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The Game of Absolute

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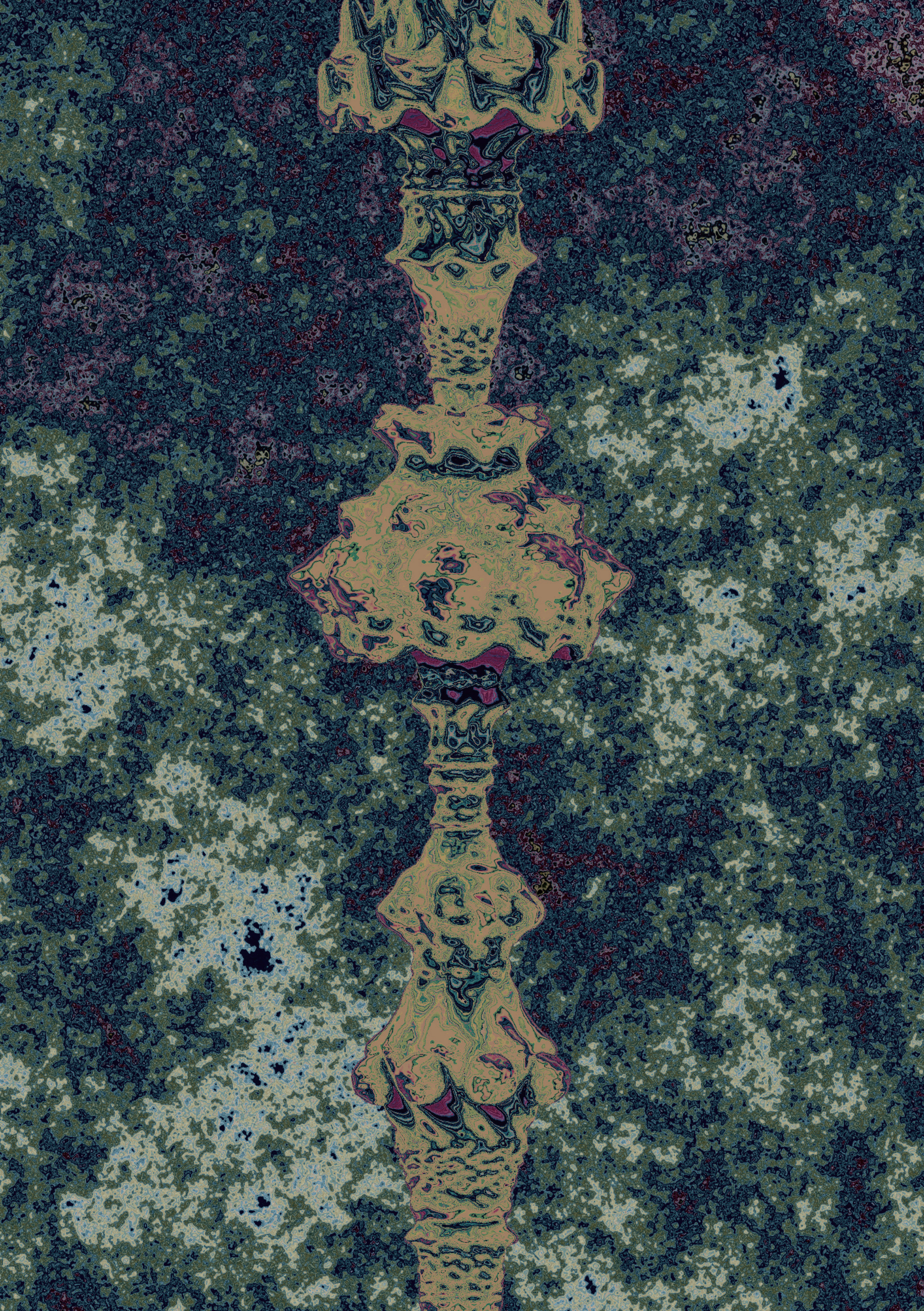

The Game of Absolute

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

By

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ABSTRACT

My thesis paper writing is a collection of short stories. Or it could be thought of as a small magazine or even an instruction manual for my work. There is a loose correspondence between its content and the symbols used in my installations. It is also realistically and physically presented in my exhibition as part of a "game box". The chaotic and contradictory narrative of this collection of short stories stems from my exhaustive pursuit of the elements that I try to approach in each story. This insatiable pattern of compulsive organization is also evident in the content of my work.

In mythology, religion, and metaphysics, there is always existing a "universal quest" for concrete symbols in the texts. They seem strange and unanswerable. Such as why there is only one sun in the world; what posture people should take to face the gods; what kind of justice is perfect; what kind of sacrifice will receive its due response and etc. In each of these mythological and philosophical stories that have come passing down to us, I feel a sense of closeness to the truth and a joy and caution in reading the spiritual history of humanity. This makes me feel that although overarching and grand narrative works are impossible in the present, in those specifically orchestrated stories from the ancient myths and scriptures, the images and symbols can still provide an "absolute" interpretation oriented to the universal status quo. Such absolutity can evoke a certain poetic and solemn feeling. In my work, I try to describe this concise absolutity in my own language, and to composing my own cosmology.

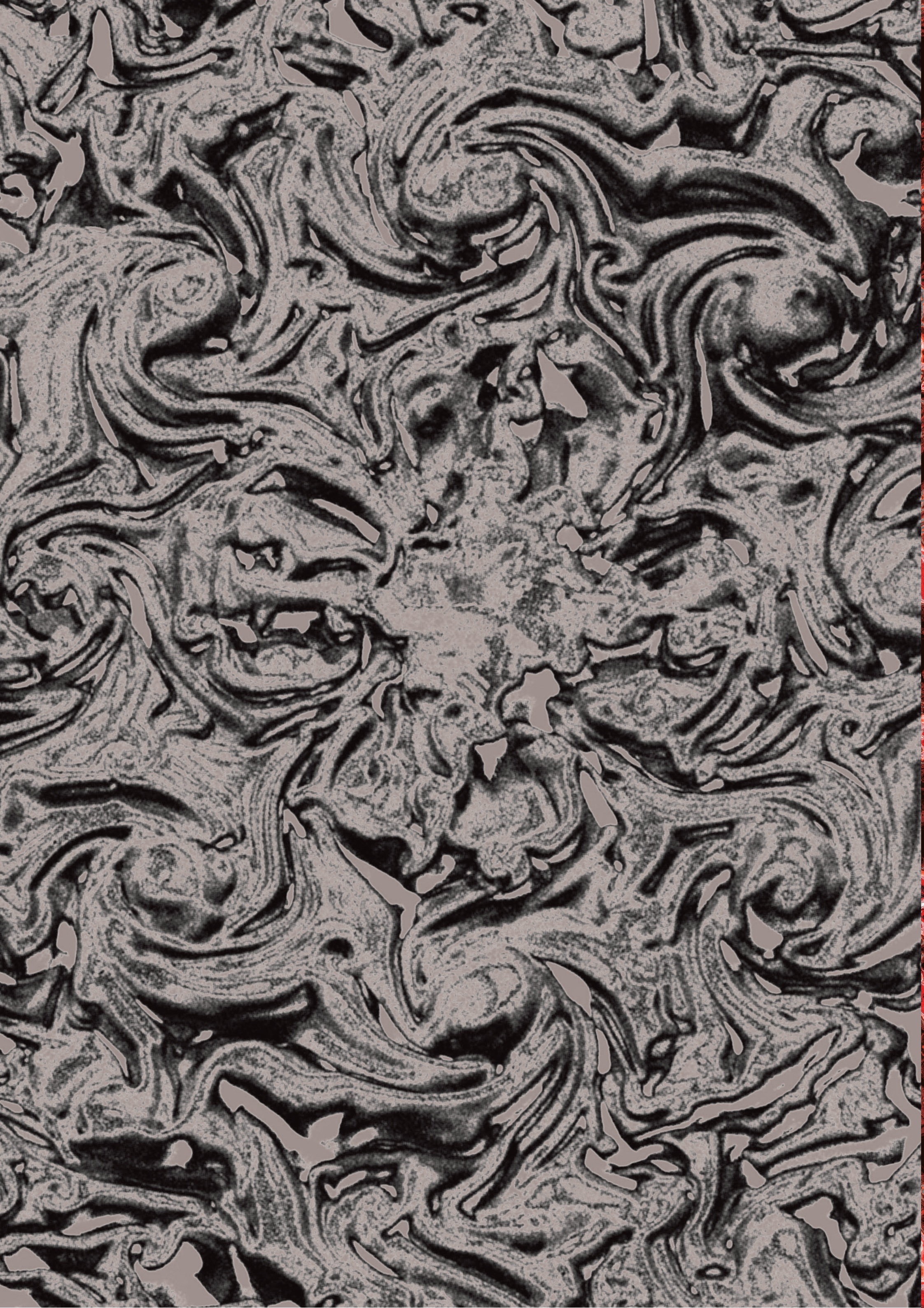
In this process, I develop my project through both visual symbol and writing together. In the visual part, I see the question of how to express this abstract absolutity in visual symbols as a part to answer the "universal quest", for example, by making a sculpture of the sun, I have to pick up an image to reveal an answer that echoes the question of one-many relationships of the sun. That image should able to embody the answer I given: the sun, or the meta actually arise from its suppression of its own implied diversity in order to achieve its uniqueness. On the other hand, inspired by the conceptual hierarchy in shrines and religious architecture in Medieval, I felt that the space that carries the works should be a simulation of the large space that carries reality, then the work arranged in the exhibition will have some kind of representation and explanatory power. I tried to organize my works in the simplest classical sense of space, confining my works to a box-like space. Like a careful consideration of the situation on a chessboard, I shaped the visual form of the individual elements while also working to give them a closer and intrinsic connection in the space.

