

……风乍起，一片莲瓣堕入水中，它从上面向下落，水中的倒影却是从下边向上落，最后一接触到水面，二者合为一，像小船似的漂在那里。

季羡林

散文精选

季羡林 著 钱炜 林珍珍 译
Frank Feather 译文审校

汉英对照

A Selection of Essays

As the wind blew, one lotus petal fell down into the water. In the reflection, however, it went upward until the two petals merged into one when they reached the surface of the water. The petal then floated on the water like a tiny boat.

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汉英对照

CHINESE-ENGLISH

月是故乡明

每个人都有个故乡，人人的故乡都有个月亮，人人都爱自己故乡的月亮。事情大概就是这个样子。

但是，如果只有孤零零的一个月亮，未免显得有点孤单。因此，在中国古代诗文中，月亮总有什么东西当陪衬，最多的是山和水，什么“山高月小”、“三潭印月”等等，不可胜数。

我的故乡是在山东西北部大平原上。我小的时候，从来没有见过山，也不知山为何物。我曾幻想，山大概是一个圆而粗的柱子吧，顶天立地，好不威风。以后到了济南，才见到山，恍然大悟：山原来是这个样子呀。因此，我在故乡里望月，从来不同山联系。像苏东坡说的“月出于东山之上，徘徊于斗牛之间”，完全是我无法想像的。

至于水，我的故乡小村却大大地有。几个大苇坑占了小村面积一多半。在我这个小孩子眼中，虽不能像洞庭湖“八月湖水平”那样有气派，但也颇有一点烟波浩渺之势。到了夏天，黄昏以后，我在坑边的场院里躺在地上，数天上的星星。有时候在古柳下面点起篝火。然后上树一摇，成群的知了飞落下来。比白天用嚼烂的麦粒去粘要容易得多。我天天晚上乐此不疲，天天盼望黄昏早早来临。

到了更晚的时候，我走到坑边，抬头看到晴空一轮明月，清光四

Bright Is the Moon over My Home Village

003

Everyone has his hometown, every hometown has a moon, and everyone loves the moon over his hometown. Presumably, that's how things are.

However, the moon would look lonely if it hung in the sky all by itself. In classic Chinese poems or essays, therefore, the moon is always accompanied by something, most likely by a mountain or a river. Hence, "High is the mountain, and small is the moon," and "Three towers reflected on the lake on a moonlight night," etc. There are simply too many such scenes to count. My home village is located on a major plain in northwestern Shandong. I never saw a mountain when I was small; as a result, I didn't know what a mountain was like. In my imagination, a mountain was probably a thick and round column, so tall that it pierced the sky and looked awesome. When I grew up, I went to Jinan, where I saw some mountains for the first time. Suddenly I became aware of what a mountain was. The moon that I saw in my village when I was young, therefore, was never associated with any mountains. It was beyond my wildest dream to understand what the poet Su Dongpo said in his poem: "The moon rises above the Eastern Mountain and lingers between the Southern Dipper and Altair."

As for water, there was plenty of it in my small village. Several reed-filled ponds made up most of the village. In the eyes of a kid such as me, those ponds were not as magnificent as Lake Dongting whose "waters in August are placid," but they did seem to extend far and wide. On a summer evening, I would lie on the ground near a pond and try to count the stars in the sky. Occasionally a bonfire would be set under an old willow. Someone would climb onto the tree and shake it. And lo and behold, many cicadas would drop down. That was a much easier way of catching cicadas than trying to get them glued to chewed wheat grains. Every evening I took great pleasure in doing that, and everyday I looked forward to the early arrival of dusk.

Later in the evening, I would walk to a pond, where I looked up at the moon in the sky, bright and clear, and down at the moon reflected, just as bright

溢，与水里的那个月亮相映成趣。我当时虽然还不懂什么叫诗兴，但也顾而乐之，心中油然有什么东西在萌动。有时候在坑边玩很久，才回家睡觉。在梦中见到两个月亮叠在一起，清光更加晶莹澄澈。第二天一早起来，到坑边苇子丛里去捡鸭子下的蛋，白白地一闪光，手伸向水中，一摸就是一个蛋。此时更是乐不可支了。

