

意大利童话

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[作者简介]

□□卡尔维诺（1923～1985），是当代欧洲文学大师之一。他的父母都是侨居拉丁美洲的意大利人。卡尔维诺生于古巴，2岁时回到意大利，后毕业于都灵大学文学系。他在第二次世界大战期间参加抵抗运动，他的第一部长篇小说《通向蜘蛛巢的小径》就是根据这段经历写成的。不久这部作品得了奖，他就此步入文坛。卡尔维诺当过新闻记者，后来从事儿童文学编辑工作。他的主要作品有：《一个分成两半的子爵》、《阿根廷蚂蚁》、《不存在的骑士》等等。他的作品独具一格，擅长用童话的方式来写小说。所以他的小说也可以说是童话。除了写小说，卡尔维诺还像德国的格林兄弟一样，收集编写民间故事。卡尔维诺走遍意大利，付出了两年时间的辛勤劳动，终于编写出一部《意大利童话》，这部《意大利童话》可以和安徒生、格林兄弟的童话媲美。

· 前言 ·

无畏的小乔万尼

一身海草的人

有三个货舱的船

夜游人

七！

无灵之体

有钱能使鬼推磨

小羊倌

银鼻子

伯爵的胡子

和梨子一起卖掉的小女孩

蛇

三个城堡

王子娶了一只青蛙

鹦鹉

十二头牛

克利克和克罗克

金丝雀王子

克林王

倔强的彼埃拉人

意大利童话前言

民间故事概观

本书是应出版之需编选的。要编选一部意大利的童话集，使之在世界宏伟的民间文学宝库中占有应得的地位，问题是应该选哪些内容，有没有能与格林兄弟的童话相媲美的意大利童话？

人们普遍认为，意大利口头流传的民间故事，远在任何别的国家之前就以文学形式记载下来。在威尼斯，早在十六世纪中叶，斯特拉佩鲁斯[1]就将关于巫术和魔法的故事（其中有些以方言流传）以及具有薄伽丘风格的现实主义中篇故事收集在他的《欢乐的夜晚》一书中。这些故事为该书增添了神秘色彩——半是哥特式、半是东方式，使人联想到卡帕乔[2]的油画。十七世纪，在那不勒斯，吉阿姆贝蒂斯塔·巴塞尔[3]用那不勒斯方言撰写了巴罗克式[4]的神话故事，为我们提供了《五日谈》（此书在本世纪由意大利哲学家贝内迪托·克罗齐[5]译成了意大利文）。巴塞尔的作品体现了奇特的、地中海风味的莎士比亚式梦幻；其内容惊恐可怖，描写的全是些食人巨兽或妖精巫婆。在他那些牵强附会、荒唐怪诞的比喻里，庄严、崇高往往与粗俗、污秽并行不悖。十八世纪，仍是在威尼斯，为了与哥尔多尼[6]的中产阶级喜剧相抗衡，脾性乖戾、因循守旧的卡洛·高齐[7]，把民间故事中的仙女、术士与喜剧中的哈里昆和潘特卢恩[8]一起搬上了舞台。他认为公众只能欣赏这种艺术。

然而，众所周知：法国自十七世纪以来，童话故事在路易十六的凡尔赛宫廷里达到了繁荣鼎盛时期。在那里，查尔斯·贝洛[9]创造了一种新的文学样式，并且着手编选了一部经过精心加工的通俗故事集；而在这之前，这些故事都由口头流传。这种文学样式遂成时髦，但却失去了它纯朴自然的本色。贵妇和附庸风雅的仕女们，纷纷沉湎于改编和杜撰的童话故事。经过这样改编、润色后，民间故事以四十一卷《童话集锦》的形

式问世，它在法国文学史上历经兴衰。与此同时，笛卡尔的唯理主义却抵销了人们对想入非非的爱好。

由于格林兄弟的努力，十九世纪初还依然是粗俗、平淡的民间故事，在德国浪漫主义文学中得到复兴。这次，它以民间艺人匿名创作的形式出现，其根源可以追溯到漫长的中世纪。当时，出于爱国热忱而崇尚大众诗歌之风，在欧洲文人中盛极一时：托玛索[10]和其他学者收集了意大利民间流传的诗作，但民间故事仍有待于意大利浪漫主义作家们去发展。

由于一代实证主义民俗学者的勤奋努力，人们开始记录老年妇女口述的传说。这些研究者，如马克斯·缪勒[11]，则把印度看作是所有故事和神话的渊源（如果人类本身不是从那儿起源的话）。太阳神宗教非常复杂，因而人们虚构出灰姑娘这一人物来解释曙光，以白雪公主这一形象来说明春天。但与此同时，有了德国人所树立的榜样[12]（如魏德特和沃尔夫在威尼斯，赫曼纳斯特在利窝那，奥地利人施内勒在特兰提诺，劳拉·冈赞巴在西西里），人们开始收集“故事”：如安格娄·德格勃纳蒂斯在锡耶那，维托里奥·艾布里阿尼在佛罗伦斯、坎帕尼亚和伦巴第，多曼尼柯·坎帕雷蒂在比萨，乔赛普·皮特里在西西里。有些人只是粗略地记录些梗概，而另外的人则历尽艰辛，卓有成效地保存和传播了原始故事的本来色泽。这种激情深深地感染了许多当地收集风土人情、异物奇志的研究者，使他们成了研究民间文学的学术杂志的撰稿人。

这样，尤其在十九世纪的后三十年，大量的民间故事通过口述用方言记载下来。这是一些“民众心理学家”——乔赛普

·皮特里这样称呼他们——坚持不懈努力的结果，但他们的成果却没有引起社会足够的重视。他们所发掘的祖传瑰宝，也注定被封锁在专设的图书馆里，得不到在民众中流传的机会。“意大利的格林”还没有脱颖而出，尽管早在一八七五年，坎帕雷蒂就曾尝试汇编一部来自各地区的民间故事总集，并在和达恩卡纳一起编纂的《意大利人民的诗歌和传说》丛书中出版了一卷《意大利民间故事集》，另外，他们还想再出版两卷续集，然而，希望终成泡影。

民间故事作为一种文学样式，在意大利仅仅局限于为学术界提供专研究的资料，从未在作家和诗人中风行，而在欧洲其他地方，从蒂克[13]到普希金都普遍赞赏民间文学。在意大利，民间传说却被儿童文学作家所利用，其代表人物是卡洛·柯罗提[14]。他在写《木偶奇遇记》之前，就曾翻译过一些法国十七世纪的童话故事。有时，一些著名作家，如西西里岛自然主义学派主要小说家柳吉·加普纳[15]，也曾为孩子们撰写一部基于幻想和大众情趣的童话故事集。

但是，无论如何，至今还没有一部为人们所喜闻乐见的意大利民间故事代表作，得到广泛流传。今天，有可能编辑这样一部代表作了吗？我决定承担这项工作。

就我个人而言，我深知要完成这项一百五十年来无人成功的工作，犹如大海捞针。前人从事这项工作，决非为了搜奇猎异，而是因为他们坚信：在民间文学的汪洋大海里，隐藏着一些与种族生存息息相关的基本因素，必须加以挖掘。当然，这样做也得冒着被大海淹没的危险，就象西西里和那不勒斯传说

市的考拉鱼一样。对于格林兄弟来说，拯救民间故事就意味着使保存在普通人民中的部分古代宗教重见光明，这种宗教在拿破仑败北这个光荣日子到来之前，一直处于蛰伏状态，然而它终于唤醒了德国的民族意识。在研究印度的学者们看来，雅利安人的祖先为解释太阳和月亮的奥秘而创作的寓言，为宗教和文明的发展奠定了基础。在人类学者看来，这象征着部落的青年时代的那种可怕和血腥的礼拜式；这种礼拜式从古至今都一样，不管是石器时代的猎人，还是今天的原始部落。芬兰学派[16]的信徒们为追溯佛教国度、爱尔兰和撒哈拉沙漠地区民族迁徙的情况，运用了一种与甲虫分类法相似的方法，在分类过程中把研究结果用类型指数与主题指数的代数和来表示。弗洛伊德[17]精神分析学派所积贮的是人皆有之的模糊梦境，并把这种梦境从苏醒时濒于遗忘的边缘抢救出来，并用条文的形式记载下来，以表示人们最基本的欲望。然而对于各处研究地方风俗的学者们来说，民间文学体现了他们对一位熟悉的乡土神（他们不知这位乡土神的名字）的顶礼膜拜，这位神以农民为他的代言人。

但是我甚至在对原始素材还缺乏研究热忱的情况下，就毫无准备地置身于这浩瀚的大海之中了。我陷入困难重重的境地，在一大堆呆滞而又不受理智控制的口头传说前感到无可奈何。（“你甚至还不是一个南方人！”一位正统的民族学家朋友这么对我说。）我时刻不能忘怀的是所接触的材料神秘莫测。我仔细考虑了在这个领域内一切对立的学说，感到既有趣又迷惘。我既得注意决不让逻辑推理把阅读材料时所得到的美感毁掉

，又得注意不要过早地被这些错综复杂、难以捉摸的素材所迷惑。有人也许会问，既然我跟民间故事没有必然联系，为什么还要承担这项工作呢？对此，我将在适当的时机说明。

在着手利用手头资料编纂民间故事的时候，我渐渐地染上了一种狂热，想获得越来越多的各种民间故事的版本。材料的核定、分类和比较，几乎成了我的嗜好，我感到自己被类似昆虫学家们的那种特有的热情所支配。我想，这也是赫尔辛基民俗学家协会的学者们特有的热情吧。这种激情迅速地转化为一种狂热的癖好，其结果是：为了换取《金粪驴》故事的新版本，我会拿出普鲁斯特[18]写的所有小说。倘若读到的故事是新郎在吻母亲时失去记忆，而不是回教丑妇的轶事，我就要大失所望。我的眼睛象染上了狂热症的人那样，变得敏锐起来，我一眼就能在最难以分辨的阿普利亚或弗留利版本里，区分出“普雷泽姆莉娜”型的人物还是“贝林达”型的人物[19]。

我怎么也想不到自己会被这项蜘蛛网似的研究工作缠住，它的麻烦之处不在于外部形式而在于内部特征：无穷无尽的变化和无休无止的重复。与此同时，我那仍然清醒、并且为自己的癖好日益发展而感到兴奋的理智发现，意大利民间故事丰富、明晰、变幻莫测且真伪混杂，在这些方面，甚至超过了日耳曼、北欧和斯拉夫诸国最著名的民间故事。这不仅仅是因为故事讲述人（往往是妇女）的才能出众，或者是故事诞生地的优良传统，更为重要的，是因为意大利民间故事在根本上是十分绚丽多姿、情趣横溢、构思新颖的。它的结构与对事物的综合能力堪称无与伦比。我沉湎于这些材料的时间愈久，原先所持

的保留态度就愈少。我对这种探索真是兴奋至极。与此同时，我原先对分类、编纂所持的狂热、孤独的感情，逐渐被另一种愿望所代替。那就是想把自己读到的种种出人意料的情景描述出来。我对民间故事的概述就此结束。书也编完了。在写这篇序言时，我有种离群索居之感。我还能不能回到现实中来呢？两年来，我一直居住在树林里和着魔的城堡中，在思考和行动之间忍受着折磨：一方面，我渴望瞥见神话里美人的脸庞，她每晚睡在那骑士的身旁；另一方面，我要在隐身服、魔爪或羽毛这些能使我变成动物的物件之间抉择。两年来，我周围的一切渐渐变成了仙山奇境；那里所发生的一切都是符咒或魔法变态事物；那里的人们在我的心目中，要么被命中注定的爱情所驱使，要么中了魔法，；在那里有突然的失踪，也有天翻地覆的变化；在那里是非分明，幸福有巨龙守护，道路上荆棘林立、障碍重重。同样，似乎各个国家和民族的生活，在现今处于停滞之中，而实际上任何事情都可能发生：蛇洞被打开，成了牛奶河；仁慈的君主却原来是暴虐蛮横的父亲；寂静无声、着了魔的王国突然复苏。我有这样一个印象：早已丧失的、在民间故事里统治一切的法规，正在我所打开的魔箱里蹦了出来。

书编完了，我知道我的上述印象不是幻觉，也不是职业病，而恰恰证实了我以前的想法：民间故事是真实的。

总的看来，民间故事通过对人世沉浮的反复验证，在人们缓缓成熟的朴实意识里为人生提供了注脚。这些民间故事是男人和女人潜在命运的记录，尤其是那些即将决定人们命运的人

生阶段的记录：例如年轻人的出生（这本身就往往预示今后的命运），离开家乡，最后经过种种人生的磨难，长大成人，成为人类的一员。这个概略说明虽然简单，却包括了人世间的一切：本质上平等的人类被任意分为帝王和贫民；生活中常见的无辜者遭受迫害和随之而来的复仇；情人初遇不期，爱情刚刚萌发即已失去；普通人受符咒支配的共同命运，或是让未知的力量左右个人的存在。这些复杂因素渗透整个人生，迫使人们为解放自己为掌握自己的命运而斗争；同时我们只有解放他人才能解放自己，因为这是我们自身解放的必要条件。这需要对奋斗目标的忠诚，需要纯洁的心灵，它们是获得解放和胜利的根本。此外，还必须要有美，这种美随时会蒙上卑微和丑陋的蛙皮，但故事中最为重要的因素是无穷无尽的变化和万物的统一：这包括人类、动植物和无机体。

本书选稿的标准

从“人们的口头”记录民间故事的方法始于格林兄弟，并在本世纪的下半叶逐渐发展成为一套“科学”原则，它严格忠实于讲述人所用的方言。格林兄弟采用的方法，在今天看来称不上“科学”，最多只能称为半“科学”。对他们原稿的研究可以证实行家在阅读《德国民间故事集》[20]时的强烈印象，即格林兄弟（尤其是威尔海姆·格林）在老妇人口述的故事里，加上了自己个人的色彩。他们不仅根据德国方言翻译出版了故事梗概内容，而且还把故事的各种不同说法统一起来。他们删去了故事中粗俗部分，对故事的表达和意象作了润色，并力求文体风格前后一致。

上面介绍了我这个集子的混杂性质，在编选过程中，我亦采用半“科学”的方法，或四分之三的“科学”方法着手工作，另外的四分之一则加入我个人的判断。集子里合乎科学的部分，实际上是他人的成果，即那些民间传说研究者近百年来耐心记载下来的素材。我所做的工作，类似格林兄弟工作的第二部分：我从大量的口述资料中（总数约达五十种基本类型）选出最罕见、最优美的故事原型，将它们由方言译成意大利语。如果尚存的唯一版本已由方言译成了意大利文，但没能体现其风格，我就干脆改写这个故事，努力恢复其本来面目。我努力充实故事的内容，但从不改变它的特征和完整性。同时，我力求使情节丰富，使其具有更大的可塑性。对故事中遗漏和过份粗略的部分，我尽可能予以精心增补。我还努力使故事的语言在不流于俚俗的同时，保留方言的清新和纯朴，极力避免使用过于高雅的词句。这种意大利语具有足够的伸缩性，它能吸收方言中最富有表现力、最罕见的表达方式。

我在书末的注释里明确指出，我所采用的材料来自已出版的书籍和专业杂志，未出版的则来自图书馆和博物馆收藏的稿本。我没有亲自去听瘦小的老婆婆讲述故事，这不是因为我找不到这样的机会，而是因为十九世纪所收集的民间故事材料已足够供我使用。我并不认为，再次从头去收集材料，就一定会大大提高我这部集子的质量。

我编写这个集子有两个目的：介绍用意大利方言所记录的民间故事的各种类型；介绍意大利各地区的民间传说。

集子中对所谓“真正的童话”，即以虚构王国的国王为题

材的奇异故事，我从它的各类型中选出一则或几则最有特色、最不落俗套并最富有地方色彩的故事作为代表（下面我将对“地方色彩”这个概念作进一步阐述。本书还包括各种宗教故事和地方传说，以及短篇故事、动物寓言、笑话和轶事——总之，那就是我在收集资料时接触到的各类受欢迎的故事，其中有些优美动人，有些具有独特的地区代表性。

我很少选用与该地区的起源、习惯或历史有关的地方传奇，因为这是一个跟民间故事完全不同的领域；它们叙述简单、幼稚，其选本除少数外，一般都不再现当时人们的语言，而只是对这些地区有着浪漫的怀旧之情。总之，这种材料对我毫无用处。

集子里的所谓意大利方言，是指使用意大利语言区域内的所有方言，而不是仅指意大利一国的方言。因此，我收入了法国尼斯港一带的民间故事，那儿的方言同利古里亚和普罗旺斯方言相比较，更接近于前者[21]。同样我没有收入意大利奥斯塔山谷一带的民间故事，因为那儿的意大利人讲的是法国方言。我选入了南斯拉夫达尔马提亚一带用威尼斯方言讲述的故事，但略去了意大利南蒂罗尔省以德语流传的故事。我还破例地收入了两则在卡拉布里亚一带讲希腊语的村落所流传的民间故事，因为这些村落的民间故事，是整个卡拉布里亚地区民间故事的组成部分。不管怎样，将它们收入本书，是件我感到愉快的事，是件值得做的事。

本书所收每个民间故事的末尾都有括号，内标地方或区域的名字，但它并非表明这则民间故事起源于这个特定地区。民

间故事流传于全世界，说民间故事“源于何处”毫无意义。因此，试图确定各类民间故事起源地区的“芬兰学派”或历史地理学派的学者们，仅能得出相当含糊的结论，只能将故事的发源地说成欧亚之间的某个区域。但在世界范围流行的民间故事，并不排斥其自身的多样性；根据一位意大利学者的说法，这种多样性表现为“对某些题材的选择或排斥，对某些类型情节的偏爱，特定人物的塑造，故事的气氛和风格反映特定的文化形态”。因此，所谓“意大利民间故事”，就是指由意大利人讲述的故事，这些故事是通过口头流传下来的。但是，我们仍将它分为威尼斯、托斯卡纳和西西里民间故事，因为民间故事不管其发源何处，往往都染上了流传地区的特色，如染上了流传地区的风光、习惯、道德观念，至少带有当地的口音或风味。因此，威尼斯、托斯卡纳或西西里的民间故事，多少带有那些地区的特色，这也正是我们选择的依据。

卷末的注释对每则民间故事的收集地区作了说明，还列出了我读过的其他意大利方言版本。因此，“蒙佛拉图”、“马尔凯”或“奥特兰托”等字样，并不是指故事本身源于蒙佛拉图、马尔凯或奥特兰托，而是指编写那个故事时给我影响最大的版本来自其中哪个地区。我的手头有各种版本可供选择，因此所选中的就不仅是最美丽、最丰富或讲述得最好的故事，而且是蒙佛拉图、马尔凯或奥特兰托地区的代表作。它们植根于这些流传地区，并且从中吸取了大量的养份。

值得注意的事实是，许多第一流的民间文学研究者搜集和出版民间故事的动机，往往囿于当时的比较主义热潮。他们强

调的是故事的相似性而不是多样性，突出的是某个主题的广泛传播而不是地区、时代和讲述人的差别。我的集子里列出的地名，某些（例如西西里岛的传说中的地名）是不容争辩的，另一些则失之武断，其根据只是注释中列出的参考文献。

在本书的编写过程中，我始终遵循着为尼罗西所珍爱的那句托斯卡纳地区的俗语：“故事若要动人，就得增添色彩。”换言之，民间故事的价值常常取决于后人增添的新东西。代代相传的民间故事恰如一条没止境的长链，我把自己看成长链上的一环；这条长链不是消极的传递媒介，而是故事的真正“作者”；在这一点上，上面那句俗语与克罗齐的理论完全相符。

民间故事的编纂

近百年来，民间文学研究者对意大利民间故事做了收集工作，但各个地区的贡献参差不齐。在有些地区，发现了丰富的材料宝库，而其他地区则几乎一无所有。有两个地区的民间故事特别丰富：托斯卡纳和西西里。

在编纂西西里岛的故事时，我的材料的重要来源是乔赛普·皮特里编的《西西里童话和民间故事集》（1875年版）。这是一部煞费苦心的学术性著作，它附有丰富的编纂说明以及词汇比较方面的注释。

乔赛普·皮特里（1841-1916）是位医生，他献身于民间文学的研究。他有一大群为他搜集资料的助手。

皮特里著作的魅力在于摆脱了“讲述人”这样一个空洞的概念，而是直接让读者与个性鲜明的讲述人接触，并介绍这些

讲述人的姓名、年龄和职业。这样，读者就能透过年代久远、面目不清的故事情节和粗糙陈旧的表达方式，看到一个充满想象的个人世界。这世界通过讲述人之口，表达出它内在的旋律、激情和希望。

皮特里的集子出版于1875年，维尔加[22]于1881年写了《欧楂树旁的屋子》。两个时代的西西里人（一位是小说家，另一位是学者）出自不同的目的去倾听渔夫们的闲聊，以便记下他们所讲的内容。我们不妨比较一下这两个人所致力完成的有关民意、民谚和民俗的民间文学总集。小说家的集子充满了作者本人内在的抒情和牧歌旋律，而学者则把他的集子搞得象个分门别类的博物馆。皮特里的二十五卷巨著《西西里民间故事集》（1871-1913），他二十四年中所写的札记《民俗研究档案资料》（1882-1906）和十六卷巨著《民俗奇闻》，甚至他在巴勒莫市皮特里博物馆内所珍藏的民间工艺品都是他工作的实证。皮特里在民间文学研究领域里的工作，与维尔加在文学领域里的工作同样著名。皮特里的贡献是：他不仅记下故事里的传统主题和语言，还记下了它们内在的诗意；在这方面，皮特里是第一位民间文学研究者。

随着皮特里的出现，民间故事研究开始在现存的传统故事里寻找诗歌式的创造力。民间故事和民歌不同，民歌受诗行和韵脚的限制，人们在合唱中不断地重复它，歌手很少有进行再创造的机会。而民间故事每讲述一次就是一次再创作。叙述的核心是故事的讲述人，他们都是村落的重要人物，有着自己独特的风格和感染力。正是通过这些讲述人，年代久远的民间故

事才与听众的现实世界和历史连接起来。

皮特里的民间故事大多出自一位目不识丁的老妇人之口。她名叫阿加杜札·麦西娅，原是皮特里家的佣人，在波哥（巴勒莫的一地区）当过绉缝匠，住在切尔索·内罗街八号。她是皮特里的集子中一些最优秀故事的讲述人，我从中随意选了几篇（见本书第一四八至一五八篇）。皮特里在他的集子前言里这样描述了他的故事讲述人：

她毫无美貌可言，但却很有口才，讲起故事来娓娓动听，人们都佩服她那超群的记忆力和才能。麦西娅已七十多岁，是母亲、祖母和曾祖母。还在孩提时，她就爱听祖母讲故事，而祖母的故事也是从自己母亲那儿听来的，后者又从祖父那里听到了不计其数的故事。麦西娅的记忆力很好，能够过耳不忘。有的妇女虽然也听过上千则故事，但却忘得一干二净。有些人虽说也能记住，但缺乏讲故事的才能，在波哥，她的朋友们都认为她是个天生的说书人，她愈讲，别人愈爱听。

麦西娅没有读过书，却懂得许多他人不懂的事情，而且讲起这些事情来头头是道，人们谁都不能不佩服她。我要求读者多留心她那生动形象的语言。如果故事的背景是一条准备启航的船，她能毫不费力地使用航海术语和水手们的行话。假如故事的女主人公在一家面包房里出现时，身无分文，愁眉苦脸，麦西娅会把一切描绘得活龙活现，以至人们真的以为看到了揉面和烤面包——而这种活儿在巴勒莫是只有职业面包师才会干的。至于家庭杂务的描述则更无须赘述了，因为这是麦西娅的拿手活儿。和每个邻居一样，作为女人，生儿育女是她的天职

和应尽的义务。

麦西娅看着我呱呱落地，还常把我抱在怀中，这使我有机会从她的口中听到许多美妙的故事，它们都带着她本人的特征。三十年后，她把曾对一个孩子讲过的故事，又重复讲给长大了的青年听，而且故事仍旧是那样丝丝入扣，流畅优美。

麦西娅就象一个典型的西西里岛说书人，讲起故事来活龙活现，形象逼真。她也讲魔法神道，但总是以现实和普通人的生活为基础。同样，她所使用的富有想象力的语言，也都以常识和常理为基础。她总是想再现充满活力、有胆量、有勇气的女性形象。这与人们对西西里妇女的传统看法（羞怯、内向）形成鲜明的对照。我想，也许麦西娅是有意这样做的。她的故事完全忽视了我所说的多数西西里民间故事的主要因素：对爱情的追求对爱情主题的偏爱，例如失去丈夫或失去妻子的题材。这种题材在地中海地区屡见不鲜，其书面材料可以追溯到公元二世纪阿普列尤斯[23]在《变形记》中所写的《小爱神与普苏克》；类似的题材在后世数以百计的故事中不断重复：悲欢离合，来自地狱的神秘新郎，隐身新娘，夜间变成英俊青年的马王或蛇王。此外，还有一种既非神话、短故事，又非民谣的文学形式，其代表作是以伤感和性爱为主题的《伯爵的妹妹》[24]。

西西里民间故事往往在一个有限的题材范围内展开，一开始则常显示出一幅真实的情景（无数挨饿的人出城到野外去寻找可做汤喝的植物！）；对照之下，托斯卡纳民间故事则受多种文化的影响。我最喜欢的托斯卡纳民间故事来源于《蒙塔尔

民间故事六十篇》（1880年；蒙塔尔是皮斯托亚附近的一个村庄）。这本书是用奇特的托斯卡纳方言写成的。其中，有位叫皮特鲁·卡纳斯特里诺的农民，在《睡女王》[25]中口述了与阿里奥斯托[26]的风格极相似的故事。这篇故事是十六世纪史诗的产物，但两者的关系既不在故事情节，也是在叙述方式，即通过对花园和宫殿的大量描写所产生的魅力（原文比现在的节本远为完整和富有文学色彩，我对故事作了大幅度节略，是为了避免与本书的总格调不合拍）。原先在描写女王的宫殿时，甚至涉及到许多古代美人，并将她们的雕像逐个介绍：“这些雕像代表了许多名门闺秀，她们的衣着相似，但容貌各异。其中有罗马的卢克丽霞，弗拉拉的伊莎贝拉，曼图拉的伊丽莎白和莉奥诺，容貌出众、风度不凡的瓦蕾西拉·维罗尼斯，第六位是雷格诺莫雷斯和特雷卢巴的黛安娜[27]，她的美貌闻名于西班牙、法国、意大利、英国和奥地利，她有最纯的王室血统……”等等。

《蒙塔尔民间故事六十篇》一书问世于1880年。当时，许多重要的意大利民间故事集都已出版，但律师格拉多·尼罗西（1828-1906，他比大多数“科学”一代的民间故事研究者都年长）却早在1868年就已开始收集民间故事了。蒙塔尔的六十则故事中有许多已在他的同事们出版的集子里发表过，艾布里阿尼和坎帕雷蒂两人编选的民间故事集中，最优美的几篇故事便是尼罗西收集的。尼罗西对比较学派的故事叙述方法不感兴趣（他对民间故事的兴趣偏重语言学研究），但是，蒙塔尔的故事显然有着文学性。可以肯定，这座村落也是一些内容晦涩的

史前传说的发源地，如宣扬种族中心主义的《水斗头》J原文如此。便是。还有些故事则有股难以置信的“现代”和“虚构”味道，如《猴子的小故事》。但绝大多数故事有民间流传诗歌（可追溯到十四至十六世纪）和《一千零一夜》类似的主题和情节；这些仅改换了背景的故事，十分忠实于十八世纪加兰德[28]的《天方夜谭》法译本。这个译本除了为迎合西方时尚，对原著作了某些改动外，还排斥了通过口头留传下来的远古的东方影响。可以肯定，这些故事取材于文艺作品，变成民间故事还是新近的事。所以，当寡妇露易莎·吉奈尼[29]从头至尾复述薄伽丘的关于安德鲁乔·佩鲁吉亚的故事时，我相信它并非出自作为薄伽丘故事来源的民间传说，它的来源是《十日谈》中用方言写的那个最富有流浪冒险色彩的故事。

这样，顺着薄伽丘这根线索，我们逐步抓住了皮斯托亚地区的村民所讲述故事的实质。看来，在这个区域，童话和短故事之间的联系已经建立（或者尼罗西已感觉到了这种联系）；同时，我们还找到了妖魔故事向个人命运故事以及个人奋斗故事转变的轨道，变成冒险短故事或小说，以及对少女痛苦经历的催人泪下的描述。让我们拿一个情节晦涩的古老故事《米兰商人的儿子》作为例证：有个青年以他那千篇一律的经历（狗吃了中毒的食物，乌鸦又吃了被毒死的狗肉，强盗又吃了被毒死的乌鸦肉，等等）编了一个胡编乱造的谜语。他将谜语献给一位善猜谜语的公主，并胜过了她，以致公主只好嫁给他。在蒙塔尔故事，英雄并不总是天生的，他往往是个有作为的青年，随时准备去冒一切危险，并知道如何巩固胜利和吸取教训。

这方面的证据是（这在一个童话故事英雄身上十分罕见）他并不娶那位公主为妻，而是解除公主对他立下的誓约以换取经济上的利益。这种情况还不止一次，而是连续发生了两次：第一次是换取了一件法宝（更精确地说，只是取得了得到这个宝物的权利，实际还没拿到手）；第二次则更加实惠，即换取了一笔固定收入。梅尼奇诺[30]的成功是由于超自然的力量帮助，但他想最大限度地利用魔力，并将所有的财物归为己有，这使他的成功黯然失色。然而梅尼奇诺的最大特点是真诚，有取得别人信任的能力，这是一个生意人的标志。

尼罗西最喜欢听寡妇露易莎·吉奈尼讲述故事。在所有的蒙塔尔故事讲述人中，她知道的故事最多（这本集子中有三分之一的故事出自她之口）。她的想象力丰富，但她的表达能力却跟别人没有什么大的区别。尼罗西在重述时用了许多新鲜词汇，其目的是显示蒙塔尔人讲意大利语时的特殊地方色彩）这是一种粗犷、激烈、难以听懂的托斯卡纳方言。对于大多数其他的故事，我的任务是至少给予增添一些文采，而在改写尼西西的故事时，我却不得不冲淡些地方色彩，其结果是故事不可避免地受到了影响。

对我来说，用与现代意大利语相类似的方言来重述托斯卡纳民间故事，是一项艰巨的工作。我遇到很多困难，其中最难处理的是约十五则从尼罗西的集子中选出来的故事，因为这些故事很美，而且有奇特的风格。然而，在改写皮特里所收集的西西里民间故事时，故事越优美，我的任务就越轻松；翻译时，我按行文需要，有时直译，有时意译。

正如我所指出的那样，托斯卡纳和西西里民间故事，无论在数量或质量上，都是第一流的。仅次于这两者的是威尼斯民间故事，或者说，是用威尼斯方言写成的所有民间故事，这些故事充满了对梦幻世界的独特见解。这儿特别值得提一下的是多曼尼柯·乔赛普·伯诺尼，他在1873、1875和1893年出版的几个威尼斯民间故事小册子，以清晰和富有诗意著称；虽然故事是大家所熟知的，但它们总使人联想起威尼斯的天空、阳光，以及大海、运河、航运、船只和地中海的风光，读者从中体验到浓郁的水乡气息。伯诺尼没有提及故事讲述人的名字，我们也无从得知他对原故事的忠实程度。但是，在那优美柔和的方言里有一种和谐的旋律，它成了各篇民间故事的基调。我从他的集子里选了七篇故事（即本书从第二十九篇《三个干瘪老太婆》至第三十五篇《看不见的爷爷》），希望原文的风格能在我的译文中反映出来。

在同一时期，卡略里纳·科洛奈迪-伯蒂于1874年编了一部第一流的波洛尼亚民间故事集。这本用方言写成的集子妙趣横生，故事构思周密，叙述完整，幻景与现实风光交相映辉。尽管故事讲述人的名字在书中没有提及，但读者仍感到一个女性的存在，她时而多愁善感，时而意气风发。

在吉杰·扎纳佐1907年出版的罗马地区民间故事集中，讲故事成了展示词藻的借口，它的语言俏皮并富有联想，读起来耐人寻味。

阿布鲁齐地区的人以两部精美的民间故事集而自豪：其中一部是金纳鲁·芬尼莫尔（1836-1923）所收集的两卷民间故事

。芬尼莫尔是位教师兼医生，他从各地收集用方言讲述的故事，并以精确的语言记录下来，其中偶尔流露出一丝忧郁的诗意。另一部阿布鲁齐地区的民间故事集是由邓南遮[31]的朋友、考古学家安东尼奥·迪尼诺（1836-1907）编选的。他用意大利语将定们改写成短故事，并辅之以短小的方言民谣迭句，形式幽默，活泼生动。但这种方法的价值从科学角度来看是值得怀疑的，我本人也有这种感觉。然而，书中有不少带讽刺性和幽默感的稀奇故事，尽管其中有些来自《一千零一夜》（见本书第一一四篇《驼背、歪脖、跛脚的人》）。

在皮特罗·佩里扎瑞编选的《玛格利地区的童话与民歌》（1881）一书里，我读到八篇最好的故事，它们均以阿普利亚方言写成。故事内容虽落俗套，但措辞巧妙，以风格生动活泼、奇异别致取胜。这些故事给人的印象是：这种风格是当地方言的自然产物。在这方面，这些故事与佳作《五个淘气鬼》类似，后者的每一个细节都可以在巴塞尔的《五日谈》中找到。

在卡拉布里亚（主要在帕尔米村），博学的历史作家莱特里奥·迪弗郎查编选了一部《卡拉布里亚童话和短篇故事集》，此书于1929年和1931年出版，其中附有意大利有史以来最完整和最精确的注释。作者提到了一些杰出的故事讲述人，其中一位名叫安南扎塔·帕勒莫。卡拉布里亚民间故事里显示了绚丽多彩和丰富复杂的想象，但其情节的逻辑性却往往难以驾驭，读后使人疑窦丛生。

意大利民间故事的特点

有谁能谈论意大利民间故事呢？难道民间故事的研究就非得从遥远的时代，非得从史前、从古地质时代的角度来考察不成吗？

我认为，这门研究民间故事和原始社会习俗之间关系的学科，已取得了惊人的进展，普罗坡的《俄国童话溯源》（1946）就是一例。民间故事的渊源往往能在这些社会习俗中找到，但在这一结论以外，仍有不少问题无从解答。民间故事的产生和发展，真如多源说的支持者们所说的那样，是一种世界范围的相似现象吗？考虑到某些类型故事的复杂性，那种解释似乎过于简单。民族学能解释世界上每个故事的主题和叙述结构吗？显然不能。因此，除了民间故事的起源问题外，每个民间故事在某个历史时期内的生存问题，也是一个重要研究课题。讲故事是种娱乐，它们意味着将故事由一个人传向另一个人，从一个国家传到另一个国家，其传播途径常采用书面形式，直至在整个区域广为流传，至今盛行不衰。

从十四世纪到十六世纪，大多数类型的民间故事已通过模仿民间传说主题的民谣和民间诗，在托斯卡纳产生和传播。民谣自身有着与民间故事不同的历史，但两者却也有共同的地方：民谣从民间故事中吸取主题，又进而改造了故事，使其主题符合自己的需要。

我们必须小心谨慎，以免把民间故事搞得过份“中世纪化”。民族学认为必须将故事情节与产生它的浪漫背景区分开来。它使我们习惯于把城堡看成举行狩猎仪式的小屋，把公主看作奉献给龙的祭品以求得风调雨顺，将术士看作部族的男巫。

此外，只要浏览一下任何忠实于口头传说的民间故事集，我们就能理解人们（即生活在十九世纪的人们，这些既不熟悉儿童读物的插图，也没听说过迪斯尼[32]的《白雪公主》）为何不能象在我们看来很自然的形象那样来看待民间故事。在这些故事中，描写往往过于简单，所用的词汇很一般化。意大利民间故事讲述的背景往往是宫殿，而不是城堡。它很少用王子或公主这样的词，而是把他们称作国王的儿子、女儿。超自然的怪物的名字，例如恶魔或女巫，则来自来地区古老的异教传说。它们的名字之所以无严格区分，不仅在于方言的多样性——例如，在皮埃蒙特，masca（女巫）一词在西西里成了mamma-draga（母龙）；在罗马尼亚，om salbadgb（野人）一词在波格利亚方言里则成了nanni-orcu（妖魔）——而且还有某种方言内部固有的混乱；例如在托斯卡纳方言中，mago（术士）和draga（龙）常常混淆，并可互换使用。

然而，在流行故事里总充盈着强烈而持久的中世纪气息。它们不是讲述为赢得公主青睐而举行的比武，就是描述骑士的丰功伟绩或魔鬼以及被歪曲的宗教故事。因此，我们必须将民间故事和骑士史诗之间的渗透期，作为民间传说发展史中一个主要现象来研究，其中骑士史诗可能起源于哥特人的法兰西，它的影响通过民间史诗传入意大利。这种在阿普列尤斯时代受到古希腊神话熏陶的意大利多神文化，最终受到了中世纪封建和骑士制度和伦理和信仰的影响。

在某个时候，这种混合又强烈地受到东方文化的种意象和变化的影响，这种影响是从意大利南部开始的。那时，意大利

与回教徒和土耳其人的接触和争斗达到了高潮。在我收集的无数航海故事中，读者会看到把世界区分为基督教和穆斯林两大部分的观点，在当时取代了以往民间故事出现的那种模糊的地理观念。民间故事表现主题常以不同性质的社会为外衣。在西方，封建意识占主导地位（尽管某些南方故事也带上了一些十九世纪英国勋爵的色彩），而在东方，阿拉丁或阿里巴巴[33]之类以命运为主题的中产阶级民间故事则占有绝对优势。

在一些不多见的故事里，有这么一则故事（根据司蒂斯·汤普逊[34]的独特见解，它可能产生于意大利），它在高齐的童话[35]里，讲的是三只桔子的爱情；它在巴塞爾的故事里[36]，讲的是三只柠檬的爱情；而在我收集的传说中，它讲的却是三只石榴的爱情[37]。这篇故事充满了巴洛克（或波斯式？）的形变，真可与巴塞爾式的创造力或幻想家的想象力相媲美。它用一系列比拟串成一个故事——鸽子和血，水果和姑娘；讲有个观看井中倒影的穆斯林妇女，这位趴在树中的姑娘，变成了鸽子，鸽子的血滴到土地上，便长出了一棵大树并结出了果实，姑娘最后从果实中脱颖而出，完成了循环。我原想把这故事写得更生动一些，但查阅了无数流传的版本，却找不到它的原型。在这部书里，我收入了两个文本，一个（本书第一〇七篇《三只石榴的爱情》）选自阿布鲁齐地区的民间故事集，它代表了这类故事的经典形式；另一个（本书第八篇《小羊倌》）是这类故事的奇特变种，选自利古里亚地区的民间故事集。但我必须在这里声明，巴塞爾是无与伦比的，我极力向读者推荐他的那篇故事，即《五日谈》的最后一篇。

