



2018 · 第三届

# 中欧国际文学节

The 3rd EU-China International Literary Festival



中欧国际文学节  
EU - China International  
Literary Festival



2018  
EUROPEAN YEAR  
OF CULTURAL  
HERITAGE  
#EuropeForCulture





中欧国际文学节  
EU - China International  
Literary Festival

# 第三届中欧国际文学节

The 3rd EU-China International Literary Festival

广州：11月19/20/21/25号

Guangzhou: November 19, 20, 21 and 25

深圳：11月22号 - 24号

Shenzhen: November 22 - 24



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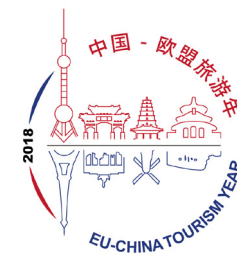
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## 开幕致辞

欧盟驻华代表团大使

亲爱的朋友们，

我诚挚地欢迎大家参与第三届中欧国际文学节，活动将于2018年11月19-25日在广州、深圳举办。

我们邀请了9位欧盟成员国作家，他们来自塞浦路斯，丹麦，芬兰，马耳他，荷兰，波兰，罗马尼亚，瑞典及英国，阵容强大。历经三届中欧国际文学节，一年内，我们将所有欧盟成员国作家代表全部介绍给中国读者。

中欧国际文学节的魅力，在于它不懈追求人与人之间的近距离交流与思想碰撞。它不仅是中欧文化交流的重要议程，更符合当今社会人们的迫切诉求。

文学，是欧盟作家与中国作家、读者观众探讨交流的最佳起点。通过参与一系列活动，大家能更好地了解彼此对世界的认知与看法。中欧国际文学节，体现了中国与欧盟文化的丰富多样性，是中国 - 欧盟旅游年及欧洲文化遗产年不可或缺的一部分。

在此，我衷心感谢所有参与中欧国际文学节的伙伴们，尤其是欧盟成员国大使馆及总领事馆，广州、深圳的活动场地方。当然，尤其感谢中国与欧盟的优秀作家们，是他们共同书写，创作了中欧国际文学节！

郁白  
欧洲联盟驻华大使

## Ambassador's Opening Remarks

Dear friends,

*I warmly welcome you to the third edition of the EU-China International Literary Festival, which is being held in Guangzhou and Shenzhen from 19-25 November 2018.*

*I am particularly proud of the line-up of acclaimed authors from nine European countries: Cyprus, Denmark, Finland, Malta, Netherlands, Poland, Romania, Sweden, and the United Kingdom. In less than a year we have brought to China writers from all European Union member states.*

*The strength of our festival – already a well-established feature on the EU cultural calendar in China – is its constant quest for mixing together physical human exchanges and inspiring intellectual encounters. We need them more than ever today.*

*Literature is becoming an ideal*

*starting point for the European authors and their Chinese peers to engage in a series of events and discussions with readers and audiences and learn about each other's vision of the world. In its celebration of the diversity our festival is an indispensable part of the EU-China Year of Tourism and the European Year of Cultural Heritage.*

*I would like to thank all our partners who made this event happen, particularly the embassies and consulates general of the EU member states, all the outstanding venues in Guangzhou and Shenzhen, and of course the writers from Europe and China who will make this festival a truly unforgettable experience.*

Nicolas Chapuis  
Ambassador of the European  
Union to China

## 活动一览 广州场

Events at a Glance / Guangzhou

November 20

Tuesday

19:00 – 20:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

### 世界作家

Writers of the World

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland), Pierre Mejlak (马耳他 /Malta), 孙频 / Sun Pin (中国 /China), 王威廉 /Wang Weilian (中国 /China).  
主持人 /Moderator: 谢有顺 /Xie Youshun (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

19:00 – 20:30 方所 /Fang Suo Commune

### 回忆、故事与艺术

Memories, Stories and Art

Antonis Georgiou (塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), Huang Lihai/ 黄礼孩 (中国 /China), Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), Wang Zhezhu/ 王哲珠 (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 黄惊涛 /Huang Jingtao (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

19:00 – 20:30 树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

### 如何讲故事：探索多重方式

How to Tell the Tale: Exploring Multiple Avenues

陈崇正 /Chen Chongzheng (中国 /China), Mineke Schipper (荷兰 /The Netherlands), 王十月 / Wang Shiyue (中国 /China), Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 /Poland). 主持人 /Moderator: 刘炜茗 / Liu Weiming (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

November 21

Wednesday

19:00 – 20:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

### 深刻的人性讨论

Deep, Dark and Human

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland), Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 /Sweden), 盛慧 /Sheng Hai (中国 /China), 郑小驴 / Zheng Xiaolu (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 谢有顺 /Xie Youshun (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

November 21

Wednesday

- 19:00 – 20:30 方所 /Fang Suo Commune

## 精打细磨

Fine-tuning the Craft

Doina Rusti (罗马尼亚 /Romania), Pierre Mejlak (马耳他 / Malta), 魏微 /Wei Wei (中国 /China), 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 申霞艳 /Shen Xiayan (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 19:00 – 20:30 树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

## 作家之路

The Author's Way

Antonis Georgiou (塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), Diana Evans (英国 / United Kingdom), 世宾 /Shi Bin (中国 /China), 孙频 /Sun Pin (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 郭爽 /Guo Shuang (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

November 25

Sunday

- 13:00 – 14:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

## 我们共享什么？

What Do We Share?

Mineke Schipper (荷兰 /The Netherlands). 主持人 /Moderator: 胡传吉 /Hu Chuanji (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 14:00 – 15:30 树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

## 心中的作家

The Writers Lies Within

Diana Evans (英国 /United Kingdom), Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), 王十月 / Wang Shiyue (中国 /China), 郑小琼 / Zheng Xiaoqiong (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 张鸿 /Zhang Hong (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

November 25

Sunday

- 15:00 – 16:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

## 语言与文学

Language and Literature

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland), Doina Rusti (罗马尼亚 /Romania), 王威廉 /Wang Weilian (中国 /China), 魏微 /Wei Wei (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 胡传吉 /Hu Chuanji (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 16:00 – 17:30 树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

## 我们为何写作

Why We Write

Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 /Sweden), Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 /Poland), 世宾 /Shi Bin (中国 /China), 郑小驴 / Zheng Xiaolu (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 刘炜茗 /Liu Weiming (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 17:00 – 18:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

## 全球之声，本土故事

Global Voices, Local Stories

Antonis Georgiou (塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), 陈崇正 /Chen Chongzheng (中国 /China), Pierre Mejlak (马耳他 /Malta), 旧海棠 / Jiu Haitang (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 黄惊涛 /Huang Jingtao (中国 /China)



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Registration



观看直播  
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## 活动一览 深圳场

Events at a Glance / Shenzhen

November 23

Friday

- 18:00 – 19:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

### 跃然纸上的同情

[Empathy on the Page](#)

邓一光 / Deng Yiguang (中国 /China), Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 /Poland), 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 南翔 /Nan Xiang (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 19:00 – 20:30 飞地书局 /Enclave Bookshop

### 写作：社会灵魂的聚光灯

[Writing: A Spotlight on Society's Soul](#)

陈再见 /Chen Zaijian (中国 /China), Diana Evans (英国 /United Kingdom), Mineke Schipper (荷兰 /The Netherlands), 徐东 / Xu Dong (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 张鸿 (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 20:00 – 21:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

### 我们的写作生涯

[Our Writing Lives](#)

Doina Rusti (罗马尼亚 /Romania), Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 /Sweden), 吴君 / Wu Jun (中国 /China), 戴斌 / Dai Bin (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 唐小林 /Tang Xiaolin (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

November 24

Saturday

- 13:00 – 14:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

### 他们不知道自己在做什么

[They Know Not What They Do](#)

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland). 主持人 /Moderator: 张鸿 (中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

November 24

Saturday

- 14:00 – 15:30 飞地书局 /Enclave Bookshop

## 景观，地点，记忆与归属

Landscape, Place, Memory and Belonging

Mathilde Walter Clark ( 丹麦 /Denmark), 蔡东 /Cai Dong ( 中国 /China), 庞贝 /Pang Bei ( 中国 /China), Pierre Mejlak ( 马耳他 /Malta). 主持人 /Moderator: 毕亮 /Bi Liang ( 中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 15:00 – 16:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

## 历史，文化与创作过程

History, Culture and the Creative Process

Wojciech Jagielski ( 波兰 /Poland), Diana Evans ( 英国 /United Kingdom), 吴君 /Wu Jun ( 中国 /China), 谢宏 /Xie Hong ( 中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 卫鸦 /Wei Ya ( 中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 16:00 – 17:30 飞地书局 /Enclave Bookshop

## 语言与风格的试验

Experimenting with Language and Style

Antonis Georgiou ( 塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), Doina Rusti ( 罗马尼亚 /Romania), 杜绿绿 /Du Lulu ( 中国 /China), 张尔 /Zhang Er ( 中国 /China). 李松璋 /Li Songzhang ( 中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
Watch Live

- 17:00 – 18:30 言几又 /Yan Ji You

## 点燃创意火花

Igniting the Creative Spark

Helena von Zweigbergk ( 瑞典 /Sweden), 黄灿然 /Huang Canran ( 中国 /China), Mineke Schipper ( 荷兰 /The Netherlands), 杨争光 /Yang Zhengguang ( 中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 唐小林 /Tang Xiaolin ( 中国 /China)



报名入口  
Registration



观看直播  
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## 活动详情 广州场

Event Descriptions / Guangzhou

### 世界作家

Event

Writers of the World

01

**Time** Nov 20, Tuesday, 19:00 – 20:30  
**Venue** 言几又 /Yan Ji You

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland), Pierre Mejlak (马耳他 /Malta), 孙频 / Sun Pin (中国 /China), 王威廉 /Wang Weilian (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 谢有顺 /Xie Youshun (中国 /China)

本场开幕活动，中国、芬兰和马耳他的作家将讨论他们的作品、作家生涯、从祖国至世界汲取的创作灵感，及他们如何看待文学在当今世界所扮演的角色。参与嘉宾：芬兰小说家 Jussi Valtonen，马耳他作家、欧盟文学奖得主 Pierre Mejlak，中国获奖作家孙频及中国长篇小说家、短篇小说家、学者王威廉。活动由作家、学者谢有顺主持。

In this opening session, leading writers from China, Finland and Malta will discuss their work, their writing lives, their sources of inspiration

from their own country and beyond, and the role they see literature playing in the modern era around the world. Participating in this discussion are best-selling novelist Jussi Valtonen from Finland; Pierre Mejlak from Malta, a winner European Union Prize for Literature; and from China, award-winning writer Sun Pin, and novelist, short story writer and academic Wang Weilian. In conversation with author and literary academic Xie Youshun.

## 回忆、故事与艺术

Event

Memories, Stories and Art

02

**Time** Nov 20, Tuesday, 19:00 – 20:30  
**Venue** 方所 /Fang Suo Commune

Antonis Georgiou (塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), Huang Lihai/ 黄礼孩 (中国 /China), Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), Wang Zhezhu/ 王哲珠 (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 黄惊涛 /Huang Jingtao (中国 /China)

作家如何将自身经历及他人经验运用到创作中？这些融合重塑、借用想象的生活经历，又如何作品中焕发新生？本场参与讨论的有欧盟文学奖得主、塞浦路斯作家 Antonis Georgiou，诗人、散文家、鲁迅文学艺术奖得主黄礼孩，丹麦作家、散文家 Mathilde Walter Clark，及短篇小说家王哲珠。主持人是树冠文化创办人、作家黄惊涛。

How do writers take their own life experiences, and what they learn of the experiences of others, and utilize aspects of all that in the creation of works of art? How do these melded and meshed,

lived, borrow and imagined experiences take on a life of their own and become a nascent entity? To discuss their own processes and writing experiences we will be joined by European Union Prize for Literature winner Antonis Georgiou (Cyprus); poet, essayist and Lu Xun Literature and Arts Award Winner Huang Lihai (China); author and essayist Mathilde Walter Clark (Denmark); and short story writer and novelist Wang Zhezhu (China). In conversation with Huang Jingtao, author and founder of Canopy Culture and Future Literature Studio.

## 如何讲故事：探索多重方式

Event

How to Tell the Tale:

Exploring Multiple Avenues

03

**Time** Nov 20, Tuesday, 19:00 – 20:30  
**Venue** 树德生活馆 / Shuter Life

陈崇正 / Chen Chongzheng (中国 / China), Mineke Schipper (荷兰 / The Netherlands), 王十月 / Wang Shiyue (中国 / China), Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 / Poland). 主持人 / Moderator: 刘炜茗 / Liu Weiming (中国 / China)

故事的讲述因艺术形式、文本体裁、表达方式不同而千变万化。对于讲故事而言，最大的挑战的是选取最佳叙事角度，即最聚焦的位置。本场嘉宾：小说家、文学杂志编辑陈崇正，学术作者、散文家、小说家 Mineke Schipper，小说家、编辑、艺术家王十月，波兰记者、作家 Wojciech Jagielski。活动主持是《南方都市报》文化副刊部主编、作家刘炜茗。

A story can be told through numerous art forms, a multitude of genres and in infinite nuanced manners. The question of whose perspective the story is told from is also often pivotal,

as is the aspect to be given the prominent focus. To talk about how they approach creative projects, and what decisions they tend to make in the process, we will be joined by novelist and literary journal editor Chen Chongzheng (China); author of academic books, essays and novels Mineke Schipper (The Netherlands); novelist, editor and artist Wang Shiyue (China), and journalist, correspondent and writer Wojciech Jagielski (Poland). In conversation with Liu Weiming, author and director of the Literature and Periodical Department of the *Southern Metropolis Daily*.

## 深刻的人性讨论

Event

Deep, Dark and Human

04

**Time** Nov 21, Wednesday, 19:00 – 20:30  
**Venue** 言几又 / Yan Ji You

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 / Finland), Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 / Sweden), 盛慧 / Sheng Hui (中国 / China), 郑小驴 / Zheng Xiaolu (中国 / China). 主持人 / Moderator: 谢有顺 / Xie Youshun (中国 / China)

试图捕捉评论人类境况是写作的固有部分，正如写作本身反映了人类境况。创作复杂、会犯错、可信又推动叙事并折射读者及客观世界的鲜活角色，对每一位作家而言，绝非易事。本场围绕角色塑造及相关话题，参与嘉宾有芬兰作家、心理学家 Jussi Valtonen，瑞典记者、作家、影评家 Helena von Zweigbergk，中国作家、艺术评论家盛慧，及作家、文学杂志编辑郑小驴。主持人是作家、文学家谢有顺。

Attempting to capture and critique the human condition is an inherent part of writing, just as writing is and of itself a facet of the human

condition. Creating complex, fallible, credible characters who – warts and all – can propel the narrative and at the same time tell us something about ourselves and the world we inhabit is a challenge for any writer. To talk about character building and other aspects of the craft, will be Finnish author and psychologist Jussi Valtonen; Swedish journalist, author and film critic Helena von Zweigbergk; and from China, writer and art critic Sheng Hai; and author and literary journal editor Zheng Xiaolu. In conversation with author and literary academic Xie Youshun.

## 精打细磨

Event

## Fine-tuning the Craft

05

Time	Nov 21, Wednesday, 19:00 – 20:30
Venue	方所 /Fang Suo Commune

Doina Rusti ( 罗马尼亚 /Romania), Pierre Mejlak ( 马耳他 /Malta), 魏微 /Wei Wei ( 中国 /China), 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying ( 中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 申霞艳 /Shen Xiayan ( 中国 /China)

如何写出原创性很强的文字？如何打磨故事，使其新鲜生动，令人印象深刻？如何塑造角色，通过真实对话，推动情节发展？如何在开头不透露过多却引人入胜？本场活动嘉宾：罗马尼亚编剧、小说家 Doina Rusti，马耳他小说家、短篇小说家及童书作家 Pierre Mejlak，中国小说家、短篇小说家魏微和朱文颖。主持人是作家、学者申霞艳。

How to create something that feels truly original? What makes a story fresh, vivid and memorable? How to develop strong characters and present authentic dialogue that drive

the story? And, without divulging too much in the early pages, how can writers most successfully invite the reader to come along with them on a literary journey? To talk about their own writing practices and observations, we present screenwriter and novelist Doina Rusti from Romania; novelist, short story writer and children's author Pierre Mejlak from Malta; and from China, novelists and short story writers Wei Wei and Zhu Wenying. In conversation with writer and literary academic Shen Xiayan.

## 作家之路

Event

## The Author's Way

06

Time	Nov 21, Wednesday, 19:00 – 20:30
Venue	树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

Antonis Georgiou ( 塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), Diana Evans ( 英国 /United Kingdom), 世宾 /Shi Bin ( 中国 /China), 孙频 /Sun Pin ( 中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 郭爽 /Guo Shuang ( 中国 /China)

塞浦路斯、英国、中国的四位作家将参与本场活动，讨论他们如何成为作家，是什么鼓励他们选择这条充满挑战的道路，他们的写作习惯，遇到的高潮和低谷及如何保持积极性和专注力。本场活动嘉宾：塞浦路斯作家、诗人、编剧、律师 Antonis Georgiou，英国畅销小说家、有尼日利亚和英国血统的 Diana Evans，中国诗人、评论家世宾，江苏著名作家孙频。主持人是小说家、非虚构小说家郭爽。

Four writers from Cyprus, Britain and China will join this event to talk about how they became writers, and to

discuss what encouraged them to take the challenging literary path, their typical writing routines, the highs and lows they have encountered along the way, and how they keep motivated and focused. From Malta, we have Antonis Georgiou, a Cypriot author, poet, playwright and lawyer; Diana Evans, a best-selling British author of Nigerian and English descent; and from China, poet and critic Shi Bin; and acclaimed author from Jiangsu, Sun Pin. In conversation with novelist and non-fiction writer Guo Shuang.

## 我们共享什么？

Event

### What Do We Share?

07

**Time** Nov 25, Sunday, 13:00 – 14:30  
**Venue** 言几又 /Yan Ji You

Mineke Schipper (荷兰 /The Netherlands). 主持人 /Moderator: 胡传吉 /Hu Chuanji (中国 /China)

我们共享什么？作为人类，我们共享一样的肉身躯体，而在文学领域，我们共享普遍而根本的文本，如原始神话及创意故事，关于人性终结的传说及谚语。本场活动，荷兰获奖作家 Mineke Schnipper 将与我们探讨她饱受好评的作品，并发问：我们共享什么？她的作品被译成多国语言，包括中文。在《永远别娶大脚女人：世界谚语中的女性》中，她认为谚语能帮助人们认识当今时代的我们对祖辈传承下来的关于男性与女性的观点认同或是存疑的程度。她的作品还包括《裸露或是遮盖：世界穿脱史》和新书《力量与无力感的历史》，探讨自古以来女性身体成为欲望、被欣赏和被滥用对象的过程和原因。Mineke 将与中山大学教授胡传吉进行对谈。

What do we share? As humans we share the same bodies, and in literature we share some worldwide fundamental genres, such

as origin myths and creation stories, stories about the end of humanity, and proverbs. Today, join award-winning Dutch author Mineke Schipper as she draws from her extensive research and critically acclaimed books to ask the question: what do we share? Her books have been translated all over the world, including in China, and include *Never Marry a Woman with Big Feet: Women in Proverbs from Around the World* in which she argues that proverbial messages help us find out to what extent we continue to follow and swallow ideas about masculinities and femininities propagated by our ancestors, or have come to look differently at the world than they did. Among her other books are *Naked or Covered: A History of Dressing and Undressing Around the World*,

and her latest title *A History of Power and Powerlessness*, which considers how and why the female body has been desired, admired,

used and abused since time immemorial. Mineke will be in conversation with Hu Chuanji, a professor from Sun Yat-Sen University.

## 心中的作家

Event

### The Writers Lies Within

08

**Time** Nov 25, Sunday, 14:00 – 15:30  
**Venue** 树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

Diana Evans (英国 /United Kingdom), Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), 王十月 / Wang Shiyue (中国 /China), 郑小琼 /Zheng Xiaoqiong (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 张鸿 /Zhang Hong (中国 /China)

我们心中藏着一位作家，这种说法尚待确凿，但我们应如何找到自身创造力并发挥利用呢？如何挖掘、培养和发挥潜在的天赋？本场活动，我们将与四位著名作家一起畅聊他们的个人经历，如何跻身文学界及收获的经验与教训。活动嘉宾：英国作家 Diana Evans，其处女作《26a》被译成 13 种语言在全世界范围畅销；丹麦作家 Mathilde Walter Clark，至今出版了四部热销小说，两部故事集和多篇散文；艺术家、作家及鲁迅文学奖得主王十月，来自湖北，作品被译成多国语言；人民文学奖得主郑小琼，四川人。主持人是作家、编辑兼策展人张鸿。

It could be argued there is a writer lurking within all of us, but how to locate that creative vein and tap into it? How to coax, nurture and cultivate that latent talent? Today we are joined by four prolific and celebrated writers who will talk about their own backgrounds, how they entered the literary realm, and what lessons they have picked up on their respective journeys so far. On stage will be Diana Evans from the UK, whose debut novel *26a* has been translated into 13 languages around the world; Mathilde Walter Clark who

has already published four successful novels, two story collections and numerous essays; artist, writer and Lu Xun Literature Prize-winner Wang Shiyue, originally from Hubei, whose writing has been translated into several

languages around the world; and People's Literature Award-winning poet, originally from Sichuan, Zheng Xiaoqiong. In conversation with writer, editor and curator Zhang Hong.

## 语言与文学

Event

### Language and Literature

09

**Time** Nov 25, Sunday, 15:00 – 16:30  
**Venue** 言几又 /Yan Ji You

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland), Doina Rusti (罗马尼亚 /Romania), 王威廉 /Wang Weilian (中国 /China), 魏微 /Wei Wei (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 胡传吉 /Hu Chuanji (中国 /China)

文学是一种以语言为原材料的艺术创作形式。运用简洁的字词，文学作品超越文字表面，传递出更具深度广度的意境。本场活动，嘉宾将分享他们最欣赏的作家及写作风格，还有如何提升写作技巧。参与的有：芬兰作家 Jussi Valtonen，罗马尼亚作家 Doina Rusti，中国小说家王威廉及中国作家魏微。主持人是学者胡传吉。

Literature is an art form that uses language as its raw material, and when words and phrases are used succinctly in literary works they can acquire a weight

and meaning of their own that transcends straight definition. In this session, we will invite the writers to discuss which writers they admire for their use of language, and why; and how they develop and elevate their own language skills in the works they produce. To discuss will be Finnish author Jussi Valtonen; Romanian author Doina Rusti; and from China short story writers and novelists Wang Weilian and Wei Wei. In conversation with writer and literary academic Hu Chuanji.

## 我们为何写作

Event

### Why We Write

10

**Time** Nov 25, Sunday, 16:00 – 17:30  
**Venue** 树德生活馆 /Shuter Life

Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 /Sweden), Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 /Poland), 世宾 /Shi Bin (中国 /China), 郑小驴 / Zheng Xiaolu (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 刘炜茗 /Liu Weiming (中国 /China)

本场活动，优秀的中国与欧洲作家将讨论他们写作的动机与原由，回答一系列对于所有作家来说都极为关键的问题：他们成为作家的缘由与契机是什么？写作的目标是什么？在成为作家的路上有何挑战？参与嘉宾：曾是著名记者、广播员的瑞典畅销小说家 Helena von Zweigbergk，针对世界冲突地带著书的波兰作家 Wojciech Jagielski，中国诗人、评论家世宾，作家、文学编辑郑小驴。活动由《南方都市报》文化副刊部主编、作家刘炜茗主持。

In this session, prominent authors from Europe and China will discuss their motivations and reasons for writing. The authors will bring their different perspectives to bear on the most crucial questions for any author:

Why and when did they decide to embark on a life in literature? What do they see as the goal and purpose of their writing? And what key issues do they face as they develop as writers? Joining the discussion will be Helena von Zweigbergk, who was an established journalist and broadcaster before she started to write best-selling novels; Wojciech Jagielski, who has written books from several conflict zones around the world; and from China, poet and critic Shi Bin; and Zheng Xiaolu, a literary journal editor and award-winning author. In conversation with Liu Weiming, author and director of the Literature and Periodical Department of the *Southern Metropolis Daily*.

## 全球之声，本土故事

Event

Global Voices, Local Stories

11

**Time** Nov 25, Sunday, 17:00 – 18:30  
**Venue** 言几又 /Yan Ji You

Antonis Georgiou (塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), 陈崇正 /Chen Chongzheng 中国 /China), Pierre Mejlak (马耳他 /Malta), 旧海棠 / Jiu Haitang 中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 黄惊涛 /Huang Jingtao (中国 /China)

塞浦路斯、中国、马耳他的作家将一同探讨他们如何基于本地人物及事件呈现全球性主题，及这些故事超越国界，文化和语言后，如何保持叙述的相关性。本场活动嘉宾：塞浦路斯诗人、剧作家和小说家 Antonis Georgiou，文学杂志编辑、小说家陈崇正，马耳他童书、短篇故事和小说作家 Pierre Mejlak，获奖作家旧海棠。主持人是树冠文化创办人、作家黄惊涛。

Writers from Cyprus, China and Malta will take the stage to discuss how they present global themes in their writing that are informed

by local events and people, and how the narratives can remain relevant even as they transcend borders, cultures and languages. Joining the discussion will be poet playwright and novelist Antonis Georgiou (Cyprus); editor of a literary magazine and novelist Chen Chongzheng (China); writer of children's books, short stories and novels, Pierre Mejlak (Malta); and award-winning author Jiu Haitang (China). In conversation with Huang Jingtao, author and founder of Canopy Culture and Future Literature Studio.

## 活动详情 深圳场

Event Descriptions / Shenzhen

### 跃然纸上的同情

Event

Empathy on the Page

01

**Time** Nov 23, Friday, 18:00 – 19:30  
**Venue** 言几又 /Yan Ji You

邓一光 / Deng Yiguang (中国 /China), Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 /Poland), 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 南翔 /Nan Xiang (中国 /China)

世界日益两极分化，同理心似乎成了一种稀缺资源。读者对于人和事难以产生信任感。数字时代，媒体经常被指责为带有偏见甚至“假新闻”，社交媒体沦为尖酸刻薄话语的温床。在这种环境下，图书出版界以及那些有能力感知微妙和善解人意的作家扮演着越来越重要的角色。本场活动，我们邀请了四位非常有才华的作家来讨论他们的写作，以及他们对于作品如何与我们所处的社

In an increasingly polarized world it seems empathy is a resource that is in ever scarcer supply. Readers struggle to know who or what to trust in this digital era with

会现状与地缘政治相匹配的看法。参与嘉宾：邓一光，广受好评、屡获殊荣的蒙古族作家；Mathilde Walter Clark，作家、散文家，在丹麦母亲和美国父亲的跨大西洋教育下成长；Wojciech Jagielski，波兰作家，大部分职业生涯在世界上一些最严重的冲突地区度过；朱文颖，上海作家和策展人，作品被广泛翻译。主持人是文化学者、获奖作家南翔。

media outlets across the globe often accused of bias or “fake news”, and social media platforms commonly becoming hotbeds of vitriol. In this environment, the

book publishing world and the fiction and non-fiction writers who have the talent to create texts at the more nuanced, empathetic end of the spectrum have an increasingly vital role to play. In this context, we invite this evening four very talented writers to discuss their writing and how they see it fitting in with the social and geopolitical realities we face. Deng Yiguang is a critically acclaimed and multi award-winning author

of Mongolian ethnicity; Mathilde Walter Clark is an author and essayist who had a transatlantic upbringing with a Danish mother and an American father; Wojciech Jagielski is a Polish writer who has spent most of his career in some of the worst conflict zones on the planet; and Zhu Wenying is a widely translated author and curator originally from Shanghai. In conversation with literary academic and award-winning author Nan Xiang.

## 写作：社会灵魂的聚光灯

Event

Writing: A Spotlight on

Society's Soul

02

**Time** Nov 23, Friday, 19:00 – 20:30  
**Venue** 飞地书局 / Enclave Bookshop

陈再见 / Chen Zaijian (中国 / China), Diana Evans (英国 / United Kingdom), Mineke Schipper (荷兰 / The Netherlands), 徐东 / Xu Dong (中国 / China). 主持人 / Moderator: 张鸿 / Zhang Hong (中国 / China)

虚构与非虚构小说，通过角色，故事与场景，印证文学是照亮社会黑暗角落的聚光灯。本场活动，受邀作家将讨论他们的作品，并分享他们钦佩的作家，尤其在揭露社会真实灵魂这个层面。参与嘉宾：屡获殊荣的小说家、短篇小说作家陈再见，

英国作家 Diana Evans，荷兰虚构、非虚构小说家 Mineke Schipper，获奖作家、文学期刊编辑徐东。主持人是作家、编辑兼策展人张鸿。

Both in non-fiction, and in fiction via the characters, the storyline and the setting, literature can often be seen to be shining a vital spotlight on dark corners of society and illuminating pockets of social darkness. In this session, the invited writers will discuss this in relation to their own writing, and also talk about some other writers they have admired for

their capacity to truly bare society's soul. Joining the panel will be award-winning novelist and short story writer Chen Zaijian (China); British author Diana Evans; Dutch writer of fiction and non-fiction, Mineke Schipper; and award-winning author and literary journal editor Xu Dong (China). In conversation with writer, editor and curator Zhang Hong.

## 我们的写作生涯

Event

Our Writing Lives

03

**Time** Nov 23, Friday, 20:00 – 21:30  
**Venue** 言几又 / Yan Ji You

Doina Rusti (罗马尼亚 / Romania), Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 / Sweden), 吴君 / Wu Jun (中国 / China), 戴斌 / Dai Bin (中国 / China). 主持人 / Moderator: 唐小林 / Tang Xiaolin (中国 / China)

今天，我们欢迎四位具有不同文学才能的嘉宾谈论他们的文学作品，开启写作生涯的缘由和过程，在文学之路上遇到的挑战，如何选择下一个征途，以及他们对心怀抱负的作家提出的建议。本场嘉宾：罗马尼亚作家 Doina Rusti，出版

了 10 本畅销小说；瑞典作家 Helen von Zweigbergk，此前是一位著名广播员；籍贯河北的作者吴君，作品被译成英语、俄语和少数民族语言，曾从事新闻采编、公文写作等工作；中国散文家、小说家戴斌。主持人是作家、文学评论家唐小林。

Today we welcome four diverse literary talents to talk

about their own literary work, how and why they got into

a writing career, how they choose their next literary challenges, what challenges they have encountered along the way, and what advice they would offer to aspiring writers. To talk about their writing lives, we welcome Doina Rusti from Romania, who has already published 10 successful novels; Helen von Zwebergk from Sweden,

who was a well-known radio broadcaster before embarking on a literary career; and Chinese author Wu Jun, originally from Hebei, who has had her work translated into English, Russian and minority languages in China; and essayist and novelist Dai Bin. In conversation with writer and literary critic Tang Xiaolin.

## 他们不知道自己在做什么

Event

They Know Not

What They Do

04

**Time** Nov 24, Saturday, 13:00 – 14:30  
**Venue** 言几又 / Yan Ji You

Jussi Valtonen (芬兰 /Finland). 主持人 /Moderator: 张鸿 (中国 /China)

Jussi Valtonen 的新作在芬兰荣登畅销榜，并在包括中国在内的 10 个国家上架，很快将由中国国际广播出版社出版。小说中，故事主角 Joe Chayefski 实现了梦寐以求的心愿：成为美国顶尖神经科学家，娶了美丽的妻子，有两个完美的女儿。但当他的实验室成为动物权利保护者的攻击目标时，他精心设计的未来受到了严重威胁。袭击事件发生后，Joe 接到芬兰前妻 Alina 的电话。当年他抛

弃妻儿，来美国追求事业，现在二十年过去了，儿子 Samuel 长大成人，正潜伏在美国，伺机报复父亲。

Jussi Valtonen 是一位芬兰作家、心理学家。他曾在美国学习神经心理学，在英国学习电影编剧。本场活动，Jussi 将讨论他的作品及相关主题，如家庭关系，科学发展，生活商业化及脑神经科学的真伪。主持人是作家、编辑、策展人张鸿。

Jussi Valtonen's latest novel was a bestseller in his native Finland and has been sold into 10 markets around the world, including China, where it will be soon be published by China International Radio Press (< 他们不知道自己在做什么 >/ 中国国际广播出版社). In the novel, the key protagonist Joe Chayefski has got what he always wanted: a reputation as one of America's top neuroscientists, a beautiful wife and two perfect daughters. But his carefully created ideal is threatened when his lab is targeted by animal rights activists. The attack is followed by a phone call from Joe's ex-wife in Finland. Two decades have

passed since he abandoned Alina and their young son, Samuel, returning to America to advance his career. Now Samuel is somewhere in the States, and Alina fears he is looking for revenge.

Jussi Valtonen is a Finnish author and psychologist. He studied neuropsychology in the United States and film screenwriting in the UK. Come and join Jussi as he discusses his book and some of the key themes in it such as family relationships, commercialisation of everyday life, technology, and beliefs and hype about the brain. Jussi will be in discussion with writer, editor and curator Zhang Hong,

## 景观，地点，记忆与归属

Event

Landscape, Place,

Memory and Belonging

05

**Time** Nov 24, Saturday, 14:00 – 15:30  
**Venue** 飞地书局 / Enclave Bookshop

Mathilde Walter Clark (丹麦 /Denmark), 蔡东 /Cai Dong (中国 /China), 庞贝 /Pang Bei (中国 /China), Pierre Mejlak (马耳他 /Malta). 主持人 /Moderator: 毕亮 /Bi Liang (中国 /China)

本场活动，四位杰出作家将讨论景观，地点，记忆与归属，这些元素在他们创作过程中的参与程度及如何影响了他们的写

作。他们将谈论在特定时间如何优先考虑某些元素，以及这些元素是天然存在于生活中的，抑或是为了适应作品情感而创造出来的。参与嘉宾：丹麦短篇小说作家、小说家 Mathilde

In this gathering four leading writers will discuss the extent that landscape, place, memory and a sense of belonging feed into their creative psyches and grounds their writing. They will talk about how they might give priority to certain elements at particular times, and whether they are introduced innately, or are features they select and mold to fit the mood

Walter Clark, 中国的多产作家、学者蔡东, 中国知名作家、编剧庞贝, 马耳他小说家、短篇小说家 Pierre Mejlak. 主持人是短篇小说作家毕亮。

of the piece. To share their thoughts will be short story writer and novelist Mathilde Walter Clark (Denmark); prolific author and academic Cai Dong (China); acclaimed writer, screenwriter Pang Bei (China); and novelist and short story writer Pierre Mejlak (Malta). In conversation with short story writer Bi Liang.

## 历史，文化与创作过程

History, Culture and the Creative Process

Event

06

**Time** Nov 24, Saturday, 15:00 – 16:30  
**Venue** 言几又 / Yan Ji You

Wojciech Jagielski (波兰 /Poland), Diana Evans (英国 /United Kingdom), 吴君 / Wu Jun (中国 /China), 谢宏 / Xie Hong (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 卫鸦 /Wei Ya (中国 /China)

四位来自波兰、英国、中国的著名作家将讨论历史与文化在他们的世界观中发挥的作用，特别是在写作中。从本土到远

世界的另一端，他们将讨论这些历史与文化是如何在作品中留下印记的。参与嘉宾：波兰 Wojciech Jagielski, 专注写的是南高加索、高加索、中亚、非洲等冲突地区；英国知名小说家 Diana Evans, 她有尼日利亚和英国的双重血统；籍

We invite prolific and versatile authors from Poland, the UK and China to discuss today the role history and culture plays in their world view, in general, and in their writing, in particular. They will discuss historical and cultural influences – from the local to the far flung – and how they might leave an imprint on their work. Wojciech Jagielski (Poland) has written from conflict zones in the Transcaucasus,

贯河北的作者吴君，作品被译成英语、俄语和少数民族语言，曾从事新闻采编、公文写作等工作；来自广东的小说家、诗人谢宏，作品丰富，他在新西兰生活了数年。主持人是作家卫鸦。

the Caucasus, Central Asia and Africa; British novelist Diana Evans is of Nigerian and English descent; Author Wu Jun, originally from Hebei, has had her work translated into English, Russian and minority languages in China; and Xie Hong, from Guangdong, is a widely published novelist and poet who has lived in New Zealand for several years. In conversation with author Wei Ya.

