World Poetic Schools 想像力的轮回

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前 言

无论何时 悟性一旦失去 ,生活的流动一旦滞留并硬化为一种教义 ,一个人的风格一旦变成了一个时代的风格 ,需要变革的时机便成熟了。这种动荡是一种有机的需要 ,如同季节的节奏一般自然。世界在变化 ,经验的基调随之改变 ,我们便需要寻找一种适合于新的经验的语言。

——罗伯特·潘·华伦 《现代诗歌及一个时代的终结》。1966

人类历史上,改朝换代实属必然,而作为历史的精华、语言的花朵,诗歌也同样展现了各种王国的兴衰。在这本小册子里,朋友们将读到十种诗歌流派,领略各个诗歌王国的风光。当然,本书绝非世界诗歌历史的回顾,亦并不以包罗万象、容括百家为宗旨,诗歌流派只是作为穿起诗网的线索,以期捕捉到风采各异的精彩诗篇,只求如饭前杯酒,开启读者品尝诗歌百味的胃口,不求设一场宴席令读者餍足。

本集的十个流派以英国 17 世纪盛行一时的玄学派为开端。玄学派诗人以玄妙奇异的诗篇登上诗坛,他们把互不相干的事物联为一体以求意象的奇妙,将广博的知识融入诗内以求思辨的力度,总之,以玄思妙想为宗旨,以打破人们的习惯知觉和思维为武器,他们的诗歌给读者带来了不同程度的诧异之感。读罢他们天马行空的诗歌之后,惊魂未定之时,我们便涉入一片更为安全的天空——新古典主义时代。

如果说玄学派是诗坛上一块奇石 新古典主义则是一座宫殿。 诗人们以希腊罗马的古典作品为基石 以整齐的规划为蓝图 希求

诗篇的宫殿蕴藏宇宙万物的真谛,每一个庙宇都是宏观世界的缩影。诗人们筑起宏伟规范的诗歌殿堂,因为深信人类存在亦一般井然有序,在探索之中诗人们放眼人类全局,因而也无暇顾及每一个体的内心世界,玄学派的巧智被新古典主义的"博理"代替。

自然,当一种诗派安坐王朝并丧失了最初的感召力时,另一种诗派——尤其是受到压制的诗派就会酝酿着一场诗歌暴动,18世纪末起席卷了欧美大陆的浪漫主义便是如此产生的。

德国的'狂飚突进运动'率先吹起了浪漫主义的号角,诗人们推翻了新古典主义政权,冲出了宫殿的禁锢投身自然,在人力不逮的美丽或是神秘景观面前,他们体验着内心激荡,并以与自然一般不羁的风格记录下种种激发的灵感,诗歌的历史也因此留下了充满感性的动人篇章。

象征主义同样是充满想像和感性的篇章,但浪漫主义只是一个源头,象征主义从中汲取了营养便一泻千里流向更为神秘的领域,浪漫主义的一吐为快在这里不复存在,取而代之的是含蓄和隐晦。波德莱尔的一具"腐尸"在诗歌祭坛上成为供品,诗歌题材也由对美丽的追求扩展到对丑恶的讴歌,诗歌的现代纪元随之来临。

本世纪初登上诗坛的现代主义和意象派都借鉴了象征主义精神,然而,如果象征主义尚可追溯到浪漫主义的渊源,现代主义和意象派则是对浪漫主义的彻底叛离。意象派诗人将诗歌提炼为一种晶体。滤除所有的叙事和渲染;而现代主义也同样反对个人的声音 重筑起理智的殿堂。然而,这座宫殿远非新古典主义时期那般堂皇稳固 相反,其中充满了危机和焦灼之感,因为它建筑在整个人类的精神荒原之上。而且,其座座庙宇也风格各异,诗人们都有如科学家一般以自己的前卫理论对诗歌进行各种实践与尝试,于是我们发现某一诗歌王国一统天下的局面一去不回,全球诗歌舞台上频繁地改弦更张,令人有目不暇接之感。

未来主义诗人追求与日新月异的现代生活同样快节奏,高强度的属于未来的诗篇,在把文学巨匠统统抛下现代航船这一口号

的倡导之下,他们以反传统的姿态冲到了现代诗歌阵线的前沿。 而隐逸派则更像象征主义的后代,只是远为深奥和晦涩,但在现实 的扭曲呈现之中,我们尚可试图透视诗人的言外之意;而超现实主 义则更越雷池一步,梦境与现实在超现实主义诗人的笔下交错混 杂,然而,当他们喃喃道出意识潜流中的呓语之时,他们也重新拾 起浪漫主义的信条返回了人的内心世界。

在两次大战之间登上诗坛的这些流派虽然络绎缤纷各自为政,尚有殊途同归之势,然而在二战之后登上历史舞台的垮掉派则是打着颠覆现代主义王朝的大旗揭竿而起的。他们站在艾略特的"荒原"上发出刺耳的"嚎叫",以直抒胸臆痛诉衷肠的风格冲击着现代主义理智的殿堂,诗歌冲出经院的重围再次回到民间,仿若浪漫主义的回归。

至此,诗歌王朝也完成了一个轮回,仅停留十个驿站的诗歌旅程也告诉了我们诗歌流向如天下诸事合久必分分久必合的道理。每个流派都可溯到一个古老的源头,而每个枯竭的流派之中必有新的流派滋生,诗人们在叛离古人的同时也在回归,一个诗歌时代逝去之时另一诗歌王朝亦在兴起,而作为读者的我们,也会在每一个故去的诗歌时代中重新诞生。

本书希望在有限的篇幅中容纳尽量缤纷的诗歌景象,所以选诗包括了英、美、法、德、俄、意、拉美等十个国家地区,而且现代诗歌的比重偏大,每一流派中尽量选用最著名的诗人的经典之作,许多独树一帜的诗作及著名长诗的节选也在入选之列,以期引发读者对各类诗作及全篇作品的兴趣。编者也收进了一些我国著名诗人的诗作,以使读者略观中西文化的交融汇合。当然,非英语国家诗歌的英译版本范围也使选诗有所局限,有些中文译文因由英文译文得到,也许与原文有偏差之处,每首诗的点评只是零星个人感受难免偏颇,诚望各位专家、朋友指点。对于为文化交流做出重大贡献的中英文译者及从此书策划起便大力相助、点拨的张剑老师,这里一并深深致谢。

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English Metaphysical School

英国玄学派

The Good-Morrow

John Donne

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then,
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
'Twas so; But this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?

想像力的轮回

Whatever dies was not mixed equally;

If our two loves be one or thou and I

Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

玄学派诗 人以奇思玄想 著称,而多恩 则是玄学派中 的大家,由此 诗读者可见他 功力的一斑。 首先,标题中 的早安不是清 晨人们的寒 暄,亦非向爱 人的致意,而 是对刚刚被爱 唤醒的灵魂的 问候。再读正 文,你也找不 出情诗中鸳鸯 蝴蝶式的喃喃 情语,反而看 到诗人气势恢 宏勾勒出的海 陆疆域,而这 般广袤的时空 在爱情面前都 相形见绌。而 最后一阙中两 个半球的比 喻,更是令人 惊叹,这既与 前一阙的自然 景观接轨,又 再现了爱情永 生不灭超越时 空的主旨。

早安

多恩

说真的,我不懂你我没有相爱之前都干了些什么?我们那时不是就像没断奶的孩子,只会咂那乡村的乐趣吗?不是就像在洞里鼾睡了百年的七少年吗?确是这样。除了昨宵,一切乐趣不过是空幻。如果说,我见到了我所渴求的什么美,还获得了它,那只可能是梦中的你。

现在该向我们觉醒了的灵魂道早安了,它们彼此谛视着,却毫无畏惧;对其他一切景色的爱,都受爱的控制; 爱能使一间斗室成为广阔天地。让航海家去发现多少个新世界吧,让其他人在地图上去观赏无数的世界吧,我们只须占有一个世界,你我各自既是,又有,一个世界。

我的脸在你眼中,你的在我眼中出现, 真诚坦白的心是会驻留在脸上的; 还有什么地方能找到更好的两个半球, 既无严峻的北方,也没有坠落的西方? 一切能死亡的,都是因为配合不均匀, 我们两个的爱若是一个,你我若爱得一样, 谁也不会松懈,那么谁也就不会死亡。

(杨周翰 译)

Song

John Donne

```
Go and catch a falling star,
   Get with child a mandrake root.
   Tell me where all past years are,
     Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
   Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
   Or to keep off envy's stinging,
            And find
            What wind
   Serves to advance an honest mind.
   If thou beest born to strange sights,
     Things invisible to see,
   Ride ten thousand days and night,
     Till age snow white hairs on thee,
   Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
   All strange wonders that befell thee,
            And swear
            No where
```

If thou find'st one, let me know,

Lives a woman true, and fair.

Such a pilgrimage were sweet;

Yet do not , I would not go ,

Though at next door we might meet;

Though she were true when you met her,

And last till you write your letter,

Yet she

Will be

False, ere I come, to two, or three.

本诗开始 得有些怪异. 诗人在第一阙 中纵横时空地 列举了一连串 无法实现的事 情.令人云里 雾里不知方 向,读至第二 阚才恍悟原来 这些都是在为 女人不贞这一 主 题 做 铺 垫。 文坛中以此为 主题的作品不 乏其数,可是 这样把貌似全 不相干的事物 都容在一首短 诗中的,却着 实稀罕,这也 许就是使玄学 派诗人驰名干 世的"玄思" 吧。

歌

多恩

去吧。跑去抓一颗流星, 去叫何首乌肚子里也有喜, 告诉我哪儿追流年的踪影, 是谁开豁了魔鬼的双蹄, 教我听得见美人鱼唱歌, 压得住醋海,不叫它兴波, 寻寻看 哪一番 好风会顺水把真心推向前。

如果你生来有异禀,看得见人家不能看见的花样,你就骑马一万夜一万天, 直跑到满头顶盖雪披霜,你回来会滔滔不绝的讲述你所遭遇的奇怪事物, 到最后却赌咒

你万一找到了 通知我一句:

向这位千里进香也心甘; 可是算了吧,我决不会去; 哪怕到隔壁就可以见面; 尽管你见她当时还可靠, 到你写信了还可以担保, 她不等 我到门 准已经对不起两三个男人。

(卞之琳 译)

Virtue

George Herbert

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,

Like seasoned timber, never gives;

But though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

读过前面 多恩的两首诗, 你一定会感到 乔治:赫伯特的 诗歌与前者大 相径庭,两个如 此迥异的诗人 如何会同属玄 学派?的确.赫 伯特更喜用一 些为人熟知的 意象 .他所表达 的歌颂美德的 主题也与多恩 在诗中表现出 的在世界观或 爱情观上的叛 逆和质疑形成 了对比。但是 他更善于在朴 实日常的事物 中展开巧思妙 想 如将白日喻 为天地的合一, 将玫瑰形容为 "angry"," brave", 及将春天绘作 了盒子,而末阙 中的笔锋陡转 切入主题与多 恩在"歌"中由 第一阙转入第 二阙时运用的 手法也有异曲 同工之妙 只是 赫伯特是把主 题徐徐展开 .更 为顺理成章 不 像多恩的转折 "全凭蛮力"而 已。

美 德

赫伯特

美好的白天,如此清爽、宁静、明朗,那是天空和大地的婚礼;但露水像泪珠将哭泣你落进黑夜的魔掌,因为你有逃不脱的死期。

芬芳的玫瑰,色泽绯红,光华灿烂, 逼得痴情的赏花人拭泪伤心; 你的根儿总是扎在那坟墓中间, 你总逃不脱死亡的邀请。

美好的春天,充满美好的白天和玫瑰,就像盒子里装满了千百种馨香; 我的诗歌表明你终会有个结尾, 世间万物都逃不脱死亡。

只有一颗美好而圣洁的心灵, 像风干的木料永不会变形; 即使到世界末日,一切化为灰烬, 美德.依然万古常青!

(何功杰 译)

Easter Wings

George Herbert

Lord , who createdst man in wealth and store ,
Though foolishly he lost the same ,
Decaying more and more
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks , harmoniously ,
And sing this day thy victories:

Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin;

And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin ,
That I became
Most thin.
With thee
Let me combine
And feel this day thy victory;
For , if I imp my wing on thine ,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

之 复 活 翼

赫伯特

与您 羸 弱 至 我 您 我变 的 卽 此 的 仍 弱 翼 极 以 的 如 果 感 恶 病 我 苦 痛 纪 痛 能 和 确 亦 嫁的 在 羞 耻忧 植 我 郁 莪 的 中 更快 栩 升

起

如云 穷困 您 雀 我 即 此 极 7才会使3 地般 我的 愈 业 绩 高 升 起

使其

他 低 他

变 劣

得

卑 眛

屈 将

地

创

(李鸥 译)

这类诗歌被称为"有形诗歌"(shaped verses),意即此诗歌的外观 表现其主题。如这首名为"复活之翼"的诗被赫伯特排成一对翅膀的 形状 此最为直观的形式表现了"翼"这一意象。读罢此诗 发现" 是与两阙之末的'flight'相互呼应的,这就有了文、形、旨的统一。 阙末句中的" fall "又是一个极具宗教内涵的字。意指人类失去乐园后 的堕落 这样 赫伯特又从意象"翼"的飞翔中回到并引伸了诗的宗教 主题 而以此矛盾的说法" fall further the flight "他又巧妙地表现了坠 到地上的人类寻求上天的焦灼和信念。可见,这首"有形诗歌"并非仅 仅流于形式的标新立异 在内涵上它仍不失玄妙。

On Our Crucified Lord , Naked and Bloody

Richard Crashaw

Th' have left Thee naked, Lord, O that they had;
This garment too I would they had denied.
Thee with Thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of Thy side.
O never could be found garments too good.
For Thee to wear, but these, of Thine own blood.

为我们受难的主 ,无衣蔽体 ,血迹斑斑

克拉肖

他们让您赤身裸体,主啊,噢他们真的; 这衣裳我亦愿他们放弃。 他们将您太过华丽地用您自己蔽体, 撕开了您身着的那绛紫的袍衣。 噢永远也没有什么锦衣太过华丽。 又适于您,只有这件,您的斑斑血衣。

(李鸥 译)

克拉肖常被视为赫伯特的传人,因为两人不仅同属玄学派,而且大多数作品都是宗教诗歌。但读者如与前面赫伯特的诗略作比较便会发现二者的风格并非一脉相承,赫伯特惯用朴实的意象,而克拉肖诗中的意象则是暴烈、怪诞的。且看这首诗,读罢才恍悟原来"garment"是指耶稣受难的淋漓鲜血,一个意象便直指主题,令读者惊诧之余不觉牵强反觉凝练。此诗短短数行却后力无穷,皆因一个玄奥意象。

The Definition of Love

Andrew Marvell

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, strange and high;
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive Where my extended soul is fixed; But Fate does iron wedges drive, And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel

Us as the distant poles have placed (Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel), Not by themselves to be embraced,

Unless the giddy heaven fall, And earth some new convulsion tear, And, us to join, the world should all Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves oblique may well Themselves in every angle greet; But ours, so truly parallel, Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind, But Fate so enviously debars, Is the conjunction of the mind, And opposition of the stars.

爱的定义

马维尔

我的爱生来就那般 稀罕,其追求,奇异高远; 它在毫无可能的情形 由绝望生成。

只有宽大为怀的绝望, 才会让我眼见如此神圣灵光, 而孱弱的希望永远不会飞翔, 不过徒然舞动其华丽的翅膀。

然而我会飞快抵临 牵着我出壳灵魂的地方; 但是命运确在拧着铁楔, 永远把它自己挤插中央。

因为命运以她嫉羡的眼睛的确 看见两份完善的爱情,而她不许他们相携; 他们的联结即是她的毁灭, 她的暴虐统治亦会随之瓦解。

于是 她如此命令

如遥远两极一般把我们固定 (虽然爱的全部世界仍会围绕我们旋行), 让他们无法相拥一并,

除非眩目的天堂塌陷, 大地撕袭着新的震颤, 那么,我们才会相逢,整个世界会完全被挤成一个平面的天体空间。

如线与线 ,爱如是斜倾 仍会在各个角度相互致意; 但是我们的爱 ,如此真切地平行 , 尽管无以穷尽 ,却永不相遇。

因此这爱确把我们连系, 这爱被命运如此嫉妒地隔离, 它是相含的心意, 它是相冲的星迹。

(李鸥 译)

古今中外文人墨客纷纷给爱下过定义,可马维尔这首《爱的定义》却写得巧妙不俗。开篇的定义令人感到深奥难解,接着发现他在刻画命运与爱的对峙,命运女神对爱的扼杀成了把爱定义为"绝望"和"毫无可能"的注解,开篇的深奥在活灵活现的意象中免去了晦涩之嫌。然后他将几何学、天体学的概念都用来旁征博引,爱被定义为命运不容的事情,可绝望之际他亦让读者看到爱的信念,虽天各一方,相爱的人却拥有整个星球为爱的空间,相通的心灵为爱的纽带,这辩证的解释又丰富了爱的内涵。科学抽象之余不乏浪漫情怀、深奥神秘之中富于睿智生动,这便是马维尔的风格,大家在他最为著名的《给他羞怯的情人》中亦可看到同样的风采。

English and French Neo-Classicism

英法新古典主义

Epigram on Milton

John Dryden

Three poets , in three distant ages born ,
Greece , Italy , and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ,
The next in majesty , in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third , she joined the former two.

弥尔顿像题词

德莱顿

三位诗人各自诞生在三个时代, 为希腊、罗马和英国增光添彩。 第一位意境崇高绝伦,第二位 气象庄严无比;两者兼长是第三位: 创造更好的诗人,造物主已无能为力, 只好把前两位二美兼备、糅合一起。

(吕千飞 译)

这首诗后被印在东逊版《失乐园》中弥尔顿像上,一首短诗虽是为弥尔顿而作,却同时颂扬了三位诗人,即希腊的荷马、罗马的维吉尔和英国的弥尔顿。从德莱顿对弥尔顿的推崇至极我们亦可看出他对另两位诗人的膜拜,新古典主义诗人对古典作品的极度崇尚由此小诗也可窥见一斑。

Alexander's Feast

John Dryden

OR THE POWER OF MUSIC; AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY

1

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won

By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were placed around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:

(So should desert in arms be crowned).

The lovely Thaïs, by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride

In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair s

2

Timotheus, placed on high

Amid the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove.

Who left his blissful seats above

(Such is the power of mighty love).

A dragon's fiery form belied the god:

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia pressed;

And while he sought her snowy breast:

Then, round her slender waist he curled,

And stamped an image of himself , a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:

- "A present deity, "they shout around;
- "A present deity, "the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravished ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod ,

And seems to shake the spheres s

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;

Flushed with a purple grace

He shows his honest face

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young

Drinking joys did first ordain;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is a soldier's pleasure;

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;

Rich the treasure.

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain s

4

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again,

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And, while he heaven and earth defied,

Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow s

5

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

"War, "he sung," is toil and trouble; Honor, but an empty bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still , and still destroying:

If the world be worth thy winning, Think, O think it worth enjoying.

Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,

Take the good the gods provide thee. "

The many rend the skies with loud applause;

So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,

The vanguished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,

The vanguished victor sunk upon her breast s

6

Now strike the golden lyre again:

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head:

As waked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

[&]quot;Revenge, revenge!"Timotheus cries,

World Poetic Schools

"See the Furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain:

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"

The princes applaud, with a furious joy;

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;

Thaïs led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And , like another Helen , fired another Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;

Thaïs led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And , like another Helen , fired another Troy s

7

Thus long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute;

Timotheus, to his breathing flute,

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last, divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown:

He raised a mortal to the skies;

She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last , divine Cecilia came ,

Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown:

He raised a mortal to the skies;

She drew an angel down.

亚历山大的宴会

又名 音乐的力量:庆祝圣塞西莉亚节之歌

德莱顿

合唱

美满、美满、美满缘 只有英雄, 只能英雄, 只有英雄配红颜。

提摩修斯高坐上边, 在曼妙的歌队中间, 飞动的手指弹响琴弦, 颤动的乐音飘下九天, 把天国的欢乐布散人间。 那歌曲从审夫唱起: 他离开天宫的御座宝椅, (只因为爱情的魅力无比。) 尊神变化为火龙的形象, 盘曲昂扬 四射豪光, 逼近美丽的奥林匹娅身旁, 紧贴住她雪白的胸膛, 又盘绕她苗条的腰身, 印下自己的形象——一代帝君。 庄严的歌曲打动情怀 . "天神下凡,"听众四面喝彩, "天神下凡,"殿堂穹隆轰响起来。 君王听见. 欢喜无限 .

自命神灵, 点首应承, 像要使天摇地颤。

合唱

君王听见, 欢喜无限, 自命神灵, 点首应承, 像要使天摇地颤。

=

然后这美妙的乐师又歌唱酒神, 赞颂他永恒的俊美,常驻的青春。 吹起喇叭,敲起锣鼓, 欢乐的酒神胜利地来临。 他露出诚挚典雅的容光, 带着兴奋的晕红面庞。 他来了,快吹起笙簧。 他来了,快吹起笙簧。 永葆青春、俊美的酒神, 他最早教我们开怀痛饮。 酒神的祝福如宝似珍, 开怀痛饮,战士欢欣, 益宝欢欣, 战后的欢欣倍可亲。

合唱

酒神的祝福如宝似珍, 开怀痛饮,战士们欢欣, 益宝添珍, 皆大欢欣, 战后的欢欣倍可亲。

兀

赞颂的歌曲使他趾高气扬 . 讨关斩将 重摆战场 . 再三击溃敌军 再三杀死已亡。 老乐师看到他如疯似狂, 面泛红晕 眼放光芒, 上天入地,挑战逞强。 为打消他的骄气 陡地改变乐章. 奏起的曲调悲悼哀伤, 唤起慈悲怜恤的心肠。 他歌唱大流十伟大善良. 遭遇到命运可悲, 堕落、堕落、堕落、堕落, 失去了尊荣的宝位, 在血油中挣扎,垂危。 在最需要的时候被人遗弃. 受讨恩宠的都掉头离去。 他暴露着僵卧在光秃的十地。 没有朋友帮他阖上眼皮。

战胜者呆坐着郁郁寡欢,俯首沉思,改变了心情,想到人间福祸变迁,不时地暗自叹息一声,泪珠儿泣下流涟。

合唱

俯首沉思,改变了心情,想到人间福祸变迁,不时地暗自叹息一声,泪珠儿泣下流涟。

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非凡的乐师会心地微笑, 随后即将有爱情来到。 只要弹奏起类似的乐声, 怜悯便会融化为爱情。 奏起林甸乐音 轻柔曼妙, 抚慰心灵, 转自, 安子芸, 他唱道, 战争是劳宠。 他唱道是空了, 战争的水泡。 设为的水泡。 设为水平停。 如果吊民伐罪, 师出两。 可爱的泰绮丝坐你身旁, 别辜负天赐的妩媚娇娘。 巨僚欢呼,声震天庭, 爱情的胜利来自音乐的神功。 君王掩不住满怀柔情, 凝望美人, 一往情深, 叹息、凝望、叹息、凝望, 叹息、凝望,又叹息连声。 终于,禁不起醇酒和爱恋夹攻, 战胜者被征服,倒向她怀中。

合唱

君王掩不住满怀柔情, 凝望美人, 一往情深, 叹息、凝望、叹息、凝望, 叹息、凝望,又叹息连声。 终于,禁不起醇酒和爱恋夹攻, 战胜者被征服,倒向她怀中。

六

现在另弹一曲黄金的竖琴,要响一些、再响一些的乐音。 把那昏睡的桎梏打烂,叫醒他,一似霹雳雷霆。 听啊,听啊,那恐怖的响声。 他仰起头颈, 从死睡中觉醒, 抬眼四望 胆战心惊。 报仇啊,报仇啊!老乐师的呼声。 看吧 复仇的女神来到, 昂扬的毒蛇舞动 . 在她们头发里嘶鸣。 毒蛇眼睛飞迸火星。 看那一群魔鬼, 手执火把森森, 他们是希腊的冤鬼 战场杀身, 暴尸荒野, 死不安心。 报仇雪恨吧, 让这些英勇的人们。 你看他们火把高举, 一直扑向波斯民居, 和闪光的异教庙宇。 臣爵们高声喝彩 欢喜若狂, 君王抓起火把,杀奔前方。 泰绮丝照路先行, 带领他扑向敌从, 像另一个海伦把另一个特洛伊烧光。

合唱

君王抓起火把,杀奔前方, 泰绮丝照路先行, 带领他扑向敌丛, 像另一个海伦把另一个特洛伊烧光。

七

就这样,在很久以前, 在鼓风箱还没有启动. 风琴还没有奏响之先, 提摩修斯就用吹鸣的长笛. 和拨响的竖琴, 激发灵魂暴怒、点燃柔情温馨。 最后神圣的塞西莉亚来临, 她发明了按响的风琴。 她美丽、虔诚、以其神圣的宝藏, 突破了原先的狭窄限量, 使神圣的乐音扩充、解放, 睿智天纵,艺术独创。 提摩修斯该把首席让她, 至少也该两人分享荣光: 他把凡人送进天堂, 她把天使拉到地上。

大合唱

最后神圣的塞西莉亚来临, 她发明了按响的风琴。 她美丽、虔诚,以其神圣的宝藏, 突破了原先的狭窄限量, 使神圣的乐音扩充、解放, 睿智天纵,艺术独创。 提摩修斯该把首席让她, 至少也该两人分享荣光: 他把凡人送进天堂, 她把天使拉到地上。

(吕千飞 译)

此诗描写的宴会是亚历山大大帝征服波斯之后举行的御宴,塞西莉亚是人们信奉的音乐保护神,传说风琴即是她所发明。诗中描写了音乐感人的力量,从题材上是写英雄美人的故事、胜者为王败者为寇的战争,从体裁上属颂歌体。虽为抒情诗却不掺杂个人感情,而是把抒情控制在理性之下,诗律整齐华丽,这都是新古典主义诗歌的特征。德莱顿是英国第一位桂冠诗人,这首诗亦被公认为他最具天才的作品。诗中描述的战争场面波澜壮阔,音乐力量感撼天地,每段合唱更是气势恢宏,从德莱顿对亚历山大宴会的描述及其对读者的震撼力而言,不亚于提摩修斯的音乐对听者的感染,无怪另一位新古典主义的大师蒲伯如此评述"what Timotheus was is Dryden now (昔日的提摩修斯就是今日的德莱顿)。此诗后由亨德尔谱曲。

Ode on Solitude

Alexandre Pope

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk , whose fields with bread ,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade ,
In winter fire.

