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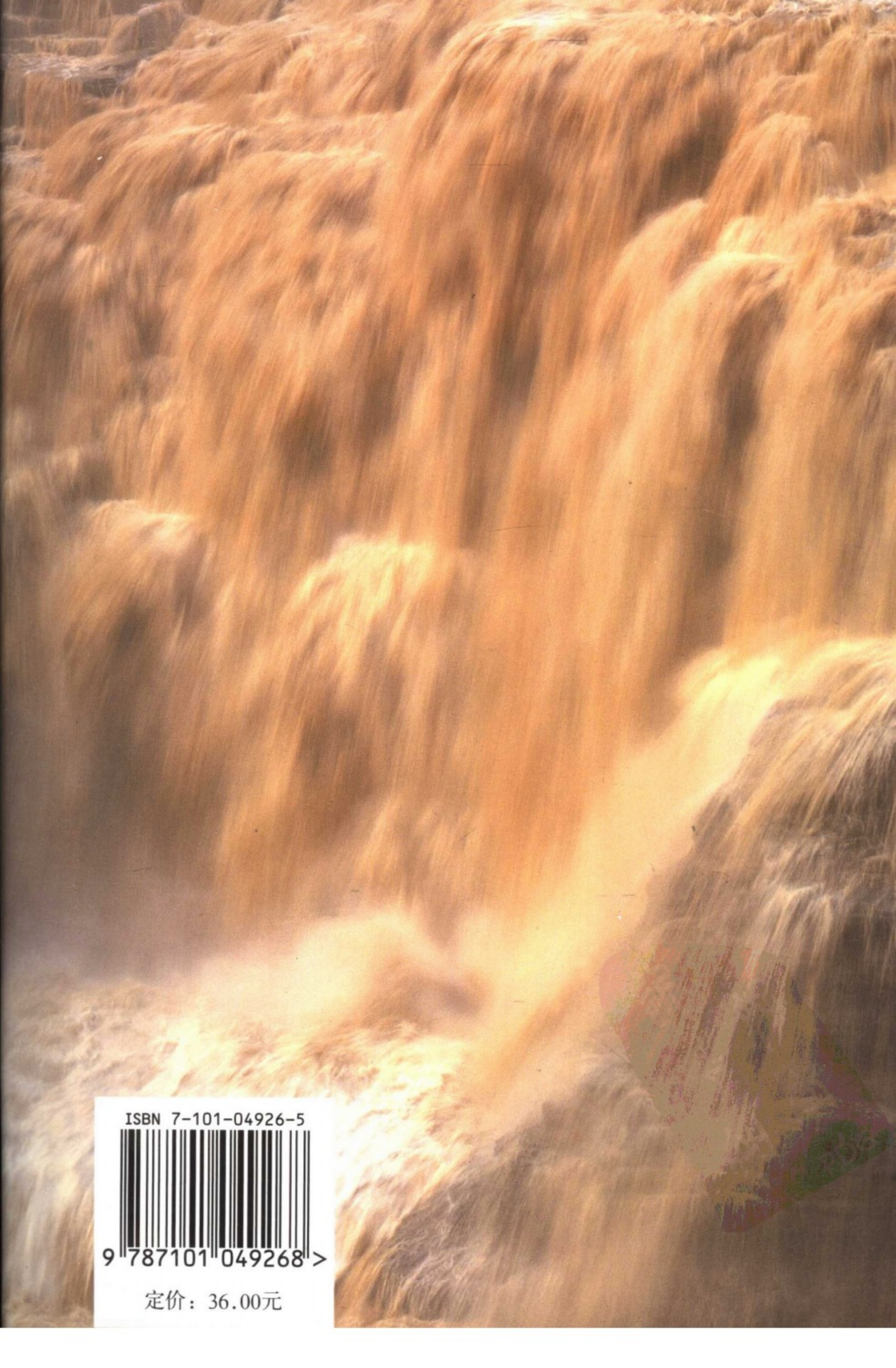
大中华文库

汉英对照

阮籍诗选

THE POEMS OF RUAN JI





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The Poems of Ruan Ji



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Translated into English by Wu Fusheng and Graham Hartill

Translated into Modern Chinese by Wu Fusheng

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总 序

杨牧之

《大中华文库》终于出版了。我们为之高兴，为之鼓舞，但也倍感压力。

当此之际，我们愿将郁积在我们心底的话，向读者倾诉。

—

中华民族有着悠久的历史 and 灿烂的文化，系统、准确地将中华民族的文化经典翻译成外文，编辑出版，介绍给全世界，是几代中国人的愿望。早在几十年前，西方一位学者翻译《红楼梦》，书名译成《一个红楼上的梦》，将林黛玉译为“黑色的玉”。我们一方面对国外学者将中国的名著介绍到世界上去表示由衷的感谢，一方面为祖国的名著还不被完全认识，甚而受到曲解，而感到深深的遗憾。还有西方学者翻译《金瓶梅》，专门摘选其中自然主义描述最为突出的篇章加以译介。一时间，西方学者好像发现了奇迹，掀起了《金瓶梅》热，说中国是“性开放的源头”，公开地在报刊上鼓吹中国要“发扬开放之传统”。还有许多资深、友善的汉学家译介中国古代的哲学著作，在把中华民族文化介绍给全世界的工作方面作出了重大贡献，但或囿于理解有误，或缘于对中国文字认识的局限，质量上乘的并不多，常常是隔靴搔痒，说不到点子上。大哲学家黑格尔曾经说过：中国有最完



备的国史。但他认为中国古代没有真正意义上的哲学，还处在哲学史前状态。这么了不起的哲学家竟然作出这样大失水准的评论，何其不幸。正如任何哲学家都要受时间、地点、条件的制约一样，黑格尔也离不开这一规律。当时他也只能从上述水平的汉学家译过去的文字去分析、理解，所以，黑格尔先生对中国古代社会的认识水平是什么状态，也就不难想象了。

中国离不开世界，世界也缺少不了中国。中国文化摄取外域的新成分，丰富了自己，又以自己的新成就输送给别人，贡献于世界。从公元5世纪开始到公元15世纪，大约有一千年，中国走在世界的前列。在这一千多年的时间里，她的光耀照耀全世界。人类要前进，怎么能不全面认识中国，怎么能不认真研究中国的历史呢？

二

中华民族是伟大的，曾经辉煌过，蓝天、白云、阳光灿烂，和平而兴旺；也有过黑暗的、想起来就让人战栗的日子，但中华民族从来是充满理想，不断追求，不断学习，渴望和平与友谊的。

中国古代伟大的思想家孔子曾经说过：“三人行，必有我师焉。择其善者而从之，其不善者而改之。”孔子的话就是要人们向别人学习。这段话正是概括了整个中华民族与人交往的原则。人与人之间交往如此，在与周边的国家交往中也是如此。

秦始皇第一个统一了中国，可惜在位只有十几年，来不及作更多的事情。汉朝继秦而继续强大，便开始走出去，了



解自己周边的世界。公元前 138 年，汉武帝派张骞出使西域。他带着一万头牛羊，总值一万万钱的金帛货物，作为礼物，开始西行，最远到过“安息”（即波斯）。公元前 36 年，班超又率 36 人出使西域。36 个人按今天的话说，也只有一个排，显然是为了拜访未曾见过面的邻居，是去交朋友。到了西域，班超派遣甘英作为使者继续西行，往更远处的大秦国（即罗马）去访问，“乃抵条支而历安息，临西海以望大秦”（《后汉书·西域传》）。“条支”在“安息”以西，即今天的伊拉克、叙利亚一带，“西海”应是今天的地中海。也就是说甘英已经到达地中海边上，与罗马帝国隔海相望，“临大海欲渡”，却被人劝阻而未成行，这在历史上留下了遗恨。可以想见班超、甘英沟通友谊的无比勇气和强烈愿望。接下来是唐代的玄奘，历经千难万险，到“西天”印度取经，带回了南亚国家的古老文化。归国后，他把带回的佛教经典组织人翻译，到后来很多经典印度失传了，但中国却保存完好，以至于今天，没有玄奘的《大唐西域记》，印度人很难编写印度古代史。明代郑和“七下西洋”，把中华文化传到东南亚一带。鸦片战争以后，一代又一代先进的中国人，为了振兴中华，又前赴后继，向西方国家学习先进的科学思想和文明成果。这中间有我们的领导人朱德、周恩来、邓小平；有许许多多大科学家、文学家、艺术家，如郭沫若、李四光、钱学森、冼星海、徐悲鸿等。他们的追求、奋斗，他们的博大胸怀，兼收并蓄的精神，为人类社会增添了光彩。

中国文化的形成和发展过程，就是一个以众为师，以各国人民为师，不断学习和创造的过程。中华民族曾经向周边国家和民族学习过许多东西，假如没有这些学习，中华民族决不可能创造出昔日的辉煌。回顾历史，我们怎么能够不对



伟大的古埃及文明、古希腊文明、古印度文明满怀深深的感激?怎么能够不对伟大的欧洲文明、非洲文明、美洲文明、澳洲文明,以及中国周围的亚洲文明充满温情与敬意?

中华民族为人类社会曾作出过独特的贡献。在15世纪以前,中国的科学技术一直处于世界遥遥领先的地位。英国科学家李约瑟说:“中国在公元3世纪到13世纪之间,保持着一个西方所望尘莫及的科学知识水平。”美国耶鲁大学教授、《大国的兴衰》的作者保罗·肯尼迪坦言:“在近代以前时期的所有文明中,没有一个国家的文明比中国更发达,更先进。”

世界各国的有识之士千里迢迢来中国观光、学习。在这个过程中,中国唐朝的长安城渐渐发展成为国际大都市。西方的波斯、东罗马,东亚的高丽、新罗、百济、南天竺、北天竺,频繁前来。外国的王侯、留学生,在长安供职的外国官员,商贾、乐工和舞士,总有几十个国家,几万人之多。日本派出“遣唐使”更是一批接一批。传为美谈的日本人阿部仲麻吕(晁衡)在长安留学的故事,很能说明外国人与中国的交往。晁衡学成仕于唐朝,前后历时五十余年。晁衡与中国的知识分子结下了深厚的友情。他归国时,传说在海中遇难身亡。大诗人李白作诗哭悼:“日本晁卿辞帝都,征帆一片远蓬壶。明月不归沉碧海,白云愁色满苍梧。”晁衡遇险是误传,但由此可见中外学者之间在中国长安交往的情谊。

后来,不断有外国人到中国来探寻秘密,所见所闻,常常让他们目瞪口呆。《希腊纪事》(希腊人波桑尼阿著)记载公元2世纪时,希腊人在中国的见闻。书中写道:“赛里斯人用小米和青芦喂一种类似蜘蛛的昆虫,喂到第五年,虫肚子胀裂开,便从里面取出丝来。”从这段对中国古代养蚕技术的



描述，可见当时欧洲人与中国人的差距。公元9世纪中叶，阿拉伯人来到中国。一位阿拉伯作家在他所著的《中国印度闻见录》中记载了曾旅居中国的阿拉伯商人的见闻：

——一天，一个外商去拜见驻守广州的中国官吏。会见时，外商总盯着官吏的胸部，官吏很奇怪，便问：“你好像总盯着我的胸，这是怎么回事？”那位外商回答说：“透过你穿的丝绸衣服，我隐约看到你胸口上长着一个黑痣，这是什么丝绸，我感到十分惊奇。”官吏听后，失声大笑，伸出胳膊，说：“请你数数吧，看我穿了几件衣服？”那商人数过，竟然穿了五件之多，黑痣正是透过这五层丝绸衣服显现出来的。外商惊得目瞪口呆，官吏说：“我穿的丝绸还不算是最好的，总督穿的要更精美。”

——书中关于茶(他们叫干草叶子)的记载，可见阿拉伯国家当时还没有喝茶的习惯。书中记述：“中国国王本人的收入主要靠盐税和泡开水喝的一种干草税。在各个城市里，这种干草叶售价都很高，中国人称这种草叶叫‘茶’，这种干草叶比苜蓿的叶子还多，也略比它香，稍有苦味，用开水冲喝，治百病。”

——他们对中国的医疗条件十分羡慕，书中记载道：“中国人医疗条件很好，穷人可以从国库中得到药费。”还说：“城市里，很多地方立一石碑，高10肘，上面刻有各种疾病和药物，写明某种病用某种药医治。”

——关于当时中国的京城，书中作了生动的描述：中国的京城很大，人口众多，一条宽阔的长街把全城分为两半，大街右边的东区，住着皇帝、宰相、禁军及皇家的总管、奴婢。在这个区域，沿街开凿了小河，流水潺潺；路旁，葱茏的树木整然有序，一幢幢宅邸鳞次栉比。大街左边的西区，



住着庶民和商人。这里有货栈和商店，每当清晨，人们可以看到，皇室的总管、宫廷的仆役，或骑马或步行，到这里来采购。

此后的史籍对西人来华的记载，渐渐多了起来。13世纪意大利旅行家马可·波罗，尽管有人对他是否真的到过中国持怀疑态度，但他留下一部记述元代事件的《马可·波罗游记》却是确凿无疑的。这部游记中的一些关于当时中国的描述使得西方人认为是“天方夜谭”。总之，从中西文化交流史来说，这以前的时期还是一个想象和臆测的时代，相互之间充满了好奇与幻想。

从16世纪末开始，由于航海技术的发展，东西方航路的开通，随着一批批传教士来华，中国与西方开始了直接的交流。沟通中西的使命在意大利传教士利玛窦那里有了充分的体现。利玛窦于1582年来华，1610年病逝于北京，在华20余年。除了传教以外，做了两件具有历史象征意义的事，一是1594年前后在韶州用拉丁文翻译《四书》，并作了注释；二是与明代学者徐光启合作，用中文翻译了《几何原本》。

西方传教士对《四书》等中国经典的粗略翻译，以及杜赫德的《中华帝国志》等书对中国的介绍，在西方读者的眼前展现了一个异域文明，在当时及稍后一段时期引起了一场“中国热”，许多西方大思想家的眼光都曾注目中国文化。有的推崇中华文明，如莱布尼兹、伏尔泰、魁奈等，有的对中华文明持批评态度，如孟德斯鸠、黑格尔等。莱布尼兹认识到中国文化的某些思想与他的观念相近，如周易的卦象与他发明的二进制相契合，对中国文化给予了热情的礼赞；黑格尔则从他整个哲学体系的推演出发，认为中国没有真正意义上的哲学，还处在哲学史前的状态。但是，不论是推崇还



是批评，是吸纳还是排斥，中西文化的交流产生了巨大的影响。随着先进的中国科学技术的西传，特别是中国的造纸、火药、印刷术和指南针四大发明的问世，大大改变了世界的面貌。马克思说：“中国的火药把骑士阶层炸得粉碎，指南针打开了世界市场并建立了殖民地，而印刷术则变成了新教的工具，变成对精神发展创造必要前提的最强大的杠杆。”英国的哲学家培根说：中国的四大发明“改变了全世界的面貌和一切事物的状态”。

三

大千世界，潮起潮落。云散云聚，万象更新。中国古代产生了无数伟大科学家：祖冲之、李时珍、孙思邈、张衡、沈括、毕升……，产生了无数科技成果：《齐民要术》、《九章算术》、《伤寒杂病论》、《本草纲目》……，以及保存至今的世界奇迹：浑天仪、地动仪、都江堰、敦煌石窟、大运河、万里长城……。但从15世纪下半叶起，风水似乎从东方转到了西方，落后的欧洲只经过400年便成为世界瞩目的文明中心。英国的牛顿、波兰的哥白尼、德国的伦琴、法国的居里、德国的爱因斯坦、意大利的伽利略、俄国的门捷列夫、美国的费米和爱迪生……，光芒四射，令人敬仰。

中华民族开始思考了。潮起潮落究竟是什么原因？中国人发明的火药，传到欧洲，转眼之间反成为欧洲列强轰击中国大门的炮弹，又是因为什么？

鸦片战争终于催醒了中国人沉睡的迷梦，最先“睁眼看世界”的一代精英林则徐、魏源迈出了威武雄壮的一步。曾国藩、李鸿章搞起了洋务运动。中国的知识分子喊出“民主



与科学”的口号。中国是落后了，中国的志士仁人在苦苦探索。但落后中饱含着变革的动力，探索中孕育着崛起的希望。“向科学进军”，中华民族终于又迎来了科学的春天。

今天，世界毕竟来到了21世纪的门槛。分散隔绝的世界，逐渐变成联系为一体的世界。现在，全球一体化趋势日益明显，人类历史也就在愈来愈大的程度上成为全世界的历史。当今，任何一种文化的发展都离不开对其它优秀文化的汲取，都以其它优秀文化的发展为前提。在近现代，西方文化汲取中国文化，不仅是中国文化的传播，更是西方文化自身的创新和发展；正如中国文化对西方文化的汲取一样，既是西方文化在中国的传播，同时也是中国文化在近代的转型和发展。地球上所有的人类文化，都是我们共同的宝贵遗产。既然我们生活的各个大陆，在地球史上曾经是连成一气的“泛大陆”，或者说是一个完整的“地球村”，那么，我们同样可以在这个以知识和学习为特征的网络时代，走上相互学习、共同发展的大路，建设和开拓我们人类崭新的“地球村”。

西学仍在东渐，中学也将西传。各国人民的优秀文化正日益迅速地为中国文化所汲取，而无论西方和东方，也都需要从中国文化中汲取养分。正是基于这一认识，我们组织出版汉英对照版《大中华文库》，全面系统地翻译介绍中国传统文化典籍。我们试图通过《大中华文库》，向全世界展示，中华民族五千年的追求，五千年的梦想，正在新的历史时期重放光芒。中国人民就像火后的凤凰，万众一心，迎接新世纪文明的太阳。

1999年8月



PREFACE TO THE *LIBRARY OF CHINESE CLASSICS*

Yang Muzhi

The publication of the *Library of Chinese Classics* is a matter of great satisfaction to all of us who have been involved in the production of this monumental work. At the same time, we feel a weighty sense of responsibility, and take this opportunity to explain to our readers the motivation for undertaking this cross-century task.

1

The Chinese nation has a long history and a glorious culture, and it has been the aspiration of several generations of Chinese scholars to translate, edit and publish the whole corpus of the Chinese literary classics so that the nation's greatest cultural achievements can be introduced to people all over the world. There have been many translations of the Chinese classics done by foreign scholars. A few dozen years ago, a Western scholar translated the title of *A Dream of Red Mansions* into "A Dream of Red Chambers" and Lin Daiyu, the heroine in the novel, into "Black Jade." But while their endeavours have been laudable, the results of their labours have been less than satisfactory. Lack of knowledge of Chinese culture and an inadequate grasp of the Chinese written language have led the translators into many errors. As a consequence, not only are Chinese classical writings widely misunderstood in the rest of the world, in some cases their content has actually been distorted. At one time, there was a "*Jin Ping Mei* craze" among Western scholars, who thought that they had uncovered a miraculous phenomenon, and published theories claiming that China was the "fountainhead of eroticism," and that a Chinese "tradition of permissiveness" was about to be laid bare. This distorted view came about due to the translators of the *Jin Ping Mei* (*Plum in the Golden Vase*) putting one-sided stress on the



raw elements in that novel, to the neglect of its overall literary value. Meanwhile, there have been many distinguished and well-intentioned Sinologists who have attempted to make the culture of the Chinese nation more widely known by translating works of ancient Chinese philosophy. However, the quality of such work, in many cases, is unsatisfactory, often missing the point entirely. The great philosopher Hegel considered that ancient China had no philosophy in the real sense of the word, being stuck in philosophical “prehistory.” For such an eminent authority to make such a colossal error of judgment is truly regrettable. But, of course, Hegel was just as subject to the constraints of time, space and other objective conditions as anyone else, and since he had to rely for his knowledge of Chinese philosophy on inadequate translations it is not difficult to imagine why he went so far off the mark.

China cannot be separated from the rest of the world; and the rest of the world cannot ignore China. Throughout its history, Chinese civilization has enriched itself by absorbing new elements from the outside world, and in turn has contributed to the progress of world civilization as a whole by transmitting to other peoples its own cultural achievements. From the 5th to the 15th centuries, China marched in the front ranks of world civilization. If mankind wishes to advance, how can it afford to ignore China? How can it afford not to make a thoroughgoing study of its history?

2

Despite the ups and downs in their fortunes, the Chinese people have always been idealistic, and have never ceased to forge ahead and learn from others, eager to strengthen ties of peace and friendship.

The great ancient Chinese philosopher Confucius once said, “Whenever three persons come together, one of them will surely be able to teach me something. I will pick out his good points and emulate them; his bad points I will reform.” Confucius meant by this that we should always be ready to learn from others. This maxim encapsulates the principle the Chinese people have always followed in their dealings with other peoples, not only on an individual basis but also at the level of state-to-state relations.

