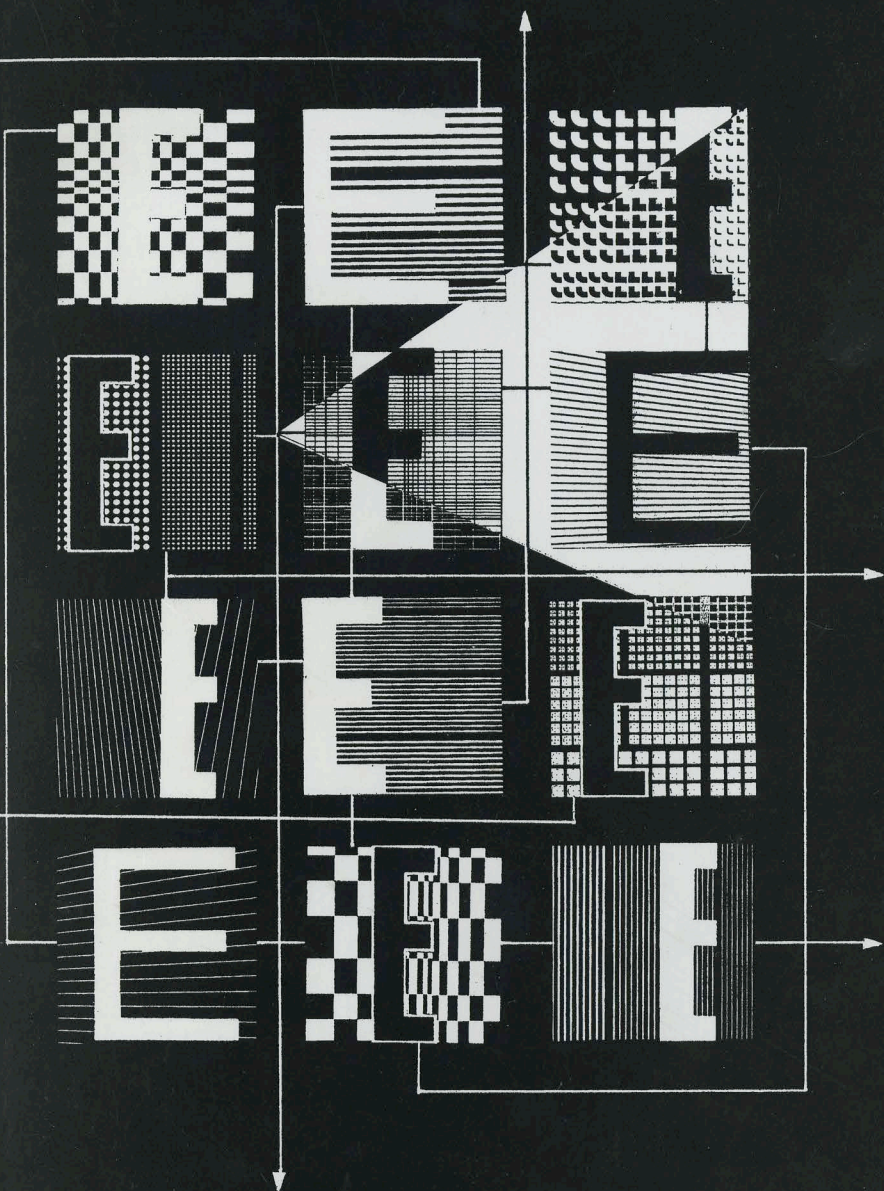


# THE CAPILANO REVIEW



the remixed text rebuts its maker, talking back

— Jason Le Heup

Editor	Ryan Knighton
Associate Editor	Dorothy Jantzen
Managing Editor	Carol L. Hamshaw
Assistant Editors	Roger Farr
	Sarah Parker
	Jessica Raya
	Bill Schermbrucker
	Katrina Sedaros
	Kathy Sinclair
	Karina Vernon

*The Capilano Review* is published by The Capilano Press Society. Subscription rates for one year are \$25 (\$30 for institutions), \$45 for two years. All prices include GST. Address correspondence to *The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, British Columbia V7J 3H5. *The Capilano Review* does not accept simultaneous submissions or previously published work. U.S. submissions requiring a reply should be sent with Canadian postage stamps or international reply coupons, not U.S. postage stamps. *The Capilano Review* does not take responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Copyright remains the property of the author or artist. No portion of this publication may be reproduced without the permission of the author or artist.

*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the Capilano College Humanities Division, the Canada Council, and the Government of British Columbia through the Ministry of Small Business, Tourism and Culture.

*The Capilano Review* is a member of the Canadian Magazine Publishers Association and the BC Association of Magazine Publishers. *TCR* is listed with the Canadian Periodical Index, available on-line through Info Globe, and with the American Humanities Index. Microfilm editions and reprints are available from Bell & Howell Information and Learning, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Printed in Vancouver, BC by Advantage Graphix  
 Publications Mail Registration Number 151335  
 Desktop publishing by Jane Hamilton

ISSN 0315-3754  
 (Published June 2000)



BRITISH  
COLUMBIA  
ARTS COUNCIL

We acknowledge the support of the Province of British Columbia through the British Columbia Arts Council



The Canada Council | Le Conseil des Arts  
 for the Arts | du Canada

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

Series 2, No. 31

Spring 2000

## CONTENTS

Five Poems	5	Karen Solie
from <i>Southwest Fragments</i>	12	John Barton
<i>The Well</i>	26	Penni Leong
Six Poems	29	Goh Poh Seng
<i>The Monster or, The Deferred Subject</i>	43	Thea Bowering
from <i>The Secret Life of the Artist in her Studio 1982 -</i>	49	Trudi Ruebenfeld
Four Poems	59	Christian Burgaud
<i>Cold Dish</i>	65	Jason Le Heup
<i>Hands on The Table</i>	73	Daphne Marlatt



Two Stories from 81  
Mainland China

Translator's Introduction 82 Helen Leung

*Between Papaya and* 86 Lin Bai  
*Nakedness*

*The Face of a Thousand* 102 Wang Anyi  
*Personalities*

Christian Burgaud

FRONT COVER  
The Letter E N° 2

BACK COVER  
Alphabet

## Karen Solie / FIVE POEMS

### SKID

Black ice squats hairless  
on the single-lane, teeth  
all knocked out.

Molecules still  
as little hands in its lap,  
it hums a tune called  
*faster.*

You asked for this,  
a moonless night and snow  
for Christmas. You  
and your gun control,  
your precious profligate antelope,  
each pair of eyes a swerve. You  
and your cheap all-seasons.

Black ice lays low,  
laughs off the social work  
of salt and sand.  
*One more for the road,*  
it chuckles, spreading. *Come on,*  
*you can pass this guy.*

## IN-FLIGHT MOVIE

Above, blue darkens as it thins to an airlessness wheeling  
with sparkling American junk  
and magnetic brains of astronauts. We are flung  
across our seats like pelts.

Some of us are eating small sandwiches.  
Some of us have taken pills and are swallowing  
glass after glass of gin.

We were never intended to view the curve of the earth  
so they give us televisions, a film  
about a man and his daughter who teach a flock  
of Canada geese to fly.

Wind shear hates the sky and everything in it,  
slices at right angles across the grain of currents  
like a cross-cut saw.

Fog loves surprises.

We have fuel, fire, Starbuck's coffee, finite  
possibilities of machinery. A pilot with human hands  
and nothing for us to do, turbulence being to air  
what hope is to breathing.  
A property.

Far below, a light comes on in the kitchen of a farmyard  
turning with its piece of the world into shadow.  
Someone can't sleep.

Do you know that cows will moan three days and nights  
after their calves are taken, blunt foreheads  
toward the horizon?



## ANNIVERSARY

It was the summer some rank fever weed  
sunk her bitch hooks in, sowed my skin  
to itch and ooze, that we shared a bed  
for the first time. It's not so bad,  
you said, looking for a clean place  
to put your hands while I stuck to the sheets  
and stunk up the room with creams  
and salves. You didn't cringe,  
(though in those days my back was often turned)  
took your showers at the usual time, rose,  
a bank of muscled cloud above  
my poisoned field, and blew cool  
across the mess. I said, eyes shining  
with antihistamines, that you were potent  
as a rare bird sighting, a twenty on the sidewalk,  
a straight flush. It was only falling  
into sleep that your body twitched away  
from mine, a little more each time  
I'd scratch, and I knew then we were made  
for each other, that you lie as well as me,  
my faithful drug, my perfect match.

## ALERT BAY, LABOUR DAY

Rusted boats — *Stella Lynn, Pacific Lady* —  
photograph well on black water,  
their holds filled with rocks.  
The men add one each night  
and yell for storms. Happy hour  
stumbles in from the dock  
at noon, smelling of fish —  
or fish-shaped memory,  
since the fish are gone.  
Tourists ask if the halibut is fresh.  
The waitress has a bruise  
on her cheek. Walls here  
are made of luck and girls  
walk into them.

## SALMON RIVER MOTEL

Between dry eyes of the Shuswap  
a dog-day migraine pounds as high pressure goads air  
into something it can't take back,  
some criminal friction with sun. Neither give,  
chest to swelling chest, lording it  
as the Houseboat Capital of Canada squirms and sours.  
A mountain south of the Number 1  
begins to burn. Nothing to do with me.  
Driving west, merely nightblind, I take a room  
as evening starts to run its phantom deer across the road.

This is how I remember desire,  
all heat and bad timing. Red sinking sun,  
brief period of blindness. The panicky swerve  
from nothing to nowhere  
that takes your face in its hands and screams it's time  
to shut the engine down.

Hell has gone guerilla in the hills,  
slipping its threats under doors. I've run out of towels.  
My air conditioner is cranked and coughing.  
There's a small fridge for beer.  
Across the street at A-1 Taxidermy two men work  
to spare their dead a decent burial of fire.  
Lions lie with lambs in the rusted box of a half-ton,  
a furry *Guernica*.  
I watch this on TV, having removed my shoes.  
Only reporters are happy, changing and changing their shirts.

The town is evacuating, air thick with the terror of elk,  
and I'm thinking of a man pushing a mower endlessly  
along the perimeter of a seaside lawn,  
how he filled my lungs with something heavier than breath.  
Of the woman who calls him in to supper.  
Does this make me a villain?

If I can't sleep then no one here will sleep.  
It's important to stay in character. Meanwhile,  
firefighters converge as though more noble aspects  
could be differentiated and made flesh.  
They consume food and sleep with a purity learned  
from how fire is born to take unto itself  
the perfumes of a forest's private lives and spiral with them  
in rapture above the canopy. Tending backburn,  
their bodies are as fervent  
doing exactly what they should and where.  
Finding those hotspots. Digging them out.  
It's easy to forget they are paid.

Tomorrow I'll make a run  
up the corporate limit's eastern slope above  
the lake hanging cold arms helpless as a bruise,  
radio advising those who must leave animals  
to free them, that they will gather  
on the shore and be saved.  
Something to tell the children.  
Fiddling the dial, water bombers no bigger than flies,  
I'll be gunning for the salt heart of the Island, absolved  
by virtue of passing through.



John Barton / from *SOUTHWEST FRAGMENTS*

## SUNRISE, GRAND CANYON

We stand on the edge, the fall  
into depth, the ascent

of light revelatory, the canyon walls moving  
up out of

shadow, lit  
colours of the layers cutting

down through darkness, sunrise as it  
passes a

precipitate of the river, its burnt tangerine  
flare brief, jagged

bleeding above the far rim for a split  
second I have imagined

you here with me, watching day's onslaught  
standing in your bones, which are

implied in the record almost by  
chance, fossil remains

held in abundance in the walls, exposed  
by freeze and thaw, beautiful like a theory

that states who we are  
is carried forward by the X

chromosome down the matrilineal line  
recessive and riverain, you like

me aberrant and bittersweet, and losing  
your hair just when we have begun

to know the limits of beauty, you so  
distant from me now but at ease

in a chair in your kitchen, pensive, mind  
wandering away from yesterday's Times, the ink

rubbing off on your hands, dermatoglyphic  
and telltale, but unread

on the chair arms after you  
had pushed yourself to your feet such

awhile ago, I'd say; for here I am  
three hours behind you, riding the high

Colorado Plateau as the opposing  
continental plates force it over

a mile upward without buckling, smooth  
tensed, muscular fundament, your bones yet

to be wrapped around mine  
which will come later, when I return

to your place and time, I know it, you not  
ready for past or future, our combined

bones so inconsequent yet  
personal, the geo

logic cross  
section of the canyon dropping

from where I stand, hundreds  
millions of shades of terracotta, of copper

manganese and rust, the many varieties of stone —  
silt, sand and slate, even the “green

river rock,” a rough misidentified  
fragment of which must have

been dropped when I was a boy into my as-of-yet  
unsettled sediments by a man who tried to

explain how slowly the earth meta  
morphosed from my meagre

Wolf Cub's collection of rocks, his sheer  
casual physicality enough to negate

all received wisdom, my body voicing its immense  
genetic imperatives, human

geology falling away  
into a

depth I am still unprepared for  
the canyon cutting down to

the great unconformity, a layer  
so named by the lack

of any fossil evidence to hypothesize  
about and date such

a remote time by, at last no possible  
retrospective certainties, what a

relief, your face illegible  
these words when I began not what I had



intended to say, which was to  
be about the natural dynamic between earth

history and art —  
but you are my subject, unavoidable

and volatile, the canyon  
floor a mile from where I objectively

stand taking photos I will later develop of  
the ripe, trans

formative light on these surreal  
buttes to show you on the surface

how beautiful and diverse  
and unimportant our time together

or with anyone else  
really is —

## AGAINST THE CURRENT OF THE VIRGIN

Now that we have entered Zion  
it is time to step from the bank

into the shallows and wade  
staff in hand, against the current

of the river, which, would carry us  
downstream or hold us here, pull

one or both of us  
under, in some eddy uncoiling

in wait at the base of a cliff  
our destination not the river's

source, which only the skilled  
try to reach, for to approach

is to wade back through time  
how we became who we are

summarized in the fluid  
layers of rock by persistent flood

the details smooth, partially exposed  
haphazard, rough, a journey

we know each must orienteer  
alone, the thigh-deep cold

water suggestive  
however, of the glacier, tasting

of the cavity where it loiters, wearing  
down the mountain, releasing

trace elements  
as we continue wading in

through the present with no real  
end in mind, at first you

then I leading the way as we  
stumble over

submerged rocks, one winding many  
steps behind the other from shoal

to sandbar, through slow and fast  
moving water, unable to avoid

chest-deep sink holes and the occasional  
long portage, knowing we will go only

as far as we can, this brief upward  
journey for whatever distance something

we appear to share, though right now  
we seem to be drawn so far

apart, several deep channels between us  
the mercurial current and these walls

that ascend 3000' and darkly  
narrow, the porous

limestone leaching blinding  
shades of light until one

or the other calls  
a halt, our backs

turning against the origins  
the river aspires from, to see

what little we've passed through  
from a different vantage, our faces

like the canyon unexpectedly  
unfamiliar in the slow rising

darkness as we re-pick our way  
over shelves of rock, neither of us

certain who is leading, in sync  
only with the current, its inexorable



dangerous tumble downward  
over splintered

boulders, uprooted trees and through  
twisted gorges until one takes

the other's hand one last time for  
balance, the anxious

solitude of the journey upstream  
nothing to the unrecognizable

proscription of the descent to where  
we might know ourselves again, the walls

of limestone that light  
our way yet block

the sun at turns  
transparent and opaque

while the Virgin River we step from  
cleansed yet dirty

roars onwards in pious radiance  
unrepentant and misnamed.

