



阅读与翻译

刘士聪 任淑坤 编著

*Reading
and
Translation*

河北大学出版社
Hebei University Press

学习翻译需要阅读文学作品，在阅读过程中欣赏语言艺术，学习语言技巧。学习汉英翻译需要多做英汉翻译，通过英汉翻译进行两种语言对比，认识并掌握英语表达方式特点。

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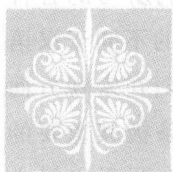
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前言

《阅读与翻译》分两个部分,第一部分是阅读,选取一些在编者看来是很好的英语散文和小说,并做了一些提示(关于语言用法),供读者阅读与参考;第二部分是翻译,选取一些在编者看来也是很好的英语散文,并译成汉语,也是供读者阅读与参考。这里编辑的材料虽是针对阅读与翻译,但编者有一个期待和指向,即希望通过阅读这些材料对提高汉英翻译能力有些启示。

就目前汉英之间的翻译而论,不是从英语译成汉语,就是从汉语译成英语,是双向的。在中国近现代很长的时间里,译者所从事的多是英译汉的工作,也出现了很多优秀翻译家。近几十年来,由于中国国内所经历的巨大变化,以及在国际关系方面出现的新形势,做汉英翻译的人越来越多,对汉英翻译的要求也越来越高。如何学好汉英翻译,如何提高汉英翻译能力,以适应当前形势的要求与发展,是一个需要探讨的问题。

有过一些实践经验的人都觉得汉英翻译比英汉翻译困难(其实都不容易),这种感觉概括起来主要有两方面的原因,一是英语知识不够,二是英语语感不强。第一个问题可以通过传授来积累,第二个问题则需要自己感悟来培养。当然,语感问题是多种因素、多条途径综合作用的结果,要经过一个长期培养的过

程。但对于一个已经进入十几岁、二十来岁,或者年岁更大一点才开始学习英语的中国人来说,在诸多途径里最重要的一条就是读书。读英语经典著作,读以英语为母语的人们所写的各种不同体裁、不同题材的作品,通过阅读来体验英语的不同于汉语的特性,在微观方面体验其用词、搭配、句子和修辞;在宏观方面体验其节奏、风格和韵味。读书是培养语感的一条极其重要的途径,即使对于以英语为母语的人来说,不读书也写不出好文章;对于我们来说,读书是学习汉英翻译和提高汉英翻译能力的前提和基础,没有通过读书培养起来的语感,做汉英翻译时感到心中没底是可想而知的。因此说,读书是第一个需要做的重要事情。

第二个需要做的重要事情是通过翻译学翻译,或者说,通过英汉翻译学习汉英翻译。这也是一个不可缺少的积累过程。通过英汉翻译尽量多地接触好的英语,对其加以体会和研究,再将其翻译成汉语。这个过程对于提高汉英翻译能力是至关重要的。

第三个需要做的重要事情是随时随地对汉英两种语言进行比较。在阅读过程中,在英汉翻译过程中,随时问一个问题,即英语的这个表达方式能表达汉语的什么意思?我们发现,表达同一个意思,英汉两种语言在字面上往往差异很大,不论在单词、短语或在句子层级上,都是这样的。这种比较的工作做多了,可以培养提高我们对于英语的感觉,减少在汉英翻译中有意无意反映出来的汉语思维和汉语表达方式的痕迹。

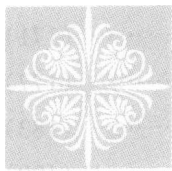
总之,这是一个信仰和意志问题。所谓信仰,就是我们在汉英翻译中所遇到的“困难”是可以克服的,关键在于摸索出一条学习汉英翻译的途径,而且相信它是正确的,行之有效的。所谓意志,就是要有思想准备,学习汉英翻译不能急于求成,这是一个长期的阅读与实践的过程和艰苦的积累与提高的过程,但只

