

# TED 不合群的美丽

题目: The beauty of being a misfit

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So I know TED is about a lot of things that are big, but I want to talk to you about something very small. So small, it's a single word. The word is "misfit." It's one of my favorite words, because it's so literal. I mean, it's a person who sort of missed fitting in. Or a person who fits in badly. Or this: "a person who is poorly adapted to new situations and environments." I'm a card-carrying misfit. And I'm here for the other misfits in the room, because I'm never the only one. I'm going to tell you a misfit story.

我知道 TED 总是谈一些大事 但是我想讲一件微不足道的小事 小到只有一个词“异类。”这是我最喜欢的词，因为简单明了 这样的人是一个无法融入，或者融入得很差的人，或者“一个很难适应 新位置和新环境的人。”我是真正的异类。我代表这里的所有异类站在这里，因为我并不孤单。我将讲述一个异类的故事。

Somewhere in my early 30s, the dream of becoming a writer came right to my doorstep. Actually, it came to my mailbox in the form of a letter that said I'd won a giant literary prize for a short story I had written. The short story was about my life as a competitive swimmer and about my crappy home life, and a little bit about how grief and loss can make you insane. The prize was a trip to New York City to meet big-time editors and agents and other authors.

在我三十岁出头的时候，成为作家的梦想在向我招手。准确地说我在我的邮箱里发现了一封信 信上说我写的小说 为我赢得了一份大奖。小说讲述了一名历经糟糕的家庭生活的 优秀的游泳运动员的故事，还有一些关于 悲痛和困惑如何让人抓狂的情节。赢得的奖励是 去纽约和知名的编辑、代理 和其他作家见面。

**misfit**

n. 与别人合不来的人；怪异的人

**literal**

adj. 字面意义的

**card-carrying**

adj. 正式的

**doorstep**

n. 门阶

**crappy**

adj. 糟糕的

**grief**

n. 悲伤

**insane**

adj. 疯癫的

So kind of it was the wannabe writer's dream, right? You know what I did the day the letter came to my house? Because I'm me, I put the letter on my kitchen table, I poured myself a giant glass of vodka with ice and lime, and I sat there in my underwear for an entire day, just staring at the letter. I was thinking about all the ways I'd already screwed my life up. Who the hell was I to go to New York City and pretend to be a writer? Who was I?

这是每个作家的梦想，对吧？各位知道我看到信后做了什么吗？因为我不适者，我把信放在厨房桌子上，给自己倒了一大杯加了冰和柠檬的伏特加，就这样穿着内衣看着那封信坐了一整天。我在考虑以前把我的生活毁了的各种方式。那个要去纽约装作是一位作家的我到底是谁？我是谁？

I'll tell you. I was a misfit. Like legions of other children, I came from an abusive household that I narrowly escaped with my life. I already had two epically failed marriages underneath my belt. I'd flunked out of college not once but twice and maybe even a third time that I'm not going to tell you about. 我来告诉各位。我是一个异类。就像千千万万其他的孩子，我来自一个受虐待的家庭，只不过我侥幸逃脱了。在我的生命中已经经历了两次婚姻的大失败。我考大学失败了两次，也许会有第三次我不会告诉你们的。

And I'd done an episode of rehab for drug use. And I'd had two lovely staycations in jail. So I'm on the right stage. But the real reason, I think, I was a misfit, is that my daughter died the day she was born, and I hadn't figured out how to live with that story yet.

我还有一段戒毒的美妙经历。我还在监狱里度过两次假。所以我应该站在这里。但是我想，真正的原因是 我是一个异类。我的女儿在出生的那天就去世了，我当时根本无法接受这件事。

wannabe  
n.想要达到目的的人

vodka  
n.伏加特酒

underwear  
n.内衣

screw up  
搞糟

legions of  
大批的

rehab  
n.康复

staycation  
n.居家旅游

jail  
n.监狱

After my daughter died I also spent a long time homeless, living under an overpass in a kind of profound state of **zombie** grief and loss that some of us encounter along the way. Maybe all of us, if you live long enough. You know, homeless people are some of our most **heroic** misfits, because they start out as us. So you see, I'd missed fitting in to just about every category out there: daughter, wife, mother, scholar. And the dream of being a writer was really kind of like a small, sad stone in my throat.

