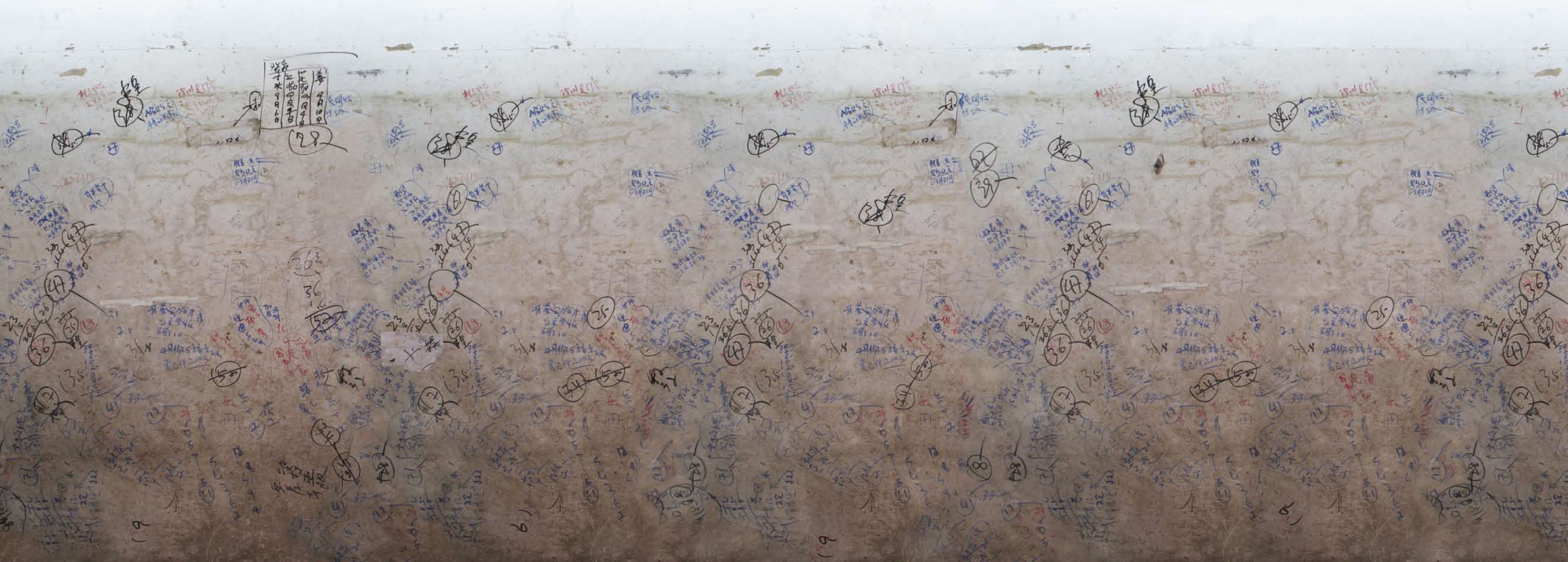


食事風景
Foodscape





I took it with me and went on and on, like my words,
further and further off the mark, trying harder to be inclusive
because I didn't want to leave out any details, about a bitter melon...

我帶著它愈走愈遠，像我的說話
愈不著邊際，愈是想包容更多
只緣我不願漏掉細節，關於一枚苦瓜

Foodscape

A Swiss–Chinese Intercultural Encounter
about the Culture of Food

Edited by Margrit Manz and Martin Zeller

With black and white photographs by Xu Pei-wu
and colour and documentary photographs by Martin Zeller

食事風景

瑞士 - 中國文化交流

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Introduction

As part of the Swiss Arts Council Pro Helvetia’s programme of “Swiss-Chinese Cultural Explorations”, “Foodscape” organized a series of encounters among authors and artists from China and Switzerland between September 2008 and October 2009. In addition to those meetings, the project also aimed to set up and establish longer-term exchange programs and a network of authors and artists in the two countries (as well as of institutions, cultural mediators, curators, translators, and publishers). During a pair of two-week trips by Swiss authors and artists to the Pearl River Delta in China and by Chinese authors and artists to Switzerland, these intercultural encounters were extended in workshops, public readings, and discussions where issues of cultural identity and its transmission and translation were addressed.

The main topic of Foodscape was the history and culture of food in both countries. What was mutually unfamiliar was made tangible through both language and the tongue.

The participants in the project were the Swiss authors and artists Vanni Bianconi, Locarno; Arno Camenisch, Tavanasa/Biel; Odile Cornuz, Neuchâtel; Peter Weber, Zurich; and Martin Zeller, Basel; and the Chinese artists and authors Lo Kwai-cheung, Hong Kong; Yang Qian, Shenzhen; Huang Lihai, Guangzhou; Sou Vai Keng, Macau; and Xu Pei-wu, Guangzhou.

In December 2008, along with our Chinese partner, Lingnan University in Hong Kong, we organized a trip for the Swiss authors and artists to the South Chinese metropolises in the Pearl River Delta: Hong Kong, Shenzhen, Guangzhou, and Macau. At universities, cultural institutes, and exhibitions, in studios and kitchens, on excursions, and especially in intensive discussion with our Chinese collaborators, we gained insight into a culture that was foreign to us.

As much as philosophy, theater, scroll painting, garden design, music, and politics, the art of cooking belongs to Chinese culture. In China, eating means not only forming a community and establishing communication, but also promoting the harmony of the cosmos.

Since China’s earliest days, eating has been a form of communication, first and foremost with the family, whose members make clear that they belong together by eating their meals together; then with business partners and friends, who determine the direction of business and society over eat and drink; and finally with ancestors, who are nourished with food sacrifices. So it is not surprising that, translated literally, the daily Chinese greeting “How are you?” means “Have you eaten today?” In Switzerland, the cuisine combines influences from our German, French, and North Italian neighbors, as well as from numerous immigrants. To talk about food thus also means talking about the history and culture of the country.

Switzerland and the Pearl River Delta have several things in common: for example, multilingualism. Switzerland’s national languages are German, French, Italian, and Romansh; in the delta, Chinese, Cantonese, English, and Portuguese are spoken.

Along with this linguistic diversity in a relatively small area, literary work in Swiss and South Chinese literature seems to have the transitory in common: a preference for literary sketches that elude precise categorization, as well as a subjective style with lots of word play. Behind this putative simplicity are very contemporary, up-to-date observations of everyday life; however, they also often lead away from reality into quite idiosyncratic worlds of forms and language.

In April 2009, the Chinese participants came to Switzerland; their visit made it possible to expand on our Chinese experience in Switzerland. During the trip through the various linguistic regions to Zurich, Basel, Solothurn, Biel, Romainmôtier, Bellinzona, Locarno and Ascona, as well as to St. Gallen and Appenzell, where we went to the summit of Säntis, the Swiss authors and artists presented their home regions and discussed what writing in their mother tongue meant to them, as part of both tradition and modernity.

Literary and photographic works by the authors and artists participating in the project, along with interviews, reports, and essays by partners from China and Switzerland who are inter-

ested in this intercultural encounter, have been collected on the specially designed website www.food-scape.net and are now being published as a book for the first time.

The project represents an unique journey through the culture of food; its ingredients are the distinct artistic perspectives of the individual authors and artists. In addition, the project has been greatly expanded by the institutions, cultural mediators, curators, translators, and publishers from both countries who have participated in this cultural exchange. Without the cooperation of all the participants, our goals would have only remained nice ideas.

Thanks to the support of the Swiss Arts Council Pro Helvetia and its great engagement in encouraging international exchange, the Foodscape project could be realized.

序言

《食事風景》是瑞士文化基金會之《瑞士－中國文化探索》計劃中一個項目，二〇〇八年九月至二〇〇九年十月間，《食事風景》舉辦了一連串文化交流活動，廣邀中國及瑞士之文藝工作者參加。除舉辦活動外，此計劃亦有意於兩國間建立長期之文化交流及廣泛之人際網絡，以聯繫雙方之文藝工作者、文化機構、文化媒介、藝術館長、翻譯者及出版社。在兩次為期兩周的旅程中，瑞士的作家及藝術家曾到中國珠江三角洲探訪，中國的文藝工作者亦到訪瑞士，並舉辦工作坊、朗誦會、研討會，討論有關文化身份及文化傳送與翻譯種種問題。

《食事風景》的主要論題是兩國食物之歷史與文化。對彼此不熟悉的素材，雙方都能藉文字與言語得以明確掌握。

參與是次計劃的瑞士作家及藝術家有：盧卡諾市－華尼·比克尼，泰唯拿沙／拜爾市－阿姆·卡曼尼茲，那沙泰爾市－奧狄·孔諾茲，蘇黎世－彼德·韋伯，巴塞爾－馬田·施勒。中國的作家及藝術家是：香港－羅貴祥，深圳－楊阡，廣州－黃礼孩，澳門－蘇惠琮，廣州－许培武。

二〇〇八年十二月，我們跟合作夥伴香港嶺南大學安排瑞士作家及藝術家訪問中國南部珠江三角洲數个城市：香港，深圳，廣州及澳門。我們探訪大學、文化機構、畫室及厨房，參觀展覽，徒步旅遊，更與中國文藝工作者深入討論各種問題，而從中對異國的文化，得到更深入的了解。

中國的烹飪藝術，一如中國的哲學、戲劇、卷軸畫、園林設計、音樂與政治，也是中國文化的一部份。在中國，吃的行為不單止形成了群族，建立了溝通，也促進了宇宙的和諧。

遠古以來，《吃》在中國一直是溝通的形式之一，最初是與家人溝通，一家人一起吃飯表示一家人永遠相親；然後是與生意夥伴及朋友，在飯桌上決定商業路線及社會方向；最後是以酒食祭奠，與先祖溝通。因此，大家都不會驚訝中國的日常問候語《你好嗎？》字面上的翻譯便是《你今天吃過飯沒有？》在瑞士，家常的烹飪則同時受鄰近的德國、法國及北義大利，以及無數的移民影響。因

此，討論食物亦是討論多種歷史與文化了。

瑞士和珠江三角洲有很多相同之處，例如多語制。瑞士的國語是德語、法語、義大利語及列托-羅曼語。而在珠江三角洲，則普通話、廣東話、英語及葡萄牙語同時通用。

除了這種《地區小語文多》的特色外，瑞士和南中國文學都同樣靈活多變，同樣流露出一種不能準確分類的文學素描技巧，以及充滿文字遊戲的主觀風格。在表面的簡樸背後，是對日常生活一種現代而當下的觀察；雖然這些作品通常都遠離現實，而靠近種種形式與文字都充滿個人色彩的世界。

二〇〇九年四月，中國的作家及藝術家到瑞士參觀。他們的訪問擴濶了我們在瑞士本土的中國經驗。我們到不同語區的城市去：蘇黎世、巴塞爾、索洛圖恩、拜爾、羅曼莫捷、貝林佐納、盧卡諾、阿斯科納、聖加侖、阿彭策爾及森蒂斯峰。瑞士的作家及藝術家向大家介紹他們的故鄉，並討論用母語寫作在傳統及現代的層面上對他們有什麼意義。

參與是次計劃的作家及藝術家之文學及攝影作品，以及對這趟文化交流有興趣的中瑞各方人士之訪問、報告和論文，都刊登在特別設計的網頁www.food-scape.net上，現在更首次收輯成書出版。

是次計劃是一趟獨特的食物文化之旅，其素材是個別作家及藝術家與眾不同的藝術觀點。此外，中瑞兩國參與這趟文化交流之各個機構、文化媒介、藝術館長、翻譯者及出版社，亦大大擴濶了此計劃的幅度。沒有全部參與機構的衷誠合作，我們的目標亦僅是美好的構思而已。

感謝瑞士文化基金會的支持，以及它對國際交流的鼓勵與參與，《食事風景》此一計劃方可實現。

A 14-day intercultural exchange for Swiss authors and artists to the Pearl River Delta region in December 2008 and vice versa for Chinese authors and artists to Switzerland in May 2009
Photo report by Martin Zeller



The Pearl River Delta
– No Culture in the South of China?...but Many Cultures

China's economic strongholds are the Yangtze Delta, extending along the east coast of the country, with its metropolis Shanghai, and the Pearl River Delta, situated in the south of the People's Republic. The area along the Pearl River, also called China's "economic powerhouse", is one of the most dynamic economic regions in the world, comprising the special economic zones of Shenzhen and Zhuhai and the cities of Guangzhou, Foshan and Dongguan, all with populations of more than a million, and the special administrative regions of Hong Kong and Macau.

Besides economic dynamism, in recent years a clear development in the field of art and culture has become perceptible. If Peking and Shanghai were the focus of media attention so far in reports on Chinese culture, the Pearl River Delta is now increasingly moving into the centre of attention. Art auctioneers Christie's and Sotheby's have increased their turnover from 88 to 370 million dollars since 2000, and in terms of profits Hong Kong now figures as the third-largest art market in the world, after New York and London. Traditionally, Chinese antiques form the bulk of the trade, but the China boom has also directed the buyers' interest towards contemporary Chinese art, and thus record prices are achieved for modern art.

Now the Hong Kong International Art Fair intends to make use of this trend: with over 100 galleries from over twenty countries the Fair has international standing. However, the fringe art scene is also developing continually. Thus at the 50th Biennale in Venice in 2003 the art space Para/Site from Hong Kong gained an international platform, and with Vitamin Creative Space at the 39th Art Basel a gallery from Guangzhou was first

represented. In autumn 2008 the third Guangzhou Triennale will be opened, which was last time partly the work of Swiss exhibition organiser Hans-Ulrich Obrist. The very title, "Farewell to Post-Colonialism", makes it clear that the Triennale will be far more globally oriented and self-assured than its predecessors.

Is this just a brief flaring of artistic beacons in an otherwise culturally barren landscape? Or are these initiatives already a perceptible sign of a wide-sweeping culture boom in South China?

I asked six experts for information about how they judge the position of culture in the Pearl River Delta since China's political opening-up and with regard to the dynamic economic development in the region: Werner Nievergelt, Swiss Consul General in Guangzhou; Wolfgang Kubin, sinologist in Bonn; Jeff Leung, curator in Hong Kong; Mary O'Donnell, co-founder of the Fat Bird Theatre in Shenzhen; Hu Fang, artistic director of Vitamin Creative Space and writer in Guangzhou, and Nury Vittachi, writer in Hong Kong.

In order to understand the cultural development of the Pearl River Delta, it is important to bear in mind the region's history. In 1980 China's first special economic zone was formed in today's Shenzhen under the slogan "Let the west wind in. Wealth is glorious". In 1997 Hong Kong was given back to China by the British and two years later the Portuguese did the same with Macau. Both acquired the status of special administrative regions.

Thus Werner Nievergelt, Swiss Consul General in Guangzhou, sees the very fast social development in the region as providing momentum for culture, too. “In the Pearl River Delta, gigantic urbanisation projects are at present being realised. Modern urban areas and broad streets are being built, park areas and a public transport system are being created. In the process, the needs of the city's population and also the protection of the environment are being taken into account. This society is really and truly in the process of change.”

One of the founding members of the Fat Bird Theatre Mary O'Donnell, when asked about the position of culture in Shenzhen, emphasises the history of the city's construction. “In 1980”, she says, “Chinese city planners came on the scene to create a city that would meet the criteria of an international metropolis, in order to attract international investors, too. Shenzhen was to become a place in which Chinese and non-Chinese could come together. For Shenzhen the political reforms and the opening-up of the country meant the fundamental change from an agrarian to an metropolitan culture.”

Statistics afford a good insight into this new social order: in 1980 Shenzhen had a population of approximately 300,000; today, 30 years later, it is already home to 12 – 14 million people. In 1980 the most important branches of industry were lychee-growing, fishing and mussel-farming. Today Shenzhen is one of the major production sites for electronic appliances and is where one of the two stock exchanges in China is located. It is also the headquarters of the most influential estate agents, advertising concerns, architects and fashion designers in the country.

In other cities, including Guangzhou, the urban (culture) institutions have also been restructured in the process of the reforms and the (economic and political) opening-up of the country. In Shenzhen these institutions only came into being with the growth of the city. Mary O'Donnell reports that the culture scene was long considered backward, because it could not call upon long tradition and experience, in contrast to comparable culture scenes in other cities. But for the artists this also has advantages: “Many artists who have grown up in Shenzhen have learned to experiment with the simplest means from absolutely nothing”, Mary O'Donnell thinks. “Artists from other cities were not encouraged to do that.”

Hu Fang, artistic director of Vitamin Creative Space, is not at all sure whether a direct connection can be established here between economic conditions and cultural growth: “But one thing is clear: in the 90s contemporary art in the Pearl River Delta began to flourish in the streets and in the bars. We now hope that this energy emerging from below will not disappear in the face of a culture industry that increasingly obeys the behests of global developments, but will continue and find new forms of expression.”

Curator Jeff Leung sees in the founding of the semi-state organisation “Arts Development Council” in 1996 the initial impetus for the fringe scene in Hong Kong: “Through that individual artists and artist collectives receive more financial support for visual art events, especially.” Since 1996 artist associations like Artist Commune, 1A Space and Para/Site Art Space have come into being, which developed their own artistic and curato-

rial strategies and called the period from 1996 to 2001 the “Era of Art Spaces”.

However, in Hong Kong the development after 1997 is also seen critically. Author Nury Vittachi mentions the aspect of “anticipatory obedience”. “Indeed”, he says, “in my view the atmosphere in Hong Kong changed quite dramatically after the handover. Under the protection of British law we had felt secure, but that security soon disappeared before our very eyes. Chinese law knows no justice in the western sense, and so our feelings of insecurity grew. At the same time the situation also had its comic sides. When the government in Beijing did not intervene in the daily business of Hong Kong, as had been expected, the city government felt provoked and somehow not taken seriously. It started to ask itself what could lie behind that state of affairs and how Beijing's wishes could be anticipated. Business people make no allowances, you know, and Hong Kong soon lost its sense of humour. All the newspapers stopped printing cartoons, and the editorials also disappeared. They were simply not printed any longer. That seemed to me to be the end of the freedom of the press.”

In the 90s it was not just an individual identity that developed in the cities of the Pearl River Delta, but in each case an individual relation to Beijing, the political and cultural centre of power.

“From a historical point of view”, Hu Fang explains, “Guangzhou and the Pearl River Delta has always been a peripheral region of China. For centuries it was China's experimental area. That is why an open door was created there for China's

otherwise closed political system, which brought the country new energy. The Pearl River Delta region developed its own free spaces by keeping a distance from the centre.”

Mary O'Donnell sees Shenzhen's culture today as thoroughly bound up with that of Beijing. “Shenzhen is a city of immigrants, which also means that many of the influential culture producers have come from Beijing or other big cities. They have brought China's culture from the north. In contrast to Guangzhou and Hong Kong, Shenzhen is a city in which Mandarin is spoken and not Cantonese. Relations between Shenzhen and Beijing are close for historical reasons. For a long time the culture policy of Shenzhen was also very conservative. The aim was to follow Beijing at all costs, for it was the time of the most liberal economic policy that China had ever seen. Although Shenzhen is far away from Beijing, it resembles Beijing more than any other city in the region.”

For the people of Hong Kong, the question of cultural self-image is more complex. For Jeff Leung the position of the arts is conflicting. “In the past, artists from Hong Kong were concerned about cultural identity. Is there a Chinese tradition in Hong Kong's culture, or is the typical hybridisation in the city just a mixture of Chinese and British culture? Visitors keep asking about our political identity and our own self-image. Nowadays we regard Hong Kong's identity as being more within the framework of one of China's metropolises. But the question of how to remain globally progressive and at the same time as strong as China economically has not yet been answered. Unfortunately South China's culture is still often overlooked. And so

it is not surprising if artists keep emigrating to Beijing because the art scene is supposedly more exciting there and offers better opportunities.”

Much-travelled sinologist Wolfgang Kubin draws attention to a sore point by changing the angle of perception and describing Beijing's view of South China. “In my opinion nothing at all has changed. Beijing, in other words the People's Republic, looks down on Hong Kong as far as culture is concerned. Whatever is produced there counts as (post)colonial. Only Hong Kong's money and material success are valued, along with the beauty of the city, but people do not want anything to do with the culture there, for then they would have to learn to queue at bus stops. In the People's Republic no one queues, because only self-interest counts and not the civilisation one enjoys going to see in Hong Kong and Macau.”

In the Pearl River Delta region Chinese, English and Portuguese are spoken, and often two languages in one place, besides an official language and one that people identify with. As in German-speaking Switzerland, for example, where a distinction is made between High German and Swiss German, in Chinese a distinction is made between Cantonese and Mandarin.

In that situation misunderstandings in communication are not uncommon. In Nury Vittachi's books these linguistic stumbling blocks are often thematised. “Well, you see”, he says, “identity naturally has a lot to do with communication. However, in Hong Kong most communication takes place in English, even if it is largely business English, as in the whole of Asia.

Yet the English we learn from schoolbooks is a completely different English from that which people in the West speak. Many expressions are not to be found in a dictionary in the whole of Asia. I can give you an example from one of my detective novels with the famous Feng Shui detective C.F. Wong. Mr Wong tries to “communicate” with his assistant, a western girl of about twenty. One day he finds out that her expression for ‘yes’ is ‘whatever’. That surprises Mr Wong, for it is not to be found in any of his dictionaries. She should simply have said ‘yes’ and not ‘whatever’.”

If the cultures in the Pearl River Delta are developing in such different ways, how does co-operation between the individual centres work out, and what are the future prospects for the region?

Werner Nievergelt makes it clear that first a functioning infrastructure is needed, so that culture can be established in the region. He evaluates the cultural development there on the basis of projects that are already in the process of realisation today: “In recent years new theatres, venues, lecture halls and museums have come into being. Venues for opera, museum and theatre projects in the province's cities are now on the point of completion. A university town was created that combines the ten most important universities of the region. And the remarkable thing is that each university has its own libraries.”

Mary O'Donnell is sceptical, all the same, about whether from that a lively local scene will form within the Pearl River

Delta. “Through the many connections to Beijing and on the basis of the fact that a large number of the artists have migrated from other cities in China, the art institutions in Shenzhen tend to orient themselves nationally and not regionally. They would rather work with organisations from Beijing and Shanghai than develop a Pearl-River-Delta culture.”

In Hong Kong, on the other hand, more and more artists take part in social protests by means of art campaigns. Jeff Leung sees the beginning of this movement in the campaign for free elections. “Since the July 1 demonstration in 2003, some artists have increasingly expressed their misgivings about developments in society. They protest against social ills by means of art campaigns: for example, they protest against the demolition of the Star Ferry clock tower and the Queen’s Pier. Or against the badly planned remodelling of old parts of the city or of its historic buildings. Or art campaigns are staged on June 4 every year to commemorate the crushing of the Tiananmen Square protest in Beijing.”

Hu Fang is especially interested in these movements from below, and he sees the contacts within the Pearl River Delta growing. “The Guangzhou Triennale is a good example”, he says, and adds, “there an attempt is made to fully utilise the cultural potential of the Pearl River Delta region. The Triennale would like to be both the catalyst and the engine of artistic production. Another interesting aspect is that more and more Hong Kong art is finding its way into the Pearl River Delta. The 2nd Architecture Biennale in Shenzhen had a special Hong Kong exhibition hall. Now the Guangzhou Triennale

has invited a group from Hong Kong, including the artist Liang Zhihe, to a discussion on the infrastructure of art galleries. In addition, Vitamin Creative Space has invited the young Hong Kong artist Lee Kit to submit work for the Triennale.”

Unquestionably, the emerging culture in the Pearl River Delta region has no need to fear comparison with the impressive economic figures and plans. The differences in the historical and economic development of the individual cities, however, make it difficult to speak of a regional culture. That does not mean, though, that there is no culture, but rather that a region with many cultures has developed.

In our media there is little to be heard or read about that, all the same. Our attention is steered towards the big cultural events and to Beijing and Shanghai. Admittedly, for people in the West the culture of Beijing and Shanghai perhaps seems to be easier to categorise, although in Jeff Leung’s view it is exactly the South China region that ought to be very familiar to us. “The Pearl River Delta region is like Europe”, he says, “in both places different countries and regions also have different principles, strategies and norms of behaviour.” And Nury Vittachi enlarges on that: “The comparison with Europe is really apt. There, too, western and eastern virtues collide in a marvellous mélange. But whereas here the way in which Chinese society takes up western elements, makes them its own, and can thus put itself on a par with the West is incomparably demonstrated, Europe keeps itself to itself. To me that is an astounding phenomenon. How do the Europeans

ever intend to understand how Chinese people think and how China works?”

One country – two systems. One country – many cultures. We have a lot to discover.

May 2008
Brief biographies

WOLFGANG KUBIN, Professor of Sinology in Bonn, became highly renowned as a translator of modern Chinese prose and poetry. Amongst his most significant work is his six-volume translation of the tales and essays of Lu Xun, and also translations of modern and contemporary Chinese literature, for example the poems of Bei Dao, Yang Lian, Lu Xun, Zhang Zao, Leung Ping-kwan, and Zhai Yongming. As a writer, his latest publication is his short story “Halbzeit einer Liebe” and the collection of poems “Lacrimae Mundi”, both of which were highly praised in the press. In 2007, in the Great Hall of Beijing, the Chinese government awarded him the People’s Republic of China State Prize for special services to Chinese book culture. In the same year he was honoured with the major literature prize in the Chinese-language area, the Pamir International Poetry Prize, for his services as a scholar, translator and mediator of culture.

LEUNG CHIN-FUNG, JEFF studied visual art at the Chinese University of Hong Kong. From 2001, after his degree, he organised exhibitions for numerous organisations, for instance galleries, artists’ associations and public spaces. Additionally, he co-operated in international projects with, for example, the Kwangju Biennale, Korea, in 2002, and the Hong Kong Pavilion at the Biennale in Venice, in 2003. Jeff Leung was consulted for many national and international projects, for instance O.C.E.M. Hong Kong & Australia, in 2003; Fotanian Open Programme, in 2004; A Realm with No Coordinates, Hong Kong & Taiwan, in 2006; and Handover/Talkover – Dialogues on Hong Kong Art 10 Years after 1997, in 2007.

WERNER NIEVERGELT has been Consul General for Switzerland in Guangzhou since October 2005. From 1991 to 1997 he held the post of inspector at the Federal Department for Foreign Affairs, screening Swiss embassies and consulates in more than 100 countries. From 1997 to 2000 Werner Nievergelt was Consul General in Venice. In 2001 he headed the contact office for Switzerland in Bagdad. From 2002

to 2005 he worked as head of the consular section and in the logistics office of the Federal Department for Foreign Affairs in Bern.

NURY VITTACHI was born in Ceylon, present-day Sri Lanka, in 1958. His father was a critic of the regime who had to flee from Ceylon because of death threats. Together with his family, he was stranded completely penniless in Singapore. Nury Vittachi was finally educated in England, and he trained as a journalist in London’s Fleet Street. In 1986, when he landed in Hong Kong on honeymoon with his Anglo-Irish wife, Mary, they decided to stay there. Vittachi gained cult status there as a columnist, writer and editor of a literary magazine. After the Crown Colony had transferred to China in 1997, he was banned from writing and began to work on the adventures of Fengshui-master C.F. Wong and Jo McQuinnie. Today Nury Vittachi lives in Hong Kong as a freelance columnist with his wife and three adopted Chinese children.

HU FANG studied Chinese literature at Wuhan University. He is the artistic director and co-founder of “Vitamin Creative Space” in Guangzhou, a combination of a project-, laboratory- and gallery space for exchange with contemporary art. As a writer he published the novels “Sense Trilogy” and as a curator he was in charge of the following art projects, among others: Xu Tan: “Loose”, 1996; “Perfect Journey”, a presentation of the work of 8 photographers, architects and artists, 1995; Zheng Guogu: “My Home Is Your Museum”, 2005, and “Object System: nothing to do”, 2004. His essays and art reviews have appeared in major Chinese and international art and literature magazines since 1995. He lives and works in Guangzhou.

MARY O’DONNELL biography please see p. 150







*Foodscape - A Culinary
Journey Through China
Excerpts from the diary
of Arno Camenisch
Translated by Geoffrey
Spearing*

*The train is twelve
minutes late arriving in
Biel. It is November 30,
2008. The carriages
are packed, the luggage
racks crammed full. Above
the seats runs a quotation
from Max Frisch: "The
precondition of tolerance
is the recognition that
our thinking is always
..."*

釀田螺

把我從從水田撿起
把我拿出來
切碎了
加上冬菇、瘦肉和洋蔥
加上鹽
魚露和胡椒
加上一片奇怪的薑葉
為了再放回去
我原來的殼中
令我更加美味

把我拿出來
使我遠離了
我的地理和歷史
加上異國的顏色
加上外來的滋味
給我增值
付出了昂貴的代價
為了把我放到
我不知道的
將來

Stuffed Snails in Ginger Leaves
(Hap La Gung from Vietnam)

I was picked up from the water field
taken out
minced
added dried mushrooms, lean meat and onion
added salt
fish sauce and pepper
added a blade of strange ginger leaf
to be put back
into my shell
to make me more tasty

I was taken out
removed from
my own geography and history
given exotic colors
foreign flavors
added value
paid high prices
just to place me
into my unknown
future

Translated by Leung Ping-kwan

二人壽司

我好想成為包裹你的海苔
你可願意圍繞我笨拙的形狀？

你能否容忍我滿身鮮明的海膽卵？
我愛你也得連起墨魚、青瓜和蟹柳

無數過去的飯團回來擾亂我們尋找自己
清茶還是清酒猶在千百個路口上徬徨

我嘗試接近你的柔韌觸到了隱藏的尖刺
是你軟殼螃蟹似蜘蛛的手足向我要求甜蜜？

褪去了層層外衣你停下來我似感到了顫慄
接近捲曲的核心好似冒犯了隱藏的苦澀

不認識自己的氣味我的生腥竟也疏遠了你
不過是舒展自己你的辛辣還是傷害了我

沉默了同排在碟子上也形同陌路
交談嗎胃中不覺又翻出無窮的宿怨

沒有了愛傍晚進食只剩下物質的消耗
無所依歸難道可信的只有蛤蜊的靈魂？

來自不同的城市各自經過不同的冬天
欣賞彼此亮麗的顏色為什麼總難熨貼？

我慢慢咀嚼逐漸消化你遠海的纖維
你在喧囂中靜止我在你的舌頭上融化

Sushi for Two

I want to be the seaweed that wraps you up
Will you embrace my clumsy body?

Can you stand those bright sea urchin eggs on me?
Loving you I have to love them too,
octopus, cucumber, and crab fillet

Countless rice rolls of the past return to haunt us
Plain tea or sake? Feels like facing a thousand crossroads

Reaching for you where you are soft and chewy
I hit the hidden spikes
Claws of soft-shelled crab like spider legs - playing for love?

Shedding layers of clothes you stop as if shuddering
Nearing the coiled core is like touching some pain buried deep

With no idea how I taste my rawness drives you away
Your natural pungency, hot and mustardy, hurts me too

We fall silent, laid out side by side on the dish, like strangers
A word or two perhaps but the stomach feels queasy
with old grievances

When love is no more evening meals are mere
consumption of matter
When home is no more maybe only the soul of clams
will give shelter?

From different cities we came, with different winters behind us
We enjoy each other's bright hues but what keeps us apart?

I chew slowly digesting your deep sea fibre
You go still in the noise as I melt on your tongue

Translated by Martha Cheung

蓴麻菜湯

是火燒一般的葉子
曾經灼傷採摘的手掌
是我們戰時的貧窮
煮成今日的從容
是親人的顛沛流離
煮成懷舊湯羹的家常
是我們山邊的針葉
煮成今日的甜美

是切膚的傷痛
煮成今日的遺忘
是巨大臃腫的理想
煮成粉飾的芥末
是失愛的苦惱
煮成淡漠的微笑
是狂暴的自棄
煮成瘦弱的希望

是我黃竹的鄉下
是你樸素的衣裳
是我們父母的憂患
是我們兒女的未來
細碎也真細碎
完整也未嘗不完整
解我們百年的愁
解我們千戴的渴

仍有戰火在漫延
仍有誰的姊妹被殺戮
仍有人活在貧窮中
仍有人失去她的至愛
頹垣廢壁的磚石
上面有難忍的印記
我們可把一切磨成粉末
煮成一窩鮮綠的濃湯？

...
conditional." Frisch's
name will crop up again,
in meetings with Chinese
authors. Dürrenmatt
will be mentioned too; but
unlike with Frisch, his
name will be greeted with
a nod. The train departs.
Food is served and
I see on the monitor that
we are flying over Poland.
With me are Odile Cornuz,
Vanni Bianconi and
Peter Weber, all three
authors, and Margrit Manz,
the project organizer.
The artist Martin Zeller
...

Brennesselsuppe

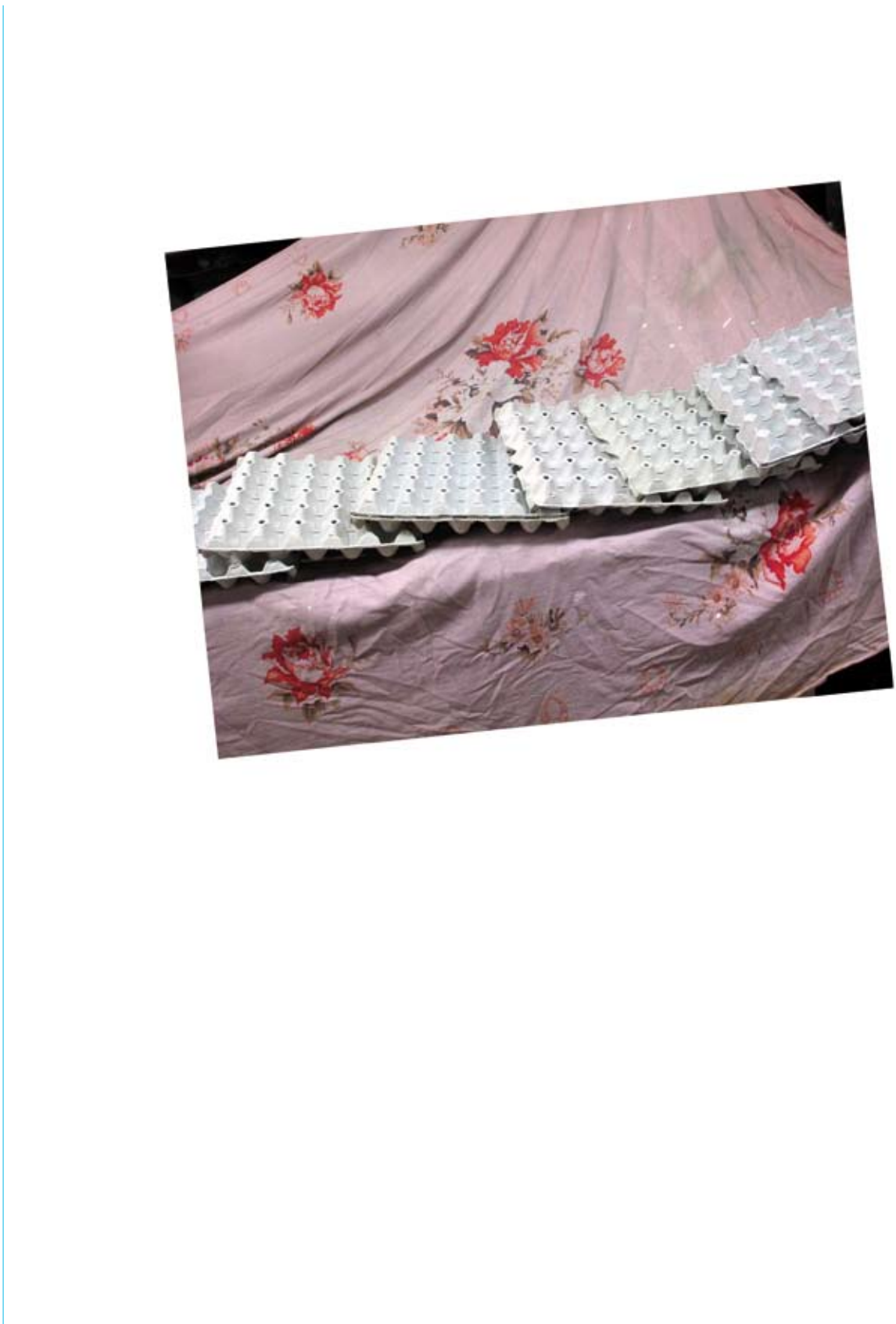
These scorching leaves
once scalded the hands that picked them
It's our poverty during wartime
cooked into today's ease
it's the homeless wandering of our family
cooked into memories of homely comfort
It's the pine needles from our mountains
cooked into today's sweetness

It's pain bone deep
cooked into today's forgetting
It's massive swollen ideals
cooked into mustard for garnish
It's the grief of love lost
cooked into wan smiles
It's violent self-abandonment
cooked into fragile hopes

It's my bamboo village
it's your modest clothing
it's our parents' fears
it's our children's future
so fragmented these fragments
yet complete in its incompleteness
to soothe years of our sadness
to quench centuries of our thirst

there are wars still raging
there's someone's sisters being killed
there are lives in poverty
there's someone's true love being lost
such unbearable marks left
on the bricks of these ruins
can we grind them fine
to cook a rich green soup?

Translated by Helen Leung







我的美食家庭

我读到过一桩奇闻，说有一个火车司机把整个一个火车头都给吃了，他让人把火车头拆散然后磨成了粉末，每天吃饭的时候都用装盐的小瓶把火车头铁粉撒一点到饭里，这样吃了整整一辈子。要用这种方式的话，人能吃下的东西可就多了。森林里的树、土地、土里长出来的各种蘑菇。人上过的所有学校。整个的购物中心。

1
我们邻村有个神奇的女厨子，苗条瘦小，老姑独处，双手永远都在湿淋淋的冒着热气。她和很多猫生活在一起。她常常处在蒸汽的缭绕中，时不时地从厨房深处发出一声问候，锅热了她人离不开。客人要吃饭得等很长时间，不过大家都心甘情愿，女厨师全部用新鲜原料做菜，而且是按订单的先后。她正在做什么人们都能闻出来，香味一浪一浪地飘过整个饭店。女厨子老家在沙夫豪森省，自幼在瑞士食用香精产地旁边长大。这个地区的空气中永远弥漫着香料的味道。可是女厨子学的偏偏是不用香精的厨艺，她在莱茵河畔一个著名的海鲜饭店练就了手艺，那里的菜讲究的是黄油，从土豆到鱼到甜点都用。这种厨艺的关键是新鲜的淡黄油，煎炸的时候要把嫩黄油熬浓，但某些菜还是要用新鲜黄油调味，由此一来黄油的名目不计其数， 每种都有一个名称。

不知什么时候一大碗沙拉端上来了。所有的人都喜欢女厨子做的沙拉，因为调味汁的缘故。据说她的诀窍在于东瑞士出产的乡间葡萄酒醋，乡间葡萄酒永远都不会太甜。东瑞士的葡萄酒醋就有这种特别的、发涩的味道，酸，收敛，开胃，刺激食欲，往下走，能到达肚子的任何深度。据说女厨子在地下室里用大瓶子收藏了自己专用的醋母。

那时候我的个头刚到厨房的递菜窗口，能看到大人们看不到的东西：这个神奇女厨子调沙拉的时候除了用盐还会在菜叶上撒些香精，只是很少一点点，这个小动作悄悄的，几乎如同条件反射。这一撮香精就是一撮故乡，黄色的颗粒、晶体、碎片，它们很快溶解，在菜叶上化成小小的看不见的一滴一滴的好味道。葡萄酒醋的酸味深如峡谷，女厨子用香精在这峡谷上建了一座桥梁，通向寻常。女厨子厨艺的秘密就是这深邃和寻常的结合。

我没有把这个秘密告诉任何人。

有一次我在一份免费报纸上看到，如果食物中含有味精，人就会吃的更多更快，更贪婪，咀嚼减少，吞咽加快，吃东西就成了狼吞虎咽，而且会狠狠咬上一大口，咬的频率也更快了。含钠味精是一种可以到达大脑和肠道的神经传导因子。到达电传导终端神经髓裂隙的传递者。我有个邻居是大脑研究专家，他说，从神经的角度来看，味精就是一种毒品，是让人能够产生依赖的氨基酸化合物，它能透过粘膜组织进入血液，并通过血液到达大脑。味精不会让人产生兴奋，而是让人胃口大开。

2
往远的说，90年代瑞士的美食权威和我还有些关系。在这个美食权威彻底投身于吃饭、品菜和烹饪之前，他是我的德文老师的德文老师。50年代60年代初他满腔热情地教着德语，还鼓动我的老师大学专修德文以后也做老师。美食权威从前在家里收集了第一个版本的德语文学作品全集，还常坐在堆得满满的书架之间给人朗诵文学作品。他称自己是《味觉怪物》，在品尝不同道菜肴之间他必须要吸没有过滤嘴的香烟，用来麻痹味觉，否则的话他会感觉到太多滋味。什么都逃不过他，食物的味道到了口鼻他就知道食物的来源和加工方法。每一口食物都会引起他的味觉爆炸。他在评论饭菜好坏时直截了当口无遮拦，完完全全是从事审美角度评论。如果吃到什么不喜欢的东西的话，他就会倍感沮丧，仿佛本人受挫。要是吃到了喜欢的，就像个收到礼物的孩子一样兴奋。赞扬起来的时候他也毫不吝啬。

权威一再地强调，烹饪的一半就是采购，在恰当的时间买到了合适的原料，饭就已经差不多做好了。他喜欢在养过孩子的女人那儿吃饭，因为在她们这儿一直还可以感受到女人乐于喂食的本性，而那些雄心勃勃、多数由男人操作的饭店早就把这一点忘得干干净净。

有一次我们一起采蘑菇，那些蘑菇最多最好的地方我当然没有泄漏给他。他一直跟着我，事后他一边吸着烟一边说，《你非常优雅地把我从最好的地方引开了》

腭是指舌头和鼻子之间的区域，是直觉的所在地。

3
最近我在浩如烟海的商品中有了新发现，在一个批发商的货架上找到了一种蘑菇，以前从没见过它新鲜的状态，只见过晒干的包装好的。据我所知，这种在亚洲广泛食用的蘑菇首次在瑞士通过绿色养殖培育成功了，现在全年都有出售。目前只有伞蘑和测耳菌用这种方法种植成功。以前的大型牛奶加工厂废弃的奶酪地库足够潮湿，种植菌类作物条件十分理想。这种蘑菇被称为香菇，是小皮伞属的一种。生长在老木头上，和密环菌很相像，密环菌我们这里的森林里就有，成群地长老在老树上，蘑菇伞上也有一个环形絮状物。

我从货筐里选出了最好的香菇带回家。首次烹调香菇时用的是盐和胡椒，后来改用奶油黄油和洋葱。再后来用的是黄油和香精，这种做法最好，突出了香菇的某种肉味。后来我得知，香菇除了具有保健疗效外，还代表一种肉的味道，一种我们无法形容的第五种味觉，我们知道的只有四种口味，咸，甜，酸，苦。

香精中含有味精、盐、芹菜、菌类提取物及其他。克瑙利是个红色的哈哈笑的小魔头，腿粗粗的，挥舞着汤勺，沿着香精罐跑来跑去，在我们这里它就代表第五种味道。巴马干酪含有天然香精，所以也算作味精的一种。罗马人让

所有的军团士兵都带上家乡的香料，士兵到了外地遇到淡然寡味的食物就撒上一些，罗马香料是一种鲑鱼盐，也含有味精。我母亲鄙视香精。

4
飞机上几乎一夜未眠，然后早餐在宾馆里随便对付着吃了一块巧克力喝了一杯速溶咖啡就上路了，刚到香港的第一天，我在陪同的推荐下在小巷子里点了一个龟苓膏。他说，《这东西去火，能让你阴阳平衡，尤其适合男人喝。》我们的陪同是中国北方人，多年来在瑞士生活学习，他第一次到南方，不懂粤语，看着牌子给我们翻译。街上的味道跟他家乡的差不多，这些味道一下把他的记忆全都唤醒，随之而来就是兴奋。我们买了两份龟苓膏，在上面撒了糖，龟苓膏原本是热的，冷却后变成着哩。我一勺一勺地品味着这种世界观，很快就体会到了龟苓膏的功能，旅途的疲劳淡去，心中渐生平静，我开始感觉了。很多天后龟苓膏的味道还留在舌尖，我感觉到我在中国南方吃到的、经历到的所有事物都预示着上火、败火、继而寻找内心平衡的过程。

后来我问了一个生活在日内瓦的香港人，问他觉得什么是欧洲人不知道的中国厨艺里的第五种味道，《辣》，他笑着答道。

我在法兰克福高速公路边上的树林里找到了一种有触手的红色蘑菇，就是亚洲的乌贼蘑菇，它们的孢子一定是附着在集装箱上了，亚洲的乌贼蘑菇就这样顺着公路蔓延开来。

在全世界的范围内。

5
我爱在厨房或者在厨房附近写作，喝能让人兴奋的饮料，主要是咖啡，经常是写着写着就开始做饭，做饭让我精神抖擞。比如说用煮过的肉、汤骨、芹菜、红萝卜、洋葱、纳戈理调料、月桂，做一个祖母时代的汤。我烧菜是为了感知烧菜的内在过程，为了让鼻子里充满各种味道，它们能激发我的想象力。汤做好了我通常是一小口一小口地喝，然后再吃里面的东西。我只做咸的食物。

前不久我去看望母亲，有一上午都在厨房旁边写文章，快到中午的时候我问母亲要不要帮她做饭。一个多余的问题。我突然想到烹调 and 写诗是一样的：意识、灵感、浓缩、贯通、融会。灼热。油锅热的时候不能接近写作和烹调的人。

他们是不可救药的。

...
of the world. This is my first trip to China – well, my second, to be exact. Eight years ago I spent thirty hours in Hong Kong.
Descending towards Hong Kong. My mind goes back eight years to the first time I arrived here. In those days, I knew how to milk a cow and sharpen a scythe. I knew how hot milk had to be before the rennet was added, how to strike a block of wood with ...