在这则描述形变的神奇故事中，由于故事很有节奏，条理清楚，我自己体会到了意大利民间故事的特点之一：千锤百炼。在另两则优美的姊妹篇中，即选自佛罗伦斯地区的《苹果姑娘》（第八十五篇）和选自巴勒莫地区的《迷迭香姑娘》（第一六一篇）中，通过姑娘和水果、姑娘和植物之间的关系和比拟，我们领略了一种纯真的美感。这些故事成功的秘诀在于比拟关系：苹果喻姑娘或梨子喻姑娘，都给人以新鲜的美感（后一比拟见本书第十一篇《和梨子一起卖掉的小女孩》）。

以往民间故事中惯常的残忍情节，已为今天和谐的原则所代替。《格林童话》中那种以不断流血为特点的野蛮故事，已不再见到。意大利民间故事中很少出现难以容忍的暴行。虽然残酷总与近似非人道的不公正行为一起作为故事的素材存在着，虽然森林中常回响着女郎或被抛弃的新娘绝望的哭泣声，血迹斑斑的暴行却从未逃脱过法网的惩处。故事并不在受害者遭受折磨的情节上徘徊，甚至也不从怜悯的角度加以赘述，而是立即转入合理的结局，其中包括迅速和毫不留情地惩处罪犯（通常是女罪犯），她们被浇上松脂油，然后按照惩处巫婆的残酷习惯在柴堆上烧死。在西西里，这种人则被从窗口扔出，然后烧死。

爱情是意大利民间故事的不朽主题。在谈到西西里地区的民间故事时，我曾提到，丘比特和普赛克[38]类型的故事不仅流传于西西里，而且流传于托斯卡纳，其影响波及意大利全国各地。故事讲的是来自天国的新郎，在某个人间寓所与新娘相会，但他的生名和秘密绝不能泄露，否则他就会突然失踪。情

人通过魔法变作鸟儿，从一盆牛奶中飞出来，妒忌的敌手为了伤害鸟儿，便把玻璃屑放入盒子里，或在鸟儿停留的窗台上钉上了钉子。蛇或猪王子在夜间变成美貌少年和新娘欢度良宵，却被好奇的新娘点燃的蜡烛照出了原形。在《贝林达与妖怪的故事》[39]中，情人之间发展了一种奇怪的感情关系。在男子汉遭难这一类故事中，着魔的新娘在夜里悄悄地来到废弃的宫殿与他相会。这是莱昂布鲁诺[40]式的童话爱情，主人公永远是个谜，那鸽子变成的少女又会插翅飞翔。这些情节不同的故事，都涉及一种把幻想世界与现实世界糅和在一起的危险爱情，这是一种经受了离别考验的爱情，故事中那些无名的情侣，其欢聚之日便是愁离之时。

在我们熟知的爱情故事中，男女双方往往一见钟情，而后克服种种阻力美满结合。但童话故事却极少袭用这类简单的主线。这一主题偶尔在气氛忧郁的撒丁岛民间故事中出现；在那地方，少女们常在窗口接受男子的求爱。无数以征服公主或搭救公主为题材的故事，总要涉及某个不出面的人物，某个通过考验或经过一场决定命运的生死搏斗才能获得解救的受害者。故事里的男青年会恋上一张画像或一个芳名，他会从一滴血中看到情人的倩影。这些是充满巫术和符咒象征的浪漫之爱。然而，民间故事里最有益、最动人的却并非这些，而是那些描写情人先是着了魔而后才取得胜利的故事。

普罗坡在其《俄国童话溯源》一书中，对丘比特和普赛克类型的故事作了富有启发性的解释。他认为普赛克是一位姑娘，在她居住的风子里，即将举行成年仪式的青年男女都得相互

隔离，可是她却乔装成动物，在黑夜里与小伙子们秘密相会。这种幽会必须不被别人察觉，这样，她似乎只跟一个不露面的小伙子相爱。成年仪式举行以后，小伙子们都回了家，并且忘掉了隔离期间跟他们同住过的姑娘。他们结了婚，组织了新的家庭。故事就从这一危机展开。它描述了在举行成年仪式期间发生的，并被封建法规扼杀的爱情，反映了妇女反抗宗教法规，为与心上人结成眷属所进行的斗争。尽管这些故事并不突出描述基督教福音的法规，但故事的情节仍反映了这些宗教法规的实质，描写了被法规、习惯势力和门第观念阻挠和禁止的爱情。这就解释了自古至今隐藏在这种爱情故事之中的肉欲成份为何得以保存。这种因素处经常的变化之中，其表现形式是感情的迸发和夜间的抚爱。

儿童文学里存在性爱描写这个事实证明：口述传说并不反映某个特定时代，它只是为了描绘奇事珍闻，表达处于某个文明时期的人对艺术的需求。

专作儿童读物的民间故事显然存在，但作为一种独立的体裁，它遭受到大多数有进取心的讲述人的冷遇，只得以更为粗俗的形式在民间流传。这类故事往往具有以下特点：恐怖残忍的主题，诲淫猥亵的细节，诗与文相互穿插，这些诗仅是些顺口溜（见第三十七篇《彼得斗女巫》）。这种粗浅、残忍的特点与今天的儿童读物完全格格不入。

在民间故事中，描写奇事珍闻的倾向始终占主导地位，即使那些寓意深刻的故事亦是如此。寓意在民间传说中常以正面人物的美德战胜反面人物的邪恶含蓄地表现出来，它极少采用

格言警句或说教的方式。因此，故事的道德教育作用显然不应从主题里去寻找，它只能体现在故事本身及其传播之中。这个事实亦能被解释为一种审慎和切合实际的说教，例如故事《鹦鹉》（见本书第十五篇）就似乎引出了这样的启示。这是一则故事的故事，坎帕雷蒂和皮特里在自己故事集的序言中都引用了这则故事。故事里有一只鹦鹉，它通过讲述一个无休无止的故事，保全了一位少女的贞操。这实质上是对口头文学的一种象征性的声辩，以驳斥那些认为口头文学亵渎神灵和宣扬享乐的人们。故事中的悬念扣人心弦，使听故事的姑娘全神贯注，这样她才没有做出越轨之举。但这只是一种起码的、保守的辩护，而《鹦鹉》本身的叙述结构，却揭示了一个更为深刻的方面——故事讲述人所表现的艺术技巧，有趣的是，这种技巧在这则故事中，表现为讲述者所编的故事“没完没了”。这里面含有真正的寓意：讲述者以其熟练的技巧突破了民间故事的原有框框，打破了一种不成文的法规——这种法规认为人们只能重复故事，而不允许有任何“创造”；或许，讲述者认为自己只是对原故事做了少许改动，但在实际上，他的讲述却完全表达了自己的心声。

改编民间故事时，尊重原故事和自由创新同样都是必要的。民间故事在确立主题以后，还需要有一定的步骤逐步展开故事，最后使矛盾得以解决；这些步骤就是一些可以互换使用的素材：被鹰带上一天空的马皮，通向地下世界的水井，洗澡时被偷掉衣服的白鸽仙女，偷来的魔靴和魔氅，必须敲开的三只坚果，以及给人们报信指路的风神所居住的房子等等。讲述者的

任务是把这些素材象砌墙一样组织起来，并尽量避免情节的单调。这一切都取决于他的天赋和他对故事内容的润色，就好比将泥浆注入砖墙，他要使故事增添地方色彩，个人苦难和期望的东西。

当然，人们进入这个幻想世界的难易程度，与其经历和文化素养有关。例如，我们注意到西西里和托斯卡纳民间故事，在描写国王时就采用了不同的方法。一般地说，流行故事中的国王的宫廷，往往表现为抽象的概念，只是权力和财富的模糊象征，但是西西里故事中的国王、宫廷和贵族，却十分清楚、具体，有明显的封建等级、礼仪和道德准则——这是一个完整的世界，有一套完整的宫廷术语。尽管其中大部分是虚构的，但未受过教育的老妇对这一套却了如指掌。“从前有位西班牙国王，他有一个左侍从和一个右侍从。”西西里民间故事的特点，就是故事里的国王从不独自做出重要决定，他总得先征求大臣们的意见：“贤卿，你们有何见解？”有时候他只需简单地喊几声“贤卿们！贤卿们！”他们就会向国王提出建议。

虽然托斯卡纳地区在很多方面都比西西里有更高的文化，但它从未有过真正的国王。“国王”在那里只是个称号，没有任何等级制度的含义。这个称号给人的印象只是富足，讲故事的人说“那位国王”，就象他们说“那位绅士”一样，毫无王室、宫廷和贵族等级概念，甚至也没有真正的国土概念。因此在这些故事里，国王可以隔墙为邻、对窗相望或相互串门，就象两个安分守己的市民。

与国王形成对照的是农民。许多民间故事有“现实主义”

基础，常以农民由于极端贫困、饥饿或失业被迫离家作为故事的开端，这在大量的意大利民间传说中颇具代表性。我已经提到过，许多民间故事，特别是南方民间故事的一个重要题材是人们去捡白菜：家里揭不开锅，因此父亲或母亲就带着儿女们，到乡间去寻找可以做汤的蔬菜。他们拔起一棵硕大的白菜，发现了一条进入地下世界的通道，那儿有一位神仙丈夫在等待着什么，或者有一个囚禁少女的女巫，也可能是一个吃人的蓝胡子妖魔。此外，尤其在沿海一带，故事的主人公就不是赤贫的农民，而是不幸的渔夫，一天，他捕到了一条会说话的大鱼。

然而，“现实的”赤贫状态不仅只是民间故事的出发点，它也不是跃入仙境的跳板，或者对王权或神权的陪衬；有些故事从头至尾都讲农民，以一位农业劳动者作为故事的主人公，他身上所具有的魔力，只是人类本身的力量和坚忍不拔精神的补充。这类民间故事，就象是一部以劳动者为主题的未完成的史诗的片断。这类故事也偶尔从骑士传奇中吸取题材，将骑士传奇中为得到公主而进行的争斗情节，换成了用犁和锄搬开一座座土丘。以这类情节为题材的例子，是著名的西西里故事《外出谋生记》，阿布鲁齐故事《约瑟夫·朱福洛》，托斯卡纳故事《北风的礼物》和马尔凯故事《十四郎》；以妇女劳动和苦难为主题的有西西故事《苦命姑娘》和《两个表姐妹》。

无论是在优秀的诗作或是拙劣的诗作中，要渲染一种幻境而又不回避现实是十分困难的；相比之下，上述那些民间故事表现的自我意识实属难能可贵，它既不与命运的安排相违，又

不和闯入幻想的现实冲突。在诗意和寓意方面，民间故事给我们的教益是无与伦比的。

伊泰洛·卡尔维诺

[1] 卡拉瓦古·斯特拉佩鲁勒（？-1557）意大利十六世纪作家，他的著名民间故事集《欢乐的夜晚》于1550年在威尼斯出版。

[2] 斯托尔·卡帕乔（1465-1522）意大利画家，威尼斯画派的奠基人。

[3] 吉阿姆贝蒂斯塔·巴塞尔（1575-1632）意大利作家，他模仿薄伽丘的名著《十日谈》，创作了由五十篇故事组成的《五日谈》。

[4] 巴罗克式 指建筑、绘画、雕刻的一种怪诞风格，十六世纪末至十七世纪盛行于意大利、西班牙和法国等。

[5] 贝内迪托·克罗齐（1866-1952）意大利哲学家、批评家、政治家，他曾主编《批评》杂志达四十一年之久，对西方文艺思想有重大影响。本书第一四七篇注释提到他曾写文章论述“尼克鱼”的传说。

[6] 卡罗·哥尔多尼（1707-1793）意大利启蒙时期的喜剧作家，因受以高齐为首的贵族作家的攻击，迁居法国。他一生写了约二百五十个剧本，主要代表作是《一仆二主》《女店主》等。

[7] 卡罗·高齐（1720-1806）意大利剧作家。

[8] 哈里昆是意大利民间戏剧中一个快活、滑稽的男仆，是个丑角；潘特卢恩是威尼斯地区喜剧中的瘦老头，也是个丑角。

[9] 查尔斯·贝洛（1628-1703） 法国作家，1697年出版民间童话集《鹅妈妈的故事》，其中有《小红帽》《灰姑娘》《睡美人》等名篇。

[10] 尼科罗·托玛索（1802-1873） 意大利诗人、文艺批评家。

[11] 马克斯·缪勒（1823-1900） 德国语言学家，东方问题研究家。

[12] 这儿指当时一些德国人、奥地利人去意大利收集民间故事。在他们的推动下，一些意大利学者，例如下文提到的艾布里阿尼、坎帕雷蒂、皮特里等，开始搜集意大利民间故事。本书中有许多篇采用了他们所收集的材料。参看本书原注释部分。

[13] 路德魏格·蒂克（1773-1853） 德国作家。

[14] 卡洛·柯罗提（1826-1890） 意大利作家，写过不少儿童读物，最著名的是《木偶奇遇记》。

[15] 柳吉·加普纳（1839-1915） 意大利自然主义作家。1880年，他和乔万尼·维尔加共同发表自然主义宣言。他曾写过儿童读物《灵活的腿》和《从前有一次》。

[16] 芬兰学派 十九世纪末和二十世纪初形成的研究民间文学的派别，又称“历史—地理学派”；它潜心于探索题材流布的历史—地理范畴，并对民间创作的分类、系统化以及编制

流布图的准则进行探讨，其代表人物有尤·克伦和卡·克伦、阿·阿尔内等。

[17] 弗洛伊德（1856-1939）奥地利医生，精神分析学派的创始人，他的精神分析理论对西方现代派文学有极大影响。

[18] 马塞尔·普鲁斯特（1871-1922）法国小说家，其代表作有长篇小说《追忆流水年华》，共七部。

[19] 普雷泽姆莉娜是本书八十六篇《普雷泽姆莉娜》中的主人公；贝林达是本书第五十九篇《贝林达与妖怪的故事》的女主人公。

[20] 《德国民间故事集》，即一般所称《格林童话》。

[21] 利古里亚是意大利一地区，普罗旺斯是法国一地名。

[22] 乔万尼·维尔加（1840-1922）意大利小说家。1880年和意大利作家柳吉·加普纳共同发表自然主义宣言。他的主要作品有《玛拉沃利亚一家》《乡村故事》等，大多以西西里岛渔民和破产农民的悲惨生活为题材。

[23] 鲁齐乌斯·阿普列尤斯（124？-175？）古罗马作家、哲学家，其主要作品《变形记》（又名《金驴记》）是罗马文学中最完整的一部小说。书中最著名的插曲《小爱神和普苏克》，描写公主普苏克与小爱神的爱情故事。

[24] 《伯爵的妹妹》即本书所收的第一六七篇故事。

[25] 《睡女王》即本书所收的第六十一篇故事。

[26] 卢多维科·阿里奥斯托（1474-1533）意大利诗人，主要作品有叙事诗《疯狂的奥兰多》，叙述骑士奥兰多为寻找恋人而走遍天涯，在风格上与《睡女王》有相似之处。

[27] 卢克丽霞、伊莎贝拉、伊丽莎白、莉奥诺、瓦蕾西拉·维罗尼斯、黛安娜，都是古代意大利各地的著名美女。

[28] 安东尼·加兰德（1646-1715）法国研究东方问题的专家，将《天方夜谭》译为法文。

[29] 露易莎·吉奈尼 蒙塔尔故事的主要讲述人之一。参见本书注释部分。

[30] 梅尼奇诺 《米兰商人的儿子》的主人公。

[31] 加布里埃尔·邓南遮（1863-1938）意大利作家。

[32] 沃尔特·迪斯尼（1901-1966）美国当代著名电影动画片导演，制片人，他制作、导演的动画片《白雪公主》在国际上享有盛誉。

[33] 阿拉丁和阿里巴巴都是《一千零一夜》中的人物。

[34] 司蒂斯·汤普逊（1885-？）美国教育家，著名的民间文学研究家。他的主要著作有《北美印第安人的故事》、《著名民间故事一百篇》和《民间故事母题索引》。

[35] 见高齐的童话《三只桔子的爱情》（1761）；参见本书第八十七篇《美丽的绿鸟》的注释。

[36] 见吉阿姆贝蒂斯塔·巴塞尔的《五日谈》。

[37] 见本书第一〇七篇《三只石榴的爱情》。

[38] 普赛克是希腊神话中人类灵魂的化身，以少女的形象出现。她与爱神厄洛斯（即丘比特）相恋，每晚相会，但爱神不许她窥看他的面容。某夜，她违命持烛偷看，爱神惊醒，从此不见。她到处寻觅，经历种种苦难，终与爱神重聚，结为夫妇。

[39] 见本书第五十九篇《贝林达与妖怪的故事》。

[40] 莱昂布鲁诺是本书第一三四篇《莱昂布鲁诺》的主人公。

无畏的小乔万尼

从前，有一个小伙子，天不怕地不怕，被人称作无畏的小乔万尼。他游历世界，有一次来到一家小店过夜。店主说：“这里没有空房了，不过，你要是不怕，我带你去一幢楼住。”

“我为什么要怕，没有一个人能从哪里活着出来。每到早晨，修道士就带着棺材去给敢于在楼里过夜的人收尸。”

好小子！带着一盏灯、一瓶酒和一根香肠就去了。

半夜，他正坐在桌子旁吃着，从烟囱里传来了一个声音：

“我下来？”

小乔万尼回答：“下来吧！”

从烟囱上掉下来一条人腿。小乔万尼喝了一杯酒。

随后那个声音又说：“我下来？”

小乔万尼说：“下来吧！”另一条腿也掉下来了。小乔万尼咬了一口香肠。

“我下来？”

“下来吧！”掉下来一只胳膊。小乔万尼吹起口哨。

“我下来？”

“下来吧！”掉下来另一只胳膊。

“我下来？”

“下来吧！”

掉下来一个身子，与胳膊、腿接在一起，连成一个没有脑袋的人站立起来。

“我下来？”

“下来吧！”

脑袋掉了下来，蹦到了身子上。这是一个巨人，小乔万尼举起酒杯说：“为你的健康干杯！”

巨人道“拿着灯，来。”

小乔万尼拿起灯，但没动。

“你在前边走！”巨人说。

“你先走。”小乔万尼说。

“你先走！”巨人说。

“你先走。”小乔万尼说。

于是，巨人先动了，一间屋挨一间屋地穿过这幢楼，小乔万尼跟在后边照着亮。来到楼梯下的一间小屋，面前出现一扇小门。

“打开！”巨人对小乔万尼说。

小乔万尼说：“你去开！”

巨人对肩膀撞开门。里边有一个盘旋式的小楼梯。

“下去。”巨人说。

“你先下。”小乔万尼说。

来到地下室，巨人指着地上的一块石板：“搬起来！”

“你搬！”小乔万尼说。巨人像捏小石子一样搬走了石板

。

下边是三罐金币。巨人说：“抬起来！”

“你抬！”小乔万尼说。巨人一次一个地把它们抬了上来

。

他们回到那个有烟囱的客厅，巨人说：“小乔万尼，我的法力失灵了！”说着，一条腿卸了下来，踢上了烟囱。“这三罐金币中的一罐给你，”说着，卸下来一只胳膊，胳膊爬上了烟囱。“另一罐给那些来替你收尸的修道士，”另一只胳膊卸了下来，跟着前边那只爬上了烟囱。“第三罐金币送给从这里经过的第一个穷人，”另一条腿也卸了下来，巨人的身子坐在了地上。“这幢楼就归你了，”巨人的身子也卸了下来，只剩下脑袋立在地上。“因为拥有这幢楼的那个家族的人永远地消失了。”说完，巨人的脑袋升了起来，升上烟囱里了。

天刚亮，就听到有人在唱：上帝怜悯我们，上帝怜悯我们。正是那群教士带着棺材来收小乔万尼的尸首。他们看见小伙子正在窗口抽烟斗呢。

无畏的小乔万尼有了那些金币成了富人，他快乐地住在那幢楼里。直到有一天，他仅仅因为一转身，看见了自己的影子

, 被吓死了。

Dauntless Little John

There was once a lad whom everyone called Dauntless Little John, since he was afraid of nothing. Traveling about the world, he came to an inn, where he asked for lodgings. "We have no room here," said the innkeeper, "but if you're not afraid, I will direct you to a certain palace where you can stay."

"Why should I be afraid?"

"People shudder at the thought of that palace, since nobody who's gone in has come out alive. In the morning the friars go up with the bier for anyone brave enough to spend the night inside."

So what did Little John do but pick up a lamp, a bottle, and a sausage, and march straight to the palace.

At midnight he was sitting at the table eating, when he heard a voice in the chimney. "Shall I throw it down?"

"Go ahead!" replied Little John.

Down the chimney into the fireplace fell a man's leg. Little John drank a glass of wine.

Then the voice spoke again. "Shall I throw it down?"

"Go ahead!" So another leg dropped into the fireplace.

Little John bit into the sausage.

"Shall I throw it down?"

"Go ahead!" So down came an arm. Little John began whistling a tune.

"Shall I throw it down?"

"By all means!" And there was another arm.

"Shall I throw it down?"

"Yes!"

Then came the trunk of a body, and the arms and legs stuck onto it, and there stood a man without a head.

"Shall I throw it down?"

"Throw it down!"

Down came the head and sprang into place atop the trunk. He was truly a giant, and Little John raised his glass and said, "To your health!"

The giant said, "Take the lamp and come with me."

Little John picked up the lamp, but didn't budge.

"You go first!" said the giant.

"No, after you," insisted Little John.

"After you!" thundered the giant.

"You lead the way!" yelled Little John.

So the giant went first, with Little John behind him lighting the way, and they went through room after room until they had walked the whole length of the palace. Be

neath one of the staircases was a small door.

"Open it!" ordered the giant.

"You open it!" replied Little John.

So the giant shoved it open with his shoulder. There was a spiral staircase.

"Go on down," directed the giant.

"After you," answered Little John.

They went down the steps into a cellar, and the giant pointed to a stone slab on the ground. "Raise that!"

"You raise it!" replied Little John, and the giant lifted it as though it were a mere pebble.

Beneath the slab there were three pots of gold. "Carry those upstairs!" ordered the giant.

"You carry them up!" answered Little John. And the giant carried them up one by one.

When they were back in the hall where the great fireplace was, the giant said, "Little John, the spell has been broken!" At that, one of his legs came off and kicked its way up the chimney. "One of these pots of gold is for you." An arm came loose and climbed up the chimney.

"The second pot of gold is for the friars who come to carry away your body, believing you perished." The other arm came off and followed the first. "The third pot of gold is for the first poor man who comes by." Then the

other leg dropped off, leaving the giant seated on the floor. "Keep the palace for yourself." The trunk separated from the head and vanished. "The owners of the palace and their children are now gone forever." At that, the head disappeared up the chimney.

As soon as it was light, a dirge arose: "Miserere mei, miserere mei." The friars had come with the bier to carry off Little John's body. But there he stood, at the window, smoking his pipe!

Dauntless Little John was a wealthy youth indeed with all those gold pieces, and he lived happily in his palace. Then one day what should he do but look behind him and see his shadow: he was so frightened he died.

NOTES:

"Dauntless Little John" (Giovannin senza paura)

I begin with a folktale for which I do not indicate, in contrast to my procedure in all the other tales, the particular version I followed. As the versions of it from the various regions of Italy are all quite similar, I let myself be freely guided by common tradition. Not only for that reason have I put this tale first, but also because it is one of the simplest and, in my view, one of the most beautiful folktales.

Italian tradition sharply diverges from the Grimms' "Ta

le of a Boy Who Set Out to Learn Fear" (Grimm no.4) which is no doubt closer to my no.80. The type of tale is of European origin and not found in Asia.

The disappearance of the man limb by limb is not traditional, but a personal touch of my own, to balance his arrival piece by piece. I took the finishing stroke of the shadow from a Sienese version (De Gubernatis, 22), and it is merely a simplification of the more common ending, where Little John is given a salve for fastening heads back on. He cuts his head off and puts it on again--backward; the sight of his rear end so horrifies him that he drops dead.

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translated by George Martin,
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□一身海草的人

有一个国王让人在各个广场上喊话，谁能找回他失踪的女儿，就奖赏谁。可是国王的号令并无效果，因为谁也不知道在哪里可以找到他的女儿。一天夜晚，她被人掳走，国王查遍了所有的角落也找不到她的踪迹。

一位有经验的船长突然想到，如果陆地上找不到踪迹，就有可能在海上。于是，他准备好了一艘船，打算出海寻找。但是当他想要招募水手的时候，却找不到一个人：没人愿意参加这个看不到归期的冒险旅程。

船长站在堤坝上望着，没有人靠近，也没有人敢带头登船。巴奇钦·特里波尔多也在堤坝上，他是一个出了名的酒鬼，一个有名的流浪汉，没人愿意雇用他。“哎，你愿意上船吗？”船长对他说。

“我吗？愿意。”

“那么上船吧。”巴奇钦·特里波尔多第一个上了船。这样，其他一些水手胆子也大了起来，登上了甲板。

在船上，巴奇钦·特里波尔多整天把两只手揣在兜里，怀念岸上的那些小酒馆。大家都骂他，因为航程遥遥无期，食品储备有限，可是还得养活像他这样一个无所事事的人。船长决定甩掉他。“你看见那个小岛了吗？”船长指着海面一个礁石岛对他说，“你划着小舢板过去查看查看，我们就在附近转转。”

巴奇钦·特里波尔多下到舢板上，大船却全速开走了，将他一个人留在大海中，巴奇钦划向礁石。他看见礁石上有一个大山洞，便走了进去。在山洞的尽头绑着一个非常美丽的姑娘，正是国王的女儿。“你是怎么找到我的？”她问巴奇钦·特里波尔多。

“我来这里是为了钓章鱼。”巴奇钦说。

“我就是被一条巨大的章鱼抓来关在这里的，”国王的女

儿说，“趁它还没回来，你先躲起来吧。不过，你记着，这条章鱼每天有三个小时会变成红鲤鱼，那时候容易钓到它，但你必须马上杀死它，不然，它会变成一只红嘴鸥飞走。”

巴奇钦·特里波尔多将自己和小船都藏在小岛上。这时，从海里钻出了那条巨大的章鱼，它的每条须爪都可以绕岛一周。他嗅到小岛上来了陌生人，所有的吸盘都蠕动起来。正巧，到了它该变成鱼的时候了，转眼间，它变成了一条红鲤鱼，消失在海水中。巴奇钦·特里波尔多立即撒下鱼网，可是每次网上来的只是些鲮鱼、鲟鱼、利齿鱼，终于，出现了浑身抖动着红鲤鱼。巴奇钦马上挥起桨，想要给它致命的一击，没想到他打到的不是红鲤鱼，而是一只正要从鱼网中飞起来的海鸥，红鲤鱼已经不见了。由于船桨刮破了海鸥的一只翅膀，它飞不起来了。于是，海鸥又变成了章鱼，不过它的须爪上全是伤口，往外淌着黑色的血。巴奇钦跳到章鱼的背上，用船桨打死了它。国王的女儿为了表示自己的永久的感激之情，送给他一枚钻石戒指。

他说：“走吧，我带你回去见你的父亲。”两个人就上了舢板。在茫茫的大海中，舢板走得很慢，他们划呀，划呀，终于看到远处有一艘大船。巴奇钦用船桨高高地挑起姑娘的衣服。大船上的人发现了他们，把他们接上了甲板。这条船正是先前甩掉巴奇钦的那条船，船长看到他带回了国王的女儿，说：

“噢，可怜的巴奇钦·特里波尔多！我们都以为你失踪了，到处找你！没想到你找回了国王的女儿！来，我们喝几杯，祝贺你的成功！”巴奇钦·特里波尔多并不相信船长说的话，不过

，很长时间滴酒未沾，他早已按捺不住了。

出海时的那座码头已经能隐隐约约地望见了，船长劝巴奇钦喝酒，他喝啊喝啊，最后喝得烂醉，倒在地上。船长对国王的女儿说：“不要告诉你的父亲是那个酒鬼救了你！你应该说是我救了你，因为我是这艘船的船长，而那个酒鬼只是我的一个伙计，他做的一切都是我吩咐的。”

国王的女儿没有说好也没有说不好，只是回答：“我知道该说什么。”船长于是想着要除掉巴奇钦·特里波尔多，一了百了。当天深夜，他们抬起烂醉如泥的巴奇钦，把他扔进了大海。黎明时分，大船靠近了码头，并用旗语通知岸上，他们把国王的女儿平安地救回来了。码头上，乐队奏起了凯旋乐，国王和宫廷全体人员都来了。

国王的女儿与船长的婚礼已经定下来了。婚礼那天，码头上的水手看见从海里钻出来一个人，从头到脚披着绿色的海草，衣服的口袋和被撕破的口子往外蹦着小鱼、小蟹。这个人正是巴奇钦·特里波尔多，他全身上下遮满了海草，头上挂着，身上披着，脚下还拖着，上了岸，走向城中心。就在这时，婚礼的队伍迎面过来了，看见一个身披绿色水草的男人挡在前边，队伍停了下来。“什么人在那里？把他抓起来！”国王命令道。侍卫走上前刚要捉人，这时巴奇钦·特里波尔多抬起一只手，只见一枚钻石戒指在阳光下熠熠发光。

“我女儿的戒指！”国王高喊。

“对，这个人才是我的救命恩人，他才是我的新郎。”国王的女儿说。

巴奇钦·特里波尔多把自己的遭遇从头至尾讲述了一遍。船长被抓了起来。巴奇钦就这样一身绿色的海草走近穿着一身白色衣裙的新娘，和她举行了婚礼。

The Man Wreathed in Seaweed

A king had his crier announce in the town squares that whoever found his missing daughter would be rewarded with a fortune. But the announcement brought no results, since no one had any idea of the girl's whereabouts. She had been kidnapped one night, and they had already looked the world over for her.

A sea captain suddenly had the thought that since she wasn't on land she might well be on the sea, so he got a ship ready to go out in search of her. But when the time came to sign up the crew, not one sailor stepped forward, since no one wanted to go on a dangerous expedition that would last no telling how long.

The captain waited on the pier, but fearful of being the first to embark, no one approached his ship. Also on the pier was Samphire Starboard, a reputed tramp and tippler, whom no ship captain was ever willing to sign on

"Listen," said our captain, "how would you like to sail with me?"

"I'd like to very much."

"Come aboard, then."

"So Samphire Starboard was the first to embark. After that, other sailors took heart and boarded the ship.

Once he was on the ship, Samphire Starboard did nothing but stand around all day long with his hands in his pockets and dream about the taverns he had left behind. The other sailors cursed him because there was no knowing when the voyage would end, provisions were scarce, and he did nothing to earn his keep. The captain decided to get rid of him. "See that little island?" he asked, pointing to an isolated reef in the middle of the sea. "Get into a rowboat and go explore it. We'll be cruising right around here."

Samphire Starboard stepped into the rowboat, and the ship sailed away at full speed, leaving him stranded in the middle of the sea. He approached the reef, spied a cave, and went in. Tied up inside was a very beautiful maiden, who was none other than the king's daughter.

"How did you manage to find me?" she asked.

"I was fishing for octopi," explained Samphire.

"I was kidnapped by a huge octopus, whose prisoner I now am," said the king's daughter. "Flee before it returns. But note that for three hours a day it changes into

a red mullet and can be caught. But you have to kill the mullet at once, or it will change into a sea gull and fly away."

Sapphire Starboard hid his boat and waited out of sight on the reef. From the sea emerged the octopus, which was so large that it could reach clear around the island with its tentacles. All its suckers shook, having smelled a man on the reef. But the hour arrived when it had to change into a fish, and suddenly it became a red mullet and disappeared into the sea. Sapphire Starboard lowered fishing nets and pulled them back up full of gurnard, sturgeon, and dentex. The last haul produced the red mullet, shaking like a leaf. Sapphire raised his oar to kill it, but instead of the red mullet he struck the sea gull flying out of the net and broke its wing. The gull then changed back into an octopus, whose wounded tentacles spurted dark red blood. Sapphire was upon it instantly and beat it to death with the oar. The king's daughter gave him a diamond ring as a token of the gratitude she would always feel toward him.

"Come and I'll take you to your father," he said, showing her into his boat. But the boat was tiny and they were out in the middle of the sea. After rowing and rowing they spied a ship in the distance. Sapphire signaled

to it with an oar draped with the king's daughter's gown. The ship spotted them and took them aboard. It was the same ship that had earlier discharged and abandoned Samphire. Seeing him back with the king's daughter, the captain said, "Poor Samphire Starboard! Here we thought you were lost and now, after looking all over for you, we see you return with the king's daughter! That calls for a real celebration!" To Samphire Starboard, who'd not touched a drop of wine for months on end, that seemed too good to be true.

They were almost in sight of their home port when the captain led Samphire to a table and placed several bottles of wine before him. Samphire drank and drank until he fell unconscious to the floor. Then the captain said to the king's daughter, "Don't you dare tell your father that drunkard freed you. Tell him that I freed you myself, since I'm the captain of the ship and ordered him to rescue you."

The king's daughter neither agreed nor disagreed. "I know what I'll tell him," she answered.

To be on the safe side, the captain decided to do away with Samphire Starboard once and for all. That night, they picked him up, still as drunk as could be, and threw him into the sea. At dawn the ship was in sight of port.

rt. With flags they signaled they were bringing home the king's daughter safe and sound. A band played on the pier, where the king waited with the entire court.

A date was chosen for the king's daughter to wed the captain. On the day of the wedding, the mariners in port saw a man emerge from the water. He was covered from head to foot with seaweed, and out of his pockets and the holes in his clothes swam fish and shrimps. It was none other than Samphire Starboard. He climbed out of the water and went ambling through the city streets, with seaweed draping his head and body and dragging along behind him. At that very moment the wedding procession was moving through the street and came face to face with the man wreathed in seaweed. Everyone stopped. "Who is this?" asked the king. "Seize him!" The guards came up, but Samphire Starboard raised a hand and the diamond on his finger sparkled in the sunlight.

"My daughter's ring!" exclaimed the king.

"Yes," said the daughter, "this man was my rescuer and will be my bridegroom."

Samphire Starboard told the story, and the captain was imprisoned. Green though he was with seaweed, Samphire took his place beside the bride clad in white and was joined to her in matrimony.

(Riviera ligure di ponente)

NOTES:

"The Man Wreathed in Seaweed" (L'uomo verde d'alge) from Andrews, 7, Menton, told by the widow Lavigna.

This sea tale transfers to an unusual setting a plot well known throughout Europe: that of the younger brother who goes down into the well to free the princess and is subsequently abandoned there himself (cf. my no.78).

Andrews's collection of tales presents no more than brief summaries in French; for this tale, then, as well as the following, taken from the same compilation, I gave free rein to my imagination in supplying details, while adhering to the basic plot. I chose the name Baciccin Tribordo (Giovanni Battista Starboard) to replace the original name whose meaning is not very clear. In the original text, the princess is abducted by a dragon instead of by an octopus, and the dragon changes into a barnacle, which seemed to me too easy to catch.