女儿去世后我无家可归了一段时间， 住在一个天桥下。 那种无尽的悲痛和困惑 是很多人一生中都会遇到的。 如果活得够久 也许所有人都会遇到。 无家可归的人是 我们之中最伟大的异类， 因为从那时起他们就成为了我这样的人。 可以看到我与所有的生活格格不入： 作为女儿，作为妻子， 作为妈妈，作为学者。 而想要成为作家的梦想 也一直如鲠在喉。

It was pretty much **in spite of myself** that I got on that plane and flew to New York City, where the writers are. Fellow misfits, I can almost see your heads glowing. I can pick you out of a room. At first, you would've loved it. You got to choose the three famous writers you wanted to meet, and these guys went and found them for you. You got set up at the Gramercy Park Hotel, where you got to drink Scotch late in the night with cool, smart, swank people. And you got to pretend you were cool and smart and swank, too. And you got to meet a bunch of editors and authors and agents at very, very fancy lunches and dinners. Ask me how fancy.

我没有理会自己的不适 就登上了飞机， 准备前往纽约 和各位作家见面。 异类们， 我几乎可以看到你们头上的光芒。 我可以在屋子里认出你来。 一开始旅程是美妙的。 每个人可以选择三位最想见的知名作家 会有人为你联系他们。 大家下榻在格拉梅西公园酒店， 在那里可以和 出色，聪明，华丽的人喝 苏格兰威士忌直到深夜。 你要装作同样出色，聪明，华丽。 你会在无比精美的午餐和晚宴中 会见一系列的编辑作家和经纪人。 快问我多么精美。

**zombie**

n.麻木迟钝的人

**heroic**

adj.英雄的

**in spite of oneself**

不由自主的

Audience: How fancy?

观众：有多么精美？

Lidia Yuknavitch: I'm making a confession: I stole three **linen napkins** -- from three different restaurants. And I **shoved** a menu down my pants.

我承认我从三个不同的饭店偷了三块亚麻餐巾。我还在裤子里藏了一张菜单。

I just wanted some **keepsakes** so that when I got home, I could believe it had really happened to me. You know?

我只是想在我回家时 还能看到一些我带回来的纪念品 让我相信我真的去过这里。你明白么？

The three writers I wanted to meet were Carole Maso, Lynne Tillman and Peggy Phelan. These were not famous, best-selling authors, but to me, they were women-writer **titans**. Carole Maso wrote the book that later became my art bible. Lynne Tillman gave me permission to believe that there was a chance my stories could be part of the world. And Peggy Phelan reminded me that maybe my brains could be more important than my **boobs**. They weren't **mainstream** women writers, but they were cutting a path through the mainstream with their body stories, I like to think, kind of the way water cut the Grand Canyon.

我想见的三位作家是 卡罗尔·马索，琳恩·蒂尔曼 和佩吉·费伦。她们不算是最知名和畅销的作家，但是我把她们奉若神明。卡罗尔·马索的书后来成为了我的艺术指导。琳恩·蒂尔曼 给了我信心让我相信 将来我的故事 会被世界上的人所知晓。佩吉·费伦则提醒我 我的头脑比胸部更加重要。她们不是主流女作家，但是她们用自己的故事题材 在主流文学中 独树一帜，另辟蹊径。

**linen**

**napkins**

亚麻餐巾

**shove**

v.乱放

**keepsake**

n.纪念品

**titans**

n.巨人

**boobs**

n.乳房

**mainstream**

n.主流

It nearly killed me with joy to hang out with these three over-50-year-old women writers. And the reason it nearly killed me with joy is that I'd never known a joy like that. I'd never been in a room like that. My mother never went to college. And my creative career to that point was a sort of small, sad, **stillborn** thing. So kind of in those first nights in New York I wanted to die there. I was just like, "Kill me now. I'm good. This is beautiful." Some of you in the room will understand what happened next.

**stillborn**

adj. 失败的

能和这三位 50 多岁的女作家聊天 快把我乐疯了。因为我从来不知道生活可以这么开心。我的生活中从来没有 打开过这样美好的一扇门。我的母亲没有上过大学。从这一点来说我的创作生涯 本来就是一个很小的，卑微的，会胎死腹中的事。在纽约的前几天 我希望就死在那里。我想说“杀了我吧。我要葬在这美好之中。”接下来发生了什么 屋子里的一些人会理解。

