

→ 名著英汉对照双语版 ←

安徒生童话 Fairy Tales of Andersen

# 豌豆上的公主

## The Princess and the Pea

[丹] 安徒生 著

纪飞 译

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## 内 容 简 介

《安徒生童话》是名扬世界的童话巨著，是一部真正可以从小读到老的书，其作者安徒生被誉为“世界儿童文学的太阳”。《豌豆上的公主》《雪中花》《金色的宝贝》《风暴吹走了招牌》等童话名篇流传百年，经久不衰，伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。本书精选安徒生童话故事 16 篇，采用世界公认的英文译本，以英汉对照的形式出版，并辅助以英文音频。无论是作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年读者都将产生积极的影响。

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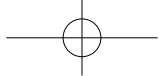
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## 前言

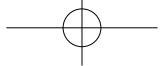
汉斯·克里斯蒂安·安徒生（Hans Christian Andersen，1805—1875），丹麦 19 世纪著名作家、诗人，名扬世界的童话大师，被誉为“现代童话之父”“世界儿童文学的太阳”。

1805 年 4 月 2 日，安徒生出生于丹麦中部菲英岛上的欧登塞小镇的一个贫苦家庭，早年在慈善学校读过书，当过学徒工。受父亲和民间口头文学影响，他自幼酷爱文学。安徒生 11 岁时，父亲病逝，母亲改嫁。14 岁时，他只身来到丹麦首都哥本哈根，在哥本哈根皇家剧院当了一名小配角。之后，安徒生在皇家剧院的资助下进入斯拉格尔塞文法学校和赫尔辛欧学校就读，1828 年进入哥本哈根大学学习。安徒生的文学创作生涯始于 1822 年，早期主要撰写诗歌和剧本，进入大学后，创作风格日趋成熟；曾发表游记和歌舞喜剧，出版诗集和诗剧，并于 1833 年出版了长篇小说《即兴诗人》，该小说奠定了他在丹麦文坛的地位。然而，使安徒生名扬天下的却是他的童话故事。

安徒生一生共计创作童话 168 篇。安徒生童话以深邃的思想、博大的爱心、独特的个性、高超的艺术，赢得了全世界儿童和成年人的喜爱，成为人类阅读史上的一个奇迹。他将幼稚、粗糙的民间传说与故事发展成为优美的饱含作者内心情感的文学童话，为后世作家留下经典范文。安徒生童话流传百年，经久不衰。

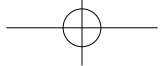
安徒生生前曾得到丹麦皇家的致敬，并被高度赞扬为给全欧洲的一代孩子带来了欢乐。为了纪念安徒生这位世界儿童文学巨匠，国际儿童读书联盟于 1954 年设立了世界儿童文学大奖——国际安徒生奖，这个奖项至今仍是世界儿童文学界最高的荣誉。2016 年，我国著名儿童文学作家曹文轩成为首位获此殊荣的中国作家。我国著名的现代文学家、学者郑振铎认为，安徒生是世界上最伟大的童话作家，他的伟大在于：他以他的童心与诗才开辟了一个童话的天地，给文学以新的式样与新的珠宝。

作为经典名著，安徒生童话跨越了时间的长河，作品不可避免地带有时代的烙印，无法完全从作者自身的宗教和文化背景中剥离，读者在阅读过程中应深刻体会故事所蕴含的道德寓意，以及所传递的真、善、美的价值观。例如，《踩在面包上走路的姑娘》故事中的主人公英格尔，在小时候就表现出心肠狠毒的一面，这种不善良的行为在故事中得到了惩罚，提醒我们要保持一颗善良的心，对待他人和生物要充满同情与善意；同时，无论身处何种环境，都要保持谦虚的态度，不要因为外在条件的改变而忘记自己的本心。故事通过英格尔的遭遇向我们传达了善良、孝敬、谦虚、自省、珍惜粮食与劳动成果，