## 语言与风格的试验

Experimenting with Language and Style

Event

07

**Time** Nov 24, Saturday, 16:00 – 17:30  
**Venue** 飞地书局 / Enclave Bookshop

Antonis Georgiou (塞浦路斯 /Cyprus), Doina Rusti (罗马尼亚 /Romania), 杜绿绿 / Du Lulu (中国 /China), 张尔 /Zhang Er (中国 /China). 李松璋 /Li Songzhang (中国 /China)

四位备受好评的作家将讨论他们的作品，以及如何通过试验语言、表现形式及风格来创造独特而引人注目的作品。此外，他们还将讨论多年来，他们爱读和钦佩的创意作家。参与嘉宾：

Four critically acclaimed writers will consider their own writing and how they experiment with language, form and style to create unique and compelling texts for readers to immerse themselves in. Additionally, they will discuss other innovative writers they have read and admired over the

塞浦路斯诗人、剧作家、小说家 Antonis Georgiou, 罗马尼亚作家、编剧 Doina Rusti, 屡获殊荣的诗人杜绿绿, 文学编辑兼诗人张尔。主持人是散文家、诗人李松璋。

years. On stage, we will be joined by poet, playwright and novelist Antonis Georgiou (Cyprus); author and screenwriter Doina Rusti (Romania); award-winning poet Du Lulu (China); and literary editor and poet Zhang Er (China). In conversation with prose poet Li Songzhang.

## 点燃创意火花

Igniting the Creative Spark

Event

08

**Time** Nov 24, Saturday, 17:00 – 18:30  
**Venue** 言几又 /Yan Ji You

Helena von Zweigbergk (瑞典 /Sweden), 黄灿然 /Huang Canran (中国 /China), Mineke Schipper (荷兰 /The Netherlands), 杨争光 /Yang Zhengguang (中国 /China). 主持人 /Moderator: 唐小林 /Tang Xiaolin (中国 /China)

瑞典、中国、荷兰的知名作家将讨论他们的作品，写作生涯，灵感来源，以及如何看待文学及其银幕改编在当今世界所发

挥的影响。参与嘉宾：瑞典著名广播员、小说家 Helena von Zweigbergk; 中国诗人、翻译家、评论家黄灿然; 荷兰散文

家、虚构非虚构小说家 Mineke Schipper, 广受好评的小说家、诗人、编剧杨争光。主持人是作家、文学评论家唐小林。

Leading writers from Sweden, China and the Netherlands will discuss their work, their writing lives, their sources of inspiration from their own country and beyond, and the role they see literature and screen adaptations playing in the modern era around the world. Participating in this discussion will be broadcaster and novelist Helena von

Zweigbergk (Sweden); poet, translator and critic Huang Canran (China); Mineke Schipper (the Netherlands) author of essays, novels and non-fiction titles; and critically acclaimed novelist, poet and screen writer Yang Zhengguang (China). In conversation with writer and literary critic Tang Xiaolin.

## 作家介绍 欧洲部分

### Author Biographies



**Antonis Georgiou**  
Cyprus/ 塞浦路斯



塞浦路斯作家、诗人、剧作家 Antonis Georgiou，生于 1969 年，曾在莫斯科学习法律，有戏剧研究的专业背景，现在是一名职业律师。他是文学杂志 *Anef* 的编辑委员会成员，同时参与创作了 *Theatre Diaries* 中关于塞浦路斯戏剧史的部分。他的剧作在塞浦路斯及周边地区广泛上演。他出版了诗集《满月缺痕》，小说《甜蜜血色生涯》和《故事集》，其中《故事集》荣获 2016 年欧盟文学奖，被翻译成十多种语言。

Antonis Georgiou, a Cypriot author, poet and playwright, was born in 1969. He studied Law in Moscow and Theatre

Studies and works as a lawyer. He is a member of the editorial board of the literary magazine *Anef* and he was involved with the composition of *Theatre Diaries* (2001-2013) on the history of the Cypriot theater. His plays have been widely staged in Cyprus and the region, he has published a poetry collection called *Full Moon Minus One*, and the books *Sweet Bloody Life* and *An Album of Stories*. *An Album of Stories* won the 2016 European Union Prize for Literature and is being translated into more than 10 languages.



**Mathilde Walter Clark**  
Denmark/ 丹麦



小说家、散文家 Mathilde Walter Clark 在成长过程中，大部分时间与母亲生活在丹麦，逢暑假，去美国圣路易斯和父亲一起。她毕业于丹麦罗斯基勒大学和美国纽约大学，有丹麦语、哲学的硕士学位。她的首部小说《Thorsten Madsen's Ego》出版于 2004 年，此后出版了小说《普里阿普斯》、《Cast》及短篇小说集《乱物与恐怖故事》。最新力作《孤夜星辰》，写的是一对父女及两人关系疏离的种种故事，关于家庭，归属及漫长距离的超越。她的许多作品被译成英文，可见于《Iowa Review》、《Absinthe》、《Chattanooga Review》、《The Literary Review》、《Asymptote》等刊物。2006 年，她获了 Carlsberg 基金会“年度发现”奖；同年，获丹麦艺术基金会杰出三年学术奖。

Mathilde Walter Clark is an author and essayist who was born and raised in Denmark with her Danish mother, but spent summers in St. Louis with her American

father. She has a Master's in Danish and Philosophy from Roskilde University and New York University. Her debut novel *Thorsten Madsen's Ego* was published in 2004, and she has since published the novels *Priapus*, *Cast*, and the short story collections *Disorder of Things* and *Grim Stories*. Her latest novel, *Lone Star*, is about a father and a daughter and everything that separates them. It is about family, belonging and about overcoming enormous distances. A number of her stories have been translated into English and appeared in *Iowa Review*, *Absinthe*, *Chattanooga Review*, *The Literary Review*, *Asymptote* and other publications. In 2006, she was awarded the Carlsberg Foundation prize as "Discovery of the Year". The same year she was awarded the Danish Art Foundation's prestigious Three-Year Scholarship.



## Jussi Valtonen

Finland/ 芬兰



来自芬兰赫尔辛基的作家、心理学家 Jussi Valtonen, 曾在美国学习神经心理学, 在英国学习电影编剧。他出版了三本长篇小说, 一本短篇小说集, 一本合著非虚构小说。最新作品《他们不知己行》获芬兰最高文学成就 - Finlandia 奖。这部小说被译成十种语言, 包括英文、法文、德文、越南文及中文。Jussi 现住在纽约。

Jussi Valtonen is an author and psychologist from Helsinki, Finland. He studied neuropsychology in

the United States and film screenwriting in the UK. He has published three novels, a short story collection and co-authored a book of non-fiction. His latest novel, *They Know Not What They Do*, was awarded the Finlandia Prize, the country's highest-profile literary award. Translation rights for the novel have been acquired for ten languages, including English, French, German, Vietnamese and Chinese. He currently lives in New York.



## Pierre Mejlak

Malta/ 马耳他



马耳他作家 Pierre Mejlak 最为人们熟知的作品是他的短篇小说集《已道晚安》, 获 2014 年欧盟文学奖, 被翻译成 13 种语言。他出版了一部小说, 两本短篇小说集及多本童书, 作品被广泛翻译, 同时改编为电视剧, 电影短片及戏剧等艺术形式。2004 年起, Pierre 住在比利时。

Pierre Mejlak is a Maltese author, most known for his collection of short stories *Having Said Goodnight*. The book earned him the European Union Prize for Literature in 2014 and has since been translated into 13 languages. His works,

which include a novel, two collections of short stories and a number of books for children, have been widely translated, and have inspired

a TV series, two short films and a number of theatrical performances. Pierre has lived in Belgium since 2004.



## Mineke Schipper

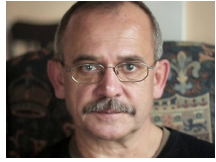
The Netherlands/ 荷兰



Mineke Schipper 因卓越的学术研究、论文、小说等, 蜚声中外。她的作品《别娶大脚女人: 世界谚语中的女性》获 2005 年最佳非虚构小说 Eureka 奖。这部作品已被译成多国语言, 新译本还在不断增加。此外, 她的《裸体与穿衣: 世界服饰史》及最新作品《权力与无力的演变史》研究自古以来, 女性身体被渴求、赞美、利用及滥用的历程及原因。她有四本书被翻译成中文。目前, 她是荷兰莱顿大学社会艺术中心的研究学者, 同时是其跨文化文学研究的荣誉教授。

Mineke Schipper is a multi award-winning author of academic books, essays and novels. For her internationally acclaimed non-fiction book *Never Marry a Woman with Big Feet: Women in Proverbs from*

*Around the World* she received the Eureka Award in 2005 for best non-fiction book. It has been translated all over the world and new translations continue to appear. Among her other books are *Naked or Covered: A History of Dressing and Undressing Around the World*, and her latest title *Hills of Paradise. A History of Power and Powerlessness*, which considers how and why the female body has been desired, admired, used and abused since time immemorial. Four of her books have been translated into Chinese. She is a Research Scholar at the Leiden University Centre for the Arts in Society and Emeritus Professor of Intercultural Literary Studies at the University of Leiden.



## Wojciech Jagielski

Poland/ 波兰



Wojciech Jagielski 是一名波兰记者，通讯员，作家。他因报道世界上最混乱冲突的地区而闻名，例如南高加索、高加索、中亚和非洲等。在加入周刊 *Tygodnik Powszechny* 之前，他在波兰新闻社和 *Gazeta Wyborcza* 工作。他的作品包括《死亡佳地》(关于苏联解体时，在高加索、南高加索地区的经历)，《祈雨者》(关于阿富汗)，《石塔》(关于车臣共和国)，《夜间漫游者》(关于乌干达童军)，《火烧草原》(关于南非后种族隔离)，及《西部的东部》(关于老嬉皮士与战地记者)。

Wojciech Jagielski (born 1960) is a Polish journalist, correspondent and writer who has won acclaim for his reports on journeys to the world's worst trouble

spots. He has reported mainly from conflict zones in the Transcaucasus, the Caucasus, Central Asia and Africa, and he worked for the Polish Press Agency and *Gazeta Wyborcza* before joining the weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny*. His books include *A Good Place To Die* (about his years travelling through the Caucasus and Transcaucasian regions during the fall of the Soviet Empire), *Prayer for The Rain* (on Afghanistan), *Towers Of Stone* (on Chechnya), *The Night Wanderers* (about child soldiers in Uganda), *Burning the Grass* (on post-apartheid South Africa), and *East of The West* (on old hippies and war correspondents).



## Doina Rusti

Romania/ 罗马尼亚



Doina Rusti 是罗马尼亚最重要的当代作家之一，她的小说富有史诗感，极具原创力和知识性。Doina 出版了十本

Doina Rusti is among the most important contemporary Romanian writers and is widely appreciated for the

小说，包括《The Phantom in the Mill》(2008)，《The Phanariot Manuscript》(2015)，《Lizoanca》(2009)，《Zogru》(2006) 及《The Book of Perilous Dishes》(2017)。这些作品备受美誉，被译为多种语言。Doina 目前住在罗马尼亚的首都布加勒斯特，是一名大学教授兼编剧。欢迎您访问她的网站：<http://doinarusti.ro>。

epic force, originality and erudition of her novels. Award winning and translated into many languages, she has written ten novels, including *The Phantom in the Mill* (2008), *The Phanariot Manuscript* (2015), *Lizoanca* (2009), *Zogru* (2006), and *The Book of Perilous Dishes* (2017). Doina lives in Bucharest, and is a university professor and screenwriter. <http://doinarusti.ro>



## Helena von Zweigbergk

Sweden/ 瑞典



瑞典著名作家、电台主播 Helena von Zweigbergk 创作了 10 本小说，写作主题是家庭亲密关系遭遇的危机。写作初期，Helena 以犯罪小说闻名，但在 2008 年，她凭借作品《来自火山口》一举成功，极大拓宽了创作领域。在瑞典，她拥有大量读者群，备受好评。新书《心的交响》(2013) 是她第一部被翻译成英文的作品。

written ten novels, mostly about close relationships and families in crisis. She started out as an author of crime novels, but in 2008 she left the criminal genre when she made her literary breakthrough with the hugely successful and praised novel *From the Mouth of the Volcano*. Now she has a big audience in Sweden and garners good reviews. Her latest novel, *The Heart Echoes* (2013) is her first novel translated into English.

Helena von Zweigbergk is a well-known author and radio host in Sweden. She has



**Diana Evans**  
the United Kingdom/ 英国



英国作家 Diana Evans 有尼日利亚和英国血统。她的畅销书《26a》荣首届 Orange· 新作家奖及英国图书· deciBel 年度作家奖，入围 Whitebread 处女小说奖，卫报首部小说奖，联邦最佳小说初秀奖及泰晤士报· 南岸秀突围奖最终名单，及国际 IMPAC 都柏林文学奖候选名单。第二本小说《The Wonder》一经出版，饱受称赞，BBC dramatisation 节目对它也很有兴趣。Diana 曾是一名舞者、记者、评论家，为国际媒体撰稿。目前任职于伦敦大学金匠学院，是一名副讲师，有东英吉利亚大学获创意写作硕士学位。她的第三本小说《普通人》获英格兰艺术委员会最佳艺术奖，入围 2019 年安德鲁·卡耐基杰出小说奖候选名单。Diana 住在伦敦。

Diana Evans is a British author of Nigerian and English descent. Her bestselling novel, *26a*, won the inaugural Orange Award for New Writers and the

British Book Awards deciBel Writer of the Year prize. It was also shortlisted for the Whitbread First Novel, the Guardian First Book, the Commonwealth Best First Book and the Times/South Bank Show Breakthrough awards, and longlisted for the International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award. Her second novel, *The Wonder*, was also published to critical acclaim and is under option for BBC television dramatisation. She is a former dancer, and as a journalist and critic has written widely across the national press. Currently an associate lecturer at Goldsmiths University, she holds an MA in Creative Writing from the University of East Anglia. Her third novel, *Ordinary People*, received an Arts Council England Grants for the Arts Award and was longlisted for the 2019 Andrew Carnegie Medals for Excellence in Fiction. She lives in London.

## 作家介绍 广州场

### Guangzhou Writers



**陈崇正**  
Chen Chongzheng

陈崇正，1983 年生于广东潮州，中国八零后小说家，著有《折叠术》《黑镜分身术》《半步村叙事》《我的恐惧是一只黑鸟》等小说集；中国作家协会会员，2017 年入读北师大与鲁院联办硕士研究生班；现供职于花城出版社，担任《花城》编辑部副主任，兼任广东外语外贸大学创意写作专业导师。

Chen Chongzheng, born in Chaozhou, Guangdong

province in 1983, is a novelist who has written several books including the *Art of Folding*, *Body Separation of Black Mirror*, *Half Step Village Narrative* and *Fear Get Black Wings*. He is a member of the Chinese Writers Association, the deputy editor of *Huacheng* magazine and is also serving as a creative instructor at Guangdong University of Foreign Studies.



**黄礼孩**  
Huang Lihai

黄礼孩，二十世纪七十年代生于中国大陆最南端的徐闻县。现居广州。作品入选《大学语文》《中国新诗百年大典》等上百种选本。出版诗集《我对命运所知甚少》《给飞鸟喂食彩虹》（英文版）《谁跑得比闪电还快》（波兰文版）等，舞蹈随笔集《起

Huang Lihai was born in the 70s in Xuwen county, the southernmost tip of the Chinese mainland. His poems have been included in more than one hundred anthologies and he has published a number of poetry collections,

舞》、艺术随笔集《忧伤的美意》、电影随笔集《目遇》、诗歌评论集《午夜的孩子》等多部。1999年创办《诗歌与人》，被誉为“中国第一民刊”，2005年设立“诗歌与人·国际诗人奖”（特朗斯特罗姆、萨拉蒙、扎加耶夫斯基、沃尔科特等诗人获过该奖），是中国在世界上富有影响力的诗歌奖。黄礼孩曾获2014年凤凰卫视“美动华人·年度艺术家奖”、2013年度黎巴嫩文学奖、首届海子诗歌奖、首届70后诗人奖、首届中国桂冠诗歌奖、首届刘禹锡诗歌奖、第八届广东鲁迅文学奖艺术奖、第五届中国赤子诗人奖等。现为《中西诗歌》杂志主编。



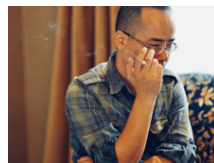
旧海棠  
Jiu Haitang

旧海棠，本名韦灵，1979年生。作品见《收获》《人民文学》《十月》等刊。入选“收获文学排行榜”中篇小说榜。获广东省青年文学奖、广东省有为文学奖短篇小说奖、第六届西湖·中国新锐文学奖等。已出版及在出版小说集《遇见穆先生》、《返回至相寺》等。

Jiu Haitang, whose real name is Welling, was born in 1979. Her work has appeared in

including *I Know Little about Life, Feed Rainbows to the Birds and Who Can Outrun Lightning*. He has written essays and critiques on art, dance, film, and poetry. In 1999, he founded *Poetry and People* journal and in 2005 established the Poetry and People International Poetry Award. He has won a number of prizes, including the 8th Lu Xun Literature and Arts Award, Phoenix TV's Annual Artist Award, the Lebanon International Literary Award and the first Hai Zi Poetry Award. He is currently the editor of *China and Western Poetry Magazine*.

*Harvest, People's Literature and October*, and was selected in the "Harvest Literature Rankings" novella list. She was awarded the Guangdong Youth Literature Award, the Guangdong Provincial Literature Short Story Award, and the 6th West Lake China New Literature Award. She has published story collections *Meeting Mr. Mu and Returning to Xiangsi*.



盛慧  
Sheng Hui

盛慧，作家、艺术评论家。1978年生于江苏宜兴。主要作品有长篇小说《白茫》《闯广东》、中短篇小说集《水缸里的月亮》、散文集《风像一件往事》、书法评传《书者如也》等，主要作品散见于《十月》《人民文学》《花城》《山花》《大家》等刊，部分作品翻译成英文、俄文、日文、匈牙利文、蒙古文。现为佛山市作家协会副主席。

Sheng Hui, a writer and an art critic, was born in Yixing,

Jiangsu province in 1978. His main works include the novel *Bai Mang*, the story collection *Moonlight in the Water Tank* and the essay collection *A Wind in the Past*. His writing has appeared in *October, People's Literature* and other major publications, and some of his works have been translated into English, Russian, Japanese, Hungarian and Mongolian. He is the vice chair of the Foshan Writers Association.



世宾  
Shi Bin

世宾，原名林世斌，广东潮州人。中国作家协会会员，广东省诗歌创作委员会副主任，暨南大学中国文艺评论基地诗歌散文委员会副主任，东荡子诗歌促进会会长。现供职于广东省作家协会文学院。著有《伐木者》《梦想及其通知的世界》《大海的沉默》《迟疑》《批评的尺度》等多部作品；“完整性写作”理论阐述者和主要发起人，主编《完整性写作》（上下卷）。

Shi Bin is a native of Chaozhou, Guangdong. He is a member of the Chinese Writers Association, deputy director of the Guangdong Poetry Creation Committee, deputy director of the Poetry Essay Committee of the Chinese Literature and Art Review Base of Jinan University, and president of the Dongdangzi Poetry

Promotion Association. He is currently working for the College of Literature of the Guangdong Writers Association. He is the author of *The Logger*, *The World of Dreams and Its Notifications*, *The Silence of the Sea*, *The Scale of Criticism* and many other works.



孙频  
Sun Pin

孙频，女，1983年生，江苏作协专业作家，2008年开始小说创作，迄今发表小说两百多万字，曾上2013，2016，2017年中国小说学会排行榜，出版有小说集《松林夜宴图》《疼》《盐》《同体》等十四本。曾获小说月报奖，小说选刊奖，花城文学奖，紫金文学奖等等。

Sun Pin was born in 1983 and is a professional writer

with the Jiangsu Writing Association. Her novels include *Pictures from the Pine Forest Banquet*, *Pain and Salt*. She has featured in the Best Chinese Novels of the Year in 2013, 2016 and 2017, she has won the Novel Monthly Report Award, the Hua Cheng Literary Award and the Zijin Literary Award, among others.



王十月  
Wang Shiyue

王十月，编辑，小说家，1972年生于中国湖北，现为中国作家协会全委委员，广东省作协副主席，《作品》杂志社副总编辑，著有长篇小说《烦躁不安》《31区》《无碑》《米岛》《收脚印的人》《活物》，长篇科

Wang Shiyue, a novelist, editor and artist, was born in Hubei province in 1972 and lives in Guangzhou. He is a member of the Chinese Writers Association, vice chairman of the Guangdong

幻小说《如果末日无期》，短篇小说集《国家订单》《安魂曲》《开冲床的人》《我们的罪》《人罪》《成长的仪式》《大哥》，散文集《父与子的战争》，获第五届鲁迅文学奖(2011年)，《人民文学》奖年度中篇小说奖，未来大家TOP20等重要奖项，部分作品译成英、俄、西、意等文字，部分作品改编成电影。举办有个人绘画作品展并多次参加专业艺术展。现居广州。

and he has had a solo exhibition of his work.



王威廉  
Wang Weilian

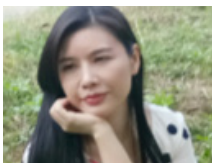
王威廉，1982年生。先后就读于中山大学物理系、人类学系、中文系，中国现当代文学博士。中国作家协会会员。在《收获》《十月》《花城》《作家》《散文》《读书》等刊发表作品，被各类选刊、选本大量转载。著有长篇小说《获救者》，小说集《内脸》《非法入住》《听盐生长的声音》《生活课》《倒立生活》等。现任职于广东省作家协会，兼任广东外语外贸大学中国语言文化学院创意写作专业导师。

Writers Association and deputy editor-in-chief of *Works* magazine. His key works include the novels *Irritableness*, *Zone 31*, *None*, *Rice Island*, *People who Collect Footprints and Living Things*; the science fiction work *If the End of the Day is Indefinite*; the short story collections *National Order*, *Requiem*, *Our Sin*; and the essay collection *Father*

Wang Weilian, born in 1982, graduated from Sun Yat-sen University with a Ph.D. in Modern and Contemporary Chinese Literature and he is a member of the Chinese Writers Association. His work has appeared in *Harvest*, *October*, *Writer* and other prestigious journals and have appeared in several anthologies. He is the author of the novel *The Rescued*, and

曾获首届“紫金·人民文学之星”文学奖、首届“文学港·储吉旺文学大奖”、十月文学奖、花城文学奖、广东省鲁迅文艺奖等。

Foreign Studies. His awards to date include the Zijin People's Literature Star Award, the Literature Port Chujiwang Literature Award, the October Literature Award, the Huacheng Literature Award, and the Guangdong Lu Xun Literature Award.



王哲珠

Wang Zhezhu

王哲珠，中国作家协会会员，在各文学刊物发表小说一百多万字，小说被多种选刊转载。2014年出版长篇小说《老寨》。2015年出版长篇小说《长河》。2017年出版长篇小说《琉璃夏》。2018年出版中篇小说集《琴声落地》。2015年，长篇小说《戛然而止的列车》获首届老书虫文学奖一等奖。2016年，长篇小说《长河》获广东省有为文学奖——第二届大沥杯小说奖。

Wang Zhezhu is from Guangzhou and is a member of the Chinese Writers Association. Her short stories and novellas have appeared in many leading journals and been widely anthologized, including in the 2012 Chinese Best Novella Selection. Her novels include *Laozhai*, *Glazed Summer*, and *Long River*, which won the 2016 Dali Cup, and *The Train that Stopped*, which won the China Bookworm Literary Award.

a number of story collections including *Inside Face*, *Illegal Stay*, *Listening to the Sound of Salt Growing* and *Life Lessons*. He teaches creative writing at the Guangdong University of



魏微

Wei Wei

魏微，女，生于1970年。1994年开始写作，迄今已发表小说、随笔一百多万字。作品曾登1998、2001、2003、2004、2006、2010、2012年中国小说排行榜。曾获第三届鲁迅文学奖、第二届中国小说学会奖、第十届庄重文文学奖、第九届华语文学传媒大奖·年度小说家奖、第四届冯牧文学奖及各类文学刊物奖。部分作品被译成英、法、日、韩、意、俄、波兰、希腊、西班牙、塞尔维亚等多国文字。现供职于广东省作家协会。

Wei Wei was born in 1970 and is a critically acclaimed novelist. Her works have

featured in the Best Chinese Novels of the Year on seven occasions. She won the 3rd Lu Xun Literature Award, the China Fiction Society Award, the Zhuang Zhongwen Literature Award, the Chinese Literature Media Award, the Annual Novelist Award, and the Feng Mu Literature Award, among others. Her work has been translated into several languages including English, French, Japanese, Korean, Italian, Russian, Polish, Greek, Spanish and Serbian. She currently works for the Guangdong Writers Association.



谢有顺

Xie Youshun

谢有顺，中山大学中文系教授、博导。文学创作一级。兼任中国小说学会副会长、广东省作家协会副主席等。入选教育部青年“长江学者”、“新世纪优秀人才”，文化名家暨“四个一批”人才，广东省“珠江学者”特聘教授，广东省文化

Xie Youshun is a Professor and Ph.D with the Chinese Department of Sun Yat-Sen University. He is also the vice president of the Chinese Novel Society and the vice chairman of the Guangdong Writers Association. He has

领军人才等。出版有《成为小说家》《文学及其所创造的》等著作十几部。曾获冯牧文学奖、庄重文文学奖等奖项。

received several academic accolades including being selected as a young Yangtze Scholar by the Ministry of Education, appointed as one of the Excellent Talents in the

New Century, a Famous Cultural Talent, a special professor of Pearl River Scholars in Guangdong Province, and a Leading Cultural Talent in Guangdong Province. He has published more than a dozen books such as *Becoming a Novelist* and *Literature and Its Creation*. Awards for his writing include the Feng Mu Literature Award and the Zhuang Zhongwen Literature Award.



## 郑小驴

Zheng Xiaolu

郑朋，笔名郑小驴，1986年出生湖南隆回。著有小说集《1921年的童谣》《少儿不宜》《蚁王》《骑鹅的凛冬》等多部，长篇《西洲曲》《制造云雾的人》。曾获《上海文学》佳作奖、湖南青年文学奖、毛泽东文学奖、紫金·人民文学之星短篇小说奖、《中篇小说选刊》优秀中篇小说奖、南海文艺奖等多种奖项。部分作品翻译成英、日、捷克语。南京市百名优秀文化艺术人才。中国人民大学首届创造性写作硕士，《天涯》杂志社编辑。

written many novels such as *The Nursery Rhymes of 1921*, *The Ant King* and *The Winter of Riding the Goose*. He has won several awards for his writing including the Shanghai Literature Award, the Hunan Youth Literature Award, the Mao Zedong Literature Award, Zijin·People Literary Star Short Story Award, Top Story Selection Excellent Novella Award and the Nanhai Literature Award. Some of his works have been translated into English, Japanese and Czech. He is the editor of *The End of the World* literary magazine.

Zheng Xiaolu (originally Zhang Peng), was born in Hunan in 1986. He has



## 郑小琼

Zheng Xiaoqiong

郑小琼，女，1980年6月生，四川南充人，2001年南下打工，有作品散于《人民文学》《诗刊》《独立》等，出版诗集《女工记》《黄麻岭》《郑小琼诗选》等十部，《女工记》被喻为中国诗歌史上第一部关于女性、劳动与资本的交响曲，曾获人民文学奖、庄重文文学奖等多项大奖作品，有作品译成德、英、法、日、韩、西班牙语、土耳其语等语种。

works have appeared widely in prestigious journals such as *People's Literature*, *Poetry* and *Independence*. She has published several poetry collections including *Women's Works* and *Huang Maling* and her work has appeared in numerous anthologies. Her awards include the People's Literature Award and the Zhuangzhong Literature Award, and her works have been translated into English, French, Japanese, Korean, Spanish and Turkish among other languages.

Zheng Xiaoqiong was born in Nanchong in Sichuan in 1980 and she moved to the south of China in 2001. Her



## 朱文颖

Zhu Wenying

朱文颖，生于上海，文学创作一级。中国“七十年代后出生”的代表性作家之一。近年介入艺术策展和批评领域。著有长篇小说《莉莉姨妈的细小南方》、《戴女士与蓝》、《高跟鞋》、《水姻缘》，中短篇作品《繁华》、《浮生》、《重瞳》、《花杀》、《哈瓦那》、《凝视玛丽娜》等。

The works of author and Shanghai native Zhu Wenying - including *Aunt Lily's Small Nambang*, *Madam Dai* and *Blue, and High Heels* - have been published in numerous journals and anthologies. Some of her stories have been translated into English,

有小说随笔集多部。小说入选多种选刊选本，并有部分英文、法文、日文、俄文、白俄罗斯文、韩文、德文、意大利文译本。曾获《人民文学》奖，《作家》“金短篇”小说奖，《中国作家》奖，紫金山文学奖，首届叶圣陶文学奖，金圣叹文学评论奖，《人民文学》年度青年作家奖等，2005年由“中国青年作家批评家论坛”评选为首届“年度青年小说家”。2011年入选“娇子·未来大家TOP20”。部分作品被馆藏于法国国家图书馆，并多次入选夏威夷大学纯文学刊物MANOA“环太平洋地区最有潜力的青年作家作品专辑”。其作品在同辈作家中独树一帜，被中国评论界誉为“江南那古老绚烂精致纤细的文化气脉在她身上获得了新的延展”。现任苏州市作家协会副主席。

French, Japanese, Russian, German, and Korean. Her short story, *Ephemeral Life*, was published in the 2005 *Blood Ties: Writing Across Chinese Borders* issue of MANOA, the literary journal of the University of Hawaii Press. In 2014, Zhu Wenying received the Annual People's Literature Prize. Her peers have expressed appreciation for her work's "renewal of a refined sensibility characteristic of Southern China". She currently serves as Vice Chairperson of the Suzhou Writers Association and also works as an art curator and critic.

## 主持人介绍 广州场

### Guangzhou Moderators



郭爽  
Guo Shuang

郭爽，1984年出生于贵州，毕业于厦门大学中文系，曾就职于南方都市报等。小说、非虚构作品发表于《收获》《当代》《作家》《上海文学》等刊物，获《小说月报》《思南文学选刊》《长江文艺·好小说》等刊物选载。获德国罗伯特·博世基金会“无界行者”创作奖学金（2015）、第七届华文世界电影小说奖首奖（2017）、第二届山花双年奖·新人奖（2018）。小说集《正午时踏进光焰》、非虚构作品《我愿意学习发抖》将于近期面市。

Guo Shuang, born in Guizhou in 1984, graduated from the Chinese Department of Xiamen University and worked in the *Southern Metropolis Daily*. Her novels

and non-fiction works have been published in such publications as *Harvest*, *Contemporary*, *Writer* and *Shanghai Literature*, and were anthologised by *Fiction Monthly*, *Sinan Literature Selection* and *Changjiang Literature*, among others. She was awarded the Robert Bosch Foundation "Unbounded Walker" Creation Scholarship (2015), the 7th Chinese World Film Novel Award (2017), and the 2nd Mountain Flower Biennial Award Newcomer Award (2018). Her story collection *Getting into the Flame at Noon* and her non-fiction title *I am Willing to Learn to Tremble* are forthcoming.



## 胡传吉

Hu Chuanji

胡传吉，中山大学中文系教授、博导。学术志趣为中国文艺思想史及现代学术史研究，近年主要考察近现代中国文学思想史、胡适与现代学术史等。著有《中国文化思想录》（2018）《红楼四论》（2017）《文学的不忍之心》（2017）《自由主义文学理想的终结》（2012）《中国小说的情与罪》（2011）等，在《文学评论》《文艺研究》《红楼梦学刊》《小说评论》等刊物上发表学术论文 70 余篇。另在《南方都市报》等报刊发表文学及文化评论百余万字。

Hu Chuanji is professor and PhD with the Chinese Department of Sun Yat-Sen University and her main academic interest is on the history of Chinese literary thought and modern academic history. Her books include *Chinese Cultural Thoughts* (2018), *Red House Four Theories* (2017), *Legend of Literature* (2017), *The End of Liberal Literary Ideals* (2012) and *Love and Crime in Chinese Novels* (2011). She has published more than 70 academic papers and has published literary and cultural commentary widely in leading Chinese newspapers.



## 黄惊涛

Huang Jingtao

黄惊涛，树冠文化暨未来文学工作室创办人，南方精英传媒首席内容官，小说家。曾任职于南方周末报系，参与创办《名牌》杂志，担任副主编、常务副总经理。曾在《人民文学》《花城》《作家》等杂志发表多部

Huang Jingtao is a novelist, founder of Canopy Culture and Future Literature Studio, and chief content officer of Southern Elite Media. He previously worked for the *Southern Weekend Newspaper*

小说，著作有小说集《花与舌头》、长篇小说《引体向上》等。曾获 2010 年度人民文学奖。

and was deputy editor of the *Famous Brand* magazine. His stories have appeared in publications such as *People's*

*Literature, Flower City and Writer*. His published work includes the story collection *Flowers and Tongues* and the novel *Pull-ups*. He won the 2010 People's Literature Award.



## 刘炜茗

Liu Weiming

刘炜茗，《南方都市报》文化副刊部主编，华语文学传媒大奖终审评委、秘书长。发表小说、散文作品数十万字，出版有《平生风义兼师友》、《带着问好看历史》、《问学录》等。

Department of the *Southern Metropolis Daily*, and final jury member and secretary General of the Chinese Literature and Media Awards. He has published stories and essays widely and his books include *Let's Have a Good Look at History* and *Ask for Learning*.

Liu Weiming is director of the Literature and Periodical



## 申霞艳

Shen Xiayan

申霞艳：文学博士，教授，现任职暨南大学文学院，从事中国当代文学批评、文化研究，著有《消费、记忆与叙事》、《第二现实》，在《文学评论》、《文艺研究》等刊物上发表论文六十多篇。曾任职《花城》杂志、

Shen Xiayan holds a doctorate in Literature and is currently a professor at Jinan University's College of Liberal Arts engaged in contemporary Chinese literary criticism and cultural studies. Her titles

广东外语外贸大学中文学院，兼任广东省文艺评论家协会副主席，中国现代文学馆第七届客座研究员，首届广东省签约文学评论家。

include *Consumer, Memory and Narrative and Second Reality*, and she has published more than sixty academic papers to date. She has previously worked with *Flower City* magazine, the Chinese college of Guangdong's University of Foreign Studies, and served as vice-chair of the Guangdong Provincial Literary Critics Association. She was the seventh visiting researcher of the China Modern Literature Museum, and the first Guangdong provincially signed literary critic.

include *Consumer, Memory and Narrative and Second Reality*, and she has published more than sixty academic papers to date. She has previously worked with *Flower City*

## 作家介绍 深圳场

### Shenzhen Writers



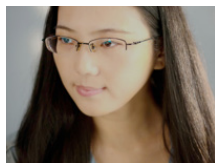
陈再见

Chen Zaijian

陈再见，男，1982年生于广东陆丰。中国作协会员，广东文学院签约作家。作品发表于《人民文学》、《当代》、《十月》、《钟山》等刊，并多次被《小说选刊》、《小说月报》、《新华文摘》选载；出版有长篇小说《六歌》，小说集《一只鸟仔独支脚》、《喜欢抹脸的人》、《你不知道路往哪边拐》、《青面鱼》、《保护色》；荣获第七届《小说选刊》2015年度新人奖、广东省短篇小说奖、深圳青年文学奖等。

Chen Zaijian – born in 1982 in Lufeng, Guangdong, is a member of the China Writers Association and a writer of

the Guangdong Academy of Arts. His works have been published in *People's Literature, Contemporary, October, Zhongshan*, etc, and have been often selected by *Fiction Selection, Fiction Monthly and Xinhua Digest*. He has published the novel *Six Songs* and the story collections *A Bird's Feet, People who Like to Wipe their Face, You Don't Know Where to Turn, Green Fish and Protection*. His awards include the seventh Fiction Selection, the 2015 Newcomer Award, the Guangdong Short Story Award, and the Shenzhen Youth Literature Award.