Blest , who can unconcernedly find

Hours , days , and years slide soft away ,

In health of body , peace of mind ,

Quiet by day ,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;

World Poetic Schools

Thus unlamented let me die; Steal from the world , and not a stone Tell where I lie.

隐居颂

蒲柏

他是那样欢乐欣喜, 只企求数公顷祖传土地。 他心满意足地呼吸故乡的空气。 ——在他自己拥有的田园里。

牲畜供他牛奶,土地赐他面包, 羊群呵给了他衣袍。 树木在夏天送来荫凉, 到冬日又使他不愁柴草。

他是如此幸福满足,超然地任光阴悄悄流淌。心平气和,体格健壮,宁静地度过白昼时光。

夜晚他睡得烂熟, 因为他劳逸兼顾不忘闲游。 他那令人喜爱的单纯质朴, 溶合在沉思默想的时候。

我愿活着无人见无人晓,

我愿死时亦无人哀悼。 让我从这世界悄悄溜走, 连顽石也不知我在何处躺倒。

(黄源深 译)

新古典主义时期的诗歌多强调理性,讲求规范,很少具有直抒胸臆之作,可这首蒲柏的早期作品所讴歌的倒很像浪漫主义诗人所推崇的回到自然的主题,所以,生硬地将诗人或诗歌划分为水火不容的风格难免教条,浪漫主义诗歌并非不合章法,新古典主义诗歌亦非毫无灵感。但是,从诗句的对称和韵律的工整来看,这首诗仍不失新古典主义的特征,而诗中对隐居生活中大自然那样整齐划一的构想和安排也与新古典主义诗人强调的"秩序"相吻合。

From An Essay on Man

E istle W Of the Nature and State of Man , with Respect to Himself , as an Individual

(Lines 1-18)

Alexandre Pope

Know then thyself, presume not Good to scan; The proper study of mankind is Man. Placed on this isthmus of a middle state. A being darkly wise, and rudely great: With too much knowledge for the skeptic side, With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride. He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest, In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast; In doubt his mind or body to prefer, Born but to die, and reasoning but to err: Alike in ignorance, his reason such, Whether he thinks too little, or too much: Chaos of thought and passion, all confused; Still by himself abused, or disabused: Created half to rise, and half to fall; Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

World Poetic Schools

Sole judge of truth , in endless error hurled: The glory , jest , and riddle of the world!

自《人论》

知己(书翰之二,1-18行)

蒲柏

先了解自己吧,且莫狂妄地窥测上帝, 人的研究对象应该是人类自己。 他愚昧地聪明 拙劣地伟大, 位于中间状态的狭窄地岬: 他要怀疑一切,可是又知识过多, 他要坚毅奋发,可是又意志薄弱: 他悬挂中间 出处行藏 犹豫不定, 犹豫不定 是自视为神灵 还是畜生: 犹豫不定 是要灵魂 还是要肉体, 生来要死,依靠理性反而错误不已, 想的过多 想的过少 结果相同 . 思想的道理都是同样的愚昧荒曹: 思想和感情,一切都庞杂混乱, 他仍放纵滥用 或无放纵而后收敛: 他生就的半要升天 ,半要入地; 既是万物之主,又受万物奴役:

他是真理的唯一裁判,又不断错误迷离,他是世上的荣耀、世上的笑柄、世上的谜。

(吕千飞 译)

蒲柏的作品以《夺发记》、《批评论》和《人论》最为闻名,这首《知己》就是《人论》中著名的一段。在内容上,这是首充满哲思的诗。哲学与诗歌本是互不相容的,诗歌强调感性,而探求宇宙、社会及人类的秩序和内在规律则从属于哲学范畴,但这却也恰是新古典主义诗人所追求不息的主题之一,这种偏重理性思维的风格统领了新古典主义诗坛。在风格上,行行之间、句句之内的对仗和严整充分体现了蒲柏作为新古典主义大师对诗律控制的精湛技艺,但由其中的连珠妙语清晰可见,他并非拘泥于形式的诗匠。对人性自身各种矛盾境地的探索中流露的自嘲又提醒了我们,他不仅是位长于哲思的诗人,还是一位颇具巧智的讽刺大师。

From The Vanity of Human Wishes

(Lines 135-164)

Samuel Johnson

When first the college rolls receive his name, The young enthusiast guits his ease for fame; Resistless burns the fever of renown Caught from the strong contagion of the gown: O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread, And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth, And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth! Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat, Till captive Science yields her last retreat; Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, And pour on misty Doubt resistless day; Should no false kindness lure to loose delight, Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright; Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain, And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain; Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart, Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart; Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,

Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade; Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee: Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, And pause a while from letters, to be wise; There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. See nations slowly wise, and meanly just, To buried merit raise the tardy bust. If dreams yet flatter, once again attend, Hear Lydiat's life, and Galieo's end.

自《人生希望多空幻》(135-164行)

约翰逊

自从学院录取新生榜上有名. 那青年对声誉就不再无动干衷: 他患了难抗的追求名声的执病。 因为大学制服带来了病毒深重: 他未来的劳动在图书馆里展开 . 培根教授的厅房已经颤动起来: 这是你的看法?继续干吧 好青年. "美德"会保你坐到真理的宝座上边: 如果你的灵魂能够始终热情奔放, 直到科学被俘,不能负隅顽抗: 如果"理性"能以最亮的光线把你引导, 消除模糊的"怀疑",使你一切明了: 如果虚假的仁慈不会诱你失去愉快, 赞扬不会使你松弛 困难不会吓坏: 如果"新奇"不会光临、诱你误入歧途, "懒惰"喷吐毒雾,不能使你迷醉糊涂: 如果"美貌"的锋芒只能在纨绔队里消磨, 不能夸耀自己征服占领了学者的心窝: 如果疾病不能悍然侵入你麻木的血脉 . " 忧郁 "的幻影也不能折磨你愁容长在: 即使如此,也不要妄想没有忧愁危险,

也不要妄想人类厄运你能侥幸避免; 请你屈尊抬起眼睛,饱览现实世界, 暂且抛开书本,以求变得聪明起来; 到这时你才能看清学者的生平艰辛, 受累受妒受穷,赞助无人,入狱有门; 君不见四海邦国见识短浅、正义沦丧, 功臣业已入土,才迟迟树起纪念雕像。 如果你仍然留恋梦想,那你可要提防, 听一听利底亚的生平和伽利略的下场。

(吕千飞 译)

约翰逊是英国第一部词典的编纂者 同时亦是一 位文学评论家 及诗人。该诗是仿朱文诺——一位罗马的讽刺诗人——的讽喻诗做 成的 从对古典作品的效仿上它又代表了新古典主义时期诗作的一大风尚。这首诗歌的主题由题目《人生希望多空幻》上一目了解 ,这 与约翰逊本人早年的穷困潦倒似乎有所关联 ,他所强调的人的主观愿望与客观事实的相悖在这一段"学者生涯"中他所描述的学者"中举"后的幻想及他对学者即将面临的现实的警告中得到了淋漓的展现。诗人以诸多拟人的手法使该诗免于艰涩之嫌。

The Oak and the Reed

Jean de La Fontaine

The oak said to the reed , You grow Too unprotectedly. Nature has been unfair;
A tiny wren alights , and you are bending low;
If a fitful breath of air.

If a fitful breath of air Should freshen till ripples show , You heed her and lower your head;

Whereas my parasol makes welcome shade each day $\mbox{And like}$ the Caucasus need never sway ,

However it is buffeted.

Your so-called hurricanes are too faint to fear.

Would that you'd been born beneath this towering tent I've made.

Which could afford you ample shade;

Your hazards would not be severe:

I'd shield you when the lightning played;

But grow you will, time and again,

On the misty fringe of the wind's domain.

I perceive that you are grievously oppressed,

The rush said, 'Bless you for fearing that I might be distressed:

It is you alone whom the winds should alarm.

I bend and do not break. You've seemed consistently

Impervious to harm—

Erect when blasts rushed to and fro:

As for the end, who can foresee how things will go?

Relentless wind was on them instantly—

A fury of destruction

Which the North had nursed in some haunt known to none.

The bulrush bent, but not the tree.

Confusion rose to a roar,

Until the hurricane threw prone

That thing of kingly height whose head had all but touched God's throne—

Who had shot his root to the threshold of Death's door.

橡树和芦苇

拉封丹

- 一天橡树对芦苇说:
- "你有充分的理由控告大自然,
- 一只鹪鹩对你来说已经是一种重负。

即使那种

偶然吹皱水面的微风,

就能迫使你低下头颅。

而我呢,我的额角就像高加索的山峰,它不但阻止阳光,

而且还把风暴来抵挡。

对你一切都是狂飙,对我一切就像和风。

要是你能生长在我的叶子下面,

我的浓荫能把周围都遮蔽。

我会保护你不受暴风的袭击,

你也就不会感到那么多的痛苦。

可是你却生长在

风神肆虐的潮湿地带,

我认为大自然对你很不公平。"

芦苇回答他说:"你的同情完全出自好意,但我请你不要担忧,

风对我来说并不像对你那样可怕, 我只要俯下身来就折不断, 而你直到现在始终抵抗着他的猛烈冲击, 从来没有弯过腰。 不过我们还是等着瞧吧。" 正当他说这些话的时候,留在北风身边的 那个最可怕的孩子 突然愤怒地从天边往这里奔来, 芦苇弯下了腰,橡树却挺直了身体, 这时风加强了它的威力, 它刮得这样猛烈, 就把头触青天、脚踩黄泉的橡树 连根拔了起来。

(远方 译)

法国诗人拉封丹的这首寓言诗揭示了一个为中国读者熟知的树大招风的道理,也让我们感到对人类的认识的确不受地域限制。这也正反映了拉封丹寓言诗的一大特点,他所讲述的故事是对人类这一整体的代表而非对某一个人或某一个群体的关心,对普遍存在的人性的探索这一新古典主义作品的特点在拉封丹的诗歌中再次被无一例外地展现出来,而这首诗中以橡树和芦苇寓示的两种生存的道理和哲学在今天仍不失其深刻的寓意。

The Fox and the Grapes

Jean de La Fontaine

A fox of Gascon , though some say of Norman descent , When starved till faint gazed up at a trellis to which grapes were tied

Matured till they glowed with a purplish tint As though there were gems inside.

Now grapes were what our adventurer on strained haunches ${\rm chanced}\ {\rm to}\ {\rm crave}\ ,$

But because he could not reach the vine

He said ,' These grapes are sour; I'll leave them for some knave.'

狐狸和葡萄

拉封丹

一只加斯科涅的狐狸,有的说是只诺曼底的狐狸,

几乎快饿死了,他看见在一个葡萄架上 葡萄好像已经熟了,

它的皮红得十分鲜艳,

这刁滑的家伙很想饱尝一顿,

可是那葡萄架高不可攀,

于是他就说:"葡萄太青,只有下贱的人才去吃它。"

(远方 译)

因吃不到葡萄而说葡萄真酸的故事看来也跨出了国界,不论这则故事究竟是源于中国还是源于法兰西,我们都不得不承认这种自欺欺人的自我安慰并非是仅属哪一国人的劣根性。拉封丹以轻喜剧的笔调勾勒出的狐狸的丑态实为人类普遍存在的弱点在这只狐狸身上的折射。

The Dairymaid and Her Milk-Pot

Jean de La Fontaine

Perrette's milk-pot fitted her head-mat just right— Neatly quilted to grip the pot tight.

Then she set off to market and surely walked well, In her short muslin dress that encouraged long strides, Since to make better time she wore shoes with low heel

And had tucked up her skirt at the sides.

Like summer attire her head had grown light ,

Thinking of what she'd have bought by night.

In exchange for the \mbox{milk} , since supposing it gone ,

She'd buy ten times ten eggs and three hens could be set.

Taking care all hatched out, she'd not lose more than one

And said, "Then there'll be pullets to sell.

I'll raise them at home; it is quite within reason,

Since shrewd Master Fox will be doing well If I can't shortly buy a young pig and grow bacon.

if I can't shortly buy a young pig and grow bacon.

The one I had bought would be almost half grown;

He'd need next to no feed—almost nothing at all;

When he's sold I'll have funds—good hard cash to count on.

Then with room at the barn for some stock in the stall , I could buy cow and calf if the pig had sold high;

If I'd not had a loss, I'd add sheep by and by. "
Perrette skipped for joy as she dreamt of what she'd

bought.

The crock crashed. Farewell, cow, calf, fat pig, eggs not hatched out.

The mistress of wealth grieved to forfeit forever

The profits that were mounting.

How ask her husband to forgive her

Lest he beat her as was fitting?

And thus ended the farce we have watched:

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched s

Whom does a daydream not entrance?

Have castles in air no romance?

Picrochole , Pyrrhus , Perrette—a fool's or wisdom's mirth—

Every hearth can give them birth.

Each of us loves a daydream—the fondest think on earth, Illusion has a charm to which our minds succumb;

Since it captures whatever has worth.

All hearts are ours, we pluck each plum.

When alone, I tower so tall that the bravest shiver.

I crush and see Persian emperors suffer.

I am a king, an idol.

My head is diademed with gems that rain:

Then the king's deep problems by some unjust reversal, Are Jean de La Fontaine's again.

拉封丹的 寓言诗多半是 以动物为主人 公来影射人类 世界的千姿百 态,而这首诗 则是以一个人 为主人公的, 然而不论是人 还是动植物是 诗的主体,他 们都不过是一 个载体来将每 一个人的经 历、特征典型 化的。尤其是 末段中诗人把 自己也划入易 干坠入黄梁美 梦的一员更是 强调了这一弱 点的普遍存 在。从这三首 诗中拉封丹都 表现了一种轻 松机智、简单 朴实的风格, 这种机智也带 有那一时代的 特点——是一 种理性思索的 产物,也正缘 于此,他的作 品虽简明易懂 却仍不失深 刻。

卖牛奶的女人和牛奶罐

拉封丹

一罐牛奶顶在贝莱特的头上, 安在一个小垫子上十分稳当, 她衣着轻便大步往前赶, 希望能不出事故安全地讲城。 那一天,为了使自己动作更灵活, 她穿的是普通短裙和平底鞋。 这样打扮之后我们这位卖牛奶的女人 心里已经在开始盘算 她的牛奶能卖的全部价钱。她打算用这笔钱 买一百个鸡蛋 分三次孵育, 由于她细心照料 事情一定会很顺利。 她说:"把这些小鸡在家门口养大 可不是很容易. 我看狐狸还没有那么会偷鸡, 不至于把我为了买猪养的鸡全吃光。 养头肥猪用不了多少糠, 我要是有了猪 等它长够分量, 我就把它卖掉,挣来一大笔钱。 凭这笔钱 那时谁又能来阻拦我 把母牛和她的小崽牵进牛圈? 我好像已经看到这头小牛在牛群里欢蹦乱跳。" 贝莱特想到这里也高兴得跳了起来,奶罐从头上摔下来,于是小牛、母牛、肥猪和小鸡全都完了蛋。

这些财产的女主人,目光懊丧,

离开了她那洒了一地的财富,

她冒着挨打的危险,

去请求她丈夫的饶恕。

这个逗乐的故事就这样结束,

大家给它起的名字就叫《牛奶罐》。

谁的头脑里不在胡思乱想?

谁又能不架空中楼阁?

毕可肖 庇吕斯 这个卖牛奶的女人 还

有聪明人和疯子,

总之 ,一切的人都这样。

每一个都做着白日梦,没有什么事能比这更甜蜜,

一个诱人的幻想使得我们头脑都发热,

以为世上一切财产,一切光荣,一切女人

全都是我们的。

当我一人独处时 我想我在向最勇敢的人挑战 ,

我开始遐想 我要使索非逊位,

我被选为王 我的人民热爱我,

王冠一顶顶落到了我的头上,

突然一件什么事使我惊醒了过来,

我原来还像从前那样是个胖若望!

(远方 译)

From Phaedra

Jean Racine

PHAEDRA. Ugh, they will love forever even while I am talking , they embrace , they scorn me, they are laughing in my face! In the teeth of exile, I hear them swear they will be true forever, everywhere. Oenone, have pity on my jealous rage; I'll kill this happiness that jeers at age. I'll summon Theseus; hate shall answer hate! I'll drive my husband to annihilate Aricia—let no trivial punishment her instant death, or bloodless banishment... What am I saving? Have I lost my mind? I am jealous, and call my husband! Bind me, gag me; I am frothing with desire. My husband is alive, and I'm on fire! For whom ?Hippolytus. When I have said his name, blood fills my eyes, my heart stops dead. Imposture, incest, murder! I have passed the limits of damnation; now at last, my lover's life blood is my single good. Nothing else cools my murderous thirst for blood.

Yet I live on ! I live , looked down upon by my progenitor, the sacred sun, by Zeus, by Europa, by the universe of gods and stars, my ancestors. They curse their daughter. Let me die. In the great night of Hades, I'll find shelter from their sight. What am I saving? I've no place to turn: Minos, my father, bolds the judge's urn. The gods have placed damnation in his hands, the shades in Hades follow his commands. Will be not shake and curse his fatal star His child b Pasi la3 forced to tell a thousand sins unclassified in hell? Father, when you interpret what I speak, I fear your fortitude will be too weak to hold the urn. I see you fumbling for new punishments for crimes unknown before. You'll be your own child's executioner! You cannot kill me: look, my murderer is Venus, who destroyed our family: Father, she has already murdered me. I killed myself—and what is worse I wasted my life for pleasures I have never lasted. My lover flees me still, and my last gasp is for the fleeting flesh I failed to clasp.

自《费德尔》

拉辛

费德尔:

他们将永远相爱! 在我讲话的此刻 呀!相思愁煞人! 他们触怒了一个丧失理智的情人。 尽管流亡很快就要把他们分开 . 他们仍然山盟海誓永不离开。 不 我不能忍受让我心痛的幸福, 厄诺娜,可怜可怜我疯狂的嫉妒。 一定要使阿丽丝失败 要唤起 国王对七世冤家的血海深仇。 不要让他轻轻地责罚就算了事。 妹妹的罪恶只能胜过他的弟兄。 我在妒火中燃烧,我要他这么做! 我在干什么?我的理智哪儿去了? 我妒忌?我要去哀求忒赛! 我的丈夫还活着 我却欲火难耐。 为了谁?我的一片心意付与谁? 每一句话都使我头上发毛悚然! 我这个人真是罪恶滔天,

两者汇干我一身:乱伦与诓骗。 我残忍的双手,急于报仇泄恨, 要让无辜的鲜血四处飞溅! 可怜呀!我要活下去!我怎能问心无愧. 看到我的祖先神圣的太阳神? 我的祖先是诸神的父亲和师尊, 我的先辈偏布干天地之间, 我躲到哪里?只能在黑暗中藏身。 我能说些啥?我的父亲手持骨灰瓮. 命运把我交付在他不留情的手中。 米诺斯审讯着地狱里所有的鬼魂, 啊!他的阴魂会怎样恐惧地颤栗? 当他看到面前出现的是他的女儿... 听到她供认出地狱里闻所未闻的罪行。 这可怕的一幕, 他将说什么?我的父亲, 我相信可怕的瓦罐会从您手里落下: 我相信会看到您搜寻新的酷刑... 您要成为虐杀自己亲属的顽凶。 原谅我!是上天要您的家道衰微, 是他要向您的女儿雪耻消恨。 唉!犯罪的耻辱紧紧地跟着我, 我不幸的心灵从未尝过它的恶果。 灾难纠缠着我直到最后一息, 我要在苦难中结束这一生。

(华辰 译)

《费德尔》是拉辛最为杰出的'心理悲剧",故事源自希腊神话,雅典王后费德尔爱上了国王忒赛与亚马逊王后的儿子依包利特,她误认忒赛已死,就向依包利特表白了爱情,不料他却爱着父亲死敌的女儿。而忒赛不久生还,费德尔便向忒赛告发依包利特诱惑了她,忒赛一怒之下将逆子处死,而费德尔也因自责服毒,并在死前将真相告诉了忒赛。拉辛长于刻画女性复杂细腻的心理,从这段费德尔得知依包利特与阿丽丝相爱后的独白中,我们亦可看出他对费德尔痛苦挣扎的细致入微的描写。而费德尔的痛苦——由此段便清晰可见——不仅在于她爱情的无法实现,更在于她自己理智的力量对欲念的冲击,在于心灵和意志的矛盾的无可调和。所以,拉辛虽在深入人物心理方面颇具现代色彩,由他侧重揭示的理性对人性的约束亦清晰可见他所身处的时代的印记。

German and English Romanticism

德英浪漫主义

The Erlking

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

O who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?

It is the fond father embracing his child;

And close the boy nestles within his loved arm

To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

- "O father, see yonder! See yonder!" he says;
- "My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
- "O, its the Erlking with his crown and his shround."
- "No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."
- "O come and go with me, thou loveliest child; (The Erlking speaks)

By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled; My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy, And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear The Erlking whisper so low in my ear?" "Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease; It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees. "O wilt thou go with me , thou loveliest boy ?(The Erlking)

My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy; She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild, And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain
The Erlking's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"
"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

"O come and go with me, no longer delay, (The Erlking)
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."

"O father! O father! now, now, keep your hold,
The Erlking has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild, Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child; He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread, But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead.

浪漫主义 以自然和情感 为两个创作领 域,在浪漫主 义之前,"自 然 (nature)是 泛指人类存在 的总体状态, 而浪漫主义作 品中的"自然" 则是指人力未 及的自然界。 在对自然的描 绘中,有的作 品偏重描写自 然界的美丽景 观,以示"敬 意": 而有些则 侧重表现自然 界中神秘莫测 的未知的力 量,呈现出"畏 意"。这首诗 属于后者,魔 王似为充满魔 力的大自然的 化身,代表着 人类无法控制 和改变的可怕 力量。这则故 事取材于民间 传说,由帝王 将相到平民百 姓的题材转变 亦是浪漫主义 反新古典主义 传统的一大特 点。此诗后由 舒伯特谱曲。

魔 王

歌德

这样迟谁在黑夜和风中奔驰? 是那位父亲带着他的孩子; 他把孩子抱在他的怀里, 他把他搂紧给他保持暖气。

我儿,为何藏起你的脸,这样惊慌?——爸爸,你没瞧见那个魔王?那魔王戴着冠冕,拖着长裾——我儿,那是一团烟雾。

"来,跟我去,可爱的孩子! 我要和你一同做有趣的游戏; 海边有许多五色的花儿开放。 我妈有许多金线的衣裳。"

爸爸,爸爸,你没有听见, 魔王轻声地对我许下的诺言?——不要响,孩子,你要安静; 那是风吹枯叶的声音。—— "伶俐的孩子,你可想跟我同行? 我的女儿们会伺候你十分殷勤; 我的女儿们要夜夜跳着圆舞, 跳着、唱着、摇着你使你睡熟。"

爸爸,爸爸,你没瞧见那厢 魔王的女儿们站在阴暗的地方?—— 我儿,我儿,我看得很清楚: 那是几棵灰色的老杨树。

"我爱你,你的美貌使我欢喜。你如果不肯,我就要动用武力。" 爸爸 爸爸 他现在捉我来了! 魔王抓得我疼痛难熬!——

父亲心惊胆战 迅急地策马奔驰,他把呻吟的孩子紧抱在怀里,好容易赶到了他的家里。 他怀里的孩子已经断气。

(钱春绮 译)

From Faust

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

FAUST. Only do not fear that I shall break this contract.

