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Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui



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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Caellca • 39¹

Fulke Greville²

The nurse-life wheat within his green husk growing,
Flatters our hope, and tickles our desire,
Nature's true riches in sweet beauties showing,
Which set all hearts, with labor's love, on fire.

No less fair is the wheat when golden ear
Shows unto hope the joys of near enjoying;
Fair and sweet is the bud, more sweet and fair
The rose, which proves that time is not destroying.

Caellca, your youth, the morning of delight,
Enamel'd o'er with beauties white and red,
All sense and thoughts did to belief invite,
That love and glory there are brought to bed;
And your ripe year's love-noon; he goes no higher,
Turns all the spirits of man into desire.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 206.

² Fulke Greville (1554-1628), known before 1621 as Sir Fulke Greville, was an Elizabethan poet, dramatist, and statesman who sat in the House of Commons at various times between 1581 and 1621.

Translation:

苍穹 • 39

富尔克·格雷维尔

未成熟的小麦在绿色的麦壳里成长，
迎合着我们的希望，撩拨我们的欲望，
自然真正的富足在香甜的美妙中展现，
将我们的心以及劳作者的爱一起点燃。

更为美妙的当是小麦抽穗
引导我们走向近乎明朗的希冀；
美好与幸福正如嫩芽，更美妙，更甜蜜
蔷薇之役，证明了那时的一切并不是毁灭。

苍穹，你的年少，充满喜悦的清晨，
遍布着红色与白色的玄妙，
所有的思绪都朝向信念，
那里的爱与光芒已抵达梦乡；
成熟之际的爱未央，他未能回应你的热切，
顷刻便攻陷所有男人的心。

（陈能颖 译）

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love¹

Christopher Marlowe²

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 256.

² Christopher Marlowe, (1564- 1593), was an English playwright, poet and translator of the Elizabethan era. Marlowe was the foremost Elizabethan tragedian of his day. He greatly influenced William Shakespeare, who was born in the same year as Marlowe and who rose to become the pre-eminent Elizabethan playwright after Marlowe's mysterious early death. Marlowe's plays are known for the use of blank verse and their overreaching protagonists.

Translation:

深情的牧羊人致情人

克里斯托弗·马洛

来吧，做我的爱人和我一起过，
我们将见证所有的快乐，
溪谷、丛林、田野都来提供，
平川、丘陵、高山都来奉送。

我们将偎依在山岩上，
看牧羊人饲喂群羊，
我们将欣赏溪边瀑流，
听百鸟和着水声啁啾。

我将为你造玫瑰之床，
采集成千花束的芬芳，
再缝件花裙，编个花冠，
裙上绣满丁香的页瓣；

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Translation:

我将为你做件羊毛长袍，
上等的羊毛来自美丽的羊羔；
再做双有里衬的御寒拖鞋，
用最纯的黄金来做鞋扣；

我将用麦秆和嫩藤编根腰带，
用珊瑚做环扣，用琥珀做嵌钉；
倘若这些快乐能将你打动，
那就来吧，做我的爱人和我一起过。

在每个五月的清晨，
牧羊的青年将为你载歌载舞；
倘若这些快乐能打动你的心，
那就来吧，做我的爱人和我一起过。

(刘朝晖 译)

When Thou Must Home¹

Thomas Campion²

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White lope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move,

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake;
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, Oh tell, how thou didst murder me.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 280.

² Thomas Campion (1567-1620) was an English composer, poet, and physician. He wrote over one hundred lute songs, masques for dancing.

Translation:

你已到了垂暮的年龄

托马斯·坎皮恩

你已到了垂暮的年龄，
却又钟情一位新人；
你身边围着美丽的精灵，
其中有白衣的约普，快乐的海伦，
听你讲述你曾经的爱情传说，
你如簧巧舌，把鬼神都给迷惑：

你谈起青年的化装舞会和狂欢，
以及宴会场面的各种喜庆；
还有骑士们的比武和挑战，
所有辉煌皆为打动你的美人。
你说这一切皆是你莫大的荣耀，
说吧， 说吧，你真把我的性命索要！

（刘朝晖 译）

Song: To Celia (I)¹

Ben Jonson²

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies,
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal,
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 331.

² Ben Jonson (1572-1637), was an English playwright, poet, actor and literary critic of the 17th century, whose artistry exerted a lasting impact upon English poetry and stage comedy.

Translation:

歌：致西莉娅

本·琼生

来，我的西莉娅，我们来相爱，
若我们相爱，共谱奏爱的乐章；
岁月将不会为我们永驻；
他终将切断我们坚定誓言。
我们切勿将他的恩赐付诸东流。
那旭日若陨坠亦再东升。
然若一旦失去亮光，
我俩将于暗夜永坠。
我们为什么要延迟欢愉？
名誉及污言仅供他人玩娱。
我们能否躲过那些
长舌邻里的两眼？
亦或我们能轻易骗过
他们长竖的尖锐双耳？
偷窃爱之果并非罪过；
然爱情窃贼的举发行为，
无论是逮捕，还是审查，
这才都是真正的罪行。

（邓宇萍 译）

A Crown of Sonnets Dedicated to Love • 78¹

Mary Wroth²

Is to leave all and take the thread of Love,
Which line straight leads unto the soul's content,
Where choice delights with pleasure's wings do move,
And idle fant'sy never room had lent.

When chaste thoughts guide us, then our minds are bent
To take that good which ills from us remove:
Light of true love brings fruit which none repent;
But constant lovers seek and wish to prove.

Love is the shining star of blessing's light,
The fervent fire of zeal, the root of peace,
The lasting lamp, fed with the oil of right,
Image of faith, and womb for joy's increase.

Love is true virtue, and his end's delight,
His flames are joys, his bands true lover's might.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 351.

² Mary Wroth (1587-1651), was an English poet of the Renaissance. A member of a distinguished literary family, Lady Wroth was among the first female British writers to have achieved an enduring reputation.

Translation:

献给爱情的十四行诗·78

玛莉·若斯

放下所有，让爱之红线指引，
让之抵达灵魂深处，
让之愉快扬起爱乐之翼，
让之永不给予空转的幻想。

当高洁之思引导我们，我们的思想蜿蜒
我们涤尽痛苦获取良思：
真爱之光送来无悔果实；
但不息的恋人仍去觅寻期盼得证。

爱是充满祝福的光芒星辉，
是热诚的烈焰，和平的源头，
是不灭的灯火，燃烧着明油，
是信仰之形，孕育喜悦的子宫。

爱是真挚的美德，是他的极乐之乐，
他极乐的火焰，集聚真爱的威力。

(邓宇萍 译)

Easter Wings¹

George Herbert²

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory;
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 368.

² George Herbert (1593-1633) was a Welsh-born English poet, orator and Anglican priest. Throughout his life, he wrote religious poems characterized by a precision of language, a metrical versatility, and an ingenious use of imagery or conceits that was favored by the metaphysical school of poets.

Translation:

复活节之翼

乔治·赫伯特

上帝给予了人类富足的生活
虽然他愚蠢地失去理智
腐坏得越发深刻
失了魂成为
躯壳：
请让我
如云雀一般
自如地同你翱翔
并且歌唱你今日的胜利
因为坠落会促使我奋力振翅

当我尚处幼年便已开始忧愁
至今你仍用病痛和羞耻
来惩罚世上罪恶
好成就了我
的孱弱
请让我
同你在一起
感受你今日胜利
因我将依附于你的羽翼
苦难定促使我继续向前飞行

(陈能颖 译)

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud¹

William Wordsworth²

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 801.

² William Wordsworth (1770-1850), was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads*.

