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有时间再继续.....【原注之小序译文】
维略概括版：此诗的题目及计划与若干事物的象征都得益于魏士登女士关于圣杯的那本书《自祭祀而神话》（ From Ritual to Romance ）——剑桥版，实在我的受惠之深，魏士登女士的书比我自己的注释，更足以解决这首诗歌的难处。大体来说，我还受益于另外一本人类学的书——《金枝》（ The Golden Bough ），而且我特别应用了 Adonis, Attis, Osiris 这两册。
熟识这些著作的人，会在这首诗里立刻认识若干关于繁殖的祭祀的由来。
The Waste Land 荒原
T. S. Eliot - 1888-1965
艾略特（1888-1965）"Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi "是的，我自己亲眼看见在古米有一个 in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα 西比尔吊在笼子里，当孩子们问她： τι θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀνοθαεὺν ὀέλω." 西比尔，你要什么？她回答说：我要 死。 ”【西比尔：女先知】
For Ezra Pound 臧埃士勒·旁德 il miglior fabbro. 最伟大的诗人I. The Burial of the Dead 一、死者葬仪April is the cruellest month, breeding 四月天最是残忍，它在 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing 荒地上生丁香，搀含着 Memory and desire, stirring 回忆和欲望，让春雨 Dull roots with spring rain. 挑拨呆钝的树根。 Winter kept us warm, covering 冬天保我们温暖，大地 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding 给健忘的雪盖着，又叫 A little life with dried tubers. 干了的老根得一点生命。 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee 夏天来的出入意料，带着一阵雨 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade, 走过斯丹卜基西；我们在亭子里躲避， And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, 等太阳出来了又上斯夫加登， And drank coffee, and talked for an hour. 喝咖啡，说了一点钟闲话。 Bin gar kine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch. 我不是俄国人，立陶宛来的，是纯德籍 And when we were children, staying at the archduke's, 而且我们小时候大公爵那里—— My cousin's, he took me out on a sled, 我表兄家，他带我去滑雪车， And I was frightened. He said, Marie, 我很害怕，他说，玛丽， Marie, hold on tight. And down we went. 玛丽，要抓紧。 我们就冲下。 In the mountains, there you feel free. 走到山上，那里你觉得自由。 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter. 大半个晚上我念书，冬天我到南方。 What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow 什么树根在捉住，什么树枝在从 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, 这堆石头的零碎中长出？人子啊， You cannot say, or guess, for you know only 你说不出，也猜不到，因为你只知道 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats, 一堆破碎的偶像，承受着太阳的敲打， And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief, 枯死的树没有遮荫，蟋蟀不使人放心， And the dry stone no sound of water. Only 礁石间没有流水的声音。 只有 There is shadow under this red rock. 影子在这块红石下， (Come in under the shadow of this red rock). （请走进这块红石下的影子） And I will show you something different from either 我要指点你一件事， 它不像 Your shadow at morning striding behind you 你早起的影子，在你身后迈步 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you; 也不想夜间的，站起来迎着你； I will show you fear in a handful of dust. 我要指点你恐惧在一把尘土里。 Frisch weht der Wind 风吹着很快快， Der Heimat zu, 吹送我回家园， Mein Irisch Kind, 爱尔兰的小孩， Wo weilest du? 为什么还留恋？ "You gave me hyacinths first a year ago; " 一年前你先给了我玉簪花； "They called me the hyacinth girl." "他们叫我作‘玉簪花的女郎’， -Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden, ——可是等我们回来了， 晚了，从 玉簪的园里来， Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not 你的臂膀抱满，你的头发湿，我不能 Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither 说话，眼睛看不见，我不是 Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, 活着，也不死，我什么都不知道， Looking into the heart of light, the silence. 看进这光明的中心，那寂寞。 Oed' und leer das Meer. 空虚而荒凉是那大海。 Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante, 马丹梭梭屈士，有名的女巫， Had a bad cold, nevertheless 害着重伤风，可仍旧是 Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe, 欧罗巴最有智慧的女人， With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she, 带着一套恶纸牌。 这里，她说， Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor, 是你的一张，那淹死的菲尼夏水手， (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)（这些明珠就是他的眼睛。看！） Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks, 这是贝洛岛纳，岩石的主人 The lady of situations. 那多事故的妇人。 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel, 这个人带了三根杖，这是轮盘， And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card 这是个独眼的商人，这张牌 Which is blank, is something he carries on his back, 是空的，他扛在背上 Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find 不许我看见。 我找不着 The Hanged Man. Fear death by water. 那被绞死的人。 怕水里有死亡。 I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring. 我看见一群人绕着圈子走。 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone, 谢谢你。 若是你看见爱结东太太 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself: 就说我自己给她带那张命书， One must be so careful these days. 这年头人得小心啊。 Unreal City. 这飘忽的城， Under the brown fog of a winter dawn, 在冬晨的黄雾下， A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many, 一群人流过伦敦教桥，那么多， I had not thought death had undone so many. 我想不到‘死亡’灭了这许多。 Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled, 叹息，短促而稀少，吐出来， And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. 每个人的眼光都站在在自己脚上。 Flowed up the hill and down King William Street, 流上山，流下威廉王大街 To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours 到圣马利吴尔诺堂，那里有大钟 With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine. 打着最后的第九下，阴沉的一声。 There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: 'Stetson! 在那里我看见一个熟人，拦住他叫说：“史丹真！"You who were with me in the ships at Mylae! 你从前在迈来船上和我是在一起的！"That corpse you planted last year in your garden. 去年你种在花园里的尸首， "Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year? 它长芽了么？今年会开花么？ "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed? 还是忽来严霜捣坏了它的花床？ "Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men, 叫这狗熊星走远，他是人们的朋友 "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again! 不然用它的爪子会再掘它出来！ "You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable—mon frère!" 你！虚伪的读者——我的同类——我的弟兄！"