

A

COLLECTION

BOOK

Something I want to say,
something I haven't say,
they already say it aloud.

我仿佛像一朵竭尽平生之力开好了一夜花事的花儿，
委顿了，至此，心愿已了。我想做的，还没做的，他
们都已替我全部完成了，我不知道我今后该如何……

朱天心《时移事往》



René Magritte, La Voz del Silencio, 1928



STAND BY ME, 1986

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE DEER

The others slept heavily through the rest of the night. I was sometimes awake and sometimes half asleep. The night was far from silent, with the cries of birds and mice and insects; but there were no more screams.

Finally I came awake and realized that something was different. It took a moment or two to know what it was: although the moon was down, I could see my hands resting on my jeans. My watch said quarter to five. It was dawn.

I stood and walked a few yards into the forest. I stretched and began to feel the fear of the night before slide away. It was a good feeling.

I climbed up the bank to the railway tracks and sat on one of the tracks, spinning and catching stones. I was in no hurry to wake the others. The new day felt too good to share.

I don't know how long I sat there, watching dawn turn to full morning, watching the sky change from purple to blue. I was about to get up when I looked to my right and saw a deer standing between the tracks not ten yards from me.

My heart flew up into my throat. I didn't move. I couldn't move. Her eyes weren't brown, but a dark, dusty black. She looked calmly at me, her head held a little low in what looked like curiosity, seeing a boy with his hair

standing up from sleep in jeans and brown shirt, sitting there on the tracks. What I was seeing was a gift, given with a kind of terrible carelessness.

We looked at each other for a long time ... I think it was a long time. Then she turned and walked off to the other side of the tracks. She found grass and began to eat. I couldn't believe it. She hadn't gone away; she had begun to eat. She didn't look back at me and didn't need to: I was frozen solid.

Then the tracks started to shake under my body and seconds later the deer's head came up and turned back towards Castle Rock. She stood there for a moment and then she was gone in three leaps, disappearing into the forest with no sound except one dry branch that cracked like a gun.

I sat and looked at the place where she had been until the actual sound of the train came through the stillness. Then I slid back down the bank to where the others were sleeping.

The train woke them up. They yawned and scratched. There was some nervous talk about the 'screaming ghost', as Chris called it, but not as much as you might imagine. In daylight it seemed more foolish than interesting - almost embarrassing. Best forgotten.

I nearly told them about the deer, but in the end I didn't. That was one thing I kept to myself. I've never spoken or written about it until just now, today. And I have to tell you that it seems less important when it is written down. But for me it was the best part of that trip, the cleanest part, and it was a moment I found myself returning to, almost helplessly, when there was trouble in my life: my first day in the forest in Vietnam, when this guy walked up with his hand over his nose, and he took his hand away and there was no nose there, because a bullet had taken it off; the time the doctor told us that our son might have a brain infection; the long, crazy weeks before my mother died. I would find my thoughts turning back to that morning. But the most important things are the hardest to say. It's hard to make strangers care about the good things in life.

In the fourth century BC, the Marseille-based Greek explorer Pytheas described Ultima Thule as a region where there was no longer any question of "proper land nor sea nor air, but a sort of mixture of all three, **of the consistency of a jellyfish** in which one can neither walk nor sail, holding everything together, so to speak"; this, at least, is how Pytheas was quoted by the Greek historian Polybius, a few centuries later(*Histories*, Book XXXIV).

Louise Bourgeois, Peter zumthor,
STEILNESET MEMORIAL

24. APRIL.1905

In this world, there are two times. There is mechanical time and there is body time. The first is as rigid and metallic as a massive pendulum of iron that swings back and forth, back and forth, bak and forth. The second squirms and wriggles **like a bluefish in a bay**. The first is unyieldin, predetermined. The second makes up its mind as it goes along.

Alan Lightman, EINSTEIN'S DREAMS

FALLING FROM DIMENSION Z

There are old winds I still do not understand, though I have been riding, forever it seems, along the curl of their spines. I move in Dimension Z; the world goes by somewhere else in another slice of things, parallel to me. **As if, hands in my pockets and bending a little forward, I see it through a department store window, looking inward.**

In Dimension Z, there are strange moments. Coming around a long, rainy, New Mexico curve west of Magdalena, the highway turns to a footpath and the path to an animal trail. A pass of my wiper blades, and the trail becomes a forest place where nothing has ever gone. Again the wiper blades and, again, something further back. Great ice, this time. I am moving through short grass, in furs, with matted hair and spear, thin and hard as the ice itself, all muscle and implacable cunning. Past the ice, still further back along the measure of things, deep salt water in which I swim, gilled and scaled. I cannot see more than that, except beyond plankton is the digit zero.

Euclid was not always right. He assumed parallelness, in constancy, right to the end of things; but a non-Euclidean way of being is also possible, where the lines come together, far out there. A vanishing point. The illusion of convergence.

Yet I know it's more than illusion. Sometimes a coming together is possible, a spilling of one reality into another. A kind of soft enlacing. Not prim intersections loomed in a world of precision, no sound of the shuttle. Just...well...breathing. Yes, that's the sound of it, maybe the feel of it, too. Breathing.

