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Island was self-published in 1980 with partial funding from the Zellerbach Family Fund and the Wallace Alexander Gerbode Foundation, as well as the assistance of the San Francisco Study Center and Chinese Culture Foundation of San Francisco under the publisher's name—HOC DOI, which stands for "History of Chinese Detained on Island." It went into a second printing in 1983 and was republished by the University of Washington Press in 1991.

In this revised edition sixty-nine poems in the main text have been combined with the sixty-six poems in the appendix into one section. Chinese poems that had been found on the walls of the immigration stations at Ellis Island in New York and at Victoria, B.C. in Canada are also included. Charles Egan, David Chuenyan Lai, Marlon K. Hom, and Ellen Yeung helped with the new translations and corrected any errors in the poems based on a report commissioned by the Angel Island Immigration Foundation. The historical introduction is rewritten to include the new research that has been done since *Island* was first published; excerpts of oral histories are replaced with twenty full profiles and stories drawn from our oral history collection and the immigration files at the National Archives, San Francisco).

Unlike the first edition of *Island*, this revised edition uses the real names of our interviewees and includes photographs of them. Volunteers pored over twenty-seven rolls of microfilm that had been scanned by Ancestry.com in an effort to determine the actual detention time, exclusions, and appeals for Chinese applicants at Angel Island (see tables 1 and 2 in the appendix). The bibliography is updated; a map showing the emigrant districts in Guangdong has been added, as well as a glossary of Chinese names and terms mentioned in the book.

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23.

Today is the last day of winter;
Tomorrow morning is the vernal equinox.
One year's prospects have changed to another.
Sadness kills the person in the wooden building.

24.

Random Thoughts Deep at Night

In the quiet of night, I heard, faintly, the whistling of wind.
The forms and shadows saddened me; upon seeing the landscape,
I composed a poem.
The floating clouds, the fog, darken the sky.
The moon shines faintly as the insects chirp.
Grief and bitterness entwined are heaven sent.
The sad person sits alone, leaning by a window.

Written by Yee of Toishan¹⁵

¹⁵ The largest percentage of Chinese in the continental United States and Canada came from Toishan District, located southwest of the Pearl River Delta (see map on p. 5).

23.

今日為冬末，
明朝是春分。
交替兩年景，
愁煞木樓人。

24.

深夜偶感

夜靜微聞風嘯聲，
形影傷情見景詠。
雲霧潺潺也暗天，
蟲聲唧唧月微明。
悲苦相連天相遣，
愁人獨坐倚¹⁰窗邊。

台山余題

10 原作「椅」

25.

*Random Thoughts at Mid-autumn Festival*¹⁶

The night is cool as I lie stiff on the steel bunk.
Before the window, the moon lady shines on me.
Bored, I get up and stand beneath the cold window.
Sadly, I count the time that's elapsed; it is already mid-autumn.
We should all honor and enjoy her.
But I have not prepared even the most trifling gift,
and I feel embarrassed.

26.

The insects chirp outside the four walls.¹⁷
The inmates often sigh.
Thinking of affairs back home,
Unconscious tears wet my lapel.

27.

Depressed from living on Island, I sought the Sleeping Village.
The uncertain future altogether wounds my spirit.
When I see my old country fraught with chaos,
I, a drifting leaf, become doubly saddened.

¹⁶ The Mid-autumn Festival is celebrated on the fifteenth day of the eighth lunar month, when Chinese families observe the end of the harvest by sending wishes to the Moon Goddess, sharing moon cakes with family and friends, and worshipping the year's brightest moon.

¹⁷ This poem imitates the "Mulan Ci" (Poem of Mulan), which some judge to be a work dating back to the sixth century.

25.

中秋偶感

夜涼僵臥鐵床中，
窗前月姊透照儂。
悶來起立寒窗下，
愁把時計已秋中。
吾儕也應同敬賞，
菲儀無備亦羞容。

26.

四壁蟲唧唧，
居人多歎息。
思及家中事，
不覺淚沾滴。¹¹

27.

悶處埃崙尋睡鄉，
前途渺渺總神傷。
眼看故國危變亂，
一葉飄零倍感長。

11 余本作「襟」

28.

My belly is so full of discontent it is really difficult to relax.

I can only worry silently to myself.

At times I gaze at the cloud- and fog-enshrouded mountain-front.

It only deepens my sadness.

