



## 纸船

王屏原稿，王屏石头合译

谢小文

元宵节夜

溪行赶海

渔捞渔篓

三齿鱼叉

赤脚徒手 凭寒风舔噬

回家，回家吧

橡胶套袖 抹不尽思乡泪愁

斑影夜 浓云遮月

我们赶海

在遥远的北威尔士海滩

吴红康

膝行匍匐 拍打泥滩

呼诱着蛤贝

挖挖捡捡 累断背腰

只须挑满十磅

就可回家

蛤满鱼篓

家还是无期遥遥

黑暗中 混沌大海

北斗星啊 你为什么不给我们指路？

海风割裂手脚

家乡的梦 碎如泡沫

飘落在北威尔士寒冷的泥滩

陈爱琴

赶海之夜

用我的心叠一只小船

放在酸痛的脊梁

小船多么单薄？

冬天的晨曦 蛇头的怜悯

小船多么沉重？

一串故事 两行辛酸

只把那故乡

抛落在北威尔士海的天涯

凌勤英

后院的龙眼树有多高了？

许诺过，我的乖乖女

龙眼花绽放时，妈妈回家

摘果卖实送你上学

奈何这北风凄凄

腰弯背驮

每夜流沙里拾贝淘生

汹涌的海潮就要淹没我的眼睛

我的乖女 请原谅

妈妈的灵魂

沉落在北威尔士深深的海底

郭念珠

手麻脚木

数九寒天

新年新月

渴望家乡

赤豆元宵

白皮红心

家乡 灵魂的归宿

早已化为梦呓

飘荡在北威尔士海咆哮的海浪

林国花 吴坚贞 陈木鱼

怒放的荔枝花  
白花隐于墨绿  
第一轮满月来了又去  
奈何守不住回家的诺许  
元宵 汤圆 灯谜  
狮舞 高跷 童子  
情人在迷影中摇曳  
树枝上的花 已飘落满地  
谁能抹去我爱人的眼泪  
谁能送我回家  
从北威尔士遥远的天涯

重点心中的莲花？

小鸟 蜜蜂 与孩童共嬉  
恋人在荔枝林中寻觅  
叹息日夜消瘦的青春  
潮长潮汐  
空巢任荒草肆虐  
行走在沙砾 望穿泪眼  
又能把多少寂寞  
掩埋在无底的北威尔士海湾

大树上 荔枝熟透  
芳香满街 时不待摘  
我的爱人 手持锈剪斑斑  
一串荔枝 两袖相思  
可口的鲜果啊 都说你能止疼散心  
青春逝如流水 谁能让相思团聚  
可心的荔枝 是谁的过错  
弃我在苦涩的北威尔士海漂泊

林国光

父母在，不远游  
父母在，不远游  
父母在，不远游  
父母在，不远游

林立穗

千层浪  
层层呼唤着您 我的母亲  
一片悲戚  
灵牌 面向大海  
漂白了您的乌发  
回家吧 妈妈  
海潮不留人 只有您的脚印  
指向北方  
回家吧 我的母亲  
别再为儿操心  
我的梦早已抛碎在威尔士的海浪

郭兵龙

万丈海啊  
请送我回家  
大海对岸 嚎啕痛哭的妻儿  
展开我双拳  
不能再赡老养小  
抱歉万千  
亲人啊 请为命苦的夫君祈祷  
哀号渗透恐怖的北威尔士海

王明林

重重波涛  
推我上海滩  
亲儿奔丧在裸岩上  
摇晃的灵魂  
无际的泡沫  
祭天灯导引返乡的路  
一缕游魂  
飘零在诱人的北威尔士海

刘芝芳 于慧

我们知道路费有多贵  
纽约罗克尔维—23人  
英格兰丹佛—58人  
深圳-18 南韩-25

还有很多很多死  
在黑暗里的数字

我们知道偷渡的方法  
走 游 飞 金属罐装 卡车偷载 船底藏匿  
我们还知道怎么死亡  
饥 渴 溺水 窒息 乡思 劳累至死 心碎而死  
--圆梦者的共同宿命

许玉华

放弃共产主义追求  
选择资本主义幸福  
生死度外  
梦想更好的生活  
电视、汽车、比邻居再高一层的洋楼  
欲望啊 无边无际  
潮水没颈 冰封咽喉  
返乡的路上再无月光  
最后的星光已消失在在北威尔士海浪

