

皮格马利翁

PYGMALION

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LYRIC SCENE

抒情场景

The Theater represents a sculptor's studio. On the sides are seen blocks of marble, groups of rough-hewn statues. At the rear is another statue hidden under a canopy of light and brilliant fabric, ornamented with fringe and garlands.

Pygmalion, seated and leaning on an elbow, dreams with the attitude of a restless and sad man; then suddenly rising, he takes from a table the tools of his art, at intervals he goes to give some blows with the chisel on some of his rough statues, steps back, and looks with a discontented and discouraged air.

PYGMALION.

There is neither soul nor life there; there is only stone. I shall never make anything of all that.

Oh my genius, where are you? My talent, what has become of you? All my fire is extinguished, my imagination is frozen, the marble departs cold from my hands.

Pygmalion, no longer make Gods: you are only a common artist.... Vile instruments that are no longer those of my glory, go, do not dishonor my hands.

He throws his tools with disdain, then walks for a while dreaming, his arms crossed.

What has happened to me? what strange revolution has occurred in me?...

剧场设在雕刻家的工作室。工作室两侧放着大理石块，成群的粗凿雕像。后面则是一尊藏在轻盈的亮色蓬布下的雕像，上面饰有流苏和花环。

皮格马利翁坐着，倚着手肘出神，他看起来心神不定，郁郁寡欢；突然他站起身，从桌上拿起他的雕刻工具，每隔一会儿就挥动凿子，在他粗雕的雕像上凿几下，紧接着退后一步，神情懊丧不满。

皮格马利翁

那里既没有灵魂，也没有生命；它只是石头。我永远都不可能有所作为。

哦，我的天赋，你在哪里？我的天分，你变成什么样儿了？我内心的火焰已熄灭，我的想象力已枯竭，大理石在离开我手的那一刻就冷了下来。

皮格马利翁，不要再妄想造神：你只是一个平庸的艺术家……那些可憎的工具不再是我的骄傲，走开，不要玷污我的双手。

他神情鄙夷，扔掉工具，双臂交叉，梦游似的来回踱步。

我这是怎么了？我身上有了什么奇异的变化？……

Tyre, opulent and superb city, the monuments of the arts with which you shine no longer attract me, I have lost the taste I had for admiring them. The commerce of Artists and Philosophers becomes insipid for me. Conversation with Painters and Poets has no attraction for me. Praise and glory no longer elevate my soul. The praise of those who will receive it from posterity no longer touches me. Even friendship has lost its charms for me. And you, young objects, masterpieces of nature that my art dares to imitate, and in whose steps pleasures ceaselessly attract me, you my charming models who set aflame for me the fire of love and genius at the same time, since I have surpassed you, you are indifferent to me.

He sits down and contemplates everything around him.

Kept in the studio by an inconceivable charm, I do not know how to do anything here, and I cannot stay away. I wander from group to group, from figure to figure. My feeble, uncertain chisel no longer submits to its guide: these clumsy works, left in their timid outline, no longer feel the hand that once would have animated them....

He gets up impetuously.

It's over, it's over; I have lost my genius.... Still so young, and I outlive my talent.

But then what is this internal ardor that devours me? What do I have in me that seems to set me on fire? What! In the languidness of an extinguished genius, does one feel these emotions, does one feel these bursts of impetuous passions, this insurmountable restlessness, the secret agitation that torments me and whose cause I cannot unravel?

I fear that admiration for my own work has caused the distraction that I bring to my labors. I have hidden it under the veil... my profane hands have dared to cover this monument of their glory. Since I no longer see it, I am sadder and no more attentive.

How dear it will be to me, how precious it will be to me,

提尔，富饶而雄伟的城市，你璀璨的艺术古迹已毫无吸引力可言，我不再有此种雅兴。艺术家和哲学家的商业活动变得乏味不堪，与画家和诗人的交谈也无趣得很。赞美和荣耀不再能升华我的灵魂。后人的赞美不再能触动我，甚至友谊对我来说也魅力不再。而你们，我刚问世的作品啊，我敢于模仿大自然的鬼斧神工，在创作过程中产生的愉悦感不断地吸引着我，你们，我迷人的模特啊，为我点燃了爱情和天赋的火焰，但在我创造出你们之后，你们却对我漠不关心。