After generations of internecine strife, China was unified by Emperor



Qin Shi Huang (the First Emperor of the Qin Dynasty) in 221 B.C. The Han Dynasty, which succeeded that of the short-lived Qin, waxed powerful, and for the first time brought China into contact with the outside world. In 138 B.C., Emperor Wu dispatched Zhang Qian to the western regions, i.e. Central Asia. Zhang, who traveled as far as what is now Iran, took with him as presents for the rulers he visited on the way 10,000 head of sheep and cattle, as well as gold and silks worth a fabulous amount. In 36 B.C., Ban Chao headed a 36-man legation to the western regions. These were missions of friendship to visit neighbours the Chinese people had never met before and to learn from them. Ban Chao sent Gan Ying to explore further toward the west. According to the "Western Regions Section" in the *Book of Later Han*, Gan Ying traveled across the territories of present-day Iraq and Syria, and reached the Mediterranean Sea, an expedition which brought him within the confines of the Roman Empire. Later, during the Tang Dynasty, the monk Xuan Zang made a journey fraught with danger to reach India and seek the knowledge of that land. Upon his return, he organized a team of scholars to translate the Buddhist scriptures, which he had brought back with him. As a result, many of these scriptural classics which were later lost in India have been preserved in China. In fact, it would have been difficult for the people of India to reconstruct their own ancient history if it had not been for Xuan Zang's *A Record of a Journey to the West in the Time of the Great Tang Dynasty*. In the Ming Dynasty, Zheng He transmitted Chinese culture to Southeast Asia during his seven voyages. Following the Opium Wars in the mid-19th century, progressive Chinese, generation after generation, went to study the advanced scientific thought and cultural achievements of the Western countries. Their aim was to revive the fortunes of their own country. Among them were people who were later to become leaders of China, including Zhu De, Zhou Enlai and Deng Xiaoping. In addition, there were people who were to become leading scientists, literary figures and artists, such as Guo Moruo, Li Siguang, Qian Xuesen, Xian Xinghai and Xu Beihong. Their spirit of ambition, their struggles and their breadth of vision were an inspiration not only to the Chinese people but to people all over the world.

Indeed, it is true that if the Chinese people had not learned many



things from the surrounding countries they would never have been able to produce the splendid achievements of former days. When we look back upon history, how can we not feel profoundly grateful for the legacies of the civilizations of ancient Egypt, Greece and India? How can we not feel fondness and respect for the cultures of Europe, Africa, America and Oceania?

The Chinese nation, in turn, has made unique contributions to the community of mankind. Prior to the 15th century, China led the world in science and technology. The British scientist Joseph Needham once said, "From the third century A.D. to the 13th century A.D. China was far ahead of the West in the level of its scientific knowledge." Paul Kennedy, of Yale University in the U.S., author of *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, said, "Of all the civilizations of the pre-modern period, none was as well-developed or as progressive as that of China."

Foreigners who came to China were often astonished at what they saw and heard. The Greek geographer Pausanias in the second century A.D. gave the first account in the West of the technique of silk production in China: "The Chinese feed a spider-like insect with millet and reeds. After five years the insect's stomach splits open, and silk is extracted therefrom." From this extract, we can see that the Europeans at that time did not know the art of silk manufacture. In the middle of the 9th century A.D., an Arabian writer includes the following anecdote in his *Account of China and India*:

"One day, an Arabian merchant called upon the military governor of Guangzhou. Throughout the meeting, the visitor could not keep his eyes off the governor's chest. Noticing this, the latter asked the Arab merchant what he was staring at. The merchant replied, 'Through the silk robe you are wearing, I can faintly see a black mole on your chest. Your robe must be made out of very fine silk indeed!' The governor burst out laughing, and holding out his sleeve invited the merchant to count how many garments he was wearing. The merchant did so, and discovered that the governor was actually wearing five silk robes, one on top of the other, and they were made of such fine material that a tiny mole could be seen through them all! Moreover, the governor explained that the robes he was wearing were not made of the finest silk at all; silk of the highest



grade was reserved for the garments worn by the provincial governor.”

The references to tea in this book (the author calls it “dried grass”) reveal that the custom of drinking tea was unknown in the Arab countries at that time: “The king of China’s revenue comes mainly from taxes on salt and the dry leaves of a kind of grass which is drunk after boiled water is poured on it. This dried grass is sold at a high price in every city in the country. The Chinese call it ‘cha.’ The bush is like alfalfa, except that it bears more leaves, which are also more fragrant than alfalfa. It has a slightly bitter taste, and when it is infused in boiling water it is said to have medicinal properties.”

Foreign visitors showed especial admiration for Chinese medicine. One wrote, “China has very good medical conditions. Poor people are given money to buy medicines by the government.”

In this period, when Chinese culture was in full bloom, scholars flocked from all over the world to China for sightseeing and for study. Chang’an, the capital of the Tang Dynasty was host to visitors from as far away as the Byzantine Empire, not to mention the neighboring countries of Asia. Chang’an, at that time the world’s greatest metropolis, was packed with thousands of foreign dignitaries, students, diplomats, merchants, artisans and entertainers. Japan especially sent contingent after contingent of envoys to the Tang court. Worthy of note are the accounts of life in Chang’an written by Abeno Nakamaro, a Japanese scholar who studied in China and had close friendships with ministers of the Tang court and many Chinese scholars in a period of over 50 years. The description throws light on the exchanges between Chinese and foreigners in this period. When Abeno was supposedly lost at sea on his way back home, the leading poet of the time, Li Bai, wrote a eulogy for him.

The following centuries saw a steady increase in the accounts of China written by Western visitors. The Italian Marco Polo described conditions in China during the Yuan Dynasty in his *Travels*. However, until advances in the science of navigation led to the opening of east-west shipping routes at the beginning of the 16th century Sino-Western cultural exchanges were coloured by fantasy and conjecture. Concrete progress was made when a contingent of religious missionaries, men well versed in Western science and technology, made their way to China, ushering in an era of



direct contacts between China and the West. The experience of this era was embodied in the career of the Italian Jesuit Matteo Ricci. Arriving in China in 1582, Ricci died in Beijing in 1610. Apart from his missionary work, Ricci accomplished two historically symbolic tasks — one was the translation into Latin of the “Four Books,” together with annotations, in 1594; the other was the translation into Chinese of Euclid’s *Elements*.

The rough translations of the “Four Books” and other Chinese classical works by Western missionaries, and the publication of Père du Halde’s *Description Geographique, Historique, Chronologique, Politique, et Physique de l’Empire de la Chine* revealed an exotic culture to Western readers, and sparked a “China fever,” during which the eyes of many Western intellectuals were fixed on China. Some of these intellectuals, including Leibniz, held China in high esteem; others, such as Hegel, nursed a critical attitude toward Chinese culture. Leibniz considered that some aspects of Chinese thought were close to his own views, such as the philosophy of the *Book of Changes* and his own binary system. Hegel, on the other hand, as mentioned above, considered that China had developed no proper philosophy of its own. Nevertheless, no matter whether the reaction was one of admiration, criticism, acceptance or rejection, Sino-Western exchanges were of great significance. The transmission of advanced Chinese science and technology to the West, especially the Chinese inventions of paper-making, gunpowder, printing and the compass, greatly changed the face of the whole world. Karl Marx said, “Chinese gunpowder blew the feudal class of knights to smithereens; the compass opened up world markets and built colonies; and printing became an implement of Protestantism and the most powerful lever and necessary precondition for intellectual development and creation.” The English philosopher Roger Bacon said that China’s four great inventions had “changed the face of the whole world and the state of affairs of everything.”

3

Ancient China gave birth to a large number of eminent scientists, such as Zu Chongzhi, Li Shizhen, Sun Simiao, Zhang Heng, Shen Kuo and Bi



Sheng. They produced numerous treatises on scientific subjects, including *The Manual of Important Arts for the People's Welfare*, *Nine Chapters on the Mathematical Art*, *A Treatise on Febrile Diseases* and *Compendium of Materia Medica*. Their accomplishments included ones whose influence has been felt right down to modern times, such as the armillary sphere, seismograph, Dujiangyan water conservancy project, Dunhuang Grottoes, Grand Canal and Great Wall. But from the latter part of the 15th century, and for the next 400 years, Europe gradually became the cultural centre upon which the world's eyes were fixed. The world's most outstanding scientists then were England's Isaac Newton, Poland's Copernicus, France's Marie Curie, Germany's Rontgen and Einstein, Italy's Galileo, Russia's Mendeleev and America's Edison.

The Chinese people then began to think: What is the cause of the rise and fall of nations? Moreover, how did it happen that gunpowder, invented in China and transmitted to the West, in no time at all made Europe powerful enough to batter down the gates of China herself?

It took the Opium War to wake China from its reverie. The first generation to make the bold step of "turning our eyes once again to the rest of the world" was represented by Lin Zexu and Wei Yuan. Zeng Guofan and Li Hongzhang started the Westernization Movement, and later intellectuals raised the slogan of "Democracy and Science." Noble-minded patriots, realizing that China had fallen behind in the race for modernization, set out on a painful quest. But in backwardness lay the motivation for change, and the quest produced the embryo of a towering hope, and the Chinese people finally gathered under a banner proclaiming a "March Toward Science."

On the threshold of the 21st century, the world is moving in the direction of becoming an integrated entity. This trend is becoming clearer by the day. In fact, the history of the various peoples of the world is also becoming the history of mankind as a whole. Today, it is impossible for any nation's culture to develop without absorbing the excellent aspects of the cultures of other peoples. When Western culture absorbs aspects of Chinese culture, this is not just because it has come into contact with Chinese culture, but also because of the active creativity and development of Western culture itself; and vice versa. The various cultures of



the world's peoples are a precious heritage which we all share. Mankind no longer lives on different continents, but on one big continent, or in a "global village." And so, in this era characterized by an all-encompassing network of knowledge and information we should learn from each other and march in step along the highway of development to construct a brand-new "global village."

Western learning is still being transmitted to the East, and vice versa. China is accelerating its pace of absorption of the best parts of the cultures of other countries, and there is no doubt that both the West and the East need the nourishment of Chinese culture. Based on this recognition, we have edited and published the *Library of Chinese Classics* in a Chinese-English format as an introduction to the corpus of traditional Chinese culture in a comprehensive and systematic translation. Through this collection, our aim is to reveal to the world the aspirations and dreams of the Chinese people over the past 5,000 years and the splendour of the new historical era in China. Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, the Chinese people in unison are welcoming the cultural sunrise of the new century.

August 1999





前 言

阮籍（210—263），字嗣宗，是魏晋之交的一位重要诗人。他所生活的时代是中国历史上最动荡、最危险的时期之一。当时正是魏晋易代之际，朝廷中各派之间的权利争夺异常激烈与残酷，许多士人因此惨遭杀戮。《晋书》说当时“名士少有全者”，如阮籍的朋友、“竹林七贤”的另一位领袖人物嵇康（223—263）便是因拒绝与当权者合作而被杀的。在这种环境下，曾有过“济世志”的阮籍只好采取佯狂避世的态度，力图从诗歌、哲学、音乐和酣饮中寻找安慰。他虽然在朝廷和地方作过官，但基本上是不问世事。有两件事可为我们揭示阮籍的内心世界。据《晋书·阮籍传》记载，当时的执政官司马昭为了拉拢他，提出要和阮籍联姻。对此，阮籍既不能接受，也不能回绝，因为这两个选择同样可能招致杀身之祸。阮籍所采取的作法是大醉六十天，司马昭只好“不得言而止”。《晋书·阮籍传》又载阮籍常独自驾车漫游，不定方向，直到无路可走，才“恸哭而反”。由此可知，阮籍的内心是充满了忧惧和苦闷的，用他自己的话说，就是“终身履薄冰，谁知我心焦”。

此书所选的阮籍八十二首《咏怀诗》，便在不同程度上反映了这种心灵世界。由于环境险恶，无法直抒胸臆，阮籍采用了各种象征的手法来表现和提示他的思想和情感，因而使他的大部分作品扑朔迷离，有时甚至晦涩难懂。早在六世纪，批评家们便慨叹《咏怀诗》“厥旨渊放，归趣难求”（钟嵘《诗品》），并开始为它们作注解。一些注释者更将这组诗视为谜，并试图



通过各种方法去发现谜底。应该指出，除个别例子外，《咏怀》组诗的基本意向并不难把握，因为尽管我们无法对一首诗中的每一典故和意象做出明确、具体的解释，但作为一个整体，它们仍然为我们提供了一个大致的阐释方向。

《咏怀诗》的突出特点，便在于化实为虚，以飘逸的笔调抒发诗人浓郁的“忧生之嗟”。一般来说，内容与形式相辅相成，沉重的内容要求沉重的形式，反之亦然。阮籍则以其非凡的才华打破了这一常规。在他的笔下，人生的苦难变得空灵甚至潇洒。例如第二十四首：

殷忧令志结，怵惕常若惊。
逍遥未终晏，朱阳忽西倾。
蟋蟀在户牖，蟋蟀号中庭。
心肠未相好，谁云亮我情。
愿为云间鸟，千里一哀鸣。
三芝延瀛洲，远游可长生。

诗的首二句写出诗人“殷忧令志结，怵惕常若惊”的生活现实，为全诗定下一个沉重的基调。三至六句更以朱阳急降，寒蝉凄切，蟋蟀哀鸣以及知己难寻等来表达年华难留，内心苦楚的情怀，以此来渲染那沉重的氛围，加重“殷忧”的分量，造成一种郁结不通的效果。然而，在诗的第九、十两句，诗人突然加进了一个在云间展翅翱翔的飞鸟意象，使整首诗的发展趋势一下由前面的下沉转为上升，读者那沉郁的内心也如久居洞穴之人突然见到了蔚蓝的天空，顿时豁然开朗。在这瞬间的解脱中，读者得以和诗人一起暂时忘掉现实的黑暗与生活的艰难，凭借想象逍遥于天上人间。之所以如此，是因为艺术家对



美与丑都有着极其敏锐和强烈的感受。他会为常人看来不足挂齿的邪恶而痛心疾首，也会为人们习以为常的美丽而心荡神驰。在他的生活中，苦难与幸福并行不悖，现实中的不幸与悲哀往往为艺术世界中的审美经验所平衡乃至抵消。在这首诗中，云间飞鸟这一意象便是将读者和诗人从现实世界引向艺术王国的关键。在这强烈的瞬间，人间的苦难在诗人的审美经验中顿时显得相形见绌，生活本身也显现出了一种崭新的意义。英国浪漫诗人济慈便曾说过：“艺术的美妙便在于其强烈性。它可以使一切不快的因素在与美和真的的密切关联中消亡。”

历史典故是《咏怀诗》中常用的另一化实为虚的手法。让我们看第三十二首：

朝阳不再盛，白日忽西幽。
去此若俯仰，如何似九秋。
人生若尘露，天道竟悠悠。
齐景升丘山，涕泗纷交流。
孔圣临长川，惜逝忽若浮。
去者余不及，来者吾不留。
愿登太华山，上与松子游。
渔父知世患，乘流泛轻舟。

诗的首二句再次出现了白日突然西降的意象，用以象征人生的短暂和飘忽不定。三至六行又以直接陈述的方法，并通过尘露般的人生与永恒宇宙之间的巨大反差作对比来强调这一主题。至此，读者的心情开始为诗人的喟叹所感染，一种朝不虑夕的感觉悄然涌现心头。倘若此诗沿此方向发展下去，最终必定造成哀重如山、凝滞不通的效果。但是，在诗歌的第七、八

两行，诗人突然将我们的视野从现实世界引向遥远的过去，将我们的悲哀与古代贤哲类似的忧戚放在同一氛围之中。这样，我们便可像观照古代贤哲的忧戚那样，从一种审美距离中来体会自己的悲哀。也就是说，我们在某种意义上成为诗中所描写的苦难的间接观照者，而不是直接参与者。不仅如此，正因为这种审美距离是通过历史典故所形成的，所以它还使我们用历史的眼光来面对现实。这样，我们便可将自己的喜怒哀乐融进历史的长河之中，获得一种哲学上的解放，一种古今如一的豁达与洒脱。正是这一领悟使得诗人在此诗的下半部分忘却心中的苦痛，到神仙和隐士那里去寻找生活的意义和幸福。

《咏怀诗》飘逸风格的另一成因是神话传说的运用。如第十九首：

西方有佳人，皎若日光，
被服纤罗衣，左右珮双璜。
修容耀姿美，顺风振微芳。
登高眺所思，举袂当朝阳。
寄颜云霄间，挥袖凌虚翔。
飘飘恍惚中，流盼顾我傍。
悦怿未交接，晤言用感伤。

由于神话传说是想象的产物，不具有本体的真实性，故诗中的“佳人”存在与否，是无须多问的。但是，她既然出自诗人之笔，她便应该与诗人有某种关联：或许她象征着诗人之所爱？或许她体现了诗人所向往的某种气质和理想？这些本体上的疑问便造成了一种迷离的效果。更由于诗中的佳人腾云驾雾，来往于天上人间，这种飘忽的感觉便愈加明显。当此佳人

在诗的十一、十二行向诗人含情相望时，这一特征愈显得突出。人间与天上，世俗与仙界的品质和属性融为一体，共同造成了如真如幻的感觉。凡俗的人间空灵化了，天上的神仙也被赋予了几分人间的温情。也正因为如此，诗人那与佳人相爱不成的感喟（其实这种感喟象征着诗人世无知音的哀伤）也染上了几分仙境的色彩，它虽然凝重，却由于其似真似假、似有似无的特征而变得飘逸了。

阮籍的八十二首《咏怀诗》在中国诗歌史上有着重要的地位，很早便被批评家所重视。钟嵘（467?—519?）的《诗品》将它们列为上品。萧统（501—531）的《文选》收录了其中十七首，并用“咏怀”作一种诗体的类称。清朝的王夫之（1619—1692）更是将它们称为“旷代佳作”。魏晋正是五言诗走向成熟的时期，《咏怀诗》便是一个重要标志。它们为后代诗人抒情言志提供了一个样板，对中国诗歌的发展有着深远的影响。

我们翻译《咏怀诗》，以黄节的《阮步兵咏怀诗注》（北京：人民文学出版社，1957年版）为底本，同时参照了陈伯君的《阮籍集校注》（北京：中华书局，1987年版）。西方学者 Donald Holzman 曾出版过题为 *Poetry and Politics: The Life and Works of Juan Chi (A. D. 210—263)*，即《诗歌与政治：阮籍的生平和作品》（剑桥大学出版社，1976年版）的专著，其中包括《咏怀诗》的英译。在翻译过程中，我们也参考了他的译文。需要指出的是，我们所遵循的宗旨，是以诗译诗。在忠实于原诗意义与含意的基础上，我们力求将英语译文写成优美的诗篇。因此，我们的译文比较自由和灵活。另外，鉴于无法在英语译文中重现汉语五言诗的格式，我们英译文所采用的是无韵自由诗体，这也是多数当代西方学者、翻译家翻译中国古诗所采用的形式。至于汉语白话译文，那只是为了帮助读者理解原文之

用，并不一定有很高的文学价值。

这本小书1987年曾分别由英国Wellsweep出版社和辽宁大学出版社出版。此次再版，我们做了一些修改。Wellsweep出版社的 John Cayley 先生和中华书局范子烨先生、孙文颖女士为我们提供了多方协助，谨此鸣谢。在这个物质主义日趋严重的世界上，人们对诗歌的兴趣居然能够经久不衰，这多少是个安慰。

吴伏生 Graham Hartill (格林鹿山)

2005年夏





INTRODUCTION

Ruan Ji (210-263), courtesy name Sizong, was a major poet of the Wei dynasty(220-265). During his lifetime, the Wei dynasty was in the process of being replaced by the Jin (265-316). The power struggles between different factions in the court were extremely fierce and cruel. They claimed the lives of numerous intellectuals and made this period one of the most dangerous in Chinese history. The *History of the Jin Dynasty* noted that few renowned intellectuals of the time survived intact. Ji Kang (223-263), Ruan Ji's friend and another leader of the famous "Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove", became one of such victims because he refused to cooperate with the authorities. Under such circumstances, Ruan Ji, despite "his earlier desire to serve the world", feigned an escapist attitude and sought comfort in philosophy, poetry, music, and drinking. Although he took several posts in and outside the capital, he mostly stayed away from the political affairs of his time. Still, the agonies that were vividly portrayed in his poetry suggest that he did not achieve the total forgetfulness that he so desperately sought after. Two anecdotes may help shed some light on the circumstances of his life and his mentality. His biography in the *History of the Jin Dynasty* noted that in order to gain Ruan Ji's sympathy and support, Sima Zhao, the defactoruler of the time, proposed to marry his son to the daughter

of Ruan Ji. This put Ruan Ji into a dangerous and potentially fatal situation because either accepting or declining this offer would put him in the center of the power struggles between Sima Zhao and his enemies. Faced with this dire dilemma, Ruan Ji became drunk for “sixty days, and Sima Zhao eventually gave up because he could not discuss this matter with Ruan Ji”. His biography in the *History of the Jin Dynasty* also recorded that sometimes he would ride on a cart alone and let it wander without taking any definite road. When the cart reached the end of the road and could go no further, he would “return weeping profusely”.