王修雨

没有可能  
再与吾妻做爱  
没有时间  
再顾吾儿成长  
没有办法  
再为母亲赡养

曹超昆

再见了，咆哮的海  
再见了，呼号的风  
再见了，夺命的潮  
盖上我们的双眼吧  
不敢瞑目  
直到幽灵抵故乡  
苦海横渡  
请送回我的魂骨  
直到龙眼树下

高长茂

踟躅沙滩  
杂芜漫野 游魂不肯散去  
串行在冤沫之间  
一串泡沫 一声呐喊  
一段冤魂 一团未竟的梦

周迅朝 邓西武

逐浪随波  
适安随遇  
海潮挟持  
淘金之路  
巧童似冬  
忘我忘痛  
跟着北极潮漂流  
单纯的使命 永不死亡  
养家糊口  
和谐天年  
我的家 就在黄海和南海交界的岸上

杨天龙 林有星 陈爱琴

不死的渴望  
与血共沸  
炎黄子孙  
曾是四海的主人  
祖先的青铜剑  
血溅多少妖龙海蛇九头鸟  
无惧漂泊  
远离家乡  
长乐海线  
连接东南海岸  
浓雾中舢板穿梭  
听青剑与明瓷击撞  
看啊 郑和将军的长袍追随着北极风  
啊，三千年的火  
再次沸腾东西海洋

(2009年5月8日译，10月26日定稿)

## SMALL BOATS by Wang Ping

### XIE XIAO WEN

On the night of the Lantern Festival  
We stream into the sea  
Jumbos, tiernels  
Three-forked prongs  
The wind bites our ears, hands and toes  
Home, we say, home  
And tears streak our rubber sleeves  
On the night of riddles and light  
The moon is full behind thick clouds  
We cockle, cockling  
In the sand of the distant North Wales Sea

### WU HONG KANG

We pat the sand, we pat the sand  
Teasing cockles to the cold surface  
We dig, we pick, we break our backs  
Bagging cockles for ten pounds  
They say we could return  
When the bag is full  
But home is far away  
In the dark, we can't make out the sea  
No stars point our path to the shore  
Wind comes from all directions  
Cutting our bones  
How empty is desire, foaming  
On the cold North Wales Sea

### CHEN AI QIN

Every night since I left home  
I've been folding a boat  
To rest my aching bones  
How thin is the paper  
Paler than winter  
What's  $365 \times 365$ ?  
Or divide?  
A boat full of bleeding hearts  
Home—all the heart wants  
Is to be called home again  
Across the silent North Wales Sea

Tr. by Wang Ping, Wang Yan, Liu Xiuwen

### LING QIN YING

How tall has our dragon-eye tree grown?  
I've promised you, my little girl  
To come home when the tree blooms  
We'll pick the fruits and sell them to pay  
for your school  
But the wind is cold  
My back broken from bending over the sea  
Cockling, cockling in the quicksand  
The sea is rising to my chest  
My little girl, please forgive your Mama  
Forgive the eyes  
Decaying in the bed of the North Wales Sea

### GUO NIAN ZHU

Our hands ache from cramming  
Our feet numb in winter's clutch  
Indeed, we long for home—Yuanxiao dumplings  
On the Eve of the New Year's moon  
Steaming hearts of sesame, red beans  
Its sticky skin seals our bad deeds  
Tongues of gods  
Oh, home—pining of the soul  
The moon has completed many a cycle  
But not our dream, listless  
On the foaming North Wales Sea

### LIN GUO HUA, WU JIA ZHEN, CHEN MU YU

The lichee tree I planted is blossoming  
White flowers hide under dark green  
The first moon comes and goes  
But I haven't returned as promised  
Lanterns, riddles, yuanxiao dumpling  
Lion dance, songs, children on stilts  
My love hovers in the deep shadow  
Lotus lamp on the tree, unlit  
Who will wipe tears from her lichee face?  
Who will sail me home from the North Wales Sea?

Lichees blush on the young tree  
Birds and bees feast with children  
My love lingers under the clustered fruit  
Her skin sags from too much weeping  
Tides ebb and flow with the moon  
Our house is empty, covered in tall weeds  
I walk on the sand, eyes on the sea  
Who can fill the hollow hearts  
In the bottomless North Wales Sea?

