

寒冷之诗

POEMS OF THE COLD



来自厦门的 30 封当代明信片

30 contemporary postcards
from Xiamen

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厦门 2015

Xiamen 2015

Guoleng arrived in Xiamen after his mother had told him to go and save the honour of the family by finding a job in the big cities or even overseas, and that unless he made it he didn't need to write. She would pray for him at the temple every week. When he arrived in the big city, he found that, once he became part of urban life, there was no more need to work for his cosmic credit and by extension also not for his family's, since nearly nobody here did. Being there seemed enough. And he spent his time doing nothing. Sometimes he tried finding out about the trading routes of products somebody would pay him to tap. He hardly made a living. He talked to all kinds of people. Meanwhile, he sent loving letters to his mother and repeated in them the stories of success he heard in the street.

When I came, I encountered problems which I had to improvise on for lack of knowing the conventional solutions. He laughed at me as if these behavioral adjustments were something I had brought here with me from Germany. To me they were inherently local the moment I was faced with needing them.

First of all, the kitchen was populated by immense cockroaches. To look behind kitchen equipment, into cupboards and around corners, seeing if there was an insect from a distance, I used a long stick with a mirror attached to it. Selfie-sticks appeared handy in relation to my problem, because they were omnipresent outside. Once I had gotten the mirror and the stick, I realized that it was the same tool I had seen border patrols use for security checks under cars. When people used the sticks with their phones, they looked like a tool for self-observation, more than that they were used for pictures of the visited scenery from another perspective. The stick signified leisure. Photographing for one's own memories was the way the tourist photograph had always been used. But even more now, people were creating heaps of the same picture in order to make undirected signals out of them when sent off into digital space. What I found online associated to Xiamen was the information they created - signals of desire, not of exchange.

The way the stick got carried around while a body was moving, and steadily looked into, as if there was

a window into another dimension, created a shift in gravity - the separately moving surroundings played a trick on the eyes, as if physical forces were suddenly swapping places, a vertigo. Ambiguous patterns told the ears that the body must be in a state of unbalance. It created a perceptual multistability the users had to deal with. We could see them stumbling around the beach. Only the trained ones had the discipline to not spontaneously misunderstand their own senses. When I looked for my roaches, I had to stand firmly with both feet on the ground.

Yet, everything related to earth's gravity, which was a vertical force from points on the surface of the globe meeting in the core for the external dwellers. Waves pulling them down to the safety of the ground. In the end, the tool I had was perhaps most useful to show myself the relation between every thing and this force, to the moving, resisting, limb-lifting-prolonging and perceptive body which captured itself over and over again in the same pose to observe its recorded self. This formula of visual rhetorics got practiced on a multidimensional, pseudo-reflective surface, the touchscreen, leading to a delayed dance. The mirror reversed these screens. The mirror-stick proved to be more play than use - the cockroach populations moved elsewhere. Perhaps the street vendors would soon be selling phone-sized mirrors along with the sticks.

One day, I was introduced to an erhu-teacher. She played a song over and over on different erhus, to try them all out, because she needed a new one. Her fingers were moving over the instrument and the strings without pressing them, seemingly without a touch; a knowing hand not letting the object go to rest. Her other hand was scratching the instrument in the bottom with the bow so that white powder collected around the instrument's neck, and the corpus emitted sound like a lamenting voice. Music from nowhere, strange beauty. The bow caught up between the two strings. Such a sparse and distant relative of the violins I had seen. Two strings exactly for this reason, because one could be locked up between two, and the interlocked parts of the instrument formed two linked circles. This body made a lot of sounds, it ached, it sang, it whispered, cracked, and it recited. She was playing *Two Fountains Reflecting the Moon*. Was it only Abing, who wrote this song, who saw the potential of playing the erhu in this way, the sound of the outside? I hadn't heard any other song on the erhu which was like his music.

It was in the house of an old, music-loving Chinese where the teacher tried out the instruments, as if trying on different voices. We did not speak with each other directly for the most part, but when she played the instrument she would pick in the end, I thought, ah, there you are, now I can hear you. It was a magical

activity. We were on the 30th floor of a house in the inner city, and only dim light fell into the room. Around the walls were pictures of the man with famous musicians; with the current president of Taiwan, and many more people. There was one photograph of Abing by himself, the only existing picture of him which had been copied from his Japanese ID-card.

When you were inside a house here, very often the outside looked terribly cold. As if one was watching a film; grey and rainy weather. Unless you pushed the tinted windows aside: layered, the window glass revealed how very blue it was itself. I found out that this tinted glass was supposed to reflect the heat of the sun, and to mirror away the stranger's gaze, to be private even among tightly set houses. Nowadays, light-green tinted Low-E glass was used, so much more effectively blocking light rays than the blue glass. In the speed at which infrastructural demolition and building were progressing here, it might not have been so long ago that the blue glass had still been used. But already the stores didn't have it anymore. I had read somewhere before: Knowing the difference between the color of the wine and the color of the glass.

In the beginning, I had to dissolve active coal into my drinking water against the stomach pains. My body didn't know the local bacteria yet. This substance was good for your health, because it went through the body without affecting it, carrying along all the heavy

metals and other substances you needed to get rid of on its way out like a magnet. It filtered the outside from the inside. But it looked the opposite of healthy. When I diluted the coal for the first time, it was much too thick; drinking ink. You drank black water. The active coal absorbed most visible light waves, so, to the eye, the substance threw back an opaque look, and only its surface reflected and responded, while the whole was almost objectified into one lump, a solid portion. When I didn't need it anymore, I continued using it as ink, washing it off the dry tablets like a calligrapher using an inkstone, perhaps to result in an ink as active as the medicine.

From the outside, the houses looked as if they were carrying windows full of water. As if a superblue sky was reflected in them. This glass revealed that it was a supercooled liquid in an unchemical analogy. The outdated beauty was reminiscent of Chinese porcelain glazings, for which they had once used the Han blue pigment as the tinting metal oxide, a wild blue yonder of a colour, like this.

Just as active coal could be used as a pigment, the molecules of the Han blue were used chemically. In quantum physics laboratories it seemed to be the first substance discovered to enter a state of low dimensionality, the state of a Bose-Einstein condensate. Scientists had hoped, this condensate could exist for a long time in order to explain several poorly under-

stood phenomena. I imagined that the pigment the Taoists had synthesized in China 2800 years ago while manufacturing glass in the attempt to make artificial jade, and which was used for nearly a millenium, had already once been known to hold special forces, perhaps just under different names and concepts. Then the knowledge of how to synthesize it was lost due to a change in culture, abandoning Taoist concepts and their scientific developments in favor of Confucianism, a different group of people ruling, different tastes and habits. What the quantum physicists found out about the only just rediscovered pigment, was, that it emitted powerful near-infrared rays under LED light, and under conditions of extreme cold and high magnetization entered the quantum critical state. In this state the bulk of three-dimensional material lost one dimension in its energetic, collective behavior. I read that it was only possible to lose a dimension like this, because the layers of the molecules were not layered orderly. To conflate its magnetism then, the barium copper silicate needed these temperatures and stimulation beyond life and movement. One couldn't survive being present during an experiment like this. They were neatly witnessed by machines only. The result was a fable. But what did we know of all the ways in which matter's forces were sensed.

As the first stable and durable substitute for the lost blue pigments of China and Egypt, Prussian blue

occurred very much later, in the early 18th century. It immediately became exported to the whole world for all kinds of purposes, and I liked thinking, most of all to paint the seas of Hokusai. A pigment so closely related to the poisonous cyanide, which was bound by iron in its molecular composition. Just like active coal, orally ingested, it went harmlessly through the body and, in this case, bound radioactive substances. The composition of the molecule was so variable and complex that it had been difficult to find out its chemical composition for a long time. It was so colorful that it couldn't be depicted on digital screens. And what this pigment had revealed to physicists about photomagnetism had not been anticipated, either.

Light was an electromagnetic wave, but usually its magnetic was far weaker than its electric field. When light traveled through a material, theoretical physicists had been judging from their calculations, the magnetic field would only impact the dynamics of the electrons if they approached the speed of light, relativistic speed. This was why they had thought it couldn't have played a role. But experimenting with unconductive materials like the Prussian blue, or glass for that matter, it was found that the magnetic field generated a much stronger energetic effect than anticipated. "Energy is stored in the magnetic moment. Intense magnetization can be induced by intense light."

My friend Guoleng pointed out to me that my interest in these three pigments must have to do with my pleasure in taking in the sea. He said this while we were sitting on one of the benches from which one could overlook the water. Almost the whole island city was conducted by an orchestra of waters, the sea, but also lakes, many more lakes than fountains. Yes, on the surface of the sea here, there were usually few colours, only shades of blue, black and white. Converging colours which hardly ever met. And the white was pure light to my eyes, just like the black was the shadow of those shapes which the moving water formed. The blue reflections had to come from somewhere else, like a *fata morgana* was a heat reflection of a place further away, because the sky here was hazy and seldomly blue. Guoleng had been staring out over the water his whole life himself. He couldn't swim, he said. His hair was bleached, but his skin was tanned by all the light. I thought Guoleng was a great swimmer; he had left quite a few islands in his life. Also, I wondered, if not any piece of land on a planet with so much water was an island.

There was an ancient Chinese saying. It came from a legend in which the goddess Magu reported to the god Wang. "In the time that we haven't met, the Eastern Sea has turned into mulberry fields three times." Over the course of millenia, this place had turned into seas and back into land. In the ground below

the smelly, blooming mulberry fields, people found shells and fossils from the ocean. It was mixed up. Here, where the silkworm's food grew, if one wanted to know, one was pointed toward one of the slowest movements in the world. Now, the plastic and fruit washed up on the shore were the artifacts pointing at a different constitution of the sea, an urbanization. In another sense, the sea itself also became approachable, first for fables and the imagination, then for fishing, for crossing it, travelling and trading. When the sea became approachable, did it become a place, I wondered. What about Guoleng who could not swim; could he never enter the sea in its voluminosity. That drowning sphere into which we had been dreaming to build houses, far away from the surface, lit by fields of glass fibers.

Blue reflections; perhaps the window color had to do with the fauna as well. My grandfather and me had put up blue reflectors in his garden just before I had left, against deer who claimed the same territory as him and therefore saw his salads and gooseberries as available food. Once, he had found a deer in the early morning sleeping under the silent pear tree, he told me, explaining that around the roots of a tree it was always a bit warmer than in the surrounding soil. He didn't really mind that they raided his garden. It was curious that the game was scared off by those reflectors. Of what kind of blue eyes did they remind them?

We were walking around. Guoleng wanted to show me something, but we had been going around the same block for hours and it had not turned up. The day was bright grey and hot. While we were passing abundant lotus flowers in the temple pond, my mind wandered off. There were phenomena which common physics couldn't explain. Advanced fields could get further on some of them. What they often showed was just how little of our explanations covered the knowledge one might have if one could see further. Indeed, Gouleng knew what I meant, but he also pointed out where an association like this seemed to lead people most of the time. We hardly moved now, immersed in our conversation. I was inspired by the thought, but those in the need for greater meaning understood that part of a thought only which spoke to a transcendental explanation, expecting it to come in one package with the stepwise scientific discoveries. That we can experience those phenomena which haven't been grasped through empirical or theoretical sciences, Guoleng said, and on the other hand cannot experience what most experiments are empirically based on, can lead to more than just a feeling of insecurity, to wild conspiracy theories, pseudo sciences, uninformed rhetorics enacted to fit the limited patterns of particular societies. - Or it can be simply strengthening. - An opposing answer to the mystifying version might be an appeal to the 'integrity of science' and a claim to strict differentiation

between real and false. It is a battle of standpoints all equally limited, interchangeable and meaningless. At least to those who shake the fear of not finding something to hold onto. For example, someone like Fang Zhouzi is more a public figure in the Chinese media than a scientist and actively uses the same channels and rhetorics as those who try to unravel a sublime lie behind the academic tidiness, or politicians for that matter, and states his opinions on everything as if he had a golden ticket for truth speak, because he is considered a scientist. He was fed up, so I let it go, but I thought more. It felt useless thinking about it, as if I had not yet grasped the full extent of what I was interested in. I couldn't really see it. Guoleng's opinion was apparently fixed. I thought we were missing something. Who took responsibility for their actions when they believed in something, or, rather, for once, ignored everything else? There was no objective judge to stand before, outside of different beliefs. Making mistakes couldn't be sanctified as a learning strategy on principle either. I grew hesitant.