What I promise is nothing more

Than what all my powers are striving for.

I have puffed myself up too much, it is only

Your sort that really fits my case.

The great Earth Spirit has despised me

And Nature shuts the door in my face.

The thread of thoughts is snapped asunder,

I have long loathed knowledge in all its fashions.

In the depths of sensuality

Let us now quench our glowing passions!

And at once make ready every wonder

Of unpenetrated sorcery!

Let us cast ourselves into the torrent of time,

Into the whirl of eventfulness,

Where disappointment and success,

Pleasure and pain may chop and change

As chop and change they will and can;

It is restless action makes the man.

MEPHISTOPHELES. No limit is fixed for you, no

bound;

If you'd like to nibble at everything
Or to seize upon something flying round—
Well, may you have a run for your money!
But seize your chance and don't be funny!
FAUST. I've told you, it is no question of happiness.
The most painful joy, enamoured hate, enlivening
Disgust—I devote myself to all excess.
My breast, now cured of its appetite for knowledge,
From now is open to all and every smart,
And what is allotted to the whole of mankind
That will I sample in my inmost heart,
Grasping the highest and lowest with my spirit,
Piling men's weal and woe upon my neck,
To extend myself to embrace all human selves
And to founder in the end, like them, a wreck.

自《浮士德》

歌德

浮士德

别担心我会将这个契约撕毁! 我拼命努力要干的事, 跟我允诺的并不相违背。 我曾过分抬高自己, 其实只是跟你相等。 伟大的地灵将我轻视, 自然对我关上大门。 思想的线索已经断头, 知识久已使我作呕。 在我们的官能深处 燃烧的热情 让它熄灭! 请立即准备一切奇迹, 以不可测的魔术掩护! 投身到时间的洪涛之中, 投身到世事的无常之中! 不管安逸和苦痛, 不管厌烦和成功, 怎样互相循环交替:

大丈夫唯有活动不息。

梅非斯特

不给你规定条条框框。 你高兴,可以到处抓取, 逃跑时,也尽可以窃取, 你喜欢的,就请你品尝。 大胆地动手,不要畏缩!

浮士德

听着,问题并不在于快乐。 我要献身于沉醉、最痛苦的欢快、 迷恋的憎恨、令人爽适的愤慨。 我的心胸,求知欲已告熄灭, 今后对任何痛苦都视若等闲, 凡是赋与全体人类的一切, 我要在我内心里自我体验, 用这种精神掌握高深的至理, 把幸与不幸堆积在我的心里, 将我的小我扩充为人类的, 最后我也像人类一样没落。

(钱春绮 译)

民间传说中浮士德是 15 世纪的一名学者 因渴求创造奇迹的魔力摒弃了上帝而与魔鬼结盟 ,死后其灵魂被魔鬼攫去。这则传说曾被许多文人取材利用 ,而歌德的《浮士德》则成功地展现了浪漫主义情怀并成为传世之作。这里所选的浮士德同魔鬼梅非斯特结盟誓约的一段正是剧情关键所在。与新古典主义诗人相同 ,浪漫主义作家亦在不息地探求世界的真谛;但与前者迥异的是 ,后者否认世界以秩序和法则统治而存在的终极状态 ,探求本身亦成了生命意义所在 ,探求的方式亦非理念思考而是内心的体验 ,而体验的对象也并非人类共性而是每个个体的特性。以某种角度而言 ,浮士德这一段向上帝挑战与魔鬼结盟的自白恰恰宣告了浪漫主义文艺的纲领。

From The Robbers

Friedrich von Schiller

ANDROMACHE. Hector, wilt thou bid farewell for ever, Now Achilles with his murd'rous quiver Fearful vengeance for Patroclus swears?

Who will teach thy tender son to fight,

To cast his spear, and fear the Gods of right,

When thy corpse grim Xanthus downward bears?

HECTOR. Dearest wife, go, fetch the fateful lance,
Let me go to tread war's horrid dance,
On my back the weight of Ilium;
The Gods shield Astyanax with their hand!
Hector falls, to save his fatherland,
We shall greet each other in Elysium.

ANDROMACHE. Never shall I hear thy weapons sing , In thy hall thy arms lie mouldering; Priam's race of heroes is passed by! Thou art gone where never daylight gleams , Where Cocytus through the desert streams , In dread Lethe's flood thy love will die.

World Poetic Schools

HECTOR. All my thoughts, ambition's crown Shall dread Lethe's flood in blackness drown, But never yet my love!

Hark now! at the walls, the wild one raving—

Gird my sword about me, cease thy grieving!

Lethe shall not drown thy Hector's love!

自《强盗》

席勒

安德洛玛刻

赫克托耳要跟我永别去战斗, 让阿喀琉斯以他无敌的双手 给帕特洛克罗斯献上牺牲? 将来有何人来教导你的幼子, 去投掷标枪,去敬事各位神祇, 如果阴暗的冥土将你鲸吞?

赫克托耳

亲爱的妻子,你不要眼泪汪汪! 我所热烈向往的,是前赴战场, 我要亲手保卫珀耳伽摩斯。 我要为了神祇的神圣的家灶, 奋战牺牲,做一个救国的英豪, 渡过斯堤克斯河,魂归阴司。

安德洛玛刻

我再也听不到你的武器声响,

厅堂里将要闲放着你的刀枪, 老王的英雄后代就此断绝。 你去的地方,不再有日光照射, 科库托斯河在荒漠之中呜咽, 你的爱情将在忘川里熄灭。

赫克托耳

我要把一切憧憬、一切念头, 全都沉入忘川的静静的河流, 但不把我的爱情抛撇。 听!那个蛮子已在城墙边叫嚷, 给我把宝剑挂上,你不要忧伤! 我的爱不会在忘川里熄灭。

(钱春绮 译)

此诗系《强盗》第二幕第二场中爱米丽亚所唱的一段插曲,取材于荷马史诗的《伊利亚特》。赫克托耳是特洛伊最勇猛的英雄,他杀死了希腊勇士帕特洛克罗斯,帕特洛克罗斯的挚友阿喀琉斯愤然向他挑战,赫克托耳自知死亡将至,回家亦危在旦夕,但还是无畏地前去迎战,这是他与妻子诀别时的对唱。这种风萧萧兮易水寒的悲壮氛围其实颇为我国读者熟悉,而且赫克托耳所表现出的豪情壮志和忠贞不渝也是古今中外盖世英雄无不具备的双重特征。席勒是德国"狂飚突进运动"的代表人物之一,由此诗读者不难领略其浪漫主义和理想主义激情。

The Visit of the Gods

Friedrich von Schiller

Never, believe me, Appear the Immortals, Never alone:

Scarce had I welcomed the sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus! but in came boy Cupid the smiler;
Lo! Phœbus the glorious descends from his throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!

With divinities fills my
Terrestrial hall!
How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire?

Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of upbuoyance Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance, That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre! Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my soul!

O give me the nectar!

Give him the nectar!

Pour out for the poet,

Hebe! pour free!

World Poetic Schools

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
The wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

期望获得 永牛似平是每 个世人无法免 俗的企求.席 勒在这首诗中 也表达了同样 的愿望。跟随 诗人放荡不羁 的想像,我们 看到了一种诸 神降临的华 丽、超世的景 观,在这种欢 庆的氛围中, 诗人的纵情一 曲也终于成了 不朽之作,因 之便也获得了 他所向往的永 恒。

酒神颂歌

席勒

相信我,天上的群神从不会单独光临。 我刚刚迎来快活的巴库斯,微笑的小阿摩就跟踪而至。 堂堂的福玻斯也立即出场。 天上的群神都来聚会, 我真感觉到蓬荜生辉。

我这个凡俗人,该怎样招待 诸位天神? 赐与我你们的不朽的生命, 天神啊!凡俗人有什么孝敬? 请带我向奥林匹斯山飞升! 欢乐只住在朱庇特宫中; 请给我神酒.请给我酒盅!

把酒盅交给他 给诗人斟酒 , 斟吧 赫柏! 用天露润湿他一双眼睛, 让他看不见恨河的惨景, 却觉得有天神跟他同在。 天泉的珠泡潺潺地鸣响, 内心平静了,双目也光亮。

(钱春绮 译)

Loreley

Heinrich Heine

I do not know what haunts me, What saddened my mind all day; An age-old tale confounds me, A spell I cannot allay.

The air is cool and in twilight
The Rhine's dark waters flow;
The peak of the mountain in highlight
Reflects the evening glow.

There sits a lovely maiden Above, so wondrous fair, With shining jewels laden, She combs her golden hair.

It falls through her comb in a shower,
And over the valley rings
A song of mysterious power
That lovely maiden sings.

The boatman in his small skiff is

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Seized by turbulent love, No longer he marks where the cliff is, He looks to the mountain above.

I think the waves must fling him Against the reefs nearby, And that did with her singing The lovely Loreley.

罗累莱

海涅

不知道什么缘故, 我是这样的悲哀, 一个古代的童话, 我总是不能忘怀。

天色晚,空气清凉, 莱茵河静静地流, 落日的光辉 照耀着山头。

那最美丽的少女 坐在上边,神采焕发, 金黄的首饰闪烁, 她梳理金黄的头发。

她用金黄的梳子梳,还唱着一支歌曲,这歌曲的声调, 有迷人的魅力。

小船上的船夫,

感到狂想的痛苦; 他不看水里的暗礁, 却只是仰望高处。

我知道 最后波浪 吞没了船夫和小船; 罗累莱用她的歌唱 造下了这场灾难。

(冯至 译)

罗累莱是莱茵河上一块能发出回声的悬岩,在民间传说中,罗累莱曾是一个美丽的少女,因情人的不忠而投河,继而化为女妖,在此岩石上用歌声来引诱船夫触礁沉船。海涅这首诗即取材于此。这种借用民间传说做为诗歌题材的作风在浪漫主义时期颇为盛行。这里,一种神秘莫测的超凡俗、超自然的力量被诗人成功地展现了出来,整首诗写得美丽忧伤,余音绕梁,令人难以释怀。取用这则传说写作的作家颇多,独以海涅这首《罗累莱》最为著名,此诗后由李斯特谱曲。

The Tendency

Heinrich Heine

GERMAN bard! acclaim the glory
Of our German freedom high;
Be your song a brand to fire us;
To heroic deeds inspire us,
Like the Marseillaise of story.

Turn from Werther and his cooing,
For his Lotte let him cry.
Voice the message to your people
That has rung from every steeple—
Dagger, sword, and doughty doing.

Let the flute be trampled under,
With the soul's idyllic sigh.
Be your nation's trump of battle,
Boom of cannon, musket rattle;
Blow and crash and kill and thunder

Loud with thunder let each day be,

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Till the tyrants all shall fly.

Take my counsel for your banner,

But be sure you keep your manner

Vague and general as may be.

倾 向

海涅

德国的诗人,请你颂扬 德国的自由,使你的歌声 将我们的心灵操纵 而鼓舞我们走向行动, 就像马赛曲的调子一样。

不要再像维特那样哀怨,他的热情只是为了绿蒂。你要依着警钟的号召向你的人民大众宣告——谈论匕首,谈论刀剑!

不要再吹温和的短笛,放弃你那牧歌的情调。你要做祖国的大军号,做加农炮,做臼炮, 去吹、去轰、去喊、去杀!

每天去吹、去喊、去轰,

直到最后的压迫者逃走。 你只要朝着这个方向歌唱, 可是却要使你的诗章 尽可能地通俗易懂。

(钱春绮 译)

许多与海涅同时代的诗人当时写了许多富于政治倾向的诗歌,往往流于空泛的口号和说教。这里海涅以"倾向"为题,讽刺之意显而易见。海涅早期的诗歌多为抒情之作,而后期的诗作则掺加了更多的现实主义色彩,二者的结合亦更趋完美。他写了许多颇富战斗性的诗歌,此诗也算一例。以其中海涅对那些"倾向"诗人提出的劝戒和忠告我们也不难看出诗人自己的创作倾向。

I Dreamt that I was God Himself

Heinrich Heine

I dreamt that I was God Himself Whom heavenly joy immerses, And all the angels sat about And praised my verses.

我梦到我即是上帝

海涅

我梦到我即是上帝 沉浸于天国的欢愉, 身边簇拥着所有天使 颂扬着我的诗句。

(李鸥 译)

诗人梦到自己成为上帝,如何才能达到这种境界呢?原来只有在诗人能够使其诗歌才思洋溢、超越俗世以期不朽时诗人才会感到至上的欢愉。换言之,诗歌即是诗人的天国,诗人的终极向往。

The Tables Turned

William Wordsworth

Up!up!my friend, and quit your books, Or surely you'll grow double; Up!up!my friend, and clear your looks; Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun , above the mountain's head ,
A freshening luster mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread ,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: Come, hear the woodland linnet, How sweet his music! on my life, There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,

Our minds and hearts to bless— Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art; Close up those barren leaves; Come forth, and bring with you a heart That watches and receives.

反其道

华兹华斯

起来 起来 朋友 丢开你的书本,否则准成驼背! 起来 起来 朋友 舒展你的眉头,何必多愁又受累?

山头上的太阳, 柔润而又新鲜, 在长长的绿色田野, 洒下了黄昏的甜蜜光线。

书!只带来沉闷和无穷烦恼, 不如来听听林中的红雀, 它唱得何等甜美!我敢担保, 歌声里有更多的才学。

再听画眉唱得多欢! 它也是一个高明的教士。 踏进事物的灵光里来吧, 让大自然做你的老师。

她有无数的现成财宝,

能向我们的头脑和心灵赐福, 自然地流露出健康的智慧, 还有真理让人鼓舞。

绿色树林里的一个灵感, 会教给你更多道理, 关于人,关于人的恶和善, 超过所有圣人能说的。

大自然带来的学问何等甜美! 我们的理智只会干涉, 歪曲了事物的美丽形态, 解剖成了凶杀。

够了!再不需科学和艺术, 把它们那贫乏的书页封住! 走出来吧,只须带一颗赤心, 让它观看,让它吸取。

(王佐良 译)

华兹华斯可谓开辟了英国浪漫主义先河的诗人,他的这首"反其道"正清晰明了地表达了浪漫主义的信条和追求。在诗人近乎演说的劝诫中,我们看到什么为他所摒弃、什么又为他所倡导。依照诗人,教条的模仿中得不到智慧,只有大自然才会使人产生灵感;而智慧不是一种理性的产物,而是自发而成;对于美丽的事物,感知力和想像力便足够,而理智的分析无异于将美丽剖析扼杀。这些崇尚自然、推崇情感的观点都是浪漫主义的宗旨,诗人一气呵成的行文本身亦是这种自然的体现。

It is a Beauteous Evening

William Wordsworth

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broads o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

这首十四 行诗显然是一 台村营香村分 自然景观的宁 静美丽的描 绘,然而诗意 并非仅止于 此,从第9行 起,我们读到 诗人亦在思忖 自然与人的关 联。以诗人看 来,人在童年 时期似乎身带 圣洁超然之灵 气因而能与自 然融为一体, 而随着年龄的 增长人便渐渐 丧失了这种与 自然感诵的灵 气而日渐世俗 愚钝。所以诗 人对身边孩童 的妒羡之情溢 于笔端,而这 种妒羡,其实 也是一种对自 己所失去的曾 经笼罩着圣洁 之光的讨去时 光的追忆和缅 怀。

这是一个美丽的黄昏

华兹华斯

这是一个美丽的黄昏,雍容而静谧;神圣的时光如同恬静的修女一样,因崇慕而屏息;宏伟的太阳 在宁静中缓缓沉落下去。

苍天在大海上柔和地低垂: 听!万能的上帝已经苏醒, 用他那永恒的运动造成 阵阵雷鸣般的响声——永久持续。

亲爱的孩子!亲爱的姑娘!走到我身边, 假如肃穆的思想未能使你感动, 那也无损于你圣洁的天性; 你整年躺在亚伯拉罕的胸间, 顶礼膜拜于寺院内的神龛; 上帝与你同在,而我们却毫不知情。

(黄宏煦 译)

From The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Part IV

" I fear thee , ancient Mariner!

I fear thy skinny hand!

And thou art long , and lank , and brown ,

As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown. "—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropped not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!

And they all dead did lie:

And a thousand thousand slimy things

Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,

And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray But or ever a prayer had gushed, A wicked whisper came and made My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids , and kept them close ,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea , and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye ,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they:

The look with which they looked on me Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charméd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:

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Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.

自《老水手谣》

柯勒律治

第四节

"我害怕你 老水手啊!你枯瘦的手真怕人。你又长、又瘦、又黑,像退潮遗留的沙痕。

我怕你和你闪光的眼睛,你枯瘦的黑手可怕,"——别怕,别怕,婚礼的客人!我的身体并没倒下。

孤独啊,孤独啊,真正的孤独, 大海上孤单单一人! 没有一个圣者施予怜悯, 怜悯我痛苦的灵魂。

那许多人,非常美好的人,他们都躺倒死去。 而千千万万可憎的东西, 却活下来,包括我自己。

我俯瞰那腐朽的海洋,然后又转开眼去。 我低着头看那腐朽的甲板, 横卧着一具具尸体。

我仰望苍天,想要祷告,但还没想好祷词。 一阵刻毒的耳语传来, 使我心灰若死。

我阖上眼睛,闭住眼皮, 眼珠却像脉搏跳动。 因为天空、大海,大海、天空, 重压着我疲倦的眼睛, 尸体在脚下纵横。

他们肢体上冷汗已消失, 既没腐烂,也没臭气, 他们瞪着眼看我的样子, 我永远不会忘记。

孤儿的谴责可以把人 从天堂拉下地狱。 但是 咳 更为可怕的是 死者眼里的怨气。 我面对谴责,七天七夜, 自己恨不得死去。

月亮移动,升上天空,一点不肯留停, 她悄悄升到天上, 伴随着一两颗星星。

月光像四月严霜铺开, 嘲弄着炙热的大海, 除非巨大船影荫蔽的地方, 着魔的海水一直燃烧, 烧出持久, 可怕的红色。

在大船遮蔽的阴影以外, 我注视着游动的水蛇, 它们拖着白花花的踪迹, 顽皮地从海面闪闪竖起, 抖落雪白的水花。

在大船遮蔽的阴影以内, 我注视他们华丽的服装: 鲜蓝、紫黑和光泽的绿, 它们盘旋、游移,每一个踪迹, 都闪耀着金黄的火光。 啊,快乐的生物,它们的美, 难以用言语敷陈。 我心里涌起爱的源泉, 不禁祝福它们; 当然是保护神对我怜悯, 使我祝福它们。

就在我准备祈祷的时刻, 信天翁跌落下来。 它从我颈上落下,重似铅块 径直地跌进大海。

(吕千飞 译)

如果说华兹华斯的灵感多由自然界引发,那么柯勒律治的想像力则驰骋于超自然的界域之中。这首《老水手谣》根据他一个朋友的梦境写成。叙述了一个罪与罚的故事。老水手射死了一只保佑航行的信天翁。之后便开始受到惩罚,船驶到赤道,无风无浪、纹丝不动,在被灼热和焦渴折磨得痛不欲生后,船上的水手纷纷死去,只有老水手一人颈上缠着十字架一般的信天翁继续接受"死中生"(Life-in-Death)的惩罚。绝望之际,他终于无意识地以发自内心的慈爱保佑了其他生灵,魔力至此才开始解除。饱受折磨的老水手在回到家乡后仍被内心的赎罪感驱使,逢人便讲自己的故事以警世人,这里引号的部分即是一个听者——"婚礼客"的话。全诗共分七节,这里的第四节可以说是全诗最富戏剧性的转折部分,全诗被一种神秘超世的力量笼罩,这节的末尾尤其如是。

Phantom

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

All look and likeness caught from earth All accident of kin and birth, Had passed away. There was no trace Of aught on that illumined face, Upraised beneath the rifted stone But of one spirit all her own—She, she herself, and only she, Shone through her body visibly.

幻 象

柯勒律治

大地上捕捉的所有神色景象 所有密切相连之事都已消亡, 在那个容光焕发的脸上 没有丝毫残留的迹象, 从那剔透的石底升腾 正是她独个儿的灵魂—— 她 她自己 唯有她自身, 透过肉体发出清晰的光明。

(陆永庭 译)

柯勒律治笔下的世界是超自然的。同样,他笔下的美丽也是超凡俗、无实体的,这首《幻象》便充满了空灵甚至鬼魅的气息。据柯勒律治的笔记,后人得知此诗记述的是萨拉·哈金森出现的一场梦境,萨拉·哈金森是华兹华斯妻子玛莉·哈金森的姊妹,曾为柯勒律治深爱。

So We'll Go No More A-Roving

George Gordon , Lord Byron

1

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

2

For the sword outwears its sheath,

And the soul wears out the breast,

And the heart must pause to breathe,

And Love itself have rest.

3

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

这首抒情 小诗读来自然 流畅,似乎清 晰明了,但略 一细读,便会 发现这并非一 首典型的爱情 诗"我们"虽 心存爱恶却要 恋情歇息,虽 夜色浪漫却不 会久长,在诗 人传达的模棱 两可的略带反 爱情的信息 中,我们却更 感到这首小诗 的隽永之意。 由此不免想到 拜伦本人亦是 难以定义的奇 オ,如他自我 剖析的那样, "我是如此易 变-----什么都 曾做过却什么 都不长久----以致要对我进 行描述将会很 难。"

我们将不再徘徊

拜伦

我们将不再徘徊 在那迟迟的深夜, 尽管心儿照样爱, 月光也照样皎洁。

利剑把剑鞘磨穿, 灵魂也磨损胸臆; 心儿累了,要舒缓, 爱情也需要歇息。

黑夜原是为了爱, 白昼转眼就回还, 但我们不再徘徊 沐着那月光一片。

(杨德豫 译)

When a Man Hath No Freedom to Fight for at Home

George Gordon , Lord Byron

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbors;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knocked on his head for his labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get knighted.

若国内没有自由可为之战斗

拜伦

若国内没有自由可为之战斗,就该为邻人的自由而战; 让希腊罗马的荣耀萦绕心头, 既辛劳又赔性命也心甘。

为人类求正义是骑士的宏图, 总能按骑士方式获得酬谢; 为自由而战吧,在一切可能之处, 未战死未绞死,就该封爵。

(飞白 译)

拜伦是个层面丰富的诗人,这首小诗便代表了他极富政治激情的一面。1816年,拜伦被迫永远离开了英国,后来便投身于希腊的解放运动之中,并于 36岁(1824年)病逝于希腊。拜伦对浪漫主义的影响远非仅止于文字,他本人的激情豪迈、放荡不羁、孤傲不群都构成了浪漫主义的魅力以至于"拜伦式英雄"一词由此诞生,所以,拜伦对西方文化的影响是深远的。但我们也不应把拜伦的政治热情与盲目冲动混为一谈,诗中字里行间的讽刺意味让我们再次意识到要给拜伦下任何绝对的定义都是不可能的。

Mutability

Percy Bysshe Shelley

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;

How restlessly they speed , and gleam , and quiver ,

Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon

Night closes round , and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings Give various response to each varying blast, To whose frail frame no second motion brings One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same! —For , be it joy or sorrow ,

The path of its departure still is free:

Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;

Nought may endure but Mutability.

英国的几 位后期浪漫主 义诗人均为英 年早逝,雪莱 也不例外。也 许是浪漫主义 诗人强调感受 因而对生活体 验深切便产生 了强烈的悲剧 感的缘故,这 首诗也是一首 哀叹人生盛衰 无常的作品。 诗中充满对人 生的悲观感 叹,而结尾的 一句略带哲学 升华之意的诗 行更把这种无 奈引向了高 潮。

无 常

雪莱

我们像给中宵月蒙上面纱的浮云, 别看它不停地奔驰、闪耀、颤动 给黑暗划出斑斓的条纹,可是转瞬 夜幕合拢,立即消失得无影无踪。

又像被遗忘的琴,不调和的琴弦 随着多变的风,发出种种音响; 在那脆弱的琴体上,你每次重弹, 情调和节奏都不会和前次一样。

我们睡下:一场梦就是以毒害安息; 我们起身:一次遐想又会败坏全天。 不管是感受、思索、推理,欢笑或哭泣 抱紧耽爱的愁苦,抛却恼人的忧烦。

全都一样!因为不论是欢喜 是悲伤 总会找到畅通的渠道 悄悄溜走; 人们的昨天到了明天绝不会完全一样, 除了变化无常,一切都不能长久。

(黄宏煦 译)

O World, O Life, O Time

Percy Bysshe Shelley

O World , O Life , O Time , On whose last steps I climb ,

Trembling at that where I had stood before, When will return the glory of your prime?

