

艺术家撰文 | 杨伯都个展“鹰之死”

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撰文：杨伯都

在那段时间里她是我一个人的老师，我也是她一个人的学生。还有一些嘻嘻哈哈的大学生，聚集在外面的大客厅，和她的先生一起讨论着我当时听不懂的绘画大师的种种妙处。我经常戴着一顶奇怪的帽子一脸严肃地经过他们，朝着我和她的小房间径直而入。那时不知道为什么我总是戴着一顶帽子，她也不问为什么，后来她也在头上围了一条头巾，说“我年轻的时候也戴帽子的。”

—and others were bewailing a corpse—he knew whose, having certified it in the afternoon. There were owls, the Punjab mail . . . and flowers smelt deliciously in the station—master's garden. But the mosque—that alone signified, and he returned to it from the complex appeal of the night, and decked it with meanings the builder had never intended. Some day he too would build a mosque, smaller than this but in perfect taste, so that all who passed by should experience the happiness he felt now. And near it, under a low dome, should be his tomb, with a Persian inscription:

Alas, without me for thousands of years
The Rose will blossom and the Spring will bloom,
But those who have secretly understood my heart—
They will approach and visit the grave where I lie.

鹰说我很“韧”，会让她想起自己。她小的时候在床下藏了一个骷髅头，偶尔偷着拿出来摸摸画画研究结构，有一次她爸去床下找东西时与骷髅对视，被吓得瘫软如泥。鹰讲起这些都很得意，但唯独教我的时候说得不多，但会经常画给我看。她说的最多的内容就是在说笑话，说一些家事，说自己年轻时候的样子。她曾送给过我一张自己的肖像照，她知道自己好看，但也有作为艺术家对外貌的矜持。我后来把那张照片压在桌面上一张透明亚克力板下面，在随后的一段时间里，桌上放着的坚挺的芦荟叶子有一根以缓慢的速度耷拉下来，屋内的人毫无察觉——它日复一日地下降，在某一天触碰到了桌子边缘并流出很多汁水，汁水通过桌面边缘渗过透明板，把照片上她的脸融化了。这个“象”让我沉吟了很久，不知究竟。后来我梦到过她的房间，有时候，那个房间被放大了，变成了让我兴奋的层层叠叠的套间；有时候，我从窗子的位置直接走进去，那个屋子里放着一些杂物，并没有人。

"Then tell me everything you will, or I shall never understand India. Are they the hills I sometimes see in the evening? What are these caves?"

Aziz undertook to explain, but it presently appeared that he had never visited the caves himself—had always been "meaning" to go, but work or private business had prevented him, and they were so far. Professor Godbole chaffed him pleasantly. "My dear young sir, the pot and the kettle! Have you ever heard of that useful proverb?"

"Are they large caves?" she asked.

"No, not large."

"Do describe them, Professor Godbole."

"It will be a great honour." He drew up his chair and an expression of tension came over his face. Taking the cigarette box, she offered to him and to Aziz, and lit up herself. After an impressive pause he said: "There is an entrance in the rock which you enter, and through the entrance is the cave."

"Something like the caves at Elephanta?"

"Oh no, not at all; at Elephanta there are sculptures of Siva and Parvati. There are no sculptures at Marabar."

"They are immensely holy, no doubt," said Aziz, to help on the narrative.

"Oh no, oh no."

"Still, they are ornamented in some way."

"Oh no."

"Well, why are they so famous? We all talk of the famous Marabar Caves. Perhaps that is our empty brag."

"No, I should not quite say that."

"Describe them to this lady, then."

"It will be a great pleasure." He forewent the pleasure,

我十三岁时的绘画老师，她的名字里有一个“鹰”字，她说小时候她骑在她爸的脖子上拿着小木棍把家里的灯泡挨个敲碎，颇有一些晴雯撕扇的风范，但她本人又有一些打磨后的温柔。她对我非常小心翼翼，又充满了一些无私。她的工作室好安静。我经常在周六的下午打开为我留好的门，发现一组沉默而聚光的静物已经在那里了。她摆的静物对那时的我来说是最美的东西：每一个水果都像从一千只里被挑选出来，平凡的瓶子、盘子、罐子、锅、勺都笼罩

在某种神圣的光晕之下。这里的安静是怎么回事？这里和外面的世界简直天差地别。我经常越画越出神，她说看我怎么越画越呆了，看我魔怔了就塞点零食给我吃，我只能把画板暂时放下把东西吃了。

"Good—bye, Professor Godbole," she continued, suddenly agitated. "It's a shame we never heard you sing."