## DISAPPEARANCE OF THE ANASAZI

The car broke down  
we thought, in Cortez

Colorado, the engine not turning  
over when you depressed

the clutch and then  
mysteriously

five hours ago  
it started, the clutch

depressed by some sweet  
mechanic, the tuned

machine of his body  
for a moment behind our wheel

and then we were gone  
the suggestive

spread of his thighs as he teased  
the brakes a persistent heat

mirage we drove toward  
but never reached while our car

laboured over twisting  
blacktop freshly laid

into Mesa Verde  
the park gates well in

from the highway turn-off  
the time we had left

to spend unequal to the lay  
of the land, the many fingers

of the mesa splayed into barren  
plains we had trouble

conceiving, looking hazily  
down arroyos widened below

and away from us as we stood  
among the excavations

at each site the young clean  
shaven rangers breaking

our concentration with the facts  
of how the Anasazi left

the mesa top  
for the numberless

fissures in its wind-gouged  
striated face, built multi

storied communal dwellings  
with bricks of mud and straw

the supplies for which  
along with food and water

they shifted on their backs  
from above, footholds cut

so cunningly into the cliffs  
that if the untoward started

down with the wrong foot  
they would several holds later

fall to astonished deaths  
each ranger's lean

shadow distended across the flesh  
toned walls that a people

civilized for a century, then  
abandoned, the reasons

not apparent to  
archeologists who crave

evidence to excite a theory  
they feel comfortable believing

without prejudice  
the disappearance

of the Anasazi never meant to be  
a breakdown in their logic

evidence I weighed, driving  
away from the Temple

of the Sun, the actuality  
of our being here

more telling than any speculative  
frame of those who unearth

effects  
their veneration

of objectivity more  
important than the object —

me assuming this in all arrogance  
as we looked away from each

other blankly, the shared  
moment hard

to focus on when all of us  
are vacancies, craven, carried

forward until desire peters  
out and blurs, failure

seen reflected in traces  
where none exists

until the heat exhausted  
us and we grew

afraid the car would strand us  
in the park, but it coughed

to a start  
and we disappeared.



## Penni Leong / THE WELL

The people of the village seal the opening of the well with mud and for the next one hundred years the heat of the kiln sun seals it forever. Never again will broken souls peer into the well, longing for its earthy chambers. Never again will the village women gather water from the well.

The life of a village begins and ends at the well.

The well is constructed out of stone. The stones are gray like the diluted colour of Indian ink on white parchment when a drop of water falls onto it. The Indian ink is brushed on the white paper following the lines of the mountains beyond the flat roofs of the village houses and far past the low lying fields of rice. At a certain point the black line shatters into the twisted branches of the blackwood tree with its limbs clawing at the sky. She can walk fifty paces to the blackwood tree and cool her head, still damp with morning dreams, against the bark. But the mountains are where she truly longs to be even though she knows she can never leave this house where her husband has left her. And so she imagines herself flying over her neighbour's garden, the ancestral temple painted red and gold like the feathers of a cock and the bell tower standing watch over the village. A drop of water, or is it a tear that falls on the line of ink she draws to bring the mountains closer to her? The line she draws undulates like waves of the Pacific Ocean which her husband crossed to seek gold promised in an unknown mountain in a distant country. This country, she is told, is called *Giam San* or "Gold Mountain."

How long has it been since her husband slept in their bed, breathing by her side? How many nights have her arms crossed to the other side of the bed only to find the blanket cold to her touch. The tired body of her husband does not lie next to hers — two bodies infused with 4,000 years of history of men leaving and women waiting. Always the same history for women even after 4,000 years.

Yes, it is a single tear drop that falls on the parchment at exactly

the point where the tip of the brush drawing the line has paused. The line bleeds into cataracts on the paper like water seeping into the hairline cracks of drought soil. The black ink is no longer the black of the charcoal that she uses to heat her house and cook her meals. The ink capillaries dilute from the loathsome gray of a storm to the shimmering gray of river water. Midway between the storm and river water is the stagnant gray of the stone well. The well taps into an underground spring that gives life to the village. The shaft of the well reaches far beneath the layers of earth where the pink worms root tunnels. When the shaft reaches the aquifer, it reaches the catacomb of the millennium dead. As the water ascends, the pinhole of light expands and the light becomes brighter. The water is cold in her palms. The water meets her mouth and she runs her tongue over her lips. She tastes honey.

Her husband has not returned home for ten years. He writes her letters and sends her Canadian blood money from this faraway country. A place so strange to her, it could have its own moon and sun.

She looks again toward the mountains and catches the silver wetness of the morning's clouds above them, evaporating with the rising heat of the noon sun. She glides her brush over the rolling terrain that is smooth and golden like a galloping horse with its breath erupting, flanks contracting, as it journeys up a mountain face. Her brush slips off the edge of the parchment.

Into the Borderlands.

The news of the woman who hung herself in the well spreads like an oily pool of black ink spilled from its bottle. Bad luck, the villagers believe, travels in the open air, and they are frightened of breathing the same air as the dead woman's family.

Curse her family, the people in her village, the ancestral hall where the incense burns day and night and especially the Kitchen God who has repudiated her bribes of honey and, instead, has kept her imprisoned in her husband's house to grow old.

The widow of a live ghost man has cursed the water in the well.

The family of the dead young woman hopes to hide their misfortune.

But it was not to be.

For one full year the home of the woman's family receives no visitors. In the village market not a single person dares to utter a word to the relatives of the dead woman. Even the tax collector fails to come around for the family's monthly dues. When the Lunar New Year festival arrives the family pretends not to notice the echoes of firecrackers and lion dances sounding from the main square. This year they will neither taste the sweet nutty flavours of mooncakes nor savour the customary gifts of rice cakes and deep-fried doughnuts from neighbouring families. They sit silently at the dinner table eating a peasant's meal of rice and sweet potatoes.

The young woman creates a makeshift rope out of her red silk wedding dress. This is the first of a series of preconceived acts she performs. With the scissor's first incision she seals her fate. Once the blade starts to tear into the silk, she is relieved by the sudden weightlessness of the scissors in her hand. She cuts the dress lengthwise into three strips. She remembers stepping into the carriage that took her to her husband's residence and how she had slipped and torn the hem. With the three strips of fabric she fashions two knots to make a silk rope. She had learned to make formidable knots from the years working on a sugarcane farm, when the skin on her hands would crack from tying together the large bundles of the leafy plant. Two knots should have summed up her life's redemption — work and family. Instead, she needs to add a third and final grace that depends on the strength of two knots tying together three strips of red silk.

The young woman lies down. And waits. With the first rustling of life, she leaves her house for the well. The silk rope, she cradles in her bosom. Beyond the sky burgeoning with day, the mountains are melting into nocturnal shapes, buoyant and formless.



## Goh Poh Seng / SIX POEMS

### DRIVING THROUGH SNOW IN GROS MORNE PARK

Snow salvos out of the dark,  
flocks of birds pitched from fairyland,  
more a thing of the imagination  
than physical phenomenon.

Thoughts rise random to a mind  
threadbare as the old stoney mountains  
set like a spine on this peninsula,  
fast inundated by white.

My parents are dying,  
my sons departed,  
and I know too much now  
to really feel at home in any one place.

Only the lonely road lies ahead,  
so let the snow take over.

## PARKINSON'S DISEASE

All that space  
    to negotiate  
but the medium's  
    no longer air.  
It has thickened  
    into treacle,  
and trapped like a fly,  
    it's so hard  
    to move.  
The struggle  
    saps my strength.

All my life  
I'd wanted  
to be a bird!

## RIDING THE NO. 9 BUS

To have to reckon with God  
on a summer's day as fine as this,  
on the way towards the penultimate,  
the unavoidable,  
brings on a terror  
which clings to me  
like stale sweat.

Riding the No. 9 bus  
taking me home  
along East Broadway,  
I noticed a fellow passenger  
huddled upon a seat  
across from me:

A thin, pale, young woman  
in shabby clothes,  
carrying with her  
the unmistakable odour of poverty,  
a rancidness like stale sweat  
which makes some people  
avert their faces,  
to shift away  
as if poverty is contagious.  
And perhaps it is.



She was intent, suckling  
a tiny baby placed  
on her lap,  
the child in the shoals  
of a shallow sleep,  
continuing to suck in  
the offered milk  
from the laden breast,

Both mother and child  
leaning lovingly  
towards each other,  
into, and are lit  
by the giving light,  
incandescent!

And the terror  
at once subsides,  
momentarily.

## AS I WALK BY

A premonition of fall already  
informs this hot summer's day  
although the small, small leaves  
of the rows of tall,  
old Chinese elms  
lining Sixth Avenue  
near my home,  
have yet to commence their dance  
which they do,  
when they do it,  
with such an old-fashioned  
sedateness and grace,  
that is so pleasing to watch  
when the wind comes to woo.

Then the leaves will shed hoards  
of shadows onto the ground,  
creating a growing umbrage  
deep as the sea  
in order to capture me  
as I walk by.

## TESTAMENT

In the pre-dawn  
thread-bare darkness,  
my neighbours' dogs bark,  
bare teeth

at a solitary stranger  
stepping lightly  
like a long-legged bird  
down our narrow back lane.  
Whether he was leaving home or  
returning

I cannot tell,  
but the sudden, noisy commotion,  
though nothing more than  
the dogs' mock ferociousness,  
could've jostled his thoughts  
as they did mine,  
although I cannot remember  
what it was

I was thinking about  
at that very moment,  
if I was thinking at all;  
and it matters little  
now that it's forgotten,  
will all be forgotten,  
carried away by time.

We will soon belong  
                    to the past,  
the stranger, me  
                    and the dogs,  
but what proof exists  
that we have lived?

## WAITING FOR LOVE

During a brief visit to San Francisco,  
I had a chance to renew  
an acquaintenceship with J,  
a young Chinese-American woman  
I'd met in London two, three years before,  
who was then marketing Hong Kong movies  
for a living, a woman of warmth and vitality,  
whilst now, since her return to California,  
she's got a job selling perfume  
in a fancy store near the tourist  
heart of the city,  
her own heart succumbing  
to the heavy scents  
released daily whenever she unstoppered  
the glass bottles to demonstrate  
to potential clients.

For some initial moments  
we sat awkwardly in her living room  
sipping freshly brewed coffee  
taken black, without sugar,  
which was unusual for me,  
but I did detect a taste a sweetness  
at the heart of bitterness.  
The fine porcelain cups tingled  
delicately, although we balanced them  
carefully in our hands.

We chatted over J.S. Bach  
issuing softly from the radio,  
our eyes wincing from the summer sunlight  
penetrating like bright steel blades  
through the Japanese rice paper screens  
hanging thinly over the wide bay window,  
the white light detailing  
a single woman's complexities,

And she, at the epicentre,  
talking about her quiet life,  
her voice low, yet bruising  
the tender petals of a bunch  
of cut flowers bought  
the previous evening after work.  
They stand in a vermillion jar positioned  
on the small, square dining table  
set with chairs for two.

My eyes scanned the room  
much as I would a stage set,  
fell upon the crenallated leaves  
of a couple of potted tropical ferns  
transplanted from foreign soil,  
gradually trained, acclimatized  
to another earth and air  
like human refugees.  
The pots were placed upon



the plain, plank shelves  
where she kept a modest stack  
of fond books.

She'd only recently discovered Rilke,  
she confessed, the title of whose work  
*On Love and Other Difficulties*  
sat installed like a chaperon  
on the divan between us.

We digressed to other matters,  
discussed the Hong Kong and  
Taiwanese movie scenes,  
shared our excitement  
for the work of the Fifth Generation  
coming out from China,  
both of us were keen cineastes.

Turning to Pasternak,  
she showed polite interest  
in my account of the pilgrimage  
I'd made to Boris' grave  
in Peredelkino, a small village  
a short distance outside Moscow  
on a sun-drenched, sentimental  
September morning many years ago  
when the regime was still repressive  
under Leonid Breznev.

I remembered the sturdy Russian women farmers,  
faces ruddy, shiny like wholesome, ripe apples,  
probably exuding the same fruity scent,  
their strong hands green  
from years of farm work,  
each greeting me with an earthy smile  
while busy turning the ground  
over and over  
with the massive steel shafts  
of their tractors  
like mouths full of metallic teeth,  
so industrious the never ending  
activities of the living  
unfolding right next to the small,  
rural cemetery where quietness fell.

I related how Andrei Voznesensky  
had taught me the way,  
with instructions  
to follow a common path winding  
through the village, the *dachas*  
where many writers lived.  
He told me to look skywards  
for the three tallest evergreen trees  
standing together, a triumvirate of pine,  
at the feet of which lay Boris' grave.  
Andrei dispensing instructions  
with all the details

that he had gotten to know  
from his own countless visits  
to the spot where  
his dear friend lay.

I found the grave without difficulty,  
felt an immense affection for this man  
whose profile chiselled on the  
grey-white slab of stone  
depicted his lovely face  
which showed everything,  
just like his poems.  
It caught his strength,  
his gentleness, and I quite well  
believe reports  
from those who knew him  
that he could be  
stubborn and adamant in adversity,  
mischievously playful as a child,  
he, who had written,  
“Alas, to write  
is only to torture oneself.  
But I have no strength to stop.”

That morning in Peredelkino  
the tiny leaves  
of the surrounding trees,  
tall, slim, silver birches

combed by the fingers of wind  
danced and swayed and sang  
in joyful tribute to the poet.  
J was moved and told me  
she would read *Dr. Zhivago*.

So far she'd been unlucky in love,  
she lamented, a dimpled smile  
softening her face.  
"They always run away  
after a while, at the end.  
Men! They're all the same," she sighed,  
shrugging her delicate shoulders,  
faint shadows hovering and rising  
behind her quick, bright eyes,  
no longer hinting at  
all the presumed gaieties of girlhood.

These past recent months  
she'd hardly left her apartment  
save for work and other errands,  
returning each evening,  
each weekend  
to this room  
so spic and span  
radiant with the season's  
generous light,  
where she tended to her

indoor plants,  
opened a book or two,  
listened to records  
or the radio.

When I walked slowly away later  
in that warm, salubrious air,  
I can imagine my friend  
sitting demurely there in her  
white, immaculate room,  
with a list of simple complaints  
which, she herself maintained,  
did not amount to an epic tragedy  
or a romance  
which might interest  
a poet like Pasternak.

I do not agree with her,  
think she's mistaken.  
I can clearly picture  
Boris raising a tender smile,  
shaking all the leaves  
of Peredelkino  
in felicitation  
for this young woman  
who sits all alone  
waiting for love.



## Thea Bowering / THE MONSTER OR, THE DEFERRED SUBJECT

*He had known it long ago, when his memory was intact, when he had not riddled his memory by using it. He had written about it in other shapes, but now that it was here again after all this while, he knew that all that writing was incorrect. Decent, but incorrect. — "The Creature," George Bowering*

*I am thinking of an earlier time, a time before adolescence made monsters of us all. — "Prodigal," Angela Bowering*

I walk past a bar window, there's somewhere It wants to be tonight, "inside" It's pleading, so I'm looking into windows. This is secret walking I've been doing since I was old enough to want It. I may not have know it was this. I would wander the alleys behind my teenage lover's house, It howling like a cat, and stare a tunnel through two layers of grimy garage windows past the tended garden and into the kitchen. Between the windows on a weedy mattress I had found out what a boy really was: the assistant to a small creature that turned itself in the dark, graceful manoeuvring far beyond the groping of the boy. I was not entirely comfortable. Its poking insistently suggested my inside was ancient, dark, and far away. I did not want to be a passive mystery, I was more like that creature: I liked to pretend I was a whale in the swimming pool, I jumped off fences.

The males collected in the yellow radiant square of the kitchen window moving easily together like women, the father's teeth laughing, an Englishman. I was afraid of these men, birthing each other, the older brother and mine the youngest, longing for him, 15 and longing beyond soft pink *Tiger Beat* pages. I stared with grotesque eyes, forgetting about what would later become gender, and grew outside a girl's body. I don't know what body it became. Oil slicked, bad, ugly, hairy monster stumbling on weak hooker ankles away down the alley.

