

窗口：当代澳大利亚诗歌

——中英双语选集

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序言：“触摸奉献”

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, 兼顾协助新诗的创作与发表, 促进对诗歌的阐释, 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。

陶乃侃向我们提出汉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——一种不仅只限于文化界空谈而毫无结果而是付之于实现的文化交流的方法。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现也各不相同, 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。阿兹台克诗歌赞美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)。

Jen Webb

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 enduring. 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 enduring. 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；
是屏幕上她惊慌的
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?
'For a funeral, any kind of crying will do.'

懊恼的动物

晨光稀薄,堪培拉清冷,那只猫
在外面睡觉,在那儿打盹
在阳光里死去,没有意识,它也许在想
阳光如何抚摸皮肤,飞鸟的翅膀
如何在空气中振响,它在品尝舌头上的药。

这是它的生活方式
一种感觉的生活不用思考。有关存在并不是
一个人的心灵就不能感受:我所缺少的,它所满足的是

一种为自己的安乐死,几个旧词
如懊恼一类浮现脑际,而我
必须召唤,必须主宰这行诗

它又打起呼噜来,我抚摸它刺目的皮毛
它当然是个隐喻;所有猫都是,所有的爱
它眨眨眼,又在阳光里死去

我找不出想要与理应之间的差距
此时可能转换成将要而别变成行
太阳一个边角生硬的日子中唯一的亮点

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

司仪

父亲很快就去世了。
六个月来
淌汗,吐痰,
他在圣诞节前走了。

最后的呼吸和血循环
他用了一整天
躺在软垫床上
挨着那只红盆
照在灯光下。

一个人装不满一个棺材,他们说。
父亲变得冰凉时
他们把他抬到墓地

现在我成了艺术鉴赏家
等待着下一个电话。

我拿定自己的主意:我不穿黑装
我要穿红衣裳,
我还要面带
那视而不见的雅姿。

昏暗。
中止。
然后是等待。

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.

四个城市

在布莱顿海滩(伦敦)

凌晨三点。大海黑黝黝地连着黑漆漆的天空，
但是光已沿微隆的地平线时隐时现。
昨天空中充满声音——展开三角帆般的羽翼
的海鸥漂游啸叫的愤怒——那暴躁的海
朝我扑过来。现在只有细浪
拍打礁石；此时唯一的声音
是那些失眠的海鸥的啼叫。
昨天那旋转木马奏响它的手摇风琴
狗按切分音的节奏吠叫
而彩漆马儿上下驰骋。
现在它们都安静了，停下了，
海滩在睡觉，盛会结束了。
我在浪费我的生活。我在浪费你的时光。

在克里斯特彻奇^①(新西兰)

站在门框下，撑住你自己
像我们被教的那样做
地面在你脚下滚动
世界的外表是水
世界的骨骼在扭曲在断裂。

^① 新西兰的克里斯特彻奇市(Christchurch)在2011年2月曾发生一次大地震,对该市造成极大破坏。

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 doorframe, 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.

不要去想那些最可怕的恐惧：
尘土早已笼罩在你头上
好几天。大地？或者说大地出毛病的线条，
粘黏的、蜂蜜般或者果酱般的线条——
啊，蚂蚁来了。
鼓起信心，甜蜜的心，空气中
有什么甜蜜的味道，那是金银花
的香味，那是明天
的意味，那是平静的许诺。
我们所需要做的是等待。

在乔治大街(悉尼)

那朵红莲花
开放在路边
减缓车辆的速度，
穿梭在赫马市场中心地段，
行驶在排水沟与天空之间的车辆。
巴士司机轻咳一声，
右转进伯克街，
驶上去机场的大路。
我要离开我不该在的地方
我要飞回家，沉思默想
错误的爱情，想那红莲花
开放在错误的地方
它说是悔过的时候了。

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 that red lotus
in the wrong place that
says it's time to repent.

秋天,柯林斯街
秋雨淋脏人行道
在灰色上浇上一层黑色
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
人群突然涌动推你惘然
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；

掣起纸翅膀而时间被挤在这里，被拉到那里
墙壁转移，颤抖占用时间，一面倒塌，
三面留住——长宽高——全都阖上
而空间转移像张桌子；而那里重叠进那时
而哪里被拖出那似乎是它的尽头之外——
还留下什么呢？

这个故事从我弧射到你，时间颤抖，空间颤抖，
四壁坍塌。现在是不是远离变成
这里？那时变成现在？那么

那古老的弧线从这里
连到那里吗？从过去连到现在吗？
那古老的故事，那颤抖的传说？

Outside Euclid's Box

the cyberworld has given up the fight; space is still solid,
time remains a mystery, the fundamentals still rule—that
geometry 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 tremble 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?

阿里阿德涅^①与特修斯修好

我们又在一起：午夜而那弯新月
已经入睡。世界一片幽黑，
月光隐没，以及所有的光。
我把书放在我们床下的地板上
然后等待，聆听
你在我身旁喘息。

你永远醒不过来。

抑或醒不过来的是我，梦游
这么多年。在商店，那无家的
妇人把她的脸贴近我的脸：灼热而
出奇地干净。你知道
她在找什么吗？我把我为你买
的香烟给了她。

是苏醒的时候了。

有几夜我醒睡着，想到你挂黑帆的
帆船，想到那帆船
多么悠然驶走。抛下我，让我
在异国的海滩哭泣。长久怀念你
盼望你归来。“我的爱”，“我们的爱”——这是你说的！

① 希腊神话中克里特岛国王米诺斯与帕西法尔所生的女儿。她曾给特修斯一个线团帮他进入迷宫杀死帕西法尔与一斗牛所生的食人的牛头怪兽，再沿先放下的线走出迷宫。

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!

我望着你完美的手,想像你
和我弟弟,还有那刀刃。不用介意。
该发生的已经发生,就那么回事,而我
毕竟不再是一个天真的新娘。今夜
我听见你喘息——你像个孩子熟睡——
你的心已清除了血腥。

作品发表

〈阿里阿德涅与特修斯修好〉发表于一份墨尔本的展览目录册《爱情的关税》;〈懊恼的动物〉、〈四个城市〉、〈欧几里得的匣子之外〉发表于杂志《玛斯卡拉文学评论》;〈司仪〉发表于诗集《来自塞拉利昂的谚语》(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*).

译者后记：诗可译？

陶乃侃

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·帕兹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、聂鲁德等。此外还有译成现代汉语的《诗经》、《罗摩衍娜》和《贝奥武夫》等名著。在我获得足以阅读