

INVISIBLE GARDEN

隐 园

PENG BO

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This project aims at an in-depth study bound to the phenomenology of architecture in which I desire to discuss the process of recognizing and making architecture with certain "garden qualities".

"Garden awareness" is an architectural condition that approached me from my daily life, and this, in turn, became fragmentary memories of "a garden" as the intimate space that connects to the greater world.

When Memory takes place in different time and place, I attempted to re-enact those moments, to visualize them, and through the creative act transcribe them into new architectural space .

During the journey of finding a garden, I have recognized the memory of a lingering darkness by being in the dark, perceiving it, reflecting on it, and bringing it out. At the same time, I have recognized garden occurred in the bright light of a reading desk at Yale.

Once I attempt to offer a plan and a border to my garden. It motivates me to transcribe the previously recognized garden moments into several intact and intractable spaces. Yet in the end, I realize there are numerous ways to bring my entities together. The true connection between them is my mind. My body is the true border of the garden.

Being in search of a garden enables me to constantly finding new materials in varied mediums. Texts, drawings, objects, photographs are constructing a totality of an infinite garden.

By looking at the materials that I have brought out and gathered, I begin to understand my place in the world.

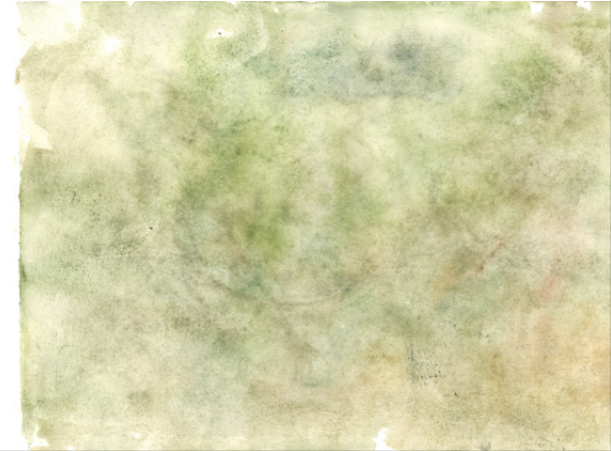
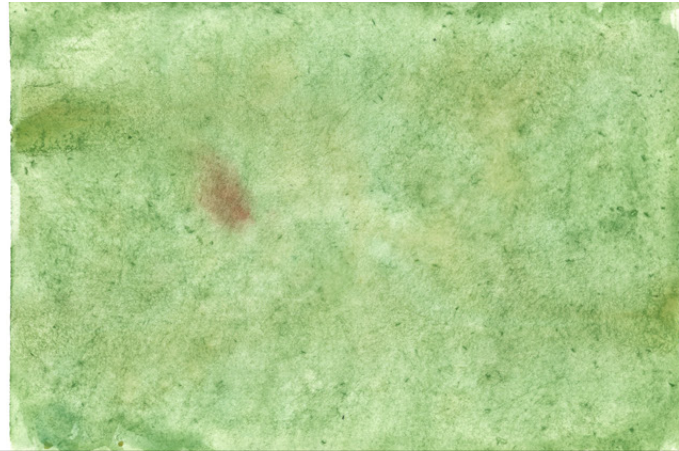
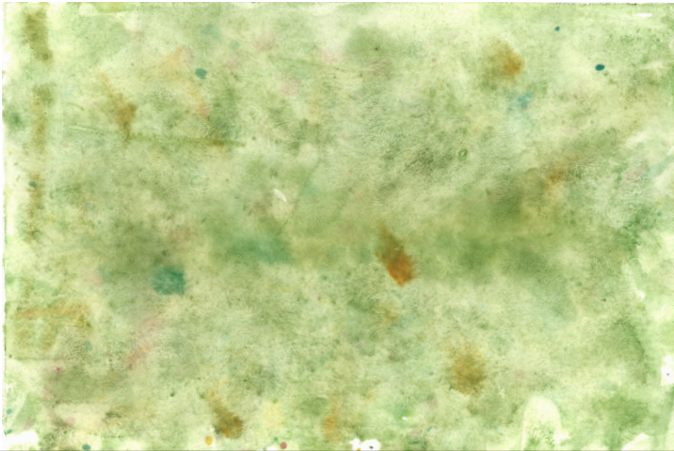
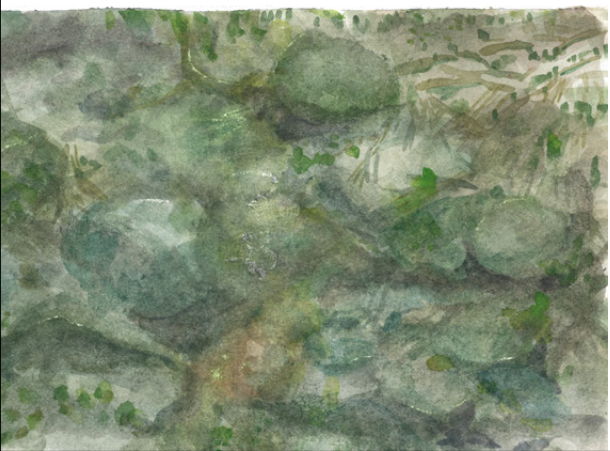
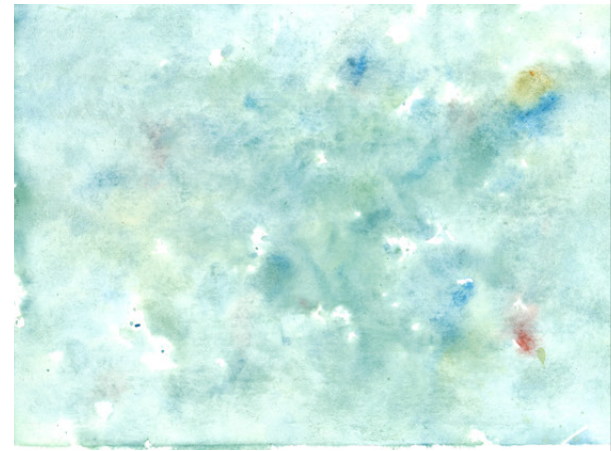
The work is consisting of varied longings. One of the longings is to also invite others to participate in perceiving the garden. Just like the quote from *The Peony Pavilion* said-

"Without entering the garden, one cannot see how much spring occurs."

ATTEMPT I

Re-enact garden memory

2018.08-2018.12

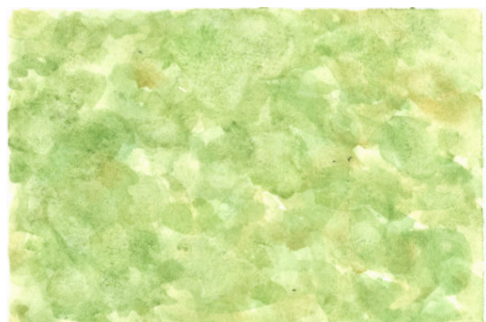
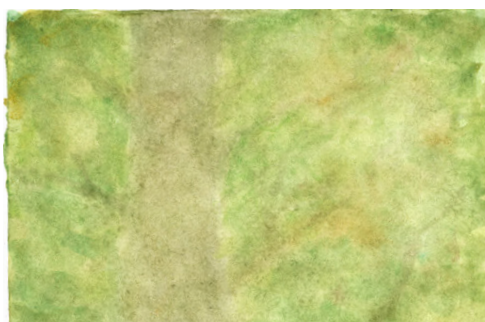




2018.09.26

倚栏听风雨，点滴在心头。

Leaning on the wooden handrail and watching
the rain, raindrops drop on the heart.



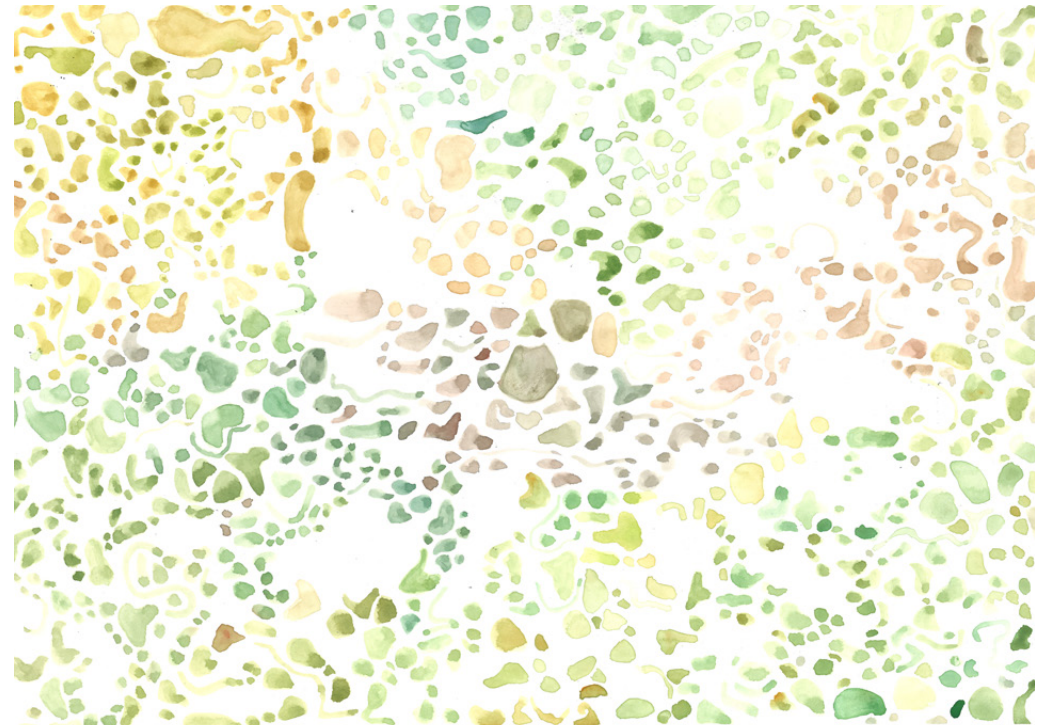
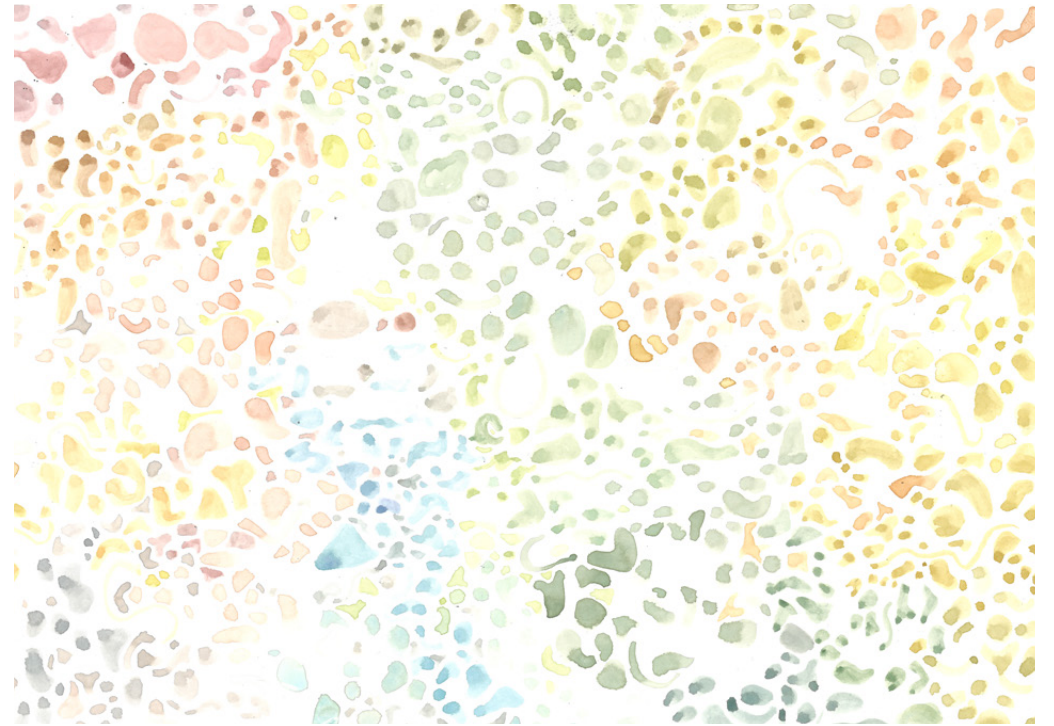
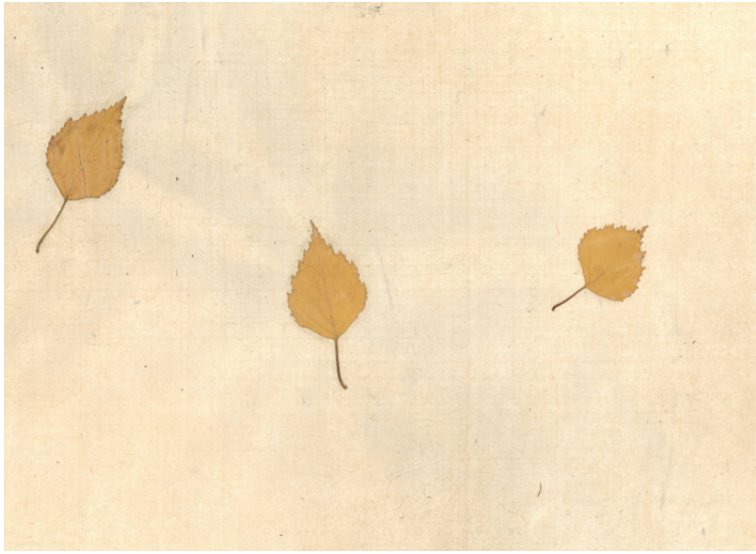




2018.08.27

树干们聚集起了伟大的力量，也围合出此处遍地斑驳的阴翳。回想当时体感微凉无汗，空气有深林中的清净无染。那也便是我能想象到的神仙愿意享乐斗棋之处吧。

The gathering trunks offered shadows to the earth.
The air was fresh and cold, the place met my
imagination of the legend.



2018.08.27

第八幅画却在试着描绘苔痕上阶绿之景。霉痕原不止绿色，赭石、翠绿、土黄淋漓充盈，W再细看又是三千大千世界。霉菌由几十至几百年的风化雨蚀而渐渐生长，互相作用。

此刻窗外微雨，心绪亦随细雨，飘向了千里之外。

However, for the eighth watercolor drawing, I would depict the scenery of “the moss creeping onto the doorsteps turns them green”. I realize the color of mildew is not just green, it includes ocher, brown, etc. It contains a Buddhist cosmology. The mildew has been creeping slowly with the action of sun, rain, and wind.

It is raining outside. My mood is following the rain, to thousand miles away.

2018.08.28

也许烦恼的是这幅画画完与我想象的不同。习惯了胸有成竹完成考试、图纸、任务种种，可这些重担在此刻被搁置一旁。我此时一无所有，还是更加明心见性呢？

What disturbs me is the drawing turn out to be different than my imagination. I am used to managing tests and tasks, but all of that is put aside at this moment. I wonder if I acquire nothing, or I get to know myself better?

2018.08.28

感动我的是现象吗？是那一刻的心情，是这些物体映在心上，投射出的阵阵涟漪吧。

Is the phenomenon that moves me? Perhaps it is the mood, or it is the objects absorbed by the mind and reflect the beautiful ripples.

没有形式，那曾感动我的雨后青葱的草地之心情是否还在？

Does the mood still exist if the form is gone?

2018.08.30

金刚经言：“凡所有相，皆是虚妄。若见诸相非相，则见如来。”

又言：“不应住色生心，不应住声香味触法生心，应无所住而生其心。”

Diamond Sutra: “Everything with form is unreal; if all forms are seen as unreal, the Tathagata will be perceived.”

“Their minds should not abide in form, sound, smell, taste, touch, and dharma. Their minds should abide nowhere.”

2018.09.04

我观想眼前的景象，再与我的记忆重叠，任由想象的画面突破空间的限制。这些捉摸不定的漫想若是固定在纸面，便成了亦幻亦真的画面。

我愿每一张画面背后的意识与情绪都是流动的，而不是停止想象。

I contemplate the scenery that overlaps my memory and allows it to get over the limitation of physical space. If my woolgathering has to be fixed on this paper, I will turn it into something between imagination and reality.

I hope the consciousness and mood behind each drawing are incessantly streaming.

2018.09.07

人类只想记得自己想记住的。所以针对同一个事件，我们的回忆总是不尽相同。

Mankind remembers what they want to remember. Sometimes we have varied memories towards one situation.

2018.09.13

在等车时，我离开了避雨的亭子，却在看着散

落在草地上的黄叶，它们充盈着美丽和忧伤。我忍不住蹲下身，拾起在我眼中最美的一片。

It has been raining heavily today. While I was waiting for bus 34, I couldn't stop to look at the fallen leaves on the grass, they were beautiful and sad. I bent down and picked the most beautiful one in my eyes.

2018.09.21

建筑的开始也许是一本书，一个书架，一扇通往汪洋大海的窗。那便可在窗前等风来，等雨来，等春夏秋冬，四季变换。

Architecture may start from a book, a bookshelf and a window facing the ocean. In that sense, I can look wind and rain in front of the window. I can wait for a colorful spring, green summer, yellow autumn, and white winter.

2018.11.27

每一次画短时的人体速写像是经历了一场冥想。只有心无杂念，才可以心手合一。

The process of drawing human figures is like a meditation process. Only if I empty my distracting thoughts, my mind and hands can work in harmony.

2018.09.07

形式分解消散了，剩下的部分却更能显现我要传递的部分。大抵是这样。

金刚经中言：过去心不可得，现在心不可得，未来心不可得。

When form to disperse, the rest emerges what I am willing to express. I am afraid so.

Diamond Sutra: “Neither the past, the present nor the future minds can be found.”

2018.11.27

来到北欧的第四个冬天，开始理解了阳光对生活在这里的人们之珍贵。也开始感受到黑夜的漫长。

在这几个月中，我从脑海中产生了数不清的想尝试的媒介。我试图将这些带到现实世界中来。

This is my fourth winter in Nordic countries. I start to understand the preciousness of sunlight to local people. Also, I begin to perceive the long darkness.

In the past few months, many attempts emerged from my mind. I have been trying to bring them out to reality.

2018.11.29

它们沐浴在这种光环境下，与光、地上的霜，以及清冷的空气融合在一起。我又在这里重新遇见了它们。

They were immersed in an environment that was composed of Nordic light, frost on the ground, and fresh air. At that moment, I encountered them once again.

纽约手记

恰到好处状态是可遇不可及的。

New York Note

The completely perfect moment approaches me but never stay.

2018.11.27

今天刻石头戳到了食指。流血了。

Today I hurt myself while I was carving the stone.

My forefinger was bleeding.

Re-enact garden memory

Clay objects



《小径分叉的花园》

我心想，一个人可以成为别人的仇敌，成为别人一个时期的仇敌，但不能成为一个地区、萤火虫、文字、花园、水流和西风的仇敌。

I thought that a man might be an enemy of other men, of the differing moments of other men, but never an enemy of a country: not of fireflies, words, gardens, streams, or the West wind.

-The Garden of Forking Paths



2018.11.26

此刻，天又开始黑了，挪威的阳光是短暂而美丽的。因其稍纵即逝，
便得这般弥留之美。光下的影子深长而变化多端。

It is getting dark again. Norwegian sunlight is fleeting and precious. The
beauty of the light is reflected on its transience. I see the shadows of objects
are stretched long. The form of shadows changes rapidly.

Re-enact garden memory

Ink drawings

2018.11.22

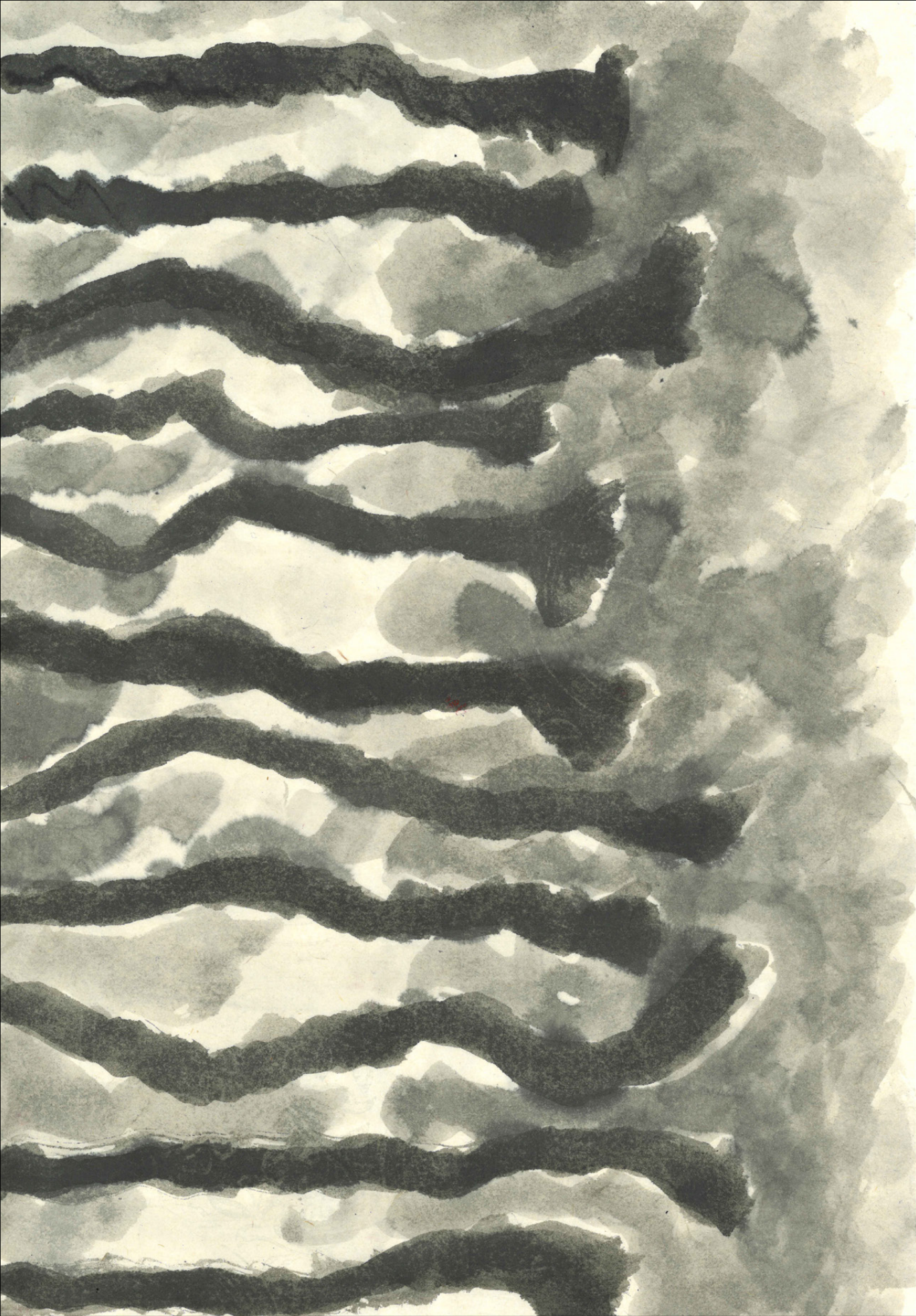
我开封了从纽约带回的墨块，开始用它或者手指作画。

作画同时我的脑海中是关于挪威森林深处树木参天的印象。我反复的在不同的纸张上寻找当时的记忆。我的记忆，与水，与墨块，与纸张和合而成眼前涌现的画面。

I opened the hard ink that I bought from New York and used it for drawings. I begin to draw by using my fingers.

At the same time, the memory of the big trunks appears in my mind. I paint my memory over and over again in varying papers. The ink, the water, and my memory compose a presence at this moment.



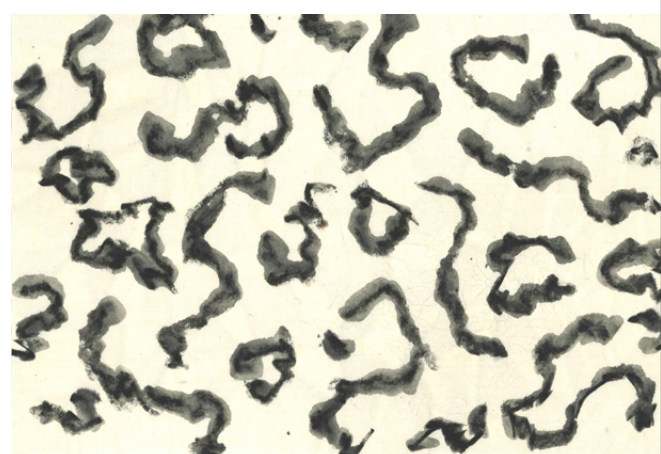
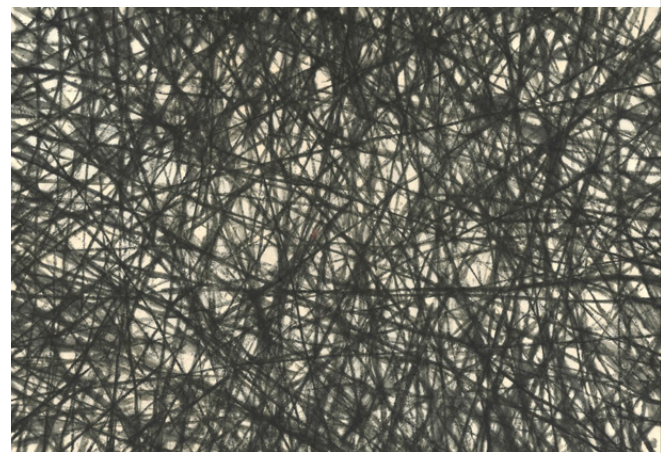
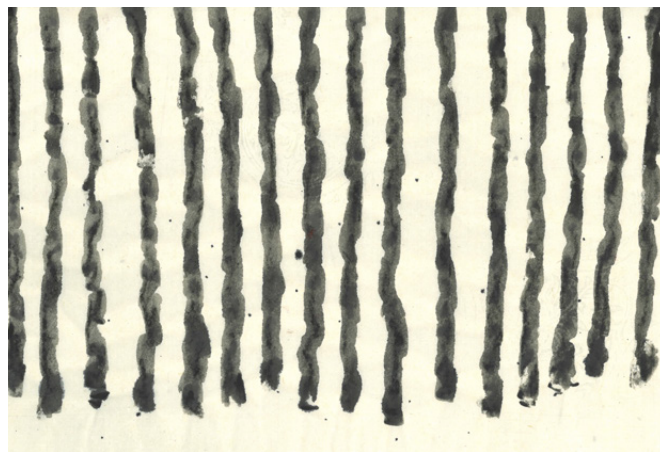
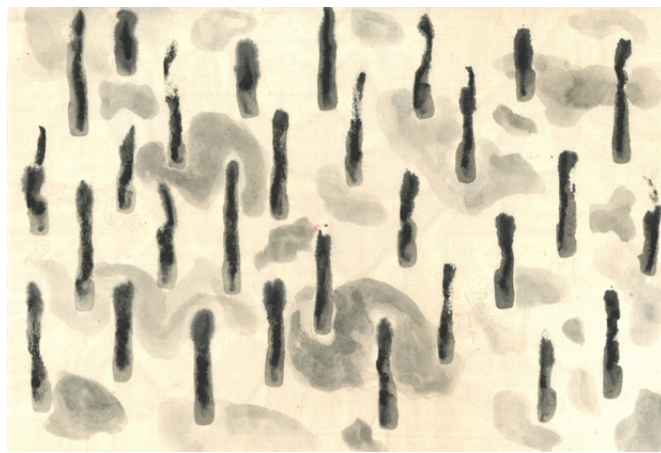
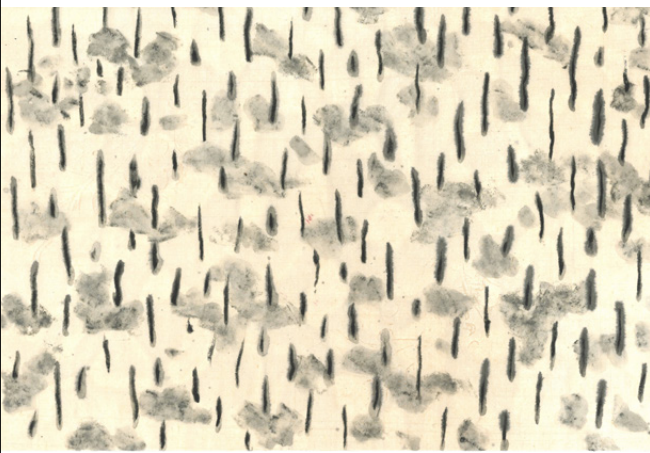


2019.04.11

追忆。梦。
对江南的渴望。
情与信仰。
想象和现实。
编故事和画画。
保护与自由。
一与多。

Memories and dreams,
Longing to Jiangnan.
Affection and belief.
Imagination and reality.
Making up stories for drawings.
Protection and freeness.
One and many.





