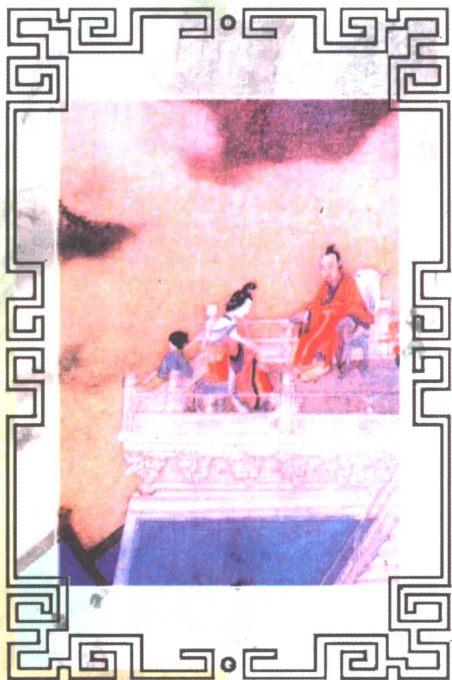




经典的回声

汉
英
对
照

ECHO OF CLASSICS



(清) 蒲松龄 著

(美) 丹尼斯·马尔 英译
维克多·马尔

聊斋志异选

STRANGE TALES FROM MAKE-DO STUDIO

外文出版社

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出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版,几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍,上自先秦,下迄现当代,力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品,英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃,精雕细琢,中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到,这些英译精品,不单有对外译介的意义,而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者,也是极有价值的读本。为此,我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选,编排成汉英对照的形式,陆续推出,以飨读者。

外文出版社

Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

Foreign Languages Press

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聊斋志异选

**STRANGE TALES FROM
MAKE-DO STUDIO**

考 城 隍

予姊丈之祖，宋公讳焘，邑廩生。一日，病卧，见吏人持牒，牵白颠马来，云：“请赴试。”公言：“文宗未临，何遽得考？”吏不言，但敦促之。公力疾乘马从去。路甚生疏。至一城郭，如王者都。移时入府廨，宫室壮丽。上坐十余官，都不知何人，惟关壮缪可识。檐下设几、墩各二，先有一秀才坐其末，公便与连肩。几上各有笔札。俄题纸飞下。视之，八字云：“一人二人，有心无心。”二公文成，呈殿上。公文中有云：“有心为善，虽善不赏；无心为恶，虽恶不罚。”诸神传赞不已。召公上，谕曰：“河南缺一城隍，君称其职。”公方悟，顿首

CANDIDATE FOR THE POST OF CITY GOD

MY brother-in-law's grandfather Master Song Tao, a local recipient of a government stipend for bachelors of letters, was lying sick in bed one day when an officer bearing a summons and leading a white-blazed horse came to him and said, "You are requested to be present at an examination."

"The civil examiner has not yet arrived; how can an examination be held out of the blue?" asked Master Song.

The officer fended the question off by insistently urging him to go. Master Song climbed weakly onto the horse and followed him along an unfamiliar road till they came to a walled city that looked like the seat of a king's authority. Before long they entered a magnificently built official residence. A group of ten or so officials sat at the head of a hall, none of whom he recognized except the God of War, Guan Yu. Two low desks with floor cushions had been set up in front of the hall. A bachelor of letters was already seated at the place farther from the head of the room. Master Song sat down shoulder-to-shoulder with him. On each desk were a pen and a writing pad. Suddenly a slip of paper bearing the composition topic glided down before his eyes. The eight words on it were "One man, two men; with intent, without intent." The two scholars completed their essays and presented them to the group at the head of the hall. One part of Master Song's essay read: "When a good deed is done with the intent of getting a reward, goodness is not to be rewarded; when an evil deed is done without intent, then evil is not to be punished."

The deities passed the essay around, and there was no end to their praise of it. They called Master Song forward and announced their

泣曰：“辱膺宠命，何敢多辞。但老母七旬，奉养无人，请得终其天年，惟听录用。”上一帝王像者，即命稽母寿籍。有长须史，捧册翻阅一过，白：“有阳算九年。”共踌躇间，关帝曰：“不妨令张生掇篆九年，瓜代可也。”乃谓公：“应即赴任；今推仁孝之心，给假九年，及期当复相召。”又勉励秀才数语。二公稽首并下。秀才握手，送诸郊野。自言长山张某。以诗赠别，都忘其词，中有“有花有酒春常在，无烛无灯夜自明”之句。公既骑，乃别而去。及抵里，豁若梦寐。时卒已三日。母闻棺中呻吟，扶出，半日始能语。问之长山，果有张生，于是日死矣。后九年，母果卒。营葬既毕，浣濯

decision: "There is an opening for a city god in Henan Province that you are qualified to fill." Only then did Master Song realize what was happening. He bumped his head pleadingly on the floor and sobbed: "Since you deign to grant me your most partial appointment, how dare I stubbornly decline? But my old mother is in her seventies and has no one to look after her. Please let me be with her until she lives out her appointed span of years; then I will be at your service."

