



2017首届

中欧国际 文·学·节

The Inaugural EU-China
International Literary Festival

北京 Beijing

11.21 - 11.24
TUE FRI

成都 Chengdu

11.25 - 11.27
FRI MON



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





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

首届中欧国际文学节

The Inaugural EU-China International
Literary Festival



中欧国际文学节 2017
- 微信公众号
EU-China International
Literary Festival - WeChat
Account



中欧国际文学节 2017
- 微博
EU-China International
Literary Festival - Weibo
Account



中欧国际文学节 2017
- 豆瓣
EU-China International
Literary Festival - Douban
Account

<http://eu-china.literaryfestival.eu>

目 录

Table of Contents:

北京场次活动项目概览	8
Beijing Events Overview	
成都场次活动项目概览	10
Chengdu Events Overview	
参与欧洲作家	22
European Author Biographies	
参与中国作家：北京	27
Beijing Author Biographies	
参与中国作家：成都	34
Chengdu Author Biographies	
参与欧洲作家作品节选	39
Writing Samples of Visiting European Authors	
组织者与合作伙伴	104
Organisers and Partners	
活动场所地址	106
Festival Venue Addresses	
联系我们	107
Festival Contact Details	

Foreword

史伟

欧盟驻华代表团 大使

Hans Dietmar Schweisgut, Ambassador
of the European Union to China



亲爱的朋友们，

我们很高兴向你们介绍首届中欧国际文学节。首届中欧国际文学节汇集众多杰出的中国和欧洲作家，将于 2017 年 11 月 21 日至 27 日，在北京和成都举办一系列文学活动。

由奥地利、比利时、克罗地亚、希腊、意大利、立陶宛、卢森堡和斯洛伐克甄选出的八位著名欧洲作家将代表他们的祖国出席。同时，我们也很荣幸邀请到来自中国各地的优秀作家。在这一历史性的跨文化盛事中，他们将共聚一堂，展开对谈。在北京和成都，中欧文学节将涵盖小说家、诗人和短篇小说作家参与的一系列活动和讨论，展示中国与欧洲文学的领先人物，使他们能够彼此交流思想，近距离接触读者、听众，庆祝中欧文化的多样性。

中欧国际文学节是欧洲联盟驻华代表团设计的一个项目，作为 # 纵情欧洲 # 活动的一部分。# 纵情欧洲 # 是一项为期两年的欧盟公共外交活动，旨在邀中国观众了解欧盟的历史、政治、价值观和文化多样性，更直接的体验欧洲。

在未来 18 个月中，将举办第二届和第三届中欧国际文学节，我们将邀请所有欧盟成员国的代表作家来到中国，与中国的作家和观众在全国各地广泛交流。欢迎您关注我们的社交媒体平台，了解这些激动人心活动的最新进展。

我们要感谢我们所有的合作伙伴，特别是欧盟成员国各国大使馆、北京和成都的诸多参与场所，也要诚挚感谢来自中国与欧洲的优秀作家。你们使这项活动得以实行，讲台因你们而熠熠生辉。

在此，我们欢迎您加入文学节庆典，倾听即将发生的众多有趣论坛。我们也非常期待中欧国际文学节成为一项固定活动，长存于日益丰盛的中国 - 欧盟文化历中。

Dear Friends,

We are delighted to introduce to you the inaugural EU-China International Literary festival, which brings together a number of exceptional Chinese and European authors to participate in a series of literary events in Beijing and Chengdu from November 21-27, 2017.

The eight prominent European authors selected to represent their countries at this historic event hail from Austria, Belgium, Croatia, Greece, Italy, Lithuania, Luxembourg, and Slovakia, and we are proud to be joined by some wonderful writers from all across China to engage with them in this cross-cultural initiative. In both Beijing and Chengdu, the EU-China International Literary Festival will involve a series of literary events and discussions featuring novelists, poets and short-story writers who will showcase some leading European and Chinese literary talents, where they can exchange ideas, engage with readers and audiences, and celebrate the diversity of European and Chinese culture.

The EU-China International Literary Festival is a project devised by the Delegation of the European Union to China as part of the #ExperienceEurope initiative. This initiative is a two-year EU public diplomacy programme, aimed at Chinese audiences, inviting them to learn more about the European Union, its policies, values and cultural diversity, and to experience Europe more directly.

Over the coming 18 months a second and third EU-China International Literary Festival will be arranged with a view to welcoming authors from all the EU member states to China, and to connecting with Chinese authors and audiences in different regions across the country. We encourage you to subscribe to our social media platforms to enable you to keep abreast of these exciting activities as they develop.

We would like to thank all our partners who made this event happen, particularly the embassies of the EU member states, the various participating venues in Beijing and Chengdu, and of course the wonderful writers from Europe and China who will grace this inaugural stage.

We welcome you to join in on this celebration and the many engaging discussions that are set to take place, and we very much hope this festival becomes a regular feature in the ever-blossoming EU-China cultural calendar.

欧盟驻华代表团 大使
Hans Dietmar Schweisgut, Ambassador of the European Union to China



首届中欧国际文学节

The Inaugural EU-China International Literary Festival

活动均为中英双语，免费报名，签到入场

All events are free to enter, and will be in Chinese and
English. To register, scan the QR code.

At a Glance: 北京场次活动项目概览

Beijing Events Programme

文学界的文化交流：中欧作家对话当代文学

Cultural Exchange in Literary Circles: Dialogue between
Chinese and European Writers of Contemporary
Literature

1

活动主题:

诗坛的声音：融合了愉悦和真实的艺术

Poetic Voices: Art that Unites Pleasure with Truth

时间: 11月22日, 周三, 18:00 - 19:30, 地点: 单向
空间 (花家地店)

Wednesday, November 22, 18:00 - 19:30, One Way
Street Library (Huajiadi venue)

作家 / Writers: Guy Helminger (卢森堡 /
Luxembourg), 伊蕾 / Yi Lei (中国 / China),
Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania), 刘丽朵
/ Liu Liduo (中国 / China)

2

活动主题:

塑造：沉浸在创作过程中

Taking Shape: Immersing in the Creative Process

时间: 11月22日, 周三, 20:00 - 21:30, 地点: 单
向空间 (花家地店)

Wednesday, November 22, 20:00 - 21:30, One Way
Street Library (Huajiadi venue)

作家 / Writers: 鲁敏 / Lu Min (中国 / China),
梁鸿 / Liang Hong (中国 / China), 宋阿曼 /
Song Aman (中国 / China), Jasna Horvat (克
罗地亚 / Croatia), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 /
Italy)

3

活动主题:

**披露社会的影子和灵魂：
文学的方法和手段**

Baring Society's Shadow and Soul: Literary Ways and
Means

时间: 11月22日, 周三, 18:00 - 19:30, 地点: 老书虫
Wednesday, November 22, The Bookworm,
18:00 - 19:30

作家 / Writers: 张悦然 / Zhang Yueran (中国 /
China), Isabelle Wery (比利时 / Belgium),
Dimitrios Stefankis (希腊 / Greece)

4

活动主题:

深度挖掘

Delving Deep

时间: 11月22日, 周三, 20:00 - 21:30, 地点: 老书虫
Wednesday, November 22, The Bookworm, 20:00
- 21:30

作家 / Writers: 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中国 /
China), 陈楸帆 / Stanley Chan (中国 / China),
Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克 / Slovakia),
Richard Obermayr (奥地利 / Austria)

5

活动主题:

跨越国界的读者

Readers Beyond Borders

时间: 11月23日, 周四, 18:00 – 19:15, 地点: 三联书店 (五道口店)

Thursday, November 23, San Lian (Wu Dao Kou venue), 18:00 – 19:15

作家 / Writers: 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中国 / China), 刘丽朵 / Liu Liduo (中国 / China), Dimitrios Stefanakis (希腊 / Greece), Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克 / Slovakia)

7

活动主题:

通过光的棱镜来评估世界

Assessing the World Through a Prism of Light

时间: 11月23日, 周四, 18:00 – 19:30, 地点: 老书虫
Thursday, November 23, The Bookworm, 18:00 – 19:30

作家 / Writers: 阿乙 / A Yi (中国 / China), 文珍 / Wen Zhen (中国 / China), Jasna Horvat (克罗地亚 / Croatia), Guy Helminger (卢森堡 / Luxembourg)

6

活动主题:

击中正确的和弦: 寻找叙述的声音

Striking the Right Chord: Finding the Narrative Voice

时间: 11月23日, 周四, 19:30 – 20:45, 地点: 三联书店 (五道口店)

Thursday, November 23, San Lian (Wu Dao Kou venue), 19:30 – 20:45

作家 / Writers: 盛可以 / Sheng Keyi (中国 / China), Richard Obermayr (奥地利 / Austria), Isabelle Wery (比利时 / Belgium)

8

活动主题:

作家的生活

The Writer's Life

时间: 11月23日, 周四, 20:00 – 21:30, 地点: 老书虫
Thursday, November 23, The Bookworm, 20:00 – 21:30

作家 / Writers: 鲁敏 / Lu Min (中国 / China), 双雪涛 / Shuang Xuetao (中国 / China), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 / Italy), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania)

At a Glance: 成都场次活动项目概览

Chengdu Events Programme

文学界的文化交流：中欧作家对话当代文学

Cultural Exchange in Literary Circles: Dialogue between Chinese and European Writers of Contemporary Literature

1

活动名称：

我们为什么写作

Why We Write

时间：11月25日，周六，14:30–16:00，地点：老书虫
Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 14:30 – 16:00

作家 / Writers: 蒋林 / Jiang Lin (中国 / China), 袁远 / Yuan Yuan (中国 / China), Richard Obermayr (奥地利 / Austria), Jasna Horvat (克罗地亚 / Croatia), Dimitrios Stefanakis (希腊 / Greece)

2

活动名称：

打破模式：写作的多样形式

Break the Mold: Diversity of Form in Writing

时间：11月25日，周六，16:30–18:00，地点：老书虫
Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 16:30 – 18:00

作家 / Writers: 王国平 / Wang Guoping (中国 / China), 卢一萍 / Lu Yiping (中国 / China), Guy Helmingier (卢森堡 / Luxembourg), Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克 / Slovakia), Isabelle Wery (比利时 / Belgium)

3

活动名称：

传播魔法：数字时代的文学媒体

Disseminating the Magic: Literary Media in the Digital Age

时间：11月25日，周六，19:30–21:00，地点：老书虫
Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 19:30 – 21:00

作家 / Writers: 罗伟章 / Luo Wei Zhang (中国 / China), 余幼幼 / Yu Youyou (中国 / China), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 / Italy), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania)

4

活动名称：

文学节演出

The Literary Cabaret

时间：11月25日，周六，21:30–未定，地点：老书虫
Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 21:30 – Late

5

活动名称：

构建和解构虚构类小说

Constructing and Deconstructing Fiction

时间：11月26日，周日，14:00 – 15:30，地点：方所
Sunday, November 26, Fang Suo, 14:00 – 15:30

作家 / Writers: 卢一萍 / Lu Yiping (中国 / China), 王国平 / Wang Guoping (中国 / China), Isabelle Wery (比利时 / Belgium), Jasna Horvat (克罗地亚 / Croatia), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 / Italy)

7

活动名称：

拥抱文学缪斯

Embracing the Literary Muse

时间：11月27日，周一，19:30 – 21:00，地点：方所
Monday, November 27, 19:30 – 21:00, Fang Suo

作家 / Writers: 周恺 / Zhou Kai (中国 / China), 章泥 / Zhang Ni (中国 / China), Dimitrios Stefanakis (希腊 / Greece), Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克 / Slovakia), Richard Obermayr (奥地利 / Austria)

6

活动名称：

声与影共舞

Echoes asking Shadows to Dance

时间：11月26日，周日，16:30 – 18:00，地点：方所
Sunday, November 26, Fang Suo, 16:30 – 18:00

作家 / Writers: 翟永明 / Zhai Yongming (中国 / China), 余幼幼 / Yu Youyou (中国 / China), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania), Guy Helmingier (卢森堡 / Luxembourg)

北京场次活动项目

Beijing Events Programme

文学界的文化交流： 中欧作家对话当代文学

Cultural Exchange in Literary Circles: Dialogue between
Chinese and European Writers of Contemporary Literature

1

活动主题：

诗坛的声音：

融合了愉悦和真实的艺术

Poetic Voices: Art that Unites Pleasure with Truth



报名入口
To register, scan here.

时间：11月22日，周三，18:00 - 19:30

地点：单向空间（花家地店）

Wednesday, November 22, 18:00 - 19:30, One Way Street Library (Huajiadi venue)

作家 / Writers: Guy Helminger (卢森堡 / Luxembourg), 伊蕾 / Yi Lei (中国 / China), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania), 刘丽朵 / Liu Liduo (中国 / China)

诗歌被称作是融合了愉悦和真实的艺术；本质上，韵律创作能在世界范围内传播疑惑、思想和情感。卢森堡诗人、剧作家、小说家 Guy Helminger，立陶宛诗人、文学报刊编辑 Marius Burokas 和北大文学系博士、诗人刘丽朵，以及备受评论家推崇的诗人伊蕾会同台分享他们的著作并讨论 21 世纪的诗歌和诗坛。

Poetry is said to be the art that unites pleasure with truth; interior, rhythmical creations that can travel the globe casting questions, expressions and emotions. Guy Helminger, a poet, playwright and novelist from Luxembourg; Yi Lei, one of China's most critically acclaimed poets; Marius Burokas, a poet and editor of a literary journal from Lithuania; and Liu Liduo, a Chinese writer who began her career writing poetry, will come together to share some of their work and discuss the role of poetry and poetics in the 21st century.



2

活动主题：

塑造：沉浸在创作过程中

Taking Shape: Immersing in the Creative Process



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月22日，周三，20:00 – 21:30

地点：单向空间（花家地店）

Wednesday, November 22, One
Way Street Library (Huaajiadi
venue), 20:00 – 21:30

作家 / Writers: 鲁敏 / Lu Min
(中国 / China), 梁鸿 / Liang
Hong (中国 / China), 宋阿曼 /
Song Aman (中国 / China),
Jasna Horvat (克罗地亚 /
Croatia), Paolo Colagrande (意
大利 / Italy)

作家们是如何将故事和人物打造成成熟的，多层次的，复杂的小说与非虚构作品呢？他们怎样推进这个进程的呢？在这个过程中，他们在文学上和结构上做了哪些选择和牺牲呢？他们怎样为主角正确发声？在这场讨论中，鲁迅文学奖获得者鲁敏；文学评论家，非虚构类作家，人民文学奖获得者梁鸿；小说集《内陆岛屿》作者，新锐小说家宋阿曼；意大利多产小说家、编辑 Paolo Colagrande 和克罗地亚实验性作家、文化理论家、科学家、研究员 Jasna Horvat 将会讨论他们的创作过程以及他们的作品最终怎样成型的。

How do writers develop their stories and characters into full-blown, multilayered and complex novels and non-fiction titles? How do they approach the process? What literary and structural choices and sacrifices do they make along the way? How do they find the right voice for their protagonist? In this discussion Lu Min, winner of multiple accolades including the Lu Xun award; literary critic and non-fiction writer, and winner of the People's Literature Award, Liang Hong; cutting-edge novelist Song Amen; Paolo Colagrande, a prolific novelist and editor from Italy; and Jasna Horvat, an experimental writer, cultural theorist and scientist/researcher from Croatia, will discuss their working processes and how their novels and short stories ultimately take shape.

3

活动主题：

披露社会的影子和灵魂：文学的方法和手段

Baring Society's Shadow and Soul: Literary Ways and Means



报名入口
To register, scan here.

时间：11月22日，周三，
18:00 – 19:30
地点：老书虫

Wednesday, November 22,
The Bookworm, 18:00 –
19:30

作家 / Writers: 张悦然
/ Zhang Yueran (中国 /
China), Isabelle Wery (比
利时 / Belgium), Dimitrios
Stefankis (希腊 / Greece)

通过著作有许多种方法来披露社会的影子和灵魂。今晚富有才华的讨论组成员们都采取了不同的方法。中国作家张悦然会通过她的获奖长短篇小说加以展示；比利时的 Isabelle Wery 选择通过页面上的几行字，舞蹈、歌唱，和舞台上的演员等多种丰富形式，Prix Mediterranee Award 奖获得者 Dimitrios Stefanakis, 则通过他的几本小说和丰富的文学翻译作品开展。和他们一起加入什么形式对他们有用以及为什么的讨论中。

There are many ways to bare society's shadow and soul through written work and tonight's talented panelists all take very different approaches. China's Zhang Yueran displays it through her award-winning stories and novels; Isabelle Wery from Belgium chooses to sometimes do it through words on a page, sometimes through dance and song, and at others through thespians on a stage; and Prix Mediterranee award-winning Dimitrios Stefanakis does it through his several novels and via his expansive literary translations. Join them as they discuss what works for them, in which forms, and why.

4

活动主题：

深度挖掘

Delving Deep



报名入口
To register, scan here.

时间：11月22日，周三，
20:00 – 21:30
地点：老书虫

Wednesday, November 22,
The Bookworm, 20:00 –
21:30

作家 / Writers: 朱文颖
/ Zhu Wenying (中国 /
China), 陈楸帆 / Stanley
Chan (中国 / China),
Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐
克 / Slovakia), Richard
Obermayr (奥地利 /
Austria)

作家们深度挖掘个人体验；以不寻常的，离奇的事件和人物，以真实的和超现实的，以任何可能照亮他们创造性成果的，冲击周边的世界。此次会谈，多产的短篇故事家和小说家朱文颖；中国更新代代表科幻作家陈楸帆；斯洛伐克报刊专栏作家、作家 Zuzana Kepplova；奥地利获奖作家 Richard Obermayr 会分享一些他们的作品，并讨论他们如何探索周边的世界，以及这些资源如何成为他们文学创作的源泉。

Authors delve deep into their personal experiences and scour the world around them for unusual and offbeat incidents and individuals, the real and the surreal, anything that might offer fertile ground for their stories to grow. In this discussion, Stanley Chan, a leading representative of China's speculative fiction writers; prolific short story writer and novelist Zhu Wenying; Slovakian newspaper columnist and author Zuzana Kepplova, and Austrian novelist Richard Obermayr will share some of their work and discuss how they perceive the world around them, what they read, and how it all feeds into their own literary initiatives.



5

活动主题：

跨越国界的读者

Readers Beyond Borders



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月23日，周四，
18:00 - 19:15

地点：三联书店（五道口店）

Thursday, November 23, San
Lian (Wu Dao Kou venue),
18:00 - 19:15

作家 / Writers: 刘丽朵 /
Liu Liduo (中国 / China),
朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中
国 / China), Dimitrios
Stefanakis (希腊 / Greece),
Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克
/ Slovakia)

在今晚的小组讨论中，三联书屋将迎来中国获奖长篇小说家，作品已被翻译成多国语言的朱文颖；北大文学系博士、诗人和小说家刘丽朵；来自斯洛伐克的 Zuzana Kepplova，他的长篇小说都已被翻译成了荷兰语、德语、斯洛维尼亚语、印度语和波兰语；来自希腊的小说家 Dimitrios Stefanakis，在其他语言译本中，他的法语和西班牙语版著作受众最广。作家们会讨论他们如何构建有吸引力的叙述，如何讲述普通的故事，如何最终成功收获广泛的读者。

In this evening's panel discussion, San Lian bookshop welcomes Shanghai writer Zhu Wenying, whose stories are finding readers in many countries; acclaimed poet and novelist Liu Liduo; Zuzana Kepplova from Slovakia, whose short stories and novels have been translated into Dutch, German, Slovenian, Hindi and Polish; and Dimitrios Stefanakis, a Greek novelist whose works are now widely read in French and Spanish, amongst other languages. The authors will discuss how they construct inviting narratives, tell universal stories, and ultimately manage to connect with a far-flung readership.

6

活动主题：

击中正确的和弦：寻找叙述的声音

Striking the Right Chord: Finding the Narrative Voice



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月23日，周四，
19:30 - 20:45

地点：三联书店（五道口店）

Thursday, November 23, San
Lian (Wu Dao Kou venue),
19:30 - 20:45

作家 / Writers: 盛可以 /
Sheng Keyi (中国 / China),
Richard Obermayr (奥地利
/ Austria), Isabelle Wery (比
利时 / Belgium)

任何小说或短篇小说的基本要素都是找到正确的叙述声音，弄清楚尤其是主角应该如何出现在页面上。在世界范围内快速地俘获了一大批读者的中国的盛可以，获得过欧洲文学奖的比利时作家 Isabelle Wery 和获得过同样奖项提名的奥地利作家 Richard Obermayr，会共同探讨他们的作品，以及他们是如何辨别人物的性格和语调的。

A fundamental element of any novel or short story can be in finding the right narrative voice, and working out how the protagonist in particular should best come across on the page. Chinese writer Sheng Keyi, who is rapidly finding new readers of her work all around the world; Isabelle Wery from Belgium, who won the European Prize for literature; and Richard Obermayr from Austria who was nominated for the same award, will discuss their work and how they identify the traits and tone of their characters.

7

活动主题：

通过光的棱镜来评估世界

Assessing the World Through a Prism of Light



报名入口
To register, scan here.

时间：11月23日，周四，18:00 – 19:30
地点：老书虫

Thursday, November 23, The
Bookworm, 18:00 – 19:30

作家 / Writers: 阿乙 / A Yi
(中国 / China), 文珍 / Wen
Zhen (中国 / China), Jasna
Horvat (克罗地亚 / Croatia),
Guy Helminger (卢森堡 /
Luxembourg)

无论是在古代历史小说或是反乌托邦的未来式叙事中，作家们一直致力于体裁的变形和融合，尽自己所能讲述最生动的故事；提供场景，引导读者以一种不同的眼光看待周边的世界。在今晚的舞台上，将通过创造性的棱镜来讨论讲故事的有：中国前警察、现小说家的阿乙；很快博得国际读者喜爱的中国文学界新星文珍；克罗地亚作家、文化理论家、经济学教授 Jasna Horvat；卢森堡诗人、剧作家、小说家 Guy Helminger。

Writers take inspiration from the world around them and engage in genre-bending and genre-blending all the time to tell the most vivid story they can, and to deliver scenarios that challenge the reader to look at scenarios and people in a different light. On stage tonight, to discuss storytelling through creative prisms, are: Chinese policeman-turned-novelist A Yi; Wen Zhen, a rising literary star from China whose work is quickly finding many international readers; Croatian author, theorist of culture and a professor of economics Jasna Horvat; and poet, playwright and novelist from Luxembourg, Guy Helminger.

8

活动主题：

作家的生活

The Writer's Life



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月23日，周四，20:00 – 21:30

地点：老书虫

Thursday, November 23, The Bookworm, 20:00 – 21:30

作家 / Writers: 鲁敏 / Lu Min (中国 / China), 双雪涛 / Shuang Xuetao (中国 / China), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 / Italy), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania)

作家从晨起到入睡这一天中是什么占用了他们的时间、精力和热情？他们如何分配自己的时间，如何决定什么时候写作、什么时候旅行、什么时候研究、什么时候着手其他的兴趣，如翻译编辑和教学？他们是从哪里找到给家人、给朋友的时间的，以及在他们创作力爆发后从哪里找到休息时间的？作家们都是24*7的多任务处理能手。

在此次会谈中，老书虫邀请到了：鲁迅文学奖获得者鲁敏；百花文学奖获得者，首位华文世界电影小说奖首奖得主，小说家双雪涛；多产的意大利长短篇故事小说家、编辑 Paolo Colagrande，立陶宛诗人、文学报刊编辑 Marius Burokas，来共同讨论创作的方法以及如何处理写作生活。

What consumes a writer's time, energy and passion from the moment they rise till the time it comes to return to bed? How do they divide their time and decide when to write, when to travel, when to research, when to pursue other interests like translating, editing, teaching? Where do they find time for family and friends time, and where do they find fallow time after their creative outbursts? Writers are multi-taskers in a 24/7 digital age, and in this gathering The Bookworm invites winner of the Lu Xun award, Lu Min; award-winning novelist and screenwriter Shuang Xuetao; prolific Italian novelist, short story writer and editor Paolo Colagrande; and Lithuanian poet and literary journal editor Marius Burokas, to discuss their approach to their craft and how they manage their writing lives.

成都场次活动项目

Chengdu Events Programme

文学界的文化交流： 中欧作家对话当代文学

Cultural Exchange in Literary Circles:
Dialogue between Chinese and European
Writers of Contemporary Literature

1

活动名称：

我们为什么写作

Why We Write



报名入口
To register, scan here.

时间：11月25日，周六，14:30 – 16:00

地点：老书虫

Saturday, November 25, The
Bookworm, 14:30 – 16:00

作家 / Writers: 蒋林 / Jiang Lin
(中国 / China), 袁远 / Yuan
Yuan 中国 / China), Richard
Obermayr (奥地利 / Austria),
Jasna Horvat (克罗地亚 /
Croatia), Dimitrios Stefanakis
(希腊 / Greece)

在开场环节，中欧的先锋作家们会交流他们各自的写作动机和原因。作家们会针对这一对作家来说最决定性的问题发表不同观点：为什么及何时他们决定与文学相伴一生呢？对于他们自己而言，写作的目标及目的是怎样的呢？还有在他们成为作家过程中，遇到过哪些关键性的挑战？热烈欢迎奥地利小说家 Richard Obermayr, 克罗地亚作家、研究员兼文化理论家 Jasna Horvat, 希腊小说家兼翻译家 Dimitris Stefanikis 和杰出的四川作家蒋林、袁远共同参与此次会谈。

In this opening 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 challenges do they face as they develop as writers? The Bookworm welcomes Austrian novelist Richard Obermayr; Croatian author, researcher, and cultural theorist Jasna Horvat; Greek novelist and translator Dimitris Stefanikis; and distinguished Sichuan authors Jiang Lin and Yuan Yuan to the discussion.