2018.12.23

那时从 Tromsø 到 Vardø 的船不断前进，我透过船舱内的小圆窗窥视着黑暗里的大海。

The ship was moving towards Vardø from Tromsø, I looked at the ocean through the small opening in the cabin.

2019.01.03

Vardø 之行令我切身体会到了黑暗，尤其是封闭而通过洞口瞥见大海的船舱，以及黑夜里荒原上高低起伏的点点灯火。

I experienced the darkness during the trip to Vardo, especially from the cabin that I caught a glimpse of the sea. Moreover, the light appears like stars in the wilderness.

2019.01.07

记忆是关于过去，想象是关于未来。两者之间，便是存在的此刻。我此刻有关栖居的记忆，是我生命中所有住所记忆的总和。

Memory is about the past, imagination is related to the future. The present presence is between them. My memory of dwelling is the totality of the dwelling memories in my life.

“The house shelters daydreaming, the house protects the dreamer, the house allows one to dream in peace.”- *The Poetics of space*

2019.01.12

想到了鼯鼠的故事里的小鼯鼠，有一个地平线以下的小洞。小洞里有床，厨房，以及足够舒适的一切。

I remember the Mole in a series of cartoon. He has a home that is a cave. His home has a bed, a kitchen, and some other stuff. He seems happy for what he has.

2019.01.14

几个试图：暧昧不明的相互纠缠的空间，无穷无尽的空间，黑暗的空间（或许有一团火），读书工作的空间，相安无事而平衡的空间。

《瓦尔登湖》里讲：“一个人造他自己的房屋，跟一头飞鸟造巢，是同样的合情合理。”

记忆是无穷无尽的。我不知道它从哪里来，到哪里去，为何出现，为何转眼又化作青烟。关于园林的记忆和想象，也是无穷无尽的。我却要给无尽的事物找到一具色身。无尽时，我只知深浅，无关是非。

Several attempts: An equivocal space, an infinite space, dark space(Maybe a fire inside), a reading space, a space of balance.

“There is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest.”-Life in the Woods

Memory is boundless. I have no idea where it comes, where it goes, why it appears and disappears. The memories and imaginations of the garden are boundless.

2019.01.15

像是患上了失语症。说话没有障碍，却难以用话语表述出要做的事。如何用有尽，去叙述无尽？

今天的试图描述，想是园林里有几个形式，包含塔，洞，廊，林几个片段，景和情相互交融。我要把能想到的所有形式快速做出来。精确不精确并不重要。

I feel I got expressive aphasia. I can talk but it is difficult to find words with my garden. How to utilize finite material to describe infinity?

The garden may consist of an infinite tower, a mole cave, a forest, a walkway(corridor)...

I attempt to bring out all the forms of my mind.

Precision is not important for now.

2019.01.16

制作这件事是令人愉悦的，它使得我专注当下。我忘记了昨天刚洗完澡身体又变得很脏，我忘记了身体的饥饿，忘记对未来及过去的评价。我面临种种选择可我立刻知道如何进行，因为我与手中对物体是平等的，我只不过在帮它找到自己的位置。而它总是知道自己在宇宙中的位置。

Making the process is full of pleasure. It helps me focus on presence and forget anxiety. Sometimes I face many choices, but I always know what comes next because I understand my objects. I am finding a place for them, and they know their place.

2019.01.17

三角形越过无数的形状，直到找到自己的位置。

A triangle passes numerous shapes until it finds its own place.

2019.01.20

我的园林大概是由一场白日梦引发，被我试图带到这个世界上，园林在保护着做白日梦的人，又为做白日梦的人提供了亲密，孤独，以景为伴的舞台。因此，做白日梦的人因一场白日梦试图创造保护做白日梦的人的庇护所。

My garden may start from a daydream. It was brought out by me. The garden shelters daydreamers, provides intimacy, solitude, and stage for daydreamers. In other words, the process can be described as a daydreamer tries to create a refuge for sheltering the daydreaming.

2019.01.24

记忆是多么奇怪的一件事，它突破时间和空间的限制，不由自身意志选择遗忘。记忆又是记忆的总和，对书桌的记忆是所有关于书桌记忆的总和，它们错位，叠加，甚至美化，遗忘，

留下一个模糊不定的瞬间。

Memory, what a strange thing. It breaks the limit of time and space, cannot be controlled by oneself. My garden memory is the totality of the previous memories. The memory of a reading table is the totality of memories of reading tables. They overlap with each other, purify and prettify itself.

2019.01.25

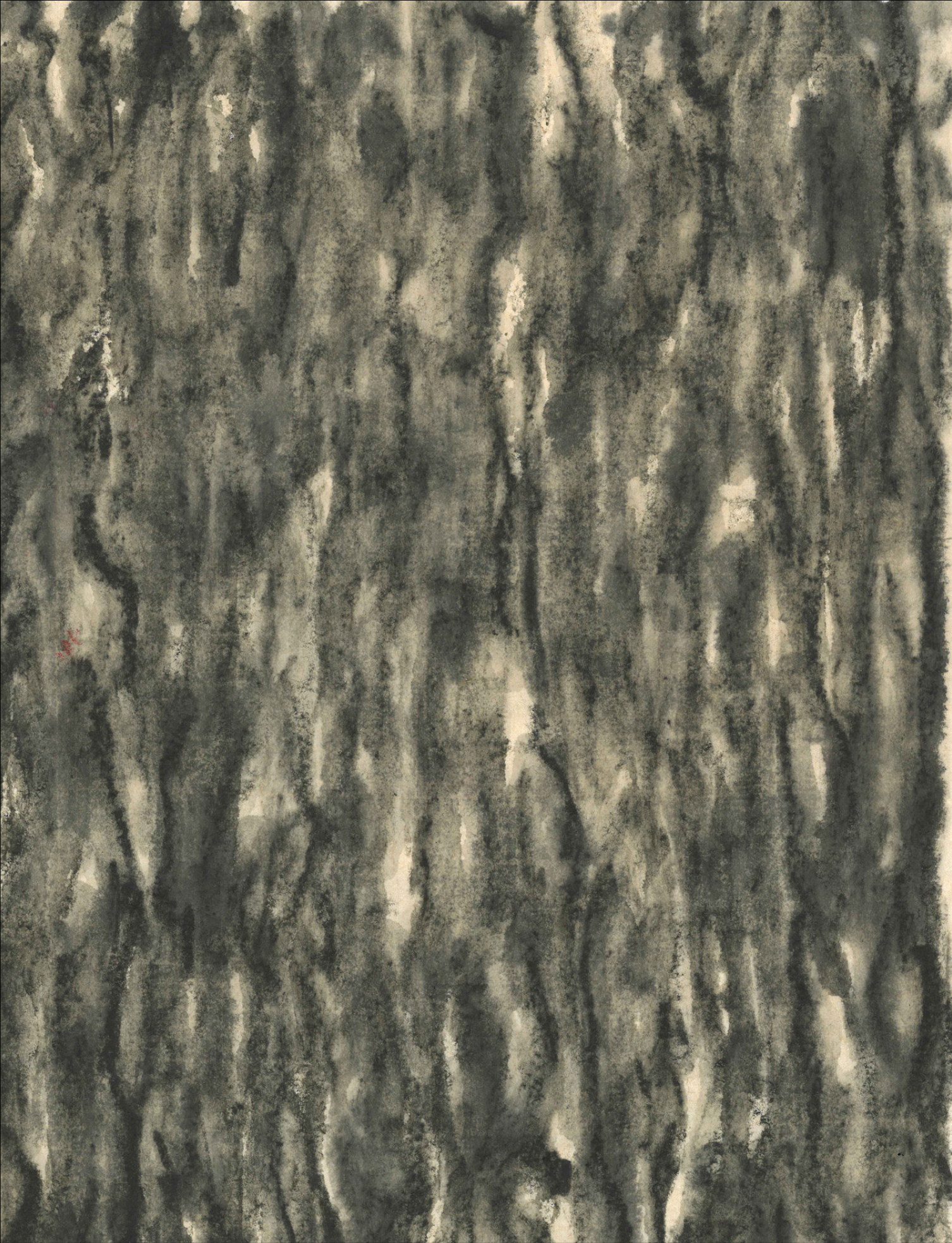
想起博闻强记的富内斯，一个人的记忆可以是整个宇宙的总和，但它们无法被辨认和归纳。可如果一个人将脑海中的所有倾泄，让人们感知整体和细节呢？“林尽水源，便得一山，山有小口，仿佛若有光，便舍船从口入。初极狭，才通人，复行数十步，豁然开朗。”-《桃花源记》

I remember in *Funes the Memorious*, one person's memory equals to the totality of the universe. But he cannot forget differences, generalize, make abstractions. However, what happens if one pours out all the details of one's mind, to let people just perceive all those details?

“when he came to the end of the grove, he saw a spring which came from a cave in the hill, Having noticed that there seemed to be a weak light in the cave, he tied up his boat and decided to go in and explore. At first, the opening was very narrow, barely wide enough for one person to go in. After a dozen steps, it opened into a flood of light.”-*The Peach Colony*

隐约觉得，我向往一个视觉与意识错动的意外空间。

I have a feeling that I am longing for an unexpected space. One can perceive it but not recognize it.



2019.01.18

我梦见田野，汽车中转站，东京的城区（看起来像），商场中庭，田野路边的芦苇，一些近似京都郊外的片段。一遍又一遍。我置身在这些场景里时，也不过感到略带空虚的迷茫。

反复的找寻。仿佛置身于一片无边无际的森林，方向感尽失，我只是奔跑，设立标志，我来过这里的标志。如此反复循环，有的土地已有几十块标志，有的土地空无一物。也许是未曾涉及，也许我来过，却忘了设立标志。

“我对它很熟悉”

有时熟悉感和亲近感不知从何而起，一陷而深。

I dreamed of a field, a bus transfer station, Tokyo city(It looks like), an atrium, reeds along the road, a suburb in Kyoto(Maybe). Those scenarios appear many times. When I am placed inside each scene, I feel empty.

Searching for unknown feelings. I am inside a boundless forest and I lost direction. What I can do is to run and set a sign that shows I have been here already.

“I feel familiar to it.”

Sometimes the familiarity and proximity come from unknown, but I dive deep in them.

ATTEMPT II

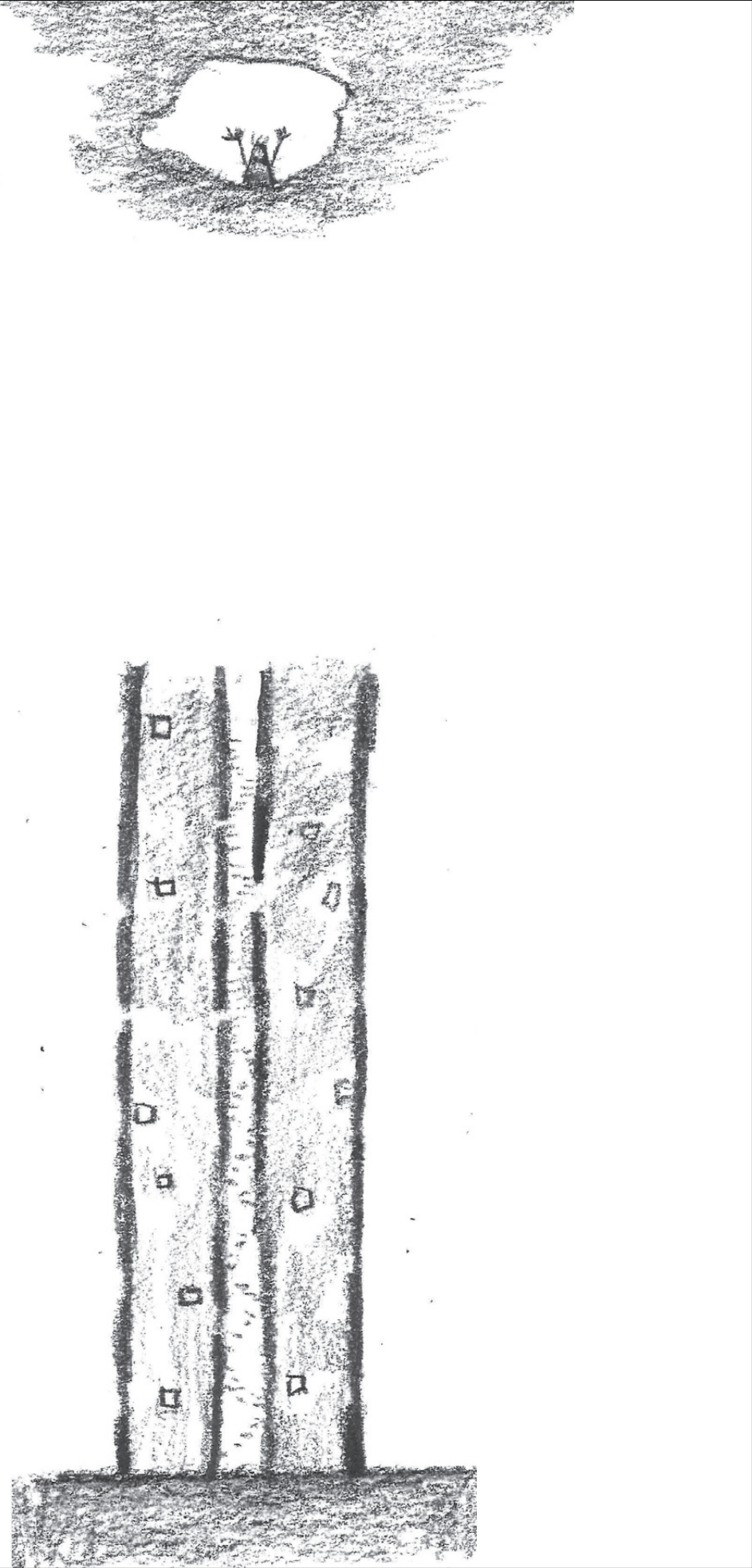
Recognizing memory of darkness

2019.12-2019.02



"I have always imagined that Paradise will be a kind of library."

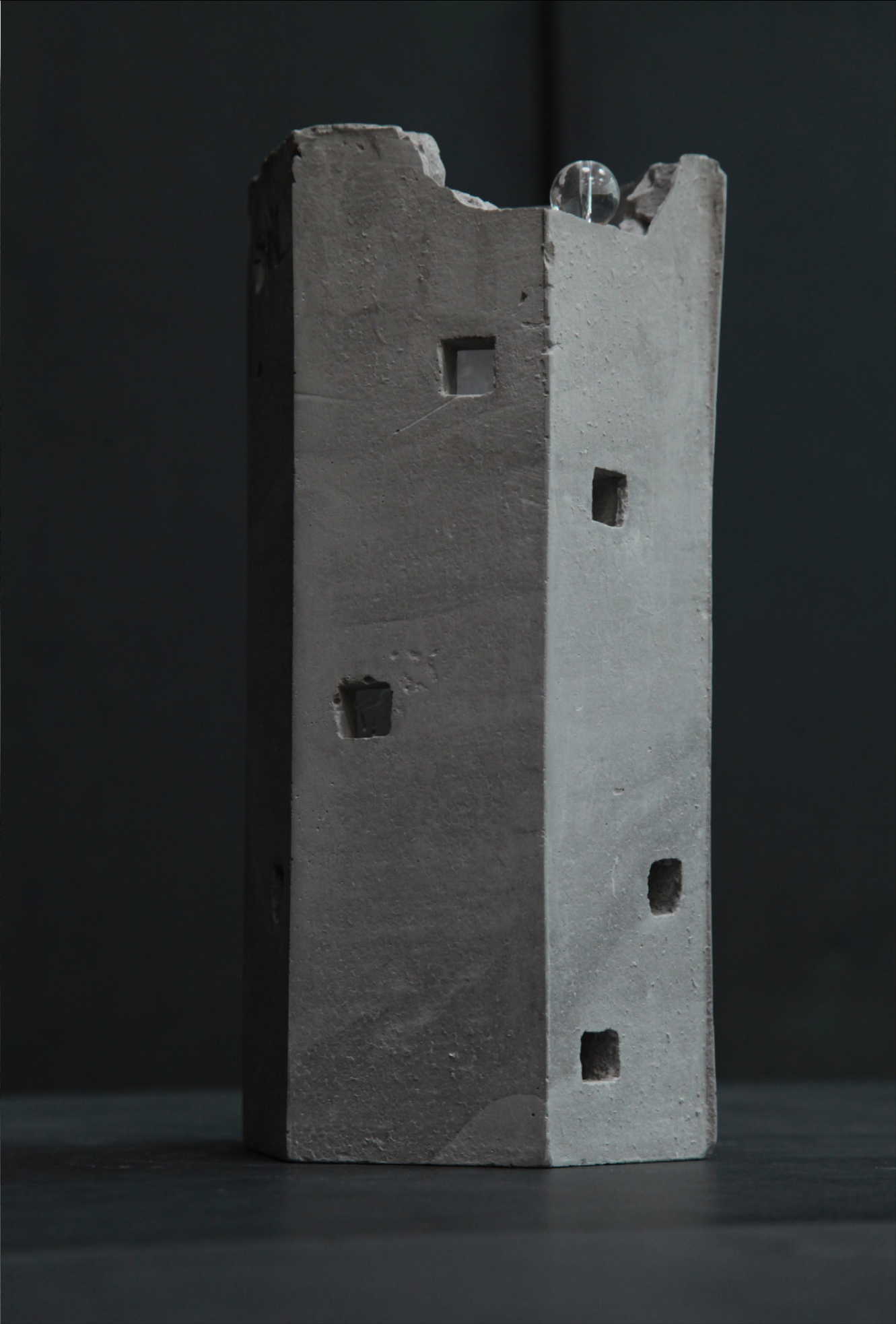
-Jorge Luis Borges



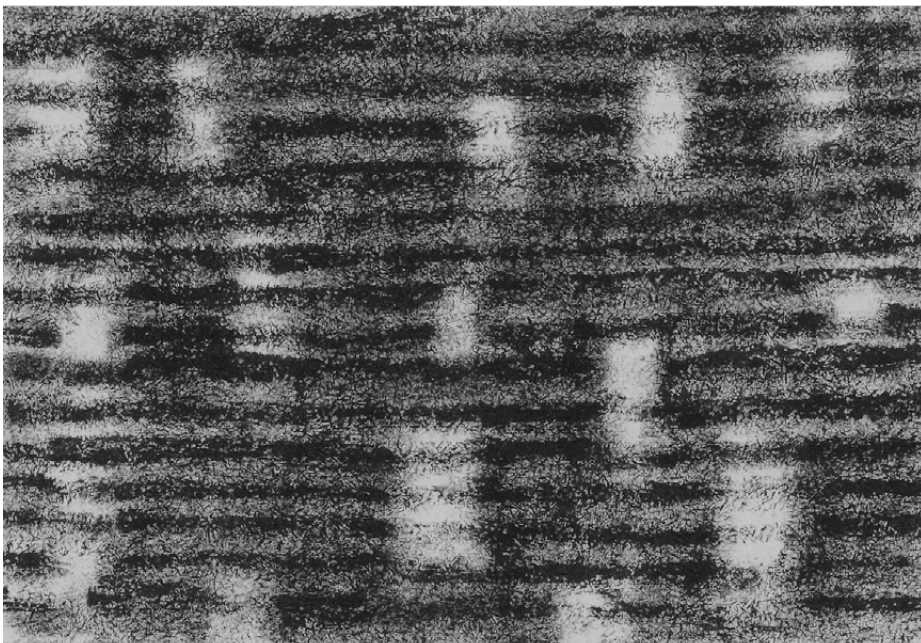
2019.01.26

通天塔内有没有光，光是以何种形式，质感出现呢？

I wonder if the infinite library has light. How does light present its form and texture?







2019.02.25

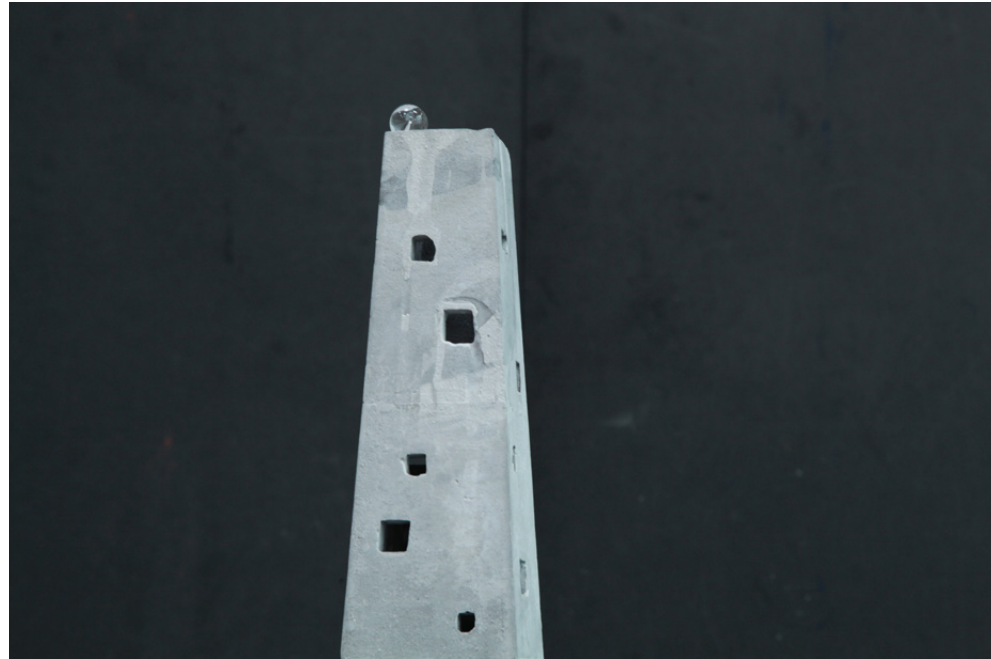
与孩童时期不同的，没有人强制我再去适应一套语言系统，没有人能够告诉我如何用既定的语言系统去形容它。我只能寻找自己的语言。


孤独、黑暗，园林从日常中出现，接近我，穿过我，又离开我。它们在特定的时空里流动，出现又消失。从未固定。

At the same time, it is different from my childhood. No one forces me to get used to a new language system. No one is able to tell me the way of describing a garden. I have to find my own language.

Loneliness, darkness, garden awareness approaches me in daily life. They pass through me and leave me alone. They are constantly moving in different time and space, appear and disappear. They are never fixed.







2019.01.15

我并非沉醉于通天塔图书馆，我却沉醉于无尽本身。
我并非痴迷于黑色的盒子，我却痴迷于黑暗本身。
或许因为黑暗模糊掉事物的边界从而无尽。
也许是期待无尽中的一团火，和一点星光。

I am not obsessed with infinite library, I am obsessed by
infinity itself.

I am not obsessed with a dark box, I am obsessed by
darkness.

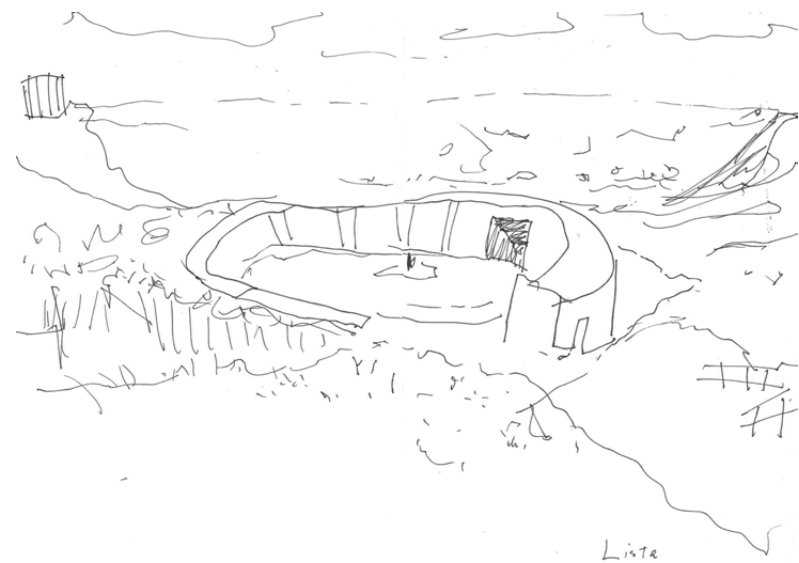
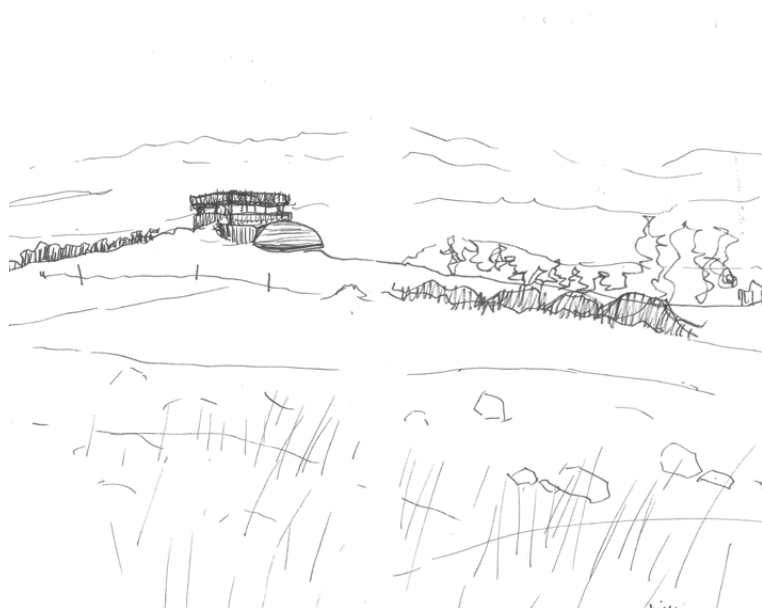
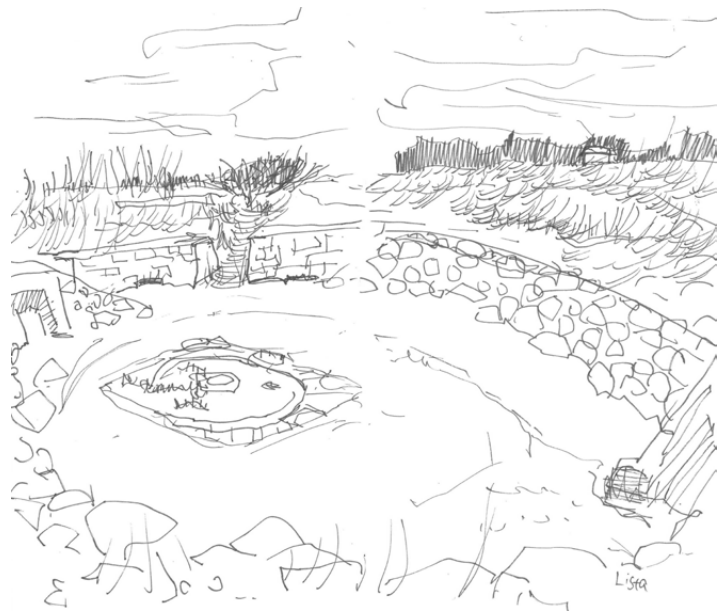
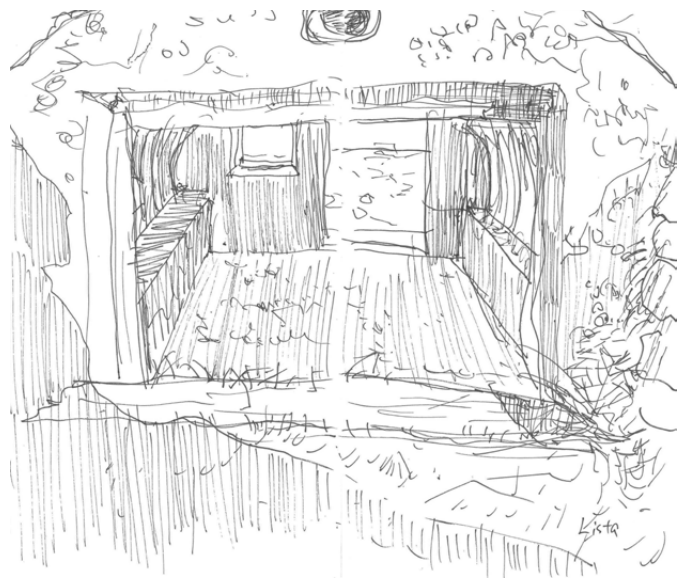
Perhaps the darkness hides the boundary of objects and
creates infinity.