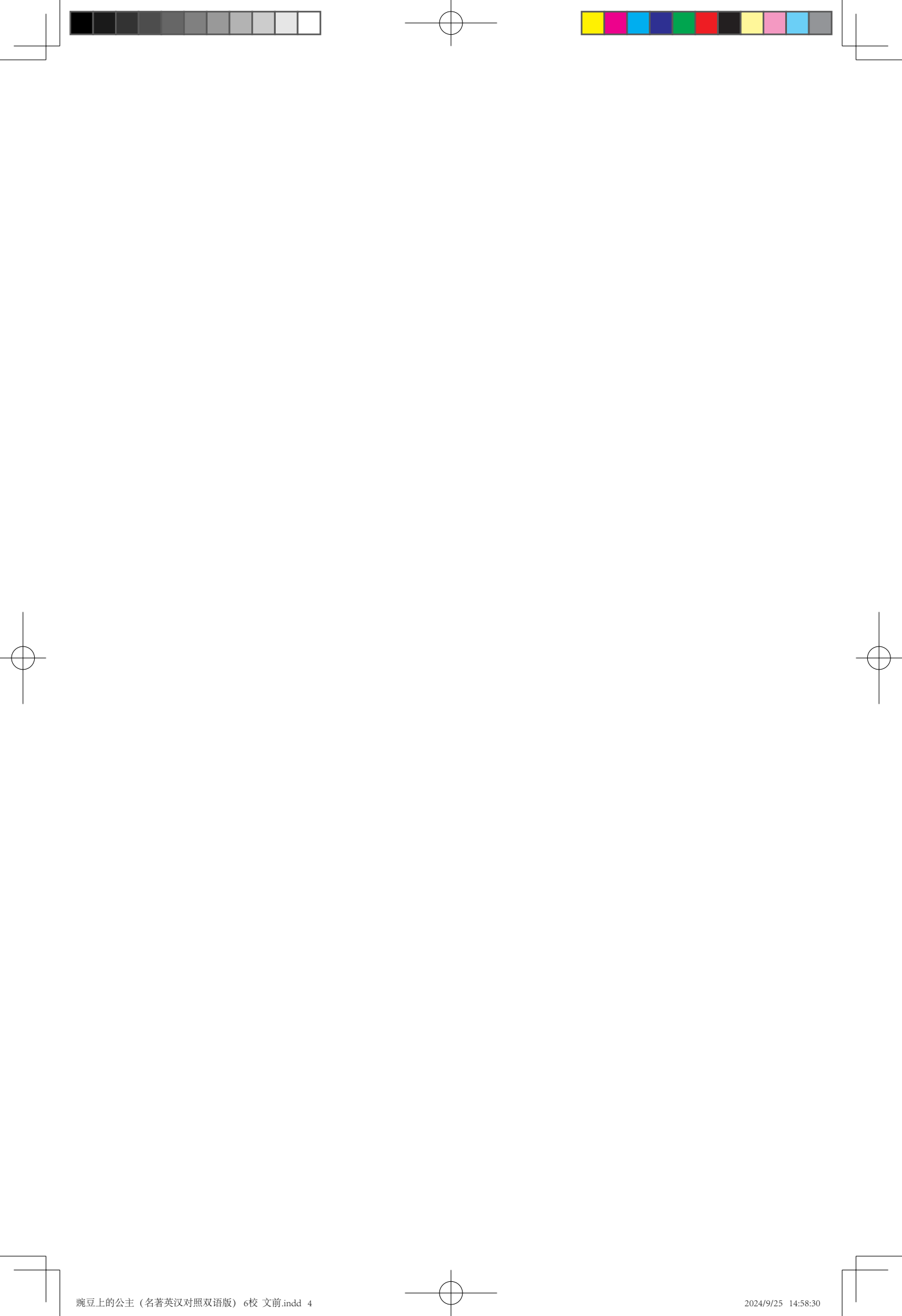
以及尊重他人与社会公德等道德寓意。

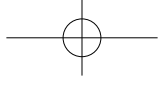
《安徒生童话》问世 100 多年来，至今被译成世界上 150 多种文字，受到全世界一代又一代青少年乃至成年读者的热烈欢迎。在中国，《安徒生童话》是青少年读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一，并被列为语文新课标课外阅读推荐读物。基于以上原因，我们决定引进本书，并采用英汉双语的形式出版。为了便于携带和阅读，我们精选其中 118 则故事分 7 册出版。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养非常有帮助。



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## 1. The Psyche



In the fresh morning dawn, in the rosy air gleams a great Star, the brightest Star of the morning. His rays tremble on the white wall, as if he wished to write down on it what he can tell, what he has seen there and elsewhere during thousands of years in our rolling world. Let us hear one of his stories.

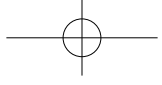


“A short time ago”—the Star’s “short time ago” is called among men “centuries ago”—my rays followed a young artist. It was in the city of the Popes, in the world-city, Rome. Much has been changed there in the course of time, but the changes have not come so quickly as the change from youth to old age. Then already the palace of the Caesars was a ruin, as it is now; fig trees and laurels grew among the fallen marble columns, and in the desolate bathing-halls, where the gilding still clings to the wall; the Coliseum was a gigantic ruin; the church bells sounded, the incense sent up its fragrant cloud, and through the streets marched processions with flaming tapers and glowing canopies. Holy Church was there, and art was held as a high and holy thing. In Rome lived the greatest painter in the world, Raphael; there also dwelt the first of sculptors, Michael Angelo. Even the Pope paid homage to these two, and honored them with a visit. Art was recognized and honored, and was rewarded also. But, for all that, everything great and splendid was not seen and known.

### ◆ ◆ 1. 普 赛 克 ◆ ◆

清晨，曙光初现，玫瑰色的空中有一颗明亮的星星，那是清晨最亮的星。星星的光芒在白墙上颤抖，仿佛要把他所知道的一切，以及数千年间在这个旋转不息的世界里看到的一切都写下来。让我们来听听他的一个故事吧。

不久以前——星星所谓的不久以前，指的是人类所说的好几个世纪以前——我的光辉洒在一位年轻的艺术家的身上。那时候还在教皇之都，世界大都市罗马城里。在岁月的长河里，已经有很多东西发生了变化，但是这些变化都没有人从幼时到老年的变化那么快。那时，罗马帝国的宫殿和现在一样，已经成为一片废墟：大理石圆柱倒了下来，残破的浴室的墙壁上仍然保留着金漆，废墟中还生长着无花果树和月桂树。斗兽场也已经成了一堆废墟。教堂的钟声响起，熏香上升起芬芳的迷雾，高举着蜡烛和华盖的信徒在大街上游行。每个人都信仰着宗教，艺术也同样受到所有人的敬仰。罗马住着世界上最伟大的画家拉斐尔，还有雕塑家的始祖米开朗琪罗，就连教皇都向这两位致敬，并亲自拜访他们。人们理解艺术，尊敬艺术，同时乐于提供奖励。不过哪怕是这样，也并不是每一件成熟而伟大的事物都会被人所知晓和了解。



In a narrow lane stood an old house. Once it had been a temple, a young sculptor now dwelt there. He was young and quite unknown. He certainly had friends, young artists, like himself, young in spirit, young in hopes and thoughts. They told him he was rich in talent, and an artist, but that he was foolish for having no faith in his own power, for he always broke what he had fashioned out of clay, and never completed anything; and a work must be completed if it is to be seen and to bring money.

“You are a dreamer,” they went on to say to him, “and that’s your misfortune. But the reason of this is, that you have never lived, you have never tasted life, you have never enjoyed it in great wholesome draughts, as it ought to be enjoyed. In youth one must mingle one’s own personality with life, that they may become one. Look at the great master Raphael, whom the Pope honors and the world admires. He’s no despiser of wine and bread.”

“And he even appreciates the baker’s daughter, the pretty Fornarina,” added Angelo, one of the merriest of the young friends.

Yes, they said a good many things of the kind, according to their age and their reason. They wanted to draw the young artist out with them into the merry wild life, the mad life as it might also be called; and at certain times he felt an inclination for it. He had warm blood, a strong imagination, and could take part in the merry chat, and laugh aloud with the rest; but what they called “Raphael’s merry life” disappeared before him like a vapor when he saw the divine radiance that beamed forth from the pictures of the great master; and when he stood in

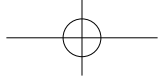
一条狭窄的巷子里面有一幢古老的房子。这幢房子曾经是一座神庙，现在里面居住着一位年轻的雕塑家。他很年轻，也没有什么名气，不过他有一些年轻朋友，这些人和他一样也是艺术家，意气风发、满怀憧憬、思维活跃。朋友们都说他是一个才华横溢的艺术家，但是他却对自己的能力没有信心，这是愚蠢的；因为他总是把自己的雕塑打碎，所以从来都不曾有一件真正完整的作品。如果他希望自己的作品能够被人欣赏，并给自己带来财富的话，那么他就应该完成自己的作品。

“你是一个梦想家！”他的朋友们对他说，“而这恰好是你的不幸。这其中的原因就是，你从来都不曾真正感受过生活，从来不曾怀着万分饥渴的心情去享受生活，一个人理应有这样的生活方式。一个人年轻的时候，应该投入生活，和生活融为一体。看一看拉斐尔大师吧！那可是受到教皇和世人敬仰的存在。而他既不拒绝面包，也不拒绝美酒。”

“他甚至欣赏面包师的女儿，美丽的福尔纳尼亚。”最快乐的朋友之一安吉洛说。

没错，他们讲了很多和他们的年龄、知识相符合的话。他们希望这位年轻的艺术家能够一起加入快乐的生活，当然也可以说是浪荡的、疯狂的生活。有些时候他也对此有些向往。他热血沸腾，想象力丰富，能够和他们愉快地聊天，和所有人一起放声大笑。但是当他看到大师画作中散发出的神圣光辉时，他们所谓的“拉斐尔的快乐生活”好像蒸汽一样从他的眼前消散了。他站在梵蒂冈，站在数千年前的大师们的大理石雕像面前，他不由得觉得十分壮阔，身体里仿佛涌进了一种崇高、神圣、发人深思、伟大和美





the Vatican, before the forms of beauty which the masters had hewn out of marble thousands of years since, his breast swelled, and he felt within himself something high, something holy, something elevating, great and good, and he wished that he could produce similar forms from the blocks of marble. He wished to make a picture of that which was within him, stirring upward from his heart to the realms of the Infinite; but how, and in what form? The soft clay was fashioned under his fingers into forms of beauty, but the next day he broke what he had fashioned, according to his wont.