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□有三个货舱的船

从前，在一个偏僻的乡下住着一对贫穷的夫妻。他们生了个儿子，可是附近找不到人来当孩子的教父。他们想进城去找，在那儿又没有熟人；没有教父，就不能给孩子洗礼。在教堂门口的台阶上，他们看见一个披黑斗篷的男人，便问道：“好心的先生，您愿意当这个孩子的教父吗？”那人同意了，这样就给孩子施了洗礼。

他们走出了教堂，那个陌生人说：“现在，我要送一件礼物给我的教子。请收下这个钱包，就用这些钱来抚养他，供他上学。等他识字以后，把这封信交给他。”孩子的父母大吃一惊，还没来得及问他姓甚名谁，也没来得及感谢他，他已经不见了。

钱包里装满了金克郎，孩子后来读书就用的是这笔钱。当孩子能写会念以后，父母便把那封信交给了他，信上写着：

亲爱的教子：

经长期流放以后，我现在回去重新执掌朝政了。我需要一个继承人。你读完此信，马上动身来找你亲爱的教父——英格兰国王。

又及，旅途中，你务必提防三个人：一个斗鸡眼，一个跛子和一个痢痢头。

年轻人读完信说：“爸爸，妈妈，再见啦，我得去找我的教父。”走了几天以后，他在路上遇到一个行人。这个人问道：“小伙子，你上哪儿去呀？”

“去英格兰。”

“正好跟我同路，咱们一起走吧。”

年轻人见那人的眼睛一只眼珠向左，一只眼珠向右，发觉正是他要提防的那个斗鸡眼。于是他找了个借口，停了下来，后来朝另一条路走了。

他又遇到一个坐在石头上休息的行人。“你去英格兰吗？我们一起走吧，”陌生人说。他站起身来，拄著拐棍一瘸一拐地朝前走。年轻人想：他是个跛子，我必须避开他，于是朝另一条路走了。

他遇到的第三个行人的眼睛和腿脚都正常，还长著一头乌黑发亮的头发。也是去英格兰，所以他们就结伴同行。他们在一家旅店过夜。为了预防意外，年轻人将他的钱包和国王的信交给旅店老板保管。夜间，趁大家都睡熟了，陌生人爬起来，向老板要了年轻人的钱包、信和马便逃走了。第二天早晨，年轻人发现只剩下自己一个人，身上一分钱也没有，信也丢了，马也丢了。

“夜里，你的仆人来找我，”老板解释说，“他要了你你的财物，就走了……”

年轻人只好步行赶路，走到一个岔路口时，蓦地发现他的马拴在田里的一棵树上。他正要解缰绳，突然，他那个同伴拿著手枪从树后奔了出来。“如果你想活，”他说，“你就得给我当仆人，就说我是英格兰国王的教子。”说著，他脱下头上的黑色假发，露出了秃顶，头上满是痢疤。

痢痢头骑著马，年轻人步行跟在后头，最后到了英格兰。

国王伸开双臂欢迎痢痢头，把他当作自己的教子，而真教子却被派到马厩里当马倌去了。可是，痢痢头急不可耐地还想把真教子除掉。不久，机会来了。一天，国王对痢痢头说：“我的女儿被符咒镇住了，被囚禁在某个岛上，假如你能救她出来，我就将她许配给你做妻子。不过，这事不容易做到，以前去救她的人没有一个能活著回来的。”痢痢头一听，连忙回话说：“派我的仆人去试试吧，他肯定能行。”

国王马上把年轻人叫来，问他：“你能救我的女儿吗？”

“您的女儿？陛下，请告诉我她在什么地方！”

国王只是说：“我警告你，假如你救不回来，我可要砍你的脑袋。”

年轻人到了码头，望着一艘艘扬帆出航的船。他不知道怎样才能到达公主居住的岛上。一位胡须拖到膝盖的老水手走到他面前说：“去要一艘有三个货舱的船吧。”

年轻人去见国王，要了一艘有三个货舱的船。当这艘船停在港口准备起航时，老水手又出现了。他说：“你在一个货舱里装干酪皮，另一个货舱里装面包屑，第三个货舱里装臭肉。”

年轻人就叫人把三个货舱都装满了这些货。

“现在，”老年人说，“当国王说‘去选你需要的水手’时，你就回答说‘我只需要一个水手’，就挑选我。”年轻就照这样做了。这艘船扬帆出海的时候，全城的市民都出来看稀奇：船上装着稀奇古怪的货物；只有一个水手，还是个快要

死的老头子。

他们连接航行了三个月。一天夜里，他们发现一座灯塔，便驶进了港口。他们模模糊糊地只看到岸上有一些非常低矮的房子，还有些小东西在鬼鬼祟祟地来回走动。后来，他们听到一个声音问道：“船上装的什么货啊？”

“干酪皮。”老水手回答。

“妙极啦，”岸上的声音说，“这正是我们需要的。”

这是一座鼠岛，上面住的全是老鼠。它们说：“我们要买下全部货物，但我们没有钱付给你们。不过，无论你们什么时候需要我们，你们只要说，‘老鼠啊，可爱的老鼠，来帮助我们！’我们马上就会去帮助你们的。”

年轻人和老水手放下跳板，老鼠上了船，转眼间就把干酪皮全卸光了。

从鼠岛启航后，两人又到了另一个岛上。这时夜已经深了，港口里什么也没有；这儿比上次那个地方更糟糕，连一所房子或一棵树也看不到。“你们带来什么货啊？”黑夜中，有几个声音同时问道。

“面包屑，”老水手回答。

“妙极啦，这正是我们需要的。”

这是一座蚂蚁岛，岛上住的全是蚂蚁。它们也付不出钱，不过它们说：“无论什么时候需要我们，你们只要说，‘蚂蚁啊，可爱的蚂蚁，来帮助我们！’不管你们在什么地方，我们马上会出现在那儿的。”

蚂蚁在船上到处爬著，把全部面包屑都卸下船去。接著，

船又启航出发了。

船又来到一座悬崖峭壁的海岛，海港就在悬崖下面。“你们带来的什么货啊？”声音从悬崖上面传来。

“臭肉！”

“妙极啦，这正是我们需要的。”几个巨大的影子在船的上空掠过。

这是一座秃鹫岛，岛上全栖息著这种贪婪的巨鸟。它们叼走了船上的所有臭肉；它们答应在老水手和年轻人需要帮助时，只要喊一声“秃鹫啊，可爱的秃鹫，来帮助我们”时，它们就会立刻赶到。

又航行了几个月，他们抵达了囚禁英格兰国王女儿的那个岛上。他们上了岸，步行穿过一个长长的山洞，突然来到花园里的一座宫殿前。一个侏儒从宫殿里出来招呼他们。“英格兰国王的女儿在这儿吗？”年轻人问道。

“进来去问仙女赛比安娜吧！”侏儒回答。他把年轻人和老水手带进宫殿，宫殿里面铺著金地板，砌著水晶墙。仙女赛比安娜端坐在用黄金和水晶做成的御座上。

“不少国王和王子带了大队人马来搭公主，”仙女说，“但他们都在这儿送了命。”

“我所带来的是我的意志和勇气，”年轻人说。

“那么，好吧，你必须经受三次考验。如果失败了，你就甭想活著从这儿出去。你看见我前面那座挡住阳光的大山了吗？明天早晨以前，你必须把它铲平。等我醒来，就要让阳光照进我的房间。”

侏儒拿著把鹤嘴锄走出来，带著年轻人走到山脚下。年轻人用力一锄，锄刃断裂成两半。“这叫我怎么挖呢？”他不知怎么办才好。突然，他想起另一个岛上的老鼠来。“老鼠啊，可爱的老鼠，来帮助我！”

他的话还没说完，从山顶到山脚到处是一群群的老鼠在蠕动。它们挖啊，咬啊，刨啊，山被它们越挖越小，越咬越小，越刨越小了。

第二天早晨，阳光一照进房间里，仙女赛比安娜醒过来了。“祝贺你！”她对年轻人说：“但是，事情还没完呢。”她领著年轻人走进了地窖；这个大地窖的中央是一间房间，房内的天花板跟教堂里的一样高。里面堆满了豌豆和小扁豆，一直堆到天花板。“今天夜里，你要把这堆混和在一起的豆子，清清楚楚地分成两堆：一堆碗豆，一堆小扁豆。要是你将一粒小扁豆留在豌豆里，或者把一粒豌豆留在小扁豆里，你就会遭殃的。”

那个侏儒留给他一支蜡烛，便跟仙女一起走了。蜡烛燃完时，年轻人还望著那一大堆豆在发呆，心想谁也干不了这样繁难的活呀！这时，他想起了另一个岛上的蚂蚁。“蚂蚁啊，可爱的蚂蚁！快来帮助我！”

他的话音刚落，整个地窖里密密麻麻地爬满了蚂蚁。它们聚集在豆子堆上，有条不紊地、仔细地将豆子分成两堆；一队蚂蚁专门运豌豆，另一队蚂蚁专门运小扁豆。

“我还不认输呢，”仙女看到这事也办成了，就对年轻人说，“在你面前还有一次更大的考验。天亮以前，你必须给我

送一桶长命水来。”

长命泉在陡峭的高山顶上，山上到处是凶猛的野兽。连爬都爬不上去，更不用说还要带著一只桶了。但年轻人喊道：“秃鹫啊，可爱的秃鹫！快来帮助我！”这时许许多多秃鹫遮天蔽日地盘旋著飞到地上。年轻人在每只鸟的脖子上拴一个小瓶子，于是，这些秃鹫排成浩浩荡荡的队伍径直向山顶飞去。小瓶子里灌满泉水，以后它们又回到年轻人身边；他在地上等著，将长命水倒进他随身带来的桶里。

当桶里灌满水时，远处传来哒哒的马蹄声。原来，仙女赛比安娜仓惶逃命去了，后面跟著那个侏儒。这时候，英格兰国王的女儿从宫殿里跑出来，高兴地喊著：“我解脱符咒啦！你把我救出来啦！”

年轻人带著国王的女儿和长命水回到自己的船上，老水手已做好了启航的准备。

英格兰国王每天用望远镜细心地眺望大海。当他看到一艘飘扬著英国国旗的船驶来，便兴高采烈地奔向港口。痢痢头看到年轻人带著国王的女儿胜利返航，简直气坏了。他下狠心要把年轻人弄死。

国王举行盛大宴会，欢庆女儿得救。席间，有两个面露凶相的家伙把年轻人叫了出去，说有件生死攸关的大事要同他商量。年轻人不知是怎么回事，便跟著他们走了。他们走到树林里时，这两个家伙拔出刀来，刺死了年轻人。原来，他们是痢痢头雇用的凶手。

这时，宴会上国王的女儿心里十分焦急，年轻人跟那两个

凶狠的家伙出去了，怎么一直不见他回来。她便到外面去找他，找到树林时，发现年轻人躺在那儿，身上有许多刀伤。好在老水手随身带来了装著长命水的水桶，他便将年轻人的身体浸到水桶里去。一会儿工夫，她便看到年轻人腾地站了起来，又健康又英俊，国王的女儿伸开双臂搂住了他的脖子。

痢痢头气得脸色铁青，问道：“桶里装的是个什么玩意儿？”

“滚烫的油，”老水手回答。

于是，痢痢头弄来一桶滚沸的油，对公主说：“如果你不爱我，我就跳进去。”说罢，他用匕首对自己刺去，然后跳进沸滚的油里，立刻被烫死了。他往油里跳时，黑色假发脱落下来，露出了光秃秃的脑袋瓜儿。

“呃，原来是那个痢痢头！”国王惊叫起来，“他是我最为凶恶的敌人。他自杀了，真是罪有应得。勇敢的年轻人，你才是我的教子！你将跟我的女儿结婚，继承我的王位！”后来，年轻人就跟公主结婚，当了国王。

（利古里亚海岸）

注释：

材料来源：詹姆士·安德鲁斯编《利古里亚故事集》（巴黎，1892年版）第二和第二十七篇；搜集地区：曼敦；讲述者：乔安妮娜·皮奥姆勃和安格利娜·莫瑞蒂。

源源不断地将稀有货物运往能卖高价的港口去出售——多数人都把这种繁荣的海上贸易比作财运亨通。描写海上贸易在

各地的民间故事中都有，而且被编排在不同的情节之中（比较本书第一七三篇《货船》）。这篇故事来自意大利的边境地区里维埃拉。它将有三个货舱的船以及居住著动物的岛这两个奇特的题材融为一体。这类故事广为流传，它的特点是描写著魔的雌马（在安德鲁斯所选的一篇故事中，小马给人出主意）和感恩图报的动物（比较本书第二十四篇《三间小屋》和第七十九篇《菲奥雷凡特和美女艾索琳娜》）。在编写这篇故事时，我将安德鲁斯用法语写的两篇故事梗概结合在一起了。

The Ship with Three Decks

Once there was a poor couple who lived way out in the country. A baby boy was born to them, but there was no one anywhere around to be his godfather. They went into town, but they didn't know a soul there and couldn't have the child baptized without a godfather. They saw a man wrapped in a black cloak on the church doorstep and asked, "Kind sir, would you please be this boy's godfather?" The man agreed, and the child was baptized.

When they came out of the church, the stranger said, "I now must give my godson his present. Take this purse, which is to be used to raise and educate him. And give him this letter when he has learned to read." The father and mother were thunderstruck, but before they co

uld find words of thanks and ask the man his name, he had disappeared.

The purse was full of gold crowns, which paid for the boy's education. Once he could read, his parents gave him the letter, which said:

Dear Godson,

I am going back to repossess my throne after a long exile, and I need an heir. As soon as you read this letter, set out on a journey to your dear godfather, the king of England.

P.S. Along the way, beware of a cross-eyed man, a cripple, and a mangy character.

The youth said, "Father, Mother, farewell. I must go to my godfather." After a few days of walking, he met a traveler who asked, "Where are you going, my lad?"

"To England."

"So am I. We shall travel together."

The youth noticed the man's eyes: one of them looked east, and the other west, so the boy realized this was the cross-eyed man he must avoid. He found a pretext for stopping, then took another road.

He met another traveler sitting on a stone. "Are you going to England? We'll therefore travel together," said

aid the stranger, who got up and limped along, leaning on a stick. He's the cripple, thought the youth, and changed roads again.

He met a third traveler, whose eyes, like his legs, bespoke perfect health. As for any scalp disease, this man had the thickest and cleanest head of black hair you ever saw. As the stranger was also on his way to England, they traveled together. They stopped for the night at an inn, where the youth, wary of his companion, handed over his purse and the letter for the king to the innkeeper for safekeeping. During the night while everybody was sleeping, the stranger rose and went to the innkeeper for the purse, letter, and horse. In the morning the young man found himself alone, penniless, on foot, and with no letter for the king.

"Your servant came to me in the night," explained the innkeeper, "for all your belongings. Then he left..."

The youth set out on foot. At a bend in the road he spied his horse tethered to a tree in a field. He was about to untie it, when from behind the tree rushed last night's companion armed with a pistol. "If you don't want to die on the spot," he said, "you must become my servant and pretend I'm the king of England's godson."

As he spoke, he removed his black wig, revealing a scalp completely covered with mange.

They set out, the mangy one on horseback, the youth on foot, and at last reached England. With open arms the king welcomed the mangy one, taking him for his godson, while the real godson was assigned to the stables as a stable boy. But the mangy one couldn't wait to get rid of his companion, and the opportunity soon presented itself. The king one day said to the false godson, "If you could free my daughter from the spell that holds her prisoner on a certain island, I'd give her to you in marriage. The only difficulty is that nobody who has attempted to free her has ever come back alive." The mangy one lost no time in replying. "Try sending my servant, who is surely capable of setting her free."

The king summoned the youth at once and asked, "Can you set my daughter free?"

"Your daughter? Tell me where she is, Majesty!"

The king would only say, "I warn you that you'll lose your head if you come back to me without her."

The youth went to the pier and watched the ships sail away. He had no idea how to reach the princess's island. An old sailor with a beard down to his knees approached him and said, "Ask for a ship with three decks."

The youth went to the king and had a ship with three decks rigged. When it was in port and ready to weigh anchor, the old sailor reappeared. "Now have one deck loaded with cheese rinds, another with bread crumbs, and the third with stinking carrion."

The youth had the three decks loaded.

"Now," said the old man, "when the king says, 'Choose all the sailors you want,' you will reply, 'I need only one,' and select me." That he did, and the whole town turned out to watch the ship sail off with that strange cargo and a crew of one, who also happened to be on his last legs.

They sailed for three months straight, at the end of which time they spied a lighthouse in the night and entered a port. All they could make out on shore were low, low houses and stealthy movement. At last a voice asked, "What cargo do you carry?"

"Cheese rinds," replied the old sailor.

"Fine," they said on shore. "That's what we need."

It was the Island of Rats, where all the inhabitants were rats, who said, "We'll buy the entire cargo, but we have no money with which to pay you. But any time y

ou need us, you have only to say, 'Rats, fine rats, help us!' and we'll be right there to help you."

The youth and the sailor dropped the gangplank, and the rats came aboard and unloaded the cheese rinds in a flash.

From there the men sailed to another island. It was also night and they could make out nothing at all in port. It was worse than the other place, with not a house or a tree anywhere in sight. "What cargo do you bring?" asked voices in the dark.

"Bread crumbs," replied the sailor.

"Fine! That's just what we need!"

It was the Island of Ants, where all the inhabitants were ants. Nor did they have any money either, but they said, "Whenever you need us, you have only to say, 'Ants, fine ants, help us!' and we'll be right there, no matter where you are."

The ants carried all the bread crumbs down the fore and aft moorings, and the ship cast off again.

It came to an island of rocky cliffs that dropped straight down to port. "What cargo do you bring?" cried voices from above.

"Stinking carrion!"

"Excellent! That's just what we need," and huge sha

dows swooped down on the ship.

It was the Island of Vultures, inhabited entirely by those greedy birds. They flew off with every ounce of carrion, promising in return to help the men whenever they called, "Vultures, fine vultures, help us!"

After several more months of sailing, they landed on the island where the king of England's daughter was a prisoner. They disembarked, walked through a long cave, and emerged before a palace in a garden. A dwarf walked out to meet them. "Is the king of England's daughter here?" asked the youth.

"Come in and ask Fairy Sibiana," replied the dwarf, showing them into the palace, which had gold floors and crystal walls. Fairy Sibiana sat on a throne of crystal and gold.

"Kings and princes have brought entire armies to free the princess," said the fairy, "and every last one of them died."

"All I have are my will and my courage," said the youth.

"Well, then, you must undergo three trials. If you fail, you'll not get away from here alive. Do you see that mountain shutting out the sun from my view? You must level it by tomorrow morning. When I wake up I want t

he sunlight streaming into my room."

The dwarf came out with a pickax and led the youth to the foot of the mountain. The young man brought the pickax down once, and the blade snapped in two. "Now how am I going to dig?" he wondered, then remembered the rats on the other island. "Rats, fine rats, help me!"

He'd not got the words out of his mouth before the mountain was swarming with rats from top to bottom. They dug and gnawed and clawed, while the mountain dwindled and dwindled and dwindled...

Next morning Fairy Sibiana was awakened by the first rays of sun streaming into her room. "congratulations!" she said to the youth, "but you're not done yet." She led him to the palace's underground vaults, in the center of which was a room with a ceiling as high as a church's and containing one big heap of peas and lentils that reached the ceiling. "You have this whole night to separate the peas from the lentils into two distinct piles. Heaven help you if you leave one single lentil in the pea pile, or one single pea in the lentil pile."

The dwarf left him a candle wick and went off with the fairy. As the wick burned down to nothing, the youth

h continued to stare at the huge pile, wondering how any human could ever accomplish so intricate a task. Then he remembered the ants on the other island. "Ants, fine ants," he called, "help me!"

No sooner had he said those words than the entire cellar teemed with those tiny insects. They converged on the heap and, with order and patience, made two separate piles, one team of ants carrying peas and the other lentils.

"I'm still not defeated," said the fairy when she saw the task completed. "A far more difficult trial now awaits you. You have from now till dawn to fetch me a barrel of the water of long life."

The spring of long life was at the top of a steep mountain infested with savage beasts. Scaling the mountain was out of the question, much less while carrying a barrel. But the youth called, "Vultures, fine vultures, help me!" and the sky darkened with vultures circling down to earth. The youth attached a phial to the neck of each, and the vultures soared in a grand formation straight to the spring on the mountaintop, filled their phials, and flew back with them to the youth, who poured the water into the barrel he had waiting.

When the barrel was full, hoofbeats were heard retr

eating. Fairy Sibiana was fleeing for dear life, followed by her dwarfs, while out of the palace ran the king of England's daughter, cheering: "I'm safe at last! You set me free!"

With the king's daughter and the water of long life, the youth returned to his ship, where the old sailor was all ready to weigh anchor.

The king of England scanned the sea every day through his telescope. Seeing a ship approach that was flying the English flag, he ran to port overjoyed. When the mangy one beheld the youth safe and sound and escorting the king's daughter, he was fit to be tied and resolved to have him killed.

While the king was celebrating his daughter's return with a grand banquet, two grim-looking fellows came to get the youth, saying it was a matter of life and death. Puzzled, he followed them. When they got to the woods, the two fellows, who were assassins hired by the mangy one, drew their knives and cut the youth's throat.

Meanwhile at the banquet, the king's daughter was more and more worried, since the youth had gone off with that sinister pair and not returned. She went out looking for him and, reaching the woods, found his body cov

ered with wounds. But the old sailor had brought along the barrel containing the water of long life, in which he immersed the youth's body, only to see him jump right back out as sound as ever and so handsome that the king's daughter threw her arms around his neck.

The mangy one was livid with rage. "What's in that barrel?" he asked.

"Boiling oil," replied the sailor.

So the mangy one had a barrel of oil heated to boiling and announced to the princess: "If you don't love me I'll kill myself." He stabbed himself with his dagger and leaped into the boiling oil. He was instantly scalded to death. Also his black wig had flown off when he leaped, revealing his mangy head.

"Ah, the mangy one!" exclaimed the king of England.

"The cruelest of all my enemies. He finally got what was coming to him. So you, valiant youth, are my godson! You shall marry my daughter and inherit my kingdom!" And so it was.

(Riviera ligure di ponente)

NOTES:

"The Ship with Three Decks" (Il bastimento a tre piani) from Andrews, 2 and 27, Menton, told by Giuanina Pionbo dite La Mova, and by Angelina Moretti.

Prosperous sea trading, with unusual cargos coming into ports where the merchandise is highly prized, is a metaphor of luck in the popular mind. It recurs in diverse folktales and is woven into various plots (cf. my no.173, from Sicily). In this tale from the Italian Riviera border, the curious motifs of the ship with three decks and of the isles inhabited by animals are incorporated into the widespread type featuring the enchanted filly (in one of Andrews's versions, advice is given by the horse) and grateful animals (cf. my nos. 24 and 79). I have freely rendered the two versions summarized in French by Andrews.

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translated by George Martin,

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□夜游人

很久以前，有一个渔夫，他很穷，三个女儿都已长大了。有个年轻人向三姊妹求婚。但是这里的人们都很讨厌他，因为他在夜晚才出来转悠。大姑娘和二姑娘都拒绝了他，但三姑娘却答应了。婚礼是在夜间举行的。闹新房的人走后，新郎诚恳地对新娘说：“我把这个秘密告诉你吧：我被一个邪恶的符咒

镇住了，白天变成乌龟，只能在夜里恢复成人。要破除这个符咒，只有一个办法：结婚后我马上离开自己的妻子，到外面去闯荡，夜间作人，白天作乌龟。等我回来的时候，如果妻子一直对我忠实，而且为我还忍受了种种艰难困苦，我就能永远恢复成人了。”

“我心甘情愿！”新娘说。

新郎便摘下一只钻石戒指，给她戴在手指上，说：“如果用它来做好事的话，不论你碰到什么困难，它都会帮助你你的。”

天亮时，新郎变成乌龟爬出去，开始了他到外面闯荡的旅程。

新娘进城去寻找工作。路上，她还到一个哇哇大哭的孩子，便对他的母亲说：“让我来抱抱他吧，好教他不闹。”

“你是头一个这样做的好人！”孩子的妈妈说，“他一天到晚都在哭闹。”

新娘低声说：“让钻石戒指的魔力使孩子欢笑、跳跃吧！”话刚说完，孩子便嬉笑欢跳起来。

接著，新娘走到一家面包房里，对老板娘说：“你要是雇我给你干活，我不会使你后悔的。”于是，老板娘雇用了她，她开始做面包，并轻声细语地说：“我在这个面包房里干活期间，让钻石戒指指的魔力使全城的人，都到这里来买面包吧！”从这时起，人们络绎不绝地在这个面包房里进进出出，这儿的生意十分兴隆。在这些人中间，有三个小伙子，他们爱上了她。

“如果你跟我过一夜，”一个小伙子说：“我就给你一千法郎。”

“我给你两千法郎！”另一个小伙子说。

“我加到三千法郎！”第三个小伙子说。

当天晚上，她收了第三个小伙子三千法郎，偷偷地把他带进了面包房。

“我马上就跟你在一起，”她对这个小伙子说，“先让我把发酵粉放到面粉里。你等我的时候，等你帮我揉一下面团好吗？”

这个人开始揉面团。他揉啊，揉啊，揉啊。由于钻石戒指的魔力，他无论怎样也不能从面团里拔出手来。就这样，他一直揉到了天亮。

“哟，你已经干好啦！”她对他说，“你干活真卖力。”

于是，她把这个人打发走了。

接著，她又答应了那个出两千法郎的小伙子。天一黑，她就把他带进面包房，叫他帮忙吹火，不要让它熄灭。他吹啊，吹啊，吹啊。由于钻石戒指的魔力，他一直不停地吹到第二天早晨，脸都吹得浮肿起来，象个皮酒囊。

“你真干得好呀！”清晨，她对这个小伙子说，“你是来看我的，可整夜帮著我吹火！”

于是，她把这个人打发走了。

又一个夜晚，她把那个出一千法郎的小伙子带了进来。“我要在面粉里加发酵粉，”她对他说，“你去把大门关上吧。

这个人关上了门，可是由于钻石戒指的魔力，门马上又开了。他整夜都在关门，门关了又开，开了又关，不知不觉地太阳升起来，天亮了。

“你到底把门关上了没有？好啦，你现在可以把门打开啦，滚吧！”

三个小伙子憋了一肚子的气，到官府去告发她。那时候，不光有男警察，还有女警察，捉拿女犯要派女警察。于是，四个女警察前来逮捕新娘。

“让钻石戒指指的魔力使这四个女人相互打耳光吧，”新娘说，“一直打到明天早晨。”

这四个女警察便相互打起耳光来。她们打得很重，一个个头肿得象大南瓜，可是还拚命地互打著。

四个女警察没有带回犯人来，四个男警察就去寻找她们。新娘见他们来了，便说：“让钻石戒指的魔力使这些人玩跳蛙游戏吧！”于是，一个警察马上四肢著地，匍匐下来。另一个警察向前俯身，将手搭在头一个警察背上，跳了过去。第三、第四个警察也跟著照做。这样，他们连续做起跳蛙游戏来了。

就在这个节骨眼儿上，一只乌龟爬了过来。这正是新娘的丈夫，从外面归来了。他一见自己的妻子，瞧，他又变成了漂亮的年轻人！从此，他不再变化，跟妻子生活在一起，白头偕老。

（利古里亚海岸）

注释：

材料来源：詹姆士·安德鲁斯编《利古里亚故事集》（巴黎，1892年版）第十四和第二十一篇；搜集地区：曼敦；讲述者：艾琳·吉纳和艾琳·潘杜鲁。

这是一篇充满稀奇古怪的故事。它最引人注目的是关于女警察的描写。女警察是作为特殊警察制度这样一种历史事实来叙述的。在安德鲁斯的第一种异文里，新郎变成了癞蛤蟆。

The Man Who Came Out Only at Night

Long ago there lived a poor fisherman with three marriageable daughters. A certain young man asked for the hand of one of them, but people were wary of him since he came out only at night. The oldest daughter and the middle daughter both said no to him, but the third girl said yes. The wedding was celebrated at night, and as soon as the couple was alone, the bridegroom announced to his bride: "I must tell you a secret: I am under an evil spell and doomed to be a tortoise by day and a man at night. There's only one way to break the spell: I must leave my wife right after the wedding and travel around the world, at night as a man and by day as a tortoise. If I come back and find that my wife has remained loyal to me all along and endured every hardship for my sake, I'll become a man again for good."

"I am willing," said the bride.

The bridegroom slipped a diamond ring on her finger . "If you use it to a good end, this ring will help you in whatever situation you find yourself."

Day had dawned, and the bridegroom turned into a tortoise and crawled off to begin his journey around the world.

The bride went about the city in search of work. Along the way, she came across a child crying and said to his mother, "Let me hold him in my arms and calm him."

"You'd be the first person to do that," answered the mother. "He's been crying all day long."

"By the power of the diamond," whispered the bride, "may the child laugh and dance and frolic!" At that, the child started laughing, dancing, and frolicking.

Next, the bride entered a bakery and said to the woman who owned it, "You'll have no regrets if you hire me to work for you." The owner hired her, and she began making bread, saying under her breath, "By the power of the diamond, let the whole town buy bread at this bakery as long as I work here!" From then on, people poured in and out with no sign of a letup. Among the customers were three young men who saw the bride and fell in love.

ve with her.

"If you let me spend a night with you," one of them said to her, "I'll give you a thousand francs."

"I'll give you two thousand," said another.

"And I'll make it three thousand," said the third.

She collected the three thousand francs from the third man and smuggled him into the bakery that very night.

"I'll be with you in a minute," she told him, "after I've put the yeast into the flour. While you're waiting, would you please knead the dough a little bit for me?"

The man began kneading, and kneaded and kneaded and kneaded. By the power of the diamond, he couldn't for the life of him take his hands out of the dough, and therefore went on kneading till daylight.

"So you finally finished!" she said to him. "You really took your time!"

And she sent him packing.

Then she said yes to the man with the two thousand francs, brought him in as soon as it grew dark, and told him to blow on the fire a moment so that it wouldn't go out. He blew and blew and blew. By the power of the

diamond, he had to keep right on blowing up to the next morning, with his face bulging like a wineskin.

"What a way to behave!" she said to him in the morning. "You come to see me, but spend the night blowing on the fire!"

And she sent him packing.

The next night she brought in the man with the thousand francs. "I have to add the yeast," she told him. "While I'm doing that, go shut the door."

The man shut the door, which by the power of the diamond came open again right away. All night long he closed it only to see it immediately reopen, and in no time the sun was up.

"Did you finally close this door? Well, you may now open it again and get out."

Seething with rage, the three men denounced her to the authorities. In that day and time there were, in addition to policemen, women officers who were called whenever a woman was to be brought into custody. So four women officers went to apprehend the bride.

"By the power of the diamond," said the bride, "let these women box one another's ears until tomorrow morning."

The four women officers began boxing one another's

ears so hard that their heads swelled up like pumpkins, and they still went on striking each other for all they were worth.

When the women officers failed to return with the culprit, four male officers were sent out to look for them. The bride saw them coming and said, "By the power of the diamond, let those men play leapfrog." One of the male officers dropped down at once on all fours; a second one moved up, put his hands on the officer's back, and leaped over him, with the third and fourth following in his tracks. Thus began a game of leapfrog.

Right at that point, a tortoise came crawling into view. It was the husband returning from his trip around the world. He saw his wife, and behold! He was again a handsome young man, and a handsome young man he remained, by his wife's side, up to a ripe old age.

(Riviera ligure di ponente)

NOTES:

"The Man Who Came Out Only at Night" (L'uomo che usciva solo di notte) from Andrews, 14 and 21, Menton, told by Iren Gena and Irene Panduro.

A tale full of oddities, the most striking of which is that of women constables, given as a historical fact regarding a particular police system. In Andrews's fi

rst variant, the bridegroom turns into a toad.

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Italo Calvino,
translated by George Martin,
Pantheon Books, New York 1980

□七!

从前有一对母女，女儿又高又胖，吃得又多。妈妈端上的肉汁菜汤，她吃了一盘、两盘、三盘，还不停地要。而妈妈边为她盛，边说：“三！……四！……五！……”当女儿要第七盘汤的时候，妈妈没有盛，而是用棍子敲了一下女儿的头，大喊：“七！”

一个穿着体面的小伙子从这里路过，从窗外看见妈妈打着女儿喊：“七！”

看见这个高大丰满的姑娘挺漂亮，小伙子一下子就喜欢上了，他走进姑娘的家，问道：“七个什么？”

妈妈因为自己有这么个贪吃的女儿而羞愧，就说：“七个线槌啊！我的女儿是个工作狂，她甚至能到羊身上去纺毛线！这不，今天早上她已经纺了七槌线了，可是还没完没了地干！为了让她停手，我才打了她一下！”

小伙子说：“要是这样，您把她交给我吧，我试试她，看她是不是真的这么能干，如果是真的，我就娶她为妻。”

小伙子把她领回家，关进一间屋子，里面堆满了要纺的麻，他说：“我是一个船长，马上要出海。如果我出海回来你已经纺好这些线，我就娶你。”

房间里还有很多漂亮的衣服和珠宝，因为船长非常有钱。“如果你成为我的妻子，这些东西就是你的了。”说完，他就走了。

姑娘每天对着镜子试那些衣服和珠宝，让家里的仆人为她做吃的。而麻还在那里没有纺。剩下最后一天了，明天船长就回来了，姑娘想到永远不会成为船长的新娘了，就失望地哭了起来。正当她失望哭泣的时候，一个破布口袋从窗口飞落进房间。破布口袋站立起来，原来是一个长着长眉毛的老妇人。老妇人说：“你别怕，我是来帮你的。你把线分成缕，我来替你纺。”

从没见过比这老妇人更快的纺织女了，她只用了一刻钟，所有的麻都被纺好了。但是，越纺，她的眉毛长得越长，长过了鼻子，长过了下巴，最后长得超过了一掌长，而且她的眼皮也跟着变长了。

当活干完了，姑娘说：“好心的夫人，我怎样才能报答您呢？”

“我不想要报答，你跟船长结婚的时候，能邀请我参加结婚宴会，我就很满足了。”

“那我怎么邀请你呢？”

“你只要念：‘哥隆比娜！’我就会来。不过，我可提醒你，千万别忘了我的名字。如果忘了，我就不会再帮助你了。”

你也就完了。”

第二天船长回来了，看到所有的麻都纺好了，就说：“你真能干，我相信你就是我想娶的新娘。这是我为你买回来的珠宝和衣服。但我还必须再出去一次。我们来试第二次。这里的麻有上次两倍，当我回来的时候，你能把它纺完，我就会跟你结婚。”

像上次一样，姑娘每天试着不同的珠宝和衣服，吃着汤和面包，这样打发着时间。又到了最后一天，一根线也没纺。她又哭了起来，这时她听到从烟囱上掉下来一个东西，一看是一个破布包滚到屋子里来了。破布包站了起来，原来是一个耷拉着嘴唇的老妇人。这个老妇人也愿意帮助她，开始帮她纺线，纺得比上次那个老妇人还快，但是越纺，她的嘴唇长得越长，她只用了半小时就把所有的麻纺完了。老妇人同样不要回报，只要求姑娘邀请她参加婚宴。“你只要念：‘哥隆巴拉’我就会出现。你千万别忘记我的名字。不然我给你的帮助就会失效，你小心记着！”

船长回来了，还没进门就问：“你全都纺完了吗？”

姑娘说：“咳，早就完了！”

“这是给你带回来的珠宝和衣服。这一次，如果我第三次出海回来的时候，你能纺完比上两次都多的麻，我向你保证马上举行婚礼。”

这一次也跟以前一样，姑娘一根线也没纺，当只剩最后一天的时候，从屋檐下掉下来一个破布包，一个露着牙齿的老妇人从破布包里面走了出来。她开始替姑娘纺线，她纺得很快，

而且越纺越快，并且她的牙齿就长得越长。

老妇人说：“你想邀请我参加你的婚宴，就必须喊：‘哥隆布恩！’不过你要是忘了我的名字，你会后悔今天遇见了我。”

船长回来的时候，看到所有的麻又都纺好了，非常满意。他说：“好了，现在你就是我的妻子了。”他马上让人开始准备婚礼，并邀请当地所有的大人物。

新娘正在全身心地筹备婚礼，一直就没有想到那三个老妇人。婚礼那天的早晨，她想起应该邀请她们。但当她试图写出她们的名字的时候，才发现她把三人的名字忘得一干二净，她绞尽脑汁地回忆，但连一个名字也想不起来。

新娘从喜悦中一下子掉进了无底的悲哀中，船长也发现了新娘的情绪低落，就去问她，而她沉默不语。新郎找不到新娘情绪忧伤的起因，就想：也许今天不宜结婚。他吩咐把婚礼推迟到第二天。到了第二天，情况更糟。第三天的情况就更别提了。总之，日子一天天过去，新娘越来越忧伤、越来越沉默，她紧皱眉头，好像要集中注意力，思考什么。新郎想方设法让她高兴，用笑话逗她开心，给她讲故事，但是一点用也没有。

新郎看到自己无法宽慰新娘，便试图宽慰自己，一天早上，他出去打猎。在树林中，突然遇上了暴风雨，他急忙躲进了一间小茅屋。小茅屋里一片漆黑，他听到有人在说话：

“噢，哥隆比娜！”

“噢，哥隆巴拉！”

“噢，哥隆布恩！”

“把锅架上，熬玉米粥吧！这个该死的新娘不会邀请我们赴宴了。”

船长转过身，看见三个老妇人：一个眉毛拖到地上，另一个嘴唇耷拉到脚背，第三个牙齿可以蹭到膝盖。

新郎想：“看吧，我可找到逗新娘高兴的事了，如果我这次看到的事还不能逗她笑，那就不会再有别的事能逗她笑了！”

他回到家，对新娘说：“我告诉你，今天我在树林里，为了避雨我进了一间茅屋，你猜我看见了什么？三个老妇人！一个眉毛拖到地上，另一个嘴唇耷拉到脚背，第三个牙齿可以蹭到膝盖。她们互相叫着名字：‘噢，哥隆比娜！’‘噢，哥隆巴拉！’‘噢，哥隆布恩！’”

新娘脸上的愁容顿时消失了，笑个不停，说：“马上举行婚礼吧，不过我有个请求。既然是你看见的那三个老妇人让我开心，那就让她们也被请来参加婚宴吧。”

船长派人去了。他们为这三个老妇人专门安排了一张圆桌子，但在三个妇人长长的眉毛、嘴唇和牙齿之间，这张桌子就显得太小了，人们不理解她们是如何吃饭的。

婚宴结束以后，新郎问哥隆比娜：“好心的夫人，请告诉我，您怎么会有这么长的眉毛呢？”

“是因为纺线的时候要盯着细细的线看才会这样。”哥隆比娜说。

“那您呢，您的嘴唇怎么会这么长呢？”

“是因为捻线的时候要不停地在嘴唇上沾湿手指。”哥隆巴拉说。

“那您呢，您怎么会有这么长的牙齿呢？”

“因为老是要用牙齿咬线结。”哥隆布恩说。

“我懂了，”新郎说道，他转向妻子，“你去把那些线槌拿来。”新娘把线槌拿了出来交给新郎，新郎把它们扔进壁炉的火里，说：“你这一生中再也不要纺线了！”

从那以后，这位又高又胖的姑娘就这样幸福美满地生活着。

And Seven!

A woman had a daughter who was big and fat and so gluttonous that when her mother brought the soup to the table she would eat one bowl, then a second, then a third, and keep on calling for more. Her mother filled her bowl, saying, "That makes three! And four! And five!" When the daughter asked for a seventh bowl of soup, her mother, instead of filling the bowl, whacked her over the head, shouting, "And seven!"

A well-dressed young man was passing by just then and saw the mother through the window hitting the girl and crying, "And seven!"

As the big fat young lady captured his fancy immediately, he went in and asked, "Seven of what?"

Ashamed of her daughter's gluttony, the mother replied,

"Seven spindles of hemp! I have a daughter so crazy about work that she'd even spin the wool on the sheep's back! Can you imagine that she's already spun seven spindles of hemp this morning and still wants to spin? To make her stop, I have to beat her."

"If she's that hard-working, give her to me," said the young man. "I'll try her out to see if you're telling the truth and then I'll marry her."

He took her to his house and shut her up in a room full of hemp waiting to be spun. "I'm a sea captain, and I'm leaving on a voyage," he said. "If you've spun all this hemp by the time I return, I'll marry you."

The room also contained exquisite clothes and jewels, for the captain happened to be very rich. "When you become my wife," he explained, "these things will all be yours." Then he left her.

The girl spent her days trying on dresses and jewels and admiring herself in the mirror. She also devoted much time to planning meals, which the household servants prepared for her. None of the hemp was spun yet, and in one more day the captain would be back. The girl gave up all hope of ever marrying him and burst into tears. So he was still crying when through the window flew a bundle of rags and came to rest on its feet: it was an old

woman with long eyelashes. "Don't be afraid," she told the girl. "I've come to help you. I'll spin while you make the skein."

You never saw anyone spin with the speed of that old woman. In just a quarter of an hour she had spun every bit of hemp. And the more she spun, the longer her lashes became; longer than her nose, longer than her chin, they came down more than a foot; and her eyelids also grew much longer.

When the work was finished, the girl said, "How can I repay you, my good lady?"

"I don't want to be repaid. Just invite me to your wedding banquet when you marry the captain."

"How do I go about inviting you?"

