

Poetry From the Equator Line: A Conversation with Bernice Chauly

來自赤道線的詩語 -- 與 Bernice Chauly 對話

Forum Rundown

Date: September 28, 2017

Venue: National Dong Hwa University, No. 1, Sec. 2, Da Hsueh Rd.,
Shoufeng, Hualien 97401, Taiwan, R.O.C.

Details	
12:50-13:00	Reception
13:00-13:15	Welcoming Address-- Ms. Rung-Mu Lin
13:15-13:45	Session1: Writing Experience and Poetic Theory / Philosophy Sharing—Ms. Bernice Chauly
13:45-14:20	Session 2: Poetry reading & Discussion-- Ms. Bernice Chauly, Prof. Bao-Yun Zhang and Ms. Rung-Mu Lin
14:20-14:40	Session 3: Experiences as a Festival Director and an Artist-in-Residence-- Ms. Bernice Chauly
14:40-14:55	Open Discussion
14:55-15:00	Closing Remarks-- Ms. Rung-Mu Lin

※主講者

蓓尼斯·查兀麗(Bernice Chauly)是馬來西亞的小說家、詩人、教育家以及策展人。生於喬治市，父母分別是中文以及旁遮普語教師，她以公費留學身分在加拿大念教育以及英語文學。她出了六本詩文作品：《去去回回》(1997)、《惡之書》(2008)、《迷失在吉隆坡》(2008)，備受好評的回憶錄《兒時幽魂》(2011) 榮獲 2012 的非文學類「讀者票選賞」，還有她的第三本詩集《Onkalo》(2013，柯慈讚為「直率，誠懇而有力」)。二十年來她一直從事跨領域藝術創作，被視為同世代最具特色的展現之一。她是「喬治市文學節」的策展人，也是愛荷華大學國際寫作計劃的邀訪作家(IWP，2014)。目前於諾汀罕大學馬來西亞校區教創意寫作，並且主持「吉隆坡作家工作坊」。她第一部小說《往昔》(2017) 故事是發生在馬來西亞政治最動盪的時刻，也就是 1998 年馬來西亞「烈火莫熄」運動時期。

Bernice Chauly is a Malaysian novelist, poet, educator and festival director. Born in George Town to Chinese and Punjabi teachers, she read Education and English Literature in Canada as a government scholar. She is the author of six books of poetry and prose; *going there and coming back* (1997), *The Book of Sins* (2008), *Lost in KL* (2008), *Growing Up With Ghosts* (2011) which won in the Reader's Choice Awards 2012 in the Non-Fiction Category, and her third collection of poems, *Onkalo* (2013, "Direct, honest and powerful – JM Coetzee). For 20 years she worked as a multi-disciplinary artist and is recognised as one of the most significant voices of her generation. Since 2011, she has served as Director for the George Town Literary Festival, shortlisted at the International Excellence Awards at the London Book Fair 2017, and is an Honorary Fellow In Writing from the University of Iowa's International Writing Program (IWP 2014). She currently teaches creative writing at the University of Nottingham Malaysia Campus and runs the KL Writers Workshop. Her debut novel *Once We Were There* (2017), set against the Malaysian Reformasi of 1998 has been hailed as a "groundbreaking page-turner on the taboos of race, religion, sex, drugs, and Malaysian politics" – South China Morning Post, and "a stirring, necessary read." –The Star, Malaysia.

But we would have to write letters / Bernice Chauly

You interest me, you said -
like the pained pink neck of a minion's brace
pinned to the noon like minnows

You pervade me
like a deep, marrow grass
purple with longing
gratuitious
red, succulent
gentle
with hard hand
boot and pen

Your seed did not ferment
in my mouth
that sticky marrow of youth
so ripe, purulent

You strode me
you stuck it into me
and made me taste
that new decay

Bug-eyed and cold
the spring air crept in
hard rivulets framing your face
without grace, without anything
resembling warmth

I lay still -
the bed, still warm
that spent morning
a reminder of all
that was unholy and ugly -
of you.

