

Chronotopia
(Night)

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你在投影屏幕之後等著，聽到觀眾陸續進場。每次表演你仍然會緊張，但是人們是特別來看你演出的這個事實，以及你的名字——呂訴上——在電影海報上印得比任何演員名字都還大，給你一種責任感，讓你很奇异地感到平靜。不管放映的是歐洲、美國、日本還是中國片，你的觀眾不只期待你融入銀幕裡的對話，賦予新聲，也希望你對電影的情節與文化背景，能做出解釋和評論。你知道有些觀眾已經看過別人演繹這部片子，他們是特地來聽你的口述演出，不光是來看電影的。你的責任感基於認知你的表演超出娛樂層面，而是以某種方式在創造歷史：其時為一九三〇年代，你屬於台灣早期弁士（べんし/benji）的世代，採納日本弁士解說默片的傳統，而發展出獨特的在地版本。你知道有些同僚會想辦法穿插關於日本統治的時局評論，在日本警察也出席每場放映監視的情形下，這必須處理得很有技巧。你與一家戲院簽約，有些人則跟著同一部片子巡迴演出。你也聽說放映師會耍弄他們不喜歡的弁士，故意把片子轉速放快或是調慢，使得弁士的敘述對不上放映的影像。三十年後，你終於出版台灣電影史上第一本專著，你把這樣的人物叫做「辯士」（bianshi），強調國語的發音，亦反映出辯士這行延續至一九五〇年代以後，遠遠晚於日本人撤離台灣以及有聲電影時代的來臨。



You are returning after a prolonged absence, unsure of what awaits you in society. The first thing you do is have a smoke and watch television: A show called “All Our Yesterdays” about a planet facing extinction from the impending explosion of its sun. When space travelers land on the planet’s surface to help, they land in some sort of library, and the only person left on the planet is a librarian called Atoz. How fitting, you think: the sole survivor of an extinct civilization, a librarian. Atoz explains how the people of this planet had developed time travel and, in the face of their planet’s impending annihilation, they opted to all escape into their distant past, choosing to move amongst their ghosts in order to avoid their own fate. Time is a crowded place.

To the many journalists interviewing you after your return, you describe how your survival in the jungle was due to skills you had learned as a child in your village, skills passed down generations in

你又想到遙遠星球上的圖書館員Atoz，孤身一人照管過去記錄的收藏，有些描繪的遠古時代甚至早於記錄科技存在之前。被問到「那麼最近的歷史呢？」Atoz回答，「我們沒有多少最近的歷史，沒有這個需求。」因此，他的「轉時機」（Avatchron）必須製造出所需求的過去影像，以迎合需求，為當下服務。或許「記錄」不過是另一種「投射」的方式。你對於他那套存檔過去影像投射的系統很好奇，他用一排又一排標有粉彩顏色的抽屜做索引，劃分區別的是顏色，而不是文字或年份。

你找到一位辯士得以繼續演練其技之處，地點在一個不怎麼起眼的臺北市立圖書館。黃英雄在現場為盲人講述電影，所本的是他童年時期親逢辯士演出的記憶，結果原本為關照盲人的電影導賞，在這過程中起了轉變，同樣吸引能看見他所描繪影像的明眼觀眾。他詮釋的外國電影都有字幕，但他的演述不只跨越了語言的藩籬，就像早先的弁士文化，很快就超出僅僅翻譯外國電影的侷限。你成為他電影場次的常客，每週四早上九點都來報到，而今天的電影，是關於一個失蹤已久的男人重回山村的故鄉，他的返鄉導致過去的緊張情勢再起。即使在黑暗的放映室，你仍無法逃避自己。



his suit. This much you have come to know about him: Attun Palalin left Taiwan in April 1944, having been conscripted into the Imperial Japanese Army the year before. He was part of the Takasago Volunteers, a euphemistically-coined special force made up of indigenous Taiwanese valued for their tracking and survival skills in the jungle.

Arriving on the Indonesian island of Morotai only months before it is overwhelmed by Allied troops, you are ordered by your Japanese commanders to retreat into the jungle and carry on guerrilla warfare. In your hideout, you miss the Japanese surrender and drift in and out of groups of stragglers until the early 1950s, when you disappear in fear for your life, eventually settling in a remote spot in the mountains to survive.

You are a ghost, a specter literally outside history: declared missing, presumed dead on 15 March 1945, before Japan surrendered Taiwan to the Republic of China, you have ceased existing until now. Outside whose history, you ask, since you have been alive and awake all this time. It is 8 January 1975; you step off the plane onto the tarmac of Taipei Songshan Airport, this land of your birth yet a nation unfamiliar to you. They call you by a name you have not heard before, Lee Guang-Hui, which you simply add to your existing names in the languages you speak, Nakamura Teruo in Japanese and Attun Palalin in your indigenous Ami language.