It has not eased. Stalking, stopping outside gates. An engine purring in the night. Women are secret stalkers, will sit in the rain for hours behind a billboard just to see you come home, slip outta



your car, your beautiful rainy shoulders going inside. But we don't want to attack you from behind a curtain, or appear bloody and impassive in a closing bathroom mirror, our image next to yours. We go home, put on the music of an all boys band that wears makeup and shapes its hair, *girls on film*, *I got your picture*; all will eventually marry models . . . except one. And we try to find the small pretty face in the mirror again. When Michael Jackson's face bubbles into a werewolf's over the screaming woman, she is screaming up at her own face. Like us, Michael also tried to smooth down his monster's face into a young white girl's.

So I have always walked alleys alone with my monster face, imagining the language that might cultivate me, taught through the walls of various lovers' homes. The words: two cats, a voluminous living-room sofa, a woman's small garden in the back, phone bills that fix it to the fridge, and the boys and hockey on Sundays. A girlfriend of mine developed a whole monster body; she often wandered lonely from Carrall to Commercial in the dark in and out of pallid light. Once, she saw a woman with Veronica Lake hair on the roof awning of the Balmoral, a leg raised through the split of a gown, toe poised above the head of a giant bald black man on a ladder stretching fingers up to help her. She was cut like a fish across her thigh, the bright red gash women are always mentioning in their poems. Given to them, it always takes them by surprise. Men write instead about the time around scars: sewn up and insignificant markers — her pressed lips. In a room that was like the room returned to in every bad dream, my monster girlfriend lived with a boy who threw a pail of piss over her. Her in my white angora sweater. Hands splayed open, she shook, dumb violence blazing in her that she would later express on him with a penknife he gave her. He gave all the women he knew knives, said a knife was the best gift you could give a woman.

While you men sleep through every sound, the early morning streets are crawling with monster women howling for their makers to show themselves, dragging garbage cans across the street from 7-Eleven to your windows, peering glumly into the familiar dark with stitched faces: a scar raises the cheekbone, makes it more defined. This was from Andi who at 15 had a perfect child and said at first it was my boyfriend's. It wasn't, it came from a young teenage boy,

otherwise a virgin, who escaped her and became born again. I tried to dress like her, she was small and perfect like her baby, my heart was sick to see her in the halls, black shiny hair, mouth half-open in red protest. I clanged my locker door. But she was desperate for him, already a monster at 15, and I was calm, It came off like skin from a fish. The second cut pulls the skin leanly under the throat. Cynthia's family had a farm somewhere with horses, I had half her name. She danced to pay for college, but she had so much money she bought him things like pewter goblets inscribed with his name. He told me he had made around 10 thou in gifts off her in the two years they were together. She left pizza boxes around the floor for days that she threw tampons into. Or she forgot to take them out, once for over 2 weeks. One afternoon she froze on stage at the Marble Arch, her face changing colours in the lights. Next moment she's running naked through the snow, it's late November and the trees are black, up Richards towards the church banging on their big door, he following her for the first time. This is the only beautiful thing I remember hearing about her, her running, and the horses somewhere. The third scar is Lise's, runs across the scalp accentuating the forehead where delicate hairs cling like small lines of ice. A white flawless dome he and I huddled under. Lise wrote him love letters about colours. Whenever I saw her, I imagined yanking her gold ponytail and climbing up. I've loved them all, grafted them to me. They have no real history, but perfect parts. But in me: incompatible, a horror, a miscalculation. Mutilation until a girl asks: who am i? where did i come from?

When I walk past the bar window, looking in, there you are. It suspected I was charmed tonight. I have my hands in my pockets and am fully clothed. I have been out with the men layered in underwear, plastic bags hanging from their belts. A sad Romantic, who looks ancient outside a club, has, over the thrust of bass, been unintentionally spitting his poetry on the pallor of a girl with mint green eyelids and butterflies in her hair. And so, he's been disposed of by Mr. Universe-bouncer who twists the man's imploring reach behind his back. The glittering butterfly laughs, her stick limbs folded. Invincible.



Who are you, I see I've made you shrink just by standing here, how old are those arms in your T-shirt? I didn't mean to be a monster in front of you. I can't hide all this ragged disgusting longing, it goes back too far. Back to the first pulse. It rode the edge of my mattress, imagined a honkey-tonk bar, a cowgirl on a mechanical bull, a cowgirl sliding along the bar her red spangled suede boots in the air, a line of cowboys pouring heads of beer over her in celebration. After, It tried to stuff anything It could find from the bathroom into me, the handle of the toilet plunger frustratingly too thin. Was I repressing something? I went over all the potentially iffy moments of baths and left open doors. No, but something was being repressed *for* me. Betty and Veronica had hard mounds that looked more like constant erections through their sweater sets than breasts, and Ken had a polite undetailed hill that looked more like a woman's pelvic bone than a penis. In fact, these lumps were interchangeable alien life pushing through the plastic. Over and over the excitement of possibility was betrayed by a blank stare under the clothes. That's when a child first knows she is being monitored by corporations. She tears down uniforms, yanks up tutus to find the same smooth shine, like Ken's smile, again and again.

Artwork came later in life in hopes to repair what the straining plastic had snubbed in the bud. I have only ever seen Jay DeFeo's giant painting/sculpture, *The Rose*, in a black and white photograph. It looks either like a luminous galactic implosion or a fresh compact of makeup — a design of lines radiating from the centre pressed into the powder that crumbles beautifully at the edges from teenage-drugstore handling or transport in a purse. She painted every day, embedding jewelry and wire, circling towards a centre, deepening the material. *The Rose* became immovable, eight inches thick, 2,300 pounds. It became a part of the Artist's home. In 1967 DeFeo was forced to move and so *The Rose* that had been built into the home had to be wrapped in chains and with a crane extracted from the bay window by movers dressed in doctor's white. DeFeo was carried out over her husband's shoulder her arm extending to the rose, a brush or paint knife pointing. She had to concede to its completion and once removed, it became dry, it began to crumble and was put into storage for 25 years.

I can't hide the monster who suspects there is something to uncover. It's foreplay is still a buried narrative. Once, in hope of uncovering it, It let a boy chase me across a golf course at night, naked and pulled down under the sprinklers, gently clicking forward. And with one ear pressed against the green, a passageway widened down underneath. It takes a woman so *long* because she has so far back to go, you cannot imagine, all the way back from Hades on a boat. She wants to dance before you dressed as a schoolgirl, or a brownie, but also to retrieve you from the deeps by actually peeling away each illusive veil. Hers is so new it requires physical ritual. *I'm going down yonder, behind the sun, gonna do some fire, ain't never been done. I'm gonna hold back the lightnin', with the palm of my hand, shake hands with the devil, make him crawl in the sand.*

You catch sight of me through the window around another body, and you wave suddenly awake and airy. For less than a second, we are young girlfriends. Then I brake my gate, turn back, grounding It. Come through the bar head down, thicker and heavier with each step towards you. You are surrounded by a round of guys, suspicious and having to work machinery in the morning. You are a small boy, growing smaller under my stillness, as though I'm punishing you with unflipped hair, unlowered eyes, uncertainty that isn't coy. My monster face twists, my monster heart is confused. To be what you expected, I would have to unzip and step out, or smooth my fur down with cream and powder. When I was quite young, for a time my parents seemed to forget me. They walked in straight lines through the house without turning their heads stopping only to bring a chandelier down from the ceiling. I realized that gorillas had taken my parents away and now walked around our house beneath their skin. I was certain.

What we say is besides the serious terror on our faces. You don't invite me to sit down. Why can't we be girlfriends? I go back outside telling myself again that I will starve the monster. Like I imagine PJ Harvey does, *plants and rags, I ease myself into a bodybag*. The way Ani DiFranco did after she said she wasn't a pretty girl, that that was not what she did; the way good lyric girls do until one day they are hanging off of hangers on their album covers, pumps falling from their feet.



*from* The Secret Life of the Artist in Her Studio 1982-

(how we go on the face of it)

Mirada Fuerte late 80s  
For Roy late 80s

Trudi Ruebenfeld





Mirada Fuerte











For Roy











Christian Burgaud / FOUR POEMS

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Since 1972 I have written texts where, with words, I seek to play rather than to download my thoughts. To play with words around a theme has been the starting point of my work where, depending on the subject matter, I would emphasize rhythm, different sounds, similar words.

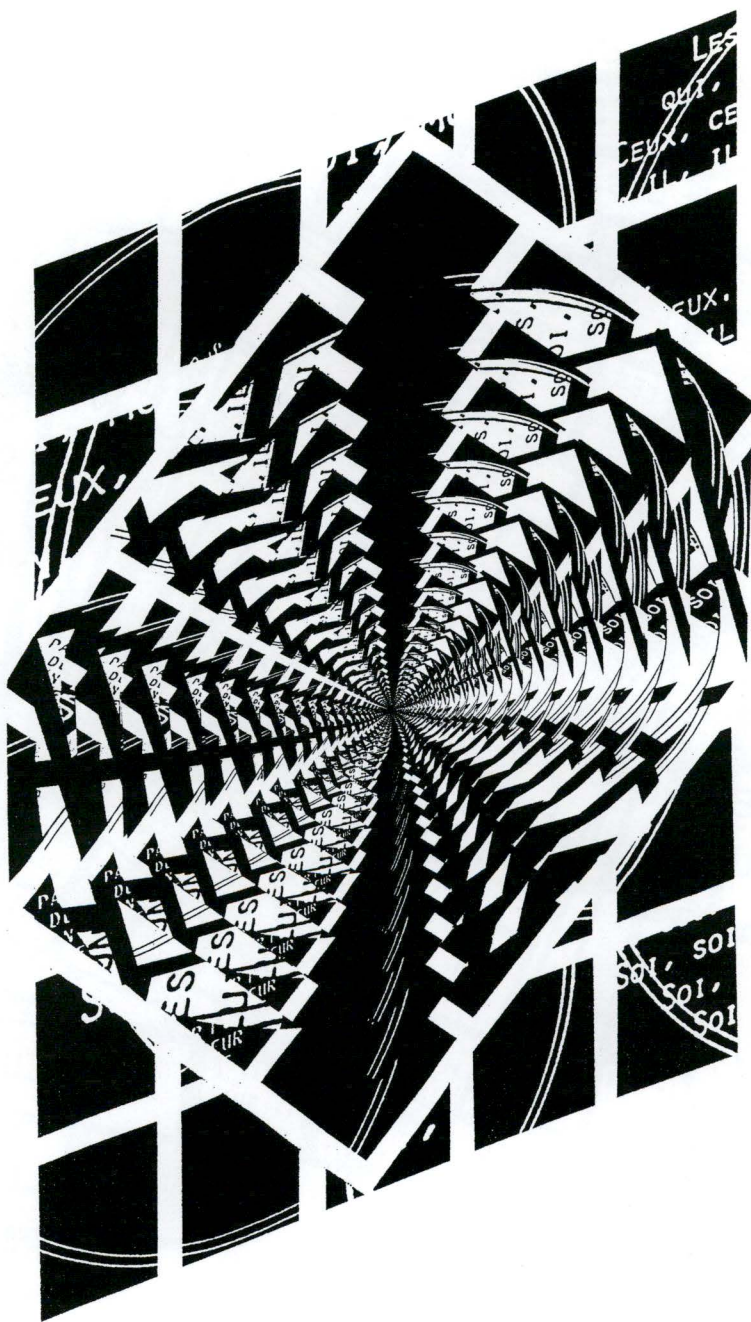
In 1975 I added photo-collage to texts, and graphic design enters my writing in early 1980. The use of graphic design allows me to emphasize my words, to give them body and visual significance.

My desire is to show the design and form in letters, as well as the imprint and superposition of writing to establish the visual play from which text emerges.

Positive and negative poles being present in many aspects of our lives, I try to show through the graphic quality of writing both the front and reverse of words.

— *Translated by Philippe Raphanel*



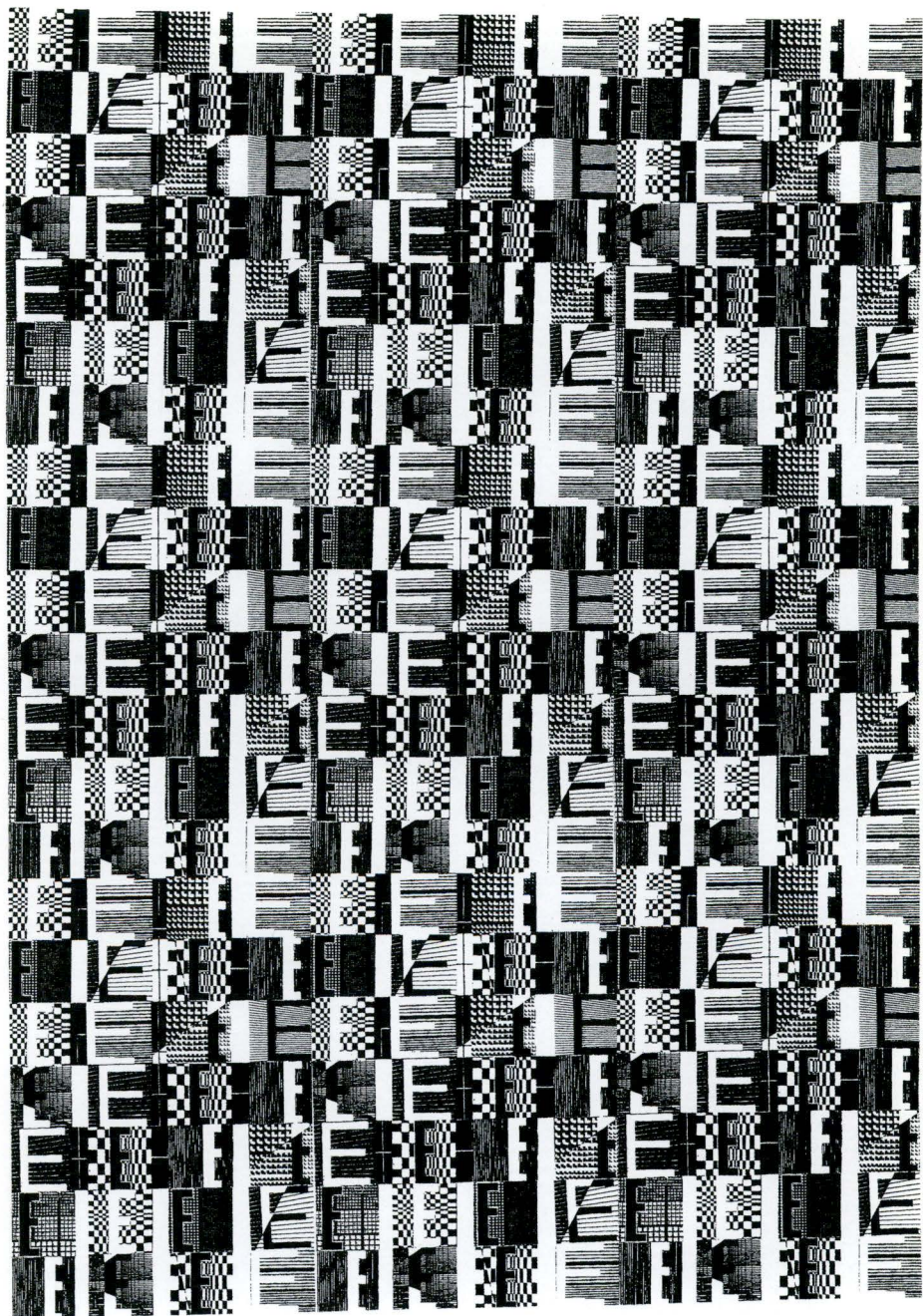


Through one circle N°27









The letter E N°11



[illegible]

# Jason Le Heup / COLD DISH

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

The remix is a restorative action, an intervention in the narrative logic of the original author that renames the constituent aspects of the text as mutable, dynamic, dangerous.

