

EDITORIAL

主编寄语

金华燕尾洲公园和八咏桥：2014年5月20日建成开放至今，每天平均有4万人到访和使用公园。当地媒体惊叹：“一个城市为一座桥而疯狂”。造价不足7 000万元的公园和步行桥，连接了婺江两岸的城市功能和社区以及4个公园，成为居民们日常生活的纽带。八咏桥将功能与艺术设计相结合，被当地媒体称为“最具诗意的步行桥。”同时，该桥和公园与洪水为友，与自然为友，保护了燕尾洲头原有湿地，使公园可被淹没。这既是城市的生态基础设施，也是促进和谐社区建设的社会基础设施。

Since the completion and opening of Yanweizhou Park and Bayong Bridge, Jinhua on May 20th, 2014, the average number of daily visitors has reached 40,000 — “The city is going crazy for the bridge,” as a local media described. With a budget of less than 70 million yuan, this park and the bridge connect urban functional zones and neighborhoods along the both sides of the Wujiang River, and 4 other urban parks, acting as a strong link for citizens’ daily life. The bridge integrates service functions with aesthetic and has been regarded as “the most poetic pedestrian bridge” by the locals. Furthermore, the design takes flooding into consideration and is nature-friendly, preserving the existing wetlands and allowing the park to be submerged during storms. The project serves not only as an ecological infrastructure but also a social infrastructure that promotes a harmonious lifestyle to the local communities.



周水明摄于2014年10月8日。
Taken by Shuiming Zhou, October 8th, 2014.

/ 论重构社会与生态的基础设施

主编 / 俞孔坚

我常常感叹于“看得见山，望得见水，记得住乡愁”这句话的朴实与深刻。在我的理解中，这是渴望重构美好生态与社会的最得体的表述。

受金华市政府的邀请，2014年10月7日，我与我的团队踏上了故乡金华的土地，开展白沙溪治理和区域内多项规划设计工作。金华市委书记徐加爱念我久别故土多年，特别安排了“省亲”的节目，陪我一起走入古老的东俞村。这座偏僻的村庄顿时异常热闹，场景令人感动。在百年老宅的天井里，在弄堂的台阶上，在村口的平地上，在村中的广场中，在家族的宗祠里，无论是那个曾经欺凌过我的大个子男孩，还是我暗恋无缘、见面红脸的姑娘；无论是“文化大革命”期间迫害我父母的“积极分子”、剥夺过我上学权力的“贫管会”成员，还是在我父母受迫害时出手相助的恩人，这些故乡的人啊，都伸出了热情的手，眼里含着激动的泪花。正所谓相见一笑泯恩仇，浓浓的乡情扑面而来。

我在思考，为什么30多年的离别，刻骨铭心的风雨跌宕，反而使这乡情更加浓烈？这种人与人之间的归属感与认同感何以使恩情未泯？我想，是那共同望过的山，共同见过的水，共同的祖先祠堂，共同走过的弄堂、广场和村门，还有共同躲过雨的亭子、纳过凉的大树……于是，在我的脑海里，便清晰地将我的乡人与故土的景观建立起了不可分割的联系，它是一个网络——一个空间和人的活动相叠加的景观、社会及文化的体验网络。

我所体验的东俞村的社会与生态基础设施是美丽的，是1980年之前的，也是时常在我的梦境中出现的。村的北边是婺江——金华的母亲河，她自东而西，在兰溪与衢江相会，汇入富春江而后进入钱塘江。其江面宽阔，两岸沃野平畴，远山起伏如画，舟帆往来不断，那是乡民们每次去兰溪或金华必经的摆渡河流；沙滩上有成群的水鸟，那是我与伙伴们放养水牛的地方；春汛时节，沙滩被洪水淹没，成群的鲤鱼会跃入周边的水潭和稻田，那正是村民们一起围捕鲤鱼的时节。而夏季干旱时，全村为了共同的命运，人人参与修建提水泵站和水渠。

作为婺江的重要支流，白沙溪发源自南部山区。这条山溪遍布深潭浅滩，河柳丛生，除春汛的少数几日外，溪水在大部分时间里都异常清澈，阳光直透水

底，鱼蟹历历在目，那是全村人傍晚共同洗浴、儿童一起戏水的地方。自汉代以来，溪上筑有36道古堰，引出36条水渠，灌溉两岸万顷良田。每条水渠都是沿岸乡民的生命线，对其的分配和使用有着人人遵守的公约；水渠将白沙溪水连同各种鱼蟹引入村中，汇聚成村中的7个水塘，200来户人家以水塘为中心，聚合成几个各有特征的邻里；这水塘是所有日常生活用水的来源，人们还经常借清淤之便，掏干水塘，收获丰富的鱼蟹和泥鳅，共同分享；水塘边的大樟树，浓荫覆盖，是白天集合出工，晚上聚会聊天，孩子们一起分享长辈们故事的地方……我想，正是这些曾经与村民共享的美丽的景观，构成了我的乡情的基础；也正是那些不断在梦中出现的景观，使乡情随时间而日益深长。