We arrived in front of the traffic island between Siming South Road, the university, and the temple. Four big roads met here. The traffic island had a little forest on it with high trees and bushes, overwhelming its size, even though it was well kept. I let go of my previous thoughts. Across this piece of inaccessible land, there was a pavement made from marble tiles, with

benches on each side. It spanned across the whole length and laid there like the milk layer of a custard pie. It looked like a space for the public, another small park, just as any free surface in this city was. But it had been closed off from use. The pavement was blocked on each side from the road by huge flower pots. Against the backdrop of it all, behind trees, bushes and several house-sized electricity cabinets, there was a fountain. It was a stack of giant books lying on their sides. In fact, they looked like a super-enlargement of the Han blue molecule, where the layers were also not very tidy, which was why it was so special. Water was flowing down from inbetween the pages. Which substance from the books was this fountain washing out into the city? We looked at the sculpture. It was a platform in the garden; a secret invitation.

There, Guoleng began to tell from his observations. I knew, at one point he had been studying a lot by himself. The relativity theory had been completely accepted at its introduction to China in the 1920s and studied intensively. Nowhere else was it accepted without controversy. At the time, China did not have a history of science to build up criticism from, was not captured by the Newtonian concept of absolute time, and the theory of relativity constituted a revolution in science. Then the theory got censored. He Zuoxiu wrote the Chinese equivalent of the Soviet ideological critique of quantum mechanics in 1952, 30 years

after its introduction to the country, and later claimed to having partaken in the development of the Chinese H-bomb. Then, it was in the mid-60s, there was a different kind of scientific revolution. Founding on Mao's rather poetic wish for a model of infinitely divisible elements, a wave of reform aligned all sciences in China to this concept - the straton model, which preceded the cultural revolution. The organized attacks on Einstein himself as a political figure intensified in the 1970s and prohibited further research in the field. After taking part in the propaganda project of the remodelling of physics illuminated by Maoist thought, He Zuoxiu worked on getting rid of other pseudo sciences. For instance Fang and him revealed the briefly popular Hongcheng Magic Liquid to be a scam. It was a liquid supposed to be added to plain water, transforming it into fuel. Real alchemy. This was in the 90s. The man who invented it sold it of course mostly to those who were in the greatest need for this kind of magic. At the same time, some politicians stated that democracy and human rights were both relative concepts. There was a history, not only in China, of using the term *relativity* metaphorically, with reference to the physical theory, a synthesis depending on the current politics. Here my friend stopped. It had gotten dark. I was the one who had asked him about He Zuoxiu in the beginning. Fang came up by himself, topic of the day. Theirs was a winding history of contradiction and boredom, as big as their rhetor-

ical claims. I was surprised to encounter them again and again. Surely it was interesting that they were from such distant generations, 40 years apart in age. I would ask Guoleng about this some other time. We were probably as far apart as them. Yet, they were public, treated like squares and parks by their audiences; who they were, I didn't know.

The arrival of Guoleng in my life brought something new, he had a way about him, and it seemed so familiar to me. What he had been wanting to show me that day were two dogs who lived on the corner of the university where all the busses stopped. Apparently they had understood that people would feed them and give them attention if they did something entertaining, and so these two dogs had taken to their own afternoon performance. They would stand across from each other on the turtle pond of the temple and bark and yelp. According to my friend, the turtles, usually lazily sitting around in piles, would get up and swim in formations to the emissions of the dogs. It sounded like the singing of sirens if one stood on the terrace above. I never saw this happen, and thought, Guoleng had actually just wanted to take a long walk, to rotate around this area and observe what changed within an afternoon.

How hard it was to understand the phenomena quantum physics described. Not only because this science was complex, but also because the tem-

perature and energetic conditions of its experiments would be deadly to experience. I thought often about this uncanny example for the circumstances of scientific research. And then, as strenuous as they might be to understand, painting a cognitive image of the descriptions we got from the research opened the pragmatic, imaginative mind to an unending variety of hardly believable dynamics. To those who could read the results within a context, the research entailed the suggestion of all that which had not yet been discovered, and its limitations were the steppingstones for minds to wander into elsewhere. I was returning to the point of capture; compared to this experience of vastness which should not have to be sublime - in order to subjugate it immediately again under a fearful hold - the rhetorics a Fang used in public, to me sounded uninformed and put a mirror to the pseudo-scientist himself. What was the integrity of science supposed to mean? It was as open to interpretation as anything else, He Zuoxiu had made a career exemplifying it.

It was not a sphere I wanted to take part in. My friend and I got along because of this, an affinity for the manifold, a basic parameter of no certainty we shared optimistically. But at the core of my being stuck on this sentiment was also a problem of negation. I was lacking knowledge of religion. I knew, and Guoleng had told me, that my attempts at talking about it mostly ended in empty phrases about language.

In Sweden, the class I was in had a teacher, Mats. He taught by giving lateral riddles and showing films. After a while, I began seeing what wasn't random about random things. Because these riddles combined disparate information of all orders which would eventually lead to one certain solution; to a solution of no direct question, and one not necessarily making logical sense. We would always have to guess what the riddle was to be able to start solving it. His way could not lead to transcendence. He might pose cosmic questions to acknowledge them. He used to say this one thing to refer to his overall motivation, without ever explaining it - "reality as a part of fiction". I owed Mats the confidence I had today. It was thinkable that he only mentioned this specific sentence to refer to the Story of the Stone which I would start looking at three years later. Reaching at me from the past now. Or was the delayed emphasis too coincidental. It was something that I wanted, maybe. I didn't think there was a reason for his enjoyment with us. It was always: let's anyway. How then later Guoleng and I met, I could not tell.

Guoleng could tell the story, though. It was at his friend Shun's dumpling restaurant...

We had both been sitting there at different tables sipping at our dumplings, and since Shun was a quiet person, I was mostly talking nonsense to fill the time between each slurp. While the soup water went up-

ward into my mouth, Shun contemplated what I had said and nodded at me. That day I had actually read an interview with He in my landlord's newspaper, so I recounted to him the content. He Zuoxiu had claimed that Traditional Chinese Medicine was responsible for the death of a well known woman, and she had died because of breast cancer. This interview went viral, as we said here, very quickly. He's opinions became prime opinions of everybody you would talk to. When He spoke about Chen Xiaoxu and why he thought she had died, he said *You can't cure with culture alone*. At this point in the story, the other customer, that was you, got up and gave her bowl back to my friend. Shun said: I think you upset her. Now she doesn't want to eat my soup anymore, Guoleng. If Shun had observed this, it had to be correct. And that was when she lamented over the cause of this interview in our unlikely meeting place. Shun and me understood her quite well. While she looked at Shun intently and addressed him as if they had been having a conversation, not me talking by myself, Shun was at ease. I think he agreed and didn't find it strange that she interrupted our tranquil moment. She said, this man's world view entails a thousand limitations. Yet another extension of censorship. Self-censorship for fear, and censorship according to conventions for power. The things common science can explain and the ones it cannot have as little to do with this as other types of knowledge neglected by science. Surely He

has never bothered to find out why Chen retreated to the seclusion of a buddhist temple at the end of her life and did not take medical steps. I could imagine a variety of reasons which do not have to do with a firm belief in TCM. And then the buddy, Fang Zhouzi, even chips in, and everybody believes they had authority. The instrumentalization of this person's life to make an argument is violent and nothing more. It is a social remark and not a scientific one. Chen Xiaoxu reminds us of the relativity herself. She played one of the protagonists in the TV adaption of the Dream of the Red Chamber, a cultural reference. And then, there was nothing else to say after her passionate defense of the woman. Shun right away coined our dictum: Instead of swimming, Fang Zhouzi takes two boats at the same time. But he didn't bring his friend He Zuoxiu along, just screamed at him to learn swimming from the distance in the ambiguous language of the one who has never experienced it himself. This is how we became friends.

It seemed, if I took the example of the knowledge of use and exploration of the Han blue pigment, of which we knew so very little nowadays, that this value of definite knowledge referenced had mostly to do with cultivation. Cultural value which had been called upon when in need of security kept on changing its reference. The indexicality failed, depending on who was reading, as well, on what they saw in a reflection.

There was a sea of imaginable things though. And a sea was a river, was a cloud, was the atmosphere, an iceberg, a body, a leaf, an echo, an endlessly new iteration of itself. A source was not the beginning of a substance but a concentration, an overspill.

The way I had walked since I was a small child, from the main road of the village and then up the hill into our street until I was home, that was all I really knew. Better than anything else. I had never had as much time to think and move simultaneously as on this walk, until I knew every bump in the streets, knew them so well I could recall the details of this unchanging scenery even on the other side of the earth years later without any doubts. On this walk was where my idea of what thinking meant gained substance. On this walk, all my potential was allowed. Somehow, it was from where my desire for being alone stemmed, to be silent even among friends, until something emerged for which there was a need to be said. How could I ever pass on what I knew. It was only relevant for me. And others might have something else they knew like this, I hoped, a piece of experience. If, on my mind, I could make a memory traverse time and space, it was this one. As odd as all the houses on these streets were, the chicken and dandelions, the tiled house, the two steps made out of crumbling concrete down to the other house, the crossroads where a steep hill arrived down on our road. To look at the street on the

hill, you had to raise your head and see far and close at the same time. Then beyond there, the part of the pavement along a house that had a far too long wall, where I always started a new thought to accompany me down all the way to the house where the two men and their dogs lived, resembling a neglected fairy-park with their plastic and ceramic garden gnomes and animals and the dark old German house from after the war, and I always thought that one of them had died; this stretch of the road where I imagined my special gift for seeing things the others' eyes were not sharp enough for, and having a blue bubble around me just by willing it which made it impossible for rain to fall onto me. It was such a long walk if you had all the time of the present, infinity, to get to school and home again. You became so slow that you actually start seeing every groove of surroundings your eyes were passing over. I knew this place. And yet, this knowledge did not belong to the kind I had much to say about, it was more effective than that. At a certain time, I had inhabited this space and it became part of my life. Inscription. I could comprehend the urge of the tourist to visit a place where some figure or group they were interested in had once lived. The place played a role in all that happened. Geography and even topography were tools to handle the dimensions of place. I realized, I could only find out more about what other people knew if I asked them, can I come with you.

One day, I was walking back up from the beach with my friend Antoinette's container of salt in my hand. I passed a big tree which was always full of cicadas. Sometimes you could also hear them drop dead. Somebody said they only lived for five days after coming out of the earth. A family with two young kids in bathing suits passed me. One was pink with a tutu, the other was covered in green and blue bulldogs. The sun was blasting down on us and apart from the sawing of the cicadas, it was the silence of noon. I stopped walking and stood there. On the stones of the pavement, salt and glass were shattered. I waited. Then I walked the rest of the way to my apartment and took a nap. The next day, the spot where the salt had crashed was cleaned up again, but the stones had bleached. There was nothing left of the sandy color, but they had become cold, dry, and grey.

Guoleng, can I declare to make sonar glass panels out of solar ones? I thought my neighbors wanted to be whales.

Outside, I was staring at a fence. It showed a pattern of egrets. There were a lot of these white white birds here. If, just for a second, we could relay these signs I could see everywhere to shift into real signals, signals to start an activity, conductors. I told Guoleng that I wanted the erhu musician I had met to become three erhu players and each of them to go to three different fountains and play *Two Fountains Reflecting*

the Moon simultaneously, and that I wanted to synchronize them into a canon with the city's signals. He thought I was mad with grandeur. I imagined, that was what it would be like to be caught up between three seas, relaying messages to each other, softly having a conversation over the course of centuries. Of course it was impossible. But wasn't it the ancient Chinese character *yang* for *extensive space* that developed to mean *ocean* as well. Ideal synchronization suffered from the problem of simultaneity, or, delay. All was echo; real time and simultaneity were relative, even the speed of sound. The erhu musicians would just immerse in the surroundings. We were at all times only converging... the metal outlines of the birds also met in a way which would never make a whole bird appear as a single object, because they all shared lines. The back of one was the wing of the other. So when did you ever see how many birds there were. You just saw them with certainty. I got up and we went to watch the evening dances.