Translation:

我似流云，独自游

威廉·华兹华斯

我似流云，独自游。
飘过峡谷，越过高山，
倏然间我看见一大片水仙花
绽露金颜笑逐着春。
它们依偎在湖边，盛开在树下，
随风招展嬉闹，弄舞翩翩。

它们绵延不绝如密集的群星，
闪耀绽放在银河湾；
它们沿着湖湾自由伸展，
无穷无尽仿佛到天尽头：
我瞥一眼，千万朵刹时涌入眼暇，
它们摇首欢舞好不高兴。

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Translation:

潋滟波光也依着它们欢跳，
却难胜欢快的水仙半分。
与这样快乐的水仙为伴，
诗人怎能不畅意淋漓。
我久久凝睇，却未曾料到
这美景赋予我多少财富：

每当我忧卧无眠，
百般寂寥，辗转反侧，
它们便在我脑海中闪现。
那是慰藉我孤独落寞的福祉，
于是我的心因快乐而充盈起来，
随着水仙翩然起舞。

（胡婷 译）

England in 1819¹

Percy Bysshe Shelley²

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king—
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn—mud from a muddy spring;
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leechlike to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow;
A people starved and stabbed in the unfilled field—
An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield;
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
A Senate—Time's worst statute unrepealed—
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 871.

² Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was an English romantic poet. He is perhaps best known for such classic poems as *Ozymandias*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Music*, *When Soft Voices Die*, *The Cloud* and *The Masque of Anarchy*, which are among the most popular and critically acclaimed poems in the English language.

Translation:

英格兰，1819

珀西·比希·雪莱

君不见，垂暮疯癫之眇者，将死吾王众皆鄙。
君不见，愚族皇子均渣滓，奔流受蔑穿市井。
如淤似泥污中来，不绝如泉同流继。
执政君臣目不睬，心亦无知且无明。
蠹腐邦摇晕欲坠，寄生苟活殃国威。
眸终盲，堕血泊，未血刃，自覆倾。
饿殍仍遇剽，伏于绝收荒野中。
官兵冷漠扼自由，如兽捕猎不择食。
诚如“祈·咒”双刃剑，握皆妄挥将其统。
法耀金光继血染，怂恿屠杀跃欲试。
信仰毫无基督志，典籍缄封无神供。
议会鄙，史无同。
坟墓飘魂光荣持，
倏尔照吾风雨日。

（朱丽叶 译）

Remember¹

Christina Rossetti²

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1128.

² Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), was an English poet who wrote a variety of romantic, devotional, and children's poems. She is famous for writing "Goblin Market" and "Remember", and the words of the Christmas carol "In the Bleak Midwinter".

Translation:

勿忘我

克里斯蒂娜·罗塞蒂

勿忘我，当我需远走，
远赴那静寂之境；
你再不能双手抱我，
我亦不能半途转身回归。
勿忘我，当日不再复始
你向我倾诉未来的规划：
但无论如何勿忘我；你心知
劝告或祈盼都迟了。
但若你偶尔把我忘却
随即记起时，也莫伤怀：
因为即使黑暗和腐夜褪去
我的思绪仍残存曾有的痕迹，
我更愿你在远方相忘而笑
而非你不能忘我伤心一片。

(邓宇萍 译)

When I Watch the Living Meet¹

A. E. Housman²

When I watch the living meet,
And the moving pageant file
Warm and breathing through the street
Where I lodge a little while,

If the heats of hate and lust
In the house of flesh are strong,
Let me mind the house of dust
Where my sojourn shall be long.

In the nation that is not
Nothing stands that stood before;
There revenges are forgot,
And the hater hates no more;

Lovers lying two and two
Ask not whom they sleep beside,
And the bridegroom all night through
Never turns him to the bride.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1174.

² A. E. Housman (1859-1936) was an English classical scholar and poet, best known to the general public for his cycle of poems "A Shropshire Lad".

Translation:

当我观看生活的景象

A. E. 豪斯曼

当我观看生活的景象，
和鱼贯而入的人群
街道满是人群的热度和呼吸
我在那儿蛰居片刻，

即使仇恨和欲望在沸腾
但肉体之所足够坚硬，
让我介意的是居所的尘埃
因为我的寄居还将很长。

国不复再
曾经屹立也已然坍塌；
被遗忘的仇恨，
仇恨者不再憎恨；

恋人双双卧枕
莫问侧卧是谁，
良人虽整夜相伴
但永远不要让他面向新娘。

(邓宇萍 译)

初发扬子寄元大校书¹

韦应物

凄凄去亲爱，
泛泛入烟雾。
归棹洛阳人，
残钟广陵树。
今朝此为别，
何处还相遇。
世事波上舟，
沿洄安得住。

¹ 衡塘退士选编. 唐诗三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006: 23.

Translation:

To Yuanda¹

Wei Yingwu²

I bid farewell to my dear friend in dismal;
My boat into the misty fog did slowly sail.
The oars briskly rowing for the city of Luoyang³,
The morning bell in Guangling⁴ trees sounds like a wail.
When and where can we meet again nobody could tell,
But here and today we say goodbye, it's not any tale.
Things in the world are like this boat on the random waves
That drifts about in the flux with its will doomed to fail.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ This poem was composed right after the poet parted with his friend Yuanda at Yangzijin on the north bank of the Yangtze River. Yuanda was then Jiaoshu, an official in charge of the proofreading of classic books and records.

² Wei Yingwu (韦应物, 737-792) was a Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty. Twelve of Wei's poems have been included in the anthology of *Three Hundred Tang Poems*.

³ One of the capital cities in the Tang Dynasty, it's now a city in Shanxi Province.

⁴ It is the city of Yangzhou in Jiangsu Province today.

临江仙¹

苏轼

夜饮东坡醒复醉，
归来仿佛三更。
家童鼻息已雷鸣。
敲门都不应，
倚杖听江声。

长恨此身非我有，
何时忘却营营。
夜阑风静縠纹平。
小舟从此逝，
江海寄余生。

¹ 上疆村民重编. 宋词三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006: 277.

Translation:

Tune: Lin Jiang Xian¹

Su Shi²

In the East Slope, sobered up and drunk again.
When I back home, around midnight it's been.
Like thunder is the servant boy's sound of snore.
Again and again after knocking the silent door,
On my cane I lean to listen, the River's speaking.

I deeply regret for my self-uncontrolling:
Can't I forget the secular fame and fortune?
Night's dead, Wind silent and Wave blear.
Let me sail a boat and hence disappear
And float the rest of my life river and sea on.

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

¹ "Lin Jiang Xian" is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

² Su Shi (苏轼, 1037-1101), also known as Su Tungpo, was a Chinese writer, poet, painter, calligrapher, pharmacologist, gastronome, and a statesman of the Song dynasty.

水手¹

刘延陵

一

月在天上，
船在海上，
他两只手捧住面孔，
躲在摆舵的黑暗地方。

二

他怕见月儿眨眼，
海儿掀浪，
引他看水天接处的故乡。
但他却想到了
石榴花开得鲜明的井旁，
那人儿正架竹子，
晒她的青布衣裳。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 34.

Translation:

Sailor

Liu Yanling¹

1

In the sky is the moon;
On the sea the boat;
Face is in his hands holding,
In the dark place of rudder hiding.

2

He glances through the winking moon in fear.
The sea whirl up,
At the horizon leading him to see hometown.
Yet he thought,
Fresh blossom of pomegranate sideward the well,
A lady is erecting bamboo,
Drying her green clothes.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Liu Yanling (刘延陵, 1894-1988), was widely known as a famous modern poet in China.

生辰哀歌——遥寄我的妈妈¹

刘梦苇

今天，是我这无尽期的飘零人的生辰，
脆弱的心早裸上了人生的苦恨层层，
它好像是黑夜里被乌云埋没的孤星，
虽有晶莹的本体，也放不出一线光明！
这生辰，这青春逃遁时留存下的记痕，
我苦恨的心回到了明媚，浩大的洞庭；
那洞庭之滨有母亲生下我来的地境，
那儿，母亲曾经流泪消磨了她的年青；
夕阳光里微微颤动的洞庭波，
都是她哭夫跟我思亲的泪颗！

这生辰，这青春逃遁时留存下的记痕，
我苦恨的心重忆起多年久别的母亲：
母亲！在这感慨的生辰，我是向您感恩，
还是逆情地昧心地对着您表示怨愤？
生我时便一齐开始了您流泪的命运，
三年我便离去了您孤身的到处飘零：
如浮萍，似断线的风筝，我在人间鬼混，
遇的只有冰冷，二十年与人漠不关情！
母亲哟！这是您当日铸的大错，
不该生下我！但您为什么生我？

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 上海: 诗社, 1931: 254.

