窗口：当代澳大利亚诗歌
——中英双语选集

Edited by Jen Webb and Paul Hetherington

[澳] 贾·韦伯 保罗·赫瑟林顿 主编

Translated by Tao Naikan

陶乃侃 译

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贞·韦伯 保罗·赫瑟林顿

一、出版目的

近期在堪培拉大学成立的国际诗歌研究所（IPSI）旨在建立世界范围的诗人与诗歌研究的联系。该研究所以促进诗歌研究的新方法为宗旨，兼顾协助新诗创作与发表，促进对诗歌的新阐释，刺激各式各样的诗歌品种杂交。同时致力于协助诗人更为自信地表达自己的心声，更为频繁地以跨文化的方式表达，并与世界各地的艺术家形成更为频繁的互动。

陶乃倔向我们提出翻译澳大利亚当代诗歌的建议时，我们立即同意了。这是一种开展诗人与汉语诗歌读者以及（主要是）诗人与澳大利亚各界的诗歌读者之间“对话”的新方法——一种不仅限于文化界空谈而毫无结果而是付之于实践的文化交流的方法。其困难不仅在于语言各不类同，而且可预见不同文化的接受与再创也各不相同，以及不同语言的词汇含义、文法组合、遣词造句方式亦各不相同。正如墨西哥诗人奥克塔维奥·帕兹（Octavio Paz）所言：“每一种语言都是一种世界观，每一种文明都是一个世界。阿兹台克诗歌中的太阳不同于埃及颂诗中的太阳，虽然二者歌颂的是同一颗星球”（153页）。
Poet’s statement

I do not agree with Marianne Moore. Yes, ‘there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle’, but I still like poetry; it makes those important things more endurable. I agree to some extent with WH Auden. It’s true, ‘poetry makes nothing happen’, but it is at least as generative as any other human activity, and it makes those other activities more endurable. I keep writing, despite the more important things, despite the more effective things, because I hope one day to find a way to say something well; that will make my heart and bones and skin shimmer.

Biographical note

Jen Webb is the author of a poetry collection, Proverbs from Sierra Leone (2004), a short story collection Ways of Getting By (2006), and a dozen scholarly books. With Paul Hetherington, she edits the scholarly journal Axon: Creative Explorations, and the literary journal Meniscus. Jen lives in Canberra, and is an inaugural member of the International Poetry Studies Institute (IPSI) at the University of Canberra.

南瓜知道的事

在塞拉利昂他们是怎么说的？
——任何有关刀子的事
没有南瓜不知道的。

还有什么
有关一个南瓜
的内部
刀子不知道的？
或者有关刀子的
南瓜
忘不了的呢？

每天晚上，多么常规，
都发生一场习以为常的肆虐。
都执行一场宵禁的杀戮。
然后是冲洗。
是新闻记者的提问；
是屏幕上她惊怔的
眼睛，记者问
“哪种情况更糟：冲锋枪还是飞机？”

她的惊吓
她的眼睛
映在银屏。
What the Pumpkin Knows

What is it they say in Sierra Leone?
—There is nothing about the knife
that the pumpkin doesn't know.

What is there
about the inside
of a pumpkin
that the knife does not know?
Or about the knife
that the pumpkin
can't forget?

Every evening, so routine,
another small colloquial crime.
Another curfewed massacre.
And then the wash-up.
The questions in the news;
and her surprised eyes
on screen, the journo asking,
*Which is worse: guns or planes?*

Her surprise
Her eyes
on screen.

不是我的。不是我儿子的。
我的房子，我的院子
不是我的——儿子呀，不是我的。

那么在塞拉利昂他们是怎么说的？
“在葬礼上，怎么哭都行。”
Not mine. Not my son.
My house, my yard
Not mine—my son, not mine.

