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ЕВРЕЙСКАЯ CHINOISERIE

КИТАЙ В ТВОРЧЕСТВЕ ИДИШСКИХ МОДЕРНИСТОВ



Материалы к лекции
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Ли Бо (701–762)

Чанганьские мотивы (пер. А. И. Гитовича)

A LETTER FROM TSHANG"KAN A BRIV FUN TSHANG"KAN

Translated into Yiddish by Meyer Shtiker, (New York, 1925)

Yiddish translated into English by Kathryn Hellerstein (2012)

Translated into English by Shigeyoshi Obata (New York, 1922)

Ikh hob zikh geshpilt blimelekh baym toyer.
Mayne hor hobn koym dergreykht mayn shtern.
Du bist ongekumen rayndik of dayn bambu-shtekn
Un farveylt zikh bay der bank
Mit grine floymen onshotot shpilekhlekh
Ot azoy hobn mir gevoynt in shtot Tshang-Kan,
Kinder zvey vos hobn zikh of gornisht nit gerikht.

Tsu fertsn yor hostu mikh far dayn vayb genumen
Ikh bin gevezn shemevdik, un nikht gekent mayn ponem trogn fray
Hob nokh gelozt mayn kop,
Un oysgedreyt im tsu der shvartser vant.
Du host mikh efsher toyzent mol gerufn –
Ikh hob geshvign, un zikh nit umgekukt afile...

Bay fuftsn hob ikh shoyn gekent farikhtn zikh di bremen
Un betn zolst mikh hobn lib –
Biz mir veln vern shtoyb un osh.

Du host gegloybt in gloybn fun Vel-Sheng,
Vos hot gevort unter der brik –
Dos harts akegn toyt.

Un ikh hob keynmol nit gevust
Az ikh vel darfn ven aroyfklern
Dem barg Vong-Fu,
Aroyskukn af dir azoyfil tog.

长干行

妾发初覆额，
折花门前剧。
郎骑竹马来，
绕床弄青梅。
同居长千里，
两小无嫌猜。
十四为君妇，
羞颜未尝开。
低头向暗壁，
千唤不一回。
十五始展眉，
愿同尘与灰。
常存抱柱信，
岂上望夫台。
十六君远行，
瞿塘滟滪堆。
五月不可触，
猿声天上哀。
门前迟行迹，
一一生绿苔。
苔深不能扫，
落叶秋风早。
八月蝴蝶来，
双飞西园草。
感此伤妾心，
坐愁红颜老。
早晚下三巴，
预将书报家。

Ven ikh bin alt gevorn zekhtsn yor
 Bistu avek fun mir.
 Avek tsum beyzn Klim Kiu-Tang.
 Vu riznshteyner shteln zikh akegn impetikh taykh,
 Un shlives kon men nit adurkhgeyn zumer tsayt
 Host khotsch gehert di molpes klogn
 In di hoykhe telzn?
 Un veystu az di tseykhns fun dayne fustrit
 Bay unzer toyer zaynen alt,
 Un az yeder tseikhn iz badekt mit grinem mokh?

Der mokh iz tif un aynggevoksn,
 Men kon im nit avek-kern shoyn mer,
 Un di bleter faln shoyn in osyen vint,
 Di gele shmeterlingen fun oktober,
 Flatern pornvayz ibern groz fun vyonetikn gortn
 Mayn harts tut vey – ven ikh kuk af zey,
 Ikh zits un troyer eyn aleyn un...o...
 Di roytkayt fun mayn ponem vyonet.

Oyb du vest zikh umkern amol aheym –
 Un oyb dy vest mir onshraybn a briv foroys –
 Vel ikh kumen dikh bagangen (der veg iz azoy kurts!)
 Tsum „Taykh fun Langen Vint“.

相迎不道远，
 直至长风沙。
 忆妾深闺里，
 烟尘不曾识。
 嫁与长干人，
 沙头候风色。
 五月南风兴，
 思君下巴陵。
 八月西风起，
 想君发扬子。
 往来悲如何，
 见少离别多。
 湘潭几日到，
 妾梦越风波。
 昨夜狂风度，
 吹折江头树。
 淼淼暗无边，
 行人在何处。
 好乘浮云骢，
 佳期兰渚东。
 鸳鸯绿蒲上，
 翡翠锦屏中。
 自怜十五馀，
 颜色桃花红。
 那作商人妇，
 愁水复愁风。

I played with blossoms by the gate.
 My hair barely reached my forehead.
 You arrived, riding on your bamboo stick
 And amused yourself by the bench
 With green plums instead of toys.
 That's how we lived in the city of Tshang-Kan,
 Two children who had nothing to contend.

