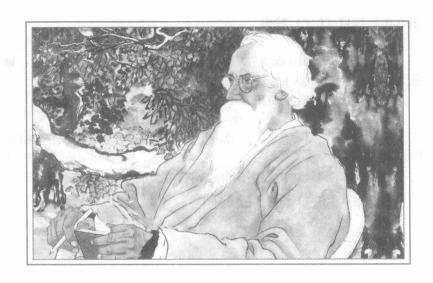


徐悲鸿 绘

泰戈尔自传

[印度]泰戈尔◎著



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名家评价



我们之所以颁给泰戈尔诺贝尔文学奖,不仅是为了表彰"他的诗作蕴含的深沉意味与崇高的目标",更是为了称赞他"用一种西方文学可以接受的形式来表达对于古老、美丽而又清新的东方思想之生动的语言"。

——瑞典文学院

美国著名诗人庞德于1912年9月发表了一篇文章,在文章中,他预言泰戈尔在本年的冬天便会名声大噪、风靡欧洲,在文章中,他还指出了泰戈尔写作的英文的许多亮点。在他后来的几篇文章中,不断地强调泰戈尔诗歌中独有的宁静感。庞德甚至还赞扬说,他本人与泰戈尔这位纯朴的东方人比起来,自己更像是一个披着兽皮的野人。

在世界上的任何一个角落,泰戈尔一直在循循善诱地启迪着人们的心灵,让所有人接受他那寓意深刻的教诲。在那些得到泰戈尔启迪的人的眼中,泰戈尔就是福音的受惠者,是泰戈尔通俗易懂的语言将福音带给了所有人。这个福音源于东方的宝库,并且,这个宝库的存在早已存在于我们的猜测之中。泰戈尔将自己伸手即来的宝藏无私地分施给所有人,他视自己为一个简单的传播工具,从来不想在别人面前以天才或是发明家的身份自居。……虽然泰戈尔可以借鉴他祖国的先贤训示,但是,在这个通过和平与矛盾使地球上的所有人走得更近的时代,他只能踩在更坚实的土地之上。他全身心地建立一种社会的共同责任感,让美好的祝愿飞过大地与海洋,教导人们全身心地投入到和平事业之中。

——瑞典文学院诺贝尔奖委员会主席 哈拉德•耶尔纳

泰戈尔创作的诗"是社会高度文明的产物,就像在沃土中茁壮成长的灯芯草"。泰戈尔用孟加拉语和英语两种语言写作,将印度的传统思想与西方的人道主义糅合在一起,在这些佳作中"我们能够发现一种在其他文学作品中所没有的深厚的淳朴"以及崇高的浪漫主义。

——爱尔兰诗人 叶芝

泰戈尔为印度最伟大之人物,自十二岁起,即以阪格耳之方言为 诗,求文学革命之成功,历五十年而不改其志。今阪格耳之方言,已 经泰氏之努力,而成为世界的文学,其革命的精神,实有足为吾青年 取法者,故吾人对于其他方面纵不满足于泰戈尔,而于文学革命一 段,亦当取法于泰戈尔。

——中国著名学者 胡适

关于作者

1861年5月7日,泰戈尔出生在印度加尔各答一个条件宽裕的贵族 家庭。他的父亲和哥哥姐姐们都是当时的社会贤达与文化名人。泰戈 尔生活在一个这样的家庭环境中, 受到了良好的教养与熏陶, 天智大 开,他在很年轻的时候就踏上了文学的道路。泰戈尔八岁起开始写 诗,十二岁开始创作剧本,十四岁成功发表了第一首诗《献给印度教 徒庙会》,十五岁发表了第一首长诗《野花》,十七岁发表了一首叙 事诗《诗人的故事》。 当泰戈尔步入成年后, 他的创作可以说是一发 而不可收, 无论是在印度国内还是国际上, 都产生了重要的影响。在 他漫长的六十多年创作生涯中,他共发表了五十多部著名诗集,十二 部中长篇小说,百余篇短篇小说,二百多个剧本以及多篇文史哲相关 的论文,还有他的回忆录、游记、书简等作品。他于1921年出版的著 名诗集《吉檀迦利》受到了人们的重视,得到许多世界文坛巨匠的称 赞,并因此而获得诺贝尔文学奖。小说《喀布尔人》、《素芭》以及 《摩诃摩耶》都是世界短篇小说宝库中的名贵珍品。《赐罪》、《顽固 堡垒》、《红夹竹桃》三部作品,是在当时的印度社会产生了极大反响 的现实主义戏剧佳作。泰戈尔不仅作诗、写小说,他还是一个收获巨 丰的作曲家与画家。

