

English-Chinese / 中英对照



命若琴弦

Strings of Life



史铁生 著

Shi Tiesheng

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS



English-Chinese / 中英对照

命若琴弦

Strings of Life

史铁生 著
Shi Tiesheng

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

命若琴弦: 汉英对照/ 史铁生著. — 北京: 外语教学与研究出版社, 2011. 12
(中国故事)

ISBN 978-7-5135-1570-2

I. ①命… II. ①史… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②短篇小说—中国—当代 ③散文—中国—当代 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2011) 第 256248 号



悠游网—外语学习 一网打尽
www.2u4u.com.cn
阅读、视听、测试、交流、共享

提供海量电子文档、视频、MP3、手机应用下载!

因部分译者地址不详,出版社无法一一取得联系。烦请译者主动与出版社联系,以便支付稿酬。谨致谢忱! 联系电话:010-88819619

出版人: 蔡剑峰

责任编辑: 郝颖 王琳

封面设计: 蔡曼

版式设计: 高蕾

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网址: <http://www.fltrp.com>

印刷: 北京方嘉彩色印刷有限责任公司

开本: 680×1040 1/16

印张: 10

版次: 2011 年 12 月第 1 版 2011 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

书号: ISBN 978-7-5135-1570-2

定价: 40.00 元

* * *

购书咨询: (010)88819929 电子邮箱: club@fltrp.com

如有印刷、装订质量问题,请与出版社联系

联系电话: (010)61207896 电子邮箱: zhijian@fltrp.com

制售盗版必究 举报查实奖励

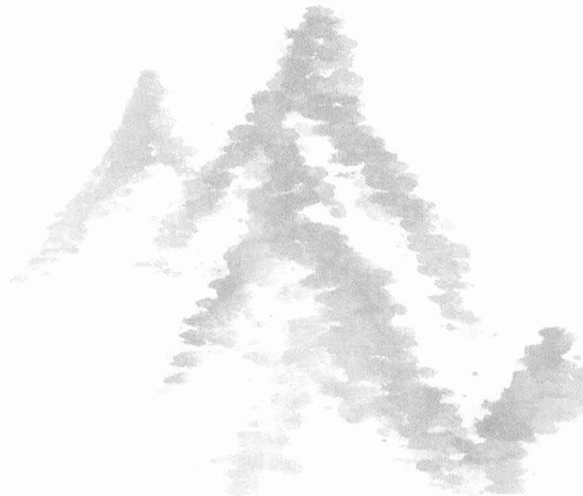
版权保护办公室举报电话: (010)88817519

物料号: 215700001



Multi-language Center for International Promotion of Chinese
Language, Beijing Foreign Studies University
Chinese-English “China Stories” Series

北京外国语大学汉语国际推广多语种基地
中英对照“中国故事”丛书





Publisher's Note

"Once upon a time...", such is the beginning of a story that may have accompanied many people through their childhood no matter what country they live in and what language they speak. When we grow up, we remain keen on one kind of stories or another. This is because stories always keep us at a fascinating distance: things that take place around us may drive home to us a timeless truth, while remote or illusory stories may as well be relevant to reality or reflect the problems of today.

However, if a story is linked with the name of a country, what can the listener expect from it?

The *China Stories* series is dedicated to those who are fond of stories and hope to know about China. The reason why we have chosen this way of storytelling is that while people nowadays may easily get to know a country by turning on the television, surfing the Internet or touching a cellphone screen, we believe stories make China look more vivid, serene and down-to-earth than media or political or economic commentators, historical archives or museums do.

Our stories or "storytellers" generally fall into two categories. Firstly, small works of big names in contemporary Chinese literature, such as *The Love Story of a Young Monk* by Wang Zengqi and *Ah, xiangxue* by Tie Ning; Secondly, Chinese tales told by writers from other lands from the "other" perspectives, like *The Magic of the White Snake* by the German freelancer Helmut Matt. The differences in settings, plots and the storytellers' personalities have added to the charisma of our stories. This *China Stories* series will maintain its openness by putting forth new stories, so as to present a rich, varied three-dimensional China to our readers. In this sense, this series is catered not only to foreign friends but also to Chinese-speaking natives so that they can observe this country from a fresh point of view.

Instead of lengthy narratives that may wear our readers down, the *China Stories* series is a collection of short stories and novellas that are meant for a pleasant reading experience, an experience that is made all the more delightful by our elaborately produced bilingual texts and beautiful illustrations.

Whether the storyteller or the listener comes from China or elsewhere, we believe that you can derive your own impression of China from these stories, and feel closer to it whether it was familiar or strange to you before you lay your hands on the *China Stories* series. So let's read *China Stories*, and get a taste of China from them.

