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Glenn Howlett(英)



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·北京·

内 容 简 介

本文选取国内报刊杂志上已发表的优秀散文,对每一篇文章都做了英译,并配有“翻译导读”注释,通过对文中重点之处的分析说明,将译者的翻译过程一点一滴的展示在读者面前,希望对广大读者学习翻译提供一些参考与借鉴。

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序 言

张光明教授是安徽财经大学外国语学院教师,是安徽省高校外语界第一个具有博士生导师资格的教授,指导方向是翻译;在业内享有很高的名望,地位不可谓不高。说起来煞是有趣,安徽财经大学现在还没有博士点(“十一五”规划中,博士授予权的突破乃是重中之重),而外国语学院连硕士点都没有(现在条件已经基本具备,正在积极申报),却有了一位博导!我曾经跟人开玩笑:我们庙虽小,但有一尊大佛!

张老师乃性情中人。当年我去他原来工作的学校参加他们硕士生毕业答辩工作,在答辩之后的宴会上,我俩相谈甚欢;喝酒原非张老师所长,那天倒也喝了不少。在我介绍了我校的大致情况之后,张老师对我校甚是神往,当时就跟我说,“我到你那里工作吧!”于是几经周折之后,推掉了其他好几个高校的邀请,从大城市到了我们这个小城市工作(我现在去上海、北京等城市参加会议时都自称“乡下人”,因为我们新校区的位置在李楼乡),至今已近三个年头。那几个高校的地理位置、在高校中的排名、收入等都远远高过我们。到目前为止,虽然当时学校答应条件没有完全兑现,但张老师没有任何怨言,依然勤奋工作。

张老师乃勤俭之人。张老师每天清晨五点起床,开始著述,七点出去锻炼,半小时后回来早餐,餐后接着著述。我常常在去赶七点半班车的路上遇到晨练回来的他。因此这两年多的时间他的著述颇丰(三本著作,还有两本待出)就毫不令人惊奇了。读者从本

书中他所写的翻译导读就能看出张老师的学术水平和对翻译的理解。其中我本人印象最深的一句话是第二篇文章“吾心安处即是家”的翻译导读的标题“词无定义,义随人生,义随句走”。这句话说出了语言表达的真谛;如果没有长期的翻译理论研究和实践,是不可能从内心发出这种体会的。张老师还热心地利用他在国内翻译界的个人资源,积极组织年轻老师做翻译项目;至今已有数人从中受益;这些年轻教师对张老师感激不尽。张老师在生活上非常简朴,着装从不讲究,虽有名家之实,却不讲名家之派;对教师平易近人,对学生和蔼可亲。

张老师乃谦虚之人。姑且不论学术水平,以他在业内的资历和资格,每次我们在一起开会或说话时,他都非常低调。本书成书之后,张老师多次嘱咐我为本书作序。这令学术资格和资历都尚浅的我实在感到汗颜;几经推辞,在张老师的一再坚持下,无奈成此小文,以完成张先生的嘱托。

周平

2008年9月21日

于安徽财经大学龙湖东校区

前言

南京,是我上大学、攻读研究生和从事教学的地方,从1969年求学开始,到2006年下半年离开十分熟悉的讲台,连头带尾共38年,期间虽然三进三出这座石城,但我对此处的一草一木却依然比对其他任何其他地方都要熟悉,对古城的山山水水有一种难以割舍的眷恋。为了抒发这一份情怀,我在教学期间收集了一些自己喜欢的报载文章,由本人及好友译成英文。译者都是拥有研究生以上学历、多年与英语打交道的专业人士。我们深知,把外语译成汉语较难,从汉语译成外语还要难,把散文,尤其是汉语的优美散文译成外语,更是难上难。尽管我们明知道不可为而却还要为之,为何?因为我们大家都非常热爱南京。我们要把这些歌颂南京的优美华章奉献给既懂汉语又懂英语,以及精通英语但不太懂汉语的读者,这是我们诚心奉献的几朵小花。尽管它们可能不都是那么美,甚至可能还夹杂着些许碎片,但它们的确是我们每位同志汗水的结晶。我们愿意不断学习,不断进步,更祈求译坛高手以不同形式善意点拨。翻译的成品固然重要,但对从事译学研究的同仁,翻译过程往往更为重要。本书与众不同的是,我们着重谈了翻译过程,对每一篇文章,从字到句,从句到篇,从读原文到提供译文,初稿是如何考虑的,第二稿是如何处理的,定稿是如何形成的,我们都力求给读者一个交待。我们学习翻译,要一步一步地学,要了解译者的思维过程,按照译者思索的脉络去接近译者,掌握技巧,这