First, they took me to the offices of Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Farrar, Straus and Giroux was like my mega-dream press. I mean, T.S. Eliot and Flannery O'Connor were published there. The main editor guy sat me down and talked to me for a long time, trying to convince me I had a book in me about my life as a swimmer. You know, like a **memoir**. The whole time he was talking to me, I sat there smiling and nodding like a **numb idiot**, with my arms crossed over my chest, while nothing, nothing, nothing came out of my throat. So in the end, he patted me on the shoulder like a swim coach might. And he wished me luck and he gave me some free books and he showed me out the door. 首先，他们把我带到了 法勒，斯特劳斯和吉鲁的办公室。法勒，斯特劳斯和吉鲁 是我的终极梦想出版社。艾略特的诗集和弗兰纳里·奥康纳的小说都在那里出版。主编让我坐下和我聊了很久，一直在试图让我相信我写了一本关于 我自己是游泳运动员的书。就像用备忘录让我回忆一样。整个谈话期间 我双手交叉在胸前 不住地微笑和点头，却一句话都不说，麻木的像个傻子。最后他像一个游泳教练一样 拍了拍我的肩膀。他祝我好运 送了我几本免费的书 请我出去了。

**memoir**

n. 回忆录

**numb idiot**

麻木的傻子

Next, they took me to the offices of W.W. Norton, where I was pretty sure I'd be escorted from the building just for wearing Doc Martens. But that didn't happen. Being at the Norton offices felt like reaching up into the night sky and touching the moon while the stars stitched your name across the cosmos. I mean, that's how big a deal it was to me. You get it? Their lead editor, Carol Houck Smith, leaned over right in my face with these beady, bright, fierce eyes and said, "Well, send me something then, immediately!" See, now most people, especially TED people, would have run to the mailbox, right? It took me over a decade to even imagine putting something in an envelope and licking a stamp.

接下来他们让我去 W.W.诺顿的办公室，我以为穿了马腾斯博士靴的我一定会有人陪同一起过去。但是并没有人陪我。在诺顿的办公室里就像身处洪荒，群星揽月 群星闪烁 在无尽的宇宙中编织着我的名字。这是我人生中多么重大的一件事啊。你明白了么？他们的主编，卡罗尔·霍克史密斯，靠在我面前 闪烁着有神，明亮，犀利的目光 跟我说：“寄给我你的一些作品，马上！”大部分人，尤其是来能TED的人 马上会去寄，对吧？而我花了很久的时间来思考 要不要做这件事。

On the last night, I gave a big reading at the National Poetry Club. And at the end of the reading, Katharine Kidde of Kidde, Hoyt & Picard Literary Agency, walked straight up to me and shook my hand and offered me representation, like, on the spot. I stood there and I kind of went deaf. Has this ever happened to you? And I almost started crying because all the people in the room were dressed so beautifully, and all that came out of my mouth was: "I don't know. I have to think about it." And she said, "OK, then," and walked away. All those open hands out to me, that small, sad stone in my throat ...

在最后一天晚上 我在全国诗歌俱乐部 做了一场读书会。在读书会结束的时候，凯德公司的凯瑟琳·凯德 和霍伊特与皮卡德文学社的人 径直走向我与我握手 当场让我做他们的代表 我像失聪了一样站在那里。这种事发生在各位身上过么？我几乎要哭了出来 因为所有屋子里的人都如此华丽 然而我却只能说“我不知道，我要再想想”那样的话。她说：“当然。”然后离开了。尽管很多人伸来了橄榄枝 我仍然如鲠在喉

escort

v. 护卫

stitch

v. 缝补

cosmos

n. 宇宙

beady

adj. 机警的；  
小圆珠般亮晶晶的

lick

v. 舔

on the spot

当场；当下



You see, I'm trying to tell you something about people like me. Misfit people -- we don't always know how to hope or say yes or choose the big thing, even when it's right in front of us. It's a shame we carry. It's the **shame** of wanting something good. It's the shame of feeling something good. It's the shame of not really believing we deserve to be in the room with the people we admire.

各位，我尽量告诉大家 像我这样的人的感受。异类经常不知道 怎样期待和回答 也不知道在大事面前如何选择。哪怕它们就在我们面前。这是我们身上的耻辱。这是想接受美好时 就会有的耻辱。这是想感受美好时 就会有的耻辱。这种耻辱让我们不敢相信 我们应该和那些我们敬仰的人 站在同一个屋檐下。

If I could, I'd go back and I'd coach myself. I'd be exactly like those over-50-year-old women who helped me. I'd teach myself how to want things, how to stand up, how to ask for them. I'd say, "You! Yeah, you! You belong in the room, too." The **radiance** falls on all of us, and we are nothing without each other. Instead, I flew back to Oregon, and as I watched the **evergreens** and rain come back into view, I just drank many tiny bottles of airplane "feel sorry for yourself." I thought about how, if I was a writer, I was some kind of misfit writer. What I'm saying is, I flew back to Oregon without a book deal, without an agent, and with only a headful and heart-ful of memories of having sat so near the beautiful writers. Memory was the only prize I allowed myself.

