



Finally traveled through the tunnel-like bardo

逝者终于穿越了仿如隧道般的中阴界

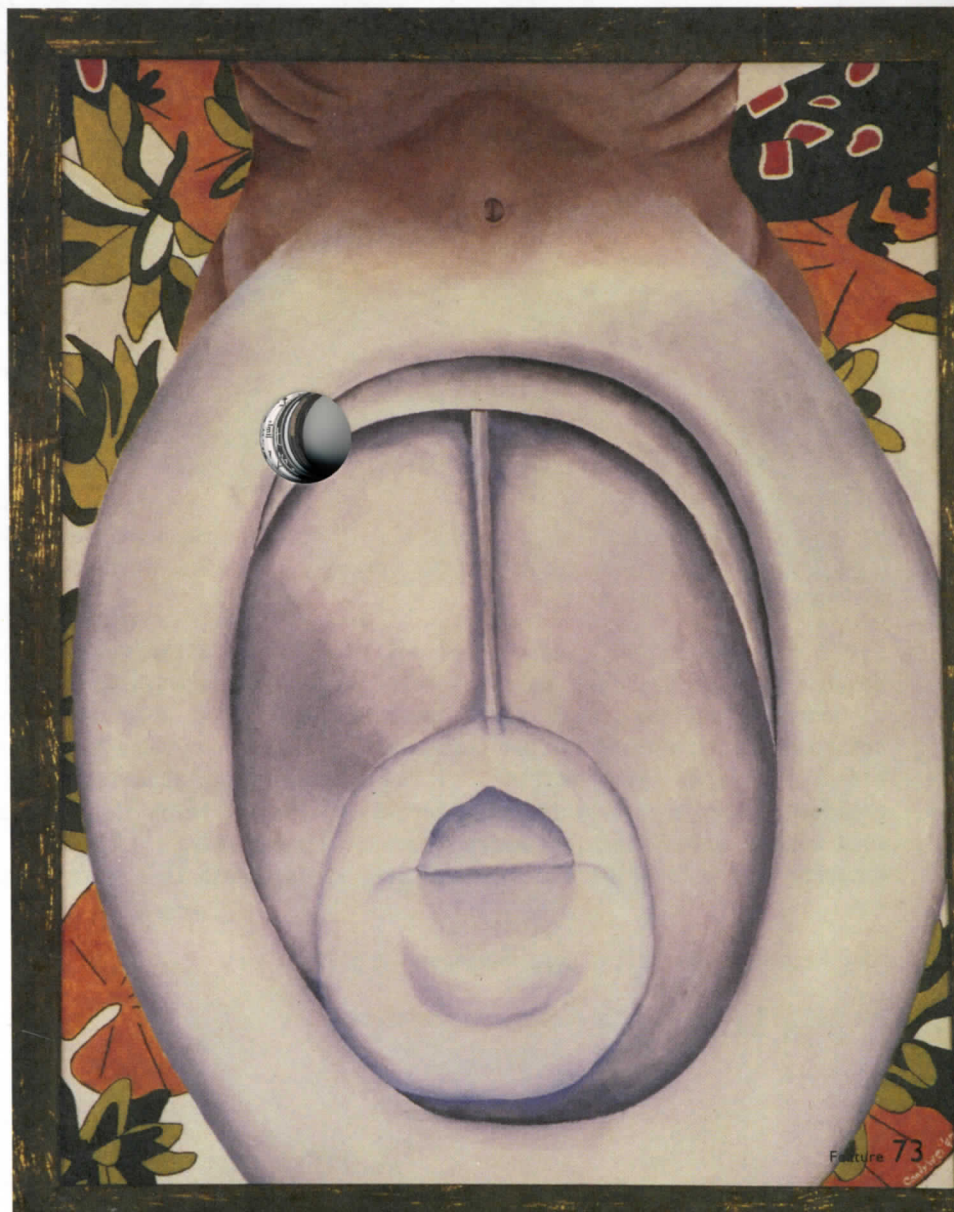
文字：王瑾/Jing Wang

绘画：魏容容

一个母亲纪念她才华横溢英年早逝的女儿魏容容的文章(中英文)，包括介绍、容容的诗歌和母亲的悼词。

Article written by Ms. Jing Wang in memory of her talented daughter Candy whom commit suicide. It contains introduction, Candy's poems and Jing Wang's tribute to Candy Wei.

