

Day 0
2019.11.27—11.30

Kunming⁽⁰⁾

X:

Long time, no see. How have you been?

You may feel a bit surprised to receive this email, as my dislike to contact people is nothing new. A few days ago, I joked that I was going to resolve my social phobia – or, to be more precise, to solve my social intercourses for good – with a travel. While jokes are jokes, I do intend to start a long journey soon: Two days later, I will depart from Kunming, where I am residing, and walk towards Vietnam along the railway (i.e., the Yunnan-Vietnam railway, or Dianyue railway). It is a five-hundred kilometers journey that is going to take twenty-five days or a month, depending on my body strength and possible encounters on the road.

In fact, I have planned this trip for such a long time that I could not even identify the moment when it emerged in my mind. The year 2008 was a point in time. It was the first time I decided to shoot something for this railway. Of course, I was still a layman in videography back then, hence the shooting was entirely done through still photography. I pushed the shutter while I walked, looking for some extraordinary moments sedulously. As I write, a picture of the railway I took at that time occurs to me. Look at that, how novicey and amateurish I used to be (perhaps I still am)

The photo shows a section of railroads in the city of Kunming. Strictly speaking, it is not the Yunnan-Vietnam railway but its extension to the west. Anyway, there is no need to make such a rigid distinction, as it is the same railway that is connected together. A gauge of one meter, sleepers, and ballast, and two little railway walkers. I was trying to find a balance, a geometrical structure, to freeze them at this moment: It was innocent yet inevitable rhetoric. They lead me to think of the things and the video I am going to do during this journey. What kind of rhetoric should I employ? How to set up my camera and pick up stones along the road? How, and in what form, should I read out the voiceover? Should I follow artist Li Ran to employ the broadcasting intonation mimicking Chinese dubbed films? Or, should I just talk as usual? But as usual to whom? (It seems like I have not really talked to you for a



long time.) I think I cannot figure this out – on the other hand, if I could and follow these advance plans, then what is the meaning of this journey? These questions thus turn into some self-affirmations, just like the geometrical structures in that photograph.

I am pausing our chat now to go on packing up. There is a lot more in my mind, including the relationship between me and the railway, and many things that happened when I first moved to Kunming as a child. Maybe I can share them with you on the road, slowly but steadily.

Enjoy the afternoon, whether you have a cloudy or sunny one.

All the best.

D

2019.11.27

X:

I am online again and want to talk a bit more during the interval of packing.

I smiled at the screen, reading your reply that confirmed your social phobia as well – How many art practitioners on earth are suffering from it! Well, maybe it is this fear that drives us to communicate with others through our works. Between the artist and the audience are the artworks and screens, and the artist uses brainwaves to answer the audience...You may find it incredible that many of my anthropologist friends, who bury themselves in the field site and ask various questions around, have claimed that they are social phobia, too. Indeed, doing the fieldwork can be another sort of evasion: Escape from the everyday life we are familiar with the most and enter other people's everyday life that we no longer know. There, they find another set of rules, perceptions, or 'habitus,' to use their term – they find another consensus beyond words. However, I do not even want this communication of strangeness. When I was planning this long walk, I thought about asking a friend, such as you (obviously, you were also busy with your reading and writing), to help me hold the camera. But this idea was rejected at a little think. Perhaps, what I need is an absolute disconnection from not only our daily practice but also the disciplines and moralities that are 'normal' to myself, becoming a lunatic, a solo performer, who merely needs to confront his reflection in the mirror and the imagined audience. Along this journey, I may only maintain email exchange with you like this, making the communication hesitated, delayed in time and dislocated in place, yet still possess some certainty and eagerness.

As you said, I am in a state of 'calm with a bit of excitement' at the moment. Your description is right, but I feel more anxiety, anxiety – and excitement – about forgetting all the lines right before presenting on the stage. This feeling immediately brings me back to the night before my PhD viva. Huh, this time, I will continue to entrust myself to the unknown.

While I describe this journey as unknown, I seem to have

known everything already. For hundreds and thousands of times, I have walked on this railroad in imagination. In the email of yesterday, I mentioned about my curious connection with it. When I first moved to Kunming at the age of seven, my parents and I lived in a small condo around ten square meters large in Yunnan Minzu University (back then, it was known as Yunnan Minorities College), and the railway was right outside the window. There were lots of trains passing by. Every night, I could hear the whistles coming slowly, followed by alarming bells at each road junction. Some lights halted, while others first approached from far to near and then departed again. I used to call these trains I could see every day 'the trains of the Minorities College,' but my father corrected me, saying that the railway was considerably long, and it was only passing through here on its way to another country, where it terminated at an ocean. An ocean! A railway towards an ocean! Can you imagine? Those lights in the dark night would eventually end up in an ocean! And what does this imagery mean to a child living in the mountain area of the hinterland? Since then, my perception of the ocean has been tightly bonded with this railroad. To imagine an ocean through a railroad. This idea still throws me into a kind of self-hypnotic excitement once I think about it. Is this a Kitsch? I have no idea. But this is where I came from and what defines myself. Perhaps, the current itinerary – though postponed for twenty-seven years – had been destined by then.

I am drinking the tea you gave me. It is delicious and complements the equipment scattering in chaos on the floor of my house.

Let us both do our best.

D

2019.11.28.

X:

It seems like you are also going out in a few days, right? Will you be on a plane or a train as I write this email? As for me, I will be walking on the railroad very soon. Inside of a train or outside of it, the perceptions of time and distance vary. Anyway, each reply from you makes me happy. I have no idea where your response would guide my thoughts—and even this journey—to, but I always look forward to the unknown.

You mentioned about Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Émile: ou De l'éducation*, which I never read. Your description sounds quite distant to me. The relationships between personhood and state, history, and government? These terms—even 'personhood'—seems to be too broad for me, and I prefer not to think with them. For a while, I have been reading Bruno Latour, Giorgio Agamben, Maurice Merleau-Ponty—and Jacques Lacan under Slavoj Žižek. Is this not a process of shrinking from the world to state governance, bodies, until the unconsciousness? Meanwhile, they have worn me out and isolated me from my surroundings. Gradually, I felt a bit lost. Do those narratives that start to subvert the dualism from etymology, as well as the analysis that is based on specious frameworks and structures, have anything to do with the world in my experience? I forced myself into their canons, but I was still alone when I came out, being that corporeal body from Yunnan who often gets paranoid and feels guilty after splitting out much nonsense. The poems of Elizabeth Bishop and Emily Dickinson you sent to me, instead have cheered me up (they are translated in Chinese by yourself, aren't they?). They are indeed very close to the different kinds of distance I just mentioned! Hiking on the railroad, the limbs and paces are disciplined by the sleepers that were not designed for exercises of human bodies; Staying on the train, 'I like to see it lap the miles/And lick the valleys up' (Dickinson, 1891) I am thinking: How would the Europeans in the nineteenth century perceive a train in our time? How long can this speed, which has exceeded the control of human bodies and been accelerating for centuries, endure?

What I can be sure, as I read from literature, is how the people of Yunnan reacted to this railway a hundred years ago. So, I never managed to have a serious conversation with you regarding the railway, which was the first modernized road in Yunnan Province. It was built by the French and put into use in 1910. Before that, to leave Yunnan for other provinces, one needed to walk for over twenty days with the horse and mule caravans. It was this railroad, which went all the way south to Vietnam's Haiphong Port, that reduced the time of the journey to three days. It seems that we are looking at an aged railroad that is doomed to be a part of history. But back then, its destiny was full of contingency (like the process of knowledge production that I have been focusing on), affected by various disconnected natural, historical and political forces. The French were not the only ones that wanted to build the rail. Their English competitors attempted to construct a railroad from Myitkyina, Upper Myanmar to Tengyue, further extending to Dali. I am thinking, if this rail became the reality, would people from Yunnan today have imagined the world differently? Would have their perception of the sea related more directly with Myanmar, bypassing the Kra Isthmus and go straight forward into the Indian Ocean? Would there still be train stations with French-style buildings in a "French yellow" colour? Would have the Yunnan residents along the railway use English units instead? Well, the history has chosen another track, where the victory in this rivalry of exclusiveness went to the Vietnam-based French colonists. So, the sea is still eight hundred kilometers to my southeast. Let us continue. In the beginning, the route of the railway was not what it is now. Instead of running along the Nanxi River towards Mengzi in the north, it used to go along the Red River Valley, pass through Ko-Tieou—the prominent tin mines—and arrive Lin-Gan-Fou (Jianshui), followed by Mongtze (Mengzi), A-Mi-Tcheou (Kaiyuan), Yunnan-Fou (Kunming). The railroad passed through densely populated and economically developed towns. At that time, the Qing government was worried that putting this route into use would cause civil commotions — such concern was

proven reasonable and became a reality. After being treated rudely by colonists and foremen, many local folks (they also believed that trains and railways would destroy the Fengshui) armed themselves to fought back and captured the French consulate in Mengzi.

These histories are so far away that they read like stories that are irrelevant to us. Somehow, they even carry a sense of black humor. They have turned into sorts of sedimentary rock, haven't they? Sediment, then shatter into muds, on which new plants grow, branches sprawl, flowers blossom and seeds fall. It seems that each year has passed with such flatness and repetitiveness. But through these seeds and fruits falling down year after year, can we truly see the muds, dust and whispers that belong to the past? I will not make a sentimental judgement. Let us just look at these plants. Look at them (and the photos of plants in your hometown) to contemplate the sense of distance of time and space.

Huh, so much talking. I will go on preparing for the journey. I am marking the mileages between each station in a notebook. They seem to be the scale that can make me assured and put me at ease.

I am listening to Bach's arias at the moment and thinking of you.

D

2019.11.29.

X:

Today is the last day before setting out. Feeling swayed and worried, I dreaded that I might miss any essential equipment and ruin this journey over twenty days. Just now, I found that my bag has weighed over ten kilograms.

I read the poem you sent to me and thought of many things. I was intending to make more discussions here, but being busy with packing seems to be a good excuse to save them for later:)

However, one thing that I want to tell you so bad comes into my mind. I once wrote a long poem about the Yunnan-Vietnam railway as well. It was written about ten years ago, probably not even good. But, as we mention about the poem, I feel so eager to find it out—this idea is so lingering that I looked thoroughly into the hard drives I used during that period, without anything showing up. This made me a bit paranoid. I even suspected if I had ever written such a poem. I should have done that, as I mentioned about the crofton weed and children playing beside the rail. Yes, just like the picture of the railway in your hometown you sent me via WeChat (thank you for shooting that for me. It warms my heart), which also captured children playing on the rail, their games...I used to live by the railroad and played with my buddies like that. One of our favourite games was to put the coins – five cents or two cents – on the rails and wait for the train to pass by. Under the rolling of wheels, the coins would then become extremely thin metal sheets, the texts and patterns on which would deform, enlarge, and spin with the stretch of metal. As I recall them now, were they some of my earliest artworks?

By the way, you asked me why I choose to go for a long walk now. Why twenty-seven years after I encountered the railroad? Why ten years after the first time I planned to photograph it? Perhaps, for so many years, I have been thinking of doing this, but failed to find an ideal way to turn this railroad both in my childhood memory and in history into a work. I had many plans, which were all overthrown. Until this year, a few weeks ago, I found that parts of this railway in the urban area had been removed. I made a

detour to the back of the train station and saw a construction site, on which deep foundations had been laid, probably for high-rises –leaving nowhere for the rail tracks. Therefore, I have to start the journey now, whether I have been prepared or not.

I packed two same t-shirts, two same shirts, and two same trousers, so that my appearance would look exactly the same in the camera footages of the next twenty or so days.

Well, good luck to myself, and I wish you enjoy your work, too.

D

2019.11.30.

The First Day
2019.12.01

Wangjiaying⁽¹⁹⁾ ===== *Tangchi*⁽⁴⁸⁺¹⁾
30km





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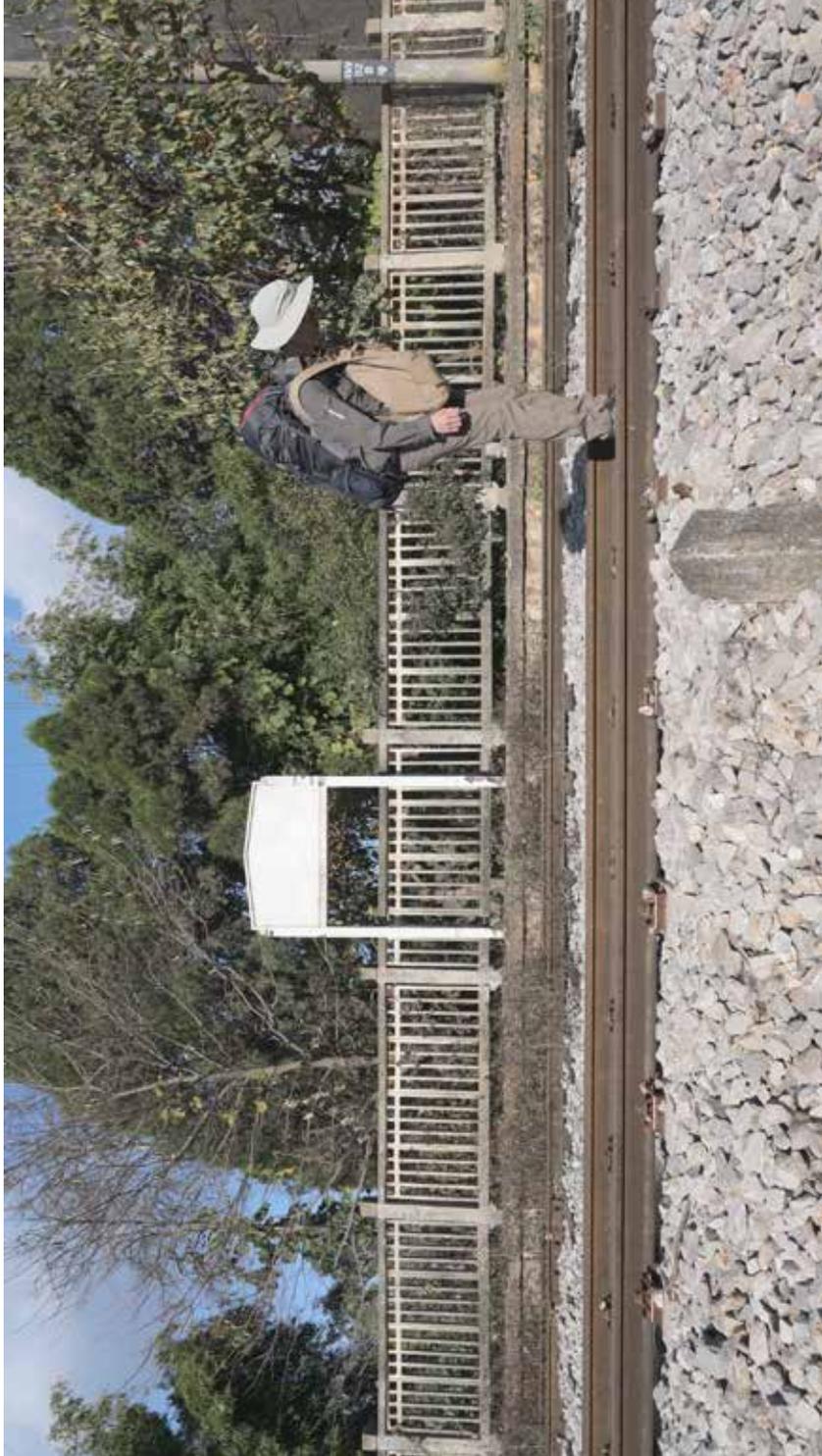


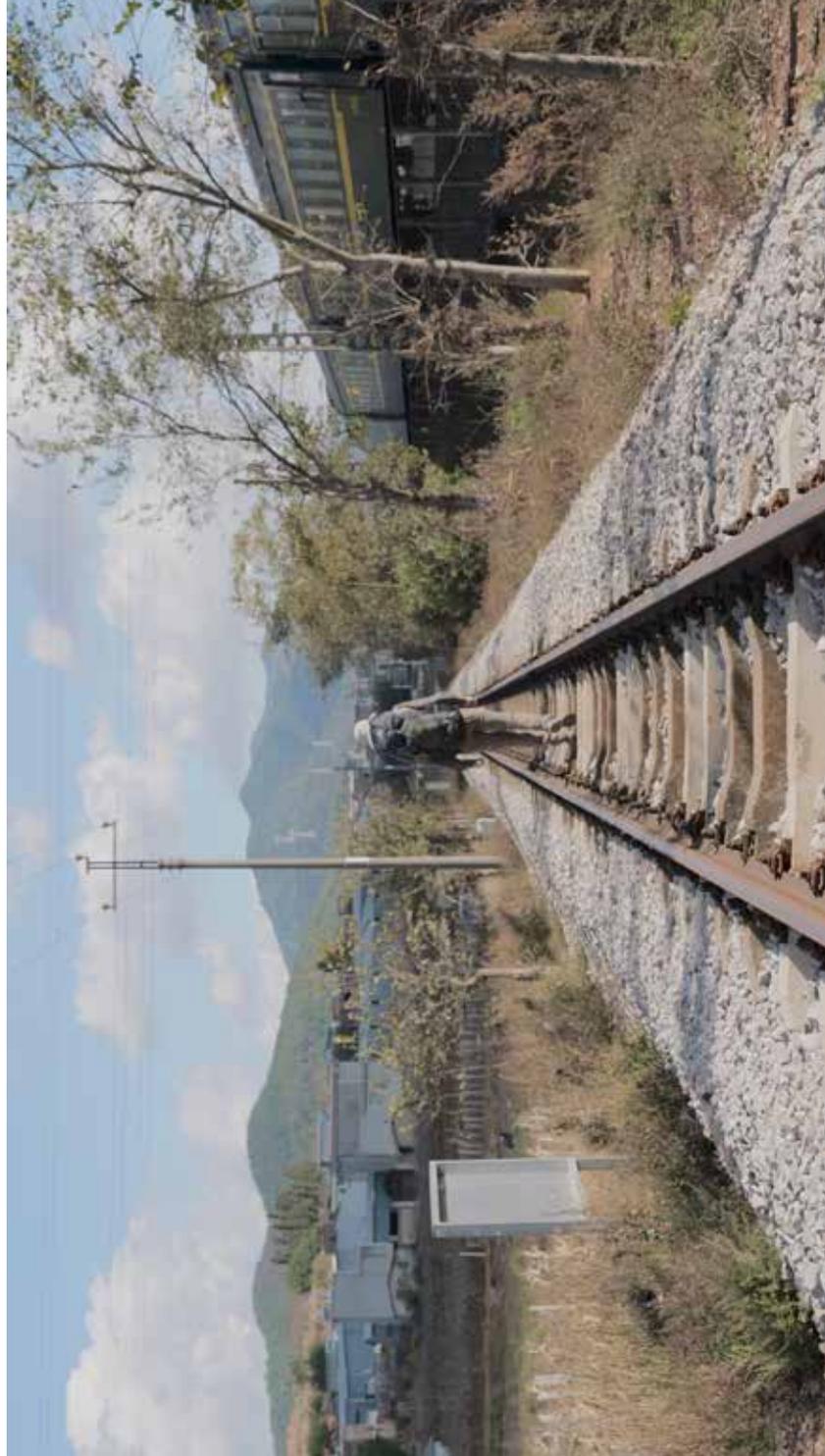
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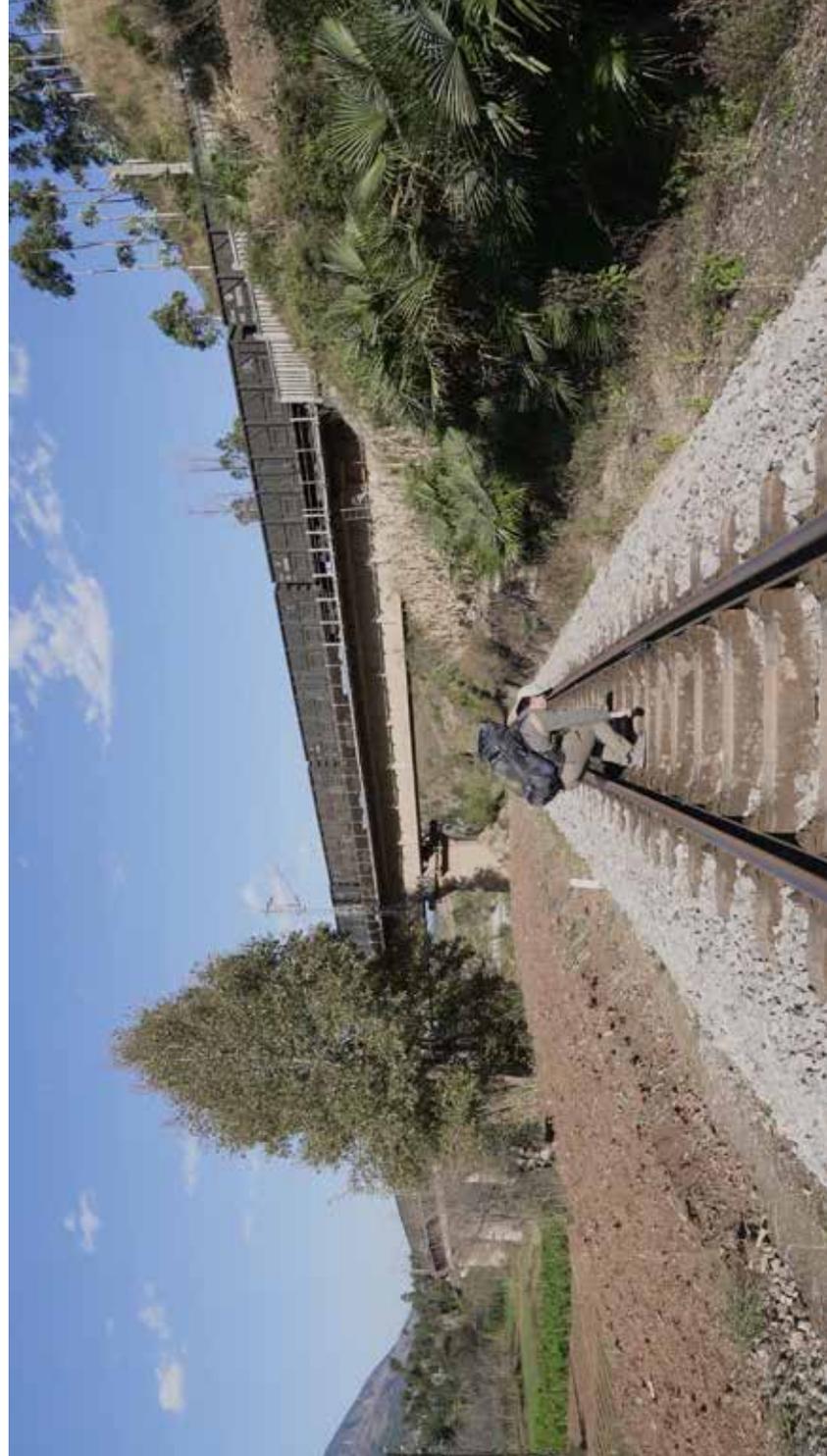
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**The First Day,
Perspectivism; Homeland and Strange Land;
the Summon of Memory**

X:

I have been on my way today, so I can only email you with a smartphone. The typing speed is much lowered, with my mind becoming messy and divergent. I am lying on the bed, typing bit by bit and listening to Bach's cantatas (now is the aria of soprano you love in BWV 127).

Sleeping for only five hours, I did not have a good rest last night. What is worse, with anxiety, my body starts to feel strange: while I have not run for two days, my right hip begins to ache, and something wrong seems to be happening to my Achilles tendon. So be it, I will not let you rest! At 6 am this morning, I set out with my tired body and tissues and rushed to Wangjiaying Station at 7:30 a.m. Against the chill wind and the rising sun, I took the first video clip of this journey and departed again. As expected, after officially being on the road, my body and tissues felt no longer tired. They performed well until I arrived at Tangchi, today's destination. However, my shoulders on both sides were bruised and swollen by the backpack. Probably because the backpack was so new, its waist rope often got loose, putting the weight on shoulders for most of the time. I must do something to solve this problem tomorrow. After all, by putting a stone in the backpack every kilometer, it will only get increasingly heavier.

Nothing special happened during today's trip: the railway follows the Kunming Plain to the east. As the plain is wide and flat, the railroad simply goes straight and disappears out of sight with rare turns. I think this picture can be taken directly as a teaching example of a linear one-point perspective: what would you say if this railway appeared a few hundred years earlier? Would it make a difference to Chinese painting?

After all, however, like the concept of perspective, the railroad is also a foreign object from Europe. However, have foreign

objects ever been limited to railways and painting concepts? In the fields beside the railway, corns from South America have been harvested and dried up; black-jacks from North America and wild oat from Europe have flanked both sides of rail—stepping into them by accident will cause your pants and socks to be covered with short blackthorns, taking you much time to clean up.

I am somehow “foreign”, too. With a Yunnan appetite and body, I feel so estranged from the so-called Chinese traditions. While I complained much about those French philosophers in our emails, I have nevertheless integrated their thinking frameworks into my mind. I even need to turn to Agamben and others to understand Zen...In this way, I can only comfort myself that Yunnan has always been a “barbarous” place. Therefore, either Western philosophy or Confucian thoughts belongs to outsiders—this idea seems to differ from the feeling you talked about in your email sent the day before yesterday. Is it a sort of locality? Perhaps, a few years later, these foreign objects would become traditions, just like corn, potatoes and black-jacks.

The railroad made a turn on the slopes outside of the plain area. With an unexpected way out, I found myself at hillside already, where a bluish lake filled my sight. The vast water is the Yangzonghai Lake, the nearest plateau lake to Kunming besides the Dianchi Lake.

However, the excitement for the unexpected I just showed was not actually derived from today’s hiking—I have been through this section of the railway between Kunming to Yiliang for three times, including today. I know where things will show up, and they can surprise me no more. Still, I am willing to summon this lake for you, as if this is the first time I see it through silver wattles, the first time I encounter it with surprise and ecstasy. For sure, I will continue to summon other things for your journey after journey: yellow-breasted buntings flying out of the grass; a weasel with a small head, hesitating for a while until it jumped over the rail tracks and disappeared; fountain palms, the piled leaves of which resemble the one thousand hands of Bodhisattva Avalokiteshvara; eucalyptus that look like those painted by early Impressionists; and silk flowers

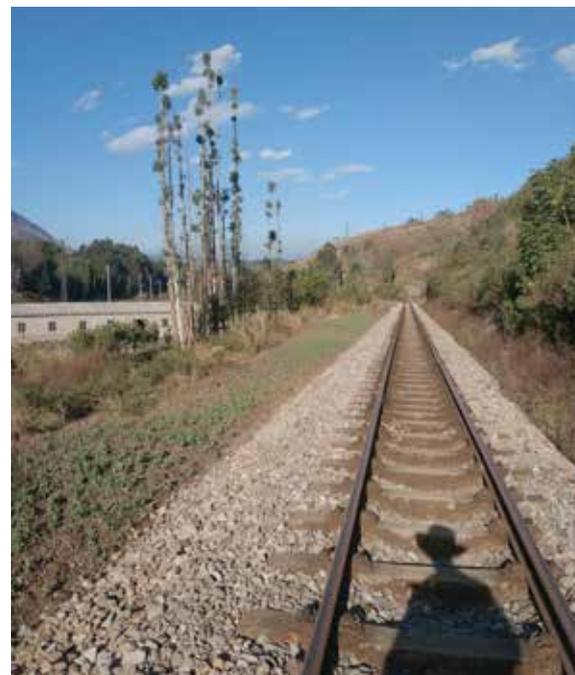
on these hills—are they not similar to plants by the river of your hometown?

So much for now, as I am going to sleep. I have to wake up at 6 a.m. tomorrow, followed by another thirty-or-forty-kilometer walk.

Good night.

D

2019.12.1



The Second Day

2019.12.02

Tangchi⁽⁴⁸⁻¹⁾ ===== *Goujie*⁽⁸⁰⁾
33km





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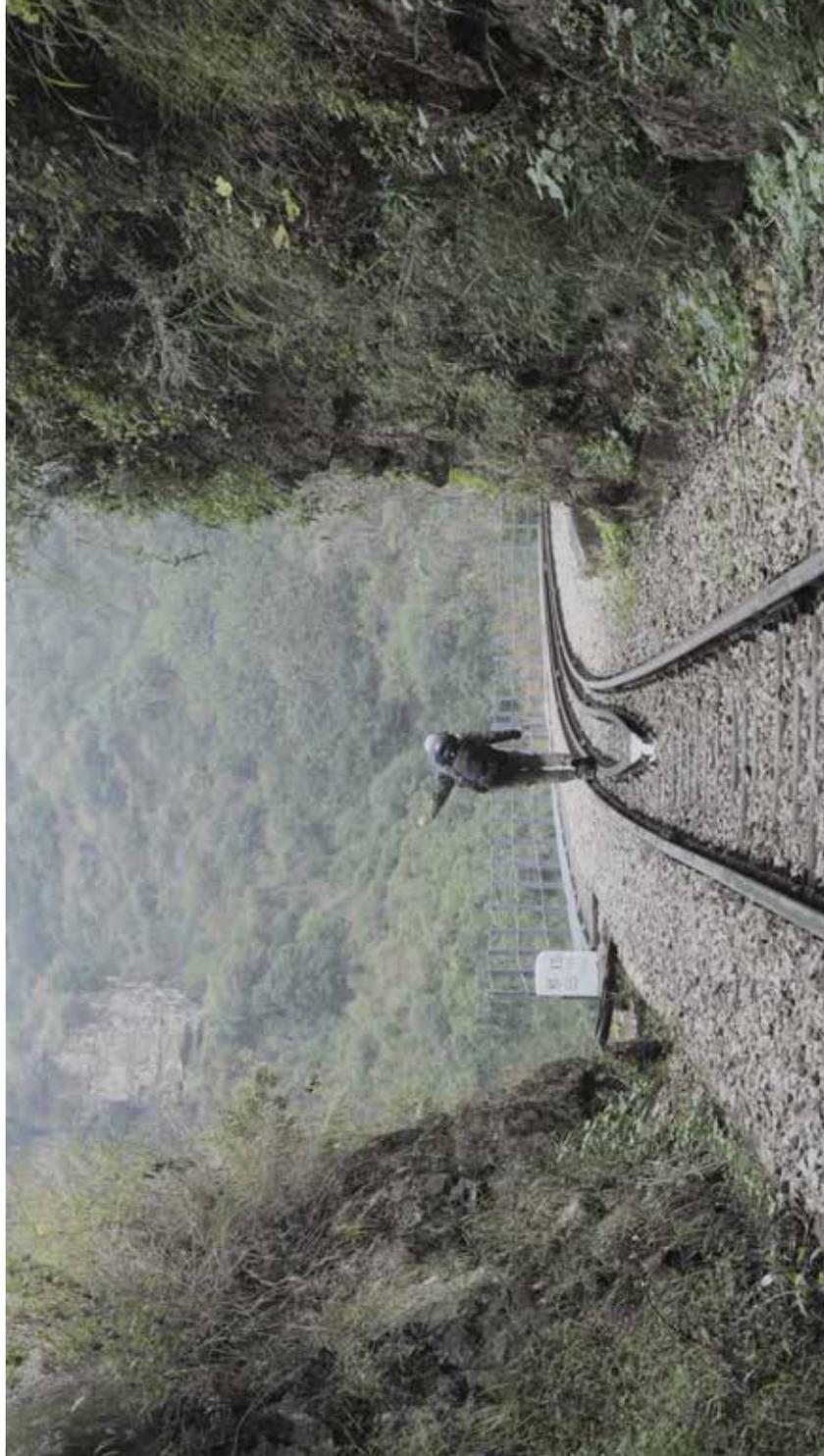
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**The second day,
a hike; material and time**

X:

The weather report says that your place finally clears up. I hope the sunshine can bring you a good mood, mitigating your inner struggles.

Unfortunately for me, today's journey was shadowed by clouds all along. Even at noon, the temperature was only slightly higher than ten degrees Celsius, sometimes accompanied by a drizzle. I had to keep wearing the outdoor jacket, sheltering the camera hanging on the bag with my hand.

Passing through Tangchi, the railroad soon turns onto the slopes—precisely speaking, it turns onto the cliffs at the mountainsides of Tangchi Valley. This section of the railway is extremely precipitous, with tunnels one after another. If you look carefully enough, you can see that many tunnels are not installed with stone arch but they utilized the rockery structures of the mountain itself as supports. At some points, you can still recognize drill holes in which detonators were buried when digging the tunnels. When I first walked along this section of the railroad about two or three years ago, I did not notice these details: before going into the tunnels, I was stopped by a maintenance squad, who took me to a motorway winding in the valley as well. Although I later returned to the railroad at the next crossing, I had missed some of the most brilliant tunnels, one of which is over 300-meter long, with vents cut on the side walls along the way. If you pop your head out of a vent, you could see the valley of tens of meters in depth directly. I remember a thunderstorm later that day—probably one of the heaviest ones I had ever encountered—driving me again to leave the railway near the ridge. Thunderbolts exploded one after another right in the field near me, lightening up my surroundings in an instant. I ran wildly in the thunderstorm, soaked to the skin. Even my belt could be twisted out of water. Today, the rain was mild. If not because I had to protect the camera, holding an umbrella

would be melodramatic. In this little rain and fog, I walked, stopped, and shoot. I was amazed by these combinations of cliffs, valleys, rivers and paralleled rail tracks.

In fact, if it were not for video shooting, I would not have much chance to enjoy such wonders. While I was hiking today, I thought that perhaps different ways of travelling would bring different viewing experiences (this had mostly been a cliché if you think about those travel guides starting from William Gilpin). Such an argument applies particularly well to the hiking on railroads without being noticed by many: it is a sectional perception, as for most of the time, your eyes can only focus on the sleepers, identifying the uneven distances between them to adjust your stride. It would be a luxury to simply look up, which directly leads you to be unable to appreciate the railroad and the landscape as a whole—what you could see are some impressions you see when looking up occasionally, as well as the montage of these impressions...

What can last are senses of the body, instead of sceneries in the eye. Closing my eyes, I can still recall various kinds of tactility my soles felt on sleepers made from different materials—on cement sleepers, I always touch the edge of the protrusion by my heel first and then land with my forefoot, without any buffer! If such a walk lasts a bit longer, all of my joints would be shaken with pain: ankle, knee, hip, and even Achilles tendon. Walking on steel sleepers is completely different. As a steel sleeper is in the shape of a reversed U, the stress point is always the arch in the middle of the sole of the foot. A three to five-kilometer walk would make one complain. Wood sleepers are something between the above two. If they were not covered by pitch, I'd love to say they are my favourite.

Most sleepers of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway were renewed. Almost all the cement and wood ones I just mentioned were installed in twenty years. However, some steel sleepers have been in use for nearly ninety years. On some well-preserved ones, you can still see inscriptions of “*British|Steel 1931*” clearly.

Another inscription, probably “| | *KJC*”, also appeared on

some narrower steel sleepers. I was wondering if they were initials of a company, but I still had no clue after several investigations.

The Yunnan-Vietnam railway, then, has become the ship of Theseus, the components of which have been replaced continuously. The newest and oldest materials coexist here, forming an old-and-new entity—in a not very rigorous manner, you can consider the railroad as the modernization of the past, which has already become a sort of tradition. One more intriguing detail: can you guess the oldest material that is used to compose a railroad? Yes, it is these track ballasts, a type of limestone. They came from the Permian Period about 300 million years ago. On some of them attached fossils of bivalves.

How about we go for a journey of fossils discovery on the railway sometime?

During the second half of today's hiking, I struggled with backaches. You asked me yesterday what I have been thinking all along. Now, I finally have a definite answer for you—at least based on the second half of the walk—I have been thinking, first, to adjust my position and speed to relieve the pain; second, to get hurry to Goujie and buy a locally popular roast duck for dinner. Well, of course, because I walked too slowly due to the pain in my back, I missed the roast duck.

So much for today. Maybe I will slow down and walk a bit less tomorrow, letting this journey to extend for a few more days.

Sleep tight.

D

2019.12.2

The Third Day
2019.12.03

Goujie⁽⁸⁰⁾ \equiv *Xujiadu*⁽¹⁰⁶⁾
26km







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**The Third Day,
a work of art; the direction of the railway;
the encounter with the *Nanpan River***

X:

Every time I heard from you, I would feel a little panicked, whether for your emails that were far beyond the length of mine, or for the poets and poems mentioned in them—I admit that I have not read most of them—they made me question myself if I am sincere enough, or if I were too confident for my poor reading.

