

方华文 编译

Translation and Appreciation

of Chinese & Foreign Selected
Famous Proses and Poems

中外散文诗歌佳作

——• 选译与鉴赏 •——

【英汉对照】



时代出版传媒股份有限公司
安徽科学技术出版社

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前言 / Preface

外语界不知什么时候兴起了文学翻译的热潮，而且一浪高过一浪。大家激情满怀，捋袖揎拳，各个施展才能，恨不能把胸中的锦绣都铺展到译文里。无可否认，译文文采飞扬的居多，但忠实于原文者则少——一些译者全然忘记了笔下产出的是译文，竟当作创作文章“任意挥洒”一通。于是乎，“翻译”和“创作”之概念变得模糊朦胧，什么“拜伦”啦、“莎士比亚”啦，都成了中国娘胎里出来的产儿——此处绝无意诽谤“归化”，只是觉得“归化”过了头就等于歪曲。还有些人倒是注意保留外国文的“情调”，但一味儿生硬，把读者都“生硬”跑啦。“左右为难啊！”余光中老先生不就是在译坛挣扎久了，身心疲惫，才发出了这么一声长叹。无奈的文学翻译爱好者们，该何去何从呢？中国的一句老话说得好：“没有规矩不能成方圆。”还是掌握一些“规矩”（深处说即原则，浅处讲则指的是方略）好。其实，没有原则和方略，什么事情都干不地道。这本小书不能跟引经据典的理论大书相比较——粗浅得多啦，但由于强调“实践性”，便多了几分看头。译者经年“舞文弄墨”，琢磨出了一些经验，愿意跟诸位分享。

选散文和诗歌为题材，主要是因为这二者为文学精粹，语言格式细密，内容意义深远，极具代表性，翻译中困难重重——解决了难题，经验就丰富了，水平就提高了。书中的诗或文均属中外经典（有两篇译者的“狗尾续貂”之作，反衬出了其他作品的精美），助读者一路徜徉于名作的芬芳之中，体味翻译的妙趣，于知觉和不觉之中反复“淬火”，终成文学翻译之“材”——此为本书坚定不移的

宗旨。

每篇译文前加三大件：一是作者简介（相同的作者其简介省略），二是原文风格及翻译策略点评，三是词句翻译点评（辅加脚注）。如此，译文也就成了囫囵个，风采便展现出来了。郭沫若曾提出，从事文学作品翻译，要和原作者“先有恋爱，先有共鸣，先有心声的交感”，此为本书提供“作者简介”之初衷。所谓原文风格即原作的特征（典雅的？下里巴人的？电闪雷鸣般的？和风细雨般的？……反正这个世界有多丰富，文学作品的风格也有多丰富）；而“翻译策略”则是针对诸文的特殊性提出的翻译方法，医学上称为“对症下药”。“词句”最为繁难，牵扯到语言学、历史学、文学等诸多学科的知识，可谓“一步一景，步步有玄机”，有点像但丁的《神曲》里游历天堂地狱的味道，百味杂陈；而“词句点评”则在这场“游历”中充当向导的角色——指指点点嘛，全心全意为游客（即读者）服务。但愿这本小书能揭开文学翻译的神秘面纱，导引着读者步入一块美妙、灿烂的天地！

方华文
于苏州大学

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Chapter 1

第一章 英文散文

Translation and
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1. Three Days to See

Helen Keller

All of us have read thrilling stories in which the hero had only a limited and specified time to live. Sometimes it was as long as a year; sometimes as short as twenty-four hours. But always we were interested in discovering just how the doomed man chose to spend his last days or his last hours. I speak, of course, of free men who have a choice, not condemned criminals whose sphere of activities is strictly delimited.

Such stories set us thinking, wondering what we should do under similar circumstances. What events, what experiences, what associations should we crowd into those last hours as mortal beings? What happiness should we find in reviewing the past, what regrets?

