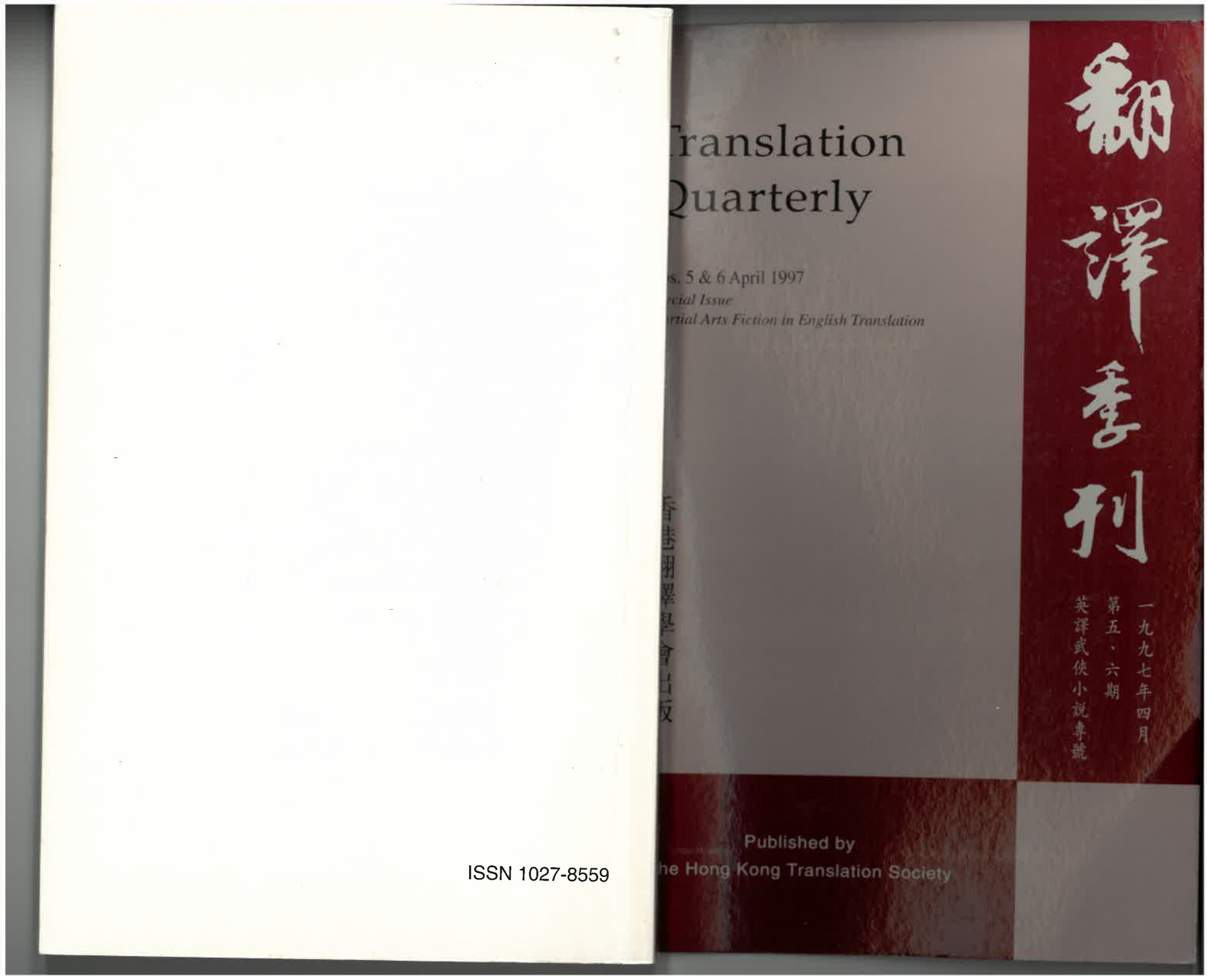

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Martial Arts Fiction in English Translation

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一九九七年四月

第五、六期

英譯武俠小說專號

This issue is dedicated to
Mr. Stephen C. Soong (1919-1996),
President of The Hong Kong
Translation Society 1976-1980.

Translation Quarterly Nos. 5 & 6 (April 1997)

The Question of Reception: Martial Arts Fiction in English Translation

CONTENTS

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Preface

Joseph S. M. Lau

The essays collected in this issue of *Translation Quarterly* are an outgrowth of a symposium on "The Question of Reception: Martial Arts Fiction in English Translation." Jointly sponsored by the Hong Kong Polytechnic University, the Hong Kong Translation Society, and Lingnan College, the symposium was held on the Lingnan campus on 22-23 March, 1996.

During the last two decades, a number of conferences have been convened in Hong Kong and elsewhere, interrogating the nature and place of *wuxia xiaoshuo* 武俠小說, or Martial Arts fiction, in the context of Chinese popular culture. What distinguishes the Lingnan gathering from others is the mere fact that, instead of tackling such an arcane issue as the legitimacy of *wuxia xiaoshuo* as "serious literature," the symposium set no higher goal than to ask: how much of a "good read" can be expected of a Martial Arts novel in an English reincarnation?

Translators of unsanctified literary writing such as *wuxia* fiction are by temperament a wayward bunch, impatient with received opinions. In Chinese studies, the fact that a Sinologue of Patrick Hanan's stature took it upon himself to translate as controversial a work as *The Carnal Prayer Mat* (*Rou Putuan* 肉蒲團) amounts to an act of discoverism and decentering. As I have written elsewhere,* "decentering necessarily results in diversification," offering students of Chinese literature in English translation an antidote against the accepted litany of Confucian or Maoist pieties.

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* See "'Discoverism': Translation as Endorsement," *Translation Quarterly* 2, 1995, 57-65.

Until recently, Martial Arts fiction has often been assigned the same genealogy as Mandarin Duck and Butterfly–a pejorative classification, to be sure. In this respect, John Minford's commitment to translate Louis Cha (Jin Yong 金庸) takes on "decentering" implications. For, just as Hanan is able to affirm the value of *The Carnal Prayer Mat* by locating an alternative world in its "sexual comedy," Minford performs a veritable deed of discoverism by making the claim that Trinket (Wei Xiaobao 韋小寶) belongs with Monkey (Sun Wukung 孫悟空), Jia Baoyu 賈寶玉 and Ah Q as "one of the truly unforgettable characters in Chinese fiction."

To the extent that discoverism assumes a commitment to advance a contrarian cause in defense of the perceived value of a given work, it doubles as endorsement. Seen in this light, Minford's translation is more than an idle exercise in linguistic transmigration. It is, in his own words, "translation as Kungfu" an act that might lead to fresh insights into the familiar world of Mandarin Ducks and Butterflies–a world that we thought we knew better than we cared to know.

Of course, before the translation project is completed it is premature to judge whether Louis Cha can vie for comparison with Scott, Dumas, or Stevenson as "a source of great enjoyment to Western readers." Louis Cha's narrative in English promises a Brave New World to students of Chinese literature in translation. We look forward to the day when we can hear Wei Xiaobao swear in the lingo of Trinket. That should be fun.

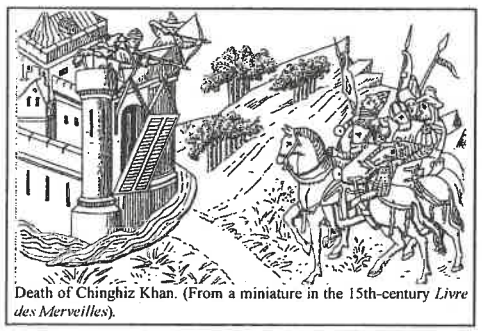
Kungfu in Translation, Translation as Kungfu

John Minford

For my grandfather,
Richard Sale,
cricketer

The Universal Spirit of Romance

Romance is a mistress who requires of those who woo her quiet, solitude and a single mind![1]



Death of Chinghiz Khan. (From a miniature in the 15th-century *Livre des Merveilles*).

Just glance at the effortless ease with which Lin Shu translates the opening lines of Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*:

> In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest. . . . Here haunted of yore the fabulous dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.
>
> (Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe*, Chapter 1 [1817])

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[1] Rider Haggard, in Lilian Rider Haggard, *The Cloak That I Left: A Biography of the Author Henry Rider Haggard K. B. E.*, London, 1951, 124.

英國東河流域之內，前此有大樹林，…相傳古來有神龍窟蟠其地。當時玫瑰之戰，兄弟爭立，即以此地爲戰場；而綠林豪客，仗俠尚義，亦據爲寨。

(林紓：《撒克遜劫後英雄略》)

One can see why Guo Moruo was so "decisively" influenced by the *Ivanhoe* translation: "The translation may have had its faults, but Lin succeeded in opening my eyes to the book's romantic spirit. . . . "[2] And yet Lin has left behind all of the "cultural comfort and euphoria" of the original—no "pleasant district" in his Chinese, no "merry" England. Perhaps that (as well as his extraordinary mastery of Chinese prose) was the secret of his success. Lucky Lin—emancipated, made fearless, by the fact that he knew no English![3] But he caught something else—a spirit, and a universal sense of romance.[4]

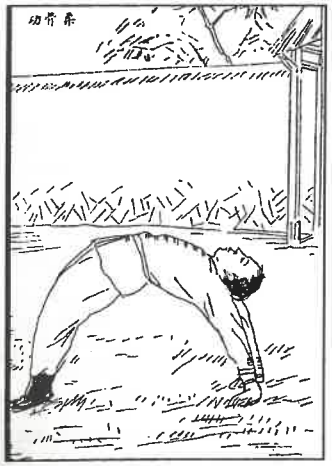
[2] See Guo's *My Childhood and Youth*. Lin Shu's "transformations" of Western fiction also led Qian Zhongshu, at the age of 11 or 12, "into a whole new world" (just as Chapman's *translation* of Homer had showed Keats a "new planet"). See Qian Zhongshu, "Lin Shu de fanyi." Qian's father Qian Jibo had already praised Lin highly in his *History of Modern Chinese Literature*, emphasizing his great versatility as a writer of narrative and descriptive prose, capable of being both humorous and moving.

[3] Cf Steiner, *After Babel*, 375: "Some of the most persuasive translations in the history of the *métier* have been made by writers ignorant of the language from which they were translating. . . ." As he goes on to say, "the relevant mechanics of penetration and transfer are obviously intricate and special."

[4] Cf Dick Davis' Introduction to Edward FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat*, London, 1989: "It bestrides the two worlds–and such diverse worlds–so that it gives the illusion of being universal."

A

The Game



Try to imagine the fascination that might be exercised among English readers by a (hitherto non-existent) genre combining the content of good old-fashioned cloak-and-dagger historical romance (well told—a rattling good yarn, preferably set in 17th-century France, or during the Jacobite uprising, or in the British navy during the Napoleonic wars, or in the late British Empire), with a certain amount of material from the Occult (the Knights Templar, the Cathar Treasure, Nostradamus etc.) and a lot of detailed (indeed fanciful) description of some national sport that combined the excitement of duelling and boxing with the underlying "national philosophy" of cricket.[5]

When the script, *Kung Fu, The Sign of the Dragon*, arrived at my door, I knew it was the one. Not because of the martial arts—none of us even

[5] See my Translator's Introduction to *The Deer and the Cauldron*, *East Asian History* 5, 1994, 2-3.

knew anything about that. That was just the hook the movie hung on. It could have been basketball or downhill skiing. It was "the one" because it was a great story. . . . [6]

It is interesting that the secret of both enjoyment and success in games is concentration. A man is happy not when he says "I am happy," but when he forgets himself altogether and concentrates entire attention on work or play. Then time ceases to exist. . . . To the true games-player the game itself, the changing pattern, the playing of each shot, is all-important. . . .

Games after all are not *only* games, they are games, just as an elephant is not *only* an elephant, it is an elephant. Games are also rituals, patterns and symbols of life itself. . . . As symbols they can at once be rejoiced in and treated with respect as the mysterious provider of that intense peace which is both action and contemplation.[7]

My grandfather was the latest in a long line of Richard Sales, going back to the Domesday Book and some minor Norman who accompanied William the Conqueror. His two passions in life were cricket (he played for England and knew many of the best cricketers of his day), and the Times crossword puzzle. Cricket isn't what it used to be. Nor is good old-fashioned cloak-and-dagger romance. Or kungfu. Or the Times. Or translation. Or anything else for that matter. So what hope can there be for Martial Arts fiction in English translation? What hope for the bastard child, in this strange world into which we are proposing to drag it? Who wants it anyway?

Holland today (February 21, 1996) came to within a hair's breadth of beating England, playing in Peshawar, Pakistan, in the preliminary

[6] David Carradine, *Spirit of Shaolin*, Sydney, 1991, 13.

[7] J. B. Pick, *Dictionary of Games*, London, 1952, 16-17.

round of the Wills Cricket World Cup. I gave a few feeble cheers. Batsmen wearing not white but strangely coloured clothes, with even stranger names like Lubbers and Van den Kooning, out there heroically and successfully slogging—in England's national game. In between wickets the commentators showed us video clips of sites from the ancient Buddhist kingdom of Gandhara, and talked of Alexander the Great. (But of all the world's brave heroes. . . .)

We sit powerless, Canute-like, in our ergonomic armchairs (IKEA-designed, made-in-China), watching the indiscriminate tidal wave of multinational culture—satellite TV, CNN, the World Wide Web—sweep up the shore, bowling over our cultural debris, hitting our pet icons for six, disabling what's left of our tribal memory. We watch stunned, the new *fin-de-siècle* exiles, as we try to remember what it is we are mourning the passing of, and collect our frequent-flyer points. This global island we inhabit is not even as real as Bali. It does not even possess a residual tourist charm or identifiable culture of its own.

The Elizabethans translating Livy and Homer had their cultural bearings, knew who they were, where they were coming from. They stood firmly on their own soil.[8] So did Scott Moncrieff, when he translated Proust—even if he did shy away from masturbation. And Arthur Waley brought a Chinese Monkey scintillating into the world (Edith Sitwell's world?) in the full darkness of the Blitz—because he and his Schloss forebears and his Bloomsbury friends had their roots firmly planted in European literary culture. He knew what he was doing. And he didn't care too much what anyone else thought.

Our ancestors knew. They knew the moves. They were Brave Men

[8] Cf Carl Jung, Commentary to *The Secret of the Golden Flower*: "Denial of our historical foundations would be sheer folly and would be the best way to bring about another uprooting of consciousness. Only by standing firmly on our own soil can we assimilate the spirit of the East." In C. G. Jung, ed. Jacobi, *Psychological Reflections*, London, 1953, 292.

and True. Heroes. Haven't we given up too easily? We operate in such a restricted universe, demanding so little of ourselves, and expecting so little of our readers? The average translation of old-fashioned Chinese fiction to be found in the bookstores is about as alive as a stuffed eagle.[9]

I do think it possible to translate Chinese Martial Arts fiction into English, to create novels that will both entertain English readers and present to them a whole world of the Chinese imagination. But in thinking about how to do it, we have come up against a number of recurring problems and obstacles. My collaborator Sharon Lai has written in some concrete detail about certain of these, and some of the ways of dealing with them that we have tried out. My own concerns here will be more general.

At the same time, I have taken this opportunity to reflect on the nature of this activity itself–translation. It is like kungfu. Like cricket. There are the moves or strokes to be learned, the daily practice. This is the outer work, the *waigong*. And there is the inner work, the *neigong*, the development of that inner space and energy that can sustain the enterprise. This is not theoretical knowledge, it is more an attitude, a perennial philosophy. It is a way of life. Like cricket.

Can Trinket Travel?

> Why should this be so? Why should an obscure dilettante's translation of the quatrains of a minor Persian poet have gone more or less straight to

[9] Edward FitzGerald to Edward Cowell, shortly after publication of his Omar Khayyam: "But at all Cost, a Thing must live: with a transfusion of one's own worse Life if one can't retain the Original's better. Better a live Sparrow than a stuffed Eagle. . . ." See Dick Davis' excellent Introduction to the *Rubaiyat* in the Penguin Poetry Library.

> the reading public's heart and stayed there for a hundred years or so?[10]
> The dessert wines of Madeira, made of Malmsey, Bual or sometimes Verdelho grapes, were also often sweetened with "vinho de surdo," a mixture of unfermented must and brandy. . . . Why these wines, constantly in motion in stifling heat, the barrels often submerged in foetid bilgewater, did not turn out undrinkable is a mystery. On the contrary, they developed softness and depth of flavour. . . . [11]

Some wines travel better than others. Like a well-loved local wine, kungfu fiction has not travelled well. Jackie Chan's recent movie–*Police Cop 4: First Strike*–is being promoted as the big kungfu breakthrough into Hollywood. It roller-blades through a pastiche of James Bond in three languages, its occasional Cantonese authenticity peppered with poor Mandarin and worse English. But Jackie saves the show, with his slapstick, his homemade stunts and his stepladder kungfu routines. Like Tristam Shandy. Like Trinket, the principal character in Louis Cha's last novel, *The Deer and the Cauldron*.[12] Jackie Chan has described himself as a cross between Sylvester Stallone, Buster Keaton and Donald Duck.

Today's translator is inevitably a "player" in the global media village. There is already a Louis Cha page on the Internet, and parts of *Deer* are already posted on it. Communication proceeds apace. Or certainly the technology does. But can we keep pace with the technology? Who–if anyone–does Trinket become? What sort of a passport has he been issued with? Are we translators operating from an island without a runway, let alone a name?[13] And is there a viable cricket pitch on the

[10] Dick Davis, Introduction, *Rubaiyat*.

[11] Hugh Johnson, *Vintage: The Story of Wine*, New York, 1989, 249.

[12] After much deliberation, I settled on Trinket as Wei Xiaobao's English alias. It seems to catch something of the mischief, the glitzy but loveable worthlessness of the character. The bauble.

[13] For the island, see my "Pieces of Eight," in Eoyang and Lin eds.,

beach?

Can Trinket travel? Or is he fated to remain an Honorary Chinese White, confined to the Chinese diaspora, trapped in a post-Apartheid world? Can he slip gracefully into the salons of the west, riding on the shoulders of Monkey? Can he emulate Jia Baoyu, and join Li Ang in flippant conversations with Emma Thompson and Hugh Grant?

What is it that makes this kind of travel, and acceptance, possible? [14]

When I was a child, I had a big West Indian nanny called Ivy. Years after leaving us, she announced that she was coming to visit my grandparents (the cricketer and his wife) in their village in the heart of the Berkshire countryside. This was in the early 1960s. Colour was still a sensitive issue. How could my very conservative grandparents come to terms with having a big black woman to stay? How would they explain it to their church-going friends? They were not racist, they just were not used to the idea. The breakthrough came one morning, during discussion at breakfast, a few weeks before Ivy's arrival. After all, my grandmother ventured, the Queen of Tonga (another very large, black person) had recently visited Windsor Castle, as the guest of Queen Elizabeth. Once that connection had been made, the rest was easy. The *known* had provided an analogy, a model for a venture into the *unknown*. The visit

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Translating Chinese Literature, Bloomington, 1995.

[14] Dick Davis answers this very question in connection with the *Rubaiyat*, giving a brilliant analysis of the mid-nineteenth century mental world (the *Rubaiyat* was published in the same year as *The Origin of the Species*), and of FitzGerald's personality (his repressed homosexuality). Kenneth Rexroth puts it differently: "Is FitzGerald a translation of Omar? Here the two cultures are so radically different, all that can be said is that he is probably all of medieval Persia that Victorian England was prepared to assimilate." "The Poet as Translator," in Arrowsmith and Shattuck eds., *The Craft and Context of Translation*, Texas, 1961, 22.

was a great success. Ivy came. She sang loudly in church. She was accepted.[15]

Kai Lung was accepted into the Western popular imagination, in the 1920s, with his quaint manner of speaking.

> "It is scarcely to be expected that one who has spent his life beneath an official umbrella should have at his command the finer analogies of light and shade," tolerantly replied Kai Lung. . . .

At least he succeeded in "cancelling out the image of Fu Manchu, the villainous Oriental." [16]

Oliver Goldsmith's 18th-century Chinaman (Lien Chi Altangi), and Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson's early 20th-century John Chinaman were very much accepted too, into the mainstream cultures of their times.

But these were Western fantasies. They were projections of Cathay. None were creations of the Chinese imagination. If we start to count the real Chinese literary travellers, items genuinely exported and accepted, we hardly even need the fingers of both hands. Wilhelm's *Changes*, Pound's *Cathay*, Waley's Bo Juyi and *Monkey*, Snyder's *Cold Mountain*. The 5-volume *Stone*. The innumerable versions of the *Daodejing*. There have been plenty of other things translated. But few of them have travelled.

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[15] Having recently sat through a 4-hour Cantonese opera version of *Hongloumeng*, in which Grandmother Jia was played by a man, and Jia Baoyu by a woman: having heard Grandmother Jia walk into Prospect Garden and exclaim "*Ho leung*!": having experienced this totally Southern transmogrification (dialect, music, dramatic idiom, sets, colours) of the quintessentially Northern masterpiece of Chinese literature; and having actually enjoyed it, and thought it rather good, I have to admit that *anything* can be acceptable, if it is done well.

[16] See H. J. Lethbridge's Introduction to the 1985 OUP reprint of *Kai Lung's Golden Hours*.

Translation as Karma

> The prime criterion of successful translation is assimilability. Does it get across to the jury? . . . How much does Proust mean to a Chinese collective farmer, and vice versa?[17]

As a profession, we translators of Chinese (with a very few exceptions) have too often been working in a void, protected by the esoteric nature of what we do from the demands of any real readership. It is highly unprofessional. We haven't really had to answer for ourselves, and have often got away with literary murder. Waley was different. He operated within the literary world of his time, treated sinology with disdain, welcoming inquisitive visiting scholars who knocked on his door in Highgate with silence and a walk in his rose garden. He related to his authors, wrote for real readers, and knew that if he didn't do a good job his readers would be disappointed. That's the normal way a writer works, and Waley's books have survived, and are part of 20th-century English literature.[18] In 1970, four years after Waley's death, when David Hawkes embarked upon the 15-year travail that produced the 5-volume *Stone*, he emulated his friend in his own determination to write for a real readership, for people who enjoyed reading novels.

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[17] Kenneth Rexroth, "The Poet as Translator," 22-23.

[18] As early as 1936, Yeats included Waley's long translation of Bo Juyi's poem "The Temple" in the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. It comes a few pages after Pound's version of Li Bo/Rihaku's "The River-merchant's Wife: A Letter," which Kenneth Rexroth described as "one of the dozen or so major poems to be written in American in the twentieth century."

The genesis of the Penguin *Stone* was, I believe, a suggestion made by Arthur Cooper (himself a "gentleman-translator/philologist," and unofficial adviser to Penguin Classics) to Betty Radice, then editor of the Classics, that they should "do" the *Dream of the Red Chamber*. (Those were the days when men and women of letters, and caring editors, still existed, when Penguins still corresponded at exhaustive length with their translators. Things are very different now.)[19] The nature of the *Stone*'s English birth fore-shadowed its subsequent development. It was done the risky way, without a single grant (though with kindly offered and gratefully accepted support from Oxford and the Australian National University). Its two translators were at different stages unemployed and living from hand to mouth (in varying degrees). But throughout there was a destiny binding it together, a strong sense of the predestined literary affinity of which the Chinese themselves are so aware. *Hongloumeng* is one of those books that definitely "has its fate" —for writers, readers, translators, editors and publishers.[20]

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[19] For a fine tribute to Betty Radice, and a sampling of the "Penguin stable" of translators that she inherited from E. V. Rieu, see *The Translator's Art: Essays in Honour of Betty Radice*, Penguin Books, 1987.

[20] The idea of literary destiny or *yinyuan* is often referred to by critics, even if all they mean by it is an uncanny sense that the translator has somehow *become* his chosen author. that there is a congruence, a true marriage of minds, an identity, a sort of inevitability. Qian Zhongshu devotes the opening pages of his long essay on Lin Shu to the idea. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, in the Introduction to the Everyman reprint of *Rabelais*, wrote that Sir Thomas Urquhart, the dandified cavalier who died laughing at the news of the restoration, was the "fore-ordained translator" of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*; George Saintsbury in a preface to the *Rubaiyat* described it is a sort of "literary metempsychosis.... FitzGerald *is* Omar Khayaam. and one may almost dare to say Omar Khayaam *is* FitzGerald.... "

Betting a Bob, Having a Go

> It [*King Solomon's Mines*] happened apparently quite by chance. Travelling up to London with one of his brothers they started discussing *Treasure Island*, just then making a great success. Rider said he didn't think it was so very remarkable, whereupon his brother remarked, rather indignantly: "Well, I'd like to see you write anything half so good—bet you a bob you can't."[21]

> "What is your secret, Old Man? It goes, and it grips, and it moves with all the freshness of youth. . . . It's ripping good and I am damned jealous."[22]

The two sample chapters of *The Deer and the Cauldron* published in the pages of *East Asian History* owe their existence to the fact that in January 1994 Louis Cha came as one of the chief guests to the Sydney Festival Writers Week. It seemed a good idea to have a sample available of the work-in-progress. He and I were scheduled to do a public dialogue (of the "The author in conversation with . . . ." type), to be followed by a forum on Martial Arts fiction, involving Cha, Liang Yusheng (now resident in Sydney) and others.

The festival took place shortly after the catastrophic Sydney fires, in which so many lost their homes. The Sydney Chinese community threw a big dinner for Cha, at which he gave a speech exhibiting his usual knack for going to the heart of the popular preoccupations around him, comparing the selflessly heroic efforts of the Sydney fire-fighters, which had received worldwide TV coverage, with the timeless spirit and courage of the Chinese *jianghu* heroes. He knew how to talk to his audience.

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[21] Lilian Rider Haggard, *The Cloak That I Left*, 121.

[22] Kipling to Rider Haggard, writing of *Moon of Israel*. *The Cloak That I Left*, 263.

Cha is the master storyteller. He touches Vital Points—*dianxue*—cradling and releasing the flow of a narrative. This is the challenge for the translator. To try to get it right, so that the story reads like a story. It is hard work and it takes a lot of time—*gongfu*. If it works it works—if it comes off it comes off—kungfu.

Not Out! Howlers as Liberation

> Be kind to my mistakes, and live happy![23]

There is something rather "alienating" about proofreading. I was doing some recently, and it brought on an unusual fit of honesty. I realized that a huge percentage of the translations of Chinese poetry I was proofreading, translations by well-respected sinologists, translations more or less accepted as "good," simply didn't work. They sat there dead on the page. They definitely would never travel. They needed to be propped up by commentary. And yet at the same time I found "howlers" in translations that work very well.

I have a couple of instructive examples (which I use regularly with students) of poems in translation. They both involve mistakes.

少年聽雨歌樓上
紅燭昏羅帳
壯年聽雨客舟中
江闊雲低
斷雁叫西風

而今聽雨僧廬下

---

[23] Anonymous Italian translator of *Robinson Crusoe*. See de la Mare, *Desert Islands*. London. 1930, x.

鬢已星星也
悲歡離合總無情
一任階前滴到明

(蔣捷：〈虞美人〉)

The rain song in youth I heard from some bedroom
red candle setting behind a satin screen
Older and travelling I heard rain in a boat
huge river, low clouds
a goose crying in the west wind parted from the flock

Now when I hear the rain, in a hermit's cell
my hair has long turned grey
Sorrow, happiness, parting, joining are all neutral
raindrops all night long on the stone steps

(Lyric to the Tune Yumeiren
by Jiang Jie [fl. 13th century]
translated by John Scott and Graham Martin[24])

Scott makes a mistake in the very first line, and then goes on to write a poem. Of course the words that go together are not *yu-ge*, rain-song, but *ge-lou*, singsong-house. The rain *becomes* a song in the first stanza of Scott's version, by "mis-take," and by the end of the second stanza the raindrops on the stone steps have *become* the unforgettable embodiment of the hermit's vision beyond emotion. They sing. The translation has come to life almost *because* the translator had the gall to stick to a "mistake." But are there really mistakes? Or are they all just "takes"?[25]

[24] See John Scott and Graham Martin, *Love and Protest*, London, 1971, 118.
[25] Compare Ezra Pound's "wet leaf clinging to the threshold," in "Liu Ch'e," his early recasting of Giles' "Gone." A. C. Graham has a close exegesis of this in

多少恨，
昨夜夢魂中：
還似舊時游上苑，
車如流水馬如龍，
花月正春風！

(李煜：〈望江南〉)

Immeasurable pain!
My dreaming soul last night was king again.
As in past days
I wandered through the Palace of Delight,
And in my dream
Down grassy garden-ways
Glided my chariot, smoother than a summer stream;
There was moonlight,
The trees were blossoming,
And a faint wind softened the air of night,
For it was spring.

(Immeasurable Pain
by Li Houzhu, last Emperor of the Southern Tang Dynasty [c. 975]
translated by Arthur Waley)

Waley seldom tried his hand at the *ci*, the lyric. And he soon gave up using rhyming verse altogether. But here, in this rare early example of his art as a traditional rhymer, he excelled, a little in the Georgian manner. It is one of his boldest and most unforgettable translations, despite, or maybe because of, the mistakes—the Chinese gives us no "grassy ways" (indeed the laying of a lawn in a medieval Chinese palace is a classic act

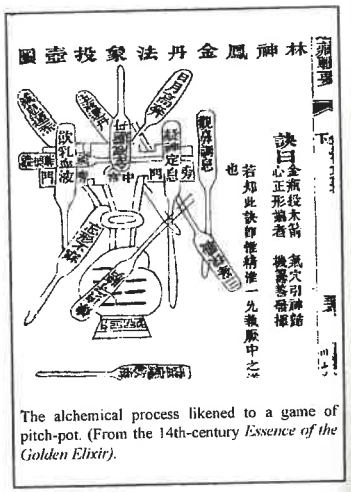
his introduction to *Poems of the Late T'ang*, London, 1965, 34-36.

of "Orientalist appropriation," a wonderfully loving piece of Chinoiserie!), there are no gliding chariots or summer streams (just a lot of courtiers and their carriages thronging the entrance). But "Immeasurable Pain" stands as a poem, and the eternal sadness of Li Yu echoes through the lines, just as Omar Khayyam's wit and melancholy reverberate in FitzGerald.

B

Neigong–The Ball-Game Alchemy of Translation

The adept surrounded by twelve lunar phases, each with its own hexagram from the *Book of Changes*. (From the 17th-century alchemical text, *The Inner Golden Elixir*).



The alchemical process likened to a game of pitch-pot. (From the 14th-century *Essence of the Golden Elixir*).

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows![26]

[26] Edward FitzGerald, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, stanza XLIX. The game referred to here is of course not cricket, but polo.

Keeping the One is above all a *creative process* realized in the freeing of our energies from the shackles of concepts. The fusion of *yin* and *yang* at the Center comes in a moment of self-mastery, in love or in artistic creation; one may find it in calligraphy, in poetry, dance, or in all other forms of art. . . . [27]

Everything may be transformed into anything else, since nothing is really anything.[28]

Translations are part of the cultural flux. They are emblematic of the life of a work.[29]

Fiction may be regarded as an art which must translate life into words . . . without in any way destroying its vital quality.[30]

Pound insisted that translation was a way to break through cultural provincialism. . . . Translation is a model of consciousness, or critical attention and imagination and cultural responsibility.[31]

By means of those frail tentacles, our sense, we explore the outward semblance of our fellow-creatures; but flesh is flesh and bone is bone, and only by insight and by divination can we pierce inward to the citadel of the mind and soul. We can only translate their touch, their gestures, words they use, the changing looks on their faces into terms of our own consciousness and spirit.[32]

[27] Kristofer Schipper, *The Taoist Body*, Berkeley, 1993, 158-59.

[28] J. E. Cirlot, "Metamorphosis" in *A Dictionary of Symbols*, New York, 1962, 199.

[29] Eugene Eoyang, *The Transparent Eye*, Honolulu, 1993, 22.

[30] Herbert Read, *English Prose Style*, London, 1928, 85.

[31] University of Texas, Dallas, Translation Center, *Translation Workshop Handbook*.

[32] Walter de la Mare, *Desert Islands*, 11.

Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art translated.[33]

Translation, in its Shakespearean sense, is transformation. It is verbal and cultural alchemy. It is a work that demands an openness of spirit—an inner stillness, the opening of heart and mind to meaning and imagination. Too often we do not respect the strange intensity of this process, and the demands it makes on the psyche of the translator. The translator is working in a laboratory where things are constantly changing. Everything is analogy.

In George Macdonald's long story *The Golden Key*, the boy and girl, at the end of their long quest, reach the subterranean centre of the universe and are dazzled by a Blakean vision of a little child (the Old Man of the Fire) playing with coloured balls (Macdonald says he got the idea from Novalis). This is the elemental play of the cosmic mind. Recently my friend Sean Golden of the Autonomous University of Barcelona has been devising a fascinating "recursive-dynamic" model of the translation process, as a game of billiards, with the white ball as the translation and the billiard cue as the translator, and the walls of the billiard table as the horizons of the source and target cultures. It is a brilliant attempt to depict the ever-shifting alchemical process of translation.

Dada: The Pataphysics of Translation

"I can't believe that!" said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath and shut your eyes."

"There's no use trying," she said: "One can't believe impossible things."

"I dare say you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

(Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*)

"Transmute boldly."

(Hilaire Belloc, "On Translation," *Taylorian Lecture*, Oxford 1931)

Yan Fu's Three Things will probably be around for ever. They are still useful. *Xin* 信 as a mnemonic for the ethical responsibilities of the translator, the relationship between translator and author, one of duty and trust. Like anyone representing anyone else to an audience—lawyer, pianist, friend. *Da* 達 as a mnemonic for the process/attitude of getting "in and out": penetration, *da*-1(*dadao* 達到) in the sense of arriving, getting in there, to the underlying meaning (how patient and tireless one has to be, constantly burrowing, worrying away at threads of meaning, teasing things out, using every available resource, logic, imagination, sympathy, verbal and factual research—it is certainly not a kind of activity that suits many people), until something clicks and you know you're there, you know that "you've been there before"; and then *da*-2 (*biaoda* 表達), in the sense of getting back *out* again, so that in addition to knowing it you also express it. Then it means something, the whole process, Author/Original/Translator/Translation/Reader, is a meaningful communicative act. Twice times *da* = Dada. Then there's *ya* 雅, which both Yan and Lin were so good at, as was Waley, as is Hawkes—the ability to work with language so that you are in control of your material, and can find the words you need. A lot of hard work and practice, and endless reading.

[33] *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III.i.

This is the classic Yanfucian Trinity.[34] Because it has so often been distorted to lend support to a rigid doctrine of literal fidelity, far from Yan's own practice (he was himself one of the freest translators), it is perhaps advisable to stress the dynamic quality of *da* (hence Dada), and to add a Fourth Thing—*hua* 化, Transformation, or Transmutation.[35]

Recasting is the best and most practical single English word to describe this process. It is a process in which the translator actually lets go of the original, but without betraying it. (See how one always talks of translation as if it were a personal relationship! It is. One is always half in love with one's author.)

Let me give an instance of this process at its best. From the author's Preface to *The Story of the Stone*:[36]

> 今風塵碌碌，一事無成，忽念及當日所有之女子，一一細考較去，覺其行止見識皆出我之上；我堂堂鬚眉，誠不若彼裙釵；我實愧則有餘，悔又無益，大無可如何之日也！當此日，欲將已往所賴天恩祖德，錦衣紈褲之時，飫甘饜肥之日，背父兄教育之恩，負師友規訓之德，以

[34] The early Jesuits (great "cultural fusionists," and therefore great and prolific translators–unfortunately for today's readers, mostly into Latin) showed characteristic boldness by Latinizing the names (as was after all done in polyglot Europe, Erasmus, Coletus etc.) of Kongzi and Mengzi. The two leading sages of the Chinese state ideology became Confucius and Mencius–and these names have stuck ever since. People can get used to anything. Therefore, why not Yanfucius

. . .

[35] The idea is as old as the hills, but the most memorable exposition of it in Chinese is that of Qian Zhongshu, in his essay on Lin Shu. I suppose he thereby becomes the Mencius of the Yanfucian tradition.

[36] Although often printed as an integral part of the text of the novel, this powerful piece of prose must have been some sort of preface, and Hawkes accordingly puts it into his own Introduction. For a detailed study of this passage see Wu Shih-ch'ang, *On the Red Chamber Dream*, Oxford, 1958.

> 致今日一技無成、半生潦倒之罪，編述一集，以告天下：知我之負罪固多，然閨閣中歷歷有人，萬不可因我之不肖，自護己短，一并使其泯滅也。所以蓬牖茅椽，繩床瓦灶，並不足妨我襟懷；況那晨風夕月，階柳庭花，更覺得潤人筆墨；我雖不學無文，又何妨用假語村言，敷演出來，亦可使閨閣昭傳，復可破一時之悶，醒同人之目，不亦宜乎？

Having made an utter failure of my life, I found myself one day, in the midst of my poverty and wretchedness, thinking about the female companions of my youth. As I went over them one by one, examining and comparing them in my mind's eye, it suddenly came over me that those slips of girls—which is all they were then—were in every way, both morally and intellectually, superior to the "grave and mustachioed signior" I am now supposed to have become. The realization brought with it an overpowering sense of shame and remorse, and for a while I was plunged in the deepest despair. There and then I resolved to make a record of all the recollections of those days I could muster—those golden days when I dressed in silk and ate delicately, when we still nestled in the protecting shadow of the Ancestors and Heaven still smiled on us. I resolved to tell the world how, in defiance of all my family's attempts to bring me up properly and all the warnings and advice of my friends, I had brought myself to this present wretched state, in which, having frittered away half a lifetime, I find myself without a single skill with which I could earn a decent living. I resolved that, however unsightly my own shortcomings might be, I must not, for the sake of keeping them hid, allow those wonderful girls to pass into oblivion without a memorial.

Reminders of my poverty were all about me: the thatched roof, the wicker lattices, the string beds, the crockery stove. But these did not need to be an impediment to the workings of the imagination. Indeed, the beauties of nature outside my door—the morning breeze, the evening dew, the flowers and trees of my garden—were a positive encouragement to write. I might lack learning and literary aptitude, but what was to prevent me from turning it all into a story and writing it in the vernacular? In this

> way the memorial to my beloved girls could at one and the same time serve as a source of harmless entertainment and as a warning to those who were in the same predicament as myself but who were still in need of awakening.[37]

If one reads this as a piece of English, it has none of the telltale signs of a translation.[38] It is authentic English. And yet, compare it carefully with the Chinese, and you will find that everything is there—every idea, every image, transformed and recast. And the feelings, the tender, passionate, wry feelings are all there. It speaks from the heart. It is Cao Xueqin speaking. It is David Hawkes speaking. It is Cao sitting in a Welsh shepherd's house, sipping a hot Whisky toddy after a long rainy walk across the hills; it is Hawkes sitting in Cao's cottage in the Western Hills outside Peking, sipping congee after a night of hard drinking and writing poems. It is both, and it is neither. It puts us to shame.

Hermes, Muse of Translation

> Hermes, Mercurius, god of revelation, lord of thought and sovereign psychopomp. . . . [39]

> All things and situations in the world are subject to change and transformation, and so are their images, the trigrams and hexagrams (of the *Book of Changes*). They are in a state of continual transition. . . .

[37] Cao Xueqin, trans. Hawkes, Introduction, *The Story of the Stone*, vol. 1. Penguin Classics, 1973.

[38] This was one of Qian Zhongshu's criteria for determining transformation. See the opening of his essay on Lin Shu.

[39] C. G. Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*, New York, 1953, 280-82.

In modern physics we have come to see the "things" of the sub-atomic world in very much the same way, laying stress upon movement, change and transformation and regarding the particles as transient stages in an ongoing cosmic process.[40]

Mercury (Hermes) standing on the sphere of chaos. 18th-century manuscript (in Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*, 310).

The *logos spermatikos*, the Gnostic Word scattered about the universe, quicksilver and quickthinking interpreter and messenger; cultural hermaphrodite and transvestite; the juggler, cross-cultural cabaret artiste, with an unlimited capacity for transformation, invention and mischief. Such is Hermes, the translator's Muse. He discovers and appropriates hidden treasures, puts them back into circulation. Better than the solemn bearded Jerome, or Fu Xi, the cosmic caveman playing with his Hexagrams.

It is possible to live with constant change. But very demanding and very dangerous. Very Heraclitean. One must accept flux—no fact, no fiction; no original text, just flux;[41] and yet one must keep in touch with something underlying. Like jazz, everything keeps changing, but there is still the underlying chord sequence. It is only when one is in this volatile space, that it is possible to make the essential lateral connections.

It is an impossible and absurd world, translation—how could Jia Baoyu ever speak Latin? Or Chinese actresses have French names? Or Jesus preach the Sermon on the Mount in Swahili? The translator balances on a knife-edge, and can easily descend into insanity. He or she, or he and she, operate in a universe where anything can become anything,

[40] Capra, *The Tao of Physics*, London, 1975, 312.

[41] Cf Eugene Eoyang's "myth that an actual original exists" in the first chapter of his *The Transparent Eye*.

where the molecules are highly unstable. Universals beckon, sometimes gleaming with a treacherous light. The translator wants so badly to believe, with Witter Bynner, that literature binds like-minded souls together across the world:

> Li Shang-yin, a gentle scholar, continues saying, as he said in the 9th century:
>
> *Literature endures, like the universal spirit,*
> *And its breath becomes a part of the vitals of all men.*
>
> And Kiang Kang-hu continues quoting, even in prison:
>
> *All human beings are of the same heart,*
> *And all hearts are for the same reason.*[42]

The translator reads that "the human urge to devise an idealised past seems to be recurrent, for the Camelot of Arthur has its counterpart in the Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood and the American West,"[43] and wants to add to that list the Chinese Brotherhood of River and Lake. Don't we all want all men to be brothers, in all the four seas? But how often do we wake rudely from this dream to a realization of the separateness of cultures and peoples, the inscrutability of friends and even of brothers.

This universe in which translators roam (the Sea of Primordial Chaos[44]) is full of exciting encounters, brief stopovers in Hong Kong, Macau, Venice, Byzantium, Alexandria–the intercultural ports of call. But it can also be a lonely place of exile. This is the occupational malaise of the translator, this feeling of being everywhere and nowhere. The

[42] *The Translations of Witter Bynner*, New York, 1978. Bynner is paying tribute to his collaborator Kiang Kang-hu, who died in a Mainland prison.

[43] Introduction to Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* in the *Norton Anthology*.

[44] Hundun–see my "Pieces of Eight," in Eoyang and Lin, *Translating Chinese Literature*.

scholar gipsy, destined to "come to Oxford and his friends no more." But as the Master Empty Cloud said:

> To a student of the Dao, his home is everywhere and if you lay down everything, the place where you are is a place for realizing the truth. Please set your mind at rest.[45]

Perhaps that loneliness, that sense of "nowhere," is why collaboration has been so successful in translating from and into the Chinese. Examples leap to mind: Judith Gautier and her Chinese friend, the "mandarin refugié" Ting Tun-ling, Legge and Wang Tao, Lin Shu and his many friends, Richard Wilhelm and Lao Naixuan, Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu, Harold Acton and Chen Shixiang, Ts'ui Chi and Gerald Bullett, Jerome Ch'en and Michael Bullock, etc. Having a co-conspirator, a partner in the enterprise, makes the perpetual somersault a little less daunting, a little less impossible, a little less lonely.

