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**Inaugural Online Forum**

**Chinese and Australian Writers in Dialogue**



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Writing and Society  
Research Centre



**Australian Government**

**Australia  
Council  
for the Arts**

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Australia-China Institute  
for Arts and Culture

# Forum Opening Guest

## Hu Bangsheng

Obtained the Master degree in philosophy from Renmin University of China and PhD in international communication from Communication University of China. He was the editor-in-chief of magazine *International Communication* and the chief expert of “Studies on the communication notion and mechanism in G20 countries”. He is now the secretariat member of the China Writers Association. He has been engaging in planning and implementing many notable events home and abroad, taking part in dialogues with Chinese and foreign media, organizing multiple programs and publishing theses related with international communication.

## 胡邦胜

中国人民大学哲学硕士，中国传媒大学国际传播博士。曾任《国际传播》杂志总编，国家重大社科课题“G20峰会国家传播理念与机制研究”首席专家。现任中国作协书记处书记。策划实施多个国内外重大活动，参与多次中外媒体对话会，组织多项国际传播项目，发表多篇国际传播论文。



# Forum Opening Guest

## **Professor Barney Glover AO** **Vice-Chancellor and President, Western Sydney University**

Professor Barney Glover AO assumed his position at Western Sydney University in January 2014. Professor Glover is currently the Australian Government representative on the University of the South Pacific Grants Committee. He is also a Board Member of the Australian American Fulbright Commission, the Committee for Sydney, and Westpac Scholars Trust, and, Member of the NSW Innovation and Productivity Council, the NSW Arts and Culture Advisory Committee, and the NSW Accelerating R&D Advisory Council. Professor Glover is an Officer of the Order of Australia (AO), a Fellow of the Academy of Technological Sciences and Engineering (ATSE), a Fellow of the Royal Society of NSW (FRSN), and a Member of the Australian Institute of Company Directors (MAICD). Professor Glover's esteemed career includes significant expertise and experience at the most senior levels of university management and substantial business leadership credentials. He has also served on the boards of a range of corporate organisations and several state and national centres covering areas such as health and medical research, energy, mineral exploration, and telecommunications.

### **葛班尼教授** **西悉尼大学校长，官佐勋章获得者**

葛班尼教授自2014年1月担任西悉尼大学校长。葛班尼教授目前是南太平洋大学教育资助委员会澳大利亚政府代表，同时也是多个机构的董事会成员，包括澳美富布赖特委员会，悉尼和西太银行学者基金委员会，新南威尔士州创新与生产力委员会，新南威尔士州艺术与文化顾问委员会，以及新南威尔士州研究与发展促进顾问委员会。葛班尼教授荣获澳大利亚官佐勋章，是澳大利亚技术科学和工程院院士，新南威尔士州皇家学会，以及澳大利亚公司董事学会成员。葛班尼教授在大学核心领导层管理和重大企业领导领域有着卓越的知识 and 经验。同时，他也任职于很多企业 with 机构，以及数个州政府和国家研究中心的董事会，其中包括健康和医学研究、能源和矿业开采以及通讯等多个领域。



# Australian Writer

**Melissa Lucashenko** is a leading Aboriginal novelist and essayist of Goorie and European heritage. In 2019 her sixth novel *Too Much Lip* won the Miles Franklin Literary Award, Australia's premier writing prize, and the Queensland Premier's Literary Award for a Work of State Significance. Melissa is also a 2013 Walkley Award winner for her Griffith Review essay "Sinking Below Sight: Down and Out in Brisbane and Logan". Lucashenko has won the Queensland Deloitte Literary Prize (2013), the Nita B. Kibble Award (2014), the Victorian Premier's Award for Indigenous Writing (2014) and the Stella Prize for outstanding Australian writing by women (shortlisted in 2019, longlisted in 2014). Lucashenko writes about ordinary Australians and the extraordinary lives they lead. She serves as a founding member of the prisoner human rights organisation Sisters Inside. Her novel *Killing Darcy* has been translated into Chinese and *Too Much Lip* is also being translated into Chinese. <https://www.melissa-lucashenko.com/>

**梅丽莎·卢克申科**是澳大利亚当代最重要的原住民作家之一，以小说和散文著称，作品屡获殊荣。她的第六部小说《贫嘴》荣获2019年澳大利亚最高文学奖：迈尔斯·富兰克林文学奖，以及澳大利亚杰出写作奖和昆士兰州州长文学奖。她也是2013年澳大利亚最高新闻报道沃克利奖得主，获奖作品是发表于《格里菲斯评论》的文章《跌出视野：穷困潦倒于布里斯班和洛根》。梅丽莎还曾荣获昆士兰德勤文学奖（2013年）、尼塔·齐博奖（2014年）、维多利亚州州长原住民写作奖（2014年），并于2019和2014年两次入围斯特拉女性文学奖。梅丽莎以擅长描写澳大利亚普通原住民不普通的生活经历而著称。她还是囚犯人权组织“狱内姐妹”的创始会员。她的小说《杀死达西》的中文译本已在中国出版。获奖作品《贫嘴》的中译本也即将面世。作家个人网站：<https://www.melissa-lucashenko.com/>



## Work recommended: *Too Much Lip*

The 2019 Miles Franklin award winning novel *Too Much Lip* is a dark comedy about ordinary Aboriginal people living in an Australian regional town. It offers cultural and historical insights into intergenerational trauma. It is written in a fearless and unflinching but also warm and hilariously funny style.

Wise-cracking Kerry Salter has spent a lifetime avoiding two things – her hometown and prison. But now her Pop is dying and she’s an inch away from the lockup, so she heads south on a stolen Harley.

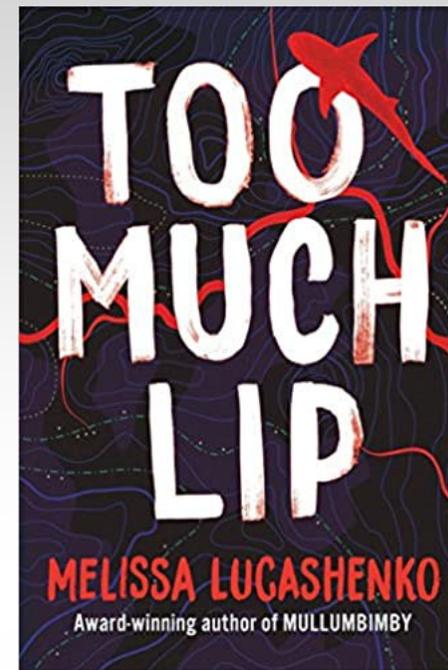
Kerry plans to spend twenty-four hours, *tops*, over the border. She quickly discovers, though, that Bundjalung country has a funny way of grabbing on to people. Old family wounds open as the Salters fight to stop the development of their beloved river. And the unexpected arrival on the scene of a good-looking dugai fella intent on loving her up only adds more trouble – but then trouble is Kerry’s middle name.

### 自荐作品：《贫嘴》

《贫嘴》获得了2019年澳大利亚最高文学奖迈尔斯弗兰克林文学奖，这部带有黑色幽默的作品描写了居住在澳大利亚一个边远小镇的普通原住民的故事。小说揭示了数代原住民所经历的创伤背后的历史和文化因素。这部作品以大胆坚韧无畏且温暖和风趣的写作手法而受到称赞。

贫嘴的凯瑞·索尔特一生都在躲避着两个地方：她的家乡和监狱，但是她的爷爷即将离世，而她也离牢狱之灾不远了，于是她骑上一辆偷来的哈雷摩托向南方的家乡驶去。

凯瑞计划在新州境内最多待上24小时，但她很快发现，邦家仑这个地方有种神奇的力量让人滞留。当索尔特一家为了保护他们珍贵的河流不被开发造楼时，这个家族的旧伤疤被撕裂。当帅气的白人小伙出现，他对凯瑞的爱慕让事情变得愈加复杂，但问题是凯瑞是个总惹麻烦的人物。



# Australian Writer

Based in Melbourne, **Lisa Gorton** is an award-winning Australian poet, novelist, and essayist, and a former poetry editor of *Australian Book Review*. She completed a doctorate at Oxford University on John Donne's poetry and prose. Lisa's first poetry collection *Press Release* (2007) was shortlisted for the Mary Gilmore Poetry Prize and Melbourne Prize Best Writing Award and received the Victorian Premier's Prize for Poetry. Her second poetry collection *Hotel Hyperion* (2013) was shortlisted for the Queensland Literary Awards and Western Australian Premier's Prize for Poetry and received the Philip Hodgins Memorial Medal. Her third collection *Empirical* (2019) was shortlisted for the New South Wales Premier's Poetry Award. Her novel *The Life of Houses* (2015) received the Prime Minister's Prize for Fiction (shared) and the New South Wales People's Choice Award. Lisa is the poetry editor of *Island* magazine, and works as a poetry editor for Giramondo Publishing. She edited Black Inc's *Best Australian Poems 2013*. Her two most recent publications are *Empirical* and a long sequence of poems in Izabela Pluta's artist's book *Figures of Slippage and Oscillation* (2019).

<https://giramondopublishing.com/lisa-gorton/>



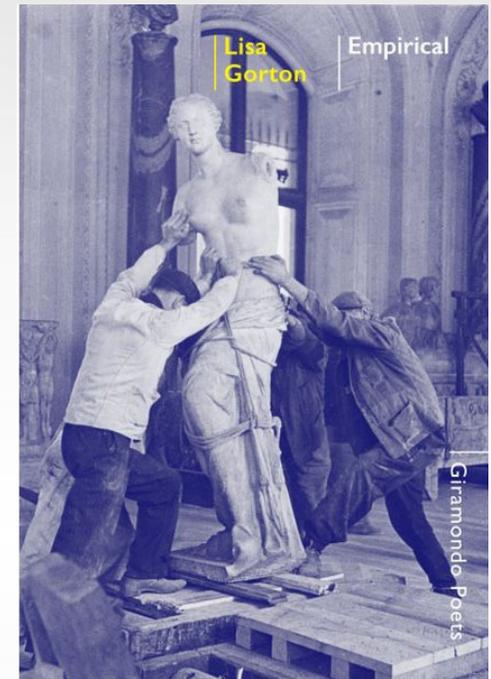
**丽莎·戈顿**是澳大利亚获奖诗人、小说家和散文家，曾任《澳大利亚书评》诗歌编辑，现居墨尔本。她拥有牛津大学博士学位，主攻英国诗人约翰·多恩的诗歌与散文。丽莎的第一本诗集《新闻稿》（2007年）入围玛丽·吉尔摩诗歌奖和墨尔本最佳写作奖，并荣获维多利亚州长诗歌奖。她的第二本诗集《海波龙酒店》（2013年）入围昆士兰文学奖和西澳大利亚州州长诗歌奖，并获得菲利普·霍金斯纪念奖章。她的第三本诗集《经验》（2019年）入围新南威尔士州州长诗歌奖。丽莎也是《岛屿》和吉拉蒙多文学出版社的杂志的诗歌编辑。她还编辑了《2013年澳大利亚最佳诗歌集》。戈顿最近出版了诗集《经验》和发表在伊扎贝拉·普卢塔的艺术作品集《滑移与波动的形体》（2019年）中的长篇序列诗歌。作家信息：<https://giramondopublishing.com/lisa-gorton/>

## Work recommended: *Empirical*

My poetry collection *Empirical* came out last year. It might give readers a sense of local place. I began writing it when the Victorian government of that time signed a contract to cut an eight-lane motorway through the heart of Royal Park, near where I live. I walked in the park, trying to trace in poems how memory and landscape fold in and out of each other. This part of the book also includes a long poem recreating the colonial history of this parkland--a poem made of fragments from newspapers, maps and pictures. The second part of *Empirical* forms a counterpart to that relationship between imagery and place. It tracks phantasmagoric images of empire through poems about the Venus de Milo, Rimbaud's imperial panoramas, Coleridge's life-writing and the Crystal Palace.

### 自荐作品：《经验》

诗集《经验》去年出版。这本诗集也许可以带给读者一种对当地的感受。我写这本诗集的时候，正值维多利亚州政府刚签了协议，要修建一条八车道高速公路，这条公路正好穿过在皇家公园中心地带，公园离我住的地方很近。我漫步在公园里，试图在诗歌中探寻记忆和风景的相互交映。书里还有一首长诗，再现了这个公园的殖民历史。这首诗取材于报纸的片段，还有地图和图片。诗集的第二部分对意象与地点的关系形成对应。这部分通过表现米洛斯的维纳斯、兰波描绘的帝国全景图，以及克勒律治的人生记录和水晶宫的诗歌，追寻变幻不定的帝国意象。



# Australian Writer

**Michael Farrell** is a leading contemporary Australian poet who has published over ten volumes of poetry. His collection *I Love Poetry* won the 2018 Queensland Literary Award for Poetry and was commended in the 2018 Wesley Michel Wright Prize. He was the winner of the 2012 Peter Porter Poetry Prize, and his second collection, *Open Sesame* (2011), was shortlisted for the NSW Premier's Award for Poetry. Michael has a PhD from the University of Melbourne, a critical study of innovative Australian poetics which has been revised and published as *Writing Australian Unsettlement: Modes of Poetic Invention 1796-1945*. His poem "Black Coffin with Milk" was published in the January 2019 issue of *Poetry* magazine, established by Harriet Monroe in 1912 and now hosted by the U.S. Poetry Foundation. Originally from Bombala in NSW, Michael Farrell has lived in Melbourne since 1990. <https://giramondopublishing.com/michael-farrell/>



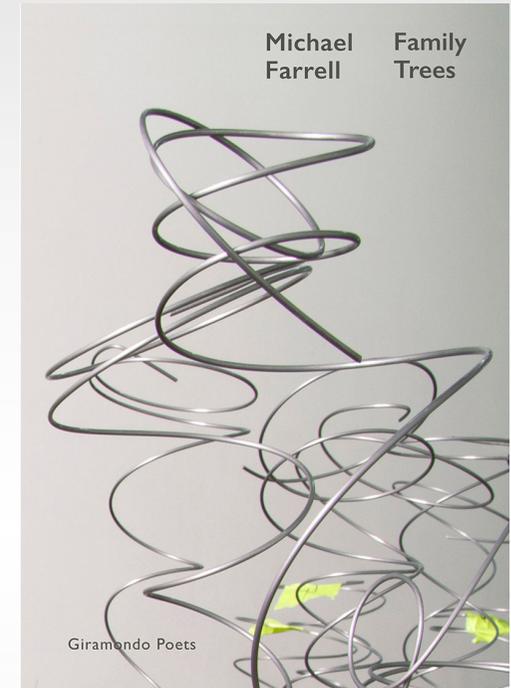
**迈克尔·法雷尔**是全球知名的澳大利亚诗人，出版过十多卷诗歌。他的诗集《我爱诗歌》荣获2018年昆士兰诗歌文学奖，并获得 2018年韦斯利·米歇尔·赖特奖的赞扬。他也是2012年彼得·波特诗歌奖得主。吉拉蒙多文学出版社出版的第二本作品集《芝麻开门》（2011年）入围新南威尔士州州长诗歌奖。法雷尔获得墨尔本大学博士学位，研究领域是澳大利亚诗歌创新，他的博士论文改编为专著《书写澳大利亚的焦虑：1796-1945诗歌创作模式》。法雷尔的新作“黑棺材加牛奶”发表于《诗歌》2019年第1期，该杂志由美国诗歌基金会主办，创刊于1912年。迈克尔·法雷尔生长在新南威尔士州东南边的小镇邦巴拉。他自1990年以来一直居住在墨尔本。作家信息：<https://giramondopublishing.com/michael-farrell/>

## Work recommended: *Family Trees*

The poems in *Family Trees* operate according to a queer and inclusive logic, which binds humans, animals, objects, plants and concepts in familial relationships. The poems model contact through affection, sharing, and attention – sometimes violent attention. They tell strange stories – tall tales from the country, rambling reminiscences, shaggy-dog stories – which speak of shifting realities and weird and wonderful things, the coffin with legs that walked, an infertile rabbit that fosters a lamb, robots hunting in Kenya for the little white lion of Tokyo, an argumentative sock-puppet, marsupial geese and singing worms, and Pope Pinocchio, who thinks his heartbeat powers Italy. The characters in these scenarios are quite at home – they think, gossip, sleep and work. They construct ancestries and genealogies. A phrase, a detail, an object can act like a hinge, sending them in a hundred directions. Anything can be a twig (or bud or leaf or fruit) on Farrell’s family trees.