Sometimes I have thought it would be an excellent rule to live each day as if we should die tomorrow. Such an attitude would emphasize sharply the values of life. We should live each day with a gentleness, a vigor, and a keenness of appreciation which are often lost when time stretches before us in the constant panorama of more days and months and years to come. There are those, of course, who would adopt the Epicurean motto of "Eat, drink, and be merry," but most people would be chastened by the certainty of impending death.

In stories the doomed hero is usually saved at the last minute by some stroke of fortune, but almost always his sense of values is

changed. He becomes more appreciative of the meaning of life and its permanent spiritual values. It has often been noted that those who live, or have lived, in the shadow of death bring a mellow sweetness to everything they do.

Most of us, however, take life for granted. We know that one day we must die, but usually we picture that day as far in the future. When we are in buoyant health, death is all but unimaginable. We seldom think of it. The days stretch out in an endless vista. So we go about our petty tasks, hardly aware of our listless attitude towards life.

The same lethargy, I am afraid, characterizes the use of all our faculties and senses. Only the deaf appreciate hearing, only the blind realize the manifold blessings that lie in sight. Particularly does this observation apply to those who have lost sight and hearing in adult life. But those who have never suffered impairment of sight or hearing seldom make the fullest use of these blessed faculties. Their eyes and ears take in all sights and sounds hazily, without concentration and with little appreciation. It is the same old story of not being grateful for what we have until we lose it, of not being conscious of health until we are ill.

I have often thought it would be a blessing if each human being were stricken blind and deaf for a few days at some time during his early adult life. Darkness would make him more appreciative of sight; silence would teach him the joys of sound.

Now and then I have tested my seeing friends to discover what they see. Recently I was visited by a very good friend who had just returned from a long walk in the woods, and I asked her what she had observed. "Nothing in particular," she replied. I might have been

incredulous had I not been accustomed to such responses, for long ago I became convinced that the seeing see little.

How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I who cannot see find hundreds of things to interest me through mere touch. I feel the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough, shaggy bark of a pine. In the spring I touch the branches of trees hopefully in search of a bud, the first sign of awakening Nature after her winter's sleep. I feel the delightful, velvety texture of a flower, and discover its remarkable convolutions; and something of the miracle of Nature is revealed to me. Occasionally, if I am very fortunate, I place my hand gently on a small tree and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song. I am delighted to have the cool waters of a brook rush through my open finger. To me a lush carpet of pine needles or spongy grass is more welcome than the most luxurious Persian rug. To me the pageant of seasons is a thrilling and unending drama, the action of which streams through my finger tips.

At times my heart cries out with longing to see all these things. If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight. Yet, those who have eyes apparently see little. The panorama of color and action which fills the world is taken for granted. It is human, perhaps, to appreciate little that which we have and to long for that which we have not, but it is a great pity that in the world of light the gift of sight is used only as a mere convenience rather than as a means of adding fullness to life.

If I were the president of a university I should establish a

compulsory course in "How to Use Your Eyes". The professor would try to show his pupils how they could add joy to their lives by really seeing what passes unnoticed before them. He would try to awake their dormant and sluggish faculties.

Perhaps I can best illustrate by imagining what I should most like to see if I were given the use of my eyes, say, for just three days. And while I am imagining, suppose you, too, set your mind to work on the problem of how you would use your own eyes if you had only three more days to see. If with the oncoming darkness of the third night you knew that the sun would never rise for you again, how would you spend those three precious intervening days? What would you most want to let your gaze rest upon?

I, naturally, should want most to see the things which have become dear to me through my years of darkness. You, too, would want to let your eyes rest on the things that have become dear to you so that you could take the memory of them with you into the night that loomed before you.

If, by some miracle, I were granted three seeing days, to be followed by a relapse into darkness, I should divide the period into three parts.

The First Day

On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and gentleness and companionship have made my life worth living. First I should like to gaze long upon the face of my dear teacher, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, who came to me when I was a child and opened the outer world to me. I should want not merely to see the outline of her face, so that I could cherish it in my memory, but to study that face and find in it the living evidence of the

sympathetic tenderness and patience with which she accomplished the difficult task of my education. I should like to see in her eyes that strength of character which has enabled her to stand firm in the face of difficulties, and that compassion for all humanity which she has revealed to me so often.

