

英语

短篇小说选读

Selected English Short Stories

英汉对照

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大

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篇

张敏

主编



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英语短篇小说选读

澳大利亚篇

张 敏 主编

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· 西安 ·

内容提要

本书选取澳大利亚 18 个短篇小说,语言地道,内容丰富,有关于流放制度的,也有讲述现代人的快乐与哀愁的,时间跨度自十九世纪至二十世纪。每篇英汉对照,前有作者简介,后有针对书中难点及背景知识所作的注释,很适合广大英语爱好者、尤其是英语文学爱好者阅读。

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总 序

拙作《英语短篇小说选读》出版后,读者反映强烈,一年内竟印了3次,这是编者始料未及的。不过细想一下,它的流行也算正常。

本人执教期间,接触过的学生里有自考生、专科生,也有本科生、研究生。他们似乎对文学有一种天生的爱好,经常问及有否可以推荐的书。当然,大部头是啃不动的,因为他们一年到头都在忙于应付各种各样的考试。那读一点英语短篇小说吧,我说,既可以提高英语水平,又可以得到文学欣赏的快乐。故需要一也。

网络时代的到来让人们眼界大开,年轻人更是趋之若鹜。不过,书终究是书,人们似乎对散发着油墨清香的书有一分难舍的爱恋。于是我又想,什么样的书他们爱读呢?一本好的英汉读物应是难度适度、情节生动、内容风趣、编排合理。故合适二也。

《英语短篇小说选读》只是一碗羊杂碎,12个短篇涵盖了英、美、加、澳四国。尝脔一鼎,意犹未尽;倘要尽兴,还需细品,这是编辑出版国别专辑的原本。

国别专辑包括《英国篇》、《美国篇》、《加拿大篇》和《澳大利亚篇》。本人负责英国和澳大利亚专辑,美国专辑和加拿大专辑则由我的同事杜丽霞女士负责。

国别专辑的编辑工作依然遵循前书的三条原则：选材上既要注重趣味性又要注重知识性；既要求能全面反映国别国家人民的风土人情和社会概貌，同时又要求方便读者，篇幅不能太长；注释上既要全面又要重点突出，尤其恰到好处；译文既要文采斐然，又要经得起对照阅读。

此外，我们在确定篇目的时候并非非名家不选。在收入经典作品的同时我们也考虑了现当代年纪较轻名气稍逊的作家。总之一点，不以名气论作品，力求做到全面、公正。

在资料收集的过程中，兰州大学外国语学院的冯建文教授和赵慧珍教授以及他们所在的加拿大研究中心给予了大力协助；留学新加坡的成癯老师、留学美国的田澎博士暨赵群女士惠寄各种资料；西安交通大学英语专业硕士研究生杜鹃、陈建华、庞加光、解姗姗等在搜集资料时也耗费了不少的时间和精力；西安交通大学研究生英语教学中心的折鸿雁教授不仅惠借藏书，而且关怀备至，极力推荐后学，心存感激，在此一并致谢。

承蒙广大读者的厚爱，使自己才有勇气和决心把这项工作继续下去。愿《英语短篇小说选读》之国别专辑出版后同样受到读者的欢迎。

张 敏

2001 年 11 月于西安

前 言

1973年，澳大利亚作家帕特里克·怀特获得诺贝尔文学奖，澳大利亚文学遂于短短的两百年间羽化成蝶。

在澳大利亚异彩纷呈的文学百花园里，短篇小说是其中最烂漫的一枝奇葩。许多著名作家都写过短篇小说，如帕特里克·怀特、弗兰克·穆尔豪斯、穆里·贝尔等等。被誉为澳大利亚民族文学奠基人的亨利·劳森更是短篇小说创作的高手。短篇小说同样也成就了不少原本鲜为人知的年轻作家。

本书作为《英语短篇小说选读》的组成部分，选取澳大利亚自十九世纪至二十世纪的18个短篇小说，旨在为广大英语爱好者、尤其是英语文学爱好者搭建起一座桥梁。读者们通过它走进澳大利亚神奇与美妙的文学世界，在短篇小说的花径中徜徉、游走与采撷，不为满载而归，只为有所收获。或如管中窥豹，虽得一斑，亦能大致推知澳大利亚民族文学发展的轨迹。