Sou Vai Keng

childhood smell

walking past a restaurant
I sense
a strong scent of dried mushrooms
big fat dry mushrooms, I know
I know them well
the favourite dish of a little girl

mushrooms were precious things
in those poor old days
only cooked once a year
on Chinese New Year's Day
for ancestors' sake
as well as for a big family day

dried mushrooms with dried oysters
slowly cooked in oyster sauce
in a tiny room
a kitchen and toilet too
fragrance of the forest
salt of the sea
flames of firewood and coal
on my mother's back
I nibbled at her hair
scented with sweet oil and soap

finally done
big fat juicy mushrooms
masterpiece by the master of the house
I always got the biggest one
from my father's tobacco-flavoured hand
seasoned with saliva from watering mouths
laughing mouths
mumbling mouths
sisters and brothers
uncles and aunts
grandmas and granddads
huddling around the only table in the house
a big feast

no, mushrooms today
just not the same
cooked by professional hands
seasoned with MSG
just an ordinary dish
for anyone on any day
not my favourite dish
nor as precious as when I was still everyone's dear little babe



“Scream” or “Damned by the Artist”

The city was very busy and noisy at the hottest time of the day. Cars were moving slowly and sounding their horns impatiently on the main street. On the Fountain Square people were walking fast. Some people were rushing back to work after lunch, while some others, mostly tourists from the Mainland, were running around taking photos, shouting or pointing at something or someone; some were raiding shops like swarms of buzzing wasps, the shopping bags dangling in their hands sending out unbearable squeaks; there were also those stubborn ones who trudged silently along the sizzling pebbled streets, believing that a miracle would soon befall on earth and lift them up to a trouble-free world. I was one of those miserable ones. The more hustle and noise in the street, the more I wished that the miracle would happen.

The sun was beating hard on people’s heads. People elbowed their way through impatient agitated crowds. Some of them, mostly women, tried to protect themselves from the heat under an umbrella. The numerous umbrellas formed a picture of moving circles, which seemed to be swirling frantically and made my head spin. Sometimes, a woman or two would bump into me with her umbrella, which would peck mercilessly at my scorched head. No one ever apologized. They would not even look back at me, and would pretend not to have noticed or have felt anything wrong. They just went on, mumbling away to their companions or themselves. I would not shout at them, though, knowing very well that women, especially those with umbrellas, were irrational and incommunicable creatures. The umbrella was a shield from nature as well as a shell to keep themselves away from their fellows. The umbrellas hid them away from all possible physical contact, like the ladies in the old days, I suspect, who would always carry a parasol to fend off the sun as much as to keep men at a distance.

Suddenly an unfamiliar-looking restaurant caught my eyes. I had never seen it before. Perhaps it had just been opened, or perhaps it had always been there and I had never paid attention to it. To be honest, I never really heeded things in the streets. The noise of the city often blinded my eyes. It was as though the ears had to take in so much that the various noises would flood past the eardrums and rush over to the nose and the eyes so that I had difficulty breathing or seeing. My organs were simply too fed up to absorb more things.

So, at first I was rather shocked to find this new restaurant. Had it found its way into my eyes merely by coincidence? I was not sure. I would find it an exaggeration to say that it had forced itself into my way. I had been trying to walk as the crow flies, not wanting to zigzag like a mad fly or circle around as a homeless bum would do. Then, as I crossed New Avenue, my path came to a sudden end. I was confronted by an opaque blue glass door reflecting nothing of the busy square. On the door were letters written in white: *SPEECHLESS RESTAURANT*.

What a strange name! What did the name try to say? A restaurant that never speaks? Curiosity and thirst drove me inside. A cold drink would be just the thing I needed most after a losing battle with umbrellas in the boiling streets.

The moment I pushed open the door, I was greeted by an indescribable atmosphere, which was so different from the world outside that I felt as if I had just stepped into a dream world, a world till then undiscovered. At first, I could not make out what produced the odd atmosphere. I just felt suddenly as if a burden had been lifted from my shoulders as well as from my heart. All the harassment that I had had in the streets, all the stress in the home, and all the endless thoughts in my head were gone instantly. I could breathe better and I could hear better and it seemed even my stomach had been emptied and was crying out loud for food. It was a long time since I’d felt such a good appetite. Whenever I pushed into my mouth a small slice of bread or a tiny grain of rice I felt that my stomach was plagued with too many germs that refused to co-habit with nourishment.

For the first time in years, I was interested in my surroundings. I had an urgent desire to see, to touch and to hear.

I came to the middle of the room and looked around in the dim light. On the walls were pictures in gloomy colours such as dark green and dull blue, highlighted by threatening bloody reds. Most of them were scenes with serious-looking people. The works seemed to have been painted by the one painter. Among them was a picture with a distorted figure, open-mouthed, standing on a bridge under an ominous orange sky. It was a terrifying scene. The figure in the picture, sex uncertain, aroused a sympathetic resonance inside me. It seemed we two had a lot in common but what it was that we shared, I was not clearly aware of. Probably fear, I guess, fear of being helpless. It was the two void-looking eyes that drew me to the picture. They stared

into an emptiness that echoed all sorts of anxieties and fears. When I looked into those eyes, I had the feeling that they were looking back at me and I could not look away. I felt as if I were glued to them. I didn’t know much about art but I had never seen a picture with so much impact as this one had on me. I settled down at a table under the painting so as to avoid being watched or watching it all the time.

Presently a waitress approached me with a menu. She had a mysterious smile on her pale face. Her eyes also smiled when she put the menu down on my table. She placed her hands together as she went away. She had an exceptionally refined carriage. She took very small steps when she walked and did not make any noise. It was then that I realized there was absolutely no sound in the room, not even a clink of saucers or pans from the kitchen, nor any noise from the air-conditioners, and miraculously I discovered that although the restaurant had quite a few tables taken, not a sound was heard from the customers or their tableware. They were either sipping slowly from their cups, or chewing tenderly their food, or just looking at each other, silently. Did they have a unanimous agreement to stifle noise today? Or did they happen to be quiet unintentionally at the moment I entered? I waited for a few seconds for a sound to come up, but nothing came, not even the buzz of a fly. One of the customers sitting at the back of the restaurant, an old man in a suit, obviously noticed my bewilderment. He decided to help. He pointed to the wall with his forefinger. I moved my sight from his finger to where he was pointing and noticed a sign of a finger on two lips. I nodded thanks to the old man but he was not looking at me any more. He was smelling his coffee, eyes closed. I could feel that he was enjoying the silence as well as his aromatic beverage.

I too closed my eyes. Whenever I felt relaxed, I liked to do that. I could hear absolutely nothing, except for my own breathing.

When I opened my eyes, I turned my attention back to the menu. Surprisingly, there was no word printed in the menu. Not a single letter.

All I could see on the menu were colourful and vivid photographs of food and drink that bore no names or numbers, though their ingredients and even the tastes were clearly demonstrated. The prices were indicated by images of the exact

...
a mallet in order to split it. I knew how to construct a centrifuge and I knew that if you put your finger in it, it would tear off your hand. I didn’t know any English yet.

Hong Kong stands like a goose amidst the hills by the sea. Its skyscrapers are innumerable and tall. Its crowning glory is the harbour, with its cranes and iron structures like oversized chairs lined up as if awaiting the giants of this world, biding ...

coins or notes that would be needed. I could not help laughing about this idea of going out of their way to remain speechless. I guessed I had made a little noise while laughing to myself, for suddenly the waitress came over to me and put her index finger on her lips but presently she went away, as always with a smile, always in her elegant manner.

I started to ‘read’ the menu. There were three pages of simple dishes such as hamburgers and chips and salads, and two other pages of ice-creams and of drinks, most of which were cold: beer, iced-tea, soda, and the like. I motioned to the friendly waitress and she came immediately. I pointed to the things I wanted to have and she nodded at every move of my finger. She did not have a pen or a notepad to take down orders. I wanted to ask her if she had to take a lot of orders at one time, how she was going to manage to keep everything in mind, but I was not able to ask, for I was not supposed to speak. Surprisingly, it seemed she had understood my unasked question and pointed to her head meaning everything had been registered there. I marveled at her memory as well as her insight. I was also surprised we could understand each other very well, even without spoken words. Couldn’t we?

After she had gone to the kitchen, I started to wonder about the place. I had completely forgotten why I was in this restaurant. Now that I was left alone, I had the time to consider my decision to come in here. It was the heat and the thirst that drove me in, as well as my curiosity about a new restaurant. Or was it fate that had brought me here today? I knew somehow this restaurant was going to change, in a way, my life, well, at least, my life of this day. Sitting there, I felt as if I’d turned into a different person: a man with no possessions or connection, no wife, no family, no history, nothing, absolutely nothing. I was thinking only about my existence and my being. The tranquil surroundings guided my thoughts, but I couldn’t think of anything but me. I realized for the first time how important my life was and how all the time my life had been stolen from me. Now it was sneaking back to me, quietly and happily, and I wanted very much to thank my eyes, my ears and my nose for all the sensational joys that had been ignored and that had been waiting loyally and patiently for my attention. My eyes were already full of cheerful tears when the waitress came back with a glass of coke and a plate of chips. She smiled

into my eyes and touched my arm and went away, quietly. She must have guessed how grateful I felt to have found this lovely hiding-place.

I realized that food and drinks actually tasted better in a quiet environment. I could sense the different smells and flavours of a simple coke and then there was the play in my mouth of the sweetness and saltiness of the chips. Never had I known that chips were actually sweet. I chewed slowly each shred of potato, trying to discover and appreciate the joy of eating.

I would have stayed in the restaurant forever if I had been able to, to forget the stifling and threatening world outside.

From that day on, my humdrum days were seasoned with more fun and colours. I went to this restaurant from time to time whenever I wanted to be sure that life was still worthwhile. The scared eyes of the portrait kept looking at me when I entered and I stared back, not feeling frightened or threatened any more. Instead, I had a feeling that the figure in the picture and I had become friends and that the person was actually screaming to ask me for a response. In my mind’s eye, I could hear the call, warm and concerned, and I would respond with a quiet wink of my eye and a slight nodding of my head, and in response, the eyes would lose their anxiety to greet me.

An excerpt from the unfinished novel provisionally named “Scream” or “Damned by the Artist”. From the chapter “The Suicide Note”.

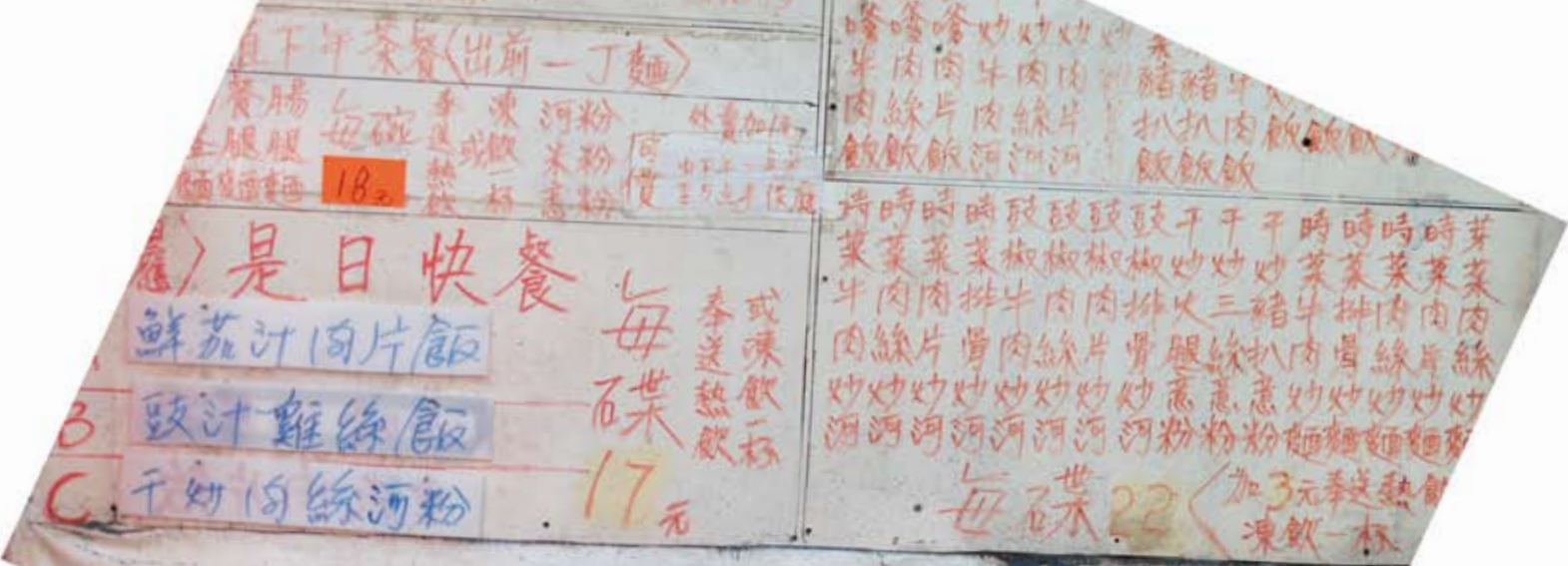
Ganz hinten im Stall (aus: Sez Ner)

Il pli entadem stalla da vart dretga ei la vacca dil Gieri Blut. Ella ha cornuna, bein formada, ils pézs flot in ord l'auter, guess la pli gronda corna dall'entira muaglia. Ella ha in zacher iver che tonscha quasi tochen giun plaun, che streha sur las crestastgiet vi cu ella va dalla pastira si. Ina vacca da num e pum, di il zezen, cu ti vesas co ella vegn dil plaz neu, ina grande dame, in tschaffen, cu ella cumpara e ballucca la bransina gronda sul plaz vi, il nas adina bi ad ault. El streha alla vacca cul maun plat sul venter en. Ina vacca da camifo, di el. Mo latg, latg dat ella halt buca farruct, silpli duas scadiolas da caffè per di, aber buca dapli.

aus „Sez Ner“ Roman 2009, Urs Engeler Editor

Ganz hinten im Stall steht die Kuh vom Gieri Blut. Sie hat mächtige Hörner, schön geformt, breit angesetzt, vielleicht die grössten Hörner der ganzen Herde. Sie hat ein üppiges Euter, das beinahe bis zum Boden reicht, das beim Laufen an den verwelkten Alpenrosenstauden ankommt. Ein Prachtstier, sagt der Zusenn, wenn du es von weitem über den Platz kommen siehst, eine Grande Dame, eine Freude, wenn sie auftaucht und die grosse Glocke über den Platz trägt, die Nase immer hoch getragen. Er fährt der Kuh mit der flachen Hand über den Bauch. Eine Kuh wie sie im Buche steht, sagt er. Nur Milch, Milch gibt sie nicht verrückt viel, zwei Kaffeetassen pro Tag vielleicht, aber nicht mehr.





了，另外五头牛紧随其后也跑了。兽医说，奶牛聪明，比马聪明多了，马就是仗着它的地位，看起来好像够优雅，实际上很愚蠢。但即使是奶牛比马聪明，放牛人还是在树林里四下寻找，希望在太阳彻底下山之前还能找到克雷门的奶牛。

斯塔诺瓦旁边的牧牛场的女牧民晚上开车在路上，她说她刚从伊兰茨回来，在那里让人给她的狗做了绝育手术，手术做得很快，但狗现在还很虚弱。她把红色车的后门打开，狗破例地趴着后座上，嗷嗷叫着。她说，狗不想走路了。狗趴在那里不愿下车。帮工说，狗会恢复的，它还需要点时间。女牧民让帮工帮她一下，把狗从车上抬到牧牛场上去。帮工跟着去了，他自己的几条狗追过来跟着车跑。他从车窗向外看去，吹起口哨，让狗别站在那里，快点回到小屋里去。

上午，牧民躺在小屋前的长椅上睡觉，手里攥着半瓶酒。这时候牧民楼上那间可以看到图姆皮弗山的房间里有一只山羊正站在他的法式大床上撒尿。

猪每天都从小屋下面的猪圈跑到外面去。它们从电篱笆网底下拱出去，穿过草地来到山下的那片树林，牧民就曾经坐着滑翔伞吊在了那儿。放猪人觉得猪跑了无所谓，一到晚上它们自己就回来了。但是牧民觉得有问题，他说得教训教训猪，随手递给放猪人铁环和钳子，也给了帮工一些。帮工拿着钳子和铁环站在猪圈里，放猪人选了一头猪，揪着它的耳朵，越身骑到猪背上，猪嚎叫得更响了。他把猪耳朵拉到后面，用膝盖顶着猪的肋骨，让帮工把钳子穿过猪鼻子然后再把铁环扣上。这头猪安上了鼻环以后就冲到另一个角落，躲在其他猪的身后。别的猪都在舔它鼻子上的血，它默默地一声不吭。

游客开着漂亮的汽车行驶在山里那条去年春天刚修过的路上，他们小屋的篱笆前停下来，按起了车喇叭。他们一边按喇叭，一边向小屋上面的山坡看去，放牛人和放猪人正躺在那儿的草地上。游客向他们使劲做手势，后来还是得自己下车把篱笆门打开，再接着开走。二十分钟后，游客又沿着同一条路倒着开回来了，因为这条路没有多远就

到头了，大车也没有调头的位置。先前打开的篱笆门又被关上了，游客只好再次停下来，打开篱笆门。两个放牧人躺在山坡的草地上，向游客挥手。

牧师骑着摩托车绕过一道弯从远处驶来，在山路上掀起一阵尘土，黑大褂飘在风中。午后的阳光里，有条狗一边叫一边向戴着头盔的牧师跳去，牧师差一点就沿着山坡开到杜鹃花从里。牧师把摩托车停到小屋前，马上有人给他端来咖啡。他把所有的人都召集到小屋前，那条狗跳起来舔他，他打了狗鼻子一拳，然后，在群山的映衬下，牧师开始向上帝向主祈祷，但愿今年有个美丽的夏天。起风了，一群牛跑到下面的牲口圈。在奶牛和其他动物的包围当中，戴着弥撒专用围巾的牧师给人们散发祷告手册，他念了页数，然后开始朗读。猪也从圈里钻了出来，跑到牧师身边，拽他的黑大褂。山里人跟着牧师照猫画虎地念了半个小时，直到说了阿门，为一切都祈了福。牧师跨上他的摩托车，背着一大块奶酪和五公斤的黄油，踉踉跄跄地穿过那群等的有些不耐烦的牛，消失在黄昏的霞光中。

那只额头上长着白色斑点的黑色雄绵羊站在羊圈中间，这时候有几只奶牛闯了进来，弄断了它的两条前腿。绵羊的前腿打上了石膏。这只黑绵羊充满了野性，不让人抚摸，不过现在打着石膏就可以了，它反正跑不掉。有一次它的两条前腿被绳子绑牢拴在羊圈，它把绳子扯断了，放猪人来找它的时候，它已经逃走了。在放猪人面前用不着害怕。

公鸡不害怕，它不会逃跑。牧民说这只公鸡是个凶猛的家伙。帮工要是离它近点，它就会扑向帮工，帮工得用他的铁皮靴子踹它，把它踹飞。这只美丽的公鸡保护着它的母鸡们，永远都在到处都在掩护着它们。

放牛人跪在床前，向放猪人展示着他在杜鹃花和火绒草之间发现的子弹。子弹有小臂那么长，弯曲的，有的有弹头有的没有。放猪人把子弹拧开，往空中一扔然后又接住，最后子弹都滚到了放牛人的床底下，他们就拿被子往床上一蒙。后来牧民去了草场，也发现了一个子弹，于是命令两个放牧人把子弹所在的位置包围起来，并让放牛人站

岗放哨，然后自己开着约斯蒂车下山进村了。午后时分，带着特种兵的三辆军车排成一队从远处驶来，这些特种兵戴着手套，穿着制服，他们不去碰子弹，而是匍匐着从各个方向接近它，他们拿着仪表一边读一边记录，终于清理走了子弹，然后齐步跑穿过草场到了小屋旁边，军官跑在前面，他们没打招呼上了军车，拐了一个弯消失在在尘土中。

一条狗蹦蹦跳跳地舔着放牛人，另一条老一些的狗在前面懒懒地走着。小狗跳起来一下咬住牛尾巴，让牛拖着它走，牛往后踹了一脚，小狗松了口，哀号着，缩回尾巴，绕道走回放牛人身旁。两条狗相处得很好，一条小狗，一条老狗，它们只有在吃饭的时候才会发生争执。

瘸腿的牛不想走路，瘸腿的牛晃晃悠悠地跟在牛群的后面，一再停下来。瘸腿的牛不想走路。放牛人用木棍打牛背，打到棍子都断了。瘸腿的牛不想走路。牛群早已消失在树林里。

深夜，小屋的旁边，牧民坐在他灰色的约斯蒂的驾座上，手里拿着李子酒，旁边的副驾座上坐着帮工，后座上坐着放牛人和放猪人还有那两条狗。牧民说，在暴风雨过去之前，汽车里最安全。闪电劈下来，砍断了放牛人的篱笆，引燃了树林边缘的红杉树，每闪一次，牧民都颤抖一下。大雨席卷了牧场，也冲刷了脏乎乎的约斯蒂。

...
grey area, between what we could say in our mother tongue and what we can manage in a foreign language. The Swiss authors who have travelled with us converse in a mix of languages that moves from French to Spanish, into Italian or German, Swiss German and English. Romansh is only of use, when I want to talk to myself.
The foodscape laid out on the turntable before me appears baffling and
...

objects and places

the fruit

for me, your heart is more difficult to open than a coconut

the drink

bubbles in the champagne glass
clichéd interlude

the guidebook

the same blue cover
no more lonely planet

house of a poet

called ‘nest of the lazy cloud’
selling a kind of epicurean pleasure

the library

on the shelves as borders
books written and detonated by the dead

the village

under flat stones
old spell of tranquility

短章

果

對我來說，打開你的心
比打開面前的椰子，更難

酒

香檳的氣泡
電影中俗套的過場

旅遊指南

藍色的封面相遇
再沒有寂寞星球

詩人的家

叫做懶雲窩
伊壁鳩魯式的享樂觀
無法將自己說服

圖書館

架子如邊境
取下死人撰寫
死人捐贈的書

荒村

扁平的石頭下
屹立千年不變的咒語
寧靜



Beijing, July 2008

stratosphere

filled with passion, thoughts and plans
a giant bird determined to fly north
through the vastness of sunlit clouds
chewing on cud loneliness
of a saddled camel in the desert
of a blue whale on its road

hotel room on the fifteenth floor

at first it smelt strange, untrusting
three days later I found
dreams having weighed on the pillow
it flattened, bed clothes
with sweats of several nights
finally smelt a little like me

blackbird

hearing the sound of flapping
dark glimpse
a flicker on bird's wings
I try to find out thirteen ways
to look at this
disappearing and reappearing
in the bush, among trees
and into my mind
weaving word by word
as of an old saying –
'a wild bird's entry into a house
foretells the master's departure'

Yaner hutong, Houhai

late –
a backpacker
on bicycle
wondered
whether
behind every
red wooden door
guarded by
a pair
of stone lions
an old or a new
a story
was
locked

a sinking fish

the sea is obese compared with such a skinny fish
and there's no round the world in eighty days
when you don't have the time or the money
all you can do is to voyage around your room
go deeper and deeper

that's why the fish is sinking
and thinking about
sinking: if nothing on earth can
hide away from gravity
why not just fall for it
journey to the centre of whatever

most people are more afraid of distance than depth
a long distance relationship is more scary than
not being deeply enough into each other

almost impossible to get deep enough
so it becomes a dream, people sleep to that
wake up and forget

to sleep is to sink
the fish sinks to the bottom for sleeping
eyes open, pretends not to dream

Beijing, July 2008

stratosphere

filled with passion, thoughts and plans
a giant bird determined to fly north
through the vastness of sunlit clouds
chewing on cud loneliness
of a saddled camel in the desert
of a blue whale on its road

hotel room on the fifteenth floor

at first it smelt strange, untrusting
three days later I found
dreams having weighed on the pillow
it flattened, bed clothes
with sweats of several nights
finally smelt a little like me

blackbird

hearing the sound of flapping
dark glimpse
a flicker on bird's wings
I try to find out thirteen ways
to look at this
disappearing and reappearing
in the bush, among trees
and into my mind
weaving word by word
as of an old saying –
'a wild bird's entry into a house
foretells the master's departure'

Yaner hutong, Houhai

late –
a backpacker
on bicycle
wondered
whether
behind every
red wooden door
guarded by
a pair
of stone lions
an old or a new
a story
was
locked

cathay bookshop

Pushkin, Mayakovsky
Anna Karenina and
the lady of camellias
all annotated by history
flown under a dusty
red flag
yellowed, torn
so secondhand

sculpting in time

arms of an old clock
frozen five forty five
not telling its death date
a wooden cat napping
on balcony beside
China roses in full bloom
waiting for afternoon rain
at five forty five

...

*mysterious, and I can only
begin to imagine how
I will cope with it. Fish
stomachs tied together in
bundles, pieces of eel
reminiscent of The Tin
Drum, goose tongues and
chicken's feet, frogs
with snake essence, shark
fins, roasted pig's ears,
black eggs. I stick to the
rice, taking some each
time the bowl passes in
front of me, and scribble in
my notebook that rice
is a gustatory interface, a
point of contact. I wash*

...

北京，夏，2008

平流層

一隻飽含激情，遐思
決心北去的候鳥
泅渡日光下無垠的雲海
反芻一種同樣屬於駱駝與
藍鯨的寂寞

十五樓的酒店房間

夜讀
安娜伊斯寧
目光穿梭於
灼熱的文字
隔音玻璃
包圍的寂寞
夢，死靜
清早
打開窗
放進一片
車聲混著
雨後潮濕的空氣

黑鳥

聽到翅膀拍打
黑色的翼掠過天空
我嘗試用十三種方法看它
消失再現于草叢林間
最後在腦中串成一句古詩
《野鳥入室兮，主人將去》

妍兒胡同，後海

燈初上
麻辣燙還未出鍋
一輛自行車擦身而過
停在前面
車上人來自遠方
遲疑，躊躇
趕在天全黑前
捕捉最後一道日間風景
還是逃離這歷史的迷宮

中國書店

普希金，馬雅科夫斯基
安娜卡列寧娜和茶花女
歷史的注解
在紅旗下
塵封
發黃
這些二手貨

雕刻時光

老鐘錶的手
不知於何日
停在五點四十五
陽臺上
木頭貓在盛放的
月季旁打盹
等待一場雨落
五點四十五

from the sea

behind the door
hung a yellow coat
I used to wear to the beach

slipped my hand into
the pocket pulled out
two astonished crabs
a whiff of salty wind
brought near laughter
of little girls picking
trumpet shells

down there
touched with finger tips
a golden sandcastle
I dared not reach further



飞鸟和昆虫

我在大地上
等到一只鸟回归树林
它鸣叫的时候
我知道飞得再高的鸟
也要回到低矮的树枝上

我一直在生活的低处
偶尔碰到小小的昆虫
当它把梦编织在我的头顶上
我知道再小的昆虫
也有高高在上的快乐
犹如飞翔的翅膀要停栖在树枝上

Huang Lihai

A Flying Bird and the Insects

On the earth
I waited for a bird returning back to the woods
As it sang
I knew no matter how high a bird could fly
It would come back to the low branches

I always live a life in lowness
And happen to meet small insects occasionally
As they weave dreams from above my head
I know no matter how small an insect could be
It has its happiness sky high
Like flying wings dwelling on branches

窗下

这里刚下过一场雪
仿佛人间的爱都落到低处

你坐在窗下
窗子被阳光突然撞响
多么干脆的阳光呀
仿佛你一生不可多得的喜悦

光线在你思想中
越来越稀薄越来越
安静你像一个孩子
一无所知地被人深深爱着

...
it down with tea, large
quantities of tea.
Occasionally I drop my
chopsticks on the table.
I have a fork in my pocket.
In my hotel room
I read poems by Leung
Ping-Kwan – „Strange Tales
of Birds and Flowers“;
note down a sentence of
Peter Weber’s („A place
becomes visible in
another“); reflect on
concentration, overlaying
and alienation, write
the word „identity“ in my
notebook, turn the book
...

第一種譯本：
By the Window

The newly, fallen snow, feels like love cascading upon us
earthly mortals.

By the window you sit,
Rays of light streaming down your delicate cheek.
Swift and sudden this sunlight, like the limited happiness
of your life.

The thread of light, slowly appearing thinner and thinner
Your mind a quiet limped pool.
Oh, innocent, deeply beloved child.

Translated by Hilda

第二種譯本：
Under the Window

A snow a moment ago fell
With all love of the human world

Under the window you sit
By the sunlight you're suddenly hit
How abruptly it is
Remind you of your lifetime limited happiness

Thinner and thinner the thread of light becomes
As in your mind the quietness is
You are deeply beloved
Like an innocent ignorant child

Translated by Alice

第三種譯本：
Beyond the Window

Snow's flakes
and love
fall here
in a drop of time
in a bloom of hearts
flying to me
worldwide.

Beyond the window
you run away
reaching your joy
weaking quickly
with the last sun ray.

Your mind and memory
will consign
your pureness
to the oblivion of days
and you
will bloom to new life
as innocent as
a beloved child.

Translated by Ezio





信心

一位老者
他来到广场，与更多的人站在一起
他低头，哀伤

一株菊花把悲伤带到广场
我看见老人握紧手中的菊花
像抱紧自己的小孙女一样

多灿烂啊，随老人来到广场的菊花
泪水洒在花瓣上
目光停留在花瓣上
我的信心，通过了流泪的人群

2008 • 5 • 31

Confidence

An elder,
He came to the square, to gather himself in a crowd
He lowered his head, in grief

A chrysanthemum took sorrow to the square
I saw the elder gripping the flower
As if gripping his littler granddaughter

How gorgeous, the flower that came to the square
with the elder
With tears dripping onto its petals
And eyes gazing at them.
My confidence went, through the tearful crowd.

2008.5.31
Translated by Liu Chao-fei

...
*round and look at the
word upside down. In my
mind's eye, I recall the
sight of the old man
in a shop down an alleyway
calmly removing a cobra
from a wooden drawer
in his sideboard, cutting
off the tip of its tail
and placing the creature
in a fabric bag, explaining
"Grasp the snake at its
seventh vertebra. That's
where the heart is and
that's how you paralyse it."*
*We leave Hong Kong on
the morning of December 6*
...

粥样

茶

在这天寒地冻的一季 有这一口热茶
来不及品出优劣种类 已将它灌进肚子里
弟兄们都叫嚷开来 喉咙、肠胃、血脉和心肺
它们得到滋养
由于新来许多外界的消息 它们无法安宁
在这雪地冰天 它们等待启示

Johnspear

Tea

In this bitterly cold season, there is this sip of hot tea.
Not in time to estimate its quality, let it run into the stomach.
The brothers all start to shout
throat, bowels, blood vessels, heart and lungs.
They get nourished.
Because of many news coming in from the outside world
they find no peace.
In this snow and cold they wait for enlightenment.

气味

气味经过搏击、妥协和交换 终于抱成一团团儿
它们从厕所出来 已经冷静
把跌宕的历史归于记忆 它们集来到餐厅
再到玩具室 和书房
在卧房它们决定不再停留过久 只是默默地
听了听主人的好梦
睡着的人啊 多么脆弱
它们不徐不急地转身 最后来到了阳台上
看看广阔的星天很近 以及远处的车流
照常彻夜不休
气味的军团 再次整队 不再迟疑
从阳台的奄奄一息的花盆边 奔涌直下



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L'UN Je te voudrais.
L'AUTRE Tu me veux.

Ils tentent de se libérer de leurs chaînes, ils se débattent. Sans succès.

L'AUTRE Dehors il fait nuit.
L'UN Ici aussi.
L'AUTRE Dehors.
L'UN Il fait froid, ici aussi ; il y a des étoiles parfois qui se reflètent dans les trottoirs et tu glisses dans le ciel sans y penser – c'est juste qu'après aux chaussures ça colle et ça poisse, tout ce qui voulait briller et que tu piétines sans y penser.
L'AUTRE C'est charpie.
L'UN De nos corps, oui. Mais vient autre chose.
L'AUTRE Autre chose.
L'UN Le trou qu'on évite.
L'AUTRE Ne pas tomber. Ne pas tomber. Ne pas tomber.
L'UN Le trou béant dans la ville et on se demande : mais où s'arrête-t-il. Peur de se pencher, vertige et droit aux enfers, s'ils brûlent bien là en bas tous les pêcheurs et tous ceux qui ne peuvent croire.
L'AUTRE Croire.
L'UN Croire, je ne sais pas. Le trou jamais ne s'éclaircit et puis un jour il n'y a plus rien et la route et le trottoir et le jardin : tout est lisse, incroyablement lisse – et c'est là que le doute s'insinue, c'est de là que germe l'idée pourrissante, la voix qui ronge chacun de nos pas : en dessous, tout est à creuser, tout a été creusé, mais où ?
L'AUTRE Où ?
L'UN Je te le demande – non, pas toi, je ^{LE} demande, je le crie : où ?! A n'importe qui, celui qui aurait la réponse, ici, maintenant, dans cette salle obscure. Je suis à genoux devant toi mais que se passe-t-il en dessous ? Cette terre meuble, pour qui a-t-elle été retournée ?
L'AUTRE Ce n'est pas à toi de dire cela.
L'UN Tu me suivras sous terre, de toute façon.

L'AUTRE Pas comme ça. D'abord... d'abord... se cacher sous le sable.
L'UN Promis.
L'AUTRE Tu dois mieux promettre. Nous irons sur la plage.
L'UN Nous irons sur la plage.
L'AUTRE Nous inscrirons nos noms à marée basse et chaque trait de nos lettres aura une longueur de cinq pieds.
L'UN Cinq pieds.
L'AUTRE L'un après l'autre nous nous ensevelirons.
L'UN Promis.
L'AUTRE Je n'ai pas fini. Ensuite, nous nous désensablerons et nous laverons nos corps dans la mer salée. Puis nous lècherons le sel de la peau de l'un, de l'autre. Nous attendrons que la marée efface nos noms.
L'UN Et après ?

Ils se regardent sans mot dire. Un temps.

L'UN Tu n'as rien à dire ?
L'AUTRE Rien.

Ils se regardent encore. Passe le temps.

L'UN Tu n'as rien à dire ?
L'AUTRE Je ne sais pas. Je ne sais pas quoi dire ou plutôt comment et à qui, pourquoi. C'est trop simple ainsi. Trop simple. Regarde. Je me tais si bien.
L'UN C'est vrai. Mais ta voix, ta voix, ta voix me berce.
L'AUTRE Je ne veux pas te bercer.
L'UN Je sais. Ta voix me fait transpirer, aussi.
L'AUTRE C'est mieux. C'est plus vrai.
L'UN Quand tu m'appelles par mon prénom –
L'AUTRE Je ne t'appelle jamais par ton prénom.
L'UN Je sais.
L'AUTRE Je te dis : casse-noisettes. [kasnwaz], mon casse-noisettes, mon [kasnwaz].
L'UN Je préfère le possessif.
L'AUTRE Je sais.

L'UN J'oublie que je m'appartiens quand tu me dis : mon [kasnwaz]. Je suis quelqu'un d'autre, et à toi, toi, toi seul dévoué.
L'AUTRE Tu m'appartiens.
L'UN Tu m'appartiens. [petal].
L'AUTRE [petal] et [kasnwaz]. C'est bien.
L'UN C'est bon.
L'AUTRE On est bien.
L'UN On pourrait être mieux – mais on est bien.
L'AUTRE Tous les deux. [petal] et [kasnwaz].
L'UN J'ai compris. Tous les deux.
L'AUTRE Tous les deux.
L'UN Arrête de répéter ce que je dis !
L'AUTRE J'arrête.
L'UN Utilise tes mots à toi. Chasse gardée.
L'AUTRE Je me tais. Un moment.

L'un s'endort. L'autre se met à parler avec difficulté.

L'AUTRE Quand tu dors tu fais semblant. Quand tu souris aussi. Paupières mal ajustées – dents trop blanches. Tu n'es pas toi. Je ne te connais pas. Je ne te connaîtrai jamais. Il n'y a que cette distance entre toi et moi. Mais je ne peux t'atteindre, je ne peux m'emparer de ton sommeil, l'empoigner à pleine bouche. Tu fais semblant. Je voudrais te libérer, mais de quoi ? Tu fais semblant, tu veux tirer de ma bouche des aveux de tendresse ! Tu n'auras rien de plus, rien de plus ! Je te regarde et cela devrait te suffire et déjà te faire ployer : tout est trop grand pour toi. Je suis trop grand pour toi, je te dépasse de quatre têtes de haut, deux troncs de large. Tu es un insecte, je peux te gober à tout instant. Je te veux.

Il tire sur ses chaînes. Tant et si bien qu'un bras se libère. Il est frappé d'étonnement et après un temps avance sa main jusqu'à presque toucher le sexe de l'un. L'un bouge imperceptiblement, ce qui fait retirer la main de l'autre – puis après un temps il tente la même approche auprès du visage. L'un relève la tête, gémit – la main libérée reprend sa place enchaînée. L'un ouvre les yeux.

...
up at our meeting in the hotel school. In the taxi on my way to the bus terminal, I reflect that Hong Kong used to have 200 newspapers and now has only two. I also think about a typical Hong Kong drink: coffee mixed with tea and drunk with sugar.
Mainland China.
The border is behind us; Shenzhen, our next destination, lies ahead. Our taxi follows the Pearl River inland. The Pearl
...

L'UN Pas de rêves ! Pas de rêves, c'est insupportable ! Tu m'ob-serves.
L'AUTRE Je t'admire.
L'UN Tu me jauges.
L'AUTRE Je n'ai rien d'autre à faire.
L'UN Pas sommeil ?
L'AUTRE Comme d'habitude.
L'UN Et tu vas me veiller ?
L'AUTRE Comme d'habitude.
L'UN Et je vais me sentir mort et ressuscité au matin par tes yeux.
L'AUTRE On ne verra pas le jour entrer dans cet espace.
L'UN Comme d'habitude.
L'AUTRE Plutôt...
L'UN Oui ? une idée – tu as une idée ?...
L'AUTRE Je – comment tu penses ? Par hallucinations ?
L'UN Je suis ma pensée.
L'AUTRE Tu pourchasses des images ?
L'UN Non. Non !
L'AUTRE Tu n'es que cela pour moi. Une image. Je ne peux – te toucher.
L'UN J'ai faim.

De la nourriture fait son apparition au bout d'un fil, et celui qui vient de parler gobe l'hameçon non sans difficulté et s'en repaît à grand bruit. Un temps.

L'AUTRE Au coin de la bouche.
L'UN Là ?
L'AUTRE De l'autre côté.
L'UN Là ? Encore à présent ?
L'AUTRE C'est bon.
L'UN Tu n'as pas faim ?
L'AUTRE Soif.
L'UN Il a soif !

De l'eau s'abat sur celui qui a soif, qui tend le gosier ouvert au ciel et se pourlèche les babines.

L'UN Mieux ?
L'AUTRE C'est facile. Je veux dire c'est facile d'aller mieux comme ça.
L'UN Moi ça va mieux.
L'AUTRE Trop facile.
L'UN Jamais content.
L'AUTRE Trop facile.

Noir. Pendant ce temps les comédiens changent de place en faisant lourdement claquer leurs chaînes au sol. La lumière revient un peu avant qu'ils aient pu échanger leurs places et ils s'immobilisent dans une fausse position d'enchaînement, en flagrant délit de liberté.

L'UN Amants !
L'AUTRE Amants !
L'UN Encore !
L'AUTRE Oui, encore !
L'UN Amants !

Noir.

2008





以下的事情發生在一瞬間
情人們

兩個年輕人被一條重重的鏈子捆紮住身體。他們不能夠彼此碰觸——

可是假如他們其中一個向另外一個人盡全力伸展肢體，差一點便可以彼此觸摸。他們的性別並不重要。劇本內容以陽性性別書寫，可是我們知道是中性的。性別的更改根據角色分配去安排。我們可以同時幻想場景分散成四個不同的空間由四組人（男人 — 男人，男人 — 女人，女人 — 男人，女人 — 女人）同時演出劇本內容。

其中一個人：情人們！

另外一個人：是！

其中一個人：情人們！

另外一個人：是！

其中一個人：情人們！

另外一個人：是！情人們！

其中一個人：是！

疲倦的，他們沉默。他們低下頭睡幾秒鐘。

其中一個人：情人們！

另外一個人：還是！

其中一個人：情人們！

另外一個人：還是！是，情人們！

其中一個人：還是！

他們的頭被連接彼此的銳利目光所支撐。兩人的其中一個垂下眼睛。另外一個人的頭便跌落他的胸前。

另外一個人：來找我。

其中一個人：滾過來，你呀。

另外一個人：你。

其中一個人：你的身體，再靠近一點，是的，帶它來，也靠近你的臭臉。

另外一個人：我的頭依然是我的頭，在那裏，在我的肩膀上——

但是你的目光，你的目光，支持我。

其中一個人：過來。

另外一個人：來找我。
其中一個人：走。
另外一個人：沒力氣。你來。
其中一個人：我不能。
另外一個人：走。
其中一個人：是你。
另外一個人：你的錯。
其中一個人：你的錯。
另外一個人：我不行了。

他們的對話再一次破裂，而他們的頭就暴跌到胸口上。

另外一個人：我無能為力了。
其中一個人：向前。
另外一個人：我無能為力了。
其中一個人：看我。
另外一個人：我可以看你。
其中一個人：好。
另外一個人：我看你。
其中一個人：好一點了。
另外一個人：我只能夠看著你。
其中一個人：是真的。
另外一個人：我想——
其中一個人：噓。
另外一個人：別要我閉嘴，我有權說話。
其中一個人：有權看。
另外一個人：有權說。
其中一個人：在你的嘴巴內，是的，她在流動，她。她疲於流動，她流出文字而文字塞飽你塞飽你而我我看住你被文字填滿和看住你的肚子膨脹。
另外一個人：我吐出來。我不吞。從不吞，文字。
其中一個人：其他呢？
另外一個人：我不懂得吞。人家沒有教過我。人家曾經想教我。我沒有學。我不懂得吞我又不想而我——
其中一個人：我想要你。
另外一個人：你要我。

他們嘗試解開他們的鏈，他們搏鬥。不成功。

另外一個人：外面天黑了。
其中一個人：這裡也是。
另外一個人：外面。
其中一個人：天氣寒冷，這裡也是；這兒有時候會有星星反映到人行道上，而你會意料不到地滑到天空裏——所有曾經發亮的和所有你不小心踏足其上的都膠住你的鞋子，這可纏人，這可粘手呢。
另外一個人：這是搞砸。
其中一個人：來自我們的身體，是的。可是還有其他的東西來。
另外一個人：其他的東西。
其中一個人：那個我們躲避的洞。
另外一個人：別跌下。別跌下。別跌下。
其中一個人：那個在城裏的大洞，我們自問：但是它會在哪兒停下呢？害怕彎身，眩暈和直落地獄，所有的罪人和所有不可靠的是不是真的在這下面被燃燒。
另外一個人：相信。
其中一個人：相信。我不知道。那個從來不變亮的洞忽然一天什麼都沒有了沒有路沒有人行路又沒有

花園：所有都是平滑的，不可思議的平滑——就在那裏疑問巧妙地滲入，就在那裏令人腐爛的想法萌芽起來，那把聲音咬著我們每一步：在下下面，所有都要挖空，所有都被挖空了，但是在哪裏挖？
另外一個人：哪裏？
其中一個人：我問你在哪裏——不，不是你，我問它，我叫喊它：在哪裏？問任何一個人，他都會回答，這裏，現在，在這黑暗的房子裏。我在你跟前屈膝下跪但是下面會發生什麼事情呢？這塊可移動的地，爲了誰她再次被翻過來呢？
另外一個人：這不是你該說的話。
其中一個人：你將會在地上跟隨我，無論如何。
另外一個人：不是這樣。首先首先吐一口痰到泥沙下。
其中一個人：答應。

另外一個人：你應該答應得更好。我們會走到沙灘上。
其中一個人：我們會走到沙灘上。
另外一個人：我們在退潮的時候刻下我們的名字而我們字母的每一個筆畫將會有五隻腳掌那麼長。
其中一個人：五隻腳掌。
另外一個人：一個跟著另一個我們會把自己埋葬起來。
其中一個人：答應。
另外一個人：我還沒有說完。接下來，我們會從沙中曳出，我們會在鹹的大海沖洗我們的身體。然後我們會舔對方皮膚上的鹽巴。我們會等待海潮沖掉我們的名字。
其中一個人：之後呢？

他們相看而沒話說。一段時間。

其中一個人：你沒話可說。
另外一個人：沒。

他們再次相看。時間過去。

其中一個人：你沒話可說。
另外一個人：我不知道。我不知道說什麼或者是如何說和跟誰說，爲什麼說。這樣太簡單了。太簡單。看。我不說話多好。
其中一個人：是真的。可是你的聲音，你的聲音，你的聲音安撫我。
另外一個人：我不想安撫你。
其中一個人：我知道。你的聲音，同樣，令我流汗。
另外一個人：更好。更真實。
其中一個人：當你以我的名字稱呼我——
另外一個人：我從來不用你的名字稱呼你。
其中一個人：我知道。
另外一個人：我跟你說：榛子夾。[kasnwaz]，我的榛子夾，我的 [kasnwaz]。
其中一個人：我比較喜歡那個擁有詞《我的》。
另外一個人：我知道。
其中一個人：當你跟我說：我的 [kasnwaz]，我忘記我是屬於我自己的。我是另外一個人，我屬

...