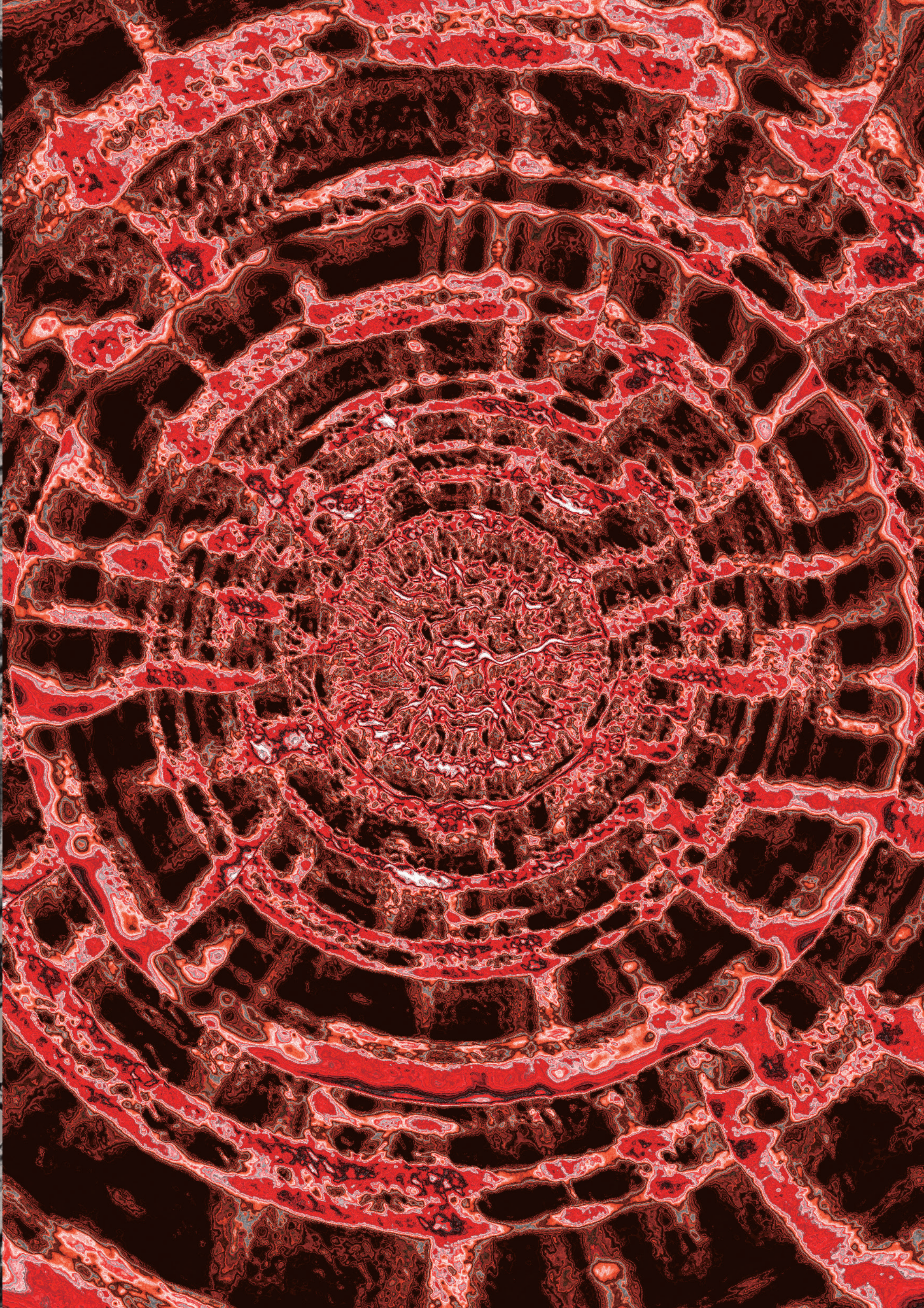
The visual part answers the question of how the elements in my cosmology relate and interact conceptually, while the writing part answers the question of how these elements are produced in my cosmology, or how they become themselves. In the work "The Game Of Absolute", I describe the subversive creation myth of 10 elements that often appear in usual myths. For example, the origin of the sun from the elimination of its own internal differences and history; each lightning bolt obliterates the possibility of the existence of other worlds and thus allows the only world to be renewed; The hand originally existing in the throat of an ancient creature, which fell in love with the feeling of being wrapped in fate by performing gambling in order to experience again the security of being wrapped in flesh and blood, and so on. This kind of writing is an interpretation of the work that comes from the artist's official, it added another dimension to the work which is relatively inaccessible. In the exhibition, such texts are presented in artist books and visual essays. The two parts, visual and writing, can be correspond to the connection between iconography and the Bible coincidentally. However, I am not interested in creating gods, What I want more is to restore the state of everything before the appearance of the gods or civilization. At that time, everything is what it is but is always changing to the state of what it was not.

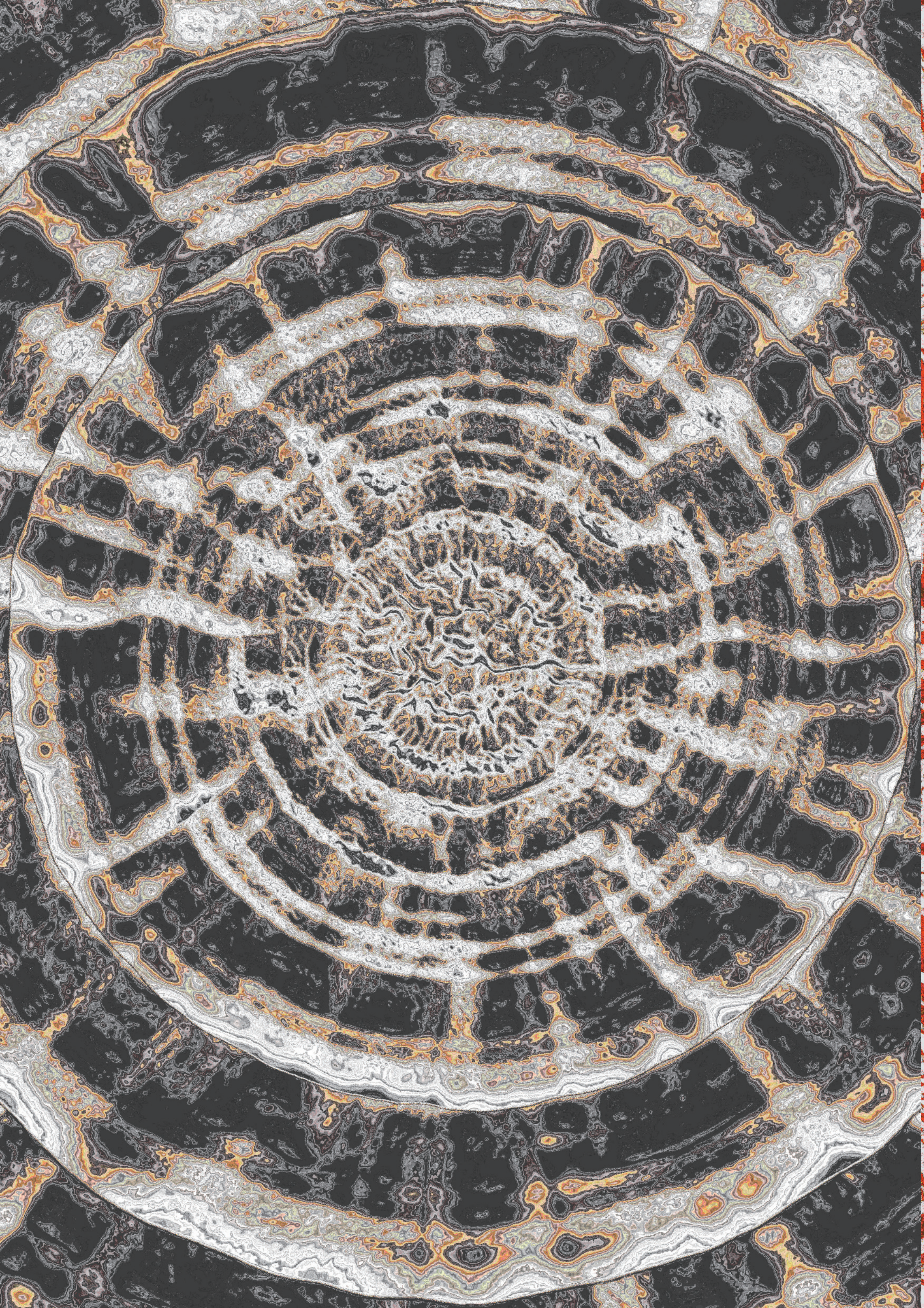
Thanks for Kendall, my thesis reader, you help me a lot to express my thoughts in the most appropriate way. Thanks for my professor Corin Hewitt and Michael Jones McKean for the valueable thoughts which help me to build my work.

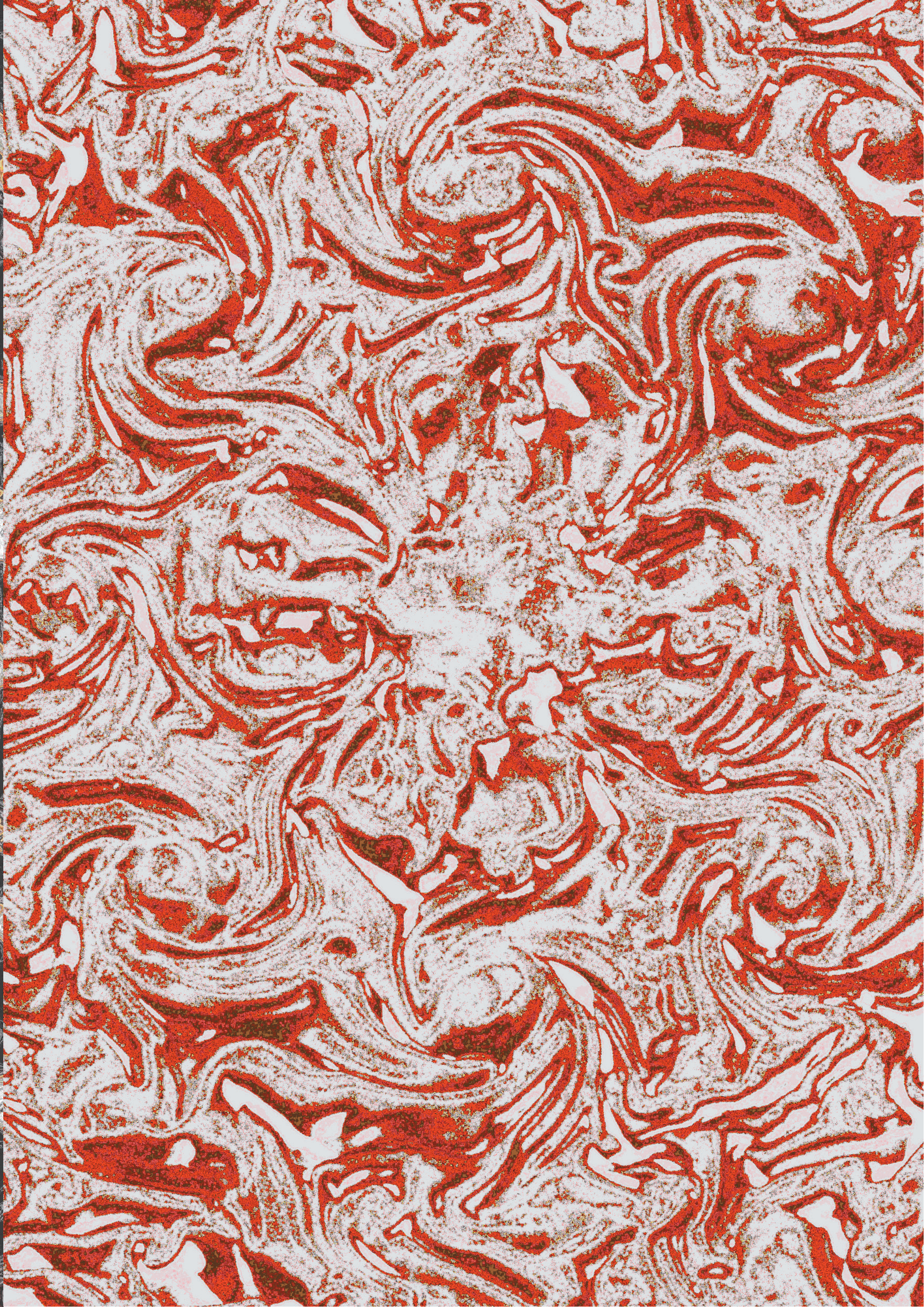
Previous education: China Art Academy

Thesis reader: Professor Kendall Buster
Thersis committee:
Professor Kendall Buster
Professor Corin Hewitt
Associate Professor Michael Jones McKean