Lichees ripen on the tall tree  
Its fragrance lasts three short days  
My love harvests with rusty shears  
A bundle of lichee, a tear-soaked sleeve  
They say the fruit, dried or fresh, cures toothache  
and heart pain  
But who will get me home before she fades away?  
They say you get beans if you sow beans  
Oh, sweet lichee, is it your fault  
I'm still drifting on the bitter North Wales Sea?

*(Lichee, a fruit tree from Fujian, ripens in clusters.  
Too fragile to be picked individually, it must be cut  
at the end of the cluster, hence lychee: li zhi—to be  
severed from the tree)*

### LIN GUO GANG

父母在，不远游  
父母在，不远游  
父母在，不远游

When father and mother are around  
The son does not wander far from home

### LIN LI SUI

Ten thousand waves  
Call my mother  
Sorrow  
A statue facing the sea  
Raven hair bleached by salty wind  
Go home, Mother  
The shore is empty, the net  
Tangled under your feet  
Go home  
Pray for your son  
Broken in the wild North Wales Sea

### GUO BING LONG

Ten thousand waves  
Wash me to the bay  
My wife in the yam fields, gazing towards the sea  
Who will unfold your fists  
That feed our son, our aging parents?  
Ten thousand apologies  
My wind-chapped beauty  
Pray for your ill-starred man  
Wailing from the forbidden North Wales Sea

### WANG MING LIN

Ten thousand waves  
Push me to the shore  
My son skips rocks on the rolling sea  
Will he hit me, a bodiless soul  
Foam among endless waves  
Will he raise a lantern on my path  
A soul bodiless  
Floating in the swollen North Wales Sea

### LIN ZHI FANG, YU HUI

We know the tolls: 23—Rockaway, NY, 58—Dover,  
England, 18—Shenzhen, 25—South Korea, and  
many more

We know the methods: walk, swim, fly,  
metal container, back of a lorry, ship's hold

We know how they died: starved, raped,  
dehydrated, drowned, suffocated, homesick,  
heartsick, worked to death, working to death

We know we may end up in the same boat

### XU YU HUA

Tossed on the communist road  
We chose capitalism through great perils  
All we want is a life like others  
TVs, cars, a house bigger than our neighbours'  
Now the tide is rising to our necks  
Ice forming in our throats  
No moon shining on our path  
No exit from the wrath of the North Wales Sea

### WANG XIU YU

I have no time  
To make love to my wife

I have no time  
To watch my son grow

I have no time  
To feed my mother

### CAO CHAO KUN

Who will see us  
In this foaming sea  
Who will hear us  
In this howling wind  
Who will pull us  
From this tide faster than a horse  
Who will close our eyes  
That won't shut  
Until our souls reach the other shore

Highroad of the bitter sea  
Please send my bones home  
Under the knotted dragon eye tree

### GUO CHANG MAU

Tread the sand with care  
In the tangled weeds, there are hungry ghosts  
Tread the waves with care  
In each foamy mouth, there is a word  
In each word, a soul, unfulfilled

### ZHOU XUN CHAO, DONG XI WU

We move with the sea  
Planktons, eels, turtles  
The sea carries us  
To the land of gold  
We're urchins  
Under prickly needles  
Tender hearts  
We ride currents  
Following the Polaris  
Our destiny always the same  
To feed the old and young  
To rest at peace  
By the yellow sea

父  
母  
父母在不远游  
不  
远  
游

### YANG TIAN LONG, LIN YOU XING, CHEN AI QIN

Once again  
Our blood boils with longing  
Children of the Yellow Emperor  
Master of the sea  
Our ancestors wrestled  
With dragons, monsters, nine-headed beasts  
Their floating cities  
Covered four seas and five continents  
Our village—yellow kingdom by the sea  
Port of grand adventures  
If you don't believe me  
Go stand on the shore of Changle  
Where the South meets the East China Sea  
You'll hear junks' horns in the thick fog  
The clash of swords and fine porcelain  
Admiral Ho's robe fluttering in the arctic wind  
Oh, fire of five thousand years  
Ancestors' ghosts  
Our eyes on the North Star  
Our spirits churning for the sea

