

University Reader
大学生读书计划



扎西达娃小说选



Selected Stories by Tashi Dawa

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Contemporary

英汉对照 • 中国文学宝库 • 当代文学系列

扎西达娃 著
Tashi Dawa

中国文学出版社
Chinese Literature Press

外语教学与研究出版社
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大学生读书计划

——中国文学宝库出版呼吁

在即将开机印刷这第一批 50 本名为中国文学宝库的英汉对照读本时,我们的心情竟然忧多于喜。因为我们只能以保守的 5000 册印数,去面对全国 400 万在校大学生。

虽然我们并非市场经济的局外者,若仅为印数(销售量)计,大可奋起而去生产诸如 TOFEL 应试指南,或者英语四六级模拟试题集一类的教辅图书,但我们还是决定宁可冒着债台高筑的风险,也有责任对大学生同胞发出一声亲切的呼唤:请亲近我们的中国文学。

身为向世界译介中国文学和向国内出版外语读物的,具有双重责任的出版社,我们得知目前大学生往往仅注重外语的学习而偏废了母语的提高,以及忽视了中国文学的阅读,放弃了人文知识的训练。有统计表明,某理工院校 57% 的同学不曾读过《红楼梦》等四大名著,以致校园内外流行着“样子像研究生,说话像大学生,作文像中学生,写字像小学生”的幽默。还有一副这样的对联,说大学生的文章是“无错不成文,病句错句破残句,句句不堪入目;有误方为篇,别字错字自造字,字字触目惊心”,横批“斯文扫地”。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展关键力量的大学生,这种“文弃”现象的流行,势必导致一场人文精神危机的爆发。对照以科学与人文精神追求为主题的五四新文化运动,八十年的历程告诉我们,以上提醒绝非危言耸听。

我们已经迈入知识经济时代,在追求科学知识的同时,创新精神已成为关键;而创新的源泉其实有赖于多学科多领域知识的交融,依靠的是新型的复合型人才,所以,文学对于新一代

的大学生来说绝非装点,而是沟通自然科学与人文科学的桥梁,使我们在汲取知识的同时更能获得智慧,于创造物质的同时还进一步丰富和完善着精神;无怪乎爱因斯坦认为自己受影响最大的竟是陀思妥耶夫斯基。由此证明,一个真正的科学家应该拥有丰富的文学和文化知识以及完整的人格。十年前,七十五位诺贝尔奖得主聚会巴黎,当时他们所发表的宣言开篇就是,“如果人类要在 21 世纪生存下去,必须回首 2500 年去吸收孔子的智慧。”确实,十年的时间让我们有目共睹,现代经济科技的飞速发展何尝不是一柄双刃的剑?只有文化的力量才能抵消随之而来的负面后果。可见,知识的获取与技能的训练对于大学生来说固然重要,但文化与修养却尤需关切。正因为大学生代表着社会先知先觉的知识力量,置身当前的文化现实,就应有一分责任感与使命感,力求对知识技能以外许多带有根本性质的精神追求形成明确的意识,从而具备一种对生命意义进行探索与追问的精神,一种以人文精神为背景的生存勇气和人格力量。那么,能够引导我们探索前行的一盏明灯,不就是闪烁着理想光芒的不朽的文学名著吗?

一个人乃至一个民族,从其对文学的亲疏态度,可以衡量出其文化素质的程度。文学应是从人类文化中升华出的理想的结晶,她“使人的心灵变得高尚,使人的勇气、荣誉感、希望、尊严、同情心、怜悯心和牺牲精神复活起来”(威廉·福克纳);无疑,只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质,充实人的内心世界,焕发人的精神风貌;带给人们真善美。而亲近文学,特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化,正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养,弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

“越是民族的,就越是世界的”,中国文学属于中国,也属于世界。和平是人类的共同愿望,交流与共享则是新世纪的潮流。

中国当代大学生的血液里流动着数千年的文化积淀，没有理由在让世界了解中国大学生聪明才智的同时，却无缘分享我们的骄傲——中国大学生不但能够读懂英语的莎士比亚，而且能让世界感动于中国文学的伟大。

这是我们作为出版者的理想。我们原有一个世纪礼物的构想，是同大学生一起做一个“读书计划”。这一次将中国文学的最新荟萃配设高水平的英语译文，是其中推荐给新世纪大学生的第一批读物。盼望着您——我们无数知音中的 5000 名先来者，给我们鼓励，也给我们意见和批评。

编者

一九九九年五月三十日

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只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质,充实人的内心世界,焕发人的精神风貌,带给人们真善美。而亲近文学,特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化,正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养,弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

A Soul in Bondage

There is a Peruvian folk-song called *El Condor Pasa* that I have not heard for a long time. But its simple, yet solemn melody lingers in the mind. Whenever I hear it, it conjures up a vision of high plateaux and deep valleys; of bits of farm land carved out of hillsides; of straggly crops; mill houses beside streams, and low stone cottages; of mountain folk struggling under heavy loads, the sound of cow bells, and the lonely dust-devils whirling in the wind, under a dazzling sun.