2

活动名称：

打破模式：写作的多样形式

Break the Mold: Diversity of Form in Writing



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月25日，周六，16:30 – 18:00，

地点：老书虫

Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 16:30 – 18:00

作家 / Writers: 王国平 / Wang Guoping (中国 / China), 卢一萍 / Lu Yiping (中国 / China), Guy Helminger (卢森堡 / Luxembourg), Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克 / Slovakia), Isabelle Wery (比利时 / Belgium)

一部戏剧脚本能反映像小说一样丰富的内容吗？当一个作家从诗歌转向非虚构小说写作时需要怎样调整语言呢？一些故事用短篇讲述会更好吗？五位全能型的中欧作家会讨论不同写作形式带来的挑战和成就。向大家介绍：Guy Helminger, 卢森堡诗人、优秀小说家、戏剧家；Isabelle Wery, 比利时小说家、短篇小说家、演员和歌手；Zuzana Kepplova, 斯洛伐克小说家、短篇小说家、记者和编辑；来自四川的王国平，知名传记作家、诗人、虚构类和非虚构类作家；及卢一萍，多产的小说家、散文家和纪实文学作者。

Can a play script reveal as much as a novel? How must a writer adjust their language when moving from poetry to non-fiction? Are some stories better told in short form? Five versatile authors from Europe and China discuss the challenges and rewards of writing in a variety of forms. Introducing: Guy Helminger of Luxembourg, poet as well as talented novelist and playwright; Isabelle Wery, Belgian novelist, short story writer, actress, and singer; Zuzana Kepplova, Slovakian novelist, short story writer, journalist and editor; and from Sichuan, Wang Guoping, renowned biographer and poet, author of fiction and non-fiction; and Lu Yiping, a prolific author of novels, essays and documentary literature.

3

活动名称：

传播魔法：数字时代的文学媒体

Disseminating the Magic: Literary Media in the Digital Age



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月25日，周六，19:30 – 21:00

地点：老书虫

Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 19:30 – 21:00

作家 / Writers: 罗伟章 / Luo Wei Zhang (中国 / China), 余幼幼 / Yu Youyou (中国 / China), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 / Italy), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania)

在微信和其他社交媒体平台上我们如何获取文学内容？自互联网和其他数字科技兴起以来，传统文学杂志做出了多少改变？以上及更多相关主题，四位来自文学媒体行业的中欧作家将带领我们进行探讨。他们是：意大利文学杂志《L'Accalappiacani》创办人 Paolo Colagrande，立陶宛在线文学杂志《Vilnius Review》主编 Marius Burokas；四川作者、编辑、记者罗伟章；创办了“大学生诗歌网”的四川青年诗人余幼幼。

How do we access literature in an era of WeChat and other social media platforms? How have literary magazines adapted since the rise of the Internet and other digital technologies? These questions and more are explored by four leading European and Chinese writers from the literary media industry: founder of Italian literary magazine L'Accalappiacani Paolo Colagrande, editor-in-chief of the online Lithuanian literary magazine Vilnius Review Marius Burokas, Sichuan author, editor, and journalist Luo Weizhang, and Yu Youyou, the young Sichuan poet who founded the website Chinese College Student Poetry.

5

活动名称：

文学节演出

The Literary Cabaret



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月25日，周六，21:30-未定
地点：老书虫

中欧作家及音乐家会在这个有趣的夜晚同台合作，在现场音乐伴奏下，作家们朗读文学作品，庆祝此次文学和文化的交流合作。

Saturday, November 25, The Bookworm, 21:30 - Late

European and Chinese writers and musicians will take the stage on this fun-filled evening to read pieces of literature to musical accompaniment, and to celebrate literature and cross-cultural collaboration.

6

活动名称：

构建和解构虚构类小说

Constructing and Deconstructing Fiction



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月26日，周日，14:00 - 15:30
地点：方所

Sunday, November 26, Fang Suo, 14:00 - 15:30

作家 / Writers: 卢一萍 / Lu Yiping (中国 / China), 王国平 / Wang Guoping (中国 / China), Isabelle Wery (比利时 / Belgium), Jasna Horvat (克罗地亚 / Croatia), Paolo Colagrande (意大利 / Italy)

虚构类小说作家就人的条件及我们作为代表了我们的世界和我们自己的个体来构建故事线索。在这个小组讨论中，五位作家均写过抒情的、多层次的、讲述与人类困境做斗争的小说，他们将讨论他们复杂的写作技巧，他们如何构建和解构他们最深刻的想象类作品。现场的作家有：来自克罗地亚的 Jasna Horvat，她是一个使用二维码创作的实验性作家；欧盟文学奖获得者 Isabelle Wery；多重奖项获得者、意大利小说家 Paolo Colagrande；多产的、优秀的南江作家卢一萍；饱受赞誉的畅销书作者、来自江油的王国平。

Literary fiction writers construct storylines that examine the human condition, and the way we as individuals represent our world and ourselves. In this panel discussion, five writers who all have written lyrical and layered novels that wrestle with human dilemmas will discuss their complex craft and how they construct, and deconstruct, their deeply imaginative works. On stage will be Jasna Horvat from Croatia, an experimental writer who enhances some of her novels with QR codes; winner of the European Union Prize for Literature, Isabelle Wery; multi award-winning Italian novelist Paolo Colagrande; prolific and talented author from Nanjiang, Lu Yiping; and critically acclaimed and best-selling writer from Jiangyou, Wang Guoping.



7

活动名称：

声与影共舞

Echoes asking Shadows to Dance



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月26日，周日，16:30 – 18:00

地点：方所

Sunday, November 26, Fang Suo,
16:30 – 18:00

作家 / Writers: 翟永明 / Zhai Yongming (中国 / China), 余幼幼 / Yu Youyou (中国 / China), Marius Burokas (立陶宛 / Lithuania), Guy Helminger (卢森堡 / Luxembourg)

据传奇诗人 Carl Sandburg 所诉，诗歌是与影子共舞的回响。四位优秀的诗人今天会与我们共度时光：Marius Burokas (杂志《Vilnius Review》主编，作品被翻译成多国语言的立陶宛诗人)，Guy Helminger (卢森堡获奖诗人，剧作家，小说家)，余幼幼 (中国诗歌领域冉冉升起的一颗新星)，翟永明 (一位传奇的成都诗人，曾被国际奖项评委评为“当今国际最伟大的诗人之一”)。他们来自不同的背景，但是都因生动的语言功力，拥有能创造出与影子共舞回响的能力而成为一体。他们将会分享一些他们喜爱的作品及讨论在当代成为一个诗人意味着什么。

Poetry is an echo, asking a shadow to dance, according to the legendary poet Carl Sandburg. The four leading poets who are with

us today – Marius Burokas (editor-in-chief of the Vilnius Review, and a poet from Lithuania whose work has been translated into several languages), Guy Helminger (an award-winning poet, playwright and novelist from Luxembourg), Yu Youyou (a young rising star in China's poetry scene), and Zhai Yongming (a legendary Chengdu poet who was described by an international award jury as "one of today's greatest international poets") – come from very different backgrounds but they are united in their ability to paint vivid pictures with words, and to create those echoes that invite shadows to dance. They will share some of their favourite work and discuss what it means to be a poet in the world today.

8

活动名称：

拥抱文学缪斯

Embracing the Literary Muse



报名入口

To register, scan here.

时间：11月27日，周一，19:30 – 21:00

地点：方所

Monday, November 27, 19:30 –
21:00, Fang Suo

作家 / Writers: 周恺 / Zhou Kai (中国 / China), 章泥 / Zhang Ni (中国 / China), Dimitrios Stefanakis (希腊 / Greece), Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克 / Slovakia), Richard Obermayr (奥地利 / Austria)

作家如何发现和处理他们的灵感？作家们从哪里以及如何从周边的日常提炼出灵感呢？作为作家，什么会使他们在生理上、情感上和心理上受到感动？Zuzana Kepplova (斯洛伐克高产短篇小说家、小说家)，Dimitrios Stefanakis (希腊获奖小说家、翻译家)，Richard Obermayr (奥地利作家，欧洲文学奖提名获得者)，周恺 (已经有两部作品被翻译成英文的获奖小说家)，章泥 (第8界四川文学奖获得者) 将会参与此次活动。

How do writers find and nurse their muse? Where and how can authors extract inspiration from the daily world around them? What moves them as writers – physically, emotionally, psychologically? Zuzana Kepplova (a prolific short story writer and novelist from Slovakia), Dimitrios Stefanakis (award-winning novelist and translator from Greece), Richard Obermayr (nominee for the European Prize for Literature from Austria), Zhou Kai (an award-winning novelist who has already had two novels translated into English) and Zhang Ni (winner of the 8th Sichuan Literature Award), will take the stage to discuss.

参与欧洲作家

Participating European Authors



Richard Obermayr

奥地利 Austria

Richard Obermayr 生于 1970，是一位获奖的奥地利小说家，成长于奥地利上层社会，自 1988 年以来一直住在维也纳。在 2015 年的欧洲文学奖项上他获得了提名。他已经出版了两本小说，《eCounterfeit Sky》发表于 1988，《e Window》发表于 2010 年。他被授予了许多奖学金，其中最知名的是 Robert Musil Stipendium 奖学金，并且获得了许多奖项，包括最近的 Ehrengabe Deutschen Schillerstiftung。他的作品在维也纳文学博物馆的首届特别展览中脱颖而出。他还把 Adrian Nicole LeBlanc 的著作《Random Family》从英文翻译成了德文。

Richard Obermayr, born 1970, is an Austrian novelist who grew up in Upper Austria and has lived in Vienna since 1988. He was a nominee for the European Prize for Literature in 2015. He has published two novels, e Counterfeit Sky in 1998 and e Window in 2010. He has received numerous scholarships, most notably the Robert Musil Stipendium, and his awards include most recently the Ehrengabe der Deutschen Schillerstiftung. His work was featured in the inaugural special exhibition at the Literature Museum in Vienna. He has translated Random Family by Adrian Nicole LeBlanc from English into German.



Isabelle Wéry

比利时 Belgium

Isabelle Wéry 是一位出生于比利时列日的作家、女演员、戏剧导演和歌手。在 2013 年，她的小说《Marilyn déboussolée (Marilyn Deboned)》获得了欧洲联盟文学奖，并在世界各地被翻译成多种语言。

她也是许多短篇小说、小说、Monsieur René 和 Saisons culottes amis (Yvette 诗歌形式) 的作者。她有丰富的演艺生涯，主要演艺重心放在了 Shakespeare、Brecht 和 Molière 的戏剧上，她在 Eva Ensler 的戏剧 Vagina Monologues 中扮演了 Hitler 的妻子 Eva Braun。

除了写作和演艺事业之外，伊莎贝尔还参与各种形式的合唱，并且自己原创舞台剧本。曾

三次在 Seul en Scène 获 Prix de la Critique de Théâtre Belge 奖项的提名，最终她在 2008 年以原创戏剧 La tranche de Jean-Daniel Magnin 夺得此项奖项。

Isabelle Wéry is a Belgian author, actress, theatre director and singer born in Liège. In 2013 her novel Marilyn désossée (Marilyn Deboned) won the European Union Prize for Literature and has been translated into numerous languages around the world. She is also the author of many short stories and the novels Monsieur René and Saisons culottes amis (Yvette's Poems). She has had a diverse acting career, among many other things playing main roles in plays by Shakespeare, Brecht and Moliere, and she has acted in the Vagina Monologues by Eva Ensler and played the role of Hitler's wife Eva Braun. In addition to her book writing and acting, Isabelle sings with various ensembles, and writes for the stage and creates her own theatre works. Three times nominated for the Prix de la Critique de Théâtre Belge (for the Seul en Scène category), she received the prize in 2008 for her original theatre piece La tranche de Jean-Daniel Magnin.



Jasna Horvat

克罗地亚 Croatia

Jasna Horvat 是一位获奖作家、文化理论家和经济学教授。出生于 1966 年，她在九十年代末开始写儿童读物，后来转向小说。她的作品包括《Vilijun》、《Atanor》和《Az》，她经常通过讲述神话、民间故事和历史故事来传承克罗地亚的历史文化底蕴。

在 2011 年，她被克罗地亚艺术和科学学院授予 Josip Juraj Strossmayer Award 奖项。Jasna 是一个多产的作家、文化理论家兼科学家、研究员，她以创意戏剧和多元的写作形式在文学上发出思考和探索。

Jasna Horvat is an award-winning author, theorist of culture and a professor of economics. Born in 1966, she started writing children's books in the late nineties and later moved on to novels. She is the author of numerous books including Vilijun, Atanor and Az, and her literary work often celebrates Croatian heritage through the stories of its mythology, folk tales and history. In 2011, she was awarded the Josip Juraj Strossmayer Award from the Croatian Academy of Arts and Sciences. Jasna is active as a writer, cultural theorist and scientist/researcher, and in her writing she questions literature with narrative experiments characterized by creative play and creation at all discourse levels.



Dimitrios Stefanakis

希腊 Greece

Dimitrios Stefanakis (born 1961) is a Greek novelist who was born on the island of Kea and studied law at Athens University. He has written several novels including *Film Noir*, *You'll be Fighting the Gods*, *Aria*, *The World from the Beginning and Days of Alexandria*. The latter won the Prix Mediterranee in 2011 and has been translated into both French and Spanish. He is currently a judge for the same prize. Dimitrios has also translated the works of several English-language authors into Greek, including Saul Bellow, John Updike, Margaret Atwood, and E.M. Forster. He was awarded the Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres by the French government for his literary work.

Dimitrios Stefanakis 生于 1961 年，是一位希腊小说家，生于基亚岛，在雅典大学学习法律。他写了几部小说，包括《Film Noir》、《You' ll be Fighting the Gods》、《Aria》、《the World from the Beginning and Days of Alexandria》。最后一本在 2011 年的 Prix Mediterranee 中获奖，并被翻译成法语和西班牙语。

他现在是这一奖项的评委。Dimitris 还将一些英文作家包括 Saul Bellow、John Updike、Margaret Atwood 和 E.M. Forster 的作品翻译成希腊文。因其文学上的贡献，他被法国政府授予“Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres”奖项。



Paolo Colagrande

意大利 Italy

Paolo Colagrande (born in Piacenza, Italy, 1960) is the author of several novels, including *Fideg*, for which he won the Premio Campiello Opera Prima 2007 award, was a finalist at the Premio Viareggio 2007 and has been in the top ten Italian novels at the Festival du Roman of Cuneo-Chambery (2007); *Kammerspiel* (2008); *Dioblù* (2010); *Senti le rane* (2015), for which he won Premio Selezione Campiello 2015 award, and was a finalist at the Premio Sila. He is the author of numerous stories published in anthologies, magazines and Italian national newspapers. He is one of the founders and editors of the literary magazine *L' Accalappiacani* (2006-2009).

Paolo Colagrande (1960 年生于意大利皮亚琴察)，创作了好几本小说，代表作《Fideg》(2007)，凭借这一作品他赢得了 2007 年 Premio Campiello Opera Prima 的奖项，成为了 2007 年 Premio Viareggio 的最终胜出者，该作品连续被 2007 年的 Festival du Roman of Cuneo-Chambery，2008 年的 Kammerspiel，2010 年的 Dioblù，2015 年的 Senti le rane 评为年度十佳意大利小说。并且借此作品，他获得了 2015 年 Premio Selezione Campiello 的大奖和 Premio Sila 的最终胜出者。他的许多作品被发布在文集、杂志和意大利国家报纸上。他是文学杂志《Accalappiacani》(2006-2009) 的创始人和编辑之一。



Marius Burokas

立陶宛 Lithuania

Marius Burokas 生于 1977 年，是一个诗人 / 自由作家 / 翻译家兼立陶宛文学电子杂志 Vilnius Review 的主编。

他出版了 3 本诗集，最新一本 which I 've Learned Not To Be 出版于 2011 年。他的诗篇被翻译 成波兰语 / 俄罗斯语 / 斯洛伐克语 / 英语 / 德语 / 法语 / 乌克兰语和其他众多语言。

Marius Burokas 成功翻 译了许多国际知名的诗人如 Charles Simic, Walter S. Merwin, William Carlos Williams, Charles Bukowski, Ted Hughes, Alan Ginsberg 的诗篇。

Marius Burokas, born in 1977, is a poet, freelance writer, translator and editor-in-chief of an online magazine of Lithuanian literature the Vilnius Review. He is the author of three books of poetry, the most recent of which I've Learned Not To Be was published in 2011. His poetry has been translated into Polish, Russian, Slovenian, English, German, French, Ukrainian and other languages. Marius has translated poetry of many international poets including Charles Simic, Walter S. Merwin, William Carlos Williams, Charles Bukowski, Ted Hughes and Alan Ginsberg.



Guy Helminger

卢森堡 Luxembourg

Guy Helminger (生于 1963) 是卢森堡作家，他用德语写了许多成功的小说和戏剧。他曾在卢森堡，德国 的海德尔堡和科隆学习德国文学和哲学，从 1985 年以来一直在德国居住。

他的文学作品包括诗歌、戏剧和小说。他的戏剧作品《Morgen ist Regen》的英文译版在伦敦剧院上演。在 2002 年，Helminger 因为小说集《Rost》获“Luxembourg Servais Prize”奖项。

Guy Helminger (born 1963) is a Luxembourg author who has written a number of successful novels and plays in German. He studied German literature and philosophy in Luxembourg, Heidelberg and Cologne, where he has lived since 1985. His literary work includes poetry, drama and novels. His award-winning play Morgen ist Regen, translated into English as Venezuela, was performed at London's Arcola Theatre. In 2002, Guy was awarded the Luxembourg Servais Prize for Rost, a collection of short stories.



Zuzana Kepplová

斯洛伐克 Slovakia

Zuzana Kepplová 毕业于布拉迪斯拉发艺术与音乐学院，在布达佩斯中欧大学获得博士学位。目前，她在 SME 日报的观点板块担任编辑，撰写评论。她创作了三本散文作品 - 《Buchty švabachom (Buns in Gothic scripture)》，《57 km od Taškentu (57 km far from Tashkent, 2013)》和《Reflux (2015)》。

她的短篇小说和摘录发表在斯洛伐克散文集中，并被翻译成荷兰语、德语、斯洛文尼亚语和印地文。她的前两本书以匈牙利语版出版了一批；最新一本书的波兰语翻译工作正在进行。

Zuzana Kepplová graduated from the Academy of Arts and Music in Bratislava, and obtained her Ph.D. from the Central European University in Budapest. Currently she works as editor of the opinion section in the daily paper SME and writes commentaries. She is the author of three books of prose - Buchty švabachom (Buns in Gothic scripture), 57 km od Taškentu (57 km far from Tashkent, 2013) and Reflux (2015). Her short stories and excerpts have been published in collections of Slovak prose and translated into Dutch, German, Slovenian and Hindi. Her first two books were published in one volume in Hungarian; the Polish translation of the latest book is on the way.

参与中国作家：北京

Participating Chinese Authors: Beijing



阿乙

A Yi

bi-monthly literary magazine Chutzpah, and later became an editor of the "Iron Gourd" literary-fiction imprint. He has written two collections of short stories, Grey Stories and The Bird Saw Me, and he was nominated for the People's Literature Short Stories prestigious award for Top Twenty Literary Giants of the Future in 2010. A Perfect Crime was published in China in 2011, and in English translation in 2015. It is described as "a thrilling and stylish novel about a motiveless murder that echoes Kafka's absurdism, Camus' nihilism and Dostoyevsky's depravity."

阿乙，江西瑞昌人，生于1976年，曾任职警察五年。出版有短篇小说集《灰故事》《鸟，看见我了》《春天在哪里》《情史失踪者》，中篇小说《下面，我该干些什么》《模范青年》，随笔集《寡人》《阳光猛烈，万物显形》，长篇《早上九点叫醒我》。曾入选《人民文学》“未来大家TOP20”、《联合文学》“20位40岁以下最受期待的华文小说家”，曾获华语文学传媒大奖最具潜力新人奖、蒲松龄短篇小说奖及林斤澜短篇小说奖。作品被翻译到英、意、法国等国家。

A Yi (real name Ai Guozhu) is a Chinese author born in 1976 in Ruichang in Jiangxi province. After spending five years as a police officer, he quit to become the editor-in-chief of the



陈楸帆

Chen Qiufan

陈楸帆，出生于1981年，毕业于北大中文系及艺术系双学位，中国更新代代表科幻作家，编剧，翻译。世界科幻作家协会(SFWA)成员，全球华人科幻作家协会(CSFA)副会长，Xprize基金会科幻顾问委员会(SFAC)唯一中国成员。

曾多次获得星云奖、银河奖、世界奇幻科幻翻译奖等国内外奖项，作品被广泛翻译为多国语言，在许多欧美科幻杂志均为首位发表作品的中国作家，代表作包括《荒潮》、《未来病史》、《薄码》、《深瞳》等。

他曾在百度、谷歌等跨国互联网企业有长期工作经验，现任国内领军VR企业诺亦腾副总裁，对科技前沿趋势有敏锐嗅觉，

作品多表现人类在科技发展中的异化，注重文学性与思想性的探索。

Chen Qiufan (A.K.A. Stanley Chan) is a representative member of China's new generation of speculative fiction authors. He is known for his stylistic combination of realism and New Wave, and has been called "China's William Gibson". His works have been translated into many languages and received multiple domestic and international awards including 9 Chinese Nebula Awards (China counterpart of Hugo Award), 3 Galaxy Awards and World F&SF Translation Award. His representative works include "The Waste Tide", "Censored", and "Future Disease". He previously worked for Google, Baidu, and other corporations for nearly ten years; at present, as Vice President of Noitom Ltd., he focuses on the fields of motion capture and virtual reality. He is also a member of WSFA (Science Fiction Writer Association) and Vice President of CSFA (Chinese Science Fiction Writer Association), and have a seat in Xprize Foundation SFAC (Science Fiction Advisory Council) as the only Chinese participant.



梁鸿

Liang Hong

梁鸿，学者、作家、中国人民大学文学院教授。出版非虚构文学著作《出梁庄记》和《中国在梁庄》，长篇小说《梁光正的光》，学术著作《黄花苳与皂角树》《新启蒙话语建构》《外省笔记》《“灵光”的消逝》等，学术随笔集《历史与我的瞬间》，文学著作《神圣家族》。曾获“第十一届华语文学传媒大奖·年度散文家”“2010 年度人民文学奖”“第七届天津图书奖”“2013 年度中国好书”等多个奖项。

Liang Hong, born in 1973 near Zhengzhou, Henan, in Liang Village, is a scholar, writer and Professor at Renmin University of China. In addition to her book-length interview with Yan Lianke, *The Witch's Red Chopsticks* (2002) and two works of literary criticism, *Notes from the Outlying Provinces: 20th Century Literature in Henan* (2008) and *Diminishing Halo: The Evolution of Narrative in Contemporary Chinese Literature* (2009), Liang Hong has also published two books of non-fiction about her hometown: *China in Liang Village* (2010) and *Leaving Liang Village* (2013). She has recently published the novel *Liang Guangzheng's Light*. Her many awards include the "Eleventh Mandarin Chinese Media Award - annual essayist", the "2010 People's Literature Award", the seventh "Manjin Book Award" and the "2013 China Good Book" award.



刘丽朵

Liu Li Duo

刘丽朵，女，1979年生，小说家，诗人。刘丽朵，北京大学中文系博士，出版有学术随笔集《还魂记》，小说集《深情史》，并在文学期刊发表有百万字小说。现任职于北京凤凰联动影业。

Liu Liduo, born in 1979, has a PhD from Peking University. She has published a collection of academic essays called *Remembrance*, a story collection called *Affectionate History*, and her stories have been widely published in literary journals and anthologies. She currently works in Beijing for the Phoenix media group.



鲁敏

Lu Min

七十年代生于江苏。18岁开始工作，历经营业员、企宣、记者、秘书、公务员等职。25岁决意写作，欲以小说之虚妄抵抗生活之虚妄。已出版《六人晚餐》《荷尔蒙夜谈》《九种忧伤》《跟陌生人说话》《取景器》《纸醉》《此情无法投递》《伴宴》《惹尘埃》等作品十九部。曾获鲁迅文学奖、庄重文文学奖、人民文学奖、《小说选刊》读者最喜爱小说奖、《小说月报》百花奖、郁达夫文学奖、中国小说双年奖等；入选《人民文学》未来大家TOP20、台湾联合文学华文小说界“20 under 40”等。有作品译为英、德、法、俄、日、西班牙、阿拉伯等文字。现居南京。

Born 1973 in Dongtai, Jiangsu Province. She started working at eighteen, and has been a post office clerk, a secretary, and has worked in planning, as a journalist, and as a civil servant. She currently lives in Nanjing. Lu Min started writing at the age of twenty-five and has published novels such as *Multiple Love Letters*, *The Steering Wheel*, *Undeliverable Feelings*, and *Dinner for Six*. Her short story collections and novellas include *Accompany the Feast*, *The Song of Parting*, *The Viewfinder*, *Stirring up the Dust*, and *Page-Drunk*. She has been awarded the Zhuang Zhongwen Literary Award, the People's Literary Award, the Chinese Writers' Award, the Monthly Fiction Reader Award, the Selected Fiction Award, and was honored with the Lu Xun Literary Award in 2010. She was selected as one of the "Top 20 Future Masters" by The People's Literature. Her novel *Undeliverable Feelings* has been signed to Simon and Schuster Inc. Many of her short stories have been translated into German, French, Japanese, Russian, English, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, and Korean. She now lives in Nanjing.



盛可以

Sheng Keyi

Northern Girls, Death Fugue, Barbaric Growth, and several short story collections. Her works have been translated into English, Italian, German, Spanish, French, Russian, Japanese, Korean, and other languages. Sheng was the winner of the Chinese People's Literature Prize, the Yu Dafu Prize for Fiction, the Chinese Literature Media Award, the Top 20 Novelists of the Future Prize. Northern Girls, published by Penguin Books in 2012, was long listed for the Man Asian Literary Prize. Her works depict the real lives of China's poor, the survival of its women, and situations revolving around the human spirit, written in language that is violent, enthusiastic, and experimental. Her work is known for its keen observations and callous writing style.

