

JOHN ASHBERRY

阿什贝利自选诗集

II

(汉英对照)

马永波 译



人民文学出版社  
PEOPLE'S LITERATURE PUBLISHING HOUSE

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约翰·阿什贝利的诗具有惊人的力量，他的每一部诗集，如《一些树》（由W.H.奥登选入“耶鲁青年诗人丛书”，1956）、《网球场宣言》（1962）、《春天的双重梦幻》（1970）、《凸面镜中的自画像》（1975），都在进行语言的实验。阿什贝利从十部诗集里，选择了138首诗，包括短诗、俳句、散文诗和重要的长诗。读者和研究者可以对阿什贝利的诗歌创作有较完整的了解，进而触发新的解读。正如大卫·布罗姆维奇在《纽约时报书评》所言：“阿什贝利先生的创造力令人叹服，他属于所有对诗歌或现代艺术感兴趣的人，以及对变化的可能性感兴趣的人。”

应约翰·阿什贝利生前的要求，这部诗集中译本为汉英对照。译者马永波生于1964年，批评家，诗人，文艺学博士后，长期从事英美后现代诗歌的翻译和研究，出版相关著作和译著多部。

约翰·阿什贝利 (John Ashbery, 1927-2017), 美国诗人、艺术评论家, 生于纽约州罗切斯特, 曾任教于纽约市立大学布鲁克林学院, 教授创意写作。他在1975年出版的诗集《凸面镜中的自画像》, 获得普利策奖、美国国家图书奖和美国国家书评人协会奖。他是美国艺术与文学学院院士, 也是美国艺术与科学院院士。曾两次获得古根海姆奖, 1982年获得美国诗人学会颁布的年度诗人奖。1985年, 获得麦克阿瑟奖。2017年9月3日, 约翰·阿什贝利在纽约去世。

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九久读书人  
天猫官方旗舰店

From  
*THREE POEMS*  
三首诗  
(1972)

## *The System*

The system was breaking down. The one who had wandered alone past so many happenings and events began to feel, backing up along the primal vein that led to his center, the beginning of a hiccup that would, if left to gather, explode the center to the extremities of life, the suburbs through which one makes one's way to where the country is.

At this time of life whatever being there is is doing a lot of listening, as though to the feeling of the wind before it starts, and it slides down this anticipation of itself, already full-fledged, a lightning existence that has come into our own. The trees and the streets are there merely to divide it up, to prevent it from getting all over itself, from retreating into itself instead of logically unshuffling into this morning that had to be, of the day of temptation. It is with some playfulness that we actually sit down to the business of mastering the many pauses and the abrupt, sharp accretions of regular being in the clotted sphere of today's activities. As though this were just any old day. There is no need for setting out, to advertise one's destination. All the facts are here and it remains only to use them in the right combinations, but that building will be the size of today, the rooms habitable and leading into one another in a lasting sequence, eternal and of the greatest timeliness.

It is all that. But there was time for others, that were to have got under way, sequences that now can exist only in memory, for there were other times for them. Yet they really existed. For instance a jagged kind of mood that comes at the end of the day, lifting life into the truth of real pain for a few moments before subsiding in

## 系 统

系统正在崩溃。独自漫游的那个人经历了这么多事件和变故，开始有所感觉，沿着通向他的中心的主静脉倒退，一个正在开始的呃逆，如果任由其发展，就会把中心炸到生活的尽头，那些一个人从中摸索着穿过走向乡村的郊区。

在生活的这个时刻，无论如何，都要学会经常倾听，就像在风起之前感受到风一样，而风从这种对自身的预感中滑下，业已完备，一个闪电般的存在已进入我们的生命。那里的树木和街道仅仅将风分开，防止它不断增强，防止它撤回自身，而不是合乎逻辑地迅捷进入这个早晨，这个注定充满诱惑的日子。实际上，带着某种玩闹的心态，我们坐下来，忙着处理众多的停顿和突然剧增的常规事务，在今日活动凝结的球体里。仿佛这只是随便一个过去的日子。不需要出发，让自己的目的广为人知。所有事实都在这里，剩下的只是以正确的组合使用它们，但是那建筑将是今天的规模，房间可以居住并彼此连通成一个持续的序列，永恒又最为及时。

