

THE TAIPEI CHINESE PEN

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY CHINESE LITERATURE FROM TAIWAN

當代台灣文學英譯

Autumn 2015

No. 174

Writing the Landscape

地景專號



Chen Li



Huilan, 1820

洄瀾 · 一八二〇*

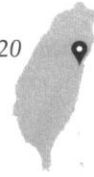
Chen Li 陳黎

We followed the waves ashore and crossed the long beach.
In the sound and image of the sea, we tramped
the vast plains before our eyes. This foreign land would be my
hometown. Our small boat tossed about for three days and nights,
a boundless ocean to the left, long mountain ranges
to the right, steep, rising, lushly forested.
The churning waves that our descendants would know as Walkmans
played our boat songs and lullabies in endless cycles. Between
waking and sleeping, stars twinkled above while jellyfish, nereis,
and cryptomonad glinted below. I gathered globules with my hands,
each finger like a red-hot iron rod that spilled
balls of bright fire. Countless sea sparkles surfaced
at once and darted like sparks off an anvil.
Flickers of light spattered at the oars, as though we
glided on a sea of light, moving through flames of amber and
gold, through plains of the sea: blue, green, and velvet black.

* From Chen Li 陳黎, *Wo/cheng* 《我/城》 [Me/city]. Taipei: Fish & Fish Publishing, 2011, 39-42.



Huilan, 1820



They found a paradise between mountains and sea.
Mountain debris and decomposed plants brought down by rivers
mixed with wave-washed sand to deposit rich loam.
Herds of water buffaloes grazed on pasture. Fertile fields were all around.
Rice, millet, taros, beans, sweet potatoes, watermelons, and pumpkins grew
everywhere. Rows of chinaberry trees interspersed with shade huts,
birds chirped, the sun beamed—living and its wild joys. Villages were
surrounded with dense bamboo groves and further enclosed by ditches.
In and out of the villages, under the shades or by the roadside,
betel nuts or cigarettes between their teeth, men and women
by themselves or in groups were moving or resting, all
the while just to get ready for the next betel nut and
the next cigarette. Women returning from the wells
told jokes and sang, their bodies voluptuous, hands
on their waists, water jugs on their heads. They didn't know their
beauty made the travelers, watching from a distance, yearn for a home.

We try to create a homeland between ocean blue and sky blue,
draping it with mountain green and foliage green. In the sound
and image of the sea, we cross the long beach. By
a nameless river (perhaps I should give her
a name) we build thatched cottages, reclaim wasteland. This long
river is like a woman's body but having a man's genitals,
spurting water day and night into Mother Ocean, who
sings lullabies and rocks us to sleep. River flow and ocean waves
collide and eddy (like the two dogs
we saw in the village, entwined in their mating).
The sounds and images are so vivid, we exclaim:
Huilan! Oh, whirling waves, the name of our homeland,
pulsing in endless cycles, like water streaking down the women's bodies
when they bathe at the foot of the mountain, like, under the stars,





the men singing and dancing in their ritual, their hands linking,
swinging to form circles and eddies—oh, they are whirling waves, too.

Author's note:

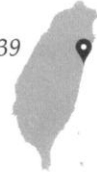
According to The Annals of Hualien County, Volume Two, "the right shore of Hualien River was previously known as Huilan Port or simply Huilan, named after the eddies formed as the river discharged into the ocean and collided with waves. It is unknown when the name was given." In 1812, some Chinese immigrants began to move from Yilan (north of Hualien). They purchased undeveloped land from the Amis tribe and called the place Chilai (or Kiray). In 1857, dozens of Chinese people from Yilan moved to the mouth of Hualien River and built a village.

Translator's note:

The Chinese word "huilan" (洄瀾 huílán) means "whirling waves." The first two stanzas of the poem closely reference chapters 26 and 29 of From Far Formosa (1895) by George Leslie Mackay. A Canadian, Mackay was the first Presbyterian missionary sent to northern Taiwan. "Blue, green, and velvet black" and "living and its wild joys" are adaptations of "blue, glossy green, and velvet black" in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "the wild joys of living" in Robert Browning's "Saul," respectively. Both lines are quoted in From Far Formosa.