兼顾知识性和趣味性是选编工作一贯遵循的原则，因此被选入集子的短篇小说大都具有诙谐幽默的故事情节，读者们尽可以在轻松一笑中得到性情的陶冶。另外考虑到读者可能要在百忙之中抽出时间读书，故篇幅太长者就只好忍痛割爱了。

本书成书过程漫长而曲折,其中有资料方面的原因,也有本人懒散的原因。承蒙译者信任,他们把译文和注释交给我,任由我处置,但愿自己没有辜负他们良好的期望。当然由此产生的错误亦应由我本人负责。

感谢交大出版社秦茂盛先生的宽容与放任,也感谢黄科丰先生的热情敦促,本人才得以利用零零散散的时间把这项工作做完。本人的研究生刘效睿和翟书娟两位同学帮助校对文字,在此一并致谢。

张 敏

2007 年 1 月于西安

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The Scholarly Mouse

Dal Stevens

Dal Stevens (1911~1997) was born in a bank clerk's family in New South Wales, Australia. He was the author of eight collections of short fiction including *The Tramp and Other Stories*, *Ironbark Bill and Selected Stories*, four novels including *A Horse of Air*, a book for children, and a book of natural history.

A studious young mouse immersed himself in his books and then declared in the presence of an ancient^[1]:

"I have found the way to the millennium^[2]!"

The aged mouse wiped a rheumy eye before replying scornfully, "Everyone knows the way—we've known it for centuries—but no one yet has found a way of belling the cat."

"Crude and unscientific!" said the studious young mouse. "Hypnotism is the lurk^[3]."

"All my eye!"^[4] said the old mouse. "Hypnotize me— or whatever the verb is—"

The young mouse made a few passes^[5] with his right paw and left the ancient chewing a bit of soap under the delusion it was prize Limburger^[6]. He set his shoulders, made his way along the inside of the skirting-board, emerged from the hole and marched forthrightly across the carpet to where the ginger cat

was sleeping by the fire.

When the mouse was about ten feet short^[7] the cat awoke. He blinked at the sight of the mouse coming on boldly towards him and told himself:

“I must be still dreaming! Obviously that last mouse was too much for me.”

“So will this one be!” said the studious young mouse in a resolute voice.

The cat sat up with a jerk then.

“You’ll pardon the question, I hope,” he said silkily, “but have I perhaps bitten you behind the ears on the occasion of an earlier meeting?”

“No,” said the mouse in a stern voice, still coming on.

“Extr’ordinary!”^[8] said the ginger cat. He shrugged his shoulders. “Who am I to argue with my supper?”

The mouse concentrated hard, gathered the corners of his lids together until his eyes glittered like those of a villain in a Victorian melodrama, and made a couple of passes with his right paw, saying, “Cat, you’re very sleepy. You’re very sleepy. You’re very sleepy.”

“Oh, but I’m not a bit sl—^[9]” the cat started to say and then yawned.

“You see in front of you a large fierce dog!” said the mouse.

“By Gad,^[10] I believe you’re right!” said the cat to him. “Extr’ordinary! Fierce, too!” His fur flew up on the back of his neck and he shook with fear. He went up four feet in the air, fell over on his back with funk^[11], mizzled^[12] out the door, out of the house and kept on going.

The young mouse’s triumph was complete and the other

mice in the house proclaimed him the saviour of their race; quite soon his fame had spread to other households where mice sought his help^[13].

"I must help them," said the young mouse. "The good life is the right of all members of our race."

He gave tirelessly of his services and liberated first whole streets and then whole suburbs.

Meanwhile, the ginger cat was in cats' home^[14] and explaining his neurosis^[15] to other refugees:

"I could have sworn it was a mouse and then, by Gad, it was a mastiff with teeth as big as butchers' knives."

"My experience was the same except it was an Alsatian," said a tabby.

"An Irish wolfhound made me a displaced person!" said a Persian. "I had the finest home in the world."

"A bull-terrier frightened me out of seven of my lives,"^[16] Said a tortoiseshell.

"A greyhound flummoxed me out of eight and a half," said a black cat, weakly.

An albino cat, who had been listening to the conversation, now contributed:

"One common factor is that all of us saw, or thought we saw, a mouse, in the first place. It appears to me that some form of mass hysteria is at work."

"Who's hysterical, by Gad!" cried the ginger cat.

"I'm the same as the next cat!" shouted the tabby.