这就是一切。可其他人还有时间，去发动现在只能在记忆中存在的序列，因为它们还有其他时机。不过，它们真的存在过。例如，一天结束时出现的一种锯齿状的情绪，在和万物一样消退于惯例庸常之前，片刻之间，将生命提升，进入真实痛

the usual irregular way, as things do. These were as much there as anything, things to be fumbled with, cringed before: dry churrings of no timbre, hysterical staccato passages that one cannot master or turn away from. These things led into life. Now they are gone but it remains, calm, lucid, but weightless, drifting above everything and everybody like a light in the sky, no more to be surmised, only remembered as so many things that remain at equal distances from us are remembered. The light drinks the dark and sinks down, not on top of us as we had expected but far, far from us in some other, unrelated sphere. This was not even the life that was going to happen to us. It was different in those days, though. Men felt things differently and their reactions were different. It was all life, this truth, you forgot about it and it was there. No need to collect your thoughts at every moment before putting forth a hesitant feeler into the rank and file of their sensations: the truth was obstinately itself, so much so that it always seemed about to harden and shrink, to grow hard and dark and vanish into itself anxiously but stubbornly, but this was just the other side of the coin of its intense conviction. It really knew what it *was*. Meanwhile the life uncurled around it in calm waves, unimpressed by the severity and yet not paying much mind, also very much itself. It seemed as though innumerable transparent tissues hovered around these two entities and joined them in some way, and yet when one looked there was nothing special to be seen, only miles and miles of buoyancy, the way the mild blue sky of a summer afternoon seems to support a distant soaring bird. This was the outside reality. Inside there was like a bare room, or an alphabet, an alphabet of clemency. Now at last you knew what you were supposed to know. The words formed from it and the sentences formed from them were dry and clear, as though made of wood. There wasn't too much of any one thing. The feelings never wandered off into a



苦的真理。这些事和任何事一样重要，是要加以摸索的事物，以前畏畏缩缩的事物：一个人无法掌握或是避开的没有音色的枯燥的颤鸣声，歇斯底里的断奏乐段。这些事物通向生命。现在它们消失了，但是它留了下来，沉静，明晰，没有重量，漂浮在万事与众人之上，像天空中一束光，不再遭到臆测，只是被人们记住，就像这么多与我们保持同等距离的事物被记住一样。这光畅饮黑暗，沉落下来，不是像我们期望的那样降在我们头顶，而是降落在远处，远离我们，落在其他某个不相干的领域。这甚至不是那即将落在我们头上的生活。尽管在那些日子里它有所不同。人们对事物的感受不同，他们的反应也不同。这就是全部的生活，这个真理，你忘记了，而它就在那里。在将一根犹豫的触角伸进队列，将它们的感觉归档之前，不需要每一次都整理好你的思想：真理固执于自身，如此固执，以至于始终在硬化和收缩，变硬变黑，不安而倔强地消失在自身之中，但这仅仅是它的强烈信念的硬币的另一面。它的确知道它过去是什么。与此同时，生活在沉静的波浪中围绕它展开，不为这严重性所动，也不太在乎，对自己也是如此。那似乎是无数透明的组织盘旋在这两个实体周围，以某种方式把它们联合起来，一个人看去，又看不到任何特殊的東西，只有一英里又一英里的浮力，就像夏日午后温柔的蓝天支撑着一只远翔的鸟儿。这是外在的真实。内在的真实就像一个空房间，或一个字母表，一个仁慈的字母表。现在你终于知道了你应该知道的东西。用它构成的词语和用它们构成的句子干燥而清晰，仿佛是用木头做的。凡事都没有什么要紧。这些感情永远不会游走，

private song or tried to present the procession of straightforward facts as something like a pageant: the gorgeous was still unknown. There was, however, a residue, a kind of fiction that developed parallel to the classic truths of daily life (as it was in that heroic but commonplace age) as they unfolded with the foreseeable majesty of a holocaust, an unfrightening one, and went unrecognized, drawing force and grandeur from this like the illegitimate offspring of a king. It is this "other tradition" which we propose to explore. The facts of history have been too well rehearsed (I'm speaking needless to say not of written history but the oral kind that goes on in you without your having to do anything about it) to require further elucidation here. But the other, unrelated happenings that form a kind of sequence of fantastic reflections as they succeed each other at a pace and according to an inner necessity of their own—these, I say, have hardly ever been looked at from a vantage point other than the historian's and an arcane historian's at that. The living aspect of these obscure phenomena has never to my knowledge been examined from a point of view like the painter's: in the round, bathed in a sufficient flow of overhead light, with "all its imperfections on its head" and yet without prejudice of the exaggerations either of the anathematist or the eulogist: quietly, in short, and I hope succinctly. Judged from this angle the whole affair will, I think, partake of and benefit from the enthusiasm not of the religious fanatic but of the average, open-minded, intelligent person who has never interested himself before in these matters either from not having had the leisure to do so or from ignorance of their existence.