Perhaps I expect a fire, starlight from infinity.

Recognizing memory of darkness

Memory of Lista

风声涌来，海浪穿过。
Wind surges, wave passes.





2019.02.05

睡觉时，可以闻见牛的味道。

早上，看见了骆驼。它和我保持着安全距离，吃草、舔木屋墙面、蹲下。它转头看我，树枝在口中掉下来。

想在草丛里写诗，可雨下不停。红色的背包旅人，渐渐消失在景色里。

I can smell cows before I fall asleep.

In this morning, I saw a big llama. He kept the safe distance from me. He ate grass, licked wood facade then sat down.

Suddenly he turned his head and looked at me, the grass fell out of his mouth.

I want to sit in the wilderness and write a poem, but the rain doesn't stop. I see a traveler disappearing from my view.

2019.01.27

眼前浮现出的园林，是一个庞大的记忆总和。它无边无际，而我又何从说起？缘着哪些边际使人进入这个世界？

What garden appears in my mind is a tremendous totality of memories. It is boundless. Where shall I start to give a word? In which way can I invite others to enter this world?

2019.01.28

不安使我不断的做东西。停下来想如何表述时，这又使我不安。这并不是抓住一条线索几句话就能说尽的过程。

Insecurity pushes me finding materials. When I stop making and find words, it makes me unsafe again. It is not a process that I could conclude with few words.

2019.01.30

一天一杯咖啡，已经喝了好久。

天越来越长，黑暗一点点消失。每天经过同样的路，从秋天、冬天，再等到春天，周而复始。黑暗的塔在桌上站立，写着孤独与无尽，但他们两个可以对话。它们说：“我们还需要伙伴”

Recently, I drink one cup of coffee a day.

Brightness is growing, darkness is disappearing. I pass by the same road every day. I went through autumn, winter, and spring.

The two towers of darkness standing together on the table speak loneliness and infinity. They talk to each other. I hear them saying: "We need partners."

玻璃珠里的世界是颠倒的，可哪个是真实呢？我所见一切，是一切物体因光的折射进入眼中，眼珠的折射也许也非物体本身。

博尔赫斯给了我许多启示，引发了无尽本身的

探讨。我最近意识到，反思、辨认本身十分重要，不是将一切视为应得。

The world in a glass bead looks upside down. But which direction should the world stand? The objects I saw through my eyes are just light reflections.

Borges inspires me a lot. He describes infinity in his fictions. Recognizing and reflecting on things is so important, not take everything for granted. That makes a difference.

2019.02.01

昨晚就着深夜的台灯，被百叶遮蔽的灯光，读了小亚留下的北岛诗集。在诗里我读到独居、孤寂和黑暗。我像是读过他的诗，那些意象如灯下孤独的人抓住暗夜里的光亮，又像是没读过他的诗，我想不起只言片语。

我却想起以前的我。我也写过这样的诗，在独自坐在黑暗里的时候。那些诗我已经记不起了，它们或被删除，或被扔掉。我记得的只有那份孤寂。

Yesterday night, I read the poems written by Bei Dao. Xiaoya went back to China and left this book to me. I recognized solitude, loneliness, and darkness in the poems.

Sitting in front of a window with gratings, I don't remember any word of his poems. I only see a man trying to hold dim light in the darkness.

I remember I have written similar poems long ago while I was sitting in the darkness. I can't remember any of them since they are deleted or thrown away. I can only remember the mood of darkness.

2019.02.04

莫名其妙走到这片荒原，每一步都使我不安。想去森林，路上的泥泞挡住了我。我停在战壕坑前，画画和写字。几处碉堡帮我聚焦，心里踏实几分。夕阳西下，芦苇从没过海平线，风声呼啸，鸟飞过。荒草丛生。我是草丛里的一

只动物，行走在海边的荒地。我要为这片土地做些什么。我想不到我要为这片土地做些什么。

我很冷。

For some mysterious reasons, I am surrounded by this wilderness. Each step makes me insecure. I want to go to the forest, but I was blocked by a difficult path. I stopped here and started to draw and write. The bunkers give me some focuses, it helps me calm down. As the sun set over the ocean, reeds are so tall that blocks my view of the horizon. The wind blows, birds pass. I am an animal in the wilderness. I aim to do something for this land, but I don't know what I can do for this land.

I am cold now.

2019.02.08

从 lista 归来，我说了很多话。

那是一个神奇的地方。我经历了晴天、微雨、狂风、瓢泼大雨、冰雹、雨夹雪……昨天最严峻的天气里，我们沿着居住的半岛走了一大圈，看见我们的石头圈、树上的望海的空间、海边的外星人、树下的围合的秘密庭院……它们以一比一的比例展开，生动而鲜活。它们只是存在，没有抽象、没有符号指向它们的存在。

就像这片土地，没有符号与边界的限制，只有无尽的风雨、麦田、树木……

After coming back from Lista, I talked a lot with people.

It was a magic place. I have experienced sunny weather, raining weather, storm, hailstorm... We had a tour in the worst weather to see each singular work. I saw our stone circle, a relaxing space on top of the tree, aliens along the seaside, a secret space... They were the human scale of abstraction. There was no symbol to be pointed out.

Just like Lista, there is no boundary limit but endless rain, field...

2019.02.12

“世间有为法，如梦幻泡影。如露亦如电，应作如是观。”这句话之强烈，每一个人听过它，会被不知缘由的感动、影响，然后内心不自觉的重复、记下。这是一种揭示本质的力量吧，我这么理解。

"All phenomena are like a dream, an illusion, a bubble and a shadow, Like dew and lightning. Thus should you meditate upon them." -*Diamond Sutra*

It is a powerful and unforgettable sentence. I was affected immediately by it. I can't stop to repeat it in my mind. I guess the power is from revealing the essence of the universe.

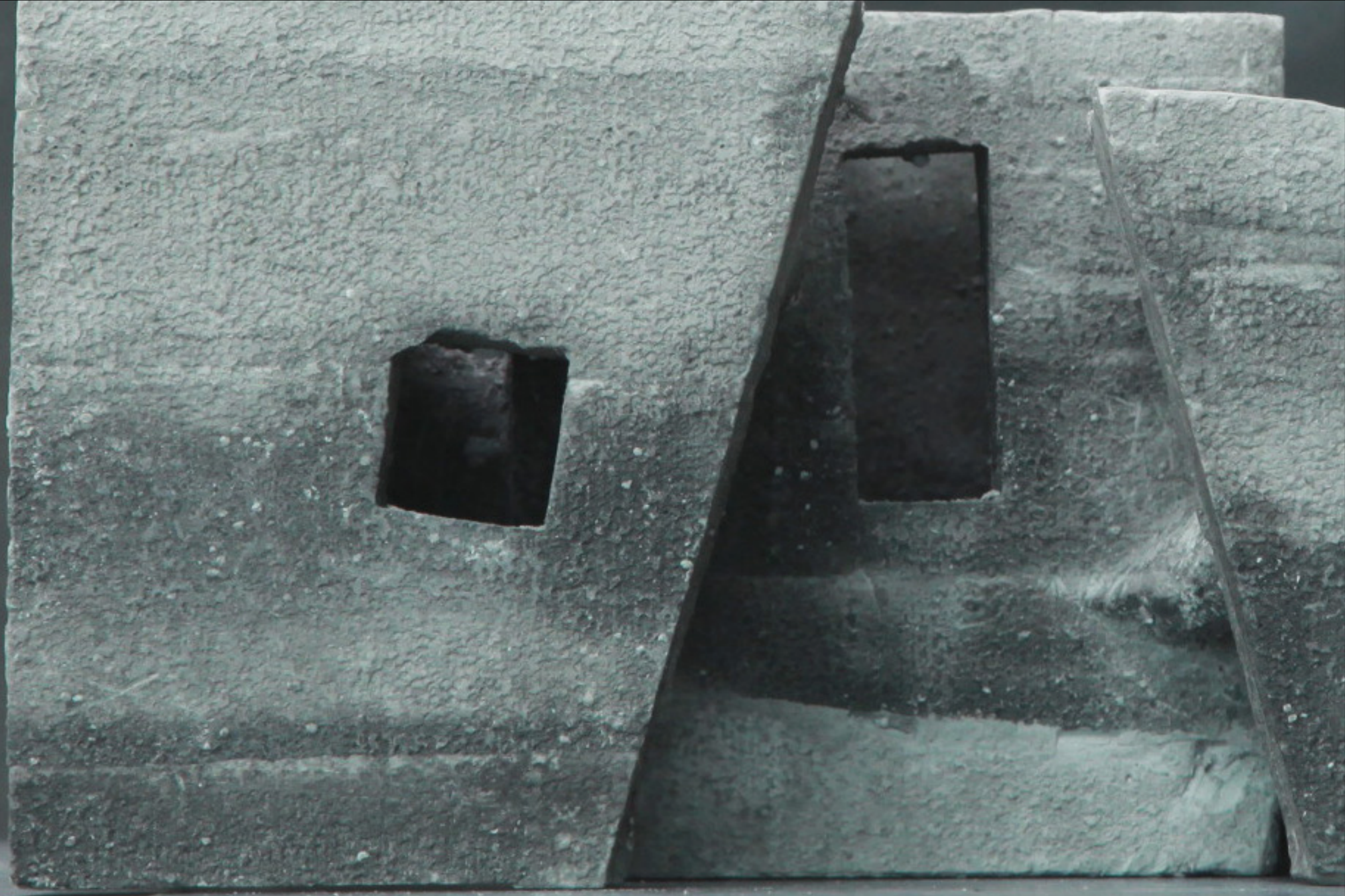
2019.02.15

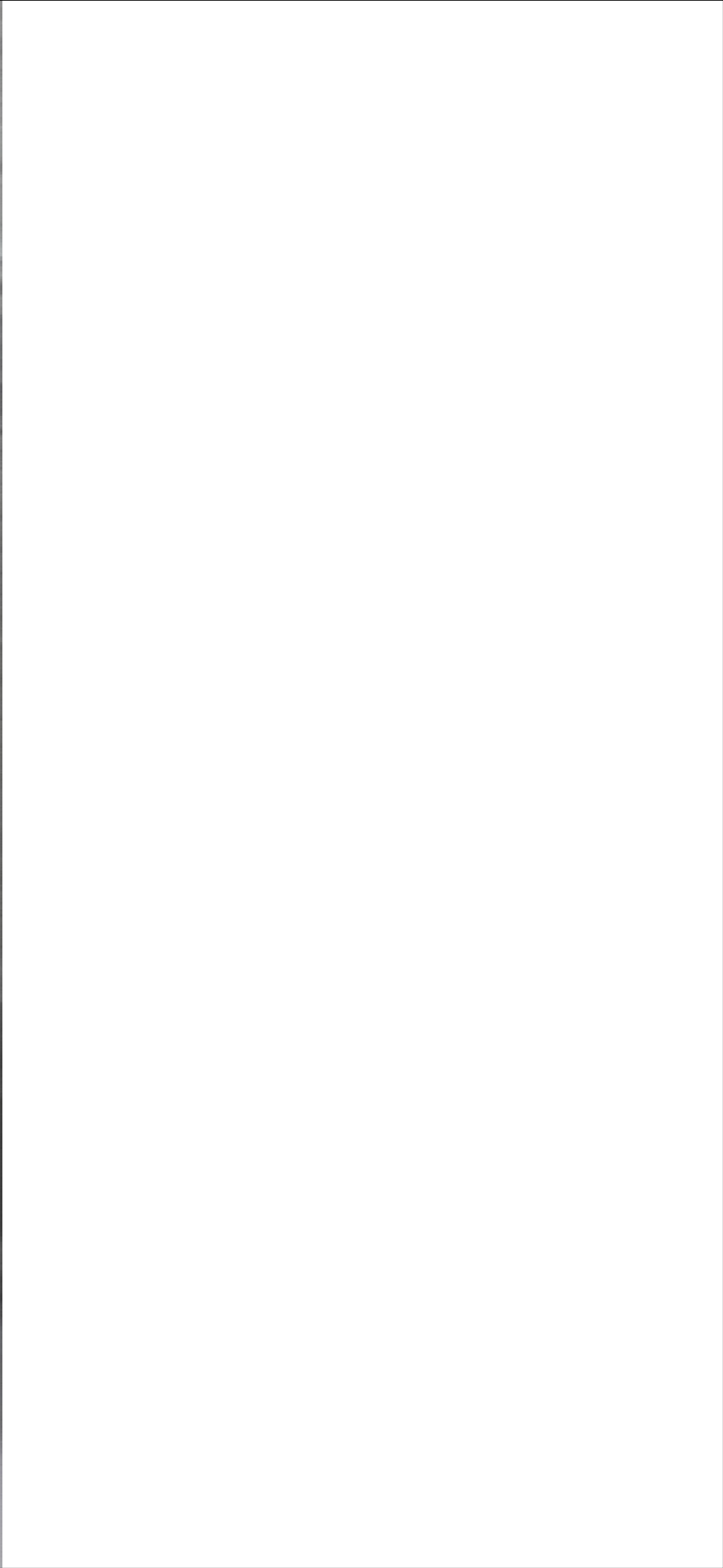
今年的情人节，是一束黄玫瑰的记忆。不常出现的事物，以颜色、气味、记忆等等形式存在。

昨天第一次在这学期画人体速写。Carsten 指着其中一张画说：“这张画的笔触很厚重。几条线充满了生活。她如此坐在这里，非常稳重的坐在地上。你应为这样的线条而骄傲。你应该记住画这一笔的瞬间的感觉。”

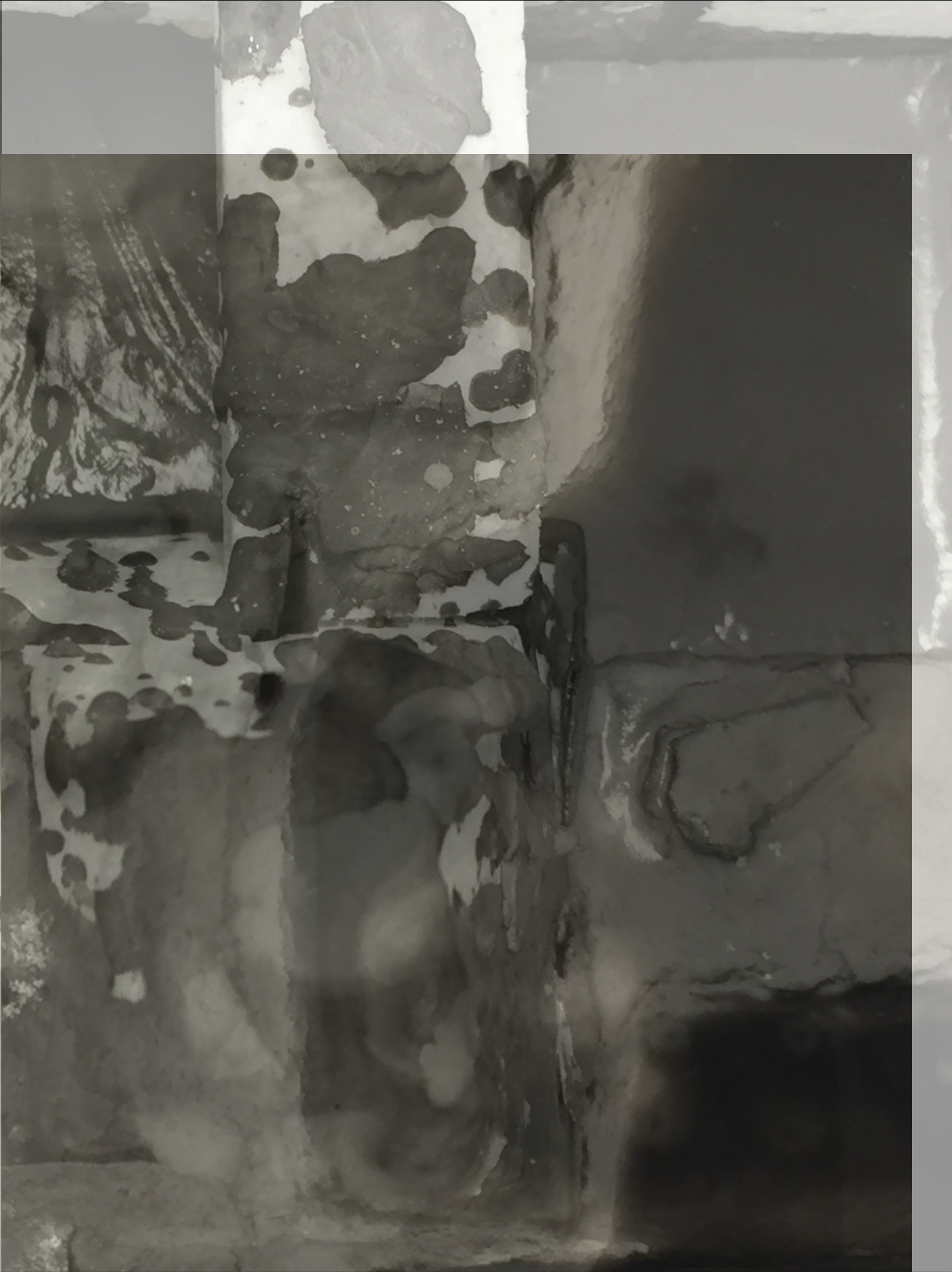
The Valentine's Day to me equals a memory of a bunch of yellow roses. Unusual objects remain of the memory with its smell, color, and figure.

Yesterday was my first time drawing human figures in the current semester. Casten pointed out one drawing and said to me: "You should remember the moment when you drew this line. This line is full of life. She is so sitting on the floor."











2019.03.16

Tom 在我的画中看见了教堂。
而我看见了羊驼。
晓晓看见了恐龙。

Tom saw the church in my drawing.
But I saw the llama.
Xiaoxiao saw a dinosaur.



2019.02.10

在 lista 无边无际的荒野，我期待一个符号。像在孤独的黑暗中期待找到其他同伴的踪迹。我在无尽中知道自己无法一直存在于无尽中。

In Lista, I desire to see a symbol. I wish to see the trace from a partner in solitude. Thus I realize I can't endlessly live in the infinity.

Recognizing memory of darkness

Caves



2019.02.17

不破不立。

一天没来，桌上左半边被一杯墨水打湿。园林里的很多物体被浸染上一层水墨。如这本笔记的封面，我似乎更喜欢它现在的样子。

Without destruction, there can be no construction.

Yesterday I didn't come to school. Today I found my ink from a cup spilled to my table. Some objects have added a layer of ink as well as the cover of this diary book. But I like it better now.

2019.02.18

最后一个尾道茶包，最后一点关于尾道的味觉。我拼命想记住这个味道，有一点梅子的酸涩，一点陈皮的甘甜，一点点地瓜干的回味……可是这个味道终会离我远去。

我总是不舍得扔东西，会储存起多到用不完的同一种物品。我会在一个消耗品即将用完时觉得没有安全感。

This is the last tea bag of Onomichi and the last taste of Onomichi. I am trying hard to remember this taste. It tastes a bit sour like plum, a bit sweet like orange peel.

I know it will disappear with time.

I don't like throwing away stuff, I store them instead. Sometimes I have many pieces of the same thing. I feel insecure when it about to be to run out.

混沌。我在自己画的画中看见了自己。我在构筑我的片段，片段也构筑了我。混沌中的我看见了一个标志物，由它指引的路径变得清晰。当我再回头看，依然是混沌。“一个人可以完全改变谈话的氛围”Tom 说。在他家的聚会每个人分享器对自己重要的 quote。

Chaos, blur, obscure. I use these words to describe the Chinese word "混沌 (Hun Dun)". I saw myself

in my drawing. I am constructing fragments. Fragments are constructing me.

I am sitting in the "Hundun" and looking for a signage. Sometimes the path become a bit more clear. When I turn back, I see only fog.

"One can completely change the atmosphere of a dinner," said Tom. Everyone shared a personal quote from the dinner on last Saturday.

I will move to new apartment tomorrow.

2019.02.19

我

I

2019.02.22

奇怪的感觉，包含渴望与失落。

A strange feeling contains longing and getting lost.

2019.02.25

站在深渊的创作有时不足为外人道矣。

我的复杂情绪还来自于我看到自己的创作，便觉得我把独处时的黑暗，那份只属于我的亲密与遥远，暴露于人前。这令我不安。我看见它，也就看见了自己。

No need to explain.

My complicated emotion is also from exposing darkness and intimacy with others. When I see objects. I see myself at the same time.

我无数次将园林从心中带到这个现实世界，然后辨认它们。将它们带出来是一种必需。一开始，我在生活中遇见它，许多次熟悉又无法命名的感受，直到有一天，我辨认出这是一种相似且与我身体发生直接关系的重要感受，我要辨认它，看清它，寻找它，这是一种必需。我选择

用创作的方式将它带到现实世界。

六祖因听到“应无所住而生其心”顿悟。我想他一定是以此辨认出了过往种种自己的那份属于自己的不可知的感受。

I try to bring the garden memory out many times to look at them again and recognize them. It is a necessity to bring them out.

In the beginning, I met the garden many times in my daily life. A familiar but nameless feeling generates when I meet them. Until I am aware it is an important feeling to me. I desire to recognize it, search it, know it. It is a necessity. I try to make things and find a material presence.

When Huineng heard "Their minds should abide nowhere." He suddenly got enlightenment. I guess he recognized his nameless feeling in his previous life at that moment.

莫奈画自己的花园，众人画 Ophelia。Hammershøi 画自己的房间。反反复复。未可知的渴望是一种魔力。它使得人们用现世的方式描绘它成为一种必需。

那些东西反复显现。那些东西从未停留。

Monet painted his garden, many drew Ophelia, Hammershøi painted his room. They did it over and over again.

Unknown longing seduces us to find languages and materials.

Things emerge again and again but never to stay.

独处时的黑暗显现现在桌上的塔里，是人们渴望站在塔顶却被无尽的黑暗包裹吗，是这个物体渴望在孤独中遇见一个可以辨认出这份不可知的同伴吗？

我在过往见到过黑暗，直到有一天，黑暗在向北开去的船舱里，在 Vardo 凌晨三点的荒野里如此纯净，我辨认出了黑暗，我看见了荒野上

烧起了一团火，看见黑暗中星星点点的灯光。从此我想起了过往种种的黑暗。我身处在朗香教堂里被黑暗包裹，窥见光明；我拿起一本让我短暂屏蔽掉外界的书……

The darkness from solitude is shown in the tower. Are people longing for standing on the top? Is the object longing for meeting a partner who can recognize the darkness?

I didn't recognize it. Until that day, darkness acted so purely in the ship heading to north, in the wilderness of Vardø. I recognized darkness. I saw a fire from the land, I saw the light in the darkness.

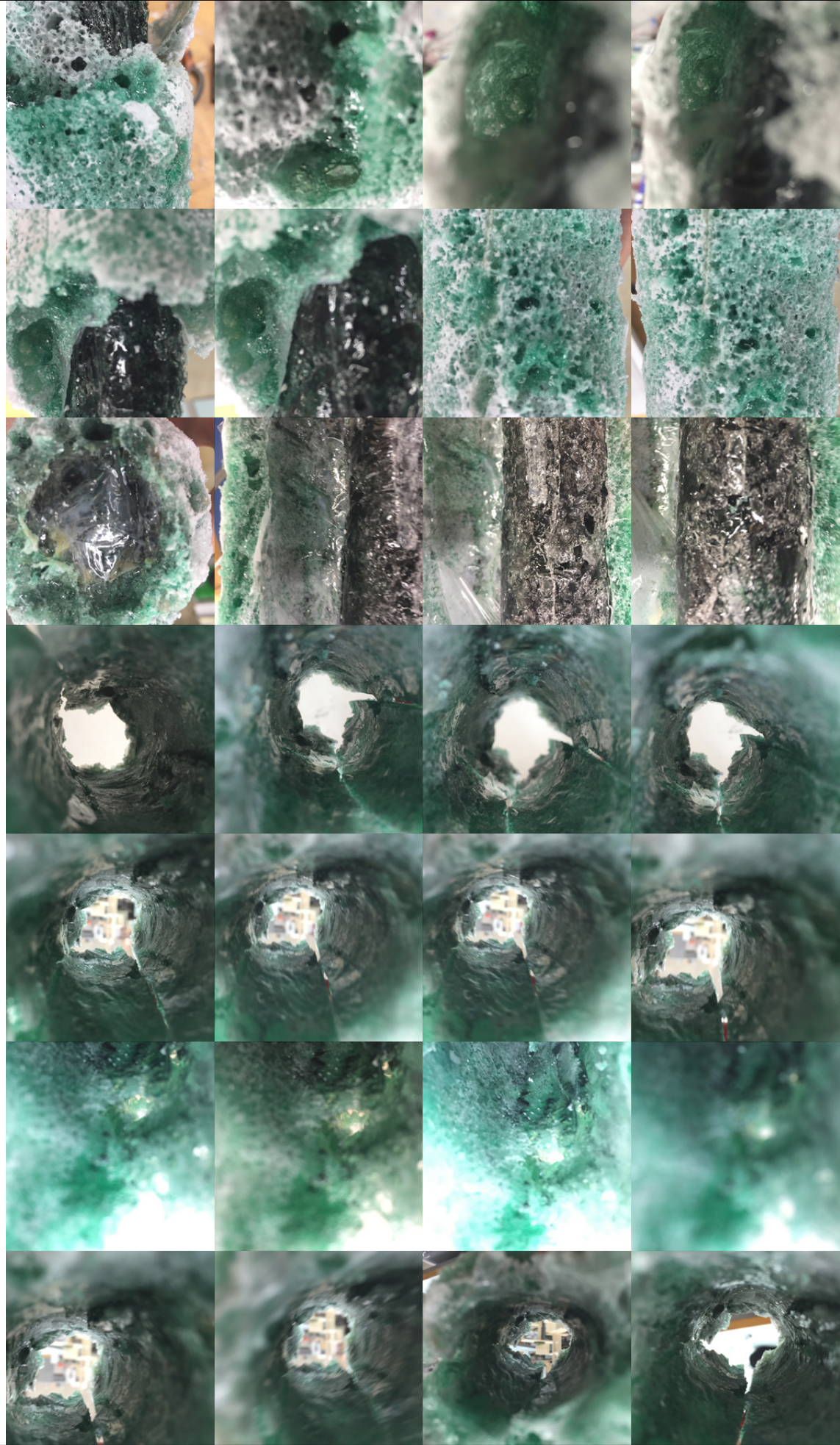
Suddenly I remember many darkneses in my previous life. I remember the moment when I look through a window in Ronchamp Chapel. I remember I crouched myself in a corner in my home. I remember when I find a book that I can dive into...

