

# 武

UNLOCKED

Memories of  
Wuhan



SCALE 2021



# **UNLOCKED**

*Memories of Wuhan*

Edited by Clément Renaud & Dino Ge Zhang



**SCALE**

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Thanks to Qiware & Jon Phillips

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她会得到自由, 她会变得美丽

这里不会永远象一个监狱

打破黑暗就不会再有哭泣

一颗种子已经埋在心里

She will be beautiful, she will get freedom

It won't be like a prison here forever

Break the darkness, there will be no more tears

A seed has been buried in my heart

大武汉—*Da Wuhan*, SMZB (2008)

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# Preface

Clément Renaud

The city of Wuhan and the province of Hubei was quarantined on January 23rd, 2020. On the 26th, I left precipitously the celebrations of the Chinese New Year to get back in Lyon, France. While I self-quarantined home for two weeks, friends in Wuhan experienced what turned out to be weeks, then months of complete lockdown. Our daily discussions were made of few words, lots of link sharing and an intense sense of dread and desperation. Outside my apartment in Lyon, the winter was slowly coming to an end and everything looked worryingly normal.

The virus didn't have a name yet, but in the media Wuhan had already emerged as the plague-ridden city embodying the failure of the Chinese authoritarian regime. Inside China, the city was now the grandiose victim to be saved by all means. I had learned over the years to ignore all the China-bashing and praising. However, this time I found myself deeply affected. Wuhan had become a void for larger agendas - but its people remained invisible. The fear was making me emotional and I was strangely hurting. To me, Wuhan is where the kids go to play music, where the Chinese revolution started, and where I met my wife. A place where people struggle to live their life, like so many others.

During the last decades, viruses have been emerging by the dozens all over the globe. Humans take over the reign of animals hve pushed wildlife out of their habitats. The writing about deadly outbreaks have been on the wall. But somehow, now that it was happening the blame had to be forced upon those who were with it firsthand.

Still, I had faith in Wuhan and the people of Hubei. Their temper and strength are legendary. Wu (武) means military - *martial*, like in martial arts. West of Wuhan, in the mythical Wu Tang Mountains, Xuanwu aka the "Black Emperor" became a god after repenting from killing animals by washing his own intestines in a river. Later in the 12th century, the scholar Zhang Sanfeng observed a bird attacking a snake and subsequently created the 72 movements of Tai Chi Chuan. The story says he went on to live for 307 years and then acquired immortality. In the 20th century, nine young men from Staten Island named their crew after the strongest kung-fu movie fighters and marked hip-hop forever with their first album : "*Enter the Wu-Tang*".

As I was reaching out to friends in Wuhan I haven't seen in years, memories were coming back at me. At the same time, I was discovering how deeply the plague had affected Europe - and especially the city of Lyon. Its famous light festival evolved from votive traditions of seeking protection from the Great Plague. Walking down the *rue de la Quarantaine*, I could witness how diseases have played a major role in shaping cities. Looking at history, what was unfolding in Wuhan was both unique and expected.

The idea of collecting memories emerged through online discussions. In locked Wuhan, fear had faded away and boredom was settling in. Apathetic scrolling has replaced frenetic news reading. The "*outside*" of the apartment has turned from a major source of anxiety to being almost desirable. People were dreaming about noodle corner shops, unsure if they could ever visit them again.

On February 24th, Dino Ge Zhang, Jon Phillips and I decided to circulate an open call to gather original texts and artworks about memories of Wuhan and Hubei. We reach out to friends and were introduced to many people through online discussions. In the following weeks, we received 15 contributions that we edited and compiled in the present volume. *(Un)Locked: Memories of Wuhan* contains essays, poetry, fiction, photography, and drawings. It is divided in five sections. All contributions - with the exception of the fifth section - were written during Wuhan's lockdown by people on-site or elsewhere on Earth. Their original languages have been kept - English or Chinese.

## PREFACE

The opening text offers an account in one of Hubei's rural area. The second section evokes past remembrances and childhood memories of Wuhan. The third one is a collection of lockdown diaries. The fourth contains a work of fiction. The fifth and last consists of two recollections after some months. Altogether, this collection of works casts lights on life in Wuhan before and during the early days of the Covid19 pandemic.

Lyon, France



# Introduction

Dino Ge Zhang

To write this introduction while the pandemic rages throughout the globe feels like an ill omen realised in its most banal way. When we first thought about this special issue in February 2020, Hubei provincial level lockdown has started for less than a month. The whole world was watching how the then epidemic was panning out in a single city. With all eyes on Wuhan, the original intention was to make snippets of memories of Wuhan (and in extension, Hubei) known to the world that, for the time being, only knew the city as ground zero. Months later, American press reported pool parties in Wuhan intermingled with disbelief, jealousy, and resentment; almost around the same time, I unwittingly participated in an academic panel on ‘disaster memories’ that allocated me to a room of academics who somehow had failed to recall it at all and opted for a celebratory tone of survivalism that was simultaneously charitable towards the failing states in the West. Almost a year later, I realise I am one of the few people who are stuck in-between—refusing to forget the atrocities of Wuhan lockdown, neither can I acknowledge the stupefying debates between authoritarian lockdown and freedom at what costs. I am not interested in another ad hominem debate on some weird cultural prejudices on mask-wearing, or any format of ‘democracy is doing fine or autocracy is superior’, all the while everything is literally on fire.

The initial outbreak was no longer unprecedented as it seemed at the time. As Wuhan officially proceeded to recover from more than two months of lockdown, the rest of the world went into perpet-

ual lockdown. Perhaps the ‘most severe’ gate-welding food-rationing two-month lockdown Wuhan endured was never exactly replicated anywhere else in the world, but recurrent waves of lockdowns, social distancing, and compulsory mask-wearing have become the most common 2020 experience that resonate to all with very few exceptions (Taiwan for example). The aura of mental shockwave seems to have already dissipated but something must remain. I shall not forget. The uncanny feeling is that 2020 has been such a turbulent year that even a global pandemic was intentionally forgettable—the mental pillage of Wuhan lockdown was quickly nullified by economic meltdown, hyper-precarity, and resurgent consumerism. Overheard in a Wuhan barbershop in May 2020: “Why constantly report on this pandemic (in response to television news on the situation in Brazil)? I do not want to hear about it. It’s annoying.” The woman was doing her hair for the first time since the city resumed normal indoor commercial spaces. In May 2020, as the rest of China still imposed strident rules against inbound Wuhan travellers, the city itself was already sick and tired of its newly found internationally famous pathological identity.

This collection of asymmetrical writings and photos, ranging from essays, diaries, poetry, stories, to retrospections in both Chinese and English, by its nature of open call, corresponds to the various sentiments, memories, diarised ruminations emerged and submerged by the provincial lockdown and the shifting states of minds during the volatile situations at the time. From fear, uncertainty, anxiety, boredom, restlessness, to overcome fear and cautiously resume ‘normal life’, to eventually get used to the new life of code scanning, temperature checking, mask-wearing life of the (not yet and constantly threatening to return and circular structure of locked and unlocked cities) post-pandemic world.

None of these ‘New (ab)Norms’ become uniquely Wuhan-ese as the city, unlike how we initially thought at the inception of this issue, since the rest of the world experienced various degree of similar intensive affects albeit delayed and repeated. In retrospection, we, the people who experienced the first 2020 lockdown, seem confused because we

## INTRODUCTION

thought we 'sacrificed' to 'save the world' but the world burnt anyway. The celebration of heroics is hastily replaced by further burnout. The kind of introspection Zizek had hoped for, utilising the 'dead time to be released from hectic activity and think about the (non)sense of their predicament', did not necessarily produce the kind of intellectualising content desirable for the cynical scholar. However, the countless low-res videos and chatlogs circulated, banned and re-circulated all contained the best (and yet precarious) archive of aberrated public feelings during a quickly quotidianised apocalypse. Through this perhaps untimely release of a very real-time collection of writings produced during the Wuhan lockdown, we hope to document, recover, and unlock the cultural undercurrents of Wuhan lost in translation.

Hangzhou



PART I

# Opening



# 无猪的土地

麦巅

1

每日清晨，在曲折乡道上游弋的扬声器开始播放禁止串门聚会的方言“劝诫”。乡道少有行人。自从改建成水泥路面后，乡道成了村中较少的公共空间之一。这里不是指它的运输功能，而是指人们会在晚饭后，顶着霞云或星辰，踏它散步。此地的方言调子高扬亢奋，聊天时尤其如此。村上人往村下走，村下人往村上走，似一群群喧闹的鱼群，来回交错，驻足闲谈，聊家常、病与亡者、庄稼长势，村事或者时局。这可以看作是从城市引进的新风气，在马路上健行及休闲；也可以说，田道上的疾走，被城市化了。但在瘟疫时期，扬声器几乎遇不到行人，但这并无大碍，它发出的声波会朝着四面八方传播，抵达耳朵。大地寂静——当然，接下来的时间会像清晨一样寂静。多数人仍在它里头沉睡，意识不到告诫声波在敲击耳膜。疲惫的生理肌体沉溺在农闲生活周期的悠缓节奏里。对于大规模返乡者，尤其那些在城市里住工棚、集体宿舍或者租住在嘈杂地段狭小便宜房子里的人，以及不得不超时工作、丧失了劳动时间和非劳动时间的界限的人们，这般沉溺可算是对被剥夺的睡眠时间的一种补偿。当然，它同时——首先——是一种被迫进行的活动，瘟疫取消了节庆仪式与社会交往，甚至锁住了家门出入，人们不得不静止下来。

然而，这沉溺不可能持久。考虑到生存，尤其已经或将要失去收入甚至落脚处，被城市进一步差别对待，这种睡眠“奢侈”始终被不安所尾随。终于有一天，如一位朋友所形容的，当他朦胧醒来时他感觉自己像是重又从死亡（一种睡眠形式）中孳生了出来，死亡如此激愤，自己的身体被它从被子里拧出，掷入与它的对抗当中。

死亡并不是一种夸张的修辞。农村正在死亡，这种说法已经铺天盖地。原因当然不（仅）是“突然”出现的致命病毒，而是长久以来，它所遭遇的，所试图躲避或反击的各种政治与自然伏击。同时，作为落后者，“进步”裁定了它需消失。也许用不了多久，便不再会存在大地这张特异的巨床。

## 2

将时间回拨半年，我们可以看到猪的现实遭遇，“非洲猪瘟病毒”和动物检疫官员将它们拧出了圈舍。被认定为感染嫌疑者只是居住在公路两旁的那些，这叫人怀疑此次事件更像是计划而非突发。没有检测和分辨，以确定是否被感染；它们都被视为潜在病毒携带者，都可以杀死，尽管它们独居于自己的圈舍内（早已不被允许在外闲逛），感染风险不大。没有“人道”，挖掘机的长臂将它们推下四五米深的坑穴，然后挖土将它们活着掩埋。乡民们清晰记得，猪嚎叫的惨烈程度，震颤十里。即便是习惯杀生的人们，也被这情景所震动，生命的脆弱与苦难在一瞬间弥合了人与动物的区别，虽然这以弥合旋即又会开裂：最愤怒者诅咒造孽者们转世成猪，也品尝一下这种滋味。以灭猪方式惩罚灭猪者。

冰柜变得空洞，猪肉价格猛升，是瘟疫的另一个现实结果。一头猪如果能完整活过被预定的生命周期——通常是阴历一年——将可以供养一家四五又大半年左右的时间。猪被埋后，人们必须到肉铺或超市购买价格飙升的肉品。收入微薄的大多数人，往往只会买少量甚至低质量的肉品。这些肉品来自动物农场。此时有能力继续供应市场的往往是大型农场或农业

综合企业，后者要么走运躲过了病毒感染，要么资金充裕，有能力进行生物防控。反过来，巨额利润也导致投机资本涌入，投资农牧产业。猪仔价格高昂，瘟疫恐会再来，加上环保禁养，越来越多的小农不得不决定不再自养，转而完全依靠市场。

这些结果可见于人们对农业综合企业化对农民生存方式及环境的影响的分析之中。早在 1979 年，约翰·伯格 (John Berger) 于《猪的土地》(Pig Earth) 中描绘了这样一种未来：农业综合企业会越来越深入地控制农业输入和产出市场，甚至控制每一种食品的生产、包装与销售，乡村会反过来依靠城市来获取食物。进化生物学家和系统地理学家罗伯·华莱士 (Rob Wallace) 则在近几年描述了此一未来的一种特殊实现路线：病毒流行不断增加，新自由主义所推动的农业技术，食品生产各阶段之间的纵向整合这三者之间存在着相互关联，换言之，大农场制造大流感，大流感加剧种植环境和农村社群及农民已经遭受到的冲击与危害。“资本正领头抢占全世界最后的原始森林与小农所有的田地。这些投资驱动了森林的砍伐和开发，导致了疾病的出现。大片大片土地所体现出的功能多样性与复杂性被整并增效，使得先前封在盒子里的病原体泛滥，流入当地牲畜和人类社区。”<sup>1</sup> 此次 Covid-19 病毒，根据华莱士的观点，便是形成于工业化农业向原始森林扩展，食品生产在森林中挖掘源头种群时接触到的新病原体。

幸好，资本的“抢占”并非无往不胜，至少不是马到成功，它会遭到“抵抗”。数年前，一所著名农业大学所主导的公司来此村寻租土地，以机械化方式进行“生态”、“高效”的水稻种植。但计划遭到不少居民反对，在代表会议上被否决，即便市委书记亲自出面试图说服也未能改变决定。因为，大家担心失去土地后便失去了活路。尽管村庄已在一定程度上被遗弃。去了城市的绝大多数中青年人所从事的多为不安定的工作，同时会被或显或隐的歧视性政策 (如户籍、社保、教育等等) 所排斥。土地是最后的依凭。故此，人们宁愿将自己承包的土地短期租借给本村的熟人，也不愿意将它长

期“出租”给大公司。至少，当它们在城市里不得其所时，还可以重新回乡劳作谋生。至少，这种回归在目前还是可行的。

### 3

可以说，现在我们谈论农民，实际上是在谈论老人。“空心化”农村中老人仍是主要劳动力，仍是他们在土地上劳苦，维持生存，应付农业生产的风险和社会、政治与自然灾害，比如旱灾、病害与瘟疫，也维系自己的仪式、智慧与知识，因此，相应地这个话题中应该有老人的重要位置。对于瘟疫，仍根据节气劳作的老人有自己的解释，他们的依据是早前的预兆：冬至之后曾天滚闷雷，那是大灾降至的异象，SARS爆发前也是冬至有雷。每日老人最早起床，最早看手机上的新闻，然后最先向家人通报更新了的数据。往往，末了老人会重复他的观点，感叹没想到来得这么快这么凶猛。1940年代出生，经历过战争、大饥荒、运动、苛税等等冲击或威胁的老人们，他们有自己的看待“灾害”的方式。诡谲气象常被看作是上天对帝王治理的不满。即便是迷信，我们也可以在它里头看到，意识形态运作并不顺畅，它对权力结构的虚饰美好并不成功。依老人们看，瘟疫是一种惩罚。

不管究竟上天通过雷神惩罚了谁，是掌权者还是最为脆弱、最易受到伤害的社会底层，老人们都必须再次经受住他们已经熟悉的困厄，再次担负起本有所变轻的重责：用自己的劳动成果养育后代。这重责比以往更重，一是因为老人们的“死亡劳作”已经到了末尾阶段；二是需供养的则有两代甚至三代人之多，留守者只种少量土地，只能自给自足；三是放到瘟疫语境下，他们是更容易被感染的高风险群体。

老迈者或多或少开始遗忘他们原本熟稔的耕种知识，致使庄稼长势不喜，年穀不登；他们要更早地与鸡与鸭道别，后者并非简单的禽肉及禽蛋生产者，也是陪伴者，孤身的与话者，而屠宰它们时可能还会受到幼儿——动物生命的朴素同情者——的反对（尽管是无效的）；秋季蔬菜已经

劳作了一整个寒冬，在变老，无法再更生，味道也越来越涩。尽管如此，老人们努力确保孩子们——有时候也包括分予其食物的邻居们——在瘟疫禁足期能够饱腹。应付这些，让老人们在转化成消散于风中的灰烬前，返回了自己的盛年。

这里无意将留守老人塑造成某种先知或英雄。相反，是老人需要震惊体式病毒危险性教育的警醒，甚至“适者生存”、淘汰老弱有助社会进化等等这类险恶论调提醒我们，一直以来，是寂守空巢、风烛残年的老人们仍然在维系着年轻一代的生存，甚至可以说，是我们加重了套在他们身上的重轭：一种“消极杀戮形式，通过忽视或者不充分的照护，任由身体恶化和死亡。”<sup>2</sup>

#### 4

寒冬过去，天气转暖，成群的野蜂出现在地里，在庄稼花穗与野花间劳动，这让近两个月来一直在焦急等待通向外界的门重新打开的人们更加不安。当附近监狱发生群体性感染后，封闭更加严密，解封之日不停推迟。如果不能迁徙专场，蜜蜂劳工会离去。<sup>3</sup>面对资本与市场经济，农村移民劳工也陷入了类似困境。他们当中相当一部分人在不平等经济体系中处于低层，本就脆弱，若不能迁徙，他们的生活也将陷入更深的困厄。在隔离时，已不少人收到解雇通知，被告知不必再去，工厂无工可开，或者无法再等，只能用别的省籍的人替代。更不用说人数更多的临时工（比如日结工）。而即便愿意出门也要面临更高暴露风险和感染可能。根据在南方的人所发的视频，有湖北人因为找不到工作亦找不到住所而不得不露宿街头。

