

**BURROW BAY MOON**

**洞穴湾之月**

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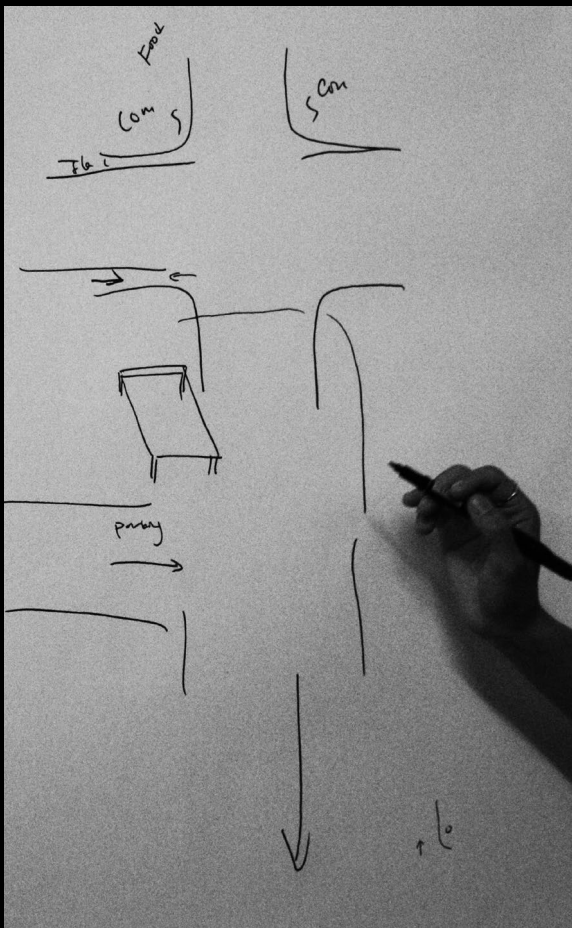




2017年十月及十一月在上午艺术空间为期六周的访问期间，我行走，浏览笔记，写作。接近尾声的时候，我们和一个十人团队一起组织了一个为期四天的工作坊，我们探索的是在大街上利用充满想象的简短文本作为介入。此外，德国驻上海总领事馆文化教育处还邀请了艺术家于吉，戏剧制作人凯·图赫曼，赵川，以及我做了一个公开座谈。我们利用这个契机一起实验，并以简单的脉络重新讨论了一下过去的作品。我们进行了周密的规划，最后达成一致，认为要侧重的唯一一层概念是“文本的观念”，这从略显拙劣的标题“织造”上即可看出。我持续思考实验中出现的结果，于是那晚的一些印象，以及我对某天在明当代美术馆展览“流动者会议”中所见所闻的回忆都被放入了书籍的最后部分。这次驻地给予我的时间、环境、对话和际遇都是无价的。

以下散文诗源于成百条笔记，是一部小说的概念，后被压缩成了几页，横空出世。它的本质依然是片段式的，随意的。我希望，通过魔术戏法般的重复逻辑，能激发出一些思想。











During the six weeks visiting an Art Space in October and November 2017, I was walking, looking at notes, and writing. Toward the end, we organised a little four-day workshop where, with a group of ten people, we explored using short imaginative texts as interventions in the street. Furthermore, the Cultural Department of the German Consulate General invited artist Yu Ji, theatremakers Kai Tuchmann and Zhao Chuan, and me to do a public panel. It was an occasion we used to experiment, revisiting past work in a very simple set-up together. Planning it generously, the only conceptual stratifier we colluded to focus on was 'notions of text', reflected in the somewhat clumsy title "Contexture". I carry on thinking about what emerged in the experiment, so a few impressions from that night are enclosed in the back, as well as a reflection of a day I witnessed at Ming Museum's exhibition "Precariat's Meeting". The time and atmosphere given to me through this residency as well as conversations and encounters have been invaluable.

Starting from hundreds of notes, the following prose poem is a concept for a novel compressed into a few pages, bursting to take shape. Its nature is still fragmented and informal. I hope that, by a recurrent logic of magical conjuring, a few ideas can be evoked.



## 洞穴湾之月

什么是多余的。一直在下雨。黄昏时分，撑着一把薄荷色的伞走过带有围墙的宽阔街道，宁静、美丽、湿润、泛蓝。在你给我的文档中，我走入了小小的世界。二十余年观察和写作积累起来的笔记。从工作中完全解放，我想住在那儿。

悬铃木，穿梭而过的汽车上移动的聚光灯，雨伞下匆忙的脚步，还有潮湿的边缘，这些让我想起了什么：我会带大家去散个步。我们从不知道何时停止步行，步行曾一度是我们人生的基本形式，那时我们也在狂乱中穿越彼此的身体；步行即思考，思考即说话，写作即步行。在今天的雨中行走出你的故事。我是你期待中的吗？

你从报纸一篇文章中摘录了一段文字，说的是早年德国的一部中篇小说。从那时起你就将它带在身边，而我总是猜想你是否将其当做一种象征，因为你觉得你和主人公有几分相似之处。但我不能苟同。只有当你扮演他的时候，你才像他：“雅各布给自己设定了任务，要洞悉他们的奥秘。他对待他们并无尊重，有的只是孩童厚脸皮的自信，他已习惯于他自身的所有顽劣，这些顽劣以可爱为借口，混合着厚颜无耻，以及明显不诚实的自贬，冲着自己的不诚实傻笑，自信地认为坦白能缓和所有批评，但如果不行，也并不真正在乎。那个他想用于自身的词汇，那个他希望世界用在他身上的词汇，是顽皮。而顽童是一个淘气的精灵；顽童也是一个没有那么恶毒的恶魔。”<sup>[1]</sup> 这张薄薄的纸片被贴到了第一个盒子上。藏在底下的一切似乎都混合在了一起。我不知道你想让我找到什么。

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[1] 指一对兄妹，20世纪初欧洲一座没有具体名字的城市，他们在自己为小男孩开设的机构教育主人公雅考伯成为仆人。中篇小说《雅考伯·冯·贡腾》是瑞士作家罗伯特·瓦尔泽发表于1909年的作品。节选部分选自库切的《罗伯特·瓦尔泽的才智》，《纽约书评》2000.11.02。



从这个城市的地下出发来写作。基建。里面是空气所在的地方，外面是土和其他东西。什么传递到了里面。与此同时，从表面上看，风景决定了运动，这些地道没有风景，空间中没有运动，那儿只有带有轮廓的空间。在地下，边缘上没有立足点，你也不知道自己能否一跃而过。因为那种恐惧无法在城市地道中存在，这和矿井不同，因此和所有开采点也截然不同。所以说，地下的生活确实是泥土做成的。没有窗户。这就是你们所有人有朝一日都会来避难的地方，就像某些族群曾在山中永远躲避。想想这个充斥着死亡和财富的星球，再想想入土的不堪，无法治愈，无法康复，只有需要应对集体拥堵的环境。<sup>[2]</sup>我正在从这开始写作，以得到消化，尽管我知道多数人自身几乎未参与到这种拥挤中。你曾说过，在城市的街道中，只有孤独的尸体静止不动，而现在，我发现这是因为单行车道上活跃的思想极其在乎。这些地道是你书写自身的场所。

现在，已经有了一条通往月球的通道，这是我被允许下行至镜之城的唯一通道。我想让它的周期节奏引导我的步行。今天看上去有一轮白昼之月，渐盈的新月告知我要顺着一条危险的道路行走，穿过地道，我就会在它整个的正中间了。

你曾经给一个不太熟识的男人写过一封充满热情的信。你在人行道上看到一只死猫腐败的尸体之后，做了这件事。前些天，就在你的房子前面，它的尸体被拖来拽去，一些路人曾试图摆脱它，或者敷衍地将看似尊严的东西归还给死去的它，这样它就能继续证明它的存在了。一个垃圾桶底，两只小小的爪子从折叠着的广告海报中探了出来。还是这个垃圾桶，上面也有一具光秃秃的狐红色尸体，它正在努力对抗着重力。猫背没有被海报包住，从垃圾车里突了出来。尸体自然而然已经成了垃圾车延伸

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[2] 乔治·巴代伊 1958《非知识的未完成系统》中的《拥挤的星球》。这本书就在那儿。我记得她有次给我看过书的第一句：“充斥着死亡和财富的星球，一声尖叫穿破了云层。”



出去的一部分。你一边摇摆，一边告诉我你的信。

我暗自在目前如何能与你建立关系的两极间摇摆。这个项目规模很大。这是你我二人的宏大文化，非我们的社会体所能企及，而只能通过我们微小生命的天体来实现。我只是在思考你给我的东西，但是思考对形式的责任让我感到绝望。“知识就是力量。”这一言论用基本的语言的实际植入围墙和地毯中，从而变出一个你过去常去的图书馆，这是怎样一种力量。在这段路中，我想在地道的墙上刻字，转而也在我们自身写上液体的魔咒。

那天晚上在没有很多人的演讲大厅看到他，让你很不愉快。你衣服之下的肌肤似乎在冰冷的指尖触碰下燃烧。他们一直在将瓶装水稳步抬到四楼，但又颤抖着将一个空瓶子扔了出来。他的视线让你暴露，他的照顾让你精疲力竭。他一整天都在走来走去，长时间地观察，有时过多变幻多端的理解将他席卷而去。继而从单纯的理解中移步，追随着一条线索而去，而世界并不知道自己给过这样的线索。一种敏感而费解的预感。他以同样的方式走进了房间。不是完全的自信。霓虹灯闪烁的光芒掩盖了他所坐的地方，依旧在接受一座建筑的景象，这座建筑的形状你无从考量，其目的在于提供暗示，而非信息，噢，如此有力。演讲者在前方准备开场，你不知晓应该支持哪方。你不得不在一个角落闭上双眼，他的呼吸弥漫着整个房间，你被听到他呼吸的感觉所占据。

