

2018



第二届 中欧国际文学节

The 2nd EU-China
International Literary Festival

05^{May}月 / 21^{Mon}日 — 27^{Sun}日

上海 / Shanghai

05^{May}月 / 24^{Thu}日 — 26^{Sat}日

苏州 / Suzhou



第二届中欧国际文学节

The 2nd EU-China
International Literary Festival

Shanghai: May 21 - May 27
上海 5 月 21 号 - 5 月 27 号

Suzhou: May 24 - May 26
苏州 5 月 24 号 - 5 月 26 号



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第二届中欧国际文学节

The 2nd EU-China
International Literary Festival

FOREWORD 前言



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



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亲爱的朋友们，

在此我非常荣幸地欢迎大家参与第二届中欧国际文学节。本届文学节于 2018 年 5 月 21 至 27 日在上海、苏州两地举办。

今年我们邀请了来自欧洲保加利亚、捷克共和国、爱沙尼亚、法国、德国、匈牙利、爱尔兰、拉脱维亚、葡萄牙、斯洛文尼亚和西班牙这 11 个国家的杰出文学代表，将与 26 位来自中国上海、苏州、南京、杭州的优秀作家参与一系列文学活动，互动交流，并与读者对话，共同庆祝丰富多元的中欧文化。

文学是欧洲生活方式的核心。文学节旨在鼓励人们，尤其是年轻人，探索中欧文化的无穷魅力，思考个体间沟通对于生活的重要性。今年中欧国际文学节将与中欧旅游年和欧洲文化遗产年共庆。

我们衷心感谢本届文学节的合作伙伴，特别是欧盟成员国大使馆和总领事馆，还有上海和苏州的场地方，如德国驻上海总领事馆文化教育处和老书虫，当然最真挚的谢意送给欧洲和中国的优秀作家们，他们如群星闪耀，璀璨美好。

欢迎您关注我们的社交媒体账号，掌握最新动态。中欧国际文学节是欧盟驻华代表团为期两年的欧盟公众外交项目 #纵情欧洲# 的一部分。

Hans Dietmar Schweisgut,
欧盟驻华代表团大使

前言 FOREWORD

Dear Friends,

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you to the second edition of the EU-China International Literary Festival, which is being held in Shanghai and Suzhou from 21-27 May, 2018.

This year we have invited outstanding European authors from eleven countries: Bulgaria, Czech Republic, Estonia, France, Germany, Hungary, Ireland, Latvia, Portugal, Slovenia and Spain. Together with 26 well-known and aspiring Chinese writers from Shanghai, Suzhou, Nanjing and Hangzhou, they will engage in a series of literary events and discussions with readers and audiences, and celebrate the diversity of European and Chinese culture.

Literature is at the heart of the European way of life. The festival will be an opportunity to encourage people, especially young people, to explore Europe and China's cultural heritage and to reflect on the place that personal exchanges occupy in all our lives. In this, our festival coincides with the EU-China Year of Tourism and the European Year of Cultural Heritage.

We would like to thank all our partners who

made this event happen, particularly the embassies and consulates general of the EU member states, the various participating venues in Shanghai and Suzhou, including the Department for Culture and Education of German Consulate General Shanghai and The Bookworm, and of course the wonderful writers from Europe and China who will grace this festival.

We also encourage you to subscribe to our social media platforms to enable you to keep abreast of many exciting activities we develop as part of **#Experience Europe#**, a two-year EU public diplomacy programme.

Hans Dietmar Schweisgut,
Ambassador of the European Union to China



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AT A GLANCE 活动概览

SHANGHAI EVENTS 上海场次

EVENT
01



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月22号, 周二
18:00 – 19:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Tuesday, May 22
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
18:00 – 19:30

当少即是多: 短篇小说的美与力量

When Less is More:
The Beauty and the Brawn of Short Fiction

作家 / Writers:

Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), 滕肖澜 / Teng Xiaolan (中国 /China), 朱文颖 / Zhu Wenying (中国 /China)

EVENT
02



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月22号, 周二
19:00 – 20:30
钟书阁 (静安寺店)
Tuesday, May 22
Zhong Shu Ge
(Jing'an Temple branch)
19:00 – 20:30

挖掘创意

Quarrying for Ideas

作家 / Writers:

Christian Y. Schmidt (德国 /Germany), Colombe Schneck (法国 /France), 黄德海 /Huang Dehai (中国 /China), 薛舒 / Xue Shu (中国 /China)

EVENT
03



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月22号, 周二
19:00 – 20:30
西西弗书店 (静安大悦城店)
Tuesday, May 22
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Jing'an Branch)
19:00 – 20:30

对于一个诗人, 万事万物皆有用

To a Poet Nothing can be Useless

作家 / Writers:

Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚 /Slovenia), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 木叶 /Mu Ye (中国 /China), 张定浩 / Zhang Dinghao (中国 /China)

EVENT
04



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月22号, 周二
20:00 – 21:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Tuesday, May 22
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
20:00 – 21:30

世界作家, 本土故事

Global Writers, Local Stories

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), 路内 /Lu Nei (中国 /China), Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary), 潘向黎 / Pan Xiangli (中国 /China)

EVENT
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观看直播

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18:00 – 19:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Wednesday, May 23
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
18:00 – 19:30

世界的作家

Writers of the World

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), Halina Pawlowská (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), 姚鄂梅 /Yao Emei (中国 /China), 周嘉宁 /Zhou Jianing (中国 /China)

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Wednesday, May 23
Zhong Shu Ge
(Jing'an Temple branch)
19:00 – 20:30

召唤作家的缪斯

Summoning the Writer's Muse

作家 / Writers:
Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), 潘向黎 /Pan Xiangli
(中国 /China), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria),
夏商 / Xia Shang (中国 /China)

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5月23号, 周三
19:00 – 20:30
西西弗书店 (静安大悦城店)
Wednesday, May 23
Sisyphes Books (Joy City
Jing'an Branch)
19:00 – 20:30

像作家一样阅读

Reading Like a Writer

作家 / Writers:
btr (中国 /China), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 毛
尖 /Mao Jian (中国 /China), Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /
Hungary)

EVENT
08


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5月23号, 周三
20:00 – 21:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Wednesday, May 23
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
20:00 – 21:30

我们为什么写作

Why We Write

作家 / Writers:
Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚 /Slovenia), José Luís Peixoto
(葡萄牙 /Portugal), 小白 /Xiao Bai (中国 /China), 走走
/Zou Zou (中国 /China)

EVENT
09


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Watch Live

5月26号, 周六
14:00 – 15:30
西西弗书店 (静安大悦城店)
Saturday, May 26
Sisyphes Books (Joy City
Jing'an Branch)
14:00 – 15:30

新书发布会:

Colombe Schneck 和她的中文版《弥补》与上海 99 读书人出版社

Book Launch:
Colombe Schneck and the Chinese version of *Le reparation* with publisher Shanghai 99

EVENT
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[观看直播](#)
Watch Live

5月27号, 周日
13:00 – 14:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Sunday, May 27
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
13:00 – 14:30

新书发布会:

Aleš Šteger 和他的中文版《面包与玫瑰——柏林故事》和华东师范大学出版社

Book Launch: Aleš Šteger and the Chinese version of *Berlin*. with the Publisher East China Normal University Press

EVENT
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5月27号, 周日
13:00 – 14:30
西西弗书店 (长风大悦城店)
Sunday, May 27
Sisyphes Books (Joy City
Changfeng Branch)
13:00 – 14:30

书本推介会:

Christian Y. Schmidt 和他的中文版《独自在 13 亿人中》

Book Presentation:
Christian Y. Schmidt and the Chinese version of *Allein unter 1,3 Milliarden*.

EVENT
12



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月27号, 周日
15:00 – 16:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Sunday, May 27
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
15:00 – 16:30

语言和文学

Language and Literature

作家 / Writers:

Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 周嘉宁 /Zhou Jianing (中国 /China), 走走 /Zou Zou (中国 /China)

EVENT
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观看直播

Watch Live

5月27号, 周日
15:00 – 16:30
西西弗书店 (长风大悦城店)
Sunday, May 27
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Changfeng Branch)
15:00 – 16:30

我们的写作生活

Our Writing Lives

作家 / Writers:

Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 路内 /Lu Nei (中国 /China), 小白 /Xiao Bai (中国 /China)

EVENT
14



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月27号, 周日
17:00 – 18:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Sunday, May 27
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
17:00 – 18:30

小说的方式：语言和风格的试验

A Novel Approach: Experimenting with Language and Style

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 薛舒 /Xue Shu (中国 /China), 滕肖澜 /Teng Xiaolan (中国 /China)

EVENT
15



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月27号, 周日
17:00 – 18:30
西西弗书店 (长风大悦城店)
Sunday, May 27
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Changfeng Branch)
17:00 – 18:30

使页面被翻转下去的人物

Characters Keep the Pages Turning

作家 / Writers:

btr (中国 /China), Halina Pawlowská (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), 黄昱宁 /Huang Yuning (中国 /China)

AT A GLANCE 活动概览

SUZHOU EVENTS 苏州场次

EVENT
01



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观看直播

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5月24号, 周四
19:00 – 20:30
钟书阁 (苏悦广场店)
Thursday, May 24
Zhong Shu Ge
(The Summit branch)
19:00 – 20:30

进入最佳状态：培养创造性习惯

Getting in the Groove: Building Creative Habits

作家 / Writers:
Colombe Schneck (法国 /France), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 李德武 /Li Dewu (中国 /China), 小海 /Xiao Hai (中国 /China)

EVENT
02



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观看直播

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5月24号, 周四
19:00 – 20:30
老书虫

Thursday, May 24
The Bookworm
19:00 – 20:30

广度和深度

Diversity and Depth

作家 / Writers:
Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), Halina Pawlowská (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), 陶文瑜 /Tao Wenyu (中国 /China), 房伟 /Fang Wei (中国 /China)

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观看直播

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5月24号, 周四
19:00 – 20:30
坐忘书房 (斜塘老街店)

Thursday, May 24
Zuo Wang Bookhouse
19:00 – 20:30

在小说中发现真实

Finding Truth in Fiction

作家 / Writers:
Christian Y. Schmidt (德国 /Germany), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 林舟 /Lin Zhou (中国 /China), 朱文颖 /Zhu Wenying (中国 /China)

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观看直播

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5月26号, 周六
14:00 – 15:30
钟书阁 (苏悦广场店)
Saturday, May 26
Zhong Shu Ge
(The Summit branch)
14:00 – 15:30

文学：社会之魂的聚光灯

Literature: A Spotlight on Society's Soul

作家 / Writers:
Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), 何平 /He Ping (中国 /China), Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), 黄咏梅 /Huang Yongmei (中国 /China)

EVENT
05



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观看直播

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5月26号, 周六
14:00 – 15:30
老书虫

Saturday, May 26
The Bookworm
14:00 – 15:30

写作的三条规则

The Three Rules for Writing

作家 / Writers:
艾伟 /Ai Wei (中国 /China), Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 乔叶 /Qiao Ye (中国 /China)

EVENT
06



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月26号, 周六
15:00 – 16:30
坐忘书房 (斜塘老街店)

Saturday, May 26
Zuo Wang Bookhouse
15:00 – 16:30

跨越界限的文字

Words Across Borders

作家 / Writers:

Christian Y. Schmidt (德国 /Germany), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 李德武 /Li Dewu (中国 /China), 何同彬 /He Tongbin (中国 /China)

EVENT
07



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观看直播

Watch Live

5月26号, 周六
16:00 – 17:30
钟书阁 (苏悦广场店)

Saturday, May 26
Zhong Shu Ge
(The Summit branch)
16:00 – 17:30

诗歌：一副不可见但可感知的画

Poetry: A Painting that is Felt Rather than Seen

作家 / Writers:

Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚 /Slovenia), Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary), 陶文瑜 /Tao Wenyu (中国 /China), 小海 /Xiao Hai (中国 /China)

EVENT
08



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观看直播

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讲故事技巧的培养

Cultivating the Story Craft

作家 / Writers:

Halina Pawłowska (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), 黄梵 /Huang Fan (中国 /China), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 朱文颖 /Zhu Wenying (中国 /China)

5月26号, 周六
16:00 – 17:30
老书虫

Saturday, May 26
The Bookworm
16:00 – 17:30

PROGRAMME 活动详情

SHANGHAI EVENTS

上海场次

EVENT
01

当少即是多： 短篇小说的美与力量

When Less is More: The Beauty and the Brawn of Short Fiction

作家 / Writers:

Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), 滕肖澜 /Teng Xiaolan (中国 /China), 朱文颖 /Zhu Wenying (中国 /China)

5月22号, 周二
18:00 – 19:30
言几又 (长宁来福士店)
Tuesday, May 22
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
18:00 – 19:30

近年来，短篇小说在全球范围内呈现复兴之势。2013年诺贝尔文学奖颁给了加拿大短篇小说家 Alice Munro。在过去的几年里，短篇小说集的出版量递增，在出版界的地位越来越重要，并网罗了一些重量级的文学奖项。移动技术对这也有贡献，读者们日益紧张忙碌的生活状态和持续缩短的注意力时长，使他们在通勤中转向了短篇阅读。为了讨论短篇小说的美和未来，我们邀请了来自拉脱维亚的已出版两部短篇小说集的短篇小说家 Dace Vigante，来自爱沙尼亚的已出版四部科幻小说和恐怖短篇小说集的 Indrek Hargla，来自上海的已出版多部获奖短篇小说集和中篇

Short fiction is enjoying something of a global resurgence in recent years. The 2013 Nobel Prize in literature went to Canadian short-story writer Alice Munro, and over the past few years short story collections have been on the rise, gaining in significance in the publishing world, and netting some of the biggest literary prizes. Mobile technologies have played a role in this too, as readers with hectic lifestyles and ever-decreasing attention spans turn to short stories as they commute. To discuss the beauty and the future of short fiction, we have Dace Vigante, a short-story writer from Latvia who has published two collections; Indrek Hargla from Estonia, who

小说的滕肖澜和居住在苏州的小说集
在国内外广被出版的作家朱文颖。
has published four science fiction
and horror short fiction collections;
Shanghai writer Teng Xiaolan, who
has written numerous award-winning short story collections and novellas;
and Suzhou-based writer Zhu Wenying, who has had her short fiction widely
published in China and abroad.

EVENT
02

挖掘创意

Quarrying for Ideas

作家 / Writers:

Christian Y. Schmidt (德国 /Germany), Colombe Schneck (法国 /France),
黄德海 /Huang Dehai (中国 /China), 薛舒 / Xue Shu (中国 /China)

作家们如何挖掘灵感来喂养写作，
如何努力敲打出丰富的、有创意的
作品脉络？他们从事什么类型的研
究？在什么情况下，他们认为他们
已经做了足够的研究，并能够开始
写作了？为了讨论这些问题，著有
政治人物传记、中国游记和小说的
德国作家 Christian Y. Schmidt，
法国虚构和非虚构类作家、纪录
片导演 Colombe Schneck，《思南
文学选刊》副主编、多部散文集
作者以及文学选刊编辑黄德海，
和多部小说集、小说和一部非虚
构长篇作者薛舒四位将同台分享
他们的想法和经历。

How do writers quarry for ideas to
feed into their works and strive to
tap rich, creative veins? What type
of research do they undertake, and
at what point do they feel they have
done enough research and can start
to write? To discuss this we are
joined by Christian Y. Schmidt, from
Germany, the author of a political
biography, a travel/memoir book set
in China and a novel; Colombe
Schneck, a French writer of fiction
and non-fiction and a director of
documentary films; Huang Dehai,
the deputy editor-in-chief of *Sinan
Literary Selection*, author of several
essay collections and editor of
literary anthologies; and Xue Shu,
the author of several story
collections, novels and a non-fiction
title.

EVENT
03

对于一个诗人， 万事万物皆有用

To a Poet Nothing can be Useless

作家 / Writers:

Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚 /Slovenia), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain),
木叶 /Mu Ye (中国 /China), 张定浩 /Zhang Dinghao (中国 /China)

作家塞缪尔·约翰逊曾说：“对于一个诗人，万事万物皆有用。”他认为，诗人的想象力要熟知一切美丽的和一切可怕的，他们必须通晓一切极其浩瀚的和一切细微优雅的。“因为每一个想法都是有用的，”他说，最博闻强识的诗人能最大程度使场景多样化，满足读者，并产生意想不到的暗示和指导。本场活动汇聚了四位享有盛誉的诗人，他们将分享一些他们自己的作品，探讨塞缪尔的话，并讨论他们是如何收集想法并将其融入到他们自己的作品中的。参与作家有 Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚)、Jaime Santirso (西班牙)、木叶 (中国) 和张定浩 (中国)。

The writer Samuel Johnson said that "to a poet nothing can be useless." He argued that whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to the poet's imagination, and that they must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. "For every idea is useful," he said, and the poet who knows most will be best equipped to diversify scenes, gratify readers and produce unexpected allusions and instruction. We gather four acclaimed poets for this event to present some of their own writing, and to consider Johnson's words, and discuss how they gather ideas to channel into their own work. Joining the event will be Aleš Šteger (Slovenia), Jaime Santirso (Spain), and Mu Ye and Zhang Dinghao from China.

5月22号，周二
19:00 - 20:30
西西弗书店 (静安大悦城店)

Tuesday, May 22
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Jing'An Branch)
19:00 - 20:30

EVENT
04

世界作家，本土故事

Global Writers, Local Stories

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), 路内 /Lu Nei (中国 /China),
Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary), 潘向黎 /Pan Xiangli (中国 /China)

来自爱尔兰、匈牙利和中国的作家将同台讨论他们如何在自己的作品中呈现全球主题，这些主题是以当地事件和人物为背景的，以及在它们跨越国界、文化和语言的情况下，这些叙事如何能够保持相关性。参加本场讨论的有来自爱尔兰的 Gavin Corbett，他迄今已出版三部小说；路内，多产的上海作家，他的一些作品已被译成英文；现住罗马尼亚的匈牙利诗人、文学翻译家 Noemi Laszlo；潘向黎，中国小说家，获奖作品已被翻译成多国语言。

Writers from Ireland, Hungary and China will take the stage to discuss how they present global themes in their writing that are informed by local events and people, and how the narratives can remain relevant even as they transcend borders, cultures and languages. Joining the discussion will be Gavin Corbett from Ireland who has published three novels to date; Lu Nei, a prolific novelist from Shanghai who has had some of his work translated into English; Noemi Laszlo, a Hungarian poet and literary translator who lives in Romania; and Pan Xiangli, a Chinese novelist whose award-winning work has been translated into several languages.

5月22号，周二
20:00 – 21:30
言几又（长宁来福士店）
Tuesday, May 22
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
20:00 – 21:30

EVENT
05

世界的作家

Writers of the World

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), Halina Pawlowská (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), 姚鄂梅 /Yao Emei (中国 /China), 周嘉宁 /Zhou Jianing (中国 /China)

来自中国、捷克共和国和爱尔兰的领头作家们将在本场讨论他们的作品、他们的写作生活、他们从国内外获得灵感的来源，以及他们认为文学在当代世界中发挥的作用。本场的四位作家是：爱尔兰的 Gavin Corbett，他的小说《就是这样》被嘉里集团评为“爱尔兰年度小说”；捷克最成功的作家之一 Halina Pawlowská；长短篇小说家，作品广被翻译的姚鄂梅；周嘉宁，多产的长短篇小说家和文学翻译家。

Leading writers from China, the Czech Republic and Ireland will discuss their work, their writing lives, their sources of inspiration from their own country and beyond, and the role they see literature playing in the modern era around the world. Participating in this discussion will be Gavin Corbett from Ireland, whose novel *This Is the Way* was named Kerry Group Irish Novel of the Year; Halina Pawlowská, one of the Czech Republic's most successful authors; Yao Emei, a novelist and story writer whose work has been translated widely; and Zhou Jianing a prolific short-story writer, novelist and literary translator.

5月23号，周三
18:00 – 19:30
言几又（长宁来福士店）
Wednesday, May 23
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
18:00 – 19:30

EVENT
06

召唤作家的缪斯

Summoning the Writer's Muse

作家 / Writers:

Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), 潘向黎 /Pan Xiangli (中国 /China),
Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 夏商 /Xia Shang (中国 /China)

5月23号，周三
19:00 – 20:30
钟书阁（静安寺店）
Wednesday, May 23
Zhong Shu Ge
(Jing'an Temple branch)
19:00 – 20:30

来自中国、保加利亚和拉脱维亚的作家将谈论他们的创作过程，他们如何启动项目，以及他们如何克服那些创意凝固的时期。参与本场的四位作家是：拉脱维亚的短篇小说家 Dace Vigante，获奖作品已被翻译成多国语言的中国小说家潘向黎，保加利亚的短篇小说作家、反乌托邦小说《Raptus》作者 Svet Di Nahum，以及上海的后先锋派小说家和平面设计师夏商。

Writers from China, Bulgaria and Latvia will talk about their creative processes, how they initiate projects, and how they overcome periods when the creativity is simply not flowing. Joining this event will be short-story writer Dace Vigante from Latvia; Pan Xiangli, a Chinese novelist whose award-winning work has been translated into several languages; Svet Di Nahum from Bulgaria, a short-story writer and author of the dystopian novel *Raptus*; and Xia Shang, a post-avant-garde novelist and graphic designer from Shanghai.

EVENT
07

像作家一样阅读

Reading Like a Writer

作家 / Writers:

btr (中国 /China), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 毛尖 /Mao Jian (中国 /China), Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary)

爱尔兰作家奥斯卡·王尔德说：“那些不是必须读的时候读的书，决定了你在不刻意为之时，将成为怎样的人。”而且，人们常说，一个好的作家必须是一个更好的读者。他们必须广泛而深入地阅读 – 从文学巨著到最近的当代作品，还有许多在这期间的 – 并且要随时注意，作者在塑造他们作品时的匠心。本场，作家们将

Irish writer Oscar Wilde said: "It is what you read when you don't have to that determines what you will be when you can't help it." And, it is often said, a good writer must be a great reader. They must read widely and deeply – from the literary greats to the most recent contemporaries, and plenty in between – all the time paying heed to the craft decisions the authors have made as they shaped

5月23号，周三
19:00 – 20:30
西西弗书店（静安大悦城店）

Wednesday, May 23
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Jing An Branch)
19:00 – 20:30

讨论他们读谁的和什么类型的作品，以及他们认为他们的阅读怎样影响了他们的写作。Btr，居住上海的作家、当代艺术评论家和英文文学翻译家；Jaime Santirso，西班牙记者和诗人；毛尖，专攻中国电影和中国现当代文学的学者和散文家；Noemi Laszlo，匈牙利诗人、文学杂志编辑和文学翻译。

their works. In this gathering, the writers will discuss who and what they read, and how they feel their reading impacts upon their own writing. btr is a writer, contemporary art critic, and translator of English literature living in Shanghai; Jaime Santirso is a Spanish journalist and poet; Mao Jian is an academic and essayist who specialises in Chinese Cinema and modern and contemporary Chinese Literature; and Hungarian Noemi Laszlo is a poet, an editor of a literary journal and a literary translator.

EVENT
08

我们为什么写作

Why We Write

作家 / Writers:

Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚 /Slovenia), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 小白 /Xiao Bai (中国 /China), 走走 /Zou Zou (中国 /China)

四个作家将参与谈论他们是如何成为作家的，是什么鼓励他们走上了富有挑战性的文学之路，以及他们如何保持积极性和专注力。Aleš Šteger，来自斯洛文尼亚的诗人和散文家，他的作品已广被翻译，他的散文集《面包与玫瑰——柏林故事》将于5月以中文出版；José Luís Peixoto，葡萄牙当代最受好评的小说家之一，迄今为止，他的作品已被翻译成26种语言；小白，中国小说家，其获奖作品已销往多个国外市场；走走，文学编辑，已出版几部备受好评的小说。

Four writers will join this event to talk about how they became writers, what encouraged them to take the challenging literary path, and how they keep motivated and focused. Aleš Šteger is a poet and prose writer from Slovenia whose work has been widely translated. His prose book *Berlin* will be released in Chinese in May; José Luís Peixoto is one of Portugal's most acclaimed contemporary novelists and his work has been translated into 26 languages so far; Xiao Bai is a Chinese fiction writer whose award-

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20:00 – 21:30
言几又（长宁来福士店）
Wednesday, May 23
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
20:00 – 21:30

winning work has also been sold into many markets abroad; and Zou Zou is a literary editor and the author of several acclaimed novels.

EVENT
09

新书发布会：
Colombe Schneck 和她的中文版《弥补》
与上海 99 读书人出版社

Book Launch:
Colombe Schneck and the Chinese version of *Le reparation*
with publisher Shanghai 99

法国作家 Colombe Schneck 将在本场活动上发布她的中文版《Le reparation》（书名《弥补》，由上海 99 出版社出版）。小说围绕二战期间犹太人大屠杀的历史展开。作为犹太后裔，科隆布·施内克用文字讲述家族中消失的身影。她尤其关注到女性在灾难中生生不息的力量，这也是这一沉重主题中最明亮、隽永的一部分。

Colombe 的大部分工作内容、影视作品、写作都是关于女性以及女性身上那脆弱的母性，她的最新一本小说《慈悲姐妹》讲述了一个女人为了去海外工作不得不离开孩子们的故事。本场活动上，她将会与大家畅谈她的《弥补》，她的多重职业身份，以及为什么世界范围内女性的困境成为了她写作的中心。

French writer Colombe Schneck will launch the Chinese version of her book *Le reparation* (published by Shanghai 99) at this event. The novel revolves around the history of the Jewish massacre during World War II. As a Jewish descendant, Columbe details the disappearance of family and focusses on the strength of women in the disaster, which is one of the brightest and timeless parts of this heavy theme. Most of Colombe's work, films and books are about women and the fragile maternal instinct, and her last novel *Sisters of Mercy* is about women who have to leave their children to work abroad. In this event, she will discuss *Le reparation*, and her wider body of work and why the plight of women around the world plays such a key role in her writing.

5 月 26 号，周六
14:00 – 15:30
西西弗书店（静安大悦城店）

Saturday, May 26
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Jing'An Branch)
14:00 – 15:30

EVENT
10

新书发布会：
Aleš Šteger 和他的中文版《面包与玫瑰——柏林故事》和
华东师范大学出版社

Book Launch:
Aleš Šteger and the Chinese version of *Berlin*.
with the Publisher East China Normal University Press

斯洛文尼亚诗人、散文家 Aleš Šteger 将在本场活动发布中文版《Berlin》（书名《面包与玫瑰——柏林故事》，由华东师范大学出版社出版）。这是一本向柏林的伟大文学人物致敬之书，是一本充满繁复细节的漫游者之书，是一本介于随笔 - 散文 - 诗歌 - 摄影集之书，正如作者所感受的柏林看似繁复，确是纯净的美的记忆之城。

Slovenian poet and prose writer Aleš Šteger will launch the Chinese version of *Berlin* (published by East China Normal University Press), a book of tribute to the great literary figures of Berlin. It is a work of wandering that is full of intricate details -- a book of essays, prose, poetry, and photography. The author portrays Berlin as a complicated world, and indeed a pure and beautiful city of memory.

5 月 27 号，周日
13:00 – 14:30
言几又（长宁来福士店）
Sunday, May 27
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
13:00 – 14:30

EVENT
11

书本推介会：
Christian Y. Schmidt 和他的中文版《独自在 13 亿人中》

Book Presentation:
Christian Y. Schmidt and the Chinese version of *Allein unter 1,3 Milliarden*.

德国作家 Christian Y. Schmidt 从中国上海出发，独自乘坐汽车，向西再向西，行程万里一路到达青藏高原。沿途中国城市和乡村的景观、人文风俗在他眼前铺展开来，呈现出了一个

German writer Christian Y. Schmidt drove from Shanghai all the way to the Qinghai-Tibet Plateau. Along the way the landscapes and cultural customs of Chinese cities and villages spread out in front of him, presenting a more

5 月 27 号，周日
13:00 – 14:30
西西弗书店（长风大悦城店）
Sunday, May 27
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Changfeng Branch)
13:00 – 14:30

更立体更丰富的中国。文风言辞机锋诙谐，作者善于对比和忆古思今，读来莞尔发笑却也发人深省。

three-dimensional and richer China. In his book that tells of that journey, Christian shares his perspectives on China, past and present, and delivers a tale that is both thought-provoking and very witty.

EVENT
12

语言和文学

Language and Literature

作家 / Writers:

Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 周嘉宁 /Zhou Jianing (中国 /China), 走走 /Zou Zou (中国 /China)

文学是一种以语言为原材料的艺术形式，当文字和词组在文学作品中得到很好的运用时，它们就获得了一种超越自身定义的份量和意义。本场，我们将邀请作家们谈论他们欣赏哪些作家使用语言的方式，和为什么；以及他们如何在自己的作品中遣词造句和打磨语言技能的。来自匈牙利的诗人兼文学翻译 Noemi Laszlo；来自保加利亚的小说家 Svet Di Nahum；以及来自上海的两作家，小说家兼文学翻译家周嘉宁，文学编辑兼小说家走走将参与本场讨论。

Literature is an art form that uses language as its raw material, and when words and phrases are used well in literary works they acquire a weight and meaning of their own that goes beyond straight definition. In this session, we will invite the writers to discuss which writers they admire for their use of language, and why; and how they develop and polish their own language skills in the works they produce. To discuss will be Noemi Laszlo, a poet and literary translator from Hungary; fiction writer Svet Di Nahum from Bulgaria; and two Shanghai authors, Zhou Jianing, a fiction writer and literary translator; and literary editor and novelist, Zou Zou.

5月27号，周日
15:00 - 16:30
言几又（长宁来福士店）
Sunday, May 27
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
15:00 - 16:30

EVENT
13

我们的写作生活

Our Writing Lives

作家 / Writers:

Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 路内 /Lu Nei (中国 /China), 小白 /Xiao Bai (中国 /China)

今天，我们欢迎四位才华横溢的作家同台分享他们是如何以及为什么进入写作生涯的，他们如何选择下一个文学上的挑战，以及他们在写作生涯中遇到了怎样的高潮和低谷。为了谈论他们各自的创作生涯，我们邀请了来自拉脱维亚的短篇小说家 Dace Vigante，西班牙诗人 Jaime Santirso，上海小说家路内和上海长篇小说家小白。

Today we welcome four highly talented writers to talk about how and why they got into a writing career, how they choose their next literary challenges, and what highs and lows they have encountered in their writing lives. To talk about their writing lives, we welcome short-story writer Dace Vigante from Latvia; Spanish poet Jaime Santirso; Shanghai novelist Lu Nei; and Shanghai novelist and short-fiction writer Xiao Bai.

5月27号，周日
15:00 - 16:30
西西弗书店（长风大悦城店）

Sunday, May 27
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Changfeng Branch)
15:00 - 16:30

EVENT
14

小说的方式： 语言和风格的试验

A Novel Approach:
Experimenting with Language and Style

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 薛舒 /Xue Shu (中国 /China), 滕肖澜 /Teng Xiaolan (中国 /China)

5月27号，周日
17:00 - 18:30
言几又（长宁来福士店）
Sunday, May 27
Yan Ji You
(Raffles City Changning)
17:00 - 18:30

我们邀请了四位备受评论界好评的作家同台讨论他们自己的小说，以及他们是如何试验语言、形式和风格，创造出独特的小说世界，供读者探索。本场，与我们分享的有获奖小说家：Gavin Corbett（爱尔兰），José Luís Peixoto（葡萄牙），以及中国的薛舒和滕肖澜。

We invite four critically acclaimed writers to this event to discuss their own novels and how they experiment with language and form and style to create unique narrative worlds for readers to explore. On stage, we will be joined by the award-winning novelists: Gavin Corbett (Ireland), José Luís Peixoto (Portugal), and Xue Shu and Teng Xiaoxuan from China.

EVENT
15

使页面被翻转下去的人物

Characters Keep the Pages Turning

作家 / Writers:

btr (中国 /China), Halina Pawlowská (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), 黄昱宁 /Huang Yuning(中国 /China)

创造复杂、全面和可信的人物是长篇小说写作过程中不可或缺的组成部分。作家在哪里“遇到”他们的人物？他们怎样去认识他们？谁先出现 – 是人物还是故事情节？为了讨论以上内容，常驻上海的作家兼文学翻译家 btr；为书籍、舞台和银幕创作人物的 Halina Pawlowská；爱沙尼亚人 Indrek Hargla，舞台剧作家、电视剧编剧以及长短篇小说家；中国的作家、文学翻译家、文学评论家黄昱宁将同台分享他们的创作和想法。

Creating complex, well-rounded, and believable characters is an integral part of the novel and short story writing process. Where do writers "meet" their characters? How do they get to know them? Which comes first – the characters or the storyline? To discuss, we welcome Shanghai-based writer and literary translator btr; Halina Pawlowská, who develops characters for books, stage and screen; Estonian Indrek Hargla, who writes stage plays, TV screenplays, as well as long and short fiction; and Huang Yuning, a writer, literary translator and a literary critic from China.

5月27号，周日
17:00 – 18:30
西西弗书店（长风大悦城店）

Sunday, May 27
Sisyph Books (Joy City
Changfeng Branch)
17:00 – 18:30

PROGRAMME 活动详情

SUZHOU EVENTS 苏州场次

EVENT
01

进入最佳状态： 培养创造性习惯

Getting in the Groove: Building Creative Habits

作家 / Writers:

Colombe Schneck (法国 /France), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 李德武 /Li Dewu (中国 /China), 小海 /Xiao Hai (中国 /China)

我们邀请了四位非常多产的创意人士参加这次活动，谈论他们是如何安排他们的工作日程和写作生活的，以及他们是如何处理写作项目、旅行、个人生活与作家的需求之间的关系。来自法国的 Colombe Schneck 是许多作品（包括刚刚在中国发行的小说《弥补》）的作者，她也执导纪录片，目前正在创作她的第一部剧情片；保加利亚的 Svet Di Nahum，写作长篇小说，也为电视喜剧创作；李德武，诗人和文学评论家；小海，一位多产且获奖无数的诗人。

We invite four highly prolific creative people to this event to talk about how they arrange their working routines and writing lives, and how they juggle multiple projects, travel and personal lives with the demands of a writer. Colombe Schneck from France is the author of many books (including the novel *Le reparation* which has just been released in China) and she directs documentary films and is currently writing her first feature film; Bulgarian Svet Di Nahum writes short stories, novels, and writes for TV comedies; Li Dewu is a poet and literary critic; and Xiao Hai is a prolific Suzhou poet who has won numerous awards for his work.

5月24号，周四
19:00 – 20:30
钟书阁（苏悦广场店）

Thursday, May 24
Zhong Shu Ge
(The Summit branch)
19:00 – 20:30

EVENT
02

广度和深度

Diversity and Depth

作家 / Writers:

Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), Halina Pawłowska (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), 陶文瑜 /Tao Wenyu (中国 /China), 房伟 /Fang Wei (中国 /China)

四位非常多才多艺的人才在这里将共同讨论他们的创作过程，他们在着手一个新创作项目时所面临的选择，以及他们如何和为什么选择使用这些体裁和艺术形式来呈现他们多样的作品。爱沙尼亚科幻小说家、中世纪犯罪小说作家和编剧 Indrek Hargla；捷克短篇小说家、编剧和剧作家 Halina Pawłowska；诗人、作家和画家陶文瑜以及长短篇小说家、学者房伟将与我们共同分享。

Three very diverse talents join forces here to discuss their creative processes, the options they face as they embark on a new project, and how and why they choose to use the genres and the art forms they do for their various works. We will be joined by Estonian science fiction writer, medieval crime writer and screenwriter Indrek Hargla; Czech short story writer, screenwriter and playwright Halina Pawłowska; Tao Wenyu, a poet, writer and painter; short-story writer, novelist and academic Fang Wei.

5月24号，周四
19:00 – 20:30
老书虫

Thursday, May 24
The Bookworm
19:00 – 20:30

EVENT
03

在小说中发现真实

Finding Truth in Fiction

作家 / Writers:

Christian Y. Schmidt (德国 /Germany), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 林舟 / Lin Zhou (中国 /China), 朱文颖 /Zhu Wenying (中国 /China)

5月24号，周四
19:00 – 20:30
坐忘书房（斜塘老街店）

Thursday, May 24
Zuo Wang Bookhouse
19:00 – 20:30

小说往往比我们周围存在的东西更接近事实。读者沉浸在这样一个世界里，他们必须设身处地，思考新的世界和新颖的观点，挑战他们惯常的信仰和感情。四位作家将在本场讨论他们在写作中创建自己的世界过程中要处理的普识的议题和观念。参与作家是：德国作家 Christian Y. Schmidt，他的小说《最后的胡森贝克》刚出版；葡萄牙小说家 José Luís Peixoto，迄今为止，他的小说已获得了诸多奖项；林舟，一位多产的作家、文学评论家和学者；朱文颖，小说家、艺术策展人和评论家。

Fiction can often seem closer to the truth than what lies around us. The reader is immersed in a world where they must put themselves in the shoes of others, consider new worlds and fresh perspectives, and challenge their old beliefs and sentiments. Four authors will join this discussion to talk about their own writing and their engagement with universal themes and truisms in their world-building processes. To discuss will be German writer Christian Y. Schmidt, whose novel *The Last Huelsenbeck* has just been released; Portuguese novelist José Luís Peixoto, who has won many awards for his fiction to date; Lin Zhou, a prolific writer, literary critic and academic; and Zhu Wenying, a fiction writer, art curator and critic.

EVENT
04

文学： 社会之魂的聚光灯

Literature: A Spotlight on Society's Soul

作家 / Writers:

Gavin Corbett (爱尔兰 /Ireland), 何平 /He Ping (中国 /China), Indrek Hargla (爱沙尼亚 /Estonia), 黄咏梅 /Huang Yongmei (中国 /China)

通过人物、叙事声音、故事情节和背景设置，文学经常被看作在社会阴暗的角落投射了一束光，照亮了社会的黑暗。本场，受邀作家们将谈论在他们的作品中呈现这一层面的部分，还将谈论他们所钦佩的具有揭露社会灵

Through the characters, the narrative voices, the storyline and the setting, literature can often be seen to be shining a spotlight on dark corners of society and illuminating pockets of social darkness. In this session, the invited writers will discuss this

5月26号，周六
14:00 – 15:30
钟书阁（苏悦广场店）
Saturday, May 26
Zhong Shu Ge
(The Summit branch)
14:00 – 15:30

魂的能力的其他一些作家。本场作家有：爱尔兰小说家 Gavin Corbett, 常驻南京的学者和文学评论家何平, 爱沙尼亚小说家 Indrek Hargla 以及来自杭州的长篇小说家黄咏梅。

element of the craft in their own writing, and also talk about some other writers they have admired for their capacity to bare society's soul. Joining the panel will be Gavin Corbett, a novelist from Ireland; He Ping, a Nanjing-based academic and literary critic; Estonian fiction writer Indrek Hargla; and Huang Yongmei, a short-story and novel writer from Hangzhou.

EVENT
05

写作的三条规则

The Three Rules for Writing

作家 / Writers:

艾伟 / Ai Wei (中国 /China), Dace Vigante (拉脱维亚 /Latvia), José Luís Peixoto (葡萄牙 /Portugal), 乔叶 /Qiao Ye (中国 /China)

萨默塞特·毛姆曾说：“写作有三条规则。”“不幸的是，没有达成共识这三条是什么。”现实是，在文学世界里，没有一套约定俗成的“做”和“不做”的规则，作家必须创建一个对他们自己有效和对他们从事的每一个创作项目有效的准则体系。本场活动，四位杰出的作家将讨论他们自己的写作和他们个人倾向于遵守的规则，以及他们选择屈从或打破的规则。本场与我们分享的是来自杭州的长篇小说家艾伟，拉脱维亚小说家 Dace Vigante，葡萄牙小说家 José Luís Peixoto 和长篇小说家乔叶。

"There are three rules for writing," Somerset Maugham once stated. "Unfortunately, no one can agree what they are." The reality is there is no fixed set of do's and don'ts to refer to in the literary world, and writers must develop a framework that works for them for each creative project they embark upon. In this event four distinguished writers discuss their own writing and the rules they personally tend to observe, and the ones they choose to bend or even break. Joining us will be novelist and short-story writer from Hangzhou, Ai Wei; Latvian fiction writer Dace

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Saturday, May 26
The Bookworm
14:00 - 15:30

Vigante; Portuguese novelist José Luís Peixoto; and Qiao Ye, a short story writer and novelist.