*That is,*

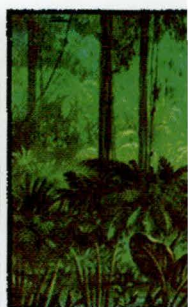
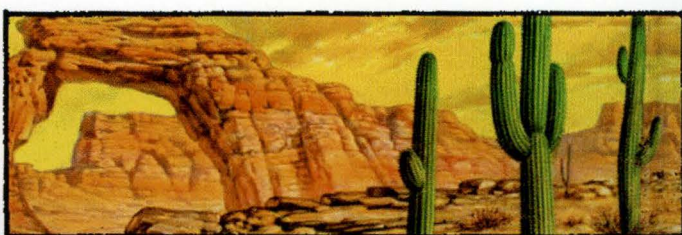
the remixed text rebuts its maker, talking back in a language created with a community of reader-authors, and so proposes a method of dismantling oppressive monologic narratives through collaborative plagiarism and intentional misrepresentation.

*That is,*

the remix hijacks the signal from sender to receiver and scrambles the broadcast so that it reaches an unauthorized audience, temporarily sidestepping systems of regulation and commodification.

*That is,*

the remix is a weapon, a restatement of late-capitalist aims against their authors.







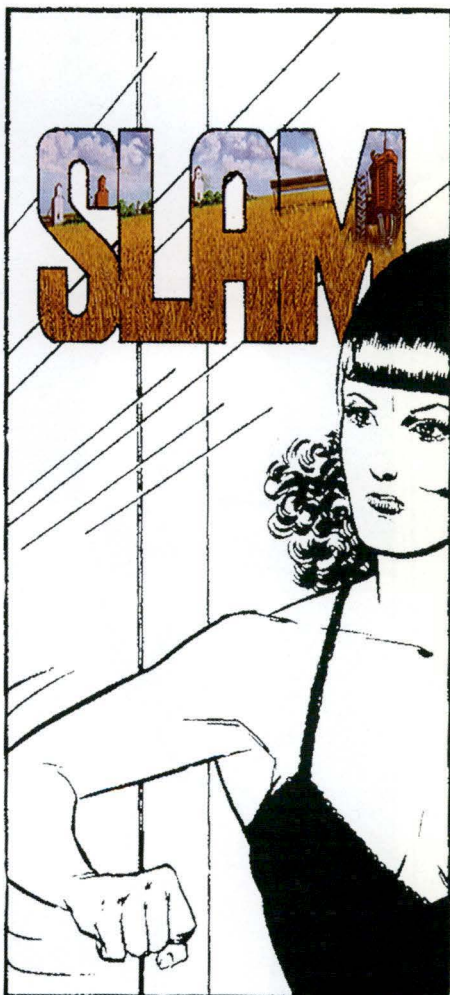
















## Daphne Marlatt / THREE REVISITED

### Hands on the Table

*for Edrys (1918-75)*

i

hands, in dream there are hands, small of a child who goes off  
into the abyss alone (hear someone cry? & stare up into that space  
he sleeps at the top of as if it were visible, this sound — a false  
signal, a turning away he doesn't cry, my five-year old, he sleeps

who cried then? cried out in sleep, turning on the other side of  
dream awake, slides easily out & howls in pain of being here  
which is not here, not yet as there

was a place  
where two could jump off the known still holding hands & then?  
one was alone? awake?

you wipe the table bare there are imprints on it hands that  
come up in dream but not our own

why this? why should i dream of  
hands that stay when you constantly wipe our table clean with care  
'thorough' you say, to sit, 'sit at' you who sit easily separating the  
cigarettes, the cup, & thus acknowledging all your habits 'that do not

weigh so much' to make a place we sit down to, bare the table & place  
what belongs, so spare, & then make visible, perhaps, that which comes up  
out of nothing & lifts us, like a wind, into recognition

ii

it was bare, swept clean by fire, & black a gutted church (the church  
she was wedded in, my mother before the bomb, before the beggars  
light falls sideways through what's left of the wall only a few charred  
timbers, only the memory of light, of many hands held up to receive in  
supplication, out of need, asking for food, for anything

before

a communion table, there *was* a rail these supplicants knelt at  
in engagement, in a vow ('engagement' had nothing to do with  
this interpenetration of light & dark

bombed by the time i saw it, & his face  
so dark & he so curled apart, like some child, a hand thrust between his  
knees in the comfort of sex to ease what must have been always present,  
given his bony calves, like sticks, this beggar curled a child or like a child  
where the light falls all around a bombed-out church Sir Francis Light still  
stands erect outside of like some dream in the back of a head, a flicker of  
frames casting their imagery of light on the dark remains who stays or what  
inhabits the broken belly of this church stays on in pain in the dark his hands  
press past, eating away at the continuity that says

always there is someone who stays, who keeps faith

always they said, when the image arose, this is the church we were married in, this is the church of ruin, my image now she was all in white when they knelt & later stood on the lawn where the cannon stood & the cannas flared she knelt in the law & champagne poured though she knew nothing of bed & he wore a white carnation under his jaw

always there is this other who sleeps in the bombed-out building of my mind as the wine & wedding were for them mother & father who stood where they were to become in turn separate images of the law as the dream grows always there was this other, a child a beggar curled in the bombed-out building of their vows they held hands & the child in the dark of the dream grew the more they held, they held on

iii

it was a book i held in my hands in the corner of what was once a church ragged fireweed, blocks & ruin, rain so it was a different place but still there remained an inner sanctuary where they knelt, the ones who were left when the bombs went off i stood in fireweed out in the sun where day seemed to have distanced all that except for the book i picked up a Common Prayer-book so fused by fire it had become a box of pages eaten away at the heart —

turning it over there in the back a child's hand transfixed from  
wrist to fingertip strands of charred hand imprinted by light  
across a blackened book

iv

her hands, when i saw her dead, were halfcurled like those of a child asleep

v

hands, in dream there are hands of a mother who becomes a child who goes off  
into the power hole alone (& the cry, reiterated, comes from very far, we thought  
we heard a cry let it be the other side of dreaming, that other being born  
into a world made visible

so wipe the table bare, this table where we place our different hands that have not done  
with making books or bread or any of the offerings we bring you wipe the table bare  
you wipe it carefully, completely &, in the wetness of wood shining, here is not your  
table or our table or their table here is a table we sit to where our hands rest or move  
as the words speak out of their separate quiet speak of a strangeness our hands  
fail to remove.

## New Year / New Where

*for Jan leaving for Japan 1975*

pot earth under a fingernail comes alive (smells only when  
wet) somehow ferns survive dry our forgetful hello/goodbye  
driving habitual roads last night arrival calls under the bridge how  
roads converge the bridge is all approach & curves into memory's  
late-night daughter who arrives as we smell earth rise up in winter's  
pre-spring warmup

she so much your daughter, quick to leap  
black hat with feather (grouse?) with the quickness of flight for somewhere  
else

drawn to a litany of arrival we follow  
the road under granville street bridge "island" quiet now tracing our  
curve in the dark these struts support this bridge-approach & turn  
left then right to cobble end old trolley-train track & wall of brick  
blind corner past molson's parking lot the plant itself  
burrard this pall all fiery dust the traffic raises  
fast & gone

on edge, on the edge of departure, innocent  
of roads to take she thrums up anyhow out of old grief's familial  
bush she wants to beat about those roots on other ground we urge  
keep us in touch with how life there curves into you



how right  
at breakfast it occurred to start the year in february when life its ghost  
begins to rise up into these matted & winter-saturated stems leaves even  
those indoors recessed into themselves in want, in want what can any  
one provide?

she flies off just as the year begins & we lose sight of what  
makes us come alive this curve of connecting points this drive under the  
bridge supports their strut & curve the road we use to get home turns  
at a blind corner

— *sleeping the sleep of the worn* —

while unseen leaves illumine moon a ceiling starred even under the pall  
of traffic we wake to place & then it fades stretching new fronds into day  
hair down brushing it out in the open air sprung, Jan, you've flown  
your coop here's to arrival wherever there

## A Series of Takes

*Because speech is not a weapon. It's a place.*

Marguerite Duras

it's rain repeating us, not anything light, shining half-day bursts through cloud cover, all my raspberries tight-green dwarfs. as if we waded in suspense, not towards summer but away from ourselves. similar. even the lawn wet & the cat's mud paw fishing through slats for mud hands planting would-be flowers. comparative. everything swims similitudes of flourishing — the too-green light of elsewhere, fancying what or who?

....

rain repeats. we'd gone fishing for change. heads it was Pasolini, his Boccaccio tableaux illumined by the story-teller's fancy, wilful even as those gods in their carefully structured garden gave him sight, a blow across the eyes like retribution likes. he fancied (torture in that caress an incandescent fact), fancied himself a lover

contemporary in this, liking the limelight, inserting himself as author into what he makes, or who . . .

came forward to greet us on the brink of a greek terrazzo after words, another set of similitudes, *my friends!* we barely know this angel with the

ingrown eyes grown loud downing brandy after brandy, off to the Bahamas, money in his hands & poems in the offing. such high stakes. *i'll get him, i can write circles around him*, infernal still at the centre of his doubt, who took him for love & found love's rivalry a hell

*Pasolini was good in '74*. in these circles of better, best. repeating the same frame. reversing their roles (who screwed who). writing circles around the divine still blazing up in his mind. *i'll get him* he says. *you'll see*.

....

see rain repeating rains desire in a retinal caress, as if muscular, as of some inner eye a flickering set of images will give. *in the early morning when your eyelids flicker i know you're watching your own movie* you say. & whose film do you fancy then?

caught in the visible, everything swims in parallel. & out of touch (this green light go-ahead, this gel that holds us in suspense & separate). we could see ourselves in a serial light, a series of other takes. deep below dream & given to nothing but place.

TWO  
STORIES  
FROM  
MAINLAND  
CHINA

## Helen Leung / TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

Since Mao Zedong's death in 1976, a rapid succession of trends have come and gone in Chinese fiction: the "scar literature" of the late 70s documents the political upheavals of the Cultural Revolution with confessional passion; the "roots-searching fiction" of the mid-80s probes the margins of documented history to excavate the origins of China's cultural tradition; the "avant-garde" or "experimental fiction" of the late 80s and early 90s stage lurid spectacles of violence to critique all dominant ideologies from humanist ideals to Confucian ethics. Despite their difference in themes and styles, these fictional works all reflect a deeply philosophical vision and a commitment to social critique. Meanwhile, two decades of economic reforms have spurred China's incorporation into the global capitalist system and created a new species of young, urban, middle-class readers who care more about the giddy delights of consumer culture than the revolutionary heritage. They are also the first generation who has to confront both the oppressive political culture of an authoritarian centralized state and the stultifying conformity of unbridled capitalist consumerism. The wild popularity of Wang Shuo's notorious "hooligan fiction" in the mid-90s signals the changing tastes, demands, and frustration of this new readership. A playful — also often irreverent, anti-intellectual, dysfunctional, and anti-social — space begins to emerge in Chinese fiction. Published in 1998, "Between Papaya and Nakedness" and "The Face of a Thousand Personalities" convey a flavour of this most recent sea change in contemporary Chinese fiction.

Best exemplified by the series of semi-autobiographical novels (*At War With Myself*, *Keeping a Vigil For the Empty Years*, and *Speak, Room!*) published during 1993-96, Lin Bai's works transform the tragic political history of the Cultural Revolution into an erotic, libidinous event. Adhering to neither the realism nor the modernism of her predecessors, Lin Bai refuses to anchor her fiction in any structure of certainty. In "Between Papaya and



Nakedness," for example, the boundary between historical memory and personal imagination is constantly shifting. The significance of the events in the story is no longer historical but creative and erotic. In Lin Bai's hands, an entire generation of writers' painful obsession with the "truth" of the Cultural Revolution is, with the ease of a brush stroke, displaced by an imaginary evocation of erotic truth. Lin Bai is also one of the very few authors in the People's Republic who dares to express female homoeroticism. The submerged lesbian sensibility in "Between Papaya and Nakedness" gives a brief glimpse of the erotics Bai has developed more fully in her novels and other stories such as "Water In A Bottle."

Wang Anyi also first became famous for her description of female sexuality, most notably in the *Love Trilogy* published during the late 80s. She has been an extremely prolific writer since, recently publishing several important novels such as *Documentation and Fabrication* and *Song of Everlasting Regret*. Anyi has a penchant for building intensely internalized emotional worlds within a structure of minute, densely packed, and excessively externalized details. In "The Face of a Thousand Personalities," such details unravel a mundane but central experience of urban middle-class society: television spectatorship. In this ironic tale of self-obsession, the male gaze is comically displaced from its position of voyeuristic power by a relentless acoustic femininity. The story also performs an irreverent reversal of literary convention. Instead of investing a seemingly quotidian event with allegorical significance, the story turns a serious and much-debated concern amongst Chinese intellectuals — the grand theme of China's encounter with the West — into a trivial and empty symbol: Gu Lianhua's Chinese voice dubbing over television shows from the West.

In an introduction to a recent collection of Chinese fiction, Howard Goldblatt imagines that "Chairman Mao would not be amused" by the playfulness and lack of political utility in most contemporary fiction. Certainly, stories such as Lin Bai's and Wang Anyi's have departed dramatically from the socialist realist tradition prescribed by Mao. I would like to think that Mao, the consummate theorist of contradictions, would perhaps appreciate the subtle but insistent playing out of contradictions in most contemporary Chinese

fiction. To be sure, these contradictions — between history and fabrication, freedom and repression, revolutionary seriousness and playful irreverence — are not what concerned Mao during his long and eventful political career, but they embody some of the most pressing challenges to the legacies of his revolution.

## GLOSSARY OF CHINESE TERMS AND TITLES

*Zhiqing*: youths from intellectual families who either volunteered or were forced to relocate to rural areas to serve as “apprentices” to peasants during 1966-76. In “Between Papaya and Nakedness,” the narrator and Anrong were both *zhiqing* at the time Anrong’s portrait was painted. The house they shared then is called *Zhiqing Corner*.

*Journey to the West*: One of the most popular traditional Chinese novels which is attributed to the late Ming writer Wu Cheng’en (c.1500-1583). It is based loosely on the journey of the Tang priest Xuan-Zang (596-664) who travelled to India for Buddhist Scriptures. In “Between Papaya and Nakedness,” the narrator likens *Zhiqing Corner* to the mountain abode of Monkey, the monk’s guardian and companion, who has fantastic powers and comes from an area filled with exotic plants and luscious fruits.

*Dream of the Red Chamber*: Also known as *The Story of the Stone*, the novel by Qing author Cao Xueqin (1715-1763) is generally regarded to be the greatest masterpiece of traditional Chinese fiction. Lin Bai’s story refers to an expression often used by the novel’s protagonist Jia Baoyu.

## RECENT ANTHOLOGIES OF CHINESE FICTION IN TRANSLATION

Jing Wang, ed. *China's Avant-Garde Fiction* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1998).

Howard Goldblatt, ed. *Chairman Mao Would Not Be Amused: Fiction From Today's China* (New York: Grove Press, 1995).

David Der-wei Wang & Jeanne Tai, ed. *Running Wild: New Chinese Writers* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994).

Henry Y. H. Zhao, ed. *The Lost Boat: Avant-Garde Fiction From China* (London: Wellswepp, 1993).

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*The Capilano Review* would like to thank Fu Jun, Zhang Lianying, and Fu Xiaohóng for their work in making these stories available for publication, and Tong Chow for the Mandarin typesetting.

木瓜  
与  
裸  
体 的 关 系 林 白



## Lin Bai / BETWEEN PAPAYA AND NAKEDNESS

Lychee, guava, star fruit, and chinaberry trees surrounded the house at Zhiqing Corner. Purslane, plantain, and moss clung to the foot of the wall. There were also wild yam, colourful flowers, and something resembling a sisal hemp, with hard, sharp thorns at the tip of its leaves.