他坐下来，环顾四周，眼中带着审视。

某种奇异的吸引力将我困在工作室里，我不知道能在这儿做什么，要怎么做，可我又无法离开。我徘徊游走，从这一群雕像走向那一群，再从这一座雕像走到那一座。我无力的、飘忽的凿子不再听从我的指挥：这些拙劣的作品，只剩下他们怯懦的轮廓，无法再感受到那双本该给他们带来生机的手……

他慌忙站起。

完了，全完了。我失去了我的天赋……我还如此年轻，我的天赋却已经消失殆尽。

但是，这种足以吞噬我内心的激情是什么呢？我体内似乎有什么东西能让我熊熊燃烧？是什么？是什么能让一个萎靡不振的昔日天才感受到这些情绪，这迸发的激情，这难以克服的躁动，这让我仿佛身处炼狱，又无法追溯缘由的隐秘的激情？

我担心，对自己作品的倾慕会让我在工作时分心。于是我把它藏在蓬布下……我那双褻渎的手居然敢盖住这象征着荣耀的塑像。看不到它之后，我愈发悲伤了，总是心不在焉。

它是如此的宝贵，如此的独一无二，这

this immortal work! When my extinguished mind no longer produces anything great, beautiful, worthy of me, I shall show my Galatea, and I shall say: This is my work! Oh my Galatea! When I have lost everything, you will remain with me, and I will be consoled.

He approaches the canopy, then withdraws, goes, comes, and stops sometimes to look at it while sighing.

But why hide it? What do I gain by doing so? Reduced to idleness, why deprive myself of the pleasure of contemplating the most beautiful of my works?...Perhaps there remains some flaw that I have not noticed; perhaps I shall still be able to add some ornament to its adornment; no imaginable grace should be missing to such a charming object. ...Perhaps this object will revive my languishing imagination. I must see it again, examine it anew. What do I say? Ah! I have not yet examined it: up to now I have only admired it.

He goes to lift the veil, and lets it fall again as if frightened.

I know not what emotion I suffer when touching this veil; a fright seizes me; I believe that I touch the sanctuary of some Divinity.... Pygmalion! it is a stone; it is your work. What does it matter? Gods are served in our temples who are of no other material and who have been made by no other hand.

Trembling, he lifts the veil, and prostrates himself. The statue of Galatea is seen posed on a pedestal that is very small, but raised by a marble tier formed by some semicircular steps.

Oh Galatea! receive my homage. Yes I deceived myself: I wished to make you a Nymph, and I made you a Goddess: Even Venus is less beautiful than you.

Vanity, human weakness! I cannot grow weary of admiring my work; I intoxicate myself with amour-propre; I adore myself in what I have made.... No, never has anything

不朽的作品! 当我枯竭的才思无法再创作出任何伟大的、美丽的、配得上我的作品时, 我将展示我的伽拉忒亚, 我将告诉世人: 这是我的作品! 哦, 我的伽拉忒亚! 当我失去一切时, 你会留在我身边, 给我安慰。

他走近蓬布, 又回退几步, 走上前, 又退回去, 有时停下来, 看着它叹气。

但我为什么要把它藏起来呢? 我这样做有什么好处? 沦落到无所事事的境地, 为什么要剥夺自己欣赏我最美作品的乐趣呢?也许还有一些我没有注意到的瑕疵; 也许我还能在它的装饰上加些点缀; 如此迷人的雕像, 必须拥有任何能想象得到的优雅风度。.....也许这座雕像能唤醒我枯萎的想象力。我必须再看看它, 重新审视它。我该怎么说呢? 啊! 我还没有仔细揣摩过它: 到目前为止我只是纯粹的欣赏。

他走过去揭开蓬布, 却又猛地放下, 仿佛受到惊吓。

我搞不清我在摸到蓬布时有什么感觉; 一阵惊恐向我袭来; 我一定是触碰到了某位神明的圣殿..... 皮格马利翁! 它只是一块石头; 它是你的作品。这有什么关系呢? 在我们的庙宇里供奉的神也是由大理石制成的, 也是由你雕刻而成的。

他颤抖着揭开蓬布, 随即拜倒在地。伽拉忒亚的雕像摆放在一个非常小的基座上, 这个基座由几级半圆形的大理石台阶搭建而成。

哦, 伽拉忒亚! 请接受我的敬意。是的, 我欺骗了我自己: 我本想把你打造成一位仙女, 但却让你成为了一位女神: 即便是维纳斯也不及你美。

虚荣, 人类的弱点! 我永远也不会厌倦于欣赏自己的作品。我沉湎于自爱中, 我为自己的才华所折服, 能创造出如此美丽的作

so beautiful appeared in nature; I have surpassed the work of the Gods...