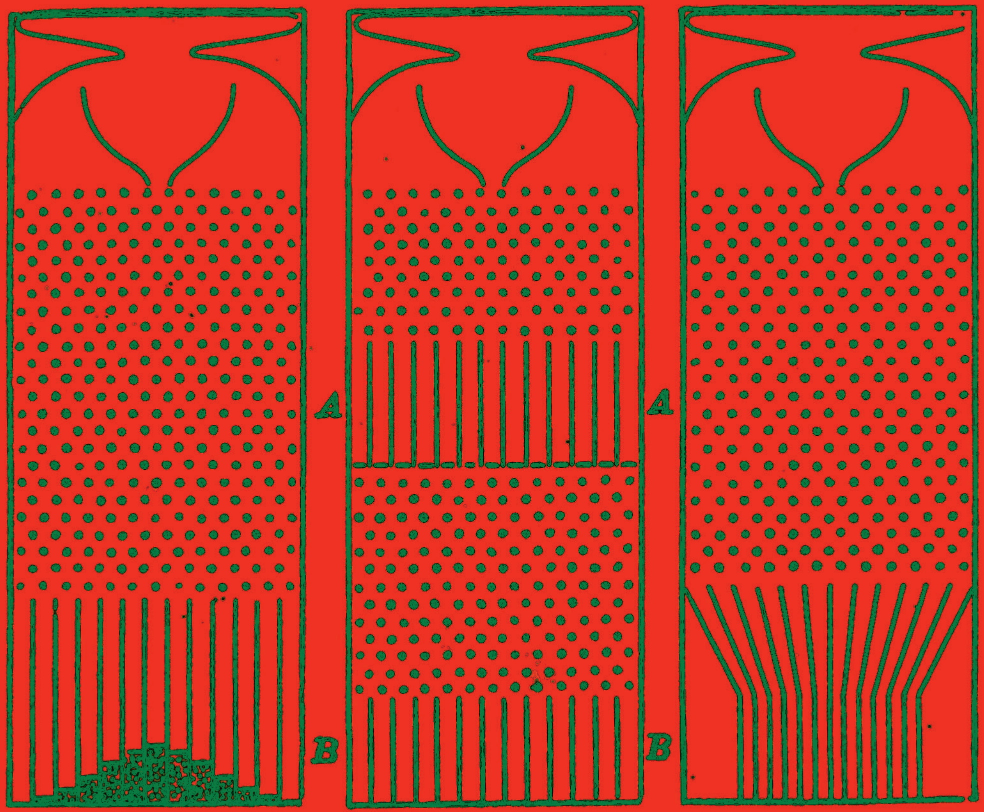






the Game of Absolute

绝对者的游戏



赌博与工作

我赌物质的存在源于一次醉酒引发的事故
我赌自己不会在下一个普朗克时间里死去
我赌人不会死无报应

这并不晦涩，是你们的疑问让这一切变得晦涩。你们问我为什么要在意第一个珠子下落的位置，为什么非绿色不可，为什么我的目光要落在此处。你们的嘟囔含混不清，让我的目光和我的手被迫从一切中移开，现在你们达到目的了，现在图画变成了纸张，权杖变成了塑料，藏宝图变成了人皮，太阳变成了我们共有的那张惊恐的脸。珠子没有出现在应该出现的位置，珠子掉在了地上，清脆的声音喝止了你们的胡思乱想。这打断让你们愠怒，于是你们高喊：这是混乱！这是败坏！这惊扰了空气中的静电，而你们甚至不知道静电关乎命数。

现在，让我来对我的工作进行说明，再一次的，让我为你们准备好椅子，倒上热茶，让我稍作休息以便能够给你们做一通这崭新的，陈词滥调的，被无数次提起又遗忘的说明，让我点上一根烟以平息我的怒火。我来告诉你们，我刚才在赌博，是的，再一次的，没有藏着掖着；和我自己么？不是；赢了么？这可说不好，要是你们不在，要是没有人来搅合的话结果肯定好得多！可别插嘴别扭头，既然你们把我请下了台，那仔细听我说的话就至关重要了。首先要明确的一点是，我可不是什么赌棍，这是我的工作，说不上多么热爱也没有那么嫌弃，如果你天生憎恨赌博，对此我也无能为力，毕竟总有人要做这工作不是么？

至于我赌的是什么，我赌天空既可以是蓝色的深渊也可以是黄金的漩涡，我赌旷野上最后一颗被点燃的大树漆黑如夜，我赌猩红的镰刀每一千年就会降临并收割一切鲜艳欲滴而不知死活的头颅，我赌只有盲人才能看得到闪电将夜幕撕成两半哪怕仅有一次，我赌世界建筑在血红的喷泉之上并即将要变成它的一部分，我赌物质的存在源于一次醉酒引发的事故，我赌自己不会在下一个普朗克时间里死去，我赌人不会死无报应。

现在，请倒掉你们杯子里的茶，请离开我的屋子，我不用多余的赌注，如果你们闭上嘴巴，收起你们闪烁的眼神，那么我下一次掷色子也许就会有结果。

是谁在说总有下一次？这句话只有我能说！

出去！

Gambling and Work

I bet that the existence of matter comes from an accident caused by a drunken God.
I bet that I won't die in the next Planck time.
I bet that people won't die without retribution.

It's not hard to understand. It's your questions that make it all obscure. You ask me why I care where the first bead falls, why it must be green, and why my eyes fall here. It's all thanks to your vague mumblings, forcing my eyes and hands to move away from anything. Now you have served your purpose. The painting has become paper, the bronze scepter has become plastic, the treasure map has become human skin, and the sun has become a frightened face appearing on all of us. The bead was not in the place where it should have been. It fell to the ground, and the crisp sound interrupted your confused thoughts, which made you very angry. All of you start to shout loudly: What a chaos! What a depravity! Your shouting awakens the static electricity in the air, a vital sign deciding your life and death!

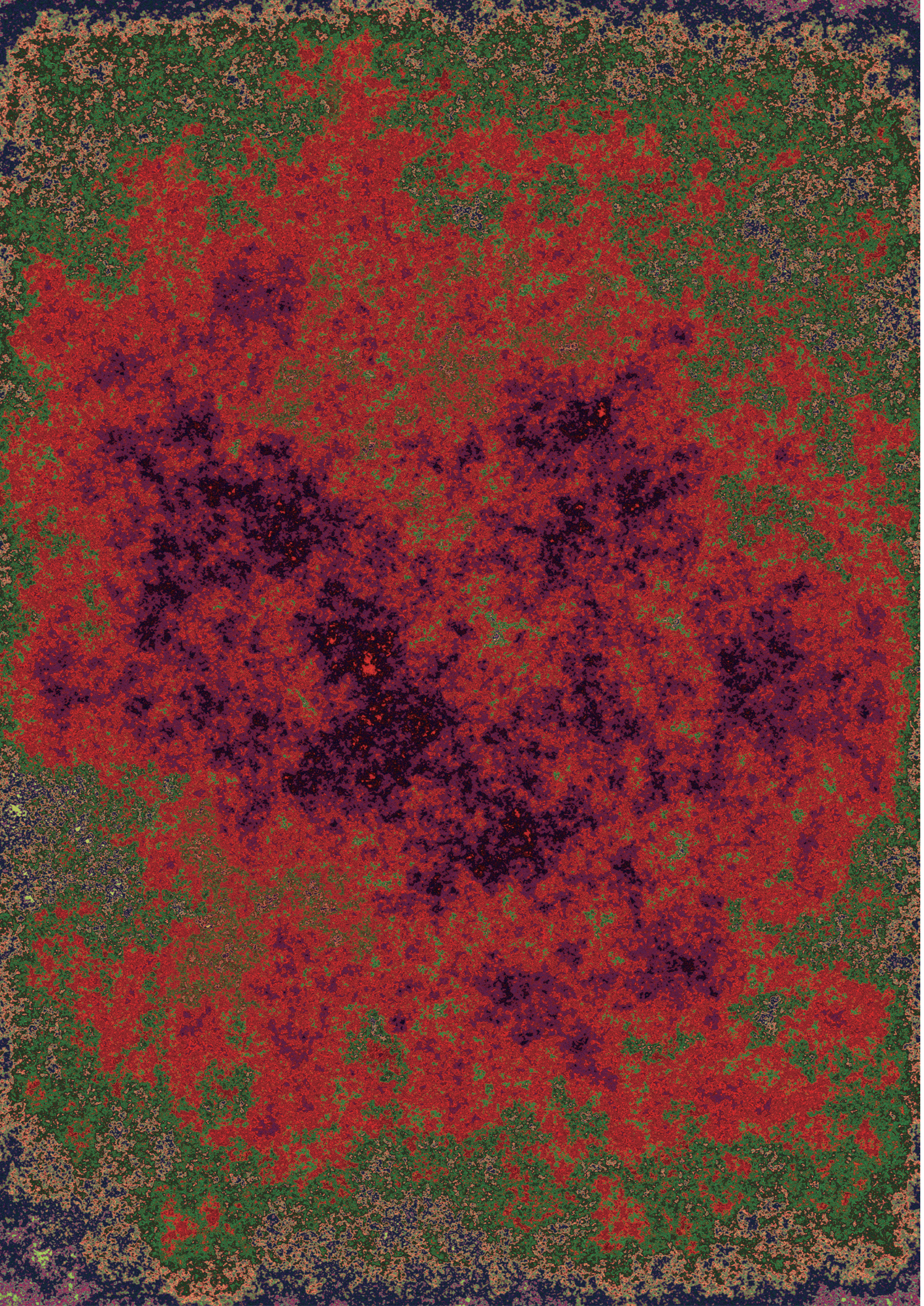
Now, please let me explain my work. First allow me prepare chairs for you, pour cups of hot tea for you, and allow me to rest for a while, so that I have the strength to state again, state again the brand-new, clichéd, repeatedly mentioned and forgotten explanation. And now let me light a cigarette to calm my anger. Should I be angry? Tell you, people, I was gambling just now, yes, again! Yes, I'm telling the truth. Gambling with myself? No. Did I win? Hard to say. If you weren't here and no one had messed with it, the result would be much better! Don't interrupt and don't turn around. Since you have invited me off the stage, it's important to listen to me carefully. Firstly, to be clear, I'm not a gambler. This is my work. I can't say how much I love it or how much I hate it. If you hate gambling by nature, there's nothing I can do about it. After all, someone has to do the work, right?

As for what I'm betting for, I bet that the sky can be either a blue abyss or a whirlpool of gold, I bet that the last burning tree in the wilderness is as dark as night. I bet that the scarlet scythe will descend every one thousand years to reap all the brightly-decorated but empty heads. I bet that even just once, the lightning that only the blind can see will tear the night in half. I bet that the world is built on a bloody fountain and is about to become a part of it. I bet that the existence of matter comes from an accident caused by a drunken God. I bet that I won't die in the next Planck time. I bet that people won't die without retribution.

Now, please empty the tea in your cups, and leave my room. I need no more extra bets. If you keep your mouths shut and divert your attention, I may get a result next time I throw the dice.

Who says there's always a next time? Only I can say that!

Get out!



糟糕的事故和恶的无限

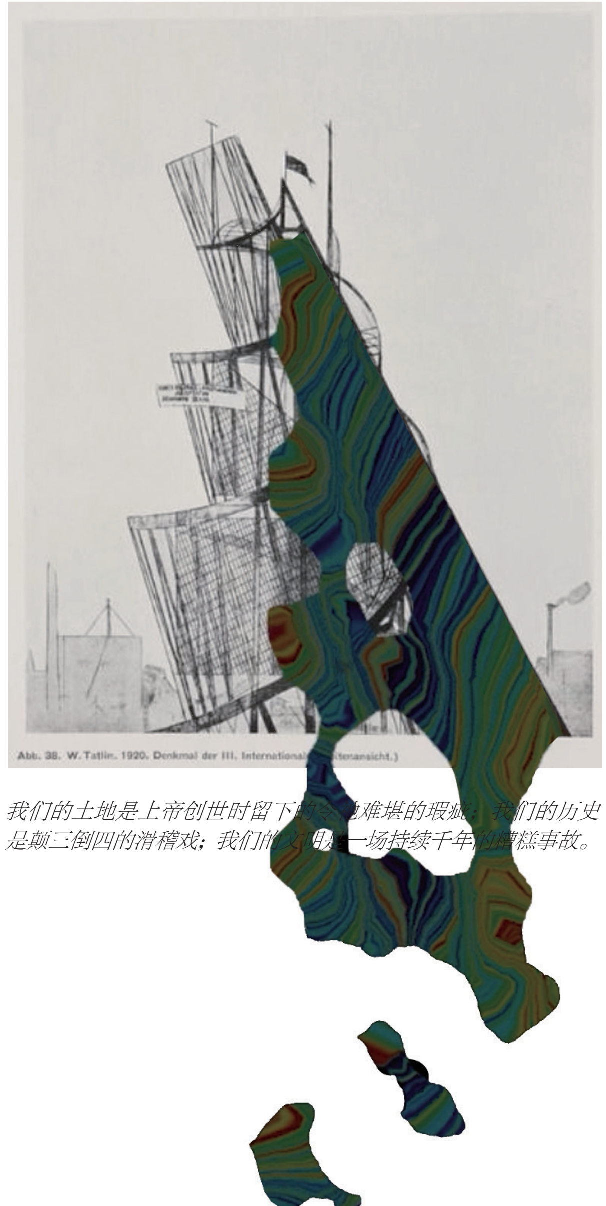
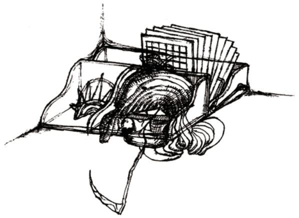


Abb. 38. W. Tatlin. 1920. Denkmal der III. Internationale (Seitenansicht.)