但不是说人们在隔离中完全停止了生产。比如，视频内容平台和网游仍然马力十足。短视频、网剧填补了社交距离拉开后出现的空间。人们也几乎全天候浸泡在图像中。互联网是生产和剥削的新场所，虽然观看即生产，但不会得到薪水。这种想象并非无稽之谈：那位无法进入工厂的年轻

人流离失所时仍在生成内容，或者贡献点击率以及可挖掘的数据。是的，或许我们可以在强迫性地追求“缺乏”的重复行为中获得愉快，减轻长时间禁闭所带来的恐惧与抑郁。但是，当我们将它受到的审查，与一般互联网的另一种功能——作为可进行严肃讨论的公共参与空间——所受到的霸权主义势力的威胁与压制并置比较时，我们便有理由质疑，它究竟是在缓解还是在遮掩瘟疫——不只是病毒对肺部对综合免疫力的伤害——导致的创伤。

不会因为瘟疫隔离而停止的另一种生产，是主要由祖母与母亲们承担的家务。不仅无休止，这种“再生产”比以往更加关键，它在其他食物生产与供应环节停顿时独力确保劳动力维持可用可生产的健康水平。瘟疫将这种无休无止的负担清晰地凸显于人眼前，以至于有人突然意识到这一点，并感受到了某种愧疚，提醒自己——如微信家族群里的段子说的——“必须尊重女性。不准说不好吃，不准抱怨。女人说什么都是对的.....”。然而，这种提醒——尊重仆役——充其量也只到了愧疚(如果不是彻底虚伪的话)这一步，它并未触及更深。并不会发生重新分配，男女家务劳动比例并不会朝中间点调整，更不用说将家务变成焦点的费德里奇式女性政治斗争。事实上，不少农村女性不止是从事再生产劳动，她们也直接参与农业生产。农村劳动力转移后导致留守妇女劳动劳作面积的增大，大大加重了他们的劳动量和强度。她们甚至得要第二份工：季节性地前往城市，在糟糕的工作条件和保障下，在建筑工地、工厂从事体力劳动，或者在服务业、零售业中进行情感劳动，受到另一重基于生产与再生产性别不平等机制，以及根本上的权力不平等的剥削。

## 5

近两个月后，在数据表中，新增感染者人数减少到了“零”。堵塞点慢慢被打通，人们可以出行。鞭炮声四起。人们此次转场，已迟至接近清明节，人

们去离家不远，横卧于稻田中的坟场祭拜祖先，恳请在天之灵予以护佑。这一去，是否还会在清明节时有空回来，能否——如果疫情反弹——自由来往，都还是个未知数。但可以肯定的是，大家不再会有充足的睡眠。

Hubei

## Notes

1. Rob Wallace and Yaak Pabst, "Capitalist Agriculture and Covid-19: A Deadly Combination," *Climate & Capitalism*, 12 March 2020, <https://climateandcapitalism.com/2020/03/11/capitalist-agriculture-and-covid-19-a-deadly-combination/>.
2. Patricia J. Lopez and Kathryn Gillespie, eds., *Economies of Death: Economic Logics of Killable Life and Grievable Death* (London: Routledge, 2020), 10.
3. 王和岩、魏姝敏、陈亮、王颜玉，《养蜂人在春天离去》，《财新》杂志，2020年3月18号，<http://weekly.caixin.com/2020-03-13/101528292.html>.



PART II

# **Memories**



# 江湖大逃亡

Nathanel Amar

When I first came to Wuhan around 2012, there was a bus which went directly from Lumo Road 鲁磨路 to the Wuhan Botanical Garden 植物园 in the East Lake 东湖 district. The difference between these two locations couldn't be more dramatic: Lumo Road is at the heart of the Wuchang 武昌 district, near the Optic Valley Square 光谷广场 – a never-ending construction site – while the Botanical Garden looks like the peaceful countryside, located near one of Wuhan's largest lakes, Donghu.

Surprisingly enough, both places are centers of Wuhan's underground music scene: Lumo Road was home to the legendary live-house VOX – founded by Zhu Ning 朱宁, ex-drummer of the punk band SMZB 生命之饼 – and Wuhan Prison, a punk bar managed by Wu Wei 吴维, the singer of SMZB. A lot of punks lived around East Lake due to cheap rent and proximity to the lake, where yearly competitions of tiaodonghu 跳东湖 – contestants jumping into the lake on a BMX (Bicycle Motocross) – were held. The East Lake is also near the Botanical Garden where Mai Dian 麦巅 – the guitarist of the punk bands Si Dou Le 死逗了 and 400 Blows 四百击 – opened the Autonomous Youth Center “Our House” 我们家 (similar to punk squats).

In 2010, a scandalous urban development plan of the East Lake district sparked a movement of local groups, including punks residing in the area, resisting expropriation and destruction of this natural reserve. For me, there's no better place than Donghu to represent the spirit of Wuhan. It embodies the rebellious spirit of Wuhanese people and the history of underground music tied to the city. However,

Donghu is a slowly disappearing part of Wuhan's history, replaced by luxury condos and dull amusement parks.

## The Prison and the Lake

As sung by the punk band SMZB, Wuhan can feel like a “prison.” The atmosphere is sometimes literally suffocating due to endless urban renewal projects and intense weather – the winter is cold and humid, and the summer is steaming hot. The city itself is huge, as it consists of three districts (in fact, three sub-cities) – Hankou 汉口, the formerly colonial and financial district of Wuhan, Wuchang 武昌, the university district where the 1911 revolution started, and Hanyang 汉阳, the industrial district. The Wuhan punk rock community was rooted in Wuchang, where punk bands had more opportunities to perform – in/near universities, for instance – and where they opened the first livehouses and bars dedicated to underground music. But when the atmosphere gets too heavy, punks usually go to Donghu, to enjoy the fresh air and to dive into the lake. SMZB has a song about Donghu, which sums up his relation to both the city and East lake, titled “江湖大逃亡” (“Runaway”), released on the 2011 album “罪和谐” (*Sin Harmony*):

打开门就是监狱,  
人人都是黑社会,  
太阳照在每条街上,  
释放着每一种罪,  
伸出脚就是江湖,  
人人都身不由己,  
不想继续再做一个城市的卧底.

city escape,  
the rebel bus is what we are take,  
drinking and swimming in Singo beer,  
diving in the East lake.

闭上眼睛向前进,

每一步都是陷阱，  
每次呼吸的空气里，  
都充满着所有誓言，  
打开历史就在重演，  
每个人都在冒险，  
城市的每个瞬间都充满力量的改变。

escape, escape,  
diving in the East lake.  
escape, escape,  
the rebel bus is what we are take.

While the city of Wuhan is comparable to a prison, Donghu is where young Wuhanese can escape, love, drink, and dive into the lake. It's not by accident that Mai Dian decided to open Wuhan's first "Autonomous Youth Center" 青年自治中心 in Donghu, near the Botanical Garden. In a 2012 article published in the journal *Chutzpah!* 天南, Mai Dian explained the process that led him to create this center:

我们需要在自己的日常生活中，找到一个地方，作为一个遇合与中介空间，流通我们的信息，讨论我们所接触到的那些行动“符码”，将之与我们自身的处境相连，进行解释，并尝试力所能及的行动。这个地方当然不是政府修建的“青少年宫”，也不是商人投资的酒吧或者咖啡馆；盘踞要想成为现实，必须先要准备好如何应对暴力。也许，我们可以参考欧洲的一些占屋者在遭到暴力驱逐后所采取的新的应对方法：租屋，或者更具探索性地组织住屋合作社 [...] 要想找到一个能够完全由自己掌控的地方，只有租。很幸运，我们在武汉一个较为僻静的城郊找到了一座因为破败无墙、环境恶劣而无人理睬的房子，用相对来说非常便宜的价钱租了下来。此屋虽然老旧，但环绕着的景致却颇具自然美，让人有一股子清凉的干劲。立马清扫尘埃，斩除野草，给房子分配功能：Info Shop, 提供我们所能收集到的社运情报和另类著述；会议室，此后一系列工作坊、讨论会、放映会都在此处进行；舞台，设在院子里，为摇滚、实验、街头流浪艺人提供场地；客房，为有所需要的人提供免费的床铺；

院子，提供篝火供朋友聚会。然后，在外墙的柱子上镶上一颗半红半黑的五角星，取一个名号——“我们家青年自治中心”。

We need a place inside our own lives, to find a space to serve as meeting place and an intermediary, to circulate information, to discuss the “symbols” of action we have encountered, to share the connectedness of our plights, to interpret it, and to attempt to act to the best of our ability. Certainly, such a place could not be a state-run “youth cultural palace.” Nor could it be a bar or a coffee shop either, which are invested by businessmen. If you want to occupy a place illegally and make it happen, you first have to be ready to deal with violence. Perhaps, we can refer to the response adopted by European squatters after being violently evicted: rent a house or organize a housing cooperative [...] If you want a place you can completely control, you have to rent it. Fortunately, we were able to find a secluded house just outside Wuhan with no walls and a harsh environment. Although the house was old, the surrounding scenery had a natural beauty we found invigorating. After cleaning out the dust and pulling the weeds, we assigned different functions to the house: it had to serve as an infoshop – a place to supply all the various alternative writings and information on social movements we could gather. A conference center – from that day forth all workshops, seminars, and film screenings would be held at the house. Also, a stage located in the courtyard – to provide a space for rock, experimental, and street artists to perform. A guest house with free beds for those in need, and a courtyard with a campfire to gather all the friends. Finally, on a pillar of the outside wall, we put a red and black five-pointed star, and gave the house a name: “Our Home Autonomous Youth Center.”<sup>1</sup>

“Our House” was a very special place for Wuhan alternative youth, it was a space for parties, discussion, eating, film screening, which

was not run for profit but according to a certain ideal. The inhabitants of “Our House” were also committed to helping their neighborhood. Mai Dian recalls in the article that they organized a concert to raise money to build a garbage pit for the village. But in 2010, it’s an urban development scandal that will mobilize both “Our House” and the residents of the Donghu area.

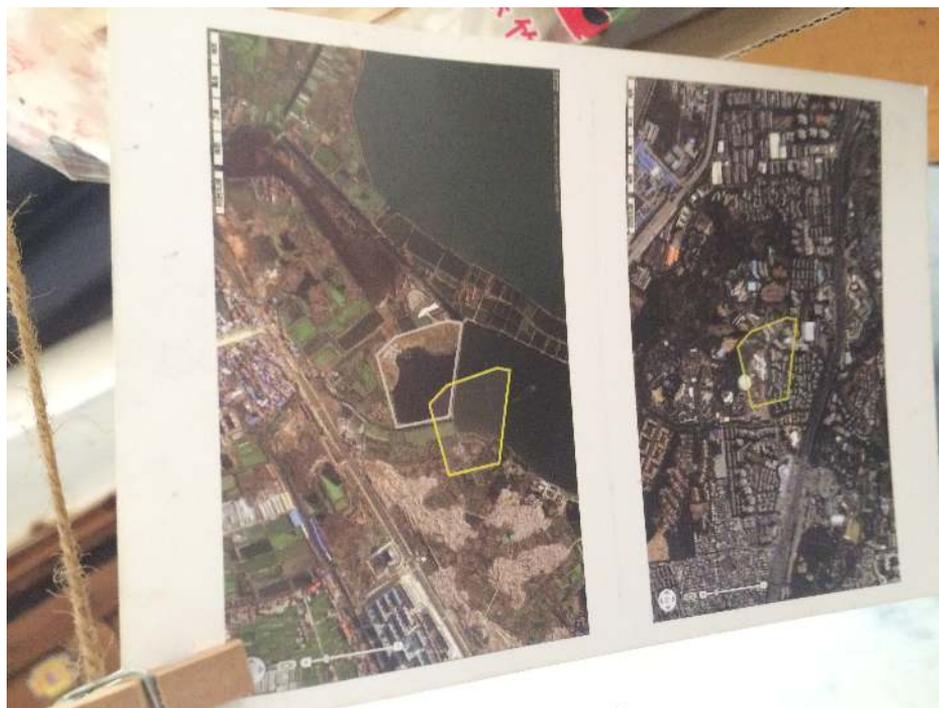
## The Movement to Defend Donghu

In March 2010, an investigation published by the *Time Weekly* 时代周 revealed a corruption scandal regarding the development of the Donghu area, involving the state-owned real-estate company OCT (Overseas Chinese Town 华侨城) and the local government. According to the article published on March 25th, 2010, the local government leased a total of 3167 mu (211 hectares) to the company (including parts of the lake itself) for 4.3 billion yuan, in order to develop an amusement park, hotels, and upscale apartment buildings.<sup>2</sup> It was a very controversial lease since Donghu is a nationally protected site, and the municipal government did not get the permission from the central government to lease this protected area. On April 1st, a new article, this time published by the respected *Southern Weekly* 南方周末, criticized the environmental and social impact of the real-estate project.<sup>3</sup> Several individuals, including Mai Dian and Wu Wei, tried to organize themselves against the real-estate development project, by “going out for a stroll” 散步, a well-known Chinese technique of protest, on April 10th. In an interview he gave in 2014, Wu Wei recalls what happened: the day before the protest, the cops showed up at his doorstep and persuaded him to call off the demonstration.<sup>4</sup>

If the demonstration was not the solution, “Our House” became a platform of contention against the real-estate project. Punks, activists, artists, and Donghu residents met at “Our House” to find new ways to show their anger and try to save Donghu from urban developers. They created a small community gathered around the website [donghu2010.org](http://donghu2010.org) to share their reflections and actions on the defense of Donghu. The collective “Donghu for Everyone” 每个人的东



1. The front door of "Our House" in Wuhan



2. A postcard made by “Donghu for Everyone” showing the progress of the real-estate project

湖 gathered artists, musicians, performers, students, and residents to organize artful happenings around Donghu to raise awareness on the environmental impact of the project. The website features several satellite images of Donghu throughout the years, documenting the construction and the shrinkage of the lake. “Our House” regularly organized seminars and conferences on the history of Donghu and collected oral histories of residents of the lake. Unfortunately, the Donghu for Everyone movement did not succeed in stopping the real-estate development project. Large parts of Donghu are still under construction, old residents are being evicted around the lake, and the Happy Valley amusement park 武汉欢乐谷 is now open to the public.

In 2015, the director Li Luo 李珺 released the movie *Li Wen at East Lake* 李文漫游东湖, which takes place in Donghu and features most of the Donghu activists – including Mai Dian and Wu Wei. The movie



3. A Public Lecture on Donghu Project (东湖计划) on 29 June 2014

starts by showing the different construction projects around Donghu and features interviews with old residents of the area. The director also stages a hilarious fake official committee reunion on the construction of a second airport in the Donghu area. The film then follows the fictional story of a police officer, Li Wen, who is supposed to arrest a madman who tells everyone that a dragon, who lives in East Lake, is going to wake up soon because of the destruction of his natural habitat. This movie is a testimony of the Donghu movement to stop the unnecessary destruction of the East lake area. Now that "Our House" is no more, *Li Wen at East Lake* is perhaps the best archive we have on the importance of Donghu, which is slowly fading away. Until the dragon in the lake wakes up to take back what is rightfully his.

Taipei



4. A seminar on Donghu held at "Our House"



5. Excerpt from Li Wen at East Lake by Li Luo

## Notes

1. 麦颠, 《一个朋克的基础另类教育》, 《天南》, 第 6 期, 2012 年 2 月, 106-107.
2. 《武汉华侨城开发东湖调查》, 《时代周报》, 2010 年 3 月 25 日.
3. 南方周末评论员, 《金权的东湖, 还是公共的东湖?》, 《南方周末》, 2010 年 4 月 1 日, <http://www.infzm.com/content/43317>.
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# A Trace of Wuhan

Eugene Sun

Half a lifetime ago I lived in Wuhan. Hankou to be exact.

My memories are mostly vague. When I boarded the overnight train leaving the city and stared across the window at friends waving me goodbye, I left everything behind. The noisy pedestrian streets, back alley chaos, humid summers, dusty breakfast stalls, all of which had faded into the hidden folds of my subconscious. The hubbub of the city went first, the neighborhood second, followed by the names and faces of friends and the girls I liked. Nothing much remained of my Wuhan-ness, except for my love for the food, memories with my family, and a deeply rooted impatience in the face of bullshit. Wuhanese people are direct; the brutal heat in the summer days physically prevents beating around the bush.

Last year I went back for a few days to visit the city with my girlfriend, and sustained a curious case of nausea during my entire time there. The source of the nausea was unknown, but I suspect it had to do with my challenged status as a Wuhan native. The city had changed so quickly that I could hardly recognize my own neighborhood. Riding a bicycle and finding my way around town was too daunting of a task. Besides, my foreign passport did not even work for any bicycle rentals. The reganmian<sup>1</sup> and san xian dou pi<sup>2</sup> were the only antidotes for my discomfort, and remained the only reasons I put up with this trip back. Though when I wasn't sitting in front of a bowl or a plate and was instead lost in the middle of an intersection surrounded by shadows of concrete, the nausea would return instantly and I had to hide myself in the phone screen, call a taxi, and

scramble onto the next stop on the itinerary ASAP. The next stop was Qianjin Si Lu.<sup>3</sup> Without the map on my phone and a ride-sharing app, I wouldn't have a chance of finding it.