Somewhere, inside of the breathing, music sounds, and the curious spiral dance begins then, with a meter all its own that tempers the ice-man with spear and matted hair. And slowly—rolling and turning in adagio, in adagio always—ice-man falls ... from Dimension Z ... and into her.

ROBERT KINCAID

(text from THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY)

THE ESSENCE OF PLACE

In our everyday lives places are not experienced as independent, clearly defined entities that can be described simply in terms of their location or appearance. Rather they are sensed in a chiaroscuro of setting, landscape, ritual, routine, other people, personal experiences, care and concern for home, and I the context of other places. It is therefore essential to attend carefully to John Donat's caution (1967, p.9) about attempting to understand places: "Place occur at all levels of identity, my place, your place, street, community, town, county, region, country and continent, but places never conform to tidy hierarchies of classification. They all overlap and interpenetrate one another and are wide open to a variety of interpretation." But while complexity and variety of scale may well be desirable qualities in terms of our experiences of places, when it comes to trying to understand place as a phenomenon these same qualities present major stumbling blocks. There is, however, one possibility for clarifying place. By taking place as a multifaceted phenomenon of experience and examining the various properties of place, such as location, landscape, and personal involvement, some assessment can be made of the degree to which these are essential to our experience and sense of place. In this way the sources of meaning, or essence of place can be revealed.

In describing his first voyage to Latin America Lévi-Strauss (1971, p.66) wrote: "It was the opposite of 'travel', in that the ship seemed to us not so much a means of transport as a place of residence—a home, in fact, before which Nature put on a new show every morning." This is a theme that is explored in a more philosophical way by Susanne Langer (1953, p.95) in her account of the idea of place in architecture. She argues that places are culturally defined and that location in the strict cartographic sense is merely an incidental quality of place:

"... A ship constantly changing its location is nonetheless a self-contained place, and so is a gypsy camp, an Indian camp, or a circus camp, however often it shifts its geodetic bearings. Literally we say a camp is in a place, but culturally it is a place. A gypsy camp is a different place from an Indian camp though it may be geographically where the Indian camp used to be."

.....

Ian Nairn (1965, p.10) writes: "People put down roots... in a terribly short time; I myself take about forty-eight hours... I would even argue paradoxically, that that mobility increases the sense of place."

.....

All places and landscapes are individually experienced, for we alone see them through the lens of our attitudes, experiences, and intentions, and from our own unique circumstances (Lowenthal, 1961).

.....

To be attached to places and have profound ties with them is an important human need. Simone Weil wrote in *The Need for Roots* (1955, p.53):

"To be rooted is perhaps the most important and least recognized need of the human soul. It is one of the hardest to define. A human being has roots by virtue of his real, active and natural participation in the life of the community, which preserves in living shape certain particular expectations for the future. This participation is a natural one in the sense that it is automatically brought about by place, conditions of birth, profession and social surroundings. Every human being needs to have multiple roots. It is necessary for him to draw well-nigh the whole of his moral, intellectual and spiritual life by way of the environment of which he forms a part."

The need for roots, Weil suggested by implication, is at least equivalent to the need for order, liberty, responsibility, equality, and security—and indeed to have roots in a place is perhaps a necessary precondition for the other ‘needs of soul’. This is what Robert Coles is suggesting when he writes at the conclusion of his study of uprooted children in United States (1970, pp.120-121):

“It is utterly part of our nature to want roots, to need roots, to struggle for roots, for a sense of belonging, for some place that is recognized as mine, as yours, as ours. Nations, regions, states, counties, cities, towns—all of them have to do with politics and geography and history; but they are more than that, for they somehow reflect man's humanity, his need to stay someplace and get to know...other people...and what I suppose can be called a particular environment or space or neighborhood or set of circumstances.”

To have roots in a place is to have a secure point from which to look out on the world, a firm grasp of one's own position in the order of things, and a significant spiritual and psychological attachment to somewhere in particular.

The place to which we are most attached are literally fields of care, settings in which we have had a multiplicity of experiences and which call forth an entire complex of affections and responses. But to care for a place involves more than having

a concern for it that is based on certain past experiences and future expectations—there is also a responsibility and respect for that place both for itself and for what it is to yourself and to others. There is, in fact, a complete commitment to that place, a commitment that is as profound as any that a person can make, for care-taking is indeed “the basis of man's relation to the world” (Vycinas, 1961, p.33).

Such commitment and responsibility entails what Heidegger has called ‘sparing’ (Vycinas, 1961, p.266): sparing is letting things, or in this context places, be the way they are; it is a tolerance for them in their own essence; it is taking care of them through building or cultivating without trying to subordinate them to human will. Sparing is a willingness to leave places alone and not to change them casually or arbitrarily, and not to exploit them. Care-taking and sparing are illustrated well in Heidegger's example of a peasant house in the Black Forest that respects the earth, the sky, the gods and men—for Heidegger the four essential facets of human existence (Vycinas, 1961, p.261):

“There, when a man built his home near a spring and facing south on a hillside protected from the raw winds, it was the earth itself which directed the construction of such a building; and man by being open to the demands of the earth was merely a responder. When he extended the roof far down past the wall of the house and gave it sufficient slope, he had taken into consideration

the stormy winter skies and possible accumulations of snow on the roof. Here too, the weather, or rather the sky, determined the structure of the building. A built-in corner for prayer was a response to God, and a place for a cradle and a coffin reflected man in his mortality.”