我们的土地是上帝创世时留下的令祂难堪的瑕疵；我们的历史是颠三倒四的滑稽戏；我们的文明是一场持续千年的糟糕事故。

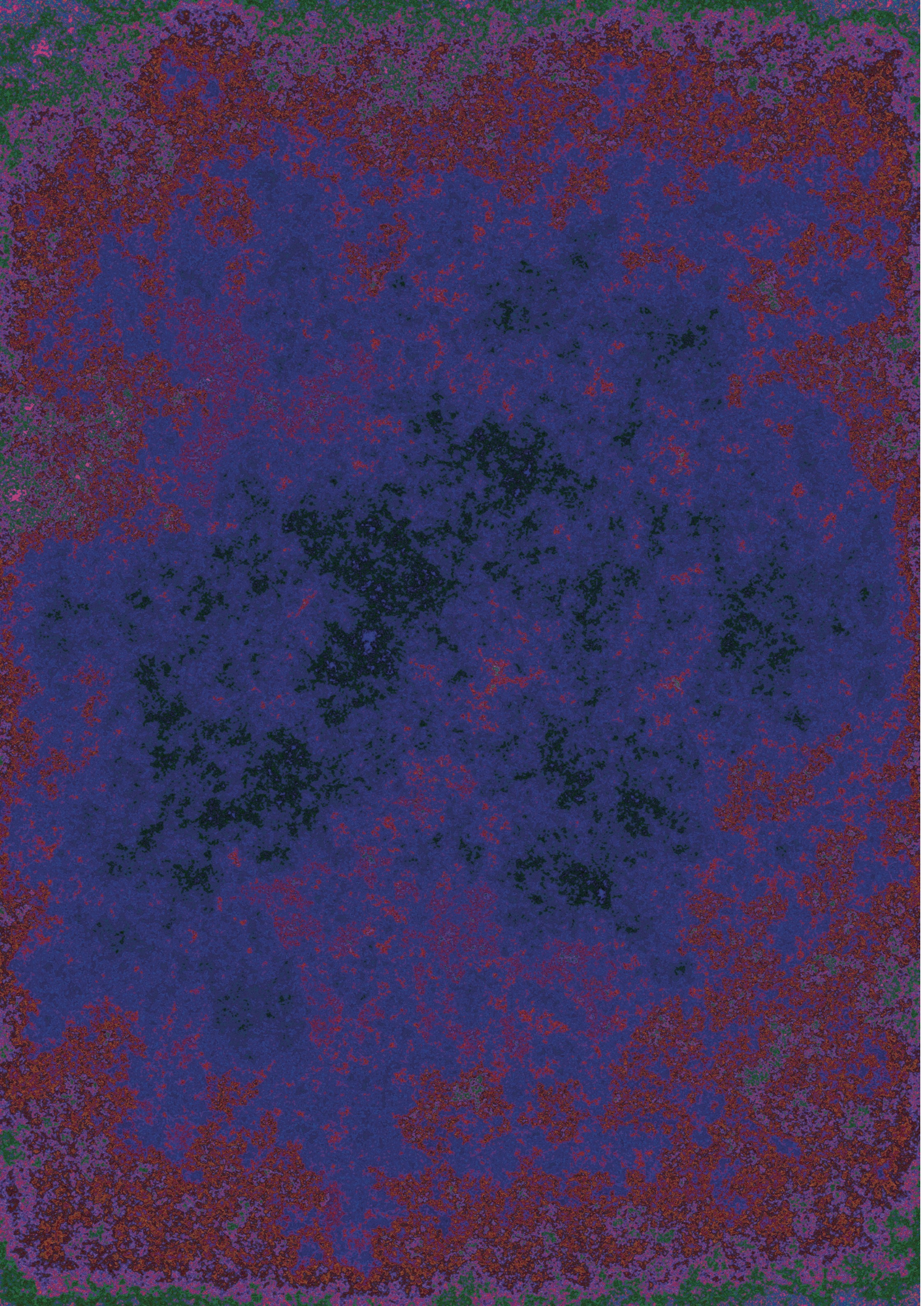


我好奇的是，你们是否真的了解我？或者，你们对于我的，自以为是的了解是否中断了你们对于我这个人应有的好奇？你们是否真的好奇我的身世，好奇我所来自的那个地方？你们是否真的能放下成见，打破禁忌，仔细聆听关于我的家乡的一切匪夷所思的疯狂故事？

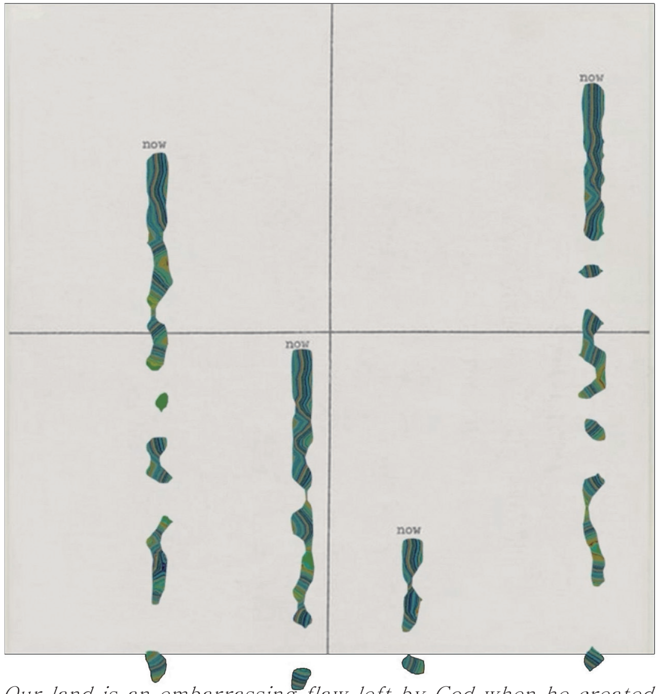
虽然这么说，但是我自认为自己这装腔作势的好奇不应该打断我精彩的讲述，所以就这么开始吧！我的家乡不被标记在你们的地图上，它在地图背面的霉菌里，在测量仪器的最小公差之间，在酒醉的测绘员身上的污渍和眼眶的淤血之中。没有船只驶向它，但每一个沉船的消息都会被猥琐的海风带到这片土地上，成为我们共享的令人心碎的笑料；没有海鸟飞向它，但每一只初生的信天翁都知道那里是它们失去斗志之后最坏的归宿。太阳通过落日后的沉睡忘记自己曾照耀过这令人失望的土地，而群星则害怕得盯着我们的村庄和聚落不敢眨眼。我们的土地是上帝创世时留下的令祂难堪的瑕疵；我们的历史是颠三倒四的滑稽戏；我们的文明是一场持续千年的糟糕事故。而我们，尤其是我，就是你们口中所说的恶的无限。

让我来说说我们的美德，也就是你们的忌讳吧。我们不放跑深究任何一处世界的差错的机会，那些令人难堪的不和谐音符令我们如重温乡音般甘之如饴。我们紧盯存在与存在者本身的不一致性，用深切的目光拷问你们的法律，道德甚至物理的定律，如同在酸池中磨洗已经锈蚀的刀刃。我们乐于看到完整的东西四分五裂，人们嘟囔着松开原本握紧的手。但在策动分裂的同时我们也酷爱那些不协调的弥合。我们制作的千奇百怪的装置一如我们的语言，充满了对于你们来说令人难以忍受的重复和颠三倒四。“那又有什么区别呢？”向着颓唐的教师，精疲力竭的侦探和暴怒的法官，我们近乎歌唱着喊出这句话。

也别怪我们如此不近人情，我们本就是一场糟糕的事故的产物，只能在世界的裂隙中偶尔露个头，呼吸一下清冷的，不被承认的浓雾。但这次我想带给你们的是一些真正有用的信息：裂隙要扩大了，某人无法接受白布上的黑点，于是决定将它染成黑布。虽然你们一再的唾弃，恐惧和追捕我们，但我要说，在那一天来临的时候，我们还是会欢迎你们的。即使要我们待你们无私如同画眉鸟哺育杜鹃，我们也会尽可能耐心而仁慈，我们将动用我们全部的善意，教会你们如何在这场疯狂的事故中幸存。



Bad Accident and Infinite Evil



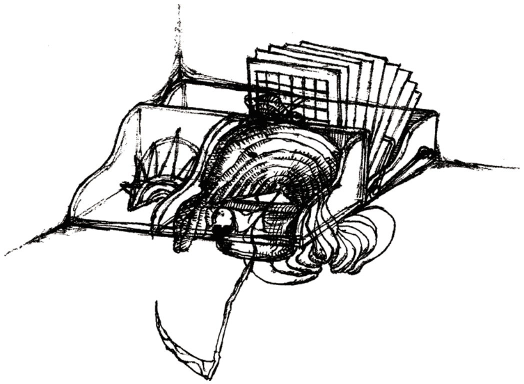
Our land is an embarrassing flaw left by God when he created the world. Our history is a topsy–turvy farce. Our civilization is a terrible accident lasting a thousand years.