在印度民族解放运动高潮时期,泰戈尔创作的许多洋溢着爱国激情的歌曲,成为鼓舞印度人民与殖民统治进行长期斗争的强大精神武器。其中,《人民的意志》这首歌于1950年被印度人民定为印度本国的国歌。泰戈尔一生绘画了千余幅画,曾经在世界各地展览,受到了人民大众的欢迎与收藏。

泰戈尔一生以艺术为本,但始终以爱国爱民为己任。他的一生都

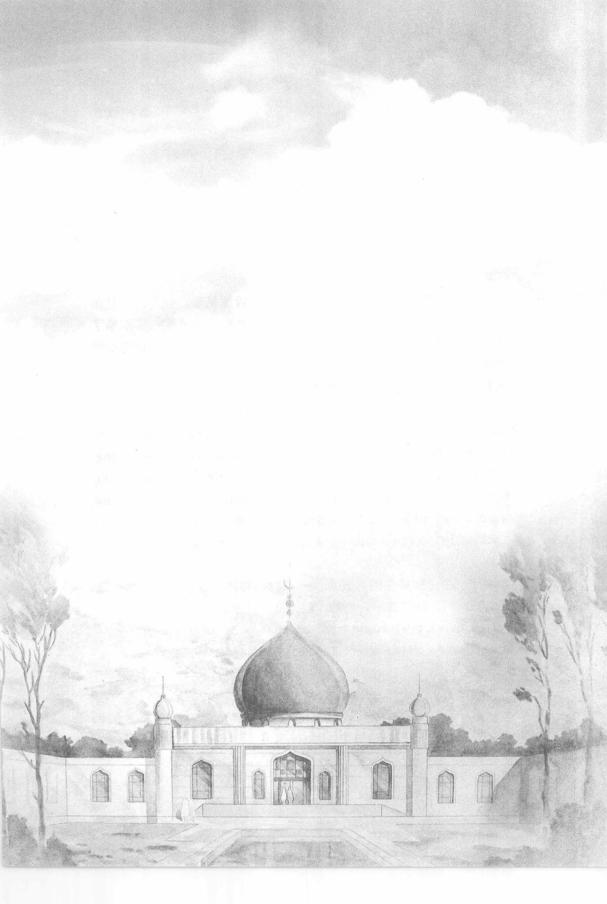
是在英国殖民者的统治下度过的。印度国家的沦亡、民族的屈辱以及人民大众的苦难,给他的思想带来了巨大的影响。在他的作品中,无一不表现出强烈的爱国主义思想。泰戈尔虽然生于富贵的家庭,并且与英国殖民统治者有种种联系,但他爱憎分明、立场坚定、思想明确。他曾经给英国总督写信,表达抗议殖民统治的思想,并且高唱自己创作的爱国诗歌,走在游行队伍的最前面。他主动放弃了英国政府授予他的爵位和特权。对世界上所有生活在帝国主义侵略和压迫下的人民,泰戈尔都表现出极大的同情与支持。他非常热爱和平,与世界各国的文化名人一起建立起和平团体。二十世纪三十年代,当德、意、日法西斯发起侵略战争的时候,泰戈尔呼吁全世界人民:"在我去世之前,我要向所有的家庭呼吁——准备战斗吧,反抗那些披着人皮的野兽。"可以说,直到1941年泰戈尔逝世,他始终在为光明与正义战斗在第一线。