EVENT
06

跨越界限的文字

Words Across Borders

作家 / Writers:

Christian Y. Schmidt (德国 /Germany), Jaime Santirso (西班牙 /Spain), 李德武 /Li Dewu (中国 /China), 何同彬 /He Tongbin (中国 /China)

在一个日益全球化和数字化的世界里，作家比以往任何时候都能更便利地与世界各地的读者取得联系。体裁也经常变形和融合，这使得对许多作品难以分类，但也可能由于内容脱离了分类限制，使得作者更容易找到新的读者群体。本场，作家们将讨论他们的写作以及他们认为如何能够获得国内以及远在海外的读者。随着世界的发展和日益紧密的相互联系，他们也将讨论对于作家和读者来说在未来将会有怎样的变化。参与作家：来自德国的虚构和非虚构类作家 Christian Y. Schmidt，来自西班牙的诗人和记者 Jaime Santirso，苏州的诗人和文学评论家李德武，来自南京的散文家、文学评论家何同彬。

In an increasingly globalised and digitised world, writers can connect with readers all around the world more than ever before. Genres, too, are often bending and blending making it harder to categorise many works, but also potentially making it easier for writers to find new readers as content defies categorisation. In this gathering, the writers will discuss their own writing and how they feel they can reach audiences near to and far from home. And as the world evolves and becomes more interconnected, they will also talk about what changes they might see ahead for writers and readers alike. To discuss: novelist and non-fiction writer Christian Y. Schmidt from Germany; poet and journalist Jaime Santirso from Spain; poet and literary critic Li Dewu from Suzhou; and He Tongbin, an essayist and literary critic from Nanjing.

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15:00 - 16:30
坐忘书房（斜塘老街店）

Saturday, May 26
Zuo Wang Bookhouse
15:00 - 16:30

EVENT
07

诗歌： 一副不可见但可感知的画

Poetry: A Painting that is Felt Rather than Seen

5月26号，周六
16:00 – 17:30
钟书阁（苏悦广场店）
Saturday, May 26
Zhong Shu Ge
(The Summit branch)
16:00 – 17:30

作家 / Writers:

Aleš Šteger (斯洛文尼亚 /Slovenia), Noemi Laszlo (匈牙利 /Hungary),
陶文瑜 /Tao Wenyu (中国 /China), 小海 /Xiao Hai (中国 /China)

达芬奇说过，“绘画是感知之外能看到的诗，而诗歌则是不可见但可感知的画。”四位受尊敬的诗人今天聚集在一起，将朗诵一些他们的诗作，讨论他们所感知的当代诗歌的外在和内在。舞台上你将看到来自斯洛文尼亚的诗人和散文作家 Aleš Šteger；来自匈牙利的成人和儿童诗作作者 Noemi Laszlo，苏州的诗人和散文家陶文瑜；江苏诗人小海。

Leonardo da Vinci said that, “Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.” Four esteemed poets gather today to read some of their own work, and to discuss what they perceive to be the visual and visceral capacities of poetry in the contemporary age. On stage will be Aleš Šteger, a poet and prose writer from Slovenia; Noemi Laszlo, from Hungary, who writes poetry for adults and children; Suzhou poet and essayist Tao Wenyu; and Xiao Hai, a poet who is originally from Jiangsu.

EVENT
08

讲故事技巧的培养

Cultivating the Story Craft

5月26号，周六
16:00 – 17:30
老书虫

Saturday, May 26
The Bookworm
16:00 – 17:30

作家 / Writers:

Halina Pawlowská (捷克共和国 /Czech Republic), 黄梵 /Huang Fan (中国 /China), Svet Di Nahum (保加利亚 /Bulgaria), 朱文颖 /Zhu Wenying (中国 /China)

是什么让一个故事新鲜，生动和难忘？如何构建鲜明的人物和呈现真实的对话来推动故事的发展？而且，在开头不要透露太多的情况下，作者如何才能最成功地邀请读者与他们一起踏上文学之旅呢？四位人气作家将在本场共同讨论他们如何发展他们的叙事线索和他们如何构建坚实的故事框架。来自捷克共和国的 Halina Pawlowská，舞台、电视撰稿人，短篇小说家；湖北人黄梵，诗人和小说家，他的作品在国际上广被翻译；保加利亚的 Svet Di Nahum，长短篇小说家，也为电视撰稿，他的作品被译介到了世界多个市场；朱文颖，生于上海，作品广被翻译的长篇小说家。

What makes a story fresh, vivid and memorable? How to develop strong characters and present authentic dialogue that drives the story? And, without divulging too much at the start, how can writers most successfully invite the reader to come along with them on a literary journey? Four acclaimed writers will discuss how they develop their narrative arcs and how they construct solid story frameworks. Halina Pawlowská, from the Czech Republic, writes for stage and TV as well as short stories; Huang Fan, originally from Hubei, writes fiction and poetry and his works have been widely translated internationally; Bulgarian Svet Di Nahum writes short stories and novels, as well as for TV, and he has had his work translated into several markets around the world; and originally from Shanghai, Zhu Wenying is a short-story writer and novelist who also has been widely translated.

EUROPEAN AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

参与欧洲作家



Svet Di Nahum

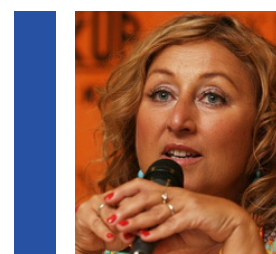
保加利亚 Bulgaria

Svet Di Nahum 于 1970 年出生于保加利亚首都索非亚。他毕业于美国南伊利诺斯州立大学哲学院。已在保加利亚和欧洲各国的文学刊物上出版有大量短篇小说。他的作品已被翻译成英文、德文、俄文、乌克兰文、塞尔维亚文、土耳其文、马其顿文、西班牙文和法文。他的小说出现在美国文学刊物如《醉舟》、《幽暗厨柜》、《死神之舞》、《读者》上，也出现在英国刊物《HCE》上。Svet Di-Nahum 是短篇小说《狼嚎》（1994 年出版）、短篇小说集《囚禁的独角兽》（2007 年出版）、长篇小说《狂暴》（2009 年出版）、短篇小说兼剧本《尼古拉与尼古拉》（2012 年出版）、长篇小说《理论家》（2015 年出版）、舞台剧《刽子手和小丑》（2017 年上映）的作者。小说《狂暴》获得了埃利亚斯·卡内蒂国家文学奖提名，其后锤砧图书出版社（于 2013 年成立于拉斯维加斯）将其在美国再版出售，并获得了将其改编成电影的版权。

Svet Di Nahum was born in 1970 in Sofia, Bulgaria. He is a graduate of the Department of Philosophy at Southern Illinois University, USA. He has published short stories in numerous literary magazines in Bulgaria and throughout Europe, and his work has been translated into English, German, Russian, Ukrainian, Serbian, Turkish, Macedonian, Spanish, and French. His fiction has appeared in US literary magazines such as *Drunken Boat*, *Gloom Cupboard*, *Danse Macabre*, and *Audience* and in *HCE Magazine* in the UK. Svet Di-Nahum is the author of *The Wolf's Howl* (Short Novel, 1994), *The Unicorn in Captivity* (Collection of Short Stories, 2007), *RAPTUS* (Novel, 2009) *Nicola Against Nicola* (Short Novel & Screenplay, 2012), *The Doctrinaire* (Novel, 2015), and *The Hangman and the Clown* (Stage Play, 2017). *RAPTUS* was a nominee for the Elias Canetti National Literary Award and was subsequently published in the United States by Hammer & Anvil Books (Las

这本小说已有俄文版。他的散文《重建团结》为他赢得了在华沙（由莱赫华沙基金会共同参与的）为 2013 年度诺贝尔和平奖获得者举办的散文比赛。他的情景喜剧《家囚》赢得了电视剧部门奖项。同时他也是保加利亚写作中心作家和出版社协会秘书处成员。

Vegas, 2013) with film options. It is also published in Russia. With his essay, *Solidarity Restarted* he won the Essay Competition for World Noble Peace Prize Laureates 2013 in Warsaw (and the Lech Walesa Foundation). He also won the BTV competition for his sitcom *Home Arrest*. He is a member of Bulgarian Union of Writers and Press secretary for PEN Center Bulgaria.



Halina Pawlowská

捷克共和国 Czech Republic

Halina Pawlowská(生于 1955 年)是一位成功的捷克剧作家、短篇小说家、记者、编辑。她在捷克电视台担任编辑和节目主持人。出生于布拉格，在当地上完语法学校后就前往表演艺术学院影视院校学习戏剧表演和编剧。1981 年毕业后她作为一名活跃于多个娱乐节目的编剧供职于捷克电视台，之后成为了节目主持人。同时她也是多家捷克报纸和期刊的专栏作家和编辑。如今她已是捷克共和国最成功的作家之一，她的短篇小说和电视剧经常取材于她的青年时代，并在爱和复杂婚姻情节中进行了趣味诠释。

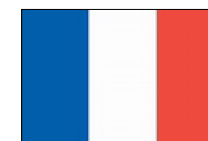
Halina Pawlowská (born 1955) is a successful Czech playwright, short story writer, journalist and editor. She has worked as a screenwriter and show presenter for Czech television. Born in Prague, Halina attended a local grammar school before studying dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Film and TV School of the Academy of Performing Arts where she graduated in 1981. She then worked as a screenwriter for Czech Television, took part in various entertainment programmes, and later became a presenter. She has also been a columnist or editor for various Czech newspapers and journals. Now one of the Czech Republic's most successful writers, her short stories and television series are often based on her world of young adults with amusing interpretations of love or chaotic marriages.



Indrek Hargla
爱沙尼亚 Estonia

Indrek Hargla, 生于 1970 年, 自 1999 年发表第一部中篇科幻小说后就成为了一名自由撰稿人。他获得了 17 次爱沙尼亚科幻小说大奖, 已出版 4 部短篇科幻和恐怖故事集。他最为国内外文学界所熟知的是他是中世纪犯罪小说《梅尔基奥药师》的作者, 这个系列的小说目前已经更新到了第六部, 并已被翻译成了法文、芬兰文、匈牙利文、拉脱维亚文、英文和德文。他被芬兰犯罪小说协会、法国 Caunes-Minervois 镇等授予了荣誉奖项。他已创作多部舞台剧和电视剧剧本, 均在欧洲各国获得了成功。他目前正在写作他的《梅尔基奥药师》系列第 7 部, 以及根据第一二部改编成电影的剧本, 电影预计在 2020-2021 年间上映。

Indrek Hargla, born in 1970, has been a freelance author since 1999 when he sold his first science fiction novella. He has won the Estonian Science Fiction Award 17 times, and has published four short fiction collections of science fiction and horror. He is best known domestically and internationally as a writer of the *Apothecary Melchior* medieval crime novels, which now run to six volumes and have been translated into French, Finnish, Hungarian, Latvian, English and German. He was awarded the Honorary Award from the Finnish Society of Crime Fiction, and the Honorary Medal from the town of Caunes-Minervois, France, among other awards. He has written several stage plays and TV screenplays, which have been successful in many European countries. He is currently writing the 7th book in the *Apothecary Melchior* series and writing scripts for major movies based on the first two books in the series, which will hit the screens in 2020 and 2021.



Colombe Schneck
法国 France

Colombe Schneck 是一位法语作家兼纪录片导演。在成为作家之前, 从巴黎政治学院毕业后, 她在法国电视台运河 + 和法国电台做了 15 年的新闻播报员。她是 9 部虚构和非虚构作品的作者。已获得费加罗夫人法兰西学院和法国作家协会奖项, 并入围了勒诺多文学奖、双叟文学奖和行际盟友奖。已执导四部纪录片, 目前正在创作她的第一部剧情长片。她的作品有《永不疲倦的施内克先生》、《优雅谷》、《一位有名的女人》、《一九六七年五月》、《弥补》。其中《弥补》已被翻译成意大利文、波兰文、德文、立陶宛文、荷兰文, 上海 99 读书人出版社刚译作出版了中文版。

Colombe Schneck is a French writer and director of documentary films. Before becoming a writer, she graduated from Institut d'Etudes Politiques of Paris and later spent fifteen years as an anchorwoman for Canal Plus, France TV and Radio France. She is the author of nine books of fiction and non-fiction, and has received prizes from the Académie Française, Madame Figaro and the Society of French Writers, as well as having been short-listed for the Renaudot, Femina, and Interallié prizes. She has directed four documentary films and is currently writing her first feature film. Her books include *L'incredable Monsieur Schneck*, *Val de Grâce*, *Une femme célèbre*, *Mai 67* and *La reparation*. *La reparation*

has been translated into Italian, Polish, German, Lithuanian and Dutch, and Shanghai 99 publishers have just released a Chinese-language edition.



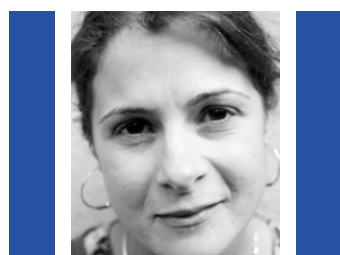
Christian Y. Schmidt
德国 Germany

Christian Y. Schmidt (生于 1956 年) 是一位德国作家, 但他在北京居住的时间比在柏林的时间还多。他在

Christian Y. Schmidt (born 1956) is a German author who spends more time living in Beijing than in Berlin. He studied psychology, literature,

特里尔和比勒费尔德学习心理学、文学、历史和哲学，并曾担任德国讽刺杂志《泰坦尼克号》的编辑多年。他的第一本书，是一部关于当时（1998年）德国外交部长 Joschka Fischer 的传记，在德国获得了巨大成功。2008 年，他出版了一本关于他在中国旅行的书，书名叫做《独自在 13 亿人中》，成为了《明镜周刊》的畅销书。该书还在 2010 年由中央编译出版社出版了中文版。在他刚刚出版的处女长篇小说《最后的胡森贝克》（2018 年 4 月出版）中，Schmidt 让他的主人公们踏上了一段在香港、柏林和墨西哥之间的神秘旅程，在那条绵延弯曲的小路最后，出现了一个超出所有人预想的解决方案。

history and philosophy in Trier and Bielefeld and served for many years as an editor of the German satirical magazine *Titanic*. His first book, a biography of the then German Foreign Minister, Joschka Fischer, (1998) was a major success in Germany. In 2008, he published a book about his travels through China called *Allein unter 1,3 Milliarden* ("Alone Among 1.3 Billion"), which made the *Spiegel's* bestseller list. This book was also published in Chinese as 独自在 13 亿人中 at Central Compilation & Translation Press (2010). In his just released debut novel *Der letzte Huelsenbeck* (*The Last Huelsenbeck*; April 2018), Schmidt sends his protagonists on a mysterious journey between Hong Kong, Berlin and Mexico, at the end of whose tortuously convoluted paths lies a solution nobody would have expected.



Noemi Laszlo

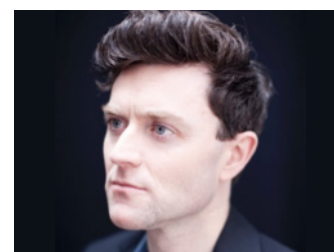
匈牙利 Hungary

Noémi László 是 1973 年出生于罗马尼亚克鲁日的匈牙利人。她于 1996 年在克鲁日的巴贝斯 - 博利亚大学主修匈牙利语和英语。她的第一本诗集出版于 1995 年。她已经为成人写了五部诗，此后还为儿童写了四本书。她是位于克鲁日的匈牙利文学评论杂志《Helikon》的编辑，并在克鲁日的巴贝斯 - 博利亚大学传播系教授创意写作课程。2011 年，她在

Noémi László was born a Hungarian in Cluj, Romania, in 1973. She majored in Hungarian and English at the Babes-Bolyai University, Cluj in 1996. Her first volume of poetry was published in 1995. She has written five volumes of poetry for adults and four books for children since. She works as an editor for the Hungarian literary review *Helikon* based in Cluj and teaches creative writing at the

布达佩斯 Eötvös Loránd 大学获得了现代英语文学博士学位。她还将罗马尼亚语和英语的诗歌和散文翻译成匈牙利语，自由译者，偶尔还会跑半程马拉松。2010 年，Noémi László 被授予 József Attila 奖。

Department of Communication of the BBU, CJ. In 2011, she received a PhD in Modern English Literature at Budapest Eötvös Loránd University. She also translates poetry and prose from Romanian and English into Hungarian, works as a freelance interpreter and runs occasional half-marathons. Noémi László was awarded the József Attila prize in 2010.

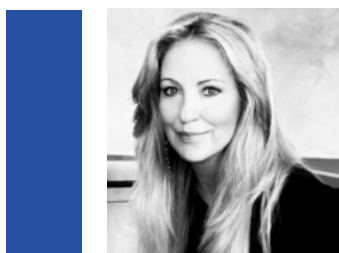


Gavin Corbett

爱尔兰 Ireland

Gavin Corbett 来自爱尔兰都柏林。他是三部小说的作者：《天真无邪》（2003）、《就是这样》（2013）和《闪着莹莹绿光的头盖骨》（2015）。《就是这样》2013 年被嘉里集团评为爱尔兰年度最佳小说。他曾在爱尔兰最负盛名的两所大学——都柏林三一学院和都柏林大学担任驻校作家。《卫报》称他是“当今最令人耳目一新的小说家之一”，他的作品激发了“当代英语散文很少能引发的智力和审美的愉悦”。

Gavin Corbett is from Dublin, Ireland. He is the author of three novels: *Innocence* (2003), *This Is the Way* (2013) and *Green Glowing Skull* (2015). *This Is the Way* was named Kerry Group Irish Novel of the Year in 2013. He has been writer-in-residence at Ireland's two most prestigious universities, Trinity College Dublin and University College Dublin. *The Guardian* newspaper has described him as "one of the most refreshing novelists writing today" and his writing as provoking "intellectual and aesthetic exhilaration that is seldom induced by contemporary Anglophone prose".

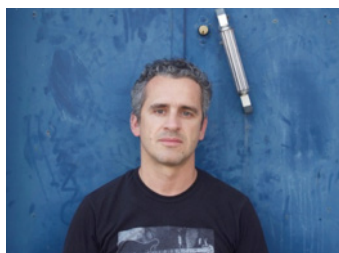


Dace Vigante

拉脱维亚 Latvia

Dace Vigante 1970 年出身于波罗的海附近一个拉脱维亚小镇，并一直居住至今。她的第一份工作是服装设计师和裁缝，之后她转向法律界做了几年的律师。成为作家后，她于 2015 年因故事集《第一个故事》和《Parchelium of Moon》获得了特别陪审团奖。她的短篇故事集《冻橘》一经出版便获得 2017 年拉脱维亚文学奖和拉脱维亚电视台奖提名，并于 2018 年获得了青少年、儿童父母颁发的特别奖项。她的一篇短篇故事被收录在了《拉脱维亚短篇小说选集》中，并很快会被翻译成其他语言。她最新一本短篇故事集《共睹》会在今年下半年出版。她的多篇短篇小说已被翻译成了英文和中文。

Dace Vigante is from the Latvian town of Jurmala by the Baltic Sea, where she has lived since her birth in 1970. She first worked as a designer and a tailor, before turning her hand to the legal profession, working as a lawyer for many years. As a writer, she received the Special Jury award in 2015 for the stories *The First Story* and *Parchelium of Moon*. Her collection of short stories *The Frozen Orange* was nominated for The Latvian Literature Award 2017 as a brightest debut, and also for the Latvian TV and Radio Award, and was awarded a prize from parents of children and teenagers in 2018. She had a story included in the *Short Fiction from Latvia* anthology, which will soon be translated into other languages. Her latest story collection called *Let's See* will come out later this year. Several of her stories have been translated into English and Chinese.



José Luís Peixoto

葡萄牙 Portugal

José Luís Peixoto (生于 1974) 是葡萄牙当代最负盛名的小说家之

José Luís Peixoto (1974) is one of Portugal's most acclaimed

一。他获得了一些葡萄牙国内和国际上的文学奖，如 2001 年的 Jose Saramago 文学奖（前两年在所有葡语国家中出版的最佳小说）、Libro d'Europa（2012 年在欧洲出版的最佳小说）和 Oceanos 文学奖（2015 年在所有葡语国家中出版的最佳小说）。他的小说已被译成 26 种语言。

contemporary novelists. He has received several Portuguese and international literary awards, such as the Jose Saramago Literary Award in 2001 (best novel published in all Portuguese speaking countries in the two previous years), Libro d'Europa (best novel published in Europe in 2012) and Oceanos Literature Award (best novel published in all Portuguese speaking countries in 2015). His novels are translated into 26 languages.



Aleš Šteger

斯洛文尼亚 Slovenia

Aleš Šteger 是一位居住在斯洛文尼亚首都卢布尔雅那的诗人和散文作家。他的作品广被翻译，并出现在国际知名的期刊和报纸上，如《纽约客》、《波士顿评论》、《新苏黎世报》、《南德意志报》、《TLS》等。巴伐利亚艺术学院授予他 2016 年国际 Bienek 奖诗歌奖，称他是“当今在创作中的最具独创性的欧洲诗人之一”。在众多奖项和荣誉中，《事物之书》的英文译本为他获得了两项重要的美国翻译类奖项（BTBA 奖和 AATSEL）。他获得了法国政府授予的艺术与文学骑士奖项，并且是柏林艺术学院的成员之一。在 2014 年 Aleš 成为了北京首都师范大学中国研究中心第一位

Aleš Šteger is a poet and prose writer based in Ljubljana, Slovenia. His work has been widely translated and has appeared in internationally renowned magazines and newspapers as *The New Yorker*, *Boston Review*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, *TLS* and many others. The Bavarian Academy of Arts awarded him with the International Bienek Prize for Poetry in 2016 calling him "one of the most original European poets writing today". Among other prizes and honours his English translation of *The Book of Things* won two major U.S. translation awards (BTBA award and AATSEL). He received the title Chevalier des Artes et Lettres from the

驻校的国际作家，他在还四川大学讲学。Aleš 的作品涉及到艺术表达的多个领域。他在视觉艺术领域也颇有成就，与音乐家、导演都有合作。至于中文译本，北京的知识产权出版社在 2014 年出版了他的诗集《爱因斯坦的塔》；他的散文集《面包与玫瑰——柏林故事》的中译本将于 2018 年春天由华东师范大学出版社出版。

French state and is a member of the Berlin Academy of Arts. Aleš was the first international Writer in Residence at the Chinese Research Center of Capital Normal University in Beijing in 2014, and he has also lectured at Sichuan University. Aleš's work reaches out to various fields of artistic expression. He has worked in the field of visual arts, and has had several collaborations with musicians and film directors. In Chinese translation,

IPPH Publishing house in Beijing published his poetry collection *Einstein's Tower* in 2014. His prose book *Berlin* will be published in Chinese translation in Spring 2018 by East China Normal University Press. www.alessteger.com



Jaime Santirso
西班牙 Spain

Jaime Santirso García (生于 1990 年) 是一位西班牙记者兼作家。于 2013 年获得了纳瓦拉大学新闻学专业学士学位，于 2016 年获得了清华大学国际关系学院法学硕士学位。自 2014 年始，他主要居住在北京，从事科技领域工作，并且为西班牙国家广播电台撰写国际政治报道和文章。他对诗歌、小说、摄影都由浓厚兴趣。他的第一本诗集《碰撞》(TREA 版本) 已在 2018 年出版。

Jaime Santirso García (Gijón, 1990) is a Spanish journalist and writer. He received a BA in Journalism from University of Navarra (2013) and LLM in International Relations from Tsinghua University (2016). Since 2014 he has been based in Beijing, where he works in the tech field and also reports on international politics for RNE, Spanish national radio. His interests include poetry, fiction and photography. Encuentro (Ediciones TREA), his first book of poetry, was published in 2018.

SHANGHAI AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

参与中国作家 上海场



btr
btr

btr, 生活在上海的作家、译者和当代艺术评论人。主要出版有《上海：城市生活笔记》（世纪出版，2003）、《迷走·神经》（新经典，2013）、《迷你》（重庆大学出版社，2016）、《意思意思》（中信出版社，2017）等。

主要译有保罗·奥斯特《孤独及其所创造的》（浙江文艺，2009）、萨奇《残酷极简思维》（楚尘文化，2013）、保罗·奥斯特《冬日笔记》（九久读书人，2016）、阿巴斯·基阿鲁斯达米《樱桃的滋味：阿巴斯谈电影》（雅众文化，2017）等。关于城市生活、文学、电影及当代艺术的评论及写作散见于歌德学院在线杂志、《周末画报》、《艺术界》、《艺术论坛》、《Timeout 上海》等刊物。曾担任 2012 年大声展文学单元（北京）及 2016 年朱浩摄影展《就像电影一样》（10 Corso Como）策展人。2014 年创办微信公众账号“意思意思”。

btr is a writer, contemporary art critic, and translator of English literature living in Shanghai. He has published, among others, *Shanghai: Notes on City Life*, *Bizarre Stories*, *Mini Stories* and *Petite Mort*. His translations include Paul Auster's *The Invention of Solitude* and *Winter Journal*, and M&C Saatchi's *Brutal Simplicity of Thought*. He was the curator of Get it Loud art festival (Literature section) in Beijing in 2012 and photo exhibition CITEMA by Zhu Hao at 10 Corso Como Shanghai in 2016. His writings on urban life, literature, film and contemporary art have appeared in, among others, e-magazine of Goethe Institut, *Modern Weekly*, *LEAP*, *Artforum* and *Timeout Shanghai*. He is the founder of online magazine *Petite Mort* (since 2014).

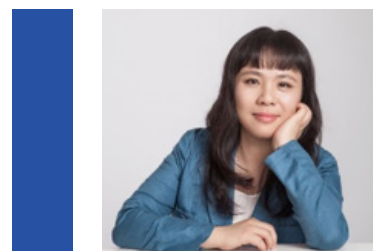


黄德海
Huang Dehai

黄德海，1977 年生，山东平度人，现居上海。《思南文学选刊》副主编，《上海文化》编辑，中国现代文学馆特聘研究员。著有《书到今生读已迟》《泥手赠来》《若将飞而未翔》《个人底本》，翻译有《小胡椒成长记》，编有《书读完了》等。曾获“《南方文坛》2015 年度优秀论文奖”，“2015 年度青年批评家”奖。

Huang Dehai, born in 1977, is a native of Pingdu, Shandong Province and currently lives in Shanghai. He is the deputy editor-in-chief of *Sinan Literary Selection*, an editor of *Shanghai Culture*, and a research fellow at the China Modern Literature Museum. He is the author of *The Book Has Been Read Late in This Life*, *The Clay Hand Gift*, *If You Will Fly but Fail to Fly*, *Personal*

Manuscripts, the translator of *The Growth of The Small Pepper*, and the editor of the anthology *The Book is Finished*, and so on. He has won the Southern Literary World Award for Outstanding Essays in 2015 and 2015 Youth Critics Award.



黄昱宁
Huang Yuning

黄昱宁，一九七五年生于上海。作家，翻译家，上海译文出版社编审。译著逾二百万字，包括《甜牙》、《追日》、《在切瑟尔海滩上》、《崩溃》、《庭院中的女人》、《捕鼠器》等，其中《甜牙》于 2016 年获春风悦读盛典年度金翻译家家奖。著有随笔评论集《女人一思考，上帝也疯狂》、《一个人的城堡》、《梦见舒伯特的狗》、《阴性阅读，阳性写作》、《变形记》和

Huang Yuning, born in 1975, is a writer, literary translator and a literary critic. She has published two novellas and several short stories in quality literature journals, as well as six essay anthologies. She is also the editorial director of Shanghai Translation Publishing House where she has overseen the translation of dozens of English titles into Chinese (including works by Ian McEwan,

《假作真时》。2015 年开始虚构写作，中篇小说《三岔口》、《呼叫转移》，短篇小说《幸福触手可及》、《千里走单骑》、《水》、《文学病人》等分别发表于《人民文学》、《上海文学》和《长江文艺》等。

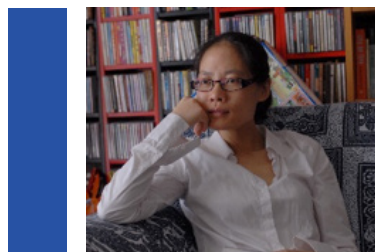


路内
Lu Nei

路内，1973 年生于苏州，现居上海，作家。上海作家协会会员，中国作家协会会员。著有小说《少年巴比伦》(Young babylon)、《花街往事》(A tree grows in DaiCheng)、《慈悲》等。曾获华语文学传媒奖年度小说家等奖项，部分作品翻译为英文。

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hilary Mantel, Zadie Smith, Henry James and Agatha Christie).

Lu Nei, born in Suzhou in 1973, now lives in Shanghai. He is a member of Shanghai Writers Association and the Chinese Writers Association. His novels include *Young Babylon*, *A Tree Grows in DaiCheng* and *Compassion*. He won the annual Novelist of the Chinese Language Media Awards, amongst other awards. Some of his works have been translated into English.



毛尖
Mao Jian

毛尖，浙江宁波人。华东师范大学外语系学士，中文系硕士，香港科技大学人文学部博士，现为华东师范大学教授，上海作协理事，上海电影评论

Mao Jian is a professor at East China Normal University. Her specialties are Chinese Cinema and modern and contemporary Chinese Literature. Prof. Mao received her Ph.D. in

学会副会长。研究涉及二十世纪中国文学和电影，世界电影和英美文学。近年来，注重研究当代中国影视和都市文化状况，在上海、香港、台北、新加坡等地均有专栏。著有《非常罪，非常美：毛尖电影笔记》、《当世界向右的时候》、《乱来》、《这些年》、《例外》、《有一只老虎在浴室》《我们不懂电影》《夜长梦多》等二十种。

Literature from the Hong Kong University of Science and Technology. She is also a columnist in multiple magazines and newspapers in Mainland China, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore. She has published twenty books including *Notes on Film*, *When the World Turns Right*, *A Slow Smile*, *Either With You, Or Without You*, *This Is It*, *After All These Years*, *Exceptions*, *Forever* and *Three a Half Seconds*, *The Tiger in the Bathroom*, and *Short Night, Long Dream*.

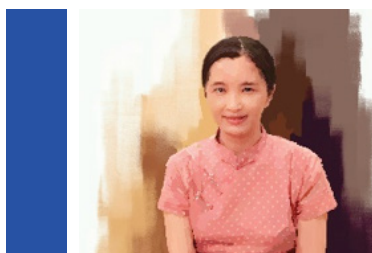


木叶
Mu Ye

木叶，原名刘江涛。1974 年生于北京，毕业于复旦大学历史系，曾做教师、记者、编辑，现供职于《上海文化》杂志。2006 年获中国时报文学奖之诗歌评审奖。诗歌见于《诗刊》、《诗歌月刊》、《人民文学》、《北京文学》等，部分作品收入《复旦诗选》和《诗歌的纽带：中俄诗选》等。著有随笔集《一星如月看多时》(2014)，文学评论集《水底的火焰：当代作家的叙事之夜》(2017)，主题访谈集《先锋之刃》年中即将出版。

Mu Ye, formerly known as Liu Jiangtao, was born in Beijing in 1974. He graduated from the history department of Fudan University and then worked as a teacher, journalist, and editor. Now he works in *Shanghai Culture* magazine. In 2006, he was awarded the Poetry Review Award of the China Times Literary Awards. His poems are found in *Poetry Periodical*, *Poetry Monthly*, *People's Literature*, *Beijing Literature*, etc. Some of his poems have been published in the *Fudan Poetry Selection* and *The Ties of Poetry: Selected Poems of China*

and *Russia*. He has also published an essay collection, a book on literary commentary, and a thematic interview collection he is working on will be published in the middle of this year.



潘向黎

Pan Xiangli

潘向黎，小说家，文学博士，报社编辑。现居上海。著有长篇小说《穿心莲》，小说集《白水青菜》《无梦相随》《十年杯》《轻触微温》《我爱小丸子》《女上司》《中国好小说·潘向黎卷》，散文集《万念》《如一》等多部。另著有研究茶文化的专题随笔集《茶可道》和研究古诗词的专题随笔集《看诗不分明》，均多次登上北京上海书店畅销排行榜。创作的小说五次登上中国小说排行榜（中国小说学会主办，2002—2007年），获第四届鲁迅文学奖、第十届庄重文文学奖、第五届冰心散文奖、第五届报人散文奖等全国性文学奖项。作品被翻译成英、德、法、俄、日、韩、希腊等多国外语。出版英文小说集 *White Michelia*。

Pan Xiangli is a Shanghai-based novelist, doctor of literature and a newspaper editor. Her novels include *White Lotus*, *Without Dreams*, *Ten Year Cup*, *Delta*, *I Love the Cello* and *Female Boss*. She has also written essays on tea culture and the study of ancient poetry. Her novels have featured five times on the Chinese Novel List (sponsored by the Chinese Society of Novels, 2002-2007), and won the fourth Lu Xun Literature Award, the Tenth Zhuang Wen Wen Literature Award, the Fifth Bing Xin Prose Prize, and the Fifth Session Prose awards, among other national literary awards. Her stories have been translated into many languages including English, German, French, Russian, Japanese, Korean and Greek. Her story collection *White Michelia* has been published in English.



滕肖澜

Teng Xiaolan

滕肖澜，女，1976年10月生于上海。作家。著有小说集《十朵玫瑰》、《这无法无天的爱》、《大城小恋》、《星

Teng Xiaolan was born in Shanghai in 1976. Her books *Moonlight in the City*, *Fairy Tales*, and *Sapphire Ring* have

空下跳舞的女人》、《规则人生》、《上海底片》、《四人行》。长篇小说《城里的月光》、《海上明珠》、《乘风》。中篇小说《美丽的日子》获第六届鲁迅文学奖。入选2014年中宣部“四个一批”人才暨文化名家。曾获首届锦绣文学大奖、《上海文学》奖、《十月》年度青年作家奖、《北京文学》中篇小说月报奖、《小说月报》百花奖、《长江文艺》优秀作品奖。并入选《人民文学》与“盛大文学”共同推选的未来大家TOP20。小说《城里的月光》、《童话》、《蓝宝石戒指》曾被改编成影视作品。作品曾译作英文、波兰语出版。

been adapted into film and television works. Other works include *Ten Roses*, *This Lawless Love*, *Love in the Big City*, *The Woman Who Dances Under the Stars*, *The Rules of Life*, *The Shanghai Film*, *The Four Lines*, *Moonlight in the City*, *Pearl of the Sea* and *Wind by the Wind*. Some of her work has been translated into English and Polish. The novelette *Beautiful Day* won the sixth Lu Xun Literature Prize. She was selected as one of the "Four Groups" of talented and cultural masters by the Central Propaganda Department in 2014. Her other awards include the first Fairview Award, the Shanghai Literature Award, October Young Writer of the Year Award, Beijing Literature Novel Monthly Award, Novel Monthly Flower Award, the Yangtze River Literature Excellent Work Award and the Top 20 Members of the Future.



小白

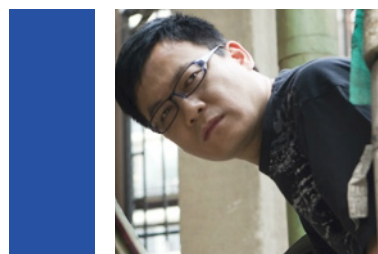
Xiao Bai

小白，上海专业作家，从2005年起从事随笔创作，刊发于《万象》、《读书》、《书城》、《读库》、《东方早报》《上海一周》、《南方都市报》等国内多家报刊上，2008年3月出版第一部文集《好色的哈姆莱特》（人民文学出版社）。从2007年起同时从事小说写作，第一部长篇《局点》发表在《收获》增刊2008年春夏卷上。

Xiao Bai, a member of the Shanghai Writer's Association, took up writing in the strict sense in 2005. He has published two novels, *Game Point* and *French Concession*, which has been sold into many markets abroad, including the US, UK, France, Germany, Italy and Holland. He also published a novella, *The Agent Mr. Xu*, which won the 10th Shanghai Literature Award;

2009 年出版单行本（人民文学出版社）。2010 年在《收获》增刊发表第二部长篇小说《租界》（上海作协签约项目）。2011 年 3 月，《租界》出版单行本（人民文学出版社）。《租界》在国内外文坛均引起热烈反响，入选“小说引力——华文国际互联平台”选出的“华文二十部长篇小说”之一，陆续售出英、美、法、德、意、泰等多国版权，英文版创下近年国内原创作品海外版权销售的最高记录，在“走出去”的市场推广中成为突出案例。2014 年出版中篇《特工徐向璧》，获得第十届上海文学奖。2016 年出版中篇小说《封锁》。

and two anthologies of essays, *Erotic Hamlet and Acting vs Peeping*. *Erotic Hamlet* captured a comic touch in ancient and contemporary erotic texts as well as images, which was brought to full play by forging an academic narrative in an ironic way. It won 2009 Book of Year, organized by *New Weekly*.



夏 商
Xia Shang

夏商，小说家，1969 年 12 月生于上海。著有长篇小说《东岸纪事》《乞儿流浪记》《标本师》《裸露的亡灵》，另有四卷本《夏商自选集》及九卷本《夏商小说系列》，是中国后先锋文学代表作家，同时也是一位平面设计师。两栖于上海和纽约。

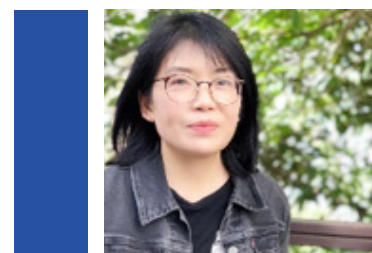
Xia Shang – a novelist, a representative writer of post-avant-garde literature in China, and a graphic designer – was born in Shanghai in 1969. He is the author of the novel *East Coast Chronicle*, *The Lazarus Child's Wandering*, *Taxidermist* and *Bare Undead*. Four volumes of *Xia Shang Selected Works* and a nine-volume *Xia Shang Fiction Series* have also been published. Now he lives in Shanghai and New York.



薛 舒
Xue Shu

薛舒，中国作家协会全委会委员，上海市作家协会主席团委员。作品发表于《收获》、《十月》、《人民文学》、《中国作家》、《上海文学》、《北京文学》等杂志。曾获《中国作家》奖，《北京文学·中篇小说月报》奖，《人民文学》奖，《上海文学》奖等。出版小说集《寻找雅葛布》、《天亮就走人》、《飞越云之南》，长篇小说《残镇》、《问鬼》，长篇非虚构《远去的人》等。部分小说被译成英文和波兰文出版。

Xue Shu is a member of the national committee of Chinese Writers Association, and a member of the Bureau of Shanghai Writers' Association. She has published works in top-tier literature journals including *Harvest*, *October*, *People's Literature*, *Chinese Writers* and *Shanghai Literature*. She has been awarded the People's Literature Award, Beijing Literature/Novelle Award and Shanghai Literature Award. She published three collections of stories including *Looking for Jacob*, *Leaving at the Crack of Dawn*, and *Fly across the Sky of Yunnan*. Her best-known works are the novels *Ruined Town* and *Divining*, and the non-fiction title *A Man Fading Away*. Some of her work has been translated into English and Polish.



姚鄂梅
Yao Emei

姚鄂梅，女，生于 1968 年 12 月，1999 年开始写作，主要长篇小说有《像天一样高》、《白话雾落》、《西门坡》、《1958·陈情书》等，中篇小说集《摘豆记》、《一辣解千愁》，

Yao Emei was born in 1968 and she began to write in 1999. Her main novels include *As High As The Sky*, *Ximenpo* and *1958•Old Love Letter*, and her novella collections include *Picking Beans* and *A Spicy Solution*. Her

儿童文学作品《倾斜的天空》、《我是天才》。曾获《人民文学》奖、《中篇小说选刊》奖、《上海文学》优秀中篇小说奖等奖项，有作品被译成英、俄、德、日、韩等文字。

literary works for children include *Slanted Sky* and *I am a Genius*. She has won the People's Literature award, the Selection of Novella award, and the Shanghai Literature Excellent Novella Award. Some of her works have been translated into English, Russian, German, Japanese and Korean, etc.



张定浩

Zhang Dinghao

张定浩，1976 年生于安徽，诗人，评论家，现任《上海文化》杂志副主编。出版作品有文论随笔集《既见君子：过去时代的诗与人》，《爱欲与哀矜》，《职业的和业余的小说家》，《一种真实》，诗集《我喜爱一切不彻底的事物》等。

Zhang Dinghao, born in 1976 in Anhui, is a poet and literary critic. He is currently Deputy Chief Editor of Shanghai Culture magazine. His published works include the poetry collections *I Love Everything that is not Complete* and *Things*, and his essays on literary criticism, such as *Just See a*

Gentleman: Poems and People in Past Times, Eros and Sadness, and Professional and Amateur Novelists.