"I may sing now," he replied, and did.

His thin voice rose, and gave out one sound after another. At times there seemed rhythm, at times there was the illusion of a Western melody. But the ear, baffled repeatedly, soon lost any clue, and wandered in a maze of noises, none harsh or unpleasant, none intelligible. It was the song of an unknown bird. Only the servants understood it. They began to whisper to one another. The man who was gathering water chestnut came naked out of the tank, his lips parted with delight, disclosing his scarlet tongue. The sounds continued and ceased after a few moments as casually as they had begun—apparently half through a bar, and upon the subdominant.

"Thanks so much: what was that?" asked Fielding.

"I will explain in detail. It was a religious song. I placed myself in the position of a milkmaid. I say to Shri Krishna, 'Come! come to me only.' The god refuses to come. I grow humble and say: 'Do not come to me only. Multiply yourself into a hundred Krishnas, and let one go to each of my hundred companions, but one, O Lord of the Universe, come to me.' He refuses to come. This is repeated several times. The song is composed in a raga appropriate to the present hour, which is the evening."

"But He comes in some other song, I hope?" said Mrs. Moore gently.

"Oh no, he refuses to come," repeated Godbole, perhaps not understanding her question. "I say to Him, Come, come, come, come, come, come. He neglects to come."

后来她生病的时候，她的病床也摆在那个房间里。我回国最后一次见到她，她躺在床上，屋子里依然很安静，开了一盏小灯，一束光打在她身上，她自己变成了一组静物。我不知道她生了什么病，不知道她吃了什么，也不知道发生了什么。我当时没有问，她哭的时候我还很紧张。我感受到了一些陌生的痛苦，不知道由什么引发，但我能感受到那股力量。虽然在那个时候我还没有切身体验到一些事情，但在那个晚上我接受了她想表达的东西，这份东西一直寄存在我这里。

有的时候人即使发言，也依然说不清楚。在表达这个事情上，人人都不怎么样。因为存在本身已经揭示了太多的秘密，每个人的秘密就写在脸上，即使不说所有人也都可以读懂。

The caves are readily described. A tunnel eight feet long, five feet high, three feet wide, leads to a circular chamber about twenty feet in diameter. This arrangement occurs again and again throughout the group of hills, and this is all, this is a Marabar Cave. Having seen one such cave, having seen two, having seen three, four, fourteen, twenty-four, the visitor returns to Chandrapore uncertain whether he has had an interesting experience or a dull one or any experience at all. He finds it difficult to discuss the caves, or to keep them apart in his mind, for the pattern never varies, and no carving, not even a bees'-nest or a bat distinguishes one from another. Nothing, nothing attaches to them, and their reputation—for they have one—does not depend upon human speech. It is as if the surrounding plain or the passing birds have taken upon themselves to exclaim "extraordinary," and the word has taken root in the air, and been inhaled by mankind.

鹰是在互联网上缺席的人，她后来总是让我教她如何用电脑。每次她都特别详细地写在小笔记本上，就像我向她学习素描一般。当时的我，她去世之前最后一次见到的我——对她来说已经长大了，已经是她的骄傲。说起来的时候她会情绪饱满准备小哭一场。

如果她能等我到今天，如果她能等我到明天，应该已经学会了上网。我依然会说：“等我以后/接下来/将来/会……”但我能为她做些什么呢？

每个艺术家都会有一个创作生命上的母亲，我的就是她了。我们会用“老师”来概括这个身份。我能想起的总是一小段一小段的对白，与大段的安静，在她的画室中。

云门文偃禅师讲：“平地上死人无数，过得荆棘林者是好手。”

