

張曉風
散文

中英
對照

張曉風 著

彭鏡禧
康士林
吳敏嘉
等譯

不朽的 失眠。

Immortal Sleeplessness

夜空裡，星子亦如清霜，一粒粒冷絕悽絕。

In the night sky, the stars looked also like clear frost,
each a crystal cold and cutting to the core.

不朽的失眠：

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張曉風 散文 中英對照



欣賞中文與英文雙美

中譯英本非易事，除了了解字面意義外，還要懂得作者筆下的意境。中華民國筆會多年來秉持「團結優秀作家，提高創作水準，譯介本國當代作品，促進國際文化交流」之宗旨，在歷任主編殷張蘭熙、齊邦媛、宋美王華、彭鏡禧、張惠娟、高天恩、梁欣榮等教授主事下，精選優秀的中文作品，翻成英文，推廣至全球各地愛好中文之美的人士。多年來，政府致力推廣優質國內文學作品，希冀藉由台灣優秀的文化競爭力，以期與國際接軌，因此九歌出版社與中華民國筆會合作，精選好看好讀的名家文章，並配合精確的英文翻譯，讓國人同時領略中英雙種語言之美，與政府拓展國人國際觀的理念目標，相輔相成。

本系列以名家作品為主，首先推出多位知名散文家的散文，計有張曉風、廖玉蕙、席慕蓉等。本書為名散文家張曉風的作品中英對照《不朽的失眠：張曉風散文中英對照》。曉風老師的散文具備高度的精密性與藝術性；她寫宇宙萬物的大道理，也寫多彩繽紛的日常生活，更關照社會民生；不論描人繪景，或是敘事抒情，文字皆洗鍊生動，用句遣詞剛柔並濟，讀者在潛移默化間得著撫慰與激勵。

內容上，精選曉風老師名作：有替懷才不遇的詩人張繼訴說

不得志心情的〈不朽的失眠〉，有省思身分證明的〈我撿到一張身分證〉，有訴說香江景致的〈不是遊記〉，更有青春情懷的〈你真好，你就像我少年伊辰〉等共11篇散文。而編排上則採用中文與英文對照編排方式，讓愛好中文散文者，閱讀名家作品，豐富自己的用字遣詞，增進寫作能力。學習中文人士可藉由精采的散文作品中英對照，了解道地優雅的中文；閱讀英文及翻譯研究者，忠實領略到文學之美。期待這一套書為中西方文學打開交流與了解之門。

編者

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不朽的失眠

Immortal Sleeplessness

杜南馨／譯

Translated by Nancy Du

既然無眠，他推枕而起，摸黑寫下「楓橋夜泊」四字。然後，就把其餘二十八個字照抄下來。我說「照抄」，是因為那二十八個字在他心底已像白牆上的黑字一樣分明凸顯：

月落烏啼霜滿天 江楓漁火對愁眠

姑蘇城外寒山寺 夜半鐘聲到客船

他落榜了！一千二百年前。

榜紙那麼大那麼長，

然而，就是沒有他的名字。啊！竟單單容不下他的名字「張繼」那兩個字。

考中的人，姓名一筆一劃寫在榜單上，天下皆知。奇怪的是，在他的感覺裡，考不上才更是天下皆知，這件事，令他羞慚沮喪。

離開京城吧！議好了價，他踏上小舟。本來預期的情節不是這樣的，本來也許有個插花遊街、馬蹄輕疾的風流，有衣錦還鄉袍笏加身的榮耀。然而，寒窗十年，雖有他的懸樑刺股，瓊林宴上，卻並沒有他的一角席次。

船行似風。

He didn't make it ! One thousand two hundred years ago. On that big and lengthy scroll of names,

only his was missing. Why, could it not just hold the two simple characters of his name, Chang Chi?

The ones that made it, their names were written stroke for stroke on the public bulletin board. An announcement to the world. Strangely, he felt, his failure was even more of an announcement to the world. This shamed and depressed him.

Leave the imperial city! Once a price was fixed, he boarded a small boat. This was not the way the story was supposed to evolve, originally perhaps he would be adorned with flowers and he would parade in the streets, ever so debonair while his horse trotted gently in the wind. He would be filled with the glory of returning home decorated and honored. But despite his ten years of careful study and its share of struggle and pain¹, there was no seat for him at the Chung Lin Feast².

The boat sailed as fast as the wind.

1.— In Chinese, this literally means to tie one's hair on a house beam and jab at oneself with an awl to keep oneself awake. It refers to the extreme hardships some examinees experienced in order to prepare for their official examinations.

2.— The Chung Lin Feast was a feast hosted by the emperor in honor of the successful examinees of the imperial examination.