Songs of My Heart, a group of eighty-two poems selected in this book, reflects in different degrees the conditions of Ruan Ji's inner world. Since he lived in a treacherous environment and therefore could not express his feelings and thoughts directly, Ruan Ji chose to articulate them indirectly through various rhetorical and symbolic devices. This made his poetry tantalizingly elusive and occasionally obscure. As early as the sixth century, Zhong Rong (467?-519?), the author of *Ranking of Poetry*, was lamenting that “the meaning of [Ruan Ji's poetry] was both deep and broad, but hard to grasp”. Scholars also began to edit and annotate his poetry during this time. To some, Ruan Ji's poetry was a mystery, and they tried various means to unravel it. It should be pointed out that with the exception of a few poems, the general meaning and significance of *Songs of My Heart* are not difficult to perceive. We may not be able to explain precisely the meaning and significance of each individual phrase, image, and allusion, but when considered as a whole they do seem to provide us with a general guideline for interpretation.



The most striking characteristic of *Songs of My Heart* is its ability to convey, with grace and elegance, the poet's reflection on the sufferings of the world. Generally speaking, the form and content of a literary work run parallel with each other. A heavy-hearted content usually demands a heavy and wieldy form, and vice versa. Ruan Ji, however, broke this norm. His outstanding talent enabled him to treat the hardship of human life in a manner that rendered it ethereal, thereby greatly reducing its oppression on us. Poem XXIV of the series may illustrate this point:

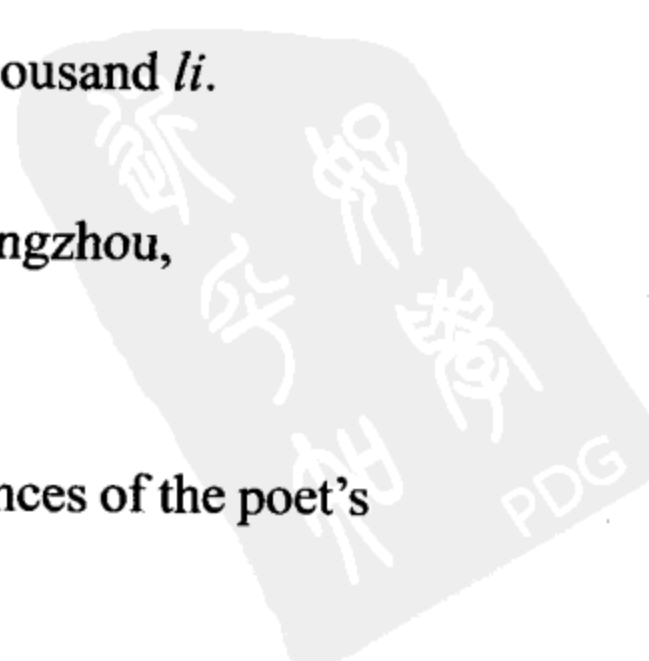
Deep depression makes a knot of heart.
To be always on edge is a permanent state of shock.
Before your pleasure has reached its height
the sun sets, suddenly red in the west.

Crickets are chirruping under the window,
Huigu, the short-lived insect, down in the courtyard.

The hearts of men are estranged from each other.
Who understands, or believes, my feelings?
I wish I could be a bird in cloud
whose melancholy song is heard through a thousand *li*.

The elixir plant Sanzhi covers the slope of Yingzhou,
I'll travel there to live forever.

The opening couplet introduces the circumstances of the poet's



life: "Deep depression makes a knot of heart./ To be always on edge is a permanent state of shock." It thus sets a heavy tone for the poem. Lines 3 to 6 contain a series of images designed to convey the pain caused by the transience of life and loneliness: the sudden decline of the sun, and the mournful singing of insects. They add much weight to the poet's "deep depression", and create a downcast impression in the reader. Then, in lines 9 and 10, the poet abruptly inserted into the scene the image of birds flying in the clouds. This reverses the tendency of the poem: instead of moving down, it now flies up. The reader's heart is also lifted by this change. In this momentary liberation, he/she joins the poet in his imaginary flight to the sky and forgets life's sufferings portrayed in the previous section of the poem. The English romantic poet John Keats once observed that the intensity of artistic experience could eliminate unpleasant elements of life. In this poem, the image of flying birds is the catalyst in bringing the poem from the world of reality to the world of art.

Historical allusion is another rhetorical means often used in *Songs of My Heart*. It also helps to reduce the weight of sorrow in the poem, this time by creating an aesthetic distance. Let us take a look at Poem XXXII:

The morning sun will never be as bright again
and the day grows suddenly dark in the west.
Yet this parting is only a brief moment, a nod of head,
who says it endures Autumn long?

The life of Man is like the dew on the dust.

How long, and how vast, is the Way of Heaven!

The Duke of Qi looked down from the hill –
tears fell down like crossing streams.
Sage Confucius stood by the long river,
lamenting time, so swiftly flowing....

What is past I cannot regain,
and what's to come I cannot keep.
I wish that I could climb the Taihua Mountain
and live up there in heaven with the god Song Zi!

The fisherman knew the sufferings of this world,
so, taking a little skiff,
he drifted along with the current....

Once more the opening couplet uses the image of setting sun to symbolize the transience and uncertainty of human life. To further emphasize this theme, the poet states directly in lines 3 to 10 the immense contrast between the ephemeral human life and the eternal universe. This cannot but stir up an emotional response in the reader, as the poet relentlessly reminds him of his dew-on-dust-like existence. If the poem continued along this line, it would definitely create gloom in the reader. In lines 7 and 8, however, the poet directs our attention away from our current situation to the distant past. The allusions to ancient sages allow us to juxtapose our grief with theirs. We then are able to contemplate on our grief the way we contemplate



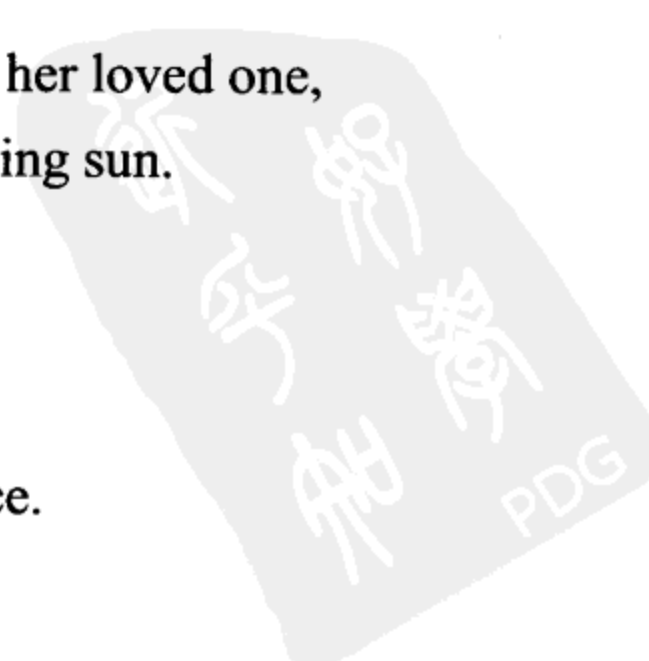
history, from a distance. We thus are somewhat removed from the sufferings described in the poem: instead of being direct participators, we become indirect observers. Moreover, since this aesthetic distance is created by means of history, it enables us to view our current situation from a historical perspective, thereby gaining a philosophical resignation. After all, we are not alone in this, but sharing a similar fate with the people in the past. This recognition allows the poet to turn away from his pain and to seek life's meaning and happiness in the worlds of immortals and hermits.

Songs of My Heart contains many ancient myths and legends. The ethereal nature of such materials makes them an effective tool in the poet's effort to aestheticize the oppressive pain that he constantly endured. Poem XIX is a good example of this:

There is a fair woman in the west,
who is as bright as sunlight.
She wears a dress of the finest silk
and jewellery shines from her left, her right.

Her face is a charm, so full of grace,
lightly perfuming the breeze.
Climbing upward, she keeps watch for her loved one,
holding her sleeves, she faces the morning sun.

She hovers, she drifts through the sky,
waving her sleeves, she dances,
flies like the wind, like a cloud, in trance.





Every so often, she glances at me,
but for me this beauty is out of reach.

Left alone, I lament my fate.

Myth and legend are products of imagination and therefore are not ontologically real. Thus, questions about the identity of the “fair woman” in this poem can be suspended, allowing us to focus on her symbolic role in the poem. Perhaps she symbolizes the poet’s beloved, which in turn can be viewed as a symbol of something else? Or perhaps she represents some qualities and ideals that the poet yearns for? These uncertainties help to create an elusive atmosphere, which is reinforced by the heavenly movements of the “fair woman.” This is intensified in lines 11 and 12 when she glances at the poet. The heavenly world of myth and the earthly world of man become intertwined. Because of this, the poet’s lamentation about his failure to meet the “fair woman” also acquires some supernatural quality. In fact, this lamentation symbolizes the poet’s loneliness in his world. Although such loneliness may cause deep sorrow in the poet, in this context it has been rendered ethereal by its association with the heavenly dimensions of myth.

Songs of My Heart occupies an important place in the history of Chinese poetry. Zhong Rong gave them the highest place in his *Ranking of Poetry*. Xiao Tong (501-531) selected seventeen pieces for his *Anthology of Refined Writings*, the first literary anthology ever compiled in Chinese history. The Qing dynasty critic Wang Fuzhi

(1619-1692) called them “one of the superb works of all times”. During Ruan Ji’s time pentasyllabic poetry, after nearly two centuries of evolution, was reaching its maturity. *Songs of My Heart* was an important milestone in this process. It bequeathed to the posterity a model of poetic self-expression.

Our translation was based on *Songs of My Heart by Ruan Buring* [Ji] edited by Huang Jie (Beijing: The People’s Literature Publishing House, 1957), and *Annotated Edition of Ruan Ji’s Works* edited by Chen Bojun (Beijing: Zhonghua Book Company, 1987). We also consulted Donald Holzman’s *Poetry and Politics: The Life and Works of Juan Chi (A. D. 210-263)* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976). It should be pointed out that translating poetry with poetry was the basic principle we followed in our translation. We aimed to convey the meanings and prominent stylistic features of the original poems, but we also tried to make our translations read like poetry. For this reason, our translations are relatively freer and more flexible. Since it is impossible to duplicate in English the original metrical pattern of Ruan Ji’s poetry, we adopted free verse in our translation.

This is also the style used by most Western translators and scholars in translating classical Chinese poetry. As for the modern Chinese translation, it is only intended to help readers understand the original poems; therefore it may not be of high literary quality.

This little book was first published in 1987 by the Wellsweep Press in London and by Liaoning University Press in Shenyang (the bilingual edition). We made some revisions for this new edition with Zhonghua Book Company. We would like to thank Mr. John Cayley

of the Wellsweep Press and Mr. Fan Ziye, Ms. Sun Wenying of Zhonghua Book Company for their help. It is always a comfort to know that in this increasingly materialistic world the interest in poetry somehow continues to be kept alive.

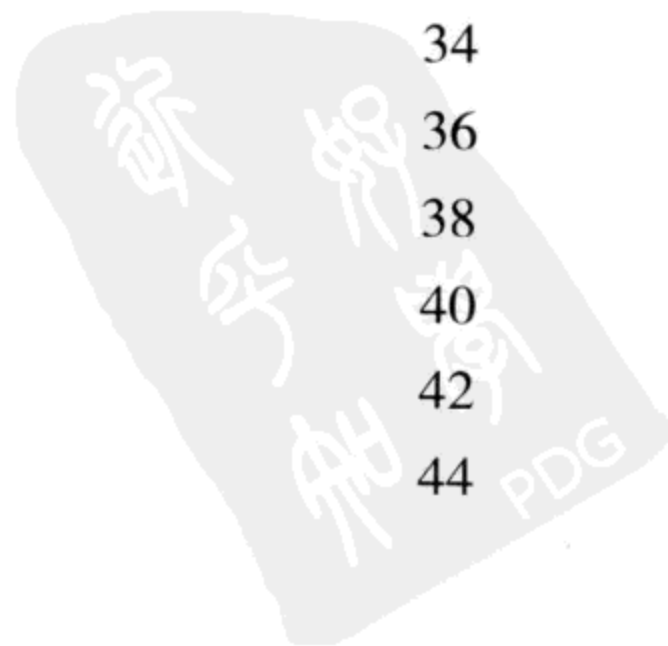
Wu Fusheng and Graham Hartill

Summer 2005



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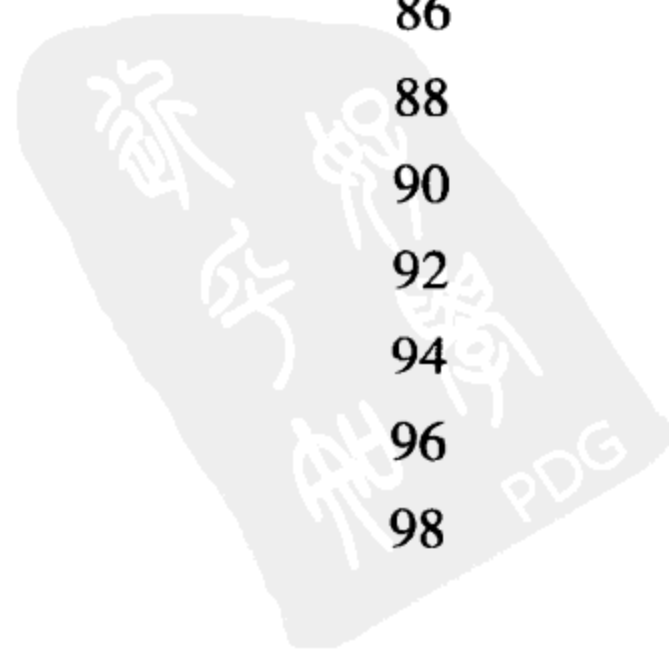


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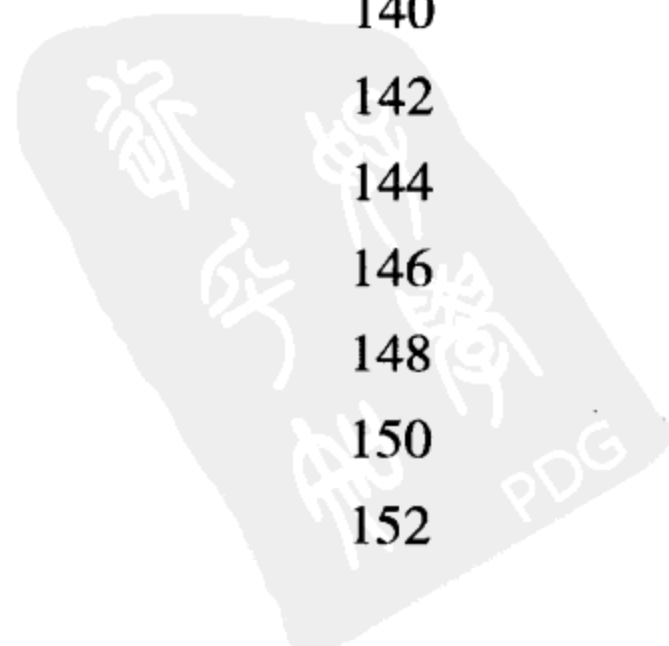
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竹林七贤砖画之一
(一九六〇年发现于江苏南京西善桥南朝早期墓)

中华书局
PDG

其一

夜中不能寐，
起坐弹鸣琴。
薄帷鉴明月，
清风吹我襟。
孤鸿号外野，
翔鸟鸣北林。
徘徊将何见？
忧思独伤心。

深夜我无法入睡，
起身弹拨我的琴弦。
薄薄的帷幕映照着月色，
清风吹动着我的衣襟。
孤鸿号叫着穿过原野，
翔鸟的尖鸣传自北林。
徘徊在庭院中能看到什么？
唯有忧愁搅扰着我的心。



I

Midnight, and I can't sleep.
Sitting up, I play upon my harp.

My gauze curtains mirror the moonlight;
a fresh breeze, fluttering my sleeves.

The lone swan cries, crossing the wilderness;
birds shriek, flying from the northern woods.

Pacing the courtyard, pacing the courtyard,
what can I see?

Only anxiety, fretting my heart.



其二

二妃游江滨，
逍遥顺风翔。
交甫怀环珮，
婉娈有芬芳。
猗靡情欢爱，
千载不相忘。
倾城迷下蔡，
容好结中肠。
感激生忧思，
萱草树兰房。
膏沐为谁施，
其雨怨朝阳。
如何金石交，
一旦更离伤。

两位神女在江边漫游，
轻盈、悠然，随风飞翔。
她们将美佩送与交甫，
他多么珍重此物的芬芳！
交甫与神女旋即相爱，
他们发誓永不相忘。
神女们迷倒了全城上下，
她们的美貌令人回肠。
啊！他们间的爱慕终成忧惧，
庭室前不久便种上了忘忧草。
浓妆淡抹究竟何用？
雨水对朝日怨语重重。
金石般的欢情，
无奈一旦解消。



II

Two fairy maidens played along the riverbank,
lightly, leisurely, hanging on the wind
They gave their beautiful jewellery to Jiao Fu;
how he treasured its fragrance!
Soon Jiao Fu and the maidens fell deeply in love,
and swore they would never forget one another.
These maidens charmed the entire town,
Their beauty enchanted its people.
Alas!
Their love, and their gratitude, turned to anxiety.
Soon they were planting forgetful grass before their chambers.
So what's the use of putting on make-up?
The rain complains of the morning sun.
Gold-stone and companionship
One day will both dissolve.



其三

嘉树下成蹊，
东园桃与李。
秋风吹飞藿，
零落从此始。
繁华有憔悴，
堂上生荆杞。
驱马舍之去，
去上西山趾。
一身不自保，
何况恋妻子。
凝霜被野草，
岁暮亦云已。

嘉美的树下走出了蹊路，
东园里种满了桃树、李树。
秋风吹得豆叶四处飞舞，
万物从此开始零落。
盛开之花终会枯萎，
庭堂上生出了野草、荆棘。
我驱马远离此地，
前往西山脚下。
个人生命尚难保全，
如何顾及妻子及儿女。
凝霜覆盖着野草，
时节已是岁暮，如此而已。



III

Under the beautiful trees paths have formed,
in the Eastern Garden – peaches, plum trees,
bean-leaves flying everywhere, in Autumn wind.

But from now on, everything withers and dies.

Blossoming flowers will one day shrivel,
thorns and weeds will sprout in the courtyard.

Time to mount my horse, to leave it all,
and head for the Western Hills:
when you can't be sure of your own security
how can you care for your wife and children?

Frost thickens the wild grass.
The year grows old – there's no more left to say.





其 四

天马出西北，
繇来从东道。
春秋非有托，
富贵焉长保。
清露被皋兰，
凝霜沾野草。
朝为美少年，
夕暮成丑老。
自非王子晋，
谁能常美好。

天马驰出西北，
它从东路奔来。
春去秋来本无止靠，
富贵如何能够长保？
清露覆盖着水边的兰花，
凝霜沾浸着原野的草木。
早上还是美丽的少年，
傍晚已变得既丑又老。
我不是仙人王子晋，
谁能够永远美好？



IV

The heavenly horse comes galloping out of the Northwest,
and on it gallops, along the Eastern Road.

Spring and Autumn come and go, but tell me –
How can fortune be retained?

At dawn, the violets shine with dew in the marsh,
the frost clusters, saturating the grass.

He who is young and handsome in the morning
is ugly and old when evening falls.

Prince Jin, with his flute which sang like a phoenix
flew, flew on a crane,
to the peak of Immortal Mountain!

But I am not him, who is forever beautiful.



其五

平生少年时，
轻薄好弦歌。
西游咸阳中，
赵李相经过。
娱乐未终极，
白日忽蹉跎。
驱马复来归，
反顾望三河。
黄金百镒尽，
资用常苦多。
北临太行道，
失路将如何。

记得还是少年的时候，
我无忧无虑，纵情歌舞。
我来到西边都城咸阳，
与赵李家的公子女优寻欢。
我们娱乐尚未尽兴，
白日已忽然蹉跎。
我驱马回到故乡，
回首眺望三河。
百镒的黄金都已用尽，
我常常苦于资用过多。
北向面对着太行道，
如何才能重上失去的道路？



V

I remember when I was young at heart,
I paid no heed, singing and playing.
Off I went westward to Xianyang, the capital,
there to tease the women, flirt with the rich.
All this pleasure was still at its height
when suddenly, night-time fell.