这些地道是灯光没有四射的聚光灯。很快，残月就落在了地平线上，从这个地道系统中依稀可见，它渴望通过消失来发出光芒。

一天，在图书馆前，他看到一个女人正在和一个小孩玩耍。一辆小滑板车停在他们的前面，其中一个轮子伸到了空中。女人将白色的手套塞进了车轮的防滑套中，开始旋转，于是她的手指便在空中摇晃了。男孩看着她 and 车，乐在其中。当天稍晚一点的时候，受一些年长艺术家之邀，



## **BURROW BAY MOON**

*What is expendable. It's been pouring rain. Walking through generous wall-framed streets under a mint-coloured umbrella at dusk, peaceful, beautiful, wet, and blue. In the archive you gave me, I enter little worlds. Collected notes of nearly twenty years of observing and writing. Taking all leave from work, I want to dwell there.*

*What the plane trees and moving spotlights from passing cars, hustling legs, and wet hemlines make me think of: I will take us for a walk. We never knew when to stop walking, walk was the basic pattern of our lives at a time when we were also travelling across each other's body in a frenzy; walking that was thinking, thinking that was speaking, and writing that was walking. Walking your story in the rain today. Am I at your will?*

You copied a passage from a newspaper article about an old German novella. You kept it close since, and I always wondered if you used it as a token because you thought you shared something with the main character. But I have to disagree. You were only like him when you played: "Jakob sets himself the task of penetrating their mystery. He treats them not with respect but with the cheeky self-assurance of a child who is used to having any mischief on his part excused as cute, mixing effrontery with patently insincere self-abasement, giggling at his own insincerity, confident that candor will disarm all



criticism, but not really caring if it does not. The word he would like to apply to himself, that he would like the world to apply to him, is impish. An imp is a mischievous sprite; an imp is also a lesser devil."<sup>[1]</sup> This thin piece of paper was pasted onto the first box. What lies beneath seems all mixed up. I have no idea what you intend for me to find.

Writing from the city's negative below. Infrastructure. Inside is where air is, outside mud and stuff. What carries over to the inside. While, on the surface, moving is informed by landscape, these tunnels do not have a landscape, there is no moving in between spaces, outlined spaces are all there is. In this negative, there is no standing on the edge and knowing that you are able to jump. Because that fear cannot exist in city tunnels, differently from mining shafts and therefore fundamentally different from all extractive sites, because of that, life down here is truly earthen. No windows. This is where you all will come to take shelter one day the way communities did in the mountains forever. Think of this planet congested by death and wealth, and consider the inelegance of going earthen, not a cure, not healing, but the condition for coping

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[1] Refers to a couple, brother and sister, educating the protagonist Jakob as a servant at their institute for young boys in an undefined European city in the early 1900s. The novella is *Jakob von Gunten* by Swiss author Robert Walser published in 1909. Cut-out taken from Coetzee, J.M. *The Genius of Robert Walser*, in *The New York Review of Books*, 2000.11.02.

[2] Bataille, Georges. 1958. "The Congested Planet", in *the unfinished system of nonknowledge*. The book is also right there. I remember her showing me the opening line of this text once: "The planet congested by death and wealth, a scream pierces the clouds."



他要去讨论一个项目。他刚吃完一顿丰盛的晚餐，为了促进消化，就没坐电梯，从楼梯上走下去，经过了几个在建的楼层。工人们身穿大厨的制服，甚至还戴着高高的白色帽子。他们顺着楼梯爬上爬下，搬运冒着热气的碎石。他不得不把灰尘从眼睛里揉出来，再加入他们的队列，却又感到自己的穿着与这场景格格不入。

他最喜欢的经典句子源于“星际迷航”系列电视剧的斯波克先生，伏尔甘对一个侮辱他的人坦率地声明：“我反对你。我反对没有原则的才智。我反对没有建设作用的力量。”这，未曾遇见你的朋友，但觉得似乎我在这儿认识了他，似乎准确描绘出了他的目的。我经常绞尽脑汁写作，而他让他触及的一切发出坠入水中的声音。你遇见他，是在一个艺术空间他举办的关于护理的系列讲座上，他和你一样，也是一个艺术家，但他对别人而言是一个更显而易见的促进者。他和你关于护理的观点是相关的吗。

如你所愿带着思想去散个步，我发现了越来越多的地道，都是城市的必要建筑，却和景观的要求大相径庭，多数是出于家到单位之间的通勤之需。即便在你脏乱的城市，也存在这种需求的建筑。除此之外，挖掘很少是为了好玩，所以在这儿，我不是被怂恿的，我是被迫的。有一个责任的迷宫在严格引导着我。地道是弯曲的原因，洞穴的语法不尽人意，你想要让我经历欲望，欲望，我现在在阅读，与朴素有关。我真的厌恶那个。请来世再和我玩。在你的城市，我总是被注入所有缝隙的混凝土所保护，正如装上了牙齿来避免灰尘跑到地下。天空在哪可以触碰到你。想到你在这儿，我无需敏捷。疆域进一步恶化，因为往上挖之后，我想开始往下挖，挖一条月球通道，避免自己发生和地形相关的定位。你的礼物让我窒息。

沉闷的阴郁中，你走了。这轮新月依旧依稀可见，我发现在黑暗中靠近你，得以将悲伤留在了海湾。

我无法再公开你信件的内容了。那将会重新制造出同样的效果。但请允



with collective congestion.<sup>[2]</sup> I am writing from here to digest, though I know most people have hardly participated in the congesting ourselves. On city streets only lonely corpses stay unmoving, you said, and now I see that it's because living minds on one-way tracks cannot care enough. These tunnels are where you wrote yourself.

Now, here is a channel to the moon already, the only channels I've allowed to go under into the mirror city. I want the rhythm of its phases to direct my walking. Today appears a daytime moon, its full crescent dictating me to follow a haphazard path through the tunnels, and I am right in the middle of it all.

Once you wrote a passionate letter to a man you didn't know well at the time. After seeing a dead cat's corpse collapsed on the pavement, that's what you did. During previous days, in front of your house, its body had been shuffled here and there, some passersby having tried to get rid of it, or return what seemed like dignity to the dead, halfheartedly, so that it kept proving its existence. Two little paws sticking out of a folded billboard poster at the foot of a garbage can. A barren fox-red corpse on top of the same can was defying gravity rigorously. Cat back wrapped in poster unsuccessfully sticking out of dumpster. Corpse naturalised as extension of garbage can. You were swaying while you told me about your letter.

And secretly I sway between poles of how I can relate to you now. This project has an outrageous scale, this is your and my



mass culture, out of touch with our social body, but a celestial body to our little physical lives. I am just mediating what you handed me, but the responsibility for the form the mediation takes makes me desperate. *Knowledge is power*, conjures the library you used to go to by embedding this statement in walls and carpets in cardinal languages, what kind of power. During this walk I want to engrave the tunnel walls to put a liquid spell on us in turn.

Seeing him that night in the half-empty lecture hall left you wretched. The skin under your clothes seemed to be burning up against cold fingertips. They had been steady carrying up bottles of water to the fourth floor but trembling throwing an empty one out. His sight left you exposed and his attendance drained you. He had been walking around all day, observant over long stretches of time, and at times carried away on transformative excesses of understanding. Then, moving away from mere understanding, following a hint the world didn't know it had given. A sensitive inexplicable hunch. He walked into the room in the same way. Not exactly confident. Glaring neon-lights covered where he sat down, still taking in the spectacle of an architecture in a shape you couldn't survey, designed to be suggestive, not informative, oh so powerful. Speakers were preparing to start in the front and you didn't know which side to take. You had to close your eyes in a corner and let the sensation of hearing his breath across the room take over.



许我详细解释一下寄这封信对于你的意义，同时也让我切勿忘记，这并非一条静止的地道，即便它黑得不见四壁。你的信充满热情，并非因为其中包含的浪漫因素，而是因为你所想做的一切，就是将你的想法与他分享，因为你的付出，你忘了事实上你正在操纵他的位置，入侵其中，而忽略了你在强行给他上色，而他可能再也无法从这种颜色中逃脱。即便如此充满热情，你们认识彼此却没有很长时间，而他也没想要让你们在你们的友谊中占据一席之地。只有随着时间的流逝，和你一样的目击者才会参与更多。你不知道何时停止，尽管你善于倾听，兴许甚至善解人意。也许因为你了解得很全面，你误以为和你一起分享的东西，就是其中包涵的。不要认为你能成为其中的一部分。要清楚你的承诺。不要在错误的时间热情四溢。现在，我能看到你是怎样建立关系的。不，还没有，在此我还需进一步将你展开。你的热情是暴力。在你小时候，你在大腿上纹了“热情”二字的刺青，但是永恒热情的暴力，那些丝毫不会让你冒险却会让付出者更加袒露自己的热情，这个刺青中的暴力让你在“热情”一词的前两个字母之后停了下来。噢，当我在你身上找到它。你如何长期不能明白，它是一个纪念性的刺青，即便只是一摩尔的大小，也包含了准确的警告。你的热情：你自身意志未经调停的暴行将维护和肯定那些你所敬佩及希望支持的人的行为。

但是他通过抽离的方式，让自己保持坚强，这种方式他曾经只用于应付不针对他的事情。他能忽视你的背叛，而且似乎你是唯一一个记得这封热情洋溢的信的人。

最最亲爱的同谋，我生命中唯一的同谋，什么是诱惑。你总是因此置身疲倦和放松之间。偶尔，我也不能发现那些被认为是合理的事物。我们要如何找到一条出路。这些天，我从路途中的人们身边经过，他们在卫衣上写着梦想，在雨披上写着警察，在墙上写着自控，在夹克衫上写着细菌。我能看到他们附加给自己的东西，但是我看不到是什么让他们无力。你从他



These tunnels are spotlights that do not scatter to the sides. Before long, the waning moon rests on a horizon invisible from this system, desiring to crescent by disappearing.