What! so many beauties come out of my hands? My hands have touched them then? My mouth could then ... Pygmalion! I see a flaw. This garment covers the nakedness too much; it must be opened up some more; the charms it harbors should be better announced.

He takes his hammer and chisel, then slowly advancing, he climbs, while hesitating, the tier of the statue that he seems not to dare to touch. Finally, having already raised the chisel, he stops himself.

What trembling! what disturbance! I hold the chisel with an unsteady hand.... I cannot... I dare not... I shall spoil everything.

He encourages himself and at last, presenting his chisel, he gives it a single blow, and seized with fright, he lets it fall, while uttering a great cry.

Gods! I feel the palpitating flesh repelling the chisel!...

He climbs down, trembling and confused.

Vain terror, foolish blindness!...No, I shall not touch it at all; the Gods terrify me. Doubtless she has already been consecrated to their rank.

He considers it anew.

What do you want to change? look; what new charm do you want to give it?... Ah! Its flaw is caused by perfection.... Divine Galatea! Less perfect you would be lacking nothing.

Tenderly.

But you lack a soul: your form cannot do without one.

品……不，自然界中从未出现过如此美丽的东西；我已经超越了神的作品……

什么！这么美丽的东西竟出自我的手？我的手已经触摸到它了？那么我的嘴也能……皮格马利翁！我看到了它的瑕疵之处。这件衣服将它的身体遮住了太多；必须再多露出一些；它的魅力应该更好地展示出来。

他拿起锤子和凿子，慢慢地向前走去，
在犹豫不决之际，他爬上了雕像，
爬到了他似乎不敢去碰的那部分。最后，
正当他举起凿子要用力锤下之时，
他制止了自己。

多么令人颤栗！多么令人不安！我用颤抖的手握住凿子……我不能……我不敢……我会毁掉一切的。

他给自己鼓劲，终于，他握住凿子，
轻轻一击，这一击吓得他手忙脚乱，
他大叫出声，凿子随声掉落。

天哪！我感觉到我的身体在颤抖，它在排斥着凿子！……

他爬下来，不停地颤抖，又感到迷惑。

这恐惧毫无意义，愚蠢又盲目！……不，我根本不会碰它；神让我感到害怕。毫无疑问，她已经成神。

他重新陷入思考。

你想改变什么？你看，你想赋予它什么新的魅力？……啊！它的瑕疵正是由于它太过完美。……神圣的伽拉忒亚！完美就是你唯一的缺陷。

温柔地。

但你还缺个灵魂：你的外形不能没有它。

With even more tenderness.

更加温柔。

How beautiful the soul made to animate such a body must be!

能够赋予这样一个身体以生命的灵魂得有多美啊!

He stops for a long time, then, returning, sits down, he says with a slow and changed voice.

他久久伫立不动，然后走过来，坐下，
他的声音略有改变，慢吞吞的。

What desires do I dare to form? What senseless wishes! What do I feel?... Oh heaven! The veil of the illusion falls, and I do not dare to look in my heart: I would have too much with which to be indignant.

我哪敢生出什么欲望? 我的愿望真是愚蠢! 我有什么感觉? …… 哦, 天啊! 虚伪的遮掩已经褪去, 我不敢直视我的内心: 我心中有太多会让我愤懑的东西。

Long pause in a deep depression.

停顿了很久, 陷入深深的忧郁中。

... This, then, is the noble passion that leads me astray! it is then for this inanimate object that I dare not leave here... a piece of marble! a rock! an unformed and hard mass, worked on with this iron!... Senseless man, return to yourself; bemoan yourself, see your error... see your madness....