Now I return, on horseback,
and gaze across the far reaches of Three Rivers.

Hundreds of *yi* of gold may have been wasted –
never mind. We suffer from too much wealth.

Before me the road runs away to the north;
how can I find the way to my lost road?





其 六

昔闻东陵瓜，
近在青门外。
连畛距阡陌，
子母相钩带。
五色曜朝日，
嘉宾四面会。
膏火自煎熬，
多财为患害。
布衣可终身，
宠禄岂足赖。

我曾听说东陵瓜，
就种在青门之外。
瓜果爬满了田间小路，
有如子母相互牵连。
五颜六色与朝日辉映，
四方的嘉宾来此相会。
油与火在灯里互相煎熬，
过多的财富实为祸害。
布衣百姓可了此一生，
荣华富贵岂可依赖？



VI

I've heard that where the recluse Dongling used to live,
he planted melons, right up to the Qingmen.
So thickly, they covered the earth,
mothers and children, clinging together, spilling across the paths.
The morning sun would dazzle from them so,
that noble guests would come from all over the country
to gather among their brilliant colors.

Alas, the oil-lamp burns, and consumes only itself,
and too much wealth is a burden, bringing disaster.
All my life I have wanted to wear only the most humble clothes;
how can we let ourselves depend on fortune and rank?





其 七

炎暑惟兹夏，
三旬将欲移。
芳树垂绿叶，
青云自逶迤。
四时更代谢，
日月递差驰。
徘徊空堂上，
怵怛莫我知。
愿睹卒欢好，
不见悲别离。

炎热的暑天将离此夏季，
夏月之三旬也将迁移。
芳香的树上垂挂着绿叶，
青色的云朵在天空飘游。
四季在不断变化代谢，
日月在交替奔驰。
我在空堂里上下徘徊，
无人知晓我心中的悲哀。
但愿最终看到幸福欢乐，
而不是忧伤和别离。



VII

This sweltering heat will take its leave of us,
the summer month will not want to stay here.

Fragrant trees, heavy with bright leaves,
blue clouds, wandering across the sky.
So the four seasons turn, and turn around,
the Sun and the Moon rise and fall in turn.

Back and forth I pace the empty courtyard,
nobody but myself to behold my sadness.

I hope in the end for happiness, and harmony,
not pain, not separation.



其 八

灼灼西隄日，
余光照我衣，
回风吹四壁，
寒鸟相因依。
周周尚衔羽，
蛩蛩亦念饥，
如何当路子，
磬折忘所归。
岂为夸誉名，
憔悴使心悲。
宁与燕雀翔，
不随黄鹄飞。
黄鹄游四海，
中路将安归。

鲜明的太阳向西落下，
它的余光照着我的衣裳。
旋风吹着四面的墙壁，
寒鸟在一起互相依偎。
周周鸟懂得衔住同伴的羽毛，
蛩蛩兽也晓得相互扶救。
可是那些身居显职的人
却在曲折的路上迷失了方向。
怎可为了空虚的名望
令我身心憔悴悲伤？
宁愿与燕雀飞舞，
也不随黄鹄遨游？
黄鹄能够纵横四海，
中途我将何去何从？



VIII

The bright sun is setting in the west,
its light lingers on my clothes.
The wind blows round and round the walls,
birds huddle together against the cold.

The Zhouzhou bird needs a mate to hold him when he dips and
drinks,
the Qiongqiong beast needs another to help him feed.

But those men in power! O!
They forget their way out of the labyrinth!

How could I strive for vainglorious fame,
weakening my body, depressing my heart?

I'd rather flutter with the sparrow
than soar with the crane:

the crane may traverse the ocean,
but which is my way home, once I fly out from its heart?



其九

步出上东门，
北望首阳岑。
下有采薇士，
上有嘉树林。
良辰在何许，
凝霜沾衣襟。
寒风振山冈，
玄云起重阴。
鸣雁飞南征，
鸕鶒发哀音。
素质游商声，
悽怆伤我心。

我举步走出上东门，
向北眺望着首阳山。
山下有采食薇菜的隐士，
山上有嘉美的树林。
美妙的时光何时可遇？
凝霜浸透了我的衣襟。
寒风吹动着山冈，
黑云起自阴霾的天空。
大雁鸣叫着向南飞去，
杜鹃鸟倾诉着哀歌。
秋声散发出秋天的特质，
它是那么凄凉，令我心伤。

IX

I pass through the Shang Dong Men,
and look northward, toward Shouyang Mountain:
at its foot, there are recluses picking and eating grass,
at its peak, there are beautiful forests.

When will we see the hour of brightness?
Frost condenses and wets my clothes.

Wind shocks the hills.
Clouds thicken in the dark sky.

I hear the geese, southwards, crying,
and the cuckoo's sorrowful song.

The Autumn's sound sends out its essence;
it is desolate, and saddens my heart.



其十

北里多奇舞，
濮上有微音。
轻薄闲游子，
俯仰乍浮沉。
捷径从狭路，
僂俛趋荒淫。
焉见王子乔，
乘云翔邓林。
独有延年术，
可以慰吾心。

纣王在北里观赏怪舞，
在濮上倾听靡靡之音。
游手好闲的纨绔子弟
终日只有随波逐流。
他们步捷径，走小路，
四处纵乐无度。
他们怎能看到仙人王子乔
乘云在邓林上空盘旋？
唯有长生不老之术
可以用来安慰我的心灵。

X

The tyrant Zhou watched strange dances at Beili,
and listened to Pushang's lascivious music.

Fops and dandies hung about on the streets;
up and down they drifted with the time.
They looked for shortcuts, followed narrow lanes,
setting their hearts on the pursuit of pleasure.
How could they see Prince Jin, the immortal,
who flew on clouds over the forests?

Only the art of lengthening life itself
can comfort my heart.



其 十 一

湛湛长江水，
上有枫树林。
皋兰被径路，
青骊逝駸駸。
远望令人悲，
春气感我心。
三楚多秀士，
朝云进荒淫。
朱华振芬芳，
高蔡相追寻。
一为黄雀哀，
涕下谁能禁。

深深的长江之水，
江边长满了枫树林。
皋泽中的兰花覆盖着道路，
青色的骏马在上面飞驰。
抬首远望，悲不自胜，
春日气息感动着我的心。
楚国曾有过很多才华之士，
纷纷为君主进献荒淫之文。
他们有如芳香盛开的花朵，
在高蔡一带纵情享乐。
我为无猜的黄雀而悲哀，
谁能止住潸然而下的泪水？



XI

Deeply the Yangtze River flows
through thick forests of maple.

The path is strewn with violets,
and a black horse is galloping on.

Gazing into the distance makes me sad,
the Spring air moves my heart.

Once there were many talented scholars in the three old states
of Chu,

who wrote licentious tales to amuse their kings.

They were like red and fragrant flowers,
at Gaocai chasing each other to seek indulgence.

Once there was a yellow sparrow
who thought that it had no predators –

thinking of it, who can hold back my tears?



其 十 二

昔日繁华子，
安陵与龙阳。
夭夭桃李花，
灼灼有辉光。
悦怿若九春，
罄折似秋霜。
流盼发姿媚，
言笑吐芬芳。
携手等欢爱，
宿昔同衣裳。
愿为双飞鸟，
比翼共翱翔。
丹青著明誓，
永世不相忘。

过去有得宠一时的弄臣，
他们的名字叫安陵和龙阳。
像桃李那般可爱，
散发出明亮的辉光。
他们犹如春天一般光润，
犹如秋霜那样卑曲。
他们的眼波如此妩媚，
他们的言笑如此芬芳。
他们与主上携手欢爱，
早晚享用同一件衣裳。
他们愿化作比翼鸟，
在空中双双飞翔。
他们用丹青写下誓言，
彼此永不相忘。



XII

Of such high fortune they were,
the courtiers An Ling and Long Yang –
bright as peach-flowers, plum flowers;
light possessed them,
shining, like the light of Spring,
flattering, like Autumn frost.

The charms of their looks and gestures,
the fragrance of their words, their laughter,
holding hands with their lords, indulging in their love,
night and day, sharing the same covers.

They wanted to be a pair of lovebirds,
flying,
wing touched upon wing.

Taking a brush, they wrote down their oath,
that they would never forget each other.



其十三

登高临四野，
北望青山阿。
松柏翳冈岑，
飞鸟鸣相过。
感慨怀辛酸，
怨毒常苦多。
李公悲东门，
苏子狭三河。
求仁自得仁，
岂复叹咨嗟。

我登上高坡，面临荒野，
眺望着北面的青山。
松柏荫盖着山峰，
飞鸟鸣叫着掠过。
我感慨万千，内心酸楚，
人生的怨苦竟如此之多。
李斯有东门的悲愤，
苏秦藐视整个三河。
追求仁德自会得到仁德，
为何还要叹息！

XIII

I climbed high, and looked out across the wilderness.
To the north, the mountains, shadowed with green pines,
birds flying by, alone, crying.

The sorrow returns.
My life has been full of anguish.

I thought of Gentleman Li, in jail,
who pined for the freedom at the Eastern Gate.

And Suzi, for whom the whole of Three Rivers
was still too small a place.

And me? I sought only virtue,
and lo, I have been rewarded with virtue.

Why should I complain?



其十四

开秋兆凉气，
蟋蟀鸣床帷。
感物怀殷忧，
悄悄令心悲。
多言焉所告，
繁辞将诉谁。
微风吹罗袂，
明月耀清晖。
晨鸡鸣高树，
命驾起旋归。

秋天预兆着清凉的气候，
蟋蟀在床帷前鸣叫。
此物令我感叹，心怀忧虑，
无言默默地伤悲。
满腹的言语何处倾诉，
无数的话语向谁表达？
微风吹动着我的衣袖，
明月闪耀着它的清辉。
早晨鸡在树巅鸣叫，
我让车夫起驾回归。



XIV

Autumn: I know that it's going to be cold,
lying in bed, listening to the cricket sing
the other side of the curtain. I am fearful,
saddened by this little natural thing.

A swelling heart: who can I share it with?
A sea of words: who can I speak to?

Gently the breeze tugs at my silken sleeves.
The moon is bright, it shines like ice.
I hear the cockerel crow on the tree-top
and order my horse to be saddled. Time to return.



其十五

昔年十四五，
志尚好书诗。
被褐怀珠玉，
颜闵相与期。
开轩临四野，
登高望所思，
丘墓蔽山冈，
万代同一时，
千秋万岁后，
荣名安所之。
乃悟羨门子，
噉噉今自嗤。

过去，还是十四五岁的时候，
我的志向是研读诗书。
身着布衣，心怀珠玉，
我以颜渊和闵损为榜样。
在敞开的轩车上面对原野，
登到高处远望所思之乡。
隆起的坟墓盖满了山冈，
漫长岁月都凝缩于片晌。
千秋万岁之后，
荣华富贵能到何处？
如今才领悟了仙人的真谛，
我只有悲哀地自我解嘲。



XV

Years ago, at fourteen and fifteen,
with high ambition I fell in love with poetry and books.
I wore the simplest clothes, but in my heart, I cherished the
ruby and pearl,
setting Yan Yuan and Min Sun up as my models.

In an open cart I turned my face to the wide fields,
climbing ever upward I sought to follow my heroes.

The mounds of graves cover the hillsides,
thousands of years have passed in a single moment,
thousands of Autumns, tens of thousands of years –
what place can fame and glory hold?

Now I know the truth of Xian Men Zi,
and laugh at myself, tears rolling down my cheeks.



其十六

徘徊蓬池上，
还顾望大梁。
绿水扬洪波，
旷野莽茫茫。
走兽交横驰，
飞鸟相随翔。
是时鹑火中，
日月正相望。
朔风厉严寒，
阴气下微霜。
羁旅无俦匹，
俯仰怀哀伤。
小人计其功，
君子道其常。
岂惜终憔悴，
咏言著斯章。

我在蓬池边徘徊，
回首眺望着大梁。
池中绿水翻着巨大波浪，
旷野是一望无际的苍茫。
奔跑的野兽交相驰过，
空中的群鸟前后飞翔。
此时正是九月、十月之交，
太阳和月亮彼此相望。
凛冽的北风在吹吼，
阴冷的空气结下了严霜。
此处我是个孤独的游客，
一举一动都令我哀伤。
小人只知计较眼前利益，
君子则遵循道德法则。
身心交瘁也在所不辞，
边吟边咏写下了这篇诗章。



XVI

Walking along by Peng Lake,
I let my eyes settle on Daliang:
big waves flow ceaselessly down the blue water,
the countryside stretches far away,
where animals' tracks run back and forth
and birds are flying, each with another.

The time is between September and October,
the Sun and the Moon stare into each other's eyes
and the wind blows fiercely from the north
crystallizing the air.

I am a stranger here, a loner,
each nod of the head brings sadness.

Villains there are, who only look after themselves,
and gentlemen, acting as gentlemen will.

So up and down I wander, thin and pale as a ghost;
mumbling and chanting I write this poem.



其十七

独坐空堂上，
谁可与亲者。
出门临永路，
不见行车马。
登高望九州，
悠悠分旷野。
孤鸟西北飞，
离兽东南下。
日暮思亲友，
晤言用自写。

我独自坐在空空的堂上，
有谁能够与我一起同欢？
出门面对漫长的道路，
看不到行走的一车一马。
登高眺望中国的九州，
苍茫一片，旷野难分。
一只孤鸟独自向西北飞去，
离群的野兽奔往东南。
傍晚我想到了我的亲友，
只好自己写下交谈的言语。

XVII

I sit alone in the empty courtyard.
Where is the man to whom I can bare my heart?
Outside, before me, stretches the endless road,
an empty road – no cart, no horses.

Climbing, I look over our land –
vast, so vast, it stretches before me.
One bird only, heading northwest,
and some little animal, lost, scurrying the other way.

Evening is the time when I miss my friends the most;
to comfort me, I write of our conversation.



其 十 八

悬车在西南，
羲和将欲倾。
流光耀四海，
忽忽至夕冥。
朝为咸池晖，
濛汜受其荣。
岂知穷达士，
一死不再生。
视彼桃李花，
谁能久荧荧。
君子在何许，
叹息未合并。
瞻仰景山松，
可以慰吾情。

太阳的悬车挂在西南，
车夫羲和即将驾它下倾。
明亮的阳光照耀四海，
忽然间便在西方晦冥。
清早太阳在咸池沐浴生辉，
傍晚濛汜湖享受它的荣光。
怎知那些通达或困穷之士
一旦死去便不再生。
看看那些桃花李花，
哪个能够永久光荧？
君子于此置身何处？
遗憾的是他未能与变化合并。
我仰望着高山上的青松，
它们可以抚慰我的心情。



XVIII

The Sun's chariot hangs in the southwest,
Xihe hurries it forward to its setting.
Light lingers across the Four Seas,
suddenly darkness reigns.

In the morning the sun rises at Xianchi and bathes itself,
and at evening the banks of Mengsi accept its light,
but who doubts that the poor scholar, enlightened as he is,
will never revive, once he has passed away?

Look at those peach and plum flowers –
which of them can keep its luster forever?
The noble man – where can he stand to be free from change?
What shame that he can't become one with it all.

I stand and admire the pines on the great mountains.
They comfort my heart.



其十九

西方有佳人，
皎若白日光，
被服纤罗衣，
左右珮双璜。
修容耀姿美，
顺风振微芳。
登高眺所思，
举袂当朝阳。
寄颜云霄间，
挥袖凌虚翔。
飘飘恍惚中，
流盼顾我傍。
悦怿未交接，
晤言用感伤。

西方有一位美女，
皎洁明亮犹如日光。
她身着丝绸之衣，
两边佩戴着玉器珠宝。
她的美容闪耀着姿色，
微风散发出她的芳香。
她登高眺望她的恋人，
面对朝阳举起衣袖。
她的秀颜冲向云霄，
舞动衣襟在天空飞翔。
恍惚中她在上下飘飏，
在我身旁目送秋波。
我们的欢情终未交流，
欲语不成，心怀感伤。

XIX

There is a fair woman in the west,
who is as bright as sunlight.
She wears a dress of the finest silk
and jewellery shines from her left, her right.

Her face is a charm, so full of grace,
lightly perfuming the breeze.
Climbing upward, she keeps watch for her loved one,
holding her sleeves, she faces the morning sun.

She hovers, she drifts through the sky,
waving her sleeves, she dances,
flies like the wind, like a cloud, in trance.

Every so often, she glances at me,
but for me this beauty is out of reach.

Left alone, I lament my fate.



其二十

杨朱泣歧路，
墨子悲染丝。
揖让长离别，
飘飘难与期。
岂徒燕婉情，
存亡诚有之。
萧索人所悲，
祸衅不可辞。
赵女媚中山，
谦柔愈见欺。
嗟嗟途上士，
何用自保持。

杨朱为歧路之多而哭泣，
墨子为丝绸可染而悲伤。
我们拱手相告长别，
此后便是风雨飘飘，再会无因。
这绝非只是友谊亲情，
它牵涉到生死存亡。
人们悲叹孤独抑郁，
世上的祸患却难回避。
赵国的美女迷惑了代国国王，
谦虚温柔更会使人受骗上当。
那些仕途上的士人啊，
他们如何才能自我保存？



XX

Yang Zhu wept for the sheer number of crossroads,
Mozi grieved that the white silk could be dyed into different
colors.

We held our hands to bid each other a long farewell,
when could we expect to meet again in this turbulent world?
This was not mere sentimentality, uncalled for,
but a matter of life and death.

We lamented the sufferings of this world,
misfortune and disaster could not be avoided.

The fair girl of Zhao deceived the King of Dai in Zhongshan,
modesty and tenderness only make one more vulnerable.

O! I think of the common scholars, treading along their roads.
Where can they find their peace and safety?



其二十一

于心怀寸阴，
羲阳将欲冥。
挥袂抚长剑，
仰观浮云征。
云间有玄鹤，
抗志扬哀声。
一飞冲青天，
旷世不再鸣；
岂与鹑鷃游，
连翩戏中庭。

我在心中珍惜每寸光阴，
太阳不久便会晦暗。
我挥舞衣袖，抚弄长剑，
抬头望见浮云在远征。
云间有只黑色的仙鹤，
它意志坚强，引颈哀歌，
展翅高飞，冲向青天，
永世不再鸣叫；
它怎能与那些鹑鷃为伍，
和它们在庭中一同嬉戏？



XXI

In my heart I treasure every moment of time –
The Sun will soon descend into darkness.
Waving my sleeves I brandish the long sword .
and holding my head aloft, I watch the clouds in their courses.

Among them I see a black crane,
firm in its will, making its sad sounds.
Once it darts away, into the blue sky,
its cry will be gone forever.

How can it flutter and flap around with the quails
playing down in the courtyard?





其二十二

夏后乘灵舆，
夸父为邓林。
存亡从变化，
日月有浮沉。
凤凰鸣参差，
伶伦发其音。
王子好箫管，
世世相追寻。
谁言不可见，
青鸟明我心。

夏朝君主乘驾着天舆，
夸父的手杖化为邓林。
生死存亡皆由变化，
太阳月亮也有浮沉。
凤凰在不停地鸣叫，
伶伦据此发明了他的乐音。
仙人王子晋喜好吹弄箫管，
后人一直在追寻他的足迹。
谁说万物之道不可见？
信使青鸟了解我的心。



XXII

The Xia Emperor may have ridden a heavenly chariot,
and Kuafu's sticks become trees,
but life and death both follow the process of Change,
The Sun and the Moon have their rising and falling.

Phoenixes sing their uneven songs,
Ling Lun fashioned a bamboo flute to copy their sound.
Prince Jin, the immortal, liked to play his pipe,
and generations after sought his footsteps.

Who says the Way is not to be seen?
Ah Bluebird, you who bring food for the goddess,
you are the one who understands my heart.



其二十三

东南有射山，
汾水出其阳。
六龙服气舆，
云盖覆天纲。
仙者四五人，
逍遥宴兰房。
寢息一纯和，
呼噏成露霜。
沐浴丹渊中，
炤耀日月光。
岂安通灵台，
游瀆去高翔。

在东南有一座姑射山，
汾河源出它的南边。
六龙驾着轻灵的车舆，
云雾之盖迫近天纲星。
那里有四五位仙人，
正在芬香的房中悠闲。
他们的寢息是那么纯和，
他们的呼吸化为露霜。
他们在丹渊之水中沐浴，
日月的光芒照耀在他们身上。
心中愉悦，无忧无虑，
飘然在天空中飞翔。

XXIII

In the southeast the holy Gushe Mountain rises,
from its southern side the Fen River flows.
Six dragons drive the airy chariot,
the cloud canopy approaches the Star of Tiangang.

