

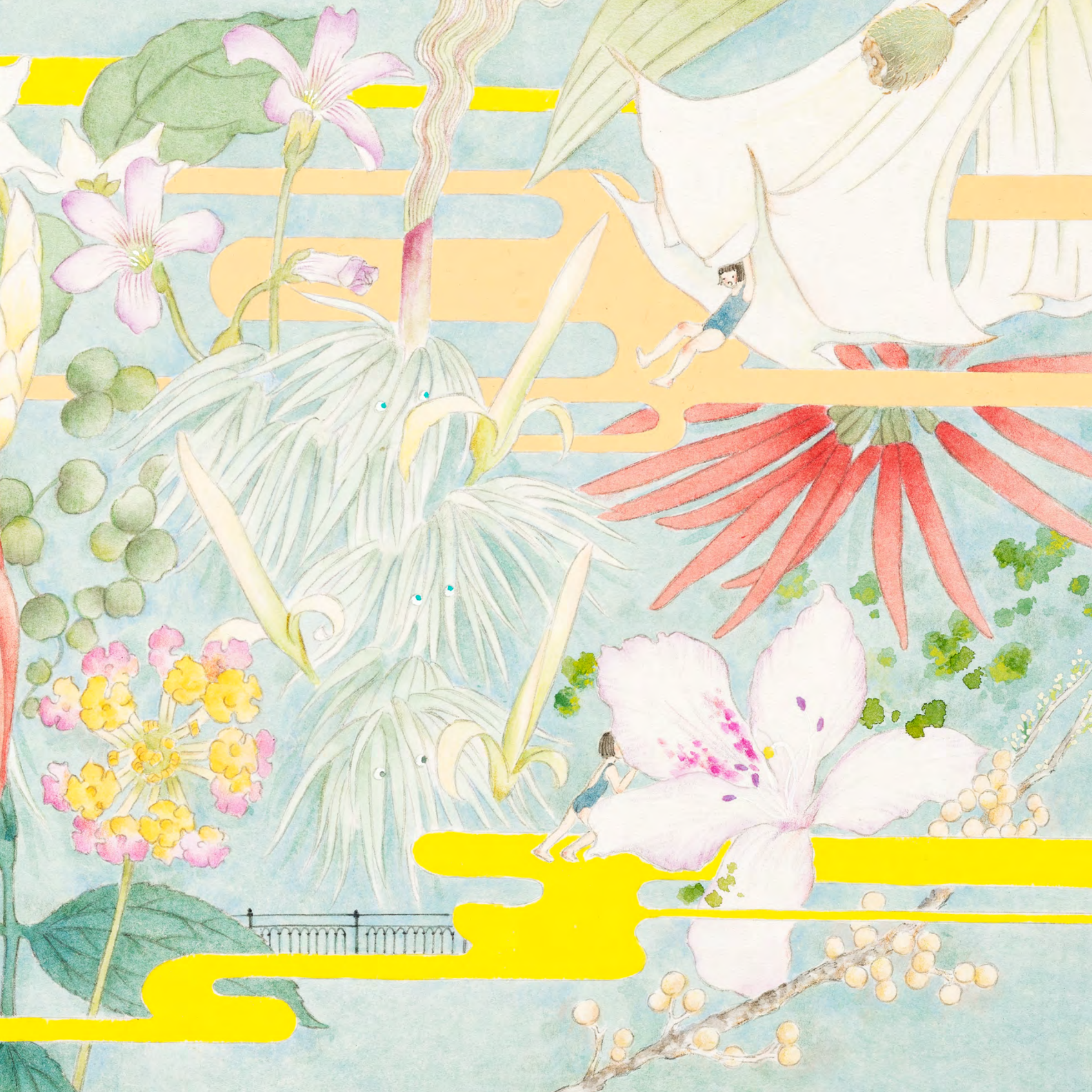
HERE AND THERE: RE-IMAGINING HONG KONG LANDSCAPES

極目足下

想・見香港風光

LEUNG KA YIN, JOEY — THE PEAK

梁嘉賢——山頂



盧吉你好

HI LUGARD

太平山像個名人，大家都認識，但有點距離。每日新聞講到天氣，隔著螢光幕會見到；坐巴士往港島區，入西隧前也能遙遙望見。陰晴雨霧時她有不同表情，只是高樓大廈像皺紋般隨年增多。然而，作為著名旅遊景點，這地方好像只屬於遊客，即使置身其中，也會覺得自己變成外地遊人。