5

At fourteen years, you took me as your wife.
 I was bashful, and could not show my face freely
 I bent my head
 And turned it to the black wall.
 You called me perhaps a thousand times—

10

ЕВРЕЙСКАЯ CHINOISERIE

I stayed silent, and didn't even look around...

At fifteen, I could smooth my brows
And ask you to love me – 15
Until we become dust and ash.

You professed the faith of Wei-Sheng,
Who waited under the bridge –
His heart against death.

And I never knew 20
That, climbing up
The mountain Wang-Fu, I would need
To watch for you so many days.

When I was sixteen years old
You left me. 25

Went off to the sinister Klin Kiu-Tang
Where giant stones stand opposite the racing river,
And one cannot pass through the sluices in the summertime.
Did you at least hear the monkeys complaining
In the high cliffs? 30

And do you know that the traces of your footprints
By our gate are old,
And that every trace is covered with green moss?

The moss is deep and overgrown,
It can no longer be swept away, 35
And the leaves are falling in the autumn wind.
The yellow butterflies of October
Flutter in pairs over the grass of fading gardens
My heart hurts—when I look at them.

I sit and sorrow all alone and—oh— 40
The flush of my face fades.

If you will return home sometime—
And if you write me a letter beforehand—
I will come to meet you (the way is so short!)
At the “River of the Long Wind.”

I would play, plucking flowers by the gate;
My hair scarcely covered my forehead, then.
You would come, riding on your bamboo horse,

And loiter around the bench with green plums for toys.
So we both dwelt in Chang-kan town, 5
We were two children, suspecting nothing.

At fourteen I became your wife,
And so bashful that I could never bare my face,
But hung my head, and turned to the dark wall;
You would call me a thousand times, 10
But I could not look back even once.

At fifteen I was able to compose my eyebrows,
And beg you to love me till we were dust and ashes.
You always kept the faith of Wei-sheng,
Who waited under the bridge, unafraid of death, 15
I never knew I was to climb the Hill of Wang-fu
And watch for you these many days.

I was sixteen when you went on a long journey,
Traveling beyond the Keu-Tang Gorge,
Where the giant rocks heap up the swift river, 20
And the rapids are not passable in May.
Did you hear the monkeys wailing
Up on the skyey height of the crags?
Do you know your foot-marks by our gate are old,
And each and every one is filled up with green moss? 25

The mosses are too deep for me to sweep away;
And already in the autumn wind the leaves are falling.
The yellow butterflies of October
Flutter in pairs over the grass of the west garden.
My heart aches at seeing them... 30
I sit sorrowing alone, and alas!
The vermilion of my face is fading.

Some day when you return down the river,
If you will write me a letter beforehand,
I will come to meet you – the way is not long – 35
I will come as far as the Long Wind Beach instantly.

OBATA'S NOTES:

Chang-kan is a suburb of Nanking.

The Long Wind Beach, or Chang-feng Sha is in Anhwei, several hundred miles up the river, from Nanking. It is really a long way. But by making the wife say that the way is not long, Li Po brings out the girlishness of the speaker.

Wang-fu means "husband-watching" and more than one hill has taken that name because of a similar tradition of a forlorn wife who climbed the height to watch for the return of her husband.

Wei Sheng. 6th century B. C. He was a young man of fidelity. He promised to meet a girl under a bridge in Chang-an, and waited for her there. Through the girl did not appear and the river water was rising, he would not leave his post and was drowned. Shegiyoshi Obata, trans., "Two Letters from Chang-Kan-I/ (A river-merchant's wife writes)," in The Works of Li Po" (1922), 151–152.

I

Еще не носила прически я –
Играла я у ворот.

И рвала цветы у себя в саду,
Смотрела, как сад цветет.

На палочке мой муженек верхом
Скакал, не жалея сил, –

Он в гости ко мне приезжал тогда
И сливы мне приносил.

Мы были детьми в деревне Чангань,
Не знающими труда.

И, вместе играя по целым дням,
Не ссорились никогда.

II

Он стал моим мужем, – а было мне
Четырнадцать лет тогда, –

И я отворачивала лицо,
Пылавшее от стыда.

Я отворачивала лицо,
Пряча его во тьму,

Тысячу раз он звал меня,
Но я не пришла к нему.

Я расправила брови в пятнадцать лет,
Забыла про детский страх –

Впервые подумав: хочу делить
С тобой и пепел, и прах.

Да буду я вечно хранить завет
«Обнимающего устой»,

И да не допустит меня судьба
На башне стоять одной!

Шестнадцать лет мне теперь – и ты
Уехал на долгий срок,

Далеко, туда, где в ущелье Цюйтан
Кипит между скал поток.

