

TRANSLATION THEORIES AND PRACTICE SERIES

翻译理论与实践丛书

# 中国名家散文精译

TRANSLATION OF FAMOUS  
CHINESE ESSAYS

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## 序

“散文”是我们文学品种中一个较新的名词，它在英语中为 Essay，在法语中为 Essais。我们把它译成外文时用 Prose。这个词不甚贴切，因为它属于文学的一种分类，与“韵文”对称。但在中国文学史上，“散文”的历史却非常古老。它可以说是中国文学创作中的一个主要文学形式，而且这个形式被认为是与诗歌并列的文学正宗。小说、戏剧等则一般被认为是下里巴人消遣之作，不能登大雅之堂。只有“五四”新文化运动以后，情况才为之一变。小说、话剧、新诗等成为文学创作的主要形式，“散文”则被掩盖了，成为“小品”之类的读物。

唐宋八大家所写的文章事实上都属于“散文”，无论从篇幅或内容上讲都是如此。推而广之，诸子百家的文章也应该属于“散文”这一类。老子的《道德经》也可以归到“散文”的范畴——它是一部世界公认的文学作品。这些事实说明，“散文”所包括的内容非常广泛，一个知识分子思想和感情活动都可以用“散文”这种形式表达出来，而且表达得很自然，很舒坦，使“散文”成为具有极高欣赏价值的文学作品。这种情况不仅在我国文学史上如此，在世界文学史上也不例外。

在西方，一般被誉为“英国散文之父”的亚伯拉罕·考莱 (Abraham Cowley, 1618—1667) 把他的一本小书《闲话集》命名为《用散文形式写下的几篇闲话》(Several Discourses by Way of Essays)。散文大家培根 (Francis Bacon 1561—1626) 把古罗马哲学家

塞纳加(Lucius Seneca,约公元前4年至公元65年)写的《给路齐里乌斯的书信集》称为“散文的典范”。甚至马尔萨斯(Malthus, 1766—1834)把他写的“人口论”正式命名为《一篇关于人口的散文》(Essay on Population)。

法国古典散文的杰出代表蒙田(Michel Montaigne, 1533—1592)在38岁时厌倦了政治生活后,退隐到乡下,呆在象牙之塔里,静观人世间的沧桑,写出了大量优美散文(essais),把散文这个文学品种提高到了“不朽之作”的高度。我们当代作家所理解的和所写的“散文”倒有点接近于蒙田的散文境界。但这也只是“散文”的境界之一种。如上所述,“散文”所包括的范围比这要宽广得多,上至日月星辰、世界大局,下到炉边闲话、身边琐事,都可以进入“散文”天地。前年我生了一场大病,去年静养,在孤寂中,多年忘记了往事和新近世界的变化,不时涌上心来,我都以病中杂记的形式把它们写成长短不一的文章。我统统把它们叫作“散文”(已收集成册,不久将由21世纪出版社以《树上的小鸟》书名出版),报刊编辑和读者皆无异议。长篇大论之作得花时间,但这些瞬息万变的事物我们可以用散文的形式记载下来,速度比较快。我们现在散文家辈出,也将应该在我们整个文学创作中开出比任何时代都鲜艳的花朵。这部《中国名家散文精译》可谓是散文花朵中最为值得欣赏的标本。它还以汉英对照的形式出版,使外国读者也可以从中领略到中国散文创作发展的新貌。

叶君健

## Preface

“Prose” is a new literary term used to call one of a variety of literary works, which is “Essay” in English and “Essais” in French. In translation we use Prose instead. But its Chinese equivalent is not a suitable term here, for “Prose” means a literary classification as compared with the literary composition in rhyme. However, in the history of Chinese literature, “Prose” has a fairly long history, which can be regarded as a chief form in Chinese literary works and it is regarded as an orthodox form running parallel with poetry. Novels and plays were generally regarded as a popular literary form for pastime leisure, not appealing to refined taste. It was only after the “May Fourth” new literature movement that things began to take a change. Novels, modern drama, new poetry and other forms became chief forms of literary works. On the contrary, “Prose” was drowned to the bottom, becoming a simple literary form of the like.

In fact, all the articles written by the eight literary masters of the Tang-Song period belong to “Prose”, whether from their length or from their contents. Likewise, all the compositions written in the various schools of thought and their exponents written during the period from pre-Qin times to the early years of the Han Dynasty should all be classified as “Prose”. *The Clas-*

*sic of Virtue of the Tao* by the great philosopher Laozi, a generally recognized literary work in the world, may also be classified into the category of "Prose". These facts show that "Prose" embodied a very wide content. An intellectual can express his thoughts and feelings in the form of "Prose" quite naturally and comfortably, making "Prose" a literary form with very high appreciable value. This is not only true of our literary history, it is true of world literary history as well. In the West, Abraham Cowly (1618—1667), honoured as "the Father of British Proses", named his booklet *Several Discourses by Way of Essays*. The great prose writer Francis Bacon (1561—1626) called "A Collection of Letters to Luchilius" written by ancient Roman great philosopher Lucius Seneca (about 4 B. C. — 65 A. D.) "the typical proses" and even Malthus (1766—1834) called his "Theory on Population" as "Essay on Population".

