

s i n ∞ f i n

The Movie Text

Performances at the Holy Centre

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Text by Andrea Pagnes

Translation by Sally Ho and Idy Lam

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White screen 白色屏幕

Male voice 男聲

The idea of the profound oneness of the creative thought

創意作為深層一體化的想法

And all the aspects of creation

與創造物的各種層面

Has always been present in my consciousness,

一直存於我的意識中，

If only at a latent level.

假若只是在潛意識內。

It just needs a messenger to awaken it,

它只需要一個使者來喚醒它，

To remind me that there is a way to cooperate wholeheartedly,

提醒我，有一種方法能竭誠合作，

Uniting plants, animals, the others and the subtle world.

將植物，動物，其他的事物和難以捉摸的世界連結在一起。

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Chapter 1 第 1 章

Starvation Lane. Eating Flowers. 飢餓巷。吃花。

Male voice 男聲

I try to capture the moment.

我嘗試捕捉當下。

My dreams don't narrate anything any more,

我的夢不再敘述，

they articulate themselves as questions, and questions manifest as images.

他們成為問題，而問題以影像顯現。

What if these images are just fragments of the process that builds up memories?

假若這些影像只是建立回憶的過程的零碎片段？

Finally, I fall asleep. It's like a paradox of time and intention.

終於，我睡著了。這就像時間和意圖的矛盾點。

As if travelling back in time to murder my ancestors,

就如回到過去、殺掉我的祖先，

and deny my own identity, my Self as it is today.

否認自己的身份認同、和活在今天的自我。

Invisibility of different kinds:

不同種類的隱身：

Who speaks what from there, and how do I listen?

誰在那兒說什麼，我怎樣聆聽？

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Everywhere I go I see people running, running for their lives.

無論我走到哪裡，也看見人們在奔跑，為生活而奔跑。

What language do these people speak? What songs they sing?

這些人用什麼語言？唱什麼歌曲？

What dungeons they crowded?

他們擁擠在怎樣的地牢內？

What thoughts and ideals suffer and soar in their souls?

在他們的靈魂內，有什麼想法和理想受害、升騰？

What can be produced if nothing yet is assumed?

如果沒有任何假定，可以創造什麼？

Which place do I go to, to be protected from violence, if my country just merchandises potential violence for another?

如果我的國家只向他人推銷可能的暴力，我去哪個地方 才可以免受其害？

Where is this place? Where is this place where every door is closed?

這個地方在哪裡？這個所有門都關上了的地方在哪裡？

Where people are simply calling God? Where innocent people are entrapped?

在人們呼喚神的地方？天真的人被困的地方？

Where no one comes to my aid? Where the young shed blood and then people pray?

沒有人來幫助我的地方？年輕人流血而後人們禱告的地方？

Where citizens are called vagrants? Where is this place? Home?

人民被稱為流浪者的地方？這個地方在哪裡？家？

Starvation Lane. Eating Fear. 飢餓巷。吞吃恐懼。

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Male voice 男聲

Yet, still flaws in the system.

然而，制度仍存有錯漏。

Modernity's great promise, the freedom from fear, now lies in ruins.

現代性的最大承諾，沒有恐懼的自由，現在已成一片廢墟。

Fear as medium, not as message.

恐懼是媒介，而不是信息。

Fear as collateral effect, force behind progress.

恐懼是連鎖反應，發展背後的強權。

Fear as refuge, home, style, character, tradition.

恐懼作為避難所，家，作風，品格，傳統。

Fear to take a chance, scoring the aces, that plays and wins, caressing,
embarrassing.

恐懼爭取機會，得分，贏取，撫摸，為難。

Fear manages. Fear rocks.

恐懼管理。恐懼搖動。

My fear begins where someone else fear ends.

當他人的恐懼結束，我的恐懼便開始。

Give it a face, a symbol, a trajectory, a luminous trail.

給它一張臉，一個符號，一道軌跡，發亮的縱跡。

Signs, lines, symbols, visions in black-and-white and colour.

標誌，線條，符號，黑白的視覺和彩色的視覺。

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Voice glued on a wall, which animates and gives evidence.

黏貼在牆上的聲音，推動證據，提出證據。

Lights, transforming into more than for which they were drawn.

光線，轉化成多於.....為此而被汲取。

Fear along lines, undefined by boundaries.

恐懼沿著界線，却未被一些界線領域去界定。

Physical, drawn, etched, carved, real or imaginary forms.