One of the most moving testimonies to the perils of being a translator is Jung's. Writing of his friend, the great Richard Wilhelm, who had recently died, Jung spoke of the intense spiritual conflict that threatened Wilhelm's health after his return from China to Germany in the 1930s. Wilhelm's mission of transmitting East to West had taken its toll, and in his last months he lay in a German hospital dreaming of revisiting the endless stretches of desolate Asiatic steppes. His soul had strayed into that "untrodden, untreadable region whose precincts cannot and should not be entered by force, a destiny which will brook no intervention."[46]

This is the danger, of laying the soul open to forces that can overwhelm and destroy. It is not unique to translation. It was well

[45] *Empty Cloud: The Autobiography of the Chinese Zen Master*, Shaftesbury, 1988, 137.

[46] Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, Appendix IV. See also his Memorial Address in *The Secret of the Golden Flower*. Jung is quoting Goethe's *Faust*.

described by Rider Haggard in one of his last public speeches, "The Good and Bad of Imagination."

> Imagination, he told them, was a great gift, but a terrible steed to ride. Those that dwelt under the shadow of its wings ate of the fruit of both good and evil, for if genius and inspiration was theirs, so also was madness and misery undreamed of by those of more phlegmatic mind. Imagination was power that came from they knew not where.[47]

It is the classic peril expressed in the Chinese words *zouhuo rumo*, the condition described so well in the latter part of *The Story of the Stone*, when the nun Adamantina's soul soars into the realm of enlightenment, only to be possessed by unfulfilled earthly desires.

This translator's realm, this open space, has much in common with the Chaos that lies at the root of Taoist philosophy.

> The union of being and non-being is achieved in the breaking up and the disintegration of the conceptual system. . . . The vision of chaotic order in the Yellow Court, the sounds of cosmic music that vibrate through the body. . . . The forces liberated during this privileged moment should not be exploited, say the masters. When existence is reduced to essence, when the universe is condensed into signs and images, it is dangerous to try to make use of them.[48]

It may be argued that all this is overstated—after all, the prime quality of a translator is to be matter-of-fact, self-effacing, to disappear in the very act.[49] I agree: I have only gone to this extreme, have utterly

[47] *The Cloak That I Left*, 277.

[48] Kristofer Schipper, *The Taoist Body*, 155.

[49] David Hawkes, "On Pound and Waley," in *Classical, Modern and Humane*

overstated my case, because I perceive the situation to be so critical, especially in the world's universities, which must bear a lot of the blame.[50]

Amor Vincit Omnia

> The knowledge everyone lacked was analysis of style, the understanding of how a phrase is constructed and articulated. People study lifeless models and translations, following teachers who are dolts incapable of wielding the scientific instrument they teach—I mean the pen—and life is missing, and love—love, the divine secret which does not give itself away—and soul, without which nothing can be understood.[51]

> (The living relationship of translation demands) sympathy . . . the ability to project into experience and then transmit it back.[52]

> People in a book at once become my nearest and dearest relations. When they are in difficulties I fall into despair; when they are successful, I am triumphant. I am no longer a human being, but a puppet whom the author dangles on his strings.[53]

Hong Kong, 1987.

[50] As Ezra Pound observed in *Kulchur*, commenting on the fact that Lacharme's Latin version of the *Book of Songs* had been ignored for so long: "Where did it lie doggo for 107 years? . . . The yoke of the universities has been heavy." It is also worth remembering that Pound himself went on to "do" the *Songs*, after his trial for treason, in St. Elizabeth's mental asylum.

[51] Gustave Flaubert, letter to Louise Colet, 7 September 1853. See Miriam Allott, *Novelists on the Novel*, London, 1959, 313.

[52] Rexroth, "The Poet as Translator," 29.

[53] Lin Shu's Preface to Charlotte Yonge's *The Eagle and the Dove* (Arthur Waley's translation, from his "Notes on Translation").

Matthew Arnold described the ideal attitude of a would-be translator of Homer as "a most undivided and disinterested love for the subject . . . a single-hearted care for it."[54] The Belgian translator and novelist Pierre Ryckmans, speaking briefly at the end of a conference on translation in Australia in 1980, commented poignantly that the one essential prerequisite for a translator was to "love the book."

Three centuries earlier, the Earl of Roscommon, translator of Horace's *Art of Poetry* wrote in his *Essay on Translated Verse*:

> Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
> And which the ruling passion of your mind;
> Then, seek a poet who your way do's bend,
> And chuse an Author as you chuse a Friend.
> United by this Sympathetick Bond,
> You grow Familiar, Intimate and Fond;
> Your thoughts, your Words, your Stiles, your Souls agree,
> No longer his interpreter, but He.[55]

[54] Matthew Arnold, "On Translating Homer: Last Words," Oxford 30 November 1861.

[55] Quoted by Adrian Poole and Jeremy Maule, in their introduction to *The Oxford Book of Classical Verse in Translation*, Oxford, 1995, xlii.

C

Waigong–Some Strokes

Tendulkar has all the strokes in the book. He's a little master.

(World Cup commentator, March 1996)

Go to the Charles Dicken rooms at the British Museum and observe the insertions, the amendments of every paragraph of his writing—you will succeed in literary enterprise if it is your ambition to do so.[56]

Chen Zhi loved the Lute, and would play on it day and night without stopping. When he had done so for twenty-eight years, suddenly a purple flower blossomed forth from the Lute. He ate it, and disappeared as an Immortal.[57]

[56] Cordy Jeaffreson to Rider Haggard, *The Cloak That I Left*, 119.

[57] Van Gulik, *The Lore of the Chinese Lute*, Tokyo, 1940, 152.

Vision of Light had it from Whispered Instructions,
Who in turn had it from Hard Apprenticeship. . . . [58]

The scene is set, and incense is burning at the shrine of Hermes. Out there at the wicket, the game is under way. Clearly a bowler's wicket. The home side is fielding. The balls delivered present the batsmen with a bewildering variety of problems. Each one has to be played. There are no ground rules, except to hit the ball.

We must try to create a new idiom for a new kind of novel, try out strokes, moves, details, what to call things, how people should speak.

National Essence, Cultural Euphoria

Sha Huizi was a master of the powerful form of *gongfu* known as Steel Shirt. He could put his fingers together and hack through the neck of an ox; or he could thrust them directly into the animal's belly. Once he was at Qiu Pengsan's house. There he saw, suspended in mid air, a large block

[58] *Zhuangzi*, Chapter 6.

of wood, and ordered two strapping great fellows to hoist it up and let it fall. He took the full impact on his naked belly: the block merely smacked loudly into him and bounced across the room. Then he took out his penis, laid it on a stone and began hammering away at it with a wooden mallet, without suffering the least injury. But he refused to try using a knife.[59]

Louis Cha's novels provide Chinese readers with a celebration of Chinese culture, of Chineseness, a fictional experience which is in some respects more "Chinese" than any of the available Chinese realities. They create a powerful sense of euphoria. A Chinese banquet.

1982. Walking down a street in Tientsin, near the Southern Market (*nanshi*), where storytellers and sellers of bric-a-brac hang out. A big man with a crowd of fifty or so gathered around him, demonstrating a form of kungfu that involves tying himself up in ever tighter coils of heavy-duty wire, until his body resembles a cork with a corkscrew in it. He sees us coming, and quietly begins addressing the crowd on the subject of foreigners and their inability to understand things like kungfu—the *guocui*, the national essence. Not for export.

We cannot expect the new readers of Martial Arts fiction in translation to share this sense of cultural euphoria. They are, by definition, not entitled to. They are not Chinese. (Overseas Chinese readers with no Chinese are an interesting exception.) All they can do is enjoy the spectacle of a culture rejoicing in itself. We the translators, like the commentators at a cricket match being broadcast for the blind, must invest the things we present with a new kind of glamour, at one remove.

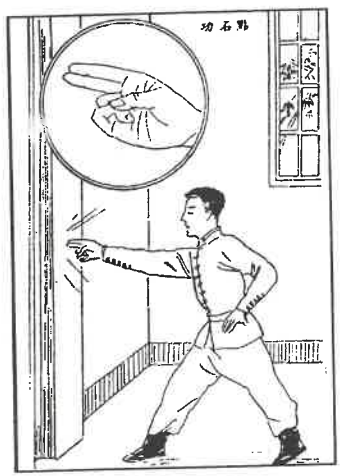
But this is a dangerous position to be in. We can so easily be seen by the custodians of the culture as traitors—allowing cultural secrets to be shared.[60]

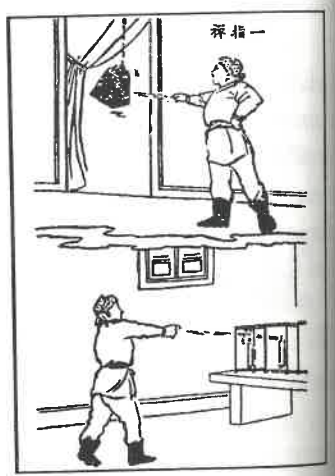
[59] The *Liaozhai* story "Steel Shirt" (my translation from *Meanjin* 1, 1995.)

[60] I have written about this in "Translation as Treason," *Bulletin of the Hong Kong Psychological Society* 15, 1985.

But sharing is surely of the essence. It means "wrapping" cultural gifts in such a way that they can travel, can be understood and accepted. Like Hermes, we must put things back into circulation. Yangzhou, Hangzhou and Suzhou are more than just names of cities; Tao Yuanming is more than "a poet," he is a very particular kind of poet, standing for a whole set of values; Jiangnan is more than simply the geographical area south of the Yangtze. It is all these "more thans" that present the challenge. Sometimes they demand an "incorporated footnote," or a Friendly Note to the Reader, or even a bit of Commentary. If that all seems too cumbersome, then in certain circumstances, the best thing may be to abandon the item altogether, rather than keep it there in a halfhearted way, and thereby create a logjam in the flow of the novel.[61]

Hong Kong





[61] These issues are treated at greater length by Sharon Lai.

> I seemed to feel that I had found at last the home for which I had left Scotland. . . . I see this island the natural outlet to all Europe, and by the Pacific lines to the United States. I see itself the home of a happy population, three times more numerous than the present, and foreigner and Chinese dwelling together in mutual appreciation. . . . The enterprise and integrity of its merchants, the kindness, forbearance and purity of all its inhabitants are spoken of with delight from Peking to Hainan, from the farthest west of Szechuan to the borders of the Eastern Sea.[62]

> In Hong Kong time is up. And the sooner we approach the fateful hour of 1997, the more the unique kungfu cinema, not content to re-invent the past, bears witness to the craziness of this equally unique city: an imaginary city, a true cinema city.[63]

We should not underestimate Cha's skill in creating this cultural euphoria. It is a knack, a kind of *gongfu*. It is the key to the spell that his books exert. And we should not forget that it was done in Hong Kong.

What more appropriate place therefore from which to launch Cha's fictional world in English than Hong Kong? (After all, the new Bank of China building is built on the old cricket ground.) What more appropriate year than 1997, the first centenary of the death of James Legge, who spent so much of his life in Hong Kong translating, before leaving to become the first Professor of Chinese at Oxford in 1876? And what more appropriate publishing house than Oxford, the press that published Legge's Confucian Classics?

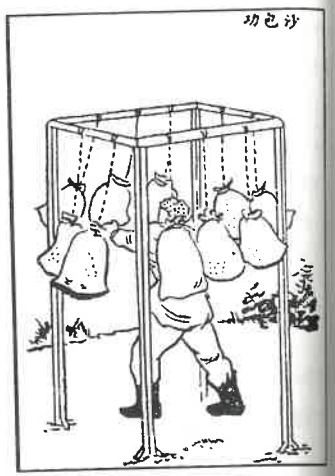
Legge's English translations of the Confucian classics educated the

[62] James Legge, Address delivered at City Hall, Hong Kong, 5 November 1872. See Barbara-Sue White, *Hong Kong: Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth*, Hong Kong, 1996, 31-32.

[63] Translated from the French of François and Max Armanet, *Ciné Kung Fu*, Paris, 1988.

Victorians about Chinese mandarin culture. Can Cha's novels provide a window into Chinese popular culture?

Martial Arts, River and Lake: "Excellent Kungfu!"



The interviewers always wanted to know if I really knew karate. Th name of the show was *Kung Fu*, but no one seemed to understand that was the name of the art as well. I made no secret of my ignorance of kun fu. When asked, I'd say "I know nothing." And then make some subtl dazzling move. I was being funny, sure. What I also meant was that wh you see, what I do, although graceful, fast and effective, is as nothin compared to what there is to be learned. Not too many of the people o there got the point.[64]

I write each film with rhythm. I want the audience to feel like they a dancing. When I make a fight scene, I'll write the music first and the

[64] Carradine, *Spirit of Shaolin*, 30.

make sure the sounds of punching, kicking and breathing come out like music. When I go to a theatre to watch my films, I watch the audience and if their bodies are moving like they're sitting in a disco, I know I've succeeded.[65]

None of us knows any "real" kungfu—neither Cha, Liang Yusheng, nor the translators. (They said as much at the Sydney 1994 colloquium.) In fiction, the fighting, like the dialogue, is fake—it only exists on paper, but it must create the illusion of being real.[66] The crucial consideration is whether or not the readers can believe in and visualize people fighting, whether or not they can hear people speaking. In order to achieve this goal, a whole lexicon has to be created, partly from the detail of Chinese kungfu, partly from whatever bits and pieces we can use—beg, borrow or steal, Hermes-magpie-like—from the Western traditions of fighting, wrestling, fencing, duelling.[67] But more important than all of this is the rhythm of the language, the cut and thrust of the sentence and paragraph.

The *jianghu* world—the world of River and Lake—must speak its own lingo. For his translation of *Yue Fei*, T. L. Yang decided to copy Pearl Buck's quaint idiom from *Water Margin*. The trouble is, that never worked in the first place. The nearest I have got to a model has bee he

[65] Jackie Chan Internet web site, quoted in Tom Hilditch, "Jumping Jackie Flash," *Sunday Morning Post Magazine*, Hong Kong March 17, 1996.

[66] Good dialogue in fiction is carefully crafted to achieve the effect of a mock reality—it is not an exact facsimile of real conversation. As Yeats commented, only Oscar Wilde spoke in perfect sentences. See Leech and Short, *Style in Fiction*, Chapter Five. "Language and the Fictional World," London, 1981.

[67] Jacques Dars has set a fine example of this in his French version of *Shuihuzhuan, Au Bord de l'eau*. He pilfers the medieval lexicon for his own purposes, and very successfully. It is a huge handicap for English translators of Martial Arts fiction not having a decent English *Shuihu*. One would then have something to build on.

Rafael Sabatini/Jeffrey Farnol well-written historical adventure-romances of the '30s. Recent practitioners of this tradition are Patrick O'Brian with his Aubrey/Maturin novels, and in a lighter vein George MacDonald Fraser (Sabatini was his hero), with *The Pyrates* and the Flashman series.

These long sprawling picaresque novels of the Chinese tradition can be made more manageable with suggestive English chapter and section titles. We tend to forget how crucial the choice of a name or a heading is, how one or two words can help to set the tone, the pace, the scene.[68]

Trinket's Father: Foreign Devil?

Louis Cha's last novel finishes in typically playful fashion:

> Historians of later times all tell of the Emperor Kang Xi's Six Tour of the South, claiming that the main purpose of these visits was to inspec the state of river conservation. But how do they account for the fact tha the first tour took place the very year Trinket disappeared? And if it wa the river conservation that he was inspecting, why go to Hangzhou? And why spend so long each time in Yangzhou? And send so many of hi personal guards to search every brothel, every gambling den, every teahouse, every bar—for Trinket? And why, when this search proved fruitless, as it always did, was the Emperor so down in the dumps?
>
> The researches of subsequent scholars have established that the grandfather of Cao Xueqin, the author of *The Story of the Stone*, was once a member of the Imperial Guard, and that he actually served under

[68] "The name of Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion at some time or other to wish, with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. . . . The word suited the author's purpose in two material respects; for, first, it had an ancient English sound, and secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story." Scott, Introduction to *Ivanhoe*.

> Trinket's command . . . Kang Xi later appointed him Imperial Textile Commissioner in Suzhou and Nanking, and ordered him to take up semi-permanent residence in the happy playground of the South, so as to be on the spot to continue the never-ending quest for Trinket . . .

*

Now the day Trinket arrived in Yangzhou, with all of his womenfolk in tow, he went straight to the House of Vernal Delights to find his mother. She was overjoyed to see her long-lost son again. And when she beheld his seven beautiful wives—each one as fair as fairest flower or jade—she thought to herself:

"Well, the little rake has certainly got a good eye for the women! He should open a brothel here in Yangzhou—he'd do well for himself, with an eye like that!"

Trinket drew her aside into her chamber and asked her:

"Mum, tell me, who really was my dad?"

Spring Blossom Wei looked him straight in the eye.

"How the hell should I know?"

Trinket frowned.

"I mean, when you had me inside you—who'd you been doing it with?"

"I was a beautiful woman in those days, my boy. I had several customers every day—I couldn't possibly work out who it was?"

"Were all of them Chinese?"

"Well, I had Chinese, Manchus, Mongols . . . "

"Any foreign devils?"

"What kind of shameless slut do you take me for?!" came the angry retort. "Do it with one of *them*? Not on your life!! Hot-piece tamardy! If one of those Russians, or those Red-haired devils had ever tried sneaking in here, I'd have booted them straight out the door!"

Trinket heaved a sigh of relief.

His mother looked up. She seemed to be remembering something.

"I do recall, around that time, having a regular who was a Muslim. . Very good-looking feller he was, too. I sometimes used to say to myself now my Trinket's got a fine nose, just like his . . . "

"You had Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Muslims—did you ever hav a Tibetan?" asked Trinket.

A glow of pleasurable recollection lit up his mother's face.

"Why yes, of course I did! There was this Tibetan Lama—every tim he came to bed he'd start chanting his sutra—and all the time he chante he'd give me this really dirty look, his eyes'd be just about popping out o his head. Saucy little pair of eyes he had too—just like yours!"

(*The Deer and the Cauldron*, Chapter 5(

Trinket's Sons: the Chinaman

> A third member of this sisterhood (of lady buccaneers), mo venturesome and longer-lived than the others, was a lady pirate wh operated in Asian waters, all the way from the Yellow Sea to the rivers o the Annam coast. I speak of the veteran widow Ching.[69]

The "Chinaman" was the name given to a deadly style of spinn bowled by one Ellis Achong, a Chinese member of the West Indi cricket team early this century. Batsmen couldn't tell which way his ba were going to spin. Where did that particular Chinaman get the knac Was it some subtle sleight of hand, some gyration developed in a esoteric style of Lesser Catch-Can (*qin-na*)? Perhaps the move known Twisting the Dragon's Tail?

[69] Jorge Luis Borges, "The Widow Ching, Lady Pirate," in *A Univers History of Infamy*, London, 1973.

Did one of his brothers-in-arms discover the correct counter move? The Diagonal Chop from the Three Powers Sword Sequence? Smashed him for six?

A recently discovered manuscript, found in a battered tea-chest among the items salvaged from the National Archives of Cuba in the aftermath of Castro's downfall, may offer some clues.[70] It contains some fragmentary chapters from a novel in early eighteenth-century Spanish-Creole entitled *La Joya: Sus Fortunas y Adversidades: Segunda Parte* (*The Further Adventures of Trinket*). The first fragment, which also seems to be the opening of the novel, begins thus:

> Long long ago, in the last years of the seventeenth century of the Christian era, when in one corner of the globe buccaneers[71] freely roamed the Spanish Main, and when in another distant corner the Manchu Tartars had finally established their rule over the Empire of China, the story goes that a boatload of Chinamen—skilled kungfu warriors, members of the Triad Resistance, fleeing from the persecutions of their Manchu

[70] The story of this discovery is strangely similar to that of the celebrated Flashman Papers, the personal memoirs of the bully from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, whose adventures subsequent to his expulsion from Rugby School in 1830 formed the basis of George MacDonald Fraser's highly entertaining Flashman novels.

[71] *Buccaneer*, from the French *boucanier*. The origin of this term has long perplexed historians, who used to derive it from the word *boucan*, a kind of dried meat popular in the lawless Caribbean islands during the seventeenth century. Recent researches however indicate that the word originated in a pidgin expression *bu-gan*, said to have been used by the early Chinese settlers in that region, as a polite form of self-deprecation, of the sort used by one warrior to another, after some compliment has been paid. E.g. "Your kungfu is truly superlative!" "Bu-gan, bu-gan!" From this it came to refer to the whole class of fighting free-booters—they were "*bu-gan*"-eers.

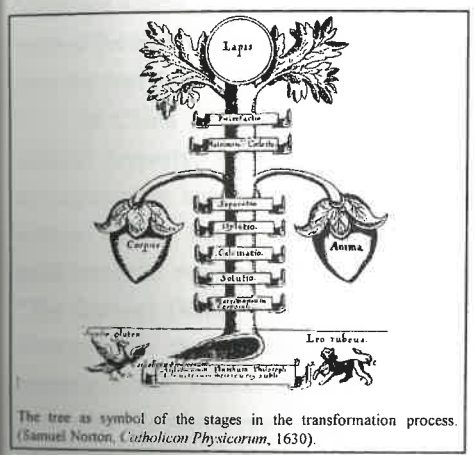
oppressors—set sail from the southern port of Canton, and drifted hal way across the world. First they were blown south by the prevailin winds and came to the Dutch East Indies port of Batavia, where they fel in with a bunch of seafaring rogues of mixed blood, lascars, pirates an smugglers. They joined forces with their newly made friends and saile on, via the island of Madagascar, round the Cape of Good Hope, unt finally they arrived at the fabled island of Hispaniola. Here the established a settlement, and soon made a name for themselves in th lagoons and bays of the Spanish Main, becoming feared among th Brotherhood of the Coast as deadly warriors, whose strange martial skill and ability to use secret weapons and sudden feints, unnerved an overcame their opponents. Their secret skills were jealously preserved an handed down from one generation of Chinamen to the next.

The acknowledged chief among these Chinamen was a strang fellow (he rejoiced in the name La Joya, which in Spanish means a litt trinket or bauble) whose favorite pastime was to boast that at one time h had been the confidant and comrade-in-arms of the Emperor of Chi himself, and that he had enjoyed the favours of a large number beautiful women, some of whom were even Princesses of the realm When this Chinaman went on, in his broken pidgin, to claim that he ha also been the lover of the Empress of Russia, none but his own Chine were inclined to believe him. But he was respected as a wily fighter, an known for his ability to extricate himself from the deadliest scrape. Eve in play he was known to devise ingenious methods of coming out th winner. It was common for the motley crew that inhabited the Co settlements to entertain themselves on the long deserted beaches between hectic periods of piracy, by playing a primitive form of cricke hitting the ball wildly along the white sands, and occasionally far out sea. La Joya had a way of throwing the ball that completely flummoxe his opponents—but then he was like that in everything. . . .

A later, tiny fragment from the same manuscript contains some words in a semi-illiterate Chinese scrawl, which seem to be part of a song. Loosely translated (some of the names are hard to transliterate), they read:

Tintin was a Belgian,
Asterix a Gaul.
Trinket was a Chinaman,
And bowled a funny ball.

Perhaps a Beginning?



The tree as symbol of the stages in the transformation process. (Samuel Norton, *Catholicon Physicorum*, 1630).

To be born is to be wrecked on an island.[72]

Let the last words be those of Zhuangzi:

Nüzhu, the woman-with-the-bump, told this story of transformation. When asked, "Where did you hear about the Tao?", she replied:

I heard it from the descendants of Calligraphy,
Who had it from the child of Repeated Recitation,
Who in turn knew it from Vision of Light;
Vision of Light had it from Whispered Instructions,

[72] J. M. Barrie, Introduction to Ballantyne's *Coral Island*.

Who in turn had it from Hard Apprenticeship;
Hard Apprenticeship from Popular Song,
Popular Song from Obscurity,
Obscurity from Three-Void,
Who heard it from:
Perhaps a Beginning?[73]

[73] Chapter 6. The translation is from Schipper, *The Taoist Body*, 215-16.

TRINKET, a Common Property*

Geremie R. Barmé

Prolegomenon

Wei Xiaobao or Trinket is the "hero" of *The Deer and the Cauldron* [Luding ji], Jin Yong's last martial arts novel. Since his appearance from 1969 to 1972 Trinket has become a popular icon among Chinese readers and cultural figures, first in Hong Kong, Taiwan and within Chinese reading communities throughout the world, then during the 1980s in Mainland China. He has left the world of pure fictional creation and entered the realm of cultural fantasy. This has been nowhere more evident over the past decade than on Mainland China.

In China today, Trinket has achieved the status of a common cultural property. Apart from his wideranging appeal among readers throughout the country, he has also enthralled a number of Mainland cultural figures. For example, he has been taken as a role model by the punk/romantic rock singer He Yong in Beijing, famous for his songs "The Garbage Dump" and "The Bell and Drum Towers" [Laji chang and Zhonggu lou respectively] and his wilful antics among his musical contemporaries. Trinket's foul-mouthed, violence-oriented persona fits in both with the stereotype of rebellious youth now so fashionable on the Mainland, and with the womanizing realities of the life of cultro-brats like He Yong.[1]

* Some of the material in this article has been garnered from two monographs, *Shades of Mao: the Posthumous Cult of the Great Leader*, (M. E. Sharpe, Armonk, New York, 1996), and *In the Red, Contemporary Chinese Culture*, (Columbia University Press, New York, 1998, forthcoming).

[1] See also John Minford, trans. and introduced, "The Deer and the Cauldron:

Also among the Shanghai littérateurs, Trinket has become something of a hero from the early 1990s. In particular, since the early 1990s he has provided an alter-ego for He Ping, the editor of one of Shanghai's most popular weekly papers. For years, until the 1996 purge of spiritual pollutants, He Ping wrote a weekly satirical, and often politically pointed, column which he signed simply "Xiaobao." He, by the way, was also the author of a significant early paean for Trinket published in the pages of the prestigious intellectuals' journal, *Reading* [Dushu].

These, however, are only disparate points of identification of what has in reality been a far more widespread phenomenon. Difficult to detect but pervasive, like the spread of nearly any fashion, anything *liuxing*, the personality of Trinket and the brash and raffish kungfu milieu to which he belongs has increasingly left its impression on the wider world of the culture of Greater China. And, as I will attempt to demonstrate in the short notes that follow, the temper of Trinket is one that reflects both something particularly, disturbingly Chinese, yet at the same time carries a more universal appeal.

The Kungfu Revival on Mainland China

The traditional popularity of the exploits of knight-errant heroes witnessed a revival on the Mainland from the early 1980s, and the growth of martial arts literature, films and television series has had a massive impact on Mainland culture and the Mainland imagination ever since. This phenomenon is intertwined with a complex of popular sentiments that includes: the mass response to the official negation of Cultural Revolution ideology, a spiritual confusion resulting from de-centredness

The Adventures of a Chinese Trickster, Two Chapters from a Novel by Lou Cha," *East Asian History* 5 (June 1993), 11, n. 28.

the desperate desire for the creation of a fantasy realm and a vague yearning among people to see justice dispensed by some gallant figures.[2] From 1980, numerous Mainland directors attempted to emulate Hong Kong martial arts films which could now be seen in China,[3] and when the Hong Kong teleseries "Huo Yuanjia" was broadcast in 1984 it created a national craze. The Mainland even produced its own answer to Bruce Lee in the person of Jet Lee (Li Lianjie), the martial arts champion who starred in "Shaolin Temple" [Shaolinsi] in 1982.[4]

[2] See Yang Zhiyong, "The Evolution of Martial Arts Cinema in the Decade of the New Era" [Xinshiqi shinian wuxiapiande liubian], *Arts Wide Angle* [Yishu guangjing], 1991:3, 34.

[3] The first example of the revival of this genre on the Mainland was the director Zhang Huaxun's demi-martial arts film "The Mysterious Great Buddha" [Shenmide dafo] of 1980 which exploited both the massive carved Buddha at Leshan in Sichuan and the box-office popularity of the actress Liu Xiaoqing, who played a female warrior (*nüxia*) pitted against a masked foe. In the following decade, over one hundred and ten martial arts films were to be made on the Mainland (including co-productions with Hong Kong). See Yang Zhiyong, "The Evolution of Martial Arts Cinema in the Decade of the New Era," *ibid.*

[4] "Shaolin Temple," which was produced with a Mainland-controlled film studio in Hong Kong, was directed by Zhang Xinyan, co-director of the 1960s' Hong Kong film "Treasure Island." There had been a spate of Shaolin films in Hong Kong in the mid-1970s. See Sek Kei, "The Development of 'Martial Arts' in Hong Kong Cinema," in *A Study of the Hong Kong Martial Arts Film, The 4th Hong Kong International Film Festival* (Urban Council, Hong Kong, 1980), 19. The opening up of China to foreign film-makers and the chance to use the real Shaolin Temple in Henan, or rather what remained of it—the monastic graveyard, was a great temptation to Hong Kong film-makers. The attraction of Li Lianjie was that he was a professional martial arts athlete, credentials that were hoped would eclipse those of local Hong Kong kungfu stars. The film inspired numerous cinematic and literary imitations.

In the realm of literature, the modern master of martial arts fiction, the Hong Kong writer Jin Yong (the penname of Louis Cha or Zha Liangyong, former editor of *Mingpao Daily* [Mingbao]), became the most popular writer on the Mainland, and he is arguably the most widely-read living Chinese novelist.[5] It was not until the late 1980s, however, that scholars and critics in China began to look seriously at the importance of this genre in contemporary Chinese social life and the reasons for its mass following. In early 1989, for example, Wang Zheng, a reporter writing in the *People's Daily* [Renmin ribao], pondered the question of why so many top-ranking intellectuals, not to mention average readers, were devotees of modern martial arts fiction, *xinpai wuxia xiaoshuo*:

> Some Chinese intellectuals complain that "life is a bore." . . . . It seems that today, when people should be thanking their lucky stars that life is "peaceful and uneventful," there's a feeling that people don't have an way of expressing themselves to the extent of their abilities. Meanwhile Chinese intellectuals remain bound by the traditional sense of mission and social responsibility, thus they are itching to do something with their lives. . . . Within the great dramas of kungfu novels they can find passionate release, even if the actual fighting is fairly meaningless. . . The heroes of these novels do not have to worry about distinguishing good from bad, nor do they care one whit for convention, propriety or the law; they do what they feel like, have no regrets and no complaints. Although they endure incredible hardships, in the end poetic justice

[5] Other popular modern martial arts novelists are Gu Long, Liang Yusheng, Wen Ruian and Ni Kuang. In the late 1970s, Shaw Brothers made screen versions of a number of Jin Yong's most famous novels, and the Hong Kong woman director Ann Hui (Xu Anhua) made a two-part film of Jin's *Revenge of the Book and the Sword* [Shujian enchoulu] in the Mainland, using the scenery of Hangzhou and Xinjiang. The genre has been more readily adapted to lengthy television serials.

> always theirs. This clearly gives intellectuals who are totally powerless to extricate themselves from the Way of the Golden Mean a certain kind of spiritual comfort.[6]

Wang described readers excited by the possibilities presented by reformist China, but frustrated by their impotence, fearful of taking action. "They are burdened by their workload," he wrote, "undernourished, and bound down by endless household chores." They dare not go against prevailing conventions, make a personal statement or create any excitement in their lives. It is only in the martial arts novels that they can find an escape, "a momentary reprieve in the chivalrous personalities of the heroes, their willingness to fight to the death to preserve their integrity."[7] Here Wang Zheng makes a highly perceptive observation concerning the seemingly paradoxical nature of contemporary Chinese life:

> Perhaps there's some advanced genetic factor in our cultural makeup: strangely enough the scholar [descendants] of the Yellow Emperor although living in a pre-industrial society experience the same sense of indifference and isolation as modern man in the post-industrial world; they are deeply aware of the restrictions of life and have a feeling of vacuity.[8]

[6] Wang Zheng, "Intellectuals Search for Solace in Books: Preliminary Investigations into the Mentality of Martial Arts Fiction Fans in the Intellectual World" [Shusheng zhi qing jiyu shu: zhishijie wuxia xiaoshuomi xintai chutan], *Renmin ribao*, 3 March 1989. Chen Pingyuan, a literary historian who has made a study of martial arts fiction, writing over a year and a half later hinted that the post-4 June situation in China was even more conducive to the popularity of this genre among students and intellectuals. See his "Martial Arts Fiction: It's in My Karma" [Ye yu wuxia xiaoshuo jieyuan] *Dushu*, 1991:4, 58-61.

[7] Wang Zheng, "Intellectuals Search for Solace in Books."

[8] *Ibid*

The reader is able to sublimate the sense of desperate isolation through the figure of the martial arts hero, who "bearing his sword through the vast wilderness, don't-ask-me-where-I'm-from-or-where-I'm-going, silently and proudly bears with the unlimited solitude and loneliness [of existence]."[9] This was a sentiment that found concrete expression, for example, during the 1989 Protest Movement in Beijing when, among other songs, the Taiwanese singer Chi Ch'in's "Wolf from the North" became something of a signature tune for the youthful rebels.[10] Whereas in the past, Wang Zheng commented, the Chinese intellectual could abandon the world and become a recluse in the wilds, today, feeling that "life is a bore" or "life is exhausting," they now search for an escape in books. It may be argued that the spirit, or at least the romantic image of the knight-errant has been in decline since the days of the late-Qing thinker Tan Sitong, a man who became a heroic martyr to the cause of reform.[11] Writing in 1924, Zhou Zuoren noted that:

> Today when all past values have been forgotten even the ruffians [what he calls in dialect *pojiaogu* or *wulai*] are decadent. They've turned into those *liumang* you see getting up to their tricks on the wharves in the treaty ports. The ruffians of the past seem now, in retrospect, as distant as the supernatural beings or yoga masters you find in books. . . .[12]

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[9] *Ibid.*

[10] See Wuer Kaixi's comments to this effect in the documentary film "The Gate of Heavenly Peace," directed by Richard Gordon and Carma Hinton, Boston Long Bow Group, 1995. Chi Ch'in's soulful lyrics spoke of the lonely grandeur of a wolf wandering the northern steppes. The macho romanticism of the song appealed particularly to male demonstrators who saw themselves as lone warriors in conflict with an oppressive environment.

[11] Chen Pingyuan, "Martial Arts Fiction: It's in My Karma," 58.

[12] Zhou Zuoren, "Phacahkueh" [Pojiaogu] in *Selected Early Prose of Zhou Zuoren* [Zhou Zuoren zaoqi sanwen xuan] (Shanghai wenyi chubanshe, Shanghai 1984), 23.

Similarly, Chen Pingyuan, a noted Mainland literary historian, has remarked that the martial spirit of intellectuals in late nineteenth-century China had disappeared by the time of the early Republic, the knight-errant tradition becoming more of a literary artefact than a living reality. Chen remarked that from the late 1980s, university students had combined their study of existentialism with a passion for martial arts novels.[13] Another writer was far more critical of the popularity of the new martial arts fiction, a genre which he declared to be the "scoundrel of the kingdom of literature,"[14] while the increasing tendency among writers to "sell" Party heroes to readers by creating martial arts personae for them unsettled one orthodox critic.[15]

It is perhaps no accident then that Wei Xiaobao, Trinket, the "hero" of Jin Yong's last novel *The Deer and the Cauldron*, is not a martial hero but a comic *liumang* whose antics repulse purists among Jin's readers.[16]

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[13] Chen Pingyuan, "Martial Arts Fiction, the Mass Unconscious and Other Questions: A Response to Mr Zheng Shusen" [Wuxia xiaoshuo, dazhong qianyishi ji qita: huiying Zheng Shusen xiansheng], *Twenty-First Century* [Ershiyi shiji] 5, June 1991, 157-58.

[14] See Da Wei, "The Scoundrels of the Kingdom of Literature" [Wenxue wangguode biesan], *China Book Review* [Zhongguo tushu pinglun], 1989:1, 144-47. The word *biesan* is a Shanghai dialect expression similar in many respects to *liumang*.

[15] See these comments on "red knights-errant" (*hongse xiake*) in Tao Shoujun, "The 'Red Knights-errant' in Popular Publications" [Tongsu duwuzhongde "hongse xiake"], *Wenhui Reading Weekly* [Wenhui dushu zhoubao], 5 August, 1990.

[16] That is not to say that some of Jin's more traditional heroes never engage in *liumang* antics. See, for example, the typical *liumang*-esque verbal encounter between Linghu Chong and the loutish Tian Boguang in the Huiyan Lou episode of *The Smiling, Proud Wanderer* [Xiao'ao jianghu], (Mingheshe, Hong Kong, 1984, revised edition), 130-51.

Around the time of the birth of Trinket in the 1970s, Hong Kong martial arts film gave birth to its own *liumang*-type hero, in the form of the "little men" of Mak Kar's cinema (such as in his first film "The Good, the Bad and the Loser," 1976),[17] or in Jackie Chan's (Cheng Long) characters in films like "Drunken Master" who wielded wisecracks as well as fists. They were a generation of new characters, typical of the minor heroic figure who survives by his wits and not just his physical prowess.[18] The screen persona of Jackie Chan's kungfu fighters has reflected a definite element of the roguish, even con-artist *liumang* popularised in the figure of Trinket.

In the late 1980s, and especially following 4 June, for a time Hong Kong cinema also combined kungfu with political comment on the Mainland. One popular example was "Chinese Ghost Story 2" produced by Tsui Hark (Xu Ke) in 1990,[19] a comic kungfu ghost movie in which "The Internationale" is used as the theme music for the band of knights-errant heroes who strike poses reminiscent of the 1989 student protesters as they do battle with the evil "Bodhisattva."[20] The most thorough combination of kungfu and Chinese political acrobatics, however, was

[17] See Sek Kei, "The Development of 'Martial Arts' in Hong Kong Cinema," 21, 36, where he notes the influence of Western cinema—silent comedies, Sergio Leone's Westerns and the slapstick of the Trinity films—on Mak Kar's work.

[18] For more details of the genesis of these films, see Bey Logan, *Hong Kong Action Cinema* (Overlook Press, Woodstock, New York, 1995), 9-21, 59-83.

[19] "Renjiandao: Qiannü youhun dier ji."

[20] See Li Yi (Lee Yee), "The Political Message in Hong Kong Cinema: An Interview with Tsui Hark and Cheung Kin-ting [Xianggang dianyingde zhengzhi xunxi: zhuanfang Xu Ke, Zhang Jianting], *The Nineties Monthly* [Jiushi niandai yuekan], 1991:9, 58-60. Political humour is increasingly encoded in Hong Kong films, songs and literature as 1997 approaches and tensions and political awareness in the territory grew. For its part, Mainland political humour, if anything, increased and become more pervasive in the years following 1989.

perhaps achieved in the anarchistic 1970s French documentary "Beijing Duck Soup" which intercut details of Cultural Revolution political struggles with Bruce Lee kungfu antics and Peking Opera.

Mao Zedong, the Cult of the Martial Hero

The renaissance of the martial arts hero on Mainland China was, as we have noted, deeply influenced by the introduction of the popular martial arts fiction written by such writers as Louis Cha, and by Hong Kong kungfu cinema. This process also fed into the burgeoning cult of Chairman Mao from the late 1980s, a "second coming" that peaked in the first years of the 1990s during what was identified as a nationwide "MaoCraze" (*Maore*). The spirit of the wandering swordsman, the guardian of justice and embodiment of heroism was no longer found merely in the escapist works of martial arts culture, however, but also in the historical leaders of the Chinese revolution, in particular Mao Zedong.

The entrepreneurial passion that has possessed Mainland China in particular since the early 1990s, has led some people to interpret the abiding spirit of Mao Zedong and Mao Thought in China to be a talent for unprincipled manipulation and ruthless ambition. But the masses of dispossessed peasants and workers were also armed with Mao Thought in their own struggle against the new order. For them Mao represented the quixotic spirit of the knight-errant, and became a symbol of hope. A popular saying held that: "[The military strategist] Zhuge Liang was the embodiment of Chinese wisdom, the Monkey King Sun Wukong the soul of courage and Mao Zedong the spirit of rebellion."[21]

The floating population (*mangliu*), deracinated rural workers and beggars, became an increasingly major social problem as the economic

[21] *Zhongguo zhihuide huashen shi Zhuge Liang, yonggande huashen shi Sun Wukong, er fankang jingshende huashen ze shi Mao Zedong.*

Reforms continued in the 1980s and 1990s. Urban dwellers often spoke of the masses of roving peasants (tens to hundred of millions depending what sources you accepted) as being a major threat to social stability and future prosperity. Some *mangliu*, however, believed that it was from their ranks that a new strongman, someone perhaps with the stature of Mao Zedong, would eventually appear to lead the nation.

Mao himself had an early career as a *mangliu* of sorts, details of which are recorded in a book by his companion at the time, Siao-Yu.[22] In the 1990s, China's floating population armed itself once more with the invincible weapon of Mao Thought, or as a popular rhyming saying put it:

Beijing kao zhongyang,
Shanghai kao laoxiang,
Guangzhou kao Xianggang,
Mangliuzi kaode shi Mao Zedong sixiang.

Beijing relies on the Centre,
Shanghai on its connections,[23]
Guangzhou leans on Hong Kong,
The drifting population lives by Mao Zedong Thought.[24]

[22] See Siao-yu, *Mao Tse-tung and I were Beggars. A Personal Memoir of the Early Years of Chairman Mao*, (Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, New York, 1959).

[23] Beijing relies on the power of Party Central to protect it and prosper. Shanghai on all the officials in Beijing of Shanghai provenance (the so-called "Shanghai Gang": Jiang Zemin, Zhu Rongji, Huang Ju, and so on).

[24] In "Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman" (*Dahai hangxing kao duoshou*), the unofficial anthem of the Cultural Revolution, there is a line that goes: "The revolutionary masses rely on Mao Zedong Thought" (*geming qunzhong kaode shi Mao Zedong sixiang*).

In February, 1995, the Chinese journalist Sang Ye, co-author with Zhang Xinxin of *Chinese Lives: An Oral History of Contemporary China*,[25] was back in China working on a new volume of interviews. He spoke with an itinerant worker who commented on the venerable pedigree of the *mangliu* in Chinese history:[26]

> In fact, the founding emperors of all of China's dynasties were *mangliu*. Chairman Mao was a big *mangliu*. When he first came to Beijing from Hunan, [the leader of the Communist Party] Chen Duxiu and [Mao's wife] Yang Kaihui's father were well-know professors. They made hundreds of dollars a month, but Mao couldn't even find a decent job. He ended up earning 8 yuan a month working in [Beijing University] library. Everyone treated him like a bumpkin and laughed at him for his [peasant] accent. But later Mao was Chairman and nobody else counted for shit.
>
> The East is red, the sun comes up, the *mangliu* brought forth a Mao Zedong.[27] —Most people reckon it's gonna happen like that again. Lots of books have said so too.

Even the Chairman's physician, Dr Li Zhisui, for all the distance that the passing of the years allowed him—and the perspective provided by a life in the United States—readily admitted to the power of Mao's

[25] Zhang Xinxin & Sang Ye, *Chinese Lives: An Oral History of Contemporary China*, edited by W. J. F. Jenner & Delia Davin, (Pantheon Books, New York, 1987).

