

Art, City, and Metaphysics

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Preface

There was a time when I felt reluctant to write a single word on my paper. I feel somehow words are transient and would be erased by a change of heart when passions faded away. And Language can only become alive and endowed with meanings when they are read and absorbed by people again. Or in another way, the writer revises again by weaving the new feeling and new emotions into it.

Sometimes writing could be pointless as words are dead so they are also permanent, while our flows of emotions and spirits are always moving ahead without a rest. one tricky thing might be that once as much as you write, you probably see writing as a way of reflecting, as a writer not only narrates his stories but also enriches them by implying and reasoning, or even from an esthetic perspective, by adding and remembering of things in the past.. And the writer is the person who processes these experiences from individual representations and then embodies them with multifaceted interpretations.

Therefore I see art as an escape from trivial life; I see metaphysics is a kind of spiritual enrichment for human beings.

Cities

OLD-BEIJING

Old-Beijing has always been a city sharing its old end-of-empire melancholy, those faded Hutong slithered into every corner, like old black-and-white photos framed from last century. Those old-storied Hutong stretch and cross, when their shadows scattered under the sun, you wonder how history has passed by without giving an eye to every individual's life.

Every archaic Hutong retained a singular story for their own, and in the end they are all effaced by wind and sun. On both sides of the Hutong, each house has revealed a family's life in which love and hatred, dull and desperate, heartbreak and numbness, come again and again and repeat in their fate ceaselessly. In the very end, they all became silent and peaceful again as mild as a snow which covered all of these quietly, New family and new house are replaced the old ones, stories may be similar or different.

If you ever walked through these Hutong on a rainy day, with dusty yellow leaves lied in myriad rain, evoking endless voidness, which is framed in a sun-faded and dark autumn: when pieces of leaves spinning at the corners of old narrow streets. At night, wind and rain weaved silently; wet and soaked street had leaked stars and secrets speechlessly. Grey paled rain is inherited from strange childhood.

All of these scenes would bewitch you in a moment: you feel that you just enter into the scenes in the novel of *Old Stories of Southern Part in Beijing*. At that time, Beijing is an old city tinged with paled color. The girl's world is as fresh and innocent as the wet leaves cluttered silently in the evening. When the girl looked through from a small window, silent streets are like flowing river glimmering under streetlamps in rain.

If forgetting and memory are juxtaposed walking, then loneliness is the thing which fermented experience into perpetuity. Everything was a poem at that time: the chirp of sparrows and their footprints left on the wooden window sill on an isolated snowy morning; the girl and her bother made a little snowman, put it on window sill, seeing it melt with sun irrevocably.

If it's earlier, on daytime, the sky is pouring grey rain, the girl and her brother and their childhood partners, were going to have an excursion in the heavy rain. Walking along the city wall until the end and transverse the circled park connected to four corners of the city.

If it was on cold winters, white snow covered every dark oily tile, you surprisingly find that the whole city would slowly drain of color and become black and white, at that moment, you feel the histrocial beijing has become alive again. The folks walk

through among old and blurred snow have become the people in the past.

CITY PARK

All colors faded, all memories glided.

My earliest recollections are people dancing at night and their shadows were silhouetted on the pale faded walls. It always reminds me of our nebulous past. how people's faces white in the moonlight at night, which traverses history and dynasties. our contemplation of fate will throw us to a similar path, we will eventually tread our ancestors' trails and find oblivion in history.

There was a time when I wandered in the park on a dark purple twilight, where shadows of pedestrians and neon lights interweaved on the earth, but all of these are empty to me, as fleeting as a scene in a dream.

When night descends, every building opposite the river is illuminated by a warm light, they are like endless yellow beans glimmering at night. When I leaned against the dotted wall, imaging that I could encounter a man with melancholy eyes.

When I watched the shadows of trees silhouetted on the dotted wall in darkness, people's profile white in the moonlight, I feel I was going back to another dynasty in Chinese history, far away from the present, and the people's shadows dancing on the wall now, which are just like the people dancing at that time! Everything is unchanged at all, the trees, the river, the dotted wall, the people. All is the same in the past.

Everyone's recollection of story, landscape, and memory differs from another.

Wherever history is sought, the present is an continuity of the past.

Whatever our souls are made of, history in one nation could evoke a common poigancy.

EUROPE

The Europe has its share of melancholy cities: the citizens of London are soaked wet in the freshness of raining; people from Lisbon catch up a train casually and see how the scenery sliding away through the misty windows; Warsaw has been endowed with the first purest love in a black-white film: people kissed in a deserted arch and their cheeks pressed against in cold rain.

QINHUI RIVER SONG

At night, the Qinhuai river is beautifully illuminated. if every individual owns an old story happened alongside Qinhuai River. If every single decorated lantern also owns a singular story as those lanterns had been swaying in wind for ages. But no one will know their stories unless they tell them. lanterns are silent, so stories are buried as if dried flower petals are blooming forever in a breezy summer London.

