

## Chapter 10: The Death of Ying

在那段時間裏她是我一個人的老師，我也是她一個人的學生。還有一些嘻嘻哈哈的大學生，聚集在外面的大客廳，和她的先生一起討論着我當時聽不懂的繪畫大師的種種妙處。我經常戴着一頂奇怪的帽子一臉嚴肅地經過他們，朝着我和她的小房間徑直而入。那時不知道為什麼我總是戴着一頂帽子，她也不問為什麼，後來她也在頭上圍了一條頭巾，說「我年輕的時候也戴帽子的。」

—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.

—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:

鷹說我很「韌」，會讓她想起自己。她小的時候在床下藏了一個骷髏頭，偶爾偷着拿出來摸摸畫畫研究結構，有一次她爸去床下找東西時與骷髏對視，被嚇得癱軟如泥。鷹講起這些都很得意，但唯獨教我的時候說得不多，但會經常畫給我看。她說的最多的內容就是在說笑話，說一些家事，說自己年輕時候的樣子。她曾送給過我一張自己的肖像照，她知道自己好看，但也有作為藝術家對外貌的矜持。我後來把那張照片壓在桌面上一張透明亞克力板下面，在隨後的一段時間裏，桌上放着的堅挺的蘆薈葉子有一根以緩慢的速度耷拉下來，屋內的人毫無察覺——它日復一日地下降，在某一天觸碰到了桌子邊緣並流出很多汁水，汁水通過桌面邊緣滲過透明板，把照片上她的臉融化了。這個「象」讓我沉吟了很久，不知究竟。後來我夢到過她的房間，有時候，那個房間被放大了，變成了讓我興奮的層層疊疊的套間；有時候，我從窗子的位置直接走進去，那個屋子裏放着一些雜物，並沒有人。

"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,

我十三歲時的繪畫老師，她的名字裏有一個「鷹」字，她說小時候她騎在她爸的脖子上拿着小木棍把家裏的燈泡挨個敲碎，頗有一些晴雯撕扇的風範，但她本人又有一些打磨後的溫柔。她對我非常小心翼翼，又充滿了一些無私。她的工作室好安靜。我經常在週六的下午打開為我留好的門，發現一組沉默而聚光的靜物已經在那裏了。她擺的靜物對那時的我來說是最美的東西：每一個水果都像從一千隻裏被挑選出來，平凡的瓶子、盤子、罐子、鍋、勺都籠罩在某種神聖的光暈之下。這裏的安靜是怎麼回事？這裏和外面的世界簡直天差地別。我經常越畫越出神，她說看我怎麼越畫越呆了，看我魔怔了就塞點零食給我吃，我只能把畫板暫時放下把東西吃了。

"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."

後來她生病的時候，她的病床也擺在那個小房間裏。我回國最後一次見到她，她躺在床上，屋子裏依然很安靜，開了一盞小燈，一束光打在她身上，她自己變成了一組靜物。我不知道她生了什麼病，不知道她吃了什麼，也不知道發生了什麼。我當時沒有問，她哭的時候我還很緊張。我感受到了一些陌生的痛苦，不知道由什麼引發，但我能感受到那股力量。雖然在那個時候我還沒有切身體驗到一些事情，但在那個晚上我接受了她想表達的東西，這份東西一直寄存在我這裏。

有的時候人即使發言，也依然說不清楚。在表達這個事情上，人人都不怎麼樣。因為存在本身已經揭示了太多的秘密，每個人的秘密就寫在臉上，即使不說所有人都都可以讀懂。

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.

