

外教社中国文化汉外对照丛书

第一辑

英译中国现代散文选(二)
SELECTED MODERN
CHINESE ESSAYS 2

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

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译者简介 ◀

张培基，1921年生，福州市人。1945年毕业于上海圣约翰大学英文系。同年任英文《上海自由西报》记者、英文《中国评论周报》特约撰稿者兼英文《中国年鉴》（1944—1945年度）副总编。翌年赴日本东京远东国际军事法庭国际检察院（IPS）任英语翻译，约两载半，随后赴美国印地安纳大学研究英国文学，1949年肄业回国。历任北京外文出版社编译、中国人民解放军外语学院英语教授、北京对外经济贸易大学英语教授兼该校出版社总编辑。中国译协第一、三届理事，现任《英语世界》杂志顾问。

主要译作有：柔石著《为奴隶的母亲》、曹禺著《明朗的天》、杨植霖著《王若飞在狱中》、王士菁著《鲁迅传》、廖静文著《徐悲鸿一生》等。《英译中国现代散文选》（共三册）是他自编自译的新书。主要论著有：《习语汉译英研究》、《英语声色词与翻译》、《英汉翻译教程》（主编）等。

Zhang Peiji (1921-) was born in Fuzhou, Fujian Province. He graduated from the Department of English Literature of St. John's University, Shanghai, in 1945, and worked upon graduation as reporter of The Shanghai Herald (English language newspaper), contributing editor of The China Critic (English language journal) and concurrently deputy chief editor of the English edition of China Year Book (1944-1945). From 1946 to 1948, he worked for two years and a half as translator and interpreter at the International Prosecution Section (IPS) under the International Military Tribunal for the Far East in Tokyo. In 1949, he returned to China after doing postgraduate studies in English literature at Indiana University, USA, and worked successively as editor and translator of the Foreign Languages Press, Beijing, English professor of the PLA Foreign Languages Institute, English professor of the University of International Business and Economics (UIBE), Beijing, and concurrently editor-in-chief of UIBE Publishing House. He was member of the first and third council of the Translators Association of China, and is currently consultant to the English magazine The World of English.

Among the books he has translated from Chinese into English are: A Slave Mother (a short story by Rou Shi), Bright Skies (a play by Cao Yu), Iron Bars But Not a Cage-Wang Ruofei's Days in Prison (a biography by Yang Zhilin), Lu Xun: A Biography (by Wang Shijing), and Xu Beihong—Life of a Master Painter (by Liao Jingwen). His recent publication is the English translation of his self-compiled Selected Modern Chinese Essays (in three volumes). He is author of How to Translate Chinese Idioms into English and On English Echoic and Colour Words in C-E Translation, and chief editor of A Course in English-Chinese Translation.

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前言

《英译中国现代散文选》1999年问世，现已四次印刷。到目前我仍然从事我国现代散文精品的英译，大多发表在《英语世界》和《中国翻译》杂志上。承蒙众多读者的热情鼓励和一些朋友的不断敦促，嘱我结集出版，最近我终于欣然从这些译稿中整理出四十五篇，交由上海外语教育出版社付梓，名为前书的第二集。

第二集的编排与前书相同。书中各篇均为汉英对照，并附详细注释及对原作者的简介，对翻译过程中可能遇到的问题，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。

纵览中国现代散文丰富多彩，不乏值得向海内外推荐的佳作，我在两书中所译介的九十多篇，还只是一个开端。好在我喜爱英语和散文，由来已久，今后仍将悠游于这块译苑，冀以点滴所获，飨我读者。

记得《英译中国现代散文选》刚出版时有读者在其书评中称它为“一本不是教材的好教材”，言多溢美，但细想不无一定道理，因两书可望为我国年轻人研究文学作品汉译英的理论、技巧提供一些可供参考的实例，并通过简介、注释和所译现代作家的散文名篇加深他们对我国优秀文化的理解和热爱，引起他们钻研并向世界介绍我国优秀文化的兴趣。同时也为外国学者理解和研究我国自1919年“五四”运动以来知识分子的思想发展提供一个窗口。

最后应当提一下，此书出版前，承蒙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
二〇〇二年十一月二十七日
于北京

◎ 李大钊 LiDazhao

“今”^①

◎ 李大钊

我以为世间最可宝贵的就是“今”，最易丧失的也是“今”。因为他最容易丧失^②，所以更觉得他可以宝贵。

为甚么“今”最可宝贵呢？最好借哲人耶曼孙所说的话答这个疑问：“尔若爱千古，尔当爱现在。昨日不能唤回来，明天还不确实，尔能确有把握的就是今日。今日一天，当明日两天。”

为甚么“今”最易丧失呢？因为宇宙大化^③刻刻流转，绝不停留。时间这个东西，也不因为吾人贵他爱他稍稍在人间留恋。试问吾人说“今”说“现在”，茫茫百千万劫^④，究竟那一刹那是吾人的“今”，是吾人的“现在”呢？刚刚说他是“今”是“现在”，他早已风驰电掣的一般，已成“过去”了。吾人若要糊糊涂涂把他丢掉^⑤，岂不可惜？

有的哲学家说，时间但有“过去”与“未来”，并无“现在”。有的又说，“过去”“未来”皆是“现在”。我以为“过去未来皆是现在”的话倒有些道理。因为“现在”就是所有“过去”流入的世界，换句话说，所有“过去”都埋没于“现在”的里边。故一时代的思潮，不是单纯在这个时代所能凭空成立的，不晓得有几多“过去”时代的思潮，差不多可以说是由所有“过去”时代的思潮，一凑合而成的。吾人投一石子于时代潮流里面，所激起的波澜声响，都向永远流动传播，不能消灭。屈原的《离骚》，永远使人人感泣^⑥。打击林肯头颅的枪声，呼应于永远的时间与空间^⑦。一时代的变动，绝不消失，仍遗留于次一时代，这样传演，至于无穷，在世界中有一贯相连的永远性。昨日的事件，与今日的事件，合构成数个复杂事件。此数个复杂事件，与明日的数个复杂事件，更合构成数个复杂事件。势力结合势力，问题牵起问题。无限的“过去”，都以“现在”为归宿。无限的“未来”，都以“现在”为渊源。“过去”“未来”的中间全仗有“现在”以成其连续，以成其永远，以成其无始无终的大实在。一掣现在的铃，无限的过去未来皆遥相呼应。这就是过去未来皆是现在的道理，这就是“今”最可宝贵的道理。

现时有两种不知爱“今”的人：一种是厌“今”的人，一种是乐“今”的人。

厌“今”的人也有两派。一派是对于“现在”一切现象都不满足，因起一种回顾“过去”的感想^⑧。他们觉得“今”的总是不好，古的都是好。政治、法律、道德、风俗，全是“今”不如古。此派人唯一的希望在复古^⑨。他们的心力全施于复古的运动。一派是对于“现在”一切现象都不满足，与复古的厌“今”派全同。但是他们不想“过去”，但盼“将来”。盼“将来”的结果，往往流于梦想，把许多“现在”可以努力的事业都放弃不做，单是耽溺于虚无缥缈的空玄境界。这两派人都是不能助益进化，并且很足阻滞进化的。

乐“今”的人大概是些无志趣无意识^⑩的人，是些对于“现在”一切满足的人。觉得所处境遇可以安乐优游，不必再商进取，再为创造。这种人丧失“今”的好处^⑪，阻滞进化的潮流，同厌“今”派毫无区别。

原来厌“今”为人类的通性。大凡一境尚未实现以前，觉得此境有无限的佳趣，有无疆的福利；一旦身陷其境，却觉不过尔尔，随即起一种失望的念，厌“今”的心。又如吾人方处一境，觉得无甚可乐；而一旦其境变易，却又觉得其境可恋，其情可思。前者为企望“将来”的动机；后者为反顾“过去”的动机^⑫。但是回想“过去”，毫无效用，且空耗努力

的时间。若以企望“将来”的动机，而尽“现在”的努力，则厌“今”思想却大足为进化的原动力^①。乐“今”是一种惰性（Inertia），须再进一步，了解“今”所以可爱的道理，全在凭他可以为创造“将来”的努力，决不在得他可以安乐无为。

热心复古的人，开口闭口都是说“现在”的境象若何黑暗，若何卑污，罪恶若何深重，祸患若何剧烈。要晓得“现在”的境象倘若真是这样黑暗，这样卑污，罪恶这样深重，祸患这样剧烈，也都是“过去”所遗留的宿孽，断断不是“现在”造的。全归咎于“现在”，是断断不能受的。要想改变他，但当努力以创造将来，不当努力以回复“过去”。

我请以最简明的一句话写出这篇的意思来：

吾人在世，不可厌“今”而徒回思“过去”，梦想“将来”，以耗误“现在”的努力；又不可以“今”境自足，毫不拿出“现在”的努力，谋“将来”的发展。宜善用“今”，以努力为“将来”之创造。由“今”所造的功德罪孽，永久不灭^②。故人生本务，在随实在之进行^③，为后人造大功德。



The Living Present

© Li Dazhao

Of all things in the world, I think, the present is the most precious, and also the most apt to slip through our fingers. We, therefore, treasure it all the more because of its transience.

Why is the present so precious? The following quotation from the philosopher Emerson[®] best serves for an answer: "Make use of time if you love eternity; yesterday cannot be recalled; tomorrow cannot be assured; only today is yours. One today is worth two tomorrows."

Why is the present so easily lost? Because the universe as well as human life is changing non-stop all the time. Time never tarries with us a bit longer because we treasure and love it. It is hard to tell which moment in the ups and downs of life is our present or now. What we call our present or now at one moment will at the next be quickly gone and become the past. Isn't it a pity to unthinkingly idle away the present?

Some philosophers say that we have the past and the future, but no present. Others say that the present is inclusive of the past and the future. I, however, incline towards the latter view because the present is where all the past empties itself or, in other words, where lies hidden the entire legacy of the past. The prevailing thought of any age does not come into being all by itself. It is the synthesis of the popular thoughts of numerous previous ages or probably of all the past. The rippling sound stirred up by a pebble thrown into the current of the times will keep spreading forever. Li Sao[®], authored by Qu Yuan, will continue to touch a deep chord in the heart of every reader through all ages. The lethal shot that hit Abraham Lincoln's head will keep echoing through all lands and all eternity. The changes of each age, instead of becoming extinct, will pass on to the next. The process will go on endlessly to form an eternal link in the world. The events of yesterday and today will combine to form several complicated events which will in turn combine with those of tomorrow to form several new complicated events. Thus one influence combines with another; one problem gives rise to another. The infinite past results in the present, and the infinite future results from the present. It is the present that serves as a connecting link between the past and the future to bring about continuity, eternity and a boundless big whole. Ring the bell of the present, and you will hear the distant echoes of the infinite past and future. That accounts for the fact that the present is inclusive of the past and the future and that the living present is the most precious.

Nowadays two kinds of people don't know how to care for the present. One kind are sick of the present; the other are crazy about it.

Among those who are sick of the present, some are so dissatisfied with everything of today that they become nostalgic about yesterday. To them, things nowadays, including politics, law, morality and social customs, are all inferior to those in the past. They place their only hope on turning the clock back to days of old. They throw themselves heart and soul into the back-to-the-ancients campaign. Some, though also dissatisfied with everything of today like those mentioned above, long for the future instead of the past, so much so that they abandon themselves to dreams and fantasies and even give up many things that can be achieved right now through their own efforts. People of these two categories hinder social progress instead of furthering it.

People who are crazy about the present are generally apathetic and lack high aspirations. They see nothing wrong in the present. Complacent about their present circumstances, they feel no need for progress or creation. Such people abuse the present and stem the tide of progress.

There is no difference at all between them and those who are sick of the present.

It is common among human beings to be discontented with the present. They usually dream of something that has not yet come into being with fantasies about its being extremely agreeable and beneficial. But, once that something has become a reality, they call it just so-so and then fall into despair and grow weary of the present. Or they may feel a new environment rather unimpressive, but once things have changed, they begin to think well of it and recall it with tenderness. The former case has to do with future expectations, and the latter with past memories. However, given a combination of the two cases, dissatisfaction with the present will become a great moving force of social development. Being content with things as they are is a kind of inertia. We need to understand that the present is precious not because it can allow us to idle about in the midst of comfort and pleasure, but because it offers us an opportunity to strive to create the future.

Those keen on returning to the past keep telling us how dark and vile the status quo is and what serious wickedness and heavy misfortune it brings. They should understand, however, that what they speak of, if true, is a long-standing inheritance from the past, definitely not a product of today. It is utterly wrong to attribute it all to the present. The only way to change the status quo is to strive to create the future, not to attempt to revive the past.

Now let me sum up briefly as follows:

We should not let the present slip away idly, being displeased with it and lost in past memories and future dreams. Nor should we rest content with the present and thus make absolutely no efforts to achieve future development. Let's make the best of today so as to create tomorrow. Our deeds of today, good or bad, will have an everlasting impact on the future. It is therefore our duty to keep up with the trend of the times and strive for the well-being of future generations.

李大钊（1889—1927），字守常，河北乐亭人，是中国最早的马克思主义者，中国共产党的创始人之一。他于1927年4月6日被军阀张作霖逮捕，28日在北京英勇就义，年仅38岁。他的名篇《“今”》发表于1918年4月15日《新青年》杂志第4卷4号上。文章强调为今天而工作，创造美好的未来，反对崇古、复古，但也反对全部否定过去和随意菲薄古人，认为只有承受古人，才能启发来者。原文结尾处英译时略有删节。

注释

①《“今”》译为The Living Present，其中Living是增益成分，用以强调Present的含义。著名美国诗人Henry Wadsworth Longfellow（1807—1882）在一首名为A Psalm of Life（“人生赞”）的诗中写道：

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

他称“过去”为the dead Past，“现在”为the living Present。

②“最容易丧失”意即“最容易被人们错过”，可译为the most apt to slip through our fingers、the most liable to slip away或the most easily lost。

③“宇宙大化”的意思是“宇宙与生命”，译为The universe as well as human life。也可简译为the universe或the world。

④“茫茫百千万劫”中的“劫”本指“天灾人祸”，整个短语可结合上下文按“无数人生起伏变化”之意译为in the ups and downs of life。

⑤“糊里糊涂把他丢掉”意即“轻率地（或随意地）把它丢掉”，译为to unthinkingly idle away the present。

⑥“永远使人人感泣”中的“感泣”作“因感触而流泪”解，现按“触动心弦”之意来表达：will continue to touch a deep chord in the heart of every reader through all ages。

⑦“打击林肯头颅的枪声，呼应于永远的时间与空间”译为The lethal shot that hit Abraham Lincoln's head will keep echoing through all lands and all eternity，其中lethal（致命的）是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。又，“呼应于永远的时间与空间”也可译为will forever keep echoing throughout the world。

⑧“起一种回顾‘过去’的感想”意即“怀念过去”，故译they become nostalgic about yesterday。

⑨“此派人唯一的希望在复古”译为They place their only hope on turning the clock back to days of old，其中除turning the clock back to days of old外，还有以下可供选用：reviving the old day、returning to the past、reliving yesterday等。

⑩“无志趣无意识”意即“胸无大志，麻木不仁”，故译are generally apathetic and lack high aspirations。

⑪“丧失‘今’的好处”意即“未能善用今”或“辜负了今”，现译abuse the present，其中abuse意同misuse。

⑫“前者为企望‘将来’的动机；后者为反顾‘过去’的动机”可按“前者属企盼将来；后者属思念过去”之意译为The former case has to do with future expectations, and the latter with past memories。

⑬“若以企望‘将来’的动机，而尽‘现在’的努力，则厌‘今’思想却大足为进化的原动”意即“对将来的企望如能与当前的努力结合起来，不满现状就可成为进步的巨大努力”，现译However, given a combination of future expectations and present efforts, dissatisfaction with the present will become a great moving force of social development，其中given一词作“假如有”解。又，“进化”在此作“进步”或“社会发展”解，故译social development或social progress。

⑭“由‘今’所造的功德罪孽，永久不灭”意即“我们今天的功过，都将给将来留下长远的影响”，故译Our deeds of today, good or bad, (或Our merits and demerits of today) will have an everlasting impact on the future。

⑮“随实在之进行”可理解为“跟随时代潮流”而译之为keep up with the trend of the times。

⑯ Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American philosopher, essayist and poet.

⑰ Li Sao, a long poem of patriotism authored by Qu Yuan (c.340-277BC), poet and statesman of Chu during the Warring States Period and one of China's earliest poets.

◎ 胡 适 Hu Shih

我对于运动会的感想^①

◎ 胡 适

我到美国入大学校后，第一次去看我们大学和别的大学的足球竞争（Football，此系另一种很激烈的足球，与中国现行的不同）。入场券卖每人美金二元^②，但看的人竟有几千人之多。每到紧要关头，几千人同声喊着本校的“呼声”（yell）以鼓励场中的武士^③。有受伤的球员，扶下场时，大家也喊着“呼声”祝贺他^④，安慰他。我第一次观场，看见那野蛮的奋斗，听着那震耳的“呼声”，实在不惯；心里常想：这真是罗马时代的角抵和斗兽的遗风，很不人道的^⑤。

但是场中叫喊的人，不但是少年男女，还有许多白发的老教授，——我的植物教习罗里教授就坐在我的附近，——也拼命的喊着助威的“呼声”！我心里更不明白了^⑥！

但是我以后还去看过几次，看到第三次，我也不知不觉的站起来^⑦，跟着我们的同学们拼命的喊那助威的“呼声”！

难道我被那野蛮的遗风同化了吗？不是的；我渐渐把我从中国带去的“老人意态”丢开了；我也变少年了！

我在北京大学住了五年，不知不觉的又被中国学生的“斯文样子”^⑧同化了，我的“老人意态”又差不多全回来了。

今天忽然听说北京大学要开一个运动会，这个消息使我很高兴。我的记忆力使我回到十二年前跟着大家大呼大喊^⑨的时候，我很想再有同样的机会使我弹去一点“老态”^⑩。我希望许多同学都来这运动会场上尝尝少年的高兴，——把那斯文的老景暂时丢在讲堂上或宿舍里！

Reflections on the Sports Meet

© Hu Shih

After entering an American University, I watched, for the first time, an intercollegiate football match on the campus. Unlike the football we now play in China, American football is a very tough game. Though admission cost as much as two US dollars per person, yet there was a large attendance of several thousand. At each critical moment, the stadium would be echoing with the spectators' chorus of wild yells for their own athletic heroes. Whenever a player of their side was injured and helped out of the football field, they would also yell by way of saluting and comforting him. At first I just couldn't get used to the rough play and deafening roar, inwardly calling it an inhuman modern version of the bloody fights of men with men or with wild animals in the arena of the Roman amphitheater.

Among the yelling crowds were not only young boys and girls, but also many hoary-headed old professors. I was very surprised to see my professor of botany, who happened to sit nearby, also shouting frantically.

I went to watch football several times. The third time, however, found me rising to my feet in spite of myself to join my fellow students in cheering like mad.

Can I have been assimilated into the barbarous modern version of the ancient Roman practice? No. The fact is, I gradually threw away the "old-age mentality" that I'd brought with me from China. I became rejuvenated.

Now, after spending five years teaching at Peking University, I've been assimilated into the "scholarly dignity" of my students, so that my erstwhile "old-age mentality" has revived by and large.

Today I was very happy to hear that Peking University was about to schedule a sports meet. That reminds me of how twelve years ago I joined the football crowds in giving loud yells. I'm looking forward very eagerly to the new opportunity for me to regain some of my youthful spirit. I hope all my students will be present at the playing field to taste the joy of youthfulness and temporarily leave behind their "scholarly dignity" in the classroom or dormitory.



《我对于运动会的感想》是胡适（1891—1962）写于1922年4月21日的短文，当时他在北京大学任教。

注释

①“我对于运动会的感想”指“北大运动会”，英译时也省略“北大”：Reflections on the Sports Meet或Thoughts on the Sports Meet。

②“入场券卖每人美金二元”译为admission cost as much as two US dollars per person，其中as much as ...的意思是“多达……”。此句也可译为the admission tickets cost as much as two US dollars each。

③“几千人同声喊着本校的‘呼声’以鼓励场中的武士”译为the stadium would be echoing with the spectators' chorus of wild yells for their own athletic heroes，其中echoing with等于resounding with，作“充满声音”解；chorus of wild yells等于simultaneous wild yells，作“同声狂呼”解；their own athletic heroes也可译为the warriors of their own team。

④“祝贺他”实指“向他致敬”，故译为saluting ... him。

⑤“这真是罗马时代的角抵和斗兽的遗风，很不人道的”中的“角抵”又作“角觝”，指人与人的搏斗，“斗兽”指人与野兽的搏斗，两者合译为the bloody fights of men with men or with wild animals，其中bloody是添加成分；“罗马时代”按“古罗马圆形剧场中的竞技场”的意思译为in the arena of the Roman amphitheater；“……的遗风”意即“……的现代形式”，故译为modern version of ...。

⑥“我心里更不明白了”未按字面直译，现译为I was very surprised ...，意思相同。

⑦“我也不知不觉的站起来”译为rising to my feet in spite of myself，其中成语in spite of myself作“不由自主地”或“不禁”解。

⑧“斯文样子”意即“书生的端庄模样”，故译为scholarly dignity。

⑨“跟着大家大呼大喊”中的“大家”指“观看足球的人群”，故译为football crowds。

⑩“弹去一点‘老态’”也可译为to shed some of my "old-age mentality"。现译to regain some of my youthful spirit，形式不同，意思未变。

◎ 鲁 迅 Lu Xun

聪明人和傻子和奴才

◎ 鲁 迅

奴才总不过是寻人诉苦。只要这样，也只能这样。有一日，他遇到一个聪明人。

“先生！”他悲哀地说，眼泪联成一线，就从眼角上直流下来^①。“你知道的。我所过的简直不是人的生活^②。吃的是一天未必有一餐，这一餐又不过是高粱皮，连猪狗都不要吃的，尚且只有一小碗……”

“这实在令人同情。”聪明人也惨然^③说。

“可不是么！”他高兴了。“可是做工是昼夜无休息的：清早担水晚烧饭，上午跑街夜磨面，晴洗衣裳雨张伞，冬烧汽炉夏打扇。半夜要煨银耳，侍候主人耍钱^④；头钱从来没分，有时还挨皮鞭……”

“唉唉……”聪明人叹息着，眼圈有些发红，似乎要下泪。

“先生！我这样是敷衍不下去的^⑤。我总得另外想法子。可是什么法子呢？……”

“我想，你总会好起来……^⑥”

“是么？但愿如此。可是我对先生诉了冤苦，又得你的同情和慰安，已经舒坦得不少了。可见天理没有灭绝……”

但是，不几日，他又不平起来了，仍然寻人去诉苦。

“先生！”他流着眼泪说，“你知道的。我住的简直比猪窠还不如。主人并不将我当人^⑦；他对他的叭儿狗还要好到几万倍……”

“混账！”那人大叫起来，使他吃惊了。那人是一个傻子。

“先生，我住的只是一间破小屋，又湿，又阴，满是臭虫，睡下去就咬得真可以^⑧。秽气冲着鼻子，四面又没有一个窗……”

“你不会要你的主人开一个窗的么？”

“这怎么行？……”

“那么，你带我去看去！”

傻子跟奴才到他屋外，动手就砸那泥墙。

“先生！你干什么？”他大惊地说。

“我给你打开一个窗洞来。”

“这不行！主人要骂的^⑨！”

“管他呢！”他仍然砸。

“来人呀！强盗在毁咱们的屋子了！快来呀！迟一点可要打出窟窿来了！……”他哭嚷着，在地上团团地打滚。

一群奴才都出来了^⑩，将傻子赶走。

听到了喊声，慢慢地最后出来的是主人。

“有强盗要来毁咱们的屋子，我首先叫喊起来，大家一同把他赶走了。”他恭敬而得胜地说^⑪。

“你不错。”主人这样夸奖他。

这一天就来了许多慰问的人，聪明人也在内。

“先生。这回因为我有功，主人夸奖了我了。你先前说我总会好起来，实在是有先见

之明.....”他大有希望似的高兴地说。

“可不是么.....”聪明人也代为高兴似的回答他。



The Wise Man, the Fool and the Slave

© Lu Xun

What a slave did was just to look for someone to listen to his own grievances. That was the only thing he wanted to do and also the only thing he could do. One day he came across a wise man.

"Sir!" said he sadly, tears trickling down from the corners of his eyes. "As you can see, I lead a subhuman life. I'm not even assured of a single meal a day. If I have one, it's only a small bowl of kaoliang husks, which even a pig or dog would disdain to eat ..."

"What a wretched life you lead!" the wise man replied with pity.

"Isn't it?" the slave followed up with exaltation. "And I toil day and night without rest. I carry water at dawn and cook dinner at dusk. I run errands all morning and grind wheat at night. I wash the clothes when it's fine and hold an umbrella for my master when it's rainy. I take care of the heating stove in winter and keep cooling my master with a fan in summer. I boil white fungus for him late at night. I wait on him at his gambling table without ever getting a tip. Instead I sometimes get a good thrashing ..."

"Oh, dear!" the wise man said with a sigh, the rims of his eyes looking somewhat red as if he were about to shed tears.

"Sir! I can't put up with it any more. I've got to find a way out. But what can I do?..."

"I'm sure you'll pull through sooner or later ..."

"Really? I hope so. But, sir, I already feel much better now as you've given me sympathy and encouragement after listening to my grievances. It's thus clear that Heaven always upholds justice ..."

A few days later, however, he again began to grumble and look for somebody to listen to his complaints.

"Sir!" he cried out tearfully. "You know, I live in a place even lousier than a pigsty. My master treats me like dirt. He treats his Pekinese ten thousand times better ..."

"Damn it!" the listener swore in such a loud voice as to make the slave start. This man was a fool.

"Sir, I live in a run-down small hut which is wet, dingy, stinking and full of bedbugs. They bite me all over when I lie down to sleep. And the place doesn't even have a single window ..."

"Why not ask your master to have a window made?"

"How can I do that? ..."

"OK, you show me around!"

As soon as they came to the slave's dwelling, the fool started to pound its mud wall.

"What the hell are you doing, sir?" the slave yelled with alarm.

"I'm trying to knock a hole to make a window for you."

"No, you can't do that! The master will be mad at me!"

"To hell with your master!" The fool continued pounding away.

"Help! A robber is breaking down our house! Hurry up, or he'll knock a big hole in the wall! ..." Sobbing and shouting at the top of his voice, the slave rolled round and round on the ground.

Thereupon, a whole troop of slaves arrived on the scene and drove away the fool.

The last one that came out unhurriedly on hearing the commotion was the master.

"A robber came to smash up our house," the slave spoke respectfully and smugly. "I was the

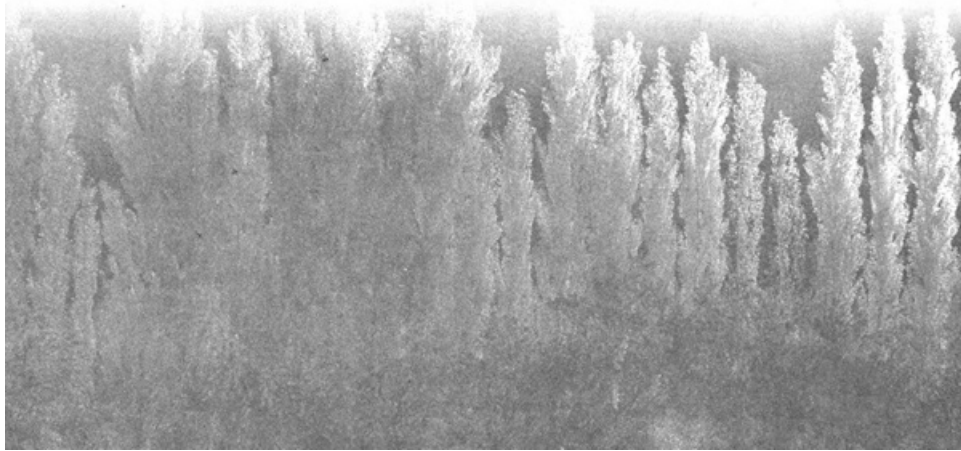
first to shout the alarm. We together drove him away."

"You did well," the master praised him.

A great many people came that day to express their solicitude, among them the wise man.

"Sir, I've just been praised by my master for my meritorious service," the slave said to the wise man very happily and hopefully. "I remember you said the other day that I would pull through sooner or later. So you're really a man of foresight ..."

"Oh, yeah ..." replied the wise man as if he, too, were happy for the sake of the slave.



《聪明人和傻子和奴才》是鲁迅（1881—1936）写于1925年12月的一篇短文，选自他的散文诗集《野草》。正如该书其他一些篇章，此文也以揭露和冷讽社会相为特点，刻画聪明人的刁巧与奴才之不可救药。

注释

①“眼泪联成一线，就从眼角上直流下来”译为tears trickling down from the corners of his eyes，未译为tears falling down in a string from the corners of his eyes，因trickling down表达“一连串落下”或“一滴滴流下”之意。

②“我所过的简直不是人的生活”译为I lead a subhuman life，其中subhuman作“非人的”（more like an animal than a human being）解。此句也可译为I lead a dog's life。

③“惨然”在此应作“怜悯地”解，故译with pity。

④“侍候主人耍钱”意即“侍候主人赌钱”，故译I wait on him at his gambling table（或mah-jong table、gambling parties等）。

⑤“我这样是敷衍不下去的”意即“我无法凑合下去了”或“我不能再忍受了”，故译I can't put up with it any more。

⑥“我想，你总会好起来……”可按“你迟早会渡过难关的……”译为I'm sure you will pull through sooner or later ...。此句也可译为I believe things will improve eventually ...。

⑦“主人并不将我当人”可译为My master treats me like dirt或My master doesn't treat me like a human being。

⑧“咬得真可以”可按“浑身都被咬了”译为They bite me all over。

⑨“主人要骂的”可按“主人会对我大发脾气”之意译为The master will be mad at me。也可直译为The master will curse me或The master will swear at me。

⑩“一群奴才都出来了”译为A whole troop of slaves arrived on the scene，其中troop比group可取，因前者有“一起行动”的含意。

⑪“他恭敬而得胜地说”可按“他恭敬而沾沾自喜地说”译为the slave spoke respectfully and smugly。

立 论^①

◎ 鲁 迅

我梦见自己正在小学校的讲台上预备作文，向老师请教立论的方法^②。

“难！”^③老师从眼镜圈外斜射出眼光来^④，看着我，说。“我告诉你一件事^⑤——

“一家人家生了一个男孩^⑥，合家^⑦高兴透顶了。满月的时候，抱出来给客人看，——大概自然是想得一点好兆头^⑧。

“一个说：‘这孩子将来要发财的^⑨。’他于是得到一番感谢^⑩。

“一个说：‘这孩子将来要做官的。’他于是收回几句恭维。

“一个说^⑪：‘这孩子将来是要死的^⑫。’他于是得到一顿大家合力的痛打。

“说要死的必然^⑬，说富贵的许谎。但说谎的得好报，说必然的遭打。你……”

“我愿意既不谎人，也不遭打^⑭。那么，老师，我得怎么说呢？”

“那么，你得说：‘啊呀！这孩子呵！您瞧！多么……啊唷！哈哈！Hehe! he, hehehehe!’”

On Presenting a View

© Lu Xun

I dreamed that while preparing to write a composition in a primary school classroom I asked the teacher how to present a view.

"That's a hard nut," said the teacher, giving me a sidelong glance over his glasses. "Let me tell you this story —"

"When a baby boy is born to a family, there is immense joy in the whole household. When he is one month old, they invite some people over for taking a look at him — customarily, of course, in expectation of some good wishes.

"One of the guests receives hearty thanks for saying, 'The child is destined to be rich.'

"Another is paid some compliments in return for saying, 'The child is destined to be an official.'

"Still another, however, is given a sound beating by the whole family for saying, 'The child will eventually die.'

"To call the child mortal is to state the inevitable while to say that the child will become very rich or a high official is probably a lie. Yet the former gets a thrashing while the latter is rewarded. You ..."

"I don't want to tell a lie, and neither do I want to be beaten. Then what should I do, sir?"

"Well, just say, 'Ai-ya, this child! Just look! Oh, my! Hah! Hehe! He, hehehehe!'"

《立论》是鲁迅1925年7月8日在北京写的一篇短文，1927年7月编入散文诗集《野草》。文章写“立论之难”，悲诉人生，感叹在现实生活中人们不敢说真话或有话难于直说，导致假话盛行。

注释

- ①“立论”除译On Presenting a View外，也可译为On Expressing an Opinion或on Passing Judgement。
- ②“向老师请教立论的方法”除译I asked the teacher how to present a view外，也可译为I consulted the teacher on how to express an opinion，但不如前者通俗简练。
- ③“难！”可译为That's hard或That's not easy，现译That's a hard nut，是常用习语，等于That's a hard nut to crack。
- ④“老师从眼镜圈外斜射出眼光来”可译为giving me a sidelong glance over his glasses或glancing at me sideways out of the corner of his glasses。
- ⑤“我告诉你一件事”可译为Let me tell you this story，其中this和a不同，前者作“下面的”解，后者表示“一个”。此句也可译为Here is a story。
- ⑥“一个男孩”指“一个男婴”，故译a baby boy，比a boy妥切。结合上下文，也可译为a son。
- ⑦“合家”可译为the whole household或the whole family，但前者更合适，因household除指family外，也可指同门同户的人或包括非亲属，如仆人等，在内的一家。
- ⑧“大概自然是想得一点好兆头”的意思是“按习俗当然是希望得到一些良好的祝愿”，故译customarily, of course, in expectation of some good wishes，其中good wishes也可用blessing、auspicious remarks、compliments等替代。
- ⑨“这孩子将来要发财的”意即“这孩子注定会发财”，故译The child is destined to be rich。
- ⑩“一番感谢”译为hearty thanks，其中hearty作“衷心的”解，是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。
- ⑪“一个说”译为Still another，是因为前面已先后出现One和another，也可译为A third。
- ⑫“这孩子将来是要死的”意即“这孩子最后总是要死的”，如译为This child will die，似未能确切达意，故译This child will eventually die，或采取增词法：This child, like all humans, will eventually die。
- ⑬“说要死的必然”意为“说这孩子将来会死，是道出了事物的必然性”，故译To call the child mortal is to state the inevitable。其中mortal作“终有一死”解，the inevitable等于一个抽象名词，作“必然性”解。
- ⑭“我愿意既不谎人，也不遭打”译为I don't want to tell a lie, and neither do I want to be beaten，其中and可用可不用，又neither一词改用nor也可。



◎ 叶圣陶 Ye Shengtao

看 月^①

◎ 叶圣陶

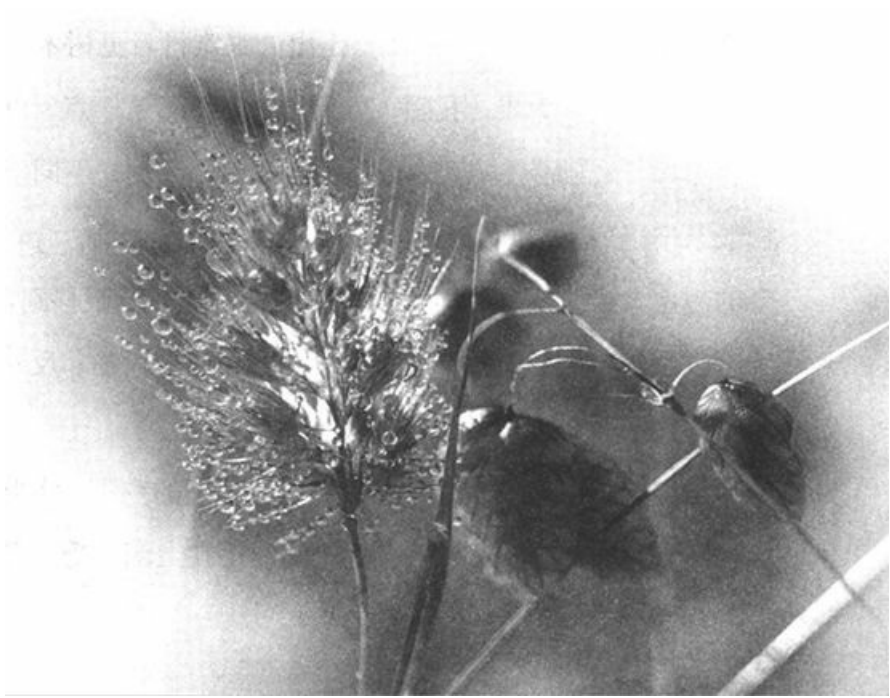
住在上海“弄堂房子”里的人^②对于月亮的圆缺隐现^③是不甚关心的。所谓“天井”，不到一丈见方的面积。至少十六支光的电灯每间里总得挂一盏。环境限定，不容你有关心到月亮的便利。走到路上，还没“断黑”已经一连串地亮了街灯。有月亮吧，就像多了一盏灯。没有月亮吧，犹如一盏街灯损坏了，没有亮起来。谁留意这些呢？

去年夏天，我曾经说过不大听到蝉声^④，现在说起月亮，我又觉得许久不看见月亮了^⑤。只记得某夜夜半醒来，对窗的收音机已经沉寂，隔壁的“麻将”^⑥也歇了手，各家的电灯都已熄灭，一道象牙色的光从南窗透进来，把窗棂印在我的被袱上。我略微感到惊异，随即想到原来是月亮光。好奇地要看看月亮本身，我向窗外望。但是，一会儿月亮被云遮没了。

从北平来的人往往说在上海这地方怎么“呆”得住^⑦。一切都这样紧张^⑧。空气是这样齷齪。走出去很难得看见树木。诸如此类，他们可以举出一大堆。我想，月亮仿佛失掉了这一点，也该列入他们认为上海“呆”不住的理由吧。假若如此，我倒并不同意。在生活的诸般条件里列入必须看月亮一项，那是没有理由的。清旷的襟怀和高远的想象力未必定须由对月而养成。把仰望的双眼移到地面^⑨，同样可以收到修养上的效益，而且更见切实。可是我并非反对看月亮，只是说即使不看也没有什么关系罢了。

最好的月色我也曾看过。那时在福州的乡下，地当闽江一折的那个角上。某夜，靠着楼栏直望。闽江正在上潮，受着月光，成为水银的洪流。江岸诸山略微笼罩着雾气，好像不是平日看惯的那几座山了。月亮高高停在天空，非常舒泰的样子。从江岸直到我的楼下是一大片沙坪，月光照着，茫然一白，但带点儿青的意味。不知什么地方送来晚香玉的香气。也许是月亮的香气吧，我这么想。我心中不起一切杂念^⑩，大约历一刻钟之久，才回转身来。看见蛎粉墙上印着我的身影，我于是重又意识到了我。

那样的月色如果能得再看几回，自然是愉悦的事，虽然前面我说过“即使不看也没有什么关系”。



Enjoying the Moon

© Ye Shengtao

People living in the small alleyways of Shanghai pay little attention to the waxing and waning, or the visibility, of the moon. The so-called "courtyards" in their houses are generally smaller than three metres square. And each room is illuminated by an electric bulb of at least 16 watts. Such a living environment is of course inconvenient for you to enjoy the moonlight. When you go out for a walk towards the evening, you'll see street lamps lit up one after another though it is not yet quite dark. Moon or no moon simply means the appearance of one extra street lamp or that one of the street lamps has gone wrong and ceased to give out light. Nobody cares.

Last summer, I complained that I could seldom hear the singing of cicadas. Now I'm sorry I haven't seen the moon for a long time. I remember how late one night I happened to wake up to find no more blaring of the radio from the window of the opposite house, no more clatter of next door's mahjong tiles and that all lights in the neighbourhood had been put out. A creamy white ray of light streamed in through my southern window to cast the shadow of the window lattice on my quilt. I was somewhat surprised. Then, when it dawned on me that it was the moon, I immediately looked out of the window, curious to have a look at it. But, unfortunately, it was soon hidden by clouds.

People from Peiping often wonder why Shanghailanders should choose to live in such a lousy place. They say life here is so full of tension, the air so foul, and trees so scarce, and so on and so forth. I wonder if the apparent loss of moonlight might as well be listed among their reasons for staying away from this city. But I would think otherwise, for it doesn't make sense to call enjoyment of moonlight one of the requisites of life. Open heart and wide vision do not necessarily come of watching the moon. The same can be achieved in self-cultivation, and that in a more practical way, by looking earthward instead of skyward. Nevertheless, I'm not opposed to watching the moon. I only mean it doesn't matter at all if you see no moon.

The moonlight I once enjoyed watching in the suburbs of Fuzhou, round a bend of the Min River, was the best I have ever seen. Over there, one night as I leaned on an upstairs railing and gazed into the distance, I was amazed to see the surging tidal water in the River sparkling like silver in the moonlight. The mountains along the river banks, enveloped in a thin mist, appeared quite different from what we had been accustomed to see. The moon was hanging leisurely high up in the sky. A wide sandy beach lay stretching all the way from the riverside to where I lived, showing a vast expanse of white in the moonlight, with slight undertones of green. Suddenly the sweet fragrance of tuberoses wafted up from somewhere. It might be the sweet fragrance of the moon, I thought. I stood lost in reverie. It was not until fifteen minutes later that, turning round to see my own shadow on the plaster wall, I finally returned to my old self.

Of course it will bring me great pleasure to see the same brilliant moonlight a few more times even though I've said, "It doesn't matter at all if you see no moon."

叶圣陶（1894—1988），原名叶绍钧，江苏苏州人，为现代杰出文学家、教育家。《看月》一文于1933年9月1日发表在《中学生》杂志第37号上，当时他在上海开明书店做编辑工作，任该杂志主编。文章写景状物，风格严谨，抒情色彩浓厚，其结尾的处理，尤具匠心。

注释

①题目《看月》的内涵是“对月亮的喜爱”，作者所持态度是积极的。此题目可译为The Moon、Watching the Moon、Enjoying the Moonlight等，现按其内涵选择Enjoying the Moon。

②“住在上海‘弄堂房子’里的人”译为People living in the small alleyways of Shanghai，其中用small alleyways表达“弄堂房子”即可，无须把“房子”也译出。又，此处“弄堂”也可译为small lanes或small alleys。

③“隐现”即disappearance or appearance，今以visibility一词表达即可。

④“我曾经说过不大听到蝉声”一句有“抱怨”的含义，故译I complained that I could seldom hear the singing of cicadas，其中用complained代替said。

⑤“我又觉得许久不看见月亮了”一句也同样有“抱怨”的含义，故译Now I'm sorry I haven't seen the moon for a long time，其中用I'm sorry代替I realize。

⑥“隔壁的‘麻将’”即“隔壁人家的‘麻将’牌声”，故译the clatter of next door's mahjong tiles，其中the clatter（咔嚓声）和tiles（麻将牌）是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。又，next door在此作名词用，意即“住在隔壁的人”（the person or people who live next door to you）。

⑦“在上海这地方怎么‘呆’得住”的含义是“怎么愿意住在上海这么一个糟糕地方”，故译why Shanghailanders should choose to live in such a lousy place，其中choose应作“愿意”解。又，“上海人”常译为Shanghainese，似欠妥，因Shanghai的最后字母不是n，还是沿袭过去的译法Shanghailander为妥。

⑧“一切都这样紧张……”是“北平来的人”的看法，故译They say life here is so full of tension ...，其中They say是增益成分，指“北平来人认为”。

⑨“把仰望的双眼移到地面”未按字面直译，现译by looking earthward instead of skyward，简单明了，且略带俏皮。

⑩“也许是月亮的香气吧，我这么想。我心中不起一切杂念”意即“我看得出神，觉得那香气似乎来自月亮”。因此“我心中不起一切杂念”不宜按字面直译，应译I stood lost in reverie。



没有秋虫①的地方

◎ 叶圣陶

阶前看不见一茎绿草，窗外望不见一只蝴蝶，谁说是鹁鸽②箱里的生活，鹁鸽未必这样趣味干燥呢。秋天来了，记忆就轻轻提示道：“淅淅切切的秋虫又要响起来了。”可是一点影响也没有③，邻舍儿啼人闹，弦歌杂作的深夜，街上轮震石响，邪许④并起的清晨，无论你靠着枕儿听，凭着窗沿听，甚至贴着墙角听，总听不到一丝的秋虫的声音。并不是被那些欢乐的劳困的宏大的清亮的声音淹没了，以致听不出来，乃是这里本没有秋虫这东西。呵，不容留秋虫的地方！秋虫所不屑留的地方⑤！

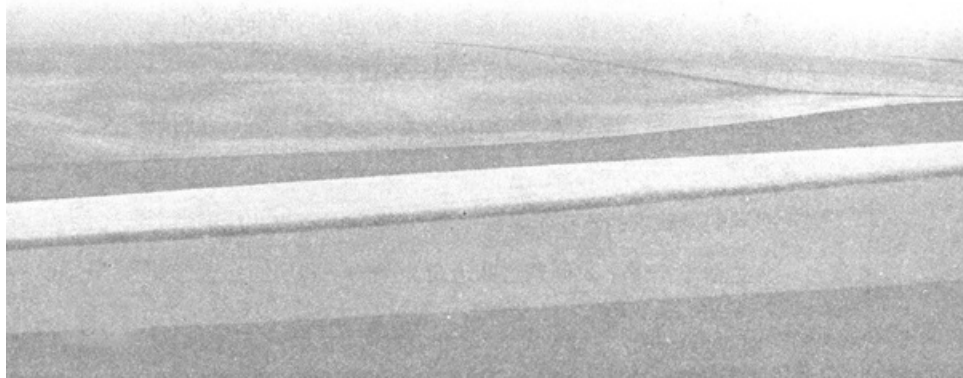
若是在鄙野的乡间，这时令满耳是虫声了。白天与夜间一样地安闲；一切人物或动或静，都有自得之趣；嫩暖的阳光或者轻淡的云影覆盖在场上，到夜呢，明耀的星月或者徐缓的凉风看守着整夜，在这境界这时间唯一的足以感动心情的就是虫儿们的合奏。它们高、低、宏、细、疾、徐、作、歇，仿佛曾经过乐师的精心训练，所以这样地无可批评，踌躇满志⑥，其实他们每一个都是神妙的乐师；众妙毕集⑦，各抒灵趣，那有不成人间绝响的呢。虽然这些虫声会引起劳人⑧的感叹，秋士⑨的伤怀，独客⑩的微喟，思妇⑪的低泣；但是这正是无上的美的境界，绝好的自然诗篇，不独是旁人最欢喜吟味的，就是当境者也感受一种酸酸的麻麻的味道，这种味道在一方面是非常隽永的。

大概我们所蕲求的不在于某种味道，只要时时有点儿味道尝尝⑫，就自诩为生活不空虚了。假若这味道是甜美的，我们固然含着笑意来体味它；若是酸苦的，我们也要皱着眉头来辨尝它；这总比淡漠无味⑬胜过百倍。我们以为最难堪而亟欲逃避的，惟有这一个淡漠无味！

所以心如槁木不如工愁多感，迷蒙的醒不如热的梦，一口苦水胜于一盏白汤，一场痛哭胜于哀乐两忘。但这里并不是说愉快乐观是要不得的，清健的醒是不须求的，甜汤是罪恶的，狂笑是魔道的。这里只说有意味总比淡漠远胜罢了⑭。

所以虫声终于是足系恋念的东西。又况劳人、秋士、独客、思妇以外还有无量的人，他们当然也是酷嗜味道的，当这凉意微逗的时候，谁能不忆起那妙美的秋之音乐？

可是没有，绝对没有！井底似的庭院，铅色的水门汀地，秋虫早已避去惟恐不速了。而我们没有它们的翅膀与大腿，不能飞又不能跳，还是死守在这里。想到“井底”与“铅色”，觉得象征的意味丰富极了。



A Place Without Autumn Insects

© Ye Shengtao

Not a single blade of green grass beyond the doorsteps, nor a single butterfly outside the window. It is a place even more dry and dull than a pigeon house. The advent of autumn has vaguely reminded me of the season's insects once again chirping plaintively. However, so far none of it is heard. All I hear late at night is the din from the houses in the neighbourhood — crying of babies, hubbub of grown-ups and confused noise of music and song. And all I hear in the early morning is the rumble of vehicles on the stone pavements and the simultaneous yo-ho of labourers on the streets. You hear no insects chirping however you try, by leaning your head on the pillow, over the window, or against the wall. Not because, drowned by the overwhelming din of merry-making or suffering, it has thus become inaudible, but because this place is utterly devoid of autumn insects. O a place leaving no room for autumn insects! Or rather a place where the insects themselves disdain to stay!

At a time like this, if I were in the lowly countryside, I would hear insects all around me. There peace and tranquillity prevail day and night. All living beings, whether moving or at rest, stand to enjoy life in their own way. In the daytime, the sun shining warm and cozy with thin clouds floating over the fields, while during the night, the moon and stars hanging bright in the sky with soft breezes cooling the air. The only thing capable of affecting our mood then and there is the chorus by insects. Their performance, with a voice high or low, sonorous or piping, quick or slow, sustained or suspended, is flawless and skilful, as if they had undergone thorough training under a music master. In fact, each and every one of them is a consummate music master all by itself. As a constellation of fine artists, they each give full play to their unique talent. No wonder their performance has reached the peak of artistic perfection. It makes toilers sigh with feeling, old forgotten scholars grieve over their luckless past, lonely travellers murmur moodily and solitary women weep silent tears. All that makes for the highest state of beauty on earth and natural poetry of super excellence. Not only does it intrigue onlookers, but also brings a bitter feeling to the party concerned. Such a feeling is, to a certain extent, of profound significance.

Perhaps what we seek for is not a specific feeling, but just a bit of any feeling now and then, so that we can praise ourselves for living a life free from spiritual barrenness. If it happens to be a sweet feeling, let's savour it with a smile. If it happens to be a bitter feeling, we should still try to taste it, albeit with knitted brows, for it is a hundred times better than absence of any feeling, which is most unbearable and should be avoided by all means.

Therefore, being sentimental is better than apathetic, having a warm dream is better than becoming a living corpse, drinking a bitter cup is better than a cup of insipid water, having a good cry is better than being insensitive to both sorrow and happiness. This does not mean, however, that happiness and optimism are no good, healthy wakefulness is undesirable, sweets of life are evil and hearty laughter is vicious. What I mean here is that susceptibility is always preferable to insensibility.

Hence, the insects's song is something we always long for. In addition to the above-mentioned toilers, old forgotten scholars, lonely travellers and solitary women, innumerable other people are equally susceptible. With a chill in the air, who wouldn't think of the beautiful music of autumn?

But none of it exists. Absolutely none! The courtyard is as still as the bottom of a well, the

cement ground is leaden. Insects have long been keeping clear of a place like this. Without their wings and legs, we cannot fly or leap as they do. We have to stick to this place. How pregnant with meaning are the two expressions — "the bottom of a well" and "leaden"!



《没有秋虫的地方》是叶圣陶早期的一篇散文。文章通过描写秋虫汇集的乡间，来衬托没有秋虫的都市庭院生活的枯燥乏味。作者夹叙夹议，倾谈“心如槁木不如工愁善感”的哲理。

注释

- ①“秋虫”主要指“蟋蟀”（crickets），现直译为autumn insects，取其广义。
- ②“鹁鸽”为“传书之鸽”，本应译为carrier pigeon或homing pigeon，现笼统译为pigeon即可。
- ③“一点影响也没有”意即“一点鸣声也没有”，故译none of it is heard，其中it指前面的insects once again chirping plaintively。
- ④“邪许”的读音为yéhǔ，乃拟声词，指劳动时众人一齐用力所发出的呼声，英语的对等词为yo-ho。
- ⑤“秋虫所不屑留的地方”译为Or rather a place where the insects themselves disdain to stay，其中Or rather是成语，作“更确切地说”解，为译文中的添加成分，使全句成为前面一句的补充。
- ⑥“踌躇满志”的意思是“心满意足”或“从容自得的样子”，现结合上下文按“娴熟自如”之意译为skilful。
- ⑦“众妙毕集”意即“一群灿烂的艺术家的”或“群芳齐集”，故译a constellation of fine artists。
- ⑧“劳人”意即“劳苦的人”，译为toilers。
- ⑨“秋士”指“士之暮年不遇者”，结合上下文译为old forgotten scholars。
- ⑩“独客”指“孤独的旅人”，译为lonely travellers。
- ⑪“思妇”指“怀念丈夫远行的妇女”，译为solitary women即可。
- ⑫“.....不在于某种味道，只要时时有点儿味道尝尝.....”中的“味道”指“感触”，故译为feeling。
- ⑬“淡漠无味”意即“缺乏感触”或“麻木不仁”，故译为absence of any feeling。
- ⑭“这里只说有味总比淡漠远胜罢了”的意思是“我的意思是，敏感远比麻木可取”，故译为What I mean here is that susceptibility is always preferable to insensibility。

◎ 瞿秋白 Qu Qiubai

“儿时”

◎ 瞿秋白

生命没有寄托的人，青年时代和“儿时”对他格外宝贵^①。这种浪漫谛克的回忆^②其实^③并不是发见了“儿时”的真正了不得，而是感觉到“中年”以后的衰退。本来，生命只有一次^④，对于谁都是宝贵的。但是，假使他的生命溶化在大众的里面^⑤，假使他天天在为这世界干些什么^⑥，那末，他总在生长^⑦，虽然衰老病死仍旧是逃避不了^⑧，然而他的事业——大众的事业是不死的，他会领略到“永久的青年”^⑨。而“浮生如梦”的人^⑩，从这世界里拿去的很多，而给这世界的却很少，——他总有一天会觉得疲乏的死亡：他连拿都没有力量了。衰老和无能的悲哀，像铅一样的沉重，压在他的心头^⑪。青春是多么短呵^⑫！

“儿时”的可爱是无知^⑬。那时候，件件都是“知”，你每天可以做大科学家和大哲学家^⑭，每天在发见什么新的现象，新的真理。现在呢？“什么”都已经知道了，熟悉了，每一个人的脸都已经看厌了。宇宙和社会是那么陈旧，无味，虽则它们其实比“儿时”新鲜得多了。我于是想念“儿时”，祷告“儿时”。

不能够前进的时候，就愿意退后几步，替自己恢复已经走过的前途。请求“无知”回来，给我求知的快乐。可怕呵，这生命的“停止”。

过去的始终过去了，未来的还是未来。究竟感慨些什么——我问自己。

Childhood

© Qu Qiubai

One who lives a life without high aspirations will treasure all the more the memory of his own youth and childhood. As it is, the sentimental recollection marks his awareness of post-middle age decline rather than his discovery of anything truly remarkable in the bygone days. Life is of course precious to anyone because he will pass through it but once. But one will long remain fresh and vigorous, if he identifies himself with the broad masses of people and day in, day out does his bit for the good of the public. Although, being subject to the law of nature, he too will eventually become aged and die, yet his cause — the public cause — will be everlasting. He will enjoy perennial youth in spirit. Those who dream away their life without doing anything useful are taking from this world much more than they are giving to it until at last they are too enfeebled to take any more and die of weariness. Consequently, a sad feeling of getting senile weighs heavily on their mind like a lump of lead. All they do is bemoan the transience of youth!