為準備其中一件作品再上太平山，經過上次不帶任何前設和計劃上山後，大概知道今次想怎樣行，途中對什麼有興趣，也看看有沒有新發現。

因為想看由城市過渡至山上的風景，我選擇在中環乘 15 號巴士上山，原來 15 號還有另一個外號，叫「山頂探索號」，不知道的還以為自己會登火箭。我決定遊客要扮到底，巴士要坐上層頭位，不過這遊客位置已被捷足先登，我便坐了左邊第三行。

巴士駛進皇后大道東，會看到一些民生小店，我還看到平時光顧的畫框店楊先生在店內工作。經過蕙帖街，「變咗酒樓？」前面的夫婦在研究重建翻新後的樓宇有何用途，見到藍屋時，他們驚嘆：「係歷史建築，仲有人住㗎！」

轉入司徒拔道時，廣播會提醒乘客巴士即將離開市區登山，大家千萬別錯過周邊景色，但又不要忘記到站落車，那刻有點緊張，擔心應接不暇。巴士徐徐上行，電子告示版會溫馨提示左邊會看到馬場、香港仔等，還有相機圖示這是打卡位。（好忙）

上山的路又窄又彎彎曲曲，一直都覺得在這段路駕駛大型巴士要有車手的技術才可。雖然太平山不算高，但上山時還是間中有輕微耳塞，吞啖口水便好。

沿途除了巴士提示的風景外，還可以看到只有在電視劇才見到的雅緻洋房、私人小花園和泳池，有點時光倒流的感覺，還有那些「矯口」的路牌，馬己仙峽道、聶歌信山道，看看這些路名的繙譯也很有趣，突然覺得可以搞個山頂道路急口令比賽。

知道文輝道地皮已出售，本來打算在該站落車，去看一看未拆的建築（上次來的時候還未拆），可惜這次來到時一幢幢樓宇已包著安全網，車上突然響起相同的說話「拆緊？」、「起緊？」，大家都對眼前景物的改變一臉茫然，也許車上的人都是來懷緬一下。「懷緬」很神奇，當下景物進入眼簾時，會喚起腦袋裡另一風景，是真實場景、模糊記憶與腦補情節的交戰。

這次行盧吉道，我沒從夏力道進入，因為從盧吉道開始行，道路會由窄變闊，去到高西郊遊區涼亭時會有豁然開朗的喜悅，內心烏雲密佈時很需要這種小快樂。到了入口，發現盧吉改了英文名，看看路牌，有頑皮人士將一張「B」字貼紙貼在「Lugard」的「L」上，「Lugard」變了「Bugard」。這位頑皮人士幾幽默，但還是要戴個頭盔說這是不當的行為。

行程主要想記錄身邊的植物，上次來的時候，最大感受是這裡的變遷，尤其看過一些歷史圖片及影像後，這感覺特別深刻，看得見抑或看不見的，都不經不覺改變了，而這裡的植物都看在眼裡。季節循環，花開花落間，遊人來來住住，說著不同的故事，建築物拆完又起，山上山下的轉變，它們靜靜地見證著。

觀看這裡的植物除了金睛火眼左望右望之外，還有一些聽天由命方法：(1) 順著穿過樹葉縫隙的陽光指引；(2) 如看到掉在地上的植物殘骸，就抬頭望；(3) 看看遊人停下來拍照的位置或呼喚，所謂的「呼喚」，是因為有所發現而大叫，其中一段路有人興奮地說：「嘩！好多桔呀！」原來自己行過了一棵大桔樹也沒為意。另一深刻體驗，身後有幾位女士同行，當中一位跟另一位說：「你呀，要多做啲運動，唔係就會咁㗎喇！」（下省數不盡的「哈哈哈哈哈…」）回頭一看她們所指的植物，是下垂的曼陀羅，頓時深感運動的重要。

佛系的觀察方式不科學，但有驚喜。

行著棧道，通常會遇到與狗狗散步的人、鍛煉身體的人（會飛快在身邊閃過），最多是結伴行山的人們，他們總會一邊行，一邊傾談。說些什麼呢？擦身而過的人

們，他們的對話總有一句半句飄進耳中，家庭、朋友、工作、八卦是非、歷史、地理、植物知識、人生哲理都有，沒頭沒尾的一兩句說話，對於不小心聽到的人並沒有什麼意義，如果夠想像力，或者可以從中創作一齣狗血劇。偶然傳來與風景未必有關的話語，那種不協調充滿人味，尤其聽到的是熟悉的語言，我感覺到的，是生活，也知道自己在哪兒。