Four or five celestial beings
rest at leisure in the orchid house –
in sleep, their breathing is pure and harmonious,
at dawn their breath becomes dew and frost.
They bathe in the deep empyrean pool,
on which the Sun and the Moon shine.

Easy and carefree of heart and soul,
upward they soar, to heaven.



其二十四

殷忧令志结，
怵惕常若惊。
逍遥未终晏，
朱阳忽西倾。
蟋蟀在户牖，
蟋蟀号中庭。
心肠未相好，
谁云亮我情。
愿为云间鸟，
千里一哀鸣。
三芝延瀛洲，
远游可长生。

深愁会令人心绪郁结，
恐惧则常使人心惊。
逍遥享乐尚未尽兴，
太阳的光辉忽然西倾。
蟋蟀在窗前吟叫，
蟋蟀在庭中鸣号。
人心未能彼此结好，
有谁能体谅我的心情？
我愿化作云间之鸟
将它的哀叫传至千里。
三芝灵草在瀛洲蔓延，
远游彼处可获长生。

XXIV

Deep depression makes a knot of heart.
To be always on edge is a permanent state of shock.
Before your pleasure has reached its height
the Sun sets, suddenly red in the west.

Crickets are chirruping under the window,
Huigu, the short-lived insect, down in the courtyard.

The hearts of men are estranged from each other.
Who understands, or believes, my feelings?
I wish I could be a bird in cloud
whose melancholy song is heard through a thousand *li*.

The elixir plant Sanzhi covers the slope of Yingzhou,
I'll travel there to live forever.



其二十五

拔剑临白刃，
安能相中伤。
但畏工言子，
称我三江旁。
飞泉流玉山，
悬车栖扶桑。
日月经千里，
素风发微霜，
势路有穷达，
咨嗟安可长。

宁愿抽出宝剑，面对刀刃，
也不辅佐恶语中伤者。
可畏的是那些巧言令色之人，
在三江边对我假作称扬。
飞泉从玉山流下，
太阳的悬车在扶桑栖息。
日月运行千里，
秋风吹发出微霜。
仕途官场升降难测，
怎可为此而长叹！



XXV

I would rather face the edge of a drawn sword
than serve in this slanderous court.

The only thing that frightens me is sophistication –
men who try to trap me with their insidious talk.

The flying fountain hangs in the Mountain of Jade,
the Sun's chariot stands at rest in Fusang.

The Sun and the Moon travel a thousand *li* each day,
the Autumn wind brings thin frost.

Yes, the road of official career roams up and down,
no need to sigh too long.





其二十六

朝登洪坡颠，
日夕望西山。
荆棘被原野，
群鸟飞翩翩。
鸾鹭时栖宿，
性命有自然。
建木谁能近，
射干复婵娟。
不见林中葛，
延蔓相勾连。

清早我登上高坡之颠，
傍晚我眺望着西山。
原野上长满了荆棘，
群鸟在飞舞翩翩。
鸾鸟凤凰时来止宿，
人生一世因循自然。
仙境的建木谁能接近？
西方的射干美丽非凡。
没见到林中的藤葛，
它们枝叶丛生，相互勾连？



XXVI

In the morning, I climbed to the hilltop.
At sunset, I kept my eyes on the Western Mountain.
Thorns covered the wilderness.
Flocks of graceful birds flew by.

The cranes and phoenixes, resting, take their own kinds for
company.
All of life follows its natural course.

Who can come close to the magical Jianmu tree?
The Yegan flower displays its elegance.

Don't you see the vines in the forest,
twined together, all the way from the root?



其二十七

周郑天下交，
街术当三河。
妖冶闲都子，
焕耀何芬葩。
玄发照朱颜，
睇眄有光华。
倾城思一顾，
遗视来相夸。
愿为三春游，
朝阳忽蹉跎。
盛衰在须臾，
离别将如何。

周与郑是天下的交汇地，
它们的街道面对着三河。
那些妖艳的美貌青年，
像鲜花一样光彩夺目。
他们的黑发映照红颊，
双眼温情脉脉，充满着光华。
绝色美女渴望与他们相见，
暗送秋波，交相夸耀。
他们愿在春季尽情游乐，
朝阳忽然间已经错过。
盛衰得失都在顷刻之间，
面对离别，又将如何？



XXVII

There is a place where Zhou and Zheng come together under
the sky,
and roads and tracks all run together down to Sanhe.
Here the men of grace, the handsome young men,
come together, shine like flowers,
dark hair, setting off red faces,
the lights in their eyes are tender, alluring.

Women of rarest beauty come to look at them,
flirt with them, and sing praises of one another.
They want to go out in the Spring fields,
all of a sudden, the morning sun is already setting.

Rise and fall are only momentary things.
How will we say our farewells?



其二十八

若木耀西海，
扶桑翳瀛洲。
日月经天途，
明暗不相侔。
穷达自有常，
得失又何求。
岂效路上童，
携手共遨游。
阴阳有变化，
谁云沉不浮。
朱鳖跃飞泉，
夜飞过吴洲。
俛仰运天地，
再抚四海流。
系累名利场，
驽骏同一辔，
岂若遗耳目，
升遐去殷忧。

若木在西海闪耀，
扶桑遮蔽着瀛洲。
太阳月亮在天路经过，
光明与黑暗本不同途。
贫穷富贵自有其常则，
成功失败又怎能强求？
我岂能效仿路上的儿童，
一起携手玩乐？
一阴一阳总有变化，
谁说一旦下沉便不再升浮？
红鳖鱼从飞泉上跃过，
夜飞剑在吴洲上飞翔。
一俯一仰与天地同行，
更要和四海同流。
如将自己束缚在名利场，
驽马骏马被迫同驾一车。
不如让自己耳目一新。
飞升九天，忘却忧愁。

XXVIII

Ruomu illuminates the Western Sea,
Fusang casts its shadow on Yingzhou Peak.
The Sun and the Moon cross the sky on their own roads,
light and darkness never travel together.

Poverty and prosperity also have their ways,
loss and gain cannot be made by force.
How can I imitate those children, there on road,
who run and play with their arms entwined?
Yin and Yang change over, as their wont.
Who says that if you sink you can never resurface?

The red river-turtle jumps across the flying fountain,
King Wu's sword flies over the land of Wu.
Sinking, rising, I move with the course of nature,
and rest with the flow of the Four Seas.

Burdened with fame and wealth,
the wise and foolish horses are tied to the selfsame cart.

Why not clear my eyes and ears of all this
and fly away, deserting dejection?



其二十九

昔余游大梁，
登于黄华颠。
共工宅玄冥，
高台造青天。
幽荒邈悠悠，
悽怆怀所怜。
所怜者谁子，
明察应自然。
应龙沉冀州，
妖女不得眠。
肆侈陵世俗，
岂云永厥年。

过去我曾到过大梁，
登上了黄华山的峰颠。
共工的住宅既阴又暗，
高高的台阁直向青天。
昏暗的原野悠远辽阔，
忧伤中我想起了我的所欢。
我的所欢究竟是谁？
明察者自应顺从自然。
应龙在冀州沉没，
妖艳之女不得安眠。
放肆无度，违犯常规，
怎能够使其长生延年？



XXIX

Once, I traveled to Daliang,
and climbed to the top of Huanghua Mountain.

The dwelling place of Gonggong was gloomy and deep,
with its platform rising, rising into the blue sky.

A dim, O such a remote, and untamed place....
and sorrow fell, as someone dear to me came into my heart.

Who was this beloved man?
A perceptive person will follow the course of nature.

The Dragon of Flood dived deep into the waters at Jizhou,
and that charming lady could no longer sleep in peace.

Living in extravagance and trespassing the rules –
how can this be a way to prolong one's life?



其三十

驱车出门去，
意欲远征行。
征行安所如，
背弃夸与名。
夸名不在己，
但愿适中情，
单帷蔽皎日，
高榭隔微声。
谗邪使交疏，
浮云令昼冥。
嫵婉同衣裳，
一顾倾人城。
从容在一时，
繁华不再荣。
晨朝奄复暮，
不见所欢形。
黄鸟东南飞，
寄言谢友生。

我驱车来到门外，
打算到远方去旅行。
旅行到哪里去？
要离弃虚荣和名声。
虚荣名声均不由己，
我只要满足内心之情。
单薄的帷幕能遮住灿烂的太阳，
高高的台榭可挡住微小的音声。
谗言恶语让亲交疏远，
飘浮之云使天空晦暗。
她柔情蜜意，与人同衣，
秋波一送便令全城倾倒。
春风得意只在一时，
绚烂的花朵不再开放。
清晨瞬间便成傍晚，
看不到所欢的身影。
黄鸟正飞向东南，
托它带一言给我的亲朋。

大中华文库
PDG



XXX

I clambered aboard my cart and left,
wishing to travel to a far-off land.
What was the goal of my journey?
The abandonment of vanity and fame.

For vanity and fame do not rely on will –
best to follow your innermost heart.
A single curtain can cut off the sunlight,
the high pavilion muffles the slightest tones.
Calumny separates intimate friends,
floating clouds darken the sky.

Look at that fair, alluring woman, sharing clothes with others,
a single glance from her and everyone is charmed.
Fortune, favor, come for a moment and go,
Flowers, once bloomed, will never blossom again.

Quickly morning passes to become evening,
the shape of my beloved is nowhere to be seen.

O yellow bird! Fly southeast
and carry these words to my friend.



其三十一

驾言发魏都，
南向望吹台。
箫管有遗音，
梁王安在哉。
战士食糟糠，
贤者处蒿莱。
歌舞曲未终，
秦兵已复来。
夹林非吾有，
朱宫生尘埃。
军败华阳下，
身竟为土灰。

我驾车前往魏国的都城，
向南眺望吹台。
箫管的遗音尚存，
可梁国国王今又何在？
他的士兵们吃的是糟糠，
贤明之士都被赶到野外。
歌舞音乐尚未終了，
秦国的军队又已到来。
夹林之地不复为我所有，
朱红的宫殿生满了尘埃。
他的军队败在华山脚下，
士兵们的身体终成土灰。



XXXI

I took a cart and headed to the capital of old state of Wei,
On the south, to Chuitai, enjoy a distant view
where the music of the flute still lingers.
Where is the King of Liang now?

His soldiers ate chaff for their only food,
and wise men were driven to the wilderness.
Before the songs and the dances had ended
the army of Qin had already reappeared.

The fine forests were ours no longer,
the crimson palaces had fallen away to dust.

Liang's troops were defeated at the foot of Mount Hua,
their bodies had long become ashes.



其三十二

朝阳不再盛，
白日忽西幽。
去此若俯仰，
如何似九秋。
人生若尘露，
天道竟悠悠。
齐景升丘山，
涕泗纷交流。
孔圣临长川，
惜逝忽若浮。
去者余不及，
来者吾不留。
愿登太华山，
上与松子游。
渔父知世患，
乘流泛轻舟。

朝阳过后不再会全盛，
白日忽然在西方暗下。
此间犹如一俯一仰，
怎可说长似九秋。
人的一辈子好比尘上之露，
上天之道则是悠远无限。
齐景公曾登上山丘，
潸然泪下，交相横流。
孔圣人面对着长河，
叹息时光流逝如此之快。
过去的我无法重获，
未来的我无法保留。
我愿登上太华之巅，
在那里与仙人赤松子遨游。
渔父知晓世上的忧患，
驾着轻舟，到河中漂流。

XXXII

The morning sun will never be as bright again
and the day grows suddenly dark in the west.
Yet this parting is only a brief moment, a nod of head,
who says it endures Autumn long?

The life of Man is like the dew on the dust.
How long, and how vast, is the Way of Heaven!

The Duke of Qi looked down from the hill,
tears falling down like crossing streams.
Sage Confucius stood by the long river,
lamenting time so swiftly flowing.

What is past I cannot regain,
and what's to come I cannot keep.
I wish that I could climb the Taihua Mountain
and live up there in heaven with the god Song Zi!

The fisherman knew the sufferings of this world,
so, taking a little skiff,
he drifted along with the current.



其三十三

一日复一夕，
一夕复一朝。
颜色改平常，
精神自损消。
胸中怀汤火，
变化故相招。
万事无穷极，
知谋苦不饶。
但恐须臾间，
魂气随风飘。
终身履薄冰，
谁知我心焦。

一天过了又一晚，
一晚过了又一晨。
脸色已不再是平常的颜色，
精神也已经损耗磨消。
胸中怀着汤与火，
便会招致变故迁化。
世上万事无穷无尽，
人的智谋却很寥寥。
惟恐在顷刻之间
我的灵魂便会随风飘散。
终身都在薄冰上行走，
有谁知道我内心的煎熬？



XXXIII

Days after evenings
evenings after mornings

the countenance loses its color
the spirit weakens of itself.

A fire raging within my chest,
all things change thereby, one after another.
Universal phenomena have no end
that Man's pitiful wit can ever penetrate.

My only fear is – that in a moment's time
my soul will catch the wind and fly away.

All my life I've been walking on thin ice.
Who could know my anxious heart?



其三十四

一日复一朝，
一昏复一晨。
容色改平常，
精神自飘沦，
临觞多哀楚，
思我故时人。
对酒不能言，
悽怆怀酸辛。
愿耕东皋阳，
谁与守其真。
愁苦在一时，
高行伤微身。
曲直何所为，
龙蛇为我邻。

一天过了又一天，
一晚过了又一晨。
面容已不再是平常的颜色，
精神也已经飘散零落。
面对酒杯，哀伤不尽，
想起旧时的友人。
酒在面前，开口难言，
满怀的忧伤与酸辛。
我想到东皋的南边耕地，
有谁能和我坚守其天真？
忧愁痛苦只是短暂一时，
高尚的品行会伤害个人。
是非曲直又有何用？
宁愿以龙蛇为邻。



XXXIV

Days after mornings
evenings after mornings

the countenance loses its color
the spirit floats of itself.

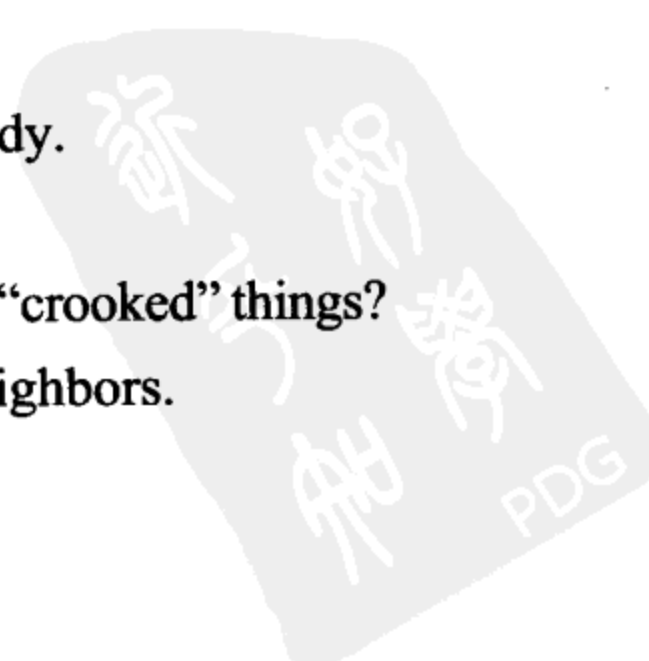
Lifting the cup I am overwhelmed with grief,
and think of my friends in the old days.

Facing the drink I cannot speak,
my heart teeming with sadness.

I'd like to go and plough the paddy-field by the eastern moor,
who understands this kind of truth?

Yet, misery, depression are short-lived,
and noble behavior will damage a humble body.

Why should I fret myself about "straight" and "crooked" things?
I'd rather have dragons and snakes as my neighbors.





其三十五

世务何缤纷，
人道苦不遑。
壮年以时逝，
朝露待太阳。
愿揽羲和辔，
白日不移光。
天阶路殊绝，
云汉邈无梁。
濯发眇谷滨，
远游昆岳傍。
登彼列仙岵，
采此秋兰芳。
时路乌足争，
太极可翱翔。

世上的事物如此纷乱，
人生一世总苦于光阴短促。
壮年时刻都在逝去，
晨露等候着太阳。
我愿拉住羲和的辔勒，
使白日不移动它的光芒。
通天的阶梯既高又险，
邈远的云河上没有桥梁。
我在眇谷边洗发，
远游到昆仑山旁，
登上仙人的山头，
摘采秋天的花朵。
世上的得失微不足道，
宇宙的太极才是翱翔之所。



XXXV

Worldly affairs are completely disordered....

and it's a pity that we can't stay long –
youth passes with an hour,
the morning dew awaits the Sun.

I wish that I held the sun-cart's rein!
Then its brilliant light would never pass!

The stairway to heaven's a difficult climb,
and there is no bridge to cross the Milky Way.

Washing my hair by the side of the Yanggu River,
traveling far to Kunlun Peak,
there I climb the heavenly hills
to gather the fragrant Autumn violets.

The ways of the world are hardly worth competing for,
the vast Cosmos is the place to soar!



其三十六

谁言万事艰，
逍遥可终生。
临堂翳华树，
悠悠念无形。
彷徨思亲友，
倏忽复至冥。
寄言东飞鸟，
可用慰我情。

谁说世上万事艰难，
人的一辈子可以逍遥自在。
堂前有一棵阴翳茂密的大树，
使我在悠然中想起了无形之道。
彷徨中我想到了亲友，
忽然间傍晚已经到来。
我寄语给向东的飞鸟，
它们可以安慰我的情怀。



XXXVI

Who says that life is hard?

Life can disappear in leisure:

in front of my courtyard there stands a feathery, flowery
tree –

standing in its shade, I consider the formless Cosmos.

Walking up and down I miss my relatives and friends,
and then the day is suddenly dark again.

Let those eastward-flying birds carry my message
and comfort my heart.



其三十七

嘉时在今辰，
零雨洒尘埃。
临路望所思，
日夕复不来。
人情有感慨，
荡漾焉能排。
挥涕怀哀伤，
辛酸谁语哉。

良辰美景便在此时，
细雨浇洒着尘埃。
临近道路，我期待着我的恋人，
直到傍晚她仍未到来。
人心总有激情感触，
一旦感发，怎能排遣？
我挥涕如雨，满怀哀伤，
心中的辛酸向谁倾诉？



XXXVII

This morning's hour of joy has come,
yet the drizzle moistens the dust.

I wait by the roadside for my beloved
till evening, still she doesn't come.

Human nature teems with sentiments –
they disturb me, how can I console myself?

With sadness in my heart I wipe away the tears.
Who will listen to these miserable words?



其三十八

炎光延万里，
洪川荡湍濑。
弯弓挂扶桑，
长剑倚天外。
泰山成砥砺，
黄河为裳带。
视彼庄周子，
荣枯何足赖。
捐身弃中野，
乌鸢作患害。
岂若雄杰士，
功名从此大。

万丈光芒延至万里，
长川大河中巨浪翻腾。
把弯弓挂在扶桑树上，
身倚长剑站在九天之外。
泰山成了他的磨刀石，
黄河作为他的衣带。
看那位庄周先生，
盛衰沉浮怎可依赖？
死后将身体弃置原野，
乌鸦老鹰将生患害。
不如作个英雄伟人，
让自己的功名发扬光大。



XXXVIII

A dazzling light extends for ten thousand *li*,
the turbulent torrent dashes within the enormous river!
There in the East he hangs his bow in the Fusang tree,
and, sword in hand, he stands at the edge of the sky.
Mount Tai's the stone he whets his sword upon,
the Yellow River he takes as the train of his cloak.

I consider the gentleman known as Zhuangzi,
and ask: how can either glory or ignominy be relied on?
Throw away the body, throw it away to the desert
after death, its bones to be feast for birds of prey.
Better to follow that man, that fabulous warrior,
striding hugely, chasing fame and rank.