As I am writing, a lush subtropical forest appears in the wake of my words. If you are familiar with the works of the French painter Henri Rousseau, you would see the plants I am writing about are just as sturdy, turgid, and menacing. A colorful leopard would sporadically appear amidst the foliage. Actually, this is all very misleading. Since I like Rousseau and look at his paintings often, I often mistakenly remember a likeness between the plants at Zhiqing Corner and those in Rousseau's paintings. Under the moonlight in a reverie, the sturdy bush of sisal hemp glimmered faintly. Anrong stood naked beside the plant. She was standing against the light, such that her entire body was obscured in shadows but her contour remained distinct. Her breasts were full and firm, lovely and sensual. Her hair hung below her waist (when did she grow her hair to such a length?) and tumbled down like a waterfall over one shoulder. Her body was in the shadows. I could not see her face clearly but her pupils were illuminated by a gentle yellow light, as though her body was lit by a bright lamp. Those flashing pupils were reminiscent of certain nocturnal creatures.

Of course you would say this sounds like a painting by Rousseau and not some description of Anrong. You would be absolutely correct.

Thinking about it now, except for the sisal hemp, none of the other plants are quite so distinctive. The shapes of the lychee and star fruit trees are rather commonplace. (You wouldn't at all expect trees with such a banal appearance to produce these strange and exotic fruits: the peels of lychees resemble the skin of red frogs; the cross section of a star fruit resembles a five-cornered star). Guava

知青点的屋前屋后长着荔枝树，番石榴树，杨桃树，苦楝树，贴着墙根还长有马齿笕，车前草和青苔，此外还有野山芋和五色花以及一种类似剑麻的东西，茎叶的顶端是一根又尖又硬的粗刺。

写到这里，我觉得我的笔下出现了一片繁茂的亚热带森林，如果你看过法国画家亨利·卢梭的画，就会觉得我笔下的植物也会如此壮硕、密集、础础逼人，而且还会有一头色彩斑斓的豹子出没其中。其实这都是误导。由于我也喜欢卢梭，并且经常看他的画，已经被误导得经常把他笔下的植物当成是我们知青点的了，在梦里的月色中，一株壮硕的剑麻隐隐发光，安容赤身裸体站在剑麻边，她背光站着，所以全身漆黑，但她身上曲线轮廓清晰，乳房丰满坚硬，优美而性感，她的头发一直垂到腰间（她什么时候长出这么长的头发来的呢？）并且从一侧肩膀流泻下来，她全身漆黑，我看不清楚她的脸，但她的眼珠子发出一种柔和的黄光，就像她身体内点着一盏明亮的灯。这种眼珠子放光的形象使人想起某种夜行动物。

当然你会说这像是亨利·卢梭的一幅画，而不是什么安容。你说的完全正确。

现在想来，除了剑麻之外，那些树都长得不够有特点，荔枝树和扬桃树的树形都很普通（你根本看不出这么普通的树还能长出那些稀奇古怪的果子，荔树皮像红色的蛤蟆，杨桃的截面则是一只标准的五角星），番石榴树有一点怪，但又比不上木瓜和芭蕉。还有就是，听起来我们的屋前屋后都长着果树，好像住在花果山上，这也是误导，荔枝树已经老得结不动果子了，杨桃是酸掉牙的那种，番石榴则又硬又涩，吃了就拉不出屎。写到这里我才发现，知青点所在的坡地上，除了树上长的水果不好吃外，草木不够年轻茂密，青苔不够绿也不够厚，车前草和马齿笕也不够肥美，剑麻更是没有长到跟人一样高，它最多长到我的小腿肚子。认清了这些事实，就把它与卢梭笔下的亚热带森林清楚地区分开了。

这片坡地经常笼罩在一片梦幻的夜色中，它白天的模样没有给我留下太深的印象。我看见安容白皙的身体躺在一张大芭蕉叶上（这张芭蕉叶是从哪里割来的呢？），她双腿曲着，两手放在胸前，好像是一手捂着一只乳房。有一个人跪在她的身边，他拿开她的手，把自己的手放在她的胸前。安容的手软绵绵的，一点都不像练过武功，能赤手



trees have a slightly more exotic appearance, but still they cannot compare to papaya and banana trees. Moreover, it would be a mistake to imagine that the environment of Zhiqing Corner resembles Monkey's mountain abode in *Journey to the West*. The lychee tree was so old that it wasn't producing fruit anymore. The star fruits were so sour they would make your teeth fall out. The guavas were so hard and bitter that they would give you constipation. Only at this point do I start to grasp the reality of the hillside where Zhiqing Corner stood. Not only were the fruits on the trees not very delicious, the plants were also not lush enough, the moss not green and thick enough, the plantain and purslane not luxuriant enough, and the sisal hemp never grew to the height of humans and reached at most to my calf. After recognizing this reality, I can now make a clear distinction between Zhiqing Corner and the subtropical forest in Rousseau's paintings.

This hillside was often couched in a fantastic shade of night. Its image in daylight has not left me with much of an impression. I see Anrong's fair-skinned body lying on a big banana leaf. (From where has this banana leaf been culled?) Her knees were bent; her hands were placed in front of her chest, and she seemed to be holding each of her breasts with one hand. A man was kneeling next to her. He removed her hands and placed his own over her breasts. Anrong's hands were as soft as cotton wool, and did not look like they belonged to someone who had been trained in the martial arts, someone who could knock down two or three men with her bare hands. Her soft hands were lifted from her in one quick gesture. The two of them were swaying under the moonlight. I suddenly remember that the man was Li Haijun. At the same time, I hear the river reverberate, and faintly smell the sweet fragrance of papaya in the air. These two things jolt me into a sudden realization: this wild union under the moonlight did not take place behind our house at Zhiqing Corner, but on the banks of River Shangli. Now everything makes sense. Li Haijun had a little knife with him. There were big banana leaves everywhere along the bank. He had cut two leaves off and placed them on the grass. Anrong lay on them, smooth and clean. These kinds of banana leaves were born with the skin of a beautiful woman and made a perfect mattress.

空拳撂倒两三个男人的样子，她软绵绵的手被人一拿就拿开了。两个人在月光中晃动，我想起来那是李海军。与此同时，我听见河水流动的声音一阵又一阵地传过来，并且还闻到了空气中有一丝若有若无的熟木瓜的清甜味，这两种东西使我恍然大悟，原来这幅月下野合图不是发生在我们知青点的屋后，而是在上里河的河边，这时一切就顺理成章了。李海军身上带着一把小刀，沿岸的大芭蕉叶到处都是，他割下两张，铺在草上，安容躺在上面，又光滑又干净。这种芭蕉叶天生就是一副美人肌肤，很适合躺在上面。

我发现木瓜甜丝丝的气味不是从木瓜树上散发出来的，木瓜树虽然没有椰子树那么高，但站在树下同样不可能闻到果香，除非是狗。甜丝丝的气味从安容的身体上散发出来，这是李海军涂上去的，他在安容到来之前先割好了两张芭蕉叶，然后又爬上木瓜树摘下一只皮色泛黄的熟木瓜。他当时的念头是等安容来了之后切给她吃，但这只木瓜熟得太厉害，安容一口又咬得太大，一些瓜汁就沿着她的脖子流到了她的胸口，李海军顺理成章扑上去，这件事就有了新的开端。

安容的身体本来就像某种果肉，女孩子大概在十七八岁的时候都是这样。李海军在她的身上涂满了金黄色的木瓜汁之后，她的身体变成了一种新的果肉，就像某种杂交之后获得优势的新品种，全身上下散发出一种金黄色的半透明的光，非常迷人，邪魅。写到这里，我觉得李海军有些变态，他不但不抓紧时间干正事，反到耐着心，把木瓜汁在安容身上涂来涂去，甚至连胳膊窝和两腿之间也不放过，就像一名态度认真的木匠在上油漆，一层又一层，一遍又一遍，直到安容的每一个毛孔都充满了木瓜的金黄色汁液。然后他就蹲在一旁眯着眼睛上上下下看来看去，既不动手，也不动嘴。

我除了觉得李海军有点性变态之外，还认为他是一名唯美主义者，至少是一名美的爱好者。面对一个金黄色半透明的身体，李海军性欲顿消，他把木瓜扔掉之后就找出了一张纸和一枝笔，把安容的裸体画了下来。李海军属于那种有绘画天赋但技巧训练不过关的人，也许正是由于他技巧不够好，所以他笔下的安容裸体有一种别样的生动，但又由于构图不妥右下角空出了一大块，李海军画了一只木瓜，画面就稳住了。当然这是一幅线画，如果涂上颜色，会更加漂亮。

安容由于全身涂满了木瓜汁，皮肤又粘又闷，觉得很不舒服。这



I realize that the sweet scent of papaya was not emanating from the fruit tree. Papaya trees are not as tall as coconut trees but, unless you were a dog, you would not be able to smell the fruit standing under a papaya tree. The sweet fragrance came from Anrong's body. Li Haijun had smeared the juice on her. Before he came to Anrong, he had cut two pieces of banana leaves, and climbed up the tree to pluck a papaya which had become thoroughly yellow. His thought then was to wait for Anrong to come and then he would slice it for her. The fruit turned out to be too ripe and when Anrong took too big a bite, some juice travelled along her neck to her breasts. Going with the flow of events, Li Haijun threw himself at Anrong and the story took a new turn.

Anrong's body was already like a kind of fruit. All young women at the age of seventeen and eighteen are like that. After Li Haijun painted her with golden papaya juice, her body had become a new kind of fruit, like the quality creation of a complex cross-breeding. Her whole body emitted a golden translucent light, very seductive and depraved. Here I feel that Li Haijun was a little perverse. He did not put precious time to good use, but acted like a carpenter with a serious intent, patiently oiling Anrong's body with layers of papaya juice. He did not spare her underarms or her crotch. He painted, layer after layer, until Anrong's every pore was dripping with the golden juice. Then he squatted in one corner and looked at her here and there, without taking action either with his hand or his mouth.

I feel that aside from being a pervert, Li Haijun was also an aesthetician or at least a lover of beauty. Faced with a golden translucent body, his sexual desire immediately subsided. After he threw away the papaya peel, he took out a piece of paper and a pen, and drew a picture of Anrong naked. Li Haijun was the kind of artist who had talent but lacked technique and formal training. Perhaps due to such technical shortcomings, his image of Anrong was blessed with a different kind of liveliness. The lower right-hand corner of the picture was empty because of the imbalance in his composition. Li Haijun drew a piece of papaya there, and the picture was complete. Of course it was only a line drawing, and would be more beautiful if it had been drawn in colour.

点我很能理解，因为我曾经把西瓜汁涂在脸上做美容，并由此推理出任何果汁涂在皮肤上都不会使人感到舒服。但由于果汁的透气度要比别的物质好一点，所以又不至于憋死人。别的物质指的是金粉，我曾在《三联生活周刊》看到过一幅图片，一名美艳的好莱坞女演员全身涂满了金粉，因皮肤窒息而死，她全裸的身上闪耀着着一层僵硬的金光。杂志上没有告诉我更多的前因后果，但我觉得这个创意比较遇蠢，不如身上涂满木瓜汁更有诗意和视觉效果。

安容全身涂满木瓜汁之后就觉得像是穿上了一件粘度很大的软呼呼的紧身衣，而且这件衣服很像一种款式新潮的泳装，正面厚薄不匀，后背全裸。写到这里我明白了李海军的木瓜汁只涂在了安容的正面，他对安容的后背不如正面感兴趣。由此可见，涂了木瓜的安容不是她自己所说的那么难受，因为她的背后是完全透气的，她嘟囔说自己又粘又闷其实是想让李海军赶快扔掉纸和笔跟她玩。她身上即然已经涂上甜汁，意识上也随之变得有些色情。她说：李海军，你来不来，不来我就穿上衣服了。她扭来扭去，扭出了各种各样妩媚的姿势，李海军把其中的一个姿势画了下来，看上去是一幅十分美妙的裸女图。

李海军把裸女图摆在了正对着床的桌子上，安容看了自己赤身裸体妖娆的样子也十分喜爱（据我所知，许多女人都很爱惜自己的身体），她不错眼地望这幅画，就把正面的紧身衣忘了。

由于出现了床，桌子，纸和笔，所以这一次就不是在上里河河边的芭蕉叶上，而是在游兵散勇李海军的宿舍里。而且从光线来看，也是应该如此，不然安容涂了再多的木瓜汁也不会在河岸的黑暗中呈现出金黄的颜色。以上所说，是记忆之误，或者是传说之误。

安容的这幅裸体画我曾经看到过，它是由谁，在什么情况下传到我手里的我已经忘记了。那是我长到十七岁第一次看到裸体画，我被吓了一跳。脸红耳热，心跳如鼓，但又充满了强烈的好奇。我在一个光线幽暗的角落（是学校的宿舍还是知青点？）里仔细观看这幅画，在我看来，那些曲线充满了夸张和动感，乳房比腰大，屁股比肩膀大，虽大却又不笨重，还有点扭来扭去的活动劲，媚眼一看也有点像安容。我把它夹在笔记本里，不知怎么就不见了。很多年后我看到意大利画家莫迪里阿尼的裸妇画，感到十分眼熟，并且立刻就产生了亲切感。我一下就把莫迪里阿尼这么长这么拗口的名字给记住了，我一直不清



Anrong felt very uncomfortable with the papaya juice sticking to her skin and clogging up her pores. I understand her predicament very well, because I once used melon juice for a facial treatment, and could deduce from the experience that any kind of fruit juice on the face would cause discomfort. Still, at least fruit juice is more porous than other substances and would not choke a person to death. When I say other substances I am thinking of gold powder. I once saw in a magazine a picture of a Hollywood actress who had died of clogged pores. Her naked body shone with a solidified sheen of golden light. The magazine did not say much about the cause or circumstances of her death, but I feel that this idea was rather stupid. Painting the body with papaya juice is more poetic and visually more stunning.

After being smeared all over with papaya juice, Anrong felt like she was wearing a soft and sticky body suit, one which resembled a stylish swimming costume. The front part of the suit was uneven in thickness and the back was completely bare. At this point I realize that Li Haijun had only put papaya juice on Anrong's front; he was not as interested in Anrong's back. From this fact we can deduce that Anrong was not as uncomfortable as she claimed. After all, her back could still breathe. She only complained about being sticky and clogged up because she wanted Li Haijun to throw away his pen and paper and play with her. Since her body was already covered with sweet juice, her consciousness had also taken a lustful turn. She said, Li Haijun, are you coming? If you're not coming, I'll put on my clothes. She swayed her body and struck all kinds of seductive poses. Li Haijun drew a picture after one of these poses, and it looked like a splendid nude portrait.

Because of the appearance of a bed, a desk, a piece of paper, and a pen, this scene could not possibly take place by the bank of River Shangli, but rather in Li Haijun's military quarters. The lighting of the portrait seemed to support this. Otherwise, no amount of papaya juice could give Anrong a golden glow in the dark of the river bank. Everything I said before was based on confused memory or groundless rumours.