蔡东  
Cai Dong

蔡东，文学硕士，生于山东，现居深圳，执教于深圳职业技术学院，兼任深圳市作家协会副主席。2006年在《人民文学》发表小说，相继在《当代》《天涯》《收获》《十月》《光明日报》《中国作家》《花城》等刊发表小说，在《文艺争鸣》等刊发表艺术随笔，作品被《新华文摘》《小说月报》《小说选刊》等刊转载及入选各类年度选本，有小说被译介到海外，曾获得华语文学传媒大奖最具潜力新人奖、《十月》文学奖等鼓励。近年来专注于短篇小说的创作，被认为是“真正可以期待的文学新力量”。

Cai Dong was born in Shandong and is now living in Shenzhen. She holds a master's degree in literature and is currently teaching



戴斌  
Dai Bin

戴斌：湖南平江人，1968年出生。现深圳宝安区政协委员。作品散见于《人民文学》、《大家》、《江南》、《长城》、《小

at Shenzhen Vocational and Technical College, and is concurrently serving as vice-chair of the Shenzhen Writers Association. Her work has appeared widely in publications such as *People's Literature*, *Contemporary*, *End of the World*, *Harvest*, *October*, *Guangming Daily*, *Chinese Writer* etc. Some of her work has been translated overseas, and she won the Most Promising Newcomer Award in the Chinese Literature Media Awards, October Literature Award, among other prizes. In recent years she has focused on the creation of short stories and considers it to be "a new force of literature that can really be expected."

Dai Bin was born in Pingjing in Hunan in 1968 and is now a writer and a member of the Chinese People's

说界》等大型文学刊物。由人民文学出版社出版长篇小说《打工词典》；由花城出版社出版长篇小说《我长得这么丑，我容易吗》、《男人的江湖》、《女人的江湖》、散文集《舌尖上的乡愁》；由珠海出版社出版中短篇小说集《我们如水的日子》；由新星出版社出版诗集《从前的小庙》等。中篇小说《我们如水的日子》获第三届特区文学奖、中篇小说《零售爱情》获第四届深圳青年文学奖、长篇报告文学《所有梦想都开花》获全国产业工人文学大赛一等奖等。2012年被评为“宝安区建区二十周年50名优秀人物”

Reportage Award of the National Industrial Workers Literature Competition, among other prizes. In 2012, he was named one of the "50 outstanding figures in the 20th anniversary of Bao'an District".



邓一光  
Deng Yiguang

邓一光，蒙古族，1956年出生，现居深圳。出版长篇小说《我是太阳》《想起草原》《我是我的神》《人，或所有的士兵》等10部、中短篇小说集20余部。有作品被转载，收入各种选本，长篇小说《我是太阳》、《我是我的神》及部分中短篇以英、法、德、俄、日、韩等文字译介到海外。曾获首届鲁迅文学奖、首届冯牧文学奖、首届林斤澜短篇小说杰出作家奖、首

Consultative Political Conference of Bao'an in Shenzhen. His works have appeared widely in literary publications such as *People's Literature*, *Everyone*, *Jiangnan*, *Great Wall* and *Novel Circle*. His published fiction works include *Open the Dictionary*, *I Look so Easy, am I Easy*, *Men's Rivers and Lakes*, *Women's Rivers and Lakes*; and the essay collection *On the Tip of the Tongue of Homesickness*. He has won the third SAR Literature Award, the Shenzhen Literature Award, and the Long

Deng Yiguang, of Mongolian ethnicity, was born in 1956 and now lives in Shenzhen. He has published 10 novels and more than 20 shorter stories. His novels *I am the Sun* and *I am my God*, as well as several stories, have been translated overseas into English, French, German, Russian, Japanese and Korean. He won the first Lu

届柔石文学奖、第2届国家图书奖、第3届人民文学奖、第3届郁达夫小说奖等文学奖项。

first Rou Shi Literature Award, the 2nd National Book Award, the 3rd People's Literature Award and the 3rd Yu Dafu Novel Award, among other literary awards.



## 杜绿绿

Du Lulu

杜绿绿，安徽合肥人，2004年开始写诗。主要诗集有《近似》《冒险岛》《她没遇见棕色的马》《我们来谈谈合适的火苗》。曾获“珠江国际诗歌节青年诗人奖”、“十月诗歌奖”、“现代汉语双年十佳”等奖项。同时，她也参与了为中国阅读资源匮乏的乡村儿童筹建图书角的“幕天公益”项目。杜绿绿现在工作和生活在广州。

Du Lulu, originally from Hefei in Anhui, began writing poetry in 2004. Her collections include *Approximate*, *Adventure*

Xun Literature Award, the first Feng Mu Literature Award, the first Lin Jizhen short story outstanding writer award, the

*Island*, *She Didn't Meet the Brown Horse and Let's Talk about the Suitable Flame*. She has won the Pearl River International Poetry Festival Young Poet Award, the October Poetry Award, and the Modern Chinese Biennial Top Ten award, amongst others. She has also been actively involved in public welfare projects providing books for underprivileged rural children. Du Lulu is now working and living in Guangzhou.

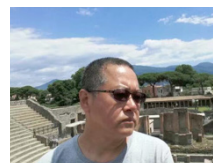


## 黄灿然

Huang Canran

黄灿然，诗人、翻译家、评论家。1963年生，福建泉州人，1978年移居香港。1990年至2014年为香港《大公报》国际新闻翻译，现居深圳洞背村。2011年获华语文学传媒大奖年度诗人奖。2018年获单向街·文学奖“年度致敬”奖。近期译著有布罗茨基《小于一》、希尼《开垦地：诗选1966-1996》、《希尼三十年文选》、《一只狼在放哨：阿巴斯诗选》《致后代：布莱希特诗选》等。

Huang Canran is a poet, translator and critic who was born in 1963 in Quanzhou,



## 庞贝

Pang Bei

庞贝，著名作家、编剧，生于1966年，山东青岛人。1985年毕业于解放军外国语学院英语文学专业，曾任解放军总参谋部参谋。现为中国作家协会会员、广东文学院签约作家。主要作品：长篇小说《无尽藏》（第九届茅盾文学奖决选入围作品）、“中国图书海外影响力”

Fujian, and now lives in Shenzhen in Dongbei Village. From 1990 to 2014 he was the international news translator for Hong Kong's *Ta Kung Pao* newspaper. In 2011, he won the Chinese Poetry Media Awards Annual Poet Award, and this year he won the One Year's Gratitude Award as part of the One-Way Street Literature Award. His recent translations have included works by Joseph Brodsky, Seamus Heaney, Abbas Kiarostami and Bertolt Brecht.

Pang Bei is an author, playwright, screenwriter who was born in Qingdao, Shandong, in 1966. He graduated from the Foreign Languages School of the People's Liberation Army in 1985 with a degree in English Literature, after which he

年度 TOP10、《中国作家》剑门关文学奖、《亚洲周刊》年度全球十大中文小说、腾讯文化年度华文好书奖); 话剧剧本《庄先生》(中国小剧场戏剧年度票房 TOP10、第 10 届两岸四地华文戏剧节最佳编剧奖、第 70/71 届法国阿维尼翁戏剧节两度获邀剧目); 电影剧本《上海王》(原版剧本 2007 年曾获第 44 届台湾金马影展最佳创投剧本奖)。

the Jianmenguan Literature Award, Asia Weekly Global Top Ten Chinese Novel award, and the Tencent Culture Annual Chinese Good Book Award. His stage play *Mr Zhuang* was listed among China's Small Theater Drama Annual Box Office TOP10, and it won the 10th Cross-Straits Chinese Drama Festival Award, while his screenplay *Shanghai King* won best original screenplay at the Best Venture Capital Screen Award at the 44th Taiwan Golden Horse Film Festival.



南翔

Nan Xiang

南翔, 本名相南翔, 深圳大学文学院教授, 著有《南方的爱》《大学轶事》《前尘: 民国遗事》《女人的葵花》《叛逆与飞翔》《绿皮车》《抄家》等十余种; 作品在北京、广东、上海等地获庄重文学奖、第七届鲁迅文艺奖、第十届上海文学奖、第六届与第七届鲁迅文学奖短篇小说提名奖等 20 多个, 短篇小说《绿皮车》《老桂家的鱼》《特工》《檀香插》分别登上 2012 年、

joined the People's Liberation Army's general staff. He is currently a member of the Chinese Writers Association and a contract writer with the Guangdong Institute of Literature. His novels include *The Endless Collection*, which was a finalist in the 9th Mao Dun Literature Awards and won the Top 10 Chinese Literature Overseas award, the Chinese Writers award,

the Jianmenguan Literature Award, Asia Weekly Global Top Ten Chinese Novel award, and the Tencent Culture Annual Chinese Good Book Award. His stage play *Mr Zhuang* was listed among China's Small Theater Drama Annual Box Office TOP10, and it won the 10th Cross-Straits Chinese Drama Festival Award, while his screenplay *Shanghai King* won best original screenplay at the Best Venture Capital Screen Award at the 44th Taiwan Golden Horse Film Festival.

Nan Xiang is a professor at the School of Literature at Shenzhen University. He is the author of 10 novels including *Southern Love*, *Woman's Sunflower*, *Rebellion and Flying* and *Green Leather Car*. He has won the Zhuangzhong Literature Award, the 7th Lu Xun Literature Award, the 10th Shanghai Literature Award,

2013 年、2015 和 2017 年“中国小说排行榜”。

awards. Several of his short stories were listed in the annual Chinese Fiction Rankings in 2012, 2013, 2015 and 2017.



吴君

Wu Jun

吴君, 河北泊镇人。先后在媒体及机关单位工作。在《人民文学》《十月》《北京文学》等杂志发表小说多篇, 并入选多种选本、排行榜。出版专著九部, 主要作品有《我们不是一个人类》《亲爱的深圳》《皇后大道》及电影、电视剧多部, 作品被译成英、俄及少数民族语言出版, 曾获首届中国小说双年奖、第十五届小说百花奖、北京文学奖、都市文学双年奖、广东省鲁迅文学奖等多种文学奖项。现居深圳。

Wu Jun, a native of Po Town in Hebei now living in Shenzhen, writes stories and novels that are obsessed with the Shenzhen narrative.

the 6th and 7th Lu Xun Short Story Nomination Award, among other

awards. Several of his short stories were listed in the annual Chinese Fiction Rankings in 2012, 2013, 2015 and 2017.

Her stories have appeared in journals such as *People's Literature*, *October* and *Beijing Literature*, and have appeared in many anthologies. Her main titles include *We Are Not Human*, *Dear Shenzhen* and *Queen's Road*, and she has written widely for TV and film. Some of her works have been translated into English, Russian and minority languages in China. She twice won the First Chinese Novel award, and her other awards include the 15th Fiction Awards, the Beijing Literature Award, the Urban Literature Biennial Award, and the Guangdong Lu Xun Literature Award.



谢宏

Xie Hong

谢宏，诗人，小说家。1966年出生。1989年毕业于华东师范大学经济系。2012年毕业于新西兰 Waikato Institute of Technology 英文系。曾旅居新西兰多年。做过银行白领，后专事写作。现在中国作家协会会员，深圳南山区作家协会副主席，深圳作家协会理事。他1985年开始发表诗歌作品，1993年后致力于小说写作，已出版长篇小说《貌合神离》、《纹身师》和《嘴巴找耳朵》以及“深圳三部曲”《青梅竹马》、《深圳往事》和《两栖生活》；短篇小说集《自游人》、《我很重要吗》和《温柔与狂暴》；非虚构《不离不弃》；散文随笔集《他们与她们》、《新西兰有多远》、《你不知道新西兰有多慢》；诗集《光阴的故事》等多部。

他的作品被选入多种文学选本选刊，并被中央人民广播电台制作成小说广播节目。有短篇小说被译成英文，发表在 *World Literature Today*, *Renditions*, *Pathlight* 等文学刊物上。2018年出版英文原创长篇小说 *Mao's Town*。曾获第四届深圳青年文学奖，第十四届广东省新人新作奖。

Xie Hong is a novelist and poet. He was born in Canton and graduated from East China Normal University with an economics degree in Shanghai, before spending a long time in New Zealand where he studied in the English department of the Waikato Institute of Technology. He began writing poetry in 1985, but turned his attention to fiction in 1993. He has authored 15 books and his short stories have appeared in English magazines *World Literature Today*, *Pathlight* and *Renditions*. His first English novel *Mao's Town* had been published in April 2018. He lives in Shenzhen.



徐东

Xu Dong

徐东，男，1975年出生于山东郓城，现居深圳。曾就读于陕西师范大学，深圳大学研究生班，鲁迅文学院27届作家编辑高研班。曾在《青年文学》《长篇小说选刊》工作，现主编《打工文学周刊》。中国作协会员，一级作家。多篇小说被《小说选刊》《小说月报》《中华文学选刊》《长江文艺·好小说》《微型小说选刊》等选载，并进入年度选本。出版有小说集《欧珠的远方》《藏·世界》《大地上通过的火车》《新生活》《想象的西藏》《有个叫颜色的人是上帝》，长篇小说《变虎记》《我们》《欢乐颂》《旧爱与回忆》等。曾获新浪最佳短篇小说奖、第五届深圳青年文学奖，广东省第十届鲁迅文学奖等。部分作品被译介海外。

Xu Dong was born in Yucheng, Shandong Province in 1975 and now lives in Shenzhen. He studied at Shaanxi Normal University, did a postgraduate class at Shenzhen University, and

a high-level class of 27 writers at Lu Xun College of Literature. He previously worked for *Youth Literature* and *Selected Novels* and is now the editor of *Working Literature Weekly*. He is a member of the Chinese Writers Association and his works have appeared in *Fiction Selection*, *Fiction Monthly*, *Chinese Literature Selection*, *Changjiang Literature and Art*, among others, and have entered the annual national selection. His story collections include *The Distance of Ouzhu*, *Tibet • World*, *Trains Passed on the Earth*, *New Life*, *Imagined Tibet*, and the novels *Change Tiger*, *We*, *Ode to Joy* and *Old Love and Memories*. He was awarded the Best Short Story Award by Sina, the 5th Shenzhen Youth Literature Award, and the 10th Lu Xun Literature Award of Guangdong Province. Some of the works have been translated overseas.



## 杨争光

Yang Zhengguang

杨争光，著名作家，影视编剧。1957年生于陕西省，1982年毕业于山东大学中文系，长期从事诗歌、小说、影视剧写作。著有《土声》、《南鸟》、《老旦是一棵树》、《黑风景》、《棺材铺》、《越活越明白》、《从两个蛋开始》、《少年张冲六章》等一系列优秀小说。担任《双旗镇刀客》、《杂嘴子》等多部电影编剧，电视连续剧《水浒传》编剧，《激情燃烧的岁月》总策划。现任深圳市文联专业作家，深圳市作家协会副主席、影视家协会副主席。

Yang Zhengguang was born in 1957 in Shaanxi province and graduated from the Department of Chinese Studies of Shandong University in 1982. He is a critically acclaimed novelist, poet and screen writer. His

books include the titles *The Voice of the Earth*, *Bird from the South*, *Old Dan is a Tree*, *Black Scenery*, *The Coffin Shop*, *The More I Live the More I Understand*, and *It Started with Two Eggs*. He has written the script for several major movies including *The Swordsman in Double-Flag Town* and *An Innocent Babbling*, and for TV he has written several series including *Heroes of the Marshes*, and was the executive director of *Years of Burning Passions*. He is currently a professional writer with the Shenzhen Federation of Literary and Art Circles (SFLAC), and the vice-chairman of Shenzhen Writers Association and Shenzhen Film and TV Artist Association.



## 张尔

Zhang Er

张尔，诗人，飞地 Enclave 创始人。著有诗集《乌有栈》《壮游图》（《新诗》专辑）及《六户诗》（合著），有作品被译介为英语、法语和瑞典语。2013年在瑞典斯德哥尔摩、哥特蓝岛、乌普萨拉等地参加诗歌活动，2014年参加巴黎第37届英法国际诗歌节，曾在花神咖啡馆、阿维尼翁欧洲诗歌中心等朗诵。2018年获美国亨利·鲁斯基金会华语诗歌写作奖励，成为美国佛蒙特创作中心驻留诗人。作为诗歌编辑，曾获“诗东西 Poetry East West”编辑奖。

Zhang Er is a poet and founder of Enclave bookshop, gallery and events space in Shenzhen. He has published several poetry collections and his work has been translated into English, French and Swedish, and he has participated in poetry festivals in France and Sweden, among others. In 2018 he was awarded the Chinese Poetry Writing Award by the Henry Rus Foundation in the US and he was poet-in-residence at the Vermont Creative Centre. As a poetry editor, he was awarded the Poetry East West editorial award.

## 主持人介绍 深圳场

### Shenzhen Moderators



毕亮

Bi Liang

毕亮，男，1981年生，湖南安乡县人，现居深圳。已发表中短篇小说60余万字，作品多次入选年度小说选本。短篇小说集《在深圳》入选21世纪文学之星丛书、《地图上的城市》入选深圳新锐小说文丛。为中国作家协会会员、鲁迅文学院第七届高级研讨班青年作家班学员，曾获2008年度长江文艺文学奖、第十届（2010年度）作品文学奖、第十届丁玲文学奖、首届全国青年产业工人文学奖、深圳青年文学奖，另有小说改编成电影。

Bi Liang, born in 1981, is from Anxiang County, Hunan Province, and now lives in Shenzhen. He has published short stories widely, and his

works have been selected for annual anthologies. The short story collection *In Shenzhen* was selected into the 21st Century Literature Star Series, *The City on the Map* was selected in Shenzhen's New Novels. He is a member of the Chinese Writers Association and was a member of the class of the 7th Senior Seminar of Lu Xun College of Literature. He won the 2008 Changjiang Literature and Art Literature Award, the 10th (2010) Works Literature Award and the 10th Ding Ling Literature Award, among other prizes. Some of his works have been adapted into films.



李松璋

Li Songzhang

李松璋，中国作家协会会员。1984年毕业于黑龙江省艺术学校编剧大专班。1981年开始文学创作，出版有散文诗集《冷石》《寓言的核心》《愤怒的蝴蝶》《羽毛飞过青铜》《在时间深处相遇》；小说集《对影记》及文集《珍藏伟大的面孔》等。散文诗、小说作品见于《诗刊》《诗潮》《诗选刊》《青年文学》《中国时报》《花城》《天涯》等国内外报刊，并被收入《十年散文诗选》《中国百家散文诗选》《中外散文诗鉴赏大观》《中国年度散文诗》《散文诗人20家》《60年散文诗精选》《中国散文诗90年》等多种选集。《愤怒的蝴蝶》于2001年出版台湾版。部分作品被译成俄文、日文、塞尔维亚文、英文。曾获深圳市第四届青年文学奖、天马散文诗奖、2018中国-散文诗大奖。现居深圳。

Li Songzhang graduated from the Heilongjiang Provincial Art School in 1984 and is a member of the Chinese Writers Association. He has been writing since 1981 and

has published several prose poetry collections including *Cold Stone*, *The Core of Fables*, *Angry Butterfly* and *Meeting in Time*. His story collections include *On the Shadow*. His work has appeared in *Poetry*, *Poetry Selection*, *Youth Literature*, *China Time*, *Flower City*, and other domestic and foreign publications. His work has featured in several collections and anthologies including *10 Years of Prose Poems*, *Selected 100 Prose Poems*, *Appreciation of Chinese and Foreign Prose Poems* and *60 Years of Prose Poems*. *The Angry Butterfly* was published in Taiwan in 2001, while some of his works have been translated into Russian, Japanese, Serbian, and English. He has won the 4th Shenzhen Youth Literature Award, the Tianma Prose Poem Award, and the 2018 China-Prose Poetry Award. He is currently living in Shenzhen.



唐小林  
Tang Xiaolin

唐小林，男，生于1959年，四川省宜宾市人。2006年开始文学评论写作，出版有文学评论集《天花是如何乱坠的》《孤独的“呐喊”》。在《山西文学》《文学自由谈》《作品与争鸣》《当代文坛》《南方文坛》《中国现代文学研究丛刊》《当代作家评论》《雨花》《天津文学》《边疆文学·文艺评论》《福建文学》《长江文艺评论》《文学报》《文艺报》《中华读书报》《中国青年报》等报刊发表文学评论数十万字，并入选《2014中国杂文年选》《2014中国随笔排行榜》《2017中国随笔排行榜》《贾平凹创作问题批判》《文学报·新批评》文丛等多种选本。2012年6月，获《文学报·新批评》首届“新人奖”。2015年10月，获《文学自由谈》创刊三十周年“重要作者奖”。



卫鸦  
Wei Ya

卫鸦，原名肖永良，湖南娄底人，现居深圳，在《人民文学》《花城》《中国作家》等文学期刊发表小说百余万字。有作

Tang Xiaolin was born in Yibin City, Sichuan Province in 1959. He has published several collections of literary criticism and his work has appeared in many journals including *Contemporary Literary World*, *Southern Literary World* and *Chinese Modern Literature Research Series*. His essays were selected in the annual *China Essay Rankings* in 2014 and 2017, among many other selections. In 2012, he won the *Journal of Literature and New Criticism's* Newcomer Award, and in 2015 he was awarded the "Important Author Award" for the 30th anniversary of the publication of *Literary Free Talk*.

Wei Ya, formerly known as Xiao Yongliang, is a native of Hunan, and now lives in Shenzhen. He has published

品被《小说选刊》《小说月报》等刊转载。短篇小说《天籁之音》获第二届“茅台杯”《小说选刊》年度文学奖，中篇小说《被时光遗失的影像》获第六届深圳青年文学奖，中篇小说《万物生》获储吉旺文学奖。出版有中短篇小说集《空中稻田》。

a story collection and more than one million characters in literary journals such as *People's Literature*, *Flower City* and *Chinese Writers*. Some of his works have been reprinted by the magazine *Fiction and Fiction Monthly*. The short story *The Sound of Heaven* won the second Moutai Cup and Fiction Selection annual literature award. His novellas have won the 6th Shenzhen Youth Literature Award and Chu Jiwang Literature Award.



张鸿  
Zhang Hong

张鸿，作家、编辑、出版策划人，已出版散文集《指尖上的复调》《香巴拉的背影》《没错，我是一个女巫》《每幅面孔都是一部经书》，人物传记《高剑父》，文学评论集《编辑手记》，编著散文评论集《大地上的标记——中国实力散文五十家》等，策划主编“现代性五面孔”70后小说家精品选系列丛书。十余年文学活动组织经验。现任职广州市文艺报刊社（《广州文艺》《诗词》）副社长、副主编。

Zhang Hong is a writer, editor and curator who has more than 10 years of experience in organising literary events. She has published the essay collections *A Polyphony on the Fingertips*, *Background of Shambhala*, *Yes, I am a Witch* and *Every Face is a Book*; a biography of Gao Jianfu; and literary criticism such as *Editor's Notes* and *The Mark on the Earth - Fifty Homes of Chinese Strength*. She is currently the deputy director and deputy editor of *Guangzhou Literature and Art Newspaper*.

## 欧洲作家作品节选

WRITING SAMPLES FROM EUROPEAN AUTHORS



安东尼斯·乔吉  
塞浦路斯

### 迎来送往

我祖母的一个弟兄斯派瑞斯，在他的妻子去世之后一个人独居。他的子女为了照顾他安排了一个泰国家政。看起来他们俩相处得不错，不只是不错简直是太好了！年轻的时候斯派瑞斯长得很是英俊，现在他仍然精神矍铄老当益壮。一天，他宣布他将续娶家政女孩为妻。自然，所有的人都关注此事。尤其是深爱他的小女儿，这个女儿也是他放在心尖上的。

“其他人会怎么看？”“她不过是想骗取你的钱财”。什么钱？什么财产？他有什么财产！他的财产早已经分给了子女们。他靠自己的退休金过活。他什么话也听不进去了，已经准备好了要结婚。然而，一天，他女儿冲他发脾气的时候“你真是彻底疯了，你让我们都变成了笑话，你难道就不替你的孙辈们着想吗？他们有什么脸面出现在村里？”然而，他下定了决心，离开了生活的地方前往泰国。他在那里结了婚，此后一直住在那里从未回来，也从未给他的子女添任何麻烦，也没有人因他而感到羞耻。他死在

了那里。那时候，他的妻子联系了他的孩子们，询问他们是否想让他们父亲的遗体回到故国塞浦路斯。若不，她则按照当地的习俗为他举行火葬。他们告诉她那就火葬。我不知道他们是不是出于泄愤、心酸抑或是嫉妒，或者他们只是认为现在他属于他的新国家，属于那个在他生命最后时刻依然站在他身边支持他的那个女人，最后为他合上眼的女人。不管怎样，他被火葬了，他的骨灰洒落在泰国的某个地方。对此，只有我祖母无法接受。她至今仍时不时地想起他的弟兄。

“火化？怎么能火化了我的弟兄？”

“所有这些，葬礼及诸如此类的，都是牧师们编造的，连马克思都是这么说的，这些都是麻痹民众的。”

“不要这么说，柯斯塔克。我们本应该将他的遗体带回来，又或者他们至少应该将他安葬（土葬），而不是火化。火化？将我可怜的弟兄火化了？他们

## 故事集

2010年初，祖母去世之后，他的弟兄的承诺得以兑现。他们带着鲜花、蜡烛、戒指到新娘家里。他、他母亲、他妹妹、他的表亲，当然还有新郎。开始的时候总感觉哪里有些尴尬，然而姻亲们让他们觉得很受欢迎。他们直到午夜那么晚才离开。不过不是所有人都离开了，他的弟兄呆在那里。正如当地的风俗，他将与妻子一起住在未来亲家家中，直至他们有了自己的房子。真是奇怪的风俗，若是他自己他绝不会顺应该风俗。尽管他知道将来不可能决定诸如此类的事情。几个月之后，通常他们会订婚，然后结婚，之后举行洗礼，这是不是正如祖母曾经提到的“人们的命运”？快乐的时光总伴随着诸多的奔波同时也会有众多的照片，许多新照片。这很可能是他母亲的主意。有一天，他发现她十分困惑地坐在客厅里仔细检查一个盒子，“过来帮帮我”。“这是什么？”他问她。“这是一个数码相框 DPF7901，7。一个新的设计，毫不逊色”。她跟他说她买了新的相册以便整理出旧的相片，将她那些随处乱放的零散相片集中保存起来以防我们需要。尤其是现在的婚礼。女售货员，一个非常和善的年轻女士，跟她说“忘了”（淘汰）相册，现在都有电脑、CD了。若她实在想要，还可以选这些数码相框。“你知道吗，你甚至可以放一百张相片，不仅仅是一百张，而是更多”。

有没有在我弟兄安葬的地方为他举办三圣颂，或者是追思会？”

“你为他唱了三圣颂，你记得他，这难道不是一样的吗？”

“话是这么说，可在他临终的地方，没有人为他做这些！而你，我的孩子，我走的时候你会为我开追思会吗？你到时候是否会记得我？”

“我走得时候你会记得我吗？”我记得我的祖母玛柔娄跟我提过一次。她将我带大，我十岁前的岁月一直住在那里。每天放学后我会到祖母家，那时候我爸妈经常工作到很晚。祖母家甚至都有我自己独立的房间，我时不时会住在那儿。祖父去世后，我几乎每晚都跟她住在一起，直到几年后她也随祖父而去。有天晚上，她转向我问道“宝贝，我死后你会不会记得我？你会不会记得我，康斯坦丁诺？”“别那么说，祖母，别那么说，你不会死的”我回答说，说着说着就哭了起来。“孩子，别哭，这是上帝的意志，总有一天，我们都是会死的，但你要记得我”。我越听哭得越厉害，我当时一直哭，我极度悲伤，根本停不下来。当她发现她已经无法让我平静下来时，她彻底放弃了这个话题。“好了，好了，我不会死的”她安慰道“哎呦，哎呦，别哭了，我跟你说过，我保证我不会死的！”我将他的承诺牢记在心，逐渐睡去。她说“我不会死的”。我那时还是个小男孩，我信了她。

母亲试图向他解释“这些相片会自己变换，我的意思是，一张展示过后，另一张就自己到顶部来了”她自己似乎没有搞懂自己所说的。不过她看起来对照片自己能变换感到非常兴奋！不管怎样，她需要他的帮助。“她还跟我说，如果我想要，我可以把老照片放进去，不过你得先在你的电脑上对照片做些处理…”“它们需要扫描”“是的，这就是那个女售货员所说的！诺，看来没有你不知道的事情！我需要你的帮助，希望你能帮我将新老照片放在一起，我希望它们都在一起，像它们在我们老的相册中一样混合起来！”

一天，我将母亲保存在壁橱中的相册集中到一起。那些旧的相册，大的有硬封面。有的是彩色的，有的有花朵样的图案，另外一些是塞浦路斯风景图片，或夫妇彼此抱着对方。我也拿了一些他们过去免费送给我们的相册，里面的每一张照片都洗出来了。现在，极少有人会去打印他们的照片。人们将照片放进CD中或者放在电脑里，然后我们就忘记了它们的存在。相对地，当你翻开这些相册，混杂的图片跳进你的眼睛，诸如订婚派对、婚礼、洗礼、生日等各种庆祝。

甚至有时候分手也出现在相片中！就像我母亲的某本相册，里面有一张照片，一对夫妇一段时间之后离婚了。一天，被遗弃的那个妻子来拜访我母亲，她看到了那张照片。于是她拿起一把剪刀将她前夫的那部分剪下剩下她自己留在相册中，她的肩膀就

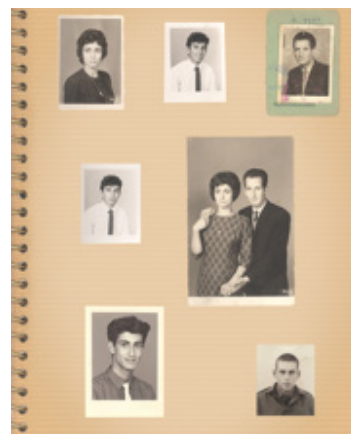
停留在她前夫曾存在的那个地方。



个人照，一般说来，洗出来需要八天时间，这种照片你需要到相馆专门摆姿势照出来。女孩子们或手捧脸蛋或手托下巴，男人们或着军队制服或着西服戴着领带，祖父母、父母、孩子等在内的家庭合照，正如相册一样，这些照片是终生难得的。有时其意义更为重大，因为其中我们每个人都有祖先和后代。一张照片中的孩子，在另一张照片中就是带着自己孩子的大人。年轻人都非常大胆地望着镜头，而未来长大后就逐渐低下来，在现实中疲倦而拥挤。就像我母亲会把新的照片插进老照片中。在一张张的相片中，你会时不时看到一些人，一张张的，他们变高，长胖，掉发，甚至是他们脸上的红光。你注意到前一页照片上的女孩子们了吗？右边那个穿着高跟鞋的是我母亲。这张照片刚好摄于她停止为我逝去的祖父穿丧服，而不

久之后她又因祖母的去世而穿回了丧服。然而她不记得这些了。看着这张照片，她们去了村里的节日庆典，看到了摄影师然后决定定格她们的青春。不管这张照片代表的意义、梦想、激情、恐惧、期望。我的母亲，这些女孩子后来因岁月、故事以及生活而负担加重。她们的相册装满了那么多她们自己的其他照片以及那些牵涉到她们生活中的那些人，一些人来了就留下来了，另外一些匆匆离开。一些零散的照片到处都是，因而非常奇怪地混合在这些旧的剪切簿上，混杂着人，年代，时代以及地方。

然而，难道我们的一生，最终，不就是故事的合集？一个我们时而记得，时而讲述，时而书写，时而授权的合集。《一本故事集》，它们读起来就像是一个故事，一个关于我们每个人的故事，抑或我们所有人的故事。难道我们的一生不是一本故事集吗？



译者 占文英

Antonis Georgiou  
Cyprus

## people come, people go [...]

When his wife passed away, one of my grandmother's brothers, Spyris, was left alone and his children arranged for a housekeeper to come from Thailand to look after him; it seems that the two of them got along well, not just well but very well! Spyris was a handsome man in his youth and he was still hale and hearty and one day he announced that he would marry the girl and then everyone was on his case, especially his youngest daughter who adored him and for whom he had a soft spot, 'what will people say' and 'she wants to get your money'; what money? what property? what little he had, he had already shared it between his children; he lived on his pension; he wouldn't hear a thing and was getting ready for the wedding; one day, however, when his daughter blew up at him, 'you've gone completely mad, you've made us a laughing

stock, can't you even think of your grandchildren who are ashamed to show their faces in the village?' he made up his mind and left for Thailand where he got married and lived for a long time without ever coming back, so as not to bother anyone, not have anyone feel ashamed of him; he died there; then, his wife called his children to ask if they wanted her to send the body back to Cyprus, otherwise she would cremate him there as was their custom, they told her to cremate him, I don't know if it was out of spite, bitterness or jealousy or if they just felt that he now belonged to his new country and to that woman who stood by him until the end and who was on his side and shut his eyes, in any case, he was cremated and his ashes are floating somewhere in Thailand; only grandma never accepted this and she still remembers her brother every once in a while

'but burn him? burn my brother?'

'all these, burials and stuff, are fabrications of the priests; even Marx said so, 'the opium of the people''

'don't talk like that Costaki, we should have brought him back or at least

they should have buried him, not burn him; burn him? burn my poor brother? do they ever hold a Trisagion for him at that place where he is, or even a memorial service?'

'you do grandma, you remember him, isn't it the same?'

'yes, but at that place where he died, nobody does! and you my babies, will you sometimes hold memorial services for me when I die? will you ever remember me?'

'will you remember me when I die?' I remember my grandmother, Maroullou, saying this to me once; she raised me; up to the age of ten I lived in her house; every day after school I went to grandma's, my dad, my mom used to work till late, I even had my own room at grandma's and slept there sometimes and after grandpa died I stayed with her almost every night until a few years later she followed him; one night, she turned around and said to me 'will you remember me sonny when I die? will you remember me at all, Constantino?' 'don't talk like that grandma, don't talk like that, you are not going to die' I said and started to cry, 'don't cry kiddo, this is the will of God, we are all

going to die one day, but you should remember me', the more I listened to her the more I cried, I was wailing, I couldn't stop, I was beside myself, she completely lost it before she was able to calm me down, 'ok, ok, I won't die' she said 'hush, hush, don't cry, I told you, I promise I will never die!', I took her promise to heart and went to sleep 'I won't die!' she said, I was a young boy, I believed her.

