

Everywhere in the workings of memory we discover a secret compulsion to repetition. And when we turn to consider repetition itself, we discover that only through memory is repetition possible. The beast, driven by instinct to repeat the motions of its ancestors, lacks the capacity to say to itself wearily, "Yet again." But for us memory utterly overwhelms instinct in all but our most mechanical repetitions. Within us these two events, memory and repetition, are two faces of a single demon.

Our repetitions are the scars of some incompleteness, of imperfection: something in our lives stutters. Something is not content simply to be and to have been, but must try to be again and again, and never successfully and finally. The event remembered may always be unique and unrepeatable—at least we say it is, even while we repeat it—but not all of the unique and unrepeatable past is the material of memory. We truly forget only what is "perfect," finished. This proposition may violate all we would like to believe about memory, but let us suppose that every memory that survives more than a brief while is sustained by some painful imperfection. There is some maimed story that should have gone on in one direction, should have turned and ended differently, or simply ended. The sharper this

thorn of imperfection, the more memory opens itself to variation. Memory becomes a hollow form, a rite of error in which new actors continually appear to play the familiar roles, in which bits and pieces of the familiar story are continually rearranged, in which new settings and circumstances are tried. But there is some core in this rite of error that remains unchanged, unresolved, and that thereby perpetuates the rite.

Writers repeat themselves. They make the same motions of mind and tell the same stories again and again. The very ingenuity they invest in concealing and varying their repetitions tells us how fiercely they desire to escape repetition, to find some way to at last complete the story and get on to something new. But when we discover the old stories coming back just beneath the surface of new stories, we recognize something they cannot let go of, a problem they can neither resolve nor forget. And we conclude that one measure of a writer's greatness may be the degree of opposed force between that struggle to escape, to get on to something new, and the tenacious compulsion to repeat.