An image of a man in his mid-fifties moving into a sea of photographers and journalists recording the moment of his return after thirty years. You face this startled figure with your colleagues from press and television, jostling for a view with politicians and members of the public, and you have to admit he looks good in

如他這般讓社會顯示出其荒謬性的個體，向來都很吸引你。你當時為中國電視公司工作，亦是那個特別日子在機場包圍他的眾多攝影師掌鏡者之一，為了拍到更好的鏡頭而擠向他。你追著他，關注他那稍縱即逝的新生命，直至他四年後逝世為止——叢林所無法企及的荒謬，終於讓這社會達成了。他出現於你設計出版的記事週曆裡，這廣受朋友們歡迎的出版品，作法是每週放一位對你而言很重要的人物：於是李光輝也名列其中，前一週的人物是導演米開朗基羅·安東尼奧尼 (Michelangelo Antonioni)，後一週則是作家阿爾貝·卡繆 (Albert Camus)。如此，殘忍地把他定在時間點上，數著日子一天一天過去。你把他的影像配上鮑布·狄倫 (Bob Dylan) 的歌詞：「人不該置身所非之處。」你想，自己真正想說的莫不是「人不該置身所非之時」嗎？



It is 1975 and you are standing in a factory on the outskirts of Helsinki, Finland, listening to the manager attempting to sell you their space-age holiday homes for your planned coastal resort in northern Taiwan. He tries to persuade you to invest in the company that produces the iconic “Futuro” and “Venturo” chalets, and which has gone into decline since the oil crisis four years ago. Sensing your unwillingness, he offers to come work for you in Taiwan instead. You made your fortune in a range of household wares and chemicals including toothbrushes, plastic cups, and car and shoe wax, as well as your bestseller, Tico. Intended as a toothpaste powder, Tico eventually became a household name, a miracle cure for anything that needed heavy scrubbing, while teenagers used it on their troubled skin. You eventually decided to go into the tourism and leisure industry, which is why you are now standing in this factory. In four years’ time you will have made your own version of these houses and sold them in a booming economy.

You are an artist who has returned to Taiwan after drifting around for several years, most recently on the Spanish island of Ibiza, where you lived in solitude without electricity. You are finding it difficult to adjust to life in modern society, so you take a chance when you are offered a holiday home in a resort on the north coast. The isolation amidst this abandoned futuristic setting suits you, and you find yourself making work again with the driftwood you collect. The beach is off-limits at nights, when the military uses it for practice drills, but you ignore this curfew. The boys in uniform treat you with fear when they encounter you in a white dress under the moonlight, thinking you must be a ghost in this deserted resort.

When Japanese journalists ask you about your shelter and life in the jungle you describe a valley surrounded by cliffs and dense jungle, a river in which you caught fish, a patch of fenced-in land where you grew crops like sweet potatoes and bananas, and a small hut of three square meters. A Japanese newspaper names this valley Nakamura City.

你去吃午餐的地方放了幾架電視機，你於是看著某個串起時間與空間、時裝肥皂劇和古裝戲碼的節目。你發現時間旅行仍帶著使人不安的因素：人們從空間裡呼嘯而過、電擊、雷劈、丟來甩去、還常從高處墜落。為什麼「時間」總落在天外之處？你想像如果時間旅行源自一顆岩石之內，那會是什麼光景。你在看的這集中，有個人物從手機顯示看到她置身的時代，一八九五年。電影學者多會指出，那是電影在巴黎被「發明」的年代，亦是日本占據台灣之始，說得像其後五十年的日本統治，可以如電影般被濃縮概括成影像似的。

即使藏身的熱帶島嶼沒有季節之分，史尼育暗仍懂得計量時間：他用繫上羽毛的木頭記錄每次的新月，每過一年就在繩索上綁一個結。時間就是機運。

他步出飛機那一刻，你看著一個幽靈在你面前還魂。在你一旁的兒子注視著他，瞪著一張酷似自己的面孔。父親入伍時，兒子不過才幾個月大。你不曉得他現在心裡怎麼想的。在車裡，你告訴他，你再婚了，以為他已經陣亡。他不知所從，於是決定回到姊姊那邊去。根據阿美習俗，男方婚後即入贅妻子所屬家族與部落。所以這個消息宣告的當下，他也失去自己的部族。媒體每天報導你處於兩個丈夫之間的插曲，你個人的故事儼然已為電視肥皂劇的戲碼。



hermit's life of quiet contemplation. You learn that successive dynasties would destroy architectural remnants of past regimes in order to obliterate their public memory—this gate, while clearly not in a ruinous state, is a structure left over from the previous Ming dynasty and therefore out of place, and out of time, in this newly Qing-governed landscape. The symbolic structure becomes an anticipated ruin, and the sentiment, steeped in the autumnal glow of a fading era, a nostalgia for a future ruin.

