

认识  丛书

总主编 胡壮麟

# 澳大利亚文学主题选读

Australia Literature:  
Themes & Selected Readings

苏 勇 编著



北京大学出版社  
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## 总 序

澳大利亚这个名称对国人不算陌生,一提起它,脑海中总会浮现出许多强有力的印象:这是一个与澳洲齐名的国家;这是一个聚居着皮肤黝黑的土著民族的国家;这是一个袋鼠欢蹦跳跃的国家;这是一个流放犯不时缅怀英伦三岛故土的国家(多数人至今仍眷恋着女王和米字旗);这是一个盛产羊毛和小麦的国家(以至未能挤入由美、日、德、法、意、英和加拿大组成的七国集团);这是一个曾在长时期内奉行白澳政策排挤华人和亚洲移民的国家(多少华人家庭既为自己的祖先对开发澳洲所做的贡献而感到荣耀,也为19世纪50年代以来所遭遇的被压迫的不公正待遇而气愤)。

随着国际形势的变化,土著民族和亚裔移民为维护自身权益的斗争的深入,澳洲大陆上正在发生蜕变——一种缓慢的但不可逆转的变化。

这首先表现在白澳政策已让位于比较宽容的移民政策,战后50年内新移民达570万人之多。1998年7月至1999年6月的84143名新移民中,来自中国的达7.3%,仅居新西兰和美国之后。

新移民构成了150多个民族,这必然导致澳大利亚成为名副其实的多元文化社会,作为其象征的就是政府建立了特殊广播电台(Special Broadcasting Service, SBS),一家以多种语言广播的广播电视台。我有幸在1987年第二次访澳时被该台记者追踪报道过。

近年来,澳大利亚的工农业和进出口贸易均有大幅度的增长。2000年,澳大利亚出口值猛增了25%,达1430亿澳元。在出口结构上也发生了变化,除保持传统的商品出口外,出现了新的服务行

业和高精尖产品的出口市场,两者在 1998、1999 年度分别达到 260 亿澳元和 860 亿澳元。中国已成为澳大利亚的第三贸易伙伴和第四大出口市场。

但澳大利亚在对外关系上也有其固有的特色。它在文化传统上与英伦三岛和欧洲有千丝万缕的联系,在经济贸易上力图扩展它与亚洲国家,特别是与日本和中国的联系,但在政治和军事上似乎与美国更为接近,这未免令人不安。澳大利亚政府对亚洲人民的这一警惕也很了解。今年 5 月,澳大利亚总理霍华德第三次访华,行前对记者说,1997 年 8 月发表的白皮书,明确地提出了澳大利亚与美国、日本、中国和印尼的关系被列为澳大利亚最为重要的四大外交关系。新的白皮书会作一些调整,但不会有根本性的改变。

所有这些都说明,我们要加深对澳大利亚的了解和研究。虽然两国在管理国家方面有着不同的方式,但只有通过对话,才能在求同存异、互敬互重的基础上建立起良好的双边关系,保持良好的发展势头。

正是基于这个认识,北京大学澳大利亚研究中心在澳中理事会的支持下,并取得北京大学出版社的同意,将陆续出版这套“认识澳洲”丛书。我们希望这套丛书能增进读者对澳大利亚的了解。当然,丛书各册中的观点反映的是各位作者自己的认识。我们本着对话的精神,未作干预。但我们期待读者会对一些问题进行坦率的讨论,以推动我们的研究。

胡壮麟\*

2002 年 6 月 5 日

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## 前 言

跟其他英语国家的文学史相比,澳大利亚的文学史并不算长。但是,在它相对短暂的文学史上,也涌现出了如 Henry Lawson, Henry Handel Richardson, Patrick White 等为数不少的优秀作家。由于种种原因,国内文学界对澳大利亚文学研究的历史也并不长。在很多开设有外国文学专业的大学里,澳大利亚文学还是一块未被开垦的处女地。这不能不让人感到遗憾。可喜的是,近些年来,随着两国交流的不断深入,我国的读者开始有机会接触并逐渐喜欢上了一些优秀的澳大利亚文学作品,研究澳大利亚文学的专业人员的队伍也在不断壮大,他们在澳大利亚文学研究领域已取得了一定成就。相信在这块土地上耕耘的人们今后会有更大的收获。

