

New Writing 13
新英语新写作英汉对照

一小窝弄学人

2005年度英国短篇小说精选
Selections of British Short Stories 2005

[英] 费·威尔顿◎等著

张 磊◎译

A Little Nest of
Pedagogues

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人民文学出版社

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Fay Weldon etc.

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序

在英国,阅读小说的时尚至少风行了整个十九世纪。坐在壁炉边,阅读小说,如痴如醉。这一时尚造就了狄更斯、萨克雷、特罗洛普和艾略特这样伟大的小说家,也就造就了英国小说的传统。为了传承这个传统,英国的小说创作历久不衰,至今仍然领先于世界。英国文化协会每年能够向全世界推出一本“新写作”,是个证明。

在中国,阅读小说曾经很时尚,作者可以一夜成名。上世纪八十年代中国文坛大体如此。如今,写作还在进行,阅读小说却不再时尚。探究原因,当然还是我们的现代小说传统薄弱所致。可以理解,因为中国现代小说,是西风东进的结果,自由写作历史很短。因此,经常借鉴西方人怎样把文学写作发扬光大,是很有意义的。

英国文化协会一年一度由专家选辑的“新写作”,为我们提供了便利条件。“新写作”里包括长篇选载、诗歌、散文和短篇小说,我们先拿短篇小说做尝试,因为这个体裁篇幅较小,紧跟时代,更具创新性。

因此,我们新近与英国文化协会合作,通力推出一个“新英语,新写作”的英汉对照读物系列,首批四种,每种十万字,单独成书;力争篇篇新颖,译文上佳,为中国作者和读者接近最新的西方文学精品,做一点贡献。

苏 福 忠

二〇〇八年十二月

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二〇〇八年十二月

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一小窝弄学人

Wells Collins

A Little Nest of Pedagogues

At first I don't recognize him cos he looks so bloody healthy and it's only when he grins and comes over to my table and starts talking that I'm convinced it's him. Andy, old Andy the Nurse. He looks so well. I'm amazed. This is the man who usually causes you pain just to look at him, all his protruding bones and compost skin and decal pendemonium and nicotine-orange eyes, but here he is, head held high, muscle on his bones, his voice projected and confident and not his usual death-rattle creak. I'm shocked.

Jesus, Andy, I interrupt him. What's happened to you? He looks down at himself and smiles. Aye, I look all right,

don't I?

I nod. How come?

He leans closer, over the table; I've found it, man.

Found what?

The wonder drug, he whispers. The friggin elixir of exist-

ence.

Yep? And what's that, well?

I'll tell you. Just let me get a drink. You having one?

Nah. I point at my nearly full pint of Guinness. I'm OK for

the mo.

Adrenalin

Niall Griffiths

At first I don't recognize him cos he looks so bloody healthy and it's only when he grins and comes over to my table and starts talking that I'm convinced it's him. Andy, old Andy the Nurse. He looks so *well*. I'm amazed. This is the man who usually causes you pain just to look at him, all his protruding bones and compost skin and dental pandemonium and nicotine-orange eyes, but here he is, head held high, muscle on his bones, his voice projected and confident and not his usual death-rattle croak. I'm shocked.

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肾上腺素

尼尔·格里菲斯^①

一开始，我根本没认出他来。他看上去太他妈的健康了。只是当他笑着走到我桌前，张口说话时，我才确信这是他没错了。那个当护士的老安迪。他看上去身体真好。我都有些惊呆了。平常，你只要看到这个家伙，就会觉得难受。他骨突皮厚，口腔溃疡，眼睛也被尼古丁熏得黄黄的。然而，此时，站在这里的他，却昂首挺胸，满身肌肉。声音也洪亮、自信，根本就不像他平时那垂垂欲死的嘶哑声。我简直震惊了。