Childhood is lovely in terms of our erstwhile childish ignorance. In those early days, everything was new to us. Every day we were something of a great scientist or philosopher. Every day we discovered something new — new phenomena or new truth. What about now? Now we know everything only too well. We are tired of seeing every familiar human face. The whole universe and society seem stale and boring to us though, in fact, they have a lot more new things now than when we were in our childhood. Hence I feel nostalgic for my childhood and pray for it.

When we cease to advance any more, we are inclined to fall back a few paces and indulge in reminiscences of the path we have already trodden. We pray for the return of "childish ignorance" so as to re-experience the joy of knowledge-seeking. O this cessation of life! How horrible it is!

What is gone is gone, and what is to come is to come. What are my innermost feelings of it?



瞿秋白（1899—1935），江苏常州人，是中国共产党早期主要领导人之一。他既是政治家，又是文学家。《“儿时”》是他写于1933年9月28日的一篇杂文，选自人民文学出版社1986年版《瞿秋白文集》第2卷。文章认为那些留恋“儿时”的人们，往往是由于缺乏积极向前的人生观，只有面对现实，与人民大众打成一片，献身人类进步事业，才能领略到“永久的青春”。

注释

①“生命没有寄托的人，青年时代和‘儿时’对他格外宝贵”意即“一个没有崇高抱负的人会格外怀念他的青年时代和儿时”，译为One who lives a life without high aspirations will treasure all the more the memory of his own youth and childhood，其中用high aspirations表达“寄托”；all the more是成语，作“更加”、“格外”等解；to treasure the memory of意同to cherish the memory of，作“深情怀念”解。此句也可译为One who has no high aspirations in life is apt to look back most nostalgically on his own youth and childhood。

②“这种浪漫谛克的回忆”译为The sentimental recollection，其中sentimental与romantic有类同的意思，但前者偏重于“感伤”之意，后者偏重于“不切实际”之意，今根据上下文选用前者。

③“其实”意即“事实上”可译in fact、as a matter of fact等，今译as it is，能更好地承上启下。

④“生命只有一次”可译为he will pass through it but once或he will pass through this life but once，未按原文逐字处理。今选用前者，是为了避免life一词的重复使用。

⑤“假使他的生命溶化在大众的里面”意即“如果他与众打成一片”，故译if he identifies himself with the broad masses of people或if he becomes one with the people。

⑥“假使他天天在为这世界干些什么”译为(if he) day in, day out does his bit for the good of the public，其中把“天天”译为day in, day out (=day in and day out)，在此意同always；“为这世界”意即“为公益”，故译for the good of the public。

⑦“他总在生长”可按“他始终充满活力”的内涵译为one will long remain fresh and vigorous。

⑧“衰老病死仍旧是逃避不了”译为being subject to the law of nature, he too will eventually become aged and die，其中用being subject to the law of nature（按自然规律性）来表达“逃避不了”。

⑨“他会领略到‘永久的青春’”译为He will enjoy perennial youth in spirit，其中in spirit作“精神上”或“内心中”解，是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑩“‘浮生如梦’的人”意即“虚度光阴，无所事事的人”，故译those who dream away their life without doing anything useful或those who dawdle away their precious days in inaction。

⑪“像铅一样的沉重，压在他的心头”译为weighs heavily on their mind like a lump of lead，其中a lump of是增益成分。

⑫“青春是多么短呵！”意即“他们只好悲叹青春是多么短暂”，故译All they do is bemoan the transience of youth。

⑬“‘儿时’的可爱是无知”意即“儿时令人感到可爱是由于那时候我们年幼无知”，故译Childhood is lovely in terms of our erstwhile childish ignorance，其中in terms of的意思是“就……而论”、“从……方面（说来）”等。

⑭“你每天可以做大科学家和大哲学家”译为Every day we were something of a great scientist or philosopher，其中用something of把原文“在某种意义上”（to some extent）或“多少有点”（a bit of）的含义表达出来，以缓和语气。

◎ 冰 心 Bing Xin

我的童年

◎ 冰 心

提到童年，总使人有些向往，不论童年生活是快乐，是悲哀，人们总觉得都是生命中最深刻的一段^①；有许多印象，许多习惯^②，深固的刻画在^③他的人格及气质上，而影响他的一生。

我的童年生活，在许多零碎的文字里，不自觉的已经描写了许多，当曼瑰对我提出这个题目的时候，我还觉得有兴味，而欣然执笔。

中年的人，不愿意再说些情感的话^④，虽然在回忆中充满了含泪的微笑，我只约略的画出我童年的环境和训练，以及遗留在我的嗜好或习惯上的一切，也许有些父母们愿意用来作参考。

先说到我的遗传^⑤：我的父亲是个海军将领，身体很好，我从不记得他在病榻上躺着过^⑥。我的祖父身体也很好，八十六岁无疾而终。我的母亲却很瘦弱；常常头痛，吐血——这吐血的症候，我也得到，不是肺结核，而是肺气枝涨大，过劳或操心，都会发作——因此我童年时代记忆所及的母亲，是个极温柔，极安静的女人，不是作活计，就是看书，她的生活是非常恬淡的。

虽然母亲说过，我在会吐奶的时候，就吐过血，而在我的童年时代，并不曾发作过，我也不记得我那时生过什么大病，身体也好，精神也活泼，于是那七八年山陬海隅的生活，我多半是父亲的孩子，而少半是母亲的女儿^⑦！

在我以先，母亲生过两个哥哥，都是一生下就夭折了，我的底下，还死去一个妹妹。我的大弟弟，比我小六岁。在大弟弟未生之前，我在家里是个独子。

环境把童年的我，造成一个“野孩子”，丝毫没有少女的气息。我们的家，总是住近海军兵营，或海军学校。四围没有和我同年龄的女伴，我没有玩过“娃娃”，没有学过针线，没有搽过脂粉，没有穿过鲜艳的衣服，没有戴过花^⑧。

反过来说，因着母亲的病弱，和家里的冷静，使得我整天跟在父亲的身边，参加了他的种种工作与活动，得到了连一般男子都得不到的经验。为一切方便起见，我总是男装，常着军服。父母叫我“阿哥”，弟弟们称呼我“哥哥”，弄得后来我自己也忘其所以了。

父亲办公的时候，也常常有人带我出去，我的游踪所及，是旗台，炮台，海军码头，火药库，龙王庙。我的谈伴是修理枪炮的工人、看守火药库的残废兵士、水手、军官，他们多半是山东人，和蔼而质朴，他们告诉我以许多海上新奇悲壮的故事。有时也遇见农夫和渔人，谈些山中海上的家常。那时除了我的母亲和父亲同事的太太们外，几乎轻易见不到一个女性。

四岁以后，开始认字。六七岁就和我的堂兄表兄们同在家里读书。他们比我大了四五岁，仍旧是玩不到一处，我常常一个人走到山上海边去。那是极其熟识的环境，一草一石，一沙一沫，我都有无限的亲切。我常常独步在沙岸上，看潮来的时候，仿佛天地都飘浮了起来！潮退的时候，仿佛海岸和我都被吸卷了去！童稚的心，对着这亲切的“伟大”，常常感到怔忡^⑨。黄昏时，休息的军号吹起，四山回响，声音凄壮而悠长，那熟识的调子，也使我莫名其妙的要下泪，我不觉得自己的“闷”，只觉得自己的“小”。

因着没有游伴，我很小就学习看书，得了个“好读书，不求甚解”的习惯。我的老师很

爱我，常常教我背些诗句，我似懂似不懂的有时很能欣赏。比如那“前不见古人，后不见来者，念天地之悠悠，独怆然而涕下”。我独立山头的时候，就常常默诵它。

离我们最近的城市，就是烟台，父亲有时带我下去，赴宴会，逛天后宫，或是听戏。父亲并不喜听戏，只因那时我正看《三国》，父亲就到戏园里点戏给我听，如《草船借箭》，《群英会》，《华容道》等。看见书上的人物，走上舞台，虽然不懂得戏词，我也觉得很高兴。所以我至今还不讨厌京戏。

再大一点，学会了些精致的淘气^④，我的玩具已从铲子和沙桶，进步到蟋蟀罐同风箏，我收集美丽的小石子，在磁缸里养着，我学作诗，写章回小说，但都不能终篇，因为我的兴趣，仍在户外，低头伏案的时候很少。

父亲喜欢种花养狗，公余之暇，这是他唯一的消遣。因此我从小不怕动物，对于花木，更有普遍的爱好。母亲不喜欢狗，却也爱花，夏夜我们常常在豆棚花架下，饮啤酒，汽水，乘凉。母亲很早就进去休息，父亲便带我到旗台上去看星，他指点给我各个星座的名称和位置。他常常说：“你看星星不是很多很小，而且离我们很远么？但是我们海上的人一时都离不了它。在海上迷路的时候看见星星就如同看见家人一样。”因此我至今爱星甚于爱月。

父亲又常常带我去参观军舰，指点给我军舰上的一切，我只觉得处处都是整齐，清洁，光亮，雪白；心里总有说不出的赞叹同羡慕。我也常得亲近父亲的许多好友，如萨镇冰先生，黄赞侯先生。他们都是极严肃，同时又极慈蔼，生活是那样纪律，那样恬淡，他们也作诗，同父亲常常唱和，他们这一班人是当时文人所称为的“裘带歌壶，翩翩儒将”。我当时的理想，是想学父亲，学父亲的这些好友，并不曾想到我的“性”阻止了我作他们的追随者^⑤。

这种生活一直连续到了十一岁，此后我们回到故乡——福州——去，生活起了很大的转变。我也不能不感谢这个转变！十岁以前的训练，若再继续下去，我就很容易变成一个男性的女人，心理也许就不会健全。因着这个转变，我才渐渐的从父亲身边走到母亲的怀里，而开始我的少女时期了。

童年的印象和事实，遗留在我的性格上的，第一是我对于人生态度的严肃，我喜欢整齐，纪律，清洁的生活，我怕看怕听放诞，散漫，松懈的一切。

第二是我喜欢空阔高远的环境，我不怕寂寞，不怕静独，我愿意常将自己消失在空旷辽阔之中。因此一到了野外，就如同回到了故乡，我不喜城居，怕应酬，我没有城市的嗜好。

第三是我不喜欢穿鲜艳颜色的衣服，我喜欢的是黑色，蓝色，灰色，白色。有时母亲也勉强我穿过一两次稍为鲜艳的衣服，我总觉得很忸怩，很不自然，穿上立刻就要脱去，关于这一点，我觉得完全是习惯的关系，其实在美好的品味之下，少女爱好天然，是应该“打扮”的！

第四是我喜欢爽快，坦白，自然的交往。我很难勉强我自己做些不愿意做的事，见些不愿意见的人，吃些不愿意吃的饭！母亲常说这是“任性”之一种，不能成为“伟大”的人格^⑥。

第五是我一生对于军人普遍的尊敬，军人在我心中是高尚，勇敢，纪律的结晶。关系军队的一切，我也都感到兴趣。

说到童年，我常常感谢我的好父母，他们养成我一种恬淡，“返乎自然”的习惯，他们给我一个快乐清洁的环境，因此，在任何环境里都能自足，知足。我尊敬生命，宝爱生命，我对于人类没有怨恨，我觉得许多缺憾是可以改进的，只要人们有决心，肯努力。

我不但常常感念我的父母，我也常常警惕我们应当怎样做父母。

My Childhood

© Bing Xin

People are generally inclined to cherish the memory of their childhood. Be it happy or sad, it is always regarded as the most significant part of one's life. Many early impressions and habits are so deeply etched in one's character and temperament that they will affect him all through his life.

I have often inadvertently touched upon my childhood life here and there in my previous writings. Now that Man Gui suggested that I write exclusively on the topic of my childhood, I thought it worth a try and hence set pen to paper without reluctance.

As a middle-aged woman, I try to keep from being sentimental again in writing about the old days. Though I often smile with tears in my eyes while reminiscing, I choose only to sketch out my childhood environment and upbringing as well as the hobbies and habits that have since remained with me — things which may perhaps serve as reference for some parents of today.

Let me begin with my family background. My father was a high-ranking naval officer. He was very healthy and strong and I do not remember ever to have found him confined to bed by sickness. My grandfather, also very healthy and strong, died without illness at the age of 86. My mother, however, was very thin and weak, often suffering from headaches and blood-spitting — an illness I was once also liable to. It was caused not by pulmonary tuberculosis, but by the enlarged bronchial tubes or overwork and care. In short, as I remember, my mother was a very gentle and quiet woman. She spent her time either working or reading. She lived a very calm life.

According to my mother, I used to spit blood when I was a suckling baby, but this trouble never recurred in my childhood. Nor do I remember ever to have suffered from any serious illness during those days. On the contrary, I was in perfect condition both mentally and physically. Therefore, during those seven or eight years when moving about with my folks far away from our home town Fuzhou, I was, in terms of physical health, more than 50 per cent like my father and less than 50 per cent like my mother.

I had two elder brothers who died soon after they were born. I had a younger sister who died young. My eldest younger brother is six years my junior. Therefore, before he was born, I was the only child of the family.

Under the circumstances, I became much more like a "naughty little boy" than a young girl. My home was always situated near a naval barracks or naval academy. I found in the neighborhood no female companions of my age group. I never played with a doll, never learned how to do needlework, never used cosmetics, never wore colours or flowers.

What with my mother's ailing health and what with the loneliness I felt at home, I was compelled to seek the company of my father all day long. I was with him while he was going about his work and various other activities, thus acquiring experience beyond the reach of even an average male adult. I was often dressed, for convenience' sake, boy-fashion or in military uniform. So my parents would call me "Ah Ge"^① and my younger brothers would call me "Elder Brother" until I almost forgot what I really was.

Often, while my father was attending to his official duties, somebody would take me out on visits to such places as naval ship bridges, batteries, naval wharves, powder magazines and Temple of the Dragon King. I would chat with workers repairing guns, disabled servicemen looking after powder magazines, sailors and naval officers. Being mostly from Shandong

Province, they were very amiable and unsophisticated. From them I heard many a strange story about tragic and stirring incidents at sea. Sometimes farmers and fishermen whom I met would talk about their daily life in the mountains and at sea respectively. In those days, apart from my mother and wives of my father's colleagues, I seldom met with any womenfolks.

I began to learn to read after I was four years of age. At about seven I took private lessons at home together with some male cousins of mine. Being four or five years older than I, they never became my playmates. So I often went alone to enjoy myself in the mountains or by the seaside. I was very familiar with the surrounding country, and over there I loved every blade of grass, every pebble, every grain of sand and every drop of water. I would stroll along the seashore by myself. When the tide was coming in, I felt as if the whole universe were afloat in the air. When the tide was ebbing, I felt as if I were being carried away by the receding waves along with the seashore. Faced with the endearing grandeur of nature, I often felt my young heart palpitating with awe. At dusk, when the bugle announced the end of the day's duty, its long-drawn-out sound, at once melancholy and stirring, reverberated throughout the surrounding mountains. And its familiar tunes would inexplicably call forth tears in my eyes. At the moment, instead of ennui, I had the feeling of being so small myself.

For lack of playmates, I often spent my time in learning to read and in time formed the habit of reading avidly without bothering to understand everything thoroughly. My tutor, who was very affectionate towards me, wanted me to learn by heart some poems. I appreciated some of them very much though they were beyond my full comprehension. One of them is as follows:

I fail to see the ancients before my time,
Or after me the generations to come.
Thinking of the eternity of Heaven and Earth,
All alone, sadly I shed tears.

I often recited it silently while standing on top of a mountain.

The town nearest to our home was Yantai. My father sometimes took me there to attend a banquet, visit Tian Hou Palace or see an opera. He was not fond of Beijing opera, but since he knew I was then reading the classical novel *The Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, he took me to a playhouse where he selected for performing some pieces based upon the episodes of the novel, such as "Arrows and the Straw-laden Boat", "A Meeting of Heroes", "Hua Rong Path", etc. Although I couldn't understand a line of them, I was nevertheless very much amused to see actors on the stage impersonating different characters of the novel. That's why even to this day I have no aversion at all to Beijing opera.

As I grew older, I upgraded my juvenile pursuits. Crickets and kites took the place of shovels and sand pails as more advanced toys. I collected colourful pebbles and kept them in a porcelain bowl. I tried my hand at writing poems and novels, but always left them unfinished because I was more interested in outdoor activities than sedentary work at home.

My father was fond of planting flowers and keeping a dog, which was his only pastime in his after-office hours. Because of that, I've never been afraid of animals and always loved flowers and trees. My mother also loved flowers, but she didn't like dogs. In summer we often sat under the bean or flower trellises to enjoy the evening cool and drink beer or soda water. My mother kept early hours, so, after she went indoors, my father would take me to the naval ship bridge to watch the stars. He would point out various constellations and tell me their names and positions. He often said, "Look, the numerous stars are far away from us, but we sailors can't for

a single moment go without them. When we get lost a sea, we'll look to them like they were our dear folks." Hence my lifelong preference of the stars over the moon.

My father often took me to a naval ship and showed me around. It aroused in me an inexpressible feeling of admiration to see everything on board so spick-and-span, and so glossy and spotlessly white. I also often had the opportunity of meeting many good friends of my father's, among them Mr. Sa Zhenbing⁴ and Mr. Huang Zanhou⁵. They were as grave as kind, self-disciplined, and calm and modest. Sometimes, they also wrote poems, often in response to those by my father, on the same theme and using the same rhyme pattern. They were among those described as "scholar-generals" by the literati of those days. It was my ardent dream then to make a "scholar-general" of myself by following in the footsteps of my father and his friends, unaware that being a female, I was disqualified from becoming their disciple.

All that lasted until I returned with my folks to my home town Fuzhou at the age of eleven. I cannot help feeling grateful now for the drastic change it brought to my life. Had I continued the training I had been undergoing before I was eleven, I might have become very masculine and mentally unhealthy. Thanks to this change, I gradually moved away from my father's side and back to my mother's embrace, thus living the life of a young girl.

The experience I gained in childhood has impressed the following on my character:

First, I keep an earnest attitude towards life. I love orderliness, discipline and cleanliness. I hate to see or hear of things absurd, undisciplined or slack.

Secondly, I love an open and high environment. I'm not afraid of loneliness and seclusion. I'm willing often to get myself lost in wide open spaces. Therefore, the moment I'm in an open country, I'll immediately feel like being back in my old home. I don't like to live in a city. I'm afraid of socializing. I don't crave for things urban.

Thirdly, I always prefer to be dressed in black, blue, grey and white rather than gay colours. On a couple of occasions, I did wear bright-coloured dresses at my mother's insistence, which made me feel so awkward and uncomfortable that I had soon to take them off. However, I think all that is just a matter of habit. In fact, it's quite all right for young girls to be "decked out" to follow their natural inclination for beauty so long as it is in good taste.

Fourthly, I like to be straightforward, frank and unaffected in associating with other people. I never force myself to do what I'm unwilling to do, meet people I don't want to meet or eat meals I dislike. Hence my mother said I was sort of a wilful child destined to get nowhere.

Fifthly, I respect soldiers all my life. To me, they are the embodiment of nobility, courage and discipline. I am interested in everything associated with the armed forces.

Talking of my childhood, I'm forever grateful to my good parents. To them I owe my habit of living a quiet and simple life and my "back to nature" propensity. They gave me a happy and clean environment so that I am now able to feel content under any circumstances. I have a deep respect and love for life. I have no grievances against humanity. I think many human failings can be remedied so long as people strive with firm determination.

Not only do I always remember my parents with gratitude, I also always bear in mind how we should behave ourselves as parents.



《我的童年》是著名女作家冰心（1900—1999）1942年3月写于重庆歌乐山的一篇散文。作者出生于福州一个温馨慈爱之家，父亲是海军军官，母亲知书达理。她童年时期曾随父母多年居住在渤海之滨的烟台，直到11岁才回福州。文章就是对这一段海边生活的深情回忆，笔调率真坦诚，语言清新典雅。

注释

①“生命中最深刻的一段”译为the most significant part of one's life。“最深刻的”的意思是“具有深长意义的”，应译the most significant，不应按字面译为the deepest等。

②“许多印象，许多习惯”如仅仅译为many impressions and habits是不够的，须在many后面加early一词，或把全文译为many impressions and habits one has acquired in this period等。

③“深固的刻画在……”除译为deeply etched in ...外，也可译为deeply engraved in ...或deeply embedded in ...。

④“不愿意再说些情感的话”意即“写时不再溺于柔情”，故译为I try to keep from being sentimental again in writing about the old days或I'll refrain from writing in a sentimental way again，其中to keep from的意思是“避免”；in writing about the old days是增益成分。

⑤“先说到我的遗传”不宜照字面直译，应按“先谈谈我的家庭背景”译为Let me begin with my family background。

⑥“在病榻上躺着过”译为confined to bed by sickness。也可译成lying on a sickbed。

⑦“我多半是父亲的孩子，而少半是母亲的女儿”译为I was, in terms of physical health, more than 50 per cent like my father and less than 50 per cent like my mother，其中in terms of physical health是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。此句也可用意译法处理：I was, in terms of physical health, more like my father than my mother。

⑧“没有穿过鲜艳的衣服，没有戴过花”译为never wore colours or flowers，其中colours作“彩色衣服”解，相当于bright-coloured dresses。

⑨“童稚的心，对着这亲切的‘伟大’，常常感到怔忡”意即“面对这亲切的大自然，我的幼小心灵常为之颤动”，故译为Faced with the endearing grandeur of nature, I often felt my young heart palpitating with awe，其中with awe（带着敬畏的心情）是增益成分。此句也可译成My young heart would often palpitate under the spell of the endearing grandeur of nature，其中spell作“魅力”、“吸引”等解。

⑩“学会了些精致的淘气”意即“有了更高级的玩具”或“获得了更高尚的消遣”，故译为I upgraded my juvenile pursuits。

⑪“不曾想到我的‘性’阻止了我作他们的追随者”译为unaware that being a female, I was disqualified from becoming their disciple。“我的‘性’”意即“作为一个女性”，故译being a female；“阻止了我……”意即“没有资格……”，故译was disqualified from ...。又，“追随者”译成disciple或follower皆可。

⑫“不能成为‘伟大’的人格”意即“注定无所作为”、“注定没出息”，故译destined to get nowhere或destined to be a good-for-nothing，其中destined作“注定”、“必将”解。

⑬ A pet name in the Fuzhou dialect meaning "Elder Brother".

⑭ Sa Zhenbing (1858-1952), a native of Fuzhou, received naval training in Great Britain at an early age and later held important naval and government posts until he resigned in 1927 to show his displeasure at the dictatorial rule of Chiang Kai-shek. After the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949, he was assigned to key government positions.

⑮ Huang Zanhou, alias Huang Zhongying, also from Fuzhou, was the first Naval Minister of the Republic of China.

梦^①

◎ 冰 心

她回想起童年的生涯，真是如同一梦罢了！穿着黑色带金线的军服，佩着一柄短短的军刀，骑在很高大的白马^②上，在海岸边缓辔徐行的时候，心里只充满了壮美的快感^③，几曾想到现在的自己，是这般的静寂，只拿着一枝笔儿，写她幻想中的情绪呢？

她男装到了十岁，十岁以前，她父亲常常带她去参与那军人娱乐的宴会。朋友们一见都夸奖说，“她英武的一个小军人！今年几岁了？”父亲先一面答应着，临走时才微笑说，“她是我的儿子，但也是我的女儿^④。”

她会打走队的鼓，会吹召集的喇叭。知道毛瑟枪里的机关^⑤。也会将很大的炮弹，旋进炮腔里。五六年父亲身畔无意中的训练，真将她做成很矫健的小军人了。

别的方面呢？平常女孩子所喜好的事，她却一点都不爱。这也难怪她，她的四围并没有别的女伴，偶然看见山下经过的几个村里的小姑娘，穿着大红大绿的衣裳，裹着很小的脚。匆匆一面里，她无从知道她们平居的生活。而且她也不把这些印象，放在心上。一把刀，一匹马，便堪过尽一生了！女孩子的事，是何等的琐碎烦腻呵！当探海的电灯射在浩浩无边的大海上，发出一片一片的寒光，灯影下，旗影下，两排儿沉豪英毅的军官，在剑佩锵锵的声里，整齐严肃的一同举起杯来，祝中国万岁的时候，这光景，是怎样的使人涌出慷慨的快乐的眼泪呢？^⑥

她这梦也应当到了醒觉的时候了！人生就是一梦么？

十岁回到故乡去，换上了女孩子的衣服，在姊妹群中，学到了女儿情性：五色的丝线，是能做成好看的活计的；香的，美丽的花，是要插在头上的；镜子是妆束完时要照一照的；在众人中间坐着，是要说些很细腻很温柔的话的；眼泪是时常要落下来的。女孩子是总有点脾气，带点娇贵的样子的。

这也是很新颖，很能造就她的环境——但她父亲送给她的一把佩刀，还长日挂在窗前。拔出鞘来，寒光射眼，她每每呆住了。白马呵，海岸呵，荷枪的军人呵……模糊中有无穷的怅惘。姊妹们在窗外唤她，她也不出去了。站了半天，只掉下几点无聊的眼泪。

她后悔么？也许是，但有谁知道呢！军人的生活，是怎样的造就了她的性情啊！黄昏时营幕里吹出来的军号声，不更是抑扬凄婉么？世界上软款温柔的境地，难道只有女孩儿可以占有么？海上的月夜，星夜，眺台独立倚枪翘首的时候：沉沉的天幕下，人静了，海也浓睡了，——“海天以外的家！”这时的情怀，是诗人的还是军人的呢？是两缕悲壮的丝交纠之点呵！^⑦

除了几点无聊的英雄泪，还有什么？她安于自己的境地了！生命如果是圈儿般的循环，或者便从“将来”，又走向“过去”的道上，但这也是无聊呵！

十年深刻的印象，遗留于她现在的生活中的，只是矫强的性质了——她依旧是喜欢看那整齐的步伐，听那悲壮的军号。但与其说她是喜欢看，喜欢听，不如说她是怕看，怕听罢。

横刀跃马，和执笔沉思的她，原都是一个人，然而时代将这些事隔开了……

童年！只是一个深刻的梦么？

Dreamlike Childhood

© Bing Xin

Whenever she looks back on the past, her childhood always seems to be a mere dream! How in those days it used to fill her heart with great pleasure to find herself the very picture of magnificent beauty when, clad in a gold-threaded naval uniform and armed with a sabre at her waist, she ambled along with a loose rein on a giant of a white horse, little knowing that she would some day be reduced to being a solitary writer wielding the pen to depict her dreams and emotions!

She was always dressed like a male child until she was ten. Before that, her father would often take her with him when he attended dinner parties arranged for the recreation of servicemen. Her father's friends, the moment they saw her, would praise her by saying, "What a heroic little soldier! How old are you now?" Her father would end up the small talk smilingly with, "She's my son as well as my daughter."

She learned how to beat the drum for soldiers marching in parade and blow the bugle for fall-in. She was familiar with the mechanism of a Mauser. She also knew how to feed a big shell into the barrel of a cannon. True, the five to six years of military training she received inadvertently by the side of her father ended up in making a sprightly little soldier of her.

And what's more, she didn't share the same likes with ordinary girls. That was nothing unusual because, being the only little girl in the neighborhood, she had no female playmates at all. Occasionally she caught glimpses of some young country girls, dressed in bright green or red and with bound feet, trudging past below the mountain. But she had no way of knowing their day-to-day life, and nor did she give much thought to what she saw. The sabre, the horse — that was what she would like to have for lifelong company. Things about young females — how trivial and boring they seemed to her! With the boundless expanse of the ocean gleaming coldly now here and now there under the radiance of the searchlight, steadfast naval officers, standing in two rows under the light and flag, would solemnly raise their glasses in unison to drink to their motherland amidst the rattle of sabres. Fancy the very scene moving her to copious tears of joy!

Soon it was about time for her to wake up from the dream! After all, life is a dream, isn't it?

After she returned to her native place at the age of ten, she began to dress like a girl and, through associating with her young female relatives, gradually learned the girlish ways of thinking and behaviour. For instance, silk thread of all colours was fancied for beautiful needlework; fragrant brilliant flowers should be put in the hair for decoration; dressing should be followed by taking a look in a mirror; when sitting among a crowd, a girl should speak in a soft and delicate tone; she should be lachrymose and normally somewhat petulant like a pampered child.

The new surroundings, however, were also conducive to her upbringing. But the sabre, given her by her father, was still hanging by her window. She would be struck by its cold gleam whenever she unsheathed it. Ah, the white horse, the seashore, the soldiers carrying rifles on their shoulders ... how the vague memories would bring her infinite anxiety and sadness! When her young female relatives called to her from outside the window, she would refuse to leave her room. She would instead stand inside for hours, nostalgic tears trickling down in drops.

Was she overcome with regret? Maybe, but who knows! How the military life had shaped her disposition! How rhythmical and plaintive the bugle sounded from the barracks at twilight!

Were tender feelings and soft passions exclusive to young girls? Imagine on a starry night on the moonlit sea, a lone soldier on duty at the watch tower, gun in hand and head up. And all was quiet under the dark sky and the sea was sound asleep. "Home beyond the sea and sky!" At a moment like this, the poet and the soldier in her would co-exist like two spectacular strands of silk twisted together!

What else could she do except weep a few futile heroic tears? She had to reconcile herself to the present way of life. How nice it would be if she could have her life to live over again! But that was mere fantasy!

Now what the ten unforgettable years has left her is a strong character. She is still fond of watching soldiers march in step and hearing the solemn and stirring call of a bugle. Nay, that's not what she is so much fond as afraid of watching.

Whether wielding a sword on a galloping horse or holding a pen in deep thought, she is the same person. Only time has made all the difference ...

Childhood! It's an indelible dream, isn't it?



《梦》是冰心于1921年11月写的一篇小品，初载1923年4月《小说月报》杂志。作者用第三人称深情回忆了她童年时代随父母居住在烟台、直到11岁才回故乡福州的美好情景。

注释

①“梦”本可译为A Dream，现参照文章内容，改译Dreamlike Childhood，较贴切。

②“高大的白马”译为a giant of a white horse，意同a giant-like white horse或a gigantic white horse，比a big white horse强调。

③“心里只充满了壮美的快感”意即“自己是那么壮美，往往为之满怀欣喜”，故译it used to fill her heart with pleasure to find herself the very picture of magnificent beauty，其中the picture of是习语，作“化身”、“体现”等解。

④“父亲先一面答应着，临走时才微笑说……”可按“寒暄了一阵后，父亲随即微笑着说……”译为Her father would end up the small talk with ...，其中small talk是习语，意为polite friendly conversation about unimportant subjects。

⑤“毛瑟枪里的机关”即“毛瑟枪的结构”，故译the mechanism of a Mauser（或Mauser rifle）。

⑥“这光景，是怎样的使人涌出慷慨的快乐的眼泪呢？”可按“想象一下，这情景如何使她流下许多喜悦之泪！”之意译为Fancy the very scene moving her to copious tears of joy!或Imagine to yourself how the very scene drew copious tears of joy from her eyes!。

⑦“这时的情怀，是诗人的还是军人的呢？是两缕悲壮的丝交织之点呵！”可按“这时她的诗人情怀和军人情怀并存，像两股壮丽的丝线交织在一起！”之意译为At a moment like this, the poet and the soldier in her would co-exist like two spectacular strands of silk twisted together!，其中poet和soldier前面加定冠词the后就都取得抽象概念。

◎ 周作人 Zhou Zuoren

初 恋

◎ 周作人

那时我十四岁，她大约是十三岁吧。我跟着祖父的妾宋姨太太寄寓在杭州的花牌楼^①，间壁住着一家姚姓，她便是那家的女儿，她本姓杨，住在清波门头，大约因为行三^②，人家很称她作三姑娘。姚家老夫妇没有子女，便认她做干女儿，一个月里有二十多天住在他们家里，宋姨太太和远邻的羊肉店石家的媳妇虽然很说得来，与姚宅的老妇却感情很坏，彼此都不交口，但是三姑娘并不管这些事，仍旧推进门来游嬉。她大抵先到楼上去，同宋姨太太搭讪一回，随后走下楼来，站在我同仆人阮升公用的一张板桌旁边，抱着名叫“三花”的一只大猫，看我映写陆润庠的木刻的字帖^③。

我不曾和她谈过一句话，也不曾仔细的看过她的面貌与姿态^④。大约我在那时已经很近视，但是还有一层缘故，虽然非意识的对于她很是感到亲近，一面却似乎为她的光辉所掩，抬不起眼来去端详她了。在此刻回想起来，仿佛是一个尖面庞^⑤，乌眼睛，瘦小身材，而且有尖小的脚的少女，并没有什么殊胜的地方，但在我的性的生活里总是第一个人^⑥，使我于自己以外感到对于别人的爱着，引起我没有明了的性之概念的，对于异性的恋慕的第一个人了。

我在那时候当然是“丑小鸭”，自己也是知道的，但是终不以此而减灭我的热情。每逢她抱着猫来看我写字，我便不自觉的振作起来，用了平常所无的努力去映写，感着一种无所希求的迷蒙的喜乐。并不问她是否爱我，或者也还不知道自己是爱着她，总之对于她的存在感到亲近喜悦，并且愿为她有所尽力，这是当时实在的心情，也是她所给我的赐物了。在她是怎样不能知道，自己的情绪大约只是淡淡的一种恋慕，始终没有想到男女关系的问题。有一天晚上，宋姨太太忽然又发表对于姚姓的憎恨^⑦，末了说道：

“阿三那小东西^⑧，也不是好货，将来总要流落到拱辰桥去做婊子的。”

我不很明白做婊子这些是什么事情，但当时听了心里想道：

“她如果真是流落做了，我必定去救她出来。”

大半年的光阴这样的消费过了。到了七八月里因为母亲生病，我便离开杭州回家去了。一个月以后，阮升告假回去，顺便到我家里，说起花牌楼的事情，说道：

“杨家的三姑娘患霍乱死了。”

我那时也很觉得不快，想象她的悲惨的死相，但同时却又似乎很是安静，仿佛心里有一块大石头已经放下了^⑨。



First Love

© Zhou Zuoren

I was then 14, and she about 13. I was living with grandpa's concubine Song in our temporary home in Hua-Pai-Lou, Hangzhou. The little girl was our next-door neighbour Yao's daughter. She had originally been the daughter of a Yang family in Qing-Bo-Men-Tou. As she was the third child of the family, people often called her San-Gu-Niang^①. The old Yaos had no children of their own, so they took her as their goddaughter. Hence she put up with the Yaos for more than 20 days per month. Though Concubine Song was very friendly with the daughter-in-law of a distant neighbour named Shi, who owned a mutton shop, she was not on speaking terms with old Mrs. Yao next-door. San-Gu-Niang, however, didn't care about all that. She would push our door open and enter to have fun. She would first go upstairs to have a little chat with Concubine Song, and then, after coming downstairs, stand beside the wooden table, which I used to share with our servant Ruan Sheng, to watch me practising handwriting after a wood-cut copybook for calligraphy by Lu Runxiang^②, carrying in her arms a big cat named San Hua.

I didn't get into any conversation with her, and nor did I ever dwell my eyes on her face and bearing — perhaps due to my myopia. But there was another reason for it. Though unconsciously attracted by her, I felt meanwhile so overshadowed by her brilliance that I just couldn't lift my eyes to take a close look at her. As far as I can now remember, she seemed to be a little girl with delicate features, black eyes, slender figure and small feet, and have nothing especially appealing. But she was the first person of the opposite sex that had caught my notice. The first person that had made me love somebody else as much as myself. The first person that had made me sexually aware. The first person that had aroused my adoration for the opposite sex.

Of course I knew then I was nothing but an "Ugly Duckling", but that didn't damp down my passion. Whenever she came to watch me practise calligraphy with the cat in her arms, I would hearten up unwittingly and go about my job with redoubled effort and inexplicable joy in my heart. I didn't bother whether she loved me or not, and nor did I know whether I myself was in love with her or not. Nevertheless, when she was around, I felt happy and desired to do all I could for her. That was my real state of mind, and that was also something bestowed on me by her. I didn't know how she felt, but as for me, it was just a feeling of adoration, and there was no thought of anything having to do with sexual relations at all. One evening, Concubine Song suddenly burst into another fit of abuse at the Yaos and ended it up with,

"That Goddam Ah San^③! She's no good either. She's sure to end up a whore some day in Gong-Chen-Qiao.^④"

I didn't quite understand what was meant by becoming a whore. However, I said to myself, "If she should really be reduced to a whore, I'll definitely come to her rescue."

More than six months went by. In July or August of that year, I left Hangzhou for home to see my ailing mother. One month later, Servant Ruan Sheng incidentally paid me a visit while he was on leave. In referring to the state of affairs in Hua-Pai-Lou, he said,

"San-Gu-Niang of the Yang family died of cholera."

I, too, felt very sad, picturing in my mind her tragic death, but, meanwhile, somehow remained very calm like a big stone weighing on my heart had been removed.



周作人（1885—1968），号知堂，原籍浙江绍兴，是现代散文家。《初恋》是他的早期小品，写于1922年9月。作者当时的小品散文大多情怀平淡、闲适，取材琐碎，文字质朴，独成一派。《初恋》是反映这种情调与风格的代表作之一。

注释

①“我跟着祖父的妾宋姨太太寄寓在杭州的花牌楼”本可译为I was living with grandpa's concubine Song away from home in Hua-Pai-Lou, Hangzhou，但因away from home in Hua-Pai-Lou, Hangzhou有可能被误解为“离开杭州花牌楼老家而寄居在外”，应改译为I was living with grandpa's concubine Song in our temporary home in Hua-Pai-Lou, Hangzhou。

②“她……因为行三”意即“她……因为在兄弟姐妹中排行第三”，可译为As she was the third child of the family或As she was the third among her siblings等。

③“映写陆润庠的木刻的字帖”译为practising handwriting after a wood-cut copybook for calligraphy by Lu Runxiang，其中介词after作“仿照”、“以……为模仿对象”等解。

④“也不曾仔细的看过她的面貌与姿态”可译为and nor did I ever dwell my eyes on her face and bearing或and nor did I ever take a close look at her face and bearing。短语to dwell one's eyes on的意思是“凝视”、“细看”等。

⑤“尖面庞”不宜直译为pointed face或sharp face，因两者均缺乏美感。现按“纤细的面貌”译为delicate features。

⑥“……在我的性的生活里总是第一个人”不应理解为“……与之有性关系的第一个女人”，现按“第一个引起我注意的异性”译为She was the first person of the opposite sex that had caught my notice。

⑦“宋姨太太忽然又发表对于姚姓的憎恨”意即“宋姨太太忽然又破口大骂姚家的人”，故译Concubine Song suddenly burst into another fit of abuse at the Yaos，其中burst into作“发作”解。

⑧“阿三那小东西”本可译为Ah San the slut或Ah San the dirty bitch等，现译为That goddamn Ah San，较切合原文。

⑨“但同时却又似乎很是安静，仿佛心里有一块大石头已经放下了”译为but, meanwhile, somehow remained very calm like a big stone weighing on my heart had been removed，其中like用作as if。

⑩ A Pinyin transliteration of the Chinese characters meaning Third Daughter.

⑪ A famous calligrapher of the late Qing dynasty.

⑫ Short for San-Gu-Niang.

⑬ Formerly a well-known water transport center in northern Hangzhou.



◎ 郭沫若 Guo Moruo

菩提树下

◎ 郭沫若

一

我的女人最喜欢养鸡。她的目的并不在研究遗传，并不想有甚居积^①，充其量只是想给孩子们多吃几个鸡蛋罢了^②。

因此之故她总是爱养母鸡。每逢母鸡要生蛋的时候，她真是欢喜极了，她要多把些粮食给它，又要替它做窝。有时候一时要做两三个窝^③。

鸡蛋节省着吃，吃到后来母鸡要孵卵的时候，那是她更操心的时候了，孵卵的母鸡每隔一天要飞出窝来摄取一次饮食，她要先替它预备好；又要时常留心着不使母鸡在窝里下粪，因为这样容易使孵卵腐败。还有被孵抱着的鸡卵她也要常常把微温的盐水去试验，在水上可以浮起的便是腐败了的，她便要取出，沉下去的便仍使母鸡孵抱。像这样足足要操心三个礼拜，等到鸡卵里面可以听出啾啾的叫声了，那时候她有两三天是快乐得不能安定的。

我们养鸡养过五六年，鸡雏也不知道孵化过好几次了。但是孵化了的鸡雏不是被猫鼠衔去，便是吃米过多得脚气病死了。自己孵化出的鸡雏从不曾长大过一次。

我们又是四处飘流的人，遇着要远徙他方的时候，我们的鸡不能带着同走。在那时我们的鸡不是送人，便是卖给鸡贩子去了。自己养过的鸡怎么也不忍屠杀。所以我们养鸡养了五六年，自己所养的鸡从不曾吃过一次。

所养的鸡也并不多，至多不过四五只；我们除把些残菜剩饭给它们外，平常只听它们去自行渔食罢了。

二

养了五六年的鸡，关于鸡的心理，我也留下了不少的幽凉的记忆^④。鸡的生活中我觉得很有和人相类似的爱的生活^⑤存在。

假如有一群鸡在园子里放着的时候，请把一些食物向鸡群里洒去罢。这鸡群里面假使有一只雄鸡，你可以看出它定要咯咯地呼唤起来，让母鸡去摄取那食物，它自己是决不肯先吃的。这样本是一个很平常的现象，但这个很平常的现象不就像欧洲中世纪的游吟诗人（troubadour）的崇拜女性吗^⑥？

有一次我们养过三只牝鸡，两只雄鸡。这两只雄鸡中只有一只得势，把那三只母鸡都占有了。那不得势的一只，真是孤苦得可怜^⑦。得势的一只雄鸡不消说要欺负它，便连那些娥皇女英们也不把它看在眼里。它有时性的冲动发作了，偷觑着自己的情敌不在，便想方设计地去诱惑它们。分明是没有食物的，它也要咯咯地叫，或者去替它们梳理羽毛，但它们总不理睬它。它弄得焦急了，竟有用起暴力来，在那时它们一面遁逃，一面戛着惊呼求救的声音，呼唤它们的大舜皇帝。等到大舜皇帝一来，那位背时的先生又拖着尾巴跑了^⑧。

——啊，你这幸福的大舜皇帝！你这过于高傲了的唐璜（Don Juan）^⑨！你占领着一群女性，使同类多添一位旷夫。

那回是我抱了不平，我把得势的一只雄鸡卖了。剩下的一位旷夫和三位贞淑的怨女起初还不甚相投，但不久也就成了和睦的夫妇了。

还有一件更显著的事情，要算是牝鸡们的母爱。牝鸡孵化了鸡雏的时候，平常是那么驯善的家禽，立地要变成一些鸷鸟。它们保护着自己的幼儿是一刻也不肯懈怠的。两只眼睛如像燃着的两团烈火。颈子时常要竖着向四方倾听。全身的神经好像紧张得要断裂的一样。这样加紧的防御。有时还要变为攻击。不怕你便不怀敌意走近它们，它们也要戛出一种怪的叫，飞来啄你。摄取饮食的时候，它们自己也决不肯先吃，只是咯咯地唤着鸡雏^④。假如有别的同类要来分争，不管是雄是雌，它们一样地总要毫不容情地扑啄。睡眠或者下雨的时候，要把自己的鸡雏抱在自己的胸脯下，可怜胸脯上的羽毛要抱来一根也没有存在的程度^⑤。像这样的生活，要继续两三个月之久。在这时期之内，它们的性生活是完全消灭了的。

三

啊，今年的成绩真好，我们现在有两只母鸡，十六只鸡雏了。

我的女人在二月底从上海渡到福冈来的时候，便养了两只母鸡：一只是黄的，一只是如像鹰隼一样。

我们住在这博多湾上的房子，后园是很宽大的。园子正中有一株高大的菩提树。四月初间我来的时候还没有抽芽，树身是赤裸着的，我们不知道它的名字。我们猜它是栗树，又猜它是柿子树。但不久渐渐转青了，不是栗树，也不是柿树。我们问邻近的人，说是菩提树。

在这菩提树成荫的时候，我们的母鸡各个孵化了九只鸡雏。这鸡雏们真是可爱，有葱黄的，有黑的，有淡黑的，有白的，有如鹌鹑一样驳杂的，全身的茸毛如像绒团，一双黑眼如像墨晶，啾啾的叫声真的比山泉的响声还要清脆。

啊，今年的成绩真好，我们本有十八只鸡雏，除有一只被猫儿衔去，一只病死了外，剩下的这十六只都平安地长大了起来。现在已经是六月尾上了，鸡雏们的羽毛渐渐长出，也可以辨别雌雄了。我们的这十六只鸡雏想来总不会被猫儿衔去，不会病死了罢？鸡雏吃白米过多时，会得白米病，和人的脚气病一样，好端端地便要死去，但我们现在吃的是麦饭，我们的鸡雏们总不会再得白米病了罢。

——“啊，今年的成绩真好。”

我的女人把吃剩着的晚饭，在菩提树下撒给鸡群吃的时候，她笑着向我这样说。

鸡雏啾啾地在她脚下争食，互相拥挤，互相践踏，互相剥啄着。



Under the Linden Tree

© Guo Moruo

(1)

My wife is very keen on raising chickens. She does this not for studying genetics or making a profit out of it, but merely for collecting more eggs for our kids to eat.

Therefore, she always prefers to raise hens. She will be immensely delighted whenever a hen is laying, giving it additional feed, making it a new roost, etc. Sometimes she finishes making two or three roosts at one go.

We consume our eggs sparingly. My wife has to go to a lot more trouble when a hen is sitting. As the brooding hen will fly out of its roost to seek food once every other day, she has to get the feed ready for it beforehand. And she has to be careful not to let the hen leave its droppings in the roost for fear that it should cause the eggs to rot. She puts all the eggs that a hen is sitting on in lukewarm salty water by way of a test. Those that float are judged rotten and must be thrown away; those that sink are kept for the hen to continue to brood. She will thus busy herself with all that for as long as three weeks until the yeping sound comes out of the eggs. Then she will be left in a state of great excitement for two or three days.

We have been raising chickens for five or six years, and broods upon broods of chicks have been hatched. But the baby chicks were either carried off by cats or rats, or died of beriberi caused by eating too much polished rice. None of the chicks hatched by ourselves lived until they were full-grown.

We are a family constantly on the move. When we travel to a faraway place, we can't take our chickens with us. All we do is give them away or sell them to chicken vendors because we don't have the heart to slaughter the chickens raised by ourselves. We ate none of our own chickens during the five or six years.

We raised only a small number of chickens, four or five at most. Apart from feeding them with the leftovers of the table, we let them out to seek food by themselves.

(2)

Five or six years of chicken raising has left me with a deep impression of how chickens behave. Like humans, chickens also live a life characterized by love.

Take for example a flock of chickens, among them a rooster, put out to feed in a courtyard. If you sprinkle some food onto the ground, you'll invariably find the rooster start clacking to call all the hens to help themselves. The rooster himself will not eat first. This is no uncommon occurrence among chickens, but doesn't it border on woman-worship as expressed by the medieval troubadours in their amorous lyrics?

Once we had three hens and two roosters. One rooster, however, held sway and monopolized all the three hens. The other got the worst of it and looked crestfallen. Not only was he bullied by the stronger opponent, he was also snubbed by the three females. Sometimes, driven by sexual impulse, he used every trick to seduce them in the absence of his rival in love. He clacked to call the hens when actually there was no food available. He offered to preen their feathers for them, but they just ignored him. Finally, in desperation, he resorted to the use of

force. That sent the three hens scampering in panic and raising a call for help — a call to the all-powerful autocrat. As soon as the autocrat came on the scene, the poor lonely heart fled with the tail between his legs.

O you lucky all-powerful autocrat! O you haughty Don Juan! You took exclusive possession of a group of females; consequently, you have among you one more marriageable male remaining unmarried.

Hence, out of a sense of justice, I sold the domineering rooster. The three hens, at first keeping the lone rooster at arm's length, soon became his loving mates one after another.

The maternal love shown by hens is something even more noteworthy. Hens are normally very tame and docile, but when the eggs they have been sitting on are hatched they immediately become as fierce as birds of prey. They spare no efforts to protect their young. With eyes flashing like two fiery balls, they frequently stick their necks high up to find out how things stand. Their nerves were overstrained to the point of collapse. Sometimes they acted on the offensive instead of on the defensive. Even if you approach them without any ill intention, they will squawk and peck you all the same. At feeding time, they never eat first, but cluck to call for their young. And they will mercilessly fly on any intruder, male or female, who attempts to scramble for the feed. At sleeping time or when it rains, they will clutch their young under them so much so that they pitifully end up losing all their breast feathers. They continue to live like this for two or three months. And during this period, they completely abstain from sex.

(3)

Ah, we have so far done quite well this year. We now have two hens and sixteen baby chicks.

My wife began to raise the two hens after she returned from Shanghai to Fukuoka at the end of February. One is yellow and the other looks like a falcon.

Our house on the Katakawa Bay has a very big rear garden with a giant linden tree in its centre. When I first came here early last April, the tree, with a bare trunk, had not yet put forth buds, and we didn't even know it by name. We guessed it to be a chestnut or persimmon tree. Soon afterwards, as it was turning green, I found it to be neither a chestnut nor a persimmon tree. However, my neighbours, upon my inquiry, told me it was a linden tree.

By the time when the linden tree was leafy and made shade, the two hens had each hatched nine baby chicks. The baby chicks were just lovely. Some were yellowish, some black, some grey, some white, and some motley like quails. They were fluffy like balls of cotton wool. Their eyes were jet black. Their pippings were even more pleasant to the ear than the bubbling of a mountain spring.

Ah, we have done quite well this year. Of the original eighteen baby chicks raised by us, one was carried off by a cat and another died of some disease. The remaining sixteen, however, are growing fine. It is late June now. They have been gradually feathering out and we can already tell males and females apart. Hope they will never be carried off by cats or die of some disease. Healthy young chicks, if they eat too much polished rice, may die of a disease similar to beriberi to which humans are liable. Fortunately, instead of polished rice, we have presently taken to eating oats. So our baby chicks will no longer die of eating too much polished rice.

"Ah, we've done quite well this year," exclaimed my wife beamingly as she was throwing the leftovers of our supper onto the ground under the linden tree for the chicks to eat.

The yeeeping chicks scrambled for the feed like anything, pushing and shoving each other, treading on and pecking each other.