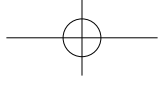
One day he walked past one of those rich palaces of which Rome has many to show. He stopped before the great open portal, and beheld a garden surrounded by cloistered walks. The garden bloomed with a goodly show of the fairest roses. Great white lilies with green juicy leaves shot upward from the marble basin in which the clear water was splashing; and a form glided past, the daughter of the princely house, graceful, delicate, and wonderfully fair. Such a form of female loveliness he had never before beheld—yet stay: he had seen it, painted by Raphael, painted as a Psyche, in one of the Roman palaces. Yes, there it had been painted; but here it passed by him in living reality.

The remembrance lived in his thoughts, in his heart. He went home to his humble room, and modelled a Psyche of clay. It was the rich young Roman girl, the noble maiden; and for the first time he looked at his work with satisfaction. It had a meaning for him, for it was she. And the friends who saw his work shouted aloud for joy; they declared that this work was a manifestation of his artistic power, of which they had long been aware, and that now the world should be made aware of it too.

好的东西。他自然也希望能够雕刻出同样的作品，希望能把自己心中向无穷尽的苍穹升起的那种情感化成一件作品。这是怎样的形象呢？柔软的黏土在他的手中变换着形状，但是第二天，他依旧把自己的创作给毁掉了。

有一天，他路过一个华丽的宫殿，这样的建筑物在罗马随处可见。他在一个敞开的大门前面停了下来，眼前是一个被封闭式长廊环绕的花园。花园里面盛开着最美丽的玫瑰花，在喷着清泉的大理石池子里，翠绿的嫩叶间绽放着洁白的百合花。这时候有一个身影悄然飘过，她是贵族之家的女儿；她是那么娇柔而优雅，美得令人惊叹。这位艺术家从来没有见过这么美丽的姑娘。哦，见过，那是在拉斐尔的作品中，在罗马的一座宫殿里，是按照普赛克的形象创作的。没错，她以前是被画在这儿的，但是现在，却在他面前鲜活地存在着。

这段回忆深深刻在他的脑海和心中。他回到了自己那简陋的房子里，用黏土塑造了普赛克的形象。这就是那位华丽而年轻的罗马姑娘，那位高贵的小姐。这也是他第一次对自己的创作感到满意。这件作品对他而言有着特殊的意义，因为它代表的是那位姑娘。所有见过这件作品的朋友都为他喝彩，因为这充分显示了他的艺术天分。他们早就看出了这一点，而现在全世界都应该知道。



The clay figure was lifelike and beautiful, but it had not the whiteness or the durability of marble. So they declared that the Psyche must henceforth live in marble. He already possessed a costly block of that stone. It had been lying for years, the property of his parents, in the courtyard. Fragments of glass, climbing weeds, and remains of artichokes had gathered about it and sullied its purity; but under the surface the block was as white as the mountain snow; and from this block the Psyche was to arise.

Now, it happened one morning—the bright Star tells nothing about this, but we know it occurred—that a noble Roman company came into the narrow lane. The carriage stopped at the top of the lane, and the company proceeded on foot towards the house, to inspect the young sculptor's work, for they had heard him spoken of by chance. And who were these distinguished guests? Poor young man! or fortunate young man he might be called. The noble young lady stood in the room and smiled radiantly when her father said to her, "It is your living image." That smile could not be copied, any more than the look could be reproduced, the wonderful look which she cast upon the young artist. It was a fiery look, that seemed at once to elevate and to crush him.

"The Psyche must be executed in marble," said the wealthy patrician. And those were words of life for the dead clay and the heavy block of marble, and words of life likewise for the deeply-moved artist. "When the work is finished I will purchase it," continued the rich noble.

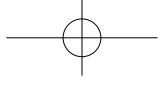
A new era seemed to have arisen in the poor studio. Life and cheerfulness gleamed there, and busy industry plied its work. The beaming Morning Star beheld how the work progressed. The clay itself seemed inspired since she had been there, and moulded itself, in heightened

黏土制成的作品自然是栩栩如生，但是却没有大理石雕刻一般的洁白和持久。于是他们决定把这一尊普赛克用大理石雕刻出来，这位艺术家已经拥有了一块昂贵的大理石，那是他父母的遗产，被放在院子里面很多年了。玻璃瓶的碎片、蔓生的杂草和洋蓟的残骸纷纷堆在大理石的边上，让它看上去没有那么洁白，不过这并不妨碍它内心的纯洁。普赛克很快就会从这一块石头里得到新生。

有一天早上，就这样发生了——星星虽然没有谈到这一点，不过我们却知道了——有一群来自罗马的贵族走进了这个巷子。他们的马车就停在不远的地方，这群客人是专门前来参观这位年轻雕塑家的作品的，因为他们曾经偶尔听到别人谈论起他。这群尊贵的客人是谁呢？可怜的年轻人，或者说，这是一个幸运的年轻人。那位高贵的年轻姑娘就这样站在他的房间里面，冲着大家微笑，她的父亲对她说：“这是你的一个缩影。”这样的微笑是不可复制的，正如她的眼神也是无法复制的一样。她投向那位年轻艺术家的眼神，是那么神奇、炽热，似乎同时提升了他又摧毁了他。

“普赛克一定要用大理石雕刻出来！”那位有钱的贵族说道。这对于那没有生命的黏土和沉重的大理石来说，就像生命的呼唤，同样也是对这位深受感动的艺术家生命的呼唤。“作品完成之后，我一定会花钱买下来的。”这位贵族说道。

一个新的时代仿佛就从这简陋的屋子里面开始了。生命和快乐在这儿散发着光辉，而艺术家则开始辛勤劳动。星星闪耀着光芒，见证了作品的进展。自从她来过之后，黏



beauty, to a likeness of the well-known features.

“Now I know what life is,” cried the artist rejoicingly, “it is Love! It is the lofty abandonment of self for the dawning of the beautiful in the soul! What my friends call life and enjoyment is a passing shadow; it is like bubbles among seething dregs, not the pure heavenly wine that consecrates us to life.”

The marble block was reared in its place. The chisel struck great fragments from it, the measurements were taken, points and lines were made, the mechanical part was executed, till gradually the stone assumed a human female form, a shape of beauty, and became converted into the Psyche, fair and glorious—a divine being in human shape. The heavy stone appeared as a gliding, dancing, airy Psyche, with the heavenly innocent smile—the smile that had mirrored itself in the soul of the young artist.