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我不知道谁在记忆的画本上绘画;但不管他是谁,他所画的是图画;我的意思是说他不只是用他的画笔忠实地把正在发生的事情摹了下来。他是根据他的爱好或添或减。他把大的东西画小了,也把小的东西画大了。他毫不在乎地把前面的东西放在背景里,或把后面的东西放到前面来。总而言之,他是在绘画而不是在写历史。

I know not who paints the pictures on memory's canvas; but whoever he may be, what he is painting are pictures; by which I mean that he is not there with his brush simply to make a faithful copy of all that is happening. He takes in and leaves out according to his taste. He makes many a big thing small and small thing big. He has no compunction in putting into the background that which was to the fore, or bringing to the front that which was behind. In short he is painting pictures, and not writing history.

这样,在"生活"的外表上,一系列的事情走过了,在内里也画出了一套图画。这二者是符合的,但不是一件东西。

Thus, over Life's outward aspect passes the series of events, and within is being painted a set of pictures. The two correspond but are not one.

我们没有工夫去彻底查看我们心中的画室。其中的一部分常常吸引我们的眼光,但是更大的一部分总在黑暗的、看不到的地方。为什么那永远忙碌的画家总在绘画;他什么时候可以画完;他的画要在哪个画廊陈列出来——谁能说出呢?

We do not get the leisure to view thoroughly this studio within us. Portions of it now and then catch our eye, but the greater part remains out of sight in the darkness. Why the ever-busy painter is painting; when he will have done; for what gallery his pictures are destined—whocan tell?

几年以前,因为有人问起我的往事,我得到了去窥探这间画室的机会。我以为能为我的传记选出一些材料就可以满意了。后来我发现,我一打开门,生活的记忆不是生活的历史,而是一个不知名的画家的创作。到处涂抹的五彩斑斓的颜色,不是外面光线的反映,而是出自画家自己的、来自他心中情感的渲染。因此在画布上的记录不能像法庭上的证据那样适用。

Some years ago, on being questioned as to the events of my past life, I had occasion to pry into this picture-chamber. I had thought to be content with selecting some few materials for my Life's story. I then discovered, as I opened the door, that Life's memories are not Life's history, but the original work of an unseen Artist. The variegated colours scattered about are not reflections of outside lights, but belong to the painter himself, and come passion-tinged from his heart; thereby unfitting the record on the canvas for use as evidence in a court of law.

虽然从记忆的仓库里去收集正确的历史这种尝试是没有结果的, 而在重看这些图画时却有一种魅力,一种对我诱惑的魅力。

But though the attempt to gather precise history from memory's storehouse may be fruitless, there is a fascination in looking over the pictures, a fascination which cast its spell on me.

我们走着的旅途,我们憩息的路旁凉亭,在我们走路的时候还不是图画——它们太必需了,太明显了。而在进到夜晚的驿舍之前,我们回顾我们在生命的早晨所走过的城市、田野、江河、山岭,那时,在过去一天的光辉中,它们就真是一幅一幅的图画。这样,当我的机会来到,我好好地回顾一下,就热心起来了。

The road over which we journey, the wayside shelter in which we

pause, are not pictures while yet we travel--they are too necessary, too obvious. When, however, before turning into the evening resthouse, we look back upon the cities, fields, rivers and hills which we have been through in Life's morning, then, in the light of the passing day, are they pictures indeed. Thus, when my opportunity came, did I look back, and was engrossed.