## an album of stories

His brother was promised a year after grandma died, early 2010; they took flowers, candy, a ring and went to the bride's house, him, his mother, his sister, his cousin and the groom of course; it was somewhat awkward in the beginning but the in-laws made them feel welcome; they left late, at midnight, not everyone, his brother stayed there, as was the custom, he would stay at his future in-laws house with his wife until they could have their own house; strange custom, he would never follow it himself, even though he knows that he will never have to decide about something

like that; in a few months' time they would normally have the engagement, then the wedding, then the christenings, isn't this 'a man's destiny' just like grandma used to say? happy times but also a lot of running about and a lot of photos too, a lot of new photos; this was probably his mum's idea; he found her one day in the living room perplexed and examining a box, 'come help me', 'what is this?' he asked her, it was a digital photo frame DPF 7901, 7" and a new design, no less; she told him that she went to buy new albums to sort out the old ones, to put in some scattered photos she had here and there but mostly to 'keep' them if we need them 'especially now with the wedding' and the saleswoman, a nice young lady, told her to 'forget' about albums, now there are computers, CDs, or if she wanted there are these electronic photo frames 'did you know that you can even put a hundred photos in them, not just a hundred but many more', she tried to explain to him that 'they will change on their own, I mean, one will be on display and then the other one will come

on top' she did not seem to understand exactly what she was saying but she seemed excited at the prospect of the photos alternating! in any case, she needed his help, 'she also told me that if I want I can put in old photos, but you have to do something with them first on your computer...!', 'they have to be scanned', 'yes, that's what she said! well, there's nothing you don't know! I will need your help and I want you to put both the old and the new photos together, I want them all together, jumbled like we have them in our albums!'

one day I gathered all the albums my mom kept in the closet, old albums, the big ones with the hardcovers, some multi-coloured and flower-patterned, others with pictures of Cyprus landscapes or with couples in each other's arms, I also took some smaller ones that they used to give us for free with 'every film development', this was then, now very few people print their photos, they are left on CDs or computers and we forget them there, while those albums you opened them and mixed up images would leap in front of your eyes,

from engagement parties, weddings, christenings, birthdays, celebrations even break-ups were sometimes there! just like in one of my mum's albums, that had a picture of a couple who got divorced down the road and one day that the abandoned wife came to visit she saw it and took the scissors and cut out her ex-husband leaving herself alone in the photo leaning her shoulder on the gap where her husband used to be

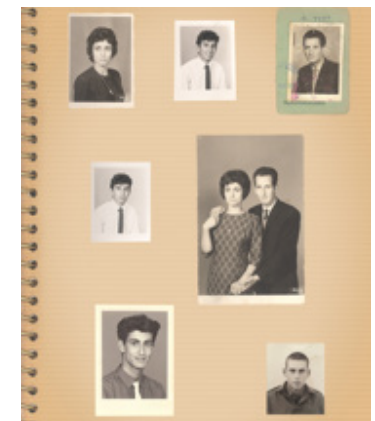


'individual' photos, the ones that supposedly needed eight days to be developed, the ones you had to pose for at the studio, the girls with a finger on their cheek or resting their chin on their hand, the men in military uniform or suit and

tie but also family photos with grandparents, parents, children, lots of children and, just like the albums, these photos were the photos of a lifetime and sometimes more since each and every one of us had their ancestors and descendants in them; children in one photo were adults with children of their own in the next, young people boldly looking at the lens and then their future a little further down, tired and crowded in their present, and, just like my mum who also crowded new photos in between the older ones, you saw some people from page to page, from photo to photo to get taller, to gain weight, to lose their hair or the glow of their faces; have you seen the girls on the previous page? on the right, in heels, is my mother, this was right after she stopped wearing black for my grandfather and before she put them back on again for my grandmother who would pass away soon after, she didn't know that then, look at them, they had gone to the village festival, saw the photographer and decided to immortalise their youth and whatever that always means, dreams, enthusiasm, fear, expectations; my mother,

these girls, were later burdened with years, stories, life and their albums were filled with so many other photos of themselves and the people who were entangled in their years, some came and stayed, others just passed through, some scattered photos were left here and there; thus strangely mixed up in these old scrap-books, people, ages, eras and places in a tangle.

but, isn't our life, in the end, nothing but a tangle of stories? that we sometimes remember, tell, write and entitle, *An album of stories* and they seem as one story, the story of each of us or all of us; isn't our whole life nothing but an album of stories?



■ ■ ■ 玛蒂尔德·瓦尔特·克拉克  
■ ■ ■ 丹麦

## 孤夜星辰

我的父亲就像斯坦利·库布里克的电影《2001 太空漫游》片尾中那个归来的宇航员。他可以想象自己坐在大床上的画面，前一分钟还是个孩子，下一秒就变成了老人。他的脸隐藏在头盔的护目镜之下，问道，那些时间里都发生了什么？

在我出生之前，我的父亲和母亲在林荫大道那儿一起看了那部电影，那时他们还住在圣路易斯。尽管那时他才刚过三十，一看到银幕上那个形象时，父亲就意识到，他就是电影中那个孩子，那个老人，也是那个宇航员，他深知这一幕会深深印在他生命中。甚至在库布里克拍出这部电影之前，父亲就在脑海中有过相似画面。那些画面道出可怕的事实，即我们在时间面前是无力的。即使是所有科学发现或是世界知识加起来也无法改变这一点。就算是站在前人肩膀上的物理学家也无能为力。

时间是伟大的谜团，他曾经和我说过，也许是唯一的谜团。要是我们能搞明白时间，那我们就能明白所有的事物。

我那时只是个青少年，无法体会他话中的意味。但他对我说，我总有一天会明白的。《2001：太空漫游》真是生命的故事，他

说。如果我眯起眼睛，回想过去，也许我能感知到无尽的时间正在冲刷着我们。

我最后一次见父亲是去年八月在比利时，他住在他妻子一时心血来潮买的房子里。在一个没有任何特色，没有旅游景点，没有可供观赏的风景，也无处可去的小镇上。

我父亲的妻子把好几个房间改造成盥洗室，他们的客厅让我感觉像是到了一个专门陈列家具的博物馆。在圣路易斯的时候，她布置的家具隔得老开，让人无法坐在一块儿，唯一例外的是我们用餐的日光室，三张低矮的柳条编织椅子围绕着一个顶上盖了玻璃，有厚重编织底的高桌子，连腿都没办法伸直。

垂下来的窗帘和假花一起堆在地上，冰箱里的食物早已过了保质期。圣路易斯的房子在我记忆中永远充满了甜腻而灰蒙蒙的气息。

他们来火车站接我，到家之后，父亲问我想不想和他还有他们养的白色马耳他狗莫莉一起去散步。我们已有一年没见，但他妻子立即拿上了外套，也跟上了我们。我们沿着街道朝运河方向走去，当经过一片被低矮的墙围起来并长着灌木和树木的区域时，

父亲的妻子看向我，用她浓重的荷兰口音告诉我，那里是墓地。然后她说，这里的人每天都去那里探望死去的亲戚，说得仿佛她只在比利时这个偏僻的地方发现当地居民的这种习俗似的。

他们在这整条街上“挺”车。她用手指向街道。

去拜访死人！还带着“华”。去死人那里！你能相信吗？

再之后，像是经过了什么深深的思考，她对我说等她死了以后我也可以去她坟墓那儿拜访她。

这比任何事都让我觉得不安。她是怎么想的？被埋在这里，一个远离我父亲，远离他们在圣路易斯的子女和孙子女，被埋在这样一个人生地不熟的小地方？她还认为我会去拜访她的墓？她是认为我来这里是为了看望她吗？

我在那一周，几乎找不到能和父亲单独相处的时间。每天早上她都会不停地问，你今天想做“甚么”？然而我和父亲谁也没有勇气说出我们就想单独呆着的想法。比如坐在电脑前随便浏览些什么，或找一家二手书店，翻翻他们充满灰尘的箱子。然而她却给我们安排了远足这件我们想回避的事。她把我们带到郊外村庄的街道上，问我们现在想看什么。我们俩谁也不知道该说什么，也不想在这种阴暗空旷的地方跋涉，她把我们带到那儿，我们只是跟着。

你的意思是说我们大老远跑来“甚么”也不干？

她有些激动。我们陷入了窘境。

所以现在你就想“灰”去？

如果你想回去的话，我父亲紧张地回答道。

不论我们做什么，都会陷入这样一种困境中。

剩下的时间我们呆在父亲房间的电脑前，房间是车库改造成的，里面放着他的床和书桌。我们在谷歌上查死去亲戚的信息。我的父亲已经到了对过去的人情世故感兴趣的年龄，哪怕是那些他并不认识的人。近年来，他对家谱产生了兴趣。

我们在谷歌地图上找到了德克萨斯州的红宝石大农场，那儿离我父亲长大的地方不远。他和我母亲曾经拜访过一个在红宝石大农场的很有钱的亲戚。我母亲老和我谈起这件事，说我父亲的叔叔塞西尔是如何坐在餐桌的尽头用餐的，他像是德克萨斯州的族长，一个愤怒、酗酒的公路国王，还曾经有属于他自己的公路，而其他人又是如何安静、顺从地坐在那儿的，他的妻子和孩子们、仆人们畏缩地站在他身后。看向窗外，他的财产无穷无尽，拜访者甚至要从大门口坐吉普车到房子跟前。他坚持要我母亲用餐时喝威士忌，我母亲拒绝了。因为那时她怀上了我。于是他变得歇斯底里。到后来他甚至掏出了钱包，让我母亲开个价。从我母亲的视角，她看见仆人们，一对黑人夫妇，一个像管家的男人，他的妻子，厨师，都站在厨房里看着，他们的脸上因为主人自以为是的做法而充满了羞愧。但最终我母亲赢了。这不是钱的事，甚至不是作风的问题，而是关乎在疯

狂面前保持正确的判断。

后来，他们把那晚成为“田纳西的威廉姆斯之夜”。现在许多年过去了，我父亲已经过世的堂兄把他继承的地产变成了红宝石农场社区，整个住宅区都是小房子和私人道路。我们在谷歌地图上查了好一会儿。公路都以家庭命名：瓦尔特环路，汉弗莱大道，克拉克海湾……

我盯着父亲放在键盘上的手。我并不只是一直等待着他们给我有力的帮助，我的心中还期盼着更多。就好像它们承载着某种答案一样。看着它们移动的方式，看着突出的关节。我总是花时间看着父亲的手。在过去他的双手忙于耕作，但我觉得手中还隐藏着许多活力，还有许多故事可供讲述，我希望其中一些故事会与我有关。

一天晚上，我们三人围坐在日光室那张顶上盖了玻璃的桌子边，小心地进行着充满了各种各样的引导和陷阱的餐桌谈话，我父亲妻子发现我在丹麦的继父病了。我实在搞不懂这消息有什么部分能让她发出这样的感叹：这样你“麻”和你“把”就可以重新在一起了！

我惊讶得说不出话来。我父亲也什么都没说。她开始继续吃着饭，仿佛没意识到给我和我父亲带来的震惊。一个更为合理的反应应该是对这个悲伤的现实表示惋惜。但她的思维跃过了时间，跳过了她认为死亡是再自然不过的这种观点，更进一步地进入到在我父亲和她结婚的40多年间只是在等待再娶我母亲的机会

这样一个幻想里。而且我母亲也一直在等待，很快就会准备好了。在她的脑海中，大陆会粘合在一起，从前的东西就会重新被连接，一切完整无缺，而我，会是最幸福的人。

我们三人之后再没提过这件事。

在我回家的前一晚，我们告了别。我的父亲和他妻子都习惯晚睡，而我的火车在他们习惯起床的时间点之前就要开走。我起得很准时，父亲的妻子一直不准我用热水，但我还是在众多盥洗室中我父亲常用的那个洗了热水澡。我不知道还会不会回到这个房子里，或是还会有机会见到父亲。

我父亲从他们惯用的出租车公司给我叫了辆车。早晨阴沉而寒冷，我把小箱子拖到车里，司机一言不发地把我送到车站。

八个月后的四月份，我的继父在弗雷德里克斯伯格医院去世。他坐在椅子上时突然觉得不适，几个小时之后已经不能独自下床了。

那天是星期五，我的母亲不知道他们能否平安度过周末，所以她把他送进了病房，坚信周一一切都会变好。周六下午，一个瑞典医生告诉我母亲，继父必须留在医院。我们坐在病房临时改成的办公室的转椅上，医生说他们要停止输液，静脉注射只会耗尽他的元气。

于是不输液了，他住在了七号病房。我母亲坐在他的床上，日夜担忧。然而死亡依旧来得令人震惊。我们看到了他眼中的恐

惧，当七号病房一片死寂时，我们依旧被久久震惊：

我们坐在他的床边，再也听不到他的呼吸声了。

最后的五天像是一个漫长的噩梦。在他被确诊的两周前，我们一起在弗雷德里克斯堡一家小花园餐厅吃午饭，提早庆祝了他的生日。他站起身来，转圈炫耀他的新裤子，一条崭新的厚罗纹灯芯绒裤子。

一周后，他从伦德的肉店买了牛排。我们通了电话，那天他刚满六十三岁。他告诉我这牛排

扎实得像两个巨大的龙卷风，让人印象深刻，屠夫还把它们拿出来让其他顾客看，然后才把它们包起来。

然后他就被送进了医院。因为他一直喜欢黄色的花，所以我就从康根斯奈托夫一家花店给他带了黄色的郁金香。

五天后，花放在了他的胸前。

一个护士说：这花很新鲜。她和我们站了一会儿，然后看着我：“你长得像你爸爸。”

英·中译者 仇一涵

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 Mathilde Walter Clark

 Denmark

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## Extract of the novel *Lone Star*

My dad is the astronaut who returns home at the end of Stanley Kubrick's movie 2001: A Space Odyssey. He sees himself sitting up in a big bed, one minute he's a child, the next an old man. His face behind the visor of his space helmet says: *What happened to all that time?*

My dad saw the movie together with my mother before I was born, in the movie theatre on Lindell Boulevard. It was when they were living in St. Louis, and even though he was only in

his early thirties at the time he knew right away that the figure he saw on the screen was *him*, that he was all three of them, the child, the old man, the astronaut, and that the scene would haunt him for the rest of his life. Even before Kubrick made his movie, my dad had seen the same images in his mind. They held a dreadful realisation, which was that we are powerless against time. No amount of scientific discovery, not even the sum of all the information in the

world can change that. Not even if he and all the other physicists climbed onto the shoulders of all the physicists who had gone before them would they be able to do a thing about it.

Time is the great mystery, he said to me once, maybe the only mystery. If only we could understand time, we could understand it all.

I was only a teenager, unable to feel it yet. But it would come, he promised. *2001* is really the story of life, he said. If I stepped backwards and narrowed my eyes, I might sense them: eons of time, washing over us.

The last time I saw my dad was when I visited him in the house his wife had bought on a whim in Belgium. It was in August last year in a small town without anything in particular to recommend it, no places of interest, nothing to look at, nowhere to go.

My dad's wife had turned several of the rooms into bathrooms, and the living room made me think of the kind of museums where they rope off the furniture. As in St. Louis, she had furnished the place in such a way that there was nowhere to sit

down together, the only thing close was the nook in the sunroom where we had our meals and where three low wicker chairs stood around a high glass-topped table with a thick basketwork base that meant you couldn't get your legs in properly.

Artificial flowers, drape curtains that spilled onto the floor. A fridge with food items past their use-by dates. Everywhere the same sickly sweet, dusty air I remember from the house in St. Louis.

After they picked me up from the railway station and we arrived at the house, my dad asked if I wanted to go for a walk with him and their little white Maltese dog, Molly. We had not seen each other for a year, but his wife immediately got her coat to go with us. We walked down the street towards the canal, and as we passed an area of shrubs and trees enclosed by a low wall, my dad's wife looked at me and announced in her heavy Dutch accent that it was the cemetery. And then, as if it were some peculiar custom she had just discovered to be practised by the locals in this Belgian backwater, she told me that people came there every day

to visit their dead relatives.

They come and they park *arll ofer* the street. She gesticulated to indicate the street as she spoke.

To visit dead people! And they bring *flowers* too.

To the dead people!

Can you believe that?

And then, as if on further reflection, she told me I could go there myself and visit her grave after she died.

That, more than anything, unsettled me. What did she imagine? That she would be buried here, far from my dad and their children and grandchildren in St. Louis, in a town where she knew no one? And did she think I would come and visit her grave? Did she think it was she I had come to see here?

At any rate, in the week I was there it was hard to find a moment alone with my dad. Every morning she would ask restlessly: What do you want to do today? And neither of us had the guts to say we just wanted to spend some time on our own together. To sit and dally at the computer, maybe find a second-hand bookshop with some muggy boxes we could rummage in. But instead she arranged excursions, the

purpose of which evaded us. She dragged us around the streets of outlying villages and asked us what we wanted to see now that we were here. Neither of us knew what to say, having no inclination whatsoever to trudge about in such dull and empty places, it was she who had taken us there, we had simply followed.

You mean, we came all this way for *nurthink*?

She was seething. We had painted ourselves into a corner.

So now you just want to go *beck*?

If you want, my dad replied nervously.

No matter what we did, we painted ourselves into corners.

The rest of the time we spent at the computer in his room, a converted garage where he had his bed and his desk. We visited dead relatives on Google. My dad had reached the age where the past, even the past he had never personally known, had come alive. In recent years he had taken an interest in genealogy.

We went on Google Maps and found Ruby Ranch, not far from the place in Texas

where my dad grew up. It was there, on Ruby Ranch, that he and my mother once visited a wealthy relative. My mother has told me about it many times, how my dad's Uncle Cecil had sat at the end of the dining table, the Texas patriarch, a wrathful, inebriated highway king used to having his own way, how everyone else had sat there silent and submissive, his wife and children, servants cowering in the background. Outside the windows his property stretched out into infinity, visitors had to be picked up in a jeep to even get to the house from the entrance gate. He insisted my mother drink whisky with her meal, and my mother refused. She was pregnant with me. His hysteria spiralled. At one point he was so desperate he took out his wallet and offered her money. From where my mother was seated she could see the servants, a black married couple, the man a kind of butler, his wife the cook, standing watching from the kitchen, their faces twisted with shame at the way the master of the house was carrying on just so he could have things his way. But my mother won. It was not a question of money, not

even a question of having it her way, but of keeping sound judgement in the face of madness.

Later, they would refer to it as "the Tennessee Williams night". Now, many years on, the son, my dad's deceased cousin, turned his part of the estate into something they call the Ruby Ranch Neighborhood, an entire residential area of smaller properties on private roads. We Google-mapped about there for a while. The roads are named after the family: Walter Circle, Humphrey's Drive, Clark Cove ...

I looked at my dad's hands at the keyboard. It's not just that I've been waiting for something from those hands all my life, waiting or hoping, there's something else too. It's as if they hold some kind of an answer. The way they move, the pronounced joints. I've always spent time looking at my dad's hands. They were busy digging in the past, but it seemed to me there was still a lot of life hidden in those hands, many stories still to be told, and I hoped that some of them involved me.

One evening, when all three of us were seated around the glass-topped table in the sunroom, conducting the nervy kind of dinner conversation that occurs when the field of discussion is littered with all manner of mines and traps, my dad's wife found out that my stepfather back home in Denmark was ill. I could not have envisaged what this information would prompt her to exclaim: Then your *murthur* and *farthur* can get back together!

I was so astounded that I was unable to speak. My dad said nothing either. She continued her meal regardless of the state of shock into which my dad and I had been thrown. A more reasonable reaction would have been to address the sad reality my mother and stepfather now found themselves in. But her thoughts jumped ahead in time, leap-frogging the death she imagined to be the natural outcome. And they went further still, into a fantasy in which my dad, in the forty-odd years in which he had been married to her, had merely been waiting for the chance to re-marry my mother. And that my mother

likewise had been waiting and would now soon be ready. That the continents would thereby glue together and everything that once was would now be again, cemented together and intact, and in the midst of it all lay I, the happiest pea in the pod.

Neither of us mentioned it afterwards.

We said our goodbyes the evening before I went home. My dad and his wife are late sleepers, and my train left before they were in the habit of waking. I got up in good time, my dad's wife had forbidden me to use the hot water, but I took a hot shower anyway, in one of the many bathrooms, the same one my dad used. I had no idea if I would ever return to the house, or when I would see my dad again.

My dad had ordered a taxi from a firm they had used before. It was a dismal morning, foggy and cold. I dragged my little wheelie case out into it, and the driver took me to the station without a word.

Eight months later, in April, my stepfather died at Frederiksberg Hospital. He had been sitting in his chair

and had suddenly felt ill, and a few hours later he could no longer get out of bed on his own. It was a Friday and my mother did not know if they could get through the weekend on their own, so she had him admitted to the medical ward in the belief that things would be all right again by Monday. The next afternoon, the Saturday, a Swedish doctor informed my mother and me that he would not be coming home again. We sat on a pair of swivel chairs in what had recently been a ward and was now a makeshift office. They were going to take him off his drip, the doctor said. Otherwise they would just be *dragging it out*. “Otherwise” being IV therapy.

The drip was dismantled and he stayed in room seven. My mother sat by his bed, the days and nights accumulating in her face. And yet it came as a shock. We had seen the fear in his eyes, and still it was a shock when room seven went quiet:

We are sitting on either side of his bed and can no longer hear him breathing.

The last five days and nights have been as one, a prolonged nightmare. Two weeks ago, two weeks before

he was admitted, we had lunch together in one of the small garden restaurants in Frederiksberg, celebrating his birthday early. He got to his feet and showed off his new trousers, front and back, new thick-ribbed corduroy trousers.

A week later he bought steak from Lund’s the butchers. We spoke on the phone, it was the day he turned sixty-three. He told me the steaks, two whopping great *tornadoes*, were so impressive that the butcher had held them up for the other customers to see before he wrapped them up.

Then he was admitted to the hospital. I had brought yellow tulips, they had been standing in a bucket at a flower seller’s on Kongens Nytorv, and since he has always loved yellow flowers I bought a bunch and carried them down with me into the metro.

Five days later and he is lying underneath them.

One of the nurses says, about the flowers: They were so fresh. She stands with us for a moment. Then she looks at me and says: You look like your dad.

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Translated from the Danish  
by Martin Aitken.



Jussi Valtonen  
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## 他们不知道自己在做什么

中国国际广播出版社

另一个女人

芬兰，赫尔辛基，1994年

这应该是暂时的：一切都会逐渐归于原状。

妇幼咨询站给不出确切的时间。不过怀孕手册却自相矛盾地给了一个时间：大约三个月，一半以上的夫妻都会如此。然而需要记住的是，每个人的个体情况不一样。这是一件极为敏感的事情。经历了这么巨大的转变之后，开头总是困难重重，所有人都是如此。

不应该去想，到底哪种说法对。

阿琳娜把怀孕指导手册随手放在床头柜上已经一星期了。她自己也不确定她是不是在期待事情靠着这本手册起变化。当她看到怀孕手册还在原处，没被人碰过时，她感到有什么东西在她的体内下沉。

可是当间隔的时间已经过去第二个三个月，她抬起了话题。

乔显得很意外。

“我还以为还是会比较……”，乔在寻找合适的词，“困难。”

“我不信。”

“是吗？”

“嗯”，乔最后说，“好吧。”

他们在萨缪尔出生的三个月后尝试了第一次，让他们惊讶地觉得像是回到了十几岁的时候。就好像一切都必须从头开始，只需要注重于技术而不是内容，去猜想怎么做会带来什么样的感觉，怎样才能成功。或许这就是那些头部受了伤之后重新学习走路的人的感觉，她想。

图书馆的某一本母婴杂志里好像有过这方面的文章。较低的雌激素的水平，自然而然地会让她不那么渴望。

他想要吗？他的整个身体都让她觉得陌生且不可预测。须得重新来过，可是这次会顺畅吗？还是说这次也不一定成功，反而抬高下一次尝试的门槛。

晚上，萨缪尔睡着之后，乔把自己裹进法兰绒的睡衣里，躺

进床上他睡的那一侧，习惯地把《象棋大师》放到身前。现在，乔每晚熄灯睡觉前都要读一会介绍国际象棋大师的书。有时他把棋盘和棋子放在旁边的床头柜上，时而根据书里棋谱上的标记挪动一个棋子，然后噙着嘴盯着棋盘，就像是在等待兵或者马开口跟他说话。以前，他跟阿琳娜有睡前亲吻的习惯。有时候亲吻会引发性爱，有时候不。

她在等待。乔的目光兴奋地跟着书上的字母跳跃到下一页，最后，乔在她的注视中睡着了。

“怎么了？”

“我们不是……谈过了吗？”

乔的目光空空的。

“白天说的”，她说。

“哦，对”，乔说着，看上却仍然像没有完全想起来，“是的。”

乔放下手里的书。他们小心翼翼地转过身看着对方，两个人都在等待对方给出一个信号，就仿佛整个场景和有关的一切对他们来说都完全陌生。乔小心地抚摸着她的侧腰，阿琳娜觉得乔就跟怕弄痛她一样。

乔的嘴唇是她熟悉的，感觉也对，可是这一切似乎有些机械，阿琳娜想。跟不爱的人做爱，是不是就是这种感觉？可是她感受到了乔放在她肌肤上的温暖的手，让这只手游走到任何它想去的地方，同时她记忆着这只手前进的路线，它的旋转和力道。这些都是他们熟悉的。乔的手停留了片刻，稍稍地改变了方向，然后以不同的方式行进。阿琳娜倾听着乔的动作，她知道这里面似乎缺失某样东西，她看得出，乔也

心知肚明。

“你想要……”乔开口问道，却没有把整个句子说完。

她知道乔想问什么。她渴望获得。

“嗯”，她点点头，没有睁开眼睛，“是的。”

可是就在同时，她看到了一个女孩。那女孩坐在床边，面无表情地看着她，就像一直坐在那里一样。

阿琳娜哼了一声，抽开了身子。

“痛吗？”乔担心地问。

“不痛。”

“可是……？”

“不知道为什么。”

“嗯”，乔说。

她想象着听到了乔的声音里有一丝不易察觉的解脱——因为不需要接着尝试了。

“或许还是太早了”，她说。

“嗯”，乔回答。

他们看着彼此。她一直以来都非常喜欢乔的眼睛。那是一双友善的男人的眼睛。乔轻抚着她的头发。

“确实还有些太早。”

“嗯。”

“我们不着急。”

“不着急。”

他们转过身背对着对方。过了一会，她听到乔睡着了。

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女孩是秋天开始来工作的。

她看到她盯着房间靠门那一面墙电脑屏幕看。那里之前并没有工位。女孩把一条腿叠放在

屁股下，陀着背坐在自己的腿上。这个坐姿看起来很不舒服，仿佛女孩还没有决定是应该弯着腰采用传统的办公姿势，还是应该像一只猫一样突然一下从电脑后面跳出来。女孩有着碳一般黑的乌发，她的发型被夸张地剪得棱角分明，额头因为她在专心工作而挤出了抬头纹，她的嘴唇微微张开。

阿琳娜等待着女孩停下手里的工作，好注意到她和她推着的童车。她出神地看着女孩瘦弱的手腕上粗粗的银色手镯，心想：你白天呆在这里，下班后你就去各种小店去淘首饰了。

“对不起”，她还是打断了女孩的工作。女孩缓缓转过身，就好像一开始到现在都知道她在这里。

她注意到自己在想，当女孩看到她和童车时，应该会把腿从椅子上放了下来，换成普通的坐姿。可是女孩依然蜷缩着坐在一条腿上，就像差不多坐在了桌面上。

“我们约好了时间”，阿琳娜说，“我和乔。”

女孩扬起眉毛，像是不相信，或者是阿琳娜仅仅提乔的名字还不够。

“乔的办公桌在那边”，女孩对着窗边的桌子点点头。

“我知道”，阿琳娜的声音听起来比她的本意要尖锐。

“乔应该马上就回来了”，女孩说。

阿琳娜不确定女孩是不知道乔在哪里，还是她知道却不愿意说。她推着童车站门口，这个

女孩却以奇怪的姿势坐在她丈夫狭小的办公室里。

“如果乔回来了，请告诉我我去洗手间了”，阿琳娜说着转身走了。

她推着童车，沿着走廊回到刚才她来的地方，她太清楚她自己的形象在别人看来像什么了，就是一个蓬头垢面不修边幅的家庭妇女——她想，或许是因为，那个——而且在她在走廊里走的这段路，女孩全程都能看到。如果她知道有这么个女孩的存在，她肯定会换上另外一套衣服。为什么？她在心里忿忿地想自己为什么要逃离这个她并不认识的女孩？女孩又会以为她是谁？她当然知道哪张是乔的办公桌，因为一开始是她把乔带到这里来的，给他介绍了整个办公场地。他们在这里已经很长时间了，她和乔。女孩才应该向她问东问西，因为女孩才是局外人。

萨缪尔在睡梦中转了一下头，发出一声轻微的怪声。眼下的场景，她到这里来，以及儿童车，都让她一下子觉得尴尬。为什么我要好像自己做错了什么需要道歉一样？她想。想到这里，她加快了脚步，童车一下撞到了放在走廊的一张桌子的桌腿。她把童车检查了一下继续推着走，然后瞟了一眼身后，可是乔办公室里的那女孩却聚精会神地盯着电脑屏幕，就好像她和童车都没有来过。

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回到家里她想跟乔提那个女

孩，只是顺带说一句说她发现系里来了新员工，而且还给这位新来的员工搭建了符合人体工学的工作台。在他们系这么小小的一个专业里，大概谁白天在系办公室的走廊里走过这样的事情都有意义。或许他们以后会跟女孩一起做事，比如一起安排聚会？

聚会？她想：他们从来都没有安排过聚会。乔提议过几次，可是阿琳娜却害怕组织聚会只是为了秀给别人看。到时候会有不少人来打量他们的住所，招待的吃食，还会打量萨缪尔，和他的衣服，玩具，栏杆围床，玩具架子，以及家里客厅里的地毯，然后说：“哦，原来乔的老婆品味是这样的。”

她看看四周，没有看到几样是她想要或者她挑好买回家的东西。卧室里缺一个灯泡，那盏灯的开关断了。乔答应送去修却总是忘记。开关和电线应该还在乔的公文包里，每天跟着他一起上下班。这件事她已经问了两遍，可每次都是在不该问的时候问，她也不想小题大作。萨缪尔的衣服和晾衣架已经成为了装点屋子的元素，而萨缪尔的衣服一部分是她临盆前政府发的产妇包里的，一些是朱丽叶的妹妹的孩子穿过的，剩下的都是从跳蚤市场淘来的。站在充满了乳臭味的家里，在粘着食物的污渍的脏衣服堆里，想到系里新来的女员工，她觉得有些恼火。

“芬兰人没有把同事请到家里来聚会的习惯”，乔又一次跟她提聚会的时候，她说。

“可我们美国人有”，乔回答。

“我知道”，她说，“我是想说……”

“我明白，我明白。”乔说着然后换衣服去打壁球。她一直都不确定，乔到底明不明白。

其实她最想做的是把客厅再粉刷一遍，矫正一下之前的错误。墙被刷得太白了。当时看那么小小的一块涂料样品的时候，她觉得这个色调很清新，可是涂满一整面墙之后，这颜色就把其它的衬得太明显了，连一块小小的污渍都显得那么突兀。

乔却认为在局势明朗之前，不应该重新粉刷。阿琳娜听到的时候，心跳停顿了一下，“你说的是什么局势？”她问。

“呃……就是我们会在哪里安定下来，还有……”

她等着乔把话说完，不过她立刻意识到，乔的这个句子已经结束了。

“我们大概不会在这里住一辈子”，乔最终说。

“肯定不会住一辈子。可是我们现在住在这里。”

“我们就不能再等等看吗？”

“看什么？”

“看看我们能不能……乔说，从家那边找到什么。”

Back home, 这是他们美国人的说法。

“从家那边”，像这样顺口说一下这个词真是容易，尤其是“家”这个词，home, 它那柔和的音节，那么自然而温暖，就好像世界上所有的语言都是用这几个字母来表示家。她盯着乔，咽回嘴里的话，转开视线。

“别这样”，乔说着抓住她

的手臂，却被她挣脱了。

乔继续尝试安抚：“喂，阿琳娜。”乔唤她的名字的时候，重音总是放在第二个音节，而且第一个元音几乎听不见，像是在叫“琳娜”。他们初见的时候，她很喜欢乔这么叫她，那时的她想当一个国际化的人，希望自己的名字还有另外一个听起来更加洋气的版本。

“我们”，她说，“你刚才真的是说给我们吗？”

“你知道我的意思。”

“我不知道”，她回答。

晚上，乔主动帮萨缪尔换了尿布，喂他米粥，给他换睡衣，却一言不发。

阿琳娜哺乳过萨缪尔之后，静静地躺在床上，背对着乔，不知道该说什么。乔知道她在流眼泪吗？

“你是想我们会一辈子都住在芬兰吗？”乔用缓慢低沉的语气对着胸前一本打开的书说。

阿琳娜想了好久，打算想出一个关键的问句作为回答，就跟乔问的这句话一样自然，一样听上去似乎不带感情色彩，可是她只感到内心的一阵阵波涛汹涌。过了好长时间，她听到乔叹了一口气，把眼镜取下来放在床头柜上，然后噤一声关掉了床头柜上方的阅读灯。

“你打算什么时候告诉我？”

“告诉？”

阿琳娜没有回答。

“我觉得我们应该谈谈”，乔说，“这个的要求不过分吧？”

乔的声音听上去有些沙哑。你说话发音的方法不对，阿琳娜

心想。阿琳娜有个做语言矫正师的朋友，经常提醒人们要注意说话和体态，于是阿琳娜也在不知不觉中开始注意这些方面。

“我们以前讨论过各种选择”，乔说。

“以前谈的那些能当真吗”，阿琳娜吃了一惊。他们曾经半开玩笑地讨论过可以一起搬去哪些国家居住。那次讨论是在伦敦皮卡迪利圆环附近的一间狭小的酒店房间里，一切还都不是真的。当时他们列举出的名单里甚至还有波兰和加纳。

“这是不是跟你没有获得职位有关”，阿琳娜问，“我还以为你说你并不想要那个职位。”

乔的脸上马上展露出不悦的表情。阿琳娜感到小腹一紧，心想自己刚才要是能找到合适的词句就好了。

“你说吧”，她摸摸乔的脸颊。

乔盯着天花板，仿佛并没有感受到阿琳娜的触摸。

“我觉得好像我的周围到处都有一堵墙，一堵看不见的墙。”

“你指的是社交上的，还是工作上的？”阿琳娜问。

“两者都有。”

乔觉得芬兰人并不愿意让陌生人进入自己的圈子。”在芬兰没有人邀你一起去喝咖啡，或者请你去家里玩。无论是在职场还是私人生活中，芬兰人都有已有的社交圈子，局外人根本挤不进去。尤其是晚上根本就不能不呆在家里”，乔说。

尤其是晚上根本就不能不呆在家里？阿琳娜心想，我可没有把你拴在家里。要是你不想要孩

子，你应该早说。

乔不想要第二个孩子，阿琳娜却想要三个孩子。他们为这事谈过几次，然而每次都气氛紧张收尾，让阿琳娜感觉好像她是在向乔索要乔不能够给予她的东西。

“你怎么想？“乔问，”你说话啊。”

她想到了她的父亲，她的父亲几乎每个星期去福利局和银行办事都需要她帮忙。虽然阿琳娜差不多有十次站在银行的自动取款机前，手把手地告诉父亲应该怎样使用自动取款机，可是父亲还是不会。那么她到了美国之后

该怎么帮助父亲呢？要是父亲发生了什么，比如生病了，去超市买菜需要人帮忙，或者需要人帮他解释药品的说明书，该怎么办？自从阿琳娜的母亲去世后，她的父亲就变得健忘，也没了生活的意愿。阿琳娜到现在仍然觉得不真实，像她母亲那样一个一辈子都精力充沛，浑身都散发着健康气息的女人，怎么在被发现患有癌症的短短几个月内就失去了生命。

“你一直都是这种感觉吗？”阿琳娜说，“你应该早点告诉我。”

张蕾直接从芬兰语译为中文



Jussi Valtonen  
Finland

## Extract from the novel, *They Know Not What They Do*

The Other Woman  
Helsinki, Finland 1994

It was supposed to be temporary: everything would gradually return to normal.

According to the pamphlet from the maternity clinic, you couldn't put an exact time frame on it – which it then, ignoring its own advice,

proceeded to do: three months, give or take, for over fifty percent of couples. But you had to bear in mind that every couple was different; this was a tricky time.

You shouldn't think there was anything wrong with either of you. It had been a week since Alina left the pamphlet on the nightstand.

She wasn't sure what she'd expected, but when she saw it still lying there, untouched, she felt something inside her sink. After the break had lasted another three months, Alina raised the issue.

Joe seemed surprised. 'I thought it would still be too...' He searched for the right word. 'Complicated.'

'I don't think so.'

'Really? Hmm.' Then: 'OK.'

They'd tried the first time three months after Samuel's birth, and the experience had been an unexpected return to adolescence. It was like having to start all over again, concentrate on technique rather than content, guess how things would feel, what might work. Maybe this was what it was like, Alina reflected, for people with brain damage who had to learn how to walk again.

There were articles about it in the baby magazines at the library. Low estrogen levels meant it was natural if she didn't feel like having sex.

Did she? Her entire body had started feeling foreign to her, fickle. They were going to have to try again, but would it go any more smoothly? Maybe it wouldn't

work this time either, which would raise the bar that much higher.

That evening, after Samuel was asleep, Joe climbed into bed in his flannel pajamas and picked up Masters of Chess. He read about the

game's world champions every night before turning off the light. Sometimes he would set out the chess things on his nightstand, move one of the pieces according to the diagrams in the book, and stare at the board, lips pursed, as if waiting for the pawns or knights to speak.

They used to kiss before turning in; sometimes it had led to sex, sometimes not.

She waited. Joe's eyes skipped eagerly across the pages. Eventually he became aware of her gaze.

'What?'

'I thought we... talked about—'

Joe's eyes were blank.

'Earlier today.'