我只在故乡呆了六年，以后就离乡背井，漂泊天涯。在济南住了十多年，在北京度过四年，又回到济南呆了一年，然后在欧洲住了近十一年，重又回到北京，到现在已经四十多年了。在这期间，我曾到过世界上将近三十个国家。我看过许许多多的月亮。在风光旖旎的瑞士莱芒湖上，在平沙无垠的非洲大沙漠中，在碧波万顷的大海中，在巍峨雄奇的高山上，我都看到过月亮，这些月亮应该说都是美妙绝伦的，我都异常喜欢。但是，看到它们，我立刻就想到我故乡中那个苇坑上面和水中的那个小月亮。对比之下，无论如何我也感到，这些广阔世界的大月亮，万万比不上我那心爱的小月亮。不管我离开我的故乡多少万里，我的心立刻就飞来了。我的小小月亮，我永远忘不掉你！

我现在已经年近耄耋。住的朗润园是燕园胜地。夸大一点说，此地有茂林修竹，绿水环流，还有几座土山点缀其间。风光无疑是绝妙的。前几年，我从庐山休养回来，一个同在庐山休养的老朋友来看我。他看到这样的风光，慨然说：“你住在这里的好地方，还到庐山去干吗呢！”可见朗润园给人印象之深。此地既然有山，有水，有树，有竹，有花，有鸟，每逢望夜，一轮当空，月光闪耀于碧波之上，上下空濛，

and clear, on the surface of the pond. Too young to know what a poem was, I was nonetheless so impressed by what I had seen that there seemed to be something stirring in my heart. On some days, I would play by the pond late into the night. Not until midnight did I go home to sleep. And in my dream, I would see two moons, one on the top of the other, their light shining all the more brightly and splendidly. The next day, early in the morning, I would go to the pond to look for duck eggs in the reeds. Glistening, they were there for me to pick. I was happy beyond words.

I lived in my home village for only six years. Then I left it and began to live the life of an itinerant, roaming freely all over the world. First I spent a dozen or so years in Jinan, then I spent four years in Peking and then I returned to Jinan for one more year. Following that, I lived in Europe nearly eleven years, only to return to Peking again. Altogether, it was over forty years, during which I visited nearly 30 countries and saw the moon everywhere I went. I saw it in Lake Lemman in Switzerland, on the great desert in Africa, in the vast sea, and over huge mountains.

The moon was undisputedly beautiful wherever I saw it, and I liked it every time I saw it. But the sight of the moon in foreign lands would invariably remind me of the small moon I had seen over my own village, reflected on the water of a pond. I always felt that, however big and beautiful the foreign moon was, it could not be as bright and beautiful as the lovely moon I saw over my small village. However distant I might be from my home village, the thought of that lovely moon would make my heart fly back. My dear lovely small moon, I'll never forget you!

Now almost 70 years old, I live at Peking University in its Langrun Garden, which is itself a scenic attraction. To brag a bit, I would describe it as having lush bushes and slender bamboo with streams running merrily around several tiny hills. The scene is exquisitely beautiful. A couple of years ago, I had the pleasure of spending a summer vacation in Mt. Lushang, one of the best summer resorts in China. Back in Peking together with one of my old friends, he exclaimed at the sight of Langrun Garden, "Oh, with such a beautiful place to live in, why should you have gone to Mt. Lushan for vacation?"

His words testified to the beauty of the Garden, which boasts of hills, streams, trees, bamboo, flowers, and birds. On a night with the full moon in the sky,

一碧数顷，而且荷香远溢，宿鸟幽鸣，真不能不说是赏月胜地。荷塘月色的奇景，就在我的窗外。不管是谁来到这里，难道还能不顾而乐之吗？

然而，每值这样的良辰美景，我想到的却仍然是故乡苇坑里的那个平凡的小月亮。见月思乡，已经成为我非常的经历。思乡之病，说不上是苦是乐，其中有追忆，有惆怅，有留恋，有惋惜。流光如逝，时不再来。在微苦中实有甜美在。

月是故乡明。我什么时候能够再看到我故乡里的月亮呀！我怅望南天，心飞向故里。

一九八九年十一月三日

the Garden is certainly an ideal place to appreciate the poetic beauty seen in the vast sky where the moon hangs, the lush trees where sleepy birds sing, and the tranquil ponds where lotuses send out a delicate fragrance. The much-coveted sight of "moonlight over a lotus-covered pond" is right next to my room window. Whoever comes to my home will be delighted to see it.

On such beautiful nights, however, I will think of the ordinary moon over the pond in my home village. Indeed, seeing the moon never fails to make me think of my home village. It is hard to say if nostalgia—a malady, isn't it?—brings one sweetness or bitterness. As it is, nostalgia is filled with fond memories, anxieties, regrets, or even pain. Time, once gone, is gone forever. Ultimately, nostalgia is sweet with a touch of bitterness.

