

1. 美洲印第安人诗歌



1

Listening

The noise of passing feet
On the prairie—
Is it men or gods
Who come out of the silence?

听

足音 草原上— 人,或是神 出自寂静?

|翻译说明|

一首原始民族的诗,如此空灵巧妙,充满玄机和天趣,令人感慨。翻译兼用压缩(例如第一行的"足音")和跳跃(其后几行),取得了简洁而神秘的表达效果, 浑然天成。

The Wind

The wind is carrying me round the sky; The wind is carrying me round the sky. My body is here in the valley— The wind is carrying me round the sky.

风

风携我环游苍穹; 风携我环游苍穹。 我置身于山谷中— 风携我环游苍穹。

|翻译说明|

不断的重复,造出语势的累积,同时也是自然之风一阵一阵的模仿。汉语的译 文还有一层文言的大气,尤其是重复的三行诗,具有列子御风一般的效果。

Song of the Spirits (Wintu)

Lightning

I bear the sucker-torch to the western tree-ridge. Behold me! First born and greatest.

Olelbis (The Creator)

I am great above.
I tan the black cloud.

Hau (Red Fox)

On the stone ridge east I go.
On the white road I, Hau, crouching go.
I, Hau, whistle on the road of stars.

Polar Star

The circuit of earth which you see,
The scattering of stars in the sky which you see,
All that is the place for my hair.

神灵歌 (温图族)

闪电

我高擎火炬向西边长满绿树的山脊。 听我的!我最先出世,我最伟大。

创世者

我至大至尊。我叱咤风云。

赤狐

我沿着石脊向东走。 沿着白色的路,我蹲伏,前行。 我是赤狐,一路口哨,一路星辉。

极星

你所见之大地道路条条, 你所见之天空繁星点点, 那不过是我的毛发所系。

|翻译说明|

这是一组神灵歌,均是以超自然神灵的形象出现,多以第一人称作歌。因为每首诗的写法不同,所以,翻译方法也因其不同而各异。第二首是套用,第四首是规整,第一首是铺陈与宣称,第三首是变换中牵引而行。因此,所译各首的风格与个性也不同,第一首是苍茫而大气,第二首是崇高而威严,第三首是幽默而潇洒,第四首是调侃而反媚俗。

The Coyate and the Locust (Zuni)

The locust, locust, playing a flute,
Locust, locust, playing a flute!
Away up on the pine-tree bough,
Closely clinging,
Playing a flute,
Playing a flute!
(Frank Cushing)

土狼与蚱蜢 (祖尼族)

蚱蜢, 蚱蜢, 吹一支笛曲, 蚱蜢, 蚱蜢, 吹一支笛曲! 在高高的松树枝, 紧紧攀住, 吹一支笛曲, 吹一支笛曲! (弗兰克·卡生英译)

|翻译说明|

土狼是北美大平原上的土狼,是印第安人心目中的精灵,蚱蜢到处都有。但是二者的结合,却是一个奇迹。土狼让蚱蜢爬到松树上去叫,像吹一支笛子,因为是有量词的,所以就译为"吹一支笛曲"。当然,这里面似乎有人的因素,否则,难以构成这样一首有意思的民歌,一首带有寓言性质的民歌。

War Songs (Ojibwa)

1)

From the south they come,
The birds, the warlike birds, with sounding wings.

I wish to change myself To the body of that swift bird.

I throw away my body in the strife.

2)

The warrior speaks to the war-bird, and says:

From time to time, I dwell in a bird.

The bird says to him:

I answer you, my son-in-law.

(Henry Rowe Schoolcraft)

战 歌 (奥吉布瓦族)

1)

他们从南方来, 群鸟,好战的群鸟,拍翼唰唰。

但愿我改变形体, 变成一只疾飞的鸟。

我奋力挣脱我的躯体。

2)

战士对战鸟说:

我不时地变为鸟。

战鸟对他说:

我应答你, 我的义子。

(亨利·罗·斯库尔克拉夫特英译)

|翻译说明|

原始民族的战争是日常生活里十分重要的一个部分,所以战歌也是很平常的现象。这里的战神似乎是一只鸟,而战士(勇士)就是战神的具体表现,二者之间又是义父义子关系,所以有一种灵肉变换的奇妙作用。翻译在尽力表达这种关系,不使其遮掩不明。

Love Song (Haida)

Beautiful is she, this woman,
As the mountain flower;
But cold, cold, is she,
Like the snowbank
Behind which it blooms.

(Constance Lindsay Skinner)

情 歌 (海达族)

美哉!此女人,似山花;可是很冷,她冷艳,似雪封的河岸她开放在那一边。(C. L. 斯金纳英译)

|翻译说明|

原始的情歌,是写美人之美。这里是冷美人,冷艳无比,但与诗人有距离,形 成审美距离,愈显其美。语言简洁直接,刺入人的骨髓。

The Bear's Song (Haida)

(Whoever can sing this one is admired forever to the friendship of the bears)

I have taken the woman of beauty

For my wife;

I have taken her from my friends,

I hope her kinsmen will not come

And taken her away from me.

I will be kind to her.

Berries, berries I will give her from the hill

And roots from the ground.

I will do everything to please her.

For her I made this song and for her I sing it.