只为了是我自己的往事而引起我的自然的情感,因而引起我的兴趣吗?这其中当然一定有些个人的情感,但这些图画本身也有其独立的艺术价值。我的回忆录中的事情,没有哪一件是值得永远保存的,但是主题质量不是写记录的唯一理由。一个人实地感到的事情,只要能使别人也感觉到,对于我们的同类往往也是重要的。如果在记忆中形成的图画能够用文字写下来,它们在文学上是配占一个地位的。

Was this interest aroused within me solely by a natural affection for my own past? Some personal feeling, of course, there must have been, but the pictures had also an independent artistic value of their own. There is no event in my reminiscences worthy of being preserved for all time. But the quality of the subject is not the only justification for a record. What one has truly felt, if only it can be made sensible to others, is always of importance to one's fellow men. If pictures which have taken shape in memory can be brought out in words, they are worth a place in literature.

我是把我的记忆的图画当做文学材料贡献出来的。若把它当做一个自 传的尝试那就错了。那样去看的话,这些回忆不但无用,而且也不完全。

It is as literary material that I offer my memory pictures. To take them as an attempt at autobiography would be a mistake. In such a view these reminiscences would appear useless as well as incomplete.

2 教育开始

Teaching Begins

我们三个男孩子在一块儿长大。我的两个同伴都比我大两岁。他们从师受业的时候,我的教育也开始了,但我学过什么,在记忆中一点也没有留下。

We three boys were being brought up together. Both my companions were two years older than I. When they were placed under their tutor, my teaching also began, but of what I learnt nothing remains in my memory.

我时常忆起的是:"雨儿滴沥着,叶儿颤动着。"^①我刚刚渡过风暴的Kara Khala^②地带,抛下锚来;我念着"雨儿滴沥着,叶儿颤动着",对于我是诗王的第一首诗。每当这一天的欢乐回到我心上的时候,甚至于在今天,我也体会到为什么诗歌是那样地需要韵律。只因为有了韵律,字句终止了而又没有终止,背诵过了,余音还在回响着;耳朵和心还能够不时地把韵律抛来抛去地玩着。这样,在我一生的意识中,雨儿就不停地滴沥着,叶儿就不停地颤动着。

What constantly recurs to me is "The rain patters, the leaf quivers." I am just come to anchor after crossing the stormy region of the kara, khala series; and I am reading "The rain patters, the leaf quivers," for me the first poem of the Arch Poet. Whenever the joy of that day comes back to me, even now, I realise why rhyme is so needful in poetry. Because of it the words come to an end, and yet end not; the utterance is over, but not its

① 孟加拉儿童初级读本里的韵文。

② 双音的练习。

ring; and the ear and the mind can go on and on with their game of tossing the rhyme to each other. Thus did the rain patter and the leaves quiver again and again, the live-long day in my consciousness.

我童年时期还有一段插曲, 在我心里也记得很真。

Another episode of this period of my early boyhood is held fast in my mind.

我们有一个名叫卡拉什的老会计,他就像我们家里人一样。他是一个大滑稽家,整天对老老少少任何人都讲笑话;新姑爷,新亲戚,都是他特别嘲弄的对象。使人疑心到连他死后也还有幽默。有一次,家里的大人们试作与阴间通讯的扶乩。乩笔有一次画出卡拉什字样。人问他在那边的生活怎样。他回答说,"我什么都不说。我死后才知道的东西,你们想轻易地就得到吗?"

We had an old cashier, Kailash by name, who was like one of the family. He was a great wit, and would be constantly cracking jokes with everybody, old and young; recently married sons-in-law, new comers into the family circle, being his special butts. There was room for the suspicion that his humour had not deserted him even after death. Once my elders were engaged in an attempt to start a postal service with the other world by means of a planchette. At one of the sittings the pencil scrawled out the name of Kailash. He was asked as to the sort of life one led where he was. Not a bit of it, was the reply. "Why should you get so cheap what I had to die to learn?"