物質性，手繪，蝕刻，雕刻，真實或想像的形式。

Smelling the air, I try to identify the cavity, the ravines, the corners where
fear was sleeping,

嗅嗅空氣，我試圖找出恐懼在睡覺的洞穴、深谷、角落，

Wishing slow rainbows for my eyes.

希望我的眼睛看到緩慢的彩虹。

Starvation Lane. Eating Borders. 飢餓巷。吃邊界。

Male voice 男聲

Where did the 'I'm here' kind of map go missing?

在哪裡不見了“我在這裡”這類地圖？

It was never there when I grew up.

我成長的時候，它從來也不在。

The comfort of not being watched as an oddity, of slipping easily into
something known...

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不被當作怪胎看待，輕易滑進已知的領域都是令人悉懷的.....

I don't want to move, but now look what I have got,

我不想動，但看看我現在有什麼，

matchboxes for trees, and open drains.

樹木的火柴盒，和敞開的水溝。

Bethlehem, Gaza, Kashmir, Lhasa...

伯利恆，加沙，克什米爾，拉薩.....

So many places, guarding against...

這麼多的地方，防範著.....

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Chapter 2 第 2 章

Semblance Lane. Pushing Limits. 相類巷。擴展極限。

Female voice 女聲

Quite a few things are in danger of speedy disappearance:

不少東西面臨迅速消失的危險：

Am I ephemeral too?

我是否也會短瞬即逝？

Questions don't stop.

無止境的提問。

Investigation has its own reason to exist.

調查有其存在的理由。

To merely comprehend a little of the mystery every day-

每天僅領悟一小部份的奧秘——

not losing a sense for a holy curiosity.

維持神聖好奇心的感覺。

Surely the immutable laws of the universe can teach impressive lessons,

當然，宇宙不變的法則可以提供令人印象深刻的教訓，

though I make holy what I believe.

但我讓我相信的變得神聖。

I have met a lot of clowns, who tried so hard to be profound;

我見過很多努力希望變得有深度的小丑，

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and teachers who taught nothing but the faults in others,

和只會指出別人的缺點的老師，

not knowing they have the same, if not twice, as much faults themselves.

而從來看不見自己身上有同等，如果不是其兩倍，的缺點。

Perfection does not consist in any singular state or condition of life,

完美，不存在於任何單一生活的狀態或條件，

and beauty cannot be the way towards the useful, or towards the good;

美不能導向任何用途，或善德，

it only leads towards itself.

美只能導向美的自身。

Semblance Lane. Covered Head. 相類巷。蒙頭。

Female voice 女聲

I am not who you think I am.

我不是你所想的我。

I am neither East nor West.

我既不是東方也不是西方。

I am simply elsewhere.

我不過是在別處。

I always had just one question in my head, and it was the wrong one.

我的腦海裡總是只有一個問題，一個錯誤的問題。

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Semblance Lane. Collecting Holiness. 相類巷。收集聖潔。

Male voice 男聲

All Holy writings are abyss.

所有神聖的文字都是深淵

How profound they are? How simple?

它們有多深遠？有多簡單？

Friendship, the holy tie, is made more sacred by adversity.

友誼，聖潔的連繫，面對逆境時更顯神聖。

Just to be is a blessing. Just to live is holy.

僅是存有，是一個祝福。僅是生活，是神聖的。

Life is a game with many rules, but no referee.

生活是一個有很多規則，但沒有裁判的遊戲。

Small wonder, then, that so many play dirty, that so few win, and so many lose.

難怪，那麼多人犯規，那麼少人勝出，而那麼多人輸掉。

Secret thoughts run over all things,

秘密的想法穿透所有事物，

clean, obscene, grave, and light, without shame or blame, without rhyme or reason.

乾淨，淫穢，嚴重，輕巧，無羞恥心或無責怪，無韻或無理。

What difference does it make to the dead, the orphans, the homeless, whether a mad destruction is wrought under the holy name of liberty,

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democracy, or globalization?

對死者，孤兒，無家可歸的人來說，無論瘋狂破壞是在自由，或是民主，或是全球化的聖名下造成的，又有什麼分別？

To recollect my personal falls fills me with a feeling of holy sorrow.

要回顧我個人的墮落讓我感到神聖的悲傷。

The configuration of things is now,

事物的結構是，現在，

to have found that person in my life, so
that I could live.