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

August, 2011



出版说明

“很久很久以前……”，许多人的童年或许都伴随着这样开头的故事，无论她或他身处哪个国家，说着何种语言。当我们长大，依然热衷于各种故事。因为故事总是与人们保持一种远近适宜的奇妙距离：身边发生的故事有时能让人悟到恒久长远的道理，而遥远的甚至虚构的故事又能使人联想到现实的处境，回应当下的问题。

而当故事与一个国家的名称联系在一起的时候，又会给听者一种怎样的期待？

《中国故事》系列丛书献给那些喜欢听故事并且希望了解中国的人们。之所以选择这种方式而不是别的——毕竟，现在想了解一个国家，打开电视，浏览互联网，或者触摸一下手机屏幕就可以做到——因为我们相信，比起新闻媒体、政经评论或者历史文献、博物馆陈列中的中国，也许故事所反映的那个中国来得更真切，更沉静，也更实在。

故事的来源，或者说“讲故事的人”大体有两类。一方面我们收集了现当代一些中国文学大家的小作品，例如汪曾祺的《受戒》，铁凝的《哦，香雪》；另一方面，来自中国以外的作者们基于“他者”的视角重述中国的传奇，例如德国赫尔穆特·马特先生的《白蛇传奇》。故事的背景和事件彼此不同，更因叙述者的个性特征而平添魅力，本系列还将不断推新以保持一种开放性。因此呈现给各位的这一套丛书应该是丰富和立体的，希望借此传达的中国形象也能更加真实、丰满。从这个意义上讲，丛书的目标读者应不仅仅限于海外的朋友，其实也包括以中文为母语的读者们，以便透过新鲜的角度来观察这个国家。

这里没有宏大的叙事，而是以中短篇小说的篇幅给读者绝不沉重的阅读体验。这种轻松感还将通过我们精心提供的双语文本和优美插图得到进一步的体会。

无论讲故事的人以及听故事的人是来自中国还是其他国家，我们都相信您能从故事中获得自己对于中国的印象，对这个已经熟悉或者还很陌生的国度，更多一点儿亲近——阅读中国的故事，品味故事中的中国。

外语教学与研究出版社

2011年8月

Contents

Strings of Life 1

In the Temple of

Earth 87





目录

命若琴弦 1

我与地坛 87

Strings of Life

命若琴弦



Two blindmen walked single-file across the vast expanse of the mountain range, one old, the other young, their two blackened straw hats bobbing, the two of them darting forward as if they were drifting with the current of a restless river. It mattered little from where they came or where they were headed. Each of them carried a three-stringed banjo, and told stories to earn their livelihood.

The mountain stretched over several hundred kilometres in circumference, each peak stretching higher than the last; it was criss-crossed by gullies and ravines, and sparsely populated, so that one could walk a whole day and see only a single patch of open terrain dotted by villages. Passing by thickets of brush, at any time one might see pheasants spring up, or a rabbit or fox jump out, or other game. Hawks often circled above the valley floor. The sun beat down fiercely on the bleak, shadeless mountains.

“Keep hold of the banjo,” the blind old man called out, and the sounds of his echo rang back from the facing mountain.

“Got it,” the blind lad answered.

“Mind you don’t let your sweat get on the banjo. If it gets wet we’ll have to strum your ribs to make tonight’s music?”

“It’s right here in my hand.”

莽莽苍苍的群山之中走着两个瞎子，一老一少，一前一后，两顶发了黑的草帽起伏蹿动，匆匆忙忙，像是随着一条不安静的河水在漂流。无所谓从哪儿来，也无所谓到哪儿去，每人带一把三弦琴，说书为生。



方圆几百上千里的这片大山中，峰峦叠嶂，沟壑纵横，人烟稀疏，走一天才能见一片开阔地，有几个村落。荒草丛中随时会飞起一对山鸡，跳出一只野兔、狐狸，或者其他小野兽。山谷中常有鹞鹰盘旋。

寂静的群山没有一点阴影，太阳正热得凶。

“把三弦子抓在手里。”老瞎子喊，在山间震起回声。

“抓在手里呢。”小瞎子回答。

“操心身上的汗把三弦子弄湿了。弄湿了晚上弹你的肋条？”

“抓在手里呢。”



Senior and junior, both half-naked, each carried a stick to feel his way. Their coarse cloth coats tied up around their waists were soaked through with sweat and their steps stirred up a choking dust. It was peak season for storytelling —days were long, and after dinner the villagers all lounged outdoors; some of them even carried their bowls out to eat by the roadside or on the village common. The elder blindman was eager to get in as much story-telling as possible; during the heat of summer he had dragged the blind lad from village to village performing night after night. The old man grew more nervous and excited by the day. By his reckoning, the day he would play through his thousandth string might yet be this summer, and maybe it would happen right up ahead in Goat Valley.

The shadows lengthened as the day's blistering sun retreated from its attack on the earth. Cicadas everywhere relaxed and quieted their voluminous drone.

"Boy! Can't you walk any faster?" the old man called from ahead without slowing his pace. As the lad ran a few steps forward his satchel banged against his rump with a clatter and he failed to close the gap between him and the old man.

"The wild pigeons are all headed for their nests."

"What?" the lad again quickened his step.

"I said the pigeons have already returned to their nests, and you're still dragging."

