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怎样看待这么一个拖沓杂乱、弗兰肯斯坦怪物式的故事接龙作品 呢? 故事接龙作为一种文学次类型,源于滑稽模仿作品, 在本质上是一 种大杂烩式的创作。这里,我们看到了这一创作方法的新尝试,这本公 路旅行小说以加拿大为背景。19位作家拼拼凑凑。以颠覆期待、互相 拆台为乐——从文学表现上看,这个故事是一长串尴尬的败笔,然而不 知为何却又有着令人意想不到的动人之处。这个国家多数文学作品的性 质都相当严肃,但这本书提供了一个难得的机会,让我们得以目睹一些 最耀眼的文学明灯绽放光华。小说独出心裁地讲述着发生在加拿大的传 奇故事,释放出一种弥漫全文的真爱光辉。在途中,有关文化身份、性 别、地域隔离、沉溺,以及个人品味的种种论点得以交锋——有时很直 白,但更多的是隐藏在字里行间。作为一次练笔,这个连接出来的、设 计拙劣的遍历国土的恋情故事是一场形式主义者的噩梦——关键情节的 发展遭到腰斩,用了被学院派称为"缺乏可靠性"的叙述手法,没有统 一、连贯的视角。如果说有一条贯穿全文的脉络的话,那就是这个作品 不情愿地承认了加拿大是一个比它的组成部分还要大的概念——承认了 一个国家是由具体的地方和地区组成的,各地之间有着竞争和误解.而 每个部分对于整体来说都是必不可少的。

本书在主题或者文体方面没有设置参数——每位作家都被邀请在收到这部进行中的作品后 48 小时内交出一篇 600 词的短文,以使情节可以跨越全国,激发出公路旅行的生动印象和自然随意。这也许可以解释奥利维娅和布鲁斯的奇特之旅的狂热性质,不过那瓶无处不在的布什米尔威士忌,还有它的旅伴——非凡的寻根音乐人、服装百变的威尔·奥尔德姆的音乐光盘——也可能是这个故事癫狂的缘起。

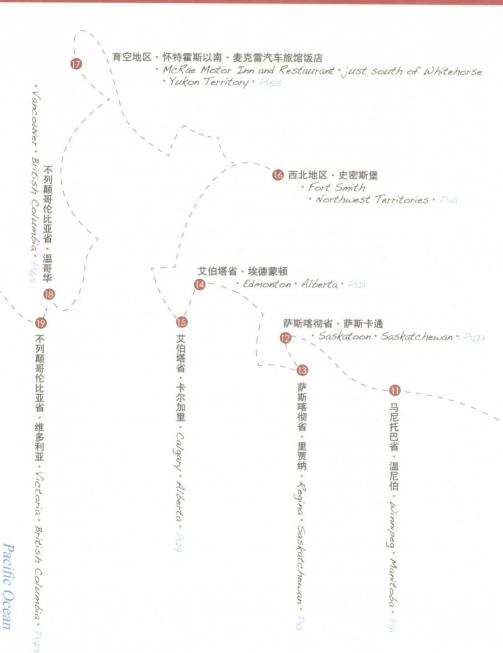
每位作者被要求把自己叙述的那一章定位在他们所住的城市或地区中某个自己最喜欢的地方,须是一个确实存在的地点,以使这个故事有所归依,带有地域色彩。迈克尔·温特在纽芬兰省写下了这个故事的开篇,选择了当地标志性的地点——圣约翰斯港。随后的故事既有自然环

境也有人工环境——布鲁斯和奧利维娅在全国漫游的同时,也为读者介绍了他们路过的值得造访的酒吧、饭店和停车点。其他的目的地则较为反传统,不说别的,从艾伦·卡明对"蓝色海洋"的描写就可见一斑。他用这个离国会山数公里的、独特的湿地生态系统来代表渥太华。这个故事开始于大西洋,结束于太平洋,由比尔·加斯顿把我们那对宿命已定的侣伴轻轻推到胡安·德富卡海峡之中,推到更远的地方。