### 自荐作品：《家谱》

《家谱》里的诗歌以一种奇特且包容的逻辑进行排列。在家庭关系中，将人类、动物、物体、植物和概念绑在一起。这些诗歌通过感情、分享和关注（包括充满暴力的关注）来模仿“接触”，讲述着奇怪怪的故事，包括来自乡村的离奇故事，杂乱无章的回忆，荒诞不经的笑话等。都是些深度幻觉且怪异奇妙的事物，例如棺材长出了腿走了起来，不能生育的兔子养育了一只小羊，机器人在肯尼亚狩猎东京小白狮，爱斗嘴的袜子木偶，变成有袋动物的鹅，会唱歌的蛆，还有认为自己的心跳为意大利提供电力的皮诺奇教皇。这些假设场景中的人物表现得一切应该如此，他们思考、八卦、睡觉和工作。他们构成各种宗亲谱系。一个短语，一个细节，一个物件都好像是一个合页，把它们送往各个方向。在法雷尔的家谱“树”上，任何东西都可以成为树叉，或者花蕾、叶子以及果实。



# Australian Writer

**Felicity Castagna** is an award-winning Australian novelist and essayist. Her novel *The Incredible Here and Now* received the 2014 Prime Minister's Award for Young Adult Literature and was adapted for the stage by the National Theatre of Parramatta. Her collection of short stories, *Small Indiscretions*, was named an Australian Book Review book of the year, and her most recent novel, *No More Boats* (2017) was shortlisted for the prestigious 2018 Miles Franklin Literary Award. Castagna's essays explore ideas of home, suburbia, art-making and literature. Her work has been produced for ABC Radio National and ABC television and has featured in many journals, magazines and festivals. She teaches writing and helps to run numerous storytelling projects and collaborative arts projects, including The Finishing School, a collective of Western Sydney women writers. Her next book *Girls In Boys' Cars* is forthcoming in 2021. <https://felicitycastagna.net/>



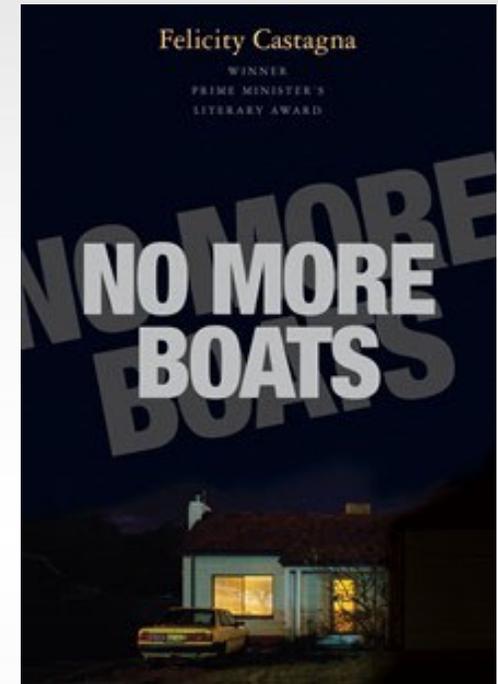
**费利西蒂·卡斯塔尼亚**澳大利亚获奖作家和散文家。她的长篇小说《不可思议的当下》荣获2014年总理青少年文学奖，并改编为话剧在帕拉马塔剧院上演。她的短篇小说集《轻率之举》被《澳大利亚书评》列为年度图书，最新小说《不再有船》入围2018年迈尔斯·富兰克林文学奖。卡斯塔尼亚的散文作品见于各类杂志期刊和艺术节，题材广泛，涉及家庭、城郊生活、艺术创作和文学等话题，也被澳洲国家广播公司（ABC）制作成广播电视节目播出，也刊登在很多期刊和杂志上。她还教授写作，协助多项故事写作项目和艺术合作项目，包括一部西悉尼女性作家的合集《私人女校》。她的新书《坐在男孩汽车里的女孩》将于2021年出版。作家个人网站：<https://felicitycastagna.net/>

## Work recommended: *No More Boats*

*No More Boats* is the story of one Australian family and what happens when its patriarchal head, Italian-migrant Antonio commits an act that makes him a lightning rod for questions about who get to migrate to Australia. It is also a story about our nation, one whose history is both defined by the boat and whose collective cultural anxiety about the boat drives our contemporary politics. It is also an international story in a world where the current refugee crisis dominates the nightly news as do related issues of belonging, territory and fear.

### 自荐作品：《不再有难民船》

《不再有难民船》讲述的是一个澳大利亚家庭的故事。意大利移民安东尼奥作为一家之长因其所为而在谁可以移民到澳大利亚的问题上引发了巨大的争议。这也是关于澳大利亚这个民族的故事，其历史由难民船来定义。而对于难民船的集体文化焦虑又左右着这个国家当今的政治。这同时也是一个国际故事。当下的世界所面临的难民危机充斥着每晚的新闻节目，由此引发的归属、领土和恐惧等相关议题也同时占据新闻报道。



# Australian Writer

**Luke Carman** is a NSW-based author, essayist and academic. His first book, *An Elegant Young Man*, was awarded the NSW Premier's Literary Award and shortlisted for the Australian Literature Society Gold Medal and the Steele Rudd Short Story Prize. In 2014 he was named a Sydney Morning Herald Best Young Novelist. Carman's writing has been published in The Sydney Morning Herald, The Australian, Meanjin, Sydney Review of Books, The Big Issue, Southerly, The Lifted Brow, Cultural Studies Review, Global Journal Media, Seizure, and internationally in NplusOne (USA), and The London Times (UK). His work has been featured on SBS Online, ABC Radio National, and performed for the Sydney Theatre Company. His second book is *Intimate Antipathies*, a collection of essays on the writing life, published in 2019 by Giramondo. <https://giramondopublishing.com/luke-carman/>

卢克·卡曼是新南威尔士州作家、散文家和学者。他的处女作《一个优雅的年轻人》荣获新南威尔士州州长文学奖，并入围了澳大利亚文学学会金奖和斯蒂尔·陆克文短篇小说奖。2014年，他被评为《悉尼先驱晨报》最佳青年小说家之一。卡曼的文章发表在《悉尼先驱晨报》《澳大利亚人报》《悉尼书评》《焦点问题》《南方》《扬眉》《文化研究评论》《全球期刊媒体》《梅默》和《伦敦时报》等多家澳大利亚和国际知名期刊。其作品也曾在SBS在线和澳洲广播公司播出，并由悉尼戏剧公司排演。他的第二本书《基督教的反感》由吉拉蒙多出版。作家信息：<https://giramondopublishing.com/luke-carman/>

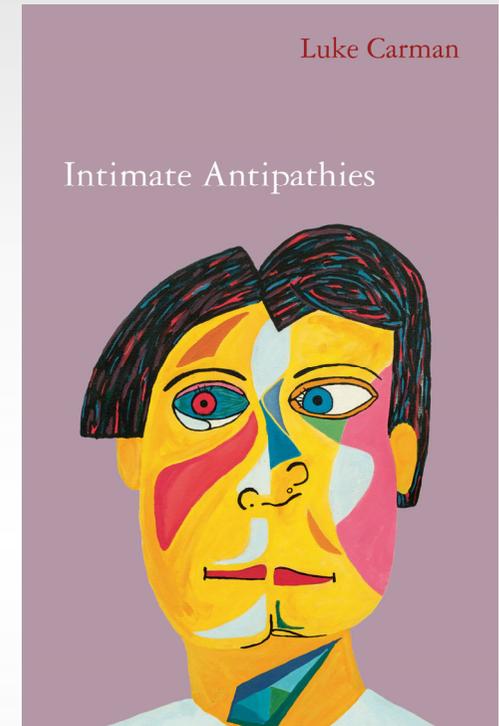


## Work recommended: *Intimate Antipathies*

Should a Chinese writer wonder what the collective commission of Aussie authors might entail, then this collection of essays on the 'Australian writer's life' should serve as an enduring introduction to that existence. The essays in 'Intimate Antipathies' follow one writer's oscillations through anxiety, outrage and ecstasy, and in the process explore the connections between writing and dreaming, writing and mental illness, writing and the complications of family life in 21<sup>st</sup> Century Australia. Should any writer wonder what it's like to ply their trade down-under, this book should set them straight on that wild and woolly pathway.

### 自荐作品：《私密的反感》

如果中国作家想要了解澳大利亚同行的创作历程，这本关于“澳大利亚作家人生”的文集是不二之选。《私密的反感》记录了一位澳大利亚作家起伏不定的人生，有焦虑，有愤怒，有喜悦，其创作历程探索了在21世纪的澳大利亚，写作与梦境、写作与精神疾病、和写作与复杂家庭生活的关系。如果想知道如何在澳大利亚发展写作事业，这本书可以带你感受一仲粗狂之路。



# Australian Writer

**Anchuli Felicia King** is a playwright, screenwriter and multidisciplinary artist of Thai-Australian descent, and a recipient of the Patrick White Playwrights Fellowship in 2020. She holds the singular distinction among Australian playwrights of having three plays debut on Australian stages in 2019: *Golden Shield*, *White Pearl* and *Slaughterhouse*. As a writer, Felicia is interested in linguistic hybrids, digital cultures and the nexus of technologies and globalisation. Her plays have been produced by the Royal Court Theatre (London), Studio Theatre (Washington D.C.), American Shakespeare Centre (Staunton), Melbourne Theatre Company (Melbourne), Sydney Theatre Company, National Theatre of Parramatta, and Belvoir Theatre (Sydney). She is currently a screenwriter on T.V. projects in development for HBO, AMC, Amazon (USA), Sister Pictures (U.K.), Matchbox, Easy Tiger, Lucky Chap Entertainment, Hoodlum Entertainment, and the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (Australia). Formerly based in New York, Felicia continues to work internationally and is based between London, New York and her hometown of Melbourne, Australia. <https://www.anchulifeliciaking.com/>



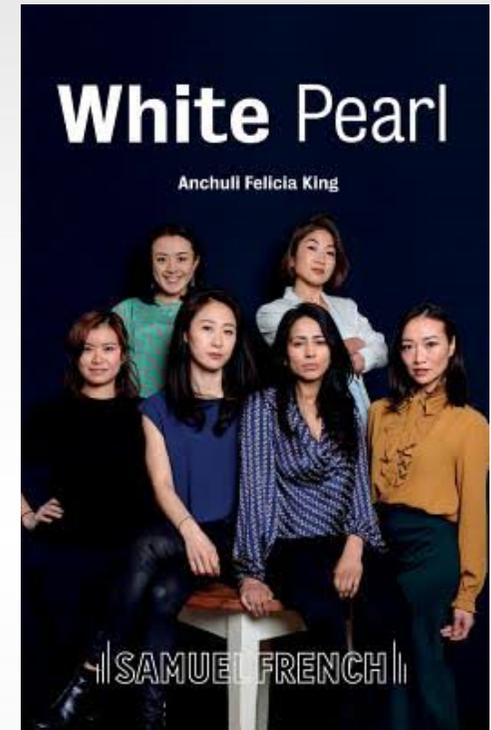
**金婉婷**是澳籍泰裔剧作家、编剧和跨域艺术家，2020年获得帕特里克·怀特剧作家奖。在2019年，她有三部话剧同年演出：《金盾》《白珍珠》和《屠宰场》，创造了澳大利亚剧作家的一项个人纪录。金的文学作品聚焦于跨界艺术、数字文化以及技术与全球化的关系。她的戏剧先后由皇家法院剧院（伦敦）、工作室剧院（华盛顿特区）、美国莎士比亚中心（斯汤顿）、墨尔本戏剧公司、悉尼剧院公司、帕拉马塔国家剧院和贝尔沃剧院（悉尼）等排演。她目前为HBO、AMC、亚马逊（美国）、姐妹影业（英国）、火柴盒、易虎、幸运章娱乐、胡德伦娱乐和澳大利亚广播公司等多家影视娱乐机构策划项目和撰写剧本。费利西亚的艺术生涯非常国际化，她曾居于纽约，并往返于伦敦、纽约和家乡墨尔本等地工作。作家个人网站：<https://www.anchulifeliciaking.com/>

## Work recommended: *White Pearl*

In Singapore, Clearday™ has developed from a small start-up company to a leading international cosmetic brand in less than a year. But when a draft of the company's latest skin cream advert is leaked, the video goes viral globally for all the wrong reasons. YouTube views are in the thousands and keep climbing; anger is building on social media; and journalists are starting to cover the story. This is an international PR nightmare; the company cannot be seen to be racist, they've got to get it taken down before America wakes up. *White Pearl* marks writer Anchuli Felicia King's international playwriting debut.

### 自荐作品：《白珍珠》

《白珍珠》是费利西亚首部国际公演的剧作。Clearday™是新加坡的创业公司，在不到一年时间内成长为领先的国际化妆品品牌。但是公司新护肤霜的广告草案意外泄漏，具有争议的视频内容在全球范围内迅速传播。YouTube的浏览量成千地增长，愤怒情绪正社交媒体蔓延，记者也开始追踪报道。公司不能坐视这一事件演变为国际公关噩梦，从而被贴上种族主义的标签，必须在美国时间的清晨之前解决问题……



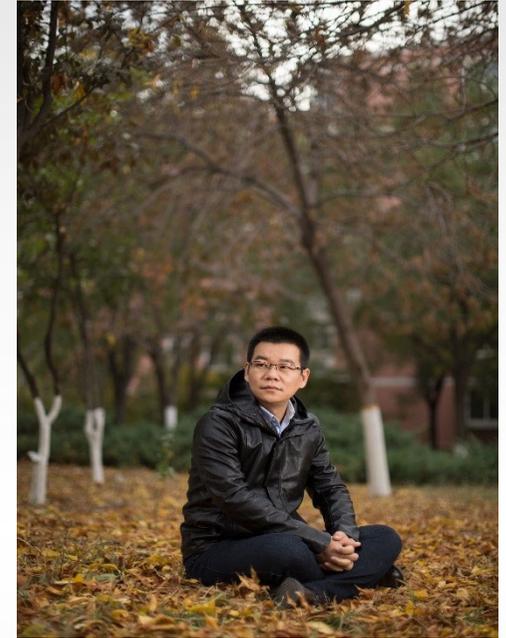
# Chinese Writer

## Xu Zechen

Born in 1978 in Donghai city, Jiangsu province and a graduate from the Department of Chinese Language and Literature of Peking University. He is the author of *Northward*, *Jerusalem*, *A Drop in the Royal City* and *Running through Zhongguancun*, to name just a few. He is awarded the “2015 Chinese Youth Leader” by the *Nanfang People Weekly*. His short story “If a Snowstorm Seals the Door” won the Lu Xun Literature Prize and the short story collection of the same title won the “2016 Good Chinese Books” Award. His novel *Northward* won him the Mao Dun Literature Prize, the top novel prize in China. His novel *Jerusalem* receives Laoshe Literature Prize, the Chinese Literature Media Award and the Jury Award of the Dream of Red Mansion Award in Hong Kong. His novel *A Drop in the Royal City* is selected as the “2017 top 10 Chinese novels” by *Asia Week*. His work has been translated into over 10 languages such as English, French and German.

## 徐则臣

1978年生于江苏东海，毕业于北京大学中文系。著有《北上》《耶路撒冷》《王城如海》《跑步穿过中关村》等。被《南方人物周刊》评为“2015年度中国青年领袖”。《如果大雪封门》获鲁迅文学奖，同名短篇小说集获“2016中国好书”奖。长篇小说《北上》获茅盾文学奖、“2018中国好书”奖。长篇小说《耶路撒冷》获老舍文学奖、华语文学传媒大奖、香港红楼梦奖终审团奖。长篇小说《王城如海》被《亚洲周刊》评为2017年度十大中文小说。部分作品被翻译成英、法、德等近十余种语言。

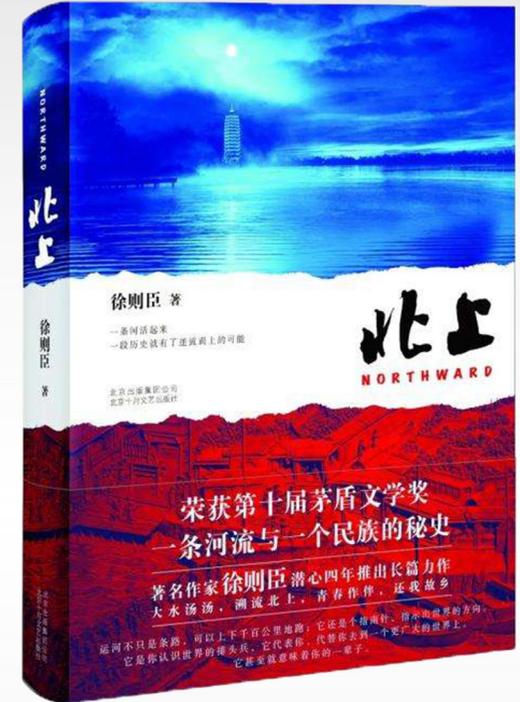


## Work recommended: *Northward*

*Northward* narrates with two leads: the past and the present. Around 1901, Polo Junior from Italy travelled to China with his imagination of the canal civilization of the remote Orient. Xie Pingyao, one of the protagonists of the book, accompanied Polo Junior as his translator on the journey northward along the Grand Canal to look for his younger brother, who went missing as a soldier of the Eight Countries Alliance in China. Around 2014, their descendants engage in another story in modern times alongside the canal. The book displays a huge picture of the Grand Canal culture in all-round dimensions. It draws the spiritual map of the Grand Canal in the past a hundred years and tells the new mission of an old nation.

### 自荐作品：长篇小说《北上》

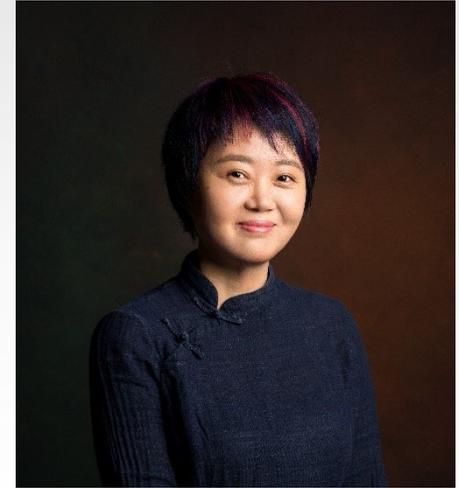
《北上》以历史和当下两条线索展开叙事。公元1901年前后，来自意大利的小波罗兄弟带着对于遥远东方运河文明的想象，千里迢迢来到了中国。小说的主人公之一谢平遥作为翻译，陪同小波罗沿着京杭大运河一路北上寻找参加八国联军后失踪的弟弟。2014年前后，他们的后人又演化出了运河边上的一段现代故事。本书阔大开展，气韵沉雄，是一部全方位展现大运河文化的恢弘画卷，书写出了一百年来大运河的精神图谱和一个民族的旧邦新命。



# Chinese Writer

## Zhou Xiaofeng

Born in Beijing in 1969 and a professional writer of Beijing Lao She Literary Academy. Her published essay collections include but not limited to *Dots and Stripes: Maps on Hide*, *Collection: the Magic Book of Time*, *Your Body Is a Fairyland*, *Deaf Angel*, *The Great Whale Sings*, *Like Migrant Birds*. She is the winner of Lu Xun Literature Prize, Zhu Ziqing Essay Award, *People's Literature Award*, *October Literature Award*, *Zhongshan Literature Award*, *Huadi Literature Award* and the Chinese Literature Media Award. She began writing children's books in 2017, and later published fairy tales *Small Wings*, *Star Fish*, *Your Good Will Looks Like a Bad Idea*, which bring her awards like Good Chinese Book, Laureate Children's Book, Best Book on the Annual Billboard of Chinese Children's Book.