"Just call 'Columbina' and I'll come. But heaven help you if you forget my name. It would be as though I'd never helped you, and you'd be undone."

The next day the captain arrived and found the hemp all spun. "Excellent!" he said. "I believe you're just the bride I was seeking. Here are the clothes and jewels I bought for you. But now I have to go on another voyage. Let's have a second test. Here's twice the amount of hemp I gave you before. If you spin it all by the time I return, I'll marry you."

As she had done before, the girl spent her time trying on gowns and jewels, eating soup and lasagna, and got to the last day with all the hemp still waiting to be spun. She was weeping over it when, lo and behold, something dropped down the chimney, and into the room rolled a bundle of rags. It came to rest on its feet, and there stood an old woman with sagging lips. This one too promised to help, began spinning, and worked even faster than the other old woman. The more she spun, the more her lips sagged. When the hemp was all spun in a half-hour, the old woman asked only to be invited to the wedding banquet. "Just call 'Columbara.' But don't forget my name, or my help will have been in vain and you will suffer."

The captain returned and asked before he even got into the house, "Did you spin it all?"

"I just now finished!"

"Take these clothes and jewels. Now, if I come back from my third voyage and find you've spun this third load of hemp, which is much bigger than the other two, I promise we'll get married at once."

As usual, the girl waited until the last day without touching the hemp. Down from the roof's gutter fell a bundle of rags, and out came an old woman with buckteeth.

She began spinning, spinning even faster, and the more she spun, the longer grew her teeth.

"To invite me to your wedding banquet," said the old woman, "you must call 'Columbun.' But if you forget my name, it would be better if you'd never seen me."

When the captain came home and found the hemp all spun, he was completely satisfied. "Fine," he said, "now you will be my wife." He ordered preparations made for the wedding, to which he invited all the nobility in town.

Caught up in the preparations, the bride thought no more of the old woman. On the morning of the wedding she remembered that she was supposed to invite them, but when she went to pronounce their names, she found they had slipped her mind. She cudgelled her brains but, for the life of her, couldn't recall a single name.

From the cheerful girl she was, she sank into a state of bottomless gloom. The captain noticed it and asked her what the matter was, but she would say nothing. Unable to account for her sadness, the bridegroom thought, This is perhaps not the right day. He therefore postponed the wedding until the day after. But the next day was still worse, and the day following we won't even mention. With every day that passed, the bride became gloomier

er and quieter, with her brows knit in concentration. He told her jokes and stories in an effort to make her laugh, but nothing he said or did affected her.

Since he couldn't cheer her up, he decided to go hunting and cheer himself up. Right in the heart of the woods

he was caught in a storm and took refuge in a hovel. He was in there in the dark, when he heard voices:

"O Columbina!"

"O Columbara!"

"O Columbun!"

"Put on the pot to make polenta! That confounded bride won't be inviting us to her banquet after all!"

The captain wheeled around and saw three crones. One had eyelashes that dragged on the ground, another lips that hung down to her feet, and the third teeth that grazed her knees.

Well, well, he thought to himself. Now I can tell her something that will make her laugh. If she doesn't laugh over what I've just seen, she'll never laugh at anything!

He went home and said to his bride, "Just listen to this. Today I was in the woods and went into a hovel to get out of the rain. I go in and what should I see but three crones: one with eyelashes that dragged on the grou

nd, another with lips that hung down to her feet, and the third with teeth that grazed her knees. And they called each other: 'O Columbina,' 'O Columbara,' 'O Columban!' "

The bride's face brightened instantly, and she burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed. "Order the wedding banquet right away. But I'm asking one favor of you: since those three crones made me laugh so hard, let me invite them to the banquet."

Invite them she did. For the three old women a separate round table was set up, but so small that what with the eyelashes of one, the lips of the other, and the teeth of the third, you no longer knew what was what.

When dinner was over, the bridegroom asked Columbina, "Tell me, good lady, why are your lashes so long?"

"That's from straining my eyes to spin fine thread!" said Columbina.

"And you, why are your lips so thick?"

"That comes from always rubbing my finger on them to wet the thread!" said Columbara.

"And you, how on earth did your teeth get so long?"

"That's from biting the knot of the thread!" said Columban.

"I see," said the bridegroom, and he turned to his wife

. "Go get the spindle." When she brought it to him, he threw it into the fire. "You'll spin no more for the rest of your life!"

So the big, fat bride lived happily ever after.

(Riviera ligure di ponente)

NOTES:

"And Seven!" (E sette!) from Andrews, 4, 23, 47. (The first two were collected in Menton, the third near Ventimiglia.)

Marriage anecdotes and fairy-tale initiation motifs (the secret name to remember) are blended in this old story widespread in Europe (of English, Swedish, or German origin, according to scholars), subjected to literary treatment in the seventeenth century in Naples (Basile, IV, 4) and well known throughout Italy.

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translated by George Martin,

Pantheon Books, New York 1980

□无灵之体

从前有一个寡妇，带着一个儿子，儿子名字叫朱瓦宁。当他十三岁的时候，就想出去周游世界碰运气。妈妈对他说：“

你要出去干什么？你不知道你还小吗？到了你能把我们家屋后的那棵松树一脚踹倒的时候，你就出去。”

从那天起，每天早上，朱瓦宁一起床就对着那棵松树，助跑、起跳，用双脚猛力地踹向树干。松树一动不动，他却四脚朝天地摔在地上。他站起来，掸掸背上的土，又回到了自己的房间。

终于在一天早上，他使尽全力跳向松树，松树弯了，慢慢地倒了下来，树根也从地下露了出来，整个松树连根拔起地倒下了。朱瓦宁跑着去告诉妈妈，妈妈来到树前仔细地看了看，对他说：“我的儿子，现在你可以去你想去的地方了。”朱瓦宁告别了妈妈，出发了。

他走了一天又一天，来到一座城市。这里的国王有一匹马，名字叫巡逻道，没有人能骑它。那些来尝试的人一开始都觉得能驯服它，最后都被它甩下马背。朱瓦宁站在旁边先观察了一会，发现这匹马怕见自己的影子。于是他去自荐，要驯服巡逻道。他走近马厩，唤着它的名字，抚摸它，然后，突然一闪身跳上马鞍，他小心地让马的面部对着太阳，骑着它出来。这匹马看不到自己的影子，就不会受惊。朱瓦宁用双膝夹住马肚子，勒紧缰绳，放马奔驰起来。不消一刻钟，巡逻道就被驯服了，温顺得像一只小绵羊，但是除了朱瓦宁，它还是不让别人骑。

从那天起，国王就让朱瓦宁跟随他，并且对他特别好，别的侍从都很嫉妒他，开始刁难他。他们想设计赶走他。

应该交待的是这个国王有一个女儿，前些年被一个叫做“

无灵之体”的巫师掳走了，谁也说不清被掳到哪里去了。仆人们对国王说，朱瓦宁向大家吹嘘要去解救公主。国王派人把朱瓦宁叫了来。朱瓦宁被蒙在鼓里，对国王说他对这些事毫不知情。国王却认为他是用这样的托词与他开玩笑，什么也不顾了，对他说：“要么你把我的女儿救回来，要么我就砍下你的脑袋！”

朱瓦宁看到没有办法让国王相信自己，就向国王请求把挂在墙上的那把生了锈的剑赐给他，然后，骑上巡逻道，出发了。穿过一片森林的时候，他看到一只狮子向他示意，让他停下来。朱瓦宁虽然有点怕狮子，但也不愿逃走，就从马鞍上下来，问狮子需要什么。

狮子说：“朱瓦宁，你看，我们这里有四个伙伴：我、狗、鹰和蚂蚁。我们要分吃这头死了的驴子，你有剑，你给我们把它分成四份吧！”朱瓦宁砍下驴头，扔给蚂蚁，说：“这是你的，它可以给你做现成的洞穴，在里边，你随时可以找到吃的。”随后，他又砍下驴子的四个蹄子，抛给狗，说：“这是你的，你慢慢地啃吧。”然后他又掏出驴子的内脏，递给鹰，说：“这些东西是给你的，你可以把它带到你住的树顶上。”最后，他把剩下的东西全部分给了狮子，它是四个动物中最大的，并且尊重他。分好后，他上了马，刚要继续出发，就听到狮子在叫他，他想：完了，我分得不公平。但是狮子对他说：

“你是一个公正的人，你给我们分得很好，我们怎样才能报答你呢？这样吧，我送给你我的一只爪子，当你戴上它的时候，你会变成一只世界上最凶猛的狮子。”狗对他说：“我给你我

的一根须子，当你把它放在鼻子的下边，你会变成一只世界上最快的狗。”鹰对他说：“我给你我翅膀上的一根羽毛，你可以用它变成一只世界上最大最强的鹰飞上天空。”蚂蚁对他说：“我呢，我给你我的一条细腿，你可以用它变成一只蚂蚁，但是很小很小，即使用放大镜也看不到它。”

朱瓦宁收下了这些礼物，向四只动物表示了谢意，又出发了。对这四个礼物的效力他还不知道是否该信，因为它们可能是在跟他开玩笑。不过他刚一走出动物们的视线，就停了下来，试起了这些礼物的效力。他变成了狮子、狗、鹰和蚂蚁，然后变成了蚂蚁、鹰、狗和狮子，然后变成鹰、蚂蚁、狮子和狗，然后变成了狗、蚂蚁、狮子和鹰，他确信了这些礼物都很灵，满心喜欢地又启程了。

森林的尽头出现了一个湖，湖中有一座城堡，那就是无灵之体巫师的城堡。朱瓦宁变成一只鹰飞到城堡上一个关着的窗户的窗台上，然后变成一只蚂蚁从窗户缝中钻进了房间。依旧还是只蚂蚁的朱瓦宁的腿，变回人形，一个英俊的小伙子瞬间出现在国王的女儿面前。

“你别怕！”朱瓦宁做着别出声的手势，对她说，“我是来救你的！你必须骗巫师说出怎么才能杀死他。”

巫师回来了，朱瓦宁又变成蚂蚁。国王的女儿使出千娇百媚，迎接巫师，她让他坐在她的脚下，让他把头靠在她的膝盖上。然后便对他说：“我亲爱的巫师，我知道你是一个无灵魂的躯体，所以是不会死的。但是我总担心让别人发现你放灵魂的地方，把你杀死，这样我会感到很痛苦。”

于是巫师回答她说：“对你我不保密，反正你被关在这里不可能出卖我。要想杀我首先需要有一只非常凶猛的狮子去杀死森林中的一只黑狮子；杀死这只黑狮子之后，会从它的肚子里钻出一只黑色的狗，它跑得非常快，只有世界上最快的狗才能追上它。杀死这只黑狗以后，会从狗的肚子里飞出一只黑鹰，我不知道天空中还有什么别的鹰能跟上它。不过即使这只黑鹰被杀了，还需要从它肚子里取出一只黑蛋，在我的额头上打破这只黑蛋，我的灵魂就会飞走，我就会死去。你觉得容易吗？你觉得会有机会让你痛苦吗？”

朱瓦宁用他那对小小的蚂蚁耳朵，听到了一切，他又小步跑着从窗户缝中爬了出去，回到窗台上。在那里，他重新变回一只鹰，飞到森林中。到森林后，他又变成一只狮子，在树林中四处巡游，终于碰到了那只黑狮子。黑狮子向他猛扑过来，可朱瓦宁是世界上最凶猛的狮子，很快就撕碎了它。（巫师在城堡里觉得一阵头晕。）朱瓦宁打开黑狮子的肚子，从里面冲出一只跑得极快的黑狗，但朱瓦宁变成了世界上最快的狗，追上去，与黑狗滚咬在一起，不一会，黑狗就倒在地上死了。（巫师在城堡里疼得不得不倒在床上。）朱瓦宁又打开黑狗的肚子，从里面飞出一只黑鹰，朱瓦宁立即变成世界上最大的鹰，跟随着黑鹰在天空中盘旋，不停地冲向黑鹰，用嘴啄他、用爪攻击它，黑鹰很快就收起了翅膀，摔到地上。（巫师在城堡里发起了高烧，在棉被里缩成一团，瑟瑟发抖。）

朱瓦宁变回人形，打开黑鹰的肚子，从里面掏出一只黑蛋，然后来到城堡，把它交给了满心欢喜的国王的女儿。

国王的女儿问他：“你怎么做到的？”

朱瓦宁说：“这不算什么，现在该你了。”

国王的女儿走进巫师房间，问：“你好点了吗？”

“啊，我真倒楣，有人背叛了我……”

“我给你做了一碗汤，快喝了吧。”

巫师直起身，坐在床上，低下头正要喝汤。

“等一下，让我往汤里打一个鸡蛋，这样，更有营养。”

国王的女儿边说边在他的额头上打碎了那只黑蛋。无灵之体巫师当即就死了。

朱瓦宁把公主带回到国王身边，父女重聚，高兴极了，国王马上就把女儿嫁给了朱瓦宁。

（利古里亚西海岸）

Body-without-Soul

There was a widow with a son named Jack, who at thirteen wanted to leave home to seek his fortune. His mother said to him, "What do you expect to do out in the world? Don't you know you're still a little boy? When you're able to fell that pine tree behind our house with one kick, then you can go."

Every day after that, as soon as he rose in the morning, Jack would get a running start and jump against the trunk of the tree with both feet, but the pine never budged an inch and he fell flat on his back. He would get up again, shake the dirt off, and go back inside.

At last one fine morning he jumped with all his might, and the tree gave way and toppled to the ground, his roots in the air. Jack ran and got his mother who, surveying the felled tree, said, "You may now go wherever you wish, my son." Jack bid her farewell and set out.

After walking for days and days he came to a city whose king had a horse named Rondello that no one had ever been able to ride. People constantly tried, but were thrown just when it appeared they would succeed. Looking on, Jack soon realized that the horse was afraid of its own shadow, so he volunteered to break Rondello himself. He began by going up to the horse in the stable, talking to it and patting it; then he suddenly jumped into the saddle and rode the animal outside straight into the sun. That way it couldn't see any shadow to frighten it. Jack took a steady hold of the reins, pressed his knees to the horse, and galloped off. A quarter of an hour later Rondello was as docile as a lamb, but let no one ride him after that but Jack.

From then on, Jack served the king, who was so fond of him that the other servants grew jealous and plotted to get rid of him.

Now the king had a daughter who had been kidnapped in her infancy by the sorcerer Body-without-Soul, and no one

he had heard of her since. The servants went to the king claiming Jack had boasted to everybody he would free her. The king sent for him. Jack was amazed and said this was the first he had even heard of the king's daughter. But the fact that anyone had dared make light of the episode concerning his daughter so infuriated the king that he said, "Either you free her, or I'll have you beheaded."

Since there was no calming the king now, Jack asked for a rusty sword they kept hanging on the wall, saddled Rondello, and rode off. Crossing a forest, he saw a lion motioning him to stop. Although a bit uneasy, Jack disliked the idea of running away, so he dismounted and asked what the lion wanted.

"Jack," said the lion, "as you can see, there are four of us here: myself, a dog, an eagle, and an ant. We have a dead donkey to parcel among us. Since you have a sword, carve the animal and give us each a portion." Jack cut off the donkey's head and gave it to the ant. "Here you are. This will make you a nice home and supply you with all the food you'll ever want." Next he cut off the hoofs and gave them to the dog. "Here's something to gnaw on as long as you like." He cut out the entrails and gave them to the eagle. "This is your food, which

you can carry to the treetops where you perch." All the rest he gave to the lion, which as the biggest of the four deserved the largest portion. He got back on his horse and started off, only to hear his name called. "Dear me," he thought, "I must have made some mistake in dividing the parts." But the lion said to him, "You did us a big favor and you were very fair. As one good deed deserves another, I'm giving you one of my claws which will turn you into the fiercest lion in the world when you wear it." The dog said, "Here is one of my whiskers, which will turn you into the fastest dog on earth, whenever you place it under your nose." The eagle said, "Here is a feather from my wings which can change you into the biggest and strongest eagle in the sky." The ant said, "I'm giving you one of my tiny legs. Put it on and you will become an ant so small that no one can see you, even with a magnifying glass."

Jack took his presents, thanked the four animals, and departed. As he was uncertain whether the gifts were magic or not, thinking the animals might have played a joke on him, he stopped as soon as he was out of sight to test them. He became lion, dog, eagle, and ant; next ant, eagle, dog, and lion; then eagle, ant, lion, and dog; finally dog, lion, ant, and eagle. Yes, everything wo

rked like a charm! All smiles, he moved onward.

Beyond the forest was a lake, on whose shore stood the castle of Body-without-Soul. Jack changed into an eagle and flew straight to the edge of a closed window. Then he changed into an ant and crawled into the room. It was a beautiful bedchamber where, beneath a canopy, lay the king's daughter asleep. Still an ant, Jack went crawling over her cheek until she awakened. Then he removed the tiny ant leg, and the king's daughter suddenly beheld a handsome youth at her side.

"Don't be afraid," he said, signaling silence. "I've come to free you. You must get the sorcerer to tell you what could kill him."

When the sorcerer returned, Jack changed back into an ant. The king's daughter made a big to-do over Body-without-Soul, seating him at her feet and drawing his head onto her lap. Then she began: "My darling sorcerer, I know you're a body without a soul and therefore incapable of dying. But I live in constant fear of someone finding your soul and putting you to death."

"I can tell you the secret," replied the sorcerer, "since you're imprisoned here and can't possibly betray me.

To slay me would require a lion mighty enough to kill the black lion in the forest. Out of the belly of the d

ead lion would leap a black dog so swift that only the fastest dog on earth could catch it. Out of the belly of the dead black dog would fly a black eagle that could withstand every eagle under the sun. But if by chance that eagle were slain, a black egg would have to be taken out of its craw and cracked over my brow for my soul to fly away and leave me dead. Does all that seem easy? Do you have any real grounds for worry?"

With his tiny ant ears, Jack took in every word, then crawled back under the window to the ledge, where he again turned into an eagle and soared into the forest. There he changed into a lion and stalked the underbrush until he came face to face with the black lion. The black lion jumped him, but Jack, being the strongest lion in the world, tore it to bits. (Back at the castle, the sorcerer felt his head spin.) The lion's belly was slit open, and out bolted a swift-footed black dog, but Jack turned into the fastest dog on earth, caught him, and they rolled together in a ball, biting each other until the black dog lay dead. (Back at the castle, the sorcerer had to take to his bed.) The dog's belly was slit open and out flew a black eagle, but Jack became the most powerful eagle under the sun and they soared through the sky pecking and clawing each other until the black

eagle folded its wings and fell to earth. (At the castle, the sorcerer ran a high fever and curled up under the bedclothes.)

Jack changed back into a man, opened the eagle's claw, and removed the black egg. He returned to the castle and gave it to the king's daughter, who was overjoyed.

"How on earth did you do it?" she asked.

"Nothing to it," replied Jack. "The rest is now up to you."

The king's daughter entered the sorcerer's bedchamber, asking, "How do you feel?"

"Woe's me! I've been betrayed..."

"I brought you a cup of broth. Drink some."

The sorcerer sat up in his bed and bent over to drink the broth.

"Here, let me break an egg into it and give it more body." At that, the king's daughter broke the black egg over his brow and Body-without-Soul died on the spot.

Jack took the king's daughter home to her father. Everyone was overjoyed, and the young couple was married forthwith.

(Riviera ligure di ponente)

NOTES:

"Body-without-Soul" (Corpo-senza-l'anima) from Andrews,

46, Riviera ligure.

This Ligurian Jack differs from fellow heroes and liberators of princesses by his systematic cautiousness bordering on distrust (he is one of the few who, the minute he receives a magic gift, must test it before he is able to believe in it). In that respect he takes after his mother, who will not let him go out into the world until he has given proof of perseverance by felling the tree with his kicks. I have been faithful to the original version while aiming to endow it with a particular rhythm.

Copyright: Italian Folktales Selected and Retold by Italo Calvino,

translated by George Martin,
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□有钱能使鬼推磨

从前有一位十分富有的王子，他要在王宫的对面造一座宫殿，而且造得比王宫还要宏伟富丽。宫殿一落成，他就在门前写了“有钱能使鬼推磨”几个大字。

国王外出巡游，看见了写在门前的这些字，马上召见王子。这时，王子刚到都城不久，还没有去拜见国王。

“恭喜你啦，”国王说，“你的宫殿真是富丽堂皇啊，相

比之下，我的小宫不过是茅庐寒舍。真是恭喜你了！不过，在门前写的‘有钱能使鬼推磨’是你出的主意吗？”

王子意识到，自己可能做得太过份了。

“是的，是我，”王子答覆说，“可是，如果陛下不喜欢，我就派人把这些字刮掉，这很方便。”

“哦，不必了。我并不打算让你刮掉，只是想叫你亲自告诉我，你那句话的意思是什么。比如说，你有钱就可以派人行刺我吗？”

王子感觉到，他的处境不妙了。

“哦，陛下，请您恕罪。我立刻将那些字刮掉。如果您不喜欢这座宫殿的话，您只管说，我可把它拆毁。”

“不，不，不要动它。可是，既然你说，有钱什么事都能办到，那么你就得向我证实这话是不是真的。我限你三天之内同我女儿谈话，如果办到了，我就让你跟她结婚。要不，我就砍掉你的脑袋！懂吗？”

王子愁得吃不下饭，睡不著觉。他日夜想的是怎样才能保住自己的脑袋。到了第二天，他确信自己无路可走了，就决定写遗嘱。他一筹莫展，因为国王的女儿被关在一座城堡里，周围有一百名卫兵看守著。王子脸色苍白，无精打采，躺在床上等死；就在这时候，他的老奶妈走进屋来。王子从小是她奶大的，后来她一直服侍他，现在已是个老态龙钟的老太婆了。老奶妈看见王子面容憔悴，便问他有什么不舒服。王子哼哼唧唧地把事情一五一十全都告诉了她。

“就这件事？”老奶妈说，“你就毫无办法了吗？真让人

笑掉大牙！让我想想看，能帮你什么忙呢。”

老奶妈颤颤巍巍地走了出去，到了城里最出名的银匠家里。她向银匠定做了一只银鹅；这只银鹅做得要象人一般大，肚子里是空的，还要会张嘴、闭嘴。“必须明天做好！”她又加了一句。

“明天？你说胡话！”银匠惊叫起来。

“明天必须做好！”老奶妈掏出一个装著金币的钱包，接著说：“你再想想吧。这是现钱，剩下的钱等你明天交货时再付给你。”

银匠惊呆了，“这样的话，咱们好商量，好商量，我尽量照办，明天交货。”

第二天，银鹅做好了，做得非常漂亮。

老奶妈对王子说：“带上你的提琴，钻到鹅肚子里去。我们一到街上，你就在里面拉琴。”

老奶妈在前面用一根缎带拖著银鹅，王子在里面拉著提琴，他们在城里走街串巷地兜著圈子。人们夹道观看这只漂亮的银鹅，城里的人没有不跑出来看的。消息传到了关著国王女儿的城堡里，她要求父亲准许她出去看一看这只银鹅。

国王说：“明天，那个牛皮王子的死期就到了，那时你再出去看银鹅吧。”

可是公主听说，那个拖著银鹅的老婆婆明天就要离开了。国王只好叫人把银鹅带到城堡里来，让他女儿看一眼。这正是老奶妈巴不得的事。公主独自看著这只银鹅，听著从它嘴里传出的琴声，感到十分惬意。这时，银鹅突然打开了，一个男人

走了出来。

“别害怕，”这个男人说，“我是一位王子，必须跟您说话，否则明天早晨您父亲就要杀我的头了。请您对您父亲说，说您跟我已谈过话了，这样就救了我的命。”

第二天，国王召见了王子。“喂，钱使你跟我女儿谈话了吗？”

“是的，陛下，”王子回答说。

“怎么？你是说，你跟她谈过话了？”

“问她吧。”

公主走了进来，讲了王子藏在银鹅中的事，而银鹅却又是国王亲自下令让带入城堡的。

听到这里，国王摘下王冠，戴到王子头上。“这样看来，你不但有钱，而且还有个聪明的头脑！我把女儿嫁给你，你们幸福地生活吧！”

（热那亚地区）

注释：

材料来源：詹姆士·安德鲁斯编《利古里亚故事集》（巴黎，1892年版）第六十四篇；搜集地区：热那亚；讲述者：凯特瑞纳·格兰迪。

这是一篇起源于东方的故事（收集在用梵语写的动物故事集中）。在热那亚人的传说里，这篇故事有自己的独特之处，它强调了功利主义和商业道德（那位国王的最后一句评语与整个故事不协调，我决定赞颂聪明；再说，这也是适当的……）

Money Can Do Everything

There was once a prince as rich as cream, who took it into his head to put up a palace right across the street from the king's, but a palace far more splendid than the king's. Once it was finished, he put on its front in bold lettering: **MONEY CAN DO EVERYTHING.**

When the king came out and saw that, he sent immediately for the prince, who was new in town and hadn't yet visited the court.

"Congratulations," the king said. "Your palace is a true wonder. My house looks like a hut compared with it. Congratulations! But was it your idea to put up the words: Money can do everything?"

The prince realized that maybe he had gone too far.

"Yes it was," he answered, "but if Your Majesty doesn't like it, I can easily have the letters stripped off."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't think of having you do that. I merely wanted to hear from your own lips what you meant by such a statement. For instance, do you think that, with your money, you could have me assassinated?"

The prince realized he had got himself into a tight

spot.

"Oh, Majesty, forgive me. I'll have the words removed at once. And if you don't like the palace, just say so, and I'll have it torn down too."

"No, no, leave it the way it is. But since you claim a person with money can do anything, prove it to me. I'll give you three days to try to talk to my daughter. If you manage to speak to her, well and good; you will marry her. If not, I'll have you beheaded. Is that clear?"

The prince was too distressed to eat, drink, or sleep. Day and night, all he thought of was how he might save his neck. By the second day he was certain of failure and decided to make his will. His plight was hopeless, for the king's daughter had been closed up in a castle surrounded by one hundred guards. Pale and limp as a rag, the prince lay on his bed waiting to die, when in walked his old nurse, a decrepit old soul now who had nursed him as a baby and who still worked for him. Finding him so haggard, the old woman asked what was wrong. Hemming and hawing, he told her the whole story.

"So?" said the nurse. "And you're giving up, like that? You make me laugh! I'll see what I can do about all this!"

Off she wobbled to the finest silversmith in town and ordered him to make a solid silver goose that would open and close its bill. The goose was to be as big as a man and hollow inside. "It must be ready tomorrow," she added.

"Tomorrow? You're crazy!" exclaimed the silversmith.

"Tomorrow I said!" The old woman pulled out a purse of gold coins and continued, "Think it over. This is the down payment. I'll give you the rest tomorrow when you deliver the goose."

The silversmith was dumbfounded. "That makes all the difference in the world," he said. "I'll do my best to have the goose tomorrow."

The next day the goose was ready, and it was a beauty.

The old woman said to the prince, "Take your violin and get inside the goose. Play as soon as we reach the road."

They wound their way through the city, with the old woman pulling the silver goose along by a ribbon and the prince inside playing his violin. The people lined the streets to watch: there wasn't a soul in town that didn't come running to see the beautiful goose. Word of

it reached the castle where the king's daughter was shut up, and she asked her father to let her go and see the unusual sight.

The king said, "Time's up for that boastful prince tomorrow. You can go out then and see the goose."

But the girl had heard that the old woman with the goose would be gone by tomorrow. Therefore the king had the goose brought inside the castle so his daughter could see it. That's just what the old woman was counting on. As soon as the princess was alone with the silver goose and delighting in the music pouring from its bill, the goose suddenly opened and out stepped a man.

"Don't be afraid," said the man. "I am the prince who must either speak to you or be decapitated by your father tomorrow morning. You can say you spoke to me and save my life."

The next day the king sent for the prince. "Well, did your money make it possible for you to speak to my daughter?"

"Yes, Majesty," answered the prince.

"What! Do you mean you spoke to her?"

"Ask her."

The girl came in and told how the prince was hidden in the silver goose which the king himself had ordered

brought inside the castle.

The king, at that, removed his crown and placed it on the prince's head. "That means you have not only money but also a fine head! Live happily, for I am giving you my daughter in marriage."

(Genoa)

NOTES:

"Money Can Do Everything" (Il danaro fa tutto) from Andrews, 64, Genoa, told by Caterina Grande.

This story, of oriental origin (found in the Panchatantra), stresses in its Genoese version a utilitarian and commercial moral all its own. (The final remark of the king was even too harsh along that line, so I decided to give credit also, as it meet, to cleverness...)

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translated by George Martin,

Pantheon Books, New York 1980

□小羊倌

从前有个小羊倌，他的个儿长得很小，很是调皮捣蛋。一

天，他赶著羊去草地时，看到一个小贩头顶一篮子鸡蛋从他身旁经过，他将一块石头扔进人家的篮子里，把鸡蛋全砸碎了。可怜的卖蛋女人气坏了，尖著嗓子诅咒说：“你呀这辈子莫想再长大了，除非你找到可爱的巴格琳娜，她有三只会唱歌的苹果。”

从此，小羊倌变得又瘦又小。他妈妈越是疼爱他，他越变得瘦小。最后，他妈妈问道：“你到底出了什么事？你是不是做了坏事，人家诅咒你啦？”于是，他把对卖蛋小贩恶作剧的事讲了出来，把那个女人诅咒他的话又讲了一遍：“你呀这辈子莫想再长大了，除非你找到可爱的巴格琳娜，她有三只会唱歌的苹果。”

“这样的话，”妈妈说，“你别无办法，只好去寻找可爱的巴格琳娜了。”

小羊倌离开了家。他来到一座桥上，看见一个小女人坐在榛子壳里来回地摇晃著。

“那边是谁呀？”小女人问。

“一位朋友。”

“向上拨一下我的眼皮，好让我看一看你。”

“我正在寻找有三只会唱歌的苹果的、可爱的巴格琳娜，你知道她的一点情况吗？”

“不知道，不过你可以带著这块石头，它迟早会有用的。

”

羊倌又走到另一座桥边，看见一个小女人正在一个鸡蛋壳里洗澡。

“那边是谁呀？”小女人问。

“一位朋友。”

“向上拨一下我的眼皮，好让我看一看你。”

“我正在寻找有三只会唱歌的苹果的、可爱的巴格琳娜，你听说过有关她的消息吗？”

“没有。不过你可以把这把象梳子拿去，它早晚会有用的。”

羊倌把梳子装入口袋，接著继续赶路，后来走到一条小溪边，看见一个人正在将雾装入袋子。当小羊倌问这个人是否知道可爱的巴格琳娜时，他回答说一无所知，但给了小羊倌一口袋雾，说它总会有用的。

接著，他走到一座磨坊，磨坊主是一只说话的狐狸。它说：“我知道可爱的巴格琳娜是谁，但你要找到她却十分困难。你一直朝前走，走到一所敞开著大门的房子。走进去，你就会看到一只挂著许多小铃铛的水晶鸟笼。笼子里就放著会唱歌的苹果。你要拿走这只鸟笼，可要留神看管它的老婆婆。如果她的两眼睁著，那说明她睡著了；如果她的两眼闭著，她肯定醒著。”

羊倌继续赶路。到了那里他发现老婆婆的眼睛闭著，知道她并没有睡觉。“小伙子，”老婆婆说，“低下头看看我的头发，找找里面有没有虱子。”

当羊倌低著头给她捉虱子的时候，老婆婆睁开了双眼，他知道她睡著了。他连忙拿起水晶鸟笼逃走了。可是，笼子上的小铃铛叮叮噹噹地响起来，老婆婆惊醒了。她派了一百名骑兵

去追他。听到尾随而来的骑兵马上要追上了，小羊倌掏出口袋里的那块石头丢了出去，石头马上变成了一座陡壁悬崖的大山，追来的马全倒在地上，跌断了腿。

这些骑兵失去了马，便步行回到老婆婆那儿。接著，老婆婆又派了二百名骑兵去追赶。小羊倌眼看自己又处在危险之中，便将那把象牙梳子扔了出去，它变成了一座象玻璃山一样光滑的高山，那些马和骑兵全都滑下来摔死了。

接著，老婆婆又派了三百名骑兵去追赶。小羊倌又掏出那一口袋雾来，向身后猛掷出去，这支三百人的骑兵队全都被大雾迷住了，失去了方向。跑了这么一阵子，羊倌感到口渴，但身边没有什么可解渴的东西，便将鸟笼中的三只苹果拿出一只来，准备切开。这时他听到一个细微的声音说道：“请轻轻切，否则你要刺伤我啦。”他轻轻切开苹果，吃了一半，将另一半装到口袋里。最后，他来到自己家附近的一口井旁，伸手去摸口袋里的一半苹果，却掏出来一个很小、很小的姑娘。

“我就是可爱的巴格琳娜，”她说，“我喜欢吃饼，去给我拿只饼来，我饿极啦。”

这口井的井口加了盖，中间有一个圆洞可以汲水。羊倌让小姑娘坐在井边上，叫她等著，自己便去拿饼了。

这时，一个大家叫做“丑奴隶”的仆人前来打水。她发现这个小姑娘，便说：“你怎么会长得这么小巧、这么漂亮，而我却生得这么粗、这么丑呢？”她越说越生气，竟把这个小东西扔进了井里。

羊倌回来后发现可爱的巴格琳娜不见了，他的心都碎啦。

小羊倌的母亲也是在这口井里打水用的。有一天，她发现自己的桶里有一条鱼。她把鱼拿回家，用油煎好。他们母子吃了鱼，把骨头丢在窗外。后来，丢鱼骨头的地方长出一棵树来，它长得很高大，把整所房子的光线都挡住了。于是，羊倌把树砍倒，劈成木柴后搬到家里。那时，他的母亲已经去世，羊倌独自一人住在这儿。如今，他比以往更瘦小了，不管怎么想方设法，他总是长不大。他每天外出放羊，晚上回家。可是他每天回到家里时，发现早晨用过的锅碗瓢勺都已洗好了，这是多么令人惊奇的事啊！他想不出是谁帮他做的这些。最后，他决定藏在门后观察一下。这时，他看到的却是一位秀丽的姑娘从柴堆里钻出来，洗锅碗，打扫房间，叠被子，然后她打开食橱，拿出一只饼来吃。

小羊倌从门后猛地跳出来，问道：“你是谁？怎么进到房间里来的？”

“我就是可爱的巴格琳娜，”姑娘回答，“就是你掏那半只苹果时看到的那个姑娘。‘丑奴隶’把我扔进井里，我变成了鱼，接著又变成鱼骨头被丢在窗外。我又从鱼骨头变成树种，破土而出变成树，一个劲儿地往上长，最后又变成了你所劈的木柴。如今，你每天外出的时候，我就变成了可爱的巴格琳娜。”

由于重新找到了可爱的巴格琳娜，羊倌的身个儿飞快地向上长，可爱的巴格琳娜也跟他一起长大了。不久，羊倌就成了一位漂亮的年轻人，跟可爱的巴格琳娜结了婚。他们举行了盛

大的庆祝宴会。当时我也在场，是在桌子底下。他们丢给我一块骨头，正巧打在我的鼻子上，从此它就粘在那儿永远掉不下来了。

（热那亚内陆地区）

注释：

材料来源：皮·埃·格纳瑞奥搜集的《热那亚方言故事两篇》（热那亚，1892年版）；搜集地区：热那亚附近的托里格利亚；讲述者：乡村妇女玛丽亚·班奇露。

“三只桔子”的故事流传很广[1]；这篇热那亚民间故事的特点在于出现了象希诺尼谟·博西[2]油画里的那些小东西——在果子壳里或蛋壳里摇晃著的小仙女。我们在热那亚的另一篇民间故事（见安德鲁斯所编《利古里亚故事集》第五十一篇）中也遇到同样的小东西。

[1] 参看序言及第八十七篇《美丽的绿岛》和一〇七篇《三只石榴的故事》的注释部分。

[2] 希诺尼谟·博西（1460-1516），荷兰画家。

The Little Shepherd

There was once a shepherd boy no bigger than a mite and as mean as could be. On his way out to pasture one day, he passed a poultry dealer carrying a basket of eggs on her head. So what did he do but throw a stone in to the basket and break every single egg. Enraged, the

poor woman screamed a curse: "You shall get no bigger until you've found lovely Bargaglina of the three singing apples!"

From that time on, the shepherd boy grew thin and puny, and the more his mother attended to him, the punier he became. Finally she asked, "What on earth has happened to you? Have you done a bad turn for which someone placed a curse on you?" He then told her about his meanness to the poultry dealer, repeating the woman's words to him, "You shall get no bigger until you've found lovely Bargaglina of the three singing apples!"

"In that case," said his mother, "you've no choice but to go in search of this lovely Bargaglina."

The shepherd set out. He came to a bridge, on which a little lady was rocking to and fro in a walnut shell.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Lift my eyelids a little, so I can see you."

"I'm seeking lovely Bargaglina of the three singing apples. Do you know anything about her?"

"No, but take this stone; it will come in handy."

The shepherd came to another bridge, where another

little lady was bathing in an eggshell.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Lift my eyelids a little, so I can see you."

"I'm seeking lovely Bargaglina of the three singing apples. Have you any news of her?"

"No, but take this ivory comb, which will come in handy."

The shepherd put it in his pocket and walked on until he came to a stream where a man was filling a bag with fog. When asked about lovely Bargaglina, the man claimed to know nothing about her, but he gave the shepherd a pocketful of fog, which would come in handy.

Next he came to a mill whose miller, a talking fox, said, "Yes, I know who lovely Bargaglina is, but you'll have difficulty finding her. Walk straight ahead until you come to a house with the door open. Go inside and you'll see a crystal cage hung with many little bells. In the cage are the singing apples. You must take the cage, but watch out for a certain old woman. If her eyes are open, that means she's asleep. If they're closed, she's surely awake."

The shepherd moved on. He found the old woman with her eyes closed and realized she was awake. "My lad," s

aid the old woman, "glance down in my hair and see if I've any lice."

He looked, and as he was delousing her, she opened her eyes and he knew she had fallen asleep. So he quickly picked up the crystal cage and fled. But the little bells on the cage tinkled, and the old woman awakened and sent a hundred horsemen after him. Hearing them almost upon him, the shepherd dropped the stone he had in his pocket. It changed instantly into a steep, rocky mountain, and the horses all fell and broke their legs.

Now horseless, the cavalrymen returned to the old woman, who then sent out two hundred mounted soldiers. Seeing himself in new peril, the shepherd threw down the ivory comb. It turned into a mountain as slick as glass, down which horses and riders all slid to their death.