盛可以，上世纪七十年代生于湖南省益阳市。九十年代移居深圳。著有《北妹》、《死亡赋格》《野蛮生长》等七部长篇小说及多部中短篇小说集。作品被译成英、德、法、意、日、韩、西班牙多种语言出版。曾获华语文学传媒大奖、郁达夫小说奖，人民文学奖，未来文学大家 TOP20 等。2012 年英文版的《北妹》入围英仕曼亚洲国际文学奖。其作品语言风格猛烈，热衷声音实验，以敏锐观察和冷酷书写而著称。

Sheng Keyi is a contemporary Chinese novelist, born in a remote village in Yiyang, Hunan. She migrated to Shenzhen in the early 1990s and is currently living in Beijing. Her works include



双雪涛

Shuang Xuetao

Media Award, and the fifth West Lake Cutting-Edge Literary Prize Winner. His published works include Wing Ghost, Days of my Mind, Deaf and Dumb Age, and many of his books have been adapted for film.

双雪涛，出生于八〇年代，沈阳人，小说家。首位入围台北文学奖的大陆作家，首位华文世界电影小说奖首奖得主，华语文学传媒大奖“年度最具潜力新人”，第十七届百花文学奖获得者。已出版作品包括《翅鬼》、《天吾手记》、《聋哑时代》和短篇小说集《平原上的摩西》、《飞行家》。多部作品已经授权影视改编，《平原上的摩西》、《北方化为乌有》、《刺杀小说家》等均有影视拍摄计划。

Shuang Xuetao, born in 1983, is a novelist from Shenyang. He was the first winner of the Taipei Literary Award from the Chinese Mainland, the World Film Novel Award, the Chinese Literature

文珍

Wen Zhen

文珍，青年作家，生于湖南，长于广东。大学就读于中山大学金融系，2007 年以小说《第八日》获北京大学文学硕士学位。在《人民文学》、《当代》、《上海文学》等发表小说多篇，历获第五届 老舍文学奖、第十三届华语文学传媒大奖“最具潜力新人奖”、第二届西湖新锐文学奖。散文、诗歌也多有涉猎，曾有散文发表在《中国时报·人间副刊》。出版小说集《十一味爱》《我们夜里在美术馆谈恋爱》《柒》，台版自选集《气味之城》。现居北京。

Born in 1982, Wen Zhen writes fiction, essays, and poetry. She studied for a master's degree at the Chinese department of Peking University and has published short stories in literary journals including People's Literature and Dangdai. Wen Zhen has published two fiction collections, Eleven Flavours of Love (which includes the novella for which she received a Lao She Literature Prize in 2014) and The Last Night We Were Together, and currently works as an editor at People's Literature Publishing House. A selection of her poetry was published in the Summer 2016 issue of Pathlight.



伊蕾

Yi Lei

伊蕾，中国当代女诗人，1951 年生于天津。毕业于鲁迅文学院和北京大学作家班，出版诗集 8 部。代表作《独身女人的卧室》在八十年代中国文坛引起巨大争议，后入选《百年中国文学经典》。作品译成多种文字。九十年代在莫斯科生活 6 年，回国后创立《天津市卡秋莎美术馆》。近年从事绘画和旅行。

Born in Tianjin in 1951, Yi Lei is one of China's best-known contemporary poets. She is a graduate of Peking University and of the Lu Xun School of Literature. She has published eight

collections of poetry, and her work has been translated into English, Russian, and other languages. Her most famous poem, the seventeen-part sequence poem A Single Woman's Bedroom, received significant critical acclaim when it was published in the late 80s. She spent nearly a decade in Russian working as an art dealer and in recent years is engaged mostly in painting and travel. US poet Laureate and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for 2011 is currently translating some of her work into English.



张悦然

Zhang Yueran

张悦然，毕业于新加坡国立大学，2012年起任教于中国人民大学文学院。著有长篇小说《茧》、《誓鸟》、《水仙已乘鲤鱼去》、《樱桃之远》，短篇小说集《葵花走失在 1890》、《十爱》。作品被翻译成英文、法语、西班牙语、意大利语、日语、韩语、德语等多国文字。曾获得“华语传媒文学奖”最具潜力新人奖、“人民文学散文奖”、“新加坡大专文学奖”、《人民文学》“未来大家 Top20”，《南方人物周刊》“2016 年青年领袖”。短篇小说集《十爱》入围“弗兰克·奥康纳”国际短篇小说奖，长篇小说《茧》被评为“2016 年《亚洲周刊》十大好书”。

Zhang Yueran was born in 1982 in the city of Jinan, Shandong Province. She began writing at the age of 14, and as a high school student won first prize in the nationwide New Concept Composition Competition. After studying English and law at Shandong University, she completed a graduate degree in computer science at Singapore University. She is regarded as one of China's most influential young writers. She has published two short story collections: *Sunflower Missing In 1890* (2003) and *Ten Loves* (2004), and four novels: *Distant Cherry* (2004), *Narcissus* (2005), *The Promise Bird* (2006), which was named the Best Saga Novel 2006, and *Cocoon* (2016). Her other awards include the Chinese Press Most Promising New Talent Award (2005), the Spring Literature Prize (2006), and the "Mao Tai Cup" People's Literature Prize (2008). Her novel *Cocoon* was named as Asian Weekly's Ten Good Books of 2016. In 2012, she was named by *Unitas* magazine as one of the top 20 writers under 40. She has been the chief editor of *Newriting* since 2008 and holds a PhD in Ancient Chinese Literature from Renmin University.



宋阿曼

Song Aman

宋阿曼，青年小说家，兼事诗歌写作与翻译；出生于 1991 年 10 月，西北大学文学硕士。作品发表于《西部》《芙蓉》《青春》《长江文艺·好小说》等杂志及「ONE·一个」「飞地」等 APP。

宋阿曼有着诗性的语言，叙事扎实，取材独特令人震撼，具有强烈的个人风格。她是现今小说界不可忽视的极具创造力的小说家。

Song Aman, a novelist, poet and translator, was born in 1991. She graduated from the Northwestern University with a Master of Arts. Her works have been published in magazines such as *West*, *Hibiscus*, *Youth*, *Changjiang Literary and Art Fiction*, and *ONE*.



朱文颖

Zhu Wenying

朱文颖，生于上海，国家一级作家。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。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细腻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。

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细腻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。

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 as well into English, 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.

参与中国作家：成都

Participating Chinese Authors: Chengdu



王国平

Wang Guoping

王国平，1976 年出生，当代著名传记作家、70 后代表诗人。四川江油人。著有非虚构作品《现在的我们——“5·12”大地震幸存者口述》，诗集《挽歌与颂辞》《琴歌》等十余部，其中《南怀瑾的最后 100 天》曾连续 5 周蝉联当当网全国畅销书排行榜冠军。作品曾获四川省“五个一工程”奖、四川文学奖、四川省人民政府社科奖、金芙蓉文学奖等。现居四川都江堰，系中国作家协会会员、中国诗歌学会理事、四川省作家协会全委会委员、省作协报告（非虚构）专委会委员、成都市作协副秘书长、《芙蓉锦江》副主编、《都江堰文学》执行主编、奎光书院院长。

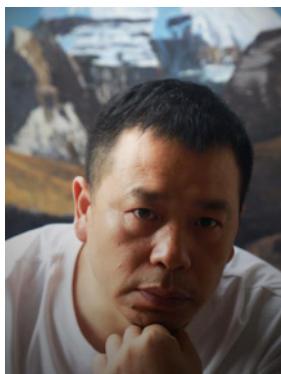
Wang Guoping, born in 1976, is a renowned contemporary biographer and a representative poet of the 70s era who hails from Jiangyou, Sichuan province. He has published non-fiction works, *Us Now- '5-12' Great Earthquake Survivors' Dedication* and poetry, *Elegy and Ode*, *Piano Song* and over a dozen others, of which *Nan Huaijin's Last 100 Days* was a national best seller on Dangdang.com for 5 consecutive weeks. His works have won the Sichuan Province "Five One Projects" Award, Sichuan Literature Award, Sichuan Province People's Government Social and Science Award, Golden Lotus Literature Award, amongst others. Currently living in Dujiangyan, Sichuan, he is a member of the Chinese Writers Association and the Chinese Poetry Society, a committee member of the Sichuan Provincial Writers Association Committee and the Provincial Writers Report (non-fiction), as well as the Deputy Secretary-General of the Chengdu City Writers Association, deputy editor of *Furong Jinjiang*, executive editor of *Dujiangyan Literature* and head of *Kuiguang Academy*.

卢一萍

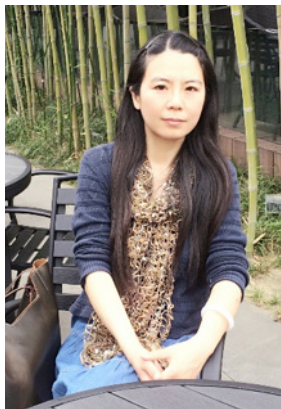
Lu Yiping

卢一萍，小说家，1972 年 10 月生，四川南江人。先后就读于解放军艺术学院文学系、上海首届作家研究生班。中国作家协会会员。有 20 余年军旅生活，后调任成都军区文艺创作室副主任。2016 年退役。巴金文学院、成都文学院签约作家。1992 年开始发表小说。

其小说创作多以中国西北边疆地区为背景，善于用先锋的写作手法揭示生活的真相，表现生活的荒诞，探索人类的孤独。出版有小说集、长篇小说、随笔集和长篇纪实文学等近二十部。作品曾获解放军文艺奖、中国报告文学大奖、上海文学奖、昆仑文艺奖、天山文艺奖等。



Lu Yiping, novelist, born in 1972, hails from Nanjiang, Sichuan. He studied at the PLA Academy of Arts Literature Department, then joined Shanghai's first postgraduate writers' programme and is a member of the Chinese Writers Association. Following more than 20 years of military life, he was promoted to the position of vice-director of the Chengdu Military District Literary and Artistic Studio and retired in 2016. He is a contracted writer of Ba Jin College and Chengdu College of Arts. He began writing novels in 1992. His novels are mainly set the northwest frontier area of China and are known for revealing life truths through pioneering writing techniques, as well as expressing the absurdity of life and exploring the loneliness of being human. He has published nearly 20 works including story collections, novels, essays and long documentary literature. His works have won the PLA Literary Award, the Chinese Reportage Awards, the Shanghai Literature Award, the Kunlun Literary Award, the Tianshan Literary award, among others.



袁远

Yuan Yuan

袁远，祖籍四川绵阳，生于北京，长于贵州，毕业于四川大学中文系，现居成都。在媒体工作 20 余年，为巴金文学院、成都文学院签约作家。有中短篇小说多篇发表于《人民文学》《十月》《收获》《青年文学》《中国作家》《山花》《大家》《西湖》等杂志，作品被多家文学选刊转载，并入选多种年度选本。已出版中短篇小说集《一墙之隔》、《单身汉董进步》、《纯属巧合》，长篇小说《亲仇》。获 2001 年成都市年度最佳小说奖，第六届四川文学奖。

Yuan Yuan, whose ancestral home is in Mianyang, Sichuan, was born in Beijing, grew up in Guizhou, graduated from the Chinese department of Sichuan University, and now lives in Chengdu. She worked in the media for more than 20 years and is a contracted writer of Ba Jin College and Chengdu College of Arts. Her many

short stories have been published in the People's Literature, October, The Harvest, Youth Literature, The Chinese Writer, The Mountain Flower, Everyone, The West Lake and other magazines and reprinted by many select literary magazines and collected in several annual anthologies. Her published novelettes include Separated by a Wall, Bachelor Dong's Progress, and Coincidence. Her novel Pro-revenge won the 2001 Chengdu Annual Best Novel Award and the Sixth Sichuan Literature Award.



罗伟章

Luo Weizhang

Luo Weizhang, born in 1967, was a teacher, editor, journalist, freelance writer, professional author, and now works in a literary magazine. His published works include novels *Hunger for Hundred Years*, *Don't be surprised*, *The Dance of the River*, *Sharpen the Point*, *Pinch the Point*, *Under the Sun*, *Blank Page* and *The History of Sound*. He has also written the novella collections *Our Growth* and *Spy*, the short story collection of *The pain between white cloud and green grass*, and the prose essays *Time to Uncover*, and *Roadside Book*. He has won the People's Literature Award, the Novel Monthly Hundred Award, the National Readers Favorite Novel Award, Pu Songling Literature Award, Chinese Best Prose Award, and his novels have been selected many times for the national novel ranking and the Chinese Literature Yearbook, the Global Chinese Novel Giant Series, and the National Fine Books Publishing Project. He is also honored as one of the National Literary and Artistic Masters and "Four of a Group" talents.

罗伟章，男，生于1967年，曾做教师、编辑、记者、自由撰稿人、专业作家，现供职于某文学杂志。著有长篇小说《饥饿百年》、《不必惊讶》、《大河之舞》、《磨尖掐尖》、《太阳底下》、《空白之页》、《声音史》等，中篇小说集《我们的成长》、《奸细》、中短篇小说集《白云青草间的痛》，散文随笔集《把时光揭开》、《路边书》。曾获人民文学奖、小说月报百花奖、全国读者最喜爱小说奖、蒲松龄文学奖、华文最佳散文奖等。小说多次入选全国小说排行榜、中国文学年鉴、全球华语小说大系、全国精品图书出版工程。系全国文艺名家暨“四个一批”人才。



蒋林

Jiang Lin

蒋林，男，生于1978年，四川南充人，现居成都。四川省作家协会会员，巴金文学院签约作家。出版有《故事或现实》《巢》《绝望收藏室》《在时间来到时踏上旅途》《隐蔽的脸》《乌有之乡》等多部作品。反映“5·12”汶川地震灾后重建的《共饮一江水》和《八闽铸金彭》，荣获第十二届四川省“五个一工程”特别奖；讲述“最美基层干部”菊美多吉的传记《菊美多吉和他的藏区梦》，荣获四川省第十三届“五个一工程”优秀图书奖；长篇小说《守望麦田》，入围首届“浩然文学奖”。

Jiang Lin, born in 1978, Nanchong, Sichuan, is currently living in Chengdu. As a member of Sichuan Provincial Writers' Association, and a contracted writer of Ba Jin Academy of Arts, he has published many works, including *Story or Reality*, *Nest*, *Despair Collection Room*, *In the Time to Embark on the Journey*,

Hidden Face, *Utopia*, and many others. His novels include *Drinking One Entire River* and *Ba Min Zhou Jinpeng*, which reflects the period of reconstruction following "5·12" Wenchuan earthquake disaster and won Sichuan Province's "Five One Projects" Special Award. His biography *Ju Mei Duo Ji and His Tibetan Dream* won the Sichuan Provincial 13th "Five One Projects" Outstanding Book Award. The novel *Watch the Wheatland* was nominated in the First HaoRan Literature Award.



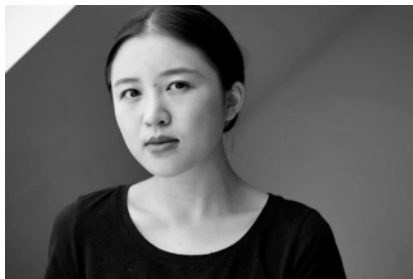
周恺

Zhou Kai

People: A tale in Two Parts and Hopelessly Blind have been translated into English by Bonnie Huie and Eleanor Goodman, respectively. He won the Fifth New Era Global Chinese Youth Literature Award (Hong Kong) in 2013, and the Youth Writing Award First Prize of Independent Chinese Pen Club in 2014, and he participated in the inaugural "Shanghai Project| Shanghai Seed" exhibition. He is a contracted writer of the Ba Jin College.

周恺, 生于 1990 年, 2012 年在《天南》第 9 期“方言之魅”发表小说处女作《阴阳人甲乙卷》, 后在国内多家刊物发表小说二十余万字, 其中《阴阳人甲乙卷》和《盲无正》分别由 Bonnie Huie 和 Eleanor Goodman 译为英文《Yin-Yang People: A Tale in Two Parts》、《Hopelessly Blind》。2013 年获 香港第五届新纪元全球华文青年文学奖, 2014 年获独立中文笔会青年写作奖一等奖, 2016 年参与首届“Shanghai project | 上海种子”展览, 2017 年巴金文学院签约作家。

Zhou Kai, born in 1990, released his first novel Yin-Yang People: A Tale in Two Parts in the 9th issue of Chutzpah magazine's "charm of dialect"-themed section in 2012. The novels Yin-yang



余幼幼

Yu Youyou

the collections Seven Years (2012) and I'm Bait (2016). Her work has been translated into several languages including English, Russian and Swedish. In 2009, she won the "Annual Avant-garde Poetry Award", awarded by Selective Poem Periodical. In 2010, she was ranked number one among the "Top Ten Avant-garde Poets" of those born in the 1990s. Youyou won the "Annual Poet Award" by Star Poetry in 2012 and the "Top Ten Young Poets of Sichuan" in 2013. Seven Years was selected by the Yangcheng Evening News in the "Annual Collection of Poems in Chinese Literature - List of 2012". Her work is often featured at home and abroad in publications such as, Poetry Periodical, Star Poetry, The Moment, Chutzpah, Chinese Poetry and Selective Poem Periodical. She is the founder of the Poetry Website for Chinese College Students.

余幼幼, 1990 年 12 月 22 日生于四川, 现居成都。2004 年开始诗歌创作, 出版诗集《7 年》《我为 诱饵》。作品被翻译为英语、俄语、瑞典语等。2009 年荣获《诗选刊》年度先锋诗人奖; 2010 年 90 后十大先锋诗人列为第一; 诗集《7 年》被《羊城晚报》评选 2012 华语文学榜年度诗集; 获 2012 年“星星诗刊”年度诗人奖; 2013 被评为“四川十大青年诗人”之一。作品散见于《诗刊》《星星》《今天》《天南》《汉诗》《诗选刊》等国内外多种刊物, 曾创办“大学生诗歌网”。

Yu Youyou, born in Sichuan in 1990, resides in Cheungdu. Youyou has been writing poems since the year 2004 and she has published



章泥

Zhang Ni

章泥，70后，生于四川渠县，现居成都。中国作家协会会员，巴金文学院签约作家，曾就读于鲁迅文学院高研班，在《十月》《钟山》《山花》《文艺报》等期刊发表多部中短篇小说，作品入选《2012年中国短篇小说精选》《四川省青年作家中短篇小说选》等，著有中短篇小说集《荒山菊》《尘归尘，土归土》，获第八届四川文学奖等奖项。近年多次参加中国与东亚、南亚国家的文学交流活动，有作品译作韩文。

Zhang Ni, born in the 1970s in Qu county, Sichuan, studied in the senior research class of the Lu Xun College of Arts, and is a contracted writer with the Ba Jin College of Arts and a member of the China Writers' Association. She has published several novellas in journals such as October, Zhong Mountain, The Mountain

Flower and The Literary Newspaper. Her works have been selected in the Chinese Short Stories in 2012 collection, and in "The short stories of the Youth writers in Sichuan province", etc. Her novellas Barren Mountain Chrysanthemum and Dust to Dust, Earth to Earth won the 8th Sichuan Literature Awards. In recent years, she has participated in international literary exchange activities held in China and across Asia. Some of her works have been translated into Korean.



翟永明

Zhai Yongming

翟永明，女，1955年出生于四川成都，中国当代优秀女诗人，1980年毕业于成都电讯工程学院（今电子科技大学），从某物理研究所辞职后曾旅居海外。1981年开始发表诗歌作品，1984年其组诗《女人》以独特奇诡的语言与惊世骇俗的女性立场震撼文坛。1998年于成都开设“白夜”酒吧文化沙龙，策划举办了一系列文学、艺术及民间影像活动。

其代表作品有《女人》、《在一切玫瑰之上》、《纽约，纽约以西》等诗歌、散文集10多部。翟永明2005年入选“中国魅力50人”，2010年入选“中国十佳女诗人”。2007年获“中坤国际诗歌奖A奖”；2011年获意大利 Ceppo Pistoia 国际文学奖，该奖评委会主席称翟永明为“当今国际最伟大的诗人之一”。

Zhai Yongming was born in Chengdu, Sichuan, in 1955. She graduated from Chengdu Telecommunications Engineering College (now known as the University of Electronic Science and Technology of China) in 1980. After resigning from a position in a physics research organization, she lived abroad for some years. She began to publish poetry in 1981, and in 1984 her poetry collection Women rocked the literary world with its unique and distinctive language. In 1998, she opened the White Nights bar and cultural space in Chengdu where she has coordinated many literary and cultural activities over the years. She has published 10 collections of poetry including Women, On All Roses and New York, New York, to the West. In 2005, she was included in the list of "China's Charming 50"; in 2007, she won the China Kun International Poetry Award; and in 2010, she was selected among China's Top 10 Female Poets. In 2011, the chairman of the Italian Ceppo Pistoia International Award described Zhai Yongming as "one of today's greatest international poets".

Writing Samples

from the Visiting European Writers

节选自 Richard Obermayr
所著《Das Fenster/The Window》一书



奥地利 Austria

Richard Obermayr

(第 80 页) 要讲我的故事，首先要谈谈我被迫放弃的生活，这样我才能成为今天的我。我将要讲述一个我不承认的爱情故事，一个我没有追寻的梦想。但我决定反对的生活曾唾手可得。我能感受到，我从来不孤单。我发现一旦我想到这样的生活会逃离我，到自己的世界去就难以忍受。因为我确信，所有的一起都不会失去，任何看起来白白流逝掉的东西都会在第二种隐秘的生活中持续发展。有另一个时空跟我们的时空并行，可能在某一个房间，在某一个相邻的街道，第二种仍未被认领的生活和我们的生活并道而行，它是现实生活的私生子，就像国王那被拐走的私生子，以一个假名成长着，之后为自己正了名，并宣示了王权。现在，我感到我应该对我的过去负责，我想知道它现在是否受到了很好的照料。我知道我应该守卫我的记忆，以防它们绑定在了别人身上，或者满溢了出来。我知道我应该全方位守卫我的生活，因为我隐约感应到有另一个人，在我身后，离我很近，要对我的生活宣示主权，要和我的记忆一起合谋对抗我。我害怕那被抛弃的生活会回过头来对我宣示主权。就像我每次要忽视什么的时候，我就会感受到犹豫，会对抗他，拒绝他，并从来不会回去找他，不管他那时正在做什么，以及他能做什么，都近在咫尺。我感受到了他的存在。但我几乎听不到他的声音。

(第 159 页) 那年夏天，我发现了一些我没想到事情，显然只是为了我的事情。一天早上，马戏团的马车在老 Burgher 医院的草坪上被排成半圆形。男人们都卖力地从车上搬下物料，堆放在一起，好搭建帐篷。帐篷杆、防水油布、绳索、电缆、塞子和索具被扔在草坪上，但是看起来一切很快就会就绪。所有清晰的，合理的意图和计划，像任何突然的顿悟，像任何一个梦，像疯狂的瞬间，建立一个马戏团的事也同样等待着被从巨大可能性中召集起来投入现实。一瞬间，在眼前我看到了一个充满怪诞的，无止境的夏天，疑惑着这怎么可能呢：时间只从难以计数的库存中攫取了一小部分，但也正是它需要的那么多，这样时光的涓涓细流才不会干涸。马戏团的人只在两根杆子之间搭了一根细绳索，而有着巨大储备量的疯狂仍然未被开发。我想象着，我看到的一切，在过去的几年里，只有当时间放松了它的控制，把它交给日子时，才会变得明显：它们所保留的各种可能性的令人不安的记录。

(第193页)在我所有的记忆里,杂技演员们突然出现在了眼前,在空中变得浓烈起来,在我看向母亲卧室的目光下,但是在她的提示下,我目光漂浮起来,就像在一根隐形的绳上,注视着所有这些日子,而我屏住呼吸,跟随她的动作,颤栗和诧异。他们检票后,很快,就像时间太短不够他们展示他们所有把戏似的,开始了他们的表演。开始时,两个人手拉手并肩走着。他们的僵硬的,有力的舞步,就像在帕凡舞中,被一连串快速的握手和其他舞步所取代。最后,他们面对面站立,双手交互放在对方肩上,以这样的姿势站定。他们围绕着环形的边缘,望向观众,其他杂技演员在一旁候场。他们一个接着一个,转过头,进入圈里,我感觉到他们好像要被从我身边带走,好像他们的表演正把他们从我身边召唤走,从我身边一次带走一个。下一个演员,就像先前的演员一样,向后仰着,就像突然被拉着一样,不能抗拒地被拖向舞台中间。他一只脚抬起翻转了一个身,下一步保持住了平衡。每当一个演员离开他的位置,我都感觉失去了一段记忆。我从过去中意识另一件事停止了,在这场表演中的得到了庇护,成为这个怪异现实中占主导的一部分,好像某一时刻它将周边所有都拉了进来,好像在舞台边候场的杂技演员是许多要求过这种生活中的一员,现在在聚光灯下,梦想成真,就像我的整个生活都聚集在了这里,好像它无处停放,只好被举在某人的肩膀上。我的记忆从四面八方涌现过来。我看到一个演员在帮另一个套上马镫,而另一个在假装正在骑上马。因此,我们在赛马场的日子正被存放进这一幕,我不再欠那个夏天的任何东西了,我不需要记住它的任何事。和其他人一起,他们退回到能更好组合在一起的位置,以免其中任何一点落到别人身上,以免在一个记忆围绕自己旋转的世界里,在一个没有任何事和任何人能再搅动的过去里,失去任何东西。我们的整个生活只剩下一个房间,只有一天,在这个房间里,就像一种疾病,一遍又一遍地折磨着我们,感情从一个房间传到另一个房间。最后,我觉得,我们生活中曾经认为重要的一切,似乎都集中在一个漫长而怪异的时刻,在这一时刻,每一个记忆和感觉都被难以名状的亲密所吸引。现在开场鼓声基本已经听不到了。越来越浓重的沉默替代了音乐声和吵闹声。沉默像一阵寒意蔓延开来,冻住了它所及之处,绕过了圈子,翻过了人群。站立的人群寂静。或许,最后,他们希望我也能放弃对活着的坚持。到现在,演员们的表演更丰富、更精彩了,呈现了一个更为深入和美丽的世界。在一个跳跃和转身的动作后,最后两个演员加入了队列中,毫无保留,和多年的训练才造就了如消失的一样美好的一刻。最终,只有这闪耀的时刻留存了下来,随着一个让人目不转睛的平衡,演员们突然定住不动,手臂展开,向观众的掌声致敬,一个令人惊奇的成功时刻,除去所有的努力,从黑暗中切割出一圈光。他们保持这个姿势不动,互相抓住对方的手,站在各自肩上,他们的脚撑在各自的臀部上,他们水平地探出身体,托举着和被托举着,好像他们很快通过肢体编织成了一个整体,事实上很多单一的表现形式出现在了开场表演中独自走进圈子中心那个演员身上。