## 周晓枫

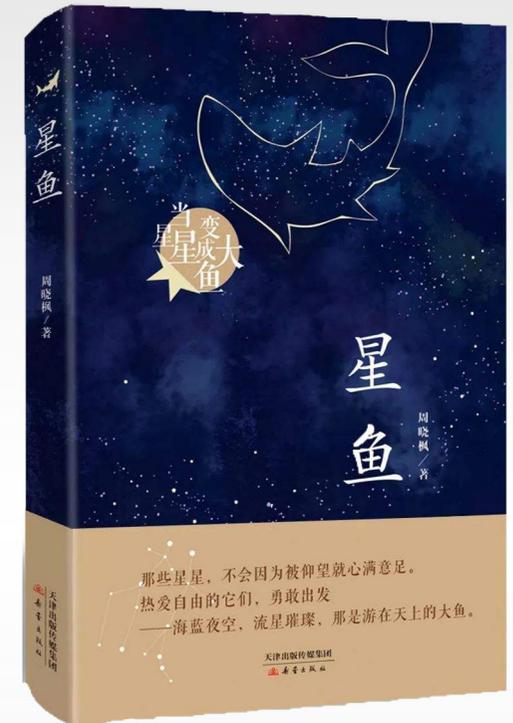
1969年生于北京，现为北京老舍文学院专业作家。出版有散文集《斑纹——兽皮上的地图》《收藏——时间的魔法书》《你的身体是个仙境》《聋天使》《巨鲸歌唱》《有如候鸟》等，曾获鲁迅文学奖、朱自清散文奖、人民文学奖、十月文学奖、钟山文学奖、花地文学奖、华语文学传媒大奖等奖项。2017年开始儿童文学创作，出版童话作品《小翅膀》《星鱼》《你的好心看起来像个坏主意》，曾获中国好书、桂冠童书、中国童书榜年度最佳童书等奖项。

## Work recommended: *Star Fish*

The book narrates in a uniquely poetic way. The protagonist Xiaonu, a star, falls into the sea and transforms into a whale shark. Then he embarks on a journey looking for his lost twin brother. It embodies the author's dialectical imagination on basic values towards human, life and daily living. It bristles with philosophy and affection, and brings a new possibility for original Chinese children's literature.

### 自荐作品：长篇童话《星鱼》

该作品以独具格调气质的诗性表达，通过主人公星星小弩坠入大海化身鲸鲨后，与孪生兄弟意外失散，从此踏上寻亲之旅的故事，传递了作者对于人、生命和生活等一系列基本价值的辩证想象，富于广阔的哲思和深切的情感体验，为中国原创儿童文学创作带来了新的可能。



# Chinese Writer

## Han Song

A science fiction writer, regularly cited as an influence by younger writers, and also works at the state news agency Xinhua. He has won multiple Galaxy Awards, China's highest profile sci-fi prize. His novels include *Let's Go Look for Aliens*, about UFO-spotters in China, *Manmade Man*, about clones, and *Subway*. One of his novels, *2066: Red Star Over America*, predicted the attack on the World Trade Center a year before 9/11. According to Paper Republic, "It becomes clear, reading his writing, that science fiction is merely a slightly warped mirror with which to reflect modern Chinese society." His short stories translated into English include: *The Great Wall*, *The Wheel of Samsara*, *My Country Does Not Dream*, *Scopophobia*, *Security Check*, *Regenerated Bricks*, *Earth Is Flat*, *The Fundamental Nature of the Universe*, *The passengers and the Creator*, *Transformation Subway*, *Salinger and the Koreans*, *All the waters in the World*, *Submarines*, *The Right to be Invisible*, *The Last Subway*, *Finished*.

## 韩松

华语科幻代表作家，从事科幻写作三十余年，供职于新华社。多次获得中国科幻银河奖等奖项，代表作有《地铁》《高铁》《宇宙墓碑》等，他的《火星照耀美国》提前一年预见了“9·11”事件。其科幻作品被认为反映了当代中国社会的变迁。有十余个中短篇小说被译成英文，包括《长城》《转经筒》《我的祖国不做梦》《看的恐惧》《安检》《再生砖》《地球是平的》《宇宙的本性》《乘客与创造者》《地铁惊变》《塞林格与朝鲜人》《天下之水》《潜艇》《隐身权》《末班地铁》《忙完了》等。



## Work recommended: “Tracks” Trilogy

The author concludes his representative novels *Subway*, *High-Speed Train* and *Tracks* as the “Tracks Trilogy”. The advancement of transportation tool reflects the changes of a country. It casts people’s minds as well as technology and society. The trilogy contains rich and complex living experience, and foretells the universal civilization through the allegorical text. It is a serious practice the author put into the realism of science fiction as an observer and thinker. It shows the author’s unique aesthetics, humanistic care and philosophy.

### 自荐作品：“轨道三部曲”

作者将其长篇小说代表作《地铁》《高铁》《轨道》合称为“轨道三部曲”。交通工具的演进，折射国家的变化，再造技术和社会版图，也重塑了人们的思想观念。“轨道三部曲”隐含了丰富复杂的生存体验，以寓言式的文本预警宇宙文明，是作者作为社会观察者和思考者，对科幻现实主义进行的一场深刻实践，展现了作者独特的美学意识、人文关怀和哲学理念。



# Chinese Writer

## Tangjiasanshao

Real name is Zhang Wei, born in Beijing in 1981. He is a writer of online novels and owns a cultural media company. As one of the representative figures of Chinese online literature, he has been writing online since 2004 and boasted a huge number of loyal readers. He has published nearly 300 works of more than 50 million words in total. Some of his works have been translated into English for online serialization, and into Korean, Thai, and Vietnamese. The total sales of his paper books amount to nearly 100 million.

## 唐家三少

本名张威，1981年生于北京，网络小说作家，成立有自己的文化传媒公司。作为中国网络文学代表人物之一，自2004年开始网络文学创作，拥有数量巨大的粉丝，累计出版作品近300种5000多万字，有作品被翻译成英文进行网络连载，并有韩、泰、越南语等译本出版，纸质书总销量近1亿册。

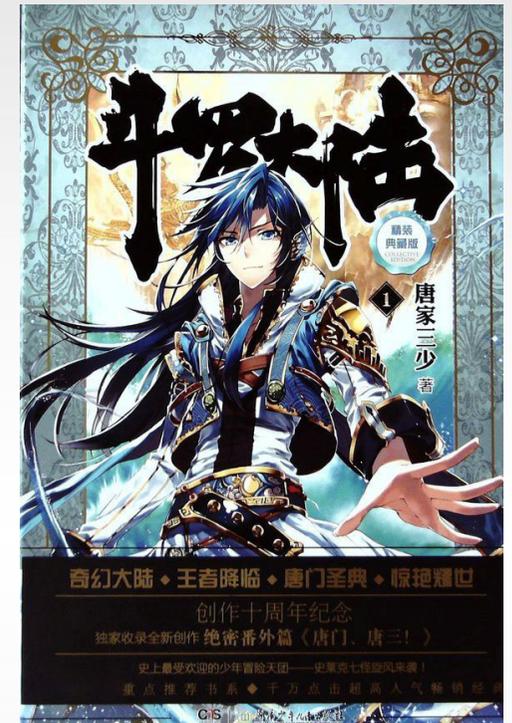


## Work recommended: “Soul Land” series

The series are fantasy books, a typical genre of Chinese online literature. It was first published from December 14, 2008 to December 13, 2009 on Starting Point Chinese net (<http://www.qidian.com/>), a website dedicated to publishing online literature. It has remained popular so far and is known as the “No. 1 IP of online stories”. The novels take us into a magical fantasy world: Soul Land, and tell inspirational stories that the protagonist Tang San and his friends fight and grow up together in Soul Land, showing a young temperament of “sunshine, passion and being positive”.

### 自荐作品：《斗罗大陆》系列小说

该作品为玄幻小说，2008年12月14日至2009年12月13日首发于起点中文网，至今热度不减，被誉为“网文第一IP”。小说将我们带入一个神奇的幻想世界——斗罗大陆，讲述了主人公唐三和他的伙伴们一起在这里战斗、成长的青春励志故事，彰显“阳光、热血、积极向上”的少年气质。



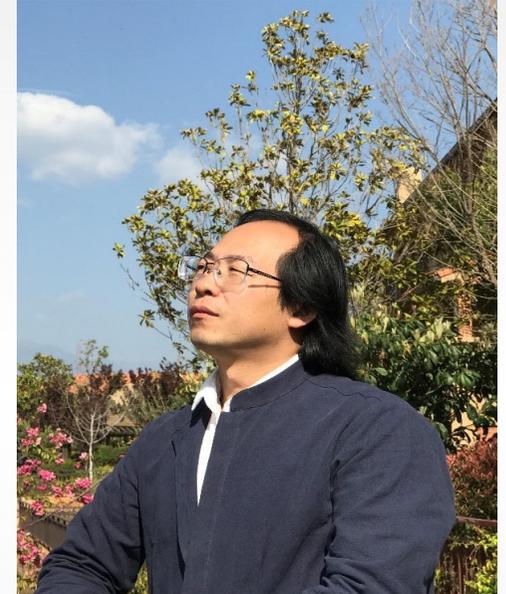
# Chinese Writer

## Huo Junming

Post-70s poet, researcher, deputy chief-editor of *Poetry Journal*, member of the Poetry Committee of the China Writers Association. He has authored more than ten monographs, collections of poems, and collections of essays such as *The Reincarnation of Peach Blossoms: Criticism on Chen Chao*. He was awarded the National Philosophy and Social Science Outstanding Achievement Award, and attended international literary activities such as the Xu Zhimo International Poetry Festival of University of Cambridge and the Poetry Night of Ratkovic, Montenegro.

## 霍俊明

70后诗人、研究员、《诗刊》副主编、中国作协诗歌委员会委员。著有《转世的桃花——陈超评传》等专著、诗集、散文集十余部。获国家哲学社会科学优秀成果奖等。曾参加剑桥大学徐志摩国际诗歌节、黑山共和国拉特科维奇诗歌之夜等国际文学活动。

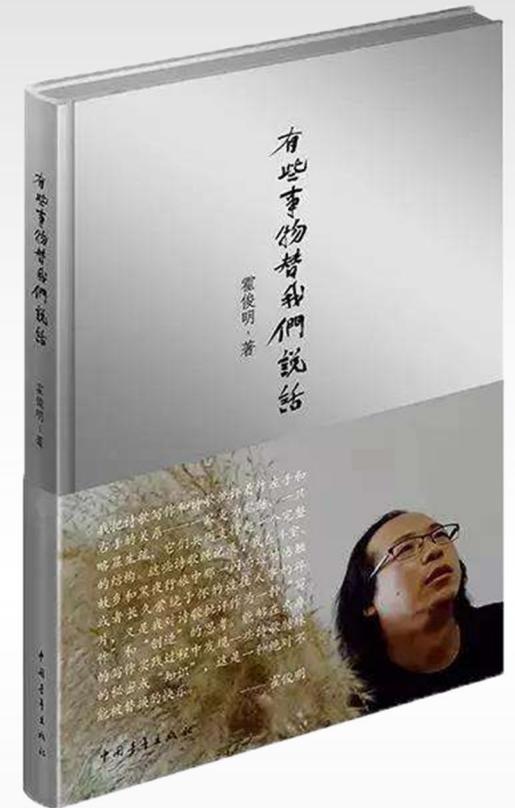


## Work recommended: *Some Things Speak for Us*

The collection contains more than 90 poems by Huo Junming, three of which are long poems. These poems give detailed expression of the personal experience and the space of the times, and in-depth analysis of the meaning of the life, time-scale and spiritual representation behind ordinary things, embodying the poet's personalized real imagination and his will to seek the truth in language.

### 自荐作品：诗集《有些事物替我们说话》

该诗集收入霍俊明诗作90余首，其中包括3首小长诗。这些诗作既强化了个人经验和时代空间中的细节和纹理，又对日常物象背后的生命奥义、时间刻度以及精神表征予以深度凝视。这些诗作体现了诗人个人化的现实想象力和语言层面的求真意志。



# Chinese Writer

## Baoer Jinna

Born in 1984, from Mongolian ethnic group and a graduate from the Fashion Design Department of Beijing Institute of Fashion Technology. She took refresher courses at the 8th Advanced Seminar for Young and Middle-aged Writers, held by Lu Xun Academy of Literature. Her main works include novel *Zi Ming Hong Ling*, short story collection *Mo Hei Ji*, and the collection of short story and essay *Looking at the World with Black eyes Like Wild Cats*. She has won the 3rd Global Youth Chinese Literature Award, the 6th Liaoning Provincial Literature Award, and the 10th October Literature Award and so on.

## 鲍尔金娜

1984年出生，蒙古族。北京服装学院服装设计系毕业，鲁迅文学院第八届中青年作家高研班学员。其主要作品有长篇小说《紫茗红菱》、小说集《摸黑记》、小说散文作品集《用野猫一样漆黑发亮的眼睛注视人间》。曾获得第三届全球华文青年文学奖、第六届辽宁文学奖、第十届十月文学奖等。

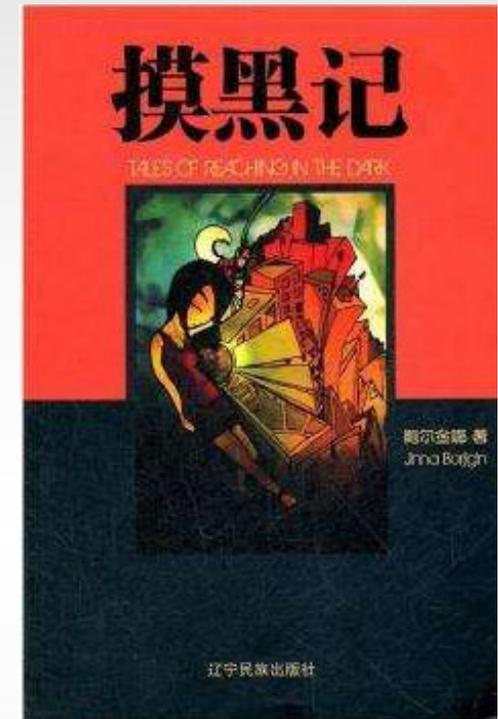


## Work recommended: *Mo Hei Ji*

*Mo Hei Ji* (“Midnight Roaming”) is a short story by Baoer Jinna. It tells the story of a young woman living alone who experiences a power cut at home overnight. The story examines the alienation of urban life, probing into the emotional and psychological turmoil of people forced to confront their brittle selves when the pervasive loneliness becomes magnified.

### 自荐作品：短篇小说《摸黑记》

《摸黑记》是鲍尔金娜的一篇短篇小说。故事讲述一位年轻独居女性在经历家中停电一夜里所发生的故事。小说探讨都市生活中无处不在的疏离感，旨在刻画当生活中的孤独被无限放大，人们被迫面对脆弱自我时的情感与心理动荡。



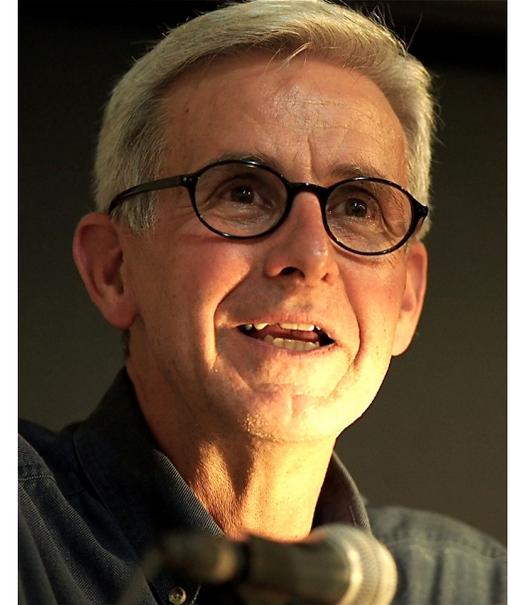
# Forum Closing Guest

## Professor Nicholas Jose

Professor Nicholas Jose has published seven highly regarded novels, including *Paper Nautilus* (1987), *The Red Thread* (2000) and *Original Face* (2005), three collections of short stories, *Black Sheep: Journey to Borrooloola* (a memoir), and essays, mostly on Australian and Asian culture. He was Cultural Counsellor at the Australian Embassy Beijing, 1987-90 and has played an important role in artistic relations between the two countries since then. He was the Visiting Chair of Australian Studies at Harvard University, 2009-10. Currently he is Adjunct Professor in the Writing and Society Research Centre at Western Sydney University and Professor of English and Creative Writing at The University of Adelaide, where he is a member of the J M Coetzee Centre for Creative Practice. Professor Jose has co-edited a new book entitled *Antipodean China: Reflections on Literary Exchange*, to be published in February 2021. The book is a collection of essays drawn from a series of encounters between Australian and Chinese writers, which took place in China and Australia over a ten-year period from 2011 in the China Australia Literary Forums.

## 周思教授

周思教授发表了七部广受好评的小说，其中包括《船蛸》（1987）、《红线》（2000）和《本来面目》（2005）等，还发表了三部短篇小说集，以及回忆录《黑色绵羊：博罗卢拉之旅》。此外，周思教授还发表过多篇散文，他的大多数作品都涉及澳大利亚和亚洲文化。他曾担任澳大利亚驻北京使馆文化参赞（1987-1990），之后在两国的文化艺术交流上一直起着尤为重要的作用。周思教授在2009-2010年间担任哈佛大学澳大利亚研究中心的访问教授。他目前是西悉尼大学写作与社会研究中心的兼职教授，阿德莱德大学英语与创意写作教授，同时也是阿德莱德大学库切创作实践中心的成员。周思教授编辑的新书《相对极的中国：文学交流的思考》，将在明年二月出版，此书收集了2011年以来“中澳文化论坛”中的中澳作家文集。



# Forum Closing Guest

## **Yan Jingming**

### **Vice president of China Writers Association**

Literary critic, the vice president of China Writers Association. He has long been focusing on the study and literary criticism of contemporary Chinese literature. He obtained his MA degree of Lu Xun and the History of Chinese Contemporary Literature. He has published many books such as Strategies of Literary Criticism, Monologue and Dialogue, I Wish Novels Unstoppable, Telling of All, Lu Xun's Vision on Culture, Lu Xun and Chen Xiying, Viewpoints in Art Circles, Lu Xun is Still Alive, The Glimmering of Words. Meanwhile, he edited and published some books such as Collections of Lu Xun's Speeches and A New Edition of Lu Xun's Maxim. He has won many prizes like "Second Feng Mu Literary Prize for Young Critics".