It is only through this type of sparing and care-taking that ‘home’ can be properly, realized, and to have a home is to ‘dwell’— which is for Heidegger (1971) the essence of human existence and the basic character of Being.

Vincent Vycinas (1961, p.84), paraphrasing Heidegger, describes the phenomenon of home as “an overwhelming, inexchangeable something to which we were subordinate and from which our way of life was oriented and directed, even if we had left our home many years before.” Home is the foundation of our identity as individuals and as members of a community, the dwelling-place of being. Home is not just the house you happen to live in, it is not something that can be anywhere, that can be exchanged, but an irreplaceable center of significance.

.....

Although in our everyday lives we may be largely unaware of the deep psychological and existential ties we have to the places

where we live, the relationships are no less important for that. It may be that it is just the physical appearance, the landscape of place through time, or the fact that here is where we know and are known, or where the most significant experiences of our lives have occurred. But if we are really rooted in a place and attached to it, if this place authentically our home, then all of these facets are profoundly significant and inseparable. Such home places are indeed foundations of man’s existence, providing not only the context for all human activity, but also security and identity for individuals and groups.

.....

A place is a centre of action and intention, it is “a focus where we experience the meaningful events of our existence” (Norberg-Schulz, 1971, p.19).

Places are the contents or backgrounds for intentionally defined objects or groups of objects or events, or they can be objects of intention in their own right.

根据科学家的观察，北半球的台风是以逆时针的姿态，席卷附近所有的灵魂，形成一种旋涡状的风暴。所以，如果你有机会从四万尺的高空看下来，就很容易了解，为什么台风外围的天域，是如此被搜括得干干净净，晴朗无云。

朱少麟《伤心咖啡店之歌》

……便觉得她的生命似乎已与宇宙合一了。

在冥想中她的意识不断扩大，扩大，扩大到弥漫充满了整个宇宙。她与宇宙等大，于她之外别无一物，连别无一物的概念也没有。于是不再因为找不到方向而彷徨，因为所有的方向都在她之内，自己就是一切的边境，所以不再有流浪。

……生命的意义不在追求答案，答案只是另一个答案的问题，生命在于去体会与经历，不管生活在哪里……

朱少麟《伤心咖啡店之歌》

...she feels that her life seems to have been one with the universe.

In meditation her consciousness is constantly expanding, expanding, and expanding to the fullness of the universe. She is as big as the universe, and there's nothing else, even no notion of else. Thereupon she is no longer a loss due to the loss of direction, because every direction is inside herself, herself is the limitation of everything, so there's no more roams about.

...The meaning of life is not in the pursuit of answers, the answer is just a new question to another answer, life lies inexperience and insights, no matter where you've been...

Zhu Shaolin, CAFE TRISTE

We are all on a journey through the great space of nature, and if you are capable of revealing your temperament, the place will find you and keep you there.

.....

When we designed the house, I promised Sylvie, the youngest daughter, a secret room which only she and I knew about. No one else. When the house was complete, the secret room had vanished.

VILLA BUSK

Arkitektguiden 2/1990 (JT)

Severe Fehn,

THE POETRY OF THE STRAIGHT LINE



Indigo is a material found in Africa,
sienna is at home in Siena,
and cobolt is found near Oslo.

Severe Fehn,
THE POETRY OF THE STRAIGHT LINE

copper plate disposed with
salmiak(8-9% ammonia) and slat solution
for 20hrs(up) and 12hrs(down)
with help of Fredrik, Spring 2018

Animism (*from Latin anima, "breath, spirit, life"*) is the religious belief that **objects, places and creatures** all possess a distinct spiritual essence. Potentially, animism perceives all things—**animals, plants, rocks, rivers, weather systems, human handiwork** and perhaps even **words**—as animated and alive.

Wikipedia

每十四年重复一次过往的完整再现
云抄袭云 风抄袭风
我们抄袭忘记了的自己
煞有其事讨论老去
你和十四年前一样 我也是以为变了
是凋谢了一点点长出了代替性的一点点
那失去与多出来的一点点我们交换
拿自己的新换对方的旧

叶青

Every fourteen years the past will repeat again completely
Clouds plagiarize clouds, winds plagiarize winds
We plagiarize the selves that we have already forgotten
pretend to discuss growing old
You are the same as fourteen years ago, me either
Thought we have been changed
It's just faded a little and a little fungible comes up
Let's exchange the little loss and little extra
Using the own new exchange for others' old

Ye Qing

The space that cannot be filled, no matter how cheerfully a child and an old person are living together—the deathly silence that, painting in a corner of the room, pushes its way in like a shudder. I felt it very early, although no one told me about it.

