make known my sincere intentions to all my friends at home and abroad, old and new, and to all my readers, acquainted and unacquainted.

[\[1\]](#) Referring to the Cultural Revolution and other ultra-left political movements prior to it during the postliberation days.

柯灵（1909—2000），浙江绍兴人，是著名散文家、剧作家。他1930年发表小品散文《巷》、《雨》等，初步显示了文学才能；1931年到上海，深受鲁迅影响，全面开展文学创作。他有丰富的社会阅历和深刻的人生体验，抗战时期，两度被日本宪兵逮捕入狱，备受酷刑，在十年动乱中被囚禁三年。他的散文含蓄深挚，语言优美洗练，简要明快。《别了，贺年片》是他写于1996年12月16日的一篇散文。译者最近偶尔在他1997年出版的散文集《燕居闲话》中看到此文，颇有感触，恰逢岁末，欣然为之英译，以飨读者。

注释

(1) “别了，贺年片”译为Goodbye to New Year Cards，其中Goodbye to有“不再需要”和“坚决放弃”的内涵。如译Goodbye, New Year Cards也无不可，只是Goodbye在此仅指“告别”（把New Year Cards加以人格化）。

(2) “混迹人间”本意是“平庸地混杂人间”，这里可按“在世间混日子”、“苟且生活”之意译为muddling along in this world。

(3) “去秋”指“去年秋天”，故译为in the autumn of last year。文章写于年底，如指的是同年之秋，即“今秋”，则应译为last autumn。

(4) “颓唐”本作“精神萎靡”解，现不妨笼统地按“健康状况不佳”译为in poor shape。

(5) “原来的健康水平”不宜直译为my former health level，现译my former state of health。

(6) “自喜晚景静好”译为I congratulate myself on spending my declining years in peace and comfort，其中“自喜”如直译为I'm glad就欠确切。又“晚景”除my declining years外，也可用old age或my remaining years等表达。

(7) “坐食”本作“不劳而食”解，文中“坐食之余”的意思是“退休后”，故译为In my retirement或As a retiree。不应译为While getting food without working for it。

(8) “灾梨祸枣”是成语。旧时多用梨木、枣木刻版印书，故以“梨枣”为书版代称。“干些灾梨祸枣……之业”意即“拿起笨拙的笔”，是作者自谦，可译为wielding my clumsy pen。

(9) “负暄”作“晒太阳取暖”解，因此把“负暄闲话”译为enjoying a chat while taking the sun。

(10) “矛盾的焦点”不宜按字面直译为The focal point of the contradiction，应按“主要问题”译为The main problem。

(11) “文字因缘”可按“对写作的执著或热爱”的意思译为my devotion to writing。

(12) “一面又不能释然于怀，洒脱得无牵无挂”可按“但仍然惦记对方，感到歉疚”译为though it doesn't mean I've clean forgotten the sender or I don't feel apologetic for my silence。

(13) “不再发寄，也不再裁答”意即“不再主动向他人寄贺卡，也不回复他人寄来的贺卡”，故译no longer send them, either on my own initiative or in reply。

(14) “谨布心曲”意即“谈谈我的苦衷”，故译to tell what is on my mind。

(15) “惓惓之意”意即“恳切的意图”（指停止寄发或回复贺年片），故译my sincere intentions。

长江轮上

◎ 叶紫

深夜，我睡得正浓的时候，母亲突然将我叫醒：

“汉生，你看⁽¹⁾！什么东西在叫？……我刚刚从船后的女茅房里回来……”

我拖着鞋子⁽²⁾。茶房⁽³⁾们死猪似地⁽⁴⁾横七横八地倒在地上，打着沉浊的鼾声。连守夜的一个都靠着舱门睡着了。别的乘客们也都睡了，只有两个还在抽鸦片，交谈着一些令人听不分明的，琐细的话语。

江风呼啸着。天上的繁星穿钻着一片片的浓厚的乌云。浪涛疯狂地打到甲板上，拚命似地，随同泡沫的飞贱，发出一种沉锐的，创痛的呼号！母亲畏缩着身子，走到船后时，她指着女厕所的黑暗的角落说：

“那里！就在那里……那里角落里！有点什么声音的……”

“去叫一个茶房来？”我说。

“不！你去看看，不会有鬼的……是一个人也不一定……”

我靠着甲板的铁栏杆，将头伸过去，就有一阵断续的凄苦的呜咽声，从下方，从浪花的飞溅里，飘传过来：

“啊哟……啊啊哟……”

“过去呀！你再过去一点听听看！”母亲推着我的身子，关心地说。

“是一个人⁽⁵⁾，一个女人！”我断然回答着。“她大概是用绳子吊在那里的，那根横着的铁棍子下面……”

一十五分钟之后，我遵着母亲的命令，单独地，秘密而且冒险地救起了那一个受难的女人。

她是一个大肚子，一个四十岁上下的乡下妇人。她的两腋和胸部都差不多给带子吊肿了。当母亲将她拉到女厕所门前的昏暗的灯光下，去盘问她的时候，她便眯着一双小眼，

惶惧地，幽幽地哭了起来。

“不要哭呢！蠢人！给茶房听见了该死的……”母亲安慰地，告诫地说。

她开始了诉述她的身世，悲切而且简单：因为乡下闹灾荒，她拖着大肚子，想同丈夫和孩子们从汉口再逃到芜湖去，那里有她的什么亲戚。没有船票⁽⁶⁾，丈夫孩子们在开船时都给茶房赶上岸了，她偷偷地吊在那里，因为是夜晚，才不曾被人发觉……

朝我，母亲悠长地叹了一口气说：

“两条性命啊！几乎……只要带子一断……”回头再对着她：“你暂时在这茅房里藏一藏吧，天就要亮了。我们可以替你给账房去说说好话，也许能把你带到芜湖的……”

我们仍旧回到舱中去睡了。母亲好久还在叹气呢！……但是，天刚刚一发白，茶房们就哇啦哇啦地闹了起来！

“汉生！你起来！他们要将她打死哩！……”母亲急急地跺着脚，扯着我的耳朵。她不知道在什么时候爬起来了。

“谁呀？”我睡意朦胧地，含糊地说。

“那个大肚子女人！昨晚救起来的那个！……茶房在打哩！……”

我们急急地赶到船后，那里已经给一大群早起的客人围住着。一个架着眼镜披睡衣的瘦削的账房先生站在中央，安闲地咬着烟卷，指挥着茶房们的拷问。大肚子女人弯着腰，战栗地缩成一团，从散披着的头发间晶晶地溢出血液。旁观者的搭客，大抵都像看着把戏似的，觉得颇为开心；只有极少数表示了“爱莫能助”似的同情，在摇头，吁气！

我们挤到人丛中了，母亲牢牢地跟在我的后面。一个拿着棍子的歪眼的茶房，向我们装出了不耐烦的脸相。别的一个，麻脸的，凶恶的家伙，睁着狗一般的黄眼睛，请示似地，向账房先生看了一眼，便冲到大肚子的战栗的身子旁边，狠狠地一脚——

那女人尖锐地叫了一声，打了一个滚，四肢立刻伸开来，挺直在地上！

“不买票敢坐我们外国人的船，你这烂污货⁽⁷⁾！……”他赶上前来加骂着，俨然自己原就是外国人似的。

母亲急了！她挤出去拉住着麻子，怕她踢第二脚；一面却抗议似地责问道：

“你为什么打她呢？这样凶！……你不曾看见她的怀着小孩的肚子吗？”

“不出钱好坐我们外国人的船吗？”麻子满面红星地反问母亲；一面瞅着他的账房先生的脸相。

“那么，不过是——钱喽……”

“嗯！钱！……”另外一个茶房加重地说。

母亲沉思了一下，没有来得及想出来对付的办法，那个女人便在地上大声地呻吟了起来！一部分的看客，也立时开始了惊疑的，紧急的议论。但那个拿棍子的茶房却高高地举起了棍子，企图继续地扑打下来。

母亲横冲去将茶房拦着，并且走近那个女人的身边，用了绝大的怜悯的眼光，看定她的大肚子。突然地，她停住了呻吟，浑身痉挛地缩成一团，眼睛突出，牙齿紧咬着下唇，喊起肚子痛来了！母亲慌张地弯着腰，蹲了下去，用手替她在肚子上慢慢地，一阵阵地，抚摸起来。并且，因了过度的愤怒的缘故，大声地骂骂着残暴的茶房，替她喊出了危险的、临盆的征候！

看客们都纷纷地退后了。账房先生嫌恶地，狠狠地唾了一口，也赶紧走开了。茶房们因为不得要领，狗一般地跟着⁽⁸⁾，回骂着一些污秽的恶语，一直退进到自己的舱房。

我也转身要走了，但母亲将我叫住，吩咐着立即到自己的铺位子上去，扯下那床黄色的毯子来；并且借一把剪刀和一根细麻绳子。

我去了，匆忙地穿过那些探奇的，纷纷议论的人群，拿着东西回来的时候，母亲已经解下那个女人的下身了。地上横流着一大滩秽水。她的嘴唇被牙齿咬得出血，额角上冒着豆大的汗珠，全身痛苦地，艰难地挣扎着！她一看见我，就羞惭地将脸转过去，两手乱摇！但是，立时间，一个细小的红色的婴儿，秽血淋漓地钻出来了！在地上跌了一个翻身，哇哇地哭诉着她那不可知的命运！

我连忙转过身去。母亲费力地喘着气，约有五六分钟久，才将一个血淋淋的胎衣接了出来，从我的左侧方抛到江心底深处。

“完全打下来的⁽⁹⁾！”母亲气愤地举着一双血污的手对我说，“他们都是一些凶恶的强盗！……那个胎儿简直小得带不活⁽¹⁰⁾，而他们还在等着向她要船钱！”

“那么怎么办呢？”

“救人要救彻！……”母亲用了毅然地，慈善家似地口吻说。“你去替我要一盆水来，让我先将小孩洗好了再想办法……”

太阳已经从江左的山岸中爬上来一丈多高了。江风缓和地吹着，完全失掉了它那夜间的狂暴的力量。从遥远的，江流的右岸的尖端，缓缓地爬过来了一条大城市的尾巴的轮廓(11)。

母亲慈悲相地将孩子包好，送到产妇的身边，一边用毯子盖着，一边对她说：

“快到九江了，你好好地看看这孩子……恭喜你啊！是一个好看的小姑娘哩！……我们就去替你想办法的。……”

产妇似乎清醒了一些，睁开着眼睛，感激地流出了两行眼泪。

在统舱和房舱里，母亲用了真正的慈善家似的脸相，叫我端着一个盘子，同着她向搭客们普遍地募起捐来。然而，结果是大失所望。除了一两个人肯丢下一张当一角或两角的钞票以外，剩下的仅仅是一些铜元；一数，不少不多，刚刚合得上大洋一元三角。

母亲深沉地叹着气说：“做好事的人怎么这样少啊！”从几层的纸包里，找出自己仅仅多余的一元钱来，凑了上去。

“快到九江了！”母亲再次走到船后，将铜板、角票和洋钱捏在手中，对产妇说：“这里是二元多钱，你可以收藏一点，等等账房先生来时你自己再对他说，给他少一点，求他将你带到芜湖！……当然，”母亲又补上去一句：“我也可以替你帮忙说一说的……”

产妇勉强地挣起半边身子，流着眼泪，伸手战栗地接着钱钞，放在毯子下。但是，母亲却突然地望着那掀起的毯子角落，大声地呼叫了起来：

“怎么！你的孩子？……”

那女人慌张而且惶惧地一言不发，让眼泪一滴赶一滴地顺着腮边跑将下来，沉重地打在毯子上。

“你不是将她抛了吗？你这狠心的女人！”

“我，我，我……”她嚅嚅地，悲伤地低着头，终于什么都说不出。

母亲好久好久地站立着，眼睛盯着江岸，盯着那缓缓地爬过来的、九江的繁华的街市而不作声。浪花在船底哭泣着，翻腾着！——不知道从哪一个泡沫里，卷去了那一个无辜的，纤弱的灵魂！……

茶房们又跑来了，这一回是奉了账房先生的命令，要将她赶上岸去的。他们两个人不说情由地将她拖着，一个人替她卷着我们给她的那条弄满血污的毯子。

船停了。

母亲的全部慈善事业完全落了空。当她望着茶房们一面拖着那产妇抛上岸去，一面拾着地上流落的铜板和洋钱的时候，她几乎哭了起来。

On a Yangtse River Steamer

© Ye Zi

Late at night, mother suddenly woke me up from my sound sleep,

“Han Sheng, listen! ...What's that noise? ...I've just been to the women's lavatory...”

I shuffled out of the cabin. The stewards were lying higgledy-piggledy on the floor like butchered pigs, snoring loudly. Even the one on duty, leaning himself against the cabin door, had dozed off to sleep. The passengers were all asleep too except two chatting unintelligibly over their opium pipes.

The wind was howling. The stars were sparkling from behind patches of dark clouds. The waves kept lashing violently across the deck, splashing foam into the air and giving out a piercing cry of pain. Mother went crouching to the back part of the ship and, pointing at the women's lavatory in the dingy corner, said,

“There! Over there...in that corner! A kind of noise...”

“Shall I go get a steward? ”

“No! You go and take a look first. It can't be a ghost...Perhaps somebody...”

Leaning over the railing, I heard from down below intermittent moaning amidst the spray of breaking waves,

“Aiyo...Aiyo...”

“Go ahead! Go nearer so you can hear better! ”mother nudged me and urged with concern.

“There is somebody. A woman! ”I affirmed.“She's probably hanging down there by fastening herself to a rope, under a horizontal iron bar...”

About fifteen minutes later, I, by order of mother, managed to secretly rescue the

distressed woman from danger. I did it single-handed and despite the risk.

She, a country woman of about forty, was big with child. Her arm pits and chest looked swollen from having been fastened to the rope. Mother began to question her under a dim light in front of the women's lavatory. The woman blinked her small eyes nervously and sobbed.

“Stop crying, you silly!” said mother consolingly, trying to dissuade her from sobbing. “The stewards will give you hell if they hear you...”

The woman gave a brief account of her miserable life: There had been a famine in the countryside. She, despite her pregnancy, had to flee from the disaster with her husband and child. They intended to go from Hankou to Wuhu^[1] to seek shelter with some relatives. They attempted to steal a ride on the steamer, but were discovered by the stewards at sailing time. Her husband and child were expelled from the ship right away while she succeeded in hiding herself outside the ship under cover of night...

Mother turned to me and said with a long sigh,

“Two lives! How dangerous! What if the rope had snapped...” Then she turned to address the woman, “It's getting light! You'd better hide yourself in the lavatory for a while. We'll see the accountant and put in a good word for you. Maybe he'll let you stay on the ship until it reaches Wuhu...”

We returned to our cabin to sleep. Mother kept sighing for a long while... Then, when it was dawning, the stewards kicked up a row.

“Han Sheng! Get up! They're beating her to death...” Mother stamped her feet with anxiety and pulled me by the ear. Nobody knew when she had got out of bed.

“Who is it?” I mumbled, eyes heavy with sleep.

“That pregnant woman! The one we rescued last night! ...The stewards are beating her! ...”

We went hastily to the back part of the ship where there was already a big crowd of early risers from among the passengers. The accountant, a bespectacled thin man in pyjamas, was standing in the middle of the crowd directing the torture, a cigarette dangling leisurely from his

lips. The woman huddled herself up and shivered, blood oozing out glisteningly from among her dishevelled hair. The onlookers, for the most part, enjoyed themselves as if they were watching an acrobatic show. Only a handful of them shook their heads and sighed out of sympathy.

I elbowed my way through the crowd, followed closely by mother. A squint-eyed steward, stick in hand, eyed us with an assumed air of impatience. Another steward, with a ferocious pock-marked face and wide-open dog-like yellow eyes, after giving a wink to the accountant as if requesting his instructions, dashed to the shivering pregnant woman and gave her a hard kick.

Letting out a shriek, she rolled over and lay flat on her back, with her limbs stretched out.

“How dare you take this foreigner-owned ship without buying a ticket, shameless bitch! ...”He came up nearer to heap more insults on her as if he himself were a foreigner.

Mother anxiously squeezed forward to stop him from kicking the woman again, protesting,

“Why did you kick her? Why! ...Don't you see that she's pregnant? ”

“How can she travel by our foreigner-owned ship without paying for it? ”the pock-marked steward retorted and gave the accountant a stare.

“After all, it's—money only, eh? ...”

“Yes, money! ”said the other steward by way of stressing.

Mother pondered for a while without finding a way out. The woman then started groaning loudly on the deck, which alerted some of the onlookers and sent them speaking in urgent whispers. The steward with the stick, however, was about to thwack the woman by holding it aloft.

Mother dashed forward to stop him and approached the woman to examine her belly with great compassion. The woman suddenly stopped groaning and huddled up convulsively, rolling her eyes and biting her lower lip. She complained loudly of a pain in the belly. Mother hurriedly bent over and crouched down to stroke the woman's belly gently over and over again.

And, excited by great anger, she loudly cursed the stewards for being so brutal. Meanwhile, she warned that the woman had shown symptoms of an imminent delivery.

The crowd backed away. The accountant, spitting in disgust, also walked away quickly. The stewards listlessly followed at his heels like dogs until they disappeared into their cabins, hurling back filthy abuse as they walked along.

I was turning to leave when mother stopped me and told me to fetch the yellow blanket from my berth plus a flaxen string and a pair of scissors to be borrowed from somebody.

I left, passing through a crowd of nosy onlookers whispering to each other. When I returned bringing with me everything as mother had told me, she had already taken off the woman's trousers and the floor was wet with a pool of dirty water. The woman's lips were bloodstained through biting. Her forehead was dripping with beads of sweat. Her whole body was writhing in great pain. As soon as she saw me, she shyly turned her face away and shook her hand vigorously. Just then, a tiny, ruddy baby came out instantly dripping with blood. It turned over on the floor and burst out crying—probably to complain of its unknown destiny.

I quickly turned away. Mother was panting with exertion. It took her five or six minutes to remove the bloody afterbirth from the woman before tossing it from my left side into the depth of the river.

“The beating is to blame for the premature birth, ”said mother furiously, raising her two blood-smeared hands.“Damn ruthless gangsters! ...The baby is just too undersized to survive. And yet they insist on charging the steamer fare.”

“What shall we do then? ”

“We shouldn't give up halfway, ”said she firmly in the tone of a philanthropist.“You go and bring me a basin of water. I've got to wash the baby first before...”

The sun had just risen above the mountains on the left bank of the river. The wind, devoid of its previous night's vehemence, was blowing softly. Beyond the distant right bank, the contour of the small end of a sprawling town gradually came into sight.

After fondly swathing the newborn baby and covering it with the blanket, mother showed it to the woman, saying,

“We're nearing Jiujiang^[2] now. Take good care of the baby...Congratulations! What a pretty baby girl! ...We'll see what we can do to help you...”

The woman seemed to have regained consciousness and opened her eyes, tears of gratitude trickling down her cheeks.

Taking on the look of a real philanthropist, mother had me accompany her with a tray in my hand visiting both steerage and cabin passengers to solicit donations from them. But the outcome was very disappointing. Except one or two who gave a 10 or 20-cent banknote each, all gave but a few copper coins each. Altogether, the contributions added up to only exactly one dollar and thirty cents.

Mother sighed deeply, “Good-hearted people are hard to come by.”She decided to contribute the only dollar coin she had on her. She produced it meticulously after removing several paper wrappings.

Mother again went to the back part of the ship to see the woman, with coppers, banknotes and silver coins in hand, saying, “We're pretty close to Jiujiang now! Here is more than two dollars. Talk to the accountant when he comes and ask him to let you travel to Wuhu at a reduced fare, so that you can keep some of the money for yourself...Of course I'll try to put in a word for you too...”

The woman barely managed to prop herself up with tears in her eyes and reached out her tremulous hand for the money. As she was putting away the money under the blanket, mother exclaimed as her eyes fell on the lifted corner of the blanket,

“Hey, where is your baby? ”

Flurried and uneasy, the woman didn't say a word, tears rolling down her cheeks to plop on the blanket.

“So you've thrown her away? You heartless woman! ”

“I, I, I...”she faltered and then hung her head in grief and utter silence.

Mother stood for a long while staring at the river bank and the busy streets of Jiujiang approaching slowly and quietly from afar. The spray of the breaking water under the ship was

weeping—weeping over the innocent feeble life carried away by the whirling current.

The two stewards showed up again, this time to drive the woman ashore by order of the accountant. They dragged her roughly. One of the two rolled up the blood-stained blanket we had given her.

The ship anchored.

Mother's act of benevolence had come to nothing. Watching the stewards dragging the woman ashore and picking up the coppers and silver coins from the ground, she could hardly keep back her tears.

[1] Wuhu—A river port and rice market on the southern bank of the lower reaches of the Yangtse River in southeastern Anhui Province.

[2] Jiujiang—A river port on the southern bank of the middle reaches of the Yangtse River in northern Jiangxi Province.

叶紫（1910—1939）是二十世纪三十年代在中国文坛脱颖而出的一位年青作家。原名余鹤林，湖南益阳人。他少年时代被迫流亡，当过兵、小学教员、报馆编辑。1932年加入中国共产党，并开始文学创作。1939年10月5日因肺病去世，年仅二十九岁。他的散文，就内容而言，和他的小说一样，大多记述他的经历和使他感到愤慨的不合理社会现象。《长江轮上》于1935年8月发表在《申报》副刊《自由谈》上，取材于真人真事，写一个买不起船票的乡下孕妇，遭到茶房的毒打，当场早产，被迫将婴儿扔入江中，文章蕴含丰富，发人深思。

注释

(1)“你看”意即“你听”，故译listen，未译look。

(2)“我拖着鞋子”可按“我拖着鞋子走出船舱”译为I shuffled out of the cabin，其中out of the cabin是译文中的增添成分。

(3)“茶房”是旧时用语，指过去在旅馆、茶馆、轮船、火车、剧场等处从事供应茶水等杂务的人，与当今的“服务员”、“乘务员”有所不同，在找不到确切对应词的情况下，不妨把它译为steward、waiter、attendant等。

(4)“死猪似地”译为like butchered pigs，比like dead pigs富于感情色彩，憎恶情绪，溢于言表。

(5)“是一个人”译为There is somebody，其中is为斜体字，须重读，以加强语气。

(6)“没有船票”可按“打算不买票乘船”或“打算逃票搭乘轮船”译为They attempted to steal a ride on the steamer或They attempted to get a free-ride on the steamer。

(7)“你这烂污货”可译为shameless bitch或you slut等。

(8)“茶房们因为不得要领，狗一般地跟着”译为The stewards listlessly followed at his heels like dogs，其中“不得要领”可按“没精打采”译为listlessly或in low spirits等。

(9)“完全打下来的”可按“早产完全是被打造成的”译为The beating is to blame for the premature birth。

(10)“那个胎儿简直小得带不活”译为The baby is just too undersized to survive，其中undersized显然比small确切。

(11)“缓缓地爬过来了一条大城市的尾巴的轮廓”意即“大城市的邻近地区慢慢隐约可见”，译为the contour of the small end of a sprawling town gradually came into sight，其中the small end的意思是“城市的外围或周边地区”。又，“大城市”译为a sprawling town，其中sprawling本作“向外延伸”解。

悼高尔基

◎ 叶紫

高尔基是我受影响最大，得益最多，而且最敬爱的一个作家⁽¹⁾。

当从报纸上得到他的病讯的时候，我正应一个朋友的邀约，准备到杭州去作一个短时间的旅行，为了挂念这病着的大作家⁽²⁾，我带了两本最心爱的他底著作：一本是《短篇创作选集》，一本是《草原故事》。因为从这两本书里，我可以看到这个作家的伟大的灵魂，也可以学到一些“怎样去生活”的方法。当然，他的伟大还不仅仅是这两本书，我爱他的也不仅仅是这三数篇作品。然而我所得到的关于这两本书的益处，也就不少了。

虽然在旅行中，我是每天都在挂念着他的消息。我看到他体热降低，我觉得欢喜，看到他体热增高，我觉得忧虑，而且也更能从那两本书里看出他的伟大处来。

他的死讯，是我重回上海的第二天才得到的，我的心里当时觉得一下子沉下去了！我不能找出一句适当的话来形容我底心中的悲哀和纪念他的人格的伟大！

他的死，不但是苏联的损失，而且是全世界文学青年的损失。因为我们将再得不到他的新的指示，再看不到他的新的伟大的作品了。

纪念他和哀痛他，只能由他遗留下来的作品里去找寻我们“怎样去生活”的路。

这“路”是非常的长的，黑暗而且艰难的，他的作品将永远像一盏明灯那样地照耀我们前进！

Mourning the Death of Maxim Gorky

© Ye Zi

Maxim Gorky has exerted enormous influence on me and benefited me a lot. He is my most beloved writer.