楚我跟这位异国画家有什么神秘的缘分。写到这里我才想起来，李海军当年的那幅安容裸体跟莫迪里阿尼笔下的裸妇有几分神似。

我之所以在这里提到莫迪里阿尼，除了上述原因，还想说明李海军画的裸体线画大致还算得上是艺术作品，而不能认为人家画的是春宫图，这是一个原则问题。但七几年的时候的原则是乱的。带队干部罗同志也认为是一个原则问题，他的原则是，本大队知青中流传着一幅黄色下流的裸体画，如果不清除毒害，知青的思想就会变质。

如果我是罗同志我也会这样想，因为罗同志是工人出身，多年来受党的教育，头脑简单，感情朴素，除了以上想法他不会再有别的想法。

事情发展到这一步，如果往下推，就会出现批斗的场面。但事实上并不是这样，这一切还是要归功于李庆霖，因为他给毛主席写了那封著名的信，知青就受到了保护，不能随便批斗。事实证明，不单是我一个人喜欢提起李庆霖，97年夏天我在《文摘》报上看到有关李庆霖的报道，现在是1998年2月份，我又从《南方周末》和《今日名流》上看到了李庆霖，这使我相信，越来越多的人正在想起或将要想起李庆霖，即使在他百年之后我们也还是要想起他，到那时，李庆霖同志永垂不朽这样的口号将从我的内心深处缓缓升起，这比革命先烈的永垂不朽更要让我牢记在心。

批斗的场面没有出现，罗同志要让安容写检查，但又不好跟安容谈话，他就把我叫到水塘村知青点。我坐下之后，罗同志还在抽水烟，烟嘴里噗噗地吐出水烟屎。对于这件事，罗同志心情紧张，难以启齿。事隔多年之后我才想到，虽然是带队干部，也会有他不成熟的地方，特别是面对一个本队女知青的裸体画的时候，免不了大受冲击，手忙脚乱，面红耳热。他看到安容的裸体画就像看到安容本人的裸体，产生了严重的犯罪感，他立刻就把这张黄色画夹在了笔记本里。他对送来这幅画的知青说：你先回去吧，我会严肃处理的。

按照《红楼梦》第七十三回“痴丫头误拾绣春囊，懦小姐不问累金凤”的说法，绣着两个人赤条条相抱的绣春囊是要由傻大姐拾着的，但我直到现在也弄不清楚这个交上裸体画的傻大姐到底是谁。我们知青点一共五个人，女的除了我和安容就是周红，她胆子小，又不打算当先进知青，我觉得不会是她。这样看来，傻大姐就有可能是大赖，



I had seen this nude portrait of Anrong before. I don't remember how I had come by this picture. I was seventeen and it was the very first time I had looked at a nude portrait. I was in total shock. My face was red, my ears were hot, and my heart was thumping like a drum beat. At the same time, I was filled with an overpowering curiosity. In a faintly lit corner (was it at the school quarters or at Zhiqing Corner?), I examined the picture carefully. In my eyes, the contour and movement of Anrong's body were exaggerated. Her breasts were fuller than her waist; her buttocks were larger than her shoulders. Large but not clumsy. The image even suggested a swaying movement. The visage of the woman in the picture resembled Anrong a bit. I kept the picture inside a notebook, but later lost it without remembering how. Many years after, I encountered the nude portraits by the Italian painter Amadeo Modigliano. They struck a chord of familiarity and I felt an intimacy towards them. Immediately, I was able to remember the long and difficult name Modigliano. I never understood the mysterious connection I had with this foreign painter. Only now do I realise that the portrait drawn by Li Haijun then resembles Modigliano's nudes.

I mentioned Modigliano not only for the above reason. I also want to point out that Li Haijun's nude portrait is not just a piece of pornography, but could in general be considered a work of art. I say this as a matter of principle. During the seventies, however, principles were confused. Comrade Luo, who was the leading cadre of our brigade, also thought it was a matter of principle. His principle was as follows: a pornographic picture was circulating amongst the youths in his brigade; their thoughts would become contaminated if the poison was not eliminated.

If I were Comrade Luo, I would no doubt think the same. Comrade Luo was a worker who had been educated by the Party for years. His mind was simple; his feelings were uncomplicated. He could not possibly think otherwise.

Now that events had unfolded in this way, you would quite logically anticipate scenes of struggle. However, things were different in reality, thanks to Li Qinglin, who wrote that famous letter to Chairman Mao and protected sent-down youths from

不会是别人。但这个推理也有不合情理之处，如果我是男知青，拾着一个漂亮女知青的裸体画，我一定不会上交，而是自己留着看。所以有时想来我还是免不了搞不清楚这个男的傻大姐到底是不是大赖。

罗同志抽完烟之后说：有一件事。我觉得他有一点紧张，所以我就觉得他的“有一件事”说得很突兀，但他更突然地站了起来，到他的床头拿出了他的笔记本，这时他才意识到，把夹着安容裸体画的笔记本从自己的枕边拿出来甚不妥，但是已经晚了。他把笔记本举在手里停了一会儿，然后他又说：有一件事。

我很迷惘地望着他，他坐到我对面的条凳子上翻着笔记本，过了一会儿，他又说：有一件事。这使我困惑不解。他忽然把那张画从笔记本里抽了出来，说：你看看，这安容。这时我再此看到了安容夸张的裸体。这跟第一次单独看时有所不同。因为旁边有一个罗同志，我觉得安容的裸体更加性感，因而触目惊心。所以我就面红耳赤地愣在了那里，一名话都说不出来。

这种情况使罗同志误认为我很纯洁。其实有时内心充满邪念和思无邪（不知道这个词这样用对不对）是一样的，毛主席的辩证法里没有说，罗同志就只看到了事情的一面。他把画重新夹回笔记本里，说：算了，你先回去吧。

这件事就这样结束了。

我不知道罗同志后来是否找安容谈话了，但可以断定，安容是不会去写什么劳什子（这是我们这代人的口头禅，本来是贾宝玉说的，盖因毛主席号召大家读一点《红楼梦》，我们就记住了贾宝玉的只言片语）检查的，她会挺起酥胸对罗同志说：对呀，这画的正是我，你看画得像不像？

罗同志就说：安容，你严肃一点！

安容又挺了一下身子，微笑着说：我没有什么不严肃的呀，我很严肃。说完她就鼓起腮帮子让罗同志看。她催道：罗同志你看，我是不是很严肃？

罗同志看了鼓起腮帮子的安容，内心深处觉得她有点可爱。但他只敢看她的腮帮子，没敢看她的眼睛，她的眼睛跟画上太像了，风情万种，若看了眼睛就会立即联想到那幅裸体。既不敢看眼睛，挺起的前胸就更不敢看，这可以理解，因为女人的胸部在男人看来总是有点



critiques. There are facts to prove that I am not the only person who likes Li Qinglin. In the summer of 1997, I read a report on Li Qinglin in an issue of *Digest*. It is now February, 1998, and I read about Li Qinglin again in *Southern Weekend* and *Today's Rich and Famous*. This leads me to believe that a lot of people are or will be thinking of Li Qinglin. Even after he has passed away, we will still remember him. When that time arrives, the slogan "Comrade Li Qinglin lives forever" will slowly rise from the depths of my heart. More so even than the immortal memory of our honourable revolutionary heroes, this slogan will be lodged firmly in my mind.

So, scenes of struggle did not appear. Comrade Luo wanted Anrong to write a report on the matter but could not bring himself to talk to her. Instead, he called me to Zhiqing Corner in Pond Village. After I had sat down, Comrade Luo started smoking a water pipe. Tobacco ashes bubbled in the mouth of the pipe. Comrade Luo appeared to be very nervous and could not even raise the subject of Anrong. Only years afterwards did I realize that even a leading cadre had his immature side, especially when faced with a nude portrait of one of the female youths in his brigade. He could not help feeling overwhelmed. His behaviour was clumsy, his face and ears were flushed. He felt severe guilt as soon as he looked at Anrong's image and immediately hid this pornographic picture in between the pages of his notebook. He said to the youth who brought this picture, you can go now, I will deal with this matter seriously.

According to chapter seventy-three of *Dream of the Red Chamber*, in which "the idiotic maid was mistakenly given an erotic sachet; the cowardly mistress ignored the matter and affected Jinfeng," the erotic sachet embroidered with two naked bodies huddled together is found by the Silly Maid. Even now, I cannot be sure of the identity of the Silly Maid who handed in Anrong's nude portrait. There were five of us at Zhiqing Corner. Amongst the women, besides Anrong and me, there was only Zhou Hong. She was a coward and had no ambition to be a progressive youth, so in my opinion it couldn't have been her. In that case, our Silly Maid would have to be Da Lai and no one else. Yet this doesn't seem logical either. If I were a young man who found a beautiful nude portrait of a female comrade, I would

色情，看了裹在衣服里的胸部跟看了人家的裸体没什么两样。

为了镇定自己，罗同志又坐下抽烟。安容觉得谈话已经告了一个段落，就假装蹣着脚出去了。

事隔多年，一切都已烟消云散，但如同李庆霖永垂不朽（这是将来要说的话，现在预先说了）一样，安容那幅夸张的裸体画也永垂不朽。那是安容自由精神的象征，它流动的线条在我的视野里飘舞、飞动，落在干净而宽大的芭蕉叶上，上里河红色的流水和红色的卵石给它涂上了一层温暖的红色，画面右下角的那只木瓜也由青变黄，散发出往昔的香气。

1998年2月4日



never have handed it in! I would have kept it for my own pleasure. For this reason I am still not sure if Da Lai was indeed our male Silly Maid.

After Comrade Luo smoked his cigarette, he said, there's this matter. I felt that he was a bit nervous, and the way he said "there's this matter" was very awkward. He suddenly stood up and picked up the notebook by his bed. Only then did he become conscious that it would appear inappropriate that he had kept Anrong's picture in a notebook by his pillow. By then it was already too late. He held the notebook up in his hand for a little while, and then said again, there's this matter.

I looked at him in confusion. He sat on the bench across from me, and flipped through his notebook. After a while, he said again, there's this matter. This confused me to no end. Suddenly, he took the picture out of the notebook and said, you see, this Anrong. It was at that moment that I saw Anrong's nude portrait again. This was different from the time I looked at it on my own, because now there was a Comrade Luo sitting next to me. I felt that Anrong's naked body was even sexier. My heart was pounding. I sat there, stunned and blushing. I was unable to utter a single word.

Comrade Luo mistook my reaction to be an expression of my innocence. Actually, sometimes being filled with evil thoughts and "thinking no evil" (I don't know if it's appropriate to use this phrase from the Classics here) is the same thing. Chairman Mao did not mention this in his dialectic theory, and Comrade Luo could only see one side of the matter. He put the picture back in the notebook and said, forget it, you can go now.

The matter was thus concluded.

I don't know if Comrade Luo asked for Anrong afterwards, but I am sure that Anrong would not write some damned nuisance (this expression was very popular with our generation; it was originally used by Jia Baoyu, and because Chairman Mao told everyone to read a bit of *Dream of the Red Chamber*, we remembered Jia Baoyu's words out of context) of a confession. She would flaunt her alluring breasts and say to Comrade Luo, yes, this is a portrait of me, do you think it's a good representation?

Comrade Luo would say, Anrong, be serious!



Anrong straightened her body and said with a smile, I am being very serious. Then she puffed up her cheeks in mock seriousness for Comrade Luo's benefit. Look, Comrade Luo, she pressured him, am I not very serious?

Anrong's mock serious expression was not lost on Comrade Luo who, deep down, found her quite endearing. However, he only dared to look at her cheeks and not her eyes. Her eyes were too much like the seductively expressive eyes in the portrait. If he looked at her eyes, he would immediately think of the nude portrait. In other words, looking at her eyes would be like looking at her naked body. And since he could not even look at her eyes, he could look even less at her breasts. This is quite understandable, as men always become a bit aroused when they look at women's breasts. For them, looking at a woman's breasts through her clothes is not so different from looking at her naked body.

To calm himself, Comrade Luo sat down to smoke again. Anrong felt that the conversation had already ended. She left the room, pretending to walk on tiptoe.

Years passed and everything has vanished like ashes and dust, but just as Comrade Li Qinglin lives forever (these are words from the future, I am only making a prediction), so does Anrong's nude portrait. It is a symbol of Anrong's free spirit. In my vision, its flowing contour is dancing in the air. It rises and then falls on an ample and unspoiled banana leaf. The red pebbles in the flowing red water of River Shangli casts a warm crimson hue on it. The papaya in the right lower corner has also turned from green to yellow, emanating the sweet fragrance of the past.

# 千人一面

王安忆



## Wang Anyi / THE FACE OF A THOUSAND PERSONALITIES

Since when had he known her? Gu Lianhua. Since then, she seemed to be everywhere.

It was an Italian crime drama, the kind he always watched. The Italian variety often revolves around the Mafia. From presidential chambers to the streets and alleys, profound social issues are seamlessly incorporated into everyday events, while the plot line takes ever complicating twists and turns. These stories never failed to intrigue him. In this series, as in most others, a female news reporter was at the centre of the plot. She happened to be the type he admired most: tall, middle-aged, with a slightly exaggerated and aggressive kind of beauty. It was at this time that he became acquainted with Gu Lianhua.

The actress who played the reporter looked a little like the Greek soprano Maria Callas. It was startling when such a woman, who had the face of a goddess, started speaking in a monotonous, thin, sharp, faltering, and throaty voice. It became especially unbearable when this voice tried to imitate the interjection of Westerners. Ah! Oh! Aha! He was so irritated by the voice that he started to dislike the news reporter too.

The drama was a mini-series with six episodes. Two episodes were broadcast everyday on three consecutive days. He would have to listen to that voice everyday. All the same, he could not turn the television off; it would be too much of a loss. The plot was thickening step by step. One clue was tightly chained to another. He could not afford to miss even a sentence or a word. One mistake would cost him the entire fabric of the plot. In order to continue watching the series, he had to endure the voice of the news reporter. Relatively speaking, there are a lot of dialogues in Italian crime dramas, especially in plots involving the Mafia, unlike American versions of the genre which concentrate more on action. In this series, the progression of the plot depended entirely on dialogues. Since the

是从什么时候起，认识了她？顾莲华。从此，这个名字就好像无处不在  
了。

那是一部意大利的侦案片。侦案片是他必看无疑的。意大利的侦案片往往是以黑手党为背景，上至总统内阁，下至街坊巷里，深刻的社会问题和日常化的情节结合得特别自然，形势则变得分外复杂，很得他的爱好。这一回，和通常情形一样，事件的中心是一个新闻记者，女性，恰是他欣赏的类型：中年，高大，略有些夸张的，是强悍的美，就是在这时，他认识顾莲华的。

因是这样带有着女神相的女性，有些近似希腊女高音卡拉斯，于是，当她吐出那种单调，薄削，颤颤巍巍的嗓音时，就令人感到异常了。尤其在这声音企图模仿西方人的感叹调，“啊”“哦”“哎”“啊哈”，这时候，情形就越发不能容忍。由于憎恶这声音，他连同女记者也一并反感起来。

这是一部六集的电视剧，每天放两集，连放三天。这样，他就每天都须听那声音了。他又不能不看，不看岂不是太损失了。情节一步比一步抓人，悬念扣悬念，一句话一字都不敢有闪失，一有闪失便全盘皆失，什么都错过了，可是看，就必须得忍受女记者的声音。要知道，意大利侦案片，是涉及黑手党的对话就比较多。不象美国的同类片，动作性强。在这里情节什么的，都是靠对话组织推进的。女记者是主角，就场场必到，到必发言。因此，整部电视剧就充满了她的吊着声调的聒噪。好容易等她住嘴，静默下来，不由地松了一口气，这才发现，原来，心一直是提着的。真是折磨啊！

这一回，他很认真地读着片尾的译制人员的名单就读到了她的名字：顾莲华。

他不晓得是自己出了问题，还是顾莲华出了问题，自此，他和她就好像上了，她总是出现在他不能不看的电视剧中。她无论配音何种角色何种类型，他总是能在众多的人物中，一下子把她捉出来。然后再对照片尾的译制员表，从来没出过错。后来，他竟变得有些自虐，电视片一开场，他便竖起耳朵搜索顾莲华。找到了，才放下心来，这放心里多少有着些豁

news reporter was the lead character, she was in every scene and spoke as soon as she appeared on the scene. The whole series was thus saturated with her irritating patter delivered in a raised pitch. He waited with bated breath for her to stop talking, and heaved a sigh of relief when her silence finally fell. Only then did he realize he had been so tensely holding his breath throughout. What a torture!

This time, he paid serious attention to the list of voice-over actors in the credits and came across her name: Gu Lianhua.

He could not tell whether he or Gu Lianhua was the root of the problem but from that moment on, their paths seemed to have become entangled. She invariably appeared in a series that he absolutely had to watch. No matter what kind of character she was dubbing, he could immediately discern her voice from a multitude of others. He would check the ending credits to confirm his instinct and he would never be wrong. After a while, he even became a little masochistic. At the beginning of a new series, he would prick up his ears in search of Gu Lianhua's voice. Only when he had found her could he feel relief. It was as if he was ready to risk everything for this one moment of relief.