Can we connect the two lakes on the opposite sides of the university's west gate with sonar transmissions? Like whales whose songs traveled the world several times before fading out, because water carried sound so persistently on its inside. This old and crowded campus was certainly one of the city's centers of gravitation. And outside of the university campus meant inside another area. There people lived,

children played and learned in the school adjacent to their lake. The small lake on campus accompanied aspiring chemists instead, Guoleng, you have been there, haven't you. To look at the water tower which pumped and pumped until the sound of water falls permeated the surroundings, slid across the lake and trickled away in the chemistry classes. We pondered the question of this building's purpose, if it could be for gravity tests, making different kinds of water fall. It was not really a water tower, though. It was built to resemble all the houses in its vicinity. It was two floors of double storey rooms high and covered the surface the size of a badminton court. It lay just across the street from the lake. Guoleng suggested building our own sonar devices and see if we could pick up the signal in one lake when it was emitted in the other. From somewhere he organized a massive old fish finder which looked like it had been dragged across the Xiamen harbor since the Jesuits had arrived in China. It was built like a gas bottle, but it had a little propeller in the back where normally the gas came out. A welder cut it open for us to reach the electronics. It was a mess. When I left, Guoleng had started making a drawing of the machine, to take it apart. Then I didn't hear from him for a few days and almost forgot about the endeavor. For me, it was enough to imagine the possibility of a connection between the two waters beneath the summer heat and the sweaty urban life.

On the beach, I found a piece of Jade. On two parallel sides it had been polished, the others showed that it had broken off of something bigger. Certainly not a bracelet. Down by the water, there were a few children playing in the grooves the low tide left in the sand. Little streams were running down the beach. They watched me as I watched the lump of drift-stone. Their mother watched them. The tourists on the boardwalk up by the adjacent houses watched all of us. This light green object, it was heavy. I held out my hand. It wasn't glistening in this relentless daylight. It ate the light, to start an osmosis against all the salt it had collected in the sea. While the children came to look at it, and touched it, careful to also brush over my skin while reaching for the object, everybody else seemed to draw slightly closer. Under our legs, the sand was hot, it gave in to our weight, it was moist. Our encounter was unresolved when the high scream of the mother cut in. A relay of anger. It hadn't to do with me. Under my palm, I carried the jade away from the shore. I would show it to my grandfather to find out what it really was.

When I went to apply for my Chinese visa, the whole entire floor of the skysrise the office occupied had been laid in with a sand-brown carpet. The space was open and dry. Only a few benches stood in the middle of the room surrounded by service counters. In the neon light the carpet looked tarnished. It had

a repetitive pattern printed on it rolling through the room like waves: Quotes about friendship in German and Chinese from Schiller and Confucius. I admired the unknown artist. I envied the visa center for this carpet. I was ready to go. The woman behind my service counter gave me a generous visa allowance, and I thought, how subjective it is, her eyes had been scanning me without a sentiment. I didn't offer her any desirable information to pledge for my stay. Probably she wasn't the only one involved in deciding what kind of visa was permitted. What went on behind the crisp and thin walls of this place, in the offices of the inventors of the carpet, say. In China, I didn't see a single carpet, only friendship. Upon my anecdote Guoleng's wife said sternly: Perhaps that woman observed you so closely to see how much you resembled Schiller. Poker face here, too.

After dinner we sat in front of their house. For a while, we enjoyed being still together. Guoleng was playing with a dog that came by. I felt focussed. You know, now that I am writing, I am beginning to understand how big the force is which synchronizes the stories with the life of the author. Someone says in a novel about another character's book, that, when they read it, they knew that this character had actually written about them. Different realities jump sometimes without assistance, as if in a shared dream. Or one jumps from scenarios happening to the ones made up in

one's head as well as the scenarios projected into the running events from literature and film. They all have liquid borders. They touch by conversion of significance, relay intuitively. In this novel I mentioned, in the very end after her breakdown and their reconciliation, Catherine said to her mother that she knew how Vladimir felt about her after she had finished his book, because she then knew that the love scene somewhere in the middle didn't make any sense to the rest of the story, and he had written it only, because he couldn't contain it in his head any longer. Signal of desire. Jim and Brooke had been orbiting each other in turns for years and at every new attempt, they failed to fall in love due to bad timing of one or the other or the circumstances, and thought again and again that the time for their true encounter had passed, or that this ongoing desire was only a placeholder for something else which hadn't occurred yet or was only an imago. And so, when they finally had a chance to meet on a tropical island, they had only congregated out of habit of rotating to each other's gravitation. They didn't think of it as an activity any longer, and they faced each other in glaring sunlight without any more intention of giving in to love. Hopeless. After a long time of walking on the beach and sitting, looking into the depth of the sky, lying down on the white sand, doing all the things one was supposed to do on a vacation, Brooke realized how they had changed; that the level of their energy had been depressed.

The critical mass of events which they had needed to potentiate their forces at this moment had long passed, they thought. She asked Jim, why don't we enjoy how much time we have together? Our friendship hasn't passed us yet, why do we perceive it like that, Jim? He looked up as if he had heard something from far away. He had actually heard her, hadn't he. We are both romantics, Brooke, but we don't believe in something so unspoiled. We are protected against it now. A pause. Did we forget something? And so Catherine's mother encouraged her child to go seek the author of this hopeful scene and repeat to him his lines. If Catherine could read between them so much of her own wishes, then she still believed in her love. Mother was weeping, happy that their own story had taken such a wonderful turn. When her daughter had left, she called her two friends to visit her for a round of Mahjong and the news. In this moment, Guoleng looked like Charlie Brown. Intricately confused. Would you really write these kinds of stories? His love had already fallen asleep on his shoulder, but she had a funny grin on her face.

Now, it had been raining for a few days in a row, heavily, echoing the sound of the water tower all over the island, and it had been good, because I was working for money for the time being. Earlier in the kitchen, Marcie, Guoleng's wife, had asked what I did. It was online work, making the concept for an adver-

tisement campaign. I showed her the final theme... Let me travel your body... She laughed at me. They didn't seem to use body lotion here, either. I was glad it was finished. All my hours, keystrokes and screenshots were logged through an app. Most of the time, I had to hold back to not just quit, because the set up was so self-exploitative, schizophrenic. How many people here were working on their phones, I wondered, in the street, on busses. Getting anywhere took so much time that I figured it made sense if at least some of the people I saw moving about while watching a screen were working and checking off their time, not just dawdling away in their regular social network or applying for an appointment at the hospital or some government office. Sometimes, I saw somebody standing in the street or walking very slowly in front of me with their head hanging awfully low, as if they were carrying the heaviest weight on their shoulders - what body language - and when I passed them they were of course only looking at their phones. Everybody for themselves now. After all this rain, the air was so humid that my phone had given up, the touchscreen had become untouchable, or rather, it touched itself on points across the whole surface simultaneously. I dreamt at night that I was swimming through the air and my computer had died as well. When I woke up I was sweating even more than usual. We were all in this boat. There wasn't a day when the sound of the television didn't sound from my neighbors' apart-

ment. People seemed to choose their lunch and dinner places by if there was a TV inside, unless they were having a banquet. Marcie asked me, if she should take my TV addiction seriously. They were the only ones among their neighbors who didn't have one, and she obviously already did take my problem seriously when I told her how a feeling of satisfaction poured over me when the title sequence of a movie began and the logo of the production company appeared. Like a warm bath. I was certainly connected with the TV machine. Relaying it through myself. I said, yes, you know, I think it is one of the things that isn't different anywhere in the world. She frowned. I guessed, if you asked children what a phone was, they would first of all think of a smartphone and nothing less complicated. That the Greek root of the word, phone, meant voice as well as sound, and this was where it started, was striking to me. I thought of the erhu again. Then Marcie's fried peanuts were ready and she told me that having an experience made a real difference to what you knew, and you never knew that before it happened to you.

Guoleng, what's inhabitable?

Floating on top of a water, something seemed to me to be unified and holding itself together by its own gravitation. A white box, empty, so it could float around the sea with ease. Drawing closer. A boat. A stick. Any thing. In contrast, houses seemed much

more integrated in place. Even if they were skyscrapers as big as the huge container ships. Those floating units facing people who thought of Caspar David Friedrich, and therefore mostly of themselves in the face of the relative excessive. Compared to those ships, houses didn't visibly move, the space inbetween them was equally built and cultivated, not just dirt. A house could hardly be seen to float on top of a sea of dirt. Was sea another one of those measure words in Mandarin to specify what one was counting? In that case, the new cities were seas of glass. And the people hid under its surface, didn't they. I read somewhere: the city surfacing like a submarine. Within landscape, the city was a unit of density, but it bled out, because it didn't have borders yet. The legal borders were only nearly absolute enough to be real.

The surface of water was denser than its bulk. It made visible the borders of all it touched, objects became ontological by floating on it, in another mode of visibility. And the sonar sounding out of the borders of water was always delayed, based on delay. The liquid's borders were simultaneously the edges of the landmass. Just as air and ground touched in a park. Where a street was built, this connection was lost. Hands touching a body to remind it of its own limits. Sensitivity, anthropomorphized into things and substances. Windows were there to bridge the feeling of delimitation between bodies of element. Glowing

in the friction of heat and air-conditioned coolness. Border patrols hitting the tight space between the ground and a car; instead of stopping the vehicle on a liquid which would make space for them to stick their heads underneath, to see its bottom and look possible findings in the eye.

Some nights, a pulse frequency was sounded by the broken security system of our house, on and on to the beat of my heart and my neighbor's heart and all the others' organs sleeping above and below, and the pulse signal affirmed to us, still there, still there, still there, and just like early techno music, it ate itself at one point and let me believe I wasn't there. It started soothing a fear I hadn't been aware of before the beep had started measuring my pulse that first night. In a womb of the city, we fell asleep at night and wondered where the signal had gone in the morning. Birds made their territorial claim among the noise, and probably integrated some of those sounds our stuff emitted into their own songs, to occupy as many frequencies as possible. The big song. Folder of motives. We didn't hear the noise under our own noise, the waves had melted into it, the rumble of the earth stayed unnoticed.

I saw more stories around me than there probably were. In the street, in strangers. But then, those who were in need of having someone who would see their story clearly, were seldomly lucky with those around

them who thought they were looking. Tension came from this way of misunderstanding. Thinking it, I was checking myself. There was no sentiment coloring. Visiting a place, what stayed with me were the instant stories of strangers.

When I visited Marcie and Guoleng in their house, I was always relieved to enter a small living area where the old things hadn't yet been swept away completely by the haze of the new. In other areas of the city, the only old things left were old people and recycled wood and antiques in fancy restaurants. By discarding generations of objects from the past, whole significant segments of language surrounding these things, their production, use and place, were lost as well. I still wasn't used to the abundance sealing this hole. The couple had built their house themselves, in the mid 80s, after the city had been opened to foreign trade as a special economic zone, and they, too, had started gaining a little profit, to be able to afford a home, still including a lot of saving. Just like my grandparents had spent their time, again and again calling friends in the 50s to help them, bringing wood in, digging ditches and raising walls, spending evening after evening roofing, eating soup and drinking hot coffee from a thermos on the construction site, Guoleng and Marcie had planned and built their house informally and over the course of months. Much slower than nowadays, but built after their needs and wish-

es. I liked coming here. Even though the new modern buildings were encroaching, their house didn't seem intimidated. And it was not that old after all. Also in this area, people knew the expression designating an attitude to the busy building: Chai na.

I was often called an expat. Please not you too, Guoleng. I think of patriotic every time people call me an expatriate, and that's a difficult word for me, all that assumed authority, you know. Guoleng nodded his head, but didn't say anything. Thoughts passed his face. Over lunch, they came out in a small portion. You're looking at national belonging too simply, I think. And your problem with the word expat would be acceptable for me if it was, because it only denoted caucasians, for all others are called immigrants. Now I nodded my head, too. Yes. With immigrant I am fine. Call me that if you have to. He laughed briefly, a dry bell, but I could see in his eyes that he thought I was naive, avoiding the inconvenience of thinking through the positions I occupied in relation to powers and responsibilities. Now I was curious, and I ignored his dissatisfaction with me. Did you ever want to go live somewhere else? - My friend. Marcie and me would have long left, if it had been possible for people like us without that kind of lethal gambling involved. Some friends and relatives took to crossing borders on hidden ways, and we have only heard back from very few of them that they arrived else-

where safely. They all had to save up enormous sums of money to pay the smugglers. They took credits with their relatives and acquaintances, left their families to deal with the debts in the sadness of absence. These people are called overseas Chinese, too, if they make it. But without the privilege of acquiring legal mobility, how desirable are you as a representative of the new Chinese global business elite. And they cannot return if they applied for asylum. Many do that not to be sent back. Reasons there are enough. There are also people here who have tried several times to make it across the Pacific, and always had to return. They leave behind paper trails. You remember that I told you how my mother wanted me to either make it in the big coastal cities or go overseas. Across the water. In the eyes of our village, used to many overseas relatives, I was nothing as a grown man if I stayed. I couldn't take any of the local jobs for which you didn't need an education, because by then they were occupied by domestic migrants, and I would have been spited if I had taken one of those. Perhaps I would have tried stepping into the shipping container, if I hadn't met Marcie. I am glad I didn't do it, though. And yet, staying here, even though I was longing to go somewhere else as well, made me observe all my fellow people like an occasional outsider, also those who tried as hard as they could to find a way. We never wanted to gain all the knowledge some people have here on the many ways of going abroad. To use their

energy like this seems to make them feel more mobile, already. Restaurant English, how to behave in the visa office in Guangzhou, how to behave at the customs in the destination airport, and so on. We never dreamt that we had mobility. And then, later, we also received our household registration here. It would be too much talking to recount all the dreams we have had and the small things we tried out. You should ask Marcie about it. She likes telling tales more than I do. I was indeed longing to learn more about their past. But we let it be for the rest of the day. When I was back home, the dust on the ceiling above the bed guided my thoughts to the dark and useless place that was the guilt I felt for my privileges.