[26] For a history of the words and associations of the "floating population" in Chinese history, see Chen Baoliang, *A History of the Chinese Liumang* [Zhongguo liumangshi] (Zhongguo shehui kexue chubanshe, Beijing, 1993).

[27] The original line in the Maoist anthem "The East Is Red" (*Dongfang hong*) goes: "The East is red, the sun comes forth, China has given birth to Mao Zedong. . . ." (*Dongfang hong, taiyang sheng, Zhongguo chuliao yige Mao Zedong*).

personality and his winning ways. Indeed, there was something for everyone in the Mao persona. As Edgar Snow wrote in the early 1960s: "What makes him [Mao] formidable is that he is not just a party boss but by many millions of Chinese is quite genuinely regarded as a teacher, statesman, strategist, philosopher, poet laureate, national hero, head of the family, and greatest liberator in history. He is to them Confucius plus Lao-tzu plus Rousseau plus Marx plus Buddha. . . ." In the 1990s, Mao remains a patriotic leader, martial hero, philosopher-king, poet, calligrapher (surrounded as he so often was with the bric-à-brac of the traditonal literatus—cloth-bound books, writing brushes and ink stones), but he is also widely seen in a positive light as a strong and irascible figure, a wily infighter, a man who was both emperor and oracle, the ultimate Machiavellian manipulator who knew, many would argue, just how to keep the restive Chinese nation in place. Mao consciously played on the contrasting Chinese traditions relating to the Sage-Emperor and rebel chieftain.

Much has been made of the revelations in Dr Li's *The Private Life of Chairman Mao* regarding Mao Zedong's sexual appetite (although details of his actual sexual practices remain tantalizingly obscured). There was a sensationalistic response in the Western as well as Hong Kong and Taiwan media to the details Li gives of Mao's numerous peasant wenches, "personal secretaries" and nurses. Of course, the controversy surrounding both Li's book and the comments he made in a BBC documentary in early 1994 led to official outrage in China. On the Mainland, however, Mao has generally represented not only national but also physical potency. Most of the Mao-related jokes current from the early 1980s, for example, reflected positively the leader's prowess in bed, and they often used figures like Zhou Enlai or Hua Guofeng as foils. On one level such humour represented a transgression against the august figure of the Leader and allowed a popular invasion of the "forbidden zone" relating to the person of Mao. On another level, they were also indicative of a gradual process that has seen Mao become more human, approachable

and, in the new Mao Cult, the familiar of the Chinese masses. Through this process, one often described by Chinese critics as "secularization," Mao has been enlisted in the ranks of the people in contrast and even opposition to the present leaders who are increasingly perceived as sectarian, corrupt and lacklustre.

I would venture that Li's memoirs have probably done little to undermine this popular impression of the Chairman. Indeed, one could speculate that popular opinion in China—at least among those who have seen Li's book—was probably neither particularly outraged nor surprised by the latest proof of the Chairman's talents. If anything people may well regard Mao's voracious appetites, whether they be for sex, powerstruggles or food, as further evidence of his exceptional stature, superhuman energy and unequivocal success.[28] In a wider context, Li's memoirs have added to the mystique of Mao and helped further blur the distinction between the historical public image of the man and the extraordinary myth-making that has helped assure the Chairman a place in the pantheon of Chinese martial heroes alongside figures like Liu Bei.

Urban Errant Knights

Knights-errant (*youxia*, *xiake* or *xiashi*), wandering chivalrous fighters for justice and sometimes simply self-righteous rowdies, formed a special and usually admired group in traditional China. Traditionally such figures were often Buddhist or Daoist mendicants who in turn were inspired by the values of the knight-errant or fantastic encounters as evinced by Tang *chuanqi* or *haoxia* tales.[29] As we have noted above, they

[28] This material comes from Barmé, "Private Practice, Public Performance: The Cultural Revelations of Dr Li," *The China Journal* 35 (January 1996), 124-25.

[29] James J. Y. Liu, *The Chinese Knight-Errant*, (Routledge and Kegan Paul,

represent for many the free and unfettered spirit of the individual; the ideals of the knight-errant being generally enunciated as altruism, justice, individual freedom, personal loyalty, courage, truthfulness and mutual faith, honour and fame, generosity and contempt for wealth.[30] The spectrum of qualities of the knight-errant from positive through to negative is not dissimilar to those of the *liumang* as depicted in a range of fictional works produced on Mainland China since the mid 1980s. In contemporary China, however, the *liumang* are a different order of displaced persons, not necessarily only the rural or urban dispossessed or vagrants.

In his late 1980s fiction the Beijing author Wang Shuo created a world which at times can be best understood as being inhabited by modern or post-traditional knights-errant. His heroes are not chivalric sexless killing-machines bent on upholding a code of honour, but rather they are the fast-talking—sometimes foul-mouthed[31]—street-wise

London, 1967). 86-99. According to Zuo Shula, Wang Shuo was planning to write a series of *chuanqi* tales. Indeed, Wang's 1989 novel *Please Don't Treat Me Like a Human Being* can be read as a *chuanqi*. It is also possible to view Wang Yisheng, the vagabond hero of Ah Cheng's famous 1984 story "The Chess Master" [Qiwang], within this tradition.

[30] See Liu, *The Chinese Knight-Errant*, 4-7. Also Yang Xing'an, "The Characteristics of China's Knight-Errant Spirit" [Woguo haoxia jingshende tese], *Ming Pao Monthly* [Mingbao yuekan], 1991:1, 113-17. Lin Yutang was a great admirer of what he called the spirit of the "vagabond," the free individual. The vagabonds he praised were at the cultivated, literati end of the spectrum of *liumang*. See in this context see Lin's comments on the Ming writer Tu Long's *Travels of Mingliaozi* in *The Importance of Living*, (Heinemann, London, 1962), 320-21.

[31] In "The Operators" Yu Guan berates Ma Qing for having taught a young woman camp-follower all the dirty slang he knows, or all of his "martial arts" (*wuyi*) as Yu Guan puts it. See Wang Shuo, "Wanzhu," in *Wang Shuo: Selected*

womanizing youth who use their wits to negotiate the turbulent and chaotic world of the age of Reform. One major group of characters, who reappear in Wang's stories and novels either under the same names or similar personae, are tied together by the *gemen'r* or "mateship" relations familiar to readers of the literature of the past,[32] but their weapons are of a different order: quick-witted repartee and a caustic cynicism has replaced the glinting sword of the swash-buckling hero.[33] During all-night sessions of mahjong or in the muggy haze of cigarette smoke and over endless beers they spar with each other in a competitive "rave" (*kan*).[34] Shi Ba,

Comic Fiction [Wang Shuo xiequ xiaoshuo xuan] (Zuojia chubanshe, Beijing, 1990), 66-67.

[32] The protagonists, for example, of "The Operators," *Living Dangerously*, "An Attitude" and, to a certain extent, *No Man's Land* [Qianwan bie ba wo dangren].

[33] The pre-Qin philosopher Han Feizi includes "those who carry swords" (*daijianzhe*) in his list of the "five poisons" which lead to chaos. His most often quoted comment on the knight-errant is: "the *xia* breaks taboos by fighting" (*xia yi wu fan jin*). See "The Five Poisons" [Wudu] in *Han Feizi*, juan 19, (Shanghai guji chubanshe, Shanghai, 1989), 155. Wang Shuo's *liumang* broke Communist taboos by talking. See the following note.

[34] This is a popular word in Beijing slang meaning to speak without reservation, to exaggerate, tell tales, talk on at great length or talk to hear the sound of your own voice, or simply to bullshit. It is used in such combinations as *kan dashan*, literally to "talk a great mountain," or *kan gushi*, to "come out with a tall tale." Big talkers, or bullshit artists, are called *kanye*, which is also a popular term for critics. There is some dispute as to the origin of the term. One interpretation is that it comes from *kan*, "to cut," another holds that it is from the classical expression *kankan* er tan, "to speak with fervour and assurance." Regarding this disputation, see Sang Ye, "Concerning 'More on Language': Taking Mr Wang Meng to Task" [Guanyu "Zai hua yuci": he Wang Meng xiansheng taigang], *Dushu*, 1991:2, 72. In the late 1980s, a popular rhyming

the protagonist of Wang's novella "Flotsam" says, "Everyone calls me living Foolish Old Man, I hack (*kan*) away at the mountains with m mouth day by day without respite."[35] Although Wang Shuo claims that h was not a fan of martial arts fiction, and that he had not even encountere Trinket,[36] there are interesting refractions of Xiaobao, or at lea contemporary parallels to him, in Wang's stories.

The knight-errant might delight in killing for personal satisfacti or honour,[37] but the *liumang*, like Louis Cha's Trinket, often gets h

saying summed up the universal nature and importance of *kan*: "Ten hundr million people, nine hundred million [spend their time] *kan*, leaving one hundr million to work" (*Shiyi renmin jiuyi kan, haiyou yiyi zai fazhan*).

[35] Wang Shuo, "Flotsam" [Fuchu haimian] in *Wang Shuo: Selected Co Fiction*, 283. Earlier in the story, Shi Ba remarks that as a youth he wanted to be dancer like his prospective girlfriend Yu Jing, but the only kungfu or skill really ever practised was *zuipizi gongfu*, that of the quick tongue (258). The wo *kan*, to talk, is often written with the character *kan* to chop or cut with a sha instrument. Shi Ba uses the expression "dig away at a big mountain," or *dashan*. Of course, this is a play on both the classical story of the Foolish Man who moved the mountains through his unstinting daily labours and tha his descendants (see the "Tang wen" chapter in *Liezi*) and Mao Zedong's spee on the same subject, "The Foolish Old Man who Removed the Mountain [Yugong yi shan], in which he compares the proper Communist spirit to tha the indomitable old man.

[36] Wang in conversation with the author.

[37] We can see this most clearly in heroes of Liangshan depicted in classical novel *The Water Margin* [Shuihu zhuan]. C. T. Hsia disparages "gang morality," sadism and misogyny of the novel in "Comparative Approach to *Water Margin*," see *Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature* Indiana, 1962), 121-28. These are questions that are central to W. J. F. Jenne discussion of the *haohan* tradition in his unpublished study of *The Water Marg* and the brutish modern incarnation of the *haohan* in works like Lao Gui's Blo

highs by cutting someone to the quick.[38] The archaic (and non-chaotic) hierarchy and code of honour of the *xiake* figure only on a verbal plane and have little essential value. In a world of turmoil and disintegration where normal standards of good and evil do not operate, the *liumang* hero is a trickster who both plays tricks on others and is subjected to them himself.[39] Their foes are not as obvious as in the martial arts novels, since they are often grey bureaucrats or hapless dupes, yet Wang's heroes fight valiantly, if not cleanly, whenever faced with conventional society. Although not always scoring a decisive victory—they do not necessarily presume there is such a thing—they never need to recognize defeat. They are not part of the intellectual or political élite that people so many of the works of other modern writers, although some of Wang's heroes obviously come from relatively privileged cadre families.[40] They do not

Sunset [Xiese huanghun] (Gongren chubanshe, Beijing, 1987). See also Chen Pingyuan, "Martial Arts Fiction, the Mass Unconscious and Other Questions: A Response to Mr Zheng Shusen," 155-57.

[38] When reading the exchanges between some of Wang's heroes and intellectuals (like Zhao Yaoshun in "The Operators") the classical expression *she zhan qun ru*, literally "defeating the amassed scholars with one's tongue," comes to mind. This phrase was used to describe the wily talker and strategist of the Three Kingdoms period Zhuge Liang, the full expression being *Zhuge Liang she zhan qun ru*. Wang's "heroes" may revel in their verbal bravado but sometimes display the physical timidity characterized by the Beijing dialect word "*song*," chicken or gutless. A *songren* is a blustering individual who runs away at the first sign of trouble. The *songren* often appears in Lao She's fiction. For examples in Wang Shuo, see "The Operators," 68-71, and "Flotsam," 287.

[39] Wang's *Living Dangerously* in which the game is murder is an ideal example of tricksters at work.

[40] This is obvious in the case of Yu Guan in "The Operators." His father is described with all of the paraphernalia of a retired "revolutionary cadre." See Wang, "The Operators," 63 ff. It should be recalled that Wang is the descendant

belong to the fictionalized peasantry of "native soil" genre, or the angst ridden urbanites of late-1980s "new realism," nor are they the soldier and workers of the abiding socialist realist literature. Elements o similarity between these literary creations and pop culture can be found i "*liumang* music,"[41] which is very different from the more serio rock'n'roll of Cui Jian—Wang mildly satirizes Cui's "Nothing to m name" in a scene in his first full-length novel *Living Dangerously* [Wand jiu shi xin tiao][42] —who is in spirit closer to the meaningful "mis poetry" of Bei Dao and his sober fellows.[43] In 1991, one trend in recen art led a leading Beijing critic to dub some artists as *bopi* or *liuman* painters,[44] and for some years a number of "floating artists" (*mangl*

of Manchu Bannermen (*qiren*), whose decadent lifestyle and unique literatu were a feature of late-Qing China. See, for example, Teng Shaozhen, *Th Descendants of the Eight Banners in the Qing Dynasty* [Qingdai baqi zi (Zhongguo huaqiao chuban gongsi, Beijing, 1989), 251-86. Although somew anachronistic, the term *gongzige'r* or playboy could be applied to some Wang's *liumang* heroes.

[41] For some examples from 1988-89, see Yu Jiwen, "Beijing's New Roc [Beijing xinyaogun], *Jiushi niandai yuekan*, 1989:6, 104. These are shod recordings of often scurrilous songs by *pengchong* (literally "studio bugs") d for easy money. Some musicians have disassociated themselves from this "l brow" material as they aspire to the more formal, mainstream style of Cui Jian.

[42] See Wang Shuo, *Living Dangerously* [Wande jiu shi xin tiao], origina published in *Four Seasons of Literature: Autumn* [Wenxue siji (qiu zhi juan 1988:1, 174-255, later printed in book-form (Zuojia chubanshe, Beijing, 199 Note the word *wan* in the title. For this episode, which revolves around a f lines of Cui Jian's song "Nothing to My Name" [Yi wu suoyou], see page 141 the book.

[43] See Barmé and Minford, *Seeds of Fire: Chinese Voices of Conscience* (H & Wang, New York, 1988, 2nd edition), 400.

[44] Li Xianting (Hu Cun) has written about a number of younger art

yishujia) pursued a life-style and affected an attitude not dissimilar to that of the *liumang* we have been discussing.[45] Wang Shuo's readers can enjoy a kind of vicarious enjoyment by following the adventures of his *liumang* in a manner not all that dissimilar to the satisfaction that devotees of martial arts fiction find in the literature Wang Zheng talks about above.[46]

throughout China whose works display what he calls a "*bopi* style humour." The attitude of these artists is far less message-oriented than older painters who appeared in the mid 1980s. They are more interested, Li says, "in just playing around" (*wanwan*). *Bopi* is a classical expression equivalent to *liumang* which appears in *The Water Margin* (see Chapter 12 for the fate of the *bopi* Niu Er), *The Scholars* [Rulin waishi] and *The Story of the Stone* [Honglou meng], usually in combination with *wulai*.

[45] One of the first articles in the Chinese press on this subject was Wei He's "Impressions of the 'Floating Artists' of Beijing" [Beijing "mangliu" yishujia yinxiang], *Fine Arts in China* [Zhongguo meishubao], 31 October, 1988. The "floating artists," itinerants or *mangliu yishujia* were an integral part of the *liumang* cultural scene of the capital who, with the help of diplomats, journalists, overseas Chinese and "foreign experts," brought segments of the *liumang* subculture into direct contact with the outside world. Many of these cultural "fringe-dwellers" had dispersed, struck it rich or moved on by the mid 1990s. For an insider's view of the itinerant artists who settled in and around the Yuan Ming Yuan to the northwest of Peking from the late 1980s until 1995, see Sang Ye, "Fringe-dwellers," trans. Geremie R. Barmé, *Art AsiaPacific*, July 1997 (forthcoming).

[46] For more on this, see Barmé, "Wang Shuo and *Liumang* ("Hooligan") Culture," *Australian Journal of Chinese Affairs*, 28, (July 1992), 28-31, 34, 51.

Kungfun in the Discworld

The world of Trinket, the rackish mania of the kungfu univers however, is by no means the sole preserve of contemporary Chine culture and Chinese literature. Although there is much in martial ar fiction that is hard to translate, either in linguistic or cultural terms, t verve and energy of the best examples of the genre can find a welcomi home in the broader reading world. In reality, modern kungfu culture h been part of the international entertainment market for over a quarter o century, and action cinema, TV highjinks and fictional creations reflect the impact of this element of Chinese culture that like certai types of Chinese cuisine has an almost universal cachet.

As John Minford's work on the oeuvre of Louis Cha both as schol and translator has revealed, the kungfu novel, now recognized as being quintessentially a popular Chinese literary form, is the amalgam of ma diverse cultural influences, some having a provenance in traditio China, others having their origin in the West, in particular in the roman fiction of Europe.[47] The marriage of cultures, especially when it officiated over by rackish wits, can often be delightfully ridiculous. this era of modern *chinoiserie* kungfu antics and humour shadow t clever choreography of much Hollywood action cinema, just as t nostalgic quirks of revolutionary Chinese politics has found a home some of the more zany writing of contemporary Western authors.

The action in *Interesting Times*, for example, a recent "Discwor novel from the pen of the British comic writer Terry Pratchett, is partia set in Hunghung, the oldest and most inscrutable empire on t Discworld.[48] In his absurdist tale Pratchett combines elements

[47] See Minford's introduction to "The Deer and the Cauldron: The Adventu of a Chinese Trickster, Two Chapters from a Novel by Louis Cha," *East As History* 5.

[48] Terry Pratchett, *Interesting Times* (Corgi Books, 1995).

Hollywood schlock with liberal doses of lunatic Maoism, Fu Manchu malevolence and Dr Who eccentricity.

Hunghung is a great "auriental" (the "place where the gold comes from"[49]) empire united in ancient times by One Moon Sun (a dystopic Qin Shihuang), who, apart from forging the restless states of the kingdom into a whole, also built a Great Wall and developed a system of political civilization that has been perpetuated through the ages. But now the empire is in dire straits and the bumbling "Wizzard" Rincewind is despatched from Ankh-Morpork by his superiors at Unseen University to help the Red Army in its rebellion against the repressive imperial regime.

Although ruled over by an aged and extremely vicious Emperor, Hunghung also supports the nobles of the warlord families of Hong, Sung, Fang, Tang and McSweeney. Lord Hong, the young scion of his family and the Grand Vizier of the empire, is well-versed in the traditional arts of the brush, paper folding and kite-flying, and plots to outwit the other families, oust the emperor and usurp the throne. As the new ruler he plans to invade Ankh-Morpork and plunder its proferred riches.

In his own land, a place of culture, where writing poetry is the highest form of statecraft, Lord Hong incites a group of revolutionaries, the Red Army, to kill the emperor. Just so as to make sure that they get no further than the assassination, however, he finds a massively incompetent wizard to lead them. That is Rincewind, the ungainly hero of many of Pratchett's Discworld novels, a failed graduate of Ankh-Morpork's Unseen University, an institute for higher unlearning and wizardry. Rincewind is a cowardly but quick-witted anti-hero who usually manages to escape disaster through a canny combination of fast-talking, fast-running and just dumb luck.

Unbeknownst to both Rincewind and the Red Army, the revolutionaries set on overthrowing the ruling house are being secretly manipulated by Lord Hong for his own nefarious ends. The plot is

[49] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 91.

intricate and devious, and the story relies on many devices based o comic distortions of Chinese pop (both revolutionary and kungfu) culture When, for example, the Red Army gathers in secret for Communist Part cell meetings, each gathering starts with a chorus of Revolutionary Song about which Pratchett writes,

> . . . since disobedience to authority did not come easily to the Agate character, these had titles like "Steady Progress And Limit Disobedience While Retaining Well-Formulated Good-Manners."[50]

Similarly, the rebel army's slogans are a mixture of loon revolutionary rhetoric clogged with "auriental" subtlety an understatement. The army's slogans include, for example, such catch lines as,

> Gently Push Over The Forces of Repression!
> Necessarily Extended Duration To The Red Army!
> Regrettable Decease Without Undue Suffering To The Forces Oppression!
> Extra Luck To The People's Endeavour!
> Advance Necessarily With The People While Retaining Due Regard Traditions! and,
> Deserved Correction To Enemies![51]

While many of those around him display the well-honed talents an adept of martial arts the "wizzard" Rincewind is more like wisecracking Trinket, or a *liumang* wit from Wang Shuo's fiction, than real hero. A typical exchange between Rincewind and the revolutionar goes as follows,

> "We must storm the palace, just as Herb suggested!"
> "There's only thirty of you!" said Rincewind. "You're not a stor

[50] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 54.

[51] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 54, 104, 104, 124 and 321 respectively.

You're a shower!"

"There are hardly any guards within the city itself," said Butterfly. "If we can overcome those around the emperor's apartments—"

"You'll be killed!" said Rincewind.

She turned on him. "Then at least we shall have died for something!"

"Cleanse The State With The Blood of Martyrs," rumbled Three Yoked Oxen.

Rincewind spun around and waved a finger under Three Yoked Oxen's nose, which was as high as he could reach.

"I'll bloody well thump you if you trot out something like that one more time!" he shouted, and then grimaced at the realization that he had ju st threatened a man three times heavier than he was.

"Listen to me, will you?" he said, settling down a little. "I know about people who talk about suffering for the common good. It's never bloody them! When you hear a man shouting 'Forward, brave comrades!' you'll see he's the one behind the bloody big rock and wearing the only really arrow-proof helmet! Understand?"

He stopped. The cadre were looking at him as if he was mad. He stared at their young, keen faces, and felt very, very old.

"But there are causes worth dying for," said Butterfly.

"No, there aren't! Because you've only got one life but you can pick up another five causes on any street corner."

"Good grief, how can you *live* with a philosophy like that?"

Rincewind took a deep breath.

"Continuously!"[52]

The true heroes of the piece, however, are the Silver Horde, a group of seven martial worthies led by Cohen the Barbarian, also known as "Ghenghiz Cohen." Cohen has lived a long and violent life, pillaging and

[52] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 196-97.

plundering his way through a good seventy years. His Silver Horde, s
named because of the colour of their hair, is a gang of old and wizene
warriors whose combined age we are told equals approximately 500 yea
of "concentrated barbarian hero experience."[53]

Although the barbarian ways get the Silver Horde very far an
nearly win them the empire, it is the magical kungfu ways of th
"aurient" guided by the unsteady hand of Rincewind that win out in th
end. At the dramatic conclusion of the conflict between the Red Arm
and the empire Rincewind accidently mobilizes the terracotta warrio
buried in the massive tomb of the first Emperor, One Sun Mirror, an
they crush the combined forces of the warlords, leading to the downfall
Lord Hong.

When Cohen takes the throne of a reformist empire he undertakes
rid himself of the effete trappings of "civilization" that he finds offensi
to his taste. These include, "Long fingernails, crippled feet and serva
running around without their family jewels."[54] Cohen also abolishes th
kowtow.

During the final fracas, Rincewind vanishes, presumably as a resu
of a Hex let loose back at Unseen University. Instead of reappearing
Ankh-Morpork, however, he materializes in yet another bizarre lan
where he is immediately confronted by spear-wielding natives wi
painted faces. They welcome him with the simple greeting, "G'da
bloke."

Rincewind has arrived in one of the most distant and mysterious
exotic lands on the Discworld, "Howondaland" (or Downunder La
Australia)![55]

[53] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 87.

[54] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 230.

[55] Pratchett, *Interesting Times*, 351.

Conclusion

Both Trinket and Rincewind arrived on Antipodean shores about the same time, in the mid 1990s. In a society that is increasingly an amalgam of diverse elements of the dominant Euro-American cultures, as well as those of Asia, their landing in these parts contains an element of the inevitable. Given the oftimes uncertain co-existence of multiple cultures, even in Howondaland, it is probable that they will have an eventful residence. Reside here, however, they will, just as they will be able to live in any soil that has been prepared for kungfu antics by the work of cultural translators, writers and audiences eager for excitement, escape and humour.

Domesticating and Foreignizing: Strategies for Translating the Fiction of Louis Cha

Sharon Lai

Introduction

"There are only two (methods of translation)," the German philosopher Friedrich Schleiermacher once exclaimed. "Either the translator leaves the author in peace, as much as possible, and moves the reader towards him; or he leaves the reader in peace, as much as possible, and moves the author towards him." (Lefevere 1977:74) Lawrence Venuti has called these the "foreignizing" and "domesticating" methods, respectively (20).

The domesticating method is to use words, terms, or ways in the target language to translate something similar in the source culture. For example, to use "guitar" to translate the Chinese instrument *pipa* 琵琶, is a typical case of domesticating.[1] The advantage of this method is an immediate readability; readers can easily receive an image, without any effort. However, its shortcoming is that the image may be more or less distorted. When Bo Juyi's 白居易 famous poem *Pipa xing* 琵琶行(The Song of the *Pipa*) is translated as "the Guitar Song" by Innes Herdan, it is impossible for a reader to visualize the Chinese instrument. On the other hand, to use *pipa*, a foreign word to English readers, is to foreignize. The benefit of this method is its accuracy. But the translator might need to

[1] It seems popular to translate *pipa* as guitar. Another example can be found in Mathew's Chinese-English Dictionary. While the explanation of the character *pi* 琵 reads "A musical instrument, known as the balloon-guitar," under the entries *Pipa* 琵琶 and *Pipa Biebao* 琵琶別抱 "guitar" is used to translate this instrument (711).

give the readers a note or even provide a picture of this instrumen otherwise, few readers would know that the *pipa* is an instrument, le alone its shape or other particularities. And pages full of notes are o course undesirable in a novel.

In this paper, I will argue that the two methods should be combine together to translate the fiction of Louis Cha. On the one hand, the marti arts novels of Cha belong to the general category of popular fictio Therefore, it is defensible to bring down some of the barriers and thereb give ordinary English readers, like their counterparts in the sourc language, an opportunity to enjoy the fluent narration of these first-ra adventure stories. That is, translators may justifiably alter the text b simplification, omission, amplification and borrowing, which are some o the ways available to "bring the author back home," to use Venuti expression. On the other hand, martial arts fiction stands as a uniq genre among world adventure stories because of its strong ethnic colou the particular way of life depicted and its special use of language. I wou suggest that the special lexicon of martial arts fiction should be preserv as much as possible, again in Venuti's words, to "send the reade abroad."

The examples I will use are taken from the shorter work *Liancho jue* 連城訣 (The Priceless Secret) and the four-volume novel *Shedi yingxiong zhuan* 射鵰英雄傳 (Eagles and Heroes), which are bei translated by a research team led by Dr. John Minford in which I a personally taking part, as well as Cha's earliest novel *Shujian enchou* 書劍恩仇錄 (Book and Sword), which has been translated by Graha Earnshaw.

Simplification

Louis Cha's martial arts novels are contemporary works contemporary readers, but they are archaistic in terms of historical settin

dialogue, even in terms of some of their conventions of narration. As a result, in some ways, translating Louis Cha has much in common with translating classical Chinese novels. For example, for many names of places and weapons, terms of measurement, and official titles, one can refer to existing translations of classical Chinese novels such as *Sanguo yanyi* 三國演義 (Romance of the Three Kingdoms) and *Shui hu zhuan* 水滸傳 (Water Margin) among others. We can also see whether a certain strategy works or not in these translations.

However, in other ways, translating Louis Cha is different from translating classical Chinese novels. While the "ancient Chinese ingredients" with which Cha deliberately peppers his novels–historical facts, allusions, poems, and even place names–add an antique flavour, they are not necessarily important to the plot. In many cases, omitting them will not affect the narration at all. By contrast, if a translator decides to keep them, he or she must devote an enormous amount of effort to explaining each item, in order to make them meaningful to the English readers. Otherwise, they will be dead wood. Under such circumstances, judicious omission or simplification can be defended as a sensible strategy.

Take the names of places first. China is a large nation with a very long history. And a given place might have had various names during different periods of history. The Chinese also like to call a given place by different names in different contexts. Every province has a common name as well as a literary name; for example, Hunan 湖南 Province is also called Xiang 湘. Neighbouring provinces can be combined and called by a special collective name. Hunan and Hubei 湖北, literally meaning south of the Dongting 洞庭 Lake and north of the Dongting Lake respectively, can be combined and called Lianghu 兩湖, the two Lake Provinces.

Our author naturally uses different names to refer to one place, in order to deepen the historical resonance and enhance the richness of the text. For example, there is a character in the first chapter of *The Priceless*

Secret, called Lü Tong 呂通. He is not important in the story and only shows up for the short space of five pages. But he is associated with the following five place names:

1. He is the Captain of the Taihang Mountains.
   太行山呂大寨主 (15[2])
2. He is a distinguished underworld figure in the area of The Northern Five Provinces.
   北五省黑道上的厲害人物 (15)
3. He is well-known both north and south of the Yellow River.
   黃河南北大大的有名 (15)
4. He committed a crime in Taiyuan Prefecture ten years ago.
   十年前太原府作案 (15)
5. He is a bandit of Jin.
   晉中大盜 (17)

To ordinary Chinese readers, these five different place names would not cause any trouble since the unspoken relations among them are clear:

1. The Taihang Mountains are in Shanxi 山西 Province. In fact, the literal meaning of Shanxi, the west side of the mountain, refers to "the west side of the Taihang Mountains."
2. Shanxi is located in the middle-north part of China.
3. Shanxi Province is on the northern bank of the Yellow River.
4. Taiyuan is the capital of Shanxi.
5. Jin is the literary name of Shanxi.

That is, although there is no actual mention of Shanxi in the text, all the place names are related to it and thus connected to each other. In Taiwan

[2] Since most of the examples used in this paper have not been published, the page numbers refer to the Chinese edition.

a fifth grade student in primary school should know the relations of these names. That is, any common reader could easily enjoy the variation and the images connected to these place names.

However, these names could be an unnecessary barrier to English readers. Among the five sentences, they would probably only know the Yellow River, and might not even know where to place this big river on a Chinese map. The other three Romanized names, Taihang, Taiyuan and Jin, would risk alienating English readers since the names are hard to memorize and seem unrelated. In this case, one may omit Taiyuan and Jin, and just keep the Taihang Mountains since it can enhance the image of Captain Lü as a "mountain thief." This results in:

1. He is the Captain of the Taihang Mountains to the north of the Yellow River.
2. He is a distinguished underworld figure in the area of the Five Provinces to the north of the Yellow River.
3. He is well-known on both banks of the Yellow River.
4. He committed a crime at the foot of the Taihang Mountains ten years ago.
5. He is a bandit of the Taihang range.

The latter half of the first sentence, "to the north of the Yellow River," is added to connect the Mountains and the River.

In *Eagles and Heroes*, one comes across a more thorny problem concerning place names: the historical connotation of Bianliang 汴梁 and Lin'an 臨安. Unlike all the place names just mentioned, such as the Taihang Mountains or the Yellow River which are still on today's map of China, Bianliang and Lin'an were only used during a certain period of history. Bianliang, today's Kaifeng 開封, was the capital of the Northern Song Dynasty (A.D. 960-1127). Earlier, it had an older name Bianzhou 汴州. Since it was the capital, it was also called Bianjing 汴京. As for Lin'an, today's Hangzhou 杭州, it was the capital of the Southern Song

Dynasty (A.D. 1127-1279) after the Jurchen "barbarians" occupied the northern part of China. The emperor changed the original name Hangzhou into Lin'an, meaning "temporary security," in order to warn and encourage his people. But after the demise of the Southern Song Dynasty, the city was called Hangzhou again, and has been so called until today. It also had an older name, Yuhang 餘杭, before the Song Dynasty. Since the Song Dynasty was the only major Chinese dynasty which built capitals in these two cities, the names Bianliang and Lin'an allude strongly to this historical period.

In the novel, all these six variations appear. If we follow the author closely without any simplification, English readers are confronted with six different Romanized place names for the two cities. In order to avoid this terrible confusion, simplification is a sensible strategy here. The point is: which ones should be kept?

Among the three possibilities for the capital of the Northern Song Dynasty, Bianliang is the formal name. So Bianzhou and Bianjing can both be changed into Bianliang. (Another choice might be Kaifeng as it is called today. But that would not preserve the historical reference.) As for the other capital, since the story begins in the mid-Southern Song Dynasty when the name of the city had been changed into Lin'an, there should be no problem in deleting Yuhang and Hangzhou, and keeping Lin'an only. But in a poem it can be even more complicated. For example, one famous poem by the Song poet Lin Sheng 林升 is recited in the story:

Beyond the hills blue hills, beyond the mansions mansions–
Of singing and dancing on West Lake when will there be an end?
Idlers fuddled on the fumes of the warm breeze take
Hangzhou here as the lost Bianzhou.

山外青山樓外樓
西湖歌舞幾時休
南[暖]風薰得遊人醉

直把杭州作汴州 (13)

If we change the last line according to our rule, the last two lines should read:

Idlers fuddled on the fumes of the warm breeze take
Lin'an here as the lost Bianliang.

But in doing this, we sacrifice the echo effect between Hangzhou and Bianzhou as well as the cultural significance of Hangzhou as one of the most beautiful cities of China. Located on the banks of the famous West Lake, Hangzhou has always been regarded as synonymous with the beauty of the region South of the Yangtze.[3] There is even a popular saying: "Suzhou and Hangzhou are the earthly heaven." (上有天堂，下有蘇杭。) The poetic effect of Hangzhou to the ear of a Chinese reader is very strong.

However, this effect is lost on an English reader. Given the fact that Lin'an and Bianliang in this poem sound too formal and fail to evoke any poetic image, general terms can be used to replace the specific names:

Idlers fuddled on the fumes of the warm breeze forget
The lost city, the land they once called home.

In this way, the intention of the author has been preserved.

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[3] "The region south of the Yangtze" as a translation for Jiangnan 江南 is another thorny problem. Although Jiangnan seems to be a geographic term, it is actually more cultural than physical. It evokes many of the most sophisticated, highly cultivated, elegant and luxurious aspects of Chinese life in its lush and beautiful setting. Guanwai 關外 (beyond the Shanhai Pass 山海關) and Saiwai 塞外 (beyond the Great Wall) also carry a lot of cultural meanings and present us with the same problems.

The same strategy of replacing specific names with general names is also useful in another poem, by the famous General Yue Fei 岳飛, cited in the same chapter:

> Now our sweet ambitions are directed upon the flesh of the Hulu,
> And laughing we thirst for the blood of the Xiongnu.
>
> 壯志饑餐胡虜肉
> 笑談渴飲匈奴血 (11)

The character *Hu* is widely used to indicate northern or western tribes other than Han Chinese, and *Lu* means enemy. Xiongnu is the name of an ancient tribe who lived to the north of China during the Han Dynasty. In this poem, these two terms are both used to indicate the Jurchen tribe, the enemy of the Song Dynasty. Of course, these two names are not desirable since they would require lengthy explanations. But using "Jurchen" to replace them might be too direct. The poet is referring to the Jurchens but indirectly. In the end, one is best advised to use general terms like "northern tribe" or "barbarians" instead of the specific allusion.

> Now our sweet ambitions are directed upon the flesh of the northern tribe,
> And laughing we thirst for the blood of the barbarians.

The Problems of Omission

In some cases, simplification is not enough to smooth over the difficulties, especially in the case of certain dense allusions. A more radical strategy, like omission, is called for. It is very common for Chinese to allude to the names of historical figures. Since we must assume the lack of Chinese historical knowledge on the part of English readers, judicious

omission seems a good solution. For example, *Eagles and Heroes* opens with a storyteller who after his story has been told, meets with two members of his audience and in the course of conversation drops the names of a number of historical figures:

> ". . . Of the high-officials he (Emperor Hui 徽宗) appointed, Cai Jing 蔡京 and Wang Fu 王黼 were shameless persons helping the emperor to extort money from the people; Tong Guan 童貫 and Liang Shicheng 梁師成 were eunuchs who were only good at boasting and flattering; Gao Qiu 高俅 and Li Bangyan 李邦彥[4] were loafers who accompanied the emperor on his visits to the pleasure-quarters." (10)

Emperor Hui is often mentioned in popular legends, folk tales and dramas. Each of the six names here has a story behind it. The author names them one by one just to remind his Chinese readers of these popular stories, which they probably know already. But what is the likely effect on an English reader? Even if he or she happens to have read a translation of *Water Margin* and happens to remember the important character at the beginning of the story–Gao Qiu in today's standard pinyin, Kao Chiu as Jackson spelt it, or "Kao the Ball Kicker" as Buck called him, it is still very unlikely that he or she will have any idea of the other five persons. Since these six persons have no relation whatsoever to our story, there seems to be no point in keeping these pinyin names. All we need to do to preserve the author's intention, is to refer to the type of person involved. This paragraph then reads:

> Of the high officials he appointed, some were there to help him squeeze money out of the common people; some were eunuchs–boasters and

[4] Li Bangyan here must be a slip of the pen for Zhou Bangyan 周邦彥, the famous ci-poet whose mistress Li Shishi 李師師 later became a lover of Emperor Hui.

flatterers every one of them; some were loafers, who went with him on his frequent visits to the pleasure-quarters.

It is worth mentioning one point here: if the Romanization system were not so confusing, one might consider keeping these names and letting readers skip over them as they like. After all, it is a convention, not only of traditional Chinese novels, but of historical novels the world over, to list strings of names. But the trouble is, whereas Chinese written characters are memorable, the Romanized versions are highly forgettable. And there is a fatal defect in almost all Romanization systems: the different tones of Chinese are indistinguishable. One Romanized syllable without a tone marker can easily represent dozens of different Chinese characters, some over one hundred, like *yi*. For example, there is a historical figure mentioned in the first chapter of *Eagles and Heroes*, called Guo Jing 郭京. And the hero of this novel is called Guo Jing 郭靖. It would never occur to any Chinese reader that these two names were indistinguishable: the first *Jing* is in the first tone and the second *Jing* is in the fourth tone. And anyway their written forms are so different. Unfortunately, these two names become identical in pinyin. As John Dent-Young remarked: "Chinese names are a particularly difficult problem because English readers find them all confusingly similar." (252) One cannot avoid using Romanizations, but can at least omit some names, the less important ones, to let the readers breathe a little.

Aside from these formal names, characters in martial arts fiction usually have nicknames. I will argue later that nicknames of important figures should be preserved as much as possible for their strong exotic flavour. But for unimportant characters, omission may be still a good solution. For example, the author introduces the father of our hero in *Eagles and Heroes* as the descendant of "Captain Guo, named Guo Sheng, nicknamed the Earth Blessing Star, also called Superior to Rengui, of the gang of Mount Liang" 梁山泊好漢地佑星賽仁貴郭盛郭頭領 (24). This Captain Guo has no importance in the story at all. The author's

intention in mentioning him is to connect his own novel with the martial arts classic *Water Margin* which describes the gang of Mount Liang. It is like saying he was descended from one of the knights of the Round Table, or one of the outlaws of Sherwood Forest. In order to achieve the effect, in fact, "Captain Guo of the gang of Mount Liang" may be enough. As for the "Earth Blessing Star" and the even more complicated "Superior to Rengui" (one must explain who Xue Rengui 薛仁貴 was first), keeping them would just slow down the narration.

Here one confronts another difficulty, namely, the absence of a tradition. In the tradition of martial arts literature, *Water Margin* is too important to ignore. However, there are no really popular English translations of this novel yet, though there have been several. As the result, one may like to provide more interesting information of this classic to the English readers. According to *Water Margin*, there were one hundred and eight captains, all incarnations of stars who gathered together at Mount Liang. Among them, thirty-six were Heaven Stars and seventy-two, Earth Stars. Judging from his nickname, Captain Guo obviously falls into the second category. So one can justifiably expand on this a little: "Captain Guo, one of the seventy-two Earth Stars of the gang of Mount Liang." At least, in this way, the gang of Mount Liang is portrayed as a very large gang rather than a small one.

Earnshaw also uses various degrees of omission in the first draft of his *Book and Sword*, when dealing with allusions, place names, people's names, titles, etc. Some omissions are reasonable. For example, in the first chapter, a General stationed on the western border was promoted to be "Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy in Zhejiang Province, in charge of five garrisons including Dinghai and Wenzhou, and of the defense of Hangzhou, as well as the naval bases at Taihu and Haining" 升任浙江水陸提督，節制定海、溫州等五鎮，兼轄杭州守協，太湖、海寧水師營 (18). This single sentence contains six pinyin place names and four official titles. In fact, the function of this promotion is simply to make necessary a long journey from the western border to the south-

eastern part of China, so that some unusual events can take place on the road. All these place names and titles are mentioned to enhance credibility. So the translator omits most of the names and titles and just keeps one, "Commander-in-Chief of Zhejiang Province." And in order to help the readers locate the Province, he also adds a piece of information: "in the south-eastern part of China."

In some other cases, simplification may be preferable to the complete omission resorted to by the translator. For example, this same General's household meets a group of bodyguards[5] of the Zhenyuan 鎮遠 Bodyguard Agency from Beijing. The author informs his readers that this Zhenyuan Bodyguard Agency is the biggest one in the north area "with branches in Fengtian 奉天, Jinan 濟南, Kaifeng 開封 and Taiyuan 太原." Here the translator just keeps their headquarters and deletes all the four branches, introducing them as "the Zhen Yuan Agency from Beijing." From this, readers can hardly imagine the scale of this agency. In fact, one can just omit the pinyin place names and keep the scale: "the Zhenyuan Bodyguard Agency is the biggest one in north China with branches across many provinces."

But the most "dangerous" omission involves the underlying code system of martial arts fiction, things such as nicknames of important figures, kungfu moves, and the unspoken laws of martial arts society. Excessive omission or simplification in this part may deprive martial arts fiction of its special flavour and ethnic colour, which are its *raison d'être*.

For example, there is a clever and beautiful Muslim girl in *Book and Sword*. The translator abandons her colourful nickname "Yellow Robe and Green Feather" 翠羽黃衫 and instead uses her full pinyin name "Huo Qingtong"霍青桐. This is perhaps an unfortunate omission. First, a pinyin name is certainly less appealing than a nickname. Second,

[5] "Bodyguard" is the term used by Earnshaw to translate biaotou 鏢頭, a very special professional in old Chinese society. "Escort" and "dartman" are used by other translators. There is no standard translation of this profession yet.

a nickname preserves a martial arts flavour. Moreover, the iron lotus seeds she uses as weapons are all engraved with the mark of a feather, which is of course a reference to her nickname "green feather." Without knowing her nickname, readers can never figure out the meaning of that mark.

Apart from her nickname, all the kungfu moves of her "Mount Tian School" swordcraft, such as "Falling Glacier" (冰河倒瀉）, "Floating Sands" (千里流沙）, "Giant Lotus in the Snow" (雪中奇蓮）, "Lonely Smoke in the Desert"(大漠孤煙） and "Mirage"(海市蜃樓), are omitted without exception. I would like to suggest at least two reasons for keeping them. First, the fact that every move in Chinese kungfu has a name is unique. For example, none of the sword moves of the Three Musketeers has a name. Secondly, each of these names contains an image which helps enhance the Muslim colour of the girl. In fact, most kungfu move names are there for a purpose. For example, all the moves of "Iron *Pipa* Hand" 鐵琵琶手, such as "Veil behind a Pipa" (琵琶遮面), "Like Blade and Spear Ringing"[6] (刀槍齊鳴), "Like a Silver Bottle Shattering" (銀瓶乍破), "An Iron Horseman Speeding forth" (鐵騎突出), originated from the poem "The Song of the *Pipa*" by Bo Juyi. Since these move names are designed to enhance the colour of the weapon, Iron *Pipa,* they should not be abandoned lightly.