……那么, 这, 就是把我引入歧途的, 崇高的激情! 那么, 就是为了这个死物, 我不敢离开这里…… 一块大理石! 一块石头! 一个未成形的硬块, 用这铁器加工而成的硬块! …… 愚蠢的人, 快恢复理智; 为自己叹息吧, 看看你犯的错…… 看看你的疯狂吧……

...But no...

…… 但是不行……

Impetuously.

冲动地。

No, I have not lost my senses; no, I do not extravagante; no, there is nothing for which to reproach myself. It is not at all this dead marble with which I am infatuated, it is with a living being who resembles it; it is with the face that it offers to my eyes. Wherever that adorable face may be, whatever body may bear it, and whatever hand may have made it, she will have all the wishes of my heart. Yes, my only madness is to discern beauty, my sole crime is to be sensitive to it. There is nothing in that for which I should blush.

不, 我没有失去理智; 不, 我没有失礼; 不, 没什么可自责的。我迷恋的根本不是这块没有生命的大理石, 而是和它相像的活人, 是在我眼前的那张脸。无论那张可爱的脸在哪里, 无论它的身体是什么样子, 无论它是由谁创造的, 她都会满足我心中所有的愿望。是的, 我唯一的疯狂之处是觉察到了美, 我唯一的罪行是敏锐的感受到了它。我不应该感到羞愧。

Less lively, but still with passion.

不那么活泼, 但仍怀有激情。

What shafts of fire seem to come from that object to set my senses ablaze, and return to their source with my soul! Alas! it stays immobile and cold, while my heart, set ablaze by its charms, wants to leave my body in order to warm its body. In my delirium I believe that I can hurl myself out

从这个石头块儿里冒出的火苗, 将我的理智一并引燃, 带着我的灵魂一起回到了它体内! 唉! 它冷冰冰的, 始终一动不动, 但我的心却因它的魅力而熊熊燃烧, 我的心想离开我的身体去温暖它的心。在我的谵妄中,

of myself; I believe that I can give it my life, and animate it with my soul. Ah! that Pygmalion might die in order to live in Galatea!... Oh Heaven, what do I say! If I were she, I would not see her, I would not be the one who loves her! No, that my Galatea live, and that I not be she. Ah! that I might always be another, in order to wish always to be she, to see her, to love her, to be loved by her.

Rapture.

Torments, wishes, desires, rage, impotence, terrible love, fatal love... Oh! all hell is in my agitated heart.... Powerful Gods! Beneficent Gods! Gods of the people who know the passions of men! Ah! you have performed so many miracles for less important causes. See this object, see my heart; be just and deserve your altars!

With a more pathetic enthusiasm.

And you, sublime essence who hides yourself from the senses, and makes yourself felt by means of hearts! soul of the universe, principle of all existence; you who through love gives harmony to the elements, life to matter, feeling to bodies, and form to all beings, sacred fire! heavenly Venus, by whom everything preserves itself and ceaselessly reproduces itself! Ah! where is your equilibrium? where is your expansive force? where is the law of nature in the feeling that I suffer? where is your life-giving heat in the inanity of my vain desire? All your fires are concentrated in my heart and the cold of death remains on the marble; I perish from the excess of life which it lacks. Alas! I do not expect a miracle; it exists, it ought to cease; order is troubled, nature is outraged; return its laws to their empire, reestablish equally its beneficent course and power and your divine influence. Yes, for the fullness of things two beings are lacking. Divide between them this devouring ardor that consumes one without animating the other. It is you who formed with my hand these charms and features that await only feeling and life... give it half of mine, give it all, if necessary, it will be enough for me to live in her. Oh you who deign to smile at the homage of mortals! what feels

我相信我可以冲出我的躯壳;我相信我可以献出生命,用我的灵魂使它活过来。啊!皮格马利翁的死,换来在伽拉忒亚中的生!……老天,我说了什么!如果我成了她,我就不再能见到她,也不再能爱她!不,我的伽拉忒亚活着,我不要变成她。啊!我愿永远是另一个人,以便永远想要成为她,看着她,爱她,被她所爱。

狂喜。

痛苦、愿望、欲望、愤怒、无能、可怕的爱、致命的爱……哦!所有可怖之物都在我躁动的心里……强大的神!善良的神!全知全能的神!啊!您为不如它重要的事物都施行了如此多的神迹。看看这座雕像,看看我的心;要保持公正,要配得上您的圣坛!