Тебе не подняться вверх по Янцзы
Даже к пятой луне.

И только тоскливый вой обезьян
Слышишь ты в тишине.

III

У нашего дома твоих следов
Давно уже не видать,

Они зеленым мхом поросли –
Появятся ли опять?

Густо разросся зеленый мох
И след закрывает твой.

Осенний ветер весь день в саду
Опавшей шуршит листвою.

Восьмая луна – тускнеет все,
Даже бабочек цвет.

Вот они парочками летят,
И я им гляжу вослед.

Осенние бабочки! Так и я
Горюю перед зимой

О том, что стареет мое лицо
И блекнет румянец мой.

IV

Но, рано ли, поздно ли, наконец,
Вернешься ты из Саньба.

Пошли мне известье, что едешь ты,
Что смилостивилась судьба.

Пошли – и я выйду тебя встречать,
Благословив небеса,

Хоть тысячу ли я пройду пешком,
До самого Чанфынса.

Ночной крик ворона

(пер. А. И. Гитовича)

Translated into Yiddish by Meyer Shtiker (New York, 1925)

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KROEN FARNAKHT

In demerung fun groe volkns
Zukhn kroen zeyere nestn nebn toyer fun der shtot.
Zey flien krakndik aheym in a gedikhtn rod.
Kraken eyne tsu der anderer in di beymer-shpitsn.
Di froy fun Tshin-Tshon zitst troyerndik aleyrn,
Un vebt brocade a fir veb-shtul.
Far vemen?
Zi murmlt shtil tsu zikh aleyrn,
Un s'tsitern ire bremen
Untern bloy un nepldikn gaze-forhang.
Ot hert zi oyf tsu vebn.
Un ir gedank hoybt on avektsushvebn.
Dermont zi zikh on im vos iz avek fun ir,
Un zi muz lign eyn-aleyn in shtibl af der nakht.
Un s'faln ire treern
Vi a regn vos vil keynmol nit oyfhern.

乌夜啼

黄云城边乌欲栖，
归飞哑哑枝上啼。
机中织锦秦川女，
碧纱如烟隔窗语。
停梭怅然忆远人，
独宿孤房泪如雨。

In the twilight of gray clouds
Crows seek their nests near the gate of the city,
They fly home cawing in a dense circle.
Cawing one to the other in the treetops.
The wife/woman of Tshin-Tshon sits sadly alone, 5
And weaves brocade on her loom.
For whom?
She murmurs quietly to herself,
And her brows tremble
Under the blue and misty gauze curtain. 10
Suddenly she stops weaving,
And her memory begins to float away.
She remembers him, who went away from her,
And she must lie all alone in her room at night.

And her tears fall 16
Like rain that never wants to stop.

In the twilight of yellow clouds
The crows seek their nests by the city wall.
The crows are flying home, cawing –
Cawing to one another in the tree-tops.
Lo, the maid of Chin-chuan at her loom 5
Weaving brocade, – for whom, I wonder?
She murmurs softly to herself
Behind the blue mist of gauze curtain.
She stops her shuttle and broods sadly,
Remembering him who is far away – 10
She must lie alone in her bower at night,
And her tears fall like rain.

“The theme of this poem is a well-known story of a young wife who was left alone in Chang-an by her husband while he lived in another city with his mistress. The deserted wife composed poems of her love and fidelity, and weaving them into a piece of brocade, sent it to her husband, who was so moved thereby that he called her to his side and lived with her in happiness ever after.” [Obata’s note]

Опять прокаркал
Черный ворон тут –

В ветвях он хочет
Отыскать приют.

Вдова склонилась
Над станком своим –

Там синий шелк
Струится, словно дым.

Она вздыхает
И глядит во тьму:

Опять одной
Ей ночевать в дому.

«Когда красавица здесь жила...»

(пер. А. И. Гитовича)

Translated into Yiddish by Meyer Shtiker (New York, 1925)

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DI FROY REDT

Ven du bist do geven iz ful geven dos hoyz mit blumen.

Itster du bist nito – pustevet dos leydiike geleger.

Der oysgeshtikter ligt tsunoyfgeviklt afn bet

Ikh ken nit shlofn. Dray yor shoy'n az du bist nito.

Der reyakh, vos iz farblibn hinter dir, farfolgt tif alts.

Der reyakh blondzshet um, nor vu bistu gelibter?

Ikh krekhts – gele bleter faln fun di tsvaygn.

Ikh veyn, – der toy blishtshet vays afn grinem mokh.