The Star of the roseate dawn beheld and understood what was stirring within the young man, and could read the meaning of the changing color of his cheek, of the light that flashed from his eye, as he stood busily working, reproducing what had been put into his soul from above.

“You art a master like those masters among the ancient Greeks,” exclaimed his delighted friends, “soon shall the whole world admire thy Psyche.”

“My Psyche!” he repeated. “Yes, mine. She must be mine. I, too, am an artist, like those great men who are gone. Providence has granted me the boon, and has made me the equal of that lady of noble birth.”

土本身也仿佛因此获得了灵感，以更加美丽的姿态塑造出了那些熟悉的特征。

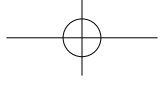
“我现在知道生命到底是什么了。”这位艺术家快乐地大喊着，“生命就是爱！生命是为了灵魂中美好事物的出现而高尚地放弃自我！我的朋友们所说的生命和享乐无非是过眼云烟，它们就像沸腾残渣中的泡沫，并不是赋予我们生命的神圣琼浆。”

那块大理石已经准备就绪了。表皮的那些碎块全部都被雕琢了下来，艺术家已经做了仔细的测量，并且也已经画上了很多点和线。机械部分的工作已经完成了，大理石就要呈现出一个人类女性的形态，成为美的象征，最后变成了美丽而辉煌的普赛克——人类形态的神圣存在。这一块沉重的石头现在已经变成了一位活泼而迷人的普赛克，她的嘴唇上挂着天真的笑容——那深深地印在年轻艺术家灵魂深处的笑容。

玫瑰色的黎明之星见证了这一切，也理解了这位年轻人内心的激荡，能读懂他脸颊上不断变化的颜色所代表的意义，以及他忙碌工作时眼中闪烁的光芒，那是他灵魂深处的再现。

“你是一个大师，就像那些古希腊的大师一样！”他的朋友们说，“很快，整个世界都会为你的普赛克而惊叹不已。”

“我的普赛克！”他喃喃地说，“是的，我的！她应该属于我，就像那些逝去的伟人一样，我也是一位艺术家。上帝赐予我这样的天赋，让我能够 and 那位高贵的女士平起平坐。”

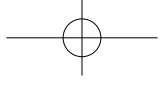


And he knelt down and breathed a prayer of thankfulness to Heaven, and then he forgot Heaven for her sake—for the sake of her picture in stone—for her Psyche which stood there as if formed of snow, blushing in the morning dawn.

He was to see her in reality, the living, graceful Psyche, whose words sounded like music in his ears. He could now carry the news into the rich palace that the marble Psyche was finished. He betook himself thither, strode through the open courtyard where the waters ran splashing from the dolphin's jaws into the marble basins, where the snowy lilies and the fresh roses bloomed in abundance. He stepped into the great lofty hall, whose walls and ceilings shone with gilding and bright colors and heraldic devices. Gayly-dressed serving-men, adorned with trappings like sleigh horses, walked to and fro, and some reclined at their ease upon the carved oak seats, as if they were the masters of the house. He told them what had brought him to the palace, and was conducted up the shining marble staircase, covered with soft carpets and adorned with many a statue. Then he went on through richly-furnished chambers, over mosaic floors, amid gorgeous pictures. All this pomp and luxury seemed to weary him; but soon he felt relieved, for the princely old master of the house received him most graciously, almost heartily; and when he took his leave he was requested to step into the Signora's apartment, for she, too, wished to see him. The servants led him through more luxurious halls and chambers into her room, where she appeared the chief and leading ornament.

他跪了下来，向上帝表达了自己最为诚挚的谢意，但是下一秒，由于普赛克的缘故，他又一次忘掉了上帝，那一座珍贵的石雕——他的普赛克站在那儿，就像用雪花雕刻而成的，在朝霞中泛着红光。

他很快就能够看到那个活生生的普赛克了，她的声音好像天籁之音。现在他可以把这个消息告诉那位贵族，普赛克已经完工了。他朝着那儿走去，穿过了那宽阔的庭院；大理石的池子里面喷泉涌动，百合盛开，玫瑰花也在开放。他走进了一间宽阔的大厅，墙壁和天花板闪闪发光，明亮的颜色和灿烂的花纹图案交相辉映。衣着华丽的仆人就像拉雪橇的马儿，走来走去，甚至还有几位悠闲地躺在雕刻精美的橡木座位上，好像他们才是这儿的主人。他告诉了那些仆人自己的来意，然后就被带到了一个大理石砌成的楼梯上；楼梯上铺着柔软的地毯，两边有很多雕像。他踏上马赛克地板，穿过很多富丽堂皇的房间，墙壁上挂满了名画。眼前的一切让他不免有些紧张，他呼吸沉重，但是很快就放松了下来，因为这位尊贵的老主人对他十分客气，也很热情地接待了他；当他准备告辞的时候，他还被邀请去看看这位小姐，因为她也想见见这位艺术家。仆人领着他穿过更加奢华的大厅和房间，来到她的房间里，她在那里就像最耀眼的主角。



She spoke to him. No hymn of supplication, no holy chant, could melt his soul like the sound of her voice. He took her hand and lifted it to his lips. No rose was softer, but a fire thrilled through him from this rose—a feeling of power came upon him, and words poured from his tongue—he knew not what he said. Does the crater of the volcano know that the glowing lava is pouring from it? He confessed what he felt for her. She stood before him astonished, offended, proud, with contempt in her face, an expression of disgust, as if she had suddenly touched a cold unclean reptile. Her cheeks reddened, her lips grew white, and her eyes flashed fire, though they were dark as the blackness of night.

“Madman!” she cried, “away! begone!”

And she turned her back upon him. Her beautiful face wore an expression like that of the stony countenance with the snaky locks.

Like a stricken, fainting man, he tottered down the staircase and out into the street. Like a man walking in his sleep, he found his way back to his dwelling. Then he woke up to madness and agony, and seized his hammer, swung it high in the air, and rushed forward to shatter the beautiful marble image. But, in his pain, he had not noticed that his friend Angelo stood beside him; and Angelo held back his arm with a strong grasp, crying,

“Are you mad? What are you about?”

They struggled together. Angelo was the stronger; and, with a deep sigh of exhaustion, the young artist threw himself into a chair.

