



EDITORIAL
主编寄语

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这是六盘水明湖湿地公园建设之前的场地一隅：这样的景象并不陌生，几乎在每个城市都有。这种工业“遗产”带来的对土壤和土地的毁坏，需要景观设计师们用比工业时代更长的时间来修复和重建。

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A corner of the site of Liupanshui Minghu Wetland Park before construction: a common scene which almost appears in every city. In order to repair the damage to soil and land caused by industrial “heritage,” landscape architects will spend an even longer time than the whole industrial age.

土殇

主编 俞孔坚

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一提到土，我的脑海里立刻会交替出现两个生动的画面：一个来自于我记事不久的儿时经历，另一个来自遥远的历史。

这第一个画面是一群披麻戴孝的男女，在一个深深的土坑中，大家围绕着一口棺材一面哭嚎，一面转圈；每个人都从身边抓起一把把松土，撒向棺材的顶部。棺材里躺着我的长辈。我也被夹在这流动着的人群之中，一圈一圈地在这深坑中走着。我非常恐惧，恐惧死亡，恐惧自己迟早也将进入这黑暗的地下。这种恐惧伴随着我成长，直到40多岁之后，这种对土的恐惧才慢慢消失，因为，它将是所有人类最公平的、不可逃避的归宿：入土为安！

这第二个画面是2 600多年前，晋国二公子重耳及其拥戴者——一群地道的亡命徒，跋涉于黄土沟壑之间的情景。他们不忍饥渴和疲惫，向当地农人乞讨。农人盛了一碗土给他们，意为不劳动哪有饭吃！重耳大怒，人群中却有智慧人士告诉他：赶紧司跪拜大礼，接受这最珍贵的礼物，因为这是获得国家与土地的吉祥之兆。果然，不久之后，重耳重回晋国，成为国君，拥有一切。大地重现生机，社稷得以昌盛。

土，人类一切的来源，也是人类一切的归宿。关于这一点，在东西方的观念中都是一样的。上帝用土造人，最终又将人类生命还给土地。千百年来循环往复，未尝改变。不但如此，土令我生活和成长在其中。小时候，妈妈曾经将黄土敷在我的创伤处，使它不被感染，并很快痊愈；我曾经从河沟里挖出泥土，做成坦克和种种动物，然后在太阳下晒干，成为最心爱的玩具；我曾经将双脚深深插入泥塘里，感受泥鳅在脚底下的蠕动；当我离开故土时，我甚至带上一包黄土，远渡重洋……

仔细思考，这土也是世界上最不可描绘、最复杂和内涵最丰富的存在：它既是作为家园和国家的领土，也是作为生产资料的土地，还是作为作物生长的介质——土壤。也正因如此，土，可以唤起人类所有复杂的情感：热爱、愤怒、恐惧、感恩、内疚、嫉妒……人类最伟大和最卑鄙的行为，都会因这土而产生。所以，人类用“母亲”两个字来表达土地；甚至超越“母亲”的表达，而必须用“神”来形容——是的，土地是神！

非常有意思的是，人类关于土的理解和情感，最终可以通过手中的那捧土来表达！这便是土壤，一种曾经唾手可得、最寻常的东西。土壤的科学定义是由岩石风化而成的矿物质，它

是矿物和有机物的混合物。科学家告诉我们，在良好的水热条件下，每一立方厘米的土壤的生成，需要300年的时间。这曾经无处不在的土壤，对于人类而言其存在的价值不亚于空气和水，却是最不被珍惜和善待的存在！

它们被肆意从山坡上剥离，只因为它们埋藏有煤矿、金属，或是其他可以为人类牟取暴利的物质；它们被肆意覆盖上水泥，只因为土壤太普通、太寻常；它们被肆意污染和毒化，以至于不能够再支持任何生命的存在……

我关于土的情感第一次受到伤害是20多年前在美国的时候，当时我租居的宅子前有一方土地，于是便想开垦种些蔬菜。不想，邻居立刻警告说，这里的土壤里可能有铅污染，最好不要种蔬菜，甚至不要让儿童接触！一个号称最发达的国家里，怎么连土壤都是危险的！此后，全美国境内关于儿童因铅中毒的报道不绝于耳。

20年之后，再看我的祖国，土壤已完全不是我儿童时的景象：在过去的20年中，我曾走进城市中心废弃的厂区，满地污水横流，土壤带着危险的颜色；我曾经误入郊区的工业废渣堆放场，那里散发着死亡的气味，周边的树木已全部枯萎；我曾经踏进远郊的田野，作物枯黄、毫无生气。农人告诉我，年复一年的化肥施用，早已使土壤板结，几乎无法继续耕种；我想去远方的河谷与山林中寻找一片净土，不想沿途却看见河岸的沃土已经被梯级电站水库所淹没，山坡上的土壤已被灰色的水泥所覆盖。梦中那方神圣的土地，却已满目疮痍！

此时，我在想，当重耳再手捧那一碗黄土，他又该作何感想！此时，我如再用这脚下的黄土疗愈我受伤的肌肤，结果又将如何？我那地下长眠的祖先，他是否还感到宁静和安全？



ELEGY TO SOIL

CHIEF EDITOR Kongjian YU

TRANSLATED BY Angus ZHANG Catherine De ALMEIDA

Whenever there is a mention of soil, two vivid scenes always appear in my mind: one from my earliest memories, the other from a distant history.