My visions are not of Peru and the foothills of the high Andes. They are visions of the Pabunaigang Mountains in the south of Tibet. I am not sure whether I have actually been there, or merely dreamt of those mountains. I cannot be sure, for I have been to too many places to keep reality and fantasy separate. I realize now that, until I finally went there, the Pabunaigang Mountains in my mind were only the reflection of a 19th century landscape by Constable.

Although it was still a quiet mountain area, the lives of the people had quietly slipped into the modern era. There was a small airport, from which a helicopter made the trip into the city five times a week.

Nearby was a electric generator powered by solar energy. In a small restaurant next to the petrol station at Zhelu Village, I sat

系在皮绳扣上的魂

现在很少能听见那首唱得很迟钝、淳朴的秘鲁民歌《山鹰》。我在自己的录音带里保存了下来。每次播放出来,我眼前便看见高原的山谷、乱石缝里窜出的羊群、山脚下被分割成小块的田地、稀疏的庄稼、溪水边的水磨房、石头砌成的低矮的农舍、负重的山民、系在牛颈上的铜铃、寂寞的小旋风、耀眼的阳光。

这些景致并非在秘鲁安第斯山脉下的中部高原,而是在西藏南部的帕布乃冈山区。我记不清是梦中见过还是亲身去过。记不清了。我去过的地方太多。直到后来某一天我真正来到帕布乃冈山区,才知道存留在我记忆中的帕布乃冈只是一幅康斯太勃笔下的十九世纪优美的田园风景画。

虽然还是宁静的山区,但这里的人们正悄悄享受着现代化的生活。这里有座小型民航站,每星期有五班直升飞机定期开往城里。附近有一座太阳能发电站。在哲鲁村口自动加油站旁的一家小餐厅里,与我同桌的是一位喋喋

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with a man with a beard. He was a talker who went on and on. He was actually quite well known, the chairman of the Himalayan Transportation Company; the only outfit in Tibet that owned container trucks built in West Germany. I went to a carpet factory where designers worked out their ideas on computers. A satellite disc picked up five channels and broadcast thirty-eight hours of programmes a day.

In spite of the material progress that has been made, some of the old traditions live on among the people of Pabunaigang Mountains. For instance, the village chief who has a doctorate in agriculture still makes the curious "lo-lo" sound with his tongue when he speaks to me as an expression of respect. And when people ask a favour they still say, "gu-ji, gu-ji" in a plaintive voice. Old men remove their hats and press them to their breasts as a sign of respect. Although weights and measures were standardized ages ago, people here still measure lengths by holding out one arm and indicating the length they mean by chopping at it with the palm of the other hand, from the wrist upwards, all the way to the shoulder.

Sangje Dapo, the living Buddha, was dying. He was the twenty-third incarnation of the Buddha at Zatuo Monastery. He was ninety-eight years old, and after him there would be no successor. Sangje Dapo and I had been friends. I had come to write an article about him. When a religion as mysterious and as steeped in legend such as Lamaism fails to produce a successor to its many petty leaders, it declines. Those were my sentiments. Sangje Dapo thought otherwise. He shook his head at me, and

不休的大胡子,他是城里一家名气很大的“喜马拉雅运输公司”的董事长,在全西藏第一个拥有德国进口的大型集装箱车队。我去访问当地一家地毯厂时,里面的设计人员正使用电脑程序设计图案。地面卫星接收站播放着五个频道,每天向观众提供三十八小时的电视节目。

不管现代的物质文明怎样迫使人们从传统的观念意识中解放出来,帕布乃冈山区的人们,自身还残留着某种古老的表达方式:获得农业博士学位的村长与我交谈时,嘴里不时抽着冷气,用舌头弹出“罗罗”的谦卑的应声。人们有事相求时,照样竖起拇指摇晃着,一连吐出七八个“咕叽咕叽”的哀求。一些老人们对待远方的城里人,仍旧脱下帽子捧在怀中站到一旁表示真诚的敬意。虽然多年前国家早已统一了计量法,这里的人们表示长度时还是伸直一条胳膊,另一只手掌横砍在胳膊的手腕、小臂、肘部直到肩膀上。

桑杰达普活佛快要死了,他是扎妥寺的第二十三位转世活佛。高龄九十八岁。在他之后,将不再会有转世继位。我想为此写篇专题报道。我和他以前打过交道。全世界最深奥和玄秘之一的西藏喇嘛教(包括各教派)在没有了转世继位制度从而不再有大大小小的宗教领袖以后,也许便走向了它的末日。形式在一定程度上也支配着意识,我说。扎妥·桑杰达普活佛摇摇头,表示否认我的观点。他的瞳孔正慢慢

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his eyes took on a faraway look. "Sangbala," he said slowly, "the battle of Sangbala has begun."