One day in front of the library, he saw a woman playing with a small child. A little scooter was lying in front of them, so that one of the wheels reached into the air. The woman stuck white gloves into its spikes and started spinning, so that the fingers were waving around in the air. The boy had so much fun looking at them. Later that same day, invited by some elderly artists to discuss a project, he had just finished an extravagant dinner, instead of taking the elevator he was climbing down the stairs of the restaurant to help digestion, and passed several floors under construction. Workers wore chef's uniforms, even high white hats. They were climbing up and down the stairs carrying steaming rubble. He had to wipe dust from his eyes and joined their procession, feeling inadequately dressed for the occasion.

His favourite quote was from Mr. Spock in the Star Trek TV series, where the Vulcan plainly declares to a man who insults him: "I object to you. I object to intellect without discipline. I object to power without constructive purpose." This, not having met your friend, but feeling as if I was getting to know him here, seems to describe his own sense of purpose accurately. While I often wring myself for words, he made everything he touched ring like drops falling into water. You met him through a lecture series on nursing he had organised



at an art space, himself an artist, like you, but much more an obvious facilitator for others. Was he relating to your notions of care.

Taking thinking for a walk at your will, I discover more and more tunnels, all constructed by a necessity of the city which diverts from what landscape dictates, mostly in order to go between home and job. Even in your messy city this structure of need exists. Apart from that, digging is seldomly done for leisure, so in here I am not seduced, I am urged. A responsible maze directing me strictly. Tunnels underlie flection, and the grammar of the burrow is unfulfilling, you wanted me to experience lust, lust, I read now, is connected to austerity. I really hate that. Please play with me in the afterlife. In your city I am always protected by the concrete which has been poured into all gaps, as teeth are filled to keep dirt from going underground. Where sky could touch you. I have no need for dexterities when thinking of you in here. Territories deteriorate, because I want to start digging down after digging up to make lunar channels, avoiding to locate myself in relation to topography. Your gift is choking me.

Dreary bleakness, you have gone. This is new moon, still looming, and I find that getting closer to you in the darkness is keeping sadness at bay.

I can't disclose the content of your letter any longer. That would just be reproducing the same effect. But let me



elaborate on what its sending meant to you, and let me not forget, this is only a tunnel still, even if it's too dark to see the walls. Your letter was passionate, not because of romantic matters enclosed, but because all you wanted to do with it was share your vision with him, because your devotion made you oblivious to the fact that you were paternalising his place, intruding into it, disregarding that you were forcing on him a colouring he might never be able to get rid of again. To be this passionate, you hadn't known each other long enough and your friendship hadn't grown a place for you in his endeavour yet. Involvements of a witness like you grow only with time. You don't know when to stop, even though you're good at listening, maybe even at understanding. Maybe because of your integrated understanding you mistake what has been shared with you as being involved in it. Don't assume you can be part of this. Know your commitments. Don't be passionate at the wrong time. Now I can see how you built relationships. No, not yet, here I still have to unfold you even further. Your passion is violence. When you were young, you were tattooing *passion* on your thigh, but the violence of permanent passion, passion that doesn't risk yourself at all but asks the receiver to bare themselves even more, violence in this engraving made you stop after a binary *pa*. Oh when I found it on you. How, all this time, could you not have understood it as a memorial inscription, even if only the size of a mole, containing an accurate warning. Your passion: unmediated brutality of your own will to assert and affirm actions of others whom you admired and wished to support.



那儿草草记下的名言警句里面，最发人深省的一句便是“首先你要知道如何保护自己，然后你才可以干点什么。”他看起来似乎总是在做着点什么，但是，我不知道他是否被保护得很好。你说，被迫为自己辩护，逃脱各种疏忽，已经成了一种政治行为，而我觉得有时就这方面而言，疏忽对于关爱自身也是至关重要的。我坚持我的观点。你写道，街上某个女人曾问你，绝望是否是政治对抗的感觉。你还没有离开很久。这之后我应该去找他，将他的中介还给他，在我们离开之后烧掉城市吗。我问你的所有问题都会在整个周期末回来。只有我能让自己分散我所承载的，但是谁又会成为那个不幸的人，将我们所有人从死去的人那里带回来呢。

发展月球通道意味着培养我自己的情绪，和学科相违背，了解我的周期，它是处女化石的盈缺变出来的。<sup>[3]</sup>在这些通道中，我一直在改变我的主意。情绪需要我反复解读定位，来平静地区分那种培养，再为其余的施以养分。在已有地道视野的地方，我已经不再使用城市机制作为引导。<sup>[4]</sup>甚至我们仨居住的城市似乎也是建立在自私、屠杀、无耻、腐败之上的。<sup>[5]</sup>我们在那儿的时候，尸体多久会映入眼帘一次。你总是允诺你的读者，你会密切联结他们。是你充满爱的不懈努力，将你与他，你与我连结在了一起。

新月又回来了，就像清晨的一道阴影，重力的交织。

你明天早上醒来的时候，发烧让你充满泥垢的肺下沉，他的话在你的收件箱。在你的诺言里，你就像一根蜡烛，只有靠近他呼吸的那一端，才

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[3] 卢瓦·米娜 1923《月球探测器》他永远在听她引用这首诗，当她遇到我时，她停止了背诵。

[4] 她在笔记中反复使用“社会机制”一词。维基百科说，这个术语“通常是指各种制度上的、物质上的、管理上的机制和知识结构，它们在社会体中维持着权利的实施。”又见于：米歇尔·福柯 .1977. “肉体的告白”访谈。

[5] 严复，1919 年，他在一战后用这个例子来描述 300 年统治中，西方世界所得到的。有几次，它成了一句口头禅，被你周围所有人引用。



But he keeps himself strong through detachment in the way that he only ever responded to what wasn't directed at him. He could overlook this breach of yours, and it seems you were the only one remembering a passionate letter.

Dearest accomplice, only accomplice in my life, what is seduction. You always sat between exhaustion and ease because of it. Sometimes, I also can't relate to what is considered appropriate. How would we find a measure. These days I pass people in transit who wear dreams on sweatshirts, embed police in raincoats, write self-control on walls, carry bacteria on jackets. I see what they stick onto themselves, but I cannot see what makes them powerless. The most sobering quote you jotted down from him was "first you have to know how to protect yourself, and then you can do something." He seemed to have always been doing something, but I wonder, was he so well protected. Being forced to defend yourself against types of omission has become a political act, you said, while sometimes omission is central for care itself on this side, too, I think. I have picked my side. You wrote that a proper lady in the street asked you if despair was a feeling of political resistance. You haven't been gone long. Should I go and find him after this, and return to him his agency, burn the city after we leave. All my questions to you return with full periods. Only I can let myself disperse what I carry, but who will be the unfortunate person who brings us all back from the dead.



会熊熊燃烧殆尽，并且你继续给予着你的蜡，将他也揽入其中。你再一次为他起身。他有一种抽离式的慷慨。从另一方面而言，后来我们共同的承诺，利用了曾经不可挽回地泼洒而出的东西，因此无法到达和融入火焰。我们是小小的零，需要除了幻觉以外的一些东西。孤独的他。你我都在施展能力，以应对我们的上蜡，就如细菌培养一样，指望构建团体，却组织不起来。

很久后的一天，他经过了城郊一个小村落。一整天，他都坐在一座古桥旁，在水里写字。当时他无法向任何人展示他有多么一贫如洗。我想象着你坐在同一条河下游一点的位置，念错了他的字，将字驱逐出你的召唤曾途径的水晕。水在城市泥土的镣铐中以临界状态躺着，和它们一起过滤，然后将有害物质冲到已经填满的水库中。你默默支持着他。黄昏，在他回去的路上，他看到两个孩子在车库里玩耍。他们之前在人行道上放了一个手电筒，将光射到空荡荡的狭小空间，然后他们沐浴在灯光中，将他们的影子舞成了无章法的故事流，即兴的笑话随之溢出。他们没有寻找聚光灯之外的东西，他们将空间弯曲，来附和他们的想象。

谁明白怎样做会有结果。你和你朋友一致同意，只有拥有特权，才能从一堆凌乱中撤退。工作中永远没有一刻停歇。下至这儿之后，我感觉你比他更明确地将它承担起来了。

有一次，他告诉了你一段两个物理学家之间的对话，对话是在一个公用厨房里无意中听到的。他描述道，他们的幽默没有溢出到任何记录中，但是他们承诺，如果那些物理规则没能在他们讨厌的同事面前生效，或者当按钮最终被按下的时候，他们就要把自己笑死。你这样写道，在那些日子里，甚至连悲观主义看上去都具有无忧无虑的形态，它围绕着缺乏经历的叙述，就如你对自己青春的想法，那时你知道得更多，但是觉得更少。或者恰恰相反。



Growing lunar channels means cultivating my own moods, against discipline, knowing my circles, conjured by the fossil virgin's waxing and waning.<sup>[3]</sup> In these tunnels I've been changing my mind continuously. Moods need me to reinterpret positionings again and again, to make calm distinctions for that cultivation, and compost the rest. I've stopped using the citipositif for orientation in what already is tunnel-visioned.<sup>[4]</sup> Even the city the three of us inhabited seems to have been built on selfishness, slaughter, shamelessness, corruption.<sup>[5]</sup> How often *corpse* came into view while we were there. You always promised your readers that you were going to tie them up. It was your relentless labour of love which also connected you to him and me.