He also discovered that Gu Lianhua had not only worked on the dubbing, she was also the director of the voice-over cast. Once, she directed an Austrian detective story. There were over thirty episodes in the series, and an independent plot line was developed in every episode. Since the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Austria has been a moderate, even weak, nation. At the same time, the music of Mozart has enshrined the country in pure artistic glory. It would be difficult to imagine any crime, let alone murder on a daily scale, taking place there. Naturally, this series ignited his interest.

A detective and his dog were the main characters in this series. Such a cast is a departure from standard conventions, and reflects the Austrian inflection of the series. The theme of the harmonious relation between human beings and nature is in accordance with the tenet of European Romanticism. The cases in the series were all civil cases, but the demands of dramatic interest dictated that they involve a great deal of treachery, and be inordinately difficult to



出去的意思。

他还发现，顾莲华不仅为译制片配音，同时又做译制片的导演。她导演了一部奥地利侦破系列片，长达几十集，每集是一个独立的案件。奥地利在奥匈帝国瓦解后，似乎就一直是个性情温柔，甚至有些懦弱的民族，莫扎特则使它笼罩上纯美的光辉，很难想象那里会发生案子，并且是以命案为主，每天都有一起，这自然吸引了他的兴趣。

此片是以一个警探和一条警犬为主角，这就与通常的侦案片有所不同了，也有了奥地利的气息。人与自然的和谐关系，是合乎欧洲浪漫主义宗旨的。案件都是民事性质的，但从戏剧要求出发，恶性程度却很高，破案的难度也很高。这一回，顾莲华的声音是打散了，分布全局的。顾莲华这三个名字只是在导演的名下打出，可他依然在每一集里听见她的始终在一个频率上进行的声音，有时是从一名协警嘴里发出，有时是从一名受害者嘴里发出，有时是一名证人，甚至有一次是一个小孩子。而无论是何种人物，何种身份，这声音是一成不变的，音色和表情都是这样。他受她的声音的围剿。他发现，她在配音演员的名单中，小心翼翼地用了个假名，叫作顾华。可这显然是欲盖弥彰。

这部漫长的电视剧是够他怀恨上了顾莲华。她那么贪婪地网罗了形形色色的女人，尤其是年轻貌美的女人，在她们身上毫不留情地打上她的烙印，使她们一无二致的丧失了她们生动的个性。这是一种什么样的暴力啊！她侵犯了人们的视听。

当他被这声音折磨得实在受不了时，便在内心恳求她换一个调门，最好是低下去几个音阶，哪怕是偶尔的。这样，声音就略有一些起伏，好让人略休息一下，不必老提着劲，跟她在一道薄刃上颤颤悠悠地走。可她不变，坚持着这样的声调。在这样经久不息的出卖之后，这声音依然挺有劲头的，完全没有作罢的意思。她不放过一集，哪怕只是在一集剧情的边边角角探一探头。

他没有办法，这是一种不公平的对峙，他在明处，顾莲花在暗处，他没有一点还击的机会。明白这一点，他反倒平静下来了，开始抱一种客观的态度，去研究她的声音。

可以确定，这是假声。所有的不自然其实就基于此。再差的音色，只要是真声，总是有几分生动的。而假声就不然了，它终是做作的。他想：顾莲华为什么要用假声说话呢？又不是唱美声。她以为用了假声就可以瞒天过海，乔装成任何角色。她不已经是导演了吗？创造心不已经得到满足了吗？要不，事情也许正好相反，她以为她是导演，就可以包揽角色，大过配音瘾。就此，他已经在脑海中勾出了顾莲华的轮廓：一个有权力欲，还有表现欲的女人，所以，就活该他倒霉了。

她的声音没有一点弹性，每一次发音都带着些勉为其难，而重要的话



solve. This time, Gu Lianhua's voice was scattered everywhere in the plot. The name Gu Lianhua only appeared as the director in the credits, but he could still hear her voice — which was always in the same high pitch — in every single episode. Sometimes it was the voice of a deputy, sometimes a victim or a witness. Once it was even the voice of a child. No matter what character it belonged to, this voice never changed, neither in pitch nor in expression. He was besieged by her voice. He discovered that she took care to disguise her identity by using the pseudonym Gu Hua in the voice-over credits. Clearly, her attempt to hide the obvious only exposed her more.

In this ponderously long series, he could not hate Gu Lianhua enough. She greedily played many different female roles, especially young and beautiful women. Mercilessly branded with her presence, they lost all their lively individual personality. What kind of violence was this? She had invaded and violated the audio-visual perception of the audience!

When he had been tortured beyond endurance by her voice, he begged her in his heart to change her pitch, preferably to a lower scale, if only briefly. A little rise and fall in her voice would allow her audience some respite, so they didn't have to keep pace with her, walking so precariously along a thin blade. Yet her voice never changed; it persisted in the same pitch. Even after continuous appearances, her voice still exuded so much energy, showing no sign of surrender. Not a single episode was spared, even if she appeared only briefly on the margin of the plot.

He could do nothing. This was an unfair duel: he was in the open while she remained in hiding. He hadn't had any opportunity to launch an offensive. Realizing this, he calmed down a little, and began to analyze her voice objectively.

He was sure that she used a falsetto voice, which was the source of all its unnaturalness. Even a voice of the worst quality has some vibrancy when it is projected naturally. Not a falsetto, because it is finally always the product of pretence. He wondered, why did Gu Lianhua use a falsetto voice? It wasn't as though she was singing out of her range. Did she think she could disguise her voice with a falsetto so she could play many different roles? If she lacked

往往是由她说出，于是不得不敛声屏息，听进她每一个字，连同她的声音。

这一回，顾莲华将他折磨得太久，但他又不能放弃看电视剧。这种每天一集的电视剧。就是这样抓住人的心。因为你真的无法想象，今天这桩蹊跷的事件发生过后，明天还能再发生什麼。而奇迹就在这里，明天又有新的事件发生。这一点，决不会有错。悬念和信任同时使人振奋。所以，他必须接受顾莲华。

他已经没有火气了，任凭顾莲华用声音，锯着他的神经。为了接受这个现实，他对自己作出检讨：为什麼别人都没有他这样痛苦的反应呢？所以一定是他的责任，顾莲华是没有错的。

终于结束了这样细水长流的折磨，事情进入了新的阶段，一部英国间谍片开播了。讲的是二次大战后期，英国首相邱吉尔将一名女间谍派遣被占领的法国，为诺曼底登陆做准备。其实是将她作一个诱饵，引开德军对诺曼底的注意，好行调虎山之计。为使计划确保无误，女间谍本人没有被告知此行的实质性内容，蒙在鼓里。和所有的间谍故事一样，英国女间谍与法国的男间谍产生了恋情，同时，美国同盟军的一名年轻军官也爱着她。当两名男战士了解到她被活生生地送入虎口，对这种不惜代价去赢得胜利的做法深感愤怒，进而援救时，她们心爱的姑娘已经落到了丧心病狂的德国人手中，受尽了折磨。这个女主角可真是了不得，集娇美，纯真，勇敢，信念，多情于一身，处在国家命运和爱情的前线。这样重要的角色，顾莲华理所当然地留给了自己。从那姑娘开口发出第一个音的时候，他便明白了，事情其实是不会有别种结果的。尽管经历了这许多，耳朵磨也磨出了茧子，可他依然不住地一阵沮丧。

年轻貌美的姑娘看上去就像是半老徐娘装扮的，她的觉悟则像是做作出来的，温柔也是作态。紧张，镇定，软弱，坚强，都显得矫情和虚假，爱她的男人也不那么令人信服，好像不是出自内心，仅只是为了完成表演的任务。电视剧是上下两部，在电影频道里一晚上播完。从九点开始，直至十二点。夜深时刻，万籁俱寂，只有电视机屏幕是活跃的，生气勃勃的，变成了真实的存在，好像那才是生活，而他则是隔岸观火。顾莲华的声音散布在空气中，连她也变得真实了，他却是假的。她，凯瑟琳，年轻的女间谍，纵横全局，牵动着上下左右的神经。她的声音就有着这样的能量，能冲破实体，显形出来。

形势是从凯瑟琳发生转折的。那就是，顾莲华的声音开始显形：海伦，玛丽，詹妮弗，莉莉。高大的，娇小的，热情的，冷静的，天真的，成熟的，幸福的，不幸的。只一吐口，吐的是顾莲华的声音，她就立刻变成了顾莲华。一颦一笑，一动一止，都写着那三个字：顾莲华。事情到此，他方才起了一个念头，顾莲华到底是个什么模样的？他想不出来。在他眼中，只要是发出顾莲华的声音，就都是顾莲华。所有这一切形象汇总起来，

108



confidence in her own voice, and needed to use a falsetto for disguise, she could give up dubbing altogether, or at least she did not have to do so many minor roles. Wasn't she the director after all? Hadn't she already found a satisfactory outlet for her creativity? Or else, it might in fact be the exact opposite situation. She was using her power as a director to dominate as many different roles as she desired. At this thought, he conjured up an image of Gu Lianhua in his mind: a woman with a hunger for power and an appetite for performance. Such was his misfortune!

There was not the least bit of elasticity in her voice. She spoke every word as though in reluctance. It just so happened that important lines were often delivered by her. He had no choice but to listen with rapt attention not only to her voice but to every syllable she uttered.

On this occasion, Gu Lianhua had tortured him for much too long. Still, he could not give up watching the series. This kind of serial drama, which broadcasts an episode everyday, grabs its audience by the heart. You really cannot imagine what could possibly follow from the turn of events at the end of today's episode. Yet — and this is the miracle — new twists always happen on the next day. Without fail. It is this combination of suspense and certainty which enthralls an audience. He had to accept Gu Lianhua.

He did not lose his temper anymore, and let Gu Lianhua use her voice to saw at his nerves. In order to accept this reality, he put the blame on himself instead: how come other people did not react so painfully to her voice? The problem had to lie with him. It could not be Gu Lianhua's fault.

At long last, this interminable torture came to an end, and events took a new turn. A British espionage drama came on the air. The story begins in the final months of World War II, when Prime Minister Winston Churchill sends a female agent to Occupied France to prepare for the Normandy invasion. In fact, she is being used as a decoy to divert the Germans' attention away from Normandy. To ensure its success, the true nature of the mission is not disclosed to the agent. Just as in all other espionage drama, the British agent falls in love with her French counterpart. At the same time, a young American officer from the Allied Forces is also in love

得出的结论是，顾莲华是一个说汉语的外国女人。她可真是一人千面。她用她那干巴巴的假声，给予电视屏幕上众多人物，打上了她的姓名的烙印，将她们收归已有。

既然他是如此热衷于译制电视片，那就无可商量地与顾莲华踏上了一条船。在与顾莲华长期交道之后，他发现有两种情形是最要不得的。一种是饶舌的角色，一种是沉默的角色。虽是绝然相反的两种情形，但效果是同样可怕的。前种情形就是滔滔不绝，口若悬河。这往往是女律师，或者少不更事的轻浮少女，于是，全场就都是顾莲华的声音，特别来劲。她一迭声的，在同一频率上一泻千里，单薄的假声刀片般地刮着耳膜，一波刚止，一波又起，没个消停的时候。和这声音相配的，是夸张的手势和眼神。顾莲华的表演真称得上是淋漓尽致，她加强了所有戏剧的戏剧化。再一种沉默的情形，女角不大说话，代替说话的却往往是“啊”“哦”“噫”“呀”的感叹语。译制片里的感叹语是很丰富的，也很生动，它是译制片的一个特征，顾莲华的声音在此便也大有可为。脱去语言的外衣，剩下了声音的本身，音色和语调就更见其真相了。这真相决不是令人愉快的。

他尤其听不得她说“哈罗”。她说“哈罗”的时候，就好像获得了某种权力，趾高气扬的。她的薄利的尖啸的声音在此特别夸张，特别“哈罗”，别人不能“哈罗”，就她可以“哈罗”，“哈罗”是什么光荣似的。尽管是已经平静下来，不再那样不依不饶的，到了此时，他还是要来气。还有“是吗”，不时一声“是吗”，本就是高几度的声音，这时再挑起一点，三分之二个调的光景，是跑了调的感觉。所有的吐出这样的“哈罗”和“是吗”的声调的女性，无一不是顾莲华。再怎么改头换面，千变万化，也是顾莲华。声音的力量是多么大啊！它可以重塑人的面目。

可他还是不能不看电视片，尤其是悬念片。而顾莲华一定是译制片的制作骨干，有译制片，就有顾莲华的声音。由于是这样，顾莲华便成了他不得不面对的现实，他只能试图克服自己。他应当谦虚，自律，戒骄戒躁。他渐渐变得好脾气了。他学会了剥离顾莲华的声音，将她的音色语气搁在一边，单单攫取她的语言。感叹词呢？也搁在一边，只领会感叹的情绪。这样，顾莲华的声音就变得模糊起来，不再那么突出，纠缠着他不放，而是融化在周围的环境之中。以至，他可以达到那样一种置若罔闻的境界。有两个例子可以作证明。一次是当他看完一部电视片，看到片尾的译制人员表上，竟有着顾莲华的名字，而他却无知无觉，他甚至回想不起哪个人物是她配音的角色。还有一次则正相反，他觉得片中所有的女角，都是顾莲华在说话。她们的声音彼此相象，难以分辨。听起来，这也是顾莲华，那也是顾莲华，简直是千人一面。

这就好了，他又可以安心地看电视译制片了。一个艰难的阶段过来了，他克服了障碍。没什么能打扰他的享受了，电视译制片开拓了他的视野和



with her. When the two heroes realize she is being used as a decoy by her government, they are incensed by this ruthless strategy of war. When they come to her rescue, their beloved has already been brutally tortured by the evil and malicious Germans. What a perfect heroine: she is beauty, innocence, courage, conviction, and passion incarnate. She is fighting at the front line of her love and of her nation's fate. Naturally, Gu Lianhua reserved such an important role for herself. From the moment he heard the woman intone her first sound, he understood the inevitable outcome. Even though he had gone through so much, even though his ears had become so worn that scabs had grown on them, he still could not stop himself from feeling a moment of despair.

The beautiful young heroine was apparently played by a middle-aged actress. Her passion and tenderness seemed shallow and fake. As did her nervousness, composure, vulnerability, and strength. The men who loved her did not act with any more conviction. They seemed merely to be carrying out their duties as performers. The series was divided into two parts. Both parts were broadcast on the movie channel in one evening, from nine o'clock to midnight. At this time of night, the entire universe seemed quiet. Only the television screen appeared vibrant and full of life. It alone seemed to have a concrete existence. It was as though what was happening on the screen was life and he was watching it from across the world. Gu Lianhua's voice ferried through the air. Even she had become real, and he was merely fictitious. She, Catherine, a young agent, dominated the plot, linking and activating all of its nerves. Her voice had precisely this kind of quality; it could pass through concrete and emerge unscathed.