Speaking of poems, I met a ‘work of art’ by an anonymous artist fortuitously when I was hiking today. It stimulated my imagination and kept lingering in my mind for the whole day. The ‘work’ was a steel sleeper, installed for an early renovation of the railroad. On the sleeper there inscribed “British Steel” and its year of production, 1931. Nothing of these was strange. What’s extraordinary was a badly written phrase composed of four Chinese characters on the sleeper’s surface, which read: “I am always ignorant”. The four characters were not written in pigment but were welded (or some other similar methods).

The four characters were written from the right to the left, making me think that they were as old as the sleeper. With a closer look, however, I found that they were not traditional Chinese characters but simplified ones, which would not appear until the 1950s. Who was this “I”? In which period did “I” live? Why such a sign? And for what reason did ‘I’ stamp these four characters here? “I am always ignorant!” What wonderful four characters appearing abruptly on one of the millions of sleepers of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. In eternity and in a certain sense of Zen, they were juxtaposed with objects with various origins. For me, it is because of the author’s anonymity and silence—if we regard the characters on the sleeper as a work of art—that made this work more stimulating than most of the contemporary art we see today.

I was making a series of art work, too. I set my camera on the tripod, filming myself picking up stones while walking on the railroad. Then, I realized that my direction of walking on the screen would be different, with my setting of the camera on the left or the right side of the rail track: I was either walking to the left from the right, or from the right to the left. In this way, would the audience become bewildered, thinking that I was not walking towards one direction, but wondering back and forth? I was reminded of Werner Herzog's Aguirre, the Wrath of God, in which a raft drifted down the Amazon River. The camera was also set left and right, even rotating around the raft for 360-degree at the end of the movie. In Herzog's work, the river had played as a certain kind of frame of reference, indicating the direction: either the upstream or the downstream. But how about the railway? It has no direction. The train can travel towards either of its two ends. For me, however, the meanings of the two directions of this railroad are different. In respect of construction, the Yunnan-Vietnam railway is a climbing route: starting from Haiphong, it went up along the river valley and terminated at the plateau. When I was conceiving the journey, I thought of following this direction, hiking from Hekou to Kunming. Within a second, I denied the idea. The railway has, and only has one direction within me: all along to the south, running towards the ocean. How do you think if I name this work "To the Ocean"?

From Goujie (meaning the Dogs' Day market in Chinese), where I departed today, the railway would meet the Nanpan River—it will be my company for another five or six days. Perhaps you still remember that the Nanpan River also means significantly for me. It is the river that I crossed this July. When I arrive at Panxi, I will tell you more details. Today, I walked and filmed along the railroad and the river slowly, with the river valley on one side, while the cliff on the other.

Although I only hiked twenty-six kilometers today, it was completely dark when I arrived at Xujiadu. I will take a good sleep tonight, and hopefully tomorrow will be better. So, please do not

worry about me. I am a Dogs' Day youth with inexhaustible energy. So much for now. I hope you had a wonderful day.



The Fourth Day
2019.12.04

Xujiadu⁽¹⁰⁶⁾ \equiv *Zhushan*⁽¹²²⁺¹⁾
17km





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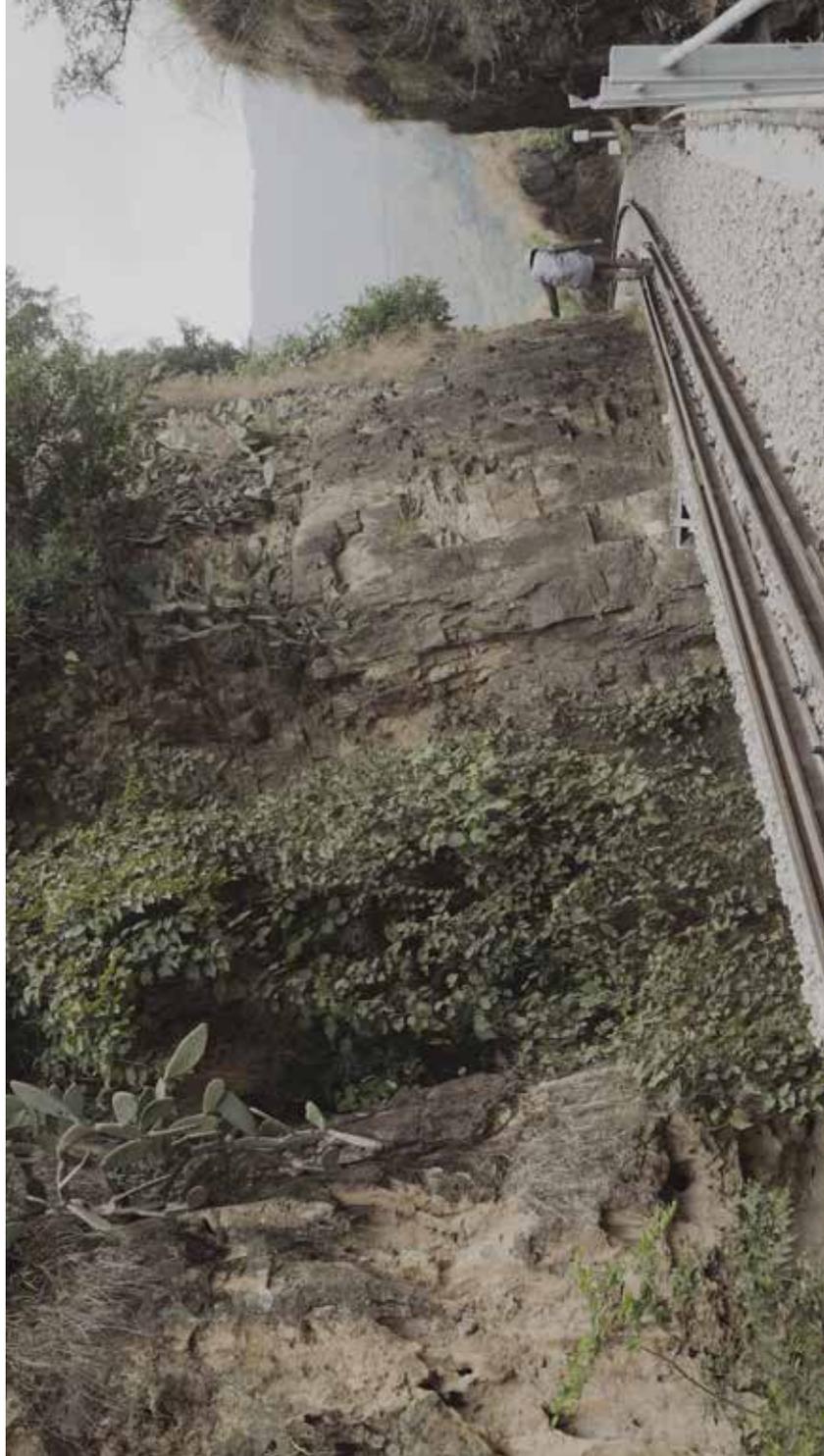
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The Fourth Day, memories of a night trip two years ago

X:

The distance of today's hiking was short and I rested well last night. So, I have now arrived at the destination, feeling very relaxed.

In fact, when I took my first walk two years ago, I completed the distance of yesterday and today in one day: one day, along the railway, I covered forty-three kilometers! Now I think it was a bit incredible. Under my current physical condition (plus the heavy load on my back), I can do it no more. I have been thinking while hiking today about what had happened in the last two years, that I could feel my body being overly consumed and deteriorated. Was it because of my joint problems caused by the walks with weights in rainforests again and again? Or, because of the soaring body weight in the last couple of months due to an uncontrolled diet? Or, only due to my growing age? In light of this, I am also re-planning my following agenda, putting question marks on some journeys that exceed thirty-five kilometers and trying to split them into several days. Anyway, this journey is going to prolong.

I happened to have walked today's route two years ago in the night. While I thought the surrounding views were predictable (not so different from the Nanpan River Valley at the upstream and downstream), they turned out to be quite engaging. I remember that the day was over when I last passed the place. Apart from the torchlight from my hand, the only visible lights were occasional car lights flashing by on the other side of the river, or, shimmers from remote villages. I made a turn at a mountain, suddenly catching sight of bright light not far away. I thought it was a town, but looking carefully, it was the hydropower station standing across the river. I heard the sound of water, of insects singing, and of my kicking on the ballasts. The uneven earth made me almost staggered. The darkness made one feel away from the reality—perhaps, the reality for people like me living in the city is rarely related to

darkness—those fears beyond the reason or stemmed from the excessive rationalization burst out: I started worrying about the nightmare of my childhood, robbers or beasts (wolves, maybe?) that abruptly showed up to block the road. I had no choice but to hold tight the crane in my hand and the folding knife attached to my wrist. At that time, there was no GPS (I did not even know how to read the route marks of the railway), and I did not know how far the road ahead was. Therefore, when I eventually saw the bridge over the river of Lufeng Village, I was finally relieved.

These feelings got disenchanted in today's walk. The river was narrow, the road on the other side was broken and dusty. The hydropower stations occasionally showed up had glass windows in styles of the 1980s and 1990s. The mountain was not lofty, and the railroad, never changing the slightest, circulated the same route day by day. The railway bridge over the river appeared in the end. It was smaller than I remembered. Passing this bridge, I saw the Nanpan river on the left side of the railroad.

As I approached Zhushan, a flock of swallows was flying up and down. A raptor was there, too. I am not sure whether it was chasing the swallows. From its speed of flying, the raptor seemed to be unlikely to catch up with the swallows.

(I pretend to have sent you regard that can make you smile.)

D

2019.12.4 (Ah, the date I choose to depart was great. The days of the journey correspond exactly to the dates of the month.)

The Fifth Day
2019.12.05

Zhushan⁽¹²²⁻¹⁾ \equiv *Xier*⁽¹⁴⁹⁾
28km





108

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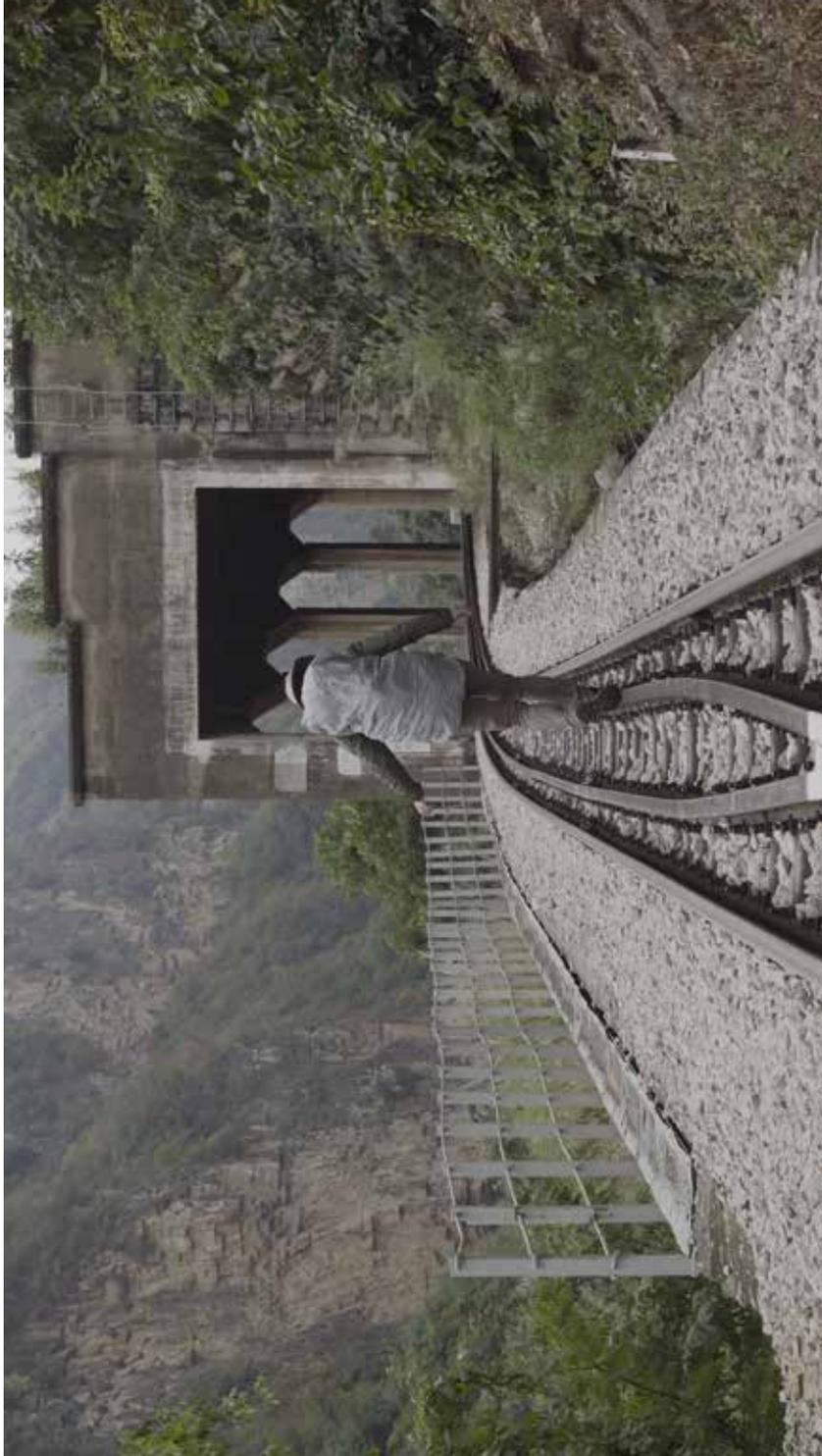
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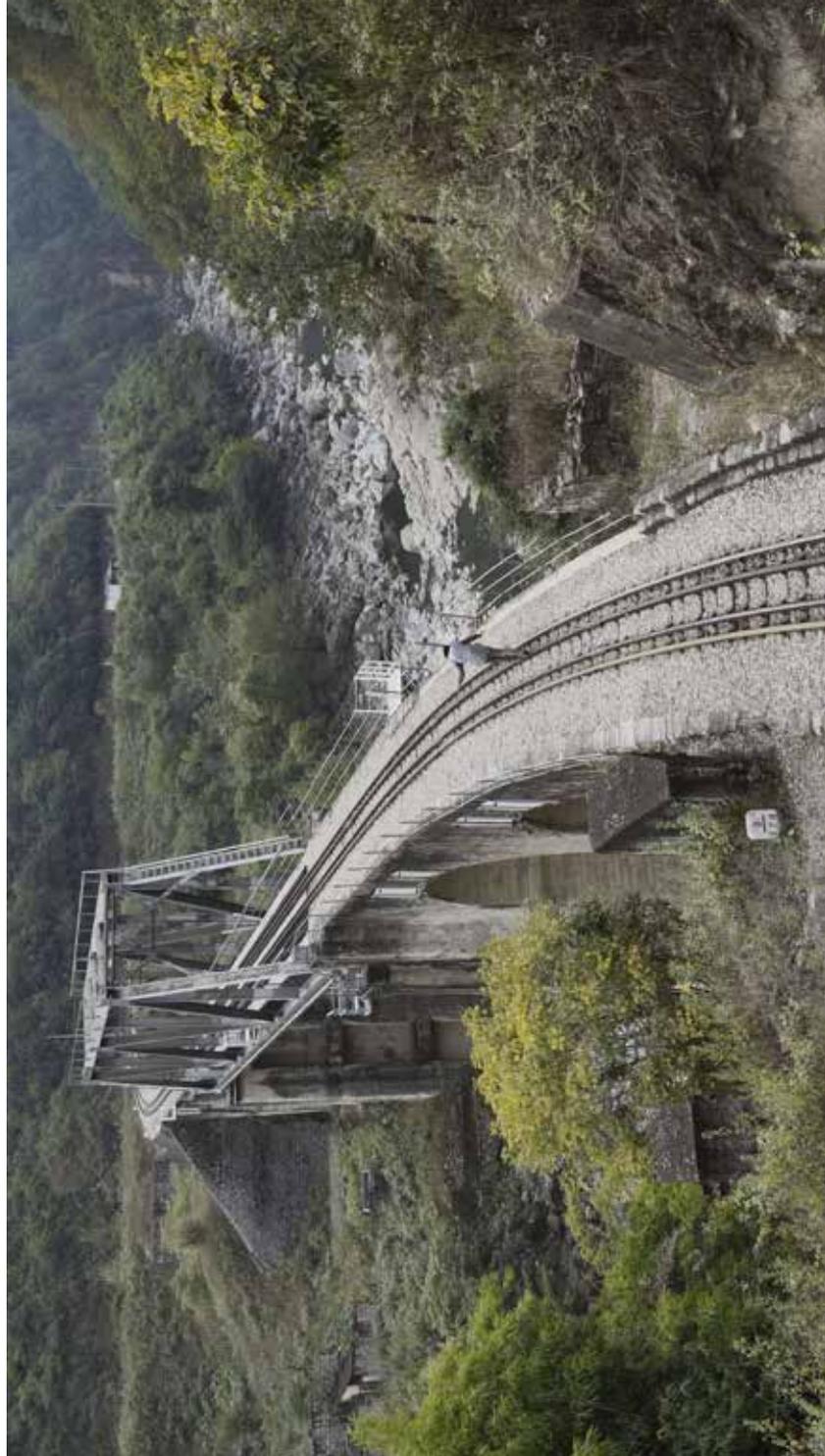
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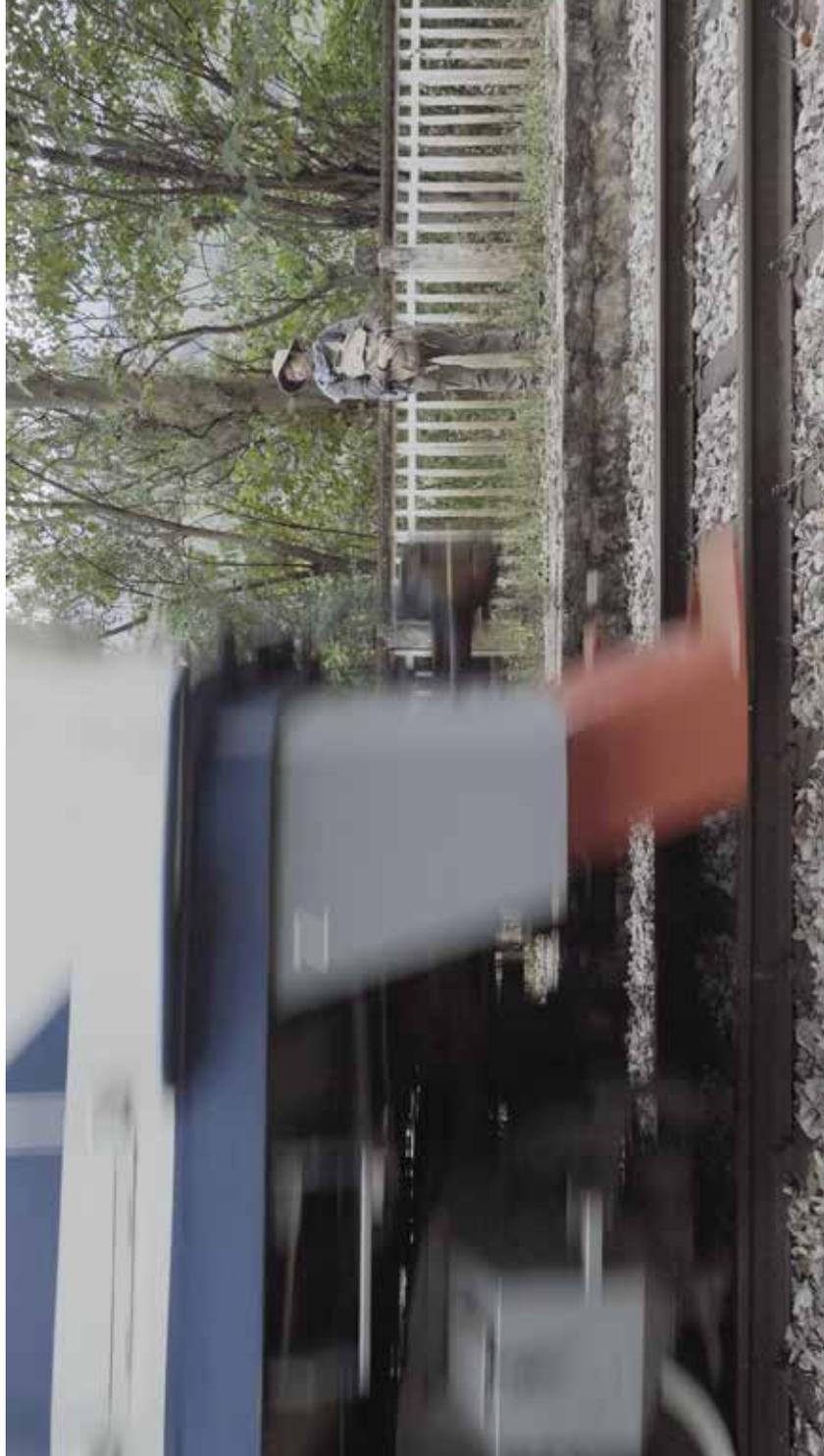
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**The Fifth Day,
the hard road; self-care; hiking and music**

X:

Your replying mails also reminded me of many things, things about my parents and about my grandparents. Tomorrow, I will arrive at Panxi, where my parents used to live when they were kids. It is also the place my grandmother (and my grandfather who died during the Cultural Revolution) on my mother's side lived for half of her life. Please allow me to tell you about these trivial matters that may interest you tomorrow or the day after tomorrow.

I departed early today before dawn, in a little rain. Although the rain was little by category, I still could not set up the camera without being sheltered. Fortunately, I was prepared, bring with me the anti-water plastic cover. But by putting the cover on the camera, the time I spent on camera installation and uninstallation would increase dramatically, further delaying my travel speed. After walking for several kilometers, I suddenly realized that I forgot my facecloth at the hostel (again, fortunately, I had a spare one). Together with the USB charger (I took two more for spare use) which got broken yesterday, the facecloth has been the second item that got lost or damaged on my way. Although they would not cause severe problems (I am a backup maniac), I still felt a bit dejected (the excessive backup actually relieved my anxiety. No wonder my backpack was so heavy). I walked in the rain, along the railroad, on the right bank of the Nanpan River. Gradually, it got brighter, and I was able to see few pedestrians. I attempted to set up the camera quickly. When people came closer, I rushed myself in front of the lens—in this way, I could film our conversations:

"Hi there!"

"Hello! What makes you so early!"

"I am hiking towards Xier, I won't be able to arrive in time if I departed late."

"Huh, what a long hike!"

“You bet. I started from Kunming, and I am walking to Hekou.”

“Oh my, why not taking a train or a bus?”

“I just wanted to take a walk...”

Huh, I just wanted to take a walk, for over half of a month, away from the everyday routine, exhausting and damaging the body but liberating the soul. The fact is, walking like this helped me understand my body more than I was in a state of ease—or, perhaps I should say that such a way of hiking had forced me to do additional self-care sensitively. When you feel slight discomfort on the outside of your little toe or heel, you have to stop immediately, remove your shoes and socks, put on an elastic bandage, and avoid further rubbing to cause blisters (Once in a forest in the borderlands, my heel used to rub to bleed. Although it was only a flesh wound and I could just bear with it, imagine the hurt due to the adhesives of flesh, blood and fabric...); when you start feeling uncomfortable with your knees or ankles, you have to stop and rest, or at least, change your walking position, using each of your muscle as a buffer to deal with the impact of landing, just as flexible as a cat (which will make you really tired); if it is your back that is getting tight, you have to adjust the centre of gravity and stress point of your backpack...Of course, these measures are all provisional, for temporary relief only. In a continuous hiking, by day five or day six, all parts of your body might have an issue, so you have to cope with them spiritually, imagining that the body is merely a physical vessel, the transcendence of which is what you pursue...and you are almost there...

My hiking today was like this. Hurt, tired, and trying to transcend the physicality. At one point, I felt like having some music. Unfortunately, there was no signal, and I did not want to use the earphones to separate myself from the world—have you had such a feeling? When you put on the earphones and started enjoying the music, the sense of reality suddenly disappears. Your vision and sensation seem to become a verisimilitude movie, even less verisimilitude than a movie. The music, in return, evades the

reality and defines it. I have some impressive scenes, which carry their background music on their own. For instance, in Mang people’s rainforest in the borderlands, when the sun went down, the insects started singing, and I was alone at the camp, I would turn on my phone, in which the Goldberg Variations, BWV 988 was saved. Thirty variations with the arias at both ends brought me a sunset and a cool breeze. When hiking on the Snake Mountain near Kunming, my company would be Beethoven’s Piano Sonata No. 17, namely The Tempest. It is the music for me when I am upset, engaging me within L’expérience intérieure and letting my feeling fit perfectly with the music. During the mountain climbing, the music would stop me from feeling the physical tiredness, and I would top the summit in half an hour. There is also music for rivers...That is Berlioz’s Harold in Italy, the second movement...

But today, when I thought of music, what appeared in my mind was “Without the food, without the cloths, the enemies will surrender theirs to us; without the guns, without the canons...” (Guerrillas’ Song written by He Luting during the Sino-Japanese War) For thousands of times I said “WTF” in my head and started wondering from where did this melody come from and kept lingering, destroying thoroughly my mood...Was it because I read an article about the technology used by the Japanese to construct their artillery buildings?? I assume that you would have such a feeling, too, bothered by some brainwashing melodies...Normally, I would use more brainwashing (but more acceptable by myself) rhythms to expel this awful stuff, such as by humming The Two Tigers (the same rhythm of the French folksong Frère Jacques, also in Mahler’s Symphony no.1, the 3rd movement)...Haha! But today, I would like to have something new: I looked at the milestones beside the rail tracks and started humming melodies corresponding to the numbers marked on them!

Look:



Mass in D, Op.123 "Missa Solemnis": Agnus Dei



BWV 127,aria: Die Seele ruht in Je



BWV 131, aria with chorale: Meine Seele wartet auf den Herrn

In this way, I walked and hummed. Wachet auf, wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme! Jesus bleibet meine Freude! Then, I found myself almost arriving today's destination, the 149km milestone.

A little accident happened in the end. My phone was left at the 148km milestone, where I stopped to do the recording. After realizing this after I arrived at the destination, I carried the torch, ran for one kilometer along the railroad wildly, and finally saw my phone lying beside the road quietly...I returned slowly with a sigh of relief, with the new moon hanging after the gauzy cloud. (So, I walked two more kilometers than estimated today!)

I was exhausted after being scared of losing my phone. Finishing this email, I feel that I have almost transcended my mortal body. Therefore, I am really going to listen to some music and to empty my head.

I wish you have a good rest (I am too clumsy for fancy words and can only repeat words of a sort, such as "drink more warm water".)

Let us both do our best. (See? I am not sincere at all.)

D

2019.12.5

The Sixth Day

2019.12.06

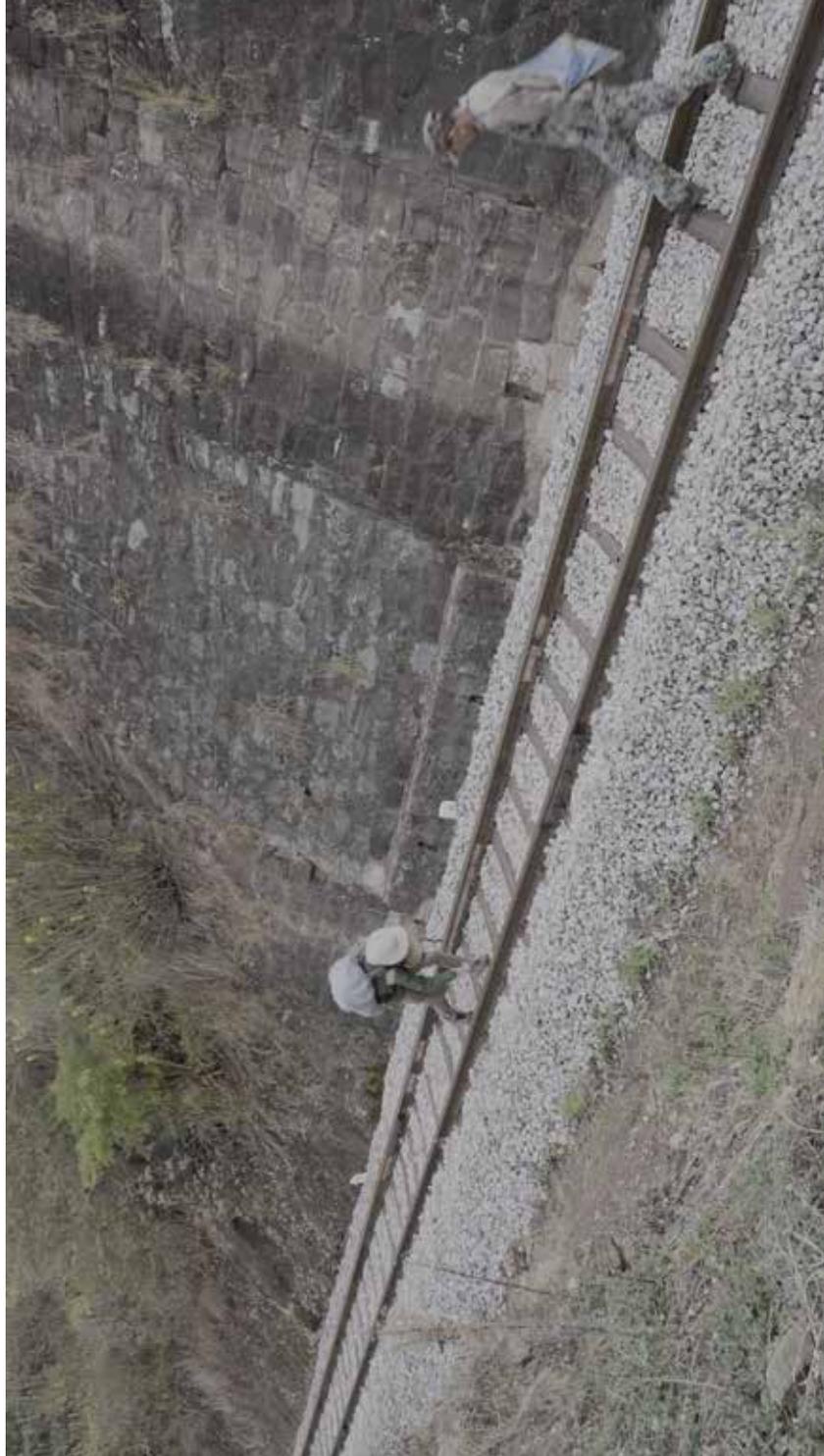
Xi'er⁽¹⁴⁹⁾ \equiv *Panxi*⁽¹⁷⁰⁺¹⁾
22km





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135





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137





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140

141





142

143





144



145



146

147





**The Sixth Day,
failed to transcend; the river and the railway**

X:

You said you like the sense of isolation brought by music. So do I. However, my approach to the sense of isolation depends on this walk—or on previous escapes into the mountains, fields, and even into the way of living as an artist, which physically isolated myself from the reality. More or less, they are evasions, but an active one: if the crowd becomes insane, then let us choose to be the minority, throwing ourselves outside of the crowds to gain freedom. Such a statement sounds a little too self-centred. However, if we can realize the prompting elimination of the self-autonomy behind ethics, morality, knowledge and ideology (think about Nietzsche and Foucault)—especially in the current world in the right turn, such a self may be necessary, at least not too inappropriate.

I only hiked for over twenty kilometers today, which was supposed to be easy and happy. However, the accumulated physical problems due to overly consumptions began to erupt: my back kept on convulsing, both sides of my shoulders and hip were rubbed to swollen. Most importantly, issues started showing on my knees, especially on the right one, making me have to endure the anticipated hurt in every landing. Eventually, I had to take out and wear on the kneepads, and I regretted not using them in advance. I hobbled to Panxi and was relieved. Tomorrow, I will be resting here for the whole day, hoping to soothe my body a bit.

I have walked outside of the gorge of the Nanpan River today temporarily. The river valley became gradual, and the mountains were no longer steep. Instead, they extended under the soft touch of nature. Citrus trees began to show up on mild slopes: they were specialities of Panxi. When my mother was here due to the Down to the Countryside Movement, her main responsibility was to take care of these trees. I walked outside of the rain as well. The temperature was not high, but the sun started being dazzling

again. It felt like Yunnan again.

Have I mentioned to you about this? Dams of hydropower stations would appear every seven or eight kilometers along the gorge. Although Yunnan is now in its dry season, one or two kilometers upstream of the dam was full of water. As Mao's poem goes, "Till a smooth lake rises in the narrow gorges", the water was almost in stagnation. Expect for the ripples caused by the wind, one could hardly see its flow. River garbage and floating plants, such as common water hyacinth, all amassed here, forming a line of barrier.

The other side of the dam was completely different. The water level declined over twenty meters high, and the flow of water was clear and shallow. Sometimes, the water was dried up, revealing the riverbed as well as the reefs and rocks on it. Such a situation would last until I arrived at the next dam.

Transforming rivers for human use seems to have become normal. Its historical origin in Europe can be traced to four or five hundred years ago, when pioneering engineers from Netherland straightened the rivers to shorten its length and speed up the water flow. In this way, the accelerated water further cut deep the riverbed, declining the water level and then draining the swamps near the rivers into dry land. The rectification of the river Rhine led by Johann Gottfried Tulla two hundred years ago also worked in the same way: straightening the river, building dams, and draining swamps. It was the newly unified Deutschland that made this magnificent project possible. However, after such transformation, rainwater upstream would form a torrent more swiftly than before, then converge at the downstream to become a flood. To cope with the new problem, engineers proposed a solution, which was to build more dams: to let these terraced dam systems hold up and block the upstream flood, guiding the flood to slowly flow down like a natural river. Meanwhile, the elevated water could provide watermills—and hydropower station later—with the power to drive the turbine. These ingenuine designs of humans have been restlessly changing nature and bringing new, unpredictable problems, but the evolvement of technology has also been promising new solutions, as if it is the only salvation.

Among the rivers of Yunnan, promises that the power of technology can provide is extremely limited. Apart from building dams, the engineers seem to be incapable of other transformations: they cannot change the directions of rivers running between valleys, nor the rainfall caused by the monsoon and the subsequent drought. Their situation is similar to the roads' in the valley, which get reconstructed each year and then destroyed by landslides in the next year's rainy reason—it seems that nothing is lasting, and nothing can truly be changed. Nature here also seems to be wilder, more unpredictable than it is in plain areas. The hegemony of technology gives way to nature, even subordinates to it. Rivers and streams run across the valleys, and the only power to change them comes from themselves and the time. While the rivers have opened up their own paths in the mountains, they have also benefited human beings in a certain way: the valleys are the gentlest passage. Along the river valleys, the rivers can, to a great extent, avoid rough topography and traverse across mountains of Yunnan smoothly. Therefore, the Yunnan-Vietnam railway was actually built along two rivers: it first entered the Mengzi Plain along Nanxi Valley, then went north with Nanpan river until Yiliang near Kunming. The steepest part of the railway tuned out to be the Yiliang section, which came after the railroad's leaving of the valley.

Can you say that the rivers have made preparations for the railway? The Yunnan-Vietnam railway, an engineering miracle over a hundred years ago, actually subjects to the rivers in Yunnan with unconditional obedience. Aren't those winding curves drawn by the rivers preserved for rail tracks?

A doggerel describes the Yunnan-Vietnam railway like this: A serpentine railway on which trains travel like boats. To some extent, this saying tells the truth. It captures the affinity between rivers and railroads.

Ah, it is already late after so much talk.

Let's both rest well. I can finally have some more sleep tomorrow.

D
2019.12.6.

The Seventh Day
2019.12.07

Resting at *Panxi*
0km

The Seventh Day, some heard memories

X:

Today, I took a rest at Panxi. I washed and dried seven pairs of socks and clothes I had worn in the last week and went for a walk at Panxi Street and the Nanpan River nearby. Have I told you before that Panxi was my mother's hometown and where she met my father?

For some people, a railway is a line with a starting point and an end point, bringing distant things closer and building connections between them (I am one of these people: the railway links plateau with the ocean, brings Yunnan, Vietnam and France together, and traverses history and childhood...) But for other people, where a railroad comes from and where it leads to probably doesn't matter at all. What matters only exists in its passing-through, right here, right now. The railroad thus becomes an unusual stage scenery, on which stories take place. For people who live by a railroad, such as my grandmother, my grandfather whom I had never met, my mother and my father, this may be the case. For them, rivers are similar to railways. Instead of an endlessly extending line that can be used to imagine the world, they are more like a static dot, or a finite line segment. Today, if I do not mention it, my mother will not even realize that the Nanpan River is the upper reaches of the Pearl River. It runs all the way to Guangzhou and flows into the South China Sea.