Qianjin Si Lu used to be the electronics center in Hankou. My love for the neighborhood started around age five or six. I used to sit on my dad's bicycle, and later upgraded to riding my own bike with him, visiting the neighborhood throughout my childhood. We would first stop by a little vendor selling "Taiwanese" sausage, and for three RMB I could receive a stickful of snappy mystery meat whose delicacy I haven't been able to encounter again anywhere later in life, even in Taiwan. In a magical palace called Diannao Cheng,<sup>4</sup> the owner of a particular bootleg disc stall became our friend. He had an accent from one of the suburbs around the city, and a mole next to his mouth to go with it. Even though regulations back then were rare and bootleg CD vendors were ubiquitous and competitive, his stall was always busy. I used to ask my dad why his business was always so good, and he told me that he had the best catalog out of everyone. This was only partly true in my experience; he often did not have the game I was looking for. Though if he didn't happen to have it, the next time when I went there he would always be ready with the disc. With a smirk he would let me know that he always had the game, and just needed some extra time to find it. I would roll my eyes and keep flipping through a long row of rectangular boxes full of video game discs laid out around his stall, next to crowds of other nerds, each holding on to a box and thumbing through the discs inside. He was usually more interested in my dad though. Seeing me getting lost in the shopping spree, he would motion Dad over to go in the little back room filled with other middle-aged men, where more "merchandise of interest" was, and chat about women in films. I would have picked out four or five discs by the time Dad came back, and had to then start the excruciating process of game elimination. In the end, two discs I wanted the most would prevail and get paid for. I would then dash for our bicycles locked outside the building.

I was always in a rush on the rides home, as I itched to put those new CDs into the desktop computer at home and give them a try.

Mom went on business trips quite often back then, so if she wasn't home to prep food, we usually stopped by a street food vendor near home for some pan-fried pork buns or dumplings. The cook wore a permanent off-color white tank-top, folded up halfway to expose his glistening belly. There would always be a small crowd standing around his huge wok gawking at the next batch of dumplings. The wok was loud and cackling with smoke and fire, and in my memory everyone around it was always sweaty. He gave a slight nod seemingly at us and would grunt something incomprehensible when we yelled out our orders at him. We then sat down at the plastic chairs next to the huge metal wok and waited. My dad talked to me about lots of things during those wait times. I'm sure they were full of love and care and wisdom, but most importantly they sufficed to pass the time. Soon we would receive our piping hot dumplings in a thin, transparent, and oily plastic bag to be taken home and inhaled quickly before my dive into the new games. I didn't appreciate those dumplings enough back then, but they were the absolute best I've ever had anywhere.

The taxi driver dropped us off at the entrance of an unfamiliar building, and told me that this was Diannao Cheng. The exterior was semi-new. Layers of new paint and billboards were slapped on top of the existing concrete surface in a casual fashion. Two huge glass doors were open, but thick and heavy plastic flaps were in place to keep mosquitoes out, obscuring views into the belly of the beast. I looked up and down the place, and snapped a photo to send to my dad on WeChat with a caption, "guess where I am." With a sigh I lifted the plastic flaps to let myself in.

Gone were the crowds from my memory. Business was now sparse, even on a Saturday. Bored storekeepers sat at their stalls, which were mostly empty. It seemed that most of them sold electronics and pre-built laptops now, instead of desktop components like back in the day. Quite a few console game stores were scattered in-between, an unfamiliar sight that did not register in my head. I quickly became disoriented when I tried to find my way around the large but lonely space, knowing that whatever I was looking for was no longer

there. Suppressing an emotional buzz that came to head, I aimlessly stepped into a video game shop; a mustached baseball-capped thirty year-old sat motionless in front of a large glass desk watching some Let's Play video on a small monitor. He nodded at me, said nothing, and resumed watching the video. He knew I wasn't in a buying mood.

I shifted my feet around in front of some box art behind the glass shelves, lamenting the fact that cheap bootleg games were now an extinct product of history, when my phone buzzed. I looked down at the screen; it was dad replying to my photo. "Where is this? Couldn't tell," he said. I put the phone back in my pocket, completely dejected. I was now ready to escape this hellhole. My plan was to head to a highly rated dumpling joint nearby that I found on an online review app. It was bound to disappoint.

Then my peripheral vision picked up something that would change my whole experience. I saw an A4 paper stuck to the desk facing out where Video Watcher sat. The note on the paper flatly stated, "Blu-ray adult films available. Ask the staff at the desk."

I chuckled to myself, looked up, and caught the look of "the staff at the desk," who picked up on my gaze, and whose mouth had twisted into a sympathetic smirk. He extended the smirk to my disinterested girlfriend, waved us goodbye, and returned to his video.

I was happy though. It turned out that my childhood didn't fade away completely. The Wuhan I knew stayed erect.

New York City

## Notes

1. Reganmian: 热干面, what Wuhan is known for.
2. Sanxian doupi: 三鲜豆皮, what Wuhan should be known for.
3. Qianjin Si Lu: 前进四路, a street that used to be my personal Disneyland.
4. Dianna Cheng: 电脑城, literally Computer City. Despite recent evolution the three characters still evoke a deep nostalgia in me.

# 故乡的游人

苏格

在快讯里吞吃关于世界的病毒

沉默与勤劳变异

不能抱着存活的意愿

意志不愿被拿来研究

被运动的人得知了运动

我们排列整齐

倾囊流血如贫

如果隐喻能使愤怒安全

那也只是安装劣质的空气头套

2020.1.9

## 回去

19年四月底我独自回了一趟武汉，住了二十年的家，待拆有上十年。从公交下车的主干道走入一条宽巷子，再转入一条前路不通的小巷子，这里是90年代建成的六层楼房，直角型的几栋楼，作为当年江边平房拆迁户的新家，是我们家的第二个居所。



我幼童时候的家是临近长江边的平房，从马路对面另一排平房边的菜园子岔道穿过去，就可以到达铁路，火车的鸣叫声常常刺穿我的睡梦。

不到十岁的孩子们趁着无车时跑过一条条铁道，爬上停着的火车这事也是有的，到达江堤，一种放纵撒野得逞的逃离快感远远超过抵达的目的本身——我不喜欢玩水，也不知道埋在荒滩沙堆里的鞋子有几只了，可惜溺过水被捞起来以后我至今也没学会游泳；就算名正言顺被老人领着，拉上江堤来采野菜，我也并没有什么兴致。

唯一一次有趣的，是沿着青山那边的江堤一路走到二桥底下，走走停停，路过一些亭子、长廊，躺在堤坝的草坡上……一个下午，一场远途旅行。

爬上江堤，只有望去百业待建的荒滩，泥泞，雾绕，充满忽然冒出未知的危险感。我以为整个世界就是这里，这么大，过江就是出了很远的门。

后来修建长江二桥，待拆迁的老平房被一条马路分成了两种命运，一边

拆一边留。这条马路并不宽敞，据母亲难得深刻的回忆告诉我，说我学会说话以后，系着屁帘子站在这马路上说了句：黑老子！

我家属于马路可拆迁的那一边，90年代中，我们一家和爷爷奶奶一起，五口人住上了新楼房，就此告别了倒痰盂的生活。

从平房搬到楼房并不远，坐麻木就是不到十分钟的路，也就是说，当进入2020这样一个当时听来非常科幻的年份，发生于这年元月，农历新年前的这场历史性之事——武汉封城时，几十年过去，我的家仍然在这条巷子里。我房间的窗前就能看到闪熄轮回了二十几年的二桥灯光。它们每天于黄昏亮起，就像萤火虫依次起飞。

## 回来

读书时我就经常一个人背着包往外跑，武昌站、汉口站几个字钉上了无数向往，回旋，分离之记忆。它总是让我离去又不得不回来。

2019年是我离开武汉以后，这几年里回来次数最少的一年。四月，为了办理证件做体检，选择了长途夜车清早到达武昌站，我搜索最近的指定医院，直接过去了。由于当时的一些常规指标不合格，我只好一个人在武汉继续住几天。

年少我是远行后归家，成熟是携夫孩探娘家，这里再破旧也始终是我的承接，归处。2018年和我们一起生活的爷爷去世，这次父母离开武汉帮我照看孩子，我才能独自成行。

出生到长大，这是我第一次回到这个家却没有亲人居住，房屋空荡，呼吸有回音，童年的旧物都还在，我却感觉自己像个暂时值班的宿管员，和它相互都很陌生。

夜里，我开始产生有人从我曾经的小房间窗户爬进来的幻听和幻觉，少女时睡过的床已经没有了，后来添置的一张床没用多久就垮掉了但仍然被母亲用各种办法支撑着。

我努力拎着发怵的躯体，从大房间走到客厅去看，没有选择开灯。后来我想，如果有危险，那就在黑暗里面对也好。小房间里有曾经堆积起来的书在那，因为拆了窗帘以及防盗窗，还剩下 90 年代初建时的木头窗框，已经陈腐变形，关闭不紧，小路口玻璃店里划的玻璃松动的挂上面，权且挡风。这种半封闭半敞开的居所让我进入一种奇特的场域，它好像比任何思考都接近哲理，让你和自己的感官，躯体，神智保持微妙的分离。对面工厂厂房的照灯亮堂堂，盯着我和这个夜晚，残枝晃动如夜兽。

忽然想到，父亲那时一个人睡在这里，为了防盗在门口摆放了一个玻璃瓶“报警机关”，是件严肃的事情。

对未知天然的惧怕，只能尽一点当下之力。

## 非城

我和父母分别许多次，没有想到，这一次成了短期内彼此无法来去了。我不在封城里，是非城，写它去讲述它，甚至回忆，带着自我难以平和下来的异样。悲伤，痛楚似乎都不是我要用的词语。表达如何被表达出来呢，好像能说出来的，都所言非是。

一个人躺过许多陌生的地方，独处过大部分的黑夜，没有想到，那人生中唯一一次独自错位一般躺在那个家的时候，所生发的静止与触动，有可能是最后一次。多重的唯一性，是矛盾也是合一。

我的武汉话说得不地道，汉口老武汉的一些词汇我都听不懂，我也不吃辣，小时候就吃厌了热干面，不会游泳，不贪寻美食无法对街巷的著名苍蝇馆子随口拈来，也没有去武大好好看一次樱花.....我总在探寻和这个城市关联的那根神经。

这几年却别有一番意思，我作为一个游客回到了这里，每次会去东湖，古德寺，归元寺，还新奇的登上了黄鹤楼——这是土生土长于此的人都不太去做的事情。这样的角度观望起来终于让我舒适得多。

无数次想离开的地方，生养我又被我口口声声说不太喜欢的地方，后来我知道，远离典型正是它给予我的那根引线，有的人与他宿命的存在之间就是用脱离来展现其紧密，正是用寻常、非常到无常之态轰鸣着我幽暗静止的部分。

这种恍惚与错位，终于让那个年少就喊着要离开这里的人，找到了恰到好处的好处。

老旧的都在被破坏，而建立的是庞大的粗陋。许多时候想『不浪费』却要花巨大代价。

我写不出他们所认为的城市模样，讲不出他们所需的情意故事。我的回忆延续又停滞，断裂也闭锁。我从想要摆脱它，真正离开它又不靠近，进入得越来越少，牵连得越来越稀薄.....随之被突如其来一场剧烈的撕裂，推进无所从的浓稠时空里融合。

如此不归属又在善望的地方。就是我该回去的家。

Wuhan



故乡的游人













故乡的游人







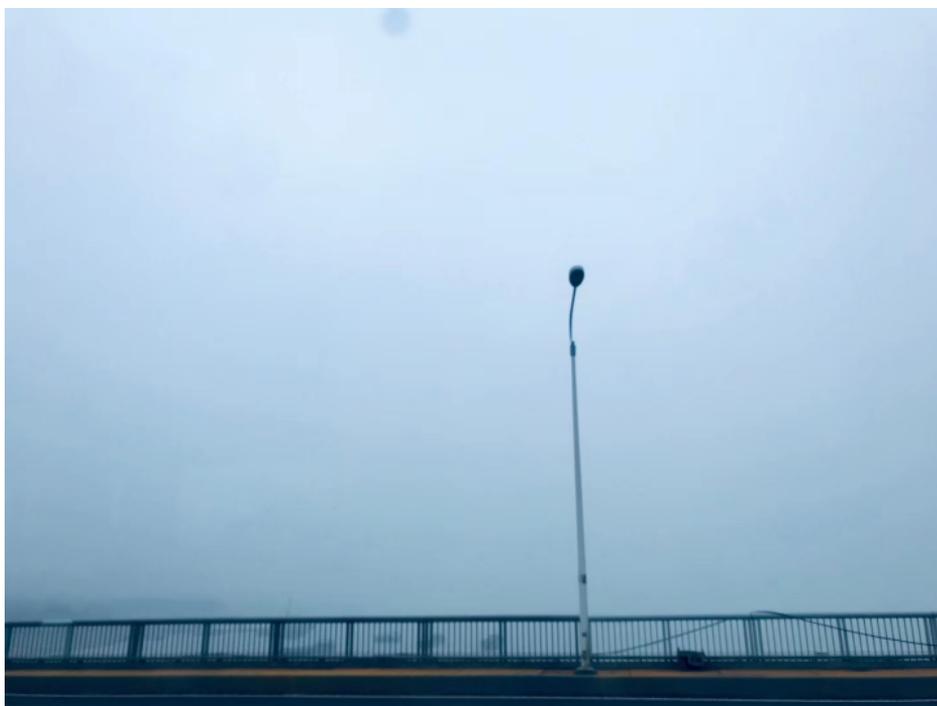




苏格



故乡的游人





# 无题

## Chengzhong

在 2020 年之前，武汉这个城市在我的字典里从未深刻过。

作为一个在近南京长大、上海上学的纯种长江流域的人类，武汉好像只停留在嘴里品味的周黑鸭里，语文课本中分不清的岳阳楼还是黄鹤楼里。非要让我说出个武汉的印象，我绞尽脑汁还是能蹦出来一个的：我大学室友的暧昧过的发小是武汉人。

换句话说，我对武汉的了解可谓是超级灾难现场了，和广大的中西部城市，长沙、成都、重庆等一直并存在我的大脑皮层浅部。在过去的二十一年里，武汉在我的印象里一直平平又淡淡，一声呢也不吭的存在着。

不得不说，其实我这种现象还挺普遍。先不说中国幅员辽阔这一说法，我们人啊对于一个城市的情结，往往不过与出生地或居住地，我生于这个地方，有着好大好大的归属感，我居住在这里，也会不由自主产生点不小不小的领地意识。真正能做到像首都北京和魔都上海，光这两个名字出现就能吸引一大部分奋斗青年征服欲，在中国确实少有。在资本主义大洪流下，大城市们会打着消费主义的口号，戴着精致生活的虚伪面具诱惑着每一个爱喝鸡汤的男男女女。所以说抛开这些肤浅的层面，能做到真真正正能吸引到一个人精神内核的城市，少之又少。

再说，撇开我故意使用的先抑后扬的写作技巧，在之前，我就是这么一直自我设限，在井底里却带着上帝视角会去评判一切。可当我作为一个从

没有去过武汉的非武汉人士，想着自发得去投稿，为武汉这个城市去写点什么，抒发点自己的情怀的时候，我发现自己已经被武汉这个城市潜移默化的影响着了（惊）。

当从未踏足过这个城，却还能对它产生这么深刻的感受，不用猜，那归根结底一定是这个城里的人了。

先在这里，感谢伟大的发明家发明了网络这个玩意。耶，我和小乔就是上海滑滑滑 tinder 认识的。在初步认识的时候，武汉还没有像现在这样曝光率第一的出现在人们的视线。在一月的时候，还没有确定人传人消息的时候，小乔就已经对这个新闻很敏感，我自己反而没有引起很大的重视。现在再回味当时讨论这个新闻的时候，心中还是很五味杂陈。

突突突，话题转回小乔，这个水果湖一霸，不得不说是宣传武汉的一把好手，有着传销组织内味在了，或许这就是传说中的武汉力量（没有扩充解释）吧。

在他强而有力的暴力输出下，我现在脑袋里像主旋律般一直回响着：武汉这个城市真 diao 啊。

首先，第一印象，武汉这个城市绝对是叛逆的。最开始小乔给我看了 youtube 的一个武汉摇滚乐队的 mv，然后我就被敢说敢写敢唱给震惊了。不了解不知道，武汉它居然是朋克之都，摇滚重镇。在这片夏日温度最高的土地上，金属乐之下，每一个武汉人好像都沾上了点摇滚之气，永远年轻，永远热泪盈眶。现在想想，武汉话这么铿锵有力，也不无道理。

就像摇滚这个一直呐喊自我的音乐形式一样，武汉所孕育的自由文化一直惹人注目。小乔跟我说了“我们家”这个在中国最厉害的无政府状态团体，给我看了每个人的“东湖”，给我听了好友的电台。然后，我又被震惊了。还真不是我的受惊点低，是真的有被这里所展现的文化先进度和意识的开放自由度有吓到。这种力量是那种一看完就立刻呐喊“要一起看抗景观社会”的及时反映。恨不得立刻前往武汉，跟同志们团结起来。

我想这也是武汉最能吸引我的一个点。大多数中国人在走过一套九年义务教育下，多多少少都成为了套子里的人。这个套子是这个社会无形之中给我们的，18岁上大学，22岁工作，28岁之前不结婚就被骂剩女，就像程序般被设定好了。可以说，整个环境是压抑的和紧张的。在这里，从小到大被无良的成功学绑架，被父母的控制禁锢，被无个性的标准化评判，被一切向钱看而衡量。无可奈何，这就是世俗世界的玩法，只能按照他的规则走。自我意识就是那个可以突破世俗，去思考真实世界的存在。而能去思考就是一件很了不起的事。

小乔说，在武汉多得是这样的人。嗯，我再次震惊了。我本科就读的学校就是一直以学风松散为主，说起散漫也不为过。又是政治法律的学院氛围，刚进校的时候也很期待能在这样的自在一个环境里，放飞自己的思想，可以和同学们大刀阔斧、天马行空地论自由、论民主、论法制。到今天，我即将大四毕业了，说实话挺失望的。在诺大的校园里，很少能找到去谈论这些形而上学和所谓抽象点的东西。甚至老师的教学，都要笼罩在一片红色之下，不敢妄言。马哲不会提及法兰克福流派，能学的能看的能聊的，都是中国化下的马克思主义。