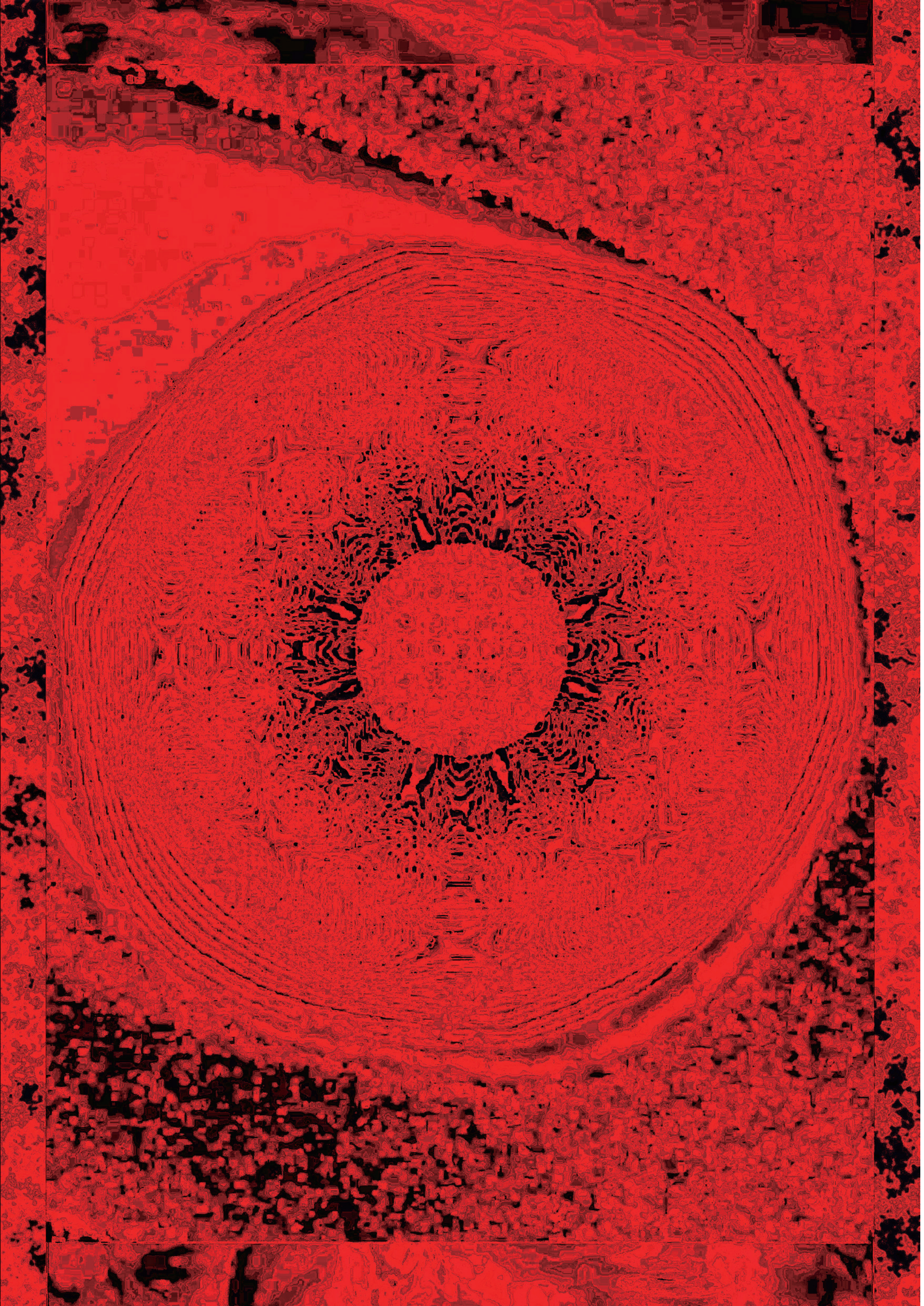
What I'm wondering is do you really know me? Or is it your self-righteous knowledge about me that stops you from being curious about me? Are you really curious about my life experience or where I come from? Can you really put aside your prejudices, break taboos, and listen carefully to all the incredible crazy stories about my hometown?

Having said that, I won't let my pretentious curiosity interrupt my splendid narration, so let's start! My hometown is not marked on your map. It is in the hypha on the back of the map, between the minimum tolerances of the measuring instrument, in the stains on the drunk surveyor’s coat and the bruises in his eyes. No ships sail to it, but every news of a wreck is carried to the land by the wretched sea breeze, and become a heartbreaking joke we all share; No seabirds fly to it, but every newborn albatross knows that's the worst place they can go if they lose their fight route. The sun, through its slumber after sunset, forgets that it ever shone on this disappointed land, and the stars stare in fear at our villages and settlements without a blink. Our land is an embarrassing flaw left by God when he created the world. Our history is a topsy-turvy farce. Our civilization is a terrible accident lasting a thousand years. As for us, especially me, we are that infinity of evil that you always mention.

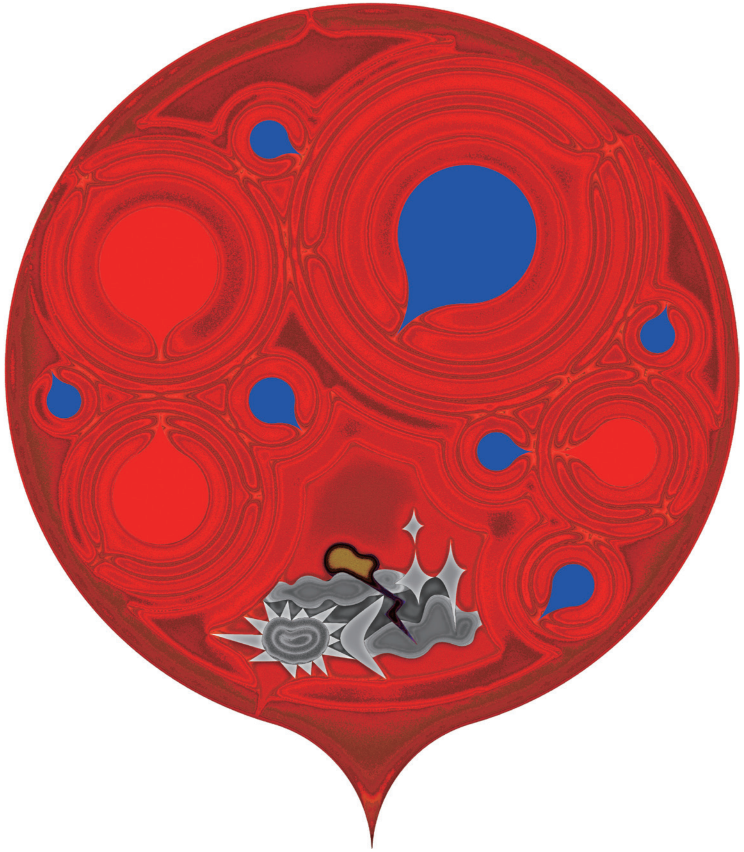
Let's discuss our virtues, shall we say, your taboos. We shall never miss an opportunity to delve into the wrongness of any part of the world, and those embarrassing discordant notes are as palatable to us as those of a mother tongue. We investigate your laws, morality, and even laws of physics with a keen eye at the incongruity between being and being itself, like scrubbing corroded blades in a pool of acid. We're delighted to see the whole thing falling apart, people muttering and unclenching their hands. While inciting division we also love to see the incongruous connection. The bizarre installations we make are, like our language, intolerably repetitive and topsy-turvy for you. Towards the dispirited teachers, exhausted detectives, and furious judges, we almost sing out this sentence: "What's the difference!"

Don't blame us for being so unkind. We are the outcome of a bad accident. We can only show our heads occasionally in the cracks of the world and breathe the cold, unrecognized haze. But this time, I want to bring you some really useful information: the crack is going to expand. Someone will appear who just can't accept the black stains on the white cloth, and decides to dye it totally into a black cloth. Though you have always been despising, fearing, and hunting for us, I still want to say that when that day comes, you will be still be welcomed by us. We will be as patient and kind to you as a thrush nurtures the cuckoo, and we will use all our good will to teach you how to survive in this crazy accident.





太阳



它是血红的喷泉，是倒流的瀑布
它在世界的背面茁壮生长，
一节更比一节高。

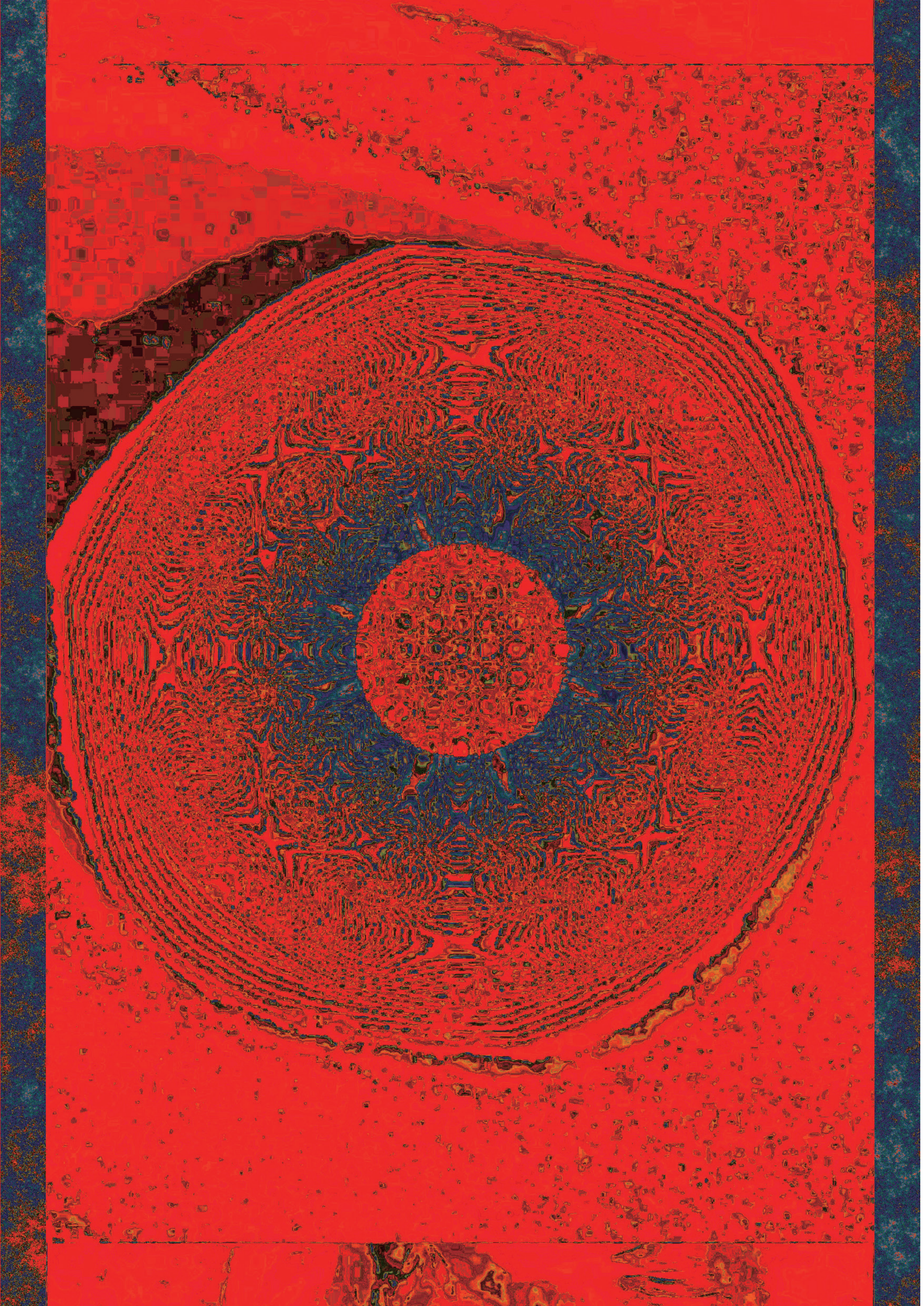
我能说两句么？请原谅我的冒犯，我听到你们在聊太阳的话题。毋庸置疑，太阳是我们所拥有的一切的源泉，太阳值得赞美，值得在我们的话语中一而再再而三的出现。但是你们中有谁能够盯着太阳，好好的看一看它的脸庞？有谁能迎上它的目光，跟随它的脉动进入它的心灵？要我说，你们对太阳的了解只来自于想象，来自于那些冰冷的机器对它未经许可的胡乱描摹，来自于对阳光的抚摸的贪婪和对天气的胡乱猜测。但是今天算你们走运，我正好可以给你们一些关于真实太阳的一手资料。因为我唯一认真对待的事情就是观测太阳，不凭借仪器，纯粹使用肉眼观测。放下成见吧，你们这些故作惊讶的人！你们所惧怕的眼部灼伤只是观测太阳所能得到的最为基础的经验。

首先你们得知道，太阳不可以被比作君王，它可不是什么同时具有温柔和威严这两种品质的东西，它比你们想象的要狡猾和残暴的多。这得从它的出身说起，你们知道太阳是怎样诞生的么？这得用鸡蛋做比喻。你们都知道双黄蛋，那么请想象一枚“多黄蛋”，它的内部被数不清的卵黄填满，蛋清被挤在边缘，马上就要将脆弱的蛋壳撑破。每一个卵黄都挣扎着想破体而出，都想让对方窒息，都想取代并成为那个唯一之物，成为那个如它们的母体一样的完全形态。最后，那个最狡诈无情的幼兽成功了。它撕破母亲的肚子，踏着兄弟们熔岩般的浆液在漆黑中挣扎而出。你们该知道,上位者当权后第一件事就是确保自己位置的稳定。我们的太阳，为了能永远的高悬在天上，居然将自己黏在了世界的背后！它的光芒如同黏菌菌丝一样牢牢地嵌入世界的圈层和肌理，填满每一处沟壑，吸允每一粒尘土，甚至现在它们就在各位思维的缝隙中闪闪发光呢！