They are dark caves. Even when they open towards the sun, very little light penetrates down the entrance tunnel into the circular chamber. There is little to see, and no eye to see it, until the visitor arrives for his five minutes, and strikes a match. Immediately another flame rises in the depths of the rock and moves towards the surface like an imprisoned spirit: the walls of the circular chamber have been most marvellously polished. The two flames approach and strive to unite, but cannot, because one of them breathes air, the other stone. A mirror inlaid with lovely colours divides the lovers, delicate stars of pink and grey interpose, exquisite nebulae, shadings fainter than the tail of a comet or the midday moon, all the evanescent life of the granite, only here visible. Fists and fingers thrust above the advancing soil—here at last is their skin, finer than any covering acquired by the animals, smoother than windless water, more voluptuous than love. The radiance increases, the flames touch one another, kiss, expire. The cave is dark again, like all the caves.

她曾用“整体”这个词汇给我创造了一个标准。我理解为要在画布这个有限空间内制造出一种太阳系般的和谐。在画面语言中，这个词汇可以用来描述乔尔乔内 (Giorgione)、鲁本斯 (Peter Paul Rubens) 或普桑 (Nicolas Poussin) 的创作。“整体”也可以作为一种视角存在：放弃对局部过分的沉迷与描绘。这给了我一个延续至今的提醒：别忘了眯起眼睛看一看。现在我拥有了不受限的创作时间，而这个习惯出现在了我的惯性中。

我直到今年才戴起了隐形眼镜。而这之前，我的世界就像那时开始的一句咒语：大概齐地看一看周围，不用太仔细，太仔细你就会陷入，看整体！

Professor Godbole had never mentioned an echo; it never impressed him, perhaps. There are some exquisite echoes in India; there is the whisper round the dome at Bijapur; there are the long, solid sentences that voyage through the air at Mandu, and return unbroken to their creator. The echo in a Marabar cave is not like these, it is entirely devoid of distinction. Whatever is said, the same monotonous noise replies, and quivers up and down the walls until it is absorbed into the roof. "Boum" is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or "bou-oum," or "ou-boum,"—utterly dull. Hoop, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeak of a boot, all produce "boum." Even the striking of a match starts a little worm coiling, which is too small to complete a circle but is eternally watchful. And if several people talk at once, an overlapping howling noise begins, echoes generate echoes, and the cave is stuffed with a snake composed of small snakes, which writhe independently.

1. 现在回想起来，她、我，应该是当真了。当一个人开始“搞创作”，那个瞬间这个人就忘了自己是人了，可以被比喻成宇宙/神/造物主之类的存在。元素在手中出现，从无到有，你来决定这一切的安排，你手中的这个世界正在成型，在这里的一切你都要负全责。如果沉浸在其中，人是会忘记还可以有别的状态的，永恒的宁静充满了一切。

2. 但家庭和此世界需要“你是人”，是可以合作的个体，需要你是“一个部分”。家人和朋友们并不会像迎接神一样对待你，你是这个整体中的一个构成元素，就像画中的的一个局部。在这个分配中，你知道你无法左右全部。

The crush and the smells she could forget, but the echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a moment when she chanced to be fatigued, it had managed to murmur, "Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value." If one had spoken vileness in that place or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same—"ou-boum." If one had spoken with the tongues of angels and pleaded for all the unhappiness and misunderstanding in the world, past, present, and to come, for all the misery men must undergo whatever their opinion and position, and however much they dodge or bluff—it would amount to the same, the serpent would descend and return to the ceiling. Devils are of the North, and poems can be written about them, but no one could romanticize the Marabar because it robbed infinity and eternity of their vastness, the only quality that accommodates them to mankind.