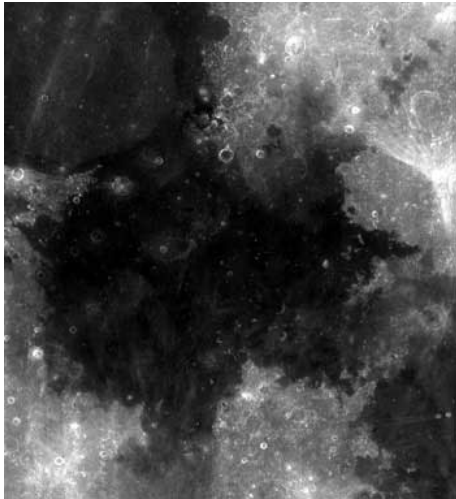
When I was realized that, on this truly dark and solitary path we all walk, the only way we can light is our own? Although I was raised with love, I was always lonely.

Banana Yoshimoto, KITCHEN

宁静海

Mare Tranquillitatis

sits within the Tranquillitatis basin on the Moon.



This Mare has a slight bluish tint relative to the rest of the moon and stands out quite well when color is processed and extracted from multiple photographs. The color is likely due to higher metal content in the basaltic soil or rocks.

It's the landing site for the first crewed landing on the Moon on July 20, 1969, at 20:18 UTC. After astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin made a smooth touchdown in the Apollo 11 Lunar Module named Eagle, Armstrong told flight controllers on Earth, "Houston, Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed."

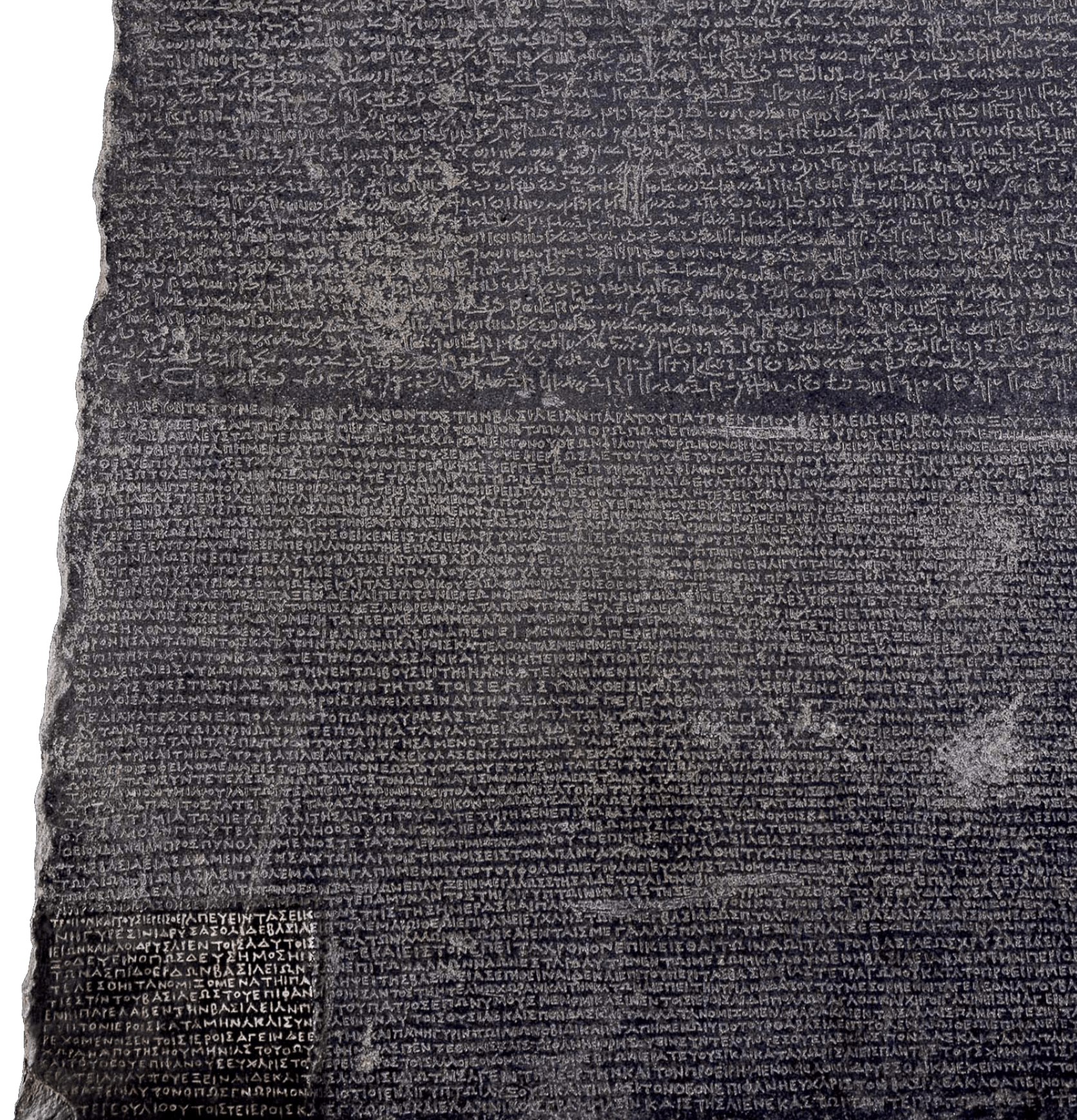
Wikipedia

极限的思索让我们箭一样射向远方，但注视它实际上的力竭停止之处，转而追究它“本来可以发生却什么也没发生”、“已堪堪发生却退回去复归不会发生”，则让我们老老实实落回此时此地来，这比较迫切，也有更多不舒服的真相，尤其是人自身的真相。事物在此一实然世界的确实停止之处，我称之为尽头。