The outstanding representative in ancient French prose Michel Montaigne (1533—1592) became tired of political life and lived in seclusion in an ivory tower in the country. Watching closely the tremendous changes in human world, he wrote a lot of beautiful essays, raising the literary variety of prose to the height of "immortal literary form". The proses in the mind of the contemporary writers and those written by them are something like Montaigne's in their realm of thought to some extent. However, it is almost one among the many realms of proses. Just as mentioned above, the scope of "Prose" is much wider than this, from heavenly bodies, world events, to the digression by stoveside and trivial matters can all be included in the "World of Proses". The year before last I fell seriously ill. Last year I was

recuperating at home. During my lonely times my long-forgotten past memories welled in my mind at times. I put all these in the form of proses in different length (It is going to be published in 21 Century Publishing House entitled *Birds in the Woods*. Whether the compilers of newspapers and magazines or the readers hold no objections to this. Now our country is facing a great reform period unprecedented in history and a new "Great Leap Forward" (so far as the scale and speed of the construction of our two civilizations are concerned). New things spring up everyday, everyone, especially the thoughtful man, has new sensations. Thus there are actually too much to write about. Long books require time, but we may note down these rapid-changing things in the form of prose, for it takes rather less time. Nowadays in our country prose writers come forth in large numbers, which may result from this boom. This is the proper climate for prose writing, in which more brilliant flowers will surely bloom than any time in the past in our whole literary creative works. This *Proses by Famous Modern Chinese Writers* can well be regarded as the most worthy of being appreciated among all the flowers. And what is more, it is published in bilingual form. Comparing with the original, foreign readers can appreciate the new development of the Chinese proses as well.

Ye Junjian

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## 1 一 文

# 雷

假如我在无人的旷野，我将作出呼喊，我不怕闹着陌生的人笑我是失去理性的疯子。我没有疯，我还是如此清醒；我怕这闷，这会把我活活闷死。

我盼望着一个响亮的霹雳，击走这一屋子的沉闷。

为什么我不能发散我的热情，和我的青春的活力？屋外，不是有无边的蓝天，和无际的土地么？

我要是去到无人的旷野，我会发出吼叫，如同出穴的狮子。

屋外起风了。天是黑压压的。要扯闷了吧？天亮了一下呢。当蓝森森的闪电亮过纸窗以后，接着便是一个响雷劈下来了。

屋外滚着渐小、渐乱、渐远的雷声。

天扯着闷，雷暴怒地击着地面，那是在沉闷中渴望着的一个响雷！

雷在响着，雷作着有力的搏击。该不会把屋瓦击碎吧，雷在满山满谷地滚着呢。

我在隆隆的雷声中作出回忆，那回忆是非常醉人的。

记得那是一个春天，有你，有我，还有她们；有那样一些好心的

朋友,在春雷的震动中红着脸争论。在汉口一家报馆的三层楼上,我们围着一张方桌,怀着一颗年轻的心,说着一个美丽的理想。心与心连在一起,我们听得出心的跳动。暴雨止不住我们的话语,春雨掩不住我们的声音,我们大声地说话,就是那宽敞的楼房也关不住我们的热情。

我们没有喝酒,然而我们在沉醉里面。我们兴奋地红了脸,然而我们的唇齿却未沾过酒杯。我们爱这样的沉醉。像这样,我们不止醉过一次。

那时,你是孩子,我是孩子,她们也是孩子;我们有纯白的心,单纯的信仰。我们将一个崇高的名字做了我们后来一个小团体的名字。

我在隆隆的雷声中作出回忆,我要写一个雷的故事。

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## ● Yi Wen

### Thunder

If I were in the wilderness, I would shout out loud regardless of being looked upon as a mad man and laughed at by a passing stranger. By no means am I mad, I'm as sober-minded as I ever was. In fact, it's the depression I fear and I know how it could possibly suffocate me. I am forever looking for a resounding thunderclap that, like a shock wave, would clear this room-

ful of gloom. Why should I not express my zeal and vitality of my youth? Isn't there a boundless blue sky and vast expanse of fields outside my room?

If I were in the wilderness, I would cry out like a roaring lion that had just come out of its cave. Outside the room the wind starts blowing and the sky grows dark. Is there going to be lightning? Suddenly the sky flashes. A streak of blue lightning flashes across the paper window, a blasting thunderclap falls straight on the head. Outside the room thunder rumbles become weaker, more confused and drifts farther off.

The sky is torn with lightning and the furious thunderclaps pound the earth. It is these thunderclaps that I eagerly wait for in my depression! The rumbling thunder struggles with such a mighty force. If only it could not shatter the tiles upon the roof as it rolls over the hills and through the valleys.

When I hear that thunder rumbling, I recall a fascinating experience. It was spring. On the third floor of a newspaper office in Hankou, sitting around a table, you, I and the girls, some kind-hearted friends, were debating over something important with blushing faces under the roll of spring thunder with blushing faces. Then we were all sharing a beautiful dream in our hearts, so linked together that we could hear each other's heart beat. The storm could not prevent us from talking and the spring rain could not drown out our voice. For we were talking loudly, even the spacious building could not shut our deep-felt zeal within.



We did not drink wine, but we were all drunk. Our lips did not touch our wine cups, yet our faces were red with excitement. We liked this kind of intoxication, and more than once we became intoxicated like this. At that time you were just a child, I was a child and they were all children. We had sincere hearts and a pure belief. Later on we chose a lofty name to call our small group.

I recall this past experience in the rumbling thunder; thus I want to write this story about thunder.