也正因为如此，当我看见白沙溪被渠化、硬化，变得面目全非之后，我伤心；当我看见古老的石堰被水泥大坝和橡胶大坝所替代时，我痛心；当我看见河床里的柳树被铲掉，沙洲被掏毁，水潭被填平，鱼鳖匿迹时，我悲叹。而所有这些都是在“水利基础设施”建设的名义下进行的。同样的悲伤，是当我看到从白沙溪引入村中的水渠被垃圾淤塞，村中的7口水塘被填埋，村口池塘边的大樟树被伐去，村前的风水林被毁掉……而这一切是在建设“市政基础设施”的名义和发展社会的名义下进行的。真正的基础设施却消失了，那就是作为乡情纽带的生态基础设施和社会基础设施——一个人人依赖的、人人以此为交流媒介，分享喜怒哀乐的景观基础。在这里，我把社会基础设施广义化为人们的体验和分享环境，而把景观理解为一种自然过程、生物过程和社会行为过程的关键性的空间格局，即生态基础设施（景观基础设施）。

我的母亲河——白沙溪，不是一条简单的溪流，而是一个生态基础设施，它为流域内的人民提供了不可或缺的供给、调节、生命承载和文化及审美启智的服务；它也是一个社会基础设施，它是流域内人人分享体验的网络，是那无限乡情的载体。于是，我明白了应该如何去修复她：重构社会，也即重构生态，应从恢复和构建生态基础设施开始。



/ On Ecological and Social Infrastructures

Chief Editor / Kongjian YU

Few sayings have inspired me or come close to expressing the desire to rebuild society as a beautiful ecology as, “mountain in my view, water in my sight, and home in my deep heart” (words by Chinese Central Government).

In October, I was invited to do a site investigation in Jinhua, my hometown. Jia'ai Xu, the parentlike city secretary, thoughtfully arranged a visit to the ancient Dongyu Village, my home village, where I was born and grew till I left for college in 1980. During my visit, the usually quiet village was vibrant and streets were packed with people. The scene was moving. Suddenly everything felt familiar: the courtyards of the ancient houses, the steps of the alleyways, the entrance ground in front of the village, the square in the village, and the ancestral hall of the family.... No matter who I ran across: the boy who bullied me, the girl on whom I had a crush, the “activist” who persecuted my parents during the Cultural Revolution, the member of “The Management Committee of the Poor and Lower-middle Peasants” who deprived my right of education, or the benefactors who helped my parents when they were suffering, welcomed me with tears in their eyes. I was filled with humility. The saying a “smile can melt away allies and enemies” could not of felt more true.

Since this trip, I have been thinking, what makes the nostalgia of home after 30 years away make you forget the ups and downs? How can belonging and self-identity live well beyond the friendships between people? Perhaps the answer is simple. We have viewed the same mountains, drank the same water, shared the same alleyways, walked the same roads, and been sheltered by the same trees. We are connected to the landscape beyond a place of mind; we have shared a feeling of the landscape. We are strongly connected by the network consisting of rich landscape, social, and cultural experience and memories.

The social and ecological infrastructure of Dongyu Village was beautiful. It was there before the year of 1980, and appears in my dreams from time to time. To the north of the village is the Wujiang River — the mother river of Jinhua. The river meets the Qujiang River at Lanxi, flows into the Fuchunjiang and then Qiantangjiang River. The Wujiang River was wide and open and filled with dozens of boats. Mountains framed distant scenes. Waterfowl sat on the shoal, where my friends and I raised buffalos. During the spring floods, when the shoal disappeared and carps jumped from ponds to fields, the villagers would work collectively to catch the fish. During the dry summer, pumping stations and water channels supported the village.

Baishaxi Stream (the White Sand Creek) is a major

tributary of the Wujiang River, originating from the southern mountain area, with willows and shallow pools. Except for several days in the spring flood season, the stream was visibly clear, and sunlight reaches all the way to where fish and crabs could be seen. The stream had long been a place to gather and play. During the Han Dynasty, 36 weirs were constructed on the stream and 36 channels were diverted to irrigate tens of thousands of agricultural fields. The channels became the lifeline for villagers, and through collective agreement they began to regulate distribution and usage. Channels brought the stream into the village, where it formed seven ponds. The village was made up of over 200 homes in several neighborhoods — each with a pond in the center. The ponds were not only a source of daily water use, but also provided aquaculture for the locals. The camphor trees provided shade around the ponds, and they naturally became places for daily gathering and night chatting. These beautiful landscapes that I have experienced, together with other villagers, is the foundation of my nostalgia and memory of landscape; these landscapes appear in my dreams and the nostalgia grows deeper and deeper throughout the years.

I therefore felt sad when I saw the Baishaxi Stream embanked and engineered. I felt sorrow when I saw the ancient weir being replaced by cemented and rubber dams. I felt grief when I saw the willows being removed from the waterbed, the shoal being destroyed, the ponds being filled, and the wildlife disappearing. Ironically, everything has been completed in the name of “Hydrological Infrastructure Development”. I was at a loss when I saw that the channel diverted from the Baishaxi Stream was choked with trash, that the seven ponds in the village had been filled, the camphor tree near the village gate had been cut, and the forest in front of the village had been destroyed. All in the name of “Civil Infrastructure Development”. In reality, real infrastructures — the ecological and social infrastructure, the landscape infrastructure that everyone relies on, and critical for natural process, biological process, social process, and ecological process — have disappeared.

My mother river, the Baishaxi Stream, is not a simple stream but an ecological infrastructure. It provides essential supplies, it carries of lives, culture, aesthetics, and enlightenments for people throughout the watershed. It is a social infrastructure, an experienced network, and a carrier for the endless memoirs. All of these have inspired me the solution to rehabilitate her: Rebuilding society, as rebuilding ecology, should start with the rehabilitation and construction of these essential ecological infrastructures.