找到我生命中的那個人，使我能活。

Dreams grow for being put into action.

夢的成長是為了被實行。

I missed drinking: I thought bars were truly holy places.

我想念酒：我認為酒吧是真正的聖地。

Semblance Lane. Collecting Memories. 相類巷。收集回憶。

Female voice 女聲

Bought is Gifted. Owned isn't Shared. Discarded is everywhere.

買是被贈予。擁有是不作分享。被丟棄的，無處不在。

What is "evidence"?

什麼是“證據”？

Ragged curtains across an open door.

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破舊的窗簾橫越敞開的門。

The night that deepens.

晚更深。

A bulb that flickers.

燈光閃爍。

I am ready to spill like the white of an egg.

我準備像蛋白似的從雞蛋溢出。

I need to be touched softly, my edges smoothed tenderly,

我需要被輕柔地觸摸，溫柔地撫平我的邊緣，

lest I tear and become meaningless.

免得我撕裂，變得無意義。

What must the future has looked like to the ancestors, as the sunset in the
expanse nothingness of the horizon surrounded them?

當廣闊虛無的地平線上的夕陽包圍著他們時，祖先眼裡的未來一定是怎樣的？

Water could contain roots, droppings, rubbish, leeches, snails, cockroaches,
scum, frogs.

水裡可能有根，糞便，垃圾，水蛭，蝸牛，蟑螂，渣滓，青蛙。

Is this the water to drink?

這是喝的水嗎？

Subtle changes in water mark the passage of time, or produce effects of
timelessness:

水微妙的變化，標誌著時間的推移，或帶來永恆的效果：

sometimes water stops flowing from the taps.

有時水停止從水龍頭流出。

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Semblance Lane. Painting Memories. 相類巷。繪畫記憶。

Female voice 女聲

You reach a moment in your life when, among the people you have known,
你到達生命的這一刻，在你認識的人當中，

the dead outnumber the living.

已死的比在生的多。

Then the mind refuses to accept more faces, more expressions.

然後腦袋拒絕接受更多的面孔，更多的表達。

On every new face you encounter, it prints the old forms,

在每一個你遇到的新面貌之上，印下舊的形狀，

and finds the most suitable mask.

發現最適合的面具。

For is it not that one person misses is alive in another person's memory,

不是想念的人在另一個人的記憶裡活著，

and that which someone relays, narrates, recalls and shares,

某人轉達的，敘述的，回憶的和分享的，

becomes part of what someone else encounters, discovers and remembers.

成為他人遇見，發現和記得的事物的一部份。

As if all individuals felt themselves to be masters of a secret treasure,

就像所有人也覺得自己是秘密寶藏的主人，

In order to maintain the illusion of normalcy.

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為了維持正常這個假象。

There was no personal or world problem whose solution did not exist in some
個人問題或世界的問題一定有解決方法存在於某處，我猜。

All things are possible because of other things.

所有事情因其他事情而變得可能。

All things are variations upon some other things.

一切事物是其他事物的各種變化而已。

The past is summoned in the present.

當下召喚過去。

To ask a person why he came to a place is to ask why he left another.

問一個人為什麼來到某地，是在問他為什麼離開另一個地方。

Semblance Lane. Cancelling Memories. 相類巷。刪去回憶。

Female voice 女聲

Everything is cracking up.

一切也在崩壞。

I still define myself in terms of relationships.

我仍然以人際關係定義自我。

Yet so divided, and more subdivided inside.

但，如此分裂，內在更是被再細分。

A blind grasping out for the wholeness:

盲目地伸手，欲抓緊一個整體：

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I change simply to conceal something from myself.

我改變，不過是為了掩蓋自己的一些東西。

I've reached the stage where I looked at people and say...

我到達一個階段，在那裡看著他人，說.....

They are, though they've chosen to block off at this stage or that.

他們是，雖然他們選擇了阻止這個或那個階段。

People seem to stay sane by blocking off, by limiting themselves.

人們似乎通過妨礙，通過限制自己，以保持理智。

Sometimes I meet people,

有時候，我遇到一些人，

and the fact that they are cracked across, that they're split,

他們被砸開、被割裂的事實，

makes me believe that in this way they are keeping themselves open for something.

使我相信他們是以這種方式保持自身的開放性。

How many times did I come to the conclusion that: I'm wrong.

很多次，我歸結：我錯了。

People need other people to be kind to them. Everyone.