[6] This kungfu title and the next two are Earnshaw's translations for his second draft (unpublished).

Creating an Exotic World–Some Foreignizing Ways

Most of the nicknames and kungfu moves in martial arts fiction are invented by individual writers, so the choice is whether to "keep" or "omit." There is no problem of standardization between novels. However, there is still a unique language shared by all martial arts fiction. Since they belong to this genre, Cha's works also abide by this language which has been mutually created and recognized by all individual novels. It includes the social status of different schools or organizations in the community, conventions, customs, and some half-imagined types of kungfu such as *dianxue* 點穴 (pressing the vital points) or *qinggong* 輕功 (the art of flying). The difficulty lies not only in how to "inform" the readers unobstrusively about this system, but also in how to enable translators to co-invent an English version of it. No Chinese writer of martial arts fiction would alter the exact terms used in this system; *dianxue* 點穴 (meaning "strike the vital points") cannot be arbitrarily changed into *anxue* 按穴 (meaning "press the vital points"), nor can *qinggong* 輕功 (meaning "lightness" and "kungfu") be changed into *feigong* 飛功 (meaning "flying" and "kungfu"). English readers need a "standard" martial arts lexicon, not a random and inconsistent system. Although in many places, one should reduce difficulties and enhance immediate intelligibility, I would like to argue that this martial arts lexicon should be foreignized, not domesticated. And as more translators apply the same system, it is more likely to be accepted by readers.

Take as an example a keyword of martial arts fiction: *jianghu* 江湖. This word represents an imagined world in which all the martial arts stories take place. It has its own members, organizations, hierarchy, moral code, laws, objectives, etc. In some ways, the relation between *jianghu* and martial arts fiction is similar to that between outer space and science fiction. *Jianghu* appears eight times in the first chapter of *Book and Sword* and Earnshaw simply omits it each time. (In later chapters, he sometimes translates it as "underworld.") Olivia Mok, the translator of

another of Cha's novels *Xueshan feihu* 雪山飛狐 (Fox Volant of the Snowy Mountain), usually translates this term as "the outlawry" and occasionally as "our circle." Both translators domesticate and fail to communicate the uniqueness of the genre. By contrast, "River and Lake" foreignizes and arguably preserves more exotic colour.

For the same reason, Earnshaw's "Martial Brother" and Minford's "Brother-in-arms" for *Shixiong* 師兄 (the form of address used between disciples of the same kungfu master) are both better than Mok's plain "Brother." But there is still a standardization problem between translations. For example, every translator coins his or her own rendition of *qinggong*, including "levitational arts" (Mok), "Lightness Kung Fu" (Earnshaw) and "the art of flying" (Minford). All these translations are still pioneers, and it is hard to tell which one will be more acceptable to readers. Maybe this problem will be solved as more translations of martial arts fiction come into the market.

Sometimes, foreign words other than English can be useful in preserving the foreignness. The best example is the use of foreign words to help distinguish Taoists from Buddhists. There are lots of monk fighters in martial arts fiction, belonging to two major religious traditions: Buddhism and Taoism. In Chinese, the lexicon distinguishes clearly between the two groups. From the words used in self address, respectful address, abuse, format of religious names, clothes, buildings, to kungfu styles and weapons, readers can easily recognize a character's religious background. Deeper differences between the two groups, such as their philosophy and cosmology, are also reflected in the vocabulary. For example, the euphemism for the death of a Buddhist is "departure for reincarnation"（往生）, while a Taoist never "reincarnates" but "becomes a fairy"（仙去） instead.

Many translators of classical Chinese fiction use the Christian lexicon to render Buddhist and Taoist terms quite freely. Given the fact that the terminologies of Buddhism and Taoism differ in the source language, it seems a serious loss to translate both by the same Christian

language. To solve this problem, one can try to use some foreign words to distinguish between the two groups. For example, one can use Latin to translate the Taoist religious names, such as the Taoist Juventus (Chang Chun Zi 長春子), while using plain English to translate Buddhist names, like Abbot Scorch'dwood (Jiaomu Dashi 焦木大師). Lay people can be allowed to call a Buddhist monk "Father," but a Taoist "Abbé," borrowed from the French.

But I have certain reservations about religious "borrowing." Nowadays, more and more Westerners are becoming familiar with Oriental religions. It may seem handy to translate "Amitābha" or "Amita Buddha" (阿彌陀佛) as "holy name," for example, but informed readers may find it just not right. Months ago, I happened to watch an episode of "Deep Sea Quest," a US science fantasy TV program. A lunatic (a Westerner) claimed that he was an incarnation of "Amita." Clearly this word is gaining acceptance in the West. This experience alerted me to the risk of religious borrowing: if readers already know or are eager to know more about Oriental religions, the domesticating or Christianizing strategy may not be a desired one any more. After all, Father and Abbé are linguistically but not culturally different from each other. They are both Christian words. Maybe one should consider using real Hindu words like "bhikkhu" for Buddhist monk.

Conclusion

Louis Cha's novels are very complex and involve many aspects of traditional Chinese society. In order to give English readers an authentic Chinese story with a rich ethnic flavour without compromising the fluency of the narration, translators have to try various strategies. They have to solve a number of bewildering problems one by one. But this is not a blind process. There is a principle underlying it: the translator

should analyse the text and decide the author's intention as well as the function of the words in question before he or she decides to omit, simplify or expand. Through this judicious process, translation becomes an inspiring experience which at the same time highlights the many deep differences between two cultures, and proves the possibility of building a bridge between them.

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小寶西遊？試論《鹿鼎記》英譯

危令敦

一

英譯中國文學的讀者對象，主要有三類：漢學家、漢學學生、一般讀者。漢學家是行家，看的是門道；普羅讀者志在娛樂，要看的是熱鬧；而學生的興趣，則介乎兩者之間。[1]雖然中國古典文學的英譯已有一定的讀者，但根據研究和翻譯中國文學的學者詹納(W. J. F. Jenner)的意見，要英語世界的一般讀者接受中國現代文學的英譯，相當困難。[2]原因之一是部分譯作水準欠佳，不僅難以引起讀者的興趣，而且有幫倒忙之嫌。原因之二是中國現代文學的英譯選材不合讀者口味，廣受中國讀者歡迎的作品，並不見得英語讀者就一定會喜歡。詹納快人快語，批評過往英譯的選材，有不少深受西方文學影響的作品，結果譯作讀來不僅似曾相識，而且有東施效顰之弊。除此之外，詹納還進一步暗示：中國現代文學動輒感時憂國，涕淚飄零，對

[1] 對中國文學英譯近況感興趣的讀者可參考：劉紹銘，〈翻譯：文學的出口工業〉與〈旗鼓相當的配搭〉，《靈魂的按摩》（台北：三民，1993）69-76;77-84；以及〈譯筆殺作家〉，《未能忘情》（台北：三民，1992）171-78。

[2] W. J. F. Jenner, "Insuperable Barriers? Some Thoughts on the Reception of Chinese Writing in English Translation," *Worlds Apart: Recent Chinese Writing and Its Audiences*, ed. Howard Goldblatt (Armonk: M. E. Sharpe, 1990) 177-97.

於不知有漢的一般讀者來說，未免太過沉重，難以消受。

針對以上幾種不利因素，詹納提出解救辦法。提高英譯水準乃當務之急，不在話下；此外，選材的標準亦要修正。詹納進言，譯界不妨考慮選譯有異於西方文學的作品，向英語讀者展示中國現代文學獨特、精采的一面。換言之，詹納認爲，一般讀者追求的，不外是文學世界裏的異域風情。他以沈從文爲例，說明他筆下的湘西，不僅有異於現代的西方，而且不同於西方讀者習見的中國形象。類似的作品英譯，當會適合尋幽探勝的讀者口味。[3]

不過，詹納補充，即使譯界能作出以上努力，英語讀者能否接受英譯的中國現代文學，仍不太樂觀；其中最大的障礙，可能還是源自英語讀者的封閉性。他舉例說，英國學院中人論及十八世紀的小說時，往往無視《紅樓夢》或《儒林外史》的存在；教授英國文學時，對於關係密切的歐洲文學，也只是略爲提及而已。學者白斯涅(Susan Bassnett)對此現象有所解釋，她認爲文學的交流，與文化的“強弱”之勢息息相關。英國自十九世紀成爲海上霸主以後，對英語文學系統的“優越性”逐漸建立信心，向外借鑑的欲望相應消減，翻譯活動也隨之減少。[4]伊格頓(Terry Eagleton)也曾指出，英語及英國文學進入英國大學

[3] 環繞中國現代文學與西方現代文學作品太過相似(dissolution of difference)、以及中國現代文學和古典文學差異太大(anxiety of difference)的問題，曾引起一場學術辯論。關於各家論點，可參看張隆溪的文章：Zhang Longxi, "Out of the Cultural Ghetto: Theory, Politics, and the Study of Chinese Literature," *Modern China* 19.1 (January 1993) 71-101.

[4] Susan Bassnett, *Comparative Literature: A Critical Introduction* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1993) 143.

殿堂之時，正是大英帝國如日中天之際。[5]當今二十世紀，英語因殖民的歷史原因演變成一種“國際語言”，英語文學遂成“強勢”／“中心”文化，因此形成向“弱勢”／“邊緣”文化出口多，進口少的局面。根據白斯涅引用的一項資料顯示，從一九八四年至一九九零年間，譯作只佔美國出版書籍的百分之三點五；在英國所佔的比例更小，只有百分之二點五。而意大利在八十年代出版的書籍之中，每年有百分之二十六是譯自英語的作品。比較之下，英、意兩種語言勢力的“強弱”立判。[6]由此看來，更“邊遠”、更“弱勢”的中國現代文學，想藉翻譯一途在英語世界佔一席之地，絕非易事。難怪大陸作家鄧剛(1946-)感嘆：“目前，我們的文學創作——特別是當代文學創作——還只是蹣跚地走到外國漢學家和一些專門研究中國文學的人的眼睛下面。至於外國廣大讀者，大約是微乎其微的。”[7]

[5] Terry Eagleton, "1. The Rise of English," *Literary Theory: An Introduction* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1983) 28.

[6] 同注四。

[7] 鄧剛，〈走向世界的憂慮〉，西西編，《閣樓》（台北：洪範，1987）78。事實上，中國現代當代文學的研究在中國大陸也不見得受到重視。從“一流人才搞古典，二流人才搞現代，三流人才搞港台”的說法，可見一斑。見李瑞騰，〈文學中國：以台灣爲中心的思考〉，陳其南、周英雄編，《文化中國：理念與實踐》（台北：允晨，1994）179。在北美的大學裏，中國現代文學及文化的研究，地位亦不及中國古典文學和社會科學研究。周蕾對此現象曾有批評，見：Rey Chow, *Woman and Chinese Modernity* (Minnesota: U of Minnesota P, 1991) 31。

二

如果英語讀者嗜好生動有趣、充滿異鄉情調的小說，閔福德(John Minford)英譯的《鹿鼎記》，可能投其所好。[8]武俠小說不僅是中國現代小說的一個次文類，而且是一個相當獨特的次文類——武俠小說既融匯古今文學傳統，亦適合雅俗共賞；武俠小說廣受大眾歡迎，也吸引知識分子，甚至進而引發學術的討論。[9]再說，如果從中國現代小說史的角度來看，武俠小說可以說是嚴肅的寫實傳統以外的花花世界。如果寫實作品不合英語讀者的胃口，武俠小說應是不太差的另一個選擇。[10]

中國武俠小說的“異”處，除了不可思議的刀法劍術、誇張失“實”的南拳北腿、險象環生的江湖生涯以外，還有“中國歷史、中國文化乃至中國人的精神風貌”。[11]依金庸所言，

[8] 筆者所見之譯本爲：John Minford, *The Deer and the Cauldron: The Adventures of a Chinese Trickster, Two Chapters from a Novel by Louis Cha* (Canberra: Institute of Advanced Studies, ANU, 1994).

[9] 一如張恨水所言：“中國下層社會，對於章回小說，能感到興趣的，第一是武俠小說。”引自王春桂，〈八十年代大陸通俗文學興盛之鋒將：武俠小說熱〉，淡江大學中文系主編，《俠與中國文化》（台北：台灣學生書局，1993）59。研究俠與武俠小說的專著除了劉若愚、龔鵬程、田毓英、陳平原等人的作品以外，還有王海林，《武俠小說史略》（太原：北岳文藝，1988）。

[10] 中國的武俠小說在印尼、韓國、捷克都頗受歡迎。參看：谷衣，〈淺談戰後功夫小說在印度尼西亞〉，《中國傳統小說在亞洲》（北京：國際文化，1989）458-72；李致洙，〈中國武俠小說在韓國的翻譯介紹與影響〉，以及羅然，〈《三俠五義》與現代捷克斯洛伐克讀者〉，收入《俠與中國文化》77-90；215-26。

[11] 陳平原，《千古文人俠客夢》（北京：人民文學，1992）69。

他的武俠小說之所以受到華人歡迎，是因爲小說所描繪的世界是中國的世界，甚至連《鹿鼎記》裏韋小寶的缺點陋習，也是極富中國特色的。宋淇也支持此一看法。他認爲，金庸的武俠小說集儒釋道於一身，兼顧傳統的忠孝仁義理念，再加上未曾歐化的生花妙筆，都是吸引華人讀者的重要因素。金庸甚至懷疑，如此地道的中華文化產物，究竟能不能吸引西方讀者？[12]

對於西方讀者而言，《鹿鼎記》講的雖是異鄉異聞，但並非完全與讀者的閱讀經驗相悖。閔氏著手翻譯時，顯然已找到求“同”的切入點。英譯的副題特別點出，這是一篇“搗蛋鬼”的歷險故事，實際上爲英語讀者提供了一個熟悉的詮釋角度。所謂“搗蛋鬼”(trickster)，是各種文化傳統共同擁有的原型角色之一。據希涅斯(William J. Hynes)的研究指出，搗蛋鬼的造型特點有六。一、人格曖昧、正邪難分，行事離經叛道、出人意表。二、好鼓三寸不爛之舌，撒謊扯淡，騙人上當。三、精於改頭換面，偷雞摸狗，蒙混過關。四、機靈狡滑，善於扭轉劣勢，反敗爲勝。五、出身不純，介乎人神之間；既充當神界之特使，亦模仿神之特徵。六、滑稽任性，顛倒乾坤；不僅褻瀆正經事，亦把荒唐事正經八百的來辦。更有趣的是：儘管搗蛋鬼經常惹事生非，但也吉人天相，免遭懲罰。[13]以上種種，除了第五項，說的幾乎就是“三分正經”、“七分胡鬧”的韋小

[12] John Minford, “Translator’s Introduction,” *The Deer and the Cauldron*, 1-14.

[13] William J. Hynes, “Mapping the Characteristics of Mythic Tricksters: A Heuristic Guide,” *Mythical Trickster Figures: Contours, Contexts, and Criticisms*, ed. William J. Hynes and William G. Doty (Tuscaloosa & London: The U of Alabama P, 1993) 33-45.

寶。讀者不必一一證諸《鹿鼎記》，也可從中看出韋小寶的身影。身爲小皇帝的摯友、寵臣、替身，小寶雖非神之特使，也不遠矣。他代康熙到五台山尋父及統兵出征羅刹二事，尤可視作模仿天子之行徑。

搗蛋鬼此一原型角色在中古以後的西方文學中日漸重要，曾以弄臣、傻子等形象出現。文藝復興以後，搗蛋鬼又以流浪漢的形象出現於“流浪漢小說”(picaresque novel)中。比如說，十六世紀中期的《小癩子》(*Lazarillo de Tormes*)即此一傳統之濫觴。[14]所謂流浪漢小說，按學者紀廉(Claudio Guillén)的說法，有八大特徵。其中第一項——亦是最重要的一項，就是小說特別關懷角色與環境的互動關係。由於要講述主角的成長經驗，免不了一一列舉他浪跡天涯必須面對的各種處境，小說的結構因此顯得鬆散；情節由各個表面上看來互不相干的片斷連綴而成，全賴主角一人貫穿起來。[15]閔氏在譯序裏也提到，韋小寶竄南闖北、東征西討的情節結構，與“流浪漢小說”的雜湊(episodic)情節頗爲相近，故此亦可稱爲“長篇流浪漢傳奇”(long picaresque saga)。[16]此一說法，亦爲讀者提供了適當的閱讀期待。上文提及讀者反應的問題，金庸及宋淇兩人的看法都陳義較

[14] Hynes 38；王德威，〈論搗蛋鬼〉，《從劉鶚到王禎和》（台北：時報，1986）243-65。“流浪漢小說”是楊絳的翻譯，見《小癩子》雙語版譯者序（台北：書林，1993）4。王德威和譚國根的譯法分別是“浪蕩漢小說”和“癩子小說”。譚譯見譚文〈中國現代文學中的癩子小說〉，陳炳良編，《中國現代文學新貌》（台北：學生，1990）141。

[15] Claudio Guillén, “Essay 3: Toward a Definition of the Picaresque,” *Literature as a System* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1971) 75-84.

[16] “雜湊情節”是楊絳的譯法，見《小癩子》6。

高，強調了武俠小說的文化特色，反而忽略了武俠小說最基本的兩個元素：故事的趣味性和情節的跌宕起伏，而兩者都能通過雜湊情節予以充分發揮。閔氏深明此理，故在譯序中指出，金庸的武俠小說之所以家傳戶曉，最重要的一點還是故事說得好，情節扣人心弦，每每令人廢寢忘餐。動聽的故事不嫌長，讀者如痴如醉，作者也欲罷不能。有學者認爲，金庸的武俠小說不僅篇幅長，而且有“篇幅越大越能激發作者的創作才華”的特點。[17]《鹿鼎記》也不例外。

照紀廉的看法，流浪漢多爲年輕孤兒，少小就要離鄉背井，孤身遠行，獨自面對陌生的世界。小寶雖然不算孤兒，但也差不了多少——生父固然無從稽查，離開揚州以後，母親也不在身邊。天大的事情，只能靠自己。《鹿鼎記》與流浪漢小說不同，並非假自傳，故事不是由小寶來講述。[18]然而，由於小說的聚焦角色(focalizer)大都由小寶擔當，譯文的讀者仍然可以跟從主角的眼睛，去看一個陌生的世界，伴隨主角一起成長。對於熟悉武俠小說傳統的華人讀者來說，《鹿鼎記》或許有反武俠小說的傾向，因爲韋小寶的市井習氣實在與俠客的瀟灑形象相去太遠。這個“浮滑小兒”不但無心習武，爲了義氣而“行俠”的手段也往往不登大雅之堂。尤其撒石灰、使暗器、灌迷藥之類的勾當，不僅使受恩的角色尷尬，亦叫讀者難爲情。難怪鄭樹森將《鹿鼎記》視作“武俠小說最接近‘反文類’的一次表現”，陳曉林亦把《鹿鼎記》當成“解構”作品觀之：“金庸藉由一個出身市井妓院、毫無道德觀念的懶惰人物韋小寶，

[17] 陳平原，67。

[18] 關於流浪漢小說是假自傳(pseudobiography)的觀點，見紀廉文81-82。

對幻構已久的武俠世界、包括武俠小說的本身，進行了徹底的'解構'與反諷。"[19]

然而也正因小寶既不武亦非俠，《鹿鼎記》方才有可能爲英語讀者接納。儘管小寶機靈古怪，又狐假虎威，只要論及武功，他也只不過是凡夫俗子一名。在一個高手林立、惡人橫行的世界裏，功夫差勁、出身寒微的小寶，是屬於傅萊(Northrop Frye)所謂"低模仿"(low mimetic)的角色，與讀者的心理距離應該是最近的。[20]雖然讀者未必欣賞他涎著臉唱"十八摸"的自得之相以及各種離經叛道的行爲，但出自同情弱小的心態，也會體恤他的處境，原諒他的荒唐。對於不熟悉武俠小說的英語讀者而言，韋小寶初出茅蘆的經驗，其實也就是他們投身文學異域的經驗。不知天高地厚的韋小寶離開麗春院之後，滿心好奇的讀者也聯袂上路，一睹江湖風雨和宮廷政治，並隨著情節的展開，逐步了解朝廷王法和五花八門的幫會規矩。韋小寶和茅十

[19] 鄭樹森，〈大眾文學・敘事・文類——武俠小說札記三則〉，《從現代到當代》（台北：三民，1994）127；陳曉林，〈武俠小說與現代社會〉，《俠與中國文化》30。

[20] "低模仿"的說法見Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1971) 366. 也有學者批評傅氏的定義太過寬鬆，寫實小說的主角與喜劇的人物應付環境與他人的能力並不一樣，不能相提並論。前者的能力與一般讀者相近，後者則比讀者遜色。故此有"中模仿"（middle mimetic；指前者）與"低模仿"（後者）的進一步細分；而癩子則更低一等，屬"反諷"(ironic)角色。見：Robert Scholes, *Structuralism in Literature* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1974) 121-22。小寶雖然是癩子，運氣卻在一般讀者之上。他一生順景，官運亨通，衣食無憂，而且騙人的詭計經常得逞，如有神助。如按理論的區分，說他是"反諷"角色，未免牽強；倒不如從武功的角度來看他的能耐，似乎比較合乎武俠小說的情理。

八、小皇帝、陳近南、洪教主等人抬槓或討價還價的時候，其實也就是英語讀者不斷修正閱讀期待、逐步了解武俠小說的敘述成規和價值體系的時候。武俠小說的世界儘管五光十色，有古靈精怪的韋小寶充當導遊，料想愛觀光瞧熱鬧的老外也不至於迷途或掉隊。

三

英語讀者難以接受的，恐怕還是《鹿鼎記》後半部所渲染的滿清帝國鼎盛時期的國力。尤其小寶向俄人費要多羅吹噓成吉思汗的彪炳戰績時，難保不會觸到歐洲集體記憶的痛處。"一代天驕"成吉思汗的風光，不正是令歐洲人談虎色變的"黃禍"？[21]在第四十六回，口沒遮攔的小寶對施琅道："男子漢大丈夫，總要打外國鬼子才了不起。中國人殺中國人，殺得再多，也不算好漢。"說的雖是保家衛國的戰事，但對於可能早已忘卻歐洲擴張殖民史的一般讀者而言，小寶反倒成了一個不折不扣的"中國蠻子"。

大清的"雄"風，以雅克薩城一役表現得最爲露骨。清軍兵臨城下，俄軍死守不出，兩軍罵陣，觸發一場尿戰。俄軍居高臨下，自然佔盡地利；清兵處於下方，力有不逮，結果大敗

[21] 魯迅從漢人的角度看問題，並不認爲成吉思汗是"我們"的。見〈隨便翻翻〉，《魯迅全集》，第六冊（北京：人民文學，1989）138。關於"黃禍"，可參考呂浦等編譯，《"黃禍論"歷史資料選輯》（出版地不詳：中國社會科學，1979）。

而回。韋大帥心有不甘，乃異想天開，令軍士用土法趕制徑粗二尺、管長一丈的大水炮三千尊。大吉之日，升帳發炮，以水攻城，將“尿戰”升級。羅剎兵後來抵受不住城內積水化冰的嚴寒，只好乖乖投降，小寶大獲全勝，又立汗馬功勞。如果說武俠小說追求的是男性沙文主義的心理滿足的話，此一喧嘩笑鬧的戰役亦可視爲民族沙文主義的象徵體現。[22]兩者合而爲一的最佳例子，非小寶“征服”羅剎公主蘇菲亞的描寫莫屬。一段霧水情緣倒也罷了，末了小寶居然還送上自己的裸體石雕一座，讓公主置於宮中觀賞。據說後來石像毀於宮廷政變，其下體殘片流入民間，成爲羅剎婦女撫拜求子的聖物，十分靈驗云云。中華的男性及民族沙文心態，表露無遺。

甲之靚湯，乙之砒霜。華人的男性及民族狂想，西方讀者不一定能夠消受。《鹿鼎記》一書不僅將羅剎“女性化”（以“本非貞女”的蘇菲亞公主爲情欲對象），亦將羅剎“異時化”（政治社會均“落後”於大清帝國）。兩種手法都與周蕾在《婦女與中國現代性》一書裏所批評的西方言談論述如何將東方“女性化”及“異時化”的手法如出一轍，只不過方向相反而已。[23]如果周蕾的批評模式有普遍意義的話，英語讀者恐怕難以從《鹿鼎記》獲得同樣的“閱讀快感”。《鹿鼎記》所呈現的中華形象，上至清朝國勢，下至小寶房事，無不“陽剛”非常；甚至連“身材纖小，容貌美麗”的雙兒，亦能於三招兩式之內

[22] 關於女性主義的閱讀角度，可參閱注十九所引鄭文。

[23] 詳見注七所引周蕾著作第一章。“異時化”引申自“異時性”(allochronism)，此詞中譯出自張京媛，見周書中譯本（台北：麥田，1995）67。

輕取羅剎國的拳擊好手，英語讀者能不駭然？《鹿鼎記》雖然允許小寶胡天胡帝，但拒絕讓中華女性成爲洋人的欲望對象。小寶親娘身陷風塵經年，迎送的嫖客之多，漢滿蒙回藏都有，儼然中華“民族團結”的大使。在接客的“大是大非”問題前，韋母充滿“民族大義”，訓斥起小寶來，絕不含糊：“你當你娘是爛婊子嗎？連外國鬼子也接？辣塊媽媽，羅剎鬼、紅毛鬼到麗春院來，老娘用大掃帚拍了出去。”閱讀至此，英語讀者能不駭然？

四

韋小寶雖然刁頑不馴，卻是講故事的好手。在小說的第二章，韋小寶模仿傳統說書人，給草莽英雄茅十八講《英烈傳》的故事，排遣旅途的寂寞。韋小寶選講的，是沐王爺攻打梁王的一段。此段故事，對漢人來說，何嘗不是充滿了異域的風情？說話嘰哩咕嚕的梁王，身高十丈的元帥，燃燒狂奔的大象，無一不叫茅十八嘖嘖稱奇。

這段插曲雖說是故事中的故事，卻也不無後設批評的意義。在故事流傳的過程中，因聽眾因素的介入，經常會產生細節和意義的流轉變化。說書人爲了娛樂聽眾，在講述前朝開國的故事時，不免“加油添醋”；而聽眾在聆聽的過程中，結合歷史處境，也悟出許多反清的政治影射。而輪到韋小寶轉述此一故事時，不僅有“隨口胡謅”之嫌，更不乏戲弄茅十八的動機。輾轉至此，“原來”的英烈故事恐怕七折八扣；金庸筆下

的敘述者對傳意過程的自覺，亦躍然紙上。身爲聽眾的茅十八，雖然一再上當，依然哈哈大笑，稱贊韋小寶天花亂墜的故事“當眞好聽”。爲了聽離奇古怪的故事，茅十八受點委曲亦不介懷。一個要打，一個願挨，兩廂情願，絕不勉強。茅十八是普羅讀者，想聽的是故事，只要內容大概符合漢人中心的前提，其他意識形態的運作就很少理會了。《鹿鼎記》的大眾讀者，莫非亦是如此？如果一般英語讀者不認同中華民族中心的“陽剛”立場，還有沒有茅十八那種聽故事的渴望，就不得而知了。

韋小寶講故事喜歡別出心裁，在翻譯問題上亦自告奮勇。且說沐王爺大破韃子兵後，攻進梁王京城。梁王受驚大喊，韋小寶爲求逼眞，立刻引用“原文”：“咕嚕阿布吐，嗚里嗚！咕嚕阿布吐，嗚里嗚！”茅十八聽不懂，小寶只好代爲翻譯：“哎喲不好了，大象起義了！”。接下去梁王的話，韋小寶就不再引用“原文”，改用漢語了。茅十八好生奇怪，問道：“怎麼他這次不叫韃子話了？”韋小寶的回答非常乾脆：“反正你又不懂，我便改成了咱們的話。”韋小寶自作主張，茅十八亦不計較；只要茅十八覺得故事還動聽，他總要催促韋小寶往下說，遇上存疑之處，亦一笑置之。

此處引述韋小寶講故事及翻譯的片段，並非用來重彈“翻譯者即反逆者”的老調。[24]講故事和翻譯本來就是詮釋活動，西方神話裏專司傳遞／詮釋訊息工作的神仙不是別人，而是和韋小寶一樣，同屬“搗蛋鬼”一族的何密使(Hermes)。何密使性格獨特，雖然不一定存心欺騙聽眾，但總不會把話說盡，也不

[24] 錢鍾書譯文，見〈林紓的翻譯〉，《七綴集》（上海：上海古藉，1985）68。

完全轉述“原文”。[25]文學翻譯者充當兩種文化的使者，雖然未必有“搗蛋”的動機，但欲語還休的難處、或欲彰彌蓋的窘況也不見得會少。當然，讀者亦非阿斗，他們雖然不懂原文，亦不一定關心或反省意識形態的運作，但也不會任人擺布，譯者犯不著爲他們操心。

白斯涅曾提議，在討論翻譯問題時，與其長期承擔背叛“原文”的犯罪感，不如將焦點放在譯者的創意、譯本讀者的接受反應之上，或許會對文化的運作、交流的層次以及譯者、讀者在此中扮演的角色，有更多的了解；同時也賦予譯文一獨立、自足的身分。[26]事實上，一篇文學作品投胎轉世，能否落籍他鄉，除了看譯作本身的高下，還牽涉文化的角力、讀者的開放程度等因素。而如此種種，似乎又與原作本身關係不大了。

[25] William G. Doty, “A Lifetime of Trouble-Making: Hermes as Trickster,” *Mythical Trickster Figures* 62.

[26] Bassnett 138-61.

小寶動口不動手
——談《鹿鼎記》第二回中髒話的英譯[1]

呂宗力

《鹿鼎記》中的韋小寶武功三流，侃功和應變能力一流，有目共睹。小寶年幼力弱，又不肯花氣力學武功，但卻時時要在強敵面前逞能，不肯喫虧。面臨大敵，通常動口不動手，亦是他揚長避短聰明之處。小寶生長於揚州的妓院，自幼耳濡目染，加上絕佳的資質，所習侃功，屬市井粗口一類，雖不登大雅之堂，卻極生動傳神。第二回是小寶的首次出場，他的侃功尚未至爐火純青，但已足令人難忘。尤其是罵髒話的功夫。那自然也因爲第二回的出場人物多是粗人及幫會人士，無分敵友或自家兄弟，三字經不離口。小寶廁身其間，頗得魚水之趣。[2]任何語言中的粗口髒話都有其特殊的文化背景，翻譯成別種語言，難度很大。可是《鹿鼎記》中的髒話，對營構故事氣氛，塑造人物性格，關係甚大，不可或缺。小說中人物身分背景的

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[1] 本文所引金庸《鹿鼎記》第二回原文出自明河社 1995 版，以下簡稱明河本。英譯引自 *The Deer and the Cauldron: The Adventure of a Chinese Trickster*, trans. by John Minford (Reprinted from *East Asian History* 5, Institute of Advanced Studies, Australian National University, 1994). 以下簡稱英譯本。

[2] 對小寶而言，說髒話已是他一日不可或缺的娛樂。如第四回，他被海大富公公帶入宮中，“不覺已有兩個月，他每日裏有錢可賭，日子過得雖不逍遙自在，卻也快樂。只可惜不能污言穢語，肆意謾罵，又不敢在宮內偷雞摸狗，撒賴使潑，未免美中不足。”(明河本，152)

定位，情節的推進，氣氛的調節，都常有賴於精心構思的髒話和插科打諢。《鹿鼎記》第二回的英譯者勉爲其難，苦心構句，有時頗能傳神。

第二回中髒話出現的語境，大致有三類：敵手彼此咒罵，朋友相互鬥口，以及脫口而出的三字經口頭禪。而涉嫌粗口連篇的，有茅十八，韋小寶，鹽梟。鹽梟雖人多勢眾，粗口倒講得不算多，亦不夠精彩。我們不能就此得出結論：此輩曾受精神文明薰陶，非禮勿言。猜想是他們爲面子而不得不先後向天地會好漢及茅十八等強敵尋釁，其實心虛膽怯，又何敢多造口孽？至於茅十八和韋小寶，都是此中高手，時有傑作。尤其是小寶，嬉笑怒罵，皆成文章。

中文粗口中，以三字經應用最普遍。[3]可用以罵人鬥口，表達親暱，自我發泄，逞能充大佬。說慣以後，可能成爲口頭禪，出言無此君不歡。[4]所以每當三字經出現，其語感端視語境而變化，難以一概而論。John Minford在英譯中，除交替使用bloody, sodding, 亦根據具體語境，或省略不譯，或選用the lousy bastards, the lousy sons-of-bitches, the devil take him, for god's sake, 力求吻合具體語境。[5]韋小寶在小說中的第一次亮相，是因爲一名私鹽販

[3] 他媽的，他媽媽的，他奶奶的，皆可歸諸三字經，不必以字數限。

[4] 即如小說中的康熙，亦因小寶而感染到粗口的魅力。第十二回，康熙對小寶笑道："你人挺乖巧，就是不讀書，說出話來粗裏粗氣，倒也合我的心意。他媽的，你爺兒倆給我乖乖的罷，哈哈，哈哈！"(明河本， 481)第二十四回："康熙勤奮好學，每日躬親政務之際，由翰林學士侍講、侍讀經書詩文，只是詩云子曰讀得多了，突然說幾句'他奶奶的'、'屁滾尿流'，倒也頗有調劑之樂。"(同上， 997)

[5] 見英譯本， 61-63 ， 67-68 ， 74 ， 88 ， 91 ， 93 。

子打他媽媽的耳光，還罵她"他媽的臭婊子"。

> 驀地裏大堂旁鑽出一個十二三歲的男孩，大聲罵道："你敢打我媽！你這死烏龜、爛王八，你出門便給天打雷劈，你手背手掌上馬上便生爛疔瘡，爛穿你手，爛穿舌頭，膿血吞下肚去，爛斷你肚腸。"[6]

英譯作：

> "You dare hit my mum, you rotten turtle! May you by struck by lightning and your hands fall off, your tongue rot, your belly fill with pus, your guts drop out, your . . ."[7]

茅十八與小寶一搭一檔挖苦吳三桂，用的是市井中罵人常用的諧音遊戲：

> 茅十八道："這大漢奸姓吳，他媽的，一隻烏龜是吳一龜，兩隻烏龜是吳二龜，三隻烏龜呢？"韋小寶大聲道："吳三龜！"茅十八大笑，說道："正是吳三桂這大……"[8]

如果直譯爲英文，讀者可能難以領略其妙處：三隻龜與三株桂有何關聯？在此英譯者並未直譯，而是運用英文中的文字遊戲，巧妙地傳達這段對話的神韻：

> "And his name," continued Whiskers, quite unperturbed, "is Wu. They call him the Satrap, and that ain't far off, though personally I prefer Shat-rap. Rap that head of his and it surely is stuffed with shit!"

[6] 明河本， 50 。

[7] 英譯本， 58 。

[8] 明河本， 78 。

"And he *never* shuts his trap!" put in Trinket for good measure.[9]

當然，在任何語言中，粗口髒話的神韻都是極難傳譯的，甚至難以用其母語來詮釋。像茅十八口中不絕的"老子""小子"之類，在英譯中常付諸闕如，已是無可奈何。[10]但有些金庸精心設計，對人物性格的塑造有很大關係的粗話，如不能得到傳神的迻譯，就難免令看過中文原著的讀者在讀英譯本時產生些微遺憾。

茅十八和韋小寶，都是講粗話佔便宜的高手，而小寶則是高手中之高手。[11]粗野如茅十八，亦常被他玩弄於股掌。小寶在粗話上的造詣，固然得益於自小在揚州妓院中的浸潤，"南腔北調的罵人言語，學了不計其數。"[12]但如說："韋小寶平時說話，出口便是粗話，'他媽的'三字片刻不離口，"[13]未免有失公允。

[9] 英譯本，85。

[10] 雖然"老子"在漢語粗口中已被濫用，有時只是口頭禪，並無特定含義，但有時卻是有心運用，以達致罵人或佔便宜的目的。如茅十八與鹽梟沖突之初，鹽梟中的老者客氣地請教他的姓名。茅十八答曰："你爹姓什麼叫什麼，老子自然姓什麼叫什麼。好小子，連你爺爺的姓也忘記了。"(明河本，50)

[11] 如第八回，小寶被任爲青木堂香主，與天地會諸香主會議，大家以粗口大罵吳三桂，"韋小寶大喜，一聽到這些污言穢語，登時如魚得水，忍不住插口也罵。說到罵人，韋小寶和這九位香主相比，頗有精粗之別，他一句句轉彎抹角、狠毒刻薄，九位香主只不過胡罵一氣，相形之下，不免見絀。"(明河本，317)

[12] 明河本，72。

[13] 明河本，89。

眞正三字經不離口的當數茅十八。茅十八無論與敵手對罵，與小寶鬥嘴，還是平時說話，粗話必脫口而出，不假思索。小寶雖偶有粗話脫口而出的情形，[14]但如仔細觀察他說粗話的場合，就會發現，在大部分情形下，小寶的粗話都是有的放矢，且表達極有技巧。

韋小寶在第二回中表現出的性格，頗符合筆者所認識的舊日上海小癟三小流氓形象。[15]這等人有幾樣德性，無不與面子有關：一、講義氣，因有義氣是有面子之事，所以也會扶助弱小，顯示豪氣。但當利極大時，忘義之事時有發生。二、極在乎面子，一失面子，即無顏在同類中立足。故好勝，常表現得好勇鬥狠，撒石灰抓辮子摳眼睛下絆子，無所不用其極。即使

[14] 例如當他說"辣塊媽媽"的時候。"辣塊媽媽"是揚州方言中有代表性的三字經。揚州方言在粗口方面極具特色，但鹿鼎記中並未故意凸顯方言。"辣塊媽媽"在第二回中凡三見。第一次出自鹽梟之口(明河本，49)，以表明這一幫會的地方色彩。另兩次出於小寶之口(明河本，76，79)，都不是存心罵人，而是在身處險境，氣急敗壞的情形下脫口而出。因小寶雖然通曉南腔北調，究竟以揚州方言爲母語，一到緊急關頭，母語三字經便自然涌出。如第四回，小寶受海老公命，初入上書房，偵察《四十二章經》之所在。面對成排書架上的千萬冊書，小寶倒抽了口涼氣，暗叫："辣塊媽媽不開花，開花養了小娃娃！"(明河本，155)第六回，當海老公揭穿小寶的眞實身分時，小寶竭力抵賴，"顫聲道：'不……不是！辣塊媽媽的，當……當然不是。'心中一急，揚州話衝口而出。"(明河本，218)"辣塊"一詞，是第三人稱指示代詞，意爲那裏或哪裏。"辣塊媽媽"即所謂國罵"他媽的"。英譯者先後譯爲"Red Hot Pussy,"(57) "Great Balls of Sizzling Beancurd,"(86)似距原意頗遠。

[15] 到了後來，小寶見多識廣，兼以鴻運當頭，處處有貴人相罩，普通癟三自難望其項背。但他的小癟三小流氓習性，從未稍改。又，小寶雖是揚州癟三，其作風與上海癟三頗相類。

對手過於強大，武力不敵，他們也不輕易言敗，軟硬不喫，胡攪蠻纏，甚而以小賣小，令對方無從下手。[16]三、因社會閱歷豐富，頗具小聰明，深明好漢不喫眼前虧之道理，所以與人爭鬥，多是動口不動手。四、不動手而欲折服對手(至少在自我感覺上折服對手)，唯有充分發展鬥嘴的狡黠本領，在嘴頭上佔盡對方的便宜，從而獲得“精神勝利”。[17]亦因此，小癟三們在鬥嘴方面千錘百煉，花樣百出，極富天分。說髒話於他們不單純是粗野天性的流露，而常常是克敵制勝的技巧。

小寶在第二回中說的髒話，除了偶然的脫口而出，大致有幾種場合：一、受到他人欺侮或自覺受到欺侮，因自己年幼力弱，又不識武功，必以髒話反擊。這種場合所說的髒話，必是極“惡毒陰損”之能事。[18]二、與朋友如茅十八鬥嘴。在這種情形下，小寶“半點也不肯喫虧，”[19]必想方設法，機巧百出，令對方落入其彀中而初不覺。三、年幼力弱，卻不但不肯示弱，反要在江湖上充好漢。[20]所以當著外人的面，小寶常粗話不離口，裝出一付刺兒頭的樣子。(尤其當他的臭事被外人見到時)[21]在前兩種情形下，小寶常顯示出高超的技巧。

[16] 韋小寶的成名絕技如撒石灰，背後捅刀子，都是小癟三小流氓打架的慣用伎倆。所以金庸在小說中說：“韋小寶在揚州市井間身經百戰，與大流氓、小無賴也不知打過了多少場架。”(第四回。明河本， 132)

[17] 魯迅創造的人物阿Q，即以佔嘴頭便宜爲其精神勝利的法寶。

[18] 見明河本， 52 。

[19] 見明河本， 75 。

[20] 如小寶初次幫助素不相識的茅十八，模仿說書中英雄好漢的口吻，道：“他媽的，殺就殺，我可不怕，咱們好朋友講義氣，非扶你不可。”(明河本， 54)

[21] 如小寶初次見到雲南沐公府家將時的表現。見明河本， 76 。

一、對付敵人，不僅以牙還牙，而且因人制宜，抓住對方的痛腳，發揮惡毒陰損之極致。

上文提過，小寶因母親被私鹽販子毆辱，曾甚惡毒地反罵。對此英譯頗能傳神。但稍後小寶想起此事，又“氣往上衝”，因躲入廂房，以茅十八爲保護傘，有恃無恐，便再次惹是生非，罵道：“賊王八，你奶奶的雄，我操你十八代祖宗的臭鹽皮……你私鹽販子家裏鹽多，奶奶、老娘、老婆死了，都用鹽腌了起來，拿到街上當母豬肉賣，一文錢三斤，可沒人買這臭鹹肉……”[22]這段髒話令私鹽販子大怒，因他罵得“惡毒陰損“。所謂惡毒，是小寶不但使用升級三字經，[23]而且公開向對方叫陣，[24]令對方處於不能不反擊卻又不敢反擊的尷尬境地，心中的惱怒可以想見。所謂陰損，是小寶機敏過人，因人制宜，就

[22] 明河本， 52 。

[23] 不但罵娘，而且罵奶奶、十八代祖宗，是爲升級。在第二十六回的殺龜大會上，小寶曾罵吳三桂：“我操他十九代祖宗的奶奶！”(明河本， 1009)

[24] 用三字經罵人，即使升級到老祖宗，如果冠於三字經前的代詞是第三人稱，則還有轉圜餘地，因朋友罵架都可能使用這類語言。但如使用的是第二人稱，則被視爲公開挑釁和叫陣。所以在罵人的分量上，他媽的和你媽的，他奶奶的和你奶奶的，決不能等量齊觀。被罵者如不及時對“你媽的”或“你奶奶的”作出反擊，是極丟臉的，將被視爲膽小鬼。在北方許多地方，這類髒話通常會以武鬥收場。金庸對此習俗似也注意到了。如第七回，天地會青木堂會眾爲推舉新香主而起爭執，崔瞎子罵賈老六：“操你奶奶的，除非是你想作弊。”賈老六怒道：“你小子罵誰？”崔瞎子怒道：“是我罵了你這小子，卻又怎麼？”賈老六指著他喝道：“我忍耐已久，你罵我奶奶，那可無論如何不能忍了。”說著就把鋼刀拔出，要同崔瞎子比劃。(明河本， 284)私鹽販子是蘇北人，自然懂此規矩，理應對此類謾罵飽以老拳。本書英譯中對這兩類三字經的區別，似尚未給予足夠重視。

鹽罵鹽。所謂“鹽皮”，即是鹽屍。至於老母豬，專指下過豬崽的母豬。這類母豬肉有異味，即使不臭不爛，賣得極便宜，在集市上亦乏人問津。熟練運用這樣惡毒陰損的髒話，是小寶獨到的武功。這一細節活畫出他的潑皮憊懶狡黠。要想用其他語言逐譯其用語之惡毒，也許尚非難事。但要傳達原文的陰損，只怕要大費周章。[25]二、更高明的罵人或鬥口技巧，是擅於佔對手便宜。這一技巧不僅用於與敵人對罵，也可用於朋友間的鬥口。甚至在情勢對己不利時，用來自我安慰。

中文中的髒話，其實很多都是以佔對手便宜爲訴求的。而按中國人的心理，作別人的長輩就是最大的便宜。最有名的例子莫如魯迅創造的阿Q。他在打不過別人時，最常用的“精神勝利法”就是：“你是我兒子，我是你老子。兒子打老子。”韋小寶被海老公命人捆綁，塞入轎子，抬進皇宮時，他自己安慰自己：“他媽的，老子好久沒坐轎了，今日孝順兒子服侍老子坐轎，眞是乖兒子、乖孫子！”[26]茅十八常用的“老子”，就是在佔別人便宜。很難想像如果他有機會見到所景仰的天地會主陳近南，還敢開口閉口“老子”。有名的三字經，其實多省略了那個動詞。要那個別人的媽或奶奶或十八代老祖宗，其實就是做別人的老子，爺爺或老祖宗，仍是想佔別人便宜。你想佔別人便宜，別人自然也要佔你便宜，老子、三字經滿天飛，結果如不是以拳頭分高下，則往往是平分秋色，沒有贏家。

要想不戰(動武)而屈對手，令對方無還口餘地，甚至背罵而不自覺，從而佔盡便宜，便要腦子夠使，伶牙俐齒。茅十八

[25] 關於譯文，見英譯本，60。

[26] 明河本，104。

鬥嘴不是小寶的對手，但仍勝過私鹽販子一籌。茅十八在故事開場時與鹽販爭執。鹽販說茅不講理，茅說：“我講不講理，跟你有甚相干？莫非你想招郎進舍，要叫我姐夫？”[27]這是一句繞彎子的罵人話，關鍵是“你叫我姐夫。”這是雙重佔便宜：睡你家的女人，身分還得是你尊長。但譯成英文，brother和sister無長幼之分，這重便宜就佔不成了。[28]小寶佔人便宜的技巧更高。小說中多次出現小寶叫別的女人“媽媽”或“好媽媽”。他這其實是在罵對方“小婊子”，因他自己的母親是揚州麗春院的妓女。[29]他對朋友或心愛的人說話，也改不了這種惡習。如方怡問他姓名，他自稱姓吾叫老公；[30]對一見鐘情的阿珂也不例外，求愛時還惦著繞著彎子用話把她套住。[31]這些粗口和打科插諢往往是金庸的神來之筆，翻譯時不可掉以輕心。在第二回中，小寶給茅十八講故事，繞了一大圈，把茅十八繞成烏龜王八，茅開始還有警覺，繞到後來，竟不敢斷定小寶佔了他便宜，因“或許雲南江中眞有毛王八亦未可知。”[32]其中的關鍵，在於毛和茅同音異字，無證據說此毛便是彼茅。這是非常典型的癟三鬥嘴伎倆：佔了別人的口頭便宜，別人還不能醒悟，或起了疑心卻無法坐實，是爲高手。英譯將茅十八的姓徑譯爲Whiskers，那小寶就不是佔便宜而是在罵人了。

[27] 明河本，51。

[28] 見英譯本，59。

[29] 見明河本，392，1015。

[30] 明河本，450。

[31] 小寶對阿珂說的是：“我一心一意要讓你孫子叫我做爺爺，今天倘若騙了你，你兒子都不肯叫我爹爹，還說什麼孫子？”(明河本，942)

[32] 明河本，92。

另有一個句子的譯法也可以商榷。韋小寶對茅十八說：“我怕了你這狗入的，不是英雄好漢。”[33]英譯作：“Dog's prick! *You're* no Brave Man and True!”[34]第二句原義是說“我就不是英雄好漢。”

[33] 明河本，73。

[34] 英譯本，80。

Is Martial Arts Fiction in English Possible? With Reference to John Minford's English Version of the First Two Chapters of Louis Cha's *Luding Ji*

Laurence K. P. Wong

When I heard from John Minford last year that he and David Hawkes were translating into English the *Luding ji* 鹿鼎記 by Louis Cha (better known as Jin Yong 金庸 to Chinese readers), I was taken by pleasant surprise. On the one hand, I felt that Louis Cha had found the right people to translate his work, for, as far as the translation of Cha's novels into English is concerned, I could not think of a better qualified team than Hawkes and Minford, who had obtained enviable credentials for the job through their brilliant re-creation of Baoyu, Daiyu, and Baochai in their English version of the *Hong lou meng*. On the other hand, I was not sure whether it was wise to tackle Cha's work, which falls under the uniquely Chinese genre *wuxia xiaoshuo* 武俠小說 (martial arts fiction). I had such mixed feelings because martial arts fiction had always seemed to me untranslatable.