天啊，安迪。我打断了他，你到底怎么了？

他看了看自己，笑了笑。啊，我挺好啊，怎么了？

我点了点头。怎么会这样呢？

他走近我，趴在桌台上说：兄弟，我找到了。

找到什么了？

神药啊。他低声说。他妈的使人永生的万灵药。

真的？那究竟是什么东西？

我会告诉你的。先让我喝点东西吧。你要喝点什么吗？

不了。我指了指我那几乎满满一品脱的黑啤。这些暂时就够了。

^① 1966年出生于利物浦，现居威尔士。他是五本小说的作者，包括最近出版的《残骸》。

I watch him go to the bar, which is rammed, three-deep, but he just kind of elbows his way through the crush without actually touching anybody. The huddle just kind of parts for him, as if he has a forcefield, or even just some kind of charisma which, to tell the truth, he's never had before. I can hardly believe this. I'm shocked at the transformation. Flabbergasted. From zombie junkie to *this* in less than two weeks. Last time I saw him he was begging for spare change outside Boots dressed in rags with a stink coming off him in visible wavy lines and it's difficult to reconcile that vision of wretchedness with the filled-out, cleaned-up, smart-shirt-wearing glowing figure returning from the bar with a beaming smile and a pineapple juice. Something's going on here. What is it?

That pure juice, Andy?

Yep. He sits and sips.

No vodka? Just pineapple juice?

He nods and grins and I take a sip and sure enough there's no alcohol burn at the back of my throat, none at all.

I told you.

How did this happen, Andy? This is weird, it's friggin Arthur C. Clark stuff. Can't get me head round this. Tell me what this wonder drug is quick cos I could do with some meself.

A shout goes up from the bar. A goal must've been scored or something. I'm not particularly interested today.

I'm aware of my belly hanging over my belt. I'm aware of my boy boobs beneath the baggy fleece I wear to conceal them. Andy looks so healthy.

You gunner tell me, well?

I'm trying to think of a way to explain it. . .

I light a Lambert and offer him the pack and he shakes his

我看着他向酒吧的方向走去。那里很拥挤，里三层外三层都是人，但他还是甩开肩膀从人群中挤了进去，而且还没怎么碰到谁。拥挤的人群为他开路，就好像他身上有力场一样，甚至可以说是某种魔力。说实话，以前从来就没见他有过。我简直没法相信这一切。这变化实在太让人震惊了。简直是惊愕！不到两周，他就从行尸走肉般的瘾君子变成现在这个样子！上次我见他的时候，他还在布茨药店外面讨零钱花呢。他穿着破破烂烂的衣服，从那明显可见的波浪式布条里散发出一股臭味。很难把当时那个可怜相与现在这个壮实干净的、身着运动衫、光彩熠熠的人联系到一块儿。看，他从酒吧回来了，满脸堆笑，还喝着凤梨汁。一定有什么事发生了。到底是什么事呢？

安迪，只喝纯果汁吗？

嗯。他坐下来，呷起果汁来。

不来点伏特加吗？只是凤梨汁？

他点头，还笑了一下。我也尝了一口。里面确实没有酒精呛到我的嗓子眼。一点都没有。

我告诉过你嘛。

安迪，这一切到底是怎么发生的？太古怪了，怎么弄得跟他妈的阿瑟·C. 克拉克的科幻小说似的？我脑子怎么转也搞不明白。告诉我这神药到底是怎么一回事！快！我好自己也吃点。

酒吧里传出了高呼的声音。一定是进球了，或是什么别的。对这些，我今天并不是特别感冒。

我意识到，自己裤带上方的肚子已经垂下去了。我也意识到，自己所穿的宽松下垂的羊毛衣服下面遮掩着多么大的“波浪”！而安迪看起来却那么的健康。

你会告诉我的，对不？

我正在想该怎么跟你说……

我点燃了一支兰伯特牌子的香烟，并把整包都递给他。他

head.

You're not gunner tell me you've given up smoking as well, are you?