我在康的书桌上辨认出了亲密。我见到那张桌子，我可以想象在这一张这样的书桌上度过余生。上周我沉浸在黑暗。从昨天晚上新家里与晓晓第一次深入谈话开始，我释放了一些黑暗，我往后退一步去观看在黑暗里的我。我可以重新谈论着一切了。

I recognized intimacy with a reading table. When I saw that table, I can connect it to the greater world.

Last week I was immersed in the darkness. Last evening I had a talk with Xiaoxiao in the new apartment. I released some darkness, I step back a bit to look myself in darkness.

I can talk about this again.



2019.03.25

光进入我的身体，透过眼睛。不同的心情因光的不同折射而发生变化。我的心情是音乐。

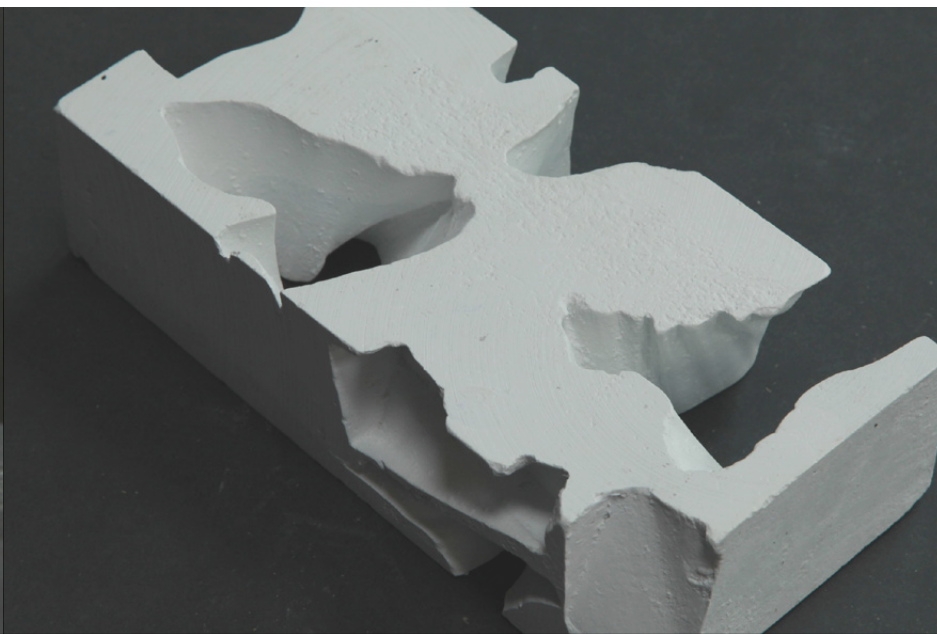
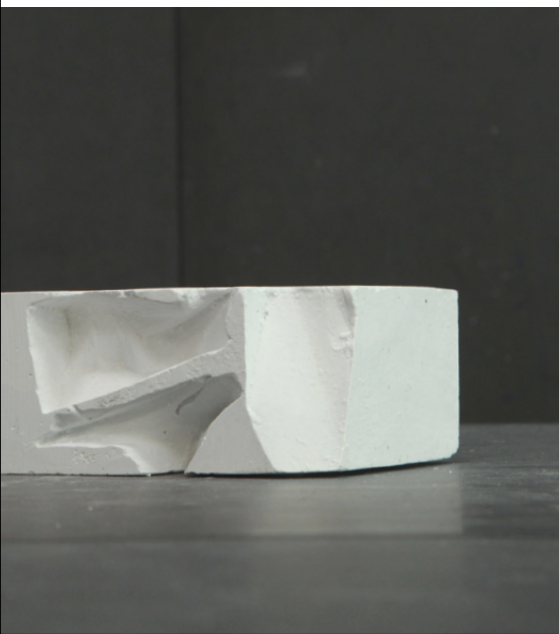
Light enters my body through my eyes. My mood changes when light flows. Just like a piece of music played from an instrument.

2019.03.10

爱丽丝掉进兔子洞时，时间在那一刻缓慢了下来。她看见很多事物。她将上层的书拿起，翻看，再放入下一层书架。

When Alice fell into one rabbit cave, time slowed down. She saw many objects at the same time, she took a book at one level and put it back at the next level.







2019.04.11

梦。半梦半醒。那些反复出现在梦里的场景。
“事如春梦了无痕”苏轼说。

如果可以，我想再做一遍那个关于商场、郊外、公交中转站的梦。

I dream. I was between awake and dreaming.
Those scenarios that appear in dreams over and over again.

I wish to have that dream once again- the dream of a shopping mall, suburb area, and a bus stop.

ATTEMPT III

Recognizing the reading desk in Yale

2019.01-2019.02

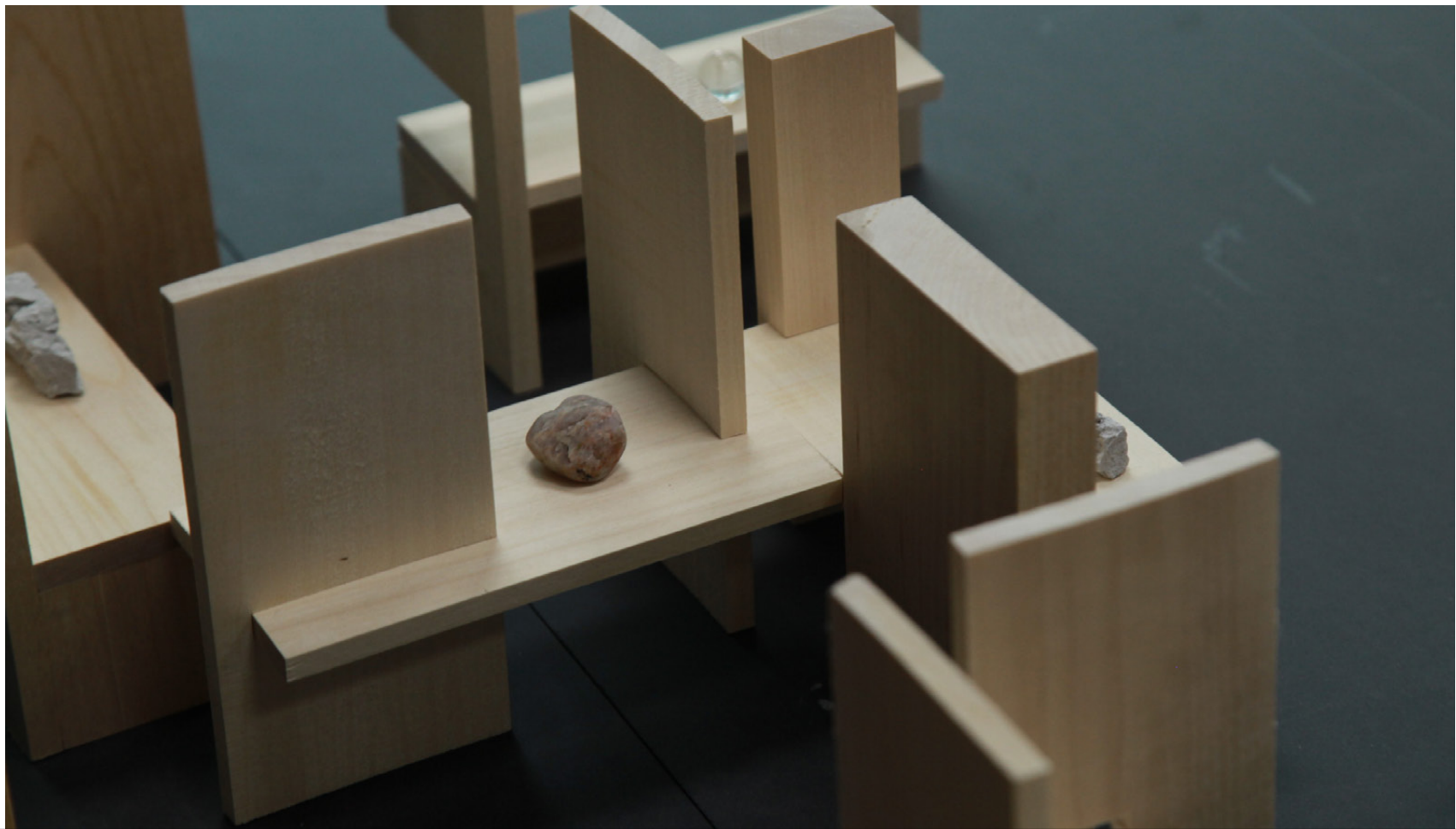
2019.01.13

我在耶鲁大学的图书馆里一个书桌所创造的世界所触动。我想再次呈现这段记忆。我想起小时候在一座书店的角落里，我捧着一本书，读的津津有味。我完全被书中关于一只机器猫的故事所吸引，进入到了书中构筑的世界里。

I was affected by a reading seat at Yale University. I want to re-enact this memory and find the material presented. It reminds me of a reading corner in my childhood memory. I was reading a cartoon book and sitting next to a shelf in a bookstore. The story of a robot cat absorbed me completely.









有关读书的记忆，它们交叠，和合，已难以摘清。我被往日种种记忆所构筑，它们指向那个模糊不清，又澄明的自我。

The memories of reading overlap in my mind. It is hard to see the boundary of them. I am built by the totality of previous memories. They guided to the ambiguous but clear outline of me.

2019.02.25

上周我与晓晓搬了新家。我们为新家的家具找到位置的过程似乎是在创造一个园林。我们聆听每个物体的声音，它是否想留在此处，以何种姿态。所以园林的特性是可以通过移动物体显现的。

可成为此刻带有园林特质的现象是众多因素缺一不可。每个物体被集中，背后发生的故事，晓晓为混凝土做的盒子，小亚捡的花，花盆，垫子，墙上的画，这个房间……以及我在抬柜子时发现它可以由竖放变成横放，我们两个人的认可，我们将众多因缘聚集在这里，以及我们对于园林的辨认……

I moved to a new apartment last week. I saw garden occurred during the process of moving objects and finding them a place. We listened to each object's wish. Maybe the garden quality can be seen by moving objects.

The phenomenon of a garden is based on many stories. Each object is bound the story behind. It contains Xiaoxiao's boxes, Xiaoya's plant, a container, a cushion, a painting on the wall, the room... We found the shelf can be placed in a horizontal direction while we were moving it. Moreover, we two recognized the garden's occurring.

若没有人将此时的现象辨认出，园林是否在渴望同伴，这份渴望是否有意义？我们看似只是搬动，集中了众多物体而创作了园林，可这背后的物体、故事、因缘聚合联系成了无边无际的网。并且此时的园林并非凝结在此刻，它可以继续被移动和重组，得到一些新的特质，再丢掉一些新的特质，也许有一天它彻底消失。

家这个空间，有人说只能被居住在里面的人创造。此刻，我正在这个本子恰好二分之一的页面写作。

If no one recognizes it, does the garden still meaningful? Does the longing meaningful? What

we did was just little effort of moving and collecting. However, the objects and stories behind each object knitted an infinite net. Moreover, the garden is not frozen at this moment. It can be reorganized. The quality of the garden will be added or reduced. One day it may disappear.

One said a home can only be created by the person live inside.

Right now, I am writing on the exact half of this notebook.

2019.02.26

诗中有园林。诗是表达，表达也意味着辨认出景象。

Garden has occurred in poems. Poems are expressions. Authors have recognized what they have written.

2019.03.03

日落时分，工作结束了。工地上笼罩着一片夜色。天空繁星点点。“喏，蓝图就是它。”他们说。——《看不见的城市》

“Work stops at sunset. Darkness falls over the building site. The sky is filled with stars. "There is the blueprint," they say.”

- *Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities*

生者的地狱是不会出现的；如果真有，那就是这里已经有的，是我们天天生活在其中的，是我们在一起集结而形成的。免遭痛苦的办法有两种，对于许多人，第一种很容易接受：接受地狱，成为它的一部分，直至感觉不到它的存在；第二种有风险，要求持久的警惕和学习：在地狱里寻找非地狱的人和物，学会辨别他们，使他们存在下去，赋予他们空间。”——《看不见的城市》

“The inferno of the living is not something that will be; if there is one, it is what is already here,

the inferno where we live every day, that we form by being together. There are two ways to escape suffering it. The first is easy for many: accept the inferno and become such a part of it that you can no longer see it. The second is risky and demands constant vigilance and apprehension: seek and learn to recognize who and what, in the midst of inferno, are not inferno, then make them endure, give them space.”

- *Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities*

2019.02.28

Carsten 问我，你画建筑时的线条是与人体线条一样吗？我说：也许当我想控制一件事情时线条是与现在不同的

Casten asked me if I draw architecture of the same line of drawing bodies. I said it is different when I want to control the line.

2019.03.07

当我将那个有关郊外、商场的梦境写成语言后，我再也没有做过那个梦。我竟开始思念它。

我望向窗外的风景，清冷色调里尽是风雪中的旅人。

After the dream of a suburb and shopping mall was fixed in words, I have lost that dream. I start to miss it.

I look at the outside from the window, travelers are walking in the cold winter.

我的笔在刚刚抄写卡尔维诺的书中的一段话时没水了。

My pen is running out of ink at this moment of transcribing the quote from Calvino.

2019.03.15

人在水前观月。远处另一人看他。迷路是回归人群的借口。He looks at the moon in the water, another person looks at him from distance. After returning the group of people he excuses of getting lost.

“不入园里，怎知春色几许？”如今我入了园里，也看见了春夏秋冬。不过是我对春色的期许。

"Without entering the garden, one cannot see how much spring occurs." I am inside the garden, I am experiencing the mood of spring. It is my expectations for spring.

前几天我画了一幅想象的园林平面。而今天完成的浇筑模型呈现了几乎一抹一样的湖面形状、小岛位置和廊桥。

Recently I sketched a plan of an imaginary garden. Today I cast a model without looking at the drawing. Surprisingly, they appear the same shapes of lake, islands, and bridge in the end.

2019.03.17

我在卡尔维诺的书中看见了建筑。

I saw architecture in Calvino's text.

一面是园林，一面是建筑。它们互为正负，呈现在眼前的物体中。

One side is a garden, another side is architecture. They are a positive and negative part of each other, combined in this object.

2019.03.22

了解恐惧之后的无所畏惧。

Being fearless but know the fear.



2019.01.22

我想要白日梦中一个森林深处的错觉，或是一个可以遥遥望着月亮的孤独。

寻找书桌时，我反复寻找，拿起相同的材料，如同上学期反复画木仓的场景。在时间的作用下，我每次拿起材料的略微不同的心性与略有不同的木料产生了不同的结果，引发了时间编织的网下生长的种种情节。

常常因为做一件事，猛然发现了之前思考的这件事之外的特质。

I seek the illusion of being in the dark forest. I want to sit alone and look at the moon in the remote darkness.

During the search for recognizing a reading desk, I make that desk many times by using the same material. It reminds me of the last semester of drawing wood storage. My mood is slightly different when I drew each piece.

When I make one thing, my mind escapes from the current object.

Recognizing the reading desk in Yale

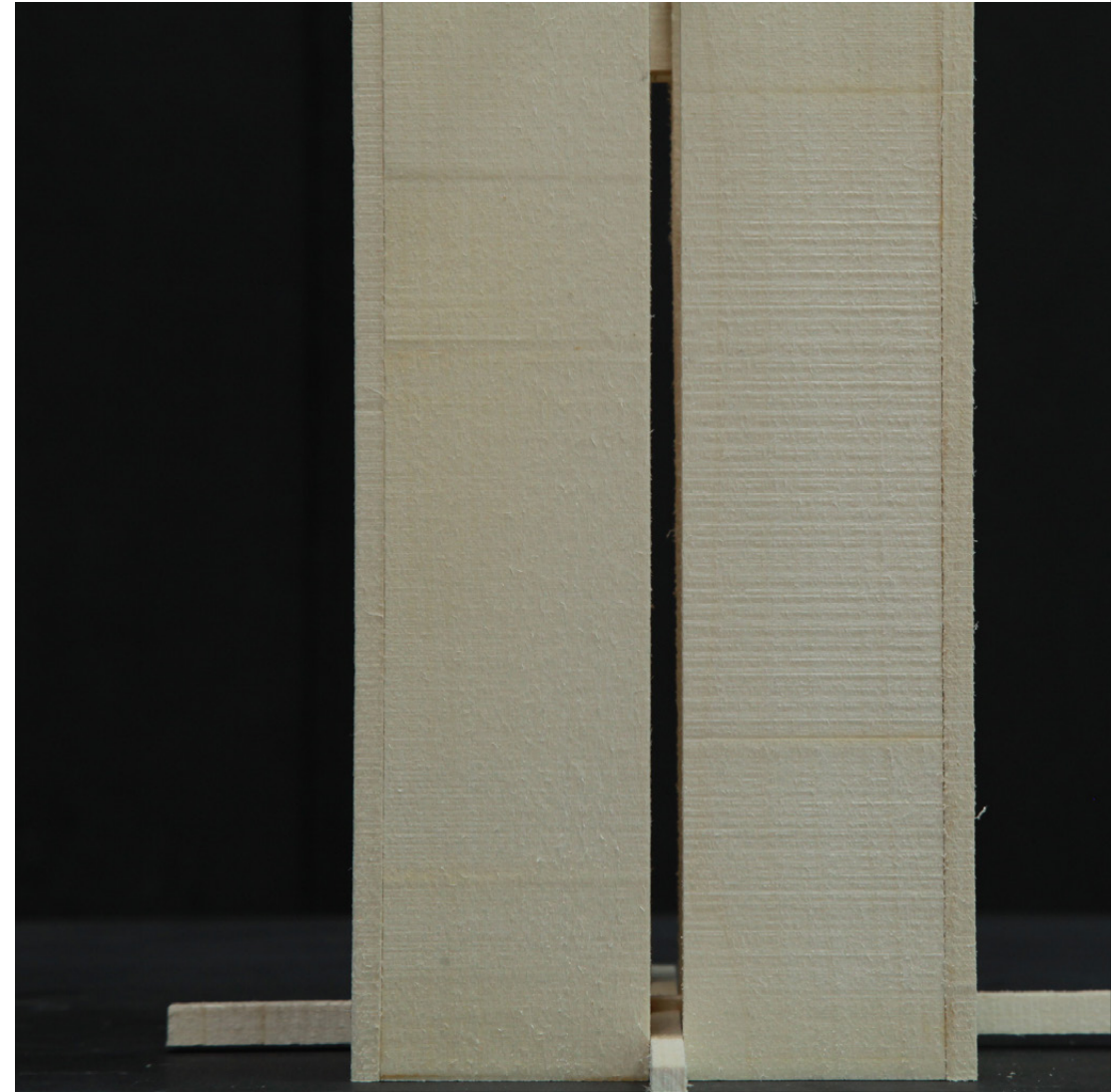
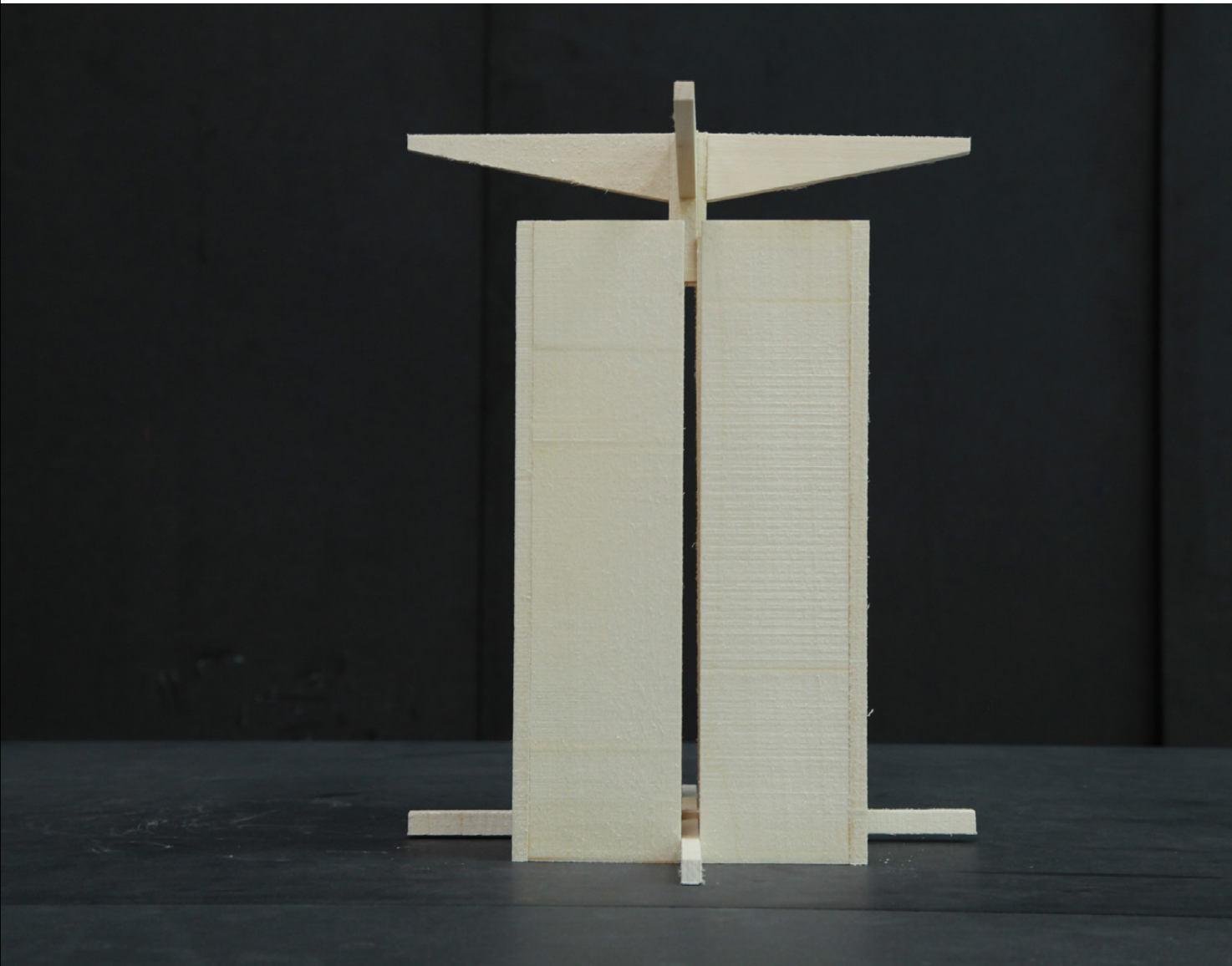
A reading corner

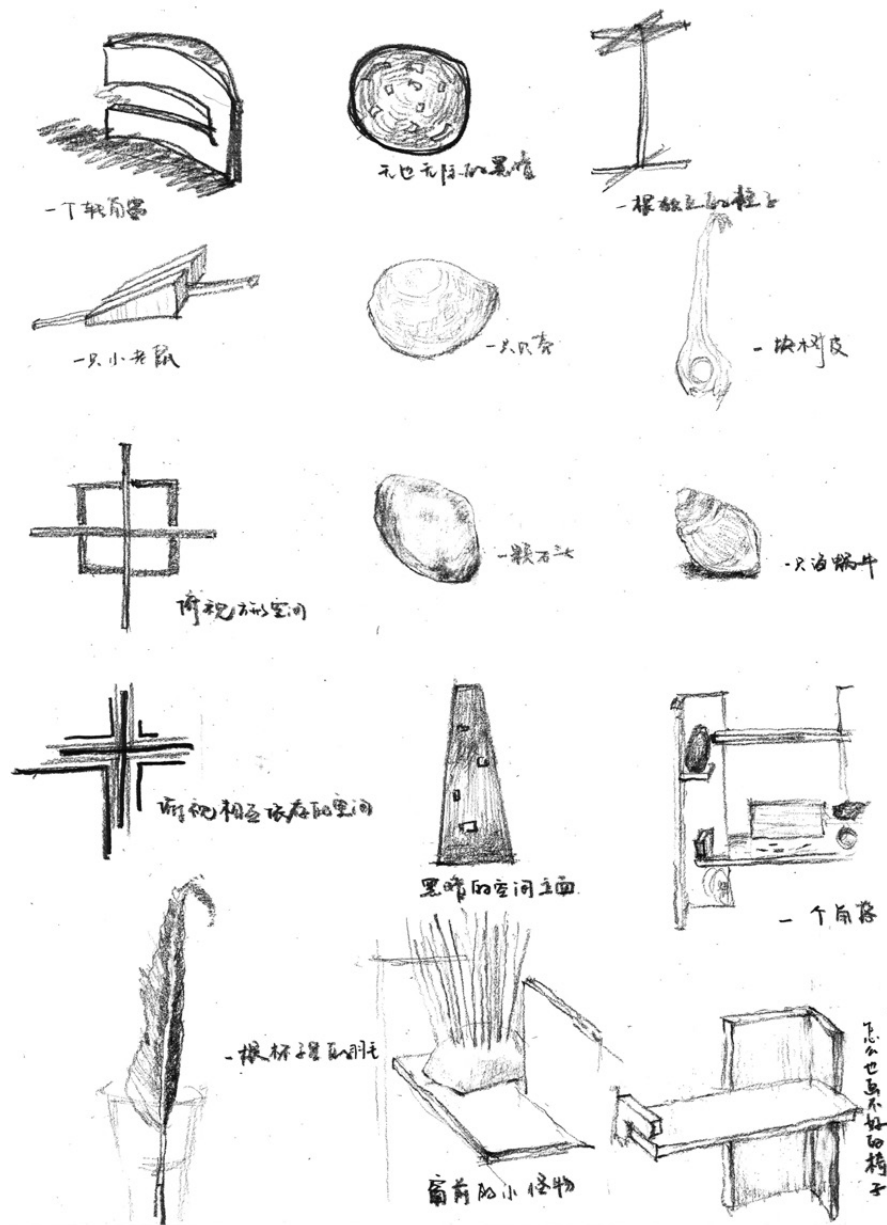




Recognizing the reading desk in Yale

Bamboo copter





2019.02.26

我看着我的桌子。有些物体无法辨认，部分或是全部。那个被辨认为竹蜻蜓，搅拌机的木头塔，于我始终无法清晰辨认。它没有符号，没有标志。以及那只被我辨认为老鼠（木头做的）的物体，于我像是一个活的有生命的物体，可我并不能辨认出那是什么符号。我辨认出我的塔，以六边形或者矩形向上生长，在外界看这很清晰。可同时也存在内部被光与黑暗包裹使其无法被辨认的矛盾。也许这种矛盾是渴望的产生。

辨认与无可辨认。熟悉的陌生感。梦里不知身是客，一晌贪欢。离开一些距离去更好的辨认它，去接近它。接近它以至于迷失在其中。

I look at my table. Some objects can't be recognized (partly or whole). The object that can be seen as a Bamboo-copter or a blender is still not recognizable. I can't recognize the "wooden rat" as well. I recognize my towers for its geometric shapes. That is clear from outside. However, from inside the boundary is blurred by darkness, which gives an ambiguity.