'Oh, yeah,' he said, looking like he still didn't quite remember.

'That's right.'

He set aside the book. They cautiously turned towards each other and

lay there, each waiting for a sign from the other, as if the situation and all that it entailed were completely foreign. Joe gingerly reached out and touched her side. As if afraid his touch would hurt, Alina thought. Joe's mouth was familiar and felt right, but there was something mechanical about the whole thing. Is this what sex would be like with someone you didn't love? But then she felt Joe's warm hand on her skin and allowed it to rove at will, and it instantly remembered the route, the familiar contours.

Then the hand paused, made a minute change of course, and continued, but in an unaccustomed way. Alina monitored Joe's movements and felt something was missing. And she saw that Joe knew it, too.

'Would you like me to...?' he said. She knew what Joe meant; it's what she had been hoping for.

'Mm-hm.' She nodded, not opening her eyes. 'Yes.'

Then she saw the girl: sitting on the edge of the bed, gazing at them blank-faced, as if she'd always been there. Alina whimpered and pulled back.

'Did I hurt you?' Joe

asked, concerned.

'No, but... maybe it's still too soon.'

'Hmm,' Joe said. 'OK.'

She thought she caught a hint of relief in his tone; they wouldn't have to try after all.

They looked at each other. She had always liked Joe's eyes. They were the eyes of a kind man. He stroked her hair. 'It's going to be fine.'

'Yeah.'

'Let's not rush it.'

'OK.'

They turned away from each other, and a little while later she could hear that he had fallen asleep.

The girl had started in the fall. Alina had seen her staring at her computer screen in Joe's office, next to the door where there didn't used to be a desk. She was sitting with one leg folded under her. The position looked uncomfortable, as if she hadn't been able to decide whether to slump into a normal office slouch or arch over her computer like a cat. She had bobbed coal-black hair and a forehead furrowed in concentration, her lips lightly parted.

As she waited for her to acknowledge the presence of

a visitor, Alina's eyes fixed on the fat silver bracelet on the girl's slender wrist. You get to spend all day here, she thought, and then pop into cute boutiques after work to pick out jewelry.

'Excuse me,' Alina finally said. The girl turned languidly, as if she'd been aware of her presence the whole time.

'I was supposed to...'

Alina began. 'Joe and I...'

The girl raised an eyebrow as if in disbelief. Then she nodded towards the far wall. 'That's his desk over there.'

'I know.' Alina's voice sounded more clipped than she'd meant.

'He should be back soon.'

Alina wasn't sure if the girl didn't know where Joe was or if she didn't want to say. She stood in the doorway with the stroller, and the girl kept sitting in her peculiar position in Alina's husband's tiny office.

'If Joe comes back, tell him I went to the bathroom,' Alina said, turning away.

She pushed the stroller back down the hallway, overly conscious of seeming like a frumpy housewife – probably because, she thought, that's what I am – and of

the girl's direct view of her as she retreated.

She would have dressed differently if she'd known about the girl... The thought immediately irked her, the need to impress a complete stranger.

But who did the girl think she was? Of course Alina knew which desk was Joe's. Alina had first brought him here and shown him around, they'd been here for ages, she and Joe; the girl was the interloper, the one who should have been asking Alina for advice.

Samuel stirred in his sleep and made a little noise, and her coming here with her son in his stroller suddenly struck Alina as embarrassing.

Distracted, she walked too fast, and the stroller bumped into the corner of a table in the hallway. She tried to hum cheerfully and stand up

straighter, but her cheeks were on fire. Once she had the stroller moving again, she glanced back; the girl in Joe's office was concentrating on her screen as if Alina and the child did not exist.

She had wanted to mention the girl to Joe. Just remark in passing that she'd noticed a new face at the

department, someone who'd been

assigned her own niche. In such a small unit, it made a difference who you bumped into in the hallways. Maybe they'd even see the girl socially

at some point, say at the party they were going to throw? The party, she thought: Joe had suggested it several times, but Alina was afraid of feeling like she was on display. People wandering around, inspecting their apartment, eyeing the food, Samuel and his clothes, toys, and crib, the record shelf, the living-room rug: so this is how Joe's wife likes things.

When she looked around, she didn't see much she liked or wanted. There was no light in the living room, because the switch on the lamp

had been shorting out; Joe had promised to have it fixed and then forgotten. The switch and the wire were probably still traveling back and forth to the university every day in his satchel. She'd asked about it, but always at the wrong moment, and she didn't want to make a

big deal about something so trivial. The most prominent element of the décor was

the drying rack filled with Samuel's clothing: some of it from the maternity package given free to all expecting mothers in Finland, some hand-me-downs from Julia's sister, yet others from the

flea market. The very thought of people from the department in their home, surrounded by the smell of milk and heaps of food-stained

laundry, was embarrassing.

'It's not very common to invite your coworkers over in Finland,' she'd said, when Joe had asked again about hosting a party.

'It is in the States.'

'Yes. I'm just saying—'

'I know, I know,' Joe said and went to change into his squash gear, and Alina was never sure if he did know.

More than anything, she wanted to repaint the living room, correct her mistake. The walls had turned out too white. On the sample card the color had seemed fresh, but on a big surface it made other colors look harsh. The tiniest smudges stood out.

But Joe didn't think it was a good idea to redecorate until things were clearer.

Alina's heart skipped a beat.

'What things?'

'You know, like... where we're going to settle down and...'

She waited for him to continue, and then realized that the sentence had come to its end. It wasn't like they were going to live here for the

rest of their lives, he finally said.

'No, probably not for the rest of our lives. But for now,' she said.

'Couldn't we just wait and see?'

'See what?'

'If we might find something...'

Joe said. 'Maybe some opportunities back home.'

Back home. How easy it was to use the term in passing, home, its soft sounds, so natural and warm, as if it meant the same regardless

of speaker or place. She stared at him, gulped and turned away.

'Come on, Alina,' Joe said, touching her arm, but she yanked it free.

He tried again: Come on, Alina. The way Joe pronounced her name, the stress fell on the second

syllable and left the initial vowel silent:

Leena. She'd liked it when they met; she'd wanted to be a person who needed a new, international version of her name.

'We,' she said. 'Did you really say we?'

'You know what I mean.'

'Actually, I don't.'

That evening, without being asked, Joe changed Samuel's diaper, fed him his bedtime oatmeal, and put him in his pajamas, all without saying a word.

After breastfeeding Samuel, Alina lay quietly in bed, her back to Joe. She didn't know if he could tell she was crying.

'Were you thinking we'd live in Finland for the rest of our lives?' he asked eventually.

Alina tried to think of the right question to ask back, equally obvious, supposedly neutral, but all she could feel was the tidal wave

of unprocessed emotion crashing through her. A long time later, she heard him sigh, lower his glasses to the nightstand, and click off his reading lamp.

'When were you planning on telling me?' she said into the darkness.

'We've talked about various options,' he said.

Alina was dumbfounded. She was supposed to take that seriously?

They'd played at making a list of all the countries they'd consider moving to; this had taken place in that little hotel room off Piccadilly

Circus, before reality intervened. The list had included Poland and Ghana.

'Is this because you didn't get that job?' she asked. 'I thought you said you didn't want it.'

Joe was instantly irritated. Alina's stomach clenched; she wished she'd chosen her words more wisely.

'Tell me,' she said, caressing his cheek.

Joe looked at the ceiling, ignoring the brush of her hand. 'I feel like I'm surrounded by an invisible wall.'

'Socially or professionally?'

'Both.'

Joe felt like Finns didn't want to let strangers in. No one asked him out for coffee or invited him over. Personal lives, Finns seemed to close their social circles to outsiders. 'Especially if you have no free evenings,' he added.

Especially since I can't spend evenings away from home. I'm not keeping you here, Alina thought. You should have said something if you didn't want a baby.

Joe definitely didn't want a second baby. Alina wanted three. They'd tried discussing the matter on a few occasions, but the conversation

grew strained, and Alina felt like she was demanding something her husband was incapable of giving.

'What are you thinking?' he asked. 'Say something.'

She thought about her father, who needed her help on a more or less weekly basis, dealing with the social security office or the bank.

Dad hadn't ever learned to use the bill payment terminals in the bank's vestibule, although Alina had taken him there what seemed

like a dozen times and held his hand through the process. How was she going to do that from the States?

What if something happened to him? What if Dad got sick and needed help going to the store or reading the directions on his medication? Ever since Mom had died,

Dad had become absent-minded and listless. It still

seemed unreal to Alina that a woman who had radiated vigor and health could die a few months after the cancer diagnosis.

'Have you felt this way

the whole time?' Alina said. 'You should have said something.'

*Translated from the Finnish into English by Kristian London.*



皮埃尔·麦吉莱克  
马耳他

## 熨衣板

是时候处理这个熨衣板了。他想：如果直接丢在马路上，也行会有某个路人把它捡走。因为，他晚上回家的路边角落里有时丢着废弃的家具，到了早上却不见踪影。于是，他穿上一件薄外套，下楼走到屋外，准备把熨衣板靠在墙上。但他正准备走上人行道时，看到楼下邻居小心翼翼地停着自己那辆菲亚特 Panda，还朝他挥了挥手。可恶！现在该怎么办？如果这时候回家，邻居可能会认为他疯了——现在可是星期天晚上九点钟，谁会用胳膊夹着熨衣板出门后哪里也不去就直接回家？既然邻居发现他了，显然不能把熨衣板直接靠在墙上了。他来不及多加考虑，决定把熨衣板丢在街尾。因为邻居这时还在试着停车，于是他也朝邻居挥了挥手就匆匆离开，仿佛只是带了一本书而不是熨衣板一般。

到了马路尽头，他拐弯后沿

衣板靠在一处没有窗户和门的建筑上。然而，当他准备回家时，突然发现马路对面至少有十间公寓开着灯，很有可能有人在窗帘后看到了他的一举一动。如果有人用手机拍照或录视频给警察看怎么办？他当即想出一个办法：跪下来绑鞋带。可他蹲下后才意识到自己出门时穿的是睡衣裤和拖鞋，没有鞋带。于是，他站起身抓住熨衣板，沿着马路朝湖边走去。走到湖边，他看到那里丢着用来收集可回收玻璃瓶的巨大旧料桶，想到婚前和妻子每隔几周就会一起到湖边倒空一两袋可回收旧料，觉得可以把熨衣板留在那里。

但在旧料桶不远处，一辆辆汽车飞快驶过，如果其中一辆恰好是警车呢？随后，一个穿着加绒夹克的高个子男人走过，笑着朝他点点头。不是邻里之间或初次见面那种善意的微笑，更像是一种看到疯老头的讥笑，仿佛笑

他是否没意识到自己夹着一块熨衣板出门。他想转身把熨衣板砸在那个男人头上，然后把它们都留在那个旧料桶旁边。但他只是紧紧抓住熨衣板，继续向前走。

他对熨衣板低声说道：“我们很快就要到了。”虽然他已经记不起最后一次和妻子散步的时候，但不知为何，离湖边越近，就越能感觉到熨衣板的存在。一小时前，熨衣板砸落在他身上，热铁也烫了他的手，他当时完全不想看到这个熨衣板。现在，熨衣板散架了，还像他妻子一样盯着他。既然妻子现在走了，熨衣板也应该和妻子一起离开。可是，熨衣板害怕地紧贴着他，他也因此有几分难过。熨衣板已经散架，即将被永远丢弃在垃圾桶。他想起最后一次去兽医院时的自己表现得很男人，想起那条陪他多年却正走上黄泉路的狗狗。

他准备爬过湖边低低的栅栏，尽全力将熨衣板扔进水里。如果沉下去就皆大欢喜，如果浮在水面，他就避开这个地方，再也不会看到这东西。他在篱笆旁寻找着最低的位置。因为过去经常在周日早晨买完纸张、面包和鲜花后与妻子一起在这里漫步，所以他对这里非常熟悉。黑暗中，有一只狗不知咬了什么，突然开始狂吠，把他吓得迅速转身，好像要躲避子弹一般，而熨衣板则撞到了他身后的标致车门。

这一撞，汽车警报突然响了起来，回响在湖面上的警报声让他慌乱不已，仿佛是个抢劫银行后、急于逃跑以免被抓的劫匪一般。一个正在湖边慢跑、瘦瘦高

高的年轻人撞到他身上，对他怒目而视、进行辱骂。他结结巴巴地道歉，不再用一只胳膊夹着熨衣板，而是像《痛苦圣母》画中的圣母抱耶稣一样抱着熨衣板。他穿过马路、绕行回家，只希望找到一个黑暗的地方丢掉撑着自己走路的第二条腿——熨衣板。

正当他走过拐角、远离身后激烈的警报声时，雨和平时一样，没有任何预兆便倾盆而下。头发湿透的他感到一丝微妙的寒意袭来。这是，他闻到脚步后散发出一股恶臭便回头看了看，可他前前后后都空无一人，于是他停了下来，想看看这股臭味是否会随之消散。

可臭味仍伴他左右，他便低头看向地面，这才发现湿透的拖鞋上沾满了狗屎。一定是在野狗狂吠、汽车鸣笛、遭跑者怒视后踩上的狗屎。甚至有可能正是那只狂吠野狗的屎。

他在人行道边缘使劲磨着鞋上的泥土，但每次收脚，拖鞋都会倒掉在地上。沿着街道又走了几米后，他发现人行道地面某处缺了两块鹅卵石，便弯下腰用缺口中的水冲洗拖鞋。这时，他注意到马路另一边有一座拆了一半的房子，可能要建成一座新楼。从街上可以看到楼上铺着绿色瓷砖的浴室，他好奇地猜想曾在那里洗过澡的人数有多少。还想着，一个隐藏了这么多年的房间现在如此笨拙地暴露着，这感觉多怪异。然后，他又想到了自己的妻子。不知道他们会像他一样帮她洗澡，还是让她自己来，根本没发现她已经无法自己洗澡了。也不知道

他们会烧热水供她洗澡，还是只有凉水呢？也许这正是他们的目的——让她慢慢消失。

当然，还有一些领取养老金的老人也想住进这个家。但没有一家餐馆会希望人们从六点一直待到午夜。如果她将要逝世，他的余生是否会因为离开妻子漫漫人生最后一程而感到无比内疚？

他应该把妻子留在家里。当初医生来家里了解情况时，他不应该说妻子想搬进祖父的房子，也不应该说自己发现妻子试图在半夜开门的情况。也许他太害怕了。也许，从妻子把他推到熨衣板上那一刻起，他的耐心就已经永远被打破，无法接受也无法弥补。他想：是这样的、就是这样，从来没人推过自己。他想告诉她自己绝不忍受任何人的推搡。但现在，他盯着那座残破房子的绿色条纹瓷砖，意识到自己应该留住她。毕竟，自己也多次越界，妻子却从未因此表示不满。他应该留住她。这样至少能让她在少见的清醒时刻里，和自己的东西、爱的男人、爱她的男人呆在家里，空气中弥漫着融化的黄油吐司和奶茶香。可妻子现在住的房间却毫无灵魂和色彩，他曾在妻子离家后看望过她，希望她能认出自己。

上次，妻子把他误认为邮递员，说自己已经等了他一个月了。但是，当她看到他坐在床边问自己情况时，她开始一个人嘀咕、心不在焉地凝视窗外，一会儿看向屋顶上方、一会儿看向烟囱，整个人像倒放的花盆一样凄凉。那天回家路上，他想：如果哪次

遇到她清醒的时候，她睁大双眼恳求他告诉自己做错了什么，自己一定很难回答。

两道闪电照亮了天空，雨下得越来越大。他拖着脚，朝着一面被灯泡照亮的墙壁走去，努力把熨衣板抬到头上，就像一个矮小、苍老的参孙推起寺庙的穹顶。不过，熨衣板不再吱吱作响的支架突然脱落，金属砸到了他鼻子上，鼻血开始汩汩流出。

他把熨衣板放在头皮上，把烧焦且闷热的手塞进口袋寻找手帕，却意识到自己没带手帕。他把外套的袖子压在鼻子上，像母亲曾经教他的样子抬头止血。他想起母亲曾说过的话：一切都过去了，儿子，一切都过去了。他目不转睛地盯着卫生间的瓷砖，确信妻子清醒时刻曾凝视着窗外的雨。在夏天过后的第一个雨夜，她总喜欢凝视着窗外的雨，就像一个等待父亲下班回家的女孩。现在的她又想到谁？也许是她的祖父，因为她一直相信祖父在等她回家。或许是她那已经失去或者说被遗弃的丈夫。

雨水从熨衣板顶部两侧滑下，他闭上双眼，想象着这一切只是一个梦，想象着睁开眼后的自己在家，妻子躺在床边，散发出扶他林凝胶的香味。想象着他们起身在水壶里冲茶，打开烤面包机和收音机，在睡梦中听着世界上发生的事情。

他们从车内看到的他是这样的：一个身体虚弱的老人，差不多三个月没剃胡须，满脸血迹，穿着正常人都不会穿出门的拖鞋和睡衣睡裤。暴雨中的他头顶

一块熨衣板，穿了一件可能是从酒吧门口偷走的外套，外套现在也浸满了鲜血，整个人看起来像个典型的流浪汉。

这里并非流浪汉经常光顾的地方，而且他们绝不愿鼓励流浪汉来这里的趋势。但他们也不能把他留在那里继续流着血淋雨。所以他们在路中间停了车，另外两辆车等在他们车后。

当他看到他们向自己走来时，第一个念头是他们中间有两个人特别高，仿佛自己突然缩小了，或是其他人都变高了。他们正冒着暴雨、傲慢地大步走向他，只有火气冲天的警察能走出这种踏步，走向这个脚下粘有难闻的狗屎、头顶熨衣板，连狂欢都不适合的老人。

我的身份证明？当然有，不过在家里放着没带在身上。离这里不远，十分钟就能走到。跟着我，好吗？我会给你们倒些咖啡。我保证我没疯。我在这里抱着熨衣板干嘛？恩……好吧，我在等

着把它送给谁。有的人可能没有熨衣板，收下我的礼物后就能解决这一问题。甲之砒霜，乙之蜜糖，你们说对吗？熨衣板有一个支架需要拧回原位，因为它在我熨烫的时候脱落了。看看我的手，还留有烧伤的印记。拜托，你们要带我去哪？不，我不需要去医院。只是留了一点血，仅此而已。血液有停止流动的时刻吗？一切都过去了、一切都过去了。

他们把他推到汽车后部之后，车里立即充满了狗屎的臭味，而罪魁祸首则很有可能肚子塞得满满的，正在某个屋檐下沉睡。他们开车驶向最近的医院，此时，他的外套仍然紧贴着鼻子，烧伤的手掌仍旧灵活，头弯得像小孩不情愿离开父母去别的地方，他盯着仍在哗哗落下的雨点。

熨衣板靠在墙上，离他越来越远、也越来越小。

译者 粽冰冰冰



Pierre Mejlak  
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## The Ironing Board

It was time to get rid of it. Maybe if he left it out in the street, some passer-by would come along and

pick it up. On his way home some evenings he'd notice a piece of furniture abandoned on the corner and it would

be gone by morning. He threw on a light coat and headed downstairs and outside to lean the ironing board against the wall. But just as he stepped out onto the pavement, he caught sight of his downstairs neighbour carefully parking his Fiat Panda. His neighbour waved. Damn it. What now? If he went back inside, the neighbour would think he was crazy. Who would ever step outside at nine o'clock on a Sunday evening with an ironing board under his arm, only to carry it back inside again? Now that his neighbour had spotted him, he obviously couldn't just leave the thing leaning against the wall. So he quickly decided to walk to the end of the street and leave it there. He waved back at his neighbour, who was still trying to get his car in, and hurried off as if carrying not an ironing board, but a book, under his arm.

At the end of the road he turned the corner, strode a few metres down rue de la Source and rested the ironing board against a building with no windows or doors. Yet as he was about to turn back home, he noticed that there were at least ten apartments

across the road with their lights on, and the chances of someone seeing him from behind a curtain were pretty high. What if someone took a photo or a video with their mobile and showed it to the police? He improvised a plan: he'd kneel down to tie his laces. And so he did, only to realise that he had no laces to tie, having stepped outside in his pyjama bottoms and slippers. He stood up, grabbed the ironing board and made his way down the street towards the lake, where he'd find the large skip used to collect glass bottles for recycling. When his wife was still herself, they'd walk there together every few weeks and empty one or two bags. He could easily leave the ironing board there.

But cars were passing by in quick succession not far from the skip – what if one of them happened to be a police car? What then? A tall black man in a fluffy jacket walked past him, nodding and smiling. Not a neighbourly, nice-to-see-you kind of smile; more the smirk you'd flash at an old nutcase unaware he'd stepped out of the house with an ironing board under his arm. He wished he could turn round and smash the ironing

board over the guy's head and leave them both there, right by the skip. Instead, he tightened his grip on the ironing board, and continued onwards the lake.

We'll be there soon, he murmured to the ironing board. He couldn't remember the last time he'd taken this stroll with his wife, and somehow, the closer he got to the lake, the closer he felt to the ironing board. An hour earlier, when it had fallen on him and the iron had scalded his hand, he couldn't stand the sight of it. Disjointed and dumb, it stared at him as his wife had. His wife now gone. So, for the sake of consistency, the ironing board had to go too. And yet now the thing seemed to be holding on to him in fear and he began to feel sorry for it. Not only was it broken – with one leg out of joint – but it was well on its way to kicking the bucket for good. He felt like a man on his last trip to the vet, with the dog that had kept him company for years and years sadly on its way to be put down.

He considered climbing over the low fence around the lake and hurling the ironing board into the water with all his might. If it sinks, perfect

– if not, he'd avoid the place in future so as never to have to see it again. He walked along the fence looking for the lowest part, familiar from when he strolled there with his wife on Sunday mornings after buying the paper, bread and flowers. A dog biting at something in the dark began to bark violently, startling him. Terrified, he made a quick about-turn, like an actor fleeing a bullet, and the ironing board hit the door of a Peugeot parked just behind him.

The car alarm immediately went off and began to echo across the lake. The racket threw him into a state of confusion. Overcome by a strange panic, he felt as if he'd just robbed a bank and needed to find a quick hideaway before he got caught. A lanky young man jogging around the lake bumped into him, gave him an angry stare, and swore at him in no uncertain terms. The old man stammered an apology, and with the ironing board now no longer under one arm but resting in both – like Jesus in the arms of Our Lady of Sorrows – he crossed the road and circled back home, just hoping he could find a dark spot to abandon

the ironing board along the second leg of his walk.

As was usual in his city, the rain began to fall with no warning and by the time he'd turned the corner and escaped the aggressive din of the alarm behind him, it was pelting down. From his drenched head, a subtle chill flowed down the length of his body. He began to sense a stench following his steps. He looked back – no one. Nobody in front of him either. He stood still to see if the stench would stop when he did.

When he confirmed that the stench was still following along, he looked down and saw that his slippers were not only soaked, but the soles were all covered with dogshit. He must have stepped in it while fleeing the dog's fierce barking, the car's strident alarm and the angry jogger. It was probably the same dog's shit, too.

He tried to wipe the muck off on the edge of the pavement, but with each pull the slipper would come off and turn upside down. He walked a few metres up the street to rinse the slipper in some water in a hole between two missing cobblestones in the pavement, and bending

down he noticed a half-demolished house on the other side of the road. They were probably going to put up a new building. A green-tiled bathroom on the upper floor could be seen from the street and he wondered how many people must have washed in there, and how strange it was that a room that had been hidden away for so many years could now appear so clumsily exposed. Again, he thought of his wife. Perhaps right now they'd be helping her have a bath, just as he used to – or could they be leaving her to bathe on her own, not realising she couldn't cope? And would they make the bath warm enough for her, or just wash her in cold water and be done with it? Perhaps that's just what they wanted, to let her fade away slowly.

No doubt there were other pensioners hoping to get into that home. No restaurant wants people coming in at six and hanging around until midnight. And if she were to die, wouldn't he feel for the rest of his life the crushing weight of guilt for having left his wife to walk the last stretch of her long journey lost and alone?

He should've kept her

at home. He shouldn't have said anything, when the doctor came to visit, about her wanting to go to her grandfather's house and how he found her trying to unlock the door in the middle of the night. Perhaps he was too scared. Perhaps, that time she pushed him into the ironing board, he felt that the line between patience and the unacceptable had been crossed once and for all and that there could be no turning back. Yes, that's it, he thought. No one had ever pushed him before. And he wanted to show her that he wasn't going to put up with any pushing. Yet now, with his eyes on the green striped tiles of the half-demolished house, he realised that he should've kept her. After all, he'd crossed many lines himself, and she'd never said a word. He should've kept her. At least, in those moments of lucid thought – rare as they were – she would've been home, amid her own things, with a man she loved and who loved her, and the scent of melted butter on toast and tea with milk. Not that soulless, colourless room, where he'd now visit her, hoping she'd recognise him.

Last time he went to see her, she mistook him for the postman. She told him she'd been waiting for him for a month. But when she saw him sitting at the edge of the bed and he asked her how she was, she began muttering to herself and gazed distractedly out the window, somewhere above the roofs, somewhere amid the chimneys, bleak as upside-down plant pots. And on his way home, he thought about how much more difficult it would be if he were to find her lucid for once, her eyes pleading with him, asking what she'd ever done wrong.

Two lightning bolts whitened the sky and the rain grew heavier. He shuffled towards a wall lit up by a bright bulb, and tried to take cover by lifting the ironing board over his head, like a short, decrepit Samson with his hands pushing up at the temple roof. But the disjointed leg of the ironing board, which wouldn't click back in, fell with a metallic blow on his nose, which, as usual, immediately started bleeding.

He rested the ironing board on his scalp, stuffed his burnt, still sweltering hand into his pocket in search of a handkerchief, only to

realise he wasn't carrying one. He pressed the sleeve of his coat to his nose and tried to lift his head up – as his mother had once taught him as a child – to stop the bleeding. He remembered her words. Everything passes, son. Everything. With his eyes now fixed on the bathroom tiles, he was certain that his wife, at that very moment, was awake, staring out the window at the deluge. Just as she loved to do on those first rainy nights right after summer. Like a girl waiting for her father to come home from work. Who could she be thinking of right now? Perhaps her grandfather, who, she believed, was waiting for her to return home. Or perhaps her husband – the husband she'd lost, or who'd got lost somehow. Somewhere.

With the rain pounding the top of the ironing board and curtaining down both sides, he shut his eyes and imagined it was all just a dream. He'd now open his eyes and find himself at home, in bed next to his wife, with her scent of Voltaren gel, and they'd get up to put the kettle on for tea, start the toaster and switch on the radio to hear about

whatever had been going on in the world while they were sleeping through the night.

That's how they saw him from inside the car – a frail old man with a three-month beard, his face all bloodied, in slippers and pyjama bottoms that no one in their right mind would even think of wearing outside. And an ironing board above his head, under the blinding rain. The typical homeless man, with a coat, now doused in blood, that he'd probably stolen from the entrance of some bar.

This wasn't an area often frequented by the homeless, and the last thing they wanted was to encourage new trends. But they couldn't simply leave him there either, bleeding away in the rain. So they stopped the car in the middle of the road, with two cars waiting behind them.

Tall as hell, the two of them. That was the first thought that went through his mind as he saw them coming towards him – either he'd very suddenly shrunk, or everyone else had grown taller. And they were stomping with an arrogance that could only come from two fuming policemen, under the pelting rain, making their way towards an old man not even

fit for a carnival, stinking of dogshit, with an ironing board over his head.

My papers? Of course, I've got them – not on me, at home. It's not far, ten minutes' walk. Just follow me, all right? I'll make you some coffee. I'm not mad, I assure you. What on earth am I doing out here with an ironing board? I'm, well, I'm waiting for someone I can give it to. Someone who might not have one and could use it. One man's trash is another man's treasure, right? One of the legs needs screwing back into place, that's all. I was ironing and it just came off. Look at my hand, it's still burnt. No, please – where are you taking me? No, I don't need to go to hospital. It's just a little blood, that's all.

When did blood ever not stop flowing? Everything passes. Everything.

As they pushed him into the back of the car, it was immediately filled with the stench of dogshit, from that dog that was probably now asleep under a roof somewhere, its belly full. They drove off towards the nearest hospital. With his coat sleeve still pressed to his sore nose, the palm of his hand still smarting from the burn and his head bent back like a kid watching his parents wave at him as he's taken away to a place he'd rather not go without them, he watched the rain as it continued to fall, relentlessly.

And the ironing board, leaning against the wall, shrinking in the distance.



米尼克·斯希铂

荷兰

## 人类共有什​​么？ 从局部到全球，再回归本土

我们和他们

自远古始，人类创造了二元性，设计出与他人相区隔的自我形象。他们在神话，故事，歌曲，谚语和其他艺术表现形式中嵌入了这些形象。对于（目前为止）生活在有且仅有一个地球上的人类而言，意识到我们的传统、文学主题和流派等等的相似之处与其中的原因，至关重要。作为人类，我们的显著共性与人体形态、功能以及对食物、住所、安全和繁衍等的基本需求有关。也与生活在地球上的人类都经历过的，如恐惧、渴望、喜悦与悲伤的情绪有关。我们常常有两个选项：执着于差异，或是寻求共性。而日常生活中，人们似乎倾向于放大差异。

我们和他们，自我与他者，这些界限的划分，将人们从不断行进的容斥历史中分离开，往往带来毁灭性后果。很少人认为文化差异是不言而喻的，“人”的定义，往往不会越过定义者自身群体、国家、宗教、种族或性别的边界，包括语言，大陆和文化的边界。野蛮人，永远是其他人。正因如此，

古希腊人视罗马人为野蛮人。罗马人也是这么看待他们所征服的民族。雅利安人看不起犹太人和巴勒斯坦犹太人。欧洲人觉得自己比印第安人和非洲人更加文明，却没意识到，对那些人来说，欧洲人的野蛮行径出名到写进了谚语。在中国，长城是文明与野蛮的分界线。哲学家邵雍（1011-1077）在表示“我很高兴，因为我是一个人而不是一个动物，一个男人而不是一个女人，一个中国人而不是一个野蛮人，也因为我居住在洛阳，全世界最美丽的城市”时，清晰地传达了自己的民族心理。认为其他文明逊于自己的文化，是一种普遍倾向，毕竟，实事求是的世界观往往不如自己的优势利益受重视。理想情况下，我们应该考虑到自己可能会与别人的背景相抵触，正如将我们也可能会将其他群体与自己的文化对立起来。不过，切换自身传统的视角，需要付出巨大的努力。

起源故事，谚语和性别等级制

几个世纪以来，性别差异，成为世界范围内最被放大的差异之一。这也体现在普遍的文学流派，如

起源故事和言语中。起源故事往往呈现出一种期望中的性别等级秩序，而言语则折射出一种不稳定的性别势力平衡。首先，看看起源故事中的一些例子：

天帝决定将从家禽剔除出的骨肉中制造头十个男人和头十个女人。而他开始制作这些女人时，已经用完了材料，天帝不得不用粘土代替。结果，创造的女人没有力量，而且太弱，无法劳动。然后天帝将力量注入她们的身体。然而，这样一来女性变得如此强大，以至于男性无法与之相提并论。考虑到其中的不合理之处，天帝收回了她们一半的力量。（中国 鄂伦春）

Hinegba 用一些泥土制造了男人出来。然后，他又用了一些土制造了女人出来。在地球的力量因早期人类的创造而被削弱之前，男人被先创造出来，所以男人比女人更强壮。（尼日利亚 Kwotto）

意识到亚当的孤独，上帝用灰尘创造了第一个女人。她的名字叫莉莉丝。然而，他并没有使用纯尘，用的是污垢和沉积物。（犹太语）

当上述故事产生时，Kwotto 和 Oroquen 相距很远，没有文化接触，但在两个例子中，男性创造者都使用顶级材料制造人类。关于亚当和莉莉丝的犹太杜撰故事起源于另一个地区。上帝用来为亚当的创造而不是纯粹精心挑选的尘埃，而是为第一位女人使用了肮脏的材料，没有任何解释。

在这三者中，当涉及到女性的制作时，出现了问题。这只是偶然的吗？

而且，在所有三个神话中，上帝创造的女人比男人更晚，而在大多数其他神话中（在我收集的 500 多个中），“谁先来了？”这个问题的答案也是：男人。然后第二个人通常是女人。这纯属巧合吗？也有神话说是创造了一个完整的第一个男人之后，从男性身体的一小部分中塑造出第一个女人：肋骨或大脚趾，或者第一个男人的大腿上的一块肉，或者从第一个男人的影子，或者创造者只用他自己神圣的手塑造第一个男人，并命令这个男人用自己的手塑造第一个女人当妻子。在研究这个问题时，人们会发现许多巧合。

为什么就像在巴什基尔语故事中所发生的那样，一个造物主会用他左手拿着的材料制造第一个男人，而用右手拿着的材料制造第一个女人？如果第一个女人是从第一个创造的男人（例如 Karanga 或希腊人）的残羹剩饭中创造出来的，又该怎么想？或者对于第一个女人是由前两个人类男性（萨摩亚）其中的一个人的尸体制成的神话，又该怎么想？为什么有如此多的起源神话需要减少女人与男人的关系呢？

实际上，怀孕，分娩和哺乳无可否认是妇女的事业。受精，受孕和胚胎生长的先前物理过程发生在暗暗的子宫里。这些谜团引发各种猜测。传统的推测反映了自远古以来男性对补偿的深刻需求。不可思议的是，神话和谚语反映

了世界历史中蕴含的这种迫切需要及其后果。

在大多数文化中，男性的名字，文字，角色和活动比女性突出得多 - 而且情况仍然如此。关于人类开始的大多数故事都有同样的优先权。人类的大部分历史都是由宗教构成的，这表明天堂要求女性服从男人。男人认为女人不像男人那样神圣，不那么精神，而且“比男人更不纯洁”，他们发明宗教制裁来控制女性的性行为，从月经和其他禁忌到对处女（行为，服饰，工作等）的要求（或限制）。在许多方面，直到最近，这种限制性的规则仍有效地将大多数女性与公共生活和知识文化隔离开来。为什么需要在全世界范围内采取此类措施？

显然，人类起源的故事通过发明相对甚至更有声望的男性成就来弥补女性强大的生育能力。这适用于神圣的男性创造者和人类男性角色。谁掌握了人类起源之谜的关键？看起来这个无法回答的问题似乎带来了令人遗憾的竞争力。在历史进程中，女性作为伟大的分娩者的主导地位使女性在其他大多数生活领域处于不利地位。在谚语中证实了贬低女性及其在社会中的角色的类似信息，这是另一种坚持性别等级的强大流行体裁。坚持拥有儿子的重要性意味着即使在出生时也会贬低女婴：

辛苦一个晚上，只得了个女儿。  
（西班牙语）  
多子多上帝赐福，多女多灾难。  
（德语）

女儿出世，屋顶也哭。（保加利亚语）

让我们向先知祈祷直到男孩来。  
（阿拉伯）  
来自中国的谚语再同意不过了：  
十个女娃不如一个拐腿。  
傻儿子好过巧女儿。  
生儿是福，生女是祸。

几个世纪以来，这种信息通常被认为是理所当然的，至少是公开的。在二十世纪，巨大的变化（特别是节育）已经改变了数百万妇女的生活。有史以来第一次，男人和女人受到同样的教育并从事同样的工作，至少这种情况适用于幸福的少数人 - 尽管世界各地都发明了一些绊脚石，以防止这种情况发生。谚语将平等的教育和公共角色描述为最不受欢迎甚至是噩梦般的场景。有意识或无意识地，从人类的神话和谚语中反映出来的跨文化传统遗产很明显地在全世界范围内留下了他们的印记。

谚语是连续叙事的一个有说服力的部分，令人惊讶的是，人们很容易从未听说过的文化中理解关于男人和女人的谚语。世界上最小的文学体裁是建立跨文化桥梁的极好帮助。在我不断扩充的超过 15000 种谚语 ([www.womeninproverbsworldwide.com](http://www.womeninproverbsworldwide.com)) 中，我发现了一些重要的信息：一个理想的妻子比她的丈夫更年轻，娇小，缺乏才华，因为这样才更容易塑造成男人所需的形态。人们警告有才华，尤其是学识渊博的女性说，在公共领域取得成功只会给她们带来厄运。