唐诺《尽头》

The ultimate thinking make us shoot into the distance like an arrow, looking at where it stops still, turning to it "cloud have happened but not", "already happened but turn back to won't happen ", which will let us come back to here and now simply. It's urgent, and contains much more uncomfortable truth, especially the truth of one man's own. The place where objects and things exactly stops in this practical world, I called it the end.

Tang Nuo 《The End》



Rosetta

光。距離。和歷史。
還有編織起它們的東西。

城市是人類的痕迹，
但已經找不到痕迹了，
所以我們一路追着它，追進聲音裏。

你像所有陌生人，
也像沒有再見的舊時朋友一樣，
在裏面等我。

我遇見你。你每天像是新認識般地看我一眼，
又一眼。
這些眼神因為心臟的跳動所以震顫，
它們讓我前去，
到好多地方等待與你相遇，
或，

與你正式地相愛。

我們之間有光，有距離，有歷史和編織。
而我渴望我們不再跟對方說一句貼近彼此的話，
祇去聆聽我們之間
所有的聲音。

焦安溥《我們之間》

The light, distance and history between us
and the things that weave them together

Cities are the traces of people
But these traces have been lost
So we chase after them
Following into the depths of all sound

You have always been there
Like a stranger
But like a long lost friend
Waiting for me

At my side, you appear
Gazing at me through the eyes of a new relationship
And this gaze trembles the beating heart
Driving me towards a place we should finally meet
Or

To finally devote with you

What's between us now is light,
History, distance and all the things that
weave them together
Through the words that pour out that makes us closer
that makes us safer
Yet which I wish to skip
If only to listen together
silently to the sounds of the moment

Jiao Anpu. BETWEEN US



EVA HESSE

Untitled ("LeWitt Glass Case"), 1967-1968

...she had not, like Emily Brontë, merely to open the door to make herself felt. Humbly and gaily she collected the twigs and straws out of which the nest was to be made and placed them neatly together. The twigs and straws were a little dry and a little dusty in themselves.

V. Woolf, THE COMMON READER

I prefer movies.
I prefer cats.
I prefer the oaks along the Warta.
I prefer Dickens to Dostoyevsky.
I prefer myself liking people
to myself loving mankind.
I prefer keeping a needle and thread on hand, just in
case.
I prefer the color green.
I prefer not to maintain
that reason is to blame for everything.
I prefer exceptions.
I prefer to leave early.
I prefer talking to doctors about something else.
I prefer the old fine-lined illustrations.
I prefer the absurdity of writing poems
to the absurdity of not writing poems.
I prefer, where love's concerned, nonspecific
anniversaries
that can be celebrated every day.
I prefer moralists
who promise me nothing.
I prefer cunning kindness to the over-trustful kind.
I prefer the earth in civvies.

I prefer conquered to conquering countries.
I prefer having some reservations.
I prefer the hell of chaos to the hell of order.
I prefer Grimms' fairy tales to the newspapers' front
pages.
I prefer leaves without flowers to flowers without
leaves.
I prefer dogs with uncropped tails.
I prefer light eyes, since mine are dark.
I prefer desk drawers.
I prefer many things that I haven't mentioned here
to many things I've also left unsaid.
I prefer zeroes on the loose
to those lined up behind a cipher.
I prefer the time of insects to the time of stars.
I prefer to knock on wood.
I prefer not to ask how much longer and when.
I prefer keeping in mind even the possibility
that existence has its own reason for being.

Wisława Szymborska, POSSIBILITIES



Hemulen

The Hemulens that live in Moominvalley are great believers in order. They like to boss other people about and expect all rules to be obeyed to the letter. The Hemulens are, however, bad at listening to other people's opinions and completely lack a sense of humour.

Collecting has become an important hobby for many Hemulens and they don't have time to think about much else. Once they start collecting stamps or plants, they go to great lengths to acquire the full set. And once their collections are complete, they quickly search for something new to collect.

Hemulens can be rather frightening when annoyed and even though they mean well, their stubbornness can cause a lot of trouble. Yet in spite of these general traits, they still have their own personalities. The Constable that Stinky harasses is pleasant to everyone, while the botanist is completely obsessed with collecting. They are only slightly larger than Moomins.

Hemulens appear in the first book, *The Moomins and the Great Flood*.



Imi Knöbel
Raum 19, 1968

"There," I said. "I'm done."