样才能更快地、更有信心地学会翻译。

本书的成书过程是这样的:第一步由本书主编筛选文章;第二步确定译者名单,并由译者认真提供译稿和翻译注释,本书的译者有(排名不分先后):张光明,侍中,凌笑冬,周靖松,吕涛,吕志娟,李佳,林尔雅,陈晓涵,陈强,陈振兴,程树,李妍,罗荣晖,邓凡丁,丁佳来,公维良,洪卓群,吴亮,吴云,沈海仙,吴瑞芳,万旭龙,赵雪雪,王叶,张琳琳,张维,周晓冬,张茂林;第三步,因各种原因未能提供较好译文或较像样导读文字的,由主编和副主编进行翻译、补充或撰写(这项工作耗费不少精力和时间,因此导读部分出现了两位作者);第四步,译稿的初稿经副主编、主编修改后再由安徽财经大学外国语学院英国专家 Glenn Howlett 先生最后审阅,提出修改意见,供我们定稿时参考;第五步,对于英国专家的意见,几位主编都进行了反复讨论,最后确定译文。

我们深知,上乘的译文都是经过反复推敲、千锤百炼的。我们目前还未能达到这一高度。从计划翻译,到即将付梓,甚至到推出这部译稿,我们的心里始终都是忐忑不安的。俗话说,旁观者清,翻译何尝不是如此。翻译高手,不仅要从一种语言完全进入到另一种语言,还要完全能从另一种语言走出来,整个过程都保持着清醒的头脑。但是这样的高翻毕竟是少之又少的。为此,我们要继续朝这个方向努力。

我们在翻译和撰写导读过程中都尽力把有关翻译理论化进各自的文字中。导读有长有短,我们不追求篇幅字数,只追求内容讲解恰到好处。原文风格各篇均不相同,译者的风格也有所不同,所写的导读,无论从内容抑或篇幅抑或风格,均各有千秋,可以说各自成篇,相映成趣。读者可根据自己的偏好,选读其中的篇章,无须像学习精读课本,严格遵循次序,从头读到尾。

最后,我们要感谢所选文章的原作者,是他们给我们提供了宣传南京的机会,感谢英国专家 Glenn Howlett 先生,及时伸出友谊

之手,感谢安徽财经大学外国语学院院长周平博士,在百忙之中为本书作序,感谢我目前执教的外国语学院的同事和朋友,尤其是刘勇和侍中两位先生,他们汉、英语言功力深厚、学风严谨,为本书的成功推出立下了汗马功劳。

限于水平,笔下疏漏和错误在所难免,敬请读者和译界同行不吝赐教。

张光明

2008年7月30日

于安徽财经大学龙湖校区慧园楼十竹斋

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父亲的邮局¹

梁晴

我的父亲是个一生与邮局结有不解之缘的人²。每次搬家,他的行李中最蔚为壮观的除了书,就是无数旧信札³,它们捆扎有序,编有序号,注有往复日期⁴,几乎就是他的一部人际交往史。他的这个嗜好带到当初下放的苏北农村⁵,便给乡邮员带来了很多的痛苦,经常看到遥远的乡道上,乡邮员和他可怜的破自行车在与泥污坎坷殊死较量,车杠上的乡邮袋沉甸甸地往下坠。