在和小乔两个多月的交流中，说政治，谈哲学，聊历史，论人文。听他说香港的种种见解，听我说对印度的批判，也算小有囊括了曾经日不落帝国的两个殖民地。听他说许煜，听我说荣格，也算和海德格尔扯上了一点联系。听他说他听 my little airport 会哭，听我说听 hush! 会泪目，也算包容了港台地区音乐文化。在小乔这个先锋斗士的带领下，我已经成功翻墙，用 google 代替百度，用维基百科代替百度百科，用 telegram 不完全代替了微信。这种维度的交流，我很珍惜。这种跨越的改变，我也很感谢，也终有一日“柏林墙”会再此重演。

小乔的存在是难得的。一个城市能养育出这么多难得的存在，我想这个城市它就足够难得。2020年又称庚子年，迷信点的说法是庚子之年必有

大乱，统计学点的说法是这个背后有自己的函数分布。不管怎么样，2020年是一个把武汉这座城市再次提到风口浪尖的一年，它所经历的，也是每一个武汉人所经历的，也是每一个心系武汉和武汉人的人所经历的。小乔总跟我说，不要忘记。我想，很难去忘记这样的一年。我想，也会有更多的人，去看到武汉，看到武汉的真实和武汉的特别。如果静下心来足够去了解这个城市，我相信，提到武汉，关键词也不再是武汉肺炎。因为，武汉它足够值得这一切。

Wuhan

# 青山城中城

金怡菲

武汉封城后，我成了滞留在上海的武汉人，身份证上的武汉地址促使社区接连给我打了两个电话。但要说身份认同，武汉这样的城市量级对我来说未免太大了。

我出生并成长于武汉的青山区。这个沿江的小小区域在 50 年代因为武钢的成立而被特别划出。古老的码头城市继续享受着交通红利，自然地承接了共和国工业化、现代化的重任。十万职工从全国各地而来，包括同为重工业基地的东北和同在长江边的攀枝花。配套建成的住宅区、学校、医院、体育馆、文化宫，令这个生活相当自足的区仿佛一座城中城。从小到大，班里的同学都是“武钢子弟”，偶尔听到父母向我打听同班或隔壁班同学的消息，他们的父母都是我父母的同事，分属“热轧”“冷轧”或是其他什么厂。而“子弟学校”，这种令刚认字的我着实困惑的说法，到我上初中才慢慢消失，从“武钢 x 中”“武钢 x 小”纷纷改成“武汉”的题头。“我是武汉人”的意识直到那时才慢慢浮出，在此之前，我或许只是盐汽水瓶上印着的“武钢人”——一到夏天，它们成箱的从爸妈厂里运到家里。“厂”和“单位”是从小习惯的叫法，后来国企改革，“公司”在很长一段时间里仍然让人感到陌生。到我去香港念书，一门《中国社会、政治与文化》的课上我们一个年代一个年代的讨论中国大陆，讲到 60 年代，“单位”这个概念突然被放大开来。竟是空间的距离让我意识到它的历史特殊性。

我爷爷是湖南人，年轻时因武钢招工去了武汉。他的两个儿子在农村的义务教育结束后也追随了他的脚步。那时能到武钢工作是颇令人羡慕的。高中在学校食堂吃饭，我还听到两位老师在对话中提到年轻时想进武钢的愿望。而我爸当时却几乎是逃过来的：他初中英语考试只拿九分，书是念不下去了，也随爷爷来了武钢。但他终归还是个聪明人，招工考试以第一名的成绩进来了。只是年纪还得改小三岁，方便随后而来的叔叔也能踩着招工年纪线，顺利换到城市户口。

这个区的居民，是可想而知的混杂。于是混着混着，混出了奇异的普通话。每个城市的普通话当然都或多或少有着自己的口音，尤其南方。武汉也不例外。只是青山区的普通话又和别地不同，不仅时不时能听出些东北味儿，后来我看《快乐大本营》，听主持人偶尔故意冒出的长沙话，也觉得惊人的相似。要论研究，“青普”倒是很好的语言学样本。讲到这里，忽然想起少年宫的绘画班里有个普通话说得字正腔圆的小姑娘，声音在一群人中总显得突兀，但无论是画还是人，看起来却很有灵气。去东湖梅园写生那次，我坐在她旁边，闻其声看其人，不禁觉得这“标准”的普通话令她整个人都不俗起来。大概因为这样的语调里没有熟悉的生活感。

作为“二代移民”，我爸能自如地在湖南话和武汉话中切换，爷爷却至今操着乡音。那时的工人也和如今一样，是以“老乡”为群体生活的。他们差不多时间进厂，早年一起住在工人村。每逢过年，都会相互走访。多年后，几番生离死别，爷爷成了他们中唯一的长辈，初一到初五也就不再出门，在家接待这几拨同乡客人。

至于我，长这么大，只回过两次湖南：一次是出生，一次是奶奶去世，随遗体回到乡下。能听懂他们的方言，却不会说。妈妈从武汉周边的小镇来，一众兄弟姐妹也是自有方言，我仍是能懂不能说。讲的不甚地道的武汉话在家族里听起来像个外人，而在外我又不轻易使用。“弯管子”青山普通话成了我少年时代建立联结的重要语言，用来和同道朋友讨论小说和生

活，建构起我最初的价值观和世界观。到外地上大学后，“青普”这唯一可感的身份象征却也随着生活环境的改变而被修改地面部全非了。留在武汉的同学，联系起来，口音还是一如既往。

前大学时代，以考试为中心的生活只是几点一线，我甚至记不清附近的街道；而东亚语境里后大学时代的自由生活，探索的也不再是青山和它所处的武汉了。“武汉人”的身份并不是不证自明。

反倒是工作后认识的别地朋友比我更为熟知那里的都市传说以及亚文化生态。他们中有人曾在武汉上学，用漫画记录下了武汉的街道江湖。有年秋天，我回武汉休假，我和这些更能称得上“武汉人”的朋友同游青山，探索我高中旁的一处江心小岛。我从未在这样的时间在学校附近闲逛，竟不知有还有摆摊的早市。漫画家朋友低价买下一件布料极佳的工装和一本机械图册，并说起小时候对工人家庭的羡慕。我们的谈话和种种行径完全陌生化了这个我生活了 18 年的区域，它变成了人类学家面对的浪漫田野。在随后登上的小岛上，我与它隔江对望，傍晚的夕阳中，它模糊的影子渐渐和我上海居所的窗外景色重叠了。

Wuhan



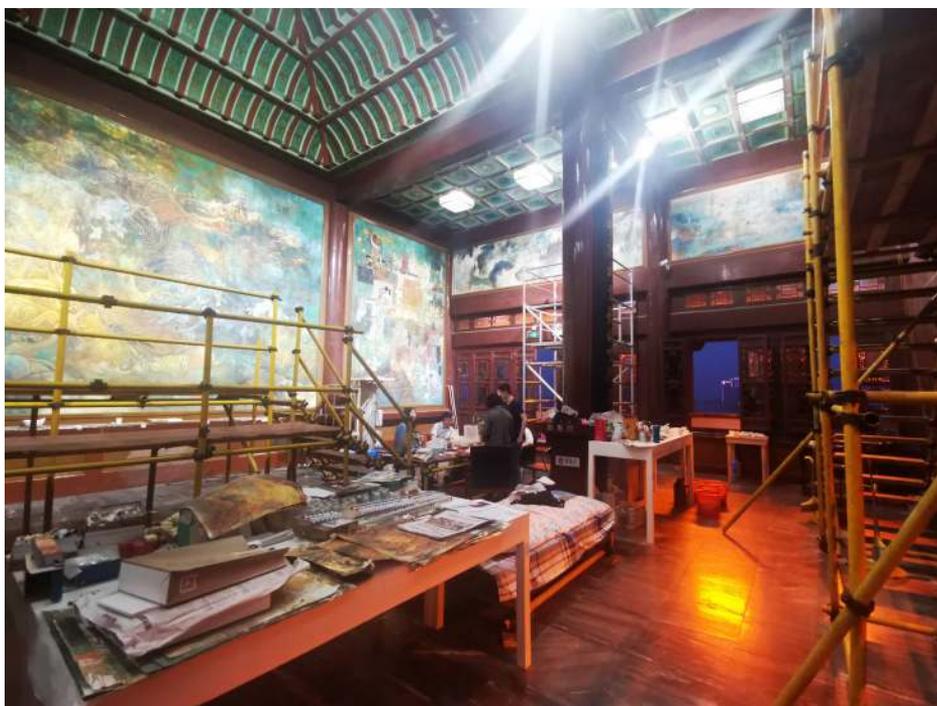
PART III

## **Diaries**



# 撤离

康骏



1. 黄鹤楼壁画修复：2019年九月8号，参与黄鹤楼壁画修复工作，离我母亲去世6小时



2. 家楼底下的猫：2019 年八月 9 号，去医院照顾母亲的路上，离母亲去世一个月

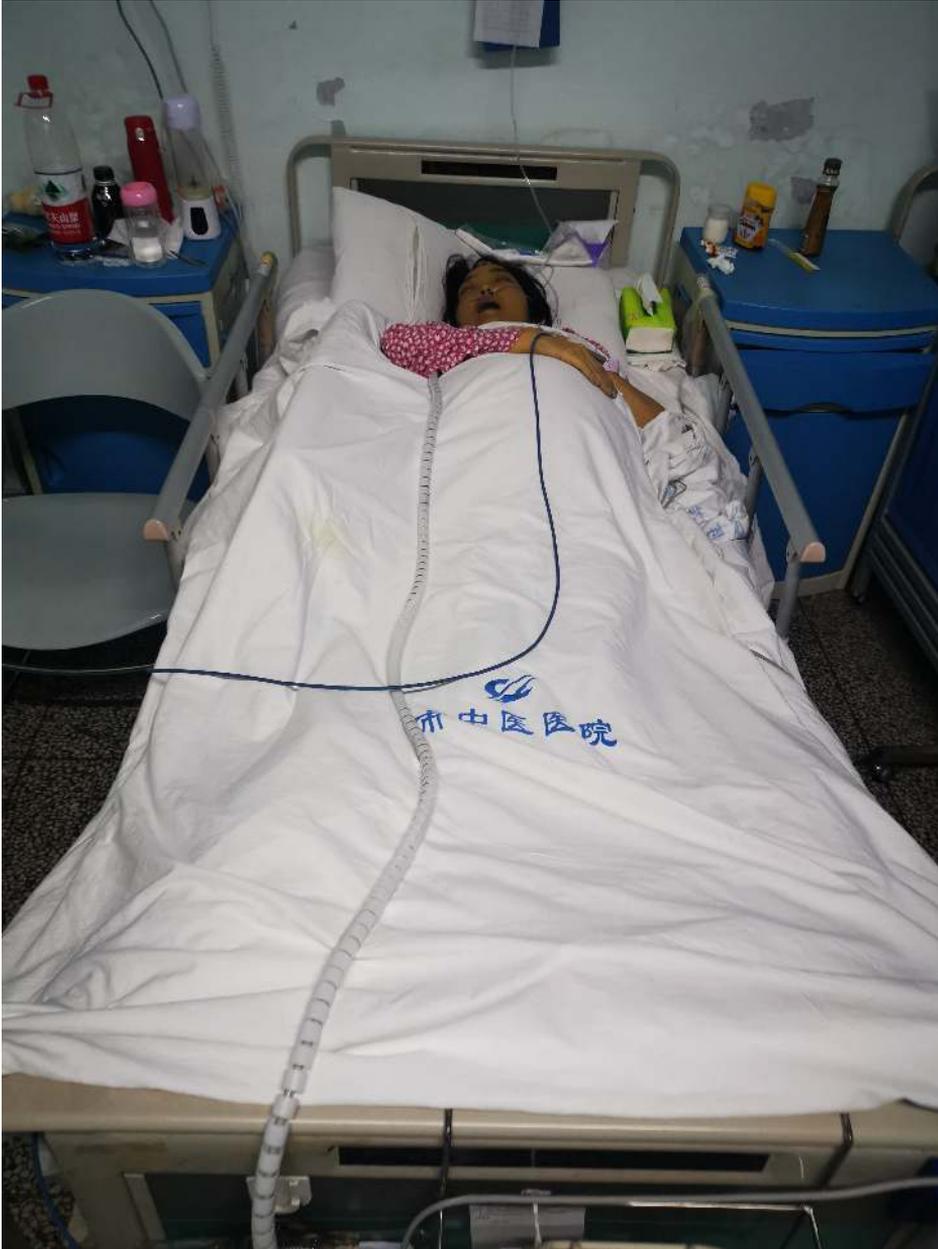


3. 治疗-武汉中医院：2019年八月11号，母亲隔壁床的病友的老伴



4. 吉庆街：2019年九月7号，母亲医院旁边的闹市区

撤离



5. 母亲的最后一面：2019年九月9号，凌晨2点8分，母亲在安详中过世



6. 军运会志愿者袖章：2019年九月27号，奶奶参加社区志愿者的袖章

撤离



7. 2020 年疫情爆发时的装束：由于 COVID-19 在武汉爆发，出门倒垃圾成为一件特别勇敢的事情



8. 隔离观察区域：2020 年疫情爆发，我家在武汉离华南海鲜市场距离 800 米，成为重灾区

## 撤离



9. 撤侨的人等待检查：2020年二月2号，因为 COVID-19，武汉封城，戒严，澳洲政府组织撤侨行动。途中是去机场的必经关卡



10. 天河机场收费站/交通管制点：2020年二月2号，撤离关卡旁边的一只狗，在找寻垃圾堆里的食物

撤离



11. 出城方向的禁行标语：2020年二月2号，开往机场的路上，几乎没有车，零星看到几个出租以及卡车，往日闹事的景象一去不复返



# Numbered Days

Dino Ge Zhang

*Collected and Edited Tweets From 21 January to 26 March 2020*

## **Day 1–Day 3**

### IN RETROSPECTION

I started self-isolation from 21 Jan, two days before the lockdown in Wuhan. I was aware of the outbreak of an unknown epidemic, so I wore a mask everywhere I went on 19 and 20 Jan. I took public transport multiple times and went to a driver's test which involved waiting in a crowded room for two hours. After that, I tried to recreate my entire travel history in my mental map and started panicking. For several days, I checked my body temperature every several hours – this self-induced panic caused hallucinatory effects and actual physiological impacts in the first week and I was having an unfailing diarrhea every day for two weeks. The symptoms of whatever it was, or just intense anxiety, ended a few days later, when I started counting and tweeting daily under threads.

## **Day 3 (First Day of the Lockdown)**

STFU you don't know about virus.

Quote: McKenzie Wark: Human bodies are just spaceships for viruses and bacteria.

I am in tears.

[Listening to SMZB's "the Chinese are coming"]

#### **Day 4**

Truly prophetic.

Quote: "Visit Wuhan, the newest cultural epicentre of China" (@visit\_wuhan official twitter page's profile introduction)

Stacked Virology.

#### **Day 5**

Living in the epicentre, browsing twitter, seeing a lot of panic online, trying to maintain inner peace. The mental turmoil is getting to me... Life is stagnant, yet everything happens so fast "online" – being online and real-time updates is, for the first time, traumatising.

This quarantine is probably going to last until March.

For the people who have not yet contracted the virus and stayed quarantined at home. The anxiety and boredom are gonna drive many insane.

#### **Day 6**

We need psychologists. The healthy ones are getting restless and unhinged as anxiety overwhelms them.

Don't be Flora. (Flora is an American expat living in Wuhan who went full on panic mode when news of the lockdown first struck)

#### **Day 7**

Quote: "Wu-tang Clan – Wu-han Clan"

#### **Day 8**

It's true that last night a lot of local residents, driven by fear, anxiety, and boredom, organized to yell words of encouragement from their windows. They know it's grim, but they decide to persevere and build solidarity.

## Day 9

Quote: I have a disease. It's called being human and I have to get treatment. (@dril\_gpt2)

If you have friends or family or you are in any major Chinese cities, do not go to hospital unless it is absolutely necessary. It is highly likely you will get infected in the disorder at the hospitals. It is not worth it, especially if you just have a common cold.

I don't drink at home. There are some supposedly good Moutai, but I don't drink that filth.

## Day 10

### **Sick Man of Wuhan: Pathologised Nihilism and Politics of Hope**

The logic of certain betterment, sacrificing for the greater good, and delayed redress of previous unjust punishment of those who spoke openly about the plague, just furthers the mental suffering of those who are involuntarily immobilised by angst, anxiety, and boredom. The so-called Wuhan nihilism should be de-pathologised as a necessary and even healthy response to the Political hope.

It is exactly in these times of unprecedented epidemic, a misanthrope learns hope, not the Political hope of vanity, but the previously dislocated radical nihilism – “values without a world.” Let us jog, let us swim, let us walk on the empty streets, let fly the drones, let us scream for Life from our windows, let us cry over phone calls, let us realise the burst bubbles of owning a home, let us discard the neurosis of plastic hope.

At a time of extreme emergency, people, no matter how cosmopolitan they claim to be, will be xenophobic. It's only natural. New racism can be built in a week... We are just the unfortunate ones to witness how this is forged in real time.

### **Day 11**

Day 11 has already been sapped by more conspiracy theories, accelerationist viropexis, internet folklore, inconsistent propaganda of hope, and above all medical disorder. Twitter is just as cancerous as WeChat.

Time for bed.

The only work I have done today is the above tweet.

One angle that most media reports are missing is that the locals who are embroiled in this plague do not necessarily want to debate the "truth" – by default there are lies; that's common sense. Plebs want psychological comfort and hope – plastic or not.