Translation:

Lament for Birthday: To Mum in Distance

Liu Mengwei¹

Today, it's a roamer's birthday of mine without homing day.
Wearing bittering and suffering was the fragile heart of mine.
It's like a lone star in dark clouds buried at night.
Though with crystal body, without gleam shining.
O the birthday, the tail of the younger runaway!
My suffering heart has retuned that bright, the vast Dongting Lake,
Where, mum used to cry for her youth withering.
The Lake in the sunset light is streaming,
Which mum and I are yearning and tear shedding!

O the birthday, the tail of the younger runaway!
Bitterly I recalled my unseen mum for many years gone.
O mum! What an emotional day, how grateful I am!
Or is this indignant to grudge against you?
When I was born, it's your fate to began shedding tear.
While only three years later I left alone, you drifted also.
Like duckweeds, like an unstrung kite, I'm a host worldly roaming.
Nothing I gained but cold pain, and in 20 years became indifferent to men.
O mum! It was the day you made the mistake.
You shouldn't give me life! But why you did?

¹ Liu Mengwei (刘梦苇, 1900-1926), was a distinguished poet in "May Fourth Movement" of China.

既生了，就该永恒不让我离开您底身，
为什么早把我抛弃？那时尚行步不稳！
我自上人生的战场，闯进人生的魔阵，
到今已是遍身伤痕犹没有法儿逃奔；
别去风光明媚的故乡为的家人凶棱，
为了追寻绝影的真情我曾忧闷成病；
我也曾不幸被那红艳艳的嘴唇诱引，
不自主地向那桃色的女郎低首下心：
母亲！您说我从她得着了甚么？
尝的飘际痛苦，望着镜里欢乐！

今天，是我这无尽期的飘零人的生辰，
不对母亲感恩，只向她哀歌我也怨恨！
母亲！假使您将我生得木石一般无情，
也省得被诱引来此迷惑的情场驰骋；
假使您将我生得跟鹿豕一般的愚蠢，
也好沉默地无抵抗忍受世人的欺凌；
但是这沾执的痴情与这自误的聪明，
使我负创，犹在人生的阵上转战不停；
母亲哟！这是您当年铸的大错，
不该生下我！但您为什么生我？

Translation:

Then you did, so let me be with you for all time.
Why did you forsake me? For that time I even couldn't keep my feet.
Since I've combated in life battlefield, and entered devil array of life,
Now I'm wearing wounded scars and finding no way to hide;
Since I've bidden farewell to glamorous hometown,
Once I sadly became sorrowful for pursuing the long gone love;
Unfortunately I was lured by the rosy lips,
Unconsciously submitting myself to glamour puss.
Mum! Could you tell me what I've gained from her?
I only tasted the drifting pain, seeing the mirror reflection of happiness.

Today, it's a roamer's birthday of mine without homing day.
Not a day I dedicate my gratitude, but a lament to her and to me.
Mum! If I was born as a ruthless stone,
Then I wouldn't be lured to maze in love;
If I was born as a silly deer,
Then I would mutely endure the world bullying;
Yet what a mistake of this stubborn infatuation and cleverness,
Wounds me, as if battles around on and on;
O mum! It was the day you made the mistake.
You shouldn't give me life! But why you did?

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

笑¹

朱大柟

赤霞纱里跳着一炷笑，
轻盈的，是红烛的火苗，
有的笑，温慰我暗淡的长宵。

翠羽湖里摇着一朵笑，
清濯的，是白莲的新苞，
有的笑，清醒这昏沉的初晓。

青铜鞘里跃着一柄笑，
霍霍的，是雪亮的宝刀，
有的笑，割绝你灵府的逍遥。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 100.

Translation:

Laugh

Zhu Da'nan¹

A stick of laugh dances in the gauze of crimson sunset glow.
Light and graceful, is thy flame of candle.
Some kind of laugh, thou art comfort of my long night in sorrow.

A flower of laugh swings in the lake of emerald feather needle.
Limpid and clear, is thy bud of lotus white as snow.
Some kind of laugh, thou art calm of early dawn in shadow.

A hilt of laugh leaps in the scabbard of bronze sheath metal,
Flashing and glittering, is thy sword of tinkle sparkle,
Some kind of laugh, thou art terminator of leisure freedom in soul.

(Trans. Zhu Liye)

¹ Zhu Danan, (朱大柵,1903-1932), was viewed as a famous modern poet in China.

无题¹

阿垅

不要踏着露水——
因为有过人夜哭。……

哦，我底人啊，我记得极清楚，
在白鱼烛光里为你读过《雅歌》。

但是不要这样为我祷告，不要！
我无罪，我会赤裸着你这身体去见上帝。……

但是不要计算星和星间的空间吧，
不要用光年；用万有引力，用相照的光。

要开作一枝白色花——
因为我要这样宣告，我们无罪，然后我们凋谢。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 154.

Translation:

Untitled

Ah Long¹

Do not step on dew—
Because it is the tear someone cried at night.

O my love! I remember so clearly,
Amidst bright candlelight I read *Song of Songs* for you.

But do not pray for me, please don't!
I'm innocent, in the naked body to present myself before God.

But do not count the space among stars!
Do not measure in light years; in gravitation, or in reflection light.

Be a flower in white—
Because I'll declare: we are innocent, and then wither away.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Ah Long (阿垅, 1907-1967), originally named Chen Shoumei (陈守梅), was a Chinese modern poet.

树¹

艾青

一棵树，一棵树
彼此孤离地兀立着
风与空气
告诉着它们的距离

但是在泥土的覆盖下
它们的根伸长着
在看不见的深处
它们把根须纠缠在一起

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 171.

Translation:

Trees

Ai Qing¹

One tree, and another tree
Stand lonely apart
The wind and the air
Tell how much apart they are

Yet under the cover of the earth
Their roots extend to each other
In the depth that eyes can't see
They twist their roots together

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Ai Qing (艾青, 1910-1996), is regarded as one of the great modern Chinese poets.

望¹

卞之琳

小时候我总爱望清明的晴空，
 把它当做是一幅自然的地图：
 蓝的一片是大洋，白云一朵朵
大的是洲，小的是岛屿在海中；
大陆上颜色深的是山岭山丛，
 许多孔隙，裂缝是冷落的江湖，
 还有港湾像在望风帆的归途，
等它们报告发现新土的成功。
如今正像老话的沧海桑田
满怀的花草换得了一片荒烟，
 就是此刻，我也得像一只迷羊，
带着一身灰沙，幸亏还有蔚蓝，
还有仿佛的云峰浮在飘渺间，
 倒可以抬头望望这个仙乡。

¹ 陈梦家编. 新月派诗选. 上海: 诗社, 1931: 175.

Translation:

Looking

Bian Zhilin¹

When I was a child, I liked looking
At the blue sky which is my map of nature:
The vast blue is ocean with clusters of clouds,
The large ones, continents; the small ones, islands.
On the continents, the darker's mountains and hills
With rifts and holes as lakes and rivers deserted.
There are also harbors waiting for ships' return
To announce the news of new lands.
As the saying goes, "The sea turns into farmland."
The flowers in my arms get into waste and smoke.
Like a sheep of stray at this moment,
I bear the whole body's dust to look up at
The lucky blue, with fancy mountains
Floating among illusory fairylands.
(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

¹ Bian Zhilin (卞之琳, 1910-2000), was a 20th-century Chinese poet, translator and literature researcher. Bian was born in Haimen, Jiangsu Province, and liked to read classical and modern Chinese poems since he was very young.

难老泉¹

公木

我仿佛感到碧玉泛清凉，
难老泉淙淙向山下流淌；
我仿佛听见翠羽相击响，
绿萍萍轻轻在水底摇晃。

心地纯净得了无纤尘，
眼睛晶莹得浓夜闪光——
我恍惚看见袒胸的水母娘娘，
裸足涉着浅水，素手撩着衣裳。

她向人们播出智慧的种子，
她向大地插上幸福的苗秧。
凡是泉水潺潺流过的地方，
就有荷花和稻花一齐扬香。

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 184.

Translation:

Never Aging Spring

Gong Mu¹

The jasper was cool I seem to feel,
That never aging Spring gurgles and flows down the hill,
The green feathers beat each other I seem to hear,
Under the water they sway gently.