I learned of his illness from newspapers when I was about to leave for Hangzhou for a short visit at the invitation of a friend. Deeply concerned about the ailing literary giant, I took with me two books that were my favourites among his works: *Selected Short Stories of Maxim Gorky and Stories of the Grassland*, believing they would afford me an insight into his great soul and teach me how to “live on”. Of course, it is not these two books alone that have contributed to his eminence, nor have I come to love him by reading only one or two of his works. Yet it has certainly done me much good to read exclusively the two books in question.

On my way to Hangzhou, I was daily on the lookout for news about him. I felt relieved whenever his body temperature dropped, and otherwise I felt worried. And the two books I was reading made me impressed with his greatness all the more.

When I learned of his death on the second day after my return to Shanghai, my heart sank. Words failed me as to how grieved I was and how inspired I was with respect for him.

His death is a loss not only to the Soviet Union, but also to all young devotees to literature the world over. No longer can we receive new instruction from him; no longer can we read his new remarkable works.

What we can do while commemorating and mourning for the great writer is to search among the works he has left behind for guidance as to how to “live on”.

The way before us is very long, and dark and arduous. His works, however, will shine permanently like a beacon to guide our advance.

《悼高尔基》是二十世纪三十年代我国杰出青年作家叶紫为纪念苏联作家高尔基逝世而写的一篇唁词，发表在1936年7月10日的《文学家》杂志上。

注释

(1)“高尔基是我受影响最大，得益最多，而且最敬爱的一个作家”译为Maxim Gorky has exerted enormous influence on me and benefited me a lot. He is my most beloved writer, 变原文一句为两句，是译文造句的需要，也是逻辑的需要。又，汉语形容词和副词的最高级往往只是为加强语气，英译时不必照搬，上述译文就是一例。五十年代我国《人民日报》为纪念斯大林逝世曾发表社论，题为《最伟大的友谊》，当时苏联英文刊物上发表的有关译文是Great Friendship, 而非The Greatest Friendship, 可供参考。

(2)汉语往往不忌讳在一篇文章中词的多次重复，例如人名等。英语则习惯于用代名词或其他办法避免重复。在这篇仅约500字的唁词中，“伟大”一词竟重复出现了五、六次之多，译文均大多设法避免之，如“病着的（伟）大作家”译为the ailing literary giant, “他的伟大还不仅仅是这两本书”，译为it is not these two books alone that have contributed to his eminence, “我不能找出一句适当的话来形容我底心中的悲哀和纪念他的人格的伟大”译为Words failed me as to how grieved I was and how inspired I was with respect for him, “再看不到他的新的伟大的作品了”译为no longer can we read his new remarkable works。

画鸟的猎人⁽¹⁾

◎ 艾青

一个人想学打猎，找到一个打猎的人，拜他做老师⁽²⁾。他向那打猎的人说：“人必须有一技之长⁽³⁾，在许多职业里面，我所选中的是打猎，我很想持枪到树林⁽⁴⁾里去，打到那我想打的鸟。”

于是打猎的人检查了那个徒弟的枪⁽⁵⁾，枪是一支好枪，徒弟也是一个有决心的徒弟，就告诉他各种鸟的性格，和有关瞄准与射击的一些知识，并且嘱咐他必须寻找各种鸟去练习⁽⁶⁾。

那个人听了猎人的话，以为只要知道如何打猎就已经能打猎了，于是他持枪到树林。但当他一进入树林，走到那里，还没有举起枪，鸟就飞起了⁽⁷⁾。

于是他又来寻找猎人，他说：“鸟是机灵的，我没有看见它们，它们先看见我，等我一举起枪，鸟早已飞走了。”

猎人说：“你是想打那不会飞的鸟么？”

他说：“说实在的，在我想打鸟的时候，要是鸟能不飞该多好呀！”

猎人说：“你回去，找一张硬纸⁽⁸⁾，在上面画一只鸟，把硬纸挂在树上，朝那鸟打——你一定会成功⁽⁹⁾。”

那个人回家，照猎人所说的做了，试验着打了几枪，却没有一枪能打中⁽¹⁰⁾。他只好再去找猎人。他说：“我照你说的做了，但我还是打不中画中的鸟。”猎人问他是什么原因，他说：“可能是鸟画得太小，也可能是距离太远。”

那猎人沉思了一阵向他说：“对你的决心，我很感动⁽¹¹⁾，你回去，把一张大一些的纸挂在树上，朝那纸打——这一次你一定会成功。”

那个人很担忧地问：“还是那个距离么？”

猎人说：“由你自己去决定。”

那人又问：“那纸上还是画着鸟么？”

猎人说：“不。”

那人苦笑了，说：“那不是打纸么？[\(12\)](#)”

猎人很严肃地告诉他说[\(13\)](#)：“我的意思是，你先朝着纸只管打，打完了，就在有孔的地方画上鸟，打了几个孔，就画几只鸟——这对你来说，是最有把握的了。”

The Hunter and Bird Painting

© Ai Qing

A man wanted to learn hunting and offered to apprentice himself to a hunter, to whom he said, "One's got to have a speciality. Of all the different trades, I like hunting best. I hope I can go inside a woods with a shotgun and shoot down any bird I want to."

The hunter checked on the quality of the would-be hunter's shotgun and saw it was all right. He also found the man to be quite determined to learn hunting. So he told him the different characteristics of various birds as well as how to aim and shoot. He also advised him to practise shooting on various kinds of birds.

Thereupon, the man believed that the hunter's words had already made a good hunter of himself. So he went inside a woods, shotgun in hand. However, to his great dismay, wherever he went, all the birds just flew away even before he raised his shotgun.

So he went to call on the hunter again, saying, "Birds are clever. They discover me before I see them. They're gone before I raise my shotgun."

"Do you mean you want to shoot at only birds that can't fly?" asked the hunter.

"Honestly," the man replied, "how nice it would be if birds couldn't fly when I go hunting!"

"Go home and look for a piece of cardboard," said the hunter. "Hang it up on a tree after you paint a bird on it. Then shoot at this bird, and you'll make it."

The man, after arriving home, did what the hunter had told him to do. But, alas, he fired several times without hitting the painted bird. He had no choice but to go and see the hunter again, saying, "I've done everything the way you suggested, but without success." The hunter asked him why and the man replied, "Maybe I've painted the bird too small, or fired from a place not close enough."

The hunter went on after pondering for a moment, "I've been deeply touched by your

strong will. Now you go home and hang up on the tree a larger sheet of cardboard for you to shoot at. You'll make it this time, I'm sure."

The man asked apprehensively, "Shoot from the same distance? "

"It's up to you to decide."

"There'll also be a bird painted on the cardboard? "

"No."

The man asked with a forced smile, "You mean I'm to target the cardboard only? "

The hunter explained in good earnest, "What I mean is this: Keep firing at the cardboard as many times as you like. Then paint a bird wherever there is a hole. As a result, there will be as many birds as your holes. That's the way for you to be absolutely certain about your success."

艾青（1910—1996）是诗人，同时也是散文家。《画鸟的猎人》是他的寓言作品，选自人民出版社1979年出版的《艾青诗选》。文章讽刺人们常借空想安慰自己，虚而无实，无济于事，自欺欺人，不禁使读者想起那脍炙人口的典故“画饼充饥”和“望梅止渴”。

注释

(1) 题目“画鸟的猎人”未直译为The Hunter (Who) Paints Birds，而按“猎人与画鸟的故事”之意译为The Hunter and Bird Painting。

(2) “找到一个打猎的人，拜他做老师”意即“拜一个猎人为师”，故译and offered to apprentice himself to a hunter，也可译为and volunteered to become a pupil to a master hunter。

(3) “人必须有一技之长”译为One's got to have a speciality，也可译为One must have a particular skill。

(4) “树林”译为a woods或a wood皆可，也可译为a forest，但通常指较大的树林，或未开垦的森林，如virgin forest（原始森林）。

(5) “那个徒弟的枪”可译为the pupil's shotgun，现译the would-be hunter's shotgun，其中would-be作“想要成为的”解。

(6) “寻找各种鸟去练习”译为to practise shooting on various kinds of birds，其中to practise...on...是习惯搭配，意为“以.....作为实习对象”或“利用.....作某种实习”。

(7) “走到那里，还没有举起枪，鸟就飞走了”译为to his great dismay, wherever he went, all the birds just flew away before he raised his shotgun，其中to his great dismay（令他沮丧的是）是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词但有其意。

(8) “一张硬纸”译为a piece of cardboard或a sheet of thick paper皆可，cardboard本指一种厚纸板。

(9) “朝那鸟打——你一定会成功”译为Then shoot at this bird, and you'll make it，其中成语to make it作“成功”解。

(10) “试验着打了几枪，却没有一枪能打中”译为But, alas, he fired several times without hitting the painted bird，其中alas等于unfortunately，是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词但有其意。

(11) “对你的决心，我很感动”意即“你的坚强意志使我感动”，故译为I've been deeply touched by your strong will。如按字面直译为I've been deeply touched by your determination，就欠确切。

(12) “那不是打纸么？”意即“那不是把纸当作射击对象么？”，故译You mean I'm to target the cardboard?，其中target作“把.....作为目标”解。

(13) “猎人很严肃地告诉他说”可按“猎人一本正经地告诉他说”译为The hunter explained in good earnest。如把“严肃地”译为solemnly、sternly等，均欠确切。

长寿之道⁽¹⁾

◎ 季羨林

我已经到了望九之年⁽²⁾，可谓长寿矣。因此经常有人向我询问长寿之道，养生之术⁽³⁾。

我敬谨答曰⁽⁴⁾：“养生无术是有术。”

这话看似深奥，其实极为简单明了。我有两个朋友，十分重视养生之道。每天锻炼身体，至少要上两个钟头。曹操诗曰：“对酒当歌，人生几何？”人生不过百年，每天费上两个钟头，统计起来，要有多少钟头啊！利用这些钟头，能做多少事情呀！如果真有用，也还罢了。他们二人，一个先我而走⁽⁵⁾，一个卧病在家，不能出门⁽⁶⁾。

因此，我首创了三“不”主义：不锻炼，不挑食，不嘀咕，名闻全国。

我这个三不主义，容易招误会，我现在利用这个机会解释一下。我并不绝对反对适当的体育锻炼⁽⁷⁾。但不要过头。一个人如果天天望长寿如大旱之望云霓，而又绝对相信体育锻炼，则此人心态恐怕有点失常，反不如顺其自然为佳。

至于不挑食，常见有人年才逾不惑⁽⁸⁾，就开始挑食，蛋黄不吃，动物内脏⁽⁹⁾不吃，每到吃饭，战战兢兢，如履薄冰，窘态可掬，看了令人失笑。以这种心态而欲求长寿，岂非南辕而北辙！

我个人认为，第三点最为重要。对什么事情都不嘀嘀咕咕，心胸开朗，乐观愉快，吃也吃得下，睡也睡得着，有问题则设法解决之，有困难则努力克服之，决不视芝麻绿豆大的窘境如苏迷卢山般大⁽¹⁰⁾，也决不毫无原则地随遇而安，决不玩世不恭⁽¹¹⁾。有这样的的心境，焉能不健康长寿？

我现在还想补充一点，很重要的一点。根据我个人七八十年的经验，一个人决不能让自己的脑筋投闲置散，要经常让脑筋活动着。根据外国一些科学家实验结果，“用脑伤神”的旧说法已经不能成立，应改为“用脑长寿”。人的衰老主要是脑细胞的死亡。中老年人的脑细胞虽然天天死亡，但人一生中所启用的脑细胞只占细胞总量的四分之一，而且在活动的情况下，每天还有新的脑细胞产生。只要脑筋的活动不停止，新生细胞比死亡细胞数目还要多。勤于动脑筋，则能经常保持脑中血液的流通状态，而且能通过脑筋协调控制

全身的功能。

我过去经常说：“不要让脑筋闲着。”我就是这样做的，结果是有人说我⁽¹²⁾“身轻如燕，健步如飞”。这话有点过了头，反正我比同年龄人要好些，这都是真的。原来我并没有什么科学根据，只能算是一种朴素的直觉。

这就是我的“长寿之道”。

The Secret of Longevity

© Ji Xianlin

Approaching ninety, I'm really old. People often ask me for advice on how to keep fit and live a long life.

The answer I would give is, "The best way to keep fit is by making no efforts towards it."

That sounds profound, but is in fact very simple. Two friends of mine put in great efforts to keep in good health. They spent at least two hours per day doing physical exercise. Cao [\[1\]](#) says in one of his poems like this:

Cup to cup calls for song,
Man's life—how long?

Few people live to be 100. Two hours per day during one's lifetime—what a tremendous amount of time it would add up to! And what a lot could be done with that much time! It would have been all right though if my two friends' physical exercise had really helped. But fact is, one of the two has passed away before me and the other now never shows up, being confined to bed with illness.

I'm known to all for having initiated three Nos, namely, no exercising, no picky eating, no grumbling.

My three Nos, however, are apt to be misunderstood. So I need to take this opportunity to make an explanation. Exercise, if moderate, is all right, but I disapprove of overdoing it. One who overrates physical training while dreaming of living a long life must be mentally unbalanced. He should learn to let things take their own course.

As to picky eating, I often find people barely over forty becoming very choosy about food. They abstain from eating egg yolks and tripe. They behave gingerly at table as if treading on thin ice. The embarrassment they show cannot but evoke laughter from all. Acting with such a mentality, they can only end up in defeating their own purpose of increased longevity.

To my mind, the last of the three Nos, i.e., avoid grumbling under any circumstances, is the most important. Be broad-minded, optimistic and cheerful, and you will be able to eat with a good appetite and enjoy a sound sleep. When you are faced with problems, try every means to solve them. When you meet with difficulties, do your best to overcome them. Neither fret over trifles, nor take an attitude of cynical indifference towards life. That's the way to be long-lived.

One more important point: According to my personal experience of the past eighty years or so, one should put his brain to frequent use instead of letting it stay idle. The result of experiments made by some foreign scientists has shown that frequent use of the brain leads to longevity instead of doing harm to it as people used to believe. Man's aging is mainly caused by the death of cerebral cells. However, though the cerebral cells of middle-aged and elderly people keep dying every day, man uses up in his lifetime only one fourth of the total cerebral cells, and new cerebral cells will, under normal conditions, keep growing up daily. As long as you use your head regularly, dead cerebral cells will always be outnumbered by new ones. Regular use of the head will ensure the normal circulation of cerebral blood and our control of the whole bodily function through its coordination.

I used to urge, “Never have an idle head!” And I myself have acted accordingly. Some people have consequently saddled me with the epithets: “agile like a swallow” and “walking as if on wings.” They are exaggerating to be sure, but it's true that I'm in better health than people of the same age. The above has come of plain intuition, without any scientific basis.

So much for my “secret of longevity”.

[1] Cao Cao (formerly translated as Ts'ao Ts'ao, 155-220), military strategist, statesman and writer during the Three Kingdoms.

《长寿之道》是我国著名教育家、印度学家、散文家季羨林（1911— ）写于1997年10月的一篇随笔。

注释

(1) 题目“长寿之道”本可译为The Way to Live a Long Life，现译The Secret of Longevity（其中Secret作“秘诀”、“诀窍”解），意思基本相同，但较醒目简练，便于上口。

(2) “望九之年”意即“接近九十岁”、“年近九十”，可译为Approaching ninety或Close to ninety。

(3) “养生之术”可译为the way to keep fit或the way to keep in good health。

(4) “我敬谨答曰……”如译为The answer I beg to give is...，嫌如正式客套语，故译The answer I would give is...，其中would有“愿意”的含义，常见于表达、劝告、意见的句中。

(5) “他们二人，一个先我而走……”译为But fact is, one of the two has passed away before me，其中But, fact is是译文中的增益成分，fact is等于the fact is that。

(6) “一个卧病在家，不能出门”译为the other now never shows up, being confined to bed with illness，其中用never shows up表达“不能出门”，为灵活处理。又，confined to bed with illness的意思是“卧病不起”。

(7) “适当的体育锻炼”中的“适当的”意即“不过分的”、“适度的”，故用moderate一词表达。

(8) “才逾不惑”意即“还不到四十岁”，译为barely over forty。

(9) “动物内脏”本可按字面直译为the internal organs of animals或animal entrails，均不理想，今译tripe，本指牛、羊、猪肚（俗称“杂碎”），且为熟食，切合上下文，故选用之。

(10) “决不视芝麻绿豆大的窘境如苏迷卢山般大”不宜按字面直译，今用意译法处理之：Never fret over（或worry over）trifles。

(11) “也决不毫无原则地随遇而安，决不玩世不恭”的译文把原作上下两句的意思合并在一起：nor take an attitude of cynical indifference towards life，其中cynical指“玩世不恭”，indifference指“对一切都不在乎”。

(12) “结果是有人说我……”译为Some people have consequently saddled me with the epithets...，其中to saddle one with...意即“把……强加给某人”，epithets作“表述词语”、“称号”等解。

“伟大的空话” (1)

◎ 邓拓

有的人擅长于说话⁽²⁾，可以在任何场合，嘴里说个不停，真好比悬河之口，滔滔不绝⁽³⁾。但是，听完他的说话以后，稍一回想，都不记得他说的是什么是了。

这样的例子可以举出不少。如果你随时留心，到处都可以发现。说这种话的人，有的自鸣得意⁽⁴⁾，并且向别人介绍他的经验⁽⁵⁾说：“我遵守古人语不惊人死不休的遗训，非用尽人类最伟大的语言不可。”

你听，这是多么大的口气啊！⁽⁶⁾可是，许多人一听他说话，就讥笑他在做“八股”⁽⁷⁾。我却以为把这种话叫做“八股”并不确切，还是叫它做“伟大的空话”更恰当一些。当然，它同八股是有密切关系的，也许只有从八股文中才能找到它的渊源。

举一个典型的例子吧，有一篇八股文写道：

夫天地者，六合⁽⁸⁾宇宙之乾坤，大哉久矣，数千万年而非一日也。

你看，这作为一篇八股文的“破题”，读起来不是也很顺口吗？其中不但有“天地”、“六合”、“宇宙”、“乾坤”等等大字眼，而且音调铿锵，煞是好听。如果用标准的八股调子去念，可以使人摇头摆尾，忘其所以。

但是，可惜得很，这里所用的许多大字眼，都是重复的同义语，因此，说了半天还是不知所云，越解释越糊涂⁽⁹⁾，或者等于没有解释。这就是伟大的空话的特点。

不能否认，这种伟大的空话在某些特殊的场合是不可避免的，因而在一定的意义上有其存在的必要。可是，如果把它普遍化起来，到处搬弄，甚至于以此为专长，那就相当可怕了。假若再把这种说空话的本领教给我们的后代，培养出这么一批专家，那就更糟糕了。因此，遇有这样的事情，就必须加以劝阻。

凑巧得很，我的邻居有个孩子近来常常模仿大诗人的口气⁽¹⁰⁾，编写了许多“伟大的空话”，形式以新诗为最多，并且他常常写完一首就自己朗诵，十分得意。不久以前，他写了一首《野草颂》，通篇都是空话。他写的是：

老天是我们的父亲，

大地是我们的母亲，
太阳是我们的保姆，
东风是我们的恩人，
西风是我们的敌人。
我们是一丛野草，
有人喜欢我们，
有人讨厌我们，
但是不管怎样，
我们还要生长。

你说这叫做什么诗？我真为他担忧，成天写这类东西，将来会变成什么样子！如果不看题目，谁能知道他写的是野草颂呢？但是这个孩子写的诗居然有人予以夸奖⁽¹¹⁾，我不了解那是什么用意。

这首诗里尽管也有天地、父母、太阳、保姆、东风、西风、恩人、敌人等等引人注目的字眼，然而这些都被他滥用了，变成了陈词滥调。问他本人，他认为这样写才显得内容新鲜。实际上，他这么搞一点也不新鲜。

任何语言，包括诗的语言在内，都应该力求用最经济的方式，表达最丰富的内容。到了有话非说不可的时候，说出的话才能动人。否则内容空虚，即便用了最伟大的字眼和词汇，也将无济于事，甚至越说得多，反而越糟糕。因此，我想奉劝爱说伟大的空话的朋友，还是多读，多想，少说一些，遇到要说话的时候，就去休息，不要浪费你自己和别人的时间和精力吧！

“Great Empty Verbiage”

© Deng Tuo

Some people have a facile tongue. They talk on and on regardless of the occasion, words pouring out of their mouths incessantly, as it were, in a torrent. But, when we try to do a bit of recalling soon after listening to them, we find we have clean forgotten what they said.

Like examples abound. Keep your eyes open, and you will find them here and there. Some of those given to verbiage feel very pleased with themselves and are more than willing to share their experience with others, saying, “Our ancients say one shouldn't say anything but can cause great sensation. I therefore ought to follow their teachings by using nothing short of the greatest of human language.”

See, what a baloney! Many listeners will laugh off what they are boasting about as *bagu*^[1]. Personally, however, I think it more appropriate to call it “great empty verbiage” than *bagu*. Nevertheless, since it is closely related to *bagu*, the only way to trace its origin is perhaps from *bagu*.

Here is a typical example. A *bagu* essay begins with something like this:

0 heaven and earth—the all-embracing, the cosmos, the universe! How great and everlasting it is, in existence for millions upon millions of years instead of one day!

See, the two sentences, known as *poti*^[2], read quite smoothly, don't they? Not only are they composed of big words like “heaven and earth”, “all-embracing”, “cosmos”, “universe”, etc., but also sound deep and clear, hence pleasant to the ear. If you read them aloud according to the tone peculiar to a *bagu* essay, you may be so carried away as to start wagging your head with pleasure in spite of yourself.

Unfortunately, these big words are nothing but redundant synonyms. As you read, you don't know what the writer is driving at with all his verbosity. And the more he talks, the more unintelligible his words become. Or you find him talking for nothing at all. All that is

characteristic of great empty verbiage.

Undoubtedly, as empty verbiage is unavoidable on some specific occasions, there is need for its existence in a sense. But it would be extremely terrible to popularize it, flaunt it everywhere, or even regard it as one's special skill. And even worse it is to educate our younger generation in the art of empty verbiage so as to develop a large number of relevant experts. We should therefore do our best to dissuade people from following such a trend whenever it happens.

Quite incidentally, a kid of my neighbour's recently wrote a great many things in the manner of great poets, mostly in the form of modern poetry, but all were nothing but empty verbiage. Often, on finishing a new piece, he would read it aloud smugly. The other day, he wrote the following poem entitled *Ode to Wild Grass*, likewise packed with empty words:

The sky is our father,
The earth is our mother,
The sun is our nurse,
The east wind is our benefactor,
The west wind is our foe.
We are a tuft of wild grass,
Some people love us,
Some people hate us,
But, come what may,
We'll keep growing.

Does it read like a poem? How I worry about the future of this kid who does nothing but write trash like that all the time! Without looking at the title, one would never know that it was a poem eulogizing wild grass. Yet, to my great surprise, the kid has been given a high compliment for the so-called poem! I wonder what has motivated the flattery.

There are in the poem eye-catching terms like "sky", "earth", "father", "mother", "sun", "nurse", "east wind", "west wind", "benefactor", "foe", etc., which have become hackneyed through abuse. The kid may regard his way of writing as a means to novelty while in fact he achieves nothing novel at all.

In all language, including poetic diction, we should strive for economy of expression, i.e., using as few words as possible to express the maximum amount of content. The language you use will be most effective only when you have an idea that you simply must put across. Otherwise, your speech will be empty of matter no matter how high-sounding the words and expressions you use. And the more you talk, the worse it is. I, therefore, advise all friends indulging in empty talk to do more reading and thinking, but less talking. Resist the urge of empty talk so that you can take a rest and meanwhile avoid wasting the time and energies of yourself and others.

[1] *bagu*—eight-part essay prescribed for the imperial civil service examinations (known as a stereotyped essay for its rigidity of form and paucity of ideas).

[2] *poti*—first two sentences of an essay giving the theme (originally said of a *bagu* or stereotyped essay).