My grandmother's father was a native of Panxi. To be precise, he was the son of a local country squire. According to my grandmother, his father was sent to study at the Republic of China Military Academy (ROCMA) and became a Kuomintang battalion commander thereafter. I was suspicious about some of these details, as the ROCMA had not been established at that time, only Baoding Military Academy or Yunnan Military Academy. It was more likely for him to work for the Beiyang government (i.e., First Republic of China, 1912-1928) or an army of one of the local

warlords. The remaining information should be accurate. My grandfather returned to his hometown and got married, inheriting a large sugarcane field and the sugar factory (thanked for the convenient freight transportation provided by trains, this separated valley had been able to develop sugar industry). A few years later in 1928, my grandmother was born. She was extremely lucky (although judging from what happened later, I should put quotation marks on the term "lucky") to grow up in this enlightened family, who had sent her to study at a girls' school in Kunming, travelling by train. After the Sino-Japanese War, she returned to Panxi to work as a primary school teacher and married my grandfather—he was also an educated person, teaching physical education and mathematics in a middle school. According to my grandmother, he liked swimming. Winter or summer, he would swim in the Nanpan River near the school and often jump into the river from the bridge during wet seasons.

In no time came the Cultural Revolution, and all the lucky things turned into origins of misfortunes. My grandmother, daughter of landlords or former warlords, and my grandfather, son of rich farmers, immediately found themselves under fierce criticism. During the Spring Festival of 1969, my grandfather was hung in the cypress grove of the middle school, beaten to death. My mother was only a ten-year-old primary school student. Her elder brother was treated in a hospital in Kunming (he died in 1972 because the doctor refused to admit him with medicines due to his bad family political identity), while her two older sisters were forced to drop out and started helping with other work at the school. Due to the decease of my grandfather and endless struggle sessions against my grandmother, the three sisters had to take on most of the housework. Every day after school, my mother would start picking up the leavings of sugarcanes from the front gate of her home to the sugar factory near Panxi Station on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. After died up, these sugarcane residues could be used as fuels for fire. Of course, with a dustpan, she would join the

children in the same age to pick up cinders shaken off from coal trains to rail tracks. Or, she would directly steal some coals from the coal pile near the station when people were not looking. The intensive labour work, together with poor material supplies, soon led to severe anemia caused by malnutrition. Eventually, my mother had to be taken away by relatives living in Kunming and receive treatment in the hospital. As she recalled, that was the only time in her childhood to travel by train.

My mother later studied as a middle school student at the middle school my grandfather used to work when he was alive. She met my father there, who was two years senior to her. She said my father studied hard and was an honest man. One time after school, she saw the window of my father's dormitory, which was a bungalow, opened, and my father was writing at the desk close to the window. For no reason, she picked up a cockscomb and threw it into the window—and she ran away immediately! My father chased out, pointing at my mother, and said, “Naughty you!” It was the first time they talked. What followed were iconic clichés of their time. My father started approaching my mother with various excuses, such as lending a book to her sister, or taking advantage from his work at the school's Communist Youth League Committee to claim that my mother's essay was not good enough and ask her to revise for several times before it could be published on “big character posters”...Before he graduated and went to Huaning for high school, my father sent a letter to my mother, encouraging her to study hard or something. But for my mother, that letter was the beginning of their relationship.

My father said that he could barely remember any of these. However, he had a very deep memory of the river and trains. During the Cultural Revolution, his mother was relocated to a ‘cowshed’ at Yuguopu, Kaiyuan, a small station on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. Every time to visit her, he had to take a south-bound train travelling this route. My father also loved swimming. Born and raised near the river, he was a good swimmer, who would jump into the Nanpan River, drifting for a long distance, and

walked back slowly.

Now, you probably know why I would carry a timber to fight the river. Through the process of writing to you, I have also come up with many things I did not realize before. For sure, this is not just about changing attitudes towards nature between two generations. It is something beyond these two generations, beyond me and the river...

My grandfather, grandmother, mother, and father, their lives have unfolded with the stretching of these rivers and rail tracks yet kept on back folding at some points repeatedly. This river valley the railroad runs through is the stage for them to live with joys and sorrows. I think, a thousand people who used to live here may have a thousand storylines about the river and the railway. On the same stage, many plays are on. Clamours and train whistles will eventually cease, leaving light murmurs and reverberations. Year after year, the railway decays between the rains and drought, and the river circulates between flood and stream. They are both alone.

I think, these thoughts have formed an endpoint of the railroad in my heart.

So much for today.

Please say hi for me to your family.

D

2019.12.7.



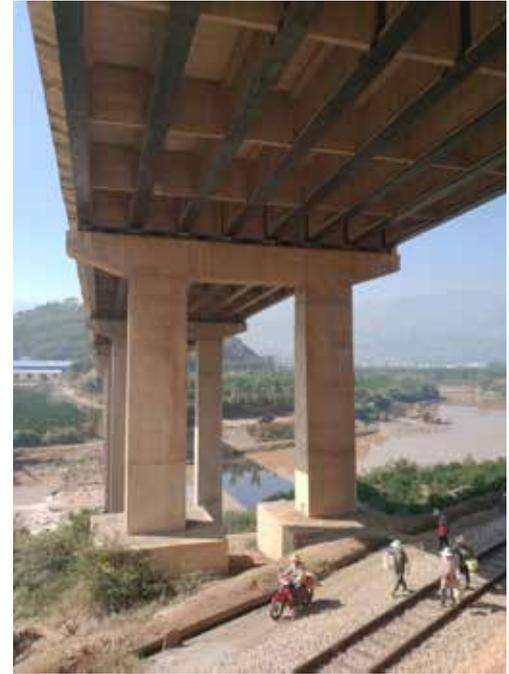
The Nanpan River at the entrance of Huaning No.2 Middle School, photographed from the bridge. It is dry season now and the water is quiet. The reflected sunlight blinks, as das Rheingold.



The cypress grove where my grandfather was beaten to death. It is still inside the Huaning No.2 Middle School's campus. Many trees are attached with nameplates that mark them as historical trees and valuable woods. People around here at present probably have no idea of what had happened, don't they?



The section of the river I swam across back in July. Now, the water level has declined for several meters, even revealing the sandbank in the middle of the river.



The railroad, the river, and Panxi afar.

The Eighth Day

2019.12.08

Panxi⁽¹⁷⁰⁻²⁾ ===== *Lalihei*⁽¹⁹⁸⁾

30km





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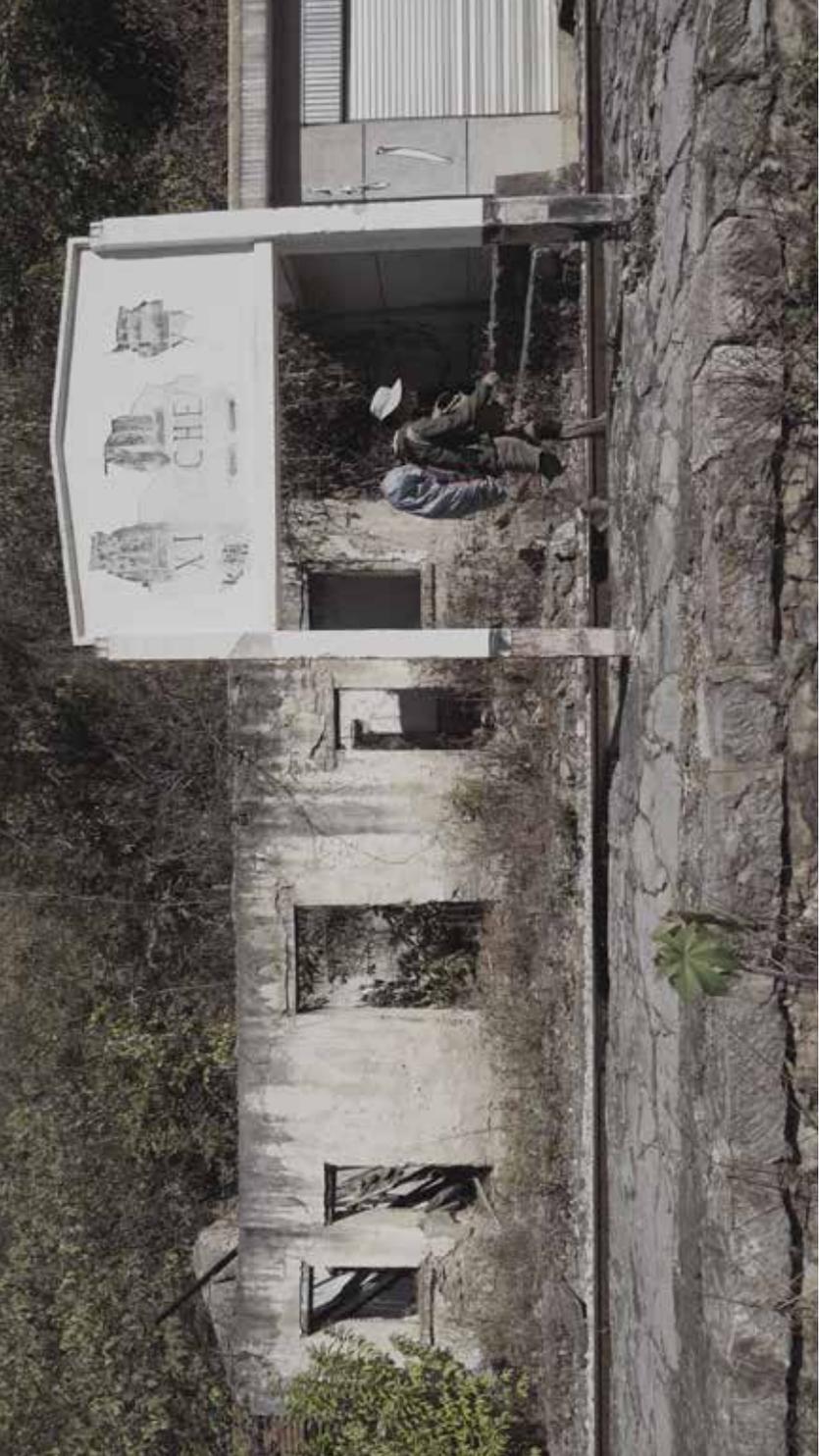




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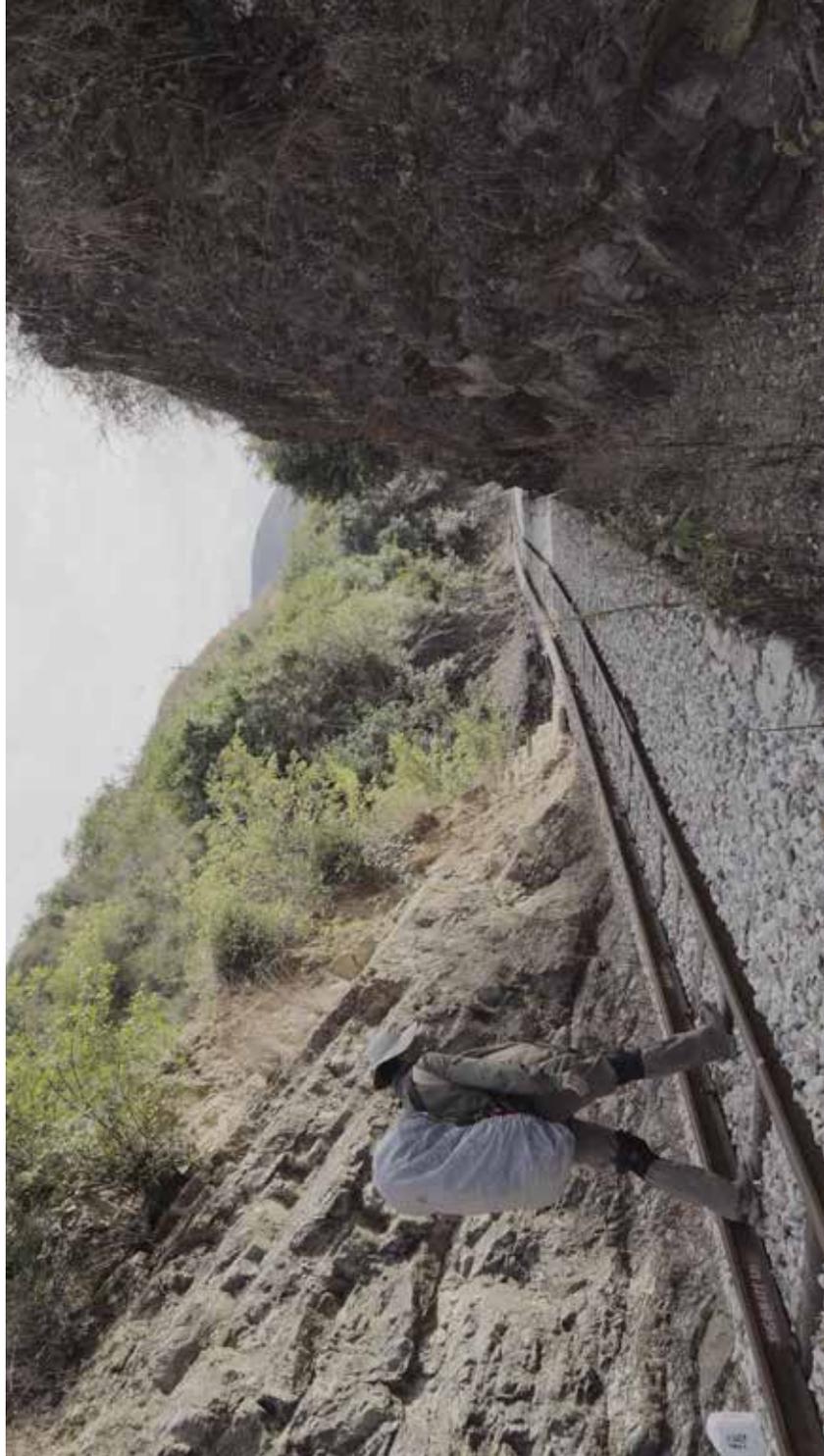
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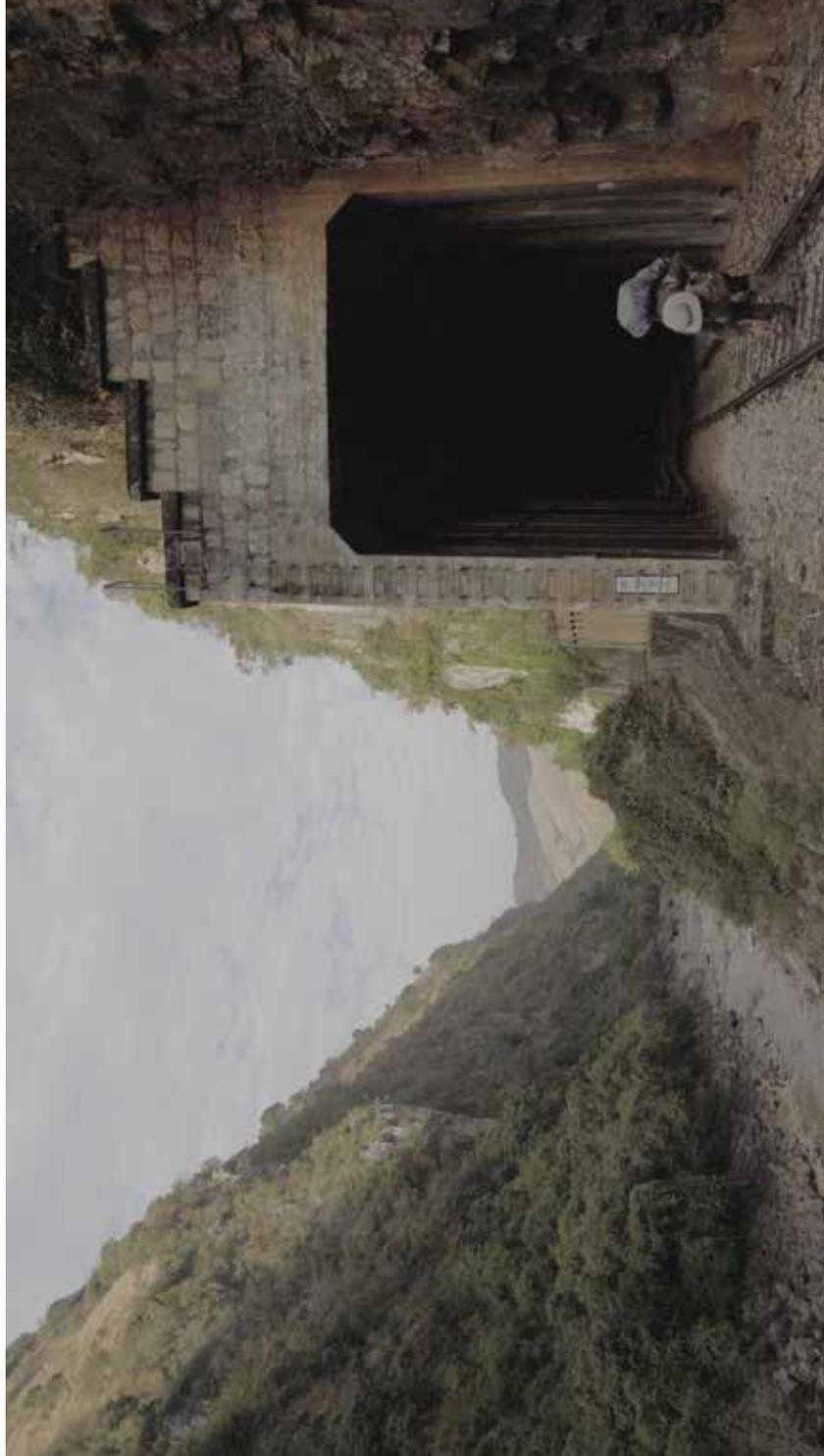
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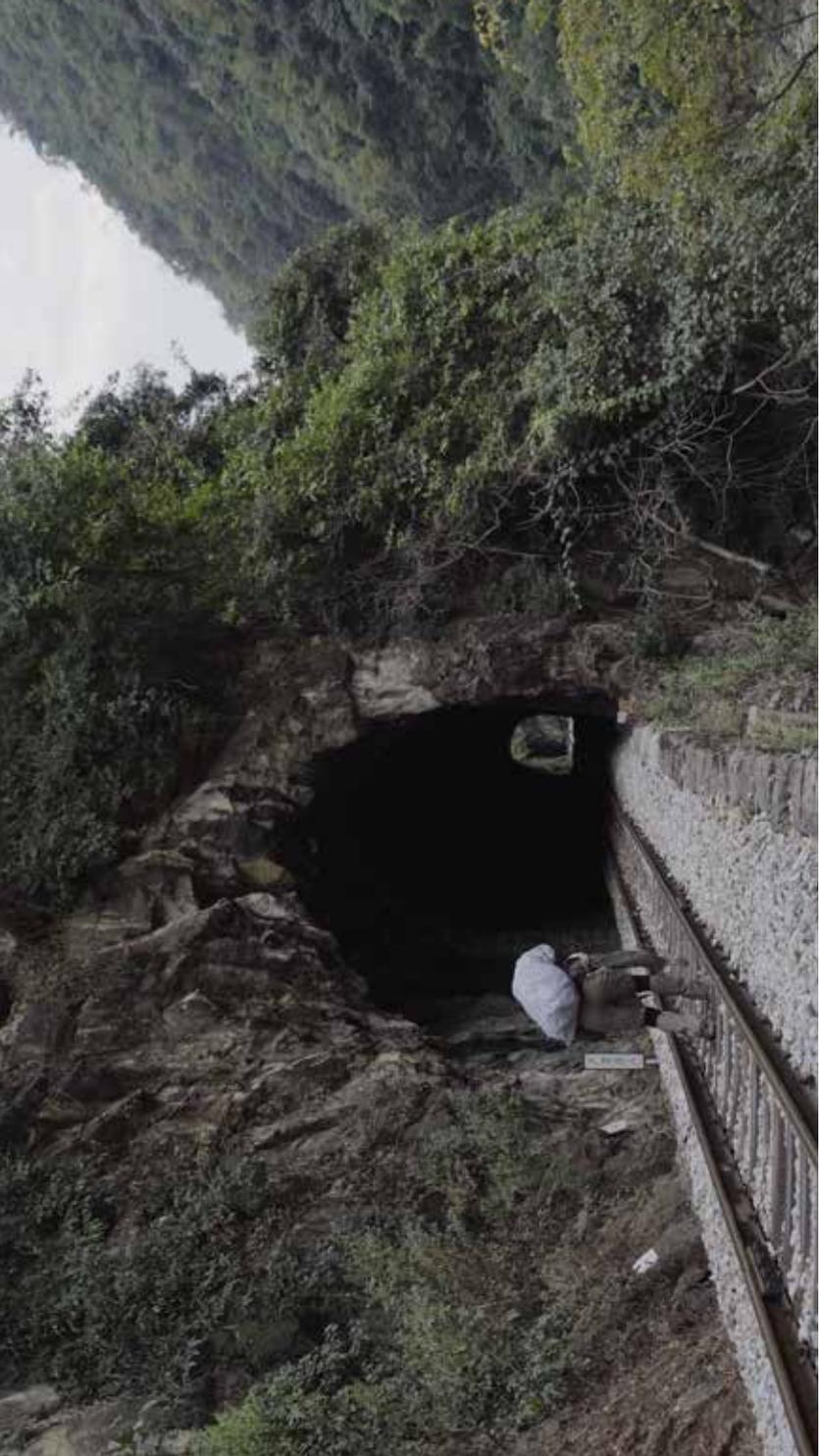




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**The Eighth Day,
my body's attitude; the chilly morning;
a lonely occupation; people of my kind**

X:

I set off from Panxi and hiked for thirty kilometers to Lalihei. My body was not in perfect condition, and there were many steel sleepers on the railroad. Therefore, the journey was exceptionally exhausting.

Lalihei is another town after Panxi. When I was making the video work of my floating across the Nanpan River, my father explained to me a common saying in Panxi, which was 'To have breakfast at Lalihei'. It means that if someone got washed away when swimming in the Nanpan River, he or she would have been drifting to Lalihei by the next morning. In fact, my father had always assumed that I could swim, but in fact, I couldn't, and I never dared to tell him the truth. The second fact was that on the day I recorded my work, I brought a life jacket that was thin enough to be invisible if worn it inside my shirt. At that time, I steeled myself not to wear it. The third fact was that the timber I held with me during the crossing of the river was not good enough. Its density was too high, absorbing water and bringing me down on my halfway. But consequently, I still managed to cross the river, with some frightening moments, maybe, but no dangers. I was a bit disappointed. Why was it so smooth? How about the breakfast at Lalihei?

So, you probably can understand why I never describe the damages of my own body in a serious tone, and sometimes the descriptions are even bantering—these damages are parts of the works. Although unpredictable, I have been mentally prepared for them in advance. As long as they don't break my bones to disable my movement physically, all the pains are then acceptable. Indeed, my physical condition did not get worse today. Nor did it get better. My knees were still swollen and hurt, worrying me on each landing. My anchors started to sour and swell, and my right hip

felt awkward. On flat ground I felt just fine. However, once I had to go up and down to find a view, the pain became unbearable... My body was like a beat-up car, all parts of which had problems. Therefore, instead of operation skills, driving this “car” would rather need luck—each move had to be careful, no distraction, no big actions, then I just preyed. It has been the eighth day since my departure, and I still have twelve days to go. I have to be more mentally prepared. Yes, and I need to keep on taking glucosamine hydrochloride.

I got up very early today to hurry on my way, and it took more than half an hour until the day got clear. I thought it was a quiet morning, but right after I went out, I heard the adhan from a mosque, which brought me back to my travelling in Iran...With this gracious sound I walked for two kilometers and turned onto the railway. The headlamp shone on the sleepers, reflecting some flash that blinked amidst my breath. A closer look revealed that the surface of plants around the sleepers and the railroad was all covered with frost. Despite the jacket and fleece sweater I wore, some cold air still penetrated through, and my hands wearing gloves were also frozen. Against the chill and rising sunlight, I left the valley and stepped into the gorge downstream: the mountains on both sides of the river soared again, the cliffs reappeared, and the river became narrow, sandwiched between increasingly dense jungles. However, maybe because of the dry season, the flow of water in the river was not large, and its speed was slow. If I were washed away, I might not be able to arrive Lalihei in one day, probably got stuck by shoals or reefs. Thinking of this, I felt a little disappointed.

Perhaps, due to the difficult topography of the valley, there were not too many villages nor passengers along the railway. Strictly speaking, there were only four passengers: four trackwalkers. They departed from different towns or villages respectively, walking several kilometers to patrol points on the railroad (normally places miles from anywhere), holding flags for passing trains during the day, and returning back after the trains went by. The problem is, there remains only one train carrying oil between

Yiliang and Kaiyuan via the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. Therefore, these trackwalkers had to walk back and forth for almost ten kilometers every day to wait for the only train in the wild river valley. I suddenly thought, what a lonely job, like waiting for an elder to sigh the last breath. These days, I passed through many small stations, most of which were abandoned: gates of the buildings were locked; doors of staff dormitories built in the 1980s were sealed by bricks; sedum plants covered the roof of cabins in French-style; former waiting rooms and control rooms were full of dust; some windows of the rooms were broken, and dim watermarks could be found on the ground; station nameplates on platforms were white-washed with lime, and indistinguishable handwriting could be faintly seen at some dappled surface. This railway is dying inevitably. It's been a hundred and ten years. What else can we expect?

I Passed the steepest section of the gorge and photographed a tunnel directly crafted from the mountain. Suddenly, I heard someone calling me with a squeak on the other side of the river. I looked back carefully and found a huge male macaque sitting on a large rock and staring at me. An even closer look brought me to a group of monkeys formed by a male, several females and a bunch of little ones! They were looking for food in rocks and bushes alongside the river, all the way to the downstream. The leading male macaque was probably the only one who kept on staring at me. When he found my looking back, he made other several screams. So, I shouted back, “Come on, we have the same ancestors!”

After I walked out of the valley, the sun had gone down, and the moon was hanging high after some squamous clouds.

I feel a bit tired. After another thirty-kilometer-walk tomorrow, I will be at Kaiyuan by the day after tomorrow, reaching the half of the journey. Huh, did you have a nice day today?

D

2019.12.8.

The Ninth Day

2019.12.09

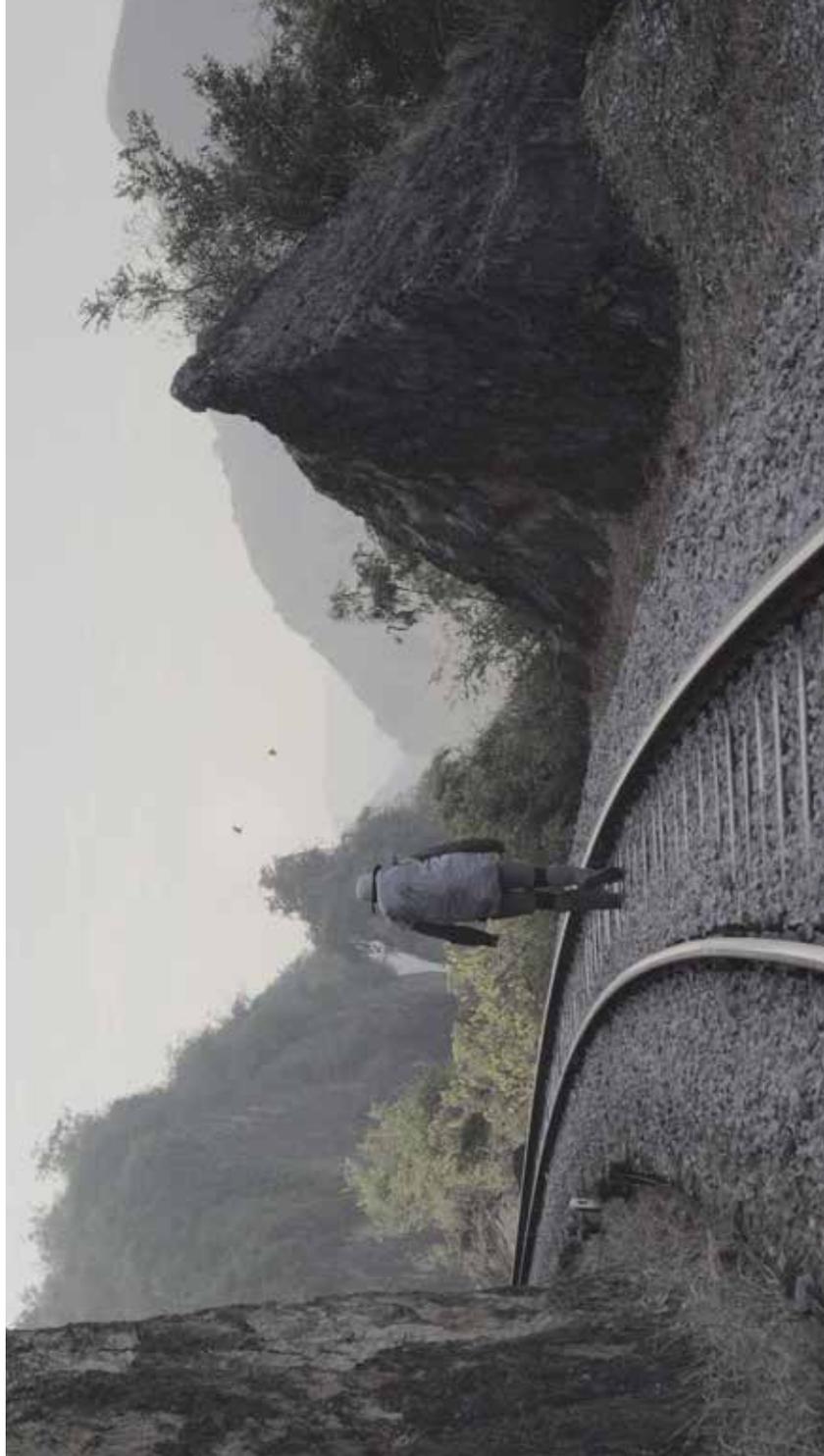
Lalihei⁽¹⁹⁸⁾ \equiv *Xiaolongtan*⁽²²⁸⁾
30km





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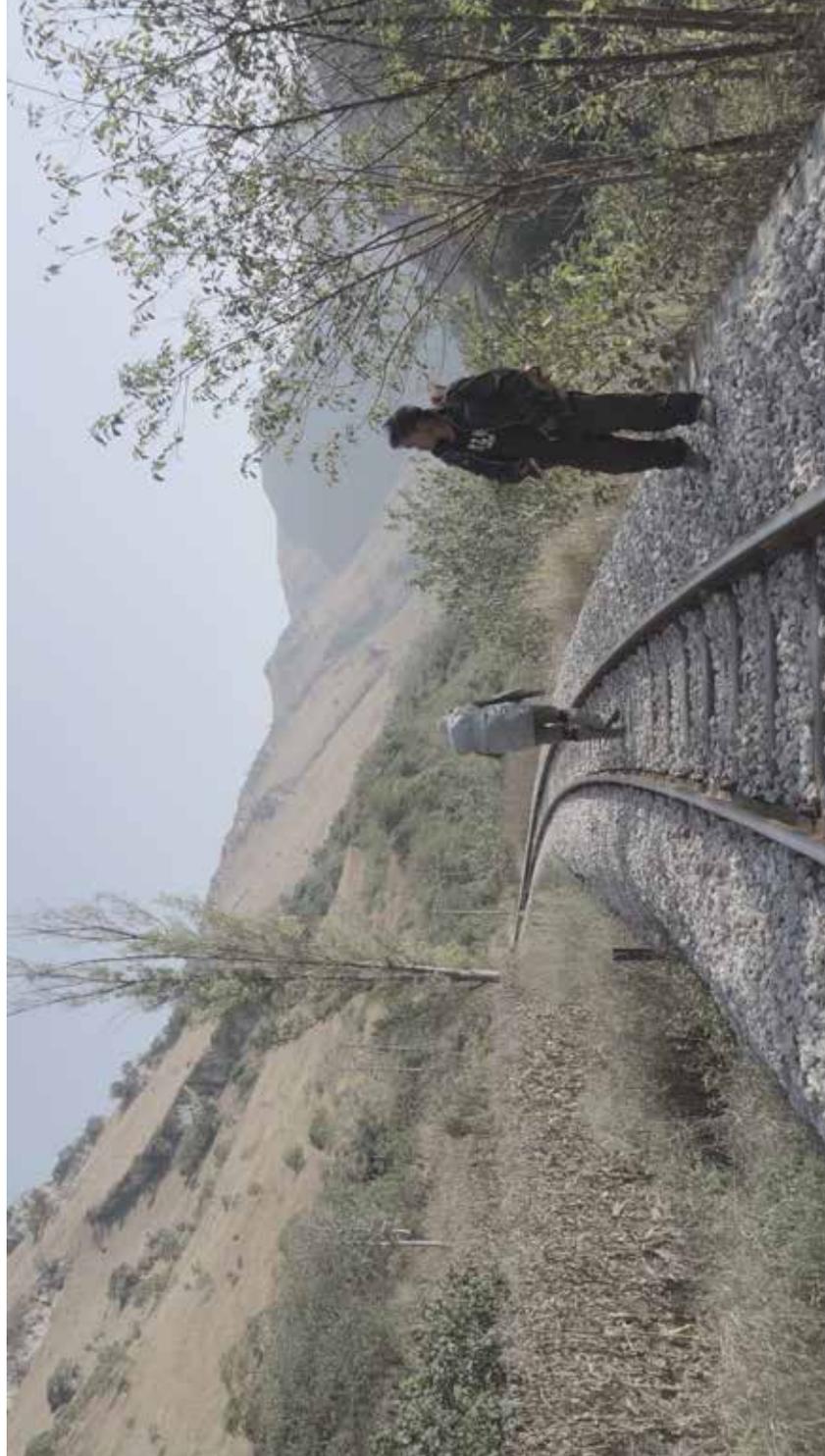
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**The Ninth Day,
a puzzle of life; perception and measurement;
the night walk and staying overnight at some else'**

X:

Today, I started hiking before dawn and did not stop until two and a half hours after dark. It was just a thirty-kilometer-hike. However, this is the fastest speed I can do, due to the increasingly heavier backpack, the not-getting-better body condition, and the videography work taking place every single kilometer.

I had said hello to each one I came across on the road these days, chatting a few words and asking him where they came from and where they were going, such a puzzle of life. Usually, they would ask back, following which I could naturally tell them that I had come from Kunming, heading to Hekou and have been walking for over a week. (After hiking for over two hundred kilometers, I am more confident to talk about these things...) Generally, they would enthuse a few words, such as "Wow, that's a long distance. You are impressive", then ask, "Why are you walking on the railway?" I felt that it was difficult for me to elaborate on the reason decently, yet nor could I find a precise answer to the question. In particular, when someone asked me whether I was travelling or working on the railroad today, I found myself incapable of giving answers, because it seemed that neither travelling nor working was in my everyday category. On the way I have been thinking, what counts as work and what does not? What are the criteria to make a distinction? It seems that life and work are essentially the same, but it also seems that something is more like "work" than others, isn't it? Later, I thought that maybe I could use "doing this can relieve my anxiety" to define work...So, reading is not work, writing is not work, researching at the desk and editing and organizing my works are not work, not to mention walking my dog and taking a jog. Work can only be something that consumes the body, by throwing myself into unknown and In-der-Welt-Sein, to gain something unpredictable and mysterious. So, my hiking on the

railroad is work. The puzzle of life now has an answer.

Before I left the gorge this afternoon, I saw a three-face stele by the railroad. The names of three cities were written respectively on each face: Mi'le, Jianshui, Kaiyuan.

It turned out that the three-face stele stood at the junction of three administrative regions. I do not know based on what they were divided, yet I felt that the stele had been standing awkwardly at nowhere, disconnected with its surrounding geography, such as the rivers, mountains, as well as artifacts, such as the railway. Was it original on the map, located by the longitude and latitude coordinates, and then transferred to space in reality?

The stele made me think of railways. Like rivers, they meander between mountains, stretching in accordance with the topography. Their existence is full of rationality and is too natural to trace. However, what distinguishes railways from rivers is that although they take forms from rivers, they are also subject to strict standardizations. In this sense, they are similar to the stele, which was born in an abstract space, then transferred to the real world. Walking on the railway, I have been reminded continuously by various kinds of signs and marks that the artifact at my feet is more sophisticated than my corporeal sensations. Here are some examples:



This is a full milestone, representing the distance from here to the Kunming North Station in kilometer. Paradoxically, the station and rail tracks in the city of Kunming have been demolished. Therefore, this milestone actually points to a place impossible to arrive.



This is a half milestone, meaning that half-a-kilometer distance is between this milestone and two other adjacent half milestones.



This is a railway's curve stele, which records the length, radius, extended length and height difference between the two rail tracks in the curve area. On the side of the stele engraved its mileage, written in the form of kilometer number plus meter number. This stele, for instance, stands at the coordination of 200km plus 273m.