其三十九

壮士何慷慨，
志欲威八荒。
驱车远行役，
受命念自忘。
良弓挟乌号，
明甲有精光。
临难不顾生，
身死魂飞扬。
岂为全躯士，
效命争战场。
忠为百世荣，
义使令名彰。
垂声谢后世，
气节故有常。

那些壮士们是如此英勇，
他们立志扬威整个世界。
他们驾车到远方服役，
受命后便将个人安危遗忘。
他们手持良弓利剑，
身上的铠甲闪烁着精光。
面对困难，他们奋不顾生，
身体虽没，灵魂飞扬。
怎能作贪生怕死之人？
他们在战场赴汤蹈火。
他们的忠诚成为后世的光荣，
他们的节义令他们声名显扬。
千秋万代，永垂不朽，
他们的气节万古长青。



XXXIX

How brave and how generous are those heroes!
Their only will is to strike the entire world.
Driving chariots to the far battlefield
they cherish their leader's trust, forget their own safety.
They hold their wonderful bows in their hands,
their armour sheds a magnificent glint.
Confronting danger, they care little for their lives –
when they die, their souls spread out in the sky.
They are not cowards, who are only concerned with saving
themselves,
they give themselves devotedly to battle.
Their loyalty will be glory for hundreds of generations,
their deeds will make their names well-known,
their fame will be honored by the world eternally,
their spiritual integrity will never suffer change.



其四十

混元生两仪，
四象运衡玑。
曷日布炎精，
素月垂景辉。
晷度有昭回，
哀哉人命微。
飘若风尘逝。
忽若庆云晞。
修龄适余愿，
光宠非己威。
安期步天路，
松子与世违。
焉得凌霄翼，
飘飘登云巍。
嗟哉尼父志，
何为居九夷。

混沌生出了天地两极，
金木水火四象推动天体。
灿烂的太阳洒下光芒，
皎洁的月亮垂布清辉。
太阳之影有明有暗，
可悲的是人命竟如此短暂。
飘忽地像风尘离去，
不定地像云气被晒干。
长生是我的愿望，
光荣宠爱不是我的权威。
仙人安期生在天上漫步，
神仙赤松子与世人相违。
怎得生出凌风的翅膀，
能让我飞登上云间？
可叹的是孔子竟有这样的志向，
为什么他要住在边远地区？



XL

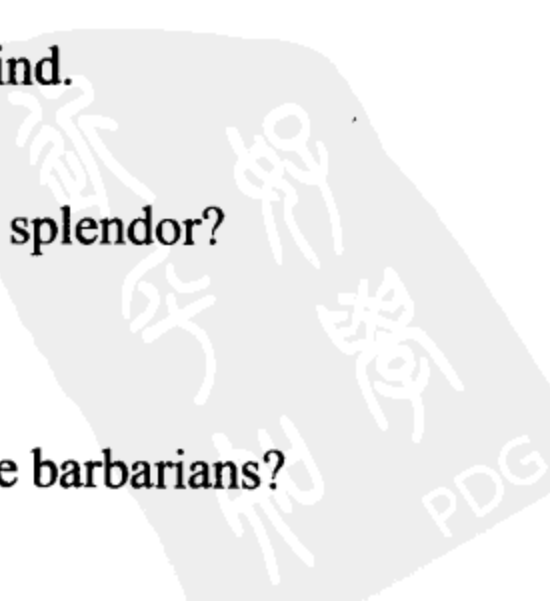
The Heaven and Earth originated in Chaos.
The Four Elements, dividing and combining,
drive the motion of the spheres.

The Sun spreads its brilliance,
the Moon its clear light –
the Sun, once set, will return,
but the life of Man is short as
dust in wind,
vanishing
and transient as
clouds,
perpetually drying up.

Prolonging life is thus my will!
and gaining favor and glory, not in my power at all!

Anqi the god walks the Road of Heaven,
Songzi the immortal leaves the world behind.
Where can I get the wings, that I could
harness the clouds, and fly around in their splendor?

How strange the will of Confucius!
Why would he want to live down there, among the barbarians?



天网弥四野，
六翮掩不舒。
随波纷纶客，
汎汎若凫鹭。
生命无期度，
朝夕有不虞。
列仙停修龄，
养志在冲虚。
飘飘云日间，
邈与世路殊。
荣名非己宝，
声色焉足娱。
采药无旋返，
神仙志不符。
逼此良可惑，
令我久踟躇。

天网弥盖着大地，
鸿鹄收敛起它的双翼。
犹如随波逐流的过客，
恰似水上浮动的野鸭。
生命的长短无法预测，
早晚间多有意外事故。
仙人人们在专修长生之法，
在虚无之境安心养性。
他们在云日之间翱翔，
高高在上，远离尘世。
荣耀声名并非我所珍爱，
音乐美色何足令我欢娱？
去采仙药的没有一个回返，
神仙的言辞也不可信。
这一窘况让我颇为疑惑，
许久许久徘徊踟躇。

XLI

The Heavenly Web covers the wilderness,
the swan folds up her strong wings
and follows the tide,
with thousands of common ducks....

The life of a man can never be predicted,
mornings and evenings, the unexpected –

The gods and goddesses apply themselves to prolonging life:
fostering their will in nothingness,
they hover between the clouds and Sun
far, far away from the ways of the world.

Fame and glory are not what I treasure,
women and music can never entertain me.

Those who seek the elixir vitae never return.

Even the words of the gods and goddesses cannot be trusted!
and when I think of this,
I find myself transfixed....





其四十二

王业须良辅，
建功俟英雄。
元凯康哉美，
多士颂声隆。
阴阳有舛错，
日月不常融。
天时有否泰，
人事多盈冲。
园绮遁南岳，
伯阳隐西戎，
保身念道真，
宠耀焉足崇。
人谁不善始，
尠能克厥终。
休哉上世士，
万载垂清风。

君主治国需要良好的辅佐，
建功立业更要等待英雄。
过去的谋臣是那么才华横溢，
众多的士人使朝廷颂声隆隆。
阴阳不时会有差错，
日月也不会永远光明。
宇宙的运行有通有阻，
人间的事情也无准定。
园与绮跑到南山隐避，
老子前往西部藏身。
保全性命，钻研真理，
官宠荣耀不值得尊崇。
人们基本都能善始，
很少有人能够善终。
上古的人多么美好，
他们的气节垂留清风。





XLII

The kings and emperors require good advisors,
and to achieve outstanding things, heroic men are needed.
How brilliant and handsome the scholars used to be,
and how they prospered, ringing the air in praise of the enlight-
ened rulers.

Yin and Yang have their time of discord,
the Sun and the Moon are not bright all of the time.
Nature's course is now harmonious, now discordant,
human affairs are often out of control!

Yuan and Qi hid themselves away in the mountains,
Laozi became a recluse in the far West.
The truth of Dao is to hold to one's integrity,
favor and glory are not worth striving for.

Most men are capable of making a good start,
but few can see things through to the end.

Yes, the scholars of ancient days are beautiful
names that will be remembered forever.





其四十三

鸿鹄相随飞，
飞飞适荒裔。
双翮凌长风，
须臾万里逝。
朝餐琅玕实，
夕宿丹山际。
抗身青云中，
网罗孰能制。
岂与乡曲士，
携手共言誓。

鸿鹄一起在空中飞翔，
飞翔到荒凉的边疆。
它们展开双翅，驾着长风，
顷刻间便越过长途万里。
早上它们吃的是神树的果实，
晚上它们住在仙山之颠。
翱翔在青云之间，
有谁的罗网能捕捉它们？
我怎能与乡下绅士交往，
和他们一起握手发誓？



XLIII

Together the swans fly
to the distant end of the world.
They spread their wings and soar,
crossing thousands of *li* at a glance.
At dawn, they breakfast on manna,
at nightfall they rest on the godly mountain.
They hover among clouds,
is there a web or snare that could hold them?

Hah! Why should I mix with those country squires,
putting their hands on each other's hands,
swearing their pacts?





其四十四

俦物终始殊，
修短各异方。
琅玕生高山，
芝英耀朱堂。
荧荧桃李花，
成蹊将夭伤。
焉敢希千术，
三春表微光。
自非凌风树，
憔悴乌有常。

相同之物终始各异，
有长有短不尽相同。
神树琅玕生长在高山，
灵芝丹药闪耀在红色的院堂。
光彩夺目的桃李花
下面走出小路后便要凋零。
它们怎敢企及康庄大道，
只能在春天呈现一下微弱之光。
自己并非凌风的松柏，
憔悴衰损，安能久长？



XLIV

Similar things grow apart as life proceeds –
physical appearances change.

The godly tree has its home in the high mountain,
the elixir vitae shines in the red courtyard.
How brilliantly the plum and the peachtree bloom!
but once a path is trod beneath them they wither.
How can they yearn for the long, wide road?
They can only display their luster in springtime.

And me?

I'm not the evergreen pine, against wind and frost,
decay just comes and goes.





其四十五

幽兰不可佩，
朱草为谁荣。
修竹隐山阴，
射干临增城。
葛藟延幽谷，
绵绵瓜瓞生。
乐极消灵神，
哀深伤人情。
竟知忧无益，
岂若归太清。

有人说清美的兰花不可佩带，
吉祥的朱草又为谁开？
修竹隐藏在高山之阴，
射干树耸立在西天的增城。
藤葛蔓延到幽深的山谷，
上面果实累累，交迭重重。
过度享乐消损精神，
不尽哀痛伤害性情。
既然知道担忧毫无益处，
不如回到宇宙之初的太清。



XLV

The noble orchid, they say, is not worth wearing,
for whom does the auspicious scarlet grass bloom?

The lofty bamboo secludes itself in the mountain shades,
the Yegan tree hangs above the godly Zengcheng.
Vines cover the valley slopes,
twined together, full of fruit.

Over-indulgence in pleasure can damage our spirits,
while too much sadness hurts our human feelings.

Since I myself have known the futility of worry,
why not return to nature's origin, the Great Clearing?



其四十六

鸞鳩飛桑榆，
海鳥運天池。
豈不識宏大，
羽翼不相宜。
招搖安可翔，
不若栖樹枝，
下集蓬艾間，
上游園圃籬。
但爾亦自足，
用子為追隨。

斑鳩在桑榆樹間飛跳，
鯤鵬越海飛往天池。
並非斑鳩不知天地廣闊，
而是它的翅膀與此不相適宜。
它舞動雙翼，可無法飛翔，
所以不如落在樹枝上。
向下在蓬草中會集，
向上在園圃的籬笆上游玩。
如此它也自滿自足，
為何要追隨鯤鵬？



XLVI

The turtledoves flit in the forest,
the albatross hangs above the sea.

Not that the turtledove is unaware of the sea beyond,
but his wings cannot take him there,

unable to glide, or soar,
better to rest in the twigs.

Down below, the turtledoves cluster on the grass,
and above, they play on the fence.

Since they are so full of themselves right here,
why should they follow that other bird?



其四十七

生命辰安在，
忧戚涕沾襟。
高鸟翔山冈，
燕雀棲下林。
青云蔽前庭，
素琴悽我心。
崇山有鸣鹤，
岂可相追寻。

生命的时辰究竟何在，
我满怀忧戚，泪沾衣襟。
高飞之鸟在山冈上翱翔，
麻雀棲息在山下的树林。
乌云遮蔽着前庭，
琴声使我心中凄凉。
高山上有一只仙鹤在鸣叫，
我怎能追随它的足迹？



XLVII

Where can we find the moment of our life?
Tears of grief dampen my sleeves.

The eagle glides above the mountain,
the sparrow lingers below in the bushes.
Dark clouds cover the courtyard,
the harp's music makes me sad.

The crane flies, singing, across the peak,
how can we follow him?



其四十八

鸣鸠嬉庭树，
焦明游浮云。
焉见孤翔鸟，
翩翩无匹群。
死生自然理，
消散何缤纷。

鹤鹑在庭树上嬉戏，
凤凰在云层中遨游。
怎见那只独飞之鸟，
山下翩翩，无偶无群。
生死是自然原理，
分解消散，何其纷纭。



XLVIII

Turtledoves play and sing on the tree in the courtyard,
a phoenix glides by on the clouds.

Look at that lonely bird in the sky,
flying, slowly, with no companion....

Life and death depend on the Law of Nature,
always recurring, fading, extinguishing....

其四十九

步游三衢旁，
惆怅念所思。
岂为今朝见，
恍惚诚有之。
泽中生乔松，
万世未可期。
高鸟摩天飞，
凌云共游嬉。
岂有孤行士，
垂涕悲故时。

我漫步到大路交口，
忧伤地想念着我的所欢。
并非是要今日见到她，
而是恍惚中睹见了她的容颜。
在沼泽上生长参天松柏，
千秋万世也不可希冀。
俊鸟在天上高飞，
它们在云间一起游嬉。
为何要作独往之士，
为过去悲叹洒泪？



XLIX

Walking by the crossroads,
with a sad heart, I miss my beloved.

Not that I hope to see her today,
but she comes, from a state of trance she appears....

To plant a giant pine in the moor –
this cannot be done in thousands of years.

Huge birds wheel in the sky,
playing, one with another, among the clouds.

Why be the lonely, wayward scholar,
shedding tears, lamenting the past?



其五十

清露为凝霜，
华草成蒿莱。
谁云君子贤，
明达安可能。
乘云招松乔，
呼噏永矣哉。

清露化作严霜，
美丽的花木变为野草。
谁能谈论君子的贤能，
开明通达又怎可长久？
我乘云去追寻仙人松与乔，
永远与他们一同呼吸。



L

The fresh dew congeals into frost,
the beautiful plants become weeds.

Who can talk about noble virtues,
and how can wisdom and enlightenment endure?

Riding the clouds, I seek the immortals Songzi and Prince Jin,
breathing pure air with them,

breathing,
breathing,
alas!



丹心失恩泽，
重德丧所宜。
善言焉可长，
慈惠未易施。
不见南飞燕，
羽翼正差池。
高子怨新诗，
三闾悼乖离。
何为混沌氏，
倏忽体貌隳。

赤诚之心令人失去恩泽，
崇高品德使其无所适从。
善良的言辞怎能长久，
向人施恩也非常容易。
没见到那些南飞的燕子，
正在不停地扇动着翅膀？
高叟不满诗中的怨情，
屈原哀悼人间的不幸。
为什么混沌先生，
被倏和忽凿毁了他的体貌？

LI

The loyal heart may lose the favors it receives,
high morality can make it lose its proper place.
How will kind words last long?
To give out affections and favors is no easy task.

Ah! Don't you see the swallows flying southward,
slowly spreading their wings in the air?

Gaozi complained about plaintive poetry,
Qu Yuan lamented the frustrations in the world.
Alas! even Huntun himself was destroyed
by Shu and Hu, who did not understand his nature.



其五十二

十日出暘谷，
弭节驰万里。
经天耀四海，
倏忽潜濛汜。
谁言焱炎久，
游没何行俟。
逝者岂长生，
亦去荆与杞。
千岁犹崇朝，
一餐聊自己。
是非得失间，
焉足相讥理。
计利知术穷，
哀情遽能止。

十个太阳从暘谷升起，
它们的车夫按勒登上万里之途。
它们横跨天空，照耀四海，
突然便从濛汜落下。
谁说它们的光芒经久不暗？
它们在征途中且行且住。
已经逝去的怎可是长生，
他们都已到了草莽之地。
千年万岁犹如一个清晨，
一餐之间生命已经结束。
在是非得失之间，
不值得互相争论讥笑。
争权夺利之术一旦穷尽，
人间的哀伤便即刻停止。



LII

The Ten Suns rise in Yanggu,
their drivers whip them onward, thousands of *li*.
Crossing the sky, they shine down upon the Four Seas,
suddenly, they sink in Men Si.

Who says their luster endures?
They stop and go in their long journey.

Those who are gone – who says their life was long?
They all have come to the place of thorns and thistles.

Thousands of years are just one morning.
Life disappears over a dinner-party.

Right and wrong, gain and loss –
how can it be worthwhile to vex oneself!

When schemes for profit come to an end,
so will the sadness of Man.



其五十三

自然有成理，
生死道无常。
智巧万端出，
大要不易方。
如何夸毗子，
作色怀骄肠。
乘轩驱良马，
凭几向膏粱。
被服纤罗衣，
深榭设闲房。
不见日夕华，
翩翩飞路旁。

大自然有其固定的法则，
生死之道却是变化无常。
人的智巧生出了各种事端，
而基本准则并不改变方向。
那些卑躬屈膝的人啊，
怎么如此趾高气扬？
他们乘着良马驾驶的轩车，
饭桌上放的是美食膏粱；
穿的是绫罗绸缎之衣，
幽深亭榭中另有清静的闺房。
没看见那些夕阳中的花朵，
翩翩地飞落在路旁？



LIII

Nature has its way of doing things,
the course of life and death can never be known.
From wisdom and tact evil and trouble come,
the Way of Nature never changes.

Look at those ignoble sycophants,
why are they strutting so arrogantly?
They ride in carriages pulled by the finest steeds,
sit by tables covered with the finest foods;
their clothes are cut from satin and silk,
and their boudoirs are hidden, deep, deep in the palaces –

Don't they see the flowers that bloom in daylight
are falling, at sunset, one by one, along the side of the road?



其五十四

夸谈快愤懑，
惰慵发烦心。
西北登不周，
东南望邓林，
旷野弥九州，
崇山抗高岑。
一餐度万世，
千岁再浮沉。
谁云玉石同，
泪下不可禁。

夸夸其谈疏散心中的郁闷，
情绪懒惰则令人心烦。
我登西北的不周山，
面向东南眺望着邓林。
九州之内旷野茫茫，
高山之上又连着高山。
一餐之间万世已经度过，
千年岁月一浮一沉。
谁说美玉和石头相同？
泪水潸然，流不可禁。



LIV

Boastful talks relieve one's anger,
but laziness only breeds anxiety.
So, heading northwest, I climb up Buzhou Mountain,
and turn southeast to stare at the forests.
A great expanse of wilderness, stretching across the land,
the hills are lifted up on the backs of enormous mountains.

An age is spent in the time it takes to eat,
thousands of years, just a rise and fall.
Who says that jade and rock are of the selfsame kind?
Nothing to do to check these tears.





其五十五

人言愿延年，
延年欲焉之。
黄鹄呼子安，
千秋未可期。
独坐山岩中，
恻怆怀所思。
王子一何好，
猗靡相携持。
悦怿犹今辰，
计校在一时。
置此明朝事，
日夕将见欺。

人们都说要延年益寿，
可延年后又何去何从？
黄鹄召唤子安升天而去，
如此命运万代不可希冀。
我独自坐在山岩之中，
悲伤地怀念着我的所欢。
仙人王子晋是如此美好，
我愿与他亲密无间。
欢乐之情仅在今朝，
策划之举也只有此时。
忘掉那些明天的事情，
今晚我们便会被欺骗。



LV

People say they wish to prolong their lives.
Having done that, however, where can they go from there?

The yellow crane calls out to its immortal rider Zi An—
such fate can never be expected.

Alone, I sit among the mountain rocks.
My heart is sore, and misses my beloved.
Prince Jin, that god, is truly beautiful!
I wish I could grow intimate with him.

Love and harmony can only be found today;
now is only the moment for our planning.

Give up any thoughts about tomorrow.
This very evening we will find ourselves deceived.



其五十六

贵贱在天命，
穷达自有时。
婉佞佞邪子，
随利来相欺。
孤恩损惠施，
但为谗夫嗤，
鹤鸽鸣云中，
载飞靡所期。
焉知倾侧士，
一旦不可持。

富贵贫贱都在天命，
失败成功也各有其时。
那些貌美心诈之人
为了谋利互相欺骗。
思想孤直便丧失宠惠，
到头来被中伤者嗤笑。
鹤鸽在云中鸣叫，
又飞又翔，没有限制。
那些依附权贵的人啊，
可知有朝一日会失去依靠？



LVI

Illustriousness and lowliness – both are in the hands of
Providence:

the rich and poor, both must pursue their own courses.

Young and handsome, vile and mean,
ensnare each other to gain advantage.

Noble but lonely thought will cost your favor;
you'll find yourself mocked by slanderers.

Jiling birds sing in the clouds!

They fly and hover, with nothing to limit them.

Those of you who depend on rich and powerful men,
don't you know that when your patrons fall,
you too will be dragged down?





其五十七

惊风振四野，
回云荫堂隅。
床帷为谁设，
几杖为谁扶。
虽非明君子，
岂暗桑与榆，
世有此聋聩，
芒芒将焉如。
翩翩从风飞，
悠悠去故居。
离麾玉山下，
遗弃毁与誉。

狂风振动着原野，
浓云翻滚，荫盖着院堂。
床前帷帘为谁打开，
身倚手杖桌几又是为谁扶持？
我虽不是明达之人，
但晚年并不昏昧。
世上到处都是聋哑愚盲，
茫茫之中我何去何从？
我要随风翩翩飞翔，
飘然而去，远离故乡。
我来到玉山脚下，
将人间的毁誉全都遗忘。



LVII

The tempest strikes the wild earth,
flying clouds darken the courtyard.

For whom is the bed-curtain hung?
For whom am I leaning on the stick and table?

Though I'm not gifted myself with uncanny sight,
still my vision is not dim as I grow old:

the world is filled with the deaf and the blind,
where can I go in this vast land?