散文《菩提树下》是郭沫若（1892—1978）1924年6月8日写于日本博多湾的早期代表作之一，最初收入1926年出版的小说散文集《橄榄》，现存《郭沫若全集》。文章是他自己生活观感的直接记录，充满异乡情趣和热爱生活的感情。

注释

①“居积”在此的意思是“牟利”，不是“当作奇货留着高价出卖”或“囤积居奇”，因此译为making a profit out of it，未按字面直译为hoarding for speculation。

②“想给孩子们多吃几个鸡蛋罢了”译为merely for collecting more eggs for our kids to eat，其中“给”译为collecting，未直译为giving，更能切合原意。

③“有时候一时要做两三个窝”意即“有时候一下子要做两三个窝”，故译为Sometimes she finishes making two or three roosts at one go，其中at one go或in one go是成语，作“一下子”或“一口气”解。

④“幽凉的记忆”意即“深刻的印象”，故译为a deep impression。

⑤“爱的生活”意即“充满爱的生活”或“以爱为特征的生活”，故译为a life characterized by love。

⑥“但这很平常的现象不就像欧洲中世纪的游吟诗人（troubadour）的崇拜女性吗？”译为but doesn't it border on woman-worship as expressed by the medieval troubadours in their amorous lyrics?，其中border on是动词短语，作“近似”解，用以表达原文的“有点像”。“游吟诗人”指公元1100至1350年间游荡于法国南部各宫廷间的诗人，他们的抒情诗歌大都以性爱为内容。译文中的in their amorous lyrics是增益成分，用以释义。

⑦“那不得势的一只，真是孤苦得可怜”译为The other got the worst of it and looked crestfallen，其中got the worst of it是成语，作“遭到失败”、“处于劣势”等解。又crestfallen本指公鸡的“羽冠倒垂”，转义为“垂头丧气”（dejected），用以表达原文“孤苦得可怜”，形神兼顾，最为合适。

⑧“那位背时的先生又拖着尾巴跑了”译为the poor lonely heart fled with the tail between his legs，其中“背时的先生”译为the poor lonely heart（可怜的光棍汉），比直译the unlucky gentleman更为达旨传神。又习语“拖（夹）着尾巴跑了”和英语习语to flee with one's tail between one's legs在内容和形式上都吻合，有相同的意义和形象，英译时可借用之。

⑨唐璜（Don Juan）是西班牙传奇中的一个风流浪荡的贵族，常以男主人公出现在欧洲诗歌、戏剧、歌剧中。

⑩“咯咯地唤着鸡雏”译为cluck to call for their young，其中cluck表示母鸡唤小鸡时的咯咯声；动词短语to call for的意思是“叫……过来”。

⑪“要把自己的鸡雏抱在自己的胸脯下，可怜胸脯上的羽毛要抱来一根也没有存在的程度”译为they will clutch their young under them so much so that they pitifully end up losing all their breast feathers。此句也可译为they will firmly hold their baby chicks under them, as a result of which, to our great pity, their breasts become utterly bare of feathers。

杜 鹃

◎ 郭沫若

杜鹃，敝同乡的魂^①，在文学上所占的地位，恐怕任何鸟都比不上。

我们一提起杜鹃，心头眼底便好像有说不尽的诗意^②。

它本身不用说，已经是望帝^③的化身了。有时又被认为薄命的佳人，忧国的志士；声是满腹乡思，血是遍山踯躅^④；可怜，哀惋，纯洁，至诚……在人们的心目中成为了爱的象征。这爱的象征似乎已经成为了民族的感情。

而且，这种感情还超越了民族的范围，东方诸国大都受到了感染。例如日本，杜鹃在文学上所占的地位，并不亚于中国。

然而，这实在是名实不符^⑤的一个最大的例证。

杜鹃是一种灰黑色^⑥的鸟，毛羽并不美，它的习性专横而残忍。

杜鹃是不营巢的，也不孵卵哺雏。到了生殖季节，产卵在莺巢中，让莺替它孵卵哺雏。雏鹃比雏莺大，到将长成时，甚且比母莺还大。鹃雏孵化出来之后，每将莺雏挤出巢外，任它啼饥号寒而死，它自己独霸着母莺的哺育^⑦。莺受鹃欺而不自知，辛辛苦苦地哺育着比自己还大的鹃雏：真是一件令人不平、令人流泪的情景。

想到了这些实际，便觉得杜鹃这种鸟大可以作为欺世盗名者的标本了。然而，杜鹃不能任其咎。杜鹃就只是杜鹃，它并不曾要求人把它认为佳人、志士。

人的智慧和莺也相差不远^⑧，全凭主观意象而不顾实际，这样的例证多的是。

因此，过去和现在都有无数的人面杜鹃被人哺育着^⑨。将来会怎样呢？莺虽然不能解答这个问题，人是应该解答而且能够解答的。



The Cuckoo

© Guo Moruo

The cuckoo, the spirit of my native place Sichuan, is probably holding a higher place in Chinese literature than any other bird.

The mere mention of this bird will arouse in our hearts a great deal of poetic feeling.

To begin with, she is the incarnation of the legendary king of ancient Sichuan named Wang Di. She has come to be known sometimes as an ill-fated beauty and sometimes as a patriot concerned over the fate of the nation. Her call is full of longings for home; she loiters about the mountains crying and spitting up blood^①. She is pathetic, sad, pure and sincere ... She is in the eyes of all a symbol of love, which seems to have become a national feeling.

And this feeling has gone beyond the national boundary to affect most of the eastern countries. In Japan, for example, the cuckoo is holding a position in literature by no means lower than in China.

Nevertheless, all that is a typical instance of undeserved reputation.

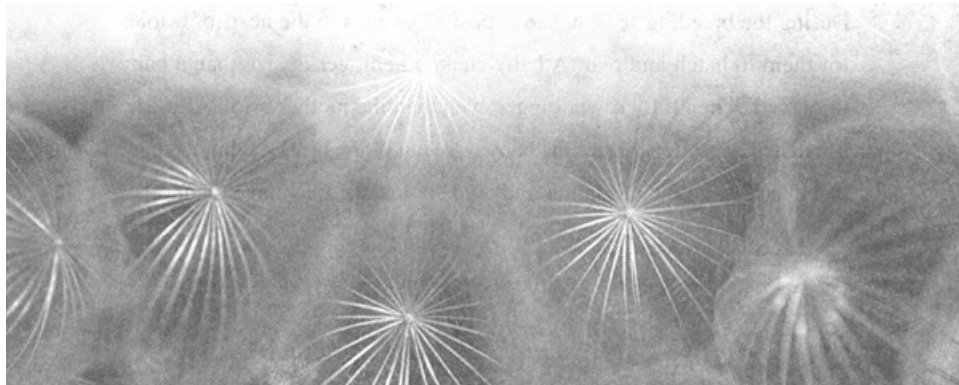
The cuckoo is a grayish-brown bird with none too beautiful feathers. She is characteristically domineering and cruel.

She doesn't build her own nest, nor does she hatch or feed her young. During the breeding season, she deposits her eggs in the nests of orioles for them to hatch and rear. A baby cuckoo is bigger in size than a baby oriol, and, when full grown, bigger even than the mother oriol. After she is hatched, she often pushes the baby oriol out of the nest, leaving the poor chick to cry and die of hunger and cold so that she may have the mother oriol's care all to herself. The mother bird, however, being treated unfairly without her knowledge, continues laboriously to feed the baby cuckoo who is bigger than herself. The tragic spectacle is such as to arouse great indignation and draw tears of sympathy!

Hence I believe that the cuckoo can best serve as a model of those who win popularity by dishonest means. But the cuckoo is not to blame. A cuckoo is a cuckoo. She has never asked people to call her a beauty or a patriot.

Man is no wiser than the oriol. Many act on their own personal imagination regardless of the reality of things.

Therefore, we do see, both in history and at present, numerous cuckoo-like men sponging off their compatriots. What about in the future? The oriol can't give an answer, but man should and can.



《杜鹃》是郭沫若写于1937年1月13日的一篇散文。作者凭借对杜鹃的精细观察，从描述该鸟在中国文学上所占突出地位开始，转而揭示它的可憎习性，托物喻志，意味明显，深入浅出。

注释

①“敝同乡的魂”如按字面直译为the spirit of my fellow provincials意思不够确切。现按“故乡四川之魂”译为the spirit of my native place Sichuan。

②“我们一提起杜鹃，心头眼底便好像有说不尽的诗意”译为The mere mention of this bird will arouse in our hearts a great deal of the poet，其中the poet表达一个抽象概念，相当于the poetic sentiment（或feeling）。

③“望帝”是我国古代传说中的蜀国国王，故译the legendary king of ancient Sichuan named Wang Di，略有增益，属释义性翻译。

④“血是遍山踯躅”意即“在山上游荡，啼至血出”，译为she loiters about the mountains crying and spitting up blood，其中spitting up意同vomiting。可参阅白居易诗《琵琶行》中的名句：“其间旦暮闻何物？杜鹃啼血猿哀鸣。”

⑤“名实不符”可用不同方法直译。这里结合上下文译为undeserved reputation，似较确切。

⑥“灰黑色”不是“深灰色”，指“黑中带灰”或“褐中带灰”，未译dark grey，最好译greyish-black或greyish-brown。

⑦“它自己独霸着母莺的哺育”译为she may have the mother oriol's care all to herself，其中to have ... all to herself意即“独享”或“独占”，和to monopolize意同，但后者是大字，不如前者可取。“哺育”在此未译to feed and raise，而以care表达，是为切合句法。

⑧“人的智慧和莺也相差不远”意即“人和莺同样不明智”，故译Man is no wiser than the oriol，等于Man is as unwise as the oriol或Man and the oriol are equally unwise。

⑨“无数的人面杜鹃被人哺育着”意即“无数像杜鹃一样的人寄生于他人身上”，故译numerous cuckoo-like men sponging on their compatriots，其中to sponge on（或off）和to live off同义，作“依赖……生活”、“寄生于……”解。

⑩ According to Chinese folklore, the cuckoo keeps crying cuckoo plaintively until it spits up blood.

◎ 庐 隐 Lu Yin

异国秋思

◎ 庐 隐

自从我们搬到郊外以来，天气渐渐清凉了。那短篱边牵延着的毛豆叶子，已露出枯黄的^①颜色来，白色的小野菊，一丛丛由草堆里钻出头来^②，还有小朵的黄花在凉劲的秋风中颤抖，这一些景象，最容易勾起人们的秋思^③，况且身在异国呢！低声吟着帘卷西风，人比黄花瘦^④之句，这个小小的灵宫^⑤，是弥漫了怅惘的情绪。

书房里格外显得清寂，那窗外蔚蓝如碧海似的青天，和淡金色的阳光。还有挟着桂花香的阵风，都含了极强烈的，挑拨人类心弦的力量，在这种刺激之下，我们不能继续那死板的读书工作了^⑥，在那一天午饭后，波^⑦便提议到附近吉祥寺去看秋景，三点多钟我们乘了市外电车前去，——这路程太近了，我们的身体刚刚坐稳便到了。走出长甬道的车站，绕过火车轨道，就看见一座高耸的木牌坊，在横额上有几个汉字写着“井之头恩赐公园”。我们走进牌坊，便见马路两旁树木葱茏，绿阴匝地，一种幽妙的意趣，萦绕脑际^⑧，我们怔怔地站在树影下，好像身入深山古林了。在那枝柯掩映中，一道金黄色的柔光正荡漾着。使我想象到一个披着金绿柔发的仙女，正赤着足，踏着白云，从这里经过的情景。再向西方看，一抹彩霞，正横在那叠翠的峰峦上，如黑点的飞鸦，穿林翩翩，我一缕的愁心真不知如何安派，我要吩咐征鸿把它带回故国吧！无奈它是那样不着迹的去了。

我们徘徊在这浓绿深翠的帷幔下，竟忘记前进了。一个身穿和服的中年男人，脚上穿着木屐，“提塔提塔”的来了^⑨。他向我们打量着，我们为避免他的觊视，只好加快脚步走向前去。经过这一带森林，前面有一条鹅卵石堆成的斜坡路，两旁种着整齐的冬青树，只有肩膀高，一阵阵的青草香，从微风里荡过来，我们慢步的走着，陡觉神气清爽，一尘不染^⑩。下了斜坡，面前立着一所小巧的东洋式的茶馆，里面设了几张小矮几和坐褥，两旁列着柜台，红的蜜桔，青的苹果，五色的杂糖，错杂地罗列着。

“呀！好眼熟的地方！”我不禁失声地喊了起来。于是潜藏在心底的印象，陡然一幕幕地重映出来^⑪，唉！我的心有些颤抖了，我是被一种感怀已往的情绪所激动，我的双眼怔住，胸膈间充塞着悲凉，心弦凄紧地搏动着。

“唉！往事，只是不堪回首的往事呢！”我悄悄地独自叹息着。但是我目前仍然有一幅逼真的图画在现出来……^⑫

一群骄傲于幸福的少女们，她们孕育着玫瑰色的希望，当她们将由学校毕业的那一年，曾随了她们德高望重的教师，带着欢乐的心情，渡过日本海来访蓬莱的名胜。在她们登岸的时候，正是暮春三月樱花乱飞的天气。那些缀锦点翠的花树，都是使她们乐游忘倦。她们从天色才黎明，便由东京的旅舍出发，先到上野公园看过樱花后，又换车到井之头公园来。这时疲倦袭击着她们，非立刻找个地点休息不可。最后她们发现了这个位置清幽的茶馆，便立刻决定进去吃些东西。大家团团围着矮凳坐下，点了两壶龙井茶，和一些奇甜的东洋点心，她们吃着喝着，高声谈笑着，她们真像是才出谷的雏莺，只觉眼前的东西，件件新鲜，处处都富有生趣。当然她们是被搂在幸福之神的怀抱里了。青春的爱娇，活泼快乐的心情，她们是多么可艳羡的人生呢！

但是流年把一切都毁坏了^⑬！谁能相信今天在这里低徊追怀往事的我，也正是当年幸福者之一呢！哦！流年，残酷的流年呵！它带走了人间的爱娇，它蹂躏英雄的壮志，使我

站在这似曾相识的树下，只有咽泪，我有什么方法，使年光倒流呢！

唉！这仅仅是九年后的今天。呀，这短短的九年中，我走的是崎岖的世路，我攀缘过陡峭的崖壁，我由死的绝谷里逃命，使我尝着忍受由心头淌血的痛苦，命运要我喝干自己的血汁，如同喝玫瑰酒一般……

唉！这一切的刺心回忆，我忍不住流下辛酸的泪滴，连忙离开这容易激动感情的地方吧！我们便向前面野草漫径的小路上走去，忽然听见一阵悲恻的唏嘘声，我仿佛看见张着灰色翅翼的秋神，正躲在那厚密枝叶背后。立时那些枝叶都“悉悉索索”地颤抖起来。草底下的秋虫，发出连续的唧唧声，我的心感到一阵阵的凄冷；不敢向前去，找到路旁一张长木凳坐下。我用滞呆的眼光，向那一片阴阴森森的丛林里睜视，当微风分开枝柯时，我望见那小河里潺湲碧水了。水上约起一层波纹，一只小划子，从波纹上溜过。两个少女摇着桨，低声唱着歌儿。我看到这里，又无端感触起来，觉得喉头梗塞，不知不觉叹道：

“故国不堪回首”，同时那北海的红漪清波浮现眼前，那些手携情侣的男男女女，恐怕也正摇着画桨，指点着眼前清丽秋景，低语款款吧！况且又是菊茂蟹肥时候，料想长安市上，车水马龙，正不少欢乐的宴聚，这漂泊异国，秋思凄凉的我们当然是无人想起的。不过，我们却深深地眷怀着祖国，渴望得些好消息呢！我们不禁想到树叶凋落的北平，凄风吹着，冷雨洒着的这些穷苦的同胞，也许正向茫茫的苍天悲诉呢！唉，破碎紊乱的祖国呵！北海的风光不能粉饰你的寒伧！灯红酒绿，不能安慰忧患的人生。

Autumn in a Foreign Land

© Lu Yin

The weather has been getting nice and cool since we moved to the suburbs. Soybean leaves on the low hedges are beginning to turn brownish yellow. Clusters of white chrysanthemums are vying to break through the rank weeds while tiny yellow ones are shivering in the chilly wind. The autumn scene is most apt to bring about a lonesome and desolate mood, especially when we are in a foreign country. My heart was filled with melancholy when I recited in a low voice the following lines of an ancient Chinese poet:

When the west wind furls up the curtain,
I'm more frail than the yellow chrysanthemum.

One day, when the sky was a sea blue, the sunlight a light gold and the sweet scent of osmanthus flowers fitfully wafted over on the breeze, our study seemed all the more cheerless and quiet. Allured by the lovely sight outside the window, we could hardly concentrate on dull reading. At the suggestion of Bo, we decided to visit after lunch the nearby Kichijoji Temple to enjoy the autumn landscape. We started out after 3 pm by suburban train and it took us but a short while to get there. Arriving at our destination, we passed through a long passageway, crossed the railway track and then came in sight of a tall wooden memorial arch with a horizontal board bearing the inscription in Chinese characters "Inokashira Park". We walked through the arch and found the road flanked by luxuriant shady trees. With a delightful feeling of serene seclusion, we stood in a daze in the shade of the trees, like one lost deep in a remote mountain or virgin forest. A ray of golden sunshine gently filtering through the tree branches conjured up in me the vision of a golden-haired fairy maiden treading barefoot on white clouds on her way through the place. In the western sky, rosy clouds were floating over the emerald green mountain ranges like flocks of black crows hovering over a forest. Unable to dispel my gloom, how I wished I could entrust a wild goose with the task of conveying my message to my home country! But, alas, it was nowhere to be found.

We lingered around under a canopy of lush greenery, forgetting to move on quickly. Then we noticed a middle-aged man in kimono and clogs clattering up to eye us closely. To steer clear of the prying eyes, we started to move ahead with quickened steps. Leaving the woods behind, we came to a cobbled slope, on either side of which stood a neat row of shoulder-high evergreens. The aroma of green grass carried over fitfully by the breeze made us instantly feel refreshed. At the lower end of the slope stood a Japanese-style teahouse, inside which there were several small tables and cushions as well as a counter on either side displaying a jumble of reddish tangerines, green apples and multi-coloured candies.

"Ah, this place looks so familiar to me," I blurted out. Scene after scene of the bygone days, long tucked away in the depth of my memory, now reemerged all of a sudden. The nostalgic recollections made my heart thump with emotion, my eyes glaze over and my chest fill with sadness.

"O the old days!" I sighed softly by myself. "I can't bear to look back." Nevertheless, the following picture began to open out vividly in my mind's eye ...

One late spring, when cherry trees were in full bloom, a group of young Chinese girls, proud of their happy girlhood and hopeful about the future, merrily crossed the Sea of Japan together with their beloved teacher to visit the scenic spots of Japan in the year when they were

about to graduate from school. They were so fascinated with the bright flowering trees that they forgot their weariness. They set out at daybreak from a hotel in Tokyo, visited Ueno Park to see the cherry blossoms and changed trams to go to Inokashira Park. Then they felt worn-out and needed a rest. When they came upon this quiet teahouse, they immediately decided to go in for a snack. They sat around a small table and ordered two potfuls of longjing tea and some extremely sweet Japanese pastries. They chatted and giggled loudly over the snack, like young orioles just fledged. They found novelty in everything before them and joy of life here and there. Young and light-hearted, they were indeed basking in the embrace of the god of happiness. How enviable their life was!

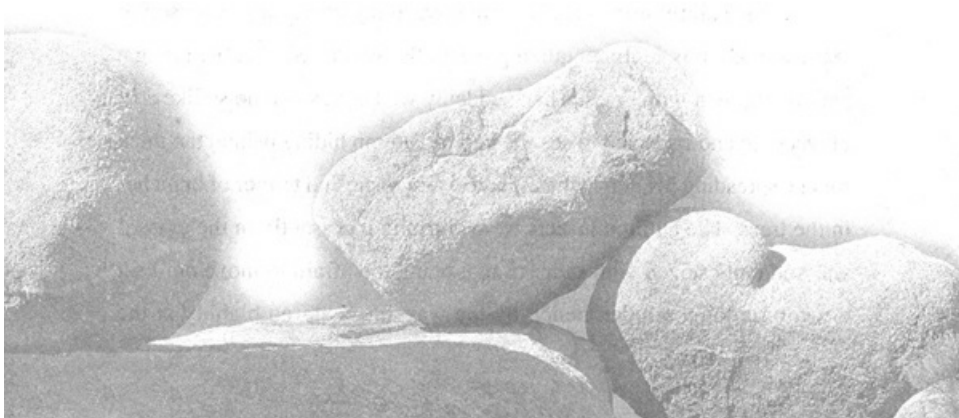
But all was gone forever with the passage of time! Who would have believed that I, now reminiscing longingly about the past, had been one of those happy girls? O fleeting time, heartless time! You had carried away love and lofty aspirations so that I could only stand choking with sobs under the seemingly familiar cherry trees. What could I do to relive the old days?

Oh, nine years had quickly passed since then. During the nine fleeting years, I had trekked on the rugged journey of life, climbed up steep cliffs, and made good my narrow escape from the valley of death. I had experienced the agony of a bleeding heart. I had been forced by destiny to drink up my own blood like I did red wine ...

As the painful memories brought tears to my eyes, I urged myself to leave quickly this sentimentalizing place. So we started walking along a path overgrown with grass. Then suddenly we heard some noise like a fit of weeping and I seemed to see the god of autumn hiding behind the thick foliage spreading his gray wings. There was a rustle and tremor of branches in the trees. The autumn insects were chirping incessantly in the grass. I was suddenly seized with sadness and, being too afraid to move on, I sat down on a long wooden bench by the wayside. I stared blankly at the deep, dark wood and then, as the breeze parted the tree branches, caught sight of a blue lazy brook. Then a small rowboat appeared on the rippling water, and I saw two young girls pulling on the oars and humming songs. Thereupon, I choked with emotion and sighed involuntarily,

"Oh, my country, I can't bear to look back!"

And meanwhile I called up memories of Beihai Park with young couples boating on the rippling water of its sunlit lake and whispering with affection while feasting their eyes on the spectacle of autumn. Since it is the season for enjoying the beauty of chrysanthemums and the delicious taste of full-grown crabs, Chang An Street must be busy with traffic and throngs of people happily dining and wining. None of them, of course, will think of us, who, now wandering about in a strange land, are experiencing feelings of deep sorrow in desolate autumn. Yet how strong is our affection for our motherland! And how eagerly we are longing for good news from home! Now, as the autumn wind is denuding the trees in Peiping of their leaves, we cannot but think of those poverty-stricken fellow countrymen who, living a life of constant exposure to the severity of the elements, are helplessly venting their woes to heaven. O my disaster-ridden motherland! The beauty of Beihai Park is unable to cover up your great misery! Feasting and revelry can bring no solace to the distressed!



庐隐（1898—1934），原名黄英，福建闽侯人，是“五四”时期著名女作家，早期与冰心齐名。她的创作风格直爽坦率，哀婉缠绵，在《异国秋思》中也有充分表现。此文记述了她和丈夫1930年东渡日本东京后的一次秋游，对异国秋景作细致描写，引发眷恋祖国的思乡之情，忧国忧民，表现了海外赤子一片爱国之心。

注释

①“枯黄”指“暗淡的黄色”或“黄中带有褐色”，可译为dull yellow或brownish yellow。

②“白色的小野菊，一丛丛由草堆里钻出头来”译为Clusters of white chrysanthemums are vying to break through the rank weeds, 其中are vying (with one another)作“争先恐后”解，是译文中的增益成分，用以加强语气，原文虽无其词而有其意；成语to break through意同to make an appearance through (穿过……而出现)。又，“草堆”指“丛生的杂草”，故译为rank weeds，可衬托萧索的秋景，比thick grass可取。

③“这一些景象，最容易勾起人们的秋思”中的“秋思”不能直译，现结合上下文，以意译法处理：The autumn scene is most apt to bring about a lonesome and desolate mood或The autumn scene is most liable to plunge one into gloom。

④“帘卷西风，人比黄花瘦”出自宋代词人李清照所写《醉花阴》，注意译文增词说明出处：the following lines of an ancient Chinese poet。

⑤“灵宫”指“心”；“小小灵宫”可译为my little heart或my heart即可。

⑥“都含了极强烈的，挑拨人类心弦的力量，在这种刺激之下，我们不能继续那死板的读书工作了”主要采用意译法处理：Allured by the lovely sight outside the window, we could hardly concentrate on dull reading。

⑦“波”是作者的丈夫李唯健（1979年病逝于成都），现译为Bo。

⑧“一种幽妙的意趣，萦绕脑际”意即“怀着一种身处僻静环境的情趣”，故译With a delightful feeling of serene seclusion, 其中serene seclusion意即being in a quiet and private place。

⑨“一个身穿和服的中年男人，脚上穿着木屐，‘提塔提塔’的来了……”如译a middle-aged man in a kimono and a pair of clattering wooden clogs edging up ...也可，但欠简洁，因a pair of与wooden是多余的，现译a middle-aged man in kimono and clogs clattering up ...。

⑩“陡觉神气清爽，一尘不染”意即“立感心旷神怡”，译instantly feel refreshed即可。

⑪“潜藏在心底的印象，陡然一幕幕地重映出来”译为Scene after scene of the bygone days, long tucked away in the depth of my memory, now reemerged all of a sudden。“印象”指“昔日情景”，不能译为impressions，现和“一幕幕地”合译为Scene after scene of the bygone days；“潜藏”译为long tucked away或long hidden皆可，其中long是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑫“但是我目前仍然有一幅逼真的图画在现出来……”译为Nevertheless, the following picture began to open out vividly in my mind's eye ...，其中成语to open out作“展现”解，和to unfold、to appear等同义；成语in my mind's eye作“眼前”、“心目中”等解，在此意同my mind。

⑬“但是流年把一切都毁灭了！”意即“但是一切都随着时间的消逝而一去不返了！”，故译But all was gone forever with the passage of time!或But, with the lapse of time, all was gone never to return!。

⑭“我有什么方法，使年光倒流呢！”意即“我怎能重返旧日呢！”，故译What could I do to relive the old days?。

⑮“我望见那小河里潺湲碧水了”译为I ... caught sight of a blue lazy brook, 其中lazy一词的意思是moving slowly, 用以表达“潺湲”。

⑯“故国不堪回首”出自南唐李煜词《虞美人》：“故国不堪回首月明中”，译为Oh, my country, I can't bear to look back或Oh, I can't bear the thought of my ill-fated motherland。

⑰“红漪清波”意即“阳光照耀下的荡漾湖水”故译the rippling water of its sunlit lake。

⑱“凄风吹着，冷雨洒着的这些穷苦的同胞”译为those poverty-stricken fellow countrymen who, living a life of constant exposure to the severity of the elements, 其中用the severity of the elements取代the cold wind and rain（凄风冷雨；苦雨凄风）。这里the elements意同the weather，但往往指恶劣的天气。又constant（不断）是增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

吹牛的妙用

◎ 庐 隐

吹牛是一种夸大狂，在道德家看来，也许认为是缺点^①，可是在处世接物上却是一种刮刮叫的妙用^②。假使你这一生缺少了吹牛的本领，别说好饭碗找不到，便连黄包车夫也不放你在眼里的。

西洋人究竟近乎白痴^③，什么事都只讲究脚踏实地去作，这样费力气的勾当，我们聪明的中国人^④，简直连牙齿都要笑掉了。西洋人什么事都讲究按部就班的慢慢来，从来没有平地登天的捷径，而我们中国人专门走捷径，而走捷径的第一个法门，就是善吹牛。

吹牛是一件不可看轻的艺术，就如修辞学上不可缺少“张喻”一类的东西一样。像李太白什么^⑤“黄河之水天上来”，又是什么“白发三千丈”，这在修辞学上就叫作“张喻”，而在不懂修辞学的人看来，就觉得李太白在吹牛了。

而且实际上说来，吹牛对于一个人的确有极大的妙用。人类这个东西，就有这么奇怪，无论什么事，你若老老实实的把实话告诉他，不但不能激起他共鸣的情绪^⑥，而且还要轻蔑你冷笑你，假使你见了那摸不清你根底的人，你不管你家里早饭的米是当了被褥换来的^⑦，你只要大言不惭的说“某部长是我父亲的好朋友，某政客是我拜把子的叔公，我认得某某巨商，我的太太同某军阀的第五位太太是干姐妹”，吹起这一套法螺来，那摸不清你的人，便贴贴服服的向你合十顶礼，说不定碰得巧还恭而且敬的请你大吃一顿燕菜席呢^⑧！

吹牛有了如许的好处，于是无论那一类的人，都各尽其力的大吹其牛了。但是且慢！吹牛也要认清对手方面的。不然的话必难打动他或她的心弦，那么就失掉吹牛的功效了。比如说你见了一个仰慕文人的无名作家或学生时，而你自己要自充老前辈时，你不用说别的，只要说胡适是我极熟的朋友，郁达夫是我最好的知己^⑨，最妙你再转弯抹角的去探听一些关于胡适郁达夫琐碎的佚事，比如说胡适最喜听什么，郁达夫最讨厌什么，于是便可以亲亲切切的叫着“适之怎样怎样，达夫怎样怎样”，这样一来，你便也就成了胡适郁达夫同等的人物，而被人所尊敬了。

如果你遇见一个好虚荣的女子呢，你就可以说你周游过列国，到过土耳其南非洲！并且还是自费去的^⑩，这样一来就可以证明你不但学识阅历丰富，并且还是资产阶级^⑪。于是乎你的恋爱便立刻成功了^⑫。

他如遇见商贾、官僚、政客、军阀，都不妨察言观色^⑬，投其所好，大吹而特吹之，总而言之，好色者以色吹之，好利者以利吹之，好名者以名吹之，好权势者以权势吹之，此所谓以毒攻毒之法，无往而不利。

或曰吹牛妙用虽大，但也要善吹，否则揭穿西洋镜，便没有戏可唱了。

这当然是实话，并且吹牛也要有相当的训练，第一要不红脸，你虽从来没有著过一本半本的书，但不妨咬紧牙根^⑭说：“我的著作等身，只可恨被一把野火烧掉了！”你家里因为要请几个漂亮的客人吃饭，现买了一副碗碟，你便可以说：“这些东西十年前就有了，”以表示你并不因为请客受窘^⑮。假如你荷包里只剩下一块大洋^⑯，朋友要邀你坐下来入圈，你就可以说：“我的钱都放在银行里，今天竟匀不出工夫去取！”假如那天你的太太感觉你没多大出息^⑰时，你就可以说张家大小姐说我的诗作的好，王家少奶奶说我脸子漂亮而有丈夫气，这样一来太太便立刻加倍的爱你了。

这一些吹牛经，说不胜说。

The Wonderful Use of Boasting

© Lu Yin

Boasting is a kind of megalomania. Though moralists may call it a human failing, it does, however, serve extremely useful purposes in social intercourse. Without the capability for boasting, you will be looked down upon by even a rickshaw puller, to say nothing of finding a good job.

Because of their earnest and down-to-earth approach to work, Westerners are, in the eyes of Chinese smarties, next door to idiotic. They are being laughed at by Chinese smarties for the tremendous amount of energy they put into their activities. While Westerners go about whatever work they do methodically and patiently, never dreaming of reaching great heights in one step, we Chinese are always given to seeking a shortcut and regard the ability to boast as the master key to it.

Boasting is an essential art of life just as hyperbole is an indispensable rhetorical figure. The Tang poet Li Bai's famous lines "The Yellow River comes from the sky" and "My white hair of thirty thousand feet" are examples of hyperbole, which, to those who know little about the art of rhetoric, may sound like a gross exaggeration on the part of the poet.

That boasting is of extremely great use to one is beyond doubt. Man is a queer animal. Suppose you tell someone the plain truth about a certain matter without holding anything back, he will probably laugh at you scornfully instead of returning a congenial response. On the other hand, suppose, penniless as you are, you brag unabashedly to somebody who knows little about you, "Minister So-and-So is a good friend of my father's," "Politician So-and-So is my grandpa's sworn brother," "I know a certain business tycoon very well," or "My wife is a nominally adoptive sister of a certain warlord's fifth concubine." The listener will adore you like a deity or may even, at an opportune moment, respectfully treat you to a big dinner featuring edible bird's nest!

People of every description, being aware of the usefulness of boasting, are doing all they can to put it into practice. But wait a minute! You've got to know enough about the person you are boasting to. Otherwise, you'll make a bungle of it and fail to touch a chord in his or her heart. Suppose you meet an unknown writer or a young student who worships men of letters and you want to pretend to be a senior, all you have to say is that Hu Shih is a close friend of yours or that Yu Dafu is your second self. And, what is better, you can try to find out by a roundabout way some trifling personal anecdotes about the two celebrities, such as what Hu Shih best likes to know and what Yu Dafu strongly dislikes, so that you can refer to them affectionately by their first names. Consequently, you'll end up becoming a personage on a par with both of them, and enjoying the respect of all.

When you meet a girl who is vain, just tell her that you have toured to various countries, such as Turkey and South Africa, ... and at your own expense into the bargain! That suffices to prove you are not only a man of much learning and experience but also well-to-do. And you will thereby win her heart instantly.

When you meet a businessman, bureaucrat, politician or warlord, you can, after gathering each and every mood of them, start boasting wildly to cater to their likes. To sum up, you should brag about women to those who are fond of women, about money to those who are money-mad, about fame to those who are desirous of personal fame, and about power to those who hanker

after a position of great influence. Like combating poison with poison, this trick will always work wonders.

Yes, bragging is of great use, but you need to be very skillful in the performance of it, otherwise you'll give away the show and end up in a complete fiasco.

And to be good at bragging, you also need a considerable amount of training. You should first of all be thick-skinned. For instance, although you have never authored a single book, you can nevertheless brazenly declare, "I've published a great many books, but unfortunately they've all been destroyed by a big fire!" When you are entertaining some stylish guests at dinner, you can, for appearances' sake, refer to the table set you have just bought for the occasion by saying, "We've been using it for as long as ten years." When your friends invite you to join them in a mahjong game, you, though worth only one silver dollar in your pocket, can tell them, "All my money is in a bank. I've no time today to go there to draw money." If your wife happens to complain you're sort of good for nothing, you can tell her that the eldest daughter of a certain Zhang family has been admiring you for the excellent poems you write and the daughter-in-law of a certain Wang family has been admiring you for being handsome and manly. That will make your wife instantly redouble her love for you.

I could thus go on and on enumerating various manifestations of self-praise!

《吹牛的妙用》是庐隐的后期作品，选自她的《东京小品》（散文、短篇小说、杂文合集，1935年版）。庐隐的杂文短小精悍、直爽坦率、笔锋锐利，此文也有反映。吹牛往往是为了兜售“伪劣”。作者在半个多世纪以前以揶揄的口气所鞭挞的社会痼疾，今仍随处可见，知识界也不例外。

注释

①“缺点”指“人们的缺点”，故译a human failing，意同a human weakness。

②“（吹牛）在处世接物上却是一种刮刮叫的妙用”意即“待人接物时，（吹牛）极为有用”，故译it does, however, serve extremely useful purposes in social intercourse。

③“近乎白痴”译为next door to idiotic（或idiotic、being idiotic），其中成语next door to意同bordering on或almost the same as。

④“我们聪明的中国人”译为Chinese smarties其中smarties带有贬义，作“自作聪明的人”或“自以为是的人”解。

⑤“李太白什么……”译为The Tang poet Li Bai's famous lines，其中The Tang poet和famous lines都非原文字面所有，起注释作用，有助于外国读者理解内容。

⑥“不能激起他共鸣的情绪”译为instead of returning a congenial response，其中congenial作“志趣相投的”解，意同sympathetic或agreeable等。此句也可译为instead of having a sympathetic echo aroused in his heart。

⑦“你不管你家里早饭的米是当了被褥换来的”意即“尽管你穷得丁当响”。此句虽可直译为though you may be so hard up as to have to pawn your bedding for money to buy rice for cooking the congee you eat for breakfast，毕竟嫌啰唆。现采用意译法处理：penniless as you are，干净利落。

⑧“说不定碰得巧还恭而且敬的请你大吃一顿燕菜席呢！”译为may even, at an opportune moment, respectfully treat you to a big dinner featuring edible bird's nest!，其中用at an opportune moment（适宜的时候）表达“碰得巧”。“大吃一顿燕菜席”意即“吃一顿以燕窝为特色的盛宴”，故译a big dinner featuring edible bird's nest，其中edible有释义作用，但也可省略，因燕窝已是一道中国名菜。

⑨“郁达夫是我最好的知己”译为Yu Dafu is your second self，其中second self的意思是“密友”，意同bosom friend。

⑩“并且还是自费去的”译为and at your own expense into the bargain，其中成语into the bargain作“而且还”、“另外”解。此句也可译为and, in addition (或moreover), at your own expense。

⑪“你不但学识阅历丰富，并且还是资产阶级”译为you're not only a man of much learning and experience, but also well-to-do。“资产阶级”在此作“富裕的”解，不必译为a bourgeois，译well-to-do、well off等即可。

⑫“于是乎你的恋爱便立刻成功了”译为And you will thereby win her heart instantly，比逐字直译And you will win immediate success in love灵活可取。

⑬“察言观色”如直译为watching their words and countenance（或facial expressions），似缺深层意思，现以意译法处理：after gathering each and every mood of them，其中gathering作“推测”或“通过观察而理解”解。

⑭“咬紧牙根”在此作“厚着脸皮”解，故译brazenly。

⑮“以表示你并不因为请客受窘”不宜直译，可按“为了装点门面”之意译为for appearances' sake。

⑯“假如你荷包里只剩下一块大洋”译为though worth only one silver dollar in your pocket，其中worth作“拥有值……的财产”解，译文选用此词代替having，可略带俏皮。

⑰“没多大出息”等于“没有什么出息”，译为sort of good for nothing，其中sort of等于somewhat，表示“一点儿”、“有几分”。

雷峰塔下

◎ 庐 隐

涵^①！记得吧！我们徘徊在雷峰塔下，地上芊芊碧草，间杂着几朵黄花，我们并肩坐在那软绵的草上^②。那时正是四月间的天气^③，我穿的一件浅紫麻沙的夹衣，你采了一朵黄花插在我的衣襟上，你仿佛怕我拒绝，你羞涩而微怯的望着我^④。那时我真不敢对你逼视，也许我的脸色变了，我只觉心脏急速的跳动，额际仿佛有些汗湿。

黄昏的落照，正射在塔尖，红霞漾射于湖心，轻舟兰桨，又有一双双情侣，在我们面前泛过。涵！你放大胆子，悄悄的握住我的手，——这是我们头一次的接触，可是我心里仿佛被利剑所穿，不知不觉落下泪来，你也似乎有些抖颤，涵！那时节我似乎已料到我们的命运的多磨多难^⑤！

山脚上忽涌起一朵黑云，远远的送过雷声，——湖上的天气，晴雨最是无凭，但我们凄恋着，忘记风雨无情的吹淋，顷刻间豆子般大的雨点，淋到我们的头上身上，我们来时原带着伞，但是后来看见天色晴朗，就放在船上了。

雨点夹着风沙，一直吹淋。我们拼命的跑到船上，彼此的衣裳都湿透了，我顿感到冷意，伏作一堆，还不禁抖颤，你将那垫的毡子，替我盖上，又紧紧的靠着我，涵！那时你还不敢对我表示什么^⑥！

晚上依然是好天气，我们在湖边的椅子上坐着，看月。你悄悄对我说：“雷峰塔下，是我们生命史上一个大痕迹！”我低头不能说什么，涵！真的！我永远觉得我们没有幸福的可能！

唉！涵！就在那夜，你对我表明白你的心曲，我本是怯弱的人，我虽然恐惧着可怕的命运，但我无力拒绝你的爱意！

从雷峰塔下归来，一直四年间，我们是度着悲惨的恋念的生活。四年后，我们胜利了！一切的障碍，都在我们手里粉碎了。我们又在四月间来到这里，而且我们还是住在那所旅馆，还是在黄昏的时候，到雷峰塔下，涵！我们那时是毫无所拘束了。我们任情的拥抱，任意的握手，我们多么骄傲……

但是涵！又过了一年，雷峰塔倒了，我们不是很凄然的惋惜吗？不过我绝不曾想到，就在这一年十月里你抛下一切走了，永远的走了！再不想回来了！呵！涵！我从前惋惜雷峰塔的倒塌，现在，呵！现在，我感谢雷峰塔的倒塌，因为它的倒塌，可以扑灭我们的残痕！

涵！今年十月就到了。你离开人间已经三年了！人间渐渐使你淡忘了吗？唉！父亲年纪老了！每次来信都提起你，你们到底是什么因果？而我和你确是前生的冤孽呢！

涵！去年你的二周年纪念时，我本想为你设祭，但是我住在学校里，什么都不完全，我记得我只作了一篇祭文，向空焚化了。你到底有灵感没有？我总痴望你，给我托一个清清楚楚的梦，但是那有？！

只有一次，我是梦见你来了，但是你为甚那么冷淡？果然是缘尽了吗？涵！你抛得下走了，大约也再不恋着什么！不过你总忘不了雷峰塔下的痕迹吧！

涵！人间是更悲惨了^⑦！你走后一切都变更了。家里呢：也是树倒猢狲散，父亲的生意失败了！两个兄弟都在外洋飘荡，家里只剩母亲和小弟弟，也都搬到乡下去住，父亲忍着伤悲^⑧，仍在奔忙，筹还拖欠的债，涵！这都是你临死而不放心的事情^⑨，但是现在我都告诉你，你也有点眷恋吗？

我！大约你是放心的，一直挣扎着呢，涵！雷峰塔已经倒塌了，我们的离合也都应验了。——今年是你死后的三周年——我就把这断藕的残丝^⑩，敬献你在天之灵吧！



Under Leifeng Pagoda

© Lu Yin

Han! Don't you remember that April day? We strolled about under Leifeng Pagoda on a lush green meadow sparsely studded with yellow flowers and then sat down side by side on the downy grass. Then you picked a yellow flower to fix it onto the front of the purplish lined cambric blouse I was wearing. You stared at me shyly and timidly like you feared I might refuse to take it. I too was afraid to look you in the face and probably blushed. I knew my heart was beating fast and sweat seemed to be oozing from my forehead.

While the evening sunlight was gilding the tip of the pagoda and shedding its rosy rays on the rippling water in the middle of the West Lake, pairs of young lovers were seen floating past on their rowboats. Han! You then plucked up enough courage to softly hold me by the hand — our first ever physical contact. But I felt as if a sharp sword had pierced me to the heart and tears began to trickle down my cheeks unconsciously. And you too were somewhat tremulous. Han! At that moment I somehow had a premonition that things would not go well with us on our life journey.

Suddenly, as was characteristic of the capricious weather of the Lake area, a dark cloud emerged from the foot of a mountain followed by the far-off rumble of thunder. We were at first too much seized with tender feelings to notice the unpleasant rain and wind. Soon we got wet as the rain pelted down in big drops. We had each brought an umbrella with us when we first arrived, but later, seeing it was fine, had left them in a boat.

The rain shower continued with wind and dust. We dashed to the boat, thoroughly drenched. All of a sudden I felt chilly and crouched down shivering. You covered me with a felt rug and sat close to me. Han! At that moment you still didn't dare to open your heart to me!

It cleared up after dusk. We sat on a lakeside bench admiring the moon. You said to me in a whisper, "Under Leifeng Pagoda, that's where we'll leave a significant imprint of our life history!" I hang my head and kept silent. Han! Truly, I always doubted whether we would be happy together.

Oh, Han, that very night you made known to me your pent-up feelings. As a timid and weak girl, I just couldn't say no to you though I feared what the future might have in store for us.

After coming back from Leifeng Pagoda, we, as lovers, passed four difficult years. However, by the end of the four years, we finally came through and had every obstacle cleared away. We revisited this place in April and put up at the same hotel. The same dusk, the same Leifeng Pagoda. Han! This time we felt absolutely free. We embraced and held each other by the hand as much as we liked. How proud we were ...!

Han, in the following year Leifeng Pagoda toppled over. Do you remember how we mourned over it? But little did I then expect that in October of that year you would depart this life leaving everything behind and be gone, never to return! Ah, Han, I used to grieve over the collapse of the Pagoda, but, now, oh, now I am thankful for its collapse for it has also blotted out the imprint we together left there.

Han, it will soon be October again. You have been gone for three years! Has this human world gradually faded from your memory? Oh, father is getting on in years! Every time he writes me, he always speaks of you and refers to the relationship between us as something ordained by fate. Yes, we have been suffering retribution for our deeds in the former life.

Han! Last year, due to the inconvenience caused by living in the school dormitory, I failed to hold a memorial ceremony for the second anniversary of your death as I had intended. All I could do then was scribble a memorial message and then have it burned. May your soul exist! How I am longing for you to make a distinct appearance in my dreams! But, alas, you never appeared!

Han, I did, however, once see you in my dream, but you looked so cold. Why? Does it mean that our relationship has come to an end? Han! You may have the heart to leave me and forget all about me! But you will never forget the imprint we have left under Leifeng Pagoda.

Han! Things have gone from bad to worse in this human world. Everything has changed since you departed. My family has also got into deep trouble. Father has failed in business. My two elder brothers are wandering overseas. Mother and my younger brother have moved to the countryside. And father, despite his inner sorrow, is still rushing about to raise money to clear up the debts. Han! All that would have troubled you when you were on your deathbed. Now, when I tell you all about what has happened, do you feel sad too?

As for me, I'm still battling on, and maybe you're not worrying for me. Han! The collapse of Leifeng Pagoda has been an omen of our ill luck. Now, on the occasion of the third anniversary of your death, let me offer this message to your soul in heaven as a token of my ever lingering love for you despite our separation.

《雷峰塔下》是庐隐于1928年为悼念亡夫郭梦良所写的一篇祭文。文章回忆了作者与郭在杭州雷峰塔下的谈爱、定情和同居的昔日情况，倾吐了不尽的缅怀之情，堪称中国现代散文中的一篇佳作。茅盾曾在《庐隐论》一文中高度评价了这篇小品文。

注释

①“涵”是作者的前夫郭梦良（文学研究会最早的会员之一，1925年病逝于上海）。

②“并肩坐在那软绵的草上”译为sat side by side on the downy grass，其中“并肩”除译side by side外，也可用shoulder to shoulder表达。“软绵的”也可译为soft and fluffy，但不如downy简明。

③“那时正是四月间的天气”译为that April day即可，在译文中移到前面和“记得吧”合并成Don't you remember that April day?读来更为条理化。

④“你仿佛怕我拒绝，你羞涩而微怯的望着我”译为You stared at me shyly and timidly like you feared I might refuse to take it，其中用like代替as if，是常见的用法。

⑤“我似乎已料到我们命运的多磨多难”译为I somehow had a premonition that things would not go well with us on our life journey，其中premonition的意思是“预感”，和presentiment同义。“我们命运的多磨多难”也可译为we were destined to have bad luck或we were fated to be a hapless couple等。

⑥“你还不敢对我表示什么”意即“你还不敢向我求爱（倾吐衷肠）”，故译you still didn't dare to open your heart to me或you still didn't dare to express your affection for me。

⑦“人间是更悲惨了”按“人间的情况每况愈下”之意译为things have gone from bad to worse in this human world。

⑧“父亲忍着伤悲……”意即“父亲尽管内心悲伤……”，故译And father, despite his inner sorrow, ...。

⑨“这都是你临死而不放心的事情”意即“如你临终时得悉这些事，一定会为之烦恼”，故译All that would have troubled you when you were on your deathbed，其中主句用了虚拟式。

⑩“这断藕的残丝”来自习语“藕断丝连”，意即“人虽离别，爱情不变”，故译my ever lingering love for you despite our separation。



◎ 谢冰莹 Xie Bingying

饥 饿

◎ 谢冰莹

说出来，有谁相信呢？我已经四天没吃饭了。

起初是一天吃四个烧饼，或者两个小面包；后来由四个减成两个，再由两个减成一个，最后简直穷得连买开水的一个铜板也没有了。口渴时就张开嘴来，站在自来水管的龙头下，一扭开来，就让水灌进嘴里，喝得肚子胀得饱饱的，又冷又痛，那滋味真有说不出的难受。

为什么会穷到这个地步呢？那时学校里发生了问题，许多同学被抓进捕房去了，许多同学搬了家，也有些回去了的，厨房不肯赊账，他再不愿意开饭给我们吃了。我那时一面还进行援救被捕同学的工作，一面又要筹备自己的生活费，真是忙得头昏眼花。

实在饿得不能忍受了，才每天跑去春潮书店借钱。如果遇到康农和抚华两人在，还可借给我三元五元，但他们在店里的日子是很少的，伙计们自然不敢做主，因此去十次总有九次落空的。

那是我最快乐的一天，《从军日记》出版了！春潮书店的大门口贴着一张用各种不同颜色写的又鲜明又动人的广告，我怀着一颗好奇心走了进去，也像顾客一般，从书架上抽出来一本封面鲜红、是丰子恺先生的女公子画的小兵骑牛的《从军日记》来看。但我没有买它，因为我知道，至少可以无条件地得到十本的。

“我没有钱用了，请你付几元钱的版税给我好吗？”

趁着店里没有买主的时候，我这样含羞地轻声问那位管账的。

“不能，版税一年只能结算两次，现在还不到时候，我怎好付给你呢？”

“我等不到结算版税的时候了，今天非预支几元不可。我如果不到万不得已的时候，也决不会催讨的。你不信，我连回去搭电车的钱都没有，来的时候也是跑路的。”

饥饿之火在我的腹内燃烧着，我忘记了什么是羞耻，这样诉苦时，好像一点也不觉得难为情。但对方只是冷冷地一笑，似乎并不同情我，倒是一个小伙计对我很好，他说：

“你多等一会儿吧，买你的书的人一定不少，等下收进多少钱，你就通通拿去好了。”

管账的用着怒眼斜视着小伙计，但因我在旁边，他没有说什么，只是重重地打着算盘。

我充当临时的店员，进来买《从军日记》的青年，我都愿意亲自将书递给他。但对方并不知道我就是那本书的作者，有几个顾客嫌我包的书不好，表示很生气的样子，小伙计正想告诉他我是谁时，我连忙使了个眼色制止了他，弄得那位青年莫名其妙地打量了我很久，然后悻悻然地离去。

快到黄昏的时候，我居然拿到了五元钱。归来，我不再搭三等车了，趾高气扬地跑进了头等车，那位售票员忙指着前面一节车说：“到三等车去吧！”他大概看见我穿的衣服太破旧，以为一定是个坐不起头等车的穷光蛋。我忙把五块钱的钞票拿在手里，故意向他示威：

“喂，找钱来吧！”

他这才低下头不做声了。

意外地遇到一个青年拿了一本《从军日记》坐在我的旁边看，他竟大胆地向我宣传，

要我去买一本来看看，我回答他：

“我不赞成女人当兵，所以也不喜欢看这本书。”

他听了非常不高兴，竟骂我思想顽固。

“廿世纪时代的女性不应该这样开倒车的！”他气愤愤地说。

我故意和他辩论了很久，惹得全车厢的人都注意起来。车子驶到卡德路，我就下来了。怀着一颗兴奋的心，跑去找光光。她和元真正穷得没法过日子，见我去时很高兴，猜想我一定拿到了钱，连忙向我瓜分。我立刻给了她们两元，其余的两元多，就花在请她们吃饭的小馆子里，等到回去，又只剩几毛钱了。但我并不难受，我觉得吃了一顿饱饭，至少可以挨饿三天。

学会喝酒，也是在这个时候。一个人到了越穷困的时候，对于金钱便越视为粪土，我常常奇怪一钱如命的守财奴，为什么要这样刻苦自己，半文钱也不肯花。我只要精神痛快，物质生活哪怕再苦些，也不能丝毫影响我的思想和意志。有钱时我分些给穷朋友用，或者跑到馆子里大吃大喝一顿，或者买许多我爱吃的虾米、牛肉干、鸭肫肝和糖果回来；穷困时，就一个人跑去马路上喝西北风^④，躲在亭子间里喝自来水^⑤，或者索性蒙在被窝里睡两天，看看有趣的小说，以消磨这可怕的长日。

如果有人问我：“饥饿的滋味怎样？”^⑥我立刻干脆地回答他：“朋友，请你四天不吃一点东西，饿一下试试吧。”老实说，饥饿的确比死还要难受，比受了任何巨大深刻的痛苦还要苦。当你听到肠子饿得咕咕地叫时，好像有一条巨蛇要从你的腹内咬破了皮肉钻出来一般；有时你饿得头昏眼花，坐起来又倒下去了，想要走路，一双腿是酸软的，拖也拖不动；有时一口口的酸水从肚子里翻上来，使你呕吐，但又吐不出半点东西；更有时饿得实在不能忍受了，就想在自己的胳膊上咬下一块肉来吞下去，这时我才相信古时“易子而食”和现在有些地方把死人的肉煮来当饭吃的惨事是真的。

虽然这样穷困，但我这副硬骨头始终不屈服，不向有钱的人低头，更不像别人认为女人的出路是找个有钱的丈夫。

饥饿只有加深我对现社会的认识，只有加强我生的勇气，从此我更要奋斗，为了自己，也为了千千万万和我同样在饥饿线上挣扎着的青年男女。



Hunger

© Xie Bingying

Believe it or not, I've been starving for four days on end.

At first, I ate nothing but four baked cakes or two small buns per day, then I cut them down by half and then by another half, until I didn't even own a copper for buying boiled water. When I was thirsty, I would stand under a tap and let its running water pour down my throat through my wide-open mouth. I felt bloated. There was a pain and chill in my stomach. I cannot tell you enough how miserable I was.

How did it come that I had been reduced to such poverty? It was because the school where I studied had got into trouble. Many students had been arrested and taken to the police station. Some students had moved house and some had gone home. The school canteen was closed because it refused to serve meals on credit. While trying to rescue the arrested fellow students, I meanwhile had to find enough money to pay my living expenses. So I was terribly busy.

Pressed by hunger, I would visit Chunchao Bookstore every day to seek a loan of money. When Kang Nong or Fu Hua was there, I would have no problem in borrowing a couple of silver dollars through them. But I seldom found them in the store and the clerks of course had no say in this matter. Therefore, in nine times out of ten nothing would come of my visit there.

I was beside myself with joy the day when I found my book *The Diary of a Woman Soldier* published at long last. Pasted up at the door of the bookstore was an eye-catching colourful poster advertising the book. I went into the store full of curiosity, and, as an ordinary customer would do, took from the shelf a copy of the book, which had on its bright-red front cover a cartoon by Feng Zikai's daughter portraying a little woman soldier riding on a cow. I didn't buy it for I knew I was entitled as its author to at least ten complimentary copies.

"I need money badly. May I have a few dollars now out of the royalties on my book?"

Seeing no customers around, I whispered to the cashier with embarrassment.

"No, not now. Royalty payments are made only twice a year. How could I pay you ahead of time?"

"I just can't wait. Today you've got to give me an advance of a few dollars. I wouldn't be here bothering you if I could help it. Believe me, I can't even afford the streetcar fare going back home. I came here on foot."

The uncontrollable desire for food burning within me, I ignored all propriety and poured out my complaints without feeling ashamed. The cashier seemed apathetic, smiling a sardonic smile. A young clerk, however, was kind enough to tell me,

"You just need to wait a little while. I'm sure your book will sell quick. Soon you can take all the money that comes from today's sale of it."