And what is it they say in Sierra Leone?
ʻFor a funeral, any kind of crying will do.ʻ
Bête à chagrin

a thin morning, Canberra cold, and the cat
is sleeping outside, he's dozing out there
dying in the sun, not knowing it, he thinks
perhaps how sunlight feels on skin, how birds' wings
sound the air, he tastes the drugs on his tongue
this is the matter of his life
a life of feeling, not thinking. Of being, not might be
a human heart can't be: I am want, he is satisfied with is
for him an easy death, for me old words
like chagrin come to mind, and I
must make the call, rule the line

he purrs again, I stroke his staring coat
he's metaphor of course; all cats are, all loves
he blinks, dying in the sun

I can't find the gap between want and ought
now might be shifts into will and don't becomes yes
the sun the only bright spot on a hard-edged day
The Celebrant

My father died quickly.
Six months
sweating and spitting,
and he was gone before Christmas.

The last movement of breath and blood
took all day
in the soft bed
beside the red basin
below the light.

One man can't fill a box, they say.
But when my father was cold
they took him to the grave

Now I have become the connoisseur
waiting for the next call.

I make my plans; I will not wear black.
I will dress in red,
I will wear the grace
of blind expectation.

Darkness.
A pause.
And then the wait.

---

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Four Cities

On Brighton beach
Three a.m. The sea is black against the black sky, but light hints along the tacked horizon line.
Yesterday the air was full of sound—the outrage shrieked by gulls as they sailed
on spinnaker wings—the irritable sea flinging itself on me. Now only small waves
shift on the stones; the only sounds now are the cries of sleepless gulls.
Yesterday the carousel’s hurdy gurdy played while dogs barked in syncopated time and
the painted horses galloped up and down.
They are still now, shut down, the beach is asleep, the party done.
I am wasting my life. I am wasting your time.

In Christchurch
Stand under the doorway, brace yourself the way that we were taught
the floor rolls under your feet the skin of the world is water its bones twist and crack.
Don't think those worst fears; 
the earth has been closing over you 
for days. Earth? or its fault lines, 
they’re viscous, honey or jam lines— 
oh and here come the ants. 
Take heart, sweetheart, something 
sweet is in the air, it’s the scent 
of honeysuckle, it’s the idea 
of tomorrow, it’s the promise of calm. 
All we need do is wait.

On George Street
The red lotus 
at the edge of the road 
softens the traffic 
at the heart of Haymarket 
between the gutter and the sky 
the bus driver coughs, 
turns right into Bourke, 
takes the airport road 
I will leave where I should not be 
I’ll fly home, meditating on 
wrong love, on hatred lotus 
in the wrong place that 
says it’s time to repent.

秋天, 柯林斯街
秋雨淋湿人行道
在灰色上涂上一层黑色
你把雨伞忘在家里, 又一次;
那个会议应该已经开始
而你迟到了, 再一次。不能再这样
人群突然涌动推你偶然
向前; 三个怀孕的姑娘从身旁闯过
然后是一群人围住你, 
交通灯变绿。你走下
人行道要穿过马路——
你要在这里左转还是右转？那是
你的手机在响吗？北方跟南方
模糊成一片, 所有楼房看起来全都一样
你又迟到了
而你却想不起那条路
夹在车辆与人群中间
你已经迷了路
你该怎么办呢？你奔跑;
在人群与电车之间
奔跑; 但愿你不会跌倒
Collins Street, autumn
The rain is staining the pavement
rendering it black on grey
you have left your umbrella at home, again;
that meeting will have started
and you late, again. It can’t go on
the sudden crowd surge takes you
unaware; three pregnant girls bump by
and then the mob is on you,
the lights turn green. You step
between the pavement and the road -
do you turn left here, or right? Is that
your phone ringing? North has blurred
with south, all the buildings look the same
you’re late again
and you can’t recall the way
between the traffic and the crowd
you have lost your way
And how do you cope? You run;
between the people and the trams,
you run; you hope you will not fall

