

# 第四屆新紀元全球華文青年文學獎

The Fourth Global Youth Chinese Literary Award for the New Century

## 翻譯組譯文原稿

請用中文，翻譯下列合共三篇英文原稿

1. GOADED BY restlessness and the delusion of greener pastures, we vacated an apartment where we had lived a long time. Four ape men, appearing in the steamy dawn, rolled up the mattresses, collapsed the beds, and with catlike tread removed all our effects, and our ineffect, to the inquisitive street and there wedged them into a red-devil horseless van. They stripped the place clean, to the eye. But as we sat on an empty fruit crate in the living-room, staring at the beloved walls with their unbleached rectangles where the pictures and mirrors had been, staring at the radiators whose first winter whisperings we will not hear this year, we knew that not even the stalwart movers could wrench loose something that was still there, invisible and ineradicable; we knew that people must inevitably leave something of themselves behind---something besides the mere residue of dust and bent paper clips and fallen coat hangers. We felt we should post a warning to the new tenants that there was something in the walls, musky and pervasive, as when a skunk vacates a nest under a summer cottage. There is sponginess about plaster, absorbing love. Not even a repaint job can quite rid a place of the people who once lived there.

Possessions breed like mice. A man forgets what a raft of irrelevant junk he has collected about him till he tries to move it. We found ourself one afternoon smothered at the bottom of a pile of ghastly miscellany: envelopes engraved with the wrong address, snapshots that had never been pasted up, a mahogany chip belonging to a broken chair, some high-school examination papers, a can of ski wax, several programs of the Millrose games, a sneaker for the left foot, a build-it-yourself airplane that had never been built, some samples of curtain material, a catcher's mitt, and a red-and-silver ashtray made from the head of a piston. These objects suddenly seemed to be the possessor, ourself the possessed. An hour later we were wandering dully in the streets seeking lodging in a hotel and passed a little old fellow with all his worldly goods slung on his back in a burlap sack. In his face was written a strange peace.

---from E. B. White, "Moving," *Writings from the New Yorker*.

2. Dion Boucicault, the most prolific of Irish playwrights, had two alleged fathers, several supposed birthdates, and three wives. The first bride died in mysterious circumstances; the second, after thirty-three years of marriage, five children and the death of their eldest son, he abandoned; the third, a young actress on tour with him in Australia, he married bigamously. His private life was a target for the sometimes vicious gossip of his Victorian contemporaries. Yet they rushed in hordes to see his plays. They accused him of plagiarism. They relished his smart dialogue. They revelled in his sensation scenes. They condemned him for creating vulgar theatricality and pandering to the contemporary taste for it. They exalted him as an Irish Shakespeare, and at the end turned from his plays to applaud new types of social comedy and drama. Less than forty years after his death, few theatregoers had heard of Boucicault. Intellectuals and critics hungered for the new drama bred in the little theatre movement across Europe. Only aging theatre people and professional historians of nineteenth-century theatre would remember this Irish demiurge, except, that is, for a few dramatists canny enough to realize he was a master from whom they could learn: writers such as Wilde, Shaw, Synge and O'Casey.



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Boucicault recalled later that, on arrival in London, he took a garret in Villiers Street and submitted *A Lover by Proxy* to Charles Mathews, manager at Covent Garden. Supposing it to be by Madison Morton, Mathews read the play and allowed Lee Moreton up to the office to discuss the work. The error being explained, Mathews rejected the play, but impressed by its author's youth kept it to show Mme. Vestris, gave Boucicault free ticket privileges and mentioned that he really wanted a five-act comedy. This Boucicault supplied four weeks later on a Thursday. Mathews promised to read the script, then called *Out of Town*, and invited his new author to a party the following Sunday. Mathews and Vestris decided to stage the play, Vestris supplying the new title, *London Assurance*. During rehearsals Boucicault rewrote it extensively, and his first great success opened at Covent Garden on 4 March 1841.

---from Andrew Parkin, introduction to *Selected Plays of Dion Boucicault*  
(Gerrards Cross, Bucks: Colin Smythe; Washington, D.C: Catholic  
University of America Press, 1987).

3. When I was at Margate, it was an excursion of pleasure to go to see Ramsgate. The pier, I remember, was accounted a most excellent piece of stone-work, and such I found it. By this time, I suppose, it is finished; and surely it is no small advantage, that you have an opportunity of observing how nicely those great stones are put together, as often as you please, without either trouble or expense. But you think Margate more lively. So is a Cheshire cheese full of mites more lively than a sound one: but that very liveliness only proves its rottenness. I remember, too, that Margate, though full of company, was generally filled with such company, as people who were nice in the choice of their company, were rather fearful of keeping company with. The hoy went to London every week, loaded with mackerel and herrings, and returned loaded with company. The cheapness of the conveyance made it equally commodious for Dead fish and Lively company. So, perhaps, your solitude at Ramsgate may turn out another advantage; at least I should think it one.

There was not, at that time, much to be seen in the Isle of Thanet, besides the beauty of the country, and the fine prospects of the sea, which are nowhere surpassed except in the Isle of Wight, or upon some parts of the coast of Hampshire. One sight, however, I remember, engaged my curiosity, and I went to see it: — a fine piece of ruins, built by the late Lord Holland, at a great expense, which, the day after I saw it, tumbled down for nothing. Perhaps, therefore, it is still a ruin; and if it is, I would advise you by all means to visit it, as it must have been much improved by this fortunate incident. It is hardly possible to put stones together with that air of wild and magnificent disorder which they are sure to acquire by falling of their own accord.

---from William Cowper, "Recollections of Margate."



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