220: $1+2+4+5+10+11+20+22+44+55+110=284$

284: $1+2+4+7+14+28+56+71+142=220$

"That's right! The sum of the factors of 220 is 284, and the sum of the factors of 284 is 220. They're called 'amicable numbers', and they're extremely rare. Fermat and Descartes were only able to find one pair each. They're linked to each other by some divine scheme, and how incredible that your birthday and this number on my watch should be just such a pair."

Yoko Ogawa,

THE HOUSEKEEPER AND THE PROFESSOR

1. Older one is calm and balanced
the truth doesn't appear completely clearly to the children of earth
2. the fruit is not ripe until yourself is free from all thoughts of one's own
3. the fruit of knowledge contains good and evil things
4. One can be strong and week at the same time
5. One needs a friend by one side
6. One cannot close one eyes to this fact
7. deceitful spirits easily sneak in
8. Not until one master the astral plane one can be critical enough



Hilma af Klint, They tens mainstay IV, 1907



Alfred Stieglitz,
Georgia O'Keeffe—Hands and Horse Skull

‘虽千万人吾往矣’的心情不仅是激烈的，也是极其柔和的，柔和是因为太喜欢这个世界上的一切了，连这个世代的败坏和沉沦都不忍舍弃，还要眷恋，还要徘徊，还要对每一个人感到歉意。

朱天文《淡江记》

The mood of ‘However many foes can't bend my will’ is not only furious, but also extremely soft. It is soft because it likes everything in the world, even the corruption and indulgence of this generation one cannot be forgiven, but also love, but also linger, but still apologize to everyone.

Zhu Tianwen, A MEMORY OF DANJIANG

在所有的虚构小说中，每逢一个人面临几个不同的选择时，总是选择一种可能，排除其他；在彭取的错综复杂的小说中，主人公却选择了所有的可能性。这一来，就产生了许多不同的后世，许多不同的时间，衍生不已，枝叶纷披。小说的矛盾就由此而起。

博尔赫斯《小径分叉的花园》

In all fiction, when a man is faced with alternatives he chooses one at the expense of the others. In the almost unfathomable Ts'ui Pen, he chooses - simultaneously - all of them. He thus creates various futures, various times which start others that will in their turn branch out and bifurcate in other times. This is the cause of the contradictions in the novel.

Jorge Luis Borges,
THE GARDEN OF FORKING PATHS

" 设一个谜底是 ' 棋 ' 的谜语时，谜面唯一不准用的字是什么？ "

我想一会儿后说：

" ' 棋 ' 字。 "

" 一点不错， " 艾伯特说。 " 小径分岔的花园是一个庞大的谜语，或者是寓言故事，谜底是时间；这一隐秘的原因不允许手稿中出现 ' 时间 ' 这个词。自始至终删掉一个词，采用笨拙的隐喻、明显的迂回，也许是挑明谜语的最好办法。……他认为时间没有同一性和绝对性。他认为时间有无数系列，背离的、汇合的和平行的时间织成一张不断增长、错综复杂的网。由互相靠拢、分歧、交错，或者永远互不干扰的时间织成的网络包含了所有的可能性。在大部分时间里，我们并不存在；在某些时间，有你而没有我；在另一些时间，有我而没有你；再有一些时间，你我都存在。目前这个时刻，偶然的会使您光临舍间；在另一个时刻，您穿过花园，发现我已死去；再在另一个时刻，我说着目前所说的话，不过我是个错误，是个幽灵。 "

博尔赫斯《小径分岔的花园》

Finally Stephen Albert said: "In a guessing game to which the answer is chess, which word is the only one prohibited?"

I thought for a moment and then replied:

"The word is chess."

"Precisely," said Albert. "The Garden of Forking Paths is an enormous guessing game, or parable, in which the subject is time. The rules of the game forbid the use of the word itself. To eliminate a word completely, to refer to it by means of inept phrases and obvious paraphrases, is perhaps the best way of drawing attention to it. This, then, is the tortuous method of approach preferred by the oblique Ts'ui Pen in every meandering of his interminable novel. I have gone over hundreds of manuscripts, I have corrected errors introduced by careless copyists, I have worked out the plan from this chaos, I have restored, or believe I have restored, the original. I have translated the whole work. I can state categorically that not once has the word time been used in the whole book.

Jorge Luis Borges,

THE GARDEN OF FORKING PATHS



Kogonada, COLUMBUS (2017)

Casey: This is my second favorite building.

Jin: Second? What's your first?

C: The house I was mentioning. I'm gonna sign you up for a tour. It's the only way you can see it.

J: Hm.

C: But this is also by Eero Saarinen...and it sort of resembles a house.

J: What do you know about it?

C: This was one of the first modernist banks in America. You can imagine at the time that walking into an all-glass bank was quite unusual...radical, really, because during that time banks were designed to be imposing, fortress-like, with tellers behind bars. The idea here was that you walk in at street level. You don't have to climb any stairs. It's inviting...

J: Uh, sorry.

C: What?

J: What are you doing?

C: What?

J: Who are you?