因此，女性的小脚在婚姻关系中隐喻着“正确的衡量标准”，但这种众所周知的“正确衡量标准”等同于不平等的关系。塞纳人（马拉维和莫桑比克）说：“千万别娶大脚女人”，男人必须选择一个他可以对其行使权力的妻子。几年前，我与北京中国科学院（CASS）的谚语专家刘晓路一起讨论了非洲谚语，这一讨论启发了我关于这一主题的书的标题。他微笑着立刻引用了一句类似的中国谚语：“一个大脚的女人守空房。”孤身一人被认为是一个才华横溢的女人的悲惨命运，因为没有人敢娶她。刘博士补充说，另一个流行的中国谚语：“女子无才便是德。”在中国文化中，女孩长大脚具有讽刺意味；在过去，由于美化原因，女性的脚被缩短了。关于脚或鞋的大小也存在于印度 Telegu 的说法中，警告女孩不要发力壮大：“如果一个女孩大脚，她将在结婚后遇到麻烦。”在希伯来语中：没有人想要一只比我的脚更大的鞋子。女性的大脚极大地反映了男性对失去控制的恐惧。鉴于女性通常比男性的脚短，谚语恰当地选择了这种传统信息作为理想性别关系的令人信服的隐喻。多年来，我在许多地方谈过这项研究 - 不仅在学术界或欧洲议会，而且还有大量农村妇女，肯尼亚清真寺，荷兰犹太教堂，教堂和学校。谚语本身引发各种生动的反应，从惊奇的娱乐到愤慨，以及欢闹的认可。在我们的 21 世纪，这种全球性的文化遗产是否仍然有意义？我的回答是肯定的。

我们与人类共享的文学体裁呈现出一种迷人的镜子，主要是男性对“理想”和“离经叛道”女性的看法，以及“理想”和“离经叛道”的男子气概规范。这张全球镜子显示时代和形象正在发生变化，但也提醒我们，由于这些遗产，即使在今天，无数女性依旧享有（或允许自己）比男性多得多的自由。为了确定我们想去的地方，以及我们不想去的地方，就像今天的男人和女人一样，我们首先需要知道我们来自哪里。

裸体还是穿衣：世界各地的穿或不穿衣服的历史。

动物在自己的皮肤，头发，羽毛或鳞片内行走，奔跑，爬行，飞行或游泳，但是我们的人类祖先逐渐用大自然给予他们的材料装饰他们的身体。他们这样做是为了看起来更有吸引力或更强大，伪装缺陷，保护自己免受寒冷，炎热和伤害，或掩盖他们的耻辱。我们仍然出于同样的原因这样做。裸体还是穿衣，身体会带来情绪。我们在公共场所的出现已成为一张名片，其他人乍一看就是关于性别，种族，职业，宗教，吸引力，饮食失调，饮酒习惯，讨好，自我克制的综合文本 - 仅举几个方面。判断已经下达。我们是谁，被迫成为他人的我们是谁？人们通过 - 漠不关心或批判地，甚至公开地欣赏他们所看到的东西来相遇，互相问候或相互交流。被夸赞当然很好，但如何应对一个明确的不赞成？在傍晚只剩下几缕即将逝去的光时，

我从桑给巴尔前往达累斯萨拉姆。在渡轮的后甲板上，我站在三名穿着长长的黑色长裤的女人身边，正如许多在东非海岸的女性所做的那样。天气多风，其中一名妇女晕船。“你现在好吗？”过了一会儿，我问她，我们开始交谈了。没过多久，她和她的两个朋友因为我的着装而开始告诫我。我穿着 T 恤，长裤和夹克 - 但不，这还不够。我应该像他们一样穿着长袍，这件衣服也会覆盖我的裸头：“如果你不这样做，你将会在来世的永恒之火中燃烧。”她们确信这一点。我试图辩解说安拉想要知道我们是不是一个好人，而不是我们生活中穿的是什么样的衣服。而这种辩解是徒劳的。她们坚持认为只有那些谦虚地完整覆盖自己的女性才能进入天堂：‘请看看我们的穿着方式。不，等等，你最好把我们的照片展示给你这个世界的女性朋友。如果她们不遵循我们的做法，她们也将陷入地狱。我拍了照片。她们宽大的黑色衣服遮住了他们的身体，但是她们的脸被揭开 - 直到他们注意到了这个错误’等一下，还有一张照片，请。用快速的手臂姿势，每个人都从后面拉了一块布来掩盖他们的脸。只剩下他们的眼睛和双手可见了。“你知道，如果她想在死后有机会进入天堂，这就是每个女人应该穿的方式。这是你必须向你所在国家的女性展示的照片。“毫无疑问，她们希望对我世界上所有其他女性都有最好的照片，但是我的乡村女性中有多少人愿意相信这样一件全黑的

黑色连衣裙会把他们从地狱中救出来吗？

回到阿姆斯特丹。“少穿点打动人”是在街头和地铁站的路人传递的信息，海报从巨大的广告牌上喊出来，一个瘦弱的女人穿着稀疏的内衣躺在暗示的姿势。毫无疑问，“穿着少打扮”的信息对西方男人没那么有吸引力。许多西方男士已经废除的唯一一件衣服是领带，但在办公室里，很少有两件衬衫纽扣被取消。在当代西方社会中，暴露的多可能会对一个人的男子气概形象产生不利影响。

由于人类开始与其他对裸体有不同看法的人会面，世界变得更加复杂。我们知道我们在与别人相处时的困境，但通常我们对其他人如何看待我们没有丝毫的概念。在西方世界，每个人都在法律的范围內拥有很多自由，而自由可能会让新来的人感到困惑。那些被认为只有完全覆盖自己的女性是谦虚的人的人，需要忘记“裸体”和贞洁是相互排斥的。

赤裸的身体继续吸引人们。媒体每天都会带来关于裸体，抗议裸体或者裸体作为抗议的报道。在一些地方，身体的未被发现的部分导致人们被骚扰或谋杀，而在其他地方，赤裸的身体急切地暴露于想要看到它的人。创意广告商的独裁统治使得女性能够打开自己的身体，同样具有创造性的宗教权威也让女性反其道而行之。在这两种情况下，大多数人都遵守规则。人们对“裸体”的看法各不相同。一个人欣赏的外套可以让他的邻居惊掉下巴，认为他

人是低等的倾向是普遍的。每个人都赤裸裸地走进这个世界，我们最早的祖先，虽然比我们现在更加毛茸茸，却没有穿衣服。大多数人在没有太多尴尬的情况下向他人展示他们的手，鼻子，嘴巴，脸颊和眼睛，但通常倾向于隐藏他们的生殖器和臀部。为什么人类会逐渐陷入如此复杂的服装规则道德网络中？羞耻不仅仅是关于性或身体可见部位有关的事项或情况。我们的阴部被遮盖等于羞耻感消失的想法似乎是一种严重的错误，因为他们相信在人们遮盖他们的身体之前不存在羞耻感。如果人们偏

离了必要的社交行为而导致不被认可，被嘲笑以及被拒绝的感觉，人们就会立刻感到羞耻。由于我们都不想愚弄自己，我们倾向于适应我们自己的群体，特别是一个生存取决于同胞成员支持的群体中。认为完全遮住其中一种性别的身体会抑制另一种性别产生兴奋是一种幻想。被遮盖的身体可能比裸体更令人兴奋。羞耻和兴奋的方式令人惊讶地难以预测，我们在生活中都面临着这两种方式。

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## What Do Humans Share? From the local to the global, and back again

### *Us and them*

Since time immemorial human beings have created binaries, devising images of themselves as against those of others. They have embedded these images in their myths, stories, songs,

proverbs, and other forms of artistic expression. It is crucial for us as humans – living (so far) on our one and only planet earth – to become aware of the how and the why of similarities in our traditions, literary themes, genres, and so forth. Our

striking commonalities as human beings have to do with the shape and functions of the human body and its basic needs, such as food, shelter, safety and procreation. And with emotions such as fear, longing, joy and sorrow that we all experience as humans living on planet earth. We always have two options: to insist on differences or to look for what we share. In daily life people seem inclined to blow up differences.

Us and them, Self and Other, the drawing of demarcation lines has separated people in an ongoing history of inclusion and exclusion, often with devastating consequences. Cultural differences have rarely been acknowledged as self-evident and the definition of what is human often extends no further than the borders of one's own group, country, religion, race or sex – the borders of one's own language, continent and culture. The barbarians are always the others. Thus the ancient Greeks viewed Romans as barbarians. Romans did the same with the peoples they subjugated. Aryans looked down on Jews and Jews on Palestinians. Europeans felt they were

more civilized than Indians and Africans, but did not realize that to these peoples, Western savagery had become proverbial. In China, the Wall was the dividing line between culture and barbarism. The philosopher Shao Yong (1011-1077) expressed his ethnocentric mentality quite clearly when he stated: 'I am happy because I am a human being and not an animal, a man and not a woman, a Chinese and not a barbarian, and because I live in Luoyang, the most beautiful city in the world'. The tendency to judge others as being inferior to one's own group is widespread, for the truthfulness of world views is often less valued than our own prevailing interests. Ideally, we should be able to consider ourselves against the background of others, in just the same way as we put others against our own background. It takes tremendous efforts to switch off one's own traditional perspective.

### *Origin stories, proverbs and gendered hierarchies*

Over the centuries differences between the sexes became one of the most blown up

differences worldwide, as reflected in literary genres shared globally, such as origin stories and proverbs. Origin stories present a desired hierarchical sexual order, while proverbs reflect a precarious gendered power balance. First some examples from creation stories:

The Lord of Heaven decided to fashion first ten men and then ten women out of the flesh and bones of fowl. As soon as he began working on the women he ran out of material, and had to take clay instead. As a result the women created had no strength and were too weak to labour. The Lord of Heaven then infused strength into their bodies. However, the women now became so powerful that the men were no match for them. Considering this to be unsuitable, the Lord took back half of their strength. (Oroqen, China)

Hinegba took some earth and made man out of it. He then took some more earth and made woman out of it. Man is physically stronger than woman because he was created first, that is before the strength of the earth had

been sapped by the creation of an earlier human being out of it. (Kwotto, Nigeria)

Aware of Adam's loneliness God created the first woman out of dust. Her name was Lilith. However, he had not used pure dust but filth and sediment instead. (Jewish)

The Kwotto and the Oroqen live far away from each other, without cultural contact when the above stories came into being, but in both examples a male creator makes man first, using top quality material. The Jewish apocryphal story about Adam and Lilith originates from still another area. Instead of the pure carefully chosen dust God had used for Adam's creation, He used dirty material for the first woman, without explanation. In all three, when it comes to the making of woman, something goes wrong. Is this just accidental?

Moreover, in all three myths, God creates woman later than man, and in most other myths (in my collection of more than 500) the answer to the question 'Who comes first?' is also: man. The second human is then usually a woman. Is this sheer coincidence? There are

myths in which God creates a complete first man and then goes on to shape the first woman from a small part taken from the male body: rib or big toe, or a piece of flesh from the first man's thigh; or from the first man's shadow. Or the creator only shapes the first man with his own divine hands, and orders him to model the first woman for a wife with his own male hands. Looking into that question one finds lots of coincidences.

Why would a creator make the first man from material he holds in his right hand and the first woman from material he holds in his left hand, as happens in a Bashkir story? What to think if the first woman is being created from the leftovers of the first created man (e.g. Karanga or Greek)? Or if the first female has been made from the dead body of one of the first two created human males (Samoa)? Why did so many origin myths need to diminish woman vis-à-vis man?

In reality pregnancy, childbirth and nursing are undeniably women's business, and the preceding physical processes of fertilisation, conception, and

the growth of the embryo take place in the dark room of the womb. These mysteries have led to guesswork of all kinds. And the traditional reactions reflect a deep male need for compensation since times immemorial. Myths and proverbs provide amazing insight into this desperate need and its consequences in world history.

In most cultures men's names, words, roles and activities have been much more prominently represented than those of women – and this is still the case. The same priority holds for most stories about humanity's beginning. Much of human history has been structured by religions suggesting that heaven required women to submit to men. Arguing that women were less godlike, less spiritual and 'more impure' than men, men invented religious sanctions to control women's sexuality in ways ranging from menstrual and other taboos to prescriptions (or rather restrictions) regarding female roles, behaviour, dress, work etc. In many ways, and until quite recently, such restrictive rules efficiently segregated most women from public life and intellectual culture. Why

was there a need to take such measures on such a worldwide scale?

Obviously stories of humanity's origin make up for women's formidable procreativity by inventing comparable or even more prestigious male achievements. This holds for divine male creators and for human male characters alike. Who holds the key to the mystery of humanity's origin? It looks as if this unanswerable question resulted in a regrettable competitiveness. In the course of history women's leading position as the spectacular birth-giver resulted in a dramatically disadvantageous position in most other domains of life. Similar messages belittling women and their roles in society are confirmed in the proverb, another powerful popular genre insisting on sexual hierarchy. Insisting on the importance of having sons meant belittling baby girls even at birth:

A whole night of labour, and then only a daughter.  
(*Spanish*)

Many sons, many blessings of God; many daughters, many calamities.  
(*German*)

When a girl is born, even the roofs are crying.  
(*Bulgarian*)

Let's pray to the Prophet until the boy comes. (*Arabic*)  
Proverbs from China could not agree more:

Ten fine girls are not equal to one cripple boy.

A stupid son is better than a crafty daughter. It is a blessing to bear a son, a calamity to bear a daughter. Over the centuries such messages were often taken for granted, at least publicly. In the twentieth century tremendous changes (especially birth control) have transformed millions of women's lives. For the first time in history, men and women are being equally educated and doing the same jobs, at least this holds for the happy few – in spite of all the impediments invented all over the world, to prevent this from happening.

Proverbs sketch equal access to education and public roles as a most unwelcome or even nightmarish scenario. Consciously or subconsciously, cross-cultural traditional legacies mirrored in humanity's myths and proverbs have visibly left their marks all over the

planet.

Proverbs are a telling part of a serial narrative, and, amazingly, people easily understand proverbs about men and women from cultures they have never heard of. The world's smallest literary genre is an excellent help in building cross-cultural bridges. In my growing collection of over 15,000 proverbs ([www.womeninproverbsworldwide.com](http://www.womeninproverbsworldwide.com)), I discovered significant messages: an ideal wife is younger, smaller, and less talented than her husband, because easier to mould into the desired shape. Talented, and especially learned, women are warned that success in the public arena will bring them nothing but bad luck. Metaphorically women's small feet, then, indicate 'the right measure' in marital relationships, but this proverbial 'right measure' equates with a relationship on an unequal footing. 'Never marry a woman with bigger feet than your own', the Sena people (Malawi and Mozambique) say: a man must choose a wife over whom he can exercise authority.

A few years ago I discussed this African

proverb, which inspired the title of my book on this topic, with proverb expert Liu Xiaolu at the Chinese Academy (CASS) in Beijing. He smiled and immediately quoted a similar Chinese proverb: 'A woman with long feet ends up alone in a room.' Ending up alone is considered to be the tragic fate of a talented woman, as no man will dare marry her. Dr Liu added another popular Chinese saying: 'When a woman has no talents, she is already doing very well.' In Chinese culture long female feet have not only been pejorative figuratively; in the past women's feet have also been shortened physically for beautifying reasons. References to the size of feet or shoes also exist in an Indian Telegu saying, warning girls not to develop their feet spectacularly: 'If a girl gets long feet, she will be in trouble after marriage.' And in Hebrew: 'No one desires a shoe that is larger than my foot.' Women's metaphorical big feet spectacularly reflect male fear of losing control. Given the fact that, usually, women have shorter feet than men, proverbs have aptly selected this traditional message as a convincing

metaphor for ideal gender relationships.

Over the years I have talked about this research in many places – and not only in academic circles or the European Parliament, but also to large audiences of rural women, in a Kenyan mosque, a Dutch synagogue, in churches, and schools. The proverbs themselves provoke all sorts of lively reactions, from amazed amusement to indignation, and hilarious recognition. Does this worldwide ancestral legacy still make sense in this our 21st century? My answer is yes.

Literary genres that we share as humans present a fascinating mirror of mainly male perspectives on 'ideal' and 'deviant' womanhood, and on 'ideal' and 'deviant' norms of manhood. This global mirror shows that times and images are changing, but also reminds us that, because of these legacies, even today, innumerable women still enjoy (or allow themselves) considerably less freedom than men. In order to define where we want to go, and where we do not want to go, as men and women today, we first of all need to know where we come from.

*Naked or Covered: A History of Dressing and Undressing Around the World.*

Animals walk, run, creep, fly or swim dressed in their own skin, hair, feathers or scales, but our human ancestors gradually covered and adorned their bodies with materials other than those Mother Nature gave them. They did so in order to look more attractive or more powerful, to camouflage defects, to protect themselves against cold, heat and injury, or to cover their shame. And we still do that for the very same reasons.

Naked or covered, the body brings about emotions. Our appearance in the public space has become a business card that others read at first glance as a text about gender, race, profession, religion, attractiveness, eating disorders, drinking habits, coquetry, self-restraint – to mention just a few aspects. A judgement is quickly passed.

Who are we and who are we forced to be on behalf of others? People meet and greet or pass each other by – indifferently or critically, or even openly appreciating what they see. It is nice to be

complimented, but what to do with an unambiguous show of disapproval? In the dying light of a late afternoon, I was travelling from Zanzibar to Dar es Salaam. On the afterdeck of a ferry I was standing next to three women wearing long black abayas, as many women do on the East African coast. The weather was windy and one of the women was seasick. 'Are you all right now?', I asked her after a while, and we began a conversation. It didn't take long before she and her two friends began to admonish me because of my dress. I was wearing a T-shirt and long trousers and also a jacket – but no, this was not enough. I should start wearing an abaya as they did, a dress that would also cover my naked head: 'If you don't, you will burn in the eternal fire in the afterlife.' They were sure about that.

I tried to object that Allah would want to know whether we had been good people rather than what kind of clothes we had been wearing during our lives. In vain. They strongly maintained that paradise would only be accessible for women who had covered themselves completely and modestly:

'Please, look at the way we are dressed. No, wait, you'd better take photographs of us to show to female friends in your part of the world. If they don't follow our example, they will also burn in hell.'

I made photographs. Their wide black garments concealed their bodies, but their faces were uncovered – until they noticed the mistake: 'Just a moment, one more photograph, please.' With a quick arm gesture each of them pulled a piece of cloth from behind to cover their faces. Only their eyes and their hands were left visible. 'You see, this is the way every woman should dress if she wants to have any chance to enter paradise after death. This is the photograph you must show to women in your country.' No doubt they wanted the best for me and for all other women in the world, but how many of my countrywomen would be ready to believe that such an all-covering black dress would save them from hell?

Back in Amsterdam. 'Dress less to impress' is the message to passers-by in streets and metro stations that posters shout out from huge billboards on which

a thin woman dressed in scanty underwear is lying in suggestive poses. No doubt the message 'Dress less to impress' does have little appeal to Western men. The only garment many Western men have abolished is the tie, but in the office rarely more than two shirt buttons are undone. In contemporary Western society uncovering more than usual might be felt as detrimental to one's image of manliness.

Since humans began meeting other humans with different ideas about nakedness, the world has become much more complicated. We know what we have difficulty with in others, but usually we don't have the slightest notion of how others see us. In the Western world each individual has, within the limits of the law, a lot of freedom, and that freedom may be confusing to newcomers. Those who have been brought up with the idea that only completely covered women are modest, need to unlearn that 'nakedness' and chastity are mutually exclusive.

The naked body continues to preoccupy people. Every day the media bring news about nakedness,

protest against nakedness and nakedness as protest. In some places uncovered parts of the body have caused fatwas resulting in people being molested or murdered, whereas elsewhere the naked body is eagerly exposed to whoever wants to see it. The dictatorship of creative advertisers makes women unpack their bodies and no less creative religious authorities make women do the reverse. In both cases the majority complies with the rules. People hold widely diverging ideas about 'nakedness'. An outfit appreciated by one person can be experienced as shocking by his neighbour, and the tendency to judge others as being inferior is widespread.

Each human comes naked into the world and our earliest ancestors, though much hairier than we are now, went about without a stitch on. Most people show their hands, noses, mouths, cheeks and eyes to others without much embarrassment, but are usually inclined to hide their genitals and buttocks. Why did humanity gradually get caught up in such a complicated moral web of clothing rules?

Shame is not only due to matters or situations relating to sex or visible body parts. The idea that shame goes away as soon as our pubic region is covered appears to be as serious an error as believing that shame did not exist before people ever covered their bodies. Shame pops up in people as soon as they deviate from required social behaviour and leads to feelings of disapproval, ridicule or rejection. As none of us want to make a fool of ourselves, we tend to adapt

to our own group, especially in societies where survival depends on the support of fellow clan members. It is an illusion to think that completely covering all humans belonging to one sex would prevent the other sex's excitement. Covered bodies may be more exciting than naked ones. The ways of shame and excitement are surprisingly unpredictable and we are all confronted with both throughout our lives.

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 **Wojciech Jakielski**  
波兰

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## 火烧草原

秋日,太阳也变得温顺起来,升起在城市的上空,照耀着稀树草原。

复活节的星期六快要临近了,这是一个充满悲伤和不确定的日子。过去的一周,远处像云似的笼罩着地平线那燃烧枯草的烟,在夜晚越来越靠近小镇。在东风的驱使下,烟爬到司空斯普鲁特河对岸的农场,到了小镇的最外围。它让人们感到焦虑,懊恼,也让人们觉得是对他们的惩罚,可能是未确定的报应。

如往常一样,最早醒来的是 Tshing 小镇,毗邻白人居住的芬特普多斯的黑人社区。第一缕阳光开始驱散夜的黑暗和寒冷之时,它就醒来了。当屋顶逐渐在晨曦的薄雾中若隐若现,伴随着母鸡咯咯的叫声,木门嘎吱嘎吱声和猛地关门声,灶台里的烟升起来了。

街道上逐渐有了行人。身着海军蓝工作服的男人小心地锁上前门及他们身后的大门,然后走到路上加入大家的行列,徒步前

往山那边白人居住的小镇。

黑人小镇委员汤米·乐如佛罗依然似睡似醒，但他仍然能够想象得到邻近街道上的场景。这是黑人小镇清晨不可避免的躁动，他们将前往白人居住区。

但汤米没有起床的打算。周六，小镇集会大厅不开门。他躺在床上，沉浸在一天不上班的奢华美梦中。汤米一直拖延着起床的那一刻，将那天所有的快乐都置之脑后。他早已决定那天早上清洗他那辆白色的尼桑 SUV，晚上他将看一场电视转播的足球比赛。

雷蒙德·博德曼也起得很早，他到镇上还太早，距银行开门还有很久。

他将车停在市中心，瞥了一眼手表，计算着他还有的多少时间。然后不经思索地沿着路步行，渐渐地，他被清晨略寒凉的太阳光笼罩，阳光射进黑人居住的贫民窟。

为时尚早，他在芬特斯多普遇到忙着清扫、浣洗及熨衣的茨瓦纳妇女。他也遇到了穿着厚棉工作服前往白人居住的小镇的男人们。他们中的有些正站在小镇的分界线处，邻近加德士加油站，等待着来这里寻找劳动力为他们农场干活的农场主。他们将会挑选最壮硕、最健康、最好的工人，这是极少的。

还是小孩的时候，雷蒙德就已经经常跟着父亲到这里，来看是否有工人能够去他家的农场干活，抑或是他们农场有的工作是现有工人无法完成的。“我们需要更多的黑人”他父亲会这样

说，“是时候到加德士加油站跑一趟了”。

每次他开车经过加德士加油站的时候，雷蒙德总会想起从一堆人中挑选工人的情形，那些工人都很相像，身着同样的海军蓝或灰色的工作服，脚穿橡胶鞋。他也会想起他们急切地爬上卡车车斗的样子。在他父亲伸着手指点着你，你，还有你之前，他们就已经蠢蠢欲动了。他们这副胸有成竹的样子，仿佛能在他父亲做决定前的一瞬间感觉到，又或者他们试图用这种方法迫使他父亲做出明智的决定。现在，想到自己很长时间都不必去做这件事，他觉得如释重负。他自己的黑人工人足以完成农场的活。有时甚至人多活少，这样，那些工人就被迫到镇上找活干。

他在加德士加油站停了一会儿，然后掉头走向白人居住的小镇。现在他与那些未在加油站停留的人们走在一起。他们在白人家里工作，都走得如此急切，以致于他们看起来像是预料到白人家庭主妇清洗，修剪草坪，给花坛除草，修整她们的篱笆、车道及屋顶的愿望。

市中心现在依然看不到一个大活人，尽管平时的这个时候已经有来来往往的人流。在沉默与静寂中，雷蒙德发现，凯旋门旁边新的小镇集会大厅外面的广场上阴凉处有一把椅子。直到快上午银行开门的时候，他盯着法院的墙一直站在那儿。夜晚或者黎明的时候，有人在上面画了一些黑色的 7，合起来组成了卍字饰（曾是纳粹党党徽）——白人兄

弟关系的象征，纯洁与优良的标志，对反基督永不停止战争的象征。

当一辆红色的运输车停在坐落于小镇界线的蓝鹤旅馆外，十点钟的钟声敲响。司机走下他的车子，穿过停车场，紧张地环顾四周。此时，酒吧的主人汉克·马伦看向窗外。

“陌生人”汉克思忖着。他知道为什么那个男人要从他的车里下来。他一边不紧不慢地拿毛巾擦手，一边好好打量那个司机。

“我打赌，他不是个客人”他打定主意。白人只会到蓝鹤旅馆问路——如何不经过黑人居住的小镇，从高速公路到达科利尼。本地人几乎不会看向这里。他们称蓝鹤旅馆为低级酒吧，黑人喝酒的贼窝，仿佛这是一个声名狼藉的低级酒吧，而不是一个正派的酒吧。

“他们像躲瘟疫一样地躲着我”汉克想想就很气愤。

白人不想黑人在芬特斯多普有自己的酒吧。他们害怕在小镇边缘开了酒吧之后，汉克将引诱他们走出贫民窟。在这个小镇上，黑人们必须呆在他们的地盘。

“你给黑人专门开了一个酒吧”汉克第一次带他的母亲去蓝鹤旅馆时他母亲说道。那也是最后一次，因为此后她再也不肯再踏足那儿一次。当他开车将她送回她那棵树下的小屋时，“黑人酒吧”她会用难以置信的语气一直念叨。她觉得她的儿子不知道自己在做什么，别人给了他不好的建议。“你难道不知道我们住在哪吗？”她会问，仿佛他真的

不知道似的，“难道你不知道这是什么地方？”

但他很清楚这是什么样的地方。他有一家服务黑人的酒吧，正是他想要的那种酒吧。

在凝视着那个白人卡车司机紧张地环顾空荡荡的街道时，他想起了他的母亲。

“截止目前，他很可能后悔走下车，抑或后悔自己在这儿停下，该死的小镇”汉克吸气时喃喃自语。“他们害怕我们就像恶魔害怕圣水。”

这就是他尽可能记得的关于雇佣劳工的记忆。到这里的访客与这里的雨一样罕见。他们避开这个小镇，不仅仅是因为小镇远离主干道，还因为它在陌生人心目中激起的威胁感。小镇里的年轻人相对于年长一辈的更是有过之而无不及。汉克的继子弗兰克，花了一个早上在酒吧一个角落绘制新的广告版。他大声咒骂以往的记忆。那时候他去波切夫斯特鲁姆，距这里不远的一个大城市，它因一所大学而闻名。

“你甚至不再能开车去任何地方！”他生气地吐了吐口水。“一个家伙无意中透露自己来自芬特斯多普，马上他们就瞪着他仿佛他就是一头野兽！或许我们应该考虑给这个小镇改个名字？”

红色皮卡的白人司机上了他的汽车，转回他来时的 N14 号国家公路。

这比往常更激怒了汉克，于是他走了出去。弗兰克架好梯子，将新的标志钉在入口的上方。该标志上画着一只金色的鹤，就像五分硬币上的那只一样。

“歪了，难道你一点儿也没看出来它歪了吗？”汉克点着一支烟吼道。

站在如今荒凉的街上，他凝视着河那边的稀树草原上的烟。那天他们每个小时都会走到外面，与邻居们站成一群，盯着稀树草原。然而这次只有他们孤独地站在街上，仿佛其他的每个人都已经离开。

“感觉像被遗弃了”弗兰克在梯子上说。

蓝鹤旅馆所在的那排房子靠近草地和河流，再过去就是稀树草原。燃烧的草场产生的烟雾正向这个小镇蔓延。有时，烟雾变得稀薄，与银白青灰色的天空融为一体，几乎消失不见，渐渐地像是消失了，被风吹散。可现在，在马伦看来它离小镇越来越近，也越来越浓厚，几乎是藏青色的，就像远处河床那的暴风雨一样。

黑人们点燃草原已经数月了。有时候是一次在几个地方放火，因此小镇被烟雾包围。住在芬特斯多普的白人称那些黑人是故意纵火，因此没有人能够说出火到底是从哪里烧起来的。是不是工人烧了路边的花草，抑或让另一个白人农场起火冒烟？现在烟雾距离小镇如此之近，仿佛要吞了整个小镇，包围了它，最终发起终极风暴。

“现在可以了吗？”弗兰克站在梯子上问道。

汉克从凝视着稀树草原的烟雾转移注意力，极不情愿的审视新的标志。在他看来，不管弗兰克在板上画什么，也不管他付出了多大的心血，都无法击退火势，

也无法避免灾难。

“还有什么可说的？”他喃喃自语。“都怪欧仁！或许如果他不在这儿……”

但是实际上汉克希望欧仁·布兰奇在镇上。

### 夜行人、暗夜流浪人

古卢（乌干达北部城市）的一天已经结束。

整个城市仿佛都在匆匆准备睡去，就像以往的雨季一样。人们试图赶在暴雨降临前将一切事物都搞定。天空暗沉，乌云密布，它们气势汹汹地聚集起来，仿佛就等待着昏暗的时刻来释放灼热的白天积蓄的愤怒。

炙热如火烧，城市像是塌陷般，逐渐冷却逐渐安静下来。现在，疲惫的店员毫无遗憾地开始整理白天未能卖出的商品。硫化车间那些肮脏的雇员一边将磨坊水轮般巨大的轮胎滚进屋内，一边咒骂。

他们将轮胎摆放在人行道上，堵住了道路，迫使往来的行人减速或停留片刻，停留的时间甚至能在人们心中种下购买些新轮胎的种子。

市中心的办公室都关门了。随着一声巨响，货摊和工作间的百叶窗一个接一个地掉下来，隐在主街低矮的建筑拱廊的阴影中。旅店的老板启动了他们的发电机，噪音响彻四方。

即将来临的大暴雨越来越具真实感。仿佛厚重的热雨滴正悬挂在空中，任何时刻都可能降落在满是灰尘的红土地上，将其变

成血色易滑的泥地。空中的雷声越来越响，越来越粗重，短促明亮的闪电切割着困住城市的云层。

居民们都赶在夜幕降临暴雨将至之前撤出市中心回到家中。暴雨中，电力供应经常中断。同时，驻扎在城中的军队毫无缘由地不喜欢人们在天黑之后还在城中晃悠。部队的人很容易错将人们当成游击队。有时在黑暗且乌云遮天雨季的夜晚，这些游击队会冒险走出藏身的灌木丛，跑到古卢城。

杰克逊像往常一样，在主街的富兰克林旅馆等着我。他静静地坐在那里，靠着一根石柱。他是当地 King FM 广播电台的记者。电台的办公室就位于我所居住的阿乔利旅馆的对面。午后，他结束工作后，我们就会在这里碰面。我会买啤酒，杰克逊则讲故事给我听——关于战争、关于过去与现在或好或坏的国王，关于巫师以及干涉人们生活影响人们命运的鬼魂。周六和周日我们过去经常去富兰克林旅店拥挤且烟雾缭绕的酒吧看英国联盟的足球赛，那儿有一个从天花板垂下来的巨

大屏幕。

当我走到他桌边的时候，杰克逊没有挪动一寸。他看起来很累，明显没有聊天的心情。现在，暴雨盘旋在整个城市上空，仿佛正等待着合适的时机和地点与雷霆、闪电和大量的雨水一起给予人们暴击。城市仿若冻住一般地寂静，仿佛害怕太过心不在焉而忽视了暴风雨首次施威带来的熙熙攘攘。无法承受其自身的重量，天空中的曲云越来越低，仿若要触碰到大地。

突然，风在主街上吹起了沙子，拽着刚好看得见的城市外围的棕榈树。突然，旧报纸的碎片、不同的塑料袋、黄色的草热烈地在裂缝的柏油马路上旋转。杰克逊依然面无表情，像一只食肉动物一样屏住呼吸。

“你看到那个了吗？”他问。

我耸了耸肩。

“但是他刚从你的头顶飞过”。

“谁？”

第一阵雨落了下来，急促地洒落在屋顶和地面上。

译者 占文英

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**Wojciech Jakielski**

Poland

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## Burning the Grass

A pale autumn sun had risen over the town and the surrounding veld.

Easter Saturday was dawning, a time of sorrow and uncertainty. The smoke from burning grass, which had clouded the horizon for the past week, had come closer during the night. Driven by the east wind, it had crept up from the farms across the Skoonspruit River, to the very edge of town. It prompted anxiety, as well as thoughts of punishment, remorse, and paybacks yet to be identified.

First to awake, as ever, was Tshing, the black township adjoining white Ventersdorp. It got up as the first rays of sunlight were starting to dispel the darkness and chill of night. As the rooftops gradually loomed out of the dawn mist, smoke from the hearths rose above them, to the sound of hens clucking, gates creaking and then crashing shut.

The streets slowly began to fill with people. Men in navy-blue overalls carefully locked their front doors and gates behind them, then came out onto the road to join others, heading on foot to the white town over the hill.

Black town councilor Tommy Lerefolo, still half asleep, could imagine the scene taking place around him on all the nearby streets; it was the invariable morning stirring of the black township, heading for the white districts.

Tommy, however, had no plans to get up. On Saturdays the town hall was closed. As he lay in bed, basking in the luxurious thought of a day off work, Tommy kept delaying the moment when he'd get up, putting off all the pleasures that lay ahead of him that day. He had decided to wash his car that morning, his white Nissan SUV, and that evening he was going to watch a soccer match on

television.

Raymond Boardman had also got up early, and reached town too early, long before the bank opened.

He left his car downtown, then glancing at his watch and calculating how much time he had, he automatically set off along the road, slowly being flooded with cold morning sunlight, that ran towards the black ghetto.

It was so early that he met Tswana women on their way to clean, launder and iron at the houses in Ventersdorp. He also passed black men in heavy cotton overalls heading for the white town. Some of them were standing at the town limits, near the Caltex gas station to wait for the farmers who would come here in search of laborers to work on their farms, and would choose the strongest, fittest, and best – the rare few.

As a boy, Raymond had often come here with his father to see if there was a lack of hands to do the work on their farm or something had to be done that none of their workers could manage. "We need more blacks," his father would then say. "Time to make a trip to the Caltex."

Every time he passed the Caltex gas station in his car, Raymond was reminded of this process of selecting people from among others, all alike, in the same navy-blue or gray overalls and rubber shoes. And the eager way they clambered into the back of the truck. They seemed already on the move before his father had pointed a finger to say you, you and you. They were in such a state of readiness that they seemed to sense his decision a split second before he did, or perhaps they were trying to force him to make the right choice. Raymond felt relief at the thought that he hadn't had to do that for a long time now. His own blacks were enough for the work on his farm; sometimes there was even a lack of jobs for them to do, and then they were forced to look for work in town.

At the Caltex gas station he stopped and turned back towards the white town. Now he was walking along with the men who hadn't stopped at the gas station. They had jobs in the white houses, and were so intent as they walked ahead that they seemed to be trying to anticipate the white housewives' wishes to

do with watering and cutting their lawns, weeding their flowerbeds, and fixing their fences, driveways and roofs.

There still wasn't a living soul downtown, though usually by this time of day there was plenty of traffic about. In the silence and emptiness, Raymond found a shady bench on a square outside the new town hall, by the triumphal arch. There he sat until late morning, bank opening time, gazing at the wall of the courthouse. In the night, or maybe at dawn, someone had painted some black sevens on it, joined to form a swastika – the emblem of the white brotherhood, a symbol of purity and good, of the never-ending war against the Anti-Christ.