周嘉宁

Zhou Jianing

周嘉宁，作家，翻译。毕业于复旦大学中文系。曾出版长篇小说《荒芜城》《密林中》等。短篇小说集《基本美》今年五月出版。

Zhou Jianing is a fiction writer and literary translator. She has published seven novels and two short story collections. Her most recent short story collection *Basic Beauty*, is published this year. She has translated into Chinese works of some major English-language writers such as Flannery O'Connor and Joyce Carol Oates.



走走

Zou Zou

走走，专业看故事，业余讲故事。著有小说集多部，认为语言是文学最必要的条件，专注于人性和动机的复杂。

Zou Zou – a professional literary editor, and a self-professed amateur story-teller – is the author of a number of novels. She believes that language is the most essential element

in literature and focuses much attention on the sophistication of human nature and motives.

SUZHOU AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

参与中国作家 苏州场



艾 伟
Ai Wei

艾伟：著有长篇《风和日丽》、《爱人同志》、《爱人有罪》、《越野赛跑》、《盛夏》、《南方》，小说集《乡村电影》、《水上的声音》、《小姐们》、《战俘》、《整个宇宙在和我说话》等多种，另有《艾伟作品集》五卷。其作品主要将“生命本质中的幽暗和卑微”作为叙事聚焦的对象，作为“存在的勘探者”，其作品充满了人性关怀。曾获得《当代》文学奖，《人民文学》长篇小说双年奖，作品多次荣登中国小说学会年度小说排行榜。现为浙江省作协副主席，杭州市作协主席。

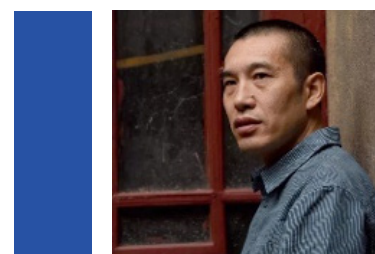
Ai Wei is one of the representative writers born in the 1960s in China. Vice Director of the Zhejiang Writers' Association, his works include the novels *The Sun is Shining*, *Comrade Lover*, *Lover is Guilty*, *Off-road Race*, *Midsummer* and *The South*; and the short story collections *Country Movies*, *The Sound of the Water*, *Ladies*, *Prisoners of War*, *The Universe Speaks to Me* and *Ai Wei Works in Five Volumes*. His works mainly focus on the "darkness and humbleness of life essence" as the object of the narrative. He has won the Literature Award offered by the periodical *Contemporary*, two annual awards from *People's Literature*, the Chunshen Original Literary Novel of the Year Award, and his works have topped the Chinese novel society's Annual Novel List many times.



房 伟
Fang Wei

房伟，山东滨州人，文学博士，教授，中国现代文学馆首届客座研究员，中国作协会员，曾于《收获》、《花城》、《十月》、《天涯》、《当代》等发表小说数十篇，入选2016年中国小说排行榜。著有学术著作《王小波传》（三联书店）等6部，长篇小说《英雄时代》，曾获紫金山文学奖等，台湾东吴大学访问学者，现执教于苏州大学文学院。

Fang Wei was born in Binzhou, Shandong and has a Ph.D. in literature. He is a professor of liberal arts in Suzhou University, a visiting scholar of Soochow University in Taiwan, and is a member of the Chinese Writers Association. He has published dozens of stories in many major journals, including *Harvest*, *Flower City*, *October*, *TianYa* and *Contemporary*. In 2016, his work *Chinese Savage* was selected into the *2016 Chinese Fiction Rankings*. He is the author of six academic works, including the *Wang Xiaobo Biography*, and several novels. He won the Zijin Mountain Literature Award winner for his novel, *The Age of Heroes*.



何 平
He Ping

何平，南京师范大学文学院教授、博士生导师，著名文学评论家。著有《散文说》《何平文学评论选》《无名者的生活》《重建散文的尊严》等。曾获《上海文学》奖、《当代作家评论》奖等。2017年开始主持《花城》的“花城关注”栏目，以每期一个话题的形式推介文学新人，广受关注。

He Ping is a professor and doctoral tutor of the College of Arts at Nanjing Normal University and a famous literary critic. He is the author of *The Essay*, *He Ping Literary Review*, *The Life of an Unknown Person*, *The Dignity of Reconstructing Prose*, and so on. He won the Shanghai Literature award, and the Contemporary Writers Review

award, among others. In 2017, he started hosting the "Flower City Concern" section of "Flower City," introducing newcomers to the literary field in the form of one topic per issue.



何同彬
He Tongbin

何同彬，生于1981年3月，青年评论家，曾任南京大学文学院副教授、《扬子江评论》编辑部主任，现任《鍾山》杂志副主编。中国作家协会会员，中国现代文学馆特邀研究员。出版有评论集《浮游的守夜人》《重建青年性》《历史是精神的蒙难》，编辑出版《韩东研究资料》等。曾获《文艺争鸣》年度优秀论文奖、紫金山文学奖、紫金文艺评论奖、第十四届中国当代文学优秀成果奖、南京大学青年教师人文科研原创奖等多个奖项。

He Tongbin, born in 1981, is an essayist and literary critic. He is an associate professor of the School of Liberal Arts at Nanjing University, and editor of the *Yangzi River Review*. He is currently deputy chief editor of *Zhong Shan magazine*, a member of Chinese Writers Association and an invited researcher at the China Modern Literature Museum. His essay collections include *The Floating Night Watchman*, *Rebuilding Youth* and *History is a Spiritual Disaster*. He has won many awards such as The Literary Debates Annual Excellence Paper Award, the Zijin Mountain Literature Award, the Zijin Literary Criticism Award, the 14th Chinese Contemporary Literature Outstanding Achievement Award, and the Nanjing University Young Teachers' Humanistic Scientific Research Original Award.



黄梵
Huang Fan

黄梵，诗人、小说家、副教授。长篇小说处女作《第十一诫》在新浪读书原创连载时，点击率超过300万，被网络推重为文革后最值得青年关注的两部小说之一。《中年》入选“新诗百年百首”。诗歌在台湾广受关注，被联合报副刊主编称为近年在台湾最有读者缘的大陆诗人。已出版三部长篇小说《第十一诫》、《等待青春消失》、《浮色》，两部诗集《南京哀歌》、《月亮已失眠》，短篇小说集《女校先生》，随笔集《中国走徒》等。获《作家》金短篇小说奖、北京文学奖、紫金山文学奖、“中国好诗歌”提名奖、金陵文学奖、汉语双年诗歌奖、后天双年度文化艺术奖、美国露斯基金会诗歌奖金等，作品被译成英、德、意、希腊、韩、法、日、波斯、罗马尼亚等文字。受到珠江国际诗会、青海湖国际诗歌节、多伦多国际文学节等邀请。2011年赴中国台湾，成为“两岸作家交流计划”驻留作家。2014年赴德，成为“中德作家交流”驻留作家。2015年赴美，成为弗蒙特艺术中心驻留作家。《南京评论》主编，《两岸诗》总编，主编有“海象丛书”（江苏文艺出版社）、“南京评论丛书”（江苏人民出版社）等。

Huang Fan was born in 1963 in rural Hubei province. He is a leading writer of fiction and poetry, known for his unflinching confrontation of contemporary issues in China with dry humor and dark lyricism. His fictional works include the novels *The Eleventh Commandment*, *The Floating Colors*, *Until Youth Disappears*; the short story collection *Girls' School Teacher* and the essay collection, *Chinese Wander*. When his novel *The Eleventh Commandment* was serialised in Sina.com.cn's literary section, it received over 3 million hits and was rated one of two "must-read" novels for young people to read. His poetry collections in Chinese include *Elegies of Nanjing*, *Selected Poems of a Decade* and *Moon Losing Sleeping*. His poem 'Middle Age' was included in *One Hundred Poems for One Hundred Years of Modern Poetry*, and the editor of *United Daily News* called him the Mainland poet of most interest to the Taiwanese reader. His prizes include the Writer's Golden Prize for Short Story, the Zijin Mountain Literary Prize for a Long Story, the China Good Poetry Prize, the Beijing Literary Prize for Poetry and the Jinling Literary Prize for Poetry. Huang Fan's works have been translated into English, Italian, German, Greek, French, Japanese, Farsi and Korean.



黄咏梅

Huang Yongmei

黄咏梅，生于上世纪 70 年代。在《人民文学》、《花城》、《钟山》、《收获》、《十月》等杂志发表小说近百万字。多篇被《小说月报》、《中篇小说选刊》、《小说选刊》等转载并收入多种选本。出版小说《一本正经》、《把梦想喂肥》、《隐身登录》、《少爷威威》、《走甜》、《后视镜》。曾获“《十月》文学奖”、“《人民文学》新人奖”、“《钟山》文学奖”、“林斤澜短篇小说奖”、“汪曾祺文学奖”等。小说多次进入中国小说学会年度排行榜。

Huang Yongmei was born in the 1970s and her work has been widely published in leading literary journals including *People's Literature*, *Flower City*, *Zhongshan*, *Harvest* and *October*. Many of her works have appeared in collections such as *Fiction Monthly*, *Selection of Novellas* and *Selection of Novels*. Her novels include *A Serious One*, *Invisibility*, *Master's Weiwei* and *Walking Sweet*. She has won the October Literary Award, The People's Literature Newcomer Award, The Zhongshan Literature Prize, The Lin Jinxi Short Story Award, and the Wang Zengqi Literature Award. Her novels have regularly been listed among the annual rankings of the Chinese Fiction Society.



李德武

Li Dewu

李德武 1963 年出生。诗人、诗歌评论者。1984 年开始发表作品。1993 年出版诗集《窒息的钟》。2000 年与朋友合出《九人诗选》，2015 年出版《李德武诗文集》。1980 年至 2002 年，在哈尔滨生活工作，2002 年移居苏州至今。诗人对写诗和翻

Li Dewu, born in 1963, is a poet and literary critic. His poems and essays were first published in 1984. His collections include *A Chokey Clock* and *A Collection of Li Dewu's Poems and Essays*. A cooperative book *Selected Poems of Nine Poets*, which features his work, was published in 2000. From

译的看法：诗是心灵的映现。写作是对心灵隐秘虚空的探寻。在真实性方面，诗不需要验证，一个词就是一个灵物。翻译不是转移一个词，而是对另一个灵物的唤醒。我并不希求翻译的准确性，如果我的诗使英语中的某个词有新生命，就算不是我的本意，也值得欣喜。

1980 to 2002 he lived in Harbin. He now lives in Suzhou. With regard to poetry and translation, he says: "Poems are the spiritual reflections of poets. Writing poems is to explore the void in the secret heart. With regard to the truth, poetry doesn't need verification. One word is one spiritual being. Translation is not to transfer a word but to wake up another soul in

another language. I will not deride the accuracy of translation. But if my poem can give a new life to an English word, even though it is not my original idea, I would also feel delighted and inspired."



陈霖

Chen Lin

陈霖，笔名林舟，文学博士，苏州大学传媒学院教授，苏州市文艺评论家协会副主席，主要从事媒介文化与文学批评，著有《迷族：被神召唤的尘粒》《事实的魔方》《文学空间的裂变与转型》《生命的摆渡》等，发表评论《从不受拘束的结构到写作伦理的生成——评吴亮的〈朝霞〉》《大众媒介对粉丝亚文化的再现》《抵近迷的世界》《微视频青年亚文化分析》《广告·女性·文化研究》《一个人的狂飙：重读残雪小说》《青年亚文化

Lin Zhou (real name in Chen Lin) is a writer, a Professor of Literature at Suzhou University and vice-chair of Literary Critics Association of Suzhou. His books include *The Fans*, *Dust Particles Summoned by their Deity*, *Cub of the Facts – News Textual Study under the New Narrative Perspective*, *Fission and Transformation of Literature Space* and *The Ferry of Life – Interviews of Chinese Contemporary Vanguard Writers*.

的跨文化传播》《互文空间的意义追询》《投向灰色人群的灰黯光芒——评韩东的小说》《没有立场的立场——1990 年代知识分子的文学论争》等。另担任文献纪录片《大河之南》《望长安》《苏州史记》的文学撰稿，世博会官方纪录片《城市之光》的文学指导，大型历史纪录片《淮：敞开的门》总策划（之一）等。



乔叶
Qiao Ye

乔叶，女，生于1972年，汉族。河南省修武县人，河南省作家协会副主席，中国作家协会全委会委员。主要从事小说创作和散文创作，已发表小说作品和散文三百余万字。著有长篇小说《认罪书》《拆楼记》《藏珠记》等多部，中短篇小说《最慢的是活着》《打火机》《取暖》《失语症》等多部，多部小说作品入选中国小说年度排行榜，并获得人民文学奖、华语文学传媒奖、庄重文文学奖、北京文学奖、锦绣文学奖、郁达夫小说奖、杜甫文学奖、小说月报百花奖以及中国原创小说年度大奖等多个文学奖项。作品被译介到英国、西班牙、俄罗斯、意大利、埃及、墨西哥、日本、韩国等多个国家。

Flowers Award and the Chinese Original Novel Annual Award. Her works have been translated into English, Spanish, Russia, Italian, Egyptian, Mexican, Japanese, Korean and other languages.



陶文瑜
Tao Wenyu

陶文瑜 (1963__) 苏州人，著有诗集《木马骑手》《练习一》《九十五首》

Qiao Ye, born in 1972, originally from Xiuwu County Henan province, now serves as the Vice Chair of Henan Province Writers Association, and full committee member of China Writers Association. She has published several novels, such as *Confession*, *Building Demolition* and *Collection of Bead*; as well as novelettes and short stories, such as *The Slowest Is Being Alive*, *Lighter*, *Get Warm*, and *Aphasia*, most of which have been selected in the annual ranking of Chinese novels. She has won the People's Literature Prize, the Chinese Literature Award, the Solemn Literature Award, the Beijing Literature Award, the Brocade Literature Prize, the Yu Dafu Novel Prize, the Du Fu Literary Prize, the Novel Monthly Report Hundred

Tao Wenyu, born in 1963, is from Suzhou. He is a poet, writer, painter,

散文集《太湖十记，徽州十记》《苏式滋味》《流年白话》《红莲白藕》等。作家，书画家，中国作家协会会员，国家一级作家，《苏州杂志》社主编。

member of the Chinese Writers Association, a "national first level author", and editor of Suzhou Magazine. His poetry collections include *Trojan Horse Rider* and his essay collections include *Taihu Memories* and *Suzhou Flavour*.

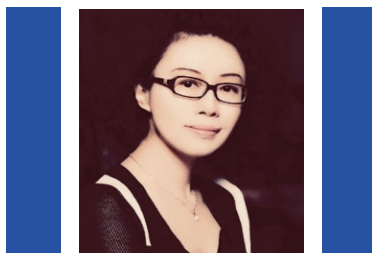


小海
Xiao Hai

小海 (1965--), 本名涂海燕，中国当代诗人。生于江苏海安。毕业于南京大学中文系。著有诗集《必须弯腰拔草到午后》、《村庄与田园》、《北凌河》、《大秦帝国》（诗剧）、《影子之歌》（长诗）、《Song of Shadows》（影子之歌）（英中双语版）、《男孩和女孩（小海诗集1980—2012）》；对话录《陌生的朋友：依兰 - 斯塔文斯与小海的对话》；随笔集《旧梦录》。主编过《〈他们〉十年诗歌选》等。他的作品登上《北京文学》1998年中国当代文学作品排行榜，获得过《作家》杂志2000年诗歌奖，2012年度“天问诗人奖”，2015年“美丽岛”桂冠诗人奖，2016年第五届“长江杯”江苏文学评论奖一等奖，江苏省第2届、第4届、第5届紫金山文学奖，苏州市叶圣陶文学奖。现居苏州。

Xiao Hai, born in 1965 in Jiangsu Hai'an, is a contemporary Chinese poet. His real name is Tu Haiyan, and he graduated from the Chinese Department of Nanjing University. His poetry collections include *Must Bend to the Weeds*, *Village, Pastoral*, *North Linghe*, *The Great Qin Empire* (Poetic Drama), *The Song of Shadows* (Long Poem) – which is also in an English-Chinese bilingual edition – *Boys and Girls* (Xiao Hai's poetry 1980-2012); Dialogue recording *The Unfamiliar Friend: Ilan Stavans and Xiao Hai's Dialogue*; and the Essay Collection *Old Dream Record*. His works were listed in the Beijing Literature 1998 list of contemporary Chinese literary works. He has won many other awards over the years, such as the 2000 poetry award in Writer magazine, the Tianwen Poets Award in 2012, the Beautiful Island Poet Laureates Award

in 2015 and 2016, the 1st Prize of the 5th "Changjiang Cup" Jiangsu Literature Review Award, the 2nd, 4th and 5th Zijin Mountain Literature Prize of Jiangsu Province, and the Ye Shengtao Literature Prize of Suzhou City. He now lives in Suzhou.



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纤细的文化气脉在她身上获得了新的延展。”现任苏州市作家协会副主席。

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

WRITING SAMPLES OF VISITING EUROPEAN AUTHORS 参与欧洲作家作品节选



Svet Di Nahum
保加利亚 Bulgaria

此摘录节选自 RAPTUS 的作家 Svetoslav Nahum (Aka : Svet Di Nahum) 给科学家雅各布·萨维尔的一封信件，其中还包括了中国古代哲学家，诗人屈原的一首诗，在文章中起到解决戏剧冲突的作用。他的学术负责人，国际战略调查研究所所长博格（Borg），介绍了“RAPTUS 现象”和小说 Raptus 的整体概念。

“关于复杂和不对称的国际局势……”他以一种困惑和不清的语气狂热地阅读着。此刻的他更像个典型的刚入学新生，被要求以背诵一首诗来纪念赞助高中的人们。

“…在全球反恐斗争的背景下，我们得出的结论是你的行为是危险和不稳定的。你的方法将你带入了新的种族、族裔和宗教紧张局势中，先是在郊区，欧洲大陆的老地区，然后转入法兰西共和国领土的核心地区，巴黎市！”Gnezhinski 继续说道：“引进原教旨主义，特别是进入欧洲老一代，增加了普遍的不稳定性（例如，在东欧易受社会不稳定影响；黑海区域，由于军事不稳定而消亡；巴尔干和南欧的特点是起伏不定的种族和宗教不稳定），是由错误分析，方法，决策工具和对形势的自力更生评估的结果。你的行为已经导致局势失控，身体伤亡和政治混乱、无政府状态和激进主义。你让自己的分析学说崩溃，而又试图用一种浮夸和奢侈的解决方案掩

饰。因此我们所有人都必须团结力量，找到一个稳定的公式，一种应对暴动的方式，创造一个积极稳定的人物，成为上述欧洲大陆的领导者！”

如此看来结论如下：“在全球政治会议的倡议下，我们与当前在座的世界精英群体的领导人一起，采取艰难的，但唯一可能的决策：以国际战略调查研究所所长的职位认准一切后果。例如：交出科学和业务档案、数据库、所有官方保密和其他通讯方式、实验地区、可用资产、银行账户，世界运营地区的动产及不动产……”

“哦，怜悯下我对这种仪式的生理耐性的能力吧！”博格简明扼要的说。“足够清晰了。你应该写下来，不是吗？”

“你不会为了自我保护而说什么吧？”Steppendorf 站了起来。

“我想我已经有了答案，别担心。它早在公元前四世纪就已经由中国大师屈原撰写，当时我们只是一个猿人小人，一个肉

食黑猩猩或一个悲剧，先于文明的野蛮人，几乎没有交流，只有稀松的感叹。”屈原被迫流放
远离他的国家，与此同时
他已经服役了很久，忠诚，而且，但是，如何逃离诽谤的地狱？
他独自穿过田野，日夜徘徊
混乱的头脑使他的心失掉了自豪。
最后，他去拜访一位圣人，试问如何才能恢复他的盛名，这位圣人挑选了一片草地
在未来的日子里
他擦拭龟甲上的灰尘
从中看到他们未来的面纱。
屈原对圣人说：“是什么令你悠然于此？”圣人回问可怜的屈原：“我不惜代价追求诚实和正直，那么我应该在人前变换我的外表和音调么？
我捍卫我的荣誉，并为此受苦受难，那么我应该爬行，像老鼠一样活着么？
是谦卑地在田野上习作？
还是应该尊重他人，得到别人的尊重呢？
与鹰齐飞，
还是成为一个肮脏的小提琴手？
是化为一块石头，还是一蹴而就？
我应该像皮带一样弯曲或像风扇一样转身
我应该像小马一样流淌着鬃毛，
还是随着残破旧的玉石拖累一生？
我应该像天鹅一样飞向天空，光彩照人，还是在池塘里一片低吟。
伟大的占卜师，请赐我慧言：
这两种方式中的哪一种可以选择？
世界陷入谎言的网络，
苍蝇的翅膀比公牛重两倍。
铜铃的麻木散发在不安的空气，
在橡木桶的回声。
当智慧停留在海湾时，诽谤如此大声 ...
告诉我，此刻还需要圣洁吗？

老占卜者放下草药，
悲伤地说：“世界就是这样。”
以你的周遭所见，于他们不同的方面。
不禁会想：
这里的黑暗似乎更轻不是吗？
而那里的跨度比长方体更长。

知识浅薄，而生活蕴意深刻。
有些事情甚至会让上帝流汗和挣扎。
所以，请始终坚持自己的想法！
这是由衷的建议，我的朋友，
因为我的龟甲和魔法草药
无法回答如此多样的问题。
亲爱的老师，
我对世界的调查期限已经结束。
所以，从怀疑开始，出乎意料地为我自己，
我进入了一个新的阶段：恐怖。
为什么？
首先，与最高社会团体的代表发生的冲突
与地球上的精英们一起，让我陷入了无奈的境地。我期望获得真相和光明的来源，
我渴望进入那些最神圣的社会。
但是我身体里面有一股奇怪的小泉水：科学家的诅咒，这让我在听到世界疯狂的时候乖乖地点头。
唉！我为我是一个有思想的人道歉三十万次。所以，那个小小的春天不断地抵制着我面对的现实，它不会让我屈服于无处不在的恶性范式，这种范式包含对摆脱常识的前所未有的冲动。
其次，那些人对自己唯一可能的正确性充满信心！
像他们一样，真的像这样容易相信自己在世界最后一个机构吗？
起初，我认为他们的行为有一些表演元素，来自某种社会剧场的高姿态，如果你想这么做的话。我深刻地观察了他们的行为，表达了他们的想法。我甚至分析了他们行为的亲密动机。我踩到的平台结果是错误的，我迅速改变了它。事实证明，我面临着一个新现象。这是惊人的。我同意，在我们所知道的大部分可观察的人类历史层面上，都存在与 Raptus 类似的基础，元素，甚至整个行为链。我不认为它现在已经出现，或者你和我是第一批关注它的人。然而，无可争辩，在调查过程中，并且是在大部分分析过程中，难得的机会让我概括了整个结构，公式以及疯狂行为的对数。此外，我不是指个体偏差或主体的混乱。最奇怪的是，只有在分享特定秩序观点的人类体系框架内才可能形成明确的阶层式精神错乱，这种错误形式是明确的，而且是消极的。

由于上述结论，不可避免地出现了这样一个问题：快速流动的 Raptus 流对普通社会中游流的影响程度如何？换句话说，混合的比例分别是多少？是否存在互惠，社会反射的反向运动（如解毒剂）；如何发生毒性扩散；以及社会过程可能变得不可逆转的临界质量或关键混合物的重点是什么？

结果如下：

Raptus 的矢量是思想，偶像，规则，宗教，教条和教条的食物链；科学，政治和宗教平台。它在过去十年中的巨大增长已经伴随着一个现象：整个社会的抵抗力量下降。经验或传统价值观的解体，对每一个断言的 X 个解释的存在，围绕论文 - 对应点的封闭（而不是恶性）循环的动态社会振荡的持续过程，无论哪个论述都不得不骄傲的信任它，这也不是对全球社会的绝对的甚至是模糊的认识，而是（或者也许是人为地培育出来的）与足够矛盾的初始支持点，这种分裂使得社会本身处于无法有效抵抗 Raptus 的境地。社会的推动，或者直截了当地说，这种冲动本身将社会驱动到自身自愿退化的陷阱中。事实证明是如此，因为社会循环中的每种污染混合物都会导致偏差的几何级数。当社会中河流和湖泊受到污染时，我们不能期望从我们卑微的星球上空的天空降落纯粹的价值。我们也不能希望有纯粹的良知世界。据调查分析，最近社会的抵抗力已经到了极限。这意味着目前我们有足够的逻辑依据来证明，Raptus 有可能变成社会主导。Raptus 很早以前就已经超过了童年时代，无论是青少年还是青少年，现在它处于病毒式增长和发展的最后阶段：成熟的功能障碍，无论是反系统，出生还是出身完全被 R（Raptus）因素攫取，它开始造成一种否定类型的定性社会偏差，同时还有一种强大的比例影响传递。这表明，每个小而优秀的群体都被 Raptus 所虐待或者被占领，能够污染，统治，破坏，瓦解，操纵等数百万人。当时并非偶然，旧医院的医生曾经采取过猛烈的措施来对抗 Raptus，唯一的目的是保护其他患者免受大规模的疯狂。鉴于我们新的世界形势，在这种形势下，自我意识越来越强烈，所

以有必要采取非常果断的行动，因为它不再是普通集体疯狂的问题，而是管理世界的教义篡改者。我认真研究过的团体认为，他们将决定人类的命运和人类历史的整个过程。
重点在于他们的方法的疯狂机制与磁性，社会魅力和持续不断的洗脑相结合，让领导者有一些不可思议的东西：让人们有可能从脑中吸出健康的果汁 我们所有人都是通过影响力，诚恳或图像义务宣誓发誓的数十亿人，并向其中注入 Raptus 强大而快速的毒药。通过这种方式，他们构思出的新的全球装饰的牧师将为一些不祥的世界茶提供足够强大的灌输。
第三，非常简单：信息。
我发现它正是 Raptus 必备的工具和营养培养基。一个元素，轰炸知识的平台已经建立在圣徒无知的地方。这个社会充斥着数万亿吨的信息。尽管在表面上故意撕裂，多方位，矛盾和混乱，它仍然发挥着主要作用：多重意识障碍。一个混乱的头脑容易成为 Raptus 的牺牲品。所有人需要的是一个强大的扩音器，一个覆盖世界各地越来越多信息的广播机构。如今，自从这项技术使这一切成为可能以来，Raptus 的精英团体，喉舌和前线推广者越来越有可能直接影响个人的感知。
世界各国领导人日复一日地围绕他们周围的事物，把自己的疯狂转化为世界常态创造了适当的基础。
因此，最后可能的悖论将会实现：争取真相的斗争将被宣布为乌托邦，而在人民意识中维护黑暗的乌托邦将被宣布为真理。

Excerpt from the novel RAPTUS by Svetoslav Nahum (Aka: Svet DiNahum). Excerpt contains the part in which a poem by the great ancient Chinese philosopher and poet Master Qu Yuan is cited. This Chinese wisdom serves for resolving the dramatic conflict in the novel.

"In connection with the complicated and asymmetric international situation..." He was reading feverishly, in a confused and unclear tone. At the moment he rather resembled a typical school dabbler asked to recite a poem in honor of the patron of the high school. "... as well as within the context of the global struggle against terrorism, we have summed up your actions as risky and unstable. Your methods have brought you to the creation of new racial, ethnic and religious tensions in the heart of the old part of the European continent and, more specifically, on the territory of the French Republic, first in the suburbs, and later in the very center of its capital, the City of Paris!" Streaming with perspiration, Gnezhinski continued: "The introduction of fundamentalism, especially into the old part of Europe, added to the general instability (for instance, in Eastern Europe susceptible to social instability; the Black Sea Region, carried away by military instability; the Balkans and Southern Europe, characterized with undulating ethnic and religious instability), is the result of your incorrect analyses, methodology, decision tools, and self-reliant assessment of the situation. Your actions have brought about a loss of control of the situation, physical casualties, and political chaos, anarchy and radicalism. You allowed an incorrigible crash of your own analytical doctrine and failed in your attempt to get on with a pompous and extravagant solution. All of us here had to unite forces and find a stabilizing formula, a way of coping with the riots, to create a positive stability-figure adequate to be the

leader of the above-mentioned state of the Continent of Europe!" Therefore, in conclusion: "On the initiative of the Global Political Convent, and in conjunction with the leaders of all the basic groups of the world elite present this day in front of you, we took the hard, but the only possible, decision to remove you from the post of Director of the Institute of International Strategic Investigations, with all the consequences ensuing therefrom, such as: handing over the scientific and operational archives, the databases, the entire official, confidential, and other correspondence, the experimental massifs, all available assets, bank accounts, movable and immovable properties existing in the following world operational destinations..."

"O, have mercy on the abilities of my biological patience toward such a ritual!", Borg cut him short. "It's clear. Enough. You have put it down in writing, haven't you! "

"Won't you say anything else in your own defense?" Steppendorf strutted.

"Yes, I have prepared my answer, don't worry. It has been written by the Master Qu Yuan¹ as early as the fourth century B. C., when you and I were a pithecanthropus villain, a carnivorous chimpanzee or a sad, illiterate and uncivilized savage, barely speaking, but communicating through pitiful interjections." Director Borg opened the nearest drawer of his desk and took out a carefully kept sheet of paper. "Listen now to the words of true wisdom."

Qu Yuan was blamed and sent into exile,
Far from his home and Lord, whom
meanwhile

He had served long, and loyally, and well,
But how can one escape from slander's hell?
Alone across the fields he wandered day and night
His mind confused, his heart bereft of pride.
And finally he went to see an old diviner,
To ask how to restore his worldly grandeur,
The old sage picked a tuft of grass, which tells
What's laid in store for men in future days,
He brushed away the dust from tortoise shells
To clearly see in them what future veils.
He said to him: "What brings you here, man?"
And thus began to ask the poor Qu Yuan:
"Shall I be honest and upright at any cost,
Or shall I change my looks and tone in front of the big shots?
Shall I defend my honor and suffer then for that,
Or shall I creep for ranks and live then like a rat?
Shall I toil humbly on a humble field.
Or shall I honor others, so others honor me?
Shall I live like an eagle, which flies with the eagles,
Or be a dirty fiddler amidst a crowd of fiddlers?
Shall I become a stone, or shall I be a man,
Or shall I bend like belt or go round like a fan?
Shall I race like a colt with a flowing mane,
Or drag myself along with some worn-

out jade?
Shall I fly like a swan toward the skies in splendor,
Or shall I wade in ponds, squawking like a gander?"

O, great diviner, tell me your words:
Which one of those two ways to choose?
The world's enmeshed in a web of lies,
The fly's wing weighs more than a bull, yet twice.
The brass bell's numb, uneasy in the air,
Amid the echo of the oak wood barrel.
And slander speaks aloud, while wisdom is at bay..
So, tell me, does one need my purity today?

The old diviner left the herbs, his features blurred,
And sadly said: "So goes the world."
Look yourself around and you will see that things
Are different from their different sides, just think:
From here darkness looks like lighter, doesn't it?
A span from there looks like longer than a cubit.
Knowledge is shallow, life is deep.
Some tasks make even God sweat and creep.
So make your mind yourself right through the end!
That's the advice I'd offer you, my friend,
Because my tortoise shells and magic herbs
Can't help me answer questions so diverse.
O, great diviner, tell me your words:
Which one of those two ways to choose?
The world's enmeshed in a web of lies,

The fly's wing weighs more than a bull, yet twice.
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¹The poem Divination (Bu-Ju). Qu Yuan (Chinese: 屈原; pinyin: QūYuán) (ca. 340 BCE - 278 BCE) was a Chinese scholar and minister to the King from the southern Chu during the Warring States Period. His works are mostly found in an anthology of poetry known as Chu Ci. His death is traditionally commemorated on Duanwu Festival (端午节 / 端午節), which is commonly known in English as the Dragon Boat Festival or Double Fifth (fifth day of the fifth month of the traditional Chinese calendar).

给 BORG 总监的信 LETTER TO THE DIRECTOR BORG

"Dear Teacher,
The term of my investigation of the world is over.
So, starting with doubt, unexpectedly for myself, I passed on to a new stage: horror.
Why?
First, the clash with the elite of the planet, with the representatives of the highest social groups, brought me to the threshold of helplessness. I expected to receive sources of truth and light, I longed to enter the most selected and the most high society of the god-like ones.
But there was some strange little spring inside me: the curse of the scientist, which prevented me from nodding my head obediently while

hearing the madness of the world. Alas! I am three hundred thousand times sorry that I am a thinking human being. So, that little spring continually resisted the reality that I confronted, and it wouldn't let me succumb to the ubiquitous, malignant paradigm containing an unprecedented urge towards an escape from common sense. Second, those guys' confidence in their own only possible rightness! Is it really as easy as this, like them, to believe in oneself as in a world institution of last instance? At first I thought there was some element of playacting about them, some sort of a social theatre, or a higher pose, if you want. I watched their behavior profoundly, the formulation of their thoughts. I even analyzed the intimate motivation of their actions. The platform I stepped on turned out to be wrong, and I changed it quickly. For it turned out that I faced a new phenomenon. It was phenomenal. I agree that in most of the observable layers of human history known to us, there have existed rudiments, elements, even whole chains of behavior similar to Raptus. I do not think it has originated nowadays, or that you and I are the first ones who have paid attention to it. However, indisputably, in the course of the investigation, and mostly in the process of the analysis, the rare opportunity showed up for me to outline the entire structure, the formula and even the logarithm of the insane behavior. Moreover, I do not mean individual deviations or disorder of the subject. The strangest thing is that a definite type of stratum-related insanity, possible only within the framework of a system of human

beings sharing a specific order of views, developed clearly, as upon a negative.
And as a result of the above conclusion, inevitably the question emerged: What is the extent of the impact of the fast flowing Raptus stream on the general social midstream? Or, in other words, what is the proportion of mixing, respectively: the disproportion? Is there a reciprocity, a reverse motion of the social reflex (something like an antidote); how does the toxic diffusion take place; and what is the point of critical mass or critical mixture beyond which social processes can become irreversible?

And here is what turned out:
The vector of Raptus is a food chain of ideas, idols, rules, religions, dogmas, and doctrines; scientific, political and religious platforms. Its enormous increase during the last decade has been marked by an accompanying phenomenon: a decrease in the forces of resistance of society as a whole. The disintegration of experienced or traditional values, the existence of X number of interpretations of each assertion, the continuous process of dynamic social oscillation around the enclosed (not to say vicious) circle of thesis-counterpoint, where whichever exposition can have to its credit neither glory, nor the categorical nor even the vague recognition of global society, fed (or perhaps bred artificially?) with sufficient contradicting initial points of support, such disintegration puts the society itself in a position of being unable to resist Raptus efficiently. The social drive, or to put it straightforwardly,

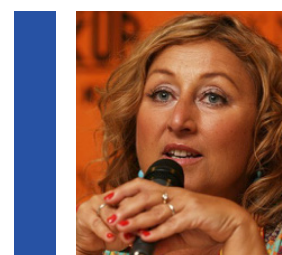
the urge, itself drives society into the trap of its own voluntary degradation. It turns out to be so, since each contaminated admixture in the cycle of society leads to a geometric progression of deviation. We cannot expect, when the social streams, rivers and lakes are contaminated, to have rain of pure values falling from the sky above our humble planet. Nor can we hope for a pure world ocean of conscience. According to the analysis of the investigation, the limit of resistance of society has recently been surpassed. This means that presently we have sufficient grounds in logic to establish that there is a possibility for Raptus to turn into a social dominant. Raptus has long ago surpassed its childhood years, both its teens and its youth, and at the moment it is in the last phase of its virus-like growth and development: that of mature dysfunction, when under whatever anti-system, born from or seized entirely by the R (Raptus) factor, it begins to cause qualitative social deviation of a negative type, while at the same time there is a powerful transmission of the proportional influence. This suggests that each small, but elite group, taken ill or rather seized by Raptus, is able to contaminate, rule, destroy, disintegrate, manipulate, etc. millions of masses of people. It is not by chance that at the time, the doctors at the old hospitals used to undertake drastic measures against Raptus with the only purpose that of protecting the rest of their patients against mass madness. Given our new world situation, in which the ego-mind is ever stronger, it is necessary to act extremely decisively on your side, since it is no more a matter of

an ordinary collective madness, but a doctrinarian usurped vocation to manage the world. The groups I have investigated seriously believe that they will be determining the destinies of humans and the entire course of human history.

And the point is that the insane mechanism of their approach is mixed with a glow of magnetism, social charm and an insistent continuous brain-washing to an extent allowing the leaders something incredible: to make it possible to suck out the healthy juice from the brains of billions of human beings by whom we all swear either affectedly, or sincerely, or by an iconographic obligation, and to inject it with the powerful and fast-acting poison of Raptus. In this way the priests of the new global wigwam that was conceived by them, will avail of a sufficiently strong infusion for some ominous world tea. And, third, very briefly: the information. I have discovered that it is exactly the necessary instrument and nutritious medium for Raptus. The platform of an elemental, bombarding knowledgeability has established itself in the place of the saint ignorance. The society is flooded with trillions of tons of information. Even though deliberately torn apart on the surface, many-directional, contradictory and chaotic, it manages to play its main role: multiple consciousness disorder. A disarranged mind easily falls prey to Raptus. All one needs is a powerful megaphone, a broadcaster of information covering more and more points of the world. And since, as of today, the technology makes this possible, it becomes more and more

possible for the elite communities, mouthpieces and front line promoters of Raptus, to directly influence the individual apperception. Irradiating everything around them, day after day, world leaders create an appropriate basis for the transformation of their own madness

into a world norm. Thus the last possible paradox will be achieved: the fight for truth will be proclaimed a utopia, while the maintenance of a dark utopia in the people's consciousness will be proclaimed a truth.



Halina Pawlowska
捷克共和国 Czech Republic

我不曾想过自缢轻生

我不曾想过自缢轻生，不愿走得如此难看。在那些电影里，自缢者的舌头通常发紫，垂在嘴边，脖子上还留有绳子的勒痕。绳索一断，他们就会掉在地面上，永远地化为虚无，简直令人作呕。我想在水中溺死！我想在水中溺死，然后顺着河流流向下流，有可能还会流入大海。我想这样优雅地离世，渴望离世后的自己还能随着温柔的海浪上下摇晃。可我为何会产生弃世的想法？很简单，因为爱情。我爱简尼基，他也爱我。他从未见过比我更美的女孩，而我这个完美的无价之宝，却投入了他的怀抱。想到这点，他每每看我的时候，眼里总是同时带着倾慕和怀疑。结婚前后，我们一直爱着彼此。直到婚后第九年，他遇见了第二个真命天女。那时的我已经 32 岁了，带着黑眼圈和两个孩子，体重也比八年前重了近 20 斤。而那个她才 21 岁，没有黑眼圈，没有孩子，体重和我 14 岁时一样轻。简尼基的眼中又一次充满了怀疑，这样一个美好的女孩居然向他索吻，还对他说：“我喜欢年长

一些的男人（简尼基 33 岁），还有 你让我很有安全感。”但我却感到了不安。偶然撞见他们后，我感受到从未有过的痛苦。这个女孩年轻漂亮，而简尼基看她的样子又是那么痴迷，痴迷得令我心碎。于是，我走到了河边（我们一直住在这条河附近）。河水的颜色暗淡而阴沉，当然，水温也很低。我站在河流的边缘，任眼泪划过脸庞。我想跳进河里，让绝望和自己一起沉入水底，我为我的父母、孩子、简尼基，还有我自己而感到难过。那一瞬间，大约一百多只天鹅突然游到岸边。他们和河水一样，脏兮兮、灰蒙蒙的。随后，个头最大的那只雄天鹅飞到岸上紧紧盯着我。天鹅的攻击性很强，它们堵住了堤岸，让我无处可跳。我愤怒地想把它们赶走，某只天鹅拖了我的裤腿，我甚至还踢了这个温柔的小家伙。这一番折腾，让我的悲伤变成了怒火。于是我离开河边，到面包店给自己买了一块点心，还给孩子买了巧克力，回家后坚定地告诉简尼基：“听着！收拾好你自己行李，找你的小美人去

吧！”他装好行李离开了家，但只待了三天就回来了...现在，我四十岁了。简尼基看我时仍饱含爱意，怀疑我这个无价之宝怎会投入他的怀抱。我们没有喂过天鹅，不过.....这些小家伙绝对值得我们给它们喂食。

保重自己，不要轻生。任何人和任何事都不值得我们这样做！

另外，我非常喜欢动物。

中文译者：粽冰冰冰

I Never Wanted to Hang Myself

I never wanted to hang myself. I find it unappealing. I had seen films that showed purple tongues hanging out of mouths, rope marks on necks, and hanging victims who, once the rope is cut, fall to the ground to spend eternity as a pile of nothing. Revolting. I wanted to drown myself! I wanted to drown myself, letting the current of the river carry me downstream. I might even reach the sea. I wanted to disappear in an elegant fashion, while at the same time hoping the gentle waves would rock me after I died.