The old woman then sent three hundred horsemen after him, but he pulled out the pocketful of fog, hurled it over his shoulder, and the army got lost in it. Meanwhile, the shepherd had grown thirsty and, having nothing with him to drink, removed one of the three apples from the cage and cut into it. A tiny voice said, "Gently, please, or you'll hurt me." Gently, he finished cutting the apple, ate one half, and put the other in his po

cket. At length he came to a well near his house, where he reached into his pocket for the rest of the apple. In its place was a tiny, tiny lady.

"I'm lovely Bargaglina," she said, "and I like cake. Go get me a cake, I'm famished."

The well was one of those closed wells, with a hole in the center, so the shepherd seated the lady on the rim, telling her to wait there until he came back with the cake.

Meanwhile, a servant known as Ugly Slave came to the well for water. She spied the lovely little lady and said, "How come you're so little and beautiful while I'm so big and ugly?" And she grew so furious that she threw the tiny creature into the well.

The shepherd returned and was heartbroken to find lovely Bargaglina gone.

Now his mother also went to that well for water, and what should she find in her bucket one day but a fish. She took it home and fried it. They ate it and threw the bones out the window. There where they fell, a tree grew up and got so big that it shut out all the light from the house. The shepherd therefore cut it down and chopped it up for firewood, which he brought inside. By that time his mother had died, and he lived there all

by himself, now punier than ever, since no matter what he tried, he couldn't grow any bigger. Every day he went out to the pasture and came back home at night. How great was his amazement upon finding the dishes and pans he'd used in the morning all washed for him when he came home! He couldn't imagine who was doing this. At last he decided to hide behind the door and find out. Whom should he then see but a very dainty maiden emerge from the woodpile, wash the dishes, sweep the house, and make his bed, after which she opened the cupboard and helped herself to a cake.

Out sprang the shepherd, asking, "Who are you? How did you get in?"

"I'm lovely Bargaglina," replied the maiden, "the girl you found in your pocket in place of the apple half. Ugly Slave threw me into the well, and I turned into a fish, then into fishbones thrown out the window. From fishbones I changed into a tree seed, next into a tree that grew and grew, and finally into firewood you cut. Now, every day while you're away, I become lovely Bargaglina."

Thanks to the rediscovery of lovely Bargaglina, the shepherd grew by leaps and bounds, and lovely Bargaglina along with him. Soon he was a handsome youth and mar

ried lovely Bargaglina. They had a big feast. I was the re, under the table. They threw me a bone, which hit me on the nose and stuck for good.

(Inland vicinity of Genoa)

NOTES:

"The Little Shepherd" (Il pastore che non cresceva mai) from Guarnerio (Due fole nel dialetto del contado genovese collected by P. E. Guarnerio, Genoa, 1892), Torriglia, near Genoa, told by the countrywoman Maria Ban chero.

A feature of this Genoese variant of the widespread tale of the "three oranges" includes encounters with creatures like those in the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch -- tiny fairies rocking in nutshells or eggshells. We meet the same beings in another Genoese version (Andrews, 51).

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translated by George Martin,

Pantheon Books, New York 1980

从前，有一个寡妇，带着三个女儿以替人洗衣为生。一家四口每日竭尽全力洗着衣服，但还是过着忍饥挨饿的生活。一天，大女儿对妈妈说：

“这样还不如去给魔鬼干活，我想离家出外谋生。”

“千万别这样说，我的孩子，”妈妈说，“这样你会惹祸上身的。”

没过几天，她们家里来了一位绅士，身着黑衣裤，衣冠楚楚的，长着一只银鼻子。

“我听说您有三个女儿，让我带走一个做我的仆人吧。”他对妈妈说。

妈妈对这人的银鼻子看不惯，要不然，她会立即让女儿跟他走。她把大女儿叫到一旁，对她说：“人世间长着银鼻子的人是没有的，你得留点神，要是跟他走，将来你一定会后悔。”

但女儿急不可待地要离开家，还是跟他走了。他们走了很远的路，穿过森林，越过高山，到了一个地方，远远地看见前边有一处亮光，好像在着火。“那是什么？”姑娘问，这时她开始有点担忧了。

“是我家，我们就去那里。”银鼻子说。

姑娘跟着他继续往前走，全身上下忍不住地哆嗦。他们来到一座巨大的宫殿，银鼻子带着她，参观了所有的房间，一间比一间漂亮，每看一个房间，他都把钥匙交给她。走到最后一个房间门口，银鼻子把钥匙递给她后说：“这个门你无论如何不能打开，否则，你就麻烦了！这里的一切，你都可以做主，

只有这个房间除外。”

姑娘心想：这里一定有什么名堂！她决定等银鼻子一离开这里，就打开看看。晚上，姑娘正睡在自己的房间里，银鼻子蹑手蹑脚地走了进来，他走近姑娘的床边，在她的头发上插了一朵玫瑰花，就又蹑手蹑脚地出去了。

第二天早上，银鼻子出去办事了。只剩姑娘一个人拿着一大串钥匙留在家里，她立即跑去开那扇被禁止打开的房门。刚打开一条缝隙，就从里面冲出了好多火苗和烟雾，火苗和烟雾尽是被火烧炼的罪恶的灵魂。姑娘这时才明白银鼻子就是魔鬼，而这个房间就是地狱。她大叫一声，立即关上房门，想尽量跑远一点，离开这个地狱之屋，但火舌还是烧到了她头上的插着的那朵玫瑰花。

银鼻子回到家，看到那朵烫焦了的玫瑰花，就说：“怎么，你就是这样听我的话的吗！”他一把抓住姑娘，打开地狱的门，把她扔进了火中。

第二天，他又来到寡妇家，说：“您的女儿在我那里住得很好，但活儿太多，她需要个帮手。您能让二女儿也跟我去吗？”就这样，银鼻子带着另一个姑娘回到了宫殿。他也给姑娘看了每个房间，把房间的钥匙也都给她，也对她说所有的房间都可以打开，只有最后那间除外。姑娘说：“您不必担心，我为什么要开它呢？我不想了解您的私事。”晚上，姑娘上床休息以后，银鼻子悄悄地来到她的床前，把一朵康乃馨插在她的头发上。

第二天早上，银鼻子一出门，姑娘做的第一件事就是去打

开那扇禁门。只见里面满是烟雾、火苗，还有罪恶灵魂的嚎叫，在火中她还发现了自己的姐姐。“妹妹，快救救我！把我从这个地狱里救出去！”姐姐冲她大叫。但姑娘吓得早已魂飞魄散了，她连忙关上门，拔腿就逃，但不知该躲到哪里去，因为她确信银鼻子就是魔鬼，而她早被他捏在手心里，无处可逃。银鼻子一回来，首先看姑娘的头发，看到康乃馨被烤焦了，便一句话不说，抓起她，把她也扔进了地狱。

次日，银鼻子照旧穿得像大人物一样，又来到寡妇家。“我家的活太多，两个姑娘还干不完，您把三女儿也让我带去，好吗？”就这样，他又把三女儿带了回来。三女儿名叫露琪亚，在三姐妹中，她最有头脑。银鼻子也带她看了每个房间，然后照旧叮嘱了她，而且当她睡了之后，也在她的头发上插了一朵花，是一朵茉莉花。早上，露琪亚起床后，就去梳头，照着镜子，她发现了头上的茉莉花。她自语道：“看哪，银鼻子给我插了一朵茉莉花。多优雅的想法！可是，我要让它保持新鲜。”她把花插在一个水杯里。梳完头，看看家里只剩她一个人，她就想：我现在去看看那扇神秘的门里有什么。

刚把门打开，烈火扑面而来，只见里边炼着很多人，而且人群中，她发现了她的大姐，然后又看见了二姐。她们大声叫着：“露琪亚！露琪亚！快拉我们出去！救救我们！”

露琪亚先是关好了门，然后思考如何才能救出两位姐姐。

魔鬼回来的时候，露琪亚早已把那朵茉莉花又插到了头上，装作没事的样子。银鼻子看了一眼茉莉花，说：“噢，还鲜

着呢。”

“当然，它怎么会不新鲜呢？谁会把枯败的花戴在头上？”

“不是，我只是这么说说罢了，”银鼻子说，“我觉得你是个不错的姑娘，你要是一直这样，我们就能一直相处得很愉快。你在这里还满意吗？”

“满意，我在这里住得很好，但要不是有放心不下的事，就更好了。”

“放心不下什么？”

“我离家来这里的时候，我妈妈身体不舒服。现在我一点她的消息也没有。”

“要是就这点事，”魔鬼说，“我到你家去一趟，这样可以给你带回点那边的消息。”

“谢谢，您真是个大好人。要是您明天能去，我现在就把这里的脏东西准备成一个袋子，带给妈妈，等妈妈身体好的时候好让她帮忙洗洗。你不会觉得太重吧？”

“哪里的话，”魔鬼说，“再重的东西我也拿得动。”

等魔鬼一出去，露琪亚马上去打开了地狱之门，把大姐拉了出来，然后把她装进一只口袋。“待在里面，别说话，卡尔洛塔。等一会，魔鬼要亲自带你回家。不过，路上你要是觉得他把口袋放在地上，你就要喊：我看见你了！我看见你了！”

银鼻子来了，露琪亚对他说：“这是一袋要洗的东西。但你真的能一气不停地把它带到我妈妈家吗？”

“你不信任我吗？”魔鬼问。

“我当然相信你，因为我有这本领：我能看得很远，反正你把口袋搁在随便什么地方停下，我都看得见。”

魔鬼说：“是吗，等着看吧！”但他对姑娘具有千里眼的法力不以为然。他背起口袋，说：“这包脏东西怎么这么重啊！”

姑娘说：“那当然，你有多少年没洗过一样东西了？”

银鼻子上路了。但走到半路，他想：姑娘的话没错！不过我还是得看一下，也许她是以送该洗的脏东西为借口，想偷我的东西。于是，他把口袋放在地上，要打开看看。

“我看见你了！我看见你了！”姐姐从口袋里立即喊起来。

“啊，是真的！她真是千里眼！”银鼻子说着又背起口袋，一直走到露琪亚妈妈的家。“您的女儿让我把这袋东西带回来洗，她还想问问您身体怎么样……”

银鼻子一走，洗衣妇就打开了口袋，当她看到自己的大女儿时，高兴的样子就可想而知了。

一个星期后，露琪亚又假装忧心忡忡，她对银鼻子说还想知道妈妈的消息。

她又让他带上另一袋的脏东西去她家。于是，银鼻子又背起她二姐上路了，这一次他又没看成袋子里的东西，因为他听到有人叫着：“我看见你了！我看见你了！”

此时，洗衣妇已知道这个银鼻子就是魔鬼了，看到他又背着一袋东西来了，紧张得不得了，生怕银鼻子向她要上次洗好

的东西，但银鼻子把肩上的口袋往地上一放，说：“洗好的东西，我下一次再来取，这包东西太重，压得我骨头都快断了，我要空手回去。”

等银鼻子一走远，洗衣妇万分焦急地打开了口袋，紧紧抱住了自己的二女儿。但随后就开始替露琪亚担心，她现在一个人只身留在魔鬼的手里。

露琪亚怎么办呢？过了不久，她又假装想了解母亲的情况。魔鬼此时已经厌倦了替她带脏衣服回家，不过想到她这么听话，也就不忍拒绝。临行前的晚上，露琪亚说她头疼得厉害，要先去睡了。“我把准备好的口袋给你留下，这样，明天即使我不舒服，起不了床，你也可以自己把口袋带去。”

现在，要知道露琪亚早就缝制了一个玩具布娃娃，跟她自己一样大。她把布娃娃放在床上，盖上被子，然后剪掉自己的辫子安在布娃娃的头上，看上去就像她自己睡在床上一样。随后，她又把自己藏在了口袋里。

早上，魔鬼看到姑娘躺在被窝里，就背起口袋上路了，边走边想：今天她病了，不可能再注意我。这是偷看口袋里到底是不是脏东西的好机会。他放下口袋，刚想打开来看。“我看见你了！我看见你了！”露琪亚喊道。

“啊！她的声音真真切切的，好像就在耳旁！最好别再跟这姑娘开这种玩笑了。”他背起口袋，一直把它送给了洗衣妇。“我以后来把洗好的东西取走，”他急急忙忙地说，“现在我得赶快回去，因为露琪亚病了。”

就这样，一家人又团聚了，而且因为露琪亚还从魔鬼那里

帶回很多金币，足够全家人幸福、满足地生活着。她们在家门口立起了一个十字架，魔鬼再也不敢靠近了。

Silver Nose

There was once a widowed washerwoman with three daughters. All four of them worked their fingers to the bone washing, but they still went hungry. One day the oldest daughter said to her mother, "I intend to leave home, even if I have to go and work for the Devil."

"Don't talk like that, daughter," replied the mother. "Goodness knows what might happen to you."

Not many days afterward, they received a visit from a gentleman attired in black. He was the height of courtesy and had a silver nose.

"I am aware of the fact that you have three daughters," he said to the mother. "Would you let one come and work for me?"

The mother would have consented at once, had it not been for that silver nose which she didn't like the looks of. She called her oldest girl aside and said, "No man on earth has a silver nose. If you go off with him you might well live to regret it, so watch out."

The daughter, who was dying to leave home, paid no attention to her mother and left with the man. They walked for miles and miles, crossing woods and mountains,

and finally came in sight of an intense glow in the distance like that of a fire. "What is that I see way down there in the valley?" asked the girl, growing uneasy.

"My house. That's just where we are going," replied Silver Nose.

The girl followed along, but couldn't keep from trembling. They came to a large palace, and Silver Nose took her through it and showed her every room, each one more beautiful than the other, and he gave her the key to each one. When they reached the door of the last room, Silver Nose gave her the key and said, "You must never open this door for any reason whatever, or you'll wish you hadn't! You're in charge of all the rooms but this one."

He's hiding something from me, thought the girl, and resolved to open that door the minute Silver Nose left the house. That night, while she was sleeping in her little room, she tiptoed Silver Nose and placed a rose in her hair. Then he left just as quietly as he had entered.

The next morning Silver Nose went out on business. Finding herself alone with all her keys, the girl ran and unlocked the forbidden door. No sooner had she crack

ed it than smoke and flames shot out, while she caught sight of a crowd of damned souls in agony inside the fiery room. She then realized that Silver Nose was the Devil and that the room was Hell. She screamed, slammed the door, and took to her heels. But a tongue of fire had scorched the rose she wore in her hair.

Silver Nose came home and saw the singed rose. "So that's how you obey me!" he said. He snatched her up, opened the door to Hell, and flung her into the flames.

The next day he went back to the widow. "Your daughter is getting along very well at my house, but the work is so heavy she needs help. Could you send us your second daughter too?" So Silver Nose returned home with one of the girl's sisters. He showed her around the house, gave her all the keys, and told her she could open all the rooms except the last. "Do you think," said the girl, "I would have any reason to open it? I am not interested in your personal business." That night after the girl went to sleep, Silver Nose tiptoed in and put a carnation in her hair.

When Silver Nose went out the next morning, the first thing the girl did was go and open the forbidden door. She was instantly assailed by smoke, flames, and how

Is of the damned souls, in whose midst she spotted her sister. "Sister, free me from this Hell!" screamed the first girl. But the middle girl grew weak in the knees, slammed the door, and ran. She was now sure that Silver Nose was the Devil, from whom she couldn't hide or escape. Silver Nose returned and noticed her hair right away. The carnation was withered, so without a word he snatched her up and threw her into Hell too.

The next day, in his customary aristocratic attire, he reappeared at the washerwoman's house. "There is so much work to be done at my house that not even two girls are enough. Could I have your third daughter as well?" He thus returned home with the third sister, Lucia, who was the most cunning of them all. She too was shown around the house and given the same instructions as her sisters. She too had a flower put in her hair while she was sleeping: a jasmine blossom. The first thing Lucia did when she got up next morning was arrange her hair. Looking in the mirror, she noticed the jasmine. "Well, well!" she said. "Silver Nose pinned a jasmine on me. How thoughtful of him! Who knows why he did it? In any case I'll keep it fresh." She put it into a glass of water, combed her hair, then said, "Now let's take a look at that mysterious door."

She just barely opened it, and out rushed a flame. She glimpsed countless people burning, and there in the middle of the crowd were her big sisters. "Lucia! Lucia!" they screamed. "Get us out of here! Save us!"

At once Lucia shut the door tightly and began thinking how she might rescue her sisters.

By the time the Devil got home, Lucia had put her jasmine back in her hair, and acted as though nothing had happened that day. Silver Nose looked at the jasmine. "Oh, it's still fresh," he said.

"Of course, why shouldn't it be? Why would anyone wear withered flowers in her hair?"

"Oh, I was just talking to be talking," answered Silver Nose. "You seem like a clever girl. Keep it up, and we'll never quarrel. Are you happy?"

"Yes, but I'd be happier if I didn't have something bothering me."

"What's bothering you?"

"When I left my mother, she wasn't feeling too well. Now I have no news at all of her."

"If that's all you're worried about," said the Devil, "I'll drop by her house and see how she's doing."

"Thank you, that is very kind of you. If you can go tomorrow, I'll get up a bag of laundry at once which m

y mother can wash if she is well enough. The bag won't be too heavy for you, will it?"

"Of course not. I can carry anything under the sun, no matter how heavy it is."

When the Devil went out again that day, Lucia opened the door to Hell, pulled out her oldest sister, and tied her up in a bag. "Keep still in there, Carlotta," she told her. "The Devil himself will carry you back home. But any time he so much as thinks of putting the bag down, you must say, 'I see you, I see you!'"

The Devil returned, and Lucia said, "Here is the bag of things to be washed. Do you promise you'll take it straight to my mother?"

"You don't trust me?" asked the Devil.

"Certainly I trust you, all the more so with my special ability to see from a great distance away. If you dare put the bag down somewhere, I'll see you."

"Yes, of course," said the Devil, but he had little faith in her claim of being able to see things a great distance away. He flung the bag over his shoulder. "My goodness, this dirty stuff is heavy!" he exclaimed.

"Naturally!" replied the girl. "How many years has it been since you had anything washed?"

Silver Nose set out for the washerwoman's, but when

he was only halfway there, he said to himself, "Maybe...but I shall see if this girl isn't emptying my house of everything I own, under the pretext of sending out laundry." He went to put the bag down and open it.

"I see you, I see you!" suddenly screamed the sister inside the bag.

"By Jove, it's true! She can see from afar!" exclaimed Silver Nose. He threw the bag back over his shoulder and marched straight to Lucia's mother's house. "Your daughter sends you this stuff to wash and wants to know how you are..."

As soon as he left, the washerwoman opened the sack, and you can imagine her joy upon finding her oldest daughter inside.

A week later, sly Lucia pretended to be sad once more and told Silver Nose she wanted news of her mother.

She sent him to her house with another bag of laundry. So Silver Nose carried off the second sister, without managing to peep inside because of the "I see you, I see you!" which came from the bag the instant he started to open it. The washerwoman, who now knew Silver Nose was the Devil, was quite frightened when he returned, for she was sure he would ask for the clean wash from

last time. But Silver Nose put down the new bag and said, "I'll get the clean wash some other time. This heavy bag has broken my back, and I want to go home with nothing to carry."

When he had gone, the washerwoman anxiously opened the bag and embraced her second daughter. But she was more worried than ever about Lucia, who was now alone in the Devil's hands.

What did Lucia do? Not long afterward she started up again about news of her mother. By now the Devil was sick and tired of carrying laundry, but he had grown too fond of this obedient girl to say no to her. As soon as it grew dark, Lucia announced she had a bad headache and would go to bed early. "I'll prepare the laundry and leave the bag out for you, so if I don't feel like getting up in the morning, you can be on your way."

Now Lucia had made a rag doll the same size as herself. She put it in bed under the covers, cut off her own braids, and sewed them on the doll's head. The doll then looked like Lucia asleep, and Lucia closed herself up in the bag.

In the morning the Devil saw the girl snuggled down under the covers and set out with the bag over his shoulder. "She's sick this morning," he said to himself, "

and won't be looking. It's the perfect time to see if t his really is nothing but laundry." At that, he put the bag down and was about to open it. "I see you, I see y ou!" cried Lucia.

"By Jove, it's her voice to a tee, as though she we re right here! Better not joke with such a girl." He to ok up the bag again and carried it to the washerwoman. "I'll come back later for everything," he said rapidly. "I have to get home right away because Lucia is sick."

So the family was finally reunited. Since Lucia had also carried off great sums of the Devil's money, they were now able to live in comfort and happiness. They p lanted a cross before the door, and from then on, the D evil kept his distance.

(Langhe)

NOTES:

"Silver Nose" (Il naso d'argento) from Carraroli, 3 , from Langhe, Piedmont.

Bluebeard in Piedmont is Silver Nose. His victims a re not wives but servant girls, and the story is not ta ken from chronicles about cruel feudal masters as in Pe rrault, but from medieval theological legends: Bluebear d is the Devil, and the room containing the murdered wo

men is Hell. I found the silver nose only in this version translated from dialect and summarized by Carraroli; but the Devil-Bluebeard, the flowers in the hair, and the ruses to get back home were encountered all over Northern Italy. I integrated the rather meager Piedmont version with one from Bologna (Coronedi S. 27) and a Venetian one (Bernoni, 3).

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translated by George Martin,

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□伯爵的胡子

博卡帕利亚是建在陡峭山坡上的一个小镇，镇上人家的鸡只要一下蛋就会滚落到山下的树林里。为了防止鸡蛋滚落丢失，居民们在每只母鸡的尾巴上挂了一个小袋子。

这说明博卡帕利亚人并非像别人挖苦的那样软弱无能，附近曾经流传着这样一句话：

谁都知道在博卡帕利亚，

驴子吹口哨，主人嚎叫。

这纯粹是附近村镇的人对他们的污蔑，这些人这样对待博卡帕利亚人就是因为他们生性平静，不愿意和任何人争吵。

“让你们诬蔑吧，挖苦吧，”博卡帕利亚人都这样说，“等马西诺回来，看我们当中谁还会嚎叫。”

马西诺是博卡帕利亚人中最聪明的人，深受全镇的人爱戴。他并不比别人粗壮，甚至比一般人还瘦弱很多，但他天生聪明。他刚出世时，看上去瘦弱娇小，妈妈为了让他能活下来，而且还能长得强壮一点，就用热葡萄酒给他洗澡。爸爸还把烧红的铁放到酒里给酒加热。这样马西诺既通过浸泡皮肤而获得了酒的柔力，又吸收了铁的刚强。洗完澡后，妈妈又把她放在铺满生栗子壳的摇篮里，让他的身体变凉爽，使他在刺痛中变得更加睿智。

长大后，马西诺出发去服兵役，以后再也没有回到自己的村镇。现在好像到了非洲的某个地方。这期间博卡帕利亚开始出了一系列的怪事。每天晚上人们都会发现，他们的牛从平原上的草地放牧回来时，总要被女巫米奇利娜抢走好几头。

女巫米奇利娜总是藏在村子下方的树林中，伺机而出，她只须吹一口气就可以把一头牛劫走。天黑后，每当村民们听到林中灌木丛的沙沙响动，就会吓的牙齿打架，甚至昏倒在地，所以大家都说：

女巫米奇利娜，
从牛栏把牛偷走，
只要用眼斜一下，
你就吓得倒下。

村民们只好在夜里点起一堆堆大篝火，使女巫米奇利娜不敢从树丛中现身。但当只有一个人在篝火边上看守牲畜时，女

巫就会悄悄地靠上去，用气把这个人吹昏，等到早上他醒过来的时候，奶牛、耕牛早已不见了，于是大家便听到他痛哭、绝望，击自己的头。然后，所有的人都会一齐到树林中寻找牲畜，结果，除了一绺头发、女人的发钗和女巫米奇利娜四处留下的足印，什么也找不到。

就这样过去了好几个月，奶牛被一直关在牛圈里变得越来越瘦。刷毛的时候已经不需要刷子了，用耙子在牛肋骨上耙几下就行了。没有人再敢将牲畜带到草地上去了，也没有人敢再进树林里，林子里边的蘑菇因为长久无人采摘，长得像雨伞一般大。

女巫米奇利娜从不去别的村镇抢牛，因为她知道再没有哪个村的村民像博卡帕利亚人这样与世无争、平静忍耐了。每天晚上，这些贫苦的村民就在场院中间点上一堆篝火，女人和孩子留在家中，男人则围着篝火挠头抱怨着。怨了今天，怨明天，最后，他们决定得去找这里的伯爵帮忙。

伯爵住在村镇山顶上的一座圆形庄园里，四周围着围墙，墙上还插满了玻璃片。一个星期天的早上，村民们聚在一块，帽子拿在手上，前来敲响了伯爵家的门。门打开后，村民们来到伯爵圆形房屋前的庭院，只见屋子的窗户都用铁栅栏封着，庭院四周坐着伯爵的卫兵，他们的胡子上都涂着油，好让胡子看上去光彩油亮。这些人一个个对村民们怒目而视。庭院的最里端，伯爵坐在丝绒面的椅子上，黑胡子很长很长，四个卫兵正用四把梳子在给他从上往下地梳理它。

年纪最长的村民定了定神，说：“伯爵老爷，我们斗胆来

您这里，是为了向您禀告我们的不幸遭遇，森林中有一个女巫米奇利娜，把我们的牲畜都抢了去。”随后，老人叹着气，诉着苦，在别的村民的点头证实下，向伯爵讲述了他们这段时间的可怕经历。

伯爵一声不吭。

老人又说：“我们来这里想冒昧向老爷您求讨一个解决办法。”

伯爵还是一声不吭。

老人又补充说：“我们来这里想斗胆请老爷您行行好帮我们一把，要是您肯派出一队卫士，我们就可以回到草场上放牲畜了。”

伯爵把脑袋在脖子上转了一圈，说：“要是派卫兵，我就还得派一个队长……”

村民们都竖着耳朵听着，似乎感受到一线希望。

“但要是我派队长去，”伯爵说，“那么，晚上，我还跟谁玩掷彩游戏呢？”

村民们跪在地上说：“帮帮我们吧，伯爵老爷，可怜可怜我们吧！”周围的卫士们开始厌烦地打着哈欠，给胡子涂着黑油。

伯爵又转了一下头，说：

“我是伯爵，我说话能顶三个人说话，
既然我没见过女巫，
说明根本就没有女巫。”

听到伯爵的话，那些正打着哈欠的卫士立即端起步枪，用

刺刀慢慢地逼着村民们退出了庭院。

村民们垂头丧气地回到场院，不知下一步该怎么办，那个跟伯爵说过话的年纪最长的老人说：“现在我们得派人去把马西诺请回来！”

说完，他们便立即给马西诺写了封信，然后将信寄到非洲。一天晚上，当村民们像往常一样聚集在场院的篝火旁边时，马西诺回来了。人们激动的情景就别提了，大家冲上去拥抱他，煮上加香料的热葡萄酒。有人问：“你去了什么地方？”有人说：“你见到了些什么东西？”还有人说：“你知道我们有多惨吗？”

马西诺先让大家说了个够，然后他开始叙述起来：“在非洲我遇到过不吃人只吃蝉的野蛮人；在沙漠我碰到过一个为了挖地下水而留了十二米长的指甲的疯子；在海上我见过一条鱼穿着一只皮鞋和一只拖鞋，它想成为众鱼之王，因为别的鱼既没有穿皮鞋的，也没有穿拖鞋的；在西西里，我认识一位妇女生了七十个儿子，但全家只有一口锅；在那不勒斯，我看见人们停住脚也能往前走，因为别人的闲言碎语太厉害了，变成了一股很大的推力；我还看见过圣人，看见过罪犯，看见过一百公斤重的胖子，也看见过骨瘦如柴的矮子，我见过很多胆小的人，但从没见过像博卡帕利亚人这么胆小的人。”

村民们都羞愧地低下了头，马西诺说他们胆小，实在是一针见血。但马西诺并没有责怪乡亲们的意思。他让大家把女巫的事详细地说了一遍，然后说：“我现在问你们三个问题，然后，等半夜一到，我就去抓住这个女巫，把她带到这里来。”

“问吧，问吧！”大家齐说。

“第一个问题要先问理发师。这个月有多少人到你那里理发？”

理发师回答：

“有长胡子的，有短胡子的，
有胡子软软的，有胡子弯曲的，
有鬍发的，有蓬发的，
我的剪刀给他们都剪过。”

“现在我问你，鞋匠，这个月有多少人到你那里修鞋呢？”

”

“唉，”鞋匠说：

“我修过木拖鞋，修过皮拖鞋，
钉了一堆鞋钉，上了一堆掌铁；
我修过布鞋，修过蛇皮鞋，
但现在人们都没了钱，无人再来了。”

“第三个问题要问你了，制绳匠，这个月你卖出去多少根绳子？”

制绳匠说：

“柳绳，线绳，
搓的和编的草绳，
细细的柳条并绳，
粗如胳膊，细如针，
硬的如铁，软的如猪油，

这个月我卖了很多根。”

“好了，都明白了。”马西诺说，在篝火旁躺下，“我现在先睡上两个小时，我实在太累了。到半夜，你们把我叫醒，我去抓那个女巫。”说完，他用帽子遮住脸，睡着了。

村民们静静地守候在一边，连大气都不敢出，怕吵醒他。到半夜，马西诺自己醒了过来，他打了个哈欠，喝下一小杯热酒，又朝篝火吐了三口唾沫，然后，旁若无人地站起来直奔树林。

村民们都留在原地等他，只见篝火烧成了火炭，火炭又烧成了柴灰，柴灰也变黑了，这时，马西诺回来了。身后还带着一个人，好像被拉着胡子，是谁呀？是伯爵，伯爵一边哭着，挣扎着，一边求饶。

“这就是女巫！”马西诺喊道。随后又问：“热酒放在哪里了”？

伯爵在众人的怒目逼视下，蜷缩在地上，好像一只冻坏的苍蝇。

马西诺解释说：“不可能是你们当中的人干的，因为你们都理过发，剪过胡须，不可能在树丛中留下须毛；树林里有又大又重的鞋印，而你们都是赤脚进树林的。也不可能是什么精灵干的，因为精灵没必要去买那么多绳子绑了牲畜，再拉走。哎，我要的热酒呢？”

伯爵浑身哆嗦着，竭力要躲到他的胡子里面，马西诺把他从树丛后拉出来的时候，他的胡子被拉得乱七八糟。

“那他用什么方法看我们一眼，就会让我们昏倒呢？”——

位村民问。

“他用包了布的木棍子在你们的头上猛击一棍，这样你们觉得像吹气一样，头上无痕迹，醒来时头昏脑沉。”

“那他丢在森林中的那些头钗呢？”另一个人问。

“这些头钗是他用来把胡子扎到头上的，就像女人扎头发那样。”

村民们都安静地听着，当马西诺说“现在，大家想怎么处置他？”时，人群中爆发出一阵激动的喊声：“烧死他！剥他的皮！把他绑在杆子上当稻草人！把他关在桶里让他不停地转！把他跟六只猫，六只狗一起捆进一个袋子里！”

“饶命！”伯爵用颤抖的声音哀求着。

“我看这样吧，”马西诺说，“让他把牲畜都还给大家，再让他把所有的牛棚打扫干净。既然他喜欢夜里到森林中去，就罚他每天晚上都去给你们捡柴火。告诉孩子们以后看到地上有发钗的话再也不要捡了，它们都是女巫米奇利娜的，她再也不能梳理好头发和胡子了。”

村民们就照马西诺说的做了。随后，马西诺又动身游历世界去了，一路上，他加入了一次又一次的战争，每一次战争都持续了很长时间，有诗为证：

啊，战争中的士兵，
你吃的差，睡在地上，
将火药装进炮膛，
嘣！嘣！

The Count's Beard

The town of Pocapaglia was perched on the pinnacle of a hill so steep that its inhabitants tied little bags on the tail feathers of their hens to catch each freshly laid egg that otherwise would have gone rolling down the slopes into the woods below.

All of which goes to show that the people of Pocapaglia were not the dunces they were said to be, and that the proverb,

In Pocapaglia ways

The donkey whistles, the master brays,

merely reflected the malicious grudge the neighboring townspeople bore the Pocapaglians for their peaceful ways and their reluctance to quarrel with anyone.

"Yes, yes," was all the Pocapaglians would reply, "but just wait until Masino returns, and you will see who brays more, we or you."

Everybody in Pocapaglia loved Masino, the smartest boy in town. He was no stronger physically than anybody else; in fact, he even looked rather puny. But he had always been very clever. Concerned over how little he was at birth, his mother had bathed him in warm wine to keep him alive and make him a little stronger. His father had heated the wine with a red-hot horseshoe. That way Masino absorbed the subtlety of wine and the enduran

ce of iron. To cool him off after his bath, his mother cradled him in the shell of an unripened chestnut; it was bitter and gave him understanding.

At the time the Pocapaglians were awaiting the return of Masino, whom no one had seen since the day he went off to be a soldier (and who was now most likely somewhere in Africa), strange things started happening in Pocapaglia. Every evening as the cattle came back from pasture in the plain below, an animal was whisked away by Micillina the Witch.

The witch would hide in the woods at the foot of the hill, and all she needed to do was give one heavy puff, and she had herself an ox. When the farmers heard her steal through the thicket after dark, their teeth would chatter, and everyone would fall down in a swoon. That became so common that people took to saying:

Beware of Micillina, that old witch,
For all your oxen she will filch,
Then train on you her crossed-eye,
And wait for you to fall and die.

At night they began lighting huge bonfires to keep Micillina the Witch from venturing out of the woods. But she would sneak up on the solitary farmer watching over cattle beside the bonfire and knock him out in one b

reath. In the morning upon awaking, he'd find cows and oxen gone, and his friends would hear him weeping and moaning and hitting himself on the head. Then everybody combed the woods for traces of the stolen cattle, but found only tufts of hair, hairpins, and footprints left here and there by Micillina the Witch.

Things went from bad to worse. Shut up all the time in the barn, the cows grew as thin as rails. A rake instead of a brush was all that was needed to groom them, from rib to rib. Nobody dared lead the cattle to pasture any more. Everyone stayed clear of the woods now, and the mushrooms that grew there went unpicked and got as big as umbrellas.

Micillina the Witch was not tempted to plunder other towns, knowing full well that calm and peace-loving people were to be found only in Pocataglia. There the poor farmers lit a big bonfire every night in the town square, while the women and children locked themselves in doors. The men sat around the fire scratching their heads and groaning. Day after day they scratched and groaned until a decision was finally reached to go to the count for help.

The count lived high above the town on a large circular estate surrounded by a massive wall. The top of th

e wall was encrusted with sharp bits of glass. One Sunday morning all the townsmen arrived, with hats in hand. They knocked, the door swung open, and they filed into the courtyard before the court's round dwelling, which had bars at all the windows. Around the courtyard sat the court's soldiers smoothing their mustaches with oil to make them shine and scowling at the farmers. At the end of the courtyard, in a velvet chair, sat the count himself with his long black beard, which four soldiers were combing from head to foot.

The oldest farmer took heart and said, "Your Honor, we have dared come to you about our misfortune. As our cattle go into the woods, Micillina the Witch appears and makes off with them." So, amid sighs and groans, with the other farmers nodding in assent, he told the count all about their nightmare.

The count remained silent.

"We have come here," said the old man, "to be so bold as to ask Your Honor's advice."

The count remained silent.

"We have come here," he added, "to be so bold as to ask Your Honor to help us. If you assigned us an escort of soldiers, we could again take our cattle down to pasture."

The count shook his head. "If I let you have the soldiers," he said, "I must also let you have the captain ..."

The farmers listened, hardly daring to hope.

"But if the captain is away in the evening," said the count, "who can I play lotto with?"

The farmers fell to their knees. "Help us, noble count, for pity's sake!" The soldiers around the courtyard yawned and stroked their mustaches.

Again the count shook his head and said:

I am the count and I count for three;

No witch have I seen,

So, no witch has there been.

At those words and still yawning, the soldiers picked up their guns and, with bayonets extended, moved slowly toward the farmers, who turned and filed silently out of the courtyard.

Back in the town square and completely discouraged, the farmers had no idea what to do next. But the senior of them all, the one who had spoken to the count, said, "There's nothing left to do but send for Masino!"

So they wrote Masino a letter and sent it to Africa. Then one evening, while they were all gathered around the bonfire as usual, Masino returned. Imagine the wel

come they gave him, the embraces, the pots of hot, spiced wine! "Where on earth have you been? What did you see? If you only knew what we have been going through!"

Masino let them have their say, then he had his. "In Africa I saw cannibals who ate not men but locusts; in the desert I saw a madman who had let his fingernails grow twelve meters long to dig for water; in the sea I saw a fish with a shoe and a slipper who wanted to be king of the other fish, since no other fish possessed a shoe or slipper; in Sicily I saw a woman with seventy sons and only one kettle; in Naples I saw people who walked while standing still, since the chatter of other people kept them going; I saw sinners and I saw saints; I saw fat people and people no bigger than mites; many, many frightened souls did I see, but never so many as here in Pocatopia."

The farmers hung their heads in shame, for Masino had hit a sensitive spot in suggesting they were cowards. But Masino was not cross with his fellow townsmen. He asked for a detailed account of the witch's doings, then said, "Let me ask you three questions, and at the stroke of midnight I'll go out and catch the witch and bring her back to you."

"Let's hear your questions! Out with them!" they all said.

"The first question is for the barber. How many people came to you this month?"

The barber replied:

"Long beards, short beards,
Fine beards, coarse beards,
Locks straight, locks curly,
All I trimmèd(sic) in a hurry."

"Your turn now, cobbler. How many people brought you their old shoes to mend this month?"

"Alas!" began the cobbler:

"Shoes of wood, shoes of leather,
Nail by nail I hammered back together,
Mended shoes of satin and shoes of serpent.
But there's nothing left to do,
All their money is spent."

"The third question goes to you, rope maker. How much rope did you sell this month?"

The rope maker replied:

"Rope galore of every sort I sold:
Hemp rope, braided, wicker, cord,
Needle-thin to arm-thick,
Lard-soft to iron-strong..."

This month I couldn't go wrong."

"Very well," said Masino, stretching out by the fire. "I'm now going to sleep for a few hours, I'm very tired. Wake me up at midnight and I'll go after the witch." He put his hat over his face and fell asleep.

The farmers kept perfectly quiet until midnight, not even daring to breathe, for fear of awaking him. At midnight Masino shook himself, yawned, drank a cup of mulled wine, spat three times into the fire, got up without looking at a soul, and headed for the woods.

The farmers stayed behind watching the fire burn down and the last embers turn to ashes. Then, whom should Masino drag in by the beard but the count! A count that wept, kicked, and pleaded for mercy.

