

老舍全集（五）

四、五卷说明

这两卷收入长篇小说《四世同堂》。

第一部《惶惑》写于1944年，同年11月10日至1945年9月2日在《扫荡报》连载。良友复兴图书印刷公司1946年1月、3月分上、下册初版。

第二部《偷生》写于1945年，同年5月1日至12月15日在《世界日报》连载。晨光出版公司1946年11月分上、下册初版。

第三部《饥荒》1947年至1948年写于纽约，前二十段发表于1950年上海《小说》杂志。后十三段（即本书第八十八段至第一百段）未曾发表，中文原稿已毁，1982年由马小弥根据《四世同堂》的英文节译本 *The Yellow Storm*（由作者删节，Ida Pruitt 译，1951年纽约 *Harcourt and Brace Company* 出版）复译为中文，发表于1982年《十月》杂志，后为一些《四世同堂》版本所采用。此次入集，由胡允桓对译文重新作了校订，并将后十三段英文附于卷末。

作品据原刊校勘，并增加一些简注。

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附录：

The Yellow Storm

风吹草动

（后十三段）

Chapter Fifteen

*L*AN THE EASTERN SUN had moved around among the secret service. In one day he had arrested twelve students and one teacher from the School of Railway Administration. What all these thirteen confessed was the same—contact with Chungking. Their fate was the same—death.

The Headmaster of the Railway School was discharged. Lan the Eastern Sun became Acting Headmaster.

His greatest objective was to squeeze the grain of the students. Thirteen lives to accomplish for him this greatest of his ambitions! He was excited and pleased with himself. He was now a department head and a headmaster. He felt that he was indeed great, as great as the Japanese soldiers who had competed to slaughter and rape in Nanking.

He had spent two hours preparing a speech for his inauguration. He wrote it in the classic style. He knew that the Japanese liked the Chinese who wrote in the classic style.

But before he could read his speech Fat Chrysanthemum had already driven out the chief accountant who had been appointed by Eastern Sun and had herself taken the post. The key to that treasury that had been bought with thirteen lives was taken by Fat Chrysanthemum. Eastern Sun bit his fingernails until they bled. He wanted to order the servants of the school to bind her and take her home, but she had already drafted

Meydee as her personal guard. Meydee's title was Dean of the Girl Students. Eastern Sun dared not offend Meydee.

Up to the time of Rearl Harbor, Meydee had watched the Westerners and had been very successful. She not only spied on the Americans and the English, but had drawn the Germans, Italians, French, and Russians into her net. Her body had become international.

Because she was used to being with Westerners she entirely ignored the Chinese, she thought of Chinese men as impotent. To seek the second best she would make friends with the Japanese men. She had lost the Eastern woman's quietude and shyness, and thought of herself as starting a new pattern.

Lan the Eastern Sun dared not offend Meydee nor did he dare punish Fat Chrysanthemum.

Rey Tang thought out carefully and dispassionately how to deal with these three.

When he had made up his mind he met Meydee casually and as if by accident.

Meydee now had quite a bit of leisure. All the Westerners in Peiping who should be in concentration camps were in concentration camps, and those who were not to be in prison had arm bands showing what country they came from. She needed no longer to cultivate them.

She was not interested in the work of the school but was only helping Fat Chrysanthemum. She went to the school in the afternoons only, to see if any students needed discipline, and whom she should frighten a time or two. She would then slip away from the school and go to the places of amusement to pass her time. Her mother had had a home but she had none where

she could entertain her friends. When she was at leisure, however, she was welcome everywhere. No one dared to treat her coldly. The gambling houses, the opium dens, the brothels, the theaters, and the cinemas all welcomed her. Difficulties could be solved easily if one had her as a friend.

On this day Meydee had made up to be unusually beautiful. To dress herself up had become her greatest comfort and enjoyment. She knew that she was a flower that would soon fade and that she must use great care in dressing and make-up, and she was afraid each morning to look in the mirror. Without the red lips and the penciled eyebrows it seemed she did not know herself.

Her lips and cheeks were painted red and her eyebrows like bamboo leaves. Although there was no wind she had a white gauze scarf over her hair. Her red dress of thin light wool fitted her closely, and showed clearly her breasts and hips. Hanging from her shoulders was a short Persian lamb coat which showed her plump and beautiful legs.

The gauze on her head, her red gown, and her fur coat had all been bought with her body. She could not remember which had been given her by which White Russian, and which she had accepted from a French merchant. She felt only that she should be proud of herself, that in this Peiping that lacked everything, she still could dress so well.

Rey Tang followed Meydee from a short distance. He was troubled in his heart. That girl who looked like a bird of prey had been his boyhood love and an angel. He looked at her back. His warm young blood rose like a tide in his mind.

Would he want to keep company with a bird of prey?

Nonsense. The tide of his hot blood receded. He must control himself. He was not a young man of peaceful years. He must be cold and make himself as hard and cold as a piece of ice. He straightened his back to show that he was firm and hard.