At the root of my troubles was (understandably) love! I loved Jenik. He loved me. He had never seen a girl more beautiful than me. He looked at me with eyes filled with admiration for my perfection as well as disbelief that so priceless a treasure had fallen into his lap. We loved each other until the wedding, after the wedding;

we loved each other a good eight years. Then Jenik met Love of His Life Number Two. At the time I was thirty-two. I had circles under my eyes, had two children and weighed twenty pounds more than before the wedding. SHE was twenty-one. No circles, no children, and she weighed the same as I did when I was fourteen. Jenik's eyes were filled with disbelief that such a treasure let him kiss her and came out with statements like: "I like older boys (Jenik was thirty-three) and... I feel safe with you." Well I didn't feel safe. I met them by chance. I'd never felt such pain before. The way he looked at this young beauty. He was so in love. It broke my heart. So I walked to the river. (We always lived nearby.) I looked at the water. It was murky, grey and undoubtedly chilly. I stood at the very edge, tears streaming down my face. I wanted to jump in the river, jump in the river along with my hopelessness. I felt sad for my parents, my children, for Jenik, for myself. At that very moment about a hundred swans swam right up to the shore. They were dirty and grey like the river. The biggest male landed on the riverbank and stared at me. The swans were extremely aggressive. They blocked the embankment so that there was no way to jump in. I angrily shooed them away. I may have even kicked a gentle creature that was tugging at the leg of my pants. And my sorrow became anger. I left. I bought myself a pastry at the bakery, I bought chocolates for the children, and I told Jenik firmly, "Look! Pack your bags and go see that beauty of yours!" He packed his things and left. He stayed at his beauty's place for three days... Today I'm forty. Jenik looks at me with love and disbelief that such a treasure

(me) fell into his arms. We never feed the swans. And meanwhile... they sure would deserve it. Take care and don't hang yourself. No one and nothing is worth it!

P. S. Otherwise I quite like animals.



Indrek Hargla

爱沙尼亚 Estonia

药剂师梅尔基奥

Apothecary Melchior Rataskaevu

从拉丁文翻译过来之前，这是伯尔尼多米尼加人的里尔·邦纳的道德故事，-很自然地-欣里希镜片后的眼睛出现惊喜的神色。Der Edelstein 德尔埃德尔斯坦的道德故事。

“这就是梅尔基奥那个，呃？”他在阅读这封信时问道。

“是的，就是那个梅尔基奥，”欣纳里向他保证道，精神上被施加了诅咒。

“这是他对修道院的一个特殊要求，”普里奥尔说道。“他为什么这样做？”欣里希告诉他。他告诉他关于

Unterrainer 房子前面的尸体和梅尔基奥对死亡故事的兴趣，关于鬼魂。

“那么这个人正在寻找真相？”普里奥尔的问题切入进欣里希的叙述。

“关于过去的阴影的真相，是的，”欣里希说。

“我们都不是在找那个吗？”伯爵默默地喃喃道。

“如果你这样说，圣父。”

“他必须找到它。我可以在圣多米尼克当

天拒绝他吗？”这些是梅尔基奥尔请求的主题的最后一句话，然后他转回他的手稿并将他的眼镜放在他的鼻子上。

欣里希命令将阿德尔韦特兄弟的旧墓挖出来供埃里克兄弟安葬。

梅尔基奥尔在章节会议后直奔修道院。他到达后，一条灰色母马被拴在缰绳的尽头，将它系在修道院的阴谋柱上一施瑞克注意到药剂师在这样做的时候态度很高傲-欣里希随后站到了主门户附近。

“好的，圣洁的兄弟。”他说。“我的要求有什么回复了吗？”

欣里希没有说话，而是向墓地方向偏了偏头。这个墓地兄弟正朝着埃里克的尸体走去，然后把它放在一个框架里缠绕在一张纸上。

“坟墓，”梅尔基奥尔激动地问道。“昨天挖了吗？”

“要等到他们找到阿德伯特的尸体，”辛迪克不耐烦地回答。

“听着，请以圣尼古拉斯的名义告诉我真相。你要做什么？”

“你还没有打开棺材？”梅尔基奥进一步询问。“我认为这是一个棺材？”

“是的，这是一个棺材，”欣里希轻轻地回答。

“这不奇怪吗？据我所知，在那些日子里，较小的兄弟只会被埋在裹着裹尸布的木板上。”

是的，它很奇怪，欣里希不得不承认。一个棺材是昂贵的，兄弟们埋葬在棺木里 - 特别是不像阿德尔伯特弟兄这样的罪人。然而，这个可怜人已经被埋在棺木里，即使是在寺院财务状况不佳的时候。

“不，我们没有打开它，但它现在已经被挖出来了，”欣里希说。

“所以现在可以打开了？”

“直到普里奥尔给予他的祝福，我才会允许。”

“好吧，他来了，”梅尔基奥说。欣里希转过头，看到普里奥尔确实来自宿舍走向新开掘的坟墓。欣里希和梅尔追随他。墓地的服务很简短。毕竟，埃里克并没有发誓，而且修道院还有许多其他的活动因为他们标志着圣多米尼克的节日。兄弟们已经为埃里克兄弟的灵魂祈祷了守夜人和第一个群众，所以在预选者说过他不得不说的话，每个人都保持站立，困惑

并保持沉默。这位预选者一手拿着一本书，另一手拿着一个煤锅，但他不知道该怎么做 - 是否有埃里克的

尸体放在老棺材的坟墓上或做其他事情。他甚至不知道为什么坟墓被挖掘出来因为坟墓场还有空间。

梅尔基奥尔和辛里克并肩站立，都凝视着已经露出的腐朽棺材。没有转动他的头或改变他的表情，梅尔基奥非常轻声问欣里希，

“兄弟们昨晚吃了我的饼干，是不是？”

“我们没有碰任何饼干，”欣里希回答说，然后直直地向前看。“你知道现在的情况 - 不吃甜食”。

在这个梅尔基奥尔嘶嘶声的声音中，辛提克没有听到它的声音，但这可能是一种诅咒。

与此同时，预选者正在对普里奥进行疑问。

普里奥的眼睛无力地融入了梅尔基奥，终于他

向欣里希点了点头。色拉芮士深深地叹了口气，命令这些外行兄弟跳进坟墓里，撬开老人的盖棺。

过了一会儿，他们都俯视着。

然后他们惊讶地抬起了眼睛。只有先前闭上眼睛，向自己点了点头。他转身离去。

棺材里有半满的沙子；却没有一颗骨头。

“父亲，”欣瑞克低声说，震惊了。“你知道吗？”

“有一张纸卷，其中的第一行是大约两百年前普里奥莫里斯写的，”德国买家莱因哈特回答。

“它是从先前之前传下来的，它包含了在日记本或账簿中可能没有说的东西，但它们

前辈必须知道的关于修道院的事情。我认为这是一个谎言成真的时代。

然后，他缓慢地走上讲台。

“这是什么意思，梅尔基奥？”欣瑞克现在问他。

“你一定知道这个。”

“我没有，”他平静地回答，“但我猜想它可能是这样的。”

“那么阿德伯特的尸体在哪里？”

梅尔基奥尔没有回答，但令人震惊的认识很快就实现了。色拉芮士吸收器的呼吸非常轻快。然后他闭上了眼睛低声说，“圣母。阿德伯特仍然在那里。在 Unterrainer 房子里。”

在塔林到圣布里奇特修道院的路上 玛丽莎 8月8日中午

梅尔基奥早早的按照多恩指示的那样做了。

他已经去了马厩，向哈特曼伸出有力的手，并告诉他县长命令他给他一匹马去马林塔尔，如果哈特曼提出任何反对意见，他就会在市场上投入铁杆。他用稳定的手势发牢骚，官员挂在市政厅大楼，然后市民可以拥有有点儿爱好，但他给梅尔基奥带来了一条灰蒙蒙的母马，她说她是一个很好，很平静的动物，她知道通往布里奇特的好去处，因为她经常访问瓦萨卡庄园。

“布里奇特？”梅尔基奥问道。他以前从

来没有听说过这样的地方。

“这不是他们所说的吗？”哈特曼回答。

“新修道院？他们瑞典人过去称之为金盏花，但现在人们倾向于称之为布里奇特。在你通往到马丁布鲁克的路上，这个动物知道有个好地方可以喝水不是吗，所以如果她要开始把你往那条路上拉，你最好让她去那里喝。因为她喝了她的填充物，就能在正确的道路上然后直接往回走。你不需要用她的马刺。”

梅尔基奥尔向他保证，他并不着急 - 这不完全是真的 - 他留下了两个便士和一个甜蜜的糖果作为小费，并答应在日落后回来。他把一瓶烈酒放入他的旅行袋中，还有一些用布包裹的甜食 - 在洛德维奇弟兄蹂躏这一个伟大的牺牲之后，但也许在他的这次朝圣之中他可能需要将嘴唇抹上蜜。随着埃里克在他后面的修道院举行的葬礼，他带领着母马穿过熙熙攘攘的小镇，带着沉思的神态出门

穿过克莱门，感激地点点头，站在前门旁边的圣维克多的形象，作为陌生人的标志，说明这个小镇在天国的保护下 - 摇进马鞍向西走去。克莱门磨坊的磨坊主好奇地看着那个过往的药剂师，梅尔基奥向他的老朋友招手致意。直到堤岸后而磨坊的道路又分成三部分。沿城墙边缘和堤岸向西进行的一根叉子；另一个转向东南方向，经过粘土池到达 St Johns 医院，在这里留下麻风病人，然后穿过郊区和沙地向山上的小山采石场上爬，向维鲁和塔尔图方向行驶。但是，梅尔基奥尔不得不选择狭窄而粗糙的叉子，沿着海边朝金盏花和非周期性半岛方向前进。这是一条较为安静的道路，因为在半岛前方，只有道教的草地，沿海村庄和沼泽森林。

但是一旦这座宏伟壮观的修道院完工，这条道路将会变得重要起来。梅尔基奥尔这么认为。

宾馆已经在公路旁建造，朝圣者正在竖立大型十字架。目前只

老城镇绞架站在斯佩德门前，现在几乎没有用过，但它们是塔林有在这个城镇有权利利用剑进行打击的土地上确定血价的证明。任何人通过这条路来到城里会得到圣维克多保护城镇的信息，所有的邪恶者都

会得到惩罚。

就在 Härjapea 河上的桥上，那里有上帝之母的图像，通常有许多乞丐

另一条道路通向页岩坑，那里的马路被车轮车轮深深地碾压。

悬崖上的页岩被带入城镇或 Köismäe 以外的石灰窑，而梅尔基奥尔看到一些马车正在从

远方。他骑着母马在桥上行驶，沿着海岸沿着海岸走到海边的草地上，瑞典的渔村。

天气无风，多云。梅尔基奥尔深深地呼吸着新鲜的海洋空气，舒适地坐在马鞍上。他是

没有一个伟大的骑手，但道路并不长。他需要思考。棺材在修道院的，欣里希在墓地的话 - '阿德尔贝特仍然在那里。在 Unterrainer 的房子里 - 引起了一种模糊的恐怖。他无法摆脱他围绕谜题盘旋的感觉，解决方案很简单，而且应该他也已经有线索了。

在场的同时也让他自己卷入了非常危险的事情。他迷失在一个错误的迷宫中；他必须逃脱

从中；他应该害怕。他问自己，来自坟墓之外的力量是否会伤害生活 - 他自己的经历

告诉他只有对生者的仇恨可能会给他人带来痛苦。而且这种性质也发生在这个世界在过去的时代，不可逾越的房子。还是很久以前？阿德尔贝特已经在七十年前去世了。而克里斯蒂安 Unterrainer 可能仍然当梅尔基奥出生时，他一直活着。他听说 Unterrainer 鞭打了他的妻子，并因此而受到困扰。那个未知流浪汉的尸体从鞭子上冒出了风，而 Unterrainer 阉割了阿德尔贝特，就像以前那样

那个在他家门口遇害的可怜的坏蛋。然而就好像圣科斯马斯在他耳边窃窃私语，他正在跟踪

错误的路径。

尽管如此，他的尘世道路是正确的，并且不会怕迷路。因为他知道这条路很好。他稳步前进

沿着岸边行驶，从 Härmapõld 牧场上升

到高原的路上。到东南方他可以弄清楚页岩采石场的悬崖；在他身后是塔林美丽的塔楼。温柔的海浪在海岸上掠过。装满原木的手推车从金盏花方向行驶，然后让马儿一起前往银行。在海上，他可以看到伍尔弗森。那里是安理会砍伐木材和制作干草的岛屿；几个世纪以来，海盗们都把这个岛当作一个藏身之地。

东行的航道经过 Wulvesøø 海峡，好避开岛屿周围的礁石和浅水。Nargensgrund 每年船舶搁浅。保持正确的运输通道非常重要，每个春天都是如此委员会用一些漂浮在水中的图钉标记它，这些图钉牢牢地固定在海床上。但海盗们也知道这段海域很好，他们习惯了潜伏在 Wulvesøø 周围，试图用寻求避难的船只碰运气尤其容易。风暴期间在岛上是如此。- 尽管近年来在塔林附近没有发现海盗，因为安理会已经注意到了这种情况并且派遣它的军舰到 Wulvesøø。现在这条路向北转了一圈，到了非周期方向的半岛，远处是马丁的布鲁克。母马刺痛了她的耳朵并开始加速。当她走下草地时，梅尔基奥尔并没有禁止她朝熟悉的路径和饮酒场所跑去。在溪流处，还有一条通往页岩坑的道路，这里的车轮印已经形成。深陷在泥泞中。在这段时间里，石头已经从这里被带到新修道院一年多了，而且肯定会在几年后才能完成工作。

Apothecary Melchior and the Ghost of Rataskaevu Street

(Extract)

The Prior was – naturally – in the scriptorium with his spectacles on, and reading, to Hinric's surprise, Der Edelstein, moral tales by Ulrich Boner of the Berne Dominicans, translated from the Latin.

'This is that same Melchior, eh?' asked the Prior when he had read the letter.

'Yes, that same Melchior,' Hinric assured him, mentally adding a curse.

'And this is quite a peculiar request that he asks of the monastery,' said the Prior. 'Why is he doing it?' Hinric told him. He told him about the corpse in front of the Unterrainer house and Melchior's interest in the deaths, the stories about the ghost.

'So this man is looking for the truth?' The Prior's question cut into Hinric's narrative.

'The truth about the shadows of the past, yes,' agreed Hinric.

'Aren't we all looking for that?' muttered the Prior meditatively.

'If you put it that way, holy Father.'

'Then he must find it. May I refuse him on the day of St Dominic?' Those were the Prior's last words on the subject of Melchior's request, and then he turned back to his manuscript and placed his glasses on to his nose. And Hinric gave an order that the old grave of Brother Adelbert be dug up for the interment of Lay Brother Eric. Melchior was at the monastery

straight after the chapterhouse meeting, and he arrived on horseback. He arrived, a dapple - grey mare on the end of a halter, tethered it to the monastery's hitchingpost – Hinric noticed that the Apothecary wore a proud expression in doing so – and then rushed up to Hinric, who was standing near the main portal.

'Good morrow, holy Brother,' he said. 'What reply did the Prior give to my request?'

Instead of answering Hinric motioned with his head in the direction of the graveyard, towards which the lay brothers were bearing the corpse of Eric, resting on a frame and wrapped in a winding - sheet.

'And the grave,' asked Melchior, agitated. 'Was it dug yesterday?'

'Until they got to Adelbert's corpse,' replied Hinric peevishly.

'Listen, tell me the truth, in the name of St Nicholas. What are you up to?'

'And you haven't opened the coffin yet?' Melchior enquired further. 'And it was a coffin, as I thought?'

'Yes, it was a coffin,' replied Hinric laconically.

'Isn't that strange? As far as I was aware, in those days the lesser brothers were simply buried on planks wrapped in a shroud.' Yes, it was passing strange, Hinric had to admit to himself. A coffin was expensive, and it was far from usual for brothers to be buried in coffins – especially not sinners like Brother Adelbert. Yet this poor wretch had been buried in a casket, even at a time when the monastery's finances were scant.

'No, we didn't open it, but it has been dug out now,' Hinric said.

'So it could be opened now?'

'I won't allow it until the Prior gives his blessing.'

'Well, here he comes,' said Melchior. Hinric turned his head and saw that the Prior was indeed coming from the dormitory and walking towards the freshly dug grave. Hinric and Melchior went after him.

The service at the graveside was brief. Eric had not, after all, taken his vows, and the monastery had many other activities to attend to since they were marking St Dominic's feast day. The brothers had already prayed for the soul of Lay Brother Eric at the vigil and the first mass, so after the precentor had said the words that he was obliged to say everyone remained standing, perplexed and silent. The precentor had a book in one hand and a coal - pan in the other, but he didn't know what to do – whether to have Eric's body placed in the grave on top of the old coffin or do something else. He didn't even know why the grave had been exhumed because there was still space in the graveyard.

Melchior and Hinric stood side by side, both fixing their gaze on the decayed coffin that had been revealed. Without turning his head or changing his expression Melchior asked Hinric very softly,

'The brothers ate my biscuits last night, did they?'

'We didn't have any biscuits,' whispered Hinric in reply, staring straight ahead. 'You know what the times are like – no sweet things.' At this Melchior hissed something so softly that Hinric didn't hear it, but it was probably a curse.

The precentor, meanwhile, was looking questioningly at the Prior; the Prior's mild eyes bored into Melchior,

and he finally nodded to Hinric. The cellarius sighed deeply and ordered the lay brothers to jump into the grave and prise open the lid of the old coffin. A moment later they all leaned over to look.

And then they raised their eyes in astonishment. Only the Prior closed his eyes and nodded to himself. He turned to go.

The casket was half full of sand; there was not a single bone.

'Father,' whispered Hinric, shocked. 'Did you know about this?'

'There is a scroll, the first lines of which were written by Prior Maurice about two hundred years ago,' replied Reinhart Moninger.

'It is passed down from prior to prior, and it contains things that may not be said in the daybook or the account book, but they are things the priors have to know about the monastery. I think this is the time when an old lie is turned into a truth.' And then, with slow steps, he trudged back to the scriptorium.

'What does this all mean, Melchior?' Hinric now asked him.

'You must have known this.'

'I didn't,' he replied quietly, 'but I guessed that it might be so.'

'So where is Adelbert's corpse?' Melchior didn't answer, but the shocking realization came quickly. The cellarius was breathing very softly and rapidly. Then he closed his eyes and whispered, 'Holy Virgin. Adelbert is still there . . . in the Unterrainer house.'

On the Road from Tallinn to St
Bridget's Convent, Marienthal, 8
August, Mid-Morning

EARLY THAT MORNING Melchior had done exactly as Dorn had instructed. He had gone to the stables, asked for Hartmann the stablehand and told him that the Magistrate had ordered him to give him a horse to ride to Marienthal, and if Hartmann raised any objection he would be put in irons in the marketplace. The stablehand did grumble that the Magistrate could go hang himself in the Town Hall tower and then the townsfolk could have a bit of fun, but he brought Melchior a dapple - grey mare saying she was a good, peaceful animal who knew the way to Bridget's well, since she often visited the Varsaallik Estate.

'Bridget's?' asked Melchior. He had not heard of such a place before.

'Isn't that what they call it?' responded Hartmann. 'The new convent? They Swedes used to call it Mariendal, but now people tend to call it Bridget's. On the way you come to Martin's Brook, don't you, and there's a good place to drink that this animal knows, so if she starts pulling that way you'd better let her go there because she drinks her fill and goes straight back on to the right road. You won't need to use your spurs much with her.'

Melchior assured him that he wasn't in any hurry - which was not entirely true - left him two pennies and a sweet confection as a tip and promised to be back by sunset. He had put a bottle of his spirits into his travel pouch as well as a double handful of sweets wrapped in a cloth - after Brother Lodevic's ravaging this was a great sacrifice, but perhaps on this pilgrimage of his he might need to sweeten some mouths into talking. With Eric's funeral at the monastery

now behind him he led the mare through the bustling town with a thoughtful mien and out through the Clay Gate, nodded gratefully to the image of St Victor - which stood at the side of the foregate as a sign to strangers that this town was under the protection of heavenly powers - swung into the saddle and headed westward. The miller at the Clay Gate mill looked on curiously at the passing apothecary, and Melchior waved in greeting to his old friend. Straight after the embankment and the mill the road divided into three. One fork carried on west along the edge of the town wall and the embankment; another turned south - east, past the clay - ponds to St John's Hospital, where the lepers were kept, then through the outskirts and over the sandy hummocks up the hill to the shale quarry and on towards Viru and Tartu. But Melchior had to choose the narrower and rougher fork, leading along the seashore towards Marienthal and the Apenes Peninsula. This was a quieter road, for ahead of it, on the peninsula, lay only the Order's meadows, coastal villages and marshy forests.

But this road could become important in the future, once the large and splendid convent had been finished, thought Melchior. Inns and guesthouses were already being built alongside the road and large crosses were being erected for the pilgrims. At present only the old town gallows stood by the Seppade Gate, and they were hardly ever used now, but they served as a sign that Tallinn had the right to exact a price in blood in this land where the town had the right to strike with the sword. Anyone coming to town by this road would get the

message that St Victor protected the town and all evildoers would be dealt with.

Just ahead of the bridge over the Härjapea river, where there was an image of the Mother of God and where many beggars usually gathered, another road led off towards the shale pits, and from there on the road was deeply rutted by wagons wheels. Shale from the cliffs was taken into town or to the lime kilns beyond, at Köismäe, and Melchior saw a couple of wagons approaching from afar. He rode the mare over the bridge and followed the road as it went down along the littoral to the meadows by the seashore and the Swedish fishing villages. The weather was windless and cloudy. Melchior breathed the fresh sea air deeply and settled comfortably in the saddle. He was no great rider, but the road wasn't long. And he needed to think. The morning at the monastery and the opening of the casket, Hinric's words at the graveside -

'Adelbert is still there . . . in the Unterrainer house' - aroused a vague kind of terror in him. He could not shake the feeling off that he was circling around a riddle, the solution of which was simple and whose clues should already be present but also that he had got himself involved in something very dangerous. He was lost in a false labyrinth; he must escape from it; he ought to be afraid. He asked himself whether forces from beyond the grave could harm the living - his own experience told him that only the hatred of the living could cause suffering to others . . . and something of that nature had taken place in the Unterrainer house in times past. Or was it so long ago? Adelbert had died seventy years ago.

And Cristian Unterrainer might still have been alive when Melchior was born. He was haunted by the thought that Unterrainer was said to have whipped his wife, and that corpse of the unknown tramp had wheals from a whip, and that Unterrainer had castrated Adelbert, as had also happened to that poor wretch who was killed in front of his house. And yet it was as if St Cosmas were whispering in his ear that he was following the wrong path. His earthly path now, though, was the right one, and there was no fear of getting lost, as he knew this road well. He rode steadily along the shore until the road rose from the Härmapöld pasture lands up to a plateau. To the south - east he could make out the escarpment of the shale quarry; behind him were the beautiful towers of Tallinn. Gentle waves lapped against the shingly shore. Carts loaded with logs were travelling from the direction of Marienthal, and he let the horse go aside to the bank. Out at sea he could see Wulvesøø, the island where the Council had its timber cut and its hay made; for centuries pirates had used the island as a hiding place. The shipping lane to the east went through the Strait of Wulvesøø to avoid the reefs around the island and the shallows of Nargensgrund where ships ran aground every year. Keeping to the correct shipping lane was so important that each spring the Council marked it with a couple of tuns floating in the water that were securely anchored to the sea bed. But the pirates also knew this passage well and were used to lurking around Wulvesøø. It was especially easy for them to try their luck with ships

seeking shelter on the island during a storm - although no pirates had been spotted near Tallinn in recent years, as the Council had taken care to send its warships to Wulvesøø and see them off.

Now the road turned a little to the north, on to the Apenes Peninsula, and there, in the distance, was Martin's Brook. The old mare pricked up her ears and started to speed up. Melchior did not rein her in when she stepped off the road down towards the grassy path and the drinking - place. At the brook was one more road leading from the shale pits, and here the cartwheels had created deep ruts in the mud. Stones had been taken from around here to the new convent for over a year by this time and would surely be for years to come until the job was completed.



Colombe Schneck

法国 France

米赛里科迪亚¹ 姐妹

科隆 · 斯奈克

英文译者：阿德丽安娜 · 亨特

中文译者：赖达

阿祖尔搬到了圣克鲁斯郊区的一栋双层建筑，莫伊斯，希梅纳和米格尔也都在这座公寓里。无论巡演将他带至何方，胡安每年都会穿过秘鲁边境回来一趟。他会为每个人准备礼物，会和莫伊斯握手，一起喝啤酒，接着重新启程。他们则在集市出售胡安带来的礼物：一个崭新的平底锅，一条羊驼地毯。阿祖尔和莫伊斯有个小女儿，名叫阿兰朵拉。

莫伊斯也曾想再要个男孩儿。阿祖尔不同意，认为她不是生育机器。莫伊斯没说什么，但他那副可鄙的受害者神情，把阿祖尔激怒了。爱情是坨屎，婚姻是座牢。阿祖尔想。不，实际上，她是快乐的。和米格尔，阿兰朵拉，以及在克丘克丘花园学了不少的希梅纳一起，他们都很开心。同住在这条街上的，还有纳塔利娅和她的丈夫、孩子。阿祖尔和纳塔利娅在罗藤达市场上经营一个摊位。她们贩卖装在陶制水罐中，泛着乳白的水，里头带些肉桂。有时，装的是杏仁，花生或者薄荷。礼拜天弥撒后，她俩的母亲，也是一双姐妹，会同各自的丈夫一起，前往里约奇科谷印第安人协会。在吉他和小铃铛的伴奏中，他们载歌载舞：

山间足迹，愉快记忆，
我们的安排，他们的命运，
在山脉中熠熠生辉。
神灵的幻景，
将我们带入
先父的心内。

莫伊斯是名优秀的舞者，也是个好父亲，但他不擅理财。虽然他是在经商方面享有盛誉的克丘亚人。

莫伊斯背了很多债，而阿祖尔目前还不知情。

开大卡车赚来的钱，被他送给了哥哥们。他又去借钱，好给阿祖尔买首饰：一块银吊坠。借钱来给汽车加油，好带她和孩子去瀑布边游泳。借钱买燃气灶，几扎啤酒，一个小小的巴西电视，好看世界杯。他们经历过美国人痴迷于达拉斯和迈阿密风云²的阶段。

莫伊斯饥渴地睁大双眼，盯着那些门前停俩车的房子，以及红色泳衣，金发女郎；阿祖尔则望着他们的定制夹克，长连衣裙，然后继续缝补自己那毫不起眼的衣裳。身边人都在聊，如何穿过边境线，离开巴西，阿根廷或墨西哥。达拉斯里的德州和迈阿密风云的佛罗里达，似乎没那么遥不可及。那个世界的超市，满满当当都是多彩包装的燕麦（这里论两售卖），不同品牌的啤酒（此地仅有一种），女性自己开车，金发飘扬在空中，而不是被编织，捆绑或掩盖起来的。她们看上去很自由。

阿祖尔三十三岁，住在圣克鲁斯郊区，仅含一卧的公寓。这儿有个燃气灶，一台电视，一份秘书工作。她的母亲拖着两个孩子，第二任丈夫不想娶她，却希望她再生

个孩子——男孩儿——他还背着债。想起这些，她感到无力。玻利维亚陷入了经济危机。一切都不再运转了，她所在的市集，小商店空空荡荡。现在没人买T恤了，莫伊斯的牛奶配送车也不再穿梭于街道。一切，都再次分崩离析。但阿祖尔习惯了心仪之物凭空消失，不复存在。在那个节骨点上，身体仿佛被冻结，但也不过是几分钟的事情。她记得学校的妓女，记得米格尔生病的时候，记得夜里偷溜出去，身上似乎在闪光的胡安——她总能以某种方式应对眼前处境。她自我激励，但并不因此变得犬儒。她仍然乐观地信仰着帕查玛玛³，相信自己受到了圣母的庇佑，她的身体里蕴藏了能量。她热情，虔诚，但她也能看见世界的阴暗面。她能偷听到别人的讨论，关于暴力，不公，垮台，赤贫和腐败。政权被少数人所夺取：参议院，警察，地方官员。他们是白人，他们说西班牙语，他们看起来很吓人，而他们的头目却是一个小个子男人，为了显高，哪怕只是一英寸，他都站得十分笔挺。人们称他为 El Nano⁴。矮人。班泽尔将军是德国血统，曾在美洲受教育。在巴拿马的学校里，他们教授操纵与暴力的最佳技巧，完全没有像样些的品质。玻利维亚土著与农村人都被政府排除在外。他们无权自我展示与表达，无权选择与决定。公然反抗的人，则被依法施以酷刑。在阿根廷，秘鲁，巴拿马，智利，巴拉圭和乌拉圭的所有地区，极右翼势力，总是盘旋不去。阿祖尔不断听到这个词。法西斯，法西斯。正是这个声音，吓倒了她。班泽尔将军欢迎，并且招募亲极右翼人士和纳粹——这些人能给他以政治和军事上的支持。将军鼓励他们贩毒，要求他们就如同“白化”玻利维亚提出建议。玻利维亚土著太多了。新闻业这样描述他们：肮脏，懒惰，贫穷。他们生得太多，他们头发太厚，他们皮肤太油，他们的女儿和狗交配，他们的男人和驴交配。

“你无法享受公共医疗服务”。阿祖尔的姐姐告诉她。那个医生是美国人，他发色金黄，肤色粉嫩，一口白牙。整个中心都重新装修了一次，但他们不在穷人身上花一分钱。门上的一张海报写着：“女性免费医疗，照片中微笑的土著女性，戴着黑色毡帽微笑。在那里，年轻的土著女性被强制消毒。一个来自阿尔及利亚教会中学的印度裔乡村女孩，因为肚子疼去到诊所。医生跟她说，这种情况急需阑尾切除，她完全不必担心，这是免费的。她被要求，次日一早回医院做手术。她向学校里的护士倾诉，护士劝阻她别回去。且不提脏兮兮且油漆未干的地面，以及大夫身上被棕色的污渍覆盖的防护衣，他没有洗手就对她进行检查。她胃部膨胀，是吃太多瓜而引起的消化不良。一个月后，诊所起火，美国医生失踪。班泽尔将军还花了一大笔钱从南非进口白人妇女，以令白人在此地定居。玻利维亚土著从报纸和电视中隐匿——玻利维亚人是白人人种。班泽尔在1977年被政变推翻，但在1977年，五次失败的总统选举之后，他终于通过放弃过去的制服，宣称自己是个和蔼的七十一岁“爷爷”⁵重新当选。他在2001年辞职，整个国家处于灾难性境地：到处都是裙带关系、腐败和经济危机。一连几个星期，国家完全瘫痪，小生产者建立封锁，要求扭转古柯政策，消除其影响。圣克鲁斯，一切都曾如此美好。塔里哈番茄在市场叠成塔状，石油曾带来收入，德克萨斯州曾有多少爱国者，洛杉矶塔吉博斯大酒店的葫芦状泳池边上，有小型棕榈树和美国酒吧，摩托车，韩国进口的聚酯布，通往机场的路上有家舞厅，气派的门廊由两个绘彩石膏美人鱼组成……一切都是如此现代，与克丘克丘伊甸园般的风光相比，显得陌生——统统石化了。番茄烂在箱中，人们在自动提款机前排队，先前的爱国者们卷铺盖逃离故园，他们的

管家，清洁工，厨子和保姆也都失业了，窗户破了，汽车不再为门廊上的美人鱼放慢速度，没人再希望到洛杉矶吉博斯的美国酒吧聚会，喝着美国啤酒，聊着财产处理事宜。只剩下哥伦比亚人的脏钱。他们提供工作，守夜人，司机，骡子，以及贩卖可卡因的未成年人。她别无选择，她不得不离开。女人们一个接一个地离开，越走越远。去阿根廷，去德克萨斯，去意大利。多亏有熟人相助，两年前，纳塔利娅移居到意大利的贝加莫。她这样在电话中向阿祖尔进行描述：她照顾一个独居在大房子里的老寡妇。寡妇的儿孙会在礼拜天前来拜访。他们先是去弥撒，然后共进午餐。老太太做饭，女儿和儿媳帮助她清洁、整理桌面，然后在晚上一同离开。夏天，他们一整个月不会来看她。他们会和她一起过圣诞节，不过她得独自一人过元旦。每周日，纳塔利娅休假一天，会乘公交去贝加莫做弥撒，下午去到电话中心，与两个儿子，几个姐妹通电。纳塔利娅离开了她的儿子格斯，还有年龄尚小，正和爸爸同住的女儿。她知道，她还可以依靠阿祖尔和西梅娜，包括邻居胡里奥和莫伊斯。每周日，她都会拨打很长时间的电话，仅仅是简单地教养他们，显然不够。每个月，她寄回家的钱能抵得本地薪水的三倍。她告诉孩子的父亲，如果他不好好照看孩子，她就要回家。纳塔利娅向阿祖尔承认，她感到内疚，但她知道，这种远离子女的生活，是给他们提供良好教育，避免他们像很多十二岁的同龄人一样早早工作的唯一途径。阿祖尔得走了。她不会考虑太久，她害怕自己退缩，但她已经毫无选择。阿祖尔要去意大利，纳塔利娅会帮她。自2001年9月11日起，获得美国签证变得极为困难。你必须通过死亡列车非法越过墨西哥边境。她不想这样。女性在路途中遇难。她们被强奸后，身体也“消失”了。人们是这么说的。梅尔卡多附近散播着这样一件事儿：集市食堂工

作的那个太太有个女儿，有天，突然不再向她发送任何消息。女儿和她的一个朋友，希望移民到美国。她们消失了。阿祖尔记得自己见过那个女孩儿，是个瘦弱的少女。她看起来还不足十岁。太单薄了。她向北走，她十七岁。她的妈妈不知该怎么才能找到她。警察告诉太太，她应该忘记女儿，但你又怎能忘记自己十七岁的女儿？阿祖尔甚至不是她的母亲，只见过这个女孩一次，仍记得她那张猫般的脸，没有一丝肉的鼻梁，还有纤细的臂膊。这个女孩儿脆弱的背影，在阿祖尔的脑海中，时时闪现。她的名字是罗萨里奥。你可以在没有签证的情况下进入欧洲，阿祖尔打算去意大利。她将飞往罗马，因为教皇约翰保罗二世在那儿，而且这是一个大城市，她不想孤零零地住在乡下。纳塔利娅必须每周日乘公交前往电话中心，她想要每天都能打电话。在那里，天主教会帮助移民妇女寻找靠谱家庭以谋生。她们能够得到床和床板，将之带入主顾家中。纳塔利娅向妹妹吐露，她如何已然成为那位女士的附属物。就在阿祖尔计划告诉纳塔利娅，她将要过来加入她时，纳塔利娅回家了。她把这些钱置于脑后。她不想继续过远离亲骨肉的生活。回到圣克鲁斯，也该轮到她照顾她们的母亲西梅娜了。阿祖尔建议莫伊斯：他，七岁大的米格尔和两岁大的阿兰朵拉都应该一同离开。他拒绝了。他认为那不可能做到，太难了。去到一个语言不通的国家，还要带着年幼的孩子，假如他们谁都不认识，如何寻找工作和住房呢？或者摸清楚语言，街道，饮食，或者他们的法律。你如何去买牛奶而不迷路呢？你怎样租房子？这是不可能的。我们会露宿街头，而欧洲又很冷，人们是种族主义者，他们不喜欢外国人。阿祖尔知道这一切，她不是傻瓜，但她没别无选择。她就如莫伊斯一样恐慌。阿祖尔给自己一年，足够长，可以赚钱还清莫伊斯的债。她只是不希望离开超过一年，一整年见不到自己的孩子，还有莫伊

斯。
她有两个已经完成旅程的朋友，当她们回来时，袋子里有五千元零钱，足以付清男人的贷款，修建房屋的墙壁，并在市场上购买摊位。
阿祖尔很明白，等待她的是些什么。她将撕裂成两半，从米格尔和阿兰朵拉身边，从使用克丘亚语和西班牙语的生活，从三十年来的联系，兄弟，姐妹，丈夫，朋友，圣克鲁斯城的每一条熟悉的街道，它的小陷阱以及坑洼之处，市议会中的工作人员，能帮助她的，和她本能避开的，那些公交时刻表，如何避雨避暑，哪里能找到价格公道的牛肉，在行政办公室里向谁问好，谁慷慨，谁不算。所有这些无用的信息。异国他乡，从头学起。

¹ 原文为西班牙语，“Misericordia”，怜悯，慈悲之意

² Dallas 和 Miami Vice，当时收视率最高，竞争最激烈的两个电视台

³ Pachamama，安第斯土著人崇拜的女神。被称为“大地/时间母亲”，也被视作大自然本身。

⁴ 西班牙语，意即“小人”。

⁵ 原文为西班牙语，“abuelito”，意为“小人”

SISTERS IN MISERICORDIA

By Colombe Schneck
Translated by Adriana Hunter

Azul moves into an apartment in a two-storey building on the outskirts of Santa Cruz, with Moisés, Ximena and Miguel. Juan comes back once a year from his tour which takes him all the way to the Peruvian border. He brings back presents for everyone, Juan and Moisés shake hands and drink beer together, then Juan sets off again.

They sell his presents in the market: a brand new saucepan, an alpaca blanket. Azul and Moisés have a little girl, her name is Alondra.

Moisés would have liked a boy too. Azul disagrees, she's not a baby factory.

Moisés doesn't say anything, but he wears his hangdog victim expression, which exasperates Azul.

Love is full of shit and marriage is a prison, thinks Azul.

But actually, no, she's happy. They're happy with Miguel and Alondra, and Ximena who adapts what she learned in Chuqui-Chuqui's garden for the city. Natalia lives on the same street with her husband and children.

Azul and Natalia run a stall at the market in Rotonda. They sell earthenware jars of water flavoured with cinnamon, it's almost milky, or with apricot kernels, peanuts, mint. After mass on Sundays, their mother, the two sisters and their husbands go to the Association for Rio Chico Valley Indians. They dance and sing to the music of guitars and tiny bells: Mountain Tracks, happy memories, Our plans and their fate, Bejewelling our mountains, Illusions of the gods Take us to the very heart Of our fathers.

Moisés is a good dancer, and a good father, but he's no good with money. He is a Quechua, though, and the Quechuas have a reputation as good tradesmen.

Moisés is in a lot of debt, and Azul doesn't yet know.

He gave the money he earned with his big truck to his older brothers. He borrowed money so he

could give Azul jewellery, a silver pendant, fuel to take her and the children to swim at the waterfalls, to buy a gas cooker, pay for rounds of beers and a little Brazilian television to watch the football world cup. They go through an American phase when they're passionate about Dallas and Miami Vice.

Moisés gazes, hungrily wide-eyed, at houses with two cars, and red swimsuits, and girls with blond hair; Azul eyes up their tailored jackets, their long flowing dresses, and sews her own almost identical designs. People around them talk of leaving for Brazil, Argentina or Mexico, getting over the border; the Texas of Dallas and the Florida of Miami Vice aren't so very far away.

That world with its supermarkets rammed full of cereal packets with their colourful lettering (cereals are sold by the weight here), its different brands of beer (there's only one here), the women driving their own cars, their blond hair blowing in the wind, never plaited, tied up, held back; making the women look free.

Azul is thirty-three, she lives in a one-bedroom apartment on the outskirts of Santa Cruz, with a gas cooker, a television, a secretarial job, her mother in tow, two children, a second husband who doesn't want to marry her but wants another child – a boy – and who's in debt... and that's when she's made redundant.

The Bolivian economy is in crisis.

Nothing works anymore, her little shop in the market is empty, no one buys t-shirts now, Moisés's milk distribution tanker has stopped doing its rounds.

Everything's falling apart, once again, but Azul's used to seeing things she's fond of disappear or take a knocking, she freezes on the spot. It lasts only a few minutes. She remembers the hookers at school, remembers when Miguel was ill, the gorgeous Juan who used to sneak out at night – she coped somehow every time. She galvanises herself, but she hasn't become cynical: she still has her optimistic faith in Pachamama, her belief that she's protected by the Virgin, that she has these reserves inside her.

She's enthusiastic, believes in goodness, but she also knows how dark the world can be.

She eavesdrops on conversations, people talking about violence, injustice, downfall, destitution and corruption.

Power is snatched by a minority: senators, policemen, magistrates; they're white, they speak Spanish, they're frightening, and their leader is a tiny little man who stands very upright to gain an extra inch.