人需要其他人善待他們。每一個人。

I wish there was just one other person I could really talk to,

我希望只有那麼的一個人，我能以誠相對，

who could really understand me, who'd be gentle to me.

而他能夠真正理解我，並溫柔待我。

That's what I really want, if I speak the truth.

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這是我真正想要的，如果我說的是真話。

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Chapter 3 第3章

Relics Lane. Recovering the Face. 頹垣巷。恢復面貌。

Male voice 男聲

It still grows, and sprouts.

它仍然生長，發芽。

Graveyards, fields, lakes, mountains, rivers, till to the sea.

墓地，田野，湖泊，山脈，河流，直至抵達大海。

Music. Poetry.

音樂。詩歌。

Perhaps a time shall dawn (or may return) for resources that precious, for
resources made.

也許時間應開始展現（或返回），為了寶貴的資源，為了製成的資源。

Don't bleed, don't die now, don't cry,

不要流血，不要現在死，不要哭，

Our home be no more a distant, difficult paradise.

我們的家不再是一個遙遠的，困難的天堂。

Ripples are always in movement, though still they wait.

漣漪不會停止不動，但他們仍然會等待。

This even one single ripple doesn't know.

這，就算是一個單一的波紋也不知道。

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Relics Lane. Recovering the Bondage. 頽垣巷。重新套上束縛。

Female voice 女聲

I am of the pertinacious kind.

我是頑固的人。

I move around the planet, leave my traces, kiss some wounds.

我在行星四處移動，留下我的痕跡，親吻一些傷口。

Whence the sunrises, the stars move along, 'for they don't know on what to cling to.

太陽升起時，星星便隨之移動，因為他們不知道可以依靠什麼。

Some even disappear.

有些甚至消失了。

If one recovers one of these after a long time it is fungus infested and seems to glitter.

如果在一段很長時間後將其中一個恢復原狀，它已被真菌寄生，似是在閃閃發亮。

I have not run all around to let it vanish.

我沒有四處跑讓它消失。

If I find one, a castaway mushroom star,

如果我找到一個，被拋棄的蘑菇星體，

I take it up with my white hands that do not know what they can carry.

我會用不知道能拿什麼的雪白的手拿起他。

I take it up, and place it in my chest,

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我拿起它，把它放在我的胸口，

between ribs and the wall of the heart

where it shall be warm,

肋骨和心臟壁之間，在那裡它應是溫暖的，

but I cannot assess it.

但我無法估計。

Relics Lane. Recovering the Substance. 頽垣巷。恢復物質。

Female voice 女聲

Everything existed and nothing existed.

一切曾存在，一切不曾存在。

Nothing from everything.

一切之內什麼也沒有。

There was one and there wasn't one.

曾有一個和不曾有一個。

Now this statement is quite different.

現在，這個說法是不同的。

A subject has been introduced into the duality,

主題已被引入二元，

Meaning: 'someone existed and no one existed'.

含義：“有人曾存在，沒有人曾存在”。

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Part of a becoming, or no one is there.

形成之內的一部分，或沒有人人在。

No one has (yet) arrived, no one is participating.

(暫時) 沒有人到達，沒有人參與。

The one who wasn't, has yet to be, but may perhaps come later.

未曾參與的人，也許晚一點會來。

Therefore, there are two, a pair, a conversation or dialogue:

因此，有兩個，一對，一段交談或對話：

Not a one and its lack, rather a double, of the one who is.

不是單一，它缺乏，是一雙，是的那個。

The double, perhaps death? The risk of disappearance?

一雙，也許是死亡？消失的風險？

One who was and the one who wasn't at the same time?

同一時間，一個曾是和一個不曾是？

Relics Lane. Recovering the Path. 頽垣巷。重新鋪上小徑。

Male voice 男聲

Restlessness, like light and cloud shadows, passes over my body.

坐立不安，像光與雲的陰影，越過我的身體。

Something is happening upon me.

事情發生在我身上。

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Life has not forgotten me.

生活並沒有忘記我。

It holds me in its hands.

它把我握在手裡。

It will not let me fall.

它不會讓我跌下去。

A cat has nine lives.

貓有九條命。

And so do I, I hope.

我也是，我希望。

Why not so?

為什麼不呢？

Relics Lane. Recovering the Connectivity. 頽垣巷。恢復連接。

Male voice 男聲

Refusals may, as a reaction, create new fears,

拒絕，作為一個反應，創造新的恐懼，

born from the ashes of those previous ones.