This is a railway gradient stele. The numbers on both sides are different, indicating the gradient of the rail tracks extending to both sides from here. The numbers in the picture on the left mean the following 210 meters of the railroad is flat, while the numbers in the righthand picture state that in the following 190 meters, the height of the railway will decline 8.9 meters.

A bridge stele demonstrating the number (91), location (215 kilometers and 817 meters from a particular station) and length (31.9 meters) of the bridge.

-

A tunnel stele also showing the number, location and length of the tunnel.

Looking at these marking steles, you may find what I just said more comprehensible. Hiking on the railroad, I have found that in many circumstances, I no longer use my body to feel the distance and scale. Instead, I have kept on reading the steles on both sides, then turned these numbers into bodily perceptions: there are 7,350 meters to complete the journey. Come on, I need to cheer myself up.

The feeling about the same distance varies in different physical conditions. Today's thirty-kilometer walk with this body full of troubles felt much further than the one of yesterday. I spent the last two and a half hours of today's hiking in the dark after sunset. The moon rose from the mountain on my left. Its light travelled through the trees, faintly illuminating the railway ahead and projecting my shadow on the ballasts on the right side of the road. There were shimmers in the distance. Later, I discovered that almost all of them came from factories and coal mines, instead of towns and villages, in this area. I walked in staggers, stumbled by sleepers with irregular spacing and shapes from time to time. The wind gradually cooled down, freezing my hands. As I read the growing numbers on the steles alongside the road, I said to myself silently: I'm almost there. 3,100 meters, 2,700 meters, 1,300 meters...By the end of the reading, I finally arrived at Xiaolongtan Railway Station. Surprisingly, all villages around had been abandoned, leaving me no place to stay overnight...Fortunately, I met some railway workers, who offered me this bed:

Huh, I will get through the night. Tomorrow, I will be arriving at Kaiyuan, the midpoint of the journey. Now, I am sitting on the bed board, finishing this email, and the night is getting colder.



D
2019.12.9.

The Tenth Day
2019.12.10

Xialongtan⁽²²⁸⁾ \equiv *Kaiyuan*⁽²⁴⁴⁾
16km





220

221





222

223





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225





226

227





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231





**The Tenth Day,
halfway of the journey; the night frozen to sleep;
taking separate routes**

X:

I hiked sixteen kilometers today, arriving at Kaiyuan, where the 244km milestone stands, marking the completion of half of the journey. In the sense of time, today is the tenth day, marking the midpoint of my journey planned to end on the twenty-first day at Hekou—It is a small town adjacent to Vietnam and the last train station of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway on the Chinese side. It also has the lowest altitude in Yunnan and the shortest distance to the ocean.

I am adding some details I did not include in yesterday's email. I was in a strange space: it was a room reformed from a virtually abandoned station warehouse. There were four rooms in a line. The first room next to mine was a storage room, followed by another one used as a duck house. The last room was converted into a washroom. The previous occupier of my room had packed up and moved away, leaving behind two messy desks, plastic bags, duck feathers (I suspect that the ducks would visit this room from time to time) and mice dungs on the floor, as well as thick dust and bare bed board. When I was photographing my last video on the platform, one railway worker came to me for some chitchats. In the evening, he came to me again in my room and resumed our talk, lighting up a cigarette. Of course, as a traveller being taken in, I had nothing to complain but talked with him while unpacking my stuff. Our topics ranged from whether the Yunnan-Vietnam railway would be demolished ("I told you, this is not going to happen, even if the Secretary of the Yunnan Party Committee wants to tear it down because the Ministry of Railways is not at his command. This is the last railway of its sort in the country."), to attitudes towards other hikers ("I told you, I had seen too many people like you. They told me that they came to do some investigation, but they couldn't even provide a reference letter. We only work with

people with a reference letter stamped by the Bureau of Railways. No matter where you work, no notice beforehand, no talk.”), and to ideas about the several paramount leaders, and eventually, to careers of his children (“My two girls are PhDs. One of them also married a PhD. My son is in his second year in high school. He paints well and might become an artist.”) I echoed back intermittently and worried about the declining temperature. By the time he enjoyed himself and left, I had put on two more tops. Before sleeping, I unreservedly put on all my tops, three trousers and two pairs of socks, then stuck myself into the raincoat and lied on the board. It was still freezing—the chill transferred from the bed board; hence I had to change positions continuously to reduce direct contacts with it. Eventually, I found that the best posture was lying on my right side, keeping my back close to the wall but not sticking to it, curling up the legs, putting my left hand between the knees and the right one into the left armpit. In this way, only my right shoulder, right elbow and right hip were stressed (meanwhile, they were also frozen), and I could have some shallow sleep. The problem was, to keep this position was extremely uncomfortable, especially when my hips had swollen in these days because they were the stress points of the backpack. So, every few minutes, I had to change another posture, in which I felt colder. At the same time, I had to adjust the position of the raincoat, as well as of the plastic film I put subsequently...In this way, I tossed about all night and did not fall asleep for some minutes until dawn. The alarm clock rang at 6 a.m. I bounced up immediately, departed before sunrise, and bid farewell to the yellow dog barking at me with a chain.

Not many accidents happened along the way. I simply followed the railway and river into the gorge, losing the phone signal. During these days in the valley area, the same situation repeated: leaving a town, I would go into a gorge. Arriving at flat places, I would confront fields and large settlements. This might be the way of living in the mountain area of middle or south Yunnan, with settlements always filling flat grounds and gentle slopes that are difficult to find between mountains. After another

twelve-kilometer walk, I arrived at somewhere near the small station called Datuzhai. From here, the railroad turns south and goes towards the Kaiyuan Plain, while the Nanpan River turns north and takes a separate route from the railway. In the next stage, the Yunnan-Vietnam railway will traverse Kaiyuan and Mengzi, two great plains in south Yunnan, then continue south into the Nanxi Valley, extending along the Nanxi River until the borderline. The forthcoming farewell to the Nanpan River, which has been my company for a week, even (or, for sure) makes me a little sentimental at this point.

At Kaiyuan, I shoot many footages of trains shunting, bought fruits, ate hot food and enjoyed a thorough, warm shower, feeling a bit recovered eventually. Tomorrow, I will continue walking for twenty-seven kilometers until I reach Dazhuang, a Muslim settlement .

Now, I am lying on the bed, wanting to do nothing. I am even too lazy to sleep. Alas. Since I have arrived at the 244km milestone, let me just indulge myself in *BWV244*, St. Matthew Passion. I love Gardiner’s early version, which is incisive, introspective, unpretentious.

How’s your work going on? Are you busy with something, or are you also spaced out like me?

D

2019.12.10.

The Eleventh Day
2019.12.11

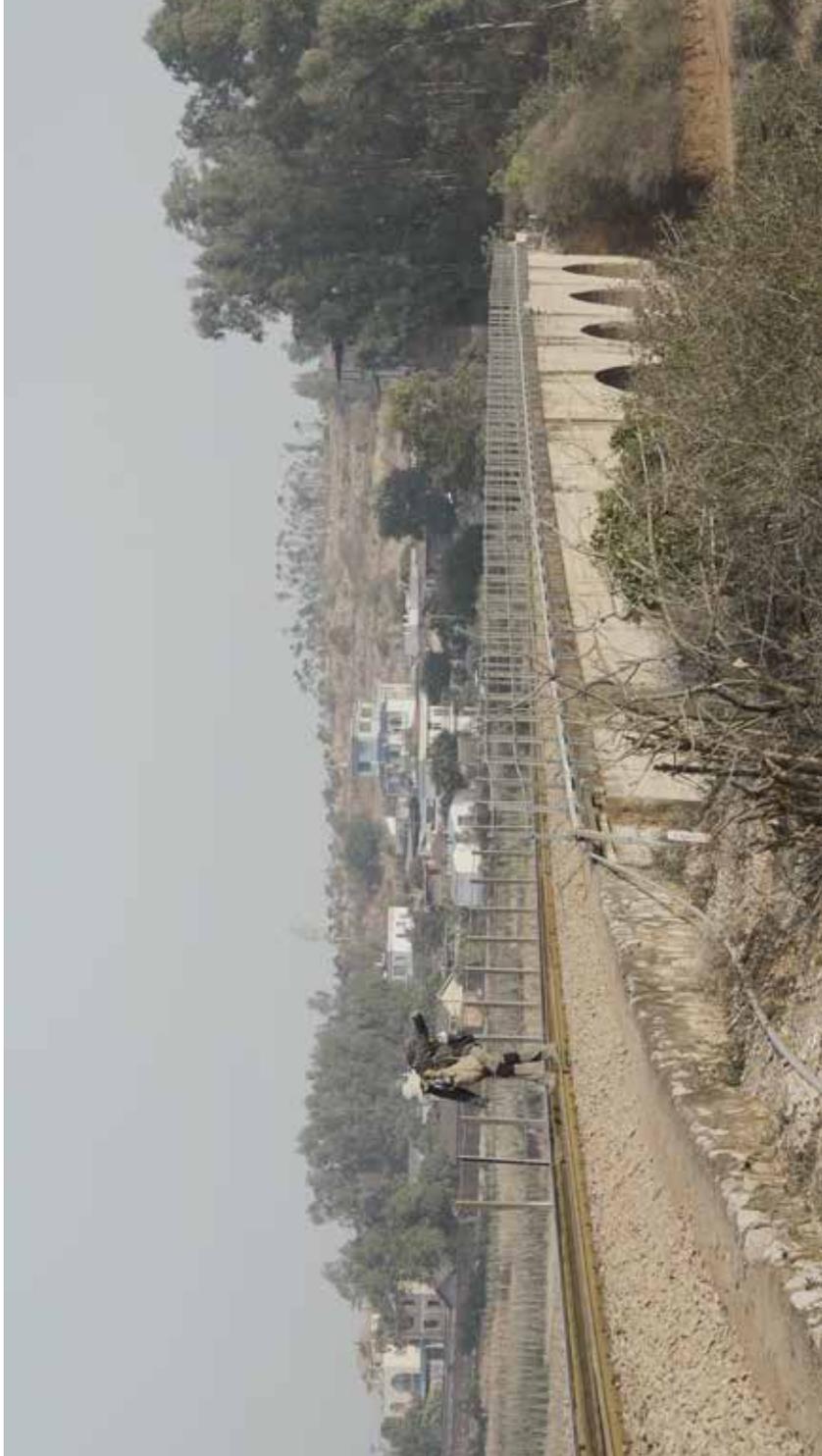
Kaiyuan⁽²⁴⁴⁾ ===== *Dazhuang*⁽²⁷¹⁾
27km





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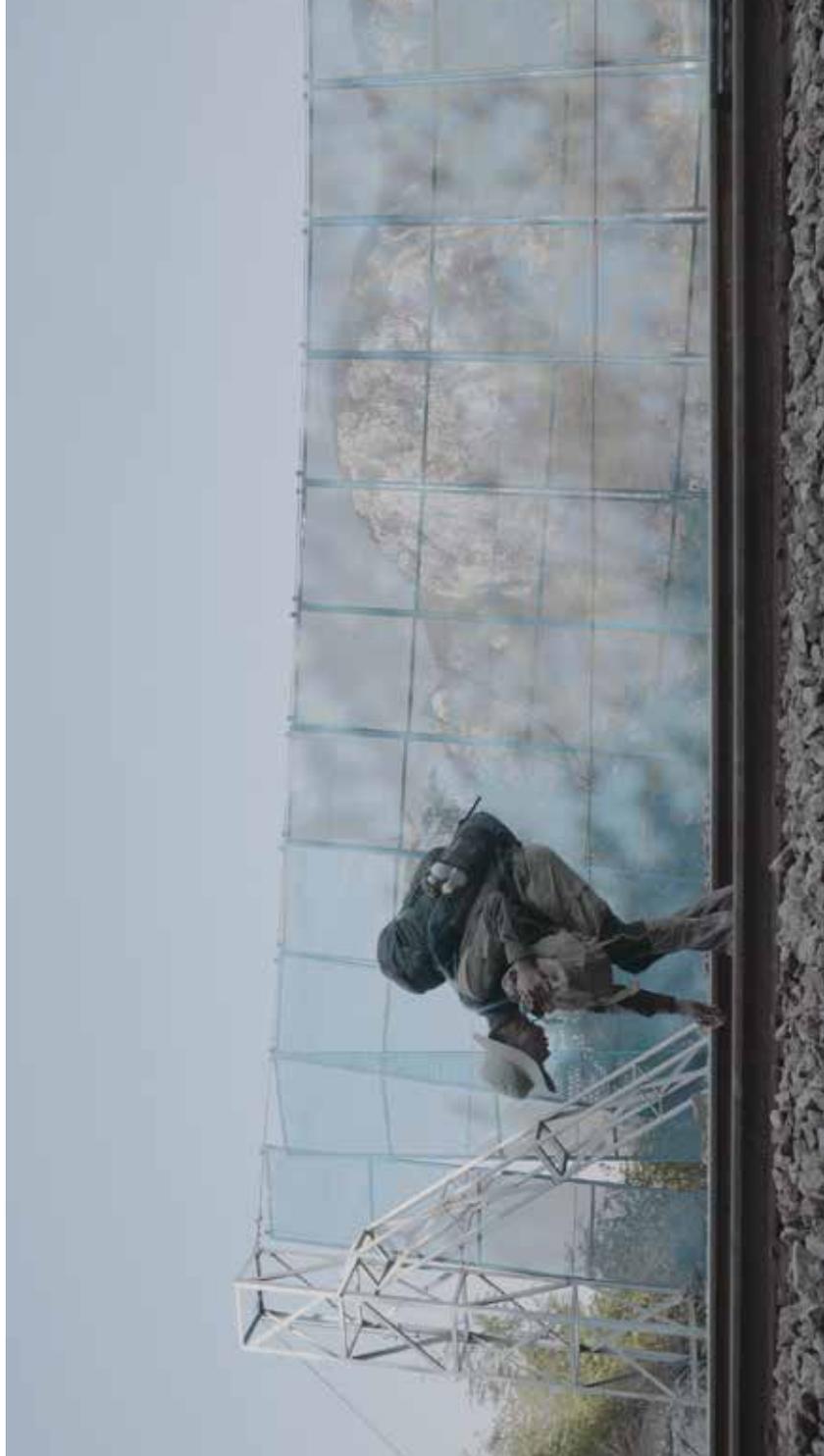
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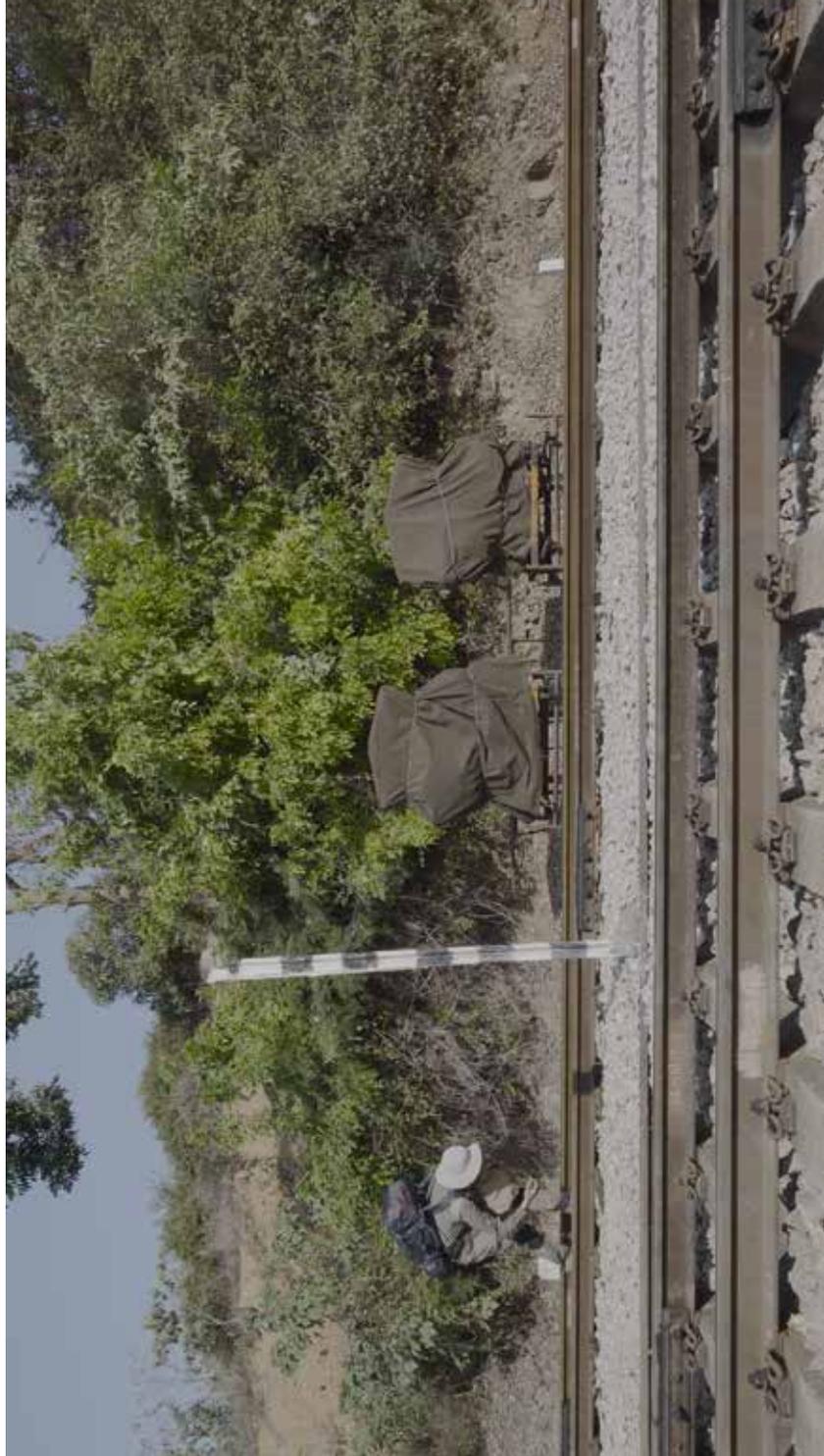
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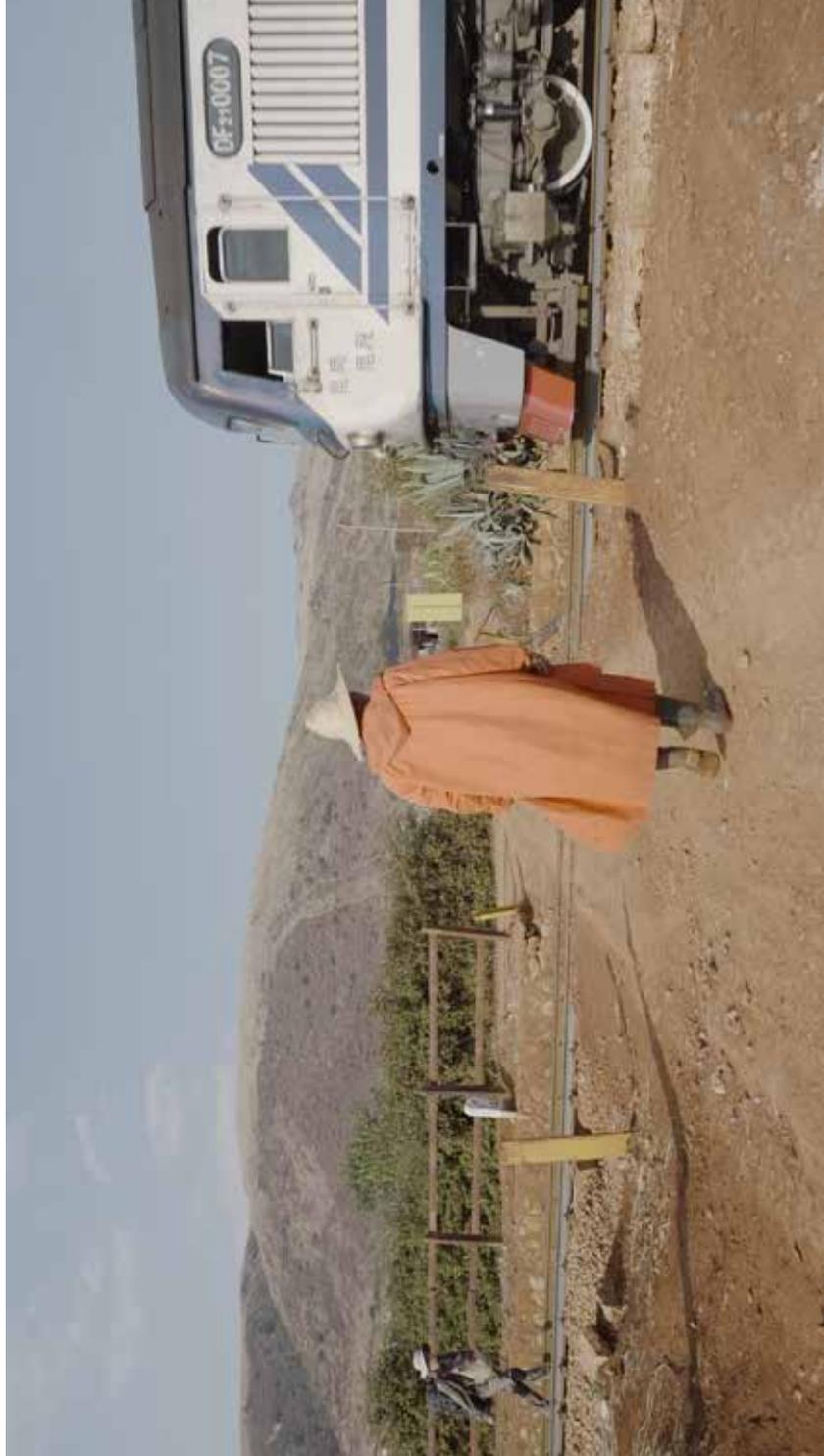
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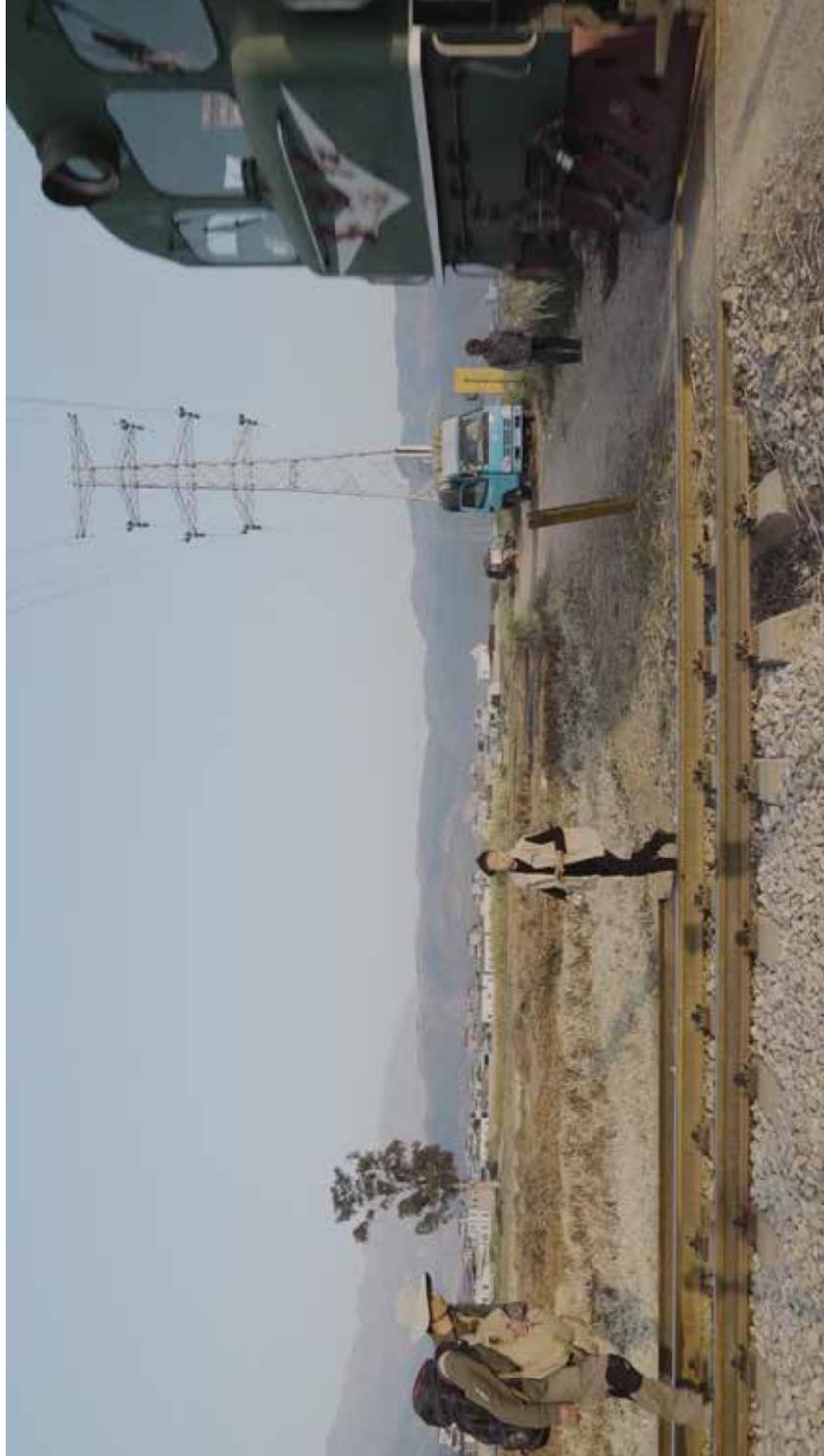
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**The Eleventh Day,
remission; the age of the railway; a wrong estimation**

X:

I hope you are well today. But what does it mean to be “well”? Everything goes on in order, just as expected? It seems not enough. In this light, being “well” should not be equal to being “normal”. Perhaps, it can only be a sort of accident.

But today, I did feel unexpectedly well. I have no idea whether this was because I had a good rest yesterday, or because my body presumed that such tiredness and burden had become the normal, stopping meaningless complaints and struggles. Anyway, my physical condition was perfect. Yes, with one stone every kilometer, the weight of my front and back bags has now been close to twenty kilograms.

This may be a sort of remission, which I accepted with delight. At 7 a.m., I set off for the suburb, feeling myself as light as a dog who walked with a wind. After Kaiyuan Station, there were obviously more trains on the railway. I encountered one or two trains every hour—this was quite a luxury thing, especially considering that several days ago, when I was at the Yiliang-Kaiyuan section, there was only one returning train every two days—there were even trains carrying passengers! Studying the station board carefully, I found that the station had launched a train for short-distance travelling recently: from Kaiyuan, the train would pass through the Seven Arch Stone Bridge, Nandong (Kaiyuan’s only sightseeing scenery in the past) and terminate at Data, three shifts per day. Kaiyuan Station’s Republic style interior design eventually made sense to me. So, it was for this thematic trip on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. Regardless of the overall effect, I considered it a good thing. At least, it allowed this railroad over a hundred years old to conceive something new by referring back to history. By the way, several kilometers ahead of Data, the Yunnan-Vietnam railway would pass through a valley with rugged rocks. For me, it is one of the most beautiful sceneries along the railway. When crossing the valley today, however, I found that camouflage nets were fully installed on the side facing the valley,



accompanied by signs saying: restricted military area, no photo. These camouflage nets conveyed a strong sense of surrealism, like sorts of land art—they were quite good-looking...

After the Seven Arch Stone Bridge, I met a mid-aged man dressing like a patroller and surprisingly found him speaking the northeast dialect. I showed my curiosity about his dialect, and he told me that he did not work on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway but came here as an engineer, conducting some investigations for building the new railroad—he even had no knowledge of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway in front of him. So, I stayed for a while and talked with him about the history and status quo of this railway. I even told me in detail why I was walking along the railway (instead of saying that I was working or travelling). After hearing that the railroad was constructed in 1910, he was astonished and took out a small notebook to write it down: “The Yunnan-Vietnam railway, built from 1903 and completed in 1910, by French.” He then asked my name and put it in the notebook: “He walked on the railway, 465 kilometers, 19 days.” Yes, I did not include the two days I rested during the journey. Was this out of my vanity? Haha. When I told him that the Yunnan-Vietnam railway was meter-gauge, he took out a tape rule to measure, finding that the track gauge was not precisely one meter but about one point five meters. For me, this was also something new. After chatting for a while, I asked him back which railway he was measuring. He said it was a new one from Kaiyuan to Mengzi. Huh, another new railway, on which trains will be travelling over two hundred kilometers per hour, will go over the old one. On the Yunnan-Vietnam railway, however, trains will continue crawling at speed about twenty kilometers per hour. A hundred years ago, such a pace used to be world-class, turning the journey of exiting Yunnan from twenty-six days on a horse to three days by train all of a sudden. This modernization completed has now become sort of antiquities and specimen. The engineer had a photograph with me using his smartphone, and we said goodbye to each other. I continued walking and arrived at the midpoint of today’s journey before 1 p.m., and the

destination slightly over 6 p.m. The sunset gently passed through the reeds by the road, casting a patch of warm emerald colour.

In fact, during the hiking these days, I would think about the subject matters of each day’s email—some of them were improvisations stemmed from what I had encountered, while some were conceived much earlier. They were all about the railway and the hiking, such as the comparison between rivers and railroads, the railway and the signs, the temporality of materials of railroads, the bodily experience of walking on the railway, etc. I had anticipated one particular situation, that is, after hiking for such a long time—for instance, for over ten days—the temporality of now and of the past would start to overlap until they are too vague to be distinguished, thus such a long journey would not be in a state of linearity but become a circulation that kept on looping between the past and now. On the eleventh day, however, I found that I could clearly tell apart the past from now, even various incidents happening on different days. I don’t know why this has been the case—two months ago, I spent twenty days in Iran, and that temporal and geographical confusion I was talking about took place in about a week. It did not happen this time, which made me begin to suspect: is this railway towards the ocean itself a ruler, on which I can locate different events, even time and memory? Right now, I am not sure but feeling a bit miraculous.

Plus: a cattle broke my cane—I was filming myself picking up stones on the railroad with a tripod, using the animal as the foreground. So, I have to consider buying another cane, perhaps some damp-proof pads, too, at Mengzi the day after tomorrow.

The moon had the same warm colour as the sunset today, warming up the night as well. (This is simply a deliberately made rhetoric of romanticism. I have to admit that what has made the night warm is the hot shower I just had and the air conditioner I am enjoying now...)

D
2019.12.11.

The Twelfth Day
2019.12.12

Dazhuang⁽²⁷¹⁾ \equiv *Bise Village*⁽²⁸⁷⁾
16km





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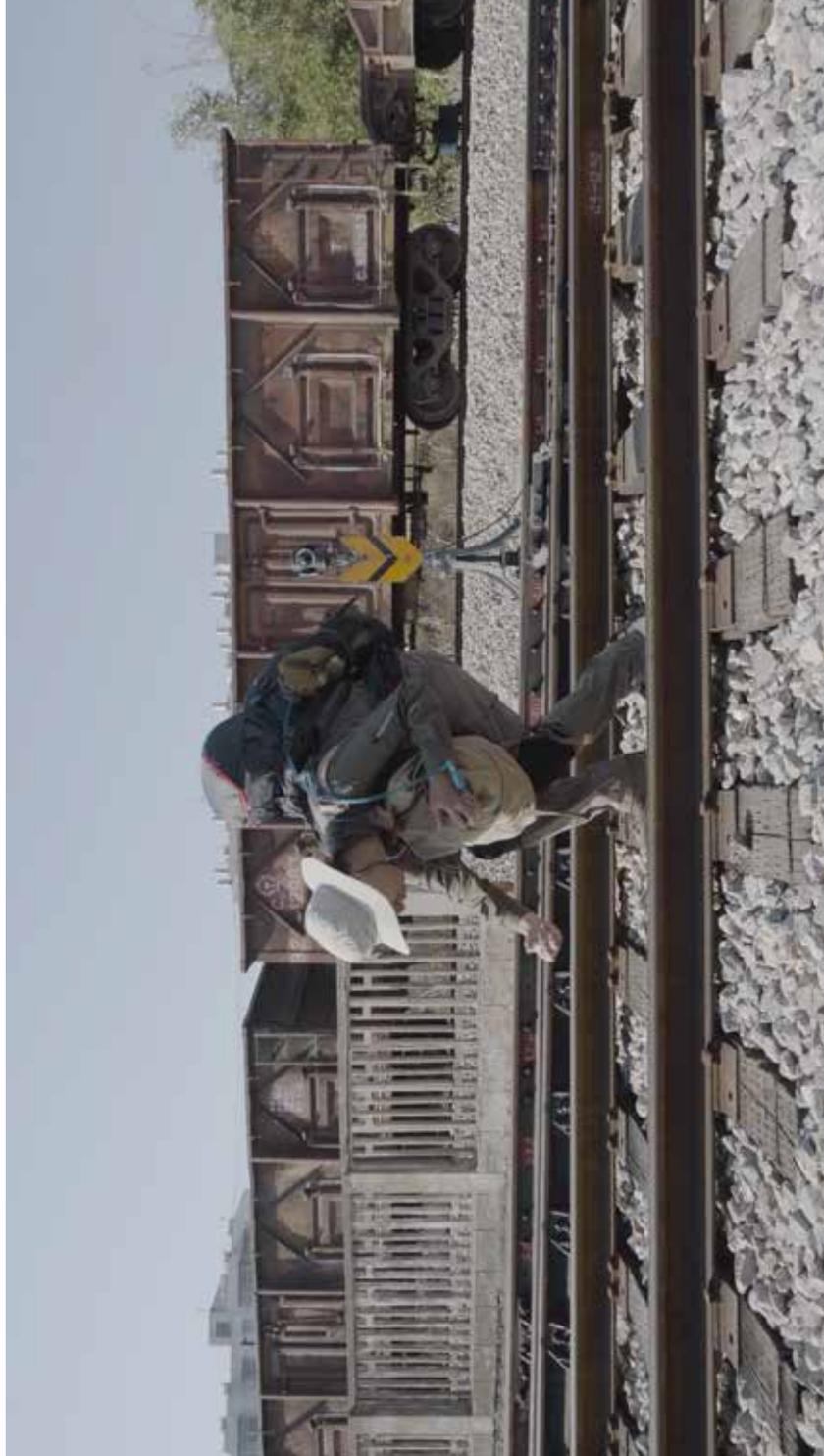
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**The Twelfth Day,
entering the plain; about a small station**

X:

I finally entered the Mengzi Plain today. It is one of the largest plain areas in southern Yunnan consisting of small flatlands between mountains consecutively for more than thirty kilometers, expanding infinitely. From Dazhuang, the railway extended in a straight line for several kilometers without the slightest turn, disappearing far away. The sun rose at the end of the railroad, blinding my eyes and imposing a special ambient on the plain bathing in backlights. It felt affable and wonderful but lack of change. On both sides of the railway were oleanders in a row, embellished by some red, falling flowers. Further than the oleanders were occupied by farmlands, on which there were dried corn stalks, as well as smoke from burning them. I suspected that the ambient I just talked about was, to some extent, the result of this burning. When the wind was bad, the smoke would be blown to the railroad, forcing me to cover my nose and mouth and walk quickly. I started staring at the distance to see what was rising at the end of the railway afar—a train, a man, or an animal crossing the railroad? To me, staying still, or leaving gradually? I looked at those dark shadows that seemingly grew bigger and bigger, guessing who they were and why they were here on the railway. Torn by the sunlight, these shadows appeared to be changing constantly, making me think of Alberto Giacometti's *Walking Man* sculptures.

With my cane gone (I can still hardly believe that it was trampled by a cattle), my legs lame again, and my knees hurt one after another. Fortunately, the hiking was not long, only sixteen kilometers, and I had arrived the destination, Bise Village, on 1 p.m. Stepping into the train station, I was astounded: men and women dressing as Red Guards (they were actually wearing military uniforms in the 1960s) were everywhere, posing strangely in groups. I suddenly realized that Feng Xiaogang's blockbuster, *Youth*, which told a story of young dancers during the Cultural

Revolution, used to be filmed here, thus all kinds of vendors began to rent the clothes of that historical period to tourists who came here because of the movie. Still, I could not figure out: how have these Red Guards images and strange poses had anything to do with this train station, which had been silent for decades and then came to life again, all of at once?