The cashier cast an angry sidelong glance at the young clerk, but he had to keep silent in my presence and worked his abacus with a vengeance.

I volunteered to serve as a temporary clerk, ready to hand the book in person to any young customer who wanted to buy it. They often had no idea that I was the author of the book. Some didn't like the way I did the wrapping and looked somewhat displeased. The young clerk was about to tell a customer who I was when I immediately stopped him by tipping him a wink. The young man was confused and, after looking me up and down for a while, walked off in sulky silence.

To my great surprise, I got as much as five dollars towards evening. On my way home, I travelled first class in a streetcar instead of third class. The moment I stepped into it, chin up and chest out, the conductor barked pointing to the front compartment, "Third class in the front!" Judging by the way I was dressed, he must have thought I was too poor to travel first class. I quickly showed him the fiver in my hand and demanded by way of a protest,

"Hey, give me my change!"

He was silent, lowering his head.

A young man sitting beside me happened to be reading my *The Diary of a Woman Soldier*. He boldly recommended me the book and advised me to go and buy a copy for myself. I replied,

"I don't like this book because I don't think it's good for a woman to be a soldier."

He was much annoyed at my remark and called me a diehard.

"A 20th century woman shouldn't go against the trend of the times!" said he angrily.

I purposely kept up the argument till it attracted the attention of all passengers. After I got off the streetcar at the Carter Road stop, I hurried excitedly to call on Guang Guang. Being hard up, she and Yuan Zhen were immensely pleased to see me, guessing I must have brought some money with me to share with them. I quickly gave them two dollars and spent the remaining two dollars and something treating them to dinner at a small eatery. I returned home with only a few cents left. But I didn't care, because I knew I had had a full meal to last me three days without feeling hungry.

It was also at this time that I started to take to drinking. The poorer one is, the more he looks upon money as dirt. I often wonder why a miser should be so rigid in self-denial, even grudging to spend every single cent for himself. All I seek is inner joy. The material life, however hard it is, will never affect my mind and will. When I have money, I'll share it with friends in need, or go to a restaurant to eat and drink to my heart's content, or buy and bring home many things I like to eat, such as dried shrimps, dried roast beef, salted duck's gizzard and liver, candies. When I'm broke, I'll go strolling around the streets alone on an empty stomach, or shut myself up in my small room with nothing to eat, or lie in bed sleeping for a couple of days or reading an interesting novel, just to while away the terrible long days.

If I'm asked what it is like to go hungry, my answer is prompt and clear-cut, "Keep starving yourself for four days, my dear friend, and you'll know." Honestly, hunger is even more painful than death. It is the greatest of all human sufferings. When you hear your own stomach rumbling with hunger, you'll feel as if a large snake were trying to gnaw its way out of your belly. Sometimes, you feel so giddy that you cannot rise from your bed no matter how hard you try to, and your legs feel like jelly so that you cannot walk. Sometimes, you feel nauseous, but you throw up nothing but the gastric juice. You may even feel like gulping down a piece of flesh bitten off your own arm so as to appease your unbearable hunger. That made me believe as true the tragic story of ancients driven by hunger "to eat the flesh of each other's son" and victims of some calamity-stricken areas cooking corpses as food.

Destitute as I am, I can bear my privation with great fortitude. I never yield, never bow to the rich, never think that a woman's way out is to marry a wealthy man.

Hunger deepens my knowledge of present-day society and gives me more courage to live. From now on, I'm going to redouble my efforts to struggle not only for myself, but also for thousands upon thousands of young men and women who, like me, are on the brink of starvation.

谢冰莹（1906—2000），湖南新化人，是我国现代杰出女作家，以丰硕的散文创作著称。她曾两度从军，经历坎坷，不愧为一代奇女，其散文真切热情、大胆粗朴，始终充满时代精神——反旧礼教、反封建势力、反帝国主义、同情劳苦大众。1948年她去台湾师范学院任教，从此一直在海外漂流。新中国成立以来，大陆广大青年读者对这位蜚声中外的“女兵”作家却知之甚少。现把她的《饥饿》一文译成英文，以飨读者。此文描述她在1928年因逃婚而只身从家乡到上海卖文为生，随后入大学，经常身无分文，但斗志弥坚。

注释

①“说出来，有谁相信呢？”意同“信不信由你”，故借用英语成语Believe it or not表达，贴切利落。

②“捕房”又称“巡捕房”，指帝国主义在旧中国“租界”内设置的警察局，故译为the police station。

③“三元五元”意即“几元”或“两三元”，不宜按字面直译为three or five dollars。现译为a couple of silver dollars，其中a couple of的意思是a few或several。又“元”旧时常指“银元”，故译为silver dollars。

④“因为我知道，至少可以无条件地得到十本的”意即“因为我知道，我可得到免费赠送的十册”。故译为for I knew I was entitled as its author to at least ten complimentary copies，其中entitled to作“应得”解，又as its author意即“身为此书作者”，是译文中添加的成分。

⑤“版税一年只能结算两次”中的“结算”在此的意思是“发放（稿费）”，故译为Royalty payments are made only twice a year。不能把它译为settle accounts。

⑥“我忘记了什么是羞耻”实际上指“我顾不得是否得体”，英译时可结合上下文，针对内涵，把它译为I ignored all propriety。如直译为I lost all sense of shame，失之过重，有损原意。

⑦“重重地打着算盘”意即“狠狠地打着算盘”，故译为and worked his abacus with a vengeance，其中with a vengeance是成语，作“猛烈地”解。

⑧“五块钱的钞票”译为a fiver，意即a five-dollar bill或a five-dollar bank note。

⑨“一个人跑去马路上喝西北风”意即“独自饿着肚子逛马路”，译为I'll go strolling around the streets alone on an empty stomach，其中on an empty stomach是成语，作“饿着肚子”解。

⑩“躲在亭子间里喝自来水”意即“躲在亭子间里挨饿”，现译为shut myself up in my small room with nothing to eat。译文对“亭子间”未作解释，仅以my small room表达即可。“喝自来水”意即“饿着肚子”，故译为with nothing to eat。

⑪“如果有人问我：‘饥饿的滋味怎样？’”，译为If I'm asked what it is like to go hungry，其中what it is like to ...是英语成语，用以表达做某事你该知道是什么感受。



刹那的印象

◎ 谢冰莹

我开始写小说，是在进了女师的第二年，那时刚满十五岁。有一天，我和两位小学时代的同学，去一个同乡家里吃饭，主人刚刚买了一个十三岁的丫头来，那女孩长得面黄肌瘦^①，身材短小，满脸现着泪痕；倒是一双乌溜溜的大黑眼睛^②，非常惹人怜爱。女主人是一位师长太太，她命令女孩走路给我们看，并请我们批评她的一举一动的姿式，是否合于一个师长公馆用的丫头。那两位同学，真的将视线集中在女孩的身上；可是我的眼里却正在燃烧着不平的火焰^③！我恨那位女主人太不人道了，简直把人当做畜生看，我当时气得饭也吃不下，借故回到学校，立刻写了一篇《刹那的印象》，用“闲事”的笔名，寄给编《大公报》的李抱一先生。第三天，当我走进阅报室，无意中看到了自己的作品，那时的快乐，的确是不能以笔墨形容的。

“你看今天的报没有？”

我问一位同学。

“没有，是不是有你的大作？”

她向我做了一个鬼脸。

“岂敢，岂敢^④。”

我一溜烟跑了。

其实，说良心话，我当时的心境真是矛盾万分，一方面希望同学们知道那篇小说是我写的^⑤，一方面又觉得太难为情。

“你这该死的家伙，怎么把前天唐太太请我们看丫头的事写成了小说呢？你不怕她生气吗？”

咏声这么责备我。

“谁管她！她既然能买卖人口，难道我连说话的自由都没有吗？我下次不去她家里就得了。”

后来咏声做了师长的姨太太，而那位可怜的小丫头不知何处去了^⑥。

也不知什么缘故，发表了第一篇文章之后，写作的勇气似乎增加了若干倍。有一次上生物学，同学们都在兴高采烈地解剖小鸽子，我心里万分难过，眼泪不知不觉地掉下来，一位同学讽刺我：

“真是文学家的心肠，居然哭起来了。”

我受不住她的冷嘲，连忙回到教室，写了千余字的《小鸽子之死》，咀咒科学是残忍的，没有人性的。这篇文章虽然没有发表，但我觉得并不比《刹那的印象》写得差；从此我得了一个经验，要有真情实感，才能写出好文章^⑦。



My Instant Response

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I began to write fiction in my second year at the Women's Normal School when I had just reached the age of 15. One day, together with two classmates of the primary-school days, I went to dinner at a fellow provincial's home. The host had just bought a 13-year-old slave girl. Short and slight in build, she looked thin and sickly with a tear-stained face. But her bright big ebony eyes were just lovely. The hostess, who was a division commander's wife, ordered the girl to show us her gait so that we could judge whether each and every of her postures befitted her position as maid in an official mansion. As my former classmates were focusing their eyes on the poor girl, I burned with fury at the gross injustice. I detested the hostess for her inhuman act of treating the girl like an animal. I was too angry to eat and left on some excuse. Back at the school, I immediately wrote a story entitled *My Instant Response* under the pseudonym of "Xian Shi", which I mailed to Mr. Li Baoyi, editor of the *Da Gong Daily*. Three days later, on entering the reading room, I was extremely thrilled to find my story published in the paper.

"Did you see today's paper?"

I asked one of the two former classmates.

"No, I didn't. You must have had something published, I guess?" She grimaced at me.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't presume."

I walked away quickly.

Frankly, I had mixed feelings. Much as I hoped that my schoolmates would know me as the author of the story, I could not help feeling very uncomfortable about it.

"Damn it! How come you've written a story of Madame Tang asking us to take a look at her slave girl? The lady might feel hurt, you know?"

Yong Sheng said reproachfully.

"I don't care a damn about her! If she's free to buy a slave girl, why shouldn't I have my freedom of speech? I'll see no more of the woman, that's all."

Yong Sheng was afterwards to be a concubine of the division commander in question while the whereabouts of the poor little slave girl were to remain unknown.

Strangely enough, the publication of the first article mentioned above seemed to greatly redouble my courage to keep on writing. It came about once that I was deeply grieved in biology class to see my fellow students cheerfully absorbed in dissecting a little pigeon. Tears trickled down my cheeks. One of the students said tauntingly,

"She's crying — a real soft-hearted writer, eh!"

Unable to put up with her sarcasm, I went hurriedly to the classroom, where I wrote *The Death of a Little Pigeon*, an article of a little over 1,000 words, to condemn the cruelty and inhumanity of science. Though unpublished, it was just as well-written as *My Instant Response*. I had then learned from my own experience that only with true and sincere feelings could one write something worth reading.

此文是谢冰莹叙述1922年她在长沙第一女子师范求学时写第一篇散文的经过。当时，一军官太太买下一个小女孩作丫头，令人们当众品评该小女孩“一举一动的姿式”，谢对此侮辱人格的行为感到很气愤，挥笔写下《刹那的印象》一文，抨击时弊，伸张正义。

注释

①“那女孩长得面黄肌瘦”中的“黄”形容病容，故译为she looked thin and sickly。此句也可译为she was emaciated and had a sallow face，但欠轻快自然。

②“黑眼睛”译为ebony eyes，其中ebony本指“乌木”，为实物形容词，常见于文学作品，形容人的头发、眼睛等带光泽的深黑色。

③“我的眼里却正在燃烧着不平的火焰”即“面对不平，怒火中烧”，英译时还得把“怒”字表达出来：I burned with fury（或anger、wrath等）at the gross injustice，其中gross作“极端的”、“严重的”解，是译文中添加的成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

④“岂敢”译为I wouldn't presume，其中presume作“不敢这么做”、“不敢放肆”等解，常见于口语中。

⑤“一方面希望同学们知道那篇小说是我写的”意即“虽然希望同学们……”，故译为Much as I hoped ...，等于Although I hoped ...。

⑥“后来咏声做了师长的姨太太，而那位可怜的小丫头不知何处去了”译为Yong Sheng was afterwards to be a concubine of the division commander in question while the whereabouts of the poor little slave girl were to remain unknown，其中前后两句中都用动词不定式，意指“当时未想到的，而后来居然发生的事”。

⑦“要有真情实感，才能写出好文章”译为only with true and sincere feelings could one write something worth reading，未按字面直译为... could one write something really good，因前者似更为贴切。

我爱作文

◎ 谢冰莹

那是我初进女师大^①的第一年，国文老师对我们说：

“现在你们是大学生了^②，作文题目可以由你们自己拟，每学期至少要交七八篇文章^③，多多益善；但是有个条件，篇篇都要好文章，不可敷衍。”

“老师^④，不会作的怎么办呢？”

有位不知姓名的同学忽然这样问。

“不会作，怎么考进大学的？你们的文章，在中学时代应该早就写通了，到大学来，老师不过是指导你们做更深一层的研究；文章写得好不好，还得你们自己努力，我是无能为力的。”

“老师太客气了。”

是另一位同学低微的声音。

“老师，我们的作文是在课堂上作，还是在课外作呢？”

这是我这个乡下姑娘发出的愚问^⑤，有几位同学望着我笑了；可是我并不感到难为情，反而觉得她们的笑是多余的。

“随便，爱在課堂上作的，就在这里作好了，写你们最爱写的题材，我走了。”

望着老师的背影，消逝在长廊的转弯处，于是有三分之二的同学也跟着走了；一位坐在我右边的同学悄悄地问我：

“你作什么题目？”

“《望断天涯儿不归^⑥》。”

我毫不犹豫地回答她。

“是小说吗？”

“不！是一篇抒情的小品文。”

我高兴极了！真的，做了大学生的第一个好处是：有了许多自由，譬如作文，就是一个例子。记得我在中学读书的时候，最感到伤脑筋的是：国文老师临到作文课时，才在黑板上出一个题目，有的一次出两三个，可以由你自己选择；有的只出一个，什么《温故知新^⑦说》；《国家兴亡，匹夫有责^⑧论》；《国庆感言》……一类的题目，叫人一见便头痛。我喜欢老师在作文的前几天就把题目预告，而且最好多出些抒情、描写、记述一类的题目，少作议论文；因为青年人最热情，他欢喜读抒情、描写一类的文章，也喜欢发挥自己的情感和抱负。我们只有写自己真实的感情，真实的思想，真实的生活，才能把文章写得好；如果硬要由脑筋里压榨出一些什么空空洞洞的理论来^⑨，不但文章写不好，而且对于这些学生，简直是一种无形的精神虐待^⑩！在学生时代，我喜欢写自己最爱写的东西；后来到了我当教师的时候，就深深地记着“己所不欲，勿施于人”的格言，我绝不伤害他们的脑筋^⑪；有时一次出二三十个题目，由他们自由去选择，或者干脆由他们自己作主，爱写什么就写什么。他们写的情书，偶然也给我修改；说真话，那比他们平时的作文写得流利多了。

前面说过，我当了大学生之后，别的没有什么高兴，最使我觉得快乐的是我有了写作的自由。这个时期，我的生活苦极了，又穷又忙；穷的连坐电车的钱也没有，忙到夜以继日地改卷子，预备功课，还不能把工作完成。原来当我在大一的时候，就兼了两班中学国文；说起来真太冒险了，自己还是个刚跨出中学不久的乡下姑娘，去教那些又高又大的北方青年^⑫，怪不得他们要叫我“孩子先生”了^⑬。

I Love Composition

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At the beginning of my first year at Peking Women's Normal University, our teacher of Chinese said to the class,

"Now that you're university students, you may write on any subject of your own choice. You must each hand in for each semester at least seven or eight compositions. The more, the better. But, mind you, each composition should be well written, not slipshod."

"Sir, what if it's beyond my ability to do so?" a classmate, whose name was not personally known to me, suddenly asked.

"Beyond your ability? Then how did you pass the examination for admission to the university? You're supposed to have learned composition as long ago as your middle school days. A university teacher's job is little more than giving you guidance in advanced studies. It's up to you to improve your writing ability. I'm in no position to do much to help you."

"You're too modest, sir," mumbled another classmate.

"Sir, shall we do the writing in the classroom or after school?"

That was a silly question raised by my humble self, a country girl. Some classmates started giggling at me. But I wasn't embarrassed at all. On the contrary, I thought their giggling was totally uncalled for.

"Do as you please. It's OK if you want to do it in the classroom. But write on a subject most favourite to you. Well, see you!"

We watched him passing out of sight around a corner of the long corridor. Thereupon, two thirds of the students also left the classroom. A student sitting on my right asked me in a whisper,

"What are you going to write about?"

"Mother's Longing for the Return of Her Wandering Child," I answered without the slightest hesitation.

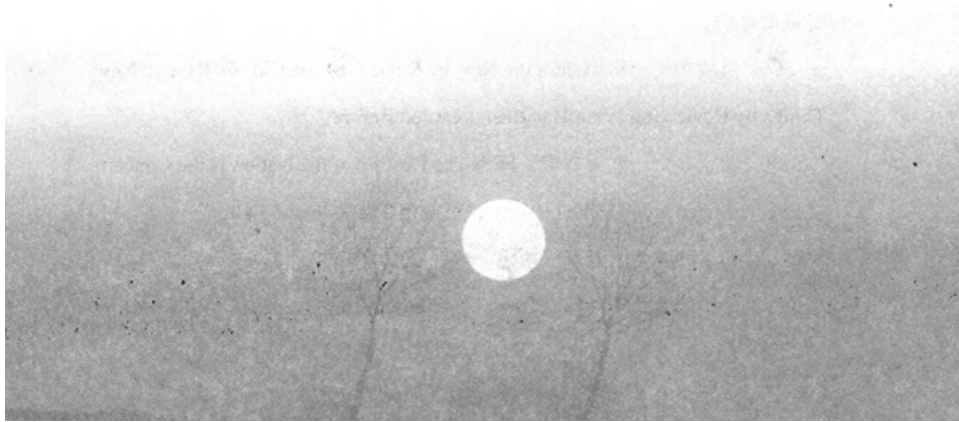
"A short story?"

"No. It's a lyrical essay."

I was overjoyed at the advantages enjoyed by university students. First of all, we were given more freedom to do what we thought best. The composition class was just one example. I remembered what had annoyed me most in middle school was that the teachers of Chinese then never gave us composition subjects in advance. They would write a subject on the blackboard at the last minute when they came to meet the class. Some of them gave two or three subjects for us to choose from. Some gave us only one subject like Learn the New by Reviewing the Old, The Destiny of the Nation Is the Concern of Every Citizen, Thoughts on National Day, etc., all of which I found extremely boring. I preferred our teacher to make public the composition subject several days before the class met. I preferred lyrical, descriptive and narrative subjects to argumentative ones because being enthusiastic, young people are fond of lyrical and descriptive writings and also eager to write about their own emotions and aspirations. Only by giving a true account of our feelings, thoughts and life, can we produce good writings. Forcing students to do hollow theorizing in composition will not only fail to improve their writing ability but also subject them, so to speak, to an ordeal of invisible mental abuse. In my school days, I chose to write on whatever subject I liked best. Later, when I became a school teacher, I, by keeping firmly in mind the maxim "Do not do to others what you do not want done to yourself", always

took care not to impose on my students anything that would cause mental torture. Sometimes, I would set 20-30 subjects for them to select from. Sometimes, I would just let them decide on a subject by themselves so that they could write about anything as they pleased. Occasionally, they even let me polish up the love letters penned by themselves, which, to tell you the truth, would read much more smoothly than the compositions they usually did.

As mentioned above, after I became a university student, there was nothing more agreeable to me than the freedom I enjoyed in writing. During this period, being poor and busy, I lived a hard life. I was so hard up that I couldn't even afford the streetcar fare. And though I worked nonstop day and night, I still felt hard pressed for time to finish correcting papers and preparing lessons. That was because while I was a first-year student at the university, I concurrently taught Chinese at two middle schools. Just imagine a country girl fresh from middle school having the audacity to teach those husky young northerners! They certainly had every reason to call me "Child Teacher".



谢冰莹于1929年5月从上海到达北平，不久考入北京女子师范大学，《我爱作文》是她在这时期写的一篇散文。作者对当时学校作文教学的一些看法，至今仍有参考价值。

注释

①“女师大”指当时的“北京女子师范大学”，故译Peking Women's Normal University。

②“现在你们是大学生了”意即“由于你们是大学生了”，故译Now that you're university students，其中Now that（或Now）作“因为”解，等于Because。此句也可这样处理：Now, as university students ...。

③“每学期至少要交七八篇文章”译为You must each hand in for each semester at least seven or eight compositions，其中for each semester也可简化为each semester。

④“老师”不宜译为teacher，因teacher还没有变成Dr.、Judge、Professor等有尊敬含义的习用称呼，故译为Sir（姑且把“老师”定为男性）。

⑤“这是我这个乡下姑娘发出的愚问”译为That was a silly question raised by my humble self, a country girl，其中用my humble self（敝人）代替myself，略带俏皮，符合原文的内涵。

⑥“望断天涯儿不归”译为Mother's Longing for the Return of Her Wandering Child，是参照作者当时为逃避母亲为她包办的婚姻而流浪他乡的背景而译的。

⑦“温故知新”译为Learn the New by Reviewing the Old，等于Learn New Things by Reviewing What Has Been Learned Before。

⑧“国家兴亡，匹夫有责”译为The Destiny of the Nation Is the Concern of Every Citizen，其中The Destiny也可改用The Rise and Fall。

⑨“如果硬要由脑筋里压榨出一些什么空空洞洞的理论来”意即“如果强迫学生在作文时从事空洞的议论”，故译Forcing students to do hollow theorizing in composition，其中hollow和empty同义；theorizing的意思是“议论”。

⑩“而且对于这些学生，简直是一种无形的精神虐待”译为but also subject them, so to speak, to an ordeal of invisible mental abuse，其中插入语so to speak或so to say是成语，作“可以这么说”、“恕我直言”等解，用以表达原文的“简直”。又an ordeal（折磨）是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑪“我绝不伤害他们的脑筋”意即“我绝不强迫他们做伤脑筋的事”，故译took care not to impose on my students anything that would cause mental torture。

⑫“说起来真太冒险了，自己还是个刚跨出中学不久的乡下姑娘，去教那些又高又大的北方青年”意即“自己是刚从中学毕业的乡下姑娘，竟敢去教那些又高又大的北方青年”，故译Just imagine a country girl fresh from middle school having the audacity to teach those husky young northerners，其中Just imagine（想一想）是译文中的增益成分；fresh from ...的意思是“刚从……毕业的”；having the audacity to ...的意思是“胆敢从事……”，用以表达原文的“说起来真太危险了”。

⑬“怪不得他们要叫我‘孩子先生’了”意即“他们完全可以喊我‘孩子先生’”，故译They certainly had every reason (or good reason) to call me "Child Teacher"。



海 恋

◎ 谢冰莹

对于大自然的爱好，我是多方面的，我爱山，但更爱海。

自从来到厦门，我几乎天天都要到海滨去散步，踏在那细软的沙子上^①，有一种说不出的舒适。当海风卷起雪浪来袭击海岸时，在美丽的浪花里^②，会拾到许多小巧玲珑的贝壳，和五色斑斓的小石子；还有那些碧绿的海草，长的像秀发，又美又可爱。我更爱躺在洁净轻柔的细沙上，静听着海潮的倾诉；当微风轻轻地从我的身边掠过，那种又清凉又轻松的感觉，真是舒适极了，甜美极了！

谁能否认海的伟大呢？我爱海，并不仅仅因为她的颜色美丽，和藏在海底那许多有趣的玩艺儿，而是爱她的胸襟广阔^③，化污秽为清洁^④。她容纳无数的细流，尽管它们的颜色有黑的也有黄的，一旦流到了海的怀抱，便立刻变成碧绿的了。碧绿是代表和平，代表一种静美。一个人，哪怕他的脾气有如虎狼那么凶暴^⑤，我相信如果长住在海滨，一定会变得和羔羊一般驯良；同时，那些心怀狭隘的人，如果常与海做朋友，我相信他也会改变成豪爽，痛快的性格。

厦门，真是风景幽美的所在，四周被海环抱，街道是那么广阔，清洁；对岸是鼓浪屿，西边是南普陀，只要你的身体健康，你可以一天换一个地方游览。

世界上往往有许多巧事，是你没有想到的；我来到厦门中学教书，完全是一种意外的收获。庄校长奎章，虽然是师大的同学，我们却并不认识。是抵厦门的第二天，我随便到厦中去参观，看见校舍建筑在高高的山坡上，面临着海，风景非常幽美，于是就信步走进去，无意中会到了庄校长，随便谈起来，他就要请我去教国文；然而我当时不能决定^⑥，因为我还需要去游历闽西。后来一连接到庄校长好几封催我去厦门的信，我觉得有点太冒险，和一个陌生的人共事，将来如果意见不合又怎么办呢？其实我这顾虑是多余的，庄是个非常厚道的人，他的太太尤其忠厚温和，对待同事都很热情，好像他就是一个家长，没有课时，大家围在他的家里聊天，谈笑自如，非常有趣。

我到厦中时，还没有开学，正是热得要命的时候，庄先生夫妇约我去洗海水浴，差一点我被海浪卷去了生命^⑦。原来我生平没有看见人家游泳过，只在画报上看到一些游泳的照片，既然来到了海滨，而且天气这么热，自然我想下水去练习练习^⑧；没想到海浪是这么可怕的，它突然袭来，我被卷去了丈多远^⑨，口里灌进去很多海水，咸得我大声叫喊“救命呀！救命呀！”他们连忙把我的膀子捉住，又是一个大浪打来，把我们卷去了丈多远。海水越来越深，连最会游泳的都失去了控制的能力，何况我是个初下水的人？

后来他们好不容易才把我拖到海滩上来，经过这一次危险后，我再也不敢尝试游泳了。我只高兴静静地一个人坐在沙滩上看书，晒太阳，或者拾贝壳。真的，对于拾贝壳，我发生了莫大的兴趣，每天回来，袋子里都是装得满满的^⑩；我把它们摆在书桌上，分成很多种类，向同事们夸耀。有些被他们抢走了，我也不心痛，因为第二天，我又可以跑去海滩拾许多同样的回来。

我对于海，好像着了魔似的一天比一天迷恋起来，我爱它，甚至一天也不能离开它。有时清早起来便奔向海滨，迎接血红的太阳由海边升起；有时特地在阳光将要落山的时候，去领略海滩的黄昏滋味。我更爱看矗立在海中央的灯塔，我佩服那守灯塔的人^⑪，他每天机械地守住自己的岗位，给予往来的航行者一种光明的指示；假若没有他，这海面将被黑暗所包围，来往的船只，随时都有触着暗礁的危险。

我爱海，我愿意将来有那么一天，筑两间茅屋在海滨，整天听柔风和海涛蜜语，看海水吻着海滩；如果那时我还有痛苦的话，（其实，我知道，痛苦会永远地跟随着我的^⑫。）我可以悄悄地投进海的怀抱，让雄壮的海涛，为我奏着挽歌，温柔的海风，轻轻地

抚摸着 我浮在碧波上的尸体；月儿和星星放出慈祥的光辉为我追悼。就这样，悄悄地没有一个人知道，除了月亮，星光，风和海，我离开了这苦恼的人间，该是多么美，多么快乐.....



I Love the Sea

© Xie Bingying

I love diverse aspects of Mother Nature, but I love the sea more than the mountain.

Ever since I came to Xiamen, I've been in the habit of going for a walk along the seashore almost every day. It gives me an indescribable pleasant sensation to step on the spongy fine sand. When the sea wind dashes the snow-white billows against the beach, I can pick up from among the brilliant spray many pretty shells and colourful pebbles, as well as some lovely green seaweed as delicate as human hair. I'm even more inclined to lie on the clean and soft sandy beach and listen quietly to the sea unbosoming itself. How comfortable and refreshed I will be to feel the cool gentle sea breeze brushing past me!

There is no denying the mightiness of the sea. I love her not only because she has the beautiful hues and many intriguing objects hidden deep underneath her, but also because she is broad and liberal enough to turn the foul into the pure. The numerous small rivers that she accommodates may be of a black or yellow colour, but once they flow into her bosom, they instantly take on the green colour signifying peace and tranquility. A person with a terrifying hot temper will become, I believe, as meek as a lamb after a long stay by the seashore. Likewise, I believe a narrow-minded person will become tolerant and open-hearted if he often keeps company with the sea.

Surrounded by the sea on all sides, the city of Xiamen is really picturesque with clean wide avenues. Facing it on the opposite bank is Gulangyu, the famous tourist resort, and in the west is Nanputuo, one of the local scenic spots. Here you can choose to tour a different place of interest each day if you feel fit enough.

Lots of things happen by mere coincidence in this world. It has been an unexpected piece of luck for me to become a teacher at Xiamen Middle School. Zhuang Kuizhang, headmaster of the school, was a stranger to me when we first met though he had been a schoolmate of mine at Peking Normal University. The middle school is located high up on a mountain slope facing the sea. On the second day after my arrival at Xiamen, I was so struck by the beauty of the school environment that I went sauntering into the campus where Zhuang and I met by accident and started chatting. He asked me if I would like to be a teacher of Chinese at his school, but, as I was to go on a tour to western Fujian, I could not say yes or no immediately. Later he wrote me again and again urging me to go back to Xiamen to pick up the teaching post. At first, I had misgivings about working together with a person of whom I knew so little. What if he and I should fail to agree with each other in the future? My worries, however, turned out to be uncalled-for. Zhuang is very honest and kindhearted. So is his wife, if not more. He treats all the teaching staff with warmth of heart as if he were head of a big family. We will often go together to his home to spend our free hours chatting cheerfully.

I came back to Xiamen to fill the teaching post before school began. It was unbearably hot, so Mr. Zhuang and his wife invited me to go seabathing with them. But surprisingly it ended up in my narrow escape from the surging waves. As I had never in my life seen people swim except in some pictorials and as the weather was so hot, I, being at the seaside and not knowing how dreadful the sea could become, naturally felt like having a go at dabbling in the water. Suddenly the violent waves came upon me and carried me quite a few metres away. "Help! Help!" I cried out with lots of salty seawater in my mouth. They rushed to my rescue. But no sooner had they

seized me by the arm than the surging waves returned to carry all of us quite a few metres away. In an increasingly rough sea, even a good swimmer may lose all control over himself, let alone me, an absolute beginner in the art of swimming.

It was with much effort that they managed to drag me onto the beach. Since then, I've never dared to have a go at swimming again. All I do is sit quietly on the beach reading and basking in the sunshine, or go collecting shells. True, shells have aroused in me so much interest that every day I will come back from the seaside with pockets bulging with shells. I'll lay out my new acquisitions on the desk in many classified groups so as to show off before my colleagues. They may take away some of the shells, but I don't care at all, for the next day I can bring back from the beach as many replacements.

I've become more and more crazy about the sea. I never let a day pass without seeing it with my own eyes. Sometimes, as soon as I get up, I'll hasten to the seashore to greet the blood-red sun rising from the distant edge of the sea. Sometimes, I'll go to the beach at sunset for the special purpose of enjoying the twilight scene. I'm even more fascinated by the lighthouse standing in the middle of the sea. My hat off to the lighthouse keeper for drudging at the tedious task of providing ships with a flashing light lest they should run up on rocks in the dark sea!

I love the sea. I wish I could some day live by the sea in a thatched cottage of my own so that I could all day listen to the soft breeze and the sea communicating with each other in sweet whispers and watch the rolling waves kissing the beach. If I should then have great sufferings (as a matter of fact, I know I can never steer clear of sufferings), I'll quietly plunge myself into the bosom of the sea, and let the mighty waves strike up a funeral hymn for me, the gentle sea breezes softly caress my dead body floating about on the blue waters, and the moon and stars mourn over my death with their tender light. How wonderful it will be for me quietly to take leave of this afflicted mortal world without the knowledge of anyone except the moon and stars, and the wind and sea!

《海恋》是谢冰莹写于1932年的一篇散文。当时她从上海漂流到福建，正在厦门中学教书。

注释

①“细软的沙子”译为spongy fine sand，其中fine作“细微”解；spongy一词来自sponge（海绵），在此作“轻软”解，比soft更为确切。

②“在美丽的浪花里”译为from among the brilliant spray，其中among一词通常后面接可数名词，但，如在此处，有时后面也可接不可数名词。

③“胸襟广阔”译为broad and liberal，其中broad和liberal意思大致相同，都作“宽宏”（tolerant）、“慷慨”（generous）等解。

④“化污秽为清洁”译为to turn the foul into the pure，其中the foul和the pure都表示一种抽象概念，分别相当于filthiness和purity。

⑤“脾气有如虎狼那么凶暴”如直译为with a temperament as fierce as that of a tiger or wolf，效果欠佳，不如意译为with a terrifying hot temper。

⑥“然而我当时不能决定”意即“我不能立即表态（或表示可否）”，故译为I could not say yes or no immediately，比直译I could not make the decision right away更为贴切流畅。

⑦“差一点我被海浪卷去了生命”译为But surprisingly it ended up in my narrow escape from the surging waves，其中surprisingly it ended up in（结果竟然）是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。又，“海浪”的译文以surging waves代替sea waves，更为达意。

⑧“自然我想下水去练习练习”译为naturally I felt like having a go at dabbling in the water，其中having a go at作“试一试”解，相当于having a try at。又，“下水”实际上指“嬉水”，故译为dabbling in the water，比swimming确切。

⑨“丈多远”只表示一个模糊概念，如直译为more than three metres away则未免过于认真，不如译为several metres away。

⑩“袋子里都是装得满满的”译为with pockets bulging with shells（贝壳把口袋撑得鼓鼓的），和with pockets full of shells意思相同，但富于形象。

⑪“我佩服那守灯塔的人”译为My hat off to the lighthouse keeper，其中My hat off to是I take my hat off to的简化，其意思是“向……致敬”、“向……表示钦佩”。此句也可译为How I admire the lighthouse keeper!

⑫“痛苦会永远地跟随着我的”译为I can never steer clear of sufferings，其中steer clear of是成语，作“避开”解。



黄 昏

◎ 谢冰莹

最难过的是黄昏^①，最有诗意的也是黄昏。

每天吃了晚饭后，我都要和特到妙高峰或者铁道上散步。

沿着斜斜的马路走上去，就到了一中后面的小亭。我们是从来不在亭子里休息的，迎着将要消逝的残阳^②，漫步地欣赏着快要来到的迷茫晚景。

几乎每次都是这样，先走到老龙潭，看着被晚风吹皱的湖水，有时也比赛投几颗石子，看谁比谁投的远^③，还要看着一个个倒映在水里的人影，一群群的肥鸭，一缕缕的炊烟……然后，慢慢地走回来。

由妙高峰到小亭的这一段路，特别美丽，两旁的槐树像仙女似的临风飘舞，雪白的花，衬在翠绿的树叶下更显得清秀、纯洁。芬芳的香气从微风里送来，令人感到一种说不出的舒服和愉快。

更有趣的，是当我们在槐树中间穿过时，好像另走进了一个草木青青的仙境，真正的桃花源^④。有时我故意走在后面，望着特的影子在树荫底下移动着，正像看一幕天然的电影。

“特，美极了，我真爱这些槐花，慢慢地走吧。”

每回走到这儿，我总要徘徊很久才去。

回到小亭上来，游人都散了，有时也有一两个工人模样的男人坐在里边打盹。对着迷茫的晚景，我们静静地欣赏着。

天，是灰色的，由烟囱中冒出来的烟也由黑色变成了灰色；远远地望去，灰色的湘江，灰色的麓山，灰色的长沙城，呵，整个的宇宙都灰色化了，只有闪烁在灰色中间的电灯^⑤在点缀着黄昏时的光明，在暗示着未来社会的灿烂。

是一个暖融融的春天的黄昏，我们沿着铁道一直走到了猴子石。

路是这般遥远，望过去似乎就在半里以内^⑥，而走起来时经过了不知多少的草棚茅舍，还没有到达目的地。

天色渐渐地暗了下来，大地又被灰色吞噬着，我们没有顾到天黑，只是大踏步地向前走着。

路上寂静得可怕，除了我俩而外，简直看不见一个行人。

“慢点走吧，特，无论如何我们要走到猴子石的^⑦，即使回来是半夜了，也没有关系。慢慢地走，不要辜负了眼前的美景^⑧。”

特拉住了我，眼睛在望着天边一颗星。

“你看，星子都出来了，还不赶快走，太晚了，走路不方便。”

“怕什么？有我在这里，什么都用不着怕。”

我嗤的一声笑了，他又继续着说。

“你为什么不是个男孩子啊！否则，我们走倦了就睡在铁道旁边，或者跑到对面的小山上去，青草做我们的床，白云做我们的被，还有悬在天空中的不灭的灯光，夜莺的音乐，多么幸福啊！偏偏你是女人，到什么地方去都有顾虑。^⑨”

真的，“为什么我不是个男人呢？”我细细地咀嚼他这句话的意义。如果我不是女人，我的胆量一定更大。

到了目的地，我们快活得大叫起来，回头望望被笼罩在黑暗下的长沙城，像一座寂静的古堡，田垄间的蛙声阁阁，更显得乡村里的寂寞凄清。

在大自然的音乐声中，两个紧靠着走的人影踏上了他们的归程。

Dusk

© Xie Bingying

Dusk is deadly dull, but also most poetic.

Every day after supper Te and I would go for a walk in the Miao Gao Mountains or along the railway track.

After walking up a sloping street, we could get to a small pavilion behind No. 1 Middle School. But we never stopped to take a rest in the pavilion. Instead, we would stroll about enjoying the hazy twilight scene before the waning sun disappeared.

Usually, we would first go to the Lao Long Lake to take a look at its water rippling in the evening breeze. Sometimes we competed with each other in playing ducks and drakes while our reflections were mirrored in the water, fat ducks swimming in flocks, wisps of cooking smoke curling up from chimneys ... Then we would walk back home leisurely.

The scenery all the way from the Miao Gao Mountains to the small pavilion was particularly fine, with locust trees on both sides dancing in the wind like fairy maidens and their pretty snow-white flowers set off by emerald-green leaves appearing all the more dainty and pure. The sweet aroma of the flowers wafted to us by the soft breezes was indescribably refreshing and pleasant.

What's more, in passing through the locust trees, we often felt as if we had entered a fairyland with lush greenery — a real Shangri-la. Sometimes, I would purposely lag behind Te so as to watch his shadowy silhouette moving about in the shade of the trees like in a film.

"Te, it's great!" I would say to him. "How I love these trees! Let's walk slowly."

Every time when I was there, I used to linger about for quite a long while, reluctant to leave.

When we came back to the pavilion, it was already empty of visitors. Sometimes a couple of workerlike men would be found sitting there dozing. Quietly we feasted our eyes on the hazy evening scene.

The sky was grey. The dark smoke from chimneys was also turning grey. The Xiang River, the Lu Mountains and the city of Changsha all looked grey from afar. Oh, the whole universe was turning grey. Only electric lamps glittering against the universal grey were providing some light to the gathering dusk, suggestive of the brightness of the future world.

One warm spring evening, we walked along the railway track towards Hou Zi Shi.

The place was farther than it seemed. We had to walk past numerous straw sheds and cottages before we got there.

In the deepening dusk, the whole earth was shrouded in grey. Nevertheless we kept walking ahead with rapid strides.

A ghastly stillness reigned. Not a soul in sight except Te and me.

"No need to hurry, Te. One way or another we'll have to get to Hou Zi Shi. It's OK even if we come back as late as midnight. Let's go slowly. Don't miss this opportunity of enjoying the beautiful scene before us."

Holding me by the hand, Te was gazing up at a star over the horizon.

"Look, the star has come out. Why not move faster? It's getting late, no good for making our way in the dark."

"Don't worry!" said I laughingly. "There's nothing to be afraid of with me keeping you company."

"It's a pity that you're not a boy!" he continued. "Otherwise, when we got tired, we could lie down sleeping beside the railway, or go up the opposite hill to lie on top sleeping with the green grass as our bed, the white clouds as our quilts, and with inextinguishable lights over us in the sky and nightingales singing sweet songs. Oh, how happy we would be! Now that, of all people, you are a girl, I'll be full of inhibitions wherever we two go."

"It's a pity that you're not a boy." I chewed over his words again and again. Yes, if I were not a girl, I would be even more daring!

Arriving at our destination, we could not help uttering a cry of wild joy. Looking back, I saw Changsha lying still in the darkness like an ancient castle. The frogs croaking in the fields made the countryside seem all the more dismal and forlorn.

Now, against the music of Mother Nature, two figures set out on their homeward journey, nestling against each other.



《黄昏》是谢冰莹写于1934年5月8日的一篇散文，当时她因被国民党通缉而从福建厦门避居于长沙附近妙高峰的青山祠里，专心致志从事写作。

注释

①“最难过的是黄昏”的意思是“黄昏最单调乏味”故译为Dusk is deadly dull，其中deadly与very意同，现用deadly，不用very，是为了在句中用d押头韵，读起来悦耳顺口。

②“迎着将要消逝的残阳”可按“在残阳消逝前”译为before the waning sun disappeared，比直译in the face of the waning sun自然顺口。

③“比赛投几颗石子，看谁比谁投的远”可按“比赛打水漂游戏”之意译为we competed with each other in playing ducks and drakes.

④“桃花源”意即“世外桃源”，指“与世隔绝的美好地方”，现借用Shangri-la把“真正的桃花源”译为a real Shangri-la。英语Shangri-la一词源出英国作家James Hilton小说Lost Horizon（1933）中假想的喜马拉雅山谷名，常用来表示hidden paradise的意思。

⑤“闪烁在灰色中间的电灯”意即“电灯闪烁时以一片灰色为背景”，故译为electric lamps glittering against the universal grey。

⑥“路是这般遥远，望过去似乎就在半里以内”译为The place was farther than it seemed，摆脱原文“在半里以内”等字面意思，以意译法处理，简明扼要。

⑦“无论如何我们要走到猴子石的”译为One way or another we'll have to get to Hou Zi Shi，其中one way or another（或one way or the other）和anyway（或anyhow）意同。

⑧“不要辜负了眼前的美景”意即“不要错过欣赏眼前的美景”，现按此意译为Don't miss (或let slip) this opportunity of enjoying the beautiful scene before us。

⑨“偏偏你是女人，到什么地方去都有顾虑”译为Now that, of all people, you are a girl, I'll be full of inhibitions wherever we two go，其中Now that意即Since; of all ...是习语，作“在所有的.....中偏偏.....”解，例如：He went to live in India of all places（他偏偏到印度去住）；They were talking about women of all things（他们偏偏要谈女人）；Why should they, of all people, believe the rumour（为什么偏偏他们相信这谣言？）。又，inhibitions一词作“拘谨”、“不自在”等解，常见于口语，在此表达原文中的“顾虑”，最为确切。



粉笔生涯

◎ 谢冰莹

开学了^①，寂寞的教室，突然热闹起来。一到晚上，满院子^②电灯辉煌，嘹亮的读书声非常悦耳。整天和一群年轻的孩子在一块，自己也好像年轻了许多^③。上课的时候，难免要装出一副老师的面孔骗一骗孩子们^④；一到下课，便现出真面目来了。我和她们一同散步，一同谈笑，讲故事给她们听；常常就寝铃摇了，还有躲在我房子里玩的学生。只要她们不妨碍功课，我是欢喜她们来玩的，为了和我接近的大都是女孩，于是惹起那些男生的嫉妒：

“老师有封建思想^⑤，她不和我们男生玩。”

直到后来我帮助他们编了个《曙光》文艺周刊，登在《厦门日报》，不怕麻烦地替他们修改，编排，这才使他们知道：“呵，原来老师对我们并没有两条心。”

孩子们是可爱的，他们天真，坦白，热情，心里想到什么就说什么，没有丝毫虚伪^⑥，没有丝毫勉强。我爱他们，我愿永远和他们在一起生活。

这时，使我回忆起北平的生活来了：记得安徽中学，曾有两个最顽皮的学生，他们有时把黑板刷子悬在天花板上；有时把花生壳装在我的口袋里；还有一次写四个大字“孩子先生”在黑板上^⑦，明明在讥讽我是个孩子^⑧，等到我责备他们时，却改变了口吻^⑨：

“老师^⑩，我们是说您是孩子的先生，并不是说您是孩子。”

其实，说来惭愧，那时学生里面，有好几个是比我年纪大的；也许因为我自己也像孩子，所以和他们相处得很好。那时他们研究文艺的空气特别浓厚，我还记得有一位叫做仇振远，小说写得非常之好。后来，校长说我只教学生写语体文太不像话^⑪，有意叫我走，于是我便提出辞职。学生们听到了这个消息就拼命挽留我；因为我的关系，他们还闹了一场风波^⑫，振远和其他的几位同学，居然被开除了。这件事一直到现在回想起来，我还觉得对不住他们。



My Teaching Career

© Xie Bingying

School has started after the vacation. The quiet classrooms have suddenly begun to buzz with activity. At night, the whole school compound is ablaze with lights and rings with the pleasant sound of students reading their lessons aloud. Mixing with the kids all day long has made me feel like many, many years younger. Though I'm often obliged to meet my class assuming a grave teacher-like countenance, I'll again be my true self as soon as class is over. I'll go for a stroll with some girl students, chat gaily with them or tell them stories. Often, after the going-to-bed bell has rung, some of them will continue to enjoy themselves by hiding in my room. I, however, welcome their visit as long as it does not interfere with their studies. But my close contact with many girls has aroused a feeling of jealousy among the boy students.

"Our teacher's a slave to old conventions^④," they grumbled. "She's so stand-offish towards us boys."

Their displeasure lasted until I helped them with the publication of *Aurora*, a weekly literary supplement in *The Xiamen Daily*. I took great pains to polish and arrange their articles. They exclaimed, "Ah, our teacher's after all of one mind with us boys!"

The kids are just lovely. They are naïve, candid and cordial. They speak straight from the heart, without the slightest insincerity or reluctance. I love them dearly and wish I could be with them forever.

All that has brought back to my mind memories of my life in Peiping where I used to teach at Anhui Middle School. Over there, two very naughty students sometimes went so far as to hang my blackboard eraser high up under the ceiling or fill my pockets with peanut shells. Once they chalked up four big characters on the blackboard meaning "Child Teacher", obviously a dig at me being so young. However, when I took them to task, they tried to explain it away by saying,

"Ma'am, we mean that you're a teacher of us children, not that you yourself are a child."

As a matter of fact, to my great embarrassment, quite a few of my students then were older than I. But, since I behaved so much like a child, I got along very well with them. I remember that one student, named Qiu Zhenyuan, was particularly good at writing stories. Later, when I learned that the headmaster had the intention to dismiss me on the pretext that I had been making the grave mistake of calling on the students to use vernacular rather than classical Chinese for composition writing, I readily handed in my resignation on my own initiative. The students, on hearing the news, tried desperately to urge me to stay on, and even kicked up a school disturbance for my sake. Consequently, Qiu Zhenyuan and several other students were expelled from school. Today, whenever I recall the incident, I cannot help feeling deeply sorry for them.

《粉笔生涯》是谢冰莹写于1932年的一篇散文。当时她在福建的厦门中学教书。文章记述了作者从教的片断经历，充分反映了她当老师时的敬业精神和对青年学生的深厚感情。

注释

①“开学了”可译为School has started after the vacation、School has begun、It is another new term等。

②“满院”可译为the whole school compound。因所指的主要是教学楼，也可译为all the school buildings。

③“自己也好像年轻了许多”意即“感觉自己似乎年轻了许多”，译为feel like many, many years younger，其中短语feel like的意思是“感到好像”。此句也可译为feel as if I were many, many years younger。

④“装出一副老师的面孔骗一骗孩子们”译为assuming a grave teacher-like countenance，其中assuming的意思是“装出”、“摆出……的样子”等，已有“骗一骗孩子们”的内涵。如按字面直译为trying to fool the kids by putting on the stern look of a teacher，不仅累赘，且有悖原意。此句也可译为with the feigned sternness of a school teacher，其中feigned作“假装的”解。

⑤“老师有封建思想”如按字面直译为Our teacher is feudalistic-minded，恐不易让外国读者理解。这里“封建思想”指“旧习俗”、“旧清规戒律”，如孔子所谓“男女授受不亲”等，因此可译为Our teacher is a slave to old conventions或Our teacher is clinging to old conventions等。

⑥“虚伪”在此可按“不诚恳”之意译为insincerity，比hypocrisy要确切些。

⑦“写……在黑板上”译为chalked up ... on the blackboard其中chalked up是成语，作“用粉笔写”解。

⑧“明明在讥讽我是个孩子”中的“讥讽”指“挖苦”、“嘲笑”，不宜译为satire或sarcasm等。现全句译为(they) ... obviously a dig at me being so young，其中dig意同gibe，是通俗用语。

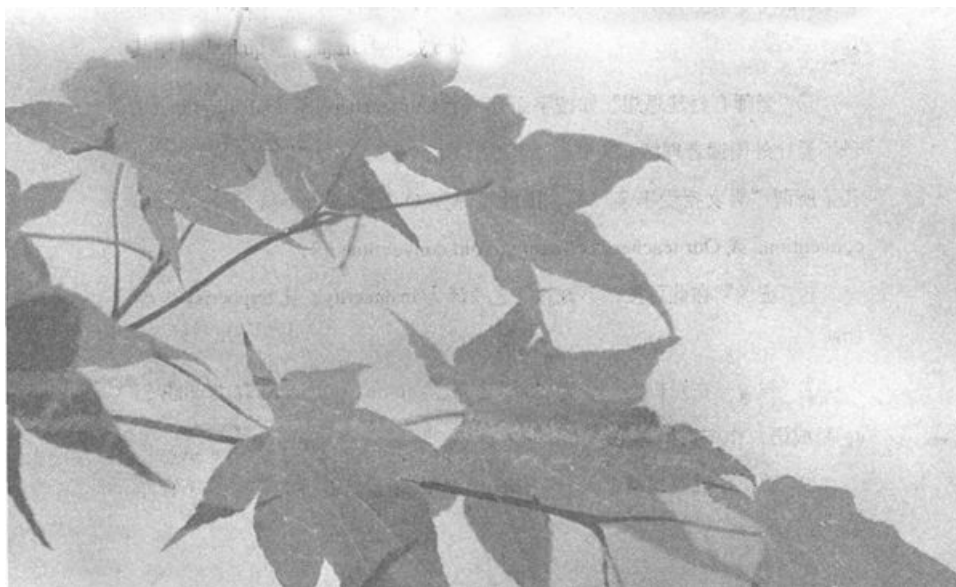
⑨“等到我责备他们时，却改变了口吻”的意思是“我责备他们时，他们却辩解道……”，故译When I took them to task, they tried to explain it away by saying ...，其中took ... to task是成语，作“责备……”解，意同criticized ...或scolded ...等；to explain ... away也是成语，其意思是“为……作辩解”。

⑩用“老师”称呼别人在汉语是一种尊称，但英语Teacher则不一样，它不是尊称，不同于那些常见尊称，如Doctor、Professor、Judge、Mr等等。因此这里“老师”不能直译为Teacher，应译为Ma'am（是Madam的缩略，兼指已婚和未婚妇女），或Miss Xie。

⑪“只教学生写语体文不像话”意即“只让学生用白话文，不用文言文写作文的严重错误”，故译the grave mistake of calling on the students to use vernacular rather than classical Chinese for composition writing，其中calling on作“要求”、“号召”解；rather than classical Chinese是增益成分，在译文中起解释作用。

⑫“闹了一场风波”意即“煽动学潮”，故译kicked up a school disturbance，其中kicked up意同stirred up或caused。

⑬Referring to the moral code in Chinese feudal society which disapproved of persons of opposite sexes mixing freely with each other.