It all evolved from Catherine, which is to say that Gu Lianhua's voice began to crystalise: Helen, Mary, Jennifer, Lily. Women who were by turn tall, petite, passionate, composed, naive, worldly, blessed, unfortunate. She only needed to make one sound, out came Gu Lianhua's voice and she became Gu Lianhua. Every dimple, every smile; every movement, every gesture; all were imprinted with three ideographs: Gu-Lian-Hua. Only at this moment did he start to wonder: what did Gu Lianhua actually look like? He was not able to arrive at any one image. In his eyes, Gu Lianhua was

经验。

在一段较为平淡的节目过去之后，又有好片子来了。是一部典型的美国片，说的是一个姑娘，在目睹了一次残忍的凶杀案之后，突然失去记忆并且失语，成了一个自闭症病人。更倒霉的是，她还现场留下了令人怀疑的踪迹，于是她同时成为凶手和警方追逐的目标。一方是灭口，一方是缉凶。就在此时，出现了一名孤胆英雄，一个私家侦探。他看出其中端倪，保护起了姑娘。他的任务非常艰巨，一边要负责姑娘的安全，一边要请心理医生治疗她的自闭症，再则，还要为她申请证人保护。这一路的紧张，急骤，意外和意中，真是高潮迭起，没有瞬间的喘息。最后，那姑娘在一个极其急迫危险的境遇的刺激下，终于恢复了记忆和语言，她指着凶手，发出了整部戏里最振聋发聩的呐喊：是他，不是我！

这是一记声嘶力竭的呐喊，犹如裂帛之声，给惊心动魄的情节划上了一个有力的终止符，完成了故事。这个姑娘名叫翠珊，由顾莲华配音。在长久的顽强的沉默之后，发出这样锐不可挡的声音，真是恰如其时，恰如其分。这一次，连他也挑不出她的不是，他心悦诚服地认为，这是顾莲华译制生涯里，称得上是成功的一次。她与翠珊水乳交融，宛如一人。顾莲华终于说服了他。

1998年2月12日

whoever speaking in the voice of Gu Lianhua. He concluded from the composite of these images: Gu Lianhua was a foreign woman who spoke Chinese. She was indeed a person with a thousand faces. She used her dry falsetto voice to brand her name on all kinds of personalities on the television screen, and possessed them as her own.

Since he was such an avid fan of dubbed foreign drama, he had to ride on the same boat with Gu Lianhua: there with no room at all for negotiation. After such a long acquaintance with Gu Lianhua, he discovered that two situations were the worst: when she played a vociferous or a quiet woman. Although these two were diametrically opposite kind of characters, the effects of her performance were equally frightening. In the former situation, she would be talking up a storm, usually playing a lawyer or an arrogant teenager. The entire scene would be dominated by Gu Lianhua's voice, spoken in a particularly energetic register. Peals of her voice surged like a tidal wave for a thousand miles on the same pitch. Her thin falsetto sliced his ear drum like a blade. Barely had one wave calmed and another was already rising. There was no respite. Accompanying this voice were exaggerated gestures and expressions. Gu Lianhua's performance was thoroughly vivid. Indeed she had dramatized drama itself. The other situation was when she played a quiet character, one who did not speak much but make many interjections instead. Ah! Oh! Yee! Ya! Interjections in dubbed series are especially rich and lively. This is the characteristic of dubbed drama. Gu Lianhua's voice had ample room for such a performance. Shedding the clothes of language and going back to the essence of the voice, the true timbre and tone of the voice were laid bare. This was indeed not a happy truth.

He especially could not tolerate the way she said "hello." When she said "hello," she sounded as though she possessed a certain kind of power and arrogance. Her thin, sharp, shrieking voice seemed particularly exaggerated, as though other people could not say "hello," that she alone had the right to say "hello," and that saying "hello" was some kind of honour. Even though he had calmed down a lot, and was no longer as resistant and unforgiving as before, at such times he still couldn't help becoming angry. "Is that so" was







another phrase that she frequent used. "Is that so? Is that so?" It was already a phrase which was usually said with a slightly raised pitch. Now it was raised even higher, two-thirds of a tone higher, and it sounded out of tune. All the women who said "hello" and "is that so" were Gu Lianhua. However disguised, whatever transformations it had gone through, it was still Gu Lianhua. What a powerful voice! It could reshape a person's face.

Still, he could not give up watching television, especially suspense drama. Gu Lianhua had to be an important person in the voice-over production team. Whenever there was a dubbed series, there would be Gu Lianhua's voice. Because of this, Gu Lianhua had become a reality he had no choice but to face. He could only try to conquer himself. He should be humble, self-disciplined, and avoid both arrogance and impatience. He gradually became very good-tempered. He learnt how to peel off Gu Lianhua's voice, put her tone and timbre aside, and only grasped her words. And interjections? Those were put aside too, only the emotions behind each interjection were grasped. This way, Gu Lianhua's voice became blurry, not so distinct. It did not seem to be wrestling with him so much, but merging with the surrounding environment. Two examples could prove that he had reached this state of nonchalance. One time after he had watched a television movie, and saw Gu Lianhua's name in the credits, he did not feel anything and could not even remember which character was dubbed by her. Another time it was the opposite: he felt that all the female characters in the series were Gu Lianhua speaking. All their voices seemed so similar, he could not tell them apart. Listening to them, he felt that this one resembled Gu Lianhua, that one also resembled Gu Lianhua, as though there were a thousand personalities behind her single face.

This was fine. He could watch a dubbed series in peace again. He had gone through a difficult phase and conquered the obstacles. Nothing could disturb his viewing pleasure now. The ordeal had widened his vision and his experience.

After a string of mediocre programmes, a good drama came on again. It was a typical American production. A woman loses her memory and speech after she has witnessed a brutal murder, and



becomes a patient of post-traumatic syndrome. Unfortunately, she has left suspicious clues at the crime scene, and soon becomes the target of both the police and the real murderer. The former wants to silence her, the latter to convict her. At this point, the hero appears. He is a lone wolf, a private detective. He alone perceives the truth and becomes the woman's protector. He has a terrible responsibility. On the one hand, he has to protect the woman's safety; on the other hand, he has to find a psychiatrist to cure her illness, and to convince the police to put her in a witness protection programme. There are suspense, rapid twists and turns, surprises, and familiar outcomes along the way. One climax follows another, with no room for breaths. At last, a very dangerous situation jolts the woman and she recovers her memory and speech. She points to the murderer and makes the most thunderous scream in the whole series: It's him, not me!

This hysterical scream, like the sound of tearing silk, put a powerful full-stop to the thrilling and suspenseful plot and concluded the story. This woman was called Suzanne, dubbed by Gu Lianhua. After a long and stubborn silence, she projected this sound which could not be stopped by any barrier. It was right on the mark, right on time. Even he could not find any fault with her this time. He sincerely felt that this was the most successful performance in Gu Lianhua's career. She and Suzanne had melted into one. Gu Lianhua had finally won him over.

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

WANG ANYI has published *Love Trilogy*, *Documentation and Fabrication*, and *Song of Everlasting Regret*. "The Face of a Thousand Personalities" was originally published in Mandarin in the journal *Zhongshan Literature Bi-Monthly* (1998).

LIN BAI has published *At War With Myself*, *Keeping a Vigil For the Empty Years*, and *Speak, Room!* "Between Papaya and Nakedness" was originally published in Mandarin in the journal *Zhongshan Literature Bi-Monthly* (1998).

JOHN BARTON is the author of seven collections of poetry and three chapbooks, including *Notes toward a Family Tree* (1995 Ottawa-Carleton Book Award), *Designs from the Interior* (1995 Archibald Lampman Award), *Sweet Ellipsis* (1999 Archibald Lampman Award), and *Shroud*. A new edition of his third book of poetry, *West of Darkness: Emily Carr, a self-portrait* (1988 Archibald Lampman Award) was published in 1999 by Beach Holme. He currently lives in Ottawa, where he has been co-editor of *Arc: Canada's National Poetry Magazine* since 1991.

THEA BOWERING is currently working in Vancouver as a freelance writer. Though she is primarily a prose writer, her poems have appeared in the anthology *Breathing Fire — Canada's New Poets* and recently on a CD put out by Mint Records called *Vancouver Special*. She is working on a series of short stories set in Scandinavia and Canada.



CHRISTIAN BURGAUD has participated in 45 exhibitions of visual poetry in Europe, Australia, and Canada. His work has been featured in over one hundred art exhibitions in Europe, Japan, and the United States.

JASON LE HEUP is a Vancouver-based visual poet. He is the editor of pulley press and co-editor of the experimental poetry and poetics project *Judy*. He has published work in collaboration with Erin Mouré in *r/oute*. An untitled chapbook appears with House Press.

PENNI LEONG is a Vancouver writer whose articles and stories have recently appeared in *sub-TERRAIN*, *Rice Paper*, *The Mix* (*The Vancouver Sun*), and *The Georgia Straight*. She is currently working on a novel.

HELEN LEUNG received a B.A. in English from Oxford University, and an M.A. and Ph.D. in Comparative Literature from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. She teaches English at Capilano College and has recently been awarded a post-doctoral grant to develop a book manuscript on queer sexuality and Hong Kong culture.

DAPHNE MARLATT's most recent title is *Readings from the Labyrinth* (NeWest Press, 1998), a collection of essays, letters and journal entries over fifteen years. Her novel *Taken* appeared from House of Anansi in 1996, and her previous novel, *Ana historic* (originally published by Coach House Press, 1988), was reissued by Anansi in 1997. Lori Saint-Martin and Paul Gagne's translation was published in Quebec as *Ana historique* (les éditions du remue-menage, 1992). Her poetry titles include *Salvage* (1991), *Ghost Works* (1993), *Touch to my Tongue* (1984), and *Steveston* (1974/84).

TRUDY RUEBENFELD is an artist who has been drawing from the same river since her childhood in Brooklyn, New York. She has been living and making art in Vancouver since 1968.

GOH POH SENG, an award-winning writer, heralded as one of Asia's finest living poets, left Singapore for Vancouver in 1986. He has had three novels and three books of poetry published in Asia. His three plays are regarded as pioneering efforts in the development of drama in Singapore. The publication of *The Girl from Emta & Selected Poems* by Nightwood Editions in 1998 introduced his writing to Canadians.

KAREN SOLIE's poems have appeared in *The Malahat Review*, *Indiana Review*, *Hammer and Tongs: A Smoking Lung Anthology*, and are forthcoming in *The Fiddlehead*. Her story "Onion Calendar" won this year's *Other Voices* fiction contest. She lives in Victoria.

# FUSE

MAGAZINE

the far-out source  
for contemporary art

Pay only **\$15.00** for a **one year** introductory subscription (4 issues) by using the coupon below. And as a **bonus**, you will also receive our **20th Anniversary Retrospective Issue ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

Name\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_

City\_\_\_\_\_

Province\_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code\_\_\_\_\_

Phone\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Cheque or Money Order enclosed

☐ Bill me later

Copy and mail to: **FUSE Magazine**, 401 Richmond Street West, Suite 454  
Toronto, Ontario CANADA M5V 3A8 [www.fusemagazine.org](http://www.fusemagazine.org)  
tel: 416 340 8026 fax: 416 340 0494 e-mail: [fuse@interlog.com](mailto:fuse@interlog.com)

**SPECIAL OFFER FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS—SAVE 60%!**



*Essays on Canadian Writing*



PARALITERARY SCANDALS IN CANADA

# First-class writing about Canadian Writing

ESSAYS ON CANADIAN WRITING

2120 Queen St. East, Suite 200, Toronto, Ontario M4E 1E2  
(416) 694-3348, FAX (416) 698-9906

[www.ecw.ca](http://www.ecw.ca) e-mail: [cyril@musica.mcgill.ca](mailto:cyril@musica.mcgill.ca)

Annual subscriptions \$20 (3 issues), libraries \$40



New poetry from

TALONBOOKS

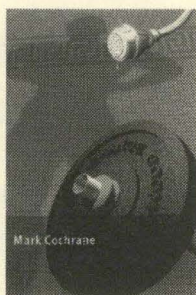
[www.talonbooks.com](http://www.talonbooks.com)



b leev abul char ak trs  
bill bissett

"the shaman of Canadian  
poetry" —*Georgia Straight*

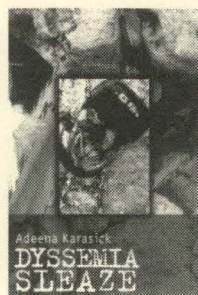
ISBN 0-88922-433-1 • 16.95



Change Room  
Mark Cochrane

"...powerful perceptions of  
masochism and its discontents"  
—*Halifax Herald*

ISBN 0-88922-432-3 • 15.95



Dyssemia Sleaze  
Adeena Karasick

"finely pointed linguistic  
carnage" —*Word*

ISBN 0-88922-434-X • 16.95

Represented by the Literary Press Group (416) 483-1321 • Available from your local  
bookstore or order toll-free: 1-800-387-0172 • 1-800-387-0141 (S. Ont. & Quebec)

# drama queens

## women & performance

featuring

Sook-Yin Lee

The Taste This Collective

Vancouver Performance Art

including Kiss & Tell, Judith Norris,

Judy Radul & Satina Saturnina

plus... First Nations Art On-line, MIX Brasil,  
SOF Art House, Karma Clarke-Davis, Prison Art  
The Truth About Art Dealers in Canada

& too much more

available April 1st, 2000 worldwide

MIX: independent art & culture magazine  
401 Richmond Street West, Suite 446  
Toronto, Ontario Canada M5V 3A8

Tel: (416) 506-1012 Fax: (416) 506-0141

E-mail: [mix@web.net](mailto:mix@web.net) Web: [www.mix.web.net/mix/](http://www.mix.web.net/mix/)

# MIX

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS & BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

*For just a small donation you can have*

- a tax receipt
- an exciting back issue or two\*  
(1 for a friend, 2 for a benefactor)
- years of great reading
- invitations to *TCR* launches & events
- your name in lights (in *TCR*)
- the satisfaction of knowing  
you are contributing to  
Canadian culture.

*The Capilano Review publishes 95% Canadian work. The money you donate goes to artists and writers and the costs of producing their work. Please help support TCR. If you can afford more than \$75, our gratitude will be eternal.*

---

Yes! I want to help publish *The Capilano Review*.

Friend      \_\_\_\_\_ \$75 - \$199 (Free two year subscription)

Benefactor      \_\_\_\_\_ \$200 - \$500 (Free five year subscription)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

CODE \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Federal Tax Number: 0545327-20-27

\* We will send you a list to choose from.



## THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the generous support of the following Friends and Benefactors:

Anonymous  
Sherri Bird  
Jim Bizzochi  
Colorific Photo & Digital Imaging Ltd.  
M.H. Coupey  
Lily Ditchburn  
Daryl Duke  
Ken Eisner  
Nancy Farley  
Jeff Farquharson  
Brian Fisher  
Graham Forst  
Fournier Communication Art  
Kathy Fretwell  
Donna Gitt  
William Goede  
Elizabeth Hay  
Thomas Hemming  
Taimi Hindmarch  
Dorothy Jantzen  
Harry Kiyooka  
I. Kiyooka  
Kiyo Kiyooka  
Laser's Edge  
Daphne Marlatt  
John Marshall  
Jane Maruyama  
Mike Millard  
K.D. Miller  
Joseph Mior (Whitewater Communications)  
Paul Plater  
Paul Sanborn  
Leslie Savage  
Peter Thompson  
Sheila Watson  
Jan Westendorp  
Barbara Wolter  
Ronald Zajac



# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

*Award-winning Fiction Poetry Visual Art*

## Subscription Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Prov. \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Yes, I want to subscribe to *The Capilano Review*.

Enclosed is a cheque for:

- ☐ Three years \$59
- ☐ Two years \$45
- ☐ One year \$25

GST is included. **Institutions**, please add \$5 per year to the above rates.

**Subscriptions outside of Canada**, please add \$5 per year for postage.

Please send to:

***The Capilano Review***, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, BC V7J 3H5

## *Dear Reader:*

Hunting for some of the early writings of your favourite author? Looking for poems by an obscure poet who made a splash and then vanished from the literary scene? Compiling a bibliography of an artist or writer?

Wrack your brains no more. A visit to *The Capilano Review's* Web site will give you a complete listing of all TCR contributions by any writer or artist we have published, along with biographical notes. Our bibliography spans more than a quarter century.

Our Web site also features visual and textual excerpts from our current issues, as well as our writers' guidelines.

You will find us at:

[www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/  
TCR/tcr.html](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html)

Please write to us at:

*The Capilano Review*  
2055 Purcell Way  
North Vancouver, BC  
V7J 3H5

Tel: (604) 984-1712

[www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html)