最麻烦的是父亲喜欢袭用外交礼仪给亲友拍电报,“欣闻”什么、“惊悉”什么,祝寿的、往病榻上去问安的⁶,他不远十余里路跑到公社邮局去拍给人家,人家当然不好不在必要的时候以同样的礼仪奉还,这样,他给祖国的乡邮事业可就更加添累了⁷。

父亲倚重邮政的本意⁸,是可以借此传达一些不便当面溢美的词汇或不便当面商榷的意见,可是一张邮票给他带来方便的同时,也带来了一些难以言传的苦头。其中最典型的一件事,就是上世纪50年代初期,他把他一位老领导的书大加批改以后寄了回去。他以为这样做避免了当面直谏的唐突,可是他真正是上了那张邮票的大当。

父亲这样的性格,离休以后的寂寞和失落可想而知。父亲的晚年,是一个把写信当作“办公”的状态⁹,他对邮政更到了依赖的程度。无奈电信和电子通讯时代的到来,使很多老友不太再热衷于陪他玩跑邮局的游戏¹⁰,父亲的信件饥渴症甚至要借助“小康之家”这样的邮购服务完成。

三年前,年届80岁的父亲以少年人的热情和冲动卖掉原住房,搬进了江东南路的一个崭新小区,他的心情以与将来的奥体中心为邻而兴奋。但是问题很快产生——门前的“奥体中心”一直都是是一片可做古战场的开阔地,而道路上成天奔驰着横冲直撞的渣土车,父亲已经无法骑着他的自行车去寻找那个目前属于他的“上

新河邮局”。他再也不能像以前那样，赶在邮递员开信箱之前，把写好的邮件投到马路对面的信箱里。

一生不愿求人的父亲，只好在写好的信件已经积了一大摞的时候，眼巴巴地等着我的妹夫专程去一趟“上新河”。我妹夫有一次冒着雨替父亲出“公差”¹¹，又要拿雨披，又要贴邮票、又要取指甲刀之类的邮购包裹，忙乱中还丢了他和我父亲的身份证。

对于我的父亲而言，这真是一段苦不堪言的日子¹²。

没想到在那片似乎一直没有动静的开阔地上，突然之间就长出了贵妇草帽般的“奥体”¹³，长出了春笋般簇密的楼群，尘土飞扬、混乱不堪的江东大道一夜间变得豪华开阔，缀满了明珠般的灯光和锦绣般的绿地¹⁴。最令人不可思议的是，正对着父亲小区的一条崭新小道的尽头，出现了一座梦幻般的邮局！它简直就是我们所见到过的最俊美、最玲珑剔透的邮局，是邮局中充满灵逸之气的公主¹⁵。父亲几乎不敢相信奇迹的发生，直到我们拍下他与“公主”相依相偎的各种角度的照片¹⁶。

从此以后，父亲每天只要悠闲地在美丽小道上散着步，就可以完成他的邮政之旅¹⁷。

这座叫作“奥体邮局”的邮局，是天意的邮局，是父亲的邮局¹⁸。

My Father's Post Office

Liang Qing

Translated by Zhang Guangming

My father is a person who has had an irrevocable attachment to the postal service throughout his whole life. Every time he moved to a new place, old letters, in addition to his books, offered the most breathtaking views amongst all his earthly belongings. All the letters have been tied up with inbound and outbound dates carefully

noted down. One can claim that the letters are a record, as it were, of his contacts with his world. This little mania of my father's, when he had to be transferred to a lower level in the countryside in northern Jiangsu, was a constant source of anguish for the postmen, who had to struggle most bravely with the bumpy, muddy country road, the worn-out bike and the sagging post-bags.

The most troublesome thing is that my father liked to follow old diplomatic etiquettes to send telegrams to friends and relatives, such as "... pleased to know that...", "... surprised to hear that..." etc. He would travel over ten-*li* country paths to send telegrams of birthday celebrations to the elderly persons, or to go to the sickbeds of the patients to wish them good health, etc. Accordingly, the people he cherished also followed the same formalities in return when they deemed necessary. This made the country postmen's workload much heavier.