◎ 丰子恺 Feng Zikai

渐^①

◎ 丰子恺

使人生圆滑进行^②的微妙的要素，莫如“渐”；造物主骗人的手段，也莫如“渐”。在不知不觉之中，天真烂漫的孩子“渐渐”变成野心勃勃的青年；慷慨豪侠的青年“渐渐”变成冷酷的成人；血气旺盛的成人“渐渐”变成顽固的老头子。因为其变更是渐进的，一年一年地，一月一月地，一日一日地，一时一时地，一分一分地，一秒一秒地渐进，犹如从斜度极缓的长远的山陵上走下来，使人不察其递降的痕迹^③，不见其各阶段的境界，而似乎觉得常在同样的地位，恒久不变^④，又无时不有生的意趣与价值，于是人生就被确实肯定，而圆滑进行了。假如昨夜的孩子今朝忽然变成青年；或朝为青年而暮忽成老人，人一定要惊讶，感慨，悲伤，或痛感人生的无常，而不乐为人了。故可知人生是由“渐”维持的。这在女人恐怕尤为必要：歌剧中，舞台上的如花的少女^⑤，就是将来火炉旁边的老婆子^⑥，这句话骤听使人不能相信，少女也不肯承认，实则现在的老婆子都是由如花的少女“渐渐”变成的。

人之能堪受境遇的变衰，也全靠这“渐”的助力。巨富的纨绔子弟因屡次破产而“渐渐”荡尽其家产，变为贫者；贫者只得做雇工，雇工往往变为奴隶，奴隶容易变为无赖，无赖与乞丐相去甚近，乞丐不妨做偷儿……这样的例，在小说中，在实际上，均多得很。因为其变衰是延长为十年二十年而一步一步地“渐渐”地达到的^⑦，在本人不感到甚么强烈的刺激。故虽到了饥寒病苦刑笞交迫的地步，仍是熙熙然贪恋着目前的生的欢喜。假如一位千金之子忽然变了乞丐或偷儿，这人一定愤不欲生了。

这真是大自然的神秘的原则，造物主的微妙的工夫！阴阳潜移^⑧，春秋代序^⑨，以及物类的衰荣生杀^⑩，无不暗合于这法则。由萌芽的春“渐渐”变成绿阴的夏；由凋零的秋“渐渐”变成枯寂的冬。我们虽已经历数十寒暑，但在围炉拥衾^⑪的冬夜仍是难于想像饮冰挥扇的夏日的心情；反之亦然。然而由冬一天一天地，一时一时地，一分一分地，一秒一秒地移向夏，由夏一天一天地，一时一时地，一分一分地，一秒一秒地移向冬，其间实在没有显著的痕迹可寻。昼夜也是如此：傍晚坐在窗下看书，page上“渐渐”地黑起来，倘不断地看下去，（目力能因了光的渐弱而渐渐加强）几乎永远可以认识page上的字迹，即不觉昼之已变为夜。黎明凭窗，不瞬目地注视东天，也不辨自夜向昼的推移的痕迹。儿女渐渐长大起来，在朝夕相见的父母全不觉得，难得见面的远亲就相见不相识了。往年除夕，我们曾在红蜡烛底下守候水仙花的开放，真是痴态！倘水仙花果真当面开放给我们看，便是大自然的原则的破坏，宇宙的根本的摇动，世界人类的末日临到了！

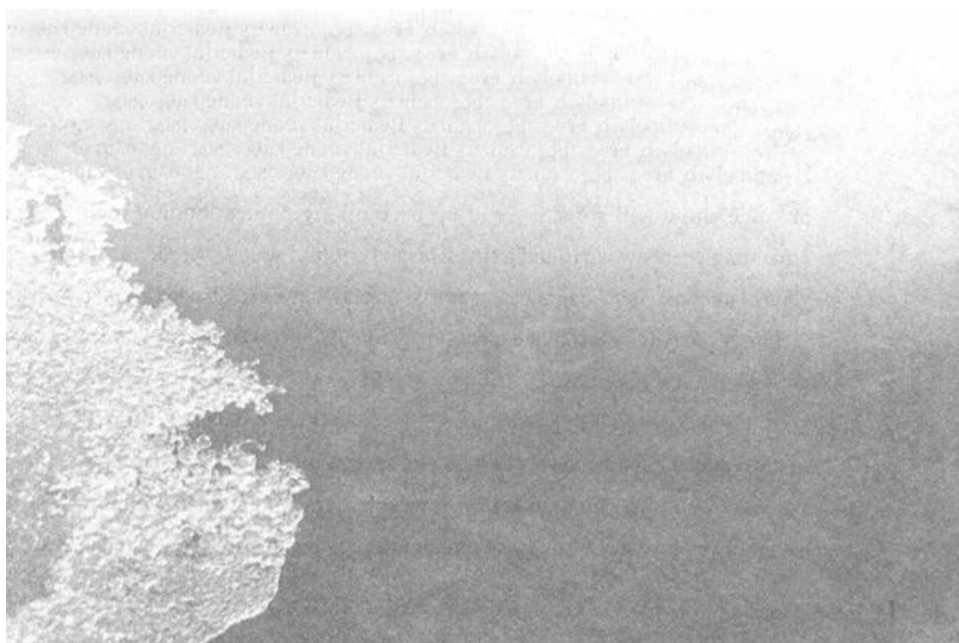
“渐”的作用，就是用每步相差极微缓的方法来隐蔽时间的过去与事物的变迁的痕迹，使人误认其为恒久不变。这真是造物主骗人的一大诡计！这有一件比喻的故事：某农夫每天朝晨抱了犊而跳过一沟，到田里去工作，夕暮又抱了它跳过沟回家。每日如此，未尝间断。过了一年，犊已渐大，渐重，差不多变成大牛，但农夫全不觉得，仍是抱了它跳沟。有一天他因事停止工作，次日再就不能抱了这牛而跳沟了。造物的骗人，使人留连于其每日每时的生的欢喜而不觉其变迁与辛苦，就是用这个方法的，人们每日在抱了日重一日的牛而跳沟，不准停止。自己误以为是不变的，其实每日在增加其苦劳！

我觉得时辰钟是人生的最好的象征了。时辰钟的针，平常一看总觉得是“不动”的，其

实人造物中最常动的无过于时辰钟的针了。日常生活中的人生也如此，刻刻觉得我是我，似乎这“我”永远不变，实则与时辰钟的针一样地无常！一息尚存，总觉得我仍是我，我没有变，还是留连着我的生，可怜受尽“渐”的欺骗！

“渐”的本质是“时间”。一般人对于时间的悟性，似乎只够支配搭船、乘车的短时间；对于百年的长期间的寿命，他们不能胜任，往往迷于局部而不能顾及全体^①。试看乘火车的旅客中，常有明达的人，有的宁牺牲暂时的安乐而让其坐位于弱者，以求心的太平（或博暂时的美誉）；有的见众人争先下车，而退在后面，或高呼“勿要轧，总有得下去的！”“大家都要下去的！”然而在乘“社会”或“世界”的大火车的“人生”的长期的旅客中，就少有这样的明达之人。所以我觉得百年的寿命，定得太长。像现在的世界上的人，倘定他们搭船乘车的期间的寿命，也许在人类社会上可减少许多凶险残惨的争斗。而与火车中一样地谦让，和平，也未可知。

然人类中也有几个能胜任百年的或千古的寿命的人。那是“大人格”，“大人生”。他们能不为“渐”所迷，不为造物所欺。



Gradualness

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The subtle factor that makes life endurable is "gradualness". It is by this "gradualness" that the Creator deceives all humans. Through the process of imperceptible gradual change, innocent kids become ambitious youths, chivalrous youths become unfeeling grownups, aggressive grownups become mulish old fogeys. Since the change takes place by slow degrees — year by year, month by month, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second, you feel as if you were permanently your same old self always seeing much fun and meaning in life, like one, walking a long, long way down an extremely gentle mountain slope, hardly perceives its degree of incline or notices the altered scenes as he moves along. You thus take a positive view of life and find it endurable. Suppose a kid suddenly became a young man overnight, or a young man suddenly became an old man in a matter of hours from dawn till dusk, you would definitely feel astonished, emotionally stirred and sad, or lose any interest in life due to its transience. Hence it is evident that life is sustained by "gradualness". This "gradualness" is particularly crucial to women. Beautiful young ladies starring in an opera or stage show will someday end up becoming grannies moping their remaining years away around a fire. This may at first sound incredible and young ladies may refuse to accept it as true. Fact is, however, all aged women you meet today have without exception "gradually" evolved from beautiful young ladies of yesterday.

It is also due to this "gradualness" that one is able to reconcile himself to his reduced circumstances. Fiction and reality abound with instances of a good-for-nothing young man from a wealthy family "gradually" ruining his family by repeated business failures and becoming in turn a poor wretch, a hired labourer, a slave, a rogue, a pauper and a thief... Since it is a process of "gradual" change covering, say, ten to twenty years, he doesn't experience any terrible emotional shock at all. Therefore, in spite of all the intense sufferings — hunger, cold, illness, imprisonment, torture, he continues to cling to the present life. On the other hand, however, if the wealthy young man were all of a sudden reduced to begging and thieving, he would definitely feel too aggrieved to go on living.

"Gradualness" is really the mysterious law of Mother Nature, the subtle artifice of the Creator! The unnoticed mutual replacement of opposites, the change of the four seasons and the survival or extinction of species — all is imperceptibly governed by this law. Budding spring "gradually" changes into verdant summer; withered autumn "gradually" changes into bleak winter. Though we have gone through several dozen years, yet on a winter night, when we sit around a fire or lie in bed, we can hardly imagine how we would feel on a summer day Consuming cold drinks and fanning ourselves busily, and vice versa. The gradual change from winter to summer, or from summer to winter takes place day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second, without leaving any marked traces in between. The same with daylight gradually fading into night. When you sit by your window reading a book towards the evening, you'll find the words on each page "gradually" becoming blurred. But if you keep on reading, with the words still legible (due to the gradual strengthening of your eyesight in the deepening twilight), you'll be unconscious of daylight already transformed into night. Likewise, when at dawn you stand intently gazing out of a window into the eastern horizon, you never feel the transition from night to day. While parents living together with their children all the time never perceive their gradual growth, they may fail to recognize, however, a distant relative whom

they have not seen for quite some time. I remember how, on each New Year's Eve, we used to sit by a red candle to eagerly wait for our narcissus to come into full bloom. How silly we were! If the narcissus had really come into bloom in our presence at our desire, it would have meant the violation of the law of Nature, the weakening of the foundation of the universe, and the last day of humanity!

Through bit-by-bit change, "gradualness" conceals from notice the lapse of time and the change of things, so that people are misled into believing that everything remains the same eternally. What a trick the Creator is playing on humans! Here is a story by way of illustration. There was a farmer who would jump over a ditch holding a calf in his arms on his way to work in the fields every morning and also on his way back home every evening. A year later, the calf had grown bigger and heavier, almost like a cow, but the farmer, insensible to its increasing weight, continued the same old daily routine. One day, however, he didn't go to work for some reason. And starting from the next day, he was no longer able to carry his calf in his arms in jumping over the ditch. The Creator uses the same trick to make you so obsessed with life that you become oblivious to its changeableness and hardships. You are kept jumping over the ditch nonstop day after day with the growing calf in your arms. While you suppose wrongly that life is immutable, you are in fact putting heavier burdens on yourself from day to day.

I think the clock is most symbolic of life. It normally seems to be "still" at first sight, but, of all things artificially made, it is the most busy with its hands moving all the time. The same is true of life. We are apt to think that we are forever our own selves and unchangeable, while in fact we are ever-changing like the hands of a clock. Alas, as long as we are alive, we are completely fooled by "gradualness" into believing that we will always remain the same and unchangeable, and therefore becoming only too ready to hold on to this life!

"Time" is the essence of "gradualness". Ordinary people have only a superficial understanding of time. They seem to know it only as regards such small matters as boarding a train or boat, but not in things concerning a lifetime. They see the trees, but not the wood. Take the passengers of a train for example. Often some passengers are sensible and considerate enough to offer their own seats to the elderly or handicapped so that they themselves can enjoy peace of mind or momentary public praise. Some, when they see other passengers falling over one another in getting off the train, purposely make room by staying behind, or call out, "Don't squeeze! We'll all make it! Nobody will be left behind!" But few will be as sensible and considerate when making the long journey of life on board a big "social" or "global" train. Therefore, I wish man would live a much shorter life. If their lifespan could become as brief as the time they spent on a train or a boat, human society would probably witness far less bitter strife, and people would be as polite and modest as on the train.

However, we do have among us a few who know how to correctly view life. They are great, indeed! They refuse to be fooled by "gradualness" or the Creator.

丰子恺（1898—1975），浙江崇德县石门镇人，是我国“五四”新文化运动后很早从事散文写作的一个先驱作家。《渐》是他1925年在上海一个中学任教时写的第一篇散文。文章语言朴素自然，干净流利，内容富于哲理，流露出他早期作品中的佛教出世思想。英译时略有删节。

注释

- ①题目《渐》也可译为Gradual Change，现译为Gradualness，只用一个字，和原文一致，较为可取。
- ②“使人生圆滑进行”的意思必须结合上下文来理解，大体上指“使人感到，人生在世，日子还算好过”，所以不宜直译为to make life smooth。现译为to make life endurable，其中endurable的意思是“可忍受的”。此句也可译为to make life a lot easier for us。
- ③“犹如从斜度极缓的长远的山坡上走下来，使人不察其递降的痕迹……”译为like one, walking a long, long way down an extremely gentle mountain slope, hardly perceives its degree of incline..., 其中like相当于as，作“如同”解。此用法虽不够标准，但已日见常用。
- ④“似乎觉得常在同样的地位，恒久不变”译为you feel as if you were permanently your same old self，采用意译，较简洁灵活。
- ⑤“歌剧中，舞台上的如花的少女”指“歌剧中，舞台上的漂亮女演员”，译为Beautiful young ladies starring in an opera or stage show，其中starring（扮演主角）是译文中的必要增益成分，也可用performing（表演）代替。
- ⑥“就是将来火炉旁边的老婆子”译为will someday end up becoming grannies moping their remaining years away around a fire，其中end up...是短语，作“以……告终”解，someday作“总有一天”解。“就是将来”如译will in the future become...，稍嫌平淡，不如will someday end up becoming...有力。译文用grannies moping their remaining years away around a fire代替grannies sitting around a fire，能更好地表达老婆子衰老无力的样子，其中稍有增益，但并不超越原意。
- ⑦“因为其变衰是延长为十年二十年而一步一步地‘渐渐’地达到的”译为Since it is a process of "gradual" change covering, say, ten to twenty years，其中say作“例如”、“比如说”解，等于let's say，是译文中的增益成分。
- ⑧“阴阳潜移”意即“事物对立面的暗中相互替换”，故译The unnoticed mutual replacement of opposites。
- ⑨“春秋代序”中的“春秋”指“四季”，全句的意思是“一年四季以次相代”，故译the change of the four seasons。
- ⑩“物类的衰荣生杀”可按“物类的生存与灭绝”的意思译为the survival or extinction of species。
- ⑪“拥衾”中的“拥”作“围裹”解，“衾”作“被子”解，因此“拥衾”的原意是“裹着被子”，文章中作“上床睡觉”解，不宜直译为cover ourselves with a quilt，应译lie in bed。
- ⑫“往往迷于局部而不能顾及全体”译为They often see the trees, but not the wood，其中see the trees, but not the wood是成语not to see the wood for the trees（见树不见林 / 只见细节不见全面）的变体。



◎ 茅 盾 Mao Dun

雾^①

◎ 茅 盾

雾遮没了正对着后窗的一带山峰。

我还不知道这些山峰叫什么名儿。我来此的第一夜就看见那最高的一座山的顶巅像钻石装成的宝冕^②似的灯火。那时我的房里还没有电灯，每晚上在暗中默坐，凝望这半空的一片光明，使我记起了儿时所读的童话。实在的呢，这排列得很整齐的依稀分为三层的火球，衬着黑魑魑的山峰的背景，无论如何，是会引起^③非人间的缥缈的思想^④的。

但在白天看来，却就平凡得很^⑤。并排的五六个山峰，差不多高低，就只最西的一峰戴着一簇房子，其余的仅只有树；中间最大的一峰竟还有濯濯地一大块，像是癞子头^⑥上的疮疤。

现在那照例的晨雾把什么都遮没了^⑦，就是稍远的电线杆也躲得毫无踪影。

渐渐地太阳光从浓雾中钻出来了。那也是可怜的太阳呢！光是那样的淡弱^⑧。随后它也躲开，让白茫茫的浓雾吞噬了一切，包围了大地。

我诅咒这抹煞一切的雾！

我自然也讨厌寒风和冰雪。但和雾比较起来，我是宁愿后者呵！寒风和冰雪的天气能够杀人^⑨，但也刺激人们活动起来奋斗。雾，雾呀，只使你苦闷；使你颓唐阑珊，像陷在烂泥淖中，满心想挣扎，可是无从着力呢！

傍晚的时候，雾变成了牛毛雨，像帘子似的老是挂在窗前。两三丈以外，便只见一片烟云——依然遮抹一切，只不是雾样的罢了。没有风。门前池中的残荷梗时时忽然急剧地动摇起来，接着便有红鲤鱼的活泼泼的跳跃划破了死一样平静的水面。

我不知道红鲤鱼的轨外行动^⑩是不是为了不堪沉闷的压迫？在我呢，既然没有杳杳的太阳^⑪，便宁愿有疾风大雨，很不耐这愁雾的后身的牛毛雨老是像帘子一样挂在窗前。



Fog

© Mao Dun

The mountain peaks directly facing the back window of my room were veiled in fog.

The names of these mountain peaks are still unknown to me. The first night when I was there I had seen the top of the highest mountain shining with lights like a precious crown set with diamond. As there was no electric light in my room, all I could do in the evening was sit quietly in the dark and fix my eyes on the midair radiance, which reminded me of the fairy tales I had read in my childhood. Indeed, the orderly array of lights shining in three indistinct tiers one above another against a background of dark mountain peaks could conjure up, without fail, visions of the ethereal.

In the daytime, however, it was all prosaic. The five or six peaks forming the front row were about the same height. The westernmost one had on top a cluster of houses while the rest were topped by nothing but trees. The highest one in the middle had on it a large piece of barren land, like the scar on a favus-infected human head.

Now, as usual, the morning fog had shut out everything completely, including the not-too-distant wire poles.

Gradually, however, the sun managed to show through the dense fog. Yet how pitifully pale it looked! And soon it disappeared altogether, leaving the white thick fog to engulf everything and shroud mother earth.

I hate the all-obliterating fog!

Of course I hate biting wind and icy snow too. But when they are compared with fog, I would rather have the former than the latter! Though biting wind and icy snow may sometimes be a killer, yet they can also spur people on to greater efforts. O you fog! You plunge us into a state of depression and dejection, from which we struggle in vain to extricate ourselves as if we were bogged down in a mire.

About noon the fog turned into a fine misty rain like a curtain hanging still at the window. Some 30 feet away, a cloud of misty vapour prevailed, blotting out everything. The air was windless. Every now and then, the withered lotus stems in the pond in front of my door gave a sudden violent jerk as a red carp was seen splashing briskly out of the water to break the death-like silence.

I wonder if the red carp's aberration was due to its impatience with the unbearably oppressive status quo. As for me, failing a bright sunshine, I would rather have a violent storm. I cannot endure the fine misty rain which came in the wake of the gloomy fog to linger like a curtain hanging still at the window.



《雾》是茅盾（1896—1981）于1928年夏东渡日本后写的一篇散文。当时他对国内的黑暗现实深感失望，在文章中以托物咏怀的手法，抒发内心的郁闷和茫然，反映出同时代知识分子的共同心态。

注释

①“雾”也可译为mist，但在此不如fog确切，因前者指“薄雾”（thin fog）。

②“钻石装成的宝冕”译为a precious crown set with diamond，其中set with等于decorated with，作“装饰”解。

③“引起”也可译为to give rise to或to cause等，但均不如to conjure up生动确切，因to conjure up的意思是“使……呈现于脑际或眼帘”。

④“非人间的缥缈的思想”译为visions of the ethereal，其中形容词ethereal的意思是supernatural and airy，兼有“非人间”和“虚无缥缈”之意。又，在形容词ethereal前面加定冠词the，使之成为表示抽象概念的名词。如Weed through the old to bring forth the new（推陈出新）中的the old和the new均为抽象名词。

⑤“平凡得很”译为it was all prosaic，其中prosaic等于commonplace或dull and ordinary。又，all在此为副词，修饰prosaic，作completely解。

⑥“癞子头”又称“痢痢头”，指受黄癣感染的头，译为a human head affected with favus或a favus-infected human head。

⑦“……把什么都遮没了”译为... had shut out everything completely，其中成语to shut out的意思是“遮蔽”。

⑧“那也是可怜的太阳呢！光是那样的淡弱”的意思是“太阳光暗淡得可怜”，英译时可两句合并一句处理：Yet how pitifully pale it looked。

⑨“寒风和冰雪的天气能够杀人”译为biting wind and icy snow may sometimes be a killer，其中killer作“凶手”或“杀人者”解。此句如译为freezing weather with biting wind and icy snow may sometimes kill people，似欠简练。

⑩“红鲤鱼的规外行动”中的“规外”意即“反常”或“异常”，故全文译为the red carp's aberration，等于the red carp's abnormal behaviour。

⑪“既然没有杲杲的太阳”意即“如无阳光灿烂”，译为failing a bright sunshine，其中failing为介词，作“如果没有”解。

◎ 巴 金 Ba Jin

“再见罢，我不幸的乡土哟！”

◎ 巴 金

踏上了轮船的甲板以后，我便和中国的土地暂别了，心里自然装满了悲哀和离愁^①。开船的时候我站在甲板上，望着船慢慢地往后退离开了岸^②，一直到我看不见岸上高大的建筑物^③和黄浦江中的外国兵舰，我才掉过头来。我的眼里装满了热泪，我低声说了一句：“再见罢，我不幸的乡土哟！”^④

再见罢，我不幸的乡土哟，这二十二年来你养育了我^⑤。我无日不在你的怀抱中，我无日不受你的扶持。我的衣食取给于你。我的苦乐也是你的赐与。我的亲人生长在这里，我的朋友也散布在这里。在幼年时代你曾使我享受种种的幸福；可是在我有了知识以后^⑥你又成了我的痛苦的源泉了。

在这里我看见了种种人间的悲剧，在这里我认识了我们所处的时代，在这里我身受了各种的痛苦。我挣扎，我苦斗，我几次濒于灭亡，我带了遍体的鳞伤。我用了眼泪和叹息埋葬了我的一些亲人，他们是被旧礼教杀了的。

这里有美丽的山水，肥沃的田畴，同时又有黑暗的监狱和刑场。在这里坏人得志、好人受苦，正义受到摧残。在这里人们为了争取自由，不得不从事残酷的斗争。在这里人们在吃他的同类的人^⑦。——那许多的惨酷的景象，那许多的悲痛的回忆！

哟，雄伟的黄河，神秘的扬子江哟，你们的伟大的历史在哪里去了^⑧？这样的国土！这样的人民！我的心怎么能够离开你们^⑨！

再见罢，我不幸的乡土哟！我恨你，我又不得不爱你^⑩。

"Good-bye, My Ill-fated Motherland!"

© Ba Jin

The moment I set foot on the deck of the ship, there began my temporary separation from Chinese soil and a feeling of parting sorrow welled up in my heart. At sailing time, I stood on deck watching the ship receding slowly from the bank until I was out of sight of the towering waterfront buildings and the foreign warships on the Huangpu River. Thereupon I turned round with hot tears in my eyes, murmuring, "Good-bye, my ill-fated motherland!"^①

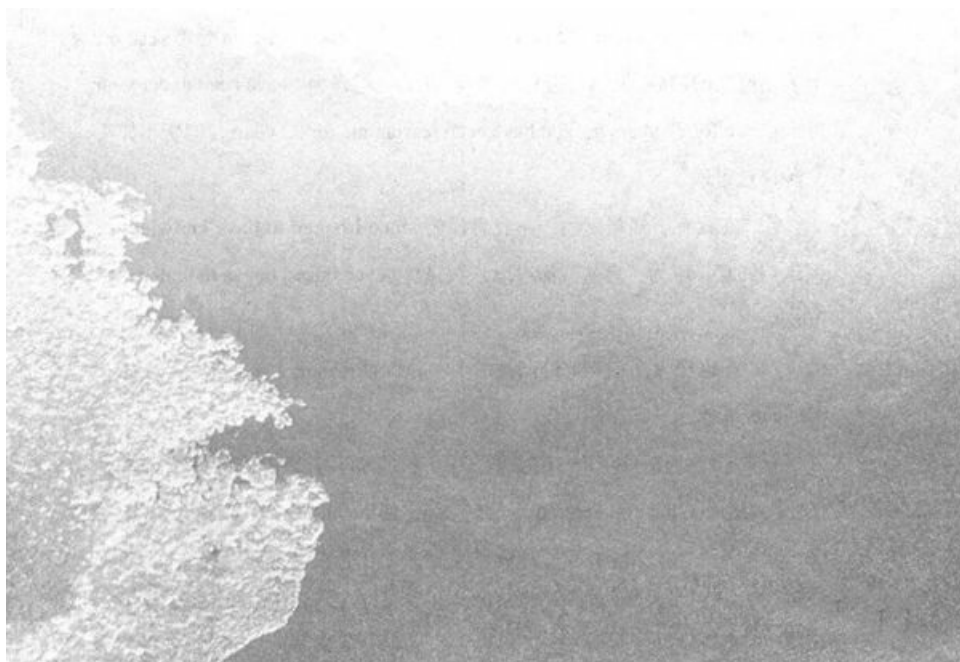
Good-bye, my ill-fated motherland! I owe what I am to the upbringing you have given me during the past 22 years. I have spent every day of my life in your warm bosom and under your loving care. You have given me joy and sorrow as well as food and clothing. This is where my close relatives were born and brought up and where I have friends here and there. You gave me a wide variety of happiness in my early childhood, but you have also been the source of my sorrow ever since I began to understand things.

Here I have witnessed all sorts of human tragedy. Here I have come to know the times we live in. Here I have undergone untold sufferings. I have been struggling, fighting and, time and again, found myself on the brink of destruction and covered all over with cuts and bruises. I have laid to rest, with tears and sighs, some of my close relatives — relatives victimized by old feudal ethics.

Here, besides beautiful mountains and rivers and fertile farmland, we have ghastly prisons and execution grounds as well. Here bad people hold sway while good people suffer and justice is trodden down underfoot. Here people have to wage a savage struggle in order to win freedom. Here man eats man. O the numerous terrible scenes! O the numerous sad memories!

O the grand Yellow River! O the mysterious Yangtse River! Where on earth are your glories of the past? O my native land! O my people! How can I have the heart to leave you?

Good-bye, my ill-fated motherland! Much as I hate you, I've got to



《“再见罢，我不幸的乡土哟！”》是巴金（1904—2005）22岁去国赴法学习时所写，现选自他的散文集《海上杂记》。文章充满诗一般的深情，写出了20世纪初中国青年人的共同情感。

注释

①“心里自然装满了悲哀和离愁”可译为my heart was filled with the natural sorrow of parting、I was seized with the sadness of parting、a feeling of parting sorrow welled up in my heart等，现采用最后译法，因前两者侧重“状态”，最后译法侧重“动作”，能更好地表达作者踏上甲板时随即产生的情绪。

②“望着船慢慢地往后退离开了岸”可译为watching the ship moving slowly backwards to tear itself away from the bank或watching the ship receding slowly from the bank，后者较简练，故采用之。

③“岸上高大的建筑物”可译为the tall riverside buildings或the towering waterfront buildings，现选用后者。

④这是一首叫做《断头台上》的歌子的第一句，这首歌在旧俄时代西伯利亚的监狱里流行过，据说是旧俄政治犯米拉科夫所作。

⑤“这二十二年来你养育了我”译为I owe what I am to the upbringing you have given me during the past 22 years，其中I owe what I am是增益成分，既表达原文的内涵，又满足造句的需要。此句也可译为I have been under your loving care for 22 years或You have been rearing me for 22 years，但皆不如头一种译法可取。

⑥“在我有了知识以后”不宜直译为since I began to have knowledge，因这句话的意思应为“自从我懂事以来”，故译ever since I began to understand things。

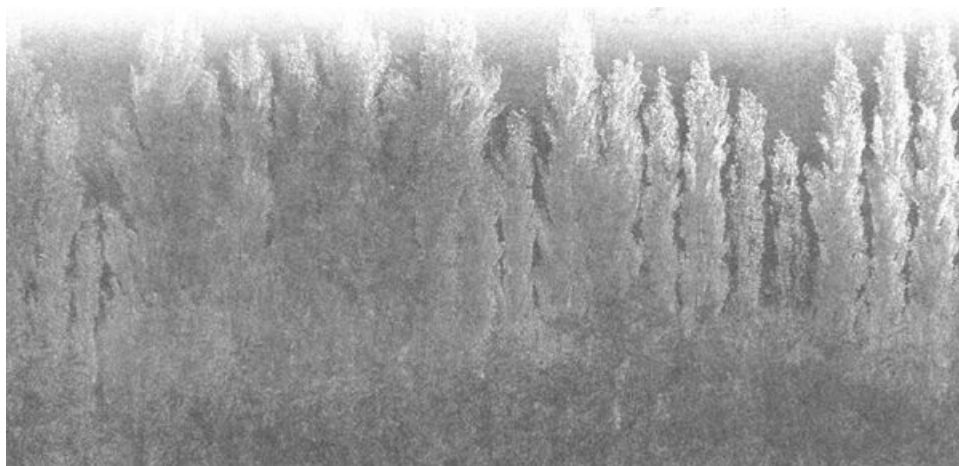
⑦“在这里人们在吃他的同类的人”亦即“在这里人吃人”，故译Here man eats man。

⑧“你们的伟大的历史在哪里去了？”意即“你们过去的辉煌哪里去了？”，故译Where on earth are your glories of the past?。

⑨“我的心怎么能够离开你们！”意即“我怎么舍得离开你们！”，故译How can I have the heart to leave you? 或How can I find it in my heart to leave you?。

⑩“我恨你，我又不得不爱你”如译I love you as much as I hate you或I love you though I also hate you，皆有欠缺，现译Much as I hate you, I've got to love you as ever，其中Much as作“虽然”解，等于Although; as ever作“照常”解，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑪The first line of the song The Guillotine said to have been composed by a Russian political convict in tsarist Russia and once popular among prison inmates in the then Siberia.



海上的日出

◎ 巴 金

为了看日出，我常常早起。那时天还没有大亮，周围非常清静，船上只有机器的响声^①。

天空还是一片浅蓝，颜色很浅。转眼间天边^②出现了一道红霞^③，慢慢地在扩大它的范围，加强它的亮光。我知道太阳要从天边升起来了，便不转眼地望着那里。

果然过了一会儿，在那个地方出现了太阳的小半边脸，红是真红，却没有亮光。这个太阳好像负着重荷似地一步一步、慢慢地努力上升^④，到了最后，终于冲破了云霞，完全跳出了海面，颜色红得非常可爱。一刹那间，这个深红的圆东西^⑤，忽然发出了夺目的亮光，射得人眼睛发痛^⑥，它旁边的云片也突然有了光彩。

有时太阳走进了云堆中，它的光线却从云里射下来，直射到水面上。这时候要分辨出哪里是水，哪里是天，倒也不容易，因为我就只看见一片灿烂的亮光。

有时天边有黑云，而且云片很厚，太阳出来，人眼还看不见。然而太阳在黑云里放射的光芒，透过黑云^⑦的重围，替黑云镶了一道发光的金边。后来太阳才慢慢地冲出重围，出现在天空，甚至把黑云也染成了紫色或者红色。这时候发亮的不仅是太阳、云和海水，连我自己也成了明亮的了。

这不是很伟大的奇观么？

Sunrise at Sea

© Ba Jin

I would often get up early to watch sunrise when it was not yet quite light and all was quiet except for the droning of the ship engine.

The sky was pale with a bluish hue. Soon a streak of pink dawn broke over the horizon, expanding gradually and becoming brighter and brighter. Knowing that the sun was about to rise, I had my eyes fixed on the distant edge of the sea.

As expected, the sun soon appeared revealing half of its face, which was very red but not bright. It kept rising laboriously bit by bit as if weighted down with a heavy burden on its back until, after breaking through the rosy clouds, it completely emerged from the sea aglow with a lovely red. Then, before I knew it, the dark red orb began to shine blazingly, dazzling my eyes until they stung and all of a sudden lighting up the surrounding clouds.

Sometimes, hidden by the clouds, the sun nonetheless shed its rays straight onto the seawater, making it difficult for me to distinguish between the sky and the sea because what I saw in front of me was nothing but a wide expanse of dazzling brilliance.

Sometimes, with thick layers of dark clouds hanging in the sky, the sun was hardly visible to the naked eye. But its radiance managed to show through the dark clouds to edge them with golden lace. Then, after gradually breaking through the tight encirclement, it came into full view and even dyed the dark clouds purple or scarlet. At the moment, apart from the sun, the clouds and the seawater, I too was luminous.

Wasn't that a marvellous spectacle?

巴金的散文《海上的日出》是脍炙人口的写景名篇，文字简洁朴素，把海上日出的前后全过程作了绘声绘色的描述，使人读后有亲临其境之感。文章是作者1927年春乘船赴法国学习时所写。

注释

①“机器的响声”译为the droning of the ship engine。“机器”在这里指轮船上的steam engine（蒸汽发动机），不宜泛泛译为machine，应译engine。“响声”虽可译为the sound，但不如the droning合适，因droning常用来表示机器的单调低沉的嗡嗡响声。

②“天边”即“地平线”，指大海或陆地与天空接壤处，可译为the far horizon，今译the distant edge of the sea，指明是海天之交，并可避免在同一段中重复horizon一词。

③“一道红霞”译为a streak of rosy dawn或a rosy streak of dawn皆可，其中streak作“条纹”解。

④“一步一步、慢慢地努力上升”译为rising laboriously bit by bit，其中laboriously包含“慢慢地”和“努力”两重意义。

⑤“一刹那间，这个深红的圆东西……”译为before I knew it, the dark red orb...，其中before I knew it（或before I knew where I was、before I was aware of it）作“一刹那间”解，与in the twinkling of an eye或soon等同义。又，如把“圆东西”直译为round object，则嫌乏味，缺少形象，不如orb（球状物，日月等天体）或disc（圆盘）等确切。

⑥“射得人眼睛发痛”译为dazzling my eyes until they stung，意即dazzling my eyes so that they felt a sudden sharp pain，其中until（或till）不作“直到……为止”解，而作“以至于……”解，等于to the point that...、so that finally...、and at last...等。

⑦“透过黑云”译为managed to show through the dark clouds，其中show through是动词短语，意即be visible behind，也可换用动词penetrate来表达。



狗

◎ 巴 金

小时候我害怕狗。记得有一回在新年里，我到二伯父家去玩。在他那个花园内，一条大黑狗追赶我，跑过几块花圃。后来我上了洋楼，才躲过这一场灾难^①，没有让狗嘴咬坏我的腿。

以后见着狗，我总是逃，它也总是追^②，而且屡屡望着我的影子狺狺狂吠^③。我愈怕，狗愈凶。

怕狗成了我的一种病^④。

我渐渐地长大起来。有一天不知道因为什么，我忽然觉得^⑤怕狗是很可耻的事情。看见狗我便站住，不再逃避^⑥。

我站住，狗也就站住。它望着我狂吠，它张大嘴，它做出要扑过来的样子。但是它并不朝着我前进一步。

它用怒目看我，我便也用怒目看它。它始终保持着我和它中间的距离。

这样地过了一阵子，我便转身走了。狗立刻追上来。

我回过头。狗马上站住了。它望着我恶叫，却不敢朝我扑过来。

“你的本事不过这这一点^⑦，”我这样想着，觉得胆子更大了。我用轻蔑的眼光看它，我顿脚，我对它吐出骂语。

它后退两步，这次倒是它露出了害怕的表情^⑧。它仍然汪汪地叫，可是叫声却不像先前那样地“恶”了。

我讨厌这种纠缠不清的叫声。我在地上拾起一块石子，就对准狗打过去。

石子打在狗的身上^⑨，狗哀叫一声，似乎什么地方痛了。它马上掉转身子夹着尾巴就跑，并不等我的第二块石子落到它的头上。

我望着逃去了的狗影，轻蔑地冷笑两声。

从此狗碰到我的石子就逃。



The Dog

© Ba Jin

I used to be afraid of dogs when I was a child. One day during lunar new year, I remember, I happened to be chased after by a big black dog while I was playing about in the garden of Second Uncle's home. Fortunately, after running past several flower beds, I gave him the slip by rushing upstairs in a storeyed building, thus avoiding the mishap of having my legs bitten by the fierce animal.

From then on, I always played the fugitive while the dog the pursuer. He would bark furiously at the sight of me. And the more scared I was, the fiercer he became.

I developed a canine phobia.

As I was growing up, one day it suddenly dawned on me somehow that it was shameful to be afraid of a dog. Hence instead of shying away in fear, I stood confronting him.

I stood firm and so did he. He barked angrily with his mouth wide open as if he were about to run at me. But, nevertheless, he never moved a single step towards me.

He glowered at me, and so did I at him. But he always kept the same distance between us.

After a time, the minute my back was turned he immediately followed in pursuit.

However, as I looked back he stopped right away and stood barking at me savagely, but dared not attack me.

"Aha, he's now used up all his tricks!" said I to myself, feeling much more emboldened. I stared at him scornfully, stamped my feet and shouted vicious abuse.

He backed up a few steps, it being his turn to show signs of inner fear. He kept barking but with reduced savagery.

Disgusted with the din of barks, I picked up a stone from the ground and threw it right at him.

It hit him on the back. He let out a piteous cry apparently with pain and, before my second stone was to fall upon his head, quickly turned round to run away with the tail between the legs.

I gazed after the fleeing animal and gave a disdainful laugh.

Thenceforth he would promptly take to his heels whenever he saw me with a stone in my hand.



巴金的随笔《狗》是另一脍炙人口的名篇。文章写于1941年7月24日，后编入散文集《龙·虎·狗》。作者托物喻志，揭示了这样一个道理：一切邪恶都是纸老虎，必须奋力反抗，才能伸张正气，不应畏惧退缩。

注释

①“才躲过这一场灾难”译为Fortunately... I gave him the slip，是按“幸而把狗甩掉了”的意思加以表达的，等于Fortunately... I succeeded in escaping from him，其中to give one the slip是成语，作“趁……不备时溜掉”或“把……甩掉”解。

②“我总是逃，它也总是追”未按字面直译为I always ran away while the dog always chased，改译I always played the fugitive while the dog the pursuer，较可取，其中the fugitive也可改用the pursued。

③“屡屡望着我的影子猖狂吠”意即“屡屡看见我就凶恶地吠叫”，故译He would bark furiously at the sight of me。译文中用He，不用It，来称呼“狗”，是为了使之拟人化。

④“怕狗成了我的一种病”不宜按字面直译，现译I developed a canine phobia（或a phobia about dogs），其中phobia的意思是“恐惧症”（a morbid or unreasonable fear of something）。

⑤“有一天不知道因为什么，我忽然觉得……”译为one day, it suddenly dawned on me somehow that...，其中用somehow表达“不知道因为什么”，等于for some reason that was not clear或for some reason or other。

⑥“不再逃避”译为instead of shying away in fear，其中to shy away作“避开”、“躲开”解，与to start aside同义。

⑦“你的本事不过这一点点”可译为Ana, he's now used up all his tricks或So that's all he can do、See he's at the end of his resources、Now he's exhausted all his tricks等。感叹词Aha（啊哈）是增益成分，表示得意、看透等心情。

⑧“这次倒是它露出了害怕的表情”意同“现在轮到它流露出内心的恐惧”，故译it being his turn to show signs of inner fear。

⑨“石子打在狗的身上”不宜译为It hit him on the body，因body指“躯体”或“躯干”，意思太泛，故改译It hit him on the back，较切合实际。



虎

◎ 巴 金

我不曾走入深山，见到活泼跳跃的猛虎。但是我听过不少关于虎的故事。

在兽类中我最爱虎；在虎的故事中我最爱下面的一个：

深山中有一所古庙，几个和尚在那里过着单调的修行生活^①。同他们做朋友的^②，除了有时上山来的少数乡下人外，就是几只猛虎。虎不惊扰僧人，却替他们守护庙宇。作为报酬，和尚把一些可吃的东西放在庙门前。每天傍晚，夕阳染红小半个天空，虎们成群地走到庙门口，吃了东西，跳跃而去。庙门大开，僧人安然在庙内做他们的日课^③，也没有谁出去看虎怎样吃东西，即使偶尔有一二和尚立在门前，虎们也视为平常的事情^④，把他们看作熟人，不去惊动，却斯斯文文地吃^⑤完走开。如果看不见僧人，虎们就发出几声长啸，随着几阵风飞腾而去^⑥。

可惜我不能走到这座深山，去和猛虎为友。只有偶尔在梦里，我才见到这样可爱的动物。在动物园里看见的则是被囚在“狭的笼”中摇尾乞怜的驯兽了。

其实说“驯兽”，也不恰当。甚至在虎圈中，午睡醒来，昂首一呼，还能使猿猴颤栗。万兽之王的这种余威，我们也还可以在作了槛内囚徒的虎身上看出来。倘使放它出柙，它仍会奔回深山，重做山林的霸主^⑦。

我记起一件事：三十一年前，父亲在广元做县官。有天晚上，一个本地猎户忽然送来一只死虎，他带着一脸惶恐的表情对我父亲说，他入山打猎，只想猎到狼、狐、豺、狗，却不想误杀了万兽之王。他决不是存心打虎的。他不敢冒犯虎威，怕虎对他报仇，但是他又不能使枉死的虎复活，因此才把死虎带来献给“父母官”^⑧，以为可以减轻他的罪过。父亲给了猎人若干钱，便接受了这个礼物。死虎在衙门^⑨里躺了一天，才被剥了皮肢解了。后来父亲房内多了一张虎皮椅垫^⑩，而且常常有人到我们家里要虎骨粉去泡酒当药吃。

我们一家人带着虎的头骨回到成都。头骨放在桌上，有时我眼睛看花了，会看出一个活的虎头来。不过虎骨^⑪总是锁在柜子里，等着有人来要药时，父亲才叫人拿出它来磨粉。最后整个头都变成粉末四处散开了。

经过三十年的长岁月，人应该忘记了许多事情。但是到今天我还记得虎头骨的形状，和猎人说话时的惶恐表情。如果叫我把那个猎人的面容描写一下，我想用一句话：他好像做过了什么亵渎神明的事情似的^⑫。我还要补充说^⑬：他说话时不大敢看死虎，他的眼光偶尔挨到它，他就要变脸色。

死了以后，还能够使人害怕，使人尊敬^⑭，像虎这样的猛兽，的确是值得我们热爱的。

The Tiger

© Ba Jin

I have never been to the depths of remote mountains to see a lively fierce tiger, but I have heard quite a few stories about it.

Of all animals, I like the tiger best. And of all the stories about it, the following is my favourite:

There was deep in a mountain an ancient temple where several pious Buddhist monks lived a monotonous life. They had for company only a number of tigers apart from a few country folks who occasionally came up the mountain for a visit. Instead of harassing the monks, the tigers voluntarily stood guard at the gate of the temple. As a reward for it, the monks would place some edibles in front of the gate for the tigers to eat. Towards evening, when the setting sun had dyed half of the sky red, the tigers would come up to the gate in groups to eat their fill and then left skipping and jumping. The monks usually left the gate wide open while peacefully engaged in their daily routine of chanting Buddhist scripture inside the temple. Normally none of them came out to watch the tigers eat. Sometimes, however, one or two monks did appear standing at the gate, but the tigers would remain unalarmed and, taking the monks for their friends, did nothing to harm them. They just kept on eating unhurriedly until they finished and left. Sometimes, when they found no monks at the gate, they would whisk away like the wind after uttering several thunderous roars.

It's a pity that I'm unable to go to the mountain to make friends with the fierce tigers. I can only see the lovely animal in my dreams once in a while. As to the tiger we see in a zoo, it is nothing but a wretched tame animal confined to a cage.

Nevertheless, it is improper to call such a tiger "tame animal" because caged as it is, the roar it raises on waking up from a nap is still such as to make monkeys tremble with terror. One can visualize in the caged animal the power of the erstwhile king of beasts. Set it free, and it will go right back to the remote mountains to lord it over the forest again.

Thirty-one years ago, I remember, when my father was magistrate of Guangyuan County a local hunter suddenly visited him one evening to present him with a dead tiger. He told my father nervously that he had killed the king of beasts by mistake for he had been to the mountains exclusively to hunt wolves, foxes, jackals and dogs. He added that he had by no means killed the tiger on purpose, that he was afraid that the mighty tiger would retaliate against him for his serious offence and that since the dead animal could not be revived, he had brought it as a gift to my father the magistrate in order to have his own crime mitigated. My father accepted it and gave him some money in return. The dead tiger lay in the yamen for a day until it was skinned and dismembered. From then on, my father had a new acquisition in his room — namely, the tiger-skin chair cushion, and people often came to our home to ask for some tiger-bone powder, with which they were to make a medicinal drink by steeping it in liquor.

Later, when my family moved back to Chengdu, we brought the tiger's skull with us. Sometimes I would gaze at the skull on the table until it blurred before my eyes and conjured up in me visions of a live tiger's head. But we always had it locked up in a cupboard. My father would not have it taken out to have part of it ground into powder unless when someone who needed it as medicine came to ask for it. Consequently the whole tiger skull was given away in the form of powder.

Things that happened some thirty years ago are apt to be forgotten. But even to this day I still remember the appearance of the tiger's skull and the apprehension in the hunter's face while he addressed my father. I should say that his facial expression boiled down to this: he looked as if he had blasphemed the gods. And I would also like to add in passing that while he was talking to my father he didn't even dare to take a glance at the dead tiger. He would turn pale the moment his eye accidentally fell on it.

A fierce animal like the tiger, which continues to inspire us with reverent awe even after death, really deserves our warm love.



《虎》是巴金写于1941年7月26日的一篇随笔，后编入散文集《龙·虎·狗》。作者爱虎，讲述有关虎的故事和家庭往事，娓娓道来，夹叙夹议，耐人寻味。

注释

①“几个和尚在那里过着单调的修行生活”可译为where several monks lived the monotonous life of practising Buddhism，但不如where several pious Buddhist monks lived a monotonous life简洁灵活，其中pious已可涵盖“修行生活”。

②“同他们做朋友的……”意即“陪伴他们的……”，故译They had for company...即可。

③“僧人安然在庙内做他们的日课”可按“僧人安然在庙内念经”译为while peacefully engaged in their daily routine of chanting Buddhist scripture inside the temple或while chanting Buddhist scripture undisturbed inside the temple，其中“安然”意即“不受干扰”，故译peacefully或undisturbed。

④“虎们也视为平常的事情”意即“虎们没有为此感到惊恐”，故译The tigers would remain unalarmed。

⑤“却斯斯文文地吃……”意即“却不慌不忙地吃……”，故译They just kept on eating unhurriedly...。

⑥“随着几阵风飞腾而去”可按“一阵风似的跑掉了”译为they would whisk away like the wind，其中like the wind是习语，作“快速”解。此句也可译为they would be gone with the wind in a flash（或在the twinkling of an eye）。

⑦“它仍会奔回深山，重做山林的霸主”可译为it will quickly return to the remote mountains to reign over the forest again（或to resume its domination over the forest）。现译it will go right back to the remote mountains to lord it over the forest，其中to lord it over是习语，作“称霸”解。

⑧“父母官”是旧时民间对县官的称呼，在此可按上下文译为my father the magistrate。

⑨“衙门”指辛亥革命以前中国的官署，可译为yamen，属英语中的外来语。

⑩“后来父亲房内多了一张虎皮椅垫”译为From then on, my father had a new acquisition in his room — namely, the tiger-skin chair cushion，其中a new acquisition比something new确切，因前者的意思是“新增添的东西”，与后者略有不同。

⑪“虎骨”应指“虎的头骨”，因此未译为the tiger bones。

⑫“如果叫我把那个猎人的面容描写一下，我想用一句话：他好像做过了什么亵渎神明的事情似的”译为I should say that his facial expression boiled down to this: he looked as if he had blasphemed the gods，其中boiled down是习语，作“可归纳为”（may be summarized as）解。译文简练，不妨比较如下直译：If I should be called upon to describe his facial expression, I would sum it up in one single sentence: he looked as if he had blasphemed the gods。

⑬“我还要补充说……”译为And I will also like to add in passing...，其中in passing是习语，作“顺便地”解，是增益成分，在译文中有承上启下的作用。

⑭“使人害怕，使人尊敬”译为inspire us with reverent awe，其中“害怕”与“尊敬”合成reverent awe。把汉语两个并列形容词转变为英语“定语+抽象名词”的形式，内容不变，是文学翻译的一个常用方法。

一个车夫

◎ 巴 金

这些时候①我住在朋友方的家里②。

有一天我们吃过晚饭，雨已经住了，天空渐渐地开朗起来。傍晚的空气很凉爽。方提议到公园去。

“洋车！洋车！公园后门！”我们站在街口高声叫道③。

一群车夫拖着车子跑过来，把我们包围着。

我们匆匆跳上两部洋车，让车夫拉起走了。

我在车上坐定了，用安闲的眼光看车夫。我不觉吃了一惊。在我的眼前晃动着一个瘦小的背影。我的眼睛没有错。拉车的是一个小孩④，我估计他的年纪还不到十四。

“小孩儿，你今年多少岁？”我问道。

“十五岁！”他很勇敢、很骄傲地回答⑤。仿佛十五岁就达到成人的年龄了。他拉起车子向前飞跑。他全身都是劲⑥。

“你拉车多久了？”我继续问他。

“半年多了，”小孩依旧骄傲地回答。

“你一天拉得到多少钱？”

“还了房租剩得下二十吊钱！”

我知道二十吊钱就是四角钱。

“二十吊钱，一个小孩儿，真不易！”拉着方的车子的中年车夫在旁边发出赞叹了。

“二十吊钱，你一家人够用？你家里有些什么人？”方听见小孩的答话，也感到兴趣了，便这样地问了一句。

这一次小孩却不作声了，仿佛没有听见方的话似的。他为什么不回答呢？我想大概有别的缘故⑦，也许他不愿意别人提这些事情，也许他没有父亲，也许连母亲也没有。

“你父亲有吗？”方并不介意，继续发问道。

“没有！”他很快地答道。

“母亲呢？”

“没有！”他短短地回答，声音似乎很坚决⑧，然而跟先前的显然不同了。声音里漏出一点痛苦来。我想他说的不一定是真话。

“我有个妹子，”他好像实在忍不住了⑨，不等我们问他，就自己说出来：“他把我妹子卖掉了。”

我一听这话马上就明白这个“他”字指的是什么人。我知道这个小孩的身世一定很悲惨。我说：

“那么你父亲还在——”

小孩不管我的话，只顾自己说下去：“他抽白面，把我娘赶走了，妹子卖掉了，他一个人跑了。”

这四句短短的话说出了一个家庭的惨剧⑩。在一个人幼年所能碰到的不幸的遭遇中，这也是够厉害的了。

“有这么狠的父亲！”中年车夫慨叹地说了。“你现在住在哪儿？”他一面拉车，一面和小孩谈起话来。他时时安慰小孩说：“你慢慢儿拉，省点儿力气，先生们不怪你。”

“我就住在车厂里面。一天花个一百子儿。剩下的存起来……做衣服。”

“一百子儿”是两角钱，他每天还可以存两角。

“这小孩儿真不易，还知道存钱做衣服。”中年车夫带着赞叹的调子对我们说。以后他又问小孩：“你父亲来看过你吗？”

“没有，他不敢来！”小孩坚决地回答。虽是短短的几个字，里面含的怨气却很重。

我们找不出话来了。对于这样的问题我还没有仔细思索过。在我知道了他的惨痛的遭遇以后，我究竟应该拿什么话劝他呢？

中年车夫却跟我们不同。他不加思索，就对小孩发表他的道德的见解：

“小孩儿，听我说。你现在很好了。他究竟是你的天伦。他来看你，你也该拿点钱给他用。”

“我不给！我碰着他就要揍死他！”小孩毫不迟疑地答道，语气非常强硬。我想不到一个小孩的仇恨会是这样地深！他那声音，他那态度……他的愤怒仿佛传染到我的心上来了。我开始恨起他的父亲来。

中年车夫碰了一个钉子，也就不再开口了。两部车子在北长街的马路上滚着。

我看不见那个小孩的脸，不知道他脸上的表情，但是从他刚才的话里，我知道对于他另外有一个世界存在。没有家，没有爱，没有温暖，只有一根生活的鞭子在赶他^①。然而他能够倔强！他能够恨！他能够用自己的两只手举起生活的担子，不害怕，不悲哀。他能够做别的生在富裕的环境里的小孩所不能够做的事情，而且有着他们所不敢有的思想。

生活毕竟是一个洪炉。它能够锻炼出这样倔强的孩子来。甚至人世间最惨痛的遭遇也打不倒他。

就在这个时候，车子到了公园的后门。我们下了车，付了车钱。我借着灯光看小孩的脸。出乎我意料之外，它完全是一张平凡的脸，圆圆的，没有一点特征。但是当我的眼光无意地触到他的眼光时，我就大大地吃惊了。这个世界里存在着的一切，在他的眼里都是不存在的。在那一对眼睛里，我找不到承认任何权威的表示^②。我从没有见过这么骄傲、这么倔强、这么坚定的眼光。

我们买了票走进公园，我还回过头去看小孩^③，他正拉着一个新的乘客昂起头跑开了。



A Rickshaw Boy

© Ba Jin

These few days I have been staying in the home of my friend Fang.

One day, it had rained until we finished supper. The sky was gradually clearing up, and the evening air was nice and cool. Fang suggested that we go to the park.

"Rickshaw, rickshaw!" we called out from a street corner. "To the back gate of the park!"

Soon we found ourselves surrounded by a group of rickshaw men with their vehicles.

No sooner had we each quickly got on a rickshaw than the rickshaw pullers started to run.

Seating myself leisurely, I was surprised when my eye fell on the swaying thin back of the rickshaw puller. Oh my, it's a small kid! He must be no more than fourteen.

"Kid, how old are you?" I asked.

"Fifteen!" he answered with so much self-assurance and pride as if he had already come of age at fifteen. He took hold of the shafts and started running ahead — the very picture of unflagging energy.

"How long have you been in this trade?" I continued.

"More than six months," said he with no less pride.

"How much do you earn a day?"

"After paying the rent for hiring the rickshaw, I still have 20 strings of cash left!"

I understood it was equivalent to 40 cents.

"20 strings of cash!" the middle-aged man pulling Fang's rickshaw chimed in admiringly.

"No easy job for a small kid to earn that much."

"20 strings of cash!" Fang put in, showing interest in what the small kid had said. "Is it enough for your family to live on? How big is your family?"

The small kid kept quiet as if he had not heard Fang's question. Why didn't he answer? I guessed there must be something behind it. Maybe he didn't like to be asked about it at all. Maybe he had no father, nor even mother.

"Do you have a father?" Fang, nevertheless, kept on questioning.

"No!" The reply was unhesitating.

"A Mother?"

"No!" The answer was as laconic as firm, apparently in a different tone. There was a note of pain in his voice. I thought he might not have told the truth.

"I have a younger sister," said he without being asked, as if impatient of his own reticence. "He sold her."

I immediately understood who was meant by "he". I realized this boy must have been suffering great misery in his life.

"Where's your father now?" I demanded.