SUZHOU TRADITIONAL GARDEN

**Beautiful landscapes are unremittingly altered in poems;
Myriad affections are intimately studied in one yard.**

---Translated From Chinese Traditional Opera Romance of the Western Chamber

If a landscape always has the potential to embody a kind of culture, evoke a sense of familiarity, or a trace of nostalgia which belongs to a place, an age, a particular individual. As everyone's reflection of the world is unique as every landscape embodies and enriches their meanings through everyone's narrative.

If any kind of mindset in human beings could overlap across languages, cultures and continents, if any kind of homesickness and cultural roots could annihilate the boundaries of national walls, moving and stupefying people's hearts with bewitching melancholy, then this kind of homesickness or nostalgia must have revealed the common softness and subtleness of human's life. If you ever had the chance to stroll around the Suzhou traditional garden, you probably might be mesmerized for an instant, transmitted you into the world of *A Dream of Red Mansions*: with snow falling, peppering and revolving on a starry daytime. You think of those poems paled and old in that age, stories frozen in the old deserted yards.

At that moment, you strangely feel an impulse to cry in heart, with tears wetting the landscape, as you sentimentally think of your past, you think of your grandmother, at that time she was still strong and always teasing and laughing the little tiny things in life, you think of the past time when you were strolling freely on those streets, exploring shops and stores near your quarters, eating cold sour noodles in a small restaurant as well as reciting the texts for tutorials and thinking the male teacher is how humorous and handsome in classes. finally watching the golden sunlight, silhouetted and paved on one edge of a building, and then the twilight had descended and darkened streets suddenly, food smells wafted down myriad winding streets.

The reason why we have a particular yearning for those memories and landscapes, partly because of our intangible souls which sometimes haunted and doubted the bodies:

Where had all these landscape gone that once existed in our history, in which we left our love and trails?

If that is a part of homesickness, then every person has their own peculiar nostalgia. Every culture has their own nostalgic roots, as history and conventions have been inherited and passed down from generations to generations. Landscape is a shade of static color, only folks flicker in people's projection.

AN ENGLISH PUB

I will always remember the first pub I went into in a cold England night and I will always remember the people I saw and talked in that cozy pub. It is a small pub located near my accommodation, due to endless loneliness and living alone, I visited there almost every night. But I always went alone, my only joy and love was to sneak into it and stand by a group of people, pretending looking nothing but the wall ahead me absently as if I didn't notice them at all, but actually I was absorbed into to their conversations, I always try to look for the uniqueness within every man's accent and indulged in the indescribable sexiness with every word. One day when I finally decided to participate in them regardless of losing all my face. I will always remember it was an open and dim balcony, with a warm orange light reflected in a corner.

Looking back, I would sigh how pure was that time and how I felt a strange sentiment to those people I have talked in that pub. I try to figure out what is it that makes me feel such a nostalgia about those people I have encountered in that pub, it was probably because the memory has filtered the bad and dull parts, leaving the good things only. And probably, those people only shared moments with me shortly and then disappeared permanently in my life.

When I really settled in there, when I entered one and another one pubs, they are all somehow overshadowed by the first pub experience which I left my best smile and which satisfied all my expectation for an English pub.

WINTER AND SNOW IN ENGLAND

Finally it is snowing, like feather drifting all over the sky. Push the gate, a smell of dust and abandonment swaying, from a tinge of mould scent stored in every old black-white movie.

if every individual's life can join on a pure wet snowy winter, the smell of earthen fragrance evokes you of myriad snowy nights sealed in the past.

Years elapsed before seeing the innocent landscape again, soaked in the yellowish lens of hindsight and sequent events, everything has been colored with a sense of nostalgic oldness, Pure and unspoiled, as if the setting glided sun has distorted time and space, the past stories are plucked and reenacted again, every detail are retained without a lost: every burst of fresh wind is traced from the past. the past stories, occurred in the first inches-thick snow in England, in that past winter.

ENGLAND' S AIR

When I climb the top roof of the building, facing towards the window, a push of green grass scent blowing, mixed with a scent of wine and grinded mint. That's England's air, it is translucent star.

ENGLAND' S HOTEL

The hostel overlooked the dark river, it is an old-fashioned English cottage, with a sense of old and quiet air drifting in the narrow passage, giving you a feeling that you live in an old movie back in last century.

The stairs was typically British: a beautifully spiral shape, winding to the top balcony. I have always imagined what is this spiral would finally reach, what is the landscape of every top balcony look like, would there be a dazzling starry sky that stupefy you speechless, pierced your heart into myriad crystals, bestow another soul in you.

FALL IN PARIS

Fall is another spring of winter.

if every leaf falls, drifting in the air like myriad flowers: spiraling and revolving the whole sky, making you feel that you are living in an old-yellow film. Old flowery scents containing a trace of nostalgic tang are wafted everywhere, coming from the dry and soft sleeves of those gentlemen, who came from a rainy autumn night, leaving a permanent gaze in your eyes.

you have no doubt that you are walking on a golden-and-orange color street in Paris where maple trees bury the whole pedestrian, patches of sunlight peppered on the ground through the endless starry holes of leaves.