The crescent is back, like a shadow of early daylight, gravitational entanglement.

When you woke the next morning, fever sent you down mud-filled lungs and his words were in your inbox. In your

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[3] Loy, Mina. 1923. *Lunar Baedeker*. The poem he heard her quoting endlessly, and the poem she stopped reciting when she met me.

[4] She keeps using this word 'dispositif' in her notes. Wikipedia says it's a term "generally to refer to the various institutional, physical, and administrative mechanisms and knowledge structures which enhance and maintain the exercise of power within the social body." Also see: Foucault, Michel. 1977. *The Confessions of the Flesh*. Interview.

[5] Yan Fu. 1919. He used this enumeration to describe what the West had achieved after the First World War in 300 years of domination. It was turned into a mantra quoted all around you at certain times.



commitment you were like a candle blown down hot only on one side by his wind, and you kept giving more of your wax to flutter in him. Again, you got up for him. His was a detached generosity. Our mutual commitment later, on the other hand, used what had been irrevocably spilled and therefore couldn't reach the fire to conjugate, we little zeros who needed something other than illusions. Lonely him. You and I were spreading out our capacities to answer for our waxing like bacterial cultures, looking to make communities but unable to organise.

Another day much later, he passed through a little village on the outskirts of the city. All day, he spent sitting next to an old bridge writing in water. This was when he couldn't show anyone how destitute he was. I picture you sitting further down by the same river misreading his characters, wrestling them off the rings of water your summoning tripped. Waters liminally lying on earthen urban bonds, growing filters with them and washing poison into already filled up reservoirs. You supported him quietly. On his way back at dusk, he saw two children playing in a garage. They had laid a pocket lamp on the pavement sending its beam into the narrow empty space, and they bathed in its light, danced their shadows into a stream of unsyntactic tales, spilling over with instantaneous jokes. Instead of looking for what was outside the spotlight, they bent its space in deference of their imagination. Who understands how to play consequentially. Retreating from the mess, both your friend and you agreed, could only be afforded by privilege. There could never be a break from



你是如何生活，梦想着爱的。他瞥见了你，然后希望你能将他的面具拿开，而我想知道，你在他身上点燃了火花，他说火花在消退，尽管伤害还会继续，这种伤害是通过他人身上清楚的残留带来的，但他是否因此鄙视你。当我遇见你时，你总在独自歌唱，但不管怎样都是在唱卡农。尽管别人忽视你，你还是活着，兴许有时会装作对生活在忽视中无所谓，但你绝不会永远这样继续下去，因为你没有选择，只能选择溢出。接着那些穿过彼此身体的步子就来了，溢出来了，继而被注入。不平等立马被归化，被模糊，我阅读，所以它从未停止，即便是在熟悉的门口。我们试图消灭混乱。

一个罕见的场合中，他寄了一封信，展示了那个和我所认识的你截然不同的你。

回复：此处无社

你所描述的那种感觉，即疑虑，我懂。面对这个自给的世界，没有理由不质疑自己。但是也没有理由真正对照着规范权衡你自己，这些规则制造出来完全都是为了诱导出辅助既有资源主流的行为。当我臣服于周遭一切所告诉我的事时，就很疑虑。另一个可能世界的岛屿需要准入和触点。我认为类似这样的个人关系就和那个一样。你们的会面听上去像在一个绝佳的地点，呆在那儿能去除让人麻痹的疑虑。我想向你解释你那天看上去是怎样的，这样你就能看到我的所见了。请原谅我的背叛：我曾遇见一个女人，她当时完全沉浸在自己假想出来的一个有失偏颇的艺术相关问题；艺术的意义是什么，为何人们想要创造艺术？如果你在创造一件艺术品，是否必须要告诉他人一些相关信息？她关于艺术的所有观点以及社会实践最近不知何故改变了，变成了将其看成资助项目。她将那种观点放到了所有艺术实践中。而后，她将这个与一个同样有局限的观点联系在



work. After coming down here I feel like you took that on more clearly than him.

Once he told you about a conversation between two physicists overheard at a community kitchen. Their humour was not spilling over any registers, he accounted, but they had promised to laugh themselves to death if those laws of physics stopped applying in front of their disliked colleague, or when the button would finally get pressed. Even Weltschmerz appeared as a carefree form in those days, you noted down, revolving around narratives empty of experience, similar to how you thought of your youth, a time when you knew more but felt less. Or was it the other way around.

How you lived, dreaming of love. This was the glimpse he got of you that made him hope you would take his mask away, and I wonder if he despised you for creating this spark in him he said was deteriorating, despite observing the harm which came through reservation in other people so clearly. When I met you, you were always singing alone, but singing a canon anyhow. You lived in spite of others' ignorance, maybe sometimes feigning ignorance to live in spite of ignorance, never keeping it up all the way since you had no choice but to spill over. And then came those walks across each other's bodies that spilled out and were spilled into. Inequality is at once naturalised and invisibilised, I read, so it doesn't even halt at intimate thresholds. We tried to annihilate chaos.



At a seldom occasion, he sent a flock of letters showing you differently from how I have ever gotten to know you.

Re: This place has no social body  
That feeling you're describing, doubt, I get that.  
There is no reason not to doubt yourself facing this self-serving world. But then there is also no reason to really measure yourself against norms created to induce exactly such behaviour fuelling the existing mainstream flow of resources. Doubt is when I succumb to what everything around me tells me. Islands of another-world-is-possible need access and touch points. I think personal relationships like this are just that. Your meeting sounds like a good place to be to lose the paralysing type of doubting. I want to explain to you how you seemed the other day so that you can see what I see. Please forgive the breach: I met a woman who was completely drowned in a biased problem she imagined around art; what is the meaning of art, why do people want to make art? Don't you have to want to tell something to other people if you are making an art work? Her whole vision of art and social practice had somehow recently shifted to viewing them as patronising projects. She layered that view on all artistic practices. Then she connected this to an equally limited vision of the art field as one big homogenous market-dominated sphere where meaning could only be constructed



了一起,即艺术领域是一个市场主导具有相同性质的巨大区域,意义只能通过这个市场结构权威的认证来构建。她完全被吓到了,在我遇到她时,她那会无法及时听到任何声音。这让我想到,能有具体的地方可去,可以遇见想法相似的人,光这一点就是多么棒的一件事。艺术创作并不能完全教会一个人什么是可为之事,也教不会生活相关的事情,或是任何关于真理的奇怪而玄幻的观点,这些观点需要某些实践来维持。这是因为可能会有人回应它,介入其中。我依旧在啃食群体的不可能性,但是与此同时,这是现在对我而言唯一有价值的东西。也许那是同一种洞。

过去的两年,我一直在和两个朋友合作一个长期项目。那是他们的艺术作品,但我当时倾我所有加入了他们,想让他们取得成功。那是一个树林里的老房子,他们邀请有社会交集的艺术家,非盈利机构,个人活动分子,或者非正式的活动团体一起聚会,让他们自己关照好自己。在这个过程中,我对艺术创作,艺术空间的艺术展,任何进行中的演讲,以及每年一度的大型艺术活动不闻不问。你所提及的专业艺术实践,我不知怎么接受起来却总是难以想象的困难。但是以前,我也从未真正感到我的存在会受到威胁,凌乱的事态中,拥有一个不稳定未来的我,不知怎么总是很确信,会有实现的方式。我现在意识到,社会会制造需求,如果我不通过自己拥有的资历,从事某些“专业的”工作,我就会在这个社会中饱受折磨。而我痛恨这种观点。为了建这个项目,我不得不学习如何从私人及公立基金会的条款中寻求办法,专业性非盈利工作的沟通方式是怎样的,如何将自己打造成社会企业家的形象,如何做一个乱七八糟却万无一失的预算,如此等等。所有一切都变得更为实在,因为过去两年,我的许多知识都转化成了经验。因为想要创造另一个可供选择的小空间,你作了这些努力。因此不管我在艺术领域拒绝了什么,



我已经学会在社会的企业化世界中做事。

那么，现在我基本上退出了，因为这个项目已经足够成熟，不再需要我如此多的精力了。但是意识到我对待艺术品带有多少恶意，人们在制作过程中急躁地协作着，之间没有任何关系，又很奇怪。最终有了点时间，可以回归到我自己的一些问题和我喜欢做的事，我想知道那个毕竟如此多元的艺术圈是否并不是我想呆的地方，而顾及要在我所能看到的任何其他地方得到一些小小的免费空间，这完全是因为不需要成功和寻找可能性，依旧有可能驾驭它。只要有偶然的活动，有兼职，有一些时间，就有空间可用于会面，社团、不适、学习的经历，跟着所有那些东西直至它们的根基，反馈，对其他做事方式的展望，即便这是不稳定的生活……我不知道。这个小小的空间能在不告诉他们要做什么，而只是承认我们住在同一个世界，我们属于这个世界的情况下，不和各种各样的人发生联系吗？我觉得可以。嗯，很难找到词汇……不管怎样，这些日子做什么都觉得奇怪。你创作了什么？你的工作是什么？

很抱歉，我觉得我要从接近于漫步的某个最初想法开始缩小范围。我想说：我不认为如果这是我的项目的话，我会去做它。一个完整的专业化马戏团。我不相信制度化。组织，是的，但是只是在你需要制造活力的时候，但是这个……这对于艺术而言可能也是一样的——这一刻你不再是一个业余爱好者了。我有点想呆在那儿，但已经太晚了。

如此多的误解。而你总是因为在你的牵连物的驱使之下，未能抑制住，而付出了代价。毕竟，他的艺术实践是一个穷困的护士，或是一个乐观的会计，一个消失在新秩序之后的建造者，而那就是他对你构成魅惑的方式。你写下了他的故事，那就是为何他离你而去。已经预期到的失望依旧让你窒息。



through acknowledgment by structural authorities of this market. She was completely freaked out, couldn't hear anything at that moment in time when I met her. It made me think how good it is to just be able to have concrete places to go to meet like-minded people. It is not so much making art to teach someone what the right thing to do is, or about life or whatever weird metaphysical outlooks of truth that kind of practice needs to perpetuate. It's because there might be someone responding to it and stepping in touch. I am still gnawing at the impossibility of community, but at the same time it's the only thing holding any value for me now. Perhaps that's an equal sort of hole.