The Bise Village, which means “the blue-colour village”, is probably not the place’s original name. In the beginning, the area probably had a homophonic name as it is now but written differently, meaning “the tick village”. The original name, however, was not suggesting that there were many ticks here, but to describe the village’s petite size, so small as a tick. Due to its disgraceful meaning, the original name might be changed into the latter “blue-colour village” version by some local official, adding an image of blue-green colour and lush plants to the place. (Panxi, whose original name was Poxi, shared a similar trajectory. Poxi was probably a local dialect, the meaning of which was lost with time, leaving some syllables referring to a place. Changing Poxi into Panxi, which meant “winding streams” in Chinese, seemed to allow the place to acquire a new meaning, resonating with the winding Nanpan River here.) Bise Village was one of the largest train stations on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway (in fact, it was the only premium-level station), as well as the intersection of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway and the Gejiu-Bise-Shiping railway. In a previous email, I mentioned that to access the tin mines at Gejiu, the French were going to build a railway along the Red River to Gejiu, then taking a bypass to Mengzi. The initiative was subsequently declined by the Qing court because they feared that the dense population and numerous fields along the way could conceive mass uprising. However, the tin mines in Gejiu still needed transportation. After considerations and discussions, local gentries and capitalists decided to build the railway by themselves. Meanwhile, worrying that the French would encroach on the project, they decided to employ a track gauge of sixty centimeters, and that is why this railway has been called the “inch-gauge railway” by local

Yunnanese. The railroad was completed in the 1930s, connecting Shiping, Jianshui, Gejiu and Bise Village. Bise Village has been the transfer station between it and the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. As an important transportation junction, Bise Village began to become busy from the 1910s and flourished in the 1930s, with Mobil and Asiatic Petroleum Company setting up their branches and various logistic enterprises stationing here. The custom came, and the first telegraph bureau of Yunnan was established, together with Yunnan’s earliest café and tennis court...It is said that the Yunnanese used to call the village “little Paris”, which manifested its prosperity once.

After the Sino-Japanese War, however, with the suspension of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway, the Bise Village station went downhill quickly—even quicker than its upsurge at the beginning. In a few years, the village became dilapidated, leaving behind various kinds of architectures modified into warehouses or private residences, occupied by different families. Gradually, the village turned back into an agricultural settlement again. I remember that after the inch-gauge railway got suspended in the 1990s, an engine was left on the rail tracks to rust. But when I started filming the Yunnan-Vietnam railway in 2008, the engine had gone. Now, a poorly made model is placed in its original position to serve as sorts of tourist landmark for photography. (It is also fenced with a sign saying “No climbing” on it.) And those people dressing as Red Guards...I don’t know what to say.

I was planning to spend a night at Bise Village but could not find any hostel here. I had to take a bus to the town and take another bus back to Bise Village to resume my walk.

I bought a new cane and some pomegranates from Xin’ansuo. A large bowl of cross-the-bridge rice noodles has satisfied me completely.

I hope you ate well, too.

D
2019.12.12.

The Thirteenth Day
2019.12.13

Bise Village⁽²⁸⁷⁾ ===== *Zhacun*⁽³¹²⁾
25km





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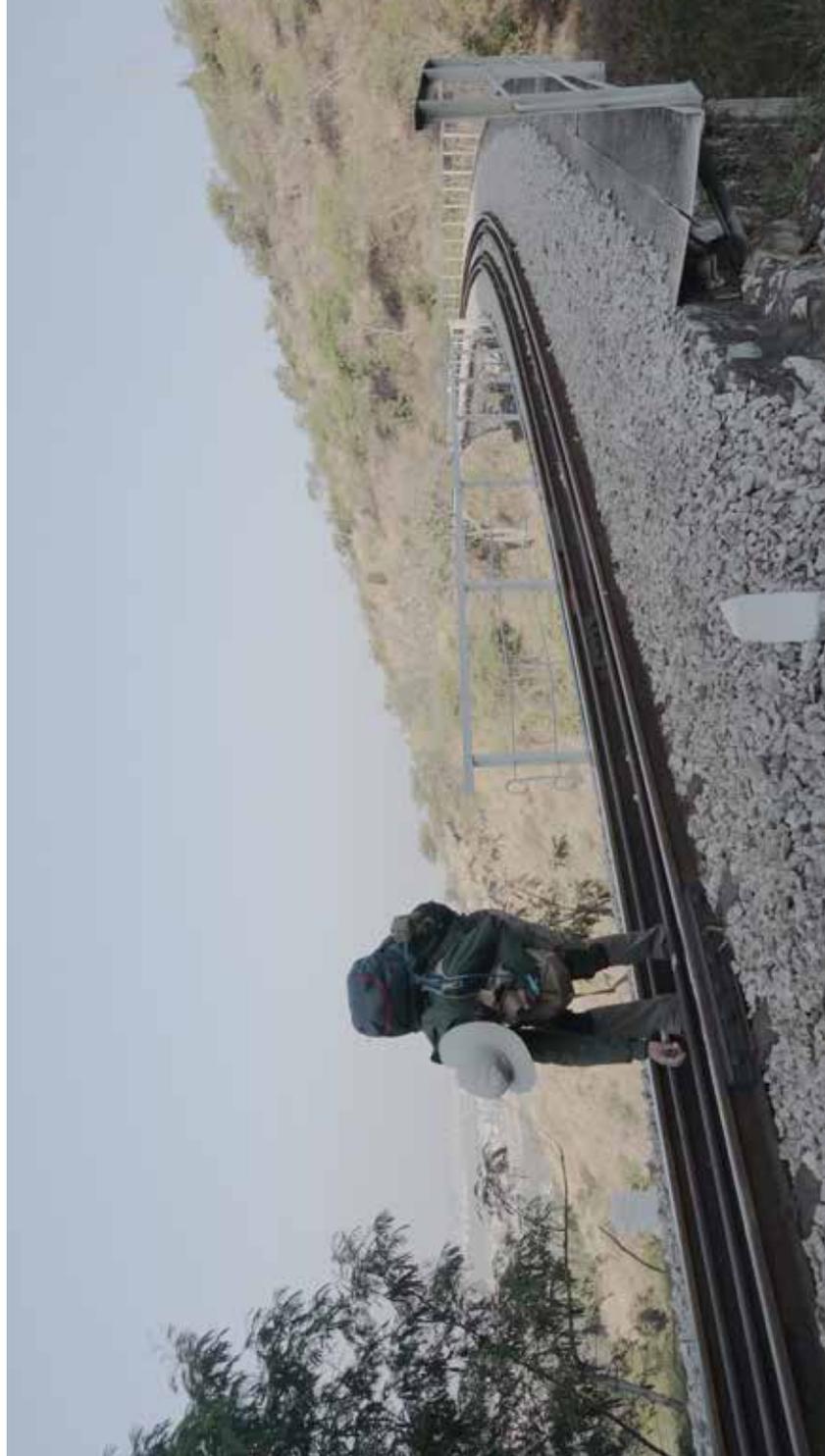
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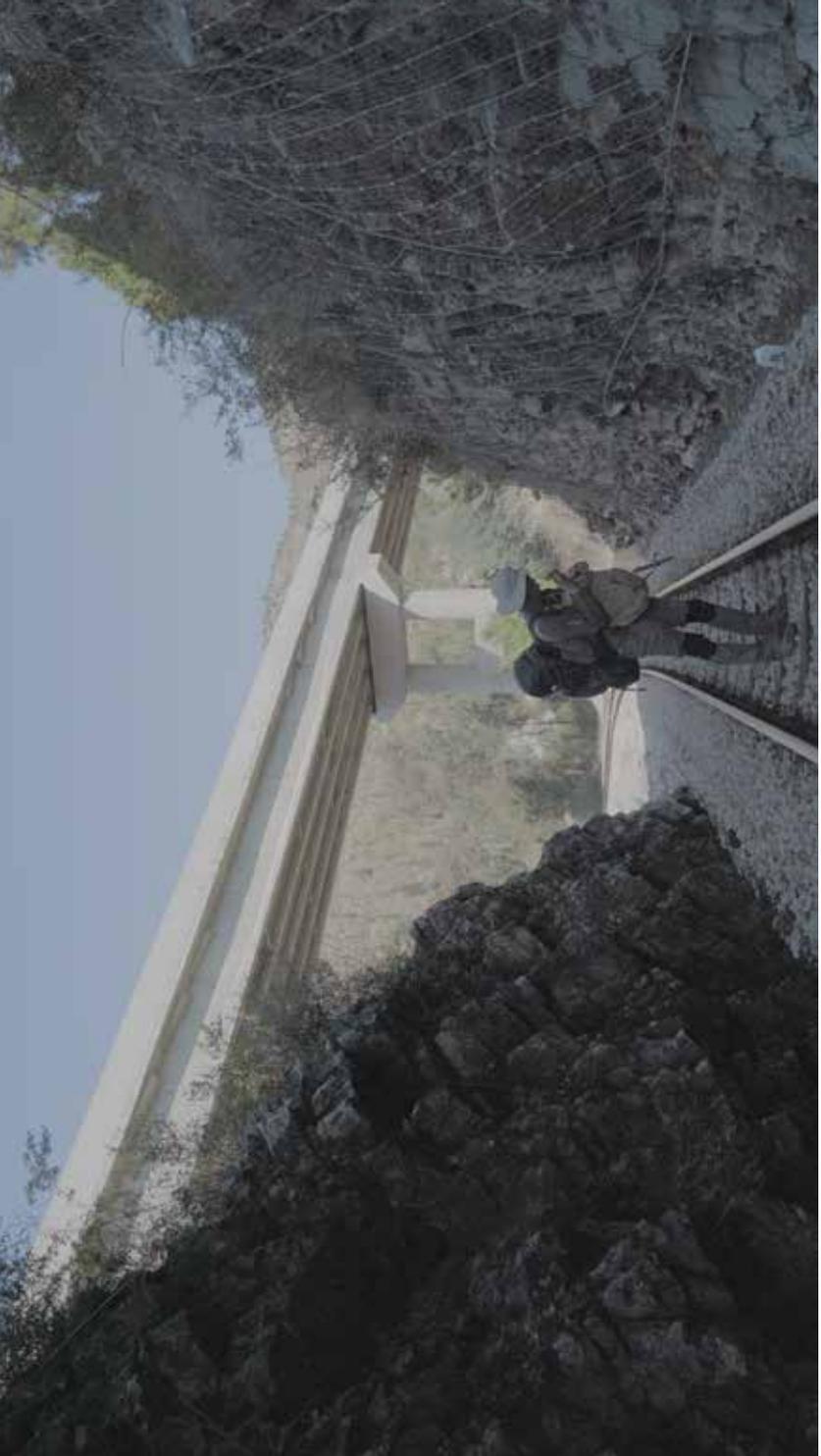




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The Thirteenth Day, Friedrich; a magical spell

X:

I left Bise Village today and started the new journey. It was literally new for me—I have never set foot on the road from Bise Village before. Apart from those station names and famous locations, such as the Herringbone Bridge and Baizhai Bridge, I had no idea what kind of situation I would step into. (I originally wrote “landscape” here but changed it into “situation” after some considerations.)

I got up after 5 a.m. and took the earliest bus to Bise Village. I started walking just in time for daybreak. The nearly full moon was still hanging at the dark corner of the sky, sinking at a distance.

I thought that today’s railroad would travel across the plain like yesterday. Surprisingly, as soon as it left Bise Village, the railway began to climb up slowly along the mountain slope in the east, in parallel to the contour line. Within a few kilometers, it had reached the mountainside, winding with the bumps on the mountain ridge. From time to time, some dense cypress forests appeared on both sides of the railway, with their tree tips pointing to the sky. They reminded me of the forests in Casper David Friedrich’s paintings (I was thinking about *The Chasseur in the Forest* and several works in which the forests served as the metaphor of crucifixions). I don’t know why I empowered the forests in front of me with the German romanticism, as I have no idea why I typed the stepping into the “landscape” instinctively before...But they were the immediate associations when I saw these forests. Some further thoughts would also lead me to the cypress, the tree of life, in the relief of the Persian Achaemenid Empire, as well as that old cypress standing in the champaign in southern Iran for over four thousand years—it is a living creature that has almost traversed the entire history of the human civilization. The cypresses beside the railway were obviously younger. At least, they were younger than

this railroad that had undergone continuous repair while rusting and decaying. I walked fast, taking a zigzag course in the mountain following the railway. The landscape around kept on changing, with the city of Mengzi in the bottom of the valley on my right hand standing in the morning mist. I could recognize some tall buildings that looked similar. I made a comparison, which dragged myself into the suspicion of my walking and the numbers on the milestones. So, I have been walking for thirteen days, which was merely three hundred kilometers. A bus would complete the distance in four hours, while for a high-speed train, it was a one-hour trip. The time got longer, yet the road was not necessarily farther, and my thoughts were not deepened down to the earth.

After the Heilongtan station, the railroad suddenly made a left turn, leaving the Mengzi Plain and entering the mountain area. At the Zhicun station, which was also today's endpoint for me, it finally arrived at the source of the Nanxi River, the Spring of Zhicun. This river will be my company in the following days. It surges down from the plateau (this is my romanticized imagination, as reasonably speaking, it does not have so much water during this season. Alright, it is my wish that I myself could surge down...) until the China-Vietnam border, the place that has the lowest altitude in the Yunnan province (74 meters). In this sense, it is the nearest place to the ocean.

I hiked very rapidly today, completing walking and filming for twenty-five kilometers in only slightly over eight hours. (Walking on steel sleepers is like walking on tiptoe on the ground. You could try, or at least imagine it...) When approaching the destination, I began to dally, indulging myself in photographing using the time saved. Seeing a group of pupils coming forward along the railroad, I immediately set up the tripod (on the road, I have hung the tripod and camera on both sides of the backpack respectively, using carabiners. In this way, it only takes more than twenty seconds to complete the shooting process from planning, to setting up the equipment, and to filming.) and film at them. As a result, they swarmed towards me, pointed to my camera and said, "Wow,

high-technology!" They then pointed to the cane I bought yesterday and said, "Look, he's going to climb the mountain." I corrected them that I had been walking on the railroad from Kunming for over ten days. They wowed with the peculiar surprise of children and asked me why I was walking on the railroad. I told them, "This railroad is the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. Do you know that it's one hundred and nine years old?" The children looked at me with their eyes widened. So, I gathered them and pointed to the inscriptions on the steel sleepers, "Look, these words indicate that the British Steel Company produced the railway in 1931." I continued to explain the history of the railway briefly, and cast that magical spell in my childhood, "Do you know that the end of this railway is an ocean?" When I heard this, I was probably as young as they are, and perhaps showing the same look on their faces. Over twenty years have passed. Do you think if anyone of these children will still remember the spell twenty years later? Will there be someone like me trying to walk to the ocean along the railway?

Tomorrow has the longest distance in the next few days, thirty-two kilometers. It is said that the mountains will be like the ones in Switzerland (according to the French railway engineer Georges-Auguste Marbotte's description).

I am imagining a moon fading between thin clouds.
Good night.

D
2019.12.13.

The Fourteenth Day
2019.12.14

Zhicun⁽³¹²⁾ ===== *Tingtang*⁽³⁵¹⁾
39km





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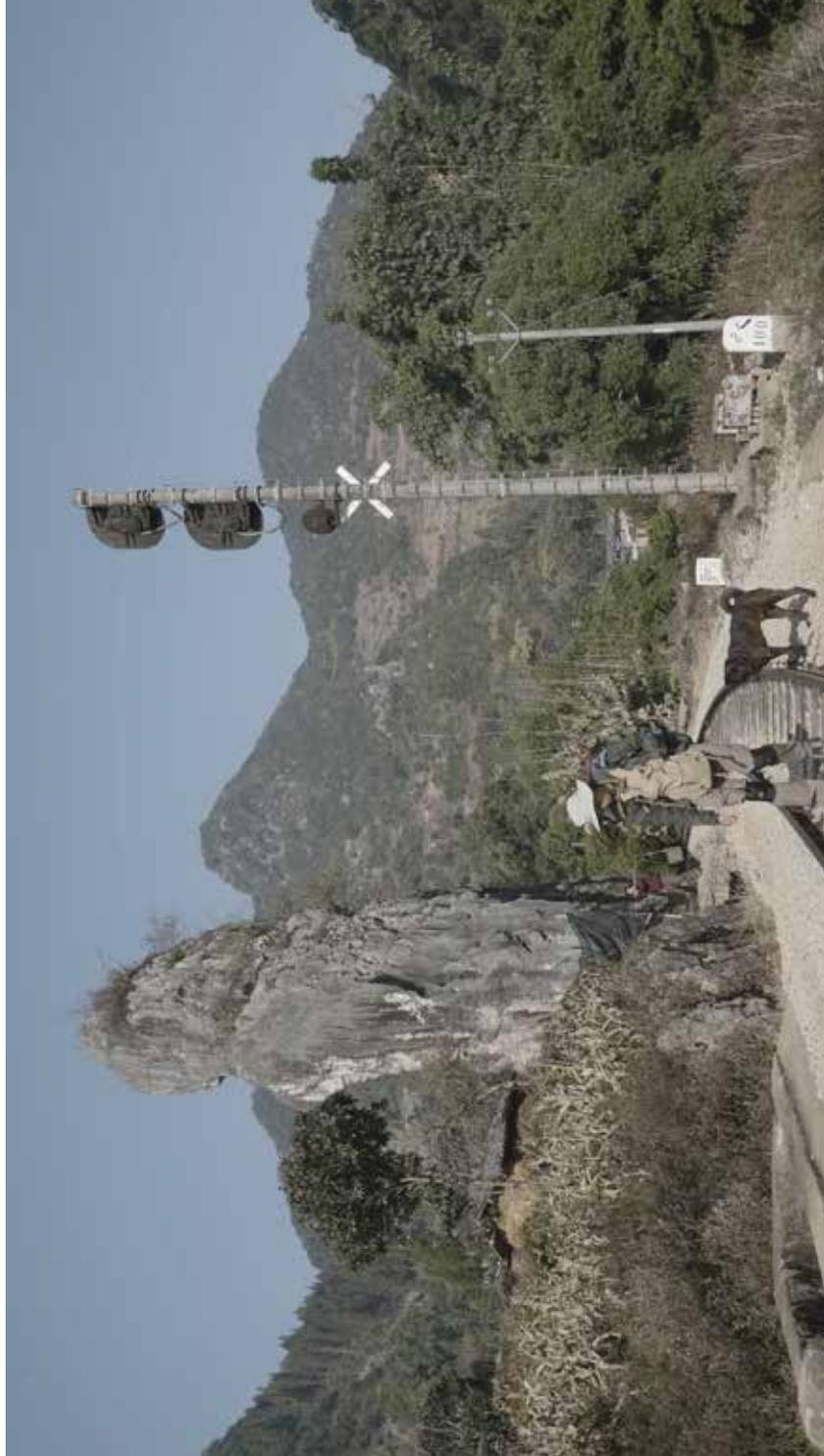
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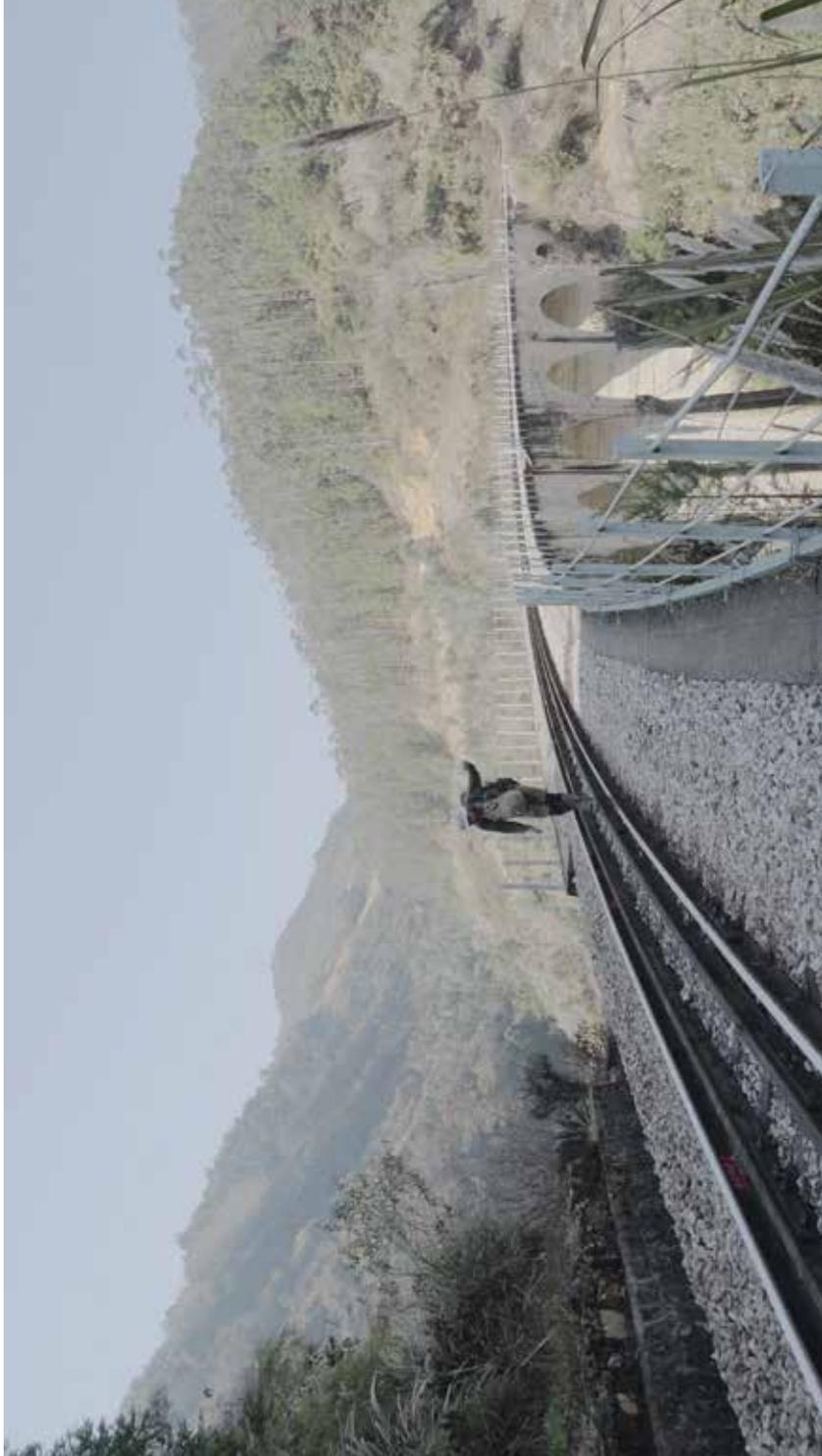
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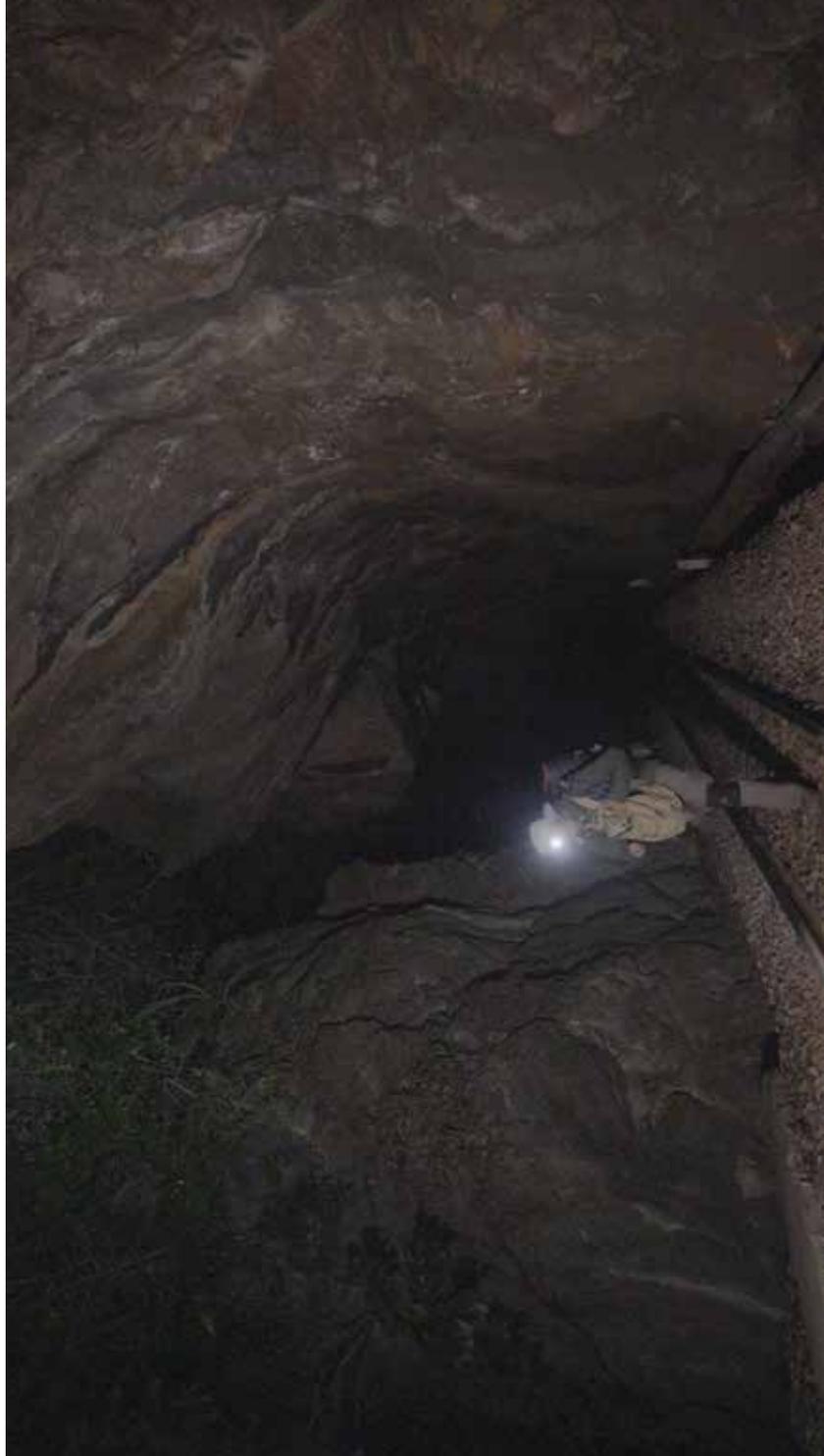
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The Fourteenth Day, an adventure

X:

Today, I walked at night. It was an adventure.

After I arrived at Luogu Village, the endpoint as planned, it had gone dark. There remained only a few families in this once big village. I intended to find shelter here, but the railway maintenance squad had no empty room left, and the hosts of surrounding families all went out for drinking. I had two choices: stay and wait for drunk villagers to return, or, walk for another ten kilometers to Wujia Village beside the Herringbone Bridge to look for hostels. I chose the latter.

I had not walked at night like this for a long time. The last time I travelled in darkness with such intensity was in the jungle of Vietnam with the Mang people. Today was different, as I was alone, marching forward on steel sleepers after a weight-bearing hiking for thirty-two kilometers.

The section of the railway around Luogu Village was built in high mountains, dense forests and deep valleys, with bridges connecting to tunnels. The railroad would travel in a huge U shape, crossing the river valley at the narrowest place of the canyon on which the Herringbone Bridge lied. During the walk, my right side was the deep Nanxi River Valley, and I could hear the roaring water dozens of meters beneath me. On my left side were rising cliffs. From time to time, some water flew down the rock face, generating ticks accompanied by the sound of the wind blowing leaves. I had starlight overhead. I also had “starlight” below my feet, far away—it was the light from the village opposite the valley, maybe from Boduqing? Tomorrow, I will pass that village.

Due to the pain in my knees, I slowed down my pace, stumbling in the faint light from my headlamp. The darkness and coldness encompassing pressed on me. Although I knew that it was not likely to happen, I was still worried about wolves or other beasts that may appear. So, I held the cane in one hand, a knife in

another, and both of my hands were sweating gradually. I don't know if you have seen the Special Economic Zone exhibition at the Times Museum. I remember a print by an old artist, which depicted the Herringbone Bridge on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. The print had a bottom-up view from the river valley. In the foreground, there were streams in the valley, dense plants, and a deer looking back in panic; the background consisted of the Herringbone Bridge flying across the canyon and a train roaring on it. The print probably presented a decisive moment in a symbolic sense: the Yunnan-Vietnam railway has come, bringing with it a new speed, new economic relations, a new area, a new tradition, and the modernization that was going to sweep Yunnan. With the siren from this 1910 train, they took place irreversibly—the nature in history and the dark land were thus entrapped in an infinite retreat.

At that moment, however, I perceived a completely different reality: the nature did not fade away but emerged from the darkness where they used to hide, staring at me with a million eyes. My headlamp could illuminate the area ahead of me, yet the rest darkness around me was boundless. I walked on the railway, but the railway had died, incorporating itself as a part of nature in rusting that lasted for more than a hundred years and losing the power to dispel the nature. I walked on this artifact, feeling nothing about human. The space became sticky gradually, sealing itself up, and the faint light that marked my location was the centre of some spherical shell filled by darkness. I made a turn and found two shining eyes in the dark! Under the headlamp, I saw a civet in the tree.

I stumbled like this for five kilometers and suddenly saw a massive, shining architecture on the mountaintop against me. I looked more carefully, and the architecture turned out to be the yellow moon rising halfway—it was almost full. The moon had its own magic and seemed to be sorts of company, making me feel a bit more secured.

After another seven-kilometer's walk, I arrived at a small

station called Tingtang. I planned to take a few minutes' rest and kept on finishing the last few kilometers' walk, but I encountered a warm-hearted worker, Peng, who made a room available for me to stay: this time, there were clean duvet and mattress, hot tea and warm showering water. I could hardly believe that this was real. I chatted with Peng for a while about my video works, about today's night walk. He smiled shyly and said, "There are no large beasts here long since."

So, the nature has indeed retreated. In my perception, it was only its remission.

Thank you for reading my naggings tonight.

D

2019.12.14.

The Fifteenth Day
2019.12.15

Tingtang⁽³⁵¹⁾ \equiv *Wantang*⁽³⁷²⁺²⁾
23km





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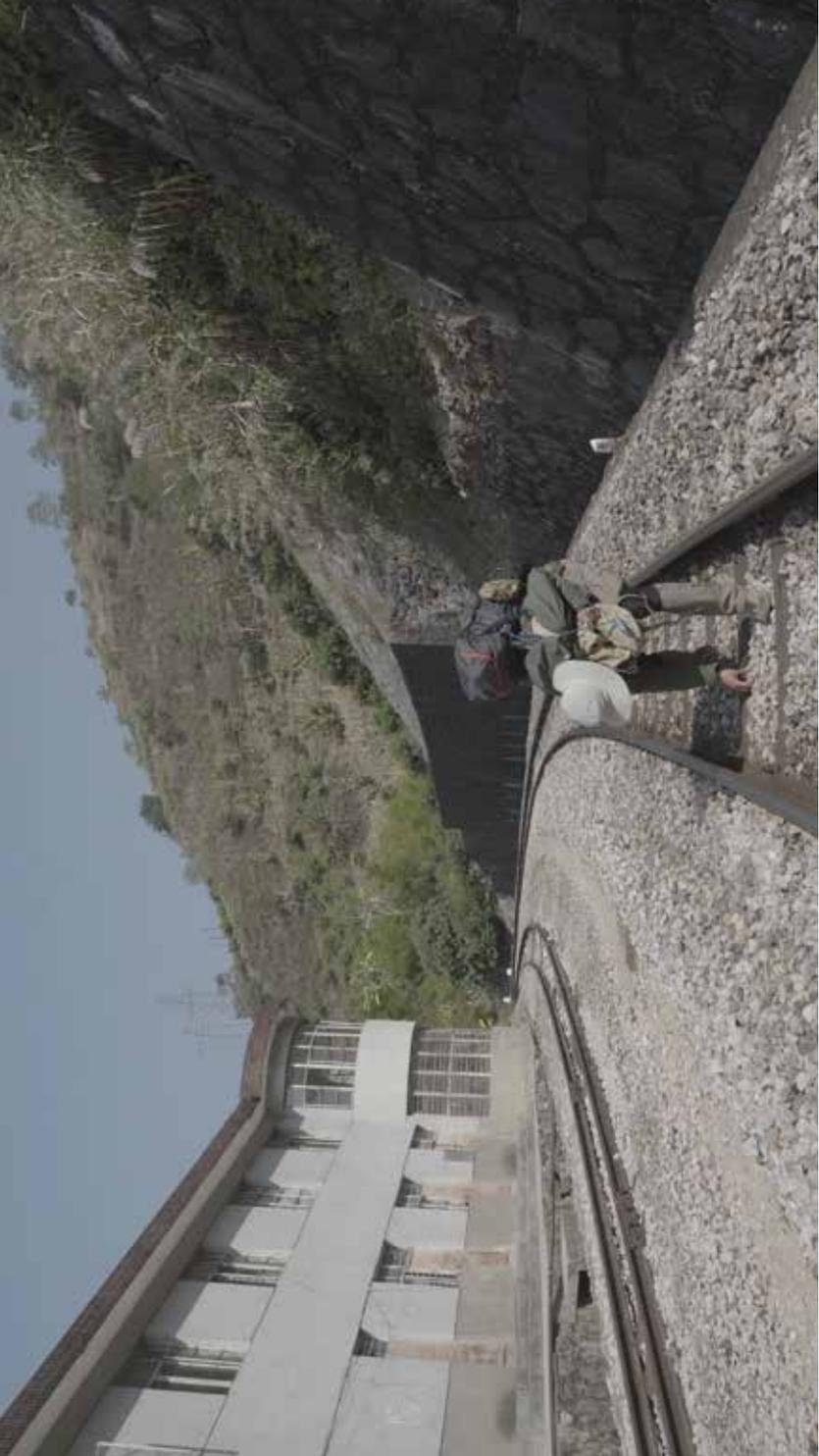