(Constance Lindsay Skinner)

背妇歌 (海达族)

(能唱此歌者, 永远与背妇者友善, 受人羡慕。)

我背负此美女做我的妻; 我从我的朋友那里带她来, 我祈愿她的亲人不再来, 把她从我身边带走。 我会对她好。 浆果,浆果,我会从山上采来给她, 从地里拔出根茎来给她。 我会做一切事情让她高兴。 我为她编这支歌,为她歌唱。 (C.L.斯金纳英译)

|翻译说明|

原始的语言质朴无华,感情也直率无欺: 她从朋友那里来,但愿亲人远离她,也就是独占之意。但我对她好,采来浆果、根茎植物给她,还给她唱歌。这首歌就是献给她的。这样直率的翻译语言,也是因为印第安诗歌很多是从英文转译而来,似乎是语义的翻译,没有多少变化的余地和根据了。这也是实情,是翻译不得不如此。

Song of Fine Weather (Haida)

O good Sun,

Look thou down upon us:

Shine, shine on us, O Sun,

Gather up the clouds, wet, black, under thy arms,—

That the rains may cease to fall.

Because thy friends are all here on the beach

Ready to go fishing—

Ready for the hunt.

Therefore look kindly on us, O Good Sun!

Give us peace within our tribe

And with all our enemies.

Again, again we call—

Hear us, hear us, O Good Sun!

(Constance Lindsay Skinner)

好天气歌 (海达族)

哦,好太阳,你看看我们: 哦,太阳,朝我们放光,放光, 用你的双臂,收拢潮湿的鸟云, 让雨水不要再下。 因为我的朋友都去了海边 准备打猎。 好生看看我们吧,哦,好太阳! 把和平带给我们的部落, 也给我们所有的敌人。 我们一再呼吁— 听吧,听听我们的声音吧,哦,好太阳!

|翻译说明|

呼吁"好太阳",似乎太阳有人性,收拢乌云,止住雨水,这可以理解,但让好太阳把和平带给我们的部落,也带给我们的敌人。这不是今天的人可以理解的。这种彻底的和平主义、人类主义,在今天民族主义和国家至上的战争史观看来,是不可理解的。这种散文化的句子,不求押韵和归化的译文,多数也是转译的因素所限制,不是最理想的诗歌形式。但它的魅力恰在于此,朴实,感人。

Love Song (Papago)

Early I rose
In the blue morning;
My love was up before me,
It came running up to me from the doorways of the Dawn.

On Papago Mountain
The dying quarry
Looked at me with my love's eyes.
(Mary Austin)

情歌 (帕帕戈族)

清早,我起来 在蓝色的晨曦中; 我的恋人比我早起, 从黎明的万道门厅奔向我。

在帕帕格山 垂死的猎物 用我恋人的眼神望着我。 (玛丽·奥斯丁英译)

|翻译说明|

原始民歌美得要死,这不是夸张,而是实际的感受。爱,如蓝色的晨曦,穿过 万道金光的门厅,奔向我;山上,垂死的猎物,其眼神,恰如我的爱人。这种大慈 大悲的爱,动人灵魂,恸人心魄。

Neither Spirit Nor Bird (Shoshone)

Neither spirit nor bird;
That was my flute you heard
Last night by the river.
When you came with your wicker jia
Where the river drags the willows,
That was my flute you heard,
Wacoba, Wacoba,
Calling, Come to the willows!

Neither the wind nor a bird
Rustled the lupine blooms.
That was my blood you heard
Answer your garment's hem
Whispering through the grasses;
That was my blood you heard
By the wild rose under the willows.

That was no beast that stirred, That was my heart you heard, Pacing to and fro

不是精灵不是鸟(肖肖尼族)

不是精灵不是鸟 是我的笛声你听到, 昨夜间,在河边。 你顶着柳条坛子出来, 河水牵扯着垂柳枝, 是我的笛声你听到, 怪口巴, 接到柳树下!

不是风声不是鸟, 野狼花开索索响。 是我的热血你听到, 应答你衣服的花边 穿过草地它轻声诉说; 是我的热血你听到, 那是柳树下,野玫瑰花。

不是野兽蠢蠢动, 是我的心跳你听到, 一跳一跳向前走, In the ambush of my desire,
To the music my flute let fall.
Wacabo, Wacabo,
That was my heart you heard
Leaping under the willows.
(Mary Austin)

隐藏在我的欲望中, 随我吹笛子成乐声。 倭口巴,倭口巴, 是我的心跳你听到, 柳树下,跳不停。 (玛丽·奥斯丁英译)

|翻译说明|

从"我的笛声你听到",到"我的热血你听到",再到"我的心跳你听到",一种潜在的跃进,构成民歌的内在肌理,越过表面的重复和环境,越过动人的行为与唤声。"不是精灵不是鸟""不是风声不是鸟""不是野兽蠢蠢动",这里面有许多层级的意象和思想,使一首民歌生动、丰富、真切、感人。翻译伊始,语言所指,已经是眼花缭乱,来不及思考和改变什么,只有依样画葫芦,就可以消受了。"倭口巴"的音译,也增加了若干异国情调和神秘气氛。

Come Not Near My Songs (Shoshone)

Come not near my songs, You who are not my lover, Lest from out that ambush Leaps my heart upon you!

When my songs are glowing
As an almond thicket
With the bloom upon it,
Lies my heart in ambush
All amid my singing;
Come not near my songs,
You who are not my lover!

Do not hear my songs,
You who are not my lover!
Over-sweet the heart is,
Where my love has bruised it,
Breathe you not that fragrance,
You who are not my lover.
Do not stoop above my song.
With its languor on you,
Lest from out my singing,
Leaps my heart upon you!
(Mary Austin)