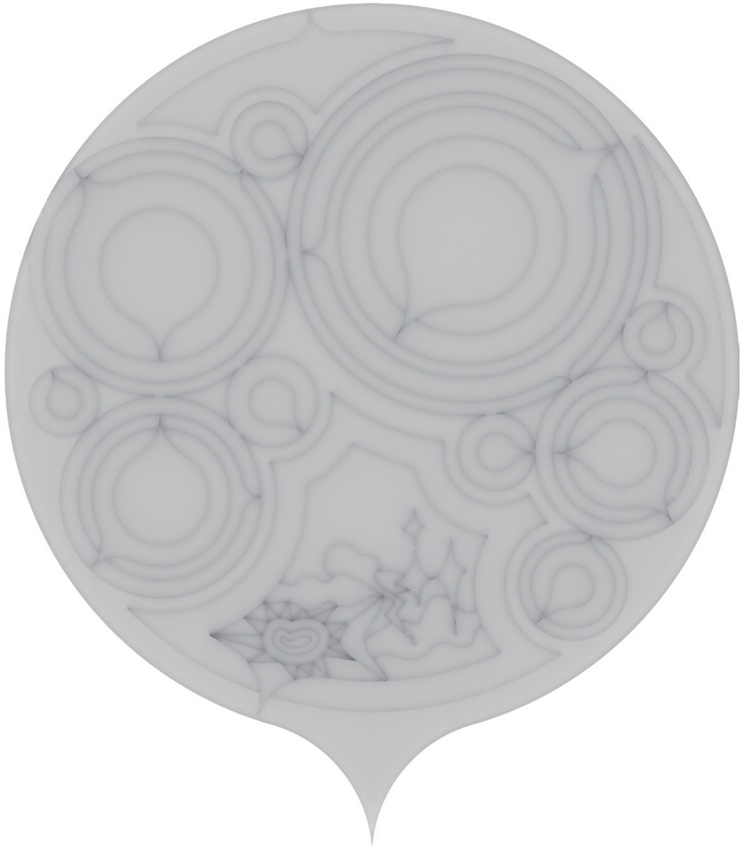
而且，即便是这样，它现在的地位也并不稳固。如同它的母体一样，分化和蜕变的力量同样在它自身的体内积蓄。镇压、吞噬、驱逐、排挤、暗算、无视、容忍，你们知道它用了哪种手段吗？答案是所有的手段，于是它成为了它自己。这既不是转变也不是融合，而是太阳用它至高的权力取消了它和它的子嗣们之间的区别。现在它既是自身也是自身的化身，既是法则也是实体，既是初生的烛火也是垂死的恒星。一切坍缩回它的心脏，一切又挣扎着从光芒中涌出。它是血红的喷泉，是倒流的瀑布，它在世界的背面茁壮生长，一节更比一节高。在我们这一面，万物沐浴光芒，而万物是如此苍白。

实在抱歉，请原谅我的唠叨，我说的太多了。

只是记住，小心闪电。



The Sun



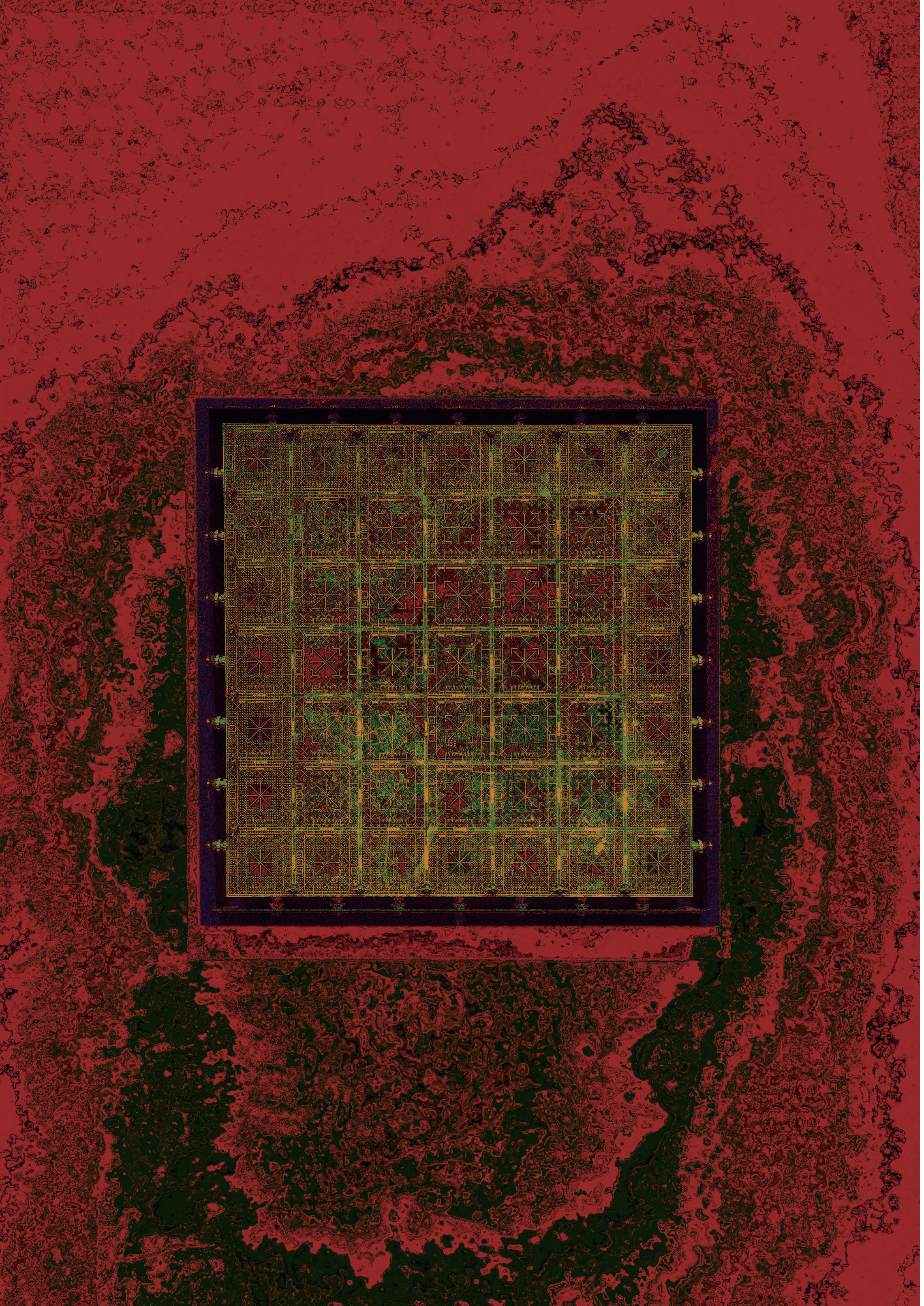
The sun is a blood-red fountain, a backflow waterfall.
It thrives on the back of the world, higher and stronger.

Can I say something? Please forgive my offense. I heard you talking about the sun. There is no doubt that the sun is the source of everything we have, and it deserves to be praised and mentioned again and again in our talks. But which of you can stare at the sun and have a good look at its face? Who can meet its eyes and follow its pulse into its heart? From my point of view, your understanding of the sun comes only from imagination, from the unauthorized random depiction of it by those cold machines, from the greed of the sun's touch and the wild guesses of the weather. But how lucky you are today. I will share with you a little bit of a first-hand introduction to the real sun. Since the only thing I take seriously in my life is observing the sun, without relying on any instruments, only with my naked eyes. Put aside your preconceptions. Don't pretend to be surprised. The eye burns you're afraid of is just the most basic experience you can get from observing the sun.

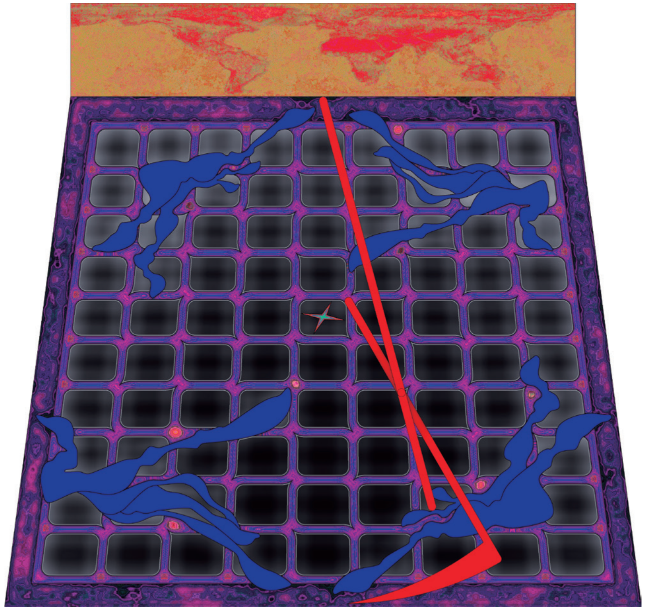
Firstly, you need to know, the sun can't be compared to a king. It is not a creature possessing gentleness and majesty at the same time. It is much more cunning and cruel than you think. Let's start with its birth. Do you know how the sun was born? Take the eggs as an example. You all know about double-yolk eggs. Now please imagine a multi-yolk egg. Its interior is filled with countless yolks and the egg white is squeezed against the edges, which is about to burst the fragile eggshell. Each yolk struggles to break out, tries to suffocate the other, replace and become the only one to grow into the form like their mother. Ultimately, the most cunning and ruthless cub succeeds. It tears open its mother's belly and struggles out of the darkness through its brothers' lava serous fluid. We are all familiar with politics. It's easy to understand that the first thing for those in power is to ensure the stability of their position. Our sun, in order to stay aloft forever, has stuck itself behind the world! Its light, like slime mycelium, is firmly embedded in the world's fabric as the myxomycetes, filling every gully, sucking in every speck of dust, and even now it gleams in the crevices of your thoughts!

Even so, its position is not stable yet. Like its mother, the power of differentiation and transformation is also accumulating in its own body. Suppression, devouring, expulsion, exclusion, conspiracy, disregard, tolerance. Do you know which one it adopts? All of them! Then it becomes itself. It is neither transformation nor integration. The sun, by its supreme power, has eliminated the distinction between itself and its breeds. Now it is both itself and its incarnation, both law and entity, both a newborn candle and a dying star. Everything collapses back to its heart, and everything struggles to emerge from the light. The sun is a blood-red fountain, a backflow waterfall. It thrives on the back of the world, higher and stronger. On our side, everything is bathed in light, yet looks so pale.

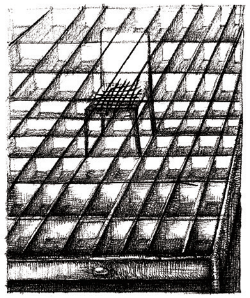
Awfully sorry! Please forgive my speech!
I've said too much!
Just remember, be careful with the lightening.