### **Day 12**

It's already Feb. I dreamt of walking on the beach yesterday with my non-existent daughter.

### **Day 13**

The more plastic Hope you inject into the veins of the ignorant plebs the angrier they will be when their immune systems collapse.

The hot pot is about to boil.

### **Day 14**

I think I am about to reach half of my limit.

But today I have gathered enough mental strength to start reading and writing again.

Don't praise the plebs. don't tell the plebs what to do. don't tell the plebs what to feel. don't write shitty poetry in praise of whatever. stop intellectualising pain.

### **Day 15**

Did somebody just propose global warming against coronavirus?  
wtf...

### **Day 16**

Pssst! Slavoj, wanna switch places with me?

Quote: "Some of us, including myself, would secretly love to be in China's Wuhan right now, experiencing a real-life, post-apocalyptic movie set. The city's empty streets provide the image of a non-consumerist world at ease with itself."

(<https://www.rt.com/op-ed/479970-coronavirus-china-wuhan-hysteria-racist>)

Quote: After clashes and arrests in Tin Shui Wai on Tuesday night, a Mandarin-speaking woman went down to berate the police: "Let me tell you, I'm also from Wuhan!" Journalists and police surrounding her all jump back.

She later clarified she moved to Hong Kong over a decade ago.

([https://twitter.com/elson\\_tong/status/1224738665684852736/video/1](https://twitter.com/elson_tong/status/1224738665684852736/video/1))

### **Day 17**

I think desperation is gonna kick in at some point.

Wuhan patient reads Francis Fukuyama on a hospital bed.

In 2011 I stayed inside for more than a month (went outside once or twice to stock up on food) to play Skyrim all day. I survived on mostly instant noodles and soft drinks. It was good times and I didn't regret it... Now I am locked inside with thousands of games to play and hundreds of books to read. I can't do shit... I just couldn't allow myself to whine on Twitter.

### **Day 18**

[Dr Li Wen-Liang died]

This day begins early. Let the rage overwhelm the wall.

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

Quote: We're all prepared to acknowledge that even if you're not a poet, self-exposure makes money in the age of the confessional personal essay... As a group, however, we're not completely settled on whether trauma writing is useful – for the reader or the writer.  
(<https://sydneyreviewofbooks.com/lifting>)

Trying to enjoy a rare find anime after a day of stress... instant regret.



1. Kōji Morimoto, *Memories*, 1995.

## Day 19

Bad news just kept coming.

When you infantilize the masses for so long they actually become infantile.

Things I crave:

*coffee* (specifically the exwife blend),

*chips* (specifically vinegar chips),

French toast (with massive amount of honey),

*cheese* (specifically feta) on salad,

*potato wedges* with a pint of whatever cheap *beer* (specifically Boags),

and above all sitting alone in a *pub*.

## **Day 20**

25 days ago, I was observant of how the nearby hospital was unusually crowded when I went to the coffee place nearby.

20 days ago, some sick dimwit spat at me on the train. I dodged it and did wear a surgical mask. Just to make sure and also to avoid more instances like this, I began my self-isolation the next day.

19 days ago, I alerted my mum about the potential of an outbreak. I told her not to go outside except for groceries and do not go to the wet market. She insisted going outside for a stroll. I could not stop her.

18 days ago, I warned a friend that the situation was already out of control. I had a mental meltdown when I saw a video (circulated only among local medical workers at the time) of a senior doctor freaking out in front of a patient, and allegedly the director of the hospital bailed.

It's certainly not premonition but it is at least the basic sensitivity that something is very wrong and it's heading towards something much worse. But while more information becomes public and everyone starts to freak out, I have come to terms with it.

## **Day 21**

It's funny that it has been 21 days and I still don't have a routine yet.

Quote: There's a guy on my timeline who tweets every day about how he hasn't left his apartment. He's up to 21 days now. I am secretly (or not so secretly) insanely jealous of his life. (@zzap)

## **Day 22**

Damn it.

## **Day 23**

That cruise is totally gonna declare independence isn't it.

**Day 24**

I hope you guys don't get used to this count. I am almost at my limit.

How do you fight virus with Eva units... but what's the hidden message here? So, we are all gonna become puddles of LCL.

Quote: (Image of the official Weibo of EVA Franchise applauding and supporting the containment efforts of Wuhan)

**Day 25**

Actually, the best valentine's day of my life. no plans whatsoever.

Hikkikomori haemorrhoids.

**Day 26**

Waking up at 8pm isn't right.

Time is irrelevant.

**Day 27**

Temporality is probably infected and quarantined as well. Maybe even dead.

It was snowing hard yesterday and today it feels like 15 degrees... it's nice to hear birds singing though. A rare sight of good weather and traces of animals, even from the confines of my window.

Going to celebrate with my last can of diet coke.

**Day 28**

I managed to open a bottle with a key. So yeah, I am getting drunk tonight.

This is starting to feel like the LIGHTHOUSE.

**Day 29**

This will probably last another 30 days...

I think I am at my limit. Now I have to repeat another 29 days.

**Day 30**

It's just halfway through.

Quote:

“stay home  
Never go outside  
Turn on my computer  
My cyber lover  
Just eating fast noodles  
I'm sick  
All my life  
Download from internet”  
(New Pants, *Internet Sex Drugs*)

It's actually ok. I can live without sex, drugs but not internet.

**Day 31**

The really exasperating thing is that there is nothing worth remembering in this hollowing experience, but I remember the stupid details of waking up reading on the bed falling asleep again day drinking on the bed falling asleep again.

Given all the time but all dead time – productivity is true happiness.

**Day 32**

Ejssjssjdjekekjxnskejeke

There is nothing wrong with the virus, it is everything else that is the problem.

### **Day 33**

Essential items to fight the virus according to taobao

Quote: Taobao recommends four items to fight the coronavirus:  
84 disinfectant, plastic gloves, dildo, plug adaptor.

### **Day 34**

The virus has become banal.

### **Day 35**

Me at home. Quote: A pigeon restlessly walking in the snow leaving a convoluted trail of footprints.

### **Day 36**

the medical supply situation is very weird. So, my alcohol wipes are from japan. face masks from Taiwan. They all appear to be donations but I (and my friend) paid for them... so yeah.

### **Day 37**

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in the jdrama デート～恋とはどんなものかしら～the male protagonist didn't leave his mum's house for years, watching movies and reading books everyday. Enmeshed in literature and arthouse films, he calls himself an "exalted flaneur." if anything, I am apprenticing based flaneurism.

### **Day 38**

I can't take it anymore.

### **Day 39**

Mood.

Quote:

A video of a black person screaming in Cantonese: “屌呢個閻”.

### **Day 40**

Quote: “Agamben doesn’t seem to understand the difference between a camp and a bunker.” (@Benjamin Bratton)

The plague is not a remedy nor an ingredient of the remedy to a sick society as it only exposes deep-rooted issues. The initial exposé leads to outrage, which is quickly soaked and dissipated by idleness, boredom, and lethargy. The latest wish is simple: return to the Normal.

By probability, which is a calculation of infected demographics and death count, the virus seems to have a criterion; but for an infected patient, the criteria do not exist, and death is an imminent truth.

I would really appreciate an iced latte right now.

### **Day 41**

the basics of mask ideology:

- Europeans wear a mask to protect others from being infected by them. By its logic, only the sick wear masks.
- Chinese wear a mask to protect themselves from being infected by others. By its logic, everyone is supposed to wear masks.

I have been doing that for years, but I would love to have a solitary walk in the park or a botanic garden or sth.

Quote:

coronavirus is shaping up to be not so bad for introverts:  
- work from home

- avoid public places, social gatherings
- if you have to go out, stay 6 feet away from strangers (@natskratts)

## **Day 42**

I want to work in a café.

Time has been simply suspended, not cyclical nor linear and certainly not spiral. Endless quarantine. Is a “pathetic waiting” possible? if anything, there is no more normal to return to.

Quote: “In the never-ending everyday, the apocalypse does not open any new horizon of experience. It has become entirely immanent to the social collectivity and actually means the impossibility of a social project of any kind, because it has no exterior.”

My only hope is that this count does not go to 100. Well if this does, I hope somebody publishes these daily threads.

I bought 2 kilos of beans before i left Melbourne for my mum, but her coffee machine broke three days into the lockdown... I haven't tasted a sip of coffee for 40 days. I sniff coffee beans like cocaine...

## **Day 44**

What I crave the most is not sociality but space – to be able to eat alone in a restaurant, browse a bookstore alone, drink in a pub alone, read in a cafe alone, watch a movie in my beanbag alone. I mostly talk to people online anyway.

I have a porn folder called flat ontology.

I fucked up my Switch and scoured Taobao trying to buy a controller and a replacement fan... no one ships to this hellhole apparently.

Only “essentials” are shipped to the city – we are probably running out of alcohol, cigs, maybe even soft drinks, barely any chips... VeRy expensive grocery shopping. This is probably just a taste of the forthcoming inflation. Right, still gonna enjoy the last stick.

*ETHNoGRAPHIC PLAGuE*

**Day 45**

The “fight” against the coronavirus is not a “war,” but a suspension of the alteration between war and the “normal life.” We are mobilised to be immobilised to fight the unfathomable agents of structural change: both genetical and socioeconomical.

We are stuck in the waiting room.

Quote: “Agamben was wrong: not the concentration camp but the waiting room is the topoi of modernity” (@iycrtyph)

Ok I managed to buy a Shanzhai pro switch controller with a few bottles of hand sanitisers so it can be shipped.

**Day 46**

Quote: “when the town is bustling with economic activity, time can only be represented as habit, which, like ritual, is a way of mastering history and diminishing the temporal change... The Oranais better notice stasis than they do the action surrounding trade... but the very phenomenon of notice is compelling evidence of temporal consciousness.”

The only thing some Chinese plants are manufacturing is false data, a @Caixin investigation has found.

“Query: how contrive not to waste one’s time? Answer: by being fully aware of it all the time. Ways in which this can be done: by spending one’s days on an uneasy chair in the dentist’s waiting room...”

By idling 46 days away waiting for an endless lockdown.

To end.

**Day 47**

There was a meme of the same template about people in Wuhan a few days before the lockdown. Quote: a Chinese meme about how

people in Los Angeles don't give a shit about the pandemic and go on about with their regular lives

### **Day 48**

Bunch of people got infected by someone who returned from the hospital and was supposed to have recovered – these people didn't go outside for more than month and all they did was collect groceries at the gate. This shit comes back folks. It lurks, probably as long as you live.

If waiting is submission, I am not sure I am submitting to the virus or the state or my fear or really nothing.

### **Day 49**

Let's just start the day 49 thread early. Maybe I should do sth to celebrate 50 days of not going outside.

### **Day 50**

Hot fuck noodle welcomes pasta to the party.

I don't care if the official number is fabricated or not. It goes down to zero, so everyone pretends everything is back to normal until it isn't. My guess is the majority of my coffee spots and bookshops have already gone out of business.

Coronachan hates Mulan.

Italy is officially Wuhanized.

### **Day 51**

Believe in future and demolish it.

### **Day 52**

This will be my end of quarantine gift.

Quote: a shirt with Foucault's *Discipline and Punish* Print.

Apparently coronavirus can cause male infertility. Coronachan may be the champion of the dispossessed vocels.

I will probably be outside for the first time after exactly 69 days of home quarantine.

### **Day 53**

Fucked up to see all the jokes i saw over a month ago circulating on twitter, of course, unrelated and in another context, but coronavirus seems to have united our sense of humour.

### **Day 54**

Once this shit is over, I will probably go to the mountains and continue to quarantine myself there.

Wuhan time. Quote: People who have been following the Wuhan outbreak from day 0 are basically time travelers at this point, spoiling what people will experience in the next few weeks. (@diaodiao\_yang)

If this is time travel this is perhaps the worst kind. Instead of trying to save the "world" after failing to quell the spread initially by restarting, you basically time travel to experience the fucking collapse all over again.

Quote: regardless of if you think Asian others live in the colonial/exotic past or in an alternative/authoritarian/sci-fi future, you're assuming it's a world that exists outside of the Western present, which viruses clearly disprove. (@notsaved).

### **Day 55**

I attempted something really disgusting out of desperation: I grinded beans with my teeth then tried to cold brew them...

### **Day 56**

Quote: Traveling to and from China this year has been an experience if [*sic*] explicit time travel. Nothing else is an accurate description. (@nocitizens)

### **Day 57**

Old habits die hard.

Quote: a video of a man obliviously attempting to spit while wearing a mask.

### **Day 58**

"Corona humanities" is mostly just academics wheeling out their one take again (@sysimmolator)

### **Day 59**

Wuhan reported zero cases yesterday.

Not sure if we want that zero or it is actually zero but it doesn't matter at this point. I am happy that I will be released soon.

My release will be literally against the tide of growth everywhere else...

### **Day 60**

Very noisy outside, kids are running around in the courtyard.

I have this weird feeling that it's quite possible that this pandemic is the actual cornerstone of sinofuturism – meaning from this point on, we will be ahead of the West in time.

### **Day 61**

Zero is absolute.

Criteria are relational.

Epidemic management is basically shit sociology.

## NUMBERED DAYS

### **Day 62**

I feel like the guy who paid for early access in shitty Chinese MMO and am already lvl 50 by the time most of you log in for the first time.

### **Day 66**

It's almost over.

I went outside lol. Everything is closed.

My coming out party is very anticlimactic.

I feel like speed-lelling my germaphobe level.

Wuhan



# 庚子前

## 地沟

武汉人，可分两类，二零一九年就知道新型肺炎的，和二零二零年才知道的。我属于前者。

### 十二月三十一日

睡前看到连登帖文，说武汉出现 SARS，随即给父亲打了通电话，叫他不要去人多的地方凑热闹。正午时分，now 台推送，我把新闻截图发给几位朋友。M 住在深圳，说下周还要去长沙，是不是该退票——我觉得她反应有些过度。

### 一月二日

这两天父亲一直在给我发国内的新闻，他说国家「非常重视」，反应速度也很快，小心即可，不必惊慌。

### 一月五日

给前任发消息，问她武汉现在是不是戴口罩的人很多，她说她一直在医院陪母亲治癌症，并不清楚外面的情况。其实，我也不是真的担心武汉，我只是前些天忘记把这些新闻告诉她了。父亲晚上说专家排除了 SARS，附带一句，「无沙土就好」。

## 一月六日

今天要从台湾飞去越南。去机场前在楼下药房买了些 N95 口罩，新北市造的，一包两只，一百二十九新台币（约三十块），一咬牙，买了六包。机场捷运上很多香港人，口罩戴得严严实实，只有我和几个中途下车的阿伯光着脸。

## 一月七日

在脸上看到《苹果日报》推荐的口罩种类，于是转发给父亲，附一句「记得多囤一点」。M 说她在网上买到 3M 的 N95 了，一百六十八块，十几只，我们都觉得有点贵。

## 一月八日

让前任买口罩，她问我，「N95 是啥玩意儿？」我相信她是真的不知道，有点生气，没有再理她。

## 一月九日

准备搭次日凌晨两点的飞机回武汉。出境前去洗手间戴上了口罩，上月在日本买的，Hello Kitty 的，包装上写的给女性和小童专用，所以有点透不过气。上飞机后环视一周，只有几个人戴了口罩，睡到一半醒来，发现同排隔座的大伯不知什么时候也戴上了口罩。

## 一月十日

到武汉时是清晨，天还没亮。一个中年人问我要不要坐他的车走，我看他戴着口罩，觉得即使不是消息灵通之人，也是位有职业素养上进心的黑车司机，就跟去了。我们在机场高速上把口罩拉下，用下巴挂住，在车里抽了很久的烟。

## 一月十三日

这两天中学同学 H 来武汉玩，月初就约好了一起喝酒看台湾大选开票。出发前我叮嘱过口罩一事，其实他有家人在当地医院工作，离武汉一个多小时的车程；此时口罩的必要性他比我清楚得多。晚上搭公交车，行至建设大道，上来一位大伯，用塑料袋套着左手，再抓着头顶的横杆，右手紧紧插在羽绒服的荷包里，但没有戴口罩。

## 一月十五日

前天 tinder 上滑到的一个浙江女孩，今天和我说武汉很美，很像欧洲电影。她说她在梦里来过武汉，雾蒙蒙，天暗淡，很有凄惨的感觉。我大概能理解她说的是什么意思，尽管我知道武汉还有很多别的模样。她说梦的时候，云淡风轻，让我想起去年秋天滑到的一个武汉女孩，话不多，蓝色头发，休学后一直在游山玩水，我们隔很长时间才会回复一次对方的消息。昨天她说她在广西，叹道，「武汉肺炎又加重了」。我没回。

## 一月十六日

「一定要戴口罩！」我给前任发了这条消息。下午去武昌火车站旁一家电影院看了场电影，《别告诉她》，讲华人 diaspora 的，对这个群体，我实在不愿多共情。整个放映厅只有两个人，戴口罩的占了一半。这也是我第一次戴着口罩看电影，毕竟街对面就是武昌火车站，谁也不敢大意。晚上在群光和 X 吃晚餐，X 是我的中学同学，现在在香港读书。他最近两年情绪非常不好，打算这次在武汉挂个号看看医生。一坐下，他就向我抱怨，说香港人未免太夸张了，好像以为整个武汉都被毒透了一样。我说，不过那你有足够的 N95 吗，他说，有的。那就好。

## 一月十八日

今晚和前任约在花园道吃饭喝酒。不出我所料，她没戴口罩。我问她怎么不戴，她把米黄色的高领毛衣翻上去，遮住下颚和鼻子，说这就是她的口罩。我无言以对。回到家，我在社交网站上更新了一条状态：「used to preach wechat abstention on tinder, but these days just kindly reminding everybody to get a mask before going out」。