The pure heart with little fine dust,
That the night the sparking eyes shine,
When all in a trance I see the topless Jellyfish empress,
With Barefoot in shallow water and hands holding clothes.

The wisdom she sows to people,
The happiness she plants on the earth.
Where the Spring flows past,
The lotus and rice fragrance together.

(Trans. Hu Ting)

¹ Gong Mu (公木, 1910-1998), originally named Zhang Yongnian (张永年), was a famous poet in China.

航¹

辛笛

帆起了
帆向落日的去处
明净与古老
风帆吻着暗色的水
有如黑蝶与白蝶

明月照在当头
青色的蛇
弄着银色的明珠
桅上的语
风吹过来
水手问起雨和星辰

从日到夜
从夜到日
我们航不出这圆圈

后一个圆
前一个圆
一个永恒
而无涯涘的圆圈

将生命的茫茫
脱卸与茫茫的烟水

¹ 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 197.

Translation:

Sail

Xin Di¹

The sail is up
The sail heads for where the sun sets
One being clear, and the other old
The sail kisses the water of color cold
Just like butterflies black and white

The moon shines above
Black snakes
Play with silver pearls
Words from the mast
The wind blows
A sailor asks of rain and stars

From day to night
From night to day
We can't sail out of the circle

One circle
After another
Makes up one timeless
And endless circle

The boundless confusion in life
Goes with the smoky water boundless

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Xin Di (辛笛, 1912-), originally named Wang Xindi (王馨笛), is regarded as a famous modern poet in China.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Hart Crane

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Hart Crane (1899-1932), was a famous American poet. His parents divorced when he was 18 after years' of constant fighting, leaving him painful childhood and teenage memories. He dropped out of high school and left for New York city in the middle of his parents' divorce proceedings. New York was where he felt most at home and where much of his poetry is set.

Crane started to write poems at 13 and published his first poem at 17. He won a reputation among the avant-garde with lyrics published by small but well-respected literary magazines. *White Buildings*, his first book of poetry, consolidated the reputation. Widely invoking symbolism and metaphor, his poems are usually hard to comprehend. While acknowledging the greatness of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, Crane saw it as a pessimistic impasse. His ambition to move out of the impasse was expressed in his long poem *The Bridge*. The work received poor reviews, adding to a crushing sense of his own failure that had been torturing him for years. He committed suicide by throwing himself overboard into the Gulf of Mexico at the age of 32.

Three of the poems ("Proem: To Brooklyn Bridge", "Grandmother's Love Letters" and "At Melville's Tomb") here are selected from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition, New York & London: W.W Norton and Company, 2005). The rest four are from *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane* (New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation, 1966). Professor Liu Zhaohui translates all of the poems here.

Proem: To Brooklyn Bridge

How many dawns, chill from his rippling rest
The seagull's wings shall dip and pivot him,
Shedding white rings of tumult, building high
Over the chained bay waters Liberty—

Then, with inviolate curve, forsake our eyes
As apparitional as sails that cross
Some page of figures to be filed away;
—Till elevators drop us from our day . . .

I think of cinemas, panoramic sleights
With multitudes bent toward some flashing scene
Never disclosed, but hastened to again,
Foretold to other eyes on the same screen;

And Thee, across the harbor, silver-paced
As though the sun took step of thee, yet left
Some motion ever unspent in thy stride—
Implicitly thy freedom staying thee!

Translation:

序诗：致布鲁克林桥

多少拂晓，受凉于颤巍的休息，
海鸥的翅膀俯冲忽又旋身向上
洒下纷乱的白环，在被锁住的
海湾水域上建起高高的自由神像——

然后，以完美的曲线离开我们的视野，
如同神出鬼没的船帆驶过
某页有待存放归档的数字；
——直至电梯把我们 from 白昼降落……

我想到影院，想到全景手法，
众人俯身朝向闪亮的场面，
从未揭露真相，却又匆匆地
在同一银幕向另一些眼睛预告；

而你，跨越港湾，步履如银，
好像太阳踏着你的脚步，却留下
一些从未消耗的动力在你的步幅——
暗暗地你的自由总与你同在！

Out of some subway scuttle, cell or loft
A bedlamite speeds to thy parapets,
Tilting there momentarily, shrill shirt ballooning,
A jest falls from the speechless caravan.

Down Wall, from girder into street noon leaks,
A rip-tooth of the sky's acetylene,
All afternoon the cloud-flown derricks turn . . .
Thy cables breathe the North Atlantic still.

And obscure as that heaven of the Jews,
Thy guerdon. . . Accolade thou dost bestow
Of anonymity time cannot raise:
Vibrant reprieve and pardon thou dost show.

O harp and altar, of the fury fused,
(How could mere toil align thy choiring strings!)
Terrific threshold of the prophet's pledge,
Prayer of pariah, and the lover's cry—

Translation:

冲出地窖，斗室或阁楼，
一个疯子奔向你的护墙，
趑趄片刻，尖叫着，衬衣鼓如气球，
一则笑话从无言的商队跌落。

正午从大梁的缝隙漏入华尔街头
如同天空的乙炔烧出的裂齿，
整个下午腾云驾雾的吊杆转动……
你的巨缆依然吞吐着北大西洋。

隐晦得犹如犹太人的天堂，
你的奖赏……你授予的
无名爵位时间无法提升；
你展示着缓刑和赦免的生机。

啊，怒火熔铸的竖琴和祭坛，
（单凭辛劳怎能排列你合奏的弦！）
先知承诺里的超级门坎，
流浪者的祈祷，情人的哭泣——

Again the traffic lights that skim thy swift
Unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of stars,
Beading thy path—condense eternity:
And we have seen night lifted in thine arms.

Under thy shadow by the piers I waited;
Only in darkness is thy shadow clear.
The City's fiery parcels all undone,
Already snow submerges an iron year . . .

O Sleepless as the river under thee,
Vaulting the sea, the prairies' dreaming sod,
Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, descend
And of the curveship lend a myth to God.

Translation:

汽车灯光再次掠过你敏捷
连整的语言，星星无暇的叹息
串起你的路径——浓缩了永恒：
我们看到你的手臂托起黑夜。

在桥墩边你的影子里我等候着；
你的影子只在黑暗中清晰。
城市火热的包裹全松开了，
白雪已淹没了铁样年头……

啊，你无眠，如同你身下的河流
跃入大海，浇灌牧场上梦幻的草地，
有时你极其卑微地造访，洁净我们，
你的曲线是上帝缺少的神话。

My Grandmother's Love Letters

There are no stars to-night
But those of memory.
Yet how much room for memory there is
In the loose girdle of soft rain.

There is even room enough
For the letters of my mother's mother,
Elizabeth,
That have been pressed so long
Into a corner of the roof
That they are brown and soft,
And liable to melt as snow.

Over the greatness of such space
Steps must be gentle.
It is all hung by an invisible white hair.
It trembles as birch limbs webbing the air.

Translation:

外婆的情书

今夜没有星星
只有回忆如星。
可是缠绵细雨中
多少往事让人回忆。

甚至还让我忆起
伊丽莎白写的信件，
她是我母亲的母亲。
在屋顶下的角落
这些信塞了太多年
早已发黄变脆，
随时会化掉，像雪。

时空那么浩渺
脚步必须放轻。
回忆全悬于一根看不见的白发，
颤抖着，如同编织空气的桦树枝。

And I ask myself:

“Are your fingers long enough to play
Old keys that are but echoes:
Is the silence strong enough
To carry back the music to its source
And back to you again
As though to her?”

Yet I would lead my grandmother by the hand
Through much of what she would not understand;
And so I stumble. And the rain continues on the roof
With such a sound of gently pitying laughter.

Translation:

我问自己

“你的手指够长吗
能否弹奏已成回音的琴键：
寂静的力量够强吗？
能否把音乐带回声源
再传回给你，
就像传给她？”

然而我会牵着外婆的手
领她穿过许多她不懂的事物；
我步履蹒跚。雨依旧打着屋顶，
那声音轻轻的，像怜悯的笑。

At Melville's Tomb

Often beneath the wave, wide from this ledge
The dice of drowned men's bones he saw bequeath
An embassy. Their numbers as he watched,
Beat on the dusty shore and were obscured.