C: Shut up. I'm just trying to tell you about this building.

J: Ok, stop with the tour guide mode for a second.

C: I'm not in a "mode".

J: You said this is one of your favorite buildings.

C: It is.

J: Why?

C: It's one of the first modernist banks in the United States...

J: No, no, that can't be it. Do you like this building intellectually because of all the facts?

C: No... I'm also moved by it.

J: Yes, tell me about that. What moves you?

C: I thought you hated architecture.

J: I do...but I'm interested in what moves you...particularly about a building.

C: Take this walk way, then you'll go through the building, and you'll see the signs for the main hospital on the other side.

J: I like this building.

C: Isn't it great?

J: Yeah.

C: It's a little run down, but it's still great.

J: Can I tell you something?

C: What?

J: I know a bit about Polshek and this building.

C: You do?

J: Yeah, he had this idea, Polshek did of architecture being this sort of healing art, that it had the power to restore... and that architects should be responsible.

C: Do you mind if I...

J: For the tour?

C: No.

J: Anyway. All the details of this building are mindful of that "responsibility", especially since it was a structure for mental health. This building was meant to be both a literal and metaphoric bridge. Polshek had the same idea for the Clinton Library.





C: It's number three on my list.

J: Number three, really?

C: Mostly because...it was the beginning for me, you know?

J: This one here?

C: Yep.

J: And you didn't know anything about it?

C: Nothing. I just saw it from over there. I'd probably seen it thousand times before...but this one night, I was getting in my car...and looked up and...saw it. So, I jumped back in the car and drove up here. Same spot and I just stared at it for a really long time.

J: What was it?

C: Not sure...

J: It had to have been something.

C: Well, it was a pretty miserable time in my life. When you mentioned the whole "healing" thing...it's sort of made me think of that moment.

J: I don't know if I believe that, you know? That architecture has the power "to heal". That's a fantasy that architects like to tell themselves. Or people like my father, people who are invested in architecture, you know?

C: I wasn't claiming to be healed.

J: I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to be dismissive. You were telling me it was a miserable time in your life. What was going on?

C: I don't really want to talk about it. I just wanted you to see this building.

J: Please, tell me.

C: I just need a cigarette.

J: Cassandra?

J: Want to pass me those?

J: Thank you.

C: You know, meth is a big thing here...meth and modernism.

J: Meth is big everywhere. Even in North Korea.

C: Really?

J: Yeah. In China. Everywhere.

C: Huh.

J: Were you addicted to meth?

C: No.

J: Your mother? Does she do meth?

.....

C: There were nights that my mum just wouldn't come home at all. I had no clue where she was. That's when I started coming here. I found it weirdly comforting. In the middle of all the mess, in this fucking strip mall...there was this...This...I sort of weirdly became obsessed with this building after that. That's when I discovered Deborah Berke, who designed it. And I learned about Saarinen, whom she adores, and...just start reading all these stuffs. Suddenly the place I'd lived my whole life felt different...like I had been transported somewhere else.





My father had come by in order not to be alone. He had sought out my room, however, and not me. The two of them could have wanted no confidant.

Walter Benjamin,
BERLIN CHILDHOOD AROUND 1900

我高高地站在山顶，看了这边，又看那边。天气暗了下来。那时最孤独。

所有的黄昏，所有欲要落山的夕阳，所有堆满东面天空的粉红色明亮云霞，森林的呼啸声，牛奶喷射空桶的“滋滋”声，山谷上游沙里帕罕妈妈家传来的敲钉子的声音，南边山头出现的蓝衣骑马人……都在向我隐瞒着什么。我去赶牛，那牛也隐约知道什么。我往东赶，它非要往西去。

妈妈在高处的岩石上“咕噜咕噜”地唤羊，用尽了温柔。毡房里卡西冲着炉膛吹气，炉火吹燃的一瞬间，她被突然照亮的神情也最温柔。

山坡下，溪水边，蒲公英在白天浓烈地绽放，晚上则仔细地收拢花瓣，像入睡前把唯一的新衣服叠得整整齐齐放在枕边。洁白轻盈的月亮浮在湛蓝明亮的天空中，若有所知。月亮圆的时候，全世界再也没有什么比月亮更圆。月亮弯的时候，全世界又再没有什么比月亮更弯。我有时候想：也许我并不孤独，只是太寂静。

还是黄昏，大风经过森林，如大海经过森林。而我呢，却怎么也无法经过，千重万重的枝叶挡住了我。连道路也挡住了我，令我迷路，把我领往一个又一个出口，让我远离森林的核心。苔藓路上深一脚浅一脚地走，脚印坑里立刻涌出水来。走着走着，一不留神，就出现在了群山最高处，云在侧面飞快经过。心中豁然洞

开，啪啪爆裂作响，像成熟的荚果爆裂出种子。也许我并不孤独，只是太热情……

无论如何，我点点滴滴地体会着这孤独，又深深地享受着它，并暗地里保护它，每日茶饭劳作，任它如影相随。这孤独懦弱而微妙，却又永不消逝。我藉由这孤独而把持自己。不悲伤，不烦躁，不怨恨。平静清明地一天天生活过，记住看到的，藏好得到的。

李娟《羊道·前山夏牧场》

I stood high on the top of the mountain, looked at here and over there. The weather is getting dark, and I felt loneliest at that time.