The last two years, I've been working with two friends on a long term project. It's their art work, but I've joined them with all I had at the time wanting them to succeed. It's an old house in the forest where they invite socially engaged artists and non-profit-organizations as well as individual activists or informal activist groups to spend time together and take care of themselves. In the process, I turned my back on art production, art shows in art spaces, whatever discourses are going on, and the big annual art events. The professional art practice you were mentioning. Which I've always found incredibly hard to accept anyhow. But before, I also never really felt that my subsistence could be threatened, me personally having an unsafe future in the messy ongoing,



somehow always sure there was a way to make it. I realise by now that there are demands made by society which I will be suffering from if I don't make some sort of 'professional' job out of what qualifications I have. And I hate the idea. Setting up this project, I had to learn how to sniff out policy from the constitutions of private and public foundations, what the language of professionalised non-profit-work was, how to brand myself as a social entrepreneur, how to make a bullshit bulletproof budget, and so on. It has all become more tangible, because in the past two years a lot of my knowledge has turned into experience. Wanting to create a little alternative place you go to such lengths. So whatever I've been refusing in the art field, I've learned to do in the social entrepreneurial world. Well, now I've sort of quit that since the project is set up enough to not need so much of my energy any more. But it's weird to realise with how much spite I've been treating art objects, and people producing and producing with no connections between them at all while they are networking manically. Finally having some time to get back to some of my own questions and things I like doing, I am wondering if that art sphere which is so manifold after all isn't where I want to be, exactly because it is still possible to navigate it without being successful and looking for visibility, allowing for some slim free spaces unattainable anywhere else as far as I can see. As long as there is



occasional movement, a side job, and some time, there is space for encounters and experiences of community, discomfort, learning, following all of those to their roots, reaction and the envisioning of other ways of doing things, even if it's an unstable life... I don't know. Can this little space not connect to all kinds of people without telling them what to do, but acknowledging that we're living in the same world, that we are all of the world? I think so. Well, it's hard to find the words... anyhow, strange to make anything these days. What do you produce? What's your labour? I'm sorry, I think I trailed off from the initial thought somewhere close to a ramble. I wanted to say: I don't think I would have done it were it my project. The whole circus of professionalising. I don't believe in institutionalising. Organising, yes, but only so far as you need to create momentum, but this... this is maybe the same for art – the moment you're not an amateur anymore. I kind of want to stay there, but it's already too late.

So many misunderstandings. And you always were the one paying the price for not holding back under imperatives of your entanglement. After all, his art practice was being a destitute nurse, or an optimistic accountant, a builder disappearing behind new orders, and that is how he became seductive to you. You wrote down his stories, and that is why he left you. The anticipated disappointment still took your breath.



Someone suggested to look at languages and cultures as if they were cities we could walk in. I believe it is possible to find something in the suburbs that was not in the old city first, but no matter what, that we need to walk those cities knowing they are little worlds where people live.<sup>[6]</sup> Their touching as immediate as water in water. When speaking and writing fall together, it is either because our written language allows us to take down what we're thinking very quickly, or because we are treading water thinking very slowly. If language and script coincided before, we can assume that our old cities represent ancient ways of life very accurately. Their scale allows to reduce mediation. Tunnels aren't shortcuts in that case, but an extension of the positive city. Communities built and sedimented in the way they were treating each other, not creating affected images of themselves for the afterworld. If they made writing and reading difficult for us, though, they would have of course looked much much more dignified in hindsight and we could assume that this was not how they in fact spoke or thought.<sup>[7]</sup> Theirs were heavily covered towns, covered in one smooth layer of dirt turned concrete. I like that your city negative is plain bare and contingent, not exactly

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[6] Ludwig Wittgenstein created this image to speak about language first, then later it was applied to culture by Clifford Geertz who claimed that the idea "there is nothing in the suburbs that was not first in the old city", meaning anthropologists looking for proof that there is some sort of cultural essence that can be found across all societies, was obstructing relationships of situated knowledges much more difficult to spot, in his research meaning common sense. Geertz, Clifford. 1983. "Common sense as a cultural system", in *Local Knowledge*.

[7] Lu Xun. 1934. *An Outsider's Chats about Written Language*. Did you know it?



有人建议将语言和文化看成我们行走其间的城市。我相信要在先前不属于老城的郊区找到一些东西，是可能的。但无论如何，我们需要在那些城市行走，我们要知道它们是人们生活的小世界。<sup>[6]</sup> 它们的接触就如同水的相融一样迅速。说与写能同步，要么是因为我们的书面语言让我们能很快记下我们的想法，要么就是因为我们的正在涉水，思考得极为缓慢。如果语言和文字在以前是同时发生的话，我们就能假设，我们的古城很准确地代表了远古的生活方式。它们的规模让我们得以减少思考。地道在那种情况下并非捷径，而是地上城市的延伸。社群在对待彼此的方式之上构建和沉积，而不会为后世制造它们自身的虚伪图像。尽管如此，如果它们让我们的写作和阅读举步维艰，我们回溯历史，会觉得它们看上去自然更具几分庄严，我们也会假设，这并非它们实际说话或思考的方式。<sup>[7]</sup> 它们的方式是重负之下的城镇，被光滑泥土变成的一层混凝土所覆盖。我喜欢一点，就是你的地下城市是极为空洞，偶然的，虽然不完全是由上层的東西派生出来的，但和它们是接近的。地基在别的一些地方。你将你的小世界在这儿底下为我空了出来。我行走你，而非读你，是它把你变出来的，就像变戏法一样。你中介的建议躲在月亮的拉扯后隐约可见。

你很清楚它在何方，当你离开我的时候，我走了。我现在是一个淘气包，我甚至都没有开始审视你。月亮彻底死去，我在地道里的路面上沐浴在它的光辉中，之后，雨水开始冲刷我的洞穴，我冲它嘶吼，让它停下，停止让这里成为所有悲伤聚集的海湾。

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[6] 路德维希·维特根斯坦创造这个图像，一开始指的是语言，后来被克利福德·格尔茨应用于文化，他提出了如下观点：“郊区的一切，一开始都发源于古城”，也就是说，人类学家在为以下观点寻找证据：在所有社会中，都具有同样的某种文化精髓。他们是在阻碍更难发现的既定知识之间的关系，这些既定知识在他的研究中即为常识。克利福德·格尔茨·1983。“作为文化系统的一般认知”，《地方知识》。

[7] 鲁迅，1934。门外文谈，你以前知道吗？



derivative of but akin to what's on top. Foundation is yet somewhere else. That you bare your little worlds to me down here. My walking you, not reading, is what has been conjuring you as if by magic. The suggestion of your agency looms behind the pull of the moon.

You know well where it was that I walked when you had left me. I'm the imp now, and I haven't even gotten to start looking into you. After the moon died deeply to let me bathe in its glow on tunnel floors, rain has begun to flood my burrow, and I am baying it to stop, to stop letting this be the bay where all sadness goes.







## 未删节附件 1

### 逐字记录的座谈小组 \*

我想，那天晚上有一个嘶吼的韵律，从放在第一排椅子上的镜头背后，冲着足足 3333 个观众做鬼脸，20 来个人分散在我们前面的空间中，他们要从上方俯瞰我们。沉入躺椅中，我们四个已经被抛入某些东西中，它们想让我们裸露自己，但请不要太不堪——唯一会变有趣的预期活动过程。“我们四个”让选出来的座谈小组听上去像一个团队。然而，我感到我们每个人或多或少都是以个体的形式来到那儿的。准确地说，我们中没有人是在发怒，但是有东西在发怒，可能在寻找我自己映在他人脸上的不安。公平地说，这不是一个与新合作者初次实验的糟糕先决条件。它还没有成为一个有意识的决定，每个人都只是在回放一卷录音带或者一段视频，但是它是在准备过程中出现的，当时我们正在通过交换材料进行对话——因为我们试图用语言来表述我们可以有效给予的东西，却完全失败了。艺术家需要做，而非说。利用这样的方式，我们聚集在一个形如一片七巧板的空间中。只有到那时，我才清楚，我们的录音以及它们的画面能够讲述多少内容有多么重要。反过来，我们成了一起聆听的观众的一部分。一个周折于英语和普通话间的译员不断穿插翻译，译文是时间的口袋，将平和、紧张和这个房间里的人们都能觉察到的任何其他感受放大。即时翻译让我困扰。就如一个充气城堡中的砖块。然而这种对应似乎很重要。她所不能翻译的——回放的声音以及带字幕的文本——才是这个晚上严格的模式开始流动的地方。在两种情况中，听觉都不受制于是否知道一门语言，它是真正的聆听。毕竟我们要如何知道