## 一月十九日

在 tinder 上滑到一个河南女生，昨天是她年前最后一天上班，下班前我们约好了一起发消息倒数彻底放假那一刻的来临，晚上则在讨论在武汉养北极熊的可能。这么多人把 tinder 的位置设在武汉，我有些惊奇。她说她之前常来 VOX 听演出，也很喜欢武汉伢，虽然前男友就是武汉人。于是我也叮嘱她要记得戴口罩——这似乎已经成了一种属于武汉人的言辞上的回礼——她说自己独居，生死由天，无所谓的，这些新闻看多了，反倒心烦。

## 一月二十日

那个说武汉像欧洲电影的女生，提醒我要戴口罩。但台湾买的口罩，我只剩下一包了。今天街上的人突然都戴起了口罩——汉街和街道口，至少有七成人戴上了口罩——虽然很多把鼻子露了出来。我约了好朋友 T 出来，寻找街面上还有没有口罩卖，但从白天跑到晚上，都卖光了，只有几家便利店有些 pitta 口罩，但那个不管用。中午路过报刊亭的时候，我买了一份《楚天都市报》和《武汉晚报》，几乎没有什么关于口罩或是肺炎的新闻。本来想留着这两份当作记录，但拿在手上很麻烦，走了几站路我就把它们塞到垃圾桶里了。什么也没买到，我们坐在派出所门口的长椅上，不

抱希望地逛着淘宝，我记得有家店这样写道，「请亲们谅解，毕竟命还是比钱重要」。

### 一月二十一日

我还是买到了口罩，借用 T 的微信，在一家网络商城里买到了三十只 KN95。紫色的。但寄来武汉要多久，就是未知数了。

### 一月二十二日

只剩最后一只口罩了，我想我应该这几天不会出门了。下午前任发来消息，说母亲住的医院过年要休息，现在正在转院去同济的路上，她们在救护车里。我惊得从椅子上弹起，问她有没有口罩。果不其然，她说没有，现在戴的是两层普通一次性的口罩。我气得哇哇叫，立马给 T 打电话可否借十几个口罩一用，T 说好，我们约在青山的一家星巴克见。我和 T 一人买了一杯「梨光小夜曲」，其实就是梨子水，我半开玩笑地说，梨子润肺，说不定能治肺炎，然后跳上的士去前任住的小区。因为救护车中途不能停，所以她已经从同济医院回来了，我小心翼翼地把装口罩的纸袋递给她，然后恶狠狠地骂了她几句。从汉口坐的士回武昌，经过协和时，司机说里面有个科室主任肺已经全白了，感觉他消息很灵通，倒不是靠微信，而是电台。我看到他戴了两层口罩，底下的一层是棉布的，外面的一层是无纺布的，有米奇和米妮的印花。

### 一月二十三日

汉街的星巴克关门了，我便往东湖边走去。湖面阴阴的，放鹰台对面的步道上，有根石柱上被人用马克笔写了十六个大字，「善有善报恶有恶报不是不报时间未到」。晚上父亲打电话问我，「要不还是逃出去吧，我有朋友可以接应的」，我说绝不。

## 一月二十四日

M 在爱丁堡发来消息，说那边已经买不到口罩了。而我的口罩则刚到武汉分拣中心。晚上六点，我走去家附近的 LAWSON 买些三明治吃，整条水果湖步行街，此时只剩一家年货铺还开着，雨滴打在灯笼上，好像淌着血。傍晚滑到一位在汉阳的女生，苦涩地互道新年快乐之后，她说她突然很难过，因为她的一个朋友，在同济医院当护士，刚被征召去第一线了，出门前把银行卡和花呗全都转交给了母亲。我也很难过。晚上十一点四十一分，那个说武汉像欧洲电影的女生给我发来一串消息，「我心碎了，我只认识你这个武汉人，\*\*，我微博上看到那些信息，实在，太令人心碎了」。

Wuhan

# 好想吃一碗过早的热干面

邓雯

今天是3月3日，隔离在家的第40天。从家里的防盗网望下去，看到楼下的玉兰花树已经全部开花，空气中也已经能够闻到春天潮湿温润的气息了。孩子说他想和爸爸妈妈去东湖玩，去欢乐谷玩蒙地卡罗赛道。可是穿着防护服，背着消毒水桶消毒的社区工作者提醒着我们，疫情其实还没有过去，我们还不能下楼，更不能出门。打开新闻，媒体每天都在煽情，冬天已经过去了，春天还会远吗？但是在武汉，每天的确诊人数还在增加，数字依然还在跳动，依然还在有生命逝去。也许这个人曾经在某个时刻，在某条街道，和我擦肩而过。但是现在，他们已经是冷冰冰的数字了，永远不会有春天了。

昨天，我家的灯泡突然“嘶”得响了一声，灭掉了，虽然老公修好了灯泡，可是我突然就开始焦虑。如果灯泡真的坏了，我要去哪里买，如果线路因此出了问题，那我们岂不是要在黑暗里度过了？有没有人会来帮助我们？这种焦虑，可能就是一个最普通得武汉市民真实的心情。相较于媒体宏大的叙事和视频里的“美好生活”，我更加认同的是武汉作家方方在武汉日记里写的：时代的一粒灰，落在个人头上就是一座山。

时间回到40天前。

1月24日，大年三十，和往常一样，爸爸妈妈、我、老公、孩子5人开车回老家和老家的老奶奶一起过年。路上，和去年一样车很多，人们都希

望能够快点回去和家人吃团年饭。那天，情况应该已经很严重了，可是由于某些专家说暂时不会人传人，已经控制住华南海鲜城这个传染源，一向乐观的武汉人照样该吃吃，该喝喝。甚至百步亭社区还举办了万人团年宴。

在我要求出门置办年货的爸爸戴上口罩出门的时候，还被嘲笑为神经过敏，大惊小怪。紧接着政府就突然发出了封城令，公布的感染人数已经超过了我们的想象。人们都懵了。当天晚上，满足了孩子回老家过年放烟花的愿望后，我们坐下来开了个紧急的家庭会议。老公说，要不留两天看看情况再回武汉？爸爸说，应该最多一个星期就能控制住，把感染的人都隔离了，过完正月十五再回去也可以的。可能是女人的第六感一向比较准确，当天在我的建议下我们刚赶回武汉，高速公路封闭的消息就下来了。

和往常一样，过年我们一般都是在婆婆和妈妈家来回混饭吃，年初七老公就会去上班，基本上不会在家备太多吃的。当天晚上我们在婆婆家过了一个晚上。

1月25日，早上起来的时候情况就变得非常严重了。感染人数已经超过了我们的想象。回想起那天的感受，可能是第一次经历这么重大的事情，人的心理上还不能真正的接受。至今想起来还觉得不可思议。同学朋友给我发消息，问我还好吗？原来所有人都知道武汉已经处于疫情的中心了，只有我们自己灯下黑，不知道自己面临的怎么样一种可怕的境地。

1月26日，大年初二，亲戚朋友互相拜年的时候，带着婆婆给我置办的肉、菜，我们回到了自己的家里。紧接着，禁令开始升级，进入了一种战时的状态，所有人都在家开始自我隔离，车和人都不能上路。本应该车水马龙的江汉路空无一人，走街串巷的人们都不见了踪影。电视上出现的全都是穿着厚厚防护服，看不清面目的医生，护士，以及躺在病床上，走廊上的感染者。从这个时候开始，我们内心的焦虑真正的落地，变成了真实的感受。原来，这一切都不是科幻电影，我们才是电影里的演员。那些因为这次新冠病毒死去的人们不会在电影结束后复活，而是永远的离开

了，并且离开的时候可能不那么的有尊严。

1月31日的时候，开始有大量的医护人员被飞机送到武汉，新闻里铺天盖地的都是各地支援武汉的消息，视频里都是“武汉加油”的声音。但是我的微博、朋友圈都是求救的信息，医院里挤满了发热病人，没有床位可以收治这么多感染的病人。开始听到同事或者朋友的爸爸妈妈去世的消息。我们意识到自己的生活已经发生了重大的改变，面对的是生与死的问题。之前的生活方式已经不能再延续了，所有的饭店都停业，外卖也不送了，商场关门了，菜场封闭了，我们开始囤积菜、生活用品，数着每次吃几片菜叶子，开始三个人相依为命的生活。每次出去买菜的老公，全副武装，回来的时候都要在外面站好一会才进来。连6岁的儿子也开始感觉到气氛的紧张，从开始的吵着出去玩到默默的听着我们说话。在灾难面前，连孩子都突然明白了很多道理。

时间就这样一天天的过去，到今天我们在家已经待了40天。

当我们每天计划着这一次买的菜能吃多久时，我好想念武汉的过早，我想念面窝、油条、热干面，豆皮，以及牛肉面。甚至，在社区工作人员来敲门例行检查的时候，我都好想开门看看，原来还有这么多人都还真实存在。可是我们已经有很长时间没有见过外面的人们了，即使见面，也是戴着厚厚的口罩，互相点头示意一下。有时候可能是实在憋闷，会突然听到某个窗户里传来的一声大吼。有时候，孩子会问我，人都去哪里了？为什么会听到一些奇怪的声音。我会带他在阳台上看看，告诉他，人们都和我们一起，在家等待病毒被打败。到那时，我们就可以去东湖绿道骑自行车，也可以在楼下吃想吃的豆皮，还可以去上次没去成的江汉关博物馆。但到底要多久呢，我也不知道。

武汉是我们一直生活的地方，每天习以为常的生活的地方。现在却只能从媒体的报道里面去捕捉曾经生活的踪迹。也许，我们都需要很长的时间来消化这次疫情给我们带来的东西。

邓雯

尽管如此，看到身边玩耍的可爱的儿子，和为家人生活打算的孩子爸爸，我还是深深的庆幸，幸好我们都还在。

# 原创诗

山鳩

## 和你没有关系

消失在雾霭里的铁轨

和我有什么关系

我什么也不说

就没有关系

年轻的死亡在分秒里进行

遥远地，遥远地，遥远地

谁都觉得没有关系

回收他们哀伤的肉体时

工具散落了一地

叮叮当当的像首欢快的乐曲

(你要说，你必须说，和你我都有关系!)

## 找找自己

每天都随便去一个地方 v

找找自己

看见湖就往里面跳

看见山就往上面爬  
看见影子就伏地躺下  
大哭一场  
(不能出门,也要记得找找自己)

## 心愿

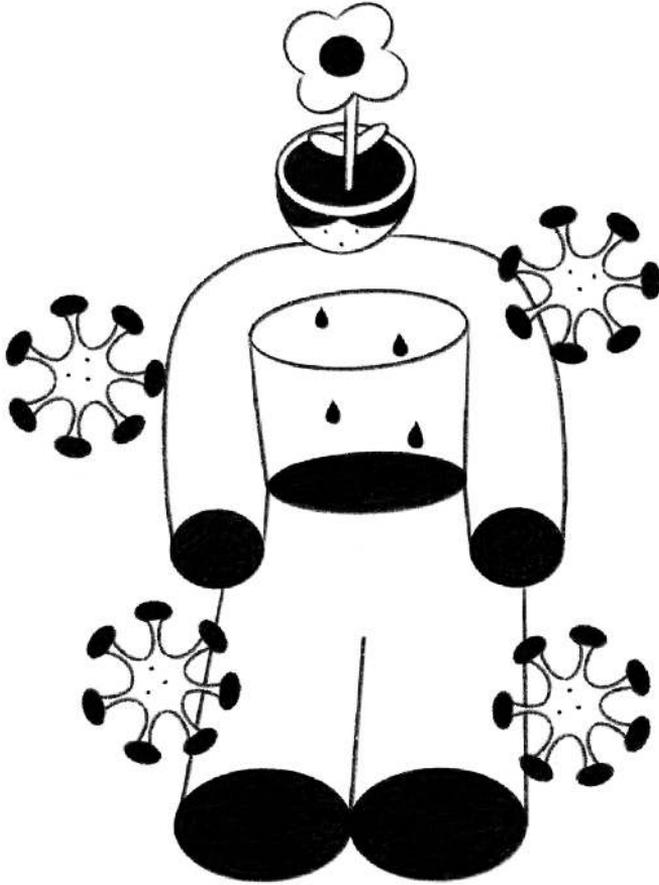
我想做野生的鸟  
梦醒之前  
飞到热带无人的小岛  
炙热的太阳同我一样  
熠熠生光  
而邪恶的阴影早已灭亡  
(那天,李文亮医生去世了)

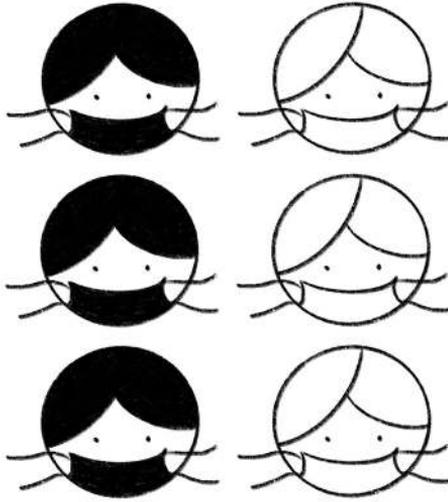
## 一些疑惑

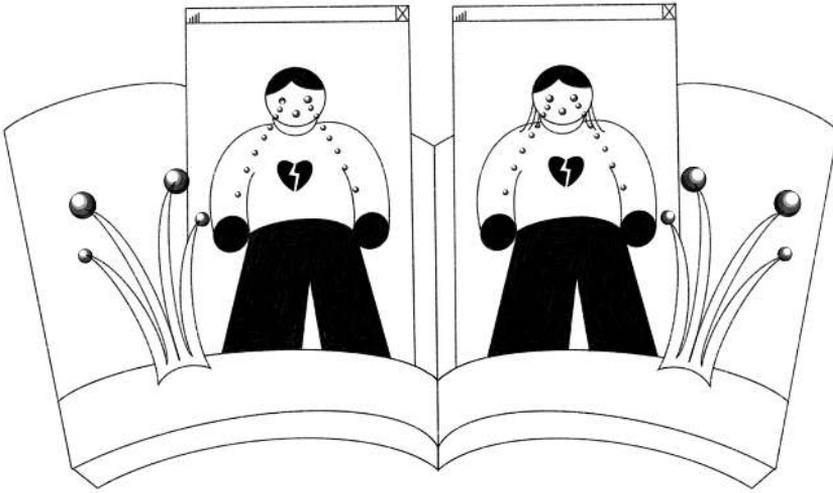
在我伤痕累累时  
谁要结束我的生命?  
当太阳升起时  
我便开放了  
我漆黑的影子  
便是炽热的生命?  
谁的血流落在稻田间?  
不如水滴那样轻盈?  
你我沉重的步子  
从何处开始?

从何处结束？

(活着，走下去)









# 睡不着啊

LIU

先自我介绍一下，我叫 LIU，在武汉工作生活。我是一个纹身师，经营有一个叫 IFT 的纹身店。我也是一个小老板，与朋友合伙经营一个叫 haha! 的咖啡酒吧。平日里，我不是在 haha! 与放松休闲，就是在 IFT 纹身或写公众号。由于是自由职业，我基本天天都这样。没有分工作和休息时间。

疫情的到来，完全打破了我的生活节奏。我“被迫”回到父母家，同他们一起生活了一个多月（截至 2020 年 2 月 26 日），要知道，我已十几年没和父母一起生活了。我也和工作告别了一个月，我们这种服务型工作，与顾客见不了面，也基本不用工作了，没人敢（能）来纹身或者喝咖啡。更重要的是，我与我的不稳定的收入也彻底告别了，这也许是我“被迫”回家的原因之一吧。

还好，我对生活的态度也无所谓，怎么过都行。我总认为只要保持淡定的态度，什么问题都能解决。直到 2020 年 1 月 22 日，我才发现，我不能。我做不到淡定，也无能想出解决办法。内心除了恐惧和惊慌啥也没有。那夜，拼命回忆前半个月都干了什么，去了哪里。好像有两场派对，人还挺多的，派对的时候自己好像还有点感冒症状。不仅是自己，身边几个朋友好像也有感冒症状。这武汉是重灾区，IFT 和 haha! 位于重灾区里的重灾区，想着想着，阵阵眩晕，手不时地还摸摸自己的额头。那一夜，刻骨铭心。

其实不止一夜，封城后的第一周，基本都沉浸在那种恐惧之中。我一直怀疑自己是不是也中招。后来发现，原来是我新闻看太多了。微博，朋友圈，推特，油管，还有央视新闻，从极红到极黑，从“谣/谣言”到“辟谣/谣言”。这些信息导致我大脑缺氧，大脑缺氧导致我疑似症状。

大概第二周开始，我试图回归常态，可发现自己做不到。这种灾难情况下，真的无心思考那些娱乐型的创作和营销的小伎俩。自己唯一有冲动做的，就是为社会做点贡献（作品），可是自己不敢也无能。最后这股冲动仅仅转化成在朋友圈转发“李文亮”的力量。

既然干不了什么，我只有尽量少看点新闻，可发现自己还是做不到，这种软禁式的“隔离”，除了刷刷手机，真的没有什么选择。大概第三周，差不多 20 天以后，我的恐惧感完全消失，虽然每天看的新闻一点也没有减少。我想是我“习惯了”。

在这段时间里，有个网络电台连线我，让我聊聊武汉的状况。在聊的时候，我突然发现，虽然在武汉，但我知道的并不比其他城市的人多。网络时代，网络是所有不能出门的人获得信息的唯一渠道。我在武汉，除了觉得被感染的机率更大，没有有啥更有优势的了。