江楓如火，在岸上舉著冷冷的燭焰，這天黃昏，船，來到了蘇州。但，這美麗的古城，對張繼而言，也無非是另一個觸動愁情的地方。

如果說白天有什麼該做的事，對一個讀書人而言，就是讀書吧！夜晚呢？夜晚該睡覺以便養足精神第二天再讀。然而，今夜是一個憂傷的夜晚，在異鄉，在江畔，在秋冷雁高的季節，容許一個落魄的士子放肆他的憂傷。江水，可以無限度的收納古往今來一切不順遂之人的淚水。

這樣的夜晚，殘酷的坐著，親自聽自己的心正被什麼東西嚙食而一分一分消失的聲音。並且眼睜睜地看著自己的生命如勁風中的殘燈，所有的力氣都花在抗拒，油快盡了，微火每一剎那都可能熄滅。然而，可恨的是，終其一生，它都不曾華美燦爛過啊！

The maples by the river bank appear as if on fire, its cold flames lifted high. That day at dusk, the boat docked at Suchou. But to Chang Chi, this beautiful ancient city was just another place that touched his sorrow.

To a scholar, if there was one thing he had to do during the day, it was to study. And at night? Nights were for sleeping so you had enough stamina to continue studying the following day. But, tonight was a melancholic evening. Tonight, in a faraway land, by the river bank, during the cold season of autumn where wild geese flew overhead, a down and out scholar was permitted to give full vent to his sorrow. The river, throughout the years, had the capacity to swallow infinitely the tears of the unblessed.

A night like this, he sat without any sympathy for himself, listening to the sound of his own heart disintegrating bit by bit as something gnawed at it. He look wide-eyed at his own life dwindling like an old lamp in a strong wind, with every ounce of energy spent resisting. The oil was almost out, the weak flame would die any moment. But the hateful truth was, throughout his life, the flame had never once shone brightly and resplendently!

江水睡了，船睡了，船家睡了，岸上的人也睡了。唯有他，張繼，醒著，夜愈深，愈清醒，清醒如敗葉落餘的枯樹，似樑燕飛去的空巢。

起先，是睡眠排拒了他（也罷，這半生，不是處處都遭排拒嗎？）而後，是他在賭氣，好，無眠就無眠，長夜獨醒，就乾脆徹底來為自己驗傷，有何不可？

月亮西斜了，一副意興闌珊的樣子。有烏啼，粗嘎嘶啞，是烏鴉。那月亮被牠一聲聲叫得更黯淡了。江岸上，想已霜結千草。夜空裡，星子亦如清霜，一粒粒冷絕淒絕。

江上漁火二三，他們在幹什麼？在捕魚吧？或者，蝦？他們也會有撒空網的時候嗎？世路艱辛啊！

The river slept. The boat slept. The boatman slept. The people on the shore also slept. Only he, Chang Chi, was awake. The deeper night fell, the more awake he became. Awake as a dying tree with very few leaves hanging; awake as an empty swallow's nest deserted on the roof beam.

At first, sleep refused him (but then, most of his life, wasn't he constantly being refused wherever he went?) Then in anger, his resolve strengthened. Fine, sleepless he would remain. Being the only one awake in the long night, he would give his scars a thorough examination. What was there to prevent him?

The moon slanted westward, appearing dispirited. A bird cawed hoarsely. It was a crow. Cowering under the cries of the crow, the moon looked even more crestfallen. He imagined frost forming on the vast spread of grass on the bank. In the night sky, the stars looked also like clear frost, each crystal cold and cutting to the core.

There was a sparse scattering of light from the fishing boats on the river. What were they doing? Catching fish? Or shrimp?

即使瀟灑的捕魚人，也不免投身在風波裡吧？

然而，能辛苦工作，也是一項幸福呢！今夜，月自光其光，霜自冷其冷，安心的人在安眠，工作的人去工作。只有我張繼，是天不管地不收的一個，是既沒有權利去工作，也沒福氣去睡眠的一個……。

鐘聲響了，這奇怪的深夜的寒山寺鐘聲。一般寺廟，都是暮鼓晨鐘，寒山寺卻敲「夜半鐘」，用以警世。鐘聲貼著水面傳來，在別人，那聲音只是睡夢中模糊的襯底音樂。在他，卻一記一記都撞擊在心坎上，正中要害。鐘聲那麼美麗，但鐘自己到底是痛還不是不痛呢？

既然無眠，他推枕而起，摸黑寫下「楓橋夜泊」

Do they ever cast out nets that return without any catch? Life was hard. Even the carefree fishermen must sometimes get tangled in the wind and waves, surely?

But to be able to work hard was also a blessing. Tonight, the moon shone as moons do, the frost was cold as frost is generally, the sleeping were asleep, the working were at work. There was only he left. Chang Chi, a person who was discarded by heaven and jilted by earth. One who did not have the right to work, nor the fortune to sleep...

A bell rang, late at night, eerily, from the Cold Mountain Temple. Generally, temples tolled bells in the morning and beat drums in the evening. But the Cold Mountain Temple rang its bell in the middle of the night as a warning to the masses. The sound of the bell rode on the water and travelled over. To others, the sound was just a vague sort of background music in their dreams. To him, the sound banged hard against his heart, right to his very hurt. The bell sounded hauntingly beautiful, but did the bell itself feel pain?

As sleep eluded him, he pushed aside his pillow and rose. In