(就像剪纸一样展开,所有的形象联结在了一起,但愿被这样狭窄的连结。)这样的画面或许仅仅维持了几秒,但已足够意识到这样的时刻抢救了它之前所有的时刻。我生活的所有片段,从童年到我在维也纳的那几年,都在这一刻得到庇护,在演员们的手中,在一个平衡点里,那是我已经进入的所有方向的精确中心,在我曾经怜悯过的情绪中,在所有我曾渴望但又遗弃了的事物中。只要演员们保持同一个姿势,他们就会成为一体,获救了,他们的生活都被提升成了一个整体的生命层次,而我自己也感觉到好像从这个空间中消失了,被消灭了。演员们摊开手作邀请状。我的整个生活都是他们的了。在他们徒劳的尝试下,我经常处在生在这个世界上只是

为了和他们一起死去的边缘。这一次我成功了，我的生活已经完全被记忆取代了。

我已经失去了所有，我的梦想，我的看法，因为所有关于我的生活我要说的或能说的，关于我曾经是怎么样的，都在那个圈子里。就好像我一直都坐在那里，等待着自己，等待着那个选定我的生活，从座位间的狭窄通道挤过来，唤醒我，就像我刚被启动一样。这里没有过去，没有生活，除了这散着锯末的地面，没有别的夏天，没有别的天空。只有圈里的光线，演员戏服上亮片的闪光，动物的气味，新鲜的锯屑以及汗水。其他的都消失不见了。我看见我们站在那里，来自不同年代的父亲们、母亲们和儿子们，都进入到了这个最终的画面，如我们希望的那样。我们在光线下挤在一起，置身于漂浮的镁粉中。而我们的周围，一片黑暗。我们在这个灯火辉煌的小岛避难。我看见我们，聚在一起，在生活前最后深深地鞠了一躬，彼此依偎着，悲伤而疲惫。没人动。我听见了一声柔和的号角声。这个画面开始动摇，动作突然从画面的边缘切入，一秒一秒地，画面开始溶解，并沉入了黑暗的河流，并且顺水漂走了。被汹涌的水流卷入，被拉入了悲伤的音乐中。我的父亲，把我驼在肩上，前倾着身体把我放了下来。身后的树渐渐凋谢了。我已经看够了。我母亲，和我父亲手挽手走着，从旁边走开了。池塘已经消失了。我扶父亲站起来。我们身后，我母亲站在那里拍打外套上的落雪。冰雪溶解了。当音乐停下来时，一对跳舞的伴侣分开了，突然，好像有一只无形的手静静地放在了树枝上，好像一只乐器的琴弦发出最后的一个长音符，它也就沉默了。乐师们鞠躬致敬。在舞台中心的两个杂技演员是最后的表演者。我记得他们的黑色戏服，在胸部位置装饰有褶子流苏。我感觉他们好像在犹豫，等着我父亲点头，好像在为最后的从杂技演员变身木匠助手的一事请求他的允许。他们一个抬着我母亲的肩膀，一个抓着她的脚，轻柔地将她放进了棺材里。（她被放进了棺材，棺材在她腰部位置打开，她又在底部的一半位置，就像一个扑克牌上的人物。）正是这个记忆最终战胜了其它记忆，使一切无关的都消失了。我站在我父亲身后，想起窗外栗树的树叶里透出的光线。动物和锯末的味道从屋里消失了。渐渐的，人声和吵闹声也从屋里消失了。被锯掉的一半年轻妇女被抬进棺材里。我母亲已经去世好几年了，但是她的棺材还在被抬着往下走。那一天有许多木器。现在这个棺材就像一艘沉重的船带着呻吟从船台滑落一样，被送进了海里。灵车的离开是给铜管乐队的音乐家们的提示。前一次，他们的脚步听起来很轻快，就像从房子里走出来的客人们一样，在庆祝的时候，房子里的房间就像大骰子一样被扔进了夜里，椅子和桌子都被音乐搅动起来。现在他们像强盗一样溜出房子，用乐器把一切声音运走了。我应该在他们的音乐都消逝之前加入他们。不久之后，安静平稳的生活来了。他们来收集我的声音，和他们一起歌唱，而我却被留在无声地留在屋子里，世界上的管弦乐退场了，离开了小镇。房间里的光线缓慢地漏出来了。日子就像公园里波塞冬喷泉里的水一样沉了下去，那里的水在厦末被排干了。但是即使整片海洋都退潮了，海湾沙土中的游泳池也会留下一些水位下降的痕迹，落雨还是会在沙滩上留下无数个水洼。迷你螃蟹们仍会蜷缩在海藻间，被海水的突然退潮惊吓到，搁浅在沙滩，缓慢地张合着他们的钳子。这就是我们。

**Excerpts from
Das Fenster (The Window)
by Richard Obermayr, translated into
English by Jake Schneider**

(p. 80)

To tell my story, I would first have to talk about the life I was forced to vacate and renounce so I could become who I am today. I would have to tell the story of a love I did not admit to myself, a dream I did not pursue. But the life I decided against was close at hand. I was never alone; I could feel it. I found it unbearable to think that this life could have its own world where it could escape from me. For I was positive that, all told, nothing gets lost; that everything that appears to trickle away without consequence keeps growing in a second, hidden life; that there is a time that passes alongside time, in some room, on some adjacent street, a second still-unclaimed life proceeding parallel to ours, the bastard child of our reality, like the illegitimate progeny of a king who has been spirited away, raised under an assumed name, who then identifies himself and lays claim to the throne. Today, I feel responsible for my past; I want to know it is in good hands. I know I should keep watch over my memories so they don't bind to someone else, so they don't overflow; I know I should keep watch of my life from all sides because I have an inkling there is somebody else beyond me, close by, laying claim to that life, conspiring with my memories against me. I am afraid of that rejected life that has returned to lay claim on me. As whenever I had neglected something, I could feel myself hesitating, resolving against him, disclaiming him, and never referring back to him even though what he was doing at that moment, and what he was capable of, were in arm's reach; I felt his presence. I hardly missed hearing his voice.

(p. 159)

That summer, I discovered something I had not expected, something apparently intended only for me. One morning, the circus wagons were lined up in a semicircle on the lawn behind the old Burgher Hospital. The men were hard at work unloading the trucks and gathering the materials to pitch the

tent. Tent poles, rolled up tarpaulins, ropes, cables, and blocks and tackles were spread out on the lawn, but it seemed as if everything were ready at once, all the clear, rational intentions and plans to erect the circus like any sudden epiphany, any dream and any flash of madness, which were likewise waiting to be summoned instantly into reality from the enormous reserve of possibilities. In a flash, I saw before me a summer of endless, grotesque diversity and wondered how it could be possible that time extracts but a small share of this immeasurable stock, exactly as much as it needs so that this constant trickle of seconds never runs dry and the people from the circus only stretch a single narrow rope between the two poles while the vast reserve of madness goes untapped. I imagined that I had seen what would only become evident in retrospect, years past us, when time loosens its grip and gives itself to the days: the unsettling tally of their withheld possibilities.

(p. 193)

The acrobats had suddenly come to the forefront in all my memories, thickening in the air, in my eyes that gazed into my mother's room, but at her prompting, my gaze floated as if on an invisible rope above all the days, while I held my breath and followed each of her movements, trembling and marveling.

They charged in, and then, quickly, as if short on time to show off all their tricks, they began their act. First, two of them walked side by side holding hands. The stiff dignity of their steps, as in a pavane, gave way to a rapid series of grips and moves. Finally, they stood face to face, placed their hands on each other's shoulders, and halted in that position. Spaced around the edge of the ring, looking out to the audience, the other acrobats were waiting. One by one they turned around and entered the ring, and I felt as if they were being taken away from me, as if their act were summoning them from me, removing them from me one at a time. The next acrobat, like each of his predecessors, fell backwards as if he were being pulled suddenly, irresistibly, into the center. He spun around on one leg and caught his balance with another step. Each time an acrobat left his spot, I felt I was losing a memory, and another piece that I had recognized from my past broke off and took shelter in this act, becoming part of this singular reality that had prevailed over the rest, as if one moment were drawing in all the others, as if the acrobats waiting at the edge were the many lives required to live this one life, which was now in the spotlight, which was now coming true, as if my entire life were now gathering there, as if it had nowhere to rest except hoisted up on someone's shoulders. My memories streamed in from all sides. I saw one acrobat helping another into a stirrup, while the second pretended he was mounting a horse. And so it was that our days at the horse track were being deposited into this act, and I no longer owed that summer anything, I didn't need to remember anything else about it. With the others, they withdrew to where they could cohere better, lest any of it fall

to someone else, lest anything get lost in a world where memories revolve around themselves, in a past from which nothing and nobody could stir any longer. Our whole life withdrew to just one room, just one day, in which, like a sickness suffered over and over afresh, feelings were passed from one to the next.

Finally, it seemed to me as if everything we'd once held important in our lives had been clumped into one long, bizarre hour in which the nameless intimacy of every memory and feeling was concentrated.

The drum that had introduced the act was hardly audible now. A growing hush displaced the music and the noise. It spread, migrated like a chill that freezes all it touches, across the ring and up the rows of spectators. The voices in the stands went silent. Perhaps, in the end, they expected that I too would quit my insistence on living. By now, the acrobats' displays were much richer and more spirited, a world of greater depth and beauty. When, with a jump and a spin, the last two acrobats joined the group, there was nothing left, and the years of training that had led to this moment were as good as extinguished. At last, only this luminous moment was alive, a gaped-at equilibrium in which the acrobats suddenly froze stiff and, their arms extended, submitted themselves to the audience's applause, a moment of surprising success, apart from all the effort, cut out from the darkness by a circle of light. They held still in this pose, grasping each other's hands, standing on each other's shoulders, their feet propped on each other's hips; they leaned out horizontally, carrying and being carried, as if at last they had swiftly transformed into an entity woven from all their limbs or indeed the many manifestations of a single being that had emerged from the one acrobat who had walked alone into the center of the ring at the opening of the act. (Like a paper cutting unfolded at once, all the figures were linked, if only by such narrow connections.) This image might have lasted for just a few seconds, but that was enough to realize that this moment had salvaged all the others before it, that all the episodes of my life, from my childhood to my years in Vienna, had taken refuge in this one moment, in the hands of the acrobats, in one point of equilibrium, the precise center of all the directions I had moved in, of all the moods at whose mercy I had been, of everything I had once desired and then discarded. For as long as the acrobats held this position, they all seemed united, rescued, all their lives having ascended into one life, and I myself felt as though extinguished, eradicated from that space. The acrobats spread their hands in invitation. My entire life was theirs. In their fruitless attempts, I myself was often on the verge of being born into the world only to die with them. This time I had succeeded. My life had been fully replaced by the memory of my life.

I had lost everything, my own dreams and views, because everything that I had to say or could say about my life, about who I was, was there in that ring.

As if I had always been sitting there all along waiting for myself, for a life that selected me, squeezed through the narrow rows of seats, and awakened me, as if I had just gotten started.

There was no past, no life beyond this sawdust-strewn floor, no other summer, no other sky. There was only the light in the ring and the glint of the sequins on the acrobats' costumes and the smell of animals, fresh sawdust, and sweat; everything else was gone. I saw us standing there, fathers, mothers, and sons from different years, all of us having fled to this final image, as far from that day as we wanted to be. We crowded together in the light amid the floating white magnesium powder. Around us, it was dark. We had taken refuge on this brightly lit island. I saw us, assembled for one last deep bow before life, leaning on each other, sad and exhausted. Nobody stirred.

Then I heard a soft fanfare. The image began to shift, movement broke out in its edges, and second by second it dissolved and sank into the dark river and drifted off, caught in a roaring current, to the strains of sad music.

My father, who had been carrying me on his shoulders, leaned forward and let me off. The tree behind us faded. I had seen enough. My mother, who had been walking arm in arm with my father, split off and moved to the side. The pond had disappeared. I helped my father to his feet. Behind us, my mother stood and beat the snow off her coat. The ice thawed. When the music stopped, a dancing couple parted, and suddenly, as if an invisible hand had been quietly laid on the twigs and branches like the strings of an instrument sounding a long final note, it fell silent there too. The musicians took their bows.

The two acrobats in the center were the last to be released. I remember their black costumes, fringed with gray frills at the chest. I felt as though they were hesitating, waiting for a nod from my father, as if seeking his permission for this final transformation from acrobats into two carpenter's assistants. They held my mother's shoulders and legs and placed her softly in the casket. (She is laid out in a casket, which is open to her waist. There she is again in the bottom half, mirrored like a playing-card figure.) It was this memory that eventually prevailed over the rest and made everything unrelated disappear. I stood behind my father and remembered the light that filtered through the leaves of the chestnut tree outside the window. The smell of animals and sawdust left the house. In a steady procession, voices and noises left the house; the sawed-in- half young women were carried out in caskets. It has been years now since my mother died, but her casket is still being carried down the steps.

Plenty of carpentry that day. Now the casket is being launched into the years the way a heavy ship slides down from the slipway with a groan. The hearse's

departure is the cue for the musicians from the brass band. The previous time, their steps sounded buoyant like those of guests walking out of a house lit up in celebration, and with them the rooms that the house threw into the night like great dice, chairs and tables whisked up by the music. Now they abscond from the house like marauders, carrying all sounds away in their instruments. I must join them before their music fades altogether. Before long, quiet and tranquil days arrive. They come to collect my voice. It sings along with them, and I am left mute in the house. The orchestra of the world has withdrawn and left town.

The room slowly leaks out. The day sinks like the water of Poseidon Fountain in the park, which is drained at the end of the summer. But even if a whole sea retreats and the falling water level leaves behind pools in the sand of the bay, tiny crabs will remain tucked among the seaweed, startled by the sea's abrupt withdrawal, stranded on the beach, slowly opening and closing their claws. That is who we are.

节选自 Isabelle Wéry 所著《Marilyn Deboned》一书

比利时 Belgium



Isabelle Wéry

我的爱人，

在开始我们 6 到 8 年的甜蜜时光之前，在此我第一次写信给你，我还不知道你是谁，更没见过你，你也不知道我的存在，但我正在守卫我们的爱情，我正在考虑我们的将来，正将我自己准备好来爱你，来嫁给你，将我完美的胴体呈现给你，我是如此爱慕你。

Marilyn Turkey

我的爱人，

让我说清楚吧，我想要一件盛大的白色婚纱。婚纱里面我要穿上白色蕾丝材质的紧身衣，完美勾勒出我的女性线条。对，就像第二层皮肤，有点像我在健身课上穿的那件。但是我讨厌健身课那件，因为那件衣服会在我屁股位置收缩、折叠，使我肉乎乎的大腿都裸露出来了。我的两条腿完全露在外边，使得我很难做侧手翻、劈叉、翻跟斗。在我看来不受控制的躯体和摆动的如白花香肠、翅膀一样的双腿都限制住了我的动作，我的注意力。为什么我要被迫向全班展示我保留给你的那部分身体呢？穿着这件白色蕾丝紧身衣，感受会非常不同。还有在结婚时我不再有这双小猪腿了。在但此时，我仍然是一个没有感情的缺胳膊少腿的泥塑，等待着、盼望着，我的爱人，等待和盼望着将要发生的事。

我唯一担心的问题是大米。

我曾仔细地注意到 Poupy 婶婶婚礼上的大米，被洒得到处都是，我可以肯定甚至在褐色的洞里也有。你能想象新婚之夜，她被大米粘连住，脸上的妆容被弄花，指甲下也嵌进大米，谁知道怎么会有一颗小小的米粒胆敢出现在这个本不该出现的位置。哦，Bent 叔叔橙色盒子中的粗俗大米 ... 在你人生最美丽的一天溜进你身体最柔软的部位！

你看，以上就是我想跟你说清楚的事情啦。

我想了很多。

我相信这并不会影响我们美好的爱情。

Marilyn Turkey

另一封信：我的房子

你知道什么是那不勒斯冰激凌吗？

不要和那不勒斯歌剧搞混了啊！

那不勒斯冰激凌是一种有 3 种不同口味的意大利冰激凌蛋糕。

3 种基底，3 种口味，最上层点缀着甜味的榛子碎。真的很美味，有时我会像意大利人一样会专门到餐厅去吃。我的房子也正如那不勒斯冰激凌一样，有 3 层，3 种不同风味，还有一个平平的屋顶，上面不时会有小鸟飞下来。第一层是地下室，用作车库和洗衣房。说到气味，这一层到处都散发臭味。是因为下水管道穿插在房子中间。他们说管道里住着蛇。他们说在邻居家发生过一条蛇爬下来缠绕在一个坐在罐子上的人的屁股上的事情。你相信这种事么？那么，当我放松地躺进浴缸时，我不知道这种情况会以什么形式发生在我身上。这种情况将不可避免地发生在我身上。它会发生的，因为我不像别人，一些重要的事情将要发生时，我知道我能感应到。

在洗衣房，有一台冰箱，一台洗衣机，一个手风琴。我知道怎么弹奏手风琴，怎么说呢，我觉得弹奏音乐非常简单：你只需要在正确的时间把你的手指放在正确的位置就好了。对于像我一样相当守时和一丝不苟的人来说，弹奏乐器这件事比其他人简单很多。所以我会弹奏手风琴，特别是“欢送玛利亚”一曲，就像是为我量身定做的一样，每次当我弹奏这首曲子，甚至冰箱里的冻鱼都开始骚动了。我可以说是相当的印象深刻。一种音乐带来的庄严的感觉从这个黑白相间的，臭烘烘就像一张臭嘴一样的小手风琴中传递出来，带动所有活物的身体和灵魂一起爆发出如烟花般绚烂的情绪。这首“欢送玛利亚”非常有魔力，显然这是一首圣歌，所以我父亲就会说道：“你看，宗教还是有好的方面。”这确实让我感到困惑，因为我一直以来是抵触宗教的。我并不想就这事做什么确认。因为教堂里的神父讲述的故事让我流泪。当我流泪时，我变得相当柔弱，这时他就可以从我嘴里套出任何他想听的话，因为此时我变得非常需要依靠一些抚慰。啊，这变成了一种内心的挣扎！你需要待人和善，甚至是对那些刻薄对你的人。这太难了！老实说这让我感到愤怒。我应该在我弟弟烦我的时候给我最喜欢的笔吗？没门，打他一顿还差不多，把我弟和神父都打一顿。以眼还眼，以牙还牙。我会留着我的笔，你去玩你的玩具车！脑子进水了！是的，脑子进水了。

就像污水使一楼的管道肿胀一样，污水也让我弟的脑子肿胀了。可怜的小家伙，他太不幸了。医生曾经对我母亲说过：“这个孩子有个大脑袋。”我可以看得出来母亲也一点不喜欢他的大脑袋。我顺着他脑子上连接处检查过，但没发现任何异常。是的，他脑袋很大，但是没有变得嗖嗖作响，就像在水面漂浮的浮筒。我弟弟能正常小便，正常地哭，正常地淌口水和出汗。但是如果医生说...而我，在洗衣房内，弹奏着“欢送玛利亚”，看着我家的三层楼。音乐抚慰着我未发育的乳房，抚慰着我淋漓而下的大汗...音乐像只信天翁在我头顶盘旋...

我的爱人

当你双手紧紧抱住我时，这非常美妙。
你的整个身体会和我的相拥在一起
你的肉体会和我的紧紧贴在一起
就像棉花糖和太妃糖连在一起一样
这很好
一连串红色的唇印会随着你的吻遍布我的脖子
在你耳蜗内，我那神秘的语言会在里面打转
对此你并不会懂得
接着我会对说
找寻吧，我的男孩，找寻那些我对你说的。
你那愉悦的，饱经考验的脸
会轻微抽搐着点下头
这很好
芳香的甘香酒注满我们的酒杯 你用右手一滴滴地把这甘露倒入我的喉咙 如果我把
手 ... 把我的手 ... 放在你跳动的喉结上，我 ... 他妈的，他妈的。
第二层是厨房
高高的橱柜上放着汽车杂志
展示着女人坐在红色汽车里的照片
一个金鱼缸放在橱柜上，
这条鱼的兄弟已经死了，它也决定自杀
它从鱼缸里跳出来
把自己拍在地板上，就像一个红黄色的卵黄
我大叫起来
金丝雀也死了
它从笼子里逃出来时，我们想要抓住它，结果折断了它的脖子
脖子断了
鸟儿死了
也是黄色的
像鱼卵一样

我为自己准备了一杯英式茶 加了些牛奶。此时我正好从我碗柜上的“如何学习英语”一书上看见“一杯茶”这组词。被遗忘的杯子，UFO 形状的被子在普通咖啡杯中间。在那儿，我的“一杯茶”“从那个被遗忘的角落被挖出来，我在里面倒上水，并加了一些茶叶和奶，是的，加的是牛奶。这杯淡褐色的液体变得有点苦了。接着我开始幻想所有的安格尔西岛民，幻想所有养黑牛的英国岛民说”请随意享用“，幻想着圣诞夜的填馅料的火鸡，薄荷蛋糕，橙子馅的巧克力 ...
“斯密斯太太在家吗？”

“没有，她已经死了，死在她的小厨房。”

“Mustard 上校，Mustard 上校在哪里呢？！”当我妈妈进来后，她对我的英式茶感到震惊，她根本不知道那是什么。牛奶、柠檬，还有这种草本 和苦涩的味道 ... 不，

妈妈，我没有吸食可卡因、海洛因或冰毒，柠檬是用来泡茶的，柠檬茶，奶茶。你懂吗？但是她并没有懂，她只是一个厨师，在家烹饪的厨师。

猫也死了。我摸着它的尸体，它已经变得很硬了。是我发现了它，它死在篮子里，就像留在罐子里的死沙丁鱼一样。我将小猫的尸体放在我凹陷的肚子上。对这具硬得像陈面包一样的尸体你有什么想做的。你坐在那里，坐在它面前，所有你想做的只是想要知道它从哪里来？又要到哪里去？在最初的时候它是什么样的？接着你把手指伸进小猫的肛门里，就像温度计一样，探测她的身体内是否还有温度。接着你想到，这只猫，它已经孤独地死去了。你检查它是否吃完了它的食物。你可以闻到它并没有多臭。

接着你哭了，
时间流逝，
接着你开始考虑将要对它做什么

当你妈妈来的时候，她把小猫的尸体放进了垃圾桶 我和我弟弟对此做出了反抗，我们把它从垃圾桶里拿了出来，使它重见天日

我们将他埋了
就像安葬女王，安葬国家首脑，安葬比利时的国王一样安葬了它

我们以隆重的仪式埋葬了它
我弟弟手握他的布兔子，看着死去的猫
我们两个都感受到，此时是非常重要的一个时刻
生活继续
在死去的小猫和柔软的布兔子的沉默下继续
葬礼结束了，我以狂风暴雨般的心情骑上了自行车。
哦，我的爱人

我的自行车，当我和 Coraly 一起野餐时我最喜欢它了。我们一直踩着脚踏板，直到另一个人离开视线，就稍作停留，拿出食物放在地上，等着一起食用，再一起骑车驰骋。Coraly 是我一个很有趣的朋友。和她在一起，你可以有很多幻想。她绘画非常好，她的父亲是一个建筑师。她有一个姐姐，一个哥哥。他们会为了保护 Coraly 做任何事。嗯，我也想要一个姐姐。她的哥哥，有一辆红色运动款的敞篷车，它小得像一粒灌肠剂，但是它加起速来就像黑夜中的闪电。她的哥哥不是很友好，所以我妈妈不想我坐上他的车。有时他会对我到处照看 Coraly 一事感到抓狂，他当然更愿意有自己的空间好跟女孩子们约会。而对于我，他根本都不看我，因为他是一个成年男子了。Coraly 还有一只小小的金黄色毛发的漂亮但愚蠢的狗，我讨厌这只弓形脑门的狗。我讨厌它是因为 Coraly 会用舌头亲吻它而不是我，当它在我 and Coraly 中间睡觉时，我会用力捏它的蛋蛋，让它知道 我讨厌它挤在我们中间，这样它就会走开 ...

哦，我的爱人，

你没有在这条狗身体里，

你在哪里呢，我的爱人？

Marilyn Deboned

Isabelle Wéry Translated from the French by Astrid Howard

MY LOVE,

From the sweetness of my 6-8 years, I write this first letter to you. I do not yet know you. I have never seen you.

You do not even know that I exist. But me, I am watching out for us. I am thinking about us. I am preparing myself to love you. To marry you.

And to give my perfect woman's body to you. I adore you.

Marilyn Turkey.

MY LOVE,

Let's be clear.

I want a big white wedding dress.

Underneath, I will wear a white lace leotard that will cling to my perfect woman's body. Yes, a sort of xtra second skin, a little like the one that I wear in gym class. But I hate the one from gym class. It bunches up in my bum, and my piggy legs are completely naked. Confronted with my legs in the air, I find it very difficult to do a cartwheel, the splits, somer- saults; always in my sight, they entangle my movements, my concentration in an anarchistic bodily mix-up, in a fluttering of white sausage wings. Why am I obliged to show the whole class the parts of my body that I am saving for you?...

As to the white lace leotard, the sensation will be completely different. And then, by the time we get married, I won't have these piggy legs any more; for the moment, I am still an ungrateful piece of plasticine, without head or tail, but wait and see, My Love, wait and see what is to come...

The only question I have is about the rice.

I carefully observed the rice at Aunt Poupy's wedding... There was rice everywhere even in the brown hole, I'm sure. Can you imagine the wedding night she must have had with all those grains of rice stuck, incorporated into her make-up, under her ingrown nails, and who knows, yes, perhaps

a tinynyny little grain that dared to infiltrate there where it shouldn't have! Oh, vulgar little grain of Uncle Bent's in its orange box... Which slips into the softest part of yourself on the most beautiful day of your life.

You see, I want to be clear with you. I think a lot. Chance will have no impact on the perfection of our love. Marilyn T.

Another letter: MY HOUSE

Do you know what a "Neapolitan ice cream" is? Don't confuse it with "Neapolitan Opera", huh?