I do not know what it is to see into the heart of a friend through that "Window of the soul", the eye. I can only "see" through my finger tips the outline of a face. I can detect laughter, sorrow, and many other obvious emotions. I know my friends from the feel of their faces. But I cannot really picture their personalities by touch. I know their personalities, of course, through other means, through the thoughts they express to me, through whatever of their actions are revealed to me. But I am denied that deeper understanding of them which I am sure would come through sight of them, through watching their reactions to various expressed thoughts and circumstances, through noting the immediate and fleeting reactions of their eyes and countenance^①.

Friends who are near to me I know well, because through the months and years they reveal themselves to me in all their phases; but of casual^② friends I have only an incomplete impression, an impression gained from a handclasp, from spoken words which I take from their lips with my finger tips, or which they tap into the palm of my hand.

How much easier, how much more satisfying it is for you who can see to grasp quickly the essential qualities of another person by watching the subtleties of expression, the quiver of a muscle, the

① countenance 面容, 脸色; 表情

② casual 偶然的, 碰巧的; 此处意译为“萍水相逢”

flutter of a hand. But does it ever occur to you to use your sight to see into the inner nature of a friend or acquaintance? Do not most of you seeing people grasp casually the outward features of a face and let it go at that?

For instance can you describe accurately the faces of five good friends? Some of you can, but many cannot. As an experiment, I have questioned husbands of long standing about the color of their wives' eyes, and often they express embarrassed confusion and admit that they do not know. And, incidentally, it is a chronic complaint of wives that their husbands do not notice new dresses, new hats, and changes in household arrangements.

The eyes of seeing persons soon become accustomed to the routine of their surroundings, and they actually see only the startling and spectacular. But even in viewing the most spectacular sights the eyes are lazy. Court records reveal every day how inaccurately "eyewitnesses" see. A given event will be "seen" in several different ways by as many witnesses. Some see more than others, but few see everything that is within the range of their vision.

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for just three days!

The first day would be a busy one. I should call to me all my dear friends and look long into their faces, imprinting upon my mind the outward evidences of the beauty that is within them. I should let my eyes rest, too, on the face of a baby, so that I could catch a vision of the eager, innocent beauty which precedes the individual's consciousness of the conflicts^① which life develops.

① conflict 矛盾, 冲突; 倾轧。结合上下文的意思, 意译为“沧桑”

And I should like to look into the loyal, trusting eyes of my dogs—the grave, canny little Scottie^①, Darkie, and the stalwart, understanding Great Dane^②, Helga, whose warm, tender, and playful friendships are so comforting to me.

On that busy first day I should also view the small simple things of my home. I want to see the warm colors in the rugs under my feet, the pictures on the walls, the intimate trifles that transform a house into home. My eyes would rest respectfully on the books in raised type which I have read, but they would be more eagerly interested in the printed books which seeing people can read, for during the long night of my life the books I have read and those which have been read to me have built themselves into a great shining lighthouse, revealing to me the deepest channels of human life and the human spirit.

In the afternoon of that first seeing day, I should take a long walk in the woods and intoxicate my eyes on the beauties of the world of Nature, trying desperately to absorb in a few hours the vast splendor which is constantly unfolding itself to those who can see. On the way home from my woodland jaunt my path would lie near a farm so that I might see the patient horses ploughing in the field (perhaps I should see only a tractor!) and the serene content of men living close to the soil. And I should pray for the glory of a colorful sunset.

When dusk had fallen, I should experience the double delight of being able to see by artificial light which the genius of man has created to extend the power of his sight when Nature decrees darkness.

In the night of that first day of sight, I should not be able to sleep, so full would be my mind of the memories of the day.

① Scottie 苏格兰猎犬

② Great Dane 丹麦猛犬