A strange familiarity. I recognize it now. I don't recognize it next seconds. The desire to recognize one object creates the longing.

"In dreams, I aware not I am a guest,
Indulge awhile in pleasures vain." - Li Yu, Lang Tao Sha

Creating distance is to recognize it clearly. Getting lost is because of the intimate distance.

2019.03.24

春天来了。

Spring comes.

我被其中一个少年的诗迷到了。

“我是一只可爱到小猫咪，我的名字叫 Fabby Grey. 我的眼睛黑褐相加，我的皮毛柔软如丝。我唱的是满满一碟牛奶，在每个白天和夜里。”

I was attracted by a poem from a young boy.

"I am a pretty little kitty, My name is Fabby Grey. My eyes are black and brown, my fur is soft as silk. I am fed in each night and morning, with a saucer full of milk."

我想找到一个形式。形式无关尺寸，大小，基地。

I tend to find a form despite scale, size, and site.

2019.03.25

我想念去年哥本哈根的春天。城市和人。我不会在同样的地点与同样的人相遇，拥有相同的记忆。就像我画不出两张一模一样的画。

I miss the spring of Copenhagen. I won't meet the same people at the same time and place, as if I can't draw two drawings exactly alike.

草泥马遇见了长颈鹿。

A llama meets a giraffe.

2019.03.26

确定的目标与目标之间的暧昧，物与物之间的阴翳之美。

The ambiguity between clear aims. The beauty of the shadows between objects.

也许呈现的是小径分叉花园里众多可能性的一

种，可其他进入方式又有什么不同呢？它们都通向内心的渴望啊。

It is one of many ways to access the garden. Does it differ from other paths? They all lead to the longing inside.

需要做决定。

The decision is needed.

在那个空间里，草泥马是可能遇见长颈鹿的。

那个空间是什么材质？木头、石头亦或混凝土？它有多大？它有多开放呢？

In that space, the llama could meet the giraffe.

But what that space is made of? Is it wood, stone or concrete? How large it is? How open it is?

2019.03.27

在他无法明确主题时
他脑海中没有图像
他开始紧张 反抗
至平和下来
开始描述那晚的星星。

When he can't clarify the theme, no image appears in his mind. He starts to become nervous. Soon he calms down and describes the stars in the night sky.

我的物体们、文字们是各自独立的存在。以时间的顺序被人阅读。

My objects, texts are independent. They can be approached under the sequence of time.

2019.03.29

什么样的建筑可以提供黑暗？它以何种材料和建造方式给予黑暗生命？

黑暗的园林和光明的园林能否一分为二呢？

二者之间的空间是什么？二者之间的空间是否需要定义？

What kind of architecture can offer darkness? How can architecture serve darkness?

Can the garden be divided into two sides: the dark side and the bright side?

What is the space in between? Does it need a definition?

2019.03.31

一旦考虑尺寸、场地等等，我似乎被束缚住了。

Once I consider the dimensions of the space and the condition of a site, I am limited.

黑暗应该伴随着光明。

想到黑暗本身，我可以自由的想象我的种种经历。想到什么样的空间去承载黑暗，我愁眉紧锁。

The darkness should come with the brightness.

Thinking of the darkness itself, I am free to imagine the previously experienced darkness of me. Thinking of what the dark space is made of, I knit my brow.

我要让其他人也感受到同等的黑暗，就像我曾经经历过的黑暗一样。可我意识到，当我提供了一模一样的场景，里面的人依旧不能意识到与我同等的黑暗。因为每个人都有个独立的宇宙和看事物的方式。黑暗可以被启发，却无法被设计。

I tend to invite others to experience the same darkness that I have experienced. However, I realized that they cannot recognize the same darkness of me, even if I provide the exact same space. Because people have their own universe and

ways of perceiving. Perhaps darkness can be inspired but can't be designed.

不是这样的。也不是这样的。

Not like this, not like that.

塔与廊似乎是清晰的，围墙是清晰的。其余的部分始终悬而不决。

The part consists of Tower and corridor is clear. The rest is not.

如果我找不到我的园林的物理呈现，那么就找不到吧。至少我试图找到过。

I am not afraid of not successfully finding a tangible garden. The seeking process is more important.

2019.04.02

给予、分享是我很长很远的渴望。

Sharing and giving is my longing.

今天是晓骁的生日。

Today is Xiaoxiao's birthday.

ATTEMPT IV

Garden map

2019.03-2019.04

“Marco Polo describes a bridge, stone by stone.

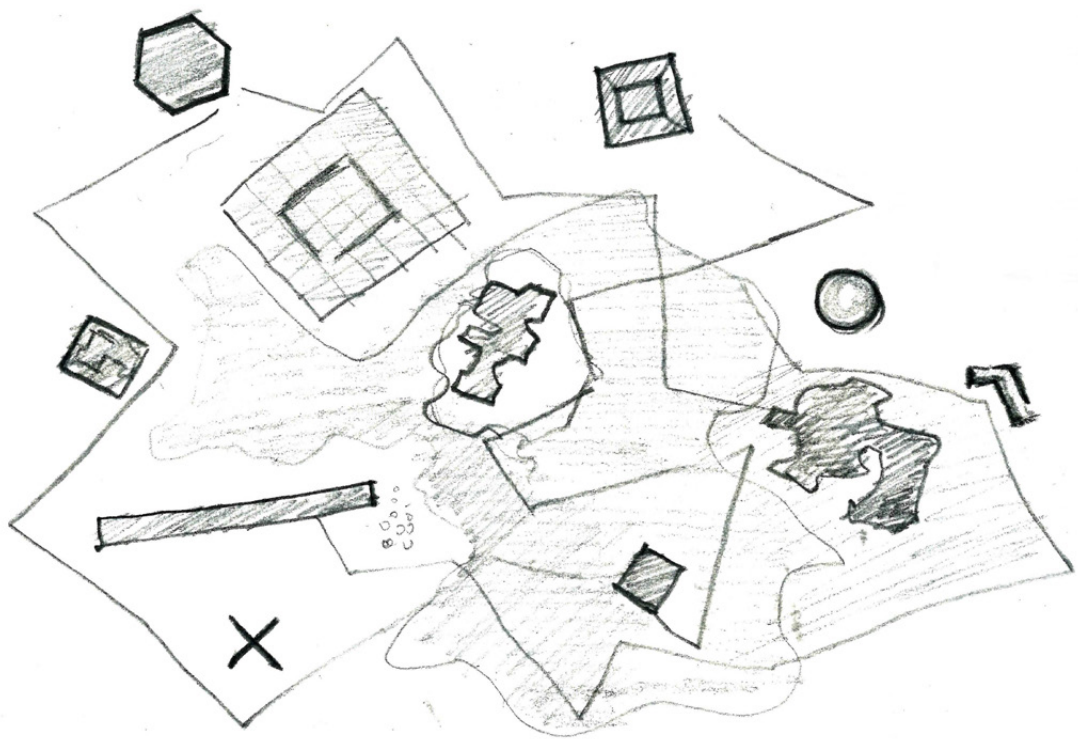
'But which is the stone that supports the bridge?' Kublai Khan asks.

'The bridge is not supported by one stone or another,' Marco answers, 'but by the line of the arch that they form.'

Kublai Khan remains silent, reflecting. Then he adds: 'Why do you speak to me of the stones? It is only the arch that matters to me.'

Polo answers: 'Without stones there is no arch.'”

— Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*



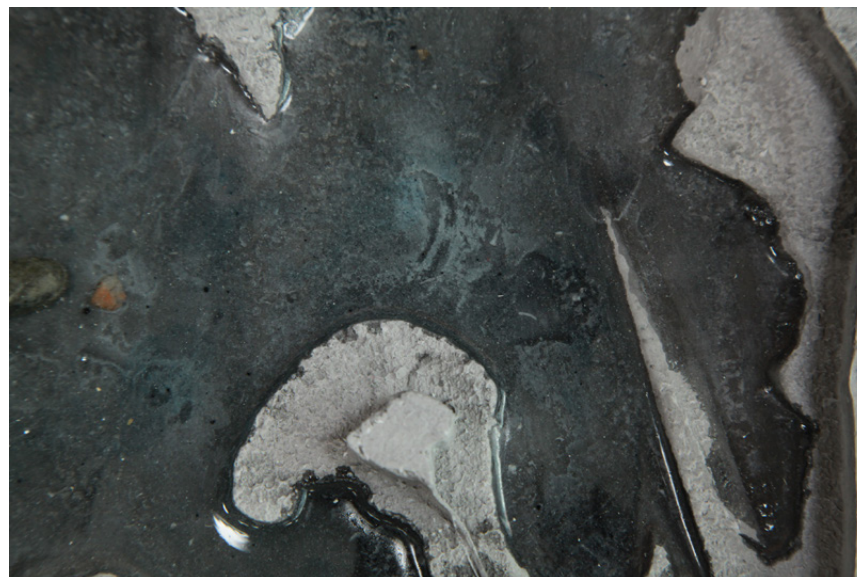
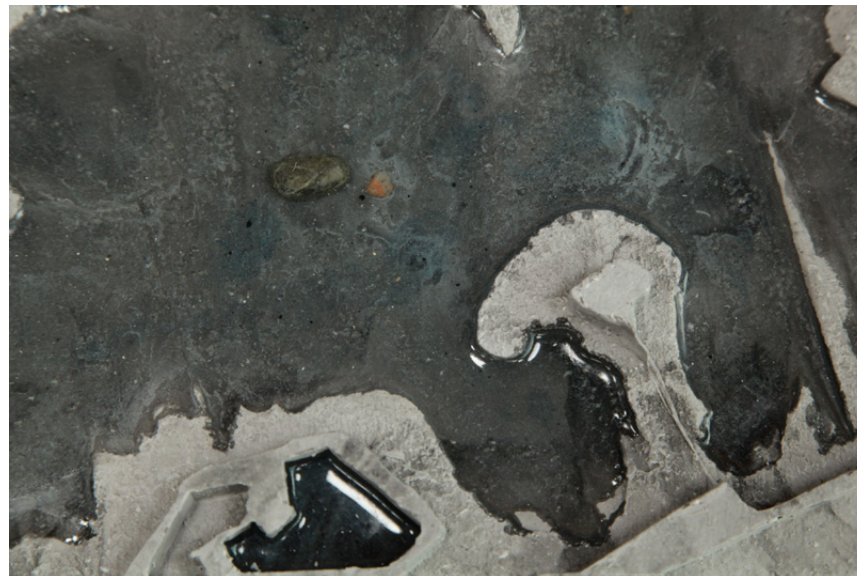
Garden map

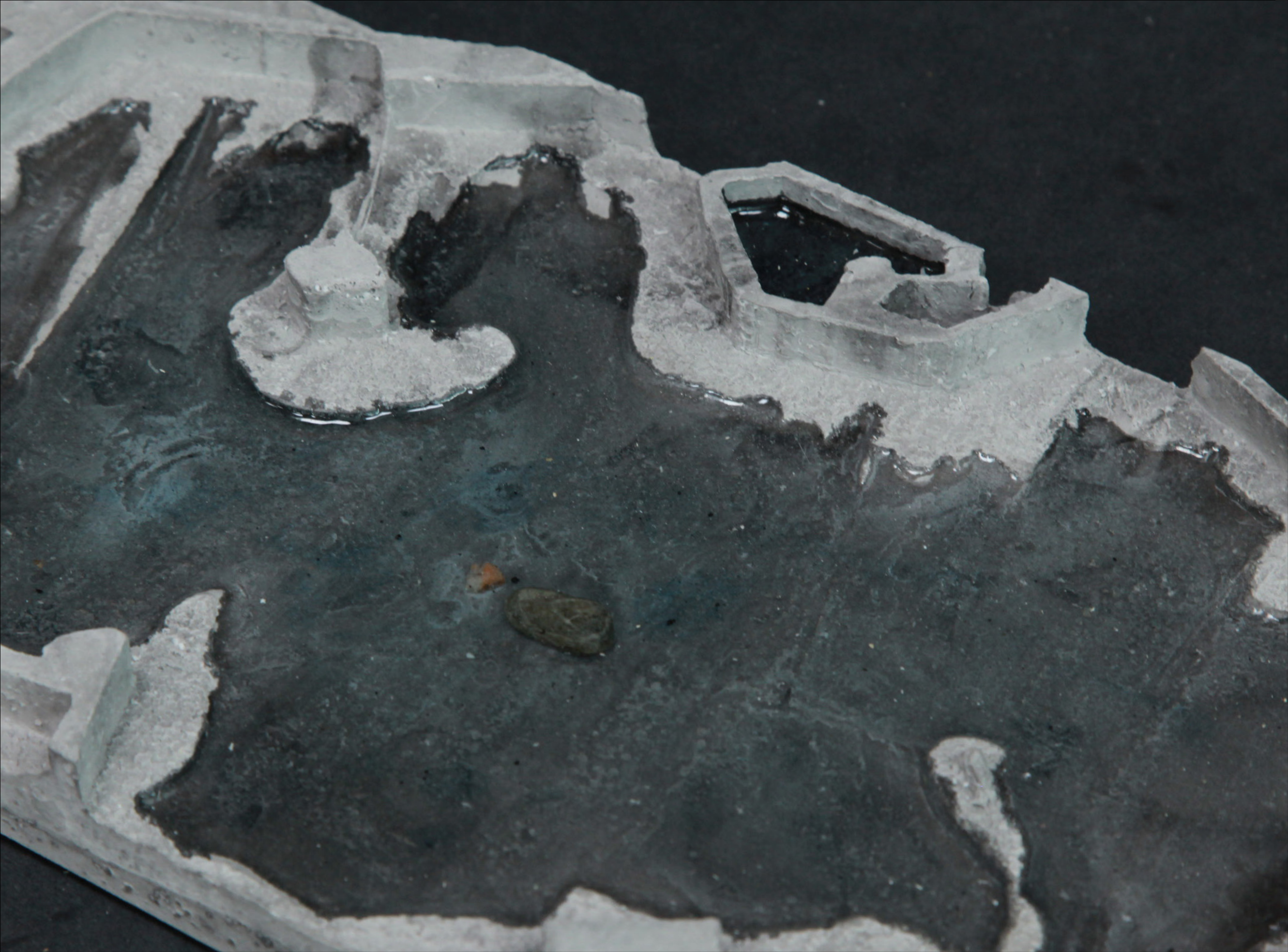
Moon and water

2019.04.12

园林态度下的空间思考。
以水映月。以手指月。
在那些杂乱无章的迷雾里，我试着指出月亮在哪里。

The spatial thoughts within the garden attitude.
Water holds the moon. Finger points out the moon.
In that boundless fog, I attempt to point out where the moon is.





2019.03.11

可他们始终认为最美妙的是孤寂的时候，他们只看见房檐下燕子筑了新巢，以及湖水倒影里有另一个身影对着天上的月亮沉默。

那水上的廊桥，竹林被风吹得沙沙作响，狭窄的天井上倒映出它们浮动的影子。对一个情人的想象，于身在迷宫中的人意味着桂花被风吹动而散发的幽香，也许还有墙外的古琴质朴悠远，也许还有天上的点点繁星。

曾身在园林的人回忆起那个迷路的夜晚，才意识到那条走失的路只是众多道路中的一条，但那几条路都通向内心渴望，通向期待着的众多事物。

那个园子是造园师织造的一个时空交错的网，你可以在各个维度去看、触摸和想象，因它通向你内心深处埋藏的梦。无论你选择哪一条路径，你都会看见那些最亲密的景象，甚至是梦中的场景。

But the most beautiful moment for them took place in the solitude. They saw the swallows building their nest. Through the reflection of water, they saw one person looked at the moon in silence.

There is a bridge on the water. The bamboo forest is moving by the wind. Its shadow appears on the wall. In a maze, one's imagination of a lover equals the scent of a moving osmanthus tree. It may also include the sound of Guqin and the sky filled with stars.

The traveler recalls the memory of getting lost in a garden. He just realized the path he chose was one of many. But all of them pointed to the longing inside him.

The garden is the infinite universe made by the gardener. You can look at it, touch it and imagine it in varied dimensions. Because it points to the dream inside you. Each path offers you the most intimate images, even the images in your dream.

Garden map

Frame

2019.04.01

思考到半夜无法入眠。或许是怕灵感转瞬即逝。

I can't fall asleep. Perhaps because I am afraid of the current inspirations escape.

今天与雪婷聊创作。我给她看我的园林平面。我的创作里,我多数时间都置身其中,构筑片段。如今我有了一个边界,一个现实世界的组织方式。于是我做了一个简单的模型,去大体定一个位置分布,进而从外向内组织一个 garden。当它不够时,我局部放大至1比50。再置身其中,想象着我如何体验空间,这里是否该有一扇门,之后再回到整体组织中去。如此反复去寻找。

I discussed the creative process with Xueting. I showed her my garden structure. In my process, I have been perceiving the garden from inside and bring fragments out. Recently I proposed one possibility of presenting fragments at the same time and space. I made a sketchy model in 1:200 that shows my attempt to approach the garden from outside to inside. I also build space in 1:50 to imagine myself being inside space. I experience the space in two scales. Such a seeking process repeats.

在外部与内部世界来回徘徊。我之前构筑碎片的方式依然形成一种我身在其中反射世界的方式。而这些再降落到建筑中,一个有边界和情节组织的现实世界中去,时间是唯一展开的顺序。

I am wondering between the inside world and the outside world. Bringing out fragments is my way of reading the world. When it transcribes to architecture- a physical world with a series of scenarios, time turns into the sequence.

答案并不重要。就像是引导我向下探究的一个话头。

The answer is not important. What important is the answer leads me to seek and explore.

我开始置身于我的园林架构中去想象。想象我

是否需要向上的坦然和向下的安宁。

I place myself inside the garden to imagine the ease of the sky and the calmness of the underground.

回忆起趵突泉旁的一个书房。三面开敞,向泉池观望。中间是书桌。

It reminds me of a study room in Baotu Spring Garden. Three sides of the room were opened by the water. The desk located in the midst of the room.

园林的外部一遍又一遍的对应到自己身在其中的内部记忆,从而成为一张丰满的网。再去包容世界上其它的诸多事物。

The outside garden meets the inside garden, a complete environment is made for embracing other entities in the world.

我了解自己的尺度下看到的世界,也就了解了宇宙是由不同维度、尺度、个体组成的网络,有着必须遵守以及选择性遵守的诸多规则。

Learning the world I see is under my scale, I aware the universe is consisting of diverse dimensions, scales, and entities.

了解到在众多维度中看待世界的必要性,这使得我觉察自身的渺小和广袤。

Realizing the necessity of looking at the world in the varied perspectives, I have perceived the largeness and smallness of myself.

写于睡不着的夏令时第一天。

Write at a sleepless night and the first day of summer time.

2019.04.05

园林有无数种可能,可最终呈现的只有一个可能。

园林有无数条小径,可最终人们只选择了一条

路径。
无论哪条路径都通向着心底的渴望。

Garden shows many appearance, but only one is perceived eventually.

Garden consists of numerous fork paths, they eventually find one to start.

All paths lead to the longing in the heart.

2019.04.07

回忆起高中下课铃一响,身边的同学们一齐站起来跑步向门外,各个班的同学们都在跑步并自觉汇成一股大军,所有人都朝着另外一幢楼的方向,也就是食堂。此后我的人生里似乎再也未能看见过这样壮观的场面。

Back to my high school, when the bell rang at noon, my classmates stood up and ran out. A troop that consists of students from the whole school heading towards canteen. I can't see that image after graduation.

担忧时常袭来。随着截止日期的接近而愈加频繁。我想供给人们一个进入方式,一个游览路径,一个通向共同渴望的小径。

Sometimes worries invade my thought because of the approaching deadline.

I want to offer an accessible way, a journey, a path leads to the longing.

记忆常常浮现。一些无关的、莫名的记忆往往突破了时空的限制涌入脑海。

Memories emerge all the time. Some irrelevant and inexplicable memories come into my mind from varied time and space.

那个小木教堂里,充满着我对一个童话小屋内部的想象。像是下一秒,音乐盒的声音就会响起,阁楼的小乌鸦开始报时。小木屋的光线柔和而温柔,墙上的画质朴而清新。我一定是走进了小人国。

Inside the wooden church, my fantasy of a cottage in fairy tale shows up. It feels like the music will start to play, and the little crow in the garret will give the correct time. At the moment, the light is calm and soft. The drawings on the wall are simple and fresh. I must be inside my dream in the Lilliputian.

我好像又梦见了那个商场,还与一只猫建立了友谊。

That shopping mall appears in my dream once again. Apart from that, I started a friendship with a cat.

2019.04.11

“巧者为下,拙者为上”茶家周渝在采访中提到的美学观点。
“我们体验它,看见它,触摸它,却无法证明它,解释它。”

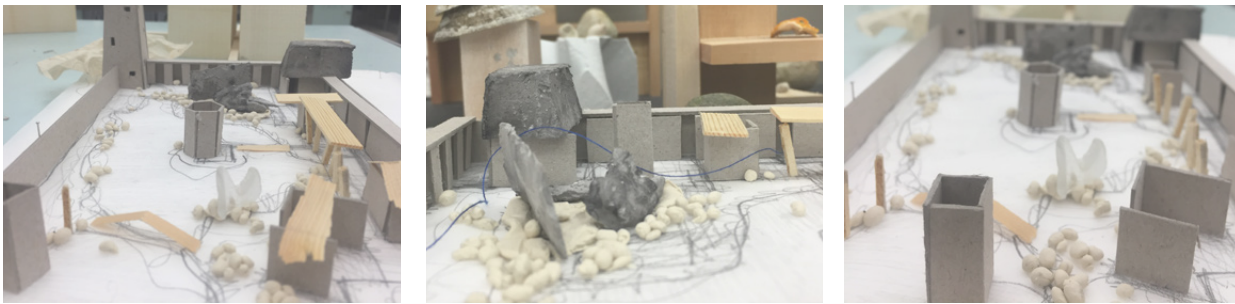
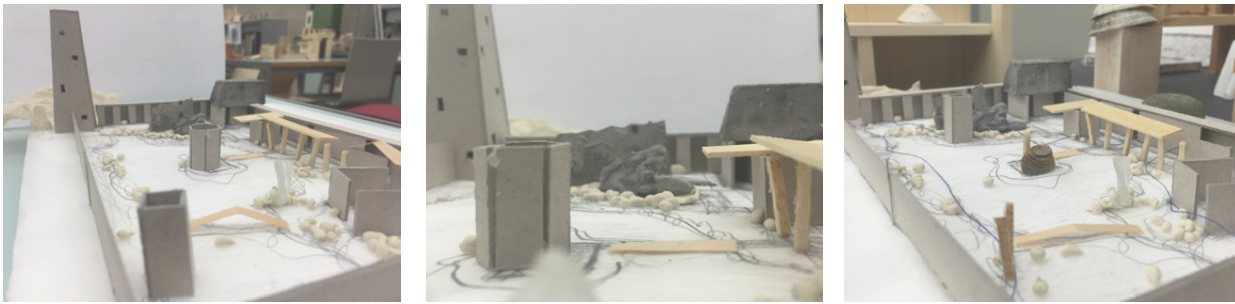
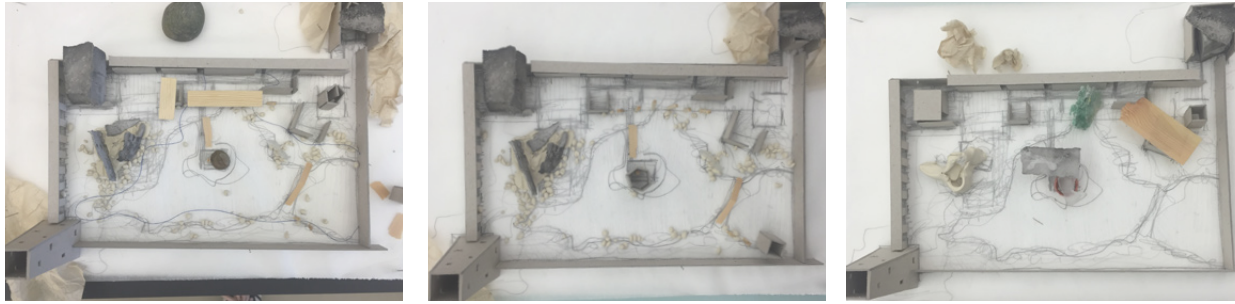
"Simplicity is better than skills." Tea master Zhou Yu mentioned his aesthetics value.
"We can experience it, we can see it, we can touch it. But we don't know how to justify it or how to explain it" - Luigi Serafini

我的空间,小亭子,如同我的文字段落一般,各自独立着。我不知道让它们如何呈现在同一时空下。我无法为独立的它们建立那个连接的空间。似乎没有物理材料可以将它们呈现。

My spaces are similar to my text. Both of them are independent. I have no idea how they show up at the same time and space. I can't find the connecting space for them. I can't find the physical presence of them.

也许,它们并不需要那个连接的部分。

Perhaps, they don't need a connection.



2019.03.13

寻着网师园平面图，我一点点地试着回忆那个网师园里的夜晚。

“不入园里，怎知春色几许？”

杜丽娘和柳梦梅在水上廊桥相会。不知是梦境还是真实。

Following the plan of Wangshi Garden, I try to recall my memory of a beautiful evening.

"Without entering the garden, one cannot see how much spring occurs."

Du Liniang and Liu Mengmei met on the bridge above the water. Was it an illusion or was it a reality?