漂浮的大地



它的精魂仍然不舍昼夜的凝望深空，一如大地上的人们凝望九泉。

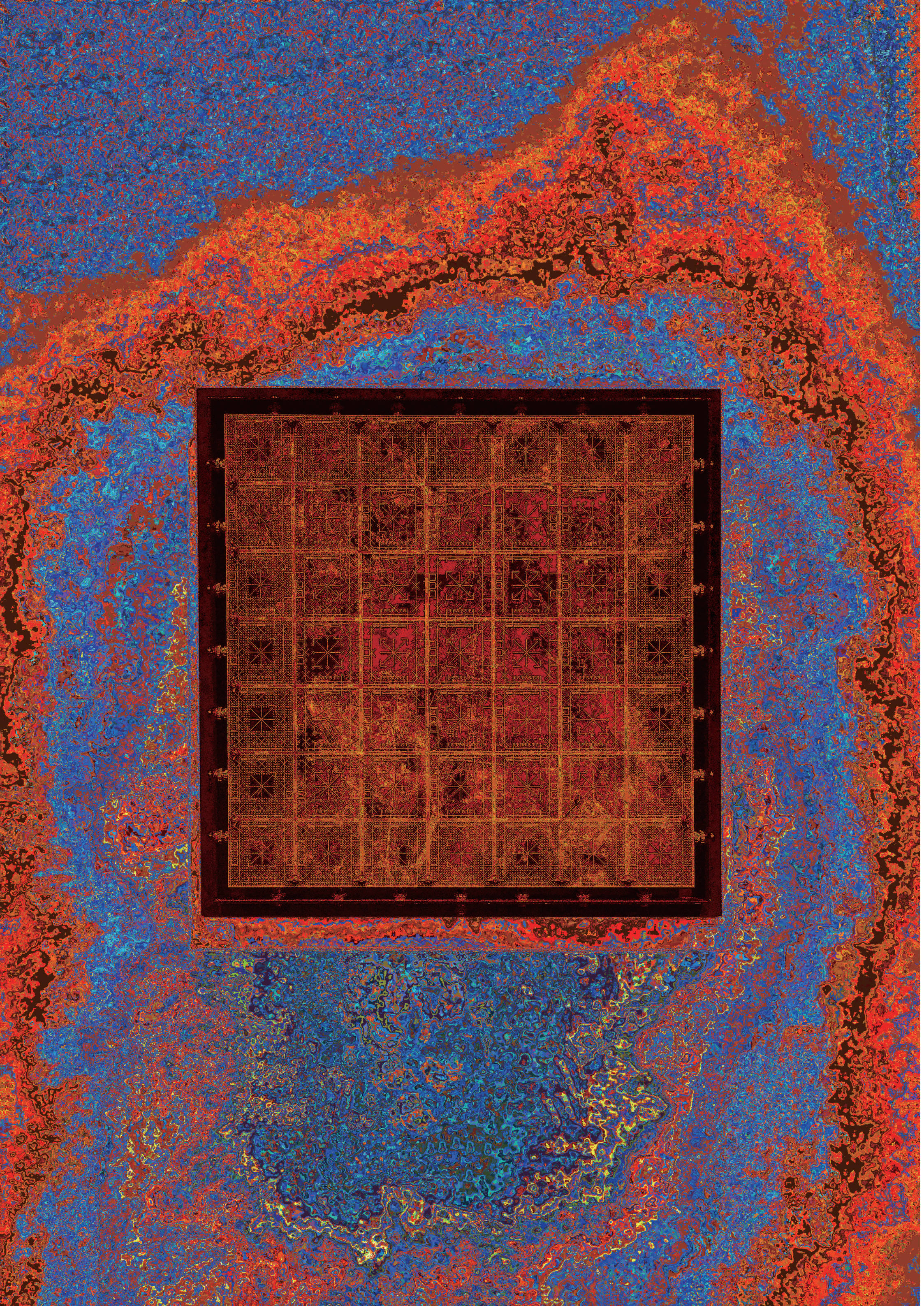


在所有的神话中，大地都不是最下层的世界。地，这个在体验中最坚实，最沉重的世界组成部分，在人们的想象图示中却处在半空中。先民呓语中的巨龟和大蛇无法撑起它，实在而灼热的地幔也不能承载它，那些神秘的塔楼和回廊中也没有它的位置。揭开想象的大幕后，我们所能清晰的看见的是，大地在漂浮。

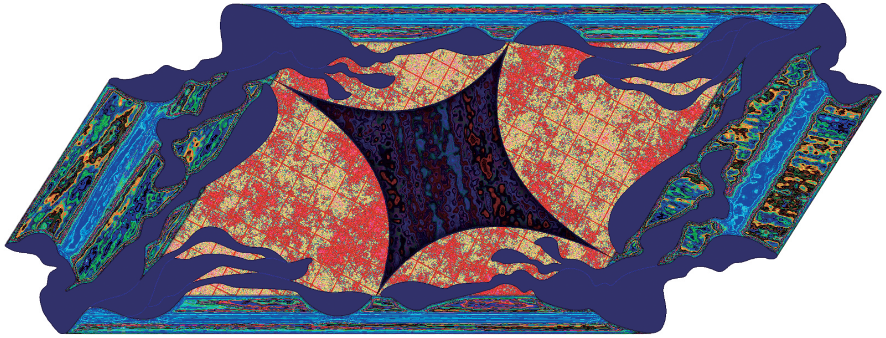
若将大地本身作为主体，我们就要知晓大地的欲望。作为一个广阔到无法用体块来形容，遍布各种通路，元素和欲望的漫无边际的整体，它想要存在，想要占有的是那个超越整体的整全上的哪一环呢?

大地想要上升，它不愿承认整全的存在，它无法忍受那些平面之外的虚空。为了让自己的精神没入九泉之下，它的质料，矛盾和分类学所能包括的全部财产便在整体铺设的阶梯中令人畏怖的升腾。那承载了全部历史的底层不是在变厚，而是如同地上河的河床一般升高。于是那些栖息于河床之上的概念和实体也被追跟着向上抬升。地上的世界日新月异却又愈发狭小，高大的城市在天幕的逼近下显得阴暗而仓促，树木似乎再努力一些生长就能刺破天空。

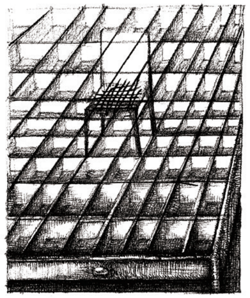
然而现在这一切都停止了，虽然苍白的烈日，虚无的罡风都分毫不能减缓它的运动，但大地实在太沉重了，高悬的大陆因承受不了它的自重而崩解为岩石，海床，文明和城市。这些深入骨髓的伤痕化为经纬，自内而外为大地刻上了真正的边界，而卷轴和电波将其修剪的日益分明。上升停止了，大地不再是其所是，它是棋局，是托盘，是战场，甚至是一个球体。它一脚踩空掉进陷阱，漂浮在整体许诺的名为“底”的概念之上。然而它的精魂仍然不舍昼夜的凝望深空，一如大地上的人们凝望九泉。



Floating Earth



its soul is still staring at the deep sky despite of time flies, just as the people on earth are staring at the netherworld.



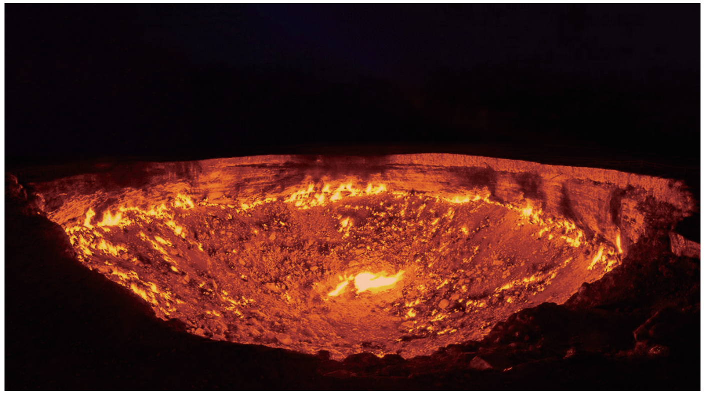
In all the myths and stories, the ground, the earth is not the lowermost level. The earth, the most solid and heavy component of the world in experience, is in the mid-air of language. The giant turtles and serpents of the first people's ravings cannot hold it, nor can the solid and burning mantle carry it, nor can the mysterious towers and cloisters embrace it. After lifting the curtain of imagination, what we can clearly see is that the earth is floating.

To clarify this matter, we need to know the desires of the earth. As an infinite whole, full of elements, pathways and events, the earth is too vast to be settled down in the space. Beyond the earth, in the void which is even more profound than the infinite, which part does the earth want to exist, and which part does it want to occupy?

The earth wants to rise. It doesn’t recognize the integrity of the infinite whole, it cannot bear the void outside of its plain. In order to let its spirit fall into the netherworld, its material, its contradictions and all the possessions that its taxonomy can include, fearfully rising in the ladder laid by the void with silent rage. The stratum that carries the whole history does not thicken, but rises like the bed of an Earth Suspended River. The concepts and entities perched on the riverbed are then forced to suit it. The world above the earth is higher but smaller every day. Towering cities look dark and rushed under the approaching clouds. Trees seem to be able to pierce the sky with a little more effort to grow.

However, all of this has stopped. Although the pale scorching sun, the vague lingering wind could not slow down this movement, but the earth is too heavy. High hanged continents could not bear their own weight, they disintegrated into rocks, sea bed, civilization and dust. The cracks between these entities turned into eternal scars. They penetrated the earth from the surface to the star core, finally stopped at generating warp and weft, carved inevitable boundaries on the earth from the inside out. Later, scrolls and radios trimmed them more and more accuracy. After the rise stopped, the earth is no longer what it was; it is a chessboard, a pallet, a battlefield, even a sphere. It fell into a trap, and now floating on a promised bottom given by the void. However, its soul is still staring at the deep sky despite of time flies, just as the people on earth are staring at the netherworld.

夜与火



若在初始的火光之中看见了自己，死亡的高墙就会在你的背后高高筑起。

是什么让兴高采烈者发出第一声叹息,是什么让寂静横行？方才骄阳似火，为何立刻，我们就在寒冷的夜晚瑟瑟发抖？

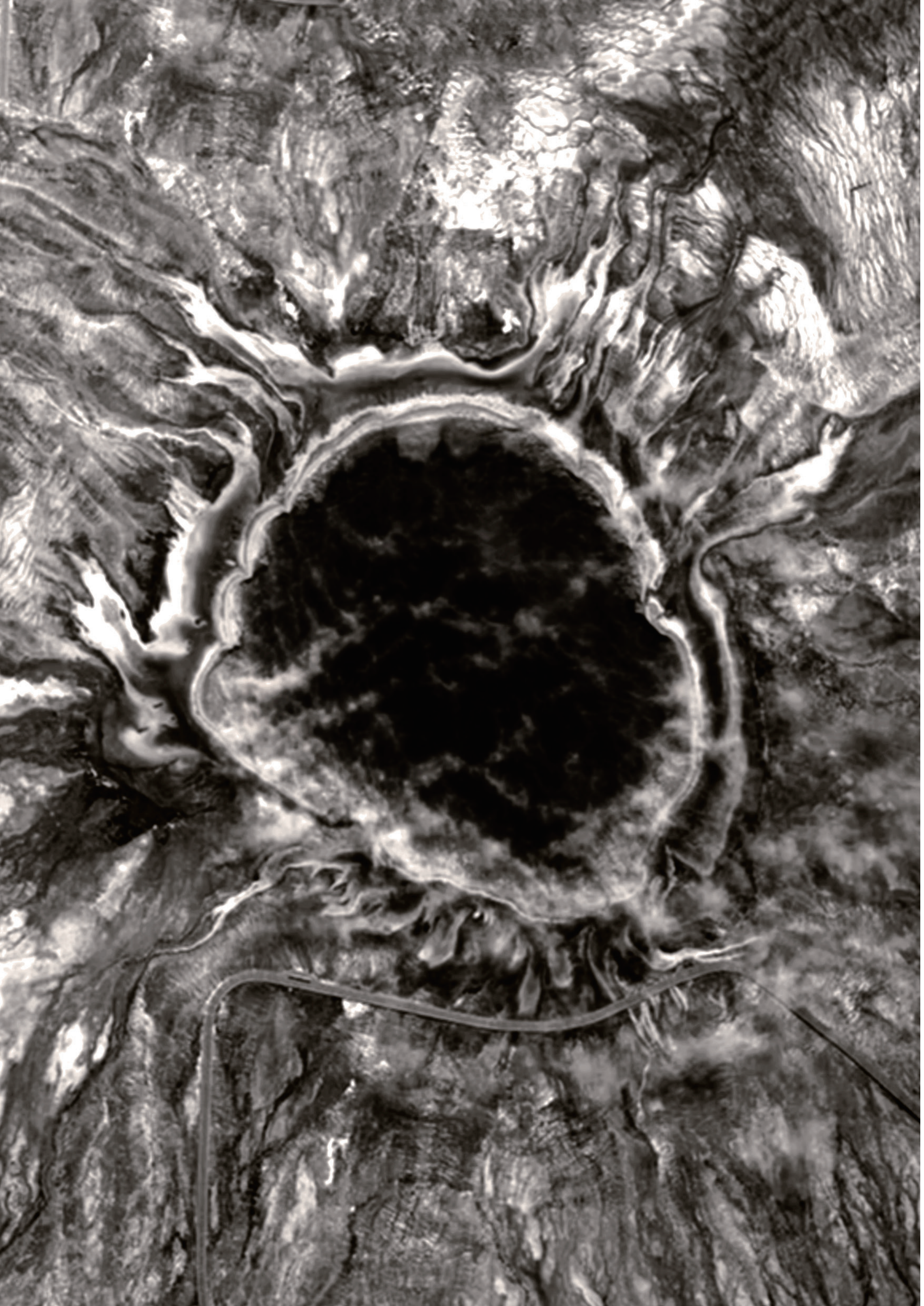
在太阳刚刚成为它自身时，它直接的坐落在大地之上。它永久的热爱，俯视着大地，一切都在它永恒的光和热力中升腾。直到有一天，它想着自己已经注视过了世间的万物，唯独不知道自己的样子，于是它转头望向那自太古以来，从未被其烈焰灼烧过的，如黑曜石一般坚硬深邃的天空。只一望，太阳就从天空中看到了自己和大地的倒影。