关键词：精子，卵子，子宫，重生，死亡，隧道，精神病，自由，选择，变化
Key word: sperm, egg, womb, rebirth, death, tunnel, mental disease, freedom, choose, change



魏容容是我的女儿，去年一月十六日在美国密歇根大学自杀辞世，才二十岁。她聪明、美丽、性善、坚强。是画家也是作家。死后留下了许多诗画。其中自成系列的是她死前一年陆陆续续完成的精子与卵子之重生画组。无论是版画还是油画或蜡笔画，这部分的遗作所表达的意念都环绕着同一个境界——那就是佛教里说的“中阴界”。生魂在死後飘渺、尚未脱胎转世的，介于生与死之间的那段旅程。她笔下捕捉的是画中飞舞的精子在游向如洞般卵子，与之交合的那一刹那间，逝者终于穿越了彷如隧道般的中阴界，从漫漫长夜中重新涌现的喜悦之情。

对我做母亲的，这些画是容容给我留下的她选择自尽的谜语解答。它们是一个艺术家暗流激荡的潜意识所造就的宗教哲学的具象，也是一个精神病患对生与重生的执著之表达。在无数无尽的夜晚里，面对它们让我悲喜交集。这些画里的触机我都写在去年的一篇悼念辞里（见下文）。冥冥中，所有这些美丽的图片与她生前所钟爱的山洞隧道的意象都在反复地叮嘱着我：死亡之旅是过程，不是一个结束。

Candy Rong-Rong Wei was my daughter. She committed suicide at the University of Michigan on January 16, 2001. She was only twenty years old. A beautiful and strong person, wise and compassionate. She was an artist and a poet/writer. She left behind a large corpus of art work (made in a variety of mediums), poetry, and other creative writings. For me, the most eye-catching work is the egg and sperm series she worked on consciently during the last year of her life. Whether they were done in wood block, in oil, or in crayons, those prints and paintings all portrayed the same state of existence - the [bardo] state in Buddhist cosmology - or the limbo, or in mundane terms, the journey taken between death and rebirth by the spirit of the deceased before reincarnation. She wanted to capture the moment of (re)birth when the dancing sperm swarms towards and into the hole-like eggs. Such joy of the dead, as she finally traveled through the tunnel-like bardo and reemerged from darkness.

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For a bereaved mother, those paintings provided an ultimate answer to the riddle of a daughter's suicide. They were concrete images imbued with the symbolism of a religious philosophy, gushing forth from the unconscious: they were also the expression of a schizophrenic's passion for and commitment to life. In endless long nights, they pained and liberated me at the same time. I had spoken of the Buddhist epiphanies unconsciously embedded in her egg/sperm thematic series. Please see below the memorial speech I gave for Rong-Rong at Duke University where I taught. >> Inexorably, all those images and her favorite metaphor of the tunnel bade me over and over again: death is a journey and a process, not the end.

Rong Rong Wei's web site: www.humancomp.org/candy_wei

容容的遗作网址: www.humancomp.org/candy_wei

来自子宫的音乐 Music from the Womb

作者：魏容容
译者：王琦

锁在幽闭的屋子里
这白色是被漂白过的
皮屑一片片从墙上剥落
一只小手在天花板上轻轻地撕
有蛇曾经住过的窄窄的小孔
它们那小小的壳状的心对我裸露着
窗户不在那儿
外面 丹枫沐浴在蓝色的阳光里
没有窗户，这里没有
而我能做的只是
看着我的床
那印有太阳、月亮和星辰的毯子
才是我的窗户
直看进宇宙里
也许我的毯子偷来的是海
或者 那是最后一颗流星
第一次坠入冰川