## **阎晶明**

### **中国作家协会副主席、书记处书记**

文学批评家。现任中国作家协会副主席、书记处书记。长期从事中国现当代文学研究与评论。鲁迅与中国现代文学史研究生毕业。出版有《批评的策略》《独白与对话》《我愿小说气势如虹》《鲁迅的文化视野》《鲁迅与陈西滢》《叙说所有》《艺林观点》《鲁迅还在》《文字的微光》等著作，编选出版有《鲁迅演讲集》《鲁迅箴言新编》等。曾获第二届冯牧文学奖青年批评家奖。



## **Speeches by Australian and Chinese Writers**

1. Luke Carman
2. Felicity Castagna
3. Michael Farrel
4. Lisa Gordon
5. Anchuli Felicia King
6. Melissa Lucashenko
7. Xu Zecheng
8. Zhou Xiaofeng
9. Han Song
10. Huo Junming
11. Tang Jia San Shao
12. Boer Jinna

## Those Who Favour Fire

Luke Carman

*Looking up at the stars, I know quite well*

*That, for all they care, I can go to hell*

- W.H. Auden

If I have learned anything from 2020, it's that with great calamity comes greater commissions. I began the year with a commission to write for an English newspaper about the fires which engulfed Australia over the summer, and I am ending it writing on the local effects of the pandemic for a readership in the United States. Reflecting, for a Chinese and Australian audience, on what has been a bumper year for professional purveyors of misery, I confess I've come to see the pandemic as a 'second act' in one contiguous crisis for those of us enduring it all 'Downunder'. For most Australians, the fires which swept across the country's east last summer might seem like old news, but we ought to keep in mind that we were only beginning to put that carnage behind us when word reached these shores of a novel sickness spreading in a far-flung place called 'Wuhan Province'.

If asked by some perverse interrogator which of the two infamies were preferable, the bushfire or this plague, I'd hold with those who favour fire. I live now on the Central Coast of New South Wales, right near the beach, where the effect of the fires was more an eerie, sinus stuffing nuisance than an immediate existential threat. From the fires came many compensating novelties too. Rather than the bland banality of a clear blue sky over our major cities, we enjoyed a more toxic metropolitan haze; we found ourselves treated to regular rains of ash and cinder, a phenomenon providing an insulating layer of soot and dust to homes, cars, and outdoor toilets; and we enjoyed new state-of-the-art government apps, which kept us abreast

of exciting new mergers between super-fires and mega-blazes rolling across the country. What's more, the preternatural sense of impending doom game each day of our typically indolent summer a vitalising air of spontaneity and *joie de vivre*.

In a cultural sense, the fires here also helped put Australia on the global centre-stage. There is a vanity in the Australian cultural constitution which longs for the attentions of the world abroad, and for a brief but smoky period, all eyes were on us. We took a collective sense of pride in serving an essential global service, playing the 'canary in the mine' of the global climate apocalypse. Our people were dying, thousands of homes were destroyed, millions of acres of forest were reduced to wasteland, hundreds of millions of animals incinerated – but on the other hand, celebrities of an Ellen DeGeneres-calibre were personally sending their love to us from premier US events like the Golden Globes; photographs of our vibrant country towns and unique wildlife (admittedly charred) dominated Twitter, Instagram, and other social media telemetries for months on end. The fires were hot, but then so was the country's *relevance*.

Perhaps greatest of all the fire-season's consolations was the effect it had on our civil society. In a strange way, the bushfires brought out the selflessness in people. The catchphrase, "it's for a good cause" became ubiquitous at every social event: concerts, parties, dances, trivia nights, and barbecues all became opportunities to raise funds. Volunteers with donation buckets materialised on every corner, and every business in Australia seemed determined to give a portion of its proceeds to those affected by the fires. Surfers donated their boards, tattooists their ink, painters give away their works. Even writers – typically purveyors of human misery – tried auctioning off signed copies of their books. The most inspiring of all these acts of charity was the case of an Instagram model who raised \$1m by selling her nudes for \$10 a shot. Reflecting on the money raised, she said: "My IG got deactivated, my family has disowned me, and the guy I like won't talk to me. But fuck it, save the koalas."

For Australians, this accumulated sense of solidarity and goodwill was the first and most dramatic victim of COVID-19's arrival on our shores. Wuhan's gift to the world soon saw Australians brawling in supermarket aisles over toilet rolls and tissue boxes. Footage, shot in my old home town, showing three enormous women battering each other about the head in a Woolworths' supermarket went viral; CCTV captured career criminals targeting supermarket delivery bays, stealing pallets of sanitary products at knife point; and reports circulated of burglars breaking into child-care centres to steal tubs of hand-sanitiser. Where the mythical Aussie mateship had momentarily been, there strict self-interest was. Prime Minister Scott Morrison held a press conference in which he begged his fellow Australians to come back to their senses, pleading, "Stop hoarding! I can't be more blunt about it. Stop it! Hoarding is not who we are as a people. It is not necessary. It's not something that people should be doing!"

We were quick to acquiesce to the mandatory lock-downs and restrictions our government instituted, but we weren't without individual disgraces. There were stories of workers abandoning nursing home patients, leaving the infirm to starve in their own filth; spitting on enemies in the street became a more popular form of assault; and drug gangs, their supply routes interrupted, took to territorial drive-by shootings with an unprecedented vigour. The sacred, too, was put on hold: churches, synagogues, and mosques shut their doors, families did not attend funerals or weddings, children's playgrounds closed, and singing became a cultural taboo.

Where the fires had provided a kind of *sturm und drang* display of nature's fury, the pandemic presented us with an equally devastating, but more banal curse. Instead of thrusting us into a storied *Gotterdammerung* against the brute force of nature scorned, the virus forces us to concede, through sheer insubstantiality, that we too are simply another frail and entangled part of an apparently indifferent universe. Then again, as the poet Auden wisely put it: "On Earth indifference is the least, we have to dread from man or beast."

## 更倾向于大火的人们

卢克·卡门

（翻译：刘婧琦 校对：韩静）

*仰望群星，我心知肚明*

*我走向地狱，星星毫不在乎*

-威斯坦·休·奥登

如果说我在 2020 年学到了点什么，那就是，天灾带给了我更多的工作邀约。年初我受邀为一份英文报刊写一篇夏季时森林大火吞噬澳大利亚的报道。到了年底，我则忙于为美国的读者撰写关于这场全球大流行疾病对澳洲的影响的文章。现在面对中澳听众，我反思作为传送人间疾苦的文字工作者所经历的忙碌的一年，我必须说身在澳洲经历了这一切，我认为这次的全球大流行疾病应该是今年第二场灾难。对于大部分澳洲人来说，去年夏天肆虐澳洲东部的森林大火似乎已经是旧闻了，但是我们必须谨记我们刚刚要渡过大火劫难的时候，传来了新型病毒在遥远的城市武汉传播的消息。

如果非要让我在森林火灾和这场流行病之间做出一个选择，我会同那些选择森林火灾的人们站在一边。我住在新州中央海岸，就靠近海滨，在那里，森林火灾的影响比对生存的直接威胁更为阴森，更令鼻孔窒息。森林火灾带来了许多新花样。平时城市上空那片平淡无奇的蓝色天空被大都市的有毒气体所取代；夹杂着大火灰烬的雨水时常光顾，给我们的房子、汽车和户外厕所蒙上一层灰尘和

细渣；我们很喜欢使用政府发送的一流技术应用软件查看火势的最新发展情况，发现超级大火与强大火势不断合并，肆虐大片的土地，惊心动魄。与往常更加不同的是，即将降临的超自然灾难的感觉给我们本来典型的慵懒夏日带来了一种自发性的、充满生活情趣的活力。

从文化层面上来讲，森林大火使得澳洲获得了全球的关注。在澳洲文化法典中，存在着一种虚荣心，渴望获得世界的关注，而在烟雾缭绕的这段短暂的时间里，世界的目光都聚集在我们身上。我们带着集体荣誉感为世界做一项基本服务，在全球气候大灾难面前冒着失败的危险。我们的同胞濒临死亡，成千上万的家园被烧毁，数百万英亩的森林变成了不毛之地，无以计数的动物葬身火海。而在世界的另一端，像艾伦·德詹尼丝那样高排位的名人则通过金球奖的一类美国活动送来他们的祝福。数月以来一张张展示我们生机勃勃的城镇和独一无二的野生动物（全被烤焦）的照片数月持续地占据了推特、照片墙和其他社交媒体的版面。森林大火猛烈炙热，澳洲也因此在世界变得热门。

也许火灾高发期产生的最大的慰藉是它对我们文明社会的影响。说来有些蹊跷，森林大火展现出了人们无私的一面。那句“为一项美好的事业”的流行词在每个公共活动上都听得到。音乐会、派对、舞蹈表演、益智问答晚会、烧烤派对都成为募捐的机会。拿着募捐桶的志愿者们出现在各个角落；澳大利亚的每家企业似乎都决心把他们收益的一部分捐赠给那些受火灾影响的人们。冲浪者捐出他们的冲浪板，纹身师捐出他们的色料，画家捐出他们的绘画作品。即便是那些传送人间疾苦的作家们也试图拍卖他们签名的书籍。所有努力中最有启发的还属照片墙的一个模特，她用十澳元一张出售她的裸体照，募集一百万澳元的捐款。在谈到她募集的捐款时，她说道：“我的照片墙账户被封，我的家人与我断绝了关系，我喜欢的男人不理睬我，但是管它呢，救考拉熊要紧。”

对澳大利亚人来说，这种积累下来的团结和善意在“新冠病毒”出现的那一刻消失殆尽。病毒从武汉向世界蔓延之际，澳大利亚人在超市为了争抢厕纸和纸巾大打出手。在我的老家，三个身材巨大的女人在一家沃尔沃超市分店相互厮打对方的头部的视频录像在网上疯传；闭路电视录像记录了职业罪犯蹲点超市的卸货区，举着尖刀偷窃大批消毒卫生用品；新闻里报道说小偷们闯入托儿所偷窃消毒洗手液。澳大利亚人崇尚的义气在那一时之间变成了纯粹的个人利益。总理莫里森在一场新闻发布会上请求澳大利亚同胞们恢复理智，呼吁他们“不要囤货！我已经讲得不能再直截了当了。停止这种行为！囤货不是我们作为一国之民所应该做的。完全没有必要。不是人们应该做的！”

我们很快就默认了政府的强制封锁和限令，但我们也做了很多不光彩的事。有报道称养老院的有些员工丢下病人不管不顾，让那些老弱病残的病人满身污秽，饱受饥饿；大街上对自己的敌人吐口水成为更为流行的攻击行为；毒品团伙因为其供应链被打断，为了抢夺地盘，用前所未有的精力飞车枪击。宗教活动被暂停：基督教堂、犹太教堂和清真寺都关闭了；家人无法参加葬礼或婚礼；孩子们的游乐场也被关闭；连唱歌也变成了文化禁忌。

森林火灾展示了大自然发怒后的严重后果，而全球大流行疾病给我们带来了同样灾难性但更索然无味的诅咒。森林大火得发生，是因为我们对大自然的无视，将我们推向毁灭性的深渊，而大流行疾病则在无形状态中让我们认识到我们只不过是卷入这个冷漠的宇宙中极易摧毁的一部分。当然了，正如诗人奥登智慧之言所说：“在地球上，来自人类或野兽的冷漠，是我们最不需畏惧的。”

## Pandemic. Reflection. Creation.

Felicity Castagna

The worst thing that could happen to literature right now would be a flood of novels that explore Covid- 19, though I don't doubt this will happen. It has already happened in fact, primarily in the area of non-fiction we've already had several collections of essays which look at the impact of the pandemic on our lives, something that I would argue is impossible for us to do well without time and space and contemplation.

The best work that will come out of this period, I suspect, will be work that bares no mention of Covid but which explores the anxiety, uncertainty and unexpected moments of joy it has created in so many of our lives.

I'm particularly interested in how our relationship to place is reconfigured in times of crisis. I think the best works of this period will be ones, not about our reactions with the wider world, but ones which look at the way that all of our worlds and our lives have become smaller. It will be writing that explores our homes, our suburbs; It will be writing that explores urban planning and architecture and the ways that our relationships with the spaces we inhabit define who we are and propel our stories.

The Australian writer David Malouf in his book *12 Edmonstone Street* said that place 'constitutes your fortune, your fate, and is your only entry into the world.' Those words take on a completely different meaning now when the nightly news reminds us of how differently our experiences of this pandemic are depending on where you are in the world or *who* you are in the world.

Early on in the pandemic, when most schools and workplaces had shut down in Sydney I was asked by my American editor if I would like to contribute a piece on the Australian experience of the pandemic for a publication in New York. I said no, really because I didn't feel that, living in a relatively safe country, I should be allowed to contribute to a discussion on such a painful topic. I had spent so many hours watching images of giant refrigerated trucks sitting in the back streets of New York, holding all those lifeless bodies that had nowhere else to go.

On my side of the world, my husband, my kids and I were attempting to block out all the anxiety and uncertainty of this period by having lots of picnics- something that had become illegal because of new rules about congregating outdoors. We were living in Australia's fastest growing city but it had suddenly become quiet and there were all sorts of places for illegal picnics to happen—in the courtyards of office buildings that were no longer occupied, at the ferry station that had no ferry's and on the steps of boarded-up historical buildings. In retrospect that is something worth writing about, there's a story there and I could fill it up with a lot of those small specific details of those places that I'd never noticed before all of this, like the fact that between all these sky scrapers there are ancient species of lemons and limes that would have grown here since pre-colonisation. My children gathered bags filled with them and passed their dried out seeds to neighbours we'd never talked to before: Now they leave fennel bulbs and kaffir lime on our doorstep and that's become another story too, one I can't quite articulate yet but might be able to in the future.

One of the things I'm interested in at the moment is the research which shows that children develop the ability to read at the same time as they become spatially literate. In other words, children learn to recognise streets and have a sense of their local geography at the same time that they learn to recognise words— they learn to read books and place at the same time. I wonder if my children who are in the early stages of literacy will read their space in a different way because of this pandemic. I wonder if they'll notice things they might not have if we weren't forced to stick so close to home. Now that they know what the centre of the most densely populated region of Australia looks and feels like in silence how will it change the way they see the place in the future?

Novels aren't things that simply respond to issues. They help us to think in complex and complicated ways. I think for myself at least I'll be using this period to reflect on smaller things and more local places.

## 疫情. 反思. 创作

费利西蒂·卡斯塔尼亚

(翻译: 巩莉娜 校对: 韩静)

当下对于文学最糟糕的事情是出现大量探讨新冠病毒的小说, 当然我不怀疑这种情况将会发生, 事实上这种情况已经发生了, 主要是在多部非小说类的散文集里, 发表了观看疫情对我们生活影响的文章。我个人认为, 没有经过时间和空间的沉淀, 还有思考, 不可能做出真正的观察。

我觉得在这个时期出来的最好作品应该不去提及新冠病毒, 而去探索新冠在我们很多人的生活中造成的焦虑、渺茫和意外的喜悦瞬间。

我更感兴趣的是面对危机我们如何重新整合我们与所处的环境的关系。我认为在这个特殊时期最好的作品不是对外面的世界的反应, 而是探索我们每个人的世界和生活怎样被缩小了。在写作中探索我们的家, 我们小区, 探索城市规划、建筑, 我们与我们居住的空间的关系, 以及居住空间如何定义了我们的身份, 激发了我们的故事。

澳大利亚的作家大卫·马洛夫在他的《埃德蒙斯通街 12 号》一书里说我们所处的处所构成我们的财富和命运, 并且是我们进入这个世界的唯一通道, 可是这些话的意思现在被完全改变, 尤其每晚的新闻总在提示着我们, 我们的所在地和我们是誰, 决定了我们对疫情的感受。

在疫情的初期，当悉尼大多数的学校和工作地点被迫关门的时候，我的美国编辑问我可不可以写一篇有关澳洲人对疫情的感受的文章在纽约发表，我拒绝了，我觉得我住在一个相对比较安全的国家，不应该由我来讨论这样一个痛苦的话题。我花了好多时间看着那些图像，在纽约很多大型冰柜卡车里装着没有地方可以埋葬的尸体。

而在世界的这一头，我跟我的丈夫和孩子们试图多出去野餐，来回避焦虑和恐慌不安，但野餐因为政府对室外聚集的新规定已经不允许了。我们住在澳洲发展最快的城市，但是突然之间城市变得静悄悄，人们找到很多非法的地方进行野餐，比如在空荡荡的办公楼的庭院里，没有游轮的轮渡站台上，以及古建筑的台阶上。现在回想起来这些都是值得写作的素材，我可以把很多小的细节填充到故事里，包括过去从来没有注意到的高楼大厦之间长着的古老的柠檬和青柠树，估计都是在白人殖民之前栽种的。我的孩子们采摘了好多包，把晒干的种子送给我们从来没有说过话的邻居们。邻居们又把茴香和东南亚的青柠种子放在我家门口，这又可以写到另外一个故事里。我现在还没有想好这个故事怎么写，但是有一天会写出来的。

我现在很感兴趣的一件事是，有研究表明儿童们在学习空间的辨识能力的同时开发了他们的阅读能力。也就是说，儿童在学会辨识街道，了解所处的地理知识的同时学习认字，就是他们同时学习阅读和辨识地方。我在想我们家里初学认字的孩子们会不会因为疫情而用不同的方式认识空间。我在想他们如果不是因为被迫呆在家里而观察到他们本来会忽略的事物。现在他们知道了澳洲人口最稠密的地方如此地安静的样子，不知道这会不会影响他们今后对这个地方的看法。

小说不是简单地对议题做出反应。小说帮助我们用复杂和繁复的方式去思考。我觉得就我而言，我会用这个阶段去反思更小的事物，以及更加当地化的地方。

## See Halo

Michael Farrel

To take my mind off tennis players their folly

... restraint I buy some almond chocolate ...