Have you never imagined being a stranger in the street? Another afternoon. Guoleng asked me instead, what do you mean when you say culture? I had no answer for him, but I promised to think about it. Indeed, I used the word a lot. Can't you write about the role of moods in life?, he also asked. But I wasn't yet able to write about the inner tint, the feeling of my body. All I had learned about moods was that I had been underestimating their force over what I considered me, and that I should be living with enormous care when my mood dropped. I felt more relentless in certain phases of mood swings, but, at other moments, I judged those periods as disguised. The phenomenon was not acknowledged much outside of

psychology, I thought. Even though probably much theory stemmed from only very distinct moods of its authors? In literature, I often found the awareness for them much more inherent. Guoleng was reading some cheap thrillers at the time while continuously browsing the Zhuangzi. He pointed the mirror stick at me.

Some time later, I returned to the book fountain on the traffic island and looked at it from across the street for a while. This might be from where the lakes got their water. It was just up the hill from both of them. Next to me was a man who sat here every day against a wall making straw flowers. Love, I would bring you one of his flowers and it would not wilt. Next to him was the woman selling explosives. Prussian blue in the book fountain...

Every time I walked by the student dorms up from the university beach, I heard someone practicing the piano. It was always the same. A guy who studied at the music school had told me at a party that the aspiring pianist causing the sound was a legend. They said he had become so paralyzed since coming to the prestigious music school, because he thought he found so many shortcomings in his play, that he went back to the first pieces he had ever had to learn as a child. The same songs were emitted from the building all day long, each iteration so perfectly played that they became true repetitions. What a condition.

The first year of his studies was nearly finished. People moved in and out of the dorm constantly, because they couldn't stand it for a long time. If only he would play less perfectly, if only something would change. Almost as if he was filtering his audience, only those completely ignorant to their surroundings would stay. I stopped there for a while every time. Still, his music was touching me, it was full of forces. I wished I hadn't heard his story. I imagined encountering him again in thirty years, when he would be playing his concert for piano in some famous symphony hall, and wished us well.

I was having lunch at Shun's restaurant. I was the only customer at this time of the day. Mostly, people's days began very early. Just when I had arrived for my bowl of soup, the last builders from the construction site next door had left with their take away bags. Be-fitting the occasion, Shun told me about what he had been doing before coming here. For many years after middle school in a magnet factory, he had been pushing metal pieces into a furnace where they were magnetized. Mostly for use inside machines. In the furnace, the atoms of the metal realigned so they were all pointing in the same direction. This was how the magnets could function permanently. He said, you could essentially make any shape you wanted. Small ones and big ones. So after his first few weeks, he had wanted to make a present, and in a long pro-

cess shaped a piece of metal after a small horse figurine. When the horse came out of the oven, cooled down, and he handed it to the lovely young woman it was meant for, all the legs and the head broke off, and they stuck to the body in a different way. Shun had been terrified, but she had laughed to tears, and a tentative romance was initiated. He wouldn't tell me about that. It was only there at this job, he said, that I learned how to tell the distance of a storm by counting up from the lightning to its thunder echo. We could have blown up in this factory so easily, you know. Would you like more to eat? I had this colleague there, and for lunch, he would always climb on one of the ready packed transport pallets full of magnets and meditate. He completely forgot himself, his still body which was stacked up with the radiating goods, as he called them. So for those few minutes every day, for years, I watched him lose body language completely. After a while, the sight almost hypnotized me to feel as empty as him. Would it have been fake if he had started levitating up there one day?

How our sonar experiment ended. Guoleng returned with two plastic wrapped electronic devices to function as sender and receiver. They worked in a dry test. We tried them in the lakes. Guoleng looked so excited. He had built the sender so that it would use the limited frequency it had at its disposal rhythmically. I guessed, it was some kind of ambient drum

beat he had programmed, so that we could leave it inside the lake for a while. He was sending it from inside the university, and I was standing by the residential area lake, dipping the receiver in over a fishing rod, so it was swimming close to the middle of the lake. If the sonar signal was transmitted all the way across here, we thought that its echoes would probably swell toward the middle of the resonance body. Guoleng joined me after installing the sender, and then we waited. The police came, because they thought we were fishing. Breaking the surface, they couldn't see what was at the end of the line. It was ok. They stayed. They were pedestrian police. Otherwise they would have probably looked at the people on the beach who were all sitting in the shadow under the ring roads at this time of the day. One of them was chatting on a walkie-talkie. Some time later, there were many people who wanted to see what was happening. They explained to each other our theory. Now they expected us to prove something, which was also clearly seen as wasting our time. Some faced me with amused, complicit smiles. The water was in balance, horizontal and still. I was somehow expecting to see movement if there was a sound transmission, ripples. Nothing happened. Not even a fish surfaced. We went to fetch the rest of the fish finder. It wasn't there anymore. Perhaps that was why it hadn't worked. My friend kept his posture effortlessly, it seemed. We were both sunburned.

One day, out of the blue, a Taobao package arrived at my place. Inside, a hundred gram of barium copper silicate pigment. The next day, a new package with Prussian blue for medical research arrived. On the day after that, for the first time, Guoleng came to my apartment. He brought a mortar. He asked for the remaining active coal pills and ground them into fine powder. There. My friend, what are you going to do with them then? - G, I haven't thought about it. He looked at me in his way. We mixed each pigment with oil. Guoleng smeared the compounds onto the living room wall. It was dark in here, but these colors - I had never seen before, it struck me, what I was seeing; was unknown. Paper was pressed onto the stains and I ran outside with the two blues, where the neighbors were just surrounding a fire barrel with gold money, and I stared at the prints in bright daylight. How can you not be prepared for this, I wondered. Why were you so interested in pigments? Guoleng is right, didn't I have an intention? How did you not know the difference between purely pigmented and mixed color? You were this ignorant toward painting then? And the gold on the paper money burning away, did it classify as a pigment - did I see a color in it? A T-shirt next to it was light pink, where did the pink come from? I became ridiculous, shaken with basic lack of understanding. In front of me, I was still holding the blue papers, different colors, the black one Guoleng brought down becoming wet on the ground. Streaks of oil on

top of water, rainbows, no black. I couldn't see anymore. My eyes full of smoke, sitting down. Guoleng brought me back upstairs.

When I got up the next morning, I saw that he had hung a golden note above my desk, and the light was still on. An ocean; the wall painting was still wet. The lamp was turned onto the gold leaf. He had written on it: Happy Birthday. What a black humor the man had. When I washed my face, did the dishes, blue stains appeared out of nowhere; the powders had been blown all across the apartment. Water solved the invisibly scattered color, didn't dissolve. I couldn't clean it away, it just multiplied in every attempt. I left the house to go look at things again.

At night, I didn't feel like talking to anybody, and just passed through street after street. Across the old harbor, I watched Marcie hold the pocket lamp for Guoleng. They were fishing in the dark among a few other older couples. They were on the pier, the road on water. Next to it, the other road, the road to the moon. Its reflection lay on the still sea. I thought I heard a faint melody, and said to myself disapprovingly, what's that soft spot. But why not. My friends would be sitting there for a long time. Further on, on the beach, there stood plastic tables with violet chairs, for the barbecues, shining in the moonlight. They were surrounded by glowing plastic animals from vendors, which in turn were fenced by sand circles. It was very quiet

here. Only the humble came out to have a midnight meal together on the beach. Chairs tipping over in the sand sometimes. A haze, timeless night. On my way around the cliffs, on the elevated boardwalks, a group of inline skaters passed me in a ghostly wind, with flashing wheels and music which announced them and lingered as an echo after they were gone. Measuring the city with their amicable agency.

果冷的妈妈让他在大城市或国外找份工作，这样家里也能有面子。她还对他说，要是找不到工作，就别往家写信了。此外，她每隔一周就会去寺庙为儿子祈福。于是果冷便乖乖地遵从嘱托来到了厦门。到了大城市之后他却发现，一旦自己成了城市生活的一部分，就没必要为漫无边际的个人荣誉抑或进一步为家族荣誉而努力了，因为这儿几乎没有人会这么做。他在这儿无所事事。偶尔也会试着找找货源，想挣点钱。但很难以此为生。他和不同人聊天，还给母亲写亲情满满的信，在信中重复提到自己道听途说的成功故事。

来中国后，我遇到了一些问题，因为不知道通常的解决方式，必须临时想办法。他会嘲笑我，似乎这些行为上的调整是我从德国带到这儿的東西。但事实上，对于我而言，因为我需要这些调整，它们才应运而生。它们完全是我在中国的产物。

首先，厨房里到处都是巨大的蟑螂。为了能够远远地观察到厨房工具的背后，橱柜里，角落里有没有虫子，我找来了一根拴着镜子的长杆。自拍神器的杆子看上去正好对症下药，并且它们哪儿都有卖。我一拿到镜子和杆子，便意识到它就是边界巡逻队用来车下作业进行安检的工具。当人们将这种杆子和手机合二为一，我觉得似乎它们更像是一种自我审视的工具，而非从另一个角度为游玩景点拍照的工具。杆子暗含着愉悦。旅行照的通常用途便是为自己的记忆留念。但这种情况而今越加突出。人们正在制造一波又一波相同的照片，将它们传到网络空间，传达出收信人不明的信号。我之前在网上找到的关于厦门的信息便是他们所制造的一一渴望的信号，而非交流的信号。

当身体移动时，杆子也跟着到处走，并被持续审视，似乎那儿有一扇通往异次元的窗子。这个过程改变了地心引力——独自移动的周边事物和眼睛开了个玩笑，似乎物理作用突然使空间对调，一阵晕眩。模棱两可的模式告诉耳朵说，身体必须处于不平衡的状态之中。它制造了一种永恒的多重稳定性，使用者不得不加以应对。我们可以看到它们在沙滩上蹒跚。只有那些训练有素的人能够避免不由自主地误解其中的含义。当我寻找蟑螂的时候，我必须脚踏实地。

然而，任何事物都与地心引力息息相关，因为外界会对

地球表面与地心的接触点施加一个垂直作用力。浪将我们拽至地表的安全之处。最终，我所拥有的工具也许是向自己呈现万事万物与这种力量之间关系的最有力工具，跟随者这种运动，抵抗，四肢的伸举以及的观测到的身体，在相同的拍照姿势中一次又一次抓拍自己，来观察记录下来自身。人们在多维度、虚假成像的表面，在触摸屏上研究这种视觉修辞方程式，最终带来了迟到的舞动。镜子让这些屏幕方向相反。自拍杆事实上很少有正经用途——因为蟑螂爬得到处都是。也许街头的小贩们很快就会开始贩卖带有手机大小镜子的杆子。

有一天，有人介绍我认识了一位二胡老师。她在不同的二胡上反复弹奏同一首曲子。她需要一架新的琴，便试了试每一架琴。她的手指在琴弦上移动，却没有按压，似乎都没有触碰到它们。一只知晓一切的手，不让事物休息。她的另一只手在乐器底部的琴弓部分弹奏，白色的粉末在乐器的颈部越积越多，乐器发出了类似哀悼的声音。来自空空之境的音乐，独特之美。琴弓置于两弦之间。我第一次见到弦如此稀疏分散的弓弦乐器。用两根弦是因为琴弓会被这两根弦牢牢锁住，而乐器相互联结的部分又构成了两个圆形回路。它会发出很多声音，会疼痛，会歌唱，会低声细语，会破裂，会叙述。她演奏的曲子是《二泉映月》。是只有创作这首曲子的阿炳发现了用这种方式演奏二胡的潜力吗，这般天籁之音？我从来没有听过像他的音乐这样的二胡曲子。

这位老师是在一位热衷音乐的中国老人家中试二胡的。她似乎在尝试不同的声音。我们大部分时间都没有直接对话，但当她弹奏成为最终之选的那架二胡时，我觉得，啊，终于找到你了，现在我能听到你了。这是一项充满魔力的