In the first scene, a group of men and women in mourning apparels were crying and walking around a coffin in a deep pit; each of them grabbed and sprinkled soil on top of the coffin, in which lain one of my elders. I was among the crowd too, walking round and round in the pit. I was very scared, scared of death, scared of the ultimate end of myself being buried in this darkness of underground. The fear accompanied me through my growth. This fear of soil has slowly gone until my forties because I realized it is the most equitable and inescapable fate of human beings — to lay in soil and rest.

The second scene dates back to more than 2,600 years ago: Chong’er, the second prince of Kingdom Jin, crawling in the loess gullies with his partisans, a tribe of bravos. Dying of hunger, thirst, and exhaustion, they begged the local farmers for food. One of the farmers offered them a bowl of soil, implying that one gets no food without working hard. Chong’er was furious. But a wise partisan told him that that was the most precious gift and Chong’er should perform the prostration ceremony for the local, because soil symbolized Kingdom and land. Before long, as expected, Chong’er returned to Kingdom Jin and became the king to rule everything. Life and prosperity were brought back to the Kingdom.

It is recognized both in Eastern and Western ideologies that soil is not only the matrix of all human activities, but also their end result. God forms man out of dust, and ultimately returns man back to earth. For thousands of years this circle continues. Moreover, soil becomes a valuable part of my personal life experiences and memories. When I was young, my mother used to apply loess on my wound to keep away infections and make me healed; I used to make tanks and various animals with mud, and once they dried up in the sun, they became my favorite toys. I also used to put my feet deep in a pond, and feel the wiggle of loaches. When I left my homeland, I even took a pack of loess from home to accompany my travels overseas.

In Chinese, “土” (earth) may be one of characters with the most indescribable, complicated, and richest meanings — it is not only the territory for state and homeland (领土), the land as a means of production (土地), but also the medium in which we grow crops — soil (土壤). Precisely because of it, soil arouses all kinds of complex human feelings: devotion, anger, fear, appreciation, shame, jealousy.... Both the greatest and most despicable acts of human beings may be generated from soil. Therefore, “Mother” is the word that a man calls the ground beneath his feet; or “God,” the word beyond the connotation of “Mother” — indeed so, land is God!

Interestingly, a man can express his understanding and feelings for soil by a handful of dirt in his hands. It is soil, a ubiquitous, common thing. The scientific definition of soil is the minerals generated from weathering stone, it is a mixture of minerals and organic matter. Studies inform us that in ideal hydrothermal conditions, the formation of each cubic centimeter of soil takes 300 years. Soil, as valuable as oxygen and water to human beings, is yet the least appreciated and well-treated existent!

It gets stripped off from mountain slopes, only because it contains coal, metals, or other substances that can bring huge profits to people; it gets covered by concrete, only because soil looks too ordinary and plain; it becomes so contaminated and poisoned that no life can exist in it any more....

The first time my feelings for soil got hurt was over 20 years ago when I lived in the United States. In front of my rented house, there was a piece of land where I intended to reclaim and plant some vegetables. Unexpectedly, I was immediately alarmed by the neighbor that the soil might be lead-polluted and it would be too risky to plant vegetables or crops, or let kids touch the soil! In the reputed “most developed” country, how could the soil be dangerous? Since then, I have constantly heard reports of lead-poisoned children all over the United States.

20 years later, when I look at my own homeland, the soil no longer looks the same as it did in my childhood: over the past decades, I had visited abandoned factory campuses in cities, where polluted water flows with the soil in unusual colors. By accident, I went to an industrial waste dump in suburb, where exuded putrid smell and none of the trees alive. I also used to step in farmlands far away from the city, where the crops were withered and inanimate crops. Local farmers told me that the use of chemical fertilizer year after year has rendered the soil harden and unarable. When I sought for the pure land in the secluded river valley and mountain forest, all I found was the riverside fertile soil replaced by hydropower station, and mountain slopes covered by grey concrete. The dreamt, sacred land has now become nothing but devastation!

At this moment, I am wondering what would Chong’er have in his mind if he had that bowl of soil in hands again? What would happen to me if I tried to heal my wounds by loess again? The elder of mine, resting underground, would he still feel peaceful and safe?