但我們必須寫信 / 蓓尼斯·查兀麗（黃美馨譯）

你勾起我的興趣，你說
像是奴隸吊帶下，疼痛的嫩紅
脖子
如同小魚被刺穿，於午時

你滲透我
深如一株瓜蔓
渴望得發紫
不迎而來
豔紅，飽滿
溫柔
以結實的手掌
靴子，和筆

你的芽苗
未在我嘴裡騷動
那青春的黏稠髓液
熟透，濃郁

你邁向我
你緊緊依附著我
逼我品味
全新的腐朽

你睜大雙眸，眼神冷峻
春的空氣逐漸漫入
厚實的汗水流過你的臉龐
毫不優雅，毫無任何
近似溫存的溫存

我躺臥，不動
床，仍未散溫
疲憊的早晨
我所能記起的
都是那些陰邪、醜陋的
你。

GMINOR / Bernice Chauly

If we do not love each other
how come the thought of you dissolves me, like sorrow?
like the world being poured back into a dead lake
bereft yet congenial

Perhaps love is a burden, devoid of simplicity
perhaps you would have been bored by happiness
you would have found it dull

In your home in St Gilles
I imagine an etymologist's study
the stag beetle I gave you, placed on a promontory
facing a wall of books, other framed dead beetles

I need to write you out of me
like a diminishing carapace of dots and lines

And after a few sips of whiskey
I no longer think of you.

G 小調 / 蓓尼斯·查兀麗（黨俊龍譯）

如果我們不相愛

我爲何想起你就溶解，像悲傷？

像整個世界被傾倒回一座死湖
失落卻適得其所

或許愛是種負擔，缺乏單純
或許你會厭倦幸福
發現它的沉悶

在你聖吉爾的家
我想像一位語源學家的研究
我給你的那隻鍬形蟲，被擺在海岬
面向一整面牆的書，及其他裱框起來的甲殼蟲

我需要把你寫出來
像那些點和線的甲殼逐漸變少

再幾口威士忌後
我不再想你

S O M E T I M E S / Bernice Chauly

Vindula dejone erotella

Delias oraia

Urania leilus

Grapium sarpedon

Appias nero figulina

Papa

I repeat the names of common Malayan butterflies
from the book that used to be on the long white shelf
in our house in Taiping, where my memories begin

Papa

I fear I will never recover
I know this kind of love begins and ends with flowers
not words, not alcohol, not tears
not even sadness

Papa

I am tired of the earth
I remember catching butterflies – they lived
for a while in tall glass bottles and once, a green Milo tin
slowly their wings faded and turned
into mellow dust, collecting mites
like unwelcome strangers

into a dark world

Papa

I remember the orange and brown bedcover
prickly to the touch, my green pinafore and sunflower
curtains

Ah Kong standing in his white shorts
wondering where you are –
it has been forty years, since you left me
a child crying by the shattering sea –
I fear I have never recovered

I think I have outstayed my time
unlike you, there is no more mourning
there is no more darkening of the sky, of the
liver, throat and spleen, of in-between coloured boats
that ferry nightly metaphors to sweet darling madness

Papa

the birds and cicadas are asleep
the floods are gone
but the butterflies –
they still lie
awake, in
the garden.

有時候 / 蓓尼斯·查兀麗（黨俊龍譯）

Vindula dejone erotella

Delias oraia

Urania leilus

Grapium sarpedon

Appias nero figulina

爸爸

我重複那些常見的馬來亞蝴蝶的名字
從那本曾經擺在長白架上的書
我們位在太平的家，是我記憶開始的地方

爸爸

我怕我再也好不起來
我知道這種愛是在花的陪伴下開始與結束
而不是文字，不是酒精，不是淚
更不是傷悲

爸爸

我厭倦了這個世界
我想起捉蝴蝶——牠們都會活過
短暫地在長長的玻璃瓶裡，也有一次是在綠色的美祿罐裡
慢慢牠們的翅膀凋零並且變成
細軟的粉末，長滿蟻

像不受歡迎的陌生人
來到一個黑暗的世界

爸爸

我記得那件橘褐色的床單
摸起來刺痛，我綠色的圍裙及向日葵色的窗簾
Ah Kong 穿著白色短褲站在一旁
思索你在哪裡——
已經四十年了，自從你離開我
一個小孩在破碎的海邊哭泣
我怕我永遠也不會好了