这位卡拉什曾为讨我的好对我哇啦哇啦地唱着他自己编的歪诗。我是这篇诗里的主人翁,诗中还有在期待中将要来临的女主人翁在闪闪发光。我在听的时候,我的心思就粘在这位坐在"将来"的怀抱的"宝座上",光艳照人的绝代的新娘这一幅画上。她从头到脚戴着的一系列宝饰,从未听过的豪华的婚礼准备,可能会使大一点的、聪明一点的人都晕头转向,但是感动了这孩子的,使美妙欢乐的图画在他的幻象中飞闪的,还是那迅速铿锵的尾韵和摇曳的节奏。

This Kailash used to rattle off for my special delectation a doggerel ballad of his own composition. The hero was myself and there was a glowing anticipation of the arrival of a heroine. And as I listened my interest would wax intense at the picture of this world-charming bride illuminating the lap of the future in which she sat enthroned. The list of the jewellery with which she was bedecked from head to foot, and the unheard of splendour of the preparations for the bridal, might have turned older and wiser heads; but what moved the boy, and set wonderful joy pictures flitting before his vision, was the rapid jingle of the frequent rhymes and the swing of the rhythm.

这两段文学上的愉快至今还留连在我的记忆里——此外还有,是儿童的古诗:"雨点滴滴下,潮水涨上河。"

These two literary delights still linger in my memory--and there is the other, the infants' classic: "The rain falls pit-a-pat, the tide comes up the river."

我记得的第二件事,是我的学校生活的开始。有一天我看见我的六哥和我的外甥萨提亚,也是比我大一点的,都上学去了,把我丢下,因为我不够年龄。我从来没有坐过车子,也没有出过家门。因此当萨提亚回来,说着许多浮夸的、他路上遇到的惊险闪光的故事的时候,我感到我不能再呆在家里了。我们的家庭教师企图用正确的指教和震响的耳光来驱逐我的幻象:"你现在哭着要进学校,将来恐怕你更要哭着想离开学校呢。"对于这位老师的姓名、面貌和脾气,我一点都不记得了,但对于他的沉重的教导和更沉重的手掌的印象,至今还没有消失。我这一辈子还没有听见过比这句话更真实的预言。

The next thing I remember is the beginning of my school-life. One day I saw my elder brother, and my sister's son Satya, also a little older than myself, starting off to school, leaving me behind, accounted unfit. I had never before ridden in a carriage nor even been out of the house. So when Satya came back, full of unduly glowing accounts of his adventures on the way, I felt I simply could not stay at home. Our tutor tried to dispel my illusion with sound advice

and a resounding slap: "You're crying to go to school now, you'll have to cry a lot more to be let off later on." I have no recollection of the name, features or disposition of this tutor of ours, but the impression of his weighty advice and weightier hand has not yet faded. Never in my life have I heard a truer prophecy.

我的啼哭就使我不到年龄也被送进东方学校去了。我在那里学了些什么,我一点印象也没有;但是有一种责罚的方法我还记在心里。凡是不能背诵功课的儿童,就被罚站在凳子上,两臂伸开,手掌向上,上面叠放着几块石板。这种方法会不会促进孩子们对事物更好的认识,是心理学家可以争论的问题。我就这样在很小的年纪开始了我的学校教育。

My crying drove me prematurely into the Oriental Seminary. What I learnt there I have no idea, but one of its methods of punishment I still bear in mind. The boy who was unable to repeat his lessons was made to stand on a bench with arms extended, and on his upturned palms were piled a number of slates. It is for psychologists to debate how far this method is likely to conduce to a better grasp of things. I thus began my schooling at an extremely tender age.

我对于文学的登堂入室是有它的根源的,但也由于下房流行的书籍,其中最主要的是译成孟加拉文的昌纳克耶的格言,和克里狄瓦斯的《罗摩衍那》。

My initiation into literature had its origin, at the same time, in the books which were in vogue in the servants' quarters. Chief among these were a Bengali translation of Chanakya's aphorisms, and the *Ramayana* of Krittivasa.

那一天读《罗摩衍那》的图画,很清晰地回到我心上来。

A picture of one day's reading of the *Ramayana* comes clearly back to me.