From the outset it was apparent that someone had played a colossal trick on something. The switches had been tripped, as it were; the entire world or one's limited but accurate idea of it was bathed in glowing love, of a sort that need never have come into being but was now indispensable

进入一首隐秘的歌曲，或是试图将一队简单的事实表现成游行那样的东西：华丽依然是陌生的。然而，有一种残渣，一种虚构，与日常生活的经典真理平行发展（仿佛那是英雄的时代，而非平凡时代），那时，这些真理随着并不恐惧、尚未得到认识的大屠杀那可预见的威严一同展开，从这一切中吸取力量和庄严，像一个国王的私生子。我们打算探索的正是这“另外的传统”。历史事实排练得太好了（不用说，我现在说的不是书面的历史，而是正在你身上继续而又不需要你和它有任何关系的口述历史），在这里无需进一步的说明。但是其他不相干的事件构成了一系列完美的倒影，它们步调一致，彼此接续，服从于自己内在的需求——这些，我说，几乎不能从历史学家之外的一个有利位置来予以看待，只能从一个神秘难懂的历史学家的位置来看待。这些晦涩现象的活性我从来没有从画家的观点进行研究：全身心沐浴在头顶充沛的光流之中，“所有缺点都在它的头上”，又对诅咒者和赞颂者的夸大不存偏见：简而言之，我希望一切都是安静而简便的。从这个角度判断，我认为，整件事将分享和受益于并非来自宗教幻想的热忱，而是来自心胸开放、头脑明智的普通人，他以前从不会对这些事情感兴趣，因为没有闲暇于此，或是不知道它们的存在。

一开始显然就有人在某事上要了个大阴谋。像过去一样，开关已经触发；整个世界或者一个人对世界有限但精确的想法沐浴灼热的爱，这爱永远不需要存在，可现在却不可或缺，有如空气之于活物。它充满整个宇宙，提升万物的温度。任何一

as air is to living creatures. It filled up the whole universe, raising the temperature of all things. Not an atom but did not feel obscurely compelled to set out in search of a mate; not a living creature, no insect or rodent, that didn't feel the obscure twitchings of dormant love, that didn't ache to join in the universal turmoil and hullabaloo that fell over the earth, roiling the clear waters of the reflective intellect, getting it into all kinds of messes that could have been avoided if only, as Pascal says, we had the sense to stay in our room, but the individual will condemns this notion and sallies forth full of ardor and *hubris*, bent on self-discovery in the guise of an attractive partner who is *the* heaven-sent one, the convex one with whom he has had the urge to mate all these seasons without realizing it. Thus a state of positively sinful disquiet began to prevail wherein men's eyes could be averted from the truth by the passing of a romantic stranger whose perfume set in motion all kinds of idle and frivolous trains of thought leading who knows where—to hell, most likely, or at very best to a position of blankness and ill-conceived repose on the edge of the flood, so that looking down into it one no longer saw the comforting reflection of one's own face and felt secure in the knowledge that, whatever the outcome, the struggle was going on in the arena of one's own breast. The bases for true reflective thinking had been annihilated by the scourge, and at the same time there was the undeniable fact of exaltation on many fronts, of a sense of holiness growing up through the many kinds of passion like a tree with branches bearing candelabra higher and higher up until they almost vanish from sight and are confused with the stars whose earthly avatars they are: the celestial promise of delights to come in another world and still lovely to look at in this one. Thus, in a half-baked kind of way, this cosmic welter of attractions was coming to stand for the real thing, which has to be colorless and featureless if it is to be the true reflection of the primeval energy from which it issued forth, once a salient force capable of assuming the shape of any of the great impulses struggling to accomplish the universal task,