No more, O never more!

Out of the day and night

A joy has taken flight—

Fresh spring and summer [] and winter hoar

Move my faint heart with grief , but with delight

No more , O never more!

雪莱虽是 一位颇具叛逆 精神、战斗精 神的诗人(如 他在我国读者 所熟悉的《西 风颂》中表现 出的),却也颇 写了一些充满 悲观无望的 "哀号"式的诗 歌,这首《悲 歌》即是一例。 从中,浪漫主 义的直抒胸臆 式的风格得到 了淋漓的展 现.当然.从中 我们也联想到 有些评论家对 雪莱所作的 "感情不成熟" 的评价,千秋 功过,读者自 来判决吧。

悲 歌

雪莱

啊,世界!啊,人生!啊,时间! 登上了岁月最后一重山! 回顾来路心已碎, 昔日荣光几时还? 啊,难追——永难追!

=

日夜流逝中, 有种欢情去无踪。 阳春隆冬一样悲, 心头乐事不再逢。 啊,难追——永难追!

(王佐良 译)

Ode on a Grecian Urn

John Keats

1

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,

Thou foster child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah , happy , happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves , nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And , happy melodist , unwearied ,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy , happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd ,
For ever panting , and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above ,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd ,
A burning forehead , and a parching tongue.

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

5

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

希腊古瓮颂

济慈

你委身" 寂静"的、完美的处子, 受过了" 沉默"和" 悠久"的抚育, 啊 ,田园的史家 ,你竟能铺叙 一个如花的故事 ,比诗还瑰丽: 在你的形体上 ,岂非缭绕着 古老的传说 ,以绿叶为其边缘 , 讲着人 ,或神 ,敦陂或阿卡狄? 啊 ,是怎样的人 ,或神! 在舞乐前 多热烈的追求!少女怎样地逃躲! 怎样的风笛和鼓饶!怎样的狂喜!

她不会老,虽然你不能如愿以偿,你将永远爱下去,她也永远秀丽!

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啊 幸福的树木!你的枝叶不会剥落,从不曾离开春天;幸福的吹笛人也不会停歇,他的歌曲永远是那么新鲜;啊,更为幸福的、幸福的爱!永远热烈,正等待情人宴飨,永远热情地心跳,永远年轻;幸福的是这一切超凡的情态:它不会使心灵餍足和悲伤,没有炽热的头脑,焦渴的嘴唇。

兀

这些人是谁啊,都去赴祭祀? 这做牺牲的小牛,对天鸣叫,你要牵它到哪儿,神秘的祭司? 花环缀满着它光滑的身腰。 是从哪个傍河傍海的小镇, 或哪个静静的堡寨的山村, 来了这些人,在这敬神的清早? 啊,小镇,你的街道永远恬静; 再也不可能回来一个灵魂 告诉人你何以是这么寂寥。 五

哦,希腊的形状!唯美的观照! 上面缀有石雕的男人和女人, 还有林木和践踏过的青草; 沉默的形体啊,你像是"永恒" 使人超越思想:啊,冰冷的牧歌! 等暮年使这一世代都凋落, 只有你如旧;在另外的一些 忧伤中,你会抚慰后人说: "美即是真,真即是美,"这就包括 你们所知道、和该知道的一切。

(查良铮 译)

济慈是现代评论家所认为诗艺最为精湛的浪漫派诗人之一,他的诗中充满了对人生的美丽和短暂的深痛感悟,加上他是几位诗人中辞世时最为年轻的一位(26岁),更使他的每一首诗读来都有一种千古绝唱的凄厉之感。这首诗与《夜莺颂》并为济慈最为著名的两首颂诗,而其中"美即是真,真即是美"的诗行亦成为千古绝句。整首诗深切地展示了诗人对人世矛盾无奈的情感,蕴含也因此极为丰富复杂。诗人为我们从声与色、光与影的统一中营造了一个恒久美丽的田园风光,可又为什么称之为"冰冷的牧歌"?诗人羡慕古瓮上锁住了青春和美丽的一幕,热恋不会平淡、爱人不会衰老,却又为什么说它有'另外的一些忧伤"?诗中开头的"still"意为"仍然"亦或"静止"?末句的'美即是真,真即是美"究竟内涵何在?诗中所藏的无穷底蕴仍需读者慢慢发掘。

Ode on Melancholy

John Keats

1

No , no , go not to Lethe , neither twist

Wolf's-bane , tight-rooted , for its poisonous wine;

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd

By nightshade , ruby grape of Proserpine;

Make not your rosary of yew-berries,

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

2

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;

Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,

Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,

And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine; His soul shall taste the sadness of her might, And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

忧 郁 颂

济慈

但当一阵忧郁的情绪突然袭来,像一片哭泣的阴云,降自天空, 泪水会滋润枯萎的小花,让笑颜重开, 又把青山隐蔽在四月白色的雾中; 这时你应和着清晨的玫瑰品味心中悲苦, 或让她滋养于高贵漂亮的牡丹, 或让她融合于海波上的一道彩虹; 或者你的恋人真的生了气, 紧握她柔软的手吧,任她娇嗔胡言, 贪婪地观赏她那无比美妙的眼睛。

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她生活在'美'中'美'呀 ,生而必死; 还有'欢乐'",总是把手放在嘴上, 说着再见;还有痛人的'喜悦'是邻居, 只要被蜜蜂所啜饮就会成毒浆: 哎 ,隐蔽的忧郁 ,在'快乐'的庙宇里 设有她自己的神龛; 虽然只有味觉灵敏又口齿健全、 能够咬破'欢乐'之果的人才能看见; 他的灵魂一旦尝到她悲哀的威力, 就成为俘虏 .悬挂在胜利纪念碑顶端。

(毛卓亮 译)

该诗再次表现了济慈诗中不断再现的主题——人世间无法协调的矛盾、无法统一的对立。诗的首阙、中阙先是以丰富的意象感动了读者的各个感官和知觉,而诗的末阙则点明了诗的主旨,无论是美丽、欢乐或是喜悦,都依存其稍纵即逝而存在,并且一旦逝去便会成为其对立的极至,这种人生的悲剧命运其实才是忧郁的起源,而如若没有这种忧郁做为对生活的深刻感悟,人生便也索然无味,这是否是济慈要将忧郁女神奉至神灵并颂扬其神威的缘由,我们不得而知。

French Symbolism

法国象征主义

The Carcase

Charles Baudelaire

The object that we see , let us recall ,

This summer morn when warmth and beauty mingle—

At the path's turn , a carcase lay asprawl

Upon a bed of shingle.

Legs raised , like some old whore far-gone in passion ,
The burning , deadly , poison-sweating mass
Opened its paunch in careless , cynic fashion ,
Ballooned with evil gas.

On this putrescence the sun blazed in gold, Cooking it to a turn with eager care—
So to repay to Nature, hundredfold,
What she had mingled there.

The sky, as on the opening of a flower,

On this superb obscenity smiled bright.

The stench drove at us, with such fearsome power

You thought you'd swoon outright.

Flies trumpeted upon the rotten belly

Whence larvae poured in legions far and wide, And flowed, like molten and liquescent jelly, Down living rags of hide.

The mass ran down , or , like a wave elated
Rolled itself on , and crackled as if frying:
You'd think that corpse , by vague breath animated ,
Drew life from multiplying.

Through that strange world a rustling rumour ran Like rushing water or a gust of air; Or grain that winnowers, with rhythmic fan, Sweep simmering here and there.

It seemed a dream after the forms grew fainter,
Or like a sketch that slowly seems to dawn
On a forgotten canvas, which the painter
From memory has drawn.

Behind the rocks a restless cur that slunk
Eyed us with fretful greed to recommence
His feast, amidst the bonework, on the chunk
That he had torn from thence.

Yet you'll resemble this infection too

One day, and stink and sprawl in such a fashion,

Star of my eyes, sun of my nature, you,

My angel and my passion!

Yes , you must come to this , O queen of graces ,
At length , when the last sacraments are over ,
And you go down to moulder in dark places
Beneath the grass and clover.

Then tell the vermin as it takes its pleasance
And feasts with kisses on that face of yours,
I've kept intact in form and godlike essence
Our decomposed amours!

波德莱尔 被称为"来自 地狱"的诗人, 他的《恶之花》 中体现的丑恶 美学标志了诗 歌时代的新纪 元。这首选自 《恶之花》的 《腐尸》颇能代 表波德莱尔的 诗作特点,因 此他亦被冠以 "尸体诗人"之 称。丑恶之 至、 污 秽 以 极 的腐尸竟然登 上了诗歌的大 雅之堂,诗人 仍惟恐读者想 像不及的细致 入微的描绘更 是令人作呕, 而诗中最末三 阙引入的由腐 尸到情人的联 想更是令人大 骇,但是,正是 " 这 种 骇 人 的 对照构成了绝 妙的诗篇—— 一面是希望永 远不死的美 人,另一面是 正在等待这个 美人的残酷命 运。"

腐 尸

波德莱尔

爱人,想想我们曾经见过的东西, 在凉夏的美丽的早晨: 在小路拐弯处,一具丑恶的腐尸 在铺石子的床上横陈,

两腿翘得很高,像个淫荡的女子, 冒着热腾腾的毒气, 显出随随便便、恬不知耻的样子, 敞开充满恶臭的肚皮。

太阳照射着这具腐败的尸身, 好像要把它烧得熟烂, 要把自然结合在一起的养分 百倍归还伟大的自然。

天空对着这壮丽的尸体凝望, 好像一朵开放的花苞, 臭气是那样强烈,你在草地之上 好像被熏得快要昏倒。

苍蝇嗡呦地聚在腐败的肚子上,

黑压压的一大群蛆虫 从肚子里钻出来,沿着臭皮囊, 像粘稠的脓一样流动。

这些像潮水般汹涌起伏的蛆子 哗啦哗啦地乱撞乱爬, 好像这个被微风吹得膨胀的身体 还在度着繁殖的生涯。

这个世界奏出一种奇怪的音乐,像水在流,像风在鸣响, 又像簸谷者作出有节奏的动作, 用他的簸箕簸谷一样。

形象已经消失,只留下梦影依稀,就像对着遗忘的画布, 一位画家单单凭着他的记忆 慢慢描绘出一幅草图。

躲在岩石后面、露出愤怒的眼光望着我们的焦急的狗, 它在等待机会,要从尸骸的身上 再攫取一块留下的肉。

——可是将来,你也要像这臭货一样,像这令人恐怖的腐尸, 我的眼睛的明星,我的心性的太阳, 你 我的激情 我的天使!

是的!优美之女王,你也难以避免, 在领过临终圣事之后, 当你前去那野草繁花之下长眠, 在白骨之间归于腐朽。

那时,我的美人,请你告诉我们,那些吻你吃你的蛆子,旧爱虽已分解,可是,我已保存爱的形姿和爱的神髓!

(钱春绮 译)

Meditation

Charles Baudelaire

Be good, my Sorrow: hush now: settle down.
You sighed for dusk, and now it comes: look there!
A denser atmosphere obscures the town,
To some restoring peace, to others care.

While the lewd multitude, like hungry beasts,
By pleasure scourged (no thug so fierce as he!)
Go forth to seek remorse among their feasts—
Come, take my hand; escape from them with me.

From balconies of sky, around us yet,

Lean the dead years in fashions that have ceased.

Out of the depth of waters smiles Regret.

The sun sinks moribund beneath an arch, And like a long shroud rustling from the East, Hark, Love, the gentle Night is on the march.

象征派诗 人强调与世界 的神秘感通, 并日强调各个 感官的契合. 称之"联觉" (synesthesia), 这种富干表现 力的意象构成 了象征派诗歌 的典型特征。 这首诗中,对 "sorrow"拟人 后,诗人用 " hush " 和 " sigh "在声音 上,用"dense" 在视觉上营造 黄昏的气氛; 此" scourge "feast"又从触 觉和嗅觉上表 现了与俗世的 格格不入,以 逝去流年的 " lean ",悔恨的 " smile ", 落日 的"rustling", 黑夜的" on the march ",从声 音上和形态中 巧妙地将黄昏 时分的光景和 心绪映衬了出 来。

入 定

波德莱尔

乖一点 我的沉哀 你得更安静,你吵着要黄昏,它来啦,你瞧瞧:一片幽暗的大气笼罩住全城,与此带来宁谧,与彼带来烦恼。

当那凡人们的卑贱庸俗之群, 受着无情刽子手"逸乐'的鞭打, 要到奴性的欢庆中采撷悔恨, 沉哀啊,伸手给我,朝这边来吧,

避开他们。你看那逝去的年光,穿着过时衣衫,凭着天的画廊, 看那微笑的怅恨从水底浮露,

看睡在涵洞下的垂死的太阳, 我的爱,再听温柔的夜在走路, 就好像一条长殓布曳向东方。

(戴望舒 译)

The Glazier

Stéphane Mallarmé

The pure sun puzzled By too bright a pack Takes its shirt dazzled Off the glazier's back.

釉 工

马拉美

纯净的太阳 为一个太过明亮的包裹困惑 把它那感到眩目的衣裳 从釉工的背上剥脱

(李鸥 译)

马拉美是象征派诗人中的朦胧大师,由这首小诗读者会窥见一斑。太阳居然会被明亮的包裹困惑,竟然会感到眩目,它又身着怎样的衣衫,又如何从釉工的背上脱去,诗中布满奇异的光线、视角和意象,个中滋味,自由读者尽情想像。

Album Leaf

Stéphane Mallarmé

Suddenly half in jest Young lady who beguiled Made a discreet request To hear my woodnotes wild

It strikes me that this test Held in so fair a place Has its points when I paused To look you in the face

Yes that vain breath I kept
Out to the last limit
In gouty fingers gripped
Lacks means to emulate

Your most natural clear Child's laugh that charms the air.

短短十四 行诗,诗人却 捕捉了一个张 力很大的瞬 间,自然随意 的诗行中间诗 人却揭示了艺 术难及自然的 魅力这样深奥 的主题,似独 具慧眼的影集 中的一幅相 片,又似寥寥 数笔不失涵义 地一张画册中 的速写,貌似 天奇却值得珍 存。

影集一叶

马拉美

突然半开玩笑地 迷人的年轻女子 小心翼翼地建议 要听听我狂野无羁的诗

我觉得这考验 在这美妙的地方经受的 也有些道理,这时我顿住 直面地凝视你

是啊那徒劳的气息 我用尽解数呼出的 握紧了肿痛的手指 没有办法比拟

你最为自然清灵 迷住空气的无邪笑声

(李鸥 译)

Clair de Lune

Paul Verlaine

Your soul is a sealed garden, and there go With masque and bergamasque fair companies Playing on lutes and dancing and as though Sad under their fantastic fripperies.

Though they in minor keys go carolling
Of love the conqueror and of life the boon
They seem to doubt the happiness they sing
And the song melts into the light of the moon,

The sad light of the moon, so lovely fair
That all the birds dream in the leafy shade
And the slim fountains sob into the air
Among the marble statues in the glade.

月 光 曲

魏尔伦

你的魂是片迷幻的风景 斑衣的俳优在那里游行, 他们弹琴而且跳舞——终竟 彩装下掩不住欲颦的心。

他们虽也曼声低唱 歌颂 那胜利的爱和美满的生, 终不敢自信他们的好梦, 他们的歌声却散入月明——

散入微茫,凄美的月明里,去萦绕树上小鸟的梦魂, 又使喷泉在白石丛深处喷出丝丝的欢乐的咽声。

(梁宗岱 译)

月光飘渺弥漫,月光下的风景亦轻浮飘忽,浮生若梦之感中,彩衣遮不住悲哀,欢歌也似乎杳然,小鸟沉寂,喷泉呜咽,万物都笼罩在月光的悲意之中。而月光的印象当然是诗人心绪的投影,诗人悲从何生,我们无法获知,象征主义诗歌的朦胧之美也许正在于此。

' Le ciel est , par-dessus le toit'

Paul Verlaine

The sky is up above the roof
So blue, so soft!
A tree there, up above the roof,
Swayeth aloft.

A bell within that sky we see, Chimes low and faint: A bird upon that tree we see, Maketh complaint.

Dear God! is not the life up there, Simple and sweet? How peacefully are borne up there Sounds of the street!

What hast thou done, who comest here,
To weep alway?

Where hast thou laid, who comest here,
Thy youth away?

这首诗长 短句相得益 彰,颇有中国 词韵: 诗中有 画,而且点彩 一般印象派的 风格也似平有 些中国画写意 的味道,颜色、 形态和声音构 成的画面意境 悠远,含蓄绵 长。再读我国 诗人戴望舒的 译作,我们亦 可对中西诗歌 艺术的契合有 更深体会。

瓦上长天

魏尔伦

瓦上长天 柔复青! 瓦上高树 摇娉婷。

天上鸣铃 幽复清。 树间小鸟 啼怨声。

帝啊 ,上界生涯 温复淳。 低城飘下 太平音。

你来何事 泪飘零, 如何消尽 好青春?

(戴望舒 译)

Voyelles

Arthur Rimbaud

A black , E white , I red , U green , O blue , vowels Some day I'll tell you where your genesis lies;
A—black velvet swarms of flies
Buzzing above the stench of voided bowels ,
A gulf of shadow; E—where the iceberg rushes
White mists , tents , kings , shady strips;
I—purple , spilt blood , laughter of sweet lips
In anger—or the penitence of lushes;
U—cycle of time , rhythm of seas ,
Peace of the paws of animals and wrinkles
On scholars' brows , strident tinkles;
O—the supreme trumpet note , peace
Of the spheres , of the angels. O equals
X-ray of her eyes; it equals sex.

这首诗再 次体现了象征 主义诗歌的感 觉契合之说, 诗人异想天开 地赋予 AEIOU 五个元音不同 的颜色、形态 和气味,在这 种声、色、形、 味的奇妙对应 之中,我们不 免疑惑诗人脑 海中究竟浮现 着怎样的意念 才会形成这种 对照的。同浪 漫派一样,象 征派诗作亦强 调不拘一格的 想像力和灵感 对于诗歌的意 义: 但是与浪 漫派不同,象 征派反对直抒 胸臆的风格, 这显然使其诗 作难免晦涩难 懂。这首诗的 奇妙神秘色彩 其实也构成了 它的魅力,也 许究竟如何解 开这首诗迷并 不如如何体会 它的妙处重 要。

元 音

兰波

A黑 E白 J红 U绿 Q蓝:元音 终有一天我要说破你们的来历: A 围着腐臭的垃圾嗡嗡不已, 苍蝇紧裹在身上的黑绒背心。

阴暗的海湾; E 蒸汽和帐篷的白洁,冰川的尖峰,白袍王子,伞形花的颤动; I 殷红,咳出的鲜血,美人嗔怒中或者频饮罚酒时朱唇上浮动的笑意:

U 圆圈 碧绿的海水神奇的战栗, 遍地牛羊的牧场的宁静,炼金的术士 开阔前额上深刻皱纹意味的安详:

○ 发出古怪尖叫的末日号角,任凭星球和天使遨游的太空的寂寥:——與米加.她的眼睛射出紫色的柔光!

(施康强 译)

The Sleeper in the Valley

Arthur Rimbaud

The swollen river sang through the green hole, and madly hooked white tatters on the grass. Light escaladed the hot hills. The whole valley bubbled with sunbeams like a beer-glass.

The conscript was open-mouthed; his bare head and neck swam in the bluish water cress.

He slept. The mid-day soothed his heaviness, sunlight was raining into his green bed,

and baked the bruises from his body, rolled as a sick child might hug itself asleep...

Oh Nature, rock him warmly, he is cold.

The flowers no longer make his hot eyes weep. The river sucks his hair. His blue eye rolls. He sleeps. In his right side are two red holes.

本是静态 的自然被诗人 描绘得充满动 感,而本应富 干动感的人却 静寂如斯:亮 丽的颜色构成 了山谷的景 致,这里却闯 入了一个不谐 的"秃头"睡 人,正午的太 阳照着他冰凉 的躯体,惟一 与亮丽统一的 却是体旁的 "红洞",在层 层反衬之中, 诗人给读者创 造了莫大的愕 然和震撼。

深谷睡人

兰波

绿谷,那儿一条河流歌唱, 疯狂地向草丛披洒银点; 那儿,傲然的山峰上,太阳 闪耀:小小溪谷,流光四溅。

一个年轻兵士,张口,光头。 项颈浴于蓝水莲的清凉, 熟睡着;云天下,光雨如流, 他苍白的卧在翠草床上,

脚枕菖蒲 他熟睡着。微笑像一个病孩微笑 他睡觉: 天地啊 温抚他吧:他冰凉。

芬芳刺激不了他的鼻孔; 手放胸上,宁静的,阳光中 他熟睡着。他右旁两点红洞。

(施颖洲 译)

English and American Imagism

英美意象派

Wind and Silver

Amy Lowell

Greatly shining,

The Autumn moon floats in the thin sky;

And the fish-ponds shake their backs and

flash their dragon scales

As she passes over them.

风与银

洛威尔

大散光芒, 秋月飘浮过薄薄的天空; 鱼池摇动着它们的背脊,闪动着它们的龙鳞, 当月亮在它们上空经过。

(林以亮 译)

艾米·洛威尔 1914 年由波士顿抵达英国后,便代替埃兹拉·庞德成为意象主义的领袖人物。庞德以为艾米·洛威尔未能坚持意象主义的宗旨,讽刺在她领导下的意象主义(Imagism)成为艾米主义(Amy-gism)。尽管她并非最为出色的意象派诗人,她的诗歌还是代表了意象派的基本倾向。由此诗看,诗中没有过分的铺陈和渲染,只有客观简洁的呈现,意象只求具象的凝练,不求背后的意念,诗中展现的是瞬间捕捉的画面,美感存于画面并止于画面。

Decade

Amy Lowell

When you came, you were like red wine and honey,
And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its sweetness.
Now you are like morning bread,
Smooth and pleasant.
I hardly taste you at all for I know your savour,
But I am completely nourished.

十 年

洛威尔

当初你来的时候,像红酒和蜜,你的甜入心脾的滋味燃烧着我的嘴唇。现在你却像早晨的新鲜面包,容易上口而可亲。 我用不着咀嚼你,因为我已熟悉你的味道,可是我却得到充分营养。

(林以亮 译)

究竟诗人如何会将十年时光的起始同甘饮和食物联系起来,我们无从猜测,可是我们却看得出对意象派诗歌而言对意象的压缩和提炼的重要。意象派诗歌绝无叙事,更是反对雄辩或伤感,所以,客观的、散文式的呈现成了它的特征。这首诗中,你同样找不出多余的修饰,由这种客观向主观的还原只能由读者自己来完成了,而还原后的形态当然亦会是仁者见仁、智者见智了。

In a Station of the Métro

Ezra Pound

The apparition of these faces in the crowd; Petals on a wet, black bough.

地铁车站

庞德

梦幻众中面貌 黝湿枝上疏花

(周珏良 译)

这首诗不仅是庞德的代表作,亦是介绍意象主义诗歌时必不可少的作品。诗人偶得的印象在主客观之间反复提炼,苦思了一年之后,庞德将最初的三十行加工成了现在这种日本俳句式的两行诗句,这种人面和花瓣的对应制造的底片叠印一般的传神效果也正反映了庞德对意象的定义:"意象便是当一个外界客观的事物突然射入脑海化作一个内部主观的东西时那一精准瞬间。"

Salutation

Ezra Pound

O generation of the thoroughly smug
and thoroughly uncomfortable,
I have seen fishermen picnicking in the sun,
I have seen them with untidy families,
I have seen their smiles full of teeth
and heard ungainly laughter.
And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
and do not even own clothing.

敬 礼

庞德

哦自大透顶的一代, 别扭透顶的一代, 我见过渔民在阳光下野餐, 我见到他们家人衣衫破烂, 我见到他们咧嘴笑着, 听过他们粗野的狂笑。 而我比你们远为幸福, 而他们又比我们幸福多倍; 而鱼在水中乐, 连衣服也没有。

(赵毅衡 译)

庞德是意象派的发起人之一,虽然他后来因与另一位意象派诗人弗林特不和以及因反对艾米·洛威尔的主张退出了意象派继而陷入了一种实为更为严苛的意象主义——"旋涡主义"之中,他仍代表了向传统诗坛挑战的叛逆精神,这首诗便反映了这种精神。诗人通过鱼儿和渔民、渔民与"我"、"我"与"你们"的层层比较讽刺了悖离自然、矫揉造作的"你们"标题的"敬礼"与诗中内容的反差更具嘲弄之意。

Oread

H.D. (Hilda Doolittle)

Whirl up, sea—
whirl your pointed pines,
splash your great pines
on our rocks,
hurl your green over us,
cover us with your pools of fir.