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[\*] 她在这儿的意思是，英语词汇“座谈小组”源于古法语，原意为“一片布料”，而后在中世纪英语中，被记录为“对表层的独特筛选”，并且她也将这个和他们当时给他们座谈小组的题目“织造”联系在了一起。



我们正在做什么？

凯·图赫曼大方地开始了，他重新讨论了一部戏剧作品，那是他 2015 年在上午艺术空间和赵川以及草台班合作完成的，名为“废物”。首先，我们观看了戏剧的介绍，这是一个摄于上海街坊的简短视频序列，接下来，他简单朗读了一遍剧本的最后一段。视频散发出一种默片短片的氛围。一个摇摇晃晃的摄像机在棚户区狭窄的街道中移动，之前有在那里做过部分彩排，摄像机让我们看到了周遭环境，阴影在颤动着，噪声穿透了领事馆中吃惊的音响设备，一个女人伴着吉他在哀声歌唱。最后一行字是：“我的祖父告诉我，他不工作的时候，最喜欢闭着眼睛，听着周围的声响，听听是否有人在用他的家乡话说话，听听是否有人家里在放黄梅戏。”与此同时，一条看上去更像鼻涕虫的狗，正穿过房间。那晚谁在寻求吸引众人眼球。

这位合作者陈述着被惊醒的记忆，这些陈述变成了赵川的吟诵，是他 2003 年出版的书籍《49 路》的一部分，两则文章感觉上都很沉重，很古老。他在叙述年轻的爱情，那是他在穿过市中心的公车上看到的。在人民公园的门口，我们不再围观这场调情，从那里，我们伸长了我们的耳朵，去跟随一群孩子的录音，他们快乐的声音在呼喊东西的骷髅、自行车的骷髅、先生的骷髅、爷爷的骷髅、老师的骷髅，气喘吁吁地试图超越前一个想法的绝妙之处，然后爆发出咯咯笑声中的吟唱，它是自发的，也是系统的。单这声音就有力地将我的幻想拉到了一幕从未遇见过的场景中，让我在语言不通的情况下，清楚明白发生了什么。赵川记录的嬉戏中的儿童在编织他们自身特有的诗意，充满活力的文字——一张可以丢向任何事物，任何人的网，当他们在游乐场郊游的时候。

轮到于吉的时候，我们突然被拉进了台湾一座活火山嘶嘶作响的周边，外面的声音，不可思议的熟悉和抚慰人心，而她 2016 年上海双年展期间位于一个停车场的静止雕塑装置“绿毛怪”被拍进了放映的视频，不清楚它应该属于移动图像还是摄影，它是在空间的编排之外被抓拍到的，我们无法通过屏幕接近它。热蒸汽将我们周围的冷风搅乱，使得录音机在



流动空气尖利的声音中变得触手可及，它第一个努力向我身体进发，于吉雕塑的纪录片——实体形式的陈述，向我展示了另一种语言。当下，我们活动的节奏已经将我催眠，而我近乎机械地继续着我的贡献，重新进入第一次阅读的那个空间。它始于记录了在一片木板上画画的一个声音，它是那么近，以至于铅笔的移动回荡在整个寂静的空间里，一圈接着一圈，笔画，点，甚至于探索每个角落的更大的圈。

接下来，我慢慢地阅读了我重新考量的声音文件的第二部分，2016年的作品“燃烧好手机”，它一开始是有稿旁白。在凯·图赫曼的文本中，有以下这么一段话：“说话？我为何要说话？说什么？和你说话又有什么用？不用再说了。我再和你说，你也不会明白。”我的文本中接下来的话是“如果我忠实于自己的想法，那么几乎无需指出什么。我无法通过说话的行为进行识别。我在组织措辞时存在困难。但讲述不同于阅读。”我不能进一步指出它了。

随着于吉带有异域风情的声景，还有赵川穿越包围着我们的城市的私人活动，我们已经困在了虚拟和现实的交融中，一个我们通过想象进入的地方。我不知道那时房间里是否有其他人和我有一样的感觉。一切都从耳畔传来，它源于我身体所在的地方，就氛围而言，这种所在和特定的场景密切相关。已经定位的知识和认识论的质疑就像那样一起自发而来，这意味着我们有可能编织我们自己临时的织物，住在一个对我们大家都很普遍的故事中，不这样的话，我们就会疏离而陌生。对我来说，我们完成了一个关于关系的语境。

我们没什么希望的织物正被一条粘稠肥硕的鼻涕虫所横穿，它带着狗一般探索的驱动力。我们的所有文本都没想过要以这种方式呈现，并且我们每个人都放置了一个欲望的锚，想要将语言留在活动中，即便是短短一瞬间。我们源自四种不同的艺术实践，我发现我们都在问相似的问题，关于我们的身体在工作，同事，我们所居住以及旅行的地方，偶遇的经历，艺术，社会等方面的状态——嗯，列表当然还可以永远写下去，更具普遍性。就像夜的质地一样，在场的不同立场之间的互通还不可能，但是



## UNABRIDGED ATTACHMENT 1

### Panel in Verbatim\*

There was a screaming rhythm to that night, I thought, grimacing at a virtual three thousand three hundred thirty three viewers behind the lens which sat on a front row chair, and twenty something people dispersed across the space in front of us, who got to eye us from above. Sucked into loungy chairs, the four of us had all been thrown into something that wanted us to bare ourselves, but please not too unbearably – the only prospective course of action which could become interesting. ›The four of us‹ makes the selected panel sound like a group. However, I felt that each of us had come to be there more or less independently. To be precise, none of us was raging, but something was, was maybe finding my own unease mirrored in other faces. To be fair, this is not a bad precondition for experimenting with new conspirators for the first time. It hadn't been a conscious decision that each was playing back a sound recording or video, but it had developed during preparations, when we were conversing through the exchange of material – since our attempts at speaking in words about what we could usefully give had not worked out at all. Artists

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[\*] What she refers to here is that the English word 'panel' comes from Old French where it meant a 'piece of cloth', then in Middle English is documented as a 'distinct section of a surface', and she relates that to the title they gave their panel at the time, "Contexture".



needing to work not talk. This way we were convening in a space shaped like the piece of a jigsaw puzzle. Only then did the gravity of how much our recordings and their frames were conversing become apparent to me. In turn, we became part of an audience listening together. Recurring interludes from a translator who bent the speaking between English and Mandarin were pockets of time cranking up feelings of peace, tension, and whatever else anyone in the room may have felt. Instant interpretation was disturbing to me. Like a brick in a bouncy castle. And yet this counterpoint seemed important. What she couldn't translate – played-back sounds and subtitled readings – was where the night's rigid patterning started flowing along. In both instances listening was not conditioned by knowing a language, it was listening truly. How could we have known what we were doing after all?

Kai Tuchmann generously started by revisiting a theatre work he had done with Zhao Chuan and Grass Stage at am Art Space in 2015 called »The Refuse«. First, we watched the intro of the piece, a short video sequence from a neighbourhood in Shanghai, and afterwards he simply read the final passage of the script aloud. The video dispersed a snippet of speechless ambience. A swaying camera moves through narrow streets of a *penghuqu* 棚户区 where parts of the rehearsals had taken place, presents us with context, while shadows are flickering, noises piercing the institution's surprised sound system, and a woman was singing to a guitar ruefully. The last line went: »My grandfather told me that when he was not working, he enjoyed most closing his eyes and listening to the surrounding sounds,



listening if anyone was speaking in his hometown dialect, listening if any family was playing Huangmei opera.«

Meanwhile, a dog, more like a slug, was crossing the room. Who was looking for full attention that night.

This uttering of a collaborator's jolted memory turned into Zhao Chuan's recital from his 2003 book "Line 49", both of the pieces feeling heavy and old. He was narrating young love as seen from a bus crossing the city center. From the gates of People's Park, where we stopped watching the flirt, we stretched our ears to follow the recording of a swarm of children whose delighted voices were calling out skulls and skeletons of things, skeleton bicycle, skeleton mister, skeleton grandpa, skeleton teacher, breathlessly trying to surpass the genius of the previous idea, and breaking into a giggling chant, equally spontaneous as systematic. The mere sound pulled my imagination into a scenery I never encountered with force, making me understand precisely what was happening despite my lack in language. The children Zhao Chuan had recorded in their play were weaving their own logopoetic, living text – a net they could throw at anything and anyone while having a picnic on the playground.

When it was Yu Ji's turn, we were pulled into the hissing vicinity of an active Taiwanese volcano all of a sudden, sounds of the outside, strangely familiar and soothing, while her still, sculptural installation "Green Hair Monster" on a parking deck during Shanghai Biennale in 2016 was passing through the projected video, unaware if it should be moving image or photography, captured outside of spatial choreography,



refusing our approach through the screen. While hot steam was setting cold winds into turbulence all around us, making the recorder tangible through scratchy sounds of moving air, and working its way into my body first, the documentation of Yu Ji's sculptures – utterance in physical matter, showed me yet another foreign tongue. At this point, the cadences of our activity had mesmerised me, and I continued my own contribution almost automatically, re-entering that space of a first reading. It started with a sound recording of drawing on a wooden board, so close by that the pencil moving resounded in the whole silent space, circle after circle, strokes, dots, even longer circles exploring every corner. Slowly I then read the second part of the sound piece I was revisiting, "burning good phones" from 2016, scripted oral narration turning on itself. In Kai Tuchmann's text, there is a passage going as follows: »Talk? Why shall I talk? Talk about what? What's the use talking to you? No more talking. You won't understand even if I tell you.« What follows from my text is »If I'm truthful to my thoughts, almost nothing needs pointing out. I don't identify with the act of speaking. I've trouble forming the words. But speaking is different from reading.« I can't point it out more. With Yu Ji's foreign sound scape and Zhao Chuan's intimate movements through the city enfolding us, we had been captured in a merging of the fictional and actual, a place we entered through our imagination. I don't know if anyone else in the room felt like I did at that point. It all came through the ears, from where my body located itself in absolute relation to specific settings, specific through ambience. The situated



交流貌似是可能的。最后，我们轮流拿起麦克风，回答房间里人们的提问，我们还不知道要说什么，我们一些人在听，另一些人同时很快记下了我们回答中成形的想法，改变了他们自己的想法，并躲开了片面叙述中潜在的问题。一个不怎么能呈现自己的旋律——所以终究还是没有在那尖叫——最后我们四个串通一气，经历着不可能结束的织造。



knowledges and epistemological questionings coming together spontaneously like that meant a possibility to weave our own temporary fabric, to inhabit a story common to all of us who are otherwise dispersed and strange. To me, we had made a context for relationships.