*River is a brown snake, and
Hong Kong is its head.
The silhouettes of
Shenzhen's tower blocks
rise up above the horizon.
On a restaurant
terrace. Beside me sits a
woman wearing spectacles
without lenses. It is cool.
Shenzhen is a city
that didn't even exist thirty
years ago. Today, fourteen
million people crowd its
streets. Over bridges,
through buildings, across
squares, around the
corners of houses, across*

...

於你，你，只是忠心的屬於你。
另外一個人：你屬於我。
其中一個人：你屬於我。[petal]。
另外一個人：[kasnwaz] 和 [petal]。這好。
其中一個人：夠了。
另外一個人：我們不錯。
其中一個人：我們可以更好——但是我們不錯。
另外一個人：我們兩個人。[kasnwaz] 和 [petal]。
其中一個人：我明白。我們兩個人。
另外一個人：我們兩個人。
其中一個人：停止重復我所講的話！
另外一個人：我停止。
其中一個人：用屬於你自己的文字。我的文字，是我的狩獵保留區。
另外一個人：我閉嘴。一陣子。

其中一個人入睡。另外一個開始說話，困難地。

另外一個人：當你睡覺，你假裝睡覺。當你微笑也一樣。眼皮難以配合——牙齒太白。你不是你。我不認識你。我將永遠不會認識你。我們之間只有這個距離。但是我不能等待你，我不能奪取你的睡眠，把你的睡眠抓來塞得我滿口都是。你裝蒜。我要釋放你，但是釋放什麼？你裝蒜，你想從我口裏掏出溫柔的供詞！你再不會得到什麼，不會得到什麼了！我看著你而這樣就應該滿足你和足夠讓你服從了：對於你來說所有都太高太大。對於你我是太高大了，我比你高出四個頭的高度，大出兩顆樹杆的寬度。你是一只昆蟲，我可以隨時吃掉你。我要你。

他拉起身上的鏈。剛好騰出一隻手來。他驚訝一陣以後伸手向前直到差一點便碰觸到其中一個人的性器官的位置。其中一個人不着痕跡地移動，這動作令另外一個人縮回手——
一刻以後他嘗試以同樣方法靠近臉龐。其中一個人擡起頭，呻吟——
那隻釋放的手再次縮回到曾被鏈子捆綁的位置。其中一個人張開眼睛。

其中一個人：沒有夢！沒有夢，這讓人難以忍受！你監視我。
另外一個人：我愛慕你。
其中一個人：你估量我。
另外一個人：我沒有其他事情可以做。
其中一個人：不困倦嗎？
另外一個人：像平常一樣。
其中一個人：所以你監守我？
另外一個人：像平常一樣。
其中一個人：所以我會感覺死去而在早上從你的眼睛裏我會復活。
另外一個人：我們將不會看到日光進入這個空間。
其中一個人：像平常一樣。
另外一個人：倒不如
其中一個人：是嗎？一個主意——你有一個主意？
另外一個人：我——你覺得怎樣？憑幻覺？
其中一個人：我跟隨我的思維。
另外一個人：你追求幻像？
其中一個人：不。不！
另外一個人：對我來講你就只是這樣。一個幻像。我不能——觸摸你。
其中一個人：我肚子餓。

食物在一條繩的盡頭出現，那個剛剛說話的人不是毫無困難地吞吮魚鉤和大聲地吞吃。一段時間。

另外一個人：在嘴角。
其中一個人：這兒？
另外一個人：在另一面。
其中一個人：這兒？還在？
另外一個人：好了。
其中一個人：你不餓嗎？
另外一個人：口渴。
其中一個人：他口渴。

水傾瀉到那個口渴的，向天空張大口和細舔嘴唇的人那裏。

其中一個人：好一點了嗎？
另外一個人：這容易。我想說這樣好像容易好一點。
其中一個人：我好一點了。
另外一個人：太容易了。
其中一個人：從來不會高興的。
另外一個人：太容易了。

黑暗。在這期間演員轉換位置，同時把鏈子用力拍打到地上。在他們差一點可以互換好位置以前燈光重新亮起，他們靜止在一個假裝被鏈子鎖住的姿勢中，就像逃亡之際被當場拘捕一樣。

其中一個人：情人們！
另外一個人：情人們！
其中一個人：還是！
另外一個人：是，還是！
其中一個人：情人們！

黑暗。

2008





Le calme

Ting fait la cloche. Ground floor. Stupéfaction. Au milieu de l’ascenseur, sur le sol étincelant de faux marbre, aux pieds de sa mère furax, une fillette a rendu son petit-déjeuner. Paf fait la claque sur la petite nuque pétrifiée. La grande sœur se met à l’agonir de concert. Ground floor. Ascenseur bloqué. Une employée s’approche, appelle un nettoyeur. La fillette n’a pas relevé la tête. La mère n’arrête pas de l’insulter d’une voix haut perchée, la honte au fond de la gorge.

Do you know where you are ? Shi shei Ma cazzo Interessant Mintgaton. Grande ville. Festival des fantômes : les enfers s’ouvrent et tous les esprits entre deux mondes sont nourris un mois avant de disparaître. Miam. Tu n’ouvres pas ton courrier. Scratch. Une femme s’entraîne au maniement du sabre sur l’esplanade. Che cazzo. La poignée de son sabre est ornée d’un fil rouge. Taxi. Chacun suit le fil de sa pensée.

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. Un homme tue trois poules dans un bidon. Bang. Tu n’enfiles pas tes pantoufles. Hôtel. Clap clap clap. Le trottoir est bondé. Une fille saute du 34e étage. Splash. Les oiseaux font un bruit assourdissant. Cui cui. Tu ne ranges pas tes courses dans le frigo. Cling. Un ouvrier se couche à même le sol. Paresse. Des petites vieilles ont pour tâche de veiller à la propreté du parc. Croa croa. Rou rou. Ton enfant rit à l’autre bout de la terre. Tu n’es pas en train de le changer. Ba ba ba ba. Elles poussent des chariots à roulettes, cahin-cahanent de leurs hanches trop lourdes et transpirent sous leurs chapeaux de paille informes.

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. Clap clap clap. Tu n’es pas en train de faire à manger. Tchak. Poisson entier de la taille d’un chat, couché dans le plat ovale, couvert d’herbes et de sauce claire, tendre. Tu en reprends. La table tourne. Tu t’en ressers. Miam miam. So you write poetry ? Clap clap clap. Œuf millénaire. Where do you come from ? Des employées philippi- nes avalent leur dimanche à l’abri des passerelles. L’escalator s’arrête.

Tu bifurques. Tu te trouves sur un pont au-dessus d’une rue marchande. De grands bandeaux publicitaires vantent les vertus du christianisme et du Christ en chinois. Le pull d’un enfant sèche à une fenêtre, étendu sur un cintre. Tu plonges dans des salles de restaurant avides de clients. Tu détailles la végétation débordante. L’œil se faufile entre les hauts buildings ou certaines petites maisons encore debout par miracle. Tu poursuis du regard les racines tendues d’un banyan accroché à une muraille. Tu aperçois un chat qui se faufile. Tu te demandes qui fréquente la mosquée verte.

Bol de nouilles, toc, sur la table, toc, formica gris, néon, hotte d’aspiration, chaises noires, tabourets rouges, baguettes en pot, gobelets : tout plastique. Un homme s’attaque aux res-

...
roads, until after several
hours we reach the
vast government square;
I feel as tired as if I had
been lugging whole
sides of pork through the
city, and notice that
the stream of humanity
has dried up, that the
square is empty and swept
clean, that the government
building looking out
onto it appears immense,
like an oversized
switchboard. I realise that
it has no windows, and
I feel as if a brick would
...

tes de chewing-gum collés au sol avec un petit racloir. What is your mother language ? De grandes crevettes roses dans une assiette en plastique. Tes doigts sentent l’ail et l’huile. Pas de serviettes. De vieux messieurs somnolent sur leur banc.

Pendant ce temps : épidémie de choléra au Zimbabwe ; formation du gouvernement Obama ; « Très suisse. Très banque. Très privée. » une pub pour Swiss Life ; réislamisation de la Tchétchénie ; Jeffrey Katzenberg, créateur de Dreamworks avec Stephen Spielberg et David Geffen en 1994, présente un nouveau procédé de film d’animation : le film en relief, qu’il juge révolutionnaire. Bof.

Durant l’épidémie du SARS on ne trouvait plus un seul exemplaire de *La Peste* de Camus sur l’île. Lotus : racine blanche percée de trous, apprêtée en sauce sucrée. Croquant. From the bip part of Switzerland. Le vertige te prend. Aargh. Deux hommes, trente mètres au-dessus de ta tête, marchent sur ce qui leur sert de sol là-haut : trois bambous parallèles, l’échafaudage reposant lui-même sur cinq tiges de bambous posées en travers de la maison. Patatras. Tu bois du thé du dragon dans un café d’arrière-cour dont un lapin noir est la mascotte occasionnelle. Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. Poulet flasque, cou tordu et plumes arrachées, croupion ouvert pour en tirer les viscères et ensuite y enfoncer les pattes, rinçant avec un peu d’eau – floc floc – puis noué dans un sachet plastique et accroché au-dessus de l’étal, prêt à la vente et à la cuisson prochaine. La cantine au second étage du marché. Tu n’as pas très faim, shi shei. La Chine essaie d’avaler Hong Kong mais elle ne la digère pas. Burp. Interessant. Tu ne comprends rien à cette langue. Ni hao. Shi shei. Yes yes, from the French speaking part of Switzerland. Atchoum. Sorry.

Sur le trottoir suisse propre calme, une cinquantenaire en souliers vernis attend patiemment pour retirer de l’argent.

Le plus important est de conserver son calme. White fish scandal. Celui qui perd son calme, qui sort de ses gonds et s’emporte a perdu. Des poissons vendus comme poissons ne sont pas des poissons : agglomérats de colle alimentaire affublés d’yeux pour faire plus vrai, qui éclatent à la cuisson. Pan pan pan. Leur parfum ? Donné par une certaine poudre provenant peut-être, de loin en loin, d’un animal marin. C’est l’autre, celui qui n’a pas perdu son calme, qui peut savourer son mépris tranquillement. Ni hao. Dada n’entre pas dans la mentalité chinoise. There is hope. Ding. There is hope. Ding. There is hope. Dong. Vingt ans plus tôt. La sœur de son meilleur ami criblée de balles dans la poitrine. Il y a vingt ans. Bang. Identity is a western issue. In China there are too many people, not enough time and space

to think about identity. Hi hi hi. There are three stages : stuff yourself ; enjoy good things ; eat for one’s health. Ah ha. En Chine, le mot liberté ne s’écrit pas sur internet. Il est remplacé par ***.

Sur le calme propre trottoir suisse une cinquantenaire en souliers vernis, faux Vuitton en bandoulière, attend patiemment pour retirer de l’argent.

How could I explain ? Une femme qui a faim vole un épi de maïs. Chut. Un homme la poursuit et la viole. Elle se relève, se rehabille et dit qu’au moins elle a toujours son maïs. Ouf. Let me think. Port du masque quand on est malade. Pin-pon. Fléchage des trottoirs et métros pour les malvoyants. Clic. Pollution. Cough cough. Interdictions de cracher par terre. Split. Omniprésence sécuritaire. Mpfff. Cours d’éducation circuloire pour les piétons imprudents. Oooh. Une jeune femme à l’autre bout de la salle : Are you italian ? From the French speaking part of Swizerland. I thought you were Italian. Tu as l’air d’une italienne mais voilà tu es suisse et tu parles français. I don’t speak french. Do you live here ? Non tu n’es que de passage à Canton pour quelques jours ; comment c’est de vivre à Canton ? So so. Désappointée, elle s’efface dans le smog tiède du début d’après-midi. Pfuitt. Trop grand, trop plein. Rejet, repli. Trop de bruit, trop autre. Tu te terres, te protèges. Tu te caches. Tu caches la ville. Tu fais comme si elle n’existait pas. Comme un enfant tu tournes la tête, fermes les rideaux, bouches tes yeux et tout disparaît. Ni-hao. Shi-shei.

Sur le propre trottoir suisse calme une cinquantenaire en souliers vernis, faux Vuitton en bandoulière, porte une longue veste informe et dans son cou dépasse une étiquette.

Tu gagnes quelques dollars à la roulette. Youhou. Mintgaton.

Sur l’étiquette du chemisier blanc de la cinquantenaire en souliers vernis, faux Vuitton en bandoulière, sur cette étiquette qui dépasse en biais de sa longue veste informe, on peut lire à l’envers « Made in China ».

Mai 2009

冷静

Ting, 鐘聲響起。Ground floor。電梯中央，假大理石在地上閃亮著，發火的媽媽腳下，一個嘔吐了早餐的小女孩，驚慌得發呆。Paf，在發愣的小脖子上打下一巴掌。姐姐也一起開始對小女孩破口大罵。Ground floor。電梯被煞住了。一個女職員走近，叫來一個清潔工人。小女孩沒有擡起頭來。媽媽沒停止過尖刻地高聲辱罵她。羞愧結在她喉嚨深處。

Do you know where you are ? Xie xie Ma cazzo Interessant Mintgaton。¹大城市。鬼的節日：地獄之門大開而兩個世界之間的所有鬼神都被餵養一個月至煙消魂散為止。Miam。你沒有撕開你的信。Scratch。一個女人在平坦的空地上練刀。Che cazzo。² 她的刀柄上裝飾了一條紅線。的士。每一個人追逐他自己思想的線。

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen。一個男人在鐵桶裏殺掉三隻雞。Bang。你沒穿好你的拖鞋。酒店。Clap clap clap。人行道上人山人海。一個女孩由三十四樓跳下來。Splash。鳥兒們發出震耳欲聾的聲音。Cui cui。你沒把買回家的東西安放在冰櫃裏。Cling。一個工人就地而臥。懶惰。小老婆們有維持公園潔淨的生計。Croa croa。Rou rou。你的孩子在地球的另一端笑。你並不是在給他換尿布。Ba ba ba ba。她們推著四輪運貨車，一癱一拐地擺動著累贅的體部，汗就在她們變了形的草帽向下滴。

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. Clap clap clap. 你並不是在做菜。Tchak。貓一樣大的一整條魚，躺在橢圓形的碟心，澆上草兒和清汁，嫩嫩的。你再拿。枱子轉。你再要。Miam miam。So you write poetry ? Clap clap clap。千年的蛋。Where do you come from ? 菲律賓女傭在天橋底下吞食她們的星期天。自動扶梯休止了。

你轉一個方向。走在一條商業街上的橋。大大的廣告條子以中文宣揚基督教和基督的《信，望，愛》。一件小孩的毛衣掛在衣架，晾到窗口上。你潛入餐廳那些貪婪顧客的廳房。仔細看漫溢的青翠。眼睛溜進還有幾座小房子奇跡地屹立的高樓大廈叢中。追逐緊緊抓住一片城牆的那棵榕樹開展的根子。你遠遠瞧見一隻溜走的貓。你問自己是誰經常去綠色的清真寺。

麵條碗，toc，在枱子上，toc，灰色的福米加塑膠貼面，光管，抽氣扇，黑椅子，紅凳子，筷子桶，塑膠杯：全都是塑膠的。一個男人用小斗刮向膠住地上餘下的口香糖進攻。What is your mother language ? 玫瑰色的大蝦子在塑膠盤子裏。你的手指頭沾上蒜頭和油的味道。沒有餐巾。老男士們在他們的長凳上昏昏慾睡。

這時期：霍亂流行病在津巴布韋；奧巴馬政府組成了；《非常瑞士。非常銀行。非常私人》一個Swiss Life的廣告；車臣再度伊斯蘭教化；Dreamworks的創造者 Jeffrey Katzenberg與Stephen Spielberg 和 David Geffen，在1994年呈獻動畫影片的新技巧：被評為革命性的，立體電影。那有什麼了不起的。

你比劃說要把長髮剪短然後再讓短髮留長
抗拒停留在一種形象每一次都追求精緻的式樣
圍繞脫下的衣服跳一隻儀式的舞蹈撒下白粉
算是對新傳統的致意

往上修補天花板的掛燈時你總愛向下望
估計風速斜度和曖昧的距離就等同表達的模式
想說話又例必說不出要說的話便只有亂說話
來保持屋頂的平穩

站在半空的平衡你腳踢着一雙高錚鞋去感覺
魚的鮮味割開肚皮後糾纏卻沒有深度的內容
放遠一條綫索在晾曬的衣服中尋找穿衣人的痕跡
在裂縫和針補之間旅行

問你怎樣令一扇門同時能夠打開又可以關閉
像關掉電視按動寶麗萊讓現實出現又消失般容易
面對陌生的人和事想辦法把言辭變得更婉轉
既保護亦帶點侵犯的含義

為了在厚逾百頁的電話簿上看見你的名字
從眾人公認的溝通工具中堅持留住一絲微弱的
個人戀情在切割的畫面和片斷的真實之間還相信
凡不是純粹的才有美麗的可能

The Cellist in the Underground Railway

This is not something difficult to imagine
A man waiting for the train taps lightly on the platform,
inside his shoe

The toes are rubbing against each other, he steps
into the carriage the very moment the doors open
What would you be thinking? You with your cello
caught in the midst of the crowd

How about holding a solo concert at the lobby
of the railway station
Faced with an audience from all places, you would employ
a public rhetoric

Or stick to your personal style of performance? Suppose,
you are theoretically
Much happier than any pop singer, the long carriages

Extol the classical taste, tone down the volume
Sense the violent heartbeats of every station
suddenly exposed to light after darkness

If silence embraces the afternoon rush hours, if we
Stroll leisurely, can you just put away those well-knit melodies

Rigorous movements? Let our sensitive nerves
Stretch freely underneath the oppressive buildings

Once here, both you and I know
The solid earth is more real and more easily felt
than the high sky

Maybe we are seeking individual ways of expression
amid the sound of hasty footsteps
Because at the railway station lobby, nothing is unimaginable

地下鐵的大提琴手

這也不是一件怎樣難以想像的事情
候車男人的腳板輕輕地拍打着月台，鞋裏的

腳指頭在互相磨擦，開門的第一時間踩進車廂
你抱着你的大提琴擠在人叢中會想些什麼？

譬如在地鐵大堂辦一次個人的演奏會
面對四面八方來的觀眾，你用公眾的語言還是

堅持私人的拉奏方法？譬如，理論上你比
任何一個流行歌手都要快樂，長長的車廂

宣揚古典的品味，把音色調得好低
感受黑暗之後忽然光亮的每個車站的猛烈心跳

假如下班的時間一片寧靜，假如我們
優悠踱步，你可不可以放下那些緊湊的旋律

嚴謹的樂章？任由我們敏感的神經
在逼壓的大廈下面自由地伸展

到了這裏，你和我都知道
沉實的泥土比高闊的天空更真實更容易感覺

我們也許混在急促的步聲中尋找各自的表達方法
因為在地鐵大堂，沒有什麼事情不可以想像

...
to appreciate Chinese
cuisine.
We pass through
landscapes dotted with
factories. Between
them are plots of land
containing barracks with
ponds and ducks.
The television in the bus is
showing a disaster movie.
Two hours later, as the
afternoon draws to a close,
we arrive in Guangzhou:
lots of traffic, lots of
noise. In the hotel foyer
stands a Christmas
tree with packages of all
...

Spalancato e scuro

Spalancato e scuro per non essere visto
l'occhio è tuo, amore – la sua sistole
di ciglia mi fa vedere linee aliene,
il metro di alberi, le rime del lago costeggiato,
l'inizio che è il riflusso di una fine,
tuo è lo iato.

Dormi ancora? – il treno esce dal traforo
più lungo che porta alle baracche, a un altro muro
di roccia quasi intatta; tu parli nel sonno,
un foglio di giornale che cade dopo l'uso;
sul fondovalle il fiume cambia tono
passate le chiuse.

Li amavamo poi il calore del corpo cadendo
è passato alle mani e il calore si è spento,
il fiato è ridotto a respiro e parole
e la pioggia non cola ma infrange.
Spio la tua pupilla ricevere il sole,
neve le guance.

Li abbiamo amati ora siamo soli insieme,
veniamo entrambi da un giorno che non tiene.
Lo stupore della luce filtra, dormi ancora?,
qualcosa annusa una macchia di inchiostro
nel mattino che allude alla crisi, e al tepore,
al vostro.

Voi che rimanete a lungo d'ombra
come l'albero riflesso sul lago che ritrova
le sue foglie, voi consci del percorso dell'aria
che il sole smuove da una finestra chiusa.
Ma nel tuo occhio ora la fragilità dell'aria
ride confusa.

Da Ora prima. Sei poesie lunghe, Edizioni Casagrande, 2008

Wide-open and dark

Wide-open and dark not to be seen
the eye is yours, love, through its lean
eyelashes' systoles I see alien lines:
the meter of trees, rhymes of waves just below us,
the beginning as ebb and flow of an end;
yours' the hiatus.

Are you still sleeping? – the train surfaces
from the longest tunnel that leads to another face
of drilled rock; whilst asleep you talk,
a newspaper's sheet falling after use;
on the valley floor the river changes tone
after the sluice.

All of the body's warmth relinquished
had passed through the hands and the warmth extinguished,
and the breath is reduced to breathing and sound
and the rain doesn't ooze but shatters in chips.
I spy on your pupil receiving the sun,
snow are the cheeks.

We loved, now we are alone together,
we both come from a day that wasn't there;
light's stupor filters – are you still sleeping?
– something smells an ink stain therein
the morning, alluding to the crisis, the soothing:
to theirs.

They, remaining shadows for long
as a tree that reflected on the lake found
its leaves. They, conscious of the air
stirred by the sun through a window long-closed.
But in your eye now air's frailty
laughs confused.



他倆穿過人叢，由於盒子的緣故顯得更為觸目。當小販就玉器討價還價的時候，盒子就坐在他們用作攤位的氈子上。之後是計程車、巴士、X光機、海關，最後是飛機的貯物櫃。它醒來時已經在瑞士了，盛滿免稅品，以及一點點中國空氣。

看來個性樂觀的瑞士德國區關員，從鬍子裏笑出來問他那是否Schatzkasse。《寶盒》。但他的德語差勁，差點把它譯成《猫盒》。但可能由於他一貫無知，他還是有點得意的。

他和伙伴分道揚鑣，他們是來自瑞士相反的两端。他倆很合得來。那中國盒子跟他一起坐在火車裏。他想。正如《未來》第一個音節屬於過去而整個字還沒有發音完畢已在反駁自己，一輛火車借速度抹去自己的表面，趕往一個目的地（可以容許《現在》坐在火車裏嗎？）又或者，中國書法家不是有用沾滿清水的長毛筆寫字，以致一個字還沒有看到下一個字出現已經消失了？又或者，中國文字跟幾千年前仍有部份是相同的。……因此，當在他記憶裏中國摩天大廈開始像一輛輛高速火車向上衝向目的地，準備到達後立刻被新的建築物代替時，他禁不住想，他剛去過那國家的名字是用水寫的，因為多人一起寫所以仍可看得見。雖然，至少對他來說，却是讀不懂的。

他想讚美身旁的盒子，它的燈球，它的人物，那麼專心致意表達自己對他人的尊重，以致不顯得它們動作重覆，或在空間凝止，那麼緩慢的行動，就像人的成長，或《現在》逐漸出現。那盒子跟他一起坐在火車裏。橫向的火車，領他回到三星期前離開的《過去》，當下將變成《現在》了。





烤鸭子的人来了

烤鸭子的人来了，比鸭子飞的更远，从新英格兰，或从更北的地方，如果你问他的故乡。烤鸭子的人，带着鸭子来，用行李箱，为了减轻负担，他把衣服放进一个旅行袋。烤鸭子的人让鸭子躺在厨房的水池里，已经冻僵的鸭子，在水里慢慢松弛，烤鸭子的人试过所有北美洲的鸭子，而所有的人告诉他，只有长岛的鸭子值得尝试。烤鸭子的人说他在净膛时，必须和法国的调料说拜拜，并且用石杵捣碎葱、姜、八角和盐一起放进鸭子已经空了的肚子里，好像在敷中国的草药。烤鸭子的人，用一只巨锅烧水，然后告诉鸭子这似乎是并不情愿的一次施洗。为了让这个过程更加逼真，鸭子的双臂也要被架在十字形的支架上，只是材料是中国的竹签。施洗和涂油同时进行，皮肤光亮的鸭子，宛如美容院里的少妇，丰腴，白嫩，气度雍容。散发出麦糖和蜂蜜的香味。在最后的绳索套在鸭子的脖子上时，烤鸭子的人高兴的放下刀子、木槌。以后的事将有时间去完成。烤鸭子的人随手合上他的厚厚的圣经，这上面的每个步骤他都准确地执行。如果你问，他是从哪得到的这本宝典，他会告诉你是从烤鸭子的老家——北京。

The Roast Duck Man has come

The roast duck man has come, flown much further than any duck – from New England. Or some place even further north, in case you're asking where he's from. The roast duck man has come, bringing, in his suitcase, the duck; to lighten the load, he put his clothes into his travelling bag. The roast duck man sets the duck down in the kitchen sink; the duck, already butchered and deep-frozen, slowly thaws, going limp in the water. The roast duck man has tried duck from all over North America, but everyone tells him that Long Island duck is the only sort worth sampling. The roast duck man says that when he's dressing duck he has to say goodbye to French seasoning, and then he puts stone-pestle-pounded onions, ginger, star anise and salt into the emptied belly, much as if he were applying Chinese medicinal herbs. The roast duck man sets water to boil in a huge pot. He then tells the duck that this will be similar to a first unconsented baptism. To make the procedure more realistic, the two arms of the duck have to be supported on a cross-shaped frame – the frame, however, is made of Chinese bamboo. The baptism and anointing are carried out simultaneously – the shiny-skinned duck looks just like a young married woman in a beauty parlour, plump, delicately pale, dignified. It exudes perfumes of brown sugar and honey. Having given the string around the duck's neck a last twist, the roast duck man contentedly puts down his knife and the wooden mallet. He'll have time to complete the job later. At the same time, the roast duck man closes his thick bible: he has performed each step exactly according to its rules. If you ask him where he managed to find his sacred text he'll tell you it's from the home town of roast duck, Beijing.

红色餐巾纸

红色餐巾纸托着饭后甜点
踩着爵士的音步，巧克力的低音提琴
带着褐色的微笑。

我闻到了小号的香味
挑逗的跳跃，闪烁妈妈和
初夜情人的影子。

何止呢，托来所有的
牛奶、烈酒和雪茄
洋房、汽车和负债。

红色的餐巾纸托着斧头和镰刀
迈着进行曲的正步，帐单上高音喇叭
带着血色的噪音。

...
a translator. There is an impressive view of the Pearl River and the city from the consul's apartment. The food is Chinese and western European, and is served with Chinese and Italian wine.
On the morning of December 11 we depart for Macau. On the ground in front of the bus terminal lies a poker card. It is the king of clubs. A motorcyclist overtakes the bus. He isn't wearing a
...

Red paper napkin

Hold dessert on a red paper napkin in your palm
add a jazz step, a chocolate bass,
wear a brown smile.

Smell the high aroma of a trumpet
stutter step, twinkling mama and
the first night with a lover's shadow.

Not just that but hold it all in the palm of your hand
mother's milk, whiskey, a cigar,
a house in the suburbs, a mortgage, a big car.

Red paper napkin in the palm of your hand
touch the hammer and sickle
march to the music, on the ticket
the high sound of the trumpet
blares the color of blood.

没有重量的鱼

一条没有重量的鱼
它优游在半空，宛如空气正固化为水和玻璃。
它用一侧的眼睛看我，询问我的看法
而另一侧掩藏或是正高深莫测的迴避。
每次我看到这个灵巧的鱼眼，每次豪雨便湿透全身。
那半空中的水被我留在半空，如同步入池底。在那我们彼此招呼，并且自问《鱼可曾湿衣？》
失去重量的鱼可食
就如空气中的水化为空气。

Fish with no weight

A fish with no weight
swims between heaven and earth,
as if empty air were solidified to water and glass. It turns one eye to watch me, asks my opinion, turns the other to hide it, or perhaps it is straight but hidden in unfathomable depth. Each time I come across this agile fish eye, each time rain drenches my whole body. I leave water between heaven and earth, as if it would be better to step into the bottom of a pond. We greet one another, and naturally ask “Did this fish perhaps wet its clothes?”
Fish losing weight may be food
just as water in open sky may be transformed into air.



不伦不类

人物：白种女人
中国女人、男人（由一女人扮演）

地点：任意一个空间

背景：黑幕，当中悬挂一幅发裂的中西方脸谱

幕后：脸谱定点光渐亮，在京剧锣鼓点子和西方爵士乐相互交替的音乐声中两个女人

舞蹈着。白人和女人相互端详

白人：你看什么？
女人：你看什么？
白人：看一个外国人。
女人：看一个外国人。
白人：你叫什么名字？
女人：你叫什么名字？
白人：你为什么学我？
女人：你为什么学我？
白人：她是外国人，正在学说中国话。
女人：你才是外国人-----这是在中国。
白人：谢谢提醒。在中国，我天天总是不断被提醒，你是外国人，你是外国人。你的中文说得真好，你筷子用得很熟。
女人：呆在中国不好吗？
白人：你试试，老少咸宜，男女不分，一概向你行注目礼。我还学习了不少时髦话，什么帅呆了、酷毙了、欧了。
女人：真实个傻老外。
白人：我就是个傻老外。
女人：那你还呆在中国？甚至还想嫁个中国老公？
白人：你说，中国的家庭会欢迎我吗？
女人：我想每个中国男人都会喜欢你。
白人：真的？
女人：真的。
白人：（同时）那我们试试。（音乐起）
女人：我可以演你的老公。
白人：怎么开始？
男人：当然是接吻。
白人：（惊讶）啊
女人：开玩笑。头一件是：丑媳妇要见公婆。
白人：我丑吗？可能胖了点，我最近一直在减肥。
男人：中国菜好吃，我猜这是她想留在中国的原因。

白人：我留在中国是因为我爱你。
男人：真的吗？
白人：真的。
男人：（道白）那我们走吧
白人：（京白）走！（强起，京剧锣鼓点子）
男人：（道白）到家了
白人：（京白）那是你妈？
男人：（道白）对。是咱妈。
白人：（京白）那是你妈，不是咱妈。也就是说她是你妈不是我妈。
男人：（道白）你说的对，她是我妈不是你妈，但是她现在是咱妈。
白人：（京白）那我得叫她妈了？
男人：哎，你不叫她妈，叫她姥姥？
白人：可她是你妈，不是我妈。
男人：那你也得叫妈。
白人：你就用不着叫我妈叫《妈》，你叫她名字就行。
男人：那是你们国家，在这儿，在中华人民共和国的土地上，（京白）你，你，你就非得叫我妈她老人家《妈》不可。
白人：非得叫。
男人：非得叫。
白人：不叫不行。
男人：（道白）不（啊）行。
男人：哎，你想，我妈把我养这么大，好不容易才娶了你这么个媳妇。你都不叫我妈声妈。她不心肌梗塞也得半身不遂。
白人：我不是不想叫，就是别扭。她是你妈，我只叫我妈----《妈》。
男人：你就把她当成你妈不就完了，你看她也是个上年纪的女人，眼角也长了皱纹了。你看，她笑起来牙都没了，可挺慈祥不是吗？
白人：（仔细端详）（京白）她有牙。
男人：（道白）那是假的。（还原）哎她要是难过，哭起来，那牙就掉了。你想看她哭吗？
白人：不想。
男人：就算我求你了，咱们好歹夫妻一场，这点面子总该给我吧。你就假表演戏，演一个温顺的中国媳妇，也就几分钟。你把眼闭上说-----想象眼前的人就是你妈。
白人：我没法那样想。
男人：（急了）（道白）你，你，你进天上吊、跳河我也不管，可你得叫我妈她不可。

白人：妈。
男人：对。
白人：妈。
男人：你看这很容易。
白人：叫你什么都容易。因为你是我丈夫，我可以叫你我亲爱的耗子或是小猪……
男人：咱们今天非进这个家，你就做一次新媳妇，条件是不许不叫人。你想怎么办，我都依你。行了吗？
白人：（对着观众）你们帮我处处主意，哎？我能不能叫你妈妈《婆婆》。
男人：（愤怒地）女人们背后才称男人的妈《婆婆》。哪有当面叫的？----不过从理论上讲也是可以的。
白人：可是你说的，只要我叫了人就行。现在我可以叫《婆婆》。
男人：你等会儿，我先替你通报。（锣鼓点子起）
男人：（道白）妈妈，这是我老婆，你媳妇。（对白人）哎，听着，这是我妈，你婆婆。
白人：（蹲儿安行礼）（京白）婆婆。
突然摔杯子声音大作。两人听着远去脚步，大笑起来，爵士乐起，白人女人跳起欢快的舞蹈。
时空转换到另一个国家。
女人：（出现在观众厅大声叫着）麦瑞。
白人：你看我的舞蹈跳得怎么样？
女人：这个报告是怎么回事？我请乔治来讲课，说好是免费的。
白人：学校有一笔专项基金专门给各个系学术交流用的。
女人：可是，乔治答应我不要钱的。他想你要钱了？
白人：没有。
女人：那你为什么向学校申请这笔基金？
白人：多了这笔钱，我们可以舒舒服服地过上几天。何乐而不为呢？
女人：啊？我没有明白你的意思，你是说你用乔治讲学的名义申请了这笔钱？
白人：对。
女人：但你准备告诉乔治有这笔钱？
白人：我们没有损失什么，对吧？而且我们可以用这笔钱好好和你的朋友一起享受。
女人：你怎么这样？
白人：这就叫聪明。
女人：看来你有点找不着北了。
两人走到台口两侧。音乐起。
白人：你是谁？

...
helmet and he's barefoot.
Cages on the pannier rack.
A cigarette in the mouth.
In the centre of
Macau we stand before a
Portuguese façade. It
is crumbling, and is
illuminated as soon as the
sun goes down. It
commands a view of the
coastline, winding honey-
yellow around the
peninsula. Amid the warm
blocks stands the Grand
Lisboa, which looks
like a cornflower. As night
falls, the cornflower
...

女人：我是你。
白人：我是谁？
女人：你是我呀。
白人：那我们两现在都是不伦不类，是自己，又不是自己。
女人：没有这么复杂。一个人愿不喜欢你和你做的事，你就变成另一个人，我们已经习惯这种分类了。（京剧锣鼓点子和西方爵士乐交织在一块，两位剧中人都在跳着自己所不熟悉的舞蹈。）
追光落在舞台上那张裂变的脸上。（剧终）

Neither Type Nor Category

Note: Contrast of two cultures. A Chinese woman (WOMAN), by pretending to be WHITEY'S husband, tries to teach WHITEY how to behave toward her new mother-in-law. She is expected to call her Mom, but she finds that difficult.

Characters
Euro-American Woman (WHITEY)
Chinese Woman (WOMAN)
Peter (Played by WOMAN)
Husband (Played by WOMAN)

Place: A room
Time: Night

WHITEY and WOMAN sit facing each other, as if each were looking at her reflection in a mirror. WHITEY brushes her hair as she does every night before sleeping. WHITEY and WOMAN size each other up, asking pensively.

WHITEY What are you looking at?
WOMAN What are you looking at?
WHITEY A foreigner.
WOMAN A foreigner.
WHITEY What's your name?
WOMAN What's your name?
WHITEY Why are you mimicking me?
WOMAN Why are you mimicking me?
WHITEY You're a foreigner studying Chinese.
WOMAN Actually, you're the foreigner; you're in China right now.
WHITEY Thanks for the update. In China, I am constantly reminded - "You're a foreigner."
"Did I mention? You're a foreigner."
"You speak Chinese really well."
"You use chopsticks so effortlessly."
"You certainly relish Chinese food."
"Do you understand Chinese proverbs?"
"Can you recite Tang Dynasty poems?"
"Aiya, you're even better than our child."
So I ask, "And how old is your child?"
"Two. She just started speaking... E, e, e..."
WOMAN Singing, a goose crooks its throat to heaven.
WHITEY White feathers float on green water,

WOMAN Red webs paddle through turquoise waves.
WHITEY This is the only poem I've memorized.
WOMAN And why do you want to become Chinese?
WHITEY Because I can't stand Chinese people staring at me and they stare every single day.
WOMAN You turn heads! How great is that?! Just to get that second glance, Chinese women put themselves through the ringer. After beauty treatments, diets, perms, and breast enlargements, all that's left to do is trade in their faces. Are you sure it doesn't feel good to be the center of attention?
WHITEY You try it. 2.5 billion eyeballs crawling up and down your body. Suitable entertainment for young and old, male and female, no exceptions. And some of the women are even more outrageous. They pretend to be your friend, sidle up to you, and then surreptitiously rub your back to see if you're wearing a bra. I mean, if you think I'm stuffing a little extra, ask. And if you won't take my word for it, I can always strip.
WOMAN (Addresses audience) Stupid foreigner.
WHITEY I know what you're thinking. A stupid foreigner. Correct, I am a stupid foreigner. I have stupidly lived in China for six years, stupidly learning the latest political phrases, like 'when two hands grab, they should both be firm' and 'the four supports and three representations'. I've even been stupid about learning teeny-bopper slang like 'hot babe', 'rocking'; and 'word'. Stupid moi, I make friends with every Chinese person I meet, even the vendor who cheated me in the free market yesterday. Today when I meet up with him, I'm going to smile my same stupid smile.

WHITEY becomes motionless and looks at WOMAN. Again, the two again size each other up.

WOMAN You've been in China six years already, but you're still a foreigner. Why keep trying to master Chinese?
WHITEY I was once a visiting scholar at a major American Center for China Studies.
WOMAN I know that. But you aren't under any obligation to study Chinese. A lot of sinologists can't speak Chinese.
WHITEY It's not about language. I wanted to become Chinese.
WOMAN Why?
WHITEY Because I'm not.
WOMAN You're you, and ain't ever gonna be me, sister.

WHITEY You think you know my destiny? At any rate, I've already left the United States.

WOMAN Because...?
WHITEY One day, the Director came looking for me.
WOMAN Peter, a third generation Chinese-American who can't speak Chinese, but when he insists on opening his mouth, it comes out guttural: ni hao...

WOMAN *portrays* PETER.

PETER What's this funding application for? When I invited George to speak, we agreed there'd be no honorarium.
WHITEY The school has specially designated funding to use on academic exchanges.
PETER But George agreed to waive the honorarium. Did he change his mind?
WHITEY No.
PETER Then why did you apply for funding?
WHITEY A little extra money and we can make your friend's visit that much more comfy. The money's there, why not apply?
PETER Come again? Are you saying you applied for funding in George's name?
WHITEY Correct.
PETER But you have no intention of telling George that he's eligible for an honorarium?
WHITEY You and he already agreed he'd come for free, so why mention money? It's not like he's expecting anything.
PETER I'm still confused. Then what's the point of applying for funding?
WHITEY We don't gain anything by not applying, right? But with a little extra money, we can show George a better time.
PETER Are you operating under Chinese pretences?
WHITEY Excuse me?
PETER Rumor has it you're studying Chinese. Is this pre-trip practice in how to privately network public funds?
WHITEY I'm not sure how a Chinese scholar would act in this situation. However, if they went for the money, I'd say they were smart, too.
PETER You probably will succeed in China.

WHITEY *gestures angrily at* PETER, *who disappears as* WOMAN *takes her*

place across from WHITEY.

WOMAN We might do an experiment to test your Chinese mettle.
WHITEY Chinese daughter-in-law, right?
WOMAN I'll play your Chinese hubby.
WHITEY Would a Chinese household welcome me?
WOMAN Ha. I think any Chinese household would welcome you.
WHITEY Really?

WOMAN *becomes* HUSBAND. HUSBAND *sits to the side reading a newspaper. He puts down the newspaper and shows his face.*

WHITEY How should we start?
HUSBAND With a kiss, of course.
WHITEY Huh?
HUSBAND I'm joking. First things first. Ugly daughter-in-law must meet parents-in-law.

Place a chair at the front of the stage.

WHITEY Am I ugly?
WHITEY *(looks in the mirror)* A little fat, but I've been dieting recently.
HUSBAND Who doesn't want to eat delicious food? I suspect that's why she stayed in China.
WHITEY I stayed because I love you.
HUSBAND Say it again.

WHITEY *pulls* HUSBAND *to his feet.*

HUSBAND We're home.
WHITEY That's your mother?
HUSBAND Yup, that's mom.
WHITEY Your mother, not 'mom'. Remember she's your mother, not our 'mom'.
HUSBAND Technically, she's my mother, not yours, but now she's ours.
WHITEY So you want me to call her 'mom'.
HUSBAND: If you don't call her 'mom', what are you going to call her? Grandma?
WHITEY But she's your mother, not mine.

HUSBAND That's not the point. You have to call her 'mom'.
WHITEY You don't have to call my mother 'mom'; you use her name.
HUSBAND Over there in your country. Here, in the territory of the People's Republic of China, you call my elderly mother 'mom'.
WHITEY Have to.
HUSBAND Absolutely.
WHITEY No way around it.
HUSBAND None. Imagine what it took for my mother to raise me. How I finally brought home a daughter-in-law. And then, no 'mom'. Even if it doesn't give her a heart attack, she'll still never recover from the shock.
WHITEY It's not that I don't want to call her 'mom', it's just awkward. You do realize she's your mother. I only call my mother 'mom'.
HUSBAND Then pretend she's your mother. Same older woman, same wrinkled eyes, and when she laughs, it's the same toothless mouth. The image of benevolence.
WHITEY Your mother has teeth.
HUSBAND False teeth. If she gets sad and starts to cry, they'll fall out. Is that what you want? Her teeth on the floor?
WHITEY No.
HUSBAND If you don't call her 'mom', she'll cry. I'm just guessing, but I think if you don't call her 'mom', she'll force herself to smile that benevolent smile, gritting her false teeth until the sobs gush forth.
WHITEY You're kidding, right?
HUSBAND Would I lie to you? Yes. Okay, let's change our perspective here. I'm begging you to do me a favor because you're my wife and wives help their husbands out of tight spots. We're going to pretend to be a model husband and wife. Put your heart into the script, and play the part of a warm, submissive Chinese daughter-in-law. For a few minutes, close your eyes and imagine the person in front of you is your mother. Say 'mom'.
WHITEY I can't.
HUSBAND You want to commit suicide, fine, I won't stop you, but before you do, you have to call the person in front of you 'mom'.

WHITEY *positions herself in front of* HUSBAND.

WHITEY Mom.

...
catches fire and attracts myriad insects to the roulette tables, where no rake is used to collect the chips, where there is no "Rien ne va plus," and where the clocks have no hands. "You are your own king, you are your own camel."
Back in Hong Kong, the city seems to me like an old friend. Here ends our journey through the Pearl River Delta, which is roughly the size of Switzerland, where
...

HUSBAND Correct.
WHITEY Mom.
HUSBAND See how easy it is.
WHITEY It's easy to call you anything. Because you're my husband, I could call you my beloved rat or little piggie...

WOMAN *laughs.*

WHITEY I mean, how did you call her 'mom' the first time?
WOMAN Chinese women do harder things than this. If you want to be a Chinese daughter-in-law, start by saying 'mom'.
WHITEY Okay. Anything Chinese women can do, I can do. Let's go call her 'mom'.