He smiles again and nods. Even his usually snagged teeth seem to have straightened themselves out, whitened too. His eyes sparkle. The skin on his face is zit free and without the maroon lace of broken veins that used to make it look like raw sausage. His lips aren't dry and cracked. He just radiates health and clean living, but Christ, this is Andy here, Andy the Nurse who got sacked for raiding the pharmaceuticals cupboard in the hospital and who treated his body like a bin for years, so much so that once when he went for an AIDS test the doctor said that he was virus free but that he had toxic blood. That his blood in any other lifeform would kill it as quickly and surely as battery acid. But look at him now, though; he hums with health. The air around him seems to throb with his well-being. I ask again, How did this happen, Andy?

He shrugs and crunches ice. Just cleaned meself up, that's all. Sorted meself out.

What, in two weeks?

Another shrug.

Bollox. You were a walking corpse, man. Last time I saw you, you were more dead than alive. And what's this fuckin wonder drug, eh? What's that?

Again a collective yell from the bar. There's a TV screen facing me high up on the wall but I can't take my eyes off Andy. He shines. He is in peak condition.

Remember the girl I was seeing? Michelle?

The one with the blonde hair?

He nods. I remember Michelle; a half-rotted corpse in a

却摇了摇头。

你千万别告诉我你烟也戒了,不会吧?

他又笑着点点头。甚至他那平时看起来不齐的牙齿也长好了,而且还白了。他的眼睛变得有神了。他脸上的皮肤没有了脓包,也没有了像静脉破了一般的栗边血痕,那地方原来看起来就跟生香肠似的。他的嘴唇不再干裂了。他散发着健康和正常生活的气息。上帝啊,这就是安迪吗?就是因为洗劫医院医药品专柜而被开除的那个安迪吗?就是那个多年来一直糟蹋自己身体,把它当成垃圾桶一样的那个安迪吗?当时,他的身体状况如此糟糕,以至于当他去接受艾滋病测试时,医生跟他说,他没有携带病毒,但他的血液里却充满了毒素。换了别人,他体内像电池里硫酸一样的毒血一定早就将他很快干掉了。但是,让我们看看现在的他:那健壮的样子简直像要发出声来。他周围的空气也似乎随着他那健壮的身体而震颤。我不禁再次问道:安迪,到底是怎么一回事?

他耸了耸肩,嚼起冰块来。没什么,只是清理一下自己罢了。

什么?就这么两周?

他又耸了耸肩。

胡说。哥们儿,你曾经就是个行尸走肉。上次我见你的时候,你还更像个死人呢。这他妈的神药到底是什么玩意儿?到底是什么?

酒吧里又传来了很多人的嚷嚷声。我对面的墙上很高的地方有一台电视机,但我没法把视线从安迪那里挪开。他简直是光彩照人。他看起来精神状态好极了。

你还记得曾经和我在一起的那个女孩儿吗?就是那个米歇尔?

那个金发女郎?

Marilyn Monroe wig.

Yeh, well, she OD'd. A too-pure batch came in straight off the docks and that was it. She jacked up, carked it in seconds. I was in the kitchen cooking up, like, and when I went back in the room there she was on the bed all blue. Stiff as a board as well. I slapped her a few times, threw some water on her, like, but there was nowt I could do, really. She was too far gone, *well* over the other side. Plus I was enjoying my own high too much to let anything spoil it like so. . . . He catches my eye. Aye, I know what you're thinking. But that's heroin, eh? Bad, bad drug, man. No good for anything. I know that now.

So that's it, then; this wonder drug of Andy's is death. Someone else's death. A brush with the blackness can prompt you into sorting yourself out in no time at all. I'm about to ask him what he did with the body but he goes on.

One time years ago, when I was a med student like, I used to attend autopsies as part of the course. And one time there was this lad, a young lad, who'd OD'd. It was explained to us that the panic and terror of his death had caused his body to pump out huge amounts of adrenalin and that this could be seen in his swollen glands, the suprarenal capsules, situated just above the kidneys.