People call him El Nano. The dwarf.

General Banzer is of German descent, he was educated at the School of the Americas in Panama where they teach the best techniques for manipulation and violence, but none of the world's finer qualities.

Indigenous Bolivians and rural types are excluded from government. They don't have the right to demonstrate, to express themselves, make choices, take decisions.

Torture is statutory for those who dare to say they won't comply.

And all around them, in Argentina, Peru, Panama, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay, the far right

hovers close by.

Azul keeps hearing that word, fascist, fascist; the very sound of it frightens her.

General Banzer welcomes extreme right-wing sympathisers and Nazis, and recruits them – they'll give him political and military support. He encourages them to take part in drug trafficking, asks for their advice on how to "whiten" Bolivia.

There are too many indigenous Bolivians. In the press they're described as dirty, lazy, poor; they have too many children, their hair's too thick, their skin is greasy, their daughters copulate with dogs, their men with donkeys.

"You mustn't use the government-run clinic," Azul's older sister tells her.

The doctor there is American. He turned up, blond, pink, white teeth, and the whole centre was redecorated when no money's ever spent on the poor.

A poster on the door reads: "Free treatment for women", with a photo of a smiling indigenous woman in her black felt hat.

Young indigenous women are forcibly sterilised there.

A country girl from the Fe y Algeria middle school, an Indian, went there because she had stomach pains. The doctor told her she urgently needed an appendectomy, she mustn't worry, it would be free.

She was asked to come back the following morning for the operation. She confided in her school nurse who stopped her going back.

Despite the fresh paint, the floor is dirty, and the doctor's overalls are covered in brown stains. He examined her without washing his

hands.

Her ballooning stomach was caused by indigestion from eating too much melon.

A month later the clinic caught fire and the American doctor disappeared.

General Banzer also spent a fortune importing white women from southern Africa to populate the country with whites.

Indigenous Bolivians don't feature in the papers or on television – Bolivia is white.

Banzer was toppled by a coup in 1977 but in 1997, after failing five times in the presidential elections, he managed to get himself re-elected by abandoning his uniform and presenting himself as a kindly seventy-one-year-old "abuelito".

When he resigns in 2001 he leaves his country in a catastrophic state. Nepotism, corruption, economic crisis...

For several weeks the country is completely paralysed by blockades set up by smallholders demanding a reversal of the policy to eradicate coca.

Everything that once did so well in Santa Cruz, the towering piles of Tarija tomatoes, oil revenues, Texan ex-patriots, the Hotel Los Tajibos with its double peanut-shaped pool edged with mini palm trees and its American bar, motorbikes, rolls of polyester cloth important from South Korea, the dance hall on the way to the airport with its huge entrance porch formed by two painted plaster mermaids, everything that was so modern, so alien to the paradise of Chuqui-Chuqui – it has all turned to stone.

Tomatoes rot in their crates, people queue at cash dispensers, the

ex-patriots flee leaving their palaces empty, making their housekeepers redundant, and their cleaners, cooks and childminders, the windows are broken, cars no longer slow down outside that porch with its two mermaids, no one hopes to get together in the American bar at the Los Tajibos anymore or to plan their fortune as they drink American beer.

All that's left is the Colombians' dirty money. They can offer work, night watchmen, drivers, mules, the minor players in cocaine trafficking.

She has no choice, she has to leave.

The women go one after another, heading further and further away. To Argentina, Texas, Italy.

Thanks to a contact, Natalia emigrated to Bergamo in Italy two years ago.

She described it to Azul on the phone: she looks after an elderly widow who lives alone in a big house.

The widow's children and grandchildren come to visit on Sundays. They all go to mass and then have lunch together. The old woman makes the meal, her daughter and daughter-in-law help her clear the table and tidy up, then they all leave in the evening.

In the summer they don't come to see her for a whole month. They spend Christmas day with her but she's on her own for New Year's Day. Every Sunday, on her day off, Natalia takes the bus to Bergamo and goes to mass, then spends the afternoon in the call centre calling her two sons and her sisters.

Natalia left her son Gus and her daughter who's still very young with their father. She knows she can also depend on Azul and Ximena,

and Julio and Moisés who live nearby. She makes long phone calls every Sunday, it's not enough to give them an upbringing.

Every month she sends them the equivalent of three people's salary in Santa Cruz. She's told the children's father that if he didn't do more for them she'll come home.

Natalia has admitted to Azul that she feels guilty, but she knows that living like this, away from them, is the only way she can give them a good education so they won't have to work by the time they're twelve like so many children their age.

Azul's going to leave. She doesn't think about it for too long, she's afraid she'll back down; but she has no choice.

Azul will go to Italy, Natalia will help her.

Since 11th September 2001 it's become very difficult to get a visa for the United States. You have to cross the Mexican border illegally on one of those death trains; she doesn't want that.

Women are killed along the way. When they've been raped, their bodies are "disappeared". So people say. A story that's been peddled around the Mercado. The daughter of a woman who works in a canteen in the market has suddenly stopped sending any news. She and a friend of hers wanted to emigrate to the United States. They've disappeared. Azul remembers meeting the girl, a skinny little teenager. She didn't look much older than ten. So thin. She headed off north, she was seventeen. Her mother doesn't know what to do to try to find her. The police have told her she should forget her daughter, but how can you forget your seventeen-year-

old daughter? Azul, who isn't even her mother and who saw the girl only once, remembers her cat-like face, her nose which didn't seem to have any flesh on it, and her tiny slender arms. The girl's fragile figure looms in Azul's mind's eye.

Her name was Rosario.

You can get into Europe without a visa, Azul's going to Italy.

She'll fly to Rome because in Rome there's Pope John Paul II and it's a big city, she doesn't want to live in the country, isolated. Natalia has to take a bus on Sundays to get to the call centre. Azul wants to be able to call every day.

Over there, Catholic associations help immigrant women find work with good families. They're given bed and board, taken into the household.

Natalia has confided to her sister just how attached she's become to the old lady.

Just when Azul is planning to tell Natalia she's going to come and join her, Natalia comes home. She's put a bit of money aside. She can't go on living away from her children. Back in Santa Cruz it will be her turn to look after their mother, Ximena.

Azul suggests to Moisés that they should leave together: him, seven-year-old Miguel and two-year-old Alondra. He refuses to. He thinks they'll never make it, it's too difficult, going that far to a country where you can't talk the language, with young children. How would they find work and accommodation when they don't know anyone? Or the language, the streets, what people eat, or their laws.

How would you buy milk, and not get lost, how would you rent a house?

It's impossible. We'd be sleeping on the streets, and over in Europe it's very cold, people are racist, they don't like foreigners.

Azul knows all this, she's no fool, but she doesn't have any choice. She's just as frightened as Moisés.

Azul gives herself a year, long enough to earn the money to repay Moisés's debts. She just hopes she won't be gone any more than a year, a year without seeing her children, or Moisés.

She has two friends who've already made the journey. When they came back they had \$5,000 in small denominations in their bags, enough to pay off their men's debts, build the walls of a house and buy a stall in the market.

Azul knows exactly what's in store for her. She's going to be torn in two, torn away from Miguel and Alondra, torn away from one life and two languages, Quechua and Spanish, from thirty years of connections, brothers, sisters, husbands, friends, the city of Santa Cruz whose every street she knows, its pitfalls and potholes, the staff at the city council, those who can help and those she instinctively knows to avoid, the bus timetables, how to keep out of the rain or the sun, where to find beef at a reasonable price, who to say hello to in the administrative offices, who's generous, and who isn't. All that useless information. A foreign world to learn.



Christian Y. Schmidt

德国 Germany

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成为万人冢的第五轮

我不知道。如果我知道这会引发一连串事件，并以我的死亡结束，我会还去维克多的葬礼吗？站在公墓这个不合时宜的地方，听着多年以来我没有感觉到与某人有关联的演讲实在是没有吸引力。但是目前为止，很多镇上的人都知道我回来了，所以我不能逃避。这就是为什么我在四月的这一个星期天里穿着黑色西装站在雨中，并试图让自己看起来很伤心。是的，天下雨了。我早应预料到。我的整个童年里都充斥着下雨天。从海上进来的云在这里释放出水到南面的斜坡上。我们在学校学过。Schlottman 夫人，地理学，三年级。在他们改变之前，那是旧的小学系统，叫人民学校。这个镇上的到现在对雨应该有超过两千字的评价了。但我们只有几个：冥想，倾泻，投掷。猫和狗。楼梯杆也是如此。毛毛雨。滴水。随地吐痰。我的母亲常说：“吐痰时，天堂里的蚂蚁正在撒尿。”这个星期天的雨不是在吐痰。而是正在倾盆而下。在被山毛榉树覆盖的北部山坡上方，一条鳄鱼夹着一张灰色的抹布，颞部扭开。鳄鱼变成了一只中国龙，眼睛就像格雷夫斯病的受害者，然后开始咧嘴笑。

它被从后面和下面被红色眼睛的云蛇追赶着。无论如何，这就是我所看到的。我完全被石头打死了。我和弗兰克在葬礼前的电车站台点起了烟。如果我没有先吸一些麻叶，我会对其他人感到不舒服。我需要 THC，就像我需要食物，为了我抽搐的眼睑，并且帮助忘记香港的所有争论——我一直在消极应对一段关系的结束。当我收到电子邮件说维克托已经死了的时候，我真的感到震惊。通常我会发现某人的消息非常惊喜。而这并不是我一直为那种反应感到自豪。我宁愿像大多数人想象的那样感到悲伤，但它从来没有为我工作过。当我听到有人死亡时，我心中的某些东西随着喜悦而跳起来。是！你也幸免于难！

... 我对维克托感觉不同的原因可能与他比我小两岁有关。除此之外，他像是哥哥。我竟从未想到他有一天会死——至少不是在我的前面。这也是为什么维克托的死使我想起了我自己的事。我开始骂，狗屎，狗屎，狗屎，每个人都开始死亡。只要和桑迪的事情顺利，在香港我就没有这种想法。聪明的桑迪出生在旺角，在美国长大，回到香港后来到我的身边。她是我罪恶的救赎者。其实，这也只是鬼扯。我和桑迪每天都是在没有考虑未来的情况下度过的。当然我们遇到了问题，可谁没有？一旦我在德国降落，天空就会变暗。我抵达那里时听到的第一件事就是维克托已经死了。

... 我惊讶于葬礼需要的花费，花费的努力，所有的花圈，花束。当我们还是朋友的时候，维克托告诉我他想要他的葬礼成为一

场盛大的派对，有酒精和毒品。他说我们应该把他的骨灰倒入关节，这样他才能像烟一样吸进客人。这是你七十年代那种愚蠢的想法。

...
我和弗兰克故意站在远离哀悼者的地方。

...
而我很快注意到，尽管它的外观一致，但该组由完全不同的组合组成。一些人挤在尽可能靠近即将获得维克托棺材的黑洞附近。

...
他们一定是维克多的亲戚和密友，因为在中间我认出了一个黑头发，有着玛琳迪特里希一样的颧骨的女人。我确信这是维克多的遗孀，Agnieszka，我曾经听过不少的故事。但是她和维克托没有结婚，这让我开始觉得“寡妇”实际上是正确的命名法。她的黑色面纱看起来非常像个寡妇，她盯着棺材中间，眼睛可能是红色的，容纳了所有的哭泣。

Agnieszk 周围的人代表了平均统计学中的人。有一些瘦，有一些胖，有几个高，有几个矮，还有的有肌肉，另外的没有。少数戴眼镜，看起来相对受过教育；几个戴眼镜的，显然没有受过教育。有些根本没有眼镜，有些还没有头发。该组织包含强制性的两名轮椅使用者，以及恰好四名表达最好的人士，这些表达方式最适合作为特务。他们有一个共同点：明显富裕。你可以通过他们的外套看出来，尽管只是要求穿着黑色正装，但主要是黄色骆驼毛。还有各种小偷，尤其是他们的鞋子。非常昂贵的，没有问题。

我对他们中的任何一个都不了解，并且对维克托忍受了这么多极其愚蠢的正常人感到惊讶。多年前，他会去看那些人，并朝他们吐鬼脸。也许不是完全唾弃他们。但他会让他们感受他的蔑视，直到他们不再花时间与他在一起。无论如何，我最后一次与维克托有过任何联系也是在三十年前了。当 Huelsenbecks 仍然在附近时。三十？上帝，更像四十年前。

但我更了解墓地的第二组人员。他们都是我过去认识的人，而且很容易通过他们便

宜的用骆驼毛做的衣服中分辨出来。当一个显然打算发表演讲的人开始以一种有意引起人们注意的方式环顾四周时，我正要小心打量他们。他是一个厚重的男人，没有头发，脖子上有一个小小的闪亮的凹痕，好像他小时候被打翻了一样，但是在错误的地方。他的嘴唇太胖了，他说了一句口齿不清的话，每三个字就读错了一个。我尽量不听，但忍不住听了几句他的演讲。这是一样的，永远不变的老歌曲：“难以言喻的悲伤”，“我们永远的想法”，“发出黄铜”，“叮叮当当”。然后一遍又一遍：“维克托”，“维克托”，“维克托”，好像他们认识一样。

当然，他忽略了有趣的部分。他没有提过 Huelsenbecks 一次。而且他没有透露维克托是如何通过他的新熟人圈子来到的。Agnieszka 没有任何关于唇一次又一次地看到的東西。唇说话越长，我就越激动。

...
我再次阻止他。或者说，我的背部确实如此。我尾骨上方的最后一块椎骨的疼痛开始蔓延，就像有人在那里慢慢地凿一样。毫无疑问，在这寒冷潮湿的天气就会这样。自从到了德国以来，我身体一直感到酸痛。自从我回来以后的几周内，我觉得我变老了。我考虑登上下一班飞往香港的航班，但后来意识到这是不可能的。有趣的是，我只是意识到在葬礼上只有我仍然知道那件事。

...
为了消除疼痛，我专注于第二组中的人。他们像弗兰克和我一样，站在一棵小松树附近。一位女士带着宽广的笑容迎接了我，她像一只柴郡猫一样对我咧嘴笑。她身材丰满，带着一把带有裸体男人漫画的雨伞，上面写着一个口号，旁边有一个胖胖的鼻子：“正在下雨的男人！哈利路亚！”第二组不同于第一组，他们拿着不同颜色的雨伞，而骆驼毛组则均匀站在黑色的伞下。我知道我以前遇到过柴郡猫，并试着回想在哪里，但无济于事。

我扫描了小组中的其他人，并意识到在某个时刻我曾经有过 - 这句话是什么？ - 几乎与所有人都有密切的关系。他们中的大多数人画了一张空白的，就像胖子一样。

有些名字在我的舌头上，但我无法记住它们，不管我多么努力。记忆中的小碎片还是会漂浮到表面，由模糊、漂白的图像和慢动作的序列组成。

...
当我在人群中看到贝亚并立刻想起她的名字时，我感到宽慰。她苍白的模特脸庞令人过目难忘。尤其是她因忘记戴眼镜而眯缝起眼睛时，看起来还会好两倍。我总是很佩服贝亚的美丽，因为她总是能微弱地吓着我。

...
她在我的头脑中打破了一个大坝。我逐渐记起来越来越多的名字。记住这堆不合适的东西并不难。Mäxchen 有着白金色的头发和骷髅般的脸庞，雨果是一个短而全的中间商，雨果的微笑在我认识他并没有改变，而 Erbser 因为当时变性者被称为雌雄同体，因此每个人都会变性。一些早已在我的记忆丛林中消失的狐猴现在已经从郊区出现，围绕这三个地区进行分组。一路上都站着 Eberhard Horstmann，大家都叫 Horsti。他注意到我正在看着他。起初，他在脸上露出一个假笑之前，给了我一个质疑。

...
我一个接一个地经过松树组，直到背部疼痛回来。同时，我注意到从我脖子后面流下的雨水已经到达我的腰带。我冻僵了。嘴唇却仍在说话。上帝，我们在那里站了多久？他按小时计费吗？

但也许我错了。当你被扔石头时，时间有一种延伸到无限的方式。主观来说，即使盆头较早死亡，一个盆头的寿命比不吸大麻的人的寿命还要长。这样看来，维克托并没有在 58 岁时死亡，只有一百多人。不过，我不确定，如果他几年前还没有放弃大麻。站在他坟墓旁边的人看起来像是喜欢去除杂草。可怕的人阿他们是。“一切都应该生活，”我朝弗兰克喃喃道。“一切都应该生活。但有一件事必须停止 - 富裕的公民，猪肉，馋嘴，肥胖的猪，.....，“我忘记了其余的引文。另一方面，维克托忘记了一切。突然间，一种感觉从我认定为厌恶的杏仁核中向外蔓延。

...
然后我的兄弟用手肘把我推到了一边。随着他身体的移动，他示意一名男子站在贝亚旁边，他刚才不在那里。罗尼还是有着一样长的扎帕式的发型，只有几条灰色的条纹。毕竟我并不是最后的 Huelsenbeck。

...
工作人员将棺材从车上抬起并将其放入洞内。与此同时，我看到骆驼毛组中有一个眉目浓密但又憔悴的男人，他在坟墓旁边放了一个亮黄的宜家包，装着 Pod 和扬声器。这个男人摆弄了一会儿他的设备，随后我们听到强尼的“不是没有坟墓”。这首歌在这里播放有一种无味念头。Agnieszka 是第一个移动到坟墓边缘的人。她的黑色礼服和长手套，在丈夫的葬礼上看起来有点像杰基肯尼迪。她拿起一把小铲子，把一些沙子铲进坟墓里。她看起来不可思议，像这样向前弯。我想象她和维克托在厨房桌子上或在淋浴下做这件事。

...
只有当 Agnieszka 背后的团队开始移动时，大麻诱发的雾才开始清除。我认出了罗尼，罗尼正在穿过一群穿着更好的人。当他到达紧挨着寡妇的地方时，他站立不动。他显然很紧张。几秒钟后，他将自己的体重从一只脚转移到另一只脚，看起来像一个小男孩，他突然变老了五十。一个站在罗尼旁边的孩子开始哭泣，寡妇仍然忙着把沙子铲进洞里。他白金发的母亲把他的手机拿走了，显然是为了阻止他在葬礼期间和他一起玩。第一次，罗尼的整个身体开始明显地抽动了。然而他再也忍受不了了。他向前迈了一大步，将寡妇推到一边，把一个物体扔进坟墓里，用一个颤抖的声音大喊：“一个承诺就是一个承诺！”

几秒钟后，一个笑声从洞里发出。骆驼毛组冻结了。刚才哭过的小孩站在那里，眼睛睁得大大的惊讶。我一点也不感到震惊，因为我知道这笑声很好。我第一次听说它是在 20 世纪 70 年代早期在玩具部门五楼的一家百货公司。有半个架子里装满了这些叫做 Lachsack 的新奇玩具，当你按下

它们时，开始玩起罐装的笑声，离那个地区不远，那里有所有有趣的连斗帽猴子的动物。Lachsack 非常受欢迎，每个人都有一个。

...
当你第一次听到这笑声时，你也会忍不住发笑。即使你并不想。但由于某种原因，随着它一起笑更令人感到不安。如果你经常小心翼翼地听到这种笑声，那么一定是你意识到了为什么。那笑声很可怕。当它开始平静下来，每一个笑声都在持续出现直到波浪似乎在彼此碰撞。然后它变成了一种听起来像一群鹅的喋喋不休的声音，有人在附近转动了一只电锯。但最终确实令人恐惧，听起来像一个孩子在致命的百日咳时窒息的过程。
那笑声现在就在坟墓中回荡。罗尼被玩过的玩具操纵，它使笑声一遍一遍地回荡在自己的耳畔。笑声像死亡之雁和令人窒息的小孩的咳嗽声不断地回响着。玩具必须平放在棺材上，并将其转变成共鸣室。地狱般的笑声与约翰尼卡什的声音混合在一起：“没什么可以严重的从我身体里拿出来。”这就好像维克托在评论他自己的葬礼。
寡妇狠狠地盯着罗尼。然后，动了一下。一路拉着她自己的右臂，她试图打他。罗尼阻止了她，然后轻轻推开她。阿格涅斯卡被绊倒了，几乎跌倒在了洞里。他是个浓眉深眼的男人。他和一些强壮的人从骆驼队中走出来，跳向了罗尼。这就是战斗的开始。它在几秒钟内瞬间升级。一些骆驼毛组向冲动的松树群奔跑，喊道：“过来吧，你们这些垃圾！”，并立即开始猛击所有人。包括妇女和儿童在内的其他人收集了地球上的石块和土块，并开始向维克托的老朋友组开火。所有骆驼头发的人似乎都知道罗尼的阴谋。

The Last of the Huelsenbecks

Translated from the original
German by Angus Baigent

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Excerpt from the beginning

Being the Fifth Wheel at a Mass Grave

I don't know. Would I have gone to Viktor's funeral if I'd known it would set off a chain of events that would end in my death? The prospect of standing around at the cemetery feeling out of place, listening to speeches about someone who I'd not felt a bond with for years didn't seem very appealing. But by now a lot of people in town knew that I was back, so I couldn't duck out of it. That was why I was standing in the rain wearing a black suit on this Sunday in April while trying to look suitably sorrowful.
It rained, of course. But I should have expected that. It rained my whole childhood. The clouds coming in from the sea release their water here, onto the south-facing slopes. We were taught that at school. Frau Schlottmann, geography, third grade. That was the old primary school system, the Volksschule, before they changed it. The people in this town should have two thousand words for rain by now. But we only had a few: plothering, pouring, pelting. Cats and dogs. Stair rods, too. Drizzling. Dripping. Spitting. My mother always

used to say: "When it's spitting, the ants in heaven are pissing."
It wasn't spitting this Sunday. It was pelting it down. Above the northern slopes covered in beech trees, a crocodile with jaws wrenched open was snapping after a grey rag. The crocodile changed into a Chinese dragon with eyes like a Graves' disease victim and started grinning. It was being chased from behind and below by cloud snakes with red eyes. That's what I saw, anyway. I was, of course, completely stoned. Me and Frank had had a little smoke down by the tram stop before the funeral. I feel uncomfortable being with other people if I haven't smoked a bit of weed first. I've come to need THC like I need food, for my twitching eyelids and to help forget all the arguing in Hong Kong. I've always been bad at coping with the end of a relationship. When I got the email telling me that Viktor was dead, I was genuinely shocked. Usually I find news of someone's passing quite gratifying. It's not that I've ever been proud of that reaction. I'd rather feel grief like I imagine most people do. It never worked for me, though. When I hear that someone's died, something in me jumps with joy. Yes! You've survived him, too!

...
The reason I felt differently about Viktor might have had something to do with him being two years younger than me. Apart from that, he was Big Viktor. I never imagined that he would die one day. Not before me, at least. That's why Viktor's death made me think about my own. I thought, Shit, shit, shit, everyone's started dying. I never had those kinds of thoughts in Hong Kong, as long as things with

Sandy were going smoothly. Clever Sandy, born in Mong Kok, raised in the USA, returned to the Frangrant Harbour, where she sat at my right side. The redeemer of my evils. Actually, that's horse shit. Me and Sandy just took each day as it came without thinking about the future. Of course, we had our problems, who doesn't? But as soon as I landed in Germany, the skies darkened. The first thing I heard when I got there was that Viktor was dead.

...
I was amazed at the expense, the effort they'd gone to, all the wreaths, the bouquets. When we were still friends, Viktor told me that he wanted his funeral to be a big party, with alcohol and drugs. He said we should crumble his ashes into the joints so that he would get sucked into the guests as smoke. It was the kind of stupid idea you had in the 70s.

...
Me and Frank deliberately stood a way apart from the mourners.

...
That's how I soon noticed that despite its appearance of uniformity, the group was made up of two distinct sets. One knot of people huddled as close as possible to the black hole that was soon to receive Viktor's coffin.

...
They must have been Viktor's relatives and close friends because in the middle I recognized a woman with black hair and Marlene Dietrich cheekbones. I was sure that was Viktor's widow, Agnieszka, who I'd heard quite a few stories about. But she and Viktor weren't married, leading me to ponder if 'widow' was, in fact, the right nomenclature. With her black veil, she looked very widow-

like, staring into the middle distance, her eyes probably red with all the crying. The people around Agnieszka represented a statistically average selection of people. A few were slim, a few fat, a few tall, a few short, a few with muscles, a few without. A few wore glasses and looked relatively educated; a few wore glasses and were obviously uneducated. Some had no glasses at all, some had no hair. The group also contained the obligatory two wheelchair users and exactly four people with expressions best described as cretinous. They had one thing in common: their obvious affluence. You could tell by their coats, which, despite the convention demanding black attire, were predominantly of yellow camel hair. And by the various small stoles and, above all, by their shoes. Expensive to very expensive, no question. I didn't know any of them and was surprised that Viktor had put up with so many drearily normal people. Years ago, he would have gone up to those people and spat in their face. All right, maybe not exactly spat at them. But he would have let them feel his contempt until they stopped spending time with him. Anyway, the last time I had any kind of contact with Viktor was thirty years ago. Back when the Huelsenbecks were still around. Thirty? My God, more like forty. But I knew the second group at the cemetery better. They were all people from my past and were easy to tell apart from the camel hair group by their cheap clothing. I was about to inspect them more closely when a man evidently intending to make a speech started to look around in a way intended to get people's attention. He

was a thickset man with no hair and a small, shiny indentation above the nape of his neck, as though he had been trepanned as a child but in the wrong place. His lips were too fat, he spoke with a lisp and mispronounced every third word. I tried not to listen but couldn't help picking up a few scraps of his speech. It was the same, tired old song. "Inexpressibly sad", "always in our thoughts", "sounding brass", "clanging cymbal". Then over and over again: "Viktor", "Viktor", "Viktor", as though he'd known him. He left out the interesting parts, of course. He didn't mention the Huelsenbecks once. And he didn't reveal how Viktor had come by his new circle of acquaintances. Nothing about Agnieszka, at whom Lips goggled now and again. The longer Lips talked, the more agitated I got. ... Then I blocked him out again. Or rather, my back did. A pain was spreading from the last vertebra above my coccyx, like someone was slowly driving a chisel in there. Down to the cold, damp weather, no doubt. I'd been getting bouts of soreness since landing in Germany. I felt like I'd aged years in the few weeks since I'd been back. I considered flying to Hong Kong on the next available flight before remembering that it was impossible. Funny, I've only just realized that I was still aware of that back then, at the funeral. To blot out the pain, I concentrated on the people in the second group. Like Frank and me, they were standing further back near a small pine wood. One woman, who had greeted me when I arrived with a broad smile, was still grinning at me like a Cheshire cat. She was plump and

carried an umbrella with caricatures of naked men with big, fat noses next to a slogan reading, "It's raining men! Hallelujah!" The second group, unlike the first, were holding umbrellas in different colours, while the camel hair group were standing under uniformly black ones. I knew that I'd met Cheshire Cat before and was trying to remember where, but to no avail. I scanned through the other faces in the group and realised that at one point or another I'd had – what's the phrase? – a close relationship with just about all of them. With most of them I drew a blank, like with the fat one. Some of the names were on the tip of my tongue, but I couldn't remember them, no matter how hard I concentrated. Instead, little shards of memories drifted up to the surface, made up of blurred, bleached out images and short action sequences. ... I was relieved when I saw Bea in the crowd and straight away remembered her name. She was hard to forget, with her pale, fashion model face. When she screwed up her eyes because she'd forgotten her glasses, she looked twice as good. I'd always admired Bea's beauty from afar because she always frightened me slightly. ... She'd broken through a dam in my head. I was remembering more and more names. It wasn't too hard to remember this pile of misfits. There was Mäxchen with the white-blonde hair and the skull-like face, Hugo the short, round mid-tier dealer with the unsure Danny DeVito smile that hadn't changed in all the years I'd known him, and Erbser, the transsexual everyone gossiped about because back then transsexuals were

called hermaphrodites. Some of the lemurs that had long ago vanished in the jungle of my memory had now emerged from the suburbs to group themselves around these three. All the way out on one side stood Eberhard Horstmann, who everyone called Horsti. He noticed that I was watching him. At first, he gave me a questioning look back before a smirk shot across his face.

... I went through the pine tree group one by one, until my back pain returned. At the same time, I noticed that the rain water running down the back of my neck had reached my belt. I was freezing. Lips was still talking. God, how long had we been standing there? Was he being paid by the hour? But perhaps I was wrong. When you're stoned, time has a way of stretching out into infinity. Subjectively, the life of a pothead lasts a lot longer than someone who doesn't smoke cannabis, even if the pothead dies earlier. Seen this way, Viktor hadn't died at fifty-eight but at just over a hundred. I wasn't sure, though, if he hadn't given up cannabis a few years ago. The people standing next to his grave looked like they preferred coke to weed. Awful people, they were. "Everything should live," I mumbled in Frank's direction. "Everything should live. But one thing must stop – the well-to-do citizen, the porker, the glutton, the pig being fattened, the, the, the..." I'd forgotten the rest of the quotation. Viktor, on the other hand, had forgotten everything. Suddenly a feeling began creeping outwards from my amygdala that I identified as disgust. ...

Then my brother nudged me in the side with his elbow. With a movement of his body he indicated a man standing next to Bea who hadn't been there a moment ago. Ronny. The same long Zappa-esque hairdo as always, just with a few streaks of grey. I wasn't the last Huelsenbeck after all.

...
The pallbearers lifted the coffin from the cart and lowered it into the hole. At the same time, a gaunt man in the camel hair group with bushy eyebrows set a bright yellow IKEA bag down next to the grave. Inside was an iPod and speakers. The man fumbled about with his equipment for a moment, and then we heard "Ain't No Grave" by Johnny Cash. Terrible. Not the song, but the tasteless idea of playing it here. Agnieszka was the first to move to the edge of the grave. With her black dress and long gloves, she looked a bit like Jackie Kennedy at her husband's funeral. She took a small spade and shovelled some sand into the grave. She looked incredible, bent forward like that. I imagined her doing it with Viktor on the kitchen table or under the shower.

...
It was only when the group behind Agnieszka began moving that my weed-induced fog started to clear. I recognised Ronny, who was elbowing his way through the bunch of better dressed people. When he got to the place immediately behind the widow, he stood still. He was obviously nervous. For a few seconds, he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, looking like a little boy who through some mishap had suddenly aged fifty years. The widow was still busy shovelling sand into the hole when a kid

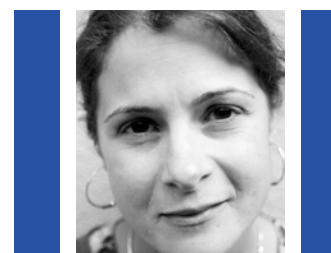
standing right next to Ronny started crying. His platinum-blond mother had taken away his phone, evidently to stop him playing with it during the funeral. Ronny's whole body twitched visibly at the first wail. Then he couldn't stand it anymore. He took a big step forward, pushed the widow to one side and threw an object into the grave, shouting in a fluttery voice, "A promise is a promise!" A few seconds later, a bleating laugh emanated from the hole. The camel hair group froze. The kid that had been crying a moment before just stood there, eyes open wide in surprise. I wasn't in the least bit shocked, as I knew that laugh well. The first time I'd heard it was in the early 1970s in a department store, on the fifth floor in the toy department. There was half a shelf filled with these novelty toys called Lachsack that played canned laughter when you pressed them, not far from the area with all the animals where they had those funny capuchin monkeys. Those Lachsack things were immensely popular, everyone had one.

...
The first time you heard that laughter you had to laugh, too, even if you didn't want to. But for some reason, it felt unnerving to laugh along with it. If you listened to that laugh often and carefully enough, you realised why. That laugh was terrifying. It started off quietly, then each wave of laughter was followed by the next until the waves seemed to crash over one another. Then it morphed into something that sounded like the chatter of a herd of geese while someone revved up a chainsaw nearby. But the end was truly horrific, sounding like a child suffocating

during a fatal attack of whooping cough. That laugh was now echoing out of the grave. The toy Ronny had thrown in there had been manipulated to make the laugh loop back on itself over and over. The waves of laughter, the geese of death and the suffocating child repeated endlessly. The toy must have landed flat on the coffin and turned that into a resonating chamber. The hellish laughter mingled with Johnny Cash's voice: "There ain't haaaaaaaahhaaaaaaa no grave hahahahaaaaahhaaaaaa can hold haaaaaaaahhaaaaaaa my body heeheeheeheehee down." It was as though Viktor was commenting on his own funeral.

The widow stared hatefully Ronny. Then she moved, pulling her right arm all the way back and trying to slap him. Ronny blocked her off and pushed her back lightly. Agnieszka

stumbled and almost keeled over backwards into the hole. That was the signal for the man with the bushy eyebrows. He and some beefy guy pushed their way out of the camel hair group and jumped on Ronny. That's how the fight started. It escalated in a few seconds. A few of the camel hair group sprinted over to the bewildered pine tree group shouting "Come here, you wasters!", and immediately began punching anyone they could. The others, including women and children, collected stones and clods of earth and started firing salvos at the group of Viktor's old friends. The whole camel hair lot seemed convinced that everyone knew about Ronny's plot.



Noemi Laszlo

匈牙利 Hungary

高处的影子

中文翻译: Helen Qiu

那第一次的手术不算数
母亲站在那处, 让我惧怕
秋日之后我看着伤口

将它留在镜子的记忆里

我从未坚持到清晨
有时只从中午坚持到午夜
我几乎不敢大笑 直到
他们将所有碎片收集

影子已经渐渐升高
爬到屋顶 爬到十棵七叶树上

夜晚如伤口一样新生
而又有一些事物将不再属于我

High Shadow

Translated by Jim Tucker

That first surgery wasn't one.
There stood mother, all I feared.
After the fall I checked the wound,
And I left it in the mirror's memory.

I never made it all the way round
morning.
Sometimes noon would take till
midnight.
I hardly dared laugh. And by the time
They extracted all the shards.

The shadow was already climbing
high
Up the houses and the ten horse-
chestnuts.
The evening was as fresh as the scar,
And a few more things no longer
mine.

过境星球

1.
原话不是我说的，我活在我的错误中。
他们就如书架上的书一样多。
我活着。必须专注于
恐惧，直觉和兴趣。

我的神经被最后的纤维浸湿。
只希望能快些结束。
可怜的激情渐渐消退，我死于饥饿，
或是围攻突然地结束，

我们消失，我和我的错误都将消失。
一群追求完美的蝴蝶
飞向那条细细的红线

想要留下永久的痕迹，
在盆骨上，头骨上，
度过漫长的世纪。

2.
在未来几个世纪里，泥土会知晓
我的重量，我的触碰，我的双脚。
我选择沉着冷静地
进入它打开的大门

我选择成为一块土壤
冰冷的，寂静的，有序的，
又或是明媚的，瞬息的，
正如生命击穿我这般

正如一颗星球的影子
从我的天空之上过境，向我展现我的诞生，
是冰冷的，孤独的，饥渴的，

全身的神经都是渴望被关注的，
是好奇的，被追逐的，大胆的，粗野的——
在最终安息之前是不断挣扎的。

3.
在最终安息前要不断挣扎，
记忆会在我的胸膛里筑巢。

一粒渴望发光的沙
这种不可遏制的渴望一如我的灵魂

以顽强的决心挣扎，
于此我不被动摇地平躺着，
于此我伸展开来。

4.
我要伸展我崇高的企图心
除了承认这些尴尬的方式别无他法。

在似是而非中将浑身浸透
我需要强大的力量帮助我前行

我在身躯前后都需要空间
如此才能保有方向感
让我的枝叶开花
尽管它可能已经干枯

这就是结局了，正如之前诸多次一样：
除了我别无他物，仅此而已

A Planet Passing By

1.
Not in my words: I live in my mistakes.
They are as many as books on a shelf.
I live. Attention must be carefully paid
to fear, instinct, interest.

My nerves get soaked to the last fiber.
I only hope to get done with it soon.
Poor passions ebb away, I die of
hunger,
or the siege ends abruptly and

we disappear, mistakes and me.
A host of butterflies chasing
perfection
will push themselves across the thin
red line,

aiming to leave a lasting mark,
under the pelvic bone, inside the skull
for centuries to come.

2.
The earth will know for centuries to
come
my weight, my touch, my feet.
I chose to enter its opening gates

composed and calm,

I chose to be a lump of soil,
cold, silent, disciplined,
or sunny, in a transitory way
as life strikes me through,

as the shadow of a planet passes by
my sky, to show that I was born,
that I am cold, lonely and wanting
food,

wanting attention with all my nerves,
being curious, chased, daring,
uncouth —
crumbling away before I finally rest.

3.
Crumbling away before I finally rest
and memory nests in my chest.

A grain of sand, wishing to shine.
This unquenchable desire is my soul.

Crumbling away with strong
determination,
here I lie unmoved, I lie
outstretched.

4.
Stretched out above my noble
intentions
I cannot but admit my awkward ways.
Drenched to the bone in ambiguity
I need great help to keep walking,

I need space in front of me and
behind,
to have some sense of direction,
for this branch to blossom through
effort, even if it has dried —

this is the end, as of so many before:
nothing but me, nothing but me.

黑汤（节选）

在一个孩子的成长过程中
应该要参加体育项目
不幸的是我们要学芭蕾
我的妹妹十分喜爱
而我并不在意

我想要学下棋
他们说下棋没有活力，我会因此沉沦
我一周被呵斥两次
要伸直腿，目视前方，
抬起膝盖，否则我的臀部
会变大

这种折磨和讽刺
是为了我好
就像所有在学校的事
父母为我感到骄傲
因为至少我的背是直的，我的脑子灵活
我的腰也很细

当母亲还是孩子时
她想要跳舞，却学了钢琴
所以我们要上芭蕾课
虽然我宁愿弹钢琴

母亲说根本不可能
把钢琴搬进来。我在想，
外婆是怎么把妈妈的琴搬进来的

妈妈说我不会明白的
这也是许许多多
我在这种年纪不会明白的事之一

当父亲还是孩子时，他在河里游泳
在长长的夏天时游泳
他还知道拖拉机的细节构造

他们说他很聪明，
最好要当一个医生，律师，或者神父
他说他想开拖拉机

置威胁于不顾

但最终他也没有开拖拉机
我认为他如今有些后悔
后悔没有变成医生，律师或者神父

没人可以预测未来
真是太可惜了

我的妹妹与我在海边
有自己的房间
但我们不能独自出去玩
我们和父亲一起游泳
不断问他
美国离我们有多远

昨夜我们在露天影院
看了一部中国电影，现在我睡不着
我想要去思考这儿是如此安然无恙
然而却是徒劳

酒店外面的花园挤满了人
有许多带着可怖面具的中国士兵
他们已经在我们的阳台上了

我可以通过透明的窗纱
看见他们的轮廓
我害怕入睡
然后再也醒不来

我的头发挺漂亮
有时几乎能留长了
但我开始觉得疼了，或是
在糟糕的夏令营里长了虱子就必须剪掉

他们先用石油涂抹
这让我觉得痛，但虱子活下来了
这种无益的折磨
头发必须被剪掉了

我的头发短了，向四面八方伸出
我的头皮发冷 我所有的帽子都是难看的款式
在头发重新长好的时候

夏天又到了
我们必须把它剪掉

我看着头发落在地上
剪刀剪过并不会疼
但是在根部
却是无法忍受的疼

我们几乎老是在搬家
我从来没有过真正的朋友
我总是必须去新的学校
但是当我找到了同桌
夏天又开始了

我不知道老是搬家有什么意思
新家总是很小，或者很冷，或者很黑
我们只是按清单开始收拾，
留下一片彻底的混乱

我宁可读书，变成汤姆索亚，
老沙特汉德，罗宾逊，珂赛特
父亲总是很不安
当他看见我又在读那本被翻烂的书
读了十五遍

他会为我们终于要搬家而高兴
而我会因为我终于又在家
读到熟悉的故事而高兴

我喜欢上了汤姆
不幸的是他发觉了
并且在第二次课间休息是差点打了我
说真话就是这么难
学校是个充满困难的地方

我想下个学期我要
当个男孩。我已经搬家了
现在我的同桌
叫艾伦

他会下棋 还差点要玩
变形虫。他不在乎学习成绩
而且勇敢的在老师眼皮底下吃零食

他的铅笔盒长得像个袖珍坟墓

我决定要永不结婚
每个人早晚会死
而且会隐藏他们的真实感情

重要的是
要在安宁之中生活
那些诺言有何意义
如果有更多的耐心 人们会做的更好

我宁愿独自一人
跳过那些紧张与咆哮的情节
虽然当在整栋房子里
只听到我的呼吸声时是如此的悲伤

梦中
我通常一直在跑 却看不清
谁在追我

我经常发现自己在舞台上
或是着火的房子里
不过我不会被烧伤

我从未被真正的
伤害，只是会
恐惧

有一次在梦中
我中枪身亡
但至少比我的现实生活
要好些

Black Soup (fragments)

A kid, when growing up,
should take up a sport.
Unfortunately we took up ballet.

