

大洋洲

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文学选读 (修订版)

陈正发 张明 编著

安徽大学出版社



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前 言

在世界文学之林中,大洋洲文学是最为年轻的一个区域性文学。即便从该洲最早的文学发端算起,迄今也不过 200 年,有些国家的文学甚至仅有几十年的历史,与欧亚不可同日而语,和美洲亦不好相提并论。也许正因为其历史短,“资格”浅,它在世界文坛上似乎并没有什么地位。然而,作为世界五大洲之一的大洋洲,依笔者见,它的文学也应该受到一定的重视,因为这一文学真实地反映了一个大地区的社会、文化、历史及其民族精神。

大洋洲文学大致可分为两个方面,一是澳大利亚和新西兰文学,二是巴布亚新几内亚、西萨摩亚、斐济等南太平洋岛国的英语文学。它的发展历程虽然不长,但在短短的历史时期内却取得了杰出的成就,涌现出一批“世界极”的文学大师,如亨利·劳森、亨利·汉德尔·理查森、马丁·博伊德、克里斯蒂娜·斯特德、A. D. 霍普、帕特里克·怀特、托马斯·基尼利、凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德、弗兰克·萨吉森、珍妮特·弗雷姆等,其中帕特里克·怀特还曾问鼎 1973 年诺贝尔文学奖。澳大利亚当代“新派小说”家彼特·凯里、迈克尔·怀尔丁等人则更是汇入了西方现代派文学潮流,成为国际文坛的新星。我们学习、研究外国文学,对这些国家的文学概貌及其主要作家与作品不能不有所涉及。

遗憾的是,出于种种原因——改革开放前长期与外界的隔绝,重视的不够,原始资料的缺乏等等——我国在这方面的研究还不够,有条件接触到原作的人更是屈指可数。安徽大学大洋洲文学

研究所自 1979 年成立以来,一直致力于大洋洲文学的介绍、研究,并与大洋洲诸国始终保持着密切的联系与友好交往,积累了不少资料。为使更多的人了解大洋洲国家的文学概况,阅读到一些主要作家的代表性作品,我们选编了这部《大洋洲文学作品选读》。

本选读主要以英语专业高年级本科生或者研究生为对象,可作为外国文学课的补充读物或选修教材。通过学习选读,学生可以拓宽视野,提高对文学的理解与欣赏力,同时也能很好地熟悉各类英语的特点与用法。考虑到一般读者的需要,我们对所选作家作品作了简单的介绍,并对文中的难词、难句进行了注释。本书在选编过程中,曾得到在安徽大学外语学院执教的澳籍教师 Dr. Annette Stewart 以及澳籍作家 Chester Eagle 等人的帮助,在此谨表衷心的感谢。此次修订再版,得到了出版社领导与编辑的热情鼓励和支持,一并表示谢意。

编 者

2006 年 8 月

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【作者简介】

亨利·金斯利(Henry Kinsley 1830—1876)澳大利亚小说家,英国著名牧师兼作家查尔斯·金斯利的胞弟,出生于英国的北安普敦。曾就读于牛津大学,但在学校读书时并没有把精力放在学习上,却热衷于各类体育活动,因而荒废了学习,3年后没毕业就离开了学校。50年代初澳大利亚发现金矿,金斯利因虚掷了青春时光,为前途计,与几位同学一起移居澳大利亚。在异国的土地上,他赶过牲口,淘过金,当过骑警。1858年又回到英国,直至去世。

金斯利一生出版了近20余部作品,其中17部为小说,但以澳大利亚为题材以及涉及澳大利亚的作品为数不多,主要有长篇《杰弗里·哈姆林回忆录》(*The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn* 1859)、《希利亚与伯顿两家人》(*The Hillyars and the Burtons* 1865)以及短篇小说集《旧游重述》(*Tales of Old Travel Re-Narrated* 1869),前者为作者带来很高的声誉,曾被誉为“第一部澳大利亚佳作”。

金斯利出身缙绅家庭,家庭背景对他的创作影响很大。他的小说大都以家庭传统悠久的乡村缙绅为主要表现对象,描写他们兴衰浮沉的历史及其生活方式,且具有浓郁的传奇色彩。他以澳大利亚为题材的小说则主要描写这类“绅士”移居澳洲的创业史,并取得了一定的成就,在澳大利亚殖民时期的移民小说中占有重

