**Obituary: Antonin Scalia**

**讣告：加夫列尔·加西亚·马尔克斯**

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Gabriel García Márquez

加夫列尔·加西亚·马尔克斯

The magician in his labyrinth

文字迷宫中的魔法师

Gabriel García Márquez, Latin America’s **literary colossus**, died on April 17th, aged 87

拉丁美洲文学巨擘加夫列尔·加西亚·马尔克斯于2014年4月17日逝世，享年87岁

In July 1965 Gabriel García Márquez—Gabo to all who revered him later—decided to **lock himself away** in a house on Calle de La Loma in Mexico City. He ordered his wife to sell the car and get credit from the butcher. For 15 months, using only his **index fingers**, he typed for six hours a day in a room he called “The Cave of the Mafia”. He **survived on a diet of** good Scotch and constant cigarettes. At five in the afternoon, he would **emerge into** the **fading light** with his eyes wide, as though he had discoursed with the dead.

1965年7月，加夫列尔·加西亚·马尔克斯（爱戴他的人称他为“加博”）决定把自己锁在墨西哥城洛马街的一所房子里。他让妻子把车卖掉，从屠夫那里赊账。在之后的15个月里，他仅仅只用两根食指，在那个被他戏称为“黑手党魔窟”的房间里每天打字整整六个小时。他就靠着喝上好的苏格兰威士忌和不停地吸烟过活。每天下午五点，他就会出现在夕阳的暮色中，大睁着眼睛，仿佛跟亡灵交谈过。

Inside the four walls of that room lay the immense delta of the Magdalena river, the grey frothy sea of Colombia’s Caribbean coast, the suffocating swamps of the Ciénaga, the interminable geometries of the banana plantations, and a long railway line that ran into the farthest territories of his heart. It ended at the village of Aracataca, now renamed by him Macondo, where his maternal grandparents had brought him up amid prospectors, fornicators, gypsies, scoundrels and virginal girls **bent over** their sewing frames. In that room where he had locked himself away he inhaled the sweet milk-candy and oregano of his grandmother and absorbed again the political venting of his grandfather, who had fought on the Liberal side in the War of a Thousand Days and who, at the book’s beginning, took him to discover ice, a great block of infinite internal needles that boiled his hand when he touched it.

那间屋子的方寸间却有大天地：马格达莱纳河巨大的三角洲，哥伦比亚加勒比海沿岸灰色的泡沫海，谢纳加令人窒息的沼泽地，连绵不绝排列整齐的香蕉种植地，还有一条长长的铁路，一直通往他的心之最远处。铁路的终点是阿拉卡塔卡小镇（也就是小说中的马孔多镇）。他的外祖父母在那里抚养他长大，身边都是探矿工、通奸犯、吉普赛人、恶棍和埋头织布的纯真少女。他把自己锁在房间里，鼻翼间充斥着外婆的牛奶糖和牛至熟悉的甜香，耳畔再次响起外公谈论政治的声音，他的外公曾在哥伦比亚千日战争中为自由党而战，也是他在《百年孤独》开篇带着主人公去看冰块，那块巨大的物体里面透出无数针芒，手放到上面时感觉仿佛在燃烧。

“One Hundred Years of Solitude”, **the fruit of his self-imprisonment**, sold 50m copies in more than 30 languages. **Critics observed that** its style, magical realism as they called it, was not new: Jorge Luis Borges, a blind Argentine poet, had **felt his way** through those labyrinths before. But its fame was startling. The world was seduced by a Latin America where the Buendía family feuded internally and externally, with rifles or with silence, for generations; where death gave its female victims instructions to sew their own shrouds; where the blood from a suicide by shotgun flowed all through Macondo, carefully avoiding the carpets; and where Remedios the Beauty**was taken up** to heaven as she hung out sheets on the washing line.