要持之以恒,终有一天,我们会翻译出像样的英语。

我们在前面所说的希望这本小书对“提高汉英翻译能力有些启示”,就是这个意思。

编者

2008年8月



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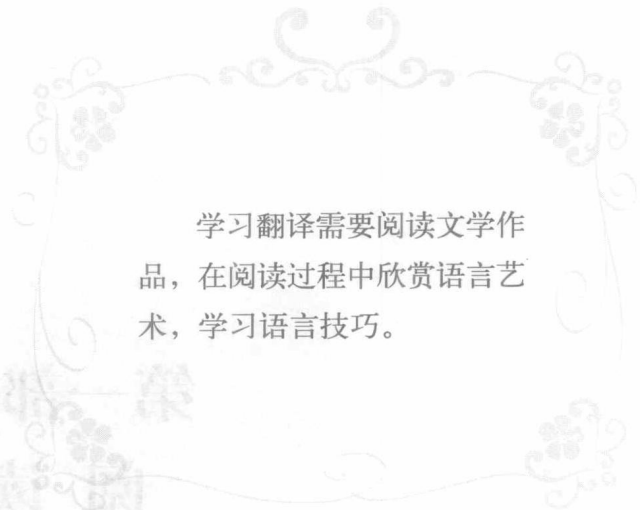
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第一部分 阅读



A decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the central text.

学习翻译需要阅读文学作品，在阅读过程中欣赏语言艺术，学习语言技巧。



Books

George Gissing

简要说明

乔治·吉辛(1857~1903),英国作家,其代表性著作 *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903)是一本带自传性质的散文系列,分《春》《夏》《秋》《冬》四个部分。本文选自书中《春》的第12小节,写他爱书、买书、读书的情景。他爱书到了痴迷的程度,常常为了买书而花去吃饭的钱。因为所写都是作家内心的真情,读来感人。如:

Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessaries of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I could not let it go; yet to buy it meant

pangs of famine.

课文

1. As often as I survey my bookshelves I am reminded of Lamb's "ragged veterans." Not that all my volumes came from the second-hand stall; many of them were neat enough in new covers, some were even stately in fragrant bindings, when they passed into my hands. But so often have I removed, so rough has been the treatment of my little library at each change of place, and to tell the truth, so little care have I given to its well-being at normal times (for in all practical matters I am idle and inept), that even the comeliest of my books show the results of unfair usage. More than one has been foully injured by a great nail driven into a packing-case—this but the extreme instance of the wrongs they have undergone. Now that I have leisure and peace of mind, I find myself growing more careful—an illustration of the great truth that virtue is made easy by circumstance. But I confess that so long as a volume hold(s) together I am not much troubled as to its outer appearance.
2. I know men who say they had as lief read any book in a library copy as in one from their own shelf. To me that is unintelligible. For one thing, I know every book of mine by its scent, and I have but to put my nose between the pages to be reminded of all sorts of things. My *Gibbon*, for example, my well-bound eight-volume Milman edition, which I have read and read and read again for more than thirty years—never do I open it but the scent of the noble page restores to me all the exultant

happiness of that moment when I received it as a prize. Or my *Shakespeare*, the great Cambridge *Shakespeare*—it has an odour which carries me yet further back in life; for these volumes belonged to my father, and before I was old enough to read them with understanding it was often permitted me, as a treat, to take down one of them from the bookcase, and reverently to turn the leaves. The volumes smell exactly as they did in that old time, and what a strange tenderness comes upon me when I hold one of them in hand. For that reason I do not often read Shakespeare in this edition. My eyes being good as ever, I take the Globe volume, which I bought in days when such a purchase was something more than an extravagance; wherefore I regard the book with that peculiar affection which results from sacrifice.