要地位。不过,他笔下的人物很难称得上是真正的澳大利亚人,他们不过是羁旅澳洲的客子。对他们来说,澳大利亚永远是他乡,只有英国才是真正的家,因而最终总是要回去。人物的活动也是英国式的,作者悉心描述的主要是他们相互间的走访,轻松愉快的谈话,赏心悦目的郊游以及各种显示贵人绅士风度的风雅活动,难得窥见当时殖民地开拓的艰苦与环境的恶劣。因此,小说给人的印象是浪漫有余而现实不足。

The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn

【题解】

《杰弗里·哈姆林回忆录》完成于作者归国途中,次年在英国出版,是他人生道路上的第一次成功。小说假借哈姆林之口讲述了他和巴克利少校、布伦特伍德上尉和桑顿三个家庭及其挚友移居澳洲的故事。女主人公玛丽·桑顿年轻时天真无知,迷恋上为人奸诈、居心险恶的花花公子乔治·霍克,不顾别人的劝阻和反对与他私奔并结合,铸成大错。为驱除失足的阴影,疗治创伤,她与巴克利等人一起移居殖民地,经营农场,终于过上了安定、兴旺的日子。然而好景不长,平静的生活不料为流放澳洲并当上土匪头目的霍克所搅乱。巴克利等奋起反击并在警方的配合下对其进行围剿。最后恶棍受到应得的惩罚,移民们发迹后荣归故里。

这里选注的是小说的第20章,描写移民们定居不久后宁静而温馨的生活。我们看到,作者笔下的澳洲移民生活带有强烈的英国色彩。移民们移居澳大利亚后,依旧是地道的绅士,过的仍是在

英国时的那种高雅的生活：访客、游泳、听音乐、唱歌、饮香甜混合饮料；生活的环境优雅之至：山清水秀、鸟语花香，充满诗情画意，叫人怀疑这儿到底是不是自然风景单调、水资源严重缺乏的澳大利亚。显然，作者所描绘的是一种理论化了的生活，几乎完美无缺。本章的结尾，就连老朋友马尔霍斯大夫远在英国不能和他们在一起这样的遗憾也被去除，大伙儿正为此抱憾，门启处，马尔霍斯大夫从天而降！

Chapter 20

A Warm Christmas Day

All through November and part of December, I and our Scotch overseer, George Kyle, were busy as bees among the sheep. Shearers were very scarce, and the poor sheep got fearfully “tomahawked” by the new hands, who had been a very short time from the barracks^①. Dick, however, my new acquaintance, turned out a valuable ally, getting through more sheep and taking off his fleece better than any man in the shed. The prisoners, of course, would not work effectually without extra wages, and thus gave a deal of trouble; knowing that there was no fear of my sending them to the magistrate (fifty miles off) during such a busy time. However, all evils must come to an end some time or another, and so did shearing, though it was nearly Christmas before our wool was pressed and ready for the drays.

Then came a breathing time. So I determined, having heard nothing of James, to go over and spend my Christmas with the Buckleys, and see how they were getting on at their new station; and

about noon on the day before Boxing Day, having followed the track made by their drays from the place I had last parted with them, I reined up on the cliffs above a noble river, and could see their new huts, scarce a quarter of a mile off², on the other side of the stream.

They say that Christmas Day is the hottest day in the year in those countries, but some days in January are, I think, generally hotter. To-day, however, was as hot as a salamander³ could wish. All the vast extent of yellow plain to the eastward, quivered beneath a fiery sky, and every little eminence⁴ stood like an island in a lake of mirage. Used as I had got to this phenomenon, I was often tempted that morning to turn a few hundred yards from my route, and give my horse a drink at one of the broad, glassy pools that seemed to lie right and left. Once the faint track I was following headed straight towards one of these apparent sheets of water, and I was even meditating a bathe, but, lo! when I was a hundred yards or so off, it began to dwindle and disappear, and I found nothing but the same endless stretch of grass, burnt up by the midsummer sun.

For many miles I had distinguished the new huts, placed at the apex of a great cape at the continent of timber which ran down from the mountains into the plains. I thought they had chosen a strange place for their habitation, as there appeared no signs of a watercourse near it. It was not till I pulled up within a quarter of a mile of my destination that I heard a hoarse roar as if from the bowels of the earth, and found that I was standing on the edge of a glen about four hundred feet deep, through which a magnificent snow-fed river poured ceaselessly, here flashing bright among bars of rock, there lying in dark, deep reaches, under tall, white-stemmed trees.