I could envisage at least three problems at the time. First, translators of martial arts fiction in general would have to tame the hydra whose heads manifest themselves in such unmanageable terms as *xuedao* 穴道, *dianxue* 點穴, *wugong* 武功, *qinggong* 輕功, *neigong* 內功, *anqi* 暗器, and *zhaoshu* 招數, which can tax the brains of the most ingenious translator with *Houzi Tou Tao* 猴子偷桃, *Shuanglong Chu Hai* 雙龍出海, *Jinji Duli* 金雞獨立,[1] and a host of other highly imaginative images. With Louis Cha's novels, the problem can be much more intractable. In going

[1] As my thesis at this point is that, in semantic and cultural terms, many of these expressions cannot be adequately rendered, I shall leave all of them untranslated.

through a book by Cha, the translator will find himself not only waylaid by conventional terms related to martial arts, but, very often, also swept into realms to which the average imagination can never soar, realms which he has to re-create in the target language. To put it in plainer English, he will be faced with many terms which defy translation. With regard to *wugong*, he will have to deal with *Tanzhi Shentong* 彈指神通 (*Shediao yingxiong zhuan* 射鵰英雄傳), *Xianglong Shibazhang* 降龍十八掌 (*Shediao yingxiong zhuan*), *Yihun Dafa* 移魂大法 (*Shendiao xialü* 神鵰俠侶), *Anran Xiaohunzhang* 黯然銷魂掌 (*Shendiao xialü*), *Qiankun Danuoyi* 乾坤大挪移 (*Yitian tulong ji* 倚天屠龍記), *Xixing Dafa* 吸星大法 (*Xiao'ao Jianghu* 笑傲江湖), and *Shangqing Kuaijian* 上清快劍 (*Xiake xing* 俠客行). In respect of *zhaoshu*, his task will be no less onerous: he will have to get to grips with *Dian Zhao Changkong* 電照長空 (*Shediao yingxiong zhuan*), *Kanglong You Hui* 亢龍有悔 (*Shediao yingxiong zhuan*), *Wuzhong Shengyou* 無中生有 (*Shendiao xialü*), *Qixing Juhui* 七星聚會 (*Tianlong babu* 天龍八部), and *Douzhuan Xingyi* 斗轉星移 (*Tianlong babu*). When translated into English words, which are mostly polysyllabic, these terms could sound rather clumsy and fail to blend smoothly with the text.

On top of the myriad terms and collocations that constantly baffle the translator, there is what I would call the essence of all martial arts fiction: fighting scenes. Fighting scenes, as the term denotes, must describe fights, very often for their own sake. To Western readers who are unfamiliar with the genre, the term "fighting scenes" may belie the difficulty involved. They would be wrong if they equated a fighting scene in a work of martial arts fiction with a scuffle between police and pickets, a drunken brawl in a bar, or even a death-and-life struggle between gangs in New York's Chinatown; a fighting scene in a well-written work of martial arts fiction is much more complicated. In the best works of Louis Cha, a fighting scene can run to many pages, a case in point being chapter 26 of the *Shendiao xialü*. To Chinese readers, it is vividly imagined fighting scenes together with an intriguing, well-knit plot that make a

work of martial arts fiction appealing. A work with no such scenes would cease to be a martial arts novel. As my paper is about reception and reader-response, which has to be based on subjective experience, I hope I may be excused for sounding personal in the following explanation of what fighting scenes mean to readers of martial arts fiction.

When I was in the junior forms of secondary school, I was a voracious reader of martial arts fiction, poring over works published in Hong Kong and Taiwan with far greater enthusiasm than when I studied textbooks, so that when I grew up and began to write poetry, I often drew on this genre, especially with respect to image-making. Looking back today upon my experience as a reader of martial arts fiction, I notice that the most irresistible spell was cast on me by writers who were most successful in describing fighting scenes. The ability to coin names for various kinds of *zhaoshu* and *wulin miji* 武林秘笈, to create exotic settings, and to portray characters that are true to life is certainly very important; but to me the ability to imagine and describe gripping fighting scenes is more important than anything else. A novel that contains no fighting scenes can certainly become a masterpiece by virtue of other qualities, but it should not be called a work of martial arts fiction in the true sense of the term. Of all the qualities that distinguish Louis Cha's novels from those by his fellow writers practising the genre, the ability to describe breathtaking fighting scenes should stand out as one of the most impressive. Take the following passage from the *Shendiao xialü*, for example:

> 莫瞧她小小一柄拂塵，這一拂下去既快又勁，只帶得武三通頭上亂髮獵獵飛舞。她知武三通是一燈大師門下高弟，雖然癡癡呆呆，武功卻確有不凡造詣，是以一上來就下殺手。武三通左手挺舉，樹幹猛地伸出，狂掃過去。李莫愁見來勢厲害，身子隨風飄出，不等他樹幹之勢使足，隨即飛躍而前，攻向他的面門。武三通見她攻入內圈，右手倏起，伸指向她額上點去，這招一陽指點穴去勢雖不甚快，卻是變幻莫測，難閃難擋。李

莫愁一招「倒打金鐘」，身子驟然間已躍出丈許之外。

武三通見他忽來忽往，瞬息之間進退數次，心下暗暗驚佩，當下奮力舞動樹幹，將她逼在丈餘之外。但只要稍有空隙，李莫愁立即便如閃電般欺近身來，若非他一陽指厲害，早已不敵，饒是如此，那樹幹畢竟沉重，舞到後來漸感吃力，李莫愁卻越欺越近。突然間黃影幌動，她竟躍上武三通手中所握栗樹的樹梢，揮動拂塵，凌空下擊。武三通大驚，倒轉樹梢往地下撞去。李莫愁格格嬌笑，踏著樹幹直奔過來。武三通側身長臂，一指點出。她纖腰微擺，已退回樹梢。此後數十招中，不論武三通如何震撞掃打，她始終猶如黏附在栗樹上一般，順著樹幹抖動之勢，尋隙進攻。

……

李莫愁若是腳踏平地，雙鵰原也奈何她不得，此時她身在半空，無所借力，如何能與飛禽抵敵？情急之下，揮動拂塵護住頭臉，長袖揮處，三枚冰魄銀針先後急射而出。兩枚分射雙鵰，一枚卻指向武三通胸口。雙鵰急忙振翅高飛，但銀針去得快極，嗤嗤作聲，從雄鵰腳爪之旁擦過，劃破了爪皮。 (*Shendiao xialü* 45-47)

Although by no means the most outstanding in the novel, the passage serves to show how cinematographic a fighting scene from Cha's work can be. In presenting a fighting scene, Cha almost always succeeds in projecting the action onto the screen of the reader's mind in the most concrete and visual terms, so that the reader can readily respond to and follow the description in the minutest detail. In addition to this effect, which can keep its hold on the reader's attention page after page, there is the ability to capture the speed of different moves. In going through the above quotation and countless passages by Louis Cha which are equally breathtaking, I often got immersed in the action as a young reader, deriving thrill and vicarious pleasure from it, and kinaesthetically participating in the fight myself. In reading a novel by Louis Cha during my school-days, I found myself tantalized when, after finishing one instalment, I had to wait for another, especially if the instalment I had finished stopped in the middle of an exciting fight. During the intervening

day, I would lose interest in everything else. Because of this quality, enhanced by intriguing storylines, by countless surprises, and by the *deus ex machina*, the best novels by Louis Cha are like written versions of *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, spellbinding the reader from beginning to end, increasing his attention span in direct proportion to the length of the stories. With these novels, which should include the *Shediao yingxiong zhuan*, the *Shendiao xialü*, and the *Yitian tulong ji*, the reader never feels bored, so much so that one is readily reminded of a famous anecdote about Samuel Johnson.

According to Hesther Piozzi, the great eighteenth-century writer, tired of reading his friends' manuscripts out of politeness, once said:

> I looked at nothing but the dramatis. . . . A man can tell but what he knows, and I never got any further than the first page. Alas, Madam! . . . how few books are there of which one ever can possibly arrive at the *last* page! Was there ever yet any thing written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress? (Piozzi 152)

Had Johnson been Chinese, got on a time machine, whooshed into the twentieth century, and read Louis Cha's novels, he would certainly have included some of them in his list of exceptions.

In the English-speaking world, novels that are packed with action are also common. One such example is the work of Ian Fleming. To refer to my personal response as a reader again, it was Fleming's fighting scenes that constituted his books' greatest fascination for me as a young student. Put alongside Cha's fighting scenes, however, those created by Fleming would pale somewhat. Fleming's description of James Bond fighting the secret agent in *From Russia with Love*, for example, is exciting, but its appeal to me as a boy was not comparable to that of the many fighting scenes in Cha's novels.

In using martial arts fiction as a yardstick to measure spy fiction, I may have been unfair to Fleming, the creator of James Bond, who was

the idol of my school-days, since a writer of spy fiction, working under more constraints stipulated by the need to describe the real world, does not enjoy the same degree of freedom as a writer of martial arts fiction does. With the latter, almost anything is possible. A girl, for example, can be made in the passage quoted above to "dance" on the weapon of her enemy and stick to it like a leech, hurling poisonous needles from her sleeve at a giant eagle. With a writer of spy fiction, no such freedom is allowed. Because of this difference, it may be necessary to compare martial arts fiction in Chinese with fantastic fiction in English, and the book that seems most appropriate for this purpose is Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, a book that has attracted as much attention in the English-speaking world as Louis Cha's work has done in the Chinese-speaking world. Just as Louis Cha has given rise to the study of his martial arts fiction called *Jinxue* 金學 ("Jinology"), so Tolkien has given rise to volume on volume of Tolkien studies. Perhaps because works of fantasy can enjoy as much "willing suspension of disbelief" (Coleridge 2: 6) as works of martial arts fiction, *The Lord of the Rings* is also full of vividly imagined scenes of fighting unshackled by the constraints of physical or physiological laws, or by the need to achieve the kind of verisimilitude expected of conventional novels. Exercising this prerogative by giving as much free rein to his imagination as he wants, Tolkien has succeeded in impressing his readers with the marvellous feats of Gandalf and Frodo, and proved himself a remarkable writer of fantasy. In the following passage and many others from the same book, the reader is presented with a lot of gripping action:

> Suddenly the great beast beat its hideous wings, and the wind of them was foul. Again it leaped into the air, and then swiftly fell down upon Éowyn, shrieking, striking with beak and claw.
>
> Still she did not blench: maiden of the Rohirrim, child of kings, slender but as a steel-blade, fair but terrible. A swift stroke she dealt, skilled and deadly. The outstretched neck she clove asunder, and the

> hewn head fell like a stone. Backward she sprang as the huge shape crashed to ruin, vast wings outspread, crumpled on the earth; and with its fall the shadow passed away. A light fell about her, and her hair shone in the sunrise.
>
> Out of the wreck rose the Black Rider, tall and threatening, towering above her. With a cry of hatred that stung the very ears like venom he let fall his mace. Her shield was shivered in many pieces, and her arm was broken; she stumbled to her knees. He bent over her like a cloud, and his eyes glittered; he raised his mace to kill.
>
> But suddenly he too stumbled forward with a cry of bitter pain, and his stroke went wide, driving into the ground. Merry's sword had stabbed him from behind, shearing through the black mantle, and passing up beneath the hauberk had pierced the sinew behind his mighty knee. (875)

Quoted at random from the book, the passage gives the reader a glimpse, albeit a brief glimpse, of the writer's ability to create breathtaking fighting scenes. Written in clean, vigorous English, in which every verb is chosen with admirable precision, the cinematographic description maintains a firm grip on the reader's attention and reminds him, as descriptions in Louis Cha's novels often do, of similar scenes in *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, scenes in which limbs and torsos are stabbed, pierced, transfixed, slashed through, or ripped asunder. In some respects, especially in the creation of epic grandeur, the quotation may be more impressive than similar passages in Cha's novels; in terms of the ability to capture speed, however, Cha should be given a win on points. In Cha's fighting scenes, the reader is thrilled not only by breathtaking life-and-death struggles between combatants in general, but also by the author's vivid descriptive details of the combatants' lunging and parrying as well as by the incredible swiftness of movement conveyed by Cha's highly malleable prose.

This merit of Cha's may be better explained with reference to American action films adapted from science fiction. Those who have seen

Return of the Jedi and *The Empire Strikes Back*, two of the *Star Wars* series, must have been impressed by the fight between the Jedis. To me, the scenes in which the two fighters hack at each other were certainly fascinating. Even now I can remember riveting my eyes on the screen with bated breath, agog at the Jedis' flashing swords. Yet, despite my admiration for Richard Marquand and Irvin Kershner, directors of the two films, I think that, in comparison with action scenes in Louis Cha's novels or in the films adapted from them, those in *Star Wars* appear somewhat ponderous and fail to tickle my fancy as much as Cha's fighting scenes do. To me, watching a fighting scene in *Star Wars* is like watching a boxing match between Ali and Tyson, whereas "watching" a fighting scene in Cha's novels is like watching Li Lianjie 李連杰 or Jackie Chan 成龍 taking on Bruce Lee 李小龍; the latter is superior to the former by virtue of the swiftness and agility of movement characteristic of Chinese *kungfu*. For this reason, a translator wishing to convey the spirit of martial arts fiction to Western readers should try to bring out this quality, otherwise readers of the translation will be presented with a boxing match instead of Chinese martial arts. But, as has been shown above, the representation in English of a fighting scene from a work of martial arts fiction calls for the rare abilities of someone whose command of language can measure up to that of the writer.

In referring to Ali, Tyson, Li Lianjie, Jackie Chan, and Bruce Lee, I was already shifting the focus of my paper to the third problem that translators of Louis Cha's novels have to tackle: the problem arising from cultural differences. To be sure, cultural differences can pose a problem in all kinds of translation, but with respect to the translation of martial arts fiction, they are especially formidable. Take the names of China's mountains, such as Huashan 華山, Songshan 嵩山, Eme 峨眉, Qingcheng 青城, Hengshan 衡山, Kunlun 崑崙, Tianshan 天山, Kongtong 崆峒, and so forth, translate them into English, show them to Western readers with no knowledge of martial arts fiction, and try as you may to explain to them the significance of these names with detailed notes, and the reader-

response you get will be nothing more than that of someone who has just learnt a few place names. Mention the same names to Chinese readers brought up in traditional Chinese society, and the reader-response you get will be widely different. With Chinese readers, the names, apart from denoting certain mountains in China, will trigger a chain of associations, which, lying dormant in their consciousness, are always ready to be kindled by the slightest spark from a writer of martial arts fiction. Because of cultural conditioning, these readers may, at the mere mention of the names, see in their mind's eye hermits meditating upon the highest form of *wugong* 武功, *wuxia* 武俠 disappearing into clouds like falcons, or enemies locked in mortal combat on a ledge that juts out from a dizzy height. To refer to my personal experience again, this was exactly how the stream of my consciousness flowed when I climbed the famous Qingchengshan 青城山 in 1979.[2] My consciousness worked in this manner involuntarily because the name Qingchengshan had, in the terminology of linguistics and translation theory, both "referential and emotive meanings" for me.[3] By the same token, the mention of Kunlun may conjure up in many Chinese readers' minds associations related to the well-known Kunlun Nu 崑崙奴 (Servant from Kunlun) story. Because of the influence of Chinese martial arts fiction, each of these names has, for those who are steeped in Chinese culture, a cluster of associations that can be traced to ancient Chinese legend or mythology, to such figures as Qiuran Ke虯髯客 (Man with the Curly Beard), Nie Yinniang 聶隱娘, and so forth. With *wugong* 武功, *neigong* 內功, *qinggong* 輕功, *jianghu* 江湖, *miji* 秘笈, and a host of other terms, one can see the same principle at work. Unique and indigenous to Chinese

[2] For a detailed description of my trip, see my essay "Qingchengshan"青城山 in *Sanxia, Shudao, Eme* 三峽，蜀道，峨眉 (The Three Gorges, the Shu Route, and Emei Mountain), 100-110.

[3] For a detailed discussion of referential and emotive meanings, see chapter 5 of Nida's *Toward a Science of Translating* (70-119).

martial arts fiction, these terms may lose their magic when transplanted into English soil. With the uninitiated Western reader, who is not "*informed*" in Fish's sense of the word, that is, not "sufficiently experienced as a reader to have internalized the properties of literary discourses, including everything from the most local of devices . . . to whole genres" (48), all the above terms may just be dry and sapless signifiers.

To get back to Louis Cha, when an initiated Chinese reader reads the *Luding ji*, the *Shediao yingxiong zhuan*, the *Shendiao xialü*, and so on, he will be able to respond to them in ways an uninitiated Western reader cannot, bringing to bear on the reading activity a vast pool of experience accumulated through his cultural background and past reading experiences, giving meanings to the text which his uninitiated counterpart in the West cannot give. In view of this, what Cuddon says of a text in general is also true of martial arts fiction in particular:

> Fundamentally, a text, whatever it be (poem, short story, essay, scientific exposition), has no real existence until it is read. Its meaning is *in potentia*, so to speak. A reader completes its meaning by reading it. The reading is complementary; it *actualizes potential meaning*. Thus, the reader does not have, as has been traditionally thought and accepted, a passive role; on the contrary, the reader is an active agent in the creation of meaning. By applying codes and strategies the reader decodes the text. (770-71)

This, roughly, is what Eco means when he says that "[t]he . . . existence of texts" can be "cooperatively generated by the addressee" (3). It also echoes Iser's theory "that as we read, we react to what we ourselves have produced, and it is this mode of reaction that, in fact, enables us to experience the text as an actual event" (128-29). With regard to martial arts fiction, because of his lack of a Chinese cultural background, a Western reader may have difficulty actualizing the "*potential meaning*" and cooperating with the author to fully generate "[t]he . . . existence of the texts."

The above were, in brief, my major reservations about the possibility of conveying the experience of martial arts fiction to English readers. However, after I had read *The Deer and the Cauldron: The Adventures of a Chinese Trickster*, Hawkes and Minford's English translation of the first two chapters of Louis Cha's *Luding ji*,[4] my reservations began to give way to a more optimistic view.

In going through the translation, I still missed some of the associations and part of the emotive meaning triggered by the original. For example, the translation of "*wugong*"武功 (Jin Yong, *Luding ji* 63) by "fighting skills" (Minford 71), of "*zhao*"招 (Jin Yong, *Luding ji* 69) by "move" (Minford 76), and of "*jianghu*"江湖 (Jin Yong, *Luding ji* 96) by "Brotherhood" (Minford 100), though cogent testimony to the translators' sensitivity and resourcefulness, is unlikely to elicit from English readers the same response as that elicited from Chinese readers by the original expressions. Unlike "*zhao*" and "*wugong*," "fighting skills" and "move" contain no Chinese flavour, and have the effect of bringing the reader from the high realms of the imagination to the level of everyday life. Whereas the original expressions suggest something that only the ancients were good at, something beyond the reach of ordinary mortals, the translations denote something that every man jack in the street can acquire and practise, even though "fighting skills" may be defensible in its context: "*keshi Wei Xiaobao quan wu wugong*"可是韋小寶全無武功 (Jin Yong, *Luding ji* 63). This is because the kind of *wugong* being referred to is *wugong* at the most basic level, and, as such,

[4] Though John Minford told his audience in a lecture given in March 1995 at Lingnan College that *The Deer and the Cauldron* was translated by himself and Hawkes, I learned later that, as the translation proceeded, Hawkes began to play a less active role as co-translator. In the subtitle of my paper, in the parenthetical documentation of my references, and in the bibliography, I have, therefore, followed the information given on the title page of the book, and recorded "John Minford" as the sole translator.

it may be considered to have been adequately rendered by "fighting skills." With "Brotherhood," there is a similar problem. By definition, "brotherhood" is "an association, society, or community of people linked by a common interest, religion, trade, etc." (*The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English* 166). In this sense, it cannot cover all the referential and emotive meanings of *jianghu*, which immediately reminds one of Chinese legend and martial arts fiction.

Except for minor infelicities like those mentioned above, Hawkes and Minford's version is, by and large, highly adequate, surmounting with admirable skill some of the problems which have seemed to be insurmountable. Consider the translators' handling of the following fighting scene, for example:

船艙門呼的一聲，向兩旁飛開，一個三十來歲的書生現身艙口，負手背後，臉露微笑。

瓜管帶喝道：「官老爺們在這裏辦案，你是誰？」那書生微笑不答，邁步踏進船艙。刀光閃動，兩柄單刀分從左右劈落。那書生閃身避過，隨即欺向瓜管帶，揮掌拍向他頭頂。瓜管帶忙伸左臂擋格，右手成拳，猛力擊出。那書生左腳反踢，踹中了一名親兵胸口，那親兵大叫一聲，登時鮮血狂噴。另外三名親兵舉刀或削或剁。船艙中地形狹窄，那書生施展擒拿功夫，劈擊勾打，喀的一聲響，一名親兵給他掌緣劈斷了頸骨。瓜管帶右掌拍出，擊向那書生後腦。那書生反過左掌，砰的一聲，雙掌相交，瓜管帶背心重重撞上船艙，船艙登時塌了一片。那書生連出兩掌，拍在餘下兩名親兵的胸口，喀喀聲響，二人肋骨齊斷。

瓜管帶縱身從船艙缺口中跳將出去。那書生喝道：「那裏走？」左掌急拍而出，眼見便將擊到他背心，不料瓜管帶正在此時左腳反踢，這一掌恰好擊在他的足底，一股掌力反而推著他向前飛出。瓜管帶急躍竄出，見岸邊有一株垂柳掛向河中，當即抓住柳枝，一個倒翻觔斗，飛過了柳樹。

那書生奔到船頭，提起竹篙，揮手擲出。

月光之下，竹篙猶似飛蛇，急射而前。但聽得瓜管帶「啊」的一聲長叫，竹篙已插入他後心，將他釘在地下，篙身兀自不住幌動。 (Jin Yong, *Luding ji* 39-40)

The double doors of the cabin flew open and a thirty-year-old man in scholar's dress appeared standing in the doorway. He held his hands clasped behind his back and his face wore a faintly ironic smile.

"This is state business we're carrying on here," Major Gua shouted at him, "and we are Government officers. Who are you?"

The scholar made no reply but continued to smile as he stepped inside the cabin. Immediately, to left and right of him, two cutlasses flashed out and would have cut him down; but already he had dodged and was lunging towards Major Gua with arm upraised to slice down on his head. The Major parried the blow with his left hand, simultaneously striking out with his right fist. Ducking the blow, the scholar kicked backwards with his left foot at the nearest of the guardsmen, catching him in the pit of the stomach. The man let out a great cry and began vomiting blood. The other three guardsmen had their cutlasses up and were cutting and slashing at the scholar, who, because of the lack of space in the cabin, was now bringing into play his advanced 'grappling' skills. One blow, made with the edge of the hand, landed with a cracking sound on one of the guardsmen, breaking his neck. Major Gua swung a blow with his right palm towards the back of the scholar's head, but the scholar had already whirled about, bringing his own left palm round to catch the blow. He did this with such force that the two palms met in a mighty clap, throwing the Major off his balance, so that he fell against the cabin wall, hitting it heavily with his back and causing the whole structure to lean towards one side. In quick succession the scholar now aimed two chopping blows at the midriffs of the two remaining guardsmen. There were sickening thumps as they landed and both men collapsed with broken ribs.

Major Gua now tried to slip out through the gap that had opened in the matting wall of the cabin when his collision with it had pushed the framework out of kilter.

"Where are *you* off to?" cried the scholar, striking out at him with the palm of his left hand. The blow was aimed at the upper part of his back, but just at that moment the Major kicked out backwards with his left foot and the forward-swinging palm of the scholar, chancing to catch the backward-kicking foot of the Major, so accelerated the latter's retreat that he went flying out over the canal. There was a weeping willow tree leaning out over the canal at that point, however, and the Major was able, with a great effort, to catch hold of its branches, then, with a mighty flip, to somersault right over the tree and on to the ground.

The scholar ran to the bow of the boat, picked up a boat-pole and hurled it, javelin-like, towards the Major. In the bright moonlight the bamboo pole gleamed like a flying snake. They heard the Major let out a long, terrifying cry–"Aaaah!"–and there he lay, face downward, pinned to the ground by the pole, which continued to quiver in his back. (Minford 53-54)

To show that Louis Cha is capable of descriptions in which the excitement of the action is sustained, and that Hawkes and Minford can measure up to what is required of them as translators, I have quoted both the original and the translation at great length. In terms of the intensity of imagination which is brought to bear on the description of *wugong*, the *Luding ji* may not be comparable with the *Shediao yingxiong zhuan*, the *Shendiao xialü*, and the *Yitian tulong ji*, works of martial arts fiction par excellence. However, in many of its chapters, one can still find well-written passages like the above, which can hold the reader's attention. In going through the original, the reader is able to follow the fight step by step, even though more than two characters are involved in the action, which could result in confusion in the hands of a second-rate writer. In the translation, Hawkes and Minford are able to present the action in equally vivid terms, made possible by their supple language, especially by their highly precise choice of action verbs. Words and phrases like "flew open," "flashed out," "dodged," "lunging," "slice down," "parried,"

"striking out," "Ducking the blow," "kicked backwards," "cutting and slashing," "swung," "whirled about," "chopping," "thumps," "went flying out," "hurled," and "gleamed" all contribute effectively to the swiftness and suspense of the action as well as to the visual impact of the scene. If one is to find fault with the translation, one could perhaps point out that its tempo could have been accelerated through the use of shorter sentence-structures. By comparing the translation with the original, we shall notice that the syntactic units of the former are generally shorter than those of the latter, and that, as a result, they are more suitable for capturing swiftness of movement. At the risk of making a sweeping generalization, I would say that, as far as the description of swift movement is concerned, shorter sentence units are to be preferred to longer ones. To illustrate my point with reference to American literature, when a writer wishes to create a gripping fighting scene, he would find Hemingway's syntax more useful than James's, which is normally slow-moving and involved, suitable for reflecting the intricate thinking processes of his characters, but not appropriate for depicting swift movement. In going through Hawkes and Minford's translation, one feels that the syntax is sometimes more complex than necessary, allowing conjunctions, participial phrases, and relative clauses to impede the action. To preserve the speed of the original, the translators could have used a faster-moving syntax.

In rendering the names of *zhaoshi* 招式 described in Louis Cha's fighting scenes, Hawkes and Minford have left little to be desired, as can be seen in their translation of the following passage:

這邊王潭以一敵三，卻漸漸落了下風，左腿上被鋸齒刀拉了一條口子，鮮血急噴。他一跛一拐，浴血苦鬥。和吳大鵬急鬥的三人武功均頗不弱，雙刀一劍，在他身邊轉來轉去，吳大鵬的摩雲掌力一時擊不到他們身上。

史松的軟鞭越使越快，始終奈何不了茅十八，突然間一招「白蛇吐信」，鞭梢向茅十八右肩點去。茅十八舉刀豎擋，不

料史松這一招乃是虛招，手腕抖動，先變「聲東擊西」，再變「玉帶圍腰」，黑龍鞭倏地揮向左方，隨即圈轉，自左至右，遠遠向茅十八腰間圍來。 (Jin Yong, *Luding ji* 68-69)

Baldy was holding off three men, and slowly getting the worst of it. He had a nasty gash on his right leg from a sword with a saw-blade edge to it, and was losing blood fast and hobbling badly. Goatee was also up against three opponents, and not bad swordsmen either–two wielding short-swords, one a double-edged long-sword. They harried him persistently, and even his Cloud Scraper acrobatics were of no avail. He failed to land a punch anywhere near them.

The Black Dragon cracked faster and faster, but could not outdo Whiskers Mao. Then suddenly the Captain tried a new move known as the 'Spitting Snake'. The tip of the whip grazed Whiskers' right shoulder. He countered with a vertical parry, but his opponent was already one step ahead. The first move had only been a feint. The Captain flicked his wrist once, then twice, and the whip changed direction and began to form a great whirling loop, coiling itself around Whiskers' waist: this was known as 'Jade Sash Wraps the Waist'. (Minford 76)

If we examine the translation closely against the original, we shall see that all the *zhaoshi* ("*Moyun Zhang*"摩雲掌, "*Baishe Tuxin*"白蛇吐信, "*Shengdong Jixi*"聲東擊西, and "*Yudai Weiyao*"玉帶圍腰) have been rendered with fidelity. As to whether these terms are acceptable to English-speaking readers, one has to see how difficulties arising from cultural differences are overcome.

Apparently, cultural differences are gaps that can never be bridged, but if we look at the problem in greater depth, we shall see that cultural differences are less intimidating than they appear. While we have to admit that it is not possible to translate a martial arts novel into English in such a way that an English reader can respond to the English version in exactly the same way as a Chinese reader responds to the original, with

translations by highly competent hands, a certain degree of what Nida and Taber call "dynamic equivalence" (24) is achievable if the reader is willing to go through some acclimatization. By "acclimatization" I mean getting steeped in the culture of the source language. If, for example, a reader of martial arts fiction in English actively tries to acquire as much knowledge as possible about the subject and its cultural background, he will be gradually sensitized to the text, so that sooner or later, he will be able to bring their knowledge or experience into play in the reading process, generating, to use Eco's terminology, the existence of the text. When this state is reached, "the receptors of the message in the receptor language," in this case the English translation of a work of martial arts fiction, will "respond to it in substantially the same manner as the receptors in the source language" (Nida and Taber 24), in this case the original.

How acclimatization on the part of the reader may help to solve problems arising from cultural differences can be illustrated by translations in other directions. When Greek literature was first translated into English, for example, English readers might, because of cultural differences, have had difficulty responding adequately to Greek mythology and the whole range of associations related to it. The fact that English readers today can easily respond to Greek literature "in substantially the same manner as the receptors in the source language" must have been due to their acclimatization to Greek culture over hundreds of years, which must have begun with their ancestors. As for the degree of "dynamic equivalence" achieved, it depends on how big the cultural gap is, how long the readers have been acclimatized to the new culture, and how competent the translators are. In respect of martial arts fiction, the time an English-speaking person takes to get "tuned in" may be longer, and the degree of dynamic equivalence achieved in the end may be smaller, since the gap between Chinese culture and English culture is bigger than that between Greek culture and English culture. Nevertheless, the possibility of achieving some dynamic equivalence is there.

Apart from acclimatization, there is yet another favourable factor: the existence of corresponding treatment of similar subject matter in Chinese and Western literature, which can facilitate the reception of Chinese martial arts fiction in the West. In European literature, there are many stories–for instance, the Arthurian legend and the *chansons de geste*–that tell of the deeds of heroes who show affinities with Chinese *wuxia*. In their descriptions of weapons, too, we can see approaches and attitudes which are not too widely different from those found in Chinese martial arts fiction. Consequently, after reading about King Arthur's Excalibur in Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*, about Siegfried's Balmung in the *Nibelungenlied*, or about Charlemagne's Joyeuse, Roland's Durendal, and Oliver's Hauteclaire (Sayers 38) in *The Song of Roland*, a European reader will be ready to tune in to the wave band of *Yitian Jian* 倚天劍 (Heaven Sword) and *Tulong Dao* 屠龍刀 (Dragon Sabre).[5]

In their English translation of the *Hong lou meng*, Hawkes and Minford have proved to be highly competent and resourceful. Many of the problems that appeared formidable before their version came out have been solved to the surprise and satisfaction of the most demanding readers. In working on the *Luding ji*, this highly competent team has drawn successfully on the experience they acquired in translating Cao Xueqin's masterpiece. They have, for example, turned to good account the technique they used in translating the personal names in the *Hong lou meng*. Thus, in one of the passages quoted above, "Wang Tan"王潭 is translated by "Baldy," "Wu Dapeng"吳大鵬 by "Goatee," and "Mao Shiba"茅十八 by "Whiskers Mao," which was probably prompted by the translators' wish to avoid burdening English readers with too many clumsy names in *pinyin*.

[5] The English translations of the weapons' names are Minford's (6). It is interesting to note, though, that "Sabre" and "Dao"刀 in "*Tulong Dao*"屠龍刀 evoke slightly different associations in my mind.

In his *A Linguistic Theory of Translation: An Essay in Applied Linguistics*, Catford succinctly sums up the nature of translation in the following words: "SL texts and items are *more* or *less* translatable rather than absolutely *translatable* or *untranslatable* "(93). While we may have to admit that works of martial arts fiction, especially those by Louis Cha, are less translatable than other types of fiction, we can take comfort from Catford's pronouncement, as well as from the fine specimen of martial arts fiction in English Hawkes and Minford have produced. With this specimen before us, we can answer the question posed by the title of this paper, saying, "Martial arts fiction in English is possible," taking "possible" to mean "that may be managed, achieved, etc." and, above all, "acceptable" (*The Concise Oxford Dictionary*).

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Chinese Tea or English Tea?
The Indeterminacy of Cultural Worlds

John Dent-Young

The translator, like any other writer, is a communicator, and is therefore involved in the dynamic relationship of communicator and audience–more precisely *audiences*, in the plural. The translator has an audience to communicate with and is himself part of an audience for the original work, which again, if it is not contemporary, came into being with relation to a different audience. What I have called vaguely "cultural worlds" in my title refers to all the beliefs about the world or assumptions shared by communicator and audience. Now, assuming that the "worlds" relevant to the translator are different, it would be interesting if there were some way to quantify the difference.

Another point: works of fiction, it has often been said, create their own imaginary worlds (defined not only by what they include but also by what they omit). The world of a work of fiction both derives from and contributes to the shared cultural world of the original author and audience. It is an index of shared assumptions of author and audience and also itself, if successful enough to be read and remembered, becomes a shared assumption. It would be convenient also to have ways of checking that the world of a translated work of fiction is in some way comparable to the world of the original. If it is different, I think we tend to feel that something has gone wrong in the process of translation, that the translation is a betrayal.

Another point: communication builds shared worlds. I assume that communication is not just a matter of conveying information, but is rather a sharing of thoughts, beliefs, impressions. On the other hand one cannot suppose that a whole world of shared assumptions can be "translated," picked up in one piece and communicated whole to a new audience, because such worlds are produced by the communication process itself,

dependent on the interaction of communicator and audience and therefore cannot be exactly duplicated.

Those are the generalities. The practical question is this: the translator is constantly, when confronted by untranslatable terms, obliged to choose between finding equivalents and providing footnotes or glosses. How far should one go in adapting features of the original which are dependent on a different social and religious system or different history and traditions? For example, titles and terms of address, invective, features of lifestyle like clothing, food, housing, cooking methods, weapons and so on and so on. Furthermore, is it legitimate to alter narrative or discourse conventions, poetic forms, and other aspects of linguistic convention or literary tradition? The problem, broadly speaking, is that if you don't do some adapting you end up with an unreadable text. If you do too much, you rather lose the point of translation, assuming this is to introduce readers to something which definitely comes from another culture. You may also create nightmare hybrids: like the disastrous dubbing of films, in which Japanese samurai speak with the old-fashioned public school voices of English actors. And you run the risk of insulting your reader with the kind of old-fashioned guidebook absurdities that used to exhort us, say in Paris, to walk from Concord Square to Triumph Arch.

The answer no doubt is some kind of compromise. But it can happen that the compromise, rather than accommodating elements to one another, juxtaposes elements that are mutually destructive:

> "Is Right Honourable in?"
>
> "He just left."
>
> . . .
>
> "Do you want to live or die?"
>
> "Constable, I've never done you any harm . . . "
>
> "If you want to die, don't tell me where Ximen's gone. If you want to live, tell me truly where he's at."

> "That girl in the temple, come out," Wu Song shouted. "I won't kill you.
>
> I only want to question you."
>
> The girl emerged, knelt before him and kowtowed.
>
> "No need for that. Just tell me: What's the name of this place? What was that priest to you?"
>
> "Where's your sense of fitness you friggin monk! Punching and kicking! Haven't you ever heard that 'He who renounces the material world leaves passions behind'!"
>
> "So I hit him! What business is that of yours?"
>
> "I offer you friendly advice and you dare to get tough!"
>
> (Examples chosen at random from ch. 32, *Outlaws of the Marsh*, Beijing: Foreign Languages Press, 1988.)

How can this sort of thing be avoided? Are there any principles to follow? I want to approach these problems from two ends, practical and theoretical. Here are some points (I think obvious) that have occurred to me in the course of translating:

- A degree of absurdity and anachronism is unavoidable, from the basic fact that the characters are not speaking their own language. But this is no greater than other forms of license taken in fiction: for instance the fact that a character's life is represented by a selection of key moments, etc. There is in any case a wide range of solutions available in the work of original writers of fiction. The point however is that there is no one right solution. As with the novelist it is a question of what you can get away with, of creating an illusion that works.

- Some words are untranslatable: one must choose between on the one hand leaving them in the original and footnoting, glossing or just hoping, and on the other finding nearest equivalents (which may be misleading or insulting). Words that may be especially dangerous are ones that seem the same but are not because of different connotations, for example, tea. The same applies to structures and idioms. The implications of a particular structure may be right in one context and wrong in another (as in some of my examples above). Matters such as these suggest the need for close attention to the audience, its cultural world and its literary tradition (especially, contemporary literature).

- In general, modern fiction in English demands an insider narrative, an illusion that the world narrated is familiar to those who inhabit it, including the narrator and the readers in this pretended familiarity. Thus footnotes are undesirable and so are obvious glosses. Wherever possible it is best to follow modern narrative technique and allow readers to draw their own conclusions about the meaning of unfamiliar terms or customs, as this actually reinforces the illusion.

- Since the English romantics it has been a familiar idea that literary effects depend on a mix of the familiar and the new, or of convention and the flouting of convention. One might say that something like this underlies the translator's practice. A translated work is likely to contain a mix of unfamiliar terms or behaviour, with a description of human motives that is easily recognizable.

