

英汉对照读物

ABORIGINAL MYTHS

澳洲神话与传说

SRETEN BOZIC

ALAN MARSHALL

原著 李更新译



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引 言

在茫茫无际的北澳大地上，一位身材魁梧的土著人从丛林中走出，他象一位高贵的武士，精神专注地向曼德拉赫旅游区走去。他手中拿的不是常见的梭镖，而是一支古老的乐器——长木笛^①。他的身体——甚至每一块肌肉，都在随着长木笛连绵不断的轰鸣和敲击棒的声响有节奏地抖动。他就是木勒克。欧洲人出于某种原因，又在他的名字前边加上了“吉姆”两个字。

很多年里，木勒克都在曼德拉赫和麦卡海滩以澳洲土著人的古老仪式——狂欢舞会招待旅游者。木勒克表演土著人的舞蹈并不是为了博得那些欧洲人的掌声和拍照，也不是为了向白人炫耀，而是为了保持他的民族的文化传统。舞蹈和音乐是他生活中不可缺少的组成部分。

曼德拉赫和麦卡海滩这两个旅游区都在西角半岛，隔海湾与达尔文相望。通往这个区域的唯一通路，是一条林间小道。它环绕着达尔文海湾，在长满美洲红树的乡间蜿蜒一百英里。土著人居住的得利色寨在这个半岛的中央。

本世纪初，好几个土著人的部落在北澳的这一部分土地上生活。这些土著人曾极力维护他们传统的、丛林环境中的古老生活方式。不可避免的与外界文明的接触给他们带来了毁灭性的影响，部落社会的结构遭到了彻底破坏。悠久的文化传统——艺术、舞蹈、神话和口头文学也随之衰落。

在不断地接触中，欧洲人很快就把酒精和疾病带给了土著

人。从那时起，这一切也成了土著人的极大祸患。欧洲的文明闯入土著人的生活，不仅意味着土著文化的迅速退化，而且引起了整个部落的瓦解和消失。拉拉加、瓦瑞、南交莫瑞、沃嘎吉和北澳这一地区其他部落的剩余成员都聚居在得利色寨。奈嘎拉光嘎的“吉姆”·木勒克和他的一些伙伴也生活在这里。奈嘎拉光嘎部落通常又被叫作“木勒克”，因为这个氏族的最后一个首领叫作“木勒克”。这个部落以它的首领的名字闻名。

到澳洲最北边来的旅游者，大多数都要坐船从达尔文到曼德拉赫和麦卡海滩游览。木勒克和一些当地土著人几乎每天都走出丛林，到游览区为游人表演。

木勒克身材高大，象一位武士，但是，他的性情却象诗人一样，充满了温柔。晚上，在海滨的沙滩上或者丛林深处，他坐在熊熊的篝火旁，吹起长木笛，他的伙伴们伴随着他的笛声翩翩起舞。木勒克创作了这些舞蹈，并且配上了歌颂土著人梦幻时代^③的英雄祖先的传统歌曲。他通过这些歌曲和舞蹈跟他的氏族的古代人物交流着感情。带着诗人般的真诚，他深信，在漫长的古代社会中，这些英雄人物曾经生活在这片土地上。后来，被大自然的力量，或者按照他们自己的愿望，变成了动物、岩石或树木。这样，就产生了展现在我们面前的野生动物和景色。

木勒克和他的舞蹈队通常是在下午来到曼德拉赫游览区后边的开阔地上。他们在这里表演“猎牛舞”、“蟹舞”等传统舞蹈。在这样的舞会上，木勒克不象通常那样吹奏长木笛，而是一边唱歌，一边敲击木棒，并以此来指挥整个舞会的进行。他身旁的长木笛演奏者用木笛的轰鸣为他的歌声和动作伴奏。他就用这一切——他的歌声、木棒的敲击声、长木笛的轰鸣以及他的胳膊和手的动作来激发演员们的激情，调动和指挥演员