有人的地方就會有人的痕跡，這裡當然也有，欄杆、竹，以至佈滿苔蘚的石塊都會發現人類文明符號，人名、日期、圖案等，不同國家的文字都有，近觀景台的欄杆最多。看見這些符號時不期然會想：當時他們的心情怎樣？會回來看嗎？心心圖案旁的兩個人名還在一起嗎？除了刻字，也有些另類的痕跡，這次碰巧是吊鐘花開的時間，指甲大小的花朵，有些會掉在地上，有途人會拾起，一朵朵整齊地排在欄杆上，看見時，令人會心微笑。還有樹幹上離奇的勒痕，是樹木護理員拔走了原本纏著樹的植物？還是幫過樹木矯形？也有人替長長的樹根打結…人的思想與行為，有時複雜得難以理解，但這些與環境的互動卻很直接，有傲慢，也有慈悲。

行完盧吉道，我又回到起點，過了獅子亭那邊看看，那裡看到更廣闊的維港景。

回程我也是坐巴士，返回市區，經過皇后大道東時，看見畫框舖的楊先生仍在櫃檯的位置工作，心裡大力揮手：「楊生，又係我呀！」想起現實世界放工時段人多，為了能坐有位的巴士回家，就在金鐘下車，結束這次旅程。

寫了一堆瑣瑣碎碎的，當中並無曲折經歷，也沒感人情節，只有一些細微情緒和無聊聯想，但已足夠成為美好回憶。無常的日子總有兩句縈繞在心：「好好感受和記住吧，不要以為次次都有下次。」

● 梁嘉賢

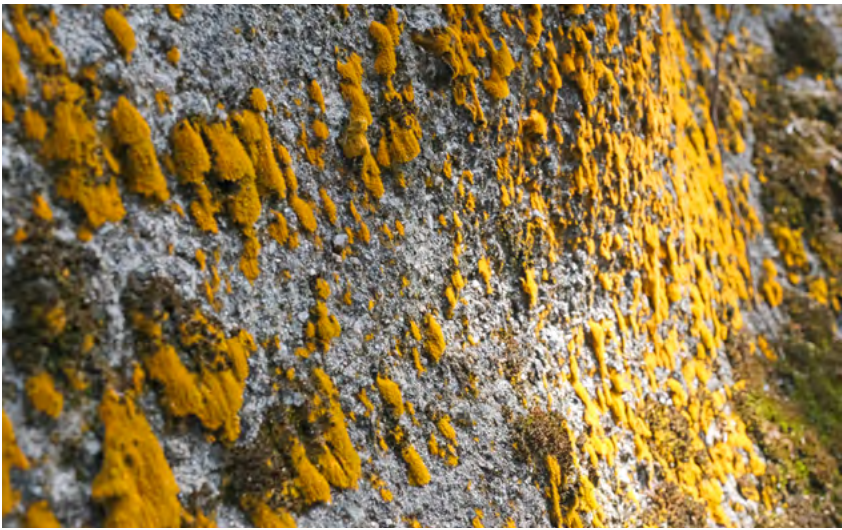
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◎ English Translation by Ting Wing Yan, Vivian

◎ Mary King Bradley 作品題詞英文譯本

◎ English Translation of Inscription by Mary King Bradley



Everyone knows the famous Victoria Peak, but it seems distant from us.

We see it every morning when we are watching the weather forecast on our televisions; we see it from far away on buses towards Hong Kong Island before the buses enter Western Harbour Crossing. The Peak looks different when cloudy, sunny, rainy, or foggy. Skyscrapers around the Peak grows exponentially every year. As a famous tourist attraction, the Peak seems to exist just for tourists. Even if you live in the city, when you are on the Peak, you feel yourself turning into one of these visitors from someplace else.

To prepare for the exhibiting work, I visited Victoria Peak again. Having visited there without any preparation and plan previously, I knew what I wanted the fieldtrip to be like this time and what I might be interested in, wishing that I would have some new discoveries.

I took the bus route 15 from Central to the Peak, allowing myself to immerse in the journey and enjoy the scenery from the city view to mountain view. You might not know that another name of this bus route is called “Peak Explorer”. The bus ride allowed passengers to feel like they were going on a rocket trip, isn’t it? I originally wanted to take the front seats on the upper deck, trying to experience the bus trip from the tourists’ perspective. Sadly, the front seats were all occupied by other tourists, and I had no choice but to take a seat in the third row on the left.