Translated by Elaine S. WONG 黃心儀

Karenkō Town, 1939



Karenkō Town, 1939

花蓮港街 · 一九三九*

Chen Li 陳黎

—*That isn't just a street.*

That is a city, a disposition . . .

I am standing in the right field of the baseball park.
Mt. Huagang Park: the slightly swelling bosom of the town that is
as refined as a young lady. Osaka Commercial Shipping Company's
Kishū Maru slowly enters the new dock from the sea.
Two students of the girls' senior high school are singing their school song.
Coming from the City Hall next to Shōwa Memorial House
and greeting them with "*Ohayō!*" is
English teacher and form master at Karenkō Boys' Senior
High School, Mr. Tsuchida Kazuo. "*Ohayō!*"
He puts his bicycle under the tree by the tennis court
(he is the tennis team leader of the school's alumni association), goes up
the terrace of the war memorial monument, and looks out to the Pacific,
sparkling

* From Chen Li 陳黎, *Daoyu bianyuan* 《島嶼邊緣》 [Edge of the island]. Taipei: Crown Publishing, 1995, 181-187.





as a mirror. His hometown is the faraway Fukushima, on the same ocean, sparkling as a mirror. Ocean blue and sky blue seem familiar, but he cannot forecast where the clouds that rest above him will be heading, just as he cannot forecast the ocean-facing school quarters where he lives will, in ten years, become home of Mr. Qi from Qingdao, China. Teaching Geography, Mr. Qi will have been a teacher for fifteen years by the time he teaches a student who, like him, becomes an English teacher in this town, loves writing poetry, enjoys listening to music, and often goes up Mt. Huagang to watch the ocean.

I am standing on the slightly swelling bosom of the town. Primary school students, wet behind the ears, gather in two's or three's outside the school entrance at the foot of the hill, picking leaves on the street. They know the street that goes around Mt. Huagang and intersects with this Asahi Street is Irifune Street, extending from the coast, and the street that connects Irifune is the most prosperous Kasuga Street: spring glitters wherever there is water, even when the sun has set.

They don't know that in spring, any place that has water captures shades of twilight. They know Kasuga can reach Takasago Street, which is the way to Amis tribal village, and can lead to Tsukushi Bridge on Tsukushi Bridge Street. Every morning in Yoshino Immigrant Village, teenage girls put on their straw hats, take their ox carts to sell produce in the market.

They know Yoshino Number One Rice is the Japanese emperor's favorite, and they know Takasago Street, Tsukushi Bridge Street, and the train station's Black Gold Street form a prominent pelvis of this blossoming town. Their teacher tells them, this small place called Karenkō Town will soon be upgraded from town to city. But their teacher doesn't



tell them that a blaze after the New Year will burn down their
movie and drama hangout, the Tsukushi Theater;
that these three colorful streets will, one day,
following their departure, be molded into the iron triangle
of Zhonghua Road, Zhongzheng Road, and Zhongshan Road.

I am standing at a bend on the avenue of Time.
The sounds of past, present, and future roll and pile up like waves,
stopping only in the slowly stretching arms of the port.
Like a refined young lady, the graceful and reserved town has its
first embrace. When a typhoon comes, the mirror-like ocean
turns to billows, to raging surfs, and back to its mirror surface.
Earthquakes bring rumors of tsunamis as well as sentimental
drinkers and poets: River Mountain House on Inazumi Street, Kiminoya
Tavern
on Fukuzumi Street. But they are neither apprehensive nor despondent.
Look, how Sabado River gathers water at the eastern foot of timber-laden
Cikasuan Mountain, and charges southeast through the valleys to the
plains, spreading
an alluvial fan where the watercourse forms a network and bifurcates,
only to merge at the southern end of
the western foot of Milun Mountain, traverse Karenkō Town, and enter
the ocean.
Look, how the sky breeds power cables, how power cables breed power
poles,
how power poles breed electric currents and sound waves, intersecting
at this time
and place where longing for the immediate is like longing for the far away:
Midwife Makino Shigeru, phone number 446; Azumaya Restaurant,
phone number 154; Tokiwa Inn, phone numbers 240,
529; Ebisu House, phone number 333 (market





branch, 354); Karenkō Timber Company,
phone numbers 16, 145, 200; Tōkai
Automotive Transportation Company, phone number 425 . . .