当自己是这个时候就会忘记自己同时也可以是那个。

在十几岁完全以自己为中心的时候，我不能理解她的痛苦。

“你听我说，不要结婚。”她哭着和我说。这个瞬间我感觉很恐怖，就像看到照顾自己成长起来的稳固的家开始衰落，永恒而美丽的静物中的水果开始腐败，曾经给予过自己力量的人开始哭泣，我很想赶快逃走。

Adela lay for several days in the McBrydes' bungalow. She had been touched by the sun, also hundreds of cactus spines had to be picked out of her flesh. Hour after hour Miss Derek and Mrs. McBryde examined her through magnifying glasses, always coming on fresh colonies, tiny hairs that might snap off and be drawn into the blood if they were neglected. She lay passive beneath their fingers, which developed the shock that had begun in the cave. Hitherto she had not much minded whether she was touched or not: her senses were abnormally inert and the only contact she anticipated was that of mind. Everything now was transferred to the surface of her body, which began to avenge itself, and feed unhealthily. People seemed very much alike, except that some would come close while others kept away. "In space things touch, in time things part," she repeated to herself while the thorns were being extracted—her brain so weak that she could not decide whether the phrase was a philosophy or a pun.

2013年1月31日我正躺在费城的床上，醒来得知她去世的消息。那是很美的一天：阳光透过窗帘的温暖，外面传来吸尘器的声音，柔软的被子与枕头，被罩上还有一些叶子藤蔓的花纹。这些和死亡是一种什么关系呢。

每次想到她，我都会有点越王勾践的心情。善良是什么，它究竟是不是两手空空面对恐惧时而不得以的懦弱。

后来我看到甘道夫给了比尔博·巴金斯一把短剑。

“给你，刚好你的尺寸。”

“我不能要。”

“剑刃由精灵所铸，也就是说，当兽人和地精靠近时它会发蓝光。”

“我这辈子还没用过剑呢。”

“也希望你不会用到，若形势所需请谨记：真正的勇气不在于知道何时取人性命，而是何时刀下留情。”

But she accepted her good luck without enthusiasm. She had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time—the twilight of the double vision in which so many elderly people are involved. If this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation—one or other of those large things, that huge

scenic background of stars, fires, blue or black air. All heroic endeavour, and all that is known as art, assumes that there is such a background, just as all practical endeavour, when the world is to our taste, assumes that the world is all. But in the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity. Mrs. Moore had always inclined to resignation. As soon as she landed in India it seemed to her good, and when she saw the water flowing through the mosque-tank, or the Ganges, or the moon, caught in the shawl of night with all the other stars, it seemed a beautiful goal and an easy one. To be one with the universe! So dignified and simple. But there was always some little duty to be performed first, some new card to be turned up from the diminishing pack and placed, and while she was pottering about, the Marabar struck its gong.

巨大的恐惧与怀疑，我睡不着觉，脑子里各种消息混在一起，意识穿行在混乱的人群里，不知道要走向哪里，不知道这感受什么时候可以结束，不知道该走哪一条路。想到悲伤处眼泪流出来了，热热的眼泪，怎么还能这样热呢？人不喜欢这种感觉：身体无法休息，僵硬地陪伴着自己；心无法休息，沉重地跳动着；意识无法休息，被迫地旁观与运作。

很多年之后我尝到了一种滋味，我想到了她。

That was the climax, as far as India admits of one. The rain settled in steadily to its job of wetting everybody and everything through, and soon spoiled the cloth of gold on the palanquin and the costly disc-shaped banners. Some of the torches went out, fireworks didn't catch, there began to be less singing, and the tray returned to Professor Godbole, who picked up a fragment of the mud adhering and smeared it on his forehead without much ceremony. Whatever had happened had happened, and while the intruders picked themselves up, the crowds of Hindus began a desultory move back into the town. The image went back too, and on the following day underwent a private death of its own, when some curtains of magenta and green were lowered in front of the dynastic shrine. The singing went on even longer . . . ragged edges of religion . . . unsatisfactory and undramatic tangles. . . . "God si love." Looking back at the great blur of the last twenty-four hours, no man could say where was the emotional centre of it, any more than he could locate the heart of a cloud.

先尽量完整地活下去，握住你的舵。

一张画一个展览一个项目不重要，不要争一时，先活下去。

“海龟睁眼的时候，它看不见，而它闭上眼时，却能看见，如果你仔细检查，它就是一个伟大的奇迹。”

中文段落由杨伯都撰写;
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*Chinese passages are written by Yang Bodu;
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