Garden map

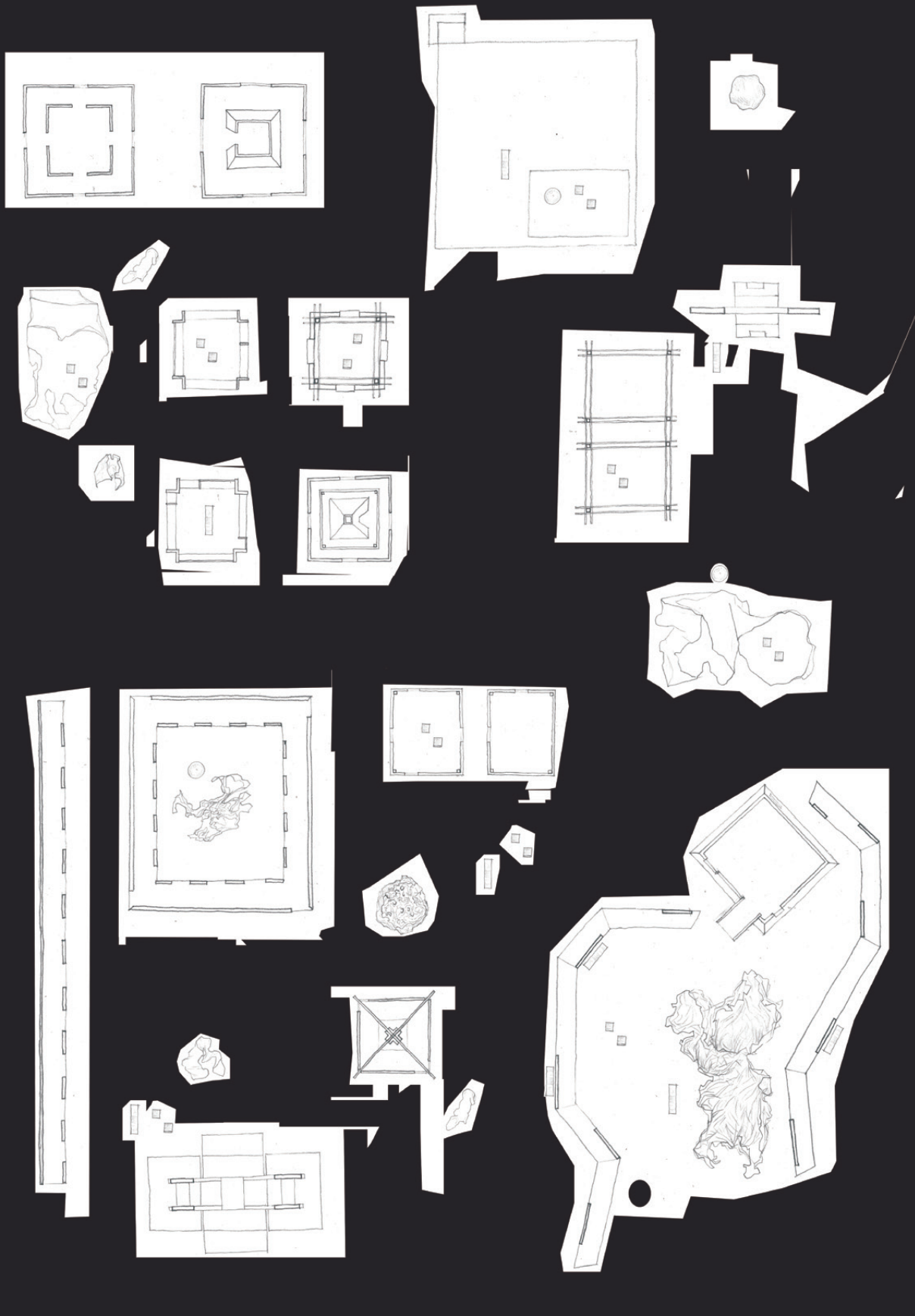
Totality

2019.03.15

它们在此时爆炸了。就像一朵蘑菇云
浮现在空中，久久不可散去。

They are exploding at this moment. A
gigantic mushroom cloud appears in the
air. It stays for a long time without the
sign of dispersing





2019.02.25

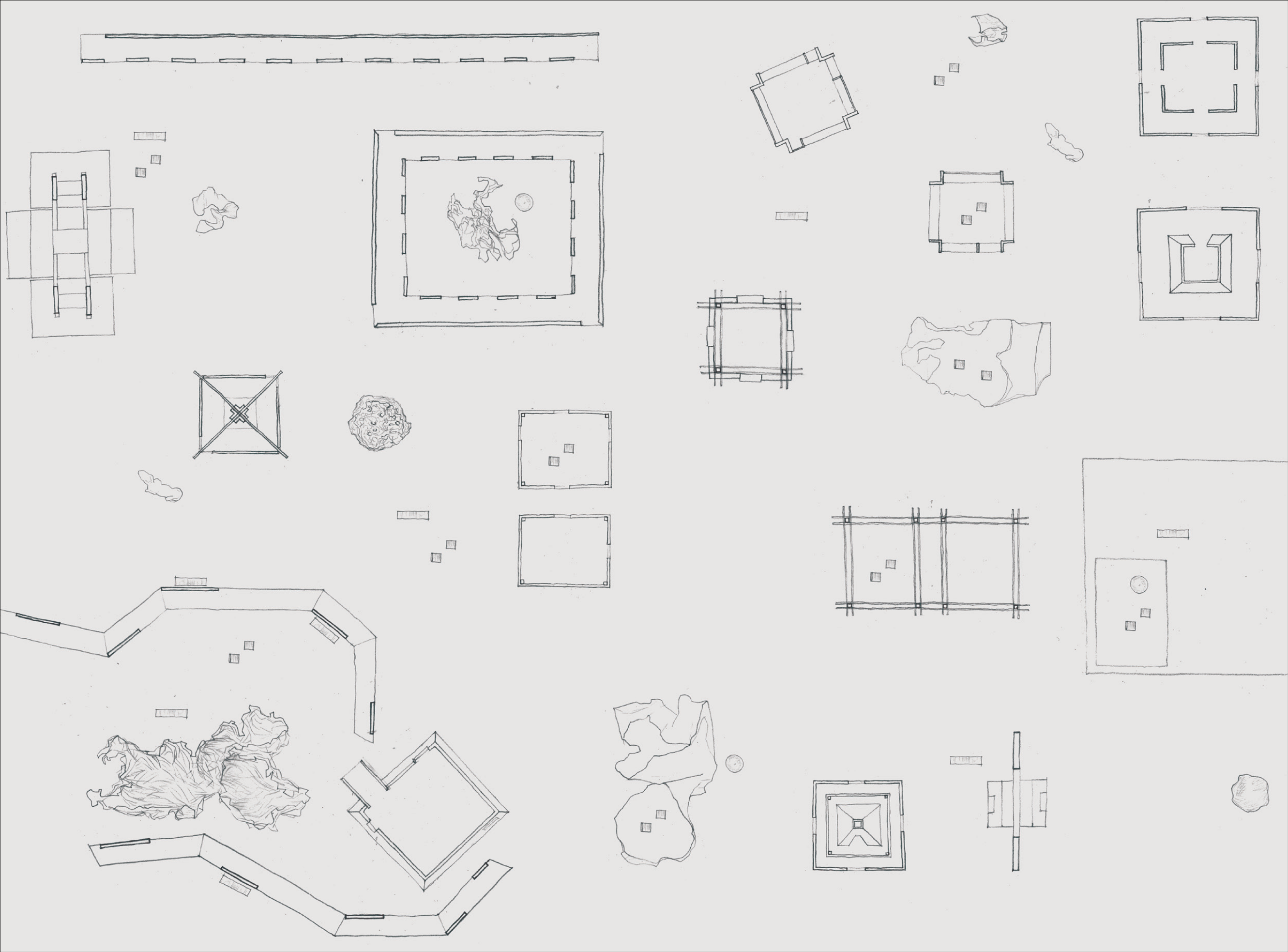
针对这份未知的感受，我似乎退化成了一个孩童，我触摸它，围绕着它行走，观看它，感知它，甚至闭上眼睛想象它。我没有语言去形容它，有时语言被用来形容它难免苍白，是词穷的，甚至是阻碍的。

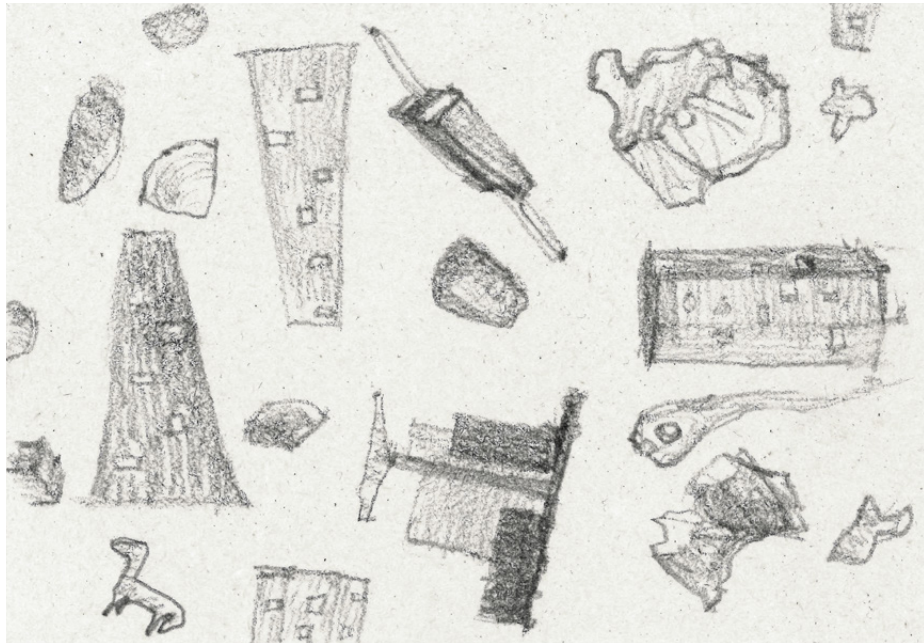
“记忆中的形象一旦被词语固定住，就给抹掉了。”波罗说。“也许，我不愿意全部讲述威尼斯，就是怕一下子失去她。或者，在我讲述其他城市的时候，我已经在一点点失去她。”——《看不见的城市》

Standing in front of the obscure feeling, I become a child. I touch it, I walk around it, I look at it, I feel it. I even close my eyes to meditate it. I still don't have any language for it yet, because language is impotent and weak. Sometimes language also blocks the feeling.

“Memory's images, once they are fixed in words, are erased,” Polo said. “Perhaps I am afraid of losing Venice all at once if I speak of it, or perhaps, speaking of other cities, I have already lost it, little by little.”

- Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*



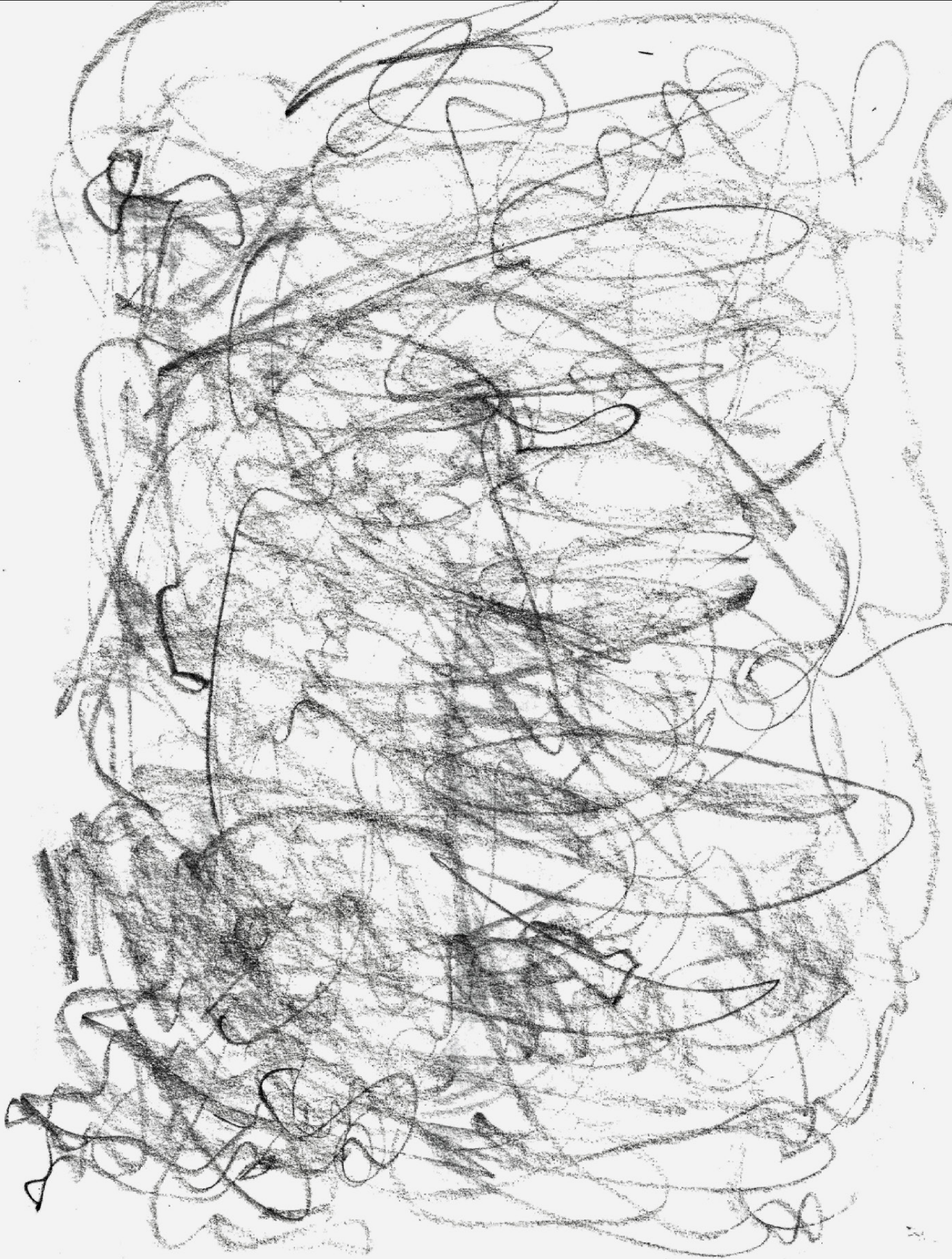


Am I losing my garden, little by little?

ATTEMPT V

Infinite garden

2019.04



2019.04.10

万物都在生长。
咖啡与茶。它们之间的差异终究缩小了。
今天回归到喝茶的日常。

Everything begins to grow.
Coffee and tea. Their difference is getting smaller.
Today I come back to tea.

Infinite garden

Introvert

2019.04.28

它们此刻准备好了成为建筑，只是它们没有 Program 和 Site.

如果你向路人打听，“赛德茜丽亚在哪里？”他们会作出一个笼统的手势，意思可能是“就在这里”，也可能是“前面”或者“周围都是”或甚至“在你背后”。

- 《看不见的城市》

They are more ready for architecture to come. They don't have a program and site yet.

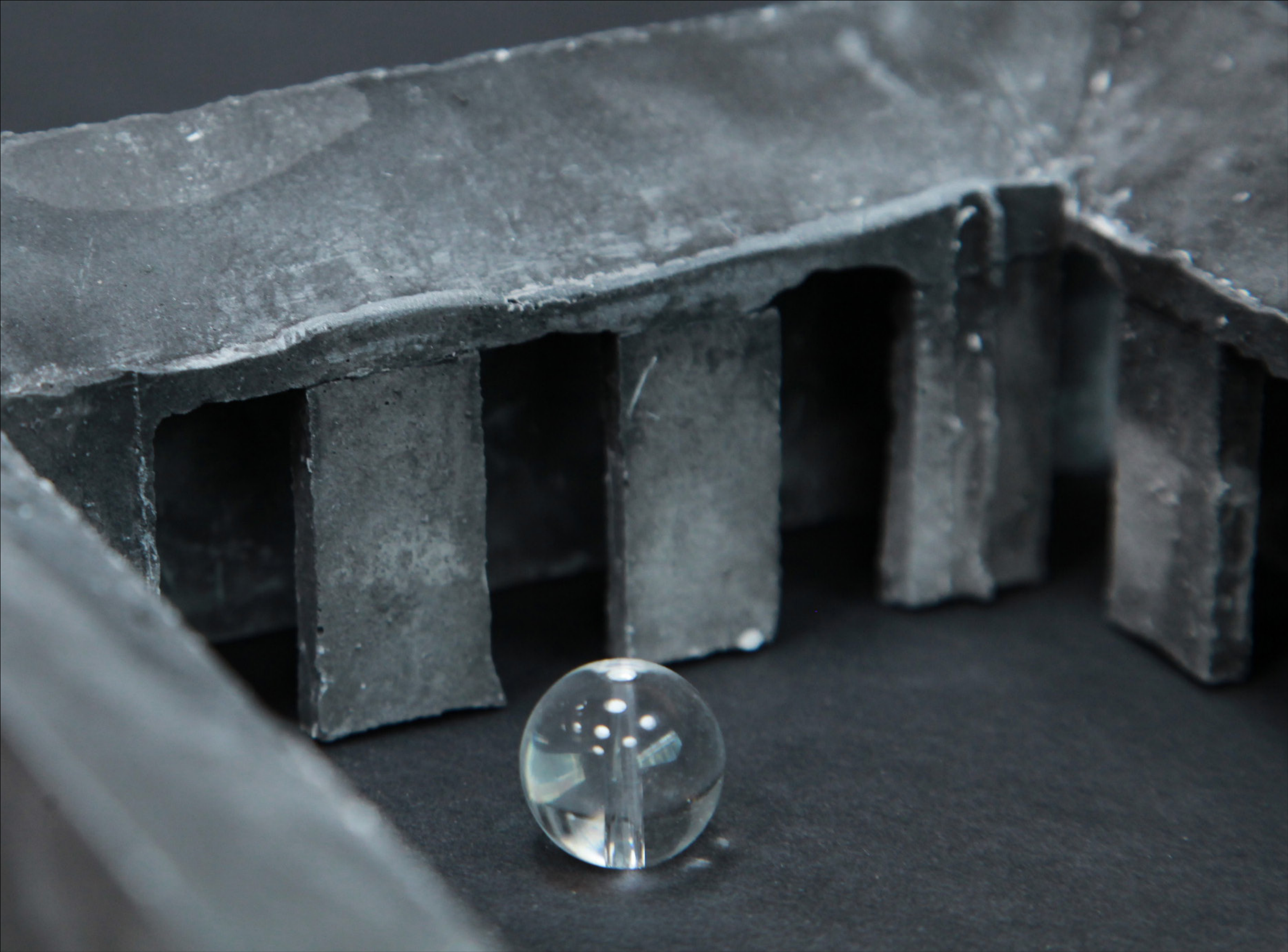
"Where is Penthesilea?" they make a broad gesture which may mean "Here," or else "Farther on," or "All around you," or even "In the opposite direction"

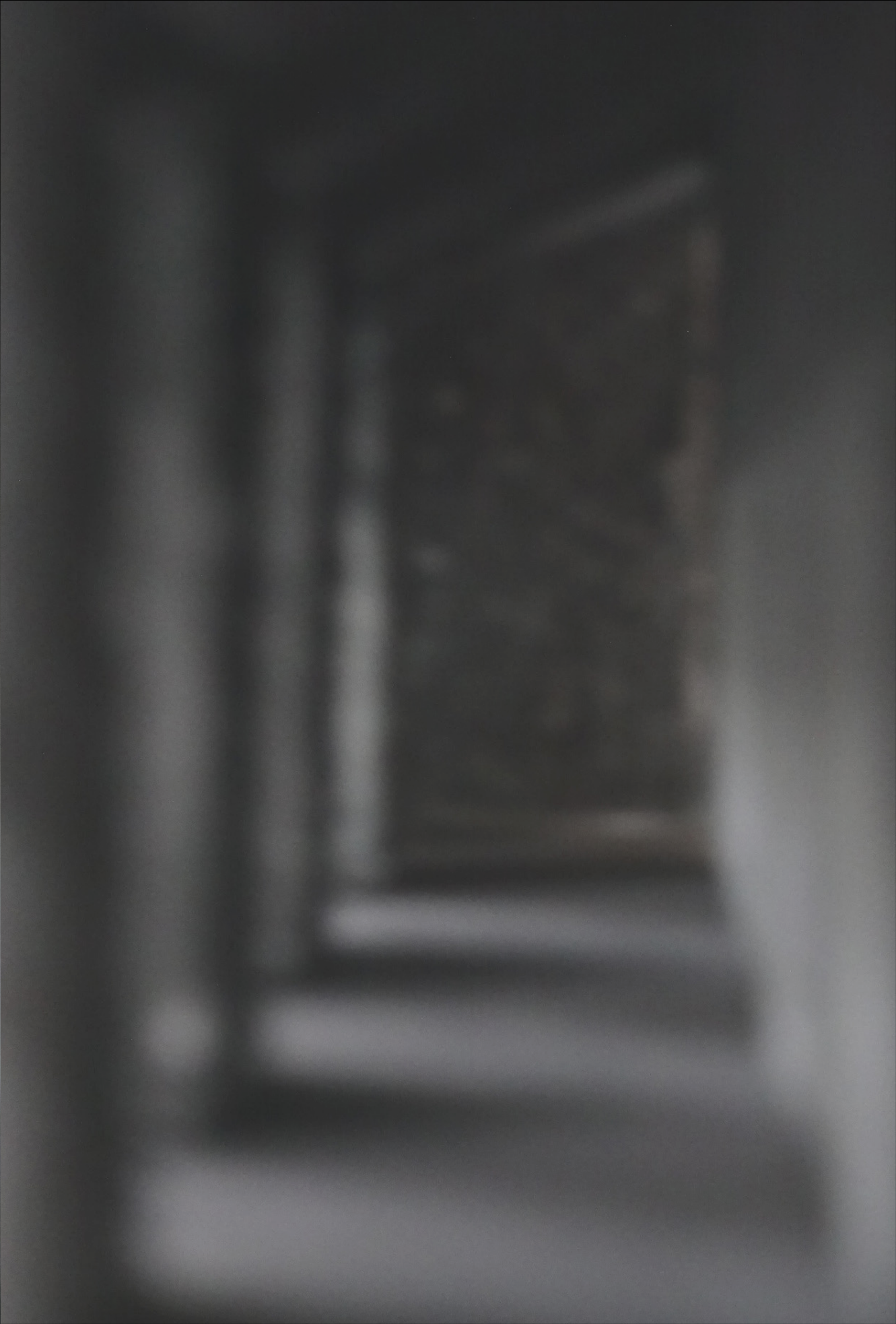
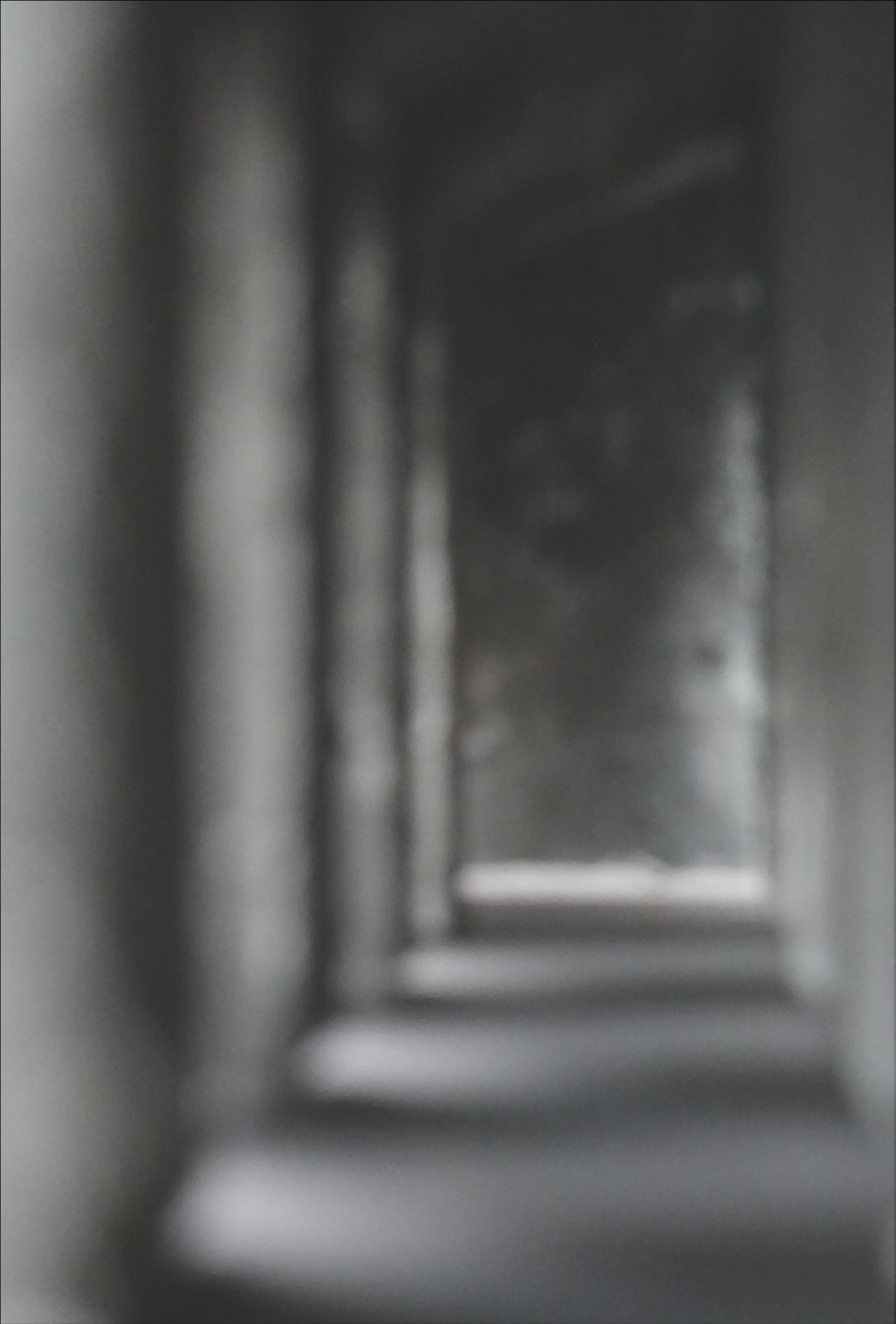
"Then I've gone past it without realizing it?"

"No, try going on straight ahead."

- *Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities*







Infinite garden

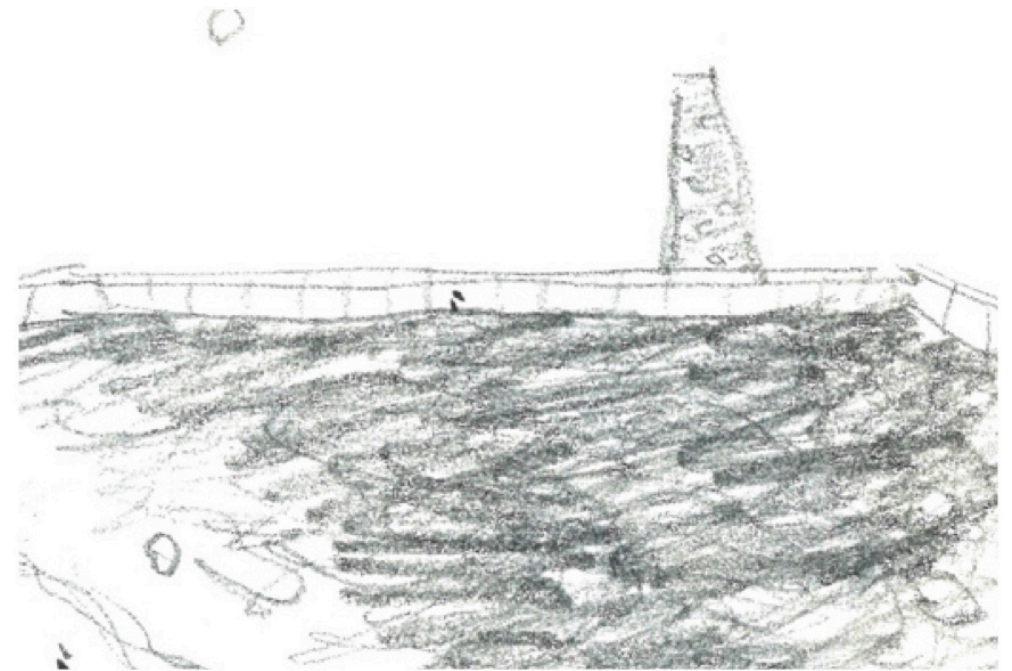
Water, moon, and a man



2019.03.12

今天中午躺在床上，于半梦半醒之间看见好多画面。我
一会看见自己，一会看见江边的人，一会看见人在水边
看月亮的倒影，此时远处的人再看他。此时，闲潭落花。

When I lied on my bed at noon, I saw many images. One
moment I saw myself, later I saw a person standing beside
the water. I saw him watching the moon through the water
reflection. At that moment, the fragrans falls to the water.