邓拓（1912—1966），福建福州人，杰出的新闻工作者、政论家、历史学家、杂文家。聂荣臻元帅曾称赞他“光明磊落，博学多才”。1966年，“文化大革命”初起时，他惨遭迫害而死，年仅54岁。《“伟大的空话”》是他于1961年发表在《前线》杂志第21期上的一篇著名杂文。文章以事实为证，针砭当时上行下效的说大话歪风，文笔生动直率，深入浅出，亦庄亦谐。

注释

(1) “伟大的空话”译为Great Empty Verbiage或Great Empty Talk皆可，但因Verbiage有“夸夸其谈”、“唠叨”之意，Great Empty Verbiage比Great Empty Talk更确切。

(2) “有的人擅长于说话”译为Some people have a facile tongue，其中facile作“流畅的”解，因此a facile tongue的意思是“能说会道”（略含贬义）。此句也可译为Some people are good at speech。

(3) “好比悬河之口，滔滔不绝”译为words pouring out of their mouths incessantly, as it were, in a torrent，其中成语as it were作“似乎”、“可以说”等解，用以表达原文的“好比”。

(4) “说这种话的人，有的自鸣得意”译为Some of those given to verbiage feel very pleased with themselves，其中feel very pleased with themselves作“沾沾自喜”解，意同feel very self-satisfied（或smug），都略带贬义。又，“说这种话的人”指“说大话的人”，故译those given to verbiage，其中given to作“喜爱”、“倾向于……”解。

(5) “并且向别人介绍他的经验”译为and are more than willing to share their experience with others，其中are more than willing作“乐于”、“愿意”等解，是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词但有其意。又，此句也可译为and are ready to pass on their experience to others。

(6) “这是多么大的口气啊！”意同“这可是废话！”，译为what a baloney!，其中baloney是口语。此句也可译为how boastful they are!。

(7) “许多人一听他说话，就讥笑他在做‘八股’”译为Many listeners will laugh off what they are boasting about as *bagu*，其中用Many listeners代替Many, the moment they listen to them talk，较简练。又laugh off...as *bagu*意同sneeringly call their speech *bagu*。

(8) “六合”指“天地东南西北”或“天地四方”，即“宇宙”。现按“无所不包”（all within the universe）之含义译为the all-embracing。如直译为the six directions，则须加注，否则外国读者看不懂。

(9) “越解释越糊涂”意即“越讲越不知所云”，故译The more he talks, the more unintelligible his words become。

(10) “模仿大诗人的口气”译为in the manner of great poets，其中成语in the manner of作“模仿……的样式”解。

(11) “但是这个孩子写的诗居然有人予以夸奖”译为Yet, to my great surprise, the kid has been given a high compliment for the so-called poem!，其中用to my great surprise表达“居然”（意同“真想不到”），又，so-called是译文中的添加成分，原文虽无其词但有其意。此句也可译为Fancy someone speaking highly of the poem!。

我的第一位美国老师

◎ 冯亦代

如今，每逢我打开一本英文书时，眼前马上会浮起我那第一位美国老师的神态。一九二九年我从初中毕业，考进了杭州闻名的美国浸礼会学校——蕙兰中学。这个学校以学风端正见称，而特别引人注意的是，它请美国老师直接教授英语。我初中是在杭州安定中学毕业的，这个学校也以英语教学出名；不过它只是一所初中，没有高中，所以我不得不去投考蕙兰中学的高中了。

在蕙兰，英文开始读的书，读本是⁽¹⁾英国作家查理·兰姆的《莎士比亚故事集》，和商务印书馆的《泰西五十轶事》，以后则是厚厚的一本《现代世界》。最后一本书我们读了三个学期，是本世界地理书，这除了读英语，还培养了我关心世界大事的习惯。

文法书则读《纳氏文法》第三册。这几本书除了《现代世界》，都是英国人⁽²⁾编写的，水平比当时一般中学读的较为高深⁽³⁾。

我对查理·兰姆的《莎士比亚故事集》特别感到兴趣，老师还没有讲完，可是我自己却念完了，所以每次老师测验，我总名列前茅，因此受到老师的注意⁽⁴⁾。我们的美国老师姓埃德加，名字则现在已记不清。她那时已有三四十岁了，身材不高，而体型已经开始发胖了⁽⁵⁾。她性格十分和善，即使对着我们这批毛孩子，她也是十分腼腆的。但是她教书很严格，每逢学生没有准备好功课，或是测验的成绩不好，她总涨红着脸，数说学生们不用功。她的口头禅：“祷告上帝，饶恕这批孩子们。”

她是美国浸礼会派来教书的，兼带着传教的任务，所以每逢礼拜日下午，她组成了一个查经班（Bible class），选了一批英语较为用功的学生去参加；因为她自己不会讲中国话，所以班里都要用英语对话。

我在查经班里曾经闹过一个笑话，这个笑话对于我以后学英语应注意的地方，是十分有用的。那天我们上班时，天忽然乌云四合，不久便下了瓢泼大雨。我当时正在学副词，只记了个副词可以形容动词。于是我说：It's raining hardly。这时埃德加小姐便说：It's raining hard。可是第一次我还没有听明白，再说一句It's raining hardly。埃德加小姐严肃地看了我一眼，又说一句It's raining hard。我猛然感觉到自己一定把hardly这个字用错了，但还不知道错在哪里。当时我没有再说话，可是心里很不安。下课后埃德加温和地对我说，

读书时要勤查字典，明白各个字的不同变化。她不是在班上直接指出我的错误，如果这样做，肯定我下不了台。但是她要我自己发现错误，并由自己改正。这个故事给我的教训颇为深刻，导致我以后勤查字典的习惯。事情已经过去半个多世纪，但这个教训还深深埋在我的记忆里。每逢我读书不求甚解时，便提醒自己快去查字典，不但对英语如此，就是对汉语也是如此。

从此我和她的感情极为融洽。高中二三年级时，正是中国的“九一八”和“一二八”，学生大都投入爱国救亡运动，我则更是忙碌，担任着杭州学生联合会的宣传工作，但我对于学习英语还是不放松，当然查经班是没有时间去了。有次课后她要回宿舍，我陪她走了一程。她说：“我知道你很忙，但我希望你不要把英语荒废掉⁽⁶⁾。对于一种第二国语言，你不用，便很容易忘掉。不过我也觉得你参加学生运动，是应该的。我只有为你祈祷上帝，降福于你。”她曾经希望我做个基督徒，但那时我已接受了一些新思想⁽⁷⁾，因此认为并无必要，她也只能长叹一声，自责她的祈祷不诚，所以我还不是个基督徒。

一九三二年她回国，我到码头送行，她含着眼泪对我说：我将天天给你祈祷，愿上帝降福于你。我和她一直通信到一九三六年，这以后我各地奔波，便断了音讯。但我始终怀念着她。

一九八〇年我去美国，曾向浸礼会探询她的消息，他们给我去查，最后告诉我她已于一九四六年去世。

她是我第一个美国教师，但使我永远不忘的，是她对于我的一番情谊。现在我老了，我总觉得我欠了她些什么，也许就是我不同意她的信仰吧⁽⁸⁾！

My First American Teacher

© Feng Yidai

Whenever I open an English book, the image of my first American teacher will immediately appear before my eyes. In 1929, on finishing junior middle school, I was admitted after an examination to Huilan Middle School in Hangzhou. Established by the American Baptist Church, it was known for its good academic atmosphere. Strikingly enough, it had English lessons taught solely by American teachers. Anding, my junior middle school, was also known for its English language teaching, but, to complete my entire middle school education, I had to get transferred to Huilan, a senior middle school.

At Huilan, my English lessons began with the following as textbooks: Charles Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, *50 Famous Stories from the West*, published by the Commercial Press and finally the thick-volumed *Modern World*, which, actually a book on world geography, took us three semesters to finish learning. It helped me not only improve my English but also build up the habit of caring for world affairs.

The English grammar book we learned was *Nesfield's Grammar, Book III*. All the above-mentioned textbooks, except *Modern World*, were authored by Englishmen and hence of a higher level than those used in ordinary middle schools at that time.

I was particularly interested in Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, so much so that I finished reading each tale before the American teacher had explained it. I attracted her attention by always coming out on top in an exam. Her last name was Edgar, but I'm unable now to recall her first name. She was then in her late thirties, short of stature and already beginning to be on the plump side. She was very kind and gentle, and shy even with kids like us. But she was very strict about teaching. Whenever students failed to perform well in doing lessons or in exams, she would, with a flush in her face, criticize them for not studying hard enough. The pet phrase she often used was, "God forgive you, my children! "

She was sent to China by the American Baptist Church to do teaching and meanwhile missionary work. On Sunday afternoons, she would pick some students diligent in English studies to join her Bible class, in which all members had to converse in English because she

herself couldn't speak Chinese.

A ridiculous error I made in the class turned out to be of great help to me in my later studies. One day, when I was in class, it suddenly clouded over and rained heavily. I was then learning English adverbs. Thinking that an adverb could modify a verb, I said, "It's raining hardly." Miss Edgar responded by saying, "It's raining hard." But I failed to understand it and repeated my own sentence, "It's raining hardly." She gave me a stern glance and said once more, "It's raining hard." Then I suddenly realized that there must be something wrong with the word "hardly" though I didn't know why. I kept quiet and felt very uneasy. After class, she told me very gently that in order to know the different functions of a word, I should frequently look up a dictionary. To avoid embarrassing me, she had chosen not to directly point out my error in the classroom. She wanted me to discover and correct the error by myself. The small incident, however, gave me a deep lesson. It has resulted in my habit of consulting a dictionary frequently. This lesson I learned more than half a century ago is today still deeply engraved in my memory. Whenever I do reading without understanding it thoroughly, I will remind myself to look up a dictionary quickly. That applies to Chinese as well as English learning.

From then on, she and I were on very friendly terms. During the time when I was in the second and third grade of the senior middle school, most students joined the patriotic national salvation movement at the outbreak of the September 18th Incident^[1] and the January 28th Incident^[2]. I got very busy doing propaganda work for Hangzhou Student Association and had no time to attend the Bible class, but I didn't slacken my efforts in English studies. One day, when after class I accompanied Miss Edgar on her way to her home, she said, "I know you're very busy, but I hope you keep your English from getting rusty. A second language, if not often used, will soon be forgotten. However, I don't think it's wrong for you to take part in the student movement. Let me pray to God for blessings on you!" She hoped I would become a Christian, but I, having embraced new ideas, chose to remain a non-convert. She felt regretful and blamed impiety on her own part for failing to convert me.

In 1932, when she was leaving China for home, I went to the wharf to bid her farewell. She said to me with tears in her eyes, "I'll pray for you every day. May the blessings of God be on you!" Then we corresponded regularly until 1936 when I began to live an unsettled life. Nevertheless, I always cherished her memory.

In 1980, on my visit to the United States, I contacted the American Baptist Church with inquiries about Miss Edgar. They told me, after checking up, that she passed away in 1946.

Miss Edgar was my first American teacher. Her friendly feelings towards me will always remain in my memory. Now that I'm old, I often feel I've treated her somewhat unfairly. Perhaps I shouldn't have kept myself aloof from her belief.

[1] September 18th Incident refers to the seizure of Shenyang on September 18, 1931 by the Japanese aggressors, as a step towards their occupation of the entire northeastern China.

[2] January 28th Incident refers to the invasion of Shanghai by the aggressor troops of Japan on January 28, 1932. The local Chinese troops put up a stiff resistance to the invaders and anti-Japanese sentiment ran high throughout China. The hostilities lasted until May 5 of the same year when Chiang Kai-shek, who had persistently followed a policy of non-resistance, signed a truce with Japan.

冯亦代（1913—2005），浙江杭州人，中国翻译协会常务理事及北京市翻译协会副会长，是我国著名作家、翻译家、报人。《我的第一位美国老师》是他写于1990年10月2日的一篇叙谈师生情的佳作。

注释

(1)“在蕙兰，英文开始读的书，读本是……”可按“在蕙兰，英文课一开始就用以下教科书：……”译为At Huilan, my English lessons began with the following as textbooks: …。

(2)“英国人”译为Englishmen。如译native speakers of English并非完全不可，只是与原意略有出入。

(3)“水平比当时一般中学读的较为高深”译为and hence of a higher level than those used in ordinary middle schools at that time。也可译为and hence more advanced than those used in ordinary middle schools at that time。

(4)“每次老师测验，我总名列前茅，因此受到老师的注意”译为I attracted her attention by always coming out on top in an exam。也可译为I attracted her attention by always coming out ahead of others in exams（或by my excellent performance in exams）。

(5)“体型已经开始发胖了”译为already beginning to be on the plump side或already on the plump side，其中on the...side是成语，作“倾向于”、“过于”、“相当”等解。

(6)“但我希望你不要把英语荒废掉”可译为but I hope you keep your English from getting rusty或but I hope you won't let your English get rusty，其中rusty常用来指技能、语言等的“荒废”。

(7)“接受了一些新思想”译为having embraced new ideas，其中embraced意同accepted或started believing。

(8)“也许就是我不同意她的信仰吧”可按“也许我不应该对她的信仰表示冷淡吧”译为Perhaps I shouldn't have kept myself aloof from her belief，其中aloof作“表示冷淡”解，belief意同religious faith（belief）。此句也可译为I shouldn't have disapproved of her Christian faith或I shouldn't have been so standoffish toward her religious faith。

上海街头⁽¹⁾

◎ 吴冠中

我每次过上海，多半是匆匆三五天，只有很少几次是超过一星期的。像一个虽常见面但无深交的熟人⁽²⁾，不很了解，而其音容笑貌却是难忘的。

上海是一个神秘的地方！我在宜兴农村的童年时代，每见到上海人回乡⁽³⁾，也总爱挤在人丛中听他们讲讲花花世界的见闻，夏天，他们穿着黑色的香云纱⁽⁴⁾，我以为香云纱就是上海人的标志。在上海做事的人显然比乡下人高贵多了，他们似乎很有钱，带回来的整筒饼干和美女月份牌就够令人羡慕了，后来我才知道他们都是当女工、小工和保姆的，挣钱并不那么容易。和百分之九十九的乡亲们一样，我的父母也从未见过上海，虽然相距并不算远，但上海对他们永远是一个遥远的天国⁽⁵⁾。近几年我每到北站候车，总听到地道的乡音，年迈的乡亲们常来上海观光了，他们的子女在工厂、大学及科研单位工作，他们有福气了。

外滩⁽⁶⁾是大上海的面貌特征吧，南京路一带的高楼大厦曾是上海人向乡下佬描述的骄傲。后来当我在伦敦过了一个暑假，发现那文艺复兴时代式样的古代楼房、那狭窄的街道，与南京路一带何其相似！不是伦敦像南京路，而是按照伦敦的某些模式捏造了南京路，让人们回忆上海滩形成的史迹吧！⁽⁷⁾然而南京路还是有自己的特色的：人多。这可与北京的王府井争冠军，争世界冠军去！

有人说上海人滑头，有人说上海人聪明灵活，我同意后一种看法。从饮食烹调到糖果点心，从轻工产品到服装样式，都体现了聪明灵活⁽⁸⁾。最近我看到上海一家毛纺厂生产的虎皮腈纶毯，很美，虎虎有生气，是一件艺术品，在众多老式呆板花色的毛毯中，它应被评为毯中之王，我希望接着出现乱真的豹皮毛毯！我也见过滑头的上海人，白相人。我也曾以为上海人吃不了苦。然而我在井冈山中、在西双版纳的橡胶林中，在新疆阿尔太的边境，遇到过不少刻苦耐劳的青年人，只当他们暴露了“阿拉，阿拉”之后，才知原来是上海人。

三十年代的上海高楼大厦，与香港差不多，此后高楼没有再生高楼，如今比不上香港了，也比不上北京了，在上海的我的老师和同学仍大都住在拥挤不堪的里弄里，仍可体验产生三十年代文学的环境。我去年十月下旬经上海，出站时遇大雨，提着行李包，撑着雨伞排进等出租汽车的长队，没希望，转入排三轮的长队，也没希望，暂找个避雨的立足之

地，没有，前后左右能容人的只是马路，大雨在横扫所有的马路。“鬼上海”！旅客们骂了。“鬼上海”！我也跟着骂。

我未曾碰到过上海的大阔佬，只在《子夜》、《陈毅市长》等文艺作品中见到资本家的豪华排场，见到老爷、太太、少爷、小姐们的神情风致。最近一次到上海，见到许多大饭店的门口排开成群西装革履、烫头发擦口红的青年男女，有的胸前佩戴着大红花⁽⁹⁾，他们在等待频频到来的小汽车里的贵客。满是一番灯红酒绿夜都市的气氛，这不真有点像少爷小姐们的阔绰气派⁽¹⁰⁾了吗！我好奇了，人们告诉我这个北京来的乡下佬，说这是结婚。那迎宾的队伍从大门口一直引至宴会厅，而且几家大饭店的喜宴日程已登记到八三年很晚的月份了。

任伯年和吴昌硕鬻画于上海。刘海粟先生在上海创办了中国第一所现代化雏形的美术学校。今天许多重要省市都有了较完整的美术学院，而上海没有，但上海拥有众多的画家，人才济济。凡是重要的美展，国内和国外的，北京展完便到上海，上海的展厅与上海之不相称⁽¹¹⁾，一如那个火车站。没有吸引我的美术活动，这大概是我每过上海多半只是匆匆三五天的原由吧！

Shanghai as I See It

© Wu Guanzhong

Whenever I passed through Shanghai, I would stay there for only three or four days, seldom more than a week. So the city, like a person who is more of a nodding acquaintance than a close friend of mine, is still rather unfamiliar to me. But its look and voice are unforgettable.

Shanghai is a mysterious place! When I was a child living in the countryside of Yixing, I used to elbow my way into a big crowd so as to listen to someone lately returned from Shanghai chatting about things he had seen and heard in the dazzling city. To me, their summer wear of dark-coloured xiangyunsha^[1] was characteristic of a Shanghailander. Evidently, those who had been working in Shanghai enjoyed a much higher status than their fellow villagers. They seemed to be quite rich. The tins of biscuits and wall calendars with pinup girls on them they had brought home were the envy of all country folks. Later, I learned, however, that they had been earning money the hard way by becoming factory workers, old jobbers or housemaids. Like 99 percent of our fellow villagers, my parents had never been to Shanghai. Though living not remote from Shanghai, they had to regard it as an inaccessible paradise on earth. In recent years, often in the waiting room of Shanghai Northern Railway Station, I have overheard some travelers speaking with a pure accent of my native place. They are apparently elderly villagers from my home town who, thanks to their children working in local factories, universities or research institutes, can now well afford to visit the city on sight-seeing tours.

The Bund is a marked feature of Greater Shanghai. Shanghailanders used to describe to country folks with pride how Nanjing Road is lined with high-rises. Later, while I was in London for a summer vacation, I noticed the remarkable resemblance between some of the narrow streets there with their renaissance-style ancient buildings and Nanjing Road. But I would rather say that it is Nanjing Road that has been modelled after London. Well, let's review the history of Shanghai! Nevertheless, Nanjing Road has a characteristic of its own, that is, street congestion. In this respect, it can vie with Wangfujing^[2] of Beijing for championship, or world championship.

Some say Shanghailanders are shrewd, some say they are smart. I agree with the latter. The delicacies they cook and the sweets and pastries they make, as well as their light industry products and dress fashions, all speak well for their cleverness. Recently I was very much struck by the robust beauty of an acrylic blanket made in imitation of tiger skin, which was the product of a Shanghai Woolen Mill. It was a real work of art standing head and shoulders above other blankets with old-fashioned dull patterns and colours. I hope they will follow up with blankets patterned to perfection on leopard skin. Shanghai is not without its sly fellows or even rogues of course. And I used to presume that Shanghailanders as a whole are not used to hardship and toil. But I have come across a great many hardworking youth hailing from Shanghai in the Jinggang Mountains, on the rubber plantations of Xi-shuang-ban-na, or in Altai on the frontier of Xinjiang. It was not until they revealed their Shanghai accent that I knew where they were from.

In the thirties, Shanghai used to compare well with Hong Kong for skyscrapers and high-rises. But later, when it ceased to erect more, it began to lag behind Hong Kong and even Beijing. Most of my former teachers and schoolmates there are still living in the close quarters of lanes and alleys, experiencing the same environment that had produced literature of the thirties. In the latter part of last October, when I made a stopover in Shanghai, I happened to be caught by a heavy rain outside the railway station. I joined a long queue for taxis with luggage and umbrella in hand, but to no avail. I joined another long queue for pedicabs, but also to no avail. Then I tried to seek a shelter from the rain, but also to no avail. All travelers had to stand in the open totally exposed to the storm. "Damnable Shanghai!" they cursed. "Damnable Shanghai!" I echoed.

I've never come to know any wealthy guys in Shanghai except in the novel *Midnight*, the stage play *Mayor Chen Yi*, etc., depicting moneyed capitalists and their families leading a lavish life. On my last trip to Shanghai, I happened to see many young men dressed in Western suits and leather shoes and women with perm and rouged lips, some sporting big red flowers on their chests, lining up in front of many luxury hotels to await the arrival of cars carrying distinguished guests. Wasn't that a night scene of colour and bustle typical of a metropolis—a scene of children from rich families flaunting an ostentatious life-style? While I was utterly puzzled, people told me that I was too much of a country bumpkin to recognize a wedding ceremony. The guest-welcoming line extended all the way from the gate to the banquet hall. And several big hotels had already been booked up for wedding banquets till the

end of 1983.

Ren Bonian^[3] and Wu Changshuo^[4] used to sell their paintings for a living in Shanghai. And Liu Haisu^[5] established China's first school of fine arts in the city. Today, many provinces and cities in China boast their own standardized art schools with the exception of Shanghai although it is home to a galaxy of painters. All art exhibitions, foreign or Chinese, were first held in Beijing and next in Shanghai. But the exhibition hall in Shanghai, like its railway station, doesn't go well with the status of such a metropolis. It therefore holds little attraction for me as a painter. That probably accounts for the fact that every time in passing through the city, I usually stayed there for only three or four days!

^[1] xiangyunsha—Silk fabric with a thin film of lacquer on the surface, manufactured in Guangdong and used as summer dress material.

^[2] Wangfujing—the busiest downtown street in Beijing.

^[3] Ren Bonian—1840-1896, born in Shaoxing, Zhejiang, a famous traditional Chinese painter.

^[4] Wu Changshuo—1844-1927, born in Anji, Zhejiang, a famous traditional Chinese painter and seal cutter.

^[5] Liu Haisu—1896-1994, born in Changzhou, Jiangsu, a famous art educator well versed in traditional Chinese painting, oil painting, calligraphy and poetry.