And wrecks passed without sound of bells,
The calyx of death's bounty giving back
A scattered chapter, livid hieroglyph,
The portent wound in corridors of shells.

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,
Its lashings charmed and malice reconciled,
Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars;
And silent answers crept across the stars.

Compass, quadrant and sextant contrive
No farther tides . . . High in the azure steeps
Monody shall not wake the mariner.
This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps.

Translation:

在梅尔维尔墓前

经常，在水波下，远离暗礁处，
他看见淹死者的白骨做的骰子
遗下重任。他看见骰子的数字
敲打布满灰尘的海岸，变得模糊。

沉船的残骸驶过，没有鸣钟，
死亡的赠品开出花萼送回
离散的章节，乌青的象形文字，
缠绕在贝壳走廊里的征兆。

然后，一股巨浪的平静回流中，
浪的抽击被魔力镇住，恶意中和，
雾蒙蒙的眼睛筑起高高的祭坛，
无声的回答匍匐着穿过群星。

罗盘、四分仪和六分仪，无法兴起
更远的潮水……在陡峭的蓝岸高处
孤零零的哀歌无法唤醒水手，
唯有大海存留这神话般的影子。

Phantom Bark

So dream thy sails, O phantom bark,
That I thy drowned men may speak again
Perhaps as once Will Collins spoke the lark
And leave me half adream upon the main

For who shall lift head up to funnel smoke,
And who trick back the leisured winds again
As they were fought—and wooed? They now but stoke
Their vanity, and dream no land in vain

Of old there was a promise, and thy sails
Have kept no faith but wind, the cold stream—
The hot fickle wind, the breath of males
Imprisoned never, no, not soot & steam...

Translation:

幽灵木船

梦想你的航行吧，啊，幽灵木船，
那样我就可再次说起你的溺亡者，
也许像威尔·柯林斯曾说起云雀，
让我在公海上半梦半醒。

谁会抬头看烟囱的煤烟，
谁会再哄回悠闲的清风，
既然经过斗争和追求？如今他们只管
满足虚荣，不空想任何一片土地。

你的航行信守自古以来的承诺，
风为唯一的信仰。寒冷的流水——
炎热无常的风，男儿们的气息
从不，绝对不，囚禁烟尘与蒸汽。

Reply

Thou canst read nothing except through appetite,
And here we join eyes in that sanctity
Where brother passes brother without sight,
But finally knows conviviality.

Go then, unto thy turning and thy blame.
Seek bliss then, brother, in my moment's shame.
All this that balks delivery through words
Shall come to you through wounds prescribed by swords:

That hate is but the vengeance of a long caress,
And fame is pivotal to shame with every sun
That rises on eternity's long willingness.
So sleep, dear brother, in my fame, my shame undone.

Translation:

回复

你只凭爱好阅读作品，
我们的目光交织在那样的圣洁中，
兄弟从兄弟身旁走过，没有看见，
最终却知道什么是快乐。

去吧，直到你转身责备。
在我一刻的羞耻中寻找愉悦吧，兄弟。
阻碍言语表达的这一切
必定以剑刺的伤降临于你：

仇恨只是长久爱抚的报复，
美誉是羞耻的中心，每一天
太阳在永恒的自愿中升起
睡吧，亲爱的兄弟，我的美誉消解了我的羞耻。

The Sad Indian

Sad heart, the gymnast of inertia, does not count
Hours, days—and scarcely sun and moon—
The warp is in the woof—and his keen vision
Spells what his tongue has had, and only that—
How more? —But the lash, lost vantage— and the prison
His fathers took for granted ages since—and so he looms

Farther than his sun-shadow—farther than wings
Their shadows even—now can't carry him.
He does not know the new hum in the sky
And—backwards—is it thus the eagles fly?

Translation:

悲伤的印第安人

悲伤的心，怠惰的运动员，不计算
时日——不在意太阳和月亮的更替——
经线交织在纬线里——他敏锐的目光
说出他口中之言，如此而已——
怎可更多？——然而父辈们长久以来习以为常的
鞭挞、卑微——以及监狱——他因此而忧心忡忡

如今即使翅膀也不能带他抵达远方
远不过他太阳下的影子——远不过翅膀及其影子
他不知道空中新的嗡鸣声是什么
退一步想——是否老鹰就像这样飞翔？

To Emily Dickinson

You who desired so much—in vain to ask—
Yet fed your hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest—
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,

Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!
O sweet, dead Silencer, most suddenly clear
When singing that Eternity possessed
And plundered momentarily in every breast;

—Truly no flower yet withers in your hand,
The harvest you descried and understand
Needs more than wit to gather, love to bind.
Some reconciliation of remotest mind—

Leaves Ormus rubyless, and Ophir chill.
Else tears heap all within one clay-cold hill.

Translation:

致艾米丽·狄金森

你渴求甚多——相问亦徒劳——
你满足渴求，诗作如牛毛，
胆敢荣耀劳动，赞美追求——
完美的寂静是你的成就。

那无心种的柳：艾米丽，听！
当你随时占据每一个心灵，
当你歌颂那不朽的永恒，
啊，甜美故人无言有声；

——尚无花朵在你手中凋谢，
丰收照你的描述和理解
不只需才智收获，情爱维系。
那是最遥远之心的同一——

它使奥玛斯失去光泽，奥菲尔不寒而栗。
它使泪水全在一个冰冷的山丘内堆积。

(刘朝晖 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Guo Jie

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Introduction

Guo Jie, the President of Guangdong Polytechnic Normal University, is a famous scholar of Chinese ancient literature, in the poetic art and theory of Chinese ancient poetry. In the research of ancient Chinese poetry, especially *The Book of Songs* (《诗经》) and *The Songs of Chu* (《楚辞》), Professor Guo has made great achievements. Academically, he has published *The World of Ancient Chinese Ideology and Poetry*, *The New Theory of Qu Yuan*, *The History of Pre-Qin Poetry* and *Selected Notes of Bai Juyi's Poems* etc. As the chief editor, he edited *History of Chinese Literature* (10 volumes).

The following poems are selected from *Songs of My Hometown* (Guo Jie, Beijing: Tsing Hua University Press, 2015) and translated by Professor Zhang Guangkui.

告别春天

告别春天
留一个开花的回忆
在梦里

于是
无论炎热的夏天
还是多雨的秋季
甚至在飘雪的日子里
我都会
思念着你

Translation:

Farewell to Spring

Farewell to spring,
And leave a memory of blossom
In the dream.

Then
Regardless of torrid summer
Or rainy fall,
On snowy day if even,
I will still
Be missing you.

门与窗

一

你给我打开一扇门
又把门关上
门开了，又关上
我还站在原来的地方

二

窗外和窗里
是昼与夜的距离
窗里和窗外
隔着一层玻璃

Translation:

Door and Window

1

A door for me you opened,
Closed, then.
Opened, and closed again,
In the same place I still stand.

2

Outside and inside the window
Is a gap between day and night.
Inside and outside the window
Is a layer of glass.

中秋

我
斟下
一杯酒
举头遥望
窗外的月亮
月亮缓缓升起
在碧澈的夜空里
映照着故乡的回忆
西风也这样凉爽
一缕微云绕上
月中的桂树
中秋今夕
嫦娥在
思念
你

Translation:

The Mid-Autumn

I

Poured

A glass of wine

Looking up overhead

There beyond the window

Is the moon rising aloft slow

There, in the clear sky of the night

Reflecting are the memories of my hometown

The west wind's so pleasantly cool

A wisp of thin cloud is enwinding

A laurel tree in the moon

Mid-Autumn Tonight

Goddess Chang'e

Is missing

You

山行

空山落叶覆苔痕，
野径无人草自深。
鸡犬不闻村舍远，
掬来泉水饮清芬。

Translation:

Mountain Hike

The mossy mountain wears emptiness and fallen leaves,
An untrodden path is so wild that thick grass fully grows.
Hardly hear the fowls and dogs with the cottages far,
Cup the hands and drink fragrance from the spa.