According to legend there is a paradise on earth to the north — the kingdom of Sangbala. It is said that the secret sect of the Yoga began there. The first king, Suocha Denapu was a disciple of Buddha, and later, went about preaching his message. Scriptures prophesy that one day, the kingdom of Sangbala will be invaded by a great host. "You will ride on, never turning back. Twelve divisions will follow you. You will aim your spear at the heart of Halu Taimeng, chief of demons and arch-enemy of Sangbala. And the demons will be routed." This was the anthem of the last king of Sangbala. Sangje Dapo had touched on the battle of Sangbala once before. He said the battle of Sangbala would go on hundreds of years, but the demons would be vanquished in the end. Then the tomb of Zunggeba would open, and once more the message of the Buddha would be preached. This would continue a thousand years, and then great winds and fire would sweep the earth. Finally, a deluge would bring about the end of the world, but a handful of souls would be spared. The world would begin again, with religion revived. Sangje Dapo lay in his cot, his eyes fixed on someone that only he could see, and it was this unseen presence that he addressed when he spoke: "When you've crossed the Kalong Glacier you will be standing in the palm of the Lord of the Lotus. Ask nothing. Seek nothing. In prayer you will find inspiration, and inspiration will bring visions. You will see out of the crisscrossing lines of that palm, one line leads to earthly paradise."

扩散。“香巴拉，”他蠕动嘴唇，“战争已经开始。”

根据古老的经书记载，北方有个“人间净土”的理想国——香巴拉。据说天上瑜伽密教起源于此，第一个国王索查德那普在这里受过释迦的教诲，后来宏传密教《时轮金刚法》。上面记载说，在某一天，香巴拉这个雪山环抱的国家将要发生一场大战。“你率领十二天师，在天兵神将中，你永不回头，骑马驰骋。你把长矛掷向哈鲁太蒙的前胸，掷向那反对香巴拉的群魔之首，魔鬼也随之全部除净。”这是《香巴拉誓言》中对最后一位国王神武轮王赞美的描写。扎妥·桑杰达普有一次跟我说起过这场战争。他说经过数百年的恶战，妖魔被消灭后，甘丹寺里的宗喀巴墓会自动打开，再次传布释迦的教义，将进行一千年。随后，就发生风灾、火灾，最后洪水淹没整个世界。在世界末日到达时，总会有一些幸存的人被神祇救上天宫。于是当世界再次形成时，宗教又随之兴起。扎妥·桑杰达普躺在床上，他进入幻觉状态，跟眼前看不见的什么人在说话：“当你翻过喀隆雪山，站在莲花生大师的掌纹中间，不要追求，不要寻找。在祈祷中领悟，在领悟中获得幻像。在纵横交错的掌纹里，只有一条是通往人间净土的生存之路。”

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I seemed to visualize in that instant how it might have been when the Lord of the Lotus ascended into heaven. I seemed to see a chariot driven by two angels whisking him away into the southern sky.

"Two young people from Kangba are searching for the way to Sangbala," said the living Buddha.

"You mean to tell me, in the year 1988, a man and a woman. . . ." I asked wearily.

He nodded.

"And the man was wounded?" I asked.

"Then you know the story," replied the living Buddha.

Sangje Dapo, the living Buddha, began to recall the story of the young man and woman who had come to Pabunaigang Mountains, and the things they had encountered on the way. As the story unfolded, I realized that I was listening to a tale I had written some time ago, and locked away in a trunk, without showing to anyone. Yet he seemed to be reciting the story, word for word. The place was a village named A on the road to Pabunaigang. The time was 1984. There were only two characters: a young man and a young woman. The reason I never showed the manuscript to anyone was because I did not know how to end the story. Listening to the living Buddha tell it made everything clear. The only difference was that at the end of my story the young man meets an old man in a tavern, and it is the old man who tells him where he must go. I did not describe the way ahead. I could not, because I did not know it at the time. Yet the living Buddha claimed that it was he who showed the

我恍惚看见莲花生离开人世时，天上飞来了一辆战车，他在两位仙女的陪伴下登上战车，向遥远的南方凌空驶去。

“两个康巴地区的年轻人，他们去找通往香巴拉的路了。”活佛说。

我疲惫地看着他。“你要说的是——在1984年，这里来了两个康巴人，一男一女？”我问。

他点点头。

“男的在这里受了伤？”我又问。

“你也知道这件事。”活佛说。

扎妥·桑杰达普活佛闭上眼，断断续续回忆起当年那两个年轻人来到帕布乃冈山区的事，他讲起那两个人告诉他一路上的经历。我听出扎妥活佛是在背诵我虚构的一篇小说。这篇小说我给谁都没有看过，写完锁进了箱里。他几乎是在逐字逐句地背诵。地点是一路上直到帕布乃冈一个叫甲的村庄。时间是1984年。人物一男一女。这篇小说没给别人看的原因就是到最后我也不知道主人公要去什么地方。经活佛点明我现在才清楚。唯一不同的一点是结尾时主人公是坐在酒店里有一位老人指路。我没写老人指的是什么路，当时连我自己也不知道。而扎妥活佛说是在他的房子里给那两人指的

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