老少二人都赤着上身，各自拎了一条木棍探路，缠在腰间的粗布小褂已经被汗水润湿了一大片。蹚起来的黄土干得呛人。这正是说书的旺季。天长，村子里的人吃罢晚饭都不呆在家里；有的人晚饭也不在家里吃，捧上碗到路边去，或者到场院里。老瞎子想赶着多说书，整个热季领着瞎子一个村子一个村子紧走，一晚上一晚上紧说。老瞎子一天比一天紧张、激动，心里算定：弹断一千根琴弦的日子就在这个夏天了，说不定就在前面的野羊坳。

暴躁了一整天的太阳这会儿正平静下来，光线开始变得深沉。远远近近的蝉鸣也舒缓了许多。

“小子！你不能走快点吗？”老瞎子在前面喊，不回头也不放慢脚步。

瞎子紧跑几步，吊在屁股上的一只大挎包叮啷啷地响，离老瞎子仍有几丈远。

“野鸽子都往窝里飞啦。”

“什么？”瞎子又紧走几步。

“我说野鸽子都回窝了，你还不快走！”





“Oh. ”

“Are you playing with that electric box of mine again?”

“Oh no! The damn thing moved.”

“Those headphones are going to break if you tinker with them like that.”

“The damn thing moved.”

The old man laughed darkly: how many days had this boy been born now? “I can even hear ants fighting,” he boasted.

The lad was not going to argue; he quietly slipped the headphones inside his satchel and trailed the old man along the dull, endless road.

After a while the lad heard the sound of a badger gnawing away at some field grain. He growled out his best imitation of a dog’s bark; the badger rolled, crawled, and ran to make its escape. Feeling cheered, the lad softly sang a few bars from a love song. Master wouldn’t let him keep a dog because he feared it might fight with villagers’ dogs and thus affect their business. A little later, the lad heard the slithering of a snake not far off. After leaning over and groping for stones on the ground, he chucked one toward the snake, sending a loud rustle through the sorghum leaves. The old man took pity and stopped to let him catch up.

“噢。”

“你又鼓捣我那电匣子呢。”

“噫——！鬼动来。”

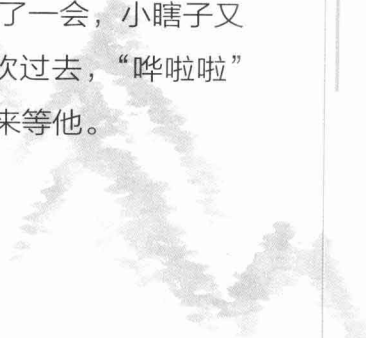
“那耳机子快让你鼓捣坏了。”

“鬼动来！”

老瞎子暗笑：你小子才活了几天？“蚂蚁打架我也听得着。”老瞎子说。

小瞎子不争辩了，悄悄把耳机子塞到挎包里去，跟在师父身后闷闷地走路。无尽无休的无聊的路。

走了一阵子，小瞎子听见有只獾在地里啃庄稼，就使劲学狗叫，那只獾连滚带爬地逃走了，他觉得有点开心，轻声哼了几句小调儿，哥哥呀妹妹的。师父不让他养狗，怕受村子里的狗欺负，也怕欺负了别人家的狗，误了生意。又走了一会，小瞎子又听见不远处有条蛇在游动，弯腰摸了块石头砍过去，“哗啦啦”一阵高粱叶子响。老瞎子有点可怜他了，停下来等他。





“If it’s not badgers, it’s snakes,” the lad hastened to explain, fearing his master would curse him.

“There’s a field coming up, not too far.” The old man passed a water jug to his apprentice.

“In our trade, a fellow walks his whole lifetime.” Then he added, “Tired?” The lad didn’t answer; he knew Master hated it when he said he was tired.

“My master never got his due. He played his whole life without going through a thousand strings.”

Observing the old man was in a better mood, the lad asked, “What’s a green lounge chair?”

“What? Oh, it’s most likely a kind of chair, I suppose.”

“What’s a twisting corridor?”

“A corridor? What kind of corridor?”

“A twisting corridor.”

“I don’t know.”

“They said it on the radio.”

“All you like is listening to that toy. What good does it do you? The world is full of nice things, but what do they have to do with us?”

“除了獾就是蛇。”小瞎子赶忙说，担心师父骂他。

“有了庄稼地了，不远了。”老瞎子把一个水壶递给徒弟。

“干咱们这营生的，一辈子就是走，”老瞎子又说，“累不？”

小瞎子不回答，知道师父最讨厌他说累。

“我师父才冤呢。就是你师爷，才冤呢，东奔西走一辈子，到了没弹够一千根琴弦。”

小瞎子听出师父这会儿心绪好，就问：“什么是绿色的长乙（椅）？”

“什么？噢，八成是一把椅子吧。”

“曲折的油狼（游廊）呢？”

“油狼？什么油狼？”

“曲折的油狼。”

“不知道。”

“匣子里说的。”

“你就爱瞎听那些玩艺儿。听那些玩艺儿有什么用？天底下的好东西多啦，跟咱们有什么关系？”