從之前的恐懼的骨灰裡誕生。

The fear of difference is the fear of acceptance.

對差異的恐懼是對認同的恐懼。

Fear takes the form of another Self, leading to transformation.

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恐懼以另一個自我的形式，引致轉變。

Relics Lane. Recovering Ruins. 頽垣巷。恢復遺跡。

Male voice 男聲

Ruins, pure matter of resistance.

廢墟，純物質的抵抗。

Overcoming suffering, and many lives.

克服苦難，和許多人的生命。

Watch them, touch them.

看著它們，觸摸它們。

Still standing stones, waiting for something,

仍然屹立的石頭，等待著一些事物，

They insist to exist.

他們堅持要存在。

Relics Lane. Recovering the Void. 頽垣巷。恢復空洞。

Male voice 男聲

The existence of the void traces aesthetic images of the world,

虛無的存在追蹤世界的審美意象，

not along physical rules universally known,

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不是沿著舉世皆知的物理規則，

but along the search for harmony and balance between sensorial perceptions.

而是沿著搜索和諧的路和沿著感官知覺之間的平衡。

It gives meaning to the full, can create other spaces,

它提供了充分的意義，可以創建其他空間，

ambiguous and not identified, therefore frightening,

含糊和難以界定，因此可怕，

though carriers of possibility of renewal, experimental results of probable adjustments:

雖然乘載更新的可能性的器具，可調整的實驗性結果：

space bubble reserves as responses to change and seek solutions.

空間泡沫留作改變的反應，並尋求解決方法。

Relics Lane. Recovering Holiness. 頹垣巷。恢復聖潔。

Male voice 男聲

Sanctity, perpetrating freedom,

神聖，行使自由，

can give breathing space to non-approved evolutionary spaces,

可以給喘息的空間一個非認可的進化空間，

generators of uncontrolled environments and habitats,

不受控制的環境和棲息地的生產機器，

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in vague terrains,

在模糊的地域，

it is maybe possible to dance the fear and turn it into a sublimation of contemporary identity.

它也許可能舞出恐懼並將其昇華成當代身份。

Chapter 4 第4章

Drifting Lane. Rushing with Believe. 漂流巷。與信念奔走。

Male voice 男聲

I've read that for black holes the most basic tenet,

我在書裡看過，黑洞最基本的宗旨，

that the past and the future are uniquely connected, is violated.

即過去和未來是以獨特的方法連接起來，被違反了。

Particles radiating out of a black hole carry no information about what had fallen into the black hole.

黑洞散射的粒子沒有帶來任何有關跌入黑洞裡的粒子的信息。

Throw in a ton of feathers or a ton of bricks-

扔進一噸羽毛或一噸磚塊 -

the particles leaking out of the hole are the same.

黑洞洩漏的粒子也是相同的。

There is no sign of what has been destroyed.

sin ∞ fin

沒有任何東西被毀壞的跡象。

Once the black hole disappears, all knowledge,

一旦黑洞消失，所有知識，

all information about its contents, where do they go?

所有關於黑洞內部的信息，到哪去了？

The whole is not equal to the sum of its parts.

整體不等於其部分的總和。

Origins and destinations blur.

起源和目的地的界線變得模糊。

They become loops, cycles, and patterns.

它們變成循環，週期和模式。

The way to explore them is through the filter of woven meaning.

探索的方法是過濾交織在一起的意義。

They need to be pulled apart so that is possible to break the loops,

他們需要被拉開，才可以打破循環，

holding the past and the present together, for the future to leak through.

同時緊握過去和現在，讓未來滲漏而出。

The earth does not discriminate between perfume and urine.

土壤不會區分香水和尿液。

Abused and reviled, it tries to absorb everything,

被傷害，被辱罵，土壤試圖吸收所有東西，

endeavoring to turn them into plants.

努力把它們變成植物。

sin ∞ fin

For that, I think I know now why beautiful things are difficult.

由此，我覺得我現在知道了為什麼美麗的東西很困難。

Drifting Lane. Rushing deformed. 漂流巷。奔走變形。

Female voice 女聲

Knowing about events in the all world alters my body.

知道世界發生的事改變了我的身體。

My fingers scan Italy,

我的手指掃描意大利，

my feet walk on Chinese walls,

我的腳走在中國的牆上，

my head spins with the Magellan wind.