An emperor-like deity commanded that his mother's longevity entry be checked. A clerk with a long beard brought out a record book and, after leafing quickly through it, reported, "She has nine years left on earth."

Guan Yu resolved the general indecision by saying: "No trouble. Have Scholar Zhang hold the seal of appointment in his stead until the nine years are up. That will be fine." Then he turned to Master Song and said, "Even though you should assume your duties right away, in order to promote benevolence and filial obedience, we will grant you a nine-year extension this time. When that period is over we will summon you again." He then spoke a few words of consolation and encouragement to the unsuccessful candidate. The two scholars kowtowed and left the hall together. The unsuccessful candidate shook Master Song's hand and accompanied him to the environs of the city. He volunteered the information that his name was Zhang, coming from Changshan. His parting gift was a poem which escaped Song's memory except two of the lines: "With flowers and wine, spring is always here; without candle or lamp the night itself is bright." Master Song mounted his horse, said goodbye and left. As he entered his own neighborhood he felt himself waking up as if from a dream.

At that time he had been dead for three days. His mother heard moaning in the coffin and helped him out. Half a day passed before he could speak. Song asked about Changshan and learned that, sure enough, a scholar named Zhang had died there on the same day that he had.

Nine years later his mother died as expected. As soon as Song had finished making her funeral arrangements, he bathed and then entered

聊斋志异选

入室而歿。其岳家居城中西门内，忽见公倮膺朱幘，舆马甚众，登其堂，一拜而行。相共惊疑，不知其为神。奔讯乡中，则已歿矣。公有自记小传，惜乱后无存，此其略耳。

Strange Tales from Make-Do Studio

his bedroom and died. That day his in-laws, who lived just inside the west gate of the city, saw him riding a horse with engraved harness and crimson trappings, followed by a large number of coaches and horses. Song walked into their hall, bowed once and left. In their astonishment they failed to realize that he was a ghost. They ran to his neighborhood to ask about him, only to find that he was already dead. Master Song left a short autobiography but, unfortunately, nothing remained of it after the disorder that swept our land. Here I give only a bare outline.

画 壁

江西孟龙潭，与朱孝廉客都中。偶涉一兰若，殿宇禅舍，俱不甚弘敞，惟一老僧挂搭其中。见客入，肃衣出迓，导与随喜。殿中塑志公像。两壁图绘精妙，人物如生。东壁画散花天女，内一垂髻者，拈花微笑，樱唇欲动，眼波将流。朱注目久，不觉神摇意夺，恍然凝想。身忽飘飘，如驾云雾，已到壁上。见殿阁重重，非复人世。一老僧说法座上，偏袒绕视者甚众。朱亦杂立其中。少间，似有人暗牵其裾。回顾，则垂髻儿，輶然竟去。履即从之。过曲栏，入一小舍，朱次且不敢前。女回首，举手中花，遥遥作招状，乃趋之。舍内寂

THE MURAL

WHILE staying in the capital, Meng Longtan of Jiangxi and Master of letters Zhu once happened upon a monastery. Neither the shrine-hall nor the meditation room was very spacious, and only one old monk was found putting up within. Seeing the guests enter, the monk straightened up his clothes, went to greet them and showed them around the place. An image of Zen Master Baozhi stood in the shrine-hall. On either side wall were painted fine murals with lifelike human figures. The east wall depicted the Buddhist legend of "Heavenly Maidens Scattering Flowers." Among the figures was a young girl with flowing hair with a flower in her hand and a faint smile on her face. Her cherry-red lips were on the verge of moving, and the liquid pools of her eyes seemed to stir with wave-like glances. After gazing intently for some time, Zhu's self-possession began to waver and his thoughts grew so abstracted that he fell into a trance. His body went adrift as if floating on mist; suddenly he was inside the mural. Peak upon peak of palaces and pavilions made him feel as if he was beyond this earth. An old monk was preaching the *Dharma* on a dais, around which stood a large crowd of viewers in robes with their right shoulders bared out of respect. Zhu mingled in among them.

Before long, he felt someone tugging furtively at his sleeve. He turned to look, and there was the girl with flowing hair giving him a dazzling smile. She tripped abruptly away, and he lost no time following her along a winding walkway into a small chamber. Once there, he hesitated to approach any farther. When she turned her head and raised the flower with a beckoning motion, he went across to her in the quiet, deserted chamber. Swiftly he embraced her and, as she