们的舞蹈动作的变化和进程。所有这些为我们创造了一幅表现遥远的石器时代传统文化的生活画面。

有些下午，木勒克没有从丛林中出来，曼德拉赫游览区的主人就十分着急，到丛林中和海滩上四处寻找，想劝他出来为上百的游客表演舞蹈。但是，世界上没有任何力量可以改变木勒克的主意。他并不是厌烦了跳舞，而是有时候他的注意力转向了土著人的其他活动上去了。去丛林中瞻仰图腾或宗教圣地、带着梭镖去打鱼或打猎等等。在这些时候，去游览区表演对他来说就成为次要的事情了。

几年以前，我和木勒克成了朋友，经常跟他以及别的土著人住在一起。他和他的伙伴们带我去打猎，我们长时期地在丛林里过着土著人的传统生活。有时候，我们穿过海滩去寻找海龟、海蟹，去海滩附近的低洼地带的沼泽区采集甘薯和可以吃的植物块根。在所去的每一个地方，我们都看到了土著人文化和生活方式的明显的特点。每当我们经过图腾胜地、看到一些自然景物或者遇到各种动、植物的时候，木勒克和他的伙伴们总是按照他们对梦幻时代的解释，向我简单易懂地说明这种现象或那种动、植物是怎样产生的。

傍晚，坐在丛林中的荒地或者偏远的海滩上，旁边燃着篝火，土著人一个接一个地向我讲述着他们神话般的历史或英雄祖先的故事。

我把木勒克和他的伙伴所讲的一些故事的记录交给了阿伦·马歇尔^⑥，我们共同把这些神话和传说用适当的方式奉献给欧洲的读者。在整理过程中，我们注意保持了土著人的表达方式和故事原有的风格。但愿我们作得成功。

斯里顿·勃契克

1972

- ① 长木笛 (Didgeridoo): 澳洲土著人的一种传统乐器。用天然空心圆木做成。长约一米多, 外径约十至十五厘米。上面无孔, 从一端送气吹奏。
- ② 梦幻时代 (Dreamtime): 关于这一词语的解释不一, 一种说法是, 土著人认为世界和人类的形成和发展是从某个人的一场梦开始的, 那么, 世界和人类形成和出现的时代就叫作“梦幻时代”; 大多数人认为, 所谓“梦幻时代”就是指混沌初开, 世界和人类社会形成的时代。
- ③ 阿伦·马歇尔 (Alan Marshall): 世界知名的澳大利亚作家。他以他的创作天才闻名于世, 并且因为他为救济残疾儿童的事业作出了重大贡献而获得了英国的“帝国勋章”。

Introduction

A tall dignified Aboriginal, resembling a warrior from the vastness of Northern Australia came out from the bush and walked with apparent intensity down to the Mandorah Resort. Instead of a spear he carried a Didgeridoo. His body and muscles seemed to be moving in rhythm to the ageless roar of the Didgeridoo and the sound of the Clapping Sticks. He is known by the name of Mulluk and the Europeans have, for some reason, prefixed it with 'Jim'.

For many years Mulluk has entertained the tourists at Mandorah and Mika Beach by performing the Corroboree, the ancient Aboriginal ceremony. The Europeans applaud him and snap him with their cameras but Mulluk hardly notices. He performs the native dance not for the sake of demonstrating it for the whites but because the dance and the music are an integral part of his life and by doing this he is keeping the cultural heritage of his race alive.

Both these resorts, Mandorah and Mika Beach, are across the Bay from Darwin, located close to West Point. The only road to this area is a bush track encircling Darwin Bay, stretching through mangrove country for a hundred miles. In the centre of the Peninsula lies Delissaville, an Aboriginal settlement. In the beginning of this century there were several Aboriginal tribes living in this part of the Australian North who had managed to preserve their ancient way of life in a traditional bush environment. Inevitably, contact with civilization brought about a destructive effect, totally wiping out the social structure of tribal society, and, with this gone, the great cultural heritage began to decline and, with it, went Art, the Dance, Mythology and Oral Literature.