夜晚，我的头枕在一块生满青苔的石上
紫罗兰在我脸庞周围开放
环绕着我 如雏菊的花瓣
每朵花都是那花瓣
准备好要散落凋零在冷冷的地上
有一天它会被当作一块化石
不，不是那样的
花儿之所以死去是因为我睡在它们的花床里
压碎了它们的绽放 压碎了它们所以要去了
从梦里醒来
我摇摇头 摇摇我的捕梦网
所有的花瓣都掉下来
每一瓣都诉说着同样的话：勿忘我

(1995年11月29日，杜克大学精神病房)

Locked in the room of confinement
This white has been bleached
Flakes of dandruff peel off their walls
A small hand chipping away at the ceiling
Narrow holes where the snakes used to live
Whose tiny shell hearts are left exposed to me
The windows are not there
Outside red maples bathe in the sun of blue
No windows, not here
but all I have to do is
look at my bed
The blanket, designed with the sun, moons and stars,
is my window
into space
it might be the sea
that my blanket stole
or was it the last shooting star
that fell into ice land for the first time

At night, my head rests upon a mossy stone
purple pansies grow around my face
Surrounding me like petals of a daisy
Each flower is that petal
ready to blow away and wilt on the cold ground
When someday it will be labeled as an ancient fossil
No, that is not the way
Flowers die because I sleep in their flowerbed
Crushed they bloom, crushed they will go
I awake from the dream
and shake my head my dream catcher
All of the petals of flowers fall
each one with the same message: Forget me not

(11/29/95, at Duke's Mental Ward)



无题（与白露合写、“寒鸦”咏唱）

她从那洞里走来

“我们围着洞飞旋，看她在洞边努力保持平衡
她看见的是我们，呼吸的是我们
只有那气息不是我们的，我们直飞入
暗沉沉的云堆
象伯劳鸟在空荡回响的空中尖叫着集体真理”

那幽暗之洞回荡着华而不实的语言
是熏过的干酪还是柑橘香料
滋润着她子宫的种子
见他们之所见
呼吸他们之所呼吸的空气
她于是具备了那一种人的气质

“她赤裸的来，赤裸的走；没有一根羽毛为她遮阳，
没有一张兽皮为她挡雨，没有一个可以让她将长长脖颈伸进去歇息的翅膀
这另一个女人是谁？为什么有这么多个她？
寒鸦从不问这样的问题，而只是简单的接受：
我们都是复性的，活着，活着，活着”

在黎明的时刻
荫翳遮掩了她的裸体
和雪松丛里升起的香雾

“我们什么也闻不到
我们听见两个（或三个或许多）的笑声
这让我们记起来她是多个的而且一直是
象我们一样，伯劳鸟和寒鸦平贴在发亮的天空”

和她的笑声混在一处
曾有那么一刻
你想起了你自己
那无尽无数的雏菊图案
你是一个从洞外向里眺望的观众

“我们是一群旁观者，象往常一样高高在上
嗡嗡不停地重复着提示
欢迎她和无数的她从那个冰冷洞中归来
在墓地上我们寻得她哀悼的泪珠，我们珍惜
并等待着，直到我们能把那些泪珠送回它们出生地的雨林”

一滴丢失在雨中的眼泪
总有什么在枯萎
你哭着，
在她的葬礼上你紧紧抱着自己
那些亲挚的词语
尘归尘……土归土……
她的棺木盖上的声音明白无误
你的悲伤从抽泣中渗出
你这个悲痛的家伙
你曾经为你自己抛洒的泪如今是为了她

“当海洋还是水蒸气时我们就在那里
当柏树还是小草时我们就在那里
独眼巨神库克罗普斯的双脚是我们的利爪，翼手龙的四肢是我们的翅膀
她洒下的所有眼泪是我们的
她回家的路程是我们狂欢的快乐时光”

在回家的黑暗途径上

She walks in from the hole

We soared around the hole, watching her balance at the edge
we were the sights that she saw, the breath that she breathed
only the smells were not ours, as we flew straight up
into the blackened cloud banks
like shrieks screeching The collective Truth in the echoing empty sky.