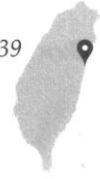
I am standing on the bottom of the sparkling ocean, profound,
mirror-like—histories run aground, legends drowned,
a labyrinth built with reflections, a reality expressed through echoes.
How would this town, refined like a young lady, speak out
her anguish, her desire, her pride;
how would she gradually mature into a young woman, accept
different lips, absorb different bloods; how is she to read countless people
while remaining a complete, brand new mirror book?
This town, refined as a young lady, needs a tender,
persisting lighthouse that erects on the sparkling mirror of the ocean,
erects where memory awakens.

Author's note:

Karenkō Town is present-day Hualien City in eastern Taiwan. In 1909, the Japanese colonial government in Taiwan established Karenkō Prefecture (now Hualien County). At that time, Karenkō Town was a district. It was upgraded to a town in 1920 and to a city in 1940. Next to Mt. Huagang Park were two schools, Karenkō Girls' Senior High School (now Hualien Girls' Senior High School) and, for admission of Japanese students, Karenkō Primary School (now Hwa-Gang Junior High School, where I used to teach). After Taiwan's retrocession, Asahi Street was renamed Xuanyuan Road, Irifune Street was changed to Wuquan Street, and Kasuga (= Spring Day) Street became Fuxing Street. Yoshino, present-day Ji'an Town, was originally known as Cikasuan, which means "land abundant in timber" in the Amis language. Sabado River is present-day Meilun River. The telephone numbers in the poem come from Mōri Yukitoshi's Outlook of Eastern Taiwan (1933). "Ohayō!" means "Good morning!". "Spring glitters wherever there is water, even when the sun has



Karenkō Town, 1939



set” comes from a haiku by Kobayashi Issa: “春の日や水さへあれば暮残り”
(*Haru no hi ya mizu sae areba kure nokori*).

Translated by Elaine S. WONG 黄心儀



Chen Li



Hualien

花蓮*

Chen Li 陳黎

With waves, with surfs, with the sea,
with a swash, a swoosh, a splash, with lush
depths of waters and sable currents,
whitecaps, crests of crests, waves urging waves
in the backyard garden and rearward ocean,
the forward hopes and outward glances
of a sloping backdrop, solid mountains, and soil thick,
with a view toward the far away,
with breaths, with laughs, with surfs, with laughing surfs,
with a sea of joyful tears, with the ocean's lavish placard,
a special announcement of clear skies, with waves

Translated by Elaine S. WONG 黃心儀

* From Chen Li 陳黎, *Dao/guo* 《島／國》 [Island/nation]. Taipei: INK Publishing, 2014, 123-124.



洄瀾·一八二〇*

陳黎

我們隨著浪上岸，越過長長的沙灘
帶著海的聲音與形象踏印在眼前
廣袤的平野。這異鄉要成為我的
家鄉。三日夜，我們的小船巔簸
左邊是一望無際的大洋，右邊是
綿長高聳，森林蒼鬱的陡峭山脈
翻騰的波浪是後人將理解的隨身聽
週而復始的我們的船歌，搖籃歌
醒睡間，群星燦爛在上，水母沙蠶
滴蟲閃耀於下，我舀起滿手水珠
手指如一根根熾熱的鐵棒，散落
發光的火球，無數的夜光蟲急速
浮出水面，四射如鐵砧迸出的火花
點點光芒隨槳的划動濺起，我們
彷彿滑行在光之海，穿過琥珀與
黃金的火燄，藍與綠與黑的海的平原