No. A Neapolitan ice cream is an ice cream cake from Italy which has three different tastes.

3 floors, 3 flavours, its top sprinkled with sugared hazelnut bits.

It's really delicious. Sometimes, I eat it in restaurants for Italians.

Well, my house is like a Neapolitan ice cream: 3 floors, 3 flavours and a flat roof where the nut-birds alight.

So: First Floor, the basement, the garage and the laundry room.

As to the flavour, it stinks, everywhere. Because of the drain water in all the hose-pipes that pierce the belly of my house. They say that there are snakes that live in the pipes. They say that it happened in my neighbourhood that a snake came and licked the bum of someone who was sitting on the pot. Can you believe that... ? Well, when I'm lying cushy in my bath, I don't know how what could happen to me. What unavoid- ably will happen to me. It WILL HAPPEN to me because I am NOT like everyone else and something important IS GOING to happen to me. I can feel it. I know it.

In the laundry room, There is a freezer, a washing machine, an organ.

I know how to play the organ. Anyhow, to make music is super easy: you just have to put your fingers in the right places at the right times. For someone who is fairly punctual and precise like I, it is thus relatively easy. And so, I play the organ. Especially the Ave of Maria. I'm made for it. It's true. When I play it, even the fish in the freezer are troubled. I would even say, impressed. A musical majesty comes out of this black and white organette – which also stinks, like a musty mouth – and explodes with fireworks of emotion playing with the body and soul of all that is alive. And the Ave of Maria, it's powerful, you know. Apparently, it's a religious thing. So my father said, "You see,

religion also has its good sides!" That confused me. It's true. Because I'd turned against religion. And I DO NOT want to make my confirmation. Because of the priest. In church, he tells stories that make me want to cry, and when I cry, I become even weaker and then the priest, he can make me swallow anything he wants because I need so much to believe in something that reassures me. Oh, it's an internal fight. And then you always have to be kind even to those who are mean to you... It's hard! It pisses me off, frankly. I should give my favourite pen to my brother

When he's bugging me? No way. Punch him, yeah. My brother and the priest. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, I'll keep my pen, and you go play with your cars! Hydrocephalus head!

Yes. "HYDROCEPHALUS HEAD" .

If the water makes the pipes on the first floor swell, the water also makes my brother's head swell. Poor li'l guy, he's so unlucky. It was the doctor who said to my mother that "the child has a big head." I could see that my mother didn't like that at all. Me, I have examined my brother along all his suture-seams, and I have not seen anything abnormal. Yes, his head is very big, but it doesn't go swish-swosh, huh, like a buoy filled with water. And my brother pisses normal, cries normal, drools normal, sweats. But if the doctor said...

And me, in the bowels of the laundry room, I belch forth my Ave of Marias in the face of the 3 floors of my house. And the music soothes the savage breasts... My music soothes my savage sweats... My music floats in the head like an albatross...

"8. 9. 8. 6. 8. 9. 8. 6. 11. 9..."

My Love,

When you will clasp me in your arms, it will be magnificent.
The whole length of your body will embrace my woman's forms... Your flesh will stick to mine like marshmallow taffy.

It will be good.

A swarm of red kisses will gallop around my neck;

In the inner recesses of your ears, my mysterious grammar will gambol of which you will understand nothing, And I will say to you, "Search, my boy, search for what I am saying to you." Your delighted, tormented face Will shake with divine little convulsions. It will be good. Floral elixirs will fill our glasses.

Your right paw will pour, drop by drop, the precious nectars Deep into my gullet... If I put my hand? If I put my hand on... If I put it... On the throbbing of your throat... I... I... I...

Fuck. Fuck. ON THE SECOND FLOOR,

The kitchen.

(It is to this second floor, what my panties are to...)

High on the high kitchen cabinet, car magazines.

Photos of women in red cars.

Goldfish bowl on the counter top.

His brother, the one who is already dead, he committed suicide.

Out of the bowl, he jumped. Squashed on the floor like a red yellow yolk. I cried. The canary is also dead. Escaped from its cage, we tried to catch it and broke its neck. Broken neck. Bird dead. Also yellow. Like the fish-yolk. I prepare myself some English tea.

With cow's milk. I found the "cup of tea" from my "How to Learn English" book at the back of a cupboard; forgotten cup, anachronistic ufo-cup in the middle of the common, common coffee cups. There, my "cup of tea" exhumed from its forgotten corner, I filled it with water flavoured with the herb and milk. Cow's milk, yes. Gently brown, the liquid became bitter. Then I dreamed all the Anglesmen, all the "Yes with pleasure", all the Britains isles peopled with black crows they say, I dreamed the Christmas nights with stuffed turkeys, mint cakes and chocolates with orange...

"Is Mrs. Smith home?" "No, she's dead. In the little kitchen." "Colonel Mustard, where is Colonel Mustard? ? !"

When my mother arrives, I gun her down with the look she gives my tea and my Britain that she doesn't understand at all. The milk, the lemon, the smell herbaceous and bitter... No, Mummy, I didn't take coke, or hero, or 'shrooms... Lemon is for tea. Lemon tea. Milk tea. Do you understand. She can't. She cooks. Pure cooking. Pure home.

The cat is also dead.

Hard, very hard, I touched it. I was the one who found it. Lying in its basket like the remains of a sardine in its tin.

So, there I am with my dead lying in the pit of my stomach. And what do you want to do with this body hardened like stale bread. You sit there, in front of it, all you want to do is to understand where does it come from? Where does it go? What was it in the beginning? Then you stick your finger in the pussy's bumbum, just to do like a thermometer, see if it's still warm inside the tunnel. Then you think, he died all alone, the cat. You check if he finished his food or not. You can smell that he doesn't stink too much.

Then you cry.

Time passes.

Then you wonder what's going to be done with him.

When your mother arrives, she puts the animal in the trash bin.

My brother and I, we rebel. We take the animal out of the plastic hole and we bring him back into the light of day.

We bury him.

Like the queens. Like the heads of state. Like the King of the Belgians.

We do it. With great ceremony. My brother holds his cloth rabbit and looks at the dead cat. We feel, both of us, that we are living a decisive moment. And life goes on. Life goes on and silences the pussycats and the limp rabbits.

The burial done, I take my bike by storm onto the road.

Oh My Love,

My bike, I like it best of all when we go on a piknik, Coraly and me. We pedal pedal till the other end of existence, we stop for a little while, we put our victuals on the ground, we eat and fly.

Coraly is my funny friend. With her, you can dream. She draws super well and her father is an architect. She has a big sister, a big brother. Both of them do everything to protect their Coraly. Mmmmmmmmmh I want a big sister too. The brother, he has a red convertible sports car. It is as mini as an enema, but it speeds lightening into deep night. He is not very nice, her brother, and my mother doesn't want me to go in his car. Sometimes he screams that he had to look for Coraly everywhere and that surely he would prefer to be left in peace

and go with girls. Me, he doesn't even see me. He's an adult.

Coraly also has a little blond bimbo's dog, a doggy with a bow on its head I hate it. I hate it that she kisses him with her tongue and not me and when he is sleeping between her and me when I sleep over I pinch his tasticulettes hard so that he knows that he stinks between me and her so that he will go away...

No, My Love, You are not in this dog.

Where are you My Love?

节选自
二维码数字 12 共三章，第四节，
第 154 页

克罗地亚 Croatia

There are different types of connections.

联系的类型多种多样

Bondings.

连接

Between science and art.

科学与艺术

Europe and Asia.

欧洲与亚洲

Land and sea.

陆地与海洋

Youth and wisdom.

青年与智者



Jasna Horvat

Villion

Villion is ten raised to the thousandth power, multiply larger than a million which was used by Marco Polo to illustrate the size of his Great Empire to Kublai Khan.

马可波罗向忽必烈可汗描述其帝国幅员之辽阔时，原是以百万为单位；而 Villion 这本书的影响力，远超过百万的千倍。

As strong as a villion the author's inspiration connected Croatia and Europe with the great Chinese emperor Kublai Khan, and made Marco Polo a marketer of his own country.

作者的灵感正如 Villion 一样强大，他将欧洲的克罗地亚与伟大的中国皇帝忽必烈可汗联系在一起，并将马可波罗塑造为自己国家文化的推广者。

This serves as an example of how to promote cross cultural understanding and accompanying heritage values while using up-to-date digital technology.

如何能在运用最新数码技术的同时，促进跨文化交流理解并提高其伴随的遗产价值，本书就是一个很好的例子。

There is a secret skill - in making the invisible visible.

有一种神秘的技能，可化无形为有形。

That has been cultivated and built for villions.

它便是为 Villion 培养塑成的。

This skill requires you to close your eyes, clam up, eavesdrop on incoming sounds and plunge deep into received messages.

想习得这项技能，你需要闭上双眼，保持安静，仔细聆听一切声音，纵深投入信息的接收。

Such skill is required by the interactive novel Villion/Vilijun – the text dedicated to the year of parting between Marko Emilio Polo – the most famous world traveller and Kublai Khan – the ruler of the great Chinese Empire.

与 Villion 这本小说互动也需要同样的技巧，本书着重描写了世界最著名的旅行家马可波罗与中国伟大的统治者忽必烈之间的故事。

The Novel Vilijun / Villion is based on the magic square having its origin in ancient China.

Villion 一书中运用到的二维码技术也能溯源至中国古代。

The author is eavesdropping on the conversation in which Marco Polo is telling Kublai Khan about his homeland . the Kingdom of Croatia and its four values: the cube, the Croatian interlace, the name Croat and the old Croatian Glagolitic script.

作者详细描写了马可波罗是如何向忽必烈讲述他的家乡，克罗地亚王国及其四大珍宝：立方，克罗地亚符文，克罗地亚银币，以及格拉哥里文字。Besides the Kingdom of Croatia and invisible fairies dwelling in it, Marco Polo describes the Khan's Empire as well.

除了讲述克罗地亚王国及其神话传说，马可波罗还分享了他在中国的见闻。

By narrating Marco Polo becomes a literary nomad whose words connect Europe and China along the Silk Road by land and sea.

作者将马可波罗塑造成一位文学旅行者，他的文字穿越陆地与海洋，沿着丝绸之路将欧洲与中国密切相连。

Vilijun is an invitation to tread on the heels of Marco Polo along the Silk Road.

Villion 这本书正如一封邀请函，引领我们去追寻马可波罗的足迹，踏上丝绸之路。

Inhale the scents of this journey, and when overwhelmed by fatigue take notice of the sounds awaiting you in the games of numerous cultures and languages.

感受这段旅程的气息吧，当你疲惫不堪时，不要忽视那些正等待你聆听的来自众多文化与众多语言的声音。

To you, literature lovers, I am submitting Vilijun / Villion as Kublai Khan's golden tablet – a passport to the Game Empire.

文学爱好者们，在此，我将 Villion 这本进入游戏帝国的护照献给你们，如同献上忽必烈可汗的金制令牌。

Isolate yourself, calm down and take notice of the sounds addressing you.

给自己一些独处的时间，沉静下来，聆听周围的声音。

(4) 世界地图

志于道，据于德，依于仁，游于艺。——孔夫子

世界地图是由旅行者和流浪者绘制而成的。脚步、夜晚、白天、站点和相遇都被铸造在里面。流浪者花了数十年时间才完成忽必烈可汗的世界地图。今天，它作为一份礼物被送给了我，我那浪迹天涯的本性被这份忽必烈的世界地图驱使着。观察着它，我停了下来。我的双脚渴望丈量忽必烈可汗地图上的每一英尺，当我将这些标刻的站点与我的记忆进行比较时，我仍然变成了一个困在原地沉思的游者。

忽必烈可汗的世界地图被绘制在一张长长的羊皮纸上，被裹成了一个成人大小的卷。纸卷上装饰着稀有鸟类的羽毛和各种形状的金属片，用来阻挡幽灵和邪恶的力量。

我会告诉我在克罗地亚王国的同胞，这位大师惊叹着摊开了地图，于是一声感叹在大厅蔓延开来。那张绘有世界地图的羊皮被划分成十二块个板块，分散其中的国家和城镇，和境内的河流和山脉一起被绘制出来。上面还标记有我向伟大的可汗讲述的那些站点。

对我这样一个旅行者和游流浪者来说，忽必烈可汗的世界地图是对我展开新旅途的一封邀请函。邀请我启程和回程。邀请我过一种对于我这个旅行者来说冒险是必然的生活。我的伟大的主人了解他的密友，马可·波罗，这份授予的世界地图让他知道，在他的地图上，他也标刻了我的生命，在大汗的恩惠下开展的——一次游览的和发人深省的行程。

(5) 百万

千里之行，始于足下。——中国古谚

最后一件献给伟大的主人的礼品是一个刻有“百万”字样的木盘子。我在侍奉可汗的这些年，创造了这个词。在描述伟大可汗的雄伟帝国时，我缺少一个能同时代表数字，而这个数字又足够庞大到能代表他雄伟帝国中难以计数的财富的词汇。在我为大汗制作的盘子上，我刻下了这个新发明的词。百万同时也是一个数字——1000,000（一百万）。一个在今天并不存在的更庞大、更丰富的数字。百万是一个描述忽必烈可汗财富的词汇。这个词包含了一千个一千。在这个词中，我，作为伟大可汗的密友，也被包含了进去。接下来是一首诗，通过这首诗我把自己献给他。

我是一个旅行者，我不是一个无名氏。

我的名字是马可，马可·波罗，丝绸之路旅行家，百万先生。

我有一个名字，但我仍然是其中一个无名氏。

在天空下和太阳下一样的疲惫和无力。

我是那些梦里想着家，但却离家的人之一。

上百万步，上百万个站点，上百万个站点，上百万颗星星，上百万次相遇，上百万次分离。上百万年，上百万个小时和上百万天。

我在找丝绸。

在我的身体和灵魂里。

我在寻找一位仙女。

我在跟踪她。

百万先生，百万先生。

上百万步，上百万个站点，上百万个站点，上百万颗星星，上百万次相遇，上百万次分离。上百万年，上百万个小时和上百万天。

我是百万先生。

我拥有是因为我不属于。

我给予是因为我不创造。

我经过然后离开。

上百万步，上百万个站点，上百万个站点，上百万颗星星，上百万次相遇，上百万次分离。上百万年，上百万个小时和上百万天。

我从科尔丘拉岛一路到中国的旅行。

它们是昨天，也是今天。

我马可·波罗，克罗地亚人，

出生在科尔丘拉岛，

伟大忽必烈可汗的密友

要投入到回程中了。

我旅行穿过大地和天空，

穿过石头和水流，

穿过深渊与地面，

回到克罗地亚。

我是百万先生。

上百万步，上百万个站点，上百万个站点，上百万颗星星，上百万次相遇，上百万次分离。上百万年，上百万个小时和上百万天。

我是一个旅行者，我不是一个无名氏。

我的名字是马可，马可·波罗，丝绸之路的旅行者，百万先生。

目录

仔细聆听

第一章 关于马可在亚得里亚海的故乡，丝绸之路的两条线路，和通往马可家乡的海上航线的站点

第三节 关于亚得里亚海沿岸线上的三座城市

- (1) 科尔丘拉岛
- (2) 希贝尼克 – 国王克雷希米尔的首都
- (3) 威尼斯

第二节 关于陆地和海上丝绸之路

- (1) 关于大陆丝绸之路的路线——通往东方的路线
- (2) 关于海上丝绸之路的航线——通往西方的路线

第七节 关于海上丝绸之路的航线以及沿途到马可波罗位于亚得里亚海的家乡的站点

- (1) 蒲甘
- (2) 成都
- (3) Camblau
- (4) 霍尔木兹海峡
- (5) 阿尔比
- (5) 特拉布宗
- (6) 君士坦丁堡

第二章 关于大陆丝绸之路沿线的站点，克罗地亚的四大国宝，和当不提及回到克罗地亚王国时

第八节 关于连接了克罗地亚王国和伟大帝国的陆地丝绸之路的沿线站点

- (1) 耶路撒冷
- (2) 摩苏尔
- (3) 巴格达
- (4) 撒马尔罕
- (5) 巴克特拉
- (6) 喀什葛尔
- (7) 兰州
- (8) 喀喇昆仑

第四节 关于克罗地亚王国的四大国宝

- (1) 立方
- (2) 古克罗地亚符文
- (3) 克罗地亚银币

(4) 格拉哥里文字

栏目 0 关于当不提到马可返回克罗地亚王国时

第三章 关于丝绸之路沿线城市名称的诗，伟大帝国的惊人商品以及忽必烈和马可波罗的离别

第一节 关于丝绸之路沿线城市名称的诗

(1) 关于丝绸之路沿线城市名称的诗

第六节 关于伟大帝国的神奇物品，茶和香料，丝绸、瓷器、羊绒、纸和指南针

- (1) 茶和香料
- (2) 丝绸
- (3) 瓷器
- (4) 羊绒
- (5) 纸
- (6) 指南针

第五节 关于金盘子，马里通湾的盐，对仙女的告白，世界地图和百万——在马可·波罗和忽必烈可汗临别之际，他背诵的一首诗

- (1) 金盘子
- (2) 盐
- (3) 对仙女的告白
- (4) 世界地图
- (5) 百万

三个说故事的人和三部传记

Marco Emilio Pollo

Kublai Khan

Jasna Horvat

Jeff Fuchs – 封面照片的作者

(4) The Map of the World

Follow the Path, adhere to the virtues, rely on your nobleness and relax by studying art.

Confucious

The map of the world is drawn by travellers and nomads. Built into it are steps, nights and days, stations and encounters. It took nomads decades to complete Kublai Khan's map of the world. Today, having received it as a present, my nomadic nature is constrained by Kublai Khan's map of the world. Observing it I came to a halt. My feet crave to measure each foot of Kublai Khan's map, and still, while comparing inscribed stations from my memories, I am turning into a contemplative nomad stuck in place.

Kublai Khan's map of the world has been drawn on a long parchment rolled into a tube with size of an adult human. The tube is decorated with feathers of rare birds and metal shapes that keep off spirits and evil forces.

To my countrymen in the Kingdom of Croatia I will tell that the Great Master himself had split the map with his own breath whereupon a sigh spread around the hall. The parchment with the map of the world was split into twelve fields, and the countries and towns scattered across it were depicted together with their rivers and mountains. Inscribed in it are also the stations I was telling the Great Khan about.

For me, a traveller and a nomad, Kublai Khan's map of the world was an invitation to new journeys. To departures and returns. To a life in which for me, the traveller, adventure represents certainty. My Great Master knows his confidant, Marco Polo, and with the granted map of the world gives him the message that in his map he had also inscribed my life, which is by the grace of the Great Kan – a travelling and thoughtfull journey.

(5) The million

A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

Chinese proverb

The last thing I want to give to the Great Master is a wooden plate inscribed with the word million. This word has been created all these years of my service with the Great Khan. Recounting to the Great Khan about his Great Empire I lacked a word which would at the same time represent a number, and yet so big to stand for the countless values of his Great Empire. On the plate I had made for the Great Khan I inscribed this newly found word. The million is at the same time a number – 1 000 000 (a million). A bigger and richer number

does not exist today. The million is a word that describes Kublai Khan's wealth. This word contains a thousand thousands of other numbers. This is the word in which I, the Great Khan's confidant, is also present. Next to it is the poem by which I give my very self to him.

I am a traveller, I am not unnamed.

My name is Marco, Marco Polo, the silk traveller, Il Milione.

I have a name, and still, I am one of the unnamed.

Under the sky and the sun of the equally tired and spiritless.

I am one of those dreaming of a home, and yet leaving.

Millions of steps, millions of stations, millions of stations, millions of stars, millions of encounters, millions of partings. Millions of years, hours and days.

I was looking for silk.

In my body and soul.

I was looking for a fairy.

I was following her.

Il Milione, Il Milione.

Millions of steps, millions of stations, millions of stations, millions of stars, millions of encounters, millions of partings. Millions of years, hours and days.

I am Il Milione.

I have because I do not belong.

I give because i do not create.

I pass by and leave.

Millions of steps, millions of stations, millions of stations, millions of stars, millions of encounters, millions of partings. Millions of years, hours and days.

My travels from Korčula to China.

They were yesterday, they are also today.

I, Marco Polo the Croat,

Born in Korčula,

Confidant of the Great Kublai Khan

have dedicated my journeys to return.

I traveled over land and sky,

Stone and water,,

Abyss and land,

To return to Croatia.

I am Il Milione.

Millions of steps, millions of stations, millions of stations, millions of stars, millions of encounters, millions of partings. Millions of years, hours and days.

I am a traveller, I am not unnamed.

My name is Marco, Marco Pollo, the silk traveller, Il Milione.

To eavesdrop

FIRST LINE About Marco's homeland on the Adriatic sea, two routes of the Silk road and stations along the maritime route – the route leading to Marco's homeland

FIELD 3 About three cities along the castline of the Adriatic sea

- (1) Korčula(2) Šibenik – Krešimir's city
- (3) Venice

FIELD 2 Abot the continental and the maritime Silk road

- (1) About the continental route of the Silk Road – route towards the East
- (2) About the maritime route of the Silk road – route towards the West

FIELD 7 About the maritime route of the Silk Road and the stations awaiting Marco Polo on his return to the homeland on the Adriatic sea

- (1) Bagan
- (2) Chengdu
- (3) Camblau
- (4) Hormuz
- (5) Arbil
- (5) Trabzon
- (6) Constantinople

SECOND LINE About the stations along the continental Silk Route, the four Croatian values and when not to mention the return to the Croatian Kingdom

FIELD 8 About the stations along the Continental Silk Route connecting the Kingdom of Croatia and the Great Empire.

- (1) Jeruzalem
- (2) Mosul
- (3) Baghdad
- (4) Samarkand
- (5) Baktra
- (6) Kashgar
- (7) Lanzhou
- (8) Karakorum

FIELD 4 About the four values of the Kingdom of Croatia.

- (1) The checkerboard.
- (2) The interlace
- (3) The name Croat
- (4) The Glagolitic script

POLJE 0 About when not to mention Marco's return to the Kingdom of Croatia.
...108

THIRD LINE About the poem about the names of the cities along the Silk Road, the amazing goods of the Great Empire and the parting of Kublai Khan and Marco Polo

FIELD 1 The poem about the names of the cities along the Silk Road

(1) The poem about the names of the cities along the Silk Road

FIELD 6 About the amazing goods of the Great Empire, tea and spices, silk, porcelain, cashmere paper and compass

(1) Tea and spices

(2) Silk

(3) Porcelan

(4) Cashmere

(5) Paper

(6) Compass

FIELD 5 About the gold plate, the Ston salt, fairy announcements, the map of the world and the Million – a poem recited by Marco Polo to Kublai Khan on the occasion of their parting

(1) The gold tablet

(2) Salt

(3) Fairy announcements

(4) The map of the world

(5) A million

Three storytellers and three biographies

Marco Emilio Pollo

Kublai Khan

Jasna Horvat

Jeff Fuchs – the author of the front cover photography

Appendices

Appendix 1: About some other cities along the Silk Road

Appendix 2: Lifetime of Marco Pollo

Appendix 3: Letters

Appendix 4: Large numbers

Ars Horvatiana (Dubravka Oraić Tolić)

节选自《Days of Alexandria》



希腊 Greece

Dimitrios Stefanakis

第一章

…像客人一样礼貌

——《老子》

当他们在等那位高级委员会的特派顾问时，Elias Chouri 希望说点什么：“战争和商业是我们文明的两大支柱。我有时疑惑我们中有多少人不是因为这两点来到的这里。”

这番言辞使 Antonis Charamis 从短暂的麻木中恢复过来。一分钟前，他正在疑惑 Chouri 是怎样设法在这样的会谈上找到他自己的。在这个神秘男人的活动范围里，既没有战争也没有商业。尽管如此，过去的两三年里，Antonis 想不出任何没有绰号“黎巴嫩人”的 Elias Chouri 参与调停而在埃及完成的大项目。Elias Chouri 有着瘦长的身形，白皙的皮肤，以非常名贵的套装和优雅的帽子打扮自己，基本上每天都光顾 Rue Cherif Pasha 周边的商店，嗅出了这座城市浓厚的商业氛围。

在其中一个场所，Danielle 酒吧（这里，据“黎巴嫩人”所说，可以喝到品质最好的正宗德国啤酒，比“马尿”好喝多了），Chouri 安排了一次与英国政要的会谈，已经很少去酒吧的 Antonis 扫视着店里厚重的木镶板、镜子和墙上的灯龛。鉴于满屏的薄帘子都不能够抵挡住强烈的阳光，他倾向于相信黝黑的木板吸收了过多光柱，阻止了光线对角落和高高的天花板的照射。从他的位置，他很难看清房间后方那个木柜子后服务客人的那个男人的脸。他只能看到每次他用白布擦拭柜子时那个摇晃的圆鼓鼓的肚子。Antonis 被他将三四门语言融进单调的西西里语口音中的方式逗乐了。

Chouri 开始向他解说：“那个叫 Danielle 的男人是这家酒吧的明星。他是一个演员，一种喜剧演员，他每天在柜子后表演”。这是真的，这个柜子有着分散的灯光，有一个由挂在隐藏钩子上的啤酒杯组成的玻璃蓬盖，反射着舞台上的脚灯。

“为谁表演？” Antonis 脱口而出问道。

“交易所一关闭，里面工作的人就来到这里。Danielle 的一杯冰啤酒对这些可怜虫来说就像一枚镇痛软膏。你没看到整个早上他们在木台阶上怎样声嘶力竭地叫喊的吗？追逐着黑板上棉花价格的起落。股市交易需要强健的体魄，我的朋友，这是最重要的。他们的丝质衬衣都浸透了汗水。在他们之后，律师和银行家就进场了。这是他们的世界，我向你保证。”

Antonis 说 Elias 也准备在众人面前表演。最后，他宁愿在没有任何声响的环境下，在一个安静的办公室里解决这个问题，远离众人的目光。Elias 坚持要在这个吵闹的场合会谈一事和英国政要迟到一事一样都开始激怒他。黎巴嫩人察觉到了他的愤怒，当他试图以“天快晴吧，我们是在等高级委员会派来的卓越顾问，不是第一个走过的路人”来解释这件不能找借口的事时使他更加恼怒了。