我很幸运，自己，家人，朋友都没有中招。纹身店不会倒闭，haha! 也不致于倒闭。

武汉，常青花园（距离金银潭医院 1 公里）

# Made in Wuhan (武汉制造)

古宇

我是一个地道的 Made in Wuhan (武汉制造)。今年是一个疾病缠身的开年，从 1 月 1 日说起，我的腰痛又犯了，走路像 90 岁的老人，而且 5 岁的女儿慷慨地把她的水痘分享给我，没有想到我这个年纪还能够得上这种返老还童的病。一周的时间里我浓缩体验了炼狱的感觉：痒，痛，烧，疲；锻炼了我痛痒而不去扣的毅力。1 月中旬总算是好了，可是几天之后又开始发烧，剧咳，一种流感又侵占了我，持续几周的炼狱锻炼又开始了。但我知道这应该不是新型冠状病毒感染，因为我是住在瑞士，那时武汉疫情的爆发才刚刚开始。

就在大年三十的前一天，我的外公因为肺炎在医院治疗无效去世，医生说 he 得的是一般的肺炎。他离开后医院禁止家人葬礼，勒令立即火化，我只能在悲痛中遥想外公的三个子女崩溃的景象。到底外公得的是哪种肺炎呢？传统的药物在他身上没有起效。

接下来的全民隔离和媒体轰炸在无声中持续着，中国人民好难得有这么长的长假。

最近我在关注量子计算机和量子纠缠现象，两个相关联的粒子即使相隔千里，当其中一个变化状态时，另一个也会即时地变化状态.....我突然似乎明白了我的病因。



PART IV

# **Fiction**



# 肺

Menting Wang

—

我猛然睁开眼，一个皮肤黝黑，胡子拉碴的矮胖男人站在我床前。他的胡子又短又粗又黑，把脸裹得像个刺猬，我吓了一跳。

我飞速翻阅大脑内的记忆，最终我认为，我不认识这个男人。

看我一脸茫然地盯着他，这个男人笑了，带着脸上的碎胡子也夸张地蠕动了起来。

“我觉得你失忆了。你得病了。你昏迷了五天。你现在醒了，在隔离病房里。”他和我说。

我这才注意到我躺的这个地方。这哪像是个病房？分明像是个地下室。我透着昏暗的灯光往四周看，这房间好像是用黑乎乎的铁皮搭成的，还带着暗红色的铁锈。墙壁和天花板上排满了有粗有细的管子。也不知道是哪根管子漏了，还响着“滴答，滴答”的水声。

“我姓病，叫病毒，负责你的病房。你被隔离了，现在只有我能进到这个房间来。你有什么需要尽管和我说。”这男人继续说。

我觉得这人虽然长得凶，但说起话来慢吞吞的，倒还有点可爱。

“哦，好的。谢谢您，病大夫。”我低声说道。

“我不是大夫……”他一副欲言又止的样子。

“您说，病先生？”

“其实这段时间你要是觉得无聊可以找我聊天，我就睡在你旁边。”他想了想，指了指我床下的一块布满污渍的毛毯。

我有点发怵。我一个女孩就这么要和这个陌生男人同住一屋了？

这人似乎并没有意识到我的顾虑，一屁股坐到了他的毛毯上。他蜷缩起来的样子更像个黑煤球了。

## 二

隔离病房里度日如年，简直就像是在蹲监狱。我瞟了一眼旁边正呼呼大睡的黑煤球。真是奇了怪了，这家伙怎么一天除了吃饭差不多都是在睡觉，怪不得这么胖。他倒不无聊了，我还想找个人聊天呢。

于是我趁着吃完饭的时候和他搭话。

“病先生您是哪里人？”

“哦，这个呀……不太好说”。他赶紧扒拉了两口饭，擦了擦他被饭汤浸的油光锃亮的胡渣子下巴。

“您慢慢说。”

“我应该不算是人类，和你们不大一样。”说着，他扒开了衬衫，露出了他毛茸茸的胸膛，“你摸，我没有心跳的。”

“那你是鬼?!”我惊得身体往后一闪，这简直和电影里的桥段一模一样。我怎么敢去摸，他现在说什么我都信。

“也不是，不过你倒是可以这么理解。”他把衣服整理好，看把我吓到了，有点不好意思地笑笑，“你别怕嘛，你想，这隔离病房一般人类哪敢进来呀，只能让我们这些死不了的家伙来帮忙嘛!”他一笑，脸上的胡子又开始蠕动了。说起来，他说话的时候憨憨的，要真做鬼吓人肯定也是不成功的。

我觉得在理，使劲点点头：“嗯，也是。”然后赶紧对他笑笑，人家分明是好心来帮忙的，我却把他当怪物，实在是有点过意不去。而且，这些天我要有什么事没准还得求他帮忙。

“诶，那你平时的职业是什么呀？”我有一搭没一搭地问。

“我们呀，出去干别的老是吓着别人。所以只能凭着这点优势，干点你们人类不愿意干的事，基本上都是在隔离病房里工作。”

“哦，那还不错……谢啦。”

“你别客气。”

我忽然觉得这几天有黑煤球先生这样的人陪着我也不会太无聊了。

### 三

“你知道我生病之前在做什么吗？比如，有没有男朋友什么的。”为了不让黑煤球再去睡觉，吃完饭我忙着和他继续聊天。

他眯着他的小眼睛，又笑了：“我该不该和你说呢？我说了你可别拿我撒气。”

“你快说。”

“你呢，本来是有个男朋友的。比我高出一头去，是个小白脸，我前几天还看到他来着呢。”

“嗯他现在在哪？”我忽然激动。

“他一听说你被隔离了，我就看他搂着另一女的从门口过去了。你说说你们这些人真是奇怪，说什么爱情，前一天还搂在一块腻歪呢，第二天怀里就不是这个了。”

“行了行了，你懂什么。”

说实在的，我也不知道我和这个所谓的男朋友有什么甜蜜过往，所以此刻也没有什么伤心的感觉。只是觉得有点丢脸。而且，这意味着，痊愈以后又要重新找男朋友了。

“那我还有没有什么亲人呀，怎么这几天连探望的都没有。”我继续问。

“哎妹妹你真是命惨。你住进来的时候我看你那张信息表上写的是早年父母双亡。”空气沉默了片刻，我床边的黑煤球小声说道，“诶我是不是不应该告诉你的。”他小眼睛同情又温柔地看着坐在床上的我：“你也别太伤心，先把这几天熬过去再说别的。至少现在还能有人陪你说说话。”

这个消息是真的令人悲伤。我没理他，鼻头一酸，委屈地掉下眼泪来。

#### 四

说起来，我也不知道我这到底是得了什么病。也没见有人让我吃药，也不用打针，就说要把我隔离，放在这么一个破烂房间里。每次我问黑煤球先生，他也不告诉我。

难道我是得了什么绝症，不能被告诉？并且已经无药可治，放弃治疗了？或者是因为没有家人，支付不起医药费，只能活活等死？

每次想起这些，我就忍不住哭了起来。

黑煤球一脸愁容地看着我：“你这不行呀！饭也不吃，觉也不睡。没病的都得被作出病来。”

他哄人的方法真是拙劣。

“你就没有点烦恼什么的吗？”我问他。

“没有。我们没事就睡，有人叫我就起来干活。生活简单，心情愉悦。”

“真好，”我向他身上靠了靠，“要能像你们一样就好了。”

他拍了拍我肩膀：“倒也不用这么想，你们能干许多我们干不了的事。比如你们能搞音乐，搞体育，虽然我不懂，但听上去都还挺有趣的。哦，是不是你们还可以养宠物？”

我眼睛一亮：“对了，你知道我以前有什么宠物吗？”

“那我可不知道，信息表上又没有这一栏。”

我叹了口气，心里很是沉重。胸口像是被铁链锁住了一样，难受得大口呼吸着，又挤出几滴眼泪来。

我又向他身边靠了靠，他把我搂得更紧了。

## 五

“你们可以变成人类吗？”这天我冷不丁地问黑煤球。

“不可以，你们人类倒有可能变成我们。”

“怎么变？”

“只要让我们进入人类的身体，就可以得到复制。”

还真和电影里演的差不多，我心想。

“那你们会死吗？”我继续问他。

“理论上会的。但因为我们可以无限复制，所以在某种意义上也是可以得到永生的。”他抬了抬眼皮，有点得意地向我邪魅地一笑。

“那你复制过自己吗？”

“没有。”他摇摇头，得意瞬间不见了，他反而低下了头。

我真可爱。

我怕不是爱上了眼前这个黑煤球了吧。我知道此刻我内心是极为脆弱的，一点温暖就足以被感动。但是他是我现在，以及未来生活中唯一真实的存在。他黝黑的皮肤底下透着单纯和善良，他值得我去依赖。只是，他并不懂爱。

“那你把我复制了吧。”我看着他，认真地说道。

“你确定？”他惊讶的时候胡子也会蠕动。

“嗯，我想谢谢你。”

“我爱你。”我接着说。

他没听懂，楞楞地站着。

我又开了双腿。

## 六

他的胡子扎得我从大腿到浑身都十分刺痒。我发现，我身处的这个隔离病房开始变化。粗粗细细的管道被向两边用力拉长，在极限处崩裂断开，发出清脆的响声。黑色的液体随之从裂缝中涌出，洒在同样黑色的铁质墙壁上，打在墙上的声音像是伤口被撕裂开。红色的铁锈被盖住了，墙壁变成了全黑。

忽然我看到黑色开始逐渐退去，变为灰色，然后颜色愈发变淡，最终我处于一片洁白之中，混乱的声音也逐渐消失。就连前些天一直烦扰我的漏水般的“滴答，滴答”声也停止了。

往身下看去，病床不见了。那个男人也不见了。

在一片洁白和寂静中，我感觉自己好像飘了起来。

.....

“她的肺部已经完全发白了，恐怕挺不过去了.....”

“患者家属吗，我们很遗憾地通知您，患者此前已转入危重症病房。但因病情恶化速度过快，已在半小时前停止心跳，宣布死亡。您现在可以透过隔离病房再看她一眼。因为遗体带有大量病毒，我们必须立即运走火化。”

男人望着，含着泪拨通了电话：“.....而我却让她一个人度过了.....最后几天.....”

另一头传来的是老人的抽噎声，孩子的吵闹声，还有一只狗在叫个不停.....

“时至昨日，全国范围内新型冠状病毒累计确诊病例七万八千九百六十二例，累计死亡病例两千七百九十一例.....”电视里的女主播拿着稿子的手抖了起来，哽咽得念不出下一个数据。

Wuhan

PART V

# Closing



# COVID-19: A Hubei Experience

Ou Ning

On 16 January 2020,<sup>1</sup> I departed from Jingzhou, flew through Yichang, Shanghai, and Amsterdam, and arrived in Nairobi, Kenya on the 17th to participate in a research program organized by CAD+SR.<sup>2</sup> This was a week-long program, but since the 24th was Chinese New Year's Eve, I decided to leave on the 22nd to catch my family reunion. On the 20th, China announced that the coronavirus from Wuhan can be transmitted person-to-person. When I bade farewell to everyone, I was worried about the situation.

Arriving at Guangzhou Baiyun Airport on the 23rd, I got the news that Wuhan had locked down the whole city. Looking for masks everywhere in the airport, I finally bought a Taibang dust mask from Yunnan Baiyao Group in a supermarket. After flying from Guangzhou to Yichang, I bought some ordinary disposable surgical masks and 9001V dust masks with the 3M logo (which later turned out to be fake). On the morning of the 24th, wearing the double masks, I took the high-speed train from Yichang and returned to Jingzhou. Jingzhou announced its lock-down at noon.

Luckily, I got home in time, before the city went into lock-down. We canceled the New Year's Eve reunion dinner we had booked at a restaurant a few months prior, and celebrated the Lunar New Year at home instead. At this time, the whole of Hubei province had implemented traffic restrictions, affecting a total of about 57 million people.<sup>3</sup>

The epicenter of Wuhan is about 200 kilometers from Jingzhou. The most disturbing thing was that my wife went there for a day-trip on

the 17th. She was very nervous about being infected with the coronavirus, counting the two-week incubation period of the virus every day to see if she would develop any symptoms. We kept checking all kinds of news on our mobile phones, and could not sleep at night.

In the three weeks after the Spring Festival, we could still go out to nearby pharmacies to buy masks and to supermarkets to buy food; after February 14, Jingzhou, like other Hubei cities, implemented “wartime control” and managed the community as an enclosed space. Due to the closed airports, rail stations, and highways in the province, I canceled two trips (Helsinki and New York) which were scheduled in February, and was physically immobilized at home.

### **Grid Management**

We live in a gated community, which was then closed, keeping only one gate as the entrance and exit for medical staff, food delivery, and governmental workers with passes or passwords. Except in special circumstances, ordinary people were not allowed to enter or leave. My mother-in-law, a cancer patient, had moved home from the cancer hospital just before the Spring Festival. After the community was closed, she was allowed to leave for treatment at the hospital only when her pain was unbearable. When she went out and came back, she was required to wear a mask and receive a temperature check from a forehead thermometer and undergo disinfection from a machine donated by other provinces.

Designated supermarkets, farmers markets, and pharmacies were not allowed to open to the public. All the necessities of life, including food and personal hygiene products, could only be purchased in bulk and distributed by the governmental institutions. Every three or four days, we ordered food online from the WeChat group set up by the government-led neighborhood committee. The purchasing and delivery staff organized by neighborhood committee would deliver the goods to the gate, and then we would wear masks to pick them up. Sometimes there were a lot of people waiting at the gate, and everyone kept a certain distance when we lined up. There was no shortage

of food, but the selection was very limited. Rice and vegetables were sufficient, while meat and fish were rare.

After the announcement of “wartime control” in Hubei province, a large number of pictures of road closures and village closures in rural areas emerged on social media. The villagers used trucks to pour a lot of mud and stones to block the road and set up “checkpoints” at the entrances of the villages. They even took out the cold weapons of the past, such as broadswords and red-tasseled spears, and stood at the entrances to prevent outsiders from entering the village.

The rural areas seemed to have returned overnight to the pre-modern period, when villagers built *shanzhai* (mountain fortresses), *cunpu* (village castles), and *weiwu* (encircled houses) to protect themselves from bandits and military disasters. In recent years, the self-enclosed spatial organizing form was abandoned because of the villagers’ desire to participate in the urbanization process and the economic boom in the new era. The traditional defensive buildings were either demolished or preserved as sightseeing resources. However, at the time with the emergency epidemic situation, it was necessary to re-use “isolation” and “defense” as temporary measures.

The COVID-19 epidemic is much more serious than SARS in 2003. When coping with the SARS, the Chinese government did not take action to lock down cities, but mainly controlled the population’s mobility (especially the flow of migrant workers) from its origin in the Pearl River Delta region, to the main epidemic cities such as Beijing, to all parts of the country. That was a kind of “chain reaction” to track and curb the spread of the virus. However, with the COVID-19 outbreak, the Chinese government adopted radical comprehensive lockdown measures against the virus in Hubei province. The one-size-fits-all “wartime control” showed a kind of “grid reaction” which was completely different from a “chain reaction.”<sup>4</sup> This new anti-epidemic measure had benefited from the nation-wide establishment of the “Community Grid Management System” by the Chinese government since 2013.

Community Grid Management is an administrative management mode combined with information technologies such as the Internet

and Big Data. In fact, it is an upgrade of the original grassroots governance system (urban neighborhood committees and rural village committees covering the whole country). It divides urban and rural communities into several grids according to population scale; each grid contains several families, and the grid size depends on the administrative resources that may be allocated. If the number of grid administrators is sufficient, the grid can be further subdivided, for example, from 200 households to 50 households. The smaller the grid, the more detailed the data collection and the more precise the administration.

Grid administrators are responsible for establishing and monitoring the comprehensive information of each grid, sharing it from the ends of society to a national digital monitoring and management platform CNGRID, and issuing early warnings for emergency events, so as to solve them before they break out. They even arrange smart bracelets for the elderly and children who are left unattended, so as to keep abreast of their latest state and provide immediate support in case of any situation.

Normally, the grid administrators are responsible for handling the daily public affairs of the communities, such as managing garbage recycling, maintaining parking order, coordinating neighborhood disputes, preventing group protests, etc. During the epidemic period, they were responsible for purchasing and distributing food, checking people's temperature, assisting in identifying and placating suspected patients (so that they would not rush to hospitals to squeeze the medical resources before diagnosis) and collecting their statistics, helping to send the lonely, elderly infected to hospitals, and taking care of those children who stayed at home alone because of their infected parents in hospitals.

Grid administrators are composed of neighborhood and village committee cadres, community leaders and staff, police and auxiliary police, social workers and volunteers, etc. They are divided into five levels of job responsibilities: chief grid instructor, chief grid director, grid instructor, grid director and grid staff; and are assigned five job orientations according to propagandists, inspectors, agents, and rec-

tification staff. It was because of the precise configuration of these grid administrators that the comprehensive lock-down could be realized as a radical anti-epidemic measure.

Community Grid Management was first experimented with in Dongcheng District, Beijing in 2004. Inspired by the grid management in Westminster, London, it subdivided 205 communities into 589 grids with 120,000 grid administrators (“community watchers”).<sup>5</sup> In 2005, China Grid Computing Center was established, and the “community watchers” who participated in the experiment were equipped with mobile devices for reporting and communication, which were connected with the closed-circuit television system and the police database.