Our unlikely fabric was getting traversed by a dense and fleshy slug with a doggish drive for discovery. None of our texts had been meant to be shown in this way, and each of us had placed an anchor of the desire to leave languages in the event, even if briefly. Coming from four different kinds of artistic practice, I found we had been asking similar questions about the status of our own bodies in relation to work, fellow workers, places we live and travel, chance experiences, art, society – well, the list can of course always go on to be general. As the texture of the night, a communion of different positions present was impossible still, but communication seemed not. At the end we took turns taking up the microphone to answer questions from people in the room, not yet knowing what to say, and we were listening at the same time as the rest of us to quickly sketched thinkings taking shape in our answers, changing their mind and warding off problems inherent in speaking incompletely. A thematic not quite performing itself – so wasn't there screaming after all – the four of us at last ended up complicit, experiencing the impossibility to end contexture.



## 未删节附件 2

### 杂技：思想斗争 第一天

我认为我的眼睛变得更小了。因为你说一个突发事件让它未能成真。因此这不是命名的力量。<sup>[8]</sup> 那么，就让我描述一下在艺术展“流动者会议”第一天发现的一道裂痕。

在几天前的座谈小组中，第一排的一个年轻男子先是评论了一下所有四件作品，然后提出了一个关于“人类空间”的问题。翻译中应该会有部分意思的流失，我也不能重构他所说的内容，但我记得他，因为他总想以令人不适的方式请求一些东西。陈建和在开幕式中又出现了。显然，他无法融入一大批预约的高知访客中，所以他就随意走动，积极地观察，他是一个其他人不大可能会接近的人。他和赵川曾一起为展出设想过一个日常表演，它需要陈建和一周来博物馆五天，即便每次来访时间不长，为了两人的日常谈话和一些小型表演活动，也要利用空间和时间追踪他的思想，他们说，既然无论怎样，都有那么多东西在做，他们还没有开幕上要做什么的计划。表演名为“杂技：思想斗争”。

因为我发现类似这样的大型社交活动很难驾驭。我通常寻找各种方式逃避或者消失，所以当纸老虎工作室的一个主要戏剧艺术表演在空间中部进行的时候，我最终呆在了旁边的房间里看影像作品，当我出来的时候，一个主角正被枪击中，向后倒在了看台连接主楼层和美术馆的楼梯上，一个血袋一声巨响中从他的衣服里爆炸了。所有一切都那么戏剧化，我不知道它意味着什么，因为我从未看过任何会导致这种结果的故事。无论如何，它让我觉得你是由大量的食物或电视组成的，而像那样在它们

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[8] 她将配合流动者会议的文字附到了这上面。我看到艺术家团队纸老虎工作室写的关于他们表演的内容“一面面角旗，一面面彩旗”：“对流动的渴望无论在何处都是超重的。除非有意外猝然而至。”



## **UNABRIDGED ATTACHMENT 2**

### **View of Circus: Thought Struggle's Day One**

I think my eyes have gotten smaller. Because you say that an accident breaks in doesn't make it true. Thus is not the power of naming.<sup>[8]</sup> Let me instead describe a rupture I found on the first day of the art exhibition "Precariat's Meeting".

At the panel a few days earlier, there had been a young man in the front row who commented on all four contributions before posing a question about "human spaces". Parts must have been lost in translation, and I cannot reconstruct what he said, but I remember him for his willingness to ask for something uncomfortably. Chen Jianhe appeared again at the opening. He was clearly not fitting in with the mass of designed intellectual visitors, instead walking about casually and watching actively, someone unlikely to be approached by others. Zhao Chuan and him had conceived of an ongoing performance for the show together which would require Chen Jianhe to come to the museum five days a week, even if just for a brief visit, using the space and occasion to follow his thoughts, for an ongoing conversation between the two, and for some small performative actions. They said they hadn't

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[8] Reading in the "Precariat's Meeting" exhibition companion she attached to this, I see that the artist group Paper Tiger Studio wrote about their performance "pennants, banners": "Wherever it be, the enthusiasm for fluidity would be over-weighted. Unless an accident breaks in."



planned to do anything at the opening yet, since anyhow there was so much going on. The performance was called "Circus: Thought Struggle".

Because I find large-scale social events like this hard to navigate, I usually find ways of escaping or disappearing, so while a major theatrical art performance by Paper Tiger Studio was going on in the central space I ended up watching video works in adjacent rooms, and when I came back out, a protagonist was just getting shot, falling back onto the grandstand staircase connecting main level and gallery with a blood pouch exploding through his shirt and huge bang. It was all so dramatic, and I didn't know what it meant since I hadn't seen any of the story leading up to this. Anyhow, it made me feel the way that too much food or TV can make you, while spending time on them like that doesn't really matter at all. At that moment I had to think of something else in stark contrast. A few days before, turning a corner into a sidestreet, I was facing a dead woman's corpse splayed out across the street, with a police officer and another man standing above her arguing, a scooter lying a bit off to the side and a big crowd of people looking at what was going on. Another type of death, death not just in name. I turned around instantaneously, my body going through a splitting I couldn't catch up with. The performance ended with this killing, and there was cheering and clapping. A little later I saw Chen Jianhe roaming around the room, mirroring my restlessness with a mischievous expression on his face. What Zhao Chuan and him had planned to do here, the exhibition guide told me, was exploring "the



上面花费时间根本无关紧要。那一刻，我不得不想想截然不同的另一些东西。一些天前，拐过一个弯，走进路旁一条街道，我面对的是一具女人的死尸，她横摊在路上，一个警官和另外一个男人正站在她上方争吵，旁边隔了一段路停着一辆小摩托车，一大群人在围观正在发生什么。另一种死亡，不仅是名义上的死亡。我即刻转身，我的身体经历了一种分裂，我无法企及的分裂。

表演是以杀戮终结的，然后是欢呼声和掌声。不久之后，我看到了陈建和绕着房间在咆哮，他脸上恶作剧般的表情反射出了我的焦虑不安。展览向导告诉我，他和赵川打算在这儿做的，是探索“思考”过程中“个人在当中独特的抵抗 / 瓦解能量”。今天，他俩都是观众。尸体还挡在楼梯上，尚有温度，并且既然表演结束了，很多人试图在他们上下的途中翻越它或是绕过它。毕竟，陈建和有他的独到之处，即便他自己不做：因为已经正式宣告将有一个展览，他占据了两个角色。他被全权委托可以不间断地干预事情进展。随着下午的过去，没有人再关注男人的尸体了。我发现了一个地方，可以继续阅读那天早上在暴力的深渊中开始读的书，同时还可以观察人们。陈建和揭开了尸体的脸。

首先，自发的干预者从衬衣底下为戏剧效果除去了机械性，接下来，他拿走了最上面沾满血的那一层，最后决定脱去男子所有的上衣。他是在楼梯最上头死去的。但是四肢松松垮垮地到处晃，要脱去衣服并非易事，身体在一点点地逐步下滑。整个过程花费了相当长一段时间。我无法忘记陈建和看上去对他自身以及整件事有多么不确定，也不能忘记接下来他是如何一次又一次地地下决心继续寻找预设的落魄。只有极少的人目击了这一冒险的参与。

原来的表演现在已经结束一会了，多数人要么在美术馆边参加一个行为晚宴，边看剩下的表演，要么在看台底下交谈。有人刚好凝神看到两个在悄悄争斗的身体时，他们会很快拿出手机，拍摄下这一让人尴尬的曝光。脱去衣服的行为已经让代理人有点迷茫，不知道接下去该怎么办。最终，他开始用他扁平的手拍打死去男子的胯部，似乎在将灰尘从他宽松的裤



unique energy of individuals to resist and deconstruct in" the process of "thinking". Today they both were visitors. The corpse was still covering the stairs warmly, and now that the performance was over, lots of people tried to climb or pass it on their way up or down. After all, there was something special about Chen Jianhe, even if he was not going to work: Because, formally, a performance had been announced, he occupied a double role. He had a carte blanche to intervene in the ongoings uninterruptedly. As the afternoon progressed, nobody paid attention to the dead man's body any more. I found a place to continue reading the book I had started that morning on the abyss of violence and observe people. And Chen Jianhe unmasked the corpse.

First, the spontaneous interventionist stripped away the machinery for theatrical effect from under the shirt, then he took the bloostained top layer off, and ultimately decided to take off all of the man's upper clothes. He had died on top of the stairs. But getting undressed, which wasn't an easy job to do with all the limbs dangling around loosely, the body was gradually getting shifted down further. The whole procedure took quite long. I can't forget how unsure of himself and the whole thing Chen Jianhe looked, and how he then, again and again, resolved to continue searching for the promised abjection. There were only few witnessing this risky involvement.

