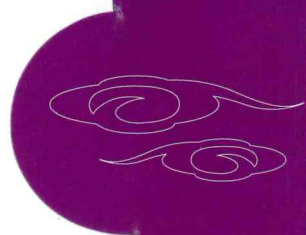
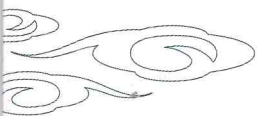


HONG KONG
飲食文化節展覽系列五
FOODSCAPE
Text Image Installation

香港
食境詩

12.7.2004 - 4.10.2004
文字 圖象 裝置



飲食文化節展覽系列五
香港食境詩－
文字 圖象 裝置

謹訂於
二〇〇四年七月十一日（星期日）
假香港文化博物館
一樓聚賢廳舉行開幕酒會

節目時間

下午 2:30 「多聲道」讀詩組合表演
3:15 開幕致辭及茶點
3:45 與藝術家會面：「思」情「話」意
藝術家陳敏彥、李家昇及也斯
親自介紹展品

香港文化博物館 敬約

如未克撥冗出席請電
二一八〇 八一〇八
林小姐

展期至二〇〇四年十月四日

Food Culture Festival Exhibition Series 5

Hong Kong Foodscape -
Text Image Installation

The Hong Kong Heritage Museum
cordially invite you to join
the Opening Reception of the Exhibition at Function Place,
1/F, the Hong Kong Heritage Museum
on Sunday 11 July 2004

Programmes

2:30pm Multi-sensation: Poetry Recitation and Appreciation
3:15pm Opening speech and refreshments
3:45pm Meet the Artists: The Art of Expression
Gallery talk by the featuring artists
Millie Chen Ming-yen, Lee Ka-sing and
Leung Ping-kwan

R.V.S.P. (Regrets only)
Tel. 2180 8108
Miss LAM

Exhibition lasts till 4 October 2004

香港食境詩

12.7.2004 - 4.10.2004
文字 圖象 裝置

茄子

夾一箸粉絲
吃進口裡
裡面好似
有煮糊了的茄子？

想起我們初次見面
不知怎的說到茄子
記得你說小時候在台灣長大
爸爸是廣東人，媽媽來自北京
我忘了問你們家怎樣吃茄子
煮熟了涼拌，加上麻油？
是加了辣味的漁香茄子
還是廣東的茄子煮魚、茄子雞煲？

奇怪我們都同時從食物去想
文化的牽連，從身體的反應和口腔的
慾望，去想我們和外在空間的關係
在掀開一個和另一個鍋蓋之間
不斷地旅行，追隨豆豉的
氣味，在乾了的一灘醬油那兒
細細辨認痕跡

我記得在簡陋但舒適的舊居
母親買過肥美的茄子
佛像那樣供在客廳中心
後來生活就亂了，獨自在外面
總沒法煮回那樣的味道

你父母當日不知是什麼心情
隨移徙的人潮遠渡了重洋
言語裡滲入了變種的蔬果
舌頭逐漸習慣了異國的調味
像許多同代人，大家逐漸離開了
一個中心，失去了原來的形相
但偶然我們又從這兒那兒絲絲縷縷的
什麼裡嚐到似曾相識的味道
好似是煮糊了的皮肉，散開了又
凝聚：那麼鮮明又消隱了的自己

Eggplants

A chopstickful of Chinese vermicelli
Into the mouth
It seems to be mixed with
Eggplants cooked to a mush

Memories surface, of the first time we met
somehow we chatted about eggplants
I remember you said you grew up in Taiwan
Your dad was a Cantonese, your mum from Beijing
I forgot to ask how your folks cooked eggplants
Did you cook it first, leave to cool and dress it with sesame oil?
Eat it with a hot, fish-flavoured sauce? Or have it Cantonese style —
Stewed fish with eggplants, stewed chicken with eggplants?

Isn't it amazing our thoughts all travel from food
To culture bonds, from reactions of the body and
Cravings of the palate to our relations with the world?
We travel non-stop, in the interval between
The lifting of one cooking lid and another, going after
The taste of fermented soya beans
Stopping by a pool of dried soy sauce
Studying the traces

In my old home, shabby but comfortable, I remember
Those plump eggplants mother bought
Placed right in the centre of the sitting room, like Buddha
To be reverd. In time life turned chaotic, abroad, alone
I could never recapture that taste in my cooking

With what mixed feelings, I wonder, your parents
Had followed the flux of emigrants and crossed the wide seas
Their speech becoming mixed with hybrid fruit, new vegetables
Their tongues slowly getting used to foreign seasonings
Like many of their generation, everyone began to drift away

From a centre, their appearance changed. But now and then
From shreds of something here and bits of
Something else there we discover a vaguely familiar taste
Like meat and skin cooked to a mush, gone apart
Back together again: that taste of ourselves, extinct, distinct

* Translated by Martha Cheung



康樂及文化事務署主辦
Presented by the Leisure and Cultural Services Department



香港文化博物館籌劃
Organized by the Hong Kong Heritage Museum