Infinite garden

Monologue

2019.04.12

怀着找到物与物之间连接的心愿，我做出了廊。可廊却已成为了独立的部分。这一部分的独立思考已然找到了独立的物理呈现。它与之前同等独立的空间是平等的，我已无法为它和亭找到必然的连接。

To find a connection between two objects, I made a corridor space. However, it became an independent part of the independent thought. It is equal to previous objects, thus I couldn't find the necessarily fixed placement of this space and the pavilion.

2019.04.13

用铝片做家具是我的消遣方式。

Making aluminium furniture is my way of relaxing.

2019.04.14

人们在这个园林中，辨认出他们想辨认出的部分，再使其内化为自己的部分。这是园林的慷慨性。

People come to this garden and recognize what they wish to recognize.

Garden has a generosity.

晓骝辨认出来他的部分，他有意或无意的摆动着一个空间，说他可以以此做一个房子。

Xiaoxiao recognizes his part. He plays one of those spaces. He says that he could make a house from here.

比例是一种语言。当我把 1: 200 放大到 1: 50，我想象人在其中触摸的细节。这同时使得他人带入自己去参与。这个比例适于此刻对空间的思考，我也愿意从这个细节程度去看。但由其它比例甚至没有比例到 1: 50 比例的转换思考是给我很多启发的。

The scale is a language. When I make 1:50 from 1:200. I begin to imagine how people touch the space. It also brings others to perceive the space.

我作为园林的建筑师，我试着了解自己的位置。我研究园林态度，我试着带着园林态度去探究园林记忆如何在建筑空间的维度内呈现。我同时怀有与他人探讨的渴望。

As the gardener of this garden, I attempt to find my place in the garden. I study the garden attitude and carry it with me. I seek the way for transcribing garden memory into architectural space. I also have longings to discuss it with others.

园林是我认识世界的一个中间的借喻。我以此了解自己的畏惧，直至无所畏惧。我试着尝试各种材料，表达我所表达的，让园林记忆经过我借由我的身体得到物质呈现。如果人们被启发而得到了什么，我开心的让他们拿走。

For me, the garden is the medium to know the world. I consistently know my fear and embrace it. I seek varied materials to express. I allow garden memories going through me and find the physical presence. If others got inspired and acquire their garden, I would be very happy.

如同轻与重，阴与阳，我在这两者之间。

Just like lightness and heaviness, Yin and Yang, I stand in between.

园林的呈现出两分的面貌。刚与柔。黑与白。确定与暧昧。《牡丹亭》对我来说是园林。这个故事不需要受制于社会、礼教及种种现实条件。它是一个因情而生的梦境。

Garden shows its two sides. Hard and soft, black and white, clear and ambiguous. *The Peony Pavilion* is a garden to me. The story is unlimited from feudal ethics and realities. It is a dream from an affection.

心底的情绪似盛满一汪水随着情境的流转而轻

轻摇晃，仿佛一不留神它就要洒出来。

The feeling inside just like water in a bowl swaying when scenario switches. It could overflow at next second.

我的园林行至此处，很多决定的小径分叉口我都是由直觉判断的。我感觉到更多在这里，却不知道为什么。有时似曾相识，有时心生喜悦。如同我总会在黑暗的朗香教堂里选择同样的那张椅子的位置。

Each time when I met a folk path of my garden, the decision is made by intuition. I feel more in one of the paths of no reason. Sometimes the image has a strange familiarity, sometimes a delightful feeling comes.

守园的人在打理完园林后，满意的微笑。

After taking care of the garden, The gardener shows a satisfying smile.

2019.04.15

苦而不涩，芳香绕梁。又是一个半梦半醒的晌午。

Bitter but smooth. The pleasant smell fills my room. Another noon I stay half awake.

2019.04.19

感觉有一个世纪没写文字似的，翻开笔记本，原来只有四天没动笔。

由于我用铝片打出了一个太湖石的意象，而框起湖石一景是我的一个园林记忆，也是我试图去创作的动力。

当然，它还是成为了独立构件，可以独立于任何景象存在，并非只能框住那个湖石的意象。它似乎能拥抱一切物体。I feel that I haven't written text for one century. When I open my notebook, I realize it has been just four days.

Since I made an object to reflect Taihu stone, to frame it is my another initiative.

Naturally, it became an independent entity, it stands alone. It does not have to be one frame of the certain scenery of a stone.

2019.04.20

是春天的风让我提笔。关于春天上山踏青的记忆停留在济南。

I grab my pen because of the wind of spring. My memory of hiking traces back to the spring in Jinan.

2019.04.21

“曲径通幽处，禅房花木深”- 杜甫

“Bamboo path leads to quiet retreats, Zen room deep in flowers and plants.” -*Du Fu*

两个独立的空间因一个台的偶然链接构成了一个更完整的情节。

Two independent spaces give a more complete scenario.

从禅房读了一日的书，出门透过圆形的洞口望见山石。

After reading a whole day in Chan room, I see the Taihu stone through the moon frame.

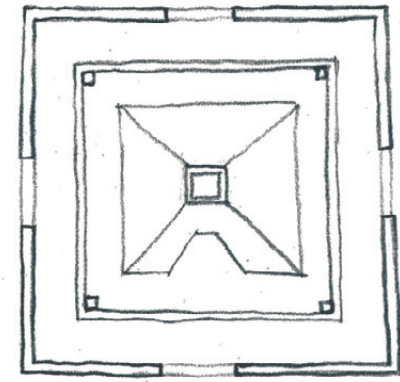
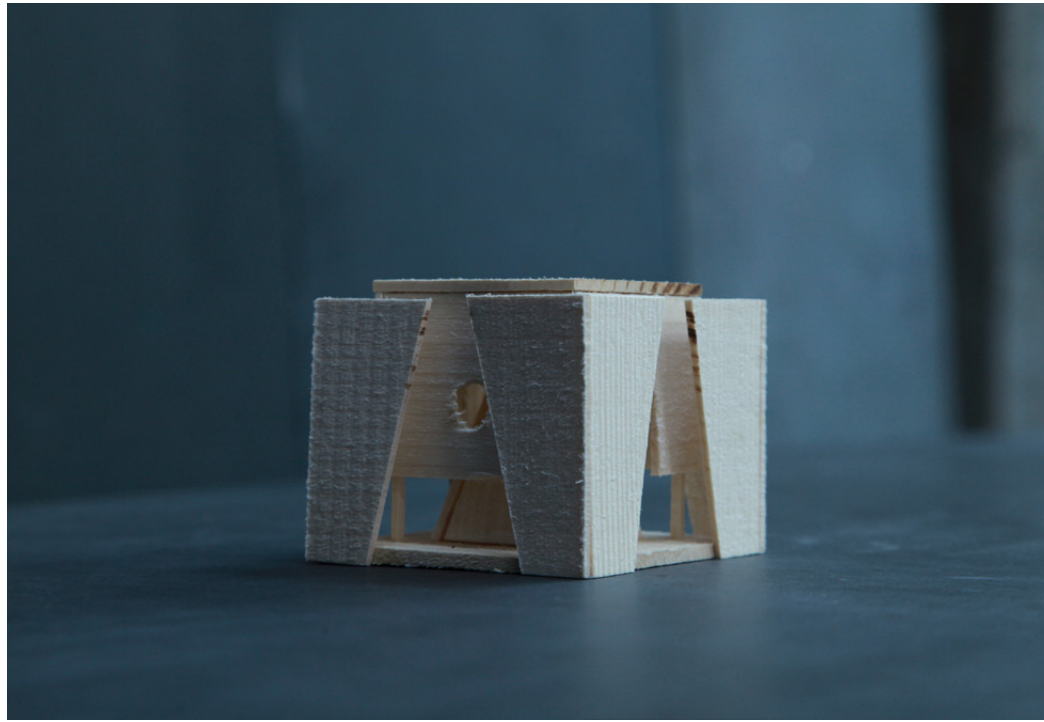
我知道写字已经成了一种习惯，和喝咖啡一样。

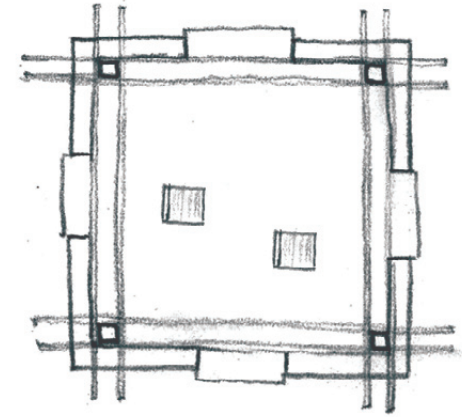
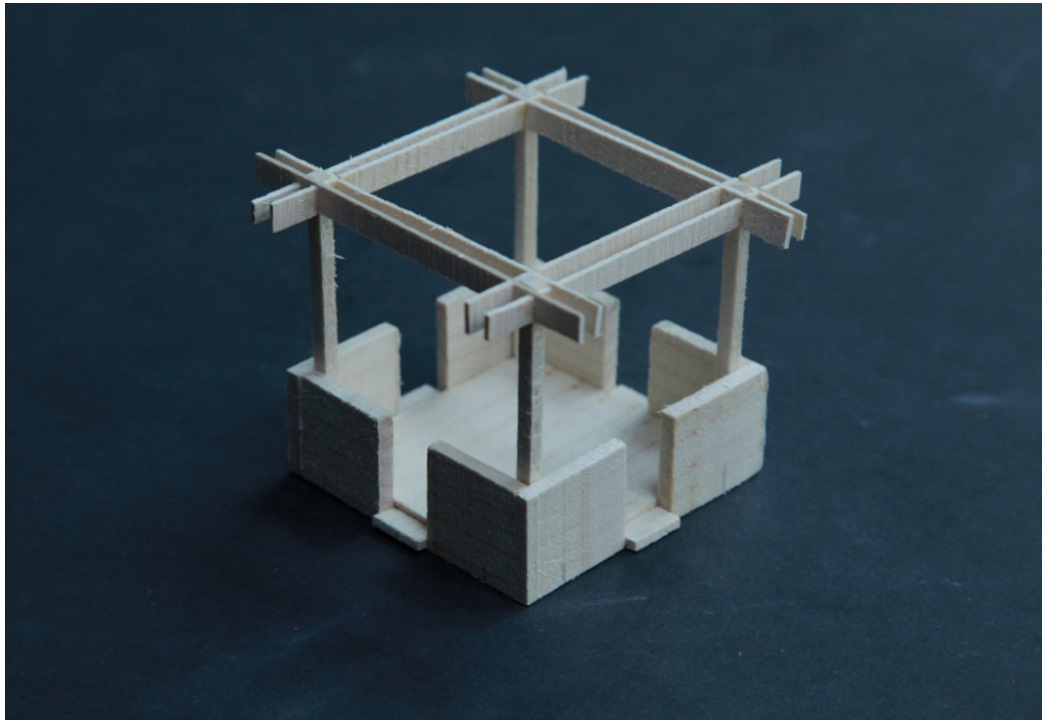
Writing become a daily ritual as well as drinking coffee.

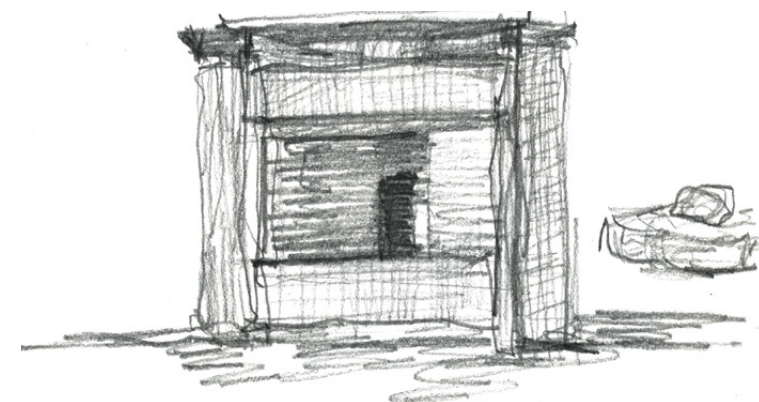
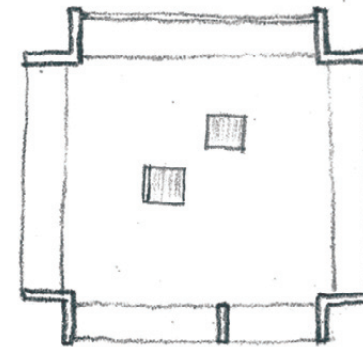
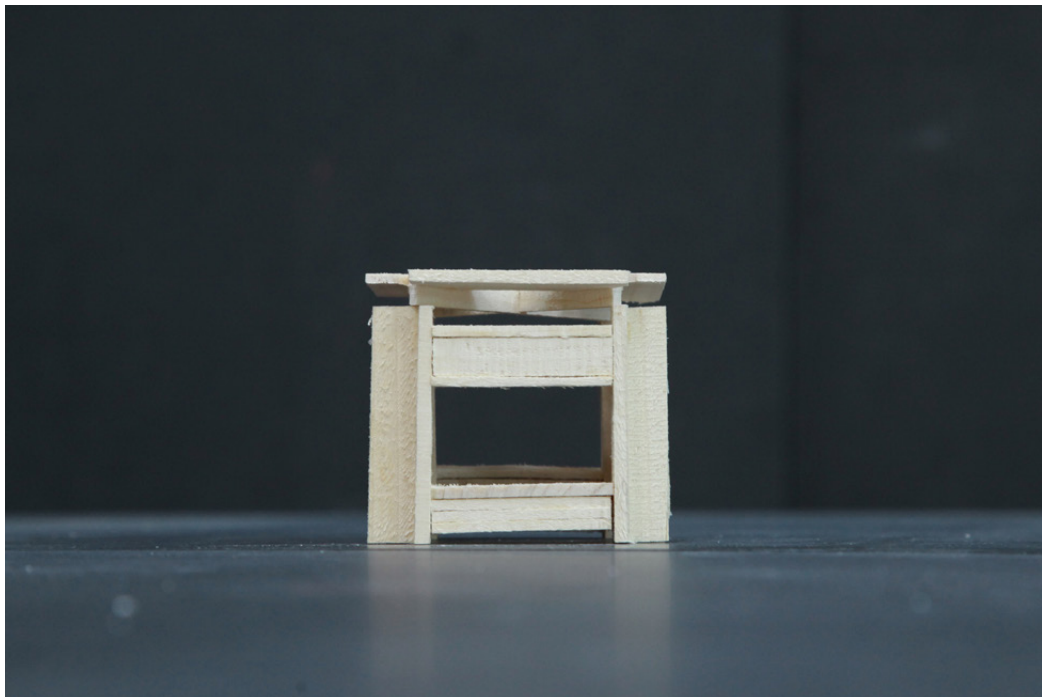
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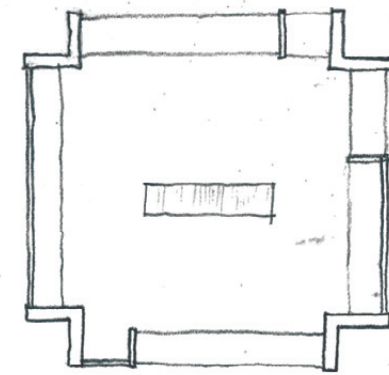
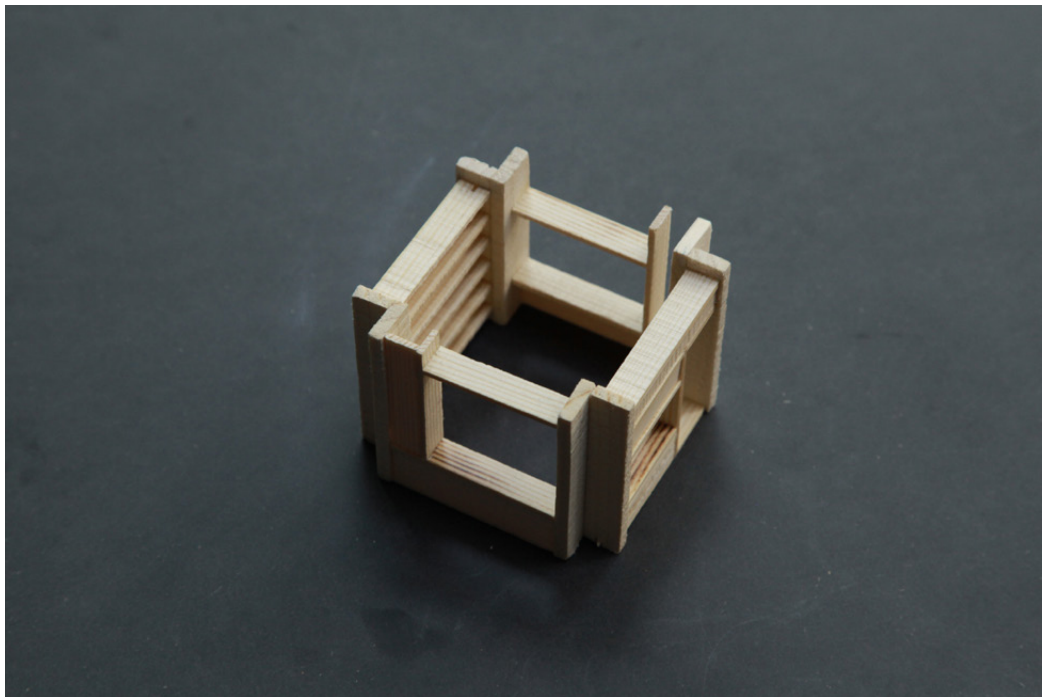
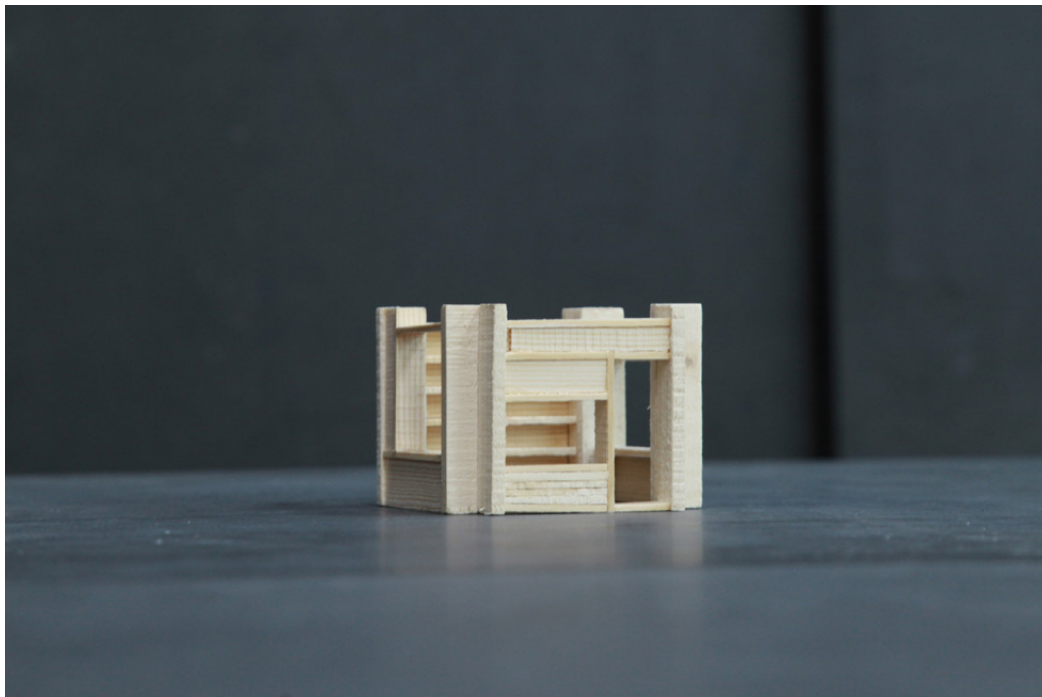
我只是在记录一个过程，一个无用之人的喃喃自语。
它们登上舞台，如我一般喃喃自语。
“我是一个塔，我有着向上倾斜的角度，今天我遇见了一只玻璃球，
我见到了阳光在珠子上的折射。我有时欣赏孤独…”

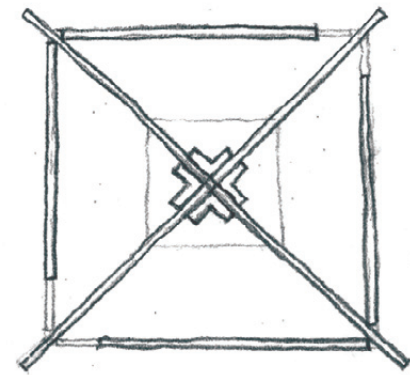
I am documenting the muttering.
Objects go on the stage and start their monologue.
"This is a tower. This is a tower with an inclined angle. Today I met a glass
bead. I saw the sunlight reflects on its body. Sometimes I appreciate the
loneliness..."

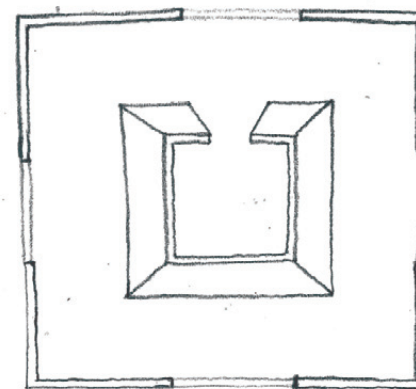
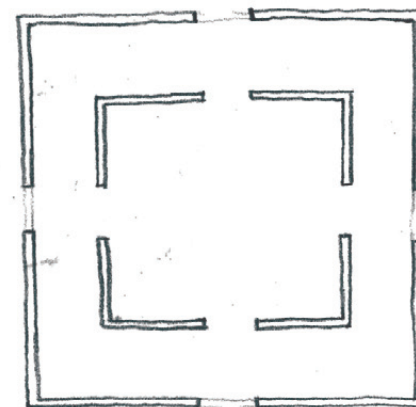
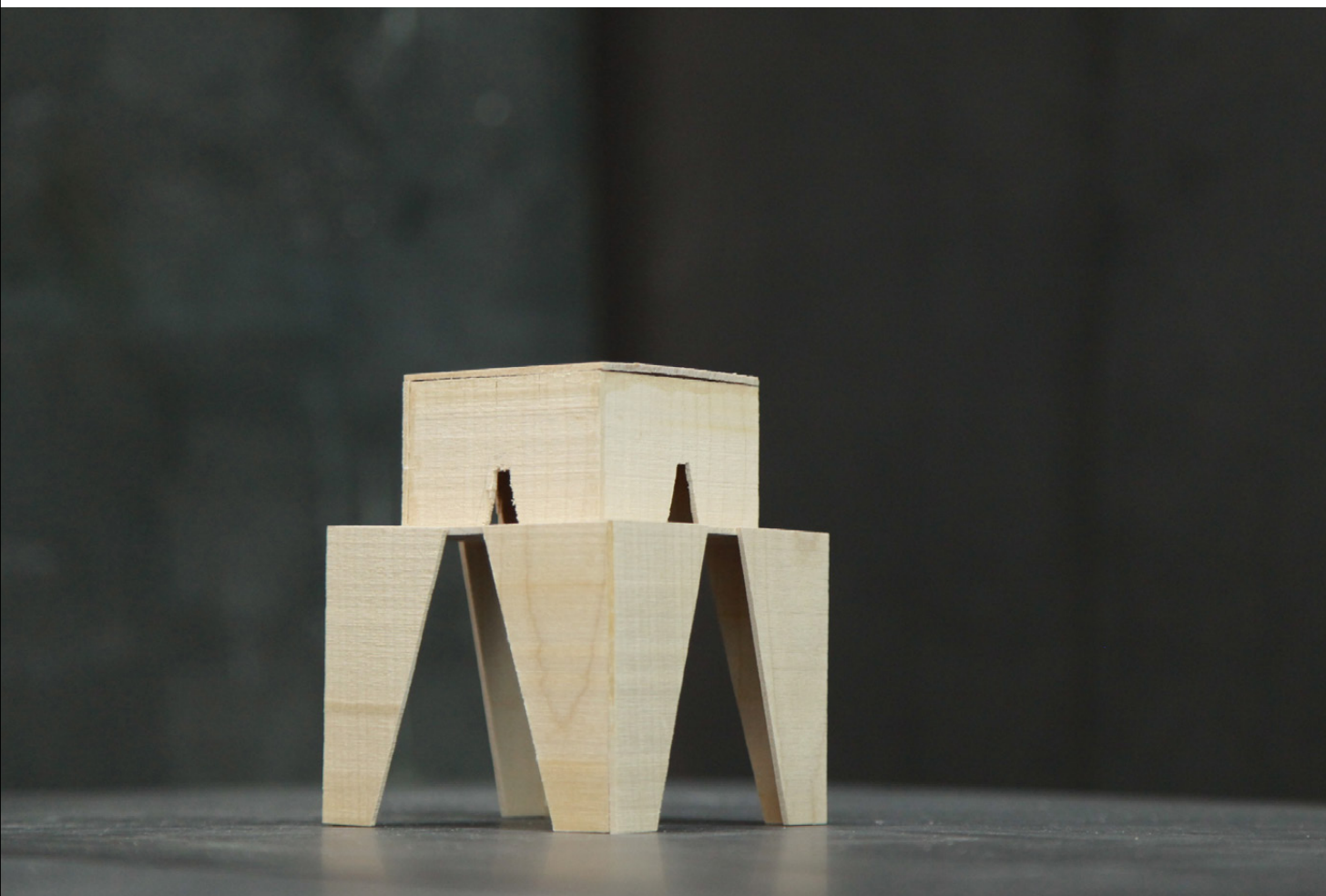












2019.04.22

我相信创作，也相信爱情。我甚至认为它们之间的本质没有区别。都是在地狱中创造非地狱时源源不断的动力。是向往着最美好的部分的渴望。

I believe the creative process, I also believe love. I think there is no difference between these two in essence. Both of them are the ways of creating brightness in an inferno, the longing to the most beautiful moment.

另一个带内向庭院的物体不同。它有自己坚硬的外壳，有内心所保护起的内部空间，它可以在陌生的世界里依然傲然独立。

Another object of an introvert courtyard is different. It has a hard boundary, and an inside space being protected. It can be independently placed in an isolated world.

寄畅园的园林平面内，由一个边界维护起一个环境。这个环境最重要的部分是非现实的，它们可以被互换位置或重新组合。联系它们的重要部分也许是文化、语言，是住在里面的人。

至于围墙，它若被拆除，园林的环境依然存在。

In the plan of Jichang Garden, the boundary wall protects one intact environment. The vital part of the environment is invisible. The entities can be reorganized or replaced. The midst is perhaps culture, language, or the owner.

As for the boundary wall, the environment will still exist if it is demolished.

我在博尔赫斯小说中辨认出无限性。我曾意识到，身在园林里时园林是无穷无尽的，我觉察不到边界的存在。这与我的创作是一致的。我的物体们构建起一个社会环境，被非现实的联系连接在一起。

I recognized infinity in Borges' fiction. Garden is boundless from inside. The boundary wall is not

the real division in mind. The similarity exists in my process. Those objects formulate a social environment that connects by intangible relation.

真正的连接点是我，真正的园林边界是我的身体。园林此时的平面只是宇宙凝结状态下的一个抽象的切片。

The true connecting point is me. The true boundary is my body. The plan of garden is an abstraction of the frozen universe.

园林里的物体之间关系清晰而不是完全任意。它们有造园者希望的之间的距离和自己的喜恶。所以它们需要因环境不同而被整理。

The relations between entities in the garden are limpid and not random. They have an appropriate distance that is decided by the wishes for a gardener and the entities themselves.