万里行踪

万里行踪是处家，
男儿壮志在天涯。
疾风骤雨全无惧，
满目青山映晚霞。

Translation:

Miles and Miles

Miles and miles away is my home.
Men are leaving for their ambition afar.
Fearlessly abide the raging wind and storm,
In the setting sun glow the green mountains are.

咏竹

人生不可居无竹，
劲节风华亦吾师。
千尺青青临碧涧，
岁寒霜重见幽姿。

Translation:

A Bamboo Song

Man lives cannot without bamboo.
Its toughness and strength is what I follow.
Near verdurous mountain creeks they grow.
The aged bamboo's dignified with frost heavy too.

访印尼渡多巴湖登梦幻岛

湖上清风泛细波，
满天星斗落银河。
岸边闻唱星星索，
疑是玉人梦里歌。

Translation:

Visiting Indonesian Dream Island in Lake Toba

The breeze blows gently; the waves ruffle the lake.

Stars in the sky over the Milky Way are falling.

Someone's chanting the lonely stars on the bank.

Maybe a beauty's in the dream singing.

赤壁怀古

长江流日夜，
万里正滔滔。
自古英雄泪，
纷飞逐浪高。

Translation:

Nostalgia in Chibi

The Yangtze River runs along,
Miles and miles, on and on.
That's heroes' tears streaming,
Higher after tide splashing.

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

On Charles Olson's Action Poetics

Liu Zhaohui

Abstract: Action not only underlies the three principles of projective verse, but also is a must for Olson's theories of proprioception and objectism. Olson's heavy reliance on action is closely related to the poetical, philosophical and technological contexts of his time. The Pound-Williams poetic tradition, Whitehead's philosophy of organism, Dewey's pragmatist stress on art as experience, and new ideas in science and technology of his time, in particular, Einstein's theory of relativity and quantum physics, have all contributed to Olson's action poetics.

Keywords: action; projective verse; proprioception; objectism

Charles Olson (1910-1970), an innovative poet and essayist, was seen as the leader of the Projective Verse or Black Mountain Verse. Olson first emerged as a critic with his critical work *Call me Ishmael* (1947) on Herman Melville, which "is an active and definitive engagement with what a text proposes." (Creeley Introduction 2) Olson established his position in the American poetic world with an influential essay on poetics titled "Projective Verse" in 1950. Since then, he not only had such significant essays as "Human Universe" (1951) and "Letter to Elaine Feinstein" (1959) published, but also explored American history in *The Maximus Poems*, a work of great momentum comparable to Pound's *The Cantos* and Williams' *Paterson*. Olson exchanged letters with Cid Corman, Robert Creeley, Frances Boldereff and Jeremy Prynne over many years. These letters, where he conceived, discussed, and spread his poetics, have become significant literature in the history of English poetry, in particular, of American poetry.

Olson stressed the importance of action for poets and poetry on various occasions. In "Human Universe", he wrote, "If there is any absolute, it is never more than this one, you, this instant, in action." (Olson 163) In "Proprioception," he simplified his appeal this way: "movement, at any cost." (Olson Proprioception 181) This is emphasized later on in the same

essay by the capitalized “‘ACTION’—OR, AGAIN, ‘MOVEMENT’.” (Olson Proprioception 182) While Olson’s achievement in poetics and poetry has been attracting attention from poets and scholars since the mid-20th century, critical attention to Olson has rarely focused on his emphasis and heavy reliance on “action.” A rereading of Olson’s poetics in the light of action may shed new light on him. This essay attempts to explore three major areas of Olson’s poetics in relation to action—1) action and projective verse, 2) action and proprioception, and 3) action and objectism—and the contexts of such poetics.

1. Action and Projective Verse

In the first part of “Projective Verse” Olson put forward the idea of “FIELD COMPOSITION”, (Olson PV 240) by which he meant that the poet following nothing else but “the poem under hand declares” in the process of writing. The form of a poem composed this way is no longer “inherited line, stanza, over-all form, what is the ‘old’ base of the non-projective.” (Olson PV 239) According to Olson, there are three principles to follow to compose a projective poem, the first of which concerns “the *kinetics* of the thing.” (Olson PV 240) “The thing” here refers to the projective verse. Olson believes that the process of writing a poem is a kinetic one that transfers energy: “A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it (he will have some several causations), by way the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader.” (Olson PV 240) In this process, the poet “has to behave, and be, instant by instant, aware of some several forces just now beginning to be examined.” (Olson PV 240) From Olson’s words, we may infer the process of field composition: some forces act on the poet, who then react to transfer the forces to the poem. Action is the key in this process. In physics “a particle makes a field, and a field acts on another particle, and the field has such familiar properties as energy content and momentum, just as particles can have.”¹ On a certain point in the field, an object acts on and reacts to other objects, and the amount of action and reaction is relatively constant. If the object moves to another point, this amount will change.

According to the law of energy conservation, energy neither comes from nowhere nor disappears nowhere. It can only changes from one form

¹ en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Field_(physics) Sept. 30, 2017.

to another, or transfers from one object to another. In the process of change or transfer, the total amount of energy remains constant. This also applies to the process of composing a projective poem. First, the energy of such a poem never emerges from nowhere. Olson believes that the poet “will have some causations.” In other words, he is pushed by some force to write the poem. Second, the energy of a projective poem never vanishes nowhere. The energy produced in the field of composition is passed by way of the poet to the poem and then to the reader. Third, the total amount of energy of a projective poem does not change. According to Olson, at every point in the writing process, the amount of energy the poet passes into the poem should be equal to the amount that has pushed him. Meanwhile he is aware that the amount of energy the reader gets from the poem may not be equal to the energy of the poem because the reader is the third party. This may be understood as: since the reader is not present in the process of composition, he is the party that is involved later than the poet and the poem. It is hard for the reader to restore the writing process of the poet and retrieve the same amount of energy as the poet has transferred to the poem. However, different readers will retrieve different amount of energy so that ideally the total amount of energy that all the readers transfer will be equal to the amount that the poet has initially conveyed into the poem.

In the process of writing a projective poem, the poet must record the trajectory of the change of energy, which is embodied in language as sound and rhythm. The smallest unit of sound and rhythm is the syllable. That’s why Olson says, “It is the king and pin of versification, what rules and holds together the lines, the larger forms, of a poem.” (Olson PV 241) The syllable is the smallest particle in the voicing of a word. Different groupings of syllables make up different words. While writing the poet is always faced with the problem of the choice of words. As far as Olson is concerned, such choice is spontaneous rather than deliberate: “In any given instance, because there is a choice of words, the choice, if a man is in there, will be, spontaneously, the obedience of his ear to the syllables.” (Olson PV 241) The line, the other component of the poem, comes from the breath according to Olson: “And the line comes (I swear it) from the breath, from the breathing of the man who writes, at the moment that he writes... for only he, the man who writes, can declare, at every moment, the line its metric and its ending—where its breathing, shall come to, termination.” (Olson PV 242) Breath is spontaneous action. Its rhythm naturally follows

the rhythm of feelings. Therefore, composition by field is spontaneous action. In so far as the poet follows his ear and breath, the syllable and the line will automatically come into being.

Action is internal to the core principle of projective verse—"Form is never more than an extension of content." (Olson PV 240) Since the poem has its own dynamics, it is impossible for any external force to regulate its form. In the process where the poem comes into existence, the thoughts and feelings of the poet keep moving in interaction with various forces. He does not stop to reflect. Nor does he consciously make the poem comply with a certain form. That's why Hallberg writes in "Olson's Relation to Pound and Williams":

One normally expects a poet to blot his first thoughts after they have led him to subsequent, more precise and refined, formulations, in the name of craft and artistry, not to mention brevity. But this expectation grows from a long-respected aesthetic theory of the artifact as achievement and result, which has little to do with Olson's poetics. "Artifact" is not even an adequate term for discussing *The Maximus Poems*: they are not the result of Olson's labors; they are his labors. They enact the process of composition. (Hallberg 42)

It can be seen from Hallberg's words that Olson's poetics has broken away from the traditional aesthetic theory that the poem is a refined artifact. It is owing to the fact that his poem is not modified or refined that it presents the initial raw thoughts and perceptions and that it enacts "the process of composition." The form of the poem is the development or extension of the poet's action. That is, form is the extension of content.