吴冠中（1919— ），江苏宜兴人，著名画家、绘画理论家。在挥毫作画之余，他常提笔为文，其散文得到文艺界高度赞誉，并受广大读者喜爱。在《上海街头》一文中，作者用画家的眼光审视上海的方方面面，感觉敏锐，笔带感情，色彩鲜明。但因文章写于1983年，距今二十余载，所涉及的个别情况，如市政建设，已面目一新，与当年迥然不同了。

注释

(1) 题目“上海街头”英译时应参考文章内容予以处理。如按字面直译为Streets of Shanghai反而与文章内容不符，故译Shanghai as I See It, 或Shanghai也可。

(2) “常见面但无深交的熟人”可译为a nodding acquaintance或a mere acquaintance。

(3) “上海人回乡”译为someone lately returned from Shanghai, 其中returned是不及物动词return的过去分词，用作形容词。

(4) “夏天，他们穿着黑色的香云纱”译为their summer wear of dark-coloured xiangyunsha, 其中名词wear作“服装”解。此句也可译为The xiangyunsha clothes they wear in summer。

(5) “永远是一个遥远的天国”可按“无法到达的人间天堂”译为an inaccessible paradise on earth。

(6) “外滩”译为The Bund, 是旧时专用的英文地名；bund原意是“沿江马路”、“堤岸”等。

(7) “让人们回忆上海滩形成的史迹吧！”译为Well, let's review the history of Shanghai!, 其中Well是译文中的增益成份，除承上启下外，并有“规劝”的含意。

(8) “都体现了聪明灵活”可按“都说明上海人是多么聪明灵活”译为all speak well for their cleverness, 其中speak for是成语，作“表明”、“证明”解。

(9) “有的胸前佩戴着大红花”译为some sporting big red flowers on their chests, 其中sporting意即wearing, 但带有“若人注目”、“醒目”的含义。

(10) “少爷小姐们的阔绰气派”译为children from rich families flaunting an ostentatious life-style, 其中flaunting意同showing off（炫耀），ostentatious意同extravagant（铺张浪费的）。因此此句也可译为children from rich families showing off their extravagant life-style。

(11) “上海的展厅与上海之不相称”译为the exhibition hall in Shanghai...doesn't go well with the status of such a metropolis, 其中go with是成语，作“相符”、“相配”（match with）等解。

绿衣姑娘⁽¹⁾

◎ 吴冠中

我住的会仙（贤）堂，曾是清末北京鼎鼎有名的大饭馆。想当年，画栋雕窗，面临什刹海，楼上楼下，文士雅集⁽²⁾，商贾交易，歌女卖唱，多少豪富人家在此举办过婚嫁喜筵！梁园日暮⁽³⁾，如今已成为六、七个单位数十户职工宿舍的大杂院，院内地震棚歪歪倒倒，小径曲折，乱石成堆，房檐碰头，不堪回首。我住的是最后院的最后两间平房，后墙外是一条小小的胡同，后墙窗高，在室内看不到胡同，但可听到胡同里磨剪刀的叫唤声⁽⁴⁾、汽车喇叭声、妇女吵嚷声……这些混杂的声音不时搅乱我的构思⁽⁵⁾。但终于我发现其中有一种声音是我所喜欢的：“信——，拿报纸——”显然，那是一位姑娘清脆嘹亮的声音，她将尾音拉得长长的，那音浪在胡同里家家庭院的上空久久荡漾，由我听来，那是音乐！

幸运的人们在等待喜讯，分离的亲人在盼望音信。人，总生活在希望中，个人的命运，国家的前景，世界的风云……一切未来的和未知的在引人关注，谁知明天将发生什么事情！邮递员，她送来了未知的情况和消息，有情和无情的真实⁽⁶⁾！犹如别人，我天天盼信，墙外胡同里⁽⁷⁾那位邮递员姑娘的呼喊多亲切啊，日子久了，似乎我早已熟识她。

后来，我走在偏僻的小街小胡同里，便经常不自觉地留心那些骑着绿色自行车，穿着绿色制服的邮递员姑娘们，不知哪一位是我天天听着她呼喊的老相识，她们都一样的美！我青年时期曾害目疾，住在昆明一家医院里动手术，双目全被包扎了，一切生活听护士安排照料。每日早晚，一位护士姑娘清亮柔和的声音叫我：“考体温（测体温）。”我渐渐熟悉这声音，感激这声音，爱这声音⁽⁸⁾，偷偷地爱她了，虽然全不知她是什么模样啊！当我病愈打开双目，想在许多护士姑娘中发现谁是她，但匆匆要出院了，偏偏没有再听到她的声音，我从此同样敬爱都穿着白衣服的她们！白衣战士，洁白是美吧！绿衣的邮递员，和平的绿色也是美啊！

一个下雪天，我正在家作画，突然前院一个姑娘的熟悉的声音在遥唤：“吴冠中，打戳——”邮递员来了！我放下画具，急急忙忙地从地震棚的夹道间冲到前院去。待我赶到大门口，看到邮递姑娘的绿色自行车上挂着一个不小的邮袋，邮袋里还装着满满的信件。她如何能离开邮袋呢！我才明白她为什么不能亲自送信入院，只能像草原牧羊女一般用高嗓门遥遥呼唤！天寒，她穿着厚厚的棉袄，套不上绿色的使者之衣了，宽大的围脖裹住了

头，遮掩了一半脸面，我看不清她的真面目。待交过信，她没有意识到我还想说话，便敏捷地跨上了自行车，衬着耀眼的白雪，人和车的颜色显得格外深暗，她迅速飞去的背影仿佛是一只展翅的乌鸦，不，是喜鹊！

The Green-Uniformed Girl

© Wu Guanzhong

The place where I live, known as Hui-xian-tang, used to be a well-known big restaurant in Beijing during the last years of the Qing Dynasty. With painted pillars and carved windows, it was then a splendid mansion facing the Shi-sha-hai Lake. The rooms downstairs and upstairs would be packed with literati enjoying a get-together, tradesmen negotiating business affairs, and singsong girls performing for a living. And it also witnessed numerous wedding feasts held by rich and influential families. But now, like a run-down royal palace, it has become a residential compound occupied by dozens of households with some of its members working at six or seven different organizations. Piled high with rubble here and there, the whole place is in a terrible mess with makeshift shacks, a narrow path running zigzag across it, and eaves so low as to hit the head of passers-by. I live in a one-story two-room house in the rearmost backyard backed by a small lane. As the window is high up in the wall, I can't see anything in the lane, but I can hear a lot of noises therefrom, such as the cries of itinerant knife sharpeners, the blaring of car horns and the shouting and screaming of women. The mixed noises often disturb me in my work. Exceptionally, however, I find one voice so very pleasing. "Letters, and newspapers! —" It's the clear, ringing voice of a young girl, uttered with a much prolonged last syllabic sound. It seems to keep echoing over the courtyard of each and every household in the neighborhood. To me, it's music!

People who have fortune on their side will look forward to good news; people separated from their dear ones will long to hear from them. Man always lives in hopes. The personal fate, the prospects of the nation, the fast changing world—in short, all variables and uncertainties in the future—are causing great concern. Nobody knows what tomorrow has got in store for us! The postgirl delivers to us news about the unknown future and about the real state of affairs, pleasant or unpleasant. Like others, I'm eager for mail every day. How heart-warming is the cry of the postgirl coming from the small lane back of my house! As the years go by, I seem to have known her for a long time.

Later, whenever I took a stroll along the secluded small lane, I would unconsciously turn my eyes towards the green-uniformed postgirls riding green-coloured bikes, wondering which

of them was the one whose familiar voice I had heard calling every day. These girls were equally beautiful! When I was young, I once entered a hospital in Kunming, capital of Yunnan Province, to undergo an operation for eye trouble. With both eyes bandaged, I left myself entirely in the care of a nurse. Every morning and evening, I would hear her calling me in a clear, soft voice, "Let's take your temperature!" Gradually I became familiar with the voice. I felt grateful and well disposed towards it. In short, I fell in love with her on the sly though I didn't even know what she looked like. The day when I had my eye bandage removed after recovery, I was eager to find out from among the many nurses the one who had attended to me, but in vain because leaving in a flurry, I failed to hear her voice again. Nevertheless, I've since held all white-robed nurses in high esteem. O white-robed nurses, how beautiful is the spotlessly white colour! O green-uniformed postmen and postwomen, how beautiful is the green colour signifying peace!

One snowy afternoon, when I was doing painting, I heard the familiar voice of a girl calling at a distance from the front courtyard, "Wu Guanzhong, your seal, please—!" Yes, that was the postgirl! I put down the painting brush and hurried to the front courtyard through the passageway between the makeshift shacks. Arriving at the gate, I saw hanging on the postgirl's green bike a big postbag bulging with mail. Of course that was the last thing for her to leave behind under any circumstances. I immediately realized why, instead of going to the rearmost courtyard to deliver the letter to me in person, she had had to call me from afar at the top of her voice like a shepherdess on the grassland. It was cold and she was dressed in a cumbersome cotton-padded jacket, which was so big that she could no longer wear the green uniform over it. The big scarf round her neck concealed half of her face so that I was unable to see what she really looked like. Not knowing that I was eager to talk a few words to her, she quickly mounted her bike and left. Against the blinding white snow, both rider and bike looked especially dark. Her quickly receding figure brought to mind a raven on the wing, or rather a magpie!

《绿衣姑娘》是著名画家兼散文家吴冠中写于1981年5月的一篇热情颂扬邮递员的佳作。邮递员风里来雨里去，日复一日为人们“送来了未知的情况和消息，有情和无情的真实”。作者敬爱他们，觉得“那些穿着绿色制服的邮递员姑娘”的喊声是“音乐”，她们个个“都一样的美”。

注释

(1) “绿衣姑娘”指“邮递员姑娘”，本可译为The Postgirl，现直译为The Green-Uniformed Girl，是为了保留原文的形象，读起来较生动。

(2) “文士雅集”意即“文人聚会”，译为literati enjoying a get-together，其中literati意同men of letters。

(3) “梁园日暮”可按“破败的王室园囿”译为a run-down royal palace（或garden）。

(4) “磨剪刀的叫唤声”译为the cries of itinerant knife sharpeners。由于磨刀者大多穿街走巷，从事流动职业，故必须在译文中加上itinerant（流动的）一词，才能充分表达原意。

(5) “这些混杂的声音不时搅乱我的构思”可译为The mixed noises often disturbed me in my work或The mixed noises often disturbed me while I was absorbed in thinking。

(6) “有情和无情的真实”意即“或好或坏的实际情况”，故译the real state of affairs, pleasant or unpleasant。

(7) “墙外胡同里”译为from the small lane back of my house，其中back of和at the back of同义。

(8) “爱这声音”应按“对此有好感”的意思译为I felt well disposed towards it，比I loved it确切。

蟋蟀

◎ 吴冠中

鬓发斑斑⁽¹⁾，仍总是忙碌，城中天天忙于无穷事，未有余闲品味童年捉蟋蟀的回忆。然而⁽²⁾居室⁽³⁾里突然听到了蟋蟀的叫声，我和老伴都感惊喜，高楼里哪来的蟋蟀？那声音似乎发自厨房的一角，我想可能是老伴买蔬菜时挟带回来的。

星期天，小孙女小曲来家，吃晚饭的时候，蟋蟀又高叫起来，一声高于一声，清脆响亮，仿佛是鸣奏。小曲高兴极了，饭也不吃了，要捉蟋蟀。我找来手电，顺着叫声到厨房角落里拨开⁽⁴⁾扫帚、残菜⁽⁵⁾、剩羹、废纸、旧瓶……一直清理到自来水管周围湿漉漉的水泥地面，果然一只肥大的蟋蟀伏在那里。用手电照准它，它一动也不动，我轻易地将它捉住了⁽⁶⁾。全家欢腾起来，我将蟋蟀放进装颜料用的硬纸匣里，交给小曲。小曲说她要看着蟋蟀叫，她自己找了一个半透明的小塑料瓶，将蟋蟀装入瓶里，观赏这可怜的小俘虏团团转。她奶奶怕蟋蟀室死，用剪刀将塑料瓶戳了几个透气的小洞。

小曲将蟋蟀带回去了。

夜晚屋里特别寂静，孩子们也都关门睡觉了，我和老伴两人在自己卧室里感到分外孤独。似乎是前所未有的孤独。老伴埋怨我不该捉掉了蟋蟀⁽⁷⁾！

夜半，蟋蟀又叫起来了，呵，原来不止一只！我和老伴都高兴得不想入睡了。我们不由得回忆起我们当年住在农村老家的日子：古老窗外的星空、萤火虫星星的亮光、夜莺的歌喉、自然总有蟋蟀的伴奏……我们的谈话没完没了：父老、乡亲、谁家和谁家的孩子……这一夜我们似乎远离了北京⁽⁸⁾。愿蟋蟀就在我家定居吧⁽⁹⁾！

The Cricket

© Wu Guanzhong

Grey-templed as I'm, I still always keep myself occupied. Everyday I bustle about town having little time to indulge in pleasant reminiscences of how I used to catch crickets in my childhood. One day, however, my wife and I were pleasantly surprised by the sudden chirping of a cricket in our apartment. How did it get into this tall building? As the sound seemed to come from a corner of our kitchen, I guessed it had probably come with the vegetables my wife bought from the food market.

On Sunday, when our youngest granddaughter Xiao Qu was with us, the cricket started chirping again at supper time with a rising clear and loud sound like in a performance. Xiao Qu was overjoyed and stopped eating as she was eager to catch the insect. Torch in hand, I found my way to a corner of the kitchen by tracing the sound and then cleared away everything in the way, like brooms, discarded outer leaves of vegetables, leftovers, waste paper, used empty bottles, etc. until my eyes fell on a big cricket on the damp cement floor near a water pipe. It stayed still as I lit it up with the torch. So I got it easily. The whole family was wild with joy. I put it into an empty colour-tube cardboard box and handed it to my granddaughter. But she said she wanted to have it kept in a transparent container so that she could see it chirp. Then she found a plastic bottle and happily watched the pitiable little captive therein moving about in panic. Her grandma, however, fearing that the cricket might suffocate, punctured a few holes in the plastic bottle with a pair of scissors.

Xiao Qu left for home with the cricket.

That night a complete silence reigned in our house. Our children had already gone to bed behind the closed door. My wife and I felt unusually lonesome in our bedroom. She blamed it on my having got rid of the cricket.

Late at night, we heard the chirping of a cricket again. Ah, that must be another one! My wife and I were too excited to sleep. We were lost in memories of our child life in our rural home with the starry sky outside the antique window, the glowing of fireflies, the warbling of nightingales, the ever-present accompaniment of crickets' chirrups...We chatted on and on

recalling elders at home, fellow villagers, kids in the neighbourhood, and so on and so forth. All the while, we were transported by nostalgia to our old home remote from Beijing. May the cricket settle down permanently under our roof!

《蟋蟀》是著名画家兼散文家吴冠中写于1987年8月的一篇随笔。作者从寓所内的蟋蟀“不由得回忆起……当年住在农村老家的日子”。文章质朴真挚，表现了作者对一方乡井的眷恋，堪称乡情精品。

注释

(1)“鬓发斑斑”可译为grey-templed或grey-haired。

(2)“然而……”可译为One day, however...或The other day, however..., 其中One day与The other day均为译文中的增益成分，把译文上下两句的内容更好地连贯起来，有承上启下作用。

(3)“居室”在此指“一套公寓房间”，故译our apartment，也可笼统译为our house或our home。

(4)“拨开”在此作“清除”、“拿走”等解，可译为cleared away或removed，前者是成语。

(5)“残菜”指“丢弃了的菜帮或菜叶”，故译discarded outer leaves of vegetables。

(6)“我轻易地将它捉住了”译为So I got it easily，其中got作“抓住”、“捕获”等解，意同caught，但较通俗。

(7)“老伴埋怨我不该捉掉了蟋蟀”可译为She blamed it on my having got rid of the cricket或She blamed me for having removed the cricket或She complained that I had removed the cricket等。

(8)“这一夜我们似乎远离了北京”的意思是“夜中思乡之情似乎把我们带到远离北京的故乡去了”，可译为Throughout the night, we felt as if we were in a place far away from Beijing。现用意译法处理：All the while, we were transported by nostalgia to our old home remote from Beijing，其中be transported的意思是“在想象中被带入……地方”；nostalgia也可改用ardent feeling等，都是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意，作“思乡之情”解。

(9)“愿蟋蟀就在我家定居吧”译为May the cricket settle down permanently under our roof，其中permanently是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。又，“我家”可译为in our home或under our roof。

生命

◎ 何为

如果回归自然，各有不同的方式，后人总是尊重前辈的人生最后一次选择⁽¹⁾。一位朋友偶然讲起一件事⁽²⁾，有如一篇小小说，听者动容。

在新开发的丛林里，一条蜿蜒的小径上，一个衣着素色的女人⁽³⁾踽踽独行，径直走向林子里的一棵树。这里许多树大小参差不一，有的移植不久，不过都长得很快。在一个时期内，都挺直有神。新生的树叶嫩绿有生机。当然，有人专门护理这些纪念树⁽⁴⁾。

不知多少年⁽⁵⁾，这个女人总是带着一束鲜花默默地置于树根旁，然后仰起头来，对着树身凝视，翕动⁽⁶⁾着她独有的小小嘴唇，既像独语，又像倾诉。她退后一步，打量她这树高了多少，细心地除去树下斑斑驳驳的落叶，向这棵移植多年的树倾身拥抱，亲了一下，轻轻摩挲树皮的皱纹，如同面对一个有生命的躯体。不久，她依依不舍地转身离去，消失在暮色渐浓的秋天最后一抹余晖里。

一阵秋风吹过⁽⁷⁾，树叶沙沙地响动，仿佛隐秘的私语⁽⁸⁾。女人顿时回过身来，惟有她才能听懂私语的全部含意。于是喃喃自语向大树告诉。含着泪，走向她的归途。

年复一年，小径上的女人孤独的背影，显得越来越苍老了⁽⁹⁾。

若干年后，这棵树长得更高大了，树冠缀满葱茏的树叶。它屹立在这片土地上，风吹来，满树充满生命的绿色更繁茂了。它对着苍穹，仰望太阳、月亮和星星的运行，与大自然亲密无间连成一片。

又过了些时候，靠近大树旁出现了一棵新移植的小树。小树很壮硕，也很安静。随着岁月递增，年长日久，大树和小树埋在泥土下的根茎错节，相互交织⁽¹⁰⁾。两棵树下各埋着一个精致的小木盒，木盒里的骨灰，逐渐化为树根下的有机肥，融入树身内⁽¹¹⁾。两个老者相继以这样的方式回归自然，在大自然的怀抱中，生命得以延续。树上每一片小绿叶都孕含着绿色的希望。

这是真的，是一首歌颂树葬的诗篇。不用问他们是谁，是谁，就是谁。

Life

© *He Wei*

There are various ways of returning to nature, but people generally respect the last wish made by their parents towards their journey's end. A friend of mine incidentally related to me the following occurrence which, like a little story, is very touching:

In a newly opened-up forest, a quietly dressed woman walked all by herself on a winding path straight towards one of the trees. There were many trees of varying sizes, and some had just been transplanted, but all were shooting up fast, standing straight and stout and covered with light green young leaves. Evidently, some people had been put in charge of these memorial trees.

As she had been doing for we don't know how many years, the woman stood silently beside the tree with a bunch of fresh flowers in her hand. She raised her head to fix her eyes on the tree and kept moving her unique small lips as if she were soliloquizing or sharing her innermost feelings with someone. She took a step back to assess how much the tree had grown in height and softly removed the mottled fallen leaves under it. She bent forward to hug and kiss the tree that had been transplanted many years before, and gently stroked its wrinkled bark as if it were something alive. Then she reluctantly turned round and left, vanishing into the last rays of an autumn day in the deepening dusk.

At a sudden gust of the autumn wind, the tree rustled like it was whispering secretly and the woman, being the only person capable of understanding the full implications of the whisper, immediately turned round. Then, after mumbling a few words to the tree, she said goodbye to it and set out on her way home with tears in her eyes.

As the years went by, the woman, a regular solitary visitor on the path, became older and older.

Several years later, the tree became even taller and was crowned with verdant foliage. It stood erect and became more and more luxuriantly green in the wind. It looked up at the firmament to watch the motions of the sun, moon and stars and thus merged itself with Mother

Nature.

Another period of time afterwards, there appeared close to it a newly transplanted small tree. It was robust and quiet. With the passage of time, the roots of the two trees had become twined together. They each had a delicate small wooden cinerary casket buried underneath them. The ashes in the caskets had gradually turned into organic fertilizer passing into the trees trunks by way of the roots. The two elderly persons had successively chosen the same way of returning to nature so as to have life prolonged in the bosom of nature. Each tender leaf in the trees was pregnant with green hope.

It's a true story. It's a poem singing the praises of tree burial. No need to identify the two elderly people though. It could be any person.

何为（1922— ），散文家，原名何振业，浙江定海人。二十世纪四十年代初先后就读于上海大同大学和圣约翰大学，1937年开始发表文学作品，在上海历任报纸记者、刊物编辑和电影文学编辑。1959年调至福建电影制片厂任故事片编辑负责人，1964年转任福建省作家协会专业作家。现为中国作家协会全国委员会名誉会员。何为的散文以其独特的情节著称。《生命》一文是新作，选自他2003年出版的散文集《近景与远景》。文章短隽有味，意境清新，富有诗情与哲理。

注释

(1)“前辈的人生最后一次选择”按“父母亲的临终愿望”之意译为the last wish made by their parents towards their journey's end, 其中one's journey's end是成语，意为“临终”、“生命的尽头”。此句也可译为the last wish made by their parents towards the end of their life journey。

(2)“一位朋友偶然讲起一件事”译为A friend of mine incidentally related to me the following occurrence, 其中related意为“讲述”，等于recounted、spoke of、talked about等。此句也可译成A friend of mine by chance spoke of the following。

(3)“衣着素色的女人”译为a quietly dressed woman, 其中quiet一词的意思是指颜色“素净”、“不显眼”等。此短语也可译为a woman in quiet clothing、a woman wearing a dress in quiet colours等。

(4)“当然，有人专门护理这些纪念树”译成Evidently, some people had been put in charge of these memorial trees, 其中未把“当然”译为Of course, 因Evidently的内涵更切合上下文。此句也可译为Evidently, some persons had been specially assigned to take good care of the memorial trees。

(5)“不知多少年”译为As she had been doing for we don't know how many years, 其中we don't know how是插入语，用以表达原文的“不知”。此从句也可译为As had always been the case for many years或As she had been doing for many years。

(6)“翕动”的意思是“一张一合”，故译kept moving, 未译moved。

(7)“一阵秋风吹过”根据上下文应指“起了一阵秋风”，故译At a sudden gust of the autumn wind, 其中At的含义是“作为对……的反应”或“由于”。

(8)“树叶沙沙地响动，仿佛隐秘的私语”译成the tree rustled like it was whispering secretly, 等于the tree rustled as if it were whispering secretly。译文中的like意同as if, 这用法常见于通俗语中。

(9)“小径上的女人孤独的背影，显得越来越苍老了”不宜直译，现按“常见于小径上的那个孤独女人，显得越来越苍老了”译成the woman, a regular solitary visitor on the path, became older and older。

(10)“根茎错节，相互交织”可按“树根相互盘绕”之意译为the roots of the two trees had become twined together。

(11)“木盒里的骨灰，逐渐化为树根下的有机肥，融入树身内”可按“木盒里的骨灰，逐渐化为有机肥，通过树根，进入树身”译成The ashes in the caskets had gradually turned into organic fertilizer passing into the trees trunks by way of the roots, 其中by way of意同through。

最后一圈

◎ 何为

70年代后期，收阅萧乾同志的一封信，他说“要跑好人生的最后一圈⁽¹⁾”。当时怦然有所触动，一直记得这句话。年前读他的《八十自省》⁽²⁾一文，自谓“这一圈跑了大半，离终点不会太远了”。更是令人感慨万千，不胜惆怅。算一下他的最后一圈，长达十余年，很长，也很有成绩，殊堪庆幸。以他的坚毅顽强和旷达，其“终点”线设在21世纪，是完全可预期的。从人生道路上的最后一圈，想到马拉松超长距赛跑。古希腊人在马拉松地方战胜敌军⁽³⁾，一名士兵为了迅速传递捷报，一鼓作气跑毕四万二千一百九十五米⁽⁴⁾的路程，到了雅典后就力竭死去。他带去胜利的信息，他又是长途跋涉的胜利者，后人将这一距离的竞赛项目称为马拉松赛跑，作为纪念⁽⁵⁾。

马拉松赛跑是考验人的意志⁽⁶⁾和力量的竞技运动。长跑者在同一起跑线出发。一眼望不到尽头的跑道上，强者与弱者的差距逐渐拉开。最后一圈是拼搏的时刻⁽⁷⁾。第一个到达终点的优胜者，迎来阵阵掌声和热烈欢呼，屏幕上闪耀着他创造的纪录。

然而，跑道上也有这样的场面：拖着疲惫不堪的双腿，苦苦挣扎着，摇摇欲坠几乎昏厥的身子，终于奋力冲过封锁线，那是多么激动人心的时刻！纵或是最后一名，也是一位胜利者，同样赢得热情的鼓励和赞许的掌声。人们为长跑者坚韧不拔的精神深深感动了。

人的一生好比马拉松赛跑。人人都有最后一圈，这一圈通常属于人生道路漫长的老人。七老八十的人，穿过艰难的世途⁽⁸⁾，穿过芸芸众生，穿过重重障碍，于是到了人生的最后一圈。

这一圈路程有长有短，跑得有快有慢。有的人稳健有力，从容不迫；有的人歪歪扭扭，步子不正；有的人拖拖沓沓，蹒跚不前。也有跑入歪道的人，或跑不快还要挡道的人，或不按竞赛规则乱跑的人，都是注定要失败的。

谁能跑好这最后一圈，谁就是胜利者。

The Last Lap

© He Wei

Back in the late 1970s, I received a letter from Xiao Qian^[1], in which he said, “I shouldn't slacken off on this last lap of my life.” I was deeply touched and have remembered his words to this day. Last year, when I read his *I'm an Octogenarian*, in which he said, “Having covered more than half of this lap, I'm now close to the finishing line, ”I was even more touched and seized with a feeling of sadness. To my great delight, however, his last lap, having lasted, as I figure out, for more than a decade now, is very long and fruitful. Judging by his strong will and broad-mindedness, the finishing line should undoubtedly be somewhere in the coming 21st century. Meanwhile, the last lap of human life has reminded me of the marathon race. According to legend, when the ancient Greeks defeated the invaders at Marathon^[2], a Greek soldier is believed to have run non-stop from Marathon to Athens, a distance of 42, 195 metres, to announce the Athenian victory at the battlefield. Unfortunately, after making the announcement, he dropped dead from exhaustion. He was not only the courier carrying news of the Greek victory, but also the winner of the record journey. Now the long-distance foot race of the same distance has been named after the Battle of Marathon to commemorate the legendary feat of the Greek soldier.