The scene was so beautiful and novel that I paused and gazed at

it. Across the glen, behind the houses, rose up a dark mass of timbered ranges, getting higher and steeper as far as the eye could reach, while to the north-east the river's course might be traced through the plains by the timber that fringed the water's edge, and sometimes feathered some tributary gully almost to the level of the flat lofty tableland^⑤. On either side of it, down behind down folded one over the other, and, bordered by great forests, led the eye towards the river's source, till the course of the deep valley could no longer be distinguished, lost among the distant ranges; but above where it had disappeared, rose a tall blue peak with streaks of snow.

I rode down a steep pathway, and crossed a broad gravelly ford. As my horse stopped to drink I looked delighted up the vista which opened on my sight. The river, partly overshadowed by tall trees, was hurrying and spouting through upright columns of basalt, which stood in groups everywhere like the pillars of a ruined city; in some places solitary, in others, clustered together like fantastic buildings; while a hundred yards above was an island, dividing the stream, on which, towering above the variety of low green shrubs which covered it, three noble fern trees held their plumes aloft, shaking with the concussion of falling water.

I crossed the river. A gully, deep at first, but getting rapidly shallower, led up by a steep ascent to the tableland above, and as I reached the summit I found myself at Major Buckley's front door. They had, with good taste, left such trees as stood near the house—a few deep-shadowed light-woods and black wattles^⑥, which formed pretty groups in what I could see was marked out for a garden. Behind, the land began to rise, at first, in park-like timbered forest glades, and farther back, closing into dense deep woodlands.

"What a lovely place they will make of this in time!" I said to myself; but I had not much time for cogitation. A loud, cheerful voice shouted: "Hamlyn, you are welcome to Baroona!" and close to me I saw the Major, carrying his son and heir in his arms, advancing to meet me from the house-door.

"You are welcome to Baroona!" echoed the boy; "and a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!"

I went into the house and was delighted to find what a change a few weeks of quiet, and *home* had made in the somewhat draggletailed and disconsolate troop that I had parted with on their road⁷. Miss Thornton, with her black mittens, white apron, and spectacles, had found herself a cool corner by the empty fireplace, and was stitching away happily at baby linen. Mrs. Buckley, in the character of a duchess, was picking raisins, and Mary was helping her; and, as I entered, laughing loudly, they greeted me kindly with all the old sacred good wishes of the season.

"I very much pity you, Mr. Hamlyn," said Mrs. Buckley, "at having outlived the novelty of being scorched to death on Christmas Day. My dear husband, please refresh me with reading the thermometer!"

"One hundred and nine in the shade," replied the Major, with a chuckle.

"Ah, dear!" said Mrs. Buckley. "If the dear old rheumatic creatures from the almshouse at Clere could only spend to-morrow with us, how it would warm their old bones! Fancy how they are crouching before their little pinched grate just now!"

"Hardly that, Mrs. Buckley," I said, laughing; "they are all snug in bed now. It is three o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts, at

home, you must remember. Miss Thornton, I hope you have got over your journey."

"Yes, and I can laugh at all my mishaps now," she replied; "I have just got homely and comfortable here, but we must make one more move, and that will be the last for me. Mary and Mr. Troubridge have taken up their country to the south-west, and as soon as he has got our house built, we are going to live there."

"It is not far, I hope," said I.

"A trifle; not more than ten miles," said Miss Thornton; "they call the place Toonarbin. Mary's run[®] joins the Major's on two sides, and beyond again, we already have neighbours, the Mayfords. They are on the river again; but we are on a small creek towards the ranges. I should like to have been on the river, but they say we are very lucky."

"I am so glad to see you," said Mary; "James Stockbridge said you would be sure to come; otherwise, we should have sent over for you. What do you think of my boy?"

She produced him from an inner room. He was certainly a beautiful child, though very small, and with a certain painful likeness to his father, which even I could see, and I could not help comparing him unfavourably, in my own mind, with that noble six-year-old Sam Buckley, who had come to my knee where I sat, and was looking in my face as if to make a request.

"What is it, my prince?" I asked.

He blushed, and turned his handsome grey eyes to a silverhandled riding-whip that I held in my hand. "I'll take such care of it," he whispered, and, having got it, was soon astride of a stick, full gallop for Banbury Cross.