寄遠十二首選其一
美人在時花滿堂，
美人去後空餘床。
床中繡被卷不寢，
至今三載聞餘香。
香亦竟不減，
人亦竟不來。
相思黃葉盡，
白露濕青苔。

I

When you were here the house was full of flowers.

Now that you are not—the empty bed lies waste.

The embroidered coverlet lies rolled up on the bed

I cannot sleep. Three years already that you've been gone.

The scent that remained after you still persecutes me.

The scent wanders around, but where are you, beloved?

I sigh—yellow leaves fall from the branches.

I weep—the dew gleams white on the green moss.

Fair one, when you were here, I filled the house with flowers.

Fair one, now you are gone—only an empty couch is left.

On the couch the embroidered quilt is rolled up; I cannot sleep.

It is three years since you went. The perfume you left behind haunts me still.

The perfume strays about me forever, but where are you, Beloved?

I sigh—the yellow leaves fall from the branch,

I weep—the dew twinkles white on the green mosses.

Когда красавица здесь жила –
Цветами был полон зал.

Теперь красавицы больше нет –
Это Ли Бо сказал.

На ложе, расшитые шелком цветным,
Одежды ее лежат.

Три года лежат без хозяйки они,
Но жив ее аромат.

Неповторимый жив аромат,
И будет он жить всегда.

Хотя хозяйки уж больше нет.
Напрасно идут года.

И теперь я думаю только о ней.
А желтые листья летят,

И капли жестокой белой росы

Покрыли осенний сад.

«Жена»

Translated into Yiddish by Meyer Shtiker (New York, 1925)
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DI FROY REDT (IV)

Opgeshaydt fun dir zits ikh aley
Un klog unter di himlen fun Yeh-lang.
In mayn hoyz balaykhtn fun levone-shayn
Kumt zeltn a shlikhes on fun dir.

In friling flien vilde genz keyn tsofn
Un shteln op zikh bay mayn tir.
Un kumen shpeter tsurik aher –
Ober nit keyn brivl fun Yu-tshang.

Separated from you, I sit alone
And lament under the skies of Yeh-Lang.
In my house illuminated by moonlight
A message seldom arrives from you.

In the spring, wild geese fly north
And settle by my door.
And later return there –
But no note from Yu-Tshang.

Divided from you, I lament alone under the skies of Yeh-lang.
In my moonlit house seldom a message arrives;
I watch the wild geese all go north in the spring.
And they come south—but not a letter from Yu-chang

This is evidently addressed to his last wife, who was staying at Yu-chang in central Kiangsi, while Li Po was travelling westward to his place of banishment. [Obata's note]

南流夜郎寄内

夜郎天外怨离居，
明月楼中音信疏。
北雁春归看欲尽，
南来不得豫章书。

«Чужак»

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DI FROY REDT (III)

Dos groz fun Yen vakst grin un lang,
Un in Tshin hengen di moylber tsvayglekh bay der tir,
Atsind az mayn harts iz tsebrokhn un krank –
Trakhstu khotsh, mayn tayerer, fun kumen tsurik tsu mir
O, nit gebetener un fremder frilingsvint –
Nit shpil zikh mit di zaydene forhenglekh atsind!

The grass of Yen grows green and long,
And in Tshin mulberry branches hang by the door.
Now that my heart is broken and sick –
Do you think, though, my dear one, of coming back to me
Oh, uninvited and alien spring-breeze –
Do not play with the silken curtains now!

The grass of Yen is growing green and long
While in Chin the leafy mulberry branches hang low.
Even now while my longing heart is breaking,
Are you thinking, my dear, of coming back to me?

O wind of spring, you are a stranger,
Why do you enter through the silken curtains of my bower?

春思

燕草如碧丝，
秦桑低绿枝。
当君怀归日，
是妾断肠时。
春风不相识，
何事入罗帏。

«Ночное»

Translated into Yiddish by Meyer Shtiker (New York, 1925)
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DI FROY REDT (II)

Dos vaser – bloy.
Levone – klor un reyn.
Vayse bushikes flien in levone-shayn.
Her! Di meydekh kloybn
Vaser-kashtanes fartrakht,
Un geyen zingedik aheym
In der shtiler nakht.

The water–blue.
Moon-clear and pure.
White storks fly in the moonlight.
Listen! Dreamily, the girls gather
Water-chestnuts
And singing, walk home
In the quiet night.

Blue water... a clear moon...
In the moonlight, the white herons are flying.
Listen! Do you hear the girls who gather water-chestnuts?
They are going home in the night, singing.

秋浦歌（其十三）

渌水净素月，
月明白鹭飞。
郎听采菱女，
一道夜歌归。

ДЛЯ ЗАМЕТОК



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