The marathon race is a sports event testing man's endurance and strength. Runners start from the same starting line and on the seemingly endless track the gap gradually widens between the strong and the weak. The last lap always witnesses the runners going all out to win success. The first to reach the finishing line is showered with warm applause and acclamation while the new record he or she has created is flashing across the screen.

Nevertheless, we also see this moving scene: An exhausted runner, dragging a pair of weary feet and staggering as though about to fall into a faint, barely manages at long last to hit the finishing line after a desperate struggle. Oh, what a stirring moment! He may be the last, yet he is also a winner. He likewise deserves spectators' warm encouragement and approving applause. People are deeply moved by his tenacity.

Human life can be likened to the marathon race. All people, especially the aged who have

already seen much of life, have the last lap. Septuagenarians and octogenarians are on the last lap of their lives after experiencing the twists and turns of life's journey, meeting human beings of all descriptions and going through one obstacle after another.

The last lap may be long or short; the runners may be fast or slow. Some may run with firm and steady steps and self-possession; some may run very unsteadily and out of step; some may be sluggish and run with faltering steps. What is worse, some may resort to dishonest practices; some, being slow themselves, may purposely stand in the way of others; some may run without adhering to the rules of the competition. Such people are doomed to failure.

Whoever acquits himself well on the last lap is a winner.

[1] Xiao Qian (1910-1999), famous writer, journalist and translator of literary works.

[2] Marathon, village of ancient Greece, on the east coast of Attica, some 25 miles northeast of Athens.

《最后一圈》是著名散文家何为写于1993年的一篇随笔。作者引用作家萧乾的话，把人生的晚年比作马拉松长跑的最后一圈，鼓励老年人保持晚节，跑好最后一圈，力求老有所为，发挥余热。

注释

(1)“要跑好人生的最后一圈”译为I shouldn't slacken off on this last lap of my life，是从反面叙述，其中slacken off是成语，作“松劲”、“懈怠”解。此句也可译为I should make a success of this last lap of my life或I should acquit myself well on this last lap of my life等。

(2)“《八十自省》”除译*I'm an Octogenarian*外，也可译为*I've Completed My 80th Birthday*。

(3)“古希腊人在马拉松地方战胜敌军……”译为According to legend, when the ancient Greeks defeated the invaders at Marathon...，其中According to legend（据传说）是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

(4)“四万二千一百九十五米”可译为42, 195 meters或42.195 kilometers。

(5)“作为纪念”意即“纪念该希腊士兵的传奇功绩”，故译to commemorate the legendary feat of the Greek soldier。

(6)“人的意志”本可译为man's will，今根据上下文，按“人的耐力”译为man's endurance，似更确切。

(7)“最后一圈是拼搏的时刻”可译为The last lap always witnesses the runners going all out to win success或The last lap is always when the athletes exert themselves to the utmost to win the race。

(8)“艰难的世途”译为the twists and turns of life's journey，其中twists and turns是成语，意为“曲折变化”、“艰难”等。此句也可译为the difficult journey of life。

书房

◎ 何为

书房，是读书人心目中的一个私人领地，一个精神家园，一个智慧的世界。到过几位朋友家的书房，尽管大小各不相同，陈设各异，但四壁书橱架上，层层叠叠的书籍，或排成整齐的行列，或纵横交错如阡陌丛林，满屋子到处是书，则大体相同⁽¹⁾。新时期以来，各种多卷本全套硬面精装的文集，形形色色的选集，足以令书房生辉。其间不乏名著佳作，可作为文化积累，但也难免混杂一些文化垃圾。当然，这些都无碍于书房主人坐拥书城之乐⁽²⁾。

书房永远是令人向往的去处。

我从事笔耕数十年，从来没有一间自己的书房，一间独立的、完整的、名副其实的书房⁽³⁾。我多次迁居，从大城市直至外省人烟稀少的小山村。每次搬家时，惟有书籍最累人，也最难舍弃。我爱书，说不上藏书丰富，日积月累倒也可观，几经迁移，不但没有损失，反而日益增多，因为居处的局限，每每有书满为患之感。现在我的卧室就是书房⁽⁴⁾，群书延伸到小卫生间的大书架上，无法腾出一室作书房。

然而，在我的文学生涯中，一度也有一间自己的书房。所谓书房，其实是一间贮藏室⁽⁵⁾。那幢在本世纪初期落成的陈旧宅第，开间很大，楼下一间屋子就可作为街道办的托儿所。我的一家住在三楼一大间，按今日标准，至少可分成三间，真是大而无当。不过房门外，紧靠楼梯，有一间贮藏室，倒是极为难得的。门一关，可与全家的生活区完全隔绝，避免尚在幼年的孩子们往来干扰。

这贮藏室于是成了我一生中惟一的书房，也许称之为小作坊更为贴切。狭长逼仄的一小间，北窗下靠墙置一旧书桌，进门处兀立两只叠起来的玻璃书柜，都是原先住户废弃的家具。除了窗下书桌前可容纳我的一把旧藤椅，就没有多余的空间了。不过，这样的一间书房，一个人躲在里面写作，思想很集中⁽⁶⁾。我利用一切节假日、下班后的全部业余时间，独处斗室，创作的思维和想象空间都很广阔⁽⁷⁾。

五十年代的上海寒冬腊月，气候比现在冷得多。寒夜，窗上玻璃结满冰凌，呵气如雾。我拉上窗帘，以炭盆烤火取暖，让身边的小水壶在炭火上嘶嘶作响，伴随我逐渐投入创作境界⁽⁸⁾。室内四壁都伸手可及，我在墙钉上挂着几条绳索，以便挂上大小纸片。纸片

上有创作素材的零星记录，有词海语林偶得的一鳞半爪⁽⁹⁾，也有已成篇尚待修改的原稿。短短几年，我在这作坊里，写了不少长短文章，其中有些小文，至今还受到读者的青睐，这是我想不到的。

我很想念那间小书房。有几次偕孩子们路过其地，孩子们如今都到了中年，每次我总要指点方位，告诉他们，那几乎不复可辨的三层楼上，过去是我们一家住过的地方。昨日偶经该处，发现旧屋原址上屹立着耸天高楼，旧居了无痕迹。我在夜色中频频回首仰望，怅然重温我的那个书房旧梦。

My Study

© *He Wei*

The study is to a scholar his private domain, his spiritual home and his intellectual world. I've been to the studies of several friends. Though of different sizes and with different furnishings, they are nevertheless about the same in boasting a roomful of books. Books shelved in bookcases lining the four walls. Books either piled up one upon another, or displayed in neat rows, or laid out in disorder like fields with crisscross footpaths or a jungle. In recent years, the appearance of various multivolume collected works in de luxe editions as well as selected works of every description has added to the splendour of a study. Among them there is no lack of great classics and master writings. On the other hand, some trash is inevitably mixed with them too. But that doesn't hinder the owner of the study from enjoying the company of his library.

A study is always a place of enormous appeal to us.

I've been engaged in writing for several decades, but I've never had a study of my own—a study that is independent, intact and true to its name, that is. I've moved many times, once even away from a big city to a remote small mountain village in another province. Whenever I moved, my books, cumbersome as they were, turned out to be the last thing for me to part with. I'm a bibliophile. My collection of books is far from being a big private library, but it keeps growing from day to day. Several times of house moving did not disperse my collection. On the contrary, it has become larger with each passing day until my small dwelling is overcrowded with them. Now the shelves of books in my study-cum-bedroom extend as far as the tiny toilet. No room is available to serve specifically as a study.

However, in the course of my career as a writer, I did once own a study, or, to be exact, a storeroom turned study. I was then living in an old house built at the turn of the century. It was quite roomy, so much so that the ground floor served even as a neighbourhood nursery. I and family lived in a room on the third floor, which was really big but impractical because, according to today's standard, it could have been divided into at least three rooms. Fortunately, close to the staircase just outside my room, there was a storeroom, which I

regarded as something of great rarity to me because sitting inside it behind the closed door I could cut myself off from my family and work without any disturbance from my small kids.

The storeroom was the only study I've ever had in my life. Perhaps it could be aptly called a workshop. It was long, narrow and small. An old desk stood against a wall under the northern window. Two piled-up glass bookcases rose erect near the entrance. They were the furniture abandoned by a former resident. There was no room for anything else besides my old cane chair placed before the desk under the window. However, enjoying the privacy of a so-called study like this, I could do writing with high concentration. All festivals and holidays as well as all after-hours sparetime would find me confined in solitude to the tiny room to experience the delight of giving free rein to my literary thought and imagination.

In the fifties, Shanghai was much colder in winter than now. The window panes would ice up and one's breath would freeze in the cold air. I would, with the window curtains drawn together, warm myself by a charcoal brazier over which a small kettle was sizzling away, and gradually move into the best state of readiness for creative writing. On the four walls, which I could easily reach by holding out my hand, I had several strings with scraps of paper hung on them stretched between nails. On these scraps of paper, I kept jottings of fragmentary materials for creative work, some linguistic gems and my original manuscripts awaiting revision. In this workshop, I turned out in a few years a large number of articles, both long and short, and, to my great surprise, some of the short essays I then wrote are today still to the liking of the reading public.

How I cherish the memory of the small study! Whenever I passed by the former residence with my children, who have now reached middle age, I never failed to show them the location of our old home and tell them that the third floor of the building which had changed beyond recognition had once been our home. Yesterday, when passing by the same place, I found that the old building was nowhere to be found and that a high-rise had been erected on its site. In the deepening dusk, I repeatedly turned round to look up at the towering structure and wistfully relived the old days I had spent in the small study.

《书房》是散文家何为写于1999年6月21日的一篇佳作，选自他于2003年出版的散文集《近景与远景》。文章语言锤炼，简洁明了，内容真切感人，自然流露，从读书人爱书（在颠沛流离的生活中，“书最累人，也最难舍弃”）谈到自己一辈子没有一个真正的书房，曾多年躲在一间局促不堪的储藏室里伏案笔耕，佳作累累，不禁使人想起旧时上海“亭子间作家”的潦倒情景和中国文人的坎坷遭遇。

注释

(1)“满屋子到处是书，则大体相同”译为about the same in boasting a roomful of books，其中boasting虽与having同义，但却具有“自豪”的内涵。又，a roomful of books意即a room full of books，所以上述句子也可译为about the same in being filled with books，但不如上译利落，且缺内涵。

(2)“坐拥书城之乐”未按字面直译，现按“享受以私人藏书为伴的乐趣”译为enjoying the company of his library。

(3)“一间独立的、完整的、名副其实的书房”译为a study that is independent, intact and true to its name, that is, 其中that is是成语，和that is to say同义，作“换言之”、“亦即”等解。

(4)“我的卧室就是书房”可按“我的卧室兼书房”译为my study-cum-bedroom或my bedroom-cum-study，其中cum是介词，作“兼作”解，如：a kitchen-cum-dining room（就餐做饭两用室；餐室兼厨房）。

(5)“所谓书房，其实是一间贮藏室”译为to be exact, a storeroom turned study，其中turned作“变成”解，是不及物动词的过去分词，用作形容词，例如：He is a soldier turned musician（他是军人出身的音乐家）。

(6)“这样的一间书房，一个人躲在里面写作，思想很集中”的译文为...enjoying the privacy of a so-called study like this, I could do writing with high concentration。为了避免死抠原文字面，把“一个人躲在里面”译为...enjoying the privacy of...，并把“这样一间书房”译为a so-called study like this。

(7)“创作的思维和想象空间都很广阔”不宜按字面直译，现按“任凭自己的创作思维和想象力自由驰骋”加以意译：giving free rein to my literary thought and imagination。

(8)“逐渐投入创作境界”可按“逐渐进入创作的最佳状态”译为gradually move into the best state of readiness for creative writing，其中the best state of readiness的意思是“最佳的准备就绪状态”。

(9)“词海语林偶得的一鳞半爪”意即“可供学习参考的只言片语”，可译为some useful words and expressions，现意译为some linguistic gems。

美国编辑的基本常识⁽¹⁾

◎ 董鼎山

《纽约时报》一位编辑日前来了电话，叫我将一篇文章中的“延安窑洞”（The Yanan caves）一词解释一下。这个电话立时引起我一阵感慨：美国编辑的年轻（及其对时事历史知识的简陋）反映了我自己的老年。

我的文中所讨论的是市上一本新出版的埃德加·斯诺传记。我曾指出，斯诺的《西行漫记》在1938年出版时，曾驱动了无数理想主义的⁽²⁾知识青年前往“延安窑洞朝圣”（Make pilgrimages to the Yanan caves），帮助了毛泽东革命的成功。

那位青年编辑的不解此词用意，令我憾惜那份大报资深老编辑的逐一消逝⁽³⁾。

美国新一代编辑对中国现代史的生疏并不是近年来的事。

十年之前，我替该报专论版（OP-ED page）写了一篇有关我初返祖国的经历。编辑打电话来问我文中“法租界”（French Concession）一词是什么意思。我的解释不能说服他的犹疑⁽⁴⁾。他说读者不会了解⁽⁵⁾，为了安全起见，他要把“法租界”⁽⁶⁾改为“法侨区”（French Quarter⁽⁷⁾），我勉强的同意。

又有一次，该报书评周刊一篇讨论海伦·福斯特·斯诺的《我在中国的年头》的书评中把张学良称呼为“共党少帅”（The Communist Young Marshal）。张学良怎是共产党？

我去信更正。他们把我的更正信发表。该报的认真态度是名闻世界的，但是编辑的缺乏常识是不是我们所可谅解？

美国一般报刊当事者对中国情况（即使是现在，到处多的是“中国通”）的无知是相当普遍的，例如他们常把中国人的姓氏名字前后倒置，至于电视新闻广播员更是缺乏时事修养，不只一次，我听到他们把“中华人民共和国”与“中华民国”混为一谈。

当然，1949年以后出生的人现在也有四十岁了⁽⁸⁾。有的则根本不能体会上海在解放前的情况。

有一个杂志编辑与我争论“外滩”一词的英文字。他不解我为何要用Bund（他说Bund对他而言，是战前美国一个仿德国纳粹团体的取名）。殊不知英国经商者早已在印度殖民

地用了这个字，后来用在上海的外滩，意谓“沿着江海的河堤”。

这位编辑终把Bund改为Waterfront，把我所要想形容的昔年上海繁华的外滩，一改而予人以冷落零乱印象的“码头”，完全失却了原意。

凡此种种，只不过表明新闻界也是后浪推前浪，老的退休，新的当家。在此情形下，我们这些上了年纪的撰稿者好似失去了知音⁽⁹⁾。

Ill-Informed US Newsmen

© Dong Dingshan

The other day, an editor of *The New York Times* called me to inquire about “the Yan'an caves”, a phrase he had come across in one of my articles. It struck me immediately, for the young American editor with his ignorance of current affairs and historical events was a reflection of my own old age.

The article I had written was about a recently published biography of Edgar Snow^[1]. I pointed out therein that Snow's *Red Star over China*, published in 1938, served to spur innumerable aspiring young Chinese intellectuals to make pilgrimages to the Yan'an caves, thus contributing to the success of the Chinese revolution.

The young American editor's failure to understand the said phrase made me lament the fading out of elderly senior members on the editorial staff of the renowned newspaper.

That the new generation of American newsmen are unfamiliar with modern Chinese history is by no means something new.

Ten years ago, after I sent in an article for the OP-ED page of *The New York Times* recounting experiences of my first visit to my motherland, the editor phoned me to ask about the meaning of “the French Concession”. My explanation, however, failed to bring him round. He said readers had difficulty understanding it and therefore suggested, for safety's sake, “the French Quarter” as a substitute for “the French Concession”. I agreed, but with reluctance.

Another time, in the newspaper's weekly book review, an article on Helen Foster Snow's^[2] *My China Years* addressed Zhang Xueliang^[3] as “Communist Young Marshal.” How could he be a Communist?

So I wrote them to rectify the mistake and they had my letter published. *The New York Times* is world-famous for its conscientiousness, but a lack of general knowledge on the part of its editors is nevertheless unpardonable.

Those in charge of the American press are often found ignorant of things in China although the country is said to abound in “China hands”. For instance, they often don't know how to put Chinese surnames and given names in the right order. TV news broadcasters are even more ill-informed about the current affairs. I've more than once found them mix up “the People's Republic of China” with “the Republic of China”.

US editors born after 1949, the year when the People's Republic of China was founded, are now in their forties. Some of them have little knowledge of what Shanghai was like in China's pre-liberation days.

One American editor got into a heated argument with me about the English equivalent of Waitan^[4] in Shanghai. He wondered why I should insist on using the word “Bund”, saying that as far as he knew, it referred exclusively to a pro-Nazi organization in the pre-war US. He didn't know that the word, first used by British merchants in India during its colonial days to mean “an embanked road along a waterfront”, was later also used to refer to Waitan in Shanghai.

He finally chose “the Waterfront” in preference to “the Bund”, which was a misrepresentation giving the picture of a desolate and messy dock instead of the erstwhile thriving Shanghai Bund as I had intended to describe.

Evidently the young have replaced the old to play a leading role in the US press, and ageing newspaper contributors like me seem to have lost, much to our regret, our understanding friends.

^[1] Edgar Snow (1905-1972), US journalist and writer known for his book Red Star over China.

^[2] Helen Foster Snow (1907-1997), better known by her journalistic pen-name Nym Wales, was the former wife of Edgar Snow. She moved from Utah to China in her twenties to become an author and journalist.

^[3] Zhang Xueliang (1901-2001), a native of Haicheng, Liaoning Province, was a patriotic Nationalist general well known as “the Young Marshal” because he was the eldest son of “Old Marshal Zhang Zuolin”, former warlord in Northeast China. In the Xi'an Incident of December 12, 1936, he and Yang Hucheng, also a patriotic Nationalist general, ordered their troops to kidnap and imprison KMT leader Chiang Kai-shek (1887-1975) until he agreed to stop the civil war against the Communists and fight against the Japanese.

^[4] Waitan, known as the Bund in English, is a stately street and important landmark of Shanghai located along the Huangpu River.

董鼎山（1922— ），浙江宁波人，1945年毕业于上海圣约翰大学，1947年赴美，获密苏里大学新闻学硕士学位，曾任报刊编辑、纽约市立大学教授，为著名美籍华裔作家。

《美国编辑的基本常识》是他写于1989年4月的一篇随笔，选自他的散文集《温馨上海悲情纽约》（2002年5月由上海辞书出版社出版）。

注释

(1) 题目“美国编辑的基本常识”可译为US Editors Lacking in General Knowledge，但不如Ill-Informed US Newsmen简练、确切婉转，其中Ill-Informed的意思是“不了解情况的”。

(2) “理想主义的”意即“渴望崇高目标的”、“有理想的”，译为aspiring。

(3) “……令我憾惜那份大报资深编辑的逐一消逝”译为...make me lament the fading out of elderly senior members on the editorial staff of the renowned newspaper，其中fading out作“逐渐离去”解，含有“逐一”的意思，不必另在前面加gradual等。又“大报纸”可按“知名报纸”、“有声望的报纸”译为renowned newspaper，或按“主要报纸”译为major newspaper。

(4) “我的解释不能说服他的犹疑”译为My explanation, however, failed to bring him round，其中to bring...round作“说服”解，是习语。

(5) “他说读者不会了解”译为He said readers had difficulty understanding it，在difficulty后面也可加介词in。

(6) “法租界”英语称为the French Concession，其中Concession指从前列强强迫旧中国在通商都市内“租借”给他们作进一步侵略的据点。

(7) Quarter作“地区”解，因此the French Quarter的意思是“法国人居住区”。

(8) “1949年以后出生的人现在也有四十岁了”译为US editors born after 1949, the year when the People's Republic of China was founded, are now in their forties，其中the year when the People's Republic of China was founded是增益成分，以便和后面“上海在解放前”相配合。

(9) “……我们这些上了年纪的撰稿者好似失去了知音”译为...and ageing newspaper contributors like me seem to have lost, much to our regret, our understanding friends，其中much to our regret也是增益成分，意即“非常遗憾”，原文虽无其词而有其意。

“知音”译为understanding friends，其中understanding的意思是“有识别力的”，也可译为friends who knew our worth，但含义不尽确切。

西欧的夏天

◎ 余光中

旅客似乎是十分轻松的人，实际上却相当辛苦⁽¹⁾。旅客不用上班⁽²⁾，却必须受时间的约束；爱做什么就做什么，却必须受钱包的限制⁽³⁾；爱去哪里就去哪里，却必须把几件行李蜗牛壳一般⁽⁴⁾带在身上。旅客最可怕的噩梦，是钱和证件一起遗失，沦为来历不明的乞丐⁽⁵⁾。旅客最难把握的东西，便是气候。

我现在就是这样的旅客。从西班牙南端一直旅行到英国的北端，我经历了各样的气候，已经到了寒暑不侵的境界⁽⁶⁾。此刻我正坐在中世纪古堡改装的旅馆⁽⁷⁾里，为读者写稿，刚刚黎明，湿灰灰的云下是苏格兰中部荒莽的林木，林外是隐隐的青山。晓寒袭人，我坐在厚达尺许的石墙里，穿了一件毛衣，如果要走下回旋长梯像走下古堡之肠，去坡下的野径⁽⁸⁾漫步寻幽⁽⁹⁾，还得披上一件够厚的外套。

从台湾的定义讲来，西欧几乎没有夏天。昼蝉夜蛙，汗流浹背，是台湾的夏天。在西欧的大城，例如巴黎和伦敦，7月中旬走在阳光下，只觉得温暖舒适，并不出汗。西欧的旅馆和汽车，例皆不备冷气⁽¹⁰⁾，因为就算天热，也是几天就过去了，值不得为避暑费事。我在西班牙、法国、英国等地租车长途旅行，其车均无冷气，只能扇风。

巴黎的所谓夏天，像是台北的深夜，早晚上街，凉风袭肘，一件毛衣还不足御寒。如果你走塞纳河边，风力加上水气，更需要一件风衣才行。下午日暖，单衣便够，可是一走到楼影或树阴里，便嫌单衣太薄。地面如此，地下却又不同。巴黎的地车比纽约、伦敦、马德里的都好，却相当闷热，令人穿不住毛衣。所以地上地下，穿穿脱脱，也颇麻烦⁽¹¹⁾。7月在巴黎的街上，行人的衣装，从少女的背心短裤到老妪的厚大衣，四季都有。7月在巴黎，几乎天天都是晴天，有时一连数日碧空无云，入夜后天也不黑下来，只变得深洞洞的暗蓝。巴黎附近无山，城中少见高楼，城北的蒙马特也只是一个矮丘，太阳要到九点半才落到地平线上，更显得昼长夜短，有用不完的下午。不过晴天也会突来霹雳：7月14日法国国庆那天上午，密特朗总统在香热里榭大道⁽¹²⁾主持阅兵盛典，就忽来一阵大雨，淋得总统和军乐队狼狈不堪。电视的观众看得见雨气之中，乐队长的指挥杖竟失手落地，连忙俯身拾起。

法国北部及中部地势平坦，一望无际，气候却有变化。巴黎北行一小时至卢昂，就觉得冷些；西南行二小时至罗瓦河中流，气候就暖得多，下午竟颇燠热，不过入夜就凉下

来，星月异常皎洁。

再往南行入西班牙，气候就变得干暖。马德里在高台地的中央，七月的午间并不闷热，入夜甚至得穿毛衣。我在南部安达露西亚地区及阳光海岸（Costa del Sol）开车，一路又干又热，枯黄的草原，干燥的石堆，大地像一块烙饼，摊在酷蓝的天穹之下，路旁的草丛常因干燥而起火，势颇惊人。可是那是干热，并不令人出汗，和台湾的湿闷不同。

英国则趋于另一极端，显得阴湿，气温也低。我在伦敦的河堤区住了三天，一直是阴天，下着间歇的毛毛雨。即使破晓时露一下朝曦，早餐后天色就阴沉下来了。与我存走过滑铁卢桥，7月的河风吹来，水气阴阴，令人打一个寒噤，把毛的翻领拉起。我们开车北行，一路上经过塔尖如梦的牛津，城楼似幻的勒德洛（Ludlow），古桥野渡的蔡斯特（Chester），雨云始终罩在车顶，雨点在车窗上也未干过。进入步布瑞亚的湖区⁽¹³⁾之后，遍地江湖，满空云雨，偶见天边绽出一角薄蓝，立刻便有更多的灰云挟雨遮掩过来。真要怪华兹华斯⁽¹⁴⁾的诗魂小气，不肯让我一窥他诗中的晴美湖光。在我一夕投宿的鹰头（Hawkshead）⁽¹⁵⁾小店栈楼窗望出去，沿湖一带，树树含雨，山山带云，很想告诉格拉斯米教堂墓地里的诗翁，我国古代有一片云梦大泽，也出过一位水气逼人的诗宗。

Summer in Western Europe

© Yu Guangzhong

Light-hearted as he seems, a traveler is in fact under great stress. Though on vacation, he is nevertheless subject to the restraint of time. He can do whatever he likes on the trip, but he has to keep the expenditure within the limits of his pocket. Wherever he goes, he has to take with him his cumbersome hand luggage. He faces the most horrible possibility of losing his money and credentials, which will reduce himself to a pauper of unknown background. And, besides, he can never be sure of the weather.