鷹是在互聯網上缺席的人，她後來總是讓我教她如何用電腦。每次她都特別詳細地寫在小筆記本上，就像我向她學習素描一般。當時的我，她去世之前最後一次見到的我——對她來說已經長大了，已經是她的驕傲。說起來的時候她會情緒飽滿準備小哭一場。

如果她能等我到今天，如果她能等我到明天，應該已經學會了上網。我依然會說：「等我以後/接下來/將來/會……」但我能為她做些什麼呢？

每個藝術家都會有一個創作生命上的母親，我的就是她了。我們會用「老師」來概括這個身份。我能想起的總是一小段一小段的對白，與大段的安靜，在她的畫室中。

雲門文偃禪師講：「平地上死人無數，過得荊棘林者是好手。」

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「整體」這個詞彙給我創造了一個標準。我理解為要在畫布這個有限空間內製造出一種太陽系般的和諧。在畫面語言中，這個詞彙可以用來描述喬爾喬內 (Giorgione)、魯本斯 (Peter Paul Rubens) 或普桑 (Nicolas Poussin) 的創作。「整體」也可以作為一種視角存在：放棄對局部過分的沉迷與描繪。這給了我一個延續至今的提醒：別忘了眯起眼睛看一看。現在我擁有了不受限的創作時間，而這個習慣出現在了我的慣性中。

我直到今年才戴起了隱形眼鏡。而這之前，我的世界就像那時開始的一句咒語：大概齊地看一看周圍，不用太仔細，太仔細你就會陷入，看整體！

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. Hope, 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. 現在回想起來，她、我，應該是當真了。當一個人開始「搞創作」，那個瞬間這個人就忘了自己是人了，可以被比喻成宇宙/神/造物主之類的存在。元素在手中出現，從無到有，你來決定這一切的安排，你手中的這個世界正在成型，在這裏的一切你都要負全責。如果沉浸在其中，人是會忘記還可以有別的狀態的，永恆的寧靜充滿了一切。

2. 但家庭和此世界需要「你是人」，是可以合作的個體，需要你是「一個部分」。家人和朋友們並不會像迎接神一樣對待你，你是這個整體中的一個構成元素，就像畫中的一個局部。在這個分配中，你知道你無法左右全部。

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.

當自己是這個的時候就會忘記自己同時也可以是那個。

在十幾歲完全以自己為中心的時候，我不能理解她的痛苦。

「你聽我說，不要結婚。」她哭着和我說。這個瞬間我感覺很恐怖，就像看到照顧自己成長起來的穩固的家開始衰落，永恆而美麗的靜物中的水果開始腐敗，曾經給予過自己力量的人開始哭泣，我很想趕快逃走。

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日我正躺在費城的床上，醒來得知她去世的消息。那是很美的一天：陽光透過窗簾的溫暖，外面傳來吸塵器的聲音，柔軟的被子與枕頭，被單上還有一些葉子藤蔓的花紋。這些和死亡是一種什麼關係呢。

每次想到她，我都會有點越王勾踐的心情。善良是什麼，它究竟是不是兩手空空時面對恐懼時而不得以的懦弱。

後來我看到甘道夫給了比爾博·巴金斯一把短劍。

「給你，剛好你的尺寸。」

「我不能要。」

「劍刃由精靈所鑄，也就是說，當獸人和地精靠近時它會發藍光。」

「我這輩子還沒用過劍呢。」

「也希望你不曾用到，若形勢所需請謹記：真正的勇氣不在於知道何時取人性命，而是何時刀下留情。」

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.

巨大的恐懼與懷疑，我睡不着覺，腦子裏各種消息混在一起，意識穿行在混亂的人群裏，不知道要走向哪裏，不知道這感受什麼時候可以結束，不知道該走哪一條路。想到悲傷處眼淚流出來了，熱熱的眼淚，怎麼還能這樣熱呢？人不喜歡這種感覺：身體無法休息，僵硬地陪伴着自己；心無法休息，沉重地跳動着；意識無法休息，被迫地旁觀與運作。

很多年之後我嘗到了一種滋味，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.

先盡量完整地活下去，握住你的舵。

一張畫一個展覽一個項目不重要，不要爭一時，先活下去。

「海龜睜眼的時候，它看不見，而它閉上眼時，卻能看見，如果你仔細檢查，它就是一個偉大的奇蹟。」

中文段落由楊伯都撰寫；  
英文段落摘自E·M·福斯特小說《印度之行》（1924）。

Chinese passages are written by Yang Bodu;  
English passages are excerpts from *A Passage to India* (1924) by E. M. Forster.