**如此这般为创作画地为牢的成果**——《百年孤独》——被翻译成了30多种语言，卖出5000多万册。**评论家们指出**，这种他们所称的魔幻现实主义，并非由马尔克斯首创。豪尔赫·路易斯·博尔赫斯（Jorge Luis Borges），这位失明的阿根廷诗人已经在魔幻现实主义的迷宫中摸索前进过。但是《百年孤独》的名气是令人惊奇的。世界都为书里的拉丁美洲而着迷，在那里，布恩迪亚家族世代用步枪和沉默进行着各种内部和外部的斗争；在那里，死神引导女性受害者们缝制自己的裹尸布；在那里，有人用猎枪自杀，鲜血流过整个马孔多小镇，却刚好避开了地毯；在那里，美人儿蕾梅黛丝在晾衣绳上晒被单时被带往了天堂。

And it was all true. So Gabo insisted, to those who found his world outmoded and impossible. What seemed fantastical and extraordinary was merely reality in its local guise. Between novels he kept up his premier profession, journalism, fearlessly reporting government scandals and narcoterrorism. When he had become hugely famous the government of Colombia sent him to mediate with the FARC guerrillas. That was surely as surreal as anything he wrote in the house on Calle de La Loma.

有人认为他笔下的世界跟不上潮流又虚无缥缈，但他坚称一切都是真实的。那些看上去奇幻诡谲的故事，只不过是有着地方色彩的现实。小说创作间隙，他也没放下自己的老本行，做起了新闻报道，勇敢地报道政府丑闻，揭露毒品恐怖主义。在他名声大噪时，哥伦比亚政府又派他去与哥伦比亚革命武装力量游击队斡旋。这简直和他在洛马街的房子里创作的任何文字一样有着超现实主义色彩。

What the world could not grasp about Latin American literature, he told his Nobel prize audience in 1982, was the presence in it of the ghosts of the disappeared, as many as the population of Uppsala, and of émigrés and exiles, as many as there were Norwegians. These shadows, with their different reality, were as persistent as the continent’s beauty, its violence and its pain. In the year after he was born **a crowd of banana workers**, their number **as fluid and fleeting as memory**, were killed by the army in Aracataca, the bodies taken so silently by train to the coast that the story at once became myth. It grew with him.

1982年，他在诺贝尔奖颁奖典礼上对观众们说道，世界并不理解拉丁美洲文学中失踪者的亡灵和移民流亡者，前者数量和乌普萨拉人口一样，后者则与挪威人口相当。这些幻影在现实中可以找到各自的映射，它们与这片大陆的美丽、暴力与苦痛一样持久。马尔克斯出生后第二年，一群香蕉工人在阿拉卡塔卡被军队杀害，死亡人数和人的记忆一样，流动不定，转瞬即逝，火车悄无声息地把尸体运到海边，顿时令这起事件蒙上神秘色彩。这场经历对马尔克斯影响深远。

His sympathies **stayed on** the left-Liberal side of things. Under General Rojas Pinilla Colombia became uncomfortable; he **took refuge in** Mexico in 1961, and for years was refused entry to the United States. Fidel Castro and Hugo Chávezwere **proud to** count themselves his friends. With Mr Castro he went fishing and talked books, he said, not politics. But he had a weakness for the “halo of power”, of whatever colour, and a soft spot for old autocrats still carrying, like Simón Bolívar in “The General in his Labyrinth”, their bullet scars, their memories of past glories and their faded battle tunics, with buttons made from the gold of Atahualpa.

他同情自由左翼。罗哈斯·皮尼利亚（Rojas Pinilla）将军统治下的哥伦比亚令人不安，于是在1961年，他逃去了墨西哥，并多年被美国拒绝入境。菲德尔·卡斯特罗（Fidel Castro）和乌戈·查韦斯（Hugo Chávez）曾自豪地说自己是他的朋友。他表示，自己与卡斯特罗一起钓过鱼，只谈书籍，不论政事。但是，他对各种颜色的“权力光环”情有独钟，也对垂垂老矣的独裁者别有好感，他们就像《迷宫里的将军》中的西蒙·玻利瓦尔一样，身上还留着枪伤，记忆里有着过去的峥嵘岁月，褪色了的战袍上装点着阿塔瓦尔帕金子做的纽扣。

Writing was difficult; the words came as painfully as kidney stones. Nonetheless, there was nothing else he had wanted to do in life. He burned “to write so I would not die”. The desire began with “The Thousand and One Nights” in childhood and the tale of the fish, slit for frying, with a diamond as big as an almond in its belly. It was reinforced in his cub-reporter-student days in the cafés of Barranquilla and Cartagena, where he discovered Kafka, Faulkner, Woolf and Hemingway. His strongest influence, though, remained his grandmother, who had told him with the most deadpan face that the strangest things were true.