欧几里得的匣子之外

网络世界已经休战;空间仍然坚实
时间依旧是个秘密,基本原理依然主宰——
那一和三的几何学定律,时间和空间,
那囊括我们世界的定律

但是你知道,我也知道,现在时间成了一回事,一回有关那时
或者何时的事;在欧几里德匣子之外时间合拢像只纸鹤,紧绷绷的
外表藏着欧几里德不知道的秘密;
Outside Euclid's Box

the cyberworld has given up the fight; space is still solid,
time remains a mystery, the fundamentals still rule—that
gometry of one and three, time and space, that box our world

but you know, and I know, time is sometimes now, sometimes then
or when; outside Euclid's box it folds like a paper crane, taut
surfaces hiding what Euclid could not know;

tug the paper wing and time is squeezed in here, stretched out there
the walls shift, the treble takes its time, one wall falls, three
remain—height and length and width—they shudder

as space shifts like a tale; as there is folded onto then
as where is drawn out beyond what seemed to be its end—
what remains?

the story arcs from me to you, time trembles, and space,
the walls fail. Now does far away become
just here, or then become now? And

does that old arc thread
here to there, the line from then to now,
the old story, the trembling tale?
Ariadne and Theseus Settle Down

Here we are again; midnight, and the early moon has sent itself to bed. The world is so dark, the moon has gone out, and all the lights.
I place my book on the floor below our bed and wait, listening to you breathe beside me.

You are never awake.

Or perhaps that’s me, sleepwalking through these years. At the shops, the homeless woman pressed her face against mine; hot and unexpectedly clean. Did you know what she was looking for? I gave her the cigarettes I’d bought for you.

It’s time to wake up.

Some nights I lie awake, thinking of your black-sailed ships, of how they sailed so easily away. Abandoning me, while I wept on alien sands. Took you long enough to return. ‘My love’, ‘our love’—the words you said!

作品发表

(阿里阿德涅与特修斯好)发表于一本墨尔本的展览目录册《爱情的关税》; (懊恼的动物)、(四个城市)、(飞几里得的匣子之外)发表于杂志《玛斯卡拉文学评论》; (司仪)发表于诗集《来自塞拉利昂的民谣》(Five Islands 出版社, 2004 年); (南瓜知道的事)发表于《澳大利亚研究期刊》
I watched your perfect hands, picturing you,
and my brother, and that blade. Never mind.
What’s done is done, and all that, and I am
no bride of innocence, after all. Tonight
I hear you breathe—you sleep like a child—
your mind is clear of blood.

Publication details

‘Ariadne and Theseus Settle Down’ (The Tariff of Love,
exhibition catalogue, Melbourne); ‘Bête à chagrin’; ‘Four
Cities’; and ‘Outside Euclid’s Box’ (Mascara Literary Review);
‘The Celebrant’ (Proverbs from Sierra Leone, Five Islands Press,
2004); ‘What The Pumpkin Knows’ (Journal of Australian
Studies).

当我们面对诗歌可译性这一问题时，我们似乎在面对一个似
非而是的现象。正像贞·韦伯和保罗·赫瑟林顿在《序言》中谈
及那样，不少像约翰·德莱顿、奥克塔维欧·帕滋那样的名人都十
分怀疑诗歌翻译，并倾向否认诗歌翻译的可能性。这不由得让
我们想到罗伯特· 弗洛斯特那句有名的话: “诗是翻译中丧失的东
西。”弗洛斯特由此而否定了诗歌的可译性。然而事实却是从古到
今诗歌一直被翻译。我相信大多数人从孩提时代起就涉及两种文
学:本国文学与世界文学;前者是母语写的作品，后者是译成母语
的世界名著。因此人们从年青时就开始阅读由多种文字翻译而
成的作品，其中有荷马、萨福、奥维德、卡图卢斯、维吉尔、但丁、莎士
比亚、歌德、波德莱尔、马拉美、曼德雷等。此外还有译成现代汉语
的《诗经》、《罗摩衍那》和《贝奥武夫》等名著。在我获得足以阅读