When the bus headed eastward to Queen’s Road East, I spotted some local boutiques and the picture framing shop that I visited a lot, in which Mr Yeung, the shopkeeper, was also working at that time. A couple sitting in front of me discussed rehabilitated buildings’ use. “Now they have a Chinese restaurant here,” said the couple when the bus passed Lee Tung Street (previously known as the Wedding Card Street). “See that building? It is a historical building and people are still living there!” they were surprised when they saw Blue House in Wan Chai.

An announcement was made when the bus slowly turned uphill on Stubbs Road, reminding passengers that they were leaving the urban area. Be careful not to miss your stop when you were busy enjoying the surrounding scene along the bus ride. Honestly, I was a bit nervous at that time, wondering if I would miss the stop. While the bus was going up towards the Peak, the electronic notice board would remind you what you could see on your left-hand side, such as the Happy Valley Racecourse and Aberdeen. When you saw a

camera icon pop up on the screen, there was an instagrammable spot where you could take a picture (quite busy, isn’t it?).

The road up the Peak was very winding and with many twists and turns. I personally thought that bus driver must be as skilled as racing driver as if they were going to drive along this hillside road. Victoria Peak is not a very high hill, yet my ears still felt slightly clogged when going uphill. It was not a deal, though, as swallowing helped pop the ears.

Along with the views as suggested on the notice board, you could also see those elegant houses with private gardens and swimming pools that were supposed to be seen only on TV shows. Watching all these made me feel like I was travelling back in time. The Cantonese translations (or transliteration to be more specific) of the names of some roads were also interesting. Reading the Cantonese names of Magazine Gap Road and Mount Nicholson Road was just like reading tongue twisters. Maybe it would be a good idea if someone organised a tongue twisters competition using all the road names on the Peak.

Knowing the plots in Mansfield Road had sold, I originally planned to get off the bus near the plots and said goodbye to those undemolished buildings (they had been there the last time I came). I was out of luck — those buildings were all wrapped in safety nets. “Are they demolishing the buildings?” the passengers on the bus suddenly asked the same question. “Are they building it instead?” someone asked. Everyone was frustrated about what they were seeing. Perhaps they took the bus to reminisce about the past. Reminiscence is a miraculous behaviour: when we are staring at one sight, another picture will pop up in our mind. It is a battle between the real scene, our fuzzy memories, and our headcanons.

I did not start from Harlech Road this time. Lugard Road was quite narrow at first, but it became wider and wider as you go. The pavilion in the West High picnic area was what enlightened and uplifted everyone when you were on this short walking trip; that excitement was what you need when you felt gloomy. When I arrived at the entry point, I pondered why was Lugard Road’s name changed? I took a closer look on the sign. Oh, it was somebody’s joke! Someone naughty put a letter ‘B’ sticker on top of the letter ‘L’ in ‘Lugard’, changing the spelling of it to ‘Bugard’. It was indeed funny, but just in case someone thought that I encouraged this kind of behaviour, I had to remind everyone that this was inappropriate.

I would like to record the plants here during this visit. Last time I was struck by seeing the huge changes between the past and the present, especially after I researched some old photographs and videos of this place. The plants there had witnessed enormous change, both seen and unseen, visible or invisible. Years after years, flower blossoms and withers, thousands of visitors had walked past telling us stories after stories. Old buildings had gone, and the new was built. The plants had also been quietly witnessing the changes up and down the mountain.

Instead of having a pair of discerning eyes spotting around when appreciating the plants here, you could also leave fate to God. You could: (1) follow the sunlight filtering through the leaves; (2) if you saw some dead plants on the ground, just looked up; (3) stop at where tourists stopped to take pictures or calling out their friends.

The primary reason why they called their friends or family was that they found something worthy. “See! Loads of mandarin here!” someone yelled excitedly and reminded me to take a look at the big mandarin tree that I had overlooked. There was another time that a few women were walking behind me. “You need to do more exercise or else you will look like this!” one of them said. I could hear a lot of laughter after the woman said this which prompted me to look back and figure out what they were talking about — a sagging Jimsonweed! They (or the shape of the Jimsonweed) reminded me profoundly of the importance of exercising.

Leave-fate-to-God method was definitely not a scientific way to observe plants, but it surprised you.