奥 丽 特

H.D.

翻腾吧,大海—翻腾起你尖尖的松针, 把你巨大的松针 倾泻在我们的岩石上, 把你的绿扔在我们身上, 用你池水似的杉覆盖我们。

(裘小龙 译)

在这首诗中你会读到一个奇异的意象,海浪与松针的对应,而将两者合二为一的似乎是标题的"奥丽特",与山与水都通灵的希腊神话中的山林守护女神。所以,从标题到诗行形成了互相依存的整体感,海即是林,林即是海,二者无以分割,这种关联便形成了富于内聚力的意象,这里,意象已经不是诗歌中的一个修饰手段,意象即是诗歌本身,也正缘于此,这首短诗成了意象派的首选佳作。

Garden

H.D.

J

You are clear
O rose, cut in rock,
hard as the descent of hail.

I could scrap the colour from the petals like split dye from a rock.

If I could break you I could break a tree.

If I could stir
I could break a tree—
I could break ou.

1

O wind , rend open the heat , cut apart the heat , rend it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop through this thick air fruit cannot fall into heat that presses up and blunts the points of pears and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat—plough through it, turning it on either side of your path.

这 首《花 园》尤以第二 段著名,诗人 对炎热的由虑 到实的描写使 人有身临其境 的闷热窒息之 感,诗人用了 一连串富干动 感力度的动 词,使静态、压 抑的热气跃然 纸上,然后又 将看不见的热 气赋之以形, 空气浓重得果 实都无法落 下,更是无以 复加地将空气 传神地具象化 了。

花园

H.D.

你多清晰, 噢玫瑰,刻在岩石中的玫瑰, 就像一阵雹子那样硬。

我真能从花瓣上 刮下颜色 ,好似 从岩石刮下撒了的色彩。

如果我能折断你, 我能折断一棵树。

如果我能动, 我能折断一棵树, 我能折断你。

噢风, 犁开这片炎热, 切开这片炎热, 把它分到两边。

果实不能在这浓重的空气中落下: 果实无法落入炎热, 这片炎热 鼓起了又磨平了梨尖, 鼓圆了葡萄。

切割这片炎热, 犁过这片炎热, 把它推到你的 道路的两边。

(裘小龙 译)

London

F.S. Flint

London, my beautiful, it is not the sunset nor the pale green sky shimmering through the curtain of the silver birch, not the quietness; it is not the hopping of birds upon the lawn, nor the darkness stealing over all things that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly over the tree-tops among the stars,
I think of her and the glow her passing sheds of men.

London, my beautiful,

I will climb into the branches to the moonlit tree-tops, that my blood may be cooled by the wind.

弗林特是 意象主义的发 起人之一,他 强调诗的凝 练,主张只要 对呈现意象没 有帮助的词汇 就要坚决摒 弃,本诗的前 一半,诗人以 落日余辉、苍 白天空、万物 **黑暗的静态为** 后半部的静态 之美做了铺 垫,又以小鸟 雀跃的动态形 成了鲜明的对 照,诗中点画 的风景幅幅精 美.然而这一 切美丽都无法 与月光如水的 清凉宁静之美 比拟。使各个 意象连贯起来 的力量似平隐 藏在诗行后 面,已被诗人 细心滤掉,因 之诗歌意境更 显深悠。

伦敦

弗林特

但当明月悄悄地、慢慢地, 在满天繁星中, 潜上树梢, 我想着她, 想着她离去时 在人们身上洒下的光辉。

伦敦 我美丽的伦敦,

我将爬入树梢之中,攀上明月映照的枝头,这样,风就会让我的血冷了。

(裘小龙 译)

Beggar

F.S. Flint

In the gutter piping his sadness an old man stands, bent and shrivelled, beard draggled, eyes dead.

Huddled and mean , shivering in threadbare clothes winds beat him , hunger bites him , forlorn , a whistle in his hands , piping.

Hark! the strange quality of his sorrowful music, wind from an empty belly wrought magically into the wind—

pattern of silver on bronze.

诗人在对 乞丐进行了寥 寥数笔的描述 之后,全诗戛 然止在末行的 一个意象之 上,诗人将乞 丐凄惨的哨声 移觉为青铜上 的白银图案, 是乞丐的潦倒 与世人的富足 的对比使诗人 提取了一个颜 色上形成对比 的意象,还是 乞丐哨声之凄 厉不绝干耳使 诗人难干相忘 有如白银在青 铜上之铭刻的 无法消除?亦 或别有用意? 这一句压轴诗 行显然负载了 全诗的份量, 由此我们再次 感到一个经过 提纯的意象本 身便决定了意 象派诗歌的存 在。

乞 丐

弗林特

一个老人站在 贫民区里, 呜呜吹着他的悲哀, 弯腰曲背,缩成一团, 胡子拖泥带水, 眼睛死气沉沉。

猥琐瑟缩、贫苦不堪,穿在褴褛的衣服中直哆嗦——寒风抽打着他,饥饿猛咬着他,子然一身,一只哨子在手中呜呜地吹。

听呵!他凄怆的 音乐的奇怪特色: 从空肚子里发生的风 魔幻似地 在风中形成——

青铜上的白银图案。

(裘小龙 译)

Images

Richard Aldington

1

Like a gondola of green scented fruits
Drifting along the dark canals of Venice,
You, O exquisite one,
Have entered my desolate city.

2

The blue smoke leaps
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.
So my love leaps towards you
Vanishes and is renewed.

3

A rose-yellow moon in a pale sky When the sunset is faint vermilion On the mist among the tree-boughs Are you to me.

4

As a young beech-tree on the edge of a forest Stands still in the evening,

Then shudders through all its leaves in the light air

And seems to fear the stars—

So are you still and so tremble.

5

The red deer are high on the mountain , They are beyond the last pine-trees. And my desires have run with them.

6

The flower which the wind has shaken Is soon filled again with rain: So does my heart fill slowly with tears Until you return.

意 象

阿尔丁顿

1

像一只满载嫩绿芳香的果实的平底轻舟, 在威尼斯暗黑的运河上徐徐飘来, 你,噢美艳绝伦的人呵, 驶入了我荒凉的城中。

2

蔚蓝的烟跃起,仿佛 盘旋的云似的鸟儿正在消失。 这样,我的爱情向你跃来, 消失了而又重新出现。

3

当枝头、轻薄的雾霭间 落日只剩了一抹依稀的红, 玫瑰黄的月亮在苍白的天空中, 对于我,这就是你。

4

就像林子边一棵小山毛榉树, 静静伫立,伫立在暮色中, 一阵微颸拂来,所有的叶子窸窣颤抖, 还仿佛惧怕星星呢—— 你就是这样静静,这样颤动。

5

红色的鹿高高地奔跃在山上, 它们越过了最后一棵松树。 于是我的欲望和它们一起远去了。

6

风儿吹落的花朵呵,即刻又为雨水绽开:同样,我的心为泪水绽开了,一直等到你回来。

(裘小龙 译)

这首诗题为"意象",但是,与前几位意象派诗人的作品相比,它却多了一些主观意味,从而也使每个意象都蕴藏着丰富的情感内涵。 短小精悍的六组意象中,每一组意象都景情交织,每一幅画面都是主观情感的精准的客观对应物。 虽然诗人对每幅画面的呈现仍是意象主义式的——简洁、凝练、不加渲染,他却以独特的视角和对比色的运用使画面渗透出忧伤柔和之意,与自己的惆怅,温情微妙细腻地契合起来。

Evening

Richard Aldington

The chimneys, rank on rank,
Cut the clear sky;
The moon,
With a rag of gauze about her loins
Poses among them, an awkward Venus—

And here am I looking wantonly at her Over the kitchen sink.

傍 晚

阿尔丁顿

烟囱,一排接着一排,划破清澈的天空; 月亮, 一片破纱裹着她的腰 在烟囱丛中搔首弄姿, 一个笨拙的维纳斯—— 这里,在厨房的洗涤格上, 我肆无忌惮地望着她。

(裘小龙 译)

诗中几个似乎不相宜的关联使读者不断有愕然之感,在人工的烟囱背景下月亮登场 却被讥讽为一个笨拙的维纳斯,而视者站在一个更为有失浪漫的地方——厨房的水槽,视角亦是不敬放肆的,在对客观世界嘲弄式的展示后面我们感到了诗人强烈的主观色彩,并再次感到比起另几位意象派诗人而言阿尔丁顿诗中更浓的情绪蕴含。

English and American Modernism

英美现代主义

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

Wallace Stevens

I

Among twenty snowy mountains, The only moving thing

Was the e e of the blackbird.

1

I was of three minds ,

Like a tree

In which there are three blackbirds.

2

The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds. It was a small art of the antonime.

9

Are one.

A man and a woman and a blackbird

Are one.

A man and a woman

V

I do not know which to prefer,
The beauty of inflections
Or the beauty of innuendoes,
The blackbird whistling
Or ust after.

О

Icicles filled the long window
With barbaric glass.
The shadow of the blackbird
Crossed it, to and fro.
The mood
Traced in the shadow
An indexi, herable cause.

h

O thin men of Haddam,
Why do you imagine golden birds?
Do you not see how the blackbird
Walks around the feet
Of the women about you?

n

I know noble accents

And lucid , inescapable rhythms;

But I know , too ,

That the blackbird is involved In what I know.

7

When the blackbird flew out of sight, It marked the edge
Of one of man circles.

D

At the sight of blackbirds Flying in a green light, Even the bawds of euphony Would cry out sharply

е

He rode over Connecticut
In a glass coach.
Once, a fear pierced him,
In that he mistook
The shadow of his equipagXI
For blackbirds.

8

The river is moving.

The blackbird must be flying.

\mathbf{X}

It was evening all afternoon.
It was snowing
And it was going to snow.
The blackbird sat
In the cedar-limbs.

史蒂文斯 强调想像力对 诗歌创作至关 重要的作用, 认为只有想像 力才能赋予世 界以秩序。这 里.黑鸟便象 征了想像力对 现实的影响 力,诗中的每 一段都代表了 想像力对现实 规划、映射的 一种方式。全 诗共分 13 段. 而"13"在西方 传说中既代表 着生、又代表 着死,是极为 不祥的数字。 诗的第 13 段 似平笼置着末 日来临之感, 充满死亡的预 示,又与诗的 第一段相互呼 应,轮回之感 又与"13"的隐 涵相符。

看黑鸟的十三种方式

史蒂文斯

二十座雪山之中 只有一个东西在动, 那是黑鸟的眼睛。

我有三个心灵 好像一棵树 有三只黑鸟栖息。

 \equiv

黑鸟回翔在秋风中它是哑剧的一小部分。

兀

一个男人和一个女人

是一回事。 一个男人和一个女人和一只黑鸟 是一回事。

Ŧ

我不知道该挑哪一个, 是词形变化之美, 还是词义暗示之美, 是黑鸟啼啭之时, 还是鸟鸣乍停之际。

六

冰串儿填满了 玻璃粗蛮的长窗。 黑鸟的身影 掠过窗子,来来去去。 影子描画出 情绪 原因很难解释。

七

哦哈达姆瘦弱的人, 你为什么幻想金鸟? 你没见到黑鸟 在你周围女人的脚下跳来跳去?

八

我懂得高贵的声调和澄澈的,无法回避的节奏,但我也知道我懂得的事情都跟黑鸟有关。

力.

当黑鸟远飞高翔 "渺无踪影它画出了 许多圆圈中某一个的边界。

+

当我们见到黑鸟 在绿光中疾飞 哪怕是买卖音韵的人 也会惊叫起来。

+-

有人坐玻璃门马车

穿过康涅狄格州, 一次,他惊恐万分, 因为他 把马车的影子 当作了黑鸟。

+=

大河动荡, 黑鸟应该在飞。

十三

整个下午都如傍晚, 飞雪不断, 还将下雪。 黑鸟栖在 杉树的枝头。

(赵毅衡 译)

The Snow Man

Wallace Stevens

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time

To behold the junipers shagged with ice,

The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think Of any misery in the sound of the wind, In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener , who listens in the snow ,
And , nothing himself , beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

史蒂文斯 自己对此诗的 解释是"说明 一个人须得与 现实认同才会 理解和欣赏现 实的一个例 子"。诗人说, 若非"雪人"便 会对"雪景"无 动干衷,因为 只有"雪人"オ 会与"雪景"有 默契之感,而 只有冬天的心 境才会使观察 者看到冬天的 景观。这里, 客观世界不再 独立存在,只 有主观色彩的 投影才赋予其 意义和美丑, 如诗中末段所 说,空灵的人 会看到空灵, 无论空灵是否 存在。

雪中人

史蒂文斯

人须有冬天的心境, 才能看霜,看雪 裹满了松树的枝桠;

人须自己长期挨冻, 才能看杜松挂满冰针 而针枞在遥远的

正月阳光中显得粗糙,他才能不去想在风声中,在几张残叶的声音中,有多少凄苦,

这风声是大地的声音, 大地充满同样的风, 在同样荒芜的地方

为雪地里的聆听者吹送, 他自己是乌有,因此看到 不存在的乌有和存在的乌有。

(赵毅衡 译)

The Great Figure

William Carlos Williams

Among the rain and lights
I saw the figure 5 in gold on a red firetruck moving tense unheeded to gong clangs siren howls and wheels rumbling through the dark city.

巨大的数字

威廉斯

(赵毅冲 译)

威廉斯的创作风格属客体主义(Objectivism),他坚持认为"No ideas but in things (除非在事物之中否则便无意义),强调对事物本身的客观简洁的呈现。本诗中的数字 5 赫然醒目,与明艳的色彩和刺耳的音响互相支撑,与黑暗的城市的大布景又形成了绝妙的互补和平衡,在亮度、色调和视角上这幅画面都给人以奇特的观感。

The Red Wheelbarrow

William Carlos Williams

so much depends upon

•

a red wheel

barrow

glazed with rain

water

beside the white

chickens

红色独轮手推车

威廉斯

无限信赖期望的 寄托 一辆红色独轮 手推车 银光闪烁受着雨 水洗濯 旁边是一群白色的 鸡。

(李广熙 译)

这是威廉斯最为著名的一首诗,亦完美地代表了威廉斯的创作原则,一切都依靠这辆不具任何意义的手推车,因为没有事物便没有意义,这幅简洁的画面中,因与白色小鸡的颜色、形态的对照,因雨水的冲濯,红色手推车的本身便成为美的意义。

From Preludes

T.S. Eliot

1

The winter evening settles down

With smell of steaks in passageways.

Six o'clock.

The burnt-out ends of smoky days.

And now a gusty shower wraps

The grimy scraps

Of withered leaves about your feet

And newspapers from vacant lots;

The showers beat

On broken blinds and chimney-pots,

And at the corner of the street

And then the lighting of the lamps.

A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.

自《序曲》

T.S. 艾略特

1

冬天的傍晚带着牛排味 在过道里固定下来。 六点钟。 烟雾弥漫的日子燃剩的烟头。 现在一股急风阵雨 裹着肮脏的枯叶碎片 以及空地上吹过来的报纸 一齐卷到你的脚边; 阵雨打在 破百叶窗和烟囱上, 街拐角处一辆出租马车 孤独的马踏着脚,冒着热气。 然后灯亮了。

(杨传纬 译)

艾略特以《荒原》确立了现代主义大师的地位,此后反映现代生活的荒芜空虚之感的文学作品可以说都多少受到他的影响。《序曲》是艾略特的早期作品,由此短短的一节我们也可对艾略特的诗风略作了解。诗中全部是对客观世界的呈现,虽然没有抒情成分亦没有人物出现,全诗却被强烈的沮丧寂寥之感笼罩,无论是季节、时刻、天气或是色彩都给人荒凉之感,现代生活被喻为燃尽的烟蒂,带有人类生活痕迹的报纸飘在地上、百叶窗和烟囱也破旧不堪,甚至街角的马都是孤寂的,它呼出的热气反倒更加映衬了冬日的冰冷,而诗人描绘这番残旧破败的景象显然不只为了描绘伦敦的城市生活,而更在于映衬整个人类世界的精神荒芜。

From Four Quartets

Little Gidding

T.S. Eliot

V

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from. And every phrase
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home ,
Taking its place to support the others ,
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious ,
An easy commerce of the old and the new ,
The common word exact without vulgarity ,
The formal word precise but not pedantic ,
The complete consort dancing together)
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning ,
Every poem an epitaph. And any action
Is a step to the block , to the fire , down the sea's throat
Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.
We die with the dying:

World Poetic Schools

See, they depart, and we go with them.

We are born with the dead:

See, they return, and bring us with them.

The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew tree

Are of equal duration. A people without history

Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern

Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails

On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel

History is now and England.

With the drawing of this. Love and the voice of this Calling

We shall not cease from exploration

And the end of all our exploring

Will be to arrive where we started

And know the place for the first time.

Through the unknown, remembered gate

When the last of earth left to discover

Is that which was the beginning;

At the source of the longest river

The voice of the hidden waterfall

And the children in the apple tree

Not known , because not looked for

But heard, half-heard, in the stillness

Between two waves of the sea.

Quick now , here , now , always-

200

想像力的轮回

A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

自《四个四重奏》

小 吉 丁

T.S. 艾略特

5

我们称为开始的经常是结束, 作一次结束就是作一次开始。 结束是我们的出发之处。每一个正确的 片语和句子(那里每一个词都是恰到好处. 各就其位 互相衔接 互相衬托, 既不晦涩,也不炫耀的词, 旧和新的一个不费气力的交易, 普通的词 然而精确 毫无俗气 , 正规的词 意义确凿 但不迂腐 . 完整的辅音跳舞在一起) 每一个片语和句子是一个结束和开始, 每一首诗,一个墓志铭。任何一个行动 都是一步,走向断头台,走向火焰,走向海的喉咙 或走向一块无法辨认的石碑:那是我们的出发之处。 我们和正在死的人一起死去:

看 他们逝去 我们随他们而去。 我们和已死了的一起诞生: 看 他们归来 他们随身携带我们。 玫瑰的时刻和杉树的时刻 同样的持久。一个没有历史的民族 从时间中得不到拯救 因为历史是一个 无始无终之时刻的图案。这样 当一个冬日下午, 光线渐渐暗淡 在一座僻静的教堂里, 历史就是现在和英格兰。 以这片爱情的描绘和这种感召的声音

我们将不会终止我们的探寻,我们所有的探寻的终结将来到我们出发的地点,而且将第一次真正认识这个地点。通过这不可知的却记住了的门——那时最后让人发现的那片土地就是人们曾经开始的地点;在最长的河流的源头隐藏的瀑布的声音还有苹果树中孩子的声音不为知晓。因为未曾寻找但人们听到,听到了一半。在海的重重波浪的宁静中。快吧现在,这里,现在,永远——

一种完全单纯的状态 (要付的代价与任何事物一样多) 一切都将变好,还有 所有的事物都将变好 当火焰的舌头往里折迭, 折进带着皇冠似的火团 火焰和玫瑰合二为一。

(裘小龙 译)

《四个四重奏》是艾略特的后期作品,由四部相互关联但亦自成一体的长诗构成,每部中包含五个"乐章"《小吉丁》是最后的一部四重奏,而这里所选的是第五"乐章",即整个《四个四重奏》的收尾部分。整首诗是诗人对时间和永恒的思索,在结尾的部分,诗人似乎接受了历史的永恒,认可生死的合一、历史和未来的永恒交替。诗人以沉重的史诗感对人类的存在进行思辨,最终承认火焰和玫瑰亦为一体,火焰似乎象征了神灵之力而玫瑰则代表了爱情,这种人力和神力的契合似乎重申了在艾略特作品中经常出现的宗教主题:人类的痛苦和赎罪相依并存,以人类之苦、上帝之爱,诗人似乎终于感到人类有赎回历史和再生的可能。

[(a)]

e.e. cummings

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[孔 一)]

肯明思

子 口十艹洛 卜瓜犭 虫一

(李鸥 译)

肯明思是对现代诗歌的技巧进行实验性探索的大师,其实他的诗歌内容并未背离传统,但他在诗歌形式上所进行的各种尝试新颖奇特、层出不穷。这首诗乍一看来有如密码令人大惑不解,原来作者把'loneliness'和'a leave falls'拆成了落叶萧萧而下的数行,并把一片叶子落下的具象以括号的形式隔开了"孤独"一词放在了诗的中心,可谓形神兼备。

[why from this her and him]

e.e. cummings

why from this her and him did you and did i climb (crazily kissing) till

into themselves we fell how have all time and space bowd to immortal us if in one little bed

she and he lie (undead)

[为什么从这个她和他]

肯明思

为什么从这个她和他 你和我向上爬 (疯狂地吻着)直到

我们跌入他们—— 时间和空间的全体 是怎么向那不朽的你我鞠躬 假如在一张小床上

她和他躺着(没有死)

(郑敏 译)

这首诗中我们看到诗人以"climb"、"fell"、"lie"几个动词的转换在视觉上制造了眩晕之感,并打乱了人称的"你、我"和"她、他",此外,诗人还以括号的运用起到了类似戏剧中的动作指示、神态描述的作用。读者还可以注意到诗人把"I"写成了"i",诗人对大写的废除是如此彻底以至他把自己的名字都写为"e.e.cummings",因此,他又常被称为"小写的肯明思"。