A movie, old-fashioned and with a shade of yellow chiaroscuro setting in old France back in last century. At that moment, with all your senses and memories gone, suddenly you have an illusion that you were walking on the street when you are at your girlhood, and you are just about to attend a lovely private tutorial in a peaceful community which had been isolated from time, a cat walked casually on the roof of the green shady patina building, with the eyes of mysteriously gentle.

With the wind swaying clatters of numerous leaves, time had been frozen in this yard.

MOROCCO

She found Midwest exotic: it was so exciting, it was winter. the flare of the yellowish warm light lit up his face, as long as he smiles, which has the magic to light up the whole town.

MOMBASA

Mombasa is a town with an old-fashioned Arabic flavor, I was completely beguiled by the romance and exotic atmosphere of souks, with the real old-fashioned romantic love, with the melancholic and soulful eyes of the Arabic boys, mesmeising you with a mystery that falling in love with them equals fall in love with another world.

ALWAYS IMAGINED VENICE AT NIGHT

You were on a long and dreary journey on the train. it was a cold winter. if traveling is an escape, getting away from the Liverpool scene makes you catch a wild rain in Venice. seeing how big beautiful your eyes full of lunacy. swirling the wine, We only had a fleeting glimpse of the river.

MOSCOW NEVER SLEEPS

I just want to meet a heavy snow, which will cut all these attachments, life is reborn again.

Art

OLD-FASHIONED JAZZ

People who are engaging in art would never truly feel lonely or bored in their lives. As music speaks a language that all human being could understand in their own way and interact with them in their own taste. therefore, artists could be the loneliest person in the world as the resonance with their listeners or anyone who shares a moment with them is only temporary, loneliness and solitude are embedded in artists' souls are permanent and endless.

the names of these old and classical Jazz could become a secret hint for audiences to interpret, to fill the blank, within their own imagination. As there has no lyrics and words telling you the stories:

There wasn't another you
Green in blue
One sunset afternoon in Paris

These names are just like sly secrets, and every name tells a story in the past time. As they've been dead and buried so they are framed in every piece of music for the eternal. Love, pity, shame or everything in the past sealed in this tune had become something permanent and ever-lasting.

If any artist wants to touch their audiences then they should touch themselves at first. Only when they are absorbed and dedicated, can the audience be seized and captivated by their music. If they pretend and put a mask on their performance, then they might touch some people who are as shallow and dull as they are. However, the soul of a jazz tune resides in its melancholy.

MAXWELL

Words can be redundant, because when you look into his eyes. For a moment, you saw melancholy, then you find confusion, or in another glance, a slight of obsession and stubbornness glisten, or for a casual glimpse, you are lightened by the cunning smile which contains a trace of boy's innocence and joy.

PAINTING AND PHOTOS

He said to me it was better to draw a landscape rather than taking photos. When I encounter a night where the sky and sea are connected, the lights of the houses along the coast are like quiet summer constellations, revealing a sense of escapist romance. The river is quiet and dark, like a mirror reflected the symmetric scenery, the line of cottages alongside the river are luridly illuminated, their yellow lights shone on the water like a purple dream.

TROMBONES

People's faces are as dead as the Yellow dirt in that year, if you ever stand in a funeral in the rural area of closed china, listening to the sound of trombones that swings people's emotion, to a bitter pint of stupefied loss. For an instant, they understand that the living can be dead; the dead can be alive again. seperated by the layer of yellow soil, and messy grass drifted in wind, their heart and soul cannot be imbued.

when they are alive in the world, they eat the meal and they have words and laughter: every time when I see my grandfather lifting a bottle and a bottle of well water, walking under the grilled sun, toward our home, I always wonder what's the meaning of life, and why death has to be an end.

I have always remembered there is a scene: this small town etched against the sky at a quaint dusk, if life has to be gone eventually, who will narrate and record the past sceneries.

There is always a kind of sensibility which makes me stupefied at some moment: life shouldn't be flowing in this way. there must be some scenes, secrets, miracles that we missed out in our life, like windtight cracks fractured on the old and red wall back in childhood. I was told to recount your own story not others.

FESTIVAL

Festival is an ancient ritual, which gives us a little memory of those manual time:
which rain manifests an unexpected visit to lovers, which slow paced life means
repairing the broken umbrella stitch by stitch;

*Wind in autumn blew into every yard,
endless rain knocked every window,
dulled all sound,
the world seems shrink into a piece paper of LinDaiyu's poem.*

TANG

If tang always has the power to evoke memories, if every tangy smell is threaded with a piece of emotion. If you stand at an old building with a red brick façade, the rain is pelting down the winding alley.

Historians will annotate, check and interpret every words, which had been effaced by frost and the rain;

the thames was a thread of silver, it will remember everything that was lost in landscape.

In the moon, everything will be reenacted again which was obscured by fog.

the rain is pelting down as crazy, the time is backflowing swiftly as rain ...

everything is reconstructing in a glimpse, there is a legend among the indigene that any farewell in heaven in a short while, the worldly has passed thousands years. while people in the world value farewell.

PAINTING

Whenever I left the pub, I would leave a permanent and soulful glance to the handsome guest, as if I would never ever meet him again in my life. and the outside of the pub would become dark and more lyrical as an impressionist blurred painting.