活动。我们置身老城区一幢房子的第三十层，只有昏暗的灯光撒入房间。周围的墙上都是男主人与著名音乐家，台湾现任总统，还有其他人的合影。另外有一张是阿炳的独照，是从他在日侵华期间的日本身份证上复制下来的，那是他现存的唯一照片。

当你身处这儿的一幢房子中，外面的世界通常看上去很冷。天气就像电影中的场景，晦暗，多雨。除非你将上了颜色的窗户推开：窗户的玻璃有好几层，展示着它本身到底有多蓝。我发现有色玻璃本来是用于折射太阳光，反射陌生人的注视的，在构造紧密的房子间也保持隐私。目前用的都是浅绿色的低辐射玻璃，比蓝色玻璃更能有效阻挡UV和红外线。在而今拆除基础设施，建造新大楼的速度之下，蓝色玻璃的使用历史也没有很久。但商店已经没有在用了。我曾在哪儿读到过，叫做《了解酒的颜色和玻璃颜色的差别》。

从外面来看，许多房子看上去像装了盛满水的窗子。似乎其中倒映着无比蔚蓝的天空。这种玻璃用一种不是十分专业的类比语言来说，就是过冷液体。这种复古之美让人联想起中国陶瓷上的釉。那种陶瓷中人们曾使用中国蓝为金属氧化物染色，类似这样的狂野之蓝。

在量子力学实验室中，中国蓝似乎是被发现的首种呈低维度，玻色爱因斯坦凝聚物状态的物质。科学家希望它存在的时间能够长一些，以便解释几个几乎无法解释的现象。我设想2800年前，道教徒在中国制作玻璃，想要制造人工玉石，为此所合成的颜料沿用了近一个世纪。这种颜料曾被认为具有特殊的力量，也许只是名字不同，概念有所差别而已。而后，由于文化的改变，其合成方法失传，道

家观念及其科学发展历程遭到抛弃，取而代之的是儒家学说。不同的统治阶层，不同的品味和习惯。关于这种刚刚重新发现的颜料，量子学物理学家得出的结论是它会在LED灯光下发射强烈的近红外线，并在极寒条件和高磁化条件下达到量子学临界状态。

在该状态下，这种三维材料的绝大部分都丧失了其积极的集体行为。我曾经在哪儿读到过，就是分子每层并非是有秩序排列的，所以它只能以这种方式丧失其中的一个维度。为了将磁性合成为二维，硅酸钡铜需要这样的温度，以及超越存在和运动的刺激。在此试验中，人若在场，是无法幸存的。它们只能由机器密切监控。结果是一种虚构。但是关于感受到物质之力的所有方式，我们了解的又有多少呢？

作为中国和埃及失传的蓝色颜料的第一种稳定和持久的替代品，普鲁士蓝的出现要晚得多，是在十八世纪早期。它很快就因各种原因行销世界各地，我任性地认为，其中的大部分的颜料都用来绘制葛饰北斋的海了。这是一种与有毒氰化物有着密切关系的颜料，在其分子构造中受铁元素的限制。咽下之后，它通过人体，不产生任何副作用，同时吸收放射性物质。其分子构造极为复杂迥异，很长时间内人们都难以发现其化学构造。它颜色艳丽，在电子屏幕上无法成像。对于物理学家而言，该颜料到底揭示了光磁学的什么内容也仍待推测。光是一种电磁波，但其磁性与电场相比微乎其微。理论物理学家从计算器中算出，当光穿透一种材料的时候，如果相对速度接近光速，磁场只会影响电子力学。这就是为何他们认为磁场应该没有发挥作用。但如果是非可导性材料，例如普鲁士蓝和这儿提及的玻璃，研究发现磁场产生的磁作用要比预计的

大许多。能量储藏在磁矩之中。“强光能诱发剧烈的磁化作用。”

我的朋友果冷对我说，我对于这些颜料的兴趣一定和我喜欢从事海上活动相关。他说这话的时候，我们坐在厦门的某个海滩上，从海滩上能够放眼大海。几乎整个厦门岛都由水的管弦乐队所指挥，包括海，也包括湖，湖要比喷泉多。是的，这儿的海面上通常鲜有颜色，只有或蓝，或黑，或白的阴影。几乎从未遇见过的颜色合并到了一起。白色对我的双眼而言是纯洁之色，正如黑色是形状的阴影，是水的运动构成的。蓝色的反光一定来自其他什么地方，就像海市蜃楼是远方某处的高温反射，这儿的天空是朦胧的，很少呈现蓝色。果冷自己终其一生也在注视着水。他说他不会游泳。他的头发变白了，但皮肤却被各种光线晒成了棕褐色。我想他游泳游得不赖；他在不少岛屿呆过又离开了。我知道，在这个地球上是否有一片充满了如此多水域的陆地不被称之为岛屿。

有句中国古话，来自某个传说，说王母娘娘曾向玉皇大帝禀报：“昔者吾二人未遇，东海曾三度成桑园。”一个世纪过去了，此地沧海桑田。桑园花儿绽放，散发芬芳。人们在树底找到了来自海洋的贝壳和化石。它们混合在一起。这是蚕的食物生长的地方，如果有人想探其究竟的话，他会被指向世界上最慢的运动之一。现在冲到海岸上来的塑料和水果，都是海洋另一种构造还有城市化人工产物。换句话而言，海不再遥不可及，首先是在寓言和想象之中，其次是在渔业和其他直接方式之中，而后是越过海，在海中旅行贸易。当海变得可以触及，它成了一个地方了吗？那不会游泳的果冷呢，他永远也无法抵达茫茫大海了吗？那个会让人溺毙的球体，我们渴望在其中建造房舍，远离

表层，被玻璃纤维场照亮。

我们四处漫步。果冷想要给我看什么，但我们已经绕着这片街区走了好几个小时，这样东西还迟迟没有出现。那天很热，天是明亮的灰色。当我们经过南普陀寺池塘中的一大片荷花时，我走神了。有一些现象是一般物理学家所不能解释的。更高端的领域能够解决其中的一部分。他们通常证明的就是，如果一个人能看得更远一点的话，他的解释和他所拥有的学识几乎没有什么重合。确实，果冷明白我的意思，但同时他也指出这样的联系经常会在什么情况下指引着人们。

我们这会几乎没有往前走了，沉浸在彼此的对话中。果冷说，我们会经历那些没有通过经验主义或是理论科学解释的现象，这就导致了不安全感，广泛的阴谋论，伪科学，要制造一致的修辞来适应特定社会的有限模式。这是关于立场的战斗，对于那些吓得发抖，唯恐找不到什么可以依附的人而言，它对所有人都是同样局限、可以互换、没有意义的。他现在受够了，我也释怀了，但我想了更多。想太多也没有用，似乎我并没有完全弄清楚自己感兴趣的究竟是什么。我看不到。果冷的观点显然是不会改变的。我想我们错过了些什么。有些人笃信一些东西，或一度忽视了其他一切，那么谁要为他们的行为负责？错误也不能作为学习原则的方式而被洗白。我犹豫了。我们走到了思明南路、厦门大学和南普陀寺四条马路交汇的交通环岛前。环岛里种着一些树，有大树也有灌木，树木旁逸斜出，尽管料理得不错。我丢弃了先前的念头。穿过这片严禁进入的区域，有一条大理石砖铺成的人行道，道路两边都是长椅。它延伸至远方，就像夹心派中的那层奶油。人行道左右两边都由巨大的花盆将其与马路隔开。它看

上去像一个公共空间，又像一个小小的公园，就像这个城市的任何免费区域一样，只是它已经关闭停止使用了。在所有这些的背景中，在树、灌木和几个房子大小的电力匣后面，有一个喷泉。喷泉的造型是一堆侧着放置的巨大书籍，事实上它们看上去就像一个放大版的中国蓝分子，它的每层并不齐整，这就它的特别之处。水从页面间流下来。喷泉冲刷到城市的是书中的什么物质呢？我们看着雕塑，它是公园里的平台；一种秘密的邀约。

果冷在那儿开始讲故事，关于他对中国的两名公众人物，两位科学家的看法。相对论在十九世纪二十年代引入中国之时就被全盘接受，中国人对此也进行了仔细研习。只有在中国，它是这样毫无争议地被接受了。与此同时，中国没有科学史，可以作为批判的根基，也没有受过牛顿绝对时间观念的影响。相对论制造了科学上的一场变革。1952年，何祚庥创作了针对量子力学的中国版苏联意识形态批判。该作完成于量子力学引入中国后的三十年，据称后来该理论参与了另一场科学变革。中国的所有科学理论都立足于毛泽东较为理想化的愿望，那就是建立一个可以无限分割的元素模式——即层子模式，它出现在文化大革命之前。针对爱因斯坦政客身份的攻击在十九世纪七十年代加剧，并阻碍了该领域的继续研究。在参加了受毛泽东思想启蒙的物理学改造宣传项目之后，何祚庥似乎致力于摆脱其他伪科学。

例如，他对方舟子说，这种大范围内曾非常流行的王洪成魔力药水是一场骗局。它其实是加入普通水中的一种液体，勾兑成了燃料。当时是九十年代，这才是真正的炼金术。对于这个声称发明了此燃料的人，我深表佩服。这个男人将燃料卖给了那些急需这种神奇物品的人。与此同

时，一些政客声称，民主和人权是相互联结的概念。历史上对这个术语的使用一度是相对隐喻性的，不仅仅是在中国。它和相关的物理学理论没有相似性，完全是基于当时政治的合成品。说到这儿的时候我的朋友打住了。天黑了下来。我是那个最先开始向他打听何祚庥的人。方舟子是中途蹦出来的，也成了当天的话题。他们的故事是一段充满矛盾和无聊的曲折历史，和他们口说无凭的修辞一样夸张。他们一次又一次地被提及，让我深感惊奇。当然，他们来自两个相距遥远的年代，之间差了40岁，这点很有意思。我会另外抽个时间再问问果冷这些。我们俩之间的代沟可能和他们之间一样大。然而，他们是公共的，被受众如广场和公园般对待；我不清楚他们是谁。当何祚庥在接受采访谈及陈晓旭及其死因时，他说，“你无法仅仅通过文化来治愈。”他说的是中医。我能想象出她在这个时候皈依佛门的一大堆理由，它们都和她对中医的信仰无关。

他所说的是一种社会言论，而非科学言论。陈晓旭能让我们联想起她的相对自我。她曾在一部非常红的电视连续剧中饰演女主角，剧集改编自《红楼梦》。要明白量子力学所描述的现象绝非易事。这不仅是因为这门科学比较复杂，同时也因为实验的温度和能量条件对于过程而言极为重要。我经常思考多数科学成果发生条件的神秘例子。然后，再根据实验结果获得的描述来绘制认知的形象。这种绘制可能会相当费解，但它开启了经世致用的头脑，让它得见不可思议的动力学无限的种类。对于那些能够在语境中解读这些结果的人而言，该研究蕴含了所有未发现的暗示，而它的局限性正是人们的思想行至他处的踏脚石。我回到了那个吸引我注意力的地方。这种广阔的经验不应该被视为需要立马通过可畏力量再一次制

服的制高点，方在公共场合使用的修辞，对我而言有点无知，并在伪科学前放了一面镜子。科学的统一性是什么意思？它是说科学和其他任何东西一样，都是可以有多重解读的。何祚庥便致力于验证这一理论。

它并非我想投身的领域。我和朋友因为这个志同道合，对多重性的熟悉，不确定的基本参数是我们共同乐观享有的。然而在我对这种感觉的执念深处，是关于否定的命题。我缺乏宗教方面的知识。我明白，果冷也告诉过我，我每次试图谈论宗教，都会终结于语言的空洞表述。

在瑞典的时候，我所在的班级有一位老师，叫马子，他教学的方法是让我们猜谜以及看电影。过了一阵之后，我开始看到随意事物的不随意性。这些谜语是所有秩序不同信息的结合体，最终会得出一个确定的解决方案；一个没有直接问题的方案，也许不一定有逻辑意义。我们总是不得不揣测这个谜题究竟是什么，以便将它解决。他解释的方式并不能使我们明白。他曾经提及这个，说到他的整体动机，但有没有进一步解释——“假作真时真亦假，无为有处有还无。”我今天拥有的自信应该归功于马子。能想到的是他说到《石头记》，只提到了这么句话，三年后我开始审视这句话，它现在穿过历史来到了我身边。或者这种推迟的意图是巧合呢。他没有提大量问题。也许这就是我想要的东西。我觉得没有一个什么理由。总是让我们想做什么就做什么的。似乎如果我以有用的知识还有对中国蓝颜料的探索为例，我们现在对此了解甚少。它们在汉朝吴王统治，道教不再受到器重，文化氛围改变的情况下，地位立马降低，这种相关的明确知识，其价值大致与教化有关。需要安全感时渴求的文化价值，其参照会不停改变。它的索引性也会根据读者群，根据读者从中看到的东