[but]

e.e. cummings

but

he "i staring

into winter twi

light (whisper) was my friend "reme mbering" &

friendship

is a miracle " his always not imaginably

morethanmostgenerous

spirit. Feeling

World Poetic Schools

```
only
(jesus )every(god)
where
(christ)
what absolute nothing
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但 是

肯明思

但是

"他"我 凝视

着冬季的黄

昏(喃喃着)是 我的朋友'回 忆着'并且

友谊

是一个 奇迹" 他的总是 不可想像的

比——最——慷——慨——的——还 ——要——超——过——的 精神。只 感受到 (耶稣)每一(位神)

处

(耶

稣)

那绝对的虚无

(郑敏 译)

这首诗更加充分地体现了肯明思的探索性,诗歌以转折词"但是"开头就有些蹊跷,接着又是一句被切割成数行的一句讲话,话语中间诗人插入了数行描述,一个词被他拆成两行,数个词又被他并为一个字,括号在这里不仅指示动作,后面的三个括号还解释了第一个括号,耶稣、上帝、基督都可以是喃喃自语时所说的词,以示情感的强度。

Who's Who

W.H. Auden

A shilling life will give you all the facts:
How Father beat him, how he ran away,
What were the struggles of his youth, what acts
Made him the greatest figure of his day:
Of how he fought, fished, hunted, worked all night,
Though giddy, climbed new mountains; named a sea:
Some of the last researchers even write
Love made him weep his pints like you and me.
With all his honours on, he sighed for one
Who, say astonished critics, lived at home;
Did little jobs about the house with skill
And nothing else; could whistle; would sit still
Or potter round the garden; answered some
Of his long marvellous letters but kept none.

奥登是现 代派中继艾略 特后另一位重 要诗人。他的 诗歌富干机智 和讽刺,却不 失严肃之意。 此诗中他以诙 谐的笔调勾勒 出一个模式化 的人物,而这 种没有个性、 没有生命力的 人物其实是整 个时代的孱 弱,将人性规 格化、机械化 的故事亦是现 代生活的悲 哀。

名 人 志

奥登

一先令传记会给你全部的事实: 他父亲怎样揍他,他怎样出走, 少年做什么奋斗,是什么事迹 使他在一代人物里最出风头: 他怎样打仗,钓鱼,打猎,熬通宵, 头晕着攀新峰,命名了新海一个: 最新的研究家有的甚至写到 爱情害得他哭鼻子,就像你和我。

他名满天下,却朝思暮想着一个人,惊讶的评论家说那位就住在家中,就在房子里灵巧的做一点细活,不干别的;能打打唿哨;会静坐,会在园子里转转悠悠,回几封他大堆出色的长信,一封也不保存。

(卞之琳 译)

Musée des Beaux Arts

W.H. Auden

About suffering they were never wrong,

The Old Masters: how well they understood

Its human position; how it takes place

While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;

How , when the aged are reverently , passionately waiting

For the miraculous birth, there always must be

Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating

On a pond at the edge of the wood:

They never forgot

That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course

Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot

Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse

Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away

Quite leisurely from the disaster; the plowman may

Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,

But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone

World Poetic Schools

As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky, Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

美 术 馆

奥登

关于痛苦他们总是很清楚的,这些古典画家:他们深知它在人心中的地位;深知痛苦会产生,当别人在吃,在开窗,或正做着无聊的散步的时候;深知当老年人热烈地、虔敬地等候神异的降生时,总会有些孩子并不特别想要它出现,而却在树林边沿的池塘上溜着冰。他们从不忘记:即使悲惨的殉道也终归会完结在一个角落,乱糟糟的地方,在那里狗继续着狗的生涯,而迫害者的马把无知的臀部在树上摩擦。

在勃鲁盖尔的《伊卡鲁斯》里,比如说; 一切是多么安闲地从那桩灾难转过脸: 农夫或许听到了堕水的声音 和那绝望的呼喊, 但对于他,那不是了不得的失败; 太阳依旧照着白腿落进绿波里,那华贵而精巧的船必曾看见一件怪事,从天上掉下一个男童,但它有某地要去,仍静静地航行。

(查良铮 译)

这是奥登的名作之一,取材于 16 世纪荷兰画家勃鲁盖尔的名画《伊卡鲁斯》,这也反映了当代诗作与美术作品相互契合的一大倾向。勃鲁盖尔的这幅油画取材于希腊神话,巧匠达洛斯为自己和儿子伊卡鲁斯制造了翅膀以逃离被囚禁的克里特岛,伊卡鲁斯不听其父的警告飞到了太阳边上,蜡翅熔化坠入爱琴海。这幅画中勃鲁盖尔只画了正溺入水中的伊卡鲁斯露出的双腿,并且在画面的右下角,占据左边更大画面的是耕地的农夫、望天的牧人和羊群和风平浪静的海面上驶过的数艘帆船,人类对其同类的命运和灾难表现出的漠然和无谓到了无以复加的地步。而诗人对古典大师的宏扬不仅说明了这种冷漠的渊源流长,也流露出他对现代文明的失望之情。全诗口气冷静客观、轻描淡写后面大有文章。

Russian Futurism

俄罗斯未来主义

Hey, Lads

V. Klebnikov

Hey lads you chaffering spivs blank pumpkin-heads you grow. In a pugachov sheepskin-coat through Moscow streets I go. Did we climb so high in our courses, did our will for justice grow strong, that sabled skunks with black horses might scoff as they trot along?

Did we cheapen the enemy's life in blood across our land for any tradesman's wife to flash the pearls on her hand? Shall I grind my teeth abed as the endless night winds on? I'll rush away and instead sail singing the Volga Don. I'll catch the evening boat and ahead in a hurry I'll flee. Who's with me in my flight? My friends are already with me.

赫列勃尼 可夫是"立体 未来派"中除 马雅可夫斯基 之外最为重要 的诗人,他亦 是俄罗斯诗坛 上坚持对诗歌 形式进行革新 的不息探索 者。这首诗 中,语言接近 口语, 轻松随 意的笔调之下 却也隐藏着诗 人对社会的严 肃思索,诗人 触及战争时流 露出人道主义 精神。全诗结 尾时,诗人虽 一腔逃亡心 情 却也在"有 你同在"的信 念中找到了慰 藉。

嘿 伙计们

赫列勃尼可夫

嘿伙计们你们这些喋喋不休的懒汉 空空如也的木瓜脑袋长在肩上。 身着一件普加乔夫式的羊皮大衣 穿过莫斯科街道我去徜徉。 是否我们在追求时爬得太高, 我们对正义的渴望难道太强, 身裹豹皮的庸人骑着黑马 踏过时竟会对我们讥讽相向?

我们是否贬低了敌人的生命 他们的鲜血遍洒在我们的国疆 而不管哪一个商人之妻 都会让手上的的珍珠闪闪发光? 我是否将在床上磨着牙齿 当无尽的黑夜蜿蜒漫长? 不 我将奔离 吟唱着在伏尔加和顿河上起航。 我要赶上夜船 快快逃向前方。 谁去与我一同逃亡? 我的朋友已在身旁。

(李鸥 译)

Hamlet

Boris Pasternak

The murmur quietens down. I walk out onto the stage. Leaning against the door-post, I catch in a distant echo what will happen in my century.

The darkness of night is trained on me by a thousand binoculars. If it be only possible, Abba, Father, carry this cup past me.

I love your stern master plan and agree to play this part. But now another drama is taking place, and this time let me be discharged.

The order of acts is forethought, and the end of the way cannot be turned back. I am alone. Everything drowns in Pharisaism. Living life is not crossing a field.

帕斯捷尔 纳克是俄罗斯 诗坛上不可忽 略的一位诗 人,他早年曾 加入未来派. 虽然只卷入了 很短的时间, 其后创作仍可 见未来主义的 痕迹。1958年, 他的小说《日 瓦戈医生》获 诺贝尔文学 奖,这里的三 首诗均诜自这 部作品。这首 《哈姆雷特》从 题目到内容都 令人联想起莎 翁笔下的哈姆 雷特对生与死 的思忖,而人 牛如戏的意象 亦令人想起莎 翁类似的名 句,这也许与 帕斯捷尔纳克 曾译过莎士比 亚的著作有 关,如今他的 俄译莎翁作品 已成经典之 作。

哈姆雷特

帕斯捷尔纳克

喧扰已过。我踏上台前。 倚着进口的支柱, 细从远处的回声, 寻找未来的际遇。

和千百副眼镜同时凝视—— 夜之阴翳向我笼罩。 亚伯天父啊 假如你应允 , 求免我的苦杯。

我珍重你刚强的一念, 我甘愿担当这角色; 但此刻,另一出戏正开场, 求免我这一回的角色吧。

然而,戏的情节早已安排, 最后的结局也无可逃避。 我孤独伫立,法利赛人的形式主义淹没一切。 活着过一生究竟不是儿戏。

(陈映真 译)

The Wind

Boris Pasternak

My end has come, but you are living. And the wind complaining and crying rocks the forest and the dacha. Not each pine separately but all the trees in unison, with all the boundless distance, like the hulks of the sailing boats on the smooth of the ships' bay. And this not out of daring or out of aimless fury, but in my anguish to find the words for you for a cradle lullaby.

风

帕斯捷尔纳克

我死去,而你活着。 风一边哭泣, 吹动森林和欢动每棵松树, 不是从那无尽的好, 不是从那无尽的树, 犹如帆船的时外, 犹如帆在港湾的水面上。 不是因为那大端的盛怒, 也不是烟歌寻找歌词。

(荀红军 译)

风在西方一贯被视为传达天意、赐予灵感的信使,帕斯捷尔纳克在对风的呈现中不仅囊括了森林水湾这些自然景观,似乎也在自然与存在之间苦苦地寻找一种桥梁,他所吟唱的这段摇篮曲不仅将自然留于永恒,亦表现了自然给艺术留下的不朽魅力。

Winter Night

Boris Pasternak

Snow, snow over the whole land across all boundaries.

The candle burned on the table, the candle burned.

As in summer swarms of midges fly to a flame, snowflakes fluttered around the windowframe.

Blown snow stuck rings and arrows on the glass. The candle burned on the table, the candle burned.

Shadows were lying on the lighted ceiling, of crossed arms, crossed legs, crossed destinies.

Two shoes fell

noisily on the floor. The night light wept wax drops on a dress.

Everything was lost in the greying white snow haze.

The candle burned on the table, the candle burned.

Draught at the candle from the corner, the heat of temptation angel-like raised two wings in the form of a cross.

Snow fell all February and now and then the candle burned on the table, the candle burned.

诗的首末 阙之中,都以 漫天遍野的白 雪与摇电不定 的烛光相互映 衬,似平在暗 示大自然与人 类之间的关 系。镜头由室 外雪景推向室 内时,诗人似 平有意追求神 秘含蓄的意 境,天花板上 的影子和落在 地板上的鞋声 暗示了与蜡烛 同在燃烧的人 的存在,而反 复回旋的"那 蜡烛燃着"更 是意味深长. 既为"冬夜"的 幽暗寒冷定下 了基调,又有 绕梁三日的绵 长之感。

冬 夜

帕斯捷尔纳克

风雪在大地上吹刮 吹刮着每个角落。 桌上的蜡烛燃着, 那蜡烛燃着。

像一群夏天的小虫 扑向烛光, 雪花 打在窗上。

风中飞舞的雪花 在窗玻璃上划着圆圈和箭号。 桌上的蜡烛烧着, 那蜡烛烧着。

光亮的天花板上, 投着歪曲的影子, 是交叠的手,交叠的脚—— 是交叠的命运。

两只鞋子掉到地板上。

轰然作响。 通夜长明的蜡烛 把烛泪滴在衣服上。

一切都失落在 这斑白雪夜的黑暗里。 桌上的蜡烛燃着, 那蜡烛燃着。

屋角抽着冷风 扑着蜡烛的火焰, 像天使一般,诱惑的热狂 拂动着双翼,投下十字架的影子。

整个二月里雪吹刮着, 而不时地 桌上的蜡烛燃着, 那蜡烛燃着。

(陈映真 译)

Could You?

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Immediately I painted this day's map, splashing on paint from a glass; on the studio's dish I daubed the slanting cheekbones of an ocean. I read the summons of fresh lips on the scales of a tin fish. But you — could you play a nocturne on the waterpies' flute?

你可能够?

马雅可夫斯基

我只消把杯子里的颜料一泼, 马上就涂掉日常生活的画图。 我能用盒子里的鱼冻 塑造出大海的歪斜的颧骨。 我能从白铁皮般的鱼的鳞片, 看出又有一些人去启唇呼吁。 然而你可能够 用排水管作长笛 吹出一支 小夜曲?

(张草纫 译)

马雅可夫斯基是我国读者所熟悉的诗人,他是未来主义以及俄罗斯诗坛的先锋人物。这首短诗略带戏谑嘲弄之意,诗人自诩能够做到的事情近乎荒诞无稽,然而正是这种对陈规陋习的挑战才打破了日常生活的陈腐和禁锢,正如未来主义最著名的口号所说的"将普希金、陀思妥耶夫斯基、托尔斯泰统统从现代航船上抛下海去",正是马雅可夫斯基对传统诗歌的宣战才推动了俄罗斯现代诗歌的发展更新之势。

To His Beloved Self the Author Dedicates These Lines

Vladimir Mayakovsky

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Four words,
heavy as a blow:
'... unto Caesar... unto god...'
But where can a man
like me
bury his head?
Where is there shelter for me?
If I were
as small
as the Great Ocean,
I'd tiptoe on the waves
and woo the moon like the tide.
Where shall I find a beloved,
a beloved like me?
She would be too big for the tiny sky!
Oh, to be poor!
Like a multimillionaire!
```

What's money to the soul?

In it dwells an insatiable thief.

The gold of all the Californias

will never satisfy the rapacious horde of my
lusts.

Oh, to be tongue-tied like Dante or Petrarch!
I'd kindle my soul for one love alone!
In verse I'd command her to burn to ash!
And if my words and my love were a triumphal arch, then grandly all the heroines of love through the ages would pass through it, leaving no trace.

Oh, were I
as quiet
as thunder
then I would whine
and fold earth's aged hermitage in my shuddering embrace.

If, to its full power,

I used my vast voice, the comets would wring their burning hands and plunge headlong in anguish.

With my eyes' rays I'd gnaw the night—
if I were , oh ,
as dull
as the sun!
Why should I want
to feed with my radiance
the earth's lean lap!

I shall go by ,
dragging my burden of love.
in what delirious
and ailing
night ,
was I sired by Goliaths—
I , so large ,
so unwanted?

作者把这几行献给可爱的自己

马雅可夫斯基

四肢。

沉重的,仿佛挨了打。

"凯撒的归凯撒——上帝的归上帝"。

而像我

这样的人,

该投奔哪里?

哪里是我的安身之地?

假如我

像太平洋那样的

渺小 .----

我一定要踮起浪涛的脚尖

高高地站在海面上,用潮水去把月亮抚摸。

但我去哪里寻找一个

像我一样可爱的人?

这样可爱的人怎能容干小小的天国!

啊,假如我像百万富翁那样的贫穷!

钱对心灵又有什么用? 然而心灵中有一个永不餍足的偷儿。 所有的加利福尼亚的黄金也满足不了 我的狂暴的匪徒般的欲望。 假如我 像但丁 或彼得拉那样的口齿不灵! 我一定要只向她燃起心灵! 为了她用诗句把心灵烧成灰烬! 言语 和我的爱情—— 这就是凯旋门: ——古往今来的一切情妇 都将花枝招展地

经讨它 不留下一点踪影。

啊,假如我像雷声那样的沉静,——我一定会心怀隐痛,一定会用颤栗去拥抱大地的废圮的僧院。我如果以它的全部力量啊出洪大的声音,——

慧星就要收起它燃烧的双手, 怅然跳下。

啊,假如我像太阳那样的暗淡!——我一定要用眼睛的光芒啮碎黑夜,一定要用我自己的灵光浇灌大地的憔悴的胸膛!

我将背负着我的巨大的爱 走遍世界。 是在怎样荒诞的 患着痼疾的 夜里, 什么样的歌利亚们孕育了我—— 这个如此巨大、 又如此无用的我?

(塞枫 译)

诗人以诸多看似荒谬的矛盾修饰展开了思想,在他眼中天空大洋都太渺小,富翁贫穷,文坛大师笨嘴拙舌,这种对习惯性知觉的扭曲和变形却赋予此诗以极强的震撼推动之力。诗人自省后又告诉人们,他的声音如雷鸣般微弱,光芒如太阳般黯淡,这种一箭双雕的自相矛盾又极大地丰富了诗人的形象。诗末尾时,诗人似仍未摆脱无处容身的孤独感,而这种孤寂也许正缘自他超越于时代的离经叛道。

Past One O'clock

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Past one o'clock. You must have gone to bed. The Milky Way streams silver through the night. I'm in no hurry; with lightning telegrams I have no cause to wake or trouble you. And , as they say , the incident is closed. Love's boat has smashed against the daily grind. Now you and I are quits. Why bother then to balance mutual sorrows , pains , and hurts. Behold what quiet settles on the world. Night wraps the sky in tribute from the stars. In hours like these , one rises to address The ages , history , and all creation.

一点多钟.....

马雅可夫斯基

一点多钟。你一定睡了。 银河流着银光淌过夜色。 我并不急;我没有理由 以闪电般的电报叫醒或是搅扰你。 而且,像他们所说的,这件事情到此为止。 在日常的碾磨下爱之船已然粉碎 现在你我就是弃者。又何必费力 平衡彼此的悲哀、痛苦和伤害。 看呐,怎样的静寂降临于世。 夜色裹住星星祭献的天空。 在这样的时辰里,他起身向 世代,历史,和所有造物致意。

(李鸥 译)

马雅可夫斯基自杀身亡后,在他的衣袋中发现了这首诗,这是他当时正在创作的一首长诗的一部分。此诗抒情色彩很浓,语言有如戏剧独白,似有失落惘然之情,然而这首遗作仍不失马雅可夫斯基豪情挥洒的风格,诗人的夜思超越自身与爱情飘向人类的世世代代、历史的长河和宇宙万物,令人读来更觉悲怆和感憾。

Italian Hermeticism

意大利隐逸派

A Dove

Giuseppe Ungaretti

I Listen to a dove of other floods

鸽子

翁加雷蒂

我倾听再度洪水的一只鸽子

(飞白 译)

隐逸派诗歌以神秘奥妙为特点,因此,读奥秘主义诗歌令人有猜谜之感。这首只有一行的《鸽子》有如咒符一般,但若与《圣经》典故联系起来,你就会想起挪亚方舟的故事,上帝以洪水毁灭人类生灵,只有载在方舟中的挪亚一家能幸免于难。洪水平息之后,挪亚放飞了一只鸽子,鸽子旋即飞回,原来大地上洪荒依然;七天后,挪亚再次放飞鸽子,鸽子衔了一根橄榄枝飞回,挪亚知道洪水消退;又过了七天,挪亚又将鸽子放飞。鸽子这次再也没有飞回。诗人所聆听的便是洪水消退的音讯,等待的也许是拯救重生的消息。

Death Watch

Giuseppe Ungaretti

All night long
thrown against
a buddy
slain
with his gnashing
teeth
bared to the full moon
with his bloated
hands
penetrating
my silence
I was writing
letters full of love

Never have I hugged life so hard

在生命之 中,只有爱与 死一般强烈, 对死亡的守候 是对生的否定 和嘲弄,而爱 则是对生的留 恋和颂扬,但 诗人却将二者 凝聚一体,也 许愈是在生的 绝望中愈会留 恋生命,愈是 留恋生命愈感 死亡的残暴, 也许正缘于 此,诗人才会 感到对生命的 感受从未如此 强悍。

守着死

翁加雷蒂

整个长夜 被抛靠着 一个难友

被切一裸发伸我我满系的牙满的牙满的宁写的宁写的异种的

我从未如此 粗狠地 拥抱生命

(叶维廉 译)

Dora Markus

Eugenio Montale

J

It was where a plank pier
pushed from Porto Corsini into the open sea;
a handful of men , dull as blocks , drop ,
draw in their nets. With a toss
of your thumb , you point out the other shore ,
invisible , your true country.
Then we trailed a canal to the outlying shipyards ,
silvered with sun and soot—
a patch of town-sick country , where depressed spring ,
full of amnesia , was burning out.

Here where the old world's way of surviving is subtilized by a nervous

Levantine anxiety,

your words flash a rainbow,

like the scales of a choking mullet.

Your restlessness makes me think of migratory birds diving at a lighthouse on an ugly night—

even your ennui is a whirlwind, circling invisibly—
the let-ups non-existent.

I don't know how, so pressed, you've stood up to that puddle of diffidence, your heart.

What saves you, perhaps, is a charm, which you keep near your lipstick, puff and nail-file—
a white mouse made of ivory...

Thus ou exist.

1

In your own Carinthia now your corsage is the crescent hedges of flowerig myrtle...

You sashay on the curb of a stagnant pond, and watch the timid carp swallowing, swallowing, or saunter under the lime trees, and follow the kindling night along the frowzy shorefront.

The purple and orange awnings of landings and *pensioni* throw a bonfire on the water.

Night blanketing the fogging lake coves brings only the catcalls of geese, the put-put-put of the outboards.

The snow-white majolicas of your interior have seen you alter, and tell your fly-blown mirror a story of cool miscalculations, now engraved where no sponge can expunge.

That's your legend, Dora!
But it is written already
on the moist lips of sugar daddies
with weak, masculine side-burns,
in the ten inch gold frames
of the grand hotels—
it lives in the asthma
of the sprung harmonica
at the hour when daylight muddies, each day later.

It is written there!
The evergreen laurel lives on
for the kitchen, the voice doesn't change;
Ravenna is far away. A ferocious faith
distills its venom.
What does it want from you?
Not that you surrender
voice, legend or destiny...

唐 娜

蒙塔莱

1

板码头 自高辛港推向海面 三五个人,顽冥如石,在那里 撒网收网。用手 那么轻轻一指,你说,对岸 隐没的才是你的国土 然后,我们就沿运河而上 到阳光烟尘相映的 造船厂,一块 若病的土地,惯性的春天 烟灭 毫无记忆。

在这里,一个古老的生命 文成东土来的 甜美的焦虑。 你的语字,垂死的鯔鱼的鳞 闪着一条雨后的虹。 2

现在,在卡莲西亚地方你的胸饰是桃金娘开花时初月的树篱活泼泼的走在一池死水边看鲤鱼胆小地咬吃或散步在莱姆树下沿灼燃的黄昏到雷臭的岸前 栈桥紫黄紫黄的布篷和一些旅舍 把一团火掷向水面。

如毡的夜盖着 涌雾的湖浦 只带雁鸣 马达的激喘 雪白陶瓦的内部 诉向暗黑了的镜 一个冷冷的错误的故事 被刻在那里 海绵无从吸出。

唐娜 这就是你的传说!写在(糖爸爸)的湿濡的唇上写在大酒店十寸高金相框里柔弱男性的短须活在破口琴的喘息里当日光开始污浊 迟滞。

它写在那里 常青的月桂 持续着 在厨房, 音容不变。 洛梵那很远很远。凶猛的信仰 滤清毒液。 它向你要什么? 不放弃 声音、传说、命运……

(叶维廉 译)

蒙塔莱被认为是意大利最为伟大的当代抒情诗人,他于 1975 年获诺贝尔文学奖。诗人出生于意大利港市热那亚,海滨风光因之也经常出现在他的诗歌中。这首诗中,我们也可读到许多与海景有关的意象,有些栩栩如生,有些玄妙怪异,码头给人总的印象却是病恹、黯然的,而主人公唐娜'告诉镜中'的传说在诗中若隐若现,更是有如隐约断续的口琴呜咽,令人浮想联翩,最后一段的哲思性文字亦为人留下怆然之感。

Two Figures in Twilight

Eugenio Montale

Flowing between us on the terrace an underwater light distorts the hills' profile, and your face.

On a shifty backdrop every move of yours hovers, cut off from you; without a trace enters, fades, in the element that floods each track and closes on your step: you here with me, in this atmosphere which stoops to seal the torpor of boulders.

And I drawn back into the power that bears down, succumb to the spell of recognizing nothing of myself outside me: if only I lift my arm, the act changes splintered on a crystal, its memory anonymous and gone pale, and now the gesture is not mine any more; if I speak, startled I hear that voice run down the full scale

or snuffed out in the air that won't hold it.

At such moments resisting the day's dissolution bewilderment lingers: then a gust rouses the valleys in a frantic impulse and draws from the leaves a jangling that scatters through driven smoke and the first lights define the docks.

... words

fall weightless between us. I watch you in the supple reflection. I don't know if I know you: I know I was never detached from you as now in this late return. A few seconds have burned us whole: except two faces, two strained masks that are etched in a smile.

黄昏中的两个人

蒙塔莱

在你和我之间, 在贝尔维德雷上面, 流泻出水下之光, 它使你的脸 和小山的轮廓, 都变了形。 你的各个姿势, 都处于易干逝去的、与你隔绝的 深渊之中, 它杳无踪迹地显现, 又消失干满是沟纹的 随着你的脚步而隐没的地方。 这里,你同我在一起, 在这样的空气里—— 沉降的空气 把麻木的礁石凝住。

而我呢 尽管 拥有周围向我压来的某种力量, 却屈服于魔法之下, 除了我自己之外, 对自己什么也没有认识: 我一举起手臂, 举动就显得异状, 在一块晶体上碎裂, 记忆显得苍白而遥远, 而那手势也不再属于我; 如果我说话, 我就惊惶地倾听那个声音, 极其微弱而遥远, 空气也无法承受, 终于消失。

白昼已经憔悴, 在同奄奄一息的白日搏斗时, 一片昏乱,迷惘。 然后吹来一阵风, 山谷就引起一阵疯狂的骚动, 树叶间发出丁当的声音 然后又消散在烟云里, 而最初的光线 为景物平添几分色彩。

我们间的谈话, 无拘无束。 我在柔和的反光中, 注视着你。 我不知道, 我是否认识你, 我只知道, 我从来没有同你隔得这么深, 像这次晚归那样。 短暂的瞬间, 把我们的一切烧毁, 只剩下两张脸儿, 两个面具, 上面投射着勉强的微笑。

(钱鸿嘉 译)

诗人首先呈现的便是水下之光使景色和人物变形的意象,读罢整首诗,我们也会得到一种类似的印象,无论是诗中的景观还是人物,都有异化疏离之感,黄昏时分的山谷、水洼、空气和风声都飘渺虚幻、黯无生气,黄昏中的我中了魔法一般浮于体外,而黄昏中的两个人就更是貌合神离,各自戴着蚀刻着笑容的面具。全诗以折射扭曲的黄昏景致开始,又以梦魇一般的黄昏感受终结。

Metamorphoses in the Urn of the Saint

Salvatore Quasimodo

The dead mature; with them, my heart. Self-pity is earth's final humor.

Stirring in the glass of the urn, a light of lacustrine trees:

Dark mutation devastates me, unknown saint: in the scattered seed moan green maggots:

my visage is their springtime.

A memory of darkness is born at the bottom of walled-in wells , an echo of buried drums. I am your suffered relic.