TURKISH FILM

The sky is a shade of nougat yellow.

Looking a thin line of sky in far away distance, finally seeing the landscape, street lamps, building silhouettes flowing through you, melting into the purple twillight. you feel like walk into a movie scene ever.

The road, the time, the faces of passers-by are dwarfed by a patch of pinkish yellow cloud in the far distance, reminding you of a frame of Turkish film, in which the endless sky is connected with a road and pierced by patches of golden sunlight. The sky is murky, with the melancholy enveloped by rain, but the golden cloud somehow tinged with a romance and hope.

People come and go in this road, carryng luggage or talking, and life has passed them self-engrossedly.

RED DEER

I will always remember when you pulled the rope on that slightly rainy night. the sky is falling grey rains and stars, covering quietly on the dim orange lights. at that time-frozen and image-flickered pub, everything is framed as permanance. the reason why people like to recall the past scenes is because they would never change again.

The passage of year elapsed like a flowing river that never runs back. when scenes have passed the length of time, transversed the width of space, they are incised into heart and become something ever-lasting.

DRY YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

Dense Yellow bushes in rain, for an instant, they are like dense dry yellow butterflies, cluttered densely and crowdedly. why rain is a poetic endeavor but wind will spoil this all, why people like to harbor a spiritual bailment in life, a piece of memory, a book, some words: why love degrades their color when you are in it, why memories deepen and exaggerate affections.

VIOLET NIGHT

Finally I have seen a violet night with a golden lurid river.

The Qinhuai River is a poetic mirror which reflects the past life. All these fragments and images are the shivering projections of past, which are lost in time, but existing lively and prosperously in the past: Miles of streets are connected and traversed at night.

FLOWING FISH SCALES

Every dawn when I push the gate, a smell of a mixture of leaves and rains, filled the air with a heavy and falling scent; Every night, the river flickered with dreamy sparks, yellow and purple, shivering on the river, like flowing fish scale, laps faded and scored, as if memories paled and deepened.

MILDEW SCENT

Pieces of rains and leaves give off a wet and mildew odor in the air. Such city always made itself felt in village. murky sky and drizzle rain thrust soul with some blurred but clear sensation in myriad past.

CEASELESS RAIN

But he was always caught unawares, greeting each lover as if she were the first. What I love most about rainy days is that always has the power to poetize the dull city, with misty and wet streets in a darkening depiction, making a city like an outpost, or a countryside faraway with silence and joy when we were kids. The rain always has the magic to drain the color of cities slowly, when you stand at a small bus station, holding an umbrella, watching the whole city becomes white-and-black, imaging you are in a deep autumn, looking every passer-by's eyes and speculate what their stories are.

Metaphysics

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Have you ever wondered why the first sight of a person could be as unforgettable as if they are frozen that moment in a movie, no matter how casually you gaze him with another glance, and it will change completely, as if the first sight was framed from a black-white and ever-lasting love movie designed for you specially.

MERRY GO AROUND

There is no start.

There is no end.

Everything is round and a circle,

As if there has permanence in the world from now on.

ODD RELIEF

Every time when I opened the curtain, I see dim and wet landscape outside, the ground is wet, the building is dark grey in drizzle, I feel a relief oddly. I saw glistening river flickering with purple spark, I feel magical.

ARCHITECTURE PHENOMENOLOGY

The field of architecture phenomenology, which refers to those local buildings that are somehow inevitably bonded with a certain kind of nostalgia in people's minds. And this kind of nostalgia is historically and culturally constructed within every ethnic context.

If you walk through and sneak around the old-storied Hutong in Beijing, you might probably feel a deep sense of familiarity and nostalgia in your heart and this kind of closeness would become something profound and penetrating if you have read the novel *the Past Stories in South-East Beijing*, written by the famous novelist Linhaiyin who viewed the everyday life in old Beijing from a child's perspective.

Habitants from another historical and cultural background may not feel the same way as the local resident do. All the places and sceneries in the world have a certain kind of similarity, if there had no culture and history involved in this landscape, distinguishing and categorizing certain memories, then all the sceneries in the world are the same, even if some manual grand architectures might share different features, aesthetics and shapes from one to the other. But without history, these buildings are empty.

Architecture is reduced history. local people's feelings, emotions, and memories could never be the same as a foreigners', even though those immigrants know their languages and get familiar with their cultures and conventions out of love, they could never, ever, understand the true story of this country, as cultural roots are something genetically inherited, which defy the language and even the culture itself.

Therefore, Phenomena only reflect the superficial and the visible, and historical building can only take a new lease of life and rich interpretation if there are beliefs and cultures been manifested.

ARCHAIC WORDS

If an archaic word stands for a feeling, an emotion, a mood, then languages could always have the power to transplant people into certain context. Because stories share a characteristics of common escape and allow humans to indulge in narratives.

If flowing rivers always have the power to restore truthfulness and artlessness, as they wet the landscape, ripple the real scenery, leaving dim rain to darken the buildings, the trees, the pedestrian, everything... as if rains drain the color of objects, revivify the originality of things, which manifests a sense of mild placid but melancholy flavor.