写作并非易事；遣词造句的苦恼不亚于肾结石带来的痛苦。然而，终其一生，除写作之外就没有什么事再能让马尔克斯醉心。他热衷于“写作不止，生命不息”。而他对创作的热忱，来源于儿时《一千零一夜》中的一则故事：当（理发师艾皮·绥）剖开鱼腹，准备煎鱼时，发现鱼腹中有一颗杏仁大的钻石1。在巴兰基亚和卡塔赫纳的咖啡馆初任记者的时日里，他读到了卡夫卡2、福克纳3、伍尔芙4和海明威5，这使得他对创作的热忱愈发强烈。尽管如此，对他影响最大的却是他的外祖母。她板着一副严肃面孔，告诉他，种种奇闻异事都是真实存在的。

注释：1. 此为《洗染匠和理发师的故事》中的情节；2. 弗兰兹·卡夫卡，奥匈帝国作家，主要作品有小说《审判》、《城堡》、《变形记》等；3. 威廉·福克纳，美国作家，代表作《喧哗与骚动》；4. 弗吉尼亚·伍尔芙，英国女作家、文学批评家和文学理论家，意识流文学代表人物，代表作《达洛维夫人》、《到灯塔去》；5. 欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威，美国作家，代表作《太阳照样升起》、《老人与海》、《永别了，武器》。

Taking the steamboat

乘船远去

**Those tales assumed no division between the waking and dreaming state.** Like him, his characters were often insomniacs, terrified of the dark and plagued, as he was, by intrauterine memories and premonitory dreams. Their affliction was so acute that their days became seamless and infinite as winter rain. Yet his lovers too, in sheer happiness, were in the same suspended state. His last substantial novel, “Love in the Time of Cholera”, based on the forbidden romance of his own parents, ended with the aged lovers on the creaking Magdalena steamboat, pushing through purple lotus and past crocodiles with their mouths agape to catch butterflies, out to the mouth of the sea. But as his grandfather had told him, when they first saw that horizon, “There is no shore on the other side.”

**这些故事如梦似醒。**马尔克斯笔下的角色，一如其本人：失眠、害怕黑暗、深受胎内记忆和预感梦境的困扰。极度的痛苦使得他们的生活如冬雨般无休无止。即便是他笔下的恋人，在纯粹的幸福中，也沉沦在相同的状态里。马尔克斯最后一部知名小说《霍乱时期的爱情》1，是根据自己父母的禁忌之恋写成的。在小说的结尾，这对年老的恋人乘坐吱吱作响的马格达莱纳汽船划过紫色莲花，穿过张着血盆大口、伺机扑捉蝴蝶的鳄鱼，向着入海口驶去。但是，正如第一次远眺地平线时，外祖父对他说的那样：“海的另一边没有岸”。

注释：《霍乱时期的爱情》是哥伦比亚作家加西亚·马尔克斯创作的长篇小说，首次出版于1985年。该小说讲述了一段跨越半个多世纪的爱情故事：男女主人公在二十岁的时候没能结婚，因为他们太年轻了；经过各种人生曲折之后，到了八十岁，他们还是没能结婚，因为他们太老了。在五十年的时间跨度中，作者展示了所有爱情的可能性，所有的爱情方式。该小说不仅表达了“经历爱情的折磨是一种尊严”，更重要的是展现了哥伦比亚的历史。战争和霍乱威胁着拉美人民的生命，而人为的破坏加剧了人与自然的对立，人的社会孤独感使人与人之间缺乏理解信任，心理距离加大。

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