两个人聊着天。任何赞美诗和歌谣都没有办法像现在这样融化他的心灵，并且净化他的灵魂。他握着这位小姐的手，并且把它举到唇边。没有比这更加柔软的玫瑰花，更何况这一朵玫瑰花还燃着火，燃烧着他的身体，他的舌尖上冒出来滚滚话语——就连他自己都不知道到底说了些什么。火山洞口能够知道自己在喷吐岩浆吗？他表达了自己的爱意。她站在那儿，脸上满是惊讶、反感和骄傲。她的脸上露出一种藐视的神情，好像刚刚摸过一只冰冷黏湿的爬虫。她的脸颊变得通红，嘴唇发白，眼睛里冒着火，尽管这双眼睛就像黑夜一般漆黑。

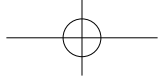
“你这个疯子！”她喊道，“滚开！快走！”

她转过了身子。那美丽的脸庞就像美杜莎一样。

艺术家失魂落魄地走下楼梯，走到街上，就像梦游一样，他回到了自己的家里。然后他从疯狂和痛苦之中醒来，抓起了锤子，高高地举在空中，想把这尊石雕打碎。不过，处于痛苦之中的他并没有注意到他的朋友安吉洛就在旁边。安吉洛抓住了他的手臂，喊道：

“你疯了吗？你在做什么？”

两个人扭成一团。安吉洛比较强壮，而这位年轻的艺术家最终深深叹了一口气，一屁股坐在了椅子上面。



“What has happened?” asked Angelo. “Command yourself. Speak!”

But what could he say? How could he explain? And as Angelo could make no sense of his friend’s incoherent words, he forbore to question him further, and merely said,

“Your blood grows thick from your eternal dreaming. Be a man, as all others are, and don’t go on living in ideals, for that is what drives men crazy. A jovial feast will make you sleep quietly and happily. Believe me, the time will come when you will be old, and your sinews will shrink, and then, on some fine sunshiny day, when everything is laughing and rejoicing, you will lie there a faded plant, that will grow no more. I do not live in dreams, but in reality. Come with me. Be a man!”

And he drew the artist away with him. At this moment he was able to do so, for a fire ran in the blood of the young sculptor; a change had taken place in his soul; he felt a longing to tear from the old, the accustomed—to forget, if possible, his own individuality; and therefore it was that he followed Angelo.

In an out-of-the-way suburb of Rome lay a tavern much visited by artists. It was built on the ruins of some ancient baths. The great yellow citrons hung down among the dark shining leaves, and covered a part of the old reddish-yellow walls. The tavern consisted of a vaulted chamber, almost like a cavern, in the ruins. A lamp burned there before the picture of the Madonna. A great fire gleamed on the hearth, and roasting and boiling was going on there; without, under the citron trees and laurels, stood a few covered tables.

“到底发生了什么？”安吉洛问道，“镇静一点，和我说说吧！”

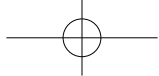
但是他还能说什么呢？他怎么才能解释清楚呢？安吉洛也无法理解朋友语无论次的话语，于是也就不再追问了，只是说道：

“你整天都活在梦境之中，就连你的血液都要凝滞了。像男子汉一样，和其他人一样，清醒过来吧，不要总是沉浸在理想之中！因为那只会让人变得疯狂。一顿美味的大餐会让你好好地睡一觉的。相信我！当你年老的时候，当你的肌肉萎缩的时候，在一个美好的艳阳天，当一切都充满欢笑和喜悦时，你会像一株凋零的植物一样躺在那里，再也不会生长了。我不曾生活在梦中，而是生活在现实里面。跟我一起来吧！做一个真正的男人。”

然后他就拉着艺术家走了。这时候，年轻雕塑家的血液正在燃烧，他的灵魂正在变化；他十分迫切地想要从他传统的生活中解脱出来——忘掉过去的自己，于是他跟着安吉洛走了。

罗马郊区的一个酒店是很多艺术家们经常会去的地方。酒店修建在一片古代浴池的废墟之中，巨大的黄色柠檬悬挂在暗绿的叶子中间，遮盖了部分古老的红黄色的墙壁。酒店是由高大的拱形房间组成的，就位于废墟的中间，像一个巨大的洞穴。圣母像的面前点着一盏灯，炉子里面燃着熊熊烈火，还有一些食物在上面烤着、煮着。外面的柠檬树和月桂树下摆放着几张盖着布的桌子。





The two artists were received by their friends with shouts of welcome. Little was eaten, but much was drunk, and the spirits of the company rose. Songs were sung and ditties were played on the guitar; presently the Salterello sounded, and the merry dance began. Two young Roman girls, who sat as models to the artists, took part in the dance and in the festivity. Two charming Bacchantes were they; certainly not Psyches—not delicate, beautiful roses, but fresh, hearty, glowing carnations.



How hot it was on that day! Even after sundown it was hot. There was fire in the blood, fire in every glance, fire everywhere. The air gleamed with gold and roses, and life seemed like gold and roses.

“At last you have joined us, for once,” said his friends. “Now let yourself be carried by the waves within and around you.”

“Never yet have I felt so well, so merry!” cried the young artist. “You are right—you are all of you right. I was a fool—a dreamer. Man belongs to reality, and not to fancy.”

With songs and with sounding guitars the young people returned that evening from the tavern, through the narrow streets; the two glowing carnations, daughters of the Campagna, went with them.

In Angelo’s room, among a litter of colored sketches (studies) and glowing pictures, the voices sounded mellow, but not less merrily. On the ground lay many a sketch that resembled the daughters of the Campagna, in their fresh, hearty comeliness, but the two originals were far

两位艺术家受到了朋友们的热烈欢迎。他们吃得很少，但是喝得很多；到处都洋溢着一种快乐的气氛。他们唱着歌，弹着吉他，很快就响起了萨尔塔莱罗舞曲，热烈的舞蹈开始了。经常为艺术家做模特的两个年轻的罗马姑娘就坐在艺术家的旁边，也参加了舞会和宴会。这是两个迷人的酒神女祭司，不过她们明显不是普赛克——不是美丽、娇嫩的玫瑰花，而是新鲜、饱满、充满活力的康乃馨。

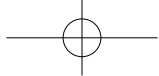
那一天是多么热啊！哪怕太阳下山以后，天气仍然是那么热！血液里仿佛有火在燃烧，空气中也一样，火焰无处不在。空气中闪烁着金色和玫瑰色的光芒，生活也仿佛变成了金色和玫瑰色。

“你终于和我们在一起了！”艺术家的朋友们说，“让你身边和体内的波涛把你托起来吧！”

“我从来不曾感觉这么美好，这么快乐！”年轻的艺术喊道，“你们是对的——你们都是对的。我就是一个傻瓜——一个白日做梦的家伙。人是属于现实的，不是属于幻想的。”

星空下，这群年轻人在歌声和吉他声中穿过了狭窄的街道，从酒店回到了家里。那两朵充满活力的康乃馨，坎帕尼亚姑娘，也跟着他们一起。

安吉洛的房间里杂乱地放着一些速写和图画，他们的声音降低了，但是并没有影响他们快乐的情绪。地上散落着很多素描，就像那两个美丽的坎帕尼亚姑娘一样美丽；不过显然，这两个姑娘要比她们的肖像画好看多了。屋顶上悬挂着一盏有着六个灯泡的



handsomer than their portraits. All the burners of the six-armed lamp flared and flamed; and the human flamed up from within, and appeared in the glare as if it were divine.

“Apollo! Jupiter! I feel myself raised to our heaven—to your glory! I feel as if the blossom of life were unfolding itself in my veins at this moment!”

Yes, the blossom unfolded itself, and then burst and fell, and an evil vapor arose from it, blinding the sight, leading astray the fancy; the firework of the senses went out, and it became dark.