- If we believe that all important human motives are universal and that behaviour is essentially the same worldwide, we might be happy just to translate as literally as possible and assume that the universals will come through. The problem, however, is that there may still be considerable differences in linguistic expression–for example, different norms for irony, sarcasm, politeness, modesty, indirection, metaphor, etc.

- A structuralist might say that meaning is a relationship between words and that the meaning of a word derives from its situation within the total semantic web of the language, suggesting that the translator needs to consider whole systems. But unfortunately more than one system is involved, and it is quite impossible that a word will occupy the same space in all of them (if it did the languages would be the same). For example, sound and semantics will not coincide. And even if they did, poetic tradition places different relative values on various elements of poetry.

- It may well be necessary to alter discourse and narrative conventions. Just as you cannot simply re-encode content, so you cannot simply stick to a literal version of narrative and discourse conventions. But the novel is notoriously self-conscious about its technique and conventions. If you play around with these, do you perhaps lose the essence?

These are some ad hoc comments or responses to practical problems in translating. Can they be elucidated theoretically? I want to turn for help to Sperber and Wilson's *Relevance* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1986). I shall leave aside the interesting and crucial arguments about relevance as the key to communicating, whether through language or otherwise, in order to concentrate on some other points which strike me as suggestive.

Sperber and Wilson claim that communication is an inferential process. They make the usual pragmatic distinction between language meaning and speaker meaning, but argue that the hearer is only interested in the words in so far as they provide evidence of the speaker's meaning. The verbal evidence combines with contextual information and encyclopaedic memory to constitute meaning. What interests me about this is that it suggests a dynamic process in which meaning is created jointly by speaker and hearer. Meaning is not fully determined by the language code or by the speaker.

Inference is required not only in the case of implied meaning but also for explicit meaning. For example, the difference between *I have had breakfast* and *I have been to Thailand* is not fully present in the syntax and semantics but has to be inferred. Even out of context the hearer will infer that the first is likely to mean *I have had breakfast* ***recently***, and the second *I have been to Thailand* ***at some time in my life***. Given a context some further implications would probably be inferred also: for example, the first one could easily imply *I do not want anything to eat now.*

Or take *It'll get cold.* To the interpretation of such an utterance the hearer brings much more than a knowledge of syntax and semantics. She must complete the meaning by identifying reference and making logical inferences, and she must bring to bear her awareness of the context and encyclopaedic knowledge (past experience and knowledge of the world).

According to Sperber and Wilson the speaker does not *encode* a thought but provides *an interpretation* of a thought–there may be a big difference between the propositional form of what is said and the thought which it interprets–as in the case of metaphor, hyperbole, understatement, etc. Even in apparently straightforward statements the speaker's actual words are always an interpretation, not a direct encoded version, and are chosen in order to provide the most productive stimulus to the hearer's interpretation of meaning (or, to say the same thing differently, for their *relevance*).

Another Sperber and Wilson example will help to illustrate how this may work.

A: Would you drive a Mercedes?
B: I wouldn't drive any expensive car.

B's answer is clearly in the negative. It relies on shared knowledge that a Mercedes is an expensive car to produce the inference that B would not drive a Mercedes. Why not just say *no*? The reason must lie in the possibility of providing extra information. It is information which is not

fully determined. The hearer can infer that B would not drive a Rolls Royce or a BMW or . . . any other car from quite a long list. But precisely where that list ends is left open. Almost certainly also the answer tells of more than just B's taste in cars. It implies that there are other expensive things B would not want to do or own. It licenses A to suppose that B would not go on expensive cruises, though it doesn't actually guarantee that this is the case. It is not necessary for A to work all this out consciously. But she can store this answer away as useful in interpreting other aspects of B's behaviour. Undoubtedly, A's understanding of B has been increased considerably by this answer. And what is more, A also knows from the answer that this is an aspect of B's character that B wishes her to know. Or as Sperber and Wilson would say, the mutual cognitive environment of A and B has been enlarged. The important aspect of this, from my point of view, is that it is not possible to quantify that enlargement exactly. Does A now know that B would not drive a Rover? We cannot say. Meaning does not consist in precise items of information passed from a speaker to a hearer by means of a code but arises out of a kind of guessing process in which speaker and hearer collaborate to build it. And it may not be possible to characterize what is built in a finite set of propositions.

Metaphor is the supreme example of language being used to say more, requiring work on the part of the audience, and producing meanings beyond what is defined exactly by the intentions of its originator or the understanding of a single hearer:

Son encre est pale. (Flaubert on Leconte de Lisle)
(*His ink is pale.*)

Someone entirely unfamiliar with French literature will still recognize this as metaphorical, since it would be quite inappropriate to classify a writer according to the colour of his ink. Certain meanings will probably spring to mind easily: *uninteresting*, *flat*, *unemphatic*, *wishy-washy*. But to someone who knows the work of the poet well, it will have considerably more meaning, including more positive ones like *delicate,*

refined, true. And someone familiar with Flaubert will be further qualified to develop meaning from the sentence. The point is that the hearer/reader is given considerable license to develop different meanings from it. And although metaphor can be the most richly suggestive linguistic device, it is not, if we accept Sperber and Wilson's analysis of communication, an exceptional use of language but simply one extreme on a scale.

Relevance theory claims that what communication achieves is not the transfer of a speaker's idea to a hearer but a modification of the mutual cognitive environment of speaker and hearer: a modification, that is of what each knows that the other knows. Its motivating force is that something new is added to the hearer's cognitive environment. This cognitive environment is what I have loosely called a world. If indeterminacy characterizes individual communicative events, cultural worlds are likewise, and even more predictably, indeterminate. Moreover, a cultural world, like an individual's cognitive environment, cannot be conceived of as fixed, since it is constantly subject to change through the process of communication.

My idea that it would be interesting to quantify cultural worlds, therefore, has to be abandoned. Common sense anyway suggests that the reason a single work can be translated many times is because each translation exists in a different setting: all the practical questions have to be decided over again, as the terms of the equation will have changed (and will *be* changed, by a new translation). One may suppose, for instance, that changes in eating and holidaying habits have made a big difference to the cognitive environment of average contemporary English readers. And many of the existing translation conventions between western and Asian or African languages presumably came about through the influence of western imperialism, which is why to modern English readers they sound archaic (though that does not in itself invalidate them, since the imperialist past is part of the experience of educated English readers).

On the other hand it should not be a matter for concern that there is no way of quantifying what is communicated by a work of fiction. One must be reconciled to the fact that a translated work may have quite a different impact from the original. This may, as Professor Joseph S. M. Lau has pointed out, have positive results in so far as neglected or minor works may acquire new status in translation. There is no point in speculating whether this is the result of inaccurate translation in that the translator actually improves on the original. The translator's job is like any other communicator's: to provide the best possible evidence on which the readers can go about creating their version of the work's meaning. The best possible evidence may not be a word-by-word translation. There is no one-to-one coding and transmission of ideas: a translated text is also an interpretation of the original, and its meaning will depend on some interaction of the words that form the text and the background assumptions of its audience.

I should not end without noting that I have still not addressed one of the problems I mentioned earlier: that the necessary compromises between literal translation and adaptation may produce elements that conflict with each other. This is less of a problem in translating more specialist texts, like martial arts novels, which to some extent can expect an audience familiar with the specialist background of the original. But translators are likely to be motivated to aim at a more general audience, so the question still seems to me worth investigating. The obvious point would be to say that consistency is required. But that begs the question; consistency, I suspect anyway, is another kind of trick or illusion. I can only suggest that to produce the impression of a consistent world the translator must work with as full and up-to-date an awareness of the world of his audience as possible. Only this will enable him to judge whether to turn noodles into spaghetti and *dimsum* into dumplings, to recognize what kind of tea his readers think he is offering them, and to know if it matters.

Allusion and Elusion: A Short Study of John Minford's Translation of the First Two Chapters of *Luding Ji*

Joy-shan Lam

Before the reader is made aware of the title's proverbial reference, "The Deer and the Cauldron" already rings with an allusive echo, conjuring to mind "The Owl and the Pussycat," "The Princess and the Pea" or, what is appropriately more sinister–"Peter and the Wolf." Replacing the historic dimension implied in *Luding Ji* 鹿鼎記, the childlike simplicity of the translated title pervades the two chapters of the English text, continually evoking associations with children's stories. Characters like "Trinket," "Whiskers," "Goatee Wu" and "Baldy Wang," especially when coupled together, stand out amidst transliterated names and raise expectations of the comical and frivolous. While some of these prove to be misleading as the story progresses-after all, Whiskers is hardly a cuddly, moustache, feline figure–the graphically descriptive, staccato names nonetheless contribute to a children story atmosphere.

Overriding such associations is a tone highly conscious of the storyteller-listener relationship that borders on the didactic. In the first chapter, a scholar, Lü Liuliang and his ten-year-old son witness a group of Zhejiang scholars and their families, including young children, being persecuted for the violation of a political taboo. The boy asks his father,

> "That little girl is just a baby . . . What crime can she possibly be guilty of? It's very wrong."
>
> "So you understand that what the Government soldiers do is wrong," said the man. "Good for you, my son!" He sighed. "They are the cleaver and we are the meat. They are the cauldron and we are the deer."
>
> . . .

"I know," said the boy. "In my story-books it says 'they chased the deer on the Central Plain'. That means they were all fighting each other to become emperor."

The scholar nodded, pleased with his little son's astuteness.(15-17)

This passage not only forms the part of the narrative where the boy learns about the deer and the cauldron, but also serves to explain the allusion of the title. In terms of the translation, it is a dialogue between one culture and another (or perhaps between the cultured and the uncultured). This dialogue gives patronizing tone, finds its way into other parts of the narrative, where it is unlikely to have been intended by the author.

Following the conversation between father and son, Lü is visited by two friends, Gu Yanwu and Huang Zongxi, who come to warn him of possible political persecution. The three men, bound together by their learning, friendship and common ambition to restore the Ming Dynasty, talk and recite poetry to each other over a cup of wine. Gu quotes one of Lü's couplets,

The cool wind sways not me, howe'er it blow;
For me the bright moon still shines everywhere. (19)

As the text points out, the couplet itself is "somewhat pedestrian"; what is interesting is the elaborate translation and the interpretation that follow,

In Chinese the word for 'cool' is *qing* (the word chosen by the Manchus for their new 'Chinese' Dynasty) and the word for 'bright' is *ming* (the name of the old Chinese Dynasty they had supplanted). So the couplet Gu had recited could be understood to mean:

The Manchu winds sways not me, howe'er it blow;
For me the Ming Moon still shines everywhere.

In other words, "I will never bow to the Manchus, however they may

threaten and cajole. For me the empire is still the Ming empire, whose loyal subject I remain." (20)

Without elucidation, the puns would be incomprehensible or even undetected by the reader of the translated text. However, in this case, besides the literal translation, the couplet is followed by three explanations, the first of which reveals the double meaning of "qing-cool" and "ming-bright"; the second is a repetition of the couplet, this time revealing the "hidden meaning" and submerging the superficial; the third is an interpretation of the couplet within the context of the story. The reader becomes particularly conscious of the translator's eagerness to eliminate any ambiguity, done in large part by including what another translator might choose to put in annotation into the text itself, just as a storyteller, narrating another story, might improvise or digress. The essential difference, of course, is that the *Luding ji* translators' "asides" are explanatory rather than associative or narrative.

The abandonment of subtlety for absolute clarity in the "qing/ming" passage (19-20), the "Gentle Reader" passage explaining what goes on in Yangzhou teahouses (62) and the passage involving "Hero's Lady" (64) results in the flattening of the layers of meaning, reminiscent of the most moralizing of children's stories.

On the other hand, there are parts of the translated text which leave the reader puzzled and sometimes amused.

In Chapter One, Lü Liuliang is referred to as a "hidden talent" [quotation marks original]. Inferred to mean "a talent who hides himself" or "an undiscovered talent," the term's exact meaning is not specifically defined. Another example:

A Chinese could not in those days utter his father's name, but Wu Baoyu found a means of conveying that his father was Wu Liuqi. . . . (43)

This passage clearly refers to a common custom familiar to the characters

in the book and possibly the readers of the Chinese text but leaves the reader of the English text a little baffled. Similarly, on page 53, guests at the Vernal Spring are described as the "proverbial fish." Because these metaphors and customs are not properly explained, at times, the story sounds like it were taking place in a strange kingdom or a type of Neverland.

The story's cultural otherness, created in this way, is further strengthened by the translator's decision to retain part of the imagery in the Chinese text. "What good wind blows you hither?" (18) and "the Northerner goes ahorseback, the Southerners by boat" (37) are literal translations which contribute more to the exotic undertone of the story than to the actual development of the narrative.

The adherence to the Chinese language is apparently at odds with the use of English idioms and sayings like "in for a penny, in for a pound!" (35) and "pushing up the daisies" (88) and the use of vocabulary such as "souffrante" (59), "sotto voce" (61) and "intelligentsia" (25) that evoke French, Italian and Russian associations respectively. Alongside occasionally awkward phrases like "elegantly beautiful prose" (26) and literally translated proper names like the tautological "Vernal Spring," these culturally specific words ironically lift the story from a single cultural background, and help emphasize the general "otherness" of the context, thereby achieving a fairy tale-like universality.

Among the hilarious and distinctively Oriental derogatory terms "turtle spawn" (61), "pickled ancestors" (60) and "dirty little turtle head," is "cow-monster" (98), which refers to a creature that exists in the traditional Chinese idea of hell. This contrasts with the various Christian references: "for god's sake" (88), "Bloody thises" (93), "Lord knows how long" (92). Since the background of *Luding ji* is certainly not Christian, these references are used by the translator to evoke casual religious imagery. Faced with an embarrassing *de choix*, he chooses not to substitute "Lord knows" with the religiously ambiguous "Heaven knows"

or "Who knows," manifesting a resistance to committing the context to a single religious framework.

The translator, in fact, goes one step further. Although the prologue begins with a description of the historical setting, the dialogue which immediately follows is much more modern than the description and the narrative. "Shut up!" was not used to mean "Be quiet" until at least one and a half century after the Ming Dynasty; "Millionaires" (29), "O.K." (73) and "HQ" (84) are all coined in the late nineteenth or twentieth century. One must infer from this blatantly anachronistic use of vocabulary that the translator is making a deliberate effort to free the text from a strict time frame.

Although *Luding ji* is introduced by Jin Yong 金庸 himself as an historical romance "rather than a martial arts novel," *The Deer and the Cauldron*, as we have seen, defies the historic and cultural assumptions both these genres presuppose. Eluding any convenient categorization, the two chapters of *Luding ji* are as comprehensible as traditional children's stories, where all layers of meanings are exposed on the surface and as readable as fairy tales, universalized by the vague once-upon-a-time-in-a-land-far-far-away context.

Afterward

"Allusion and Elusion" was written in attempt to explain some of the *Luding ji* translator's decisions and their effects on the readability of the novel's first two chapters. The analysis is based on the assumption that the purpose of the translation is to present an accurate version *in terms of meaning* of the Chinese text in English.

The paper was circulated amongst several scholars, including the translator himself, John Minford. According to Professor Minford, the translator's decisions as discussed in this paper were indeed some of the most important concerns he had during the translation process.

Professor Minford said his aim in working on the translation is to

produce an accurate version of the text *in terms of its ability to entertain* rather than in terms of meaning. In contrast to translating serious literature (*The Story of the Stone*, for example), Professor Minford sees his role in translating *Luding ji* as giving the English reader the same sort and level of entertainment the Chinese reader enjoys. The liberty with which he uses imagery of different cultures and anachronistic vocabulary is both a reflection of this attitude and the means to achieve it. Professor Minford suggests this "looseness" or liberty is present in much of Jin Yong's works.

Professor Minford's comments pinpoint a crucial and common difficulty in discussing translations. Different attitudes towards a particular text result in different purposes and treatments of the translation.

Interestingly, fairy tales and children stories, whose *raison d'être* is perhaps also to entertain, rely on the free use of imagery and vocabulary, which are precisely what the translator draws on to recreate what he sees as the crucial, entertaining element of *Luding ji*. So while the allusion and elusion observed in this paper may not be deliberate on the part of the translator, the disregard for cultural context and time frame that contributes towards the allusion and elusion is calculated and purposeful. Professor Minford's view of the text as entertainment fiction, and my own reading of his translation as a children's novel together point to the importance of seeing *Luding ji* for what it was in its original context: a serialized novel published in dailies, whose format and content were designed to attract the not quite sophisticated reader.

我看英譯《鹿鼎記》

劉靖之

閱讀武俠小說，一般讀者爲了追求故事情節的開展而忽略細節，如作者遣詞用字的技巧和功夫，如打鬥時的功架與招式等，看得興起時，常常囫圇吞棗，只顧得個大概輪廓。閱讀原文固然但求痛快過癮，閱讀閔福德的英譯《鹿鼎記》頭兩回必不例外[1]。"英譯武俠小說：讀者反應與迴響"這個題目令我仔細比較金庸《鹿鼎記》第一、二回的原文[2]與閔福德的英譯，所得到的印象與讀畢英譯有點不同。

先談頭兩回的標題。第一回的標題"縱橫鈎黨清流禍、峭蒨風期月旦評"是對仗七言，英譯雖然也是兩行： In which three Ming Loyalists discuss the Manchu Persecution,/the Ming History, the Beggars' Guild, and the Triad Secret Society.(15)但由於屬散文風格，故原文的韻味蕩然無存。相比之下，霍克斯的《紅樓夢》英譯與余國藩的《西遊記》英譯，在處理章回的標題上較接近原文：

甄士隱夢幻識通靈

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[1] 本文所引用之版本爲明河社出版有限公司出版， 1981 年 8 月修訂初版， 1995 年 4 月第 16 版。

[2] 本文所引用之英譯版本爲 *The Deer and the Cauldron: The Adventurous of a Chinese Trickier. Two Chapter from a Novel by Louis Cha.* Translated with introduction by John Minford. Institute of Advanced studies, Australian National University, 1994.

賈雨村風塵懷閨秀(《紅樓夢》第一回)
Zhen Shi-yin makes the Stone's acquaintance in a dream;
and Jia Yu-cun finds that poverty is not incompatible with romantic feelings.[3]

孫悟空三島求方
觀世音甘泉活樹(《西遊記》第二十六回)
Amid the Three Islands Sun Wu-k'ung seeks a cure;
With sweet dew Kuan-shih-yin revives a tree.[4]

閔福德在翻譯《鹿鼎記》的章回標題，似乎不太理會原文的體裁和風格，只顧交代章回裏的故事大網，與一般章回小說的英譯不同[5]，如《鹿鼎記》第二回的標題"絕世奇事傳聞裏，最好交情見面初"(45)給譯爲摘要：

In which Trinket and Whiskers set out from Yangzhou for the Capital; of their adventures on the way; and of the stories Trinket tells concerning the Golden Age, Heroes and Mongols, Turtles, Elephants, and Mice.(55)

[3] *The Story of the Stone*, an English translation by Cao Xueqin's *Hong Kong Meng*, translated by David Hawkes, published by Penguin, 1973-1986.

[4] *The Journey to the West*, an English translation of Wu Chenger's *Xi You Ji*, translated and edited by Anthony C. Yu, published by Chicago University Press 1977-1983.

[5] 參閱(i) *A Dream of Red Chambers*, an English translation of Cao Xuequi's *Hong Kong Meng*, translated by Yang Hsien-yi and Gladys Yang, published by Foreign Languages Press, Peking 1978. (ii) *Water Margin*, an English translation of Shi Naian's *Shui Hu Juan*, translated by J. H. Jackson, published by The Commercial Press (Hong Kong) Limited, 1963.

第一回的開始兩句："北風如刀，滿地冰霜"(7)爲整部小說營造了一種嚴冬情景，令讀者感到冰凍刺骨的氣氛。英譯刪去了這兩句，使原作先聲奪人的效果大打折扣，可惜。

其次，我想比較一下一些句子和詞句的翻譯，其中有不少佳作，如：

一、 筆勢縱橫，氣象雄偉。(10)
so magnificently conceived and boldly Hecuted (20)

二、 史才、史識、史筆，無一不是曠古罕有。(17)
whether from the point of view of historical genius, command of material or style, is an achievement rarely paralleled in any age(28)

三、 馬屁已拍上(17)
his vanity had been tickled(28)

四、 漢人慘遭屠戮、禍難方深，無不握腕切齒。(25)
the Chinese people had been cruelly massacred and subjected to every conceivable suffering, to which they now responded with a deep and bitter hatred of their oppressors.(37)

五、 手臂上肌肉盤虬，目閃精光，神情威猛。(60)
his hands and arms were all gnarled muscle, there was a keen look in his eyes, a fierce expression on his face(67)

六、 你奶奶的，大呼小叫幹什麼？(65)
"Oh get lost!" snorted Whiskers contemptuously. "This hysterical shouting will get you nowhere!"(73)

七、 給韃子舐卵蛋的漢奸，而是英雄好漢？(66)
to believe that Tartar-licking sneaks like you are heroes?(73)

八、 小雜種，你奶奶的，這法子那裏學來的？(72)
"Why, you misbegotten little brat! You dirty little mongrel!"

cried Whiskers angrily. "Where in hell did you learn a cheap trick like that?"(79)

九、 你奶奶的老雜種，我操你茅家十七八代老祖宗，烏龜王八旦，你管我從那裏學來的？你這臭王八，死不透的老甲魚，……(72)

"You mangy old mongrel yourself!" he yelled back. "Sod you and all your ancestors —all seventeen or eighteen generations of them! You rotten turtle! What business is it of yours what I learn and where I learn it? You foul, putrid old turtle!"(79)

十、 乖乖我的媽啊，辣塊媽媽不得了，茅十八，你再不拉住馬頭，老子操你十八代的臭祖宗，啊喲，啊喲……(76)

"*Yikes*! *Help*! *For the love of mum*!" he screamed as he sped along. "Stop the horse, or I'll poke every last ancestor in your rotten family! *Heeelp*!"(82)

上面的十個例子都是不太容易翻譯的，尤其是罵人的話，而閔福德的分寸掌握得極好，功夫略遜的便難以招架了。例一至五的譯文均十分貼切；但例六至十的原文就難對付了。罵人的話帶有獨特的民族性和強烈的地方性，廣州與北京的粗話具有不同的特色。韋小寶是揚州人，揚州人罵街要英國人領略其神韻，傷透腦筋，如在第一回裏，吳之榮發覺莊允城送給他的是竟湖州三寶史絲筆，罵道："他媽的。"(19)。這三個字的回罵，楊憲益與戴乃迭翻譯的魯迅小說《阿Q正傳》時，以 curse it[6]代之。閔福德在譯吳之榮的"他媽的"時，用 Damnation(29)，

[6] 參閱 *The True Story of Ah Q*, translated by Yang Hsien-yi and Gladys Yang, published by Foreign Languages Press, Peking 1953. 在魯迅的《阿Q正傳》，"他媽媽"給變化成"他媽媽的"(27)、"媽媽的"(29)等。楊氏有

英、美人喜用 damn it 或 damn you，意思相同。

第七細例子，英譯有點過於斯文。"舐卵蛋"極爲粗俗，licking 是無法完全把原文的意思表達出來。再說，sneaks 也不管"漢奸"的含意。第八例，英譯將"你奶奶的"省略掉。第九例的英譯把"你奶奶"省去，用 sod you and all your ancestors 來譯"我操你茅家十七八代老祖宗"，味道完全不是那麼回事，美化了韋小寶。第十例是典型的揚州罵人話："辣塊媽媽"，一如四川話的"格老子"，似乎無法翻譯。"乖乖"也不好譯。凡是涉及到土語，翻譯者便有難了，如第一回船上打鬥的一幕，瓜管帶說了這麼一句話："官老爺們在這裏辦案，你是誰？"(39)英譯是："This is state business we're carrying on here," Major Gua shouted at him, "and we are Government officers. Who are you?"(53)"官老爺"給譯爲 we are Government officers，味道不夠。

武俠小說的戲肉在打鬥和功夫的表現，在《鹿鼎記》的第一、二回裏亦有幾段高度武功和輕功的描述，如茅十八與吳大鵬之間的交手：

> 茅十八單刀斜劈，逕砍他左臂。吳大鵬一低頭，自他刀鋒下搶進，左手向他右臂肘下拍去。茅十八一側身轉在樹旁，拍的一聲響，吳大鵬那掌擊在樹幹之上。這棵大樹高五六丈，樹身粗壯，給吳大鵬這麼一拍，樹上黃葉便似雨點般撒下來。茅十八叫道：「好掌力！」單刀攔腰揮去。吳大鵬突然縱起身子，從半空中撲將下來，白鬚飄揚，甚是好看。茅十八一招「西風倒捲」，單刀自下拖上。吳大鵬在半空中一個翻觔斗，躍了出去。茅十八這一刀和他小腹相距不到半尺。刀勢固然勁急，吳大鵬

時把"媽媽的"譯成 Turtle's egg (38)。

的閃避卻也迅速靈動之極。(64)

原文相當生動活躍，極具形象化，英譯亦絲毫不遜色：

Whiskers lunged with his sword, aiming at his opponent's left arm. Goatee ducked low and came in under the blade, punching with his left below Whiskers right arm. Whiskers dodged behind the tree and Goatee's palm hit the tree-trunk with a smack. It was a hefty tree, a good fifty feet high, and when Goatee smacked into it, the leaves came raining down in a shower.

"A mighty blow!" cried Whiskers, and immediately lunged at the small of Goatee's back. The Great Roc now leapt into the air and came hurtling down towards his opponent, the strands of his long white goatee fluttering about him. It was a wonderful sight. Whiskers countered with a move known as 'Westerly Cyclone', sweeping his sword up in an arc from below. The Roc swivcelled in mid-air, and with a great somersault bounded beyond his reach–the sword missing his midriff by less than six inches. The blade had come up with enormous force, but the Roc had reacted with lighting speed.(72)

"A mighty blow!"、"Westerly Cyclone" 和 "with lightning speed" 等均是佳譯。又如史松與茅十八過招的情況：

史松一聲長嘯，黑龍鞭出手，跟著縱身下馬。他雙足尚未落地，鞭梢已向茅十八捲去。茅十八使開「五虎斷門刀」刀法，見招拆招，史松的軟鞭一連七八招厲害招數，都給他單刀擋了回來。但聽得吳大鵬長聲吆喝，一人飛了出去，拍噠一響，掉在地下，軍官中又少了一人。(65)

"黑龍鞭出手"、"五虎斷門刀"等武俠術語，在英譯裏栩栩

如生地重現，令英文讀者享受與中文讀者同樣的描述：

The Captain now let out a high-pitched screech, and began brandishing the Black Dragon in the air. He vaulted from his horse and before his feet had even touched the ground the tip of the Black Dragon had begun coiling through the air towards Whiskers. Eight times he cracked the whip, and eight times Whiskers countered with the sword riposte for which be was so famous, known as "Five Tigers Breaking the Door". Meanwhile a great cry issued from Goatee and one more trooper flew through the air and landed with a thud on the ground.(76)

接著下去亦十分精彩：

史松的軟鞭越使越快，始終奈何不了茅十八，突然間一招「白蛇吐信」，鞭梢向茅十八右肩點去。茅十八舉刀豎擋，不料史松這一招乃是虛招，手腕抖動，先變「聲東擊西」，再變「玉帶圍腰」，黑龍鞭倏地揮向左方，隨即圈轉，自左至右，遠遠向茅十八腰間圍來。(69)

再看看"白蛇吐信"、"玉帶圍腰"等詞語是怎樣譯爲英文的：

The Black Dragon cracked faster and faster, but could not outdo Whiskers Mao. Then suddenly the Captain tried a new move known as the 'Spitting Snake'. The tip of the whip grazed Whiskers' right shoulder. He countered with a vertical parry, but his opponent was already one step ahead. The first move had only been a feint. The Captain flicked his wrist once, then twice, and the whip changed direction and began to form a great whirling loop, coiling itself around Whiskers' waist: this was known as 'Jade Sash Wraps the Waist'.(76)

譯文是相當流暢傳神的，只是"聲東擊西"、"左方"、"遠

遠間”等詞語給漏掉不譯。

在第一回末的船上，那場打鬥比第二回茅十八與吳大鵬、史松更精彩，亦更顯示出英譯的功力，如瓜管帶與陳近南的招式和輕功：

> 船艙門呼的一聲，向兩旁飛開，一個三十來歲的書生現身艙口，負手背後，臉露微笑。
>
> 瓜管帶喝道：「官老爺們在這裏辦案，你是誰？」那書生微笑不答，邁步踏進船艙。刀光閃動，兩柄單刀分從左右劈落。那書生閃身避過，隨即欺向瓜管帶，揮掌拍向他頭頂。瓜管帶忙伸左臂擋格，右手成拳，猛力擊出。那書生左腳反踢，踹中了一名親兵胸口，那親兵大叫一聲，登時鮮血狂噴。另外三名親兵舉刀或削或剁。船艙中地形狹窄，那書生施展擒拿功夫，劈擊勾打，喀的一聲響，一名親兵給他掌緣劈斷了頸骨。瓜管帶右掌拍出，擊向那書生後腦。那書生反過左掌，砰的一聲，雙掌相交，瓜管帶背心重重撞上船艙，船艙登時塌了一片。那書生連出兩掌，拍在餘下兩名親兵的胸口，喀喀聲響，二人肋骨齊斷。
>
> 瓜管帶縱身從船艙缺口中跳將出去。那書生喝道：「那裏走？」左掌急拍而出，眼見便將擊到他背心，不料瓜管帶正在此時左腳反踢，這一掌恰好擊在他的足底，一股掌力反而推著他向前飛出。瓜管帶急躍竄出，見岸邊有一株垂柳掛向河中，當即抓住柳枝，一個倒翻觔斗，飛過了柳樹。
>
> 那書生奔到船頭，提起竹篙，揮手擲出。
>
> 月光之下，竹篙猶似飛蛇，急射而前。但聽得瓜管帶「啊」的一聲長叫，竹篙已插入他後心，將他釘在地下，篙身兀自不住幌動。 (頁 39 、 40)

這段文字的描述，驚心動魄！動作之快、招式之變化、輕功之了得、標搶之準與狠，皆令讀者難以忘懷。讓我們看看英譯的

效果：

> The double doors of the cabin flew open and a thirty-year-old man in scholar's dress appeared standing in the doorway. He held his hands clasped behind his back and his face wore a faintly ironic smile.
>
> "This is state business we're carrying on here," Major Gua shouted at him, "and we are Government officers. Who are you?"
>
> The scholar made no reply but continued to smile as he stepped inside the cabin. Immediately, to left and right of him, two cutlasses flashed out and would have cut him down; but already he had dodged and was lunging towards Major Gua with arm upraised to slice down on his head. The Major parried the blow with his left hand, simultaneously striking out with his right fist. Ducking the blow, the scholar kicked backwards with his left foot at the nearest of the guardsmen, catching him in the pit of the stomach. The man let out a great cry and began vomiting blood. The other three guardsmen had their cutlasses up and were cutting and slashing at the scholar, who, because of the lack of space in the cabin, was now bringing into play his advanced 'grappling' skills. One blow, made with the edge of the hand, landed with a cracking sound on one of the guardsmen, breaking his neck. Major Gua swung a blow with his right palm towards the back of the scholar's head, but the scholar had already whirled about, bringing his own left palm round to catch the blow. He did this with such force that the two palms met in a mighty clap, throwing the Major off his balance, so that he fell against the cabin wall, hitting it heavily with his back and causing the whole structure to lean towards one side. In quick succession the scholar now aimed two chopping blows at the midriffs of the two remaining guardsmen. There were sickening thumps as they landed and both men collapsed with broken ribs.
>
> Major Gua now tried to slip out through the gap that had opened in the matting wall of the cabin when his collision with it had pushed the framework out of kilter.

"Where are *you* off to?" cried the scholar, striking out at him with the palm of his left hand. The blow was aimed at the upper part of his back, but just at that moment the Major kicked out backwards with his left foot and the forward-swinging palm of the scholar, chancing to catch the backward-kicking foot of the Major, so accelerated the latter's retreat that he went flying out over the canal. There was a weeping willow tree leaning out over the canal at that point, however, and the Major was able, with a great effort, to catch hold of its branches, then, with a mighty flip, to somersault right over the tree and on to the ground.

The scholar ran to the bow of the boat, picked up a boat-pole and hurled it, javelin-like, towards the Major. In the bright moonlight the bamboo pole gleamed like a flying snake. They heard the Major let out a long, terrifying cry–"Aaaah!"–and there he lay, face downward, pinned to the ground by the pole, which continued to quiver in his back. (53-54)

原文簡潔利落，描述層次清晰，遣詞用字非常講究，絕無多餘之字。繼承了中國章回小說行文之傳統，閔福德譯來頗得心應手，如"或削或剁" (cutting and slashing)、"掌緣" (the edge of the hand)、"那親兵大叫一聲，登時鮮血狂噴" (The man let out a great cry and began vomiting blood)、"雙掌相交" (palms met in a mighty clap)、"二人肋骨齊斷" (both men collapsed with broken ribs)、等等都是佳譯。有些譯文也好像是度身定製，如"欺向" (lunging towards)、"擒拿功夫" (grapping skills) 等。當然，有幾句譯文略欠原文的韻味，如"官老爺們在這裏辦案"這一句，活靈活現地把衙門的武官的不可一世的嘴臉給呈現出來，將"官老爺們"譯成 Government officers 就顯得全無官老爺的氣燄。"那裏走？"的意思是"看你走到那裏去！"而不是問瓜管帶走到那裏去。

我看能閱讀中文武俠小說的人不會去閱讀英譯本，中、英文皆通的讀者享受了中文版之後也不會去看英譯來消遣，唯有那些從事翻譯工作的人才閱讀兩種版本。閔福德的英譯《鹿鼎記》毫無疑問是上佳譯作，我的這篇文章算得上是在雞旦裏挑骨頭、吹毛求疵，不足爲訓。

英文讀者有福了，中文讀者能享受的武俠小說英文讀者也可以享受了。

1997 年 2 月 25 日

EAGLES AND HEROES

A Martial Arts Novel by Louis Cha
Translated by John Minford and Sharon Lai

Characters in Chapter One:

Bao Xiruo, Yang Tiexin's wife
Chew the Cripple, innkeeper at Ox Village
Guo Xiaotian, a young man from Shandong,
now living at Ox Village
Juventus, the Abbé, Taoist priest
Yang Tiexin, Guo's friend
Zhang Fifteen, an old storyteller

This extract from the first chapter of Louis Cha's novel *Shediao ...iong zhuan* (1957-59) is the fruit of discussions held during 1996, in a Martial Arts fiction translation workshop funded by a grant from the Hong Kong University Grants Committee. Other members of the workshop, who contributed ideas and drafts, were Chan Oi-sum, Ko Ka-ling, and Tong Man. The complete translation will be published by Oxford University Press (Hong Kong).

(courtesy of Ming Ho Publications Corporation Limited)

Chapter One

In which past events are lamented; Tartars are execrated; and "flying" and other strange arts of kungfu are described

The Storyteller

The mighty Qiantang River swept past Ox Village, flowing eastwards without rest, to join the sea some hundred miles south of that still mightier river, the Yangtze. It was autumn, and the red leaves of the tallow trees on the riverside blazed like flames. Around the village the long grass had already started to turn yellow. It was a sombre scene, made more so by the light of the setting sun. A small crowd of villagers, men, women and children, had gathered beneath two tall pines, and were waiting intently for an old man to start telling a story.

The storyteller, a lean figure in his fifties, wore a long blue robe, washed so many times that its colour had begun to fade to a light grey. In his right hand he clacked two pearwood clappers, while his left hand beat a rhythm on a small deerskin drum. He began to sing:

"The peach trees, ownerless, untended, bloom;
The ravens, o'er the thicket, homeward fly.
Broken walls and ruined wells spell doom,
Where once dwelt many a thriving family."

He clacked the clappers a few more times, and launched again into his tale:

"My song describes the terrible destruction wrought by war: everywhere homes ruined, whole villages reduced to piles of rubble. I have already told you of the sorrowful parting and joyful reunion of Oldie Ye and his family, how they were separated by the invading Jurchen troops, and how after many ordeals they were finally reunited. Joyfully

they returned together to their home town, only to find their house burned to the ground. Despondently they made their weary way north to Bianliang, the old capital, in search of some new means of livelihood. But there an even worse fate awaited them. As the four of them entered the city, they ran into a detachment of Jurchen soldiers. The Tartar captain caught one glimpse of Third Maid, their lovely daughter, and his eyes lit up with lust. Down he jumped from his horse, laid his rough hands on her, and manhandled her up onto his saddle, laughing coarsely the while. 'Little girl,' he cried 'come home with me!'

"Of course Third Maid would have none of it. She put up a desperate struggle, which only made matters worse. 'If you won't do as I say,' he shouted, 'I'll kill your whole family!'

"Saying this, he raised his Wolf's-Fang Club, a nasty great weapon with ugly iron spikes in its head, and brought it crashing down on her little brother's head. The child's brains spilled out onto the ground in front of him. He died that very instant. As the poem says:

Another ghost went down to the Nether World,
And this world lost a fine young man.

"For a moment his parents stood stunned with horror. Then they rushed forward and threw their arms around their dead son's body, weeping loudly. Again the Jurchen captain swung his club, this time finishing them both off with a single blow. To the captain's surprise, the girl neither wept nor sobbed. 'Sir, I pray you, calm yourself,' she said, with a strange air of detachment. 'I'll go with you, I'll do whatever you say.'

"Overjoyed, the Tartar took the girl away with him. But as soon as they reached his lodgings she caught him unawares and leapt at him, drawing out the knife from his waist and lunging with it at his chest. It happened quicker than words can tell. This blow of hers, if successful, would have avenged the deaths of her parents and brother. But the captain

was a seasoned fighter. He reacted smartly, pushing the girl away and throwing her to the ground.

"'Miserable slut!' he cried. Even as he began to abuse her, the girl turned the knife upwards and slit her own throat. Ah, the pity of it!"

Once again, the storyteller broke into song:

"A lass as bright as any moon, and flowerlike fair,
Goes down through Death's dark door in sorrow and despair."

Throughout the performance, his audience had been quite riveted, by turns gnashing their teeth in indignation and heaving heartfelt sighs of commiseration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "there is a wise old saying:

Do not deceive yourselves, my friends,
For every deed is known to Heaven.
Evil done rebounds upon the evil-doer,
Until the score of Fate is even.

"The Jurchen Tartars have invaded our territory, they have killed our people, burnt down our homes, raped our women and plundered our property. They have done every imaginable kind of evil. And still they have not been punished! For this we must blame the weakness of our own Emperors. We have a large army, but if they so much as set eyes on a detachment of Jurchen troops, our men turn and flee, every last one of them, leaving innocent civilians to suffer. Tragedies such as the one I have just related are daily occurrences, everywhere in the occupied territory north of the Yangtze River. Those like ourselves, whose homes are safely south of the River, are living in a paradise. Our only concern is that one day the Jurchens may cross the River. Alas, as the old saying goes: 'Rather a dog in days of peace, than a man in troubled times.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, my humble name is Zhang Fifteen. It has been my honour today to come here and tell you the sad tale of the

Virtuous Maid. My story ends there. I hope we will meet again."

So saying, he clacked the clappers again by way of conclusion, and passed round a wooden plate to collect donations. Most of the villagers put a coin or two in the plate, and he had soon collected a total of about seventy coins. Fifteen thanked them, put the money in his pocket, and was about to leave when a man in his early twenties came out from the crowd:

"Sir, are you from the North?" he ventured.

The villager was a tall, strongly-built man, with striking eyes.

"That I am," replied Fifteen.

"Then allow me to buy you a drink!" the man proposed.

Fifteen seemed surprised and delighted by this offer:

"Why, we do not even know each other! It's really very kind of you! Thank you very much!"

The villager laughed:

"Drinking is the best way to become acquainted! Allow me to introduce myself: Guo, Guo Xiaotian." He went on to present a man with a pale complexion standing beside him:

"This is my sworn brother, Yang Tiexin. We've just been listening to your story of the Virtuous Maid. You told it really well, and we would like to talk with you a little more."

"You flatter me. I am very pleased to meet you both."

The storyteller followed Guo to an inn at the entrance to the village,

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Using numbers as names was a widespread custom in old China, as in "Third Maid" or "Zhang Fifteen". The number represents the order in one generation of an extended family on the father's side; that is to say, all paternal cousins were counted. That is why sometimes the number can be over twenty, or even over thirty. Such "number-names" were not necessarily a person's only name and they could never replace formal names, but they were widely used between either close friends or strangers.

and the three sat down at a table.

The innkeeper of the establishment was a cripple by the name of Chew, who walked with the help of two canes. He heated two pots of yellow rice wine, and set before them plates of broad beans, salted peanuts, dried bean curd and three sliced salted eggs. Then he went over to a bench by the door, and sat there gazing at the sunset and paying his three guests no further attention.

Guo plied the storyteller with wine, saying:

"In a small village like this, we only eat meat twice a month. You must forgive our simple fare."

"Wine is better than food any day! Tell me," asked Fifteen, "from your accents, I'd guess the two of you must be Northerners like myself. Am I right?"

"Yes. We hail from Shandong Province," replied Yang. "We could bear the stench of those Tartar pigs no longer, so we moved here three years ago. The local people here are very friendly, so we decided to stay. Just as you said, we are lucky to be living safely in the South. Our only worry is when the Jurchens will come. What do you think? Will they come or not?"

"The South is such a wonderful place–such rich land, such beautiful women!" returned Fifteen. "They won't be able to resist it. One day they will surely cross the River. But it is not they who will decide; it is our own Court."

Both Guo and Yang seemed surprised by this remark.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this," Fifteen continued, "We outnumber the Jurchens more than a hundred to one. We have a hundred armed men to every one of theirs. We could defeat them by sheer numbers! But we don't. Why not? Because men of conscience are not listened to at Court! Sixty years ago our Emperors surrendered the North to the Jurchens, and put corrupt men in positions of power. Any general who resisted the Tartars successfully was recalled or had his head chopped off. Did the Jurchens refuse to take the North then? Hardly. They'll gladly accept a second

prize when it's offered them! Of course they will come south!"

"Exactly my own view!" Guo struck the table so heavily that bowls, chopsticks and plates all jumped into the air.

Fifteen went on:

"In those days, our Emperor Hui–the Imperial Taoist Mystic as he called himself–was obsessed with the idea of eternal life. His only thought was to become an immortal. Of the high officials he appointed, some were there to help him squeeze money out of the common people; some were eunuchs–boasters and flatterers every one of them; some were loafers, who went with him on his frequent visits to the pleasure-quarters. His Imperial Mysticity cared not at all for the affairs of state, but buried himself in his celestial pursuits and in such aesthetic diversions as collecting rare plants and precious stones. Once the Jurchen troops came, he just went to pieces and abdicated in favour of his son, who became Emperor Qin. At that time, the old capital Bian-liang had been strongly fortified by order of the loyal governor Li Gang, and a number of other generals had led their troops back from their posts to protect the emperor. At first the Tartars were unable to break through the lines of defence and had to retreat. Then, to everyone's surprise, the new Emperor Qin was persuaded by certain traitors at Court to dismiss Li Gang and his valiant generals, and to appoint instead a charlatan, who boasted of his ability to summon heavenly troops down from the sky, and to control the wind and the rain. The emperor relied on this man to call down his 'heavenly troops'; and since, of course, they never materialised, the capital fell into the hands of the Jurchens. Eventually, in the second year of the Jing-kang reign, both emperors, father and son, were led into captivity, together with all their courtiers and consorts. They deserved their fate. But we innocent civilians did not deserve ours."