个原子无不模糊地觉得必须出发寻找一个配偶；任何活物，昆虫或是啮齿动物，无不感觉到休眠的爱在模糊地抽搐，无不渴望加入大地之上普遍的骚动和喧嚣，搅浑反思的心智的清水，让它陷入应该可以避免的各种混乱，只要我们能像帕斯卡说的那样，明智地待在自己的房间里，但是，个体会谴责这个观念，满怀狂热和傲慢出发，决心在伙伴迷人的伪装中自行发现，谁是上天派来的凸面体的人，他迫切想要以之和所有没有实现的季节匹配。于是，一种明确有罪的焦虑状态开始流行，人们的目光可以因为一个浪漫的陌生人经过就偏离真理，那陌生人身上的香水味就能调动各种懒惰无聊的思想的火车，谁知道它们会驶向哪里——最有可能是驶向地狱，最好也就是驶向一个空位，计划不周地休憩在洪水边上，因而，俯视它的时候，一个人再也看不见给人安慰的自己面孔的倒影，无论结果如何，这斗争是在自己胸膛的舞台上展开，知道这一点也不再让人觉得安全。真正的反思的基础已经毁于灾祸，与此同时，在许多前线上都存在着不可否认的升华的事实，一种神圣感生长起来，穿过众多种类的激情，像一棵树的枝条承载着大烛台，越来越高，直到几乎从视野中消失，和作为它们尘世替身的群星混淆在一起：进入另一个世界，又依然愉快地注视着这个尘世天堂许诺的欢乐。于是，以一种半生不熟的方式，宇宙混乱的魅力逐渐取代了真实之物，如果它要成为自己所源自的原始能量的真实反映，它就必须无色无形，那曾经是一种突出的力量，能够以任何力求完成宇宙任务的巨大冲动的形式出现，可现在，它停滞于一个单独的方面，成了有损于其他方面的东西，开始

but now bogged down in a single aspect of these to the detriment of the others, which begin to dwindle, jejeune, etiolated, as though not really essential, as though someone had devised them for the mere pleasure of complicating the already complicated texture of the byways and torments through which we have to stray, plagued by thorns, chased by wild beasts, as though it were not commonly known from the beginning that not one of these tendrils of the tree of humanity could be bruised without endangering the whole vast waving mass; that that gorgeous, motley organism would tumble or die out unless each particle of its well-being were conserved as preciously as the idea of the whole. For universal love is as special an aspect as carnal love or any of the other kinds: all forms of mental and spiritual activity must be practiced and encouraged equally if the whole affair is to prosper. There is no cutting corners where the life of the soul is concerned, even if a too modest approximation of the wish that caused it to begin to want to flower be the result—a result that could look like overpruning to the untrained eye. Thus it was that a kind of blight fell on these early forms of going forth and being together, an anarchy of the affections sprung from too much universal cohesion. Yet so blind are we to the true nature of reality at any given moment that this chaos—bathed, it is true, in the iridescent hues of the rainbow and clothed in an endless confusion of fair and variegated forms which did their best to stifle any burgeoning notions of the formlessness of the whole, the muddle really as ugly as sin, which at every moment shone through the colored masses, bringing a telltale finger squarely down on the addition line, beneath which these self-important and self-convoluted shapes added disconcertingly up to zero—this chaos began to seem like the normal way of being, so that some time later even very sensitive and perceptive souls had been taken in: it was for them life's rolling river, with its calm eddies and shallows as well as its more swiftly moving parts and ahead of these the rapids, with an awful roar somewhere in the distance; and yet, or so it seemed to