The reason for your return, research at the National Palace Museum, is an alibi for your appearance amongst family and friends who have not seen you in years. You meet a curator at the museum to ask about the lack of ruins in traditional Chinese paintings. A keyword search of their entire collection delivers only a single painting from the Qing dynasty by the painter Yan Shengsun. In it, the curator points out an architectural feature half-hidden by boulders, a grand gate along a mountain path. This, she remarks, must be the ruin mentioned in the accompanying poem by Wei Yingwu. But the structure is in perfect condition, and this compels you to read the poem more carefully, wondering if appearances are blinding you to the ruin in this painting. The artist Yan Shengsun belonged to a group of literati painters caught in the transition from the Ming to the Qing dynasty. Finding themselves out of favor in the new regime, many turned their backs on civilization and retreated into the mountains to lead a

你在這電影中所穿的服裝，是延續阿美傳統由樹皮所製，先將樹幹浸在水中，直到樹皮如衣袖般脫落，接著敲磨鞣製，使它柔軟而有延展性。幫衣服做最後修飾的是史尼育暗的表親李美花，阿美名媚蕾·拉梵爾。她告訴你，一九七四年十二月二十六日表舅被找到的消息傳來之時，她正在日本巡迴表演傳統部族舞蹈。

你回到台灣不久，就發現自己仍重續摩洛泰島的日子。你在花蓮市一所阿美文化村裡表演了六個月之久，示範你在孤島生存自製使用的多種工具，包括以天然纖維編織的幾個籃子以及一只算盤，以「李光輝博物館」標之。你描述這些從藏身處帶回物件的故事，它們是你運用部落技能生存下來的見證，你也被迫一再重演流亡的歷程。



The costume you wear for this film is made from tree bark, based on an old Ami tradition. The trunk is soaked in water until the bark comes off as a sleeve, then it is pounded until soft and pliable. The woman making last minute alterations to it is Lee Mei Hwa - Meijian Lafan. She is the niece of Attun Palalin. She tells you that news of her uncle's discovery first broke on 26 December 1974, while she was touring in Japan performing traditional tribal dances.

Soon after your return to Taiwan, you find yourself reliving your life on Morotai. In an Ami cultural center in the city of Hualien, you stage a performance for six months, demonstrating the various tools you made during your years of isolation, including baskets woven from natural fibers and an abacus. The sign reads "Museum of Lee

Guang-Hui." You narrate these objects, which you have brought back from your hideout: they are witness to your tribal skills that helped you to survive. Condemned to repeat your exile from time.



故宮博物院的研究成了你回歸的理由，讓多年來不見於親友之前的你再度出現，有了適當的通詞。你認識一位故宮的策展人，探索中國傳統書畫裡為何鮮少出現廢墟。使用關鍵字搜尋所有館藏，只得到一個結果，清代畫家嚴繩孫的一幅作品。策展人指著畫中半隱於巨岩後的建築局部，蜿蜒路上的一座拱門；一旁的題詩為韋應物之作，策展人認為詩中提及的廢墟應為此。但建築本身完好無缺，你不禁要仔細研讀此詩，想著是否表面印象讓你錯估了畫中廢墟該有之貌。作畫的嚴繩孫屬於明清改朝換代之交的一班騷人墨客，由於不為新的統治階級所喜，他們之中遂有多人棄絕文明歸隱山林，靜修以渡餘生。你知道新朝總要毀去前代殘餘的建物，以消去它們留存於公眾的記憶；這座尚未傾頹於荒煙蔓草間的拱門，是之前的明朝遺物，在新立的清朝所統治的江山裡，儼然不合時宜，找不到定位。它因而成為未來式廢墟的象徵，透過蕭瑟秋色表現的消逝時代的回光返照，更加深對於未來廢墟的依戀之情。



There are several television sets in this place you come to for lunch. You watch a program that has built a bridge across time and space, across the genres of contemporary soap and period drama. Time travel remains uncomfortable, you notice. People are hurled across space, electrified, hit by lighting, thrown about, and generally fall from great heights. Why is “time” located up there in the sky somewhere? You imagine what it would be like to emerge from time travel inside a rock. In the episode you are watching, a character checks her mobile phone to see the year she has landed in: 1895. The invention of cinema in Paris and the Japanese occupation of Taiwan, as film historians conveniently point out, as if somehow the 50 subsequent years under Japanese rule could be bracketed cinematically.