Ten o'clock had struck when a red delivery truck stopped outside the Blue Crane Tavern, located on the town line. Henk Malan, owner of the bar, watched through the window as the driver got out of his vehicle and walked across the parking lot, nervously looking around him.

"A stranger," thought Henk. He knew why the man had got out of his car. As he unhurriedly dried his

hands on a towel, he took a good look at him. "I bet he's not a customer," he decided. Whites only ever dropped in at the Blue Crane to ask the way – how to get to the highway to Coligny without going through the black township. The locals almost never looked in here. They called the Blue Crane a shebeen, a black drinking den, as if it were a disreputable dive, and not a decent bar.

"They avoid me like the plague," thought Henk angrily.

The whites didn't want the blacks to have their own bar in Ventersdorp. They were afraid that by opening a bar on the edge of town Henk would lure them out of the ghetto. And in this town the blacks were meant to stay in their place.

"You're opening a bar for blacks," his mother had said when Henk took her to the Blue Crane for the first time. And it was the last time too, because she'd never set foot there again. "A bar for blacks," she'd kept saying in painful disbelief, as he drove her back to her small cottage under a eucalyptus tree. She thought her son had no idea what he was doing, and

that someone had given him bad advice. "Don't you know where we live?" she'd asked, as if he really might not know that. "Don't you know what sort of a place this is?"

But he knew very well what sort of a place it was. And he had a bar for blacks, exactly the kind he wanted.

He thought of his mother as he gazed at the white truck driver, nervously looking around the empty street.

"By now he's probably sorry he got out, or that he stopped here at all. Damn this town," muttered Henk under his breath. "They fear us like the devil fears holy water."

And that had been the case for as long as he could remember. Visitors were just as rare as the rain here. They avoided the town, not only because it was a long way from the main roads, but also because of the sense of threat it inspired in strangers. The young people in town took it worse than the older ones. Henk's stepson Frank, who had spent the morning painting a new signboard in a corner of the bar, cursed out loud at the memory of the previous day, when he'd made a trip to Potchefstroom, a sizeable city not far

from here, famous for its university.

"You can't even drive anywhere anymore!" he spat in anger. "A guy lets slip that he's from Ventersdorp, and at once they stare at him as if he's a beast! Maybe we should think about changing the name of this town?"

The white driver from the red pick-up got into his vehicle and turned back onto the N14 national road, along which he'd come.

Even more annoyed by this than usual, Henk went outside. Frank set up a ladder and nailed the new sign above the entrance; it had a crane painted in gold, just like the one on the five-cent coins.

"It's crooked! Can't you bloody well see it's crooked?" barked Henk, lighting a cigarette.

Standing in the now deserted street, he gazed at the smoke coming from the veld all the way to the river. That day they had gone outside every hour, to stand in a group with the neighbors, staring at the veld. But this time they were in the street alone, as if everyone else had left.

"It feels deserted," said Frank from the ladder.

The Blue Crane stood in a row of buildings bordering some meadows and the river. Beyond lay the veld, from where the smoke from the burning grassland was drifting towards town. Sometimes it grew thinner and paler, almost disappearing, blending in with the silvery, livid blue sky, and then it seemed to be off, dispelled by the wind. But now it looked to Malan even closer, denser, almost navy blue, like the storm clouds settled on the far bank of the river.

The blacks had been setting the grass alight for months, sometimes in several places at once, so the town was surrounded by smoke. The whites in Ventersdorp said they were doing it on purpose, so nobody could tell where it came from. Was it just workmen burning the roadside verges, or were they sending another white farm up in smoke? Now the smoke had come so close that it seemed set to engulf the town, lay siege to it, and finally launch the ultimate storm.

"Is that OK?" called Frank from the ladder.

Henk turned his gaze from the smoke on the veld and reluctantly inspected

the new sign. To his mind, whatever he painted on it and however much effort he made, there was no way to beat the recession or avert disaster.

"What is there to say?" he muttered. "It's all because of Eugène! Maybe if he weren't here..."

But actually Henk wanted Eugène Terre'Blanche in this town.

### Night Wanderers

In Gulu the day was ending.

The town was hurriedly preparing for sleep, as usual in the rainy season, trying to get everything done in time before the storm erupted, which had been gathering in the darkening sky in swollen, angry clouds, only waiting for dusk to release all the rage accumulated during the scorching day.

Blazing hot, the town was dropping, starting to cool down and go quiet. Now with no regret the weary storekeepers were putting away the goods they hadn't managed to sell in the course of the day. Grimy hired hands from the vulcanization workshop were swearing as they struggled to roll some

gigantic tires the size of mill wheels back indoors.

Set out on the sidewalk, they blocked the way, forcing passers-by to slow down and stop for at least a moment, long enough to plant the seed of temptation to buy some new car wheels.

In the downtown area the offices were closing up. With a rattle and a bang, one after another the shutters were coming down on the stalls and workshops, hidden in the deep shade of arcades running the length of the low-rise buildings on the main street. The innkeepers were starting up their electricity generators, and the noise of them could be heard from all directions.

The imminent cloudburst was already palpable. It was as if heavy drops of warm rain were hanging in the air, ready to fall at any moment onto the dusty red earth and change it into slippery mud the color of

blood. The sky was thundering louder and louder, bolder and nearer, and short, bright streaks of lightning were cutting across the clouds as they closed in on the town.

The citizens were vacating the downtown

area to get home before the storm and the night. During storms the power supply was usually disconnected. Also, the troops stationed in the town preferred people not to hang around after dusk for no reason. It was easy to mistake them for guerrillas, who on dark, cloudy nights in the rainy season sometimes ventured out of their hiding places in the bush and came all the way into Gulu.

Jackson was waiting for me, as usual, at Franklin's Inn on the main street. There he sat, perfectly still, leaning against a stone column. He was a journalist from the local radio station, King FM. Its office was

located opposite the Acholi Inn where I was staying. In the afternoons, when he finished work we would meet at this place. I would order the beer, and Jackson would tell me things—about the wars, about kings

past and present, good and bad, and about sorcerers and the spirits that interfered in people's lives and influenced their fate. On Saturdays and Sundays we used to come to Franklin's to watch soccer matches from the British league on a large

television screen hung from the ceiling in the crowded, smoky bar.

Jackson didn't move an inch, not even when I came up to his table. He looked tired and was plainly in no mood for talk. The storm was circling above the town now, waiting for the right time and place to lunge and stun it with thunderclaps, lightning, and lashings of rain. The town was frozen still, as if afraid of being too distracted by the usual hustle and bustle to notice the tempest's first strike. Crushed

by its own weight, the sky was sinking lower and lower, as if trying to touch the ground.

Suddenly the wind, which was tugging at the palm trees just in sight beyond town, blew sand along the main street. Abruptly animated, shreds of old newspaper, bits of colored plastic, and yellowed grass

went whirling across the cracked asphalt. Jackson remained motionless, like a predatory animal holding its breath.

"Did you see that?" he asked.

I shrugged.

"But he flew past just over your head."

"Who did?"

The first raindrops fell, spattering noisily on the roofs and the ground.



朵因娜·卢斯提  
罗马尼亚

## 危险菜肴 (小说节选)

伊斯梅尔·毕纳爬上一辆街车，通往贝里克的大门被打开了，这对我来说似乎是个好时机。哪怕我只有一点点水磷，我就能放上一把火，但事实上，我别无选择，只能逃命。当阿瑙特离我远了一点时，我开始盲目地向前冲去，困难地跑了起来，因为我一辈子都没有光脚走过路。我的腿仍然麻木。人们给我让出一条路，我很快就跑到了大门口前。我现在要做的就是找个地方躲起来，在那个时候，躲在这堆篮子后似乎是最合适的。我差一点就逃脱了。我已经到了街上。我解开了我的披肩并取出了粉末，但这时一只手抓住了我的颈背，下一秒我又站在了马车前面，像蜀葵一样破碎。

伊斯梅尔充满责备地看着我，带着痞气地抱着我，指甲深深地嵌进我的肉里。我记得伊斯梅尔戴着一顶雪白的头巾，头巾的褶皱中还有一颗闪闪发光的石榴石。现在回想，他其实是一个有魅力的男人，但当时我的审美标准可与现在大不同。这个男人拿起烟斗上抽了一口烟，吞吐出蓝色的烟雾，眼泪充满了我的眼睛。他似乎并不生气，而是温柔地问我为什么逃跑，是不是他哪儿照顾不周。我必须承认，他的话几

乎让我感到羞愧。我突然想到，他可能甚至都不知道我是被绑架的。也许他以为是那两个恶棍在市场上花钱买了我。我没有准备好答案。除此之外，由于那只手无情地禁锢着我，我几乎无法呼吸。

人们在我们身边围成了一个圆圈，而伊斯梅尔感觉到人群正在期待着他说些什么，于是他伸出一只戴着手套的手指，扯住我的嘴唇，满足地盯着人群。“啊哈！你是昨晚的那个！丑女孩就是喜欢挑剔！看看她是个什么样的野猪！”

围绕着的笑声让他更起劲了。从来没有人以这种方式诋毁我。从未有人如此伤害过我。还有这皮革做的手套，它还在压着我的嘴唇。围观的人似乎开始赞同起他来。

我本可以就这样遁入地下，永远不会回来。然而，这样的羞辱彻底唤醒了我。在我曾经拥有的支持者中，尤利安大师的面孔显得明亮而清晰，他的教诲开始在我耳边回响。感受到大师赐予我的力量，我开始腹部用力，从心底里发力，竭尽全力地大声喊叫：“伊斯梅尔·毕纳·艾美尼！”

当你如此疯狂地咆哮着一个

人的名字时，只有一个目的：让他们相信你才是这里唯一的发言者。因此，我没有半点犹豫就张嘴喊了起来。稍作停顿后，我以更高的音调重复了他的名字，让他听我说话。我没有可说的，但是我想让他看着我，向他展示我的牙齿，因为虽然他强行掰开了我的嘴，目光却仍然在周围的人群身上。与此同时，院子里传来一个声音：

伊斯梅尔·毕纳出发前往维丁

不听先知的教导堕入罪恶的陷阱

卖了他的外衣换一瓶葡萄酒  
在酒吧喝的像猪一样酩酊  
在所有人中

只有伊斯梅尔的脸变了形

人群先是开始小声嘀咕，然后爆发出了巨大的笑声。他们中的许多人都知晓这首歌，因为有个男孩经常以高亢的声音在街上唱着。有些人立刻加入到合唱中。声音像小号扬琴一样在马车上空飘扬。

伊斯梅尔·毕纳的脸上露出一丝不安。他看着我的牙齿，却说不出反驳的话。人群渐渐缩小了包围圈，这使他开始警觉了起来。烟雾从他长长的烟斗中升起飘进我的眼睛，使我的双眼发痒，我毫无怜悯地笑了，无视了马克西玛的所有建议。从他口中再也说不出清楚的话，剩下的只有小声嘟囔，因为在看过我的牙齿后，没有人能正常说话。有些人说话颠三倒四；还有人会忘记他们想说的话；大多数人还会说出一些不存在的词语。在所有人都变成

结巴的时候，一声叫喊声从我身后传来，转移了伊斯梅尔注意力。有几个人正在向我们逼近。我抓住这个机会，坚信我以后也不会见到他了，将粉末甩到了他的烟斗里。然后，利用每个人都被火花包围和产生的爆炸瞬间，我径直奔向了一辆快速驶向桥梁的推车。

车上成员不知道我经历了什么，但当他们看到我正攀在他们的车上时，他们问我是否想和他们一起去奥拉里地区。他们没什么兴趣审问我，因为他们正在进行着一场激烈的讨论。他们正在谈论猫之星期五，觉得自己很快就能把我吓的头皮发麻。给布加勒斯特带来恐惧的女巫将被抓住并被绞死。

“我就不信她能活到周末！”一个少了几颗牙的男人说。“他们在所有的教堂里都对她施加了诅咒！”

这句话让我微笑了起来，被那个男人注意到了。

“你可别笑！当在奥博尔的面包师被谋杀时，牧师就读了这本咒语！明白吗？就一本！两个小时后就抓住了凶手！”

我还能说什么呢？当众表演只是众多预言家的部分职责。女巫的肖像被放在奥拉里地区的教堂里，四周充满了毒液的小飞镖。

“如果他们不在星期五杀了她就没有意义，因为她可以死而复生！”

“好像在星期五她会变成了一只猫，然后直奔祭坛。”

“王子的厨师出售一种可以

保护你免受各种法术侵害的药水！”

男人们把车停在教堂外，并催促我去看看女巫画像。

在门廊里有一幅画着地狱场景的画，在画中央，一壶沥青在火上冒泡，一个眼睛凸出，耳朵下垂的老妇人饱含痛苦的头颅悬挂在上。在她旁边用西里尔文写着一句工整得我都能明白的话：猫之星期五。

当我离开那个地方时，我才发现我丢了帽子，披肩也几乎散落。我的斗篷看起来更像一块抹布，我的脚因为充血而变红。这些都发生在我被独自一人留在这个世界的第一个夜晚。在一个晚上的时间里，我就充分了解了生活中的邪恶。

我正在想着这些，突然感到一阵呼吸向我靠近。我能感觉到呼唤；我能听到沙沙声。在这座鲜活的城市里，马克西玛的气息和声音围绕着我。突然一阵致命般的疼痛向我的胸口袭来。

马克西玛扮演了我母亲和父亲的双重角色。没有她，我什么都不是。她带我去了尤利安的学校，打开了我对世界的认知。事实证明，她告诉我的一切都是正确的。她有办法把我曾经就怀疑过的各种各样的事情变成我的信念和基石。

“要鄙视爱情，”她曾经说，“它会像炮弹一样反弹到你身上！”

在那个我怀疑一切的时期，我不太相信她。

她身形娇小却十分敏捷，我无法跟上她的速度。她曾经在花园里跑来跑去，或者穿过一排排的粟米，告诉我这样那样的事情。被鄙夷的爱会杀死你的！我大笑着，然后我们都大笑起来。

马克西玛叫我帕特卡或帕特里卡。直到今天，我也不知道这是否有什么特别的意思，因为每次我问她，她只是回答说，这是一个完全为了我这种人而存在的名字。尽管她对我倾尽所有的爱，有时我却觉得她对我的态度很轻浮。

“哎呀，帕特卡，帕特卡！你必须真情实意地与人交流，因为你的未来都取决于他们！”

每当她给我一条建议时，她的眼中充满了惋惜，直至今日我也不会忘记那种眼神。

马克西玛是粟米农场主的情妇。为了纪念一位没有神殿的女神，她被取名做马克西玛·图提莉娜。不过这个名字是她继承下来，因为很久以前，在马克西玛或其他任何人出生之前，神已经决定了所有萨托利纳斯的名字。

她知道怎么使用每类种子，以及它们播种后的每一次萌芽时间。而这还不是全部。在我的记忆中，她是唯一能够在开始发言之后作出总结的人。她可以移动东西，不仅仅是能用她娇小的手包裹起来的植物，而是任何东西。有时候我和她正在交谈，总有陌生人会出现，在沙发坐上一会儿，又以像来的时候那样极快的速度消失。在晚上，总有奇怪的蜡烛穿过发廊，或是有像波浪一样的

披肩在空中漂浮。马克西玛会解梦，她会做长生不老药和药膏，她总能用两句话就治好我的头疼，但即使我今天还记得这些话，它们对我来说也不再有用。在夏天的夜晚，她会写在房子门前写上禁入的咒语，无论谁试图进入 - 因为推销员有时会不请自来，或者那些奇怪的邻居没有别的事情可做 - 就会被一只可怕的狗的幽灵吓死。而正午由我负责。她已经让我深深相信，我是正午的守护者。

“等你长大之后，”她会这样说，“你就能召唤睡眠了。尤其是当太阳处于它的最高点，开始颤抖的时候。”

有时她会说上几个小时，直到我开始看清她想让我明白的事物。晚上的时候我们会进入家中，把自己遮盖在珠子和面纱之下，去吓唬镜子中或者透明窗户中那些栖息在我们家中，连毒药和火焰都驱赶不走的灵魂。马克西玛的纱布，连衣裙和小饰品和其他人的完全不同。她特别会打扮自己，如果没有她的珍珠帽，她就不会出门。她用一块比蜘蛛网更精细的织物把它固定住。在之下，她把头发编成十二股细辫。有时她会在晚上跑进粟米地，布下艾维努克斯（译者注：古罗马神话中的农业之神）的小雕像和其他神迹来欺骗萨托尔，但这更是为了告诉我们有很多种方式可以生存下去。

她把大部分时间都花在指导我，开拓我的思想上，把我塑造成她认为我应该变成的样子。

记住，帕特里卡，你所有的力量都在你的牙齿上！它们看起来弱不惊风，但是我们力量的根源！它们要是任性起来，就表明我们必须从命令中逃跑！一个人要是只听别人说什么他就做什么，这是个奴隶！连赏他一口唾沫都不值得！

我盯着镜子，开始振作起来。我一直为我七歪八倒的牙齿感到骄傲，是它们让伊斯梅尔·毕纳害怕了！

马克西玛已经为我的一生做好了计划，就算我此时昏睡过去并在十年后才能醒来，我也明确地知道我必须做什么事。

“当我不在身边时，”她对我说，‘到我们位于布加勒斯特穆塔街的房子那里去，这房子隐藏在城市的深处，我们的财富就在那里 - 用银色的皮带捆着！在那里，你会发现由精灵头发，会唱歌的珠子，魔法绿翅雀羽毛和书籍编织而成的礼服，还有你的书，最终能让你开眼。书上还写了所有萨托利纳斯的名字。啊呀，这将是另一种生活，“她说着，让自己飘起来，”一个你目前无法想象的生活！但要记住！在此之前，你必须找到库维奥苏·扎瓦，他是唯一能够带你进入老房子的人！

说的好像留个地址给我有多难似的！连瞎子布拉伊拉都成功到达了，我当然也可以，世界上没有人比我更聪明。我听这些话已经听了很多年，我非常清楚自己必须做些什么。即使我被蒙上了眼睛，我仍然会找到小叔叔的商店。然而我迟到了。扎瓦已经

死了，所有马克西玛的建议都变得一无用处了。她的话都随风消散。那个时候，她漂浮在了布拉索夫上方，而我已经无法再执行任何她认为我是为此而生的神圣任务。

我再一次去了那个门廊里挂着惩罚巫女的画的教堂，我在那

里久久停留，直到眼泪在我的脸颊上干涸。

这里没有留给我一丝光辉，没有梦想。只有恶魔的传说。

而在猫之星期五，被追捕的女巫，就是我。

译者 仇一涵

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Doina Rusti  
Romania

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## The Book of Perilous Dishes (novel extract)

Ismail Bina was getting ready to climb into a street carriage, for which reason the gates of the Beylik had been opened, and that seemed a good moment to me. If I had at least had a little phial of *aqua phosphori*, I would have set fire to something, but as it was— I had no option but to run for it. When the Arnaut moved away a little, I threw myself blindly forward, running with difficulty, for all my life I had never gone barefoot. My legs were still numbed. People got out of my way, and soon I had made my way

to the gate. All I had to do now was to hide somewhere and at that moment a heap of baskets seemed the most suitable place. I had almost escaped. I was in the street. I undid my shawl and took out the powder, but a hand grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, and moments later I was standing in front of the carriage, broken like a hollyhock.

Ismail looked at me reproachfully, and the ruffian attendant holding me pressed his fingernails into my flesh. I remember that Ismail wore a white turban, snow-white,

with a garnet glimmering among its folds. Looking back, I realize that he was a man with much charm, but at that time my standards of beauty were different! The man drew a puff on his pipe and then the bluish smoke, which had wandered through his flesh, filled my eyes with tears. The Turk didn't seem annoyed. He asked me gently why I had run away, what I had been lacking until then. I must confess that his words almost made me feel ashamed. It crossed my mind that perhaps he didn't even know that I had been kidnapped. Perhaps he imagined that those two scoundrels had bought me in the market. I had no answer prepared. And, apart from that, I could hardly breathe because of that hand gripping me mercilessly.

People had formed a circle around us, and Ismail, sensing that the crowd were expecting something from him, stretched out a gloved finger towards me and pushed my lips open, staring contentedly at those round about: "Aha! You're the one from last night! Ugly girls are always choosy! See what a she-boar we have here!"

The laughter round about

encouraged him. Never before had anyone denigrated me in such a way. Never had anyone hurt me so badly. And there was also the leather of the glove, which was still pressing my lips. The people round about seemed to approve.

I could have sunk into the ground and never come back. However the humiliation woke me up. Out of all the supporters I had ever had, the face of Master Iulian appeared bright and clear, reminding me of one of his teachings. Strengthened, I yelled with all my power, drawing the sound from the base of my stomach and even from the starving coil of my guts: 'Ismail Bina Emeni!'

When you call to someone in the midst of a crazed multitude that is itself roaring, there is only one rule: to truly believe that you are the only speaker. Consequently I let the words flow without haste, and after a pause I repeated his name at a higher pitch, to make him listen to me. I had nothing to say to him, but I wanted to make him look at me, to show him my teeth, for, although he had opened my mouth, he was still looking at the crowd round about. Meanwhile, a

voice resounded across the courtyard:

*Ismail Bina on the road to Vidin*

*Heeded not the Prophet's words and fell into sin,*

*Sold his shalwar for a bottle of wine,*

*Went on the booze and got drunk as a swine!*

*Out of all the people round about the place,*

*Only Ismail Bina has an arse for a face.*

There was a rustling among the crowd and a great laugh rose to the heavens. Many of them knew the song that a boy's voice had sent resounding all along the street. Some immediately joined in. The voice passed by the carriage like the string of a dulcimer.

A hint of unease crept over Ismail Bina's face. In the end he looked at my teeth and couldn't find his words. The crowd had gathered closer and closer around us, and that alarmed him somewhat. The waves of smoke rose from his long pipe directly into my eyes, causing them to itch terribly, which made me grin without mercy, ignoring all Maxima's advice. From the Turk's mouth nothing came but blabbering, for there is no one that can

speak normally after seeing my teeth. Some get their sentences mixed up; others forget what they want to say; and the most dumbfounded of all utter words that don't exist in any language. In that moment of stammering, a yell came from behind me and the attendant relaxed his grip. A few people were pushing their way towards us. I seized the opportunity, and confident that I would never meet him again, I deftly shook the powder into Bina's pipe. Then, taking advantage of the sparks that were blown all over everyone and of the resulting crush, I ran straight for a cart that was heading swiftly towards the bridge.

12. The carters had no idea what the matter was with me, but when they saw me hanging onto their cart, they asked me if I wanted to get to the Olari district, where they were going. In any case they weren't interested in asking questions, because I found them already engaged in a heated discussion. They were talking about *Cat o' Friday*, and they soon had my hair standing on end with terror. The witch who had come to eat up the joys of Bucharest

was going to be caught and hanged.

'I don't believe she'll see the end of the week!' said a man with missing teeth. 'They've read a curse on her head in all the churches!'

This argument made me smile, and the man noticed.

'Don't you laugh! When the baker in Obor was murdered, the Most Reverend read from just one book! You understand? Just one! And two hours later they caught the murderer!'

What more could I say? The street showmen were just part of a long line of prophets. The portrait of the witch was in the Church of the Olari district, and that filled my blood with little poisoned darts.

'If they don't kill her on a Friday it's pointless, because she can come back to life!'

'Seemingly on Fridays she turns into a cat and goes right to the altar.'

'The Prince's cook sells a potion that protects you from all spells!'

The men stopped the cart outside the church, and urged me to take a look at the witch.

In the porch there was a painting of Hell, and in the middle of it a pot of pitch

was bubbling on the fire, with a the head of a woman, wracked with pain, emerging from it: an old woman with bulging eyes and drooping, dog-like ears. Beside her there was Cyrillic writing, so orderly that even I could understand the words: Cat o' Friday.

When I left that place, I realized that I had lost my bonnet, and my shawl was almost unravelled. My cape looked more like a dishcloth, and my feet were red. And all that after just the first night in which I had been left alone in the world. One night had been enough for me to find out about the evils of life.

This thought was going through my head when it seemed to me that a breath was reaching me. I could sense the call; I could hear the rustle. In the movement of the city the breath and voice of Maxima were revolving. A deathly pain hit me right in the chest.

13. Maxima had been both mother and father to me. Without her, I would have been nothing. She took me to Iulian's school and opened my eyes to life. Everything that she told me proved to be right. She had a way of

saying various things that I had doubted at first, but that, reinforced over time, had become foundation stones.

'Despised love,' she used to say, 'rebounds against you, like a cannon-ball!'

How could you believe her? Especially as at that time I doubted everything.

She was a tiny woman and so agile that I couldn't keep up with her. She used to tell me things like that while running about the garden or through the rows of millet. Despised love kills you! How I laughed. And that laughter nearly killed us. Both of us.

Maxima called me Pâtca or Pâtculița. To this day I don't know if it means anything in particular, because every time I asked her she just answered that it was a name for someone exactly like me. For all the love that she bore for me, sometimes I had the impression that she despised me just a little.

'Ehe, Pâtca, Pâtca! You have to have your ears wide open with people, because your whole future depends on them!'

Every time she gave me a piece of advice, her eyes filled with a pity that I can still sense today.

Maxima was the mistress of the millet field. She was called Maxima Tutilina, in honour of the goddess without a temple. It was a name that she had inherited, for all the names of the Satorines had been decided long ago, before Maxima or any of the others were born.

She knew the use of seeds and of every shoot that grew in the earth. And that wasn't all. In my memories, she lives on as the only person capable of bringing whatever she started to a conclusion. She could move anything from its place, and I don't just mean plants, which she could wrap round her little finger. Sometimes I would be talking with her and out of the blue someone would appear, a stranger who would sit down on the couch for a few moments, only to disappear again as fast as they had come. Especially at night, the odd candle would pass through the salon, or a shawl would float by, making waves. Maxima read dreams, she made elixirs and ointments, and she could always cure me of a headache with two words that, even though I still remember them today, are no longer of any use to

me. On summer evenings she would write on the door of the house Laco Fulvus, and whoever tried to enter—because uninvited salesmen sometimes came, or the odd neighbour with nothing better to do—was scared to death by the ghost of a monstrous dog. The middle of the day was mine. She had put it into my head that I was to be a sort of guardian of the noontide.

‘When you grow up,’ she would say, ‘you will be able to summon sleep. Especially when the sun begins to tremble, at its highest point.’

Sometimes she would talk for hours on end, until I began to see what she wanted me to see. And in the evening we would enter the house, where we would deck ourselves out in beads and veils, to frighten the spirits resting in the mirrors or in the transparency of the windows, in the phials of poison and in the flicker of the fire that never went out in our house. Maxima had gauzes, frocks, and trinkets like no one else. How she decked herself out! She wouldn’t leave the house without her pearly bonnet, which she held in place with a turban of fabric finer than a spider’s web. And under it

she wore her hair plaited in twelve pigtails. Sometimes she would run at night through the millet planting statuettes of Averruncus and other signs to trick Sator, but especially to show me how many ways of survival there were.

Most of her time she spent on my instruction, to open my mind, so that might hold the rank for which she believed I had been made.

Remember, Pâtculița, all your power is in your teeth! Squint as they look, it is in them that the strength of our lineage lies! Their waywardness shows us that we must escape from commandments! For what is a person that does what another says? A slave! Worthy not even to be spat on!

I looked in the mirror and I began to take heart. I had long been proud of my squint teeth, which had so scared Ismail Bina!

Maxima had made plans for me for all the rest of my life, so much so that if I had happened to fall asleep and to wake up after ten years, I would have known exactly what I had to do.

‘When I am no longer around,’ she would say to

me, ‘make your way to our houses in Murta Street in Bucharest, houses hidden in the thick of the city, where our wealth is—chests bound shut with silver straps! There you will find dresses woven from elf hair, singing beads, enchanted greenfinch feathers, and books, including your book, which will finally open your eyes. There too are written the names of all the Satorines. Ehe, that will be another sort of life,’ she would say, puffing herself up, ‘one that you can’t even dream of at present! But remember! Before anything else, you have to find Cuviosu Zăval, who is the only one able to show you the way into the old houses!’

As if it would have been a complicated matter to come by an address! Brăila the blind man had managed, so surely I could, who at that

time thought that everyone was stupider than me. For years on end I had heard those words and I knew very well what I had to do. Even if I had set out blindfold, I would still have found my little uncle’s shop. Except that I had arrived late. Zăval was dead and all Maxima’s advice was of no use. It had gone to the winds. She herself was floating at that moment over Brașov, and I was unable to carry out any of the sacred missions for which she believed I had been born.

Once more I went to the church with the porch where that hag was burning in flames, and I stayed there till the tears dried on my cheek.

No glory was left to me, no dream. Only the legend of an evil hag.

For Cat o’ Friday, the hunted witch, was me.



海伦娜·冯·兹维柏克  
瑞典

## 小说《完全遗失》节选

### 第一部分

我看到了五只死兔子，勉强微笑。

“呃，太糟了。死了这么多。”

泽维尔看起来并不是很自豪也没有很开心，尽管正是他射死了它们。事实上，他好看的笑容似乎因此有点扭曲。此前他从未弄死一只动物，这件事让他心神不宁。他微笑着的嘴角下垂，就像那些受伤的鸟的翅膀。

“嗯”，他没有直视我的眼睛，

“现在我要去泡个热水澡。冻死我了。”

对泽维尔而言，这片森林意味着所有。三十年以来，从阿根廷来到瑞典后，他就一直在瑞典农业科学大学工作从事监控森林状况的工作。每年夏天，他从南方的斯科纳走到北方的拉普兰，找寻森林的变迁，观察树的状况，研究树叶、树皮和年轮。他采集样本，寄到学校作分析。我从未跟着他一起远行，但我知道他带着帐篷和野营炉长途跋涉。我能在脑海中勾勒出他闲聊，不设防的开朗，这些他很少在家中展现。仿佛他用手臂抱着自己的双肩，将自己带到一个隐蔽的地方。在那儿，云杉树枝和松树冠层下面，他一遍一遍反复地自言自语自己是安全的。

维泽尔是个将一生的悲伤埋藏在内心的人，他的内心往往保持休眠状态。但他说森林理解他。森林了解悲伤，懂得爱。森林拥有勇气，知道安慰。于他而言，沉默的森林比任何人类都更好。在我们漫长婚姻的伊始，我曾嫉妒过，感觉自己无法满足他。现在我觉得是森林和我一起将他抱在我们怀里支持着他。倘若森林没有给予他拥抱，我独自一人无法这样支持他。

当维泽尔的大学同事们送他一门打猎许可课程作为退休礼物时，他们根本不懂他。他们或许并没有故意不厚道。他们非常喜欢维泽尔，喜欢他的安静以及有点干净爽利的风格。

“你不能只是毫无目的地游荡，”他们告诉他。“你得征服那片森林。从那儿走出来，带走一切你能带走的。”维泽尔回家的时候带着课程的赠品，一双绿色高筒靴，一把折叠凳以及一副双筒望远镜。

现在他正要出门去打猎。

当我试探着问他是否真的要去打猎，他和我吵了起来。

那些同事都很友善。他们的初衷是好的。他们想让维泽尔仍然是那个圈子中的一员。为什么我要多嘴多舌，毁了一切？他们

是对的。现在他将以新的方式重新认识那片森林。我觉得维泽尔的同事们意图挑战他的温和，想看 he 展现其性格中更为野蛮的一面。比他略年轻的同事约翰邀请他去猎捕野兔，大概他认为看到维泽尔手持来复枪很有趣。他们称呼维泽尔微积分教授。微积分教授来打猎了，赶紧躲避隐藏！

当维泽尔在浴室洗澡使自己暖和起来的时候，茉莉，我们那两岁的博德猎狐犬和我站在车库里靠着彼此，检查这些打来的野兔。它们的身体长且窄地伸展着。野兔的皮毛稍微有点蓬乱，仿佛皮肤下面的生物已经没有生命了，这些毛发不知道如何自处。茉莉的鼻子抽搐了一下，它兴奋得发抖颤栗，让它的动物属性显现得比平时更甚。它嗅了嗅那些野兔然后舔了舔自己的鼻子。我鼓起勇气小心翼翼地触摸了一只，就仿佛那些野兔会突然起死回生，伸出它们的利爪，用它们强有力的后肢杀出一条生路。然而它们一动不动地静静地躺在工作台上，彼此紧靠着仿佛试图彼此取暖。车库里味道很重。

可怜的小东西。当时你们是否竖着耳朵听维泽尔和约翰？你们是否快速地转头试图确定那枪声来自何处？你们是否猜到枪打过来了？当我小心翼翼地用手指轻抚它们的时候，它们的毛软软的。它们的爪子又长又尖锐。当我意识到我正盯着一只野兔茫然无神的眼睛看时，我转过脸。

我走的时候拽着茉莉。一开始它不愿意，不过它最后妥协了。

“茉莉，我们就别打扰它们

了，让它们呆着吧。”

天很冷，从车库到屋里的那仅有的三十秒，我的手指冻得痛了，脸蛋也冷得刺痛；门锁着。我穿着开襟羊毛衫站在外面大声咒骂，要知道当你的手冷得发麻时，很难把钥匙插进锁里。

维泽尔从浴室里走出来的时候正在擦他的湿头发，有力的动作仿佛要拍掉粘在头上的帽子似的。

“你应该直接去除它们的内脏，真的，”他说，“我太累了。我们早上六点就出发了。你来处理这些野兔，没什么问题吧？”

我没有什么头绪就直接跟他这么说，安慰他没问题的。

“你什么时候成了捕猎专家？”

“什么？我从没说过我是。”

“听起来像。”

“我以为听起来像是你在问我。好，我会闭上我的嘴，可以吗？”

维泽尔最近有点难以取悦。我理解这与他刚退休有关。这是一个生活危机，随着他每天自己独自一人绕着房子踱步打发时间，这危机看起来越来越严重。没有具体的安排之后他的生活不是很如意。他开始双手置于身前地四处闲逛，仿佛随时准备抓住某个东西——或者某人。在我内心深处有个声音告诉我要有耐心，就呆在那儿。然而有一天，一天晚上，深夜——有那么多的时刻需要聚焦。瞬间，瞬间，瞬间。我们不可能控制每一个瞬间。

我什么也没说，倍感失落落地走进厨房。维泽尔跟着我进

来，打开冰箱。

“你应该把它们切开，将内脏取出，放些小树枝撑在那儿，然后把它们挂起来晾几天。”

“很好，”我回应道。

维泽尔给一块面包涂上黄油。他涂了很多黄油，加了两篇火腿肉。他在桌旁对着我坐下，边吃着看着冬天天空转蓝的背景下，霜形成的花纹。他举起一只手插进头发中。两鬓的头发逐渐稀疏不过他脖子胖的头发仍旧浓密卷曲。我现在仍然为他的俊美所惊讶。他的鼻子大而优雅，勾着像庞大而高傲的整羽金刚鹦鹉的鼻子，宽大的指关节连接着敏感的长手指，绿色的眼睛带着询问的神情，健康而强健的牙齿透着象牙白。他瘦削的轮廓是如此的美好以致于我很尴尬，几乎陈腐平庸。在我们一起的这么多年，有多少次我不得不控制自己，以掩饰我的沾沾自喜。当我站在那儿悄悄地看着我身边的战利品自鸣得意时，我试着无动于衷。尽管我的头皮更加灰白，也比从前更为疲惫。我比他大14岁，现在仍是如此。

我伸出一只手。

“你以前吃过野兔吗？”

“没有，只吃过兔子。我小的时候曾经打过它们，在周日它们变成炖汤钱喂它们菜叶子。我常常为他们感到遗憾因为我把它们的后腿绑在一起。我们的厨师卡门曾嘲笑我坐在那儿安慰兔子喂养兔子。当我请她松开绑在兔子腿上的绳子，她说如果我们那么做，当我们把它们煮了吃的时

候，它们会在我的肚子上挖洞……大人就是会跟孩子讲这么奇怪的事。噢，对了，它们圆胖而柔软。车库里那些皮包骨头的东西肯定经常到处惊慌而饥肠辘辘地疾跑。”

“我以前也不曾吃过野兔。”

“它们可能也不好吃，这可能意味着我毫无缘由地将他们射杀。”

“不会的，你没听说过野兔很美味？”

“是的，像腌渍的鲑鱼。”

“嗯，还是肉。如果你将它们切成普通的可处理的肉块，我保证我能烧出一道菜。只要不用我去杀他们，给它们剥皮。”

“为什么你不把它们留给刽子手？”

“噢，维泽尔，”我叹气说。“好的，我会帮你的。我觉得很讨厌，可管他的呢。我们轻易地吃着肉，从未询问它们是怎么来的。”

维泽尔咽下了他最后一点三明治，心不在焉地笑了。

“对。”

“晚餐我们就吃猎物”，我突然不顾后果地说。“我们炖个汤，邀请我们的朋友。”

这个想法马上就确定下来了。寒冷的二月中旬，星期六的晚上，朋友们来到我们家。猎物、红酒、烤土豆，诸如此类的食物。因为我们想见你。庆祝维泽尔新的自由生活。庆祝春天就要来了，尽管目前还没一点儿春天的影子。你以前吃过野兔吗？真的吗？啊，那好，现在就是你的机会了。它们正挂在我们的车库里，维泽尔打猎获得的，我们自己宰杀剥皮。

没有人会相信我能做这些，或者维泽尔能做。想象一下，在我们这个年纪，颠覆我们在朋友心中的印象。仅就这一点就能让这个夜晚嗨翻天。这与我们设想的稍有偏离。

我们决定给一些朋友打电话。维泽尔同意了，认为这是个好主意，不过他漫不经心的笑容现在已不知所终。

有些东西不见了。当我站在台阶上抽着晚上的香烟时，我思考这个问题。这是我犒赏一日结束的唯一一支烟，然而它对我来说极其重要。维泽尔讨厌我抽烟而我喜欢抽烟。不过我不想过早死，或者丈夫离开我，因此我就只抽一根。在台阶上抽着烟的时候，看着树冠和夜空，我的思维变得敏捷。我独享这一切。我的孩子们还小的时候我就已经这样做了。只要他们入睡了，我就会到这儿，点一支烟，每次吐烟圈的时候，就仿佛我作为母亲的责任和角色都飘走了。这并不是说我认为母亲身份是一种负担，真的不是，反而恰恰相反是一种馈赠。然而我需要时间与更为本质的我独处。

现在，某种东西在我与维泽尔之间消散了。我们之间有一种难以言喻的空虚，我对令人高兴的主意夸夸其谈的时候，维泽尔很可能只是附和一下，因为不这样的话他不知道该作何反应。他顺应我的想法，但并没有真正投入。

这种空虚并非一直盘旋不散。自从孩子们搬出去之后它才出现并增多。并不是孩子们搬离后的

寂静使其趁虚而入。我们俩也负有责任。我们俩都，或者我必须强调曾经都是火爆脾气。我不知道有多少次我站在那儿任由眼泪在脸颊肆意横流，大喊着这是最后一次。如果以后还像现在这样，那他就见鬼去吧。我不知道维泽尔多少次结结巴巴地讲平时非常流利的瑞典话，夹着一些西班牙话。我们也曾和解过，并非争论毫无结果，而是我们已经厌倦了。我们开始渴望彼此，一只手，一张笑脸，一个拥抱。然后我们很高兴能再次见到彼此，笑任何我们曾争吵的那些事。

直至下一次，我们全面爆发。最近我实在不清楚究竟是为了什么我能如此令人惊恐地愤怒。很可能是我极其害怕，想着自己丧失了控制权，维泽尔正渐渐渐远。我想，命运不济的维泽尔负罪前行，当我对他有要求时，他很容易被激怒。

我们的斗志随着时间的流逝也渐渐湮灭。自从孩子们搬出去之后，我们也时不时会有些口水战，但是开始打一架的念头几乎已经是荒唐的。我们一起生活已经有了默契——不会打架。所有的事情能过去就让它过去了。和睦是冷静、舒适以及不寻根究底。总之我不再斤斤计较。同时，我意识到和睦是有代价的。二十多年的婚姻生活，出于习惯、熟悉及更多的宽容，我们所建立的婚姻生活结构已变得非常稳定。我们可以各自膝盖上放着笔记本电脑躺在沙发上，戴着耳机而完全放松。我们不必像过去那样质疑我们将走到哪一步，因为我们正

坐在这儿。我们也真的没什么可抱怨的。

然而，我依然会在某些时候察觉婚姻生活中脆弱的地方。就如同一个小裂缝可能会从不同于以往的另一个方面变深而蔓延开来，撑大发出雷鸣般的噪音，到

无法挽回不可补救的地步。或者像发丝一样细微的裂缝在我们麻木的眼皮底下渐渐壮大。没有人会冲过来帮我们。留给我们的只有我们自己以及那寂静。

英 - 中译者 占文英



Helena von Zweigbergk

Sweden

## Extract from the novel *Total Loss*

Translated from the Swedish into English  
by Kate Lambert

Part 1

I see five dead hares and try to smile.