夸齐莫多 是几位隐逸派 诗人中最为年 轻的一位,却 干 1959 年率 先荣获诺贝尔 文学奖,可见 其成就非凡。 这首诗亦带有 典型的隐逸派 诗歌的特点, 文字凝练,意 象变形,意旨 玄奥。对干生 者与死者的颠 倒,时间的错 位,苦难的解 脱,诗人都似 欲言又止,有 如占卜大师的 预言一般大彻 大悟、扑朔迷 离。

圣徒骨坛中变形记

夸齐莫多

死者成熟; 我的心,与他们同在。 自怜 是尘世最后的幽默。

在骨坛玻璃中搅动, 湖中树的光: 黑暗突变蹂躏我, 佚名的圣徒:在撒种呻吟中 绿色的狂想: 我的容貌是他们的春天。

幽暗的回忆 在涉足的井底诞生, 被埋藏的鼓:回响。

我是你受难的 遗骸。

(陈映真 译)

Man of My Time

Salvatore Quasimodo

You are still the one with the stone and the sling, man of my time. You were in the cockpit, with the malign wings, the sundials of death, — I have seen you—in the chariot of fire, at the gallows, at the wheels of torture. I have seen you: it was you with your exact science persuaded to extermination, without love, without Christ. Again, as always, you have killed, as did your fathers kill, as did the animals that saw you for the first time, kill. And this blood smells as on the day one brother told the other brother: "Let us go into the fields. "And that echo, chill, tenacious, has reached down to you, within your day. Forget, O sons, the clouds of blood risen from the earth, forget the fathers: their tombs sink down in ashes. black birds, the wind, cover their heart.

夸齐莫多 诞生在西西里 岛上.曾干40 年代参加抵抗 运动,这首诗 也许与他的这 段 经 历 有 关。 诗人以布道般 的声音告诉世 界,人们仍同 远古时代一样 蛮荒,杀戮的 本性仍未泯 灭.历史的悲 剧重映在仍然 血腥扑鼻的大 地上,愚勇的 声音仍在回 响,对干人类 世代重复的命 运之轮诗人流 露出沉重悲怆 之情,而诗末 行的黑鸟和风 的意象究竟隐 义何在,读者 自来揭开谜底 吧。

和我同时代的男子

夸齐莫多

你仍然是带着石头和弹弓的人, 和我同时代的男子。你曾在战场上, 随着中邪的侧翼 死亡的日规 , ——我看见你——在火烧的战车里,在绞架, 在拷刑的轮上。我看见你:那是你, 以你赶尽杀绝的准确科学, 没有爱,没有基督。一如往常 你也已屠杀,一如你的祖先屠杀,一如 第一次看到你的动物 屠杀。 而这些血腥味道正像有一天 一位兄弟告诉另一位兄弟说:让我们 上战场吧。而那回声,冷酷,僵硬, 已降到你身上,在你的日子里。 啊 忘了吧 孩子们 血腥的风云 起自大地 忘掉祖先吧: 他们的坟墓沉落入灰烬, 黑鸟 风 掩盖了他们的心。

(陈映真 译)

In This City

Salvatore Quasimodo

This city has even got the machine that grinds out dreams: with a quick token , a little disk of pain.
in no time you're off , upon this earth , unknown in a pack of raving shadows on phosphorus seaweed , mushrooms of smoke: a merry-go-round of monsters revolving on conch shells that fall to putrid pieces when they play. It's in a bar down there at the turn of the plane trees , here in my metropolis or elsewhere , Come , the switch is on!

在本市

夸齐莫多

本市竟已弄到机器 来磨碎梦想:以快速的 信号,一小片痛苦 你立即报销,在此大地上, 莫名的在一袋狂乱的影子内 于磷光的海草上,蕈状烟云: 怪物的回转木马 在海螺贝上回转 戏弄时螺贝落成碎片。 就在那下面筱悬木转角处 酒吧内,这里在我的首府 或他处。来吧,开关已接上!

(陈映真 译)

影幢迷离、烟雾弥漫的生活中人们失去梦想 现代的都市生活有如回转木马怕怪物将贝壳碾成碎片一般压榨了人们的想像,而街角的酒巴似乎仍无倦意,开关打开,又一轮游戏即将开始。诗人并未泼洒笔墨,简炼地将瞬间闪现的感知聚焦放大,都市生活的剖面便不求形似但求神似地浮现在读者面前。

Latin American Surrealism

拉美超现实主义

Remorse

Jorges Luis Borges

I have committed the worst sin of all
That a man can commit. I have not been
Happy. Let the glaciers of oblivion
Drag me and mercilessly let me fall.
My parents bred and bore me for a higher
Faith in the human game of nights and days;
For earth, for air, for water, and for fire.
I let them down. I wasn't happy. My ways
Have not fulfilled their youthful hope. I gave
My mind to the symmetric stubbornness
Of art, and all its webs of pettiness.
They willed me bravery. I wasn't brave.
It never leaves my side, since I began:
This shadow of having been a brooding man.

有的评论 家认为,博尔 赫斯的小说读 来有如博学的 散文,散文读 来像诗歌,诗 歌却像简短的 故事。这首《懊 悔》也含有一 种自我告白式 的叙述成分。 诗人的懊悔缘 干对生命意义 的探求沉思, 但这种思索使 诗人陷入了艺 术的罗网并使 他永远地离弃 了欢乐,诗人 究竟是在哀叹 与尘世欢乐的 无缘还是因艺 术探索的无极 而感乏力?也 许兼而有之, 也许一言难以 蔽之。

懊悔

博尔赫斯

我已具有人所能够具有的 最深的罪孽。我一直没有欢乐。 让忘却的冰川压住我, 不必怜悯,让我和世界告别。 我的双亲生我养我,是为了一个 更高的信仰,有别于人类的昏昏噩噩; 为大地、为空气、为水、为火。 我让他们伤心,我没有欢乐,我的 生活辜负了他们青春的期望, 我把心用在了艺术匀称的冥顽 和它所有交织在一起的琐事上。 我的双亲愿我勇敢,但我怯懦。 怯懦陪伴着我,自从我开始生活; 我沉思诗篇我无法将这阴影摆脱。

(西川 译)

From Summits of Macchu Picchu

Pablo Neruda

7

Sidereal eagle, vine of mist.

Lost bastion, blind scimitar.

Starry belt, solemn bread.

Torrential ladder, vast eyelid.

Triangular tunic, pollen of stone.

Lamp of granite, bread of stone.

Mineral serpent, rose of stone.

Buried ship, spring of stone.

Horse of the moon, light of stone.

Equinoctial T-square, vapor of stone.

Final geometry, book of stone.

Iceberg wrought by the gales.

Madrepore of submerged time.

Wall by fingers softened.

Roof by feathers assailed.

Clusters of mirrors, foundations of tempest.

Thrones overturned by the clinging vine.

Reign of the pitiless claw.

Whirlwind suspended on the slope.

Motionless cataract of turquoise.

Patriarchal bell of the sleepers.

Shackle of subjugated snows.

Iron lying upon its statues.

Inaccessible barred tempest.

Hands of puma, sanguinary rock.

Shade-giving tower, discussion of snow.

Night upraised in fingers and roots.

Window of the mists, hardened dove.

Nocturnal plant, statue of thunders.

Essential mountain-range, marine roof.

Architecture of lost eagles.

Twine of the sky, bee of the heights.

Bloody level, constructed star.

Mineral bubble, moon of quartz.

Andean serpent, forehead of amaranth.

Dome of silence, pure fatherland.

Beloved of the sea, tree of cathedrals.

Cluster of salt, cherry tree of black wings.

Snowy teeth, cold thunder.

Scratched moon, threatening stone.

Mane of the cold, stirring of the air.

Volcano of hands, dark cataract.

Wave of silver, direction of time.

8

Rise with me , brother , to be born.

Extend me your hand from the deep

realm of your widespread anguish. You will not return from the rocky depths. You will not return from subterranean time. Your hardened voice will not return. Your perforated eyes will not return. Behold me from the depths of the earth, ploughman, weaver, silent shepherd: tamer of the tutelary Ilamas: mason of the defiant scaffolding: watercarrier of the Andean tears: ieweler of the carven fingers: sower quivering in the seed: potter spilt into your clay: bring your ancient buried cares to the cup of this new life. Show me your blood and your wrinkles, tell me: here I suffered because the jewel did not shine or the earth yield the stone or the grain in time: show me the stone on which you fell, the wood upon which you were crucified, kindle for me the ancient flints, the ancient lamps, the whips embedded in your wounds through the centuries and the axes gleaming with blood. I come to speak through your dead mouth. From across the world gather all

the silent spilt lips
and from the depths talk to me all through this long
night
as if I were there with you anchored,
tell me all, chain by chain,
link by link, and step by step,
sharpen the knives you used to keep,
place them on my breast and my hand,
like a river of yellow lightning bolts,
like a river of buried tigers,
and let me weep, hours, days, years,
blind ages, stellar centuries.

Give me your silence, your water, your hope.

Give me your struggle, your iron, your volcanoes.

Affix your bodies to mine like magnets.

Partake of my veins and my mouth.

Speak with my words and my blood.

自《马祖匹祖高地》

聂鲁达

9

星座之鹰 雾的葡萄园 失去的棱堡,盲目的弯刀。 星缀的带子,神圣的面包。 急流的阶梯,巨大的眼睑。 三角状的膜,石之花粉。 花岗石的灯,石之面包。 矿物般的蛇 石之玫瑰。 入土的船只,石之泉源。 月的马匹,石之亮光。 赤道的象限,石之蒸气。 绝对的地理,石之书籍。 雕在狂风中的冰山。 淹没的时光的珊瑚。 被手指磨平的堡垒。 被羽毛攻击的屋脊。 镜之串集 风暴之基石。 被匍匐的藤草推翻的王座。 血爪的政权。 在斜坡上被停住的强风。 静止的绿蓝色的瀑布。

安眠者族长般的钟。 臣服之雪的衣领。 沿着它的雕像被拉长的铁。 紧闭而无法进入的风暴。 狮之手脚 嗜血的石头。 阴暗之塔 雪的辩论。 高举干手指,根茎之上的夜。 雾的窗户 冷酷之鸽。 夜间活动的植物 霹雳的雕像。 实在的山脉,海上的屋顶。 迷失之應的建筑。 天空的绳索 绝顶之蜜蜂。 而污的水平面 高筑之星。 矿物之泡沫 花岗岩的月。 安底斯山之蛇 苋紫的额头。 寂静之圆顶 纯净的祖国。 海的新娘,大教堂之树。 盐的结晶 黑翼的樱桃树。 雪的牙齿 冰冷的雷声。 抓伤的月 险恶的石头。 毛发冰冷之头 大气之动作。 手之火山 阴郁的瀑布。 银之波浪 时间的目的地。

12

与我一同复活吧 兄弟。 把你的手从四处播散的哀愁的

深处伸出来给我吧。 你不会从岩石的底部回来。 你不会从地底的时间回来。 你变硬了的声音不会回来。 你戳了孔的眼睛不会回来。 白泥土的最内部注视我... 耕者 织者 沉默的牧人: 守护神野骆马的驯服者: 被挑衅的绞刑台的石匠: 安第斯山泪水的持瓶者: 手指被捣碎的珠宝商: 在谷粒间颤抖的农夫: 溅洒你的黏土的陶工: 把你们古老 埋在地下的哀愁 倒讲这新生命的杯子吧。 给我看你们的血跟你们的犁沟。 告诉我,我在这儿受罚。 因为一颗宝石它不发光 因为土地 不能及时生出石头或谷粒: 给我看你们摔上去的石头 以及他们用来绞死你们的木头。 点燃那些古老的燧石, 那些古老的灯 那些跨过千百个世纪 黏到伤口的鞭子, 以及沾着血腥光彩的斧头。 我来借你们死去的嘴巴说话。 让四处分散的沉寂的嘴唇

自泥土的每一部分集合起来, 并且从无底的深渊终夜不断地对我说话 仿佛我像锚一样紧系着你。 告诉我每一样事物,一链接一链, 一环接一环,一级接一级地; 磨利你积藏的刀叉, 将它们刺进我的胸膛,刺进我的手, 仿佛一河黄色的光芒, 一河被埋葬的老虎, 并且让我哭泣,每一小时,每一天,每一年, 每一盲眼的时代,星星的世纪。

给我寂静,水,希望。 给我挣扎,铁,火山。 让尸体像磁铁一样黏住我。 来到我的血脉和我的嘴。 用我的声音、我的血说话。

(陈映真 译)

"马祖匹祖"古堡是印加帝国的摇篮,这座美洲最为古老的城市位于安第斯山脉上,于 1912 年挖掘出土,保存得非常完整。聂鲁达于 1943 年到秘鲁寻根到达这座古堡并写下了这首 12 节的长诗,这里所选的是第 9 节和最后一节。从两节不同的风格我们也可看出这位 1971 年获诺贝尔文学奖的诗人多彩的才华。第 9 节几近意象的罗列,形象与抽象、现实与幻境都融为一体,富于超现实色彩;而第 12 节又有如史诗一般沉重磅薄,诗人仿佛从历史之中寻回了"根",找到了重归现实的力量。

The Street

Octavio Paz

Here is a long and silent street.

I walk in blackness and I stumble and fall and rise, and I walk blind, my feet trampling the silent stones and the dry leaves.

Someone behind me also tramples, stones, leaves: if I slow down, he slows; if I run, he runs. I turn: nobody.

Everything dark and doorless, only my steps aware of me, I turning and turning among these corners which lead forever to the street where nobody waits for, nobody follows me, where I pursue a man who stumbles and rises and says when he sees me: nobody.

街

帕斯

一条长长的寂静的街。 我在黑暗中走着,跌倒 又起来,我盲目地走,双足 踏着寂静的石头和干叶 我慢下来,他也慢下来 我跑,他也跑。我转身:空无一人。 一片黑暗,无门可通。 在这些转角处转了又转 总是转到那一条 没有人等着,没有人跟着我的街 那里我追踪一个人,他跌倒 又起来而当他看见我时,说:空无一人。

(叶维廉 译)

这首诗写得很像一场梦境,神秘莫测又暗藏玄机,而超现实主义很大程度是受弗洛伊德的学说启发形成的。诗人帕斯对东方哲学有着深厚的兴趣,这首诗中也有一种轮回之感,又似乎与庄周梦蝶的梦境与现实的颠倒紊乱有共通之处。

The Day In Udaipur

Octavio Paz

White palace.
White on the black lake.
Lingam and yoni.

You surround me, night, As the god the goddess.

The cool terrace.

You are immense immense
When measured.

Inhuman stars.
But the hours are ours.

I fall and get up ,
I burn and drown. Have you
Only a body?

Birds on the water, Dawn on the eyelids.

The marbles push forward, Absorbed in themselves, As tall as death.

Are the palaces stranded? Whiteness drifting.

Women, children On the roadways. Scattered fruit.

Rags or lightning-bolts?

A parade on the black plain.

Silver bracelets, Cool and tinkling, On arms and ankles.

> A small boy arrives at his wedding In a rented suit.

Clean clothes

Spread out among the stones.

Look at them and shut up.

Monkeys with red buttocks. Howling on the islet. Flies. Blood. A kid cavorts In Kali's courtyard.

Gods, men and beasts

Eat from the same plate.

The headless black Goddess dances On the pallid god.

Heat. An enormous humming. And those rotted mangoes...

A wasp-nest hangs From the wall , a dark And ardent sun.

My brow is also a sun With black thoughts inside.

The marbles glow. Palaces of death. Hallucinations.

> Hundreds of parrots: Green , black , then green again.

Your brow. The lake. Smooth, without thoughts. A fish leaps.

Twilight. Lights On the water.

Ripples. The plain
Is ochre. So is the crevice...
Your clothes nearby.

I am like a lamp On your shadowed body.

Living scales:
Two bodies united
Over the emptiness.

The sky crushes us.

The water sustains us.

Open your eyes.

A forest of trees

Was born tonight.

Whiteness, you hide What I see and say.

在乌代布尔的日子

帕斯

白色的宫殿。 那黑色湖面上的一片白色。 林伽和约尼。

> 黑夜,你缠绕着我, 就像男神和女神。

那冰凉的台阶。 当人们测量巨大时 ,你 就巨大无比。

> 毫无人性的星辰。 可时间却属于我们。

我摔倒又站起 我焚烧又溺死。难道你 就只有一个身躯?

> 鸟儿在水上, 黎明在那眼睑上。

大理石专心致志地 向前推进, 它们高如死亡。

> 难道宫殿遇到了麻烦? 一片白色的飘浮。

妇女和孩子 在路上。 还有散乱的果子。

> 旗帜还是闪电? 黑色平原上的一次游行。

银色的 手镯和脚镯 冰凉而又丁当作响。

> 一个小男孩穿着借来的衣服 来参加他的婚礼。

干净的衣服 摊在石块间。 望着它们,又把它们藏匿起来。

> 红屁股的猴子 在小岛上狂叫。

苍蝇。鲜血。 一只小羚羊在时母的 庭院里跳跃。

> 神、男人和野兽 吃着同一个餐盆里的食物。

那无头的 黑色女神 ,在没有血色的 男神身上跳舞。

> 热浪。一阵巨大的嗡嗡声。 还有那些腐烂的芒果……

一个蚂蜂窝从 墙上垂下,一个暗淡 和炽热的太阳。

> 我的眉毛也是一个太阳 里面有着黑色的思想。

那大理石的光芒。 死亡的宫殿。 幻觉。

> 上百个鹦鹉: 绿的、黑的,然后又是绿的。

你的眉毛。那湖。 平静没有思想。 一条鱼跃起。

> 曙光。水面上的 光。

波浪。那平原 就是赭石。裂缝也是如此…… 边上 ,你的衣服。

> 我就像一盏灯 照在你有着阴影的身躯。

生活的秤盘: 两个身躯加在一起, 超过了虚无。

> 天空挤压着我们。 而水则支撑着我们。

睁开你的眼睛。 一座森林 今夜在灼烧。

> 一片白色 ,你藏去了 我的所见所言。

> > (郭惠民 译)

乌代布尔是印度的一个县城,首阙中的林伽和约尼分别是印度教所崇拜的男女性生殖器像。帕斯曾任墨西哥驻印度大使,东方文化对他的诗歌因此有着深刻的影响。这首诗中的一幕幕都细致入微却互无干系,这种对记忆中一闪一现的镜头的堆砌式记录就像意识潜流一样成为透视心理的神秘隧道并给人留下挥之不去的印象。诗人似乎也很迷恋意象之间的守衡和互补,每个意象都有如一把双刃的刀子从正反两面刻画着真谛。诗中亦不乏以玄理提纯感性的成分,如诗人将'神、人和野兽'的平行并置,诗人脑中'黑色的思想'的确在灿烂的眉毛上闪着光芒,耐人寻味。

Landscape

Octavio Paz

Rock and precipice ,

More time than stone , this

Timeless matter.

Through its cicatrices
Falls without moving
Perpetual virgin water.

Immensity reposes here Rock over rock, Rocks over air.

The world 's manifest As it is: a sun Immobile, in the abyss.

Scale of vertigo:
The crags weigh
No more than our shadows.

与其说这 首诗是一幅风 景画,不如说 它是一幅心灵 感应的投影。 时间和永恒凝 固在岩石和水 之中,无垠穿 梭在空气里, 这与太阳静止 的意象构成了 完全静态、水 平延伸以至无 限的空间,但 深渊中的太阳 本身又打破了 这种静态。而 诗人末尾的眩 晕感受来自悬 崖和自我的阴 影,这又构成 了极端失衡的 垂直纵深的画 面,诗人的眩 晕是否来自无 限与人类自身 有限存在之间 的巨大落差?

风景画

帕斯

岩石与峭壁, 较之石块,这永恒的物质, 更为悠久。

穿经疤痕 永远圣洁之水 不曾移动地滴落。

无限静卧于此 岩石叠积 , 岩石在空气之上。

这世界就是这样 真实地显现:深渊中, 一个静止的太阳。

至于它令人晕眩的程度: 这巉崖与我们的阴影 只是彼此彼此。

(郭惠民 译)

American Beat Generation

美国垮掉派

In Golden Gate Park That Day

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

In Golden Gate Park that day

a man and his wife were coming along

thru the enormous meadow

which was the meadow of the world

He was wearing green suspenders

and carrying an old beat-up flute

in one hand

while his wife had a bunch of grapes

which she kept handing out

individually

to various squirrels

as if each

were a little joke

And then the two of them came on

thru the enormous meadow

which was the meadow of the world

and then

at a very still spot where the trees dreamed and seemed to have been waiting thru all time

for them

they sat down together on the grass

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without looking at each other

and ate oranges

without looking at each other

and put the peels

in a basket which they seemed

to have brought for that purpose

without looking at each other

And then

he took his shirt and undershirt off

but kept his hat on

sideways

and without saying anything

fell asleep under it

And his wife just sat there looking

at the birds which flew about

calling to each other

in the stilly air

as if they were questioning existence

or trying to recall something forgotten

But then finally

she too lay down flat

and just lay there looking up

at nothing

yet fingering the old flute

which nobody played

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World Poetic Schools

and finally looking over

at him

without any particular expression

except a certain awful look

of terrible depression

那天 在金门公园

费林杰梯

然后这两个人又向前走 穿过宽阔的草地

那是人世的草地 然后 在一个僻静的地点,那里树永远在做梦 好像多年以来一直在等着 他们俩 他们一齐坐在草地上 互相不看一眼

吃橘子

互相不看一眼

把皮放在

似乎专为此

而带来的篮子里

互相不看一眼

然后

他脱下衬衫

脱下汗衫

帽子还戴着

但是歪在一边

他一言不发

帽子遮着脸睡着了

而他的妻子呆坐着 看着

飞来飞去的鸟

在宁静的空气中

声声呼应

好像在讯问生存的问题

在回忆忘却的事情

终于

她也仰天躺下

眼朝天,一无所见 但她的手指玩弄着那支旧笛

无人吹的笛子

最后转过眼睛

看着他

脸上一无表情

只有一种恐怖的神色 透露出极度的沮丧。

(赵毅衡 译)

费林杰梯是垮掉派中最为年长的一位诗人,也正是他率先在旧金山开起的平装书店——城市之光书店于 1956 年出版了惊世骇俗的金斯伯格的《嚎叫》,并由此成为垮掉派的"据点"。这首《那天,在金门公园》有如在鸟语果香、草坪长笛的牧歌式背景中上演的一出冷漠疏离的人情短剧,充满反讽意味,诗中重复的"穿过宽阔的草地,人世的草地"和"互相不看一眼"有如歌中叠句一般萦绕听者心头,机械重复的语调中流露出无奈之意,诗人似在诉说这样的草地遍布人世,无足为奇。

From Howl

Allen Ginsberg

I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness , starving hysterical naked ,

dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix ,

angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,

who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull,

- who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,
- who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York ,
- who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night
- with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls,
- incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between,
- who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia,
- returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East,
- Pilgrim State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as

heavy as the moon,

with mother finally * * * * * * , and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 AM and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination—

- ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time—
- and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipse the catalog the meter & the vibrating plane,
- who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus
- to recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to

conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head,

the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death,

and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio

with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.