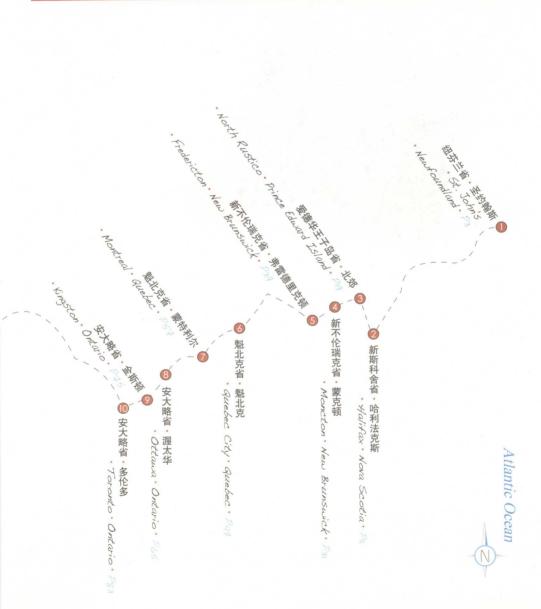
这种始于水、终于水的对称是加斯顿的匠心所在,表现出他紧凑的写作风格以及处理故事结尾的灵活性。然而,在这宁静蔚蓝的两大洋之间,并非一切都风平浪静。布鲁斯和奥利维娅相遇、分开、又走到一起,突发的争吵似乎总是如箭在弦,却又继续言归于好,排除困难,一路西行。不管是听海伦·汉弗莱兹讲解金斯顿市大学生与刑满释放犯相混杂的独特的人口组成,还是跟着希拉·海提出没在多伦多皇后大街时髦的人行道上,每一章都称得上妙趣横生。等我们抵达温尼伯,这对恋人已经分开了,轮到乌玛·帕拉梅斯沃伦与布鲁斯坐在因果报应的受罚席上,诙谐地介绍着后现代意识和元小说配角戏,然后把球传给萨斯喀彻的阿瑟·斯莱德。

这对旅伴不屈不挠地、甚至是痛苦地进行着他们的旅程。在埃德蒙顿接棒的托马斯·沃顿让奥利维娅问道:"还有什么意义?每个人都知道在越过安大略省的边界时这个故事就到头了。"从上下文来看,在国土的中心位置猛地来这么一下也许是可以理解的——故事几近终结,布鲁斯和奥利维娅已经经历了不少的起起落落,包括两次怀孕,还有几次戒烟的尝试。留心的读者可以感觉到作家们被他们的这个集体创作搞得烦躁不安,以至于戴安娜·沃伦选择让两位主角成为里贾纳高速公路旁一张神秘的装饰画中被动的旁观者。随着布鲁斯和奥利维娅向北、向西旅行,后面的章节继续令人头晕目眩,出现了一些次要情节,荒谬之处屡次被应付自如的加拿大作家个人的声音挽救,被表现得很崇高。这般缝补的针脚也许歪歪扭扭,可是这依然是一床绚丽、怪诞的被褥。

By Thichael Wester 迈克尔·温特 ② Dousa Tharrissey 唐娜·莫里西 ③Sesley-Quue Bourue 萊斯莉-安妮·伯恩 ◆ Nerminizel de Chiasson 赫迈内基尔德·齐阿森



- ⑤ Thank Outhous Jarmas 马克·安东尼·贾曼 ⑥ Halise Warriar 纳里尼·沃里尔
- Tea Fragaciles 特丝·弗兰古利斯 ❸ alas Cumys 艾伦·卡明 ④ Neles Numphreya 海伦·汉弗莱兹
- Sheila Neti 希拉·海提 Uma Parameswarau 乌玛·帕拉梅斯沃伦 ® arthur Slade 阿瑟·斯莱德
- 18 Dianue Warren 戴安娜·沃伦 10 Thomas Wharlow 托马斯·沃顿 16 Paulo da Costa 保罗·达·考斯塔
- 1 Cichar & Van Camp 理查德·范·坎普 1 wan E. Cayate 伊万·E·科尤特
- ® Shenen Sallaway 史蒂文·加洛韦 ® Bill Saston 比尔·加斯顿 ▶ P182 · Contributors 作者简介



Michael Winter Donna Morrissey Lesley-Anne Bourne Herménégilde Chiasson Mark Anthony Jarman Nalini Warrian Tess Fragoulis Alan Cumyn Helen Humphreys Sheila Heti Uma Parameswaran Arthur Slade Dianne Warren Thomas Wharton Paulo da Costa Richard Van Camp Ivan E. Coyote Steven Galloway Bill Gaston



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纽芬兰省 1 · ST. John's · Newfoundland ·

Imet Olivia in St. John's Harbour. I was diving, my first scuba dive. When you're underwater, everything is imbued with significance. Olivia's legs, the blue lobster with his back arched, the black humpback that we had swum beside. The slow motion aspect makes you feel like you're in a movie. This is important, remember this. Olivia beckoned me. She had surfaced and I saw her hand plunge into the lid of the sea and wave me up. I came up. I broke the surface. I grasped her hand and looked into her face. Through the tempered glass of my mask things looked wonky, larger than life. I had breathed underwater for the first time and my partner, a stranger until this buddy dive, was Olivia, and I realized I had torn through some dimension and was falling in love with her.

纽芬兰士

我是在圣约翰斯港遇见奥利维娅的。当时我正在潜水,这是我第一次带水肺潜水。当你在水下的时候,一切都蕴含着深意。奥利维娅的腿,弓着背的蓝色龙虾,我们游过的黑色座头鲸。那种慢动作的情景让你感觉就像在电影里。记住,这很重要。奥利维娅朝我招手示意。她已经浮出了水面,我看见她的手插到海面下,挥手让我上来。我浮了上来,冲破水面。我抓住她的手,直视着她。透过面具上的钢化玻璃,一切都显得摇摆不定,比现实的事物大。我第一次在水下呼吸时,同伴是奥利维娅,而在这次双人潜水之前,她还只是个陌生人。我意识到自己已经突破了某种空间维度,爱上了她。

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She was oblivious to this love. She drove a pickup and smoked Dunhills and listened to Will Oldham. She would screw me that night but she was impervious to love. She was enjoying herself. She said, Help me off with this, will you?