Action is more obviously related to another principle of projective verse—"one perception must immediately and directly lead to a further perception." (Olson PV 240) This principle stresses the speed of movement. The poet must "*at all points...get on with it, keep moving, keep in, speed, the nerves, their speed, the perceptions, theirs, the acts, the split second acts, the whole business, keep it moving as fast as you can...always one perception must must must MOVE, INSTANTER, ON ANOTHER!*" (Olson PV 240) Here Olson emphasizes not only the movement of perceptions but also the speed. One probable reason for this may be that on

the one hand, once a perception stops moving, there'll be no change between the force that acts on the perception and the force that the perception reacts with. As a result, it is not likely for the poet to record a dynamic process, and the form of his poem will fall back to the fixed and prescribed form of a traditional closed poem. On the other hand, once the perception slackens, the speed will be slower and slower, and the kinetic energy will quickly disappear so that it is impossible for the poem to be what Olson calls "a high energy-construct." (Olson PV 240)

To sum up, action is closely related to the three principles of projective verse. Olson stresses the poem as an open and kinetic process by introducing kinetics into his poetic theory. Such key terms as composition by field, transfer of energy, movement, and speed produce a vivid kinetic sense. It is no exaggeration to say that Olson's projective poetics is action poetics.

2. Action and Proprioception

Action is also the core of the theory of proprioception put forward by Olson. "Proprio" in the word "proprioception" derives from the Latin word "proprius", which means "one's own", while "ception" comes from "perception". Thus proprioception means one's own perception. Olson defines proprioception as "the data of depth sensibility/ the 'body' of us as object which spontaneously or of its own order produces experience of, 'depth' Viz SENSIBILITY WITHIN THE ORGANISM BY MOVEMENT OF ITS OWN TISSUES." (Olson Proprioception 181) As it can be seen from this definition, proprioception is spontaneous perception produced by the movement of internal bodily tissues. Three things are central to it. First, it results from the sensibility within the organism; second, it is stimulated by movement; third, it is spontaneous. Olson also terms it as "kinesthesia" and he calls for "movement, at any cost." (Olson Proprioception 181) So long as people are in action or on the move, they'll "beat...the sense whose end organs lie in the muscles, tendons, joints, and are stimulated by bodily tensions..." (Olson Proprioception 181) The importance of action is further reflected in Olson's metaphor that "*movement or action* is 'home'." (Olson Proprioception 182) This may be because both the unconscious and its projection would have no sense of belonging if the internal temporal and spatial organisms were not discovered or confirmed in action or movement.

The idea of proprioception helps get rid of subjectivism and objectivism at the same time, for the information circulating in one's mind is no more than one's perception in action. It is neither what's embodied in the famous Cartesian remark "I think, therefore I am," nor a lifelike representation of the objective world, but rather a result from the interaction between the man and the outside world.

Just as action or movement is necessary for proprioception, so proprioception is necessary for projective verse. While composing a projective poem, the poet interacts with the objects in an open field to stimulate his proprioception before he projects it onto his poem. In this case writing is an action that the poet is fully involved rather than an exposition, explanation or categorization. The poet's ego is not separated from what he experiences in this process. Whatever the poet notes down is the result of his interaction with other objects instead of a description of them. It does not matter how the objects look like, what they are, or what they mean to other people. What matters is their relation and interaction with the poet. In this relation and interaction, the poet not only experiences the objects' being but also generates his own perception. Proprioception keeps the poet away from the type of writing in which he is distanced from what he experiences as if he were an onlooker. Once the poet writes as an onlooker, he will not be in active involvement with the objects around him. As a result, his writing will be thinking about action rather than action itself. For Olson, such thinking is only concerned with a phenomenon, a layer or a part of the action. It is unlikely to present what really happens.

Action is significant for the reader's proprioception as well. Whether the poem can produce resonance in or pass energy to the reader depends on whether the reader can act properly to activate his proprioception. In his essay "Human Universe," Olson writes, "What happens at the skin is more like than different from what happens within;" "There is only one thing you can do about kinetic, re-enact it. Which is... why art is the only twin life has—its only valid metaphysic. Art does not seek to describe but to enact." (Olson HU 169) It follows that the reader should get energy in a projective poem through action or movement that is supposed to wake up his proprioception. Yet again, the kinetic energy obtained by the reader may not be equal to the kinetic energy which propelled the poet to write. For Olson, the latter "is peculiar to verse alone and which will be, obviously, also different from the energy which the reader...will take away." (Olson PV

240) This may be due to the fact that the reader's action is another action different from the poet's. However so long as the reader is in action, his proprioception will be generated so that the kinetic energy of the poem will be passed on.

3. Action and Objectism

In the second part of "Projective Verse," Olson came up with the idea of "objectism," by which he meant the stance toward reality that is needed for the production of projective verse. Olson's objectism differs a lot from Pound's and Williams's objectivism. He writes:

It is no accident that Pound and Williams both were involved variously in a movement which got called "objectivism." It is now too late to be bothered with the latter. It has excellently done itself to death, even though we are all caught in its dying. What seems to me a more valid formulation for present use is "objectism"...Objectism is the getting rid of the lyrical interference of the individual as ego, of the "subject" and his soul, that peculiar presumption by which western man has interposed himself between what he is as a creature of nature... and those other creations of nature which we may, with no derogation, call objects. For a man is himself an object, whatever he may take to be his advantages, the more likely to recognize himself as such the greater his advantages, particularly at that moment that he achieves an humilitas sufficient to him of use. (Olson PV 247)

Here Olson seems to imply that the objectivism movement Pound and Williams were involved in only erected a banner in opposition to "subjectivism" while his objectism is more valid in that it not only keeps clear of subjectivism but also transforms the conventional subject into object. Marjorie G. Perloff points out in "Olson and the 'Inferior Predecessors': 'Projective Verse Revisited'" that Olson's practice of invoking objectism to modify Pound's and Williams' objectivism is just old wine in a new bottle. In her opinion, although Olson and his admirers all agree that he has laid a corner stone for the new American poetry, in fact most of his poetic ideas were similar to those of Pound and Williams; the only difference is that Olson expressed them in new terminology. (Perloff

285-306) Perloff conducts the comparison between Olson and “his inferior predecessors” in such great detail and scholarly conscientiousness that we cannot help being convinced of Olson’s heavy indebtedness to Pound and Williams. However, this should not blind us from the fact that Olson’s objectism goes further in eradicating subjectivity, for he declares that “a man is himself an object.” In other words, man and other creatures are all equal in the natural world. Man should not place himself above other creatures. The poet in the process of composition is no exception. He is only an object in the field of composition. That’s why Olson says that “if he stays inside himself, if he is contained within his nature as he is participant in the larger force, he will be able to listen, and his hearing through himself will give him secrets objects share.” (Olson PV 247)

Then what role does action play for a man as an object? Superficially the idea that man is no different from other objects seems to undermine the importance of action, for objects are usually the things to be acted on rather than the active doers. However the significance of action shows up on second thoughts. Firstly, it is owing to action that a man becomes an object. A still man, that is, a man without any action, is not likely to be involved into an interaction in which he will be used by other objects so that he won’t become an object that is acted upon. Secondly, only via action or movement can the relation or the order of actual beings turn up. Action can prevent a man from assuming their relation or order from a subjective perspective. Olson criticizes two means of discourse since ancient Greece in “Human Universe”—logic and classification: “two means of discourse the Greeks appear to have invented hugely intermit our participation in our experience, and so prevent discovery;” “And it is they that have so fastened themselves on habits of thought that action is interfered with...” (Olson HU 163) For Olson these two means suppress intuition and hold people back from spontaneous action. In a discourse where logic and classification are the means, a man is not in action but in thinking. Such thinking is abstract, since it is cut from the immediate experience. The man who indulges in such thinking cannot be used by other objects. Instead, he integrates random experiences into a whole subjectively. In this case, he is unlikely to be an object. In order for himself to be of use as an object, a man must be used by and use other objects at the same time, thus Olson says, “the use of man, by himself and thus by others, lies in how he conceives his relation to nature, that force to which he owes his somewhat small existence.” (Olson PV 247)

If a man considers himself to be the dominator of nature, then it is impossible for him to be humbly used by or use other objects. Consequently he will be of very little use. On the contrary, if he just considers himself an object that lives in relation and interaction with other objects in nature, he will be of proper use. As to how the poet should act to stay inside himself as an object, Olson provides the following answer: “The objects which occur at every given moment of composition...are, can be, must be treated exactly as they do occur therein and not by any ideas or preconceptions from outside the poem...” (Olson PV 243) That is to say, the poet does not handle the “objects which occur at every given moment of composition” by any idea or preconception outside the poem, but rather he respects and sustains the kinetic energy of these objects. They emerge in the poem in exactly the same way as they occur in the poet’s consciousness.