I want to fly with a light heart, in the wind,
far, far away from this my native land,
until I arrive at the Jade Mountain,
leaving all slander, all promotion,
abandoned....



其五十八

危冠切浮云，
长剑出天外。
细故何足虑，
高度跨一世。
非子为我御，
逍遥游荒裔。
顾谢西王母，
吾将从此逝。
岂与蓬户士，
弹琴诵言誓。

我的高冠切入云层，
长剑伸出天际之外。
细节琐事不值得忧虑，
升高远行可超越世界。
非子作我的车夫，
我们遨游到边疆荒野。
回首与西王母辞别，
我将从此飘然远逝。
怎能和穷居草庐之士
一起诵书弹琴宣誓？



LVIII

My high hat divides the floating clouds,
my sword stretches out to the end of the sky.

The trifles of this world are no concern of mine,
I stand on high to overlook all this.

With Feizi as my driver I will gallop away,
and wander in the wilderness with an easy heart.

I bid farewell to the Queen Mother of the West.
The goal of my journey is still to be reached.

How could I mix with those poor, narrow-minded scholars,
chanting their books, playing their harps, and swearing their
oaths?





其五十九

河上有丈人，
纬萧弃明珠。
甘彼藜藿食，
乐是蓬蒿庐，
岂效缤纷子，
良马骋轻舆。
朝生衢路旁，
夕瘞横术隅。
欢笑不终晏，
俯仰复欷歔。
鉴兹二三者，
愤懣从此舒。

河边居住着一老人，
虽然贫穷，却舍弃了明珠。
他以粗食糟糠为甜美，
以草庐之居为安逸。
怎能效仿纨绔子弟，
乘骏马驾轻车玩乐。
早上生长在大道旁边，
傍晚埋葬在街道角落。
他们的欢笑尚未終了，
俯仰之间已经叹息不已。
鉴于这些朝夕不一的人，
我的愤懣便得到宣泄。





LIX

By the side of the river there lived an old man
who, though poor, threw the ruby away.
Simple food was delicious to him,
and comfortable to him his shabby shelter.

Why should we bustle along with noisy crowd,
the fine horses, heaving luxurious carriages.
Born in the morning along the avenue –
buried in the evening on some street corner.
Even before their laughter has faded,
sighs and moaning arise to replace it.

Instructed by these people's fate,
the anger in my heart is liberated.



其六十

儒者通六艺，
立志不可干。
违礼不为动，
非法不肯言。
渴饮清泉流，
饥食并一箪。
岁时无以祀，
衣服常苦寒。
屣履咏南风，
緼袍笑华轩。
信道守诗书，
义不受一餐。
烈烈褒贬辞，
老氏用长叹。

书生们精通六经，
意志坚强，不可动摇。
违反礼义之事不做，
非法的言论不讲。
渴了饮清泉中的水，
饿了使用竹碗用餐。
祭祀之日他们无所奉献，
身上之衣常常不能御寒。
脚穿草鞋他们吟诗不停，
身着粗服却藐视富贵。
忠于信仰，以诗书为准则，
为了道义，绝不接受施舍。
对此人们有褒有贬，
老子则只有仰天长叹。

LX

The Confucianists are well-versed in the Six Classics,
no-one can shake their tenacious will.
They never act in discord with the rituals,
they never speak against the rules.
Thirsty, they drink from clear fountains;
hungry, they eat from bamboo bowls.
When times of sacrifice come, they can offer nothing,
their shabby clothes can barely protect them against the cold –
but on they go, never forgetting to chant their verses,
acting with ease and confidence in front of the rich.
Loyal to their beliefs they live among books,
refusing handouts for justice's sake.

For this, they are both praised and vilified –
Laozi sighed....



其六十一

少年学击刺，
妙伎过曲城。
英风截云霓，
超世发奇声。
挥剑临沙漠，
饮马九野垌。
旗帜何翩翩，
但闻金鼓鸣。
军旅令人悲，
烈烈有哀情。
念我平时时，
悔恨从此生。

少年的时候我曾学过击剑，
我的技法超过了曲城侯。
英俊之风直上云霓，
美誉之声大地闻名。
挥剑面临着广阔沙漠，
饮马在原野之外。
旗帜在翩翩飞舞，
听到的只有战鼓之声。
征战之事令人悲痛，
我的哀伤是如此沉重。
想起我从前的岁月，
悔恨之情便油然而生。



LXI

When young, I learned the art of fencing,
and my skill surpassed even the Earl of Qu.
My spirit was heroic! Cutting the sky!
My name spread wide in the world.

I brandished my sword in the desert battlefield,
and watered my horse in the wilderness.
O! the banners, flying against the wind!
The racket of drum-beats!

But military matters depress me now;
my sorrow is so deep.
I think back on my former years,
when all my bitterness was born.



其六十二

平昼整衣冠，
思见客与宾。
宾客者谁子，
倏忽若飞尘。
裳衣佩云气，
言语究灵神。
须臾相背弃，
何时见斯人。

正午，我整装齐冠，
期待着会见宾客。
宾客到底是谁？
他像飞尘一样飘忽不定。
他的衣服佩带着云气，
他的言语涉及到神灵。
瞬息之间他便将我抛弃，
何时能与他会相见？



LXII

Dressing up at noon
I long to meet a guest.
Who is this guest?

He is as uncertain as the flying dust,
clouds and air are his clothes,
gods and goddesses his topic.

He leaves me at a glance.
When can I meet this character?



其六十三

多虑令志散，
寂寞使心忧。
翱翔观彼泽，
抚剑登轻舟。
但愿长闲暇，
后岁复来游。

过多忧虑令人意志涣散，
孤独寂寞使人忧心忡忡。
我要翱翔天空，眺望水边，
手抚长剑，登上轻舟。
但愿今后常有闲暇，
重来此处悠游。



LXIII

Too many worries unfocus one's will,
loneliness harasses the heart.

I would hover in the sky to stare at that marsh,
and grasping my sword, set foot on a light canoe.

Ah! I hope the rest of my life will be as easy-hearted as this,
that I may return in years to come.





其六十四

朝出上东门，
遥望首阳基。
松柏郁森沉，
鹓黄相与嬉。
逍遥九曲间，
徘徊欲何之。
念我平居时，
郁然思妖姬。

早上我走出上东门，
遥望着首阳山脚。
松柏树一片阴沉，
黄鹓在一起嬉戏。
我在九曲河边徜徉，
徘徊上下，何去何从？
想到平日闲暇的时辰，
不禁念起了那位美女。



LXIV

When morning came, I walked out from the Eastern Gate
and gazed across at Shouyang Mountain in the distance.

Dense pines cast deep shadows across its face,
and orioles played, one with another.

Strolling among the meandering streams,
haltingly, unsure of my direction,
all the routine of my everyday life came into my mind.
My deep thought turned to that beautiful woman....





其六十五

王子十五年，
游衍伊洛滨。
朱颜茂春华，
辩慧怀清真。
焉见浮丘公，
举手谢时人。
轻荡易恍惚，
飘飘弃其身。
飞飞鸣且翔，
挥翼且酸辛。

王子晋年方十五，
在伊、洛水边漫游。
他红光满面，青春焕发，
智慧敏锐，内心纯真。
何处能遇见浮丘公，
与他一起辞别世人？
轻身在恍惚中飘荡，
随风上下，离弃躯体。
一边鸣叫一边飞翔，
挥动着双翼，心怀酸辛。



LXV

Prince Jin was fifteen years of age
when he traveled along the Yi and Luo rivers.
His face was blooming and red as a Spring flower,
his wit was quick and his heart innocent.

But was there a place for him to encounter Master Fuqiu
and thus to bid farewell to everyone here for good?

Prince Jin did.

Lost in trance, forsaking his body,
he drifted away on the wind,
hovering, singing,
and feeling a little sore,
with outstretched wings.



其六十六

寒门不可出，
海水焉可浮。
朱明不相见，
奄昧独无侯。
持瓜思东陵，
黄雀诚独羞。
失势在须臾，
带剑上吾丘。
悼彼桑林子，
涕下自交流。
假乘汧渭间，
鞍马去行游。

人无法走出北极之门，
也不能在海上飘浮。
光明之日无法相见，
惟有昏暗没有尽头。
手持瓜果，心思东陵，
黄雀诚然独自羞愧。
一旦死去，汉武即刻丧失了权势，
士兵在他的墓碑上磨刀霍霍。
我悼念那位桑林之士，
泪水不住地横流。
驾车驱行于汧、渭两河间，
乘着骏马到远处漫游。



LXVI

Men cannot pass through the polar gate of the north
or stay afloat on the ocean.

Brightness doesn't come to see me,
darkness, only darkness without limit.

Holding a melon in both my hands, I let my thoughts return to
Dongling.

The yellow sparrow makes me feel ashamed.

The Han Emperor Wu lost his power at death, a momentary
thing,
already, soldiers were grinding their swords on his grave stone.

I think of that man in the mulberry grove,
and tear-tracks cross my face.

I'll take a cart, and travel between the rivers Qian and Wei,
saddle a horse, and make for distant lands.



其六十七

洪生资制度，
被服正有常。
尊卑设次序，
事物齐纪纲。
容饰整颜色，
罄折执圭璋。
堂上置玄酒，
室中盛稻粱。
外厉贞素谈，
户内灭芬芳。
放口从衷出，
复说道义方。
委曲周旋仪，
姿态愁我肠。

大儒总是循规蹈矩，
穿着也是衣冠楚楚。
他们上下等级森严，
一事一物都遵守纲常。
他们终日整容正色，
手执圭璋，亦步亦趋。
堂上放着祭祀用水，
室中摆有仪式稻粱。
他们在外高谈阔论，
在内则灭绝一切美德。
有时不慎偶吐衷言，
即刻又重弹道德高调。
他们那委曲周旋之态，
实在令我惆怅。





LXVII

The renown of Confucian scholars relies on certain rules:

they dress according to convention,
a definite line is drawn between the superior and inferior,
and every thing, and every act is strictly set.
Every facial gesture, every stroke of makeup,
every piece of jewellery worn at court designed to impress.
In their courtyard the ceremonial water is stored,
and the ritual rice in their houses.
In public they put on solemn and noble airs,
within their homes, all beautiful things are extinguished.
Occasionally they let go of some heartfelt words,
but barely a minute passes
before they resume their moral rhetoric.

How affected and pretentious are their manners!

I lament them.



其六十八

北临乾昧谿，
西行游少任。
遥顾望天津，
骀荡乐我心。
绮靡存亡门，
一游不再寻。
倘遇晨风鸟，
飞驾出南林。
漭漭瑶光中，
忽忽肆荒淫。
休息晏清都，
超世又谁禁。

我站在乾昧谿谷北边，
然后向西不停地征行。
眺望着天上的银河，
我心怀激荡，充满欢乐。
生死存亡令我厌倦，
远游而去，不复追寻。
倘若遇到北林的晨风鸟，
我将驾车飞驰奔出南林。
在宇宙之光中徜徉，
在无际荒野上逍遥，
在帝乡清都休息，
超然世外，谁能止禁？



LXVIII

Northward, I face the Ganmei Valley,
then I travel westward, without end.

In the far distance I see the Heavenly Ford,
its enormity stirs and pleases my heart.

Satiated at the Gate of Life and Death
I travel onward, no longer seeking for anything.
If by chance I meet the Chenfeng Bird from the Northern Grove,
I turn in another direction, flying across the Southern Forest.

Sauntering in the Light of the Cosmos,
roaming in the vast wilderness,
resting in the godly Pure Land –

Who can prevent me rising above this world?



其六十九

人知结交易，
交友诚独难。
险路多疑惑，
明珠未可干。
彼求飧太牢，
我欲并一餐。
损益生怨毒，
咄咄复何言。

人们都知道与人交往容易，
可结交朋友却实在困难。
人生之路多险，令人疑惑，
明珠往往不可企及。
那位要与天子共宴，
我则只求两日一餐。
增多减少都会造成怨恨，
忠告再多也是白费口舌。



LXIX

All of us know how easy it is to associate with others,
but to make true friends is indeed a difficult thing.
The path of life is dangerous, people grow suspicious,
the ruby glows beyond our reach.

That man wants to eat the food of kings,
but for me, a meal in two days is enough –

reducing his share and adding to mine will anger us both,
and any advice, or any suggestion,
just a waste of breath.





其七十

有悲则有情，
无悲亦无思。
苟非婴网罟，
何必万里畿。
翔风拂重霄，
庆云招所晞。
灰心寄枯宅，
曷顾人间姿。
始得忘我难，
焉知嘿自遗。

有悲伤就有感情，
没有悲伤也便没有思念。
要不是怕被罗网捕捉，
何必要跑到万里之外？
我乘风飞向天空，
五色云在日光中飘摇。
如灰之心寄身枯木之宅，
为何要顾及人世的纷纭？
一个人会明晓忘我之艰难，
如果能悟出沉默可以自弃。



LXX

The man of sorrow is a man of sensibility,
but without sorrow there is no consideration.
If traps and snares were not awaiting me,
why should I need to travel so far and wide?

Floating on the wind, I touch the depth of the sky.
The rainbow clouds dance brilliantly in sunlight.

Heart like ashes, residing in a body like a withered tree,
why should I bother about the affairs of men?

One can understand the difficulty of self-forgetting,
if he knows that in silence he can leave himself behind.



其七十一

木槿荣丘墓，
煌煌有光色。
白日颓林中，
翩翩零路侧。
蟋蟀吟户牖，
蟋蟀鸣荆棘，
蜉蝣玩三朝。
采采修羽翼，
衣裳为谁施。
俛仰自收拭。
生命几何时，
慷慨各努力。

木槿在丘墓边盛开，
朵朵明光灿烂。
白日一从树林中落下，
它们便零落到路边。
蟋蟀在窗前鸣叫，
蟋蟀在荆棘中吟鸣。
蜉蝣在享受它们的三天，
汇集一起，修整双翅。
它们身着美服为的是谁？
无非是为了自我完善。
人的生命能有多久？
我们要各自奋斗不息。



LXXI

The Mujin flowers blossom on the rolling graves,
they are lovely, and luminous.

The radiant Sun goes down into the trees
as one by one, the flowers fall by the road.
Outside my window a cricket is singing,
the short-lived Huigu in the thorn.

Mayflies play for their three days,
together they polish their bright wings.
For whom they are wearing their costumes?
To perfect their little moment.

The life of Man is also brief.
Our hearts know it. We should
try our best to live.





其七十二

修途驰轩车，
长川载轻舟。
性命岂自然，
势路有所繇。
高名令志惑，
重利使心忧。
亲昵怀反侧，
骨肉还相雠。
更希毁珠玉，
可用登遨游。

大路适合车马飞驰，
长河利于轻舟行驶。
人的性命并非自然，
权势之路有其因由。
声誉令人意志迷惑，
贪利使人心怀烦忧。
亲密朋友反戈相击，
骨肉同胞变为敌仇。
但愿毁掉所有珠玉，
我便能够登高遨游。



LXXII

The long trail is appropriate for the carriage,
the river, wide and long, bears up the light boat.

How can human life be determined by nature's course
when fame and wealth so affect our desires?
This longing for fame confuses the will,
and for riches, worries the heart.

Friends act inconsistently toward one another
and people of selfsame blood become each other's enemies.

I wish that all the pearls, and all the rubies in the world
could be done away with,
then I could roam, and climb the mountains, easy,
buoyant-hearted.



其七十三

横术有奇士，
黄骏服其箱。
朝起瀛洲野，
日夕宿明光。
再抚四海外，
羽翼自飞扬。
去置世上事，
岂足愁我肠。
一去长离绝，
千岁复相望。

路口有一位超群之士，
黄色骏马服驾着他的车箱。
早上从帝乡瀛洲之野出发，
傍晚止宿于仙人之境明光。
瞬间他已到达四海之外。
展开双翅，悠然翱翔。
抛开人世中的事物，
不足为它们忧愁哀伤。
与世长别，一去不返，
千载之后再复相见。



LXXIII

Behold at the crossway there stands an outstanding man,
a chestnut steed to pull his chariot!

When morning comes, he sets out from the Wild of Yingzhou,
and at evening he rests, where the brightness reigns forever.

Next time you see him he's gone out the Four Seas altogether,
his wings so widely spread.

Yes, I will leave all the things of this world behind!
Why should I let all this trivia pester my heart?

Let a thousand years pass –
we'll meet again.



其七十四

猗欤上世士，
恬淡志安贫。
季叶道陵迟，
驰骛纷垢尘。
宁子岂不类，
杨歌谁肯殉。
栖栖非我偶，
徨徨非己伦。
咄嗟荣辱事，
去来味道真。
道真信可娱，
清洁存精神。
巢由抗高节，
从此适河滨。

啊，那些古代的士人，
心志恬淡，安于贫穷。
后世道德沦丧，
人们四处奔波，漫天灰尘。
宁子并非没有德行，
谁肯为杨朱的歌而殉身？
汲汲于名利者与我异途，
热衷于权势者绝非我伦。
荣辱之事瞬息万变，
在日往月来中体味真谛。
真谛诚然令人快乐，
清洁能使精神长存。
巢父、许由高风亮节，
此后我也要迁往河滨。





LXXIV

O, the scholars of bygone days,
indifferent to ambition, living the simple life!
In this degenerate world, truth declines –
people rush here and there, everywhere dirt and dust.

Who can say that Ning Qi is ignoble?
Who can hear Yang Zhu's song and still wish for martyrdom?

Restless people are not my companions,
people who bustle and rush are not my type.

Glory and shame can change in a moment.
The Sun and the Moon come and go –
from this I know the essence of Dao.

The essence of Dao is indeed a pleasant thing –
in innocence and purity the spirit is retained.

Chao Fu and Xu You are both noble characters.

From now on, I too will go down to the riverside.





其七十五

梁东有芳草，
一朝再三荣。
色容艳姿美，
光华耀倾城。
岂为明哲士，
妖蛊谄媚生。
轻薄在一时，
安知百世名。
路端便媚子，
但恐日月倾。
焉见冥灵木，
悠悠竟无形。

梁东长着芬芳的花草，
在一天中多次开放。
它们容色鲜艳，姿态优美，
夺目的光华倾倒全城。
我怎能做到明哲保身？
引诱谄媚到处都在发生。
轻薄之子仅得意一时，
他们怎能企望永久之名？
那些站在路端的美貌青年，
惟恐日月西倾。
他们怎能看见神树冥灵，
在宇宙中悠扬，以致无形？



LXXV

At Liangdong, fragrant flowers grow
which blossom many times in a single day.
Lovely their faces, gestures, charming,
shining through the town.

But how can one be wise enough to protect himself,
when seduction and flattery rise up everywhere?
Dandyism and frivolity are gone in a moment,
How can they know the name that endures forever?

Fair ones! at the end of the road,
fearful of sunset, moonset,
can't you see the magical Mingling tree?
It loses its shape in the vastness of space.



其七十六

秋驾安可学，
东野穷路旁。
纶深鱼渊潜，
矰设鸟高翔。
泛泛乘轻舟，
演漾靡所望。
吹嘘谁以益，
江湖相捐忘。
都冶难为颜，
修容是我常，
兹年在松乔，
恍惚诚未央。

飞驾之法怎可学到？
东野穷使其马，失之路旁。
长线令鱼潜藏到深处，
弯弓使鸟高飞远翔。
我要乘轻舟在河中泛流，
飘飘荡荡，无边无际。
相互吹润对谁有益？
不如江湖中彼此相忘。
容貌艳丽并非易事，
努力修饰是我的准常。
长生不老是仙人的命运，
如同赤松子和王子乔。
恍恍惚惚，永无止境。



LXXVI

How can you learn to ride as fast as flying?
Dong Ye lost his over-used horses by the road.

Fish swim in the deep water below the hook,
birds fly high above the trap –

I will take a little boat, and float downstream
to where there is nothing to see but endless water.

What good is it, to moisten each other after we are beached?
Better forgetting each other in water or lake.

It's a difficult thing to be fair of face –
just to keep myself clean is enough for me.

Longevity belongs to the gods and goddesses, Like Songzi
and Prince Jin.
Living in endless trance.



其七十七

咄嗟行至老，
俛俛常苦忧。
临川羨洪波，
同始异支流。
百年何足言，
但苦怨与雠。
雠怨者谁子，
耳目还相羞。
声色为胡越，
人情自逼遒。
招彼玄通士，
去来归羨游。

转瞬之间我已衰老，
每时每刻都深怀忧愁。
我羡慕地望着河中的波涛，
它们源于一处，流向异方。
百年光阴不足挂齿，
令我痛苦的惟有怨与恨。
又怨又恨的是何人？
耳目之间都互相藐视。
声音与颜色各在南北，
人情也自相逼迫。
我仰慕通达玄理之士，
他能在宇宙间畅游。



LXXVII

In a moment of time old age arrives,
a mere nod of the head. Yet always worry,
always anxiety.