自《嚎叫》

金斯伯格

1

- 我看见这一代最杰出的头脑被疯狂毁坏,饿着肚子歇斯底里赤身裸体,
- 拂晓时拖着脚步穿过黑人街区找一针够劲儿的毒品,
- 头脑天使一般的嬉皮士们渴望与这夜的机械那繁 星般的发电机发生古老的天堂式的关系,
- 他们衣衫破烂眼神空虚坐在只有冷水的公寓那超 自然的黑暗中,毒品吸得醉意朦胧飘越过城 市上空想着爵士乐
- 他们在高架铁路下对上天披露内心,却看见穆罕默德天使们在被照亮的公寓屋顶上踉跄而行,
- 他们两眼闪光但冰冷,穿过大学,在幻觉中见到阿肯色见到军事学者们布莱克式的轻佻的悲剧
- 他们被赶出学院因为太出格 因为在头头脑脑的窗户上发表猥亵的颂诗,

- 他们佝偻在没刮脸的房间里,在废纸篓中烧钞票倾听着墙外恐怖之神的声音
- 他们一丝不挂地被抓住 猛吸一顿大麻穿过拉雷 多返回纽约
- 他们在色彩鲜丽的旅馆里吞火焰在天堂胡同饮松节油 死去 要不然就夜复一夜
- 用梦 ,用毒品 ,用不眠的噩梦 ,酒精 ,阴茎和没完没了的舞会把身躯投入炼狱 ,
- 而心中无可比拟的死胡同,充满战栗的乌云和闪电, 跃向加拿大和斐特森,照亮这两极之间静止的世界,

- 他们毫无幽默感的抗议所推翻的只是一张象征性的乒乓桌,神经紧张时略事休息,
- 多年后秃光了头,只剩一副血污的假发,几滴眼 泪,几根手指,回到东部疯人城病房里疯子们 明摆着的末日,
- 在朝香者之州、罗克兰与格雷斯顿腥臭的大厅里,同灵魂的回声吵架,半夜在爱情的墓地那孤寂的长凳上奏摇滚乐,生活之梦充满梦魇,身体变成石头像月亮一样重,
- 最后回到母亲身边****** 最后一本胡思乱想的书扔出公寓窗口 最后一扇门在凌晨四点关上 最后一架电话机摔向墙壁作为答复 最后

- 一间带家具的房间被搬光只剩下最后一只精神柜子,一朵黄色的纸玫瑰挂在柜子的铁丝钩上,甚至这东西也是想像,什么都没了只剩下一丁点儿希望的错觉——
- 啊 ,卡尔 ,你不安全时我也没有安全 ,而你现在真的陷进时代的整煮大汤锅——
- 于是他们奔跑着穿过冰冻的街道,着了迷地幻想 炼金术的突然辉光,幻想使用省略法目录册 计量表和振动翼,
- 他们梦想着,把形象并置在时间与空间中制造实体的鸿沟,在二个形象间绊住灵魂的天使长,带着全能的上帝大神的感觉跳起来,联结起基本动词并把名词和意识的破折号合在一齐,
- 用以为人类可怜的散文重新创造句法和格律,站在你面前,无语但睿智只是害羞得颤抖,被拒绝但袒露心灵,以与他光裸但无边际的头脑中思想的节奉保持一致.
- 疯狂的浪子和天使合着拍子敲打 ,无人知晓 ,但却 在此写下在死后某个时候要说的话 ,
- 穿着爵士乐鬼魂般的衣服 在乐队金色圆号的阴影中升起肉体重现 把美国渴望爱情的赤裸思想吹奏成埃里埃里拉马拉马萨巴克莎尼萨

克管的哭号 "震撼城市的每一台收音机 , 有这块从他们自己身上割下来的生活之诗的绝对 心脏 "足够吃一千年。

(赵毅衡 译)

二战后美国诗坛上最为瞩目的即是垮掉派,而垮掉派的领袖人物便是金斯伯格,尽管关于他是否能被称为"诗人"至今仍有争议。他以这首《嚎叫》掀起了50年代反文化的浪潮,尽管这首诗使他曾被诉诸法庭控以淫秽的罪名而后无罪释放。金斯伯格以比惠特曼更为"野蛮"刺耳的吼叫声将精神梦魇与毒品幻觉的碎片拼成了美国战后青年一代扭曲心灵的全景,可以看出《嚎叫》大声地宣告了以学院派、晦涩、客观为特征的"现代主义"诗歌时代的一去不返,同时也以"毫无羞耻"的自白风格宣布了个人主义的回归。

My Alba

Allen Ginsberg

Now that I've wasted five years in Manhattan life decaying talent a blank

talking disconnected patient and mental sliderule and number machine on a desk

autographed triplicate synopsis and taxes obedient prompt poorly paid

stayed on the market youth of my twenties fainted in offices wept on typewriters

deceived multitudes

in vast conspiracies deodorant battleships serious business industry

every six weeks whoever drank my blood bank innocent evil now part of my system

five years unhappy labor 22 to 27 working not a dime in the bank to show for it anyway

dawn breaks it's only the sun the East smokes O my bedroom I am damned to Hell what alarmclock is ringing

我的破晓歌

金斯伯格

我已经在曼哈顿 空度整整五年 生命在朽败 天才已成空

耐心地 沉思地 谈话断断续续 就像桌子上的 计算尺 计算器

签了字的三复份 预报以及税单 多听话、多灵敏 但工资却太低

二十几青春年华 留在市上有待出售 在办事处里晕倒 在打字机上哭泣

被欺骗的大众

在组织巨大的叛乱 消除臭气的战舰 这是认真的事业

每隔六星期,谁也可以 到我的血库大喝一顿 这已经不算亏心事 成了我体系的一部分

五年的辛劳苦干 从 22 到 27 银行里没一毛钱 可以装装样子

黎明 不过一个太阳 东方吐烟〇儿到我房间 我反正注定下地狱 ,管它 闹钟吵个不息。

(赵毅衡 译)

破晓歌本为法国的一种传统诗歌,用来抒写清晨时分情人告别的感伤情怀,而金斯伯格的破晓歌却一反浪漫地勾勒了清晨之后将要面对的贫乏无聊、死气沉沉的生活。诗中断续、短促的诗行仿佛百无聊赖时分的喃喃自语,形象地反映了被格式化生活压榨得奄奄一息的青春。在诗中提及的 22 到 27 岁,金斯伯格换过多个工作,其中包括诗中提及的市场调查分析员,这种极强的自传性亦是垮掉派的特征。

From Four Poems for Robin

(Ⅲ)

An Autumn Morning in Shokoku-ji

Gary Snyder

Last night watching the Pleiades,
Breath smoking in the moonlight,
Bitter memory like vomit
Choked my throat.
I unrolled a sleeping bag
On mats on the porch
Under thick autumn stars.
In dream you appeared
(Three times in nine years)
Wild, cold, and accusing.
I woke shamed and angry:
The pointless wars of the heart.
Almost dawn. Venus and Jupiter.
The first time I have
Ever seen them close.

垮掉派诗人 在精神幻灭中竭 力寻找的慰藉除 了个性解放、超 共产主义信仰、 吸毒带来的幻觉 和爵十乐之外。 就是东方的神秘 主义宗教和哲 学。尽管斯奈德 与垮掉派的联系 较为短暂,他西 渡日本修行禅宗 佛教仍是当时垮 掉派思潮的一种 反映。这组《写 给罗宾的四首 诗》就是作于诗 人在京都一家禅 寺修行之时,罗 宾是诗人的初恋 情人,四首诗分 别以春、夏、秋、 冬四季为时令。 这首诗是写诗人 被秋夜星空勾起 的往事回忆.虽 痛心疾首却不含 渲染矫饰 一首 小诗可以看出斯 奈德返朴归真的 诗风。尽管他的 诗歌不具垮掉派 狂躁、讥讽的特 征 他摒弃现代 文明的宗旨与垮 掉派诗人对主流 文化的鄙夷如出 一轴。

自《写给罗宾的四首诗》 之三:禅寺秋晨

斯奈德

(赵毅衡 译)

Poets Hitchhiking on the Highway

Gregory Corso

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Of course I tried to tell him
but he cranked his head
    without an excuse.
I told him the sky chases
     the sun
And he smiled and said:
    'What's the use.'
I was feeling like a demon
    again
So I said: 'But the ocean chases
    the fish.
This time he laughed
    and said: 'Suppose the
       strawberry were
         pushed into a mountain. '
After that I knew the
    war was on-
So we fought:
He said: 'The apple-cart like a
        broomstick-angel
            snaps & splinters
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old dutch shoes. '

I said: Lightning will strike the old oak and free the fumes!'

He said: 'Mad street with no name.'

I said: 'Bald killer! Bald killer! Bald killer!'

He said, getting real mad,

'Firestoves!Gas!Couch!'

I said, only smiling,

' I know God would turn back his head if I sat quietly and thought. '

We ended by melting away, hating the air!

诗人们在公路上搭车

柯尔索

当然我试图告诉他 但他毫无托辞地 猛摇着头, 我告诉他天空追逐着 太阳

他微笑着说:

"有什么用。"

我又感到了像一个

恶魔

于是我说:"但海洋追逐着鱼儿。"

这次他哈哈大笑

说"想一想

草莓子

被人推入了一座大山。"

此后我知道

战争在进行了——

于是我们打了起来:

他说:" 苹果车像一个 拿着扫帚柄的天使 折断又粉碎了, 古老的荷兰鞋子。"

我说:"闪电将会击中那棵老榆树,

让烟自由自在地散去!"

他说:"没有名字的疯狂的街。"

我说:"秃顶凶手!秃顶凶手!秃顶凶手!"

他说 真发疯了:

" 炉子、煤气、沙发!"

我只是微笑着说:

"我知道上帝会转过头去如果我静静坐着思想。" 我们消溶开去 痛恨空气,

作为告终。

(裘小龙 译)

也许与他少年时期曾经入狱的经历有关,柯尔索是垮掉派诗人中最激烈地反学院派的一位诗人,由这首诗我们也可以看出他狂放躁动、不拘一格的诗风。诗人们将文字游戏升级为文字战争,文字辩论由荒诞可笑的无谓炫技发展到气急败坏的谩骂攻击和文字堆砌,这场高速公路上信手拈来的战争本身就是对经院气息的约束和教条的极大嘲弄和讽刺。

Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie

Bob Dylan

When yer head gets twisted and yer mind grows numb When you think you're too old, too young, too smart or too dumb When yer laggin' behind an' losin' yer pace In a slow-motion crawl or life's busy race No matter what yer doing if you start givin' up If the wine don't come to the top of yer tup If the wind's got you sideways with one hand holdin' on And the other starts slipping and the feeling is gone And yer train engine fire needs a new spark to catch it And the wood's easy findin' but ver lazy to fetch it And yer sidewalk starts curlin' and the street gets too long. And you start walkin' backwards though you know that it's wrong And lonesome comes up as down goes the day And tomorrow's mornin' seems so far away And you feel the reins from yer pony are slippin' And yer rope is a-slidin' 'cause yer hands are a-drippin' And ver sun-decked desert and evergreen valleys Turn to broken down slums and trash-can allevs And yer sky cries water and yer drain pipe's a-pourin' And the lightnin's a-flasing and the thunder's a-crashin' And the windows are rattlin' and breakin' and the roof tops 314

a-shakin'

And ver whole world's a-slammin' and bangin' And yer minutes of sun turn to hours of storm And to yourself you sometimes say 'I never knew it was gonna be this way Why didn't they tell me the day I was born' And you start gettin' chills and yer jumping from sweat And you're lookin' for somethin' you ain't quite found yet And yer knee-deep in dark water with yer hands in the air And the whole world's a-watchin' with a window-peek stare And yer good gal leaves and she's long gone a-flying And yer heart feels sick like fish when they're fryin' And ver jackhammer falls from ver hands to ver feet And you need it badly but it lays on the street And yer bell's bangin' loudly but you can't hear its beat And you think yer ears might a been hurt Or yer eyes've turned filthy from the sight-blindin' dirt And you figured you failed in vesterday's rush When you were faked out an' fooled while facing a four flush And all the time you were holdin' three gueens And it's makin' you mad, it's makin' you mean Like in the middle of Life magazine Bouncin' around a pinball machine And there's something on yer mind that you wanna be saying that somebody someplace oughta be hearin' But it's trapped on yer tongue and sealed in yer head

And it bothers you badly when you're layin' in bed

World Poetic Schools

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And no matter how you try you just can't say it And yer scared to yer soul you just might forget it And yer eyes get swimmy from the tears in yer head And yer pillows of feather turn to blankets of lead And the lion's mouth opens and ver staring at his teeth And his jaws start closin' with you underneath And yer flat on yer belly with yer hands tied behind And you wish you'd never taken that last detour sign And you say to yerself just what am I doin' On this road I'm walkin', on this trail I'm turnin' On this curve I'm hanging On this pathway I'm strolling, in the space I'm taking In this air I'm inhaling Am I mixed up too much, am I mixed up too hard Why am I walking, where am I running What am I saving, what am I knowing. On this guitar I'm playing, on this banjo I'm frailin' On this mandolin I'm strummin', in the song I'm singin' In the true I'm hummin', in the words that I'm writin' In the words that I'm thinkin' In this ocean of hours I'm all the time drinkin' Who am I helping, what am I breaking What am I giving, what am I taking But you try with yer whole soul best Never to think these thoughts and never to let Them kind of thoughts gain ground Or make yer heart pound

But then again you know why they're around Just waiting for a chance to slip and drop down 'Cause sometime you hear'em when the night time comes creeping And you fear that they might catch you a-sleeping And you jump from yer bed, from yer last chapter of dreamin' And you can't remember for the best of ver thinking If that was you in the dream that was screaming And you know that it's somethin' special you're needin' And you know that there's no drug that'll do for the healin' And no liquor in the land to stop yer brain from bleeding And you need something special Yeah, you need something special all right You need a fast flyin' train on a tornado track To shoot you someplace and shoot you back You need a cyclone wind on a steam engine howler That's been banging and booming and blowing forever That knows ver troubles a hundred times over You need a Greyhound bus that don't bar no race That won't laugh at ver looks Your voice or your face And by any number of bets in the book Will be rollin' long after the bubblegum craze You need something to open up a new door To show you something you seen before But overlooked a hundred times or more You need something to open yer eyes

You need something to make it known

World Poetic Schools

That it's you and no one else that owns

That spot that yer standing , that space that you're sitting

That the world ain't got you beat

That it ain't got you licked

It can't get you crazy no matter how many

Times you might get kicked

You need something special all right

You need something special to give you hope

But hope's just a word

That maybe you said or maybe you heard

On some windy corner' round a wide-angled curve

But that's what you need man , and you need it bad And yer trouble is you know it too good 'Cause you look an' you start getting the chills

'Cause you can't find it on a dollar bill

And it ain't on Macy's window sill

And it ain't on no rich kid's road map

And it ain't no fat kid's fraternity house

And it ain't made in no Hollywood wheat germ

And it ain't on that dimlit stage

With that half-wit comedian on it

Ranting and raving and taking yer money

And you think it's funny

No you can't find it in no night club or no yacht club

And it ain't in the seats of a supper club

And sure as hell you're bound to tell That no matter how hard you rub You just ain't a-gonna find it on yer ticket stub No, and it ain't in the rumors people're tellin' you And it ain't in the pimple-lotion people are sellin' you And it ain't in no cardboard-box house Or down any movie star's blouse And you can't find it on the golf course And Uncle Remus can't tell you and neither can Santa Claus And it ain't in the cream puff hair-do or cotton candy clothes And it ain't in the dime store dummies or bubblegum goons And it ain't in the marshmallow noises of the chocolate cake voices That come knockin' and tappin' in Christmas wrappin' Sayin' ain't I pretty and ain't I cute and look at my skin Look at my skin shine, look at my skin glow Look at my skin laugh, look at my skin cry When you can't even sense if they got any insides These people so pretty in their ribbons and bows No you'll not now or no other day Find it on the doorsteps made out a paper maché And inside it the people made of molasses That every other day buy a new pair of sunglasses And it ain't in the fifty-star generals and flipped-out phonies Who'd turn yuh in for a tenth of a penny Who breathe and burp and bend and crack

And before you can count from one to ten

Do it all over again but this time behind ver back

World Poetic Schools

My friend

The ones that wheel and deal and whirl and twirl

And play games with each other in their sand-box world

And you can't find it either in the no-talent fools

That run around gallant

And make all rules for the ones that got talent

And it ain't in the ones that ain't got any talent but think they do

And think they're foolin' you

The ones who jump on the wagon

Just for a while 'cause they know it's in style

To get their kicks, get out of it quick

And make all kins of money and chicks

And you yell to yourself and you throw down yer hat

Savin', 'Christ do I gotta be like that

Ain't there no one here that knows where I'm at

Ain't there no one here that knows how I feel

Good God Almighty

THAT STUFF AIN'T REAL'

No but that ain't ver game, it ain't even ver race You can't hear ver name, vou can't see ver face You gotta look some other place And where do you look for this hope that ver seekin' Where do you look for this lamp that's a-burnin' Where do you look for this oil well gushin' Where do you look for this candle that's glowin' Where do you look for this hope that you know is there And out there somewhere
And your feet can only walk down two kinds of roads
You eyes can only look through two kinds of windows
Your nose can only smell two kind of hallways
You can touch and twist
And turn two kinds of doorknobs
You can either go to the church of your choice
Or you can go to Brooklyn State Hospital
You'll find God in the church of your choice

You'll find Woody Guthrie in Brooklyn State Hospital

And though it's only my opinion
I may be right or wrong
You'll find them both
In the Grand Canyon
At sundown

对伍迪 · 加斯里的最后思考

迪伦

当你的头脑扭曲意志麻痹 当你觉得太年老、太年少、聪明过人或是愚蠢以极 当你落在后面走失了步调 身处节奏缓慢的爬行或是生活忙碌的人潮 不管你在做什么只要你开始放手 只要酒没有倒满你的杯子向外溢流 只要你侧着身子被风捉住一只手还在紧握 另一只开始滑脱这种感觉就会突然失落 你火车引擎的火苗需要一个新的火星来帮它燃起 木柴信手便可找来但你就是懒得拾取 你的人行道开始卷曲街道变成无比漫长 你就开始倒着行走尽管你知道这很荒唐 夜幕降临孤寂升起 明天的早晨似乎那么谣不可及 你感到你的马驹正在脱缰 你的绳子开始滑落因为你的双手在滴答流淌 你那阳光涂抹的沙漠和永远青绿的山谷 变成了破败的贫民窟和垃圾堆满的小巷 你的天空哭出水来你的排水管道开始流倾 闪电划讨雷声轰鸣 窗户撞击打碎屋顶也在摇晃

你的整个世界都在轰隆作响 你阳光的分钟变为风雨的小时 有时你对自己说起 "我从没想到会是这样, 我出生的那天他们为什么没有对我讲?" 你开始哆嗦你从汗流中一跃而起 你在寻找你还没太找着的什么东西 你在没膝的黑水中双手伸向天空 整个世界都是趴着窗户盯着你看的观众 你心爱的姑娘离去她早已飞远 你心里觉得恶心就像鱼儿正被炸煎 你的风镐从手中掉下砸在脚上 你急需用它它却躺在路旁 你的门铃刺耳响起你却听不见它的敲击 你想你的耳朵一定出了问题 要不就是你的眼睛被挡住目光的灰尘弄得肮脏无比 你觉得昨天匆忙之中你又输了精光 面对着一副四张同花你被蒙着受骗上当 其实你手中一直攥着三张女王 这让你发疯使你卑鄙 就像《生活》杂志的中间 在弹球机四周被弹来弹去 你心头有件事情你想要说起 什么人在什么地方应在倾听 但它困在你的舌头上封在你的脑袋里 当你躺到了床上它又扰得你不得安宁 不管你怎么费劲你就是无从说起

你又打心里害怕你会把它忘记 你的眼睛泡在你头中的泪水开始迷乱 你羽毛的枕头变成了铅块的毛毯 狮口大张你瞪着它的牙齿 他的爪子把你擒在下面开始合闭 你便平身俯卧着双手在背后相系 你直希望你从没理睬那最后一个绕行标记 你便对自己说 我究竟在干什么 要踏上这条大街,在这条小径上转过 在这条弯路上游荡 在这条诵道上徜徉 在我占据的这块土地 在我吸入的空气 我是否太讨困惑我是否太讨迷茫 我干嘛要走我要奔向何方 我在说着什么我又知道些什么 关于我弹起的这把吉他 我抚弄的这把班卓 我拨响的这把曼陀林 我吟咏着的这支歌曲 我哼唱着的旋律 我写着的词句 我想着的言语 在我无时无刻不痛饮着的时钟海域 我在帮助谁我在打碎什么 我在给予什么我又收回几多 但你试图以整个灵魂来尽量 永远不去想这些念头也永远不让 这类的思想滋长 或是把你的心灵击撞 但是然后你又明白了他们为什么总在一旁

静等着一个机会滑下掉在地上 因为有时你听得见它们的声音当夜晚潜入 你害怕他们会在你睡着的时候把你捉住 你从床上一跃而起 从你梦境的最后一章 你怎么也记不起来尽管你竭力思想 在梦中尖叫的到底是不是你 你知道你需要的是什么特别的东西 你知道没有哪种毒品会让你痊愈 这块大地上也没什么烈酒能将你脑中的流血止息 你需要什么特别的东西 是啊你是需要什么特别的东西 你需要一辆飞驰的列车急驶干飓风铁轨 把你射向什么地方再把你射回 你需要蒸汽机车鸣笛上的一阵回旋风浪 永远地碰碰撞撞降降吹响 对你的烦恼了如指掌 你需要一辆不会隔开人种的灰狗公车 不会讥笑你的模样 你的声音或是你的面色 票簿中不论哪组数字的赌注 在泃泃糖的疯狂长久讨后仍在不停骨碌 你需要什么东西来打开一扇新的门窗 给你展现你似曾相识 但屡屡略讨的风光 你需要什么东西来睁开你的眼睛 你需要什么来把这一切澄清 是你不是别人占据

你站着的这块地方,你坐着的这个领域 这世界不会把你奴役 它怎么也不会击败你 它不会让你疯狂不论你有讨多少次经历 曾经被人踢来踢去 你是需要什么特别的东西 你需要什么特别的东西给你希冀 但希冀只是一个词语 你或许说起你也许听讨 在某条角度宽阔的弯路上的一个狂风角落 但是这就是你的需要,你实在是急切需要 而你的问题就是你太过明了 因为一旦放眼望去你就开始浑身战栗 因为你在美元钞票上发现它无踪无迹 它也不在梅茜的窗台 或是富家子弟的指路地图 或是哪个胖孩子的联谊楼宅 好莱坞的麦种也不能把它制出 或是哪个灯光昏暗的舞台 上面站着个半瓶醋的喜剧演员 拿腔作调胡说八道还骗走你的钱 你居然还在笑声不断 无论是游艇俱乐部还是夜总会 还是晚餐宴席的座位 毫无疑问你定会发现 不管你如何揉搓 你也不会在你的票根上找见

不 它也不在人们告诉你的流言里 或是人们兜售给你的乳液用以防治粉刺 或是什么硬纸板盒的房子 或是哪个电影明星的衬衣 它不在高尔夫球场 瑞摩思叔叔不能告诉你圣诞老人也无法帮忙 不论是女里女气的发式还是花里胡哨的棉布衣衫 不论是一毛钱商店的模特还是嚼着口香糖的笨蛋 还是巧克力蛋糕声响中发出躁音的稀糖 叩动着敲打着圣诞的包装 说着我漂不漂亮我可不可爱看看我的皮肤 看我的皮肤发光 看我的皮肤闪亮 看我的皮肤大笑 看我的皮肤哭泣 当你根本觉不出它们里面到底有没有什么东西 这些缠着丝带打着领结的俊男靓女 无论你现在还是任何一天 都不会在纸浆铺成的台阶上发现 里面住着的人们都是糖精生命 每隔一天就会买上一副新的墨镜 或是万十颗星的将军和神志不清的伪君子 这些人只为一厘钱就会出卖你 他们吸气打嗝弯腰折断 还没等你从一到十数完 又全部做了一谝但这次是在你的背后 我的朋友 这些人一手遮天旋来转去 在他们沙箱的世界中彼此玩着游戏

或是毫无天才的蠢货 他们四处奔走故作勇猛 为那些具备天赋的人们订出所有规则 它也不在那些毫无天赋但自以为是 以为欺骗了你的人们里 他们跳上汽车 只乘一下因为这就是时尚 过了遍瘾又急急逃脱 赢得所有的钱财和姑娘 你对自己大喊你扔下你的帽子 说着",基督啊难道我非得这样 难道这里没有一个人知道我在哪里 难道这里没有一个人知道我心所想 万能的上帝

这一切不是直的"

不但这不是你的游戏这甚至不是你的赛场你听不见你的名字你看不到你的面庞你得去看看别的地方你到哪里去寻找你正在找寻的希望哪里去寻找这盏燃烧的灯光哪里去寻找这口迸发的油井哪里去寻找这支发亮的烛星哪里去寻找这份你知道一定会有的希望它一定就在什么地方而你的双脚只能踏出两条道路你的双眼只能看穿两种窗户

你的鼻子只能嗅到两类廊厅你会触碰扭拧旋转两种门柄你或者走向你所选择的一个教堂或是走在前往布鲁克林医院的路上你会在你选定的教堂找到上帝你会在布鲁克林医院找到伍迪加斯里也许这是我的思路我也许正确也许错误你两样都将找出在大峡谷

(李鸥 译)

作为民谣摇滚的领袖,鲍勃·迪伦广为人知;但是鲜为人知的是他的歌词、诗歌已被收入美国现代诗歌的选集。迪论的诗歌与垮掉派血脉相承,他将垮掉派与爵士乐的密切相息以摇滚乐的形式发扬光大,使诗与歌的艺术更为和谐地融为一体。虽然他的大多作品是"歌",用来演唱,这首《对伍迪·加斯里的最后思考》却是"诗",也是迪伦当众吟诵的第一首与最后一首诗。迪伦以沙哑的声音飞快的语速咏诵的这首诗如《嚎叫》一般继承了惠特曼式诗行繁复冗长的风格,紧促拗口的音节、频繁更换布景的意象仿佛揭示了诗人焦灼躁动的精神探寻,诗中的喃喃呓语扪心自问像其他垮掉派诗歌一般显露出自我忏悔的风格。诗人话音一落,纽约演出大厅中雷动掌声旋即响起,迪伦献给前辈的诗行(伍迪·加斯里被尊为美国民谣之父)已不仅是自己的内心剖白,它在苦苦寻找栖身之屿的心灵中都引起了共鸣。