A collective groan from the bar. I can feel acids leaking between my inner organs, hear them gurgle; too much stout and not enough solid food in the past two days, probably. Andy isn't looking at me now, he's staring down into his juice. There is moisture on his lower lip. His healthy sheen is all of a sudden looking a bit plasticky. Too white. His voice drops.

And there they were, his endocrine glands. Stuffed full, man. Enough adrenin and epiphrenin to keep this entire city high

他点了点头。我记得米歇尔，那个戴着玛丽莲·梦露式假发的，又一个近于腐烂的行尸走肉。

对，就是她，那个过度服用毒品的女人。从码头刚刚运来一批新货，她就起来了。几秒钟就把毒品吸食一空。当时，我正在厨房做饭来着。等我回到房间，她已经躺在床上，浑身发紫，而且一动不动，像块木板似的。我扇了她几巴掌，还往她身上泼了点水。但是，怎么都没用。她已经有些走火入魔了。而且，我自己当时也处于亢奋中，不可能让任何别的什么东西破坏我那舒服的感觉……他引起了我的注意。哎呀，我知道你在想什么。那是海洛因，对不对？兄弟，那是非常非常有害的东西。对你们一点好处都没有。现在我确实知道了。

原来是这样。安迪所说的神药其实是死亡。别人的死亡。如果你曾经和黑暗擦肩而过，就会立刻被激发起重新做人的愿望。我正要问他是如何处理尸体的，他却继续说了起来。

很多年前，当我还是医学院的学生时，有一次，我曾经上过一次尸体解剖的实验课。曾经有这么一个小伙子，一个非常年轻的小伙子，也是服用毒品过量致死。有人跟我们解释说，当他死的时候，由于惊慌和恐惧，他从体内排出大量的肾上腺素，这从他那肿起的腺体，肾上腺的囊包便可以看出来。

从酒吧传来了很多人的呻吟声。我能感觉内脏里酸水直流，能听到它们咕咕的声音。估计我这两天喝的黑啤太多，没有硬实的东西。安迪现在没看我，他一直在盯着他那杯果汁看。他下唇上留下了水痕。突然，我觉得他的健康的神采看起来有点像塑料般虚假。太苍白了。他的声音也放低了。

他的内分泌腺就在那儿。哥们儿，那东西鼓得满满的，里面的肾上腺素足以使咱们整个城市的人兴奋好几周。完全是生理

for weeks. Pure biological adrenalin; best, most powerful drug known to man. And it's right here.

He looks at my face now and points at my belly, just below my ribcage. I suck my paunch in.

It's in you. It's in all of us. Every day your body produces bottles of this stuff and you don't even know it. Makes heroin seem like a sherber dib-dab. Most powerful psychoactive substance ever and each and every one of us can manufacture it, every hour, even when we're asleep. Incredible, innit?

I nod, but I'm somewhat disappointed; I thought Andy was going to outline some amazing discovery, some blinding revelation, but all it is is the usual clichéd crap of the recently cleaned-up; 'oh, yeh, adrenalin, man, best drug in the world'. In a minute he'll start advising me to climb a mountain and 'get high on life, man'. What a let-down. No wonder he's beginning to look *too* shiny, too healthy; he's like one of those fake-tan bleached-blond sillycone-tit things you see on stuff like Baywatch. It's all false. It's fake.

Time I was somewhere else, I think.

Well I'm glad you've cleaned up and all that Andy but I—

I watched her for ages, he says. Michelle, like. Just sat on the edge of the bed with me brain in the clouds, like, and just watched her being dead.

His voice has gone all low again, low and small. Dropped gaze, too. His body may have sorted itself out, like, but it's clear that his head hasn't followed suit. It's cracked a bit. Which is what staring at the carcass of your dead missis will do for you, eh? That, and several years of prolonged drug abuse.

Match over and the bar's emptying out now, streams of half-pissed people heading for the doors. I'll join them. I stand