She was leaning against the back of her open tailgate. The sun sinking over the arterial road trickled across the neoprene of her wetsuit. She wanted me to peel off her wetsuit. I grabbed the black wet fabric and tugged at her thighs as she smoked.

That, she said. Wasn't that something.



她对这份爱毫无察觉。她开一辆敞篷小货车,抽登喜路香烟,听威尔·奥尔德姆的歌。她那晚就会和我上床,可是她对爱 无动于衷。她是在自得其乐。她说,帮我把这个脱掉,行吗?

她靠在放下来的货车后挡板上。太阳正从主干道上落下,阳 光抚过她潜水服的橡胶。她想让我把她的潜水服脱下来。她抽着 烟,我抓住湿漉漉的黑潜水服,拽住她的大腿往下脱。

嗬,她说,还真得费点儿劲。

We had swum down to a recently discovered Spanish galleon. It was as if we had descended back in time five hundred years. There was a relationship between depth and history—you always had to dig for ruins. Olivia lived on the road up to Signal Hill. We packed our regulators and tanks and flotation vests in a black plastic tub in the back of her truck. She wore earrings that reminded me of Barcelona. We drove to the top of the city listening to Will Oldham. She had a guitar and she had written one beautiful song. Olivia was tender and had a face that would go through a lot.



我们曾下潜到最近刚发现的一艘西班牙大帆船处,觉得仿佛回到五百年前。深度和历史有着某种关系——你需要不停地往下挖,寻找遗迹。奥利维娅住在通往锡格纳尔山的路旁。我们把呼吸调节器、氧气瓶和救生衣放到她的小货车后面的一个黑塑料盆里。她戴的耳环让我想起了巴塞罗那。我们听着威尔·奥尔德姆,开车来到城市的最高点。她有一把吉他,还写过一首动听的歌。奥利维娅很温柔,有着一张很耐看的脸。

There was a bottle of Bushmills in her glove compartment. She had two Duralex glasses and ice in a cooler. She poured me a drink. We sat on the hood of her GMC and looked out on the city we both loved, that had nurtured us and taught us that small things can be fruitful and an antidote to the big life. The city spread out from the harbour apron like many rows of teeth and the light on the renovated church shone out the Harbour Narrows to guide ships into port. We drank our whiskey and leaned against each other, the ice cubes touching my lip as we stared at the sea which held a vast green and white sculpture of an iceberg, and a lonely humpback curved its back towards us. It was easy to feel like that humpback

车内仪表板旁的储物箱里有一瓶布什米尔威士忌。她有两个杜拉雷斯玻璃杯,冷藏箱里有冰块。她给我倒了一杯。我们坐在她那辆 GMC 货车的车盖上一起眺望我们都喜爱的这个城市。它滋养了我们,让我们知道细微的事物也能大有收获,也能是庞杂生活的解毒剂。城市从港口平台伸展开来,就像一排排牙齿,灯光从修缮过的教堂上照向港口峡湾,引导船只入港。我们喝着威士忌,彼此倚靠着。冰块碰着我的嘴唇,我们注视着大海,海面上漂浮着的冰山就像一座巨大的、绿白两色的雕塑,还有一头孤独的座头鲸朝我们弓起背来。这很容易令人感到这条座头鲸就

8

was in us. That we were making that humpback sing. But it was Will Oldham and the city that were telling us to live. Olivia was a woman who, after she took me home and we made love, would leave her sunglasses on the stove and they melted into the drip pan on her back burner.

I have to go soon, she said.

I listened to this.

You can come, she said. If you behave.

I'm in love with you, I said.

I don't want to hear that. I'm too young for that.

在我们身体里,我们正在让它歌唱。但那不过是威尔·奥尔德姆和这座城市在告诉我们要生活下去。奥利维娅带我回家,做完爱后,会把她的墨镜丢在电炉上,墨镜就会熔化到后灶眼的滴油盘里——她就是这样的一个女人。

我马上得走了,她说。

我听着。

你也可以来,她说,如果你规规矩矩的话。

我爱上了你,我说。

我不想听这个, 我还太年轻。

She had a booking on the Argentia ferry. It was fourteen hours to North Sydney. She had a tent and some poems to write and I could come with her if I behaved and split the gas.



全的粉斯

她订了阿根西亚渡轮的船票,船开往北悉尼要14个小时。她有一顶帐篷,还有几首诗要写。只要我规规矩矩,愿意分摊汽油费,就可以和她一起去。

9