3. Sacrifice—in no drawing-room sense of the word. Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessaries of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I *could* not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs of famine. My Heyne's *Tibullus* was grasped at such a moment. It lay on the stall of the old book-shop in Goadge Street—a stall where now and then one found an excellent thing among quantities of rubbish. Sixpence was the price—sixpence! At that time I used to eat my midday meal (of course my dinner) at a coffee-shop in Oxford Street, one of the

real old coffee-shops such as now, I suppose, can hardly be found. Sixpence was all I had—yes, all I had in the world; it would purchase a plate of meat and vegetables. But I did not dare to hope that the *Tibullus* would wait until the morrow, when a certain small sum fell due to me. I paced the pavement, fingering the coppers in my pocket, eyeing the stall, two appetites at combat within me. The book was bought and I went home with it, and as I made a dinner of bread and butter I gloated over the pages.

4. In this *Tibullus* I found penciled on the last page: “Perlegi, Oct. 4, 1792.” Who was that possessor of the book nearly a hundred years ago? There was no other inscription. I like to imagine some poor scholar, poor and eager as I myself, who bought the volume with drops of his blood, and enjoyed the reading of it even as I did. How much *that* was I could not easily say. Gentle-hearted Tibullus! —of whom there remains to us a poet’s portrait more delightful, I think, than anything of the kind in Roman literature.

“an tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque
est?”

5. So with many another book on the thronged shelves. To take them down is to recall how vividly a struggle and a triumph. In those days money represented nothing to me, nothing I cared to think about, but the acquisition of books. There were books of which I had passionate need, books more necessary to

me than bodily nourishment. I could see them, of course, at the British museum, but that was not at all the same thing as having and holding them, my own property, on my own shelf. Now and then I have bought a volume of the raggedest and wretchedest aspect, dishonoured with foolish scribbling, torn, blotted—no matter, I liked better to read out of that than out of a copy that was not mine. But I was guilty at times of mere self-indulgence; a book tempted me, a book which was not one of those for which I really craved, a luxury which prudence might bid me forego. As, for instance, my *Jung-Stilling*. It caught my eye in Holywell Street: the name was familiar to me in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, and curiosity grew as I glanced over the pages. But that day I resisted; in truth, I could not afford the eighteen-pence, which means that just then I was poor indeed. Twice again did I pass, each time assuring myself that *Jung-Stilling* had found no purchaser. There came a day when I was in funds. I see myself hastening to Holywell Street (in those days my habitual pace was five miles an hour), I see the little grey old man with whom I transacted my business—what was his name? —the bookseller who had been, I believe, a Catholic priest, and still had a certain priestly dignity about him. He took the volume, opened it, mused for a moment, then, with a glance at me, said, as if thinking aloud: “Yes, I wish I had time to read it.”

6. Sometimes I added the labour of a porter to my fasting endured for the sake of books. At the little shop near Portland Road Station I came upon a first edition of *Gibbon*, the price an absurdity—I think it was a shilling a volume. To possess those

clean-paged quartos I would have sold my coat. As it happened, I had not money enough with me, but sufficient at home. I was living at Islington. Having spoken with the bookseller, I walked home, took the cash, walked back again, and—carried the tomes from the west end of Euston Road to a street in Islington far beyond the Angel. I did it in two journeys—this being the only time in my life when I thought of *Gibbon* in avoirdupois. Twice—three times, reckoning the walk for the money—did I descend Euston Road and climb Pentonville on that occasion. Of the season and the weather I have no recollection; my joy in the purchases I had made drove out every other thought. Except, indeed, of the weight. I had infinite energy, but not much muscular strength, and the end of the last journey saw me upon a chair, perspiring, flaccid, aching—exultant!

7. The well-to-do person would hear this story with astonishment. Why did I not get the bookseller to send me the volumes? Or, if I could not wait, was there no omnibus along that London highway? How could I make the well-to-do person understand that I did not feel able to afford that day one penny more than I had spent on the book? No, no, such labour-saving expenditure did not come within my scope; whatever I enjoyed I earned it, literally, by the sweat of my brow. In those days I hardly knew what it was to travel by omnibus. I have walked London streets for twelve and fifteen hours together without ever a thought of saving my legs, or my time, by paying for wafage. Being poor as poor can be there were certain things I had to renounce, and this was one of them.
8. Years after, I sold my first edition of *Gibbon* for even less