Bright is the moon over my home village. When can I see that moon again? As I look southward, my heart flies there.

November 3, 1989

我的童年^[1]

008

回忆起自己的童年来，眼前没有红，没有绿，是一片灰黄。

七十多年前的中国，刚刚推翻了清代的统治，神州大地，一片混乱，一片黑暗。我最早的关于政治的回忆，就是“朝廷”二字。当时的乡下人管当皇帝叫坐朝廷，于是“朝廷”二字就成了皇帝的别名。我总以为朝廷这种东西似乎不是人，而是有极大权力的玩意。乡下人一提到它，好像都肃然起敬。我当然更是如此。总之，当时皇威犹在，旧习未除，是大清帝国的继续，毫无万象更新之象。

我就是在这新旧交替的时刻，于一九一一年八月六日，生于山东省清平县(现改临清市)的一个小村庄——官庄。当时全中国的经济形势是南方富而山东(也包括北方其他省份)穷。专就山东论，是东部富而西部穷。我们县在山东西部又是最穷的县，我们村在穷县中是最穷的村，而我们家在全村中又是最穷的家。

我们家据说并不是一向如此。在我诞生前似乎也曾有过比较好的日子。可是我降生时祖父、祖母都已去世。我父亲的亲兄弟共有三人，最小的一个(大排行是第十一，我们把他叫一叔)送给了别人，改了姓。我父亲同另外的一个弟弟(九叔)孤苦伶仃，相依为命。房无一间，地无一垅，两个无父无母的孤儿，活下去是什么滋味，活着是多么困难，概可想见。他们的堂伯父是一个举人，是方圆几十里最有学问的人物，

[1] 此文选自《季羨林自传》。

My Childhood^[1]

009

When I recall my childhood, I don't see anything that is red or green. All I see are patches of gray.

It was more than 70 years ago. The Qing Dynasty had just been overthrown, and the whole of China was in chaos. My earliest recollection of politics can be summed up in two Chinese characters, namely, *chao ting*, which means "imperial court." Rural people at that time referred to the emperor as the imperial court with the result that the latter became a nickname for the emperor. In my mind, the imperial court was not a living person; it was just something that possessed enormous power. The very mention of it would fill the hearts of rural people, me in particular, with awe. All in all, the authority of the emperor still lingered on and the old habits were far from eradicated. The Qing Dynasty seemed to exist still, and there were very few signs of anything taking on a new look in the country.

During this time of transition, I was born in a small village called Guanzhuang in Qingping County (now renamed as the city of Linqing), Shandong Province on August 6, 1911. Economically speaking, south China was then richer than Shandong and other provinces in north China. In Shandong, its eastern part was better off than the western part. My county, which was located in western Shandong, was the poorest of the poor western counties, and my village was the poorest of the poor villages. To crown it all, my home was the poorest of all the families in the village.

It was believed that my family hadn't always been poor. They saw some good days before I was born. However, my grandparents had both died when I came to this world. My father had ten brothers and sisters, but only three of them survived. The youngest of them, ranking the 11th in the siblings, was given to some rich family and made to change his name. My father and his only brother—I called him Uncle Ninth—were left to fend for themselves. One can easily imagine how difficult life was for two orphans who were both landless and homeless.

[1] Selected from *The Autobiography of Ji Xianlin*.

做官做到一个什么县的教谕，也算是最大的官。他曾养育过我父亲和叔父，据说待他们很不错。可是家庭大，人多是非多。他们俩有几次饿得到枣林里去拣落到地上的干枣充饥，最后还是被迫弃家(其实已经没了家)出走，兄弟俩逃到济南去谋生。“文化大革命”中我自己“跳出来”反对那一位臭名昭著的“第一张马列主义大字报”的作者，惹得她大发雌威，两次派人到我老家官庄去调查，一心一意要把我“打成”地主。老家的人告诉那几个“革命”小将，说如果开诉苦大会，季羨林是官庄的第一名诉苦者，他连贫农都不够。

我父亲和叔父到了济南以后，人地生疏，拉过洋车，扛过大件，当过警察，卖过苦力。叔父最终站住了脚。于是兄弟俩一商量，让我父亲回老家，叔父一个人留在济南挣钱，寄钱回家，供我的父亲过日子。