Even without changing seasons in his tropical hideout, Nakamura Teruo knew to measure time: a piece of wood to hold birds' feathers for each new moon, a piece of string to tie a knot for every year. Time is luck.

As he steps off the airplane, you are watching a ghost come to life in front of you. Next to you, your son looks at a face resembling his own. He was a few months old when his father joined the army and you have no idea how they must feel right now. On the bus you tell him that you remarried, thinking you had lost him to the war. He does not take it well, and decides then to return to his sisters. Since men in Ami society marry into their wives' family and tribe, he was now without his tribe. The newspapers cover your personal drama day by day, between you and your two husbands, like episodes in a television soap.

時當一九七五年：你站在芬蘭赫爾辛基近郊的一所工廠外，聽著經理跟你推銷太空時代的渡假屋，那是為了你在北台灣的海岸度假村所做的規劃。他嘗試說服你投資這家監製深具指標性的「未來屋」與「探險屋」的公司，然而這些經典款自四年前的石油危機以來已經逐步沒落；他察覺你的興致不高，話鋒一轉，提出要到台灣為你工作。你靠著諸如牙刷、塑膠杯、汽車蠟和鞋油等家用器材與化工產品累積財富，其中賣得最好的是蒂克（Tiko）牙粉——蒂克原只是潔齒粉劑，後來成為家喻戶曉的品牌，各種強力擦洗清潔的萬靈丹，亦有青少年拿來調理青春期的肌膚困擾。你之後決定跨足旅遊休閒行業，這是為什麼你此刻立於這家工廠之前，而四年之內你早已推出這些房屋的台式版本，在起飛的經濟裡大賣。

你是藝術家，四處流浪了好幾年，回到台灣之前的一次漂泊，是在西班牙伊比薩島，在沒有電力的環境中，你與孤寂共處。你發現自己很難適應現代社會的生活，因此當北部海岸的渡假村有小屋供你進駐，你便順水推舟地接受了。處身於帶著未來感的荒廢社區，這孤立場景讓你很是受用，於是你又開始用收集來的漂流木創作。海灘在晚間是禁區，作為軍事操練之用，但你無視於宵禁。那些穿著軍裝的男孩反倒怕你，看你在月下一襲白衣而行，宛如飄過廢棄渡假村的鬼魅。

日本記者問你，在叢林何處棲身，如何渡日？你描繪了一個為峭壁與濃密樹叢環繞的山谷，你在河裡抓魚，以圍籬圍地種番薯香蕉之類的作物，還蓋了一個三尺見方的小茅舍。一家日本報紙把這山谷取名為「中村市」。



You had long been fascinated by individuals like him, the ones who show society up for the absurdity it is. You worked for China Television, one of the many photographers and cameramen at the airport on that day, pushing your way towards a good view of him. You pursue him, following him in this new, temporary life of his, until he dies four years later. Society finally does what the jungle could not. You include him in a diary you are publishing, something that would be appreciated by your friends: each week accompanied by a figure important to you. There is Lee Guang-Hui, sitting in between the filmmaker Michelangelo Antonioni the week before and the writer Albert Camus the week after. Cruelly fixing him in time, counting the days. You set the images to a Bob Dylan line: “One should never be where one does not belong.” You wonder what

you meant to say, should it not have been “One should never be when one does not belong”?

你是鬼魂，可說是存在於歷史之外的幽靈：在日本戰敗歸台灣於中華民國之前，你已於一九四五年三月十五日被宣告「失蹤，許是死亡」，直到此刻之前你並不存在。在誰的歷史之外？你問，因為你一直都活著醒著呀。一九七五年一月八日，你走下飛機踏上台北松山機場的柏油路，這是你生身之地，然而這國家對你如此陌生。他們用你從未聽聞的名字呼喚你，李光輝，於是你把它加入你能講的語言那些既有的名字序列裡——日語的中村輝夫，以及你母語阿美語的史尼育暗。

五十幾歲的中年男子，走入攝影師和記者的人海包圍中，任他們記錄他離去三十年後歸鄉那珍貴的一刻。跟著平面媒體與電視台同僚們，你面對這個驚恐的男人，瞧他與政治人物、公眾分子搶鏡頭，不得不承認他穿上西裝還挺像樣的。你亦對他多了解一些：史尼育暗於一九四四年四月離開台灣，前一年被徵入日本皇軍，隸屬高砂義勇隊——這是台灣原住民組成的特種部隊之美稱，所倚重的是他們於叢林裡追蹤和生存的技能。