That's what I'm like now. I've traveled all the way from the southern tip of Spain to the northern tip of England, experiencing a variety of climates until I've become apathetic to the elements. I'm now sitting in a medieval castle turned hotel, writing an article for my readers. The day is just dawning. In Central Scotland, there lies under the grey wet clouds a wild wooded region, beyond which a green mountain stands faintly visible. In the chilly air of the early morning, I have to be dressed in a woolen sweater while sitting on a stone wall one foot in thickness. But I need, in addition, an outer garment to keep me warm in case I come down the spiral staircase—the intestines of the castle—to take a stroll along an unfrequented path down the mountain slope in search of secluded places of quiet beauty.

By Taiwan standards, Western Europe has practically no summer at all. Summer in Taiwan is characterized by man's copious perspiration as well as daytime chirping of cicadas and nightly croaking of frogs while in big European cities, like Paris and London, the mid-July temperature is so moderate and comfortable that none sweat even in the sun. Hotels and cars in Western Europe are usually not air-conditioned because hot days are so few that people don't bother about having a cooler. The cars I hired for long-distance driving in Spain, France and England had fans, but no air-conditioning.

The climate of Paris in summer is like that of Taipei at night. When you go out on an early morning or late evening, your woolen sweater will be hardly warm enough to keep out the nip in the air. When you walk along the Seine, where it is even chillier due to the strong wind coupled with the cold waters, you have to wear a windcheater. Then, all you need is just an

unlined garment in the afternoon when it is warm, but you'll feel like putting on more when you are under the shade of buildings or trees. That's all for things aboveground. Now things underground. The subway of Paris is better than that of New York, London or Madrid, but it is so hot and stuffy that you feel like taking off your woolen sweater. Consequently you'll be annoyed by having to don or doff your clothes now and then, depending on whether you're aboveground or underground. In July, Parisians in the open are seen dressed in the clothes of all seasons, ranging from young girls' vests and short skirts to elderly women's thick overcoats. In July, Paris has sunny weather almost every day. Sometimes the sky is blue and cloudless for days on end and, when night comes, it never turns pitch dark, but remains a deep blue. There are no mountains in its vicinity and few high-rises in the city proper. Montmartre in the north of the city is a mere hillock. As the sun never sinks below the horizon until 9:30 pm, the days seem even longer and the nights even shorter. And the afternoons seem to last endlessly. Nevertheless, sometimes a thunderbolt also comes from the clear sky. On the morning of July 14, French National Day, when President Mitterrand was presiding over the review of a massive military parade on Champs Elysées, it suddenly started raining in torrents. The President and the military band, caught in the downpour, found themselves in a very awkward situation. TV viewers even saw the bandmaster bend down quickly to pick up the baton he had dropped onto the ground in a flurry.

In Northern and Central France lie boundless level plains with varying climates. Rouen, which is a one-hour ride to the north of Paris, is cooler while the central reaches of the Loire River, which is a two-hour ride to the southwest of Paris, is much warmer. The latter becomes very hot in the afternoon, but cooler at night with the bright moon and stars in the sky.

Down in Spain, the climate is arid and warm. Madrid is located in the center of a plateau. Its noontime temperature in July is not sultry, and you have to wear a woolen sweater towards the evening. In Southern Spain, when driving in the Andalusia region and along the Costa del Sol, I found everything dry and hot. The grass was turning yellow and the rocks were dry. The earth was like a pancake roasting under the deep blue firmament. Alarmingly, the roadside grass often started burning by itself. Unlike Taiwan which is humid, Southern Spain is hot and dry and so people there don't sweat at all.

England is at the other extreme, being overcast and wet with a low temperature. It was gloomy all the time and kept drizzling intermittently during the three days when I stayed in the

River Embankment area of London. Sometimes the morning sun made its brief appearance at daybreak, but the sky turned overcast soon after breakfast. While crossing Waterloo Bridge with Wocun against the July wind blowing from the River Thames, a nip in the air sent shivers down my spine, forcing me to turn up my fur collar. We drove up north through Oxford with its dreamy spires, Ludlow with its illusory old castles and Chester with its ancient bridge and solitary ferry crossing. Rain clouds continued to hang over our car and raindrops remained intact on its windows. After entering the Lake District, Cumbria, we found rivers and lakes everywhere and the sky full of rain clouds. Occasionally a speck of light blue would appear over the horizon only to be soon blotted out by dark grey rain clouds. I could not help complaining against Wordsworth for grudging me a sunny scene of the beautiful Lakeland as described in his poems. In Hawkshead, I put up for one night at a small inn. Looking out of its window, I saw all trees around the lakes wet with rain and all mountains shrouded by clouds. How I longed to tell the great poet^[1] lying in Grasmere Churchyard that in ancient China there was also a great poet^[2] domiciled in a region of rivers and lakes !

^[1] Referring to the English poet William Wordsworth (1770-1850) of the romantic school, who was buried in Grasmere Church after his death.

^[2] Referring to Qu Yuan (formerly translated as Ch'u Yuan c.340-277BC), minister of the State of Chu during the Warring States period and one of China's earliest poets. His failure to win the support of the corrupt king of Chu for his honest and progressive proposals made his life a tragic one. Seeing no future for his beloved country, he drowned himself in the Miluo River in Hunan Province.

《西欧的夏天》的作者是台湾著名诗人、散文家、学者余光中（1928— ）。他祖籍闽南，生于江苏南京。1947年入金陵大学外语系（后转入厦门大学）。1949年随父母迁香港，次年赴台。1952年毕业于台湾大学外语系。1959年获美国爱荷华大学艺术硕士学位。曾先后任教于台湾若干大学。

注释

(1)“旅客似乎是十分轻松的人，实际上却相当辛苦”译为Light-hearted as he seems, a traveler is in fact under great stress, 其中“轻松”也可译为gay and free、joyous、joyful、cheerful等，但light-hearted有carefree（无忧无虑）的含义，结合内容，应为首选。“辛苦”应指“处于紧张状态”，故译为under great stress，未按字面译为worn out、exhausted、tired等。

(2)“旅客不用上班”意即“旅客在度假”，可译为Though (he is) on vacation或Though (he is) vacationing，比直译Though he doesn't go to work确切。

(3)“爱做什么就做什么，却必须受钱包的限制”译为He can do whatever he likes on the trip, but he has to keep the expenditure within the limits of his pocket，其中within the limits of his pocket等于within his means。此句也可译为He can do whatever he likes on the trip, but it mustn't go beyond his purse（或his means）。

(4)“蜗牛壳一般”不宜直译，现按“拖累的”、“笨重的”之意译为cumbersome。

(5)“沦为来历不明的乞丐”译为which will reduce himself to a pauper of unknown background，其中“乞丐”可译为pauper或beggar、tramp（流浪者）等。“来历不明的……”可译为...of unknown background或unidentifiable...。

(6)“已经到了寒暑不侵的境界”可按“对任何天气都不在乎了”译为I've become apathetic to the elements或I've become indifferent to the change of weather。

(7)“中世纪古堡改装的旅馆”译为a medieval castle turned hotel，其中turned是不及物动词turn的过去分词，用作形容词，作“变成”解。

(8)“野径”可按“人迹稀少的小路”、“冷落的小道”译为an unfrequented path。

(9)“寻幽”可按“寻找宁静的美景”译为in search of secluded places of quiet beauty或in search of tranquil scenes。

(10)“例皆不备冷气”意即“一般都没有空调”，故译为are usually not air-conditioned。

(11)“所以地上地下，穿穿脱脱，也颇麻烦”译为Consequently you'll be annoyed by having to don or doff your clothes now and then, depending on whether you're aboveground or underground，其中now and then和depending on whether you're都为充分表达原意和满足造句需要而在译文中增添的词语。

(12)“香热里榭大道”即巴黎的“香榭丽舍大街”（Champs Elysées），以美丽和讲究时髦著称。

(13)“步布瑞亚的湖区”即位于英格兰西北部的步布瑞亚（Cumbria）郡的湖区，风景优美，可译为the Lake District, Cumbria、the Lakes, Cumbria、the Lakeland, Cumbria。

(14)“华兹华斯”即William Wordsworth（1770-1850），为英国主要浪漫派诗人（又称湖畔派诗人）之一，居住在the Lake District。1843年被封为桂冠诗人。

(15)“鹰头（Hawkshead）”是位于湖区（the Lake District）中心的一个著名村庄。

多一只碟子

◎ 金圣华

从朋友口中，听到一则轶事。

电子学教授陈之藩当年自美国来香港中文大学履新，临行之前，与夫人在家中整理行装。陈教授夫妇有一套精美的茶具，收拾装箱时，一不小心，打破了一只茶杯。

一般人的反应，一定是感到十分心疼⁽¹⁾，好端端的成套茶具，打破一只杯，如何去配？⁽²⁾

谁知陈教授的反应却不然，他莞尔一笑，坦然说道：“真不错，又多了一只碟子！”

凡事从好处想，这种能耐⁽³⁾，在现实生活中，确能使人受益无穷。

陈之藩教授不但是位杰出的科学家，也是位了不起的散文家，他的一些散文集，清新隽永，当年曾使我折服不已⁽⁴⁾。如今回想起来，令我惊叹的，不仅仅是他那优美的文笔，而是字里行间流露出来的睿智与巧思。

人生不如意事常八九⁽⁵⁾，这是一句老话，老得几乎令人不想再重复⁽⁶⁾，可是生命的旅程，行行复行行，在漫长的旅途上，的确会遇上一重又一重的挫折。

每当失意时，人总觉得别人为什么比自己幸运？别人生意兴隆、仕途平坦、财源广进⁽⁷⁾、名成利就；自己为什么如老牛破车，踽踽独行在暮色四合的郊道上？

果真如此吗？杯中只有一半水，有人喜孜孜说：“好呀！还有半杯⁽⁸⁾”，有人愁眉苦脸：“哎呀！只剩下半杯了”，分别就在这里。

One Saucer More

© Jin Shenghua

I've been told the following anecdote by a friend of mine:

When Chen Chih-fan, professor of electronics, was about to leave the U.S. for Hong Kong to take up his new post at the Chinese University of Hong Kong, he did packing at home with his wife. They owned a beautiful tea set, but while packing up, they had one of the cups broken through carelessness.

Ordinary people would have got very upset over it, as it was always troublesome to replace the broken cup to complete the set.

Professor Chen, however, reacted to it differently. He said calmly with a smile, "Wow! Now we've got one saucer more!"

The attitude of always looking on the bright side of things will definitely be of inestimable benefit to us in our real life.

Professor Chen has distinguished himself both as a scientist and an essayist. His prose writings, which have been published in several collections, are known for their fresh and expressive style. I was struck with admiration when I first read them, and I remember how I marvelled then at the keen insight and wisdom displayed between the lines as well as his beautiful language.

Things seldom go one's way. That's a popular saying too old to warrant re-quoting. But, one will certainly meet with one setback after another on his life's long journey.

When frustrated, one is apt to wonder why the more fortunate can fare so well either in business or officialdom, making a pile or enjoying both fame and wealth, while he himself, like an old ox pulling a rickety cart, has to trudge all by himself on a country road thick with dusk.

Is that true? Now take for example a cup half filled with water. Some, in the face of it,

may exclaim with delight, "Great, the cup is half full!" Some may grumble gloomily, "Too bad, the cup is half empty!" You see how the two kinds of people differ.

金圣华，著名翻译家、散文家，原籍浙江省上虞县，美国华盛顿大学硕士及法国巴黎大学博士。现任香港中文大学翻译系讲座教授，中文大学校董，中国翻译协会理事，著作和译作甚丰。《多一只碟子》选自她1995年出版的杂文集《桥畔闲眺》。文章流畅自如，遣词简明，深入浅出，劝导人们“凡事从好处想”，以达观的态度化解生活中可能遇到的烦恼。

注释

(1)“一般人的反应，一定是感到十分心疼”中的“十分心疼”可按“十分心烦”之意译为very upset或much distressed等。全句可译为Ordinary people would have got very upset about it，其中would have got是虚拟式。此句也可译为To ordinary people, this would have been a matter of much regret。

(2)“好端端的成套茶具，打破一只杯，如何去配？”英译时可按如下肯定句“不易更新茶杯，以便为茶具配套”处理：always troublesome to replace the broken cup to complete the set。

(3)“能耐”本应按“本领”之意译为ability等，但此处最好按“态度”之意译为attitude。见原句英译：The attitude of always looking on the bright side of things will definitely be of inestimable benefit to us in our real life。

(4)“当年曾使我折服不已”中的“当年”该如何译，颇费思索，现按“从前阅读时”译为when I first read them。全句的译文是：I was struck with admiration when I first read them。

(5)“人生不如意事常八九”译为Things seldom go one's way。也可译为Things often do not turn out as one wishes或Ten to one, things do not go the way as one wishes。

(6)“老得几乎令人不想再重复”可直译成so trite that people no longer feel like quoting it。现译为too old to warrant re-quoting，其中warrant一词意为“需要”（to call for）。

(7)“财源广进”可按“发财”之意译为making a pile或amassing a fortune等。

(8)“好呀！还有半杯”和“哎呀！只剩下半杯了”可分别直译成Great, we still have half a cup! 和Too bad, only half a cup left!。但均不如分别作以下处理可取：Great, the cup is half full! 和Too bad, the cup is half empty! 其优点是简洁、俏皮。

书与人

◎ 金圣华

有朋友在情场上轰轰烈烈的驰骋了一阵⁽¹⁾，终于累了，最后，收拾情心⁽²⁾，悄悄退回书斋之中，终日与书本为伍。

再不听到他唉声叹气，只觉他心情平和，仿佛一切都豁然开朗，天地广阔了许多。

把自己的喜怒哀乐，完全寄托在另外一个人身上⁽³⁾，原是一件十分危险的事。对方喜则自己心花怒放，对方怒则自己心惊胆战，对方的一笑一颦，完全控制着自己的情绪起落，这又何苦呢？

面对书本，则完全没有这种麻烦。

择书比择友简单得多。不擅辞令、厌恶应酬⁽⁴⁾的人，可以自由自在的徜徉于书林之中，游目四顾，俯拾皆友。

看书，可以博览，可以细嚼⁽⁵⁾，没有人会怪你喜新厌旧，也没有人要求你从一而终。你大可以从一本换到另一本，喜爱的书，不妨一读再读；不耐看的书，又可随手抛下，谁也不会因此而伤心失望。人际关系错综复杂，那“书际关系”呢？只要花点时间去了解，再高深的学问也弄得明白。

手持一书，吟哦于四壁之中，神游于四海之外，既可以与老庄谈心，又可以跟柏拉图对话。心情烦闷时⁽⁶⁾，济慈、雪莱在你耳畔喁喁细语⁽⁷⁾，巴尔扎克为你搬演“人间喜剧”⁽⁸⁾，还有李白、杜甫、王尔德、莎士比亚.....一大堆才华横溢的朋友等着你呼唤前来。

找不到朋友时，为什么不翻翻书？

Books and Man

© Jin Shenghua

A friend of mine, having been actively involved in the arena of love for some time, finally became weary of it and, containing himself, quietly retired to his study to spend time with books all day long.

He was no longer heard sighing deeply. On the contrary, he now had a peaceful mind and felt everything was bright and clear and the world wide and open.

It is very dangerous to let somebody be master of your sentiments, such as joy, anger, pleasure and sorrow. For example, you are elated simply because the other party looks cheerful, you are jumpy simply because the other party looks put out. Consequently, you are completely at the mercy of the other party as regards your own mood. Is it worth it?

As to books, things are entirely different.

It is much easier to choose a book than a friend. One who is poor at speech and shuns socializing will nevertheless feel like being surrounded by friends while sauntering freely in the midst of books.

Some books are to be read cursorily, and some are to be chewed and digested. None will ever call you fickle-minded, and none will ever demand that you be constant in your affection. You can go from one book to another. And you can read your favourite book over and over again. When you lay aside the book you dislike, none will ever feel hurt or disappointed. While interpersonal relations are most complicated, what about your relations with books? Devote your time to studies, and you will be able to acquire any knowledge no matter how profound it is.

While being confined to your small room with a book in your hand, your mind will be roaming throughout the world. You will not only have a heart-to-heart chat with Laozi^[1] and Zhuangzi^[2], but also converse with Plato. When you are in a mood, Keats and Shelley will whisper to you soothingly, and Balzac will amuse you with stories from his *La Comédie*

humaine. And a galaxy of talented friends like Li Bai^[3], Du Fu^[4], Oscar Wilde, Shakespeare...will come to you at your call.

If you are lonely, why not seek the company of books?

^[1] Laozi (or Lao-tzu, c. 604-531 BC), renowned Chinese philosopher of the late Spring and Autumn Period and founder of Taoism.

^[2] Zhuangzi (or Chuang-tzu, c. 369-286 BC), Chinese philosopher and writer of the Warring States Period who advocated Taoism.

^[3] Li Bai (701-762), one of China's most famous poets in the Tang Dynasty.

^[4] Du Fu (712-770), one of China's most famous poets in the Tang Dynasty.

《书与人》选自香港中文大学教授金圣华著的杂文集《桥畔闲眺》（1995年1月出版）。文章简洁精辟，寓庄于谐，权衡“情场”与“书林”的轻重得失，语重心长，堪称劝学佳篇。

注释

(1)“在情场上轰轰烈烈的驰骋了一阵”译为having been actively involved in the arena of love for some time，其中having been actively involved in的意思是“积极参与……”、“沉醉于……”等。也可用直译法处理之：having galloped about vigorously in the arena of love for some time。或意译为：having been engrossed in romance for some time，其中romance意同love affairs。

(2)“收拾情心”意即“自我克制”，故译containing himself。

(3)“把自己的喜怒哀乐，完全寄托在另外一个人身上”意即“让别人控制自己的喜怒哀乐情绪”，故译to let somebody be master of your sentiments, such as joy, anger, pleasure and sorrow。

(4)“厌恶应酬”译为shuns socializing，其中用shuns (avoids deliberately)替代dislikes; socialize的意思是“参加社交活动”，也可译为dislikes social functions，但social functions指社交集会，如聚会、宴会等，涵盖不如socialize广。

(5)“可以细嚼”本可译为some are to be chewed carefully，现引用英国哲学家弗兰西斯·培根（Francis Bacon）《谈读书》（Of Studies）一文中的用语，把“细嚼”译为to be chewed and digested（咀嚼消化），无损原意。

(6)“心情烦闷时”译为When you are in a mood，其中in a mood是成语，作“情绪不好”、“生气”解。

(7)“在你耳畔喁喁细语”译为will whisper to you soothingly，其中soothingly是根据上下文而添加的成分，作“用抚慰的口气”解。

(8)“巴尔扎克为你搬演‘人间喜剧’”可按“巴尔扎克重述‘人间喜剧’中的故事，为你带来乐趣”译为Balzac will amuse you with stories from his *La Comédie humaine*。

一座长桥

◎ 金圣华

翻译就像一座桥，桥两端，气候悬殊，风光迥异。两端之间，原隔着险峻的山谷⁽¹⁾，湍急的溪流⁽²⁾。两旁的人，各忙各的，世代相传⁽³⁾，分别发展出一套不同的习俗风尚以及语言文化来。

有一天，这不同文化习俗的人，忽然想起要跟对岸打个招呼⁽⁴⁾。怎么办？要渡过峡谷，不得不起一座桥，谁来起桥？

终于来了，一群傻里傻气的志愿者⁽⁵⁾。

问他们：“你们可知道，干这份工作，必须吃得起苦，干劲十足？”

他们点点头，充满信心的说：“我们有的是干劲，我们也不怕吃苦。”

再问道：“这份差事⁽⁶⁾，待遇并不好，赶起工来，日以继夜。说老实话，你们可知道付出的劳力与报酬并不相符？”

答道：“我们不是想发财。”

再追问：“难道不知道从来没有人是干这一行而发达的吗？做这一行必须默默耕耘⁽⁷⁾，若想抱着沽名钓誉的心，还是趁早别干。桥造好了，人在桥上踏，没有谁会为你们立纪念碑的。”

又答道：“我们不是想出名。”

最后只有叹道：“好吧！既不为名也不为利，可别怪大家没提醒你们⁽⁸⁾，这工作可得小心经营，起桥最要紧的是两端根基扎得实，起石桥得一块块石头砌；起木桥得一块块木头搭；哪怕是座绳桥也马虎不得，须一根根绳子打结，不然人一上桥就摔下深涧，怎么还到得了对岸？”

桥还是建了，一座座、一条条。知识在传递，文化在交流。可是有谁想起建桥人？

A Long Bridge

© Jin Shenghua

Translation is like a bridge with a very different climate and landscape at either end of it. Under the bridge, there lies a valley between steep mountains with a rapid stream flowing through it. Before the bridge is built, people on either side of the valley have for generations made no contact with those on the other. Hence, there have developed two different customs and habits, and two different languages and cultures.

One day, people of the two sides, each with a different culture and custom, suddenly desire to communicate with each other. What can they do? A bridge of course has to be built in order to cross the valley. But who is to build it?

At last, a group of people naively offer themselves for the job.

Someone asks them, “Don't you know you'll have to go about this job earnestly and fear no hardship? ”

They nod their heads and answer with confidence, “We're full of drive and not afraid of hardship.”

The questioner says again, “The profession you're joining pays badly. And often you even have to work round the clock. Frankly, you won't be fairly rewarded according to your labour.”

They answer, “We don't want to get rich.”

The questioner says again, “Don't you know that none in this profession have ever become prosperous. You have to toil away in obscurity. If you want to go after fame and compliments, you had better not choose this profession. When people walk on the bridge after it is built, none will ever think of putting up a monument to you.”

They answer again, “We don't care for fame.”

The questioner concludes with a sigh, “OK, so you seek neither fame nor wealth. But mind you, you have to be very careful in doing this job. A solid foundation must be laid at each end of the bridge. A stone bridge is built with block after block of stone. A wooden bridge is built with piece after piece of wood. Even the building of a rope bridge requires great care. Each rope has to be tied tightly lest the foot passengers should fall into the ravine, to say nothing of reaching the opposite side.”

Bridges are being built one after another. Knowledge spreads and cultures interflow. But who thinks of the bridge builders?