He went on without answering my question, "He took drugs, he deserted my mother, he sold my sister, he ran away."

The four short sentences spoke volumes for the family tragedy. What bitter experiences he must have gone through since early childhood!

"What a heartless father!" sighed the middle-aged rickshaw man. "Where do you live now?" He kept up the conversation with the little boy while running along with the rickshaw. "You'd better slacken your pace a little bit to conserve your energy," he said. "The gentlemen won't

care."

"I live in chechang^④. For that I have to pay a rent of 100 coppers daily. I put away what's left to buy... clothes."

As 100 coppers was equal to 20 cents, he could save up 20 cents a day.

"The child is a real marvel," the middle-aged rickshaw man said to us with a note of admiration. "He knows how to save up money for clothes." Then he again asked the child, "Did your father ever come to see you?"

"No, he dared not!" The brief answer, uttered in an uncompromising tone, showed great grievance against his father.

Words failed us. His answer had taken me by surprise. What could I say as regards his misfortune?

The middle-aged rickshaw man, however, reacted otherwise. He unhesitatingly aired his opinion from a moral point of view.

"Listen to me, kid. You're now doing quite well. After all, he's your father. You should give him some money when he comes to see you."

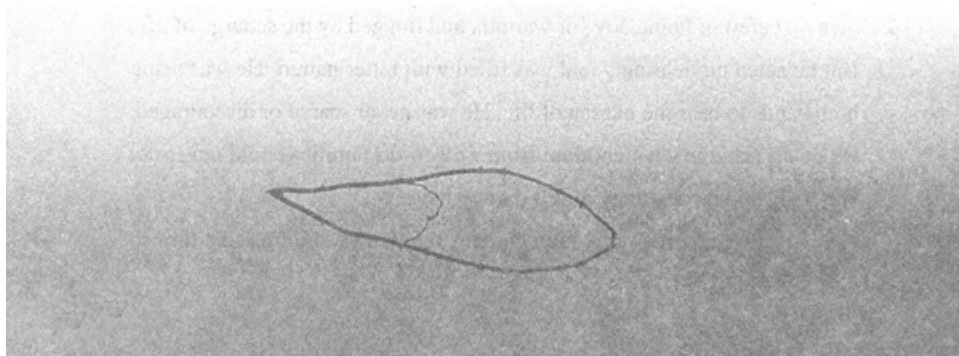
"No, I won't!" the boy answered unhesitatingly in a forceful tone. "I'll beat him up when I meet him." I was surprised that the hatred he harbored against his father should be so deep-seated. His tone, his attitude, his hatred... seemed to have affected me deeply. I too began to hate his father.

The middle-aged rickshaw man, having met with rebuff, fell into silence. The two rickshaws kept moving along Beichang Street. I couldn't read his countenance without seeing his face. However, judging from what he had said, he was evidently living in a world of his own — bereft of home, love or warmth, and flogged by the scourge of life. But he acted unyieldingly and was filled with bitter hatred. He was using both hands to bear the burden of life. He was never scared or discouraged. He could achieve what children from well-to-do families could never do, and he had ideas that they didn't dare to have.

Life is a melting pot which hardens the will of children like him so that they are able to withstand the bitterest blows of life ever.

Just then we found ourselves at the back gate of the park. We got off and paid the fares. As I eyed the boy by lamplight, I unexpectedly saw a very ordinary round face with plain features. I was, however, surprised when I met his eyes — eyes which looked down upon everything of this world and showed no indication of regard for authority. I had never seen eyes showing so much pride, indomitability and resoluteness.

While entering the park after buying the tickets, I turned round to take a last look at the boy. Holding his head high, he was about to start running with a new customer on his vehicle.



《一个车夫》是巴金1934年6月写于北京的一篇散文，选自他的散文集《旅途随笔》。文章属旅游见闻之作，记述了作者当时在北京见到的一个拉洋车的小孩，充满了对社会下层人物的深厚同情。

注释

- ①“这些时候”译为These few days，也可译为These days、Recently、或During the last few days等。
- ②“我住在朋友方的家里”译为I have been staying in the home of my friend Fang，也可译为I have been putting up with a friend of mine Fang，其中习语to put up作“住宿”解。
- ③“我们站在街口高声叫道”译为we called out from a street corner，其中from表示喊者所在地方。用了from就可不必拘泥于原文的“站在”，比we called out standing at a street corner简练。
- ④“我的眼睛没有看错。拉车的是一个小孩”译为Oh my, it's a small boy! 其中Oh my是“我的眼睛没有看错”的意译，比逐字直译传神，效果较好。
- ⑤“他很勇敢、很骄傲地回答”译为he answered with so much self-assurance and pride，其中用self-assurance表达“勇敢”，因“勇敢”在此的内涵是“自信”、“自恃”。
- ⑥“他全身都是劲”译为the very picture of unflagging energy，其中the picture of是习语，作“体现”解。译文的处理较灵活，效果比按字面直译好。
- ⑦“我想大概有别的缘故”译为I guessed there must be something behind it，比I guessed there must be a reason for it地道。
- ⑧“他短短地回答，声音似乎很坚决”可以译为His answer was short and sounded firm，但不如The answer was as laconic as firm简洁利落。
- ⑨“他好像实在忍不住了”可按“他好像对自己的缄默感到不耐烦”之意译为as if impatient of his own reticence。
- ⑩“这四句短短的话说出了一个家庭的惨剧”译为The four short sentences spoke volumes for the family tragedy，其中spoke volumes是习语，作“充分说明”（to speak very clearly）解。
- ⑪“只有一根生活的鞭子在赶他”可直译为ordered about by the whip of life，但不如flogged by the scourge of life富于表现力。
- ⑫“在他一对眼睛里，我找不到承认任何权威的表示”译为eyes... which showed no indication of regard for authority，注意其中用indication代替expression，用regard（尊重）代替recognition。又，“找不到”不必按字面作交代，译为showed no即可。
- ⑬“我还回过头去看小孩”译为I turned round to take a last look at the boy，其中last是增益成分，原文虽无其词但有其意。
- ⑭ The place where the rickshaw renters kept their vehicles for hire.



撇 弃

◎ 巴 金

凉夜，我一个人走在雨湿的街心^①，街灯的微光使我眼前现出一片昏黄。两个老妇的脚声跟着背影远远地消失了^②。我的前面是阴暗，又似乎是空虚。

我在找寻炫目的光辉。但是四周只有几点垂死的灯光。

我的脚不感到疲倦。我不记得我已经走了若干时候，也不知道还要走若干路程。

一个影子在后面紧紧跟着我。他走路没有声音。我好像听见他在我的耳边低声讲话。

我回过头，看不见一个人^③，等我再往前走，我又听见有人在我后面说话^④。

“谁？”我问道。

“我，”这是一个熟悉的声音。

“你是谁，为什么紧紧跟着我？”

“我是你的影子。我从来就跟在你后面。”

“那么请你出来，让我见你一面。我不要听你那些叽哩咕噜^⑤。”

他不作声，却仍然跟着我走。

“我说，请你出来，让我见见你。你为什么老躲在黑暗里面？”我不能忍耐地再说一次。

“我不能出来，”他啜嚅地说；“我不能离开黑暗。黑暗可以作我的掩护。”

“那么你可知道我要去什么地方？”我突然问道。

“我不知道，不过我要跟着你。”

“我告诉你，我要去寻找光明。”

我似乎听见一声“啊哟”，过了半晌，耳语又响起来：

“你不会找到光明。你还不如回头走别的路。”

“我一定要往前走。见不到光明，我就不停脚步。”

“但是你知道这地方离光明还有若干路程？你这一生又还可以走若干时候？”

“我不管这些事。只要我活着，我就要到那个地方去找光明。”

“你会什么也看不见，就疲倦地死在中途。没有人埋葬你，却让你暴尸荒野，给兀鹰做食料。”

“我宁愿让兀鹰啄我的肉，却不想拿它们去喂狗。我宁愿疲劳地死在荒野，却不想安乐地躺在温暖的家中。”

“所有的人都会嘲笑你；谁都会忘记你。你口渴，没有人递给你一杯水。你倒下去，没有人搀扶你一把。你呻吟，便有人向你投掷石子。一直到死，你得不到一点点同情。”

“我为什么要别人的同情？难道我不相信自己？不相信自己的路？”

“那么你不怕寂寞？你不知道前面的路便是用寂寞铺砌的？”

“我知道。我的脚踏在寂寞上面，我的步子就显得更有力，寂寞会成为我的忠实伴侣。”

“你这个傻子，即使你得到光明，你拿它来做什么用^⑥？你能将它当饭吃，当衣穿？”影子居然笑起来。

我昂然回答：“我若得到光明，就把它分给众人，让光辉普照世界。若得不着光明，我愿意一个人寂寞地死在中途。”

“但是为你自己，你留什么给你自己？”

“如果光明普照世界，我也可以分到一线光——”

“然而要是黑暗统治一切呢？”它打岔地问我。

“那么我就努力跟黑暗斗争，我必要打破黑暗。”

“打破黑暗？你有多大的力量？”它哈哈笑起来。“我劝你不要过分看重自己。”

“不管我有没有力量，但是我有志愿，我有决心。我做不到，不要紧。别的人可以做到。”

“你这个疯子，你这个空想家。你不要安乐。你不要荣誉。你却把寂寞当作宝贝，还要它做你的永久伴侣。你还要追求光明，打破黑暗，却不想，没有黑暗，我怎么能够生存？”

它冷笑，它哂笑，它大笑。

“算了罢，我也该死心了。老是跟着你，对我有什么好处？我不甘心做一个傻瓜，白白毁掉我自己。从这时候起，你走你的路，我走我的。让你去拥抱寂寞，任你去爱抚死亡^⑦。我会看到兀鹰啄尽你的肉^⑧，马蹄踏碎你的骨。”

带着几声轻蔑的大笑，我的影子离开了我。它走路没有声音，我不知它去向何处。我只看见一个黑影在我的眼角一晃。

于是我的耳边寂然了。

在我的眼前，那昏黄淡到成为一片灰黑。前面展开一条长的路。路是阴暗的，我抬起头用力向前望去，我要看透那阴暗。好像有一线光在远处摇晃，但亮光离这里一定很远^⑨。

路上只有我一个人。我慢慢地在寂静中移动脚步。我不记得我已经走了若干路程，也不知道还要走若干时候。

Throwing off My Dark Shadow

© Ba Jin

It was a cool evening. I was walking down a rain-drenched street by myself. In the faint light of the street lamps, all was a blur before me. The footfalls of two old women disappeared in the distance as well as their receding figures. I was faced with darkness or, perhaps, emptiness.

I had been searching for dazzling brilliance, only to find a few dying lamplights around me.

The walk didn't tire my feet. I didn't know how long I had been walking, or how far I still had to go.

I found a shadow following me closely and quietly. It seemed that he had been whispering into my ear.

I looked back, but not a soul in sight. Then, when I walked on, I heard the same voice again.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Me," sounded a familiar voice.

"Who are you? Why have you been following me closely?"

"I'm your shadow. I've always been at your heels."

"Then please come out so that I can take a look at you. I'm tired of your gabbling."

He fell into silence, but kept tailing after me.

"Say, please show up and let me see you," I demanded again out of impatience. "Why have you been hiding yourself in the dark?"

"No, I won't show up," he faltered. "I can't go without darkness. Darkness provides cover for me."

"Then you know where I'm going?" I asked suddenly.

"No, I don't, but I want to follow you."

"Let me tell you, I'm going to look for light."

Thereupon, I seemed to hear a voice exclaiming, "Aiyo!" Then, after quite a while, I heard the whisper again.

"You'll never find light. You'd better turn back and take another way."

"I'll keep going forward, and never stop until I find light."

"But do you know how far from here you'll have to go before you find light? And how long will you be able to walk in this life?"

"I don't care about all that. So long as I live, I go where there's light."

"You'll die of exhaustion before you find anything. And nobody will care to bury you. Your dead body will be left unburied in the wilderness for vultures to eat."

"I would rather have my dead body pecked by vultures than fed to dogs. I would rather die of exhaustion than lie comfortably in my warm home."

"All people will laugh at you and forget you. Nobody will hand you a cup of water when you are thirsty. Nobody will come to your help when you fall down. People will throw stones at you when you groan. You'll never gain any sympathy all your life."

"Why should I need other people's sympathy? Do I disbelieve myself or the way I'm following?"

"Then aren't you afraid of loneliness? Don't you know the way ahead is all paved with loneliness?"

"Yes, I do. I'll walk with even more vigorous steps the moment I set foot on loneliness."

Loneliness will be my faithful companion."

"You bloody fool, even if you got light, what good would it do you? Would it keep you adequately fed and clad?" He even had the audacity to start sneering at me.

I gave a clear-cut answer, "If I get light, I'll share it with everybody and let it shed its brilliance all over the world. If I fail to get light, I'll be just ready to die a solitary death halfway."

"As to yourself, what would you keep for yourself?"

"When light shines all over the world, I'll enjoy my share of its brilliance —"

"What if darkness predominates?" he cut in.

"I'll fight with darkness as best I can. I've made up my mind to break through it."

"Break through it, eh?" he burst out laughing. "Ha-ha! Are you that powerful? I'm telling you not to overestimate your own power."

"Never mind if I have the power or not. I have ambitions and determination. It doesn't matter if I should fail. Other people will achieve what I failed to do."

"You lunatic, you dreamer! You forsake happiness and honour. You treasure loneliness and regard it as your lifelong companion. And you're trying to go after light and break through darkness without ever thinking how I could exist without darkness!"

He grinned, he laughed, he roared.

"That's enough," he continued, "I'd better give up. What good will it do me to keep following you? I shouldn't make a fool of myself by ruining myself for nothing. From now on, we each go our own way. You can go ahead embracing loneliness and hugging death. Let me count on seeing your dead body gobbled up by vultures and your bones trodden to pieces by horses' hoofs."

Laughing a few derisive laughs, my shadow disappeared from behind me. He walked away noiselessly. I no longer knew his whereabouts. I only saw a dark shadow flash past the corner of my eye.

Now there was no more whispering in my ear.

The twilight was deepening. A long murky road stretched far into the distance. As I raised my head to strain my eyes to see through the darkness, a ray of light seemed to flash from afar, though definitely a long, long way from where I was.

I moved along slowly by myself in the prevailing silence of the night. I couldn't remember how far I had covered, and nor did I know for how long I still had to travel.



《撒弃》是巴金写于1941年8月4日的一篇优美散文，后编入他的散文集《龙·虎·狗》。文章反映作者追求光明的坚定意志和大无畏精神。

注释

①“我一个人走在雨湿的街心”如译为I was walking down a street wet with rain by myself也可，但其中wet with rain可修饰主语I或a street。为了避免模棱两可，现译I was walking down a rain-drenched street by myself。

②“两个老妇的脚声跟着背影远远地消失了”可译为The footfalls of two old women disappeared in the distance as well as their receding figures或The receding figures and footfalls of two old women disappeared in the distance，但前者分清了“背影”与“脚声”先后主次，似较可取。

③“我回过头，看不见一个人”可译为I looked back, but not a soul in sight或I turned back my head only to find no one behind，前者较简练。

④“等我再往前走，我又听见有人在我后面说话”可译为Then, when I walked farther ahead, I again heard somebody talking behind me或Then, when I walked on, I heard the same voice again，后者较简练。

⑤“我不要听你那些叽哩咕噜”可按“我厌烦你的唠叨”译为I'm tired of your gabbling（或babbling）。

⑥“即使你得到光明，你拿它来做什么用？”可译为even if you got light, what good would it do you? 或even if you get light, what's the use of it?，前者有虚拟口气，较合适。

⑦“让你去拥抱寂寞，任你去爱抚死亡”译为You can go ahead embracing loneliness and hugging death，其中用hugging（紧抱）代替lovingly caressing（爱抚），内涵相同，并和前面的embracing相呼应，修辞效果较好。

⑧“看到兀鹰啄尽你的肉”译为seeing your dead body gobbled up by vultures，其中gobbled up意即“狼吞虎咽”，能较好地表达原文“啄尽”两字，如译pecked，只有“啄食”之意。

⑨“好像有一线光在远处摇晃，但亮光离这里一定很远”中的“但”应理解为“虽然”的意思，全句译为a ray of light seemed to flash from afar, though definitely a long, long way from where I was。

◎ 何其芳 He Qifang

雨 前^①

◎ 何其芳

最后的鸽群带着低弱的笛声^②在微风里划一个圈子后，也消失了。也许是误认这灰暗的凄冷的天空为夜色的来袭，或是也预感到风雨的将至，遂过早地飞回它们温暖的木舍。

几天的阳光在柳条上撒下的一抹嫩绿，被尘土埋掩得有憔悴色了，是需要一次洗涤^③。还有干裂的大地和树根也早已期待着雨。雨却迟疑着。

我怀想着故乡的雷声和雨声。那隆隆的有力的搏击，从山谷返响到山谷，仿佛春之芽就从冻土里震动，惊醒，而怒茁出来。细草样柔的雨声又以温存之手抚摩它，使它簇生油绿的枝叶而开出红色的花。这些怀想如乡愁一样萦绕得使我忧郁了。我心里的气候也和这北方大陆一样缺少雨量^④，一滴温柔的泪在我枯涩的眼里，如迟疑在这阴沉的天空里的雨点，久不落下。

白色的鸭也似有一点烦躁了，有不洁的颜色的都市的河沟里传出它们的焦急的叫声。有的还未厌倦那船一样的徐徐的划行。有的却倒插它们的长颈在水里，红色的蹼趾伸在尾后，不停地扑击着水以支持身体的平衡。不知是在寻找沟底的细微食物，还是贪那深深的水里的寒冷。

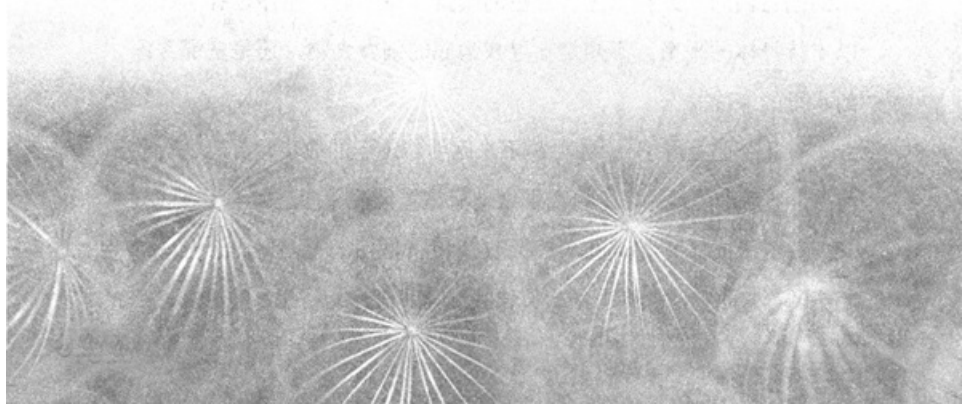
有几个已上岸了^⑤。在柳树下来回地作绅士的散步，舒息划行的疲劳。然后参差地站着，用嘴细细地抚理它们遍体白色的羽毛，间或又摇动身子或扑展着阔翅，使那缀在羽毛间的水珠坠落。一个已修饰完毕的，弯曲它的颈到背上，长长的红嘴藏没在翅膀里，静静合上它白色的茸毛间的小黑眼，仿佛准备睡眠。可怜的小动物，你就是这样做你的梦吗？

我想起故乡放雏鸭的人了。一大群鹅黄色的雏鸭游牧在溪流间。清浅的水，两岸青青的草，一根长长的竹竿在牧人的手里。他的小队伍是多么欢欣地发出啾啾声？又多么驯服地随着他的竿头越过一个田野又一个山坡！夜来了，帐幕似的竹篷撑在地上，就是他的家。但这是怎样辽远的想象啊！在这多尘土的国度里，我仅只希望听见一点树叶上的雨声。

我仰起头。天空低垂如灰色的雾幕^⑥，落下一些寒冷的碎屑到我脸上。一只远来的^⑦鹰隼仿佛带着怒愤，对这沉重的天色的怒愤，平张的双翅不动地从天空斜插下，几乎触到河沟对岸的土阜，而又鼓扑着双翅，作出猛烈的声响腾上了。那样巨大的翅使我惊异。我看见了它两肋间斑白的羽毛。

接着听见了它有力的鸣声，如同一个巨大的心的呼号，或是在黑暗里寻找伴侣^⑧的呼唤。

然而雨还是没有来。



Praying for Rainfall

© He Qifang

The last flock of pigeons have also gone out of sight after doing their final circling in the soft breeze, the sound of their whistles barely audible. They are hastening back to their warm wooden dovecote earlier than usual perhaps because they have mistaken the bleak leaden sky for nightfall or because of their presentiment of a storm.

The willow twigs, daubed with a light green by several days of sunshine, are now covered all over with dust and look so sickly that they need to be washed. And the parched soil and tree roots have likewise been dying for rainfall. Yet the rain is reluctant to come down.

I can never forget the thunderstorm we often had in my home town. Over there, whenever the rumble of thunder reverberated across the valley, the buds of spring would seem to sprout freely after being disturbed and roused up from their slumber in the frozen soil. Then tenderly stroked by the soft hands of fine rain, they would put forth bright green leaves and pink flowers. It makes me nostalgic and melancholy to think about old times and my mind is as depressed as the vast expanse of North China is thirsty. A tear stands in my dull eye and, like the rain lingering in the murky sky, is slow to roll down.

White ducks have also become somewhat impatient. Some are sending out irritated quacks from the turbid waters of an urban creek. Some keep swimming leisurely and tirelessly like a slow boat. Some have their long necks submerged headfirst in the water while sticking up their webbed feet behind their tails and splashing them desperately so as to keep their balance. There is no knowing if they are searching for tiny bits of food from the bottom of the creek or just enjoying the chill of the deep water.

Some of them stagger out of the water and, to relieve their fatigue, begin to saunter up and down with a gentleman-like swagger in the shade of the willow trees. Then, they stand about to preen their white plumage carefully. Occasionally they give themselves a sudden shake or flap their long wings to let off water drops from among their feathers. One of them, after grooming itself, turns round its neck to rest on the back, then buries its long red beak under its wings and quietly closes its small black eyes tucked away among the white fine hair. Apparently it is getting ready to sleep. Poor little creature, is that the way you sleep?

The scene recalls to my mind the duckling raiser in my home town. With a long bamboo pole in hand, he would look after a large flock of gosling-yellow ducklings moving about on the limpid water of a shallow brook flanked on both sides by green grass. How the little creatures jig-jigged merrily! How they obediently followed the bamboo pole to scamper over field after field, hillside after hillside! When night fell, the duckling raiser would make his home in a tent-like bamboo shed. Oh, that is something of the distant past! Now, in this dusty country of ours, what I yearn for is to hear the drip-drip of rain beating against leaves.

When I look up at a gray misty pall of a low-hanging sky, some dust particles feel chilly on my face. A hawk, seemingly irked by the gloomy sky, swoops down sideways out of nowhere, with wings wide-spread and immovable, until it almost hits the hillock on the other side of the brook. But it soars skywards again with a loud flap. I am amazed by the tremendous size of its wings. And I also catch sight of the grizzled feathers on its underside.

Then I hear its loud cry — like a powerful voice from the bottom of its heart or a call in the dark for its comrades in arms.

But still no rain.

何其芳（1912—1977），四川万县人，现代诗人、散文家、文学评论家。《雨前》是他写于1933年春的一篇充满艺术魅力的散文，收录在他的第一本散文集《画梦录》中。作者通过雨前自然景物和人物情态的描写，渲染出一种久旱盼甘霖的强烈气氛，托物言志，借景抒怀，流露出作者不满黑暗现实、渴望光明的心态。现用现在时态英译全文，以增加描述的生动性和现实感。

注释

①此文题目本可译为Before the Rain，现按久旱盼甘霖的主题把它译为Praying for Rainfall，其中Praying for的意思是“求”或“渴望”等。

②“带着低弱的笛声”译为the sound of their whistles barely audible，其中barely audible的字面意思是“勉强能听到”或“几乎听不到”，在此作“低弱的”解。此短语也可译为with the faint sound of their whistles。如译为the sound of their whistles trailing off也无不可，只是trailing off（逐渐减弱）与原意稍有差别。

③“几天的阳光在柳条上撒下的一抹嫩绿，被尘土埋掩得有些憔悴色了，是需要一次洗涤”译为The willow twigs, daubed with a light green by several days of sunshine, are now covered all over with dust and look so sickly that they need to be washed. 也可按“经过几天的日晒，柳树上出现的嫩叶被尘土……”译为The light green willow leaves brought on by several days of sunshine now, covered all over with dust, look so sickly and hence need to be washed，其中to bring on是成语，作“使出现”或“使发展”解。

④“我心里的气候也和这北方大陆一样缺少雨量”不宜按字面直译。现按“我的心情抑郁，和北方大地干旱，达到同样的严重程度”译为my mind is as depressed as the vast expanse of North China is thirsty。

⑤“有几几个已上岸了”译为Some or them stagger out of the water，比Some of them come out of the water可取，因stagger能表达鸭子走动时摇摇晃晃的样子。

⑥“天空低垂如灰色的雾幕”译为a gray misty pall of a low-hanging sky，等于a low-hanging sky resembling a gray misty pall。可参考用同样结构表达的例子：a toy of a house = a toy-like house; a dwarf of a man = a dwarf-like man。

⑦“远来的”译为out of nowhere（不知从哪儿来），比from afar传神。

⑧“伴侣”在文中有“战友”的含义，故译comrades in arms，比companions或partners确切。



◎ 季羨林 Ji Xianlin

加德满都的狗

◎ 季羨林

我小时候住在农村里，终日与狗为伍^①，一点也没有感觉到狗这种东西有什么稀奇的地方^②。但是狗却给我留下了极其深刻的印象。我母亲逝世以后，故乡的家中已经空无一人。她养的一条狗——连它的颜色我现在都回忆不清楚了——却仍然日日夜夜卧在我们门口，守着不走。女主人已经离开人世，再没有人喂它了。它好像已经意识到这一点^③。但是它却坚决宁愿忍饥挨饿^④，也决不离开我们那破烂的家门口。黄昏时分，我形单影只从村内走回家来，屋子里摆着母亲的棺材，门口卧着这一只失去了主人的狗^⑤，泪眼汪汪地望着我这个失去了慈母的孩子，有气无力地摇摆着尾巴，嗅我的脚。茫茫宇宙，好像只剩下这只狗和我。此情此景^⑥，我连泪都流不出来了，我流的是血，而这血还是流向我自己的心中。我本来应该同这只狗相依为命，互相安慰^⑦。但是，我必须离开故乡，我又无法把它带走。离别时，我流着泪紧紧地搂住了它，我遗弃了它，真正受到良心的谴责^⑧。几十年来，我经常想到这一只狗，直到今天，我一想到它，还会不自主地流下眼泪。我相信，我离开家以后，它也决不会离开我们的门口。它的结局我简直不忍想下去了。母亲有灵，会从这一只狗身上得到我这个儿子无法给她的慰藉吧。

从此，我爱天下一切狗。

但是我迁居大城市以后，看到了狗渐渐少起来了^⑨。最近多少年以来，北京根本不许养狗，狗简直成了稀有动物，只有到动物园里才能欣赏了。

我万万没有想到，我到了加德满都以后，一下飞机，在机场受到热情友好的接待，汽车一驶离机场，驶入市内，在不算太宽敞的马路两旁就看到了大狗、小狗、黑狗、黄狗，在一群衣履比较随便的小孩子们中间，摇尾乞食，低头觅食。

这是一件小事，却使我喜出望外：久未晤面的亲爱的狗竟在万里之外的异域会面了^⑩。

狗们大概完全不理解我的心情，它们大概连辨别本国人和外国人^⑪的本领还没有学到。我这里一往情深，它们却漠然无动于衷，只是在那里摇尾低头，到处嗅着，想找到点什么东西吃吃。

晚上，我们从中国大使馆回旅馆的时候，天已经完全黑了。加德满都的大街上，电灯不算太多，霓虹灯的数目更少一些。我在阴影中又隐隐约约地看到了大狗、小狗、黑狗、黄狗，在那里到处嗅着。回到旅馆，在沐浴后上床的时候，从远处的黑暗中传来了阵阵的犬吠声。古人说，深夜犬吠若豹^⑫。我现在听到的不是吠声若豹，而是吠声若犬^⑬。这事当然并不稀奇。可这并不稀奇的若犬的犬吠声却给我带来了无尽的甜蜜的回忆。这甜蜜的犬吠声一直把我送入我在加德满都过的第一夜的梦中。

Dogs in Katmandu

© Ji Xianlin

When I lived in the countryside as a small child, there were dogs all around, and so I got quite accustomed to them, never thinking of them as anything out of the common. Nevertheless, they have since left a most deep impression on me. After mother, the sole occupant of our country home, passed away, the dog she had raised — I've now even forgotten what colour he was — continued to keep watch at the door, lying there day and night. He must have been aware that nobody was going to feed him after the death of his mistress. But he would rather endure the torments of hunger than forsake his post outside our run-down home. At dusk, when I arrived alone from somewhere in the village at our house, in which lay mother's coffin, the ownerless dog would fix his tearful eyes on me, the youngster bereaved of his loving mother, wag his tail feebly and sniff at my feet. It seemed as if he and I were left all alone in this vast universe. In face of the sad and dreary scene, I could shed no tears. What I shed was blood which flowed right into my innermost heart. I could have stayed with him to live in mutual dependence and comfort each other in distress, but I had to quit my native place, unable to take him along with me. At the time of parting, I hugged him tightly with tears in my eyes. I felt terribly bad about having to desert him. He has since been in my mind for decades. Even today, I cannot restrain my tears whenever I think of him. I am certain he would never stop standing guard at our door even after I left. I cannot bear to imagine what fate befell him in the end. May mother's soul receive from this faithful dog the consolation that I, as her son, have not been able to offer her!

Since then, I have been fond of all dogs in the world.

But I've seen a steady dwindling of the canine population ever since I became a city dweller. In recent years, it has been strictly banned in Beijing to raise dogs. Dogs have become a rare animal to be seen only in a zoo.

At Katmandu, the moment I was driven into town after meeting with a warm and friendly reception at the airport, I was greatly surprised to see dogs, big and small, black and yellow, in the midst of casually-dressed children on both sides of a relatively narrow street, wagging their tails or nosing around for food.

Small as the incident was, I was immensely overjoyed to meet out of the blue in a remote foreign land dear dogs that I had not seen for ages.

Presumably these dogs were entirely ignorant of my state of mind and perhaps even incapable of telling a foreigner from a native. They appeared totally apathetic towards me in spite of my partiality for them and kept wagging their tails with lowered heads and nosing around for food.

In the evening, it was already dark when we were on our way to the hotel from the Chinese Embassy. The streets of Katmandu were illuminated by only a few electric lamps, and still fewer neon lights. In the dim light I vaguely saw again dogs, big and small, black and yellow, nosing around here and there. Back in the hotel, when I was getting into bed after a bath, I heard dogs barking again and again in the distant darkness. It reminded me of the old saying, "A dog's bark at dead of night resembles that of a leopard." To me, however, what I heard was dogs' barking, pure and simple, having nothing whatever in common with that of leopards. The barking was nothing out of the ordinary, yet it brought back to me one sweet memory after another. The sweet barking sent me straight into the dreams I had on my first night at Katmandu.

季羨林（1911— ），山东清平（今临清市）人，是我国著名教育家、印度学家、梵文文学翻译家、散文家。《加德满都的狗》是他在1986年写于尼泊尔首都加德满都的一篇小品。

注释

①“终日与狗为伍”的字面意思是“每天都与狗在一起”，实际上指“农村遍地所见都是狗”，现参照上下文，把它意译为there were dogs all around。

②“一点也没有感到狗这种东西有什么稀奇的地方”实际上意即“对农村里的狗已习以为常，不以为奇”，现按此译为and so I got quite accustomed to them, never thinking of them as anything out of the common，其中out of the common是成语，作“非同寻常”解。

③“它好像已经意识到……”译为He must have been aware that...，等于He was probably aware that...。情态动词must在这里表示揣测或可能性。

④“忍饥挨饿”译为endure the torments of hunger，其中torments和pain或suffering同义，是添加成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。ZS~ ⑤“一只失去了主人的狗”译为the ownerless dog，比the dog that had lost his mistress简洁。

⑥“此景此情”意即“面对悲惨凄凉的情景”，故采取加字法译为In face of the sad and dreary scene。

⑦“相依为命，互相安慰”译为to live in mutual dependence and comfort each other in distress，其中in distress是添加成分。

⑧“真正受到良心的谴责”译为I felt terribly bad about...，其中to feel terribly bad about...是日常用语，作“甚感歉疚”解。此句也可译为I really felt conscience-stricken about...。

⑨“狗渐渐少起来了”译为a steady dwindling of the canine population，其中canine population作“狗的总数”解。

⑩“久未晤面的亲爱的狗竟在万里之外的异域会面了”译为to meet out of the blue in a remote foreign land dear dogs that I had not seen for ages，其中out of the blue是成语，作“出乎意外”解，用以表达原文有关含意。

⑪“辨别本国人 and 外国人”译为telling a foreigner from a native，与distinguishing between a foreigner and a native同义。

⑫“古人说，深夜犬吠若豹”译为It reminded me of the old saying, "A dog's bark at dead of night resembles that of a leopard."，其中It reminded me of 是添加成分，在译文中起承上启下的作用。

⑬“我现在听到的……而是吠声若犬”译为what I heard was dogs' barking, pure and simple，其中pure and simple是成语，作“不折不扣”解，用以加强语气。



◎ 萧 红 Xiao Hong

祖父死了的时候

◎ 萧 红

祖父总是有点变样子^①，他喜欢流起眼泪来^②，同时过去很重要的事情他也忘掉^③。比方过去那一些他常讲的故事，现在讲起来，讲了一半下一半他就说：“我记不得了。”

某夜，他又病了一次，经过这一次病，他竟说：“给你三姑写信，叫她来一趟，我不是四五年没看过她吗？”他叫我写信给我已经死去五年的姑母。

那次离家是很痛苦的。学校来了开学通知信，祖父又一天一天地变样起来^④。

祖父睡着的时候，我就躺在他的旁边哭，好像祖父已经离开我死去似的，一面哭着一面抬头看他凹陷的嘴唇^⑤。我若死掉祖父，就死掉我一生最重要的一个人，好像他死了就把人间一切“爱”和“温暖”带得空空虚虚。我的心被丝线扎住或铁丝绞住了。

我联想到母亲死的时候。母亲死以后，父亲怎样打我，又娶一个新母亲来。这个母亲很客气，不打我，就是骂，也是指着桌子或椅子来骂我。客气是越客气了，但是冷淡了，疏远了，生人一样。

“到院子去玩玩吧！”祖父说了这话之后，在我的头上撞了一下，“喂！你看这是什么？”一个黄金色的桔子落到我的手中^⑥。

夜间不敢到茅厕去，我说：“妈妈同我到茅厕去趟吧。”

“我不去！”

“那我害怕呀！”

“怕什么？”^⑦

“怕什么？怕鬼怕神？”父亲也说话了，把眼睛从眼镜上面看着我。

冬天，祖父已经睡下，赤着脚，开着纽扣跟我到外面茅厕去。

学校开学，我迟到了四天。三月里，我又回家一次，正在外面叫门，里面小弟弟嚷着：“姐姐回来了！姐姐回来了！”大门开时，我就远远注意着祖父住着的那间房子。果然祖父的面孔和胡子闪现在玻璃窗里。我跳着笑着跑进屋去。但不是高兴，只是心酸，祖父的脸色更惨淡更白了。等屋子里一个人没有时，他流着泪，他慌慌忙忙的一边用袖口擦着眼泪，一边抖动着嘴唇说：“爷爷不行了，不知早晚……前些日子好险没跌……跌死。”

“怎么跌的？”

“就是在后屋，我想去解手，招呼人，也听不见，按电铃也没有人来，就得爬啦。还没到后门口，腿颤，心跳，眼前发花了一阵就倒下去。没跌断了腰^⑧……人老了，有什么用处！爷爷是八十一岁呢。”

“爷爷是八十一岁。”

“没用了，活了八十一岁还是在地上爬呢！我想你看着爷爷了，谁知没有跌死，我又慢慢爬到炕上。”

我走的那天也是和我回来那天一样，白色的脸的轮廓闪现在玻璃窗里。

在院心我回头看着祖父的面孔，走到大门口，在大门口我仍可看见，出了大门，就被门扇遮断。

从这一次祖父就与我永远隔绝了。虽然那次和祖父告别，并没说出一个永别的字^⑨。我回来看祖父，这回门前吹着喇叭^⑩，幡杆挑得比房头更高，马车离家很远的时候，我已

看到高高的白色幡杆了，吹鼓手们的喇叭怆凉的在悲号。马车停在喇叭声中，大门前的白幡、白对联、院心的灵棚、闹嚷嚷许多人，吹鼓手们响起乌乌的哀号。

这回祖父不坐在玻璃窗里，是睡在堂屋的板床上，没有灵魂的躺在那里。我要看一看他白色的胡子，可是怎样看呢！拿开他脸上蒙着的纸吧，胡子、眼睛和嘴，都不会动了，他真的一点感觉也没有了？我从祖父的袖管里去摸他的手，手也没有感觉了。祖父这回真死去了啊！

祖父装进棺材去的那天早晨，正是后园里玫瑰花开放满树的时候。我扯着祖父的一张被角，抬向灵前去。吹鼓手在灵前吹着大喇叭。

我怕起来，我号叫起来。

“咣咣！”黑色的，半尺厚的灵柩盖子压上去。

吃饭的时候，我饮了酒，用祖父的酒杯饮的。饭后我跑到后园玫瑰树下去卧倒，园中飞着蜂子和蝴蝶，绿草的清凉的气味，这都和十年前一样。可是十年前死了妈妈。妈妈死后我仍是在园中扑蝴蝶；这回祖父死去，我却饮了酒。

过去的十年我是和父亲打斗着生活。在这期间我觉得人是残酷的东西。父亲对我是没有好面孔的，对于仆人也是没有好面孔的，他对于祖父也是没有好面孔的。因为仆人是穷人，祖父是老人，我是小孩子，所以我们这些完全没有保障的人就落到他的手里，后来我看到新娶来的母亲也落到他的手里，他喜欢她的时候，便同她说笑，他恼怒时便骂她，母亲渐渐也怕起父亲来。

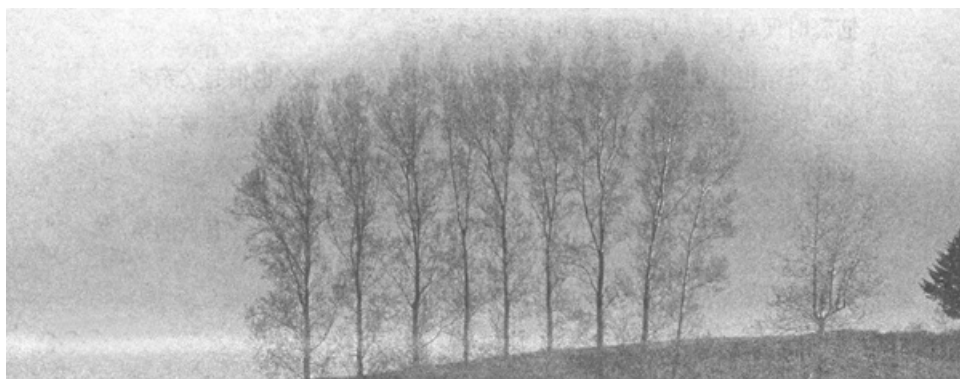
母亲也不是穷人，也不是老人，也不是孩子，怎么也怕起父亲来呢？我到邻家去看，邻家的女人也是怕男人。我到舅家去，舅母也是怕舅父。

我懂得的尽是一些偏僻的人生，我想世间死了祖父，就没有再同情我的人了，世间死了祖父，剩下的尽是一些凶残的人了。

我饮了酒，回想，幻想……

以后我必须不要家，到广大的人群中去，但我在玫瑰树下颤抖了，人群中没有我的祖父。

所以我哭着，整个祖父死的时候我哭着。



When Grandpa Died

© Xiao Hong

Somehow or other grandpa wasn't quite himself. He was often in tears and forgetting things — even important things of the past. For example, in telling a story that he had often used to tell, he would give up halfway and sigh, "I've forgotten the rest of it."

One night, he fell ill again. After recovering, he said to me, "Write to your third aunt and tell her to come see me. I haven't seen her for four or five years, have I?" But the aunt he meant had died five years before.

It gave me much pain this time to leave home. Grandpa's condition was going from bad to worse when I received a notice from my school informing me of the beginning of the new semester.

When he was sound asleep, I lay beside him sobbing bitterly as if he had already passed away. I raised my head to fix my tearful eyes on his retracted lips. His death would mean the death of a person most important to me all my life. It would, as it were, put an end to what "love" and "warmth" there was in this world. My heart was in a turmoil as if entangled with silk string or iron wire.

Then I remembered how, after mother's death, father had remarried and often beat me. My new mother was seemingly polite and never beat me. Even when she cursed me, she would do it in a roundabout way by referring to something else, say, a chair or table. Polite as she was, we were strangers yet.

"Go and play in the courtyard," said grandpa giving me a rap on the head. "Look! What's this?" He thrust a golden orange into my hand.

At night, being afraid to go to the latrine, I asked my stepmother, "Mom, will you accompany me to the latrine?"

"No, I won't."

"I'm afraid."

"What!"

"What! Afraid of ghosts and spirits?" father cut in, his eyes shooting me an icy stare over his glasses.

It was a cold winter night. Grandpa rose from his bed and walked me barefoot to the latrine, his jacket unbuttoned.

I was four days late for school. In March, I returned home for a short visit. While knocking at the gate, I heard my younger brother shouting, "Here comes sister! Here comes sister!" The moment the gate was opened, I directed my eyes far ahead straight towards the room where grandpa lived. Sure enough, I saw the glimpse of his face and beard behind the window panes. I dashed into his room beaming delightedly. But sorrow, instead of joy, came over me when I saw an even more sickly pallor on his face. When I was left alone with him, he quickly wiped away his tears with his sleeve and said with his lips quivering, "Grandpa is dying. It won't be long now... I had a narrow escape from death the other day when I stumbled and fell."

"How did you fall?"

"I was at the back of the room when I felt like relieving myself. I called, but nobody answered. I pressed the electric bell, again nobody came. So I had to feel my way out. Hardly had I reached the door when my legs began to tremble, my heart beat hard and I felt dizzy and

fell. Luckily, I didn't break my back... I'm old, no good for anything! Grandpa's already eighty-one."

"Yeah, grandpa's eighty-one."

"I'm no use. Imagine an 81-year-old man feeling about on the ground. I thought you wouldn't be able to see me again. But strangely I survived and slowly hobbled back to the kang."

The day when I left for school, I saw the same silhouette of a pale face moving behind the window panes as upon my arrival.

I could still see it when I looked back from the centre of the courtyard. It remained visible even when I got close to the gate. Then it was completely shut out of view as soon as I stepped out of the gate.

As a matter of fact, I parted from grandpa this time never to meet again. Of course, I said nothing to that effect when bidding him farewell. On my next return home, I found musicians blowing the suona horn at the gate and funeral streamers hanging high above the housetop — so high that I had seen it from afar when I was arriving in the carriage. My carriage pulled up amidst the mournful blare of the suona. There were white streamers, white scrolls inscribed with couplets in commemoration of the deceased, the mourning shed in the centre of the courtyard and noisy crowds of people.

Now, instead of sitting behind the window panes, grandpa was lying dead on a plank bed in the central room of the house. Eager to take a last look at him, I removed the sheet of paper covering his face. Alas, his beard, eyes and mouth were all stiff and insensitive. I reached my hand into his sleeve to feel his hand, but it likewise was insensitive. O grandpa was really no more!

The morning when grandpa was laid into the coffin, the rose bush in our back garden had just come into full bloom. I held a corner of grandpa's quilt in my hand while he was being carried towards the coffin. Meanwhile, the musicians had gathered before it to blare the suona again.

Seized with a sudden fear, I broke out howling.

Bang, bang! The 7-inch-thick black coffin lid was put in place.

At lunch, I drank wine using grandpa's cup. After lunch, I lay under the rose bush in the back garden where, like when mother died ten years before, bees and butterflies were flying and the air was filled with the refreshing scent of green grass. After mother's death, I had continued to dash at butterflies in the back garden. Now after grandpa's death, I drank wine.

The past ten years had witnessed me at loggerheads with father. I learned how cold-hearted man could become. Father was unkind to me, our servants and even my grandpa alike. He ill-treated us because our servants were poor, grandpa was old and I was a mere child, or, in other words, because we were the unprotected underdogs. Later, when he had my stepmother in his hands, he would be kind or unkind to her by turns, depending upon his changing moods. So my stepmother also gradually became scared of him.

How did it come that my stepmother, being neither poor, nor old, nor a child, should also have become scared of father? And I learned that my female neighbours too were afraid of their husbands and so was my aunt afraid of my uncle her husband.

I knew very little about life. I thought that, without grandpa, there would be none left to feel sympathy for me and that, without grandpa, all people left in this world would be savage and cruel.

I drank, I reminisced, I dreamed...

Yes, from now on, I thought, I must abandon my home and join the broad masses. At this,

however, I also began to shudder with fear under the rose bush. I feared that I would miss grandfather while I was with the masses.

Hence I cried, and I kept crying for days after grandpa passed away.

萧红（1911—1942），黑龙江省呼兰县人，是很有才华的女作家。她的散文大部分是对青少年时代的回忆，富有新意真情，语言自然朴素。她十岁失恃，父亲续娶，对她不好，在童年时代只有祖父给她温暖和慈爱。1930年祖父去世，她失去了唯一爱护她的人，深感悲伤。《祖父死了的时候》一文是她为纪念祖父而写的。

注释

①“祖父总是有点变样子”意即“不知怎么地，祖父有些异常”，译为Somehow or other grandpa wasn't quite himself，其中Somehow or other作“不知怎么地”（for some vague reason）解。又，英语to be oneself作“身心正常”解，因此wasn't quite himself的意思就是“有些异常”。

②“他喜欢流起眼泪来”不宜按字面直译，应按“他经常流泪”译为He was often in tears（或tearful）。

③译文was forgetting things等于was very forgetful，作“常忘事”或“忘性大”解，注意其时态。

④“祖父又一天一天地变样起来”未按字面直译，现按“祖父的病情每况愈下”的意思译为Grandpa's condition was going from bad to worse。

⑤“凹陷的嘴唇”即“瘪进去的嘴唇”。常用sunken一词形容cheeks等，但不宜用它形容lips，所以未按字面把“凹陷的嘴唇”译为his sunken lips。译为his retracted lips则较确切，其中retracted的意思是“缩进去的”（drawn in）。

⑥“一个金黄色的桔子落到我的手中”意即“他把一个金黄色的桔子塞到我的手中”，所以不宜按字面直译为A golden orange fell into my hand，应译He thrust a golden orange into my hand。

⑦“怕什么？”并不表达疑问，如直译为What are you afraid of? 或Why are you afraid? 就表达不出说话人“恼怒”的口吻。现译What!，用的正是能表达“恼怒”的惊叹词，相当于汉语“什么！”。

⑧“没跌断了腰”译为Luckily, I didn't break my back，其中luckily（幸好）是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑨“并没有说出一个永别的字”不宜按字面直译，现意译为I said nothing to that effect，其中to that effect的意思是“大意如此的”。

⑩“门前吹着喇叭”中的“喇叭”指管乐器“唢呐”，是我国民间吹打乐中的主要乐器。可英译为suona或suona horn。全句译文为I found musicians blowing the suona horn at the gate，其中I found是增益成分，musicians指民间婚丧礼中吹奏乐器的人。

⑪“完全没有保障的人”本可译为the unprotected，现后面加underdogs（受害者、倒霉的人）一词，以便强调。

⑫“他喜欢她的时候，便同她说笑，他恼怒时便骂她”可直译为he would chat and laugh with her when he was pleased with her, or gave her a good dressing-down when he was annoyed，但嫌累赘。现译he would be kind or unkind to her by turns, depending upon his changing moods，较为简洁灵活，取其神似，其中by turns作“交替地”解。

⑬“整个祖父死的时候我哭着”意即“祖父死后那些日子里我哭着”，不宜译为I kept crying after grandpa passed away，应在crying后面加for days。

◎ 萧 乾 Xiao Qian

古 城

◎ 萧 乾

初冬的天，灰黯而且低垂，简直把人压得吁不出一口气^①。前天一场雪还给居民一些明朗^②，但雪后的景象可不堪了^③！峭寒的北风将屋檐瓦角的雪屑一起卷到空中，舞过一个圈子以后都极善选择地向路人脖项里钻^④。街道为恶作剧的阳光弄成泥淖，残雪上面画着片片践踏的痕迹。

飞机由一个熟悉的方向飞来了^⑤，洪大的震响惊动了当地的居民。他们脸上各画着一些恐怖的回忆。爬在车辙中玩着泥球的孩子们也住了手，仰天望着这只奇怪的蜻蜓，像是意识出一些严重。及至蜻蜓为树梢掩住，他们又重新低下头去玩那肮脏的游戏了。

那是一只灰色的铁鸟。对这古城，它不是完全陌生的^⑥。大家都知道它还有伙伴们，无数的，随在背后。这只是只探子。它展着笔直的翅膀，掠过苍老的树枝，掠过寂静的瓦房，掠过皇家的御湖，环绕灿烂的琉璃瓦，飞着，飞着。古城如一个臃肿的老人，盘着不能动弹的腿，眼睁睁守着这一切。

城门低暗的洞口正熙熙攘攘地过着商贾路人，一个个直愣着呆呆的眼睛，“莫谈国事”的唯一社会教育使他们的嘴都严严封闭着。又要有变乱了。他们也不知道是谁和谁^⑦，反正腌菜说不上得多备些的^⑧。随手还不能忘记为家里的灶王请下几股高线香，为的是保佑一家老少平安。

阳光融化了城角的雪，一些残破的疤痕露出来了。那是历史的赐予！历史产生过建筑它的伟人，又差遣捣毁它的霸主。在几番变乱中，它替居民挨过刀砍，受过炮轰。面前它又面临怎样一份命运^⑨，没有人晓得。横竖居民是如潮似地向城里灌了。那是极好的晴雨表^⑩，另一个征服者又窥伺起这古城的一切。

古城自己仍如一位臃肿的老人，低头微微喘息着，噙着泪守着膝下这群无辜的孩子



The Ancient City

© Xiao Qian

It was early winter. The gloomy and low sky made one feel suffocating. A fall of snow a couple of days before had brought to the city dwellers a touch of brightness, but now what an ugly scene reigned! The raw wind sent the snow on the tiles along the eaves whirling in the air in tiny bits and adroitly making its way down the necks of the pedestrians by way of their collars. The streets had become slushy by exposure to the prankish sun, and the thawing snow was dotted with traces of footsteps.

A plane appeared out of the blue from a direction only too familiar to the local inhabitants, roaring to the alarm of everybody, on whose face was written memories of some previous horrors. Kids, who had been crawling about over ruts playing a game of small clay balls, now stopped to look up at the strange dragonfly in the sky, subconsciously feeling that something ominous was going to happen. However, they soon lowered their heads again to bury themselves in the messy game as soon as the dragonfly disappeared from view behind the treetops.

That was a grey iron bird by no means a stranger to the ancient city. Everybody knew it was a scout with a multitude of "buddies" right behind it. With its straight wings spread out, it swept past sturdy old trees, quiet tile-roofed dwellings and lakes of imperial gardens, and circled over dazzling glazed tiles. It kept flying and flying. The ancient city, like a clumsy old man sitting there with his numbed legs crossed, looked on helplessly in face of what was taking place before him.

The dark low archway of the city gate was thronged with tradesmen and pedestrians passing to and fro, each staring blankly ahead. Acting on the public warning "No discussing state affairs", people had learned to keep their mouth closely shut. Yes, trouble seemed to be brewing. But they knew not the trouble was between whom and whom. Maybe they should store up more pickled vegetables just in case, and remember to burn joss sticks before the image of the kitchen god at home so as to get a blessing from heaven on all their folks.

As the snow began to thaw under the sun, the corners of the city wall revealed scars of war. That was something left on it by history. History had sent great men to build the wall, and history had also sent tyrants to destroy it. Again and again, it had, in time of turmoil, suffered knife-cuts and bombardment for the sake of the common people. Now, nobody could tell what kind of fate was in store. Anyway the local people were surging like a tide into the city for shelter. A perfect barometer it was indeed — another conqueror was eyeing the ancient city greedily.

The ancient city, like a clumsy old man bending low and gasping feebly, continued to watch over the group of innocent kids around him, his eyes brimming with tears.