The more they listened to this old tale, the angrier Guo and Yang became.

"We had heard some of these stories," said Guo, "but we thought they must be gossip. Was it really true then, about the 'heavenly troops'?"

"Of course it was," replied Fifteen.

"Even afterwards, " continued Yang, "when Prince Kang, Emperor Qin's brother, was crowned in the Southern Capital, he had a chance to fight back. With strong generals like Han Shizhong and the Great Commander Yue, he could have launched an expedition northward. We might not have been able to take the Tartar stronghold of Yan-jing; but we should easily have recovered our own lost capital, Bian-liang. It was the fault of the traitor Qin Kui that we never did. He had set his mind on appeasement, and to achieve his ends, murdered the Great Commander Yue."

Fifteen filled cups for both Guo and Yang and a cup for himself. Tossing back the wine, he continued:

"The Great Commander wrote two stirring lines of verse:

We yearn to eat barbarian flesh,
Laughing we thirst for Tartar blood!

"He put into words what we Chinese all feel in our hearts. Qin Kui was a vile traitor, and it was lucky for him that we were born sixty years too late."

"What if we had been born sixty years earlier?" asked Guo.

Fifteen and Yang are here recalling the humiliating and traumatic events of the second quarter of the twelfth century (sixty years previously), when the Jurchen Tartars (ancestors of the Manchus) invaded the North of China, taking the old Northern capital of Bian-liang (in 1126) and establishing their own kingdom (and dynasty, which they named Jin, or the Golden Dynasty), with its capital at Yan-jing (on the site of today's Peking). The aesthete Emperor Hui and his Court, more than three thousand prisoners in all, were led into captivity, beyond Mukden in the far North-East. The Great Commander, Yue Fei, in addition to being a national hero, was revered in later years as a Shaolin kungfu master, and as founder of the Eagle Claw style of fighting.

"Why then, my two heroes," replied the storyteller, "then we could have gone to Lin-an, caught the traitor, eaten his flesh and drunk his blood! And we wouldn't be sitting here today, eating broad beans and drinking wine!"

At this, they all burst out laughing.

The pot of wine was finished. Yang ordered another and they continued to vent their wrath at Qin Kui. The lame innkeeper put out two more plates of broad beans and peanuts. As he did so, he pulled a face.

"What's wrong, Chew?" asked Yang. "Don't you think Qin Kui deserved what we were saying about him?"

"Of course he deserved it! But I have heard that the real appeaser, the man who really wanted to kill Great Commander Yue was not Qin Kui at all . . . "

"Who else could it have been?" they asked in surprise.

Chew continued:

"Appeaser or not, Qin Kui was still only Prime Minister. Great Commander Yue had vowed to destroy the Jurchen Kingdom and bring back the captured Emperors. But supposing they had come back? Who stood to lose the most? What would have been the fate of the young Emperor Gao?"

With these words, Chew limped back to his bench and sat down again, gazing up into the darkening sky, lost in thought. He was actually quite a young man, but from the rear, with his hunched back and graying temples, he looked old.

Fifteen, Guo and Yang looked at each other without saying a word. Finally, Fifteen broke the silence:

"Yes! What this friend of yours said is right! The real murderer was not Qin Kui, but the young Emperor Gao!"

"How?" asked Guo.

Fifteen went on to explain:

"The Great Commander Yue had already won several battles. He had defeated the Jurchens and driven them into flight–their blood was

flowing in torrents, their corpses were piled high as mountains. There was a true Chinese resistance in the North, men willing to give the Tartars a run for their money. And just when terror and panic had gripped the Jurchen men, suddenly, what happens? The Emperor surrenders and pleads for a truce. Of course the Jurchen King was overjoyed: 'We'll give you a truce,' he said, 'but on one condition: you have to kill your commander Yue Fei first.' So Qin Kui set the trap, and our Great Commander was murdered. It all happened in Ripple Pavilion, in the twelfth month of the eleventh year of Shao-xing. And sure enough, one month later, in the first month of the following year, the peace was made. The Huai River, not far north of the Yangtze, became the boundary between what was left of our Chinese Song Empire and what the Jurchen call their 'Golden Dynasty'. Emperor Gao declared himself a vassal of the Jurchen Court. Have you ever heard the words he used in his surrender?"

"No–but I can well imagine how shameless they must have been!" replied Yang.

"Oh, but they were!" said Fifteen. " I still remember some of them:

Your humble subject declares:

By the grace of Your Majesty, we, the humble Chinese house of Song, gladly consent to be your obedient subjects in the generations to come. Every year we will send a special envoy to attend your Honorable Court on the occasion of Your Majesty's birthday and on the first day of the New Year. And we will bring an annual tribute of two hundred and fifty thousand taels of silver, and two hundred and fifty thousand bolts of silk.

"Not only did he declare himself to be a slave; he condemned future generations of Chinese to slavery too, forced them to follow in his shameful footsteps!"

Guo thumped the table again, splashing wine all over the place.

"The worthless knave! Did he know no shame?" he cried angrily.

"Every soldier and civilian burned with rage when they heard the news of the surrender," Fifteen continued. "Especially those who lived

north of the Huai River, since they were the ones who were to be abandoned into the hands of the barbarians. They wept tears of grief! But Emperor Gao was more than happy. He had kept his throne safe, and he rewarded Qin Kui by naming him Supreme Counsellor of the Realm. From then on, Qin the Traitor became the Emperor's favourite, and the most powerful minister at court. Today's emperor is the fourth since Emperor Gao. It's five years now since he came to the throne. With that Prime Minister of his, Han Tuozhou, I hesitate to say what the future may hold." Fifteen shook his head, and muttered something under his breath.

"Why hesitate?" cried Guo. "You can speak freely here. Everyone knows that Han is a traitor. He's every bit as bad as Qin Kui."

Fifteen was clearly reluctant to go this far when talking about the present.

"Thank you for your hospitality," he said, drinking up his wine. "Let me offer you a piece of advice. You are both brave and upright men. Be more careful if you want to stay out of trouble. We live in difficult times! And we common people must survive as best we can. Alas! As the song goes:

> Beyond the hills, blue hills, beyond the mansions, mansions–
> Of singing and dancing on West Lake will there ever be an end?
> Idlers fuddled on the fumes of the warm breeze forget

Lin-an City, more commonly known as Hangzhou, was the Quinsay of Marco Polo, the scenic (and pleasure-loving) "temporary" capital of the Southern Song dynasty. "It is the greatest city which may be found in the world," wrote Polo, "where so many pleasures may be found that one fancies oneself to be in Paradise." West Lake is still a poetic place, even today. Marco Polo again: "Truly a trip on this Lake is a much more charming recreation than can be enjoyed on land. It is never without a number of boats, laden with pleasure parties; for it is a great delight of the citizens here, after they have disposed of the day's business, to pass the afternoon in enjoyment with the ladies of their families, or perhaps with others less reputable."

> The lost city, the land they once called home."

"What's the story behind that?" asked Yang.

"It's not a story. It's talking about the present: our emperors and their ministers, leading a life of dissipation on the shores of West Lake, devoting their days and nights to wine, women and song. They've forgotten that this Southern capital of ours is only a place of exile! They've lost the will to fight! They'll never recover our rightful land; they'll never go back to the old capital that is rightly ours."

By the time Fifteen left them, he was blind drunk. He staggered off in an easterly direction, toward Lin-an City, mumbling to himself the words of the famous poem "Full River Red" by the Great Commander:

> "The shame the Tartars heaped on us
> has not been wiped away.
> When will these sorrows end?
> Oh, drive on my chariot, drive on. . . ."

Guo paid for the wine and walked the thirty yards home with Yang, who was his neighbour. Guo's wife was driving her chickens into their coop, and greeted them with a smile:

"So, I see you two have been drinking again? Brother Yang, bring your wife over and let's have dinner together. We'll kill a chicken."

"My Xiruo keeps all those ducks and hens," said Yang with a rueful smile. "But we just fatten them up for nothing! She won't kill a single one. So we always end up eating yours!"

"She is too soft-hearted," smiled Guo's wife. "She says she's had them since they were little chicks. She just can't bring herself to slaughter them."

"Even if I tell her to let me do it, she sobs her heart out!" said Yang. "Oh well! I'll go hunting tonight, and treat you both to some game tomorrow."

"Don't be like that!" cried Guo. "We're brothers. Let's go together!"

A Lame Kungfu Master

So that night, at midnight, the two of them, armed with bows and hunting pikes, lay hidden on the outskirts of the forest near Ox Village, hoping to waylay some grazing beast, a wild boar or river-deer perhaps. For more than two hours they waited, and were beginning to grow impatient, when all of a sudden they heard a strange "tock-tock" coming from the forest. It was followed by the sound of voices shouting in the distance:

"Stop! Halt there!"

They noticed a black shadow flitting from tree to tree. By the light of the moon they saw that it was a man moving with the aid of two canes. Then to their utter astonishment they recognized it as Chew, the lame innkeeper from the village. There was another "tock" as Chew propelled himself high into the air with his left cane, and disappeared behind a tree. Guo and Yang squeezed each other by the hand, marvelling at his extraordinary mastery of the kungfu of "flying".

"And to think that we have lived with him in the village these three years and never knew!"

They continued to lie hidden in the long grass. They heard footsteps approaching, and saw three men who had tracked Chew to the edge of the forest, and now halted to confer there for a while, before stepping cautiously in among the trees.

"Damned cripple!" cried one of them, threateningly. "I can see you. Come down! Kneel and surrender!"

But Chew remained motionless. The three men brandished their swords and closed in on the tree behind which Chew was hidden. In a

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The kungfu of "flying" in which Lame Chew excelled is a semi-legendary levitational branch of traditional Martial Arts, much in evidence in kungfu movies.

flash the cripple lashed out with his right cane, striking the front man on the chest and sending him reeling backwards, to collapse with a groan on the ground. The other two raised their swords and moved into the attack.

Using his right cane to launch himself through the air, Chew now sprang leftward, sidestepping their attack and simultaneously thrusting with his left cane into the face of another of his assailants. The man was not a bad fighter, and he parried with his blade. But before the two weapons had even met, Chew had drawn back his left cane to support himself, and was sweeping across with the right cane at the other man's waist. His canes served the cripple as crutches, as weapons, and as a means to propel himself through the air. This double-cane kungfu of his seemed truly invincible.

Chew was carrying a large cloth bag on his back, which hampered his movements. One of his assailants struck at the bag, and a number of objects clattered onto the ground. Chew caught the man off guard, striking him a deadly blow on the head. As the third man, the sole survivor, turned to flee in terror, Chew extracted something from within his gown, and threw it after him. In the moonlight they saw a round disk-like object hurtle through the air and embed itself in the man's brain. He dropped his sword, threw his hands up, howling in agony, and gradually crumpled to the ground, where he writhed for a moment and then lay still.

Guo and Yang held their breath in awe at Chew's superb kungfu. Their next thought was of fear for themselves. They had witnessed this man commit multiple murder; he might try to kill them next! Imagine their surprise when Chew hailed them, saying:

"Gentlemen, you may come out now!"

The two of them rose to their feet from their hiding-place in the long grass, still clutching their hunting pikes. Yang glanced anxiously at his friend Guo, and stepped a couple of paces forward. Chew seemed to read his thoughts, and smiled:

"Brother Yang, you are indeed a true and brave friend! Your weapon has always been the pike–as was your father's before you, and your father's father's before that! But you are right–your friend Guo

usually fights with the twin halberds–he may be at a disadvantage. Think for a moment, though: even if he had his preferred weapons, what chance do you think the two of you would have against me?"

Guo shook his head.

"None! To think that all these years we have lived with you in the same village, and knew nothing of your awesome kungfu. You are truly a master!"

Chew sighed.

"I'm just a cripple! Years ago I would have dealt with those three in half the time! I'm good for nothing any more!"

The two looked at each other, not daring to utter a word.

"Would you mind doing a cripple a favour?" asked Chew. "Bury the bodies for me?"

The two men busied themselves digging a large pit with their pikes, and dragged the three corpses into it. When they came to move the last one, Yang found the disk-like missile still deeply embedded in the head. He pulled it out and inspected it. It was an iron octagon of the sort used by Taoist mystics, inscribed with the Eight Trigrams of the Book of Changes. Yang wiped the bloody disk clean on the corpse, and handed it back to Chew.

Chew thanked him and slipped the disk back in his pocket. Then he untied his gown, laid it on the ground and began collecting the scattered objects. Guo and Yang, still busy burying the corpses, caught a glimpse of glittering goldware and jade, and three long scrolls.

When he had finished, Chew presented them each with a present–one a jug, the other a cup–both made of solid gold.

"This is treasure from the Imperial Palace. I stole it. Our Emperor has brought such suffering on the people–it is no crime to take these bits and pieces from him! Here–these two are for you!"

They were clearly afraid to accept the gifts.

"Scared?" asked Chew.

"What have we done to deserve them?" mumbled Guo. "But rest assured, we will not breathe a word of what we have seen . . ."

"Don't worry, I know you would never betray me," said Chew. "I know all about you both. You are children of brave and loyal heroes. You, Guo, are descended from the great Guo Sheng, one of the famous Outlaws of Mount Liang. You, Yang, are descended from the famous General Yang, who served under the Great Commander, Yue Fei. When the Jurchen barbarians invaded China, the two of you were roaming on River and Lake; that's when you met each other, became sworn brothers and settled in Ox Village. Am I right?"

They stared at each other in silent disbelief. How could he know so much, when they knew nothing of him?

"Your own ancestors," continued the all-knowing Chew, "were brave outlaws and heroes. They robbed from the rich. Do you still refuse my gift?"

They relented. A smile lit up Chew's face.

"Come, why don't we all go home."

The three of them walked out of the forest together.

"I made a handsome haul tonight," said Chew. "Two paintings and one piece of calligraphy by Emperor Hui. He was a poor emperor, true, but he certainly knew how to paint birds and flowers. And his calligraphy was outstanding."

The Outlaws of Mount Liang are the heroes of the great Saga All Men Are Brothers, *ancestor of all subsequent Martial Arts novels. River and Lake was the expression for the whole underground culture of traditional China, with its own code of conduct, its concept of honour, its own language, its own hierarchy. Once individuals realised that they belonged to it, there was a tacit understanding and bond between them. This Chinese outlaw fraternity travelled about largely by water (river, lake, canal), hence the name. Their British counterparts were "gentlemen of the road"; in the Australian "bush", bushrangers shared the camaraderie of "mateship"; the French Resistance took to the "maquis", or scrub-country. In each case the place, the terrain, connotes a shared way of life, one outside the mainstream.*

The other two had no idea what he was talking about, but murmured assent.

After a while, Yang said:

"Earlier today, the storyteller was telling us what a bad emperor he was, how he lost us half of our land. How could such a man have been a great artist? Why did you risk your life getting into the Palace to steal these things?"

Chew smiled:

"It seems you understand little about art."

Now it was Guo's turn to comment:

"If he was so talented, more's the pity he didn't dedicate his talents to being a good emperor! My father always used to say, no matter what you are studying, whether it's Literature or the Martial Arts, you must concentrate on one thing, and one thing only, or you will achieve nothing."

Chew disagreed:

"For ordinary people, that may be true. But occasionally one encounters a true genius, a man who can master several arts at once– Literature and the Martial Arts, calligraphy and drawing, music and chess, mathematics and Taoist tactics, the medical arts and fortune-telling, astrology and alchemy! It's just that you have never seen such a man."

As he said these words, he gazed up at the moon in the sky and heaved a long sigh. In the moonlight, Guo and Yang could see tears glistening in Chew's eyes.

The two brothers went home and buried their golden gifts deep in their backyards, keeping them a secret from everyone, even their own wives. After that day, they went about their daily lives, growing rice and hunting, practising Martial Arts, going to Chew's inn for the occasional drink. But never once did they refer to the midnight fight in the forest, even when the two of them were alone. When they went to Chew's inn, the innkeeper would heat wine for them as usual, and serve dishes of

broad beans and peanuts; then he would hobble to the threshold, sit down and gaze at the passing river, lost in his thoughts. It was as if that night's encounter in the forest had never taken place. And yet there was always something in his expression that filled the two men with a strange sense of awe.

The Abbé

Autumn passed and winter came. The weather grew colder. One night, a strong northerly wind blew up, and the next morning the snow was falling heavily. The ground was soon covered in a glistening layer of white. Yang told his wife to invite their friends the Guos over that evening, to drink and enjoy the snow scene with them. After lunch he set off with two bottle-gourds to Chew's inn to buy some wine, only to find the door bolted and barred and the inn-sign banner gone.

He knocked on the door several times, but no one answered. Peeping through the window, he saw that the tables were covered with dust.

"It is several days since I was last here. Chew must have left. I hope nothing has happened to him."

He trudged a couple of miles through the deep snow to Plum Blossom Village, bought wine and a chicken, and returned home.

His wife, the soft-hearted Xiruo, was the daughter of a scholar who lived and taught in Plum Blossom Village. She and Yang had been married less than two years. That day she cooked the chicken in a large earthen pot with Chinese cabbage, bean curd, and green-bean noodles, and put out some preserved fish and cured meat to go with it. Then she walked next door to invite the Guos over.

Guo Xiaotian accepted gladly. But his wife was expecting a child and had been unwell for the past few days. She knew she would be sick at the smell of food, and preferred to stay at home. Xiruo had always got

along well with her, and the two women chattered for a while, just like sisters. Before leaving, Xiruo made her a pot of tea. When she returned home, her husband and Guo Xiaotian had already set the table, heated the wine and were enjoying their meal.

"Sister-in-law, we've started. Come and join us," said Guo.

Guo and Yang were close friends, and were both members of the free-thinking kungfu fraternity. In country districts such as Ox Village, people did not stand on ceremony. Women often sat at table with their menfolk–unlike their more formal city cousins.

Xiruo gave him a smile in response. She added some charcoal to the stove, then filled a cup with wine and sat beside her husband. She could see that the two men had been having a heated conversation,

"We've been talking about the shameful goings-on at Court," explained her husband.

"Yesterday, I was in the Lucky Rain Teahouse and heard them talking about our rascal of a Prime Minister," said Guo. "What I heard was all very plausible and convincing. Apparently nowadays every document submitted to the Prime Minister's office has to state clearly what 'gift' comes with it; otherwise, he will not so much as look at it."

"To know the Emperor," Yang commented, "observe his Prime Minister; to know the Prime Minister, observe his underlings."

He went on tell his own story: "That fellow Huang who lives outside the Bubbling Gold Gate told me that, the other day, when he was chopping wood, he saw a crowd of important-looking people approach, led by Prime Minister Han, with a large escort of guards. He thought they must be sightseeing and paid them no attention. Presently the Prime Minister sighed and said: 'What a wonderful country scene this is, with all these bamboo hedges and cottages. All it needs to complete it is a rooster crowing and a dog barking!' He'd hardly finished this sentence, when a dog could be heard barking in the grass."

"Smart dog!" laughed Xiruo.

"Yes, very smart," concurred Yang. "And shortly afterwards, it

came trotting out of the grass. What sort of dog do you think it was? It was our very own pedigree pooch, Prefect Zhao himself!"

Xiruo laughed till she was bent double.

"After his pet performance as a dog, Prefect Zhao can expect instant promotion," commented Guo.

"Of course!" agreed Yang.

The three of them sat drinking snugly. Outside, the snow was falling more heavily than ever. Suddenly they heard the muffled sound of footsteps coming from along the road east of the house, and then a strange-looking figure came into view–a Taoist priest wearing a long bamboo raincape, which was already white with snow, with a long-sword strapped to his back, its yellow silk hilt-tassel fluttering in the wind. He was gliding swiftly across the snow, as if his feet were not even touching the ground.

"Excellent kungfu!" cried Guo. "What a regular-looking hero! We must think of some way of making this man's acquaintance!"

"Yes!" agreed Yang. "Why not invite him in for a drink?"

The two of them ran impulsively out into the snow. But by the time they had reached the door, the priest was already a hundred yards away. He was clearly another master of the advanced kungfu of "flying".

Guo and Yang looked at one another in amazement, then called after him:

"Abbé, won't you come in and stay a while!"

The priest stopped abruptly, turned and gave a barely perceptible nod.

"It's so cold outside, and the snow is thick on the ground," Yang continued. "Won't you join us for a drink and warm yourself by the fire?"

At first the Taoist seemed to sneer at them. Then with a flash he was at the door.

"What's going on here?" he snapped. "Come clean!"

"Truly!" protested Yang, finding the priest's suspicions a little ungracious. "We just saw you out there in the blizzard, and thought you might like to come in and have a drink with us."

"Just a drink, is it?" the priest almost shouted. "Very well! Here I come!" With a supercilious twitch of the eyebrows, in he strode.

Yang found the priest's behaviour more than eccentric–he thought it downright rude. He reached out his hand and seized him by the left wrist, intending to throw him out into the snow again. The man's wrist slipped through his fingers like a fish. Yang began to have second thoughts and was about to step aside, when the priest twisted his own hand round and seized Yang's wrist in turn. He felt an excruciating pain, as if his whole hand had been caught in a vice.

Guo could see that his friend was in trouble, and tried to placate the priest:

"Please be seated, Your Reverence!"

The priest let out a snort and, letting go of Yang's wrist, walked haughtily to the table.

"You two are obviously Shandong fellows–your accents betray you. And anyway, simple country folk from these parts would hardly know kungfu."

Yang was now both angry and humiliated. He went into his room, took a dagger from a drawer and concealed it in his gown before returning to the dining table. He filled three cups of wine and emptied one of them himself, all in total silence.

The Taoist priest just sat there, still sneering slightly, and staring out at the snow, neither drinking nor speaking. Guo could tell from his expression that he suspected poison in the wine. So he took the priest's cup himself and drank it down, saying: "The wine is cold. Allow me to pour you a fresh cup, Your Reverence."

He filled another cup, and this time the priest drained it dry, saying: "Even if you had put a potion in the drink, it would do me no harm . . . "

Yang could contain himself no longer.

"Why should we want to do you any harm? If you must insist on being so rude, I must insist on asking you to leave!"

The priest paid him no attention, but instead helped himself from the jug. He downed three cups, then threw his bamboo hat and raincape to

the ground. His hosts now had a chance to observe him properly. He was man in his thirties, with thick beetling brows, a florid complexion, broad features and a piercing gaze. They watched him as he untied a leather bag from his back and emptied its contents onto the table. Dong! Out rolled a gruesome, bloody object. It was a human head!

Yang and Guo started up, and Yang's wife fled with a cry into the inner room. Yang put his hand to the hilt of his dagger, as the Taoist priest shook the bag again and emptied more of its contents onto the table. This time, out fell a dripping heart and liver, belonging no doubt to the same owner as the head.

"What kind of rogue priest are you?" cried Yang, taking out the dagger and dashing it at the man's chest.

"Aha! So, finally you show your hand! I knew you for a trooper in disguise!" snorted the priest. He chopped at Yang's wrist with the edge of his palm, snatching the dagger away from him with ease, and leaving Yang's hand totally paralyzed.

Guo was shocked. Yang was descended from one of China's greatest warriors, and his kungfu was of the best. But this strange priest, who could snatch weapons with his bare hands (a legendary kungfu skill, but one Guo had never witnessed with his own eyes), had made Yang seem as helpless as a child. His friend was probably badly hurt. Guo picked up the bench on which he had been sitting, preparing to use it to parry the dagger which was now in the priest's hand.

But the priest seemed no longer interested. Instead, he began casually slicing the heart and liver into little pieces with Yang's dagger. Then he gave a terrible roar which shook the roof-tiles, raised his right arm high into the air and chopped through the head with the edge of his palm, causing the plates and bowls to jump on the table. The skull was cleft clean in two; even the table was split straight down the middle.

"You pathetic little mice!" he shouted at his two dumbfounded hosts. "Your Taoist Father is going to kill every one of you!"

At this, Yang flew into an uncontrollable rage. He seized his spear

which was leaning in a corner against the wall and dashed out in the snow, crying:

"Come out here with me! I'll show you a thing or two of Yang Spearcraft!"

"What could mice like you have to do with the kungfu of loyal heroes!" sneered the Taoist priest, following Yang out into the open.

Seeing that a fight was unavoidable, Guo rushed home to fetch his twin halberds. When he came back, the Taoist priest was standing in front of Yang, his sword still in its sheath, his broad sleeves blowing in the strong wind.

"Draw your sword!" cried Yang.

"Bare hands will be enough against mice like you!" retorted the Taoist.

Yang adopted a starting posture, then circled his spear in the move called Venomous Serpent Leaving Its Lair, and tilted at the chest of his opponent. The red tassel on the neck of the spear trembled like a flower in the wind.

"Nice!" The Taoist priest was obviously a little surprised. He swerved leftward to parry this blow and reached out with his left hand to grab the spearhead at the same time.

Yang had worked at his family's tradition of Spearcraft ever since he was a child. And it was a powerful tradition. Decades earlier, General Yang Zaixing, his great-grandfather, had led three hundred Chinese soldiers against forty thousand Jurchen troops at the battle of Small Shang Bridge. The General, with his own iron spear, had killed more than two thousand of the enemy, including the commander and over a hundred

What Yang refers to as Spearcraft is the whole series of techniques (fa) of spear-play handed down through generations of his family. The technique or craft of kungfu consists in the forms of fighting; the successful practice of the craft depends on the practitioner's level of skill or "force" (gong, or kung as it used to be spelt, as in the word kungfu).

officers of various ranks. The Jurchens had rained their arrows down on him, but he snapped off their stems as they pierced his body, and just kept on fighting. In the end, his horse sank into the bog and he died fighting. Later, when the Jurchens burned his body, they found dozens of iron arrowheads in the cinders. After this fight, the Yang tradition of Spearcraft became famous throughout China, and was greatly revered both by the Jurchens and the Chinese.

Yang Tiexin was not his great-grandfather's equal, but he too was a fine fighter with the spear: his dig, thrust, punch, pick-up, parry and block were of the best. His spearhead flashed and the red spear-tassel fluttered brightly against the dazzling snow. But despite the swiftness and agility of his moves, Yang could not so much as graze the robe of the Taoist priest, who dodged and darted and always seemed one move ahead.

After a short time, Yang had gone through all seventy-two moves of the sequence and was growing impatient. He turned around and pretended to leave. As he had expected, the Taoist priest followed him closely. With a mighty cry, Yang suddenly took his spear in both hands, swung round and thrust straight into the face of his enemy with every ounce of force and speed he could master. This final move was the famous Turn-on-the-Saddle of the Yang tradition. General Yang and his many general-sons had killed countless Jurchen captains on the battlefield with this very move.

"Excellent kungfu!" cried the Taoist priest, surprised by this rapid move. Just as the spear approached his face, he clapped his hands together and clamped the spearhead tightly between them. The spear froze in the air. Yang tried with all his force to pull it back, but this proved futile. The spear was stuck as firmly as if it had been riveted to the side of an iron mountain. Yang flushed crimson and tried three more times to pull his spear back, all in vain.

The Taoist priest gave a laugh and struck the shaft of the spear in the middle with his right hand. Yang felt a searing pain between the thumb and index finger of his right hand, and let the spear fall to the

ground.

"You really do know your Yang Spearcraft! My apologies! May I know your name?" said the Taoist priest, smiling.

Yang was still in a state of shock and replied mechanically:

"My name is Yang Tiexin."

"Was the great General Yang Zaixing your ancestor?" continued the Taoist priest.

"General Yang was my late great-grandfather," was the answer.

At this, the priest's face took on an expression of deep respect:

"Accept my humblest apologies. I mistook you for traitors, and have caused you great offence. Please forgive me. I did not know you were descendants of loyal heroes." He turned to Guo. "May I know your name?"

"I am Guo Xiaotian," replied Guo.

"His ancestor was Captain Guo Sheng, one of the seventy-two Earth Stars of Mount Liang," added Yang.

"Please accept my sincere apologies for my rash words," said the Taoist priest with a bow.

Guo and Yang bowed together in return.

"Say no more," said Yang when he had retrieved his spear. "Come in, Abbé, and have another drink."

"Excellent! I should be delighted to have a good drink with you both!" laughed the Taoist priest.

Xiruo had been standing in the doorway watching the fight, worrying for the safety of her husband. She was greatly relieved to see that the three had become friends, and promptly rearranged the table for them.

After settling at the table, Guo and Yang asked the priest his name.

"My name is Qiu Chuji . . ." He had not finished his sentence when Yang sprang up with a cry.

"You mean to tell us you are the Abbé Juventus?" cried Guo.

"That is indeed my humble name in religion," the man conceded

with a smile.

"What an honour and a blessing, to meet the renowned Father of the Supreme Purity Sect!" exclaimed the two men, sinking to their knees.

The priest raised them up at once, explaining:

"I have killed a man today–a rascal, I hasten to add–and was being chased by some officers of the law when you invited me in to drink. Since we are rather close to the capital, and you did not seem like ordinary country folk, my suspicions were aroused."

"Especially since Brother Yang was so rash as to challenge Your Reverence when you came in," added Guo.

"No ordinary country man could have had such force in his hand. So I thought you must be agents of the court, lying in wait for me in disguise. I am most embarrassed," said Juventus.

"No harm done!" smiled Yang. And the three burst out laughing at the same time.

After several rounds of wine, Juventus pointed to the man's head on the ground, saying:

"That once belonged to a man named Wang Daoqian, an unpardonable traitor. Last year, our Emperor dispatched him to the Jurchen Kingdom on the Tartar king's birthday, and he plotted against our people, planning to cross the Yangtze River with the Jurchen and invade the South. I trailed him for two weeks before finally finishing him off today."

There were many tales of kungfu and chivalry surrounding the Taoist Abbé Juventus. He was a well-known figure in the Brotherhood of River and Lake, a legendary hero and patriot, and Guo and Yang were fervent admirers of his. They were also glad of this opportunity to learn new kungfu skills from their distinguished guest.

The Yang Spearcraft was a very powerful style of kungfu on the battlefield, but it was less effective in one-to-one combat. Yang had never stood a chance against Juventus, a supreme master both in terms of sheer inner force and of physical technique. Juventus had played with him, deliberately allowing him to demonstrate all seventy-two moves of the

Yang Spearcraft, in order to ascertain whether he was truly a descendant of the great General. If he had wished to, he could have sent Yang's spear flying after the first few moves.

Juventus now explained to Yang that this family style of his had originally been evolved for use on horseback. On the ground, many of the moves needed to be modified. Yang and Guo drank in his words of instruction. At the same time, since the Yang tradition had not been allowed to circulate outside the family, even Juventus knew few of its details, and Yang was happy to explain some of them to him in return.

The three chatted very pleasantly as they drank. Yang then proposed:

"This is really such a great honour for us. Would Your Reverence care to stay with us for a couple of days?"

Juventus's face suddenly darkened:

"They are after me. You must not show yourselves, no matter what happens."

The two of them nodded. Juventus promptly picked up the human head from the ground, and left the house, "flying" up into a big tree and hiding in the foliage.

Guo and Yang were puzzled. So far as they could tell, it was deadly quiet, except for the sound of the icy gale blowing through the cracks in the door, which was now closed. But after a while, they were gradually able to distinguish the muffled sound of horses' hooves on the wind. Yang was impressed:

"The Abbé has extraordinary hearing!" he thought to himself. "In fact, the Abbé's kungfu is altogether extraordinary," his thoughts continued. "I wonder how he would compare with Chew the Cripple?"

The hoofbeats approached. A dozen riders in black could be seen galloping through the snowy blast towards Yang's house.

The first to arrive reined in his horse sharply, crying:

"The footsteps end here! There was a fight at this spot not long ago!"

Several of the others vaulted from their horses to track the footprints on the snow.

"Search inside!" their captain ordered.

Two other men dismounted immediately and began beating on Yang's door. All of a sudden, a heavy object thudded down from the tree beside the house, catching one of them on the head with enormous force, spilling his brains and laying him dead on the ground. Several of the horsemen cried out and surrounded the tree. One man picked up the missile from the ground and cried in dismay:

"The head of Lord Wang!"

The leader unsheathed his sabre and ordered all his men to encircle the tree. Then he ordered each of his five archers to shoot an arrow up into the tree.

Inside the house, Yang was about to rush out, spear in hand, but Guo stopped him, whispering:

"The Abbé asked us not to show ourselves. We must wait and see if he needs our help."

Just then, they saw an arrow hurtling back from the tree. It struck one of the riders, sending him rolling dead from his saddle into the snow-covered grass. Clearly Juventus had dodged four out of the five arrows, and caught the last one to use as a missile himself.

Juventus then jumped down with his sword unsheathed and despatched two more riders in a flash.

"It's him! It's the Taoist rogue!" their leader shouted.

He let loose three short arrows at Juventus, then galloped towards him with his long sabre raised. However, before he could get close, two more of his men were unseated from their horses.

Yang was watching in awestruck silence, thinking to himself:

"The Abbé's sword moves so quickly, it is impossible to tell one stroke from the next! How could anyone hope to parry him? I have been training for over ten years, but I would certainly have been killed had the Abbé not chosen to spare me!"

Moving like the wind, Juventus now darted at the captain who was still in his saddle. The man was a good fighter, and wielded his long sabre ferociously. But the two onlookers inside the house had by now realised

that Juventus was intentionally prolonging his fight with the captain, in order to be able to kill all the horsemen one by one, either with his fists or with his sword, whenever he got a chance. He knew that if he were to kill the captain at once, his men might escape and scatter in all directions. It would then become more difficult to catch them all.

After a quarter of an hour, only six or seven horsemen were still alive. Their captain now realised that he had no chance, spurred his mount around, and fled at full speed. As he did so, Juventus reached out with his left hand, grabbed the horse's tail and leapt up onto the horse's back, thrusting his sword deep into the captain's back. The tip of the blade protruded from the man's chest. Throwing the body down, Juventus then gave chase, galloping after the rest of them and killing them all. Horseshoes thudded in the snow, his sword flashed. It was all over in a matter of minutes, and the white ground was spattered with fresh blood.

Seeing his enemy annihilated and riderless horses bolting wildly in every direction, Juventus laughed aloud, brandishing his sword and crying out to the two men inside:

"Did you enjoy the killing?"

They opened the door and came out, still shocked by the bloody fight.

"Who were these men, Abbé?" asked Guo.

"See for yourself. Go and search them," replied Juventus.

Guo went to the captain first and found an official document in his clothes, a secret decree issued by Prefect Zhao of Lin-an, the Prime Minister's "pedigree pooch". It stated that a Jurchen envoy, who was now in Lin-an Prefecture, was demanding that the murderer of Wang Daoqian should be apprehended urgently. So Prefect Zhao had dispatched his own runners to catch the murderer, with a Jurchen escort. Reading this document, Guo flew into a rage. Yang meanwhile was searching the other bodies, and cried loudly when he found several identification tablets, written in Jurchen script. It was clear that there were Jurchen officials

among the men.

"These Tartars think they can arrest our people and kill them at will! They roam freely within our territory, and our emperor bows and scrapes to them!" cried Guo in anger. "What is the world coming to!"

"Since our emperor is their subject, so naturally all of our officials are their subjects too," sighed Yang.

"It is the duty of my calling as a priest to show compassion to all living souls. But when I see a traitor or a Jurchen," added Juventus bitterly, "I cannot suppress my impulse to kill!"

"You were right to kill them!" said Guo and Yang with one voice.

There were few inhabitants in that small village, and no one wanted to go out of doors in that snowy blast. If anyone had set eyes on the fight, he would certainly have rushed home, bolted his door tight, and not dared to inquire about what he had seen. Yang fetched spades from home and the three of them buried all the bodies in a pit.

Xiruo also fetched a broom to sweep away the blood stains left on the snow. The reek of the blood suddenly brought on a surge of nausea. A sensation of dizziness swept her off her feet and she fell to the ground. Her husband rushed to her side in alarm, held her in his arms and enquired tenderly: "Are you all right?"

But she just kept her eyes closed and gave no reply. Seeing her ashen face and feeling her ice-cold limbs, her husband was suddenly panic-stricken.

Juventus came over and took Xiruo's wrist. He felt her pulse.

"Congratulations!" he laughed. "Congratulations!"

"What?" asked the bewildered Yang.

By this time Xiruo had come round. Finding herself surrounded by three men, she blushed and hurried back into the house.

"Congratulations! Your wife is expecting a child!" announced Juventus gladly.

"Really?" asked Yang, who was thrilled to hear this.

"Of all the things I've learnt in my life, there are only three arts that have brought me any real comfort. The first is medicine. You know, as a Taoist, I'm supposed to master the art of alchemy. Well, I failed to make the pill of immortality, but I did learn some medicine in the process. The second art is verse composition, although my poems are not really any good. The Martial Arts only come third; I'm just a lame kungfu cat."

"If the Abbé is a lame cat," said Guo Xiaotian jokingly, "then we two brothers must be maimed mice!".

They joked to each as they buried the dead bodies. After that, they went back inside and started drinking again. Juventus was glad to have killed quite a number of Jurchens that evening, and in an expansive mood.

The thought of his wife being with child kept Yang Tiexin grinning from ear to ear. Since Abbé Juventus had admitted that he could compose poems, thought Yang to himself, he must know as much about matters literary as he did about kungfu. So thinking, Yang requested of him:

"Since both my wife and my friend Guo's wife are expecting children, would Your Reverence do us the honor of naming the two unborn children for us?"

Juventus pondered for a short while and said:

"Let's call Brother Guo's child Jing and Brother Yang's, Kang. Whether they turn out to be boys or girls, these names will suit."

"Good! Your Reverence hopes they will never forget the disgrace of the second year of Jing-kang, and never forget the shame inflicted on our two emperors!"

"Exactly!" answered Juventus. He reached inside his gown, extracted two short swords, and put them onto the table. They were identical in shape and length. Both had a gold-inlaid ebony hilt and a green leather scabbard. The Taoist priest then began to inscribe the characters "Guo Jing" and "Yang Kang" onto the hilts of the two weapons, using Yang's dagger. Although it was a hard surface and he was working with a dagger, he wrote faster than an ordinary man with a

brush. By the time they had figured out what he was actually doing, he had already finished.

"I have nothing but this pair of short swords to give to the babies," he said, handing the men the swords with a smile.

Guo and Yang accepted the gifts with gratitude. They drew the swords from their sheaths: the blades were extremely sharp and shone with a cold, sinister aura.

"I acquired this pair of swords by chance," said the priest. "Although the blades are sharp, they are too short for me. But they will be good for your children to defend themselves with. Should I still be alive ten years from today, I promise to visit you again and give the children some training in the Martial Arts. What do you say?"

Both Guo and Yang were overwhelmed with joy and expressed their profuse thanks to the Taoist priest.

"Our northern lands may be occupied by the Jurchens, but their rule cannot last long. They abuse the people too severely. You two will have your part to play when the time comes!"

So saying, Juventus raised his cup and drained it in one gulp, then opened the door to leave. Before they could ask him to stay, he had already stridden far away into the snow, and was lost to sight.

"These great masters come and go like the wind. How lucky we were to meet him today! If only we could have learned more from him!" sighed Guo.

"Brother, we should be content. The Abbé Juventus had a fine fight today, and gave us some satisfaction," said Yang as he drew out one of the short swords and studied the blade with his fingers.

He suddenly thought of something:

"Brother, I've had an idea. I wonder what you will think of it."

"What is it?" asked Guo.

"If both of our children are boys, we should make them brothers. If they're both girls, let's let them be sisters, "

"And if they're a boy and a girl, we'll marry them!" said Guo,

completing the sentence for Yang.

The two brothers clasped hands and laughed heartily.

"What's making you two so happy?" asked Xiruo with a smile as she came out from the inner room. Her husband told her what they had just decided. Upon hearing this, her face reddened. But she also liked the idea very much.

"Let's exchange the swords now as betrothal pledges. Should they be brothers or sisters, we'll exchange them again. But if they're to be married . . . "

"Then I'll be obliged to keep both swords–as the groom's father! Sorry about that!" joked Guo.

"Maybe we'll keep them both," returned Xiruo agreeably.

So the brothers exchanged the swords. At that time, this sort of engagement was a very common practice, and many children were betrothed to each other by their parents before their birth.

Guo went home in high spirits with the short sword inscribed "Yang Kang" on its hilt. When he told his wife of the betrothal agreement, she too was delighted.