《一座长桥》选自香港中文大学教授金圣华著的杂文集《桥畔闲眺》（1995年1月出版）。书中不少杂文谈论翻译，此为其中之一。文章以比喻手法描述翻译工作者的甘苦与贡献，有声有色，切中要害。现用现在时态英译全文，以增加文字的生动性。

注释

(1)“险峻的山谷”指“位于陡峭的两山之间的狭长地带”，故译a valley between steep mountains，其中把“险峻”译为steep或dangerously steep皆可。

(2)“湍急的溪流”意即“中间有湍急的溪流”，故译with a rapid stream flowing through it，其中with和flowing through it都是译文中的增益成分。

(3)“两旁的人，各忙各的，世代相传”意即“两岸的人，世世代代不相往来”，故译people on either side of the valley have for generations made no contact with those on the other。

(4)“忽然想起要跟对岸打个招呼”意即“忽然想要同对岸的人联系”，故译suddenly desire to communicate with each other。

(5)“终于来了，一群傻里傻气的志愿者”译为At last, a group of people naively offer themselves for the job，其中offer themselves for the job作“自荐做这工作”解，全句也可译为At last a group of volunteers naively offer to do the job。

(6)“这份差事”本可按“这个工作”译为This job，现按“这一行”或“这职业”译为This profession，似更切合原文内涵。

(7)“必须默默耕耘”译为You have to toil away in obscurity，其中“耕耘”译为to toil away，意同to work very hard，不可直译为to plough and weed。又“默默”译为in obscurity意为without being known to people at large（鲜为人知）。

(8)“可别怪大家没提醒你们”不必直译，现按“请注意”或“请听着”译为mind you，既简易达意，又口语化。

我喜欢⁽¹⁾

◎ 张晓风

我喜欢冬天的阳光，在迷茫的晨雾中展开。我喜欢那份宁静淡远⁽²⁾，我喜欢那没有喧哗的光和热。

我喜欢在春风中踏过窄窄的山径，草莓像个精致的红灯笼，一路殷勤地张结着⁽³⁾。我喜欢抬头看树梢尖尖的小芽儿，极嫩的黄绿色里透着一派天真的粉红。

我喜欢夏日的永昼⁽⁴⁾，我喜欢在多风的黄昏独坐在傍山的阳台上。小山谷里稻浪推涌，美好的稻香翻腾着。慢慢地，绚丽的云霞被浣净了，柔和的晚星一一就位。

我喜欢看秋风里满山的芒。在山坡上，在水边上，白得那样凄凉，美而孤独。

我也喜欢梦，喜欢梦里奇异的享受。我总是梦见自己能飞，能跃过山丘和小河。我梦见棕色的骏马，发亮的鬃毛在风中飞扬。我梦见荷花海，完全没有边际，远远在炫耀着模糊的香红。最难忘记那次梦见在一座紫色的山峦前看日出——它原来必定不是紫色的，只是翠岚映着初升的红日，遂在梦中幻出那样奇特的山景。在现实生活里，我同样喜欢山。

我喜欢看一块块平平整整、油油亮亮的秧田。那细小的禾苗密密地排在一起，好像一张多绒的毯子，总是激发我想在上面躺一躺的欲望。

我还喜欢花，不管是哪一种，我喜欢清瘦的秋菊，浓郁的玫瑰，孤洁的百合，以及幽闲的素馨⁽⁵⁾。我也喜欢开在深山里不知名的小野花。我十分相信上帝在造万花的时候，赋给它们同样的尊荣。

我喜欢另一种花儿，是绽开在人们笑颊上的。当寒冷的早晨我走在巷子里，对门那位清癯的太太笑着说：“早！”我就忽然觉得世界是这样的亲切，我缩在皮手套里的指头不再感觉发僵。到了车站开始等车的时候，我喜欢看见短发齐耳的中学生。我喜欢她们美好宽阔又明净的额头，以及活泼清澈的眼神。

我喜欢读信。我喜欢弟弟妹妹的信，那些幼稚纯朴的句子，总使我在泪光中重新看见南方那燃遍凤凰花的小城⁽⁶⁾。最不能忘记那年夏天，他⁽⁷⁾从最高的山上为我寄来一片蕨类植物的叶子。在那样酷暑的气候中，我忽然感到甜蜜而又沁人的清凉。

我特别喜爱读者的来信。每次捧读这些信件，总让我觉得一种特殊的激动。在这世上，也许有人已透过我看见一些东西⁽⁸⁾。

我还喜欢看书，特别是在夜晚。在书籍里面，我不能自抑地要喜爱那些泛黄的线装书⁽⁹⁾，握着它就觉得握着一脉优美的传统，那涩黯的纸面蕴含着一种古典的美。历史的兴亡、人物的迭代本是这样虚幻⁽¹⁰⁾，惟有书中的智慧永远长存。

我喜欢朋友，喜欢在出其不意的时候去拜访他们，尤其喜欢在雨中去叩湿湿的大门。当她连跑带跳地来迎接我，雨云后的阳光就似乎忽然炽燃起来。

我也喜欢坐在窗前等他回家。虽然走过我家门的行人那样多，我总能分辨出他的足音。如果有一个脚步声，一入巷子就开始跑，而且听起来是沉重急速的大阔步，那就准是他回来了！我喜欢他把钥匙放进门锁的声音，我喜欢听他一进门⁽¹¹⁾就喘着气喊我的名字。

我喜欢松散而闲适的生活，我不喜欢精密地分配时间，不喜欢紧张地安排节目。我喜欢许多不实用的东西，我喜欢旧东西，喜欢翻旧相片。我喜欢美丽的小装饰品，像耳环、项链和胸针。我喜欢充足的沉思时间。我喜欢晚饭后坐在客厅里的时分。我喜欢听一些协奏曲，一面捧着细瓷的小茶壶暖手。当此之时，我就恍惚能够想象一些田园生活的悠闲。

我也喜欢和他并排骑着自行车，于星期天在黎明的道上一起赴教堂。朝阳的金波向两旁溅开，我遂觉得那不是一辆脚踏车，而是一艘乘风破浪的飞艇在滑行。

我喜欢活着⁽¹²⁾，而且深深地喜欢能在我心里充满着这样多的喜欢！

I Love...

© Zhang Xiaofeng

I love the winter sun spreading out behind the morning haze. I love the pervading calm and peace of the moment as well as the light and warmth quietly brought by the sun.

I love to saunter in the spring breeze on a narrow mountain path bedecked with strawberries growing graciously like delicate red lanterns. I love to look up at treetops to watch tiny buds with their tender yellowish green tinged with an artless pink.

I love the long days of summer. I love to sit by myself on a hillside balcony on a windy summer afternoon, watching rice rippling in the valley and sending forth its aroma. When the splendid evening clouds are gone, gentle stars will take their places in the sky one after another.

I love to watch the pretty but forlorn Chinese silvergrass, of a dreary white, growing against the autumn wind all over the hills—on the slopes, by the waterside.

I love dreams, in which I enjoy seeing strange things. I always dream of myself flying in the air and jumping over small hillocks and rivers. I dreamed of a chestnut steed tossing its glossy mane in the wind. I dreamed of a boundless sea of lotus flowers flaunting their faint fragrance and pink colour from afar. The most unforgettable dream I have ever had is about myself watching the sunrise in front of a mountain, which, originally emerald, looked bizarre by taking on a purple colour under the rising sun of the early dawn. In real life, I love mountains too.

I love level and glossy rice fields with seedlings growing so tightly together that they resemble as many hairy blankets, tempting me to lie down on them.

I love flowers of all kinds. I love slender chrysanthemums, exuberant roses, untarnished lilies and leisurely jasmine. I also love unknown little wild flowers tucked away in remote mountains. I quite believe that they have been endowed with equal dignity and honour by the Creator.

I love another kind of flower—the smile on a human face. One freezing morning, when

I, walking down an alley, was greeted with a smile and “Good morning!” by a thin lady living in a house opposite to mine. I suddenly felt that the world was so warm and my gloved fingers were no longer numb with cold. Once, I was delighted to meet some middle school girls with bobbed hair at a bus station. I loved to see their beautiful, clean and broad foreheads, and their lively, limpid eyes.

I love to read letters. I love to hear from my brothers and sisters. Their naive and simple sentences make me recall tearfully my old home in the south—a small town aflame with the red flowers of flame trees. I'll never forget how one summer a tree leaf sent by my husband from a remote high mountain made me feel at once happy and refreshed on the sultry day.

I love, in particular, letters from my readers. It always gives me extraordinary thrill to read their letters. I may have wised up some people to something in this world.

I also love reading books, especially at night. I cherish a deep love for thread-bound Chinese books yellowed with age. They show me our most brilliant traditions as well as a kind of classical beauty. While the rise and fall of a nation and the vicissitudes of life are all vanity, the wisdom contained in books is everlasting.

I love to have friends. I love to pay them a surprise visit. I love to knock at a friend's wet door on a rainy day. When he or she comes out hurriedly to meet me, I feel as if the rain had suddenly stopped and the sun were shining bright.

I also love to sit by a window to wait for my husband to come back. I can always distinguish his footfall among those of many pedestrians before our home. On hearing someone who quickens his steps the moment he enters the lane and walks with heavy rapid strides, I'm sure it's my husband. I love to hear him turning his key in the lock. I love to hear him calling out my name gaspingly as soon as he steps across our threshold.

I love to live a relaxed and leisurely life. I don't like a tight schedule. I don't like an elaborately arranged program. I love many objects of no practical use. I love to leaf through an old photo album. I love small ornaments like ear-rings, necklaces and brooches. I love to have enough time for meditation. I love to enjoy myself sitting in the drawing room after supper. I love to listen to a concerto while holding a small fine-china teapot to warm my hands. At a moment like this, I seem to taste of the leisureliness of idyllic life.

I also love to go cycling to church side by side with my husband on an early Sunday morning. Riding against the sun's golden rays, I feel as if I were gliding along not on a bike, but in a motorboat, braving the wind and waves.

I love life. And I'm very glad that my heart is overflowing with so much happiness.

张晓风（1941— ），原籍江苏铜山，台湾著名女作家。她八岁后赴台，毕业于台湾东吴大学中文系，历任教职。《我喜欢》一文选自她的大量散文著作。文章新颖别致，细腻真切，通过一系列细节的生动描述，充分抒发了“热爱生活”的主题。

注释

(1) “我喜欢”译为I Love...，未译为I Like...，因为to love比to like语气重，更有分量，等于to like very much，切合文章内容。

(2) “我喜欢那份宁静淡远”可按“我喜欢当时遍布的宁静淡远”译为I love the pervading calm and peace of the moment，其中pervading和of the moment都是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

(3) “我喜欢在春风中踏过窄窄的小径，草莓像个精致的红灯笼，一路殷勤地张结着”译为I love to saunter in the spring breeze on a narrow mountain path bedecked with strawberries growing graciously like delicate red lanterns，其中“踏过”译为to saunter，指“漫步走过”；“张结”可按“装饰”、“点缀”的意思译为bedecked，用来形容“山径”；“殷勤”意即“热情有礼”，译为graciously。

(4) “永昼”作“漫长的白天”解，译为long days即可。

(5) “素馨”即“茉莉花”，译为jasmine。

(6) “燃遍凤凰花的小城”意即“小城的凤凰花红似火”，译为a small town aflame with the red flowers of flame trees，其中aflame with作“火一般红”解。“凤凰花”指“凤凰木（又称火树）的大红花”，多见于我国南方。译文也可简化为a small town bright with red flowers，但稍欠忠实。

(7) “他”指作者的丈夫，故译my husband。

(8) “在这世上，也许有人已透过我看见一些东西”译为I may have wised up some people to something in this world，其中to wise up是成语，作“点拨”、“使了解”等解。此句也可译为Maybe, thanks to me, some people have come to realize something in this world。

(9) “泛黄的线装书”译为thread-bound Chinese books yellowed with age，其中“泛黄”译为yellowed with age，意即“日久变黄”。

(10) “虚幻”可按“空虚”之意译为all vanity。

(11) “他一进门”译为as soon as he steps across our threshold，其中用our threshold代表our home。此句也可译为the moment he enters our home。

(12) “我喜欢活着”可按“我热爱生活”译为I love life。

高处何处有⁽¹⁾

赠给毕业同学

◎ 张晓风

很久很久以前，在一个很远很远的地方，一位老酋长正病危。

他找来村中最优秀的三个年轻人对他们说⁽²⁾：“这是我要离开你们的时候了，我要你们为我做最后一件事⁽³⁾。你们三个都是身强体壮而又智慧过人的好孩子，现在，请你们尽其可能的去攀登那座我们一向奉为神圣的大山。你们要尽其可能爬到最高的、最凌越的⁽⁴⁾地方，然后，折回头来告诉我你们的见闻。”

三天后，第一个年轻人回来了，他笑容满面，衣履光鲜：

“酋长⁽⁵⁾，我到达山顶了，我看到繁花夹道，流泉淙淙，鸟鸣嚶嚶，那地方真不坏啊。”

老酋长笑笑说：

“孩子⁽⁶⁾，那条路我当年也走过，你说的鸟语花香的地方不是山顶，而是山麓。你回去吧。”

一周以后，第二个年轻人也回来了。他神情疲倦，满脸风霜：

“酋长，我到达山顶了。我看到高大肃穆的松树林。我看到秃鹰盘旋，那是一个好地方。”

“可惜呀！孩子，那不是山顶，那是山腰。不过，也难为你了⁽⁷⁾，你回去吧。”

一个月过去了，大家都开始为第三位年轻人的安危担心，他却一步一蹭，衣不蔽体地回来了。他发枯⁽⁸⁾唇燥，只剩下清炯的眼神：

“酋长，我终于到达山顶。但是，我该怎么说呢？那里只有高风悲旋，蓝天四垂⁽⁹⁾。”

“你难道在那里一无所见吗？难道连蝴蝶也没有一只吗？”

“是的，酋长，高处一无所有。你所能看到的，只有你自己，只有‘个人’被放在天地间的渺小感，只有想起千古英雄⁽¹⁰⁾的悲激心情。”

“孩子，你到的是真的山顶。按照我们的传统，无疑要立你做新酋长，祝福你。”

真英雄何所遇？⁽¹¹⁾他遇到的是全身的伤痕，是孤单的长途，以及愈来愈真切的渺小感。

For the Mountaintop —To Students of the Graduating Class

© Zhang Xiaofeng

Long, long ago, in a very, very faraway place, a tribal chief found himself terminally ill.

He summoned three most promising young villagers to his bedside and said, “As I'm leaving you soon, I hope you can do one thing more for me. Young men, you three are all unusually strong and resourceful, so I'd like you to strive to climb that high mountain which we've always been worshipping as a sacred place. Now do your best to reach the topmost and most forbidding part of it and then turn back to tell me about your findings.”

Three days later, the first young man returned smartly dressed and said with smiling face,

“Lord, I've been to the mountaintop where I saw flowers of all sorts lining both sides of a path, babbling spring water and singing birds. That's a real nice place.”

The old tribal chief replied smilingly,

“Son, I've been there before. The place with singing birds and fragrant flowers, as you mentioned, is not the mountaintop. It's the foot of the mountain. Now you can leave.”

A week later, the second young man also returned. He looked terribly weary and his face was weather-beaten.

“Lord, I've been to the mountaintop where I saw groves of tall, solemn pine trees and vultures circling in the air. That's a real nice place.”

“What a pity! ”said the tribal chief.“Son, you've been halfway up the mountain rather than to its summit. But you had a real tough time. Now you can leave.”

A month later, everybody began to worry about the safety of the third young man.

However, he finally showed up, hobbling along in rags. His hair was off-coloured and his lips parched, but his eyes were clear and bright.

“Lord, I succeeded in reaching the summit. Well, what shall I say to you about it? There was nothing there but the wailing highland wind and the blue sky hanging over the land.”

“So you saw nothing at all? Not even a butterfly? ”

“No, lord, nothing. All you can see is yourself. You feel how insignificant you are in this infinite universe and how sorrowful and agitated you are at the thought of heroes through the ages.”

“Son, you've reached the real mountaintop. According to our tradition, you'll undoubtedly be made our new tribal chief. My best wishes to you.”

What makes a real hero? A real hero has cuts and bruises all over his body, he is all alone on a long journey and he feels with increasing sincerity how small he is.

《高处何处有》是台湾著名女作家张晓风写的一篇“英雄赞”。文章虽短，但含义深远，耐人寻味。作者用一个小故事，描述这样一件事：面对一个崇高目标，有的人原地不动，徘徊不前，有的人不堪艰险，半途而返，一个真正的英雄却坚持到底，终于登上高峰。他不仅有向上进取的精神，特立独行，还有高瞻远瞩的胸襟，心境开阔，念及茫茫宇宙和“千古英雄”而深感自己很“渺小”。

注释

(1) 题目《高处何处有》未直译为Where to Find the Mountaintop，现按“攀登高峰”之意译为For the Mountaintop。

(2) “他找来村中最优秀的三个年轻人对他们说……”译为He summoned three most promising young villagers to his bedside and said...，其中把“村中最优秀的三个年轻人”译为three most promising young villagers，比three most promising young men of the village简练。又，to his bedside是译文中的添加词，原文虽无其词而有其意。此句也可译为He called together three most promising young villagers to hear his last words...。

(3) “为我做最后一件事”可直译为to do the last thing for me，但the last thing也可理解为“最不愿意干的事”，故译to do one thing more for me或to do one more thing for me。

(4) “最凌越的”意即“最难通过的”、“最险恶的”，故译为most forbidding。

(5) “酋长”未直译为tribal chief，改用Lord，因过去英语中常用它直接尊称拥有权势者或统治者。

(6) “孩子”可译为young man，今译Son，因英语中年长者常用它称呼男孩或年轻男子。

(7) “不过，也真难为你了”可译为But you had a real tough time或But you really had a hard time、But you were really hard put to it等。

(8) “发枯”可按“头发变了色”译为His hair was off-coloured。

(9) “蓝天四垂”可按“蓝天笼罩大地”译为the blue sky hanging over the land。

(10) “千古英雄”可按“历代英雄们”译为heroes through the ages或heroes in history。

(11) “真英雄何所遇？”可按“怎样才算是真英雄？”译为What makes a real hero？。

富人区⁽¹⁾

◎ 冯骥才

在洛杉矶，一位美国朋友开车带我去看富人区。富人区就是有钱人的聚居地。美国人最爱陪客人看富人区，好似观光。到那儿一瞧，千姿百态的房子和庭院，优雅、宁静、舒适，真如人间天堂⁽²⁾。我忽然有个问题问他：“你们看到富人住在这么漂亮的房子里，会不会嫉妒？”

我这美国朋友惊讶地看着我，说：

“嫉妒他们？为什么？他们能住在这里，说明他遇上了一个好机会。如果将来我也遇到好机会，我会比他们做得还好！”

这便是标准的“老美”式的回答⁽³⁾。他们很看重机会。

后来在日本，一位日本朋友说他要陪我看看不远的一处富人区。原来日本人也有这种爱好⁽⁴⁾。日本富人区，小巧、幽静、精致，每座房子都像一个首饰盒，也挺美⁽⁵⁾。我又想到上次问过美国人的那个问题，便问日本朋友：

“你们看到富人们住着这么漂亮的房子，会嫉妒吗？”

这个日本朋友稍稍想了想，摇摇头说：“不会的。”继而他解释道，“如果一个日本人见到别人比自己强，通常会主动接近那个人，和他交朋友，向他学习，把他的长处学到手，再设法超过他。”

噢，日本人真厉害。⁽⁶⁾我想。

前不久，一位南方朋友来看我，闲谈中说到他们的城市发展得很快，已经出现国外那种“富人区”了。我饶有兴趣地打听其中的情形⁽⁷⁾，据说有的院子里还有喷水池，车库，门口有保安，还养大狼狗。我无意中再次想到问过美国和日本朋友的那个问题，拿来问他：

“有没有人去富煊区参观？”

“有呀，常有人去看。但不能进去，在门口扒一扒头而已。”

这位南方朋友说。

“心理反应怎么样？会不会嫉妒？”

“嫉妒？”他眉毛一扬，笑道，“何止嫉妒，恨不得把那小子宰了！”

我听了怔住。

The Wealthy Quarter

© *Feng Jicai*

In Los Angeles, an American friend of mine drove me to an affluent quarter for a visit. It was a place inhabited by the rich. Americans like to take their guests to see it as if on a sightseeing tour. Standing before me were houses and courtyards of a great variety of shapes, looking elegant, quiet and comfortable like in an earthly paradise. I suddenly put this question to him, “Don't you feel jealous of guys living in beautiful houses like these? ”

He looked at me in astonishment and said,

“Jealous? Why? They live here because they've met with a good opportunity. If I should also find a good opportunity in the future, I can do even better.”

The answer he gave was typical of Americans. Americans set great store by an opportunity.

Later, when I was in Japan, a Japanese friend of mine said he would take me to a nearby wealthy quarter and show me around. So, Japanese and Americans shared the same inclination to visit a wealthy quarter. Japanese houses were small, quiet and exquisite, and each was like a beautiful jewellery box. I put to him the same question as I had asked the American,

“Are you jealous of the rich people living in these beautiful houses? ”

After pondering for a moment, he shook his head and said, “No, never.”Then he explained, “When a Japanese finds somebody superior to himself, he'll contact him on his own initiative, make friends with him, learn from him, and try to excel him after learning all the strong points from him.”

Ah, the Japanese were a real aggressive sort! I was absorbed in thought.

Not long ago, a friend of mine called on me on his arrival from southern China. While chatting together, he told me how, like in foreign countries, wealthy quarters had appeared in his own city in the wake of its fast development. When I, out of curiosity, demanded to hear

more details of them, he mentioned their fountains, garages, security personnel guarding the gates, wolfhounds, etc. Then I asked him the same question as I had asked my American and Japanese friends,

“Do people visit the wealthy quarter? ”

“Yes, they often do, ”said my friend.“But they can't get into it. They can only watch it from outside the gate.”

“How do you feel? Aren't you jealous? ”

“Jealous? ”he brightened up and said with a smile.“Not only jealous. We're dying to finish off these rich guys.”

I was stunned to hear it.

杂文《富人区》的作者冯骥才（1942— ），浙江宁波人，生于天津，是中国当代著名作家和画家。文章寥寥数语，勾画出面对现实生活的三种不同心态，褒贬得宜，抨击时弊，寓意深刻。

注释

(1) “富人区”可译为wealthy quarter、affluent quarter、rich quarter等。

(2) “人间天堂”可译为earthly paradise或paradise on earth。

(3) “这便是标准的‘老美’式的回答”可按“这便是美国人的典型回答”译为The answer he gave was typical of Americans或The answer he gave was typically American、He answered in a typically American way。

(4) “原来日本人也有这种爱好”可译为So, Japanese and Americans shared the same inclination to visit a wealthy quarter或So, Japanese were also fond of visiting a wealthy quarter。

(5) “每座房子都像一个首饰盒，也挺美”可译为each was like a beautiful jewellery box或each was as beautiful as a jewellery box、each could be compared to a beautiful jewellery box。

(6) “噢，日本人真厉害。”应理解为“噢，日本人真有进取心”，译为Ah, the Japanese were a real aggressive sort，其中real等于really; aggressive作“积极进取”、“有进取心”等解；sort的意思是“某一类人”、“某种人”。

(7) “我饶有兴趣地打听其中的情形”因“饶有兴趣地”在此意同“出于好奇”，故全句译为When I, out of curiosity, demanded to hear more details of them。

不死鸟

◎ 三毛

一年多前，爱书人杂志给我出了一个题目“如果你只有三十天的寿命，你将会做些什么？”⁽¹⁾

我一直没有动笔。⁽²⁾

荷西听我说起这件事情，也曾好奇地问过我，——“你会做些什么呢？”

当时，我正在揉面，我举起了沾着白粉的手，温和地摸摸他的头发，慢慢地说：“傻子，我不会死的，因为还得给你做饺子呢！”⁽³⁾

以后，我们又谈起这份欠着的稿子⁽⁴⁾，我的答案仍是那么的简单而固执——“我一样的守这个家，有责任的人是没有死亡的权利的。”

虽然预知死亡是我喜欢的一种生命结束的方式，可是我仍然不能死，在这个世界上有三个与我个人存亡牢牢相连的人⁽⁵⁾。那便是我的父亲、母亲还有荷西，如果世界上有他们活着一日，我便不可以死，连神也不能将我取去，因为我不肯。

让我父母在渐入高年时失去爱女，那么他们一生的幸福和慰藉，会因为这一件事情完全崩溃，这样尖锐的打击不可以由他们来承受，那是过分残酷也过分不公平了。

要荷西半途折翼，失去他相依为命的爱妻，那么在他日后的心灵上会有什么样的伤痕，什么样的烙印？如果因我的消失而使得荷西的余生不再有一丝笑容，那么我便更不能死。

这些，又一些，因我的死亡而将使父母及丈夫所遭受到的大劫难，每想起来，便是不忍，不忍，不忍又不忍。

毕竟，先走的是比较幸福的，留下的并不是强者，可是想到这彻心切肤的病痛，我仍是要说——为了爱的缘故，这永别的苦杯，还是留给我来喝下吧。

我愿意在父亲、母亲及荷西的生命圆环里，做最后离世的一个，如果我先去了，而将永远的哀伤留给世上的他们，那么是死不瞑目的⁽⁶⁾，因为我的爱有多深，我的牵挂便有多

长。

所以，我几乎没有选择地做了暂时的不死鸟，我的羽毛虽然因为荷西的先去，已经完全脱落，无力再飞，可是那颗碎掉的心，仍是父母的珍宝。再痛，再伤，他们也不肯我死去，我也不忍放掉他们啊。

总有那么一天，在金色的彼岸，会有六只爱的手臂张开了在迎我进入永生，那时，我方肯含笑狂奔而去了。

这份文字本是为着另一个题目写的，可是我拒绝了只有一月寿命的假想，生的艰难，尘世的苦，死别时一刹的碎心又碎心，还是由我一个人来承担吧。

父亲，母亲，荷西，我的亲人，我爱你们胜于自己的生命，那么我便护着你们的幸福，不轻言🔪消失吧！

The Surviving Bird

© San Mao

Over a year ago, the *Book Enthusiast* magazine asked me to write an article in answer to the question, “What would you do suppose you were to live for only 30 more days from now? ”

So far I still haven't set pen to paper.