"It's you that's hysterical!" cried the Persian to the albino.

"You read too much!" shouted the tortoiseshell. "All that silly psychology stuff!"

“As you wish, gentlemen and idiots,” said the albino. “I was trying to help. However, I see I must do it alone. I’m going back to beard^[17] the mastiff, the Alsatian, the Irish wolfhound, the bull-terrier, the greyhound—to say nothing of^[18] my own timber-wolf which I saw at dusk. Good afternoon, fellow psychotics!”

Outside in the street, however, the albino cat did not feel so brave, particularly as the afternoon sun blinded him. He bumped into lamp-posts and garbage tins, fell into gutters, tripped over stones and once narrowly escaped being run down by an animal ambulance with a load of hysterical cats.

“Those dolts at the home are more blind than I am!” the albino cat told himself and pressed on^[19], resolutely.

In the late afternoon he drew near his former home. He was drawing a couple of deep breaths before entering when he caught the whiff of a mouse. It was the studious young mouse returning from extending the mouse millennium to another household.

“Just a moment, mouse,” said the albino cat, groping forward.

“One I’ve missed,” said the young mouse, under his breath.^[20] Aloud, he said, “You’re very sleepy. You’re very sleepy. You’re very sleepy.”

“I am rather,” said the albino cat. “I’ve come miles and I’m in a bad temper—because of those ignorant fools back in the cats’ home. No progress will ever be made while members of our race despise study and sneer at book learning.”

“You see in front of you a big fierce dog!” said the mouse.

“Not a thing,” said the albino cat. “As I was saying, it is a few choice spirits that are responsible for all the progress which

is made in the world—”

“A big fierce dog!” repeated the mouse. He waved his paws excitedly and repeated. “A big fierce dog!” coming to within a few inches of the cat.

“Eureka!”^[21] cried the albino cat. “I’ve got it! I’m damned, a mouse that practices hypnotism!” He put out a paw and trapped the mouse. “I wish I could see you, my friend. You’re a choice spirit like myself.”

“Can’t see me!” gasped the mouse. “Oh, I’m undone!”

“I’m afraid so,” said the albino cat. “Can’t see a thing till the sun gets down.” He went on tenderly, “I could love you, my friend, if Nature hadn’t ruled otherwise.” He started to laugh. “To think of how you fooled those idiots, that pompous ginger cat, the silly Persian, and the rest—I have it! I’ll keep you round for a while.” He bit the mouse behind the ears. “You can keep on scaring them, on my orders.”

“As you wish,” said the mouse, playing for time,^[22] though he knew his was now short. And he told himself, “One last effort for my race.”

At nine o’clock that evening a screaming hysterical albino cat was returned to the home. His eyes were leaping from his head and he cried, “Such a dog! It had three heads—one a timber-wolf’s, the middle one a mastiff’s, and the other an Irish wolfhound’s! It had two mouths on each head and three rows of teeth and—”

“Extr’ordinary performance!”^[23] said the ginger cat.

“Look where his psychology has got him,” said the tortoiseshell.

学究鼠

戴尔·史蒂文斯

戴尔·史蒂文斯(1911~1997)生于澳大利亚新南威尔士一个银行职员家庭。他一生创作了《流浪汉及其他故事》、《按树比尔及精选故事》等8个短篇小说集,包括《空气马》在内的四部长篇小说,一部儿童作品,一部自然历史。

一只年轻刻苦的老鼠整日埋头读书,有一天他在一位老者面前宣布:

“我找到消除猫害的好办法了!”

老者揉了揉粘糊糊的眼睛,然后讥讽地回应:“你说的谁都知道,我们都知道了好几百年了。可是还没有一个老鼠能把铃铛系在猫身上。”

“蛮干!不科学!”年轻刻苦的老鼠说,“我的好办法是催眠术。”

“别胡说八道了!”老者说,“把我催眠吧——甭管它叫什么词——”

年轻老鼠在老者面前慢慢地晃动了几下它的右爪,然后丢给他一小块肥皂,让他误以为是一块上等的林堡软干酪。接着他耸起肩膀,沿着踢脚板内侧走,从洞口出来,大摇大摆地穿过地毯,向黄毛猫睡觉的壁炉边走来。

老鼠走到离猫大概不足十英尺的距离时,猫醒来了。他瞥见老鼠肆无忌惮地走过来,自言自语道:

“我一定还在做梦!显然是刚才的那只老鼠把我吃撑着了。”

“吃了我就会把你撑死!”年轻刻苦的鼠铿锵有力地说。

黄毛猫一个激灵站了起来。

“希望你不介意我问一下,”他细声细语地说,“我怎么好像记

得，上次见到你时在你的耳朵背后咬过一口？”

“哪有的事！”老鼠厉声回答，同时继续朝猫逼近。

“活见鬼！”黄毛猫耸耸肩说，“我干嘛非要和我的晚餐理论呢？”

老鼠集中注意力，瞪起眼睛，直到他的目光看上去像维多利亚时代的情节剧中的恶棍一样闪着凶光，然后用右爪慢慢地晃动了几下，口中念念有词：“猫啊，你非常瞌睡，非常瞌睡，非常瞌睡。”

“噢，可我一点儿也不瞌——”说着他打了一个哈欠。

“你看见在你面前的是一只凶恶的大狗！”老鼠说。

“老天作证，你说的一点不错！”黄毛猫对自己说道，“十分罕见！而且十分凶恶！”他后脖颈的毛倒竖了起来，害怕得浑身发抖，蹦起四英尺高，慌乱中摔个四脚朝天，接着从门口夺路而逃，窜出了房子，一路跑开了。

年轻老鼠大获全胜，房子里的其余老鼠一致宣称他是鼠类的救世主；很快这只老鼠就声名远扬，其他屋子的老鼠们纷纷找上门来，请他帮忙。

“我得帮助他们，”年轻老鼠说，“我们鼠类的所有成员都有权利享受美好生活。”

他不知疲倦地奔走解放其他老鼠，先是每条街，然后是整个郊区。

这时候，黄毛猫在猫儿收容所正跟其他受难者讲述自己的悲惨经历。

“我敢发誓，我起先看到的确是一只老鼠，可是后来，老天作证，它变成了一只可怕的獒，牙齿有屠宰刀那么长。”

“我的遭遇也差不多，只不过我看到的是一条德国牧羊犬。”花斑猫说。

“我是被一条爱尔兰猎狼犬弄得无家可归了。”波斯猫说道，“我本来拥有世界上最好的家。”

“我被一条斗牛犬吓跑了七条命。”一只杂色猫说道。

“一条灰毛猎犬把我的八条半命都吓跑了。”一只黑猫有气无力地说。

一只患白化病的猫一直在听他们的谈话，这时候插话进来说：

“首先，有一个共同点，就是我们看到的，或者说我们以为我们所看到的，不过是一只老鼠。依我看，这是歇斯底里大发作的一种表现。”

“你给我说清楚，谁歇斯底里了？”黄毛猫吼起来。

“他说得不错！”花斑猫也喊了起来。

“你才歇斯底里！”波斯猫朝着白化病吼道。

“你书看得太多了！”杂色猫也跟着叫喊，“都是些乌七八糟的心理学书。”

“悉听尊便，你们这些道貌岸然的白痴，”白化病说道：“我不过是想要帮助你们，看来我必须自己一个人干了。我这就回去找大獒、德国牧羊犬、爱尔兰猎狼犬、斗牛犬、灰毛猎犬它们算账——当然啦，我自己在傍晚见到的狼就更不必说了。再见，神经病的难兄难弟们！”

来到街上，白化病猫倒觉得没刚才那么勇敢了，尤其是下午的阳光刺得他睁不开眼。他撞上灯柱、垃圾箱，跌进雨水管，被石头绊倒，还险些被一辆载满歇斯底里猫的救护车撞死。

“收容所的那群笨蛋眼睛比我还瞎！”白化病猫自言自语道，继续坚定不移地努力朝前走。

傍晚时分，他来到自己以前居住的房子附近。走进房子之前，他隐隐约约闻到一股老鼠身上发出的气味，就深深地吸了几口气。这是年轻刻苦的老鼠为别家老鼠消除猫害后回家来了。

“老鼠，你等一下。”白化病猫喊道，同时小心翼翼地向前挪动着身体。

“一只漏网之猫，”年轻老鼠低声说道。紧接着他又大声地说：“你非常瞌睡，非常瞌睡，非常瞌睡。”

“我倒想睡觉，”白化病猫说，“我走了好几英里的路，现在我的