以更伤感的热情。

而你,崇高的本质啊,你将自己隐藏在理智之后,唯有用心才能感受到你的存在!宇宙之灵魂,万物之守则;以爱为媒介,你调和万物,赋万物以灵,肉体以情,给所有生灵以形,圣洁的火焰啊!神圣的维纳斯,正是因为有你,万事万物才得以生存并不断繁衍!啊!你的平衡在哪里?你包容万物的力量又在哪里?在我所遭受的痛苦中,自然的法则在哪里?在我虚妄的欲望中,你赋予生命以热度的力量又在哪里?你所有的火焰都在我的心中,而死亡的寒冷却留在大理石上;它缺少我这过度的生命力,我却会因此而死去。唉!我不期待奇迹;奇迹存在,但应该被终止;奇迹扰乱了秩序,激怒了自然;让自然的法则回到原位吧,改变你维持秩序的方式和力量,重建你神圣的影响力。是的,要想达到事物的圆满,我和它缺一不可。这激情吞噬了其中一人,却没有赋予另一个生命,要把这足以吞噬心灵的激情分开来。是你让我的双手创造出了它,拥有这些魅力和特质的它,只等待着获得情感和生命……将我的一半生命给它,如果有必要的话,全都

nothing does not honor you. Extend your glory with your works. Goddess of beauty, rescue this affront to nature, that such a perfect model be the image of that which is not.

He returns to himself by degrees with a movement of assurance and joy.

I am recovering my senses. What an unexpected calm! what unhopd-for courage reanimates me! A mortal fever sets my blood on fire: a balm of confidence and hope flow through my veins: I believe I feel myself being reborn.

Thus the feeling of our dependence sometimes serves as our consolation. However unhappy mortals may be, when they have invoked the Gods, they are more tranquil...

But this unjust confidence fools those who make senseless wishes.... Alas! In the state I am in, one invokes everything and nothing hears one. The hope that abuses us is more senseless than the desire.

Ashamed of so many deviations, I do not even dare to contemplate the cause any more. When I wish to raise my eyes to that fatal object, I feel a new disturbance, a palpitation suffocates me, a secret fright stops me...

Bitter irony.

... Ah! look unfortunate one! become intrepid, dare to gaze at a statue.

He sees her come to life, and turns away with fright and his heart broken with sadness.

What have I seen? Gods! What did I believe I saw? The coloring of flesh... a fire in the eyes... even movements... It was not enough to wish for the miracle; for the peak of misery, at last, I have seen it...

Excess of depression.

给它，我在它之中活着就足够了。哦，毫无感情的东西不会向你表示崇敬，而凡人会向你致敬，你只会向他们微笑，你天性如此！用新的造物进一步扩大你的荣光吧。美的女神，请拯救它，这样一个完美的模特竟然是不存在的，这是对你的侮辱！

带着确信和喜悦，他逐渐恢复了理智。

我恢复了理智。我没想到我会如此平静！勇气振作了我的精神！真是意想不到！一场足以致命的热病使我的血液燃烧起来：信心和希望化作抚慰剂流过我的血管：我相信我在重生，我感受到了。

由此可见，我们的依赖之物有时会成为我们的慰藉。无论凡人有多么不快乐，当他们唤醒了神，他们就会获得平静……

但这种不公正的信任愚弄了那些许下无意义愿望的人……唉！处于我这种境地中的人，我们向所有的神明祈求，却没有任何神明听到。拥有希望比愿望本身要愚蠢得多。

对此我感到十分羞愧，我甚至不敢再考虑其中的缘由了。当我想把目光投向那个致命的物体时，某种陌生的不安感侵袭了我，那心悸感让我窒息，那秘而不宣的恐惧阻止了我……

苦涩的讽刺。

……啊！看，不幸的人！变得无畏了，敢于直视雕像了。

他看到她活了过来，吓得转身就走，难过得心都碎了。

我看到了什么？老天！真不敢相信自已看到了什么？肉体的颜色……眼中的火焰……，甚至动作……仅仅希望有奇迹是不够的；最痛苦的也不过如此了，终于，我看到了它……

过度抑郁。

Unfortunate one! then it has happened... your delirium is at the final step; your reason abandons you as well as your genius! ... Don't regret it, oh Pygmalion! Its loss will cover your disgrace.