本书以澳大利亚文学作品中所反映的不同主题分类,节选了不同时期的部分文学作品,目的是使读者在进行文学鉴赏的同时,通过对各类主题的分析,了解其中所反映的澳大利亚文化的不同侧面。(需要指出的是:在本书节选的一些文章中,作者为达到艺术逼真的效果,采用了一些俚语或是不太符合语法规范的语言。)当然,这样的选编方式也存在着一定的缺陷:因为受所选主题的限制,一些在澳大利亚文学史上占据重要地位的作家(如 A. B. Paterson, A. D. Hope, Christina Stead, Peter Carey 等)及其作品没有被列入选读的范围。从这一点来说,本书对澳大利亚文学的介绍是不够全面的。

本书选编的文章节选自国外不同出版社出版的作者原著,编者对这些出版社及作者们表示由衷的谢意。

澳中理事会的资助使本书得以出版,使编者有机会介绍澳大利亚文学,编者在此深表感谢。本书所属的澳大利亚系列丛书是由北京大学澳大利亚中心组织、协调,并代为向澳中理事会申请资助出版的,编者对北京大学澳大利亚中心所做的工作表示感谢。

编者还要感谢编者的丈夫和北大出版社编辑刘胜利老师,以及所有在本书的编写过程中提供支持和帮助的人。没有他们的支持和帮助,本书也无法与读者见面。

由于编者水平有限,书中难免存在不足之处,恳请广大读者批评指正。

编者

2004年2月于北京

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## 第一章

### 主题一：殖民和垦荒背景下的生活

在 18 世纪的英国社会面临的诸多问题中,一个迫切需要解决的问题是如何处置越来越多的犯罪人口。Captain James Cook 发现的澳洲大陆无疑提供了一个最佳的解决方案。1788 年之后的几十年里,澳洲大陆就成了英国政府的一所开放式大监狱。来到这里的不仅仅是罪犯。圈地法案造成的一大批无家可归的人也来到这里,试图重建家园。而随着 1840 年新南威尔士结束了作为罪犯接纳地的历史之后,更有大批移民来开发这片土地。1836 年通过的占地法允许任何人一年只需交纳十英镑即可占有未被开发的任何土地,这更引发了垦荒热潮。然而,真正拥有这片土地却要克服重重困难:干旱、丛林大火、土匪出没、土著人的进攻……这一切使在这片土地上的生活充满着希望却又危机四伏。

这一时期出现了一些以写实主义手法真实反映殖民地和垦荒者的艰辛生活的文学作品,如 Catherine Spence 的 *Tender and True: A Colonial Tale*, Marcus Clarke 的 *For the Term of His Natural Life*, 以及 Henry Lawson 的诸多短篇小说和诗歌。当然,新大陆上孕育的新希望也让一些作家以浪漫的笔触美化了丛林生活。Henry Kingsley 的 *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn* 用田园诗般的风格讲述了垦荒热潮时期澳洲内陆的故事。而

Banjo Paterson<sup>①</sup> 的诗则流露出诗人对丛林生活的热爱和对垦荒者英雄主义的赞美。

## 作家与作品介绍之一：Marcus Clarke 和 *For the Term of His Natural Life*

**Marcus Clarke** (1846—1881) 早年为报社与杂志撰稿。曾发表多部小说、剧本，但留在大多数人记忆中的仅有 *For the Term of His Natural Life*。小说起初以连载的形式发表在杂志上，1874 年首次集结成书。它讲述了 Richard Devine (又名 Rufus Dawes) 被误认为犯了抢劫罪而流放澳洲，受尽磨难最终客死他乡的经历。作者在情节安排上多次使用过于夸张的巧合，使该书流于闹剧而影响了它的文学欣赏价值。但其对于早期罪犯流放地生活的描写还是真实可信的。

## *One Hundred Lashes*<sup>②</sup>

The morning sun, bright and fierce, looked down upon a curious sight. In a stone-yard was a little group of persons—Troke, Burgess, Macklewain, Kirkland, and Rufus Dawes.

