

Starting to break free

During the heat-wave many retreated into the shade. Chi Ling passed her lone days strolling through Battersea Park. She was waiting to graduate in design and had time on her hands. The only entry in her diary was the immanent degree ceremony. The thought of it excited her, but she was edgy. She ambled beneath the giant trees avoiding the glare of the sun while attempting to expose a niggling emotion that was obstinately elusive. In those benevolent shadows she was nursing the vague sensation that something profound in her needed to be brought into the light.

Chi Ling was intelligent, but she had not managed to make a connection between reasoned judgements and basic instincts. Her mind made no reference to her body and her dreams had no place in her waking life. She'd no idea that these detached states needed interaction or that she was leaving the possibility of their mutual enrichment to chance. She argued that her feelings of vulnerability were the result of studying abroad and clearly it was tricky, this valiant bid to span different cultures. She could never have guessed how much would be demanded of her or how intricate communication would be. Even little things could be bewilderingly complex. The Chinese equivalent for the word *order*, for example, is a four-word sequence; select; organise; explore; connect. How could she have expected to engage with elaborate theories when a single word defied clear definition?

Chi Ling's liberation started on the day her parents arrived from China; with startling ease her disconnected feelings conjoined and her confident voice began to break free. She woke from a dream she couldn't remember, declaring it to be both remarkable and peculiar. Without resolving to understand its meaning, she gently coaxed this dream out of its comfortable unconscious state and caused it to resurface.

开始自由的呼吸

夏日的热浪让每个人都想要躲进树影的阴凉。池铃便常常在Battersea公园里散步来打发漫漫的长日。她在等待即将要得到设计学硕士学位，日子变得空闲。日程表里除了将要到来的毕业典礼空白一片。想到毕业典礼让她感到非常的兴奋却又有点急躁。她躲在连绵的大树底下缓缓地踱步并尝试理清自己烦躁而又难以捉摸的情绪。在这样舒缓的树影下，她培养着一种模糊的感觉：那些埋藏在她内心深处的意义深远的想法急需要被表达出来。

池铃很聪明，但是她没有办法将自己理性的判断和感性的本能联系在一起。她的思维没有考虑到她的身体反馈而她的梦想也没有办法参与到她的现实生活。她从来没有想过这些看似分离的元素应该有所互动，或者说，她只是在等待它们意外的碰撞到一起。池铃觉得是因为在海外学习才导致自己感到脆弱无力，因为留学是一件很复杂的事，跨越两种不同文化需要很大的勇气。她从来没有想过会遇到这么多的要求和交流上的困难，即使是很小的一件事情也可以因为文化的不同而变的错综复杂。例如，中文对‘order’的解释是一组四个字的序列词；排、列、组、合。如果连一个单词都有如此繁杂的定义，她如何能理解一个更加复杂的理论？

池铃的觉醒开始于她父母从中国抵达伦敦的那一天：她那些分离的感觉第一次联系在一起，她自信的心声开始挣脱出来。她从一个无法记起的梦境里醒来，感觉诡异而奇妙。她并没有试图去理解这个梦的含义，而是轻轻地将这个梦境带出它舒适的无意识状态，慢慢的回忆出来。

A grey haze welcomes the day when a clear blue sky was promised. I am lying on my bed hoping for a morning breeze to animate the cotton drapes. I am back in China. A strange stillness is upon me. For reasons I cannot fathom, I feel grateful that I am not in trouble. I lie motionless, conscious of breathing evenly, trying not to think about the coming days.

Suddenly, a dominating authority takes possession of the room. It lifts me off the bed and takes me to see paintings hanging on the wall. An educated voice describes the remarkable light and dramatic tonal qualities of the paintings. Transfixed, immobile, enchanted, I wonder how I can possibly smile when another's will is dominating my own. I explain to the presence how the architecture functioned in the paintings, how it achieves a delicate sense of balance. I am no longer the woman who can't voice her observations.

Chi Ling rubbed her eyes to feel the physical presence of her body and returned to her conscious world. Gradually, and a little reluctantly, she cajoled her consciousness out of its liberating submission. She felt re-energized, confident in her thoughts and delighted in her newfound ability to express ideas that had for so long been locked deep inside her.

After a meditative breakfast, Chi Ling phoned her mother. Mrs Lao, weary from the long flight to London, revived when she heard her daughter's voice. A gentle, softly-spoken woman, she rarely became animated, either in speech or action. She felt assured when Chi Ling spoke of her happiness, but she did not articulate this. She invited her daughter to visit their hotel at two o'clock, after she and her husband had taken a rest.

Her parents thought of their daughter as a beautiful flower, a sweet dreamer who was impossible to predict. They hoped she had grown stronger since living and studying in London.