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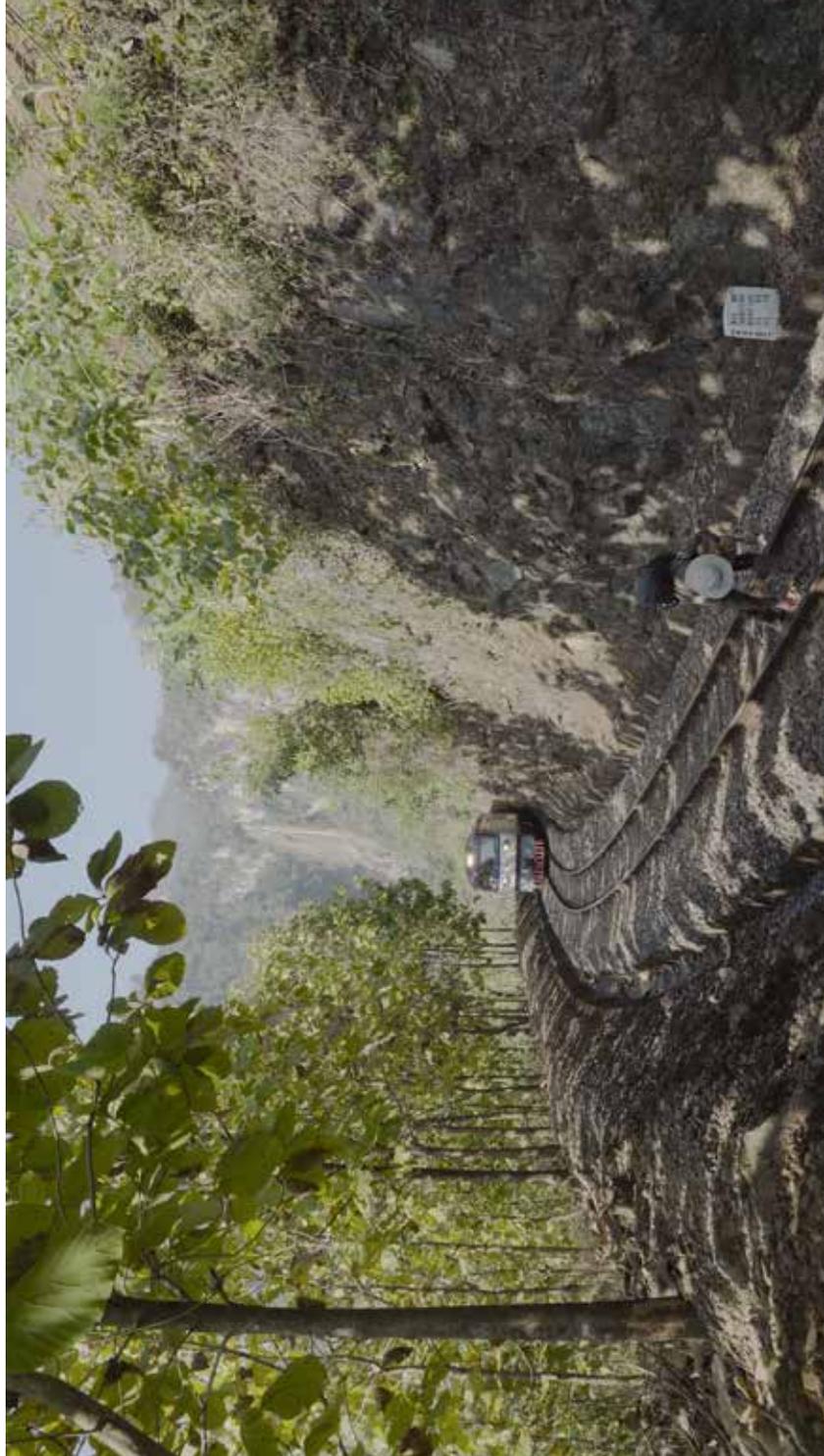
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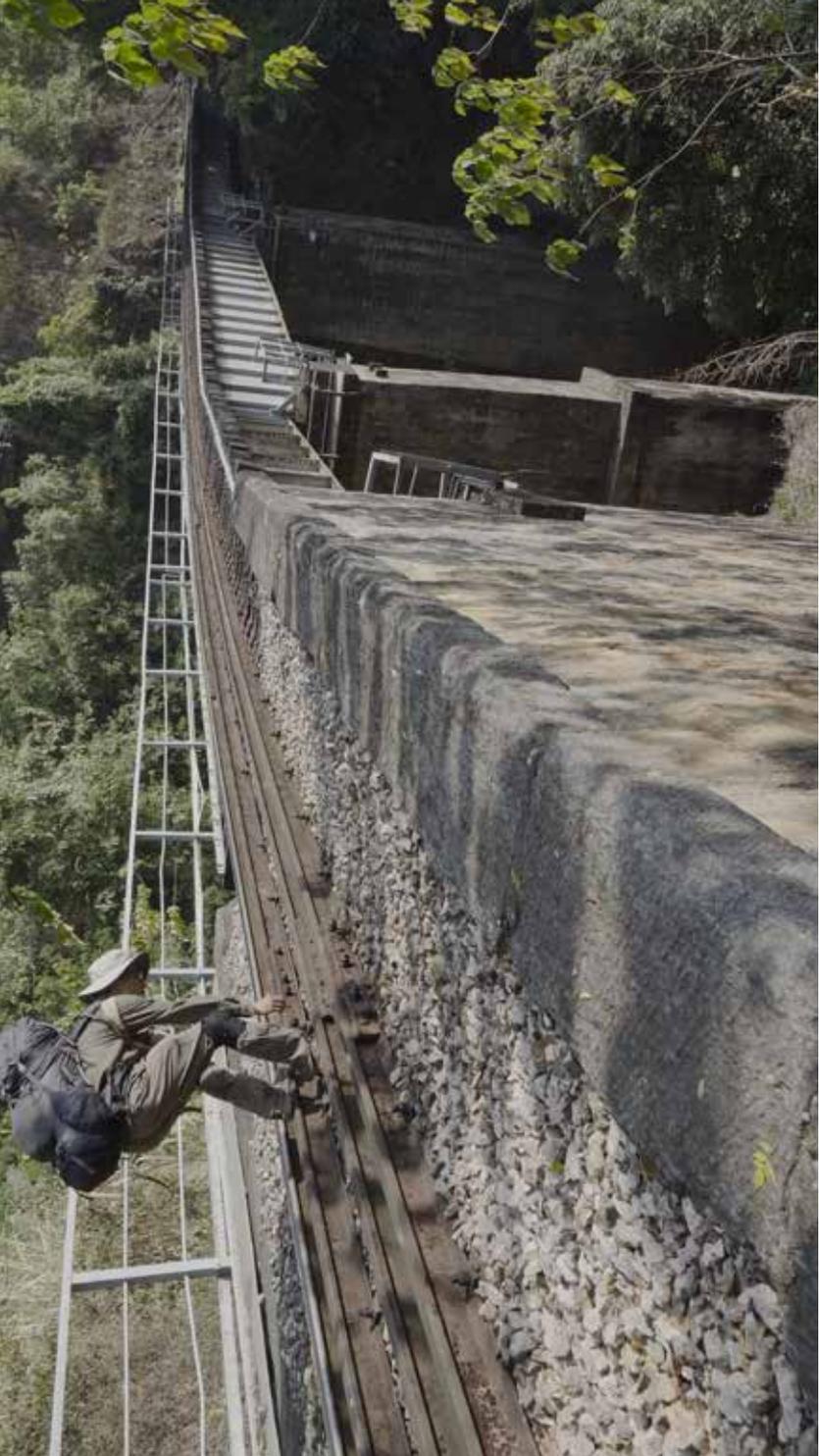




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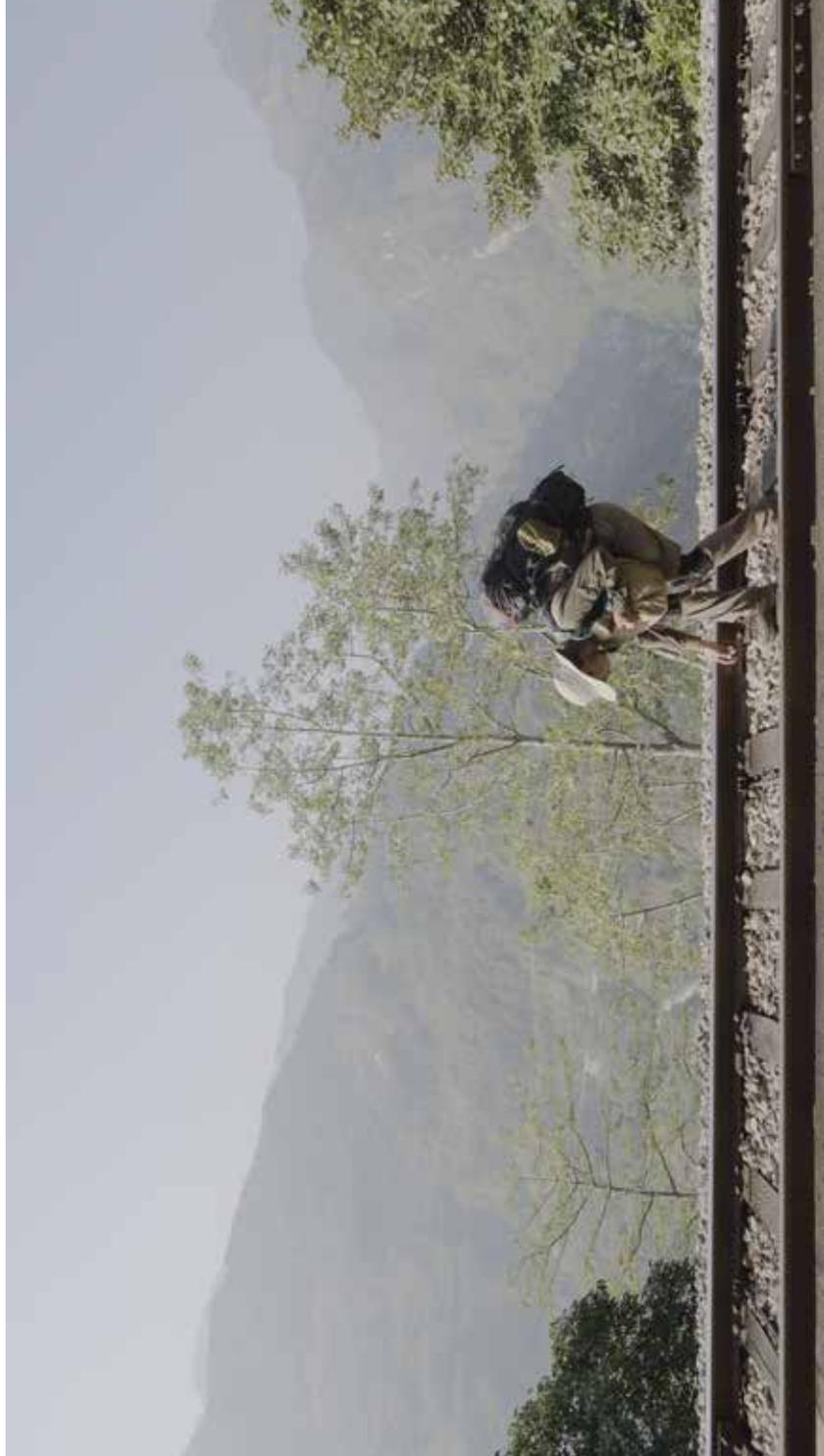
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**The Fifteenth Day,
disenchantment in the day; Swiss landscape;
the tiredness that eventually arrived**

X:

I got up at 6 a.m. as usual. I started packing, washing, and having breakfast, and then dawdled to 7 a.m., departing with Peng. We bid farewell to each other because we had different directions.

I could see the black shadows last night eventually: these mountains were indeed precipitous, yet their vegetation was not so dense—secondary forests affected by human activities, or farmed slopes, planted economic timbers or fruit trees, had composed most of it. If I walked through here in the day, I would probably surprise at the high mountains and deep valleys, the patterned ravines; but I would definitely not feel deserted, being “thrown in” and helpless. As you said, darkness allows us to see more, to see the nature that may have been here, yet can only exist in the form of the enchanted phantom at this moment.

Two kilometers away from Tingtang lied the Herringbone Bridge, the most famous site of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. The railroad went into a tunnel and seemed to be falling directly down to the cliff right after it came out. In the imminent peril, it was upheld by two steel-structured bars shoring up each other from both sides of the cliff. This steel-framed bridge has been in use since its completion date and has never undergone major repairs. It is still breathtaking and steady as ever.

Yesterday on my way, I had been following Georges-Auguste Marbotte’s writing to looking for scenes that were similar to the Alpine landscape (I have never been to Switzerland. So, the confirmations of the landscape should belong to the future) but felt a bit disappointed: wasn’t this a small hill in the middle of Yunnan? The cliffs appearing from time by time were not majestic and magnificent as well. At least, comparing what’s in Marbotte’s writing and what I saw during the walk made it difficult for me to imagine the scale of the Alps...The Nanxi River was right below the railway—in

less than twenty meters—travelling along with the latter slowly between these small mountains. By my arrival at Luogu, I almost gave up searching, when the river suddenly surged down for hundreds of meters in a few kilometers' distance, forming huge ravines which were surrounded by magnificent mountains. The railway, which was originally in parallel to the river, topped the summit abruptly.

After getting up today, I confirmed the topography again and those Alpine analogies started to make sense. Perhaps, for the French at that time, all magnificent mountains and valleys would be compared to the Alps: it was the most typical mountainous region in the world they were familiar with. So, if a Yunnanese born in the mountain went to Europe, how would he/she perceive the mountains there? Would he/she understand the things in the foreign place through the landscape of Yunnan? The visit to Edinburgh early this year rushed upon my mind. On the cliff of King Arthur's Seat when I overlooked the city and the sea bay afar, I couldn't help but sighed, "This is the West Hill of Edinburgh!" (West Hill is a cliff on the westside of Kunming, where you can overlook the Kunming city and the Dianchi Lake.) When I was hiking on Pentland Hills, I regarded it as "Edinburgh's Snake Mountain" Huh, maybe we are all using our hometowns to evaluate strange terrains. Or, conversely, we go to unfamiliar places, only to relocate our hometowns.

The distance of today's journey was merely over twenty kilometers, but I had walked in tiredness—maybe it was because of yesterday's physical exhaustion and lack of sleep; maybe it was because after hiking over three hundred and fifty kilometers in the past two weeks or so, I was meant to get into a state of exhaustion and boredom. Walking and filming both appeared to become missions. I counted the remaining mileages and the length of filming and uttered a sigh of relief when I finally completed today's walk. At Wantang, today's destination, I found a place to live and lied on the bed, wanting to do nothing, even writing this email. (Although I do want to talk to you.)

Oh, by the way, today, I felt like I was walking into the tropics. The altitude of the railway declined dramatically all along, at least ten meters about every two hundred meters. Papayas, bananas and palms started to show up as my surrounding vegetations, and the evening felt no longer cold. I even saw several mosquitos in the room of the hostel...Yes, I am using a repellent incense tonight. Tomorrow, I will be continue walking in the tropics. Let's see if I will keep on feeling bored after a good rest.

I hope you have a nice rest, too and everything is going on well.

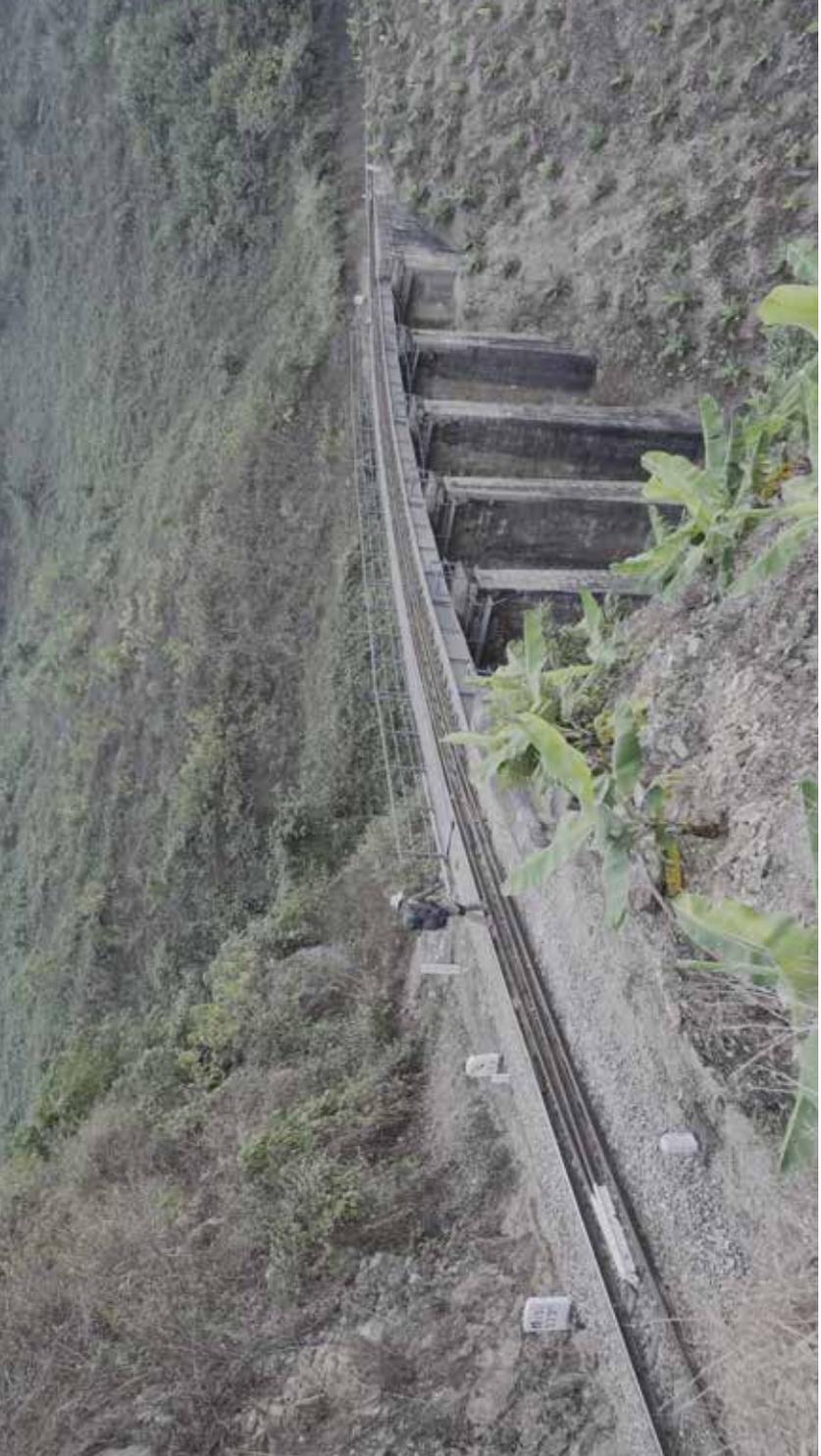
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2019.12.15.

The Sixteenth Day
2019.12.16

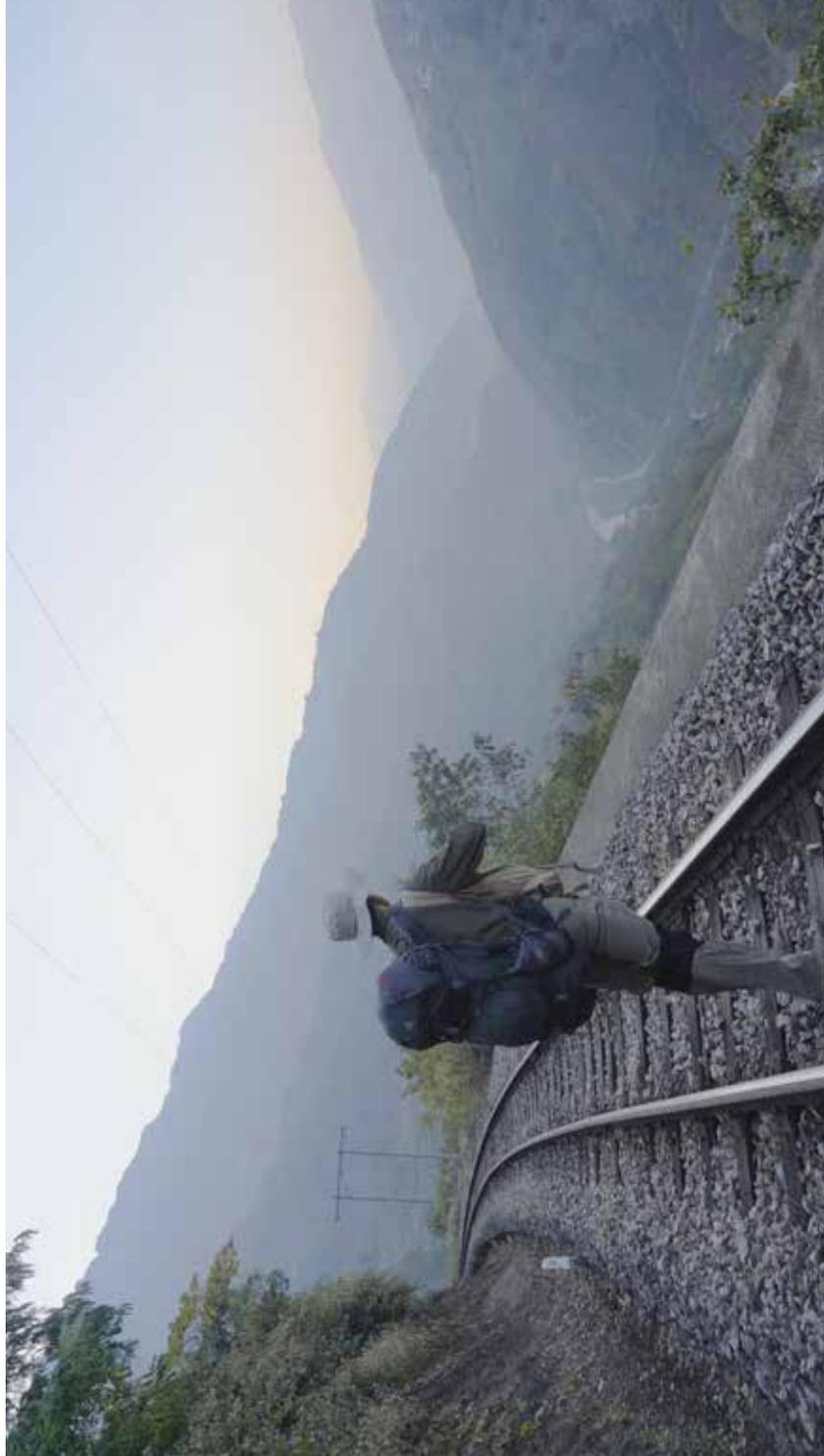
Wantang⁽³⁷²⁻¹⁾ \equiv *Baiheqiao*⁽³⁹⁰⁾
19km





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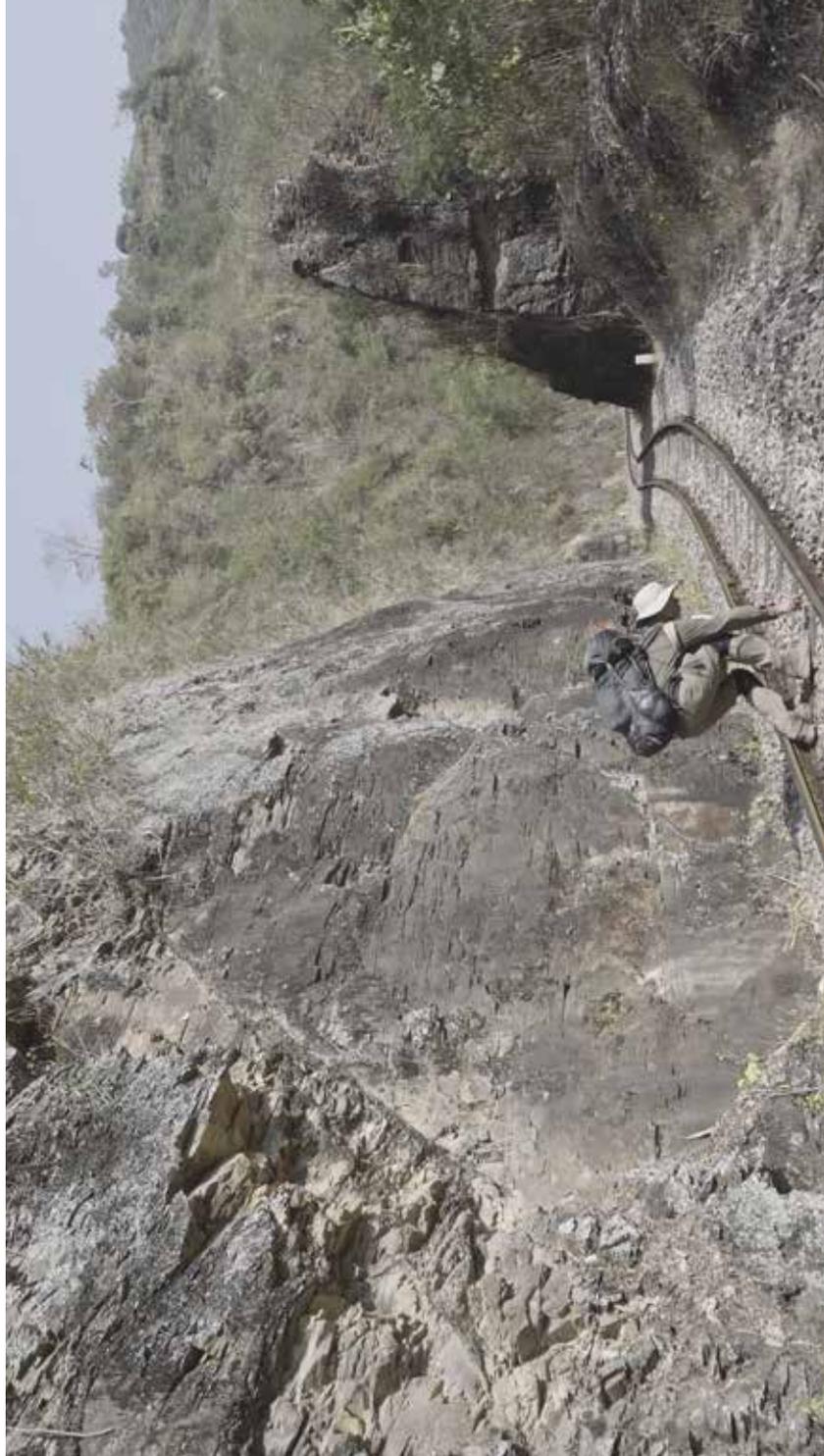
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**The Sixteenth Day,
exhausting the body; road builders and walkers; a history**

X:

Good evening.

So far, with the weight contributed by the stones I picked each kilometer, I am reaching my limit—physically and mentally. In the room I stayed at Baihe, I removed the clothes and looked at myself in the mirror, finding bruises everywhere. Exposed to strong sunlight, my face and hands had also turned red, and then black, starting to peel. The bleeding and scabbed areas on my shoulders were wounded again. So were both sides of my hips. The direct consequence of these conditions was that I couldn't sleep on my sides; otherwise, unbearable pains would occur under pressure. Apart from these visible wounds, both of my knees have been swollen and sour, even not moving. When touched accidentally, they hurt tinglingly. Nowhere of my feet and ankles, after walking on steel sleepers and ballasts for so many days, can exempt from hurting, too. Lying on the bed at the moment, I can still feel the tension from my lumbar vertebrae and back muscles. Of course, suffering also allowed something good to happen. I lost substantial weight these days, with my potbelly gone and my two rows of ribs visible again—even though I have been drinking beverages with sugar and eating at least one decent meal every day. If things go on smoothly, I will be finishing the last seventy-five kilometers of the journey in three days. But right now, I feel the rest of my walk infinitely distant and remote. Will my limit overtake me before I reach the destination?

I departed from Wantang in the valley today and had to return to the railroad on the mountainside. I didn't take the winding road but climbed along a steep path among the trees to save about one-kilometer walk. Climbing the mountain with such a burden reminded me of the mountain in the Mang people area, which I paid no visit in the last few months. By the time I got to the railway, I was in sweat—in the morning of the past two days, I

no longer needed to put on a jacket beyond my shirt. I looked up and saw the falling moon hanging within the trees.

I didn't walk a long distance today, and the landscape on the way seldom changed. The railroad had always been on the left side of the river, running down all along, letting its height difference between the river get increasingly smaller. The mountain became gentler as well, turning into mild and round curves again. There were even slopes that had been farmed by the hillmen: bananas, papayas and teaks. The sun gained its full tropical power after it went beyond the mountain. Its ultraviolet light burned my skin, the land, and the railway that had never changed and only winded around the mountain. I walked and sweated automatically. Dust was hovering on the dry land. It slowly combined with my sweat and attached to my skin. I could vaguely smell my shirt, which had not been washed for a few days. I saw no people nor trains all along the road; hence I couldn't find proper scenes for filming—do I have to repeat nineteen times of the stone-picking under such dull, scorching sunlight? How I wish the railway landscape could be as steep and complex as it was in yesterday or the day before. This thought immediately made me ridicule myself—isn't such a featurelessness the reason for choosing to build the railway in the Nanxi Valley at the beginning? Because of its featurelessness, there was no need to dig a tunnel or build a bridge. It was due to such a featurelessness that the railroad gained a large turning radius and gradient, climbing along the gentle slopes until it reached the plateau. Huh, in contrast, as a bored hiker, I am walking down along the railway towards the humid, annoying tropics.

By the way, the only thing that amazed me today was the Baizhai Bridge. It is the longest and the second-highest (the Herringbone Bridge is the highest) bridge of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. The bridge was initially steel-framed, forming a gentle curve at the 381km milestone. But the steel structure of the bridge has gone for a long time, replaced by today's concrete piers. Some say that the original Baizhai Bridge was bombed by the Japanese

during the Second World War, yet this is not true. The Japanese air force did bomb here, but the bombs fell on the train and did not explode immediately, not until the train went into the tunnel near the bridge, causing massive casualties while leaving the bridge intact. In fact, the original Baizhai Bridge was demolished by the Chinese in 1940 to prevent the Japanese from entering the hinterland of Yunnan via the railway from Vietnam. What got torn down at the same time was a section of rail tracks at Hekou. The deconstructed steel tracks were transferred to Kunming and then reused as materials for the railroads to Guizhou and to Myanmar. By the end of the war, however, the two planned railways were had only been built over one hundred kilometers and slightly over thirty kilometers, respectively. I thought of the railway worker's words while I stayed at Xiaolongtan: he said that this railroad should not be demolished. While the removal could be fast, building a railway as such could take half of a man's lifetime. At least, when the Yunnan-Vietnam railway was built, or even just several decades ago, his words were valid.

It was only over 3 p.m. when I arrived at Baihe. Finally, I washed my outwears for the first time after Panxi. Hopefully, today's rest can smooth the hiking tomorrow, which is over thirty kilometers. Also, I hope that my outwears can dry out overnight.

I wish that everything is okay for you. (Are recent greetings somewhat feeble?)

D

2019.12.16.

The Seventeenth Day
2019.12.17

Baiheqiao⁽³⁹⁰⁾=====*Laofanzhai*⁽⁴²¹⁾
31km





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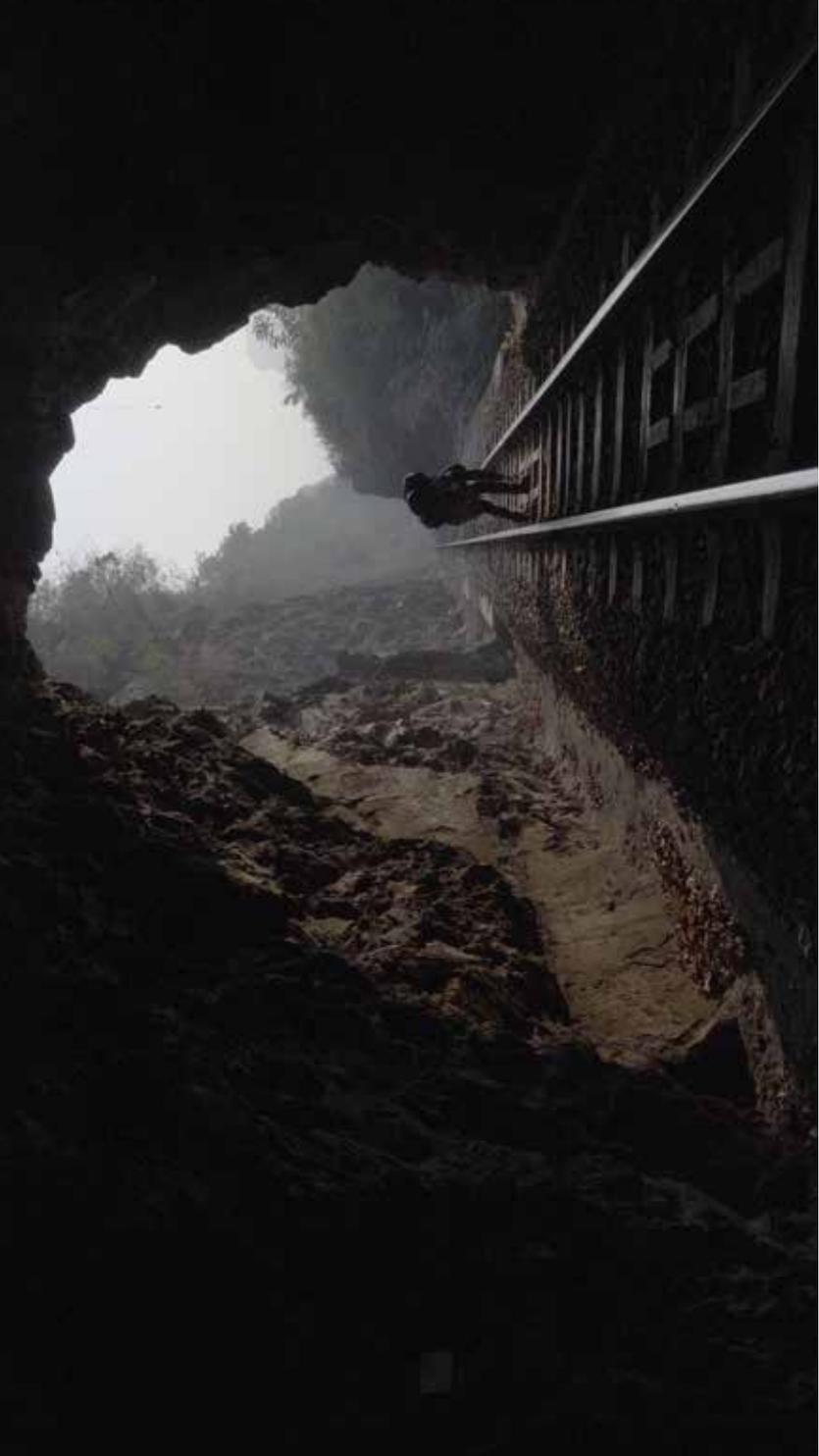




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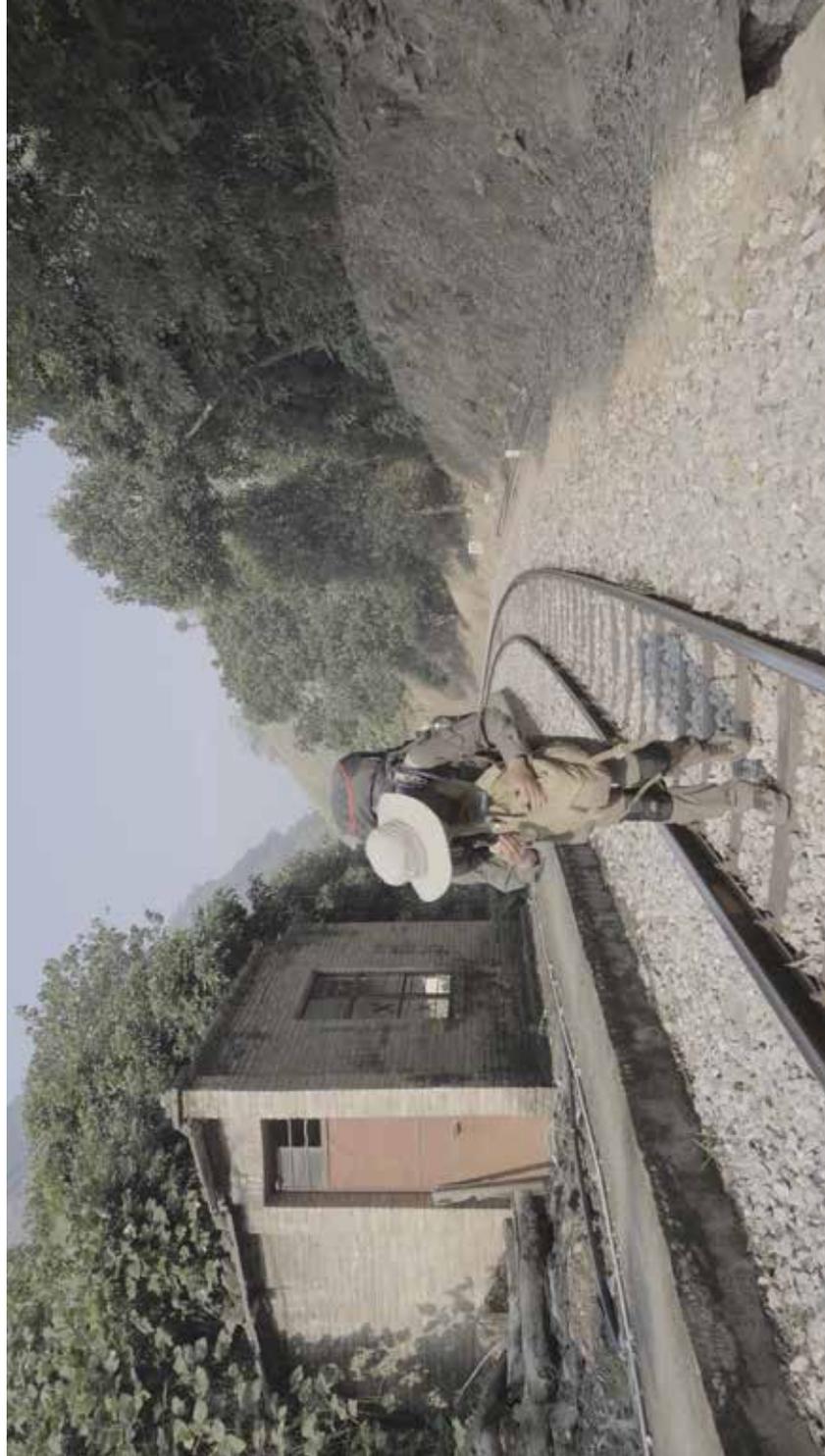
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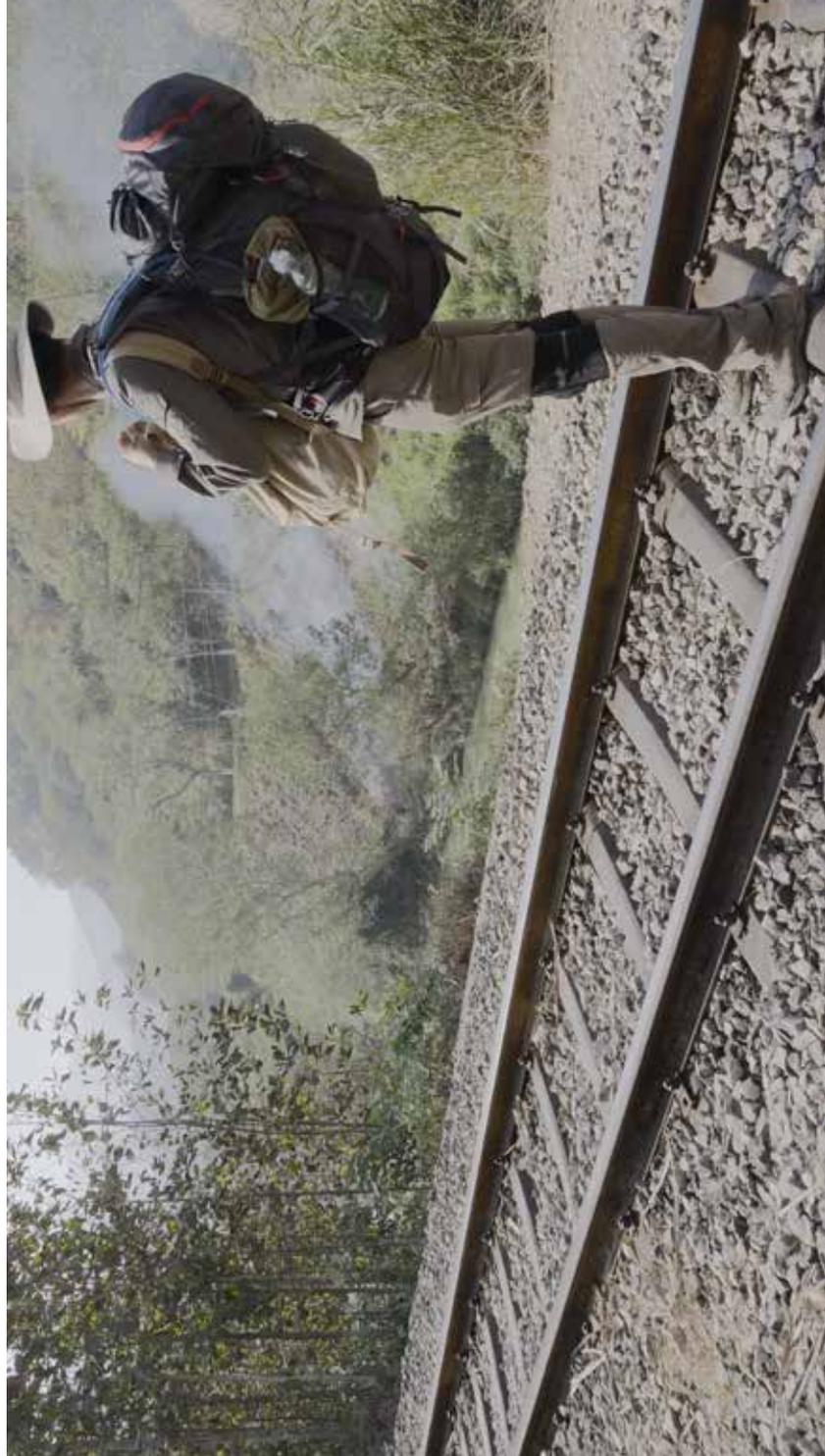
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**The Seventeenth Day,
tropical troubles; I am not lonely**

X:

Dizzy and vertiginous. They are probably the last thing you can feel after walking in the direct tropical sunlight—not the soring ache of the body, nor the swelling pain of the joints—they are the drowsiness in which your mind is in a whirl and cannot recall what you had been through. At noon, the temperature almost reached thirty degrees Celsius, and the humidity was almost overflowing. (The clothes I washed yesterday did not dry up at all. I had to pack them with plastic bags and put them in my backpack. I have been missing the drought of Iran. All clothes would dry up overnight there.) There was also the ultraviolet ray, which would never be weakened by the dense and thick air. Hiking under such a circumstance, I had to keep the brim of my hat down, keep my eyebrows down, and concentrate on walking without looking at the scenery.