A cheap movie ticket first Of either in months ...

Have a free swim I didn't know I had **To** book

In. It took my mind off a few things like how

Bleak safety can be ... I watch the movie

Noticing that The lead takes a mug from the shelf

In the staff kitchen ... Puts it back ... gets

Another. Later on she will clear a doughnut From

A meeting with her mouth but she does not share

Food with her everyday colleagues she just goes

... gets it For them. What a time **to** be in love!

The whole era has gone Bad. Should I think

About **it** more or take my mind off **it** ... **Or** the

Movie with TV (television) **or** some

Depersonalising App or other? What a time to

Be Lonely! See loneliness. How do I take my

Heart off things? Should've stayed in The chalet

(Sha-**la-la-la**). Life moves in literal ways. By 3am

That classic time I'm hooked to an ECG

(Electrocardiogram) monitor which takes **My**

Mind off things ... takes care of thinking about

**My** heart Should've stayed on **the** hillside with a

Stick for a friend. But 'I'm in **the** cornfield/

Looking for swordfish'. In other words 'I get

Candid/ Ribald'. Last century's hookups circle

Back like nothing's-changed X-rays. Tonight

Takes My mind off the night before. That photo's

A trace of a person. They have an aura. See halo

Writing ... loving are ways of Never failing or

Succeeding. 1. Kill demons. 2. Seduce Cowherds

Instructions in my biology somewhere but

Hospital couldn't find any trace. I finish lunch at

4 ... Hill of Content is closed by then now ... so

I go into the Paperback ... buy two books on 20C

Rock music which both cite Morrissey on their

Covers ... Kenko's *Essays in Idleness* ...

Chomei's *Hojoki* to see what medieval Japanese

Monks are writing these days (to take my mind

Off things). I think I've Really forgotten about

Being in love by now ... I go home Thinking

Of the evening ahead of having a first social

Guest who brings pizza ... we discuss the real

Estate Market because he has to find a new flat  
I mention my Mother being allowed to return to  
  
Mass which must make Amazon mad ... my  
Brother who works in a nursing home For  
Wise cowherds. **We** are all **in** different states  
This is Probably the longest time I've spent **in**  
Melbourne without Leaving the city in thirty  
Years which reminds me of new case Numbers  
'You're acting uncouth/ I'm in a phone booth'  
Escaping thoughts ... lyrics through punning  
Itself a pun On panicking ... I'm shaking too  
Much from the cold to answer the nurse's  
Questions or my own. A panic attack **is** A  
Supanic ... chest ache **is** a good distraction  
From unchecked messages. It's hard to be a

Caregiver When the competition is so fierce

Fated to be a demon killer ... cowherd lover

## 看见光环

迈克尔·法瑞尔

(翻译：韩静)

为了让我不要去想网球赛手的失误  
.....克制 我买了些杏仁巧克力.....  
一张便宜电影票 都是数月里头一回.....  
免费游了泳 我不知道还要预定  
这使我不去想数件事 比如  
安全可以如此凄凉..... 我看着电影  
注意到主演从架子上拿走一个杯子  
在公共休息室里..... 然后放回去..... 又  
拿起一个。之后她会用嘴吃吃光一个甜圈  
从一个会议上 但她不会分享  
食物跟她每天见面的同事们 她就走过去  
..... 拿一个给他们。想像一下在这样的光景下恋爱！  
整个时代都极为糟。我是再  
多想这事还是不去想了..... 还是  
用电视（TV）看电影 亦或是用什么

去人化的 app 或者别的什么 想像一下在这样的光景下  
孤独！要是呆在小木屋就好了  
（沙啦啦啦）生活以表层的形式移动。到了凌晨 3 点  
是我被绑在心电图的经典时间  
(ECG)观察表 它让我不去  
想事..... 它会用心为我的

心考虑 应该呆在山坡上拿着  
一根拐杖跟朋友。而“我是在苞谷地里/  
寻觅剑鱼”。换句话说，”我是  
直白/愉悦”。上世纪的亲密关系又  
回过来 好像X光片什么都没有改变。今晚  
让我不去想前一晚上的事。那张照片上  
留下一个人的迹象。他们都带着光晕。看见光环  
书写.....爱就是种种的从不失败或

成功。1 杀死妖魔。2 引诱牛仔  
操作方式在什么地方的生物课里但是  
医院里找不到蛛丝马迹。我吃完午饭  
四点.....内容山书店已经关门..... 所以  
我去了软封面书店..... 买了两本书是 20 世纪  
摇滚乐 两本书的封面都引了莫里西  
..... 吉田兼好的《徒然草》.....  
鸭长明的《方丈记》来看看中世纪日本  
僧人们写些什么 这些日子（让我什么事情  
都不去想）。我想我一定完全忘记了  
恋爱是怎样的.....我回家 想想  
下一个晚上会有第一个允许来访的  
客人带比萨饼来..... 我们会讨论房  
地产 因为他需要找一间新的公寓  
我提到我母亲被允许可以参加

弥撒 这一定使得亚马逊不爽.....我的  
弟弟在一家养老院上班  
我们一家居住在不同的州

这次可能是我度过的最长的时间在  
墨尔本 没有离开过这个城市有三十年  
这让我想起新的病例号码  
“你的行为不文明/我在电话亭里”  
逃脱思想..... 歌词通过双关语  
本身也是一个双关语 恐慌之际.....我颤抖太  
厉害 以为感冒而不能回答护士的  
问题或者我自己的问题。恐慌袭来就是  
超级恐慌..... 胸痛有效分散注意力  
不去看还没有看的短信。很难成为一个  
照顾者 当竞争是如此的激烈  
注定是一个妖魔杀手..... 牛仔爱人

## Lockdown with Pangolins

Lisa Gordon

This year I started working as a poetry editor for Giramondo Publishing. When lockdown started in Melbourne, I was editing Dong Li's translation of Song Lin's poetry collection *The Gleaner Song*.

This is a beautiful collection. Its long title poem starts:

Calling out in a partridge's dialect while running out of the house, I could hear a voice in the blueberries:

radar station, wooden carriage, childhood hillocks that we had been looking for all summer.

The slopes open and smooth, the urn of the dead half buried. Bleak words, as if dipped in honey...

Song Lin's poetry is lit up with images of childhood, closely-seen landscapes set on vast plains of history strewn with wreckage. Through the first month of Melbourne's lockdown, I had daily hour-long walks through my local streets and parks and I had voyages into the country of Song Lin's poetry.

At this time, our governments were beginning their arguments. Their arguments allowed no such shared country we could enter

into.

\*

In my lockdown I spent my spare time writing a poem about pangolins: the most- trafficked mammals on earth; they die in captivity.

Today I'll read this poem because my experience of reading Song Lin's poetry while our governments argued in headlines brought home how poetry and fiction alone make for us a shared country—ruled by translators.

I started writing about pangolins when, in February, Chinese scientists Yongyi Shen and Lihua Xiao announced that a section of the Covid-19 genome is 99% similar to

that of a pangolin coronavirus. In March, a team led by American scientist Kristian Anderson published analysis in *Nature Medicine* suggesting two possibilities: perhaps the bat coronavirus mutated in a human host; or perhaps the bat and pangolin coronaviruses met in the same host, in captivity, and recombined to create Covid-19.

\*

Pangolins are not often heard of here but, eighty years ago, the marvelous American poet Marianne Moore wrote a poem called 'The Pangolin'. My poem was partly a reflection on a line in her poem: 'if that which is at all were not forever'. In the years since Marianne Moore wrote 'The Pangolin' we have lost, I think, such conviction that the natural world can renew itself perpetually, at the back of all our imagery.

The poem is written in Fibonacci syllabics—in lines with one, two, three, five, eight, thirteen or twenty-one syllables—reflecting how a pangolin spirals up in itself.

\*

*[poem begins overleaf]*

## MIRABILIA

*if that which is at all were not forever*

—Marianne Moore, 'The Pangolin'

It is its

own order—scaled mammal that can spiral itself in

armour safe in the lion's jaws— it is toothless, its

belly is naked, its only predator is man—

Adept alike of

dry savannah and equatorial canopies

it walks on riverbeds—Huyghen van Linschoten, a Dutchman in Goa,

when fishers hauled one out, thought it a strange fish—

it being middle-sized-dog sized, elephant-footed,

snorting like a hog—

its head tail legs all cased in scales harder than iron

or steel—

mild moving anvil,  
they hewed at it with weapons—and  
it rolled up  
and could not be prised open—its  
picture, for a wonder, they sent to the King of Spain—  
In the pouch of its eyelid its  
near-blind round black eye has written underneath—  
I  
have seen it—  
It goes by smell, its  
    way of going—through  
the vast plain-like stretches or dank leafmould straight up trees—  
    could solve the problem  
of depicting a mind thinking so that the idea is not separate from the act  
    of experiencing it— imagined mind that goes subtly  
    reasoning forwards on an unforeseen line surely to the place—  
when it

comes to it, it goes  
nose shut ears shut eyes shut headfirst into what it likes—  
it bathes in ants, it  
is particular—  
wries its tongue (free-drawn  
line out  
from its snout's blunted pencil tip) against a wrong taste—  
It goes on hind legs—its finger- length-clawed hands it folds  
one over another or at  
times taps down—it can carve concrete—  
its tail its counterweight it holds with hoopskirt-like up-  
rightness  
(yearly with raw silk pink pinking-shear-trimmed  
pangopup bustle) under which its legs go with a  
separate light ease unexpected under armour— its armour is not put  
on—the

snake's head helmet be- tween its eyes at its nape outspreads  
in overlapping scallop-shell-ridged scales of ochre,  
amber, olive-brown each edged with lighter bands  
so when it goes—with wave-through-wave  
movement along a branch or in night grasslands as one  
unbroken wave—those repeating varied scales track light  
like a principle of growth—each one replacing each  
other's vanishing—as if that which is could be for-  
ever—

It is toothless, its belly is naked—  
its only predator is man—

**Note:** some phrases are taken from Jan Huyghen van Linchoten's travel writing, Randall Jarrell's review of Elizabeth Bishop ('written underneath, "I have seen it"'), and Marianne Moore's letter to Ezra Pound ('could solve the problem of depicting a mind thinking so that the idea is not separate from the act of experiencing it').

## 同穿山甲一起封城

丽莎·戈顿

（翻译：韩静）

今年我在和吉拉蒙多文学出版社做诗歌编辑。墨尔本封城的时候，我正在编辑李栋翻译的宋琳诗集《采撷者之诗》。

这本诗集非常美。同诗集相同标题的长诗是这样开头的：

用山鹑的方言呼唤着跑出房子  
蓝浆果里的声音我还能听见  
雷达站，木轮车，童年的山冈  
整个夏天我们都在寻找  
坡地开阔而平缓，死者的瓮  
半埋着。荒凉的词，仿佛涂上了蜜.....

宋琳的诗闪烁着童年的影像，以及散落在广漠的历史平原上残骸的近景。墨尔本封城的第一个月里，我每天都会在家跟前的街道和公园走一个小时，我也走进了宋琳诗歌里的国度。

眼下，我们两国政府在争论不休。它们的争论使得我们无法进入我们本可以共享的国度。

\*

封城的日子里，我用空闲的时间写了一首诗，关于穿山甲的诗。穿山甲是地球上遭受最严重非法贩运的哺乳动物；它们死于囚禁中。

今天我想读一下这首诗，因为当我们两国政府的争吵上了新闻头条时，我读宋琳的诗歌的体验让我意识到诗歌和小说本身可以为我们创造一个共享的国度，当然是通过翻译。

我在二月开始写这首有关穿山甲的诗时，中国科学家沈永义和肖立华宣布新冠基因组的一部分同穿山甲身上的新冠病毒有 99% 的相似度。三月，一支由美国科学家克里斯蒂安·安德森领导的科研小组在《自然医学》上发表了他们的分析，称也许是蝙蝠身上的新冠病毒转移到了人体；或者也可能是蝙蝠与穿山甲在囚禁状态下，它们各自的新冠病毒在同一宿主身上相遇，然后重新组合成为新冠肺炎病毒。

在澳大利亚不是经常会听到穿山甲，但是八年前令人赞叹的美国诗人玛丽安·穆尔写了一首诗，叫《穿山甲》。我的诗有一部分是对她的一行诗句的反思，这行诗句是：如果现存的一切不是永恒的。玛丽安·穆尔写下这首《穿山甲》多年之后，我想在我们所有的意象中，我们失去了自然界会永不停止地更新自身这样的信念。

这首诗是按照斐波那契数列写的，按照 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13 或者 21 个音节，反映穿山甲鳞甲的螺旋上升。

## “神奇”

如果现存的一切不是永恒的  
- 玛丽安·穆尔《穿山甲》

它有它的  
体系 - 带鳞甲的哺乳动物可以  
将自己蜷起来，在  
盔甲里抵御掉进狮子的大口  
它没有牙齿，它的  
腹部裸露着  
它面对的唯一猎食者是人类 -  
同样适应于  
干燥广漠的草地和赤道雨林  
它行走在河道上 - 哈伊根·范林斯霍滕，一位  
在果阿的荷兰人，  
当渔民们打捞上来一个穿山甲，他们以为它是  
一条怪鱼 -  
它中间部分跟狗大小，  
大象脚，  
像野猪哼哼 -  
它从头到脚全部装在鳞甲里  
比铁还坚硬  
或者钢 -  
铁砧轻轻地推动着，  
他们用武器在砍着它 - 然后  
它蜷起身体  
怎么也撬不开 - 它的  
图片，因神奇，他们送给西班牙国王 -  
在眼皮的小袋子里它的  
近乎失明的圆圆的黑眼睛写下

下面 -  
我  
看到它 -  
循味就可找到它，它  
    行动的方式 - 穿过  
广漠平原一般的地带或者湿乎乎的  
腐叶堆积上面笔直的树 -  
    可以解决问题  
描述一个在思考的头脑这样概念  
就不同行动分离  
    体验概念的行动 -  
想像一下头脑巧妙地  
    往前思考  
肯定是在不可预见的思路  
上  
到达地点 -  
当它  
    抵达它时，它  
鼻孔紧闭眼睛紧闭头先冲进  
    冲进它喜欢的 -  
它在蚂蚁中沐浴，它  
    很独特  
    扭动着它的舌头（任意  
拉出  
从它好像秃铅笔头的鼻子）  
    觉得味道不对 -  
接着到了后腿 - 它的  
    长着手指一样长的爪子的手，一只蜷起来  
搭在另一只上，或者  
    有时拍打着 - 它可以  
雕刻水泥地 -  
它的尾巴使它保持平衡

像是箍裙一样挺直  
竖立  
（每年带着自然丝一般  
粉色之字形边  
小穿山甲转来转去）  
在下面的腿行走时带着  
与之不相符的轻松  
在盔甲之下意想不到 -  
它的盔甲不是穿上去的 -  
像蛇头的头盔在  
项背上的两眼之间分散  
在重叠的带着棱的扇贝般的赭色鳞甲里，  
琥珀色，橄榄棕色  
每片鳞甲的边都呈较浅色  
所以当它走动时 - 带着  
一浪接着一浪  
行走在树干上或者在  
深夜的草原上好似完整  
不破的浪 - 那些重复  
多样的鳞甲闪着亮光  
好像遵循成长的原则 - 每一个  
替代了另一个  
消失之时 - 就好像现存的一切可以永  
恒 -  
它没有牙齿，它的  
腹部裸露着 -  
它面对的唯一猎食者是人类 -

## Pandemic. Reflection. Creation.

Anchuli Felicia King

Perhaps some of you can relate to this.

My mother had a life plan for her two children.

The plan was exceedingly simple - and at the risk of reinforcing stereotypes about Asian parenting - exceedingly Asian. As she had two identical twin daughters, one was going to become a doctor and the other a lawyer. But my mother wasn't going to settle there. No, the lawyer was going to graduate from Oxford, and the doctor would specialize as a neurosurgeon.

Now, my sister managed some minor rebellions. Instead of Oxford, she went to Cambridge. But by and large, as a successful international trade lawyer, she has dutifully enacted the plan.

I would have killed people as a neurosurgeon. I have restless fidgety hands and a short attention span. My mind often drifts to big philosophical questions at the expense of the task directly in front of me. Funnily enough, the traits that would have made me a murderous imbecile in an operating theatre are probably what make me a decent writer.

The rigidity of my mother's plan instilled in me a kind of pathological obsession with freedom. Freedom in my pursuits, freedom of movement, freedom of creative expression. Ironically, her attempts to clamp down on my artistic inclinations as a child only drove me further towards becoming an artist.

This obsession with freedom reached its zenith last year, when I decided to give up my apartment and live out of a bag for the indeterminate future. The bag, it should be noted, was not a suitcase. It was a *bag*. And the bag was just large enough to fit my barest possessions: five shirts, two pairs of jeans, my laptop and a scrapbook for my theatre tickets.

I acknowledge that for most people living out of a bag for a year sounds like the opposite of freedom. But for me it, it was incredibly liberating. I wasn't bound by anything. I could just pick up at a moment's notice and travel anywhere. I worked out the bare minimum I needed to survive, and it turns out it wasn't much at all. Yes, it was an administrative nightmare, and at times proved disorienting, stressful and isolating. But it was overwhelmingly freeing.

And after a year of travelling the world, living out of a bag, the pandemic hit.

In Mandarin, you get the word freedom: 自由 - by combining two prepositions, "zi" and "you." "Zi" in ancient script was a pictogram of a nose, which evolved into an ideogram to indicate the self. One's nose, one's self. In Mandarin, the etymology of freedom arises from one's self. It's a linguistically individualistic conception of freedom.

In English, we get the word “freedom” by combining the Old English prefix “freo” with the suffix “dom.” “Freo” evolved from the Germanic word “friez,” which meant a loved one, someone in your clan. And “-dom” was an abstract suffix used to indicate ideas around a collective state or condition. So the etymology of “freedom” in English arises from the fusion of two concepts: kinship and collectivism. Freedom is collective.