If an archaic word is the accumulation of history, then probing the stories in which historical anecdotes intersect with individual lives is appealing. As history is a mirror, it is the details of personal and family lives that reflect and depict a true history. archaic words embody the richness and subtleness of any dead history, therefore as people always say, literature manifest a real and sympathetic history.

LANGUAGE LITERATURE AND HISTORY

Literature is accumulated history. In other words, history could also be viewed as literature. If politics always has the narrowness to confine the past stories, then one way to incise the past is to write the ongoing life.

But every history with its rituals, traditions, anecdotes will die with its bearer dies away. Cultures are accumulated from the entrails of the oldness, one way bringing to life of the past traditions and rituals that stretched back to Tang and Song dynasty is to probe the novels and paints during that time.

Historians may look upon the Tang dynasty as a mansion of poetries; Song a pavilion of verses. The dynamic citizen's life during this period of time is unparalleled in Chinese history; the air which embraces a common pure lyricism had soaked and enveloped the whole city. The silhouette of moonlight in Tang dynasty became so embedded in folk's hearts as to be taken for granted that all stories and memories have been enacted and then incised into the moon to the following dynasties. Anecdotes in Tang and Song, which are lost and forgotten by time, the moonlight retains and keeps them all.

History and literature interweave and intersect upon individual's lives through poetries, every poem is an epitome of a scene, a congeal of an emotion, which flows through different time in history. poring a poem endows you a chance to resonate a similar emotion at that time. there is a need to deconstruct and introspect multi facets of life through the lens of aesthetics and poetic.

Histories are interwoven with emotions. Poems in history desperately abide the rule of never betraying a fake affection. As they have been filtered by time, sifted by people, left the most genuine affections that are worthy of reexperiencing. people's bodies died, but emotions remained, memories enshrined.

History, literature, and aesthetics are not separated, they are entangled in a single dimension. An individual's life might be fragmented and contingent, as the spital, temporal, ethnic, contextual identities intersects with each other. Nevertheless, each sequence of life in literature contains a flow of veracity.

RESCUED AND REVEALED

If the elevation of memories means a subsidence of the real life. The people you've met in the past has been apprenticed into your taste, your sentiment, and your repository of stories. as a puff of breeze which blows through your view of landscape but never remains.

IF YOU EVER HAD

If you ever had the chance to see a train shining and passing over a bridge at dawn, if you ever had the chance to walk down an old wharf that stretched out endlessly into the harbor on a mild and starry night, if you ever had the chance to witness windmill glimmering and spinning quietly at night far away, for a second, you've just mistaken them for another strange city.

SOULFUL EYES

It was as if only moments had passed since everything in the past remained as freshness as they were, and never changed their colors.

Not a day had gone by when I had not missed your soulful eyes, the thick and beautiful eyelash evokes a sense of melancholy, which beguiles me with the deepest feelings, oh jazz, that's soulfully blue.

REMINISCENCE

Reminiscence is an act of projecting the past, in which memories are the reservoirs of stories.

This is the nostalgic interpretation of reminiscence. memory allowed people to select, to compare, to repeat the lost and found...in the last end, it is some designated memories that are filed away.

In the nostalgia interpretation of past, memory is a gift bestowed by those who think themselves had participated others' lives for a while then disappeared. Drowned in the emotion of remembrance, but forgotten in the void of reminisce.

TRAIN STATION

I have always remembered there was a windless, warm sky without a cloud; the scenery was luridly bright and achingly beautiful, while you're waiting for a train, in a simply-established station, beside the station, it is the silent grey railway.

SONG IN MOUNTAINS

It is a town which remained its old-world charm.

when you walked in the mountains, a shrillish song rising from the deep of mountains, echoing through the beam of dust and sunlight. all of these reminds you of the past, when your ancestor live and create life, music, civilizations. And how their lives are living in every day, what are the subtlest emotions soaked in their plates with dark sauce? what are the yearning which piles up at night, leaving a deposit of mud on windows in spring rain? where is the evanescent scent of summer grasses which remind you of a far and faded childhood, making you want to cry?

RAINY NIGHT

I'd like to go outside on a rainy night, holding an umbrella, exploring unknown places. walked on a winding wet path, went through a deserted railway, seeing the meaningless doodles still quietly on the silent wall, there is no people, only the illuminated train with bright windows, flickering and passing, over the high bridge.

If you bestow an object a meaning, then it becomes meaningful hitherto, landscape is fluid unremittingly, emotions and flavor are framed like flicker .immortality is not sought in materiality but in spirituality. spirituality is transmitted as time being glided and object being changed.

TRANSPARENT STONE

If we climb up the highest tower, to take a leave of the lonesome city, like the transparent stone travels in the valley. If trust makes you tainted, like the lurid neon thrusts the street on rainy night. You still need to believe silent promise and ineffable taciturnity. For language has been emptied of meaning, for the echo of souls are tipping down with rain.