At the front gate of the North Sea Park he pushed forward and bought the entrance tickets. "Meydee, do you remember me?" he asked with a slight smile on his face. He was afraid that because his clothes were so poor Meydee might not be willing to recognize him. But Meydee at once recognized him and smiled almost naturally. "Oh, you, Old Three."

In her smile Old Three suddenly saw the Meydee of before the war, as sometimes in the mirror he could see himself of eight or ten years ago.

He looked at her again. No, she did not look like the Meydee of before the war, but he still hoped to see that Meydee. That was the Meydee he had loved-loved in his dreams.

He forced himself to smile and went with her into the park. He stepped forward and walked shoulder to shoulder with her. Quite naturally she gave him her arm.

When he touched her arm Rey Tang felt a lightness and exhilaration. Immediately he gave himself a warning, "Be careful, be careful." He moved closer to her but his heart lost that lightness and exhilaration. He was arm in arm with a prostitute, a spy, an enemy. If he let himself be moved by her he was a lost dog.

She leaned on him. "Where have you been amusing yourself these last few years?" she asked in a casual manner as though it did not matter whether she asked or not.

He looked at her face again and in his heart he spat. If he

had the slightest desire to love her it would be low and shameful. He was a good Son of Han who had traveled to the south and to the north; he should regard as valuable his dignity as a Son of Han. Who, me? Don't you know?" He must show some of his cunning; he was an underground worker dealing with a member of the secret service.

"I really don't know."

"What does it matter whether you know or don't know?" he said in a hard voice.

After walking a few steps she suddenly laughed. "Have you a girl?"

Rey Tang could not guess whether she was teasing him or whether she was laughing at herself. "No, I'm always thinking of you."

"That's hard to believe." She smiled again but immediately became silent.

Rey Tang thought that no matter how low she had fallen she was after all a human being. There was still some feeling which could not be changed.

There were not many people in the park. When they came close to a great old willow tree Meydee's shoulder touched Rey Tang's arm. They walked behind the tree. When they reached the back of the tree she embraced him.

Rey Tang looked down and saw her face, her eyebrows, eyes, and the red lips so brightly colored. It seemed as if he were not looking at a face but at a palette smeared with thick paints. He wanted to push her away, but her breasts and legs were against him—very soft and seductive.

She kissed him.

He could not help but hold her more closely. She was no longer soiled, nor low, nor dangerous. She was his once-beloved. Her face and body were fragrant.

Softly and slowly she said, "Old Three, I still love you, truly."

Pretending to be touched Rey Tang hung his head.

"Now what? You can't even talk." She had changed again. She shifted the weight of her coat and walked away.

Rey Tang hurried after her. He could not let her go. She had kissed him and said that she loved him, but he had to remember how much young blood there was on her hands. No, he could not let her go. He must be as hardhearted and ruthless as she.

Reaching her side he again took hold of her arm. "Ha! You still have the same disposition. At the slightest crossing of your will you change and become angry."

"Of course," she said with her mouth twisted. "Don't be a fool. I don't give my kisses for nothing."

"I have nothing to give you but my love." Old Three could hear that his words were empty and unconvincing.

"Oh, you are still the way you were years ago — "Suddenly she refused to say any more.

"You — what about you?"

Meydee still said nothing but came closer to him. After walking a few more steps she lifted her face and looked at him. "old Three, I will give you whatever you want. Really, I really love you."

Old Three did not know how to answer her.

"Really, whatever you want I will give you," she said a-

gain.

Old Three saw that to Meydee there was no difference between love and lust. He aroused her old feeling for him and she wanted to express that old love with lust. She was still the pure Meydee of the old days and at the same time she was a prostitute who sold her body. Old Three warned himself, "Forget that she is Meydee, forget that she is a prostitute, remember only that she is an agent of the Japanese secret service."

They had reached the foot of the White Dagoba which seemed tall and slender in the thin Sunlight.

"Shall we go into the grottoes under the Dagoba?" she suggested without the slightest shame.

"Won't it be cold there?" Rey Tang purposely pretended to be stupid.

"It is warm there in the winter and cool in the summer." She began to walk fast.

When they first went in, the grotto was quite dark and Meydee held Rey Tang's hand. Her hand was so warm, Rey Tang began to breathe quickly. She was not a prostitute or a member of the secret police; she was his love.

They went slowly down several stairways and came to a little piece of level ground where there was a square stone table and four little stone stools. At the top of the cave was a hole through which came a little light.

Meydee sat on one of the small stone stools and Rey Tang sat beside her.

The light in the cave was weak and the red on her face and lips was less glaring. Rey Tang seemed to see the Meydee of the old.

"What are you thinking about, Old Three?" Meydee

asked.

"I? I am not thinking about anything."

"You?" She smiled at him. "Don't lie to me. I know all about your business."