All the dusk, all the setting sun, all the bright pink clouds filled in the east sky, the whistling sound of the forest, the squeaky of the milk squirted into empty pail, the hammering of nails from mother Sharipahan in the upper reaches of the valley, the blue-riding horseman who appeared on the hillside in the south... are hiding something from me. I went to drive the cows, and the cows also vaguely knew something. I tried to drive them to east, but they insist on west.

Mother called the sheep in purrs at the high rock, with all her tenderness. In the yurt, Cassie blew her air against the hearth, and the moment it was ignited, her face in the sudden illuminating was also the tenderest.

Under the hillside, by the stream, the dandelion blooms vigorously during the day, while the petals are carefully folded at night, just like the only new clothes are stacked neatly on the pillow before going to sleep. The white and light moon floats in the bright blue sky, as if knowing something. When the moon is round, in this world there is nothing rounder than the moon. When the moon bends, there is nothing bends more than the moon in the world. Sometimes I think: Maybe I am not alone, but just too quiet.

Still at dusk, the wind passes through the forest, as the sea passes. But for me, I can't pass it in any way, over branches and leaves one after another. Even the road stops me, made me lost, and led me to one exit after another, away from the core of the forest. I walked one foot deep shallow foot beneath on the mossy road, and water immediately came out of the footprints. Walking along in an unguarded moment, I'm suddenly reach the highest point of the mountains, and the clouds pass by on the side. My heart is

suddenly enlightened, roar with crackle, like a ripe pod bursting out of seeds. Maybe I am not alone, just too passionate...

Anyhow, I perceive this loneliness that comes in small grains, and deeply enjoy it, and secretly protect it, and let it be with me all the time. This is loneliness is cowardly and misty, but never fade away. I am trying to catch myself by this loneliness. Without sorrow, without agitation, without resentment. Live quietly and vividly every day, remember the thing I meet, and store it gently in my archive.

Li Juan,
GOAT TRAILS. EARLY SUMMER

总是生活在到来与离开之中，总是只是经过而已。但是，什么样的生活不是“经过”呢，经过四季，经过一生，经过亲人和朋友，经过诸多痛苦、欢乐 突然间非常难受。真想知道，在遥古的年代里，这里究竟发生过什么事？使得这支人群甘心沉寂在世界上最遥远的角落，栉风淋雨，顺天应时，逐水草而居。从南面的荒野沙漠到北方的森林草原，绵沿千里地跋涉，一年三百六十五天，差不多平均每个星期搬一次家，几乎得不到片刻停歇 据说这是全世界最后一支真正意义上的游牧民族。真想知道，到底为着什么，全世界只剩他们坚持到了如今 但又怎么能说这样的生活动荡，这样的生活没有根呢？它明明比世上任何一种生存方式都更为深入大地。又怎么能说它脆弱？它依从自然的呼吸韵律而起伏自己的胸膛，它所凭持的是世上最强大的力量 难以言说。我不知道该站出来不顾一切地高声赞美，还是失声痛哭、满心悲凉。

李娟《羊道·前山夏牧场》

I always living at the space between come and leave, always acting as just passed by. But whoever's life is not a "process"? We passed seasons, passed life, passed relatives and friends, passed so many pain and pleasure.....All of a moment I feel very depressed. I have a strong desire to know what has happened here, in the age of ancient times, that drives this group lives at this farthest corner of the world willingly, despite of rain and wind, going with nature and seasons, to live a nomadic life. From the wilderness desert in the south to the forest grassland in the north, they traveled thousands of miles a year, moving almost once a week during the 365 days of a year, almost without a moment to stop... It is said that this is the last truly nomadic nation in the world. I really want to know, to what end are they chasing for, as the only left in the world that have persisted in today... But how can we say that such a life is in turbulent, such a life has no roots? Obviously, it embeds deep in the land than any other existence in this world. And how can we say that it's fragile? It conforms to the rhythm of nature to breathe, resort to the most powerful force in the world... It's beyond words. I don't know whether I should stand out and raise my voice in praise desperately, or burst out weeping, desolate all heart and soul.

Li Juan,

GOAT TRAILS. EARLY SUMMER

Other References:

Benjamin,W. **Walter Benjamin's Archive: Images, Texts and Signs**

Berger,J. **Why Look at Animals?**

Burns,B. **Safety Gear for Small Animals**

Ferrante,E. **Neapolitan Novels**

Fjeld,P.O. **Sverre Fehn: The Pattern of thoughts**

Hesse,E. **Dairies**

Kundera,M. **An Encounter**

Woolf,V. **Kew Gardens**

Ogawa,Y. **The Ring Finger**

Ogawa,Y. **The Rokukakukei no shō heya**

Ogawa,Y. **Chinmoku hakubutsukan**

张岱 . 陶庵夢憶

朱天心 . 漫遊者

.....

WENKAI XU