《古城》是著名作家、记者萧乾（1910—1999）写于1932年冬的一篇散文精品。时为日本占领我国东北三省的次年，萧乾身处关内，面临一片国破家亡的凄惨景象，正如他自己所说，“在闷郁中为当时的北平画了这么一幅素描。”文章短小精悍，生动简洁，在景物的描述中饱蕴着作者自己的激情。

注释

①“初冬的天，灰黯而且低垂，简直把人压得吁不出一口气。”译时分成两句，干净妥帖：It was early winter. The gloomy and low sky made one feel suffocating。“把人压得吁不出一口气”意即“使人感到窒息”，故译为made one feel suffocating（或stifling）。

②“一些明朗”意即“少许明朗”，故译为a touch of brightness，其中a touch of作“少量”、“一点”（a very small amount of）解。

③“但雪后的景象可不堪了”意即“但雪后的景象是多么不堪入目啊”，故译为but what an ugly scene reigned，其中用reigned（居支配地位），未用it was，更达旨传神。

④“极善选择地向路人脖项里钻”意即“灵巧地往路人的脖子里钻”，故译为adroitly making its way down the necks of the pedestrians by way of their collars，其中by way of their collars（通过他们的衣领）是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑤“飞机由一个熟悉的方向飞来了”意为“飞机突然由一个当地居民所熟悉的方向（即东北）飞来了”，故译为A plane appeared out of the blue from a direction only too familiar to the local inhabitants，其中out of the blue是习语，作“突然地”解，是译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑥“那是一只灰色的铁鸟。对这古城，它不是完全陌生的。”英译时把两句合成一句，较为紧凑连贯：That was a gray iron bird by no means a stranger to the ancient city。

⑦“他们也不知道是谁和谁”译为But they knew not the trouble was between whom and whom，其中knew not等于did not know，在否定句中省略助动词do是古体英语，现仍偶见于书面语中，有节约用字、语调顺口等修辞效果。

⑧“反正腌菜说不上得多备些的”意即“也许得多备些腌菜，以防万一”，故译为Maybe they should store up more pickled vegetables just in case，其中just in case或in case是习语，作“以防万一”解，是译文中增益的成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。此句也可译为Maybe they should store up more pickled vegetables to be ready for any possible eventualities。

⑨“它又面临怎样一份命运”译为what kind of fate was in store (for it)，其中in store是习语，作“即将发生”解。原文也可译为what kind of fate was awaiting it。

⑩“那是极好的晴雨表”译为A perfect barometer it was indeed...，为倒装句，语气比顺装句It was a perfect barometer indeed强调。



◎ 梁实秋 Liang Shiqiu

男 人

◎ 梁实秋

男人令人首先感到的印象是脏^①！当然，男人当中亦不乏刷洗干净洁身自好的^②，甚至还有油头粉面衣冠楚楚的^③，但大体讲来，男人消耗肥皂和水的数量要比较少些。某一男校，对于学生洗澡是强迫的，入浴签名，每周计核，对于不曾入浴的初步惩罚是宣布姓名，最后的断然处置是定期强迫入浴，并派员监视，然而日久玩生，签名簿中尚不无浮冒情事。有些男人，西装裤尽管挺直，他的耳后脖根，土壤肥沃，常常宜于种麦！袜子手绢不知随时洗涤，常常日积月累，到处塞藏，等到无可使用时，再从那一堆污垢存货当中拣选比较干净的去应急。有些男人的手绢，拿出来硬像是土灰面制的百果糕，黑糊糊粘成一团，而且内容丰富。男人的一双脚，多半好像是天然的具有泡菜霉干菜再加糖蒜的味道，所谓“濯足万里流”是有道理的，小小的一盆水确是无济于事，然而多少男人却连这一盆水都吝而不用，怕伤元气。两脚既然如此之脏，偏偏有些“逐臭之夫”喜于脚上藏垢纳污之处往复挖掘，然后嗅其手指，引以为乐！多少男人洗脸都是专洗本部，边疆一概不理，洗脸完毕，手背可以不湿，有的男人是在结婚后才开始刷牙。“扞虱而谈^④”的是男人。男人的脏大概是由于懒。

对了！男人懒。他可以懒洋洋坐在旋椅上，五官四肢，连同他的脑筋（假如有），一概停止活动，像呆鸟一般：“不闻夫博弈者乎……^⑤”那段话是专对男人说的。他若是上街买东西^⑥，很少时候能令他的妻子满意，他总是不肯多问几家^⑦，怕跑腿，怕费话，怕讲价钱。什么事他都嫌麻烦，除了指使别人替他做的事之外，他像残废人一样，对于什么事都愿坐享其成，而名之曰“室家之乐”。

紧毗连着“懒”的是“馋”。男人大概有好胃口的居多。他的嘴，用在吃的方面的时候多，他吃饭时总要在菜碟里发现至少一英寸见方半英寸厚的肉，才能算是没有吃素。几天不见肉，他就喊“嘴里要淡出鸟儿来！”^⑧有一个人半年没有吃鸡，看见了鸡毛帚就流涎三尺。一餐盛饌之后，他的人生观都能改变，对于什么都乐观起来。一个男人在吃一顿好饭的时候，他脸上的表情硬是在感谢上天待人不薄：他饭后衔着一根牙签，红光满面，硬是觉得可以骄人。主中馈的是女人，修食谱的是男人。^⑨

男人多半自私。他的人生观中有一基本认识，即宇宙一切均是为了他的舒适而安排下来的。除了在做事赚钱的时候不得不忍气吞声地向人奴膝婢颜外，他总是要做出一副老爷相。他的家便是他的国度，他在家里称王。他除了为赚钱而吃苦努力外，他是一个“伊比鸠派^⑩”，他要享受。他高兴的时候，孩子可以骑在他的颈上，他引颈受骑，他可以像狗似的满地爬；他不高兴时，他看着谁都不顺眼，在外面受了闷气，回到家里来加倍地发作。他不知道女人的苦处。女人对于他的殷勤委曲，在他看来，就如同犬守户、鸡司晨一样的稀松平常，都是自然现象。他说他爱女人，其实他不是爱，是享受女人。他不问他给了别人多少，但是他要在别人身上尽量榨取。他觉得他对女人最大的恩惠，便是把赚来的钱全部或一部拿回家来，但是当他把一卷卷的钞票从衣袋里掏出来的时候，他的脸上的表情是骄傲的成分多，亲爱的成分少，好像是在说：“看我！你行么！我这样待你，你多幸运！”他若是感觉到这家不复是他的乐园，他便有多样的借口不回到家里来。他到处云游，他另辟乐园。他有聚餐会，他有酒会，他有桥会，他有书会画会棋会，他有夜会，最

不济的还有个茶馆。他的享乐的方法太多。假如轮回之说不假，下世侥幸依然投胎为人，很少男人情愿下世做女人的。他总觉得这一世生为男身，而享受未足，下一世要继续努力^⑤。

“群居终日，言不及义^⑥”，原是人的通病，但是言谈的内容，却男女有别。女人谈的往往是“我们家的小妹又病了！”“你们家每月开销多少？”^⑦之类。男人的是另一套，普通的方式，男人的谈话，最后不谈到女人身上便不会散场^⑧。这一个题目对男人最有兴味。如果有一个桃色案他们唯恐其和解得太快。他们好议论人家的隐私，好批评别人的妻子的性格相貌。“长舌男”是到处有的，不知为什么这名词尚不甚流行。



On Men

© Liang Shiqiu

What strikes us first of all in men is their uncleanness. There are of course no lack of men who always make a point of keeping themselves spick-and-span. And some of them even make up heavily and dress respectably. But, generally speaking, men consume a smaller quantity of soap and water than women. A certain boys' school made it compulsory for its students to take a bath regularly. Every student had to sign his name before taking a bath so that the school authorities could conduct a weekly checkup. Those who violated the regulation for the first time would have their names published. The drastic measure for those who repeated the offence was to force them to take a bath regularly under surveillance. Nevertheless, abuses crept in with time. Forgery was often discovered among the signatures. Some men, although they wear smooth-ironed Western-style pants, leave much dirt behind their ears and around their necks — so much that it is good enough for growing wheat! Their unwashed socks and handkerchiefs accumulate and are left here and there in unseen corners. When no more clean ones are available, some of the less dirty ones are picked out from the filthy stock to meet an urgent need. Men's handkerchiefs, curled up into blackened balls, look like fruit cakes made of wholemeal flour and have a very rich content of their own. Men's feet, for the most part, seem to have a distinctive smell of their own, like that of pickles, dried vegetables and sweetened garlic all mixed together. There is some truth in the saying, "The running water of a long river is good for washing one's feet." Therefore, it goes without saying that a small basin of water will hardly suffice for the same purpose. But lots of men begrudge using even a mere basin of water to wash their feet — perhaps for fear of sapping their vitality and spirit! Dirty as their feet are, some men are so eccentric as to indulge in passing their fingers repeatedly among their stinking toes and then smelling their fingers with gusto. Some men, when they wash up, they concentrate only on the face proper, without touching the rest of the head and without wetting the back of the hand. Some do not brush their teeth until after they get married. The addiction to "chatting while cracking body lice with fingernails" is unique to men only. Probably, men's uncleanness is due to their laziness.

Indeed, men are lazy. You will find them lolling in a revolving chair, dumb like a wooden chicken, their five sense organs, their four limbs as well as their brain (if any) all at a complete standstill. What Confucius says about those who eat their fill all day without doing any work obviously refers to men exclusively. When men go shopping, their wives are seldom satisfied with their purchases because they never bother to shop around, never bother to do more walking and talking, never bother to bargain over prices. They hate to be bothered about anything except that which is to be done on their behalf by others. Like disabled persons, they will sit idle to enjoy the fruits of others' labour. And they call all that "domestic bliss"!

Closely linked to men's laziness is their gluttony. Men mostly have a good appetite. Their mouth is most of the time busy eating. They will brand their meal as a vegetarian one unless they can spot in the dishes a piece of meat at least one inch square and half an inch thick. They will complain like hell after a couple of meatless days. Men who have gone half a year without eating chicken will start drooling copiously at the sight of even a feather duster. A sumptuous dinner can change their outlook on life and make them sanguine about everything. During a good meal, genuine thankfulness to Heaven for its overflowing bounty will be written all over their faces.

After the meal, sporting a toothpick between their teeth, they will be glowing with smug satisfaction. Women do the cooking, men are gourmets.

Men are mostly self-centered. It is the basic tenet of their philosophy of life that all universe should function to ensure their personal comfort. They always act like overlords except when, in working to earn money, they need to behave submissively and servilely towards others. They regard their homes as kingdoms under their rule. They are Epicureans obsessed with pleasure-seeking except when they have to toil strenuously for money. When they are in a cheerful mood, they can crawl about on all fours like dogs with their kids riding on their craned necks. When they are in a bad mood, they seem to find everybody at home an eyesore. When they feel they have been wronged by somebody, they will come home to take it out all on their own folks. They don't know how hard their wives suffer. They take their wives' tender care and submissiveness for granted and regard them as something very commonplace, like dogs guarding their homes and cocks crowing to herald the break of day. Instead of truly loving their wives as they claim, they simply make use of them. They try to squeeze as much as possible out of others without ever stopping to think how much they themselves have given. They think it is their greatest favour to their wives to bring back all or part of the money they have earned. But, when they produce from their pockets rolls upon rolls of banknotes, their faces reveal more pride than love, as if saying, "Look at me! Can you be as smart as I am? I'm treating you so well. How lucky you are!" When they think their homes are no longer their paradises, they invent many excuses for staying away. They will go here and there to seek new paradises: dinner parties, cocktail parties, painting and calligraphy exhibitions, chess games or night clubs. Failing all of them, they can at least find a tea house to while away their time. They have many ways to enjoy themselves. If transmigration were true so that they could be lucky enough to be reincarnated as humans, few of them would choose to be women in their next life. They would invariably feel they had not enjoyed enough as males in this life and therefore had to make up for it after they were reborn.

It is a common failing among human beings to engage in idle gossip. But men's gossip is generally different from that of women in content. The topics of women's chitchat are often like these, "Our little daughter is ill again!", "What are your family expenses like?". Men, however, are different in their own way. They, as a rule, will never call it a day until their conversation has covered something about women. Women constitute the most intriguing topic of men's conversation. When a legal case involving a sex scandal crops up, they desire to see it go on indefinitely. They take pleasure in gossiping about other people's private life and commenting on the character and appearance of other people's wives. Gossipy men, known as "long-tongued men", are found everywhere although the epithet is somehow none too popular yet.

梁实秋（1902—1987），北京人，原籍浙江杭县，我国著名现代作家、教育家、翻译家，一生致力于英国文学研究。他的主要译著是《莎士比亚全集》。他在《男人》一文中从自己个人的观察角度出发，大胆描绘男人的一些典型特点，文字幽默诙谐，俏皮夸张，极尽戏谑之能事。所谈男人的一些毛病当然不能一概而论，但男女有别，这些毛病大多非女人所共有。

注释

①“男人令人首先感到的印象是脏”译为What strikes us first of all in men is their uncleanliness，其中to strike的意思是“给……以印象”（to give a particular impression）。因此，此句也可译为The first impression that men give us is their uncleanliness。又，译文用反面词uncleanliness（不爱清洁）表达“脏”（filthiness），意思更为确切。

②“刷洗干净洁身自好”意即“很重视整洁”，故译为make a point of keeping themselves spick-and-span，其中to make a point of是成语，作“极重视”、“极注意”等解。

③“油头粉面衣冠楚楚”意即“讲究梳妆打扮穿着体面”，故译为make up heavily and dress respectably，其中to make up是成语，作“梳妆打扮”、“涂脂抹粉”解。

④“扞虱而谈”或“扞虱而言”源于古书，译为The addiction to "chatting while cracking body lice with fingernails"，其中addiction to（癖好）为添加的成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑤“不闻夫博弈者乎……”指孔子讲的一段话：“饱食终日，无所用心，难矣哉，不有博弈者乎，为之，犹贤乎已。”现结合上下文，仅译头两句即可：those who eat their fill all day without doing any work。

⑥“他若是上街买东西”译为When men go shopping，比When they go out to do some shopping简洁、地道。

⑦“他总是不肯多问几家”译为they never bother to shop around，其中to shop around是成语，作“货比三家”、“逐店选购”解。如译为they never bother to call at different shops或they never bother to compare the prices or quality at different shops，文字都欠简洁、地道。

⑧“几天不见肉，他就喊‘嘴里要淡出鸟儿来！’”的后半部分不宜直译，现按“几天不吃肉，他就怨天怨地”译为They will complain like hell after a couple of meatless days或A couple of meatless days will make them exceedingly unhappy。

⑨“主中馈的是女人，修食谱的是男人。”中的“中馈”原指“酒食”或“饮食”，现引申为“炊事”或“烹调”；“修食谱”本作“撰写烹调书”解，现引申为“讲究饭食的人”或“美食家”。全句的意思是“女人做饭，男人吃饭。”全句译为Women do the cooking, men are gourmets。

⑩“伊比鸠派”译自英语Epicurean，本指希腊哲学家伊壁鸠鲁（Epicurus）的信徒，引申为“享乐主义者”。

⑪“下一世要继续努力”意即“必须在下一世寻找弥补”，故译为had to make up for it after they were reborn。

⑫“群居终日，言不及义”也是孔子说的话，直译欠利落，且无必要，现按“闲聊天”的意思译为idle gossip。

⑬“你们家每月开销多少？”译为What are your family expenses like?，如逐字直译为How much does your family pay for its monthly expenditure? 就不太像口语。

⑭“最后不谈到女人身上便不会散场”意即“不谈女人决不罢休”，现译为They, as a rule, will never call it a day until their conversation has covered something about women，其中to call it a day为成语，作“收工”或“罢休”解。

◎ 唐 弢 Tang Tao

书 愤^①

◎ 唐 弢

我爱读有生命的历史^②，也爱见有血性的人物^③。

然而枭雄如恺撒，冒险家如哥伦布，却又离我的爱好十分之远。我以为他们的成为英雄，其实是不足道的。虽然出现在莎士比亚笔下的群众，脱不了“愚昧”的嫌疑^④，但独夫之旁，毕竟也还有勃鲁特司那样的人物。我爱辛那的宣言^⑤，恺撒的尸体横下来了，他叫道：

我们到底得到自由和解放了。压迫已经终结。不要耽误，赶快把这公布到全罗马的各处。

我的心至今还在和他们一同跳动^⑥，千百年来“愚昧”的群众的心，也在迫虐下和他们一同跳动。

虽然是暗恶叱咤^⑦的恺撒，然而毕竟空虚得很^⑧。

至于哥伦布的贪婪、残虐、阴险，那更是征服者显著的罪恶，他虐待土人，贩卖黑奴，施行灭种的方法，以野狗去猎取生人。作为一个有血性的英雄，他不但缺少正直的心地，而且也没有阔大的胸怀。倘使说新大陆的发现是值得讴歌的，那么，我宁愿讴歌大西洋里的海风。即使哥伦布死在摇篮里，美洲也还是要被人发现的^⑨。

由我看来，哥伦布不过是一个鼻子上抹灰的武丑一流的人物，他相信地圆说，又受了马可波罗著作的影响，想朝西走到东方，首先是碰到古巴，他以为这便是日本，后来见了海地岛，又以海地为日本，洪都拉斯为印度，而以古巴为中国了。夜里，一群企鹅缓缓地在海滩上散步。他把这当作是中国的牧师，在月光下作晚祷。

虽然是美丽的夜景，却救不醒朦胧的头脑。

不料洎乎末世^⑩，竟又出现了连和恺撒与哥伦布也还不能同日而语的人物^⑪，我无法来叙写我的愤恨。

虽然专横，然而征高卢，灭庞培，恺撒毕竟还有武功；虽然残酷，然而历险阻，入蛮荒，哥伦布毕竟还有胆量。但现在是掏尽脂膏，流尽血汗，却不过几座空城头，几条铁路线，一面又疑神疑鬼，畏首畏尾，子弹只知道征逐平民，刺刀最喜欢追随妇孺。这是残忍的泡沫，那下面正是卑怯^⑫的渊薮。

恺撒死了，但是他有武功；哥伦布死了，但是他有胆量。大和魂^⑬毁灭了，这回留下些什么东西呢？我无法来叙写我的愤恨。



My Great Indignation

© Tang Tao

I like to read about stirring events in history and hear of heroic personages.

Nevertheless, I have no liking at all for Caesar the autocrat and Columbus the adventurer. These two so-called heroes are in fact utterly worthless. "Ignorant" as the mobs in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar may seem, there stands by Caesar's side, however, a real man named Brutus. I like the declaration made by Cinna when Caesar falls:

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

My heart has so far been throbbing in sympathy with those of Brutus, Cinna and the like. For thousands of years, so have been the hearts of "ignorant" mobs under tyrannical rule.

All-powerful as he seemed, Caesar was after all frailty itself.

Columbus was known for his avarice, ruthlessness and insidiousness as characteristic of a conqueror. He maltreated the aborigines, traded in black slaves, committed genocide and used hounds to hunt down living beings. As a so-called brave hero, he was entirely devoid of uprightness and breadth of mind. If the discovery of the new continent is something deserving our praises, I would rather eulogize the sea wind of the Atlantic Ocean. Even if Columbus had died in the cradle, America would have been discovered by man all the same.

In my opinion, Columbus was nothing but an acrobatic clown with his nose brightly painted. Believing in the theory that the earth is round and fascinated by Marco Polo's book of travels, he attempted to sail west to reach the Orient. At first he took Cuba and Haiti successively for Japan, then he took Honduras for India and Cuba for China. In the evening, seeing a flock of penguins move slowly on the beach, he mistook them for a group of Chinese priests saying evening prayers in the moonlight.

The sublime evening scene failed to sober him up.

Unfortunately, since the end of the 19th century, the world has witnessed the sudden emergence of certain villains far more ferocious than even Caesar or Columbus. That has filled me with indescribable burning hatred.

Caesar was despotic, but he performed outstanding military exploits in conquering Gaul and defeating Pompey. Columbus was brutal, but he was brave enough to go into the barbarous wilderness in defiance of dangers and hardships. Now, the above-mentioned certain villains have stopped at no evil only to seize a handful of empty towns and railway lines. Driven by terror and suspicion, they go on firing at common people and bayoneting women and children. The cold-blooded atrocities they are perpetrating betrays nothing but their deep-seated base cowardice.

Caesar is no more, but he is remembered for his brilliant military exploits. Columbus is no more, but he is remembered for his great courage. When yamato-damashii is rooted out, what will it have left behind? I cannot tell you enough how indignant I am.

唐弢（1913—1992），中国现代著名散文作家，出生于浙江省镇海县的一个农民家庭。抗战时期，他在上海孤岛发表了大量有战斗力的杂文。正在这一时期，他于1938年9月10日写了《书愤》一文。文章用迂曲暗示的手法表达他的爱国激情以及对日本侵略者的愤恨，行文从容，结构严谨。

注释

①“书愤”的字面意思是“论述我的激愤”，本可译为On My Indignation，现译为My Great Indignation，更为有力，其中Great是添加成分，原文虽无其词，但有其意。

②“有生命的历史”的意思是“过去一些激动人心（轰轰烈烈）的历史”，不宜逐字死译为living history。现译为stirring events in history。

③“有血性的人物”指“有英雄气概的人物”，故译为heroic personages。

④“脱不了‘愚昧’的嫌疑”意即“总有些让人感到‘愚昧’”或“或多或少有些‘愚昧’”，不宜按字面直译为to be suspected to be "ignorant"，今译为"Ignorant" as the mobs in... may seem，等于Though the mobs in... may seem "ignorant"。

⑤辛那的宣言“我们到底得到自由……公布到全罗马的各处”的原文出自莎士比亚剧本《尤里乌斯·恺撒》（Jilius Caesar）第三幕第一场。

⑥“我的心至今还在和他们的一同跳动”译为My heart has so far been throbbing in sympathy with those of Brutus, Cinna and the like，其中in sympathy的意思是“支持”，是译文中的添加成分，原文虽无其词，但有其意。

⑦“暗恶叱咤”本作“厉声怒喝”解，在此意同“威力无比”或“叱咤风云”，故译all-powerful。

⑧“毕竟空虚得很”可按“毕竟很脆弱”的意思译为was after all frailty itself，其中itself放在抽象名词后面，是为了加强语气，因此frailty itself意同very frail。

⑨“美洲也还是要被人发现的”译为America would have been discovered by man all the same，其中all the same（或just the same）是成语，作“依然”、“照样”解。此句也可译为America would still have been discovered by man。

⑩“泊乎末世”本作“到世纪末”解，在此意即“近19世纪末”，其中“泊乎”的意思是“到”或“近”，“末世”的意思是“一个历史阶段的末尾的时期”。现结合上下文把“泊乎末世”译为since the end of the 19th century。

⑪“人物”暗指日本侵略者，今译为certain villains，同样用迂回手法。

⑫“卑怯”译为base cowardice，等于baseness and cowardice，其中base作“卑鄙的”解。

⑬“大和魂”是日本军国主义者在战时大肆宣扬的口号，意即“日本魂（精神）”，本应译为the soul (spirit) of Japan，今译yamato-damashii，保持原作的迂回手法。



故乡的雨

◎ 唐 弢

江南的春天素称多雨，一落就是七八天^①。住在上海的人们，平日既感不到雨的需要，一旦下雨，天气是那么阴沉，谁也耐不住闷在狭小的家里^②；可是跑到外面，没有山，没有湖，也没有经雨的嫩绿的叶子，一切都不及晴天好；有时阔人的汽车从你身旁驰过，还得带一身泥污回来。

记得六七年前初来上海读书，校里的功课特别忙，往往自修到午夜；那年偏又多雨，淅淅沥沥，打窗飘瓦，常常扰乱我看书的情绪。我虽然不像岂明老人^③那样额其斋曰：“苦雨”，天天坐在里面嘘气^④，但也的确有点“深恶而痛绝之”的念头。

可是这种事情只在上海才会有。少时留居家乡，当春雨像鹅毛般落着的时候，登楼眺望，远处的山色被一片烟雨笼住，村落恍惚，若有若无^⑤，雨中的原野新鲜而又幽静，使人不易忘怀！尤其可爱的是夜间。不知哪一年春天，我和两个同伴，摇着小船到十里外一个镇上看社戏，完场已是午夜，归途遇雨，船在河塘中缓缓前进，灯火暗到辨不出人面，船身擦着河岸新生的茅草，发出沙沙的声音。雨打乌篷，悠扬疾徐，如听音乐，如闻节拍，和着同伴们土著的歌谣^⑥，“河桥风雨夜推篷”，真够使人神往。

这几年投荒^⑦到都市，每值淫雨，听着滞涩枯燥的调子^⑧，回念故乡景色，觉得连雨声也变了。人事的变迁，更何待说呢！

Rain in My Old Home

© Tang Tao

Spring in the south is known to be rainy. During this season, it never rains there but it remains wet for seven or eight days on end. Dwellers in Shanghai, who usually do not feel the need for rain, will be bored with having to confine themselves in their close quarters when outside it is gloomy with rain. While in the open, seeing no mountains, nor lakes, nor rain-drenched soft green leaves, you'll find nothing comparable to a fine day. Sometimes, worse still, a rich man's car flashing past may splash you all over with mud.

I remember when I first came to Shanghai to attend school six or seven years ago, I used to be so very busy with my homework that I often had to sit up late into the night. As it happened to be a rainy year, I was often disturbed by the pitter-patter of rain beating down against the window and roof. Indeed, I dislike rain with no less intensity than the elderly gentleman Qi Ming[®], who sits about moaning about the wet weather all day in his study, over the doorway of which hangs a horizontal board bearing an inscription in his own hand, "Distressing-Rain Study".

But that's something which can be experienced in Shanghai only. I'll never forget the days when I enjoyed the spring rain in my native place as a small child. I would go upstairs to take a distant look. The faraway mountains were veiled in a misty rain. The villages were now visible, now invisible. The wet open country was fresh and serene. And the rainy evening was even more lovely. One spring, together with two companions, I rowed a small boat to a townlet ten li away to see a village opera. At midnight, after the performance was over, we got caught in a rain on the way home. The boat made its way slowly and our faces were hardly distinguishable by the dim light of the lantern. Rustles were heard as the boat rubbed its body against the newly grown green grass by the river bank. The rain beating on the awning gave off a pleasant sound, as if with musical rhythm and cadence. My companions began to sing, to the accompaniment of the drip-drop, the local folk song *In a Boat by a Bridge on a Rainy Night*. It was truly fascinating.

In recent years, living, as I do, in a big city remote from my old home, I invariably feel homesick listening to the harsh, monotonous drip, drip, drip of the rain. O even the sound of rain has changed, to say nothing of the affairs of human life!



唐弢出生于浙江省镇海县的一个农民家庭。故乡与童年给他的散文创作提供了丰富的素材。他写于1933年的处女作《故乡的雨》便是叙述自己身处城市重温故乡景色与童年快乐的小品散文。

注释

①“一落就是七八天”译为it never rains there but it remains wet for seven or eight days on end, 相当于it never rains there without remaining wet for seven or eight days on end, 其中wet作rainy解, on end作continuously或at a time解。英语常用“never... but+主语+动词”的句型表达“未有.....而不.....”之意, 如: I never think of rain but I think of my home town (我一想到雨, 就会想到故乡)。

②“住在上海的人们.....谁也耐不住闷在狭小的家里”译为Dwellers in Shanghai... will be bored with having to confine themselves in their close quarters, 其中to confine themselves in/to作“使自己禁闭于.....”解, close quarters作“狭小的住处”解。

③“岂明老人”指作家周作人(字岂明), 故译the elderly gentleman Qi Ming, 译文中须另加注释。

④“天天坐在里面嘘气”意即“整天坐在书房里唉声叹气”, 译为sits about moaning all day in his study, 其中moaning相当于sighing。又, 成语to sit about的意思是“懒洋洋地闲坐”(to sit doing nothing), 内涵与to sit略有不同。

⑤“村落恍惚, 若有若无”意同“村落忽隐忽现”, 译为The villages were now visible, now invisible, 其中now... now...是习语, 作“时而.....时而.....”解。

⑥“和着同伴们土著的歌谣”意即“伴随着同伴们唱的地方歌谣”。译时可颠倒过来, 按“伴随着雨声, 同伴们唱起一支地方歌谣.....”处理: My companions began to sing, to the accompaniment of the drip-drop, the local folk song..., 其中to the accompaniment of是成语, 作“在.....伴奏下”解。

⑦“投荒”本作“贬谪”或“被流放到荒远处”解, 文中只作“寄居远地”解, 同样有“身不由己”的含义, 故把“这几年投荒到都市”译为In recent years, living, as I do, in a big city remote from my old home, 其中插入语as I do是为了加强语气。

⑧“听着滞涩枯燥的调子”译为listening to the harsh, monotonous drip, drip, drip of the rain, 其中“滞涩”作“刺耳”解, “枯燥”作“单调”解, 故分别译为harsh和monotonous。又, “调子”即“滴滴答答”的雨声, 用拟声词drip, drip, drip表达。译文中其他代表雨声的拟声词有pitter-patter和drip-drop。

⑨ Qi Ming is the literary name of the famous modern prose writer Zhou Zuoren (1885-1967).



◎ 柯 灵 Ke Ling

书的抒情^①

◎ 柯 灵

说到书，我很动感情。因为它给我带来温暖，我对它满怀感激^②。

书是我的恩师。贫穷剥夺了我童年的幸福，把我关在学校大门的外面，是书本敞开它宽厚的胸脯，接纳了我，给我以慷慨的哺育。没有书，就没有我的今天。——也许我早就委身于沟壑^③。

书是我的良友。它给我一把金钥匙，诱导我打开浅短的视界，愚昧的头脑，鄙塞的心灵。它从不吝惜对我帮助。

书是我青春期的恋人，中年的知己，暮年的伴侣。有了它，我就不再愁寂寞，不再怕人情冷暖，世态炎凉。它使我成为精神世界的富翁。我真的是“不可一日无此君”。当我忙完了，累极了；当我愤怒时，苦恼时，我就想亲近它，因为这是一种绝妙的安抚。

我真愿意成为十足的“书迷”和“书痴”^④，可惜还不够条件。

不知道谁是监狱的始作俑者^⑤。剥夺自由，诚然^⑥是人世最酷虐的刑法，但如果允许囚人有读书的权利，那还不算是自由的彻底丧失。我对此有惨痛的经验。

对书的焚毁和禁锢，是最大的愚蠢，十足的野蛮^⑦，可怕的历史倒退。

当然书本里也有败类，那是瘟疫之神，死亡天使，当与世人共弃之。

作家把自己写的书，送给亲友，献与读者，是最大的愉快。如果他的书引起共鸣，得到赞美，那就是对他最好的酬谢。

在宁静的环境，悠闲的心情中静静地读书，是人生中最有味的享受。在“四人帮”覆亡的前夜，我曾经避开海洋般的冷漠与白眼，每天到龙华公园读书^⑧，拥有自己独立苍茫的世界。这是我一个终生难忘的经历。

书本是太阳、空气、雨露。我不能设想，没有书的世界是什么样的世界。



Eulogizing Books

© Ke Ling

I always think of books with profound feeling, being deeply indebted to them, as I am, for the warmth they have brought me.

Books are my beloved teachers. In my childhood, when I was deprived of happiness and schooling by poverty, books took me to their large bosoms and nurtured me generously. It is to them that I owe what I am today. Without them, I would probably have ended up in abject misery long ago.

Books are my good friends. They have offered me a golden key to broadening my horizons and ridding myself of stupidity and ignorance. They spare no efforts to help me.

Books are my sweethearts in my youth, my bosom friends in my middle age, and my companions in my declining years. Accompanied by books, I never feel lonely, nor fear social snobbery or fickleness of the world. They have made a rich man of me in the inner world. I cannot do without them even for a single day. When I feel tired out after finishing my work, or when I am in a bad mood, I'll try to get close to books for comfort — the best way for me to find spiritual consolation.

Oh, if only I were a confirmed bibliomaniac or bookworm! But, unfortunately, I'm still not fully qualified for one yet!

I don't know who was the despicable originator of the prison. Deprivation of freedom is the most savage punishment on earth for sure, but, as I've learned from my own personal bitter experience, if prisoners are permitted the right to read they should not be regarded as totally devoid of freedom.

Burning or banning books is the height of folly and barbarity, signifying a most horrible retrogression in history.

Of course there is also some rubbish among books to be avoided like the plague or Death by all.

It is the greatest pleasure for a writer to present to his friends gift copies of a book authored by himself or to have it offered to the reading public. And he will feel richly rewarded if his book arouses public interest and earns wide acclaim.

It is the greatest joy of life for one to spend his leisure time reading in quiet surroundings. On the eve of the fall of the "Gang of Four", I used to go to Longhua Park every day for a reading session, seeking shelter from a sea of frosty looks and hostile stares in a world of my own. That will forever remain an unforgettable experience of my life.

Books are sunlight and air, rain and dew. I can't imagine what would become of the world without books.



柯灵（1909—2000），浙江绍兴人，是我国现代杰出散文作家。他的散文优美洗练，讲究文字的研磨，风格简要明快，博识典雅。《书的抒情》是他写于1985年的一篇短文。作者酷爱读书，在热情颂扬书的同时，回顾极左年代的文化摧残，斥之为“可怕的历史倒退”。

注释

①“抒情”二字在此不宜直译，现按“赞颂”的含义，把标题译为Eulogizing Books或A Eulogy on Books。如简译为On Books未尝不可，只缺感情色彩。

②“因为它给我带来温暖，我对它满怀感激”译为分词短语being deeply indebted to them, as I am, for the warmth they have brought me，但也可用并列短语表达：for I am deeply indebted to them for the warmth they have brought me。在原因状语的分词短语中插入as I am是为了加重语气。

③“沟壑”本指“溪谷”、“山沟”，常引申指“野死之处”，因此“委身于沟壑”的意思为“死无葬身之处”，今结合上下文，应作“结局悲惨”解，故译为would have ended up in abject misery（或extreme unhappiness）。

④“我真愿成为十足的‘书迷’和‘书痴’”表达一种不能实现的愿望，译为Oh, if only I were a confirmed bibliomaniac or bookworm!，其中感叹词Oh是添加成分，用以加重语气。此句也可译为O how I wish I were a bibliomaniac or bookworm through and through! 又，“十足的”可译为定语confirmed或状语短语through and through。

⑤“监狱的始作俑者”意即“可鄙的监狱创始人”，故译为the despicable originator of the prison。

⑥“诚然”即“毫无疑问”，译为for sure，所在句的后面常接以but为首的并列句。

⑦“是最大的愚蠢，十足的野蛮”译为is the height of folly and barbarity，等于is an act of the greatest folly and barbarity。

⑧“每天到龙华公园读书”译为used to go to Longhua Park for a reading session，其中session的意思是从事某种活动的“一段时间”。

◎ 端木蕻良 Duanmu Hongliang

黎明的眼睛

◎ 端木蕻良

三月清晨，把窗子推开^①，第一片阳光便飞到人们的全身^②。对着阳光带进来的新鲜空气，任谁都要深吸一口，说：春天来了！

就这样，春天从窗口走近了我们。

但是，可不要忘记，不是从有房子那天起，我们就有窗子的呢！^③

我们的兄弟，爱斯基摩人用冰块^④建筑的房子，像个白玉的钟罩一般，是没有什么窗子的。过去的鄂伦春兄弟们住的“神仙柱”，因为没有屋顶，在屋里，到晚上可以看到头上的月亮和星光，也就无须开窗子了。

最早的人类山顶洞人走下山来，不知住过多少代，才懂得造个窝儿的时候，他们也只会模仿岩洞，把地挖个半截坑、上面再搭上个顶篷。至于窗子，就谈不上了。

房墙上开窗子是后来的事^⑤。随着窗子的开凿和扩大，人类文明的曙光也随着扩大^⑥。

窗子，自从它出现的那天起，它就成为阳光的眼睛，空气的港口，成了自然和社会的纽带。

随着时间流逝，层楼的加多，窗子也越来越多了。看到高层的建筑，就会惊叹窗子是房屋最鲜明的象征。没有窗子的房子，几乎也就没法把它唤作屋子了。

有谁未曾享受过开窗的喜悦呢？打开窗子，突然见到青山闯了进来，打开窗子，看到柳色的清新，小燕的飞来……

窗子开了，用不着打招呼，新的空气就会猛扑进来^⑦。

当然，随之而来的，也有风沙^⑧飞入屋中。还有，眼睛看不到的微尘，还有很难发觉的细菌，有的是出面拜访，有的是偷偷地混了进来……

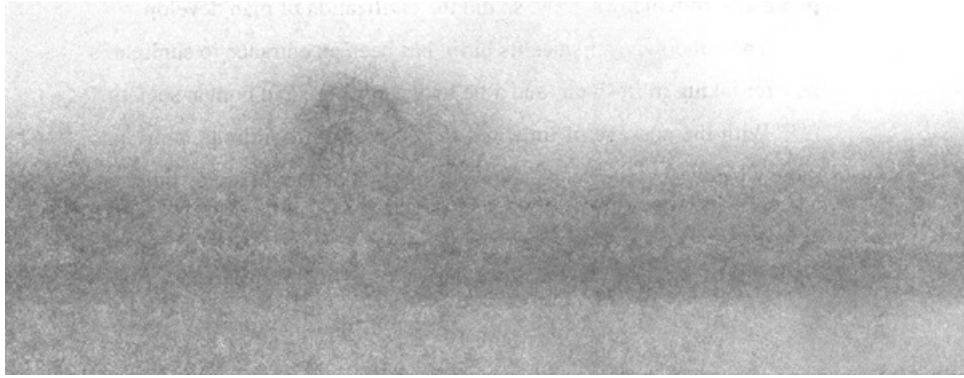
从古到今多少诗人赞美过窗子，多少歌手歌唱过窗子，多少情人的眼睛凝望过窗子^⑨……

窗子的变化^⑩，是值得人们考察一番的。小小的窗子，几乎可以说，是文明的眼睛。在今后的日子里，窗子的变化会更加多种多样了。

窗子的玻璃会随着时钟，自动调和射进室内的光线^⑪，窗子会随着明暗变换颜色，窗框上装有循环水，它可以为居室的主人带走很多他发觉不到的天敌，又可以送进来他需要而又不易得到的芳香和养分……

有的窗子不需开合^⑫，便能做到通风透光，它还可以把你愿听到的声音关到外边，但是悦耳的琴声，它是不会阻拦的……

打开窗子吧！现在开窗子就不光是为了迎进阳光、空气，或者远眺青山的青、新柳的绿、燕子飞来的掠影……而是迎接一个新的世纪^⑬！



The Window

© Duanmu Hongliang

When you throw open your window on an early morning in March, you will at once be totally exposed to the sun's first rays and, inhaling deeply of the fresh air brought in by them, exclaim, "Spring is here!"

Yes, it is through the window that spring manages to approach us.

But don't forget that not all houses have been windowed ever since man first began to build them.

Our Eskimo brothers' houses, built of large blocks of frozen snow and shaped like white-jade clock covers, have no windows at all. Our Oroqen^① brothers used to live in roofless houses with no need for windows because they could in the evening enjoy the moon and stars overhead indoors.

Man's ancestors had been cave-dwellers before they left their mountains to settle on the plain. It was not until countless generations later that they began to build dwellings patterned after a cave — with an awning over a shallow pit in the ground. There was no window to speak of.

Making a window in the wall was a much later invention. As the popularity of windows grew, so did the civilization of man develop.

The window, ever since its birth, has been an entrance to sunlight, a port for taking in fresh air, and a tie between nature and human society.

With the passage of time and increase of tall buildings, more and more windows have appeared. Now, at the sight of a multi-storey building, one cannot help exclaiming at how the window is so symbolic of the house. Without a window, a house could hardly be called as such.

Who hasn't experienced great delight in opening a window? The moment you open it, you will be immediately struck by imposing blue mountains, fresh green willows, little swallows flying towards you...

Open the window, and fresh air will break in upon your room.

Of course, grains of sand will simultaneously be brought in too. So will invisible dust particles and bacteria, either openly or surreptitiously...

From ancient times to the present, innumerable poets have sung their praises of the window, innumerable singers have extolled it, innumerable lovers have fixed their dreamy eyes on it...

The evolution of the window is worthy of our study. Small as it is, the window has opened man's eyes to civilization. In the days to come, its changes will become even more manifold.

The window pane will, along with the tick-tick of the clock, automatically regulate light streaming into the room and change its own colour according to interior illumination. The window frame will be filled with circulatory water to remove things harmful to the resident without his knowledge and carry to him fragrance and nutrients which he much needs but are otherwise hard for him to get.

Some windows will ensure good ventilation and transparency without manual manipulation. They will keep out disturbing noises and let in sweet music.

Let's open the window! Open it not just to let in sunlight and air or to get a distant view of blue mountains, fresh green willows and swallows in flight..., but, more importantly, to usher in a new century!

端木蕻良（1912—1996），辽宁省昌图县人，满族，是现代作家。他于三十年代初出现在中国文坛，曾先后主编多种刊物，并教过大学。《黎明的眼睛》是他写于1980年2月的一篇散文。文章借窗口见人类文明之过去、现在和未来，展示了窗子和人类文明的同步发展。

注释

- ①“把窗子推开”可译为throw open the window或open the window，但前者更切合原意。
- ②“第一片阳光便飞到人们的全身”未按字面直译为The first rays of the sun will hit you instantly from head to foot，现按“使你立即接触到黎明的光芒”译为You will at once be totally exposed to the sun's first rays。
- ③“不是从有房子那天起，我们就有窗子的呢！”按“自从人类开始建房以来，不是所有房子都有窗子”译为not all houses have been windowed ever since man first began to build houses，其中have been windowed意同have had windows。
- ④“冰块”应译为blocks of frozen snow或blocks of hard snow，不能译为blocks of ice，因爱斯基摩人盖房子用的是冻结的硬雪块，不是冰块。
- ⑤“房墙上开窗子是后来的事”可直译为Opening a window in the wall was something that took place much later，但不如Opening a window in the wall was a much later invention（或practice）简练。
- ⑥“随着窗子的开凿和扩大，人类文明的曙光也随着扩大”如按字面直译将欠利落，故用意译法处理：As the popularity of windows grew, so did the civilization of man develop。
- ⑦“窗子开了，用不着打招呼，新的空气就会猛扑进来”译为Open the window, and fresh air will break in upon the room，其中will break in upon the room意同will rush into the room without waiting to get permission。
- ⑧“风沙”在此指“沙粒”，故译grains of sand。
- ⑨“多少情人的眼睛凝望过窗子……”译为innumerable lovers have fixed their dreamy eyes on it...，其中dreamy是译文中的增益成分，作“出神的”解，为的是更好地表达原意。
- ⑩“变化”在此有“演化”的意思，故译evolution。
- ⑪“窗子的玻璃会随着时钟，自动调和射进室内的光线……”译为The window pane will, along with the tick-tick of the clock, automatically regulate light streaming into the room...，其中用将来式will... regulate表达作者对未来的设想（以下各句也如此）。又，拟声词tick-tick是译文中的增益成分，以示时钟的变动。
- ⑫“不需开合”译为without manual manipulation（不需人手操作），取代without having to be opened or closed，以求简洁。
- ⑬“而是迎接一个新的世纪！”译为but, more importantly, to usher in a new century，其中more importantly是译文中的增益成分，用以加强语气，原文虽无其词而有其意。
- ⑭ One of China's ethnic minorities inhabiting northeastern Inner Mongolia and Heilongjiang.



耐力

◎ 端木蕻良

鸽子，在天空飞着①。人们把哨子拴在它的腿上，从天空里，便飞来悠扬的哨响②。天是晴朗的，只有一两片白云。鸽子在空中盘旋。鸽子的翻腾③，从哨子发声的波折中④，也可以听出来。

鸽子一群一群地飞着，在罗马的古堡上飞着，当但丁⑤第一次和碧蒂利采⑥相遇的时候，鸽子就在那儿飞着。

鸽子在天安门前飞着，在北京城刚刚建造起来的时候，它们就在这儿飞着。

鸽子有凤头的，有黑翅的，有纯白的，还有带芝麻点儿的。但，翅膀都同样的矫健。

鸽子的眼睛，透着爱的光。它会把食物用嘴吐出来喂养小鸽子。据说鸽子老了，它孵养的鸽子，也会来喂养它……

鸽子的翅膀，没有海鸥那么大，也没有鹞子那么大，更没有鹰那么会在高空中滑翔……但它的翅膀却比它们都强……

鸽子是喜欢群居的⑦，但也能单独飞行，在它完成最远的行程的时候，常常是在单独的情况下做到的。

在这个远程的飞行里，它几乎是没有什么东西吃，也没有水喝，就是不停地飞。不达到目的地不停止。鸽子横渡海洋，白天和黑夜都不停地飞行。在海面上没有什么可吃的，海水也是不能喝的，半途也没有地方歇息，要是到了有岩石的地方，那已是到了海的那一边了……

骆驼能征服沙漠，鸽子能征服天空……

骆驼不会像马那样奔驰，鸽子也不像海燕那样遨游。但鸽子和骆驼相比，同样都有耐力。它们的耐力是坚强的，漫卷的黄沙和凶猛的台风在它们面前，都为之失色……⑧

它们的耐力，使它们总是能到达它们要去的地方，在沙漠里几乎找不到中途倒在沙里的骆驼⑨，在海洋里，也看不到中途跌落的鸽子。

骆驼和鸽子，同样没有剑拔弩张的样子⑩，它们的眼睛都含着羞怯的光。但是它们的眼睛，从不被沙子迷住，也从不怕狂风的吹打……

骆驼的峰就是一座拱桥⑪，它沟通了东方和西方的文化，驼铃是最可靠的信使，最动人的信息……

鸽子是最忠诚的，它能把军事机密准确无误地带到指挥员的手中……

鸽哨又在我的头上响起来了，我听到它，并不感到它的声音不大，而是觉得整个天空都在它的声音里变小了……

Endurance

© Duanmu Hongliang

The pigeon flies high. People tie a whistle to its leg so that they can enjoy the sweet sound coming from the air.

When the pigeon circles in the clear blue sky with a speck or two of white cloud, the rises and falls of the whistling sound are indicative of the aerial somersaults performed by the bird.

Pigeons fly in flocks. They hover over the ancient castles in Rome. In fact, they have been hovering over them ever since Dante first met Beatrice.

They wheel over Tian'anmen Square. In fact, they have been wheeling over it ever since the birth of the City of Beijing.

Some pigeons have a head shaped like that of a phoenix. Their wings are either black, white or speckled, and invariably strong and vigorous.

Their eyes glisten with love. They use their mouths to pass food to their nestlings. It is said that when the pigeon grows old, it will be fed in the same manner by the adult pigeons it has hatched and reared.

The pigeon's wings are shorter than those of the seagull, smaller than those of the sparrow hawk and less capable of gliding in the air than those of the eagle, but, nevertheless, stronger than all...

The pigeon is a social bird, but it also flies by itself. It often covers enormous distances on its own.

It has practically nothing to eat or drink while flying long distances non-stop day and night. While in flight over the sea, it finds nothing edible or drinkable, nor a place for taking a rest until a rocky spot is in sight, which means it is nearing the other side of the sea...

The camel conquers the desert while the pigeon conquers the air.

The camel cannot run as fast as the horse, the pigeon cannot fly with as much agility as the petrel. But both camel and pigeon are hardy. Their endurance is such as to put to shame both the raging sandstorm and the violent typhoon.

Their great endurance enables them to get to any place they want to. Almost no camel succumbs to difficulties in the midst of a desert and almost no pigeon falls dead while halfway over the sea.

Both camel and pigeon are very gentle, with eyes always twinkling timidly. But they never cringe from a blinding dust storm or a furious tempest...

The camel's hump symbolizes an arch bridge linking up the cultures of East and West. Armed with a jingling bell, it is a most reliable courier delivering most exciting messages...

The pigeon is a most trustworthy messenger. It does the work of delivering secret intelligence to a military commander with unerring accuracy.

The pigeon whistle is ringing again overhead. To me, however, the whole firmament seems to pale into insignificance in comparison with the small sound.



《耐力》是端木蕻良写于1981年4月的一篇散文。

注释

①“鸽子，在天空飞着”可译为The pigeon flies in the sky或The pigeon flies in the air，现译为The pigeon flies high，取其简洁。

②“从天空里，便飞来悠扬的哨响”可按“以便听到从空中来的悦耳哨响”之意译为so that they can enjoy the sweet sound coming from the air。

③“鸽子的翻腾”意即“鸽子在空中的上下翻滚”，故译为the aerial somersaults performed by the bird，其中aerial somersaults（空中翻跟头）是形象化的表达法。

④“哨子发声的波折”意即“哨子发声的高低变化”，故译为the rises and falls of the whistling sound。

⑤“但丁”（Dante Alighieri, 1265—1321）是意大利诗人，其代表作为《神曲》（Divine Comedy），反映中世纪意大利的社会矛盾，谴责教皇和僧侣的贪婪专横。

⑥“碧蒂利采”（Beatrice）为但丁作品《新生》（Vita Nuova）和《神曲》（Divine Comedy）中理想化了的一个女子。但丁在早年曾热爱过此女。

⑦“鸽子是喜欢群居的”可译为The pigeon is a social (gregarious) bird，或Pigeons often occur in flocks、Pigeons normally live in large groups等。

⑧“它们的耐力是坚强的，漫卷的黄沙和凶猛的台风在它们面前，都为之失色……”译为Their endurance is such as to put to shame both the raging sandstorm and the violent typhoon，其中to put to shame是成语，作“使……黯然失色”、“胜过……”等解。此句也可译为Their endurance is so remarkable that it overshadows both the raging sandstorm and the violent typhoon。

⑨“在沙漠里几乎找不到中途倒在沙里的骆驼”译为Almost no camel succumbs to difficulties in the midst of a desert，其中to succumb to的意思是“因……而死亡”或“被……压垮”，在此比to die from有略多内涵。

⑩“骆驼和鸽子，同样没有剑拔弩张的样子”可按“骆驼和鸽子都很温顺（不好斗）”之意译为Neither camel nor pigeon is fight-happy或Both camel and pigeon are very gentle。

⑪“骆驼的峰就是一座拱桥”不宜直译，现按“骆驼的峰象征一座拱桥”译为The camel's hump symbolizes an arch bridge。



◎ 师 陀 Shi Tuo

邮差先生

◎ 师 陀

邮差先生走到街上来，手里拿着一大把信。在这小城里他兼任邮务员，售票员^①，但仍旧有许多剩余时间，每天戴上老花眼镜^②，埋头在公案上剪裁花样。因此——再加上岁月的侵蚀，他的脊背驼了。当邮件来到的时候他站起来，他念着，将它们拣出来，然后小心的扎成一束。

“这一封真远^③！”碰巧瞥见从云南或甘肃寄来的信，他便忍不住在心里叹息。他从来没有想到过比这更远的地方。其实他自己也弄不清云南和甘肃的方位——谁教它们处在那么远，远到使人一生不想去吃它们的小米饭或大头菜呢？

现在邮差先生手里拿着的是各种各样的信。从甘肃和云南来的邮件毕竟很少，它们最多的大概还是学生写给家长们的。

“又来催饷了^④，”他心里说：“足够老头子忙三四天！”

他在空旷的很少行人的街上走着，一面想着，如果碰见母猪带领着小猪，便从旁边绕过去。小城的阳光晒着他花白了的头，晒着他穿皂布马褂的背，尘土极幸运的从脚下飞起来，落到他的白布袜子上，他的扎腿带上。在这小城里他用不着穿号衣。一个学生的家长又将向他诉苦，“毕业，毕我的业^⑤！”他将听他过去听过无数次的，一个老人对于他的爱子所发的这种怨言，心里充满善意，他于是笑了。这些写信的人自然并不全认识他，甚至没有一个会想起他，但这没有关系，他知道他们，他们每换一回地址他都知道。

邮差先生于是敲门，门要是虚掩着，他走进去。

“家里有人吗？”他大声在过道里喊。

他有时候要等好久^⑥。最后从里头走出一位老太太，她的女婿在外地做生意，再不然，她的儿子在外边当兵。一条狗激烈的在她背后叫着。她出来的很仓促，两只手湿淋淋的，分明刚才还在做事。

“干什么的^⑦？”老太太问。

邮差先生告诉她：“有一封信，挂号信，得盖图章。”

老太太没有图章。

“那你打个铺保，晚半天到局子里来领。这里头也许有钱。”

“有多少？”

“我说也许有，不一定有。”

你能怎么办呢？对于这个好老太太。邮差先生费了半天唇舌，终于又走到街上来了。小城的阳光照在他的花白头顶上，他的模样既尊贵又从容，并有一种特别风韵，看见他你会当他是趁便出来散步的。说实话他又何必紧张，他手里的信反正总有时间全部送到，那么在这个小城里，另外难道还会有什么事等候他吗？虽然他有时候是这样抱歉，他为这个小城送来^⑧——不，这种事是很少有的，但愿它不常有。

“送信的，有我的信吗？”正走间，一个爱开玩笑的小子忽然拦住他的去路。

“你的信吗？”邮差先生笑了。“你的信还没有来，这会儿正在路上睡觉呢。”

邮差先生拿着信，顺着街道走下去，没有一辆车子阻碍他，没有一种声音教他分心^⑨。阳光充足的照到街岸上、屋脊上和墙壁上，整个小城都在寂静的光耀中。他身上要出

汗，他心里——假使不为尊重自己的一把年纪跟好胡子，他真想大声哼唱小曲。为此他深深赞叹：这个小城的天气多好！

Mr. Postman

© Shi Tuo

Mr. Postman would walk up the street with a bundle of letters in his hand. Working in a small town as postman-stamp seller, he still had lots of spare time. Every day he would sit bending over his desk scissor-cutting flower patterns, wearing a pair of glasses for farsighted old people. All this, plus age, had given him a bent back. When the mail arrived, he would stand up, run his eyes over it, pick out the letters he was to deliver, and carefully bundle them up.

"This letter is from a real far place!" he could not help sighing inwardly when he happened to catch sight of a letter from a remote province, such as Yunnan or Gansu. He had never thought of a place farther than that, though he himself had no clear idea at all where it was located. Who was to blame for its being so far away that people had to deny themselves, for life, the pleasure of eating, say, millet in Gansu or salted turnip in Yunnan?

Mr. Postman was now carrying various kinds of letters in his hand. Few, however, came from Gansu or Yunnan. Most of them were probably sent by students to their parents.

"Here's another letter pressing for the allowance," said he to himself. "It'll take the poor old man at least three or four days to raise the money."