WHITEY *links arms with* HUSBAND *for several steps, suddenly stops.*

WHITEY You don't have a father, do you?
HUSBAND Listen to her. Do I have a father? Of course I have a father.
WHITEY I'm not trying to insult you.
HUSBAND No, you're flattering me.
WHITEY I just wanted to know if your father was still living...
HUSBAND I apologize, but my father is still alive and well.
WHITEY Do I have to call him 'dad'?

HUSBAND *stares at* WHITEY *without speaking.*

WHITEY I'm really sorry, but I can't call your mother and father 'mom and dad'.
HUSBAND So in the end it's dad who breaks mom's heart. Will she never hear her daughter-in-law call her 'mom'? Listen, my father is even more virtuous than my mother. When he walks, he keeps his eyes on the ground to avoid stepping on ants. This is goodness. Neighbors call him the living Buddha.
WHITEY I'm sure your father's a saint.
HUSBAND And yours isn't?
WHITEY Exactly. My father wasn't, isn't, and has no plans to be good to me. I've never called the man anything other than his name. So, how am I going to use paternal endearments in your house?
HUSBAND Tell me, do you have any intention of respecting our marriage?

WHITEY We could forget it.
HUSBAND Forget it? No. I make concession after concession and she says, 'forget it' and we forget?! Unacceptable. Today, I'm taking you home to meet my mother. Because you're a foreigner, we'll respect your human rights, but you have to consider our customs. When we enter our family home, you do daughter-in-law. I don't care how you do it, but you have to respectfully address my mother. That said, whatever else you do, I'll support. Okay?

WHITEY *address audience.*

WHITEY I need a lifeline. Eh, could I call your mother 'mother-in-law'?
HUSBAND Women only call men's mothers 'mother-in-law' behind their backs. Who says it to their face? (beat) Although, theoretically, it's permissible.
WHITEY But you promised, all I had to do was respectfully address your mother. Now, I can call her 'mother-in-law' most respectfully.

WHITEY *prepares to rush over to the chair.*

HUSBAND Wait a minute, I'll announce you first.

HUSBAND *approaches the chair.*

HUSBAND Mom, this is my wife, your daughter-in-law. Hey, listen up. This is my mother, your mother-in-law.

WHITEY *curtsies in traditional style*

WHITEY Mother-in-law.

The two performers freeze.

WOMAN Who are you?
WHITEY Who are you?
WOMAN You don't recognize me?
WHITEY You're the Chinese person I dream of being but never will become.
WOMAN But it's no big, sad deal. Why agonize over it? It's not like

you're not already part of me.
WHITEY So now neither of us is pure, being neither a type nor belonging to a category, we are ourselves by way of somebody else.
WOMAN It's not that complicated. When someone doesn't like you or what you do, you change, become another. And we all know someone like that.

Translated by Mary Ann O'Donnell



What the body needs

1998 is a bad year.
It began with the bird flu,
no chickens for Chinese New Year.
Then came the red tide with dead fish,

speculators on the Hong Kong dollar.
Unemployment has climbed to 4.8 per cent.
Property prices have almost halved.
The Hang Seng Index goes down and down.

A few million lost on paper,
I am spending money as usual,
hoping to boost the economy
with my little expenditure.

How can I complain?
I still have my job and pay
and someone to welcome me
when I open the door at home.

Whether it's a Mid-Levels' apartment
or 400 square feet in old Wanchai,
it's only three feet by six
that my body sleeps on.

Whatever the feast on the table –
abalone, shark's fin, sashimi,
what I can eat is limited
by the size of my stomach.

However we may dream or lust,
bodily needs are fairly constant.
But it's easy for me to be thankful when
what I have is already someone's heaven.

If my family were swept away by Yangtze waters
and blisters began festering on my legs,
if I were raped as my home was burning,
would I be grateful still for the breath to utter a prayer?

Perhaps I know what the body needs.
But do I know what the body can endure?
God, the girl in Indonesia raped with a broom –
did she wake up in heaven?

The glass of lemonade

At Dinant,
there is a stop –
a bridge of many flags
from different nations.

Photos taken,
time remains
for a glass of lemonade.

Through French windows,
I look at the bridge,
colours flying,
people moving,
my lips pressing
on the rim of the glass.

I think of the tourists who came before
sipping from the same glass,
now in another world ...

Another time
when I come no more,
other lips will touch this glass.

15 July 1995, Dinant

A candle flame

At Wardshus Restaurant
near Drottningholm Palace,
the single waiter lit
a candle for us,
his idea of a romantic photo
for a tourist couple
at a Swedish lunch.

I watched the flame,
transparent blue at the base,
bright yellow leaping above it,
and said to my husband,
'The bright flame cannot hurt.
The blue part can.
The top part is carbon particles
converted to light.
The bottom part is heat.
The same applies to us.
When we eat,
food becomes energy,
energy for movement.
When we speak,
language is many muscular movements,
each cell transmitting chemicals to another.
It's all the same.'

My husband laughed
at his analytical wife.
From a few tables away,
the kind waiter smiled,
thinking he had contributed
to an enchanting moment.

7 July, 1999, Drottningholms Inn

...
*various languages are
spoken and the local colour
makes the difference.
China through food.
Assimilating culture. Food
as a way of preserving
tradition. I think of the
link in the brain between
memory and the sense
of taste.*
*Our flight back to
Switzerland leaves in the
evening. I write four
postcards, buy a music box
for my daughter, and
acquire a decorated espresso
spoon for my wife. I still*
...

妈祖庙前

庙关门了
妈祖也有休息的时候
我们只好面海而坐
治理自己的海事

面对起伏的灰色波涛饮酒
酒罐上有庆回归的金字
今天天气阴晴未定
黄昏来时有点翳热
啤酒够冰凉
可止不住我们的渴

远山为甚麽给劈开了一半？
那些随水飘流的植物
可是自我放逐的花叶？
甚麽时候，云层里
会透出清明的星光？

妈祖庙前

In Front of the Ma Ju Temple

the temple is closed
even Ma Ju has time to rest
we'll just have to sit by the sea
and run our own maritime matters

drinking, we face the rolling grey waves
on the bottle gold characters celebrate Macao's return to China
today's weather is unsettled: cloudy or clear
when dusk comes it's a little stifling
the beer is cold enough
but can't slake our thirst

why are the distant hills split in half?
those plants drifting on the water
can they be leaves in self-banishment?
when, through layered clouds,
will break bright starlight?

June 1999, Translated by Brian Holton





城市风景

城市总有霓虹的灯色
那里有隐密的讯息
只可惜你戴起了口罩
听不清楚是不是你在说话

来自不同地方的水果
各有各叙说自己的故事
橱窗有最新的构图
革命孩子和新款鞋子押上韵

我在你的食肆里
碰上多年未见的朋友
在渍物和泡饭之间
一杯茶喝了一生的时间

还有多余的银币吗
商场里可以买回许多神祇
她缅怀前生的胭红
他喜欢市廛的灰绿

给我唱一支歌吧
在深夜街头的转角
我们与昨天碰个满怀
却怎也想不起今天

Cityscape

The city is always the colour of neon
Secret messages hidden there
The pity is only you're wearing a mask
No way to know if it's you that's speaking

Fruit from many different places
Each with its own tale to tell
In newly dressed shop windows
„Che“ rhymes with the latest in shoes

In your little cafes I bump into
Friends I haven't seen in years
Between pickles and green tea porridge
A cup of tea has drunk away a lifetime

Have you any spare change then?
There are plenty of gods on sale in the market
She cherishes the memory of her last life's rouge
He likes the celadon green of city dust

So sing me a song then
On the winding midnight street
Yesterday and us, we've come face to face
But however we try, we can never recall today

Translated by Brian Holton

峰景酒店的一夜

把酒望大桥上车辆穿梭
明年今日再难在回廊上喝酒了
战时它曾是难民营
庇护逃离战火的众生。
我回首看几经翻修的优雅廊柱
我们不要忘记历史的鬼魂

谁是这场戏的主角？
十七世纪巍峨古堡的城墙逐渐崩塌
院落弃置的水井有下人来洗衣服
眼前男女在生日蛋糕的掌声中拥吻
我们老是在历史的场景里当时演员
今夜我们围坐在长桌旁，仿如
乘坐豪华邮轮船向二十一世纪

这些楼梯真的将要消失？餐厅
丢空，沉进遗忘的海洋深处？
我坐在这儿默默喝酒，听着
却没有听见戏剧性的隆隆巨响
看得见的美景背后有每个人
有自己想像的好风景，烛光晚餐
总没有想的美味。听得见的音乐背后
另外一种音乐继续弹奏下去

这儿曾有我们年轻的夜晚，第一次
不觉疲倦地走遍小巷，沿街看
谦卑的营生，夜来投宿破落的旅馆
民生的智慧总不会轻易消失
英国人和法国人曾经争着收购的建筑
见证了不同的起伏，现在面对
填出来的烂地，也许要建新的塔楼
招徕游客。谁是这场戏的主角？

澳门菜和粤菜，在年月中演变
没有穿着浆硬制服的侍者了
只有本地的杂烩把种种旧菜翻新
巴西的红豆煮肉，莫三鼻给的椰汁墨鱼
到头来是它们留下来，伴着桌上
一种从甘蔗调制成的饮品

...

*have my fork in my
pocket. I haven't used it.
Our last meal together
is excellent. I note that the
more I see and think I
know, the more I move
away from what is familiar
to me. I've forgotten how
to construct a centrifuge;
all I can remember is
what happens if I put my
finger in it.*

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At Bela Vista

I look at the traffic on the bridge, a glass of wine in hand
Next year today, no more parties on the veranda for us
Someone remembers it used to be a refugee camp
during the war
providing shelter from catastrophes. Like in a disaster film?
I turn round to look at the elegant colonnades,
renovated many times
Let's not forget the ghosts of history

Who plays the lead in this scene?
The imposing walls of the seventeenth century fortress
had crumbled
at the deserted well in the courtyard servants had gathered
to wash clothes
Before me now people embrace and applaud
in front of a birthday-cake
As always we play walk-ons in historic scenes
Sitting at this long table tonight, we sail
as if on a luxurious liner towards the twenty-first century

Will these stairs vanish? Will the restaurant,
forsaken, sink deep into the ocean of oblivion?
I sit here drinking in silence, listening to
but not hearing any dramatic explosions
Behind the bela vista one sees are the boa vistas
everyone imagines for himself. Candlelight dinners
never match one's imagination. Beyond the music
one hears, another music plays on

This place had seen the nights of our youth,
the time we first explored
tirelessly those narrow alleys, watching people
make their humble living
along the streets, and at night we checked in –
a mere grotty hotel then
Local wisdom will not easily disapear
Buildings the British and the French had fought to purchase
bear witness to the rise and fall of different masters, and now
on this stretch of land newly reclaimed, pagodas and towers
may rise to attract tourists. Who plays the lead in this scene?

We try Macanese and Cantonese food, which change with time
There are no more waiters in uniforms neatly starched
only new dishes of hotchpotch stews made from old recipes
bean stew Brazilian style, squids Mozambique in coconut juice
In the end it is they that remain. Keeping them company
on the table
a simple drink made from sugar cane

Macao, February 1998
Translated by Martha Cheung



My Poetry, Macao and the Cultures of the Sea

I enjoyed visiting Macao, and writing about it. I am particularly interested in the cultural encounters that have taken place in Macao in the past centuries.

When I first started writing poetry in the 1970s, I was interested in classical Chinese poetry, and tried to transfer what I learned from classic poetics to write about modern cities. When I first visited Macao I had written a series of seven poems, which were later collected in my first book of poems “Thunder Rumbles and Cicada Chips” (1979). This group of poems is more descriptive of places and streets in Macao, in which I followed the Chinese tradition of landscape poetry in containing feeling and ideas in imagistic presentation. I tried to capture the atmosphere and did not comment directly. I remembered I was at the Border Gate looking at China from a distance, and wrote a line to describe how the winds have torn the map at the hands of a tourist.

I since returned to Macao many times, for the food, the beach, and the atmosphere of old alleys and old houses. In the 1990s I had friends living in Macao, and I brought friends from Europe there, having great parties from time to time!

Since 1997 I have worked with a friend on a project called Foodscape, using poetry and visual images to focus on the theme of food to explore the cultures of different cities. We first started in the Artspeak Gallery in Vancouver, then went on to Tokyo and Munich. We have had great times getting into the various facets of cities through food. In 1998 we returned to Hong Kong to do a new Foodscape exhibition at the Arts Centre, and among the works I had newly written there was one on Bela Vista, a hotel that we frequented a lot, to which we had just bid farewell in a grand party held before it closed down. I had

by that time written a few new poems about food in Macao, so people suggested we do a Foodscape in Macao.

I was very excited about the idea, and we met some very encouraging and enthusiastic art administrators. So while I was an artist in residence in Berlin in the summer of 1998 working on a book of poems Dong Xi 东西 (East West Matters) I naturally took the time to write on the few figures from Macao that I am interested in: Camilo Pessanha, George Chinnery, Zheng Guanying 郑观应 and later Wu Li 吴历. In the postscript to the book East West Matters, I said that there wasn’t just one East and one West, there are in fact many, and that the encounters of Easts and Wests created numerous ‘dong xi’, things and matters. Among the poems I worked on then, there was in particular a section called “Macao: East and West”. It contained eight poems about Macanese history and culture, about people and places and cultural encounters.

We had tentatively fixed the dates of the exhibition to be in 1999, in time for Macao’s return to China. It was tentatively fixed to hold the exhibition in the China Hall museum. We went to visit and found the place beautiful, with a very pretty garden and, upstairs, a very impressive library.

But when I returned in 1999 I found the situation changed a bit. The art administrators that we approached were no longer in office. And management and schedules had changed, so other exhibitions were already arranged instead. My artist friend was also moving to Toronto, and was busy packing and did not have time to work out a new schedule. So we didn’t pursue it any further.

It was a great regret to me. I had done Foodscape projects with poems and photos about different cities, I would have lo-

ved to explore further the links among China, Portugal, Macao, Hong Kong and Canton in terms of cultures and perhaps with a focus on food.

But anyway I have not stopped writing about Macao. I am still very interested in East West Matters, I wrote about Asian or Pearl River Delta cities. And among the series of Lotos Leaves poems there’s a “Neighboring Leaf” which is about Macao too!

Then my wine critic friend Annabel Jackson finished a book on Macanese cooking, and asked me if I would be interested in contributing a poem. I had heard about her experience in searching for secret family recipes and I was very interested in the topic. Therefore I wrote the poem with great pleasure.

The poems have not been published in Macao so far. I would love to pursue a future project working further on Macao and on the encounters of Portuguese and Chinese cultures, or in a broader sense, the encounters of many Eastern and many Western cultures.



Gérard Henry

Rêveries macanaises
(5 juillet 1998)

Sur le chemin de retour d’un voyage en Chine, une escale s’impose à Macao, la petite enclave portugaise sur la mer de Chine méridionale, à l’embouchure de la rivière des Perles.

Macao c’est bien-sûr la grande cité du jeu asiatique qui vit principalement du revenu de ses casinos et du tourisme, mais c’est aussi une surprenante ville au charme portugais dans laquelle il fait bon flâner. De Hong Kong, prenez un de ces aéroglisseurs qui vous porte à grande vitesse entre mer et ciel. Dès le départ la magie est au rendez-vous. Le bateau file à travers la baie de Hong Kong, la nuit, tout illuminée comme un rêve des mille et une nuits.

Ceinturé dans un fauteuil confortable, on vous prévient que le jeu est interdit à bord au cas où vous ne sauriez patienter les 45 minutes que dure le voyage. Le jeu, si vous êtes un mordu du tapis vert, vous en aurez jusqu’à satiété. Macao possède une quantité respectable de casinos où l’on peut tenter sa chance nuit et jour durant toute l’année. Pour cela pas besoin de smoking, grands flambeurs internationaux aussi bien que paysans du sud de la Chine sont au coude à coude autour des tables. Dans ces établissements toute une industrie prospère : restaurants, karaokés, prêteurs sur gages, salons de massage en tous genres ainsi qu’au hasard des allées et des couloirs des filles venues, selon les saisons, de Chine, du Cambodge, de Thaïlande ou de Russie. Si vous ne pénétrez pas dans cet enfer du jeu, vous ne verrez pratiquement rien de ces commerces qui se tiennent dans l’entourage des casinos.

C’est en 1555 que les Portugais cherchant en Chine un point de d’ancrage obtinrent de l’Empire du Milieu cette langue de terre à l’embouchure de la Rivière des Perles. Les Chinois toutefois, craignant que les Portugais ne se répandent plus au Nord, murèrent la péninsule sur ses arrières. Macao devint un centre de commerce et une base aussi bien pour les marchands que pour les missionnaires.

Première incompréhension entre cultures, selon une anecdote contée localement, quand les Portugais arrivèrent à Macao, ils en demandèrent le nom : « Amatgao » leur répondit-on. C’est-à-dire la baie de Ah Ma, une déesse locale. Telle est du moins la version officielle et portugaise. Pour les Cantonais, l’interprétation est tout autre « Matgao » étant un juron très vulgaire signifiant quelque chose comme « va te faire voir ailleurs ».

Le vieux Macao est une ville à demi-portugaise, matinée de chinois, avec des ribambelles de petites églises catholiques, de vieux bâtiments à arcades, aux façades ocre, terre brûlée, vertes ou blanches, aux places carrelées, avec ça et là de belles céramiques portugaises bleues.

Derrière la façade solitaire de la cathédrale Saint Paul dont la nef a disparu se cache un labyrinthe de venelles et d’escaliers où nichent les antiquaires. On y trouve meubles et objets chinois à des prix incomparables avec Hong Kong.

L’un des grands charmes de Macao quand l’on vient de Hong Kong, c’est le changement de rythme. Le Macanais a hérité de la nonchalance portugaise. A Hong Kong on court toujours, à Macao on lambine et on flâne.

La ville qui a récemment perdu des touristes en raison d’une guerre des triades tournant autour des casinos et de la crise économique en Asie, vient d’ouvrir dans un vieux fort réaménagé un beau musée de son histoire sino-portugaise qui raconte ce mariage curieux entre Orient et Occident. Le Macanais en plus de 400 ans a su se créer une culture particulière, qui malheureusement devant l’influx d’immigrés de Chine est en train de disparaître, mais reste très vivante, notamment dans la cuisine locale.

On vient à Macao pour manger, pour y chercher dans ce coin d’extrême Asie, une cuisine portugaise authentique, arrosée de vins dorés au soleil portugais. On s’y attarde des heures à boire et à déguster, car dans l’après-midi qui mûrit, le temps ne se mesure plus.

Pour les palais gourmands, le plus intéressant reste la cuisine coloniale portugaise. Car Macao étant le dernier maillon de la chaîne de commerce entre Lisbonne et l’Asie, les galions portugais arrivaient ici chargés d’épices d’Afrique, d’Inde et d’Indonésie. Épices que les chefs locaux marièrent avec les cuisines portugaises et chinoises pour créer un art culinaire unique ponctué de pili-pili, de curry et autres produits exotiques. Dans la chaleur de l’été on les arrose de vino verde très frais et l’on finit avec les desserts en buvant un Muscat portugais sucré relevé de quelques tranches de citron.

Et pour finir une journée macanaise – un must – une soirée sur la terrasse ventée du Bela Vista, sous les lourdes arcades chargées d’histoire de l’un des grands et vieux hôtels mythiques de l’histoire coloniale asiatique. Une superbe construction au charme suranné qui laisse sourdre de ses vieux murs jaunes d’or toute la nostalgie d’un empire finissant.

Plongez dans l’un de ses profonds fauteuils au tissu passé, et sous les palmes chuintantes de ses lourds ventilateurs, face à la moiteur de la nuit tropicale, méditez sur la grandeur des vieux empires. En décembre 1999, après 444 ans sur les rivages de la mer de Chine, les Portugais mettront définitivement la voile vers les rivages atlantiques.

Et déjà face au vieil hôtel, qui racheté pour en faire un consulat portugais, fermera à jamais ses portes, la Chine est là avec ses gratte-ciel et ses villes nouvelles qui empiètent sur la vieille cité.

en « Chroniques Hongkongaises » Edition Zoe, 2008.



Joseph Abraham Levi

Macao’s Foodscape: Identity Marker within Two Worlds

Each region in China naturally evolved a distinctive cooking style that reflected its topography, climate, flora and fauna, the temperament of its people and their contact with outsiders.¹

I
It is obvious to me that we *Filhos de Macau* [sons of Macau] love food, especially our own cuisine and those of various Chinese provinces. For many years we have lived in close proximity to the Cantonese people and have appreciated their cuisine and in some cases have developed our cuisine somewhat along the lines of the Cantonese, Portuguese, with a touch of our own culture. We have even adopted the Cantonese term “chow” for stir fry, naming it “chow chow.”²

As Shanghai-born, Macanese-American author Felipe B. Nery (1920-) has rightly asserted, “Macanese cooking in some ways complements Portuguese and Chinese cooking.”³ However, though sharing some characteristics with its “parent” cultures, Macanese cuisine is completely independent from Chinese⁴ and Portuguese gastronomy.

¹ Tom Le Bas, ed. *Insight. City Guide. Hong Kong, Macau & Guangzhou*. 1980. Singapore: Discovery Channel, APA Publications, 2005. 59.

² Felipe B. Nery. “The Many Facets of Chinese Cuisine,” in *Essays and Poems on Past and Current Events*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2007. 47-49. 47.

³ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 24. In California since 1953, Felipe B. Nery is an acclaimed Macanese-American author of the Diaspora with works ranging from poetry, novels, and autobiographical works, to publications on sociopolitical and economic issues (local, national, and international).

⁴ Cantonese but also from other regions and/or cities of Mainland China, as in the case of Shanghai.

⁵ Particularly from former Portuguese India, i.e., Goa, Damão, and Diu. See note below.

⁶ The Portuguese-speaking world, also known as the Lusophone world, comprises the following countries and areas of the world: Portugal (including the archipelagos of the Azores and Madeira), Brazil, Angola, Cape Verde, Guinea-Bissau,

Primarily based on Portuguese cuisine – as all former places where the Portuguese left an everlasting presence – from the onset Macanese dishes were soon modified, or rather, adapted in order to be enriched by the many contributions from around the world, particularly the Canton area, the Indian subcontinent (including Sri Lanka)⁵, Japan, and South-East Asia, particularly Malacca.⁶

To this we would have to add the many foodstuffs brought from all over the world by the Portuguese over the centuries, such as spices, vegetables, fruits, and animal products that, in a sense, contributed to the uniqueness of Macanese cuisine.⁷ Macanese cuisine, then, incorporates all of these ingredients, giving its people a sense of inimitability and complete separation from their “parent” cultures. In other words, in Macau “food is used as a cultural referent and proves the existence of a community which is specifically Macanese, at the interface of the Chinese and Portuguese communities.”⁸

II

The Macanese culinary art is the result of the cross-cultural interchange brought about by the Portuguese expansion into different parts of the world, beginning in the 15th century. It is to be distinguished in its use of African, Indian, Chinese, and even Brazilian spices as well as its adaptation and creation of variants.⁹

São Tomé and Príncipe, Mozambique, East Timor, and Macau. Furthermore, we should take into account former Portuguese India, as in the case of Goa, Damão, and Diu (1498-1961), where Portuguese is still spoken by the Indo-Portuguese communities, and the geographical areas where Portuguese-based Creoles are spoken throughout the world, from the Americas and Lusophone Africa to Sri Lanka, Malacca, Singapore, Batavia, Thailand, and Indonesia, as in the case of Malaccan Portuguese, otherwise known as *Papiá Kristang* (Christian language), spoken as a first-, second-, and/or third language by 5,000 people in Malacca and 400 in Singapore, taught regularly in all colleges and universities. Though currently not Portuguese-speaking countries per se, due to historical reasons, Equatorial Guinea and the Republic of Mauritius still maintain ties with the Lusophone world. Between 1472-1778, Equatorial Guinea belonged to Portugal. With the *El-Pardo* Treaty, Equatorial Guinea was then ceded to Spain in exchange for more land in Brazil, thus becoming the future Brazilian state of Acre. On July 22, 2006, Equatorial Guinea and the Republic of Mauritius joined the Lusophone world as Associate Observers. Originally a Portuguese possession (1517), the future Republic of Mauritius was then occupied by the Dutch until it was taken over by the French (1715-

Given its historical past, it is not surprising, then, that many of the dishes, including their ingredients, that eventually contributed to and were incorporated into the Macanese cuisine, are today known in its original language, i.e., the *dóci papiaçam di Macau*,¹⁰ or rather, the “sweet patois of Macau,” one of the many Portuguese-based Creoles scattered around the world.¹¹

As in many cultures whose past was mainly recorded down by people not at all interested in preserving the traditions of its indigenous or local people, accounts on early Macanese cuisine are hard to pinpoint. There is very little information on, and there are very few references to the daily life, including the culinary habits, of the local, autochthonous population of Macau, i.e., the Macanese proper.

By studying the cuisine of a given ethnic group we can in fact explain some if not all of the culture-specific features of this society. Moreover, “[...] by using food as a barometer of culture, it is therefore possible to show how a community asserts its identity [...]”¹²

Contrary to popular credence, the original population of Macau was composed of not only Portuguese settlers, mainly men, and Chinese women, but it also had considerable contributions from other racial and/or ethnic groups, from the former Portuguese Empire as well as the rest of the then-known world, particularly through the intermediary figure of Japanese, Indian, and South-East Asian women, free(d) women and/or slaves:

1810), and later by the British (1810-1968). The coastal area, as well as some parts of the hinterland of present-day Senegal, were also part of the Lusophone world, with French enclaves as early as 1677, before (1850s) and after the Berlin Conference (1884-1885) and the consequent “European Scramble for Africa,” time when it officially became part of French West Africa. In July 2006, Senegal applied for candidacy as the third Associate Observer member of the Lusophone world, or rather, the Community of Countries where Portuguese is the Official Language (CPLP). At the 2010, 8th CPLP Luanda Summit, Andorra, Morocco, and the Philippines will also join the CPLP as Associate Observer members, whereas Croatia, Romania, and Ukraine are scheduled to join the CPLP as Associate Observer members at the 2012, 9th CPLP Summit. In November 2008, Indonesia started informal, preliminary negotiations for a possible future Associate Observer membership of the CPLP. The eight Lusophone countries are thus “brought together under the *Comunidade dos Países de Língua Portuguesa* (CPLP), or Community of Portuguese Language Countries [...]” Loro Horta, and Ian Storey. “China’s Portuguese Connection. China Grooms a Strategic Relationship with the Community of Portuguese Language Countries.” *YaleGlobal* (June 22, 2006): 1-4. 1.

Muitos dos primeiros colonizadores de Macau casaram-se com *japoas* (escravas japonesas) ou mulheres japonesas livres/libertas – estas últimas a residir no bairro japonês de Macau – ou também com *mui chái*, nomeadamente, “con mujeres chinas, no hijas de nobles, sino esclavas o gente suelta.”¹³

The few written documents extant today are not very specific as to the local culinary customs of the people of Macau. In fact, there are a few references in the records of food supplies imported or in the lists of goods bought by the Portuguese residing in Macau.

Oddly enough, more is known about the culinary habits of Westerners, other than Portuguese, living in Macau than the local Macanese population, as in the case of American, Australian, Brazilian (almost always of European origin), British, Canadian, French/Francophone, and German/German-speaking residents and/or travelers to the region.

III

The Macanese cooking is, in fact, an authentic expression of cultural integration as it combines traditions from very different origins, namely, the ancient Portuguese cooking tradition and others that are typical of the culinary art of Asia.¹⁴

⁷ Officially begun in 1415 with the first enclave in Morocco, though Portuguese navigators, with the aid of Genoese and Pisan sailors, began exploring the seas towards the end of the twelfth century of the Common Era. In 1498 the Portuguese conquered the Cape of Storms, soon renamed Cape of Good Hope, and reached Goa in the same year; in 1517 the Portuguese had their first recorded encounter with the Hong Kong and Macau area. During three centuries Portuguese presence in Africa, Asia, and the Americas was a key factor in establishing trade links among peoples and nations.

⁸ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity,” in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu, and Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 123.

⁹ *The Macanese Cooking. A Cozinha Macaense*. Macau: Museu de Macau, [n. d.]

¹⁰ Other synonyms for Macanese Creole: *maquista*, *patuá*, and/or “*língua nhom* (*nhôna*),” i.e., “language of Macanese women.”

¹¹ The word Creole comes from the Portuguese *Crioulo* (he/she who is being raised), i.e., an offspring of a European (Portuguese) man and an indigenous woman, “raised” in both cultures. There are more than fifteen Portuguese-based

History shaped the Macanese people; hence, its language and food – in their creolized, miscegenized, and syncretic forms – were a constant in their evolution and subsequent formation into culture-specific features of a sociopolitical and racial/ethnic group. The typical Macanese is thus the genetic and cultural ensemble of all races, ethnic, and linguistic groups that came into contact on the former Portuguese enclave, the keywords being borrowing, assimilation, and adaptation:

Food type and method of preparation are used by people within a given society to demarcate themselves from other groups within that society, and from other societies. [...] over time both food and methods of preparation are nevertheless frequently borrowed from other cultures and other cuisines, leading to a process of assimilation and reinterpretation¹⁵.

Besides the obvious Portuguese and Chinese legacy, we should point out the above mentioned Japanese input, as well as the following contributions, though not all at the same time and not all with the same intensity, percentage, and/or numbers: African (almost always south of the Sahara, particularly from former Portuguese Africa), Amerindian (mainly from South America, with a preponderance of Native Brazilian groups, though almost always “assimilated” to or “miscigenized” with people

Creoles spoken in the world, from Cape Verde and Guinea-Bissau to Macau, Malacca, and Jakarta (Indonesia). The following is a list of the major Portuguese-based Creoles: **I. AFRICAN** Cape Verde, Guinea Bissau, São Tomé and Príncipe [São Tomé, Príncipe, and *Angolar*], Ano Bom [*Fá d’Ambu*], Senegal; **II. ASIAN** ¹INDIAN Goa, Damão, Diu, *Norteiro* West Coast of India: Bombaim and the island of Salsete; Mangalor, Cananor, Mahé, Cochim, Choromandel, Sri Lanka; ¹²MACAU *macaísta* or *patuá* (*papiá*, *dóci papiaçam di Macau*); ¹³MALAY-PORTUGUESE *Tugú* [Java], *Papiá Kristang* [Malacca], Singapore; EAST TIMOR *Timor Leste*; **III. AMERICAN** *Papiamentu* [Curaçau, Aruba, and Bonaire]; Saramacca [Suriname]; Brazilian Portuguese: 1500 - end of the 18th century.

¹² Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity,” in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu, and Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 124.

¹³ “Many of the first colonizers of Macau married Japanese slave women or free/freed Japanese women – the latter residing in the Japanese neighborhood of Macau – or also with mui chái, or rather, “with Chinese women, not daughters of noblepersons, but rather, slaves or people of the lower class.” [translation

of European and/or African ancestry), Arab, Persian, Turkish, Indian, Hindustani, Dravidian, Indonesian, Malay, Siamese, and Vietnamese, to name the most prominent groups:

Macanese cuisine emerged from a mixture of cuisines of various nations, such as Canton, Portugal, England, America, Brazil, Mediterranean [basin area], Angola, Goa, Mozambique and Southeast Asia brought to Macau by Portuguese seamen during the bygone days.¹⁶

Furthermore, throughout the centuries, food has served as a social, ethnic, and/or racial marker between Westerners and Orientals, where the most common and “low class” food was usually associated with Macanese cuisine which, despite its mixed origins and its endearing exotic sounds,¹⁷ was still considered as being mainly Oriental; hence, not refined or noble/sophisticated enough to compare to European gastronomy, particularly French and, of course, though to a lesser degree, Portuguese cuisine:

O espaço de Macau é sobretudo alimentar, ilustrado significativamente por um presépio que representa “um Menino Jesus ao colo da mãe a comer arroz com pauzinhos” (p. 176) ou ainda por uma grande variedade de pratos que estabelecem por vezes uma distinção nítida entre orientais e ocidentais.¹⁸

provided by the author]. Joseph Abraham Levi. “A mulher macaense do novo milénio: pós-colonial e ponte entre culturas,” in *A Vez e a Voz da Mulher Portuguesa na Diáspora*. Ed. Maria Antónia Espadinha. Macau: Universidade de Macau, 2009. 45-72. See also: León Lopetegui, S.J. “Contactos entre España y China en el siglo XVI. Relación de la China del factor Juan Bautista Román”. *Misionalia Hispánica* 1 (1944): 341-352. 351; Charles R. Boxer. *Fidalgos in the Far East, 1550-1770*. Hong Kong: Oxford University Press, 1968. 231; Charles R. Boxer. *Portuguese Society in the Tropics: The Municipal Councils of Goa, Macau, Bahia, and Luanda, 1550-1800*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1965. 65.

¹⁴ *The Macanese Cooking. A Cozinha Macaense*. Macau: Museu de Macau, [n. d.].

¹⁵ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity,” in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu, and Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 113.

¹⁶ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 23.

¹⁷ As in the case of *chinha*, pronounced /čínčä/, “pie/cake filling,” *chau-*

More than in the rest of Mainland China, in Macau food has always been the key element in linking, in a sense, the Outer and the Inner World, or rather, Action and Meditation. The active component of the yang and the introspectiveness of the yin find harmony in the daily representations of a cuisine that from the onset, over four centuries ago, has been a marker in identifying a specific identity within two worlds: the East and the West, celebrated in the privacy of the Macanese home, since traditional “Macanese foods [were and] are generally prepared and eaten in the privacy of Macanese homes.”¹⁹

cháu, pronounced /čáw čáw/, “Chinese meat and vegetables stew,” or *bebinca*, “pudding/dessert,” all very popular dishes in Macau. Joseph Abraham Levi. *Portuguese Vocabulary*. Boca Raton: BarCharts, 2008.

¹⁸ “But Macau is mainly about food, primarily represented by a Nativity Scene displaying “a Baby Jesus in his mother’s arms eating rice with chopsticks” or even by a great variety of dishes that oftentimes show a distinct demarcation between Orientals and Westerners.” [translation provided by the author]. Maria Graciete Besse. “Maria Ondina Braga e a assimilação do diverso: a função simbólica do objecto alimentar no romance *Nocturno em Macau*.” *Quadrant* 10 (1993): 185-195. 193; Maria Ondina Braga. *Nocturno em Macau*. Lisbon: Caminho, 1991. 176.

¹⁹ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 23.

澳門食物風景：兩個世界中的身份標記

中國每個區域自然地發展出其獨特的烹調風格，藉此反映出該地區的地勢，氣候，動植物候群，當地人的性情氣質以及他們跟來自外地人接觸的多寡。¹

I 顯然而見，作為澳門兒女，我們很明顯地熱愛飲食，特別是自家烹調出來和來自中國其他各省份的美食。這麼多年來我們都跟廣東人關係密切，在欣賞他們的美食之餘，我們也隨著他們的食譜和葡萄牙的飲食特色再加上我們獨特的文化，發展成我們獨一無二的烹調法。我們甚至沿用在廣東話中的《炒》法，而演變成我們的《炒炒》。²

生於上海的美籍澳門土生菲臘。**B. 奈里 (1920 -)** 準確地評論到《在某程度上，澳門式的烹飪法給集了中國和葡萄牙式》。³ 雖然澳門式烹調法汲取了部分《母文化》，但實際上跟中葡兩者的做法卻是截然不同⁴。

就像其他葡萄牙留下足跡的地方一樣，澳門的特色小菜以葡式美食為藍本，對葡萄牙來說有如印證了他們永恆的光輝。然而，澳門土生很快地改良了他們的烹調方法，當中滲入了很多來自世界不同地域的食品和風格，再作

出調整而成。而這些地域是特別指廣東一帶，印度次大陸(包括斯里蘭卡)⁵，日本，東南亞，尤以馬六甲為甚。⁶

至於加入外來的元素而達到這個效果，我們必須運用大量食品如香料，蔬菜，水果和動物產物等，它們全都是由葡萄牙引進到世界每個角落。從這個角度看，此正就是澳門烹飪的獨特之處⁷ - 融入了好些食物，卻又令人感到其原創，跟本身的《母文化》完全劃清界線。也可以說，在澳門，食物是一個文化指標，用以說明一個社區的文化。這裡更突顯出一個作為中國和葡萄牙中介的澳門土生社區的文化特質。⁸

II

由十五世紀以來，藉葡萄牙在世界各地擴展版圖(勢力)，帶來跨文化的交流，因而成就了澳門土生的烹飪藝術。它加入了來自非洲，印度，中國，甚至巴西的香料加以改良再以意創造。⁹

秉承歷史，我們不難發現有不少菜式，連同他們運用的材料，最終融匯到澳門土生的烹調當中，並在眾多散佈在世界每一角落以葡萄牙語作基礎的混合語之一的澳門土語中¹⁰廣為人知¹¹。

跟葡萄牙語混合而成的語言來說，又可稱為 *Papiá Kristang* (基督之語言)，現時有約5000個馬六甲人和400個新加坡人以此為母語。第二或第三語言之用，所有專上學院和大學均列該語言人正式教學。葡語在赤道幾內亞和毛里裘斯共和國本身已不在流通，但基於歷史因素，這兩國人依然跟葡語系世界維持著緊密的關係。在1472至1778年間，赤道幾內亞本屬葡萄牙。在 El-Pardo 條約下，葡國才以換取巴西更多土地（後成了巴西的阿克里州）而割讓給西班牙。2006年7月22日，赤道幾內亞和毛里裘斯共和國成了葡語系世界的副觀察員。毛里裘斯共和國原為葡萄牙擁有（1517年），其後被荷蘭人佔領，直至被法國人取替（1715-1810年），再到後被英國人搶奪（1810-1968年）。沿岸一帶，部分為現今的塞內加爾，亦是葡語系世界的一份子。其實當地早於1677年已有法國的內飛地，及後又在柏林西非會議（1884-1885年）的前（1850年代）後正式成為法屬西非的一部分，後來也被捲入歐洲爭奪非洲的局面。2006年7月，塞內加爾申請成為葡語系世界的第三名副觀察員。所謂葡語系世界，是指葡萄牙語國家共同體（CPLP）。就這樣，在這共同體下，八個葡語系國家便《大家一起拉著走…》。Loro Horta, and Ian Storey. “China’s Portuguese Connection. China Grooms a Strategic Relationship with the Community of Portuguese Language Countries.” *YaleGlobal* (June 22, 2006): 1-4. 1.

¹ 官方資料說是由1415年開始，同期亦於摩洛哥開展了第一個內飛地，雖然葡萄牙航海家們早在公元十二世紀末已在熱那亞和比薩的水兵協助下

誠如很多文化的演變，負責紀錄保育本土傳統的人對此課題並不由衷，所以對我們找尋早期的澳門烹調資料構成一定的困難。連飲食習慣在內，我們實在有太多關於土生土長的澳門人及其日常生活的參考文獻。其實透過研究人個族群的飲食文化，就算未能完全對社會上和文化有關的特性，始終能略知一二。再者，《把食物當作為文化晴雨表便更有機會顯出該社區的身分特徵…》¹²

出乎意料地，澳門最初的人口不單是移居的葡萄牙人，也有前葡萄牙帝國的男男女女，也有來自其他較熟悉的國家，尤其是從日本，印度和東南亞的女性，她們有的是自由身有的是奴隸，總之人數相當可觀：

很多第一批移居到澳門的殖民官跟日本女子結婚，那管她們是奴隸，已恢復自由還是居住在澳門的日本鄉里的自由女子。他們也會跟《妹子》-《並非名門貴族出身，甚至是來自低下層或奴隸的中國女子 - 成親。》¹³

現在我們只有少數對澳門人本地飲食風俗的文字紀錄，同樣地，也沒有什麼參考記載著在駐澳門葡國人有關食物進口的資料，又沒有找到羅列出來的貨物清單。

向大海進行探索。1498年，葡萄牙成功征服了暴風角，後被另名為好望角，同年亦抵達果阿。1517年，葡國人首度紀錄在香港和澳門區域的經歷。三個多世紀以來足跡遍佈非洲，亞洲和美洲，也說明此乃葡國人跟其他民族和各國建立貿易連繫的一個關鍵因素。

⁸ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity,” in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu, and Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 123.

⁹ *The Macanese Cooking. A Cozinha Macaense*. Macau: Museu de Macau, [n. d.]

¹⁰ 澳門混合語的同義詞有 *maquista*, *patuá* 甚至 *nhom* (*nhôna*),意指年青澳門女性。

¹¹ 英語中的混合語稱為 Creole，源自葡萄牙語一字 *Crioulo*，解作《被養育成人》，意即一歐洲男子（葡萄牙人）跟一名土著女子所生子女，並在兩種文化下成長。現時有超過15種以葡萄牙語為基礎的混合語流通，由非洲的佛得角和幾內亞比紹到澳門，馬六甲和雅加達（印尼）。下列是一些以葡萄牙語為基礎的主要混合語：I. 非洲: 佛得角，幾內亞比紹，聖多美和普林西比 [聖多美、普林西比及Angolar]，安諾本島 [*Fá d’Ambú*]，塞內加爾；II. 亞洲: ¹⁴印度: 果阿，達曼，第烏，印度的西岸 *Norteiro*: 孟買和馬哈拉施特拉島；門格

令人驚訝的，是我們竟然熟悉居住在澳門而非土生社群的外籍人士（非葡國人）他們的飲食習慣多於澳門土生的。所指的外籍是美國，澳洲，巴西（多有歐洲背景來源），英國，加拿大，法國/法語系國家和德國/德語系國家等等，他們全部都是定居或旅居在澳門。

III

澳門土生的烹調實在表達出文化融匯的一面，皆因它結合了不同來源的傳統，既有古老的葡式烹調，也有其他典型的亞洲烹調藝術。¹⁴

歷史塑造出澳門土生，透過他們混合語言，異族通婚，集合的生活形式從繼建立起他們的語言和食物的獨有風格，也是他們進化時的一個持續形成社會政治和族群的文化特徵。從基因上和文化上，澳門土生都集所有種族和前葡國內飛地接觸下的語言組別，再將外借用字，同化，再作修正調校：

在一個社會裡，從食物的種類和預備食料的方法便能區分成不同的社會組別…隨時月過去，食物類型和處理都經常向外來文化和其烹調方法《偷師》，產生了同化和重新演繹的過程。¹⁵

洛爾/卡納塔克，喀拉拉，馬埃島，柯校，烏木，斯里蘭卡；¹⁶澳門: *macaista* or *patuá* (*papiá*, *doci papiaçám di Macau*); ¹⁷馬拉葡萄牙混合語: *Tugú* [爪哇], *Papiá Kristang* [馬六甲]，新加坡; 東帝汶: *Timor Leste*; III. 美洲: *Papiamentu* [庫索拉，阿魯巴和安地列斯]; Saramacca [蘇里南]; 葡萄牙統治下的巴西: 1500 – 18世紀末期。

¹² Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity,” in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu, and Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 124.

¹³ “Many of the first colonizers of Macau married Japanese slave women or free/freed Japanese women - the latter residing in the Japanese neighborhood of Macau - or also with *mui chái*, or rather, “with Chinese women, not daughters of noblepersons, but rather, slaves or people of the lower class.” [作者的英譯版]. Joseph Abraham Levi. “A mulher macaense do novo milénio: pós-colonial e ponte entre culturas,” in *A Vez e a Voz da Mulher Portuguesa na Diáspora*. Ed. Maria Antónia Espadinha. Macau: Universidade de Macau, 2009. 45-72. 另見: León Lopetegui, S.J. “Contactos entre España y China en el siglo XVI. Relación de la China del factor Juan Bautista Román”. *Missionalia Hispánica* 1 (1944): 341-352. 351; Charles R.

除了顯然而見中葡遺留下來的，我們不能忽視前文提及日本帶來的點子，還有以下地區參與其中，儘管它們現身於不同時段，它們的影響力也不盡相同：非洲的，泛指撒哈拉南部，尤指前葡國的非洲，美洲的印第安部族（主要來自南美洲，連同巴西土著群族的優勢，雖然他們已被歐洲或/和非洲同化和進行通婚），阿拉伯，波斯，土耳其，印度斯坦，德拉威族，印度尼西亞，馬拉，暹羅，越南等。

澳門飲食混合了不同民族自身的飲食文化，如廣東，葡萄牙，英國，美國，巴西，地中海，安哥拉，果亞，莫桑比克和南亞等。它們的烹調風格都是由昔日葡萄牙海員引入的。¹⁶

再者，在過去的幾個世紀，食物在東西方飾演著一個社會和種族上的標籤。儘管澳門土生的食品綜合了不同風味，而且食物的名稱總帶有惹人喜愛的異國風情，¹⁷ 最普遍和較低級的食品還是跟澳門土生的扯上關係，也被視傾向有較濃的東方色彩。因此，澳門的食品怎也比不上歐洲的精緻和矜貴。莫講跟法國菜相提並論，就連次一等的葡國菜也望塵莫及。

Boxer: *Fidalgos in the Far East, 1550-1770*. Hong Kong: Oxford University Press, 1968. 231; Charles R. Boxer. *Portuguese Society in the Tropics: The Municipal Councils of Goa, Macau, Bahia, and Luanda*, 1550-1800. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1965. 65.