While you were walking along the trail, you could see people walking their dogs and doing exercise (who usually flew past you). Among them, you were more likely to bump into groups of hikers. They typically have non-stop conversations while hiking. You can overhear a word or two when you walk past them. They might be talking about their family members, friends, jobs, gossip, or they might be having a small history, geography, plants or philosophy lessons. A fragment of their conversation had no meaning to us, but if you were with good imagination and creativity, you might be able to come up with a whole series of cheesy soap opera! These overheard phrases that had nothing to do with the landscape, these incongruities, were loaded with human nature. And when I heard people speaking the same tongue, I

could truly feel that this is life, and that I was in my homeland, Hong Kong.

Humans leave traces wherever they step. You could find loads of marks, such as names and dates in different languages and even patterns. The railings near the observation deck had the most symbols compared to others. “How did they feel when they drew the marks here?”, “Will these people come back again and check the marks they left?”, “Are the two with these names on the heart still in a relationship?” I could not stop thinking about all these questions when looking at these signs. Besides the inscriptions, there were also some other kinds of marks. It happened to be when Fuchsia, also called the Chinese New Year Flower, was in bloom when I visited there. Nail-size Fuchsia had fallen on the ground, and some passers-by had picked them up and arranged them neatly on the railings. It must cheer you up when you saw them. For those strange strangulation marks on the trunk, were these the marks left by the plants that initially wrapped around the tree? Or was it because the tree had been straightened before? I had no idea about these. Someone had also tied knots for those long roots...Weird, wasn’t it? Human thoughts and actions are sometimes too complex to understand, but our interactions with the environment are direct and may do it arrogantly or with compassion.

I walked back to the starting point after I finished the entire Lugard Road. I then decided to have a look at the Lion Rock Pavilion, where I could see a wider view of Victoria Harbour.

Again, I took the bus when I headed back to the city. When the bus passed through Queen’s Road East, I saw Mr. Yeung was still working at the counter of the picture framing store. I waved to him in my mind, “Hey, it’s me again!” Realising that people were off work during this time, I got off at Admiralty to finish my bus trip just to make sure that I could get a seat on another bus to head back home.

There were no twists and turns, no touching experience during this visit, but only minor emotions and frivolous associations, and still, these are good memories that I have. There are always two lines that linger in my heart during these unpredictable days: “Just feel it and remember it, don’t assume that you’ll always have another chance to experience it again.”



站在不同位置觀看這既熟悉又陌生的太平山，讓觀察、想像、情感與其被賦予的形象、歷史相遇。

Let us admire and enjoy the familiar yet foreign Victoria Peak from different perspectives and allow our observations, imaginations, and sensations to encounter and interlace with its images and history.



《太平的輪廓線》

OUTLINE OF THE PEAK

水粉、水墨、日本顏料、啞粉塑膠彩、
繪圖筆、木顏色、和紙
Gouache, Chinese ink, Japanese pigment, acrylic gouache,
drawing pen & coloured pencil on Washi paper
85.5 × 115 cm
2022

《太平的輪廓線》

—— 從西九看對岸的太平山

正面的太平山加維港景組成直白的符號：璀璨繁榮的香港。

我嘗試從眼前的太平山找出輪廓線，可惜高樓大廈遮擋了部分山脊線，無法完全掌握其輪廓，只能從舊照片才看清楚山的全貌。

一個地方的名字可能關於她的歷史、傳說、地貌形容或想像等，是人和地方建立關係的開始。

太平山為何叫太平山？有個流傳的說法在 19 世紀初，海盜張保仔戰敗後，香港島漁民認為從此便能享太平，因而將原來的硬頭山改名為太平山。

2022 年，太平山仍然叫太平山。

今天我們對於太平的定義和詮釋還跟以前一樣嗎？我不能確定，用肉眼已無法勾勒太平的輪廓，唯有想像出來。

作品題詞：

騎著私家小野馬

吃口芝麻撈豆花

構圖和諧無烏鴉

安心啱陣啖啖茶

夢幻得

令人忘記四時變化

OUTLINE OF THE PEAK

— VICTORIA PEAK FROM WEST KOWLOON

The picturesque Victoria Peak interweaving with the stunning view of Victoria Harbour forms the symbol of one place in the world: the colourful and prosperous Hong Kong.

I tried to look for the silhouette of Victoria Peak, but the skyscrapers around the city blocked part of it. The only way to get a clear view of the Peak was to flip through the old photographs.

A place may be named based on its historical background, its legends, geographical features, or our imaginations toward it. The name of a place is where the relationship between us and that place begins.