that dark void echoing rhetoric language,
spells of smoked gouda and orange spice
nourishing the seed of her womb
seeing what they see
breathing what they breathe
she has that human quality

Naked she came, naked she walks; not a feather to shield her from the sun,
not a hide to shelter her, not a wing she could put her long neck in.
Who is this other woman? And why are there so many of her?
These are questions Raven never asks, but simply accepts:
we are all multiplicity, alive, alive, alive.



throughout the dawn
shadows clothe her nakedness
and the aroma from the cedar grove

We smell nothing.
We hear the laughter of two (or three or multiplicity).
This reminds us she is many and will always be.
Like us, shrieks and ravens flat against the luminescent sky.

mingles in with her laughter
and for a moment
you are reminded of yourself
that daisy pattern infinitely repeated
you are a viewer watching in from the outside,

We are a band of watchers, aloft as always
infinitely repeating our chattering reminder
welcoming her and her and her back from that cold, cold hole.

We find her tears of mourning at the burial site and cherish them
and wait till we can send them back to the rainforest where they were born.

a tear lost in the rain
something always withers
and you are weeping,
holding yourself at her burial
those words of endearment
a  shes...dust to dust...
a  is that unmistakable sound of her coffin closing
your grief comes out in half sobs
you retch
and the tears that you once shed for yourself were now for her

We were there when the oceans were steam.
We were there when the cypress was grass.
Our claws were the feet of cyclops, our wings the limbs of pterodactyl.
All the tears she sheds are our amoebic confreres,
and her journey home is our joyous occasion
for unrestrained flight.

there is a path
on the dark journey back home

There is a road

有一条路

悼词

容容的母亲王瑾撰，王琦译

2001年1月28日于美国杜克大学魏容容追悼会与画展

亲爱的朋友们：

今天在此对容容的悼念，我最先想到的是去年圣诞节我们在日本旅行时她说过的话。那是在十二月二十八日，刚好整一个月前。我们乘旅游车穿过神户，一个离京都只有几个小时的城市。那天下午，我们参观了一座海边的桥，一个公园，一座塔，穿过不少隧道。一天下来，我问容容她最喜欢的景点是什么，她说，“是隧道。”她喜欢的是一条很长很黑的隧道。我是在三天前起草悼念辞，在寻找隧道的具象时才想起这个插曲的。如在座的一些朋友已经知道的那样，作为“中阴”的意象，隧道是phowa（藏传佛教为死者举行的四十九天仪式）中最重要的一部分。从容容离世的一月十六日起，我每天都在为她举phowa仪式。我想象的是一条闪闪发光的隧道。我看到容容走进这条通亮的隧道，她在里面觉得安全、温暖、被爱。我看见，她越往前走，那隧道里的光芒就越亮越强越暖，直到她跳进那光里，融入那光里，与之合为一体，获得重生。每当我忆起那天下午容容跟我一块坐车穿过神户隧道时我们共享的那种感受，我就得无限安慰：那天我们俩在隧道中感觉奇异而平静。容容又踏上旅途了。这次她是一个人，但穿过的不是一条黑暗的隧道。她走过的是一条闪闪发光的隧道。她走入了一个新的轮回。

我去到容容上学的安娜堡，惊痛之情，难以赘述。让我心里最痛的不是容容的决定，而是她留给我的记忆。她是如此的聪明、果断、独立、美丽而又脆弱。我在密歇根大学处理容容后事时，当地《密歇根日报》的一位新闻记者采访了我。然而在后来登出的报道里，她删去了我们谈话中最重要的部分——我对容容选择自杀的理解。在所有社会里，自杀都是一种禁忌。我们是如此地害怕这个话题，以至于我们从来都只是可怜那些选择走这条路的人，而不是试着去理解他们为什么这样做。容容走得很痛，但却并不慌张。她同精神病作过抗争，明白自己的病是一种只能靠药物控制的慢性精神病。她的抉择是一个艺术家对人生追求的抉择。或拥有全部，或舍弃一切。她能忍受自己创造艺术和其它美好事物的能力受到任何限制。她不愿过一种依赖药物的生活，因为她觉得药物使她感觉迟钝，压制了她的创作欲望。她也不愿选择另一条路——那就是停止使用药物，但余下的生命里一直将在恐惧中度过，因为不知道下一次发病是什么时候。