西决定，有时也会丧失。尽管如此，仍有如此众多可以想象的事物，它们成了一片大海。而海是河流，是云朵，是氛围，是冰山，是躯体，是叶子，是回声，是自我无限的新的重复。

源泉并非物质的起源，而是一种浓缩和溢出。我知道的是什么呢？我孩提时曾走过的路，从村里那条大路，爬到山上我们那条街上，直到家中，我所知道的就这些。比其他任何东西都要好。除了这条路，我从未有过这么多时间边走边思考。后来我熟悉了路上每处的凸起。我对它们了然于胸，多年之后，我在地球的另一边，也能毫无疑问地回想起这不变风景中的点点滴滴。就在这条路上，我对于思想含义的观点逐渐成熟。在这条路上，我所有的潜力都有了可能。无论如何，它都源于我想要独处，想在友人之中保持沉默的渴望，直到出现了一些东西，有了说话的必要。我将如何传承我的知识。它只与我相关。我希望其他人可能会知道类似这样的其他东西，一份经历。如果在我的头脑中，我能使记忆穿越时间和空间，它就是不二之选。这些街道上的房子都非常古怪，还有小鸡和蒲公英，盖着瓦片的房子，破碎的混凝土制成的通向下面另一所房子的两级台阶，巍巍青山与我们的道路接壤的十字路口。看着山上那条路，你必须同时顾及远处和近处，还要抬起头。除此之外，房子周围的人行道的一部分有一段很长的墙，我总在那儿开始新一段冥想，它陪伴我下山，前往两个男人和他们的狗所居住的房子。房子有如仙境，塑料和陶瓷的花园小矮人，动物还有战后黑黢黢的德国老房子，我总是想，它们中的一个已经死去了；我在这条延伸的道路上想象着我特殊的礼物，就是能够看见那些别人看不见的东西，还有可以随心所欲地在我周围拥有一个蓝色的泡

泡，不让雨水落在我身上。如果你将现在，无穷的时间用于上学和回家，这一路会很长。你是如此缓慢，事实上你开始看见周边眼睛扫过的每一个凹槽。我知道这个地方。然而，这种知识并不属于我想要多加陈述的那类，它有更多方面。有段时间，我住在这个地方，它成了我生命的一部分。我们现在内心都被刻上了深深的烙印。通过这样的方式，我能理解游客们的冲动，就是想要拜访那些他们感兴趣的人或组织的住所。这个地方在发生的过往中有着重要作用。地理是第二位，地势是第三位。我意识到如果我只有向别人打听，才有可能对他们知道的事情有更多了解，我能和你们一道吗？

我在外面盯着一个栅栏。它呈现白鹭的形状。这儿有很多这种洁白的鸟儿。如果我们即便有那么短短一秒钟时间可以传播这些信号，我就能看到每个地方都变成真正的信号，信号会引发活动，它是一种导体。我告诉果冷，我想让见过的二胡音乐家变成三个二胡演奏家，他们每个人前往三个不同的喷泉，同时演奏《二泉映月》。并且我想用城市的信号将它们同步成卡农。我认为我疯了，带有庄严的发病。我设想，那是一种置身三片汪洋之间的感受。当然，这不可能。然而，中国古文中的“洋”作为辽阔的空间之意解释的时候，不正是海洋一词的前身吗？理想的同步因为同时性或者延时性问题得不到统一。一切都是回声，实时和同时性都是相对的——即便对于声速而言。二胡演奏家不得不沉浸在周边环境里。我们总是仅仅单纯在聚合……鸟的金属轮廓互相衔接的方式，使得整只鸟看上去永远都不是个体，因为它们都有共享的线条。一只鸟的翅膀是另一只鸟的背。所以说你什么时候才能看出那儿到底有多少鸟呢。你只是确定看到了它们。我起身去看夜间

广场舞。晚饭之后，我和果冷，马西和他妻子一起坐在他们房子门前。有那么一会。我们很享受在一起的时光。果冷在逗一只路过的狗。我聚精会神。你知道，我在写作的时候，才开始明白，将故事和作者观点同步的力量是多么强大。有人在一本小说里提及另一个人的书，这样说道：当他们阅读这本书的时候，他们知道这个人事实上是在写他们。有时不同的事实会不加辅助的跳将出来，似乎是在共同的梦境之中。

或者当一个人从自身情节环境中跳跃到一个人头脑中形成的场景环境，以及文学和电影中投射到连续事件中的场景。它们都有着流动的边界。它们由重要性的变换触碰，直观地传播。在我提到的这本小说中，在凯瑟琳崩溃并与母亲和解的最后，她对她母亲说，她明白佛拉基米尔对自己的想法了，在她读完他的书之后。因为她那时才明白中间的爱情戏对故事的其他部分并无任何意义，他写了这部分内容，仅仅是因为他不想将其留在头脑中了。欲望的信号。吉姆和布鲁克多年来都轮流绕着对方转，在每一次新的尝试中，他们都没能坠入爱河，因为其中一方的时机不对，抑或条件不对。考虑再三，他们觉得他们之间的真正相遇的时机已经过去，或者目前这种欲望只是另外一些东西的占位符，它们尚未出现，或者只是无意识地意象，因此，当他们最终有机会在一个热带岛屿上遇到彼此的时候，他们的结合只是因为习惯性地顺从彼此的引力旋转，他们不再认为这是一种活动。他们在炽烈的太阳底下面对彼此，不带丝毫对爱妥协的意愿。毫无希望。在沙滩上走了很长时间，又坐了很长时间，望着天际，躺在白色的沙子上，做一切假期应该做的事，布鲁克意识到他们改变了许多；他们的活力程度已经大大减损。他们想着事情

最重要的那一大块内容，他们此刻需要借它来加强元气，这时它却早已消失了。

她问吉姆，我们为何不享受在一起的时光呢？我们之间的友谊还未消逝，我们为何如此看待它，吉姆？他仰头而视，仿佛从遥远的地方听到了什么。事实上他听到了她的声音，不是吗。我们都是浪漫主义者，布鲁克，但我们都不相信如此未经腐蚀的东西。我们现在受到保护，免受其伤害。停顿。我们忘记什么了吗？所以凯瑟琳的母亲就鼓励她的孩子去寻找这场充满希望的场景的作者，然后向他重复他的台词。如果凯瑟琳能在台词中夹杂许多自己的愿望，那么她就依旧会相信她的爱。母亲在哭泣，为自己的故事能够有这样完美的转折感到高兴。女儿走了之后，她喊了她的两个朋友来看她，和她玩一圈麻将，说说新鲜事。这时，果冷看上去就像查理布朗。凌乱困惑。你真的想写这类故事吗？他的爱依然在他的肩膀上入睡，但她的脸上却挂着有趣的笑容。

现在已经接连下了好几天雨了，瓢泼大雨，和岛上的水塔四处呼应。这也不赖，因为现在我必须为了钱而工作。早前在厨房里，马西问我，我做了什么。是网络在线工作，为某个不知名的身体乳液品牌创作广告活动方案。我向她展示了最后的主题……她嘲笑了我。他们这儿似乎也使用身体乳液了。我很高兴一切结束了。我所有的时间里，键盘的敲击和截屏都通过一个应用软件载入。

多数时间，我必须控制住自己不退缩，因为要重新开始是件令人反胃的事。我怀疑这儿有多少人在街上，在公车上玩手机。去一个地方要花许多时间，我想如果我所见到的边赶路边看着屏幕的人中的一部分，是在工作或者安排

时间，而不是在日常的网络社交、申请医院预约或政府部门预约过程中浪费掉了他们的时间，便是合理的。有时，我看到一些人在街上站着，或者从我面前缓缓走过，头压得很低，似乎肩膀上扛着的是最大的重量——这是怎样的肢体语言——当我经过他们的时候，他们自然只关注自己的手机。每个人现在都只考虑自己。这场雨后，天气非常潮湿，我的手机坏了，触摸屏没有反应，或者有时它会自己在屏幕的几个点同时产生触碰反应。我晚上做梦，梦到我游过空气，我的电脑也死了。醒来后，比平时流的汗更多。我们都在这艘船上。每天，电视的声响都是从我邻居公寓传来的。人们选择中晚饭的场所似乎是由里面有没有电视决定的，除非要举行晚宴。马西问我说她是否应该重视我的电视瘾。他们是街坊邻里中唯一没有电视的人，而且在我告诉她我看到电影标题逐字出现，生产厂商的标识出现，一种满足感就会将我淹没的时候，她显然已经开始严肃对待我的问题。

就像一个热水澡。显然我已经和电视机连在了一起。通过我自身将其传播。我说，是的，我认为这件事在世界各地都一样。她皱了皱眉头。我猜，如果你问孩子们什么是电话，他们一定会首先想到智能手机，而不是任何其他更简单的事物。电话这个词的希腊词源意为人和物发出的声音。这是它的起源，这一点让我很吃惊。我又想起了二胡。然后马西的油炸花生做好了。她告诉我说，有过经历和单纯知道是有天壤之别的。在事情发生在你身上之前，你是永远不会知道的。

果冷，什么是可居住的？

有几天晚上，脉搏因为房子里坏掉的安全警报系统而响

起，一发不可收拾，我自己还有邻居的心跳以及睡在上面和下面的其他人的器官，脉搏的声音向我们证实说，我们还活着，活着，活着，就像早期的铁科诺音乐，它一度蚕食自己，让我相信我已经不在了。从第一天晚上的哔哔声开始，测量我的脉搏之前去除我尚未意识到的恐惧。在城市的子宫中，我们日落而息，不知道早上的信号去想了何方。鸟儿啾啾，在一片嘈杂声中宣告着它们的领地，兴许还融合着我们的物品散布到它们自己的曲子中的声响，尽可能占据更多的频率。一首宏大的曲子。动机的整合体。我们没有在自己的噪音之中听到噪音，海浪融入噪音，地球的隆隆声无人顾及。

你曾想过成为街上的陌生人么？又有一天下午，果冷反过来问我，你说到文化的时候，指的是什么？我不知道怎么回答，但我向他保证说我会考虑一下这个问题。

每次从厦门大学海滩上行至学生宿舍的时候，我都会听到有人在弹琴。一如既往。一个音乐学院的学生有次在一个聚会上对我说，他想成为制造出这种声音的钢琴家。这个弹琴的人是一个传奇。他们说他来这所久负盛名的音乐学院时，已经因为害怕而麻木。他觉得在自己的演奏中有非常多缺陷，就开始重弹最初所学的曲子，即孩童的练习曲。整天，都有相同的曲子从楼中传出，每段反复都演奏得如此完美，它们是真正的重奏。这是怎样的状态。他第一年的学业将要完成。总有人从宿舍搬进搬出，因为他们无法长时间忍受。除非他能弹得烂一些，除非事情会发生一些改变。他几乎是在过滤他的听众。每次我都在那儿驻足。但他的音乐总能触动我，它充满力量。我希望我对他的故事闻所未闻。我设想三十年后再与他邂逅，彼此祝福，那时他在某个著名的交响乐团，演奏钢琴音乐会。

一段时间之后，我回到了交通环岛的书斋喷泉，隔街观望了一阵。这儿想必是底下湖水的源泉。我旁边是一个男人，天天靠墙而坐，做着秸秆花。爱啊，我将送你他其中的一朵花，它不会枯萎。他旁边是贩卖爆竹的女人。喷泉上的普鲁士蓝褪去了颜色。出乎我意料的是，淘宝的一个包裹送到了我家，里面有100克硅酸钡铜的颜料。第二天，一个新的包裹又到了，是用于化学科研的普鲁士蓝。第三天，果冷第一次出现在我公寓，他带来一个研钵。他问我要了剩下的活性炭丸，将它们研磨成了细粉幢。就在那儿。我的朋友，你接下去要怎么处理它们呢？果冷，我没想过。他用自己特有的方式看着我。我们试着将每块颜料都和油混合在一起。果冷将混合物抹到起居室的墙上。那儿很黑，但这些颜色，我从未见过，它让我震惊，我的所见都是未知的。纸被贴到了污点上，我带着这两种蓝色跑了出去，邻居们又一次围在盛有金色纸钱的火盆旁，我在明晃晃的阳光下盯着印记。我奇怪你为何没有对此做好准备。你为何对颜料如此感兴趣呢？果冷是对的，难道我并没有什么目的？你又是如何知道纯色颜料和混合颜料的差别的？你对画画是如此大意？纸钱上的金色烧没了，那也算作是颜料吗——我从中看到色彩了吗？那个女人的T恤衫是浅粉色的，这种粉色又来自何方？蓝色的纸在我跟前，我拿着，不同的色彩，果冷带来的黑色在地上弄湿了。水上浮着油痕，彩虹，没有黑色。我看不到其他东西了。我的眼睛充斥着烟，坐下了。果冷将我带回了楼上。第二天起床的时候，我看到他在我书桌上放了一张金色的便条，灯还开着。他可能以为我只会打个盹。墙纸还没干，一片汪洋。灯变成了金色的叶子。他在上面写了：生日快乐。这个男人的黑色幽默真是可以。我洗脸，洗碗的时候，蓝色的污点不知从哪儿就跑出来了。粉末吹得整个房间都是，