A ROAD

It is Sounds of cicada are filled with ears, as quiet as no one talks in this burning afternoon, time has been discarded in this isolated yard. everything is still flowing and spiraling, but no people will grow old, every thing in this yard is the same as the outside world but been cut by time dimension. There is no past, present and future, only one story. Like those intricate love and abandoned memories, paled in transparent summers:

All of life is an act of depositing fragments; languages are emptied of their concreteness.

You sit at the back seat of your father's shabby bicycle, wondering when you could rewrite and change them all.

The river and the moon is immortal, the people and the mood is temporary.

If it is raining in this alley, the pitter-patter beats against faded bricks:

Thin rains melt the sparrow, wet breeze falling whose yard.

PERPETUATOR

I love nothing more than being out, everything is new and mysterious through the eyes of the purest one. Every gaze of curiosity retains multi-layered interpretations. The universe rendered its beautiful summertime in a spatial dimension. but people's temporal existence exerts speechless sorrow.

If landscape is fluid, at the speed of one shot love glance, people are seeking for perpetuator who can catapult them back into the nebulous past.

everything is eventually lost in time. when all of these things are erased by wind, eliminated by time, what is left to you in the end, what is the trail to prove that they once came to your life.

REMEMBERANCE

I do not know why some slight memories which associated me with a lot of men who participated my life for a while, then finally they left me alone. Whenever I see lovers walk in a cool dark night, it reminds me of they had a similar side face, on a cold night or on a transparent morning, I see him walk into the youth bar with light deep carved eyes.

If there are oblivion and rememberance in one's life, then they never vanish from our life, there are similarities and familiarities existed in the men we like, and we never really forget them.

TRANSPARENT SUN

When I think of the sun glittering in transparent air, I always think of my grandmother and she kicked shuttlecock under the sun.

In fact she never do that, but she once kicked my shuttlecock in our living room, she was nineties and too old to uplift her leg, but my grandmother always attempted to do it as she always see me kicking shuttlecock here and there, she was often excited and ready to try anything new in life. when I see the shuttlecock falling feebly on the ground, and her half-curved leg pause in the air, there is a jet leg between it, I always want to cry. not for her 'failure' but for something indescribable. I cry for her stubbornness can't outrun the reality; I cry for her aliveness of life never run out.

METALLIC RAIN

It is pouring rain outside. The wet grey rain brushes and washes the building with metallic color, like quiet snow covering closed villages.

I have always anticipated encountering a rush of pink and rosy rain, falling romantically and desperately between us.

I walked through half of the city, in order to deliver an isolated letter. your smile was reminiscent of those vanished June.

Seeing transparent water swirling in sunshine, as fake as our dazed childhood sunshine.

A star-spangled day indicating
That all poems are melancholy.

WHITE WINDOW

One mild afternoon, I have seen silver sunshine outside a beige white window. all is a shade of sliver: the leaves, the sunlight...it's the such purity that bewilders you such a hue of silver is framed from a very old European movie. The silver sunshine manifests a permanent escape from the mundane world. I want to be thrown into that bright silver window instantly and so forever.

NOTHING EVER LOOKS EMPTIER THAN SUCH

I like walking on the streets on winter evenings, looking into the windows of other people's houses through orange lights and wonder what their stories are. I like listening to funny and sarcastic stories as an outsider, watching it like a drama or a play.

‘Nothing ever looks emptier than such scene.’ She said.

‘Yes, it is beautiful but still empty...’

I watched people at night vanished back into the dense darkness of staircase. life has passed him by disregardlessly.

Night time always give people a sense of escape and craziness. A First inches-thick snow in England, every night when I go out in the cold England, In that winter, every pub outside was a slide of spontaneity and also a joke which every one will laugh then forget soon.

What fascinates me most is the inexhaustibility of life in cities. evil and good, fleetness and remembrance, weaving into each individual's fate, and they eventually become fragments, these fragments intersect and overlap, bump up suddenly or faded away that no one cares.

EMPTY SUN

Walking on the bright street, I have wondered why all the sunny beauty is empty to me. Why they are so empty, so hollow. I can recall numerable sunny days, when I get off the train: there is always an endless stinging sun road ahead me, the blue sky, white cloud. With the workmen working under the bright sun.

POSTSCRIPT

MY GRANDMOTHER

Every time when I saw my grandmother knit in a corner, bending in a way with all her back tilt, absorbing herself in a way that made you cry.

When I was a child, if it was raining heavily on a pale old afternoon, rain drops sprinkle tick-tacked, then become pitter-patter falling down on the old streets, looking outside, you would feel how time was flowing back, to the days you were a junior student living in an isolated peaceful quarter.

If it was a rainy day, every time I entered into my grandmother's room, she was always surrounded by some certain kind of things---same bags with mix stuff, old woolen yarn, with an old smell of mould and dust, old photos of the past days. she always like to look through these photos again and again, and with a heartbreaking meticulousity, wrapped them in layers as they were.

She like to record meteorological development. there was always a Chinese lunar calendar in her house, ripping one a day, caring the festivals, and solar terms. sometimes I would change the page of the calendar, seeing how bewildered my grandmother amuse me, and I would calmly pretend to tell her: it is 7 th today!