The man in action and the things his action is involved in are each other’s objects. Robert Creeley, Olson’s friend and another leading figure of projective verse once said, “What uses me is what I use.” (Creeley CE 488) This is another way of saying that what uses me and what I use are mutual objects. Since actual entities are mutual objects, they are mutual subjects as well. When what uses me is the subject, I am the object; whereas when I am the subject, what I use is the object. As is seen here, objectism does not attempt to reject subject. What it aims to eradicate is subjective egocentrism so that the subject is no longer the lyric ego as it was for the romanticists. Owing to the loss of almighty subjectivity, the poet does not construct things or express feelings subjectively; nor does he explain or interpret. He is only acting and moving, along with other objects that turn up in the writing process. A poem composed this way is a kinetic combination of man and things. Its form is not externally imposed, but internally grows with the content. It should be noted again that in Olson’s objectism, what is in action is not just the poet, but also the poem and other objects in the open field of composition. Either in poem composition or in poem appreciation, the poem as “a high energy-construct” both receives and projects energy. According to Olson, the reason why the poem becomes such a construct is that the poet holds back from the desire to reason and to reflect. What he does is just allow the energy of the objects flow in.

In a word, action is essential to Olson’s objectism. In terms of objectism, the poet and all the other things that appear in field composition are objects with kinetic force. A poem is the result of the interaction of these

objects, and it in turn becomes another object full of kinetic force. It will enter into an interaction with the reader, who is supposed to enact the poem.

4. Contexts of Olson's Action Poetics

Known as a scholarly poet, Olson has read extensively in linguistics, philosophy, history, geography and archeology. Olson acknowledged his indebtedness to the Pound-Williams poetic tradition and claimed that he had developed and outgrown this tradition. However, as it's shown earlier in this essay, Olson's claim is not accepted by some critics, Majorie G. Perloff being typical of them. Perloff is a proper representative for the critics who think that Olson just imitated Pound and Williams. Meanwhile there are those who hold the opposite opinion. Robert von Hallberg defended Olson in "Olson's Relation to Pound and Williams":

But there has been so little notice taken of the matters that divided Olson, Pound, and Williams that at least one Poundian has glibly dismissed Olson's poetics as almost wholly derivative and surely inferior to Pound's work. Anyone interested in understanding the course of American poetry over the last sixty or seventy years and the directions open to it in the future is likely to be frustrated by this myopic blurring of distinctions. In truth, the story of Olson's relationship to Pound and Williams is a detailed and complex one that casts light on all three poets and especially on their long poems. (Hallberg 83)

It can be seen from these words of Hallberg that Olson's poetics differ from Pound's and Williams,' but like Pound and Williams, Olson has had an impact on "the course of American poetry over the last sixty or seventy years and the directions open to it in the future," and that "Olson's relationship to Pound and Williams is a detailed and complex one." In spite of this, Pound has defined the image vortex as the point of maximum energy and Williams has proposed that the poem be seen as a field of action prior to Olson's stress of the kinetics of the poem. Hence, Pound's and Williams' aesthetics can be seen as the theoretic context of Olson's action poetics.

Alfred North Whitehead's philosophy of organism is a significant theoretical context for Olson's action poetics. Again, according to the Olson

scholar Robert von Hallberg, “Olson tackled Whitehead’s most systematic and most difficult book, *Process and Reality*” at Black Mountain in the spring of 1955 and went back to in the following years, which “is one of his most heavily annotated volumes in his library.” (Hallberg SA 83) Olson’s *The Special View of History* came from a series of lectures delivered at Black Mountain on Whitehead. All this is good proof that Olson was influenced by Whitehead. Still what is the specific bearing of Olson’s action poetics to Whitehead’s philosophy? In Whitehead’s system, every actual entity or occasion is a process of becoming. Every actual entity relates to every other actual entity by feeling it; this feeling is called “prehension” by Whitehead. In explaining the term “prehension,” Whitehead writes:

An occasion of experience is an activity, analysable into modes of functioning which jointly constitute its process of becoming. Each mode is analysable into the total experience as active subject, and into the thing or object with which the special activity is concerned... Thus subject and object are relative terms. An occasion is a subject in respect to its special activity concerning an object; and anything is an object in respect to its provocation of some special activity within a subject. Such a mode of activity is termed a ‘prehension.’ (Whitehead AI 205)

It’s not difficult to see that Olson’s ideas of the poem as a process of becoming, of the object as that which a special activity is concerned with, and of subject and object as relative terms all echo Whitehead’s definition of ‘prehension.’ Whitehead’s emphasis on action as a must for knowledge can be seen in this statement: “As soon as you get towards the concrete, you cannot exclude action.” (Whitehead SMW 287) In *The Special View of History*, Olson’s remark concerning Whitehead’s term “actual” shows his total support for Whitehead’s emphasis on action: “The word is in good usage, and has an exact meaning: ‘involving acts or action’ and ‘opposed to potential, virtual, theoretical hypothetical, etc.’” (Olson SVH 33)

Olson’s action poetics may have also derived from John Dewey. Robert Duncan, another representative of projective verse mentions Dewey’s influence on Olson: “John Dewey in *Art as Experience* points to the difference ‘between the art product (statue, painting or whatever), and the *work of art*’ ... I point to Emerson or to Dewey to show that in American philosophy there are foreshadowings or forelightings of *Maximus*.”

(Duncan 68) Duncan means that Emerson and Dewey are the philosophical sources of Olson's *Maximus*. Stephen Fredman explores Olson's relation to Dewey more systematically. He points out: "Although there is no mention of Dewey in Olson's published work, in the sources of his work identified by Butterick and Maud, or in the critical literature...For a young man whose political, pedagogical, and esthetic interests had a populist and pragmatist flavor, exposure to Dewey would have been unavoidable." (Fredman 2) By bringing Olson into conversation into Dewey, Fredman comes to the following conclusion:

Like Dewey, Olson emphasizes the importance of immediate experience over received knowledge, values the rough, unpolished quality of vernacular creation over the normative esthetics of cultural institutions, believes in the pedagogical effectiveness of both experience and art, and sees artistic form as arising out of fully engaged experience. (Fredman 1)

In fact, Dewey's and Olson's seeing "artistic form as arising out of fully engaged experience" explains why the time when Olson was the president of Black Mountain College saw an outburst of the art of performance, including the art of action painting.

Twentieth-Century developments in science and technology are another crucial context for Olson's action poetics. Burt Kimmelman observes that "the extraordinary epistemological problems—and opportunities—posed by physics' relativity and quantum mechanics were a driving force in the evolution of his (Olson's) thoughts and aesthetics." (Kimmelman 643) Douglas Duhaime finds that Olson drew from Einstein's special theory of relativity and quantum mechanics to formulate his poetics. (Duhaime 121-139) Olson's concepts of the poem as a high energy-construct, of writing and reading the poem as energy transference, of object and subject as relative can all be traced back to Einstein's theory of relativity and to quantum mechanics.

All in all, action is a crucial element in Olson's poetics. It not only underlies the three principles of projective verse, but also is a must for his theories of proprioception and objectism. Olson's heavy reliance on action is closely related to the poetical, philosophical and technological contexts of his time. The Pound-Williams poetic tradition, Whitehead's philosophy of organism,

Dewey's pragmatist stress on art as experience, and new ideas in science and technology of his time, in particular, Einstein's theory of relativity and quantum physics, have all contributed to Olson's action poetics.

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