He was again in his own room. There he sat down on his bed and collected his thoughts.

“Fie on thee!” these were the words that sounded out of his mouth from the depths of his heart. “Wretched man, go, begone!” And a deep painful sigh burst from his bosom.

“Away! begone!” These, her words, the words of the living Psyche, echoed through his heart, escaped from his lips. He buried his head in the pillows, his thoughts grew confused, and he fell asleep.

In the morning dawn he started up, and collected his thoughts anew. What had happened? Had all the past been a dream? The visit to her, the feast at the tavern, the evening with the purple carnations of the Campagna? No, it was all real—a reality he had never before experienced.

In the purple air gleamed the bright Star, and its beams fell upon him and upon the marble Psyche. He trembled as he looked at that picture of immortality, and his glance seemed impure

灯，每一个灯都熊熊燃烧；人类的内心也燃烧起来，在耀眼的光芒中仿佛变成了神。

“阿波罗！丘比特！我感觉自己已经来到了天国——来到了你们的荣耀之中！我感觉自己的生命之花已经绽放了。”

没错，花儿绽放了，然后凋谢了，一股邪恶的气息从中升起，蒙住了视线，毒害了思想，然后熄灭了感官的烟火，周围变得一片黑暗。

他回到了自己的房间，坐在床上，整理着自己的思绪。

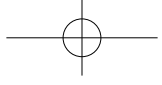
“滚开！”他的内心深处喷洒出这样的字眼，“可怜的家伙啊！快滚！快滚！”他发出了一声痛苦的叹息。

“滚开！快走！”这是活生生的普赛克说过的话，这句话一直在他的心头萦绕着，而这一刻终于从他的嘴唇里讲了出来。他的脑袋深深地埋在枕头里，他的脑海一片混乱，最后沉沉睡去了。

清晨的时候，他惊醒，重新整理了自己的思绪。昨天发生了什么？这一切都是一个梦吗？上门拜访，酒店里的狂欢，以及晚上和那来自坎帕尼亚的紫色康乃馨的约会？不，这一切都是真实的——是他从来没有体验过的真实生活。

那颗明亮的星星正在紫色的天空中闪耀，它的光芒洒在艺术家的身上，也洒在那一尊普赛克雕像的身上。当他看到这不朽的雕塑时，浑身颤抖了起来，因为他感觉自己的目光变得不纯洁了。他把布盖在雕像上，然后再次触摸它——他已经没有勇气直视自己





to him. He threw the cloth over the statue, and then touched it once more to unveil the form—but he was not able to look again at his own work.

Gloomy, quiet, absorbed in his own thoughts, he sat there through the long day. He heard nothing of what was going on around him, and no man guessed what was passing in this human soul.

And days and weeks went by, but the nights passed more slowly than the days. The flashing Star beheld him one morning as he rose, pale and trembling with fever, from his sad couch; then he stepped towards the statue, threw back the covering, took one long, sorrowful gaze at his work, and then, almost sinking beneath the burden, he dragged the statue out into the garden. In that place was an old dry well, now nothing but a hole. Into this he cast the Psyche, threw earth in above her, and covered up the spot with twigs and nettles.

“Away! begone!” Such was the short epitaph he spoke.

The Star beheld all this from the pink morning sky, and its beam trembled upon two great tears upon the pale feverish cheeks of the young man; and soon it was said that he was sick unto death, and he lay stretched upon a bed of pain.

The convent Brother Ignatius visited him as a physician and a friend, and brought him words of comfort, of religion, and spoke to him of the peace and happiness of the church, of the sinfulness of man, of rest and mercy to be found in heaven.

And the words fell like warm sunbeams upon a teeming soil. The soil smoked and sent up clouds of mist, fantastic pictures, pictures in which there was reality; and from these floating

的作品了。

他静静地坐在那里，一言不发，完全沉浸在自己的思绪之中，度过了一个漫长的日子。他没有听到周围发生的一切，没有人能够猜到他的内心到底在思考什么。

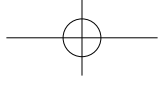
日子一天天过去了，很多个星期过去了，夜晚也变得比白天更加漫长。有一天早上，星星看到了这位艺术家，他的脸色苍白，因为发烧而浑身颤抖。只见他走到那一尊雕像旁边，把上面的那一块布给扯掉了，用悲痛的目光凝望了很久，然后他就把雕像拖到了花园里。雕像的重量差点就把他压倒了。花园里有一口枯井，现在只是一个洞。这位艺术家把普赛克推到了枯井里，然后用泥土把雕像掩埋了起来，上边用树枝和荨麻盖住。

“滚开！快走！”这算是简单的悼词了。

星星在玫瑰色的天空中看到了这一切，它的光线在年轻艺术家那苍白而且正在发烧的脸上挂着的泪珠中间颤抖。很快，人们都觉得他要死去了，他躺在床上痛苦不堪。

修士伊格内修斯作为一个朋友和医生前来看望他，并且带给他宗教上的安慰。他谈论起宗教中的和平和快乐，以及人类的原罪，当然还有天国的休憩和慈悲。

这番话就像温暖的阳光洒在肥沃的土壤上。土壤中冒出了水蒸气，蒸腾起来，呈现出奇幻的画面，而画面中又蕴含着真实。在这些飘浮的岛屿上，他看到了人类的生活，



islands he looked across at human life. He found it vanity and delusion—and vanity and delusion it had been to him. They told him that art was a sorcerer, betraying us to vanity and to earthly lusts; that we are false to ourselves, unfaithful to our friends, unfaithful towards Heaven; and that the serpent was always repeating within us, “Eat, and you shall become as God.”

And it appeared to him as if now, for the first time, he knew himself, and had found the way that leads to truth and to peace. In the church was the light and the brightness of God—in the monk’s cell he should find the rest through which the tree of human life might grow on into eternity.

Brother Ignatius strengthened his longings, and the determination became firm within him. A child of the world became a servant of the church—the young artist renounced the world, and retired into the cloister.