"Here's the witch!" cried Masino, and asked, "Where did you put the mulled wine?"

Beneath the farmers' amazed stares, the count tried to make himself as small as possible, sitting on the ground and shrinking up like a cold-bitten fly.

"The thief could have been none of you," explained Masino, "since you had all gone to the barber and had no hair to lose in the bushes. Then there were those tracks made by big heavy shoes, but all of you go barefoot. Nor could the thief have been a ghost, since he would

n't have needed to buy all that cord to tie up the animals and carry them away. But where is my mulled wine?"

Shaking all over, the count tried to hide in that beard of his which Masino had tousled and torn in pulling him out of the bushes.

"How did he ever make us faint by just looking at us?" asked one farmer.

"He would smite you on the head with a padded club. That way you would hear only a whir. He'd leave no mark on you, you'd simply wake up with a headache."

"And those hairpins he lost?" asked another.

"They were used to hold his beard up on his head and make it look like a woman's hair."

Until then the farmers had listened in silence, but when Masino said, "And now, what shall we do with him?" a storm of shouts arose: "Burn him! Skin him alive! String him up for a scarecrow! Seal him in a cask and roll him down the cliff! Sew him up in a sack with six cats and six dogs!"

"Have mercy!" said the count in a voice just above a whisper.

"Spare him," said Masino, "and he will bring back your cattle and clean your barns. And since he enjoyed g

going into the woods at night, make him go there every night and gather bundles of firewood for each of you. Tell the children never to pick up the hairpins they find on the ground, for they belong to Micillina the Witch, whose hair and beard will be disheveled from now on."

The farmers followed the suggestion, and soon Masino left Pocapaglia to travel about the world. In the course of his travels, he found himself fighting in first one war and another, and they all lasted so long that his saying sprang up:

Soldier fighter, what a hard lot!
Wretched food, the ground for a cot.
You feed the cannon powder:
Boom-BOOM! Boom-BOOM! Boom louder!

(Bra)

NOTES:

"The Count's Beard" (La barba del Conte). Published here for the first time, collected by Giovanni Arpino in July 1956, in certain villages of southern Piedmont: Bra (told by Caterina Asteggiano, inmate of a home for old people, and Luigi Berzia), in Guarene (told by Dorso Palladino, farmer), in Narzole (told by Annetta Taricco, servant woman), and in Pocapaglia.

This long narrative, which writer Giovanni Arpino has transcribed and unified from different versions with variants and additions from Bra and surroundings, cannot in my view be classified as a folktale. It is a local legend of recent origin in part (I am thinking, for instance, of the geographical particulars given), that is, not prior to the nineteenth century, and containing disparate elements: explanation of a local superstition (the hairpins of Witch Micillina), antifeudal country legend such as one finds in many northern countries, curious detective-story structure à la Sherlock Holmes, many digressions nonessential to the story (such as the trip from Africa back to town -- which Arpino tells me also exists as a separate story -- and all the allusions to Masino's past and future adventures which lead to the conclusion globetrotter from a country whose inhabitants are reputed to be contrastingly slow and backward), verse (of which Arpino and I have presented only as much as we could effectively translate), and grotesque images which seem rooted in tradition, such as the sacks under the hens' tails, the oxen so thin that they were curried with the rake, the count whose beard was combed by four soldiers, etc....

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Italo Calvino,
translated by George Martin,
Pantheon Books, New York 1980

□和梨子一起卖掉的小女孩

从前，有个人有一棵梨树，每年都能收四大筐梨子，正好够交给国王。有一年，只收了三筐半梨子。他没法装满第四个筐，就把他最小的女儿装进去，然后盖上了些梨子和树叶。

这四筐梨子被送到了王宫的食品库，倒梨子的时候，小女孩跟梨子一起被倒了出来，没被发现。这样，她就被留在了仓库里，除了梨子，没有别的东西可以吃，小女孩饿了就啃起梨子来。过了不久，宫里的仆人发现梨子比梨子比先前少了，还找到了不少梨核，就说：“这里一定有老鼠之类的东西偷啃梨子，需要好好检查检查。”边说，边在梨堆中搜查，果然发现了小女孩。

他们问小女孩：“你在这里干什么？跟我们走，到王宫的厨房去打下手吧。”

他们给小女孩起了个名字叫梨娃。梨娃是一个聪明机灵的女孩，她很快就学会了怎样讨好这些仆人，加上模样俊秀可爱，惹得大家人人喜欢。连王子也常来和她在一起玩，她和王子年龄一般大，他们很快就产生了好感。

梨娃一天天长大，仆人们却越来越嫉妒她了，他们先是不

搭理她，后来就开始给她使坏，还造谣说梨娃自夸要去拿到女巫的珍宝。谣言传到国王的耳朵里，国王马上把梨娃叫来，问她：“你真得说过要去拿到女巫的珍宝吗？”

梨娃说：“绝对没有，圣明的国王，他们传说的那些事我一点也不知道。”

但是国王坚持说：“你一定是说过了，话已出口就要去实现诺言。”说着，就把梨娃赶出了王宫，让她拿到珍宝才可以回来。

梨娃走呀，走呀，天黑了。她走到一棵苹果树前，没有停脚。又走到一棵桃树前，也没有停脚。遇到一棵梨树的时候，她爬了上去，在树枝间睡着了。

早上一睁眼，她看见一个老妇人在树下。老妇人问她：“漂亮的小女孩，你在上面干什么？”

梨娃就把她遇到的麻烦告诉了老妇人。老妇人对她说：“拿着这三磅猪油、三磅面包和三磅高粱穗，一直向前走。”梨娃对她感谢了一番，就又出发了。

她来到一个地方，那里有一座面包炉。只见三位烤面包的女工扯下自己的头发，用头发来打扫炉子。梨娃便把那三磅高粱穗送给了她们。三位女工可以用这些高粱穗清扫炉子了，就放梨娃过去了。

走呀，走呀，梨娃来到一个地方，见到有三只凶猛的狗大声叫着、跳着、还扑向她，阻止她过去。梨娃把三磅面包扔给了它们。它们就让她过去了。

走呀，走呀，梨娃又来到一条大河前，河里的水像血一样

，她不知道如何才能过去。她记起老妇人曾经告诉她的咒语，就念道：

“溪水啊，美丽的溪水，
若我没有急事
就会喝上一盆。”

话音刚落，河水退下，让梨娃过去了。

在河的对岸，梨娃看见一座可以说是世界上最雄伟、最辉煌的宫殿。但是宫殿的大门开阖得很快，没有人可以进去。于是，梨娃拿出那三磅猪油，倒在铰链上，大门就开始慢慢地开关了。

走进宫殿，梨娃一眼望见在一张小桌子上放着的珍宝盒。她抱起珍宝盒，刚要离开，珍宝盒开始说话了。

“大门杀死她，大门杀死她！”珍宝盒说。

大门却回答：“我不能杀死她，我很久没上油了，是她给我上了油。”

梨娃回到河水前，盒子又开始说话了：“河淹死她，河淹死她！”

河答道：“我不能淹死她，因为她对我说：溪水啊，美丽的溪水。”

到了三只狗那里，盒子说：“狗吃掉她，狗吃掉她！”可是三只狗说：“我们不能吃她，她给了我们三磅面包呢。”

路过面包炉，盒子说：“炉子烧死她，炉子烧死她。”

烤面包的女工说：“我们不能烧死她，她送给我们三磅高粱穗，这样打扫炉子的时候就不用我们的头发了。”

快到王宫的时候，梨娃想看看盒子里面装的到底是什么，因为她也像所有的女孩子一样好奇心强。她打开盒子，只见从里面跳出一只金母鸡和一群金小鸡。它们摇晃着跑走了，跑得很快，追都追不上。梨娃跟在它们后边追着，追到苹果树下，没找到它们，追到桃树下，还是没找到它们，追到梨树前，只见那个老妇人，手里拿着根小木棍，正赶着那只金母鸡和那群金小鸡呢。“嘘，嘘……”老妇人将这些金鸡赶回到了盒子里面。

回家途中，梨娃看见国王的儿子迎面走过来，“如果我父亲问你想要什么奖赏，你就说要那个放在地下室的装满煤块的箱子。”

在王宫的门口，国王带着仆从和满朝文武，正等着她呢。梨娃把金母鸡和金小鸡交给国王，国王问：“你想要什么，说出来，我就给你。”

梨娃回答说：“我要地下室里的那个装煤的箱子。”国王把煤箱给了她，梨娃打开一看，预先躲在里面的王子跳了出来。就这样，国王满心欢喜地让梨娃嫁给了他的儿子。

（蒙费拉托地区）

The Little Girl Sold with the Pears

Once a man had a pear tree that used to bear four baskets of pears a year. One year, though, it only bore three baskets and a half, while he was supposed to carry four to the king. Seeing no other way out, he put his youngest daughter into the fourth basket and covered her u

p with pears and leaves.

The baskets were carried into the king's pantry, where the child stayed in hiding underneath the pears. But having nothing to eat, she began nibbling on the pears. After a while the servants noticed the supply of pears dwindling and also saw the cores. "There must be a rat or a mole gnawing on the pears," they said. "We shall look inside the baskets." They removed the top and found the little girl.

"What are you doing here?" they asked. "Come with us and work in the king's kitchen."

They called her Perina, and she was such a clever little girl that in no time she was doing the housework better than the king's own maidservants. She was so pretty no one could help loving her. The king's son, who was her age exactly, was always with Perina, and they became very fond of each other.

As the maiden grew up, the maidservants began to envy her. They held their tongues for a while, then accused Perina of boasting she would go and steal the witches' treasure. The king got wind of it and send for the girl.

"Is it true you boasted you would go and steal the witches' treasure?"

"No, Sacred Crown, I made no such boast."

"You did so," insisted the king, "and now you have to keep your word." At that, he banished her from the palace until she should return with the treasure.

On and on she walked until nightfall. Perina came to an apple tree, but kept on going. She next came to a peach tree, but still didn't stop. Then she came to a pear tree, climbed it, and fell asleep.

In the morning there stood a little old woman under the tree. "What are you doing up there, my daughter?" asked the old woman.

Perina told her about the difficulty she was in. The old woman said, "Take these three pounds of grease, three pounds of bread, and three pounds of millet and be on your way." Perina thanked her very much and moved on.

She came to a bakery where three women were pulling out their hair to sweep out the oven with. Perina gave them the three pounds of millet, which they then used to sweep out the oven and allowed the little girl to continue on her way.

On and on she walked and met three mastiffs that barked and rushed at anyone coming their way. Perina threw them the three pounds of bread, and they let her pass.

After walking for miles and miles she came to a blood-r

ed river, which she had no idea how to cross. But the old woman had told her to say:

"Fine water so red,

I must make haste;

Else, of you would I taste."

At those words, the waters parted and let her through.

On the other side of the river, Perina beheld one of the finest and largest palaces in the world. But the door was opening and slamming so rapidly that no one could possibly go in. Perina therefore applied the three pounds of grease to its hinges, and from then on it opened and closed quite gently.

Inside, Perina spied the treasure chest sitting on a small table. She picked it up and was about to go off with it, when the chest spoke: "Door, kill her, kill her!"

"I won't, either, since she greased my hinges that hadn't been looked after since goodness knows when."

Perina reached the river, and the chest said, "River, drown her, drown her!"

"I won't, either," replied the river, "since she called me 'Fine water so red.'"

She came to the dogs, and the chest said, "Dogs, devour

her, devour her!"

"We won't, either," replied the dogs, "since she gave us three pounds of bread."

She came to the bakery oven. "Oven, burn her, burn her!"

But the three women replied, "We won't, either, since she gave us three pounds of millet, so that now we can spare our hair."

When she was almost home, Perina, who had as much curiosity as the next little girl, decided to peep into the treasure chest. She opened it, and out came a hen and her brood of gold chicks. They scuttled away too fast for a soul to catch them. Perina struck out after them. She passed the apple tree, but they were nowhere in sight. She passed the peach tree, where there was still no sign of them. She came to the pear tree, and there stood the little old woman with a wand in her hand and hen and chicks feeding around her. "Shoo, shoo!" went the old woman, and the hen and chicks reentered the treasure chest.

Upon her arrival, the king's son came out to meet her.

"When my father asked what you want as a reward, tell him that box filled with coal in the cellar."

On the doorstep of the royal palace stood the maidservant

nts, the king, and the entire court. Perina handed the king the hen with the brood of gold chicks. "Ask for whatever you want," said the king, "and I will give it to you."

"I would like the box of coal in the cellar," replied Perina.

They brought her the box of coal, which she opened, and out jumped the king's son, who was hiding inside. The king was then happy for Perina to marry his son.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"The Little Girl Sold with the Pears" (La bambina venduta con le pere) from Comparetti, 10, Monferrato, Piedmont.

I changed the name Margheritina to Perina (Pearlet), and I invented the motif of the peartree and the little old woman (in the original, the magic props come from the king's son, who is under a spell), to reinforce the pear/girl link.

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translated by George Martin,
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□蛇

有一个农夫每天都到田里去除草，到了中午，他的三个女儿轮流给他送饭。一天大女儿来送饭，穿过树林的时候，她因为走累了，就坐在一块石头上休息。刚一坐下，就听到地下发出一声巨大的敲击声，一条蛇从石头下边钻了出来。姑娘吓得扔下盛饭的篮子，大喊救命，逃走了。结果，那天爸爸一整天都饿着肚子，晚上回到家里，狠狠地训斥了三个女儿。

第二天，轮到二女儿去送饭。她也坐在那块石头上休息，也看见了那条蛇，也吓得逃走了。于是三女儿说：“我去，我去！我不怕。”她带去了两篮子食物，当她听见声响看到蛇钻出来的时候，就递给它一篮子食物。蛇对她说：“把我带回你家，我会给你带来好运。”女孩就把它藏在围裙里，给田里的爸爸送去另一份午餐后，回到了家，把蛇放在自己的床下。蛇一天天长大，不能再待在床下了。它要离开了，走之前，它送给姑娘三个法宝作为报答：当姑娘哭的时候，掉下来的眼泪会变成一串串珍珠和银子；笑的时候，会从头上掉下来一粒粒的金石榴籽；洗手的时候，会从她的手指间掉出各种各样的鱼。

一天，家里什么吃的也没有了，父亲和姐姐们饿得无精打采的。三女儿突然试着洗洗手，果然，脸盆里立即游满了鱼。两个姐姐心生嫉妒，硬说这里面一定有什么邪术，让父亲最好把她关在阁楼上。

姑娘从阁楼的窗户，可以看见王宫的花园，国王的儿子正

在花园里踢球。踢着踢着，一不小心，王子滑倒了，摔了个屁股蹲。姑娘禁不住大笑起来。她一笑，一粒粒的金石榴籽像雨点般落了下去。王子弄不清这些金石榴籽是从哪里掉下来的，因为姑娘很快关上了窗户。

第二天，王子又来到花园踢球，他发现花园中长出一棵石榴树，石榴树长得很高，还结出了果实。王子让人去摘石榴果，但石榴树眼看着就长高了，正好就高出一个手掌；怎么够也够不到。看到人们连一片树叶也摘不到，国王就召集身边的几位智者，让他们搞清楚这棵树到底有什么魔力。其中一位年纪最大的老智者说，只有一个姑娘才能把这些石榴果摘下来，而这个姑娘将会成为王子的新娘。

国王立即派人贴出布告，让每个待嫁的姑娘都到王宫花园来试着摘石榴，违令者斩首。结果，各家各户的姑娘都来了，可是不论她们用多高的梯子，都够不到果子。农夫的两个大女儿也来了，但很快就从梯子上摔了下来。国王又派人继续到各家去搜寻，看有没有遗漏的姑娘，这样，被关在阁楼上的姑娘就被找到了。她刚被送到树旁，树枝就垂下来，把石榴果送到她的手上。所有人都惊奇地大叫：“她就是新娘！她就是新娘！”其中，王子叫得最欢。

婚礼已经准备就绪，一直就怀着妒意的两个姐姐也被邀请去参加婚礼。姐妹三人坐同一辆马车进宫。马车穿过一处森林时，停了下来。两个姐姐让小妹下车，砍下她的双手，挖出她的双眼，把她当作死人扔在了树丛中。而大姐则穿上新娘的衣服，去见王子。王子看见新娘一时变得如此丑陋，疑惑不解，

但是因为大姐与小妹妹长得有些相像，王子觉得是自己先前看走眼了。

失去了双眼、双手的姑娘在树林中哭着。这时一个马夫正好路过，他很同情她，扶她上了自己的驴背，好把她带回家。姑娘让马夫看看地上，只见满地是姑娘眼泪变成的珍珠和银子，马夫把这些东西拿出去卖了，得了一千多里拉。这样，虽然姑娘没有双手、双眼，不能干活，也不能照顾家，但生活得还算满意。

有一天，姑娘感觉到有一条蛇缠在她的一条腿上，这正是她的老朋友，那条她曾照顾过的蛇。蛇告诉她：“你知道吗？你的姐姐嫁给了王子，老国王死后，她就成了王后，现在她怀孕了，非常想吃无花果。”

姑娘就对马夫说：“你驮上一袋无花果，到王宫给王后送去吧。”

马夫说：“这个季节，怎么可能找到无花果呢？”当时正是冬天。

可是，到了早上，马夫来到园子里一看，发现无花果树真的结出了果子，而且只有果实，一片叶子也没有。他装满了两篮子，驮在驴背上。

马夫问：“这些冬天里长出的无花果我该怎么要价呢？”

姑娘说：“你就说要换一对眼珠。”

马夫按照姑娘的话提出了要求，但是不论是王后、国王，还是王后的妹妹，都不愿意挖出自己的眼珠。姐妹二人商量了

一下，说：“那就把小妹的那对眼珠给他吧，我们留着它们有什么用？”就这样，她们用妹妹的这对眼珠换了两篮无花果。

马夫把这对眼珠带了回来交给姑娘，姑娘把它们重新装好后，又像以前一样可以看东西了。

后来，王后又想吃桃子，国王便派人来找马夫，问他能不能像找到无花果那样，找到桃子。第二天早上，马夫家院子中的桃树果然长出桃子，他又用驴子立即驮到王宫里去了。国王、王后问他要多少钱，马夫说：“要换一双手。”

但是没人愿意砍下自己的双手，即使是那些想讨好国王的人也不愿意。王后姐妹又私下商量：“把小妹的那双手给他吧。”

姑娘得到了自己的一双手，重新接到胳膊上，活动如初。

不久，王后分娩了，生下了一只蝎子。尽管如此，国王还是同样为她举行了庆祝宴会，邀请了所有的人来参加。小妹妹穿得像王后般高贵，成为晚会上最漂亮的姑娘。国王爱上了她，而且在爱上她的同时发觉她就是自己先前看中的那个新娘。姑娘向国王讲述了自己的经历，边讲边笑，边讲边哭，笑的时候，金石榴籽就从她的头上扑扑地掉下来，哭的时候，眼泪就会变成串串珍珠，洗手时，满盆都是活鱼。

两个狠毒的姐姐和刚生出来的蝎子，被拉到高高的木柴垛上烧死了。同一天，国王和小妹举行了盛大的结婚典礼。

他们过着奢侈、冷酷的生活

我却躲在门后挨饿，
我回到客栈去吃饭
我的故事到此说完。

（蒙费拉托地区）

The Snake

A farmer went out mowing everyday, and at noon one or the other of his three daughters would bring him his lunch. On a certain day it fell to the oldest girl to go. By the time she reached the woods, though, she was tired and sat down on a stone to rest a minute before proceeding to the meadow. No sooner had she taken a seat than she felt a strong thud underneath, and out crawled a snake. The girl dropped the basket and ran home as fast as her legs would carry her. That day the father went hungry and when he came in from the field he scolded his daughters angrily.

The next day the middle girl started out. She too sat down on the stone, and the same thing occurred as the day before. Then the third girl said, "It's my turn now, but I'm not afraid." Instead of one lunch basket, she prepared two. When she felt the thud and saw the snake, she gave it one of the baskets of food, and the snake spoke. "Take me home with you, and I will bring you luck." The girl put the snake in her apron and then went on

to her father with his lunch. When she got back home, she placed the snake under her bed. It grew so rapidly that soon it was too big to fit under the bed, so it went away. Before leaving, however, it bestowed three charms on the girl: weeping, she would shed tears of pearl and silver; laughing, she would see golden pomegranate seeds fall from her head; and washing her hands, she would produce fish of every kind.

That day there was nothing in the house to eat, and her father and sisters were weak from the hunger, so what did she do but wash her hands and see the basin fill up with fish! Her sisters became envious and convinced their father that there was something strange behind all this and that he would be wise to lock the girl up in the attic.

From the attic window the girl looked into the king's garden, where the king's son was playing ball. Running after the ball, he slipped and fell, sending the girl into peals of laughter. As she laughed, gold pomegranate seeds rained from her head on the garden. The king's son had no idea where they came from, for the girl had slammed the window.

Returning to the garden next day to play ball, the king's son noticed that a pomegranate tree had sprung up. I

t was already quite tall and laden with fruit. He went to pick the pomegranates, but the tree grew taller right before his eyes, and all he had to do was reach for a pomegranate and the branches would rise a foot beyond his grasp. Since nobody managed to pluck so much as one leaf of the tree, the king assembled the wise men to explain the magic spell. The oldest of them all said that only one maiden would be able to pick the fruit and that she would become the bride of the king's son.

So the king issued a proclamation for all marriageable girls to come to the garden, under pain of death, to try to pick the pomegranates. Girls of every race and station showed up, but no ladders were ever long enough for them to reach the fruit. Among the contestants were the farmer's two older daughters, but they fell off the ladder and landed flat on their backs. The king had the houses searched and found other girls, including the one locked up in the attic. As soon as they took her to the tree, the branches bent down and placed the pomegranates right in her hands. Everyone cheered, "That's the bride, that's the bride!" with the king's son shouting loudest of all.

Preparations were made for the wedding, to which the sisters, as envious as ever, were invited. They all three

rode in the same carriage, which drew to a halt in the middle of a forest. The older girls ordered the younger one out of the carriage, cut off her hands, gouged out her eyes, and left her lying unconscious in the bushes. Then the oldest girl dressed in the wedding gown and went to the king's son. He couldn't understand why she'd become so ugly, but since she faintly resembled the other girl, he decided he'd been mistaken all along about her original beauty.

Eyeless and handless, the maiden remained in the forest weeping. A carter came by and had pity on her. He seated her on his mule and took her to his house. She told him to look down: the ground was strewn with silver and pearls, which were none other than the girl's tears. The carter took them and sold them for more than a thousand crowns. How glad he was to have taken the poor girl in, even if she was unable to work and help the family.

One day the girl felt a snake wrap around her leg: it was the snake she had once befriended. "Did you know your sister married the king's son and became queen, since the old king died? Now she's expecting a baby and wants figs."

The girl said to the carter, "Load a mule with figs and

take them to the queen."

"Where am I going to get figs this time of year?" asked the carter. It happened to be winter.

But the next morning he went into the garden and found the fig tree laden with fruit, even though there wasn't a leaf on the tree. He filled up two baskets and loaded them onto his donkey.

"How high a price can I ask for figs in winter?" said the carter.

"Ask for a pair of eyes," replied the maiden.

That he did, but neither the king nor the queen nor her other sister would have ever gouged out their eyes. So the sisters talked the matter over. "Let's give him our sister's eyes, which are of no use to us." With those eyes they purchased the figs.

The carter returned to the maiden with the eyes. She put them back in place and saw again as well as ever.

Then the queen had a desire for peaches, and the king sent to the carter asking if he couldn't find some peaches the way he'd found figs. The next morning the peach tree in the carter's garden was laden with peaches, and he took a load to court at once on his donkey. When they asked him what he wanted for them, he replied, "A pair of hands."

But nobody would cut off their hands, not even to please the king. Then the sisters talked the matter over. "Let's give him our sister's."

When the girl got her hands back, she reattached them to her arms and was as sound as ever.

Not long afterward, the queen went into labor and brought forth a scorpion. The king nonetheless gave a ball, to which everybody was invited. The girl went dressed as a queen and was the belle of the ball. The king fell in love with her and realized she was his true bride. She laughed golden seeds, wept pearls, and washed fish into the basin, as she told her story from start to finish.

The two wicked sisters and the scorpion were burned on a pyre skyhigh. On the same day the grand wedding banquet took place.

They put on the dog and high did they soar;
I saw, I heard, I hid behind the door.

Then to dine repaired I to the inn,
And there my story draws to an end.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"The Snake" (La Biscia) from Comparetti, 25, Monferrato, Piedmont.

The luxuriant story from *The Facetious Nights* (III, 3) about Biancabella and the serpent, one of Straparola's finest, is here told, on the contrary, in bare rustic simplicity, in the midst of meadows ready for a mowing, fruits, and seasons. The episode of the pomegranate tree with its fruit that cannot be plucked was added by me to fill out a somewhat sketchy passage in the Piedmontese version. I took it from a Tuscan variant (Gradi), based on motifs from this tale and others, where supernatural help comes from a red and gold fish.

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□三个城堡

有个小伙子突然想要去偷东西，他把这个念头跟妈妈一说，妈妈就说：“你不觉得羞耻吗？你马上去忏悔，听听神父给你的劝告。”

小伙子去忏悔，神父说：“偷窃是罪过，但假如你偷窃的对象是贼，罪孽还不算深。”

于是，小伙子来到森林里，找到了一处贼窝，他敲开门，请贼人收下他做仆从。

贼人说：“我们偷东西，但我们并没有罪，因为我们偷的都是些收苛捐杂税的人。”

一天晚上，贼人们出去偷一个收税官的家，小伙子从马厩里挑了最好的骡子，驮了一袋金币溜走了。

他把金币送给妈妈，然后进城去找活干。城里住着一个国王，养了一百只羊。但是没人愿意给他放羊。小伙子去了。国王对他说：“你听着，这里是一百只羊，明天早上你带它们到那边的草场上去放牧，但不要靠近那条小溪，那里有一条大蛇，会把羊吃掉。如果你把羊全给我带回来，我就给你赏钱；但如果你丢了羊，自己又没被蛇吃掉，我就会立即赶你走。”

要去草场，得从王宫的窗户下走过，公主正站在窗前往下边望着。她看见小伙子，顿生爱慕之心，扔给他一块蛋糕。牧羊小伙子一把接住蛋糕，收起来准备牧羊的时候吃。到了草场，他远远看见草丛中有一块白石头，心想：“我正好可以坐在上边吃公主给我的蛋糕。”可是石头在小溪对岸，牧羊小伙子没想太多就跳过小溪，羊群也跟着过来了。

草场上青草茂盛，绵羊都在安静地吃草，小伙子也坐在石头上，吃着蛋糕。突然，他感觉到被石头下的什么东西顶了一下，好像整个世界往下塌陷似的一震。小伙子往四周看看，什么也没有，就继续吃蛋糕。这时从石头下又传来一声更大的响动，牧羊小伙子假装什么也没听到。当第三次震动的时候，从石头下钻出一条长着三个头的蛇，每张嘴都衔着一朵玫瑰，三只头一齐朝着牧羊小伙子伸过来，好像要把玫瑰送给他。小伙子正要伸手去接玫瑰，蛇却张开三张嘴向他猛扑过来，它只消

每张嘴咬一口就能把小伙子一下子吃了。好在牧羊小伙子比它更敏捷，他用手里的牧羊棍照每个蛇头上猛力一击，巨蛇被打死了。

然后，他用镰刀把三只蛇头都割了下来，他把两只蛇头装起来，砸开了剩下的那只蛇头，想看看里边是什么。在蛇头里藏着一把水晶钥匙，小伙子搬开石头，发现有道门，门上有一个锁眼。他把水晶钥匙插进去，门开了，里面是一个用水晶做成的雄伟的宫殿。见到小伙子进来，宫殿的门全开了，走出一些水晶仆人，说：“您好主人，有什么吩咐？”

“我命令你们带着我去查看一下我的珍宝。”

这些水晶人拥着他顺着水晶楼梯爬上一座水晶塔，让他看了水晶马厩和里面的水晶马，看了所有的水晶兵器和水晶盔甲。然后，他们陪着他来到一处水晶花园，林阴道两边的水晶树上有一些水晶鸟在欢快地叫着，花坛中的水晶花都在盛开着，花坛四周是一个个水晶池塘。小伙子摘下一小束水晶花，插在帽子上。晚上，小伙子赶着羊群，回到王宫，公主正站在窗前望着，对他说：“你能把帽子上的那束花送给我吗？”

“好的，我送给你。”牧羊小伙子说，“这是一束水晶花，是我从我的水晶城堡里的水晶花园摘来的。”说着，他把花抛给公主，公主接下了。

第二天，小伙子又来到石头那里，砸开了第二个蛇头，里面是一把银钥匙。他抬开石头，把银钥匙插进锁眼，走进一座用银子做成的宫殿。所有的银仆人都跑来说：“主人，请吩咐吧！”他们陪着他看了银厨房，里面正在用银火烤着些银鸡，

在银花园里，银孔雀正在开屏，小伙子摘了一小束银花，插在帽子上。到了晚上，他又把银花送给了好奇的公主。

第三天，他又砸开了第三个蛇头，找到一把金钥匙。他把金钥匙插进锁眼，进到一个用金做成的宫殿，里面那些听候他吩咐的人都是金人，从头上戴的假发到脚下的长筒靴都是金的。金床上铺着金床单，金被子，金枕头，金幔帐，鸟笼中飞着金鸟。在一个个金花坛组成的花园中，喷泉喷出的是金泉。小伙子摘了一小束金花，插在帽子上，到了晚上又送给公主了。

有一天，国王发布公告，举行马上比武大会，谁获胜，谁就可以娶公主为妻。牧羊小伙子用水晶钥匙打开门，走进水晶宫殿里，选了一匹水晶马，配好水晶缰绳和水晶马鞍，出现在比武场上。他身披水晶盔甲，手持水晶盾牌和水晶长矛，战胜了所有比武的骑士，然后扬长而去，谁也没有认出他来。

第二天，小伙子骑着鞴了银装饰的银马，身披银盔银甲，手持银矛银盾与又出现在比武场，战胜了所有的骑士后，又不露声色地疾驰而去。到了第三天，小伙子骑着金马，披着金装，又战胜了所有对手，这时候公主说：“我知道他是谁，他是送给我水晶花、银花和金花的那个人，这些花是从他的水晶城堡、银城堡、金城堡的花园中摘来的。”

就这样他们结了婚，牧羊小伙子后来又当上了国王。

所有的人都心满意足、高高兴兴，

我却一无所得，只是个局外人。

（蒙费拉托地区）

The Three Castles

A boy had taken it into his head to go out and steal. He also told his mother.

"Aren't you ashamed!" said his mother. "Go to confession at once, and you'll see what the priest has to say to you."

The boy went to confession. "Stealing is a sin," said the priest, "unless you steal from thieves."

The boy went to the woods and found thieves. He knocked at their door and got himself hired as a servant.

"We steal," explained the thieves, "but we're not committing a sin, because we rob the tax collectors."

One night when the thieves had gone out to rob a tax collector, the boy led the best mule out of the stable, loaded it with gold pieces, and fled.

He took the gold to his mother, then went to town to look for work. In that town was a king who had a hundred sheep, but no one wanted to be his shepherd. The boy volunteered, and the king said, "Look, there are the hundred sheep. Take them out tomorrow morning to the meadow, but don't cross the brook, because they would be eaten by a serpent on the other side. If you come back with none missing, I'll reward you. Fail to bring them all back, and I'll dismiss you on the spot, unless the serp

ent has already devoured you too."

To reach the meadow, he had to walk by the king's windows, where the king's daughter happened to be standing.

She saw the boy, liked his looks, and threw him a cake.

He caught it and carried it along to eat in the meadow

. On reaching the meadow, he saw a white stone in the grass and said, "I'll sit down now and eat the cake from

the king's daughter." But the stone happened to be on the other side of the brook. The shepherd paid no attention and jumped across the brook, with the sheep all following him.

The grass was high there, and the sheep grazed peacefully, while he sat on the stone eating his cake. All of a

sudden he felt a blow under the rock which seemed to shake the world itself. The boy looked all around but, seeing

nothing, went on eating his cake. Another blow more powerful than the first followed, but the shepherd ignored

it. There was a third blow, and out from under the rock crawled a serpent with three heads. In each of

its mouths it held a rose and crawled toward the boy, as though it wanted to offer him the roses. He was about

to take them, when the serpent lunged at him with its three mouths all set to gobble him up in three bites. But

the little shepherd proved the quicker, clubbing it

with his staff over one head and the next and the next until the serpent lay dead.

Then he cut off the three heads with a sickle, putting two of them into his hunting jacket and crushing one to see what was inside. What should he find but a crystal key. The boy raised the stone and saw a door. Slipping the key into the lock and turning it, he found himself inside a splendid palace of solid crystal. Through all the doors came servants of crystal. "Good day, my lord, what are your wishes?"

"I wish to be shown all my treasures."

So they took him up crystal stairs into crystal towers; they showed him crystal stables with crystal horses and arms and armor of solid crystal. Then they led him in to a crystal garden down avenues of crystal trees in which crystal birds sang, past flowerbeds where crystal flowers blossomed around crystal pools. The boy picked a small bunch of flowers and stuck the bouquet in his hat. When he brought the sheep home that night, the king's daughter was looking out the window and said, "May I have those flowers in your hat?"

"You certainly may," said the shepherd. "They are crystal flowers culled from the crystal garden of my solid crystal castle." He tossed her the bouquet, which she ca

ught.

When he got back to the stone the next day, he crushed a second serpent head and found a silver key. He lifted the stone, slipped the silver key into the lock and entered a solid silver palace. Silver servants came running up saying, "Command, our lord!" They took him off to show him silver kitchens, where silver chickens roasted over silver fires, and silver gardens where silver peacocks spread their tails. The boy picked a little bunch of silver flowers and stuck them in his hat. That night he gave them to the king's daughter when she asked for them.

The third day, he crushed the third head and found a gold key. He slipped the key into the lock and entered a solid gold palace, where his servants were gold too, from wig to boots; the beds were gold, with gold sheets, pillows, and canopy; and in the aviaries fluttered hundreds of gold birds. In a garden of gold flowerbeds and fountains with gold sprays, he picked a small bunch of gold flowers to stick in his hat and gave them to the king's daughter that night.

Now the king announced a tournament, and the winner would have his daughter in marriage. The shepherd unlocked the door with the crystal key, entered the crystal pal

ace and chose a crystal horse with crystal bridle and saddle, and thus rode to the tournament in crystal armor and carrying a crystal lance. He defeated all the other knights and fled without revealing who he was.

The next day he returned on a silver horse with trappings of silver, dressed in silver armor and carrying his silver lance and shield. He defeated everyone and fled, still unknown to all. The third day he returned on a gold horse, outfitted entirely in gold. He was victorious the third time as well, and the princess said, "I know who you are. You're the man who gave me flowers of crystal, silver, and gold, from the gardens of your castles of crystal, silver, and gold."

So they got married, and the little shepherd became king.

And all were very happy and gay,

But to me who watched they gave no thought nor pay.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"The Three Castles" (I tre castelli) from Comparetti, 62 and 22, Monferrato, Piedmont.

These two Piedmontese tales are variants of a single type. I took the beginning from one and concluded with the other. Nothing was added; I merely underlined a few e

lements already in the text (such as the tax collector) and the rhythm.

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□王子娶了一只青蛙

从前，有一个国王，他的三个儿子都到了娶妻的年龄了。为了不让三个王子在挑选新娘的时候发生争斗，国王对他们说：“你们用投石器尽力向远处抛石头，石头落在哪里，你们就娶哪里的姑娘为妻。”

三个儿子拿了投石器抛出石头。大儿子把石头抛在了一家面包房的屋顶上，于是他娶了那面包女工。二儿子把石头抛进了一个纺织女工的家里。而小儿子抛的石头则落进了一条水沟里。

投完石头，三个王子赶快带着订婚戒指去找各自的未婚妻。大王子找到的是一个美丽的姑娘，皮肤柔嫩得像刚出炉的蛋糕；二王子找到的是一个脸色苍白的姑娘，身体纤细得像根线；而小王子朝水沟里望啊、望啊，最后只找到一只青蛙。

三个王子回来向国王禀告了自己找到的未婚妻的情况。国王说：“这样吧，谁的妻子最优秀，谁就能继承王位。现在我们就试试她们。”他给每个儿子分了一些麻，让他们的未婚妻

在三天内纺出来，比比谁纺得更好。

儿子们找到自己的未婚妻，叮嘱她们仔细地纺。小王子觉得很沮丧，他拿着麻，来到水沟边，喊道：

“青蛙啊，青蛙！”

“谁在喊我呀？”

“不太喜欢你的未婚夫！”

“你现在不喜欢我，当你看到我美丽时，一定会喜欢我。

”

青蛙从水中跳出来，落在一片叶子上。小王子把麻交给她，告诉她三天后他会来取纺好的线。

三天过后，两个哥哥急不可耐地跑到面包女工和纺织女工那里取纺好的线，面包女纺得很漂亮，而纺织女就更不必说了，纺线是她最拿手的，纺出来的麻线像丝一样细。小王子怎么样了呢？他来到水沟边：

“青蛙啊，青蛙！”

“谁在喊我呀？”

“不太喜欢你的未婚夫！”

“你现在不喜欢我，当你看到我美丽时，一定会喜欢我！

”

青蛙跳到一片叶子上，嘴里衔着一颗核桃。两位哥哥都带来了纺好的线，自己却只带回一颗核桃见父亲，小王子很难为情，他硬着头皮来到父亲面前。国王先是翻来覆去地查看了面包女和纺织女纺出的线，然后才打开小王子带来的核桃，两位哥哥在旁边暗暗地讥笑他。国王打开核桃，从里面取出了一球

细线，细得像蜘蛛网一样，国王拽呀拽，拉呀拉，越拉越长，拉出来的线堆满了整个大殿。“这线怎么没有个头啊！”国王话刚一出口，线就拉到头了。国王不甘心就这样让一只青蛙当上王后。正好，他的那只良种猎犬刚生下三只小狗，他就把牠们交给三个王子，说：“把牠们带给你们的未婚妻，一个月后再带回来，谁养得好谁就成为王后。”

一个月后，面包女养的那只狗长成一只肥大的猎犬，因为一个月来牠从没断过面包。纺织女养的那只狗却显得尖瘦，一个月来缺吃少喝的。小王子来的时候带来了一个笼子，国王打开笼子，从里面跳出来的是一只毛光皮亮的髻毛狗，脖子上束着饰带，浑身散发着香气，不仅会抬起前爪直立起来，还能练武术，懂得数数。国王于是说：“毫无疑问，小儿子将继承王位，而青蛙将成为王后。”

三位兄弟的婚礼定在同一天举行。两个哥哥坐着四匹马拉的车去接新娘，马车上饰满了漂亮的鲜花，两位新娘一身羽毛和珠宝，登上了马车。小王子来到水沟边，青蛙正在一架四只蜗牛拉着的车子上等着他，车子是用无花果的树叶做成的。他们出发了，他在前边走着，而蜗牛拉着树叶上的青蛙在后面跟着。一路上，小王子不得不几次停下来等着青蛙，最后一次他甚至睡着了。他醒过来的时候，发现在他面前停着一辆金子做成的马车，两匹白马在前边拉着，车厢被天鹅绒裹着，里面坐着一位美丽的姑娘，一身碧绿的穿著，光彩照人。

小王子问：“你是谁？”

“我就是青蛙啊，”看见王子半信半疑，姑娘就打开一个

珍宝盒，只见里面放着无花果的树叶，一张青蛙的皮和四个蜗牛壳。“我本来是一个公主，被变成了一只青蛙，只有遇到一位从来不知道我的美貌却心甘情愿娶我的王子，我才会重新变回人身。”

国王满心欢喜，看到两个大王子心存嫉妒，就开导他们说，一个人没有能力选好自己的妻子也就不配得到王冠。就这样，小王子和他的新娘当上了国王和王后。

（蒙费拉托地区）

The Prince Who Married a Frog

There was once a king who had three sons of marriageable age. In order to avoid any dispute over their choice of three brides, he said, "Aim as far as you can with the sling. There where the stone falls you will get your wife."