## 招魂曲 by Wang Ping

魂兮归来!  
无远游兮!  
回家吧, 我的孩子  
别在荒野里游荡  
回家吧, 孤魂  
八方的路早已绝断  
东面--大海暴涨  
西方--群山崩塌  
南面--走兽逃遁深山  
北方--风暴向残月挑战

啊, 温柔的妈祖, 沉静的默娘  
请听你孩子的哀号  
我们的骨骼在山岩上破碎  
我们的魂魄在苦海里流荡  
我们一无所有  
只剩一对对眼睛从海底向东方凝望  
一缕缕气息沿着海岸流浪  
妈祖, 慈悲的母亲  
请照亮这浑浊的大海  
把我们带回龙眼树的故乡  
划啊, 我们举桨划船  
不吃不喝, 直到那黄土筑成的海岸

Tr. by Wang Ping and Wang Cong

魂兮归来!  
无远游兮!  
回家吧, 孤魂  
避开那刺骨的西风  
世间的梦不是你们的梦  
世间的欲望不再属于你们  
抛弃眼里的躁动和失望  
让月光流入你的胸腔  
啊, 孤魂, 我迷途的孩儿  
家, 是一碗香浓的汁汤  
只有珍惜, 才品得出那甘美的馨香

妈祖, 宁静的默娘  
南海的女神  
您降生时没有哭声  
您早离人间, 让我们得以生存  
怒海沉浮, 您拉出多少危船孤舟?  
温柔的手啊, 托起多少哀号的魂魄?  
妈祖, 您明亮的眼睛  
请看你苦命的孩儿  
在汹涌泡沫里, 一点点孤魂  
闪闪遥遥, 流向东海  
啊, 划呀, 我们举桨划呀,  
不吃不喝, 直到龙的故乡

魂兮归来!  
无远游兮!  
归来吧, 孤魂  
别再四处游荡  
所有的瀑流都自天而降  
所有的溪水从山林奔向大海  
孤魂啊, 我那迷路的孩儿  
快聆听默娘的呼唤  
回家吧, 饮一杯家乡的甘露  
不要动, 让雨点诉说  
让沉沉夜海  
把明月托出东岸  
让万顷波浪把你的姓名呼唤  
夜半星空  
让北斗指引你的航线



慈悲的妈祖，圣洁的海神  
我们的泪水湿透您的面颊  
我们的气息萦绕着您的纤腰  
谁能停住那狂奔的野马  
谁能抚慰那游子浪迹天涯？  
雾非雾  
梦非梦  
啊，家乡，沧海一粟  
划啊，我们举桨奋划  
不吃不喝，故土的荔枝就要开花

魂兮归来！  
无远游兮！  
跟我来吧，孩子  
从海底的岩石上站起  
将你的眼睛挂上我的袖帆  
浑浊的航路已经打开  
万顷波涛把我们推向海岸  
家--就在我们的脚下  
当我们双膝跪地  
当祈祷萦绕我们的唇边

# THE GREAT SUMMONS by Wang Ping

*Hun hu gui lai!*

*Wu yuan you xi!*

Come home, my Child

No more wandering in the wild

Come home, Soul

The four directions are closed

To the east the sea is rising

To the west mountains are falling

To the south beasts flee the jungle

To the north storms howl to the midnight moon

Oh tender Mazu, Maiden of Silence

Hear the plea of your suppliant children

Our bones shatter upon the rocks

Our souls scatter across the ocean

Nothing is left of us

Only eyes facing East from the sea floor

A breath drifting from shore to shore

Oh Mazu, Mother of Mercy

Please shine your light on the murky sea

Take us home under the dragon eye tree

Oh we sweep, sweeping, with thrashing oars

We will not rest till we reach the land of  
yellow earth

*Hun hu gui lai!*

*Wu yuan you xi!*

Come home, Soul

The wind is blowing from the North Pole

All dreams are not your dreams

All desires are not your desires

Empty your eyes, unfulfilled, restless

Empty your hearts for the new moon

Oh Soul, my lost Child

Home is a bowl of spiced soup

Sweet only to the hearts that cup it tight

Mazu, our Maiden of Silence

Goddess of the Sea

You were born without a cry

You left this world so we could survive

How many boats have you pulled from  
the raging sea?