* 選自陳黎，《我／城》，台北：二魚文化出版社，民國100年，頁39-42。





他們已然在山海之間覓得樂園
溪流把岩屑與腐蔬從山上帶下
夾雜海浪沖刷之砂積成沃土
水牛成群吃草，肥田到處
稻粟芋豆，地瓜西瓜南瓜遍生
苦楝樹成列，遮陽草亭參差
其間，鳥鳴日耀，一片生之野趣
村落四周密植竹林，復圍以壕溝
他們在村內村外，樹蔭下道路邊
嚼檳榔抽煙，男男女女，或單獨
或成群，走動或休息，所有
時間只為了準備下一次的嚼檳榔
抽煙。汲水完畢的婦女們在回途
說笑歌唱，她們的體態豐腴，手
叉腰，頭頂水甕。她們不知道
她們的美讓遠眺的旅人想要成家

我們試著在海藍與天藍之間建立家園
以山的綠樹的綠為簾幕，帶著海的
聲音與形象，越過長長的沙灘，在
不遠的不知名的溪畔（也許我應該為她
命名）搭茅屋，墾荒地。這長長的
溪像女性的身軀，卻也有男性的性器
溪水日夜奔注，朝唱搖籃歌搖我們
入睡的海洋母親射去。溪水與海浪
衝擊成縈迴狀（就像在他們村落裡
看到的兩條緊緊交纏的公狗與母狗）
活生生的聲音與形象，讓我們驚呼：
洄瀾！啊洄瀾，我們家園的名字，週而
復始的律動，一如山腳下引山泉裸浴的
她們身上迸發的水的線條，一如星光下
手連手盪出一波波浪與圓圈的他們



祝祭的舞蹈與歌聲，啊他們也在洄瀾

註：據《花蓮縣志》卷二，「昔人稱今之花蓮溪右岸曰洄瀾港，簡稱洄瀾，以溪水奔注與海浪衝擊作縈迴狀得名，惟起自何時不可考。」清嘉慶十七年（1812），部分漢人開始從宜蘭移墾，向阿美族人購得荒埔地一塊，名曰「祈來」（即「奇萊」）。咸豐七年（1857），宜蘭漢人數十名移居花蓮溪口，建茅屋，成聚落。



陳黎



花蓮港街·一九三九*

陳黎

——那不只是一條街，
那是一個城市，一種氣質……

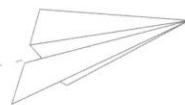
我站立的位置在野球場的右外野
花崗山公園，這個嫻靜如少女的小城
微微隆起的胸部。大阪商船株式會社的
貴州丸從海上緩緩駛進新築的港口
兩個高等女學校的學生唱著校歌
從昭和紀念館旁的公會堂走出來
「お早う！」向她們問好的是
在花蓮港中學校擔任英語教師和學級
主任的土田一雄先生。「お早う！」
他把腳踏車停在網球場旁邊的樹下
（他是中學校校友會的庭球部長）
步上表忠碑台階遠眺閃亮如鏡的太平洋
他的家鄉在遙遠的福島，同樣閃亮
如鏡的大海。那海的藍和天的藍

* 選自陳黎，《島嶼邊緣》，台北：皇冠出版社，民國84年，頁181-187。



似曾相識，但他無法逆知此際停駐
頭上的浮雲會駛向何處，一如他無法
逆知他所住的面海的中學校宿舍
十年後會變成青島來的慕老師的家
而教地理的慕老師在擔任十五年的導師
之後會教到一個，跟他一樣在這個
小城擔任英語教師，喜歡寫詩，聽音樂
並且不時到花崗山上看海的學生