¹⁴ *The Macanese Cooking. A Cozinha Macaense*. Macau: Museu de Macau, [n. d.].

¹⁵ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity,” in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu, and Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 113.

¹⁶ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 23.

¹⁷ 例如讀作千茶（*çinça*）的糕點，中式各式肉類炒雞菜則叫作《炒炒》（*çãw çãw*），源自印度像布丁的甜品巴冰卡發音如 *bebinca* 等等，全都在澳門極受歡迎。Joseph Abraham Levi. *Portuguese Vocabulary*. Boca Raton: BarCharts, 2008.

¹⁸ “But Macau is mainly about food, primarily represented by a Nativity Scene displaying “a Baby Jesus in his mother’s arms eating rice with chopsticks” or even by a great variety of dishes that oftentimes show a

不過澳門怎也離不開飲食，由一開始便在為耶穌誕生作的擺設也要展出《在媽媽懷中的嬰兒耶穌拿著筷子吃飯》便可窺見一二（p.176）；與此同時，澳門有大量不同類型的菜式在東西方飲食中突顯出其獨特之處。¹⁸

相比起中國大陸其餘各地方，在澳門，食物常充當著重要的元素，讓世界的內外，甚至是把動感和靜態的連在一起。外向的陽跟含蓄的陰早就在日常烹調中找到和諧共處之道，也是在這四個多世紀以來東西兩個的世界中找到了特殊的定位。因為在傳統上，澳門土生的飲食通常只會在家中預備和享用，就正好像在隱居處清靜地為自己的身分而慶賀。¹⁹

distinct demarcation between Orientals and Westerners.” [作者的英譯版]. Maria Graciete Besse. “Maria Ondina Braga e a assimilação do diverso: a função simbólica do objecto alimentar no romance *Nocturno em Macau*.” *Quadrant* 10 (1993): 185-195. 193; Maria Ondina Braga. *Nocturno em Macau*. Lisbon: Caminho, 1991. 176.

¹⁹ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 23.

Joseph Abraham Levi	
	
<div>Gastronomia macaense: Sinal de identidade entre dois mundos</div>	
Each region in China naturally evolved a distinctive cooking style that reflected its topography, climate, flora and fauna, the temperament of its people and their contact with outsiders. ¹	
I It is obvious to me that we <i>Filhos de Macau</i> [sons of Macau] love food, especially our own cuisine and those of various Chinese provinces. For many years we have lived in close proximity to the Cantonese people and have appreciated their cuisine and in some cases have developed our cuisine somewhat along the lines of the Cantonese, Portuguese, with a touch of our own culture. We have even adopted the Cantonese term “chow” for stir fry, naming it “chow chow.” ²	
Felipe B. Nery (1920-), autor macaense nascido em Xangai a viver nos Estados Unidos há mais de cinquenta anos, justamente observou que a: “Macanese cooking in some ways complements Portuguese and Chinese cooking” ³ . Contudo, apesar de partilhar algumas das características com as suas culturas ancestrais, a cozinha macaense é completamente independente da gastronomia chinesa ⁴ assim como da culinária portuguesa.	
Principalmente baseada na cozinha portuguesa - como todos os antigos espaços onde os Portugueses deixaram uma	
¹ Tom Le Bas, ed. <i>Insight. City Guide. Hong Kong, Macau & Guangzhou</i> . 1980. Singapura: Discovery Channel, APA Publications, 2005. 59.	
² Felipe B. Nery. “The Many Facets of Chinese Cuisine,” in <i>Essays and Poems on Past and Current Events</i> . Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2007. 47-49. 47.	
³ Felipe B. Nery. <i>The Transitions. A Novel</i> . Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006.	
24. Na Califórnia desde 1953, Felipe B. Nery é um famoso autor macaense da Diáspora, com obras publicadas no campo da poesia, ficção e autobiografia, assim como publicações sobre assuntos sociopolíticos e económicos (locais, nacionais e internacionais).	
⁴ Cantonense mas também de outras regiões e/ou cidades da China, como no caso de Xangai.	
⁵ Particularmente da Índia Portuguesa: Goa, Damão e Diu. Veja-se a nota seguinte.	

presença duradoira - desde os primórdios os pratos macaenses foram modificados, ou melhor, adaptados para assim serem enriquecidos pelas inúmeras contribuições vindas das demais áreas geográficas do orbe, particularmente a zona de Cantão, o sub-continente indiano (incluindo o Sri Lanka)⁵, o Japão e o Sudeste Asiático, particularmente Malaca.

A este pano de fundo temos de acrescentar os muitos alimentos trazidos dos quatro cantos do Mundo pelos Portugueses durante os séculos, entre os quais ressaltam especiarias, vegetais, legumes, frutas e carnes que de uma maneira contribuíram para a unicidade da comida macaense⁶. A gastronomia macaense incorpora assim todos estes ingredientes, dando ao seu Povo originário um sentido de inimitabilidade e completa separação das suas culturas ancestrais. Em outras palavras, em Macau “food is used as a cultural referent and proves the existence of a community which is specifically Macanese, at the interface of the Chinese and Portuguese communities”⁷.

II

The Macanese culinary art is the result of the cross-cultural interchange brought about by the Portuguese expansion into different parts of the world, beginning in the 15th century. It is to be distinguished in its use of African, Indian, Chinese, and even Brazilian spices as well as its adaptation and creation of variants.⁸

⁶ Apesar de a Época dos Descobrimentos ter oficialmente iniciado em 1415, com a tomada de Ceuta, os navegadores portugueses, com a preciosa ajuda de marinheiros genoveses e pisanos, começaram a explorar os mares já durante o fim do século XII. Em 1498 os Portugueses conquistaram o Cabo das Tormentas, prontamente rebaptizado Cabo de Boa Esperança e, no mesmo ano, chegaram até à Índia. Em 1517 os Portugueses tiveram o seu primeiro encontro oficial com Macau. Durante três séculos a presença portuguesa em África, na Ásia e nas Américas foi um factor determinante no estabelecimento de redes comerciais entre povos e nações.

⁷ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity”, in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu e Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 123.

⁸ *The Macanese Cooking. A Cozinha Macaense*. Macau: Museu de Macau, [n.d.].

Devido ao seu passado histórico, não é de estranhar, então, que os muitos pratos - incluindo os ingredientes que eventualmente contribuíram para a formação da futura cozinha macaense, sendo depois inexoravelmente incorporados nela - são hoje conhecidos na sua língua original, nomeadamente, no dóci papiaçam di Macau⁹, ou seja o “doce patuá de Macau,” um dos muitos crioulos de base portuguesa do Mundo, da África a Timor-Leste, passando pelas Caraíbas¹⁰.

Como em muitas culturas do Mundo, cujo passado foi principalmente registado por pessoas não muito interessadas em preservar as tradições das suas populações autóctones ou locais, relatos sobre a cozinha macaense são muito raros de encontrar. Há pouquíssimas referências à vida quotidiana, incluindo os hábitos culinários, da população local, nomeadamente, os macaenses propriamente ditos.

Ao analisarmos a cozinha de um determinado grupo étnico podemos de facto explicar algumas ou até todas as características culturais desta sociedade. Além disso, “[b]y using food as a barometer of culture, it is therefore possible to show how a community asserts its identity [...]”¹¹.

Diversamente daquilo que se possa crer, os macaenses dos primórdios eram constituídos não só por colonos portugueses, sobretudo homens, e mulheres chinesas, mas também havia consideráveis contribuições de outros grupos étnico-raciais, provenientes do antigo Império Português assim como do resto do

⁹ Outros sinónimos para denominar o crioulo macaense: *maquista*, *patuá e/ou* língua *nhom* (*nhônha*).

¹⁰ A palavra crioulo vem de *cria* [por sua vez, de *criar*] + sufixo diminutivo –*oulo* [Latim: OULUS] “pequeno”, ou seja, pequena pessoa ou criança criada num ambiente linguístico/étnico/racial misto. Estamos assim perante um sistema linguístico misto resultante do contacto de uma língua europeia com uma ou mais de uma língua autóctone africana, americana, asiática e/ou oceânica. Existem/existiam falantes nativos de crioulo. Há/havia mais de quinze crioulos de base portuguesa falados pelo Mundo fora, de Cabo Verde e da Guiné-Bissau a Macau, Malaca e Jacarta (Indonésia). Os Crioulos de base portuguesa são hoje comumente divididos entre: AFRICANOS Cabo Verde, *Kriyol* [Guiné-Bissau], São Tomé e Príncipe [São Tomé, Príncipe e Angolar], Ano Bom [*Fá d’Ambu*] e Senegal; ASIÁTICOS ¹INDIANOS Goa, Damão, Diu, “Norteiro” da costa ocidental: Bombaim e ilha

Mundo de então, particularmente através do papel intermediário de mulheres e/ou escravos japoneses e indianos, assim como de pessoas oriundas do sudeste asiático:

Muitos dos primeiros colonizadores de Macau casaram-se com *japoas* (escravas japonesas) ou mulheres japonesas livres/libertas - estas últimas a residir no bairro japonês de Macau - ou também com *mui chai*, nomeadamente, “con mujeres chinas, no hijas de nobles, sino esclavas o gente suelta.”¹²

Os poucos documentos ainda existentes hoje não são muito específicos quanto aos costumes culinários dos macaenses. Há algumas referências aos abastecimentos importados ou nas listas das mercadorias compradas pelos portugueses residentes em Macau.

Por quanto estranho que pareça, sabemos mais sobre os hábitos culinários dos ocidentais, além dos portugueses, a viver em Macau do que a população local, como no caso de alemães/germanófonos, australianos, brasileiros (quase sempre de origem europeia), britânicos, canadianos, estado-unidenses e franceses/francófonos residentes e/ou a viajar a esta região.

III

The Macanese cooking is, in fact, an authentic expression

de Salsete; Mangalor, Cananor, Mahé, Cochim, Choromândel, Sri Lanka; ¹¹MACAU *macaísta ou patuá* (*papiá ou papiaçám di Macau*); ¹¹¹MALAIIO-PORTUGUÊS *Tugú* [Java], *Papiá Kristang* (cristão) [Malaca], Singapura; TIMOR LESTE/LOROSAE *Timor Leste*; AMERICANO *Papiamento* [Curaçau, Aruba e Bonaire]; Saramacca [Suriname]; *Português Brasileiro*: 1500-fim do século XVIII. Obviamente hoje não podemos dizer que o Português do Brasil seja um crioulo ou um dialecto português. Contudo, poder-se-á dizer que historicamente o Português Brasileiro - por pouco mais de dois séculos, nomeadamente, desde os inícios da colonização até à expulsão dos jesuítas (1759) e às concomitantes reformas pombalinas, essas últimas impondo o ensino da língua portuguesa em vez do Latim - tivera um período de criouliização e que, portanto, algumas variantes regionais do Português Brasileiro de hoje demonstram ter certas características crioulas, sobretudo graças à presença de empréstimos lexicais e de algumas características morfo-sintácticas africanas

of cultural integration as it combines traditions from every different origins, namely, the ancient Portuguese cooking tradition and others that are typical of the culinary art of Asia¹³.

A História marcou o Povo de Macau; portanto, a língua e a comida dos macaenses - nas suas formas miscigenadas e sincréticas - foram uma constante na evolução e consequente formação em características culturais do grupo étnico-racial em questão: o macaense. O macaense típico é pois a união genética e cultural de todas as raças e todos os grupos étnico-linguísticos que entraram em contacto com os residentes do antigo enclave português, as palavras-chave sendo empréstimos léxico-culturais, assimilação e adaptação:

Food type and method of preparation are used by people within a given society to demarcate themselves from other groups within that society, and from other societies. [...] over time both food and methods of preparation are nevertheless frequently borrowed from other cultures and other cuisines, leading to a process of assimilation and reinterpretation¹⁴.

Além da óbvia herança portuguesa e chinesa, temos de ressaltar a já mencionada presença japonesa, assim como as seguintes

(provenientes da África Ocidental) e indígenas (sobretudo do grupo tupi-guarani, no início da colonização também denominada “língua geral”). O mesmo fenómeno é encontrado no Inglês afro-americano - avizinhando-o, assim, aos crioulos de base inglesa das Caraíbas - e no Africânder da África do Sul.

¹¹ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity”, in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu e Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 124.

¹² Joseph Abraham Levi. “A mulher macaense do novo milénio: pós-colonial e ponte entre culturas”, in *A Vez e a Voz da Mulher Portuguesa na Diáspora*. Ed. Maria Antónia Espadinha. Macau: Universidade de Macau, 2009. 45-72. Vejam-se também: León Lopetegui, S.J. “Contactos entre España y China en el siglo XVI. Relación de la China del factor Juan Bautista Román”, *Misionalia Hispánica* 1 (1944): 341-352. 351; Charles R. Boxer: *Fidalgos in the Far East*, 1550-1770.

contribuições, contudo não todas ao mesmo tempo e não todas com a mesma intensidade e percentagem: (a.) africana (quase sempre oriundas do sul do Sara, particularmente da antiga África portuguesa), (b.) ameríndia (com uma preponderância de elementos nativo-brasileiros, porém quase sempre “assimilados” ou “miscigenados” com características europeias e/ou de origem africana), (c.) árabe, (d.) persa, (e.) turca, (f.) indiana, (g.) hindustani, (h.) dravídica, (i.) indonésia, (j.) malaia, (l.) siamesa e (n.) vietnamita, para mencionar os grupos mais predominantes:

Macanese cuisine emerged from a mixture of cuisines of various nations, such as Canton, Portugal, England, America, Brazil, Mediterranean [basin area], Angola, Goa, Mozambique and Southeast Asia brought to Macau by Portuguese seamen during the bygone days¹⁵.

Além disso, através dos séculos, a comida serviu de indicador social, étnico e/ou racial entre ocidentais e orientais a residirem no antigo enclave português, onde a comida mais popular, ou seja, aquela pertencente à “classe mais baixa”, era geralmente relacionada com a gastronomia macaense a qual - apesar das suas raízes mistas e das suas aparências exóticas, a evocar um certo fascínio e encanto “místico”¹⁶ -, ainda era considerada oriental; portanto, não refinada, nobre ou suficientemente

Hong-Kong: Oxford University Press, 1968. 231; Charles R. Boxer. *Portuguese Society in the Tropics: The Municipal Councils of Goa, Macau, Bahia, and Luanda, 1550-1800*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1965. 65.

¹³ *The Macanese Cooking. A Cozinha Macaense*. Macau: Museu de Macau, [n. d.].

¹⁴ Louis Augustin-Jean. “Food Consumption, Food Perception and the Search for a Macanese Identity”, in *The Globalization of Chinese Food*. Eds. David Y. H. Wu e Sidney C. H. Cheung. Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 2002. 113-127. 113.

¹⁵ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 23.

¹⁶ Como no caso da *chinha*, pronunciado /çĩnça/, “recheio para tortas/bolos,” *chau-cháu*, pronunciado /çâw çâw/, “estufado de carne e legumes”, ou *bebinca*, “pudim/sobremesa”, pratos muito populares em Macau. Joseph Abraham

sofisticada para ser comparada à gastronomia europeia, particularmente de cunho francês e, obviamente, mesmo se a um nível mais baixo, português:

O espaço de Macau é sobretudo alimentar, ilustrado significativamente por um presépio que representa «um Menino Jesus ao colo da mãe a comer arroz com pauzinhos» (p. 176) ou ainda por uma grande variedade de pratos que estabelecem por vezes uma distinção nítida entre orientais e ocidentais.¹⁷

Resulta óbvio então que, mais do que no resto da China, em Macau a comida sempre foi um elemento importante em unir, digamos, o Mundo Exterior e o Mundo Interior, ou seja, Acção e Meditação. O elemento Activo do yang e a Introspecção do ying encontram a Harmonia nas representações diárias de uma gastronomia que do início, há mais de quatrocentos anos, tem sido uma força reveladora em reconhecer e, consequentemente, afirmar uma identidade específica dividida entre dois mundos: o Oriente e o Ocidente, celebrada na privacidade da casa macaense, dado que tradicionalmente: “Macanese foods [were and] are generally prepared and eaten in the privacy of Macanese homes”¹⁸.

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¹⁷ Maria Graciete Besse. “Maria Ondina Braga e a assimilação do diverso: a função simbólica do objecto alimentar no romance *Nocturno em Macau*”. *Quadrant* 10 (1993): 185-195. 193; Maria Ondina Braga. *Nocturno em Macau*. Lisboa: Caminho, 1991. 176.

¹⁸ Felipe B. Nery. *The Transitions. A Novel*. Bloomington: AuthorHouse, 2006. 23.

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La guerre des tartelettes fait rage dans le monde chinois (22 septembre 1998)

Vous souvenez-vous, il y a quelques mois de la crise du g teau   Hong Kong ? De l’hyst rie cr e par la faillite d’une grande cha ne de p tisserie dont les clients d tenaient des dizaines de milliers de bons d’achats ?

Et bien, l’on aurait pu croire que la crise  conomique avait calm  les esprits, et ce n’est pas le cas! Voil  qu’une nouvelle folie saisit les Hongkongais. Une folie qui les fait se pr cipiter dans la rue, la salive   la bouche,   l’heure du th  de l’apr s-midi, et faire de longues queues pour se procurer une petite merveille croustillante et fondante, qui se d guste toute chaude,   peine sortie du four. La d licatesse en question, c’est la natta, la petite tarte aux oeufs de Macao qui vient de faire son entr e remarqu e sur la sc ne hongkongaise et m me taiwanaise.

Tout d’abord un peu d’histoire culinaire : les Hongkongais connaissent depuis longtemps la Danta, petite tarte ronde aux oeufs, un dessert riche en cholest rol, qui a s duit bien des palais gourmands comme celui du dernier gouverneur anglais Chris Pattern ou du chancelier allemand Helmut Kohl lors d’une visite qu’il fit dans les p tisseries locales : on lui offrit une tarte aux oeufs, il en avala, les yeux brillants de gourmandise, trois coups sur coup.

Mais maintenant il ne s’agit pas de la danta mais de la poota, litt ralement la tarte portugaise qui vient lui faire une concurrence d vastatrice. L’origine de cette tarte provoque des pol miques. Les Portugais ont beau avoir colonis  Macao depuis 400 ans, la natta n’est arriv e qu’en 1989, confectionn e par le p tissier Andrews Stow et sa femme Margaret. Malheureusement Andrew et Margaret ont divorc , et la petite tarte d chir e entre ses parents, a d  se d doubler. Les choses se sont compliqu es lorsqu’un troisi me protagoniste, Elias Da Silva, chef p tissier d’un grand h tel a pr tendu  tre l’authentique importateur.

Intrigu  par cet imbroglio p tissier, j’ai enqu t . Il s’av re que Da Silva a v cu 6-7 ans   Lisbonne pr s de la p tisserie qui confectionne ces tartes. Il en aurait transmis la recette au chef cuisinier du gouverneur de Macao qui l’aurait   son tour pass e   Margaret. Quant   Andrew, il aurait obtenu sa recette d’un ami personnel, ami qui serait selon Da Silva, l’un de ses coll gues trop bavards.

Mais peu importe pour le gourmand quelle est la main d’or qui a pr sid    cette d licatesse. La tarte macanaise a la p te croustillante, la cr me aux  ufs, sucr e et fondante, est couronn e de quelques gouttes de caramel et se sert chaude avec un soup on de cannelle.

Et cette petite bombe p tiss re est en train de faire des ravages. A 4 heures de l’apr s-midi, de longues queues serpentent sur les trottoirs, les p tissiers devant m me sortir de temps en temps faire le gendarme. L’un d’eux en vend 200 douzaines par jour   un peu plus d’un franc suisse la pi ce. Mais si   Hong Kong tout se passe dans le calme, il n’en est pas de m me   Taiwan o  une douzaine de p tisseries ouvertes cet  t  vendent plus de 60 000 tartes par jour, les clients faisant parfois des queues de 3 heures avant d’ tre servis.

Or un mercredi soir, l’une de ses p tisseries a  t  attaqu e. Elle  tait tenue par une star de t l vision et un professeur reconverti dans la tartelette, amour et gourmandise faisant toujours bonne paire. Les vandales n’ont pris ni argent, ni tartes – il n’en restait plus – mais ont saccag  le magasin. La police suspecte la mafia locale mais le chef p tissier, affirme qu’il s’agit de clients qui, la veille, faute de stock suffisant, n’avaient pu acheter leur tartelette.

Alors acte de vengeance ou op ration des triades qui voient dans la tartelette une source de profits plus tranquille que la drogue ou la contrebande. Toujours est-il que la folie continue, et prend une telle ampleur que m me Kentucky Fried Chicken, la cha ne de Fast Food am ricaine a sign  un contrat avec Margaret, qui propose maintenant ses tartes aux oeufs   c t  du poulet frit am ricain – Sacril ge ! Mais o  va donc l’Am rique?

en « Chroniques Hongkongaises » Edition Zoe, 2008.



An Interview with Yang Qian

Born in 1962, Yang Qian attended high school during the final years of the Cultural Revolution and matriculated in the journalism department of the People’s University during the first years of China’s post-Mao period of reform. Thus, much of his college education consisted in not simply deconstructing what he had been taught to believe in primary and secondary school, but also trying to come up with concrete alternatives: what might Chinese “post-Mao socialism” be? Upon graduation, he worked as a journalist, covering issues that ranged from the re-establishment of minority rituals, which had been suppressed under Mao to new forms of economic activity, including private businesses that operated outside the planned economy. Yang Qian remembers the eighties as a time of infinite possibility.

“We felt that it was just a question of imagination. Of course, suddenly we could think and feel and do things that had been forbidden. But we also discovered that we didn’t know what else was possible. What hadn’t even been imagined? That’s the question we starting thinking about.”

However, the violent conclusion to the 1989 democracy movement ended Yang Qian’s confidence that the work of imagining alternatives could be done through explicitly social venues like newspapers. In the early nineties, he turned to fiction more generally and theatre specifically as vehicles for exploring these alternatives. The Chinese National Experimental Theatre

(today a subdivision of the Chinese National Theatre) staged his first play, “Intentional Injury” in 1994. The piece presented the final moments of a sado-masochistic affair. In order to punish her lover for leaving her, the female protagonist sues him for emotional and corporeal injuries. Believing that the court will be unable to imagine that she consented to the activities that led to the scars on her body, she brings her lover to trial. What she doesn’t anticipate is that her lover isn’t ashamed to admit that he enjoys hurting women during sex and counter sues her for the suffering caused by being falsely accused of a crime.

“The point,” Yang Qian has emphasized, “is that to establish something as true you have to tell a story and you have to have a system for evaluating competing stories. In China, we’re still trying to find both new ways of telling stories and new systems for judging those stories. In ‘Intentional Injury’, I wanted to challenge our idea that truth is objective. It’s not. It’s permeated by desires.”

By this time, Yang Qian had transferred from Beijing to Shenzhen, the oldest and largest of China’s Special Economic Zones, working as an editor at the Nanshan District government branch of the Shenzhen television station, where he worked from 1993 until 1999. Unlike other Chinese cities, Shenzhen did not have an established theatre troupe, except for a Cantonese opera troupe (now disbanded). Instead, particular ministries

and federations produced plays and skits for particular events and competitions, hiring directors, playwrights, and actors as necessary. So Yang Qian began to collaborate with thespians, who like himself, worked in non-theatrical government bureaus to produce educational skits. He also began working with faculty from the Shenzhen University Department of Acting, which was established in 1996 to produce more experimental plays.

According to Yang Qian, “What you have to understand is that in China there is basically two kinds of theatre - plays and skits. Plays are like Western plays, but skits are special to China. Skits began as vehicles to teach socialist values in schools, but have now also become a commercial form of entertainment. Everyone in Shenzhen has seen skits, especially the comedic skits on the Central China TV’s national broadcast of the Chinese New Year Party. But if you ask them if they have seen a play, they’ll say, ‘no.’ That’s how great the distance between the two forms of theatre is - people don’t realize that a skit is actually a short play.

“I left my job because I don’t want to be forced to write educational skits. Many thespians in government ministries have to make educational skits as part of their job. What’s more, because of their popularity, comedic skits are also a good way to make money. So, many professional thespians consider commercial skits to be dramatic ‘fast food’, no aesthetic value. However, if we are

going to popularize theatre in Shenzhen, we have to begin from what’s popular, or rather, what people already understand. So I want to use skits to introduce a broader audience to dramatic topics and forms. That’s why I wrote ‘Neither Type, Nor Category.’”

Yang Qian’s appropriation of skits to broaden the audience for plays exemplifies his understanding of experimental theatre as an artistic response to a specific time and place.

“I don’t think there the word ‘experimental’ has a particular content or a concrete form. I think it’s an attitude. What form would reach a certain group of people? How can new desires be represented and explored? What can we learn from the confusion of boundaries between different categories?

“Right now in China we’re undergoing a kind of globalization. It’s not the first time. Imperialism and colonialism were also forms of globalization. So was socialism. What’s important about the present is that capitalism is expanding in China, and that expansion is causing a re-invention of the social categories that we used to take for granted. All of a sudden, we became Chinese and socialist and global in a different way, but we don’t really understand what that means. Why could the revolution be overturned? Is utopia still possible? How do individual desires make us work against ourselves?

“Since Sun Yat-sen led the Xinhai Revolution [and overthrew the Qing Dynasty in 1911], Chinese people have tried to

build a new China. Throughout this history, we have experienced ourselves as other to the West. Usually, we talk about this as a question of ‘normalization’. As if all we have to do is make adjustments for ‘cultural difference’ and then everyone will understand each other. In this fantasy, understanding brings about equality and ends the pain of being a subordinated other. But I have never thought about this condition as question of ‘normalization’. I think the problem is more of ‘identification’. We want to become the West. Or maybe it’s more accurate to say, we want to take the West’s place. But of course we can’t, because when capitalist forms move from one place to another, they change. Simply by coming to post-Mao China, capitalist categories have begun to transform, even for Westerners. Nobody lives in the world of his or her childhood anymore. Where do we live?

“For example, in ‘Neither Type, Nor Category’ I imagined a Western woman imagining China. Whitey wants to become Chinese and a Chinese woman plays all her supporting characters - Woman, George, and Husband. So Whitey’s trying to be what she’s not, and she needs China in a supporting role in order to do that. Woman thinks she can escape her fate by becoming Western, but she keeps transforming in response to Whitey’s desire, which keeps getting interrupted by Chinese conditions. In the end, nobody gets what they want, they just keep changing because nobody else likes them.”

In addition to “Intentional Injury” and “Neither Type, Nor Category”, Yang Qian has written “Crossroads”, which explores the tensions between personal freedom and economic necessity in the new economy and “Hope”, which satirizes the social consequences of multi-level marketing. “Hope” was recently given a staged reading at the Schaubühne Theatre’s fifth Festival of International New Drama. Yang Qian has summarized his work to date with respect to the work of constructing a new kind of city in South China.

“People say that Shenzhen is a cultural desert. And in a sense that’s true. Shenzhen produces award-winning educational skits. However, it’s also true that we don’t have the same constraints as in other places. Whatever we make is Shenzhen theatre. Our so-called ‘experiments’ can become ‘mainstream’ by default. Or that’s what we hope.”





Christopher Kelen



The Magic Pudding: A Mirror of Our Fondest Wishes

Norman Lindsay’s 1918 illustrated children’s novel *The Magic Pudding* is a key text in the history of Australian literary consciousness and the national self-conception. This is despite the fact that signs of Australian nationhood must be inferred from the text. Neither “nation” nor “Australia” appear in the work. In Lindsay’s book, the scene is set for ambivalence by the fact that though the characters are mainly indigenous fauna, in order to make themselves readable by the audience intended, they mainly behave as settlers of a new Europe, in a recently cleared landscape of smouldering stumps.

The significance of the book, as longstanding children’s classic and as an Australian icon, goes far beyond the realm of children’s literature. The magic pudding (a.k.a. puddin’) - as variable trope - has been of key importance in cultural and political debates in Australia for most of the last century. Politicians (and parents alike) invariably invoke this illusion of cornucopia to indicate that the opposition is dreaming; a recent example in the *Sydney Morning Herald* (28 September 2004) refers to the Howard Government’s “Magic Pudding economics”. In this text, where the puddin’ may be read as Australia - or the Australian - it is also cornucopia personified as badly behaved child. This is not the Dickensian image of the *Oliver Twist* type of child asking for more; this recalcitrant child Albert is the more. When he absconds there is a general risk of hunger. However directly or associatively one takes the puddin’ as suggesting Australia, reading Albert along these lines carries a set of interesting consequences. Representation of the young nation (or its citizens or their wishful thinking) in the form of a child to be exploited might be seen as pointing to an imperial rather than a parochial consciousness. It is likewise indicative of certain cynical resistances to expected devotions and accepted values.

In Lindsay’s novel there are many interesting elisions from the point of view of the reader who wishes to establish the work’s colonial and/or postcolonial investments. If the indigenes are not there as such, then neither are the British or any other proclaimed national entity. Yet the main characters are undoubtedly British colonial types, and certainly the indigenous fauna features. Further, the pudding it/himself might be read in several senses (swarthy appearance, good running legs) as an autochthonous element. Yet, each of these presences is ambiguous. It is devotion to the Bri-

tish nationcum- empire (the nationality of Britons) that is parodied in Lindsay’s story. There is nothing idealistic in the rote devotions in *The Magic Pudding* (hats off for the king) and yet through this work Lindsay is responsible for the creation of what is arguably the most optimistic fantasy object (and one of the most characteristically Australian objects) in Australian literature: plenty personified and made portable; more particularly the fantastic idea (wish fulfillment) that the child, instead of being a burden in times and in places of want, could function as portable cornucopia.

This essay argues that the puddin’ as possession (slave and cannibal commodity) has provided an apt palimpsest for wishful thinking of the Australian kind, likewise for Australian styles of cynicism with regard to such wishfulness. In *The Magic Pudding* the distorting mirror shows (as it teaches) a characteristic cynicism with regard to the rules and rights of possession - a cynicism befitting the un-nameable anywhere of the action. Of particular interest in these processes of interpellation is the role of “anthem quality” in the text. The anthems sung through the story tutor the reader in a curious ambivalence with regard to loyalty and its expression. Devotions we would call national are at once placed beyond question as universals, as eternal of civilisation; their self-interested deployment is however suggestive of questions about the nature of civilised “justice” and whether it can apply anywhere/everywhere.

Symbolic Commodity

Lindsay wrote the story to take his mind off the war and, more specifically, he wrote it with hunger and with food centring the action, as a result of an argument with a friend who had been telling him how children loved tales with fairies. Lindsay responded: “Not on your life! The belly rules the infant mind”, and he took the idea from the talking pudding episode in the “Queen Alice” chapter of Lewis Carroll’s *Through the Looking Glass* (Carpenter and Prichard, 334). In the context of The Great War, one might also read this as a tale of violence and anger re-situated, from the foreign place “over there” to the foreign place becoming ours, re-directed from unknown others towards tangible competitors and/or upstarts in the pecking order.

Contention over what the pudding symbolises has loomed large in its critical reception and more importantly in the end-less recycling of the image as variable trope for Australian con-

ditions and Australian wishfulness. The Puddin’ is Australia. The Puddin’ is the Australian. The Puddin’ is cornucopia personified. The antipodean cornucopia has legs. The object of desire/that which is possessed is, in turn, possessed of a will to abscond. Flipside of the cannibal accusation is the reverse objectification implied here. The child worker alienated into objecthood is also recuperated through personality; a “move” easily made because the “character” never lost its personhood - was always person and pudding in one. I recall a Chinese student some years ago, responding to the “what does the pudding represent (?)” question by telling me that Albert was a Jesus-like figure. I found it difficult at first to see through the sarcasm far enough to credit the idea. However, if going on being eaten indefinitely may be glossed as turning the other cheek writ large, then Albert’s long sufferings truly are Christ-like. He does perpetually die for the sins of men (specifically their greedy appetites). More to the point, Albert is a figure of constant transubstantiation, the body and the blood suggested in his guts and gravy. As with Jesus, the object of devotion is also a child. Being a child and swift on his legs makes Albert a perpetual reminder that food comes from somewhere and could therefore always be somewhere else.

The pudding is also the object of British nationhood. Rather than being tyrannised by distance in the pursuit of plenty, who possesses the pudding brings plenty with him. In this sense the pudding is the opposite of a white man’s burden: reminiscent of Walter Benjamin’s barbarism in the documents of civilisation (248), it is something savage yet sustaining which the settler brings and which need not be - and will not be - civilised.

I hope I have, so far, established something of the pudding’s tropic or symbolic range - or perhaps it is better to say - of the conflation it allows. The pudding is becoming nation, cornucopia, child asking for more. Then what are the interpretive consequences of these conflations? The nation is the greedy child, sufficient to itself but not satisfied. Suggested here is both adult dissatisfaction with plenty as personified in children and, more generally, the dissatisfaction of generations with each other.

Of course the pudding is *only* a symbol - for the country, for the citizen-in-the- making, for the reader - and so the child-directed cannibalism (happy event in which hunger is required in plenty) is only symbolic and this presents as an almost “natural” hyperbole for exploitation in a place famous for hyper-

bole. It only takes a little good humour for the good reader to laugh it off. Laughter is always at someone’s expense; in this case the good reader has a motive not to question its source, which minimal reflection reveals to be in the exploitation of the child.

It is important however that the position of the pudding be interrogated. Attention is due to the centering symbol of Lindsay’s tale and likewise the book and its function in Australian childhood, self-image and the construction of civility of the Australian kind. There is a risk that in asking such questions one renders oneself apparently humourless, that slipping out of range of sarcasm and hyperbole one takes oneself out of the discussion. Yet the survival of the text has depended on the interpretive range it allows. The pudding’s is not merely a tale of brutal fettered/unfettered exploitation, although that fantasy is a key; particularly the closing scene reflects an adult idyll of childhood finally tamed and in the one moment made eternal as such. Importantly however, if we read the pudding as in a dominated position (in class terms, as a child, as a victim of cruelty) then we also acknowledge its/his reflexive awareness of his position (“Oh who would be a puddin’?”). This is the subaltern speaking for itself, complaining volubly and even adopting such primitive strategies in defiance as running away.

However we read *The Magic Pudding* and whatever steps we take along the way in the interests of not spoiling the humour, we need to acknowledge that the story’s tropic centre is a moveable feast of the Rabelaisian kind, a feast which speaks. The cynicism of the text itself is a means of generating the ambivalence that - in and out of the story - keeps subjectivity mobile and so keeps the text open.

The Adventures of Bunyip Bluegum

The Magic Pudding is a novel divided into four slices, the first of which introduces protagonist and antagonist characters and the object of their desire, child cum dinner - Albert, the magic pudding. Slices two and three show the object in contention, slice four offers justice of a kind and the pudding restored to its self-styled rightful owners/protectors. To position the *dramatis personae* and the identifications anticipated of the reader, these are the picaresque adventures of one Bunyip Bluegum, a koala who leaves a comfortable home because he simply can no longer abide his Uncle Wattleberry’s whiskers. Vacating the

ancestral tree, young Bunyip consults a local poet, one Egbert Rumpus Bumpus, on the question of whether he should become a traveller or a swagman. The poet’s advice is unequivocal if unexpected:

As you have neither swag nor bag
You must remain a simple wag,
And not a swag - or bagman. (14)

How, the young koala craves to know, can he see the world without swag or bag? If the bow-tie, cane, waistcoat and boater (as already illustrated) had left any doubt, by now Bunyip’s class pretensions are firmly established. Rumpus Bumpus tells him:

Take my advice, don’t carry bags,
For bags are just as bad as swags;
They’re never made to measure.
To see the world, your simple trick
Is but to take a walking-stick
Assume an air of pleasure,
And tell the people near and far
You stroll about because you are
A Gentleman of Leisure. (14)

Bunyip Bluegum follows the poet’s advice and quickly sets off on his life journey but before long is reminded by his stomach of a fearful omission - he has forgotten to bring food with him. Heavily foreshadowed now is the need for something like a magic pudding and the possibility of something along the lines of a struggle for its possession.¹ Bunyip lists all the things he has in contrast with his one sad lack:

I’ve lots of teeth to eat with,
...Observe my doleful-plight.
For here am I without a crumb
To satisfy a raging tum
O what an oversight! (18)

By the time Bunyip has tallied the two sides of the ledger, his former oversight is remedied because coming around a bend in the road Bunyip discovers “two people in the very act of having lunch.” Thus, our gentlemanly koala falls in with a rough and

tumble pair, Bill Barnacle the sailor and his penguin friend, Sam Sawnoﬀ.

Bill Barnacle is the sailor the sea spat out, a man who could be from anywhere, who could be bound for almost any station in life. For the class-mobile Barnacle and likewise for his pugilistic penguin accomplice (quintessential unlikely character for the dusty outback), the land traversed is a lottery. But Bill and Sam and whomever they befriend have in fact won the jackpot. These wanderers are able to go where they will by virtue of the fact that they have with them an inexhaustible food source.

Outside of the stories he tells, Bill Barnacle is the only fully human character the reader will meet before the fourth slice of the book, and whereas the humans met in the final slice are closely associated with justice (as agents of law and order), Bill Barnacle is established early on as the pioneer type, one habitually beyond the reach of the law and so tending to be a law unto himself. Bill Barnacle is ever cynical about the motives of others, save the gentlemanly Bunyip Bluegum. One might find Mr. Barnacle’s inordinate respect for Bunyip anomalous until one recognises that Bluegum represents mobile aristocracy in manner and judgement - he is a kind of bush blue blood on the move and so, though much younger, less experienced and apparently less powerful, yet a helpful role model for the pioneer. The roles are to some extent reversible because the pioneering human provides a model for adventuring to the young koala. From their first meal and Bunyip’s happy entry into the Noble Society of Puddin’-Owners, we recognise that - although the society notionally pre-exists him - it is Bunyip who lends it nobility. Represented here is the class complicity of opportunists, the kind of complicity necessary to progress in colonial yet-to-be-populated space.

Bill’s keen senses of irony and opportunism are matched only by those of Albert, the puddin’, whose vulgar language and manners reveal him to be the class contrary of Bunyip Bluegum. We may read Bunyip as Bill’s foil or as a Barnacle in the making, or better still, a bit of both. In the mock-epic chronotope of *The Magic Pudding* Bill Barnacle always has the upper hand over his edible charge. Between Bill Barnacle and Albert the puddin’ we see played out a version of masculinity: one featuring paternal care and pride (but of the self-interested variety) matched with filial piety (imbued with suspicion). Between the one *in loco parentis* and the precocious pudding

there is mutual cynicism, distrust, sarcastic engagement, flip-pant dismissal.

Bill explains to Bunyip Bluegum that this pudding loves nothing better than to be eaten, and it is true that Albert speaks to this effect. However, these words need to be placed in context. The child cum dinner is always someone’s prisoner and someone’s property in this tale. Albert first speaks without being spoken to in his rude answer to Bunyip Bluegum’s polite enquiry as to whether there are any onions in the pudding. Bunyip’s real hope is, through this ploy, to be invited to lunch. But before Bill can speak for their dinner, “a thick, angry voice came out of the pudding, saying”:

“Onions, bunions, corns and crabs,
Whiskers, wheels and hansom cabs,
Beef and bottles, beer and bones,
Give him a feed and end his groans.”

Within minutes Sam Sawnoﬀ has confided in the stranger the secret of the pudding (36). But this consummation of a devout wish will only come once the rights of the puddin’ owners have been tested and defended through a first encounter with Possum and Wombat (aka the puddin’ thieves). Befitting the handy conflation of his weight and class position, Bunyip Bluegum’s light duty during the fracas is to sit on the pudding in order to stop the child from absconding. By now Bunyip has met and formally digested the puddin’, whose magical mystery had first to be disclosed to him in a whisper:

“You’ll enjoy this Puddin’,” said Bill, handing him a large slice.
“This is a very rare Puddin’.”
“It’s a cut-an-come-again Puddin’,” said Sam.
“It’s a Christmas steak and apple-dumpling Puddin’,” said Bill.
“It’s a – . Shall I tell him?” he asked, looking at Bill. Bill nodded, and the Penguin leaned across to Bunyip Bluegum and said in a low voice, “It’s a Magic Puddin’.”

Parodied here is that well-worn adult idiocy of speaking about the child in front of the child in the vain hope that the child won’t understand. This child knows himself to be the object in contention. This child understands something of his value to

the three characters now tucking into him. “No soft soap from total strangers,” said the Puddin’, rudely. (22)

Complicity and Sarcasm

On the face of things Albert is a character as complicit in as he is resentful of his exploitation. It is never quite clear though whether or to what extent ironic self-awareness is involved in Albert’s sense of his own position. He is as rude as he knows how to be; harder to gauge is his sincerity. Albert’s typical mode in conversation is sarcastic but he does have what appear to be moments of heartfelt self-disclosure, as in his after-dinner song:

“O, who would be a puddin’,
A puddin’ in a pot,
A puddin’ which is stood on
A fire which is hot?
O sad indeed the lot
Of puddin’s in a pot...

“But as I am a puddin’,
A puddin’ in a pot,
I hope you get the stomachache
For eatin’ me a lot.
I hope you get it hot,
You puddin’-eatin’ lot!” (42)

Bill is not peeved for a moment that his charge should voice such disgruntlement or harbour such vicious thoughts, the real power relations and the real benefits they bring him far outweigh the underling’s impotent discontent. In short Bill behaves as an adult to Albert’s peevish child.

It is after this first supper which serves as a demonstration of adult rights and the imposition of adult logic (or the lack of it) on youngsters, Bill makes his speech inviting Bunyip to join them and become a proper member of the Noble Society of Puddin’-Owners, a club of which, although (and because) vital to its operation, Albert cannot be a member. Shaking hands “warmly all round” to seal the deal, the three then loudly sing “The Puddin’-Owners’ Anthem”, the lyrics of which are as follows:

The solemn word is plighted,
The solemn tale is told,
We swear to stand united,
Three puddin’-owners bold.

Hurrah for puddin’-owning,
Hurrah for Friendship’s hand,
The puddin’-thieves are groaning
To see our noble band.

When we with rage assemble,
Let puddin’-snatchers groan;
Let puddin’-burglars tremble,
They’ll ne’er our puddin’ own.

Hurrah, we’ll stick together,
And always bear in mind
To eat our puddin’ gallantly,
Whenever we’re inclined. (44)

Parodied here is the “anthem quality” of which the puddin’ owners will later make cynical use, when deploying the real national anthem, “God save the King”, in order to resume their “rightful” possession of the puddin’.

Bunyip’s confident ease in joining this suddenly formal association of a suddenly self-recognised gentry is no doubt a result of the background with which he comes, a result of his having followed the poet’s advice and assumed “an air of leisure”. As earlier suggested, it is Bunyip’s class position - as indicated for instance by his attire - which now allows Sam² and Bill to recognise themselves as members of an elite. They had the economic basis (the puddin’) already, now they have the right association.

How fortuitous all this is for Bunyip Bluegum, whom one might read as the right koala at the right time. A few pages earlier the young marsupial was fleeing an uncle’s whiskers; now his worries of the tummy are dispelled and he is established as a “gentleman of leisure”. Of interest here is the effortlessness and the seamlessness in the rites of passage which have made Bunyip a koala of the world. There is no pause in the proceedings to explain how, but Bunyip Bluegum miraculously already knows the lyrics and the tune of “The Puddin’-Owners’ Anthem”.

Possession and the Law’s Nine Tenths

David Musgrave writes that the story’s plot mechanics revolve around “the central issue of ownership of the puddin’ as defined by arbitrary (symposiastic) laws like snout bendin’ and, above all, possession, as opposed to ownership of the puddin’ defined by juridical or “universal” law - the idea of simple theft and the law court. In both these instances what we can call universal law is neatly subverted by the carnivalesque logic of symposiastic law.”(7)

Where does the pudding come from, how is it possessed? Contention over the possession of the pudding structures the whole of the story. That the rights of possession are as morally doubtful as morally insisted upon strengthens the pudding = nation thesis. The moral insistence must continue until the doubts are assuaged through the process of forgetting. That wished for reification of social fact (the puddin’ “owners” right to possess the puddin’) is however placed in doubt by the perpetual meal’s reflexive awareness and his willingness to broadcast it.