我的頭隨麥哲倫的風旋轉。

my mouth tastes Mexico,

我的嘴嚐到墨西哥的味道，

my ears hear in New York,

我的耳朵在紐約傾聽，

my eyes see India,

我的眼睛看到印度，

I think about Iraq,

我思考伊拉克的事，

sin ∞ fin

my heart feels with Japan.

我的心感受日本。

I feel overstretched

我覺得我被過份伸展。

These mental and emotional acrobatics,

這種心理上與情緒上的伸展雜技，

may be a trial of doing justice to this distortion by increasing my physical abilities.

可能是為了增強我的體能以公平對待這些扭曲的事。

But I have injured my shoulder, carrying Germany.

但我的肩膀受了傷，背負著德國。

Does a training exist for the global body?

有沒有方法訓練這具全球軀體？

Who is the trainer? And may I refuse me?

教練是誰？而我可以拒絕我嗎？

Do I have boarders?

我有寄宿的地方嗎？

Am I a country?

我是一個國家嗎？

Is total intimacy the only condition for global thinking?

完全的親密是全球性思維的唯一條件嗎？

Am I my place?

我是我的地方嗎？

sin ∞ fin

Drifting Lane. Rushing with the Past. 漂流巷。與過去奔走。

Female voice 女聲

My heart reminds me...

我的心提醒我.....

Water I am,

我是水，

which has become body, and earth, the fire, the time passing by.

由此變成了身體，土壤，火，時間流逝。

Fire I am, thickening air.

我是火，讓空氣變得濃密。

Water of time that flows, I have no lasting.

時間的水流動，我不耐久。

Water I am, which has become body and the earth then will drink it.

我是水，由此變成了身體，讓土壤喝。

Fire I am, a dense thickening cloud which has no endurance.

我是火，一團厚實、不持久的雲。

The wind over the earth I am, and graveyards, left over the sea.

我是劃過地面的風，和墓地，殘餘大海。

Time that flies I am,

我是飛逝的時間，

while my death moves along within clocks that go backwards.

而我的死亡隨倒行的時鐘消逝。

sin ∞ fin

Drifting Lane. Rushing with the Earth. 漂流巷。與土壤奔波。

Male voice 男聲

Half a world away mercy and fury love they play.

相隔半個世界，他們上演憐憫和狂烈的愛。

One morning I woke up,

一天早上，我醒來的時候，

my cords were almost cold, my voice completely out

聲帶幾乎是冰的，我失了聲。

I had nothing left to say.

我已無話可說。

I was running out of thoughts, running out of words,

快要耗盡想法，快要變得詞窮，

only few exhausting sounds were left there to feed my throat.

只留下少數極耗心力的聲音來餵養我的喉嚨。

I was running out of feelings, running out of joy:

我快要耗盡感情，快要耗盡喜悅：

all around me there was nothing left to owe.

我的四周已沒有拖欠的東西。

sin ∞ fin

Drifting Lane. Rushing with the Past. 漂流巷。與過去奔波。

Male voice 男聲

Many things I promised and many things I tried,

我答應了很多事情，嘗試了很多事情，

using all I ever had to keep my light ablaze.

耗盡了我的所有以保持我的燈火明亮。

But no, there was nothing left to burn, nor a heart left close to warm.

但是沒有，已沒有東西讓我燃燒，也沒有一顆閉合的心去暖。

The day after I walked back home, veins to pieces.

我走回家後的第二天，血管變成碎片。

All the things I ever dreamt were just used to feed my tongue.

我夢見的所有事情只是用來餵養我的舌頭。

Well, my body tells:

嗯，我的身體說：

if I cheat reasons with sentiments, I make illusions.

如果我以感情欺騙理性，我會製造幻想。

If one body speaks, two bodies talk:

如果一具軀體說，兩具軀體談：

they look so real for tenderness.

他們的柔情看起來是那麼的真。

Slow changes may pull apart,

緩慢的變化可能拉開，

sin ∞ fin

but shortening distances it's like seeing through things.

但縮短距離，就像看透事物。

Is all I do just to help me to forget?

我做的一切只是為了幫我忘記嗎？

sin ∞ fin

Chapter 5 第 5 章

Revery Lane. Dreaming the Essence. 空想巷。夢見精髓。

Male voice 男聲

All sanity depends on this:

所有理智也取決於這點：

it should be a delight to feel heat striking the skin,

喜悅的感到熱力刺穿皮膚，

to stand upright, knowing my bones are moving easily under the flesh.