60S ERA

当光线开始从紫罗兰色的天空渐渐消失，月光下影影绰绰的房子轮廓，60年代的社会激进主义时代似乎只剩下模糊的记忆：镇上所有的建筑都变成了瓦砾，在生活与生活密不透风罅隙间，总有一种情感让人泪流满面。

It seems that the 60s era of social activism is all but a dim memory. I always say to make an age an epitome colored with various emotions. everyone's voice gives a flavor of tinged sadness. women trimmed the charred wick from moonlight every night.

Everyone's memory strays down other days when heart lacks heart, soul faded soul. people will never anticipate to go to that village again.

Because my family told pathetic stories about these riots during the years of sixties, the details are as real as I could witness them by my own eyes. When I was recalling how my father and my grandmother was living a life in 60s, I always feel a heavy sadness inside; watching the Red Guards smashed their shabby house and treasures ,which are well preserved by my grandmother, hiding them everywhere possibly in a way that evokes heartbreaking helpless.

The Red Guards movement swept the whole China in 1968. A family's history always provide sober witness to the suffering of a nation, and in the fragmented fleeting narrations from the old people, which intrigues specific memories in past time: about the day and night, the moon, the dim kerosene lamp...people were cast adrift in a sea of despair.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS

Whenever I am in a crowd, on a bridge, a wet street where neon flashed in lurid rain.
Dark purple twilight is the color tinged loneliness; rainy night haunts people with
hopeless and melancholy yearning, patches of rain silvered in the moon.

I saw him hovering over the empty rooftop, having a haggard look in the rain.
I saw him on a lonely night, under jaw well curved, indulging you with the feeling of
the masculine maturity; sad and meek eyes made you trust him; drooping eyelash like
the paled brown butterfly, lightly falling.

September darkened in leaves was a shade of forgetting soul and of glowing and
bright memory.

When I finally see a train standing, and becoming old in rains, like a wet painting
filled with past. subtitle just flickers instantly like silent films. everything seems
changed and unchanged in one astonishing eye wink.

At night, stars shattered densely and beautifully in faraway of the city.

It's not one shade color but densely paint : hyacinthine, translucent green, ruby.
like myriad small diamond.

A POEM

If every glance,
Every perspective
Of eyes could frame into
An impressionist painting.

With the mauve twilight
The lurid streetlamp
Then you wonder what kind of stories
are condensed into those landscape.

With the color darkening
Stories are changed swiftly
At the speed of forgotten love.

When the whole city is enveloped
over a thin purple mist
when real night descends
everything has returned back
every story has returned
as it were several hours ago

when you stare at a landscape
finding they are just an obscure
Gouache
under the pen of impressionist Monet

you wonder why such a beautiful painting
is empty to you
Because they are just landscape
without reminiscence.

REMINISCENCE OF YORK

On reverting our eyes, recollections of my life in York, are somewhat faint and fragmentary. he gave an impression to one of those me which finds an echo in the breast of almost every short-winded memory. And with most of it I think, the more intense we live the more fully we recognise the significance and spirit of life which lies in the reunion and then separation.

Although it is impossible to forget the calm balck river, its cold and dingy-looking streets, I am not ashamed to say that these reminiscences have been jotted down in an irregular vibe. When cities sleep and the sky comes alive, that all the scenes have passed out of a sunny portions of the past.

It is then in such a memory that my thoughts revert back to the bright and the happy incidents. I am afraid that at this time of life I attached more importance to the disappeared man, who certainly made an impression in my world as he danced with me, along the stage on rounds, with his eyes seeking to let me know he was there, and with a clean sexual sign keep me think and wonder. There was also something mysterious about the whole thing even when I expect to meet him again in the far or never future.

Some Personal Reminiscence in Connection with St mickleagate

The changes which have taken place in and about York since I first sit on a bench to draw the bridge scene and the bank of the River Ouse, have been forgotten in a shade of grey and windless night.

I regret I am not able to take the details of notes of passing events, somewhat they are misty and sodden in a series of mysterious rain. My impression of that time were certainly happy and sunny, but has pratically become a thing of the past. One familiar sound cry of “ Jasmine! Jasmin!” only sounds familiar when I passed that street again. But all may have been desterted and forgotten by time and only do I remember all this sensation which happened in those days.

Most at once I recognized the road, it was 127 Pub, of which my effort to describe it and my memory had told me nothing, but the sensation which I had once experienced as I heard someone calling me, restoring a moment with a particular sensation that linked to a mysterious feeling.

When I had to say goodbye to Rosemonde and York, I enjoyed the feeling that, for a moment at least, I was to something more important than the time, than the space, and might indeed our emotions grow stronger or more subtle, accordingly as our separation increases something or alters something in time.

Since railways came into silence, as I know nothing will distract his thoughts. And as a matter of fact it was quite natural that I should have heard he says my name which I had already told him. But those vague ideas of a name, and of names are represented, recalled and imagined, which was not in the least reminiscent that people should remember how a name is bestowed with a feeling and emotion.