James and Troubridge came in. To the former I had much to tell that was highly satisfactory about our shearing; and from the latter I had much to hear about the state of both the new stations, and the adventures of a journey he had had back towards Sydney to fetch up his sheep. But these particulars will be but little interesting to an English reader, and perhaps still less so to an Australian. I am writing a history of the people themselves, not of their property. I will only say, once for all, that the Major's run contained very little short of 60,000 acres of splendidly grassed plain-land, which he took up originally with merely a few cattle, and about 3000 sheep; but which, in a few years, carried 28,000 sheep comfortably. Mrs. Hawker and Troubridge had quite as large a run; but a great deal of it was rather worthless forest, badly grassed; which Tom, in his wisdom, like a great many other new chums^⑨, had thought superior to the bleak plains on account of the shelter. Yet, notwithstanding this disadvantage, they were never, after a year or two, with less than 15,000 sheep, and a tolerable head of cattle^⑩. In short, in a very few years, both the Major and Troubridge, by mere power of accumulation, became very wealthy people.

Christmas morn rose bright; but ere the sun had time to wreak his fury upon us, every soul in the household was abroad, under the shade of the light-wood trees, to hear the Major read the Litany.

A strange group we were. The Major stood with his back against a tree-stem, and all his congregation were ranged around him. To his right stood Miss Thornton, her arms folded placidly before her; and with her, Mary and Mrs. Buckley, in front of whom sat the two boys; Sam, the elder, trying to keep Charles, the younger, quiet. Next, going round the circle, stood the old housekeeper, servant of the

Buckleys for thirty years; who now looked askance off her Prayer-book to see that the two convict-women under her charge were behaving with decorum. Next, and exactly opposite the Major, were two free servants: one a broad, brawny, athletic-looking man, with, I thought, not a bad countenance; and the other a tall, handsome, foolish-looking Devonshire lad. The round was completed by five convict man-servants, standing vacantly looking about them; and Tom, James, and myself, who were next the Major.

The service, which he read in a clear manly voice, was soon over, and we returned to the house in groups. I threw myself in the way of the two free servants, and asked:

"Pray, which of you is William Lee?"—for I had forgotten him.

The short thick-set^① man I had noticed before touched his hat and said that he was. That touching of the hat is a very rare piece of courtesy from working men in Australia. The convicts were forced to do it, and so the free men made it a point of honour not to do so.

"Oh!" said I, "I have got a groom who calls himself Dick. I found him sorefooted in the bush the day I met the Major. He was trying to pick you up. He asked me to tell you that he was afraid to cross the range alone on account of the blacks, or he would have come up with you. He seemed anxious lest you should think it was his fault."

"Poor chap!" said Lee. "What a faithful little fellow it is! Would it be asking a liberty if you would take back a letter for me, sir^②?"

I said, "No; certainly not."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," he said. "I am glad Dick has got with a *gentleman*."

That letter was of some importance to me, though I did not know it till after, but I may as well say why now. Lee had been a favourite servant of my father's, and when he got into trouble my father had paid a counsel to defend him. Lee never forgot this, and this letter to Dick was, shortly, to the effect that I was one of the *right sort*, and was to be taken care of, which injunction Dick obeyed to the very letter, doing me services for pure goodwill, which could not have been bought for a thousand a year.

After breakfast arose the question, "What is to be done?" Which Troubridge replied to by saying: "What could any sensible man do such weather as this, but get into the water and stop there?"

"Shall it be, 'All hands to bathe,' then?" said the Major.

"You won't be without company," said Mrs. Buckley, "for the blackfellows are camped in the bend, and they spend most of their time in the water such a day as this."

So James and Troubridge started for the river with their towels, the Major and I promising to follow them immediately, for I wanted to look at my horse, and the Major had also something to do in the paddock. So we walked together.

"Major," said I, when we had gone a little way, "do you never feel anxious about Mary Hawker's husband appearing and giving trouble?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "The man is safe in Van Diemen's Land⁴³. Besides, what could he gain? I, for one, without consulting her, should find means to pack him off again. There is no fear."

"By the by, Major," I said, "have you heard from our friend Dr. Mulhaus since your arrival? I suppose he is at Drumston still?"

"Oh dear, no!" said he. "He is gone back to Germany. He is