Before we come to the instances of Albert’s intransigence for the apocryphal tale in which Bill asserts his “parental” rights, the evidence extant for the origins of the pudding should first be examined. Bill claims that he and Sam came by the pudding on an iceberg at sea, that they had it by virtue of the demise of one Curry and Rice, the cook of a vessel named *The Saucy Sausage* (24-26). Bill’s ethical credentials are established later when he tells the story of how he had run away to sea to be a pirate on the Caribbean, but subsequently discovered that there were no pirates there any longer:

For Pirates go, but their next of kin
Are Merchant Captains, hard as sin,
And Merchant Mates as hard as nails
Aboard of every ship that sails. (38)

Clearly, the piratical mindset with which Bill first began to wander at sea remains generally applicable. The signs of lawlessness persisting under the reign of law will be instructive for the story as it later unfolds. The story of *The Saucy Sausage* is, in brief, that the ship sinks leaving Bill Barnacle and Sam Sawnoﬀ stranded on an iceberg in the company of Curry and Rice. While Sam and Bill grow thinner and thinner living on only ice,

the rotund cook is eventually discovered to have been gorging himself all along on the pudding, which he had kept hidden from his comrades:

But late one night we wakes in fright
To see by a pale blue flare,
That cook has got in a phantom pot
A big plum-duff an’ a rump-steak hot,
And the guzzlin’ wizard is eatin’ the lot,
On top of the iceberg bare. (25-26)

At this juncture, the song is interrupted and Bill notes:

“There’s a verse left out here,” said Bill, stopping the song, owin’ to the difficulty of explainin’ exactly what happened when me and Sam discovered the deceitful nature of that cook. The next verse is as follows:

Now Sam an’ me can never agree
What happened to Curry and Rice.
The whole affair is shrouded in doubt,
For the night was dark and the flare went out,
And all we heard was a startled shout,
Though I think meself, in the subsequent rout,
That us bein’ thin, an’ him bein’ stout,
In the middle of pushin’ an’ shovin’ about,
He must have fell off the ice. (25-26)

At this point, and despite Bill’s efforts to silence him, the pudding interjects to say, as he later will in court: “I had my eye on the whole affair, and it’s my belief that if he hadn’t been so round you’d have never rolled him off the iceberg, for you was both singing out, “Yo heave Ho” for half-an-hour, an’ him trying to hold on to Bill’s beard.” (26)

Whatever pretensions to right the self-proclaimed puddin’ owners may have, what becomes clear now (and is later reiterated) is that strength of force is the major factor in the pudding’s “rightful” possession. It is the weakest character in the cast who bears witness in order to cast doubt on the right-tasserting narrative of the strongest. Here are the precise terms of analogy with the white settlement of Australia and the rights of possession associated with its dominant narrative. In a story regularly visited with violence and threats thereof, in a story

which relies on violence and threats for much of its humour, the views of the weak, however loudly expressed, however essential, and the experience of these witnesses (Albert, after all, is the pudding) count for little against the facts of force and of possession. These circumstances are familiar enough as the logic with which nations raise and maintain armies to defend themselves from other nations’ armies. The double-think entailed on the issue of rights here points to Benedict Anderson’s first paradox of nationalism: that of temporal authority derived from a pretence of tradition (5).

The long-term popularity of Lindsay’s tale can be accounted for in allegorical terms: what makes the story satisfying for Australians is its analogy with the unspoken terms of the dominant narrative as concerns rights (and rites) of possession, and moreover the openness of the identifications it allows with regard to the various subject positions in those stories.

Hats Off

Two key paradoxes of anthem quality are the uniformity of differences and the automatISATION of strong affect. Uniformity of differences is revealed in the fact that the overwhelming majority of the world’s national anthems are written and arranged according to the rules of classical western musical forms. Every member of the series “nation” must have a national anthem; as a consequence, though anthems are notionally intended to express the differences between nations, reflection reveals that they serve also to illustrate the consistency of national investments across international borders.

Strong affect is automatised in anthems because their iconic status entails subjects’ forgetting what it is they sing. Emotion is even intensified after the meaning of the words has been forgotten. An anthem provides its singer with a shorthand for and a shortcut to the sentiment required.

Once stolen the pudding is discovered (and recovered) through the demand of loyalty placed on (the native) miscreants by the rendition of “God Save the King” (119-120); thieves are powerless against this expression of - and demand by - authority. They must remove their hats and when they do so the world can see that it was under their hats they were hiding the magic pudding. Authority bid them reveal what convention had allowed them to conceal. “God Save the King” has an automatic effect, it invokes the sine qua non of national loyalty: when you

hear this tune you must remove your headgear. By means of this automatic, arbitrary and apparently permanent expression of loyalty, the character cum object in contention is revealed.

In Lindsay’s “Puddin’ Owners’ Anthem”, along with the not-quite-yet automatised affect, both the arbitrary and the self-interested aspects of possession are celebrated. Concomitant violence is always impending:

When we with rage assemble,
Let puddin’-snatchers groan;
Let puddin’-burglars tremble,

British imperial pretensions of valour are undermined parodically by the bold statement of the Noble Society’s chief goal:

To eat our puddin’ gallantly,
Whenever we’re inclined. (44)

The parody reveals metropolitan or imperial aspirations debased by the low motives of colonials. Likewise we see imperial pretensions undermined as Sam’s song concerning “the penguin bold’ is in part a parody of “Rule Britannia”, with the penguins taking the part of Britons:

To see the penguin out at sea,
And watch how he behaves,
Would prove that penguins cannot be
And never shall be slaves.
You haven’t got a notion
How penguins brave the ocean,
And laugh with scorn at waves. (40)

England’s anthem singers are those the colonies keep fed.

The Magic Pudding prepares the way for an ambiguously postcolonial view of British nationality and national devotion in Australia. The shift can be understood through the distance between, on the one hand, the childhoods represented by Bunyip Bluegum and Albert; on the other between the unison shown in “The Puddin’ Owners’ Anthem” and the manner in which the national anthem of the times, “God Save the King”, is deployed by the Noble Society.

This essay is not a study of the child reader as becoming-Australian subject at the end of the Great War. Yet such a (wor-

thy) subject (of enquiry) is suggested by the text and by its popularity at publication. I think we may safely assume that the implied reader of Lindsay’s novel has something in common with the child suggested in Ethel Turner’s bestselling 1894 novel *Seven Little Australians*: “In England, and America, and Africa, and Asia, the little folks may be paragons of virtue, I know little about them. But in Australia a model child is - I say it not without thankfulness - an unknown quantity. It may be that the miasmas of naughtiness develop best in the sunny brilliancy, of our atmosphere.” (9)

The instructive gaps shown between Bunyip Bluegum and Albert, and between the “The Puddin’ Owners’ Anthem” and “God Save the King”, allow the child reader an attitudinal range with which to consider his (sic) own identity and its investments. Idealistic claims are shown as a thin veneer over self-interest, thus normalising cynicism as a response to political conditions. Bunyip Bluegum appears to be as sincere as Albert the Pudding appears to be cynical. In fact, once having left home, Bunyip’s gentlemanly acquiescence in the status quo assures him of keeping his hands clean and his stomach full. The pudding - Janus-faced pie cum pouting child - is optimism and pessimism rolled into one. He is the ever absconding devoutly-to-be-wished of nation: Plenty with plenty of attitude. Bunyip Bluegum, by contrast, is manners personified, a suit of clothes waiting for its attendant privileges. Needless to say, identification is less troubled with the newly adult Bunyip than with the naughty Albert.

Perhaps education is the telling lack in childhood as presented in the story. The track provides characters with a school of harder or of softer knocks, but apart from this, education either takes the glancing form of listening to a poet mouth off (for Bunyip) or else is unattainable (for Albert). In fact, Albert is deliberately denied an education. This very denial however is the reflexive means of providing the book’s reader with the necessary instruction. Albert is cunning, so as far as Bill is concerned the less he knows the better. “Let words be sufficient, without explanation,” Bill says, severely when Albert asks what a *ruse de guerre* might be: “And as we haven’t time to waste talkin’ philosophy to a Puddin’, why, into the bag he goes, or we’ll never get the story finished”. (169) The child reader of *The Magic Pudding* learns, not to challenge the singing of anthems as a means of self-collective representation, but rather a “healthy” (i.e. a self-interested and op-

portunistic style of) cynicism about such forms and displays of loyalty.

As for the nation under construction through the demonstration of such devotions, its ethos of sarcasm is best expressed by the pudding himself:

Eat away, chew away, munch and bolt and guzzle,
Never leave the table till you’re full up to the muzzle.

How much allegory should be read into this exhortation? The accusation of over-reading will always be difficult to avoid when dealing with an apparent *tabula rasa* of collective consciousness. In this case the over-written icon in question is the kind of palimpsest in which we see ourselves - however hazily - reflected. Australian intentions, self-interest and self-regard are all inscribed in those murky gravy guts, so serviceably altered as our whims demand.

The text was first published in the Journal of the Association for the Study of Australian Literature (JASAL)

¹ While it may be relevant to questions regarding the suitability of the story for children today, criticism of violence in story (for instance in Greg Watson’s 2002 paper, “Violent and racist undertones in early Australian children’s literature: the proof’s in the Puddin’”) should be tempered with cognizance of the bellicose nature of fin de siècle national devotions in general. C.J. Dennis’s 1908 mock anthem, the “Australaise” (3-5), may be taken as indicative of an acceptable level of threat of violence for Lindsay’s wartime readership.

² Sam’s class position indicated in the footnote he offers following his rendition of “The Penguin’s Bride”:

“Of course,” said Sam modestly, “the song goes too far in sayin’ as how I married the Heart’s niece, because, for one thing, I ain’t a marryin’ man, and for another thing, what she really sez to me when we got to land was, ‘You’re a noble feller, an’ here’s five shillin’s for you, and any time you happen to be round our way, just give a ring at the servant’s bell, and there’ll always be a feed waitin’ for you in the kitchen’. However, you’ve got to have songs to fill in the time with, and when a feller’s got a rotten word like Buncle to find rhymes for, there’s no sayin’ how a song’ll end.” (86)



Le poète qui voyageait avec une courge amère
(18 juin 2002)

Tout voyageur qui a mis le pied à Hong Kong sait que l’une des activités les plus effrénées de cette cité est le manger. Où que l’on tourne le regard, à toute heure de la journée, on ne peut manquer de voir des centaines de mandibules en action. C’est une grande capitale culinaire du monde et certainement la ville qui abrite le plus de restaurants par tête d’habitant. Toutes les cuisines de l’Asie s’y frottent les épaules. La cuisine chinoise elle-même, grande famille riche de centaines de cuisines provinciales, s’offre à Hong Kong dans toute sa diversité. Entre spécialités de Pékin, de Shanghai, de Canton, du Sichuan ou de Chaozhou pour les plus connues, s’infiltrent des centaines de gargotes où la nouille règne en maîtresse.

Rien de tel pour délier la langue d’un Hongkongais que de lui parler de cuisine. Si vous avez de plus le privilège de ne plus être un néophyte en la matière, il vous considère alors avec un grand respect...Et la conversation s’envole pour des heures, chacun salivant de concert, car la cuisine est l’un des sésames de la découverte d’une culture étrangère, et la voie royale à tout échange et communication. Elle ouvre des mondes de goûts et de saveurs qui vous entraînent bien au-delà des plaisirs de la bouche.

Après plus de vingt ans passés en Chine, je peux dire que toutes mes rencontres et les amitiés qui ont suivi se sont faites autour de quelque dîner. Dans cette ville où l’espace privé est réduit, on ne reçoit que rarement chez soi. À l’exception de bars, Hong Kong n’a toujours point de cafés à l’européenne, lieux privilégiés pour refaire le monde. Ce sont donc le restaurant ou la gargote les lieux les plus communs de rencontre. Téléphonez à l’un de vos amis chinois pour un rendez-vous, et la discussion s’engage aussitôt non sur le lieu, le confort, le plaisir d’une vue ou d’une terrasse agréable, mais sur le contenu de l’assiette que l’on vous y sert. Et si vous jouez à l’intellectuel désabusé, affichant l’indifférence pour tous ces plaisirs vénaux de la bouche,

on vous regardera avec suspicion, si l’on ne vous soupçonne pas déjà de perversité. Vous avez gâché toute chance de séduire votre hôte, qui aura alors perdu tout intérêt à votre égard et ne vous accordera plus qu’un regard vaguement apitoyé.

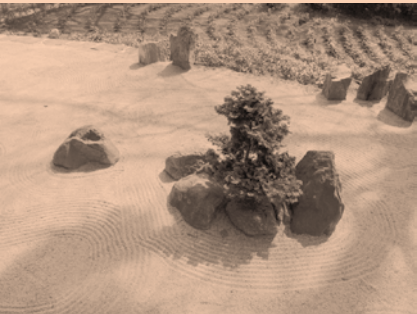
Il n’y a guère ici de vernissage, de première de théâtre, qui ne s’achève devant un plantureux repas. Les cocktails, petits fours et autres amuse-gueule ne sauraient être pris au sérieux par un véritable Hongkongais. Il n’y a point là de substance, pas de matière à prolonger la discussion.

La cuisine et l’art sont intimement entrelacés. L’un des poètes les plus connus de Hong Kong, Leung Ping-kwan, vient de publier un recueil de poésies où chaque morceau prend son essor à partir d’un plat, d’une spécialité culinaire, d’un légume, chinois ou étranger. Les parfums, les goûts, les saveurs ouvrent les puits de la mémoire et le poète nous convie à un voyage à travers le monde, Berlin, Bruxelles, Londres, Tokyo, Hong Kong et la Chine, mais également à un voyage intérieur où l’histoire intime se mêle à la grande histoire. Ce recueil publié en chinois et en anglais a pour titre « Voyager avec une courge amère ». Notre poète emmène en effet comme compagnon de voyage, une courge chinoise. Pourquoi pas ? Dialoguer avec une courge est après tout une autre façon de dialoguer avec soi-même. Ce curieux légume a un goût que l’on ne saurait oublier. Il ressemble à un poivron vert bosselé et poilu. Sa saveur est trompeuse. Elle séduit par une légère suavité qui devient douce amertume et s’amplifie soudainement jusqu’à vous mordre la langue. Inutile de dire que cette riche palette de saveurs qui va de la douceur à l’amertume vaut largement pour ce poète chinois la madeleine de Proust.

La dernière tendance en matière de cuisine à Hong Kong est d’ailleurs celle des artistes cuisiniers. Plusieurs d’entre eux, photographes, peintres ou critiques d’art ont converti leur appartement en restaurant d’une ou deux tables où avec femmes

et enfants, ils opèrent aux fourneaux. Cela avait superbement commencé il y a 3-4 ans, c’étaient des tables d’amis et d’artistes où l’on s’amusait et buvait fort. Le bouche à oreille a fait son effet. Les snobs, les stars de cinéma, curieux de nouvelles expériences s’y sont montrés, suivis par les bourgeois en mal de sensation. Il faut maintenant réserver trois mois à l’avance pour avoir le privilège de ces dîners privés dont les prix ont flambé. Le succès venant, les cuisiniers ont fini par abandonner plumes et pinceau, et les amis frustrés, ont abandonné les lieux pour retourner à leurs petits tripots populaires de quartier où finalement, à moindre prix et plongé dans une foule bruyante mais vivante, on retrouve tout son plaisir.

en « Chroniques Hongkongaises » Edition Zoe, 2008.



帶一枚苦瓜去旅行的詩人

每個曾來香港一遊的人都知道，飲食是這個城市最蓬勃興旺的行業之一。環顧四周，無時無刻，我們總不難看到人頭湧湧，人們大快朵頤的景象。香港是世界的飲食之都，按居住人口統計，是擁有最多餐館的城市。亞洲各國的美食薈萃於此；中華飲食博大精深，兼容各省各市佳餚，為香港提供豐富多彩的美食。除了遐邇聞名的京菜、滬菜，粵菜，川菜和潮州菜外，以麵食為主的廉價小餐館比比皆是。

沒有什麼比美《食》這個主題更能令香港人打開話匣子的了。如果你表現出深諳此道，人們便會對你肅然起敬，於是大家侃侃而談，唾沫橫飛，把時間拋諸腦後。這只因美食是探知異國文化的一把金鑰匙，是彼此溝通了解的坦途。它打開色，香，味的世界，超越口腹之樂，把你帶領到更高的精神境界。

在中國生活的二十多年裏，我的經驗是無論舊雨相聚抑或結識新朋，都離不開餐桌。在這個空間狹窄的城市裏，甚少人在家中接待朋友。除了酒吧，香港缺乏歐陸式的咖啡室這種可供聚會的好場所。因此餐館或廉價的食肆便成了大家聚會的地方。你打電話與一個中國朋友相約，馬上商量的不是約會的地點是否舒適，周圍的景色是否宜人，又或者有否一個開闊舒暢的平台，大家關心的是將會品嚐到何種佳餚。如果你擺出一副曾經滄海而超然物外的態度，流露出對口腹之樂漠然的神情，那麼人家如果不把你當作一個怪物，也會對你投以懷疑不解的目光。於是你也錯過了迎得主人歡心的機會，他對你也興趣索然，至多只以一種帶點憐憫的目光看著你。

幾乎沒一場畫展的開幕抑或戲劇的首演，不以一頓豐盛的大餐告終的。真正的香港人對雞尾酒會，糕餅點心之類毫無興趣，原因是它們不夠份量，不足於激發人們的思緒，令人侃侃而談。

美食與藝術是親密無間，相互交織在一起的。香港著名詩人梁秉鈞剛出版了他的一部新詩集，書中每首詩均從中式或西式的一道普通菜，名菜或蔬菜獲得靈感而吟唱出

去。食，香，味打開了記憶之門，詩人邀我們一起周遊世界，柏林，布魯塞爾，倫敦，東京，香港和中國，當然同時遊歷內心，讓個人的經歷與大歷史融合在一起。這本以中英文發表的詩集取名《帶一枚苦瓜去旅行》。詩人的確帶著一個苦瓜，把它當作旅伴一起出遊。這有什麼不可？和一個苦瓜對話誠然是和自己對話的另一種形式。這個奇特的瓜有一種讓人難以忘懷的滋味，它外表像一個綠色的甜椒，凹凸不平，毛茸茸的。味道欺人。開始，它以一種微微的甘甜誘惑你，接著便成一種甜中帶苦的滋味，突然間變得苦不可擋，直刺你的舌頭。對我們的詩人而言，這種由甜到苦而變化多端的滋味，毫無疑問地可媲美普魯斯特的瑪德萊娜蛋糕。

香港飲食的最新潮流是藝術家下廚。一些攝影師、畫家、藝術批評家將居所變成有一兩張餐桌的飯館，與老婆孩子齊齊下廚，一展身手。這個潮流早在三，四年前便已出現。藝術家和友人圍著餐桌品嚐佳餚又暢談美酒，大家盡情歡樂。他們的私房菜一時間口碑載道，傳揚開來以後，許多趕時髦的人，影視明星以及尋找新鮮刺激的中產人士便慕名而來，就連普通的市井小民亦不遑多讓。現在，還需要提前三個月預定，才能享受到這種價格飆升直上的私房菜呢。隨著廚藝的成功，藝術家紛紛拋筆棄畫，投身烹飪業。藝術家私房菜的口味變得大眾化以後，讓朋友們感到失落沮喪之餘，只好悻然離去，再回到自己區內廉價的小食肆，混跡在喧鬧卻又充滿生機的人群當中，重新找回自己的樂趣。

寫於2002年6月18日
譯者：王人德

Long Live the Memory of Taste

How wonderful that Mother Nature gave us taste buds. Considering that eating is such an intimate act (the mouth is an oriface after all), it is no surprise that the sharing of a meal has such a powerful social function. We lay ourselves open in almost every sense; physically by taking-in foreign substances and emotionally, by maintaining or establishing relationships - while at the same time the pleasure-centre of our brains may be so stimulated by flavours and textures we can find ourselves transported onto other planes of awareness.

Another gear locks into place when people sit down to eat, there is a change of mood and tempo and unmistakeable sounds of ritual and precision, passed on to us as children, inform us immediately about materials and degrees of formality. We hear metal against ceramic; forks tapping plates, knives cutting, scraping and clattering as they are laid to rest between bites.

There was a time when eating in the west was different. The way we eat today, together but in liberated isolation, with a complete place-setting for everyone so that each person focuses on his or her own meal so exclusively, stems from the development and acceptance of the fork at table and the resulting autonomy that came with it.

Before then the dynamic at meal-times would have been completly different. People ate in pairs or groups from a shared dish, using a knife, (which was also the weapon of men), as an impailer, to spear pieces which were then taken with the fingers, or carefully eaten directly from the tip. Ladies who had no knife were served by gentlemen in this way - or they used their fingers to take a portion directly from the main dish, regularly wiping them clean on their serviettes in between. A tradition of husbands presenting their brides with a pair of cased knives, is said to have been a continuation of an Italian custom in which property exchanges were marked with the presentation of knives. Depending on wealth and rank these wedding knives were costly, richly decorated creations and were actually a form of accessory hung from the waist to indicate that she was no longer available and how much she was worth. As the fork became more widespread, the pointed knife began to be considered unsuitable when dining, tips were modified accordingly and as co-ordination skills grew the two instruments came to complement each other.

When society began to expect that people carry their own cutlery with them, craftsmen must have rejoiced because the generous commissions and high expectations presented the chance to make most expressive works from a wide rage of precious and exotic materials. The cases which were made to carry them were also true works of art as individually formed as the instruments inside them and ornately finished. In addition to the obvious practical advantages, such sets were not only beautiful objects of desire but also symbols of cultivation and status used to impress and in some cases to indicate where loyalties lay - that consumer products of today's society could rival their exclusiveness is an open question.

Although the spoon has a far far longer history (shells replaced the cupped hand tens of thousands of years ago), it was not always part of the first versions of the travelling cutlery set, partly because of the nature of meals of those times and that eating conventions were so that people could raise shallow bowls directly to their lips. The spoon has a completely different aura, it connects with the child in us and the stirring and scooping action when it is used makes us feel more like the gatherer rather than the hunter. In today's West we eat the soft, moist “comforting” meals and courses with it, our breakfast for example when we are just preparing ourselves for a new day, soups to give warmth and nourishment without placing great demands on our digestive systems, or sweet desserts - the finale which celebrates the end of dinner and, like a blessing, sends us out into the world again fed and in a state of harmony, glad to be alive and prepared to do good to all.



香港飲食與文化身份

一、
一九九七年五月，溫哥華舉辦文化節，邀我參加，談談香港文化是什麼。我過去十年，的確寫了不少文字，也做了些講座，想澄清向來對香港文化的種種誤解，後來還整理部份文稿，在九五年一月由藝術中心出版了《香港文化》。書出版以後，得到一些鼓勵，也惹來新的爭論。比方我說香港的故事難說，外來的評論固有誤解，生活在港的作者也未必說得清楚；就有人斷章取義說我認為外地作者不能寫香港，是狹隘的本土主義者。我說香港文化跟西方既同又異、跟中國文化既有傳承又有變化，就有人大做文章，認為這是混雜派或本質論。我可以理解那階段大家在理論上的迷茫，但不明白為甚麼香港內外有那麼多人對香港文化認識不深，但又充滿偏見，這樣討論香港文化真有點秀才遇著兵的味道了。

對於這些糾纏不清的爭論感到無奈又厭倦，便想回到創作去。我愈來愈覺得，創作上的探討，往往比理論更靈活，也可以走得更遠。我剛好寫了一兩首有關香港食物的詩，又跟朋友一起拍了些照片，就跟溫哥華方面商量說：不如讓我們來做一個以食物為主題的詩與攝影的展覽吧。因為食物是日常生活裡不可缺少的東西，相對於理論的空泛和綜合化，食物以具體的滋味和形相觸動我們；理論容易流於概念化，多采多姿的食物卻從實在的聲色氣味開始，在種種人際關係和社會活動裡都有它的位置，顯示了我們的美感和價值觀，連起偏執和慾望。雖然過去嚴肅的作品不作興以食物入詩，對我來說卻實在是想反覆從不同角度去探討的好題材。於是便有了一九九七年在溫市Arts-peak Gallery的《食事地域誌》展覽組詩和後來的食物詩。我從一九七〇年左右開始寫了不少有關香港這城市的詩，一方面受了西方民歌的影響，嘗試明朗口語的節奏；另一方面則從中國古典山水詩那兒學習以意象展現不加解說的寫法。後來踏足不少城市，自己的寫法也隨著對不同城市認識的深淺、感情的濃淡，自有不同變化。古典詩裡

另一種我深愛的文體是詠物詩。像古人詠蓮詠竹，借以寄寓人格的理想，我書寫球鞋、苦瓜或是辣泡菜，尤其對我們與當代諸物的複雜關係感到興趣。我寫食物亦沿此而來。我的詠物詩不一定是借喻，對不同事物的物質性也感興趣，不想僅以一個既定觀念投射到諸物身上。

我最先寫出與香港飲食有關的是《鴛鴦》，鴛鴦是街頭大牌檔的日常飲品，由咖啡與茶混合而成。詩是這樣的：

鴛鴦

五種不同的茶葉沖出了
香濃的奶茶，用布袋
或傳說中的絲襪溫柔包容混雜
沖水倒進另一個茶壺，經歷時間的長短
影響了茶味的濃淡，這分寸
還能掌握得好嗎？若果把奶茶

混進另一杯咖啡？那濃烈的飲料
可是壓倒性的，抹煞了對方？
還是保留另外一種味道：街頭的大牌檔
從日常的爐灶上累積情理與世故
混和了日常的八卦與通達，勤奮又帶點
散漫的……那些說不清楚的味道

這種飲品為甚麼叫做《鴛鴦》？為甚麼說要用絲襪來沖茶？談到食物，真的可以幫助我們理解一個地方的文化身份嗎？且容我試著一一道來。

二、
中國在十九世紀鴉片戰爭敗落後簽訂南京條約，把香港割讓予英國。香港於是成為英國的殖民地，無疑令香港在中

國人聚居的城市之中發展了一個西化的身份。
但香港又與印度等殖民地不同。在土地廣闊、各省說著不同方言的印度，英語最後取代其他變成統一的官方語言，而在香港，儘管英語也是主要的官方言語，亦是商業用語，但中文卻相對未受壓抑，而且在七〇年代民眾力爭之下，也成為官方言語之一。市民百份之九十八在日常生活中使用中文，各種傳媒亦以中文為主。

而在教育方面，英文教育雖然佔盡優勢，但中文教育未像亞洲其他一些地區那樣受到壓抑，只不過是更著重傳統的古典文學教研、著重儒家思想等比較正統而無顛覆性的思想。當中國大陸一九四九年建立社會主義國家，歷經政治的鬥爭而至文化大革命(1966-1976)這樣否定傳統文化的高潮，香港這個有自由而無民主的邊緣小島，反而容納了新儒家學者五〇年代在此地創辦新亞書院、流亡或移民的學者繼續古典文學的研究、民間保存了對傳統戲曲的愛好、學院中人亦有對中國藝術和音樂的研究，而從小學開始，學童皆能朗朗上口背誦唐詩而非毛語錄。儘管香港政府教育政策保守，課本裡選擇五四以來的新文學也挑選朱自清、葉聖陶等比較溫和而有教育性的作品，但民間雜誌卻時有對被遺忘的五四作家作出介紹。中國大陸文化大革命對文化的摧毀留下真空，要到八、九〇年代才逐漸填補，在台灣，戒嚴令實施，到1987年才解嚴。在那以前，只有在香港和澳門的舊書店裡，才能公開購到在大陸和台灣都不能讀到的作品。

在一九四九年以後，中國大陸的政治取向大大打擊了小資產階級的飲食口味，這也可以在電影或文學作品中見到。五〇年代著名的喜劇電影《滿意不滿意》寫的就是名食店改為大眾食堂後，堂倌為大眾服務的心理調整過程，而陸文夫的《美食家》則讓我們看到一位蘇州美食家如何在文革期間被鬥爭攻擊而歷盡坎坷。
香港的情況卻比較混雜，對來自台灣、或來自大陸各

省的菜色都能接受。而且受歡迎的往往不是宮廷菜色。近年雖然也有據說是蔣家後人在香港經營的蔣家菜，也有謠傳說是鄧小平或甚麼領導人御廚來港獻藝，但從小習慣閱讀左右、中英各種不同報紙長大的香港人還是實事求是，以嘴巴檢驗真理，並不特別對政治權勢賣賬。各種中國美食隨著政治社會的變化傳入香港，形成了好似《大江南北菜》並存的局面。香港人過去並不見得會愛吃毛澤東喜歡的湖南紅燒肉，但卻會到左派的裕華國貨公司購買茅台或花雕美酒；未必認同蔣介石的口味，卻也不怕跑遠路去試在鑽石山詠藜園食攤著名的四川擔擔麵，鑽石山當年聚居了不少來自重慶國民黨的軍人軍眷和老百姓，後來也有電影片場，《詠藜園》的名字據說還是由導演張徹改的。早年港客從台灣帶回牛肉乾、鳳梨酥，後來是烏魚子、寧記火鍋，最近甚至有優皮(yuppie)作家說旅行帶回台灣的優質白米！

傳統的中國菜式，連起各種傳說和逸聞，在香港流傳，不過如果我們仔細分析，就會發覺在對傳統接收的過程中，也產生了輕重的轉移和變化。比方正統皇帝口味的御膳、國宴等，從來在香港就沒有怎樣流行過。又因為地理和性情的關係，自然是南方菜比北方菜流行。另外因為五〇年代逃難來到香港的都是難民，首要解決的是求職謀生以及覓一棲身之所，香港文化亦是在簡陋而混雜的處境中發展出來的。香港市民多熟悉的食物是廣東飲茶的點心，雲吞麵、白粥、油炸鬼(油條)。但點心的發展也逐漸離開了原來廣東的規範，加進了受外國影響的食物如芒果布甸、蛋撻、加進本地價廉美味的鳳爪、魚頭雲、東南亞的甜點喳喳等。廣東筵席上的名菜鮑魚和魚翅在香港有了摹倣戲謔的版本：有用麵粉製造的素仙飽魚，和用粉絲代替的魚翅，變成路邊的零食，以非常廉宜的價錢，受到小市民的歡迎。

《戲謔》是五〇年代改編中國傳統文化而顯見香港

文化的一種技倆，在俚俗歌謠中處處可見。西方流行曲《Three Coins in the Fountain》被改為粵語流行曲《飛哥跌落坑渠》，傳統粵劇《帝女花》優美唱辭《落花滿天蔽月光》有俚俗變奏《落街冇錢買麵包》；甚至用作國歌的《義勇軍進行曲》，悲壯地說《中華民族到了最危難的關頭》，五〇年代香港還是有《不顧國體》的戲謔版本：《通菜牛肉，剝爛，炒落……》。這些民間的戲謔，又往往與飲食有關呢！

數香港的傳統食物，可以數來自廣東的客家菜和潮州菜，傳統的潮州菜在香港上環舊區發展，後來變成散佈各街市附近一般人宵夜的《打冷》夜攤。客家人的歷史久遠，據說可上溯到五胡亂華時代的人口大遷徙，再經歷朝動亂，從不同路線移居至南方和沿海一帶。多年輾轉流徙，唯獨仍然保存了他們的方言和習俗。客家人隨遇而安、勤儉樸素，這也在他們的菜餚上表現出來。香港五〇年代流行的客家菜，以沿東江一帶惠州等地的東江菜為主，還有江東的山區菜，來港後在圍村發展的圍頭客家菜。菜式也顯見了因流徙不定、積穀防飢而來的醃菜鹹菜、農耕耗力而需的肥膩肉食、田地山區就地取材的野菜雜根等、如梅菜扣肉、炸大腸、豬紅、豆腐煲、還有清末沿海鹽工把雞包在鹽中而發展出來的鹽焗雞等，都曾是五〇年代小市民上館子的美食。但是客家菜肥香重鹹，這農業社會的口味，在六〇年代城市發展及西化的風氣下逐漸被其他食物取代了。直至最近才又隨懷舊潮再重新出現了新派的客家小棧。

香港新界最傳統的菜式的要算圍村菜，這是最早從中國來香港聚居的農民傳統菜色，其中過年過節吃的盆菜更上溯至宋代，據說是文天祥將軍大軍退至此地，農民們急就章把所有食物放在盆中供他們進食，由此而發展出來。這不禁令我們細想：這種傳統的源頭，是不是本身就有拼湊和借用的成份？

南來的菜式，亦因應本地的物產氣候，而作出種種磋商調整。元朗的圍村菜，善用本地的絲苗米、漁塘的烏頭魚、本地的蝦醬頭抽漁露、為在水田工作而煮的麥米粥。正如一代一代的作家南來，也逐漸調整適應去認識本地生活與文化。鄉土的生活逐漸變得不可想了，城市逐步發展了。在背後，香港與廣東的文化仍然一脈相承，如粵劇仍然深入民心、影響深遠，但在香港也出現了唐滌生這樣的劇作者、任劍輝白雪仙這樣的紅伶，為粵劇帶入了新的生命。嶺南畫派後有傳人，在香港也產生了新派水墨畫。

在文學方面，來自廣東的我們會想到詩人力匡，離鄉後持續抒寫懷鄉的浪漫詩作和小說，逐漸也如不少南來作家由抗拒而至正視香港這塊地方；另一位是多產的流行作家三蘇，在報刊上既連載經紀日記等市井流行小說，又用粵語正言若反地撰寫怪論針貶時弊。他混雜文言、白話與粵語的文字，把《三及第》文體發揮得淋漓盡致。所謂《三及第》文體，跟我們討論的主旨相關，因為它可以是一個食物的比喻：粵語裡說煮出《三及第》飯，是指飯煮得不好，半生半熟；一窩煮熟了的飯裡既有未煮熟的生米飯，又有煮焦了的飯焦！不盡同於食物比喻的是：《三及第》飯不對食客的胃口，《三及第》文體卻一度頗受讀者歡迎。力匡和三蘇兩位作者若在四九年後留在廣東，一定不會寫出同樣的東西。

廣東的圍村菜在香港也歷經改編變化：如以圍村菜著名的元朗大榮華酒樓，主事者梁文滔就熱心保存亦對傳統菜式加以改進，如把豆醬蒸南瓜改為金銀蒜蒸南瓜，把蒜頭豆鼓燒排骨改為以酸梅醬燒一字排，都是從濃油重醬轉為輕淡酸甜的口味。(梁，2003)

三、傳統文化在此的變化移位，當然跟香港作為南方海港城市本身變化的性質有關，與它的西化背境、商業經營、一代

一代移民的來去也有關。

西餐很早就在香港流行，但西方文化也不是原封不動地就照搬過來。戰後在香港流行的西餐，稱為《豉油西餐》，本是與廣州同步發展，並在1949年後繼續發揚光大。太平館原由在洋行當廚雜的年青人徐老高於清咸豐十年(1860)在沙面租鋪創辦，招牌是太平館番菜，據說魯迅和蔣介石皆曾是座上客。我曾往廣州尋找，廣州的太平館已沒落，今天香港的太平館生意興旺，開了分店，還可嚐到豉油西餐的特色。稱為《豉油西餐》，即是說，基本上是西餐的做法，但為了中國人的腸胃(有些人受不了牛油和牛奶)，用的是中國式的調味。這些食物的性質和名字，見出了中西文化相遇的驚奇、誤解與調協。例如有一種湯叫《金必多湯》，這在今日一些餐廳的菜牌上還可見到，其實《金必多》即是compradore，即是《買辦》之意。在早期的中西貿易中，買辦當然是一個新興的角色，是兩種文化的中介人。這種湯底猶如西餐的奶油餐湯，裡面卻加了魚翅，在外國人面前顯示了它的中國性。另外有些菜式，例如《瑞士雞翼》，卻與瑞士無關，其實是用豉油和糖醃製的焗雞翼，傳說當年有外國人吃了，說調味醬汁(sauce)如何知何！（又有一個說法是說：太甜了too sweet!），聽的人把sauce或sweet聽成Swiss，結果就以訛傳訛，變成瑞士雞翼，沿用至今。這些食物的源頭裡，原就充滿了誤讀和誤解發展出來的想像。但當年的一些西餐菜式，像焗豬排飯、葡國雞飯、茄汁意大利粉等，也已經變成香港日常的食物了。

這種豉油西餐本是與廣州同步發展。另一種西餐的模式則來自上海，是當年上海霞飛路的白俄餐廳，隨著1949年移至香港。當年不少上海人，包括知識份子，來港後就聚居在北角，令北角有《小上海》之稱。我童年時在北角放學時會嗅到上海舖生煎包的香味，或在街角嗅到臭豆腐的味道。我也會看到當年的溫莎餐廳、車厘哥夫餐廳陳列

出來的精美自製巧格力和麵包。這些貴族氣派的白俄餐廳逐漸消失了，其中一所皇后餐廳在王家衛六〇年代背景的《阿飛正傳》中留下它的影子，但卻更像今日的茶餐廳而不像當日的白俄餐廳，或者就像一切懷舊的影像，是過去與今天的拼湊吧！現實中的皇后餐廳仍然存在，但已搬遷過許多次，我想除了它的大門，再沒有甚麼保留下來了。但是羅宋湯和俄國牛柳絲飯等，卻已流入民間，也在平民化的茶餐廳的午餐菜單裡了。

來自上海的當然不僅是生煎包和羅宋湯，來自上海的文人也帶來了三、四〇年代在上海開始發展的文學上的現代主義。

上海在三〇年代開始，有一群對城市現代生活敏感的作家，如施蛰存、穆時英等受了日本小說家如谷崎潤一郎、橫光利一，或者法國作家如保爾・穆杭等的啟發，開始以現代手法描寫現代都市景象、刻劃心理。在1949年前後移居香港的上海作家中，有許多不同風格的作家和新聞工作者，也包括了上海那群作者中的葉靈鳳，不過他後來改寫流行小說謀生，興趣轉向收集及撰寫有關香港的掌故，沒有繼續早年的嘗試。倒是當年兩位較年輕的作者繼續在香港推動現代主義：一位是詩人馬博良(馬朗)，他1956年在香港創辦《文藝新潮》，譯介西方的現代主義文藝，並鼓勵創新；從馬朗的詩作我們可以見到從中國四〇年代抒情詩轉向更複雜的現代詩的過程。另一位小說家劉以鬯在1961年編《時報・淺水灣》副刊，同時譯介了不少現代小說的創作與討論。劉以鬯在1963年出版的《酒徒》被譽為中國第一本意識流小說，然而正如西方食物的引進經過不少調整以適應本地胃口一樣，這小說從本地文化脈絡看有更大的意義，這前衛的創作既是在晚報連載的限制底下完成，內容上亦對香港當時商業文化作嚴厲批評。

劉以鬯是個過渡，連起上海與香港。同代南來作家中他是少數成功地把寫上海的經驗，轉移到寫香港的經驗。

約十年後改寫發表在雜誌上的中篇小說《對倒》(1975)很能代表這種雙重角度：兩個主角中一個是來自上海的中年男性，一個是在香港成長的少女；一個懷想過去，一個展望未來。我們看到作者從《酒徒》對現實的憤怒批評轉向對現實的觀察。作者做到了融匯新技巧轉向香港的現實。我們在戰後出生在香港成長的一代，受惠於前代這些作者的翻譯而引向更廣闊的外國文學、回顧而發現中國五四新文學中另外的傳統，同時展開自己面對轉變中的香港城市的書寫。

四、戰後一代，在香港成長得面對種種既有的偏見。大家都說香港是文化沙漠，來自北京的說這兒寫的中文不夠純粹，正如這兒的北京填鴨不是真的北京填鴨；來自倫敦的說這兒說的英語不夠標準，正如在這兒沒法吃到正宗的炸魚薯條一樣。近年中國大陸揚州的大廚師傳說要把揚州炒飯的食譜正式註冊成為專利，認為其他地方炒的都不正宗！

儘管香港可能不經意地保存了最多中國傳統的菜式，也同時知道傳統不可能一成不變，得在現實生活的磨損中調整更新，香港仍有不少傳統的習俗，但大家亦像海辛的小說《最後的古俗迎親》的角色，理解這古俗隨時會變成《最後的》，鋪張的古俗隨時變成旅遊或民俗展覽的媚俗了。在香港這地方長大，基本上沒有一副民族主義的排他腸胃，反而由於位處在邊緣的位置，比較容易理解其他遭受偏見和歧視的邊緣人。

戰後出生的新浪潮一代導演許鞍華在七〇年代開始就拍了由越南難民潮引起的越南三部曲----這也是陶然在小說《海的子民》觸及的題材。香港小說中同樣有王璞的深圳經驗、蓬草、綠騎士、黎翠華的法國經驗，施叔青等人的台灣經驗。但《他異》的經驗從一開始就是香港經驗的一部份。印度人聚居的重慶大廈、石崗錦田一帶的尼泊爾

族裔、佐敦道發展出來的越南社群、後來中環星期天的菲律賓女傭的聚會、九龍城陸續形成的泰國印尼潮州社群、北角從小上海變成小福建，連帶不同族群的食物，互相滲染，令城市的面貌，正如它的文化身份，不斷在變化。

文化身份也可以是種裝扮，民族感情高漲的六〇年代，也同是西方影響最重的年代，記得有些朋友換上唐裝，彈起古琴，講究起茶道來了；另一些則懷念倫敦舊書店英倫風采，講究英國紳士派頭，在香港半島酒店殖民地建築裡喝下午茶。

五、
常有人問起香港的殖民地食物是甚麼？因為殖民地宗主國在食物方面不發達，比較難以發生影響。在中環留下的殖民地建築中，外國記者俱樂部仍然供應炸魚薯條，以印成英文報章的包裝摹仿當年祖家的習俗。但外國記者俱樂部所供應的食物中，最美味的還是來自另一殖民地印度的咖哩，保持殖民地昔日酸瓜、花生碎、薄荷啫喱伴碟的傳統，在附近的印度餐廳反不復存在。約克布甸在此間不見得受歡迎，在山下的市井甜品小店中，由於熱帶氣候和水果而產生的轉化的品種：芒果布甸則大受小市民的歡迎，多年來已經成為一種最尋常的本地甜品了。甚麼是殖民地的食物呢？我想到英式的下午茶。但high tea的食物當然也經過本地的轉化了。我想殖民地食物並非僅是一種食物、而是一種態度。不是在喝甚麼茶吃甚麼餅，而是在把喝甚麼茶和吃甚麼餅書寫成一種高人一等的《入會儀式》。

1997年回歸前後，略帶矯情的中國長袍與英式紳士喝茶品茗的形象又再流行。儘管一般人對優悠的中國茶道或高雅的英式下午茶都無反感，有時間亦樂於一試，而在日常生活中，大部份人，也許還不過是走進茶餐廳喝一杯奶茶，或者《鴛鴦》。

六、
《鴛鴦》是甚麼呢？傳統中國詩詞有《只羨鴛鴦不羨仙》，而《鴛鴦蝴蝶小說》則指清末以來纏綿動人的愛情小說；鴛鴦是出雙人對的禽鳥，因而也借喻愛侶。但在香港日常文化裡流行借用的《鴛鴦》這詞彙，卻並非指向什麼浪漫的感情，而是指在普通茶餐廳裡供應的一種飲品：是茶與咖啡的混合。這恐怕是非常自覺彼此《他異性》的一種結合吧。

鴛鴦最先是街頭大牌檔的日常飲品，由咖啡與茶混合而成。咖啡當然來自外國，可是這茶也已經不純粹是中國茶，中國也許是最先喝茶的國家，但茶在東西文化的交流下傳到英國，結果是英式化的奶茶，又再經民間轉化而變成香港特色。香港民間的奶茶，還流傳了種種炮製的秘訣。有說要以五、六種茶葉按比例混合，才泡得香濃。有說要加進磨碎的蛋殼，才會幼滑芬芳。最荒謬的說法，是說要用女子的絲襪過濾，才夠美味。其實這傳說也連帶著香港歷史的發展片段：五〇年代上環三角碼頭的苦力，在那一帶的大排檔流連，看見煮茶的茶袋染成淺棕顏色，彷彿如當時剛從西方傳進香港的女裝肉色絲襪，以訛傳訛，也就變成用絲襪沖茶才最美味了。這也代表了某種面對現代化而來的驚詫與誤解吧？這誤會可成了日後想像發展的開端。

這飲品從兩種不同事物的混合開始。香港一向被認為是東西文化交匯的地方，可是這《東西文化的相遇》(East meets West) 是以怎樣的形式進行？還值得細探。從鴛鴦到芒果布甸、炸兩、雞尾酒、到各種fusion cuisine，種種相衝與相撞，可會互相抹煞，還是發展出新的美味？不同的老店新店、沖的茶、調的酒、做的菜，都有不同的可能，要細嚐才清楚。

茶餐廳最早是賣簡單的《茶餐》、《早餐》和《下午茶餐》，供應奶茶、咖啡、鴛鴦、通粉、多士(吐司)、波蘿油、煎雙蛋。老派的茶餐廳留下來的或可以結志街的蘭

芳園為代表。但八、九〇年代以來，茶餐廳也加進各種食物，如粉麵、燒味、碟頭飯、甚至東南亞的咖哩食品，目前流行的翠華正代表這種包羅萬有的方向。近年有專欄文字說茶餐廳只是低俗的食肆，不值一顧，又有文化研究者說像香港奶茶這樣的東西，根本沒有人清楚它的歷史。其實作為一種本地食肆，當然有它發展和演變的歷史，個別論者不懂得而發為理論，眾人也就接受了習慣的說法，實在可惜。這也証實了我們實在需要更好的歷史研究。

2007年夏天，香港小交響樂團和它的指揮葉詠詩小姐，邀來了謝立文、麥家碧的麥兜漫畫，演出了《茶餐廳嘉年華》。演奏貝多芬、舒伯特、尤其是聖桑的《動物嘉年華》的同時，也加進了麥兜的創造性演繹，改編的《厚多士》、《縮腳》、《蛋撻》、《悠悠晚風》等曲，富有想像力和幽默感，雖然說是針對青少年觀眾，但在融合殿堂藝術與民間俚俗文化之間有新的突破。每次我們讀到不食人間煙火的文化研究者沉悶的論文，心裡都不禁想：他們除了不讀歷史不知粵菜裡有很好的下火老湯以外，最缺乏的大概就是茶餐廳嘉年華那樣的想像力與幽默感了！我從評論香港文化轉回創作《後殖民食物與愛情》的故事，對此引以為誡！

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Understanding the Cultural Identity of Hong Kong through its Food

1.