Lively indignation.

It is too funny for the lover of a stone to become a man of visions.

He turns around and sees the statue moving and descending by herself the steps by which he climbed onto the pedestal. He throws himself on his knees and raises his hands and eyes to Heaven.

Immortal Gods! Venus! Galatea! Oh illusion of a frenzied love!

GALATEA, touches herself and says.
Me.

PYGMALION, enraptured.
Me!

GALATEA, touching herself again.
It is Me.

PYGMALION.
Ravishing illusion that is transmitted even to my ears, ah, never leave my senses.

GALATEA, takes several steps and touches a piece of marble.
This is me no more.

Pygmalion, in an agitation, in raptures that he can hardly contain, follows all these movements, listens to her, observes her with a greedy attention that hardly allows him to breathe. Galatea approaches him and looks at him.

你这个可怜虫！终于……你的谵妄已经无药可救了；你的理智抛弃了你，也抛弃了你的天分！……不要后悔，哦，皮格马利翁！你所失去的足以将你的耻辱掩埋。

激烈的愤慨。

从一块石头的情人变成了一个出现幻觉的人，这太可笑了。

他转过身来，看到雕像在移动，她从他用于爬上基座的阶梯上走下来。
他跪在地上，望着天，
举起双手向天祷告。

不朽的神灵！维纳斯！伽拉忒亚！哦，我那狂热的爱竟引发了幻觉！

伽拉忒亚，摸了摸自己，说。
我。

皮格马利翁，狂喜中。
我！

伽拉忒亚，再次触摸自己。
这是我。

皮格马利翁
这令人沉沦的幻觉甚至传到了我的听觉，啊，我希望这感觉永远不要消失。

伽拉忒亚，走了几步，摸了摸大理石块。
这不再是我。

皮格马利翁，激动难抑，欣喜若狂，眼神跟随着她的一举一动，听她说话，贪婪又专注的望着她，他几乎喘不过气来。
伽拉忒亚走近皮格马利翁，看着他。

*He gets up precipitously, reaches out his arm, and
looks at her with ecstasy.*

*She puts a hand on him; he shudders,
takes her hand, carries it to his heart,
then covers it with ardent kisses.*

他匆忙站起身，伸出手，看着她，
面上带着狂喜。
她把手放在他身上，他颤抖着，
牵起她的手，把它放在心口处，
印上了炽热的吻。

GALATEA, with a sigh.

Ah, still me.

伽拉忒亚，叹气。

啊，还是我。

PYGMALION.

Yes, dear and charming object: yes, worthy masterpiece
of my hands, of my heart, and of the God... it is you, it is
you alone: I have given you all my being; I no longer live
except through you.

皮格马利翁

是的，亲爱的，迷人的对象：是的，出
于我的手，出于我的心，出于神的杰作……
是你，只有你：我已经把我的一切都给了你；
我已经死去，我将与你共存。

译者按：《皮格马利翁》一剧选自美国新英格兰大学出版社（University Press of New England）于2004年出版的《致达朗贝尔的信和戏剧作品》（*Letter to D'Alembert and Writings for the Theater*）。让·雅克·卢梭（Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1712—1778）是法国启蒙思想家、哲学家、剧作家和浪漫主义文学流派的开创者，主要著作有《社会契约论》《爱弥儿》《忏悔录》等。卢梭一生创作剧本十余部，如歌剧《伊菲斯》（*Iphis*）《乡村占卜师》（*The Village Soothsayer*），戏剧《战俘》（*The Prisoners of War*）《纳西瑟斯》（*Narcissus*）等。戏剧《皮格马利翁》创作于1762年，并于1770年在里昂市政厅首演，由业余作曲家霍勒斯·科伊格内为其谱曲。卢梭以奥维德《变形记》中皮格马利翁的神话故事为灵感，描绘了一个处于疯狂边缘的自恋艺术家皮格马利翁，爱上了自己的雕像伽拉忒亚，情愿把自己的灵魂赋予大理石让其复活，最终得偿所愿的故事。这部独幕剧将口语对话（大部分为独白）和器乐相结合，对艺术家和其作品之间关系进行了深刻思考，反映了卢梭对于爱的理解，即尽管爱是幻想的产物，但人们仍愿沉浸其中。

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