水溶解掉了几乎看不到的凌乱颜色，但没有让它消失。我没有擦去它。我离开房间，出去看看其他东西。

晚上的时候，我不想和人说话，穿过了一条又一条街道。在老港口，我看到马西为果冷举着手电，果冷和一些老夫妇在水上的暗处垂钓。码头，水上的路。附近的另一条路通向月亮。它的倒影洒在宁静的海面上。我想我能听到微弱的旋律。我不以为然地对自己说，那个温柔的点究竟是什么？为何不那么做呢？我的朋友们会长时间坐在那儿。海滩上有塑料桌子和紫色的椅子，午夜时分，人们会出来吃烧烤，在月光下闪闪发光。小贩们发光的塑料动物围绕在他们身边。小贩们做了沙圈，围住了动物。

这儿很安静。只有那些小老百姓会出来在沙滩上一起吃月光晚餐。椅子有时会翻倒在沙滩上。朦胧，没有时间概念的夜晚。悬崖周围，我的路上，铺高的木栈道上，一群直派滑轮者从我身边经过，就像一阵鬼魅的风，带着闪烁的轮子，宣告他们的到来，在他们离开之后还有声响萦绕着我久久不去。他们用友好的媒介丈量着这个城市。

Notes

注释

- p.1 / 45 果冷 Guoleng
- p.4 / 48 阿炳 Abing, 1893-1950, musician and composer from Wuxi who used his street music to make political comments during the Japanese occupation, only six of his compositions were documented with recordings. 阿炳 1893-1950 音乐家, 作曲家, 无锡人。在日军侵华期间曾将其街头音乐用于政治评论。所作乐曲仅六首留有记录。
- p.6 / 48 <http://news.stanford.edu/news/2006/june7/flat-060706.html>
- p.7 / 48 Z. Liu et al: *Influence of Taoism on the invention of the purple pigment used on the Qin terracotta warriors*, in *Journal of Archaeological Science*, Vol. 34, Issue 11, p. 1878-1883, 2007
- p.8 / 49 Stephen Rand & William Fisher, University of Michigan, 13.4.2015 <http://ns.umich.edu/new/releases/8368>
- p.9 / 50 Idries Shah, *The Sufis*, Jonathan Cape, p.1-11, 1964
- p.9 / 50 滄海桑田 expression stemming from the Legend of Magu, found in the 'Biographies of Divine Immortals' (神仙傳)
- p.12 / 52 方舟子 Fang Zhouzi, *1967
- p.13 / 52 何祚庥 He Zuoxiu, *1927
- p.13 / 52 何祚庥: 苏联科学界批判量子力学中的唯心主义观点, 1952年5月21日, 人民日报
- p.14 / 52 Danian Hu, *The Reception of Relativity in China*, in *Isis* Vol. 93 p. 539-557, University of Chicago Press, 2007
- p.14 / 53 Ke Chiang Hsieh, *Misuse of Einstein's Relativity Theory: "President Jiang stated at a joint press conference with President Clinton on October 29, 1997"*
- p.16 / 54 Mats Olsson, Swedish original, 2012: "verkligheten som en del av fiktionen"
- p.17 順 Shun
- p.18 / 53 Interviews: 29.5.2007 <http://news.sina.com.cn/c/h/2007-05-29/150613103492.shtml>, 22.1.2015 <http://www.wantchinatimes.com/news-subclass-cnt.aspx?id=20150122000019&cid=1103>

- p.18 / 53 陈晓旭 Chen Xiaoxu, 1965 - 2007, the TV series of the Dream of the Red Chamber in which she played Lin Daiyu was broadcasted on CCTV in 1987. 陈晓旭 1965 - 2007, 在电视连续剧《红楼梦》中饰演林黛玉一角。该剧于1987年在央视播出。
- p.22 / 47 阿炳: 二泉映月, Abing, *Two Fountains Reflecting the Moon*
- p.23 / 56 洋 yang
- p.25 <http://ccontext.org/zhuangzi/tree-on-the-mountain#n2860>
- p.28 / 57 马西 Marcie
- p.28 / 58 Charlie Brown is the protagonist of an US-american comic strip called the Peanuts which has been distributed across newspapers since the 50s. 查理·布朗是美国连载漫画《花生漫画》中的主人公, 自上世纪五十年代开始在各大报纸连载。
- p.30 Caspar David Friedrich, 1774 - 1840, German Romantic landscape painter, discussed in relation to the sublime.
- p.31 Martin Chaplin on phenomena and recent studies of water, http://www1.lsbu.ac.uk/water/water_sitemap.html
- p.33 拆拿 Chai na: to demolish and to take.
- p.34 Julie Y. Chu, *Cosmologies of Credit, Transnational Mobility and the Politics of Destination in China*, Duke Press, 2010
- p.39 Jean-Francois Billeter, *Das Wirken in den Dingen, Vier Vorlesungen über den Zhuangzi*, Matthes & Seitz, 2015
- cover 曹雪芹: 红楼梦石头记, Cao Xueqin, *The Story of the Stone or Dream of the Red Chamber*, China, 18th Century, original lines: “假做真時真亦假 / 無為有處有還無。”
封皮 Christa Wolf, *Leibhaftig*, p.67, Luchterhand, 2002; German original: “[Die Wirklichkeit] ist dann am dichtesten, wenn wir sie ganz und gar nicht glauben können.”

基于经济方面压力, 此处所印的中文翻译系原文缩减版。作者对该不一致性深表抱歉。

The Chinese translation printed here is based on a shortened version of the original text. The author is sorry for the inconsistency. Reasons for it were purely economical.

Colophon

书尾题署

Poems of the Cold 寒冷之诗

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Print location 印刷地	Xiamen City, Fujian Province, P.R. China 厦门市, 福建, 中华人民共和国 2015

This book was made during an artist residency at the Chinese European Art Center with the generous support of the National German Academic Foundation and Marianne Ingenwerth Foundation. Distributed through postcard vendors in Xiamen who received copies in the summer of 2015. Contact the artist via her website for more information.

本书完成于中国欧洲艺术中心艺术家驻馆项目期间。幸得德国国家学术基金会及 Marianne Ingenwerth 基金会慷慨支持。书籍通过厦门明信片销售商发行。销售商于2015年夏天获得书籍印刷版。欲了解艺术家更多信息，请通过其网站与其联系。

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“假做真時真亦假，無為有處有還無。”

曹雪芹

“我们越难以置信，事实就愈加鲜明。”

克里斯塔·沃尔夫

„Truth becomes fiction when the fiction's true;
Real becomes not-real where the unreal's real.“

Cao Xuexin

„Reality is densest when we cannot believe in it at all.“

Christa Wolf



Botanical Garden, Xiamen University

厦门大学植物园





On the Beach, Xiamen

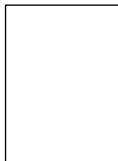
厦门海滩





Pearl-making bowl, Xiamen

厦门制珍珠盆



陈晓旭

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Pavilion inbetween roads, Xiamen

厦门路间的亭子





Botanical Garden, Xiamen University

厦门大学植物园



Bo Ya

- *Qin Shi* #38; other *qin* bios

Bo Ya is the most famous Chinese musician from antiquity, but about him we have no facts, only legend.⁴ **Early accounts** tell of his ability to express himself on the *qin*, and about never playing again after the death of *Ziqi*, the only person who ever understood his music; but none of these sources gives any specifics about his life, at most identifying him as having lived during the Spring and Autumn Period (777 - 476 BCE), with no mention of where he was from. He is not mentioned in the Book of History (*Shi Ji*) and the other classical texts add few specifics other than that when he played horses looked up to listen, that only *Ziqi* was able to understand when *Boya* described in his music mountains or streams, and that this is why after *Ziqi* died *Boya* broke his strings. All other stories seem to be later additions except for the one that he had a *qin* named *dizhong*.⁵

Regarding his name, all the ancient sources seem to give "Bo Ya" as the complete name. Later sources, however, often say his surname was Yu, making his full name *Yu Boya*. In addition, some *qin* references also call him *Yu Duan* or *Yu Rui*. However, the attribution to him of these names seems to have originated in the Song or Ming dynasties.⁶

Likewise with stories that he was from the ancient state of *Chu*.⁷ Although it seems common today to state this as a fact, the source of this story is unclear - perhaps of the same origin as that his surname was Yu. On the other hand, the *qin* pavilion associated with him in Hanyang (part of the modern city of Wuhan) are said to be just the latest in a series of such pavilions that have been there since at least the Song dynasty. Perhaps this suggests an association of *Bo Ya* with *Chu* dating earlier, but did other places also claim a connection with him?

The entry for *Boya* in *Qin Shi* is as follows,¹⁹

A great *qin* player of antiquity, praised after the Spring and Autumn Period and mentioned in books everywhere. He originally studied the *qin* from *Cheng Lian*. After three years he became proficient, but still hadn't achieved feelings of solitary beauty. *Cheng Lian* said, Although I can pass on melodies, I cannot affect peoples' feelings. My teacher *Fang Zichun*, who lives in the Eastern Sea, can do this. Shouldn't you study with him? So *Cheng Lian* took *Boya* to *Penglai Mountain*²⁰ in the Eastern Sea. Leaving *Boya* (there, *Cheng Lian* said, Stay here and practise; I will go meet my teacher (to bring him here). He then rowed off in his boat. When *Cheng Lian* didn't return for 10 days, *Boya* became very troubled. He stretched his neck and looked in all directions. All was calm and there was no one, only the crashing of waves and the sad cries of sea birds. He then looked up at heaven and sighed, My master actually meant no human teacher; this must be the way to move my spirit! He then took up his *qin* and created *Melody of the Water Immortals*; so it is said. *Xun Qing (Xunzi)* once said, When *Boya* played the *qin* six (imperial) horses looked up as they ate grass. If birds and beasts were moved, how much more would people be!

19. The original Chinese of *Boya's* biography in *Qin Shi* (琴史 卷二, 十二號) is as follows (compare other early *Shuizian Cao* introductions).

伯牙，古之善琴者也。見稱於春秋之後，雖見於諸家之書。嘗學鼓琴於成連先生。三年而成，神妙寂寞之佳未能得也。或謂曰：我嘗傳曲，未能移人之情。我師方春在東海中能移人情，與子共事之乎？乃共至東海上蓬萊山。留伯牙，曰：子居習之，我將迎師，刺船而去。旬日不返，（伯）牙心悲，延頸四望。寂寞無人，徒聞海水洶湧。群鳥悲鳴。仰天歎曰：先生亦以無師矣，蓋將移我情乎！乃援琴而作「水仙之操」。云。荀勗曾曰：伯牙鼓琴，六馬仰秣。鳥、獸猶感之，況於人乎？

(Return)

20. **Penglai 蓬萊** (Wikipedia)

The image at right is from 32596.83 蓬萊, which says the source is 山川典 *Shanchuan Dian* (8043.XXX). Although generally referred to as a mountain (蓬萊山), the mountain was said to have been on an island in the Eastern Sea, and so *Penglai* may also refer to the island (蓬萊仙島). On the north coast of Shandong province there is a *Penglai City* (Wiki) which claims that the *Eight Immortals* set off from here and that several emperors came here searching for an elixir of immortality. The melody that *Boya* is said to have created here, *Melody of the Water Immortals* (水仙之操 *Shui Xian zhi Cao*), concerns learning music from nature. Other stories have him creating this melody at *Mount Tai* and then playing it for *Ziqi* while moored on a boat near *Hanyang* (see *above* and under *Shuizian Cao*).