你在聯軍攻占印尼摩洛泰島幾個月前才抵達，奉日本指揮官之令撤退，於叢林裡進行游擊戰。於躲藏之際，你錯過日本投降的消息，潛伏飄蕩於一群又一群的浪人之間，一九五〇年初期你消失了，為了保命而逃，最終在荒山峻嶺的深處安居下來。



You think of Atoz again, the lone librarian on a distant planet presiding over his collection of past recordings, some of which depict times long before any such recording technology would have even existed. “What about recent history?” Atoz is asked, to which he replies: “We have so little on recent history, there was no demand for it.” So his machine, the Atavachron, must produce images of the past on demand, to cater for a desire at the service of the present. Perhaps recordings is just another way of saying projections. You are curious about his system of archiving projections of the past, row upon row of drawers marked by alternating pastel colors instead of words or years.

You find a place where a *bianshi* continues to ply his trade in an unassuming Taipei municipal library. Ying-Hsiung Huang drew on memories of witnessing *bianshi* performances in his childhood when he was asked to provide live commentary of films for the blind. Yet what had started as a cinema for the blind has evolved into something equally attracting those who can see perfectly the images he describes. The foreign films he interprets are subtitled, so it is not a case of simply overcoming the language barrier, just as the original *benshi* culture quickly moved beyond merely translating foreign films. You are becoming a regular at his screenings, every Saturday at nine in the morning. Today’s film features a man returning to his village in the mountains after a long absence, his return causing old tensions to flare up. Even in this darkened space of projection, you cannot escape yourself.

在消失很長一段時間後，你歸來了，不確定等著你的是什麼樣的江湖，但至少你不再恐懼朝不保夕。你首先抽著菸看電視：一個叫〈所有的昨日〉的節目，講的是某個星球由於太陽爆炸的迫近，而面臨滅絕危機。星際旅行者登陸在星球表面進行援助，他們著陸地點是一個類似圖書館的地方，該星球留存的唯一居民，是位名喚 Atoz 的圖書館員。說得多好，你想，一個滅絕文明最後的生存者是位圖書館員。Atoz 說明這星球的居民如何研發時間旅行，而當星球毀滅的危機迫近時，他們選擇逃進遙遠的過去，甘於融入他們自己的鬼魂之間，以避免滅種的命運。時間終是個擁擠之地。

對著來採訪你回歸的諸多記者，你描述你能在叢林裡生存，是源自幼時在村落裡習得的技巧，那些阿美部族代代相傳的生存法門，與土地共存依立之道。他們看著你，對你充滿浪漫的想像，望著你回到你所屬部落那遙遠的過去，回歸遊獵採集、育養野生作物的生活，那個與永恆的叢林合而為一的生命。對這樣的幻想發出抗議是徒勞的。你不敢用槍去狩獵，怕聲息被敵人聽到，你用鋼盔來煮飯，以放大鏡生火。然而他們聽到了嗎？你回來不過一個月，已經有四本書出版，各各爭著要講你的故事，一個比一個更誇大。你理解了只不過是他們投射幻想的屏幕。



You wait behind the projection screen, hearing the audience enter the cinema. You are still nervous before each performance, but the fact that people now come to see you specifically and that your name, Lu Su-Shang, is written larger than any of the actors’ names on the film poster outside gives you a sense of responsibility that you find strangely calming. Whether it is a European, American, Japanese, or Chinese film, your audience expects you to not only inhabit and give voice to the on-screen dialogue, but also to interpret and comment on the film’s plot and cultural setting. You know that some in your audience will have already seen this movie narrated by others, so they are coming for your performance more than for the film itself. Your sense of responsibility is also based on a feeling that what you are doing is more than entertainment, that you are making history somehow: it is the 1930s, and you are part

of an early generation of Taiwanese *benshis* adapting the Japanese model of the silent film narrator into a distinctly local version. You are aware of some who manage to slip in comments about the current situation under Japanese rule, but this is a delicate act with the presence of Japanese police at each screening. While you are contracted with a cinema, other *benshis* travel with a particular film across the island. There are stories you hear of projectionists playing tricks on those *benshis* they dislike by speeding up or slowing down the film, causing their narration to fall out of sync with the projected image. By the time you eventually publish your book thirty years later, the first on the history of Taiwanese cinema, you will call this figure the *bianshi*, to reflect its Mandarin pronunciation and the perseverance of this figure into the 1950s, long after the withdrawal of the Japanese and the advent of sound.

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翻譯
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