That my father should lean on the postal service so much is that it would spare him the trouble of giving extravagant compliments in person or ease the embarrassment of making certain highly sensitive advice. While postage brought him convenience, it also brought him sufferings beyond description. Among them the most typical case took place in early 1950s when he sent back by post the book written by his former leader after he had unhesitatingly corrected the errors in it. He thought he could avoid the abruptness of direct remonstrance, but he was utterly deceived by that postage.

With such a candid personality like my father's, one can easily imagine what a sense of loss and lonesomeness he would feel after his retirement. At his old age, my father has come to the stage of regarding "writing a letter" as "a real business". And the postal service has become even more indispensable for him. However, with the invention of telecommunications and the electronics communication age, many old friends of his have lost their interest in running

to and from the post office anymore. My father's thirsts for letters had to be quenched by mail order services provided by mail companies like "Well-off Families".

With the enthusiasm and impulse like those of young people, my 80-year-old father sold our previous house three years ago, and moved into a brand-new residential area located at South Jiangdong Road. He is very excited to live near by the Olympic Stadium. But problems popped up very quickly: the "Olympic Stadium", situated in front of our house, has been an open field as spacious as an ancient battlefield. Lorries loaded with bricks and soil pushed their ways madly along the road all day long, while my father could no longer ride his bicycle leisurely to look for "*Shang Xin He Post Office*" that belongs to him at present. He could no longer, as he used to, put the newly-written letters into the mailbox across the avenue just before those mailmen open it to collect letters.

My father has not troubled others for help for almost his whole life. Now, having written a large stack of letters, he has to wait anxiously for my brother-in-law to make a special trip instead of my father to "*Shang Xin He Post Office*".

My brother-in-law once made a "business trip" one rainy day. He had to attend to many things, such as taking a rain coat, sticking stamps on envelopes, fetching mail-clipper order package, etc. In a hurry, he lost both his own ID card and that of my father's.

My father was in deep distress during that period of time.

Unexpectedly at that seemingly silent opening ground, suddenly sprang up an Olympic Stadium looking like a gracious lady's straw hat, growing out groups of buildings like mushrooms. The once-dusty and chaotic Jiangdong Road has turned grandiose and spacious, dotted with lights as bright as pearls and, greens as beautiful as a rich brocade.

What makes one most unimaginable is, just at the end of a

brand-new narrow path opposite to the residential area where my father lives, a fantastic post office is standing erect gracefully. This most exquisite construction is simply the most beautiful post office we have ever seen. It is like a “princess” who is born with the spirit of natural grace and elegance. My father almost dared not believe the miracle to be true, until we have shown him the photographs in which he was taken from various angles and in different postures, nestling closely against this elegant “princess”.

From that time on, as long as my father strolls leisurely on the beautiful and small path, he can easily accomplish his trips to his post office.

This beautifully-named “Olympic Stadium Post Office”, is a divine post office, as well as a Fatherly Post Office.

〈翻译导读〉

从文学翻译的特有视角， 再现其诗化意境和哲理内涵

张光明

本文选自 2005 年 10 月 23 日的《南京日报》。是南京市市委宣传部、市文联与《南京日报》等单位共同举办的《我爱南京》征文中的一篇，获一等奖。阅读本文，我深深被作者父亲那种对事业、对邮局工作的执着和敬业精神所感动，遂考虑将其译成英语，让更多的读者认识中国，认识中国人的内心世界，正是炎黄儿女这种求真、求实、甘为孺子牛的精神，才使走过五千多年风风雨雨的中国，虽历经磨难和外邦侵犯，但她非但没有被击垮，反而越来越强大，越来越引起世人的景仰。

这篇文章属于优美的记叙体散文。翻译这样的散文，译者要怀着与作者同样的爱，同样的激情和想象，把源文本中一切美好的