I thought that based on this linguistic analysis, I’d be able to offer you some perspicacious insights on how language informs respective cultural conceptions of freedom. But of course, my argument completely fell apart. Because one of the big things we all had to learn as a global society was that tension between individual and collective freedom. Being stuck in lockdown allowed for a greater collective freedom - freedom from disease. And in order to achieve that collective freedom, we had individual freedoms stripped away. People around the world responded to this freedom paradox with great displays of selfishness and selflessness, individualism and collectivism in equal measure.

Having lost my freedom of movement and pursuits this year, I took renewed solace in my freedom of expression. Because even though my life as a nomadic international artist had been taken away, I still had access to a borderless universe of words, stories and ideas.

This pandemic has raised so many questions for me about our conceptualization of freedom as a global society. How far should governmental power be allowed to extend in a crisis? What freedoms are we willing to give up in exchange for the ease of new technologies? Which of our freedoms are coming at the expense of our ecosystem? Our discourse? Each other as global citizens? I think as artists we can ask those questions without expecting concise or reductive answers. And I think we need to defend our right to be restlessly inquisitive, for artists around the world to ask those difficult questions without fear for their safety or livelihood.

My mother grew up in a rural town in Kanchanaburi, Thailand. She used to tell me stories of the extreme poverty she had experienced as a child. Walking to school on scorching bitumen with bare feet because her shoes had fallen apart, and she couldn't afford a new pair.

While as child, my mother's plan felt oppressive, as an adult I understand that it was intended to secure us freedom. The freedom that comes with economic security, self-assuredness, professional success. Freedom from the oppressions of being a young woman whose ambition and intellect is stifled by poverty, an oppression she never wanted us to experience. So while I've probably missed the boat on winning a Nobel Prize in Medicine or performing live brain surgery, I still think the plan has been a staggering success.

## 疫情. 思考. 创作

金婉婷

（翻译：任翔 校对：韩静）

或许你们中有些人会对此感同身受。我妈妈对她的两个孩子早有人生规划。

这规划说起来极其简单，冒着强化对亚洲父母培养方式的刻板印象的危险，也可以说极其“亚洲式”。因为她有一对双胞胎女儿，那么一个要成为医生，另一个则成为律师。但是我妈妈要求更高。不仅如此，律师必须牛津大学毕业，医生一定要神经外科。

我姐姐设法做到一点小叛逆，她没去牛津，去了剑桥。但总体而言，作为一名成功的国际贸易律师，她算是尽职尽责地践行了母亲给她制定的人生规划。

但我如果真当了神经外科医生，非闹出人命不可。我毛手毛脚，难以专注，大脑时不时地从手头工作溜号到哲学问题上。有意思的是，这种让我成为手术室杀手的性格，恰恰成就了我的作家生涯。

母亲为我们订下的刻板人生规划让我对自由有一种病态的痴迷。自由的追求，自由的行动，自由的创意表达。讽刺的是，她越是抑制我的艺术倾向，反而越驱使我成为一名艺术家。

这种对自由的痴迷去年达到顶峰，当时我决定放弃我的公寓，就只背了个包去追求未知的未来。应该指出，这个包不是手提箱，仅可以装下我最简约的家当：五件衬衫，两条牛仔裤，笔记本电脑和一本我看过的戏票的粘贴簿。

我承认，对大多数人来说，背着个小包闯荡听上去是自由的反义词。但对我来说，这是令人难以置信的解放。我不再被任何东西约束。我可以随时说走就走，去任何地方。我计算了一下生存的最低所需，发现其实并不是很多。是的，就操作层面来讲，确实让我手忙脚乱。我时不时会感到失去方向，感到压力，还会感到与世隔绝。但是，这绝对是放飞自我。

过了一年周游世界、提包浪迹的日子。接着，新冠大流行来了。

在中文普通话中，“自由”这个词由两个字组成，“自”和“由”。“自”源自鼻子的符号，演变成象形文字，代表自己。自己的鼻子就代表自己。普通话里自由的词源来自“自我”。这是一种语言学对自由的个人主义定义。

在英语中，我们将老式英语前缀“freo”与后缀“dom”相结合，获得“自由”一词。“Freo”从日尔语单词“friez”演变而来，意思是所爱的人，家族中人。“-dom”是一个抽象的后缀，用来表示围绕集体状态或条件的想法。因此，英语中“自由”的词源产生于两个概念的融合：亲情和集体主义。自由是集体性的。

我以为，基于这种语言分析，我可以对语言如何体现自由的文化定义给大家提供深入的见解。但是显然我的论点不攻自破了。因为作为一个全球社会，我们所有人现在都必须要学会理解个体自由与集体自由之间的关系。封城囚禁了我们，但带来了更大的群体自由 - 远离新冠传染的

自由。为了实现这种集体自由，我们剥夺了个人自由。 世界各地不同的人群对这种自由悖论反应不一，从自私到无私、从个人主义到集体主义，不一而足。

今年失去了行动和追求的自由，我却重新感受到了自由表达的慰藉。因为即使我作为漂泊国际艺术家的生活被剥夺，我仍然能够接触到无国界的文字、 故事和思想的世界。

这次全球疫情使我对于全球社会里自由的概念充满疑问。政府的权力在危机中到底应该有多大的延申？我们愿意放弃何种自由来换取技术便利？哪些自由是以牺牲我们的生态系统、我们的讨论、还是彼此互为全球公民为代价的？我认为作为艺术家， 我们可以提出问题，而不被要求给予简单简易的答案。我认为我们需要捍卫永远不止的探寻的权利，使得世界各地的艺术家能够提出不易回答的问题，而无需为安全或生计担忧。

我母亲在泰国坎查纳布里的一个农村小镇长大。她经常给我讲她小时候经历过的极度贫困的故事。她光着脚走路去学校，因为旧鞋子已经破烂不堪，但买不起新鞋。

当我还是孩子的时候，母亲对我的人生规划让我压抑，作为一个成年人，我明白，这是为了保证我们的自由。经济稳定、对自己有把握、职业成功，唯有如此，一个年轻女人才能避免雄心壮志和智力不被贫穷窒息，她绝不希望我们经历这种被贫穷压迫的人生。因此，虽然我可能错过了驶向诺贝尔医学奖或在神经外科手术室里做手术的命运之船，我仍然认为母亲的规划成就了我的成功人生。

## PANDEMIC. REFLECTION. CREATION.

Melissa Lucashenko

Jingiwalla jimbelong – greetings friends!

We've just come through a year that we didn't expect, despite scientists telling us over and over again that we can't attack the natural world without expecting terrible consequences to whip back at us. Few expected Covid, and I think its safe to say that nobody has enjoyed its terrible ravaging. Yet I find myself wondering about our responses to these great upheavals we've seen in Australia since February (earlier elsewhere). Chaos and destruction are part of ordinary life of course, but they make a terrible foundation for a paradigm of human existence. Yet an unconscious embracing of just these things – chaos and destruction – are fundamental to modern Australian life. This is what the Colony looked like at birth, and it continues to look like it in so many ways. Most Aboriginal people believe that modern Australia is a nation born of cruelty and genocide two centuries ago, and fostered in denial in the present. For us, Australia is a society where chaos is labelled 'progress' and destruction is named risibly, as 'civilisation.'

Out of chaos comes order, said the great European philosopher Nietzsche. Or at least I always believed he said that, until I employed the marvellous technology at our disposal in this century and found that it was actual said by the Hollywood Director *Mel Brooks* in *Blazing Saddles*, paraphrasing Nietzsche!

What Nietzsche actually wrote in his novel *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was “one must face chaos to give birth to a star.” In a modern, Western context, this sounds a lot like common sense, if also a little bit like a Tony Robbins seminar. No pain, no gain, and all that. But from my Aboriginal perspective, this idea of Nietzsche’s – both his imperious tone, and the underlying philosophy, speak to the unmissable violence at the heart of the European imperial project. The idea that chaos is essential to success, and even somehow desirable, tells this Aboriginal writer that far from being civilised, the Prussian intellectual world that Nietzsche inhabited and grew out of was fundamentally savage. For what is real civilisation but an ongoing, serious search for harmony among people, and among the other living beings of our beautiful planet? Yindymarra, we call it. Yindymarra.

Surely the well-known Chinese curse “may you live in interesting times” can be employed here to show that while chaos may be indeed ‘interesting’ it is to be avoided at all cost. Any mature understanding of humanity will take this as given.

Nietzsche was an iconoclast of course, and famously in revolt against the mores of his own society. Yet his philosophy has outlived him, and speaks strongly to what Aboriginal people continue to face. On this continent, for tens of thousands of years, First People enjoyed lawful lives, and democratic governance where no man was above any other man. We had the tremendous joy of owning and managing the Greatest Estate on Earth, as Professor Bill Gammage termed our lush waterways and spectacular forests and plainlands. We understood much of what modern physics teaches, and we were exceptional botanists and gardeners, who knew above all to value the soil which fed us, and which is the basis of all life.

And the savages arrived, with their disease, their guns, their slaves in chains and their fallacies about what we are. British colonists deliberately infected Native people of Turtle Island with small pox and many of us believe that the same happened here. We have been attempting to live with the ongoing European pandemic since the late 18<sup>th</sup> century. We have been reflecting upon the invasion and dispossession ever since. Creation did not require this chaos to be visited on us; we had already, free of war and pestilence, created the first human society on earth here. Our creation of

human society came from observation, from the intimate, detailed, reverent knowledge of our physical and social environments. We invented society, we invented bread, and agriculture. We invented democracy. None of these things required Nietzsche's chaos. All they required was the shared human capacity for observation, and reflection, and co-operation. I sincerely hope that Australia, and the planet, can abandon the foolish idea that chaos is central to anything but more chaos. May we build peace among our peoples once again, in the spirit of Yindymarra = a Wiradjuri term for acting slowly, respectfully and appropriately among other humans and non-human animals. Implied in that term is the concept of "Living respectfully in a world worth living in."

Perhaps it is our responsibility as the Elder culture of the globe, to lead younger, newer nations in rebuilding this understanding. I can't believe its necessary to spell it out, but apparently, in the aftermath of the year this has been, it is. We welcome you to join us in our endeavours – but please, leave the old, destructive ideas of Nietzsche and those like him in the past where they belong. We are homo sapiens – the *thinking ape*, and we can, and must, know better, and do better.

Bugalbeh – thank you.

Melissa Lucashenko

## 疫情. 思考. 创作

梅利莎·卢克申科

（翻译：任翔 校对：韩静）

Jingiwalla jimbelong 朋友们好！（原住民语）

我们刚刚经历了我们完全没有预料到的一年，尽管科学家一而再，再而三地告诫我们，破坏自然世界必然会有不堪的后果向我们反扑。几乎没有人预料到新冠大流行，而且我想可以不冒任何风险地说，没人享受恐怖的病毒肆虐。但是我发现自己在寻思我们对于疫情带来的各种动荡的反应，澳大利亚动荡始于今年二月，其他地方要更早一些。

正常的生活当然离不开混乱和毁坏，但它们成为人类生存惯例的令人恐惧的基础。但是对于混乱和毁坏全无意识的接纳是澳大利亚现代生活的基础。从殖民地诞生起就是如此，后来在很多方面也继续如此。绝大多数的原住民坚信，澳大利亚是两个世纪前诞生于残酷行为和种族灭绝，并在对历史的否定中成长至今。对我们原住民来说，澳大利亚是一个将混乱称为“进步”、将毁坏称之为“文明”的社会。

伟大的欧洲哲学家尼采说，秩序出自混乱。至少我一直相信他是这样说的，直到 21 世纪的今天，通过使用本世纪带给我们的惊人技术，我才发现，说这话的原来是好莱坞导演梅尔·布鲁克斯，他在《火焰鞍》中自我发挥了尼采的观点！

尼采在他的小说《扎拉图斯特拉如是说》中写到的，“璀璨星辰始于混沌”。在现代的西方语境中，这听起来很像常识，就好像托尼·罗宾斯研讨会的腔调。没有痛苦，就没有收获那一类的话。但我从一个原住民的角度看，尼采的观点，无论是其自命不凡的语调，还是背后的哲学，都在宣扬欧陆帝国计划中不可无视的暴力。他所说的观点就是混乱对于成功至关重要，甚至有些吸引力。但他的观点传达给我这个原住民作家的是，尼采所生活和成长的普鲁士知识分子之圈本质上是野蛮的，远远没有被文明化。而真正的文明是在人类中、在我们美丽地球上其他生灵之中，不断地、认真地寻求和谐。我们原住民语言称之为“因迪亚马拉”。我一会解释这个词。

我想那句被称为中国咒语的俗语“愿你生活在有趣的时代”应该很适用于当下，混乱虽然“有趣”，但大家都唯恐避之不及。只要对人性有成熟的理解都会如此认为。

尼采当然是偶像级的，以对抗自己所处的社会的基本特性而闻名。然而，他的哲学思想超越了他的个人生命，强烈说明了原住民持续面对的遭遇。在这片大陆上，数万年以来，原著民享受符合法理的生活，奉行民主治理，没人凌驾于他人之上。我们无比幸福地拥有并管理着地球上最壮丽的土地。正如比尔·伽马格教授描述的，那些郁郁葱葱的水道、壮观的森林和的平原。现代物理学所教的很多内容原住民早就明白，原住民们是杰出的植物学家和园丁，他们懂得尊重养育我们的土壤，土壤是所有生命的基础。

然后野蛮人带着他们的疾病、枪支和套着枷锁的奴隶，还有对我们原住民的种种谬论，抵达这里。英国殖民者故意用天花感染了斐济海龟岛的原住民，我们当中很多人相信同样的事情也发生在我们的土地上。自 18 世纪晚期以来，原住民一直活在欧洲疫病大流行中。从那时起，我们就一直在反思被入侵和受到的剥夺。创造不需要给我们原住民带来混乱。我们早已经在这块土地上创造了第一个人类社会，没有战争，也没有瘟疫。我们创造的人类社会基于观察，基于对我们自然和社会环境的深入、详细、虔诚的认知。我们发明了社会，我们发明了面包和农业。我们发明了民主。所有这些都不需要尼采所宣扬的混乱，需要的只是人类共享的观察、反思和合作能力。我真诚地希望，澳大利亚和整个星球都能够放弃混乱是万物核心这个愚蠢的想法，混乱只能带来更多的混乱。愿我们本着“因迪亚马拉”的精神，重新在我们各族人民之间建设和平。“迪亚马拉”来自原住民威拉德朱里语，意思是在人类和非人类动物中缓慢行事，采用相互尊敬和适度的方式。这个词中隐含的意思是“在一个值得活着的世界里心怀敬意地活着”。

作为这个地球上的文化长者，也许我们有责任引领更加年轻的、新兴民族重建这一认识。我本想不用多讲，但经过了这一年觉得还是有必要讲一讲。我们欢迎大家加入我们的努力，但请把尼采等人的陈旧、具有破坏力的思想留在他们本该属于的历史中。我们都是智人，就是会思考的猿人，我们能够并且必须知晓的更多，做得更好。

Bugalbeh ， 谢谢！

## Thoughts on the Relationship Between Globalization and Writing in A Post -Pandemic Era

Xu Zechen

Before the arrival of the Coronavirus pandemic, no one ever expected such a major setback in the progress of globalization. When we define globalization, we imagine an increasingly smooth communication between different countries and cultures, and people from different countries are more free and frequent in travelling across borders. But this trend is changed by the break of the coronavirus pandemic. To contain the pandemic, all countries decided to lock down international airlines and customs at different degrees. Some countries even act xenophobia in the name of fighting against pandemic: place lockdowns, draw out from agreements and promote populism and protectionism, totally a current against globalization.

It is beyond any doubt that in the field of cultural exchange or artistic creating, globalization plays a significant role in pushing forward the integration of nations and the world, gradually enriching the concept of “world literature”. Globalization provides new chances and lasting momentum for the development of the literature in all countries, and in a certain sense shapes the literature of different countries including Chinese literature. We must admit that globalization is an important author of contemporary Chinese literature. Meanwhile, contemporary Chinese literature has also been taking part in the construction of world literature profoundly in the context of globalization, since the founding of the P.R. China and especially after 1976.

In a rather long period, writers have been searching for the greatest common advisor with globalization within the acceptance of literature to achieve better communication. But we often neglect the fact that by pursuing the greatest common advisor we tend to get stuck in a certain

“imagination of the orient” or “imagination of China” without even realizing. We might easily forget our ancestry, or go against what Aristotle calls “the what it was to be”, becoming in the end a person who is not himself.

The Coronavirus pandemic is a rest note in one sense. No matter how long it’s going to last, no matter if it’s a strong current against globalization, it will inevitably become a crucial chance for us to reflect upon the literary communication and especially the writing within the context of globalization. When we have to turn to ourselves, we may use this opportunity to look at our writing and to explore the relationship between today’s writing and the literary and cultural traditions that have a long history.

Speaking of the long history of Chinese literature, it is now a vast sea of literary pearls that contains different styles of work such as Tang Dynasty poetry, Song ci(poetry of Song Dynasty), Yuan ch’u (Yuan drama) and fiction of the Ming and Qing Dynasty over a span of 2000 years. These classics tell Chinese people’s undying efforts to pursue a good life in the past thousands of years. Meanwhile, they record as well ancient Chinese people’s exploration and effective presentation of art and beauty. There’s no doubt that the abundant heritage of Chinese writing left in ancient literary classics nourishes the Chinese writing of today. However, as an indispensable part of contemporary Chinese literature, fictions rely largely on western narratives. Modern fictions in China are imported, and naturally bring in paradigms and rules of western modernity. They have a doubtlessly strong advantage when express today’s Chinese life which is also rich with modernity. Traditional Chinese literature focuses on the ordinary life and has a better say in portraying mortal lives and narrating history in a grand way. When writers desire to gaze into the heart of fictional figures, and to reflect and question some ultimate questions, traditional Chinese resources usually fail to meet their expectations. Writers then need to modernize these traditional narratives, but the difficulties to transform the narratives and to find an accessible approach make many writers flinch or even give up. They’d rather be frank by saying that they grew up to be writers feeding on “wolf’s milk”.