Coming into contact with the Aborigines, the Europeans soon brought alcohol and disease and from then on these things proved to be sure killers. The intrusion of European civilization into the lives of the Aborigines did not only mean a rapid deterioration in their culture but caused whole tribes to totally vanish and others to be decimated. The remaining members of the Laragia, Warei, Nangiomeri,

Wogadj and other tribes from this part of Northern Australia are grouped within the Delissaville settlement. Among them lives 'Jim' Mulluk with a handful of his men from the Ngulugwongga tribe. This tribe was commonly called 'Mulluk Mulluk'. It is the name of 'Jim's' Clan and because the Mulluk Mulluks were the last Chiefs of the Ngulugwongga tribe the tribe became known by the name of its head man.

Most of the tourists who come to the Top End are ferried from Darwin to Mandorah and Mika Beach. Almost every day Mulluk with a group of native men walks from the bush down to the resort to perform the Corroboree for the cameras. Nature has not imbued Mulluk with a warrior spirit but rather with the tender love of a poet. During the nights he sits by the camp fire somewhere on the sandy beaches or deep in the bush and plays the Didgeridoo while his native contemporaries dance. He creates the dances and accompanies them with the appropriate traditional tunes about his ancestral heroes from the Dreamtime, the indeterminate past of the Aboriginals, and by performing these songs and dances he communicates with the ancient characters of his race. With the sincerity of a poet he deeply believes that those ancestral heroes lived in this country during the long past, and were forced by nature or sometimes by their own will to change into animals or were metamorphosed into rocks and plants thereby creating the present wildlife and scenery as it is now known.

Usually in the afternoon Mulluk appears with his dancing team in the clearing behind the Mandorah resort. The natives perform several dances like 'Hunting the Buffalo', 'Crab Dance', and so on. During the Corroboree Mulluk does not play the Didgeridoo as usual but sings and beats time with wooden sticks and conducts the entire ceremony with that sound only. Next to him is a Didgeridoo player accompanying his voice and movement with the roaring sound of the pipe and by amalgamating all of these and by the gestures of his arms and hands he invokes an emotional excitement among the Aboriginal dancers inspiring them and directing their course of action and movement. All of this creates a traditional illustration of a remote culture in the life of Stone Age Man.

There are some afternoons when Mulluk does not appear from the bush. The owners of Mandorah resort are alarmed and search for him through the bush and on the beaches in an attempt to persuade him to come and dance in front of hundreds of tourists; but there is no power in the world which can make him change his ways.

He is not tired of dancing, but from time to time he directs his attention to other Aboriginal activities, a visit to the totemic or sacred sites in the bush, fishing or hunting with his spear and at these times the display at the resort is for him, of secondary importance.

I befriended Mulluk several years ago and often stayed with him and other natives. He and his men took me hunting, we stayed in the bush for days living in the traditional way of the natives; on other occasions we went through the coastal areas searching for turtles and crabs; we visited the swamps in the low country close to the beaches and gathered the yams and edible roots — wherever we went we moved through Aboriginal country bearing strong reminders of their culture and way of life. Passing by totemic sites, natural phenomena and various species of flora and fauna, Mulluk and his men would tell me the stories from the Dreamtime explaining in a simplified way how that particular object or species had come into existence. In the evening sitting by the campfire in the wilderness of the bush, or on the remote beaches, the Aborigines told me endless stories about the ancient events or ancestral heroes from their mythological past.

Some of those stories recorded from Mulluk and his men I gave to Alan Marshall and we collaborated in putting those myths and legends into a form adequate for European readers. Care was taken to preserve the native way of expression and the original flavour of the stories; I hope we succeeded.

SRETEN BOZIC
1972.

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THE MOTHER KANGAROO and THE PORPOISE

In the Dreamtime when animals were the people, the Porpoise was a woman called Memembel. She liked the sea and went often to the beach. Sometimes she stayed there for many days. She made her own camp fire on the sand and lived lonely by the seaside. When other people came to the shore to fish they saw her and they said, 'Memembel, come with us to the bush. We are going to sing and dance. Next day we'll go to hunt. Come with us, Memembel.'

'No,' she answered. 'I like to stay here. One day I have many children. I want to show them how to swim. I'll show it to them so well that they will all swim as far as the sea goes. After, when they grow up they will know the water as well as you know the bush.'