缩小，变得空洞而衰弱，仿佛真的不必要，仿佛有人设计出它们来纯粹是为了取乐，让已经很复杂的旁道的结构更加复杂，而我们的流浪不得不经历这些折磨，被荆棘困扰，被野兽追逐，仿佛通常人们并不知道，从一开始，人性之树的这些卷须中没有一个可以遭到擦伤而不危及整个巨大波动的群体；那灿烂华丽、五颜六色的有机体将会翻倒或是死掉，除非它幸福的每一个分子得以保全，和整体的思想同样珍贵。因为宇宙的爱是和肉身之爱或任何其他类型的爱同样的特殊方面：如果整个事件想要繁荣的话，所有形式的心理和精神活动都必须得到实践，同等地加以鼓励。关心灵魂生活的地方是没有切角的，即便一个促使它想要开花的近乎过谦的希望，也总归是个结果——在未经训练的眼里可能像是一个修剪过度的结果。所以，正是那种枯萎病落在这些一同出现和存在的早期形式之上，一种从过于普遍的凝聚力中生发出来的情感的无政府状态。不过，对于真实的真正本质而言，我们就是这样盲目，在任何给定的时刻，这种混乱——的确，沐浴在彩虹的虹彩之中，覆盖在美丽斑驳的形式那无尽的混乱之中，尽己所能地要扼杀任何迅速发展的有关整体无定形的观念，这种混沌状态果真和罪一样丑陋，随时闪耀着穿透彩色的群体，让搬弄是非的手指直接落在附加系上，在它下面，这些自大而费解的形状的总和令人不安地归结为零——这混沌开始显得像是存在的正常方式，以至于一段时间之后，甚至非常敏锐和有洞察力的灵魂也被吸收了：对于他们来说，生活就是翻腾的河流，有着沉静的漩涡和阴影，同样还有更为迅疾的移动的部分，而在这些前面，急流发出可怕的

these more sensible than average folk, a certain amount of hardship has to be accepted if we want the river-journey to continue; life cannot be a series of totally pleasant events, and we must accept the bad if we also wish the good; indeed a certain amount of evil is necessary to set it in the proper relief: how could we know the good without some experience of its opposite? And so these souls took over and dictated to the obscurer masses that follow in the wake of the discoverers. The way was picturesque and even came to seem carefully thought out; controls were waiting, in case things got out of hand, to restore the inevitable balance of happiness and woe; meanwhile the latter kept gradually diminishing whenever its turn came round and one really felt that one had set one's foot on the upward path, the spiral leading from the motley darkened and lightened landscape here below to the transparent veils of heaven. All that was necessary were patience and humbleness in recognizing one's errors, so as to be sure of starting out from the right place the next time, and so a sense of steady advancement came to reward one's efforts each time it seemed that one had been traveling too long without a view of the sun. And even in darkest night this sense of advancement came to whisper at one's side like a fellow traveler pointing the way.

Things had endured this way for some time, so that it began to seem as though some permanent way of life had installed itself, a stability immune to the fluctuations of other eras: the pendulum that throughout eternity has swung successively toward joy and grief had been stilled by a magic hand. Thus for the first time it seemed possible to consider ways toward a more fruitful and harmonious manner of living, without the fear of an adverse fate's coming to reduce one's efforts to nothing so soon as undertaken. And yet it seemed to those living as though even this state had endured for a considerable length of time. No one had anything against it, and most reveled in the creative possibilities its freedom offered, yet to all it seemed as though



咆哮奔腾在远处；而且，或许正是这样，对于这些比普通人更为敏锐的灵魂来说，如果我们想要河流继续前进的话，就必须接受一定数量的艰难困苦；生活不可能是一系列纯然愉悦的事件，我们必须接受坏的东西，如果我们希望得到好的东西；的确，为了正当的救济，一定量的恶是必要的：对于善的反面没有一定的经验，我们如何能够知善？于是，这些灵魂接管了，并对跟随着发现之航迹前进的更为模糊的群众发令。一路上风景如画，甚至看上去经过了深思熟虑；控制装置已经就绪，以防事物一旦失控，就可以恢复幸福和灾祸的不可避免的平衡；同时，每当轮到灾祸发生，就能使之持续减少，让人真正觉得自己走的是向上的路，从下界斑驳黑暗轻盈的风景螺旋形通向天堂透明的面纱。所需要的一切就是耐心和谦卑，承认自己的错误，以确保自己下一次能从正确的地方出发，能有一种稳固进步的感觉来回报一个人的努力，每当他似乎在不见天日的情况下走过了太长的距离。甚至在最黑暗的夜里，这种进步的感觉也会在一个人的身边低语，就像是一个旅伴在指引道路。

事物忍受这种方式已经有段时间了，以至于某种永久性的生活方式似乎已然确立，一种不受其他时代波动影响的稳定性：在快乐和悲哀之间不断摇摆的永恒的钟摆，被一只有魔力的手停住。于是，第一次，似乎有可能考虑其他的方式，追求更有成效更和谐的生活方式，而无需恐惧厄运会将一个人的努力化为虚无。甚至这种状态的生活也忍受了相当长的一段时间。没有人反对它，大多数人陶醉在它的自由所提供的创造的可能性