In May 1977, I was invited by the Cultural Festival in Vancouver to speak on Hong Kong culture. Indeed I have written a number of articles in the past years to clear up some misunderstandings about Hong Kong, and some of the discussions were later collected into the book Hong Kong Culture. The book received some positive responses but also evoked new controversies. When I said it was difficult for writers outside or within the territory to write about Hong Kong because it may not be easily explained through past models of Chinese society, I was taken out of context to mean that I want to exclude foreign writers from writing about Hong Kong, and was accused of taking a narrow essentialist position. When I tried to point out that Hong Kong culture differs from, but at the same time bears similarities to Western culture, and that it descends as well as diverts from Chinese culture, I had infringed the nationalist ideology and was charged with promoting the ideas of hybrid culture! In fact, everything had been blown way out of proportion. I could understand the emotional confusion people experienced before 1997, when Hong Kong had to return to China after a hundred year of colonial rule. But I could not fathom the great prejudices that came from China as well as from the West, and the unwillingness for both sides to recognize an individual Hong Kong culture which they knew little about. To discuss Hong Kong culture under such circumstances is to fight a losing battle, to share a meal with people who do not have the taste for it.

Tired of such entangling arguments, I reverted back to creative writing. I had just written a few poems about food in Hong Kong, and taken some pictures together with a friend. I increasingly felt that creative works are more fruitful than theories, and more capable of exploring farther. I then suggested

to the Vancouver Festival committee that we could arrange a joint exhibition of poetry and photography about food in Hong Kong, for food is one of the bare necessities of daily life. In contrast to the abstract and summarizing theorizations, food touches us with its palpable taste and form. Theories easily fall into concepts, but food in all its versatility begins with its realistic color, smell and taste and even sound. It assumes its place in all human relations and social activities, expressing one’s aesthetics and values, and linking to one’s obsessions and desires. Though in the past 50 years of Chinese literature, serious writers seldom took food to be its main theme, it was for me a good subject which I can explore from different angles. Thus in 1997 we mounted the exhibition of poetry and photography at the Vancouver Artspeak Gallery with the title Foodscape, and my food poems started from there.

Since 1970, I have been writing quite a number of poems about the city of Hong Kong. They are influenced on the one hand by folk songs and protest songs of the 1960s, which has a crisp oral rhythm, and on the other by classical Chinese landscape poetry where imagery is directly presented without explication. Later, as I trod around different cities, I came to understand them through different encounters, and when I wrote about them, there showed in my writings different kinds of emotional involvements. When I moved from landscape poetry to poetry about ‘things’, it was similar to conducting dialogues between the heart and the outside world of objects. In the past, Chinese poets wrote odes to lotus and bamboos, which symbolized ideal human virtues. I wrote about sneakers, bitter melons and preserved vegetables, for I have great interests in the complicated relations of different objects in the modern world, which also formed the root of my food poems.

My poems about objects are not necessarily metaphors. I am interested in the particular nature of different things and I do not want just to impose a narrow concept on an object and take away its colorful characteristics.

The first poem I wrote about food in Hong Kong is Yuan-yang (tea-coffee), which is a common beverage featured in Hong Kong roadside food stalls, brewed from a mixture of tea and coffee. The poem runs:

Tea-coffee (1997)

Tea, fragrant and strong, made from
five different blends, in cotton bags or legendary
stockings – tender, all-encompassing, gathering –
brewed in hot water and poured into a teapot, its taste
varying subtly with the time in water steeped.
Can that fine art be maintained? Pour the tea

into a cup of coffee, will the aroma of one
interfere with, wash out the other? Or will the other
keep its flavour: roadside food stalls
streetwise and worldly from its daily stoves
mixed with a dash of daily gossips and good sense,
hard-working, a little sloppy an indescribable taste.

Translated by Martha Cheung

Why is this drink called Yuan-yang? Why do some people say it is brewed in silk stockings? Can we really understand a place through its food? Please let me take the time to explain.

2.

After its defeat in the Opium War in the 19th Century, China signed the Treaty of Nanking to concede Hong Kong to Britain. Hong Kong thus became a British colony and developed a western identity in a place where most inhabitants were Chinese. But Hong Kong was also different from other colonies like India, for example, which had large stretches of land and numerous provincial languages, and English finally replaced all other languages to become the only official language. In Hong Kong, though English was the chief official language, which was also widely used in the commercial sector, Chinese on the other hand had not been repressed. And in the 70s, under the pressing demand of the people, the Chinese language also became the official language. 98% of Hong Kong residents used Chinese in their daily dealings, and most media also used Chinese as their main channel of communication.

In education, though English education held a decided advantage, Chinese education, unlike the situation in other Asian regions, had not been held back. Only it focused more on traditional Chinese studies, and more orthodox, non-subversive ideologies such as Confucian thoughts. After the establishment of the communist government in 1949, China underwent numerous political struggles, culminating in the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) which was the climax of total cultural destruction. All traditions were destroyed, artifacts smashed. Hong Kong, the marginal island with freedom but not democracy, on the other hand, accommodated all thoughts and ideologies, arts and people. It welcomed the New Confucian scholars who founded the New Asia College in the 50s, the exiled immigrant scholars who continued with their studies in classical literature, the traditional operas which remained popular among the people of Hong Kong, and Chinese art and music studies which still had

their place in the academia. In schools, what students learned by heart was not Mao’s doctrines, but Tang poetry. Though the Hong Kong government, under a conservative education policy, only selected the more moderate and educational works from writers of New Literature like Zhu Ziching and Ye Shengtao, local magazines would sometimes publish special issues on the forgotten May Fourth writers, while in Mainland China, the void left after the destruction of Chinese culture in the Cultural Revolution would only be filled in the 80s and 90s. In Taiwan, it was only in 1987 that the Martial Law against all Chinese products was lifted. Before that, books banned in Mainland China and Taiwan could only be purchased in the old bookstores of Hong Kong and Macau.

After 1949, China’s political directions greatly affected the culinary tastes of the petite bourgeoisie, which was reflected in many movies and literary works. The famous comedy of the 50s, Satisfied or Not? portrays the psychological adjustment of the staff of a famous restaurant after it has been turned into a common canteen. And Lu Wenfu’s The Gourmet (written in the 80s) lets us glimpse into the trials and tribulations of a Suzhou gourmet at the peak of the Cultural Revolution.

But the situation in Hong Kong is more diversified and could not be summed in one direction. Hong Kong accepts all cuisines coming from different provinces of Taiwan and China, but the most popular dishes are generally not the imperial dishes. In recent years, rumor had it that the descendents of Taiwan ex-president Chiang Ching-kuo were offering Chiang’s cuisine in Hong Kong, and that Deng Xiaoping’s chef, or some other leader’s cook, was coming to Hong Kong to showcase their culinary art. But the people of Hong Kong who were brought up reading leftist and rightist newspapers in both Chinese and English

were pragmatists. They explored truths only through their taste-buds, and did not seem too impressed by great political powers. Through various political and social changes, different Chinese dishes and delicacies from all corners of China were brought to Hong Kong, making Hong Kong the culinary centre of Chinese cooking. The people of Hong Kong might not particularly like the Hunan Braised Pork which was Mao Zedong’s favorite dish, but they would go to stores run by leftist business men, like Yue Wah Chinese Products, to buy Maotai or Huadiu wine. They might not appreciate Chiang Kai-shek’s taste, but they would take long trips to go to Wing Lai Restaurant in Diamond Hill to try the famous Dandan noodles. In the past, Nationalist soldiers and their families coming from Chongqing used to live in Diamond Hill, where there even was a film studio. Rumor had it that it was the director Zhang Che who gave Wing Lai Garden its name. Early visitors to Taiwan would bring back souvenirs like beef jerky and pineapple puff; later it was fish eggs and Ningji hotpot. Recently a yuppie writer even brought back home-grown rice from Taiwan which was believed to be of better quality.

Traditional Chinese cuisines gave rise to different legends and anecdotes which people enjoy. If we look carefully, however, we would find that in the reception of traditions, there had been different degrees of transference and transformation. For example, the imperial cuisines and court feasts catered to northern royalties have never been really popular in Hong Kong. And because of geography and personality traits, southern cuisine is naturally more popular than northern delicacies. Besides, most of the people who came to Hong Kong in the 50s were refugees, whose primary concern then was to get jobs and shelter, not royal feasts. It was also from such difficult and mosaic situations that Hong Kong culture emerged. Foods that Hong

Kong residents are most familiar with are Cantonese dim sum, wonton noodles, rice porridge and fried dough. But dim sum has also diverted from its original category to include foods with western flavors like mango pudding and egg tarts, cheap local favorites like chicken claws and fish heads, as well as south-eastern desserts like Bubur cha-cha. Famous Cantonese banquet dishes such as abalone and shark’s fin also have their mock counterparts: there are vegetarian abalone made from flour, and replacement shark’s fin made from vermicelli. They are sold as snacks at the roadside food stalls at very low prices and are highly popular among the common folks.

“Mimicry” was one of the features in the 50s that silhouetted Hong Kong culture through the adaptation of traditional Chinese culture or foreign culture, and was commonly found in street rhymes or comic tunes. The American pop song “Three coins in the Fountain” had been adapted into a funny Cantonese pop song titled “Teddy Boy Falls in the Gutter”. The beautiful lyrics of the traditional Cantonese opera Princess Chang-ping, “Falling petals shrouding the sky”, have its slang variation: “Down the street with no money for bread.” Even the national anthem March of the Volunteers which chants “The people of China are at their most critical time” with heroic valor has its farcical version: “Water Spinach, beef, chopped up, divided into two meals.” And all these farces which were popular among the common folks had always been connected with food.

The traditional Hong Kong cuisine perhaps could be represented by the Chaozhou and Hakka dishes. Traditional Chaozhou cuisine originally took root in the old districts of Sheung Wan, and later morphed into late night snacks offered at roadside food stalls around local markets. Hakka had a long history in China, dated back, it was said, to the Barbarian Invasion period

a few thousand years ago. They moved out of central China in droves during the invasion, and through all the wars and unrests of the dynasties, reached the south and the coastal regions along different routes. But after that many years of roaming and exile, they still kept their own dialect and customs. The Hakka people were an easy-going group, diligent, thrifty and simple. These qualities were also reflected in their cuisine. The Hakka cuisine popular in the 50s were chiefly East River dishes that originated in East River regions, the mountain area dishes around East River, and the Weitao Hakka dishes that later underwent considerable development in the Walled Village after they moved to Hong Kong. Most of the dishes featured preserved or salted vegetables which can be stored for a long period during their constant roaming, and fatty meat which farmers need for nourishment, as well as wild vegetables and roots which were rife in fields and mountain areas. All these put together in right proportions, and we have famous dishes such as Pork Belly in Preserved Vegetables, Fried Entrails, Pig’s Blood, Tofu Stew, and Salt-baked Chicken which was created by salt-field workers in the late Ching Dynasty who cooked chicken wrapped in a thick layer of salt. These dishes were delicacies for the common folks who dined out in the 50s. But Hakka cuisine was heavy with fat and salt, a typical rural society flavor, and under western influences, it was slowly replaced by others foods during the urban development of the 60s. However, recently, because of the nostalgic trend, new-styled Hakka restaurants began to emerge again.

The Walled Village cuisine could be taken as the most traditional cuisine in the New Territories. It was primarily the traditional cuisine of the Chinese peasants who came to Hong Kong and lived together in the Walled Village. Among the dishes, Pan

Cai (Basin Feast), which is popular in the New Year and festivities, could be dated back to the Sung Dynasty. It was said that General Wen Tianchang and his army retreated to the Walled Village after a defeat, and the peasants, lacking large vessels, crudely put all kinds of food in a basin to serve them, and created the Basin Feast. One couldn't help but wonder: wasn't the origin of our traditional food already involved in mixing and appropriation, like the Basin Feast?

Dishes that came to the south had also made adjustments and compromises according to local weather and ingredient availability. The Walled Village cuisine in Yuen Long made good use of the local rice, the mullet, and home-made sauces like shrimp paste, soy sauce and fish sauce, as well as oat porridge made for workers in the water farms. The generations of writers who came to the south, especially those from Guangdong, had also adapted to local life and culture, and forfeited part of their own. However, underneath the surface, the culture of Hong Kong and Guangdong were still connected, though they did develop separately along their own paths. The Cantonese opera was still popular and widely influential in Hong Kong. And Hong Kong also had opera scriptwriters like Tong Dik-seng and performers like Yam Kim-fai and Pak Suet-sin who breathed new life into the Cantonese opera. In China, the Lingnan School of traditional ink painting, influenced by abstract and western paintings, had new developments after they moved to Hong Kong.

In the realm of literature, for writers coming to the south, we naturally think of poet Li Kuang who continued to write nostalgic and romantic poems and novels after he left China. But like other writers who came to stay, he slowly began to acknowledge Hong Kong after initial resistance. Another was a prolific writer called San Su, who wrote low-brow serial stories

like The Stockbroker's Diary in newspapers, as well as tongue-in-cheek satirical essays about current events in the Cantonese dialect. He mixed classical Chinese, vernacular Chinese, and Cantonese together to create the so called "three-tiered genre." The "three-tiered genre" is related to our theme here, for it can be a food metaphor. In Cantonese, "three-tiered rice" means badly cooked rice, half done, with uncooked rice on top and burnt rice at the bottom. However, unlike the food metaphor, even if "three-tiered rice" might not be welcome to most of us, "three-tiered genre" was once popular among his readers. But if San Su were to stay in China after 1949, he would not be able to write works as such.

The Walled Village cuisine which originated in Guangdong had also undergone various modifications after coming to Hong Kong. In Tai Wing Wah Restaurant which is famous for its Walled Village cuisine, Chef Leung Man-to, an enthusiast about improving and preserving traditional dishes, steams pumpkin with roasted garlic instead of steaming it in salted bean paste, and instead of grilling spare ribs with salted black beans and garlic, he grills them in plum sauce. Dishes heavy with fat and sauce are modified into light dishes with sometimes a tangy flavor.

3. The change and shift of traditional culture here is certainly related to the change in the nature of Hong Kong as a southern coastal city, its westernized background, its commercial status, and the comings and goings of generations of immigrants.

Western cuisine had enjoyed early popularity in Hong Kong, but western culture was not appropriated without any modification. The western cuisine which was popular after the war was called "Soy Sauce Western Cuisine". It was developed

in Hong Kong at the same time as in Guangdong, and continued to bloom after 1949. The most famous restaurant for "Soy Sauce Western Cuisine" was Tai Ping Guan Restaurant, which was originally founded in the Ching dynasty (1860) by a young man who worked as a sous-chef in a foreign trading company. The original name of the restaurant was "Tai Ping Foreign Cuisine," and it was said that Lu Xun and Chiang Kai-shek were also customers. I have located the Tai Ping Guan Restaurant in Guangdong, but it was on the decline, and no longer served the same food. Tai Ping Guan in Hong Kong on the contrary is running a booming business, with branches in different locations. Here, we could still taste the special flavor of the "Soy Sauce Western Cuisine", which is basically made from western recipes, but considering the Chinese tolerance of foreign foods (some cannot digest butter, cheese and milk), Chinese flavorings are used instead. The nature and names of the dishes could give us a glimpse of the surprises, misunderstandings and compromises in the East-West encounters. For example, there is a soup called "Comprador Soup" which can still be found in some of the menus today. "Comprador" is a Portuguese term meaning "buyer". In the early commercial transactions between East and West, the comprador went as the intermediary between two the cultures. This was naturally a new role. The Comprador soup had a soup base which resembled western cream soup, but shark's fin was added, to show to foreigners the "Chineseness". Other dishes such as "Swiss Chicken Wings" had nothing to do with Switzerland. It was made by baking the chicken wings in soy sauce and sugar. It was said that some foreigners tried it and commented about the "sauce" (another explanation was "too sweet"). People took "sauce" or "sweet" to be "Swiss", and the error passed on to become the "Swiss Chicken Wings" of today.

The origin of these dishes was full of imaginations stemmed from misreading and misunderstanding. But some dishes of that era, such as Baked Pork Chop on Rice, Portuguese Chicken, and Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce, have become common Hong Kong dishes now.

"Soy Sauce Western Cuisine" in Hong Kong and Guangdong developed at roughly the same pace. Another mode of western cooking came from Shanghai, represented by the White Russian restaurants which moved to Hong Kong in 1949. Many Shanghai people, including intellectuals, also moved to Hong Kong around that time and lived in North Point, hence giving it the name "Little Shanghai". In my childhood, when I got off school in North Point, I could smell the aroma of pan-fried buns from Shanghai eateries, and the odor of stinky tofu in the streets. I could also see the fine chocolates and breads displayed in the windows of Windsor Restaurant and Cherekov Restaurant. These aristocratic White Russian restaurants slowly disappeared. One of them, Queen's Restaurant, left its mark in Wong Kar Wai's film, "Days of being Wild," which has a 60's setting, but it resembles more of a small tea-café than a White Russian restaurant of the bygone days. Or, like all nostalgic images, it is a hybrid between the past and the present. The real Queen's Restaurant still exists, but after moving that many times, nothing much was left except the front door. Yet the Russian Borsch and the Russian Shredded Beef on Rice have made their way to the common folks and could be found on lunch menus in inexpensive tea-café's for the masses.

Naturally it was not only the pan-fried buns and the Russian Borsch that came from Shanghai. Writers from Shanghai also brought with them the concept of literary modernism that began to develop in the 30s and 40s.

In Shanghai, since the 30s, there had been a group of writers, such as Shi Zhichuan and Mu Shiying, who developed a special sensitivity toward modern urban living. They were influenced by Japanese writers such as Junichero Tanizaki and Yokomitsu Riicho, and French writers such as Paul Morand. They started to use modernist techniques to portray modern urban scenes and human psychology. Among them was Ye Lingfeng who immigrated to Hong Kong when Japan invaded Shanghai in 1937. But he turned to writing popular novels for a living, and started collecting stamps and penning Hong Kong historical stories as a hobby, and did not continue with his earlier attempts. In fact it was two younger writers who continued to promote modernism in Hong Kong. One was poet Ma Boliang (Ma Lang) who founded the journal New Torrents in Literature in 1956 with the aim to introduce western modernism and encourage creative writing to China. From Ma Lang's poetry, we can see how Chinese lyrical poetry of the 40s evolved into the more complex modernist poetry. Another was novelist Liu Yichang who edited the Times Daily literary supplement Repulse Bay in early 60s, and introduced modernist fiction to Hong Kong readers. Liu Yichang's novel, The Drunkard, published in 1963, was regarded as the first stream-of-consciousness novel of China. However, like the introduction of western food, which had to be adjusted to adapt to local taste, the adaptation of modern techniques in the novel would acquire a greater significance if viewed from a local literary perspective. This avant-garde novel was completed under the constraint of serial publication in an evening paper while its content contained severe criticism of the commercial culture in Hong Kong at that time.

Liu Yichang was a transition, a link between Shanghai and Hong Kong. Among contemporary writers who came to the

south, he was among the few who could transfer his experiences in writing about Shanghai to writing about Hong Kong. His novella Tête-bêche (1973) published 10 years later is representative of the double perspective: of the two protagonists, one is a middle-age man coming from Shanghai, one is a young girl growing up in Hong Kong; one is nostalgic about the past, the other dreams of the future. We can see the author of The Drunkard move from angry criticisms of reality, to calm observations of reality. The author has succeeded in amalgamating new techniques to return to the reality of Hong Kong. Our generation who grew up after the war, has benefited from the translations of these writers from the previous generation that led us to a broader literary world, and discovered in retrospect the other tradition in Chinese New Literature; then we began our own writing about Hong Kong city amidst its many changes.

4. The post-war generation growing up in Hong Kong had to face different sorts of prejudices. Everybody was saying that Hong Kong was a cultural desert. Those from Beijing criticized the written Chinese here as impure, as the Peking Duck here was unauthentic. Those from London criticized the spoken English here as substandard, just as the fish and chips here was not up to par. Recently, a Chinese chef in Yangzhou tried to secure a patent for the Yangzhou Fried Rice recipe, criticizing all other recipes as unauthentic.

Though Hong Kong may have unintentionally preserved the most Chinese traditional dishes, it also knows that tradition cannot remain unchanged forever. It has to be adjusted and rejuvenated after the wear and tear of daily life. Hong Kong has kept a few traditional customs and rituals, but like the protagonists in

Hai Xin’s short story, *The Last Ancient Rites*, we all understand that ancient rituals could easily become the “last”. And exaggerated ancient rituals could easily become a pleasing tourist attraction or ethnic exhibit. For us who grew up in Hong Kong, we do not have the inclination to discriminate against foreign cultures like an ultimate nationalist. On the contrary, being at the margin, we can understand more easily other marginal figures who experience prejudice and discrimination. Since the 70s, New Wave director Ann Hui, who was born after the war, started to film the “Vietnam Trilogy” about Vietnamese refugees. Tao Yan’s novel, “Sons of the Sea”, also deals with the same subject. In Hong Kong novels, there are also the Shenzhen experience of Wang Po, the French experience of Peng Cao, Lu Qishi, and Li Cuihua, and the Taiwan experience of Shi Shuqing. But the experience of “the other” had long been part of the Hong Kong experience. The Indian community in Chongqing Building, The Nepal community along Kam Tin in Shek Kong, the Vietnamese community around Jordon, the assembly of Philippina maids in Central on Sundays, the Thai, Indonesian, and Chaozhou groups that gradually formed in Kowloon City, the Fujianese which turned North Point from “Little Shanghai” to “Little Fujian”, all diffuse into each other together with their foods, making the face of the city change constantly, just like its cultural identity.

But cultural identity can also be the social attire. The 60s, the time when national feelings were highest, was also the time when western influences were strongest. I remembered some friends put on a Chinese outfit to play the ancient Chinese lute and talked about tea etiquette. Others were nostalgic about London old book stores; they assumed the manners of a British gentleman and enjoyed their afternoon tea in the colonial building of the Hong Kong Peninsular Hotel.

5.

People often asked the question: what is the colonial food of Hong Kong? Because the sovereign state is not meticulous about food, its influence is slight. Among the colonial buildings that remained in Central, the Foreign Correspondents Club still offers fish and chips, wrapped in paper printed with news stories to mimic the custom of the homeland. But among all the food that is offered in the Foreign Correspondents Club, the most delicious is the curry from another British colony, India, which retains all the traditional trimmings of the colonial days: the pickles, crumbled peanuts and mint jelly, which could no longer be found in neighborhood Indian restaurants. The York pudding is not popular here, and in the local dessert place, because of the tropical weather and different varieties of the fruit, mango pudding is a popular treat, which has become the most common local dessert through the years. What is the colonial food then? I guess it is the British High Tea. But the food items in High Tea naturally have been localized. I think the colonial food is not merely a type of food, but also certain attitudes. The point is not only about what type of tea to drink and cakes to eat, but also about the manner of drinking or eating, and treating it as an exclusive “admission ceremony” to a privileged club.

In 1997 around the handover of Hong Kong to China, the affected image of Chinese gentleman wearing long robes, and British gentleman enjoying afternoon tea became trendy again. Though most people are not averse to the soothing Chinese tea, or the elegant English afternoon tea, and they may not object to have a try when they have time, in daily life they may prefer to go into a small tea-café and enjoy a cup of milk-tea, or a yuan-yang.

6.

What is yuan-yang? In classical Chinese poetry, there is the line, “Envyng the yuan-yang but not the immortals”, and “yuan-yang and butterfly novels” refer to romance novels written in late Qing dynasty. Yuan-yang in reality is a water bird called the “mandarin duck” that always goes in pairs, thus signifying lovers. It also means “mix-and-match.” Hong Kong’s daily culture borrowed it, not to mean romantic feelings, but to refer to a beverage offered in common tea-cafés: a mix-and-match of tea and coffee. This perhaps is an indication of the inclusion of “the other,” a conscious awareness of the mixed culture.

Yuan-yang at the beginning was a common beverage offered in road-side food stalls, made from a mixture of coffee and tea. Coffee naturally was a foreign import. But tea is also no longer the pure Chinese tea. China may be the first country to drink tea, but through various East-West cultural encounters, tea has reached England, which, with added milk and an English touch, was then returned back to Hong Kong, and re-modified to produce a drink with a unique Hong Kong flavor. There were also several recipes circulating for making the popular Hong Kong milk-tea. Some said that it required five or six types of tea mixed in a particular proportion to make a perfect brew. Others said crushed egg-shells had to be added for it to be tasty and fragrant. The most absurd recipe was to use woman’s silk stocking for filter, so that it could be smooth and delicious. This legend was actually linked to a particular episodes of Hong Kong history: The porters at the Delta Pier in Sheung Wan hung around the roadside food stalls of the region. When they saw the cloth bags which were stained brown by the tea it steeped, they took it to be the flesh-colored woman’s silk stocking which was newly imported from the west in the 1950s. So the error passed on, and the legend that the best tea was made with

silk stockings was born. This may also represent the shock and misunderstanding that arose in face of modernization. But will such misunderstandings later become the beginning of various imaginative developments?

This drink was made from the mixing of two different ingredients, and Hong Kong has long been considered the meeting point of East and West. But the manner by which these East-West encounters proceed deserves meticulous examination. From yuan-yang to mango pudding, fried dough wrapped in rice to cocktails and different fusion cuisines, there have been various crashes and collisions. Will they erase each other, or develop into new tastes? Among different old and new shops, the tea brewed, the wine mixed, the dishes cooked are all different, and this requires careful discrimination.

In the beginning, tea-cafes offered “tea-sets”, “breakfast” and “afternoon tea”, selling milk-tea, coffee, yuan-yang, macaroni, toast and buttered pineapple bun. Old-styled tea-cafes that remained could be represented by Lan Fong Garden in Kit Chi Street. But since the 80s and 90s, other foods like noodles, barbequed meat, rice dishes, and even east-Asian curries were introduced. The popular Tsui Wah Tea-café now represents this all-inclusive trend. Recently, there were newspaper columnists who regarded tea-cafes as low-brow eateries, not worth going, and then there were cultural critics who commented that for things like milk-tea, nobody really knew its history. Actually, as a type of local eatery for the common people, it naturally has its own history of development and evolution. It is a pity that individual critics put forth their argument without relevant research and understanding, and the unknowing public takes their statements as true. This further proves that better historical research is needed.

In the summer of 2007, Hong Kong Sinfonietta and its conductor Miss Yip Wing-sie invited Cartoon artists Brian Tse and Alice Mak to participate in a stage performance of their creation, the cartoon character of McDull. The stage performance was titled McDull Music Project II: Carnival of the Tea-café, and featured music by Beethoven and Schubert, as well as Carnival of the Animals by Camille Saint-Saens, alongside with McDull’s highly imaginative and humorous adaptation: “Thick Toast,” “Move Your Feet,” “Egg tart,” and “Gentle Wind.” Though the performances were geared toward teenagers, it did bring forth a break-through in the amalgamation of high-brow art and low-brow culture. Every time I read through the boring articles of the ethereal, out-of-the-world cultural critics, I could not help but missed the imagination and humor of Carnival of the Tea-cafe, and thought that one better know more about the history of eateries and the value of soups and vegetables. Instead of promoting theories I would rather write stories about food.

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中華廚藝學院的使命

香港是一個多元文化的大都會，香港的飲食業，融會了東、西方的飲食文化，不單在國際間享負盛名，更贏得《亞洲美食之都》的美譽。

香港背靠中國，中菜自然是香港飲食業的主流菜系。上世紀五十年代起，不少人從中國內地不同省份，帶同資金及獨到的廚藝移居香港。這些外來的技術，跟香港的地道飲食文化產生化學作用，從此令香港的飲食業百花齊放。到了上世紀末，香港的高速經濟增長，令到這個城市逾來逾富裕，大家開始願意花費更多，去品嚐不同地方的佳餚。

全港超過一萬間食肆中，超過一半是中式食肆。雖然當中不少是小小經營的小型食肆，但它們卻佔有本港飲食業市場超過一半的營業額。

上世紀九十年代，社會出現不少要求成立一所系統化培訓中廚學院的意見。為了回應業界的要求，中華廚藝學院終於在2000年成立。作為特區政府三項千禧工程項目之一，學院肩負起多項使命：

- 提供系統化中廚培訓
- 提升中廚專業地位
- 將香港發展成國際認可的中廚培訓和認證基地
- 鞏固香港作為《亞洲美食之都》的美譽

作為提供專業中廚培訓的先驅，中華廚藝學院一直與業界緊密合作。過往業界只是透過師徒制度，培訓新入行的員工。但現今的食肆，可直接聘請學院的畢業生，他們通過在學院的培訓及實習，既掌握基本廚藝，同時亦擁有一定的工作經驗。所以過去多年來學院的畢業生，即時就業率均維持在接近百分之一百的高水平。

學院另一成就是在2003年建立《一試兩證》考核制度，這套制度獲國家人力資源和社會保障部認可。學員在畢業時只需通過一次考試，就可以獲發兩張分別獲香港及中國內地認可的證書。至今已有超過600人透過考核，獲得認可專業中廚資歷，對提升業界士氣及專業水平有莫大幫助。

保持中菜的競爭優勢是學院的重任，我們經常鼓勵學員參與不同的廚藝比賽，例如《美食之最大賞》及由學院

主辦的《全港青年廚師中餐烹飪比賽》等。這些比賽為學員提供一個提升創意及交流廚藝的平台，透過這些比賽，學員不單可以從其他參賽者身上學習不同技巧，更可通過交流經驗，提升自己的水平。

通過與海外業界的合作，學院希望可以進一步鞏固香港作為《亞洲美食之都》的地位。學院開辦的廚藝興趣班，來自海外的參加者，每年均不斷增加，參加者從來自西班牙的米芝蓮星級名廚，到日本的廚藝學校學員都有，這正好反映學院在這方面的努力。

目前的經濟難關雖然存在不明朗因素，但對學院而言，卻是一個難得的機遇。我們深信業界都渴望，可以有更多擁有高瞻遠矚視野，又認識本地飲食業的生力軍入行，學院會本著這目標，站在最前線，不斷為業界培訓更多優秀人才，令香港的飲食業百花齊放。

The Mission of the Chinese Cuisine Training Institute

Known throughout the world as Asia's food capital, Hong Kong has a cuisine as diverse as her people. With a blend of "East meets West" and an international food culture, Hong Kong has made her mark on the world's culinary stage.

With Hong Kong's proximity to China, not surprisingly the choices in Chinese cuisine are vast. Starting in the late nineteen-fifties, wealthy immigrants from many different Mainland provinces moved into the city, bringing with them their own regional culinary skills and knowledge. Mix this influx with the local skilled workforce and a boom in the Chinese cuisine industry was inevitable. Rapid economic growth in the latter decades of the twentieth century increasingly enabled local gourmets to visit restaurants and sample regional Chinese delicacies.

Currently, well over half of Hong Kong's ten thousand-plus restaurants and cafés offer Chinese fare. Though they are often smaller establishments, these restaurants contribute to over half of the city's restaurant receipts.

By the late nineties, there was a great need for training in Chinese cuisine. In response to requests from industry, the Chinese Cuisine Training Institute (CCTI) was established in year 2000, as one of only three millennium projects of the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region Government.

The Institute's goals are to:

- provide systematic training in Chinese cuisine to elevate the professional standards and status of Chinese cuisine chefs
- establish Hong Kong as an internationally recognised training and accreditation centre in Chinese cuisine
- strengthen the city's reputation as Asia's Food Capital

Pioneering systematic professional training for Chinese chefs, the Chinese Cuisine Training Institute continues to work hard for the industry. Previously, the local Chinese catering industry trained its employees through time-consuming on-the-job apprenticeships. Nowadays, restaurants can employ CCTI graduates who have been equipped with basic culinary skills and have a

balanced knowledge of the work. The Institute is proud to have maintained an immediate graduate job placement rate of almost one hundred percent over the past few years.

Another achievement for the Institute has been the establishment in 2003 of the "One Test, Two Certificates". This system is approved by the Ministry of Human Resources and Social Security of China. When trainees pass the test, they are simultaneously awarded two certificates - one recognised by Hong Kong and one by China. Since its inception, over 600 chefs have received this certification, boosting industry morale and streamlining qualifications in the industry.

Maintaining a competitive edge in the development of training in Chinese cuisine is of the utmost importance to the CCTI. The Institute regularly encourages its trainees to take part in competitions, such as the "Best of the Best" Culinary Awards. The Institute also takes the lead by hosting the Hong Kong Young Chef Chinese Culinary Competition. This provides a platform for young chefs to showcase their creativity and culinary skills. The Institute believes that, through such competitions, trainees are able to learn from their counterparts and to exchange knowledge and experience.

Through close contact with overseas industry leaders, CCTI staffs reinforce Hong Kong's title of "Asia's Food Capital". The increasing number of overseas participants - from Michelin-starred chefs from Spain to students from numerous culinary schools in Japan - endeavouring to broaden their knowledge in the Institute's culinary interest classes is a testament to this.

During these uncertain and difficult economic times, more than ever, it is opportune to ensure that professional training and leadership are at the forefront of the industry. As the world economy recovers, there will be an even deeper need for globalised leaders with a firm understanding of the local industry. With this in mind, the Chinese Cuisine Training Institute will continue striving to produce well-trained and well-equipped individuals to serve in this great industry.



Felix Bieger – A Swiss Hotelier in Hong Kong
“... when you love your profession, you do a good job.”

When the eightieth birthday of the queen of luxury hotels, the Peninsula Hong Kong, was celebrated in December 2008, the reception was as much a tribute to the Swiss (general manager) Felix Bieger, who helped run the “Pen” (as the hotel is lovingly dubbed by its regulars) for over forty years. This year is another jubilee year. With his work at the Pen and at the Hong Kong & Shanghai Hotels, Bieger is celebrating his fifty-fifth year with the company.

We have an appointment on a hot October day in the lobby of the Peninsula Hong Kong. Bieger is already waiting for me. He has closed his office in St. George’s Building for the day, where he usually works from 8:00 until 11:30 every morning. I want to tell him about my exchange project, “Foodscape - The History and Culture of Food in China and Switzerland,” in which authors and artists from both countries will work together for longer periods of time. “I am interested in your theme,” he says, “for good meals are so decisive to the best hours of our lives, and so vital to business decisions.”

A good meal is good business!

Bieger begins to show me around the hotel. The shining marble promises to make the day cooler. But we only take three steps before people hurry to him from every direction to say hello or briefly take him aside for some advice. “He was an important teacher for me,” says one of those who rushed up. Bieger waves this modestly off and introduces this enthusiastic man as no less than the assistant manager of the house. But Bieger is visibly proud of this moment. The hotel business will not let go of him, with its bustle and the constantly changing guests whose well-being he sees to.

“Yes, that is part of it,” says Bieger. “That is the most important thing.” He lists what he calls “the seven Bs”, in German: Begrüssen, Beraten, Bedienen, Betreuen, Bedanken, Begeistern und damit Binden. Für jeden Gast das Beste, das wäre das 8.B! (Welcome, Advise, Serve, Care, Thank, Inspire, and thus Create Loyalty. “The best for every guest; that is the eighth B!”)

“People eat with their eyes and not just with their hunger,” Bieger says when I ask him about the role of atmosphere in a restaurant and how important the arrangement and serving of a meal are to him - and then he immediately adds, “But a restaurant does not need to be all velvet and silk to have good atmosphere. Warmth and charisma are the most important things, and they come from the owner and his employees. You have to feel how competent they are. They not only contribute to a restaurant’s good atmosphere but actually create it.”

I turn to the legendary days of the Peninsula Hotel, whose brochures once said that “Hong Kong is a giant hotel.” The secret of this enigmatic advertising slogan could be quickly discovered by guests after they arrived at the Kai Tak airport (which, back then, was still in the city). In 1970, the Peninsula purchased six brown Silver Shadows from Rolls Royce in England so as to be able to pick up its guests at the airport in the best possible way. On the way back to the hotel, the driver would hand the cocktail list into the back of the luxury limousine. The guests’ favorite drinks would then be ordered on the car phone and would be waiting when they arrived at the hotel. Hand-shaken, of course!

But times have changed, and so have the Pen’s guests. Bieger gets eloquent when asked about the rapid tempo of travel and the associated changes in what is expected of a stay in a hotel and of its cuisine: “80% of the guests of the Pen’s restaurant are Hong Kong residents. All the restaurants in this traditional hotel are doing well, and the guide books say a visit here is a ‘must’ for tourists. Of course, you can feel how times have changed. Time goes faster. It is just like with emails: if they do not get answered within five minutes, the sender goes crazy. Business does not wait. Business trips have also gotten noticeably shorter. In the sixties, 8.5 days were planned for them; today, it is just 3.3 days. But when it comes down to it, there is still time for a good meal and wine. With the economic tsunami right now, the withdrawal of international employees from Hong Kong has been quite noticeable, as is the decline in business trips to the city. The technological alternatives provided by video conferencing make many trips unnecessary these days. But the growth in the number of mainland Chinese who stream into the city has also been just as noticeable. This year, 29 million visitors are expected, 58% of them from the ‘home country.’”

But the urgency and pressure to succeed in the contemporary world have also changed the job of a hotelier. Feeling personally responsible for everything and everyone in the hotel means more than just going to the office every day. Bieger still sees his strong identification with “his” hotel as a guarantee of success. Especially in the face of ever greater competition from the hotel chains, with their interchangeable standards, such identification “is as indispensable for the shareholders as it is for the owners. Today, you just spend a great deal of time in your office. A good hotelier, however, must be visible for his guests and go to them; then they will also come to him. In the

end, when a change occurs, the regulars will always follow the hotelier, not the hotel. A guest who is in the house for the first time should be especially pampered, for every regular was once a first-timer. For example, Americans may have wanted to travel in the past, but they did not actually want to leave America. That led to the establishment of the first hotels in the American style, the Intercontinentals and the Hiltons, which wanted to appeal to American guests. It was the same with the Swiss. The first Swiss restaurant in Hong Kong, the chesa, for example, which opened at the Peninsula in 1965, offers an excellent Swiss cuisine till this day.”

Bieger’s biography reads like an adventure novel. How does that wonderful saying about the wonders of chance go? If you do not catch what comes to you by chance, you will end up with empty hands. Bieger, though, reached out with both hands and was able to turn “his” chances into forward-looking decisions.

In 1953, after his apprenticeship and some years as a chef, he first left Switzerland to go to Britain’s Channel Islands, where he worked in a hotel in Jersey during the summer season. After that, he took a job with the P & O Shipping Company in London, where he set out for the Far East as a cook on the M/S Chusan, a 25,000-ton passenger ship. In 1954, he became the executive chef of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Hotels, Ltd., and he worked for over four years in the Repulse Bay Hotel. In 1959, he returned to Switzerland to enrol in a management course at the Lausanne Hotel School. After he returned to Hong Kong he soon became the Peninsula’s assistant manager, and after 1970 the manager until 1977, when he became the general manager of the newly opened Peninsula Manila. After three years he came back to Hong Kong as general manager of The Peninsula until 1994 and since as advisor to The Hong Kong & Shanghai Hotels Ltd.. Despite his commercial success abroad, Bieger has never forgotten his roots. “Switzerland is my native country, and it always will be. My mother tongue is Swiss German, and I love speaking it. Since leaving Switzerland in 1953, I have never forgotten or neglected it. Hong Kong is my home. Hong Kong gave me my career and a life. But do not forget that I did not come to Hong Kong as an emigrant but as an employed expat.” (There is a difference!)

When the Peninsula Hotel opened in Hong Kong on December 11, 1928, the train connection through Siberia and China was still the quickest way to get from Europe to Southeast Asia. The terminus of the Hong Kong-Canton Railways was directly opposite the hotel, as was the passenger harbor where

the great ships brought their guests to the city. Many vicissitudes were to interrupt the Pen’s success story - temporarily but decisively. In 1941, Hong Kong fell to Japan. The Peninsula Hotel was requisitioned and used as headquarters. When the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong ended in 1945, the Japanese also signed their surrender at the Peninsula. A plausible story from this period is the Chinese comprador Tsui Tim’s coup: he managed to take the hotel’s entire collection of silverware to safety in the so-called New Territories. After the Japanese withdrew, he then proudly brought the silver back, down to every last spoon.

Given this background, it is all the more astonishing how popular Japanese food is in Hong Kong. Today, there are sushi restaurants on every corner, and they are easy to spot from afar because of the long lines in front of them. “Yes, you see, every 15 or 20 years, there’s a change of generations,” says Bieger. “The stories of the Japanese occupation used to be passed on to the next generation, but there were fewer and fewer such stories over time, and now they have all withered away. Today, Japanese food is popular not only in Hong Kong but all over the world. There is a Japanese restaurant in the Pen, too. The Americans may have been the first great tourist customers in Hong Kong, but they were soon overtaken by the Japanese in the early 70s, and now it is the Mainland Chinese. Chinese tourists will one day be the largest ‘tour group’ in the world.”

The Peninsula’s successful post-war history is tightly linked to its Swiss managers, including Leo Gaddi, Peter Gautschi, and Felix Bieger. After Bieger, Peter C. Borer arrived in 1994 and served for years as the luxury hotel’s general manager before being replaced by the Irishman Ian Coughlan. In 2007, Rainy Chan from Hong Kong became the first woman to be the manager of the Peninsula flagship in Hong Kong, and she has run it with great flair since then. The Pen has managed to maintain a significant presence in Hong Kong’s social life. The rich and famous have always been its guests, and that has remained true to this day. “Oh, the credit for that does not just go to me, but above all to my predecessors,” says Bieger modestly. “And of course to the employees. They made the business run, and they still do. The hotel has such a good reputation thanks to all the good employees - and thanks to the owners, who do not just take the profits out of the business but reinvest it into the hotel. There’s a saying that whoever wants to have good milk has to feed the cow well, too. All the great balls and receptions in the city of Hong Kong take place at the Pen. We have had prominent guests

from the worlds of politics, business, and movies. For them, the hotel became their familiar home in Hong Kong.” In 1994, the hotel was extended to include a tower that, among other things, has luxurious suites and two helicopter landing pads. On the top floor is a magnificent restaurant, “Felix”, designed by Philippe Starck. The restaurant’s name is a homage to the former general manager Felix Bieger. And the attempt to make the restaurant appeal as much as possible to a younger clientele, so as to give them a stronger connection to the Pen, has been successful.

“The Swiss tradition in the Peninsula is continuing with the excellent chef Florian Trento,” says Bieger. “Cooks used to be brought from Europe to cook European cuisine. The Chinese apprentices learned from them and are the best cooks of all today. When I began working at the hotel, there were nine Europeans in the kitchen; today there are only four. Chinese cooks are also being sent to Europe for their training.” Laughing, he adds, “Chinese cooks used to prepare European cuisine but eat Chinese themselves. Today, they cook Chinese, but eat European.”

Quoting a famous celebrity chef who claims that good food has to be expensive, I ask Bieger what he thinks.

“That’s not true,” counters Bieger. “Fine traditional cooking, like what there is in a country restaurant, can be very good and does not have to cost a fortune. Even a sausage can sometimes be the best choice, especially if you’re hungry. The best sausage, by the way, can be found in Zurich at the bar of the Hotel Savoy Baur en Ville. That is always also due to the good suppliers from the butchers. In Spain, for example, you just have to figure out where the priests eat to know where the best food is.”

When I read Bieger an entry in the Pen guest book about the longing for the simplest things, he believes every word. A former Peninsula regular recalls that “the food was always a culinary feast. Everything was of the highest standard; simple home-style cooking was just not an option. After a two-week stay, I could not stand it anymore. I crept down the stairs at the back of the building and went into the Chesa to beg for a plate of boiled potatoes with butter and salt. Then it took me a while to convince the room-service waiter who served me that the unpeeled potatoes were exactly what I had ordered.”