To avoid the scorching heat in the day as much as possible, I got up extremely early in the morning, departing at about 6 a.m. in the darkness. I was not the earliest. There were roosters crowing from 4 a.m. and other passers-by. In the morning fog, I vaguely saw a rider with two horses cross the railroad. A horse stumbled into a shallow ditch, while the rider swore and guided the horse out by pulling the rein. They later disappeared in the bush on one side of the road. A countryman led his donkey, with sugarcanes on its back. (I hear the train whistle while I am writing at the moment. It is the freight from Hekou to Kunming. I can imagine the scene in which its headlights are illuminating the valley in darkness.) Unfortunately, it was too dark for me to film these scenes. They mostly happened between night and day, light and dark, probably in a state of transition. Then, people set off, going into the ever-lasting days or nights. I was like them. Beautiful shots almost only appeared in the morning or the evening. In the hottest time, I could do nothing but pace up with my head down. About 8 a.m., it

got utterly bright, and the valley received a certain kind of clarity— with a beautiful sunrise.

Extensive pineapple fields, as well as Miao women planting pineapples in those fields, appeared along today's walk. They told me that the next fruition would take place between March to April in the following year. Such a rapidity could be counted as a tropical speed. In my memory, there used to be dense rubber forests in the valley around Hekou, but I saw none of them this time. The Miao women said, it was because several years ago, the rubber trees once suffered from the frost. What's worse, the price of rubbers has been declining. Therefore, they were all cut down and replaced by fruits, providing a different landscape.

You asked me why I had not talked about the feeling of loneliness while walking alone, which also surprised me, as I indeed barely felt lonely during the hiking. Probably, it is because I had been familiar with living alone for a long time. Such a familiarity applies both to city life and to an on-the-road status. Perhaps, it applies better to the latter, as all encounters are temporal, ending with a farewell after several casual chitchats. There are no designated places, etiquettes or people, allowing you to be free and easy, natural and liberal. Also, even if I was on the road, I had held the phone in my hand, missing no information and feeling assured despite the delayed network and company. Even in those night walks, I could switch myself into such hyperlinks on the screen. I don't know which one is more real, the hyperlinks or the encounters on the road?

It was just more than 6 p.m. when I arrived at Laofanzhai. I stayed in the government-run hostel and was in a good spirit, except for one of my legs, which was covered by fifteen flea stings, as I counted.

After two days, I will be arriving at Hekou. Now I feel very peaceful, looking forward to completing the journey and entering into another. This has been quite a common pattern for me. I have started making phone calls on my exhibition in Germany next year, and the plan of works for the Swiss residency program in the

coming summer has gradually taken shape in my mind. My works are always from one river to another, from one road to another.

I am missing you from afar, can you see me?

D

2019.12.17.



The Eighteenth Day
2019.12.18

Laofanzhai ⁽⁴²¹⁾ \equiv *Nanxi* ⁽⁴⁴³⁾
22km





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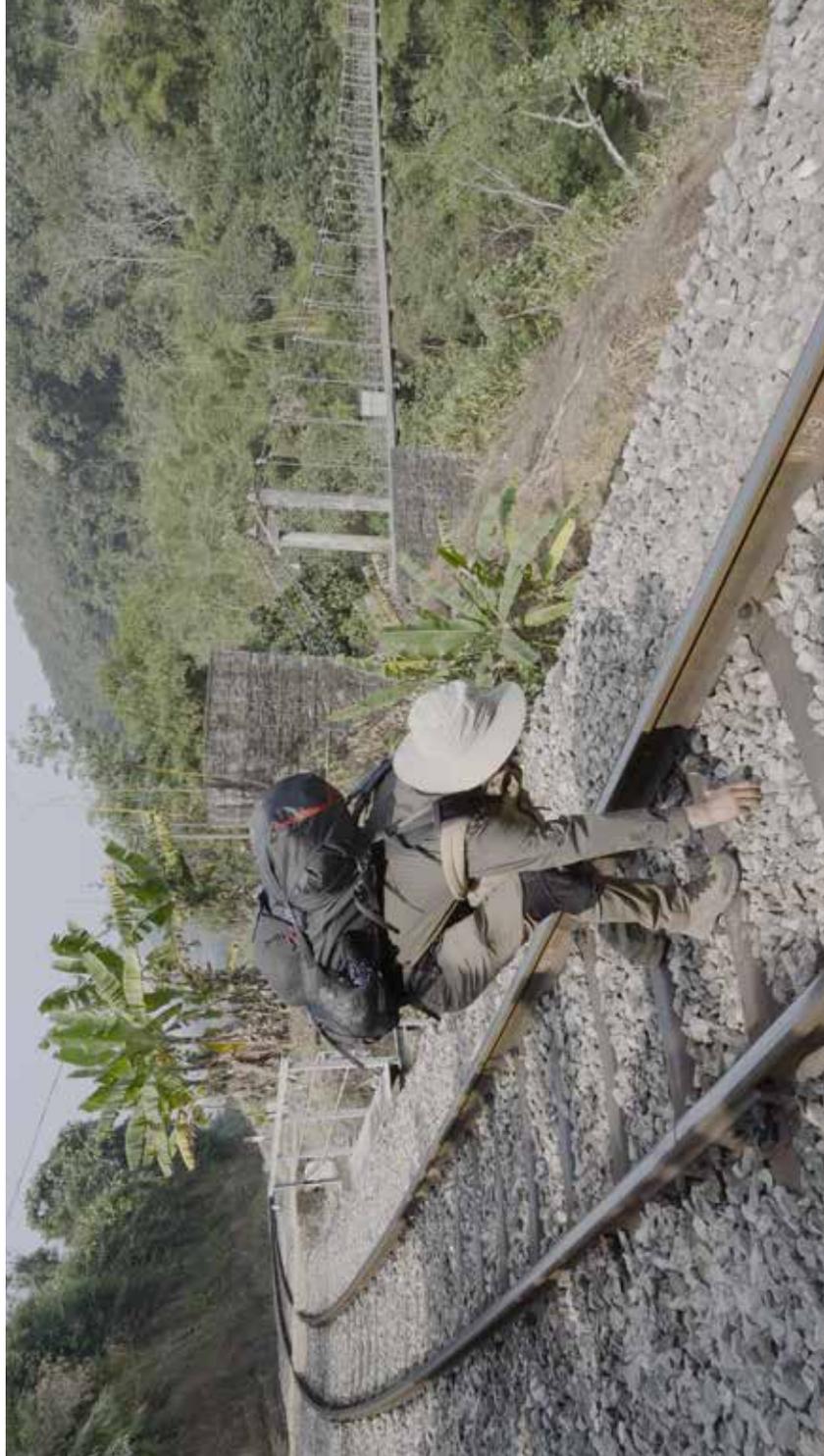
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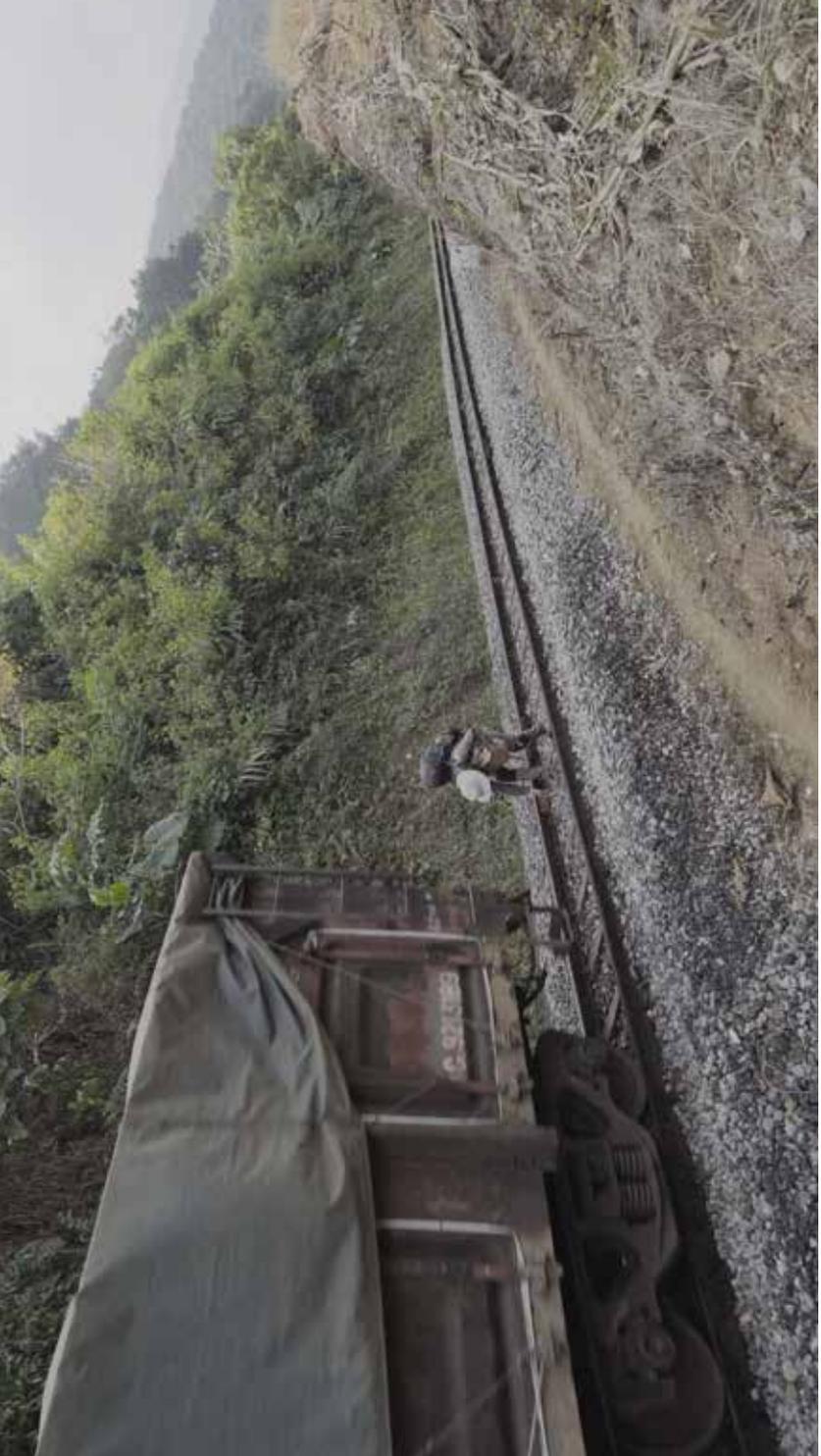




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The Eighteenth Day, Winterreise

X:

My journey is coming to the end. I don't know how it will end. Indeed, it must have a destination, and I know the destination will appear tomorrow, between four to five in the afternoon. However, I don't know how it could end: the journey is like an asymptote, which is approaching a certain value infinitely but will never reach it—not until it truly arrives. This seemingly paradoxical statement is close to my reality at the moment. Walking day after day, the meaning of each day is superimposed on the next day as a bargaining chip. At a certain point, I realized that I had lost the right to quit. Therefore, I had to bite the bullet, keep on walking, regardless of my physical conditions. However, the burden has been growing increasingly heavier, while my body has been getting weaker and ungraspable (these days, I had to imagine that the body is something external and disposable—another paradox—so that to impel it to move forward). There is a threshold, after which I could walk no more. I suspect that it will appear together with the terminal point.

I was still marching to the south in the humid tropics. I set up a pace and forced my feet to move in it, stepping on steel sleepers and ballasts, kicking the stones on my way from time to time. The walk reminded me of Franz Schubert's *Winterreise*, "Fremd bin ich eingezogen. Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus...Es zieht ein Mondenschatten als mein Gefährte mit." ("A stranger I arrived here, a stranger I go hence...My mooncast shadow acts as my companion.") It is December now, but I am walking under a scorching sun. Could this be counted as a winter journey? Or, with such a perceptive dislocation, could I still empathize with the traveller of Schubert? I smiled at the thought of this. Aren't you, who is reading my description of the heat, in the winter in the north now? Will this divergent bodily experience weaken the feelings I tried to articulate in my narrating, making, for instance, the intolerable

heat into comfortable warmth, which is also a result of neutralization with your grey coldness...? Is there a sense of reality left?

Maybe I need more details to reify the feelings in my narrating, not the heat itself but other manifestations that exemplify the feeling of the heat. For example, I can describe the sweat, which kept on prickling the swelling inside the fabric of my trousers. It was bitten by a flea and then allergic to a blister, causing unbearable itch which I dared not scratch. Or, I can describe dozens of patterned mosquitos hovering in my face once I stopped walking—they even knew how to penetrate your clothes and bite you. Otherwise, I can also describe how a tiny shade would allure me to sit down and prevent me from standing up again. In the shade, I was between sober and asleep, indulging myself in wild daydreams, until I suddenly woke up but failed to rise due to the overweight backpack...Are these writings making you feel the heat? If not, I will need to continue by citing history. Over thirty thousand labourers died—mostly Chinese, and Vietnamese as well—when they were building the Yunnan-Vietnam railway here around Nanxi. They were plagued in the midst of the tropical heat and bug bites (the plague was probably similar to mosquito-borne diseases such as yellow fever) and died in mass. Can you imagine the scene? At least I cannot. What the hell is it like to see more than thirty thousand corpses lying on such a construction site? For those who survived or were dying, would they stay and become a part of the dead? What kind of faith or promise was driving them to continue to do this heavy work that was fundamentally impertinent to themselves? A hundred years ago or even earlier, plagues would outbreak in almost all tropical construction sites of this sort. The Scots (no, not Americans) who made the earliest attempt to open the Panama Canal, were almost completely annihilated in such a plague. I do not want to say something like “The Yunnan-Vietnam railway was traded with the labourers’ lives”. There is no trading here, and there is nothing that can be placed on both sides of the weighing scale. They came here, they died here, nothing more.

Still, I can keep on walking. After a hundred and nine years,

we can talk about the scorching summer and plagues in the tropics, as if these consumptions of the body are bargain chips for artistic creation. But are they? I’m afraid it is just my wishful thinking. Because I made a mistake when checking the mileage, I walked five kilometers further than expected. It was an almost unbearable five-kilometer. The reality can always eat up the meaning I have imagined, leaving nothing.

The Nanxi River has been my company these days. I watched it flow out of the lake where it originated as a creek, then run into the deep valley to form a brook, embracing the convergence of tributaries. Until now, it has already been a decent river, despite the dry season at the moment. The cyan water surged all the way, roaring at narrow places formed by rocky reefs.

That’s all for today. Both my body and heart feel exhausting. Well, my Scarpa are about to be worn out.

D

2019.12.18.

The Nineteenth Day
2019.12.19

Nanxi⁽⁴⁴³⁾ \equiv *Hekou*⁽⁴⁶⁴⁾
21km





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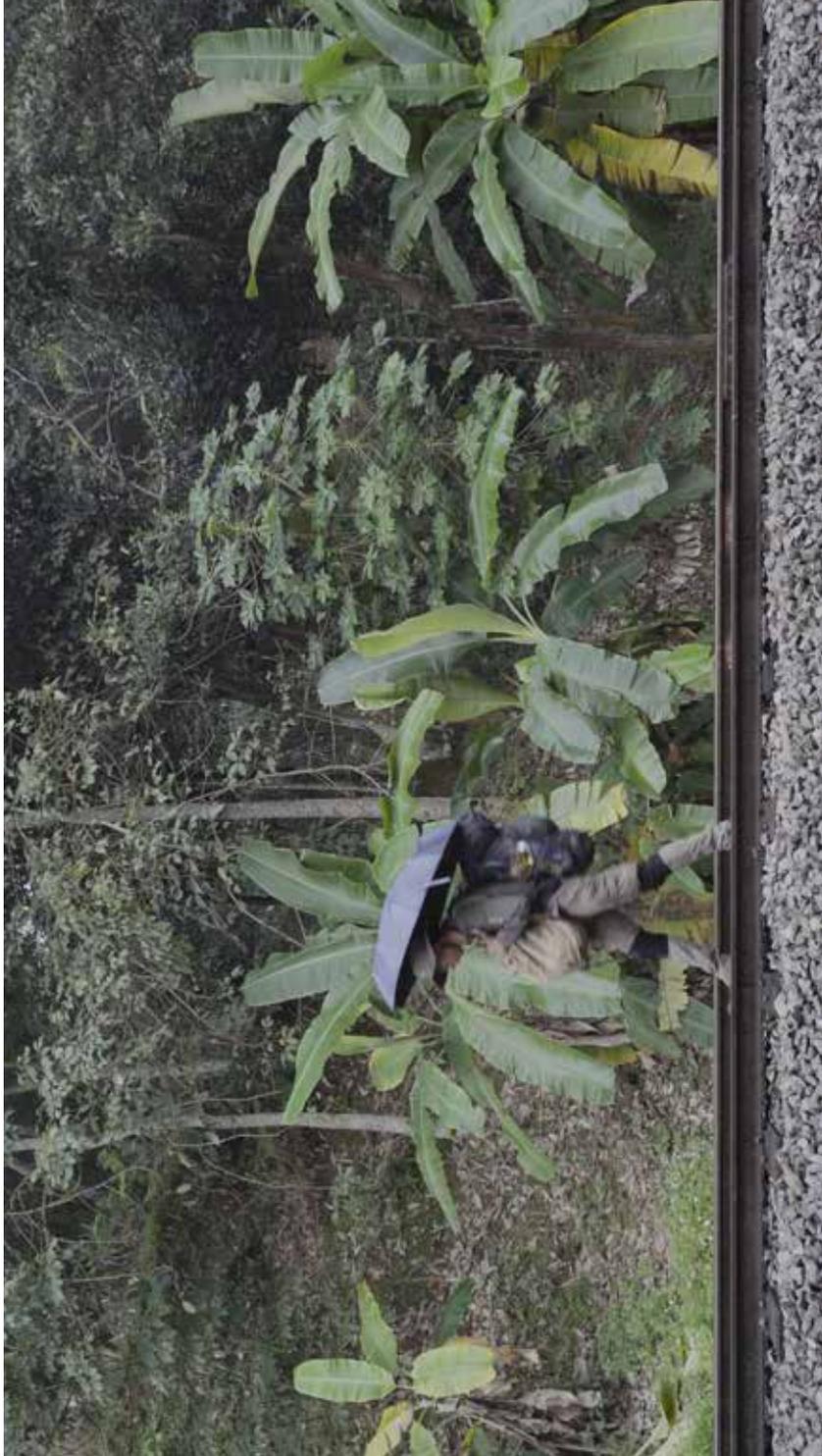
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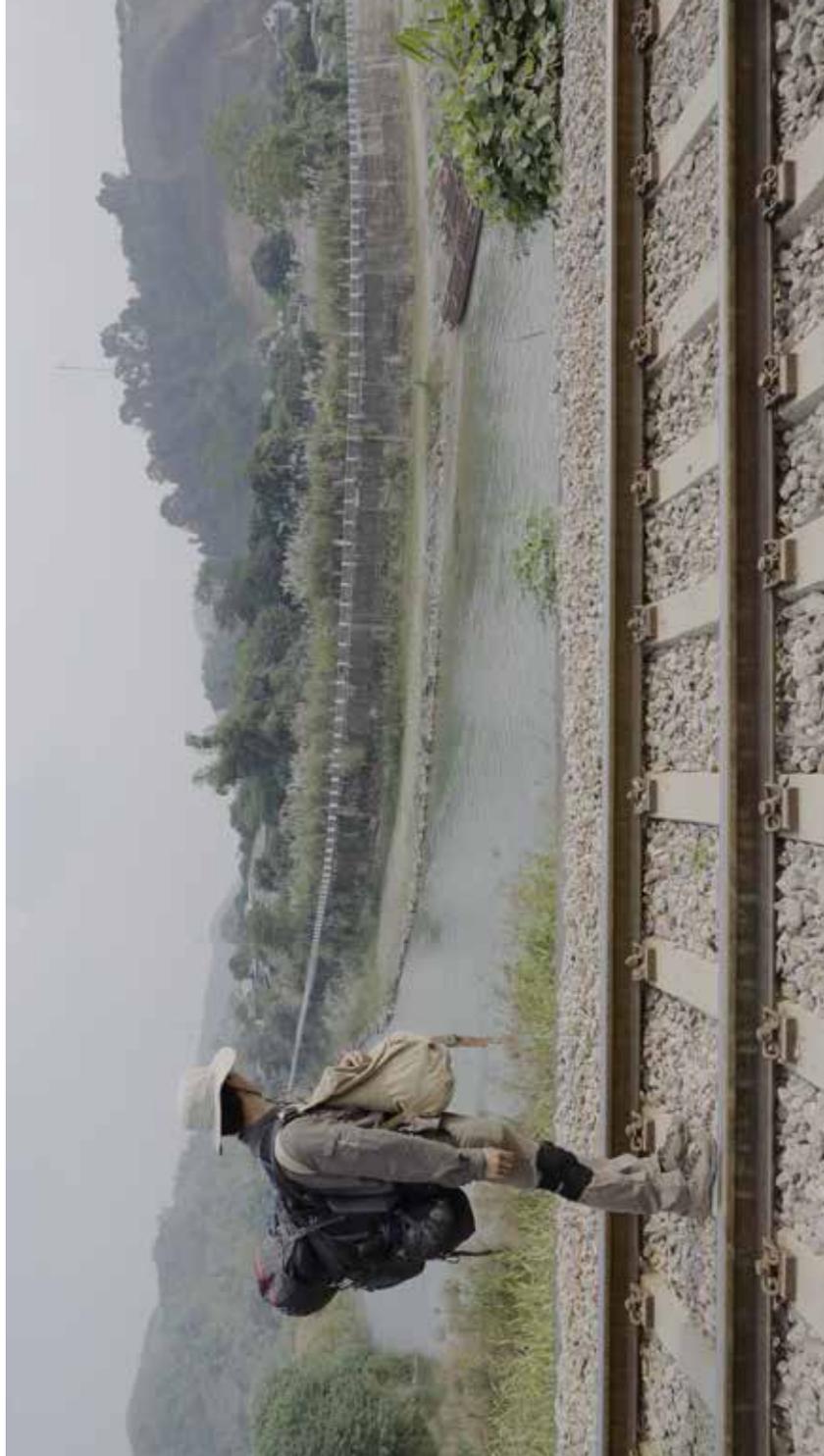


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The Nineteenth Day, a dream; the end of the journey

X:

I had a long dream yesterday. It was in the great navigations era. I dreamt that I was a captain of a scientific research ship consoling my crew in a mutiny and travelling between several unknown places. There was a female pirate, too. We stayed in the same sea area, keeping apart but not afar, being enemies, friends, and lovers. The dream ended on a railway. Between the rail tracks were dense plants and flowers all over the ground, like the High Line in New York before the renovation. I walked on the sleepers, but the railway had no destination. Then, I woke up on a bed of Nanxi. The last twenty-one kilometers of the journey was waiting.

I do not want to pre-set the end, turning it into a ritual-like moment. Moreover, I could not imagine the end, as in the past nineteen days, every day I woke up, the railway would always be waiting for me, extending to further places. It is not about from point A to point B, not for reaching somewhere. It is just there, connecting, instructing and directing me to walk continuously. Walking itself has been the purpose, significance and reason, instead of something else external to it. These days, I have kept on being asked: why are you walking, instead of taking a car or a train? Did you get paid for walking? Do you measure anything? Can you profit from it? Can your works make a profit? Did you just eat too much that made your head spin to take such a nonsense walk? I do not know how to answer these questions. (Should I respond: no one paid me, my works are not commercially popular, and I indeed ate too much recently, so I needed to lose weight through walking?) There was light rain this morning, which grew heavier after I had hiked for some distance. I took shelter under a tree by the road with a fellow countryman, who asked me those questions as others did. I said that I walked for a walk's sake. He replied that it was a good reason. Following this reaction that surprised me, I continued explaining to him my work. He said, "Good, you should

keep on walking to Vietnam. They have another three-hundred-kilometer railroad.” I said, “Yes, they also have passenger trains.” He then asked back: “Aren’t you walking?”

I walked all the way down by the Nanxi River and arrived at the border between China and Vietnam, eventually. China was on one side of the river, while Vietnam on the other side. There appeared Vietnamese drivers and freight trains, too. These trains would travel across the border, entering the journey on the other side, which I had not yet imagined—would they go all the way to the ocean? At that moment I could not think much. I struggled to move my body...towards the destination.

During the last seven-kilometer-hike, I was simultaneously thinking about yesterday’s dream and imagining the ending scene of the long walk. Would I sprint down the finishing straight like an athlete? Or, would I follow my physical instinct to slow down, making the journey more distant and the destination endless? The fact was, I did not accelerate or decelerate. I simply left the last section of the river valley behind, walked into the Hekou train station, then crossed the tunnel and arrived in front of the China-Vietnam Border Bridge. The milestone here was marked “464.444km”. The bridge went across the Hong River. On the other side, I could see the hustle and bustle of markets on the street, as well as flying red flags with a yellow star. The evening light escaped from behind the cloud—what a gentle evening.

I strolled to the entrance of the bridge and stopped in front of the cordon. I unlocked my backpack, put it down and lean it on the rail tracks. I then released the small bag full of stones and released them on the sleepers. I looked at the other side of the river, took off my hat. After a long time, I quietly waved my hand towards the end of the railway, which I was unable to see.

D
2019.12.19.





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The End

Dear all,

Yesterday, I arrived at Hekou, a small town at the border of Yunnan, seeing the end of my walking on the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. On 1st December I departed from Wangjiaying train station, which was marked '19km' on the milestone. On 19th December, I arrived at the '464km' milestone on the China-Vietnam Railway Bridge. On the side of Vietnam, this railway will extend 389 kilometers further to the ocean at the end.

These days, I picked up a ballast each kilometer, set up the camera on the tripod and filmed a video clip. Although I had chosen small ballasts, by the end of the journey, the weight of my backpack increased to over twenty kilograms. Consequently, the whole journey is like this railway, extending from the fresh and dry plateau to the humid, tiring tropics, forcing the body and reason to reach a liminal status, thus allowing many external things to get absorbed, or unconscious, internal things to manifest.

Many encounters took place along the walk. I encountered with Yunnan's geography: the railroad, rivers and mountains; I encountered with my parents' past and with my childhood memory; I encountered with various passers-by on the railway; I also encountered those unexpected incidents, such as staying overnights at a train station on a cold night with only two degree Celsius, and the faded nature I saw on the night I was walking the thirty-ninth kilometers...And your persistent or occasional replies, or reading and feeling in silence.

Thank you for your company these days. It made the journey no longer lonely and motivated me to record all these details after every exhausting walk. Will they appear in certain forms in my works? I have no idea yet. But I am certain that it is your company and responses that engender those possible perceptions in this journey: about city and countryside, the north and the south, cold winter and burning summer, here and there, day and night.....We are not in the same timeline, space and context,

but the silent dialogues derived from our togetherness beyond direct connections have become disposable resources for us to feel. Therefore, from the very beginning, this is not a one-man's journey.

Tomorrow, I will return Kunming by high-speed train. The whole trip takes only four hours and nineteen minutes. Time, distance and perception will be folded in another way.

Subsequently, I will start editing the raw materials recorded in these days, which are over ten hours in length and more than 750G in size. This is not the end: I have still not figured out how to deal with the rest of the Yunnan-Vietnam railway. Of course, I will get to that ocean eventually. But will it be a trip by train? Or, will it be another corporeal measuring? How should I cope with the relationship between that section of the railway and Yunnan, or between the railway and myself? For me, it has some differences between the Yunnan section. Anyway, I will be on my way again. Perhaps, the answers will appear gradually on the next journey—not through plotting but mediated by my body, letting the history, land and measurement themselves to whisper.

Best wishes,

Xinhao

2019.12.20.

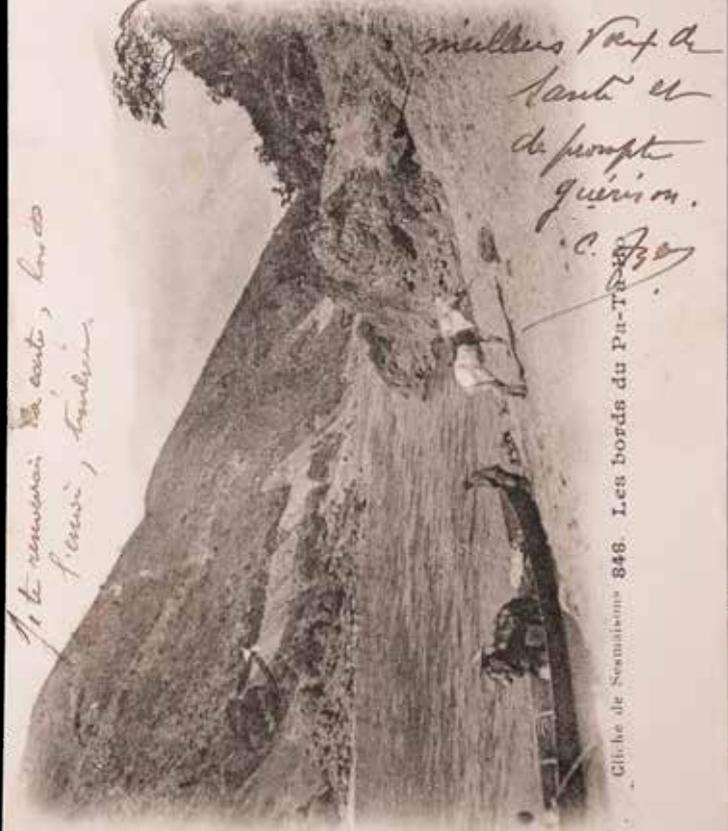


Il te ramenera la suite, les
 p. 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

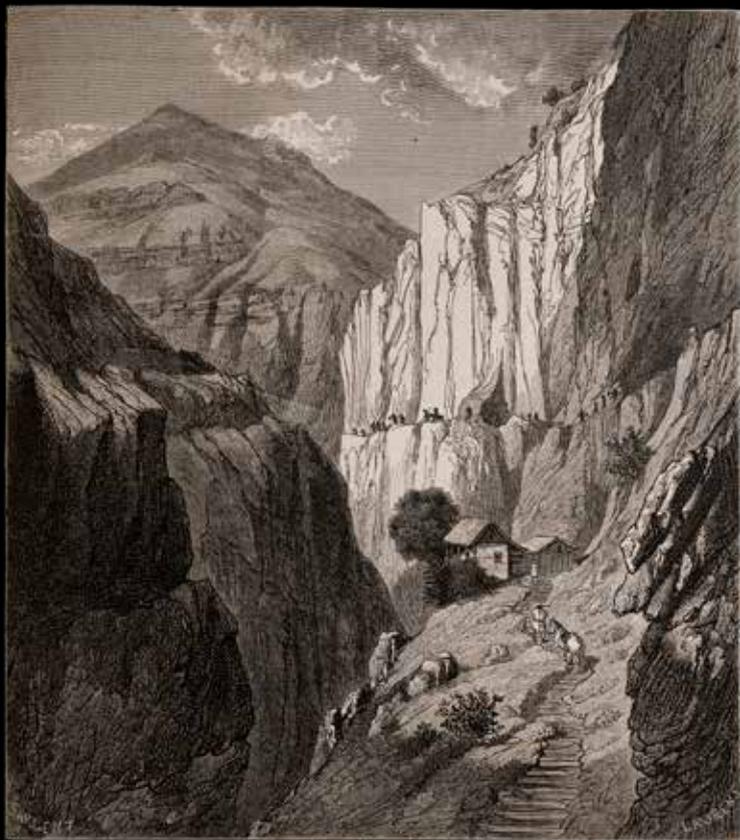
cher ami, en te priant de faire
 patiente jusqu'au pendant la semaine
 qui s'écoulera avec la réception de
 cet objet. Reçois cher ami mes

meilleurs vœux de
 santé et
 de prompt
 guérison.