Hexi^[1], learning of it from me, asked with curiosity, “What would you do? ”

I was then kneading dough. Raising my hand caked with white flour to caress his hair with tenderness, I said unhurriedly, “O silly, I'm not going to die. I have to live on to make *jiaozi*^[2] for you! ”

Later when we again mentioned the article I was supposed to write at the request of the magazine, I still took a simple and resolute stand. “I'll keep watching over the house, ”said I. “A person bearing responsibility for a home has no right to die at all.”

Although I know my favourite way to end this life is by death, I still don't want to die. Three persons in this world have their fate so closely tied up with my life and death. They are my parents and Hexi. I refuse to die as long as they're alive. Not even a god can take me away when I say no.

The loss of their beloved daughter would deprive my ageing parents of their life-long happiness and consolation. It would be cruel and unfair for them to suffer the crushing blow.

If Hexi should lose his beloved wife, with whom he had been living for interdependence, what an emotional trauma he would undergo! And what bitterness would be deeply engraved in his mind! The thought of the complete vanishing of smiles from his face during the rest of his life as a result of his bereavement made me all the more determined against my death.

I cannot bear to think of the great adversity to be brought on my parents and husband by my death. No, I can't, absolutely can't.

Yes, those who leave first are happier than those left behind, and the latter are not necessarily the stronger. In spite of my painful illness, I reiterate that for the sake of love, let me stay behind to drink down the last bitter cup of parting.

I hope to remain with my parents and Hexi in their lifetime and be the last to pass away. It would make me turn in my grave if I should be the first to die, thus leaving them with perpetual sorrow. My concern for them is as deep as my love for them.

Therefore, I have no choice but to be a temporary surviving bird. Though I can't fly any more, having lost all my feathers due to Hexi's death, my broken heart is still treasured by my parents. They just won't let me die despite my spiritual agony and wound. And nor can I bear to lose them.

The day will surely come when six loving open arms on the other golden bank will welcome me to eternity. Then, and only then will I rush forward with a smile.

I originally intended this article to be written under another title. But I rejected the hypothesis that I was going to die in 30 days. The trials and tribulations of living, the sufferings of mortal life, the acute sorrow of parting for good—let me bear all that alone.

Dad, Mom and Hexi, my dear ones, I love you more than I do myself. So let me guard your happiness and never unthinkingly speak of my death.

[\[1\]](#) The author's Spanish husband.

[\[2\]](#) Dumplings with meat and vegetable filling.

《不死鸟》的作者三毛本名陈平，女，浙江定海人，1943年生于四川重庆，1949年随父母迁居台湾，1964年入台湾中国文化学院哲学系学习，肄业后游学欧美。1973年她与西班牙男子荷西结婚，婚后到西属撒哈拉沙漠生活，1979年荷西潜水时意外丧生，她随即回台湾定居。1991年她自杀身亡，享年48岁。其作品介于自传性散文与小说之间，描写一个女子在世界各地的所见所闻。本文摘自林非选编《中国当代散文经典》一书（2003年1月出版）。

注释

(1)“爱书人杂志给我出了一个题目‘如果你只有三十天的寿命，你将会做些什么？’”译为*the Book Enthusiast magazine asked me to write an article in answer to the question, “What would you do suppose you were to live for only 30 more days from now?”*，也可译为*the Book Enthusiast magazine asked me to write an article entitled What Would I Do Suppose I Were to Live for Only 30 More Days from Now?*。

(2)“我一直没有动笔”译为*So far I still haven't set pen to paper*或*But so far I haven't complied with the request of the magazine*。

(3)“因为还得给你做饺子呢！”译为*I have to live on to make jiaozi for you*，其中*to live on*是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

(4)“这份欠着的稿子”不宜按字面直译，现译*the article I was supposed to write at the request of the magazine*。

(5)“在这个世界上有三个与我个人存亡牢牢相连的人”译为*Three persons in this world have their fate so closely tied up with my life and death*，其中*have their fate*是按内容而在译文中添加的词。

(6)“如果我先去了……那么是死不瞑目的”译为*It would make me turn in my grave if I should be the first to die*，其中*make me turn in my grave*是英语成语，作“使我不能瞑目于地下”、“九泉有知当亦不安”等解。句中“那么是死不瞑目的”也可译为*I wouldn't be able to rest in peace in my grave*。

(7)“轻言”译为*unthinkingly speak of...*，意同*speak of...without careful consideration*。

今夜，我是你的新娘

◎ 叶梦

昨天你对我说：“我们结婚吧！”十二年来，你第一次说出这句话。

不容我回答，你接着说：明天吧！我一天也不能等下去了。

明天我们结婚——

已经决定了⁽¹⁾，没有太多的时间容我考虑，容我犹豫。

这个不可逆转的事实，只需二十多个小时，就要变成现实⁽²⁾。

一切都是很简单的。不需要酒宴和仪式，不需要通知任何亲友，只需禀告父母，只需要把床铺换上全新的被褥。

我以为结婚是个人生命史上十分隆重的事件，我完全没有必要把很多相干与不相干的人请来，像召开“新闻发布会”一样在烟酒糖果之间宣布我们的结合，在漫天酒气中让人来祝贺来摆布来评头品足。

我没有虚荣心，我不需要显摆不需要张扬⁽³⁾，我不需要任何人认可，也不需要贿赂传统的舆论⁽⁴⁾。

结婚是我们个人的事，我们完全有权利选择与常规不同的形式。

我不需要任何人参加我的婚礼，安谧和神秘的氛围正是我为这种神圣的生命仪式所作的设计。

三十五年的生命将要进入另一种样式，三十五的后面需要打一个句号，需要刻一块里程碑⁽⁵⁾。

属于我处女的最后一个白天是我一个人静静地待在房里，我悄悄地布置着我的新房，我用我的双手不停地做这做那，以分散我纷乱的思绪。

喜悦悄悄地在身体里渗透，与之俱来的更多的是恐惧和忧虑，也有一种不可挽回的悲哀⁽⁶⁾。

我好像是一块苍白的画布，将要被涂上各种颜色的图案，我不无痛惜地感觉，好像面临一种破坏性的灾难。

这一个白天真是漫长，让我有足够的时间回顾三十五年的过去。少女时芬芳浪漫的憧憬已经离我模糊而遥远，青年时期追求的苦涩却历历在目，不管是芬芳还是苦涩，都要在这里打一个句号⁽⁷⁾，我从不后悔。

不管我的选择是否正确，已不容我再作犹豫，我将面对新的生活义无反顾地走过去。

不容推却的那个夜终于姗姗来迟。

新房里有一种难耐的宁静。屋外突然锣鼓喧天，鼓乐齐鸣，爆竹和焰火把黑夜涂抹得五彩斑斓。

这是为我们奏起的鼓乐么？

夜终于静下去，鼓乐沉没了，一切声响都已停歇。电灯已经关掉，新房里燃着两支红烛。

我坐在红烛之下。

你坐在客厅的沙发上。

我突然希望我们之间隔河隔渡似的对峙永远下去⁽⁸⁾。

这时，你向我走过来。

你的脚步很重很重，一步一步踏在我紧绷的心弦上。

你离我越来越近了。

突然，我感到我的肢体变得冰一样凉，一种被破坏的恐怖突然袭击了我⁽⁹⁾，我的心里突然喊出这样一句：这下完了⁽¹⁰⁾。

我已经无法回避，我将要变成一个真正的女人了。

你已经走到我的身边来了，我突然觉得你像陌生人一样不敢看你。

红烛吐出的烛香和烟气在封闭的新房里弥漫。

“今夜，我是你的新娘啊！”

很久很久，我的心里哀哀地吐出这样一句来。

I'm Your Bride Tonight

© Ye Meng

Yesterday you said to me, "Let's get married!" That's something you've said for the first time in twelve years.

And you added before I could reply, "How about tomorrow! I can't wait any longer, not even a single day. Let's get married tomorrow."

So it was all set. There was little time left for me to weigh and consider.

The irreversible was to become a *fait accompli* in a little more than twenty hours.

All would be very simple. No wedding banquet or ceremony. No need to notify friends and relatives. All I had to do was inform my parents, and put on brand-new bed-clothes.

To me, marriage is a very solemn matter in one's life and therefore it is absolutely unnecessary to invite a great many people to the wedding, both related and unrelated, and announce to them our matrimony with cigarettes, wine and sweets like at a news briefing, so that they can indulge in wining, expressing good wishes, chatting about the bride's appearance and what not.

I'm not vain. I don't want to go in for pomp and celebrate our nuptials in a big way. I don't seek the approval of anyone, nor do I try to buy over those holding conventional views on marriage.

Marriage is our personal business. We are fully entitled to go about it in a way of our own choice, unconventional as it may be.

I don't expect the presence of many guests at my wedding because tranquility plus an air of mystery is what I design for this once-in-a-lifetime sacred ceremony.

My life, at the end of the thirty-five years, is going to take on a new pattern. It will mark the end of the old phase of my life and the beginning of the new.

On the last day of my virginity, I stayed indoors alone, quietly decorating my wedding chamber. I diverted my mind from a medley of thoughts by keeping my hands busy with this and that.

A joyful feeling came over me stealthily, together with fear and worry, and helpless sorrow too.

I felt like a pale canvas soon to be daubed with a multicoloured pattern. I felt sad as if I were faced with a big disaster.

It was a long day, long enough for me to muse over the past thirty-five years. The beautiful dreams of romance in early girlhood were vague and far off. But the bitter experience of courting in later days were still clear before my eyes. Beautiful or bitter, both are of another day. And I'll never regret at all.

Correct or not, the decision is made and allows of no hesitation. I'll go ahead resolutely to live a new life.

The unshirkable night came at last.

An oppressive silence reigned in the wedding chamber. Suddenly, there broke out outside a deafening sound of gongs and drums amidst loud music. Firecrackers and fireworks sent the dark night blazing with colour.

Was the music for us?

The night finally relapsed into silence. The music was no more. All was quiet. The light was switched off, leaving two red candles burning away in the room.

I sat by the red candles.

You sat in an armchair in the drawing room.

I suddenly wished we would both remain permanently where we were as if separated by a ravine between us.

Just then you began to move towards me.

I listened to your heavy steps with a throbbing heart.

You came nearer and nearer.

My limbs went ice-cold when suddenly there came over me the presage of coming ravages. I uttered abruptly from my heart. "I'm done for."

I could not escape becoming a real woman.

As you came to my side, I was afraid to look at you like you were a stranger.

The wedding chamber was permeated with the aroma and smoke of the red candles.

"I'm your bride tonight! "It took me quite a long while to utter these words from the bottom of my heart, though with a touch of grief.

《今夜，我是你的新娘》描述受传统观念束缚的大龄女子面临婚姻时的矛盾心态，细致入微，饶有风趣。作者是当代知名散文家叶梦（1950— ），女，原名熊梦云，湖南益阳人。她著有多部散文集，如《小溪的梦》、《湘西寻梦》、《灵魂的劫数》、《遍地巫风》等等。

注释

(1)“已经决定了”可译为So it was all set，其中all set常见于口语，作“一切就绪”解。

(2)“现实”在此表示“既成事实”，译为*fait accompli*，原为法语，故用斜体字。

(3)“我不需要显摆不需要张扬”译为I don't want to go in for pomp and celebrate our nuptials in a big way，其中用pomp或show表达“显摆”。“张扬”可按“铺张办喜事”译为to celebrate our nuptials in a big way，其中成语in a big way作“铺张地”、“大肆炫耀地”解。

(4)“传统的舆论”意即“习俗的看法”，故译conventional views，未译traditional views。

(5)“三十五的后面需要打一个句号，需要刻一块里程碑”不宜按字面直译，现译为It will mark the end of the old phase of my life and the beginning of the new，其中the end of the old phase of my life意即“旧生活告一段落”。

(6)“不可挽回的悲哀”可理解为“因无奈而产生的悲哀”，故译helpless sorrow。

(7)“不管是芬芳还是苦涩，都要在这里打一个句号”可按“不管是芬芳还是苦涩，一切都已过去”译为Beautiful or bitter, both are of another day。汉语“打一个句号”近年颇为时兴，在英语中未见类似表达法。

(8)“我突然希望我们之间隔河隔渡似的对峙永远下去”意即“我突然希望我们永远可望不可及，就如中间隔着河谷”，译为I suddenly wished we would both remain permanently where we were as if separated by a ravine between us，其中用ravine（沟壑）代替river，能更表达“阻隔”之意。

(9)“一种被破坏的恐怖突然袭击了我”译为suddenly there came over me the presage of coming ravages，其中presage通常指不祥的预感，意同warning，未把“恐怖”译为fear。又came over作“支配”解。

(10)“这下完了”译为I'm done for，其中done for是英语口头常用语，作“完蛋了”解。

欣赏自己

◎ 英培安

不怕直说，我是相当欣赏自己的。我承认自己有许多不如人的地方，但也知道并不老是这样差劲。所以，我做了一件事，写了一篇文章，只要自觉还不错⁽¹⁾我可以乐上几天，遇有人赞，更飘飘然得不像话；甚至还会忘其所以，插上几句自夸的话。

真的，我一点也不谦虚。

或者这就是自负吧，恐怕要给人骂了。但有什么不对呢？⁽²⁾

我也欣赏别人，凡是好的东西我都欣赏。只懂得欣赏别人而忘了欣赏自己，岂不是太不公平了？

但是，我们华人总是比较谦虚，而且引以为荣。自己的太太叫拙荆，文章曰拙作。如果你当真叫他的太太山芭婆，文章如狗屁，他保证勃然大怒，和你拍桌子绝交⁽³⁾。其实，你所说的，和他说的，可能并没什么两样。

我以为，如果你的东西确是好的，直接说它好，没有什么不对。老王卖瓜⁽⁴⁾，只要卖的是好瓜，为什么不能自卖自夸？

老兄，老王是靠卖瓜吃饭的，叫他也学我们书生扭扭捏捏，对自己的瓜谦虚一番，生意还用做么？⁽⁵⁾他保证饿死大吉。

能欣赏自己，才能敬业乐业，写文章的人，若老是觉得自己的文章不行，我不相信他有信心涂下去。

卖文的，更不必说了。

On Self-Appreciation

© Ying Pei'an

Frankly, I very much appreciate myself. Yes, I admit I'm in many respects not as good as other people, but I don't think I'm always no good. When I find what I've done or written is okay, I'll remain pleased with myself for quite a few days, and, in case I receive praise for it, I'll even become so swollen-headed as to add a few words to glorify myself.

True, I'm not modest at all.

People may call me conceited. But I think otherwise.

I also appreciate other people. I appreciate anything good. Isn't it unfair to forget appreciating myself while appreciating others?

We Chinese are generally inclined to be modest, and we take pride in being so. For example, a Chinese will call his own wife *zhuojing*, meaning “my humble wife”, and his own writings *zhuozuo*, meaning “my poor writings”. But if you should call his wife a “rustic woman” or his writings “trash”, he would, I'm sure, slap the table in a rage and declare he would make a clean break with you. As a matter of fact, there is probably no difference at all between what is said by him and you respectively.

I don't think it's wrong for you to freely praise yourself if you're really worthy of praise. As we know, there is an old Chinese saying disparaging a melon peddler, named Lao Wang, who keeps praising his own goods. Well, why can't he praise his melons if they are really sweet and juicy?

Friends, Lao Wang sells melons for a living. How could he carry on business if he, by imitating the affectations of us intellectuals, were to show false modesty about his melons? He would sure enough die of starvation.

Self-appreciation is therefore key to professional dedication and enjoyment of work. One will lose confidence in continuing with writing when he ceases to admire his own essays.

Needless to say, the same is true of those who make a living with their pen.

英培安（1947— ）出生于新加坡，祖籍广东新会，曾旅居香港多年，是新加坡著名作家，创作包括诗、散文、小说、戏剧等，尤其擅长杂文，常以敏捷的思路、简洁的语言表达他对世事的看法。杂文《欣赏自己》选自香港1984年出版的《人在江湖》一书。

注释

①“还不错”译为okay，也可译为satisfactory、not bad、pretty good等。

②“但有什么不对呢？”意同“但我并不以为然”，故译为But I think otherwise。

③“他保证勃然大怒，和你拍桌子绝交”可译为he would, I'm sure, fall into a fit of rage and, striking the table, say he would break off relations with you，但不如he would, I'm sure, slap the table in a rage and declare he would make a clean break（或break off）with you简洁。

④“老王卖瓜”或“老王卖瓜，自卖自夸”可直译为Lao Wang, a melon hawker, boasts of his own goods，现译为As we know, there is an old Chinese saying disparaging a melon peddler, named Lao Wang, who keeps praising his own goods，其中一些增益成分均为了承上启下，并有助于外国读者更好地理解原意。

⑤“叫他也学我们书生扭扭捏捏，对自己的瓜谦虚一番，生意还用做么？”译为How could he carry on business if he, by imitating the affectations of us intellectuals, were to show false modesty about his melons?，其中“我们书生扭扭捏捏”意即“我们知识分子装模作样”，故译为the affectations of us intellectuals;“对自己的瓜谦虚一番”意即“对自己的瓜故作谦虚”，故译为to show false modesty about his melons。

搪瓷茶缸

◎ 万全

每走进百货公司，看到那些洁白的、柔和的、米黄色的⁽¹⁾和花色诱人的搪瓷茶缸，总感到一种愉快。

上中学的时候，由于少女的洁癖⁽²⁾，喜欢使用白色的搪瓷器皿。记得那时候要买一只瑞典货的纯白大茶缸，要花五块多光洋，得进“惠罗公司”之类外国铺子。1939年在重庆，某商店从滇缅路运进来一批搪瓷茶缸⁽³⁾，价钱当然比战前更贵。我凑足了钱，托朋友进城捎了一只；我的朋友也许过于紧张⁽⁴⁾，一出商店门就将茶缸掉在地上，摔脱了一块瓷。

以后，我带着这只有疤痕的茶缸⁽⁵⁾进了抗日根据地。它的用途倒意外地多起来了——喝水、盛饭、热菜，给生病的同志煮粥，必要时还可以代行“面盆”、“浴缸”的职责。从此，茶缸和我有了进一步的“战斗的友情”。

1946年来到北平，很想买一只新的茶缸，代替那只为我鞠躬尽瘁的旧茶缸⁽⁶⁾。可是当时的北平还不易买到这玩意⁽⁷⁾。有一次，在东单小市上，在一个只有几件售品的地摊上，我发现了一只纯白的瑞典茶缸。这正是我所需要的。可是地摊女主人的索价超过我的购买力。我希望她降低售价，她竟眼泪盈眶；这时我才发觉她是一个知识分子模样的青年妇女。她解释说家有病人等钱吃药，所卖的是自己家用的东西。我马上尽我所有付了价款。她劝说我再买一件什么，我虽然心情沉重，很想帮她的忙，但也实在没有钱了。以后，离开了北平，这只茶缸又陪伴我经历了解放战争中的几年，而且，它常常使我清晰地回忆起那位青年妇女的含泪的眼神——在穷困与内战中经受着痛苦的⁽⁸⁾北平人民的眼神。

1949年又进入城市。我的丈夫以他的全部零用钱买了一只米黄色茶缸赠我，作为胜利的纪念。这一只是美国货，当时百货店说：“这种米色搪瓷只有美国货。”可惜，它对于我并不重要了。一来因为年岁增加，已经失去对于某些生活小节的执著；二来和平的城市生活中，茶缸的用途已经回复正常。可是，至今我碰到各种搪瓷茶缸，仍不免要看它们一眼。因为像瑞典货一样纯白的也好，“只有美国货”的米黄色的也好，都已经是我们中国的出品了⁽⁹⁾；而且品种花色常在增加，价钱也便宜得多了。

当年东单地摊上那位出卖了自用茶缸的主妇，想必早已添置了我国自制的新的茶缸吧。

The Enamel Mug

© Wan Quan

Whenever I visit a department store, I always take delight in seeing the enamel mugs which, pure white or creamy, are graceful in pattern and colour.

In my middle school days, I preferred to use white enamelware because, like most young girls, I was very particular about cleanliness. In those days, I remember, a Swede-made pure white mug would cost five silver dollars, and it was obtainable only at a foreign firm. In 1939, a certain store in Chongqing offered for sale, at a price of course higher than in prewar days, a stock of enamel mugs they had laid in through the Yunnan-Burma highway. With the money I had raised. I asked a friend leaving for town to buy an enamel mug for me. Unfortunately, probably due to nervousness, he dropped it onto the ground the moment he stepped out of the store and had it chipped.

Afterwards I went to the anti-Japanese base area carrying with me the enamel mug with a chip in it. Unexpectedly, over there it turned out to be a multipurpose utensil. It was used for carrying drinking water or cooked rice, for heating up food, cooking congee for sick comrades, and, when necessary, as a substitute for a basin or bathtub. Thenceforth, the militant friendship between it and me became even more profound.

In 1946, when I came to Peiping^{[\[1\]](#)}, I was eager to buy a new enamel mug to replace the old one which had given me years of devoted service. But a new one was hard to come by in the then Peiping. Once, while roaming about a small market in Dongdan^{[\[2\]](#)}, I came across a pure white Swedish enamel mug at a roadside stall displaying only a handful of articles for sale. That was just what I needed. But the price asked by the woman owner of the stall was too high for me. When I bargained, I noticed tears brimming in her eyes. And then I also realized that she was sort of an educated young woman. She said what she had for sale was her personal belongings because she was badly in need of money to pay for the medical care of someone at home. Thereupon, I gave her all the money I had with me for the mug. She hoped that I would buy one more article from her. But, sympathetic as I was with her, I couldn't buy anything else because I really had no money left in my pocket. Later, after leaving Peiping, I

went through several years of the War of Liberation in company with the mug which often reminded me vividly of the tearful eyes of the young woman—tearful eyes typical of the common people of Peiping in the throes of hunger and civil war.

In 1949^[3], I again came to live in Peiping. My husband used all his pocket money to buy me a creamy enamel mug in commemoration of the victory of the War of Liberation. It was of US make. “All creamy ones are US products,” declared the salesman. But the mug isn't so important to me now because firstly, at my age, I'm no longer so particular about trivial matters in my personal life, and secondly it has resumed its normal uses in peaceful urban life. Nevertheless, up to now, whenever I come across enamel mugs of any kind, I still cannot help taking a look at them. It's because both pure white Swede-made and creamy US-made mugs have now given way in the market to Chinese products of ever increasing variety of colours and designs and much lower prices.

The woman owner of the roadside stall at Dongdan who sold me her personal mug must have long ago bought a new one of Chinese make for her own use.

^[1] Peiping was the pre-Liberation name for Beijing.

^[2] Dongdan, a busy street in the southeastern area of downtown Peiping (now Beijing), was known in pre-Liberation days for a host of roadside secondhand stalls frequented by low-income city dwellers.

^[3] The year 1949 saw the founding of the People's Republic of China.

散文《搪瓷茶缸》出自一个不知名的作者——万全，写作年月也不详，据说最初发表在20世纪50年代《人民日报》副刊上。文章语言朴实无华，语调平和，感情真挚，人情味盎然，内容涉及区区生活小事，但却反映出时代的变迁，读后回味无穷，故乐于为之英译。

注释

(1)“米黄色的”译为creamy。也可译为creamy-coloured、ivory、ivory-coloured等。

(2)“洁癖”本意是“过分讲究清洁的癖好”，这里可按“特别讲究清洁”之意译为was very particular about cleanliness，其中particular about可换用fastidious about，都表示“讲究”，但语气较重。文中“洁癖”也可译为I was very cleanly（我非常爱干净）。

(3)“从滇缅路运进来一批搪瓷茶缸”译为a stock of enamel mugs they had laid in through the Yunnan-Burma highway，其中had laid in（to lay in）是成语，意为“储存”，to lay in a stock of...作“进一批……货”解。又“滇缅路”是公路，故译the Yunnan-Burma highway。

(4)“过于紧张”译为nervousness。也可按“过分小心”之意译为over cautiousness。

(5)“有疤痕的茶缸”译为the enamel mug with a chip in it，也可直译为the enamel mug with a scar或the scarred enamel mug，保持原文的比喻。

(6)“为我鞠躬尽瘁的旧茶缸”译为the old one which had given me years of devoted service，其中years of是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

(7)“可是当时的北平还不易买到这玩意”译为But a new one was hard to come by in the then Peiping，其中to come by是成语，作“得到”、“弄到”解，用以表达原文的“买到”。

(8)“在穷困与内战中经受痛苦的”译为in the throes of hunger and civil war，其中in the throes of...是成语，做“经常……的痛苦”解。

(9)“都已经是我们中国的出品了”按“都被国货替代了”译为have now given way in the market to Chinese products，其中have given way to（to give way to）是成语，作“让位于……”解。又，in the market是译文中的增益成分。