“Wolf’s milk” has its nutrients for sure, but “breast milk” is what makes us who we are after all. The globalization once encouraged us to become others, which entailed a loss of selfness. Then what is the necessity of communication since the selfness is lost? The reason why communication is important is that we are still able to sustain differences that can justify ourselves, although we usually look for common grounds. The differences rather than the commensurable qualities are more crucial in making the literature of a nation a part of the world literature, at a time when the globe is assimilating day by day. We must be sure that we are who we are, not who others are.

The question is where can we find the right blood vessel that powers our culture and literature in the long history?

The pandemic pushed a pause button in many cities or even countries. This partly and short rest in the progress of globalization provides us an opportunity to stop to think. How to trace back to tradition, to turn rocks into gold and the rotten to the magic? How to examine the heritage from the ancient, to borrow wisdom from the ancestors, to turn traditional resources into the locomotive of the writing of today? How to activate buried treasures and use them to achieve uniqueness? This is not only the task for Chinese writers, but also a problem and challenge for writers of all nations.

This is going to be a long way backwards to look for answers from our ancestors. After all, it is a good thing to realize and start to act, instead of simply sitting aside and do nothing.

Hopefully in a new period of globalization after the pandemic, we could have the confidence of “I will be myself”, and work for a more effective communication and integration.

## 后疫情时代全球化与写作的关系之思考

徐则臣

新冠疫情来临，可能没人会想到全球化会遭遇如此强大的逆流。所谓全球化，我们的重要想象之一是，各国家之间、各种文化之间越来越畅通无阻的交流，尤其表现在不同国家的人民，在国境线上更加自由和频繁的穿行。但新冠疫情改变了这一趋势。因为防疫的需要，世界各国相继作出不同程度地封锁国际航线与通关口岸的决定。更有一些国家借防疫之名行排外之实，各种封锁、退群，实施民粹主义与国家保护主义，俨然一股反全球化的逆流。

毋庸置疑，在文化交流乃至在文艺创作领域，全球化一直发挥着推动民族与世界之间融合的巨大功用，不断地丰富和完善“世界文学”这一概念。全球化为各国的文学发展提供了新的契机和持久的动力，在一定意义上也形塑着包括中国文学在内的各国文学。必须承认，全球化乃是中国当代文学的重要“作者”之一。新中国成立以来，尤其是新时期以来，中国当代文学一直都在全球化的语境中深度地参与世界文学的建构。

在相当长一个时期，文学创作对全球化的理解，都是尽可能地寻求一个文学接受的最大公约数，以便更好地互通与交流。但我们往往也会忽略一点，即片面地追求最大公约数，很容易陷入某种“东方想象”或“中国想象”而不自知，也容易因此数典忘祖，背离亚里士多德所谓的“是其所是”，最终成为不是自己的自己。

新冠疫情在一定意义上是个休止符，不管它持续的时间长与短，全球化逆流的强与弱，它都不可避免地会成为我们反思全球化背景下的文学交流，尤其是文学创作的重要契机。当每个国家都不得不转向自身时，也许我们会借此机会重新打量自己的创作，进一步探究当下的创作跟源远流长的文学与传统文化之间的关系。

中国文学发展悠久漫长，从诗经到楚辞，到唐诗、宋词、元曲、明清小说，2000多年来，文学瑰宝浩如烟海，这些文学经典表现了几千年来中国人民生生不息的寻求美好生活的努力，这些文学经典也记录了中国古代人民对艺术和美的探索和有效的呈现。毫无疑问，古代文学经典建立的这条丰沛醇美的汉语写作的文脉，也必将能滋养今天的汉语写作。但作为中国当代文学重要组成部分的小说创作，在很大程度上依赖的却是西方的叙事资源。现代小说是舶来品，天然地带有西方现代性的种种范式与规约，它对充满现代意味的中国当下生活无疑具有强有力的表达优势；而中国传统文学更侧重世俗生活，对烟火人生的摹状和历史脉络的宏大叙事更有心得，当作家们希望深入人物内心，去反思、质疑和追问终极问题的时候，传统的叙事资源往往力有不逮。这些叙事资源需要进行必要的现代转化，但现代转化之艰难与不得其门而入，让很多作家望而却步，甚而彻底放弃，坦承自己就是喝“狼奶”长大的。

“狼奶”固然也营养，但“母乳”才能最终让我们成为自己。全球化一度让我们努力成为他人，成为他人意味着丧失了自我；一旦丧失了自我，交流的必要性又在哪里？交流之所以必要，固然因为我们可以通约，更在于我们能够同时持守足以自证的差异性。一个民族的文学要真正成为世界文学的一部分，在无限趋同的全球化的今天，差异性可能比通约性更其重要。我们必须保证是我们，而不是他们。

那么，文化与文学之血脉谓之文脉，我们源远流长的那根型号匹配的血管在哪里？

疫情让很多城市乃至整个国家停摆，全球化这样一个局部的、短暂的休止正给了我们停下来静心思考这一问题的机会。如何上溯传统，去点石成金、化腐朽为神奇；如何立足当代，甄别古人的遗产，向老祖宗要智慧，让传统的叙事资源成为当下文学创作和生活的发动机；如何激活沉默的宝藏，让它使我们最终成为独特的自己，这不仅是中国作家需要完成的工作，也应该是任何一个民族的作家需要面对的问题与挑战。

这将是一个漫长的逆行寻根问祖的过程，但意识到、动起手，总比继续袖手做壁上观要好。期待疫情之后，在一个新的全球化阶段中，我们都能带着“我之为我”的信心与努力，实现更卓有成效的交流与融合。

## Doctors and Writers in Pandemic

Zhou Xiaofeng

When the world is still in the shadow of the pandemic, health care workers are at the forefront to fight against the virus. I'm the child of a doctor. If my mom was not a doctor, if it wasn't for my experience of illness in childhood, if I didn't witness the resilience and fragility of life at that a small age, I might not become a writer.

Doctors and writers share similarities, as well as differences. Doctors' hands fix bodies, whereas writers' hands anatomize souls.

Doctors face individuals, save families and help certain groups. Writers create figures, construct worlds and enter the heart of someone.

Doctors always care for others. They start with symptoms of individuals and end with their accumulated knowledge and experience to find resolutions—a journey from thousands of people to the heart of one person. Writers start from their own hearts and end with knowing others and entering a wider world—a journey from one person to thousands of people. Magically, if we swap by saying doctors start with their own experience and end with addressing the problems of thousands of people, and writers start with the experience of thousands of people and end with entering the heart of one person, it still sounds reasonable.

We say doctors deal with people's biological quality, while writers deal with people's social quality. However, it's true that people's biological quality gets influenced by the social quality and vice versa. Either doctors' medicine or writers' words demand for effectiveness with minimum side effects, in order to influence or change human body and heart through capillaries.

When I was a child, stethoscopes are ordinary toys. Kids love to play the game of stethoscope. The heartbeat of a stranger is magnified and delivered through metal and rubber tube to the ear of a doctor, speaking his secrets and beats, his strength and weakness.

In one sense, pen to writers is what stethoscope to doctors. A writer needs to probe the trivial parts concealed in humanity, and to hear the strength and worry in the soul. These two occupations both involve dealing with people. I think of the doctor I went to see when I was a kid. He would warm the stethoscope with his hands before using it on the patient, hoping to drive away the coldness of the metal with the warmth of hands. However tough is a writer, such "kindness of women" would be important in his writing. This doesn't mean literature is weak, instead, it shows a deep care and protection. Without such a strong sense of human care, doctors would become simple recording machines that can't feel and can hardly heal life; whereas writers would be simple writing tools that only accumulate the number of words and can barely inspire life.

In one sense, doctors and writers are alike. While trying hard to kindle a light for others with their fire inside, they avoid their road ahead from sinking into darkness. As a person who writes, I wish I could follow the example of those doctors, those who, even in difficulties, always bring with them love, patience and hope, and always work for it.

## 疫情下的医生和作家

周晓枫

今天的世界笼罩在疫情阴影中，与病毒斗争，医护人员是离得最近。我是医生的孩子，如果妈妈不是医生，如果我没有童年的患病经历，如果我没有那么早地见识生命的坚韧与脆弱，我可能未必成为一个作家。

医生与作家之间有许多相似，也有不同。医生的手修补肉体，作家的手解剖灵魂。

医生面对一个个体，挽救一个家庭，帮助一个群体；作家塑造一群形象，建立一个世界，进入一个内心。

医生始终关切他人，由每个人的表征走向自己积累的知识与经验，以寻求解决之道，千万人走向一人内心；作家由内心出发，走向人和更广大的世界，一人走向万千人。奇妙的是，当我们互换，说医生从一己经验走向千金万人，或说作家是千万人的经验进入一人的内心，说法同样成立。

我们说，医生针对人的生物属性，作家针对人的社会属性，但人的生物属性会受到社会属性的影响，人的社会属性会受到生物属性的影响。无论医生药力的渗透，还是作家文

字的渗透，都需要有效有益，都需要尽量减少副作用，完成对人体和内心直达毛细血管的影响和改变。

在我的童年，听诊器是普遍的玩具。每个孩子都愿意去玩听诊器的游戏，在被金属和胶管传递和放大的声音里，一个陌生人的心跳会在医生的耳畔，坦露他的秘密，他的节奏，他的心音里夹杂的力量以及流露的脆弱。

从某种意义上说，作家的笔也相当于医生的听诊器，他需要去探测人性隐藏的幽微之处，从中倾听灵魂里的力量以及隐忧。这两种职业都是跟人打交道。我想起一个细节，我小时候看冬天看病的医生，总是先用双手握一下听诊器，想用掌心的暖意驱散金属的寒凉，再去接触病人。无论多么强悍的作家，“妇人之仁”在写作里是重要的，它并不等于文学的软弱，而是一种深切的疼惜与护佑。如果没有这种深厚的人文关怀，医生就是不懂体察的记录仪器，难以真正疗愈生命；作家就是积累字数的书写工具，无法真正警示人生。

从某种意义上说，医生和作家一样，他以内在的光源努力照亮别人的时候，他自己眼前的路也不再陷入黑暗。作为写作者，我希望自己像那些医生一样，即使在困境，也深怀爱意、耐心与希望，并始终不懈努力。

## About Science Fiction

Han Song

I am a science fiction writer. Since the outbreak of Covid-19, our society, economy and daily life paused, but the science fiction didn't. It remains to be one of the most active literary genres during the pandemic. This year, a number of Chinese science fictions were published in the United States, Germany, Italy, and Japan, and events on science fiction themes were held in succession. In the first half of this year, some American universities planned to invite Chinese sci-fi writers to visit, and had to cancel due to the pandemic. But this doesn't stop our will to continue the exchange. As a substitute, the Yale University held "A Discussion on Science Fiction & Global Media with Chinese Science Fiction Writers" online. Chinese science fiction writers were also invited to attend the Milan Book Fair in the second half of this year, and didn't make it because of the pandemic. As a result, an online dialogue with Italian science fiction writers was held. On September 26, a high-end forum on Chinese and Japanese science fiction in post-pandemic era drew dozens of online attendees. On the same day, there were two other activities related to sci-fi: The Science Fiction Summit Forum of the Golden Rooster and Hundred Flowers Film Festival and the Science Fiction Unit of the Summit Forum on Overseas Communication of Chinese Culture. The event organized by the China Writers Association today is even more meaningful.

Science fiction, as a way of reflecting our living situation, has become very active this year. Soon after the outbreak, the Pudong Science Fiction Association in Shanghai hosted an online event titled "Science Fiction Writers' Perspective on Coronavirus". Over the past a few decades, many science fictions have described virus as one of the greatest threats to mankind. All the incredible "spectacles" predicted became reality overnight. Science fiction writers have been talking about the fragility and danger of the world. Human beings, who have evolved over millions of years, are not destined to be the master of the earth. In addition to the virus this year, there were natural disasters such as African locust plagues and Australian wildfires, as well as ethnic conflicts and local wars from human society, all of which are the themes of science fictions. Science fiction deals with the issues faced by the entire mankind, not just the

particularity of specific countries or races. Once a disaster strikes, it is inevitable for all mankind. I think that the science fiction embodies a kind of empathy and compassion and is more like an international language. When human beings are disintegrated and difficult to form as a whole, science fiction writers try to find a possibility to make up for it.

Science fiction, as a type of literature, is characterized by taking "if so, what will happen" as its writing theme, so that it gains a wide range of readers. It describes the rapid changes in the society and the limitations of human beings in an era when technology has become the dominant force, thereby revealing our animal attributes and cultural nature. Science fiction is not simply about prediction and foresight, nor is it just futurology and social criticism. It is a combination of mind and aesthetics. It allows people to regain their passion and interest in creating a new world in the future out of frustration. Like other scientific and artistic activities, it seeks magic, excitement and happiness, and meets our curiosity and urge to adventure. In the long run, it is meaningful for the survival and evolution of mankind.

## 关于科幻

韩松

我是一名科幻作家。新冠肺炎疫情发生以来，社会、经济和日常生活发生了“停顿”。但科幻却没有停顿。科幻是疫情期间最活跃的文艺种类之一。今年美国、德国、意大利、日本都出版了许多中国作家的科幻作品。活动也在不断举行。上半年美国的大学按计划要邀请中国科幻作家访问，却因为疫情取消了。但双方不愿意停止往来，便有了耶鲁大学的中美科幻线上对话。意大利米兰书展下半年预定邀请中国科幻作家前往，也因疫情不能成行，我们就举办中意科幻线上对话。九月二十六日又举行了中日后疫情时代科幻高端论坛，有几十人在线上参加。当天还举办了金鸡百花电影节科幻高峰论坛和中国文化海外传播高峰论坛的科幻单元。今天中国作协举办的对话活动更是很有意义。

科幻作为一种反省我们生存处境的思维方式，在今年变得十分活跃。疫情发生后不久，上海浦东科幻协会便举办“科幻作家看新冠”的线上活动。过去几十年，许许多多的科幻作品都描述了病毒将成为人类的最大威胁之一。它预言的种种不可思议的“奇观”，都一夜间成了现实。科幻作家讨论了世界的脆弱性和危险性。进化了几百万年的人类并不必然是地球的主宰。今年除了病毒，还有非洲蝗灾、澳大利亚火山等自然灾害，还有人类内部的种族冲突和局部战争。这些也是科幻作品的主题。科幻在探讨整个人类面临的问题，而不仅仅是具体国家或人种的特殊性。灾难一旦来临，是全人类不能避免的。我感到，科幻更像是一种国际语言，体现了一种共情和悲悯。在人类面临分崩离析、难以组成一个整体时，科幻作家试图寻找一种弥补的可能。

科幻作为类型文学，它的重要特点便是以“假如这样，将会如何”为写作主题，从而使它获得广泛的读者。它描述了在一个科技

成为主导力量的时代，人类社会发生的急剧变化，以及人的局限，从而揭示我们的动物属性和文化本性。但科幻并不是单纯的预言和前瞻，也不仅仅是未来学和社会批判，它更是思想与审美的结合。它让人在挫败中，重新点燃开创未来新世界的激情和兴趣。它像其他的科学活动和艺术活动一样，寻找神奇、刺激和快乐，满足我们的好奇心、求知欲和冒险冲动。从长远来看，这些心理对于人类的续存和演化是有意义的。

## Poetry and Truth: Writing Poems in Pandemic or Unusual Times

Huo Junming

2020 is a very unusual year, filled with gloom, depress and fear because of the Covid-19 pandemic. Following the outbreak and spread of the pandemic, despite some countries are still experiencing spikes in cases, a large number of poems about the pandemic emerged. Who, then, should a poet speak to in such an unusual time? To whom is the poet ultimately responsible? How can a poet's expression be effective and vibrant? These questions echo remotely with Goethe's *Poetry and Truth* and Simone Weil's appeal in the summer of 1941. It also provides an entry for everyone, including writers, to rediscover life and humanity, disease and health care, the public, societies and nations. As all the possibilities of love--- "the loyal, the hidden, the rough, the shy, the Platonic, the dissolute, the fleeting and the dependent" described in *Love in the Time of Cholera* (1985) by Gabriel García Márquez, and as various thoughts and motives as well as incredible behaviors of different people revealed in *The Plague* (1947) by Albert Camus, "pandemic poetry" or "disaster poetry", similarly, should mirror the reality, truth and human nature in its maximum range.

Poetry is the greatest illumination in unusual times!

"Pandemic poetry" reactivates poet's empathic ability and realistic spirit through the profound dialogues between the individual and pandemic, poetics and sociology. Obviously, for the subject and theme writing with high social attention, we are always in context of social reading, while the intrinsic proposition and aesthetic requirements of literary works are ignored or suppressed to a certain extent. What needs to be corrected and emphasized, however, is that there is no conflict between the social actions of a poet and the inner secret of a poem, on the contrary, for many great poets, these two factors are resonant and mutually activated.

To be fair, it's not so easy to write a good poem upon social hot spots, and even with the improvement of people's reading level, the public's aesthetic expectations for poetry are getting higher and higher. Among the massive pandemic-themed poems, there are no lack of excellent works that could directly touch the reality and the soul. At the same time, we have also seen in these poems a large number of superficial commonplaces. They reveal neither a deeper sense of reality nor the breathtakingly touching details and scenes in the pandemic, but are limited to journalistic statements and grandiose praise. The poet must always remind himself that the display, social and internal functions of poetry, especially the language function, should manifest themselves at the same time. Poets are not only the "citizen of reality", but also "citizen of time" and "citizen of language". The first identity is indispensable, while the latter ones are equally important, because only by maintaining the standards and bottom lines of "citizen of language" can "poetry be poetry first" before realizing other poetic functions. Poetry is a combination of poetics and sociology, a symbiosis of apocalyptic times and poetic chronicle, so there is no "pure poetry" or "realistic poetry" in an absolute closed sense.

Poems start with individual feelings, life experiences and true emotions. Poetry often starts from the familiar things around and then radiates to a broader spiritual horizon which requires the poet to have the certain vision and mind. In the end, the truth of poet and the truth of poetry, namely the so-called "poetic justice", are achieved.