我去到安娜堡，悲痛欲绝。但我完全明白自主对容容的意义。她不能忍受药物和一种无法痊愈的疾病对她的控制。她想要的是一种没有任何约束的自由生活。如果那是不可能的，那么她宁可选择终结这一段生命，在潜意识里她知道自己是在开始另一阶段的新生。

对轮回这个抽象的话题，我可以无止境地讲下去。但今天我不是在讲课。我只是想说，藏传佛教对容容来讲意义非凡，这在她生命的最后几个月里尤其如此，那时候她一直在寻找自己精神的根。佛教对她不仅仅是一门宗教或一个理念。在还未自觉自己想表达什么的时候她就把它变幻成了各种图象。上个礼拜天我回到我们的家。带着从安娜堡取回的容容的物品，我走进她的房间，心里很痛，很想念她。差不多在同时，我发现了三十多幅她的作品，全都是在庆祝精子和卵子快乐的舞蹈。我又惊又喜，因为这些宝贵的画作向我展示了一个热情颂扬出生与再生的欢乐的容容。整个去年，她一直不停地画这些画，激情高涨，直到病魔在秋天又一次袭击了她。而即使在病中，她也还是一直不停地在笔记本上画。后来的一些画比较潦草，但颂扬生命的主题却没有改变。今天展览的大部分都是容容那时候的作品。整个去年，她在无意识中一直在向她此刻的状态靠拢——也就是向光芒和重生靠拢的漫长路程。

Finally
traveled
through
the
tunnel-like
bardō,



界

容容会继续活在她留下的这些画中和我们的记忆里。为了纪念她，我们在密歇根大学艺术设计学院以她的名义创立了一个奖学金，为艺术系的学生提供出国进修的资助。到海外研究艺术是容容未实现的心愿。我还计划为她编辑一本书画集，将收入容容在视觉艺术、数码艺术、诗歌和短篇小说等各方面的作品。亲爱的朋友们：我想请你们每一位都做一件善事，做的时候想着容容，这就是对她最好的纪念。我们每把我们的的心灵向慷慨的思想和行为敞开一次，容容就绽放一次。

最后，我想用容容去年秋天给她表弟的一封信中的话来结束今天的悼词。我希望你们能由此听到她的声音，看到她的思想：

“我在想些什么？全新的事情。我要搜集全新的经验……我想做尽可能多的事情。被动是我最鄙夷不齿的一种品质。去年到现在，我经历着一种我自己称之为“厉害女孩”的情结。所谓“厉害女孩”是一个冲破所有女性固有模式的女子……她坚强、主动、独立，最重要的是，她不惧怕变化。没有变化，就没有前进，而只是死水一潭。”

容容最畏惧的是行尸走肉般的生命。我想象着她的灵在惊叹中经历着死之旅带给她的多样变化。她没有给我留下道别的信。她知道通过那些精卵子的画，我会理解到她的旅程才刚刚开始。

Jing Wang's tribute to Candy Wei January 28, 2001

Dear Friends:

I want to pay my tribute to Candy by starting with a recollection I had of what she said during our last trip in Japan this past Christmas. The episode I want to recall took place on December 28, exactly a month ago. We were riding on a tour bus through Kobe, a city a few hours from Kyoto. That afternoon, we saw a bridge by the sea, a park, a tower, and we rode through many scenic spots. At the end of the day, I turned to Candy and asked her which scenic spot she liked the most. She said, "the tunnel." It was a very long and dark tunnel that she liked. A flashback didn't come back to me until three days ago when I was looking for the physical image of a tunnel. As some of you may know, the tunnel - an image for the Bardo of becoming - is the most important part of the phowa - the Tibetan Buddhist ritual for the dead - I have been performing for Candy every day since her death on January 16. I visualize in this ritual a tunnel radiating with pure bright light. I visualize that Candy is walking into this tunnel of light, walking through it feeling loved, safe, and warm. I visualize: as she is walking down this long, radiating tunnel, the light is getting brighter and brighter, stronger and stronger, and warmer and warmer until she plunges into the light, merges into it, becomes one with it, and is reborn. It brought me comfort to remember the feelings that Candy and I shared as we were riding through the Kobe tunnel that afternoon - we felt a sense of wonder and tranquility. Candy is traveling again. This time, alone, but not through a dark tunnel. She is walking through a tunnel radiating with bright light. She is walking toward another cycle of rebirth and reincarnation.