我想我待得比我的時間久
與你不同，現在不會再有哀悼
不會再有變黑的天空，變黑的
肝，喉嚨和脾藏，中間的彩色船
運送夜間的隱喻給甜蜜又親愛的瘋狂

爸爸

那些鳥和蟬都睡了
洪水走了
可是那些蝴蝶——
牠們依然躺著
醒著，在
那座花園

1973 / Bernice Chauly

And at the end, I will say

I chose my suffering
I walked with it
I ate it with deliberation
I breathed it, I drank it all
in its brief longevity

I do not know how to tire of grief
I have walked with it for too long

I know it will leave when I wake up
in the morning when I see the
sun through the white lace, the dog
softly padding through the door
the heliconia in my living room
the cacophony of rugs, bits woven
into heels, my steps in and out of history
of how my children have
walked with me

I chose my suffering
but I did not choose to see you die
I have paid grief its price

from the realm of the living
to the dead who still haunt me.

1973 / 蓓尼斯•查兀麗（黨俊龍譯）

結束時我會說

我已選好自己的苦難
我與它並行
我小心翼翼吞食它
我呼吸它，我把它統統喝掉
在它短暫的壽命裡

我不知道如何厭倦悲痛
我已經與它並行太久

我知道它終將離開當我醒來
在一個早晨當我看見
太陽穿透白蕾絲，狗

輕柔地經過門口
赫蕉在我的客廳
地毯發出的雜音，一點一點織
入

高跟鞋，我的脚步進出往事間
關於我的孩子如何
與我並行

我已選好自己的苦難
但我沒有選擇看見你死
我已經為悲痛付出代價
從那些還活著的人的國度
到那些死了的他們依然糾纏著
我

※主持人

林融慕，東華大學語言中心教師，詩人。

River of Memory

On the beach, I left my footprints
And my solitude;
With tears, overflowed my eyes,
 Washing away my dusty youth.

Tracing up the river of tears,
A gondola painted black
To the past I rowed.
Lifting the misty curtain far away,
The threshold into the house
Of the olden days I trespassed.

There, sat my mother and the moody child.
Here, one is dead; the other gets lost
In the ocean of time and space,
 Up and down, back and forth, floating From
 night to night.

Feb. 4 2015

※對談人

張寶云，東華大學華文文學系教師，詩人。

Bao-Yun Zhang

Associate Professor, Department of Sinophone Literature,
National Dong-Hwa University

空襲 / 張梅芳(張寶云)

盲目發動的指針
在尋找停下來的計謀
在此之前必須穿越
無人煙的草場
草場上曖昧的獸匍伏
嗅聞氣味
鮮烈飄散在風裡的
花籽和肉的氣味
稍暖和的溫度
上昇的日光
不知有沒有的雨水
乾烈的焚燒和腐壞
爲下一季的施肥

倒臥的草莖歪斜
形成線索
一枚蹄印還是
一只遺落的鞋子
背著誰奔跑過
日與夜的間隙
眯著眼的未來

除了產卵
無所事事

除了交配
無所事

*選自阿流，《身體狀態》，台北：角立出版，民國 101 年 12 月，
頁 165。

***Air Raid* / CHANG Mei-fang (Bao-Yun Zhang)**

The pointer, started without any instruction
Is seeking blindly the halted plot
But needs to first cut across
The empty grass lot
Where obscure beast crawl
To pick up any scent
Wafted up fresh and strong in the air
Scents of flower seeds and flesh
At lukewarm temperature
The rising sunray
Knows not if it will rain
Burns dry and hot, decomposing
To become the next season's manure

Beaten grass stems lie aslant
Offering clues and traces
A hoof print or perchance
A forgotten shoe
Who carries whom, running
Between the cracks of day and night
Squinting to look at the future?

Nothing much going on
Except for laying eggs

Nothing much going on
Except for mating

Translated by Yanwing LEUNG 梁欣榮

*From A Liu 阿流, Shenti zhuangtai 《身體狀態》【Body fitness】. Taipei : Jiao Li Co. Ltd.,
December 2010, 165.