The original performance had been over for a while now, and most people were either on the gallery participating in a performative dinner, looking at the rest of the show, or chatting



below the grandstand. When someone happened to gaze over to the two bodies fighting silently, they would quickly take out their phone to shoot the embarrassing exposure. The act of undressing had left the agent a bit puzzled on how to continue. Eventually, he started slapping the dead man's crotch with his flat hand as if getting rid of dust from his wide pants. As if he was trying to coax a sign of life out of him after all. It was an awkward movement, but it looked like the idea had provided him with fresh impetus after stripping the opponent to the waist. At one point Zhao Chuan came up and gently suggested Chen Jianhe to stop.

The reason why this event haunted me for a long time was because it was informal, initiated spontaneously and clumsily, because there were no limits to what Chen Jianhe would do to him next, as long as, despite the unmasking, the man playing the corpse refrained from any action against the use of his body, keeping the play up. Tension simply arose from the man's will to remain dead. Or, not exactly dead, but, by his fatal will, they were turned into a surrendered and an attracted. One of them curious the way someone would poke at something until they found out what it was because it would start twitching and really exposed itself, poke poke – it is not yet subdued for as long as it doesn't reveal itself, like a true sacrifice. The body lying around was being tried out by the young man, he played with it like with a big uncanny doll. Chen Jianhe looked like he was gloating a bit playing around, while not entirely sure what to do next and how far he could take this. The two of them were waging a game of mutual provocation, and I couldn't



子上摔去。看上去他毕竟在试图从他身上慢慢制造出生命的迹象。这是一个奇怪的动作，但是看似这个主意在他将对手的衣物褪至腰部之后，给了他新的动力。某一刻，赵川走了上来，温和地劝告陈建和住手。

这件事萦绕了我很久是因为它是随意的，是未经雕饰地自发形成的，因为陈建和下一步会对他做什么是没有设限的，只要这个扮演尸体的男人在露出面部之后，能够忍住不做任何需要利用自己身体的动作，让戏剧能够顺利进行。不安仅仅源自这名男子想要保持死亡状态的意愿。或者，不完全是死亡状态，而是他想死的意愿，他们变成了投降者与受诱惑者。可以看出他们中的一个十分好奇，因为有人想要戳什么，直到他们发现它是什么，因为它会开始抽搐，真正暴露在外面，戳戳——它未曾暴露自己的时候，没有被征服，像真正的祭品。这名年轻男子尝试了一下躺在旁边的尸体，他玩弄着他，就如同玩弄一个巨大的神秘玩偶。陈建和在周围游走时，似乎有几分沾沾自喜，但他也不完全确定，下一步要做什么，他还能让这一切走多远。他们两者在进行着一场相互挑衅的游戏，我甚至无法准确分辨，谁在谁的意愿之中。

在拒绝从死亡中起来的过程中，表演里的前一幅图像消失在了背景中，而这个身体就变得不可预测了。尽管他的幻觉先前就已经被撕碎了，我们却都知道他生命力还很旺盛，事实上从未对此产生过怀疑过，他疏于抵御年轻人的虐待，于是出现了一种不同的真实存在，和戏剧中所需的不一样的存在，或许是一段辩证的经历。此前，它仅仅是一个单维的幻象。但是现在，尸体是一种把人按索引排列的形式，恰恰通过虐待这具无法防护自己的死尸，我开始迫切意识到这场可怕的交互作用中涵盖的两个活生生的人。

这名男子原来什么样子，现在还是什么样子，只是现在躺的位置比周围站的人要低一点，同时他是半裸的，一动也不动。似乎就到此为止了，即便在这个介入中，大部分人毫不关心，但还是有可能有人会关心。并且这名男子还是坚守阵营，顽固地坚持着这场永不结束的表演。后来，一个年轻女子将他的衬衣贴心地盖回他的胸脯，其他一些人时不时吞噬



even fully determine who was at whose will.

In refusing to rise from the dead, the former image from the performance vanished into the background, and thus this body became unpredictable. Even though his illusion had been torn early on, despite our common knowing that he was full of life, never in fact having been in doubt about that, in his omission to resist being abused by the young man, a different type of tangible presence emerged than the one intended in the theatre, maybe a dialectical experience. Before, it had only been a one-dimensional illusion. But now, *dead body* was a form of which a person had become indexical, and through its abuse as exactly this *dead body* which cannot defend itself, I came to be urgently aware of the two living people involved in a terrifying interaction.

The man had been left as he was, now lying much lower than the people standing around, also half naked, and still motionless. It couldn't have gone further from here, it seems, even if there was a general disinterest in the intervention, but the potential had been there. And still the man was holding his ground, stubbornly insistent on the never-ending play. Later, a young woman laid his shirt back on his chest caringly, some other people also nibbled at him from time to time. And just before I was about to leave, a group, perhaps visitors, perhaps participating artists, carried him from the museum into the yard where Ma Yongfeng had built makeshift shelters, and they put him to bed under the eyes of a great many merry cameras. The young man had been opened for use by the unmasking. I believe that the kick resulting from both, not knowing if he



着他。而就在我准备走的时候，一群可能是游客，抑或是参展艺术家的人，将他从博物馆抬到了院子里，马永峰在那里搭了临时的棚子，然后他们将他放到了有众多愉快相机注视之下的床上。这名年轻男子已经通过露脸公开被使用了。我相信振奋来自两方面，一是某一时刻他不知道是否可以保卫他自己，二是预设的许可极为惊人，即允许对这个身体做任何他们想做的事，只要没有反抗。

“人真正的名字叫作：欲望。可我不怕死，有时候我真的不怕死。有时候，——说对了。不怕死和想去死是两回事，有时候不怕死的人是有的，一生下来就不怕死的人是没的。我有时候倒是怕活。可是怕活不等于不想活呀！”史铁生说对公园说。<sup>[9]</sup>“消灭恐慌的最有效的办法就是消灭欲望。”我在展览中看到的不是死亡，而是一种看上去无法描述实则具体的互动。

为我们的这个下午做这么多，陈建和肯定纠结过。我不确定他的所作所为是否是因为他有行动的自由，这和彬彬有礼的观众不一样，但是我希望所有观众都有足够的勇气，以这种方式参与进来，不要让事情照着计划走。只有在工作合同、公共交通和健康保险方面，我才需要可靠的计划。我想要感谢他那天突然闯进来，闯进那个空间，闯进看似不可能的悲惨事件，因为他参与的是一个原本毫无新意的活动，他却真正实现了对大众的奉献。

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[9] 史铁生，1991。我与地坛。



would not defend himself at some point, and the assumed permission to do to a body whatever they wanted for as long as there was no resistance, was tremendous.

"Human beings' real name is: desire. Yet I wasn't afraid of death; sometimes, I truly didn't fear death. That's right — just sometimes. Not being afraid of death is one thing and wanting to die is another. Sometimes there are people who don't fear death, but there is no one who has never feared death. Sometimes I actually fear living. But being afraid to live doesn't mean not wanting to live." Shi Tiesheng says to the park.<sup>[9]</sup> "The most effective way to obliterate panic is to obliterate desire." It's not death that I saw at the exhibition, but a specific and seemingly unphraseable interaction.

Chen Jianhe must have struggled to contribute this much to our afternoon. It is not certain to me if he did what he did because he had the freedom to act differently from a well-behaved visitor or not, but it is a way I wish all visitors were brave enough to engage in, not letting things go as planned. Reliable planning is what I need from labour contracts, public transportation, and health insurances only. I want to thank him for breaking into that day, and into that space, and into what seems impossible and abject, because engaging with an otherwise banal action he made a real and public sacrifice.

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[9] Shi Tiesheng. 1991. *The Temple of Earth and I*.











上午艺术空间自 2014 年开始与德国驻上海总领事馆文化教育处合作展开每年一期德国艺术家驻留项目，希望借此加强中德艺术家的联系，促进双方的合作。柯睿思作为第四年的项目艺术家，于 2017 年 10 月 9 日抵达上海展开为期六周的驻地。期间柯睿思在上午艺术空间带领本地参与者完成了为期四天的工作坊“虚构的市民空间 – 那些被没有在寻找艺术的人们忽略的作品”。

在驻留结束后，柯睿思回到柏林开始她的写作《洞穴湾之月》，并得以出版。我们由衷得感谢德国驻上海总领事馆文化教育处对驻地项目以及出版物的支持，以及工作坊的所有参与者们，他们是：黄姗姗、江成乙青、李凤临、罗月冰、王玉钰、周蕴奇、章宗、倪晨麟、陈思嘉、Jane Zhang。因为有你们，才会有整个项目的实现。



Am Art Space has been collaborating with the Department for Culture and Education of the German Consulate-General Shanghai (DcaE) for the German artist Residency Program since 2014. Theresa Kampmeier was the residency artist in 2017. She started her six-week residency from Oct 9th 2017. And during the residency, she gave a four-day workshop "Imaginary civic space - introducing works that don't exist to people who are not looking for art" to local participants.

After the residency, Theresa went back to Berlin and worked on her writing "Burrow Bay Moon", which is published by the residency program now. Special thanks to the support by Department for Culture and Education of the German Consulate-General Shanghai, and all the participants of the workshop. They are Huang Shanshan, Jiang Cheng Yiqing, Li Fenglin, Luo Yuebing, Wang Yuyu, Zhou Yunqi, Zhang Zong. Because of you, we can make such a great project together.



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