Rey Tang glanced quickly in all directions to see if there were anyone hiding.

"Don't be afraid. I am alone here. I can handle you alone."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you understand? You see, we once loved each other."

Rey Tang nodded.

"Good. We are now in the same business, but it is not necessary that — as the proverb says — 'those in the same business are enemies.'"

"How are we in the same business?"

"You don't need to play stupid and speechless before me. Speak out. Your life is in my hands. If I say for you to die you will immediately die."

"Then why don't you say it?" Rey Tang smiled.

"I have my plans." Meydee also smiled.

"You want me to work with you. Is that it?"

"That's about it. You give me your information. I will give you my love."

"What will you give me?"

"Love, love."

Rey Tang to carry the pretense took her hand. "Give me your love — give me at once."

"At once? You haven't accepted my terms."

"First love me and I will promise everything." He drew

her toward the inner cave.

The cave became narrower and narrower, and darker and darker. Meydee began to be suspicious. "Won't this place do? Why should we go further?"

Rey Tang was silent. Suddenly he seized her around the neck with both hands. She did not make another sound.

Rey Tang dragged the corpse to the innermost part of the cave. He wiped the sweat from his head, and then took Meydee's badge and one of her rings and put them in his own pocket.

Standing there he called in a low voice, "Meydee," and he seemed to hear her laughter, that laughter of many years ago.

He ran out quickly. Outside the cave the sunshine, although not very strong, made him shut his eyes. He opened his eyes and began to walk quickly away.

When he left the park and saw the people walking, and the carts and horses, he was almost frightened. A moment ago in that black cave... now sunshine, streets, people walking and the traffic. His hands that a moment ago had been so hard and powerful were now shaking.

He looked at the moat of the Forbidden City. He wanted to put his hands through the cracks in the ice to wash them. But he must go to find Fat Chrysanthemum. Hum! Another foul and stinking woman! His stomach turned. There was no other way, for this was his work and he must do it.

He waited in the neighborhood of the Lan house for Fat Chrysanthemum. When he lifted his head he could see the White Dagoba. It was so white in the blue heavens, so tall and beautiful.

"Second Sister-in-law," Rey Tang seeing Chrysanthemum about to enter her gate ran over and called her.

Before Chrysanthemum had recognized Rey Tang's appearance she had recognized his voice. The blood drained from her face. She stood still.

"Go, go inside," Rey Tang commanded in a low voice.

Fat Chrysanthemum walked in hanging her head. Old Three followed her closely. When she got into the house she seemed very tired and threw her fat weight on the sofa. She had no regrets but much fear. She was afraid that Rey Tang had come to avenge Rey Feng. Except for her dealings with Rey Feng she did not feel that she had done anything that could be considered wrong. Her conduct of the past few years she thought to be according to the seasons and to have been of the right degrees.

Rey Tang took out Meydee's badge and Ring and held them in his palm. "Do you know these?"

Chrysanthemum nodded.

"She is finished. She was the first. You will be the second."

Chrysanthemum's fat flesh was all numb. Instinctively she wanted to run away but she could not move. "Old Three, Old Three, I am not of the same group with Meydee. I don't know about her affairs, I don't know."

"But you know what you have done."

"I — I have never done anything bad."

Rey Tang put the badge down and the ring, and raised up the hand that had just killed. He must give Fat Chrysanthemum something bitter to eat. Right and left he slapped that fat face hard.

She cried out. Rey Tang seized the hair that had been curled with money taken in exchange for people's lives. "If you make any noise I will kill you at once." The fat woman shut her mouth. Blood ran out of the corners. She had never been beaten but she now knew what pain was.

"Don't strike me again, don't." She held her face with both of her hands. "What you want I will give you."

Hearing this speech Old Three was even more angry. Her words were the same as Meydee's, equally low and shameless.

"You are afraid of death?" Rey Tang asked her. "I can ask you for your life at any time and at any place."

"Spare me, Old Three."

"Liste — if you dare to squeeze one single catty of grain from the students I will send you to find Meydee. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"If Eastern Sun dares to kill another student I will hold you responsible."

"His affairs — I — "

"I have other means to deal with him. I am telling you that if you know and do not try to stop him, I will kill you first. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"There is a place in the school for a teacher of literature. You must tell Eastern Sun to invite Eldest Brother to the post. With Eldest Brother in the school I will know your every single action and those of Eastern Sun. Don't waste your energies discussing with Eastern Sun how to catch me. If I am alive you two can live. If I am put in prison you will both die. I have many

fellow workers in this city. They would avenge me. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"Here." Rey Tang took out a small envelope. Inside was a cartridge. "Give this to Eastern Sun. Tell him I brought it. And here is this." He threw Meydee's ring into Chrysanthemum's lap. "Give this to him also. If you do not listen to me, you will die the way Meydee died." Old Three took up Meydee's badge and went out.