直立而知道我的骨頭在皮膚下輕易移動。

I tried to kill myself, failed, blind myself,

我嘗試殺死自己，失敗了，使自己失明，

and have now turned into what I tried to kill myself to prevent.

而現在我變成了我試圖殺死自己以防止的模樣。

The second-best is anything but the second-best.

第二最好決非第二最好。

I look at what divides and separates,

我看著什麼東西導致分開和分隔，

I don't look at something in common.

不是看有共通點的東西。

I try to persuade others,

我試圖遊說別人，

sin ∞ fin

and end up convincing myself, driven by the conviction of some sort of superiority.

但最終卻說服了自己，由於我確信的某種優越感。

There's oversimplification in everything, and mostly, a terror of flexibility.

一切也被簡化，而很多時候，是靈活性的恐怖。

I don't ask for anything,

我不要求什麼，

except everything, as long as I need it.

除了一切，只要我需要它。

Revery Lane. Dreaming the Connection. 空想巷。夢見連接。

Female voice 女聲

Do you see my hands?

你看見我的手嗎？

With these hands, I can hold someone I love close to me,

用這雙手，我可以抱著我愛的人，

kill someone, offend someone.

殺人，得罪人。

I can create and destroy, join and separate.

我可以創造和破壞，加入和分隔。

If I raise my hands, I was told I could reach God,

如果我舉起我的手，別人告訴我，我可以碰到神，

sin ∞ fin

that if I spread them out, I could make the entire world my own,

而假若我打開雙臂，我可以將整個世界變成自己的東西，

travelling, moving, from here to everywhere,

旅行，移動，從這裡到任何地方，

from place to place, trying to connect.

從那裡到那裡，嘗試連接。

Revery Lane. Dreaming the Excess. 空想巷。夢見過剩。

Female voice 女聲

This endured absence is nothing more or less than forgetfulness.

持久的缺席剛好是健忘。

This is the condition of my survival;

這是我生存的條件；

‘For if I did not forget, I should die.

如果我沒忘記，我應該死。

Revery Lane. Dreaming Fear. 空想巷。夢見恐懼。

Female voice 女聲

Fear succeeds by monopolizing ambiguity;

恐懼壟斷了模糊因而成功；

sin ∞ fin

it casts its shadow within the capability to assess time and condition.

它在評估時間和條件的能力裡留下陰影。

If I continuously remind myself of this,

如果我不斷提醒自己這件事，

then I no longer have reason to be afraid.

那我便不再有理由害怕。

No thoughts to think. No tears to cry.

沒有思考。沒有淚流。

All sucked dry. Amused to death.

全被吸乾。被逗樂至死。

I see my image through a glass plate.

我通過一塊玻璃板，看見自己的映像。

It blazes in circles between the eyebrows.

它在眉毛之間圍圈燃燒。

Is for this the word “divine”?

「神聖」就是說這件事嗎？

Fading into faint remembrance, re-assembling, I require myself to behave,

褪成淡淡的回憶，重新組裝，我要求自己行為檢點，

while many images remain fixed in habits of the past.

而同時，許多映像仍然被固定在過去的習慣。

sin ∞ fin

Chapter 6 第 6 章

Juncture Lane. Turning the Past. 接合巷。轉動過去。

Male voice 男聲

What is so painful about time is that nothing was disastrous.

時間的痛苦在於，沒有什麼是災難性的。

It was all wrong, ugly, unhappy and colored in grey,

這全是錯誤的，醜陋的，不快樂的和灰色的，

and nothing was tragic, no moments that could change anything or anybody.

沒有什麼是悲慘的，沒有一個瞬間能改變任何東西或任何人。

From time to time the emotional lightning flashed,

情緒的閃電不時閃過，

showing a landscape of private misery,

呈現出個人痛苦的景觀，

and then, we all went on dancing.

然後，我們全都繼續跳舞。

Juncture Lane. Turning the Present. 接合巷。轉動現在。

Female voice 女聲

I still can recognize a trace of white in every black,

sin ∞ fin

我仍然可以分辨，所有黑色裡白色的痕跡，

a bit of grey in every white, and the greens, pale to deep, inextricable from one another.

所有白色裡點點的灰，而綠色，淡綠至深綠，彼此不可分割。

However, regardless of what happened,

但是，不管發生什麼事，

my tomorrow bears no resemblance to yesterday.