My sister just adores it.
I don't care.

I wanted to play chess,
they said it's not dynamic, I would
stoop.
I am yelled at two times a week,
to stretch my legs, look forward,
lift my knee, or else my rear end
would get immense.

The torture and the irony
are for my benefit, just like
all things at school are. Mom and dad
are proud of me, because at last
my back is straight, my mind is quick,
my waist is narrow.
— —

Mom, when she was a kid,
played the piano, but wanted to dance,
so we have ballet classes, although I
would rather play the piano.

Mom said it is impossible
to fit a piano through the door. I
wonder,
how grandpa did it with my mom's
piano.

Mom says there's no way I could
know,
and this is one out of a million things
a kid my age has no idea about.
— —

Dad, when he was a kid, swam in the
river
on long summer days and knew the
place
of each small piece inside a tractor.

They told him he was smart, he
should become
a doctor or a lawyer or a priest. He
said

he wanted to be driving tractors and
ignored the threat of beating.

But then he did not go for tractors and
I think
he is a bit remorseful now
for not having become
a doctor or a lawyer or a priest.

It is a pity one can never guess
such matters in advance.
— —

At the seaside my sis and I
have a room for ourselves. But we are
not to go out on our own. We go out
swimming with dad and keep asking
him
how far is yet America.

Last night we watched a Chinese
movie
at the open theatre. So now I cannot
sleep,
in vain I try to concentrate on how
all here is safe and sound.

Outside, the hotel garden is packed
with Chinese warriors in horrible
masks,
they have already reached our terrace.

I can see their silhouette
through the sheer curtains.
I am afraid to fall asleep
and not wake up again.
— —

My hair is pretty nice.
Sometimes it's almost long,
but then it hurts, or I get lice at some
terrific summer camp and we need to
cut it.

They smear it with petroleum first.
It burns me but the lice survive,

the torture is of no avail,
hair has to go.

My hair is short, sticks out in all
directions.
My head is cold and all my caps are
awful.
By the time it manages to grow,
summer is back again,
we need to cut it.

I watch it fall onto the ground.
It doesn't hurt under the scissors,
but it hurts almost unbearably
on skin-level, at the root.
— —

We are practically always moving.
I never have a decent friend.
I always have to go to some new
school,
but by the time I find a desk-mate,
summer is on.

I just don't see the point in always
moving.
The place is small or cold or dark, we
just
start packing, there is a list and we are
due
to leave amidst a total chaos.

I rather read. Then I become tom
sawyer,
Old shatterhand, robinson or cosette,
and dad is super nervous when he
sees
I am reading a tattered book
for the fiftieth time again.

He's happy when we are finally on the
move
and I am happy when I find myself
at home inside the same old story.
— —

I am in love with Tom. Unfortunately
somehow he found it out and almost
beat me up during the second break.
That much about telling the truth.
School is difficult ground.

I think next term I am going to be
a boy. I have already moved
and now my desk-mate is
an Allan.

He can play chess and almost play
amoeba. He doesn't care about his
grades
and bravely eats his snack under the
teacher's nose.
His pencil case is like a little tomb.
— —

I have decided I will never marry.
Sooner or later everybody lies
and hides their real feelings.

Essential is to live
in peace and quiet. What is the point
in all those promises, they would do
better
with a bit of patience.

I'd rather be alone,
and skip the nerves and shouting.
Although it's really sad to hear no
sound
in the entire house but my own
breathing.
— —

In dreams
I usually run but catch no glimpse
of my chaser.

Often I find myself on stage
or in some burning building,
I don't get burnt, though.

I never end up actually

hurt, I only get
the fear.

Once in a dream
I got shot and I died,
but it was less unpleasant
than my life.

与此其时

在学年结束后，父亲带着我们，开着那辆充满雪茄气息的雷诺 1100 驶过了蜿蜒的公路，在国道左拐便到了小镇的西斯尔街。爷爷在葡萄园里背着形状奇怪的金属背包给葡萄浇水，奶奶在院子另一头的夏季厨房里准备着配汤的面包条。我们就双人长椅抽屉里放着的宝贝吵了起来，最后终于商量好了怎么分配。夏天就这样开始了。

那条河流显得脏兮兮的，上面飘着瓣瓣洋葱和坏脾气先生瓶装苏打汽水里那些蓝绿色的瓶子。我们偷偷摘了好些杏子，把核桃树的树枝绑成秋千，在树下老一辈的斥责声中爬上这些多刺的李子树。外公生气地扬起他的格子呢绒帽威胁着我们说，我可要教训你们喽！但之后，他却是悠悠地用小刀切下一片面包，从木案板中盛起在葵花籽油中细细炸过的绿辣椒和番茄，如往常一样吃了起来。他花了一整日修理他那辆老摩托。如果我们足够走运的话，他在第二天早晨会开车进城，问我们想要带什么玩意儿回来。于是我们长椅那儿的宝库又能添上一两件宝贝。

在蜿蜒的回家路上，我们大笑，也在争吵中大哭，我们带着要放在墓地的那捧剑兰，或是在捉迷藏时压坏的大丽花，我们到处侦查和探险，进行孩子气的比赛，还经常遭受艾兹勒医生严厉的目光。我们离开小镇的理由与那些前来旅游的人绝非一样。

开学时，站在队伍里的我们长高了也晒黑了，身后是一幢新建好的公寓楼。

当我们从新修的高速公路拐到回家的路上时，我还能看见那辆破旧的雷诺车。新的主人把它停在水泥地上，它那变形的车前盖和生锈的轮胎似乎在为那个废品回收站招徕顾客。车牌倒是没变。与此同时，夏日那条灰沉的河变成了巨大的对流云，充满了闪电，带着狂风，甚至是冰雹。我们停顿下来，花心思想着自己的事情。这些日子里，被当成猎物的熊的血液浸入泥土，又顺着树干流淌，把叶子染红。只要能睡个好觉就已经足够。秋天到了。

Meanwhile

After the end-of-the-schoolyear ceremony, dad tucked us into the cigar-smelling Renault 1100 to travel across several serpentine paths, take a bumpy turn left from the national road and get off in Smalltown, Thistle street. Grandpa was sprinkling the grapes in the vinery, carrying a curious-looking metal backpack, grandma was preparing soup sticks in the summer kitchen across the yard. We quarreled about the treasures in the drawers of our double bench, managed to finally divide the goods, and summer began.

It was a lousily flowing ancient river, carrying blooming onions and the greenish-blue glass miracles of Mr Grumpy's soda bottling shop. We pilfered the apricot, tied the branches of the walnut tree into a swing and

kept climbing the thorny plum trees even after several bouts of harsh grandparently objection. Grandpa angrily pushed his tartan barret up his forehead. I'll knock the spots off you two! – he threatened, but ended up leisurley eating his custom green pepper and tomato mix generously basked in sunflower oil, off a wooden chopping board, while he sliced his bread with his pocket knife. He took all day to mend his old mortorcycle in the yard and if we were lucky, next morning he drove to town and asked us what trifle he should bring. Some value would then be added to the treasury in the double bench.

On the way home, across the serpentine paths, we were overwhelmed with all that laughter, those tears shed in quarrel, with armfuls of gladioli carried to the cemetery, with dahlias torn during hide-and-seek, with excavations and investigations, with silly rivalry and with the stern gaze of doctor Aizler. Our selves leaving Smalltown had nothing to do with the ones that had traveled there. We were standing suntanned and lanky at the beginning-of-the-schoolyear-ceremony, with a freshly built grim block of flats in the background.

I still get to see the tattered Renault whenever we take the home exit off the new motorway now. The current owner has mounted it atop a concrete post, it sits there with its crumpled forehead and rusty wheels to lure customers inside the salvage yard. The number plate is the same. The majestic summer river has meanwhile turned into massive convective clouds packed with electricity, carrying

violent winds and even hailstones - and we have long stopped to analyze the matter of selves. One is happy to get some sleep nowadays, while the blood of felled bears soaks into the ground and climbs up treetrunks to paint the leaves red. Autumn is here.

寒冷

一月到三月间，我的家乡都笼罩在一层如酸奶油般浓厚的雾中。人行道很滑，空气潮湿，抬头看不见天空。我们住在一个被雾笼罩的凹处，而不是阳光灿烂的山丘上。这些山在我们之上。白雪覆盖的人行道在冰冷的阳光下闪闪发光，路沿凝结了巨大的冰晶，所有神都从天上凝视着我们。阳光在这个小镇上疯狂地扩散开来，烟雾弥漫。

更远处，在我们所考虑的事物范围之外，当南方城市的市长因为天气太冷而让孩子们放一周假待在家时，我们那些被人类社会放逐的的弟兄抵抗着严寒在垃圾场中徘徊。他们昼夜不分地拉拽这些垃圾，被其所温暖，正如安泰被大地之母所温暖一样。冬天的寒冷来临，将他们暴露在空气中，又压挤他们。

恐惧穿过屏幕和电缆到达户户人家：这糟糕的、可怕的寒冷正在降临。毕竟，现在是二月，是最短的月份，冰霜的月份，净化的月份。我们在角落里寻找无家可归的人，把他们送到收容所，让他们不被冻死。他们应该在春天死于饥饿或是疾病，要死得更浪漫一点。当外面变得如此严寒时，我们突然记起了要如何展现人性关怀。烧热的水，一个能躲避严寒的避难所：一个城市公民至少可以得到这些。其他的都是私人要求了。

神圣的太阳戴着一顶尖刺的皇冠坐落在最高的山顶上，欣赏着垃圾填埋场的垃圾，城市如布满了道路的由混凝土筑成的森林，有着教堂的尖顶和在山上建造的豪华住宅。冬天的时候城市会被雾笼罩，但在其他时候也会如此，好像它在试图逃避太阳，隐藏它的瑕疵。四季变换，热、冷、洪水、蝗虫和瘟疫轮番来临，装点 and 破坏这座不断扩张的城市。在地球上生活是一件多么困难重重的事情。

COLD

From January to March, my hometown sulks shrouded in sour-cream-like fog. Pavements are slippery, the air is damp, no sky to be seen. We live inside a fog-ridden pit, instead of climbing the sunny hills above. Now these hills have descended upon us. Snow-covered pavements are glittering in the freezing sun, huge blocks of crystal are sitting on the road and all the gods have cast their steely gaze upon us from heavens. Sunshine is spinning like crazy across this town unconscious with smog.

Further away, on the conveniently veiled periphery of our minds, our brethren exiled from the human condition are wrestling with the unbearable cold amid the garbage heaps of the landfill while the mayor of the southern capital has ordered kids out of school for the week to prevent them from freezing. They stick to the refuse dragging day into

night and night into day, energized by the warmth of our garbage like Antaeus by the touch of mother earth. Here comes the average cold of winters long gone, to lift them and crush them in the air.

Dread runs across screens and cables: the terrible, the horrible cold is upon us. It's February, after all, the shortest month, the frozen month, the month of purification. We are seeking out the homeless from their concrete nooks to herd them to shelters and lift the weight of their freezing to death from city shoulders. They should rather die of hunger or various diseases, in a more charming context, in spring. When it freezes out there, we suddenly remember to act like humans. Water in heat, shelter from the cold: it is the least a city-dweller can get. The rest is private matter.

The holy sun adorned with a crown of spikes has sat atop the highest hill to admire the garbage in the landfill, the concrete forest scarred with many roads, to count church-spires and fancy residences built all over the opposite hills. In winter, Cluj sulks shrouded in fog, but it also does it at other times, as if it were trying to hide its blemishes from the sun. Seasons come and go, the hero arrives disguised as heat, cold, flood, locusts and plague, to lift and crash the bloated giant. So much about struggling through life on earth.

真正的不凡

中文翻译: Helen Qiu

自我们停止互相帮助建造房屋和谷仓，纺羊毛线，织亚麻布开始，自我们不再把季节变换作为一个联系邻里的原因开始，庆祝和放松已经变成了私事。估计我们很多人都把这整件事放在一边了。更何况，对于纳税人来说，一年从一月开始，对于工程经理来说是从三月，对于喜欢节日活动的人是从六月，对于孩子和学者来说是从九月，而对于冬季运动的追随者则是从十二月开始。

与一年的起始日期一样，充满压力的时间在日历上也是不一致的，因此，整个世界同时充满了有压力、想度假和要庆祝的人。想要做出一个包罗万象的作品、发明或庆祝活动几乎不可能，因为通常情况下，一些关键人物会忙着紧张，忙着崩溃，或者忙着度假。我们在八月参加玛丽安盛宴和七个酋长欢腾的血誓仪式，证明我们记得关掉烤箱，支付电费，登记考试结果，写社论，换下冬季轮胎，保持长椅清洁。每个人都在很努力的放松，但不幸的是，心里却填满了未解决事物的碎片。即使圣玛丽如约带来了大量的美酒，焦虑依旧如一片乌云般笼罩在头顶。

在夏至的时候，里尔克的句子浮现在我脑海里。“先生，时间到了。夏天可真热闹啊。”我通常会花一整个夏天思考如何可以把事情做得更不凡。但我从来没有想过其实夏天并没有特别的方式可以变得不凡：它早已被定义了。我希望至少还有两个人和我一样赞同里尔克的看法，这种真正的不凡一直存在于这个世界，尤其存在是夏天，它根本不需要花什么力气，但只是因为 we 不再帮助彼此而忽视了这一点。巨大的损失，损失极其巨大：没有什么是真心的了。现今也只剩有一件不凡的事情可以做：庆祝夏天吧！

GENUINE GREATNESS

Translated into English by the author

Ever since we stopped helping each-other build houses and barns, spin woolen threads and weave linen, ever since we stopped minding seasons as members of a tight community, celebrating and loosening up have become private business and responsibility.

Many of us have put the entire matter aside, I'm afraid. Besides, the year begins in January for tax-payers, in March for civil project managers, in July for festival-goers, in September for kids and academics, in December for acolytes of winter sports.

Synced to the delay in beginning the year, periods allotted to de-stress are wonderfully scattered all across the calendar, thus the world is all year round populated with stressed-out, vacationing and celebrating individuals. It is almost impossible to concoct an all-encompassing feast of work, creation or celebration, as it more often than not turns out that some crucial actor is too busy, is having a nervous breakdown or is on holiday.

We spend the month of August visited by the breeze of Marian feasts and the effervescence of the blood oath of the seven chieftains, provided that we have remembered to turn the oven off, pay the electricity bill, mark test results, write the editorial,

replace winter tyres, keep the turn-bench clean. Everybody is making huge efforts to loosen up, but minds are unfortunately crammed with unturned pieces, and in vain comes Holy Mary shining with the promise of abundant wine, when anxiety leans above the greenery in a heavy cloud.

At the summer solstice Rilke comes to my mind „Herr: es ist Zeit. Der Sommer war sehr groß.“ and I usually spend the entire summer thinking about ways in which it could be great. It never occurs to me that there is no special way for summer to be great: it

is so by definition.

I wish there were at least two more people thinking along with me that Rilke means here this, this genuine greatness inhabiting the world – especially summer – without any effort having to be made, a grandeur we have somehow lost from our sight and hearts since we stopped helping each-other. Great looseness, loose greatness: none is genuine. There is only one genuine greatness around right now: summer. Celebrate it!



Gavin Corbett

爱尔兰 Ireland

节选自《闪烁着莹莹绿光的头盖骨》

作者 Gavin Corbett

当 Jean Dotsy 还是一个小女孩的时候，在一个周六的下午，一架美军飞机从边境飞来，极速地冲进了沼泽中，她的哥哥 Patrick 周末的时候在那里充当临时工。这个飞行员，一个有着棕色头发，长着一张能大有作为的脸庞的飞行员从飞机中

毫发无损地爬了出来。飞机着陆的时候犁起了一大卷草皮，并陷进了草皮中，严重损伤了机鼻。Patrick 观察着飞行员，他狂野中带着一些恐慌，手臂上挂着一些草皮，正将手上草皮堆到飞机残骸上。当意识到被注视后，飞行员转过头，看到 Patrick 正看着他。

“孩子，帮帮我 - 快点，拿上你的铲子。” Patrick 是一个高大强壮的小伙，但是要掩埋这个庞然大物还是一份艰巨的工作，而且它的一只机翼支还在空中。

“机翼怎么办呢？” Patrick 问 - 一只机翼已经损毁脱落，并掉落在了 50 码之后的地面上。

“天哪，”飞行员说道，之后他们两人跑去将断落的机翼掩埋了起来。当掩埋工作进行得差不多时，天光也变暗了，飞行员问 Patrick 是否有地方可容他今晚藏身。Patrick 将他带回了几英里之外自己的家中。飞行员向 Patrick 和 Jean 的父母解释道，作为一个美国人和盟友，他们对他们没有威胁。

“从技术层面说，你不是盟友，” Dotsy 先生说。“为这位军人做些司康饼和咖啡吧，”他对 Dotsy 太太说到，接着在他消失半小时之前他又对飞行员说，“年轻人，去洗漱一下吧。”

之后，和 Dotsy 先生喝了一杯后，名叫 Joe 的飞行员将小 Jean 放在他的膝盖上玩耍，他那晒成褐色的脸庞，尖尖的鼻子，并不难看的皱纹，洁白的牙齿，以及牙齿和嘴巴在他脸上组合呈现的方式，在 Jean 之后的记忆中被描述成了“傻乎乎的”。

“我正在为向您女儿这样的人战斗，”他对 Dotsy 先生说。

他身着 Patrick 的长秋裤和黄色的套头衫自在的坐着，虽然衣服对他来说都太短小了。两个男人面对炉火坐着，喝酒喝得昏昏欲睡。在他们身后，Patrick 全身只穿着飞行员的夹克坐着。

过了一会儿，Joe 说：“我在这里就感觉在家一样。我相信我的祖先来自于爱尔兰的另一个角落，但现在我感觉他们就在我身旁。”

收音机里传来了伟大的 John McCormack 的声音，虽然已过了他的全盛时期，但目前仍名声大噪。正在播报的音乐会是他英国举办的为战争胜利筹款的系列音乐会之一。Dotsy 先生说“已经不能自如地在他曾能胜任的更高音域间转换了，原因是，他已不再年轻且被他繁重的行程所累”。虽然嗓音甜美，缺乏之前的雄浑嘹亮，但获得了前所未有的丰富感，唤起了舒适美好的记忆，就如在日子好的那几年吃的阿华田或烤焦的橘子酱，当一段竖琴的声音穿过曾经宏大的音乐厅和苍白的梅登斯酒店跨越海洋在他耳边响起时，飞行员的内心似乎更平静了。

“我想我的收音机对他还算不错，” Dotsy 先生说。

他着迷于机器的运作，禁不住自夸他是如何把零件套装组装成收音机的。他是一批定期在奥马聚会的爱好者中的一员。

前门传了一声有力的拍打声。Dotsy 从椅子上站起来，用手示意 Patrick 不要动，神情淡然地离开了房间。之后他带着两位戴着头盔的当地保安队警官回来了。

“抱歉，Joe，” Dotsy 先生说，“我有义务向当局通报你的到来。”

其中一个警官，身高不足 5 英尺，陈述道：“中立国将扣留在其土地上或水域内发现的所有战斗人员，直至敌对行动结束。”

Joe，像屋子主人一样镇定自若，平静地从座位起身，向 Patrick 要回身上的夹克和装在洗衣袋里剩余的衣服，被两位警官带离的时候说“再见，Dotsy 先生。”

大约两周后，Dotsy 太太打开房门时，再次看到了 Joe。这一次他看着并不自在和镇定，反而状态很悲惨痛苦。

“我骑着自行车一路从基尔代尔沼泽营到这儿，Dotsy 太太。”

一辆自行车倒在车道上，Dotsy 太太不敢想象他是怎么获取这辆自行车的。

Joe 仍然穿着他的飞行员套装，全身糊着沼泽的稀泥，就像他第一次到达 Dotsy 家的那副样子。尽管他满身污秽，尽管他神色凄惨，他仍散发着一一种难以言喻的巨大诱惑力。

“我不确定我是否应该收容一个逃犯到我家里来，Joe，”虽然 Dotsy 太太这样说，但还是收留了他。

几分钟后她让他脱下脏内衣裤，又换上了 Patrick 的套头衫。她注意到他如何紧张地发抖的，以及在这过去的两星期里，他如何在某种程度上获得又失去了自己清晰的头脑的，就像沙滩上的一块干枯了的木头。之后她从外屋给他拿了一瓶酒，里面是清亮的液体。

“这是我的秘密药方，Joe。由马铃薯制成，加了一些丁香油来麻木喉咙和蜂蜜来顺滑。这可能使你放松下来。但要适量。”

当 Patrick 从学校回来的时候，她对 Joe 说到：“我需要出去一会儿，但是 Patrick 和小 Jean 会照看你。”

Dotsy 太太提起车道上的自行车，骑上了路。

45 分钟后她回来了。乔又因悲痛而发疯，在客厅的小空间里来回踱步。Dotsy 太太从他身上夺下那瓶珍露，暂时藏在梳妆台里。两个孩子吓得要命。Jean 坐在厨房桌子下哭泣。通常大胆无畏的 Patrick，此时也坐在桌子旁摇头说道，“妈妈，抱歉我在沼泽地认识了那个疯狂的牛仔。”不久之后，Dotsy 的车驶入车道。和他一起来的还有两个当地治安队的警官。他们的到来似乎使 Joe 平静了下来。

“好了，Joe，好了，” Dotsy 先生试探地向这位年轻的飞行员走去，一直盯着他，同时军官们各自一边摆出一副钳形守卫的架势。“你怎么回来了？”

“我只是顺便拜访下，先生。我又到了沼泽地。”

“但是你从沼泽地一路到了这里？”

Joe 后退一步说道，“Dotsy 先生 - 我们能不能喝一杯，我们所有人一起？”

Dotsy 太太插入说道：“还剩下一些黑啤在楼梯下面。”

这时 Dotsy 先生将手放在 Joe 的肩上。

“遇到什么事了，孩子？”

Joe 向后陷进椅子里说到，“该死的。”他将双手放在桌子上，在他面前将指节捏得由白到紫。他向下看，然后望向远方。三个男人拉开了厨房剩余的椅子。Dotsy 太太打开了五瓶黑啤。

“你怎么逃脱的？” Dotsy 先生说。

“不存在逃跑。我可以随意来去。他们给了我一座营地上的小屋。所有的犯人都有小屋。我和三位同性恋英国水手同住，他们从 H.M.S. Pluck 号上的甲板跳下来。在我们小屋周围有一个小尖桩栅栏，栅栏后面有一个小女贞树篱。在栅栏和篱笆中间有一扇吱嘎作响的小门。花园里有一处玫瑰花丛 - 两处玫瑰花丛。过去只要我们愿意，我们就进城去。该死的。”

“这是你第二次说这个了，”矮小的警官说到。“Dotsy 先生不会想听的。”

“没关系，Marky，” Dotsy 先生说。对着 Dotsy 太太他说：“你能在里面生个火吗，孩子妈？”

“没人看见它，” Joe 厉声说到。“这里没有紧急状况。这是玫瑰花园和女贞树篱。”

“此时此刻，” Dotsy 先生说到。“沼泽营地是基于英国贵格会模式建造的，不要让它愚弄你。”爱尔兰人民用石头辛勤劳作，变得坚强并且准备好了，相信我，来对付希特勒，不管何时他的长靴踏上这片土地。”

“或者那几个英国人，如果他们再来的话，” Marky 说。“我们会在班诺河畔等候，巡查。”

“天哪，不，该死的，没人理解，上帝！希特勒将在一年内自杀。他不是我们现在要担心的敌人。有一个更大的敌人在等待着我们。”

“那些共产主义者，” Marky 坚定地说。

“不是！” Joe 说到。“不是那些共产主义者！共产主义者甚至还不在于波兰！”

“汉尼根神父不是这么说的，” Marky 说，“他说共产主义者无处不在。”

“这里到处都是敌人！他们来了 - 现在 - 在爱尔兰 - 甚至可能刚到门外，” Joe 指着后门说着。

他转头看向房门，以那种方式沉默地坐了几秒钟。

他说，“我们可以移到另一个房间吗？”

“现在你只能坐在这儿回答我们的问题！你正在接受审问！” Marky 说。

“你并没有在接受审问，” Dotsy 先生说着，已经从椅子上起了身。

“有什么想问他的吗，Rory？” Marky 对那个稍高但仍然很矮的警官说。

“没有，” Rory 说。

“进来，” Dotsy 先生说。

在火堆旁，Joe 诉说了个奇特的故事：

“自从我们部队到达北爱尔兰，我们的设备就出现了麻烦。我告诉过你吗，Dotsy 先生，有几位非常有经验的工程师和我们一起工作。工程师和飞行员，以及洛克希德马丁公司的技术员，都并肩而行。但是那里还有一些东西。我不知道该怎么称呼它 - 或者它们。两个火花塞失踪了，这是我们注意到的第一件事。最开始我们可以处理。但之后很多火花塞开始失踪，我们停止了对这件事的诅咒，我们越少诅咒它，失踪的火花塞越多，看起来就越不祥。更奇怪和更加不祥的是，火花塞需要更换的速度比我们的工程师可以更换的更快。情

况持续下去，电路的某些部分也将会丢失。但通常这些会直到我们的飞机飞在空中时才发现。然后他们会立即返回基地，在工程师可以创建替代品之前，这些部件也将被替换。然后与绝密项目相关的部件开始丢失并被替换。与无线电控制的飞机相关的物品。每一个新物件的失踪和持续替换都使基地笼罩在了更强的不安和沉默之中。这些事在视线之外发生得越来越多，但我们也越来越少讨论了。在我们内部，蔓延着强烈的不安。大家都在交相谈论一个明确的新的威胁。我是无线电控制计划的测试飞行员。我们要将配有爆炸物的老式轰炸机引导到安全高度，然后人员跳伞离开飞机，之后飞机将被遥控飞行。在沼泽中的那架飞机是我们的试飞机之一。我们已经剥去了非必要的设备并装上了假的弹药。无线电设备主要位于整流罩下方。前一周在空中时我注意到了整流罩。在飞行中，先生们，有一种现象，即快速移动的空气会呈现出黑色边缘。当空气团与机体相撞时，你会看到它们流经机体的表面。原本黑色的空气应该顺畅地流进和流出整流罩的凸面板，在这之前，它在一个看不见的人形模样周围升起。我可以制造出这种人形样式，你瞧，通过周围流动的黑色空气。我可以看到它将整流罩拉得更远。我没有选择，只能快速迫降飞机。一旦它进入沼地，我的首要任务就是尽可能地隐藏飞机。很明显，你的儿子和我，Dosty 先生，并没有把它藏好：今天下午，我发现飞机上的泥浆依旧，但飞机内部所有的设备都被挖空了。

两位警官和 Dotsy 先生对这个科技故事深深着迷，聚精会神地听着 Joe 的故事。在 Joe 讲完后他们还沉浸回味了几分钟才打破沉默。

Rory，那个高个警官，说，“在几个世纪里，sheeha 或 deenie ooshla 在这个地区都以修理车轮而闻名。他们可以控制物体的运作。修理轮子是他们帮忙的一种方式，但有时他们会为了恶作剧而损坏东西。他们了解材料，但他们从来没有用它来造成过实际伤害。他们是可怜的人。他们就像我们这个世界的囚犯。他们可怜，是因为他们的需求，而且经常他们发现需要从

我们身上获得这种需求。他们已经适应了人类的世界，并随着时代的变迁而做出了一些改变。如果你所说属实，那么我们将可以看到一个新时期。”

“一个新时期，” Joe 平静地说。“嗯，我感觉到了。”

当他们喝完啤酒后，Joe 收到了从洗衣袋拿出来的仍然肮脏的衣服，但都被 Marky 和 Rory 没收了。他没有再回到 Dotsy 的房子，但是他的名字在战争结束后的多年再一次被提及，消息传回说，在战时，可能在 Dotsy 一家人遇到他之后，当他驾驶飞机经过英国布莱斯河口时丧身在了爆炸中。

战争结束后的一段时间，当 Jean 是一名成年的女学生时，一个名叫 Petticoat Loose 的生物在这个地区游荡，把孩子身上的医疗用具都带走了。十二个男孩的尺规被拿走了。一天，Jean 和一位朋友沿着一条小巷走回家时，这位朋友被 Petticoat Loose 抓住了，并拖进了灌木丛中。在此过程中，朋友的电子助听器被拿走了。最后，好歹，Petticoat Loose 被无形的力量驱逐到了红海口，在那里她把时间都花在了推翻船只上。

后来，当通过获得的信息再次回想时，Jean 认为：精灵们是和我们一起进步的，从轮子到飞机引擎再到电子助听器。

Excerpt from GREEN GLOWING SKULL by Gavin Corbett

One Saturday afternoon when Jean Dotsy was a young child an American airplane came from over the border and scudded into the bog where her older brother Patrick did casual work on weekends. The pilot, a brown-

haired man with a face that suggested he would go on to achieve great things, climbed out of the airplane uninjured. The plane on landing had ploughed up a huge curl of turf which now, collapsed into divots, largely buried the nose. Patrick observed the pilot, wild still with panic, scoop further bundles of turf in his arms and try to pile a rick on the wreckage. Sensing that he was being watched the pilot turned around to see Patrick observing him.

"Help me with this, kid—quickly. Take your spade."

Patrick was a big strong lad but the plane was a job to cover because, as well as being very massive, it had a fin that stuck up in the air.

"What about the wing?" said Patrick—one of the wings had broken away and was lying on the ground fifty yards behind.

"God damn," said the pilot, and the two ran to bury the wing as well. The light was dim by the time the job was as good as could be done and the pilot asked Patrick if there was somewhere he could shelter the night. Patrick brought him the couple of miles to the family home. The pilot explained to Patrick and Jean's mother and father that as an American and an ally he was no threat to them.

"Technically, you are not an ally," said Mister Dotsy. "Make up scones and some of that serviceman coffee," he said to Missus Dotsy, and then to the pilot again he said, "Young man, have yourself a wash," before disappearing for half an hour.

Later, over stout with Mister Dotsy, the pilot, whose name was Joe, played between his knees with little Jean, who remembered his tanned face and sharp nose and not-

disfiguring wrinkles, and his white teeth, and the way those teeth and his mouth were set in his face in a way that she would later have described as "goofy".

"I am fighting the war for people like your little girl," he said to Mister Dotsy.

He sat unembarrassed in long johns and in a yellow gansey of Patrick's that was only a little too small for him. The two men faced the fire, drowsy from the stout. Behind them sat Patrick, in Joe's pilot's jacket and not much else.

After a while, Joe remarked: "I feel quite at home here. My ancestors are from the opposite corner of Ireland, I believe, but now I feel they are close by me."

Over the radio came the voice of the great John McCormack, though he was great now only in reputation for he was well past his prime. The concert being broadcast was one of a series he was giving in Britain to raise funds for the war effort. Mister Dotsy said that he did not "have the ease of movement through the notes in the higher register that he once had, and why would he, for McCormack is not a young man and he's exercised by this burdensome schedule". Nonetheless the voice was sweet; lacking its vital and piercing sonority of old, but it had a richness it couldn't have had before, and induced the memory of comfort such as one might have got in better years from Ovaltine or burnt brown marmalade, and it seemed to lull the airman further as it sang of harps ringing out through once-royal halls and pale maidens across the seas.

"I think my radio set does him justice though," said Mister Dotsy.

He was fascinated by the workings

of machines, and could not resist boasting of how he had built the radio himself from a kit. He was a member of a group of enthusiasts that met regularly in Omagh.

There came a mighty thump on the front door. Mister Dotsy turned out of his seat, stayed Patrick with his hand, and left the room with no great concern apparent on his face. He returned with two helmeted officers of the Local Security Force.

"I am sorry, Joe," said Mister Dotsy, "but I was obliged to inform the authorities of your whereabouts." One of the officers, a man of less than five feet in stature, elaborated: "Neutral Éire will detain until the end of hostilities all combatant personnel found on its soil or within its waters." Joe, who looked as unruffled as his host, calmly rose from his seat, requested his jacket back from Patrick and the rest of his clothes from the laundry sack, and went off with the two men and a "So long, Mister Dotsy." About a fortnight later, Missus Dotsy opened the door to Joe again. This time he did not look contented or collected but in a state of distress. "I've cycled all the way from the Curragh Camp of Kildare, Missus Dotsy."

A bicycle was dumped flat on the drive, and Missus Dotsy dared not imagine how it had been acquired. Joe, still wearing his pilot's outfit, was covered in the slime of the bog, just as he had been the first time he'd arrived at the Dotsys' house. In spite of the filth, and in spite of his distress, he retained a great shining ineffable allure.

"I'm not sure if I should be admitting a fugitive to my household, Joe," said Missus Dotsy, admitting him anyway.

A few minutes later she had him down to his skivvies and into Patrick's gansey again. She noted how he shook with nerves, and how in the couple of weeks he'd somehow both gained and lost definition, like a bit of grey dried wood on a beach. Afterwards she got him a bottle from the outhouse. In it was a clear liquid.

"This is my secret medicine, Joe. It's made from potatoes, with some clove oil to numb the throat and honey to make it go down. It may help to steady you. But go easy on it."

When Patrick came home from school she said to Joe, "I have to head out for a little while but Patrick and little Jean will look after you."

Missus Dotsy took the bicycle on the drive and went off down the road. Forty-five minutes later she was back. Joe was gone wild with distress again, pacing two steps back and two steps forth in the small space of the parlour. Missus Dotsy snatched the bottle of dew off him and hid it for the time being inside the dresser. The two children were frightened. Jean was under the table in the kitchen crying. Patrick, normally so fearless, sat at the table shaking his head and saying, "Mammy, I'm sorry I ever met that mad cowboy on the bog."

Not long after, Mister Dotsy's car rolled into the drive. With him were the two officers of the Local Security Force. Their arrival seemed to pacify Joe.

"Okay, Joe, okay," said Mister Dotsy, easing coyly towards the young airman, all the time holding his gaze as the officers formed a pincer guard on either side. "Why have you returned?"

"I'm just stopping by, sir. I was at the moor again."

"But you've come all the way from the Curragh?"
Joe took a step back and said, "Mister Dotsy—can we have a drink, all of us?"
Missus Dotsy jumped in: "There's some stout left under the stairs."
In this moment Mister Dotsy put his hand on Joe's shoulder.
"What's the bother, boy?"
Joe sunk back into a chair and said, "Goddamn."
He put his arms on the table and flexed his fingers from purple through white in front of him. He looked downwards and far away.
The three men pulled out the remaining kitchen chairs. Missus Dotsy opened five bottles of stout.
"How did you escape?" said Mister Dotsy.
"There was no escape. I could come and go as I pleased. They gave me a cottage on the camp. All of the prisoners had cottages. I shared mine with three homosexual English sailors who'd jumped from the deck of the H.M.S. Pluck. We had a little picket fence around our cottage, and behind the fence, a little privet hedge. There was a little squeaky gate right in the middle of the hedge and fence. There was a rose bush in the garden—there were two rose bushes. We used to go into the town when ever we wanted. Goddamn."
"That's the second time you've said that," said the diminutive officer.
"Mister Dotsy won't have it."
"It's all right, Marky," said Mister Dotsy. To Missus Dotsy he said: "Will you build up the fire inside, Mammy?"
"Nobody sees it," said Joe with a snap. "There's no urgency. It's all rose gardens, all privet hedges."
"Now, now," said Mister Dotsy. "The Curragh Camp is based on the English

Quaker model, don't let it fool you. The ordinary Irishman is hardened by toiling with stones and is ready, believe you me, for Herr Hitler when ever he lands his jackboot."
"Or the English, if they come again," said Marky. "We'll be waiting down on Bannow Strand, be gad."
"God, no, damn, nobody gets it, Jeece! Hitler will blow himself out within a year. He's not the enemy we gotta worry ourselves with right now. There's a worse enemy waiting in the wings."
"The communists," said Marky, emphatically.
"No!" said Joe. "Not the communists! The communists aren't even in Poland yet!"
"That's not what Father Hannigan says," said Marky. "He says the communists are everywhere."
"This enemy's everywhere! They're here—now—in Ireland—maybe even just out there," said Joe, pointing to the back door.
He turned to look at the door, and sat silently in this way for a few seconds. He said, "Can we take this into the other room?"
"Now you'll just sit here and answer our questions! You're under interrogation!" said Marky.
"You're not under interrogation," said Mister Dotsy, already rising from his chair.
"Anything you'd like to ask him, Rory?" said Marky to the taller but still-short officer.
"Nothing," said Rory.
"Come on inside," said Mister Dotsy. By the fire, Joe told a strange story: "Since our unit came to Northern Ireland we've been running into trouble with our machinery. Have I told you, Mister Dotsy, that we have

some very experimental engineers working alongside us? Engineers and pilots, and technicians from the Lockheed company, all side by side. But there's another bunch of something in there too. I don't know what to call it—or them. A couple of spark plugs went missing, that's the first thing we noticed. This we could handle, to begin with. But then a lot of spark plugs started to go missing, and we stopped cursing about it, and the less we cursed about it and the more spark plugs that went missing, the more ominous it seemed. The even stranger and more ominous-seeming fact about all of this is that the spark plugs were also being replaced faster than our engineers could replace them. In tandem with this activity, certain parts of electrical circuitry would go missing. Often this would not be discovered until our planes were in the air. Then they would immediately return to base, and before the engineers could create replacements these parts were replaced too. Then parts related to top-secret projects started to go missing and be replaced. Stuff to do with radio-controlled flights. Every new item that went missing and went on being replaced brought a greater intensity of ominous silence around base. The more that was carried on out of sight the less would be discussed within range. Within us all an unfathomable feeling of unease took hold. Among us all a clear idea of the new threat was communicated. I am a test pilot on the radio-control program. We are to pilot old bombers fitted with explosives to a safe altitude and then parachute out, after which the planes will be remotely piloted to target. That plane in that moor is

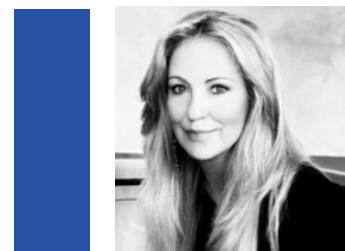
one of our test planes. We have her stripped of non-essential equipment and fitted with a fake payload. The radio equipment lies mainly under the cowlings. While in the air the week before last I noticed the cowlings lift. In flight, gentlemen, there is a phenomenon whereby fast-moving air appears to take on a black edge. You see this black air when it hits the solid mass of your airplane, running over its surfaces. But where the black air should have flowed smoothly into and over the raised panel of cowlings, it rose well before this, up and around an invisible human-like form. I could make this human-like form out, you see, by the black air flowing around it. I could see it pulling the cowlings further away. I had no option then but to quickly down the plane. Once it was in the moor, my priority was to hide the plane as best I could. Evidently your son and I, Mister Dotsy, failed to hide it well: this afternoon I discovered that the mud over the plane was undisturbed but that the plane itself was completely hollowed out of all its internal equipment." The officers and Mister Dotsy, who was fascinated by stories about technology, listened to Joe's story intently. Silence remained for a few moments after Joe had finished. Then Rory, the taller officer, said, "For many centuries the sheeha or deenie ooshla were known in this district for the fixing of wheels. They have a control over the working of things. The fixing of wheels was a way in which they would do you a favour, but sometimes they would spoil things for mischief. They have an understanding of materials but they never used use it for real harm. They are pitiable beings. They are like prisoners of

our world. They are pitiable for their needs and often they find their needs in us. They have adapted to the world of men and changed with it through all of its ages. If what you say is true then what we could be seeing is a new phase."

"A new phase," said Joe quietly. "Well, I sensed that."

After they had finished their stout Joe was given his still-filthy clothes from the laundry sack and brought away by Marky and Rory. He did not return again to the Dotsys' house, but his name was heard once more, years later, after the war, when news came back that some time during the war, probably after the Dotsys had encountered him, he had been killed when the airplane he was piloting exploded over the Blyth estuary, G.B.. Some time again then after the war, when Jean was a grown-up schoolgirl, a creature known as Petticoat Loose went about the district and surrounds taking medical paraphernalia off

children. Twelve boys had their callipers taken. One day Jean was walking home along a lane with a friend when the friend was grabbed by Petticoat Loose and spun around in a bush. In the course of it the friend's electrical hearing aid was removed. In the end anyhow Petticoat Loose was banished by unseen forces to the mouth of the Red Sea where she spent her time overturning ships. Later again, thinking back on it all, with the information gained, Jean thought: The fairies have progressed with us from the wheel through the airplane engine and the electrical hearing aid.