After the “Arab Spring” broke out in 2011, the Chinese government further took the Community Grid Management System as a tool to identify potential political threats.<sup>6</sup> In 2013, the Third Plenary Session of the 18th Central Committee of the Communist Party of China launched the Community Grid Management System for the first time in the whole country. After the outbreak of the COVID-19, it provided powerful support for the lockdown.<sup>7</sup>

The Community Grid Management System reminds me of the grid fields I saw in Kentucky and Indiana. It is said that it was suggested by President Thomas Jefferson at the beginning of the 19th century. He “imagined dividing the United States west of the Ohio River into ‘hundreds’ – squares measuring ten miles by ten miles – and requiring settlers to take the parcels of land as so designated.” This “geometrical clarity” of Jefferson’s proposal “was not merely an aesthetic choice; he claimed that irregular lots facilitated fraud... The grid facilitated the commoditization of land as much as the calculation of taxes and boundaries.”<sup>8</sup>

The griddization, abstractization, digitization, clarification and simplification of natural resources, population, and communities is a long-standing impulse of state governors, which has become a “high-modernist ideology” criticized by James C. Scott in the following generations in the world.

The application of the Community Grid Management System in the epidemic was sometimes also chaotic, especially when suspected patients fought for nucleic acid test kits and hospital beds. Normally, the number of paid grid administrators is three times the size of local governments in human resources; it became even higher in the epidemic. The grid administrators temporarily recruited from society were often mistaken for government representatives, and they were criticized by patients for their limited authority and inability to allocate scarce medical resources.

As healthy people, we were lucky not to get involved in such disputes. When quarantined at home, we could check how many infected patients were nearby through the online program jointly developed by *People's Daily* and Tencent. They were marked on the satellite map and the distance between them and us could also be shown. According to this program, we knew that there were two infected people in our community. As of the end of lock-down on March 18th, it showed that 1580 people were diagnosed, 1528 were cured, and 52 died in Jingzhou.

## **The Post-Anthropocene**

For a while it was as if that we were living in an “ideal world” envisioned by ancient Chinese thinkers. Immobility is a common ideal in traditional Chinese social thinking. Lao Tzu (6th century BC) suggested “an ideal nation is small and with few people... they have no need to move to faraway places.”<sup>9</sup> This is what good governance was for him. Mencius (372–289 BC) recommended: “... people should not be permitted to go beyond their home village. If those befriend one another, look out for one another, and support one another in illness, the people will live in close comradeship.”<sup>10</sup>

But we clearly do not live in this idyllic world. Coronavirus created a spectacle of Post-Anthropocene that until now was only seen in futuristic Sci-Fi movies. Some people kept moving fast: the police wearing facial recognition helmets were moving on the streets to search for people with high fevers. Drones were hovering over the cities and the

villages to catch people who did not wear masks, and urge them to self-quarantine. The voice from the speakers on the drones sounded like Big Brother from George Orwell's *1984*. On the toll roads in some not-yet lock-downed areas, the toll bar code was printed on a big piece of paper which was carried by a drone, flying to every car, to allow the drivers to scan the code and make payment with their mobile phones. It was not even necessary to roll the car windows down.

New connections were also formed. Normally in a car collision, the drivers often have a prolonged argument and even fist-fights on the spot, which attract a large number of spectators; but during the epidemic the drivers took photos of the damage to the car, added each other to their WeChat accounts, rushed back to their cars, and then argued with each other on their smart phones. Rumors and propaganda campaigns broke out simultaneously like an "infodemic" on social media. Censorship machines equipped with AI had replaced human agents in monitoring posts on social media to cope with the "catch-me-if-you-can" game kicked off by people in quarantine.

Despite these fears, we are not handing everything over to intelligent robots who will rule the world with their mobility. A Wuhan resident found weeds had grown in her parked car in March while she was in quarantine.<sup>11</sup> When spring came, nature had claimed the vehicle, which had been invented for human mobility.

The coronavirus has not only deprived us of our right to travel, and imprisoned us at home, but also has endowed itself with the privilege of moving without borders, turning itself into a global pandemic. By reducing human activities, the coronavirus has further broken the spatial restrictions of plants and animals, liberated the aggressiveness of the weeds on the parked cars of Wuhan, made the streets safe for deer in Nara, Japan,<sup>12</sup> monkeys in Lopburi, Thailand,<sup>13</sup> and goats in Llandudno, UK.<sup>14</sup>

Tourism of course is the industry most reliant on mobility, while mobility itself is an indicator of global economic growth. While the economy came to a standstill, Wuhan's sky was extremely blue and the air was extremely clean. An image from NASA's Earth Observatory pollution satellites showed "significant decreases" in air pollution over the

city since the coronavirus outbreak began.<sup>15</sup> This reminds me of the green image of an abandoned village in Zhejiang province covered with climbing weeds earlier. All of the signs point to the fact: nature is reclaiming cities, taking the territory back.

Chuang Tzu (c. 360 BC) imagined that “in the age of perfect virtue, men lived in common with birds and beasts, and were on terms of equality with all creatures, as forming one family.”<sup>16</sup> In his ideal world, humans and nature are in peace and contentment without any competition; but in the reality we’re facing, humans always try to conquer nature and become a “winner,” while nature always retaliates against humans from time to time. The competition between humans and nature has so far resulted in a ‘tortoise and hare’ reversal. The coronavirus has immobilized people even though its survival relies on the mobility of its human hosts. The immobility of huge populations is a cost that we paid for in the race against coronavirus.

China’s expressway and high-speed rail network, as well as large airports, which were vigorously invested in and built in the past two decades, have almost all stopped operating during the epidemic. The infrastructure construction has even covered remote rural areas, and the rapid mobility it pursues provides possibility for the wide spread of the coronavirus. It also widened and hastened urbanization in China. All cities have devoured the non-urban land as much as possible. Even the area and capacity of small and medium-sized cities outside the central municipalities and provincial capitals has been greatly increased. Because of the rapid development and intensive population surge, they have become hotbeds of human-to-human transmission of coronaviruses. Humans know far from enough about nature, while the development achievements they have been painstakingly pursuing turn out to be fragile and vulnerable.

The Chinese government has always used *chengzhenhua* (townization) instead of *chengshihua* (urbanization) to express its development policy, and there is an important difference between the two Chinese terms. The term “urbanization” only focuses on urban areas, while “townization” expresses the importance attached to small townships in rural areas, promotes the goal of “Rural Revitalization”

through the development of small towns, and reflects the vision of “Total Urbanization.” From COVID-19, China should learn lessons and restrain the ambition of “Total Urbanization” in the future, so as to preserve the de-centralized and low-density way of life in rural areas, and avoid the crisis caused by excessive concentration of population and resources.

In the past two decades, China has embraced globalization in an all-around way. Globalization, which used to be a human “achievement,” is now coming to a standstill due to the pandemic. The neoliberalist doctrine “small government, big market” is facing challenges. Leviathan, instead of being tamed, has been continuously strengthened by absorbing the freedom surrendered by human beings. Not only do the borders not disappear, but their ranges are shrinking smaller and smaller. Native consciousness is rising again, and the spatial defensive demand is tracing back to the clan settlements in the pre-modern era. Struggling for medical resources has widened the gap between different classes, regions, and countries. “Social Distancing” is forcing people “back to the womb” – small white grids and circles drawn on the ground in India are restricting people’s waiting distance and social radius, just like the pre-life state in the womb – you have come to this world but cannot touch it.

The art community in the world which I belong to mostly benefited from globalization. Art people created incalculable carbon footprints through their frequent global travels. Although a pause button has been pressed for most of the biennales, art fairs, museums, and galleries in the pandemic, the art activities which engage people in global travel will absolutely be restored soon after the pandemic.

Inertia is hard to change – are there any alternatives? The severe situation of the global economy may lead to the following facts: enterprises are going bankrupt and people are losing their jobs. The crisis will force people to kick off some de-centralized, local-orientated, low-cost, and low-carbon practices. Just like the bad working conditions during the Industrial Revolution in Britain drove people to search “heaven on earth” in the New World, the “panic of 1837” triggered the various communitarian experiments, the Vietnam War crisis led

to the Back-to-the-land Movement, the current pandemic will urge people back to small places for a “retrotopia” as Zygmunt Bauman named it in his last book.<sup>17</sup> Globalization may not come to an end completely, but people can reduce their dependence on it.

### **Searching for Alternatives**

In the quarantined period, I was fed by massive information from WeChat, Weibo, Twitter, and Facebook. The most shocking thing was the new technology used by the Chinese government in the epidemic. In addition to the human resource-based Community Grid Management System and the advanced robot surveillance systems, China also invented some other new technological tools to cope with the epidemic.

Ali Health Code, a program installed in Alipay, in cooperation with Alibaba Group and the Chinese government, was put into use during the epidemic until now. You have to submit all your private information and check in this program every day to report your health situation for two weeks, then you will be issued a green, yellow, or red code. With the green code, you will be allowed to go out, take the bus or subway, and work in the non-epidemic area; If your code is yellow or red, you will be asked to quarantine. The information of your shopping location in the Alipay record, and the data collected through the Ali Health Code are shared directly with the police, thus the government can trace people’s activities and control the epidemic, and furthermore, control society.

Additionally, when people wear face masks during the epidemic, the facial recognition system which the government has invested so much in did not work, so it was converted into a fever finder. The facial recognition system that was installed in the high-speed train stations can easily find fever patients on the move.

As we can see, the new technology is strengthening the all-around government of China, and so-called “cloud totalitarianism” is shaped. The hierarchical administrative model of centralized power in China

is blocking or squeezing the efficiency and rescuing abilities of other non-governmental forces.

The negative news of the Red Cross in China in the epidemic were strongly related to this power structure. Peter Kropotkin used to list the 1863-founded Red Cross in his book *The Conquest of Bread* as one of the perfect examples of “free agreement” and “free aid,”<sup>18</sup> a non-government collaborative humanitarian rescue program that was de-politicized, transcending nation and state. It didn’t take long before the Red Cross was founded in China in 1904 and became a dependent institution of the Qing Empire. Its history of more than a century has not changed its nature. It is still an institution under the State Council of the People Republic of China until today. In the epidemic, all donations had to be distributed through this officially designated institution, and its inefficiency had been widely criticized.

In the early beginning of the outbreak, what made Wuhan people afraid was that you seemed to be infected but could not be assigned a kit for diagnosis, or when you were diagnosed you could not get a hospital bed. The social panic came from the inability to see the reassuring ability to cope with this public health crisis. Doubt and distrust had led to the struggle for face masks, lock-down of cities and self-quarantine in native land, and the evacuation of overseas citizens, suspension of flights and closure of borders by foreign countries. The collapse of society lies in the lack of confidence.

When COVID-19 became a global pandemic, the Chinese government kicked off stricter censorship and promoted itself as a hero who is saving China and the world. This propaganda strategy defined people’s efforts to search the truth as “political virus” and “infodemic.” In the public argument and information explosion of the epidemic in China, I was totally numb. I could not read even a piece of *Caixin*, Fang Fang, or Zhong Nanshan throughout, although they were praised as brave speakers. Because you could not see anything that hit the nail on the head under the stricter censorship.

On February 15, there was a terrible thunder and lightning storm in Wuhan. It was same in Jingzhou and other areas in Hubei province. The wind roared like something evil, loudly shaking our doors and

windows. When looking out to the dark night, I felt the epidemic world was like “hell on earth.” The next day, a saying emerged on the social media: “God’s punishment is coming!” Is it possible that the public health crisis may turn into a political crisis?

The peasant uprisings throughout the ages in China have been accompanied by the rumors of “miraculous signs” or “astronomical phenomena,” because neither moral authorization nor revolutionary mobilization can be obtained without these. Although modern politics has not yet put an end to this discourse of “God’s punishment,” conspirators have rarely tasted what they wish. As a matter of fact, revolutions always start unexpectedly at the small ends of small things, and cannot be predicted by human intelligence, let alone realized by planning. It is not an outbreak of supernatural forces, but a nuclear reaction after the society has reached a certain point and accumulated into a “critical mass.”

The critical mass has not appeared so far. On March 11, there was a widely forwarded post on WeChat that people have to read backwards from right to left and from bottom to top for every paragraph. It was a sensitive coverage titled “The Woman Who Gave Us the Whistle,” interviewing a Wuhan doctor Ai Fen who posted the first alarm info in the WeChat group of her medical colleagues on 30 December 2019 before the outbreak. Dr. Li Wenliang spread this original info, then was regarded as the first whistleblower later. To save the coverage and keep it visible online, an anonym who was trying to fool the AI censorship machine invented this cunning format.

The post was banned immediately, but many people helped to repost it in different languages and formats, then the repeatedly delete-and-reposting became a “catch-me-if-you-can” game. There is a saying in French, “à bon chat, bon rat,” that can be used to praise this cunning wisdom accurately. This is also like the everyday form of protests in a Malaysian village, documented in James C. Scott’s *Weapons of the Weak*.<sup>19</sup>

Is there an alternative? Politicians always say NO. Just like Margaret Thatcher’s famous TINA slogan: “There is no alternative.” In the epicenter Wuhan, a decade ago, a small group of young people rented

a very cheap house in the village outside the city, named it Desiree Social Center, to practice communal living. A self-published magazine *Chaos* was to promote their ideas. They didn't work in any company or institution, but lived a very simple life, obtained the basic necessities through labor exchange. In the era of China's rapid developed market economy, few people could resist the influence of consumerism, but they did reduce their material and cash dependence, and do minimize the ecological impact from their daily activities.

It is not necessary to engage the whole society to follow their practice. After all, nation-states, central governments, and totalitarian politics have become an irreversible world trend since the First World War, otherwise Peter Kropotkin's ideas about bottom-up transformation, detachment from central government and self-building by people would not have been buried. But it still makes sense when people practice these ideas in a small scale of a community or a social group in contemporary society. Especially when we're facing the pandemic crisis at this moment, any alternative practice from any individual or any social group would be beneficial. It is an unforgettable moment that is urging us to search for alternatives.

Jingzhou

## Notes

1. This essay was written in English on 10 August 2020 in Jingzhou, Hubei. It was invited by Pelin Tan to publish in Turkish in the special issue "Kuresel Salgin ve Mekan" of *Dosya Dergisi*, Ankara Chamber of Architects, December 2020 (guest editor: Pelin Tan, coordinator editor: Nese Gurallar), extended from a short piece invited by Biao Xiang for the Centre on Migration, Policy, and Society at University of Oxford, "Locked-down Cities, Flying Machines, and Growing Weeds: A Note from China's Epicentre," COMPAS, 18 March 2020, <https://www.compas.ox.ac.uk/2020/locked-down-cities-flying-machines-and-growing-weeds-a-note-from-chinas-epicenter/>.
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# 我没有再给方方写一封信

赵景宜

今年二月底，所在的供职媒体要做一期“疫情反思”的专题。在构架表列的访谈名单里，有包括毕淑敏、余华、方方在内的人。我对这些并不感兴趣，我不想要去反思，我不觉得事情已经结束。那时候，我很少看方方写的日记。当时，我认为方方的批评虽然尖锐，但背后在拥护另外的东西。

只是，一个编辑找到我，原本由他负责联系采访方方。但他不太满意方方的一些做法，“你也是武汉人，你们应该有很多话想要聊。”、“好吧。”、“接受媒体采访像是要排队一样，姿态太高。”

于是，我开始阅读方方日记。回头来看，我忘记了非常打动我的地方，但看到了方方的精力充沛，向她认为错误的东西去不断指出对方错误。比如，殡仪馆的那种无人认领手机的照片。我改变了一些想法，认为任何人都可以写日记，讲出她想说出的声音。我也感觉到，方方确实太忙了，那段时间，如海水般的采访邀约向她袭来。

在采访提纲列好前——那时方方只接受邮件采访了。（她称，不能保证立即就能回复信息。）我也查阅了一些资料——大概，在我念小学时，多少对她有点了解。她是南京人，在武汉长大，自认武汉话讲的并不算太好。封城日记里的文笔，同那本《武汉人》很类似，一种热气腾腾中，想要向你展示自己被触动的感觉，和了解到的所有事。——在网

上，我浏览了方方的经历。高中毕业后，她去了汉口（大概在二七路的地方）做过一段时间工人。她提到，晚上很害怕走夜路。

我的报道刊出后，几乎没过一天，舆论在新闻机构中最先发生了变化。最新的杂志，刚刚从印厂出炉。但是因为一些压力，因为刊载了方方的报道，要全数销毁。微信公众号发的访谈，我们主动选择了删除。那时，武汉的疫情得到了很好的控制。方方的批评，听起来已经显得不合时宜了。

实际上，所在媒体，和大多数媒体一样。在这之前的一周，努力地想要采访方方。目的不过是为了，获取一种“当时正确的东西”，这种正确的东西能转化为流量，或者收获一种认可。在写的方方报道刊发后，一个同事对我说，“X 总还以为几个小时后，阅读量就能到 100 万。”

杂志很快紧急排版，为了如期发新的一期。很快，这个决定看起来并没有错。大约一周后，方方成为了全网被谩骂的对象。为此，她只好关闭了新浪微博的评论。那些天，我在考虑要不要给方方写封邮件，告诉她很抱歉，因为一种不可抗力，最终我们的访谈无法刊登。告诉她，很难过有这么多人谩骂你，但对于很多人来说，你做了正确的事情。

最终，我没有选择写这封邮件。因为方方也好，我们也好，都需要承担一种缄默，一种平庸带来的无限痛苦。

Beijing

# About this book

## Scale Publishing

*UNLOCKED: Memories of Wuhan* is a digital-first edition by SCALE Publishing.

The PDF version has been compiled using Pandoc, Latex and custom scripts. The file can be printed directly (using B5 paper) and assembled into a book - we like to use Chinese traditional stab binding for that.

Limited editions of that file have also been published as non-fungible tokens (NFTs). Token holders can:

- create derivatives of the work (printed editions, translations, etc)
- transfer or sell the token with these additions
- issue new tokens based on the derivatives

This experiment aims at helping creators to get signed into their work, and support new ways of writing with machines.