如果可以回到过去 我要像那些 50多岁的女人告诉我的那样 告诫自己。我要教自己去诉说我的需求，站起来，要回属于我的东西。我会跟我自己说：“你！就是你！你应该在这个屋子里。”只有和大家团结在一起，每个人才是光芒四射的。可现实是，我飞回了俄勒冈，看着窗外的雨拍打着常青树 我不禁借酒浇愁。我想就算我是一个作家 我也只是作家中的异类。我想说，我回到俄勒冈，没有签下一个书约，没有经纪人同行，有的只是满满的回忆。我曾经和那些美丽的作家 离得那么近。回忆是我给自己的奖励。

**shame**

n. 羞耻；羞愧

**radiance**

n. 光辉，容光焕发

**evergreen**

n. 常青树

And yet, at home in the dark, back in my underwear, I could still hear their voices. They said, "Don't listen to anyone who tries to get you to shut up or change your story." They said, "Give voice to the story only you know how to tell." They said, "Sometimes telling the story is the thing that saves your life." 然后当我回到家的黑暗中，穿回我的内衣，我还能够听见她们的声音。她们说：“不要让任何 试图让你闭嘴的人 改变你的故事。”她们说：“表达只有你 才知道的感受。”她们说：“有时候写书可以 改变你的一生。”

Now I am, as you can see, the woman over 50. And I'm a writer. And I'm a mother. And I became a teacher. Guess who my favorite students are. Although it didn't happen the day that dream letter came through my mailbox, I did write a memoir, called "The **Chronology** of Water." In it are the stories of how many times I've had to **reinvent** a self from the ruins of my choices, the stories of how my seeming failures were really just weird-ass **portals** to something beautiful. All I had to do was give voice to the story.

现在，我也50多岁了。我是一个作家。我是一位母亲。我也成为了一名老师。猜猜我最喜欢的学生是谁。我写了一篇回忆录，尽管不是从邮筒拿出信的 那一天写的，叫做“似水年华”。书里讲述的是我如何在 人生选择的废墟中 重生的故事。书里讲述的是那些 我的失败如何奇迹般地 通向美好的故事。我要做的就是让大家听到我的故事。

There's a myth in most cultures about following your dreams. It's called the hero's journey. But I prefer a different **myth**, that's slightly to the side of that or underneath it. It's called the misfit's myth. And it goes like this: even at the moment of your failure, right then, you are beautiful. You don't know it yet, but you have the ability to **reinvent** yourself endlessly. That's your beauty.

每一种文化中都有追梦的神话，大多数叫做英雄之路。不过我更喜欢另一种神话，一种过程不同，不为人所知的神话，叫做异类的神话。它是这样的：即使那时候你失败了，失败的你也是美好的。你可能没有发觉 那个不断地 试图重生的你 是最美丽的。

**chronology**

按事件发生的  
年代排序的

**reinvent**

v.以新形象示  
人

**portal**

n.大门；入口

**myth**

n.神话

**reinvent**

v.以新形象



You can be a drunk, you can be a survivor of abuse, you can be an ex-con, you can be a homeless person, you can lose all your money or your job or your husband or your wife, or the worst thing of all, a child. You can even lose your marbles. You can be standing dead center in the middle of your failure and still, I'm only here to tell you, you are so beautiful. Your story deserves to be heard, because you, you rare and phenomenal misfit, you new species, are the only one in the room who can tell the story the way only you would. And I'd be listening.

你可以醉酒，你可以从虐待中逃脱出来，你可以有前科，你可以无家可归，你可以失去所有的钱，工作甚至另一半，或者最难过的莫过于，你失去了你的孩子，甚至失去理智。你站在失败的正中心，此时我要告诉你，你是那么美好。你的故事应该被大家听到 因为你是稀有的，是独特的，是独一无二的异类，这个屋子里 只有你可以用只有你才会的方式 来讲述你的故事。而我会静静地聆听。

marble  
n.理智

phenomenal  
adj.了不起的