The Chinese name of Victoria Peak is “ 太平山 ” (pronounced as “taai ping saan” and its literal translation is the “mountain peak of great peace”), but why is it named as such? Well, there is a legend behind it. Victoria Peak was neither called Victoria Peak nor the Mountain Peak of Great Peace at that time but “ 硬頭山 ” (pronounced as “ngaang tau saan” and literally translated as “Hard Head Mountain”). In the early 19th century when the pirate, Cheung Po Tsai, was defeated, the fishermen from Hong Kong Island thought they could enjoy peace. Therefore, they changed the Chinese name to “the Mountain of Great Peace”.

In 2022, the name remains unchanged.

Do we still have the same definition and interpretation of the word “peace” today as before? I am not sure as I can no longer outline the contours of peace with my naked eyes, but only with my imagination.

Inscription:

Riding her own wild pony

A bite of soft tofu and sesame

A composition minus crows in harmony

A quiet moment to sip some tea

By dreaming

We forget the change of seasons

《維多利亞的細碼束衣》

VICTORIA'S SMALL SIZE GIRDLE

水粉、水墨、日本顏料、啞粉塑膠彩、
繪圖筆、木顏色、和紙
Gouache, Chinese ink, Japanese pigment, acrylic gouache,
drawing pen & coloured pencil on Washi paper
147.5 × 59 cm
2022



《維多利亞的細碼束衣》

—— 從太平山頂俯瞰的維多利亞港

曾經聽過對於維港填海有這樣的形容：

「 就快可以起條行人天橋步行來往維港兩岸。」

從山頂向下望，維港海面的形狀看似一個半躺的人，
只是身形跟以前比較越趨窈窕，也許是穿了束衣。這種被
束縛的感覺，她可能會覺得鬱悶，又或者很快便習慣，只
有她才知道。

作品題詞：

利亞有個小肚腩
望落富足但懶散
維多總看不過眼
誓要完善她一番

利亞吸氣一大啖
束衣速速箍肚腩
肚腩看似已消減
利亞一副厭世顏
脂肪難奔放跳彈
食飯呼吸太困難

即使幻彩詠多晚
悶氣也無法消散
維多大叫別扮慘
過多幾日便習慣

VICTORIA'S SMALL SIZE GIRDLE

— OVERLOOKING VICTORIA HARBOUR FROM THE PEAK

I once heard somebody describe the reclamation at the Victoria
Harbour in this way:

“We will soon have a footbridge that connects the two sides of the
Victoria Harbour.”

Looking down from the top of the hill, the shape of the harbour looks
like a reclining person, but her body is getting slimmer and slimmer compared
to ever before, just like wearing a girdle. She may feel depressed by this
feeling of being bound, or she may get used to it soon, but after all, only she
knows how she feels.

Inscription:

Ria has a muffin-top
Hopes for wealth but lays about
Victor cannot let this pass
Swears to lift her to first rank

Ria takes a deep deep breath
Does up a girdle round her waist
Tummy hidden in a flash
Ria's face looks oh so glum
Stubborn fat comes bursting back
Eating, breathing both prove hard

Even many nights' display
Of a Symphony of Lights
Don't dispel her listless air
Victor shouts to quit this act
By and by she will adapt



《 盧吉你好 》

HI LUGARD

水粉、水墨、日本顏料、塑膠彩、啞粉塑膠彩、
繪圖筆、木顏色、和紙

Gouache, Chinese ink, Japanese pigment, acrylic, acrylic gouache,
drawing pen & coloured pencil on Washi paper

30.4 × 45.7 cm

2022

《 盧吉你好 》

—— 置身太平山中的棧道

再行盧吉道，才發現原來以前行過，只是沒有完整地走一圈，也沒為意那就是盧吉道。

遊人的對話、棧道旁的一草一木、欄杆石凳、相比招牌美景好像更有趣。

我把盧吉道沿路的花草樹記錄下來，繪製成明信片，藉著明信片需要記與寄的動作，讓大家將遊歷盧吉道的過程或感受記下，寄給想分享的人，成為人與風景聯繫的痕跡。

HI LUGARD

— AMBLING ALONG THE HIKING TRAIL AT THE VICTORIA PEAK

It is not my first time to be in Lugard Road but just that I did not take a complete walk along this road, and I did not realise that it is Lugard Road before.

The conversation of sightseers, the plants and trees alongside the road, the fences, and the stone benches, in my opinion, seem to be more attractive than the breathtaking views.

I have recorded the flowers and trees along the road and drawn a postcard. By writing our experience and feelings towards Lugard Road on a postcard and sending it to someone we want to share, we document the connection between people and the landscape.