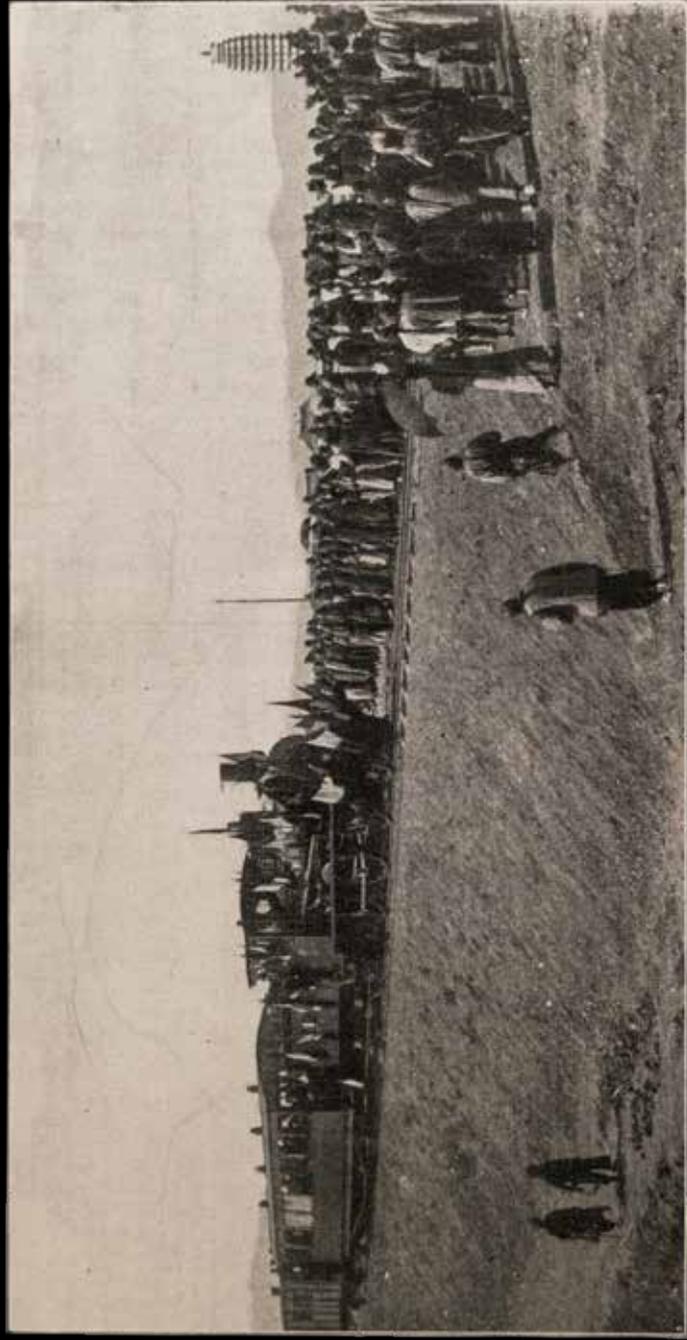
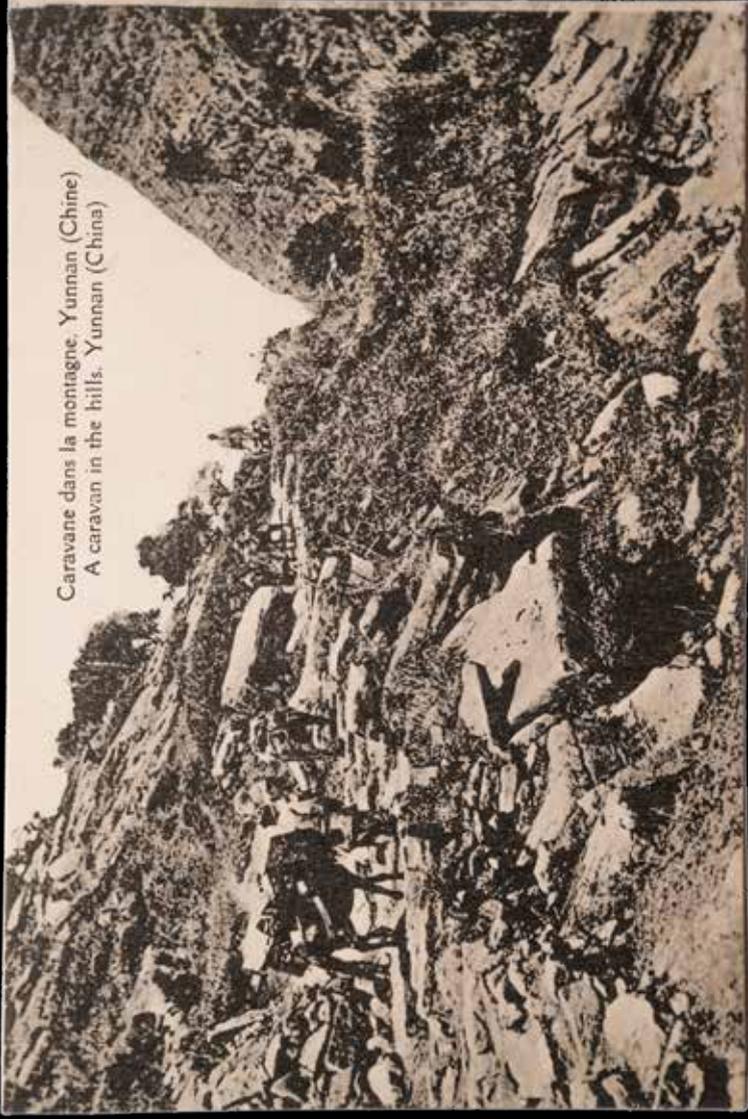
C. J. J.



Cliche de Sennar 846. Les bords du Pa-T...



Caravane dans la montagne, Yunnan (Chine)
A caravan in the hills, Yunnan (China)

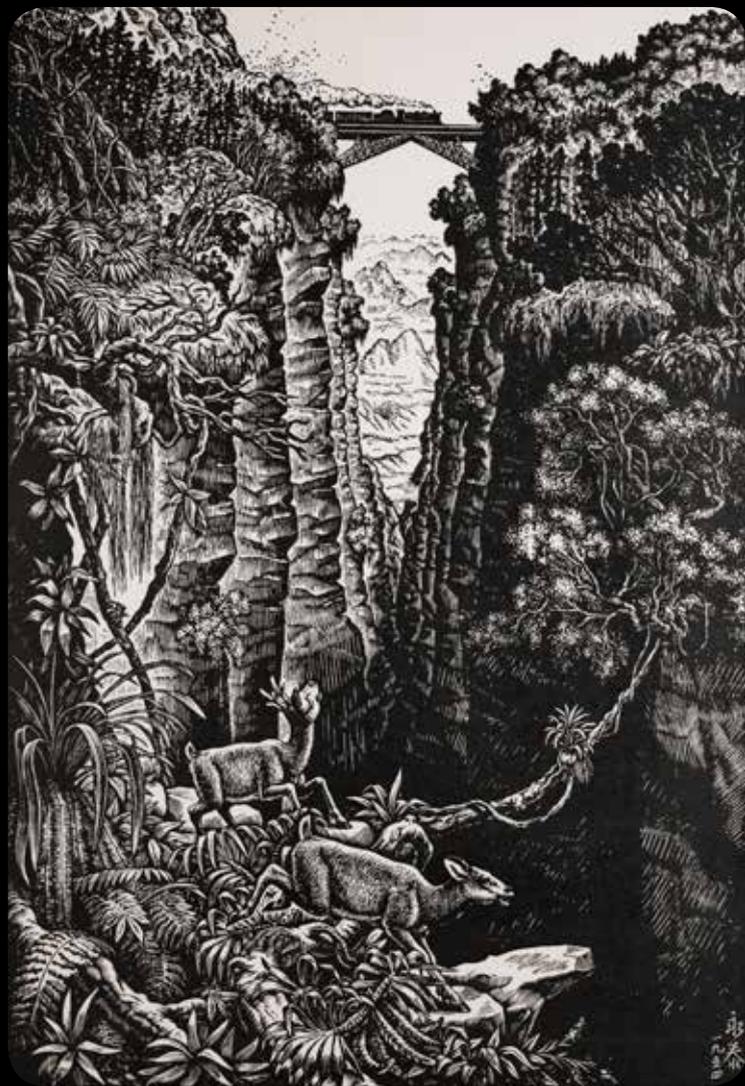






I - A la frontière Chinoise — Un Pont
du chemin de fer accédant au Yunnan - F. N.

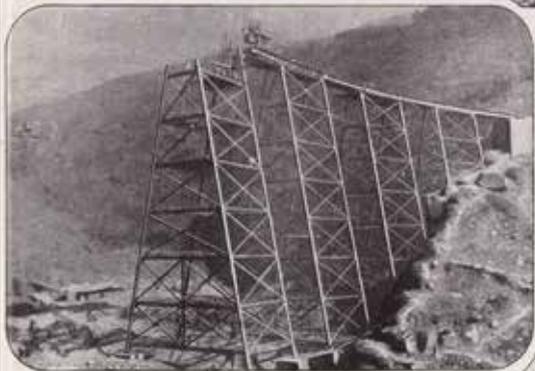
Cl. de l'Ag. Ec. de l'Indo-Chine



VIADUC MÉTALLIQUE DE 17 TRAVÉES DE 8 M. AU KM. 83,7.



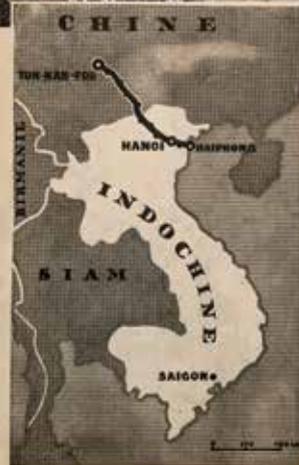
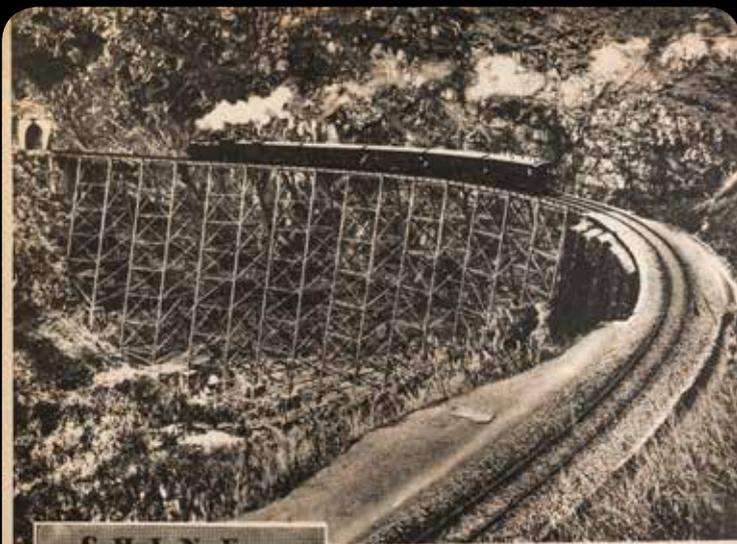
(au 16 décembre 1907).



(au 19 janvier 1908).



Avancement du montage fin février.

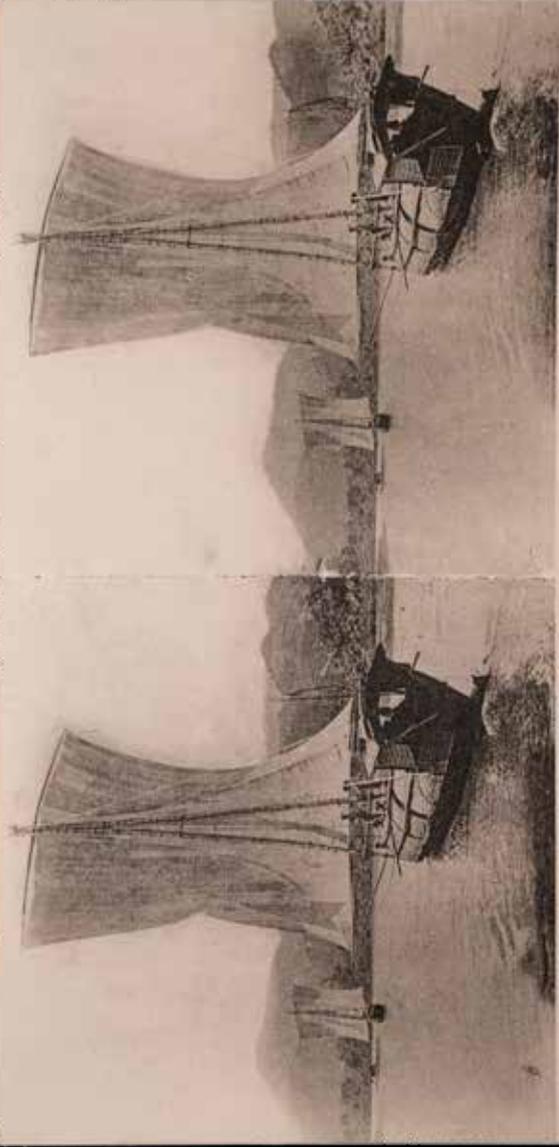


LE PONT EN BRUYÈRE, AU KM. 82,97, QUI A ÉTÉ ATTENTÉ PAR LES BOGRES

CHEMIN DE FER DU YUNNAN

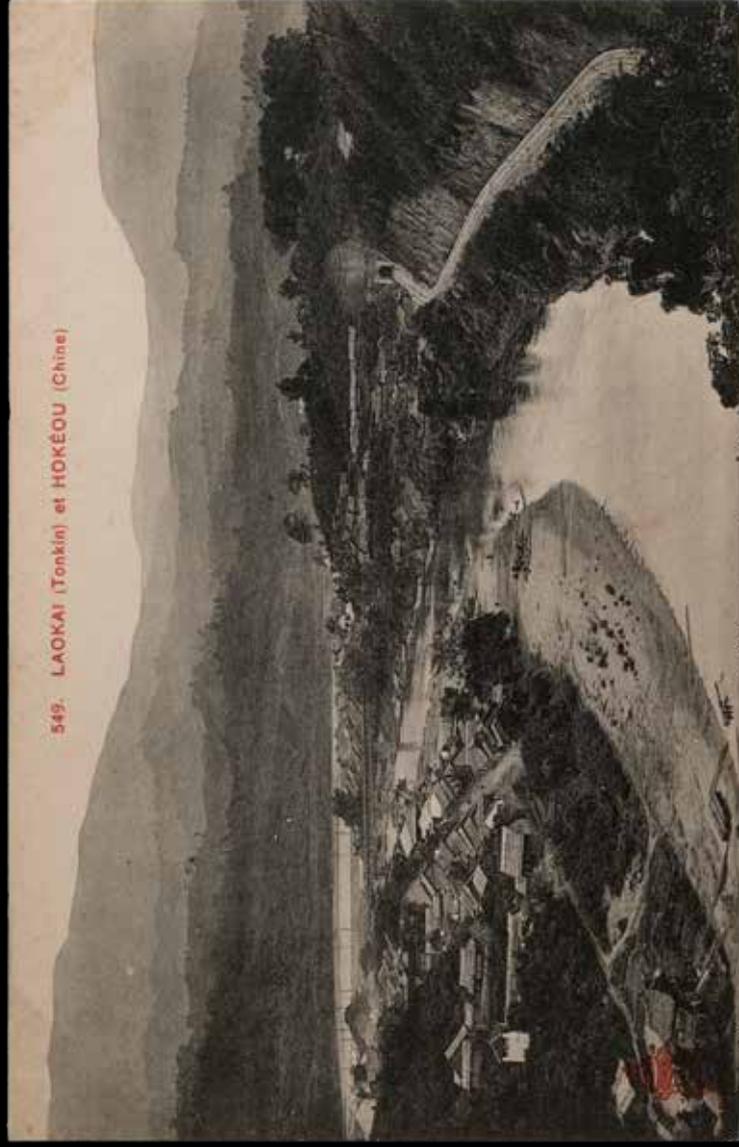
LE DRAME DU KILOMÈTRE 83

Pour la seconde fois, le vendredi 2 février, le chemin de fer français du Yunnan fut de nouveau par les bords adversaires japonais, et arriva précisément vers le midi. D'habitude, cependant, l'incident semblait être, les bords ont atteint un état de tension qui se passait mal le 4, sans que les stations techniques les plus hautes qui soient au monde. L'ouvrage à peu près achevé, mais les lignes ont été perturbées. On compte, en outre, à Fouchang, dans le Yunnan et à Hanoi, en 1907. C'est en 1907 que la ligne de Yunnan a été inaugurée. Lors de sa livraison officielle, l'empereur Georges avait le premier prêté sa sympathie à la construction et de quel intérêt elle pouvait être. En 1907, le premier ministre de l'époque, M. Loubet, a été nommé, sur l'initiative de Paul Doumer, gouverneur général de l'Indochine, pour les deux années qui ont précédé la construction de la ligne. Il était passé par une longue période de dévouement, rendue par de multiples incidents. Les constructions se voient aux prises avec des difficultés de tout genre : perturbations de la main-d'œuvre, notamment, l'insécurité et l'insécurité durant la saison d'hiver, sans compter les attaques des pirates. Cependant, les conditions prévues et en tout le premier vice-roi Loubet : des villages de construction sont le long de la ligne. La ligne traverse les zones montagneuses malaises : Français, Indiens, Chinois, Annamites. Il faut faire 20 millions de mètres de terrassements, 124 tunnels dont l'un atteint 20 km de long, plus de 2 000 ouvrages d'art, 250 km de matériel, 100 000 ouvriers et les plus beaux, à la Yunnan, province chinoise, est relié au reste de l'Indochine. C'est cette œuvre monumentale de perpétuelle lutte contre les hommes et les éléments que le France, se propose de réaliser de la sorte.



CHINE — TONKIN . Jonque remontant le fleuve Rouge

Les Voyages de Garvais Courtalement



549. LAOKAI (Tonkin) et HOKÉOU (Chine)

- 1 在云南南部河流中的航运, Th Weber 根据 L.Delaporte 手稿制作, 环球游记 (*LE TOUR DU MONDE*), 1873
- 2-3 行走在云南山区的马帮, 左: J.Laurens 根据 L.Delaporte 手稿制作; 右: L. Delaporte 绘制, 环球游记 (*LE TOUR DU MONDE*), 1873
- 4 滇越铁路总图, 滇越铁路 (*Le Chemin de Fer du Yunnan*), Paris, 1910
- 5 滇越铁路中国段纵断面图, 滇越铁路 (*Le Chemin de Fer du Yunnan*), Paris, 1910
- 6 机车结构图, 滇越铁路 (*Le Chemin de Fer du Yunnan*), Paris, 1910
- 7 到达昆明的第一列火车, 由叫作“法国 (*France*)”的火车头牵引。 M.G.Gordier 拍摄, 画刊 (*L'ILLUSTRATION*), 1910.3.26.
- 8-9 修建中的人字桥, Bozzolo 拍摄, 画刊 (*L'ILLUSTRATION*), 1908.9.26.
- 10 人字桥, 20 世纪初
- 11 从前没有人到过的地方, 梁永泰, 1954
- 12 修建中的白寨大桥, 滇越铁路 (*Le Chemin de Fer du Yunnan*), Paris, 1910
- 13 白寨大桥, 1940 年被日本飞机轰炸, 竞赛报 (*MATCH*), 1940.2.15.
- 15 中越边境与跨过界河的滇越铁路大桥, 20 世纪初
- 16-17 铁路尽头的大海: 越南海防港下龙湾, 20 世纪初

来自铁路的二十四封邮件
The 24 mails from the Railway

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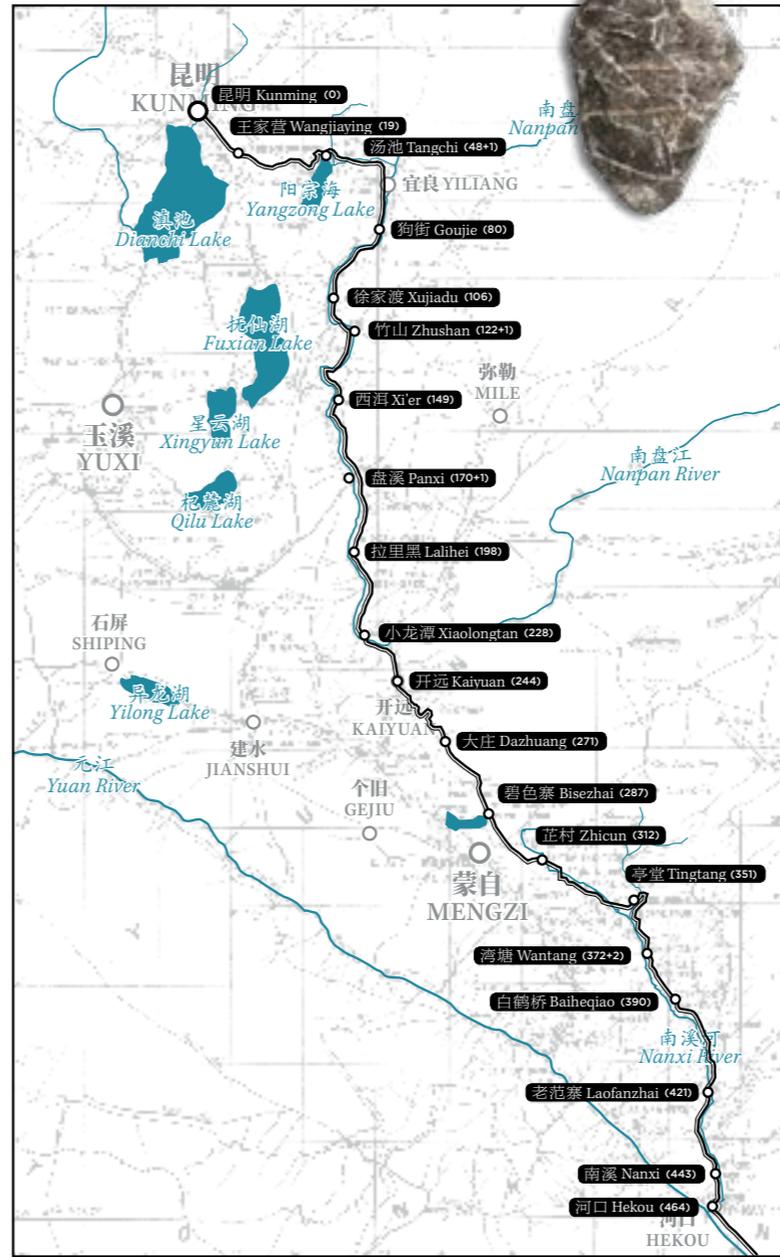
来自铁路的二十四封邮件
24 Mails from the Railway

程新皓
Cheng Xinhao

D → X

2019.11.27 — 12.19

河口 Hekou (464)



D → X
2019.11.27. — 12.19.

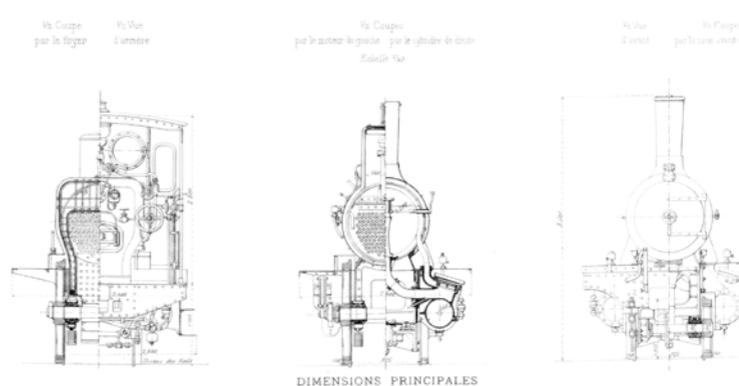
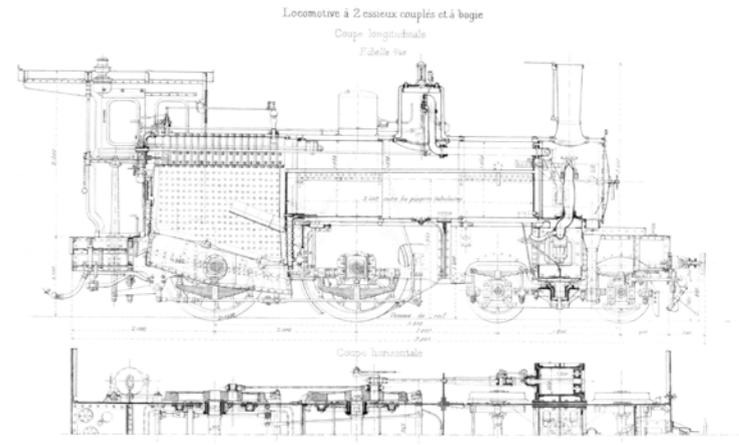
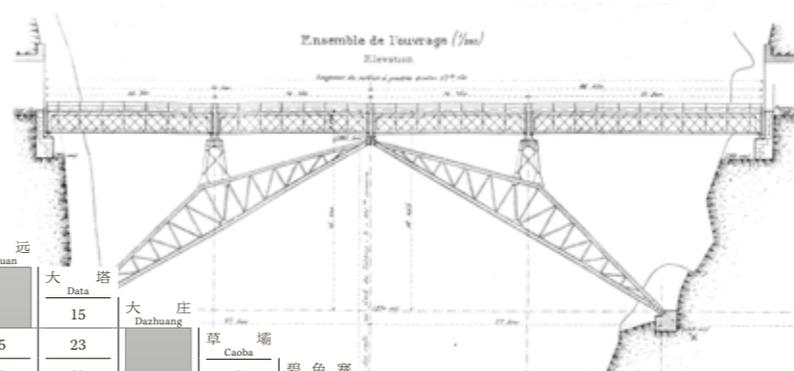
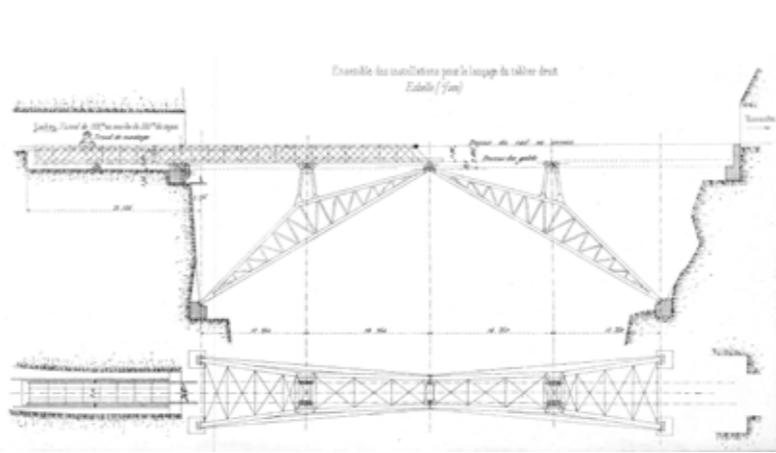
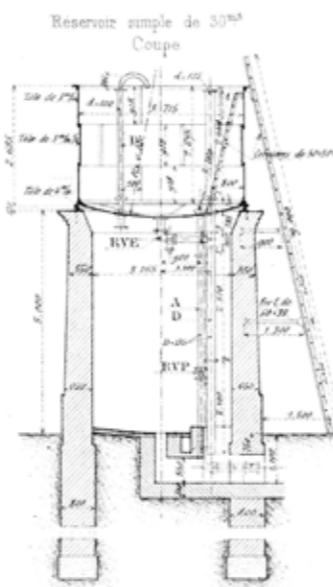
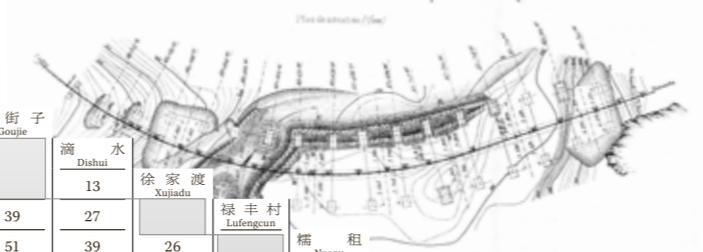
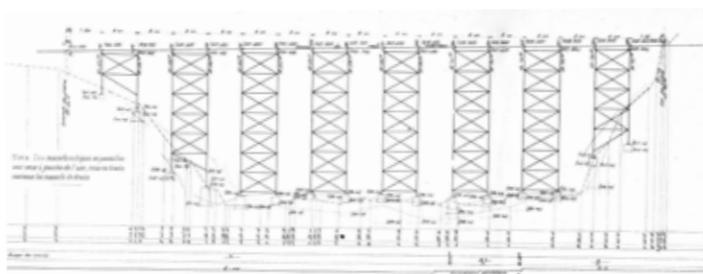
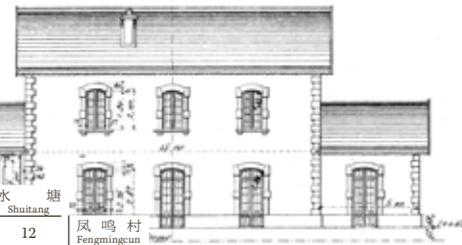
昆明 (o) ————— 河口 (464)
Kunming ————— Hekou

来自铁路的二十四封邮件 | 程新皓 Cheng Xinhao | D → X
24 Mails from the Railway | 程新皓 Cheng Xinhao | 2019.11.27 — 12.19
昆明 Kunming (0) | 河口 Hekou (464)

昆河线 (Kunhe Line)

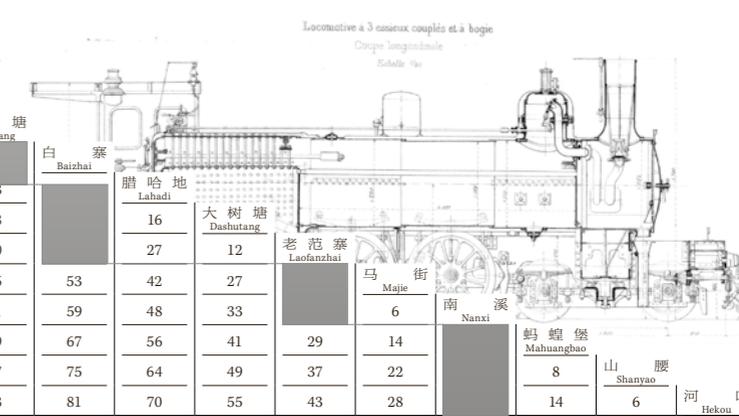
昆明 Kunming — 河口 Hekou

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|---------------|----|----------------|----|-----------------|-----|--------------------|-----|----------------|-----|--------------------|-----|-----------------|-----|--------------------|-----|---------------|-----|----------------|-----|---------------|-----|----------------|-----|------------------|-----|---------------|-----|------------------|-----|----------------|-----|--------------|-----|------------------|-----|--------------------|-----|---------------|-----|------------|-----|-------------|-----|-----------------|-----|-------------------|-----|--------------|-----|--------------------|----|-------------|----|---------------|----|---------------|----|---------------|----|------------------|----|-------------------|----|-------------|---|-------------|----|-------------------|---|---------------|---|-------------|
| 昆明 Kunming | 9 | 西庄 Xizhuang | 7 | 呈贡 Chenggong | 10 | 三家村 Sanzhongcun | 8 | 水塘 Shuitang | 12 | 凤鸣村 Fengmingcun | 17 | 可保村 Kebaocun | 9 | 江头村 Jiangtoucun | 6 | 宜良 Yiliang | 7 | 羊街子 Yangjie | 8 | 狗街子 Goujie | 13 | 徐家渡 Xujiadu | 26 | 禄丰村 Lufengcun | 17 | 西海 Xierhai | 10 | 热水塘 Rehuitang | 19 | 西扯邑 Xicheyi | 9 | 拉里黑 Libei | 20 | 巡检司 Xunjiansi | 28 | 小龙潭 Xiaolongtan | 36 | 开远 Kaiyuan | 15 | 大塔 Data | 21 | 草坝 Caoba | 8 | 碧色寨 Bisezhai | 12 | 黑龙潭 Heilongtan | 21 | 芷村 Zhicun | 12 | 落水洞 Luoshuidong | 11 | 裸姑 Laogu | 13 | 湾塘 Wantang | 23 | 白寨 Baizhai | 16 | 腊哈地 Lahadi | 12 | 大树塘 Dashutang | 27 | 老范寨 Laofanzhai | 42 | 马街 Majie | 6 | 南溪 Nanxi | 14 | 蚂蝗堡 Mahuangbao | 8 | 山腰 Shanyao | 6 | 河口 Hekou |
| 西庄 | 呈贡 | 三家村 | 水塘 | 凤鸣村 | 可保村 | 江头村 | 宜良 | 羊街子 | 狗街子 | 徐家渡 | 禄丰村 | 西海 | 热水塘 | 西扯邑 | 拉里黑 | 巡检司 | 小龙潭 | 开远 | 大塔 | 草坝 | 碧色寨 | 黑龙潭 | 芷村 | 落水洞 | 裸姑 | 湾塘 | 白寨 | 腊哈地 | 大树塘 | 老范寨 | 马街 | 南溪 | 蚂蝗堡 | 山腰 | 河口 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 9 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 12 | 17 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 13 | 26 | 17 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 20 | 28 | 15 | 21 | 8 | 12 | 21 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 23 | 16 | 12 | 27 | 42 | 6 | 14 | 8 | 6 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 17 | 25 | 30 | 20 | 37 | 51 | 60 | 66 | 73 | 81 | 106 | 120 | 149 | 158 | 169 | 179 | 189 | 198 | 208 | 228 | 244 | 256 | 271 | 279 | 287 | 300 | 312 | 321 | 333 | 344 | 358 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 450 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 42 | 35 | 25 | 17 | 42 | 35 | 44 | 40 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 35 | 25 | 17 | 42 | 35 | 44 | 40 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 25 | 18 | 10 | 8 | 30 | 42 | 51 | 50 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 17 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 30 | 42 | 51 | 40 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 20 | 12 | 10 | 8 | 30 | 42 | 51 | 40 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 12 | 17 | 10 | 8 | 30 | 42 | 51 | 40 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 17 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 30 | 42 | 51 | 40 | 57 | 64 | 72 | 84 | 97 | 106 | 111 | 123 | 123 | 142 | 142 | 152 | 152 | 163 | 170 | 179 | 189 | 189 | 192 | 199 | 208 | 219 | 235 | 247 | 262 | 270 | 278 | 287 | 291 | 303 | 312 | 324 | 335 | 349 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 37 | 51 | 60 | 66 | 73 | 81 | 106 | 120 | 149 | 158 | 169 | 179 | 189 | 198 | 208 | 228 | 244 | 256 | 271 | 279 | 287 | 300 | 312 | 321 | 333 | 344 | 358 | 371 | 383 | 394 | 409 | 421 | 436 | 442 | 450 | 458 | 464 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |



DIMENSIONS PRINCIPALES

| | | |
|---------|--|---------|
| 60 5000 | Surface de chauffe totale | 60 4 00 |
| 100 000 | Volume de chauffe | 100 00 |
| 30 000 | Distance des cylindres | 30 00 |
| 30 000 | Distance des patins | 30 00 |
| 13 000 | Distance des roues motrices (au repos) (sauf les 2 premières) | 13 00 |
| 1 000 | Distance des roues porteuses | 1 00 |
| 1 000 | Distance de l'axe de la machine à la tender (sauf les 2 premières) | 1 00 |
| 1 000 | Distance de l'axe de la machine à la tender (sauf les 2 premières) | 1 00 |
| 1 000 | Distance de l'axe de la machine à la tender (sauf les 2 premières) | 1 00 |



| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 8 | 14 | 22 | 28 | 33 | 37 | 41 | 45 | 49 | 53 | 57 | 61 | 65 | 69 | 73 | 77 | 81 | 85 | 89 | 93 | 97 | 101 | 105 | 109 | 113 | 117 | 121 | 125 | 129 | 133 | 137 | 141 | 145 | 149 | 153 | 157 | 161 | 165 | 169 | 173 | 177 | 181 | 185 | 189 | 193 | 197 | 201 | 205 | 209 | 213 | 217 | 221 | 225 | 229 | 233 | 237 | 241 | 245 | 249 | 253 | 257 | 261 | 265 | 269 | 273 | 277 | 281 | 285 | 289 | 293 | 297 | 301 | 305 | 309 | 313 | 317 | 321 | 325 | 329 | 333 | 337 | 341 | 345 | 349 | 353 | 357 | 361 | 365 | 369 | 373 | 377 | 381 | 385 | 389 | 393 | 397 | 401 | 405 | 409 | 413 | 417 | 421 | 425 | 429 | 433 | 437 | 441 | 445 | 449 | 453 | 457 | 461 | 465 | 469 | 473 | 477 | 481 | 485 | 489 | 493 | 497 | 501 | 505 | 509 | 513 | 517 | 521 | 525 | 529 | 533 | 537 | 541 | 545 | 549 | 553 | 557 | 561 | 565 | 569 | 573 | 577 | 581 | 585 | 589 | 593 | 597 | 601 | 605 | 609 | 613 | 617 | 621 | 625 | 629 | 633 | 637 | 641 | 645 | 649 | 653 | 657 | 661 | 665 | 669 | 673 | 677 | 681 | 685 | 689 | 693 | 697 | 701 | 705 | 709 | 713 | 717 | 721 | 725 | 729 | 733 | 737 | 741 | 745 | 749 | 753 | 757 | 761 | 765 | 769 | 773 | 777 | 781 | 785 | 789 | 793 | 797 | 801 | 805 | 809 | 813 | 817 | 821 | 825 | 829 | 833 | 837 | 841 | 845 | 849 | 853 | 857 | 861 | 865 | 869 | 873 | 877 | 881 | 885 | 889 | 893 | 897 | 901 | 905 | 909 | 913 | 917 | 921 | 925 | 929 | 933 | 937 | 941 | 945 | 949 | 953 | 957 | 961 | 965 | 969 | 973 | 977 | 981 | 985 | 989 | 993 | 997 |
|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|