它们有着无数种呈现，因为连接它们的是非物质的、非最优解的、非唯一原则的。它们是无数形态指向的，是太湖石无数的描绘方式所指向的，是身体无数种运动姿态还能被辨认为同一身体的特征，是朗香教堂里众多座位我却每次选择的二排二坐。

They have numerous ways of presence because the relation between them is intangible. They don't need the best solution or the only principle. They are pointing out by the countless figures, I compare it with the innumerable ways of depicting Taihu stone, and the feature that can be recognized as one body even it has varied movements. It is just like the mysterious reason for choosing the same seat over and over again.

我上学期的第一张画，是园林记忆中的一个身在其中的场景，多么像今天我拍摄的桌上物与物之间的一个场景。那么是什么感动了我，让我在桌前反复品味那个炎热下午里的南方水乡里那个院落-缠绕的藤蔓以及斑驳的树影。

My first watercolor drawing was a scenario in my garden memory. It has such an similarity with the

photograph of my objects.

What made me draw? What made me re-enact the memory of a nook of a courtyard in Shaoxing-where the twining plants meet the mottled tree shadow?

当园林的记忆反复涌现，我选择用创造自己的园林的方式来辨认园林。

When the garden memories emerge many times, I decide to recognize the garden by making my own garden.

第一个创造的空间是六角塔，他有着坚硬的外壳。之后他们成长成一个集体，形成一个社会环境，它甚至开始有能力容纳其他世界的部分。

The first entity that I brought out was a hexagon tower. It has a strong boundary of a symbolic shape. Later a group of objects grows from it.

Those objects make an environment which has the capacity to embrace things from another universe.

2019.04.23

那个毕业典礼的夜晚，有人在高处击打大鼓，带领众人读屈子的诗：“悲莫悲兮生别离，乐莫乐兮新相知。”响彻天际。

That graduation night, one stood in the roof and beat a huge drum. He led us to read an ancient poem together: "There is nothing sadder than a farewell to old, there is nothing happier than meet new."

“相与枕藉乎舟中，不知东方之既白”

"We stretched out in the boat and did not notice the coming of dawn in the east." - Su Shi

“惟江上之清风，与山间之明月，耳得之而为声，目遇之而成色，是造物者之无尽藏也，而吾与子之所共适。”

“The sole exceptions are the cool breeze on the river, the bright moon over the hills. These serve as music to our ears, as colour to our eyes; these we can take freely and enjoy forever; these are inexhaustible treasures supplied by the Creator, and things in which we can delight together.” - Su Shi

今天重读赤壁赋，苏子谈可以从事物的变化或永恒两个角度去看。如果从变化易逝的角度看，那么便是无限的感怀和惋惜；如果从事物永恒的角度去看，那么此消彼长，物与我都是永恒的。

我可以尽情享用此刻所拥有的一切：光、声音、空气、语言、思维、物质的、非物质的、看得见的、看不见的…我放心在我身内的内部世界感知和体验，没有什么担心和忧虑的。

Today I read *First Visit to the Red Cliff* again. Su Shi talked about look things from two perspectives: Things are changeable or things are unchangeable. If we think things are changeable, we feel sad about the things we are losing. If we look at it from another perspective, all creatures including ourselves are imperishable.

I can enjoy what I have at present: Light, sound, air, language, thought.

Things can be tangible, intangible, visible, invisible... I just perceive and touch the world from inside. There is nothing to be worried about.

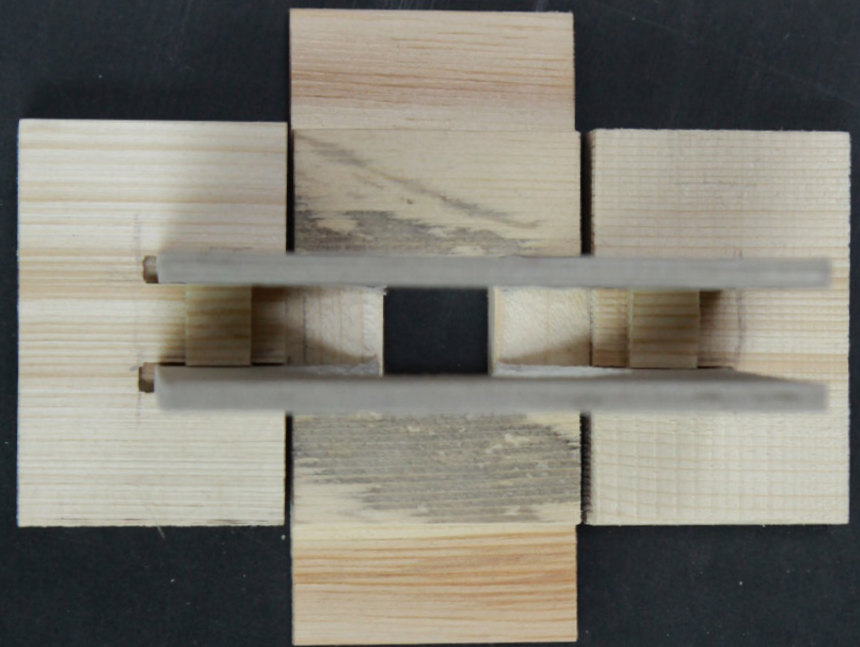
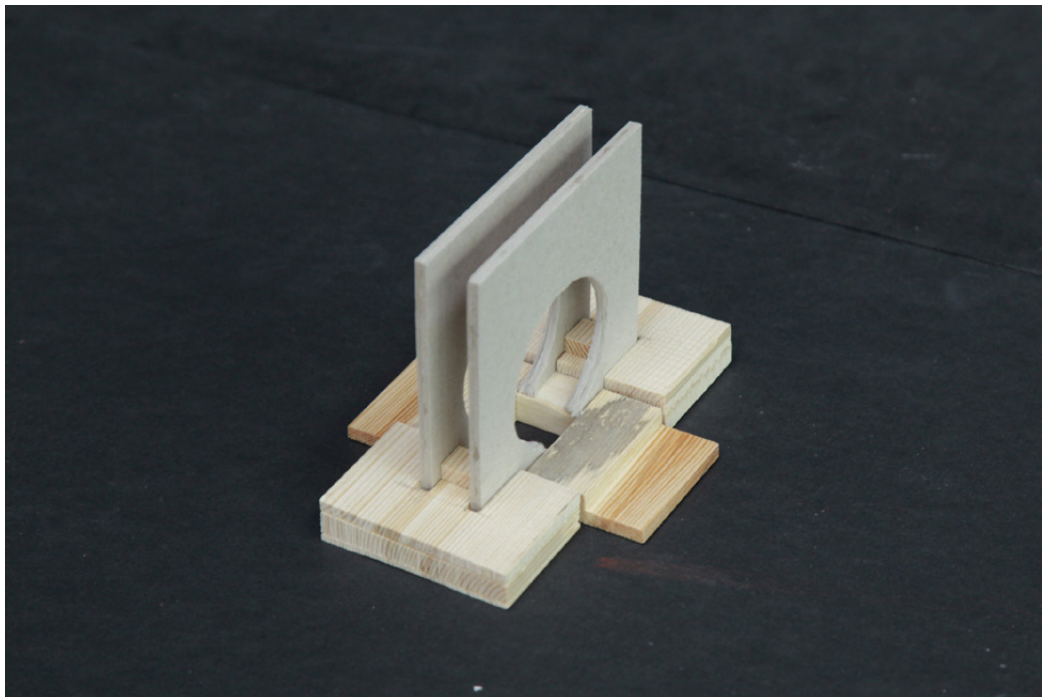
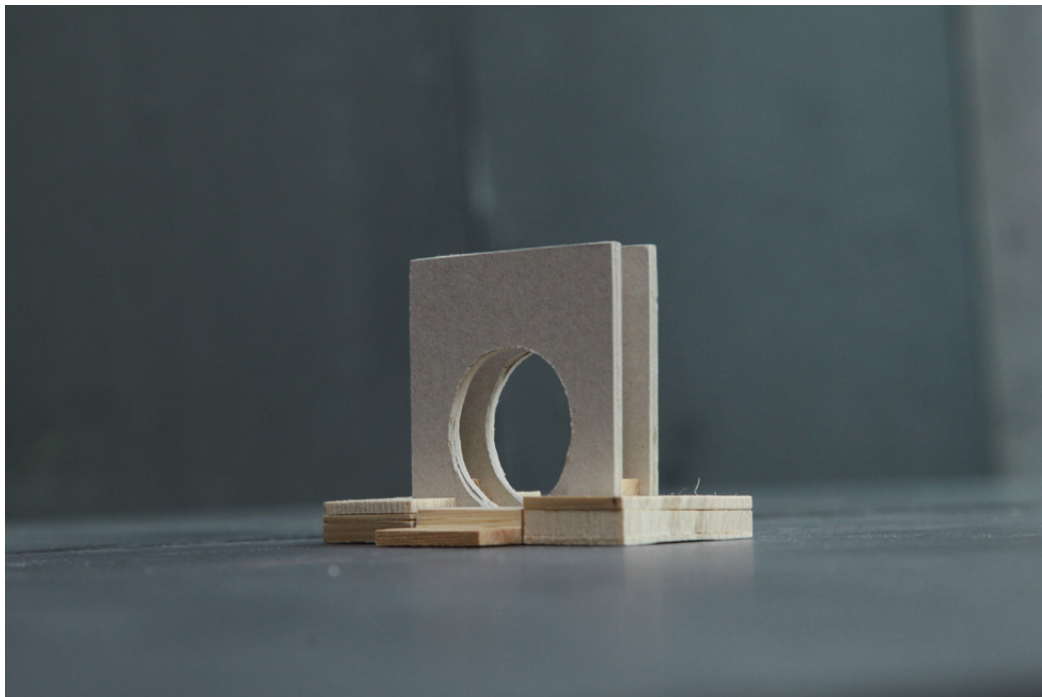
同理，园林里的物体也是。它们有自己的环境，它们无穷无尽，就如山间的清风与明月。

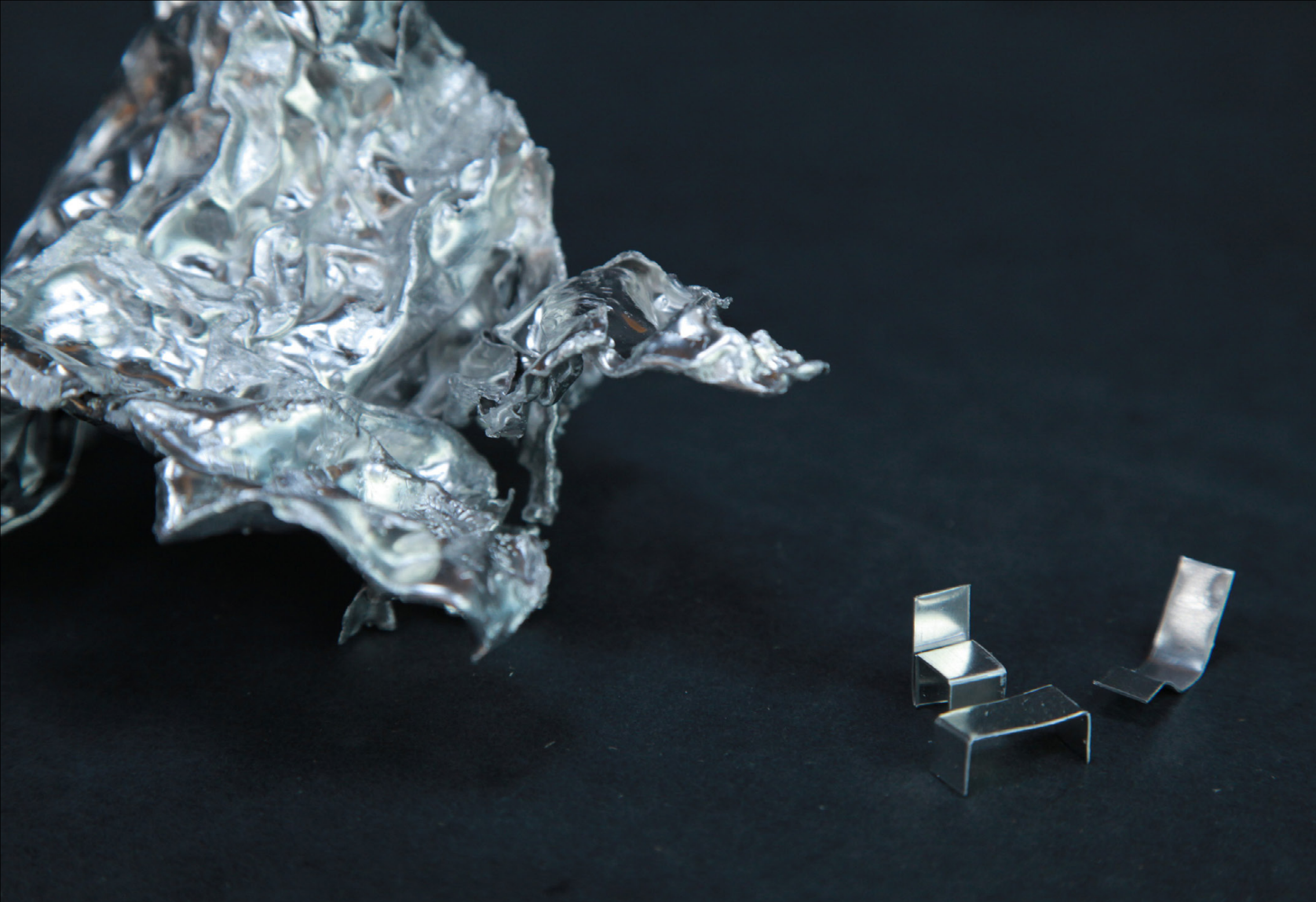
Equally, it applies to the objects of the garden. They have their own environment. They are boundless, just like a wind in the mountain and moon in the water.



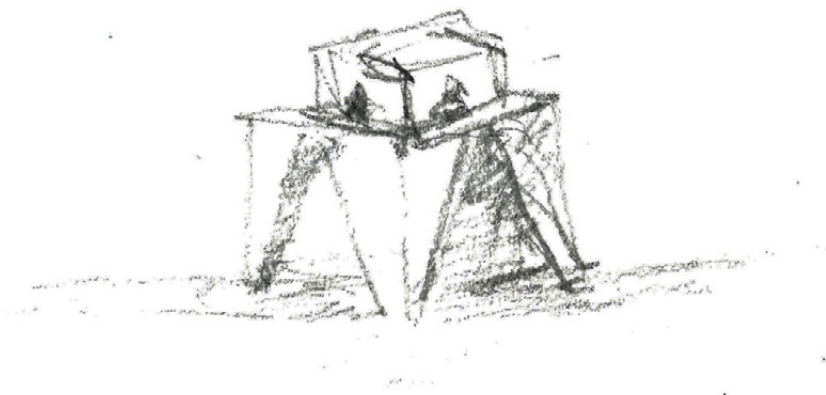
Infinite garden

Moon frame









2019.04.23

第一张画，便是由目遇成色的现象而有感而作。它又以我身体所定义的尺度和边界得以再现。

The first drawing started from the phenomenon served as color to my eyes. It was re-enacted by my body.

我们为什么看园林？我们为什么喜爱园林？

Why do we look at the garden ? Why we are fond of the garden ?

为什么我由外部世界内化的第一重是文字，而后又层层至画、材料、空间、建筑？

For what reason the outside world is internalized to the text at first, and the drawings, material, spaces, architecture come next?

2019.04.25

下雨了。一只黑色的鸟飞进一个适好遮蔽它的树洞。

It's raining. A black bird flies to a tree hole that fits its size.

不强求。每个空间不用被强制成为完整的建筑。局部的真实可以暗含余下的暧昧。

No force. No force for each space to be complete architecture. Partial reality indicates the rest ambiguity.

春风倚南枝，南枝不可依。

Spring wind leans on a branch that is not stable.

眼前的景象变得越来越清晰。

The scenario in front is getting limpid.
2019.04.26

“我的 Garden 抽象吗？”我问。

“不抽象。”晓晓说。
“我的 Garden 具象吗？”
“不具象。”
“所以是看不见的 Garden, 千人所见千面。”

"Is my garden abstract?" I asked.
"No, It is not abstract." Xiaoxiao said.
"Is my garden concrete?"
"No, It is not concrete."
"Then it is an invisible garden. Thousand people see a thousand appearances."

一个人，就是一座 Garden.

One person is a garden.

2019.04.28

它们此刻没有成为建筑，它们没有 Program 和 Site.

They haven't become architecture because they don't have a program and site yet.

“到了这座城市了吗，它在哪里？”
“你再往前走走。”

如果你向路人打听，“赛德茜丽亚在哪里？”他们会作出一个笼统的手势，意思可能是“就在这里”，也可能是“前面”或者“周围都是”或甚至“在你背后”。
- 《看不见的城市》

它们准备充分了要迎来一个目标的到来，可它们在这个时间节点上没有。它们有着除现实条件下的一切生命体的特征。它们无穷无尽。它们是永恒的。

"Where is Penthesilea?" they make a broad gesture which may mean "Here," or else "Farther on," or All around you," or even "In the opposite direction"
"Then I've gone past it without realizing it?"
"No, try going on straight ahead."
- *Italo Calvino, Invisible Cities*

They are ready for architecture. They have

everything but not the commission.

They are infinite.

若是成为一座建筑、一座花园、一座城市，那么要么它们不由自主的成为消磨殆尽的岁月的一部分，要么他们被歌颂为光明、渴望、千百种求而不得，被赋予一切美好的符号。它们在此刻的维度里，始终有着无穷的生命。

If one becomes architecture, a garden or a city, it either involuntarily becomes one part of irreversible demolishing times, or it will be given the symbol of brightness, beauty, and thousands of ways of unreachable destination.

They still have endless life in the current dimension.

要阐释物与物之间的美好，似乎比描绘一个物体本身更难。难在世界上的大多数人并不关心这件事，因它无用。他们只要看得清摸得到的一个目标就罢了。

可是这个世界，除了物与物之间的关系，还有什么呢？

To demonstrate the beauty of the space between entities seems more difficult than to illustrate one clear target. The difficulty exists in the indifference to most people. They don't need it because they think it is useless. They only need tangible aims.

However, if the intangible relation is removed from the current world, what else is left?

我只是在记录一个过程，一个无用之人的喃喃自语。它们登上舞台，如我一般喃喃自语。“我是一个塔，我有着向上倾斜的角度，今天我遇见了一只玻璃球，我见到了阳光在珠子上的折射。我有时欣赏孤独…”

I am documenting the muttering.

Objects go on the stage and start their monologue. "This is a tower. This is a tower having an inclined

angle. Today I met a glass bead, I saw the sunlight reflects on its body. Sometimes I appreciate the loneliness..."

这是一部无穷尽的极为无聊的舞台剧，没有人浪费着人生听它们重复的无休止的独白。

This is an extremely boring play. Nobody would waste their life to listen to the ceaselessly repeated monologue.

可是我要将这部剧搬上舞台，为它找到它的位置，以及，没有意义的意义。

Nonetheless, I will put this play on the stage and find its place. Moreover, to find the meaning for its meaningless.

2019.04.29

我清晰地看到了一团雾。

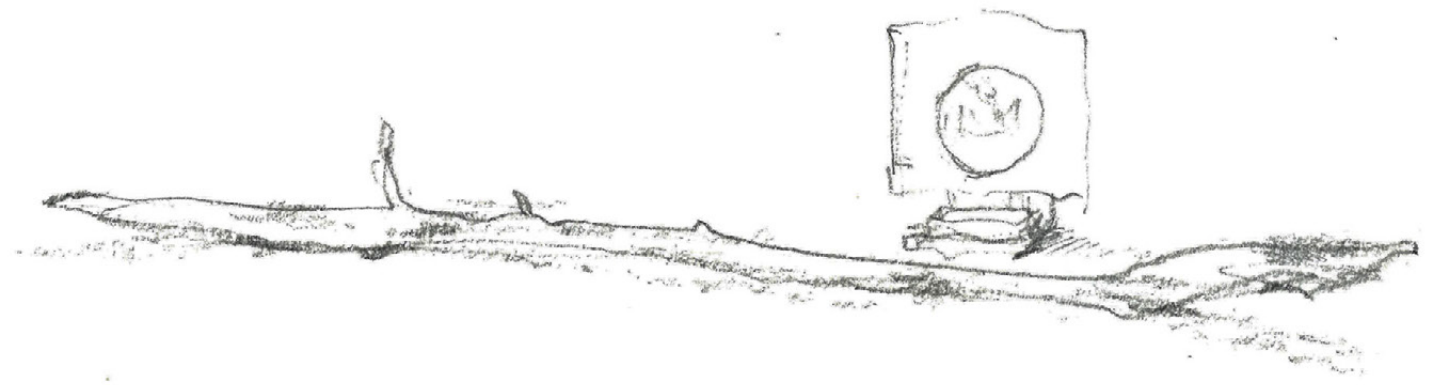
Clearly, I see fog.

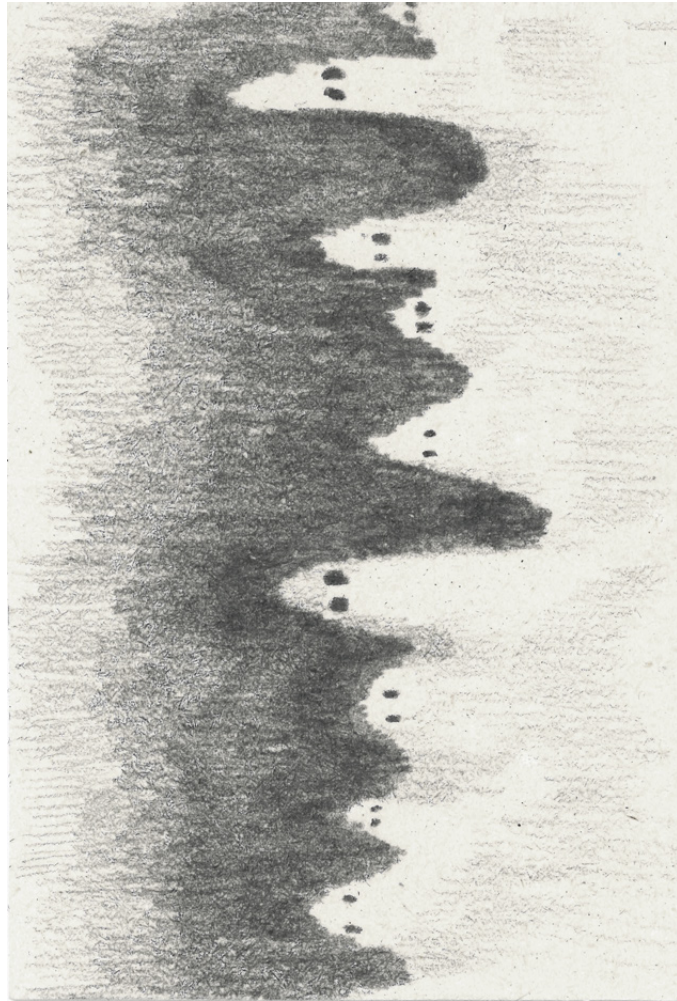
2019.05.01

“三分匠，七分主人。”
“夫地图者，主匠之合见也。”
- 计成，《园冶》

"Garden is consisting of thirty percent of craftsmanship, and seventy percent of ownership."
"The map is the agreement of the owner and the carpenter."

- *Ji Cheng, Yuan Ye*

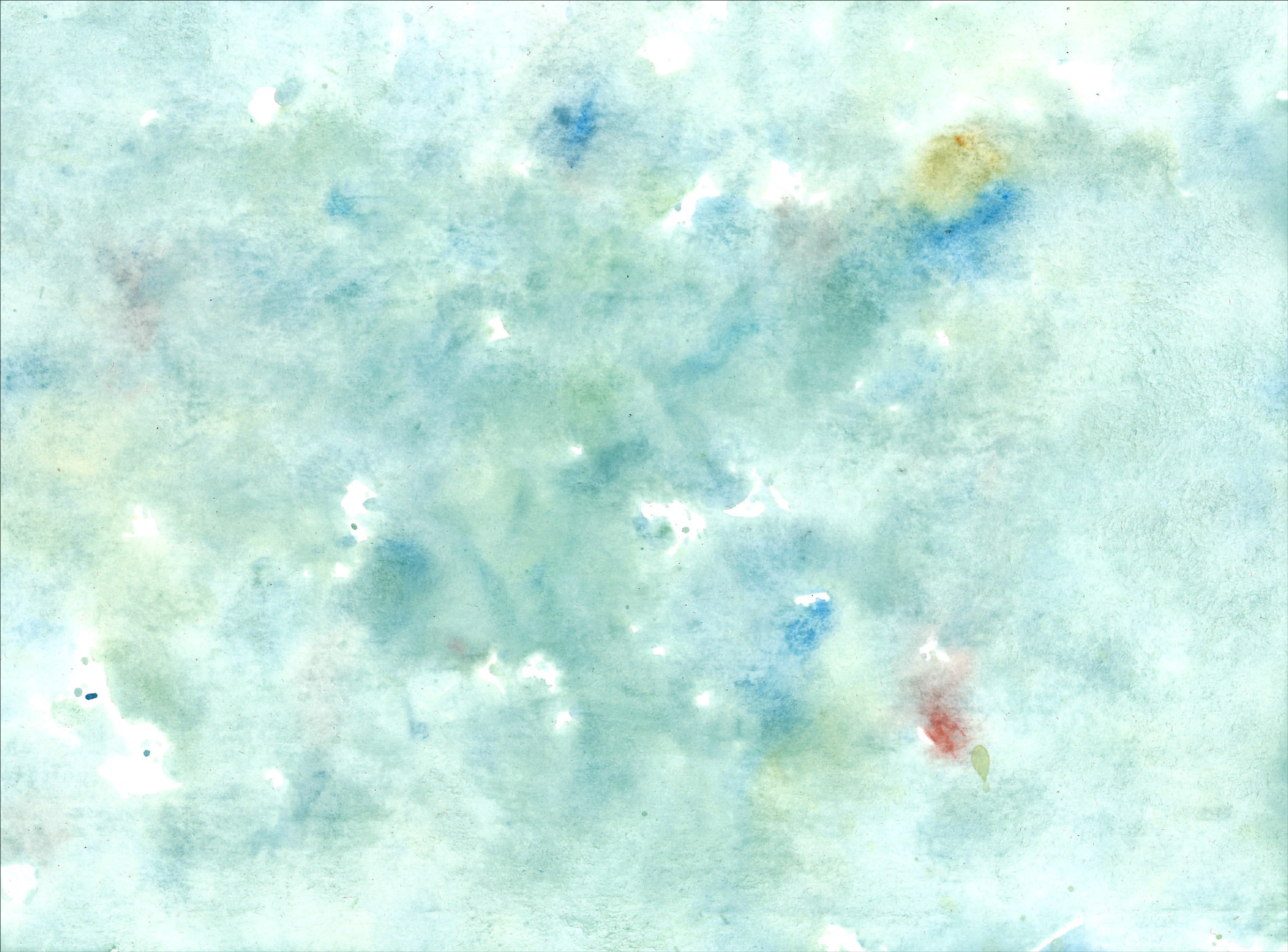












2019.05.17

我坐在这张桌前，怀念着不同的时空里生命中最美好的部分。

直到此刻，我有了好多想看的书，想做的事。我如此渴望着看见隐园的下一段生命。

I have been sitting in front of this working desk and longing for the most beautiful moments that took place in my previous experience.

At this moment, I have many books on the list that I wish to read and many initiatives that I want to start. I yearn to see the afterlife of the Invisible Garden.