原本以为会是湛蓝的天空，可醒来时却是一片灰蒙蒙。我躺在床上，期望着一缕清晨的微风拂动我的棉布窗帘。我回到中国了，一种奇怪的平静感笼罩着自己。我莫名其妙地对自己并没有深陷困境而觉得感激。我就这么躺着，清醒地呼吸着，尝试着不去想那些即将到来的日子。突然间，一股不可侵犯的力量侵占了整个房间。

这个力量将我从床上拎起来，带我去看墙壁上的画。一个颇有修养的声音讲述着这幅作品里卓越的光线和戏剧化的色调。

我麻木的像被施了魔法一样不能移动。让我奇怪的是当别人用意识导演着我，我居然还可以保持微笑。我向这个声音解释建筑是如何帮助这幅绘画实现其精致的平衡感。我已不再是那个不敢说出自己的想法的女孩了。

池铃揉着眼睛去感受她身体的存在，回到她的现实世界。她慢慢地、有点不情愿地让自己的意识从一种屈服的状态解放出来。她感到被重新激励了，开始对自己的想法感到自信并且对自己新挖掘的表达文字的能力感到欣喜，曾经那些想法和文字长期的困在她内心深处。

在陷入沉思的早饭过后，池铃给她妈妈打电话。刚完成长途飞行的劳太太十分疲惫，可当她听到女儿的声音顿时精神了起来。池铃的母亲是一个优雅、说话轻声细气的女士，无论是在说话还是动作上都很少有冲动的时候。当池铃谈到自己的开心的时候她觉得非常欣慰，但她也只是笑而不语。在她和丈夫午间休息过后，她邀请女儿两点钟去他们下榻的酒店。

池铃的父母觉得自己的女儿像一朵漂亮的花，一位谁也无法预料的甜蜜的梦想家。他们希望自己的女儿经过伦敦的学习和生活，变得更坚强。

Chi Ling returned to her bed, thinking she would reconsider her dream, reinforce her belief in herself and remember how proficiently she had spoken her mind; instead, she read a few pages of verse that her tutor had distributed at the beginning of the year. The title for these pages was, "Sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment." They were from the pen of a thirteenth century Persian poet called Jalal Uddin Rumi.

That Journeys Are Good

If a pine tree had a foot or two like a turtle, or a wing, do you think it would just wait for the saw to enter?
You know the sun journeys all night toward the east, if it didn't, how could it throw up its flood of light at dawn?
And the salt water climbs with such marvellous swiftness to the sky, if it didn't, how could the vegetables be fed with the rain?
And the grain of sand separated from its father, the boulder, and only then was it introduced to the oyster and became a pearl.
Do you remember Joseph?
Didn't he leave his father in tears and then later learned how to understand dreams and give away grain?
And that man with the long nose, wasn't he forced to leave his country?
Only then could he travel through the three worlds.
As for you, I suggest you leave your country, go into yourself, become a ruby mine, open to the gifts of the sun.
This journey could be from your manhood to your inner man, from your womanhood to your inner woman. By a journey of this sort, earth became a place where you find gold.
Leave behind your many complaints, your self-pity and this yearning for death.
Don't you realise how many fruits have already escaped out of bitterness into sweetness?

告别父母，池铃回到自己的床上。她想重新考虑自己的梦想，巩固自己的信念，并记住自己曾经多熟练的说出自己的想法。她便随手拿起几页导师在新学年开始的时候发给他们的诗歌。这是一本叫《卖掉你的聪明购买未知的困惑》的诗集，来自于一个30世纪的叫Jalal Uddin Rumi的波斯诗人。

旅行是很好的

如果一颗松树像乌龟一样有双脚或者四肢；或是有对翅膀，你觉得它们会眼睁睁的看着锯子进入自己的身体吗？

如果太阳没有整夜向着东旅行；它怎么把像洪水般的光线带到黎明。

如果海水没有以不可思议的速度向天空攀升；青葱绿叶怎么可能得到雨水的滋润。

如果那些沙粒没有和它们的父亲——

巨石分离；又怎么能和牡蛎结合，成为一颗珍珠。

你还记得约瑟夫吗？难道他不是泪水中离开他的父亲，并且学会了如何理解梦想、放弃粮食。

还有那个长鼻子的人，如果他不是被迫离开自己的国家，他又怎么能穿梭于三个世界。

至于你，我建议你离开自己的国家，深入真正自己吧，如红宝石一般，迎接太阳的馈赠。

你的旅程可能从你的男子气概到你的内在灵魂，可能从你的女子气质到你的内在涵养。对这片土地的旅程，让它变成了你找到金矿的地方吧。

所以忘掉你的抱怨、自哀和对死亡的向往，难道你没有意识到有多少水果已经从苦涩中逃脱从而变香甜了呢？