Memembel never went to join the other people. She kept herself on the beach and no one came any more to call her, or even to talk to her. She was left alone and stayed unmarried. But as time passed by she bore many children. She had so many of them that they became lazy and ugly. She was always hoping that the next she would have would be the better one. She wanted her children to be beautiful and cheerful but none of them turned out to be that way.

'Since all my children are lazy and ugly then I will go and get to me the most beautiful child in the country,' she said to herself one day. Memembel went straight into the bush after that. Not very far from the beach she saw two tracks. They were footprints in the sand and one of them was small and the other was big. 'Look,' she said. 'Manark and her child, Chormong, passed here. I'll follow them. Manark has the best looking child in the country.'

She walked all day following the tracks but she did not see any one. About sunset she came to a waterhole and there they were. Manark was tired of the long journey and after she had drunk water she went to sleep in the shade. But little Chormong, he was playing around. Memembel went close to him. She did not want to grab the child because the boy would yell and it would wake his mother. Memembel began to dance. She never was a good dancer but she was

the funny one. Little Chormong watched her and started to giggle.

As she danced, Memembel began to move backwards and she kept going deeper and deeper into the bush. Little Chormong followed her and his giggle grew into a laugh. Memembel kept going backwards then suddenly dashed behind some trees. Little Chormong could not see her any more. He thought she had run away and he hurried forward to see where she had gone. As soon as he was passing the trees Memembel grabbed him in her arms and ran towards the beach.

When Manark woke up she could not see her child. She went and looked around, and then she smelled the track.

'Someone was here and took away my child,' sae said.

The track was still fresh and she smelled it strongly. She ran after Memembel quickly but Memembel was far ahead and she could not reach her. But when she reached the beach she saw Memembel and Memembel was taking Chormong down to the sea.

'Give my child back!' called Manark and she rushed towards Memembel.

'I want to keep him,' said Memembel. 'He is mine now. You go back and have another boy for yourself.'

'He is mine!' yelled Manark. She was so angry that she rushed at Memembel and hit her hard on the top of her head. The head broke off and a big hole was left there. When Memembel saw this she was so angry she grabbed a stick and hit Manark on her arms. She did it so hard that both Manark's arms were broken.

After this Manark went back with her boy to the bush.

'From now on I'm going to be a Kangaroo,' she said. 'I'll have a big pouch to keep my child in and then my child will never be taken away from me again.'

So she became a kangaroo. But she still keeps her broken arms and that is why the kangaroo's front legs are so short. They are broken arms.

But Memembel had a big hole on her head and now she was so ugly. She said to herself, 'I'm going to go away from everyone. I will be a porpoise and I am going to live in the sea from now on.'

The porpoise still has a broken head. When he swims in the sea a big jet of water comes out into the air from the hole in his head.

袋鼠和海豚

在动物都还是人的梦幻时代，海豚本来是一个女人，她叫梅蒙贝尔。她喜欢大海，常常去海滩。有时候，她在那儿一住就是好多天。她在海边的沙滩上燃起篝火，在那儿孤独地生活。别人来海边捕鱼，看见了她，对她说：“梅蒙贝尔，跟我们到丛林里去，我们要唱歌、跳舞。明天，我们还要去打猎。跟我们来吧，梅蒙贝尔！”

“不，”她回答说，“我喜欢住在这儿。有一天，我会有很多孩子的。我要教他们游泳，把他们教得个个都能过这无边的大海。以后，他们长大了，他们会象你们熟悉丛林一样熟悉大海。”

梅蒙贝尔从来不与别人为伍。她独自住在海滩上，没有人再来看她，甚至没有人跟她说过话。她孤独地过着独身生活。但是随着时间的流逝，她生了很多孩子。她有这么多孩子，可是个个都是又懒又丑。她总是期待着下一个，下一个会好一点儿吧。她希望她的孩子又漂亮又活泼，但是没有一个遂她的心意。

有一天，她自言自语地说：“我的孩子都是又懒又丑，我要到村子里去给自己找一个最漂亮的孩子”。说完，她就径直向丛林走去。在离海滩不太远的地方，她发现了两个足迹。这是留在沙地上的脚印：一个大，一个小。“看！”她叫着，“这是玛纳克和她的孩子乔孟，她们从这儿走过。我要跟着她