

◆ 請將下列英文原文翻譯成符合繁體中文慣例、風格的譯文，並使用正確的標點符號。

In Samuel Couling's 1917 account of Shanghai in the *Encyclopaedia Sinica*, he wrote, "The whole district is a mud-flat with no natural beauty, and art has done little to improve matters, except in a few of the buildings on the Bund." The city had changed, but I wasn't there to see the changes. I was there for the ball, and the ball was still a few hours away. So I went for a walk. From the Seagull [hotel], I walked north through what was once the American spoils of the Opium Wars. It began raining, but my parka kept me dry enough. A few blocks later, I entered Hungkou Park and stopped to pay my respects at Lu Hsun's grave.

Lu Hsun was China's greatest twentieth-century writer, and Shanghai was where he spent the last decade of his life, until his death in 1936 at the age of fifty-five. His bronze statue sat near his tomb in a bronze wicker chair. It was remarkable for its simplicity. I bought some flowers from a vendor and laid them next to a wreath left by a group of Japanese. To avoid arrest in China for his anti-imperial writings, Lu Hsun fled to Japan and stayed there until the Chinese Revolution succeeded in toppling the Ch'ing dynasty in 1911. Despite his socialist leanings, he was, and still is, viewed as a hero in Japan. The park also included the Lu Hsun Museum, where it seemed everything he ever owned was on display: his pocket watch, his umbrella and, of course, his books and journals. There was a collection of woodblock prints he made early in his career that revealed better than words his sympathy for the sufferings endured by his fellow Chinese. They reminded me of the work of Kathe Kollwitz. I looked at his death mask and thought about the changes in China since he last closed his eyes.

From the park, I continued walking north and stopped several times to ask directions. I finally found the lane I was looking for and then the plaque for Lu Hsun's home. The two-story brick house was normally open to the public, but it was closed that day. A man across the lane saw me and said the caretaker kept the place closed whenever it rained in order to keep people from tracking mud inside. The man's name was Li Hou. He said he was an artist, and he invited me to join him for a cup of tea. While I sat in an armchair in his living room, he showed me his paintings, unrolling them one by one on the room's cement floor. The long paper scrolls of black ink and colored washes made me think Lu Hsun had simply packed up and moved across the lane and exchanged the realism of youth for the abstraction of old age. (475 words; from *Yellow River Odyssey*, Bill Porter)