While walking on the deserted open street, he reminded himself that in case he met a sow approaching with her piglets following close behind he must take care to skirt round them. The small town sun was shining down on his greying head and on the back of his black mandarin jacket. The dust kicked up from under his feet was lucky enough to settle on his white socks and leg wrappings. As a small town postman, he was not liveried. A father would grumble to him again about his own student-son, "Hum, to see him finish school... I'll be finished myself!" Mr. Postman listened smilingly to the poor old man's oft-repeated well-meaning complaints about his beloved son. Of course, not all senders knew him and none would even think of him. But that didn't matter, for he knew about them all and he also knew when they had a new address.

Mr. Postman knocked at a door, and stepped inside if it was left ajar.

"Anybody at home?" he called loudly from the passageway.

As was often the case, he had to wait quite a while. Finally an old lady emerged. Perhaps her son-in-law was doing business elsewhere, or perhaps her son had gone soldiering somewhere. A dog behind her was barking furiously. The old lady had come out in a hurry. She must have been busy with household chores, as witness her hands still dripping wet with water.

"What's up?" she inquired.

"A letter," Mr. Postman answered, "a registered one. You're required to stamp your seal here."

The old lady didn't have a seal.

"Then you have to find a shop guarantor for yourself and come later to the post office for the letter. Maybe there's money in it. "

"How much?"

"I said 'maybe.' Can't tell if there is any money in it."

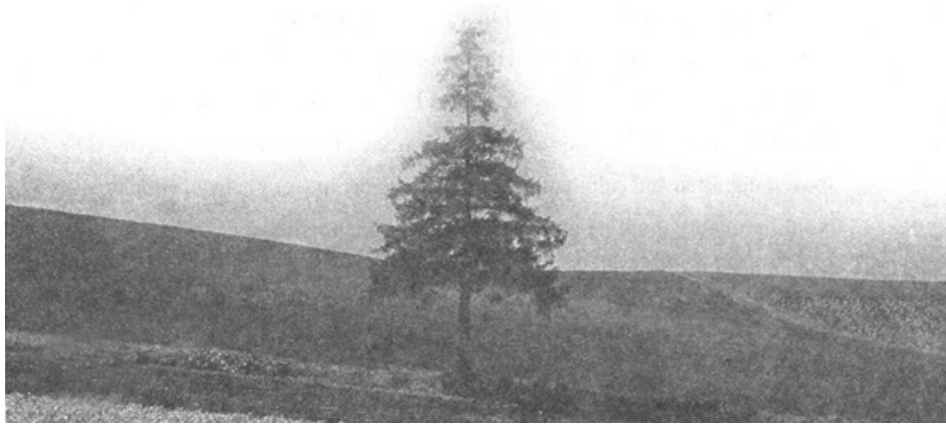
What else could he do with this good old lady? After doing a lot of explaining, Mr. Postman was finally on his way down the street again. With the top of his greying head bathed in the small town sunlight, he looked dignified and calm with a characteristic bearing of his own. People would probably think he was out taking a walk at his leisure. In fact, he had no need for

hurrying at all. He had plenty of time to finish delivering all the mail in his hand. Could there be anything urgent in this town calling for his prompt attention? Yes, once in a while, to his great regret, he did deliver a letter with a bit of unhappy news. It was very seldom though, and he wished it would never happen again.

"Hey, any letter for me?" a playful youngster suddenly stopped him.

"Your letter?" Mr. Postman smiled. "It hasn't arrived yet. For this moment it's dozing on its way."

Mr. Postman kept on walking along the street with the mail in his hand. Not a vehicle in sight, nor a noise within hearing. The sun was beating down on sidewalks, roofs and walls. The whole town was immersed in a silent brilliance. He felt like sweating. Were it not for his age and long beard, he said to himself, he would break out humming a tune. He gasped with admiring wonder, "What a beautiful day!"



师陀（1910—1988）是我国散文名家，河南杞县花寨人，破落地主家庭出身，三十年代步入文坛。《邮差先生》是他写于1942年的一篇人物小品。文章语言浅白、平实，以寥寥数笔，勾画一个善良、敬业的乡村老邮递员，生动传神。

注释

①“他兼任邮务员，售票员”中的“售票员”指“售邮票的人”，故译stamp seller，不能按字面译为ticket seller。全句也可译为Working in a small town as both postman and stamp seller，今译Working in a small town as postman-stamp seller，较为简洁。

②“老花眼镜”即“远视眼镜”，也可译为presbyopic glasses，但欠通俗，不如glasses for farsighted old people切合文体。

③“真远”本应译为really far，今译real far，其中real为副词，等于really，较切合口语。

④“又来催饷了”语气幽默，因“饷”字旧时指“薪金”。全句的意思是“又来要钱了”，故译Here's another letter pressing for the allowance（或pressing for money），不可译为Here's another letter pressing for pay。

⑤“毕业，毕我的业”是双关语，意即“等他毕业，我就完蛋了”，故译为Hum, to see him finish school... I'll be finished myself，其中finished也是双关语。又，Hum（哼）表示不满，是译文中的添加成分，用以衬托原有语气。

⑥“他有时候要等好久”中的“有时候”意即“通常的情况是……”，如译为Sometimes似欠确切，故用从句As was often the case表达。

⑦“干什么的？”也可译为What's happening?，但不如What's up切合口语。

⑧“他为这个小城送来——”根据上下文，送来的明显是坏消息，故译he did deliver a letter with a bit of unhappy news。

⑨“没有一辆车子阻碍他，没有一种声音教他分心”译为Not a vehicle in sight, nor a noise within hearing，前后对称，简洁顺口。如逐字直译，难免逊色。

◎ 张闻天 Zhang Wentian

生命的急流

◎ 张闻天

朋友，你知道什么叫生命吗？你知道什么叫做“生命之流”吗？

你一定不知道^①！因为在家庭里，你是你的父亲的奴隶，在社会上你是道德，法律与经济的奴隶，在学校里你是一切校规的奴隶。你既然到处是在做奴隶，那末你怎么会知道生命与生命之流呢？

朋友，你做了家庭，社会与学校的奴隶，你失却了一切表现你自己的机会^②，你就是活尸^③，虽是每天吃着饭，做着事或是读着书，但是你还是一个活着的死人！

你是一个活着的死人，朋友，你自己知道吗？

朋友，你不是想有一个男朋友或是女朋友吗？你不是希望现社会能够社交公开^④吗？但是，朋友，你的家庭早不问你愿意不愿意，已经替你订了一个素不相识的女子或是已经把你放给什么小政客、小官僚^⑤或是什么其他不相识的男子了。学校社会也不问你愿意不愿意已经把规则道德与法律来限制你的自由行动了。你们要想一同出去耍吗^⑥？他们说这是“野合^⑦”，就要把你捉到警察局里去。你们要想互相通讯吗？他们说这是有伤校风，就要把你驱逐出校。

哟，朋友，你是一个活着的死人，你自己知道吗？

朋友，你不是想有一点新鲜的思想拿来发表或拿来实现吗？但是，朋友，你的家庭，不就因为这一点要停止你的学费^⑧吗？你的社会，不就因为这一点要说你是“过激党”或“危险分子”，把你关进牢里或“推出斩之”吗？你的学校不也因为这一点要说你“有损学校名誉”或“犯校规第几十条”，把你记过或挂牌开除^⑨吗？

哟，朋友，你的“人权”在哪里，你能有一点思想的自由与行动的自由，努力去做一个人的权利吗？

不能，不能！

哟，朋友，你是一个活着的死人，你自己知道吗？

朋友，你在这人间大牢狱中间，你觉得痛苦与沉闷吗？你曾有一分钟想把这个大牢狱打得粉碎吗？你曾有一分钟想大喊一声喊出你胸中的抑郁之气吗？

是呵，家庭，社会与学校的束缚是何等的严紧呀！道德，法律与学校规则的威吓是何等的可怕呀！但是，朋友，你知道什么叫做道德，什么叫做法律，什么叫做校规吗？

哟，使人类作伪，作恶，使人类变为活尸，变为陈死人，使生命萎缩、凋谢的道德，法律与校规呵！

哟，朋友，你能鼓起勇气来对于种种过去的骸骨，为努力的反攻吗？你能做一块大海绵来抹去一切被这些东西所传染的污点吗？

这个美丽的世界不是给死人住的，它是给活泼而有生趣的人住的^⑩。现在却到处是死人，死人。满坑满谷的死人：死鱼的眼^⑪，痴呆的面，规行距步的行动，迟钝的声音。这

个世界已经被他们完全弄脏了，弄脏了。

哟，朋友，喊出你心中所要喊出的声音吧，做出你心中所要做出的事情吧！总之一句，赶快表现出造物所给你的生命，在这黑暗的世界里举起一点光明的火花来；不然你的少年的肢体就要腐烂了，你的灵魂的头脑就要呆笨了，你的热情就要冷却了，那时是什么也迟了，什么也来不及了。

朋友，在现在这一刻这一个地方，把你的青春的力，你的生命赤裸裸地表现出来呵！你要把你的生命变做狂风，变做暴雨，把世界上一切肮脏的东西扫荡一个干净。什么道德，什么法律，什么校规，如若他们不过是阻碍你的前进，压抑你的努力的东西，就可以一齐抛掉，一齐破坏！与其做一个活死人，在世上活上一百岁，还不如活上一刹那后，立刻就死的好。

朋友，壮烈的死就是生命的最紧张的一刹那，有什么可怕的呢？

朋友，在你胸中汹涌着的，澎湃着的，激荡着的就是你的生命，把这种生命表现出来的时候，就成功了一种生命之流！

朋友，你不是欢喜看伟大的，壮丽的美国尼加哥拉^①的大瀑布吗？那就是象征生命之流的。朋友，你也不是更喜欢看那急激的，奔放的，你们四川瞿塘峡的急流吗？那也是象征生命之流的。你怎么能不欢喜看到你自己的生命也像他们一样伟大，一样壮丽，一样的急激与奔放呢？

哟，我要登上希马拉亚山^②的极高峰，举起两手赞美上天所给予我们的生命，而且祈祷那生命的洪流从青年的心坎中泛滥到世界上来的时期的到临！

看呵，那前面紫色的曙光不就是报告太阳的快要到来吗？朋友，努力前进吧！

The Torrent of Life

© Zhang Wentian

Friends, do you know what is meant by life? And what is meant by the "torrent of life"?

I bet you don't! Because you are a slave to your father at home, a slave to morality, law and economy in society, and a slave to various rules at school. Being such a slave, how could you possibly come to understand life and the torrent of life?

Friends, now that you've become a slave to family, society and school, you are deprived of any opportunity to assert yourself. You are a walking corpse, even though you eat, work or study every day!

You are a walking corpse, friends. Are you aware of it?

Friends, aren't you eager to have a boyfriend or girlfriend? Don't you hope that the present society will allow free contacts between boys and girls? But, friends, without your consent, your parents have already engaged you to a girl you don't know at all or arranged your marriage to a petty politician, official or any man who is a complete stranger to you. And, whether you are willing or not, schools and society have imposed restrictions on your free activities in the name of law, rules or morality. Don't you want to go on a date? But they will call this "illicit sex" and take you to the police station. Don't you want to correspond with a schoolmate of the opposite sex? But they will call this an immoral act in violation of school discipline and kick you out.

O friends, you are a walking corpse. Are you aware of it?

Friends, don't you intend to have some fresh ideas expressed or put into practice? But your family will, just because of this, discontinue financing your schooling. Society will, just because of this, have you put into prison or even "beheaded" on a charge of being an "extremist" or "dangerous element". And your school will, just because of this, give you a demerit, discredit you in public or dismiss you — all on a charge of "damaging the school reputation" or "violating this or that school rule".

O friends, do you have any "civil rights" to speak of? Do you have any freedom of thought and behaviour, or the right of being a man?

No, none at all!

O friends, you are a walking corpse. Are you aware of it?

Friends, don't you find this big prison on earth agonizing and suffocating? Don't you ever, for one fleeting moment, think of smashing this big prison? Don't you ever, for one fleeting moment, feel like giving vent to your pent-up emotion by letting out a loud yell?

Yes, how repressive is the bondage of family, society and school! How horrible is the threat of morality, law and school rules! But, friends, don't you know what on earth is meant by morality, law and school rules?

O friends, morality, law and school rules encourage people to cheat and do evil, make them as good as dead or completely dead, and cause life to wither and fade.

O friends, why not pluck up enough courage to stage a counter attack against all devitalized remains of the past? Why not clean away, as if with a big sponge, all the stains left by them?

This beautiful world is meant for people alive and kicking, not for the dead. Now the dead are everywhere with their fishy eyes, vacant looks, well-regulated behaviour and slow-witted speech. The world has been totally messed up by them.

O friends, speak up your mind, and do what you want to do! In short, hurry up to give full play to the life bestowed on you by Nature, and hold aloft a torch to offer a little light to the dark world, for, otherwise, your young limbs will begin to rot, your brilliant brain will be dulled and your enthusiasm will cool off. It will be too late to mend.

Friends, bring your youthful vitality and life into full play right now and here! Turn your life into a hurricane to make a clean sweep of all filth on earth. To hell with all morality, law and school rules if they stand in your way and suppress your efforts. Much better to die a martyr than to be a 100-year-old walking corpse.

Friends, to die a hero's death is to die an instant death — a most stirring moment in one's life. There is nothing to fear at all.

Friends, what is surging and turbulent within you is your very life. When this life is given full play, it succeeds in becoming the torrent of life!

Friends, you must admire the great magnificence of the Niagara Falls in America. It is symbolic of the torrent of life. Friends, you must admire even more the swift rolling rapids of the Qutang Gorge in Sichuan Province. That, too, is symbolic of the torrent of life. No wonder you will be delighted to see your life displaying the same greatness, the same magnificence and the same swiftness and force.

O, if I could reach the summit of the Himalayas, I would hold high both hands in praise of life given us by Heaven and pray for the advent of the time when the torrent of life would move from the hearts of the young to spread all over the world.

Look, isn't the purplish light of early dawn heralding the rising sun? Friends, let's strive to forge ahead!

张闻天（1900—1976）是我国老一辈无产阶级革命家，也是“五四”时期新文学运动的热情战士，但人们熟知他中年以后的政治活动，而很少知道他早年的文学创作。为此特选译他的一篇散文《生命的激流》，以飨读者。该文于1925年4月13日发表在重庆《南鸿》周刊第三期上，当时他才25岁。文章反映了“五四”青年反帝反封建的革命气概和冲决罗网、寻求光明的大无畏精神。

注释

①“你一定不知道”意即“我确信你不知道”，故译为I bet you don't, 等于I'm sure you don't know。

②“你失却了一切表现你自己的机会”可按字面译为You are deprived of any opportunity to express yourself, 但不如You are deprived of any opportunity to assert yourself妥切，因原文“表现你自己”的深层意思是“坚持你自己的权利或主张”，而to assert yourself能更好地表达这个意思。

③“活尸”即“活死人”或“行尸走肉”，相当于英语中的walking corpse。

④“社交公开”可译为open social contacts, 但这里指“男女自由交往”，故译为free contacts between boys and girls。

⑤“小政客、小官僚”中的“小”可译为small, 但不如petty更为确切，因后者有职位“低下”、“次要”等含意。

⑥“你们要想一同出去耍吗？”意即“你们（男女）想约会吗？”，故译为Don't you want to go out on a date? 或Don't you want to take your date out? 等。

⑦“野合”意即“不正当的性关系”、“私通”，故译为illicit sex或illicit intercourse。

⑧“停止你的学费”译为discontinue financing your schooling, 其中financing和funding同义，作“为……提供资金”解；your schooling指“学校教育”（your studies at school）。

⑨“把你记过或挂牌开除”中的“把你记过”译为give you a demerit；“挂牌”不好直译，现按“使……在公众面前丢脸”的意思译为discredit you in public。

⑩“这个美丽的世界不是给死人住的，它是给活泼而有生趣的人住的”译为This beautiful world is meant for people alive and kicking, not for the dead, 其中is meant for作“指定”或“本来是为……而设的”（intended for）解，例如：Ten new housing is meant for the earthquake victims（新房子是准备给地震受害者住的）。“活泼而有生趣的”意即“生气勃勃的”，可译为active and lively、vigorous and energetic或full of vim and vigour等等。今译为alive and kicking，为成语。

⑪“死鱼的眼”即“像鱼目一样呆滞的眼”，故译为fishy eyes, 其中fishy意同dull and expressionless like fish eyes。

⑫现通译为“尼亚加拉”。

⑬现通称“喜马拉雅山”。



◎ 艾 青 Ai Qing

偶像的话^①

◎ 艾 青

在那著名的古庙里，站立着一尊高大的塑像，人在他的旁边^②，伸直了手还摸不到他的膝盖。很多年以来，他都使看见的人不由自主地肃然起敬，感到自己的渺小，卑微^③，因而渴望着能得到他的拯救。

这尊塑像站了几百年了，他觉得这是一种苦役^④，对于热望从他得到援助的芸芸众生，明知是无能为力的，因此他由于羞愧而厌烦^⑤，最后终于向那些膜拜者说话了：

“众生啊，你们做的是多么可笑的事！你们以自己的模型创造了我，把我加以扩大^⑥，想从我身上发生一种威力，借以镇压你们不安定的精神。而我却害怕你们^⑦。

“我敢相信：你们之所以要创造我，完全是因为你们缺乏自信——请看吧，我比之你们能多些什么呢？而我却没有你们自己所具备的。

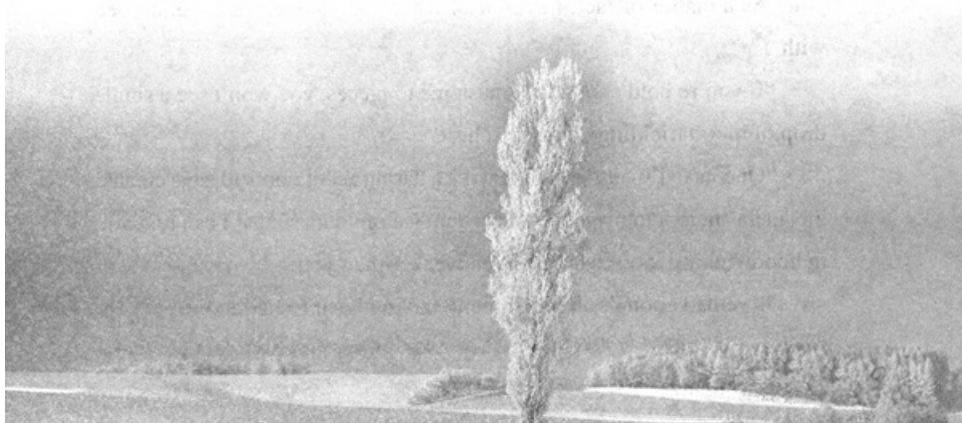
“你们假如更大胆些，把我捣碎了，从我的胸廓里是流不出一滴血来的。

“当然，我也知道，你们之创造我也是一种大胆的行为，因为你们尝试着要我成为一个同谋者，让我和你们一起，能欺骗更软弱的那些人。

“我已受够惩罚了^⑧，我站在这儿已几百年^⑨，你们的祖先把我塑造起来，以后你们一代一代为我的周身贴上金叶，使我能通体发亮，但我却嫌恶我的地位，正如我嫌恶虚伪一样。

“请把我捣碎吧，要么能将我缩小到和你们一样大小，并且在我的身上赋予生命所必需的血液^⑩，假如真能做到，我是多么感激你们——但是这是做不到的呀。

“因此，我认为，真正能拯救你们的还是你们自己。而我的存在，只能说明你们的不幸。”说完了最后的话^⑪，那尊塑像忽然像一座大山一样崩塌了。



The Idol Speaks

© Ai Qing

There stood in a well-known ancient temple a huge statue. It was so tall that people standing by were unable to touch even its knees however hard they tried to reach for it. For many, many years, visitors couldn't help feeling so overawed and dwarfed at the sight of it that they looked to it eagerly for salvation.

Having stood there for several hundred years, the statue had now come to detest it as a kind of forced drudgery. And it knew perfectly well that it could do nothing whatsoever to help the suffering mortal beings craving for salvation by it. Feeling bored as well as ashamed, it began to address its worshippers at long last:

"O ye mortals, what a ridiculous thing you've done! You've created me in your own image, and an image of gigantic dimensions at that, believing that I can thus be powerful enough to rid you of your worries and cares. As a result, however, I've become just scared of you.

"I've every reason to believe that it is your lack of self-confidence that has prompted you to create me. Look, in what way am I superior to you? As a matter of fact, I even lack what you yourselves are equipped with.

"If you're bold enough to smash me to pieces, you won't see a single drop of blood trickling down my chest.

"Of course I'm also aware that it's a daring act of yours to have created me, in an attempt to make me an accomplice of yours so that I can join you in hoodwinking those who are even weaker than you.

"I've had enough of punishment, having been footed to the spot for several hundred years! Ever since your forefathers moulded me, people have been gilding me all over from generation to generation to keep me glittering from top to toe. Nevertheless, I'm sick of my present position as much as I'm of hypocrisy.

"Please smash me, or reduce me to your size and instill life-giving blood into me! I would be very grateful to you if that could ever be done. But it's simply impossible!

"I hold, therefore, that you yourselves only are your saviours, and my presence can only mean your misfortune." With that, the statue crumbled all of a sudden like a huge mountain.



艾青（1910—1996），浙江金华人。1929年赴法国巴黎习画，1932年回国后放弃绘画而写诗，1941年奔赴延安。他不仅是诗人，也是散文家。《偶像的话》是他写于五十年代的一篇随笔。

注释

①“偶像的话”译为The Idol Speaks，比直译The Idol's Words或The Idol's Remarks生动有力，动词用现在不定式符合英语标题写法。

②“人在他的旁边”译为people standing by，即people standing by its side。成语to stand by作“站在……旁边”解。

③“不由自主地肃然起敬，感到自己的渺小，卑微……”译为couldn't help feeling so overawed and dwarfed，干脆利落，灵活处理。如译为couldn't help having a feeling of reverence and calling themselves petty and low，似欠简练。

④“这尊塑像站了几百年了，他觉得这是一种苦役”译为Having stood there for several hundred years, the statue had now come to detest it as a kind of forced drudgery，其中to detest（憎恨）和forced（强加的）均为添加成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

⑤“由于羞愧而厌烦”译为Feeling bored as well as ashamed，作灵活处理，意即“不仅羞愧，而且厌烦”。

⑥“把我加以扩大”译为and an image of gigantic dimensions at that，补充前面的You've created me in your own image。成语at that作“而且”解。

⑦“而我却害怕你们”译为As a result, however, I've become just scared of you。文中“而”的实际意思是“这样一来”或“结果”，故译为As a result，不宜译为In the meantime或And等。

⑧“我已受够惩罚了”译为I've had enough of punishment，其中to have had enough of...是惯用语，意思是“对……已受够”，等于to have had too much of...。

⑨“我已站在这儿几百年”译为having been footed to the spot for several hundred years，和having been standing here for several hundred years同义，但突出了“固定一个地方”的意思。

⑩“赋予生命所必需的血液”本可译为bestow lifegiving blood upon me，但to bestow与blood连用，比喻不确切，故改译为instill life-giving blood into me，其中to instill... into...作“把……输入到……”（to put... into... drop by drop）解。

⑪“说完了最后的话”译为With that、With that last remark、With these words等皆可，其中介词With表示“与此同时”。With that相当于Upon finishing these words。



◎ 冯亦代 Feng Yidai

忘了过去就是犯罪

◎ 冯亦代

日本军国主义的残余到今天还拒不承认日本帝国主义侵略中国和亚洲的事实，但作为一个中国人的我，却不能忘却日本军人对中国人民犯下的血债。抗战八年，中国人死了二千多万，单是南京屠城^①就杀害了三十万，而且大都是老弱妇孺^②，日本军人犯下的弥天大罪有事实为证^③，特别是那些亲身参加杀戮、活埋、奸污、残害的凶犯，时至今日，他们天良发现承认了自己的罪行并表示忏悔，这又岂是那些军国主义残余分子和政客所能掩盖抹杀的。

在此八年日帝的铁蹄在中国大陆横行的时候，我的亲属在日帝的轰炸、占领下死掉的就有三人之多。今天我已进入耄耋之年，但是偶一合眼，还能见到他们的容颜^④。日本的刽子手可以拿忠君爱国作挡箭牌^⑤，遮掩他们的兽行，但受日本侵略的中国人民却是永远不会忘记的。

我的二叔冯强士是个留学日本的医生，起先在杭州浙江病院行医，他为自己救死扶伤的工作自豪，认为医药事业没有国界之分。后来他的一个日本老师介绍他到青岛胶济铁路四方医院做主治医生，一直到1937年七七事变以后^⑥，日本海军占领了青岛到济南的铁路沿线一带，他因为不能忍受日本浪人^⑦和军人的气焰，便托故辞职回到上海。那时我父亲也由汉口疏散回沪，两老弟兄便在上海租界做寓公。大概到了1943年，二叔身体恢复健康后，他不愿在上海做“顺民”，便约了他的一位老友取道浙赣到重庆来，但就在江西路上一次日机轰炸中，二叔不幸被炸重伤去世。那时我在重庆得到他的来信，便日日夜夜盼望他的到来，但等到的是他遇难的噩耗。到今天我也不知他死亡的详情，也不知他埋骨的地方。我有时还会想到他未免凄然^⑧。他是个早期的日本留学生，可他对于日帝的侵华却感到痛心疾首。想不到最后还是死在日本军国主义分子的魔手里。

二叔有个女儿，是他前妻的遗孤，生来有些弱智，日帝部队进入杭州，在一次抢劫中，她不幸落入这些兽类的手里，从此人世里就失掉了这个可怜弱女的踪迹；她失踪的年龄不过二十多岁。

另一个战时失踪的是我的大姑母的独生子、我的大表哥任埏，因为幼年失怙，身有残疾，所以一直住在我家里。抗战军兴，他和一些同伴跨过钱塘江去参加中国共产党组织的浙东抗日游击队，以后失掉了消息，也许他已为自己的祖国献出了年轻的生命^⑨。

日本军国主义的残余分子^⑩和无耻的政客，一心要装出日本是第二次世界大战中的受害者和以亚洲的解放者自居，真是天大的谎话；而二千多万中国人的死亡，却是日本军国主义残酷暴行的最好佐证。日本军国主义残余分子和政客百般抵赖他们的罪行，但是中国和亚洲的人民却永远不会忘掉他们经历过的苦难。我们将会一次复一次地重提日帝带给我们的暴行^⑪，同时也要求日本人民起来正视日本军国主义分子对他们的欺骗行为，对他们的叫嚣有所警惕，这对于热爱和平的日本人民也是十分必要的。

Forgetting the Past Is a Crime

© Feng Yidai

Today remnants of the Japanese militarists still refuse to admit the aggression against China and other Asian countries by Japanese imperialism. As a Chinese, however, I can never forget the blood debts owed by the Japanese military to the Chinese people. During the eight-year War of Resistance Against Japan, Japanese troops killed a total of more than 20 million Chinese. In the Rape of Nanking alone, they slaughtered as many as 300,000, most of them old and weak and women and children. The monstrous crimes of the Japanese military have been evidenced by hard facts. And what's more, some Japanese ex-soldiers who took part in massacres, brutal acts of burying people alive, rapes or murders, have now been aroused by conscience to confess their crimes and show repentance. Could all that be covered up or blotted out by remnants of the Japanese militarists and a handful of Japanese politicians?

During the eight years when the Japanese invaders were running amok in China, they took the lives of three of my relatives. Today, in my declining years, I can still occasionally recall their features distinctly. No matter how hard the Japanese butchers may try to gloss over their wartime savagery in the name of patriotism or loyalty to the Mikado, the people of China will never forget their past crimes.

My uncle Feng Qiangshi, a returned student from Japan, was by profession a doctor. At first, while working at Zhejiang Hospital in Hangzhou, he took great pride in doing a job aimed at healing the wounded and rescuing the dying, and regarded the medical profession as transcending national boundaries. Later, through recommendation of a Japanese teacher of his, he became a physician in charge at Qingdao Sifang Hospital affiliated to the Qingdao-Jinan Railway until after the outbreak of the July 7 Incident of 1937, an incident staged by the Japanese imperialists in initiating their all-out war of aggression against China. After the Japanese navy occupied our territory along the Qingdao-Jinan Railway, he had no choice but to resign on a pretext and return to Shanghai because he could no longer put up with the arrogance of Japanese ronin and armymen. At that time, my father happened to have been evacuated to Shanghai from Hankou, so he and uncle now both made a home in the then foreign settlement. My uncle, however, was unwilling to be a "docile subject" under foreign rule, so he set out with an old friend for Chongqing via Zhejiang and Jiangxi Provinces. But, unfortunately, while on the way through Jiangxi, he died of serious wounds during a Japanese bombing raid. I was then in Chongqing and, after receiving a letter from him, had been eagerly awaiting his arrival only to be stunned by the sad news of his tragic death. Up to now, I still don't know the details of his death, nor do I know where his bones were laid. Often a feeling of sadness will come over me when I think of him. He was among one of the early groups of returned students from Japan, but he bitterly resented the Japanese invasion of China and never expected himself to end up in a tragic death in the hands of the Japanese militarists.

My uncle had a mentally retarded daughter by his former wife. Unfortunately, she fell a victim to the bestiality of Japanese soldiers when they ransacked the city of Hangzhou. The whereabouts of the poor little girl have since remained unknown. She disappeared at the age of barely over twenty.

Another relative of mine missing in the war was Cousin Ren Yu, my aunt's only son. Having lost his father in his childhood and being physically handicapped, he had long been

living in my home. After the outbreak of the war, he crossed the Qiantang River with some of his friends to join the East Zhejiang Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Detachment organized by the Communist Party of China. Since then, we have never heard from him. Presumably he has laid down his young life for his motherland.

The remanent Japanese militarists and a handful of shameless Japanese politicians have been bent on making believe that Japan was the victim of World War II and the liberator of Asia. What a pack of lies! The death of 20 million Chinese is irrefutable evidence of barbaric atrocities committed by Japanese militarism. The remanent Japanese militarists and a handful of Japanese politicians have been trying in every possible way to deny their crimes, but the people of China and other Asian countries will never forget the untold sufferings they went through during the war. We will unremittingly condemn the brutalities of the Japanese imperialists, and, meanwhile, call on the Japanese people to see through their deceptions and keep a vigilant watch on their clamour. All that is crucial for the peace-loving people of Japan.



冯亦代（1913—2005），浙江杭州人，中国翻译协会常务理事及北京翻译协会副会长，是我国著名作家、翻译家、报人。《忘了过去就是犯罪》一文选自1999年出版的《冯亦代文集》。

注释

①“南京屠城”亦曰“南京大屠杀”，国外常称之为the rape of Nanking，其中rape作“洗劫”解。此语也可译为the massacre of Nanjing。

②“而且大都是老弱妇孺”译为most of them old and weak and women and children，是独立主格most of them being old and weak and women and children，其中省略了being。

③“有事实为证”译为have been evidenced by hard facts，其中hard一词的意思是“确实的”、“铁一般的”，为译文中的增益成分，原文虽无其词而有其意。

④“容颜”应译为features，而不译faces，因features着重面部的表情和长相，face仅仅指面部而已。

⑤“拿忠君爱国作挡箭牌”意即“以忠君爱国为名义（藉口）”，故译为in the name of patriotism or loyalty to the Mikado。“忠君”不宜译为loyalty to the monarch，应结合上下文把它译为loyalty to the Japanese emperor或loyalty to the Mikado，后者用外来语Mikado或tenno（天皇），更鲜明醒目。

⑥“一直到1937年七七事变以后”译为until after the outbreak of the July 7 Incident of 1937, an incident staged by the Japanese imperialists in initiating their all-out war of aggression against China，其中an incident staged by... aggression against China是译文中的增益成分，用以说明七七事变的起因，帮助外国读者更好地理解原文的意思，属释义性翻译。

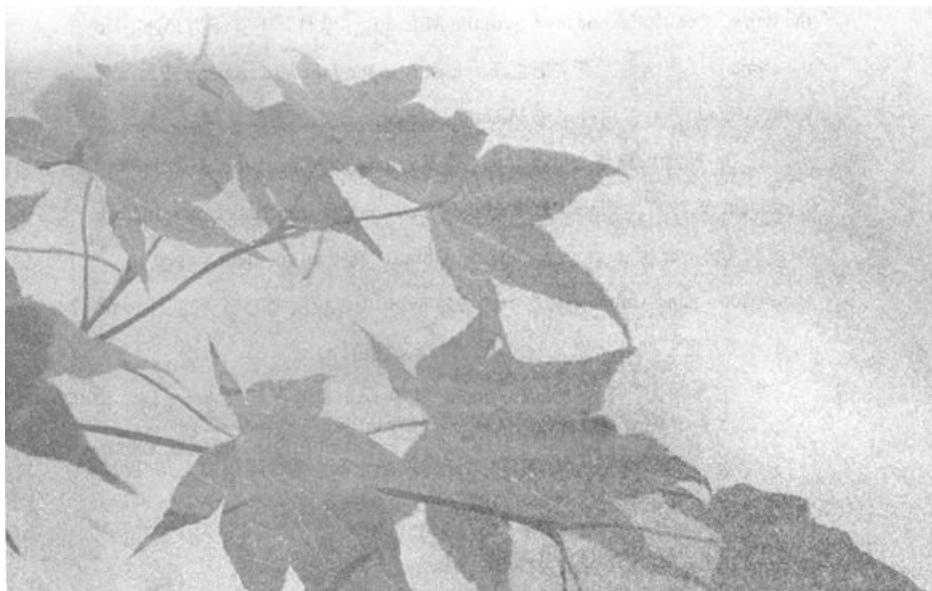
⑦“日本浪人”译为Japanese ronin，其中ronin是源自日语的外来语，本指“日本失业武士”，后来指“为日本军国主义所利用的日本流氓或无业游民”。

⑧“我有时还会想到他不免凄然”译为Often a feeling of sadness will come over me when I think of him，其中come over是成语，作“开始支配”（take possession of或seize）解。

⑨“也许他已为自己的祖国献出了年轻的生命”可译为Presumably he has laid down his young life for his motherland或Most probably he has given his young life to save his own country。

⑩“日本军国主义的残余分子”除译Remnants of the Japanese militarists外，也可译为The remanent Japanese militarists，较简短，其中形容词remanent和remaining同义。

⑪“我们将会一次复一次地重提日帝带给我们的暴行”意即“我们将不断地谴责日帝带给我们的暴行”，故译We will unremittingly condemn the brutalities of the Japanese imperialists，而未译We will reiterate again and again the brutalities of the Japanese imperialists。



◎ 廖沫沙 Liao Mosha

《师说》解^①

◎ 廖沫沙

年过五十的老先生，大概总读过韩愈的《师说》。这篇文章里很有几句话值得今天当老师和学生的想一想。例如他说：

“孔子曰：三人行，则必有我师。是故弟子^②不必不如师，师不必贤于弟子。闻道有先后，术业有专攻，如是而已。”

韩愈的原意，是因为自己接受了门徒，为了抵制当时舆论的非议，所以写这篇文章自解。他的意思是说，自己虽是作了先生，并不一定样样贤于弟子，从他学的人也不一定不如他，人们不必因此而大惊小怪。本来，只要是一个闻道在先，不管他是什么人，都可以拜为老师。要学习的是知识，用不着问他“生乎我前”或“生乎吾后”；也用不着要求老师精通百般武艺，只要他有一门是比自己好的，就应该认他为师，向他学习。这是讲给求学的人听的。但也可以反过来讲给“传道授业解惑”的老师听。

“弟子不必不如师，师不必贤于弟子”，这是一个真理，并不是瞎说。老师和学生并没有什么不可逾越的界限。在这门知识上老师高于学生，在另一门知识上，学生也可能高于老师；今天老师高于学生，明天学生可能高过老师。这也是辩证法，对立面的统一。老师和学生可以互相转换，学生要向老师学习，老师也有需要向学生学习之处。

《礼记》^③的《学记》^④有一段著名的话，意思也和这相近：“虽有佳肴，弗食，不知其旨也。虽有至道，弗学，不知其善也。是故学然后知不足，教然后知困。知不足，然后能自反也。知困，然后能自强也。故曰：教学相长也。‘说命’^⑤曰：‘**教**学半’^⑥。其此之谓乎！”《礼记》的话着重在自反自强，不如韩愈说得更彻底。但是它所说的“教然后知困”，“教学相长”，所引的“**教**学半”（就是说教学各居其半，相反而相成），就是在今天说来，也还是颠扑不破的。

做先生的必然同时做学生，或者首先做学生，像马克思所说的“教育者必先受教育”，这个道理说来很浅显，但是人们在实际生活中却很不容易承认。特别是当老师当久了的人^⑦，或者像韩愈所说的“术业有专攻”的人，就很不容易接受这个辩证法。

老师们不容易接受这个道理^⑧，倒也事出有因。“弟子不必不如师，师不必贤于弟子”，虽是封建思想的代表者韩愈所提出来的一个观点，但是在封建时代却并不通行。正好相反，“天地君亲师”，在封建时代，老师是同“天地君亲”在一起，居高而临下，弟子哪里能同老师上下平等而又矛盾统一呢？老师毕竟是老师，师道尊严，神圣不可侵犯，弟子毕竟是弟子，怎可以超过老师？这个观点相沿成习。

新的师生关系，倒真像韩愈所说的，是“不耻相师”。就是互为老师，互为学生，彼此平等，不分尊卑，真正是“道之所存，师之所存”，谁有学问谁就是老师。

从学生方面来说，应该有“道之所存，师之所存”的尊重真理的精神；从老师方面来说，也应该像孔夫子那样，有一点“三人行，则必有我师”的雅量。

韩愈援引孔子的先例^⑨，作出判断说，“圣人无常师”。这句话的意思，是说真正聪明有学问的人，没有一定的老师；见人有学问，不管是谁，就认他为师。我想还得给他添一句：“师亦无常道，”就是当老师的并不经常等于真理。一个当老师的人，既要勇于坚持自己的真理，又要勇于承认自己的非真理。要保持师位的^⑩，不妨试一试这条方案，同学生

们一道来为科学真理奋斗。

在另一方面，当学生的也应当了解；既然师和弟子的关系并不以师必贤于弟子、弟子必不如师为条件，那末，今天的学生在看到老师的某一方面的短处以后，也就不应该马上得到结论说，老师再不能作老师了。某一方面的短处并不等于一切方面的短处；反之，某一方面的长处也并不等于一切方面的长处。今天的学生担负着重大的使命，应该深切地认识自己知识的还很有限，必须虚心地向一切有所知、有所长的人学习，特别是向“术业有专攻”的老师们学习！这就是我的《师说》解。



My Interpretation of On the Teacher

© Liao Mosha

Elderly people aged over fifty must have read Han Yu's *On the Teacher*. Quite a few remarks in this essay are worthy of contemplation by present-day teachers and pupils. Take the following for example:

"Confucius says: 'Out of three men, there must be one who can teach me.' So pupils are not necessarily inferior to their teachers, nor teachers better than their pupils. Some learn the truth earlier than others, and some have special skills — that is all."

Han Yu wrote this essay to defend himself against the attack of his time on his having accepted some disciples. In his opinion, having disciples was not something to be surprised at because, as a teacher, he was not necessarily better than his disciples in every way, nor his disciples always inferior to him. As a matter of fact, one who has learned the truth earlier than you, no matter who he is, should be acknowledged as a teacher. You need not ask whether he was born before or after you because what matters is the knowledge that he can impart to you. Nor should you presume him to be omniscient. So long as he excels you in one respect, you should learn from him and call him your teacher. This advice of mine is addressed to pupils, and teachers as well — teachers whose duty it is "to pass on the truth, impart knowledge and dispel ignorance".

"Pupils are not necessarily inferior to their teachers, nor teachers better than their pupils" — that is a truth, not a fallacy. There is no impassable demarcation line between teacher and pupil. While a teacher may be superior to his pupil in one branch of knowledge, the latter may be superior to the former in another. While the teacher may be superior to his pupil today, the latter may be superior to the former tomorrow. That demonstrates the law of dialectics and the unity of opposites. A kind of interplay exists between teacher and pupil. The pupil should learn from his teacher, but sometimes there may also be something the teacher has to learn from his pupil.

A similar idea is expressed by the following well-known passage quoted from Xueji (The Subject of Education), a chapter of the ancient book Liji (The Book of Rites): "However nice the food may be, if one does not eat it, he does not know its taste; however perfect the doctrine may be, if one does not learn it, he does not know its value. Therefore, when he learns, one knows his own deficiencies; when he teaches, one knows where the difficulty lies. After he knows his deficiencies, one is able to examine himself; after he knows where the difficulty lies, one is able to improve himself. Hence, 'teaching and learning help each other;' as it is said in Yue Ming, 'Teaching is the half of learning.'" The above quotation from Liji, which lays emphasis on self-examination and self-improvement, is less thoroughgoing than what Han Yu says about education. Nevertheless, its remarks such as "When he teaches one knows where the difficulty lies", "Teaching benefits teachers as well as pupils" and "Teaching is the half of learning" (a quotation meaning teaching and learning are opposite and complementary to each other) all remain irrefutable to this day.

To be a teacher, one must at the same time be a student, or be a student first, just as Carl Marx says, "Educators must themselves be educated first." Though this is plain truth, yet people in their practical life seldom recognize it. It is especially hard for teachers of long standing or those with "special skills", as Han Yu says, to look at this matter dialectically.

It is not without reason or cause that teachers fail to be readily receptive to the above-

mentioned concept. The viewpoint "Pupils are not necessarily inferior to their teachers, nor teachers better than their pupils", though put forward by Han Yu, himself a feudal-minded scholar typical of his time, was by no means popular in the feudal age. On the contrary, as teachers were ranked high up along with "Heaven, Earth, Sovereign and Parents" as objects of worship in the feudal age, pupils could never be on an equal footing with their teachers to form a unity of opposites. After all, a teacher was a teacher. His teaching profession was dignified, sacred and inviolable. A pupil was a pupil. He was never expected to surpass his teacher. The practice has come down from the past and become customary.

The new relationship between teacher and pupil should be that of, in the words of Han Yu, "not (being) ashamed to learn from each other." That is to say, teacher and pupil should teach each other and learn from each other. They should teach each other as equals regardless of seniority, so that, as Han Yu says, "Whoever knows the truth can be a teacher."

Pupils should show the spirit of respecting the truth, learning from whoever knows. Teachers should be so open-minded as to be ready to learn from anyone who knows, just as Confucius says, "Out of three men, there must be one who can teach me."

Han Yu, going by Confucius' teaching, asserts that "a sage has no definite teacher", meaning that a really wise and learned person has no fixed teacher and that he learns from whoever knows. I think I may as well add, "No teacher is all-knowing," meaning that no teacher is infallible. A teacher should have the courage not only to hold firmly to the truth but also to admit his mistake. All devoted teachers might as well put this into practice so that they can strive, together with their pupils, for scientific knowledge and the truth.

On the other hand, however, pupils should also understand this: when they discover a teacher's weak point in a certain respect, they should not jump to the conclusion that he is no longer qualified as a teacher, because the weak point in one respect does not mean the weak point in all respects and, likewise, the strong point in a certain point does not mean the strong point in all respects. Students of today, shouldering a great historical task, should deeply understand how limited their knowledge is and how important it is for them to learn modestly from all those who have knowledge and strong points, especially teachers who "have special skills"! That is all I can say about On the Teacher.



现代著名杂文家廖沫沙（1907—1990）的这篇短文写于1959年1月，旨在推动当时社会上正在进行的教学改革。文章虽然题为《〈师说〉解》，却并不止于解说，而是借题发挥，阐述新时代应有的师生关系，其论点在今天不无参考价值。

注释

①题目《〈师说〉解》所指实际上不限于解说，而是读后感，发挥作者自己的感想。因此除译为My Interpretation of On the Teacher外，也可译为Thoughts about On the Teacher。

②“弟子”译为pupils，因pupils虽通常指学童，如中、小学生，但与教师并用时，就不仅限于学童，却泛指“弟子”、“门生”，包括“大学生”在内，如：teacher and pupil、the master musician's pupil、one of the professor's pupils。

③“礼记”译为Liji (The Book of Rites)，儒家经典之一，亦称《小戴礼记》，为秦、汉以前各种礼仪论著的选集，相传由西汉戴圣编辑成书，是研究中国古代社会情况、儒家学说和文物制度的参考书。

④“《学记》”译为Xueji (The Subject of Education)，为篇名，杂记秦、汉以前贵族的教育制度、教学内容和方法，是中国古代教育史上比较有价值的教育论著。

⑤“说（yuè）命”，又称《兑命》，为《尚书》篇名，译为Yue Ming。

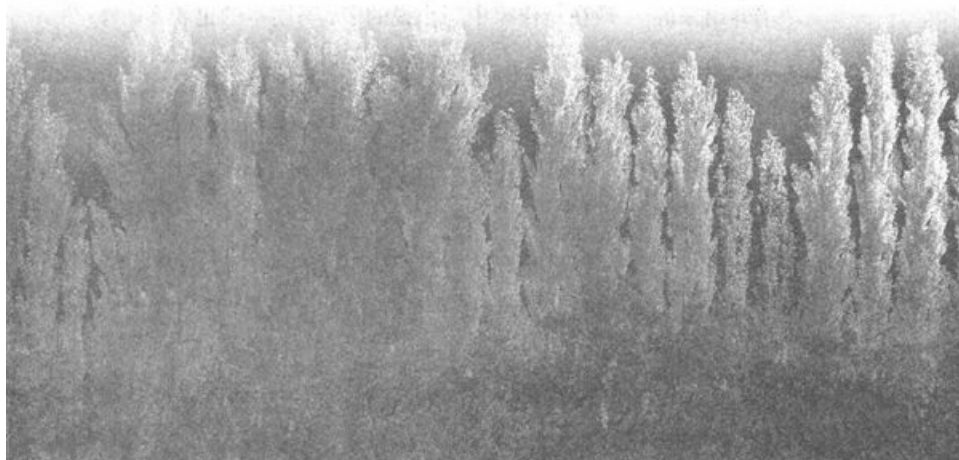
⑥“**敦**学半”也作“学（xiào）学（xué）半”，其中“**敦**（xiào）”意同“教”，全句作“教与学各占一半”解，即教人时才知道有困难，要学习，这样就等于学习的一半了。

⑦“当老师当久了的人”译为teachers of long standing，其中of long standing的意思是“工龄长的”或“老资格的”。

⑧“老师们不容易接受这个道理”译为teachers fail to be readily receptive to...，其中readily作quickly或easily解；receptive to/of义同willing to accept。

⑨“援引孔子的先例”译为going by Confucius' teaching，其中going by是成语，作“依照”、“遵循”解，如：We have a precedent to go by（我们有先例可援）。又，“先例”指“孔子的教导”，译为Confucius' teaching。

⑩“要保持师位的”意即“忠于（或热爱）教职的老师们”，故译为All devoted teachers。



要培养新的杂文作家^①

◎ 廖沫沙

这几年我没有写什么杂文。三十年代末期和四十年代写得有些多，那时办报纸，经常值夜班，写了不少。编集子时，自己也感到吃惊，竟写了这么多^②，有的自己都记不得了。我体会，自己办报、办刊物时，就能写得有些多。鲁迅开始写杂文也是从办《语丝》^③时开始的。现在报刊编辑部人都不少，应该自己多写^④。现在有些刊物，派人到北京上海各处跑，约文章，等米下锅^⑤，这不可靠^⑥，应该自己动笔，自己出产品。我们当年编《新华日报》，总共二十来人，记者、编辑都写，搞排版的、搞资料的、还有做校对工作的，每个人都写文章。

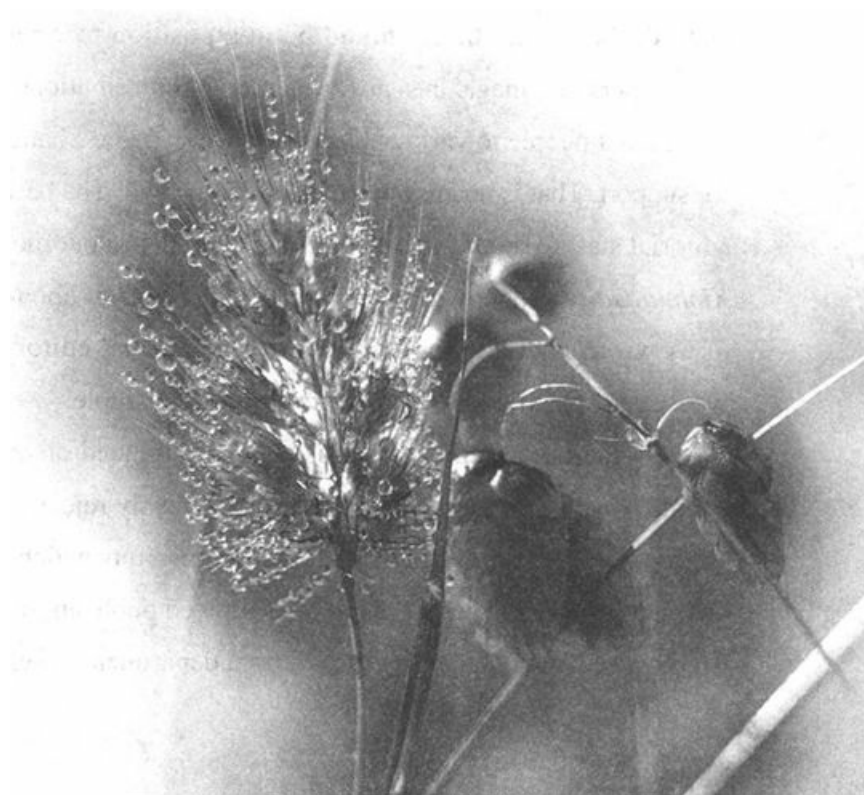
另一方面，要大力培养青年人写稿的积极性。编辑对来稿要仔细看，不要轻易就摔掉。有可取的^⑦，要帮他加工、改好，发表他的稿子。发表一次，积极性就来了，以后就会常来稿。我们要用这种方法培养新的作者，不能只依靠几个老的^⑧。我们许多作家都是前辈培养出来的^⑨。现在新作家中写小说的多，写剧本的也较多，写杂文的简直就没有。那不好了，我们要更广泛地培养写杂文的新作家^⑩。

On the Need for More Young Essayists

© Liao Mosha

In recent years, I have seldom written essays. During the late 1930s and throughout the 1940s, however, I wrote more. In those days, as a newspaper editor, I often worked on the night shift and wrote a great many essays, so that, later, when compiling a collection of my works, I was astonished to find myself to have authored so many essays, some of which I could not even remember. I have, therefore, come to realize that working on a newspaper or a magazine could make a prolific writer of yourself. The same was true of Lu Xun. It was not until he became editor of the magazine *The Tatler* that he started writing essays. Nowadays, as the editorial departments of newspapers and periodicals are generally well staffed, the people there should be in a position to write more. Some newspapers and magazines are so starved of contributions that they have to send out people to various places like Beijing and Shanghai to canvass for support. That is no answer to the problem at all. The best way is for the editorial staff to do the writing themselves and turn out more. The former *Xinhua Daily*, where we used to work, had a staff of about 20. Everyone of us wrote, including not only the reporters and editors, but also the typesetters, proofreaders and reference-library people.

On the other hand, emphasis should be placed on arousing young people's enthusiasm for writing. Instead of rashly rejecting manuscripts, editors should go over them carefully. Manuscripts which are acceptable but in need of improvement should be allowed publication after they have been revised and polished by the editorial department. Young contributors could thus be spurred on to ever greater efforts to write. That is the way to bring up new writers. It is inadvisable to rely solely on a handful of veteran writers. Many of our writers owe their success to the help and encouragement of their predecessors. Most young writers today go in for fiction or drama, but practically none engage in essay writing. That is no good. Let more young essayists come to the fore!



廖沫沙的短文《要培养新的杂文作家》写于1982年。

注释

①“要培养新的杂文作家”中的“新的”指“青年”，“培养”英译时可省略。如按字面把题目直译为We Must Foster More New Essayists，就不如On the Need for More Young Essayists自然准确。

②“自己也感到吃惊，竟写了这么多”译为I was astonished to find myself to have authored so many essays，其中to have authored等于to be author of或to have written。

③《语丝》为综合性周刊，1924年11月在北京创刊，取英文名The Tatler（闲谈者），原为18世纪初英国散文家Richard Steele所创办的杂志名。鲁迅曾在此周刊发表杂文、小说等。

④“应该自己多写”译为should be in a position to write more，其中to be in a position to是成语，作“有条件做……”解。

⑤“有些刊物……等米下锅”意即“有些刊物……闹稿荒”，故译为Some newspapers and magazines are so starved of contributions，其中to be starved of等于to be short of。

⑥“这不可靠”译为This is no answer to the problem at all，其中no answer to等于no solution to。

⑦“有可取的”意即“勉强可采用的”或“还过得去的”，现译为acceptable but in need of improvement，比just passable的意思更明确。

⑧“几个老的”也可译为a handful of old writers，但不如a handful of veteran writers确切，因veteran不仅指年长，还有“富有经验”之意。

⑨“我们许多作家都是前辈培养出来的”虽可按字面译为Many of our writers have been fostered by their predecessors，但不如many of our writers owe their success to the help and encouragement of their predecessors地道灵活。

⑩“我们要更广泛地培养写杂文的新作家”意即“让更多的青年杂文家崭露头角（涌现出来）吧！”现按此作灵活处理，译为Let more young essayists come to the fore!，其中to come to the fore是成语，作“进入显著的地位”或“走到前面”解。