“Yes, you see,” says Bieger, “that is what is so nice about Hong Kong today; there are so many restaurants, from the finest to the simplest, with every kind of Asian cuisine.”

Then I ask about the differences in the culture of cooking and eating in Switzerland and China. Bieger sees it as something very simple: “You know, the Chinese like to eat out. They would be amazed if their restaurant was not open for them every day. In Switzerland, the restaurants have a day off, usually Monday. It’s not about being open 24 hours, but about understanding that you are providing a service in your field.”

“And it is no longer so easy,” he adds, “to convince young people in Switzerland to take up the wonderful professions in the hotel business. There may not be as many training positions as there used to be, but who wants to work in the evening and on weekends these days? And then there are public complaints when foreign workers come into the country. It is not easy to train people in the gastronomy sector. For example, it is illegal to have young people under eighteen work after 10 p.m.; they have to have three free Sundays a month; they can only work eight hours a day. No work on Sundays and no work at night - how are you supposed to learn about the core business of running a hotel?”

“But now back to your project,” says Bieger and pulls out his address book. “To talk about food, you absolutely have to meet a few important personalities still.” I stay in the cool foyer of the Pen for a few more minutes. Bieger has taken his leave, but not without making me promise to come by for coffee again. “It used to be,” he said in parting, “that if you sat in the lobby long enough, you always ran into somebody. This lobby is incredibly attractive, don’t you think?” So I stay for a little while and study the long list Bieger wrote down for me. That afternoon, I start making calls. And whenever I mention Felix Bieger, doors begin to open.



Hong Kong Literature: International? Parochial?
(A Short Comment)

Some years ago, a mainland Chinese scholar of the government think tank said, “Hong Kong should become the Switzerland of Asia,” when he was asked by a Hong Kong journalist to comment on the future of the post-colonial Hong Kong. “If Hong Kong becomes increasingly sinicized, it will only face more competition from other mainland cities and may even become another Shanghai,” he elaborated. He may have strong reasons to encourage Hong Kong not to imitate and compete with Shanghai but to shape its post-colonial future as the Switzerland of Asia because he himself came from Shanghai.

In the Chinese official’s perspective, Hong Kong should learn from Switzerland to serve as an intermediary for the neighboring nations. For many years, Hong Kong has striven to be a leading international financial hub and a commercial center for Asia and the Pacific Rim. But to advise Hong Kong to become the Switzerland of Asia is a bit strange, since Hong Kong has been playing such a role for quite some time. Does it make sense to say one should become what one already is?

Swiss culture is renowned for its international flavor and its simultaneous assimilation of the adjacent German, French, and Italian cultures and distinction from them. Like Switzerland, which is in Europe but not the European Union, Hong Kong is both inside and outside of China. Its fluid borders (to capital, information and travelers) and special status (once a British colonial outpost, and now a Chinese special administrative region) historically have enabled Hong Kong to achieve a mission impossible elsewhere.

Exposed to many foreign influences, Hong Kong also promotes the development of a modern Chinese popular culture that has been in virtual hibernation in mainland China for decades. Hong Kong popular culture has gone even so far as to reshape its Chineseness in order to make itself less parochial and more modern – that is to say, Westernized. But if the popular culture of Hong Kong has played a major and specific role in the representation of modern popular Chinese culture throughout the world, thus offering a new understanding of Chinese identity, I would say that the role for Chinese-language literature in Hong Kong is far more ambiguous. In comparison, Hong Kong literature in Chinese is very “parochial” no matter how hard it tries to be “modern.” It is not simply a question

of inadequate translation of the Chinese-language literary texts into other languages (particularly in English or other Western languages). It is probably more an issue of readership. Hong Kong’s return to China does not necessarily open up its literature to the mainland Chinese readers. On the contrary, the integration only foregrounds its literature’s “parochial” status in the Chinese cultural hierarchy. There have been many attempts by scholars to describe the specificity of Hong Kong literature in terms of identity formation and local consciousness. But it turns out that the more specific or local Hong Kong literature is, the more parochial or peripheral it becomes. Indeed, the postmodern politics of plural or multiple identities actually collaborates more than subverts the domination mechanism of the cultural hierarchy. Perhaps there is no conflict between being a Hong Kong writer and being a Chinese writer, because the specificity is understood as the part that belongs to the whole and is smoothened in the process of Hong Kong’s reintegration with China. More than ever in the history of Hong Kong literature, it needs a minor discourse (what I mean here is the discourse that uses the majority language but with a different consciousness) for itself than being classified as a local literature under the hierarchy of modern Chinese literature.

Perhaps, there are also some good sides to be “parochial.” Being at the margin means the writers may not be forced to seek a national style for their works; and usually they can think beyond the national frame, and to focus more on their personal, trivial and everyday life matters.



East is east and west is west
and never the twain shall meet.

So wrote Rudyard Kipling - and he was almost right, but only almost. At the beginning of the age of travel (that is, shortly after the Second World War), whoever went to the Far East could still be quite struck by its independent cultures, and Kipling's claim might well have seemed plausible. From a culinary perspective, today's globalized melting pot did not yet exist, and when traveling in distant lands, you automatically had to take in their cultures, and above all their cuisines.

Back then, ingredients now indispensable in contemporary cooking still very clearly belonged to distinct countries and cultures. As in Kipling, the West and the East each had their distinct cuisines with clearly defined ingredients and preparation styles.

I still have a very clear memory of the extraordinary smell of Hong Kong when I first got off the airplane in 1970. At first, it was something I could not identify, mixed with the stench of kerosene; later, on the drive into the city, the kerosene quickly disappeared and gave way to Hong Kong's typical scent: mysterious, exciting, spicy, smoky, indefinable, but captivating, fascinating, and even intoxicating. For me, it was the beginning of a still ongoing journey through scents, flavors, aromas, and culinary emotions.

An important moment was my first encounter with coriander. On a steamed fish, among other garnishes, lay some fresh coriander. To my palate, it was a nauseating, indefinable herb that reminded me of a sour washcloth; disgusted, I pushed the stuff aside, swearing I would never eat it again. But I was deceiving myself! It's called an acquired taste: today, I love coriander more than anything and choose it whenever I can.

Of course, it did not take until now; after that first moment, it was impossible to avoid coriander for very long, and every time I had some my distaste for it decreased, and finally I began to seek out that flavor and even to miss it when it had been forgotten in some dish it was usually used in. Many such stories can be told about the young Swiss who set off to discover the great Far East.

Back then, I was very lucky to meet my future wife and her family. Mama Soong was an excellent tutor, who very gingerly made me familiar with the nuances and the greatness of Chinese cuisine, highlighting new subtleties again and again.

Only when I returned to Switzerland years later did it become clear to me what a great wealth of impressions, aromas, and flavors I had collected in my years in Hong Kong. Even if I did not work in a kitchen there, I had learned to eat Chinese in a way that is only possible in Hong Kong.

As much as I had longed for Swiss dishes during my time in Asia (spätzli, boiled trout, metzgete, sausage, and many other things), I missed many things from Asia just as much after my return to Switzerland. My homesickness was then even almost greater than it had sometimes been in Hong Kong. Only then did it really become clear to me what homeland, culture, and the habits associated with them mean. That was when I began to realize how much how people eat determines who they are and how important it is to maintain and protect culinary traditions.

During our first years in Schaffhausen, we had very intense and sometimes even painful experiences with nouvelle cuisine, for during our years in Hong Kong, we had been so focused

on ourselves and on my fascinating position as the food and beverage manager of the Peninsula Hotel that we had completely missed the beginnings of nouvelle cuisine. It was never an issue in Asia in the seventies, for everyone was completely focused on addressing local needs. The extraordinary range of superb restaurants with cuisines from all over the world made it possible for us to experience a very diverse and fascinating spectrum of food when we ate out. Going from Chinese to every possible style (Indian, Japanese, Korean, International, Swiss, and of course very good French grande cuisine classique), we had everything, so we did not know about the evolution of French cuisine, even if we did read or hear something about it once in a while.

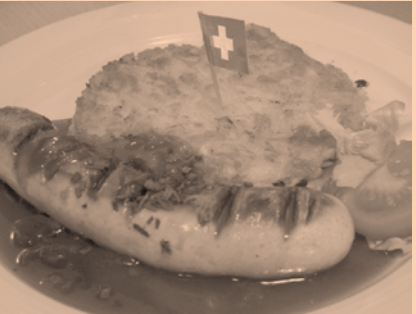
So the adjustment was even greater when I took over the Fischerzunft Hotel in Schaffhausen in 1975. I felt like a man without a country, looking for my roots and not really knowing where I should look. Both worlds were very fascinating to me, with their own identities and their own internal logic. My mixed emotions, homesickness, and confusion could not have been more disorienting. What began with a great illusion, namely the idea of a Peninsula Hotel that would be easy to run in the little Fischerzunft, turned out to be a delusion. Unfortunately, we had to admit that in both places there were people who went to restaurants with their own particular expectations.

It is very interesting to see how cuisines and eating habits constantly change. Even just twenty years ago, there was still an old school of chefs who rejected everything foreign and only accepted their own countries' styles, whether French, Italian, or anything. But today, a new generation has come along that is

very cosmopolitan and wants to have some of everything that is available. One result of this, of course, is that cooking styles all over the world are changing and, unfortunately, becoming more and more similar. This does not necessarily have to be negative, but it makes it especially important for the particular culinary tradition of each country to be maintained and cultivated. Sweet-and-sour spaghetti should never exist, but there should be an Oscar for perfect boeuf à la mode.

But one thing can safely be said: we live in a very thrilling, heady age. Eating and cooking have never been so popular, and it is up to everyone to decide how and with what he wants to indulge his body, soul, and intellect (for eating and cooking are activities of both the senses and the mind). From the Chinese, I learned that what you eat can keep you healthy. All the wonderful ingredients and their preparation are related to the details of every individual's health and show us how we can influence our lives in a very positive way by paying attention to what we eat.

June 2009



Pamela Auburn born 1952 and brought up in Australia, studied in the Gold and Silversmithing Workshop at the Canberra School of Art, Australian National University, graduating in 1989. The materials used for her cutlery objects are silver, stainless steel, bamboo and plastic, her works are found in the Deutsches Klingenmuseum Solingen, the Museum für Angewandte Kunst Frankfurt and the Jochen Amme collection, Hamburg. She has travelled in Europe, the Middle East and Asia, lived in France for 2 years and since 1993 permanently in Germany. She thinks the door to communication is opened by cooking and eating together and from Nov. 2008 to Feb. 2009 had her first taste of Hong Kong.

1952年生而在澳大利亞成大，於澳大利亞國立大學坎培拉藝術學院閱讀金銀鍛造1989年畢業。為她的食具用銀竹不鏽的鋼鐵和塑膠等材料，作品見於Deutsches Klingenmuseum Solingen，Museum für Angewandte Kunst Frankfurt和 Jochen Amme Hamburg的收藏。曾在歐洲中東及亞洲旅行，在法國生活兩年，現住在德國。她認為一起做菜吃飯是給聯絡開門最好的方法，2008年11月至2009年2月第一次嘗過香港的味道。

Vanni Bianconi 文尼·貝安科尼 born in Locarno, Switzerland, in 1977, studied at the State University of Milan following poetry seminars. His poems have been published in Swiss and Italian magazines and in anthologies, his first poetry collection was “Faura dei morti” (in “Ottavo quaderno italiano”, Marcos y Marcos, 2004). His first book “Ora prima. Sei poesie lunghe” (Edizioni Casagrande, 2008) won the Schiller Prize 2009. He is working as translator from English and French into Italian (currently on W.H. Auden’s long poem “For the Time Being. A Christmas Oratorio” and “Somerset Maugham’s short stories”) and is the creator and artistic director of the festival of literature and translation Babel www.babelfestival.com.

1977年生於瑞士洛迦諾。畢業於米蘭國立大學並追隨詩歌講座。他的詩歌見於瑞士及義大利的雜誌及詩選。個人首部詩集是《Fauradeimorti》(在《Ottavo quaderno italiano》，Marcos y Marcos, 2004年)，個人首本書是《Ora prima. Sei poesie lunghe》(Edizioni Casagrande, 2008年)。他從事由英語和法語變成義大利語的翻譯及編輯，現正將W.H.奧登《目前》中的《聖誕清唱劇》譯成。他也是通天塔文學及翻譯節的創辦者和藝術總監。更多資訊請見 www.babelfestival.com。

Arno Camenisch 亚诺·卡梅尼施 born 1978 in Tavanasa in Graubünden, a mountainous area of Switzerland, writes in German and Romansh (Sursilvan dialect). Camenisch writes poems, prose and for the stage. He is a student at the Swiss Literature Institute in Biel. In early

2009, Urs Engeler Editor published his novel “Sez Ner” (in German and Romansh). His novel “Ernesto ed autras manzegnas” appeared in Romansh in 2005.

一九七八年出生于格劳邦顿，瑞士多山的区域，用德语及罗曼什语（苏尔希勒旺方言）进行诗歌，散文及戏剧创作。现就读于比尔瑞士文学院。他的罗曼什语小说《Ernesto ed autras manzegnas》于2005年出版，双语中篇小说《Sez Ner》（《赛兹乃尔山》）于二〇〇九年初由Urs Engeler Editor出版。

Odile Cornuz 奥迪勒·克努兹 born in 1979 in the French part of Switzerland, says of herself: Words feed me (between other things). I mainly write for the living arts: radio, theatre, but I am always curious of new experiences with words. I like sharing stories and points of view. I gaze on humanity with a feeling of empathy. I am trying to decipher some little parts of the world around me and recompose it my way. I live in Neu-châtel, where I have started a PhD in French Literature and work as an assistant at University.

一九七九年生於瑞士法語的区域，自己描寫如下：文字（與其他事物一起）養育了我。我主要為動態的藝術寫作：廣播，戲劇。我總對關於文字的新體驗充滿好奇。我喜歡分享故事與不同的視角。我抱著一種同情心觀照人性。我嘗試破譯圍繞著我的一小部分世界並以自己的方式將其再造。我在奈沙泰爾生活，在大學攻讀法國文學博士學位，並擔任助教。

Iris Fan Xing is a postgraduate student in the English Department at the University of Macau. She is currently working on the translations of poems by contemporary Chinese and Australian poets.

樊星，澳门大学英语系文学专业研究生，现正从事当代中国和澳大利亚诗歌的翻译与比较研究工作。

Gérard Henry 敖樹克 lives in Hong Kong since 1981 and is the chief-editor of the bilingual (French and Chinese) cultural magazine “Paroles” and also deputy director at “Alliance Française de Hong Kong”. For many years he has written on Chinese, Hong Kong and French art and culture for different exhibition programs and magazines including “China perspectives” and “Le Monde diplomatique”. In 1999 he received the art and literature honorary award issued by the French government in praise of his contributions in the cultural exchange between France and China. Currently he is also chairman of the Hong Kong branch of the International Art Critics Society.

自1981年起定居香港，現任雙語(法文及中文)文化雜誌《東西譚》(Paroles)主編以及香港法國文化協會副總監。多年以來，為各展覽項目和雜誌報章包括《China Perspectives》和《Le Monde diplomatique》撰寫有關中國、香港及法國的藝術和文化的文章。1999年獲法國政府頒授藝術及文學騎士勳章，以表揚他為中法兩地文化交流工作所作出的貢獻。現亦擔任國際藝評人協會香港分會主席。

Huang Lihai 黄礼孩 born in China’s southernmost Xuwen county, now lives in Guangzhou. He studied at Zhongshan University and Beijing University. His major is dramatic art, but he mostly writes poetry nowadays and is called a post-70 poet. His poems are selected by various Chinese language, literature and poetry anthologies, also as teaching material, and are regularly published by the most important poetry magazines. In 1999 he founded a literary journal “Poetry And People”, all managed by himself.

生于大陆最南端的徐闻县，现居广州。曾在中山大学，北京大学读书。戏剧创作专业毕业，但时下大部分写诗歌，叫做为70后诗人。作品入选不同中国语文学诗歌大系，也做为教材，并经常地由最重要的杂志而出版。1999年创办而自己管理《诗歌与人》。

André Jaeger born 1947 in Aargau canton of Switzerland into a gastronomy family, studied cooking in Lausanne and gathered experience in Lugano, London and Hong Kong. From 1970-1975 he was food & beverage manager at the Peninsula Hotel Hong Kong. Then returned to Switzerland, working in Schaffhausen’s Fischerzunft restaurant, of which he became the owner in 1982. Since 1985 he is the vice president of the Swiss branche of Relais & Château, since 1989 president of Les Grandes Tables de Suisse. He was twice Gault Millau chef of the year and gets 19-20 points since 1995. He is also member of Tradition & Qualité les Grandes Tables du Monde.

1947年生於瑞士的Aargau州在烹調業的家庭裡。在Lausanne學烹飪，隨後在洛迦諾，倫敦及香港作經驗。从1970到1975年在香港半島酒店當飲食經理，回過瑞士在Schaffhausen的Fischerzunft飯店做事，1982成為主人。1985年後當 Relais & Château瑞士分支的付經理，1989年後未Les Grandes Tables de Suisse的總經理。兩次被Gault Millau判決一年最優秀的廚師而平常得到19至20點。1998年後他也成為 Tradition & Qualité les Grandes Tables du Monde的成員。

Johnspeare (ZHOU Yang) 粥祥 born in 1967 and living in Guangzhou, South China, freelancer. He began poem writing since 1993 and has published two collections: “Friend Good No Have I”

and “Prejudice”, as well as a poetic drama about SARS “War between Black and White”. He keeps seeking to be able to be enlightened about the mysterious nature, human life and art.

生于1967年，广州人，自由职业者，1993年开始诗歌装作，出版诗集《朋良无我》和《偏见》，创作抗击《非典》诗剧《黑白战争》。生活是为了潜心于领悟神奇的自然、人生和艺术。

Christopher (Kit) Kelen born in 1958 in Sydney, Australian scholar and writer, holds degrees in literature and linguistics from the University of Sydney and a doctorate on the teaching of the writing process from the University of Western Sidney. He is currently an Associate Professor in the English Department at the University of Macau, where he has taught Literature and Creative Writing for the last eight years. His first of nine volumes of poetry was “The Naming of the Harbour and the Trees” (1992), the most recent are “After Meng Jiao - Responses to the Tang poet” (Chicago, 2008) and a volume of Macao poems “Dredging the Delta” (Cinnamon Press, UK, 2007). Since the eighties he has won many international awards for his works.

1958年生於雪梨，澳大利亞學者和作家，雪梨大學文學與語言學系碩士，西雪梨大學博士，現為澳門大學英文系副教授，教過八年文學與創造的寫作。出版有九本詩集，第一是《The Naming of the Harbour and the Trees》(1992年)，最新的是《AfterMengJiao-ResponsestotheTangpoet》(2008年)和澳門詩集《Dredging the Delta》(2007年)。从八十年代以來獲得多數國際文學獎。

Agnes S. L. Lam born in Hong Kong, completed her PhD at the University of Pittsburgh, taught at the National University of Singapore and is currently an Associate Professor for English at the University of Hong Kong. She recently published: two collections of poetry, “Woman to Woman and Other Poems” (1997) and “Water Wood Pure Splendour” (2001); “Language education in China: Policy and experience from 1949” (2005), and her writing has appeared in anthologies around the world. She was awarded the title of Honorary Fellow in Writing by the University of Iowa in 2008 and received the Nosside International Poetry Prize (Special Mention) in the same year. Her current project is “Contemporary Asian poetry in English” funded by the Hong Kong Research Grants Council.

生於香港，匹茲堡大學博士，先在新加坡國立大學教書，現為香港大學英文系副教授。出版有兩本英文詩集《Woman to Woman and Other Poems》(1997年)和《Water Wood Pure Splendour》(2001年)，還有《Language education in China: Policy and experience from 1949》(2005年)，作品入選不同

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世界大系。曾獲得幾種國際文學獎。她當前的計劃《英語當代東亞詩歌》由香港研資局提供資金。

Leung Ping-kwan 梁秉鈞 born in 1949 and grown up in Hong Kong, wrote for journals and newspapers, before he studied Comparative Literature at UC San Diego. He now teaches literature and film at Lingnan University in Hong Kong and is one of Hong Kong’s leading men of letters, a multi-media artist, a literary and film critic, a translator, a professor of Chinese Literature, and a Chinese language poet of the first rank. He published several volumes of poems, e.g. “City at the End of Time” (1982) and “Travelling with a Bitter Melon” (2002). He further published a novel and four collections of stories, e.g. “Îles et Continents” (2002), in French translation by Gallimard. He has written essays on the urban culture of Berlin, Tokyo and Hong Kong. His poetry and photograph exhibitions include “Food and the City” and “East West Matters”, shown in Hong Kong, Frankfurt and Bern.

生於1949在香港，先當記者，就在美國UC San Diego讀比較文學。現為嶺南大學文學和電影學教授，又是香港主要的作家，多媒體藝術家，文學與電影評論家，翻譯和當代中國第一級詩人。出版有《形象香港》(1982)和《帶一枚苦瓜旅行》(2002)等許多詩集。也有小說，比如《島和大陸》(2002)有法譯本由Gallimard出版。梁氏研究城市文化，寫了東京，柏林和香港文化的散文。曾在香港，德國及瑞士舉行個人詩與攝影展如《Food and the City》和《East West Matters》。

Joseph Abraham Levi 雷祖善 Joseph Abraham Levi joined the University of Hong Kong in September 2008 as an Associate Professor in the School of Modern Languages and Cultures and Director of the Language Department. He first made his BA in Portuguese and Lusophone Studies/History of the Portuguese Discoveries at the Universidade de Lisboa. Then he received a Laurea in Foreign Modern Languages from the Istituto Universitario Orientale in Naples with a concentration in Swahili, Islamic, Arabic and African Studies, and finally a PhD in Roman Philology/Linguistics from the University of Wisconsin with a concentration in Portuguese, Italian and Medieval Spanish. His publications and academical interests include a wide range of topics: the Spanish and Italian medieval period, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian philology and linguistics, Lusophone literature and culture, Macau history and culture, colonial history and literature of Brazil, Spanish and Italian judaism, Sepharadic diaspora, missionaries in Africa and Asia, Islamic and African studies... 雷祖善博士於二零零八年九月加入香港大學，擔任現代語言及文化學院副教授及語文研習所所長。先在葡萄牙里斯本大學畢業於葡語系/葡萄牙

歷史,考獲學士學位，而且在意大利那不勒斯的東方大學(Istituto Universitario Orientale)現代外語獲桂冠，專注於斯瓦希里語，伊斯蘭，阿拉伯和非洲研究，稍後在美國威斯康辛大學獲博士學位研究羅馬語文獻學/語言學，尤其在葡萄牙語，意大利語和中世紀西班牙語主力。他發表的文章及學術上的興趣覆蓋如下：中世紀的西班牙語與意大利語；葡語西班牙語與意大利語文獻學，語言學，方言學；以葡語為基礎的混合語；澳門的歷史和文化；巴西殖民歷史，文學及文明；塞法迪猶太人的散居；非洲及伊斯蘭研究…

Lo Kwai-cheung 羅貴祥 born in Hong Kong, received his PhD in Comparative Literature from Stanford University and his BA and MAs from the University of Hong Kong and the University of Minnesota, taught at University of California (Santa Cruz), University of Hong Kong and Hong Kong University of Science and Technology and is currently teaching at the Humanities Programme of Hong Kong Baptist University. Author of “Excess and Masculinity in Asian Cultural Productions” (State University of New York Press, 2009) and “Chinese Face/Off: The Transnational Popular Culture of Hong Kong” (University of Illinois Press, 2005), academic articles appearing in various magazines. Chinese publications include “The Foreign and the Local: Literary Criticism”, “Colors of Hong Kong”, “Mass Culture and Hong Kong: The Revenge of Electrical Appliances”, “Gilles Deleuze”. Lo also has worked with the theater company “No Man’s Land” for writing some of its performing texts.

生於香港，史丹福大學比較文學博士。在香港大學和明尼蘇達大學就讀學士和碩士學位。先在UC Santa Cruz，香港大學及香港科技大學教書，目前在香港浸會大學人文學課程教書。英文作品有《Excess and Masculinity in Asian Cultural Productions》(2009年)和《Chinese Face/Off: The Transnational Popular Culture of Hong Kong》(2005年)，學術的文章在不同雜誌出版。中文出版包含《他地在地-訪尋文學的評論》，《香港・多一點顏色》，《大眾文化與香港之電器復仇記》，《德勒茲》。他也給香港無人地帶劇團寫戲劇。

Margrit Manz 瑪格麗特·曼茲 born 1954 in Berlin, studies in drama, final thesis in theatre theory on the dramatist Bert Brecht. Engagements at German theatres, parts in films, TV series and radio plays. Co-founder and vice-chairman of the “literaturWERKstatt berlin”. Founder, art director and manager of the Literaturhaus Basel, the first to be established in Switzerland (until 2008). She published poetry and in 2003 “Das Fremde im Auge des Fremden”, Swiss Chinese cultural exchange. Since Oct. 2008 concept and project management of “Foodscape”, a project as part of the exchange and cooperation programme “Swiss Chinese Cultural Explorations” of Pro Helvetia, the Swiss Arts Council.

1954年生於柏林，就讀表演藝術，畢業論文關於布萊希特的戲劇理論。活躍于德國的戲劇圈，參與了電影，電視連續劇及廣播劇。參與建立literaturWERKstatt berlin並擔任副主席。創辦瑞士首間巴塞爾文學館(Literaturhaus Basel)，擔任藝術總監及機構主管。出版有詩歌集和於2003年《Das Fremde im Auge des Fremden》，中瑞文化交流的書。2008年10月至今負責《食景》(Foodscape)項目的管理及理念實施，該專案由瑞士文化基金会Pro Helvetia贊助，是《瑞士－中國文化交流》計畫的一部分。

Mary Ann O'Donnell holds a BA in Chinese Language and Literature from Middlebury College, Vermont and a PhD in Cultural Anthropology from Rice University, Houston. She is currently a Research Fellow at the Centre for Humanities Research at Lingnan University, Hong Kong. Living in Shenzhen, the oldest and largest of China's special economic zones, she is also a translator, a photographer and a dramaturge, exploring the city's urban, cultural and artistic development.

在美國佛蒙特州讀中國語言與文學學士，休斯頓Rice大學文化人類學博士，現擔任香港嶺南大學人文學科研究中心研究員。她住在深圳，中國最舊而最大的经济特区，也從事翻譯，攝影及劇作家,探險都市文化和藝術發展。

Siu Yan-ho is a post-graduate student in the Chinese Department of Lingnan University. His research area is ancient Chinese writings. He was a student of Chinese Cuisine Training Institute in the past. Also, he learnt cooking by working in a western restaurant for a year.

Sou Vai Keng 蘇惠琨 Sou Vai Keng, born and living in Macau, holds a bachelor in English literature. During the 1990s she wrote mainly drama scripts, now her major literary works include novels, poems and short stories. Sou writes in both Chinese and English. She is also a painter of acrylics and Chinese ink. Some of her works have been exhibited in Macau, Mainland China, the US and France.

生於而遷住在澳門，英文文學系學士。她一九九十年期間寫的主要作品都是劇本，現在也包括中篇短篇小說及詩歌。她使用中文英文兩種語言。並且作為畫家，用丙烯酸樹脂和中國水墨，曾展出在澳門，中國大陸，美國及法國。

Peter Weber 彼得·韦伯 Peter Weber, born 1968 in the valley of Toggenburg, lives in Zürich, but likes to

travel and used to live also in Germany, and 2008 in Istanbul. Many cooperations with musicans and artists, like as part of the "jews-harp-playing poets". His first novel "Der Wettermacher" was published in 1993, his latest "Die melodielosen Jahre" in 2007, also by Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main. He won various literary awards.

一九六八年生于吐根堡的谷地，生活在苏黎士，而是喜欢移动，先也住过德国，于二〇〇八年移居伊斯坦布尔。曾与众多音乐家及艺术家合作，例如是《单簧口琴诗人》乐团的成员。他第一篇小说《Der Wettermacher》于一九九三年出版了，最新的《Die melodielosen Jahre》于二〇〇七年，都在 Suhrkamp Verlag，Frankfurt am Main 。曾获得不少文学奖。

Xu Pei-wu 许培武 born in 1963 and living in Guangzhou, professional photographer since 1993 and photographic journalist for the media. In 1995 he started the project of Guangzhou City Image Series. His works were shown in various exhibitions, such as "Uli Sigg Guangdong Contemporary Art Collection Exhibition" (Swiss Berne Museum, 2005), "First Paris International Photograph Biennale" (Paris, 2007), "The Third Guangdong International Photograph Biennale Exhibition" (Guangzhou, 2009). His solo exhibitions include: "Nansha - The Last Lizard" (Guangzhou, 2006), "From The Lost Garden of Eden to Nansha - Xu Pei-wu Urban Image Ten Years' Recycle Exhibition" (Beijing, Guangzhou, 2007). His photographic albums published are: "The Lost Garden of Eden" (2005) and "Nansha - The Last Lizard" (2006). There is also a television film about his work: "Xu Pei-wu Went Across The New City Ten Years" (2006).

1963年出生于广东潮州，居在广州，从1993年以来担任职业摄影师，在媒体任摄影记者。1995年专注城市影像拍摄。作品见于几种国际摄影展《乌里·希克(Uli Sigg)—广东当代艺术收藏展》（瑞士伯尔尼博物馆，2005年），《法国首届国际摄影双年展》（巴黎，2007年），《第三届广州国际摄影双年展》（广州，2009年）。举办个展有《南沙—最后一只蜥蜴》（广州，2006年），《从失乐园到南沙—许培武城市影像十年巡回展》（中国北京，广州，2007年）。出版摄影集：《消失在新城的失乐园》（2005年）和《南沙—最后一只蜥蜴》（2006年）。也有电视电影表写他的工作：《许培武一走过新城十年》（安徽电视台，2006年）

Yang Qian 杨阡 born in 1962, graduated from Beijing People’s University with a degree in journalism, now is a freelance artist and playwright and the founder and artistic director of Fat Bird Theatre in Shenzhen (since 2005). He writes both experimental scripts and nationally recognized dramas. His play “Intentional Injury” (1994) was

performed by the Chinese National Experimental Theatre and “Hope” (1997) was selected for a staged reading at the Berlin Schaubühne Theater’s 5th International New Plays Festival (2005). He has won Cao Yu gold medals, e.g for his skit “Neither Type Nor Category” (2003). In addition, Yang Qian writes cultural criticism, theater reviews and short stories.

生于1962年，北京人民大学新闻系毕业，现为自由艺术家和剧作家，深圳胖鸟剧坊的创立者及总监。创作有实验话剧并公认的主流戏剧。1994年曾创作剧本《故意伤害》由中央实验话剧院首演于北京。剧本《希望》应邀参加2005年德国柏林Schaubühne第五届国际新戏剧节。喜剧作品《不伦不类》获得了2003年的曹禺戏剧文学奖。另外他写文化与戏剧评论及短篇小说。

Martin Zeller 馬田·施勒 born 1961 in Mannheim, Germany, studied at the College of Design in Darmstadt. He was already awarded the European Photography Award for his first art project (“412–432”, 1990). In 1993 Zeller moved to reunified Berlin, where he created large format photo works of the city (“Berlin”, 1997). Later he turned his attention to the multi-layeredness of the picture (“The Transfigured Night”, 2002). International prizes and scholarships made projects abroad possible (including “Roma”, 1999 and “China Transition”, 2003). Between 2004 and 2007 he worked in Hong Kong on “The Diagonal Mirror, Space And Time In Photographing Hong Kong”. The resulting work was published in an illustrated edition (by Kehrer, Heidelberg, 2008) and in spring 2009 the large format photo works have been exhibited at the Museum of Art in Mannheim. www.studiozeller.com

1961年生於曼咸，讀過在登士達設計學院。他第一件藝術作品《412-432》1990年早已得歐洲攝影獎。1993年施勒移居統一後的柏林，從事創作都市的大型攝影作品(《柏林》，1997)。後來他轉而注意照片畫面的多重層次（《變形的夜》，2002年）。國際獎項與獎學金容許他在海外完成多項計劃（包括《羅馬》，1999，和《中國過渡》，2003）。更多資訊請見www.studiozeller.com

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Martin Zeller 馬田·施勒 born 1961 in Mannheim, Germany, studied at the College of Design in Darmstadt. He was already awarded the European Photography Award for his first art project (“412–432”, 1990). In 1993 Zeller moved to reunified Berlin, where he created large format photo works of the city (“Berlin”, 1997). Later he turned his attention to the multi-layeredness of the picture (“The Transfigured Night”, 2002). International prizes and scholarships made projects abroad possible (including “Roma”, 1999 and “China Transition”, 2003). Between 2004 and 2007 he worked in Hong Kong on “The Diagonal Mirror, Space And Time In Photographing Hong Kong”. The resulting work was published in an illustrated edition (by Kehrer, Heidelberg, 2008) and in spring 2009 the large format photo works have been exhibited at the Museum of Art in Mannheim. www.studiozeller.com

1961年生於曼咸，讀過在登士達設計學院。他第一件藝術作品《412-432》1990年早已得歐洲攝影獎。1993年施勒移居統一後的柏林，從事創作都市的大型攝影作品(《柏林》，1997)。後來他轉而注意照片畫面的多重層次（《變形的夜》，2002年）。國際獎項與獎學金容許他在海外完成多項計劃（包括《羅馬》，1999，和《中國過渡》，2003）。更多資訊請見www.studiozeller.com

作品目錄 List of Works Each photograph is hand-printed in an edition of 10 on gelatine silver paper in a size of 21 x 56 cm, 8 ½ x 22 inches.

- Cover (m) 南沙酒店 Nansha Grand Hotel, 2005
56 x 21 cm, 22 x 8 ½ in.
- 026 – 027 黑土地 Black Earth, 2003
- 030 – 031 草丛里的蜥蜴 Last Lizard, 2003
- 042 – 043 丰天工地小食店 Construction Site Eatery, 2005
- 046 – 047 环道路农田 Ring Road Farm, 2003
- 056 – 057 农家 Rural Interior, 2003
- 076 – 077 虾农 Shrimp Farmers, 2003
- 086 – 087 建筑工地 Construction Site, 2003
- 092 – 093 深水港 Deep Water Port, 2004
- 101 – 103 货轮离开深水港 Container Ship Leaving Port, 2004

作品目錄 List of Works Each photo work is printed in an edition of 3 on Ilfochrome Classic paper (silver dye bleach print) and mounted behind acrylic glass onto aluminium (Diasec).

- Cover (l) 全爆 Complete Flash Fry, 2008 (Detail)
Two-part, 86 x 112 cm, 33 ¾ x 44 in.
- Cover (r) 新疆涼菜 Xinjiang Salad, 2008 (Detail)
Three-part, 110 x 131 cm, 43 ¾ x 51 ½ in.
- 017 廚房一角在歇息 Easy and Unbusy Kitchen Corner, 2008
Two-part, 69 x 105 cm, 27 ¾ x 41 ¾ in.
- 018 麻婆豆腐 (Ma Po Tofu) Spicy and Hot Bean Curd, 2008
Two-part, 73 x 104 cm, 28 ¾ x 41 in.
- 021 特制盐焗鸡 Special Salt Roasted Chicken, 2008
52 x 64 cm, 20 ½ x 25 ¾ in.
- 022 – 023 私房菜 Family Style, 2008
Two-part, 75 x 120 cm,29 ½ x 47 ¾ in.
全素齋 House of Vegetables, 2008
Two-part, 77 x 104 cm, 30 ¾ x 41 in.
- 035 新疆涼菜 Xinjiang Salad, 2008
Three-part, 110 x 131 cm, 43 ¾ x 51 ½ in.
- 036 – 037 紫菜蛋花湯 Laver and Egg Soup, 2008
Two-part, 71 x 104 cm, 28 x 41 in.
肉丝炒美人手指（秋葵）Pork and Woman's Fingers (Autumn Okra), 2008
Two-part, 104 x 91 cm, 41 x 35 ¾ in.
菜根譚 Beetroot, 2008
Two-part, 73 x 103 cm, 28 ¾ x 40 ½ in.
- 050 – 051 腊味合蒸 Preserved Meats Steamed Together, 2008
Two-part, 74 x 119 cm, 29 ¾ x 46 ¾ in.
回锅肉 “Back in the pot” braised pork, 2008
Two-part, 88 x 78 cm, 34 ¾ x 30 ¾ in.
游水海鮮 Swimming Seafood, 2008
Two-part, 70 x 98 cm, 27 ½ x 38 ½ in.
- 052 茶葉蛋 Eggs in Tea, 2008
Two-part, 68 x 109 cm, 27 ¾ x 43 in.
- 062 – 063 一锅出 All from the Same Pot, 2008
Three-part, 81 x 171 cm, 32 x 67 ¾ in.

- 064 – 065 酸辣鸡杂 Hot & Sour Giblets, 2008
Two-part, 81 x 125 cm, 32 x 49 ¾ in.
深山苦笋煲 Deep Mountain Bitter Bamboo Hotpot, 2008
Two-part, 106 x 100 cm, 41 ¾ x 39 ½ in.
- 068 – 069 孜然寸骨 Cumin Ribs, 2008
Two-part, 93 x 109 cm, 36 ½ x 43 in.
客家娘三宝 Hakka Three Treasures, 2008
Two-part, 109 x 91 cm, 43 x 35 ¾ in.
- 070 狗不理包子 “Dogs Don't Even Eat It” Steamed Buns, 2008
Two-part, 99 x 116 cm, 39 x 45 ¾ in.
- 080 – 081 日式烧烤 Japanese BBQ, 2008
Two-part, 68 x 105 cm, 26 ¾ x 41 ¾ in.
上汤浸时蔬 Blanched Seasonal Vegetable, 2008
Two-part, 105 x 94 cm, 41 ¾ x 37 in.
- 082 – 083 卤水拼盘 Brine Soaked Appetizers, 2008
Two-part, 66 x 124 cm, 26 x 58 ¾ in.
雷州狗肉 Leizhou Dog Meat, 2008
Two-part, 103 x 80 cm, 40 ½ x 31 ½ in.
- 094 – 095 砂锅粥 Clay Pot Congee, 2008
Two-part, 62 x 128 cm, 24 ½ x 50 ½ in.
泡菜老坛子 Old Pickling Crock, 2008
Two-part, 74 x 110 cm, 29 ¾ x 43 ¾ in.
- 096 – 097 烩乌鱼蛋汤（八爪鱼卵）Chicken Ragout and Fish Egg Soup (Octopus Roe), 2008
Two-part, 71 x 119 cm, 28 x 46 ¾ in.

(Many thanks to Mary Ann O'Donnell, Yang Qian, Sou Vai Keng and Lo Kwai-cheung for their help to find the picture titles. M. Z.)

- 010 – 015 Photo report
- 106 – 148 Photo report
Endpaper

Acknowledgments

First, we would like to thank the authors and artists from Switzerland and China for their confidence when they set off into the unknown with the Foodscape project. They brought their time, ideas, imagination, passion, patience, and determination to the project, as well as all their humor, which made it both a pleasure and an honor to work with them: from Switzerland came Vanni Bianconi, Locarno; Arno Camenisch, Tavanasa/Biel; Odile Cornuz, Neuchâtel; Peter Weber, Zürich; and Martin Zeller, Basel; from China came Huang Lihai, Guangzhou; Lo Kwai-cheung, Hong Kong; Yang Qian, Shenzhen; Sou Vai Keng, Macau; and Xu Pei-wu, Guangzhou.

Intercultural exchange at such a great distance, with so many participants, demands a partner institution. June Lam and Leung Ping-kwan from Lingnan University in Hong Kong were excellent partners from the broad conception of Foodscape down to the smallest detail. Their readiness to help and their great enthusiasm ran through the entire project. We are especially grateful to Leung Ping-kwan, who made numerous contacts for us in his friendly way, opening many a door for us.

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An intercultural encounter, especially when it takes place across linguistic boundaries, cannot do without translations. We are extremely grateful to the translators who, along with their linguistic skills, also contributed their knowledge of the countries and their cultures: Au Ka Lai Sonia, Martha Cheung, Iris Fan, Brian Holton, Gao Hong, Liang Huichun, Helen Leung, Mary Ann O'Donnell, Andrew Shields, Steven Schroeder, Helen Wallimann, and Yukying Ng Betty.

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Nievergelt and his wife, Esther Brinkmann, as well as the artist Xu Pei-wu and his wife, spent the whole day preparing a dinner entirely dedicated to the theme of our journey, intercultural understanding and the culture of food: Swiss and Chinese cuisine and cooks side by side.

For our warm welcome at the CCTI, the Chinese Cuisine Training Institute in Hong Kong, and for lessons in the theory and practice of the art of Chinese cooking, we are especially grateful to CCTI director Lawrence Wong.

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The Swiss graphic designers typoundso designed and ran our website, www.food-scape.net, where we continually collected texts and images from our trips. With their unerring feel for the language of the new media, they have now designed this book with a special subtlety and clarity that reflects both the textual range and the visual pleasure of the contributions. We are very grateful to them for their playful ideas, their sensitivity, and their infinite patience with our many requests: Eva Bommeli, Marc Philipp, and Elisa Huber (intern).

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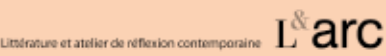
This project is part of the exchange and cooperation programme “Swiss Chinese Explorations” of Pro Helvetia, the Swiss Arts Council.



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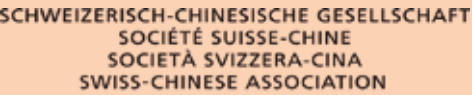
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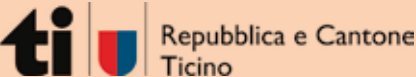
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This book includes a DVD by the Swiss video artist Milan Büttner with the title “Inter-View”. With his film crew he accompanied “Foodscape” travelling through China and Switzerland. “Inter-View” is a video research project about communication, focusing on “between the points of view” in intercultural projects.

The quotation in the half title is extracted from Leung Ping-kwan’s poem “Travelling With A Bitter Melon”, translated by Martha Cheung.

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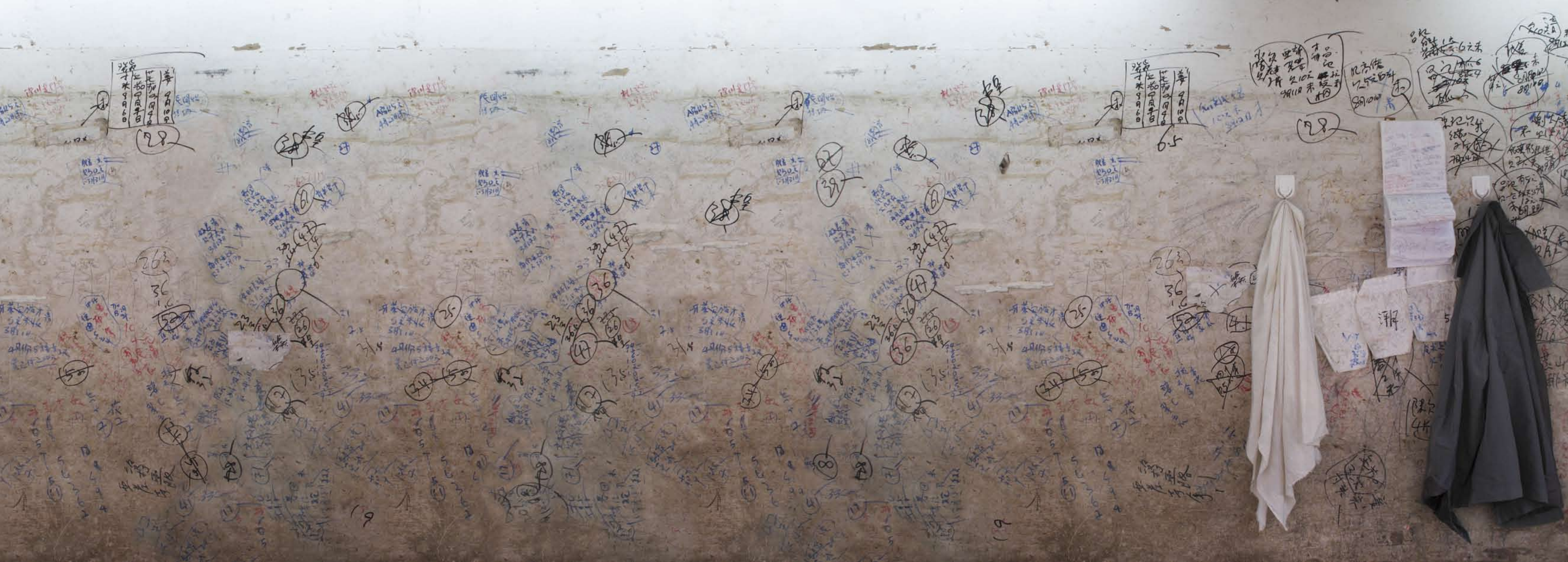
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