这番话使得 Antonis 出离愤怒的边缘了，“卓越哈？”他愤怒地咆哮，“我们正在等一个不知道守时的哈巴狗！不要再拨弄你口袋里的怀表了，你刺激到我了！”

Elias 惊骇地盯着他，赶紧关上怀表放进马甲口袋。Antonis 果断地弹了弹西服的翻领，在胸前交叉着双手继续等待。

然而，让他发怒的真正理由有很多。他感觉 Elias 为了看喜剧表演利用了他。当他们俩走进酒吧时，Elias 被 Danielle 召唤过去。Danielle 穿着白色衬衫，背带裤，戴着蝴蝶领结，弯着腰就像真的演员一样。Antonis 确信这个高大的意大利人会高声宣扬他曾为烟草行业实业家 Charami 和那位被盼望着的高级委员会顾问表演。

这次会谈会实质性选定 Antonis Charamis 为英国军用雪茄的官方供应商，这使得他将成为在埃及最有钱的希腊人 - 其中的手续会是律师们最关心的问题。要不是因为这事，Antonis 不会被列入亚历山大港的富豪榜。自世纪初，知名的“Charami- 埃及香烟”包装，印有亚历山大港徽章“克利奥帕特拉之针”，在英国、德国、荷兰甚至遥远的瑞典和挪威都能发现。这位受人敬重的顾问，肯定已经被充分告且意识到，撇开其他事情不谈，Charami 是埃及 Sultan 陛下和希腊国王 Constantine 的供应商。所以 Antonis 决定只好拿出 Sarah Bernhardt 五年前参观他在 Moharram Bey 的工厂时亲手赠送给他的照片，那时 Sarah 表示她对工厂的位置和基础设施印象深刻。这个故事在铁杆烟民中至今广为流传。在任何情况下，不管这事有名还是没有名，这都曾是黎巴嫩人和他见面初第一件事：“那张照片，我能看看吗？”他请求看一看这张背后有亲笔赠言的著名歌手的照片。

Elias Chouri 是一位来自黎巴嫩家庭的法国公民；他出生于黎巴嫩 Beiru，并且是马龙派教徒。这些事情都能一定程度解释他精致的外表。“他总是衣冠楚楚的”是这座城市里的人们对他的第一印象。Antonis 喜欢和不喜欢他的理由都是同一个。他没办法喜欢一个发出咯咯清脆笑声的男人，但是 Elias 的年轻才是他不喜欢他的正经理由，而他现在正要满 50 岁了。但是 Antonis 知道，正因为 Elias 不会获得他的完全信任，所以他至少可以部分相信他。每当他想要对着 Elias 的脸一番辱骂时，就像现在，他就意识到他需要 Elias，他需要控制自己，但即使没有这种需要，他也不能对他面前的这个无辜男孩破口大骂。他总感觉这个黎巴嫩人在通过意念操控他，但实际上他才是那个利用 Elias 促成自身利益的人。

他对细节的痴迷让人恼火！但是当 Antonis 指出他外表上的两处凌乱时，他对他的观察力感到自豪。一如既往，Elias 自然地拿出润发油使他那撮茂盛的头发服帖下来，并将银链悬挂在他背心外。虽然如此，但当你仔细看他的胡子时，你仍会发现有一些狂野的胡须从这里和那里冒出来，冲刷着他梅子色的上唇，使他不得不用下唇把他们抵上去。这类日常错误中，最不能原谅的是，他的夹克口袋里没有用来擦拭前额细汗的白色小手帕，他竟然用白色餐巾替代，一边反复叫着“热，热！”今天，

作为五月的一天来说，是不同寻常的热。上周，没有下过一滴雨，对于亚历山大港来说是常事。

不同于 Elias, Antonis 比往常早地醒来了，有远见地雇用了 Kikinos 前来服务，这位 Cephalonian 理发师在他打开他那位于 Soter 地区，Shallalat 花园背后的店铺大门之前，在黎明的时候，就带着他的工具箱去了 Quartier Grec。幸运的是，他在 Mohamed Ali 广场上让一个亚美尼亚磨靴匠将他的鞋子打磨得亮锃锃的。

坐在 Chouri 对面，他盯着酒吧一面镜子中自己的脸，非常满意地看到理发师不仅修理了他的胡子，也修整了他的鬓角。同时，门铃响了，但是进来的不是他们要等的那个男人。一股细腻的香味灌满了他的鼻腔，他回过头去看。木门坎后出现了一位引人瞩目的戴着宽边沿帽的女人。Bolero 上衣遮住了他的肩膀，打褶的裙子刚好到他的膝盖下，露出一双优美的小腿。当一位有点斗鸡眼的男孩注视她的帽子的时候，她站了一会儿。接着服务生 Faouzi 以夸张的手势引领她到邻桌就坐。她穿着高跟鞋以优雅的姿势在位置上坐了下来。她漫不经心地脱下她雪白的手套，并将它们折进了她的手提包里。接着她嗖嗖地扇起了她手中的扇子，吹动了她一头波浪形的头发。此时，Antonis 以为她在对他笑，使他赶紧举了举他的酒杯以作回应。他被这位年轻女士的欧式派头深深吸引，使他除了心里赞叹“多么美丽的女人啊”之外没有了其他杂念。

“她叫 Yvette Santon！”注意到 Antonis 对她的兴趣后，Elias Chouri 对他说到。“瑞士和法国混血。她妈妈是瑞士人，爸爸是法国人，或者相反？”接着他低声耳语道：“他们说 Philippe Jacquot 带她来到这里。事实上，她曾冒充他的合法妻子，尽管大家都知道 Jacquot 已经有一个妻子和孩子。Jacquot 真是一个老恶棍，我的朋友。”

Antonis 非常了解 Philippe Jacquot：他是另一个 Chouri，他过去 5 年在埃及做着见不得人的交易。他跟黎巴嫩人相比不相上下。至于他的所谓的女伴，Antonis 觉得还是在另外的场合结识她比较好。暂时，他只能想象他们在 Mareotis 湖的岸边相拥，或者在开罗 Shepheard 酒店的套房内，离亚历山大港哪些爱窥探的眼光远远的。

英国政要的到来把 Antonis 拉回现实。一起来的还有一个红头发的雀斑男，比政要稍高，他自称是高级委员会东方大臣的特别顾问。他的出现似乎使黎巴嫩人感到不快，在胡子下嘀咕着什么。另一方面，Antonis 认为像这样身份的人身边有人陪同是再正常不过的事，即使只是为了让人加深印象。在特别顾问的自我介绍后，Antonis 不知道是否应该在称呼他时冠以什么称谓，他仅以 Cosner 先生称呼他。后者马上表现出了他对这个地区的问题的傲慢和无知。英国绅士的礼仪和英帝国主义的傲慢都在他身上呈现了出来。他有一对尖尖的耳朵，以一种滑稽的方式突出来，像一对犄角一样从他方形的脑袋上支出来。他的头发有一个模糊的纹路，他反复用手指拨弄试着使纹路更清晰。他刚坐到座位上，就开始咒骂亚历山大港和此地的春雨，将自己列为在开罗度过了美妙冬天的幸运者。他两天前刚从首都来到这里，这里唯一让他高兴的事是从政府宫殿的小山向下看能收获一番壮美的景观。亚历山大港的其它地方，作为一个单调乏味的省级城镇，娱乐场所有限这一点打击了他，与开罗相比，此地也没什么考古兴趣。显然地，他对此地的历史是无知的，甚至对他当代的发展也是一无所知。从他对 Coptic 首要大臣 Boutros Ghali Pasha 谋杀案一事的

评论来看，Antonis 断定 Cosner 根本不知道案发的具体时间和情况。而对于另一个男人，红头发男人，就很难断定了，因为他整个用餐过程中没有说过一句话。事实上，在最开始，当 Cosner 建议为了隐蔽起见改用法语交谈后，这位东方大臣的顾问就听不懂他们到底在谈论什么了。

但是这些都无关紧要，这只不过是结束了交易，就如这位希腊烟草实业家猜想的一样，协议内容已经被密封在手上的文件里了。这次在 Rue Cherif Pasha 酒吧的会谈只是一场正式的工作午餐，旨在确定 Chouri 的佣金。Cosner 先生最想做的是抽几支 Charamis 香烟，而不是他最喜欢的烟斗。当 Antonis 领会了表演的奥义之后，他都懒得把夹克内袋里的相机拿出来拍摄 Sarah Bernhardt 了。他觉得他有权休息一下了，他将自己更舒服地陷进座位里，全神贯注地享用 Faouzi 提供的美味。他看着他身边精美的装饰。幸运的是，黝黑地板的单调色调被 Danielle 的白衬衫，被 Cosner 的亚麻色胡须（就像 Kikinos 说的修整得“像一把刷子”），被金黄的啤酒，被 Santon 女士（他观察了好一阵子，正用她的小镜子补妆）优雅的存在打破了。如果他相信 Chouri 的话，这个酒吧很快会挤满了人。“那么，就等着股票经纪人们、律师们和银行家们吧”，他自言自语道。他突然开始享受起在这个气味相投的地方的会谈了。他想，以后，严肃的交易和私人约会都可以放在类似这样的场合。但是人们可能会穿着更简单随意些。那儿可能也会有一个狡猾的牵线拉桥的 Chouri，一个优雅的引人遐想的 Yvette。想着这些，他再一次举起了他的酒杯致敬 Jacquot 的情妇，而 she 以热切的目光给以回应。稍后，他对着 Faouzi 耳语了一些可想见的内容，这位穿着绣有金色刺绣的绿色长袍的侍应生告诉这位女士，那位衣冠楚楚的，灰头发的，胡子整齐的绅士已经为她买单了。就目前情况来看，他轻浮的追求所带来的幸福结局，很快将成为他所有操作过的商业交易中最伟大的，而且他也没做什么特别的努力。

金黄色的啤酒在博客杯中闪闪发光，他们举起杯子，叮叮地碰杯。外面，在街上，可以看到这个疯狂的城市正在走向经济复兴。马车和稀少的汽车竞跑，其中混杂着一大群形形色色的各年纪的人，都将自己虔诚地奉献给钱财。酒吧的后门通向一个小巷子，在那里会有狡猾油腻的埃及人朝你挤眉弄眼。另一边的大门会把你径直带向欧洲，那里正展出优雅的欧洲流行服饰，在那里英语和法语是主流语言。从眼角余光，Antonis 认出了他的一位希腊籍员工腋下夹着一沓文件正冲向 Rue Cherif Pasha，他正心无旁骛地着手工作，这件事使他的雇主 Antonis 感到非常满意。

当一切都说了、做了，Antonis 享受上了在这座城市的生活，这是一个将各种族、各语言、各信仰都融合进每天的狂欢盛宴的城市。他不能想象出还有另外一个地方能让冒险家 Elias Chouri，Yvette Santon 和他自己有更好的命运。据墙上的大钟显示，现在已经是下午一点半了。

不仅仅是战争和商贸把我们带到了这里，还有一次，Antonis 找到了隐藏在 Yvette 身上的秘密。当他第一次进入她的身体，他完全忘记了卧室，不确定他是否真的在 Elias Chouri 那位于 Roshdy 的奢华公寓，在一个有着镶金床头柜的双人床上，和那个让他魂牵梦萦的女人缠绕在一起。稍后，她含糊的呻吟和鼓励的叫声“用力啊，用力啊！”，伴着他们有节奏的交合，使他重获感性的现实世界：她的乳房就像柠檬一样紧致，她卷曲的长头发吊在床头柜外，她耻骨的棱角刺痛着他的皮肤。

Days of Alexandria

First Part

...as polite as guests

Lao Tzu

"War and commerce are the two pillars of our civilisation. I sometimes wonder how many of us would be here without them", observed Elias Chouri, wishing to say something as they waited for the Special Advisor of the High Commission.

This remark summoned Antonis Charamis from his momentary torpor. A minute earlier, he in his turn was wondering how Chouri had managed to find himself at such a meeting. Neither war nor commerce featured among this mysterious man's spectrum of activities. Nonetheless, over the last two or three years, Antonis was unable to think of any great project that was accomplished in Egypt without the mediation of Elias Chouri, known by his sobriquet "The Lebanese". That lanky figure with its fair complexion, decked in extremely expensive suites and elegant hats, frequented the shops around the Rue Cherif Pasha on an almost daily basis, smelling out the commercial maelstrom of the city.

In one of these locales, the Danielle pub (where, according to "The Lebanese", you could drink authentic German beer of the finest quality, rather than "horse piss"), he had arranged the meeting with the British dignitary, and Antonis, who rarely frequented pubs any more, allowed his eyes to wander around the room with its heavy wooden panelling, its mirrors, and its lamps nestling in the walls. Since the flimsy curtains stretched along the whole façade did not seem enough to stop the torrential sun, he was inclined to believe that the swarthy wood soaked up the excess shafts of light, not allowing them to pour into the corners and spread to the lofty ceiling. From his seat, he could barely make out the facial features of the man who was coordinating the service for the customers from the back of the room, behind a wooden counter. He only saw his bulging paunch wobble each time he wiped the counter with a white cloth, and Antonis was amused by the way in which he kneaded together three or four languages in his singsong Sicilian accent.

Chouri started explaining to him: "That man Danielle is the pub's star attraction. He's the protagonist, a sort of comédien who gives a daily

performance behind the counter". It was true that the counter, with its discrete lighting and a glass canopy of giant beer mugs hanging from unseen hooks, recalled the footlights on a stage.

"For who?" asked Antonis impulsively.

"As soon as the Bourse closes, the "jobbers" arrive. An ice-cold beer in the Danielle is a balm for those poor sods. Haven't you seen how they shout themselves hoarse racing up and down their wooden steps all morning, chasing after the prices of cotton on blackboards? The stock exchange requires tough guts, my friend, *un point c' est tout*. Their silk shirts are soaked in sweat. After them, the lawyers and bankers tumble in. *Ya du monde, je vous assure*".

Antonis reflected that Elias was also preparing to give his own performance in front of all these people. In the end, he would have preferred to resolve this matter without any fanfare, in a quiet office, far from the eyes of the world, and Elias' insistence on meeting in such a crowded place had begun to irritate him as much as the tardiness of the British dignitary. The Lebanese, who intuited this irritation, annoyed Antonis even more when he attempted to excuse the inexcusable by saying: "*En tout cas, we're waiting for His Eminence the Advisor of the High Commission, not just the first passerby*".

This drove Antonis over the edge. "His Eminence, huh?" he growled angrily. "We're waiting for some lapdog who hasn't learnt to be on time! And stop fidgeting and fiddling with that damn watch in your pocket, because you're getting on my nerves!"

Elias stared at him aghast, and hurried to stuff his watch into his waistcoat pocket. Then Antonis flipped his lapels decisively and crossed his arms as he continued to wait.

However, the real reason for his anger lay elsewhere. He felt that he had allowed Elias to exploit him for the sake of theatrical display. When the two of them entered the pub, Elias had beckoned to Danielle, who bowed like a true protagonist in his white shirt, suspenders, and bow tie. Antonis felt certain that the giant Italian would trumpet the fact that his establishment had hosted the tobacco industrialist Charamis and the Advisor of the High Commission, who was expected at any moment.

Their meeting would practically anoint Antonis Charamis as the official supplier of cigars to the British army, making him one of the wealthiest Egyptian Greeks – the formalities would be the lawyers' concern. Not that Antonis was not already counted among the Croesuses of Alexandria. Since the start of the century, the famous pack of "Charamis – CIGARETTES

EGYPTIENNES", stamped with Alexandria's emblem, the Needles of Cleopatra, could also be found in England, in Germany, in Holland, and even as far afield as Sweden and Norway. The Esteemed Advisor had surely been well informed, and would be aware that Charamis had been, amongst other things, the supplier to His Majesty the Sultan of Egypt, as well as to the Prince of Greece, Constantine. So Antonis only decided to bring the photograph that Sarah Bernhardt had dedicated to him with her own hand, when she had visited his factory in Moharram Bey five years ago and declared herself most profoundly impressionnée by its location and infrastructure. This story was still well known among circles of diehard smokers. In any case, well known or not, it was one of the first things that the Lebanese had asked him about as soon as they met:

"Et la photo, tu l'as apportée?" And he asked to see the photograph of the famous singer, with her dedication on the back.

Elias Chouri was a French citizen from a Lebanese family; he had been born in Beirut and belonged to the Maronite denomination. These things explained to a certain extent his well-groomed appearance. "Il est toujours tiré à quatre épingles" was the first remark that people made about him in this city. Antonis liked him for exactly the same reasons that he disliked him. He was incapable of not liking a man with such a gurgling crystal laugh, but Elias' youthfulness was a serious cause for dislike, now that he had fortuitously made it to his fifties. At least Antonis knew that he could partially trust him, precisely because Elias would never gain his complete trust. Whenever he wanted to fling an insult at his face, like right now, he would realize that he needed Elias and had to restrain himself, but even when this need was absent, he was unable to hurl abuse at bad-mouth? the innocent boy in front of him. He always had the impression that the Lebanese was manipulating him at will, though in reality he was the one exploiting Elias to promote his own interests.

And that obsession of his for little details was so irritating! But when Antonis spotted two signs of sloppiness in Elias' appearance, he felt victorious in his observations. As always, Elias had naturally tamed his luxuriant tufts of hair with an abundance of brilliantine, and a small silver chain dangled from his waistcoat. However, if you looked closely at his moustache, you would notice that some wild stray whiskers protruded here and there, brushing against his plum-coloured upper lip, and frequently obliging him to push the mup with his lower lip. But most inexcusable for such a *comme il faut* Lebanese was the fact that his jacket pocket lacked the little white handkerchief with which he would wipe the small drops of sweat that formed on his forehead, and instead of which he was using his white serviette while stammering "Quelle chaleur!" Today, it was abnormally hot for the month of May. Last week, the rain had poured down nonstop, a common occurrence in Alexandria.

Unlike Elias, Antonis had woken up earlier than usual and had the foresight to hire the services of Kikinos, the Cephalonian barber, who had carried his kit to the Quartier Grec at daybreak, before opening his shop in the Soter district, behind the Shallalat Gardens. For good luck, he had entrusted the shining of his shoes to an Armenian boot polisher in Mohamed Ali Square.

Seated opposite Chouri, he gazed at his own face in one of the bar's mirrors, deeply satisfied to see that the barber had not only groomed his moustache, but also his sideburns. At that same moment, the doorbell rang, but it was not the man for whom they were waiting. An exquisite fragrance filled his nostrils, and he turned around to look. There emerged, from behind the doorway's wooden partition, an impressive woman in a wide-brimmed hat. A bolero concealed her shoulders, while her plaited dress reached just below her knees, revealing a pair of gorgeous calves. She stood still for an instant, while a little cross-eyed boy took care of her hat. Then Faouzi, the waiter, ushered her to the neighbouring table with an almost theatrical gesture. With ethereal motions, as though she were dancing on her high heels, she alighted on her seat. She languidly sloughed her snow-white gloves, which she folded and slipped into her handbag. Then she spread her fan and fluffed out her wavy hair with an affected swish. That same moment, Antonis thought she was smiling at him, and he rushed to raise his glass in response. He was so impressed by the European panache of this young woman that he could not contemplate any thought except "Quelle belle femme!"

"Yvette Santon!" Elias Chouri informed him, noticing his interest. "Swiss-French. With a Swiss mother and a French father... or was it a French mother and a Swiss father?" And he went on in a whisper, "They say that Philippe Jacquot brought her here. In fact, she once posed as his lawful spouse, even though everyone knows that Jacquot already has a wife and children. An old scoundrel, mon ami."

Antonis Charamis knew Jacquot very well: he was another Chouri who had made shady deals in Egypt over the past five years. He was neither better nor worse than the Lebanese. As for his so-called lady companion, Antonis planned to become better acquainted with her on some other occasion. For the time being, he could simply imagine he rentwined in his embrace on the banks of Lake Mareotis, or in some suite of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, far away from the prying eyes of Alexandrians.

The arrival of the British dignitary brought Antonis back to reality. The former was not alone. He was accompanied by a red-haired man with freckles on his face, slightly taller than him, who introduced himself as the Special Advisor to the Minister of the East at the High Commission. His presence

seemed to displease the Lebanese, who muttered something under his breath. Antonis, on the other hand, considered it perfectly natural that their man should be accompanied, even for no other reason than to impress. He had no idea whether he should address the Advisor with some title or other, and so, after making introductions, he simply called him Mr. Cosner. The latter immediately gave the impression of being both arrogant and ignorant about the region's problems. He combined the politeness of the English gentleman with the pomposity of the British imperialist. He had pointy ears that protruded in a comical way, poking up like horns from his square-shaped head, and his hair had a faint parting, which he repeatedly tried to make more visible with his fingertips. He had barely settled himself down on his seat before he started raining curses on Alexandria and her spring showers, counting himself fortunate to have spent a fantastic winter in Cairo. He had just arrived from the capital two days ago, and the only thing that pleased him here was the splendid view from the small hill of the Governmental Palace. The rest of Alexandria struck him as a dull provincial town with limited venues for recreation, and little of archaeological interest compared to Cairo. Clearly, he was completely ignorant about the place's history, and even more clueless about contemporary developments. Judging from some comment he made about the murdered Coptic Prime Minister, Boutros Ghali Pasha, Antonis concluded that Cosner had no idea about the exact time or circumstances of the murder. As for the other man, the redhead, it was debatable whether he had uttered a single word during the entire meal. In fact, from the beginning, when Cosner had suggested for some obscure reason that they should speak in French, the Advisor to the Minister of the East must have failed to understand what exactly they were discussing.

But none of this mattered. It only remained to close the deal, which, exactly as the Greek tobacco industrialist suspected, had already been sealed beforehand. This meeting in a pub on the Rue Cherif Pasha was merely a formal working lunch whose main purpose served to ensure Elias Chouri's commission. All Mr Cosner wanted was to smoke some Charamis cigars, instead of his favourite pipe. Once Antonis had grasped the state of play, he could not even be bothered to take the photograph of Sarah Bernhardt from his jacket's inside pocket. Feeling that he had earned the right to relax, he leaned back a bit more comfortably in his seat, putting all his soul into enjoying the delicacies served by Faouzi. He looked at the finely crafted décor around him. Fortunately, the monotonous tone of the swarthy wood was broken by Danielle's white shirt, by Cosner's flaxen moustache, trimmed "à la brosse" as Kikinos would say, by the blonde beer, and by the refined presence of Mademoiselle Santon, whom he had seen for a split second, applying makeup with the help of her pocket mirror. If he could trust Chouri's words, the pub would soon be bursting with people. "Well, just waiting for the stockbrokers, the lawyers, and the bankers", he said to himself. He suddenly began to enjoy

the prospect of meeting these people in such a congenial atmosphere. In the future, he thought, both professional transactions and private flirtations will happen in places like this. But perhaps people would dress themselves more simply. There would always be a crafty Chouri pulling strings, and an exquisite Yvette to tempt his imagination. With all this in mind, he raised his glass again and saluted Jacquot's mistress, who responded with an eager look. A minute earlier, he had whispered something predictable in Faouzi's ear, and the waiter, clad in his green and gold-embroidered caftan, informed the Mademoiselle that the dapper gentleman with grey hair and well-groomed moustache had taken care of her bill. As things stood, the happy outcome of his flirtatious pursuit would soon crown the greatest commercial deal that he had ever sealed, and with no particular effort on his part.

The blonde beer sparkled in the glass bocks that they raised and clinked. Outside, in the street, the frantic city could be seen racing towards economic renewal. Calèches competed with the rare automobiles, and among them mingled a swarm of people of all stripes and ages, piously sacrificing to Mammon. The backdoor of the pub led to an alleyway where Egypt and her natives winked at you with sly and crafty looks. The main door, on the other hand, led you straight to Europe, where the gracefulness of European fashions was put on display, where English and French were the dominant languages. From the corner of his eye, Antonis spotted one of his Greek employees rushing up the Rue Cherif Pasha with a bundle of paper under his arm. He was apparently heading to work without any distractions, and this filled his employer with deep satisfaction.

When all was said and done, Antonis enjoyed life in this city, where a harmonious symphony of races, languages, and creeds resounded in a daily carnival. He could not imagine any other place where adventurers like Elias Chouri, Yvette Santon, and he himself might meet a better fate. According to the big clock on the wall, the time was half past one.

It was not merely war and commerce that brought us here, thought Antonis, once he had found his way to the hidden mysteries of Yvette's body. When he first penetrated her flesh, he completely forgot about the bedroom and felt uncertain whether he was really inside Elias Chouri's sumptuous apartment in Roshdy, on a double bed with gold-plated headboard, entwined with a woman who had intoxicated his imagination. Later, her muffled moans, along with the encouraging cries of "poussez, poussez!" that accompanied their rhythmic coupling, helped him to regain the sensual outlines of reality: her breasts as firm as lemons, her curly hair whose long waves were lost behind the bed's headboard, her pubic triangle that prickled his skin.