I flew to Ann Arbor feeling devastated and hurt, hurt not as much by her decision as by my memories of her. She was so talented, so determined, so independent, so beautiful, and fragile. While I was there, a news reporter at the Michigan Daily interviewed me. But

in the published article, she censored the most important part of our conversation - my understanding of the choice Candy made. Suicide is a taboo in all societies. We are so afraid of talking about it that we would rather pity than try to understand the mind of those who chose this path. Candy went in pain, but not in panic. She had struggled with psychosis and understood that it was a chronic condition that could only be controlled by medication. She made a decision about what she wanted as an artist. Her decision was to have all or nothing. She accepted no constraints on her ability to create art and other beautiful things. She decided not to live a life dependent on medication because she felt that the drugs had dulled her senses and subdued her creative urge. She had also decided not to accept the other option - that is, to live the rest of her life in fear, not knowing when the next relapse would occur, if she chose to quit medicine.

I went to Ann Arbor, grief-ridden. But I came back with a full understanding of the importance of agency and autonomy for Candy. She could not bear to be controlled by medicine and by a disease that cannot be cured. She wanted to live a full life free of all constraints. And if that was impossible, she chose to end this life, while unconsciously knowing that she is beginning another.

I can dwell on this abstract notion of rebirth & reincarnation to no end. But I am not lecturing today. I just want to say that Tibetan Buddhism meant a lot to Candy, especially in the last few months of her life when she was searching for her spiritual roots. Buddhism was not just a religion to her, or an idea. She turned it into images without knowing consciously what she was trying to say. I came back to our house last Sunday. I walked into her room carrying her belongings I took back from Ann Arbor, missing her very much and hurting. But almost instantly, I stumbled into more than three dozens of her art work that celebrated the joy of sperm dancing on the eggs and dancing with the eggs. I was in joy and in disbelief when I found those precious drawings/paintings because they showed me a Candy celebrating the joy of birth and rebirth. She had been painting those images consistently and with increasing intensity throughout last year before the relapse hit her in the fall. And even after the relapse, she continued to scribble those images in her notebooks. The later images were sloppier, but the motif of birth continued to dominate. Those drawings make up a large part of her exhibition today. Throughout last year, she had attained a heightened unconsciousness of the state of being and becoming that she is in right now - her long passage toward light and rebirth.

Candy lives on in the images she created and in our memories of her. To commemorate her, we set up a scholarship endowment fund in her name in the School of Art and Design at the University of Michigan. It is an international travel fellowship for art students, something that Candy had always dreamed of doing. I am also planning to edit a memorial volume of Candy's work that includes all aspects of her visual art and digital art, and her poetry and short stories. My friends and Candy's friends: I would like to ask all of you to commemorate Candy by doing one kind, good deed in her memory, thinking of her when you are doing the deed. Candy will blossom each time when we open our hearts to generous thoughts and deeds.

I want to end my tribute with an excerpt from Candy's email to her cousin early last fall. I want you to hear her voice and get a glimpse of her mind: "What do I think about? Brand new things. I want to gather experiences... I want to do as much as possible. Passivity is a quality in people that I despise the most. Last year, I developed a tuff girl complex. A tuff grrl is a girl that destroys all female stereotypes... A tuff grrl is strong, active, independent, and most of all, she isn't afraid of change. Without change, there will be no progression just stagnation."

There is nothing more horrible for Candy than stagnation. And so I imagine - her spirit is marveling at the change and experience she is going through right now. She didn't leave me any notes. She knew that I would figure out, through those joyful images of sperm and eggs that her journey has just begun.