書 評

一部難得的翻譯論文集

《神似與形似》，劉靖之著。台北：書林出版有限公司，1996年第1版。書林譯學叢書。1頁+9頁+405頁。新台幣300元。

在漢末迄止宋初的佛經翻譯，明清兩朝的科技翻譯，直至當代中國的科技、政治、文學翻譯的各個時期，中華翻譯傳統不乏道安、眞諦、玄奘、馬建忠、嚴復、魯迅、林語堂、傅雷、錢鍾書等大師對翻譯問題的眞知灼見，但中國人重實踐不重理論的翻譯傳統，在很大程度上阻礙了中華翻譯理論的發展，這是毋庸諱言的一個翻譯史實。因此，對於能夠豐富中華翻譯理論寶庫，有助建立並完善中華翻譯理論體系而做出的一切努力，都是我們由衷企盼與歡迎的。筆者在此特別評介的劉靖之先生新著《神似與形似》，正是我們歡迎與企盼的這種努力。

作爲一部翻譯文集，《神似與形似》有如下幾個特點：

一、它雖由十幾篇內容各異的文章組合而成，但書中的主題思想卻是明確的，即翻譯須"重神似"而"不重形似"。著者特別推崇傅雷的翻譯觀，認爲"翻譯如臨畫，但求神似"，並進一步指出：

翻譯更接近音樂演奏，兩者都有再創作的過程，兩者都滲進了

> 演繹者和詮釋者的氣質和風格：我們既有朱生豪的莎士比亞，亦有梁實秋的莎士比亞；我們既有盧賓斯坦的蕭邦，亦有傅聰的蕭邦……有人說好的譯文是原著的投胎轉世，意思是說軀殼換了，精神、氣質和風格依然故我，音樂演奏與樂譜之間的關係亦是如此，這便是“信達雅”的再現(25)。

本書在概論卷裏所闡述的是這一“重神似不重形似”的翻譯觀，在音樂與評論卷比較傅雷、魯迅、羅大岡、芳信、沈鍊之等大家翻譯羅曼·羅蘭作品時所遵循的也是這一“重神似不重形似”的翻譯觀。通過比較，著者“發覺傅雷譯的最爲神似”，因爲他的譯文“既簡潔有力，又通順流暢，好像是原作者用中文寫出來的一樣。”(148-49)著者認爲，要做到“神似”，就一定要像傅雷那樣能“感應到原文的神髓、感到原作者羅曼·羅蘭的心聲和律動”，譯者與作者必須達到“心心相印的境界，否則是無論如何翻譯不出如此優美、清遠、典雅的抒情文字”(329)。儘管“神似”說並非《神似與形似》一書著者所開創，但著者把它視爲圭臬，以圖發揚光大，爲中華譯壇特別是文學譯壇這一頗具魅力的理論注入新的活力，這種努力無疑是難能可貴的。

二、《神似與形似》一書的最大特點，是關於音樂翻譯的專論。談起翻譯，人們首先想到的是文學、哲學、政論、法律、經濟、科技、商業等等方面的翻譯，而極少會想到其他領域如美術、音樂方面的翻譯。翻閱各種翻譯研究雜誌和近年來出版的幾本關於翻譯的主要文集，如中國對外翻譯出版公司編的《翻譯理論與翻譯技巧論文集》(1983)、羅新璋編的《翻譯論集》

(1984)和中國譯協編的《翻譯研究論文集》(1984)，竟難找到一篇論及音樂翻譯的文章。就連劉靖之本人主編的《翻譯論集》(1980)，也不曾收入音樂翻譯論文。究其原因，正如《神似與形似》中所指出，“主要的還是由於理論工作者對此不夠重視。”(59)由此說來，《神似與形似》一書的出版，可視爲填補了這方面的空白。實際上，《神似與形似》的特別之處，或者說是其他同類翻譯論集的缺門之處，與其說是著者對上述“神似”說的執著追求，倒不如說主要是他對音樂翻譯所作的深入研究。在全書共約 360 頁的十四篇論文(不算附文)，就有大約 230 頁共八篇是專論和主論音樂翻譯的，佔總個篇幅的將近三分之二。著者對於音樂翻譯的論述，涉及到音樂術語、音樂名詞、曲體名稱、裝飾音名稱、音樂史分期、作曲家姓名等各個方面的翻譯問題；既主要論述音樂英漢對譯，也同時觸及到了漢語音樂名詞的英譯；既評述音樂翻譯領域的現狀，又提出音樂翻譯所須遵循的五項原則。[1]不難看出，《神似與形似》對於音樂翻譯的論述，使人感到它一定出自音樂兼翻譯行家之手筆，論述是中肯的，對音樂翻譯的研究也是具有較高指導價值的。

三、《神似與形似》的另一特點，是用了一定篇幅來談論在香港這塊特殊土壤裏，如何在良性的“雙語”或“三語”體系的基礎上，加強母語——中文的教育，因爲“母語教學是最合乎教育原理的、最有效的語文教育方法”，過去那種重英輕中的政策是不可取的，它“使香港市民的中文程度在過去近四十年裏一代不如一代，英語亦不見得特別好，只能達到應付商

[1] 見《神似與形似》，91-92，211。

業和公文工作上的一般程度，造成中、英語文皆不濟事的現象。”(351-52)著者一再呼籲，必須用紮實、高質的母語教育和普通話訓練，以及有效的英語教育，來提高香港人的雙語、三語能力，促進香港的翻譯工作和水平。不切實加強母語教育，翻譯起來就會“事倍功半，翻譯出來的只是‘文化太監’的產品——香港式的譯文。”(356)

在肯定《神似與形似》上述幾個主要特點之後，我也想指出一點似可改進的地方。雖然文集關於“重神似不重形似”的主題思想是明確的，但對主體的專門論述卻顯得有些單薄。除概論卷第一篇〈重神似不重形似——嚴復以來的翻譯理論〉明確點到主題之外，其餘各篇與主題均未直接掛鉤。如能在概論卷裏再增加一、二篇專論“神似與形似”的文章，增加“論”的分量，則能使主題更爲突出。

筆者認爲，對於翻譯的探究，著眼點往往無外乎微觀探討、宏觀闡發、宏微並舉三類。微觀探討多以剖析具體譯題、闡發譯事心得體會、探討翻譯方法技巧爲目的，它探微顯幽，能以論者之切身體驗、生動譯例，而給人以實際的指導。宏觀闡發多以探尋理論依據、發掘譯事規則、建立譯學體系爲依歸，它標新立異，能以不斷翻新之觀念、多視角之理據，而給人以深層的啓迪。囿於微觀之法往往令人陷入就事論事、視線細狹的泥潭，囿於宏觀之法則會產生理論空泛之流弊。因此，最佳之法應當是宏微並舉，即二者良性結合，互爲取長，互相補短。只有這樣，翻譯的實務與翻譯的理論才能得到同樣理想的發展。然而，縱觀中國翻譯研究的現狀，不論是微觀還是宏觀，抑或宏微並舉的探討，目前似乎都處於某種所謂相對的“靜寂

期”。[2]毫無疑問，《神似與形似》一書的問世將有助於打破這種“靜寂”。如能在再版時適度增加“論”的成分，亦即“宏觀”的成分，則更能使其成爲一部難得的好書。

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[2] 劉宓慶先生近期撰寫了一篇題爲〈翻譯理論研究展望〉(《中國翻譯》1996 年第 6 期)的文章，就如何才能走出此種“靜寂期”的問題，從譯學理論發展的角度闡述了他的觀點，值得參考。

Translation as a Trope

Translingual Practice: Literature, National Culture, and Translated Modernity–China, 1900-1937. By Liu, Lydia H. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1995. 474 pages.

In more ways than one Liu's *Translingual Practice* must be lauded as a significant contribution to translation studies, even though it may have been primarily intended for scholars and students of modern Chinese literature. The description on the back cover of the book assigns it to the category of "literature," but in terms of the issues raised, as well the critical paradigms that inform the discussion, *Translingual Practice* could well be read as the answer of the sinologist to the Indian scholar Tejaswini Niranjana's groundbreaking work on translation theory, *Siting Translation: History, Post-structuralism, and the Colonial Context* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1992). The latter, incidentally, is also categorized as "literary theory," according to its dust jacket.

To all intents and purposes, it is likely that Liu's book will appeal differently to the translation scholar and the student of literature. The former will be greatly delighted by the voluminous 112-page appendixes. Liu has here put together a wealth of material relating to the Chinese translation of foreign terms in the early twentieth century. While acknowledging her reliance on Gao Mingkai and Liu Zhengtan's dictionary of loanwords in modern Chinese and Federico Masini's study of the formation of the modern Chinese lexicon in the latter half of the nineteenth century, Liu makes abundantly clear her own contribution (262-63). It can readily be seen that two things mark her off from her predecessors: first, her use of the principle of "ideographic coincidence"; and second, her separation of "return graphic loans" (originating in China but later popularized only through a Japanese translation) from "modern Japanese loanwords." In this way Liu shows brilliantly, the central argument in her

book, namely, that translatability is *constructed*. Appendixes A and D are, in particular, replete with examples of how terms (like *kongqi* 空氣 and *xiaoxue* 小學) were forcibly drafted from the classical language as matching equivalents for foreign words.

In terms of organization, the appendixes function as a backdrop to Liu's theoretical discussion in Chapter One, "The Problem of Language in Cross-Cultural Studies." Liu states at the outset of this book that she is concerned with "cultural translation" and "not about translation in the ordinary sense of the word" (xviii). She abandons the simplistic model of analysis, current in post-colonial studies, where European domination is juxtaposed against the resistance of the colonized. Another antithesis that she wishes to dispense with is the traditional (Chinese) versus the modern (Western). Those well-versed in modern Chinese literary studies will no doubt concur with Liu that these critical constructs are impediments rather than aids to understanding the early twentieth-century Chinese situation. It is to Liu's credit that she emphasizes the notion of agency, of the active but multi-faceted role played by the Chinese themselves during the period being scrutinized. She also quite rightly lambasts East-West binary oppositions for their lack of critical utility. Indeed, the flexibility she demands when one uses such oppositions is most strikingly seen in her disparagement of old-fashioned parallel studies which read, for instance, the Western fantastic into *Liaozhai zhiyi* 聊齋誌異 (138) and the Western psychological understanding of the mind into *Xixiang ji* 西廂記 (132).

The most remarkable thing about the first chapter is that Liu attempts to ground the literary-historical analysis that she undertakes in the rest of the book on current translation theories, especially those of a post-structuralist bent. Taking heed of recent theorists' fixation on the concept of difference in translation rather than equivalence, Liu proposes to talk about "tropes" of equivalence rather than real equivalence. She then summarily discusses several theorists–George Steiner, Walter Benjamin, Jacques Derrida, Johannes Fabian and Tejaswini Niranajana, among others (11-23)–who expound, each in his/her own way, on the notion of difference. To her,

they have shed new light on "translingual practices," definable as "the process by which new words, meanings, discourses, and modes of representation arise, circulate, and acquire legitimacy within the host language" (26). For Liu, both universalist approaches to translation and culturally relativistic approaches still leave much to be desired; her approach will instead focus on particular moments in the concrete, actual interaction between cultures.

Put simply, then, hers is a historicizing approach. It focuses in particular on translated terms and translated modes of literary representation in the period that witnesses the rise of modern Chinese literature, beginning from the turn of the century and ending with the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War (1937). But it is curious that Liu makes no mention at all of Lawrence Venuti's famous anthology of essays, *Rethinking Translation: Discourse, Subjectivity, Ideology* (London: Routledge, 1992), or of his article in *Criticism*–"The Translator's Invisibility" (1986, XXVIII:2, 179-212). Interestingly, Venuti's moves are similar to Liu's–and also similar to Niranjana's in her *Siting Translation* (see esp. 110-42). In the central portion of his "Introduction" to *Rethinking Translation*, Venuti critiques Derrida and de Man for over-stressing the "suprahistorical" concept of language (first adumbrated by Walter Benjamin in his essay "The Task of the Translator"), and losing sight of the fact that language is "errant in socially and *historically* specific ways" (italics mine) (9). Three years later, Venuti's new book, *The Translator's Invisibility: A History of Translation* (London: Routledge, 1995), represents precisely an effort made on his part to historicize translations, to show that "historicity" belongs in a post-structuralist model that has language as its central paradigm. Viewed from this angle, Liu's book–its unique characteristics notwithstanding–participates in some broader trends in the post-structuralist approach to understanding translation.

While Liu does wonderfully interweave literary analysis with a cross-cultural perspective on translation, there are questions raised in the book which the translation scholar (if not the student of literature) would like to

see answered. After the first chapter, the book is divided up into three parts: Part 1 on "Between the Nation and the Individual," Part 2 on "Translingual Modes of Representation," and Part 3 on "Nation Building and Culture Building." The general impression is that the discussion moves in a series of concentric circles, with the focus shifting from the translation of key terms like "self," "identity," and "nationhood" (Part 1) to the transference of literary techniques and concepts (Part 2), and then to the broader issues of establishing a Chinese national culture vis-à-vis Western models (Part 3). As one reads, however, the link with the purely language-related aspects of translation, which is the focus of Chapter 1, becomes more and more tenuous. Translation is the organizing factor behind the book only in the sense that Liu herself time and again alludes to it as a "trope," "something that stands for something else. . .being deployed to make sense of a totally different situation" (127). The translation scholar may be interested in knowing, for instance: Why did neologisms like those invented by Yan Fu not catch on? And if this book is about translated modernity, why is there no mention of the seminal translations of the period, like those by Lin Shu and Zhou Shoujuan? Those issues, however, are ones that Liu probably considers to be peripheral, as seen in the fact that they are often relegated to the footnotes–many of them penned with great care and containing an abundance of information (see for instance, Chapter 1, footnote 101 and Chapter 2, footnote 5, both over a page long).

This does not, however, detract from the many surprises and manifold pleasures one has in reading this ambitious, epoch-making study of early twentieth-century China's experience of the modern, an experience captured in the word "translation."

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The Translation of Aesthetics

The Path of Beauty: A Study of Chinese Aesthetics. By Li Zehou. Translated by Gong Lizeng. Hong Kong: Oxford University Press (Hong Kong) Ltd., 1994. ix, 244 pp. Notes, plates and index. HK$110.00.

According to the preface, Li Zehou expressed his "mystified" delight that "of all my books, this one has met with such enduring popularity." Li's book, which was first published in 1981, has so far been extremely popular –up to August 1993, some 200,000 copies had been printed and at least three pirated editions are now circulating in Taiwan.

Why such popularity? Li reckoned that it was probably due to the fact that he did not pay strict homage to the commonly accepted forms, methods, styles, and rules for the treatment of Chinese classical art and literature. Instead, the work transcends the traditional boundaries of literature and art by touching on interrelated subjects, such as philosophy and history, at the same time. It represents an interdisciplinary treatment of different subjects and a new approach towards aesthetics in the Chinese context.[1]

The book traces the history of Chinese art from remote antiquity to modern times, and develops a provocative but convincing thesis on the sociological, psychological, philosophical and spiritual underpinnings of Chinese culture. Liu Zaifu has this to say about *The Path of Beauty*: "In 1981, Li Zehou published his famous *The Path of Beauty*, giving an entirely unconventional account of the development of ancient Chinese aesthetics. It is a brief and at the same time a broad history of aesthetics; it can also be regarded as a concise history of the thought of ancient Chinese art. In this book, Li Zehou sees the path of beauty in China as the path of the deposit of the national aesthetic consciousness, with a characteristic of

[1] See the "Preface" to *The Path of Beauty: A Study of Chinese Aesthetics*.

practical nationality."[2] Li also says in the preface that "it is neither a detailed historical study, nor an in-depth analysis of texts, but rather an impressionistic overview" and that "if it enlightens readers on the ancient Chinese sense of beauty and enables them to acquire an aesthetic appreciation of Chinese literature and art, then I will have achieved my aim."

After introducing the background of *The Path of Beauty*, I would now like to make it clear that this article is intended to review the translation rather than the content of Li's book. For this specific purpose, I purchased a copy of the Chinese version, published by Hong Kong Li Wen Publishing Press in 1995,[3] and I will examine this English translation against the

[2] Li Zehou and Liu Zaifu: *Farewell to Revolution: Review of the 20th-Century China, Conversations between Li Zehou and Liu Zaifu* (《告別革命——回望二十世紀中國／李澤厚、劉再復對話錄》), Hong Kong: Cosmos Book Ltd., 195. 286-87. (The English title is the reviewer's.)

[3] This Chinese edition contains 135 colour plates. However, there is no preface and there are no editorial notes on the coloured illustrations. The reviewer compared the two (English and Chinese) editions and noted the following differences:

(1) In the English edition, there is a preface by the author, and there is also "a brief chronology of Chinese history", whereas in the Chinese edition, there is neither a preface nor a chart showing the chronology;

(2) The English edition includes 35 black-and-white plates, but there are 135 coloured plates in the Chinese edition;

(3) Of the 35 plates in the English edition, seven are not included in the Chinese edition, as are:

(i) Hall of Supreme Harmony (61)

(ii) Qing Dynasty garden architecture in Lesser West Lake, Yangzhou (61);

(iii) Buddha of the Eastern Han at Lianyungkang, Jiangsu Province, the earliest image discovered in China (108);

Chinese text. Since the English translation "offers the complete text of the original publication,"[4] I will discuss the English translation of the titles and subtitles, the quotations, and the "author's deliberations."

Titles and Subtitles

There are 10 chapters, each of which is sub-divided either into three sections (the first eight chapters) or four sections (the last two chapters). There are thus a total of 10 chapter-titles and 32 sub-titles for the 32 sections. The title of the book seems to be a good and accurate translation, but the translation of the chapter-titles and sub-titles requires careful examination.

The Chinese titles and subtitles as romanized, as well as their translations, are arranged in two columns, as follows:

Chapter	Romanticism	English Translation
1	龍飛鳳舞 [*Longfei fengwu*]	The Era of Dragons and Phoenixes

(iv) Bodhisattva, Tang Dynasty (133);

(v) Travelling Amid Hill and Stream by Fan Kuan, Song Dynasty (189);

(vi) Singing on the Road, by Ma Yuan, Song Dynasty; and

(vii) Setting fire on the Green-cloud Mansion, a woodcut illustration of "Outlaw of Marsh."

The printed plates in the English edition are of a very poor quality, whereas those in the Chinese edition are colourful and of a good quality. On the back cover of the English edition, it is stated that "there are 35 illustrations especially chosen to reinforce the author's discussion," but there is no indication as to who has selected the illustrations. Obviously, as far as the illustrations are concerned, the editors of the two editions do not follow the same principles.

[4] Refer to the back cover of the English translation, paragraph 3.

(i) 遠古圖騰 [*Yuangu tuteng*] — (i) Totems of Remote Antiquity
(ii) 原始歌舞 [*Yuanshi gewu*] — (ii) Primitive Songs and Dances
(iii) 有意味的形式 [*You yiwei de xingshi*] — (iii) Significant Form

2 青銅饕餮 [*Qingtong taotie*] — The Bronze Art
(i) 獰厲的美 [*Ningli de mei*] — (i) Ferocious Beauty
(ii) 線的藝術 [*Xian de yishu*] — (ii) The Art of Line
(iii) 解體和解放 [*Jieti he jiefang*] — (iii) Disintegration and Emancipation

3 先秦理性精神 [*Xianqin lixing jingshen*] — Rational Spirit of Pre-Qin
(i) 儒道互補 [*Rudao hubu*] — (i) Confucianism and Taoism: Complements and Supplements
(ii) 賦比興原則 [*Fubixing yuanze*] — (ii) The Principles of Fu, Bi and Xing
(iii) 建築藝術 [*Jianzhu yishu*] — (iii) Architectural Art

4 楚漢浪漫主義 [*Chu Han langman zhuyi*] — Romanticism of the Chu and Han
(i) 屈騷傳統 [*Qusao chuantong*] — (i) The Traditions of Qu Yuan
(ii) 琳琅滿目的世界 [*Linglang manmu de shijie*] — (ii) A Dazzling World
(iii) 氣勢與古拙 [*Qishi yu guzhuo*] — (iii) Powerful Crudeness

5 魏晉風度 [*Wei Jin Fengdu*] — The Style of Wei and Jin
(i) 人的主題 [*Ren de zhuti*] — (i) The Human Theme
(ii) 文的自覺 [*Wen de zijue*] — (ii) Literary Awareness
(iii) 阮籍與陶潛 [*Ruan Ji yu Tao Qian*] — (iii) Ruan Ji and Tao Qian

6 佛陀世容 [*Fotuo shirong*] — The Buddha's Worldly Countenance
(i) 悲慘世界 [*Beican shijie*] — (i) A Miserable World
(ii) 虛幻的頌歌 [*Xuhuan de songge*] — (ii) Illusory Praise
(iii) 走向世俗 [*Zouxiang shisu*] — (iii) Toward the Secular

7 盛唐之音 [*Shengtang zhi ying*] — Voice of the Prime Tang
(i) 青春，李白 [*Qingchun, Li Bai*] — (i) Springtime and Li Bai
(ii) 音樂性的美 [*Yingyuexing de mei*] — (ii) Musical Beauty
(iii) (iii) 杜詩顏字韓文 [*Dushi Yanzi Hanwen*] — (iii) Du's Poetry, Yan's Calligraphy, Han's Prose

8 韻外之致 [*Yunwai zhizhi*] — Beyond the Rhythm
(i) 中唐文藝 [*Zhongtang wenyi*] — (i) Important Characteristics of the mid-Tang
(ii) 內在矛盾 [*Neizai maodun*] — (ii) Inner Contradictions
(iii) 蘇軾的意義 [*Su Shi de yiyi*] — (iii) The Significance of Su Shi

9 宋元山水意境 [*Song Yuan shanshui yijing*] — Landscape Painting of the Song and Yuan
(i) 緣起 [*Yuanqi*] — (i) Beginnings

	(ii) "無我之境" ["*Wuwo zhijing*"]	(ii) "Absence of Self"
	(iii) 細節忠實和詩意追求 [*Xijie zhongshi he shiyi zhuiqiu*]	(iii) Faithfulness to Detail and the Search for Poetic Flavor
	(iv) "有我之境" ["*Youwo zhijing*"]	(iv) "Presence of Self"
10	明清文藝思潮 [*Ming Qing wenyi sichao*]	Main Trends in Art and Literature of Ming and Qing
	(i) 市民文藝 [*Shimin wenyi*]	(i) Vernacular Literature and Art
	(ii) 浪漫洪流 [*Langman hongliu*]	(ii) The Torrent of Romanticism
	(iii) 從感傷文學到《紅樓夢》 [*Cong ganshang wenxue dao Hongloumeng*]	(iii) From Sentimental Literature to *A Dream of Red Mansion*
	(iv) 繪畫與工藝 [*Huihua yu gongyi*]	(iv) Painting and the Arts and Crafts
	結語 [*Jieyu*]	Afterword

The translation of the above titles and subtitles involves a wide spectrum of terms and phrases relating to music and dance, painting and crafts, architecture and philosophy, literature and calligraphy, poetry and essays, and so forth. There is a need to stick to the literal meanings of these terms and phrases as well as to convey the essence they denote. I will select those that I would like to comment on, for consideration by the translator, Mr. Gong Lizeng, and the readers. The numbers are used to identify the chapters and sections listed above.

1. The phrase *longfei fengwu* conveys an image in motion: the dragon is flying and the phoenix is dancing. There is no mention of "the

era" in the original title. It seems that the English translation should be rendered as "the flying dragon(s) and the dancing phoenix(es)."

(iii) According to section (iii) of chapter 1, *you yiwei de xingshi* seems to mean "the forms which have meaningful contents and flavour."

2. (ii) It seems that *xian de yishu* should be translated as "the art of lines" or "the art of the linear."

3. (iii) "the art of architecture" seems more appropriate than "architectural art."

4. (iii) *Qishi* means "moving force and power," and *gujui* means "ancient intransigence"–display of toughness, clumsiness, crudeness and an uncompromising character in ancient times. *Qishi gujui* should therefore be understood as "the powerful moving force and the ancient intransigence."

5. (i) *Rende zhuti* denotes "taking human beings as the theme," not "the human theme," as rendered by the translator.

7. *Shengtang zhiyin* should be understood as "the tone or sound of the High Tang." "Voice" is not the same as "tone" or "sound," and "prime" is also different from "prosperity." To be more accurately translated into English, *shengtang zhiyin* should be rendered as "The sound of the High Tang."
(i) *Qingchun* means "youth," not "springtime."
(ii) *Yingyuexing de mei* in this section is used to describe the beauty of calligraphy and painting, which resemble "the nature of music." It should preferably be rendered as "a beauty resembling the nature of music."

8. *Yun* and *zhizhi* refer to "a taste of the melody and rhythm." Therefore, *yunwai zhizhi* should be understood as "beyond the melody and rhythm."
(i) *Zhongtang wenyi* simply means "the literature and art of mid-Tang." There is no mention of "important characteristics" in the original text.

9. *Song Yuan shanshui yijing* means "the artistic conception of the landscape painting of Sung and Yuan." The translator of the book has ignored the two characters *yijing*, which happen to be very important in the context of this phrase.
(i) *Yuanqi* means "the background of the origins."
(ii) *Wuwo zhijing* should be understood as "a situation where there is no selfhood."
(iii) *Shiyi zhuiqiu* actually means "to search for an artistic conception in poetry."
(iv) *Youwo zhijing* means "a situation where there is selfhood."

10. (i) *Shimin wenyi* means "urban citizens' literature and art."

The seventeen comments above are intended to provide more accurate translations, as the differences in meaning between some of the Chinese and English titles and subtitles in the book under review are obvious.

Quotations

There are quite a number of quotations from the Classics and the translation of these quotations is a difficult job; for example, there is a quotation on music in chapter 3, from Xunzi's *Yuelun* (On Music):

> 夫樂者，樂也。人情之所不必免也。故人不能無樂。……使其聲足以樂而不流，使其文足以辨而不識，使其曲直、繁省、廉肉、節奏、足以感動人之善心，使夫邪污之氣無由得接焉。
>
> (荀子：《樂論》，67)

The English translation:

> Music is joy, a human passion that cannot be dispensed with; so man cannot do without music. Its sound should create joy without degeneracy; its words should be discriminating but not reprimanding; its straight or winding movements, elaborate or simple composition. Simple or rich tones and rhythm should be such as to awaken the goodness in man and prevent evil and corruption.
>
> (Xunzi: *Yuelun*, 47)

I would like to discuss the choice of the word "passion" in translating the phrase *renqing zhisuo bubi mianye*. The English translation, which reads "a human passion that cannot be dispensed with" here, should preferably be "human emotions that cannot be dispensed with," as the original text refers to the general emotions of human beings and "passion" is too strong a word for the meaning conveyed in the text.

There are also a number quotations from poems, such as the one in chapter 7, "Voice of the Prime Tang":

> 前不見古人，後不見來者，念天地之悠悠，獨愴然而涕下。
>
> (陳子昂：〈登幽州台歌〉，162)

The English translation is:

> I see no ancients before me,
> No followers behind;
> I think of the vastness of heaven and earth;
> Sad and lonely, the teardrops fall.
>
> (Chen Zi'ang [661-702], "Atop the Youzhou Terrace," 138)

It seems that "before me" is a wrong interpretation of the word 前 which I think refers to "aforetime" and 古人 means "ancestors"; similarly 後 refers to "thereafter" or "afterward," in contrast to "aforetime"; 念 in the third line denotes "thinking of." Therefore, this poem should be translated as follows:

> There are no ancestors of aforetime,
> nor followers thereafter;
> Thinking of the vastness and timelessness of heaven and earth,
> lonely and sadly, my tears drop.

There is another poem:

> 春眠不覺曉，處處聞啼鳥，夜來風雨聲，花落知多少。
>
> (孟浩然：〈春曉〉，162)

The English translation is:

> In my spring slumber I felt not the dawn,
> Till I heard birds singing all round;
> There was sound of wind and rain in the night,
> How many petals lie strewn on the ground!
>
> (Meng Haoran [689-c740], "Spring Dawn," 138)

In the original poem, there is not a single "I" and therefore the translator should try to avoid "I" so as to preserve its flavour. The following translation may be closer to the original text:

> Spring slumber, not feeling the arrival of the dawn
> Birds' singing can be heard everywhere;
> There was sound of winds and rain during the night,
> No one knows how many petals have fallen.

Presumably, all the passages and poems quoted in the book have been translated by Gong Lizen himself. However, the styles of these translations seem varied.

Author's Deliberations

The flow of the translation is on the whole satisfactory and "author's deliberations" is readable. However, there are certain translated words or phrases which do not convey the exact meaning of the original text. For example, the phrase *canlan de lishi* (燦爛的歷史) in the beginning sentence of chapter 1, which means "brilliant history," has been translated as "complex" history. I have identified a few more problems below, including a paraphrasing rather than translation of the original text (example IV) and an omission of the original text's concluding paragraph in the translation (example VI):

Example I

> 總之，在這個從再現到表現，從寫實到象徵，從形到線的歷史過程中，人們不自覺地創造了和培育了比較純粹（線比色要純粹）的美的形式和審美的形式感。
>
> （第一章："龍飛鳳舞"，29）

To sum up, in the historical process from representation to "expression," from realism to symbolism, from figures to lines, humankind unconsciously created and cultivated a relatively pure form of beauty and aesthetic feeling for form. Line is a purer form than colour in labour life, and natural objects.

(Chapter 1: "The Era of Dragon and Phoenixes," 22)

Comments: *Zaixian* should be rendered as "reappearance" or "recapitulation," and "representation" is not an appropriate translation. Otherwise the above is a well translated passage.

Example II

漢文化所以不同於其他民族的文化，中國人所以不同於外國人，中華藝術所以不同於其他藝術，其思想由來仍應追溯到先秦孔學。不管是好是壞，是批判還是繼承，孔子在塑造中國民族性格和文化——心理結構上的歷史地位，已是一種難以否認的客觀事實。孔學在世界上成爲中國文化的代名詞，並非偶然。

（第三章："先秦理性精神"， 65 ）

The ideological basis of Chinese culture–what makes it different from other cultures, what makes the Chinese people different from other peoples and Chinese art different from other arts–must be traced back to Pre-Qin Confucianism. Whether viewed as good or bad, whether accepted or repudiated, the historical role of Confucius and Confucianism in shaping the Chinese character, culture, and psychology is an undeniable reality. It is not incidental that Confucianism has become synonymous with Chinese culture all over the world.

(Chapter 3: "Rational Spirit of Pre-Qin." 45)

Comments: (i) *jicheng* should be rendered as "to inherit" rather than "to accept"; (ii) *Minzhu xinge* means "the Chinese national character"; and (iii) *xinli jiegou* in English should be "psychological structure." I would therefore suggest that this sentence be translated as "whether viewed as good or bad, whether repudiated or inherited, the historical role of Confucius in shaping the Chinese national character and cultural psychological structure is an undeniable fact."

Example III

中國文學(包括詩與散文)以抒情勝。

（第三章："先秦理性精神"， 71）

Chinese literature (prose or poetry) is largely lyrical.

(Chapter 3: "Rational Spirit of Pre-Qin," 53)

Comments: *Sheng* in this context means "good at," or "superior"; "largely" is therefore a wrong translation. The sentence should be translated as: "Chinese literature, including poetry and prose, is at its best when it is lyrical."

Example IV

似乎肉體愈摧殘，心靈愈豐滿；身體愈瘦削，精神愈高妙；現實愈悲慘，神像愈美；人世愈愚蠢、低劣，神的微笑便愈睿智、高超。

（第六章："佛陀世容"， 141）

Whatever they may symbolize, the sculptures were actually a representation of what was considered the ideal human form, spirit, appearance, and style in those days.

(Chapter 6: "The Buddha's Worldly Countenance," 114)

Comments: The English version is hardly a translation of the Chinese text. It is in fact a summary or a paraphrase of the original text. I would suggest that the English translation for this paragraph be: "It seems that the more the body suffers the fuller the mind will be; the slimmer the human body, the higher the spirit; the more tragic the reality, the more beautiful God's image; and the more stupid and inferior the people, the wiser and more transcendental God's smile."

Example V

在中國所有藝術門類中，詩歌與書法最爲源流遠長，歷時悠久。書法與詩歌同在唐代達到了難以比擬的高峰，既是這個時期最普及的藝術，又是這個時期最成熟的藝術。

（第七章："盛唐之音"， 164 ）

Poetry and calligraphy are the two oldest branches of Chinese art. Both reach heights during the Tang that have never been equalled in later dynasties. They were the most popular and at the same time the most mature forms of art of this period.

(Chapter 7: "Voice of the Prime Tang," 142)

Comments: (i) "Poetry and calligraphy are the two oldest branches of Chinese art" should read "In all branches of art in China, poetry and calligraphy are the two which originated in ancient times and which have the longest history"; and (ii) Both reach heights during the Tang "that have never been equalled in later dynasties" should read "They both reached a height in the Tang Dynasty which was difficult to equal in later dynasties."

Example VI

美作爲感性與理性，形式與內容，眞與善，合規律性與合目的性的統

一（參閱拙作《批判哲學的批判》），與人性一樣，是人類歷史上的偉大成果，那麼儘管如此匆忙的歷史巡禮，如此粗糙的隨筆札記，對於領會和把握這個巨大而重要的成果，該不只是一件閑情逸致或毫無意義的事情吧？

（結語， 262-63 ）

Comments: This concluding paragraph is completely omitted in the English translation. In fact, this is an extremely important paragraph which concludes the author's views on the aesthetics of Chinese art.

Concluding Remarks

As mentioned in the introduction and other sections of this review, the English translation of *The Path of Beauty* is readable and generally of a good standard. However, there are places which require further consideration. To conclude, I would like to suggest the following:

1. There is a need for a glossary of Chinese names and terms;
2. The paraphrased passages should be translated and those paragraphs left untranslated should be included in future editions.
3. There should be more coloured illustrations.

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學術訊息

中國首屆詹姆斯・喬伊斯國際學術研討會

1996年7月5日至9日，在北京、天津兩地隆重舉行了'96中國首屆詹姆斯・喬伊斯國際學術研討會。這次研討會是由天津外國語學院、愛爾蘭駐華使館、美國佛吉尼亞大學、國際喬伊斯學會、中國社會科學院外國文學研究所、北京大學、人民文學出版社、台灣九歌出版社等八家單位聯合主辦，外院具體承辦。來自美國、愛爾蘭、香港、台灣等國家和地區及國內中國社會科學院、北京大學、人民文學出版社、北京外國語大學、經濟日報社、《英語世界》雜誌社、解放軍外國語學院、大連外國語學院等70餘位著名專家學者參加了研討會。新華社、中央電視台、天津電視台、天津日報、中國日報、光明日報、文匯報和文藝報等八家新聞單位及時採訪和報導了這一具有重要意義的會議。

詹姆斯・喬伊斯(James Joyce 1882–1941)是世界著名的愛爾蘭文學家，是二十世紀世界文壇上最重要的作家之一。他和他的代表作《尤利西斯》經歷了艱難曲折的命運。所受到的大褒大貶的評論爲世界文學史所罕見。英國和美國曾禁止出版《尤利西斯》；前蘇聯曾爲此進行了激烈、尖銳的爭論，焦點是蘇

聯文學需要不需要喬伊斯。但是，一位偉大的作家、一部眞正優秀的文學作品是經得起歷史和實踐檢驗的。經過漫長時間後，詹姆斯·喬伊斯才爲人們所接受，爲社會所認同。現在，人們已達成共識，愛爾蘭文學大師詹姆斯·喬伊斯是二十世紀文學的重大現象。他的巨著《尤利西斯》是二十世紀文學的一部經典作品，被譽爲“二十世紀最偉大的英語文學著作”。要翻譯這部巨著，不論在哪個國家都非輕而易舉。但是，天津外語學院金隄教授知難而進，傾注十六年心血，將這部作者難寫、讀者難讀、譯者更難譯的文學精品譯成中文，於 1994 年和 1996 年由人民文學出版社和台灣九歌出版社同時出版，引起了海內外學者的廣泛關注。

大會共收到中外論文二十一篇。在會上宣讀論文的有：中國社會科學院外國文學研究所研究員袁可嘉，題目是〈現代主義對中國讀者的重要性〉；天津外國語學院教授、美國佛吉尼亞大學研究員金隄，題目是〈《尤利西斯》人物創造藝術〉；聯合國中文翻譯部莊信正，題目是〈漢譯《尤利西斯》所涉及的種種問題〉；美國喬治梅森大學副教授 Collin Owens，題目是“Joyce and the Irish Cultural Rebirth”（喬伊斯與愛爾蘭文化的再生）；美國佛吉尼亞大學卡貝爾講座教授 Robert Langbaum，題目是“Parallax: Joyce's Relativism in *Ulyssses*”（視差：喬伊斯在《尤利西斯》中的相對性表現手法）；美國俄亥俄州立大學教授、原國際喬學會主席、現任理事、常務秘書 Morris Beja，題目是“'I am other I now': Time and the Self in Joyce and Modernist Literature”（“I am other I now”——喬伊斯與現代文學的時代與個性）；台灣大學副教授曾麗玲，題目是〈霧中看花花自媚——

讀金譯全本《尤利西斯》〉。會議期間宣讀論文的還有：香港城市大學講師方淑箴，牛津大學博士研究生張京洪，天津外國語學院副教授于洪英，美國芝加哥大學教授李奭學，中國社會科學院外國文學研究所英美部主任、副研究員黃梅，《經濟日報》國際副刊編輯劉自立，天津作家趙玫，美國北卡羅來納大學教授 Weldon Thornton，美國馬薩諸塞大學比較文學教授 Maria Tymoczko，美國明尼蘇達大學教授劉君若，美國佛吉尼亞大學教授 Robert Kellogg，國際喬學會理事 Mary Reynolds，以及愛爾蘭詹姆斯·喬伊斯研究中心主任 Michael Darcy 等。這些論文充分反映了近年來國際喬學界、國內外國文學研究和翻譯界的最新研究成果，同時也反映了天津外國語學院教學與科研工作所取得的成績和達到的水平。我院特爲這次研討會選派了兩名青年教師做同聲傳譯，這使中外學者能更方便、快捷地相互交流。

天津外國語學院外事處
潘萍
1996 年 11 月 21 日

Obituary

STEPHEN C. SOONG

(1919–1996)

Stephen C. Soong 宋淇, one of the founding members of the Hong Kong Translation Society, and at various times its Honorary Secretary, Vice-Chairman and Chairman, was born into a prominent Wuxing family. His grandfather was a prosperous Shanghai silk merchant. His father, Song Chunfang (T. F. Soong), was educated in Geneva and Paris (where he kept a stylish carriage, went frequently to the theatre and wrote books in French), and went on to become Professor of Drama at Peking University (he was the subject for one of Somerset Maugham's sketches in *On A Chinese Screen*). From 1932 Stephen attended St John's High School in Shanghai. He entered the Foreign Languages Department of Yenching University in 1935, moving with the peripatetic Yenching campus from Peking to Wuhan and then to Shanghai, and finally graduating in 1940. From 1943 to 1945 he worked in the theatre in Shanghai.

In 1948 he came to Hong Kong, and in 1952 became Editor of the Book Translation programme at the U. S. Information Service. From 1956 until 1967 he worked in the Hong Kong film industry, and in 1968 went to work for the Vice-Chancellor of the newly established Chinese University of Hong Kong, Li Choh-Ming, as his Special Assistant. He played an important role in establishing the Chinese University, and went on to become the Director of the Research Centre for Translation (under

its various names), and Editor of *Renditions*, the translation journal published there since 1973, until his retirement in the1980s.

I first encountered Stephen in 1978, when at the suggestion of his old friend Liu Ts'un-yan I contributed a translation to a special issue of *Renditions* devoted to *ci*-lyric poetry (the book version was entitled *Song Without Music*). Even at a distance I became aware that he was one of that wonderful breed of editors who actually enjoyed corresponding with their authors and translators. He cared deeply about literature and translation, and was prepared to go to extraordinary lengths to get things right. He wrote long, detailed letters, from which I learned a great deal. If occasionally I differed from him, he never tried to lay down the law.

Four years later I had the great good fortune to come and work with him on *Renditions*, and for the next four years I used to see him almost every day–except for those periods when his health, already at that time delicate, prevented him from coming to the office. I worked with him on several issues of the magazine, including three special double issues: one devoted to Middlebrow Fiction (which Liu Ts'un-yan guest-edited), one on Contemporary Chinese Literature (the book version was entitled *Trees on the Mountain*), and one on Chinese Poetry and Poetics (*A Brotherhood in Song*). The mid-80s were an eventful time. China was at last showing signs of producing writers of some creativity, and Stephen, who had always been a scathing critic of the barbarism of the communist regime ever since the 50s, watched these developments with interest and a certain degree of scepticism. He had always himself been very much in touch with the best writing being done in Hong Kong and Taiwan. It was he who introduced me to the writing of Xi Xi, and shared an unexpected enthusiasm for the fiction of Louis Cha (Jin Yong).

An accomplished translator himself, Stephen was a highly cultivated reader of literature and had an intuitive sense of quality. He was a fine editor and critic. His study of the first volume of David Hawkes' *The Story of the Stone* was a model of sensitive translation criticism. To his old love for the novel (about which he cared

enormously, and which he knew like the back of his hand) he brought an acute awareness of the challenge of translating for a genuine novel-reading public.

His own tastes were wide-ranging. Himself a poet, and a translator of modern English poetry, he read classical Chinese poetry of all kinds with effortless ease. He also knew his way around classical and modern Chinese fiction. He read widely in English literature, and translated Henry James into Chinese. But he was by no means a pedantic scholar. He was a creative man-of-letters, as at home in the theatre, and in the worlds of film-making and publishing, as he was in the scholar's library.

His was the kind of multi-faceted talent that would have flourished in an un-liberated Shanghai. He was a contemporary of that generation of post-war literary figures such as the Nine Leaves group of poets, which included Mu Dan. Their tragic fate would surely have been his, if he had stayed behind. It was in his family home in Shanghai that Fu Lei, Balzac's translator, lived after liberation. Stephen used to share with me his correspondence with such friends of his as Eileen Chang, C. T. Hsia and Qian Zhongshu. When we were working on *Trees on the Mountain* he corresponded with the Paris-based artist Zao Wou-ki, whose paintings illustrated the book. These were kindred spirits. Stephen was very much the Chinese literary exile, like his friend Yu Kwang-chung, whose powerful poem "The Kowloon-Canton Railway" Stephen translated with Louise Ho:

"How does it feel to be in Hong Kong?" you ask.
Holding your aerogram, I smile sadly.
Hong Kong beats with a metallic rhythm, my friend,
Of a thousand steel wheels playing on the steel tracks,
To and fro the border, from sunrise to sundown,
Going north, coming south, playing the Border Blues again and again,
Like an umbilical cord that cannot be severed or crushed . . .

He was a keen observer of developments in China, especially the plight of the Chinese intelligentsia (he had himself translated Milosz' *The Captive Mind*), and used to fulminate with passion against the way the Chinese language was being perverted by politics.

He played an important part in Hong Kong literary life. But I feel that of all his professional commitments, it was *Renditions* that meant the most to him. He loved planning new issues, thinking up the lay-out and the illustrations, and poring over the proofs with the production team.

My most vivid memory of Stephen is of a telephone conversation I had with him late one evening. I had called him at home, to ask for help with a tricky passage in one of the later chapters of *The Story of the Stone*. It was a scene where Jia Baoyu and Lin Daiyu converse in riddles. He called back, and went into the problem at some length. But the following morning, when I met him in his office, he enacted the scene for me in far greater detail, pacing from one corner of the room to the other, speaking the lines again and again until he was convinced that he had got them "right". I realized then that he had been up till the early hours, trying to understand the dialogue, to visualize the scene, trying to get to the bottom of it, to fathom the working of the author's imagination. It was the spirit of a man of the theatre and of the cinema, of a *Stone*-aficionado and of a translator. But in the end he was helping a friend.

He chose the title *A Brotherhood in Song* for his last Renditions Book, after some lines by Keats:

> Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
> And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.

For the book's Chinese title, we chose together *Zhiyin ji* (知音集). Stephen's Introduction to that book ends with a moving evocation of the "continuity and universality of Chinese poetry," and of the community of its practitioners (and translators).

> It does not matter whether one is an established authority, a veteran practitioner, or like our maid Caltrop, just a newly initiated student. The important thing is to share in a genuine feeling for, and a basic understanding of, the exquisite and enduring art form of traditional Chinese poetry.

He believed in that.

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Editor's Note

This special issue is a collection of selected papers presented at a conference on "The Question of Reception: Martial Arts Fiction in English Translation" from 22 to 23 March 1996 at Lingnan College, jointly organized by the Centre for Language, Literature and Translation of Lingnan College, the Centre for Translation Studies of the Hong Kong Polytechnic University and the Hong Kong Translation Society. *The production cost is funded by the Centre for Literature and Translation of Lingnan College, and its members of staff assisted in the editorial and production work.*

Liu Ching-chih

Notes on Contributors

Joseph S. M. Lau 劉紹銘 was born in Hong Kong. He received his B.A. in English from National Taiwan University in 1960 and Ph.D. in Comparative Literature from Indiana University in 1966. He taught Chinese and Comparative Literature at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, before returning to Hong Kong in 1994. He is at present Professor of Translation and Dean of the Faculty of Arts at Lingnan College. Professor Lau has published extensively in Chinese and in English.

John Minford 閔福德 read Chinese at Oxford University and received his Ph.D. from the Australian National University. He is currently Professor of Translation in the Department of Chinese and Bilingual Studies at the Hong Kong Polytechnic University. His translations include the last forty chapters of *The Story of the Stone*, published by Penguin Classics.

Geremie R. Barmé 白杰明 is a Senior Fellow in the Division of Pacific and Asian History, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, Australian National University, Canberra, Australia, and the Editor of *East Asian History*. His most recent book is *Shades of Mao: The Posthumous Cult of the Great Leader* (M. E. Sharpe, Armonk, New York, 1996).

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