我出生以后，家境仍然是异常艰苦。一年吃白面的次数有限，平常只能吃红高粱面饼子；没有钱买盐，把盐碱地上的土扫起来，在锅里煮水，腌咸菜，什么香油，根本见不到。一年到底，就吃这种咸菜。举人的太太，我管她叫奶奶，她很喜欢我。我三四岁的时候，每天一睁眼，抬腿就往村里跑(我们家在村外)，跑到奶奶跟前，只见她把手一蜷，蜷到肥大的袖子里面，手再伸出来的时候，就会有半个白面馒头拿在手中，递给我。我吃起来，仿佛是龙胆凤髓一般，我不知道天下还有比白面馒头更好吃的东西。这白面馒头是她的两个儿子(每家有几十亩地)特别孝敬她的。她喜欢我这个孙子，每天总省下半个，留给

Fortunately, it so happened that one of their uncles had passed the imperial examination and become the most knowledgeable scholar in the area. At one time, he was made a council member in the county in charge of education. He treated my father and his brother pretty well, providing them with food and clothing. However, as the family was large, there were many disputes and troubles. On several occasions, the two brothers were so hungry that they went to a date garden in search of dried dates that had dropped from the tree. In the end, they were forced to leave a home that didn't exist.

They went to Jinan, capital of the province to look for work. During the Cultural Revolution of 1966-1976, when I volunteered my criticism of the author of "the first revolutionary Marxist-Leninist poster," she got so offended that twice she dispatched people to my home village to dig for my "dark past" so as to brand me as a land owner. People there told the "young revolutionaries" that I would be the first villager to pour out grievances of the old society if there was a chance. "He wasn't even qualified as a poor peasant," they told them.

As both my father and his brother were friendless in Jinan, they grabbed every job that they could find, pulling the rickshaw, carrying heavy loads, and serving as policemen or coolies. Finally my uncle was able to stand on his own. After much consultation, they decided that my father should go back to their old home, leaving my uncle in Jinan. He would make enough money to support my father.

I was born to an extremely poor home. Only on a few occasions did we have a chance to enjoy wheat flour meals. Most of the time, we subsisted on sorghum. With no money to buy salt, we would go to the salty land to scrape soil and put it in a cauldron of hot water. Salt thus extracted would be used to make preserved vegetables, our staple dish the year round. Cooking oil was unknown.

The wife of my granduncle happened to like me very much. I would run into the village—we lived on the periphery—to her home the first thing in the morning. And she would reach her hand into an enormous pocket, from which she fetched me half a bun made of white flour. I chewed it as if it were dragon liver or phoenix marrow. If there was anything that was more delicious than white-flour bun, I didn't know. Later I learned that the bun had been a special gift from her two filial sons, each of whom owned several

我吃。在长达几年的时间内，这是我每天最高的享受，最大的愉快。

大概到了四五岁的时候，对门住的宁大婶和宁大姑，每到夏秋收割庄稼的时候，总带我走出去老远到别人割过的地里去拾麦子或者豆子、谷子。一天辛勤之余，可以拣到一小篮麦穗或者谷穗。晚上回家，把篮子递给母亲，看样子她是非常欢喜的。有一年夏天，大概我拾的麦子比较多，她把麦粒磨成面粉，贴了一锅死面饼子。我大概是吃出味道来了，吃完了饭以后，我又偷了一块吃，让母亲看到了，赶着我要打。我当时是赤条条浑身一丝不挂，我逃到房后，往水坑里一跳。母亲没有法子下来捉我，我就站在水中把剩下的白面饼子尽情地享受了。

现在写这些事情还有什么意义呢？这些芝麻绿豆般的小事是不折不扣的身边琐事，使我终生受用不尽。它有时候能激励我前进，有时候能鼓舞我振作。我一直到今天对日常生活要求不高，对吃喝从不计较，难道同我小时候的这一些经历没有关系吗？我看到一些独生子女的父母那样溺爱子女，也颇不以为然。儿童是祖国的花朵，花朵当然要爱护；但爱护要得法，否则无异是坑害子女。

不记得从什么时候起我开始学着认字，大概也总在四岁到六岁之间。我的老师是马景恭先生。现在我无论如何也记不起有什么类似私塾之类的场所，也记不起有什么《百家姓》、《千字文》之类的书籍。我那个家徒四壁的家就没有一本书，连带字的什么纸条子也没有见过。反正我总是认了几个字，否则哪里来的老师呢？马景恭先生的存在是不能怀疑的。

虽然没有私塾，但是小伙伴是有的。我记得最清楚的有两个：一个叫杨狗，我前几年回家，才知道他的大名，他现在还活着，一字不