How many bodies have you lifted with a  
tender hand?

Mazu, Maiden of Bright Eyes

Please see the praying of your wretched children

In the foaming waves, a pining soul

A spirit listless until it reaches the shore

Oh sweep, we sweep with our thrashing oars

We will not rest till we reach the land of dragon

*Hun hu gui lai!*

*Wu yuan you xi!*

Come home, Soul

No more drifting from pole to pole

All currents run from heaven to earth

All streams flow from land to sea

Come home, my lost Soul

Ten thousand waves call your name

Ten thousand homes wait for your hand

Do not move, let the wind speak

Let the rain fill your cup with honey from  
your land

Oh benevolent Mazu  
Virgin Mother of the Sea  
Our tears soak your lovely face  
Our breath follows your willow waist  
How do you stop a horse from running wild?  
How do you appease the pining of a lost child?  
This mist is not our mist  
This dream not our dream  
Oh, home, a foam on the wild, wild sea  
With thrashing oars we sweep, sweeping  
We will not rest until we reach the land of lichee

*Hun xi gui lai!*  
*Wu yuan you xi!*  
Come with me, my Child  
Rise from the rocks under the sea  
Hang your eyes on the sail of my sleeves  
The way is open on the murky path  
Ten thousand waves take us to the shore  
Home will arrive under our feet  
When we go down on the knees  
A prayer lingering in our thin breath

1.  
**Mazu**, literally "Mother-Ancestor", is the indigenous goddess of the sea who protects fishermen and sailors, and is invoked as the goddess who protects East Asians who are associated with the ocean. Her mortal name is Lin Moniang. She was born in the tenth century. As a baby, she never cried, hence she was named moniang—silent maiden. She is widely worshipped in the south-eastern coastal areas of China and neighbouring areas in Southeast Asia, especially Zhejiang, Fujian, Taiwan, Guangdong, and Vietnam, all of which have strong sea-faring traditions, as well as migrant communities elsewhere with sizeable populations from these areas.

2.  
*Hun xi gui lai!*  
*Wu yuan you xi!*  
Come home Soul!  
No more wandering far!

These two lines are taken from Qu Yuan's *Zhao Hun* (Summoning of Souls) with slight moderations.

Isaac Julien  
**TEN THOUSAND WAVES**  
2010  
Nine-screen installation  
35mm film, transferred to  
High Definition  
9.2 surround sound  
49' 41"

**CAST**  
Mazu Maggie Cheung  
Blue Goddess Zhao Tao  
Lover Yang Fudong  
Calligrapher Gong Fagen  
Narrators Wang Ping,  
Benedict Wong, Jennifer Lim

**CREW**  
**Director** Isaac Julien  
Mark Nash, JN Films Limited  
Xanadu Productions  
**Executive Producer**  
Virginia Ibbott  
**Director of Photography**  
Zhao Xiaoshi  
**Editor** Adam Finch,  
The Offline Editing Company  
**Composers** Maria de Alvear,  
Jah Wobble  
**Associate Producer, China**  
Huang Fan  
**Associate Producer, UK**  
Mark Nash, JN Films Limited  
**Art Director** Tu Xinran  
**Costume Design** Li Yuan  
**Makeup Design** Li Hui  
**Production Accountant, China**  
Zheng Xiao  
**Production Coordinator**  
Li Qiao  
**Production Assistant**  
Kyle Johnson  
**Translation** Huang Fan,  
Kyle Johnson  
**Sound Recordist** Xu Hong  
**Stunt Coordinator**  
Yang Chongyu  
**Equipment Rental Company**  
Cinerent Beijing  
**Laboratory** Cinelab Beijing  
**Stills Technician** Thorsten Henn  
**Colourist** Jean Clement,  
Moving Picture Company  
**Casting, UK** Gary Davy  
**Sound Design** Mukul Patel  
**Sound Recording Mixers**  
Karl Mainzer, Rowan Jennings,  
United Audio Project  
Sound recorded at Real  
World, Box, Wiltshire, UK  
**Additional Shooting, UK**  
Nina Kellgren  
**Post Production Supervisor**  
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Xanadu Productions  
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**THE ARTIST WOULD**  
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