The three sons picked up their slings and shot. The oldest boy sent his stone flying all the way to the roof of a bakery, so he got the baker girl. The second boy released his stone, which came down on the house of a weaver. The youngest son's stone landed in a ditch.

Immediately after the shots, each boy rushed off to his betrothed with a ring. The oldest brother was met by a lovely maiden as fresh as a newly baked cake, the middle brother by a fair girl with silky hair and skin, while the youngest, after looking and looking, saw not

hing but a frog in that ditch.

They returned to the king to tell him about their betrothed. "Now," said the king, "whoever has the best wife will inherit the kingdom. Here begin the tests." He gave them each some hemp to be spun and returned within three days, to see which betrothed was the best spinner.

The sons went to their betrothed and urged them to spin their best. Highly embarrassed, the youngest boy took the hemp to the rim of the ditch and called:

"Frog, frog!"

"Who calls?"

"Your love who loves you not."

"If you love me not, never mind. Later you shall, when a fine figure I cut."

The frog jumped out of the water onto a leaf. The king's son gave her the hemp, telling her he'd pick up the spun thread three days later.

Three days later the older brothers anxiously hastened to the baker girl and the weaver girl to pick up their spun hemp. The baker girl produced a beautiful piece of work; the weaver girl, who was an expert at this sort of thing, had spun hers to look like silk. But how did the youngest son fare? He went to the ditch and cal

led:

"Frog, frog!"

"Who calls?"

"Your love who loves you not."

"If you love me not, never mind. Later you shall, when a fine figure I cut."

She jumped onto a leaf holding a walnut in her mouth. He was somewhat embarrassed to give his father a walnut while his brothers brought spun hemp. He nevertheless took heart and presented the king with the walnut. The king, who had already scrutinized the handiwork of the baker and the weaver girls, cracked open the walnut as the older brothers looked on, snickering. Out came a cloth as fine as gossamer that continued to unroll until the throne room was covered with it. "But there's no end to this cloth!" exclaimed the king. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the cloth came to an end.

But the father refused to accept the idea of a frog becoming queen. His favorite hunting bitch had just had three puppies, which he gave the three sons. "Take them to your betrothed and go back for them a month later. The one who's taken the best care of her dog will become the queen."

A month later, the baker girl's dog had turned into a big, fat mastiff, having got all the bread he could eat. The weaver's dog, not nearly so well supplied, was now a half-starved hound. The youngest son came in with a small box. The king opened it and out jumped a tiny, beribboned poodle, impeccably groomed and perfumed, that stood on its hind legs and marched and counted.

"No doubt about it," said the king, "my youngest son will be king, and the frog will be queen."

The wedding of all three brothers was set for the same day. The older brothers went for their brides in garlanded carriages drawn by four horses, and the brides climbed in, decked with feathers and jewels.

The youngest boy went to the ditch, where the frog awaited him in a carriage fashioned out of a fig leaf and drawn by four snails. They set out. He walked ahead while the snails followed, pulling the fig leaf with the frog upon it. Every now and then he stopped for them to catch up with him, and once he even fell asleep. When he awakened, a gold carriage had pulled up beside him. It was drawn by two white horses, and inside on velvet upholstery, sat a maiden as dazzling as the sun and dressed in an emerald-green gown.

"Who are you?" asked the youngest son.

"I am the frog."

He couldn't believe it, so the maiden opened a jewel case containing the fig leaf, the frog skin, and four snail shells. "I was a princess turned into a frog, and the only chance I had of getting my human form back was for a king's son to agree to marry me the way I was."

The king was overjoyed and told his two older sons, who were consumed with envy, that whoever picked the wrong wife was unworthy of the crown. So the youngest boy and his bride became king and queen.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"The Prince Who Married a Frog" (Il principe che sposò una rana) from Comparetti, 4, Monferrato, Piedmont.

The tale of the frog bride is common to all of Europe; scholars have counted 300 versions. Comparing it, for instance, with Grimm, no. 63, or with Afanas'ev's "The Frog Prince," this variant which we can classify as distinctly Italian (since it shows up uniformly throughout the Peninsula, even if slinging to locate the bride is rather rare) stands out in its near-geometrical logic and linearity.

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□ 鹦鹉

从前有一个商人要外出经商，但他不敢把女儿一个人留在家，因为有个国王早就在打她的坏主意了。

他叮嘱女儿：“孩子啊，我要动身了，你一定要答应我，在我回来之前，你不要踏出家门一步，也不要为任何人开门。”

那天早晨，姑娘发现窗外的树上落着一只漂亮的鹦鹉，彬彬有礼，很讨人喜爱，她跟这只鹦鹉聊了一会，觉得很有意思。

姑娘说：“亲爱的爸爸，我一个人留在家会很孤单的，能不能买一只鹦鹉陪伴我呢？”

商人视女儿为掌上明珠，马上就出去给她找鹦鹉。他遇到了一位卖鹦鹉的老者，而且卖得很便宜，就买下了这只鹦鹉送给了女儿。他对女儿千叮万嘱后，才离家上路。

商人刚一离家，国王就开始琢磨用什么方法能接近姑娘。他与一个老妇串通好了，派她给姑娘送去一封信。

但那时，姑娘正在跟鹦鹉说着话：“鹦鹉，你给我说些什

么有趣的事呢？”

“我给你讲一个动人的故事。从前有一个国王，他只有一个女儿，因为是独生女，没有兄弟姐妹陪她玩。人们给她做了一个玩具娃娃，跟她真人一样大，脸也像她，穿的也像她。她不管到哪里总把娃娃带在身边，大家常常错把她当做娃娃，错把娃娃当成她。有一次，国王带着她和娃娃坐着马车来到一片森林，敌人袭击他们，杀死了国王，掳走了公主，把娃娃丢在了车里。公主伤心地嚎啕大哭，敌人只好放了她，她就独自一人在森林中走着。走到一个女王的王宫里，女王把她收为女仆。姑娘聪明贤惠，深得女王宠爱。别的奴仆开始嫉妒她了，为了让她失宠，她们对她说：‘你知道吗。女主人对你真的很好，有什么话都对你说，不过，有一件事情我们都知道，她却不曾对你说，就是她曾有过一个儿子但后来死了。’于是姑娘便去问女王：‘陛下，你真的有一个儿子，后来死了吗？’听到这句话，女王差点气晕过去。这件事没人敢提，谁提到她死去的儿子，就是死罪。姑娘照例要判死刑的，可是女王对她有点怜惜，只把她关进了地牢。姑娘被关进来后，觉得很失落；她吃不下饭，整夜哭泣。半夜，她正在哭着，突然听到开门的声音，只见有五个人，其中四个是魔法师，另一个正是女王的儿子，他被他们囚禁着，他们带他出来散散步。”

故事讲到这里，一个仆人打断了鸚鵡，他给姑娘送来一封信。信是那个国王写的，他想方设法让人把这封信递到了这里。但是当时姑娘正在兴头上，她想知道故事的下文，就说：“我爸爸回来之前，我不收任何信。请不要打扰我。鸚鵡，继续

讲下去吧。”

仆人拿着那封信出去了，鹦鹉继续讲故事：“到了早上，看管姑娘的狱卒发现犯人什么也没吃，就禀报了女王。女王传她上殿，姑娘就把在地牢里看见王子还活着、被四个魔法师关押着、每晚半夜押他出来放风的情况告诉了女王。女王马上派了十二名军士，手持长矛来到地牢，杀死了四个魔法师，把女王的儿子就了回来。女王因为姑娘救了王子，决定让王子娶姑娘为妻。”

正讲到这里，敲门声又响了，家仆来请求小主人读一读那个国王写来的信。商人的女儿说：“好了，故事讲完了，我现在可以看信了。”

“还没完，还有一段呢。”鹦鹉急忙劝阻她，“你听着：那个姑娘并不愿意嫁给女王的儿子，她只要了些钱和一套男人服装就离开了，到了另一个城邦。这里国王的儿子得了一种病，没有一个医师能医好他：他从半夜到早晨，瞪着眼睛，胡言乱语，就像一个恶魔。姑娘穿着一身男装来了，自称是从外国来的医师，请求让自己和病人单独待上一夜。她先察看了一下床，发现床下有一个暗道口，从暗道口下去，是一条走廊，尽头放着一盏油灯。”

这时，又传来了敲门声，家仆进来说一位老妇，自称是姑娘的姑妈，想要见见姑娘。（其实她根本不是什么姑娘的姑妈，而是为国王办事的那个老妇。）商人的女儿急不可待地想要知道故事的结局，就告诉家仆不接待任何人。“鹦鹉，继续讲下去。”

鹦鹉继续讲：“姑娘走近油灯一看，只见一个老妇正在用一口大锅煮王子的心，因为那个国王曾经处死了她自己的孩子。姑娘从锅里把那颗心拿走了，并让国王的儿子吞下它，病立即就好了。国王说：‘我许诺过，哪位医师治好了我儿子，我就把城邦的一半送给他，你是一个女人，你就嫁给我儿子，当他的王后吧。’”

“真是神奇啊！”商人的女儿说，“故事讲完了，我现在可以接待那个自称是我姑妈的老妇人了。”

鹦鹉说：“故事还没完呢，后边还有一段。你仔细听着。装扮成医生的姑娘也不愿意嫁给国王的儿子，又离开了，她来到另一个城邦，这里国王的儿子中了魔法，不会说话。晚上姑娘躲在床下，到了半夜她看见两个女巫从窗户钻进来，她们从王子嘴里取出一块宝石，王子就能说话了，走的时候，她们又把那块宝石放进王子嘴里，他又变哑了。”

又响起了敲门声，不过商人的女儿正在聚精会神地听着故事，根本没听见。鹦鹉接着讲：

“第二天晚上，当那两个女巫把小宝石放在床上的时候，姑娘拽起床单，将宝石抖落在地，并顺手捡起来装进口袋。到了早上，女巫找不到宝石，只好逃走了。国王的儿子能开口说话了，姑娘被任命为宫廷御医。”

敲门声还在响个不停，商人的女儿想让屋外的人进来，就先问了鹦鹉一句：“你的故事讲玩了还是没讲完？”

“还没讲完，”鹦鹉说，“你听着：姑娘不想在王宫里做御医，又来到另一个城邦。她听说这里的国王疯了。他在森林

中捡回一个玩具娃娃就爱上了它，把自己关在房间里一边凝视着娃娃，一边哭，因为它不是一个真的女人。姑娘听了这个消息后，来到国王的房间一看，惊奇地说：“这是我的那个娃娃！”而国王看见姑娘长得跟娃娃一模一样，就说：“这就是我要娶的新娘！””

敲门声还在响着，鹦鹉实在不知道如何再把故事讲下去了。只是说：“等一下，等一下，还有一段呢。”但它不会往下讲了。

门外传来商人的说话声：“开门，开门啊，我是你爸爸。”

鹦鹉一听，说：“故事讲完了，国王娶了这个姑娘，两个人幸福地生活在一起了。”

姑娘这才跑去打开门，紧紧抱住远道归来的爸爸。

商人说：“我的女儿真乖，一步也没跨出家门。那只鹦鹉呢？”

他们走回房间里找鹦鹉，却找不到鹦鹉了，看到的是一个英俊的小伙子，小伙子说：“请原谅，先生，我是一个乔装成鹦鹉的国王，我爱上了您的女儿。我了解到我的情敌——另一个国王——想要拐骗您的女儿，就披上鹦鹉皮，诚心诚意地跟她交谈，阻止她陷进我的情敌设下的圈套。我相信我成功了，现在我可以向您的女儿求婚了。”

商人答应了他们的婚事，于是姑娘嫁给了那个给他讲过童话的国王，而另一个国王被气死了。

（蒙费拉托地区）

The Parrot

Once upon a time there was a merchant who was supposed to go away on business, but he was afraid to leave his daughter at home by herself, as a certain king had designs on her.

"Dear daughter," he said, "I'm leaving, but you must promise not to stick your head out of the door or let anyone in until I get back."

Now that very morning the daughter had seen a handsome parrot in the tree outside her window. He was a well-bred parrot, and the maiden had delighted in talking with him.

"Father," she replied, "it just breaks my heart to have to stay home all by myself. Couldn't I at least have a parrot to keep me company?"

The merchant, who lived only for his daughter, went out at once to get her a parrot. He found an old man who sold him one for a song. He took the bird to his daughter, and after much last-minute advice to her, he set out on his trip.

No sooner was the merchant out of sight than the king began devising a way to join the maiden. He enlisted an old woman in his scheme and sent her to the girl with a letter.

In the meantime the maiden got into conversation with the parrot. "Talk to me, parrot."

"I will tell you a good story. Once upon a time there was a king who had a daughter. She was an only child, with no brothers or sisters, nor did she have any playmates. So they made her a doll the same size as herself, with a face and clothes exactly like her own. Everywhere she went the doll went too, and no one could tell them apart. One day as king, daughter, and doll drove through the woods in their carriage, they were attacked by enemies who killed the king and carried off his daughter, leaving the doll behind in the abandoned carriage. The maiden screamed and cried so, the enemies let her go, and she wandered off into the woods by herself. She eventually reached the court of a certain queen and became a servant. She was such a clever girl that the queen liked her better all the time. The other servants grew jealous and plotted her downfall. 'You are aware, of course,' they said, 'that the queen likes you very much and tells you everything. But there's one thing which we know and you don't. She had a son who died.' At that, the maiden went to the queen and asked, 'Majesty, is it true that you had a son who died?' Upon hearing those words, the queen almost fainted. Heaven help anyone

who recalled that fact! The penalty for mentioning that dead son was no less than death. The maiden too was condemned to die, but the queen took pity on her and had her shut up in a dungeon instead. There the girl gave way to despair, refusing all food and passing her nights weeping. At midnight, as she sat there weeping, she heard the door bolts slide back, and in walked five men: four of them were sorcerers and the fifth was the queen's son, their prisoner, whom they were taking out for exercise."

At that moment, the parrot was interrupted by a servant bearing a letter for the merchant's daughter. It was from the king, who had finally managed to get it to her. But the girl was eager to hear what happened next in the tale, which had reached the most exciting part, so she said, "I will receive no letters until my father returns. Parrot, go on with your story."

The servant took the letter away, and the parrot continued. "In the morning the jailers noticed the prisoner had not eaten a thing and they told the queen. The queen sent for her, and the maiden told her that her son was alive and in the dungeon a prisoner of four sorcerers, who took him out every night at midnight for exercise. The queen dispatched twelve soldiers armed with cr

owbars, who killed the sorcerers and freed her son. Then she gave him as a husband to the maiden who had saved him."

The serant knocked again, insisting that the young lady read the king's letter. "Very well. Now that the story is over, I can read the letter," said the merchant's daughter.

"But it's not finished yet, there's still some more to come," the parrot hastened to say. "Just listen to this: the maiden was not interested in marrying the queen's son. She settled for a purse of money and a man's outfit and moved on to another city. The son of this city's king was ill, and no doctor knew how to cure him. From midnight to dawn he raved like one possessed. The maiden showed up in man's attire, claiming to be a foreign doctor and asking to be left with the youth for one night. The first thing she did was look under the bed and find a trapdoor. She opened it and went down into a long corridor, at the end of which a lamp was burning."

At that moment the servant knocked and announced there was an old woman to see the young lady, whose aunt she claimed to be. (It was not an aunt, but the old woman sent by the king.) But the merchant's daughter was d

ying to know the outcome of the tale, so she said she was receiving no one. "Go on, parrot, go on with your story."

Thus the parrot continued. "The maiden walked down to that light and found an old woman boiling the heart of the king's son in a kettle, in revenge for the king's execution of her son. The maiden removed the heart from the kettle, carried it back to the king's son to eat, and he got well. The king said, 'I promised half of my kingdom to the doctor who cured my son. Since you are a woman, you will marry my son and become queen.'"

"It's a fine story," said the merchant's daughter. "Now that it's over, I can receive that woman who claims to be my aunt."

"But it's not quite over," said the parrot. "There's still some more to come. Just listen to this. The maiden in doctor's disguise also refused to marry that king's son and was off to another city whose king's son was under a spell and speechless. She hid under the bed; at midnight, she saw two witches coming through the window and remove a pebble from the young man's mouth, whereupon he could speak. Before leaving, they replaced the pebble, and he was again mute."

Someone knocked on the door, but the merchant's daughter

ghter was so absorbed in the story that she didn't even hear the knock. The parrot continued.

"The next night when the witches put the pebble on the bed, she gave the bedclothes a jerk and it dropped on the floor. Then she reached out for it and put it in her pocket. At dawn the witches couldn't find it and had to flee. The king's son was well, and they named the maiden physician to the court."

The knocking continued, and the merchant's daughter was all ready to say "Come in," but first she asked the parrot, "Does the story go on, or is it over?"

"It goes on," replied the parrot. "Just listen to this. The maiden wasn't interested in remaining as physician to the court, and moved on to another city. The talk there was that the king of this city had gone mad. He'd found a doll in the woods and fallen in love with it. He stayed shut up in his room admiring it and weeping because it was not a real live maiden. The girl went before the king. 'That is my dool!' she exclaimed. 'And this is my bride!' replied the king on seeing that she was the doll's living image."

There was another knock, and the parrot was at a total loss to continue the story. "Just a minute, just a minute, there's still a tiny bit more," he said, but he

had no idea what to say next.

"Come on, open up, it's your father," said the merchant's voice.

"Ah, here we are at the end of the story," announced the parrot. "The king married the maiden, and they lived happily ever after."

The girl finally ran to open the door and embraced her father just back from his trip.

"Well done, my daughter!" said the merchant. "I see you've remained faithfully at home. And how is the parrot doing?"

They went to take a look at the bird, but in his place they found a handsome youth. "Forgive me, sir," said the youth. "I am a king who put on a parrot's disguise, because I am in love with your daughter. Aware of the intentions of a rival king to abduct her, I came here beneath a parrot's plumage to entertain her in an honorable manner and at the same time to prevent my rival from carrying out his schemes. I believe I have succeeded in both purposes, and that I can now ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

The merchant gave his consent. His daughter married the king who had told her the tale, and the other king died of rage.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"The Parrot" (Il pappagallo) from Comparetti, 2, Monferrato, Piedmont.

See my remarks on this folktale in the Introduction, p. xxx-xxxii. I have taken the liberty of doctoring the two versions published by Comparetti--the Piedmontese one and a Tuscan one, from Pisa (1)--and I heightened the suspense by placing the interruptions at the crucial moments.

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translated by George Martin,

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□十二头牛

从前有十二个兄弟，跟父亲吵架后，一起离开了家。他们在森林里搭起了一座房屋，以做木匠活为生。父母又生了一个女儿，她成了二老生活的寄托。小妹长大了，她只是听说过十二个哥哥的事，但从没跟他们见过面，她非常渴望能见到他们。

有一次，小妹到泉水边洗澡，她先把自己戴的珊瑚项链摘

了下来挂在了一根树枝上。正好有一只乌鸦飞过，叼起项链飞走了。小妹追着乌鸦跑进了森林，遇到了哥哥们住的那座房屋。屋里一个人也没有，小妹煮好一锅面条，盛在盘子中，就钻到床下躲起来。十二兄弟回到家，看到面条已经煮好了，而且还给盛在盘子中，就吃了起来。吃完以后，他们都有些害怕，担心是女巫跟他们开的一个玩笑，因为这片森林里有很多女巫。

第二天，十二兄弟留下一个人守着房间，他发现一个姑娘从床底下跳了出来。当兄弟们知道她并非女巫而是他们从没见过面的小妹时，都高兴地欢呼起来，他们想让小妹留下来跟他们一起生活。但他们又叮嘱她，不得和森林中的任何人说话，因为林子里满是女巫。

一天傍晚，炉火灭了，可小妹要给哥哥们准备晚饭。为了节省时间，她来到附近的一间小屋借火。小屋中住着一个老妇，她很热情地答应借火给小妹，但提出了交换条件：第二天她要来在小妹的小手指上吸一点血。

小妹说：“我不能给任何人开门，我的哥哥们不同意。”

老妇说：“不需要你开门，当你听到敲门声，把小手指伸进钥匙孔里，让我吸几下就行了。”

就这样，老妇每天晚上都来吸小妹的血，小妹的脸色变得越来越苍白。哥哥们觉得不对劲，就问小妹，小妹就把她为了找女巫借火，让女巫吸她的血作交换的事说了。哥哥们说：“这事让我们处理吧。”

女巫又来了，敲门后没看到姑娘的手指伸出来，女巫就从门下方的猫洞伸进头来。一个哥哥拿着一把斧头正等着她呢，手起斧落，女巫的头就被砍了下来。然后兄弟们把女巫的尸首扔下了山谷。

一天，小妹去泉边遇到了另一个老妇，在卖白色的碗。

“我没有钱买。”姑娘说。

“我白送给你。”老妇说。

就这样，哥哥们口干舌燥地回到家时，一眼就看见了盛满了水的十二只白碗，他们纷纷一饮而尽，一下子全都变成了牛。只有第十二个哥哥，不像其它哥哥那么渴，只喝了一口水，变成了一只羊。小妹只好孤单地跟这十一头牛和一只羊一起生活，每天喂养牠们。

这一天，一个王子来森林打猎迷了路，转到小妹的房屋，爱上了她。王子告诉她想要娶她为妻，而她回答说 she 必须带上她的十二只牛哥羊哥，不能丢下牠们不管。王子带着她和她的十二个兄长回到了王宫，小妹成了他的新娘王妃，那十一头牛和一只羊被安排住进一间大理石砌成的牛棚，用着金子做的食槽。但森林中的女巫并不甘心。有一天，王妃带着羊哥哥——她总是带着牠在身边——到葡萄架下散步，出现了一位老妇。

“好心的王妃，你能赏我一串葡萄吗？”

“好的，老太太，你随便摘吧。”王妃回答。

“我构不到葡萄架，好心的王妃，你帮我摘吧。”

“这就来。”王妃说着，伸出手去摘一串葡萄。

“摘那边那串熟透的吧。”老妇指着池塘上边的那串葡萄

说。

王妃为了摘到那串葡萄，爬上池塘的边墙，这时，老妇上去推了她一把，王妃就摔了下去。羊哥一见，咩咩地围着池塘叫，但谁也不明白牠在叫什么，也听不到池塘下边王妃的呻吟声。这时，女巫变成王妃的样子，躺在床上。王子回到家，问：“怎么躺在床上，不舒服吗？”

假王妃回答说：“我不舒服，我需要吃一些羊肉。你让人把那只叫个不停的羊给我宰了。”

王子说：“你还记得你以前对我说的话吗？你说那只羊是你的哥哥，而你现在却要把牠吃了？”

女巫露出了马脚！她愣在那里不知说什么才好。王子发现事有蹊跷，他来到花园，跟着那只拚命叫着的羊向池塘走去。到了池塘边，王子听见妻子呼唤他的声音。王子惊叫道：“你怎么到池塘底下了，刚才你还在床上，我不是刚离开你吗？”

“不，我从早上就掉到这里了，是一个女巫把我推下来了。”

王子立即把妻子救了上来。他派人抓住了女巫，而且要烧死她。随着火一点点烧到女巫的手上、腿上、肘上，一头牛变回了人，另一头也变回了人，所有的牛和羊都变回了人，他们全都很健壮，好象一队威武的巨人闯入了城堡。他们全都被封为亲王，而我还跟以前一样是一个穷困潦倒的人。

（蒙费拉托地区）

The Twelve Oxen

There were twelve brothers who fell out with their father, and all twelve of them left home. They built themselves a house in the woods and made their living as carpenters. Meanwhile their parents had a baby girl, who was a great comfort to them. The child grew up without ever meeting her twelve brothers. She had only heard them mentioned, and she longed to see them.

One day she went to bathe at a fountain, and the first thing she did was remove her coral necklace and hang it on a twig. A raven came by, grabbed the necklace, and flew off with it. The girl ran into the woods after the raven and found her brothers' house. No one was at home, so she cooked the noodles, spooned them onto the brothers' plates, and hid under a bed. The brothers returned and, finding the noodles ready and waiting, sat down and ate. But then they grew uneasy, suspecting the witches had played a joke on them, for the woods were full of witches.

One of the twelve kept watch the next day and saw the girl jump out from under the bed. When the brothers learned she was not a witch but their own little sister, they made a great to-do over her and insisted that she remain with them. But they cautioned her to speak to no one in the woods, because the place was full of witches.

hes.

One evening when the girl went to prepare supper, she found that the fire had gone out. To save time, she went to a nearby cottage to get a light. An old woman at the cottage graciously gave her the light, but said that, in exchange, she would come to the girl on the morrow and suck a bit of blood from her little finger.

"I can't let anyone in the house," said the girl. "My brothers forbid it."

"You don't even have to open the door," replied the old woman. "When I knock, all you have to do is stick your little finger through the keyhole, and I'll suck it."

So the old woman came by every evening to suck the blood from her, while the girl grew paler and paler. Her brothers noticed it and asked her so many questions that she admitted going to an old witch for a light and having to pay for it with her blood. "Just let us take care of her," said the brothers.

The witch arrived, knocked, and when the girl failed to stick her finger through the keyhole, she poked her head through the cat door. One of the brothers had his hatchet all ready and chopped off her head. Then they pitched the remains into a ravine.

One day on the way to the fountain, the girl met another old woman, who was selling white bowls.

"I have no money," said the girl.

"In that case I'll make you a present of them," said the old woman.

So when the brothers came home thirsty, they found twelve bowls filled with water. They pitched in and drank, and instantly changed into a herd of oxen. Only the twelfth, whose thirst was slight, barely touched the water and turned into a lamb. The sister therefore found herself alone with eleven oxen and one lamb to feed every day.

A prince out hunting went astray in the woods and, turning up at the girl's house, fell in love with her. He asked her to marry him, but she replied that she had to think of her oxen brothers and couldn't possibly leave them. The prince took her to his palace along with all the brothers. The girl became his princess bride, and the eleven oxen and the lamb were put into a marble barn with gold mangers.

But the witches in the woods did not give up. One day the princess was strolling under the grape arbor with her lambkin brother that she always carried with her, when an old woman walked up to her.

"Will you give me a bunch of grapes, my good prince ss?"

"Yes, dear old soul, help yourself."

"I can't reach up that high, please pick them for me."

"Right away," said the princess, reaching up for a bunch.

"Pick that bunch there, they're the ripest," said the old woman, pointing to a bunch above the cistern.

To reach it, the princess had to stand on the rim of the cistern. The old woman gave her a push, and the princess fell in. The lamb started bleating, and bleated all around the cistern, but nobody understood what it was bleating about, nor did they hear the princess moaning down in the well. Meanwhile the witch had taken the princess's shape and got into her bed. When the prince came home, he asked, "What are you doing in bed?"

"I'm sick," said the false princess. "I need to eat a morsel of lamb. Slaughter me that one out there that won't stop bleating."

"Didn't you tell me some time ago," asked the prince, "that the lamb was your brother? And you want to eat him now?"

The witch had blundered and was at a loss for words

. The prince, sensing that something was amiss, went in to the garden and followed the lamb that was bleating so pitifully. It approached the cistern, and the prince heard his wife calling.

"What are you doing at the bottom of the cistern?" he exclaimed. "Didn't I just leave you in bed?"

"No, I've been down here ever since this morning! A witch threw me in!"

The prince ordered his wife pulled up at once. The witch was caught and burned at the stake. While the fire burned, the oxen and also the lamb slowly turned back into fine, strapping young men, and you'd have thought the castle had been invaded by a band of giants. They were all made princes, while I've stayed as poor a soul as ever.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"The Twelve Oxen" (I dodici buoi) from Comparetti, 47, Monferrato, Piedmont.

The folktales about the sister who rescues her brother or brothers changed into animals can be divided into two groups: the one where the seven sons are under a curse (as in Basile, IV, 8, or in Grimm, 9 and 25), and the other where the sole brother is transformed into a

lamb (as in Grimm, 11, or in my no. 178). The brothers are most commonly transformed into birds (swans, ravens, doves), and the first literary manifestation of the motif dates back to the twelfth century; the latest is possibly Andersen's "Wild Swans."

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Italo Calvino,
translated by George Martin,
Pantheon Books, New York 1980

□克利克和克罗克

在一个遥远的小镇上，有一个出了名的盗贼，人送外号克利克^①，并且认为永远也不会有人抓到他。这个盗贼很想结识另一个与他同样出名的外号叫克罗克的盗贼，想与他联手作案。一天，克利克在一家酒馆吃饭，同桌坐着一位陌生人。克利克要看时间的时候才发现怀表已经不翼而飞了。克利克想：要是这人能不被我察觉而偷走我的表，那他一定就是克罗克。他回手就偷来了那个人的钱包。陌生人要付帐的时候发现自己的钱包也没了，便对同桌的人说：“看来你就是克利克了。”

另一个答道：“那你一定就是克罗克喽。”

“对。”

“好极了，我们合伙吧。”就这样两个盗贼联起手来。

两个人进城，来到了由侍卫严密把守的国王宝库。他们挖了一条通向宝库的地道，盗走了宝库里的一些东西。国王眼看着宝库被盗，却找不到一点盗贼的线索，就去找一位关押在狱的盗贼，人称灰浆盆，国王对他说：“你要是能告诉我偷宝库的人是谁，我就放了你，还封你为侯爵。”

灰浆盆答道：“这一定是克利克和克罗克联手干的，他们是两个最棒的盗贼。不过，我有办法抓住他们。您下令把肉价抬高到每磅一百里拉，谁还去买肉，谁就一定是盗贼。”

国王依计把肉价抬到一百里拉一磅，没有人再去买肉了。好不容易来人报告说有一个修道士到一家肉铺买过肉。灰浆盆说：“这一定是克利克或克罗克化装的。我也化装成一个乞丐，挨家挨户去乞讨，谁给我肉吃，我就在他家的门上划一个红色标记，这样侍卫就能抓到他。”

但是当他在克利克家门上划上红色标记时，克利克发觉了。克利克给城里所有人家的门上都划上了同样的标记，结果灰浆盆一无所获。

灰浆盆又向国王献计说：“我不是跟您说过他们是两个很狡猾的人吗？但是，有人比他们更狡猾。您这么办：让人在宝库台阶的下面放上一桶滚烫的松树油，进去偷东西的人就会掉下去，我们便可以坐等收尸了。”

克利克和克罗克不久就把偷来的钱用光了，只好再去宝库偷钱。克罗克摸黑走在前面，结果掉进了桶里。克利克看到朋友掉进松油桶死了，就想把尸体捞出来带走，但怎么也捞不出来。他只好砍下克罗克的脑袋，带走了。

第二天，国王到了现场，说：“这次抓到了，这次抓到了！”可是，只找到一具无头尸，没法辨认身分，也无法断定谁是同谋。

灰浆盆又说：“我还有一计。你让人用两匹马拖着这具尸体在全城示众，听到哪里有哭声，就一定是盗贼的家。”

真的，克罗克的妻子从窗户看到丈夫的尸体被拖着游街，就又哭又嚎起来。克利克也在那里，他立即意识到这样会使自己暴露。于是，他开始摔盘子，砸碗，并且打克罗克的妻子。正在这时，侍卫们循着哭声进来了，看到的却是一个妇人打碎了盘、碗，而男人给了她几个耳光，妇人就哭了起来。

国王无计可施，便让人在全城贴出告示说，谁有本事偷走他床上的床单，他就原谅他的偷盗之罪。克利克听到消息就来了，说自己有本事做到。

晚上国王脱衣上了床，手里拿着一杆火枪等着盗贼。克利克从掘墓人那里要来一具尸体，给他穿上自己的衣服，带到王宫的屋顶。等到半夜，克利克用绳子把尸体吊在国王寝室的窗户前。国王以为这就是克利克，朝他开了一枪，又看见他带着绳子摔了下去。国王跑下去看看人是不是死了。可就在同时，克利克从屋顶下到国王的寝室，偷走了国王的床单。克利克被国王赦免了，而且因为他已经无所不能偷了，国王就把自己的女儿嫁给了他。

（蒙费拉托地区）

①这篇故事中的两个盗贼的外号“克利克”与“克罗克”都是形容断裂、破碎的象声词。

Crack and Crook

In a distant town there was a famous thief known as Crack, whom nobody had ever been able to catch. The main ambition of this Crack was to meet Crook, another notorious thief, and form a partnership with him. One day as Crack was eating lunch at the tavern across the table from a stranger, he went to look at his watch and found it missing. The only person in this world who could have taken it without my knowledge, he thought, is Crook. So what did Crack do but turn right around and steal Crook's purse. When the stranger got ready to pay for his lunch, he found his purse gone and said to his table companion, "Well, well, you must be Crack."

"And you must be Crook."

"Right."

"Fine, we'll work together."

They went to the city and made for the king's treasury, which was completely surrounded by guards. The thieves therefore dug an underground tunnel into the treasury and stole everything. Surveying his loss, the king had no idea how he might catch the robbers. He went to a man named Snare, who had been put in prison for stealing, and said, "If you can tell me who committed this robbery, I'll set you free and make you a marquis."

Snare replied, "It can be none other than Crack or Crook, or both of them together, since they are the most notorious thieves alive. But I'll tell you how you can catch them. Have the price of meat raised to one hundred dollars a pound. The person who pays that much for it will be your thief."

The king had the price of meat raised to one hundred dollars a pound, and everybody stopped buying meat. Finally it was reported that a friar had gone to a certain butcher and bought meat. Snare said, "That had to be Crack or Crook in disguise. I'll now disguise myself and go around to the houses begging. If anybody gives me meat, I'll make a red mark on the front door, and your guards can go and arrest the thieves."

But when he made a red mark on Crack's house, the thief saw it and went and marked all the other doors in the city with red, so there was no telling in the end where Crack and Crook lived.

Snare said to the king, "Didn't I tell you they were foxy? But there's someone else foxier than they are. Here's the next thing to do: put a tub of boiling pitch at the bottom of the treasury steps. Whoever goes down to steal will fall right into it, and his dead body will give him away."

Crack and Crook had run out of money in the meantime and decided to go back to the treasury for more. Crook went in first, but it was dark, and he fell into the tub. Crack came along and tried to pull his friend's body out of the pitch, but it stuck fast in the tub. He then cut off the head and carried it away.

The next day the king went to see if he had caught the thief. "This time we got him! We got him!" But the corpse had no head, so they were none the wiser about the thief or any accomplices he might have had.

Snare said, "There's one more thing we can do: have the dead man dragged through the city by two horses. The house where you hear someone weeping has to be the thief's house."

In effect, when Crook's wife looked out the window and saw her husband's body being dragged through the street, she began screaming and crying. But Crack was there and knew right away that would be their undoing. He therefore started smashing dishes right and left and thrashing the poor woman at the same time. Attracted by all that screaming, the guards came in and found a man beating his wife for breaking up all the dishes in the house.

The king then had a decree posted on every street c

corner that he would pardon the thief who had robbed him, if the thief now managed to steal the sheets out from under him at night. Crack came forward and said he could do it.

That night the king undressed and went to bed with his gun to wait for the thief. Crack got a dead body from a gravedigger, dressed it in his own clothes, and carried it to the roof of the royal palace. At midnight the cadaver, held by a rope, was dangling before the king's windows. Thinking it was Crack, the king fired one shot and watched him fall, cord and all. He ran downstairs to see if he was dead. While the king was gone, Crack slipped into his room and stole the sheets. He was therefore pardoned, and so that he wouldn't have to steal any longer, the king married his daughter to him.

(Monferrato)

NOTES:

"Crack and Crook" (Cric e Croc) from Comparetti, 13, Monferrato, Piedmont.

This is one of the oldest and most famous tales, which has occupied the attention of scholars for generations. The Piedmontese version I followed is faithful to the oldest tradition and includes the curious character-names and a brisk dose of rustic cunning. Herodotus (H

istories) tells in detail about Egyptian King Rhampsinitus's treasure, chief source of the vast narrative tradition concerning wily robbers put to the test by a ruler. The beheading of a cadaver so it will not be recognized is also encountered in Pausanias, who presents the myth of Trophonius and Agamedes (Description of Greece, IX, 372). Either through the Greeks or through oriental tradition the tale entered medieval literature, in the various translations of the Book of the Seven Sages and other Italian, English, and German texts. Literary versions by Italian Renaissance story writers are numerous.