By a wanderer from Heungshan

29.

Sadly, I listen to the sounds of insects and angry surf.

The harsh laws pile layer upon layer; how can I dissipate my hatred?

Drifting in as a traveler, I met with this calamity.

It is more miserable than owning only a flute in the marketplace of Wu.¹⁸

30.

Living on island away from home elicits a hundred feelings.

My chest is filled with a sadness and anger I cannot bear to explain.

Night and day, I sit passively and listlessly.

Fortunately, I have a novel as my companion.

¹⁸ Wu Yun (d. 485 B.C.E.), or Wu Zixu, was the son of a high official serving the King of Chu (a state in the central Yangzi River basin). His father fell into disfavor with the king and was killed together with his family. Wu Zixu, however, fled to the state of Wu (in present-day Jiangsu). He arrived with only a flute, which he played in the marketplace to beg for food. Later, he became an important official who served the Wu king and led an army to defeat the state of Chu. His victorious legions entered the Chu capital in 506 B.C.E., whereupon he dug up the corpse of the former king and whipped it three hundred times.

31.

Imprisonment at Youli,¹⁹ when will it end?

Fur and linen garments have been exchanged; it is already another autumn.

My belly brims with discontents, too numerous to inscribe on bamboo slips.²⁰

Snow falls, flowers wilt, expressing sorrow through the ages.

32.

The west wind ruffles my thin gauze clothing.

On the hill sits a tall building with a room of wooden planks.

I wish I could travel on a cloud far away, reunite with my wife and son.

When the moonlight shines on me alone, the night seems even longer.

At the head of the bed there is wine, and my heart is constantly drunk.

There is no flower beneath my pillow, and my dreams are not sweet.

To whom can I confide my innermost feelings?

I rely solely on close friends to relieve my loneliness.

33.

America has power, but not justice.

In prison, we were victimized as if we were guilty.

Given no opportunity to explain, it was really brutal.

I bow my head in reflection, but there is nothing I can do.

By Chan

19 King Wen (ca. 12th century BCE), founder of the Zhou state, was held captive at Youli because the last Shang king regarded him as a potential threat to Shang rule. His son, King Wu (1134–1115 BCE), later defeated the Shang and established the Zhou dynasty (1122–249 BCE).

20 This idea is taken from a proverb, which alludes to crimes so numerous they will not fit on slips made from all the bamboo in the Zhongnan Mountains. The ancient Chinese often wrote on bamboo slips.

31.

美里受囚何日休？
裘葛已更又一秋。
滿腹牢騷難罄竹，
雪落花殘千古愁。

32.

西風吹動薄羅裳，¹⁴
山坐高樓板木房。
意好子娘雲欲遠，
月明偏受夜更長。
床頭有酒心常醉，
枕底無花夢不香。
一幅幽情何心寄，
全憑知己解淒涼。

33.

美有強權無公理，
囹圄吾人也罹辜。
不由分說真殘酷，
俯首回思莫奈何。

陳題

¹⁴ 原作「常」

34.

This place is called an island of immortals,
When, in fact, this mountain wilderness is a prison.
Once you see the open net, why throw yourself in?
It is only because of empty pockets I can do nothing else.

35.

I, a seven-foot man, am ashamed I cannot stand tall.
Curled up in an enclosure,²¹ my movements are dictated by others.
Enduring a hundred humiliations, I can only cry in vain.
This person's tears fall, but what can the blue heavens do?

36.

I have infinite feelings that the ocean has changed into a mulberry grove.²²
My body is detained in this building.
I cannot fly from this grassy hill,
And green waters block the hero.
Impetuously, I threw away my writing brush.
My efforts have all been in vain.
It is up to me to answer carefully.
I have no words to murmur against the east wind.

By Yuen

²¹ Like a worm.

²² Great changes.

34.

埃崙此地為¹⁵仙島，
山野原來是監牢。
既望張網焉投入？
祇為囊空莫奈何。

35.

鬚眉七尺愧無伸，
蜷伏圈中俯仰人。
百般忍辱徒呼負，
斯人瀝¹⁶淚蒼天何？

36.

無限滄桑感，
羈身此樓中。
青山飛不去，
綠水阻英雄。
率爾投筆去，
徒勞反無功。
慎言誠在我，
無語怨東風。

阮題

15 余本作「如」

16 原作「磨」