Three wooden staves, seven feet high, were fastened together in the form of a triangle. The structure looked not unlike that made

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① Andrew Barton Paterson 为作家的本名。作家最初在 *Bulletin* 杂志上发表文章时，使用了笔名 “The Banjo”，从此以后 Banjo Paterson 便广为人知。

② 选自 *For the Term of His Natural Life* 的第三部分，全书的第 44 章。Dawes 被押送到亚瑟港做苦工，受尽折磨。其间，一个二十多岁的新犯人 Kirkland 被流放至此。Kirkland 不堪忍受同室犯人的欺凌，向牧师 Mr. North 求救，激怒了管理人员 Troke，被罚鞭刑。

by gypsies to boil their kettles. To this structure Kirkland was bound. His feet were fastened with thongs to the base of the triangle; his wrists, bound above his head, at the apex. His body was then extended to its fullest length, and his white back shone in the sunlight. During his tying up he had said nothing-only when Troke pulled off his shirt he shivered.

"Now, prisoner," said Troke to Dawes, "do your duty."

Rufus Dawes looked from the three stern faces to Kirkland's white back, and his face grew purple. In all his experience he had never been asked to flog before. He had been flogged often enough.

"You don't want me to flog him, sir?" he said to the Commandant.

"Pick up the cat<sup>①</sup>, sir!" said Burgess, astonished; "what is the meaning of this?" Rufus Dawes picked up the heavy cat, and drew its knotted lashes between his fingers.

"Go on, Dawes," whispered Kirkland, without turning his head. "You are no more than another man."

"What does he say?" asked Burgess.

"Telling him to cut light<sup>②</sup>, sir," said Troke, eagerly lying; "they all do it."

"Cut light, eh! We'll see about that. Get on, my man, and look sharp, or I'll tie you up and give you fifty for yourself, as sure as God made little apples<sup>③</sup>."

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① 九尾鞭, 又叫 cat-o'-nine-tails, 从前用来惩戒犯罪的刑具。

② cut light, 打轻点儿。

③ "……开始吧, 伙计, 小心点儿, 否则我准保会把你捆起来给你 50 大鞭"。

"Go on, Dawes," whispered Kirkland again. "I don't mind."

Rufus Dawes lifted the cat, swung it round his head, and brought its knotted cords down upon the white back.

"Wonn<sup>①</sup>!" cried Troke.

The white back was instantly striped with six crimson bars. Kirkland stifled a cry. It seemed to him that he had been cut in half.

"Now then, you scoundrel!" roared Burgess; "separate your cats<sup>②</sup>! What do you mean by flogging a man that fashion?"

Rufus Dawes drew his crooked fingers through the entangled cords, and struck again. This time the blow was more effective, and the blood beaded on the skin.

The boy did not cry; but Macklewain saw his hands clutch the staves tightly, and the muscles of his naked arms quiver.

"Tew!"

"That's better," said Burgess.

The third blow sounded as though it had been struck upon a piece of raw beef, and the crimson turned purple.

"My God!" said Kirkland, faintly, and bit his lips.

The flogging proceeded in silence for ten strikes, and then Kirkland gave a screech like a wounded horse.

"Oh!... Captain Burgess!... Dawes!... Mr. Troke!... Oh, my God!... Oh! oh!... Mercy!... Oh, Doctor!... Mr. North!... Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Ten!" cried Troke, impassively counting to the end of the

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① (Troke 开始记数。)作者模仿了 Troke 的口音。

② "把鞭子撻直了!"(以便打得更狠)

first twenty.

The lad's back, swollen into a lump, now presented the appearance of a ripe peach which a wilful child had scored with a pin. Dawes, turning away from his bloody handiwork, drew the cats through his fingers twice. They were beginning to get clogged a little.

"Go on," said Burgess, with a nod; and Troke cried "Wonn!" again.

Roused by the morning sun streaming in upon him, Mr. North opened his bloodshot eyes, rubbed his forehead with hands that trembled, and suddenly awakening to a consciousness of his promised errand, rolled off the bed and rose to his feet. He saw the empty brandy bottle on his wooden dressing-table, and remembered what had passed. With shaking hands he dashed water over his aching head, and smoothed his garments. The debauch of the previous night had left the usual effects behind it. His brain seemed on fire, his hands were hot and dry, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He shuddered as he viewed his pale face and red eyes in the little looking-glass, and hastily tried the door. He had retained sufficient sense in his madness to lock it, and his condition had been unobserved. Stealing into the sitting-room, he saw that the clock pointed to half-past six. The flogging was to have taken place at half-past five. Unless accident had favoured him he was already too late. Fevered with remorse and anxiety, he hurried past the room where Meekin yet slumbered, and made his way to the prison. As he entered the yard, Troke called "Ten!" Kirkland had just got his fiftieth lash.