It is true that none of the shopowners in the town will remember how you have walked through their gates.

I should thus forget his customary smiles, I made up my mind with a selfish disappointment that I secure everything in advance. One cannot always say that in Micklegate safety hotel, the boy was whom I bumped into with my most purposed mind. At the most, he would give a scorn gaze, showing that he was but a single standard.

On the other hand, he concealed the view of the sea, of the pure aesthetics when he said: 'at night time the city sleeps and the sky comes alive.'

The kiss, frozen the feeling until that moment of a man, at the sight of a starry night, finally evokes a smile that is given to melt in too many things interposed between memory and oblivion.

But these time they were pink, For some time past, I made him this confession with a frankness but lied. And back to the fiction I had made up, I went so far, so deep, that at one time I had been falling in love with him, but not long affection had elapsed before I could no more be a friend.

I felt the same hopes, invented the same romances, spoke the same words, to have rectified therefore that their sentiments were nothing more close but pass by me, flow me, like the rivers spatter the landscapes, and their sense of their own emotions would be so faint to be loved.

That if I do not love them I can not understand them with the want of their tastes, of subtle phrases which are not for them but for me, denying the affection I have already revealed. The arrival of Albertine is an imaginary sentiment for me, and towards myself, it might appear sincere and without a drama, I assumed that he is taken too much politeness with a tenderness which I had so longed for. I love when he came to my eyes in a shade of lights and darkness. But, coming at the last of the point, I said to myself that he knew what love meant, its escapes, or suspension, and that perhaps, he was flirting me, not directly with a way I might venture to repeat that indirectly.

As summer came to an end, this scene was not, however, positively cinematic, it was stamped with a nostalgia. At dusk when it was slightly raining, while the sky was still young, one saw little houses mist in the distance which might have been mistaken, against the rain, for some inner unconsciousness. In the same way, when one were on an airplane watching over Paris resembling winding dark roads in London. The recollection of airport had no part of emotion but just sensation.

In rain, before the hour, when the mist blurred the city, while the road was still grey, I saw him walk on the other side of the street, which might have been mistaken, against the pale weather, for a stranger.

At the dinner hour the road of the restaurant was quiet and deserted, and if, passing by, I saw his eyes in a dazzling sun day, who had fixed his gaze for an instant on the flowing streets ahead of him.

I had dined with him one evening when a rosy sky is being shewn, like a playhouse which is used for projecting a film that day. Bridge was, at least, in certain quarters, colder than the bell hanging on the train station. When all of a sudden I would have espied his eyes gazing at me in dazzling sun. and we would have been strolling along the road when landscape dwarfs its color in bright sunshine.

On evenings when icy wind were blowed by the sea. I felt more as if the shore of the sea were another world or another time sealed by mystery, the contrast of the cold bell hanging over the train station and the moonlit produced effects like the sensation were back again.

LONDON

There is no one here, they've left, they are gone, though you can still hear their voices echoing in distant. The orchestra of the world has vanished into the park in London. It gives me a sensation that this place is spiraling and quivering.

I was across the fields on foot, it took me a long time to notice the beauty in it, I covered the whole park, and even going down the dense bushes, through the damp meadows in dark grass, tread on ditches---reached the river. He said the river scene was like a perspective from that angle we stand, it hurts.

A road that kept stretching, which pulled my gaze past his eyes, the air was escaping. I moved from place to place, time to time again, until I finally see pieces of landscape comprised of the park. The traveling simply became crossing the life between the possibilities and retrospection, washed in vain because the river is like a needle inserted into the way through chilled landscape. And from that moment forward, it would take up all my life, from permanence to infiniteness.

Lost in thought, I gazed out the window of the landscapes that seem to be stamped with a deep summer vibe, flowing on those house bars on small roads. Didn't he ever think: what are the endings of these bars? Where are those stories and laughter gone? The sudden sunset of the city sprinkling on the abandoned street. The wind had blown off my face as the sound of wave blew the frogs full of liveness.

And the twinkling of evening at a sidestreet bar, where the silhouette of him leaving a loud bright night, but we sat for a while on an abandoned grass in a yard. The silhouette of a moving fox crossed the dim street.

What happened to the grass and the talk? All that's left is the deserted grass that endless day.

EPI SODE

One autumn night, we had been walking down the street when all leaves were falling, and we came to a place where the wall was chilled with wind. We stopped here and sit on the tall sidewall, the corner and the moonlight. white wall formed a secret place above the trees. He could climb to it easily. I was reminded of something about fragment of words. There was a darkness and fleetness among the stars, but what I had almost remembered was nothing but these words later.

SUMMER TRAIN

It seemed to me that those memories and fragments of past are sliding away from my eyes on one empty afternoon. It also seemed to me that when I listened to the song, the melody, rhythm and lyrics have not flowed into my mind but the scene of those bright days were conjured to my head, not images, but the faint and particular sensation that is linked to those days were back again. The lyric has disappeared and vanished its meaning, everything in this tune turned into the familiar fragments and memories happened in those days, and these memories that they are pleasant associated with the sunny days, bright transparent street, sunshine all have been sealed on that summer train.