我站立的位置在小城微微隆起的胸部
乳臭未乾的尋常高等小學校學生
三三兩兩，在山腳下校門外的路邊撿拾
落葉。他們知道繞著花崗山和這條
朝日通相交的是從海濱一路過來的
入船通，而接連入船通的是最繁華的
春日通：春の日や水さへあれば暮り
他們不知道在春天，有水的地方就有
暮色存在。他們知道春日通出去是通往
阿美族蕃社的高砂通，是筑紫橋所在的
筑紫橋通，每天早上，吉野移民村的內地
少女戴著草帽，牽著牛車到市街販賣蔬菜
他們知道吉野一號米是天皇的最愛
知道高砂通，筑紫橋通和火車站所在的
黑金通是這個發育中的小城明顯的骨盆
他們的老師告訴他們這個名叫花蓮港街的
小城即將由街升為市，但他們的老師沒有
告訴他們新年後的一場大火將燒毀他們
經常去看電影和話劇的筑紫館劇場
沒有告訴他們，這色彩鮮明的三條大街
有一天會隨著他們的離去被整形為
鐵三角的中華路，中正路，中山路





我站立的位置在時間大街的彎處
過去，現在與未來的聲音如波浪翻疊
止息於徐徐伸出去的港的臂彎
這個嫵靜如少女的小城優雅羞怯的
最初的擁抱。如鏡的海面在颱風來時
轉大浪，轉怒濤，又轉為如鏡的海面
地震帶來海嘯的謠傳，帶來多愁善感的
酒客與詩人：江山樓在稻住通，君の家
在福住通。但懷憂喪志是沒有的
你看，砂婆礑溪如何從薪柴甚多的七腳川山
東麓集水東南趨，出谷入平原，拓寬成
沖積扇，呈網狀流路，分歧為二，於米崙山
西麓南端再度匯合，穿花蓮港街而注於海
你看，天空如何孕育電線，電線如何孕育
電線桿，電線桿如何孕育電流，聲波
交會於思念眼前如思念遠方的此時此地：
產婆牧野茂電話四四六番，御料里東家
電話一五四番，御旅館常盤館電話二四〇、
五二九番，惠比須屋電話三三三番（市場內
出張所三五四番），花蓮港木材株式會社
電話一六、一四五、二〇〇番，東海
自動車運輸株式會社電話四二五番……

我站立的位置在閃亮的大海幽深的
鏡底，攔淺的歷史，溺斃的傳說
由倒影構築的迷宮，由回聲映現的真實
這個嫵靜如少女的小城如何啟齒向你
述說她的苦惱，她的慾望，她的驕傲
如何逐漸成熟而為一少婦，接納
不同的唇包容不同的血，如何閱人無數
而始終又是一本完整，全新的鏡書？
這個嫵靜如少女的小城需要一座溫柔



堅毅的燈塔，勃起於閃亮如鏡的海面
勃起於記憶甦醒的位置

註：花蓮港街，即今之花蓮市，明治四十二年（一九〇九年）日人置花蓮港廳，時稱花蓮港區，大正九年（一九二〇年）升格為街，昭和十五年（一九四〇年）升格為花蓮港市。花崗山公園邊有兩所學校，一為花蓮港高等女學校（今之花蓮女中），一為日人就讀之花蓮港尋常高等小學校（今易為我任教的花崗國中）。朝日通光復後改名軒轅路，入船通改為五權街，春日通改為復興街。江山樓與君の家均當時酒樓名。吉野即今之吉安，原稱七腳川，譯自阿美族之「知卡宣」，其義為薪柴甚多之地。砂婆礫溪今名美崙溪。詩中出現之電話號碼參見毛利之俊《東台灣展望》（一九三三年）。日文「お早う」為「早安」之意，「春の日……」為小林一茶俳句。



陳黎



花蓮*
陳黎

以浪，以浪，以海
以嘿吼嗨，以厚厚亮亮的
厚海與黑潮，後花園後海洋的
白浪好浪，後浪，後山厚山厚土
厚望與遠望，以遠遠的眺望
以呼吸，以笑，以浪，以笑浪
以喜極而泣的淚海，以海的海報
晴空特報，以浪……

* 選自陳黎，《島／國》，台北：印刻出版，民國103年，頁123-124。