“Stop!” cried North. “Captain Burgess, I call upon you to stop.”

“You’re rather late, Mr. North,” retorted Burgess. “The punishment is nearly over.”

“Wonn!” cried Troke again; and North stood by, biting his nails and grinding his teeth, during six more lashes.

Kirkland ceased to yell now, and merely moaned. His back was like a bloody sponge, while in the interval between lashes the swollen flesh twitched like that of a new-killed bullock. Suddenly, Macklewain saw his head droop on his shoulder. “Throw him off! Throw him off!” he cried, and Troke hurried to loosen the thongs.

“Fling some water over him!” said Burgess; “he’s shamming.”

A bucket of water made Kirkland open his eyes. “I thought so,” said Burgess. “Tie him up again.”

“No. Not if you are Christians!” cried North.

He met with an ally where he least expected one. Rufus Dawes flung down the dripping cat. “I’ll flog no more,” said he.

“What?” roared Burgess, furious at this gross insolence.

“I’ll flog no more. Get someone else to do your blood work for you. I won’t.”

“Tie him up!” cried Burgess, foaming. “Tie him up. Here, constable, fetch a man here with a fresh cat. I’ll give you that beggar’s fifty, and fifty more on the top of ’em; and he shall look on while his back cools.”

Rufus Dawes, with a glance at North, pulled off his shirt without a word, and stretched himself at the triangles. His back

was not white and smooth, like Kirkland's had been, but hard and seamed. He had been flogged before. Troke appeared with Gabbett—grinning. Gabbett liked flogging. It was his boast that he could flog a man to death on a place no bigger than the palm of his hand. He could use his left hand equally with his right, and if he got hold of a “favourite”, would “cross the cuts”<sup>①</sup>.

Rufus Dawes planted his feet firmly on the ground, took fierce grasp on the staves, and drew in his breath. Macklewain spread the garments of the two men upon the ground, and, placing Kirkland upon them, turned to watch this new phase in the morning's amusement. He grumbled a little below his breath, for he wanted his breakfast, and when the Commandant once began to flog there was no telling where he would stop. Rufus Dawes took five-and-twenty lashes without a murmur, and then Gabbett “crossed the cuts”. This went on up to fifty lashes, and North felt himself stricken with admiration at the courage of the man. “If it had not been for that cursed brandy,” thought he, with bitterness of self-reproach, “I might have saved all this.” At the hundredth lash, the giant paused, expecting the order to throw off, but Burgess was determined to “break the man's spirit”.

“I'll make you speak, you dog, if I cut your heart out!” he cried. “Go on, prisoner.”

For twenty lashes more Dawes was mute, and then the agony forced from his labouring breast a hideous cry. But it was not a cry for mercy, as that of Kirkland's had been. Having found his

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① 他左右手鞭子使得一样好,要是碰上一个他“喜欢”的,他能左右开弓。



tongue, the wretched man gave vent to his boiling passion in a torrent of curses. He shrieked imprecation upon Burgess, Troke, and North. He cursed all soldiers for tyrants, all parsons for hypocrites. He blasphemed his God and his Saviour. With a frightful outpouring of obscenity and blasphemy, he called on the earth to gape and swallow his persecutors, for Heaven to open and rain fire upon them, for hell to yawn and engulf them quick. It was as though each blow of the cat forced out of him a fresh burst of beast-like rage. He seemed to have abandoned his humanity. He foamed, he raved, he tugged at his bonds until the strong staves shook again; he writhed himself round upon the triangles and spat impotently at Burgess, who jeered at his torments. North, with his hands to his ears, crouched against the corner of the wall, palsied with horror. It seemed to him that the passions of hell raged around him. He would fain have fled, but a horrible fascination held him back.

In the midst of this—when the cat was hissing its loudest—Burgess laughing his hardest, and the wretch on the triangles filling the air with his cries, North saw Kirkland look at him with what he thought a smile. Was it a smile? He leapt forward, and uttered a cry of dismay so loud that all turned.

“Hullo!” says Troke, running to the heap of clothes, “the young ’un’s slipped his wind<sup>①</sup>!”

Kirkland was dead.

“Throw him off!” says Burgess, aghast at the unfortunate

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① slip one's wind, 咽气了。