I stand by the side of rivers, envying their ceaseless motion,
out from a single source dividing.
A hundred years is hardly worth talking about!
Hatred and complaint harass me.

Who are these people, hating and complaining?
Even the eyes and ears scorn one another,
sound and color – distinct as North and South!
Even human feelings persecute each other.

How I long to meet that scholar, who's so well-versed
in the truth of things,
that he comes and goes forever, strolling along
with the course of nature.





其七十八

昔有神仙士，
乃处射山阿。
乘云御飞龙，
嘘噏叽琼华。
可闻不可见，
慷慨叹咨嗟。
自伤非俦类，
愁苦来相加。
下学而上达，
忽忽将如何。

过去有位神仙，
住在射山之阿。
他驾着飞龙在云中飞翔，
呼吸的是清露之气，咀食的是琼树之果。
他只可耳听，不可眼见，
令我感慨长叹。
我自伤与他不是同类，
忧愁痛苦接踵而至。
我虽下学人间，却上达天上，
时光忽然逝去，我将何往？



LXXVIII

Once upon a time there was a god
 living in the Valley of the She Mountain.
Riding dragons, flying on clouds,
he breathed immortal air, he ate ambrosia.
He could be heard, but he couldn't be seen –
 how I am moved by this!

I lament my fate for not being one of his caste,
distress and anxiety come, to add themselves to my state.
I study below, but my learning penetrates heaven.

Suddenly, the times have changed.
Where should I head for now?





其七十九

林中有奇鸟，
自言是凤凰。
清朝饮醴泉，
日夕栖山冈。
高鸣彻九洲，
延颈望八荒。
适逢商风起，
羽翼自摧藏。
一去昆仑西，
何时复回翔。
但恨处非位，
怆恨使心伤。

林中有只奇异之鸟，
它自称是凤凰。
清晨它饮的是甘泉，
傍晚栖宿在山上。
它的鸣声响彻大地，
引颈眺望着荒漠之野。
恰逢秋风吹起，
它的翅膀受到损伤。
展翅飞往昆仑山西，
何时它才飞回此方？
遗憾的是我与它不同，
这令我悲怆心伤。



LXXIX

In the forest there dwells an extraordinary bird
 which calls himself a phoenix.
Mornings he drinks from the clear fountain,
evenings he rests on the mountaintop.
He sings at the top of his voice across the entire land,
he stretches his neck and peers about him across the wilderness.
When the Autumn winds begin to blow
 and crack his wings,
he flies to the western side of Kunlun Mountain.
No-one knows the time of his return.

But no, I am not like him.
My heart breaks.





其八十

出门望佳人，
佳人岂在兹。
三山招松乔，
万世谁与期。
存亡有长短，
慷慨将焉知。
忽忽朝日隤，
行行将何之。
不见季秋草，
摧折在今时。

出门眺望我的佳人，
我的佳人岂在此处？
神山招引赤松子和王子乔前往，
有谁能希冀长生永世？
生死存亡有长有短，
为此我心潮激荡，有何领悟？
朝日突然间已经西下，
匆忙之中我将何去何从？
不见那些晚秋的草木，
今天它们就会被摧折。



LXXX

Walking through the gate I gazed around for my beloved.

Is my beloved here?

The three mountains themselves are godlike, attracting Songzi
and Prince Jin.

Who can expect eternal life?

Life and death are long and short –

Deeply moved, what can I know from this?

The morning Sun sets suddenly –

moving, moving, which way should I take?

Don't you see those late Autumn plants?

Even now they are broken down and destroyed.



其八十一

昔有神仙者，
羨门及松乔。
喻习九阳间，
升遐叽云霄，
人生乐长久，
百年自言辽。
白日陨隅谷，
一夕不再朝。
岂若遗世物，
登明随飘飏。

从前有几位仙人，
他们是羡门子、赤松子和王子乔。
他们在天地之涯呼吸，
飞升到空中餐食云霄。
人们都愿企求长生，
一百年已是极为长久。
白日从隅谷陨落，
傍晚过后不再是清早。
不如遗弃世上的事物，
登上明空，随风飘飏。





LXXXI

Once upon a time those gods
called Xian Men Zi, Songzi and Prince Jin
lived in state at the edge of the sky.
They climbed up into heaven to take their food.

Man yearns for a long life,
a hundred years is far, far away.

The bright Sun sets by Yugu,
evening never turns to morning.

So much better to leave all worldly things behind
and ascend to the sky to hover with the wind!





其八十二

墓前荧荧者，
木槿耀朱华。
荣好未终朝，
连飙陨其葩。
岂若西山草，
琅玕与丹禾。
垂影临增城，
余光照九阿。
宁微少年子，
日夕难咨嗟。

在坟墓前闪闪发光的
是灿烂的木槿之花。
它们的美丽尚不满一日，
暴风便吹落了它们的花朵。
怎能比西山的仙草
琅玕还有丹禾？
它们在高崖上投下垂影，
余光普照着九州。
难道没有少男少女
在傍晚仰天长叹？



LXXXII

The Mujin flowers blossom, shine, before the graves.
Their charm, their beauty, have not lasted one morning
before they're shattered by the ceaseless wind,
the ceaseless rain....

How can they be compared with the magical Langgan and
Danhe,
which grow like grass on the Western Mountain?
They stand on the high cliffs of the city and cast shadows,
their light lingers upon the Nine Valleys.

Surely some youngsters sigh
as the day draws on



附录

《晋书·阮籍传》

阮籍字嗣宗，陈留尉氏人也。父瑀，魏丞相掾，知名于世。籍容貌瑰杰，志气宏放，傲然独得，任性不羁，而喜怒不形于色。或闭户视书，累月不出；或登临山水，经日忘归。博览群籍，尤好《庄》、《老》。嗜酒能啸，善弹琴。当其得意，忽忘形骸。时人多谓之痴，惟族兄文业每叹服之，以为胜己，由是咸共称异。

籍尝随叔父至东郡，兖州刺史王昶请与相见，终日不开一言，自以不能测。太尉蒋济闻其有雋才而辟之，籍诣都亭奏记曰：“伏惟明公以含一之德，据上台之位，英豪翘首，俊贤抗足。开府之日，人人自以掾属；辟书始下，而下走为首。昔子夏在于西河之上，而文侯拥篲；邹子处于黍谷之阴，而昭王陪乘。夫布衣韦带之士，孤居特立，王公大人所以礼下之者，为道存也。今籍无邹卜之道，而有其陋，猥见采择，无以称当。方将耕于东皋之阳，输黍稷之余税。负薪疲病，足力不强，补吏之召，非所克堪。乞回谬恩，以光清举。”初，济恐籍不至，得记欣然。遣卒迎之，而籍已去，济大怒。于是乡亲共喻之，乃就吏。后谢病归。复为尚书郎，少时，又以病免。及曹爽辅政，召为参军。籍因以疾辞，屏于田里。岁余而爽诛，时人服其远识。宣帝为太傅，命籍为从事中郎。及帝崩，复为景帝大司马从事中郎。高贵乡公即位，封关内侯，徙散骑常侍。

籍本有济世志，属魏晋之际，天下多故，名士少有全者，籍由是不与世事，遂酣饮为常。文帝初欲为武帝求婚于籍，籍醉六十日，不得言而止。钟会数以时事问之，欲因其可否而致之罪，皆以酣醉获免。及文帝辅政，籍尝从容言于帝曰：“籍平生曾游东平，乐其风土。”帝大悦，即拜东平相。籍乘驴到郡，坏府舍屏障，使内外相望，法令清简，旬日而还。帝引为大将军从事中郎。有司言有子杀母者，籍曰：“嘻！杀父乃可，至杀母乎！”坐者怪其失言。帝曰：“杀父，天下之极恶，而以为可乎？”籍曰：“禽兽知母而不知父，杀父，禽兽之类也。杀母，禽兽之不若。”众乃悦服。

籍闻步兵厨营人善酿，有贮酒三百斛，乃求为步兵校尉。遗落世事，虽去佐职，恒游府内，朝宴必与焉。会帝让九锡，公卿将劝进，使籍为其辞。籍沉醉忘作，临诣府，使取之，见籍方据案醉眠。使者以告，籍便书案，使写之，无所改窜。辞甚清壮，为时所重。

籍虽不拘礼教，然发言玄远，口不臧否人物。性至孝，母终，正与人围棋，对者求止，籍留与决赌。既而饮酒二斗，举声一号，吐血数升。及将葬，食一蒸肫，饮二斗酒，然后临诀，直言穷矣，举声一号，因又吐血数升。毁瘠骨立，殆致灭性。裴楷往吊之，籍散发箕踞，醉而直视，楷吊唁毕便去。或问楷：“凡吊者，主哭，客乃为礼。籍既不哭，君何为哭？”楷曰：“阮籍既方外之士，故不崇礼典。我俗中之士，故以轨仪自居。”时人叹为两得。籍又能为青白眼，见礼俗之士，以白眼对之。及嵇喜来吊，籍作白眼，喜不怩而退。喜弟康闻之，乃齋酒挟琴造焉，籍大悦，乃见青眼。由是礼法之士疾之若仇，而帝每保护之。

籍嫂尝归宁，籍相见与别。或讥之。籍曰：“礼岂为我设

耶！”邻家少妇有美色，当垆沽酒。籍尝诣饮，醉，便卧其侧。籍既不自嫌，其夫察之，亦不疑也。兵家女有才色，未嫁而死。籍不识其父兄，径往哭之，尽哀而还。其外坦荡而内淳至，皆此类也。时率意独驾，不由径路，车迹所穷，辄恸哭而反。尝登广武，观楚汉战处，叹曰：“时无英雄，使竖子成名！”登武牢山，望京邑而叹，于是赋《豪杰诗》。景元四年冬卒，时年五十四。

籍能属文，初不留思。作《咏怀诗》八十余篇，为世所重。著《达庄论》，叙无为之贵。文多不录。

籍尝于苏门山遇孙登，与商略终古及栖神道气之术，登皆不应，籍因长啸而退。至半岭，闻有声若鸾凤之音，响乎岩谷，乃登之啸也。遂归著《大人先生传》，其略曰：“世之所谓君子，惟法是修，惟礼是克。手执圭璧，足履绳墨。行欲为目前检，言欲为无穷则。少称乡党，长闻邻国。上欲图三公，下不失九州牧。独不见群虱之处禪中，逃乎深缝，匿乎坏絮，自以为吉宅也。行不敢离缝际，动不敢出禪裆，自以为得绳墨也。然炎丘火流，焦邑灭都，群虱处于禪中而不能出也。君子之处域内，何异夫虱之处禪中乎！”此亦籍之胸怀本趣也。

子浑，字长成。有父风，少慕通达，不饰小节。籍谓曰：“仲容已豫吾此流，汝不得复耳。”太康中，为太子庶子。





APPENDIX

The Biography of Ruan Ji in the *History of the Jin Dynasty*

Ruan Ji, courtesy name Sizong, was a native of Wei county in Chenliu [present-day Henan province]. His father, Ruan Yu, was renowned in his time as the Assistant to the Prime Minister during the Wei dynasty. A handsome young man with a strong will, Ruan Ji proudly went through life disregarding social conventions. He would never let his feelings be known through his face. Sometimes he would read at home for months without going out. He would roam among rivers and mountains for days at a time, so absorbed that he would forget to go home. Well-read, he loved Laozi and Zhuangzi particularly. He drank a good deal, and was fond of whistling and playing music. When thus excited, he would often lose touch with his physical body, earning himself the reputation of an idiot. His cousin, Wenye, admired him, and others came to follow his opinion regarding Ruan Ji as simply eccentric.

Once, when traveling to Eastern county with his uncle, he was invited to visit Wang Chang, the magistrate of Yanzhou. Ruan Ji did not speak a word during the entire meeting, and the magistrate was quite baffled. Jiang Ji, the Grand Officer, heard of Ruan Ji's special talents and sent for him. Ruan Ji went to the local office and penned a note to Jiang:



You, wise and enlightened lordship, with your pure virtues and high position, are admired by many outstanding people. When you established your administration, everyone liked to think of becoming your official. As soon as your appointments were announced, people rushed to fill them. Once, when Zixia was on the banks of the Yi River, King Wen had his house cleaned in preparation for his return. Zouzi lived on the north side of Shugu Mountain and King Zhao gave up his place to him when they were riding together on a cart. Humble scholars lived only according to their customs and it is a sign of justice when kings and lords offered them respect. Now, I have none of Zouzi's virtues, nor his talents, but only shallowness, and I feel ashamed of being singled out by you, for I do not deserve this honor. I will plough my fields by the side of the eastern marsh and pay my taxes for food. Nowadays I am suffering from poor health and lack of energy, so I am unable to take up a position at your office. I beseech you – do not misplace your honor. Thus your reputation for choosing good officers will not be tarnished.

Jiang Ji, thinking at first that Ruan Ji wouldn't come at all, was thrilled at receiving this letter and ordered that he be admitted immediately. But Ruan Ji left and Jiang Ji grew very angry. Ruan Ji was finally persuaded by his relatives to accept the post, but resigned later because of ill health. Later, he became the Gentleman at the Department of State Affairs, but was again allowed to resign soon for similar reasons. When Cao Shuang was assisting the Emperor to rule, Ruan Ji was appointed an advisor, but he declined, again using ill health as the reason, and went to live in the countryside. A year later, Cao Shuang was killed, and people thought highly of Ruan Ji's political insight. When Sima Yi (posthumously named



Emperor Xuan of the Jin dynasty) became the Grand Aide to the Emperor, he appointed Ruan Ji to the post of Gentleman in Attendance. When Sima Yi died, he again was appointed to this position under Sima Shi (posthumously named Emperor Jing of the Jin dynasty). When Cao Mao became emperor, Ruan Ji was knighted and moved to the post of Cavalier Attendant.

Ruan Ji did cherish a high ambition to help the society, but he lived in a very turbulent world and few well-known intellectuals survived intact. So he left behind social matters and began to drink habitually from day to day. Sima Zhao (posthumously named Emperor Wen of the Jin dynasty) once wanted to marry his son, who later became Emperor Wu of the Jin dynasty, to the daughter of Ruan Ji. Ruan Ji drank and remained tipsy for sixty days. Sima Zhao finally gave up because he could not discuss this matter with him. Zhong Hui attempted to trap Ruan Ji into talking about the current affairs with the hope of putting him to death should he say anything untoward, but Ruan Ji escaped by getting utterly drunk. When Sima Zhao was assisting the Emperor to rule, Ruan Ji once approached him casually and said: "I have traveled to Dongping and I was pleased with the customs there." Sima Zhao was most pleased and immediately appointed him the magistrate of Dongping. Ruan Ji traveled there on the back of a donkey. Upon arrival he ordered the removal of the protective screens in his office so that all could see each other, within and without. He made the procedures of the law simple and clear. Soon he returned to the capital, and Sima Zhao appointed him Gentleman in Attendance under the First General.

Once an official came to him to report a man who had killed his

mother. Ruan Ji said: "Ah! It is all right to kill one's father, but how could he kill his mother!" All those present were shocked by his words, and the Emperor said to him: "To kill one's father is the greatest crime in the world. How could you say that it is all right?" Ruan Ji replied: "Animals know their mother. They do not know their father. Thus, the one who kills his father is an animal. But the one who kills his mother is even worse than an animal." The Emperor and the others were persuaded by these words.

When Ruan Ji heard that the master of the soldier's dining hall was skilled at brewing alcohol and had stored three hundred *hu*, he asked to be appointed Captain of Soldiers. There, he forgot about the worldly affairs. Although he left his advisory position, he frequented the court and whenever there was a court banquet he was always invited. When Sima Yan pretended to refuse the emperorship, the lords and officials, trying to persuade him to accept, asked Ruan Ji to write him a petition. Ruan Ji got drunk and forgot all about it. Before going to the court, the dignitaries sent an usher to get the petition. He found Ruan Ji sleeping by the table. Upon being told by the usher that people were waiting for his petition, Ruan Ji wrote it there and then, without any alterations in a style both clear and sublime and highly treasured by his time.

While not following the conventions of his society, Ruan Ji's utterances were abstruse and profound. He would never express his opinions about others. He was a filial son to his parents. At the time of his mother's death, Ruan Ji was playing at Go with a friend. Although his opponent asked him to stop the game, Ruan Ji insisted on finishing it. Then he drank two liters of alcohol and then gave a loud

cry and spat forth a quantity of blood. When the time came to bury her, he consumed a steamed piglet and again quaffed two liters. He bade her farewell, saying that his own life was also finished. Again the loud shout, again the spitting of much blood. He was so overcome with grief that his body and spirit were both nearly destroyed. When Pei Kai went to offer his condolences he found Ruan Ji in a squatting position with his hair spreading down across his shoulders. He gazed at Pei Kai with steady, drunken eyes. Pei Kai left soon after and when a friend asked him why he was in tears, since a condoling friend would not normally cry unless the mourner did so first, Pei Kai said: "Ruan Ji is a man who lives outside convention. He does not pay attention to ritual and ceremony. As for me, I am a man who lives according to such ways, which is why I act according to certain rules." The people of the time called this "being good to both sides".

Ruan Ji was able to express two kinds of feeling with his eyes: the "black of eye," which was the look of sympathy, and the "white of eye," which was that of disdain. When he met priggish people he would give them his "white of eye." When Ji Xi came to him with his condolences, Ruan Ji gave him the "white of eye," and Ji Xi left in a bitter humor. When Ji Xi's brother Ji Kang heard of this, he came to see Ruan Ji bearing alcohol and a musical instrument. Ruan Ji was greatly pleased and welcomed him with the "black of eye". Consequently, certain priggish people came to regard Ruan Ji with animosity, but he enjoyed the protection of the Emperor.

Once his sister-in-law went back to her hometown to visit her parents, and Ruan Ji went to see her off. Some people laughed at

this. Ruan Ji said: "The rituals are not for me." His neighbor's wife was a pretty woman. When she was selling alcohol Ruan Ji would go to buy alcohol from her and then lie drunk at her side. Ruan Ji didn't care, and the woman's husband saw this but bore no suspicion. A soldier had a beautiful and talented daughter but she died before she was even old enough to marry. Even though he did not know the girl's father and brother, Ruan Ji went to their home and wept for the girl's death, not returning until his sorrow had been fully expressed. Such were the frankness of his behavior and the purity of his innermost heart.

Sometimes he would ride on a cart alone and let it wander without taking any definite road. When the cart reached the end of the road and could go no further, he would return weeping profusely. He visited Guangwu. There, gazing at the battlefields of Chu and Han, he sighed: "Since time does not have its heroes, petty-minded people win their fame." At the summit of Wulao Mountain, looking down at the capital region, he sighed, and composed some generous, heroic poems. He died in the year 263 at the age of 54.

Ruan Ji was a highly accomplished writer, but at first he did not give much thought about his writing. He composed over eighty poems entitled "Songs of My Heart" which are treasured by the world. He wrote "Essay on the Broad-minded Zhuangzi" in which he expounded the significance of "passive accomplishment" (*wuwei*). This writing is not quoted here because it is too long.

Once he traveled to Sumen Mountain where he met Sun Deng, a recluse and enjoined him in a discussion about the issues of eternity and the ways of immortals. When Sun Deng did not respond,



Ruan Ji left him, giving a long sigh. Amid the mountains, he suddenly heard a sound like a phoenix's song. It was Sun Deng's whistle. Upon his return, Ruan Ji composed "The Biography of the Great Master," part of which reads:

Those who were called gentlemen cultivated themselves only according to the rules, and acted merely in accordance with the rituals. Jewellery in hand, they behaved as the laws prescribed, wanting their manners to be the norms of the present age and their words to set those of the future. They wished, when young, to be well-known in their towns, but when older, to be renowned throughout the whole country. Those in high positions would seek the ranks of "three dukes," those in lower the seat of magistrate. But can you not see the lice in people's trousers? They escape into deep crevices and hide in rotten cotton. In the hot region, when hot days descend like fire the whole town is burned up; even the lice cannot escape. What difference is there between these worldly gentlemen and these lice in the trousers?

In this essay, Ruan Ji's opinions are clearly evident.

Ruan Ji's son, Ruan Hun, courtesy name Changcheng, inherited certain of his father's characteristics. While still very young, he longed to be a generous, carefree character and didn't make any fuss about trivial rituals and customs. Ruan Ji said to him: "Your cousin, Zhongrong, has already become a member of our group and you should not take the same step again." Ruan Hun was later appointed instructor to the crown prince.

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