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Pantheon Books, New York 1980

□ 金丝雀王子

从前有一个国王，他有一个女儿。这女孩的母亲去世后，继母容不下她，总对国王说她的坏话。姑娘一再为自己辩白，可继母说尽了坏话，用尽了手段，尽管国王很疼爱自己的女儿，最终也不得不顺从王后之意，让她把姑娘送走。不过一定要

给公主安排一个好去处，不能亏待了她。继母说：“这件事，您就放心吧，不必操劳了。”可一转脸，她就命人把公主关进森林中的一个城堡里了。还挑选了一批宫中贵妇，让她们到城堡陪伴公主，并下令不许公主出去，连窗户也不能靠近，当然，她也照着王宫里的标准支付这些侍女的报酬。她给公主安排了一间不错的房间，吃的喝的都可以满足她，只是不许她跨出大门一步。但是，那些拿着优厚报酬的侍女，整天无所事事，只顾自己寻乐，根本不管公主。

国王时不时问妻子：“我们的女儿现在怎么样了？过得好吗？”而王后为了让国王相信自己关心公主，就去看望她。到了城堡，刚下马车，侍女们就都跑上前来，告诉她公主一切都好，每天高高兴兴的，让她放心。王后到公主的房间转了一下，说：“你在这里过得不错，是吗？这里什么也不缺吧？你看上去脸色很好，这里的空气很新鲜，你舒舒服服地住着吧。再见！”说完就走了。回到王宫，她告诉国王她从没见过他的女儿这样高兴过。

而实际上公主总是孤独地待在房间里，那些陪伴她的侍女连管都不管她，她整天站在窗前伤心地度过一天又一天，如果不是想起在窗台上垫了一个坐垫，她那支在窗台上的双肘早就磨出茧子来了。窗户朝着森林，公主整天整天地望着窗外的树梢、远处的白云和猎人们行走的小路。有一天，她看见一个王子从小路上经过，他是追赶一只野猪才来到这座城堡附近的。他知道这是一座荒废了多年的城堡，当他望见上面有人居住的样子，觉得很惊奇。只见城墙垛间晾晒着衣物，窗户打开着，

烟囱冒着烟。他正惊奇地看着，突然发现城堡上面的一扇窗户里，站着一个美丽的姑娘，就冲着她微微一笑。因为相距太远无法交谈，王子和公主又是微笑又是点头，又是鞠躬，就这样含情脉脉地对视了一个小时。

第二天，那个王子身着黄色猎装，假装打猎，又来到了城堡下，他们对望了两个小时。这一次除了微笑、点头、鞠躬，他们两人还都用手捂住自己的心口，然后向对方挥动着手帕。第三天，王子站了三个小时，他们还互相用手传递着飞吻。第四天，王子像前几次一样又来了，这时一个女巫从一棵树后探出身，大声笑起来：“哈哈，哈哈，哈哈！”

“你是谁？有什么好笑的？”王子厉声喝道。

“我从没见过像你们两个这样隔得这么远又这么痴情的恋人。”

“你知道我怎样才能上去见她呢？老婆婆。”王子问。

女巫说：“看你挺可爱的，我就帮你一把。”然后，就去敲城堡的门。她递给侍女们一本老旧的厚书，皱巴巴、脏兮兮的，说是她送给公主的一份礼物，好让公主读着它打发时间。侍女们把书送给了公主，公主急忙打开来一看，上面写着：这是一本魔书。如果你从前往后翻，你的心上人就会变成一只鸟，而如果你从后往前翻，你的心上人就会由鸟变成人。

公主立即跑到窗前，把书放在窗台上，急不可耐地翻起来，同时紧盯着那个身着黄色猎装、站在小路上的小伙子。只见小伙子的两臂动了起来，上下拍动变成了翅膀，而小伙子变成了一只金丝雀。金丝雀从地上飞起来，飞得比树梢还高，然后

直奔窗口飞来，停在窗台上的垫子上。公主情不自禁地把这只美丽的金丝雀小心翼翼地捧在手里，亲吻着它，这时，她想起这是一个小伙子，感到很难为情，可转念一想，又觉得很自然了，恨不能马上让它变回先前的那个小伙子。她拿起那本书，向前快速地翻着，只见金丝雀竖起黄色的羽毛，拍动着翅膀，慢慢变成了双臂，又重新变回到那个身着黄色猎装、打着绑腿的小伙子。小伙子跪在她脚下，对她说：“我爱你！”

两个人互相倾诉着爱慕之情，不知不觉中夜幕已经降临。公主缓缓地开始翻着书页。小伙子双眼紧盯着公主，变成了一只金丝雀，它跳上阳台，又跳上屋檐，随后，迎风飞起来，盘旋着向下，落在一根低矮的树枝上。这时，公主又把书向前翻，金丝雀又变成了王子，王子跳到地上，吹了声口哨唤来了猎狗，朝着公主的窗口抛了一个飞吻，便沿着小路远去了。

就这样，那本魔书每天都为了让王子飞到城堡尖塔上的窗口翻一遍，又为把他变回人身翻一遍，然后又为了让他飞去翻一遍，为了让他回家又翻一遍。两个年轻人从没感受过如此的幸福。

一天，王后来看继女，她到公主的房间转了一圈后，还是假惺惺地说：“你过得不错，是吗？你看上去瘦了一点，但这也沒什麼，对吗？你过得从没有这样舒服过，是吗？”她一边说着，一边环顾四周查看一下有什么不妥。她打开窗户往外看，发现了那个身着黄色猎装的王子带着猎狗走进城堡。王后想：“要是这个小骚货胆敢在窗口卖弄风情，我就好好教训她一下。”于是，她让公主去端来一杯水和糖，而她急忙从头发上

摘下自己戴的五六根别针，插在垫子里，针尖朝上，但又使别人很难发现。“这样，她就会尝到趴在窗台上的滋味了。”公主把她要的水和糖端过来，她却说：“噢，我又不渴了，你喝了吧，小可怜！我得回到你父亲那里。你什么也不需要，是吧？那我走了。”说完就走了。

王后的马车刚一走远，公主就急切地翻起书来，王子变成了金丝雀，飞向窗台，箭一般落在垫子上。金丝雀当即疼得大叫起来，鲜血染红了黄色的羽毛，是垫子里的那几根针刺进了金丝雀的胸脯。它挣扎着抬起那对摇晃不稳的翅膀，借着风力，摇摆着飞下去，张着翅膀摔在地上。公主吓懵了，弄不清到底发生了什么事，急急忙忙向前翻着书页，希望金丝雀变回人身后，王子的伤痛能够消失。唉，变回人身后，只见他黄色猎装的胸前被刺破了几处很深的伤口，鲜血滴个不停，他只好仰卧在地上，他的那几只猎狗围在他的身旁。

猎狗的狂叫声引来了另外一些猎人，大家赶来救他，用一副树枝做的担架把他抬走了，王子甚至没有睁眼看一下他的恋人的窗口，而她正为王子的伤担惊受怕呢。

王子被带回王宫后，没向任何人透露受伤的经过，御医们也无法给他更多的帮助。他的伤口不仅没愈合，反而越发厉害。国王让人在所有的大街小巷都贴上布告，重金招募能治好王子伤病的人，结果无人敢应募。

这时，公主因为见不到心上人而焦虑万分。她把床单剪成细条，搓紧，然后系在一起，结成一根很长很长的绳子，趁着黑夜顺着绳子从高高的城堡塔尖上滑了下来。她顺着那条打猎

的小路向前走着，但是到处是漆黑一片和狼的嗥叫声。公主想还是等早上天亮再走吧，就摸黑来到一株空心的老槐树下，钻进树洞里，曲着腿坐下，她累极了，很快就睡着了。她醒来的时候，天还黑着，可她隐约听到有口哨声，侧耳倾听，又听到一声，接着听到了第三声，第四声。而且她还远远看见有四支烛火在向她靠近。这是四个女巫，她们从世界的四个地方来，要聚在这棵树下碰面。公主躲在树里，没让她们发现，她从树干的缝隙中，看见四个老妇人每人手里都拿着根蜡烛，大呼小叫地笑着，问候着：“哈哈！哈哈！哈哈！”

她们在树下点起了一堆篝火，坐在旁边取暖，一边烤着几只蝙蝠当晚餐。当她们都饱了，就开始互相聊起各自遇上的新鲜事。

“我看见土耳其的苏丹了，他又买了二十个妻子了。”

“我看见中国的皇帝了，他的辫子已经长到三米长了。”

“我看见食人国的国王了，他一不留神，把自己的宠臣吃了。”

“我看见这附近的那个国王了，他的儿子病了，没有人能治好他，因为只有我知道那方法。”

“什么方法？”另外三个女巫问。

“在他的房间里，有一块活动的地砖，打开这块砖，就能找到一个细颈瓶，瓶里有一种药膏，可以愈合他所有的伤口。

”

公主在树洞里惊喜得差点叫出声来，她赶快用手捂住自己

的嘴，保持沉默。女巫们最后把自己要说的话都讲出来了，就各自上路回去了。公主从树洞里跳出来，趁着黎明的微光，朝城里走去。路过第一家旧货铺时，她买了一件医生穿的长袍和一副眼镜，然后来到王宫前敲开了门。仆人看到这个医生带的器具简陋，不想放她进去，国王却说：“反正，我儿子的病已经到了无可救药的地步了，再差的医术也不会伤害到我那可怜的儿子了，也让他试试吧。”假医生请求让她跟病人单独待一会，国王也同意了。

王子神志不清地躺在床上呻吟着，公主望着自己的心上人，很想大哭一场，也很想吻遍他全身，但是，她强忍住自己的感情，要赶快按照那个巫婆的秘诀救王子。她在宽大的房间里来来回回地走着，终于找到了一块活动的地砖，打开一看，里边有一个小瓶，装着药膏。公主把瓶里的药膏抹在王子的伤口上，她刚把涂着药膏的手指放到伤口上，伤口马上就愈合了。公主又惊又喜，去请国王进来。国王看见儿子的伤口全消失了，脸上也渐渐出现了血色，正躺在床上安静地睡着。

国王说：“医生，告诉我你想要什么，我领地上所有的财宝都可以给你。”

医生说：“我不想要钱，只要王子用的那块刻着族徽的盾牌，王子的战旗和他的那件被血染红的破了的黄色猎装。”她得到这三件东西后就离开了。

三天过后，王子又去打猎。他从这个森林中的城堡下经过的时候，连看都没往公主的窗口那边看。公主马上取来那本书，翻着书页，王子尽管全力抵抗，但也只能变成一只金丝雀。

他飞到房间里，公主又让他变回人身。他说：“让我走，你用发针刺伤了我还不够吗？还想给我更多的痛苦？”确实，王子对公主已经没有任何爱慕之情了，他以为是公主造成了他的不幸。

公主差点昏过去，说：“是我救了你！是我给你治好了伤！”

王子却说：“假话，给我治伤的是一个外国医生，他不要任何酬谢，只带走了我的族徽、战旗和我的那件被血染红的猎装！”

“这是你的族徽，这是你的战旗，这是你的猎装！我就是那个医生！那些发针是我的那位残忍的继母放的！”

王子惊愕地望着公主的眼睛，觉得她从没像现在这样美丽过。他扑倒在公主的脚下，请求她的原谅，并表明了自己全部的感激之情和爱慕之意。

当天晚上，王子就禀告父王要娶森林中城堡上住的那位姑娘为妻。国王却说：“你只能娶国王或皇帝的女儿为妻。”

“我要娶曾经救过我命的姑娘。”

于是，王宫上下忙着准备婚礼，他们邀请了附近所有的国王和王后。公主的父亲也来参加了，他对女儿的事一无所知。当他看到新娘出现在自己面前时，惊呼道：“我的女儿！”

“怎么？我儿子的新娘是您的女儿？为什么您以前从没提过她？”新郎的父亲问。

新娘说：“因为他们根本没把我当人看待，我的继母把我关押起来。”她边说边用手指着那个王后。

国王听到女儿所有的不幸遭遇，对女儿他感到万分内疚，对狠心的妻子感到愤怒。他等不及回家就把王后抓了起来。婚礼在喜庆的气氛中举行，所有的人都感到欢乐、满足，只有那个恶妇在等待着悲惨的结局。

（都灵地区）

The Canary Prince

There was a king who had a daughter. Her mother was dead, and the stepmother was jealous of the girl and always spoke badly of her to the king. The maiden defended herself as best as she could, but the stepmother was so contrary and insistent that the king, though he loved his daughter, finally gave in. He told the queen to send the girl away, but to some place where she would be comfortable, for he would never allow her to be mistreated. "Have no fear of that," said the stepmother, who then had the girl shut up in a castle in the heart of the forest. To keep her company, the queen selected a group of ladies-in-waiting, ordering them never to let the girl go out of the house or even to look out the windows. Naturally they received a salary worthy of a royal household. The girl was given a beautiful room and all she wanted to eat and drink. The only thing she could n't do was go outdoors. But the ladies, enjoying so much leisure time and money, thought only of themselves and

d paid no attention to her.

Every now and then the king would ask his wife, "And how is our daughter? What is she doing with herself these days?" To prove that she did take an interest in the girl, the queen called on her. The minute she stepped from her carriage, the ladies-in-waiting all rushed out and told her not to worry, the girl was well and happy. The queen went up to the girl's room for a moment. "So you're comfortable, are you? You need nothing, do you? You're looking well, I see; the country air is doing you good. Stay happy, now. Bye-bye, dear!" And off she went. She informed the king she had never seen his daughter so content.

On the contrary, always alone in the room, with ladies-in-waiting who didn't so much as look at her, the princess spent her days wistfully at the window. She sat there leaning on the windowsill, and had she not thought to put a pillow under them, she would have got calluses on her elbows. The window looked out on the forest, and all day long the princess saw nothing but treetops, clouds and, down below, the hunters' trail. Over that trail one day came the son of a king in pursuit of a wild boar. Nearing the castle known to have been unoccupied for no telling how many years, he was amazed to see

washing spread out on the battlements, smoke rising from the chimneys, and open casements. As he looked about him, he noticed a beautiful maiden at one of the upper windows and smiled at her. The maiden saw the prince too, dressed in yellow, with hunter's leggings and gun, and smiling at her, so she smiled back at him. For a whole hour, they smiled, bowed, and curtsied, being too far apart to communicate in any other way.

The next day, under the pretext of going hunting, the king's son returned, dressed in yellow, and they stared at each other this time for two hours; in addition to smiles, bows, and curtsies, they put a hand over their hearts and waved handkerchiefs at great length. The third day the prince stopped for three hours, and they blew each other kisses. The fourth day he was there as usual, when from behind a tree a witch peeped and began to guffaw: "Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

"Who are you? What's so funny?" snapped the prince.

"What's so funny? Two lovers silly enough to stay so far apart!"

"Would you know how to get any closer to her, ninny?" asked the prince.

"I like you both," said the witch, "and I'll help y

ou. "

She knocked at the door and handed the ladies-in-waiting a big old book with yellow, smudgy pages, saying it was a gift to the princess so the young lady could pass the time reading. The ladies took it to the girl, who opened it at once and read: "This is a magic book. Turn the pages forward, and the man becomes a bird; turn them back, and the bird becomes a man once more."

The girl ran to the window, placed the book on the sill, and turned the pages in great haste while watching the youth in yellow standing in the path. Moving his arms, he was soon flapping wings and changed into a canary, dressed in yellow as he was. Up he soared above the treetops and headed straight for the window, coming to rest on the cushioned sill. The princess couldn't resist picking up the beautiful canary and kissing him; then remembering he was a young man, she blushed. But on second thought she wasn't ashamed at all and made haste to turn him back into a youth. She picked up the book and thumbed backward through it; the canary ruffled his yellow feathers, flapped his wings, then moved arms and was once more the youth dressed in yellow with the hunter's leggings, who knelt before her, declaring, "I love you!"

By the time they finished confessing all their love for one another, it was evening. Slowly, the princess leafed through the book. Looking into her eyes the youth turned back into a canary, perched on the windowsill, then on the eaves, then trusting to the wind, flew down in wide arcs, lighting on the lower limb of a tree. At that, she turned the pages back in the book and the canary was a prince once more who jumped down, whistled for his dogs, threw a kiss toward the window, and continued along the trail out of sight.

So every day the pages were turned forward to bring the prince flying up to the window at the top of the tower, then turned backward to restore his human form, then forward again to enable him to fly away, and finally backward for him to get home. Never in their whole life had the two young people known such happiness.

One day the queen called on her stepdaughter. She walked about the room, saying, "You're all right, aren't you? I see you're a trifle slimmer, but that's certainly no cause for concern, is it? It's true, isn't it, you've never felt better?" As she talked, she checked to see that everything was in place. She opened the window and peered out. Here came the prince in yellow along the trail with his dogs. "If this silly girl thinks she

is going to flirt at the window," said the stepmother to herself, "she has another thought coming to her." She sent the girl for a glass of water and some sugar, then hurriedly removed five or six hairpins from her own hair and concealed them in the pillow with the sharp points sticking straight up. "That will teach her to lean on the windowsill!" The girl returned with the water and sugar, but the queen said, "Oh, I'm no longer thirsty; you drink it, my dear! I must be getting back to your father. You don't need anything, do you? Well, goodbye." And she was off.

As soon as the queen's carriage was out of sight, the girl hurriedly flipped over the pages of the book, the prince turned into a canary, flew to the window, and struck the pillow like an arrow. He instantly let out a shrill cry of pain. The yellow feathers were stained with blood; the canary had driven the pins into his breast. He rose with a convulsive flapping, trusted himself to the wind, descended in irregular arcs, and lit on the ground with outstretched wings. The frightened princess, not yet fully aware of what had happened, quickly turned the pages back in the hope there would be no wounds when he regained his human form. Alas, the prince reappeared dripping blood from the deep stabs that had

rent the yellow garment on his chest, and lay back surrounded by his dogs.

At the howling of the dogs, the other hunters came to his aid and carried him off on a stretcher of branches, but he didn't so much as glance up at the window of his beloved, who was still overwhelmed with grief and fright.

Back at his palace, the prince showed no promise of recovery, nor did the doctors know what to do for him. The wounds refused to heal over, and constantly hurt. His father the king posted proclamations on every street corner promising a fortune to anyone who could cure him, but not a soul turned up to try.

The princess meanwhile was consumed with longing for her lover. She cut her sheets into thin strips which she tied one to the other in a long, long rope. Then one night she let herself down from the high tower and set out on the hunters' trail. But because of the thick darkness and the howls of the wolves, she decided to wait for daylight. Finding an old oak with a hollow trunk, she nestled inside and, in her exhaustion, fell asleep at once. She woke up while it was still pitch-dark, under the impression she had heard a whistle. Listening closely, she heard another whistle, then a third and a f

ourth, after which she saw four candle flames advancing . They were four witches coming from the four corners of the earth to their appointed meeting under that tree.

Through a crack in the trunk the princess, unseen by them, spied on the four crones carrying candles and sneering a welcome to one another: "Ah, ah, ah!"

They lit a bonfire under the tree and sat down to warm themselves and roast a couple of bats for dinner. When they had eaten their fill, they began asking one another what they had seen of interest out in the world.

"I saw the sultan of Turkey, who bought himself twenty new wives."

"I saw the emperor of China, who has let his pigtail grow three yards long."

"I saw the king of the cannibals, who ate his chamberlain by mistake."

"I saw the king of this region, who has the sick soon nobody can cure, since I alone know the remedy."

"And what is it?" asked the other witches.

"In the floor of his room is a loose tile. All one need to do is lift the tile, and there underneath is a phial containing an ointment that would heal everyone of his wounds."

It was all the princess inside the tree could do not to scream for joy. By this time the witches had told one another all they had to say, so each went her own way. The princess jumped from the tree and set out in the dawn for the city. At the first secondhand dealer's shop he came to, she bought an old doctor's gown and a pair of spectacles, and knocked at the royal palace. Seeing the little doctor with such scant paraphernalia, the servants weren't going to let him in, but the king said, "What harm could he do my son who can't be any worse off than he is now? Let him see what he can do." The sham doctor asked to be left alone with the sick man, and the request was granted.

Finding her lover groaning and unconscious in his sickbed, the princess felt like weeping and smothering him with kisses. But she restrained herself because of the urgency of carrying out the witch's directions. She paced up and down the room until she stepped on a loose tile, which she raised and discovered a phial of ointment. With it she rubbed the prince's wounds, and no sooner had she touched each one with ointment than the wound disappeared completely. Overjoyed she called the king, who came in and saw his son sleeping peacefully, with the color back in his cheeks, and no trace of any of

the wounds.

"Ask for whatever you like, doctor," said the king.

"All the wealth in the kingdom is yours."

"I wish no money," replied the doctor. "Just give me the prince's shield bearing the family coat-of-arms, his standard, and his yellow vest that was rent and bloodied." Upon receiving the three items, she took her leave.

Three days later, the king's son was again out hunting. He passed the castle in the heart of the forest, but didn't deign to look up at the princess's window. She immediately picked up the book, leafed through it, and the prince had no choice but change into a canary. He flew into the room, and the princess turned him back into a man. "Let me go," he said. "Isn't it enough to have pierced me with those pins of yours and caused me so much agony?" The prince, in truth, no longer loved the girl, blaming her for his misfortune.

On the verge of fainting, she exclaimed, "But I saved your life! I am the one who cured you!"

"That's not so," said the prince. "My life was saved by a foreign doctor who asked for no recompense except my coat-of-arms, my standard, and my bloodied vest!"

"Here are your coat-of-arms, your standard, and your vest! The doctor was none other than myself! The pins were the cruel doing of my stepmother!"

The prince gazed into her eyes, dumbfounded. Never had she looked so beautiful. He fell at her feet asking her forgiveness and declaring his deep gratitude and love.

That very evening he informed his father he was going to marry the maiden in the castle in the forest.

"You may marry only the daughter of a king or an emperor," replied his father.

"I shall marry the woman who saved my life."

So they made preparations for the wedding, inviting all the kings and queens in the vicinity. Also present was the princess's royal father, who had been informed of nothing. When the bride came out, he looked at her and exclaimed, "My daughter!"

"What!" said the royal host. "My son's bride is your daughter? Why did she not tell us?"

"Because," explained the bride, "I no longer consider myself the daughter of a man who let my stepmother imprison me." And she pointed at the queen.

Learning of all his daughter's misfortune, the father was filled with pity for the girl and with loathing

for his wicked wife. Nor did he wait until he was back home to have the woman seized. Thus the marriage was celebrated to the satisfaction and joy of all, with the exception of that wretch.

(Turin)

NOTES:

"The Canary Prince" (Il Principe canarino) from *Ruote* (in *Archivio per lo studio delle tradizioni popolari*, Palermo-Turin, VI [1887], 401), Turin.

This folktale from Turin, with its balladlike pathos, develops a medieval motif, which is also literary. (But Marie de France's *lai*, *Yonec*, is quite different, being the story of an adultery.) My personal touches here include the prince's yellow suit and leggings, the description of the transformation in a flutter of wings, the gossip of the witches who traveled the world over, and a bit of stylistic cunning.

Copyright: Italian Folktales Selected and Retold by Italo Calvino,

translated by George Martin,

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从前，有一个国王认了一头猪做自己的儿子，人们称它为“克林王”。克林王在王宫里进进出出，平常显得很有教养，还真像一个王室人物，但它也时常故意捣捣乱，发发脾气。父亲拍着它的屁股对他说：“怎么了，你这么捣乱，有什么事吗？”

克林王叽里咕噜地说：“呃，呃，我想娶老婆，呃，呃，娶那个面包师的女儿！”

于是，国王派人把面包师叫了来。面包师有三个女儿，国王问面包师他的大女儿是否愿意嫁给他的猪儿子。面包师的大女儿很想嫁给国王的儿子，但又不愿意嫁给一头猪，左右为难，最后还是答应了。

婚礼的当天晚上，克林王满心欢喜地跑到街上转了一圈，浑身弄得脏兮兮的回来了。新娘正在房间里等着它，它示意新娘爱抚它，自己也直往新娘裙子上拱。新娘觉得很厌烦，不但没有爱抚它，还踹了它一脚，“滚开，脏猪！”

克林王嘟囔着：“呃！早晚和你算这笔帐！”就离开了。

当天晚上，新娘就被发现死在床上了。

老国王对这件事非常头疼。过了几个月，克林王又开始发脾气，又提出娶老婆的事，嘟嘟囔囔地说：“呃！呃！呃！我想要面包师的女儿为妻！”于是国王让人去喊面包师的二女儿，她也同意了。

婚礼的晚上，克林王又在街上弄得浑身脏兮兮的回来了，

一回来就在新娘的身上蹭来蹭去，新娘说：“滚开，脏猪！”把它赶走了。第二天早上，她也被人发现死在床上。一连在新婚之夜死了两个新娘，这件事给宫廷带来了很坏的影响。

过了一段时间，克林王又在王宫里捣乱生事。国王说：“怎么，你还想娶面包师的三女儿吗？”

克林王说：“呃！呃！我是想娶她！呃！呃！我是想娶她！”

国王试着派人把那第三个女儿叫来了，问她是否愿意嫁给克林王。没想到她听了非常高兴。婚礼的当晚，克林王像以前一样，到街上转得浑身脏兮兮的跑回房间，让它的新娘抚摸它。新娘就一边抚摸着它，一边用柔细的亚麻布手帕擦着克林王身上的泥水，说：“我的好克林王，我心爱的克林王，我早就喜欢上你了。”克林王感到很高兴。

早上，宫廷中所有的人都在等着这第三个新娘死去的消息，没想到她看上去比来的时候更大方，更快乐。那一天成了王室大庆的日子，国王举行了盛大的宴会。

到了晚上，因为好奇，新娘很想看看克林王睡觉的样子。她点着一根长蜡烛，看到了一个英俊的小伙子，他长得太英俊了，简直令人无法想象。当她正盯着小伙子看的时候，蜡烛从她手中落下，落在了小伙子的手臂上。小伙子惊醒过来，满腔怒火地跳下床，大声喊道：“你破了魔咒，你不会再看到我了！噢，如果你想再见到我，就必须在七个瓶里灌满你的眼泪，踏破七双铁鞋，穿破七件铁衣，戴破七顶铁帽。”说完就消失了。

新娘悲痛万分，她不能只待在家里等着，决定出去寻找他。她找到一个铁匠，让他打好了七双铁鞋、七件铁衣和七顶铁帽，出发了。

走啊，走啊，当她走到一座山上，天黑下来了。她看到有一座茅屋，就去敲门。一位老婆婆说：“可怜的姑娘，我不能留你过夜，因为我的儿子是风，每次一来到家里就会把所有的东西扔得乱七八糟，要是让他找到你，你就麻烦了！”

可是姑娘再三请求，老婆婆只好把她藏在屋内，风回来了，他到处嗅了嗅，说：

“哼，哼

我闻到人的气味。”

老婆婆给了他一些东西吃，他才平静下来。到了早上，风的母亲早早地起来轻轻叫醒年轻的姑娘，说：“快逃吧，趁我儿子还没起床你赶快上路，拿着这个栗子作纪念，如果不是急需就别打开它。”

姑娘走呀，走呀，来到另一座山上，天又黑了。她看到一座茅屋，一位老婆婆站在门口对她说：“咳，我真想留你过夜，但我的儿子是闪电，如果他回来发现你，你就麻烦了。”但老婆婆觉得姑娘实在可怜，就把她藏在屋里。闪电回来了：

“哼，哼，

我闻到人的气味。”

但他没发现她，吃了些东西就睡觉去了。

到了早晨，闪电的母亲对姑娘说：“趁我儿子还没醒过来，你快逃走吧，拿着这个核桃，它对你会很有用。”

姑娘走呀，走呀，走到另一座山上时天又黑了。这里是雷的妈妈家，她终于也留姑娘过夜并把她藏了起来，雷一回到家就说：

“哼，哼，
我闻到人的气味”

但他没发现她。到了早上，姑娘从雷的妈妈那里得到了一颗榛子做礼物，就又出发了。

经过长途跋涉之后，她来到一座城邦。听人说这里的公主将要跟一个英俊无比的小伙子结婚，他们现在正一起待在城堡中。姑娘猜想这个小伙子一定就是她自己的新郎。但怎么才能阻止他们的婚事呢？怎么才能进到城堡里去呢？

她打开那个栗子，从里面出来一大堆珠宝、钻石。于是她带着这些东西来到公主住的宫殿下叫卖。公主从窗口看见后就让她上来了。姑娘对公主说：“我可以把这些东西都白送给你，只要求你让我在那个小伙子的房间里睡上一夜就行，听说他就在这座宫殿里。”

公主不放心让姑娘跟小伙子单独谈话，甚至担心姑娘会带着小伙子逃走，但她的女仆对她说：“这事交给我了，我们给他吃催眠药，他就不会醒过来了。”她们就这么做了，当女仆陪着姑娘来到房间的时候，小伙子已经睡着了，女仆留下姑娘就出去了。姑娘仔细一看，这果然就是她的新郎，就对他说：

“快醒醒，我的夫君，快醒醒。我长途跋涉到了这里，已经踏破了七双铁鞋，穿破了七件铁衣，戴破了七顶铁帽，我还装满了七瓶眼泪。现在我总算找到你了，你却睡着听不到我说的话

！”

姑娘就这样哭诉着一直到天亮。早晨，她绝望地砸着核桃。从里面掉出一大堆漂亮的衣服和各式各样的绫罗绸缎，一件比一件漂亮。女仆看到这些奇丽的东西，就跑去告诉公主，而公主自然又留下了所有这些东西，就答应她再跟小伙子待一晚，但她让姑娘进去的晚，出来的早，这样就缩短了时间。

这一晚同样一无所获，小伙子一直没醒过来。可怜的姑娘又砸开那颗榛子，从里面跳出来一些马车和数匹骏马。为了得到这些东西，公主又一次答应她跟小伙子过夜。

但这一次，小伙子不想再喝她们每天晚上带来的那杯东西，只是假装喝下去，实际上把它们倒在了地上。姑娘说话的时候，他先假装睡了一会，当他确定她就是自己的妻子时，他马上跳起来，抱住了姑娘。他们坐着变出来的那些马车出发了，回到家后，举行了盛大的宴会。

他们的生活奢侈又冷酷

却将我留在门背后。

（波河地区）

King Crin

Once there was a king who, for a son, had a pig named King Crin. King Crin would saunter through the royal chambers and usually behave beautifully, as befits any body of royal birth. Sometimes, though, he was cross. On one such occasion, his father asked, while stroking his back, "What is the matter? Why are you so cross?"

"Oink, oink," grunted King Crin. "I want a wife. Oink, oink, I want the baker's daughter!"

The king sent for the baker, who had three daughters, and asked if his oldest daughter was willing to marry his pig-son. Torn between the thrill of wedding the king's son and the horror of marrying a pig, the daughter made up her mind to accept the proposal.

Tickled pink, King Crin went wallowing in the town thoroughfares on his wedding night and got all muddy. He returned to the bridal chamber, where his bride was waiting for him. Intending to caress her, he rubbed against her skirt. The bride was disgusted and, instead of caressing him, gave him a kick. "Get away from here, you nasty pig!"

King Crin moved away, grunting. "Oink! You'll pay for that!"

That night the bride was discovered dead in her bed.

The old king was quite distressed, but a few months later when his son was again as cross as could be and clamoring for a wife, he sent for the baker's second daughter, who accepted.

The evening of the wedding King Crin went back out and wallowed in the muddy roads, only to return and rub

against his bride, who drove him out of the room. "Scram, you nasty pig!" In the morning she was found dead. This incident gave the court a bad name, being the second of its kind.

More time went by, and King Crin began acting up again. "Would you have the nerve," said his father, "to ask for the baker's third daughter?"

"Oink, oink, I certainly would. Oink, oink, I must have her!"

So they sent for the third girl to see if she would marry King Crin. She was obviously quite happy to do so. On his wedding night, as usual, King Crin went out to wallow, then ran back inside all muddy to caress his wife. She responded with caresses of her own and dried him off with fine linen handkerchiefs, murmuring, "My handsome Crin, my darling Crin, I love you so." King Crin was overjoyed.

Next morning at the court everybody expected to hear that the third bride had been found dead, but out she came in higher spirits than ever. That was a grand occasion for celebration in the royal house, and the king gave a reception.

The next night the bride became curious to see King Crin as he slept, because she had her suspicions. She

lit a taper and beheld a youth handsome beyond all stretches of the imagination. But as she stood there rapt with admiration, she accidentally dropped the taper on his arm. He woke up and jumped out of bed, furious. "You broke the spell and will never see me again, or only when you have wept seven bottles of tears and worn out seven pairs of iron shoes, seven iron mantles, and seven iron hats looking for me." At that, he vanished.

So deep was her distress that the bride had no choice but to go in search of her husband. She had a blacksmith forge seven pairs of iron shoes, seven iron mantles, and seven iron hats for her, then departed.

She walked all day long until night overtook her on a mountain, where she saw a cottage and knocked on the door. "My poor girl," said an old woman, "I can't give you shelter, since my son is the Wind who comes home and turns everything upside down, and woe to anyone in his way!"

But she begged and pleaded until the old woman brought her in and hid her. The Wind soon arrived and sniffed all around, saying:

"Human, human, I smell a human."

But his mother quieted him down with food. In the morning she rose at daybreak and softly awakened the you

ng lady, advising, "Flee before my son gets up and take along this chestnut as a souvenir of me, but crack it open only in a serious emergency."

She walked all day long and was overtaken by night on top of another mountain. She spied a cottage, and an old lady on the doorstep said, "I would gladly lodge you, but I'm Lightning's mother, and poor you if my son came home and caught you here!" But then she took pity on her and hid her. Lightning arrived soon afterward:

"Human, human, I smell a human."

But he didn't find her and, after supper, went to bed.

"Flee before my son wakes up," said Lightning's mother in the morning, "and take along this walnut, which might come in very handy."

She walked all day long and was overtaken by night on top of another mountain. There stood the house of Thunder's mother, who ended up hiding her. Thunder too came in saying:

"Human, human, I smell a human."

But neither did he find her, and in the morning she went off with a hazelnut as a present from Thunder's mother.

After walking for miles and miles she reached a city whose princess, she learned, would soon marry a handsome young man staying at her castle. The young lady was sure that was her own husband. What could she do to prevent the marriage? How could she get into the castle?

She cracked open the chestnut and out poured diamonds and other jewels, which she went off to sell under the princess's windows. The princess looked out and invited her inside. The young lady said, "I'll let you have all these gems for nothing, if you allow me to spend one night in the bedchamber of the young man staying at your palace."

The princess was afraid the young lady would talk to him and maybe persuade him to flee with her, but her maid said, "Leave everything to me. We'll give him a sleeping potion and he won't wake up." They did just that, and as soon as the handsome youth went to sleep, the maid took the young lady into his bedchamber and left her. With her own eyes, the young lady saw that his(sic) was none other than her husband.

"Wake up, my love, wake up! I've walked all over for you, wearing out seven pairs of iron shoes, seven iron mantles, and seven iron hats: and I've wept seven bot

bles of tears. Now that I've finally found you, you sleep and don't hear me!"

And that went on till morning, when, at her wit's end, she cracked the walnut. Out rolled exquisite gowns and silks, each lovelier than the other. At the sight of all these wonderful things, the maid called the princess, who simply had to have them all and therefore granted the young lady another night with the youth. But the young lady was taken into the bedchamber later than the last time and brought out earlier in the morning.

Nor was this second night any more fruitful than the first. The poor girl cracked the hazelnut and out came horses and carriages. To acquire them, the princess again let her spend the night with the young man.

But by this time he had grown tired of drinking what they brought him every night, so he only pretended to swallow it while actually emptying the glass over his shoulder. When the young lady began talking to him, he made out as if he were sleeping, but the moment he was sure it was his wife, he jumped to his feet and embraced her. With all those horses and carriages they had no problem getting away and back home, where there was a grand celebration.

They put on the dog and high did they soar,

They saw me not, I stood behind the door.

(Colline del Po)

NOTES:

"King Crin" (Re Crin) from Pitrè (in Archivio per lo studio delle tradizioni popolari, I [1882], 424), Monteu da Po, Piedmont.

Of illustrious origin (since it is certainly related—at least in the motif of the bridegroom who cannot be seen in his true form—to the myth of Amor and Psyche), the folktale about the swine king is one of the most widespread in Italy. This Piedmontese version has a beginning full of brio. The development repeats—with the walnuts to be cracked, spying on the sleeper, etc.—a motif also common to other types and of which my no. 140 presents a richer version.

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translated by George Martin,

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□倔强的彼埃拉人

一个农夫要去彼埃拉。正赶上刮风下雨的恶劣天气，路都

几乎无法走了。但这个农夫有要紧的事，他低着头顶着风雨雷电继续往前走。

他遇上一个老人，对他说：“你好啊！你这样急急忙忙的要去哪里啊？好人。”

“去彼埃拉。”农夫答道，继续往前走。

“你至少应该说一声‘愿上帝保佑’吧。”

农夫停了下来，望着面前的老人高声说：“如果上帝保佑，我去彼埃拉；如果上帝不保佑，我照样得去。”

其实，那个老人就是上帝。他对农夫说：“那好吧，你七年以后才能到彼埃拉去，现在，你跳进池塘，在里面待上七年吧。”

农夫立即变成了一只青蛙，跳进了池塘。

七年过去了。农夫从池塘中出来，又变回人，他戴紧帽子，又上路了。

没走几步，上次那个老人又出现了。“好人，你这是去哪里啊？”

“去彼埃拉。”

“你应该祈祷一声‘愿上帝保佑’。”

“要是上帝保佑，那很好；要是不保佑，那个惩罚我知道，我会自己跳进池塘里去。”

说完，他再也不开口说话了。

（比埃拉地区）

Those Stubborn Souls, the Biellese

A farmer was on his way down to Biella one day. The

weather was so stormy that it was next to impossible to get over the roads. But the farmer had important business and pushed onward in the face of the driving rain.

He met an old man, who said to him, "A good day to you! Where are you going, my good man, in such haste?"

"To Biella," answered the farmer, without slowing down.

"You might at least say, 'God willing.'"

The farmer stopped, looked the old man in the eye, and snapped, "God willing, I'm on my way to Biella. But even if God isn't willing, I still have to go there all the same."

Now the old man happened to be the Lord. "In that case you'll go to Biella in seven years," he said. "In the meantime, jump into this swamp and stay there for seven years."

Suddenly the farmer changed into a frog and jumped into the swamp.

Seven years went by. The farmer came out of the swamp, turned back into a man, clapped his hat on his head, and continued on his way to market.

After a short distance he met the old man again. "A

nd where are you going, my good man?"

"To Biella. "

"You might say, 'God willing. ' "

"If God wills it, fine. If not, I know the consequence and can now go into the swamp unassisted. "

Nor for the life of him would he say one word more.

(Biellese)

NOTES:

"Those Stubborn Souls, the Biellese" (I biellesi, gente dura) from Virginia Majoli Faccio (L'incantesimo della mezzanotte, [Il Biellese nelle sue leggende], Milan, 1941), Valdengo, Piedmont.

This tale is also found in Trieste, starring the Friulians (Pinguenti, 51).

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