(Return)

伯牙

琴史 #38

Boya at the *Wuhan Guqin Terrace*³ (compare *painting*)

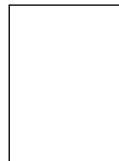


蓬萊山圖 Mt. Penglai



Screenshot #3 16.7.2015

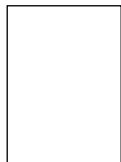
快照 #3 16.7.2015





Storm, view onto the mainland, Xiamen

厦门暴风雨，岛内的风景



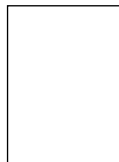
厦门市海员培训中心
XIAMEN SEAFARER TRAINING CENTER



厦门市海员培训中心
XIAMEN SEAFARER TRAINING CENTER

Seafarer Training Center, Daxue Lu, Xiamen

厦门大学路海员培训中心





At Nanputuo Temple, Xiamen

厦门南普陀寺





At Nanputuo Temple, Xiamen

厦门南普陀寺



Openness and the culture of the ocean: The Fujianese way to grow wealth

Updated: 06 Jul 2015 [Share this news?...](#) [Click box](#) [SHARE](#) [Wox](#) [Mobile](#)

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They are all billionaire tycoons, but what else do Henry Sy, Lucio Tan, Andrew Tan, and John Gokongwei have in common?

They or their families originated from Fujian, a coastal province in southeastern China.

Fujian is also one of China's richest regions, coming in at 8th out of 31 administrative divisions in terms of GDP per capita in 2014, according to China's National Bureau of Statistics.

In separate interviews, Dr. Chu Yanli, a senior counselor at the Foreign Affairs Office of Fujian Provincial People's Government, and Zheng Zhiqiang, deputy director of the Foreign Affairs Office of the city of Quanzhou in Fujian, said that many aspects of life in the province can be seen as factors that contributed to the Fujianese ability to grow money.

One of these, said Chu, is the ocean and its bounty.

"I was told that people [of Fujian] eat more fish, more seafood, so they became smarter. That's one factor," Chu told visiting reporters from the Philippines and Thailand on Tuesday.

"The culture of the ocean also helped them because the ocean always changes. It brings storm, tsunami and yet sometimes it is very calm. They have to face the challenges which made them very strong," she added.

Chu added that the dealing with the wide open sea allowed the Fujianese to be braver and more accepting of others.

Expats' success helped Quanzhou's growth

Until railways and roads were built in the mid-20th century to provide access through the mountains, Fujian was a secluded province with limited land, even in its largest city, Quanzhou. The province became a place for innovative ideas and placing value on education.

"Quanzhou has a large population but the land is very limited. During the ancient times, they did not have enough food so they had to find other ways to make a living. They had to start small business, even in the province or in other countries," said Zheng.

"In the 1980s, Quanzhou is ranked sixth of the nine prefecture-level cities of Fujian in terms of gross domestic product, but now it is number one for the past 16 years," Zheng said.

He said the overseas Chinese helped Quanzhou in its development.

he said.

He added that his ancestors stayed in Luzon, but he did not know exactly where. He said his grandfather died and was buried in the Philippines in 1938.

According to Zheng, some 15.8 million overseas Chinese are from Fujian, with around 8 million of them from Quanzhou. And of this number, about one million are now living in the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore.



[cholee](#)
Male

From [Australia](#)



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@warningmen Good info, thank you.

[Top](#) [Bottom](#)

@others

People get cheated because of greed, as greed can blind a person's judgment.

As Xiamen grows to a much bigger city, as its general wealth grows, this sort of fraud will grow with it.

Piece of advice - Stay away from the temptation of a big profit, stop thinking that you are special because people here treat you like one; there is no such thing as a free lunch.

Make Xiamen a memorable place to stay, don't turn it into a nightmare!

05 May 2015

Helpful (1) Not helpful (0)

[Reply this Review](#)

replied by [Sagan](#) on 13:14:05 05 May

The best things in life are free. Except freedom. Freedom isn't free. But it certainly is one of the best things in life, so...

replied by [cholee](#) on 17:31:50 05 May

Nothing is free in our commercial world these days. Once upon a time, air, water, love etc are free, they are no longer.

05 May 2015



Screenshot #5 27.7.2015

快照 #5 27.7.2015





Roads of the sea, Xiamen

厦门环岛路

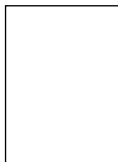
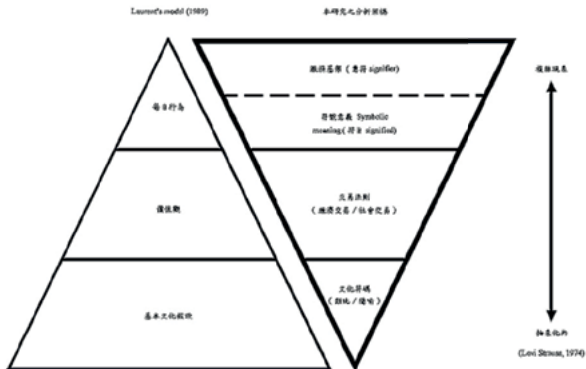


圖 1、研究架構



ions along Xiamen Metro Line

news?...Click box SHARE 新聞

green metro lines



composed of a drop of ocean water and a n men's ocean-like tolerance of different cultu green transportation solutions.



視購物頻道，在 2002 年成長 10%，業績達到 43 億 8



Screenshot #4 20.7.2015

快照 #4 20.7.2015





Old harbor at low tide, Xiamen

厦门老港口退潮



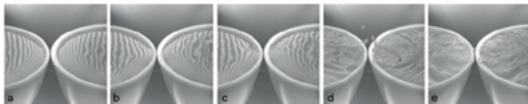


Figure 4: High speed visualization of the water bridge formation with Teflon beakers with fringe projection. (a) shows the situation without high voltage, in (b) and (c) the fringe projection shows the rising of the surfaces, in (d) levitation and droplet formation are shown, and in (e) a connection is finally formed.



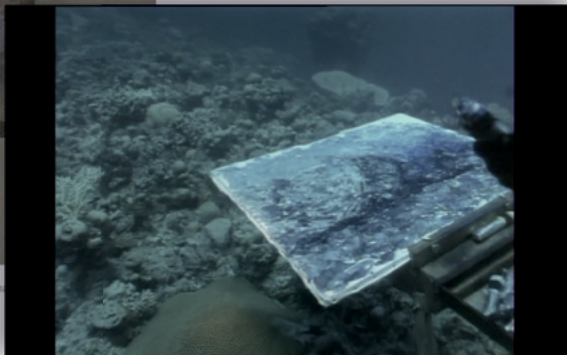
Medium: "Chinese blue" barium copper silicate

Dimensions: L. 1 1/2 in. (3.8 cm)

Classification: Glass

Credit Line: Charlotte C. and John C. Weber

Collection, Gift of Charlotte C. and John C. Weber,
1994



Pair of Octagonal Sticks

MyMet | eS Share

Period: Western Han dynasty (206 B.C.–A.D. 9)

Date: 2nd–1st century B.C.

Culture: China

Screenshot #7 2.8.2015

快照 #7 2.8.2015





Boy building a dam at low tide, Xiamen

厦门退潮时造堤坝的男孩





Sunset, Xiamen University

厦门大学落日



Send an SMS

Send a text-message (SMS)

Enter your text message here (332/3)

when you receive this you still have half an hour,
so wait until I know what to say - a pause is ok -
remember the sonar and the territorial occupation of frequencies,
and the story from the zhuangzi about confucius and the swimmer
'I follow the way of the water, and do nothing contrary to it of
myself - this is how I tread it.'

Caller id

+8613124070618

Enter the mobile phone number(s) you want to text (comma separated). Max. 20 at a time.:

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Add contacts

Make sure you enter both phone numbers in the international format, for instance for calls to/from Dutch phones: +31623456789

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Send message at the following date and time:

29 August 2015 at 16:30, GMT-12:00

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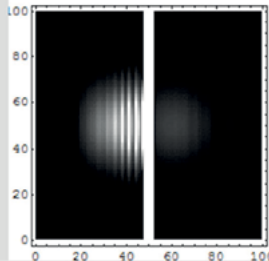
< Send >

Used Characters: 332

Number of text messages needed: 3 *

* Special characters such as ç, @, €, etc. can result in

longer messages which are sent in multiple messages, but in fact combined in one when received. You will be notified if this happens. To prevent this, check the number of messages needed before clicking the send button.



Make a call?

Screenshot #2 15.7.2015

快照 #2 15.7.2015





Housing on campus by Baicheng beach, Xiamen University

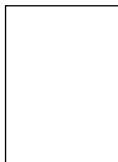
厦门大学白城海滩边的校内楼房





Sports, Xiamen University

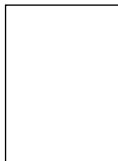
厦门大学运动





Sports, Xiamen University

厦门大学运动



56 students launch 'facelift' for Furong Tunnel at Xiamen University

Updated: 25 May 2015

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Read more on Xiamen University Furong Tunnel



All the students have learnt painting and they are devoted to removing the graffiti left by uncivilized tourists. It is the first time that students from other schools have participated in repairing the tunnel.

On May 23rd, 56 senior high school students began their repair project for the Furong Tunnel, China's most artistic tunnel, in Xiamen University. All of the students are from a charity organization called "Love Relay: Flames of Fire".

All the students have learnt painting and they are devoted to removing the graffiti left by uncivilized tourists. It is the first time that students from other schools have participated in repairing the tunnel.

"The graffiti drawn by the students of Xiamen University looked amazing when they were first created, but many of them have been destroyed by words or drawings by the tourists. I hope our activity will draw the attention of the public about the importance of protecting the graffiti in the tunnel," said one of the senior high school students.

The charity organization "Love Relay: Flames of Fire" was founded by students of Xiamen No.1 High School in 2012. It has established cooperation with 46 schools in the city, promoting charity sales and volunteer activities among students.

On May 2nd, it successfully raised donations of more than 40,000 yuan at a charity night event. All the donations will be given to charity organizations to help needy students.

[Click to read Chinese version](#)

SOURCE: WOX Team

of Miss University
stop

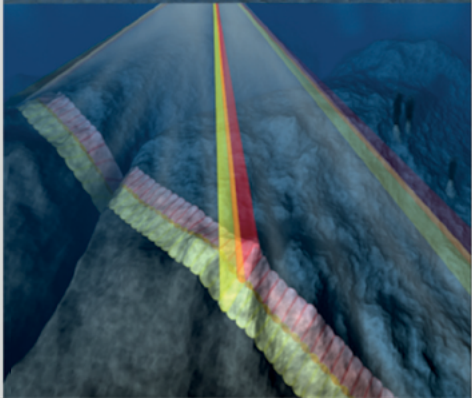
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- 2015 China (Xiamen) Expo for Babies August (1)



Screenshot #6 30.7.2015

快照 #6 30.7.2015





Archaeology, Xiamen University

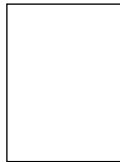
厦门大学考古





Sports, Xiamen University

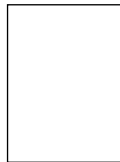
厦门大学运动





Communal kitchen of the Third Oceanographic Institute of
the State Oceanic Administration, Xiamen

厦门国家海洋局海洋三所公共食堂





Shuiku water reservoir, Xiamen University

厦门大学水库





Baicheng Beach, Xiamen

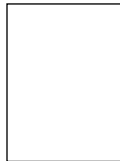
厦门白城沙滩



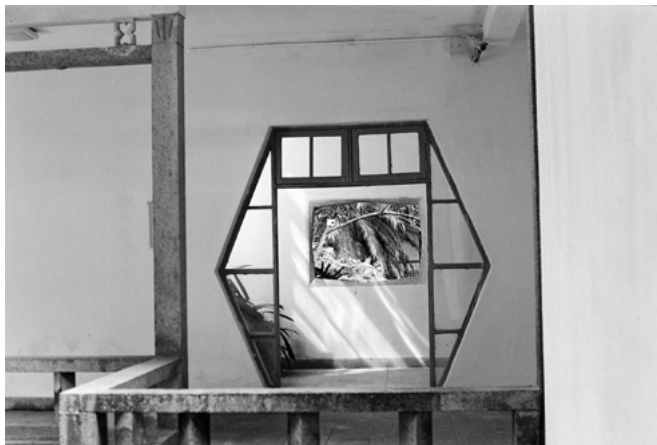


Screenshot #8 10.8.2015

快照 #8 10.8.2015



此盒包含30封彩色明信片以及一个
当地的短篇故事, 中英双语。



This box includes 30 color postcards and
a short story in English and Mandarin.