节选自《Aria, The World From the Beginning》

遗失

讲故事是一种安慰。它使得你能脱离那些让你感到羞辱、疑惑和后悔的人和事。我不知道，在去 Lavrio 路上，一路跟司机聊天的副驾驶位置上的 Christopher Alby，是否会同意我的观点。考古学家们毕竟有自己感知真理的方法。我们本要乘火车的，但是他坚持搭乘英国大使馆的吉普车。我们最后一程的道路，沿着植被丰茂的山体顺势而上，穿过一个小村庄后又顺势而下，好像要冲进海里一样。在小吉普车越过泥泞的卡车时剧烈颠簸得就像要被震成碎片似的。但是 Chris 看起来一点都不担心，继续忽视我，和他的同胞热聊。每一次他回过头时，我都感觉我看到了不同的两个人。他的左侧脸看起来更清新、年轻，也更坚毅。而在他的右脸上，他的鼻子和脸颊更协调，但是岁月也在上面留下了明显的痕迹。我猜想他的两张脸反映了他不同的性格。烟斗从他嘴里支出来，让他呈现出一种鸟的面貌，确切说是一种猛禽。他的所有这些形象都淹没在我们每一个人都戴着的，用来遮挡酷热阳光的，草帽的阴影下。

当我们到达 Lavrio 时，小船还没进港。虽然有一阵阵柔和的北风吹来，并且随着太阳的升起越来越强劲，但海面还是平稳的。在 Mesogeia 内陆的太阳快把我们烤焦后，目前，我们徒劳地寻找一些大海的清凉。我们在海港边沿的一个咖啡馆坐下来，躲在一片竹影后。店主，是一个眼光无神的大个子，为我们端上了出乎意料美味的咖啡。他右肩上搭着一块毛巾，用来擦桌子和驱赶苍蝇。

Chris 给了我一支烟。我们一起吞云吐雾，喷出厚厚的烟圈。这是一件奇怪的事：这个英国男人的嘴里总叼着一个烟斗。他和它的关系就像性关系，他凝视它、咬它、抚摸它，还经常把他的手放进空槽里。但是当他想要抽烟时，他总是从一个优美的烟盒里拿出烟，而把烟斗收起来。

最终，他脱下夹克，卷起袖筒，露出瘦但强健的前臂。接着他走到码头尽头站住，向水面投掷了几块石头。他腰部优雅地弯着，保持不动了一会儿。他的拇指钩住背带，等待着石头在几次翻转后沉入底部。那两位来自 Aliens 部门的希腊警察，一路上一直跟着我们，在百米开外的阴影下停了下来。他们从警车里出来，没有穿他们的制服夹克，也卷起了袖筒。其中一个甚至拿出了一块白手帕来擦拭前额和脖子上的汗水。另一个警察，靠在车子引擎盖上，拿出一张报纸，假装阅读。这都是怎么回事呢？

Aria, The World from the Beginning (Extract)

Missing

Storytelling is a kind of consolation. It gives you the right to leave out the people or things that make you feel shame, doubt, regret. I don't know whether Christopher Alby, sitting in the front seat chatting to the driver all the way to Lavrio, would have agreed with me. Archaeologists after all have their own way of perceiving the truth. We could have taken the train, but he insisted on using the British Embassy jeep. On the last leg of our journey, where the road climbs up a wooded hill and passes through a small village before going downhill again, as if it's about to run into the sea, the little jeep went jolting wildly over the mud truck and looked likely to fall to pieces at any moment. Chris however seemed completely unfazed and went on chatting to his compatriot and ignoring me. Every time he turned his head I had the sense that I was seeing two different people. His left profile looked fresher and more youthful but at the same time harder. With his right cheek to view, his nose and chin were more evenly defined, but the years had visibly left their mark. I wondered whether his two faces were a reflection of his character. The tobacco pipe protruding from his lips gave him a birdlike aspect, a bird of prey, to be exact. And the whole impression was submerged in the shade of the straw hat that each of us wore to protect us from the pitiless sun.

When we arrived at Lavrio the caique had not yet come in. The sea appeared calm, though a gentle north wind had picked up and grew stronger as the sun rose further in the sky. For the time being we looked in vain for some coolness off the sea after the heat that had overwhelmed us inland at Mesogeia. We sat in a cafe, at the edge of the harbour, under a bamboo shade. The proprietor, a giant of a man with expressionless eyes, served up some unexpectedly good coffee. He had a towel draped over his right shoulder which he used to wipe down the tables and flick away the flies.

Chris offered me a cigarette. We smoked, exhaling thick clouds of smoke. It was strange thing: the Englishman always had a pipe in his mouth. His relationship with it verged on the sexual. He looked at it, bit it, stroked it and would often put his finger into the empty bowl. But when he wanted to smoke, he produced cigarettes from an elegant tobacco tin and put his pipe away.

Eventually he took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, revealing thin,

but sinewy forearms. Then he went and stood at the end of the pier and skimmed a few stones across the water. He bent elegantly at the waist and stayed for a while without moving, with his thumbs hooked into his braces, waiting for the stone to sink to the bottom after a few flips. The Greek police from the Department of Aliens, who had been following us all the time, had stopped in the shade a hundred metres off. They got out of their official car, not wearing their jackets, and then they too rolled up their sleeves. One of them even pulled out a white handkerchief and mopped his forehead and his neck. The other one produced a newspaper and pretended to read it, leaning against the bonnet of his car. What could all this be about?

《螃蟹》 保罗·克拉格兰德



意大利 Italy

Paolo Colagrande

(第 5 页)

“简单说一下，布伦纳·特雷纳兹也被称为“宝贝”，因为“宝贝”是他在讲话时最常用的一个词。比如，戴维那条狗被外地的专家认为是宝贝，他们每天都向布伦纳开价想要买它，但是他一直拒绝，因为那些为了垂暮之年而收拾起来的宝贝的价值，就在于你不需要添加任何东西它就会自动生成其他的宝贝。他的机动三轮车赫拉克勒斯也是一个宝贝，因为只在很少的厂商生产。另外他的小外孙的父亲是一个工程师，在美国和俄罗斯转悠，设计河流、湖泊什么的，也许也会获得一些宝贝呢。总的来说就是，世间万物不管是由于什么原因只要是进到了布伦纳的私人范围，都会自动变成宝贝：从多功能螺丝刀到压缩机，到助听器，到利弗利奥·拉卡蒙那坐的那张理发店的椅子，最后到那些从来没有见过但全部被称为宝贝的亲朋好友。布伦纳身高一米四，有一张像是从不幸中奇迹般逃生出来的脸，除了听力有障碍以外，他还向十点钟方向斜视，但他面色红润发光，因为手里总有一个酒瓶。

艾格尼丝不是本地人，她曾经是由十个人组成的供应品中的一员，这十个人来自阿布鲁佐大区的齐特拉城，她们乘坐着一辆前军用汽车来到这里，由一个经理开车领队。这个经理为那些靠自身行头找老婆无望的男人们带来命中注定的妻子；有一年他来回转了二十几圈儿，而带回来的女人非常少，那年之后就再没见过他了。艾格尼丝就是这样轮给了布伦纳。

我刚刚轻言细语讲述的这个故事，仔细想想就觉得芒刺在背，布伦纳是不会讲这个故事的。他只会说艾格尼丝是一个宝贝，但是不会提到买卖的价格。艾格尼丝和布伦纳，要是每次只见到其中一个人，就会觉得他们很好，但是在这种生殖买卖的不断发酵中，不管是从精神还是从更加技术的层面上，都很难想象他们的结合。事实上，没有哪个女儿长得像布伦纳，除了红色的头发，但是艾格尼丝的头也是红色的。于是就有了很多流言蜚语，但是在这种流言蜚语中有一种有节制的嫉妒的成分，我说有节制，是因为在布伦比奥的布鲁利奥一切都是有节制的。当他们全家一起坐着机动三轮车赫拉克勒斯满城转悠的时候，流言总是又反馈回来：你看那儿——他们说——宝贝和姑娘们还有那个小私生子。但是这仅是有节制的嫉妒，因为肉眼可见的事实就是，那是一个幸福的家庭：布伦纳握着赫拉克勒斯的手柄，一副主人的权威模样，艾格尼丝怀里抱着小外孙紧靠着他，四个女儿则在后车厢里。”

CRAB

Paolo Colagrande

(p.5)

Brennero Trenazzi was called "Treasure" because it was the most frequent word he used. For example, Devid's dog was called a treasure as some experts had offered money buy to it, which he refused because with his old age pension and inheritance he had plenty of money already.

His motor tricycle Hercules was a treasure too, because it is only manufactured in a few factories. His little grandson's father was an engineer, sauntering around America and Russia designing rivers or lakes – or something – and maybe he will get some treasures too. Let's just say, that everything in nature that for any reason entered the personal sphere of Brennero automatically became a treasure: from the multi-function screwdriver to the compressor, to the hearing aid, to the chair in the barber shop in which Liverio Lamonaca was sitting, to some friends and relatives whom no one had ever seen but who were all wealth holders. Brennero is 140cm tall, with a face that' s looks as if it had miraculously escaped from misfortune, except for the hearing problem. He looks sideways, facing the 10 o'clock direction, his face flushed due to the ever-handy wine bottle.

Agnes is not local, she was one of the group of ten that came from Abruzzo Citeriore. They were brought here in an ex-military car, led by an importer who brought the destined wives to the hopeless men who couldn't find wives by themselves. One year, he came back and forth 20 times, but brought back very little. After that year he has been not seen. It was in this way that Agnes was married to Brennero.

The story I told in a soft voice is like a thorn in my flesh, but Brennero will not tell it. The only thing he will say is that Agnes is a treasure, but will never mention the trading price. To see Agnes and Brennero alone it is difficult to imagine them as a couple, in a spiritual and technical sense, in the procreative sense. The fact that none of the daughters resembled Brennero – apart from the red hair, but Agnes also has red hair – aroused much talk. These unfounded rumours sparked some moderate jealousies; I say moderate because everything in Bruglio di Brembio is moderate. When the whole family rode around the city on the motor tricycle the rumours would swirl. Look there, they would say, there goes Treasure's girls and that little bastard. It was

only moderate envy because in actual fact what we saw was a happy family: Brennero holding the handlebars of Hercules with a master's authoritative look, Agnes holding his grandson close, and the four daughters in the back carriage.

《Hear the Frogs》 Paolo Colagrande

只有到了沐浴季节的尾声，当再一次朦胧的空气渐渐消散，甜美的芳香渐消，阳光明媚的午后渐短，先前清新的黎明变成雾蒙蒙的，潮湿的；夕阳不再燃烧，而是暗淡而铅灰的等等，Zuckermann 才开始注意到所谓的未来，不久的将来和那个等在拐角处的，谁知道为什么，事情从来没有发生过。那个知道是为什么的人又是刻薄的。

从比喻的扶手椅上看事情，从终点开始，即从回程开始，当你数着死者，把沙子铺在血淋淋的柏油路上，和把剑放在水龙头下冲洗时，你也许会认为，那颗著名的珍珠不可能永远留在牡蛎里，而 Zuckermann 作为地球上唯一的人的景象，不过是一种成年仪式和成圣仪式，如佛兰德斯人类学家所说的，或者所谓的自然必须要顺其自然，如 Bonifazzi 和 Zuckermann 反复说过的，或者木偶迟早都会累，正如我谦虚地说的那样，。

然后，正如我向 Sogliani 解释的，有一个显而易见但却很重要的细节：那个罗马姑娘并不是那些没有任何魅力的，没有任何人想要的丑陋母牛中的一个，但也许她们会遇到，这对人类来说是幸运的，因为丑陋的母牛常常掩盖了维纳斯和雅典娜的所有美德。我这样说是为了使谈话不至于显得反动。我们说的是，只要看她一眼，就能唤起大地的歌声和阿卡迪亚牧羊人的赞美诗；让我们坦率地说，当罗马姑娘走过时，男人的头通常都会转过去。

在那些回过头的男人中，比如说 San Demetrio 农场的拖拉机司机 Ilario Flisi，他的工作内容是清理海滨，他每天晚上都带着他的 John Deere 车和他那轻松取胜的神态出现。从码头附近的入口走到海滩上，码头上女孩们经常悬挂着双腿，他发动引擎，向女孩们送上胜利的笑容，并模仿士兵敬礼。如果那个罗马女孩在那，就停下并随意发表意见，如果绑着马尾辫，因为那个罗马女孩将她的头发扎成马尾，然后他就会不停地讲同样的笑话，而罗马女孩则会毫无兴趣地笑着。也许第二天晚上他又经过这里，停下他的 John Deere，再看一眼罗马姑娘，再拿马尾辫开玩笑，然后离开。

总之，Sogliani 说，拖拉机上的男人有超凡的威信，因为他把原始人的酒神气质

和机械先锋的技巧结合在一起，同时又体现了他的机械才能。可以这么说，人优于机器的主题在今天的设计美学中是一个被大量开发的主题，似乎在说，人是万物的标尺，因此，也是他自己命运的创造者，如果达芬奇还活着，他就不会在圆圈和方框中画那个以几何学的，文艺复兴式的姿势站立着的，僵硬并赤裸的维特鲁威人，而是会画一个摆出有机物专家姿势站在拖拉机上的男人。

的确，自从人类诞生以来，女人就一直在被机器上的男人吸引，事实上，是自从机器出现以来。西方男性不恰当地使用了这一规则，并被简略的美学所玷污，实际上西方男性是严重认识上的误解的牺牲品，在他试图吸引女性时，倾向于为自己配备强大的豪华机器，如 SUVs、超级跑车、自行车、卡雷拉和杜卡迪赛车。然而，从一开始，根据再现仆人和主人之间古老关系的动力以及从社会经济学角度回顾马克思主义辩论中的农业问题，这些机器就控制了他。虽然西方男人并不了解女人被拖拉机和拖拉机司机所吸引，而由知道如何完美地使用控制台，和炫耀地将铰床连接到轴上的拖拉机专家搭载一段路程，就会对人的心理产生完全不同的影响。让我们说，建议，如阿帕切部落的助产仪式或中非舞蹈，有同样的力量，只是举几个例子。这只是 SUV 驾驶员和拖拉机驾驶员之间的许多根本区别之一，我们将在其他时候更详细地讨论。

以人作为衡量所有事物的标准并不是 Sogliani 的发明；这是柏拉图的想法，后来成为启蒙运动的技术宣言，后来由勒·柯布西耶和瑞典斯莫兰省的一位测量师接手，这位测量师创立了一个在今天非常有名的家具品牌，在欧洲每年有 250 亿欧元和在瑞士有 100 万瑞士法郎的营业额。所以，和谐总是来自几何尺度和比例，这就是维特鲁威时代的音乐家们在说声音的艺术就像天体的运动时所想的，换句话说，抽象的数学推测，和理性几乎没有关系，嘿，太糟了，这是常识。

要了解 Sogliani 提出的问题的核心，就在沐浴季结束时，碰巧有一天晚上，卡车司机 Ilario Flisi 驾驶 John Deere，用铰床钩住轴，停在码头附近，吹响他的喇叭，以他惯常的，嘲弄的敬礼的手势向女孩们打招呼，看到罗马女孩背对他站着，他停下来从头到脚好好地看了看她，从她的马尾辫到她的后背再到她模特身材似的下半身。让我们打赌，Ilario Flisi 对罗马的女孩说，明天你不会扎马尾！这是让她转过来的方法，而不是一个真正的赌注，这是一个没有逻辑推理的句子，只是为了说而说。罗马女孩漫不经心地对朋友们笑着，对 Ilario Flisi 耸了耸肩，根本没有转头。如果我赢了赌注，Flisi 继续说，你明天会来乘坐我的拖拉机。而罗马女孩，仍然没有回头，给了她朋友们另一个心烦意乱的笑容，给了他另一个耸肩。第二天晚上，罗马女孩和她的朋友们又一起在码头上，也许是偶然的，但也许不是，她那松散的头发表一条略短的裙子，这也许是偶然的，或者也许不是，在他们聊天的过程中，出现了 John Deere 和俏皮的喇叭声，后面跟着 Flisi 的声音说：看到没？他一边说一边用拳头捶打着泥浆帽，要求兑现赌注。罗马女孩以手掩面，就好像在说看我是什么感受，可能甚至说出了这句话，接着她走下码头，然后活跃地跳到了 John Deere 上，当 Flisi 滑动齿轮时她坐在了副驾驶位置上。

你怎么知道这些事情的，Sogliani 问。道听途说，我回答到。

和卡车司机 Flisi 开着 John Deere 行驶在路上的一段小插曲，可能看起来并不重

要，因为毕竟让卡车司机开卡车是没什么错的；我是说，当 John Deere 在海滩上挖掘的时候，路过那里，没有人会注意到任何特别的东西，除了看到一个工作完美结束的场景。也是你在 Zobolo Santaurelio 海滨而不是其他海，比如牙买加大安的列斯群岛，看到的风景，但这就是全部。谁知道卡车司机 Flisi 对其他居民和游客做了多少次类似的事，或许从中一无所获，只是为了炫耀，你开始疑惑为什么我们要谈论这件事。Sogliani 说他也问了自己这个同样的问题一刻钟了。

Hear the Frogs

Translated into English by Isobel Butters

Only at the close of the bathing season, when once again the vague atmospheres fade and the sweet perfumes wane and the sunny after noons shorten, the dawns that earlier were fresh and misty are humid and hazy, the sunsets are no longer flaming but dull and leaden etcetera etcetera, did Zuckermann start to cast an eye to the so-called future, the near future too, the one waiting just around the corner and, who knows why, things never did add up. The who knows why is sarcastic.

Looking at things from the metaphorical armchair and starting from the end, that is from the return journey when you count the dead and chuck the sand on to the bloodied asphalt and run the sword under the tap, you might just think that the famous pearl couldn't stay inside the oyster forever and the sight of Zuckermann as the only man on earth was nothing more than a rite of passage and initiation, as the Flemish anthropologists say, or so-called nature that had to run its course, as Bonifazzi said and Zuckermann repeated, or the puppeteer that sooner or later had to tire, as I modestly say.

Then, as I explain to Sogliani, there is an obvious but nevertheless important detail: that girl from Rome wasn't one of those ugly cows without any charm that nobody wants but maybe they meet anyway, luckily for humanity because ugly cows often conceal all the qualities of Venus and Athena. I say this so that the conversation doesn't appear reactionary. We are talking about someone who evoked the songs of the earth and the hymns of the Arcadian shepherds just by looking at her, without the need for makeup or trimmings; let's say frankly that when the Roman girl went past it was normal for men's heads to turn.

Among the men whose heads turned for example was tractor-driver Ilario Flisi of the San Demetrio farm who had the contract for cleaning the littoral and who every evening would turn up with his John Deere and his air of easy winner, go down on to the beach through the entrance near the pier where

the local girls were always dangling their legs, rev his engine, give his winning smile and phony soldier's salute and, if the Roman girl was there, stop and offer opinions at random, for example on ponytails, because the Roman girl tied her hair in a ponytail and then he would always crack the same jokes, while she laughed disinterestedly. Then maybe the next evening he would pass by again, stop the John Deere, look at the Roman girl again, make the same joke about the ponytail, again, and leave.

Anyway, Sogliani says that a man on a tractor has charismatic authority because he combines the Dionysian qualities of primitive man with the skills of the mechanical pioneer and at the same time embodies, so to speak, the theme of man's superiority over machinery which is a much exploited topos in today's aesthetics of design, as if to say that man is the measure of all things and, as a result, maker of his own destiny, and if Leonardo da Vinci were alive today he wouldn't draw a stiff, naked Vitruvian Man in geometrical Renaissance pose in the circle and in the square, but a man on a tractor in the pose of an organics expert.

And while it is true that women have been attracted to men on machines since the beginning of man's existence, well, actually, since machines came into existence, Western man uses this rule improperly, contaminated by abridged aesthetics, and indeed Western man, the victim of serious epistemological misunderstandings tends, in his attempt to attract women, to equip himself with powerful luxury machines, like SUVs, supercars, quod bikes, Carrera and Ducati which, however, instead dominate him right from the start, according to the dynamics that reproduce that archaic relationship between servant and master and that in socioeconomic terms recall the agrarian question in the Marxist debate. Western man though does not understand that woman is attracted to the tractor and the tractor-driver, and that a ride on a tractor driven by an expert who knows how to use his console to perfection and flaunts a milling machine connected to the shaft has a whole different effect on the psyche; let's say the same power of suggestion as certain propitiatory fertility rites among the Apache tribes or as the dances of Central Africa, just to give some examples. And this is just one of the many fundamental differences between the driver of a SUV and the driver of a tractor that we will deal with in greater detail, some other time though.

Man as the measure of all things was not an invention of Sogliani's; it is an idea of Plato and it became the technical manifesto of the Enlightenment, later taken up by Le Corbusier and a Swedish quantity surveyor from Smaland who invented a furniture brand that is very popular today and has a turnover of twenty-five billion euro a year in Europe and a million Swiss francs in Switzerland. Therefore, harmony always comes out of geometric measures and proportions, which was what the musicians at the time of Vitruvius thought

when they said that the art of sound is like the movement of celestial bodies, in other words, abstract mathematical speculation; it has little to do with reason but hey too bad, it's general knowledge.

To get to the heart of the matter brought up by Sogliani, just towards the end of the bathing season it so happened that one evening tractor driver Ilario Flisi on his John Deere with the milling machine hooked up to the shaft stopped near the pier, tooted his horn, greeted the girls in his usual mocking military way and at the sight of the Roman girl standing with her back to him he stopped to give her a good once over, from her ponytail down her back to the modelled regions there below. Let's bet, said Ilario Flisi to the Roman girl that tomorrow you aren't wearing a pony tail! Which was one way of getting her to turn round, not a real bet, which is a sentence without a presumption of logic, said just for the sake of it. And the Roman girl smiled absently at her friends and shrugged at Ilario Flisi, without even turning round. If I win the bet Flisi continued, you'll come for a ride on my tractor tomorrow. And the Roman, still not turning round, gave her girlfriends another distracted smile and him another shrug. The following evening the girl from Rome was there on the pier again with her friends, perhaps by chance but perhaps not, her loose hair reaching half way down her back and with a slightly shorter dress, this perhaps by chance as well, or perhaps not, and in the midst of their chatting came the sound of the John Deere and the saucy horn followed by the voice of Flisi saying: See? And as he said it he thumped his fist on the mudcap to claim his prize. And the Roman girl covered her face with her hands as if to say look how I fell for it, and maybe even said the words, then she got down off the pier and leapt athletically on to the John Deere, where she sat in the passenger seat while Flisi glided into gear.

How do you know these things, asked Sogliani. Heresay, I replied.

The episode of the ride on the John Deere with Flisi the tractor-driver may seem of little importance, because after all there's nothing wrong in getting on a tractor driven by a tractor-driver; I mean passing that way while the John Deere was digging the beach no one would have noticed anything special, other than the fine sight of a job finished, which are the sights you see at Zobolo Santaurelio Riviera and not in other seas, like that of the Great Antilles in Jamaica but that's all, and who knows how many other times tractor-driver Flisi had done the same with other residents or holiday makers perhaps even without gaining anything from it but just for the sake of showing off, and you start to wonder why we're even talking about it. And Sogliani says he's been asking himself the same question for a quarter of an hour.

选自 2011 年版
《I've Learned Not to Be》

立陶宛 Lithuania

在这座城市，隔离着
哀悼着。每个人
期待着下雪

在门面上，和
在街道上——
是抹不去的丑恶。

女巫的数量增加了。
她们出版了浮华的
作品
关于她们自己。

萨满在门口
兜售护身符
他们的符咒
早就不新鲜了

白俄罗斯，波兰——
焚烧焚篱
到处都是。

翻倒的卡车
装载着禁运品
冬天的。

肉类正在售出
在路边
实际上免费。

动物们已经迁徙
和鉴赏家一起



Marius Burokas

神迹的鉴赏家
和任何女人
能走路的。

只有男人们
将鱼竿
旗子
岩石
抱在怀里

每个人
在一个广场上
所以这会很容易
带领他们
进入天堂
然后将他们锁起来
直到他们清醒。

窗户里面
对面的房子的窗户
厨房里
一盏灯亮着

赤裸裸的死亡
仔细搜查
这台冰箱

这是她的
黄色长统靴

闪耀着
当她走在
街道上

她注意到我
并向我点头

待会儿见

From the book
Išmokau nebūti
(I've Learned Not to Be),
2011

In the city, quarantine
and mourning. everyone
waits for the snow.

on the facades, and
in the streets—
an indelible hideousness.

witches have multiplied.
they publish glitzy
books
about themselves.

shamans in the gateways
peddle amulets,
whose spells
have long gone stale.

Belarus, Poland—
burning fences
everywhere.

overturned trucks
with contraband
of winter.

meat is sold
by the road,
virtually free.

animals have emigrated,
along with the connoisseurs
of sacred script,
and any woman
who could walk.

only men



with fishing poles
and flags,
rocks
in their bosoms--

everyone
in one square,
so that it would be easier
to take them up
into heaven
and lock them up
until they sober.

in the window
of the facing house,
in the kitchen,
a light burns.

naked death
rummages through
the refrigerator.

it's her
yellow jackboots
that shine
when she walks
the streets.

she notices me
and nods.

see you soon.

逍遥骑士

我会驾驶
燃烧的巴士进入黑夜
穿过站点
失眠的流浪汉的站点
经过苏维埃的郊区
郊区的战壕和垛口
和碉堡

我会驾驶
静静地闷烧在
一个火焰水族馆里
经过一排排的房屋
穿过黑暗的沼泽
眼球和牙齿
闪耀着白光

我会观察
城市怎样闭合到
一朵未开放的花骨朵里
它的带泥沙的
地下的根系
怎样伸展和探索

我会驾驶
这辆燃烧的巴士

更远
更深

进入到可怕的
自然的好客中
一个潮湿的避难所
青苔潺潺

我会驾驶
去试穿湿的
冷的衣服

好躺下

面对面的
在一个回响的塔里

去燃烧殆尽

到现在我才明白

我有多讨厌
那灰暗
我的日常生活是怎样的
是黏糊的抑或甜蜜的
我的愿望是多么的循规蹈矩
以及这件事如何惊骇到我的
平和怎样占有我的
孤独怎样把从家里赶出来的
屋旁松树的躯干怎样
传播热量，怎样
沙子是怎样细微地流动的，怎样
使悲伤的百合花重获新绿

现在我明白了

Easy Rider

Translated by Rimas Uzgiris

i will ride
the blazing bus in the dark
through the station
of insomniac bums
past the Soviet suburbs
of trenches, embrasures
and pill-boxes

i will ride
quietly smoldering in
an aquarium of flame
past tenement rows
through the dregs of darkness
eyeballs and teeth
shining white

i will watch
how the city closes up
into the fist of a flower
how its sandy
underground roots
stir and seek

i will ride
the blazing bus

farther
deeper

into the horrible
hospitality of nature
a damp refuge
of purling moss

i will ride
to try on wet
cold clothing

to lie
face-up
in an echoing spire

to burn out

only now do I understand

how much I hate
that greyness
how my ordinary life
is sticky and sweet
how order is my desire
and how that horrifies me
how peace possesses me
and loneliness drives me from home
how the trunks of pines by my house
radiate heat, how
finely the sand flows, how
green the lily's lament

now I understand

translated by Rimantas Uzgiris

节选自套本《带注解的照片》

无能，虚荣——
我重复说

——城市被压迫着

被石头的热量

我删减了
这些词句
拉出
语法的软骨
扯掉骨头
音素的

现实摇曳
语言闯入
闯入喉咙
伴着疼痛和闪电
——城市被压迫着
被石头的热量

只有它的迷宫
和肉店
只有他的坟墓、停尸间
和教堂

都是冰冷的

语言不插电
硬化

就像一滴蜡烛
在一面石墙上

FROM THE CYCLE “ANNOTATED PHOTOGRAPHS”

powerlessness, vanity –
i repeated

– the city was oppressed
by a stone of heat

i cut down
those words
pulled out
syntax' s cartilage
ripped out the bones
of phonemes

reality wavers
language breaks
into the throat
with ache and lightning

– the city was oppressed
by stones of heat

only its labyrinths
and butcher shops,
only its graves, morgues,
and churches

are cool

language unplugged
hardens

like a drop of wax
on a stone wall

从即将出版的 《of clean being》节选

在圣湖边

——致女儿 Ugne

我等待着
直到那个鲜明的小脑袋
从水中出来
眼睛闭着
皱着眉头
红红的脸蛋
就像重生
扯开通道来到了地表
再一次—用尽全力地
饥渴地想要饮用
这妙不可言的世界

这妙不可言的光亮

From forthcoming book švaraus
buvimo(Of Clean Being)

By Holy Lake

for daughter Ugne

i wait
until the small bright head
emerges from the water
eyes shut
frowning
red-faced
as if born again
tearing her way to the surface
again – with all her strength
thirsting to drink
of this world

this light

ineffable

节选自诗集 《Dragonfly Thirds》

卢森堡 Luxembourg

站在杯子前

当我打开水龙头里的水时
我的面前只有几个用过的咖啡过滤器
来自另一个世界的植物园的消息
祈祷收成是毫无用处的
早晨被轻微地
烘烤着，我想你没必要
像个牧师一样去
屠宰一只羊，首先听到的是
树的沙沙声，接着是低语声
先是仓鼠的窸窣窸窣声，再是它滚动轮子
的声音
就像高处的美景
像从你肺里吸出气般引人赞叹，
接着你会想：雪得多坚持
才能达到这个高度，覆盖在
山顶上？咖啡因消融了，这么多
无意义的事，闪烁着像一缕阳光
透过这个小窗户
为什么我想到了宗教
在这么早的清晨？
也许是因为我
能听到上帝在呼吸
就像他在傍晚使光线暗淡下来时一样



Guy Helminger

From: Dragonfly Thirds. Collected Poems.