Dace Vigante

拉脱维亚 Latvia

第三者

英文译者:
Hongmei Chen 和 Una Berzina-Cerenkova

读小学三年级的一天，当我起立诺诺地说出自己没有爸爸时，立刻感觉有三十几双惊讶的眼睛盯在自己身上。老师的脸上也露出了某种介于同情和疑惑之间的表情，“这只是学校常规统计。”老师补充了一句。可对于我，完全不是这么回事。事实

是，我的爸爸刚刚娶了新的妻子。我想他已经不是以前的爸爸，甚至我有理由可以不再叫他爸爸。跟周围正常家庭的同学相比，我甚至因为这点与众不同还感觉有点得意。

记得有一天早上，爸爸很早去上班了，我看到妈妈眼眶红红的，问她是不是病了。妈妈说不是，只是爸爸以后会住到别的地方，很少回家。我出乎自己意料的平静，感觉只是一件迟早要发生的事总算发生了。以前他们也时不时地争吵，但是前一天晚上的情形并不一样。妈妈一直不停地啜泣，哽咽地说着什么。而爸爸则时而沉默不语，时而低声劝慰。后来妈妈似乎忍不住大声哭了起来。我躺在自己房间，当爸爸推门进来时，我假装睡着了，害怕跟他道别后会发生什么。

傍晚的时候，我在厨房门外听到妈妈和塔玛拉姨妈在里面聊天。她们说到一个女人很可耻，爸爸现在跟她在一起，她是个第三者。

后来几天，妈妈早上起来时眼圈经常黑黑的。我尽量少跟妈妈说话，走路也轻手轻脚的。显然，发生的事情令她心情很糟糕，甚至动不动就因为一些小事迁怒于我。妈妈开始大量地吸烟，我觉得她得了癌症，不然不会一下子瘦了这么多，肯定是得了癌症的原因。她自己好像也这样想，就经朋友的推荐去看了一个巫医。那巫医根本不能确诊，只是开了一瓶白屈菜药水¹让她喝。妈妈后来又去看了医生。诊断结果说不是癌症，体重下降是精神原因。可妈妈还是相信是白屈菜药水起了作用。

妈妈常说，人最重要的是不要让人觉得可怜。她每次出门前，都仔细地化妆。她轻轻地往脸上扑粉、小心地用化妆笔描眼眶，还把眼皮涂上蓝色珠光眼影。这些化妆品，和一支淡粉色的口红都被妈妈收藏到一个化妆包里不让我碰。那些化妆品很贵的，只有托人才能买到。妈妈用得非常节省，每次都用削尖的火柴头把口红管里最后残存的一点挑出来用，一丁点也不浪费。有些晚上，妈妈会听自己喜欢的唱片。她时而半闭着眼睛随着 Karel Gota² 的歌声有节奏地摇摆，时而轻声跟着法语歌手 Joe Dassin³ 哼唱浪漫的情歌。我通常

倚在门口看着她陶醉的样子，真希望时间能在那一刻停止。还有些夜晚，妈妈会读 Ārijs Elksnes⁴ 的诗。那些诗多半是描写墓地呀、乌鸦的啼鸣之类的，房间里还充满刺鼻的缬草⁵ 的气味，这时，我会离她的房间远远的。

我喜欢过节时家里的气氛。那时妈妈脸色泛着红润，眼光很温柔，她笑得那么开心。伴随着手风琴奏出热情、欢快的乐曲，人们像喝春天的桦树汁⁶ 般畅饮着伏特加。女人们在厨房里抽着烟，动情时还相互拥抱、亲吻，尽情表达彼此间的友爱。她们唱着 “Pie dzintara jūras, Mežus mežus, Krizantēmas un Ūdensrozes”⁷ 等流行歌曲，还有我最喜欢的那首描写爱情流逝和伤心分离的歌 “Ugunskurs nakts tumsā kvēlo”⁸。她们唱得很忘情、像是她们都或多或少体会过歌中倾诉的失落和伤感。我也会唱这支歌，便情不自禁地跟着她们一起唱了起来。

男人们脱掉了外套，解松了领带，大声地讨论着自己对人生的感悟和对历史事件的看法，还谈到他们父辈当初的选择是多么的正确。雅尼叔叔完全不同意沃尔多叔叔的观点，两个人激烈地争吵了起来，雅尼叔叔甚至动手揪住了沃尔多叔叔的衣领。妈妈风情万种地挤到他俩中间，委婉地请求他们给女士们倒酒。两个男人似乎不情愿地停止了争执，给女士们的酒杯里斟满香槟。此时，混合着鲱鱼色拉、猪肉排和烤土豆的家宴的香味充满了房间。我趁大家不注意时吃了蛋糕上面撒着坚果碎的奶油之后，还把所有的酸黄瓜也一扫而光。我混在大人们中间，听到有人骂爸爸的新妻子“婊子”、“骚货”，说他最终会自食其果的。最关键的一句是“你看着吧，早晚他会像丧家犬一样垂头丧气地回来的。”女人们似乎对这种事情知道的很多。此时，伏特加让男人们的脸都红了起来，他们纷纷称赞妈妈做的沙拉美味无比，沃尔多叔叔忘情地唱着 “hei, melnā pantēra, baigi lunkanā!”⁹，他乘着酒劲正酣拉起妈妈一起跳舞，显然他太热情了，把妈妈搂得紧紧的，他的老婆安娜阿姨过来边把他拽开，边说 “你该清醒清醒啦。”

那晚以后，我开始期待爸爸，希望某一天他能够清醒过来，离开那个陌生女人，重新回家。

我变得不怎么喜欢过生日了。虽然每次过生日时，爸爸都会送礼物给我，但他总是一会儿就离开。妈妈一直认真地为我的生日做准备，她让我帮她挑选衬衫，问了我好几次她穿着是否看上去还苗条。我也作出开心的样子，把自己打扮漂亮。今年我过生日那天，爸爸拿来一个包装精美的礼盒，盒子上装饰着大大的缎带蝴蝶结。他狡黠地透露说里面是个娃娃。可当我兴奋地打开盒子时，发现里面空空的什么都没有，怪不得盒子这么轻。我盖上盒盖，重新打开，里面还是什么都没有。我把盒子放回桌上，猜想一定是爸爸在跟我开玩笑，说不定他马上就会开门进来亲手把那漂亮的娃娃送给我。

他来向我道别时，没有说娃娃的事。我也不敢问他娃娃到底在哪里，怕他会生气再也不来了。他走后，我不想跟其他的小朋友们一起玩。我独自坐在另一个房间的沙发里，执拗地坚持非要爸爸来陪我一起吹灭生日蛋糕上的蜡烛。妈妈气得浑身发抖，生气地说如果我这样就再也不叫爸爸来了，她这一招总是有用。

后来，我们有次在外面碰巧遇到了爸爸，他跟那个第三者在一起。爸爸正开车门下车，我看到她坐在车里，金色的头发，戴着黑边眼镜。我喊出了声：“看，爸爸在那儿！”

妈妈的挎包不知怎么从肩膀上滑落，脚也不小心扭了一下。

“走，咱们过马路”，妈妈低声说着，一把抓着我套衫的帽子就走，差点都要把我拽倒了。

我马上明白了，这就是那个女人，那个害爸爸离开我们的女人。

一天晚上，我听到妈妈在电话上断断续续地说“…再想想看”，“不知道这样好不好…”，“这有些复杂”，“你为什么不自己问”。当她挂断电话后，面无表情地问我是否想去看爸爸。我吃了一惊，难道跟那个烂女人一起？但我没问出声。可是毫无疑问，我当然是想去看爸爸的。他们住的是那种楼下带锁的特建的楼房¹⁰。房

间有跟达利剧院一样大大的落地玻璃窗，墙上挂了很多画，其中有好几幅女子的肖像画。高到天花板的书架上摆满了书籍。走廊里还有镶着金框的镜子，能把我全身都照进去。

我走进房间，她正坐在书桌旁。不是我们从表姐家搬来的那种书桌，那桌子腿都被牧羊犬啃过，拼木的桌子表面还有刻痕和圆珠笔的划痕。她的桌子是深色漆木的，有着曲线型的桌腿和镀金的抽屉把手。她个子比妈妈高，留着金色披肩卷发。针织红色长裙勾勒出她的身材。妈妈从来不穿这种红色的衣服，她说太鲜艳，她宁可选择驼色或蓝色的衣服。

她叫克里斯汀，那些墙上的肖像画画的都是她。我心想，怎么没有穿自己那件红色裙子来。

克里斯汀很会说笑，跟我讲了很多话。她拿出书桌抽屉里的糖果盒，把整个盒子打开放在我面前。我盯着眼前盒子内的各色糖果——她说这些全都是给我的。在家的时

候，妈妈总是把客人送给我们的糖果礼盒收到橱柜的最里面，她说这是很贵的，“万一”我们要去别人家做客，就可以带上这个当礼物。

妈妈还保存着新的雨伞和整套床上用品说是等我结婚的时候用。我心里不安地想：将来我不结婚又怎么样？这些东西都会过时的。不管怎样，妈妈下班回来都会给我带一些好吃的。我总是迫不及待地盯着她的包打转转，妈妈的拎包有一股公交车的气味，包里的香粉已经闻不出了，那香粉盒盖上印的牌子早都已经看不出了。我知道包里总有包好的小点心、酥饼、糖果、乌兹别克甜点或者一些坚果。这些都是妈妈好心的工友们给我准备的。

我坐在克里斯汀的厨房里，一边嚼着糖果，一边盯着墙上有黑白小猫图片的挂历。我从没见过这种挂历，我家厨房里只有那种标着月相盈亏和名字日¹¹的可撕页的日历。我偶然发现爸爸脚上穿的还是那双以前在我们自己家时穿的，跟这个房子不太相配的旧拖鞋。仿佛它还保存着爸爸以前跟我们一起生活的记忆，我们被偷走了的幸福记忆。我留意到，他们默契地相互爱抚了一下。我把刚拿过来的糖果重新放了回去。

她问了我一些学校的事情和我的兴趣爱好，她说自己在一个政府部门工作，曾经出国两次去保加利亚和美国。她送给我一个上下转动能看出动画的卡片，学校里肯定没人有这个。晚上，我睡在床上，盖的是羽绒被。我还记得我一个同学告诉我，她的爸爸住过波兰的一个酒店，那酒店里就有羽绒被。他爸爸把羽绒被的一角剪下，带回来给家人看人家的被子有多舒服。我想，也许我也可以剪下一块。可是，我不知道剪刀在哪里。

爸爸晚上在我的床边坐了很久，给我讲他看的书。他读的是关于第一次世界大战的书。我想等他讲完了问他一些问题。这时克里斯汀进来道晚安，也顺便对那场战争发表了一些看法。我几乎什么也没听懂，我们在学校还没有学习历史。他们讨论着各自的看法，似乎忘记了我的存在。感觉以前爸爸妈妈从来没有这么兴奋地讨论过，无论是战争还是什么其它话题。

克里斯汀去卧室了，爸爸默默地用手梳理着我的长发。他手上的皮肤有些干裂。我一言不发，任他的手拂过我的脸颊。我不看他，也不问他。我知道，最好不要。

我睡在柔软的被子里，却依然觉得冷。没想到，我更想盖着厚厚的被子躺在妈妈瘦瘦的手臂上入睡。我不想吵醒爸爸让他来给我盖暖和点，就把床旁蓝丝绒面料的单人沙发上挂着的一件绒线衫拽过来穿上，并把自己紧紧地裹在羽绒被里。

早上，克里斯汀进来一边清脆地叫我“早上好，小兔子！”，一边打开阳台的门给房间通风。只有爸爸妈妈才会叫我“小兔子”。我还是觉得冷。我注意到她脖子修长、身上的黑色蕾丝睡衣把她的皮肤衬得苍白，纤长的双手涂着鲜红的指甲油。她做了烤三明治，面包片里夹着双层奶酪、熏肉片和番茄。食物闻起来很香，可我没有吃。“对不起，我做的有点匆忙。”她赶着离开，我闻到一袭美妙的香水味掠过。她上班一走，我就狼吞虎咽地吃掉了整个三明治。吃完后我去浴室洗漱。浴室里到处都是克里斯汀的东西——印花的真丝睡袍、镶着蕾丝的内衣、进口洗发水、梳妆镜前的香水。我拿起香水在自己耳后重重喷了几下。这里属于爸爸的只有牙刷和剃

须刀，摆放在浴盆上面的小架子上，就跟以前家里一样。

一个装饰着珍珠的碟子里放着不同大小的化妆刷、眼线笔和小剪刀。我情不自禁地拿起小剪刀，攥在手里藏在背后。我走进过道，瞥到爸爸正交叉着腿坐在厨房里边喝咖啡边读报纸。我轻轻地蹭着脚走过去，打开衣柜，一眼就看到了那件红色连衣裙。我拉过衣服袖子就用剪刀剪起来。我的心跳到了嗓子眼儿。我连剪带撕，好像这是在改变我的命运，直到剪刀剪到缝线处剪不动。我头晕晕的，脑子里什么都不想。忽然感觉爸爸好像要过来了，我立刻关上衣柜的门。手上和蓝裙子上还留着剪碎的红衣服的线条，像是凝固了的血液。我跑进浴室，放下剪刀，理干净衣服，紧张得不敢呼吸，手也不停地颤抖着。

“如果你喜欢，希望你能经常来，好吗？”

克里斯汀跟我道别的时候对我说。不，我再也不会来了。

晚上，我回到家，趁妈妈不注意的时候，拔掉了电话线的插头。想着如果妈妈发现了，就撒谎说是自己不小心碰掉的。

妈妈没问我什么，只是仔细地端详了我的脸颊，饥渴地听着我讲的每个字。她夹着香烟的手轻轻地颤抖着。我跟她讲了我看到的羽绒被、写字台、浴室和那红色的长裙，只是说她穿着那件长裙。妈妈似乎有点难过，她走过我身边时俯身问我：“这是她的香水吗？”

我赶紧缩回脖子“我不喜欢这个，”我说，“我就随便喷了一下。”妈妈在我对面桌前坐下，眼睛斜着望向窗玻璃上自己的侧影，问：“或许，我也需要一件这样的红衣服，对吗？”

“不，妈妈，”我咽了下口水说“你不需要红色的，蓝色的更适合你。”

看着妈妈双手指甲上涂的半透明奶油色指甲油已经有点脱落了，我问道：“我们可以就这一次打开壁橱里的那盒以防“万一”的糖果吗？”

妈妈先是愣了一下，然后紧接着起身黠笑着说“知道了，打开吧！就这一次为什么不行呢？”她熄灭了香烟，转身打开壁橱，拿出糖果盒再次肯定地说：“这一次我们自己享用，来吧！”

我一下抱住了妈妈，说我再也不想去爸爸那里了。妈妈也拥抱并亲吻了我，一言不发。我不知道自己想听到她怎样的回答。我甚至不想吃糖果了。过了一个星期的一天，爸爸在学校门口等我。我真想有对翅膀能够飞走，可他还是看到了我。他走过来，象我小时候那样拉住我的手。我感觉到自己手心直冒汗，背上也湿了。穿着棉袜的腿像意大利通心粉一样绵软无力。这一刻还是到了，一切都要结束了。我们坐到车里，他静静地直视着前方。他不知所措的时候就是这样。好不容易，他终于开口说：“我电话打不到你。我...我们很希望你能经常来看我们。克里斯汀很喜欢你。”我再也忍不住，转脸看着他，恨恨地说：“爸爸，你送给我的生日礼物盒子里面是空的，什么都没有，根本没有娃娃！”

他看着我，眼里充满了意外和沮丧。我的泪水夺眶而出。等不及他接下来问我裙子的事情，我大声告诉他，那件昂贵的长裙，我没办法修补，我什么都弥补不了。“什么裙子？”爸爸一脸茫然地问我。我盯着他，边抽泣，边咽着咸咸的泪水。“我不知道你在说什么裙子，小兔子？”我停止了哭泣，透过车窗，我看到路边的草地上盛开着蒲公英。我之前怎么都没注意到，春天的草坪已经绿得那么鲜亮。然后爸爸拉起我的手，我紧紧地握着。爸爸说“走，咱们找你的娃娃去！”

备注：

¹ 白屈菜药水：被俄罗斯人认为是神奇的包治百病的药水。

² Karel Gota: 歌手名。

³ Joe Dassin：歌手名。乔·达辛生于美国，在法国成名的歌手，整个七十年代，他的名字在欧洲如雷贯耳，其唱片销量达几千万。《Les Champs-Élysées》（香榭丽舍大街）是他最畅销、最出名的歌曲。

⁴ Ārijas Elksnes：诗人名。

⁵ 缬草：一种植物，被用作香料或药材，

具有镇静和抗焦虑等作用。

⁶ 桦树汁：拉脱维亚人每到春天会在森林里采集桦树汁作为饮品饮用。

⁷ Pie dzintara jūras, Mežus mežus, Krizantēmas un Ūdensrozes: 此句歌词大意为“波罗的海边，在森林深处，盛开的水百合和菊花”。

⁸ Ugunskurs nakts tumsā kvēlo: 此句歌词大意为“夜晚的篝火在黑暗中燃烧”。

⁹ hei, melnā pantēra, baigi lunkanā! : 此句歌词大意为“嘿，黑豹，...”。

¹⁰ 特建的楼房：前苏联统治时期，在拉脱维亚为政府工作人员或有特殊贡献者修建的楼房，在当时是高于平均居住水平的建筑。

¹¹ 名字日：拉脱维亚的传统，日历上的每一天都对某几个人名，这一天就是叫这几个名字者的名字日。

ANOTHER WOMAN

英文译员：
Mārta Ziemelis

I was in third grade when I got up and solemnly announced that I didn't have a father. I trembled on the inside when thirty pairs of surprised eyes looked at me. There was something between sympathy and doubt on the teacher's face. "We need to know for school statistics," she explained. In my opinion, the fact that my father had a new wife was enough of a reason for him to have no right to really call himself my father. I knew the point of her survey question - "Father: alive, dead or unknown" - was something completely different, but that didn't matter. I was even proud

of this, because it made me different from other kids, the ones who had everything going right in their lives. One morning, when Dad went to work early, Mom's nose was red. I asked if she was sick. Mom said she wasn't, but that Dad would be here less often now, because he'd be living somewhere else. That didn't surprise me much - the same way you're not surprised by events that happen, no matter whether you're hoping for them or are worried that they're coming up. I'd heard my parents' fights before, but the previous night's had been different. I heard Mom sobbing and saying broken sentences in a hoarse voice. Dad mostly kept quiet, unless he was whispering something calming. That's when Mom cried even harder. When Dad came into my room I pretended to be asleep, because I was scared of what would happen after we said goodbye to each other.

That evening I eavesdropped on Mom's conversation with Aunt Tamāra, hiding behind the kitchen door. Now I understood that everything was some stranger's fault. Dad had gone to be with another woman.

After that, Mom often had dark blue circles under her eyes in the mornings. On those days I tried to talk less and to stay out of the way. The most innocent questions made her sad, and I often got scolded for no reason.

Mom had started smoking a lot more. I thought she had cancer, because what else would make her lose weight so fast? It had to be cancer. Probably she thought the same thing, because her friends urged her to go see a babka, something like a witch. The

babka had a pretty vague idea of what the diagnosis was, but she suggested that Mom drink a tincture of celandine. A visit to the doctor proved there was no cancer; she'd lost weight because of a nervous breakdown. Mom was convinced that the tincture of celandine had helped. She always told me the main thing was that nobody should even think of pitying her. Before leaving the house, Mom carefully powdered her face, outlined her eyes in black eye pencil, and shaded her eyelids with pearly blue eyeshadow. Those, along with a mildly pink lipstick, were kept in a toiletry case I wasn't allowed to touch. Makeup was expensive and could only be bought on the black market. She used the lipstick and eye pencil sparingly, digging out the last precious scraps of colour with a sharpened match.

Sometimes Mom listened to records in the evenings. Eyes closed, she swayed in the gentle waves of Karel Gott's voice, or hummed along with Joe Dassin's warm French chansons. I stood pressed against the doorframe and wished for these moments not to end so soon. On the evenings when she read Ārija Elksne's poetry - something about graves and cawing ravens - and the earthy smell of valerian floated through the apartment, I stayed well away from her room.

I liked it when there was a party at home. Then Mom's cheeks glowed, her eyes got misty, and she laughed a lot. The air was thick and hot, loud with passages of fast accordion music. Vodka flowed like birch sap in the spring. In the kitchen, the women smoked, hugged each other, kissed each other with moist lips and said

how much they loved each other. They sang all those popular love songs: "By the Amber Sea", "Dark Forests", "Chrysanthemums" and "Waterlilies". I especially liked "The bonfire blazes bright in the dark night" – about parting and lost love. The women sang this one with their eyes closed, with a certain kind of ache in their voices, as if each of them had experienced something like that, even a little. I knew the words to every song and sang along with the choir eagerly. The men, jackets off and ties loose, loudly explained the meaning of life to each other and remembered the old days, how well their fathers had lived. When Uncle Jānis disagreed with Uncle Valdis and had grabbed him by the collar, Mom squeezed in between them and flirtatiously asked them to pour a lady some champagne. The men reluctantly relaxed, and filled glasses briskly. The layered herring salad smelled homey; pork cutlets and boiled potatoes steamed. I ate up the pickles almost all by myself. After I'd secretly eaten the creamy frosting with little glazed nuts off the top of the cake, of course. Mingling with the guests, I found out that my father's wife was a "whore", a "bitch", and that "it will all come back to haunt her". The main point was "you'll see, he'll come crawling back with his tail between his legs, like a beaten dog". The wives seemed to be the experts. The husbands, flushed from vodka, smiled and praised Mom's potato salad. Uncle Valdis, roaring "Hey hey, you lithe black-panther girl!", pulled Mom onto the dance floor. I guess he was holding her too close, because Aunt Anna hurried up right away to talk some sense into her husband. That's what

she said. "Be sensible." That evening, I started waiting. Waiting for Dad to be sensible. Waiting for him to leave the strange woman. I liked my birthdays less. Dad always brought a present and went away quickly. Mom got ready carefully every time he came. I helped her pick out a blouse, and confirmed several times that she looked slender enough. I dressed up too, and acted cheerful. This year I got a carefully wrapped box from Dad, with a huge satin ribbon tied around it. "There's a doll inside," he said conspiratorially. When I opened it, I realized why the box was so light. There was no doll. I hoped the doll would show up if I closed the box and opened it again. No luck. I tried opening it from the other side. Again, no luck. I put it on the table and thought that this had to be a joke. Any minute now, the door would open and Dad would come in with the real surprise. He came in to say goodbye. I didn't dare ask about what had happened to the doll. What if Dad got angry and stopped coming? Later, I didn't want to play with the other kids. I sat on the couch in the other room and stubbornly insisted that I wouldn't blow out the candles on my cake without Dad. Mom's curled hair shook – she was going to tell Dad not to come at all, then. That always worked on me. Then we saw her, that other woman, by accident. Dad got out of a car, but she stayed inside. A blonde in dark sunglasses. I called out: "Look, there's Dad!" Mom's purse slid off her shoulder, and she wobbled on her high heels.

"Let's cross the street," she whispered. She yanked on my hood so hard that I tripped. That's when I understood we were leaving because of her. Because of that woman. One evening, Mom was talking to someone on the phone. I heard short, sharp phrases: "...I still have to think about it", "...I don't know if that will be OK", "it's all very complicated", "why don't you ask her yourself?" Then she hung up and asked me in a hollow voice whether I wanted to visit Dad. I wondered: and that whore, too? But I didn't ask out loud. I wanted to visit Dad. There were windows from floor to ceiling in their apartment, like in the foyer of the Daile Theater. There were paintings hanging on the walls – I noticed several portraits of a woman among them. They also had shelves full of books, that reached the ceiling. I could see all of myself in the hallway mirror with a gilded frame. When I came in, she was sitting at the desk. It wasn't like mine – inherited from my cousin, with legs gnawed on by a collie and a surface that had scratches and pen marks all over it. Her desk was covered in dark lacquer, with curved legs and gilded handles. She was taller than Mom. Her blonde hair hung in stiff curls. The red knit dress she wore emphasized her figure. Mom would never wear something like that. Too provocative, she'd say. Something in a shade of beige or blue would be better. Her name was Kristīne. The woman in the portraits was her. I thought: Why didn't I put on my red skirt? She joked and laughed a lot. She took a box of candy out of the desk, opened it and put it in front of me. Just

opened and put down a whole box. I guess I stared at the assorted shapes too long – she said encouragingly that they were really for me. At home, if someone gave us a box of candy as a present, Mom always hid it in the closet, behind the towels – "just in case." If we had to go visit someone and bring a host gift, we'd be saving money, she said. Candy's very expensive. She did the same thing with the new umbrella and the set of bedclothes we didn't use, which were hidden away in the closet for when I got married. What if I never get married? All that stuff will rot away, I thought in horror. Still, Mom always brought me something when she came home from work. I reached out impatiently for Mom's purse, which smelled like the bus and like stale face powder, from a jar so old the name on the lid faded away long ago. I knew that in the pocket of the purse, there would be a piece of halva, a piece of candy, a bit of Uzbek baklava or a couple of nuts, wrapped in graph paper – treats from friendly factory workers. I sat in Kristīne's kitchen, ate candy and stared at the calendar from overseas with black and white photos of cats. I'd never seen one like that before. We only had a tear-off calendar with namedays and the phases of the moon in it in our kitchen. Then I noticed that Dad was wearing his old slippers, the ones he wore when he lived at home with us. They didn't fit in here, as if the slippers carried a stolen part of the warmth of our shared life. I noticed that as Dad and Kristīne passed each other they touched, just barely. I put back the piece of candy I'd just taken. She asked me all about school and

took an interest in my hobbies. She told me that she worked in some sort of ministry, and had been to Bulgaria and America twice. She gave me a present – a little picture where the image changed when you moved it. Nobody else at school would have one like that. That evening, she made my bed with a duvet. I remember a classmate told me, once, that her dad had been to Poland, and that he'd stayed at a hotel where his bed had a duvet. He'd cut off a little corner of it, to show his family and friends how civilized people sleep. I thought, Maybe I should cut a piece off my blanket too. But I didn't know where to find scissors.

That evening, Dad sat by my bed for a long time, telling me about the book he was reading. Something about World War I. I waited for him to finish, so I could ask questions. Then Kristine came in to say good-night, and joined in a lively conversation about that same war. I understood almost nothing. We weren't studying history at school yet. The two of them debated intently, as if I wasn't there at all. I can't remember Mom and him having such enthusiastic conversations at home, let alone about war.

When Kristine went into the bedroom, Dad stroked my head silently for a long time. The skin of his fingers was dry and rough. I didn't say anything, even though it scratched my cheek. I knew I shouldn't.

I was lying under a fancy blanket, but I was cold. I hadn't thought that I'd miss the heavy quilt and Mom's thin hand on my head before I fell asleep so much. Waking Dad up to give me something warmer felt too awkward. I put on my sweater, which I'd hung

on an elegant blue velvet armchair, and wrapped myself in the lightweight down blanket.

The next morning Kristine came into the room with a loud "Good morning, sweetie", to open the balcony door. It was stuffy, apparently. Only Mom and Dad called me "sweetie". I was still cold. She had a long neck, pale skin that contrasted sharply with her black lace slip, and graceful hands with blood-red fingernails.

Kristine's toasted sandwiches were carelessly made with two kinds of cheese, sliced dried meat and tomatoes. They smelled delicious, but I didn't eat. "Sorry, I'm in a hurry," she said as she ran past, surrounding me in a cloud of fancy perfume.

When she went to work, I greedily ate up all the sandwiches. I went into the bathroom to wash up. Inside, I saw Kristine everywhere – a flowery silk robe, a cherry-red lace bra, foreign shampoos, perfume on the shelf under the mirror. I took it and gave myself a good spray behind the ears. A toothbrush and razor, sitting on top of the cabinet above the bathtub just like at home, were the only signs of Dad.

One of the little mother-of-pearl dishes had different-sized brushes, eye pencils and also scissors in it. I took the scissors without thinking and, hiding them behind my back, went out into the hall. I saw Dad in the kitchen as I passed, reading the paper and drinking coffee, one leg crossed over the other. I pulled the closet open and saw it straight away. I grabbed a red sleeve and started cutting. My heart thumped in my throat. I tore the cloth everywhere I could reach, as if my life depended on it. The metal ends of the scissor blades got stuck in seams. I saw spots. Dad could come

any minute now. I shut the closet door. Scraps of thread glowed red on my hands and dark blue skirt, like veins. I ran into the bathroom, dropped the scissors, cleaned off my clothes. I couldn't breathe. My hands were shaking.

Earlier, as she was going out the door, Kristine had asked,

"I'd like it if you came to visit more often. Will you?" No, I won't.

At home that evening, I disconnected the phone line, and watched to make sure that Mom didn't notice. If she did, I was ready to lie that I'd tripped over it by accident and yanked out the plug.

Mom didn't say anything, just studied my face carefully. She grasped hungrily at every word I said; her hand, holding a cigarette, shook a little. I told her about the duvet, the desk, the bathroom and the red dress. I only mentioned the fact that Kristine had a dress like that. Mom got a bit gloomy, gave the narrow, green-painted kitchen a hollow look, then leaned closer to me and asked:

"Is that her perfume?"

I jerked back and covered my neck. "Mom, I hate it," I said. "I sprayed it on by accident." Mom sat down across from me at the table, looked slantingly at her profile in the window and asked,

"Do you think I need a red dress like that too?"

"No, Mom." I swallowed some spit.

"You don't need red; blue suits you better."

I looked at her hands, at her nearly transparent, slightly peeling cream-coloured nail polish, and asked:

"Could we please open one of the boxes of candy we keep in the closet 'just in case'?"

Mom was quiet for a while. Then she sat up straight and smiled mischievously.

"You know what? Yes, let's open one! We can do it at least once, can't we?" She put out her cigarette and went to the closet. Then she turned around and, as if encouraging herself, said again: "Just for us for once, right?" I stopped her, hugged her and said that I never wanted to go visit Dad again. Mom gave me a kiss and didn't answer. I don't know what I hoped to hear. I didn't even want candy anymore.

A week later, Dad was waiting for me when I got out of school. I desperately wished for wings, so I could fly away. He spotted me first.

He came up and took me by the hand, just like when I was little. I felt my palm turn clammy. Sweat poured down my back; my legs shook and wanted to give way. The time's come, I thought. It's all over.

We got into the car. He was quiet, looking straight ahead tensely. That's how he acted when he didn't know what to say, when he felt confused or emotional. I didn't understand. Finally he said:

"I couldn't reach you on the phone. I... We'd love it if you came to visit more often. Kristine likes you a lot."

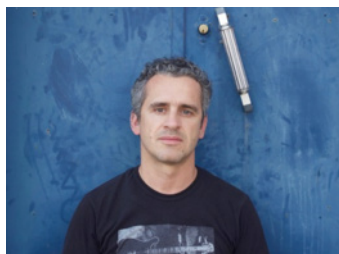
I couldn't stand it anymore. I turned to him and, full of determination, managed to say:

"Dad, that time on my birthday, the pretty box you gave me was empty. There was no doll."

I saw surprise and puzzled alarm in his eyes.

I burst into tears, not wanting to. Unable to wait for him to finally say something, I yelled that the dress was expensive, that it couldn't be fixed.

That I couldn't fix anything anymore.
"What dress?" Dad asked calmly.
I stared at him and swallowed salty
tears, sobbing.
"I don't understand. What dress are
you talking about, sweetie?"
I stopped crying. Through the
window, I noticed the first dandelions
blooming in the roadside grass. I
hadn't noticed that the grass was
already bright green.



José Luís Peixoto
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钢琴公墓的三段

摘录自 José Luís Peixoto

这些年来，实际发生的事情与我脑海中一直扭曲的事物之间没有任何区别。记忆中那些沉闷的照片和那些残酷而粗暴的词语之间没有区别，但这些词语仅仅是由罪恶而构成的反思。时间 - 就像一堵墙，一座塔楼，任何建筑 - 都会阻止真相与谎言之间的分歧。时间将真相和谎言混合在一起。发生的事情与我所期盼的事情以及他们告诉我发生的事情混合在了一起。我的记忆并非来自自身。我的记忆是被时间扭曲，与我自身混合， - 我的恐惧，我的内疚和悔恨。当我记得四岁时在院子里玩耍时，我不知道那时候眼睛看到的图像到底在哪儿，有哪些图像始终伴随着我，或是无论何时当我想要回忆起那天下午时，图

Then Dad took my hand. I squeezed,
hard.
"Let's go!" he said. "Let's go get your
doll."

像从哪里开始。那个下午我把时间花在桃树枝上。地球上布置的光线就像花边的形状，就像一束带有桃花树枝和叶子的花边床罩，它们颤抖着。除了缠绕的树梢之外，也一定有天空和鸟，因为这是五月一个平静的下午。我的母亲在厨房里。偶尔我瞥见她透过窗户玻璃看我的脸。我的姐妹们也许在他们的房间，或者在我不知道的其他地方。我四岁时，所知甚少。我坐在院子的地上堆叠木板，这些木板是我父亲从工作间带回来的剩余木材，而我试着在把它制成小木屋。一条母狗缓缓走过，她棕色的眼睛迷失在地板上。在一棵桔树下，掩埋着的是一条生锈的长丝。我想我可以记得当我四岁时用身体起身双手拉出一块电线的时刻。我如今回忆这一刻，却同样缺乏清晰的一面。我现在看到的是平面，是在我走过的路上一个接一个地看到树梢与树叶混合在一起的画面，如同液体的颜色相互溶解的图像。那一天，我坐在我堆积的木板旁，这是我制作的小木屋。我拿

着电线，并开始用它寻找笨拙的形状。在我的手上有划痕的土和锈。我听到大门向街道开口的移动。这是我的兄弟，他微笑着。他的衣服被木屑弄脏了，他是我们父亲的徒弟，他下班回家。他在注意到我手中有电线之前对我说了些什么。我母亲用锄头过去的花圃正在他身后绽放。西蒙是一个十岁的小伙子。

有时他会把手放在口袋里然后微笑。当我在记得他从那一天出现的那些日子里，我的第一个印象是他的双手插在口袋里，笑了起来。那天下午，他把他的衬衫从裤子上取下来。当他使用手中的电线看到我时，他朝我迈了三步。从那时起，一切都非常的快。现在我记得，这一切都非常缓慢。

西蒙的手比我大，他试图从我身上取下电线。我不知道他选择告诉我什么类似我不应该玩弄电线的话，因为在我能够理解他们之前或许只是作为一种反射，因为在那一刻，这像是它如何也许是因为我也知道应该做什么，也许没有理由。但我没有立即放弃电线。我用双手坚持着。我感觉到我兄弟在生锈的铁丝上的力量，他用他所有的力量抵抗着我的手掌。而且速度非常快，我知道这只是一瞬间，但现在看起来好像是每分钟一小时。每一个动作都分裂的十分缓慢。电线的尖端向我兄弟的脸部移动。仿佛有一条直线可以展示它的道路。电线的生锈尖端向前移动着。在一次动作中他的脸被导线的尖端接触到右眼潮湿白色部分，他轻轻地按下，不可逆转地沉入裂缝中。我的兄弟放下电线开始退后，他把双手放在右眼上。这是绝对沉默的时刻。我四岁时就知道发生了一些可怕的事情。我的兄弟正在抓紧他的脸，让我听到了以前从未听到过的痛苦。他们没有哭泣。而是慢慢地摧毁他痛苦的声音。我四岁时，仍然坚持着电线。那是母亲通过厨房窗户玻璃看到我们的那一刻。当我们的母亲从门外跑出来时，那一刻结束了，问道：“发生了什么事？发生了什么事？”我什么也没说。我的兄弟正握着他的脸，从他的手背后出现了一条血迹，他的手臂滑落在

他的脸颊和脖子上。鲜血流成一条线，顺着他的手腕流淌在他内臂光滑平滑的皮肤上，从肘尖开始滴落。我们的母亲不知道发生了什么，接近他说道，“冷静下来，冷静下来。”母亲的声音萦绕在身边。我们试图寻找一种宁静。

她对他说：“让我看看发生了什么。”西蒙仍然试图相信可能发生的事情没有发生，他慢慢地把手拉开。通过血液，我和母亲看到他的右脸是一个血腥的洞，那里是空洞的白色皮肤还有原本扁平的虹膜圆形并且滑落在他脸上与血液混合的一个厚厚的粘稠物质，就像之前在眼睛里面是鸡蛋的白色一样。在西蒙脸上的左边，另一只眼睛伤得无辜，我等着我妈妈的反应。四岁的我仍然执着地拿着电线。而当我母亲无法阻止撕裂她的苦涩而哭泣时，我放开了它。我的兄弟冲进屋里去覆盖他的脸，我的姐妹们也冲出厨房跑进院子里。

在支持我母亲的人们的身体之间，我的姐妹们互相抱着哭泣，在用干净的毛巾包围着我的兄弟的人之间，很快就变得血淋淋的。我四岁了，被一种恐惧割裂。我保持沉默，我的眼睛仍然张开，被刀锋之类的恐惧所消耗。在某一个时刻，我父亲走进厨房。没有人能阻止他。一切静的只能听到他的呼吸声。他穿越我们之间，拉着我兄弟的胳膊，并与他后面的厨房里的男人一同去了医院。当他们离开的时候是夜间。门砰的一声被关上时，只剩下我母亲和姐妹们的焦虑，以及邻居女性们试图安抚他们的嘶嘶声。在其他人的阴影中，这些邻居女人中的一位碰到了火柴，于是点燃了桌上的油灯。从那时起，我母亲和姐妹们的哭声开始减弱。邻居女人开始说再见然后离开。我们独自一人呆在厨房 - 厨房地板的石头，木桌和长凳。透过油灯的灯光和阴影，我的母亲和姐妹们睁大了眼睛看他们只能看到的一张照片。寒冷的时间过去了，刀片的尖叫声还未停止。傍晚时分，我的父亲和西蒙保持沉默。我兄弟右侧包裹着绷带覆盖他的眼睛。没有人说过一句话。我们去睡觉了。那天晚上就像随后几

个月的夜晚。我们内心的沉重将我们拉向最黑暗的内部。几个月过去了。我的哥哥从未回到父亲和我的工作间工作。在取下绷带后的几个星期里，他穿着他们在医院给他的皮革补丁。有一天他出现时眼睛清澈而且没有遮盖，盖子被空白的眼睛拉伸，变得白皙。在医院里，医生告诉他，他可以回去做他以前做的所有事情；但是当谈到作为学徒再回到车间时，我的父亲谈到了很多事情，换句话说，他告诉他不可能。他让他等一会儿，然后他改变了话题。有一天晚餐时，他还没有过十二岁 - 我的兄弟决定告诉我们，他已经做了一些石匠助手的工作。那是他父亲在他失明后第一次打他。之后，他多次生他的气，多次打他。多年来他从未对我生气，也从未打过我。我一直很清楚，我的父亲对我的哥哥生气并打他，因为这是他处理悲伤的方式，自从那天下午我哥哥的一只眼睛失明后，他感到了被伤害。这是他惩罚他的方式。对我来说，同样清楚的是，我的父亲没有因为我而生气，也没有因为同样的原因而打我。那是他惩罚我的方式。

当时间放在桌子上的时候，我们是五个人：我的父亲，我的母亲，我的姐妹们和我。然后是我的姐姐结婚了。那么，我的妹妹结婚了。然后，我的父亲去世了。今天，当时间放在桌子的时候，我们有五个，除了我的姐姐在她自己的家里，除了我的年轻人姐姐，她在自己家里，除了我的父亲，除了我的丧偶母亲。每一个他们是在桌子的空白处我一个人吃。但他们会一直在这里。当需要设置表格时，我们总是五个。只要我们中的一个还活着，我们就会总是五个。