"Urgh, that's awful. So many."

Xavier doesn't look proud or happy, although it was him who shot them. In fact his beautiful smile has something distorted about it. He has never killed an animal before and I think it has unsettled him. His smiling mouth droops, like the wings of a wounded bird.

"Mm," he says, not looking me in the eye. "But now I'm going to have a hot bath. I've never felt so frozen in my

life."

The forest means everything to Xavier. For thirty years, ever since he came to Sweden from Argentina, he has monitored the condition of the forest for his job at the Swedish University of Agricultural Sciences. Every summer he travels from Skåne in the south to Lapland in the north looking for changes, noting how the trees are doing, studying leaves and bark and rings. He takes samples and sends them for analysis. I don't ever go with him on these trips but I know he walks long distances

with a tent and a camping stove and I can picture him chatting, unguardedly open and engaged in a way he rarely is at home. As if he'd put a comforting arm around his own shoulders and taken himself off to a sheltered spot. Out there, under the spruce branches and canopies of pine trees, he tells himself over and over again that he is safe.

Xavier is a man who carries a life-long sorrow in his soul that he mostly keeps dormant. But he says the forest understands. The forest understands sadness, understands love. The forest has courage, the forest knows consolation. The silence of the forest speaks better to him than any human can. At the start of our long marriage I used to be jealous, feeling I wasn't enough for him. Now I think it's both of us, the forest and me, who hold him in our arms and hold him up together. And that I couldn't have managed it on my own if the forest hadn't offered him its embrace.

Xavier's colleagues at the University can hardly have understood him deep down when they gave him a hunting licence course as a retirement present. They

probably didn't mean to be unkind. They like Xavier and his quiet, slightly dry style, a lot.

'You can't just wander about aimlessly,' they told him. "You have to conquer the forest. Get out there and grab what it has to give." Xavier came home from his leaving do with the course paid for, high green boots, a folding stool and a pair of binoculars.

He was going to go out and shoot things now.

When I tentatively wondered whether he really wanted to do that, he got cross with me.

It was nice of them. They meant well. They wanted him to still be part of the gang. Why did I have to ask questions and ruin everything? They were right. He was going to learn about the forest in a new way now.

I think his colleagues wanted to challenge Xavier's gentleness and see him unearth a more brutal side to his character. His younger colleague Johan, who offered to take him out hunting hares, probably thought it would be funny seeing Xavier with a rifle in his hands. They called him Professor Calculus. Professor Calculus is going

hunting, take cover!

While Xavier is in the bathroom, cleaning himself up and getting warm, Molly, our two-year-old Border terrier, and I stand on our own in the garage examining the hares. Their bodies are long and narrow and stretched out. Their coats are slightly tousled as if the hairs don't know what to do now there is no life beneath the skin. Molly's nose twitches and her trembling excitement makes her seem more of an animal than usual. She sniffs at the hares and licks her nose. I pluck up the courage to cautiously touch one, as if the hares could be roused back to life again any second and claw themselves loose, kicking their way out with their powerful hind legs. But they lie there motionless and silent on the workbench; close together as if they were trying to keep each other warm. There is a strong smell.

Poor little things. Did you stretch out your ears listening for Xavier and Johan? Did you quickly turn your heads trying to locate where the sound was coming from? Did you suspect it coming? Their fur is soft when I warily stroke it with a couple of

fingers. Their claws are long and sharp. When I find I am looking into the unseeing eye of a hare, I turn away.

I drag Molly away with me. At first she resists, but then gives in.

"We have to leave them alone, Molly. Let them be."

It's so cold that my fingers start to hurt and my cheeks sting in the mere thirty seconds it takes to get from the garage to the house. The door is locked. I stand in my cardigan and swear out loud because it's hard to get the key in the lock when your hands have gone numb with cold.

Xavier comes out of the bathroom drying his hair with the energetic movements of someone trying to shake off a hat stuck to their head.

"You're supposed to gut them straight away, really," he says. "But I'm too tired. We left at six this morning. It won't matter, will it?"

I have no idea and I tell him so, adding reassuringly that it will probably be fine.

"Since when are you a hunting expert?"

"What? I never said I was."

"Sounds like it."

"I thought it sounded like you were asking me. Fine, I'll just keep my mouth shut then

shall I?"

Xavier has been touchy recently. I understand that it has to do with his having retired. It's a life crisis that seems to grow bigger with every day he spends pacing around the house on his own. He doesn't do very well without structure. He's started walking about with his hands in the air in front of him, as if they're ready to get stuck into something – or someone. In my strictest internal voice I tell myself to be patient. Be there. But one day, one evening, one night – there are so many moments to be focused. Moment, moment, moment. It's impossible to be in control of all of them.

I say nothing and go into the kitchen feeling hurt. Xavier follows me and opens the fridge.

"You're supposed to slice them open and take the guts out and put twigs in there instead. Then they have to hang for a few days."

"Nice," I say.

Xavier spreads butter on a piece of bread. Plenty of butter and two slices of sausage. He sits opposite me at the table, eating while looking out at the patterns of frost against the winter sky as it turns to blue. He runs a

hand through his hair. It has got thinner at the temples but it's still thick and curls at his neck. And I can still be stunned by how beautiful he is. His big, elegant nose, bent like that of a large, arrogant, preening macaw, the broad knuckles with the sensitive long fingers, the inquiring look in his green

eyes, his strong, healthy ivory teeth. His angular profile is so gorgeous that it's embarrassing, almost banal. So many times in our years together I've had to rein myself in so as not to look far too smug. I've tried to seem unmoved, as I stand there secretly gloating next to my eye-catching trophy, even if my scalp is greyer and more worn than before. There are fourteen years between us. But still.

I stretch out a hand.

"Have you eaten hare before?"

"No, just rabbit. When I was little I used to stroke them and feed them leaves before they became Sunday's stew. I always felt sorry for them because their back legs were tied together. Carmen, who cooked for us, used to laugh at me sitting there comforting them and feeding them. When I asked

her to take the string off their legs, she said if we did that, they would claw holes in my stomach when we ate them... What strange things people say to children. Oh, well. But they were plump and tender. Those skinny things in the garage have probably been scurrying around, afraid and hungry."

"I haven't eaten hare before either."

"It might taste foul. Which would mean I shot them for no reason."

"No it won't. Isn't hare said to be a delicacy?"

"Yes, like pickled herring."

"Hmm. It's still just meat. If you turn them into ordinary manageable chunks of meat, I promise I'll cook them. Just as long as I don't have to skin them and butcher them."

"Leave it to the executioner why don't you?"

"Oh Xavier," I sigh. "OK. I'll help you. I think it's revolting but what the hell. We have it easy eating meat without asking where it comes from."

Xavier swallows the last of his sandwich and smiles vaguely.

"Yeah."

"We'll have game for dinner," I say, suddenly reckless. "We'll make a stew and invite our friends."

The idea instantly starts to take hold. Come round to ours, a Saturday night in the middle of a freezing February. Game, red wine, baked potatoes. That kind of thing. Because we'd like to see you. Celebrate Xavier's new life of freedom. Celebrate spring being on the way although it's not as if there's any sign of it. Have you ever eaten hare? Really? Ah, well now's your chance then. They've been hanging in our garage and Xavier shot them and we butchered and skinned them all by ourselves.

No-one is going to believe me capable of it, or Xavier come to that. Imagine. Getting to overturn our friends' assumptions about us at our age. That alone will make the evening a celebration. A gentle tilt to the way you thought things were.

We decide to ring round some friends. Xavier agrees, says it's a good idea, but his vague smile has disappeared.

There is something missing. I think about it as I stand on the steps smoking my evening cigarette. It's the only one I treat myself to a day, but it feels vitally important. Xavier hates me smoking and I love

smoking. But I don't want to die prematurely or have a husband who turns away from me, so I just have the one. The smoke sharpens my mind. That moment on the steps with a cigarette, looking at the tops of the trees and the sky. It's mine alone. I've done it ever since the children were little. As soon as they had gone to sleep, I'd come out here, light a cigarette and with every puff it was as if my responsibilities and my role as a parent floated away. Not that I found motherhood a burden, truly not, quite the opposite. But I needed to say hello to a more original me.

There's something missing now between Xavier and me. There's an unspoken emptiness between us that I talk over with cheerful ideas that Xavier probably goes along with because he doesn't know what to do otherwise.

He goes along with it. But isn't really engaged.

The emptiness hasn't always been there; it's come about and grown as the children moved out. It isn't just the silence they left behind that has crept in. It's between us too. Both of us are, or I would say were, hot-tempered and I don't know

how many times I've stood there with tears running down my cheeks shouting that this was the last time and if it's going to be like this, he can go to hell. And I don't know how many times Xavier has mangled and stumbled over the Swedish words that he otherwise speaks perfectly and used the Spanish ones in cascades of fizzing sparks instead. There were reconciliations too. Not because the argument had got us anywhere. But we'd get tired, we'd start longing for each other. A hand, a smile, an embrace. And then we were so happy to see each other again that we just laughed at whatever we had been fighting about.

Until the next time. And then it would all blow up again. These days I don't really see what on earth I could have got so horrifically angry about. Probably I was mostly scared. Thought I had lost my grip, that Xavier was sliding away. I think that Xavier, with the tragedy of his life behind him, carries a burden of guilt and so was easily provoked when I made demands of him.

Over the years our combativeness faded away and since the children moved

out we might have the odd little spat from time to time, but the idea of starting a fight feels almost absurd. We live by a tacit agreement that the fights are over. Things are allowed to pass. Peace is calm and comfortable and not something we really want to question. Not me anyway. At the same time, I realise that it comes at a price. After more than twenty years together the structure we built has become stable out of habit, familiarity, developed tolerance. We can lie on the sofa each with a laptop on our knees and each wearing headphones without

feeling nervous about what has become of us. We don't need to question where we are going like we used to, because we are sitting here now. And we don't really have anything to complain about.

Still there are moments when I detect a brittleness in the stability. As if a fissure could spread deep in a different way from before, growing into a thunderous cracking noise, something irreparable. Or that hairline fractures were spreading while we powerlessly looked on. No-one would rush to help us. It's just us and the silence.



戴安娜·埃文斯  
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## 《普通人》节录

### 第一章 M&M

为庆祝奥巴马当选，威利兄弟在他们位于水晶宫<sup>1</sup>的房子里举办了场派对。他们住在公园附近，发射塔直指天空，若隐若现，像个小埃菲尔——白日呈现淡漠的金属光泽，夜里则被点亮成红色，俯瞰自治市、伦敦周围各郡<sup>2</sup>；被脚下的绿地环绕，从中可见此前玻璃王国的遗迹——湖泊，迷

宫，残缺的希腊雕像，被侵蚀的石狮子和老派恐龙标本。

威利兄弟最初来自河流北岸，被南方的活力，以及迷人的贫穷吸引移居（他们清楚自身已是特权阶级，希望至少在精神层面得救）。哥哥布鲁斯，是一位知名摄影师，他的工作室，就是屋后的光影迷宫。加布里埃尔是一名经济学家。他们几乎完全是彼此的对立面——布鲁斯是个大块头，

加布里埃尔很瘦；布鲁斯爱喝酒，加布里埃尔则不；布鲁斯一套正装也无，加布里埃尔活得就像一套正装——但他们达成共识，一同举办这场派对。首先，他们一起抉择宾客名单，其中包括他们认识的所有重要，成功和好看的人，如律师，记者，演员和政客。考虑到活动规模，不那么有名气的客人也被根据关系，外貌和个性依序筛选进来——兄弟俩几乎整晚都在因此争论。他们希望这是一个轰动性的场合，因此邀请了比平时更多的人。列表最终确定后，加布里埃尔发出一圈邀请函。

接着，他们为派对三要素——饮料，食物和音乐做准备。派对时间定于大选结束的第一个周六，因此他们的时间并不多。采购香槟，夏威夷果，鸡翅和甜椒橄榄……一切都发生在无心睡眠的周二晚，蓝州吞没红州，杰西·杰克逊挥泪格兰特公园，奥巴马一家在防弹舞台上胜利游行的高光时刻之后——次日晴朗，十一月的天空，又亮又蓝。在伦敦，陌生人们敞开微笑，彼此互道早上好！在准备递交给DJ的乐单时，兄弟俩想象着Jill Scott, Al Green, Jay Z<sup>3</sup>的音乐从白宫的窗户飘出。出于防护目的，他们将卧房的金属书架用纸板盖住，并在胡桃木地板铺上闲置的垫子。他们把克里斯·奥菲利<sup>4</sup>留在了客厅墙上，下面是一张沙发，还有些散落的坐垫，但大部分的家具都被移除了。加布里埃尔在浴室镜子上贴了张纸条，要求大家尊重私人住宅，别把它当成夜店。

然后，客人来了，来自各地。从河对岸的城镇到A205附近的街区，从市郊到邻里。他们穿着人造皮革大衣，紧身牛仔裤，闪亮的牛津凉鞋和华丽的衬衫。周二晚，他们也熬夜看着蓝色吞没红色，奥巴马的女儿们穿着小巧精致的礼服走上舞台，她们的鞋子尤其引人注目，许多客人都想起了四十五年前，在阿拉巴马州教堂3K党爆炸案中的四个小女孩。这或许是杰西·杰克逊哭泣的原因。他们走入了荣耀，而任何历史进步，都无法脱离开曾经发生的不堪历史。因此，这是一场庆典，也是有力的哀悼。那一晚，全城各地都在举办派对，达尔斯顿，基尔伯恩，布里克斯顿和堡区……泰晤士河上川流不息，炫目光线穿过远处的黑暗水域。非洲式发型熠熠生辉，山羊胡格外醒目。当他们将汽车停在塔楼的阴影里，将交通卡拍到水晶宫地铁闸机上，带着马尔贝克，梅洛酒，威士忌和朗姆酒蹒跚进屋时，香体和发胶喷雾正消散于卧室天花板。厨房的聚光灯下，加布里埃尔用他纤细的双手接过酒瓶。直到布鲁斯也开始喝酒尽兴之前，他的工作是应门。不断有客人进来。男人心情愉快，穿着日常跑鞋，女人伴着音乐入场时，各式假发，卷发，发辫，长长的直发落在她们的背上，像是许多个碧昂斯。

人群之中，梅丽莎和迈克尔夫妇开着红色丰田轿车抵达。他们是俩兄弟的熟人，来自媒体行业。布鲁斯是在伦敦大学亚非学院认识的迈克尔，他身材魁梧，留有胡茬的下巴很突出，眼睛漂

亮，贴着头皮几乎剃光的头发，自然有光泽，显示出印度祖先的痕迹。他穿着宽松的黑色牛仔裤，配丝滑的灰色衬衫；一双智能跑鞋，白色鞋底随他轻快的步伐翻飞；还有一件栗色的皮夹克。梅丽莎穿有闪亮波希米亚下摆的紫红色真丝连衣裙，灰绿格坡跟凉鞋，黑色翻领灯芯绒外套；一系列对角辫在前头点缀，剩余的头发自由散开——不过也被一捧发胶定了型。一切装饰之中，她的脸看起来像个孩子，高高的额头，眼神无辜又俏皮。他们一起，表现出一种普通，短暂的美——引人回头，但近看时能发现脸上的阴影，暗淡，不完美的牙齿和细纹。他们依然年轻，但人生走到这个阶段，时间加速了，岁月痕迹也逐渐开始显现。他们坚守在年轻的阵地上。他们双手托着青春二字。

他们和人群一起走进威利家，外套被海伦接过——她是加布里埃尔的未婚妻，已有身孕——并由两个穿着带褶裤子的小侄子放置到楼上卧室。奥巴马强化了击掌的意义，派对上，大家也打得火热。拍肩膀，贴颊吻，再追逐起周二晚，眼前的世界并无变化，却是如此不同。与此同时，音乐不断从舞池大声传来，Faith Evans 的 Love Like This, Q-Tip 的 Breathe and Stop。一次派对成功与否，往往可以根据大家在合唱 Kris Kross 的 Jump 时有无跳动，持续多长来衡量。在这里进行得很好，DJ 鼓励大家在歌词提到“Jump”时跳动，或跟着另一首歌点亮打火机，每隔一段

时间就会高喊“奥巴马”，有时是随着乐曲节奏。后来变成了呼应模式，无论何时，只要听到这个名字，人群都会重复。如果 DJ 投入其中，可能会再念一遍，或者只是简单地说“巴拉克”，引起震天响的集体呼应。不过在此之外，也存在一种微妙的反高潮气氛，来自此刻的荣耀与现实问题之间的张力。很多男孩，也许可以成为奥巴马，此刻却在别处朝对方开枪；那些女孩子本也是可能成为迈克尔的。

随着夜幕降临，热度飙升。炽热无力的身体互相依靠，似乎只有这种动人的黑暗，音乐性地存在。玛丽亚·凯莉的笑声开启了一首音乐，她和 Jay Z 讨论了该从哪里开始；下一曲是艾米·怀恩豪斯和马克·容森之间的对话，她为迟到而道歉。接下来是迈克尔·杰克逊，他在 Thriller 中的巅峰即兴，在 P.Y.T. 中的甜蜜嗓音。此时，舞步也同步成两步，三次改向后，左脚抬回初始位置。这是今夜高潮。最终音乐会换挡，节奏会变慢，人群会变得稀薄，为更需空间的舞步，也为仍处余韵当中的墙壁腾出位置。现在，两个侄子反向上下楼。漫长的夜间撤离之中，人们回到自己的城市。他们的嗓音因呼喊而嘶哑，皮肤因汗液而潮湿，耳朵充斥着低沉的轰鸣。渐渐地，房子又空了，布鲁斯继续喝酒，直到黎明时分，当他忽然觉得自己需要立即躺平，他会在厨房地板或奥菲利画作下的沙发上睡着。而加布里埃尔，当他清晨下楼为海伦接杯水时，会在他的脑袋下垫个枕头，身上

盖条毯子，然后轻敲他一下，期待着一起讨论派对上的高光时刻，以及，哪些人将来一定会留在受邀者名单上。

哪怕在凌晨时分，依然没有爱的火花，这算是场尽兴的狂欢吗？过期的爱情。育儿职责意味着，必须忍受被小男孩频繁唤醒，以及黎明时被小女孩没由来地要求配合说“cheerio”。亲吻和爱抚，已完全不复存在。当房子终于空了整整一夜，和蔼的祖父母完全在河对岸，除了激烈，狂野的交媾，还有什么更迫切的义务，去提醒彼此除了是单调乏味的合作伙伴，甚至，依然可能是恋人，爱侣？这一需求的紧迫性，在红色丰田轿车的气氛中显著受到影响，因为它离开了塔楼，远离了奥巴马庆典，从韦斯特伍德山向贝尔格林方向前进。梅丽莎正在驾驶。迈克尔在副座微醺，膝盖触到仪表盘底部，右手挑逗地放在梅丽莎的大腿上。她允许他的手停在那里，即使他没有在聚会上和她跳舞，习惯性地忘记在洗澡前清理排水架，让干东西被淋湿——这让她气疯了。汽车内侧是糟糕的暗绿和紫色叶纹内饰，因为廉价，他们在购买时妥协了。只有灰色的 R 型改造套装，使座椅本身不那么丑陋，不过如今也因梅丽莎和迈克尔的常规使用而磨损褪色。

那年春天，也在这辆汽车内，敞开的天窗溢出甜美的四月，通过沃克汉霍尔桥，他们从北往南横穿泰晤士河，开往他们的第一个新家。梅丽莎那时怀孕六个月，不过也是她在开车，因为她

喜欢驾驶在开阔马路上，风驰而过的快感。无论如何，除了迈克尔的大腿，那盆巨大的白鹤芋无处可放。在他们之前居住的公寓内，它像豆苗一样疯长。迈克尔用双手和凸起的膝盖稳停住它，以防其在颠簸中翻倒。白鹤芋宽阔的绿叶和高处的水滴状白色花朵触着车顶，车窗和他的脸。每一个缝隙都被他们的行李占据，书籍，盒式磁带和乙烯基，衣服，古巴摩卡壶和捷克牵线木偶，日落舞者的靛蓝画，另一幅是坦桑尼亚的鸟，来自拉各斯莱基集市的乌木面具，俄罗斯套娃，汤锅，月亮椅，Cassandra Wilson, Erykah Badu, Fela Kuti<sup>5</sup> 和其他英雄的相框，折叠台灯，厨具以及女儿里亚——就像是跃过河流的钻石，他们在他们生命中这个平淡的瞬间熟睡着。他们飞驰过河，听着伊萨克·海斯<sup>6</sup> 的长歌。河水在他们的红翼下摇曳，浪潮翻腾。在静谧的桥梁拱门中颤动，波光粼粼。

<sup>1</sup> 伦敦南部地区，命名自建筑水晶宫 (Crystal Palace)

<sup>2</sup> 伦敦周围各郡 (Home Counties) 包括赫特福德郡 (Hertfordshire) 和肯特郡 (Kentshire) 等英格兰东南部地区，一般认为是富人区

<sup>3</sup> Jill Scott, Al Green 和 Jay Z 均为非裔歌手

<sup>4</sup> Chris Ofili, 知名英籍非裔画家

<sup>5</sup> Cassandra Wilson, Erykah Badu 和 Fela Kuti 均为非裔歌手

<sup>6</sup> Isaac Hayes (1942-2008), 非裔歌手



**Diana Evans**  
United Kingdom

## Excerpt from the novel *Ordinary People*

### Chapter 1

#### M&M

To celebrate Obama's election, the Wiley brothers threw a party at their house in Crystal Palace. They lived near the park, where the transmitting tower loomed up towards the heavens like a lesser Eiffel, stern and metallic by day, red and lit up by night, overlooking the surrounding London boroughs and the home counties beyond, and harbouring in the green land at its feet the remains of the former glass kingdom – the lake, the maze, the broken Greek statues, the eroded stone lions, and the dinosaurs made of old science.

The Wileys were originally from north of the river and had moved to the south for its creative energy and the charisma of its poverty (they were conscious of their privilege and wanted to be seen as having survived it spiritually). Bruce, the older, was a well-

known photographer, his studio a labyrinth of lights and darkness at the rear of the house. Gabriele was an economist. They were opposites in all things – Bruce was large, Gabriele was thin, Bruce drank, Gabriele did not, Bruce did not own a suit, Gabriele was a suit – but they threw a party with shared commitment and singular intent. First they decided on their guest list, which featured all the important, successful and beautiful people they knew, such as lawyers, journalists, actors and politicians. Depending on the size of the event, less eminent guests were chosen on a sliding scale according to rank, connections, looks and personality, which the brothers went through in their conservatory where they had most of their evening discussions. On this occasion they invited more people than usual, as they wanted it to be bombastic. When the list was finalised Gabriele sent round

a text.

Next they arranged for the three essential ingredients, drinks, food and music. The party was scheduled for the Saturday immediately following the election so they didn't have much time. They bought bottles of champagne and macadamias and chicken wings and pimento olives, all the while going over the highlights of their sleepless Tuesday night when they had watched the blue states eating up the red states and Jesse Jackson's tears in Grant Park and the four Obamas strolling out victorious on to the bullet-proofed stage – then the weather the next day, so bright and blue for November, and people, strangers, open and smiling and saying good morning to one another, in London! They imagined, as they planned their playlist to pass on to the DJ, Jill Scott, Al Green, Jay Z, wafting out of the windows of the White House. For the purposes of insulation and protection, they covered the metallic book-shelves in the living room with sheets of chipboard and laid disused mats over the walnut floors. They left the Chris Ofili on the centre wall, a sofa below

and some scattered cushions, but most of the furniture was removed. Gabriele placed a note on the bathroom mirror asking people to respect that this was someone's house and not a nightclub.

Then the people came. They came from all over, from the towns across the river and the blocks off the A205, from the outer suburbs and the neighbouring streets. They came wearing faux fur coats with skinny jeans, shiny glinting Oxford Circus sandals and flashy shirts. They too had stayed up on Tuesday night watching blue eat red, and the Obama daughters walking on to the stage in their small, well-tailored dresses and their excited shoes had reminded many of them of the four little girls bombed forty-five years before in the church in Alabama by the Ku Klux Klan. That, perhaps, was what made Jesse Jackson cry, that they walked in their flames, and it was impossible to look at this new advancement of history without also seeing the older, more terrible one, and thus the celebration was at the same time a mighty lament. There were parties all over the city that night, in Dalston, Kilburn, Brixton and

Bow. Traffic sped back and forth over the Thames so that from far above the river was blackness crossed by dashing streams of light. Afros were glossed and goatees were snipped. Diminishing clouds of body spray and hairspray hung deserted near bedroom ceilings as they came, as they parked their cars in the shadows of the tower, slammed their Oyster cards through the Crystal Palace ticket barriers and meandered to the house, bearing bottles of Malbec, Merlot, whiskey and rum, which Gabriele, in the spotlit hive of the kitchen, accepted with both his slender hands. It was Bruce's job to keep the door, which he did until giving himself to the joys of drink. They kept on coming, men in good moods and just-so trainers, women with varying degrees of fake hair, their curls, their tresses, their long straight manes trailing down their backs as they walked into the music, like so many Beyoncé's.

Among them were a couple, Melissa and Michael, who arrived in a red Toyota saloon. They were acquaintances of the brothers, from the media crowd, Michael had known

Bruce at SOAS. He was tall and broad, with a thin, stubbled jaw and pretty eyes, the hair shaved close to the skull so as to almost disappear was naturally thick and glossy given to a distant trace of India in his ancestry. He wore loose black jeans with a sleek grey shirt, a pair of smart trainers whose white soles came and went as he walked with a hint of a skip, and a leather jacket the colour of chestnuts. Melissa was wearing a mauve silk dress with flashing boho hem, lime-green lattice wedge sandals, a black corduroy coat with a flyaway collar, and her afro was arranged in a sequence of diagonal cornrows at the front with the rest left free though tamed with a palmful of S-Curl gel. Framed within this her expression was childlike, a high forehead and slyly vulnerable eyes. Together they displayed an ordinary, transient beauty – they were a pair to turn a head, though in close proximity their faces revealed shadows, dulled, imperfect teeth and the first lines. They were on the far side of youth, at a moment in their lives when the gradual descent into age was beginning to appear,

the quickening of time, the mounting of the years. They were insisting on their youth. They were carrying it with both hands.

Into the Wiley throng they stepped, where their coats were taken by Gabriele's fiancée Helen, who was pregnant, and transferred via two teenage nephews wearing trousers with creases down the front to an upstairs bedroom. The Obamas had reinforced the value of the high five so the atmosphere was slappy. There was shoulder-knocking and cheek-cheek kissing, multiple recountings of the Tuesday night and the days since, how the world was different now but just the same. Meanwhile the music thumped loudly from the dance floor, Love Like This by Faith Evans, Breathe and Stop by Q-Tip. The success of a party can often be measured according to the impact of Jump, by Kris Kross, on whether there is jumping during the chorus and for how long. Here it went all the way through, the DJ encouraged people to jump when the song said jump, or to flash a lighter when another song said do that, every once in a while exclaiming 'Obama!',

sometimes in rhythm with the beat. This turned into a call-and-response pattern so that the name, whenever it was heard, was repeated by the crowd, and if the DJ was so taken he might then say it again, or instead simply 'Barack!', bringing on another collective response from the floor. Beneath it all there was a faint air of anticlimax, a contrast between the glory of the moment and the problems of reality, for there were boys outside who might have been Obamas somewhere else but here were shooting each other, and girls who might also have been Michelles.

The heat soared as the night wore on. Bodies leaned against each other helplessly hot, and all that seemed to exist was this moving darkness, this music. A song started with a laugh from Mariah Carey and some discussion with Jay Z about where to begin, another conversation followed between Amy Winehouse and Mark Ronson in which she apologised for being late. Then came Michael Jackson, his shrieking riffs in Thriller, his honeyed tones in P.Y.T., at which point the dancing synchronised into a two-step that changed direction three

times before returning with a lift of the left foot to the first position. This was the climax of the night. Eventually the music would shift gear, the pace would slow, the crowd would begin to thin, making room for a more spacious dancing, for inner rhythms at the wall. Now the nephews went up and down the stairs carrying coats in the other direction. In a long nocturnal exodus the people went back out into the city, their voices hoarse from shouting, their skin damp from sweating, their ears muffled with bass. Slowly the house would empty again, and Bruce would keep on drinking until at some point near dawn he would suddenly feel that he needed immediately to lie down, so he would fall asleep on the kitchen floor or on the sofa beneath the Ofili, and Gabriele, if he came downstairs in the early morning to get a glass of water for Helen, would put a pillow under his head and a blanket over him and give him a little kick, and he would look forward to discussing the highlights of their party, and who would definitely be staying on the list of invitees.

\*

What is a good rave if not an opportunity for love in the early hours? Overdue love. Kissing, touching that has been all but abandoned amid the duties of parenting, the frequent waking of a baby boy and unreasonable requests at dawn for Cheerios from a little girl. What other more pressing obligation is there, when the house is at last empty, for a whole entire night, courtesy of kindly grandparents all the way on the other side of the river, than to fiercely and deliriously copulate, to remind each other that you are more than just partners in the very tedious sense of that word, but lovers, sweethearts, even still, possibly? The urgency of this requirement weighed significantly in the atmosphere of the red Toyota saloon as it journeyed away from the tower, away from the Obama jubilation, down Westwood Hill towards Bell Green. Melissa was driving. Michael was in the passenger seat slightly drunk, his knees touching the bottom of the dashboard and his right hand placed hopefully on Melissa's thigh. She allowed him to keep it there, even though he hadn't danced with her at the

party and habitually failed to clear the draining rack before washing up, leaving the dry things to get wet again; it drove her crazy. Along the sides of the car's interior were the telltale remains of a horrible upholstery of dull green and purple leaves that they had compromised on when they had bought it, for it was cheap. Only the seats themselves had been saved from their ugliness, with a grey Type R makeover set, now faded and worn by the regular pressure of Melissa and Michael's travelling side-by-side backs.

In this car, in the spring of that year, the sweet deliverance of April spilling down through the open sunroof, they had crossed the River Thames from north to south via Vauxhall Bridge, headed for their first house. Melissa was six months pregnant, and then also was driving, for she loved to drive, the thrill of the open road, the speed of the air, and anyway there was nowhere else to put the enormous peace lily that had grown with a beanstalk craze in the living room of the flat they were leaving but on Michael's lap, unhindered

as it was by a bump. He held it steady to stop it from toppling, its big green leaves and tall white teardrop flowers touching the ceiling, the windows, his face. Every available chasm was taken up with their belongings, the boxes of books, the cassette tapes and vinyl, the clothes, the Cuban moka pot and the Czech marionette, an indigo painting of dancers at twilight, another of birds in Tanzania, the ebony mask from Lekki Market in Lagos, the Russian dolls, the Dutch pot, the papasan, the framed photographs of Cassandra Wilson, Erykah Badu, Fela Kuti and other heroes, the zigzag table lamp, the kitchenware, and also their daughter Ria, who was sleeping as diamonds skipped over the river, oblivious to this momentary watery transience in their lives. Over the river they flew, listening to a long song by Isaac Hayes. The water swayed and tossed beneath their loaded red wings, turned and tumbled in the troubles of its tide, shook its silver shoulders and trembled through the quiet arches of the bridges.

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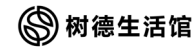
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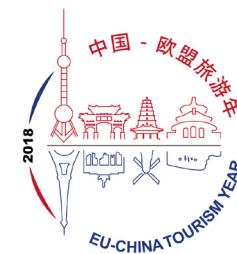
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