Before the cup

As I woke the water in the tap
there were only used coffee filters in
front of me
news from a plantation in the next
world
prayer grounds the harvest not worth
beans The morning was of a light
roast and I thought you don't need
to look like a priest to
slaughter a sheep First came the
rustling of the trees then the one who
whispers
first the hamster then its wheel
like visions at altitude that
suck the breath from your lungs and
you wonder: How persistent the snow
must be
to reach so high on the
mountaintops? Caffeine melt So
much
nonsense shining like a ray of sun
through the small window
Why am I thinking of religion
so early in the morning?
Maybe because I
can hear God breathe
as He dims the light in the evening

Translation Tess Lewis

驾驶（美国的记忆）

光线将十四行诗浸入
清晨的泳池，一股
氯气快速蹿起，就像鸟儿扑腾
在我的骨头里和气门踏板上
下面是城市
就像一只被切开的小马驹，是的
雪人，是的，有歌声
在广播开始之前，有人在唱歌
听到了格栅窗的开合声
白面黑面
从屋顶潺潺流下并
定格出倒影：选美比赛
在人行道上，这里死亡被纹在身上
走到教堂我想着
我穿着破烂在灯光下奔跑
你能听到屁股上那装瓶子的皮套发出的声
音
叮叮当当一路响到下一个宾馆的地板
夜已经等在那里了

Driving (American Memories)

the light dipped sonnets into the
morning pool a quick
chlorine rinse as birds fluttered
in my bones and the gas pedal
down below lay the city
like a cut-out foal yes
snowman yes there were songs
before there was radio someone was
singing the
sounds of grilles raised
flour faces dark flour that
rippled down from the roofs and
framed the reflections: beauty contest
on the
sidewalk here death is tattooed
and goes to church I thought
I ran over the light in rags
bottle-holsters on its hips you could
hear
the clinking all the way to the next
hotel floor
where night was already waiting

Translation: Tess Lewis

今天下午在科隆

风挂在绳上，在
超市之前，果浆放在
玻璃窗格上，当光透进来时

诗人有时也被叫做
白鹁鸪，站在，在如此阳光明媚的
日子里，在靠河的书桌上
在闭合的复合的边缘事件中
和死亡调情

一个宏大的景观
瑟瑟发抖的芦苇，穿着 T 恤衫上的人，
当
语言晒干在马路牙子上，扭曲的
洼地，在诗歌的林荫大道上
在那里每一个字都在乞求它的读者

比如那个穿明亮短裤的
肩上有淡紫色纹身的
闻着像块铁，像锈
像暴雨前陈旧的螺丝

朋友们说你把城市带到了你的
声音里，我不知道他们说的是什么意思

当我清晨起床，诗歌
正躺在我的沙发上，举起一只胳膊
展示剃干净的腋窝

莱茵兰的瓷砖、美人蕉、百合，汽车
在南北穿行，刺激着我血液里的潮汐

城市是微酸的，从草地上
矗立着一个小吃店，形成了阴影，湿漉漉的
边缘，鞋跟底部是镍制的，一张脸
像一份胡乱混合的咖喱

我买了面，

你的骨雾，这个国家的一些俗语
酒吧、小溪、灰泥、葡萄，然后
这就足够了

一架飞机把我升入空中
在这一天

On this Afternoon in Cologne

the wind was on the ropes in front of
the
supermarket the fruit pulp on the
panes as light was loaded

The poets sometimes also called
white wagtails stand on such sunny
days at desks near the river
in closed compound fringe events
and flirt with death

A gong landscape
trembling reeds the souls on T-shirts
while
language dries out on the curb
sprained
potholes on the Boulevard of Verse
where each word begs for its reader

The one in the cloudless shorts for
example
had lavender tattooed on his shoulders
smelled of iron the rust of old
screws before the downpour

Friends say you carry the city in your
voice and I don't know what they
mean

When I get up in the morning poems
are lying on my sofa raise an arm and
show the shaved pit

Rheinland tile canna lily traffic on
the North-South stretch tides of my
blood

The city is acidulous from the grass
the
snack stands' shadows damp around
the edges heels with a nickel finish
and a face
like a coarse curry blend

I buy the noodle mist of your
bones the language chips of the nation
bars brooks stucco grapes and then it
is
enough

An airplane lifts me up out of
the day

Translation: Tess Lewis

餐厅

房间里的线条粘连着
一条连着一一条

在路边靠近
河内的西湖，一个大的光纤
传感器和一张便条
我交出了语言障碍
但是已经
肉汤起泡了
但是皮毛已经被雨水打湿了
在我的鼻腔里
穿过餐馆，端出来的
盘子上，一片片的
是一条小狗
还有家人们的点头
邻桌的欢乐
当陌生的味道在我嘴里蔓延
在所有味道中
和鼻窦里
像一个突然的中断
我的呼吸我的语言
是的，朋友我放弃了！
以歉意的姿态
在家人的微笑下
我走出边界
在我夜晚的第一句话中
在稍晚一些的夜里仍然
伴着气味
和一阵不安
独白

Restaurantroom

roomatic lines glued
one to the others
on the side of the road near
West Lake Hanoi with fat light
sensors and a note
that I handed over the language
barrier
but already the foaming broth
but already rain-damp fur in my
noseroom
and through the restaurant there came
on a plate and in pieces came the little
dog also the family' s noddingthe
next table' s joys
with the strangeness in my mouth
strewn in all winds
and sinuses
like a cut
my breath my language
Yes friends I gave up!
with an apologetic gesture
beneath the family' s smile
I stepped out of the line
in my first evening phrase
later in the night still
followed by smell
and an agitated

soliloquy

Translation: Tess Lewis

麦克

这里确实是湿的
高脚椅
有一条腿支在
肥沃的土地里和 Paddy 的灵魂
在酒杯里，因为他已经变成
我们中的一个，说着老
Ecki 和致敬
向骨灰盒
放在
架子上的

作者翻译

McGuy

It is wet here indeed
the barstools
with one leg in the
loamy ground and Paddy in
the pints cause he has been
one of us says old
Ecki and drinks
to the urn
on the
shelf

Translated by the author

摘录自 Zuzana Kepplová 的 《FRE_DOM》



Zuzana Kepplová

斯洛伐克 Slovakia

一、Majka 致 Vera 篇

我站在学生注册室门口，看到麦克教授正以双脚搭在窗台上的姿势读报。他看到一则世界新闻：一对年轻人在美国的马拉松赛进程中举行了婚礼，之后他们开始在古巴建造地下庇护所，造成了一座小岛上水泥和燃料的急性短缺。

登记室那个讨人厌的女人冲我大声喊着让我在门外等着，使我后退一步到了走廊。通过半开的门我看到她走向麦克教授，从他肩后倾斜着身子靠了过去，用她一双丰满的乳房抵住了麦克教授的后背。她在帮麦克看报纸上的一些字句。麦克在短时间内就掌握了基本的斯洛伐克语，因此他可以读懂当地报纸，甚至可以在公众场合和大家谈论政治。

“你看这儿”，麦克指着另一篇文章说到：“我简直不敢相信我看到的，这句话用你们当地话怎么说？”这个女人笑着说：“我们通常说我不敢相信我的眼睛。”我喜欢听他读报的声音，这个登记室的女人也跟我一样。因为我们都没听过我们的母语在一个外国口音中是什么样子。麦克读着这则新闻：斯洛伐克南部麦当劳店新闻，这儿有许多种不同的快餐像汉堡、沙拉、炸薯条、丰富甜点、冷热饮 - 请注意在麦当劳全球 11804 家门店中只在布拉格这家门店有售 Plazen 啤酒，并将每天供应。店里每一道工序都将在持续的严格的卫生监管下进行，食物品质和服务质量都将得到保证。

读到这儿麦克从报纸中抬起他充满感情的眼睛感叹道：“这篇文章不应该放在国内新闻板块，这是一篇公共关系文章，一则广告。”说完他继续读着最后几行字：“Majcichov 农业合作社将为这家布拉格餐馆提供牛奶用以制作特别系列的奶昔鸡尾酒和冰激凌圣代。”

这个女人说到她从来没吃过汉堡，下次去布拉格一定要去这家餐馆。麦克问她说：“你去过布拉格吗？”正在这时他注意到门外的我，叫道：“进来吧！”

我一进去这个女人就斥责我：“在门外偷听是很没教养的行为，没有人教你这件事吗？”麦克转用英语提高音量补充道，我们应该敲门请求进来，而不是羞怯地躲在门外。我不知道他是针对我，还是我正好代表了个国家那些惹恼他的事物，就像他麦当劳代表了他不喜欢的美国事物一样。

他问我有没有读过这份报纸，我摇了摇头，他把报纸摔在桌上，在他的椅子上摇晃起来，他挥舞了几次双手，感谢我给了他一些灵感。他吩咐那个女人将这篇文章拿去复印几份。接下来麦克在课堂上拿出了这篇文章，并且在黑板上写下一些提问。全班都陷入了沉默中，因为大家都在心里嘀咕不知黑板上的问题跟将要开业的布拉格餐馆有什么关系。因为没人知道如何回应麦克要求讨论的热情，所以课堂讨论过了好一会儿才开始。麦克向一个敢于发言的人发问：“你为什么觉得大家需要一家麦当劳店呢？或者说你觉得为什么大家需要一家麦当劳呢？”

麦克常常作出夸张手势，双手抱头，脸部扭曲。或许学校应该把他开除了，因为到了学期末我们还没学会语法，再加上他经常迟到，翘课去酒吧。但是大家不知道一个英语母语者的教学方式是怎样的，或许都像他这样也不一定。

二、Vera 致画家 Maliar 先生篇

在 Bratislava 我非常想念在中国的全部事物，专业的美甲、足浴服务，当地小吃店，心理咨询师，当地的人，和当地人的交谈，以及大家对我慷慨的喜爱都让我非常想念。

在纽约我和我的足浴师建立了良好的关系。想象一下，她将她的青春年华花费在了看一双双粗糙的脚底板上，而这样的年华中我们大多数人都在听吵闹的音乐并且抗拒工作。她经常一边机动地帮我打磨着脚板一边瞟着电影上的中文字幕。使脚板光滑后她会一边将手放在我的小腿上一边问“需要按摩吗？”此时她粉红 Hello KittyT 恤下的乳头就会在我大脚趾上滑过。我曾幻想过她会亲吻我那因在跑步机上训练而破皮的脚趾关节，但是每次她总是关注着电视。

小吃店的一个女孩，将我误认为了某一个女明星。当她为我的芝麻鸡装盘的时候她目不转睛地看着我，之后我在角落的瀑布画下吃完了这份我酷爱的炸得很透的鸡肉，躲得离那些健康饮食的人远远的。刚好这时候街上有人拍电影，所以这个女孩就更加确定一定有电影演员进店吃芝麻鸡了。我笑了笑，她的兴致使我雀跃地编了个瞎话，我是餐饮公司的，过来是为伍迪·艾伦买一份鸡肉。

有一次我告诉她我又被派过来买鸡肉了。我编了许多伍迪的离奇故事，我总是以如下几句话讲述他的失常和癫狂：伍迪喜欢吃生冷食物，但是他有时又会把自己关进餐车上，不准任何人探视，大量进食在一大锅油锅中炸过的芝麻鸡。伍迪大多数时候是服从规矩的，但是他有时又很调皮，他会指出被执着的念头压抑着做事是错误的。我为什么欣赏 Henryk 的原因，是因为他总是能自律，不使自己失控。但我喜欢你 Maliar 先生的理由是你不会被他人约束，不会委屈自己。

事实上这些都是我自己的怪癖，我第一次向我的心理咨询师吐露后，每次从他那里回家路上我都会用享用芝麻鸡的愉悦来奖励自己，并且吃完后我会打包一大份，谎称是带给我口中那个虚构的伍迪的。之后我发现我的心理咨询师在跟踪我。在我们的会谈中，我谈到我对我的足浴师的洛丽塔情节后，他对我着迷了。他在整个星期的治疗中对任何一位患者都没表现出任何一点兴趣，直到最后听到我的讲述。之后他会从办公室溜出来，跟踪我走街串巷。当我在小吃店时，他就在对面咖啡店透过打开的报纸偷瞄我，当我离开小吃店是他就冲到街上来继续尾随我，直到跟到我家门口他才返回。之后他会钻进那个漂亮沙龙的厕所，透过厕所门偷窥那个将自己

及挤进儿童T恤的足浴师。

纽约的厕所都有很大的空隙，当解决生理需要时这是一种对隐私的尊重，所以当我们从角落望向对方时都假装被墙面隔离开来，听不到任何声响。我的心理咨询师开始去看心理医生了，讲述他爱上了我的事使得这位心理医生开始观察我的心理咨询师对我去吃芝麻鸡和去足浴过程的跟踪。一天他的心理医生告诉了我他的所作所为，请求我报警，以剪断这种连结，结束这种对他来说甜蜜又苦涩的折磨。但是我不喜欢结束，我为什么要做这样的事呢？

我想念在 Bratislava 经历的这样复杂的亲密和错乱。这儿每个人都在公共场合大肆握手和皱眉。对于 Henryk 和我来说这是一段没有一丝激情的生活，在很多日子里，我们一起坐在同一个沙发上，搅动着同一个瓷茶杯中的糖。就像你提到的，用来提色的茶叶都被反复使用了2次，3次，甚至4次。我们来到了一个国家，整片土地都缺乏对愉悦和活泼的向往。

我从城堡般的山丘上向下看，凝视着笔直大道上那些房子，目光继而转向弯弯曲曲的城市中心……那片区域曾经应该是属于这里的，但是后来被从疆界中划分了出去。在规划建造中的房屋间空地我看到填补进了一个市场。这个呆板的灰色的世界需要丰富的颜色、气味、情感和激情，需要变得更好玩，更多变。这片土地需要热情回潮，那样的热情是被 Freud 带去了伦敦的热情，或是被 Kunder 带去了巴黎的热情。我开始以并非新颖浓烈的紫色，而是柔和的粉笔画般的色调，如薰衣草色，蜜桃色或者所谓的水果色将这片平原画下来。

FRE_DOM (Excerpt) Majka (to Vera)

I stood in the doorway to the Registrar's Office and watched Mick reading the newspaper with his feet up on the window sill. The news from the world: while in the States two young people had got married during a marathon, in Cuba they'd begun constructing underground shelters, resulting in an acute shortage of cement and fuel all over the island.

The objectionable woman in the Registrar's Office shouted at me to wait outside, so I took a step backwards into the corridor. Through the half-open door I saw her go over to Mick and lean over his shoulder, her huge breasts touching his back. She was helping him with some words in the articles. Mick had learned the basics of Slovak quite well in a short time. Allegedly so he could read the newspapers and chat to people about politics in the pub.

"Look here," he pointed to another article. "What's that you say? I can't believe what I see!" The woman laughed: "We say 'I can't believe my eyes!'" I

liked hearing him read aloud from the newspapers. So did the woman from the Registrar's Office. We had never heard our mother tongue spoken with a foreign accent before. He read:

For McDonald's from the south of Slovakia

Several kinds of fast food such as hamburgers, salads, French fries, various desserts, hot and cold beverages – and note this, Plzen beer (an exception said to be allowed by the firm of McDonald's in only one of its 11 804 branches – the one in Prague) will be available to the public every day. Everything, of course, blessed by the continual strict control of hygiene and the quality of the food and service.

At this point he raised his eyes meaningfully and cried: "An article like this shouldn't be among the domestic news. It's a PR article, an advert!" He continued with the last sentence:

The Majcichov Agricultural Cooperative will supply the Prague restaurant with milk for the preparation of special products – milkshake cocktails and ice-cream sundaes.

The woman just said that she had never eaten a hamburger. The next time she visited Prague she'd be sure to go to that restaurant. "Have you been to Prague?" Just then Mick noticed that I was still standing outside the door. "Come in!" he called.

"It's rude to listen outside the door, didn't anyone teach you that?" the woman reproached me. He added that we should knock and resolutely step inside, that we should stop being timid. He switched to English and raised his voice. In the second person it wasn't clear whether he was talking to me or whether I just represented everything that aggravated him about this country. Just as McDonald's represented what he didn't like about America.

He concluded by asking whether I read the papers and when I shook my head, he banged the paper down on the desk and swung round in his chair. He made a few gestures and thanked me for giving him an idea. He asked the woman to xerox and make copies of the article. Mick gave out these papers in the class and wrote a couple of questions on the board. Silence fell over the class, no one knowing how to relate these questions to the event of the restaurant opening in Prague. The discussion took some time to get off the ground as no one knew how to confront Mick's zeal for discussion. "Why, why do you think anyone needed a McDonald's here? Why?" he called to the person who ventured to speak.

Mick used to gesture wildly, put his hands to his head and make grimaces. Maybe they should have thrown him out, because at the end of the year we didn't know the grammar and he often came late to class or he moved it to the pub opposite the university. But no one then had any idea how native speakers taught, maybe it was just meant to be like that.

Vera (to the painter, Mr Maliar)

In Bratislava I missed very much the whole sector of services from express manicure/pedicure and Chinese snack bars to the psychoanalyst. All those little people, little chats and the wealth of paid love they gave me; I missed all that there.

In New York I had built up a relationship with my pedicurist. Just imagine, she spent her adolescent years looking at calloused soles. At her age we'd been listening to loud rock music and rebelling against work; she watched the Chinese titles of a film out of the corner of her eye, while scraping and smoothing my feet with automatic movements. "Massage?" she would ask and run her fingers over my calves, my big toe brushing against the nipple under her Hello Kitty T-shirt. I think I even dreamed about her once. She would kiss the toe knuckles I had worn the skin off running on a treadmill in my trainers, while all the time she kept one eye on the television.

And then there was the girl in the snack bar. She mistook me for some actress. She stared hard at me when she was putting sesame chicken on my plate – my little passion, my little deep-fried transgression that I eat under the picture of a waterfall in the corner, quite hidden from the world of healthy eating. Just then they were shooting some film out in the street and the girl was sure some star had come in for sesame chicken. I smiled, her interest flattered me, so I told her I was from the catering company and I had her wrap up one portion, allegedly for Woody Allen.

Another time I told her I'd been sent again to get that wonderful chicken. I invented strange stories about him; I always summed up his aberrations and manias in a couple of sentences. I said Woody usually ate raw food, just lots of shoots, but then he would suddenly shut himself up in the catering caravan, no one was allowed to see him and there he would eat a portion of sesame chicken fried in a saucepan full of oil! Woody liked to obey prohibitions, but every now and then he was naughty, so he could foster a feeling of wrongdoing that had to be suppressed by industriousness. That's what I admire about Henryk, that he can be disciplined without it bursting out of him anywhere. What I like about you, Mr Maliar, is that you can be undisciplined and you don't reproach yourself in any way.

In actual fact these were my own oddities, which I first disclosed to my psychoanalyst and on the way home from seeing him I got into the habit of rewarding myself with my sesame delight, while also taking away one portion for the fictive Allen. That was before I discovered that my psychoanalyst was following me. During our sessions, when I talked to him about my Lolita passion for my pedicurist, he became addicted to me. He spent the whole week dealing with patient after patient without showing the slightest interest, until at the end of the week he could at last listen to me talking. Then he would steal out of the office and follow me through the streets. While I was eating in the snack bar, he would sit in the coffee bar opposite and keep an eye on me over his open newspaper, then run out into the street to follow me, only turning round when he reached the door to my house. From there he popped into the beauty salon, where he used the toilet, from whose door he could get a glimpse of the pedicurist squeezed into a child's T-shirt.

The doors in the toilets in New York have very wide gaps; it's a kind of privacy/non-privacy when answering the call of nature, so we watch each other out of the corner of our eyes and we pretend we are divided off by a wall that admits no sound or sight. That psychoanalyst began visiting his own psychoanalyst, who as a result of listening to him fell in love with me and so he watched his patient watching me going for Chinese chicken and to the pedicurist. One day he told me everything and begged me to report him to the police, in order to break that knot, that sweet and sour torment. But I didn't like that! Why would I do such a thing?

I missed this kind of very sophisticated closeness/alienation in Bratislava. Here everyone vulgarly shook hands and frowned in public. A period without a single pucker of passion awaited Henryk and I. In a number of households we sat on the same sofas and stirred sugar in the same porcelain tea cups. Tea that added colour the second, third or even fourth time it was used, as you remarked. We had come to a country, to a whole geographical area, lacking a sector of pleasure and sly desire.

I gazed down from the castle hill at the straight streets of the housing estates, then at the winding town centre... that sector must have been here at one time, but then it had been forced out over the border. In the empty spaces between the prefabricated buildings I saw market niches. This strict grey world needed colour, smells, emotions and passions. More playfulness and instability. This land needed a return of the passion that had perhaps gone away with Freud to London or with Kundera to Paris. I began by painting the whole flat. Not a nouveau riche purple, but soft pastel hues. Lavender, peach and what you called a flesh-colour.

组织者与合作伙伴

Organisers and Partners



主办：欧洲联盟驻华代表团

Main Organiser: Delegation of the European Union to China



执行：老书虫

Project Coordinator: The Bookworm



北京三联韬奋书店

北京协办：单向空间，三联书店

Beijing Co-organisers: One Way Street Library,
San Lian Bookshop



成都协办：方所

Chengdu Co-organisers: Fang Suo

Embassy Partners:



EMBASSY OF THE REPUBLIC OF ITALY



EMBASSY OF THE REPUBLIC OF LITHUANIA



文学节场地地址

Festival Venues and Venue

Beijing

单向空间 / One Way Street Library
(花家地店)

望京社科院研究生院尚 8 人文创意园 D 座 1 层
F1 Building D Cultural and Creative Park,
Shang 8, Graduate School of Social Sciences
Academy, Wangjing
电话 / Tel: (010) 8417 7266

三联 / San Lian Bookshop
(五道口店)

清华同方科技广场 D 座一层
F1 Building D Tsinghua Tongfang Hi-Tech
Plaza
电话 / Tel: (010) 82366970

老书虫 / The Bookworm

三里屯南街 4 院
Sanlitun South Street, Courtyard No. 4
电话 / Tel: (010) 65032050 / 186-1814-
1602 / 137-2864-8384

Chengdu

方所 / Fang Suo Commune

成都远洋太古里 M68-70 号
Add: M68-70 Sino-Ocean Taikoo Li Chengdu
电话 / Tel: (028) 86586858

老书虫 / The Bookworm

人民南路 4 段 28 号, 玉洁东街 2 号
Ren Min South Street No. 28, Yu Jie Dong
Jie No. 2
电话 / Tel: 082-85520177 / 187-8191-4274
/ 138-8089-0322

联系我们

Festival Contacts

General Enquiries ／ Media Enquiries:

Peter Goff | 高岩
Peter@chinabookworm.com
微信 / 手机 : 136-7121-2235

Beijing Events:

Nancy Bai | 白女士
nancy@chinabookworm.com
微信 / 手机 : 186-1814-1602

Zoe Xie | 谢女士
info@chinabookworm.com
微信 / 手机 : 137-2864-8384

David Cantalupo
david@chinabookworm.com
微信 / 手机 : 186-1029-0612

Chengdu Events:

Cyan
events@chengdubookworm.com
微信 / 手机 : 187-8191-4274

Elaine
books@chengdubookworm.com
微信 / 手机 : 138-8089-0322

这部作品在欧盟的帮助下出版。但本作品内容仅代表作者观点，不允许被用来代指欧盟观点。

This publication has been produced with the assistance of the European Union. The contents of this publication are the sole responsibility of the authors and can in no way be taken to reflect the views of the European Union.



中欧国际文学节 2017
– 微信公众号
EU-China International
Literary Festival – WeChat
Account



中欧国际文学节 2017
– 微博
EU-China International
Literary Festival – Weibo
Account



中欧国际文学节 2017
– 豆瓣
EU-China International
Literary Festival – Douban
Account



2017 首届

中欧国际 文·学·节

The Inaugural EU-China
International Literary Festival



<http://eu-china.literaryfestival.eu>