II. A Game of ChessThe Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne, Glowed on the marble, where the glass Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines From which a golden Cupid peeped out (Another hid his eyes behind his wing) Doubled the flames of seven branched candelabra Reflecting light upon the table as The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it, From satin cases poured in rich profusion; In vials of ivory and coloured glass Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes, Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air That freshened from the window, these ascended in fattening the prolonged candle-flames, Flung their smoke into the laquearia, Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling. Huge sea-wood-fed with copper Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone, In which sad light a carved dolphin swam. Above the antique mantel was displayed. As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale Filled all the desert with inviolable voice And still she cried, and still the world pursues, "Jug Jug" to dirty ears. And other withered stumps of time Were told upon the walls; staring forms Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair. Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair Spread out in fiery points Claved into words, then would be savagely still."My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. "Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. "What are you thinking of? What thinking? What? "I never know what you are thinking. Think."I think we are in rats' alley Where the dead men lost their bones."What is that noise?" The wind under the door. "What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?" Nothing again nothing. "Do "You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember "Nothing?"I remember Those are pearls that were his eyes. "Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?" ButO O O O that Shakespearean Rag—It's so elegant So intelligent "What shall I do now? What shall I do?" "I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street "With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow? "What shall we ever do?" The hot water at ten. And if it rains, a closed car at four. And we shall play a game of chess, Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said—I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself, HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart. He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there. You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set, He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you. And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert. He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time, And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said. Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said. Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look. HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said. Others can pick and choose if you can't. But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling. You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique. (And he's only thirty-one.) I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face, It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said. (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.) The chemist said it would be alright, but I've never been the same. You are a proper fool, I said. Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said, What you get married for if you don't want children? HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon. And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot.—HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME Goodnight Bill. Goodnight Lou. Goodnight May. Goodnight. Ta ta. Goodnight. Goodnight. Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.III. The Fire SermonThe river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed. Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song. The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers, Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed. And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors; Departed, have left no addresses. By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept. . . Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song, Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long. But at my back in a cold blast I hear The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear. 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When lovely woman stoops to folly and Paces about her room again, alone, She smooths her hair with automatic hand, And puts a record on the gramophone."This music crept by me upon the waters" And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street. O City city, I can sometimes hear Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street, The pleasant whining of a mandoline And a clatter and a chatter from within Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls Of Magnus Martyr hold Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.The river sweats Oil and tar The barges drift With the turning tide Red sails Wide To leeward, swing on the heavy spar. The barges wash Drifting logs Down Greenwich reach Past the Isle of Dogs, Weialala leia Wallala leialala Elizabeth and Leicester Beating oars The stern was formed A gilded shell Red and gold The brisk swell Rippled both shores Southwest wind Carried down stream The peal of bells White towers Weialala leia Wallala leialala "Trams and dusty trees. Highbury bore me. 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