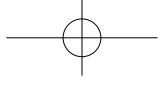
The brothers came forward affectionately to welcome him, and his inauguration was as a Sunday feast. Heaven seemed to him to dwell in the sunshine of the church, and to beam upon him from the holy pictures and from the cross. And when, in the evening, at the sunset hour, he stood in his little cell, and, opening the window, looked out upon old Rome, upon the desolated temples, and the great dead Coliseum—when he saw all this in its spring garb, when the acacias bloomed, and the ivy was fresh, and roses burst forth everywhere, and the citron and orange were in the height of their beauty, and the palm trees waved their branches—then he felt a deeper emotion than had ever yet thrilled through him. The quiet open Campagna spread itself forth towards the blue snow-covered mountains, which seemed to be painted in the air; all

那儿充满了虚荣和妄想，正如他之前的生活一样。他们告诉他，艺术就是一位巫师，总是会把我们带进虚荣和人间的情欲之中，让我们对自己，对朋友，对上帝都表现得不忠诚；心里的那条蛇总是在对我们说：“吃吧！你很快就会变成上帝的！”

他仿佛头一次认识了自己，他终于认清了通往真理与和平的道路。教堂里充满上帝的荣光。只有在教堂的净室里才能够找到永恒的宁静，这样人的生命之树才能够获得永恒。

伊洛纳提乌斯修道士支持他的选择，这让他更加坚定了。一个世俗的孩子很快就成了教会的仆人，这位年轻艺术家舍弃了世俗生活，在修道院隐居了。

修道士们热情地欢迎他！他加入教会的日子就像一个节日。在他看来，上帝就生活在教会的太阳光里，从那些神圣的画像和明亮的十字架上向他投射出光芒。在黄昏，当太阳落下去的时候，他在他的静修室里打开窗子，向古老的罗马，向那些残破的庙宇和那庄严的、毁灭了的斗兽场眺望。他在春天里看到这一切——槐树正开满了花，常春藤呈现出新鲜的绿色，玫瑰花遍地舒展着花瓣，柠檬和橙子处于它们最美的时刻，棕榈树摇动着枝叶——这时他产生了一种从来没有过的、激动人心的感觉。那片广阔的、安静的坎帕尼亚平原向那蓝色的、盖满积雪的高山一直延伸过去，好像它是被绘在空中，所



the outlines melting into each other, breathing peace and beauty, floating, dreaming—and all appearing like a dream!

Yes, this world was a dream, and the dream lasts for hours, and may return for hours; but convent life is a life of years—long years, and many years.

From within comes much that renders men sinful and impure. He fully realized the truth of this. What flames arose up in him at times! What a source of evil, of that which we would not, welled up continually! He mortified his body, but the evil came from within.

One day, after the lapse of many years, he met Angelo, who recognized him.

“Man!” exclaimed Angelo. “Yes, it is thou! Art you happy now? You hast sinned against God, and cast away His boon from thee—hast neglected thy mission in this world! Read the parable of the intrusted talent! The MASTER, who spoke that parable, spoke the truth! What hast you gained? What hast you found? Dost you not fashion for thyself a religion and a dreamy life after thine own idea, as almost all do? Suppose all this is a dream, a fair delusion!”

“Get you away from me, Satan!” said the monk; and he quitted Angelo.

“There is a devil, a personal devil! This day I have seen him!” said the monk to himself. “Once I extended a finger to him, and he took my whole hand. But now,” he sighed, “the evil is within me, and it is in yonder man; but it does not bow him down; he goes abroad with head erect, and enjoys his comfort; and I grasped at comfort in the consolations of religion. If it were

有轮廓融成一个整体，呈现出和平和美的气息；它们在一种梦境中飘浮着——这一切看上去好像一个梦！

是的，这个世界是一个梦。这个梦可以一连做几个钟头，做完了又继续做下去。但是修道院的生活是经年累月的，是无穷尽的。

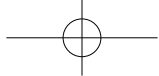
内心可以产生许多不洁的东西，他得承认这个事实！他心里偶尔燃烧起来的那种火焰究竟是什么呢？那种违反他的意志、不停流淌的罪恶的泉水，究竟是什么呢？他折磨着自己的躯体，但是罪恶却来自他的内心。

很多年以后的一天，他碰到了安吉洛，后者一眼就认出了他。

“是你！”安吉洛说道，“果然是你！你快乐吗？你违反了上帝的意志，舍弃了他赐予你的才能——你忽视了在这世间的责任！请你读一读那个受托之才的寓言吧！那个寓言的主人公说的才是真理啊！你得到了什么呢？你又找到了什么？你不是和大多数人一样，按照自己的想法创造了一种宗教和梦幻般的生活吗？假设这一切都是梦，是不切实际的幻想！”

“给我走开点吧，撒旦！”那位修道士说，然后他就离开了安吉洛。

“这是一个魔鬼！今天我算是亲眼看到了！”那位修道士自言自语说。“只要我伸出一根手指，他就会抓住我的手。但是现在，”他叹了一口气，说，“邪恶就在我的身体里面，邪恶也在这个人的身体里面，但是他却没有被罪恶压倒。他昂着头，享受属于自己的快乐；而我则在宗教的笼罩下追寻我的快乐。但是如果这一切不过是一个安慰呢？如



nothing but a consolation? Supposing everything here were, like the world I have quitted, only a beautiful fancy, a delusion like the beauty of the evening clouds, like the misty blue of the distant hills—when you approach them, they are very different! O eternity! You actest like the great calm ocean, that beckons us, and fills us with expectation—and when we embark upon thee, we sink, disappear, and cease to be. Delusion! away with it! begone!”

And tearless, but sunk in bitter reflection, he sat upon his hard couch, and then knelt down—before whom? Before the stone cross fastened to the wall? No, it was only habit that made him take this position.

The more deeply he looked into his own heart, the blacker did the darkness seem. “Nothing within, nothing without—this life squandered and cast away!” And this thought rolled and grew like a snowball, until it seemed to crush him.

“I can confide my griefs to none. I may speak to none of the gnawing worm within. My secret is my prisoner, if I let the captive escape, I shall be his!”

And the godlike power that dwelt within him suffered and strove.

“O Lord, my Lord!” he cried, in his despair, “be merciful and grant me faith. I threw away the gift you hadst vouchsafed to me, I left my mission unfulfilled. I lacked strength, and strength you didst not give me. Immortality—the Psyche in my breast—away with it!—it shall be buried like that Psyche, the best gleam of my life, never will it arise out of its grave!”

The Star glowed in the roseate air, the Star that shall surely be extinguished and pass away

果这儿的一切就像我曾经抛弃的人间，都无非是美丽的幻想呢？就像晚霞一样嫣红，又像远山的迷雾一般淡蓝——但是当你靠近的时候，它们却大不相同。永恒啊！你就像平静的海洋，冲着我们招手，让我们充满了希望——但是当我们冲向你的时候，却会下沉、消失、灭亡。幻想啊！快离开吧，快走！”

他坐在坚硬的床铺上面，沉浸在痛苦的反思中，没有一滴眼泪，然后就跪倒在地——跪在谁的面前呢？是墙上固定的石制十字架吗？不是的，这只不过是他的习惯性动作。

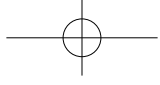
他越是陷入深思，就越是感觉黑暗。“周围是空的，内心也是空的。这一生就这样浪费了！”这个念头就像雪球一样滚动，越滚越大，最终似乎要将他压垮。

“我不能把内心的煎熬讲出来！我的秘密就是我的囚徒。如果我释放了他，那么我就会被他所控制。”

上帝的力量在他的身体里面激烈斗争。

“哦，上帝啊！上帝啊！”他绝望地呼喊， “请宽恕我，赐予我信仰吧！我已经放弃了你赐予的天赋，我已经放弃了在这个世界上应该完成的任务。我缺少力量，而你却没有赐予我力量。不朽啊——我内心的普赛克啊——请离开吧！我生命中的珍宝啊，它会像那座普赛克一样被埋葬，并且永无出头之日。”

那颗星星仍然在玫瑰色的天空中闪亮，那颗星星总有一天会熄灭，终将会消失，但



while the soul still lives on; its trembling beam fell upon the white wall, but it wrote nothing there upon being made perfect in God, nothing of the hope of mercy, of the reliance on the divine love that thrills through the heart of the believer.