我的明天也不會近似昨天。

Those attempting to seek the path, leading to Tomorrow in the Yesterday are deeply misguided:

那些嘗試探路由昨天指引至明天的人嚴重地被誤導了：

this river will not repeat itself.

這條河不會重複自己。

It carries away.

它帶走。

There was and there wasn't.

曾經有和曾經沒有。

Same old stories, and places,

同樣的老故事，和地方，

as if something would change shape just by being in different circumstances and stages.

彷彿事物會因處於不同情況和階段而改變形狀。

Real life dilemmas and situations are not questions of “make it right” or “make it wrong”.

sin ∞ fin

現實生活中的兩難和狀況並不是「做對」或「做錯」的問題。

They are expressions to search for peace.

它們是尋求和平的表現。

And yet, it's all complexity.

然而，這是很複雜的。

What will remain and what will be left behind?

什麼會留下，什麼會被遺下？

I might twist, entrusting troubles, nailing my doubts or build back together.

我可能會扭轉，懷抱麻煩，肯定了我的疑慮，我或會重新一起建立。

sin ∞ fin

Chapter 7 第 7 章

Blend Lane. That which. 交融巷。那個。

Female voice 女聲

That which is not here, it does not exist anywhere else.

不在這裡，便不存在於其他任何地方。

Blend Lane. Two One. 交融巷。二分之一。

Female voice 女聲

An extension kept getting made.

一直擴展。

The space that was there grew.

曾在那裡的空間增長。

We move through a crowd, as a thread moves through the eye of a needle.

我們穿過人群，就像一條線穿過針眼。

It's like to stand still, waiting endlessly for the next to come.

就像站在原地，不斷等待下次的來臨。

Endeavoring to nourish an intimate desire for a shade to rest under,

力圖培養在蔭下休息的欣切慾望，

or a will to return, even if a long time has passed.

sin ∞ fin

或是返回的意願，即使很長一段時間已經過去。

Blend Lane. Two Two. 交融巷。兩個二。

Male voice 男聲

I live many realities, but only one among them is the fulcrum of my life.

我生活在很多不同的現實當中，但只有一個是我生命的支點。

What is it that constitutes my “Self”?

是什麼構成了我的「自我」？

I look at it in new ways, in the light of different dates.

我以新的方式看它，在不同的日子。

When I become comfortable with one way of seeing myself,

當我能舒適地以其中一個方式看待自己時，

there is something that reminds me where I belong to, what marks I have on my body,

有一些東西會提醒我的歸宿，我身上的痕跡，

with my face still hidden there, within the crowd, among the clouds,

提醒我，我的臉仍然隱藏在那裡，人群之間，雲朵之間，

or beneath a stamp, with an ink of a different color from the time before.

或是郵票下方，用跟之前不同顏色的墨水。

Female voice 女聲

sin ∞ fin

I feel a searing nostalgia for open spaces,

我極度懷念開放空間，

a time before those ‘temporary’ structures that never leave.

在「臨時」建築永遠不離開之前的一段時光。

It’s all to make me safe and secure.

一切也是使我感到安全和安心。

Safe from what?

不受什麼的威脅？

Myself, my weaker side, society?

我自己，我軟弱的一面，社會？

My affiliations, nightmares, thoughts, belief?

我的背景，惡夢，思想，信仰？

My rights, my friends, my enemies?

我的權利，我的朋友，我的敵人？

My dreams?

我的夢？

Blend Lane. Two Three. 交融巷。兩個三。

Female voice 女聲

Trust in me. Shut your eyes and trust me.

相信我。閉上你的眼睛，相信我。

You can sleep safe and sound, knowing I am around.

sin ∞ fin

你可以睡得安穩，因知道我在身旁。

Slip into silent flesh. Sail on a silver mist.

陷入沉默的肉體。在銀霧上航行。

Slowly and surely your senses will cease to resist.

慢慢地，你的感官一定會停止抵抗。

sin ∞ fin

Black screen. 黑屏。

Female voice 女聲

If it be your will

如果這是你的意願

That I speak no more

我不會再說什麼

And my voice be still

我的聲音仍然

As it was before

如以往一樣

I will speak no more.

我不會再說什麼。

I shall abide until

我會遵守，直至

I am spoken for.

有人為我發言。

If it be your will.

如果這是你的意願。

sin ∞ fin

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