一座庭园的精神传记

OVERLAPPED BEAUTY

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE MANOR

重叠的美丽

夏赛丽 出品 刘德科 著 李頔 摄影

浙江人民出版社

一座庭园的精神传记

OVERLAPPED BEAUTY

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE MANOR

重叠的美丽

刘德科 著 李颀拯 摄

浙江人民出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

重叠的美丽:一座庭园的精神传记 / 刘德科著. —杭州:浙江人民出版社,2010.8

ISBN 978-7-213-03980-5

I. ①重… II. ①刘… III. ①城市史:建筑史—杭州市 IV. ①TU-098.12

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2010)第 164770 号

书 名
作 者
出版发行

重叠的美丽——一座庭园的精神传记

刘德科 著 李颀拯 摄

浙江人民出版社

杭州市体育场路 347 号

市场部电话:(0571)85061682 85176516

责任编辑
责任校对
版式设计

洪 晓

戴文英

顾 页

电脑制版

杭州富春电子印务有限公司

印 刷

杭州富春印务有限公司

开 本

787×1092 毫米 1/16

印 张

10.375

字 数

18 万

插 页

2

版 次

2010 年 8 月第 1 版·第 1 次印刷

书 号

ISBN 978-7-213-03980-5

定 价

36.00 元

如发现印装质量问题,影响阅读,请与市场部联系调换。

向
帕慕克《伊斯坦布尔：一座城市的记忆》
与
萨义德《最后的天空之后》
致敬
！

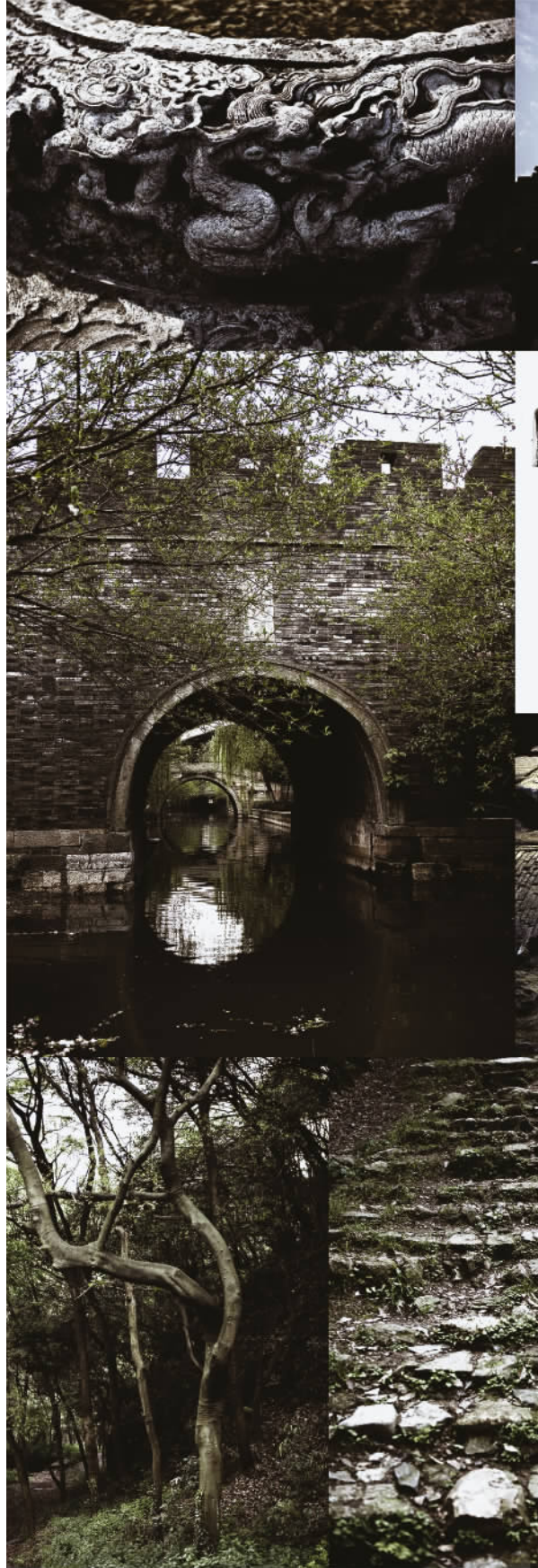
向
宇文所安《迷楼》与《追忆》
致敬
！



献给丽园



他们还在等待着
时间的宫廷画师









作为一种空间形态,丽园是时间赐给这座城市最美的礼物





因此,丽园更是情致与礼序的重叠





我们有幸得到了杭州吴山与凤凰山之间的一袭土地。在这里，我们建造了丽园。我们用它来表达对这座城市无止境的爱。

丽园是各种美、各种愿望的重叠与交织，只因它依附于这座城市的美丽。但是，它注定只能属于少数人。

幸好有了这本书，我们就可以与更多人分享丽园。它是丽园不可分割的一部分。它和丽园一起复现了南宋皇宫的土地记忆与杭州这座城市历代传承的生活情致。因此，我更愿意把丽园看作是一种文艺资产，它是时间赏赐给这座城市最美的礼物。

我的朋友德科闪现了这本书的灵感，那是四月的一个午后，他来这里喝茶。他通常不太会拒绝别人向他索取文章，但他却只肯花一点点功力。现在，这本书终于让他用尽了毕生所学。

我应该多跟他喝几次茶。

A handwritten signature in blue ink, likely belonging to the author, Liang Xiaoli.

2010年8月16日

目 录

第一章 有美堂 苏东坡的情致	25
01 暴雨	26
02 公元 1057 年	29
03 皇帝的赐诗	32
04 爱而难忘	35
05 一个社交圈层的扩散	39
06 用诗歌篡夺房产	47
07 怀念	53
08 杭州太守	57
09 苏堤与东坡肉	61
10 时间赏赐的美	66
第二章 丽正门 宋高宗的礼序	71
11 临时 暂且	72
12 赵钱孙李	76
13 重叠的宫殿	79

14	繁殖他的权力和欲望	84
15	泥马与乌鸦	88
16	追忆	91
17	复现	96
18	两副匙箸	99
19	天纵其能	100
20	帝国的秩序	103
	第三章 「丽园」重叠之美	105
21	两个人一座城	106
22	最美的古典城市天际线	109
23	消失与重建	112
24	我们都依附于这座城市的 <u>美</u> <u>丽</u>	115
后记		148



为一首诗歌，建造一幢房子，是再自然不过的事情了 见第34页