“The Psyche within can never die. Shall it live in consciousness? Can the incomprehensible happen? Yes, yes. My being is incomprehensible. You art unfathomable, O Lord. Thy whole world is incomprehensible—a wonder-work of power, of glory and of love.”

His eyes gleamed, and then closed in death. The tolling of the church bell was the last sound that echoed above him, above the dead man; and they buried him, covering him with earth that had been brought from Jerusalem, and in which was mingled the dust of many of the pious dead.

When years had gone by his skeleton was dug up, as the skeletons of the monks who had died before him had been; it was clad in a brown frock, a rosary was put into the bony hand, and the form was placed among the ranks of other skeletons in the cloisters of the convent. And the sun shone without, while within the censers were waved and the Mass was celebrated.

And years rolled by.

The bones fell asunder and became mingled with others. Skulls were piled up till they formed an outer wall around the church; and there lay also his head in the burning sun, for many dead were there, and no one knew their names, and his name was forgotten also. And see, something was moving in the sunshine, in the sightless cavernous eyes! What might that be?

是人类的灵魂会继续存在。那颤抖的光辉洒在白色的墙上，但是并没有留下上帝的荣光，没有慈悲的希望，也没有这位信徒内心所激荡的神圣之爱。

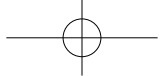
“内心的普赛克是不会死亡的。她是否存在于意识之中呢？这世上会有无法理解的存在吗？没错，没错，我本身就是无法理解的。上帝，你也是不可估摸的。整个世界都是不可估摸的——这是神奇的作品，是力量、光荣和爱的奇迹。”

他的眼睛闪着光，然后闭上眼死去了。教堂的钟声是他听到的最后一个声音。人们把他给埋葬了，来自耶路撒冷的泥土覆盖了他，而这泥土中混杂着虔诚的先圣的骨灰。

很多年过去了，他和很多以前的僧人一样，骸骨也被挖了出来，然后穿上了棕色的僧衣，手里挂着念珠，被放置在修道院回廊中其他骸骨之间。阳光很明媚，而修道院里烟雾弥漫，人们正在做弥撒。

很多年过去了。

那些骸骨都已经倒下，并且堆在了一起。那些头骨堆积起来，在教堂的外面形成了一座外墙。当然，他的头骨也同样暴露在灼热的阳光下。这儿有那么多死者，没有人知道他们的名字，自然也没有人知道他的名字。阳光下，好像有什么东西在移动！这是什么呢？有一条蜥蜴在头骨里活动，在那两个空洞洞的眼窝里面爬进爬出。这只蜥蜴代表



A sparkling lizard moved about in the skull, gliding in and out through the sightless holes. The lizard now represented all the life left in that head, in which once great thoughts, bright dreams, the love of art and of the glorious, had arisen, whence hot tears had rolled down, where hope and immortality had had their being. The lizard sprang away and disappeared, and the skull itself crumbled to pieces and became dust among dust.

Centuries passed away. The bright Star gleamed unaltered, radiant and large, as it had gleamed for thousands of years, and the air glowed red with tints fresh as roses, crimson like blood.

There, where once had stood the narrow lane containing the ruins of the temple, a nunnery was now built. A grave was being dug in the convent garden for a young nun who had died, and was to be laid in the earth this morning. The spade struck against a hard substance; it was a stone, that shone dazzling white. A block of marble soon appeared, a rounded shoulder was laid bare; and now the spade was plied with a more careful hand, and presently a female head was seen, and butterflies' wings. Out of the grave in which the young nun was to be laid they lifted, in the rosy morning, a wonderful statue of a Psyche carved in white marble.

“How beautiful, how perfect it is!” cried the spectators. “A relic of the best period of art.”

And who could the sculptor have been? No one knew; no one remembered him, except the bright star that had gleamed for thousands of years. The star had seen the course of that life on

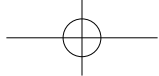
这颗头颅中残留的所有生命，这颗头颅曾孕育出伟大的思想、璀璨的梦想、对艺术和辉煌的爱，曾流淌过热泪，曾有过希望和永生。蜥蜴一跃而去，消失无踪，而头骨本身也碎裂成尘土，归于尘土之中。

又是好几个世纪过去了，那颗明亮的星星仍然闪耀着未变的光芒，灿烂而硕大，正如数千年来一样，天空中泛着玫瑰般鲜艳，血液般深红的色泽。

在那曾经是一条狭窄的小巷和神庙废墟的地方，现在修建起来一座修道院。花园里面，人们挖了一个坑，因为有一位修女死去了，这天上午打算下葬。铲子碰到了一块坚硬的东西，那是一块雪白的石头。不一会儿，一整块大理石就出现了，然后就露出了圆润的肩膀。人们挖得越发小心翼翼，很快就出现了一个女性的脑袋，然后出现了一对蝴蝶般的翅膀。在这么一个清晨，人们在这即将安葬一位修女的坟墓中挖出了一座用雪白的大理石雕刻的普赛克的雕像。

“多么美丽！多么完美啊！”人们纷纷说，“这是艺术鼎盛时代的作品啊！”

这件作品是谁创作的呢？除了天上那颗闪亮了数千年的星星，没有人记得了。只有



earth, and knew of the man's trials, of his weakness—in fact, that he had been but human. The man's life had passed away, his dust had been scattered abroad as dust is destined to be, but the result of his noblest striving, the glorious work that gave token of the divine element within him—the Psyche that never dies, that lives beyond posterity—the brightness even of this earthly Psyche remained here after him, and was seen and acknowledged and appreciated.

The bright Morning Star in the roseate air threw its glancing ray downward upon the Psyche, and upon the radiant countenances of the admiring spectators, who here beheld the image of the soul portrayed in marble.

What is earthly will pass away and be forgotten, and the Star in the vast firmament knows it. What is heavenly will shine brightly through posterity. And when the ages of posterity are past, the Psyche—the soul—will still live on!

这颗星星见证了他的一生，也明白他所经历的考验和他的弱点——他也只不过是一个平凡的人。他已经去世很久了，就像一粒灰尘一样，不过他的伟大作品最终留了下来——那永垂不朽的普赛克。他所留下的作品将受到世人的敬仰和敬佩。

那颗明亮的星星正在玫瑰色的天空洒下光芒，照在这一座雕像上面，同样也投射在那些面带敬仰之色的观众脸上，他们正用惊奇的眼神瞻仰着这一座有灵魂的雕像。

人间的东西终将被遗忘，天上的星星深知这一点。天堂的光辉将永远闪耀，随着时间流逝，普赛克——灵魂——将永存。