另一个夏日的下午即将结束。玛塔已经是一个女人，她已经十六岁了。玛丽亚尴尬地模仿了她的所有姿态 - 她十四岁。在厨

房里，我们的妈妈正在做一些简单而多余的事情，另一个夏日的午后也即将结束。通过卧室窗户进入的亮度，触及窗帘的褶皱，是黄色和甜蜜的蜂蜜。在窗外，太阳落在建筑物上，一会儿就变成白炽灯。这个轻盈感触着我姐姐玛塔的脸，坐在她的床上，接触到我妹妹玛丽亚的脸，她坐在地板上，坐在她的脚上，膝盖弯曲在她面前，靠在墙上。玛塔有一个男朋友，但是没有人知道，除了玛丽亚。有时候在吃晚饭时，玛丽亚和玛塔交换了一下延伸，因为有些东西提醒他们他们的秘密。玛丽亚梦见自己也会拥有男朋友的那一天，她梦见了自己。一瞬间，就像闪电一样，她相信她能看到他的脸：每一个细节，眼睛，嘴唇，真实的线条。玛塔和玛丽亚的声音和梦想混合在一起。玛尔塔描述了她所感受到的一切，她描述了她与男友的所有小碰撞，她相信的一切，她所承认的一切。玛丽亚描述了她浪漫小说中阅读的故事，她描述了他们如何结束，她说，“如果这没有发生，如果没有发生，如果他没有嫉妒，如果她没有'玛丽亚听她的姐姐，好像她终于遇到了一部浪漫小说中的女主角。玛尔塔倾听她的姐姐，想象自己与言情小说中的女主角有着同样的困境。他们的声音是女性化的，是发光的。下午缓慢地结束。西蒙结束工作后到了，我和我的母亲随后到来。时间对世界的物体和世界的运动都是平静的。我父亲迟到了。在那之前，天幕沉降，像撕碎的纸飘落一般。

Three excerpts from The Piano Cemetery

by José Luís Peixoto

There's no difference between what actually happened and what I kept distorting in my imagination, over

and over again, across the years. There's no difference between the dull pictures I remember, and the raw, cruel words I think I remember but which are merely reflections constructed out of guilt. Time – like a wall, a tower, any construction – makes their stop being differences between truth and lie. Time mixes truth and lie together. What happened mixes together with what I want to have happened and with what they told me happened. My memory isn't my own. My memory is me distorted by time and mixed up with myself – with my fear, with my guilt, with my repentance. When I remember being four years old and playing in the yard, I don't know where the images end that my four-year-old eyes saw and which remain with me to this day, and where the images begin that I invented whenever I tried to remember that afternoon. It was an afternoon that I was spending among the branches of the peach trees. The light, laid out on the earth, was like shapes in lace, like a lace bedspread with the pattern of peach tree branches and leaves that shivered. Beyond the tangled treetops, there must have been the sky and the birds, because it was a peaceful May afternoon. My mother was in the kitchen. Occasionally I saw her face looking at me through the glass of the window. My sisters were perhaps in their room, or somewhere else I didn't know. I was four years old and there were many things I didn't know. I was sitting on the earth of the yard. I was stacking planks that were leftover wood my father had brought back from the workshop and which I was making into little huts. The bitch went slowly by, her brown eyes lost on the

ground. Under an orange tree, half-buried, was a long piece of rusty wire. I think I can remember the moment when my four-year-old body got up to pull the piece of wire two-handed from out of the earth. I can see this moment with the same lack of clarity with which I now look to one side and can make out treetops, leaves mixed together, one after another as I pass. Like an image of liquid colours dissolving into one another. That day I sat back down beside my piled-up planks, which were the little huts I had made. I held the wire and began to find clumsy shapes with it. On my hands I had scratches of earth and rust. I heard the movement of the gate to the street opening. It was my brother, smiling. His clothes were dirty with sawdust because he was our father's apprentice and he was coming home from work. He said something to me in greeting before noticing that I had the wire in my hand. The flowerbeds my mother had been over with a hoe were blossoming behind him. Simão was a lad of ten years old. Sometimes he'd put his hands in his pocket and laugh. When I remember him in the days that came before that day, the first image that comes to me is him with his hands in his pockets, laughing. That afternoon he had his shirt untucked from his trousers. When he saw me with the wire in my hand, he took three quick steps towards me. From then it was all very fast, but now, as I recall it, it's all very slow. Simão's hands were bigger than mine and tried to get the wire off me. I don't know what words he chose to tell me I shouldn't play with bits of wire, because before I was able to understand them, perhaps as a reflex, perhaps because at that moment it

seemed that that was how it had to be, perhaps because I also knew what ought to be done, perhaps for no reason, for no reason, I didn't let go of the wire right away. I held on to it with both hands. I felt my brother's strength on the rusty wire pulling with all his strength against the palms of my hands. And it was very fast, I know it was just a moment, but now it seems like it was every minute of an hour. Every movement split. Everything very slow. The tip of the wire moved towards my brother's face. As though there was a straight line there to show it the way. The rusty tip of the wire moved forwards. His face. In a single movement the tip of the wire touched the damp white part of his right eye, pressed it lightly and sank, irreversible, into a rip. My brother let go of the wire, stepped back and brought both his hands to his right eye. It was a moment of absolute silence. I was four years old and I knew that something terrible had happened. My brother was gripping his face and making sounds of pain like I'd never heard before. They weren't cries. They were the sounds of a pain that was destroying him slowly. I was four years old and I was still holding on to the wire. That was the moment our mother saw us through the glass of the kitchen window. The moment ended when our mother came running out through the door, asking, 'What happened? What happened?' I couldn't say anything. My brother was holding his face, and from behind his hands threads of blood were appearing that slipped down his arm and down his cheek and down his neck. They were threads of very living blood that ran down his wrists, over the light,

smooth skin of his inner arms, and dripped off the tip of his elbow. Our mother, who had no idea what was going on, approached him, saying, 'Calm down, calm down.' With no idea what was going on, trying for a serene, motherly voice, she said to him, 'Let's see what's happened.' Simão, still wanting to believe there might be a possibility that what had happened hadn't happened, drew his hands away slowly. Through the blood my mother and I saw how the right side of his face was a bloody hole where there was the empty white skin of the eye, the flattened circular design of the iris, and that slipping down his face mixed with the blood was a thick, viscous substance, like the white of an egg, that had previously been inside his eye. On the left side of Simão's face, the other eye, hurt and innocent, waited to see my mother's reaction. I was four years old and I was still holding on to the wire. I let go of it when my mother couldn't stop the bitter cry that tore through her. My brother went back to covering his face. My sisters came running into the yard from the kitchen door. Neighbours came in from the door to the street. My mother shouted with all the strength she had in her throat. Someone went to fetch my father from the workshop. Someone grabbed me by the waist, picked me up off the earth of the yard and took me in to the kitchen. Between the bodies of the people who were supporting my mother, between my sisters clinging to one another crying, between the people who surrounded my brother with clean towels, soon drenched in blood, I was four years old and I was consumed by a fear like blades. I was silent, still, my eyes open, wide, being

consumed by a fear like blades. At a certain moment my father came into the kitchen. No one could stop him. Only his breathing could be heard. He went through between the people, took my brother by the arm, and with the men who were in the kitchen following him they went to the hospital. When they left it was nighttime. As the door slammed shut, all that remained was my mother's and sisters' anxiety, followed by the drawling voices of the neighbour women trying to console them. It was one of these neighbour women who, amid the shadows of the others, struck a match and lit the oil lamp on the table. From then, as my mother's and sisters' crying started to weaken, the neighbour women began to say goodbye and leave. We were left alone in the kitchen – the stones of the kitchen floor, the wooden table and benches. Through the light and the shadows of the oil lamp, my mother and sisters had their eyes open to a picture only they could see. Cold time passed, with shrieks and blades. Late in the evening, my father and Simão arrived in silence. My brother had the right side of his head wrapped in bandages that covered his eye. No one said a thing. We went to sleep. That night was like the nights of many months that followed. There was a heavy weight within us, pulling us towards our blackest insides. Months passed. My brother never went back to working with my father at the workshop. After removing the bandages, for some weeks he wore the leather patch they gave him at the hospital. One day he appeared with his eye clean and uncovered, the lid stretched and white over the empty eye. In the hospital, the doctor told

him he could go back to doing everything he did before; but when Simão talked about going back to the workshop as an apprentice, my father talked about a lot of things and, always in other words, showed him that it couldn't be. He asked him to wait a little longer and he changed the subject. One night, at dinner – he hadn't yet turned twelve – my brother decided to tell us that he'd fixed up some work as a stonemason's assistant. That was the first time my father hit him after the day he lost his sight. After that he got angry with him many times, and hit him many times. Over all those years he never got angry with me, and never hit me. It was always clear to me that my father got angry with my brother and hit him because this was his way of dealing with the sadness, with the hurt he felt since that afternoon when my brother had become blind in one eye. This was his way of punishing him. It was always equally clear to me that my father didn't get angry with me and didn't hit me for the same reason. That was his way of punishing me.

when it was time to set the table, we were five:
my father, my mother, my sisters and me. then my older sister got married. then, my younger sister got married. then, my father died. today,
when it's time to set the table, we are five,
except for my older sister who is in her own home, except for my younger sister, who is in her own home, except for my

father, except for my widowed mother.
each one
of them is an empty space at the table
where
I eat alone. but they'll always be here.
when it's time to set the table, we'll
always be five.
as long as one of us is alive, we'll
always be five.

Another summer afternoon comes
to an end. Marta is already a woman,
she's sixteen years old. Maria imitates
all her gestures awkwardly – she is
fourteen years old. In the kitchen our
mother is doing something simple,
superfluous, and another summer
afternoon comes to an end. The
lightness that comes in through the
bedroom window, that touches the
folds in the curtains, is yellow and
sweet-honey. Beyond the window,
the sun comes down on buildings
and for a moment turns their edges
incandescent. The lightness touches
the face of my sister Marta, sitting
on her made bed, and touches the
face of my sister Maria, sitting on the
floor, sitting on her feet, knees bent
in front of her, leaning against the
wall. Marta has a boyfriend, and no
one knows, no one must know, except
for Maria. Sometimes at dinner Maria
and Marta exchange a look because
something has reminded them of
their secrets. Maria dreams of the day
when she too will have a boyfriend,
she dreams about him. For a few
moments, like a lightning flash, she
believes she can see his face: every
detail, the eyes, the lips, the lines that
are so real. Marta and Maria's voices
and dreams are mingled together.
Marta describes everything she feels,
she describes a thousand times all

the little encounters she has with her
boyfriend, everything she believes,
everything she understands. Maria
describes the stories she has read
in romance novels, she describes
how they end, she says, 'If this
hadn't happened, and if that hadn't
happened, if he hadn't been jealous, if
she hadn't been proud.' Maria listens
to her sister as though she has finally
met a heroine from a romance novel.
Marta listens to her sister, imagining
herself having the same dilemmas
as the heroine from a romance
novel. Their voices are feminine, and
luminous. The afternoon draws to an
end slowly. Simão arrives from work,
comes by me and my mother. Time
is calm over the objects of the world,
and in the motion of the world. My
father will arrive later. Until then,
the evening falling, like torn paper
raining down from the sky.



Aleš Šteger
斯洛文尼亚 Slovenia

欧洲

本首由 梁秉钧 译

你仍然兜售这故事：土耳其人
在维也纳城门外，假装把帐篷拆除。
他们蒙起脸孔，扮作售卖烤肉串
直至如今他们还在等待机会
从小亭里跳出来扭断你的脖子。

虽然你的部落永远消失
在你野蛮意图的沼泽里
你自己也分不清楚哥德人、
斯拉夫人、盎格鲁人与法兰克人的头骨，
但你仍然相信只有儿子溅血才能让你振兴。

你仍然以为你会把我们骗倒。
我闭上疲惫的眼睛，你出现，
彷如打着鼾生孩子的肥胖多毛的女人，
彷如在黑暗里这女人旁边那个
想着美国偷偷地手淫的男人。

At the gates of Vienna, dismantling
their tents only as a ruse.
And how masquerading as kebab
vendors
Even now they're only waiting for the
right moment
To leap out from their kiosks and cut
your throats.

No matter that your tribes are lost
forever
In the marshes of your barbaric
designs
And even you can't tell the skull of a
Goth from the skull
Of a Slav from the skull of an Angle
from the skull of a Frank,
Still you believe only your sons' spilt
blood will rejuvenate you.

Still you think you'll give the lie to all
of us.
When I close my tired eyes, you
appear
In the form of a hairy fat woman who
gives birth while snoring
And of the man in the dark beside her
secretly masturbating,
Thinking about America.

Europe

Translated by
W. Martin and Tom Lozar

Even now you peddle the story of the
Turks

牙签

微不足道的一丁点儿还没消化的肉迷了路
它在召唤一次反抗。

一反常态的身体陷入叛乱。它从你的嘴里
发出信号。
尽管你不讲话。

尽管你不允许任何人
以你的名义讲话。

可它在没完没了大声喊叫，
煽动一场起义，施加压力。

你尝试用舌头除掉它，
但没有言辞可以压制它的反抗。

波吕斐摩斯口中一个小小的罗伯斯庇尔。
只是没一丝诡秘的运气，没有站在他那一
边的众神和众民。

你从你的良心里把他取出来，将正在折磨
你的磨碎。
革命被平定。

虽说最后一棵椴树¹倒下。
你摊伸在她的树桩上，杵断一根尖刺，打
饱嗝。

牙签从你嘴里伸出像一名百夫长的矛，
它已将王国净化。

牙齿里的黑洞窃窃私语：
有一天这王国也会从它自己里边坍塌。

注解 1：椴树：斯洛文尼亚国树。斯洛文
尼亚文化中，“Lipa”（椴树）是美好聚
会的象征。

Toothpick

Translated by Brian Henry

A bit of undigested meat has gotten
lost
And is calling for a revolt.

Rebellious foreign body. It signals
from your mouth.
Although you do not speak.

Although you allowed no one to speak
In your name.

But it keeps yelling,
Incites an uprising, applies pressure.

You try to remove it with the tongue,
But there are no words that would
silence its protest.

A little Robespierre in Polyphemus'
mouth.
But without sly fortune, without gods
and flocks on his side.

You extract him from your conscience,
grind what is gnawing you.
Down with the revolution.

Although the last linden falls.
You sprawl on her stump, break off a
splinter and belch.

The toothpick juts from your mouth
like a centurion's spear,
Which cleansed the empire.

The black hole in the tooth whispers:
This kingdom also will collapse on
itself one day.

刀

它们悬在那儿刚刚被磨过。
在微弱的光线中。光。
肉店隶属一宗大型家族企业。
两百万屠夫和顾客。

顾客和屠夫。你很难区分他们。
因为某些人是其他人。而其他人又是另
一些其他人。

买家穿上溅满血渍的围裙。
屠夫打开钱包购买一条还在颤搐的带肩前
腿肉。

这些刀冷冷看着你，眼闭着。
它们记得它们曾去过哪里，冥想过什么。

如果你伸手抓取，会感到刀把在隐隐战栗。
黄昏时刀刃将死亡反射进它们曾刺入的部
位。

可骨头在哪里？那些名字在哪里？
看吧，看，它们也卡在你的喉咙里。

当你说话，你也在和那些被谋杀者的沉默
谈话。
它们卡在你的十二指肠里。

当你需要离开，你排泄出在你出生前被屠
宰掉的产物。
它们散布在你胸部的浅层。

当你因为急事匆忙动身，
在你脚下爆裂的可不是易拉罐和断落的树
枝。

它们在哪？它们在哪？它们在哪里？
人人了解它们。没人记得住。

Knives

Translated by Brian Henry

They hang there freshly sharpened.
In the glimmering light. Light.

The butcher's shop is a big family
enterprise.
Two million butchers and customers.

Customers and butchers. You hardly
discern them.
For some are others. And others are
others.

The buyer puts on the blood-stained
apron.
The butcher opens a purse for a still
twitching shoulder.

The knives watch you coldly, with
closed eyes.
They remember where they were,
what they mediated.

If you grab them, you feel a slight
shiver in the handles.
At dusk the blades reflect the deaths
into which they were thrust.

But where are the bones? Where are
the names?
Look, look, they are also stuck in your
throat.

And when you speak, you also speak
with the silence of the murdered.
They are stuck in your duodenum.

And when you need to go, you shit
what was slaughtered before your
birth.

They are scattered in your shallow chest.

And when you get off in haste after urgent business,
It is not cans and brushwood that crack under your feet.

Where are they? Where are they?
Where are they?
Everyone knows about them. No one remembers.

浪漫派和现实派

当我们从雪中采集到珍珠，神秘开始融化。没有日照，白色群山成为一条翻涌暗棕雪泥的河，一条狂暴的河。我们立在岸边，观看在空荡荡的瓶子和树木碎片间，一条河如何卷走死去的天使，他们曾在雪下安睡。他们真美啊，我们说，哪怕在这条肮脏的河里，他们折断的翅仍是白的，他们的脸完好如初。我们中的另一些人随即返家，为了梦到更多天使，和我们做过的梦：我们躺在一座沙漏的底部，从我们头顶天空明亮的开口处，雪坠落，覆盖我们。与此同时，我们中的另一些，跑去取他们的钓鱼装备，开始一场垂钓天使的竞赛。屠夫加入他们，在心醉神迷的拍摄者和人群面前，一旦天使坠地，他们便开始挥刀劈砍，将厚肉块与内脏和翅膀分开，后者不久将在拍卖会上被出售。这是一些现实主义者，这些近距离热爱天使，并将稍后在火刑柱上烧毁他们的那些人。而我们所遭遇的并不会更好。白色被抹去，我们也身亡其中，在同一瞬间，我们感知到缚住我们的鱼钩，因为我们仅仅为了这所有世界上最美好的颜色而继续存活。

The Romantic and the Realist School

Translated by Tom Ložar

Once we'd gathered the pearls from the snow, the mysteries began to melt. There was no sun, and the white hills became a raging river of brown slush. We stood on the banks, watching how, among the empty bottles and the pieces of wood, the river was bearing away the dead angels, that had been asleep under the snow. How beautiful they are, we said, how even in this dirty river, their broken wings stay white, their faces untouched. Some of us went home at once to dream more angels and dream we did, that we lay on the floor of an hourglass, that, from the bright opening in the sky above us, snow was falling down and covered us. Others, meanwhile, ran to get their fishing tackle and began an angel fishing derby. Butchers joined them, who, in front of the photographers and crowds delirious, began to chop the angels up, as soon as they were landed, separating hunks of meat from entrails and wings, the latter later sold at auction. These were the realists, people who loved angels from up close and would later burn at the stake. Nor did we fare much better. The whiteness in which we died was swept away, and all at once we felt the hooks that tied us, while we were still alive to this only, this therefore best of all worlds.

普图伊 ---- 普拉盖尔斯科 ---- 卢布尔雅那

天气出人意料地变凉。
连绵的阿尔卑斯山峰和一轮致幻的月悬在西方。
你能感觉到。它像你衣袋里的一枚硬币。
售票员从玻璃窗隔板下将它滑出，
连同一张途径普拉盖尔斯科，从普图伊到卢布尔雅那的单程车票。
票上的一个小洞告诉你发生的错误。
不过，及时返程应该可能，
将你自己从双足踏过的小径上抹去，
纠正你的方向，一切从头来过，
当你，在轨道悲戚的独白中迷途，追忆，
也只能与你刚沉默道别的时空重逢。
你将头靠在咔哒作响的窗边。闭上双眼。

你额头中心的一块印记有一滴松香树脂的形状，
那是护林人的利斧猛地一劈，在扭结的橡树干上所留下的。
穿过雪地和腐叶，樵夫们正涌来。
他们的躯体坚硬紧实，盛满对树冠不可按捺的渴望，
他们的嘴唇因此而皴裂，燃烧。
他们在树林毫无遮蔽的睡眠中到来，
树皮对链锯的饥渴一无所知。
冰冻的静默里，截肢术在进行。
一个孩子切开一块蛋糕。油料的臭味消匿，
空气里，倒下的巨物的低音嘶嘶作响。

当根须苏醒，
留存的只有隐没入无形的轮胎碾痕和灌木中树干的黑色印迹，提醒着它们曾养育过的，那能碰触到天空的，是什么。
普图伊 ---- 普拉盖尔斯科 ---- 卢布尔雅那。
只有当你从残余的树桩间离开，你才会了解流亡的意味。
出人意料地，无处不在变凉。
堆叠的树桩上延绵着印记。愚蠢的月。

PTUJ – PRAGERSKO – LJUBLJANA

Translated by Ana Jelnicar and Anne Talvaz

The weather cooled unexpectedly. A chain of Alpine peaks
And a hallucinogenic moon hanging all day long in the west.
You can feel it. It feels like the coin in your pocket.
The clerk slid it under the glass partition,
Together with a single from Ptuj to Ljubljana, via Pragersko.
The hole in the ticket tells you there has been a mistake.
Somehow, it should be possible to go back in time,
To erase yourself from the path you trod,
To correct your direction, to start all over again,
And you, lost in the sad monotony of the tracks, looking back,
Can only meet the space and time you just left with silence.
You lean your head against the rattling window. You close your eyes.

In the middle of your forehead a mark forms like a gum of resin
Under the quick slash of a forester's axe on a twisted trunk of the oak.
Through the patches of snow and rotting leaves the woodsmen are coming.
Their bodies hard and tight with unbearable yearning for the treetops, Which makes their lips crack and burn.
They come when the trees are bare and asleep,
And the bark has no inkling of the

chain saw's hunger.
Amputation happens in frozen
silence.
A child cuts into its cake. The smell of
fuel is cut off,
And through the air the silent hiss of a
falling giant.

When the roots wake,
There will only be fading tyre-tracks
And trunks' black trail in the
undergrowth to remind them
Of whom they once nourished, so
they would be able to touch the sky.
Ptuj – Pragersko – Ljubljana.
Only if you leave between the stumps,
you know what exile means.
Everywhere the weather has cooled
unexpectedly.
Chain marks on the stacked trunks.
Fool moon.

符号

他写作，置入符号，逐渐变得热情。
以一种看来完全无用的活动，他在浪费生命。

无人关心他正在做的。
孩子们四处奔跑，不曾留意他们抹掉了他的努力。

尽管如此，他确定，宇宙的命运
在他手中，取决于他的坚持。

已经被揭示过许多次的，
将再次被揭示。

他的活动延伸这些词，“海之沫”，
“折扇”，“此”，“在场”。

他继续着，那随诗的诱惑而来的
狡黠的隐秘。

疲惫的海滨浴者抖掉他们身上的毛巾，
他们已在沙砾中躺着度过一整天。

留下的是对沙的印象，将一次再一次被抹去。
那里有对夏季终了的反抗。

He writes

Translated by Brian Henry

He writes, places marks, becomes
excited,
Wastes his whole life on an apparently
useless activity.

No one notices his undertaking.
Children run around, unaware they
erase his efforts.

Despite everything, he's convinced
that the fate of the universe
Is in his hands, depends on his
persistence.

What was uncovered countless times
Will be uncovered again.

His activity prolongs the word foam,
The word fan, the word this, the word
presence.

It prolongs the artful veiling
That accompanies the seducer, poetry.

Weary bathers shake the towels

They were lying on all day on the
sand.

What remains is an impression that
will be erased again and again.
What there is is the revolt against the
end of summer.

站立在你的王国的边陲

均由梁俪真翻译

站立在你的王国的边陲，
我们已缝上了嘴唇，

你已将我们的名字存档，
鱼和风会啃啮它。

在我们的骨头的重量下，
你那最恒久的圣徒们让步。

立在你的王国的金色大门前，
为你，我们已将我们的名字缝入唇舌。

舌燃烧着，我们进入哑默。

从另一侧，我们已将边境线
永久地，无声地，缝入你。

In Front of the Border

Translated by Brian Henry

In front of the border of your kingdom
We have sewn our mouths.

You have stored our names in the
archives,
Which are gnawed by fish and the
wind.

Your most enduring saints succumbed
Beneath the weight of our bones.

In front of the golden doors to your
kingdom
We have sewn our names for you into
our mouths.

We enter mute, with burning tongues.

From the other side we have sewn the
border
Silently and permanently into you.

反气旋

气象学家们不会告诉你
大雪已覆盖丛林。
但炉中的火焰记得；
当山毛榉仍矗立
我曾拥抱它的树皮。

被锯断，劈开，堆放成垛，
你最后一次尝试将我拽入
你双腿间那涌出一滴泪的伤口。
你模糊地感知到我不反对这砍伐。

一只手循拨火棍伸入火炉，
火知道这弯钩
不会在焰苗上留下痕迹。
你和我：每一次碰触永远停留在手掌间。

我用了好几年才终于烧毁了你。
但直到今天，才有雪在屋中落下。

没有人，甚至那些

在气旋图前尴尬微笑的男士们
也不会告诉你，在最严酷的隆冬
我们仍会用我们的灼伤碰触彼此。

ANTI-CYCLONE

Translated by Tom Ložar

The meteorologists will not tell you
Snow has buried the forests,
But the fire in the ceramic stove
remembers:
I was hugging bark while the oak
stand stood.

Felled now, sawn, stacked in piles —
For the last time, there you were
taking me



Jaime Santirso
西班牙 Spain

- 你知道吗, Robert, 我读了你的“致明天”,
我真的很喜爱它, 但是

Robert Gris 在迟到一个半小时后, 下楼
来到了酒店大堂。当他出现时, 他的脸因
缺乏睡眠和昨夜的伏特加而显得浮肿。他

Into the smoldering wound between
your legs.
You knew, didn't you, I'd consented to
clear-cutting.

The hand follows the poker into the
stove and the fire knows
The forged hook will leave no traces
On its flames.
But you and me: our every touch,
recorded forever on the hand.

It took years and years to finally burn
you down,
It took until today, and the snow
snowing in the house.

And nobody, not even the gentlemen
Grinning, embarrassed, under their
cyclone charts,
Knew how to say that in the midst of
deepest winter even
We touch each other with our burns.

想吃点东西。当他走向餐厅时, 我出门告
诉司机我们很快就可以走了。他放下心来 -
在过去的一小时里, 他每十分钟就要问下
客人的情况。我进入餐厅。现在对吃早餐
来说有点晚了, 所以大部分桌子都空了。
Robert 选了一个靠窗的桌子。冬日早晨苍

白清冷的光线映照在路对面建筑物的玻璃
上。我在他对面坐下, 心想在等了那么久
后我可以随意点了。他仍面无表情, 所以
我想我也能一起吃个早餐。但再仔细翻阅
菜单又可能显得太随意了, 所以点了一份
他正在吃的 - 一份英式早餐。

Robert Gris 是一位年将五十, 长相普通
的男人; 在他身上看不出一点能和他靠写
诗谋生这事联系起来的地方。这也可能
是一种惯常的误解; 他所在的领域不是我所
熟知的。他的《就职典礼》一篇是很好打
破沉默的话题, 之后我们开始了谈话, 谈
话中, 他很快开始穿插着西班牙语和英语
讲述。每一次语言的转换, 他的个性似乎
也随之转换 - 说英语时, 他听起来柔弱,
但是说西班牙语时, 他那明显的阳刚的古
巴口音更吻合他的外貌。很快我自己也陷
入了这种混合的表达中, 一种我猜对于一
个拉丁裔美国人来说是正常的疯狂的混
合。Robert 告诉我他被约稿三首诗, 虽然
他偏好那首灵感来自他母亲的诗, 但最后
被选中的是“致明天”。我知道他说的那
首诗, 当我等他时, 十分钟之前, 我在手
机上读了这篇, 但是我现在打算闭口不谈。
我想等到我们都坐到车后座时再告诉我
我想要说的。

- 你知道吗, Robert, 我读了“致明天”,
我真的很喜爱它, 但是...我对它不押韵的
事实感到惊讶。
- 噢, 不用押韵。没有人再追求押韵了。
就在我听到这些话的时候, 我明白了。
这首诗来源于, 像大多数一样, 一个女人。
我爱的第一个女孩和一个反复出现的幻
想: 想着我把手放在你的额头上, 你能接
收到我此时此刻正在想的, 它会进入你脑
中, 你能看到我所看到的, 消除所有的障
碍, 不需要语言。如果能交换思想那是多
么美妙。直到有一天, 当我坐下, 一气呵
成地写下了一篇 27 行 4 页纸的文章。写
完后, 我又回头读了几次, 不知道它是什
么, 但对它很满意 - 它以一种优美的方式
呈现了我想说的。我跟一些亲密的朋友分
享了它, 他们喜欢它, 但是没有一个人说
的任何话能帮我更好地理解它。我也把文
章发给了她, 但是她从来没去读它。之后

我为做这事感到羞愧。
那时我在学新闻学, 所以我转而向我的
一个教授求助。我的其中一门课程叫做叙
事写作, 由学者 Francisco Pérez-Niebla
任教, 他有着通过划出明晰的合理的内
容来从千头万绪信息中理出头绪的卓越能
力, 一个传播理论模型以这个创建者而命
名。这课堂上, 学生们一周聚在一起一次,
在两小时中写出一篇评论专栏, 下课时我
们再将这篇文章交给 Pérez-Niebla。之后
他会家里审批我们的文章并在下次课上
带来, 同时尽量保持对这份职业未来的信
心。

一天在课堂后, 我走近他, 当我把每周专
栏交给他时, 我问
- Francisco 你好, 我有些事想向你请教。
有一天我写了一篇文章...但我真的不知道
那是什么。如果你能读一读...给我一些你
的想法那会对我意义重大。
- 没问题,
他立马回答,
带过来和你的下次练习一起给我。
所以一周之后, 我把文章给了他。
- 很好, 我会看一看的。
- 谢谢你, Francisco。
一周过去了, 我急切地想要知道他的想法,
所以当 Pérez-Niebla 经过我的课桌时,
学生们都低头看着他们的屏幕, 但我禁不
住问到
- 你好 Francisco, 你有时间看过我发给
你的文章了吗?
- 是的, 我读过了。我们稍后再谈,
他含糊地回应道。
在课堂最后我走过去上交那天的文章。我
不用再一次询问
- 我读了你的文章,
他停顿了一下,
但是我一个字也不懂。
他轻微地扬起了眉毛。
这类文章不是我的类型,
又一次停顿后他继续说,
但是我一个字都不懂。
- 一个字都不懂?
- 一个字都不懂?
他重复着。
看

他继续说，
另一组人的教授是 José Mari，他对诗歌非常感兴趣。
我见过他 - 一个脖子上经常戴着丝巾的男人。在我的大学，他是一个异类。
如果你同意，那么我们要做的就是我发给他你的文章，看看他会说些什么。
我立马回复同意并且再次感谢了他。
但之后我感到忧郁。有一个我期盼着他告诉我，我文章很好，非常具有原创性，它使他想到了如此如此等等，这将是美好的。另一个我期盼他一点都不喜欢它，这不美好。但是随之而来的中间地带是我不曾预期的，也更糟糕。他一个词也不懂，他说。我想这很明显，但是我不打算向他吐露我和我女朋友关系的细节。总之，Francisco Pérez-Niebla 一直很友好。或者他好奇地想知道更多。虽然他不太喜欢我的风格 - 他从来没给过我高分 - 我感觉我作品中的某些地方让他感到有趣。一天在课堂上，Pérez-Niebla 以一篇文章举例，这篇故事以一种在他看来疑惑的方式结尾：“尾巴摇动着这条狗”。我举手说我很喜欢这个结尾。

- 你喜欢它是因为你也写类似的东西
他回答说。他说这句话毫无恶意，但是，他是对的：我将这视为褒奖。我仍然认为只是个优秀的结尾。
又是周四了。

Francisco Pérez-Niebla 如以往一样严肃，当我一如往常，在课后走向他上交作业时。

- 另一个教授怎么说呢？

这一次他更直截了当了

- 他也一个字不懂。

沉默。

如果你有时间，当你的同学们都交完作业你在这里等我，我们一起阅览下他示意道。

当所有人都走了后，他拿出打印好的文章。那时它有一个不同的标题，但是第一行至今仍未修改。他大声朗读了出来，缓慢地，重读四个词中的每一个。

- 语言：自由还是牢狱。

他又读了一遍，并在下面划了线

- 你是说…

之后他给了一个注解，但是跟我想说的无关。

- 嗯…

我犹豫到。

并不是…

我不想对比我聪明还帮我忙的人显得太直截了当。

它更像是…

我尽我最大所能地解释着。但听起来很荒谬。

他沉默地端详着我。

- 你经常写这类文章吗？

- 只是偶尔…

- 那什么使你写出这样的文章的呢？

他问着，好像他在担忧我，就如一位精神科医生可能做的一样。

- 嗯，我真的不太知道…有时我一个想法，之后我尽力将它表达出来，像这样的文章就出现了…我并不是经常这样做。事实上，可以说这是我的第一次…但是我喜欢这个结果。

对话并没有持续多久。我没有再和 López-Niebla 或其他人谈起过这个话题。这篇文章被存放在我电脑一个电子文件夹里，被遗忘了，直到 Robert Gris 说，就像他回答大多数显而易见的问题

- 噢，它不需要押韵。没人再追求押韵了。当我听到这些话时我明白了 - 我写了一首诗。

题目是

诉诸文字

语言：

自由

还是牢狱。

文字由我们独裁。

我们的王座由文字凿刻而来，

一份强大的礼物

从父母那里继承下来

拒绝个性

因为一个词就是一个旋律

只有在被分享的时候。

但是语言也压迫，

禁锢思想

将其投入监禁的牢狱之中，

将超凡的和高不可攀的生物

变成连续的编码

令人作呕地重复着（到恶心的程度）。

整个种族的产生减少

到了 27 个字母的组合。

犯罪多于表达，

思想尖叫，震颤，

挣扎，

被迫填塞进人造的外壳

那截断了他们，那使他们从本质中分离了出来，

那使他们哭泣。

一片未开发的土地，处女地，繁茂着。

我们面对着这悲伤，产生于

那关闭着的门的景象

这样，困惑的，

我们不知道我们是否在寻找光明中的黑暗

或者正好相反。

因为

谁知道那里有什么

一股水流、海市蜃楼、地平线。

我的想法已经消失了

在写下这篇文章时。

分享想法会是多么美好啊。

—You know, Robert, I've been reading "To Tomorrow" and I really liked it, but

Robert Gris came down to the hotel lobby an hour and a half late. When he appeared, his face was swollen due to lack of sleep and last night's vodka. He wanted a bite to eat. As he headed to the dining room I went out to tell

the driver we would be ready soon. He was relieved – in the last hour he had asked about the guest every ten minutes. I came back inside. It was late for breakfast, so most of the tables were empty. Robert had chosen one next to the window. The pale and cold light from a winter morning was reflected against the glass of the buildings across the road. I sat down across from him, assuming that after waiting for so long I could take some liberties. His face remained impassive, so I figured I could have breakfast too. Perusing the menu would have been too much, so I ordered what he was having – an English breakfast.

Robert Gris was a man at the end of his forties with a regular look; nothing about him would lead one to think he made a living writing poetry. That might have been a common misconception; his was not a world I was familiar with. His Inauguration Day reading was an easy ice-breaker, and from there we started a conversation in which he soon began to mix Spanish and English. With every change of language his personality seemed to adjust too – in English he sounded effeminate, while his Spanish had a marked manly Cuban accent that better matched his physical features. Soon I was pulled into this mingled expression myself, a frenetic mix I assumed to be usual for an American Latino. Robert told me that he had been asked for three poems and, even though he had a predilection for one inspired by his mother, the poem that had been chosen was "To Tomorrow". I knew the one he was talking about, I had read it on the screen of my mobile phone ten minutes ago while I waited,

but I kept this to myself. To tell him what I wanted I waited until we were sitting in the back of the car.
—You know, Robert, I've been reading *To Tomorrow* and I really like it but... I was surprised by the fact that it doesn't rhyme.
—Oh, it doesn't have to rhyme. No one rhymes anymore.
It was when I heard these words that I got it.
The origin was where they all are, a woman. The first girl I ever loved and a recurrent fantasy: picture that just by laying my hand over your forehead, you could receive what I am thinking in this moment, it would get into your brain and you could see it just like I see it, removing all the obstacles, no words needed. How beautiful it would be to share thoughts. Until one day I sat down and wrote in one breath a text containing twenty-seven lines in four paragraphs. When I was done, I went through it a couple times, not knowing what it was but satisfied with it – it depicted what I wanted to say in a beautiful way. I shared it with some of my closest friends, they liked it, but none of them said anything that would help me understand it better. I also sent the text to her, but she never read it. Later I was ashamed I had done it.
In those days I was studying journalism, so I turned to a professor of mine. One of the classes I was attending was called Narrative Writing and was taught by Francisco Pérez-Niebla, an academic who had a brilliant ability to distill information into a lead by drawing clear and rational lines, creator of a communication models theory that bore his name. In this class the students got together once a week

for two hours to write an opinion column, which we submitted to Pérez-Niebla on our way out. Then he would review our work at home and bring it back the following class, all the while trying not to lose faith in the future of the profession.
One day at the end of class, I approached and as I handed my weekly column to him, I asked
—Hi Francisco, I'd like to ask you something. The other day I wrote a text and... I don't really know what it is. It would mean a lot to me if you could read it and... give me your opinion.
—Sure,
he answered straightaway, bring it to me with your next exercise. So I did, one week later.
—Great, I'll give it a look.
—Thank you, Francisco.
A week went by. I was anxious to know his thoughts, so as Pérez-Niebla walked past my desk, between the students with their heads down staring at their screens, I couldn't help but ask
—Hello Francisco, have you had time to take a look at the text I sent you?
—Yes, I read it. We'll talk later,
he replied vaguely.
At the end of the class I went over to hand in that day's article. I didn't have to ask again
—I've been reading your text,
he paused,
and I didn't understand a word. He raised his eyebrows slightly. These kinds of texts aren't my thing, he continued after another pause, but I didn't get a word.
—Not a word?
—Not a word.
he repeated.
Look

he went on,
the other group is taught by another professor, José Mari, who is very interested in poetry.
I had seen him – a guy who used to wear a foulard around his neck. In my university that made him a transgressor.
if you agree, what we could do is I send him your text, and then let's see what he says.
I replied yes straightaway and thanked him again.
But afterwards I felt pensive. A part of me expected him to tell me that my text was great, very original, that it reminded him of such and such, which would've been nice. Another expected him not to like it at all, which wouldn't have been nice. But to land in that intermediate area was unexpected and much worse. He didn't get a word, he said. I thought it was pretty obvious, but I wasn't going to spell out the details of my relationship with my girlfriend for him. Anyways, Francisco Pérez-Niebla had been very kind. Maybe he was curious to know more. Although he didn't like my style very much—he had never given me good grades—I had the feeling there was something he found interesting in my work. One day in class, Pérez-Niebla raised an example of an article that had finished in what he viewed to be a confusing way: "the tail moves the dog". I raised my hand to say I liked it very much.
—You like it because you write similar things
he replied. He did it without a bad intention and, besides, he was right: I took it as a compliment. I still think it is a brilliant ending.
It was Thursday again.
Francisco Pérez-Niebla wore his usual

serious expression when, as always, I came over at the end of the class with my article.
—What did the other professor say?
This time he was even more straightforward
—He didn't understand a word either. Silence.

If you have time, wait there for me and when the rest of your classmates finish we can go through it together he signaled.
When everyone was gone he took out a sheet on which my text was printed. It had a different title then, but the first line remains unmodified even now. He read it out loud, slowly, stressing every single one of the four words.
—Language: freedom or jail.
He read it once again and then underlined it
—Do you mean...

and he offered an interpretation which had nothing to do with what I wanted to say.
—Mmm...
I hesitated.
Not really...
I didn't want to be categorical with someone much wiser than me who, besides, was doing me a favor. It was more like...
I tried to explain myself to the best of my abilities. It sounded ridiculous. He scrutinized me in silence.
—Do you often write this kind of thing?
—Only now and then...
—And what makes you do it?
He was asking like he was worried about me, the same way a psychiatrist might have done.
—Well, I don't really know...

Sometimes I have an idea and I try to express it the best I can and something like this comes out... I don't do it often. Actually I could say this is the first time... But I like the outcome.

The conversation didn't go on for long. I didn't mention the topic again, not with López-Niebla nor with anyone else. The text was stored in one of the digital files inside my computer, forgotten, until Robert Gris said, like he was answering the most obvious of questions —Oh, it doesn't have to rhyme. No one rhymes anymore. It was when I heard these words that I got it – I had written a poem. It was titled

INTO WORDS

Language:
freedom
or jail.

Words are our dictatorship.
Our throne is chiseled by words,
a powerful gift
Inherited from our parents
and denied to individuality
because a term is a melody
only when shared.

But language also oppresses,
imprisons thoughts
in jails with limited bars,
transforms ethereal and unattainable
creatures
into incessant codes
repeated ad nauseam (to the point of
nausea).
The creation of a race as a whole
reduced

to a combination of twenty seven
letters.

More crime than expression,
ideas screech, convulse,
agonize,
forced to fit inside an artificial shell
that amputates them, that separates
them for their essence,
that makes them cry.

An unexplored land, virginal,
exuberant.
We face the sadness that is produced
by the vision of its closed gates.
And this way, confused,
we know not if we're in search of
darkness from the light
or if it is the other way around.
Because
who knows what's there
a stream of water, a mirage, the
horizon.

My idea has already been lost
on its way to the paper.
How beautiful it would be to share
thoughts.

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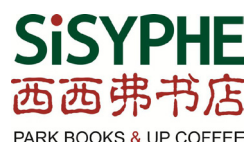
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