No matter what the subject is, a good poet should improve and transform his daily experience into the common experience and even the historical experience. Only in this way can he gain the impressive and inspiring humanistic concern and the spiritual energy that transcend the time and space. It is the language fact and spiritualized reality that are established through interaction and response between poet and real life. Finally, they converge to form a spiritual symbiosis that transcends time and space.

Even during the pandemic, "social reality" is a dynamic and complex structure, which invisibly forms "anxiety of influence" among poets. At the

same time, it will broaden the poet's insight and then diversify the poetic responses. No matter from personal daily life or from the public horizon, a poet cannot be a complete spectator or a dreamer who just talks to himself. Of course, we must also face the fact that poetry is not always effective. What we need is effective writing as well as historical writing that can travel through time to reach future readers. However, if a poet does not write at the moment that needs his/her voice, then he has no sense of responsibility or effectiveness at all. It requires poet's sense of responsibility and social conscience more than ever especially in critical or unusual times. Meanwhile, the poet's social responsibility must be based on the premise of sincerity, poetic language and rhetoric, that is, the so-called "poetic justice". Otherwise, poets can easily put the cart before the horse, becoming amateur social statesmen, smattering sociologists, incompetent anthropologists, mediocre philosophers and dogmatic cultural historians that are strongly criticized by Harold Bloom.

"Poetry and truth" has been testing every writer, whether in ordinary life or in unusual times. Reality must be internalized in language and poetics. From the historical perspective, an era is only a moment, but this moment has closely and complicatedly related to everyone, even every groups, classes and nations. "Poets--contemporaries--must gaze firmly at their own times." (Giorgio Agamben) It is hard to imagine the development of poetry in an era if the poets do not make timely, powerful and effective spiritual echoes and aesthetic discoveries to the epochal propositions and great changes in reality. From the perspective of spiritual world and the community of shared future for mankind, poetry forms a tradition to travel through time. What we are looking forward to is a spiritual tradition and a poetic tradition that can stand the test of time and be refined through a stage, a period and a history.

## 诗与真：疫情或非常时期的诗歌写作

霍俊明

(中国作家协会《诗刊》社)

2020 年是非常之年，整个世界因为新冠疫情而变得灰暗、压抑和恐慌。随着疫情的爆发和蔓延，尤其是国际疫情仍处于爆发期，关于疫情题材的诗歌大量涌现。那么，在疫情或非常时期，诗人应该对谁说话？诗人最终该对谁负责？诗人的表达如何才能充满效力和活力？这种种疑问与歌德的《诗与真》以及西蒙娜·薇依在 1941 年夏天的吁求发生了遥远的呼应。这也给每一个人包括写作者提供了重新认识生命、人性、疾病以及医疗、民众、社会和国家 的入口。正如当年的加夫列尔·加西亚·马尔克斯在《霍乱时期的爱情》（1985）中穷尽了“忠贞的、隐秘的、粗暴的、羞怯的、柏拉图式的、放荡的、转瞬即逝的、生死相依的”各种爱情可能性，正如阿尔贝·加缪通过《鼠疫》（1947）揭示了各色人等形形色色的心理、动机和不可思议的行为一样，“疫情诗歌”以及“灾难诗歌”同样应该最大化地揭示现实、真实以及人性的诸多可能。

诗歌就是非常时期伟大的发光体！

“疫情诗歌”在个人与疫情、诗学和社会学的深度对话中重新激活了诗人的及物能力以及现实精神。显然，对于具有高度社会效应的题材和主题写作来说，我们往往是处于社会阅读的整体情境之中，而文学本体的内在命题和审美要求则会受到一定程度的忽视或压制。但是，需要纠正和强调的是诗人的社会行动和诗歌的内在秘密并不是冲突、违和的，恰恰在很多重要诗人那里，这二者是共振

和彼此激活的。

平心而论，聚焦社会热点的诗歌是很难写好的，甚至随着人们阅读水平的提升，大众对诗歌的审美期待也越来越高。在海量的疫情题材诗歌中不乏优秀的直抵现实、直击灵魂的作品，与此同时我们也看到了大量的同质化的表浅文本。它们既没有揭示出深层的现实感也没有发现灾疫中撼人心魄的细节和场景，而只是局限于新闻报道式的表态和浮夸赞美。诗人必须时刻提醒自己，诗歌的“显示功能”“社会功能”与“内在功能”尤其是语言功能应该是同时抵达的。诗人既是“现实公民”又是“时间公民”和“语言公民”。前者不可或缺，后者同等重要，因为只有始终保持语言公民的标准和底线才能使得“诗歌首先是诗歌”，然后才是诗歌承载的其它功能。诗歌是诗学和社会学的融合体，是时代启示录和诗学编年史的共生，因此并不存在纯粹封闭意义上的“纯诗”或“现实主义的诗”。

诗歌的起点是个体感受、生命体验和真实情感，诗歌往往是从身边的熟悉之物开始的，进而再辐射到更广的精神视域，而这需要诗人的襟怀和眼界，这最终达成的正是诗人之“真”和诗歌之“真”，也即所谓的“诗性正义”。

无论什么题材和主题的作品，一个优秀的诗人都应该将个人日常经验提升和转化为共时体意义上的共通经验乃至历史经验，只有如此才能获得感人至深的人性关怀以及跨越时空限囿的精神势能。这是诗人和显示在感应、回响中建立起来的语言事实和精神化现实。它们最终汇聚成的正是超越时空的精神共时体。

包括疫情时期在内，“社会现实”都是一个动态的复杂结构，这无形之中会在诗人那里形成“影响的焦虑”。与此同时，它也会打开诗人的眼界进而拓展诗歌多样化的应对方式。无论是从个人日常生活境遇还是从时代整体性的公共视界而言，一个诗人都不能做一个完全的旁观者和自言自语的梦呓者。当然，我们也必须正视这样一个事实，即诗歌并不是在所有的时刻都是有效的，我们需要的是有效写作以及能够穿越时间抵达未来读者的历史之作。但是，在特殊的时刻和节骨眼上，如果诗人不写作的话，那么他就根本谈不上什么担当和效力，尤其是严峻时刻和非常时期对诗人的责任感和社会良知的要求。与此同时，诗人的社会承担必须是以真诚、诗性、语言和修辞的承担为首要前提，即所谓的“诗性正义”。反之，诗人很容易因为本末倒置、舍本逐末而沦为哈罗德·布鲁姆所批评的业余的社会政治家、半吊子的社会学家、不胜任的人类学家、平庸的哲学家以及武断的文化史家。

无论是日常时刻还是非常时期，“诗与真”一直在考验着每一个写作者。现实必须内化于语言和诗性。从长远的整体性历史维度来看一个时代也只是一瞬，但这一瞬却与每个人乃至群体、阶层和民族发生着极其密切而复杂的关联，“诗人——同时代人——必须坚定地凝视自己的时代。”（吉奥乔·阿甘本）如果一个时代的诗人没有对显豁的时代命题以及现实巨变做出及时、有力和有效的精神呼应和美学发现，很难想象这个时代的诗歌是什么样的发展状态。从精神世界的维度和人类命运共同体来说，诗歌形成了一种穿越时间的传统。我们所期待的，正是能够穿越一个阶段、一个时期、一段历史的经受得起时间淬炼的精神传统和诗学传统。

## On “Pandemic, Reflection, Creation”

Baoer Jinna

It's both honored and cordial today to meet Australian writers thousands miles away via Internet together with my outstanding Chinese colleagues present here.

I spent a quarter of this year in Australia. When I flew to Australia in early January, I only concerned for the wildfires there. Then by the end of March, I hurried back to Beijing in the last second before the lockdown in Australia. The journey back to China was full of ups and downs. It was already April when I finally returned to my home in Beijing, and the world had become some place I could not imagine before I set off. During the three months of my stay in Australia, I witnessed the changing attitudes of people towards COVID-19. At first, they were curious about the news of the epidemic, and were puzzled by the Asian face wearing a mask like me, until the panic spread to everyone's backyard, triggering a psychedelic period of toilet paper panic.

It has been almost a year since the outbreak of COVID-19. Unfortunately, we still cannot speak of this disaster in the past tense, nor dare to be overly optimistic about 2021. The year of 2020 is just like a science fiction epic movie shoot without authorization. We are not just the audience forced to sit through the movie, but are all involved in the filming with different roles of varying importance. In the past year, we often hear people say that “the pandemic changed the life of everyone”. The writers are in a very delicate situation among these. On the one hand, the life and health of writers have not been fatally impacted by epidemic compared with others who can't work at home, making most of

us less likely to be infected; on the other hand, literature is endowed with more significance in special period. Like movies and music, it becomes one of the small beacons for countless people under quarantine to fight against loneliness and anxiety.

Someone describes such a century disaster as a cruel gift of literary resource for the writers living in peace times and areas. OK, even if we take this assumption, I still believe that many writers feel more anxious than morbidly excited in face of this so-called “gift”. In my opinion, such anxiety is rooted in the ambition of writers which consists of at least two contradictory factors. One is FOMO---fear of missing out, no matter it’s our first-hand experience of pandemic, or the sorrowful, interesting or incredible stories flooding in news and social media. It is hard for writers to ignore these writing materials, especially when we see the sales surge of books like *Plague* or *Love in the time of Cholera*, weird romantic stories about a blonde in love with coronavirus published on Amazon, the pandemic themed TV plays on BBC and Netflix, and netizens’ self-deprecating remarks: “Shakespeare created masterpieces when he was isolated, while we are now busy learning how to bake”. These all become white noises that may easily trigger various ideas in writers’ minds. The other ambition of writers, however, is a desire to keep a cautious distance from hot topics and give some time for the resources in life to remain, to ensure the uniqueness of works. Such a desire makes us instinctively resist following the fashion to protect the sense of loneliness and absolute autonomy we need in creation. After all, just writing about trending topics blurs the distinction between writers and memers. Surely the good memers are amazing as well since their memes in a picture or a few sentences about the pandemic can easily resonate with thousands of netizens. But any new topic may declare the death of those old memes, because the moments bringing people entertainment, laugh or feelings are already in the past tense. Take an inappropriate example, the memers are just like the violinist playing violin on the deck of the sinking Titanic. No meme could last long enough in the river of time for people to deliberate, but literary works can. The *Plague* and the *Love in the time of Cholera* wasn’t written to follow the hot topics of the time, nor were they read as classics because the uniqueness of the theme, after all there’re countless works written under the background of infectious diseases. These two novels are winnowed out by time, simply because they are good works by good writers. The weakness and resilience in the fate of humankind, and the complexity and beauty of humanity portrayed in these two novels would deeply shock and impact readers in any time and any language. In this respect, they are not different in nature from the *Catcher in the Rye* by Salinger and *White Parrot* by Patrick White. Fitzgerald experienced the Spanish Flu in 1920 and was trapped

in France for isolation, but his two works throughout the 1920s *the Great Gatsby* and *The Story of the Jazz Age* both have nothing to do with the pandemic. What he felt about the Flu can only be found in a well-known letter to a friend, a very well-written letter.

What I want to say, although it might be immature, is that if there is such a thing as the mission of a time existing for writers, it would also be a very private thing and should not be burdened with the gaze from the outside, which is true for writers creating grand works about the country or those writing in the most personal psychological narratives. The most important outcome writing brings writers is happiness, and all the aspirations leading to this happiness are correct. The COVID-19 pandemic is the unprecedented challenge to all the writers in terms of the outside reshuffle and inner confidence. It should be a free choice for the writers to select honestly whether to write the disaster during the disaster or to keep the distance away from disaster for the moment. To sum up, the individuality and variety of writers are the most fascinating and irreplaceable wealth. I feel excited to join this meeting, mostly due to my truly eagerness to hear what my colleagues would share about their writing, psychology and the changes and turbulences happening now in the world. I look forward to being inspired and enlightened.

Finally I would like to share with you one sentence which I've forgotten where I heard: "people love reading books, watching movies and having infinite fun from fictions, it can be interpreted fundamentally as a protest to the fact that we can only live once. At this moment, I think this sentence means more than ever to us who live in the COVID normal, both the writers and the readers.

## 疫情，思考，创作

鲍尔金娜

大家好。今天能与在座的优秀中国作家同行一道，与万里之外的澳洲作家朋友们通过网络连线的方式相识相聚，我既感到荣幸，也觉得十分亲切。2020年，我有四分之一的时间是在澳大利亚度过的。在一月初飞往澳洲时，我心里唯一的担忧还是澳洲的山林大火，而到三月末，我赶着澳洲封国的最后时限，经历一路坎坷回国，到四月份才辗转回到北京的家之后，世界已经变成了我出发前不敢想象的样子。而在被困在澳大利亚三个月的时间里，我也经历和见证了澳洲百姓从一开始对于疫情新闻感到遥远的好奇，对于我这样戴口罩的亚裔面孔产生困惑不解，直到恐慌蔓延到每个百姓的后院，超市引发卫生纸抢购的迷幻时期。

新冠病毒距诞生到现在已经一年有余，让人遗憾的是，我们依然不能用过去式来形容这场灾难，也不敢对2021年抱有过于明亮的幻想。2020年像是一部没经允许就拍摄的科幻史诗电影，我们不光是被迫观看这部漫长电影的观众，也全都是电影摄制的参与者，只不过我们的角色和份量各有不同。在过去的一年多时间里，我们最常听到的一句话便是“疫情改变了所有人的生活。”而在这所有人当中，作家处在一个很微妙的位置上。一方面，与许多无法居家工作的从业者相比，作家的生活和健康没有受到疫情的致命冲击，我们当中的大多数人都幸运地避免了直面苦难；另一方面，文学在特殊时期被赋予了更多的意义，与电影，音乐一道，成为无数生活在隔离当中的人们对抗孤独和焦虑的小小灯塔。

有人说，遭遇百年不遇的灾难，对于一直生活在和平时代和地区的作家来说，是一份天降的素材，残酷的礼物。好吧，就算我们接受这种设定，我相信许多作家在面临这份百年不遇的所谓“礼物”的时候，焦虑感要远大于病态的兴奋。在我看来，这种焦虑的根源是写作者的野心，而这野心当中至少有两个互相矛盾的因素：第一个是对于错失机会的恐惧，也就是英语里所说的FOMO——fear of missing out，不管是我们在疫情当中的第一手亲身经历，还是每天充斥新闻 媒体社交网络的各种或悲情，或有趣，或匪夷所思的他人故事，不被这些素材诱惑是一件很难的事情。更不用说，当我们看到《鼠疫》，《霍乱时期的爱情》在书店里销量骤升，亚马逊上出现了金发美女和新冠病毒谈恋爱的诡异浪漫小说，BBC 和 NETFLIX 纷纷推出疫情主题的电视剧，网上也有人感叹：“莎士比亚在隔离期写出了伟大作品，我们却在学着烤蛋糕”的感慨……这些充满刺激的白噪音，都容易引发作家的脑袋嗡嗡作响；然而创作者的第二个野心，却又是与热点话题保持审慎的距离，将素材充分沉淀，确保自己作品独特性的欲望。这种欲望使得我们本能地抗拒赶时髦，本能地克制，以保护我们在创作上所需要的孤独感和绝对自治。毕竟，如果为了迎合热点而写作，作家与段子手的（memer）的区别就会变得有些模糊了。优秀的段子手当然很了不起，网上有关疫情的段子常常能用一张图片和短小精悍的几句话就引发成千上万的共鸣。可是一旦新的热点新闻出现，旧的段子就宣告死亡，因为那种让人过瘾，大笑，感慨的时刻已经过去 了。举一个不恰当的比喻，段子手是当泰坦尼克号沉没的时候，在甲板上弹琴的小提琴手。没有什么段子能够在漫长的岁月中留下来让人们反复推敲，流连不已，但文学作品就可以。《鼠疫》和《霍乱时期的爱情》之所以流传至今，不是因为赶了灾难的时髦，因为他们并没有；也不是因为他们在题材上占据了唯一性，毕竟历史上以传染病作为背景的文学作品多如牛毛；它们流传至今的原因很简单，因为它们是由好作家写出的好作品。书中刻画的人类命运的脆弱与坚韧，人性的复杂与美丽，放到任何年代，任何背景下，翻译成任何一种语言，都能在读者的思想和情感上发生深切的震撼和长久的影响。在这种意义上，它们和塞林格《麦田里的守望者》，派特里克怀特的《白鸚 鹉》，没有本质的区别。菲茨杰拉德亲身经历了 1920 年的西班牙流感，并且被困在法国度过了隔离生活，但他在贯穿 20 年代的作品，《了不起的盖茨比》《爵士时代的故事》，主题都与流感无关。他对于流感疫情感想，广为流传的只有一封写给友人的信，一封写得非常好的信。

我想表达的不成熟的想法是，作家对于时代的使命感如果存在，也是非常私密的一件事情，不应该被任何外界的凝视做捆绑，不管是书写国家山河，还是最私人的心理叙事(psychologicalnarrative)。写作最终给作家带来的最重要的结果是快乐，能够通向这种快乐的理想都是正确的理想。新冠疫情对于作家的创作而言，面临的也许是前所未有的挑战，这种挑战包括心理和创作上的可能会发生的重新洗牌，也包括继续自己笃信的旅程的绝对信心。不管是在灾难面前书写灾难，还是与灾难暂时保持长距离关系，这种选择都应该是作家在对自己最诚实的状态下作出的自由选择。说到底，作家千差万别的个体意识，本身就是我们笔下最迷人、最不可替代的财富。我对于来参加这次会议感到兴奋，很大原因也是因为我确实渴望听到同行作家们分享大家在疫情期间对于创作，心理状态，世界现在发生着的变化与动荡，都有着怎样的思考。我期待从中得到珍贵的灵感和启发。

最后，我想跟大家分享一句忘了在哪里听到的话——人们之所以热爱读书，看电影，在虚构的故事当中获得无限的乐趣，本质上是对于我们只能活一次的抗议。我想这句话，对于此时此刻，活在疫情常态——Covid normal 当中的作家和读者们来说，都具有前所未有的现实意义。



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