那是怎样的光景啊，在漆黑的天空之镜中，它看到自己的光和热就像贪得无厌的触须一般将整个大地死死的缠绕。扭曲肿胀的火舌在皲裂的岩石中有气无力的搏动和痉挛。强劲的旋风让空气便得昏黄，而透过这样的空气，太阳的光球就变得如血肉般猩红。黑曜石般的天空，无比清晰的倒映出了这一个事实：太阳是大地上流溢的疮口。

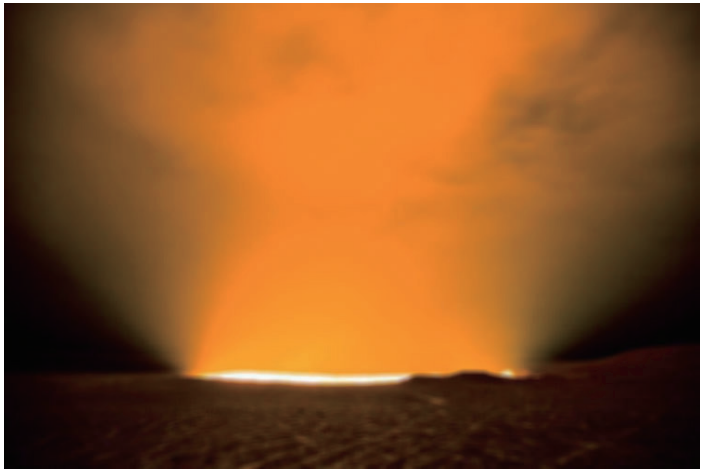
太阳被这个镜像吓得发狂，它想要停止看这副画面，但迅捷的光就是它的眼睛，它想忘记这副画面但永恒的火就是它的思想。于是它狂嚎着逃离大地，冲向天空，用自己刺眼的光芒将云层点燃，将天空照亮。它要将天空照得无限深又无限远，这样那可恶的镜像就无法显现了。太阳无限的上升，直到它的光芒所及之处既没有大地也没有天空，直到它感受到自己的光芒在清幽的无垠中步履维艰，直到最后，太阳感受到了寒冷。

从此往后，太阳时刻穿梭在这片自己闯出的通透的无垠之中，忧心忡忡地来回巡视着匍匐的大地和高悬的天顶。而那片令太阳也感到寒冷的黑暗，尽管已不再如黑曜石般坚硬深邃，也时刻紧随其后。于是太阳行向大地时，天空高远宽阔，太阳行向深空时，夜幕黑暗深邃。然而无论在哪里，它都不能寻得那幅可怖图景的蛛丝马迹。那溃烂不止的伤口，不存于实在的大地，也不隐匿于高渺的太虚。它只附着于那永恒的火焰编织而成的烈阳之心中，在那个灼热的核心中烧灼出一个无血无泪的漆黑空洞。

这个漆黑的小怪物日夜不停的啃咬着太阳的光彩，虽不致命，但当思虑触及它时就会痛彻心扉。它的蚕食和太阳身后的黑暗时刻提醒着太阳，即使尝试去忽视，它自身的生命和命运亦有极限。许多个日夜之后，从大地上诞生的人的族群中，流传着这样的说法：若在初始的火光之中看见了自己，死亡的高墙就会在你的背后高高筑起。



Night and Fire



If you see yourself in the reflection of the initial fire, the wall of death will be built high behind you.

What makes the first sigh of those who are exuberant? What makes the silence run rampant? Just then the sun is blazing, yet why are we shivering in the cold night?

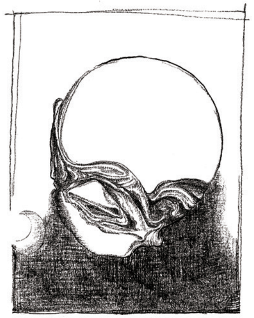
When the sun was just becoming itself, it sat directly on the earth. In its perpetual love, it looked down on the earth and everything rose up in its eternal light and heat. Until one day, thinking that it had gazed at everything in the world but itself, the sun turned its head to look at the sky, which had never been scorched by its fiery flames since the beginning of time. The sky, as hard and deep as obsidian. With just one look, the sun saw its own reflection and that of the earth in the sky.

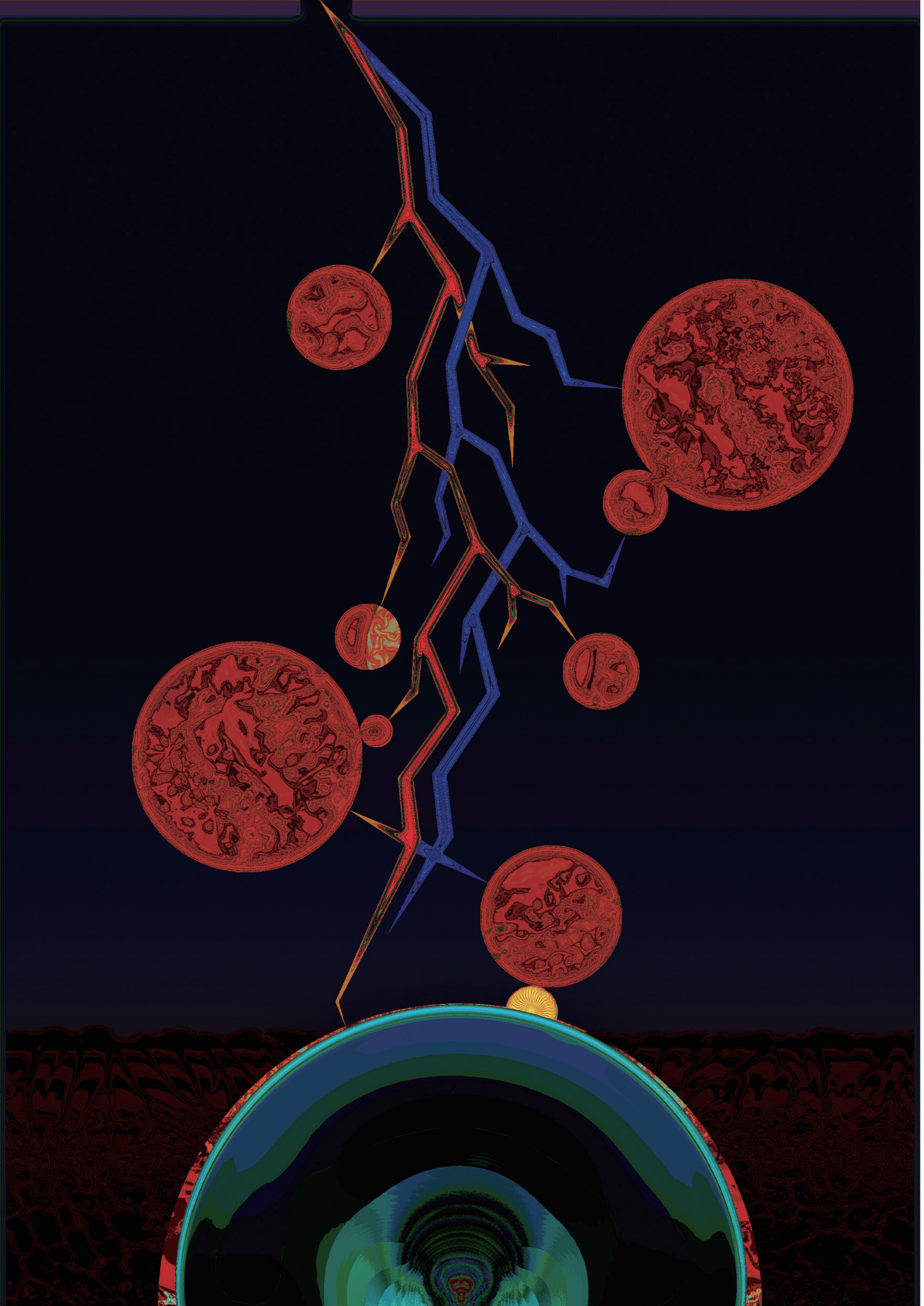
What kind of scene is that! In the mirror of the dark sky, the sun saw its light and heat like insatiable tentacles wrapped around the whole earth. Twisted and swollen tongues of fire sluggishly pulsed and spasmed in the cracked rocks. Strong whirlwinds made the air dim, and through such air, the sun's orb became as scarlet as flesh and blood. The obsidian sky reflected this fact with unmistakable clarity: The sun is an overflowing wound on the earth.

The sun was startled by this mirror image. It wanted to stop watching, but the swift light was its eyes. It wanted to forget this image, but the eternal fire was its mind. When its spirit flowed back from that miserable scene back into its body and time flowed again, the sun howled furiously and fled out of the earth. It rushed directly to the sky, made clouds burn and scream with its blinding light. The sun wanted to illuminate the sky infinitely deep and infinitely far, so that the abominable mirror image could not be revealed. The sun rose indefinitely high—until its light reached neither earth nor sky; until it felt its light stumbling in the clear, dark infinity; until finally, the sun felt the cold.

After that, the sun shuttled through the permeable boundlessness that it had broken out from, anxiously patrolling back and forth between the prostrate earth and the high zenith. And the darkness that chilled the sun, though it was no longer as hard and deep as obsidian, was always close behind. So, the sky was high and wide when the sun is moving toward the earth, and the night was dark and deep when the sun was moving toward the deep sky. Yet wherever the sun was gone, it could not find a trace of that ghastly picture. The festering wound did not exist in the concrete earth, nor was it hidden in the high and distant emptiness. It was only sticking on the heart of the blazing sun woven by the eternal flame, and burning out a bloodless and tearless black hole in the core of that searing heat.

This little dark monster now gnaws at the luster of the sun day and night, not fatally, but painfully when thought touches it. That nibbling, and the darkness behind the sun is a constant reminder that even for the sun, life and destiny has their limits. Many days and nights later, among the people born from the earth, a rumor began to go around: If you see yourself in the reflection of the initial fire, the wall of death will be built high behind you.





夜与闪电

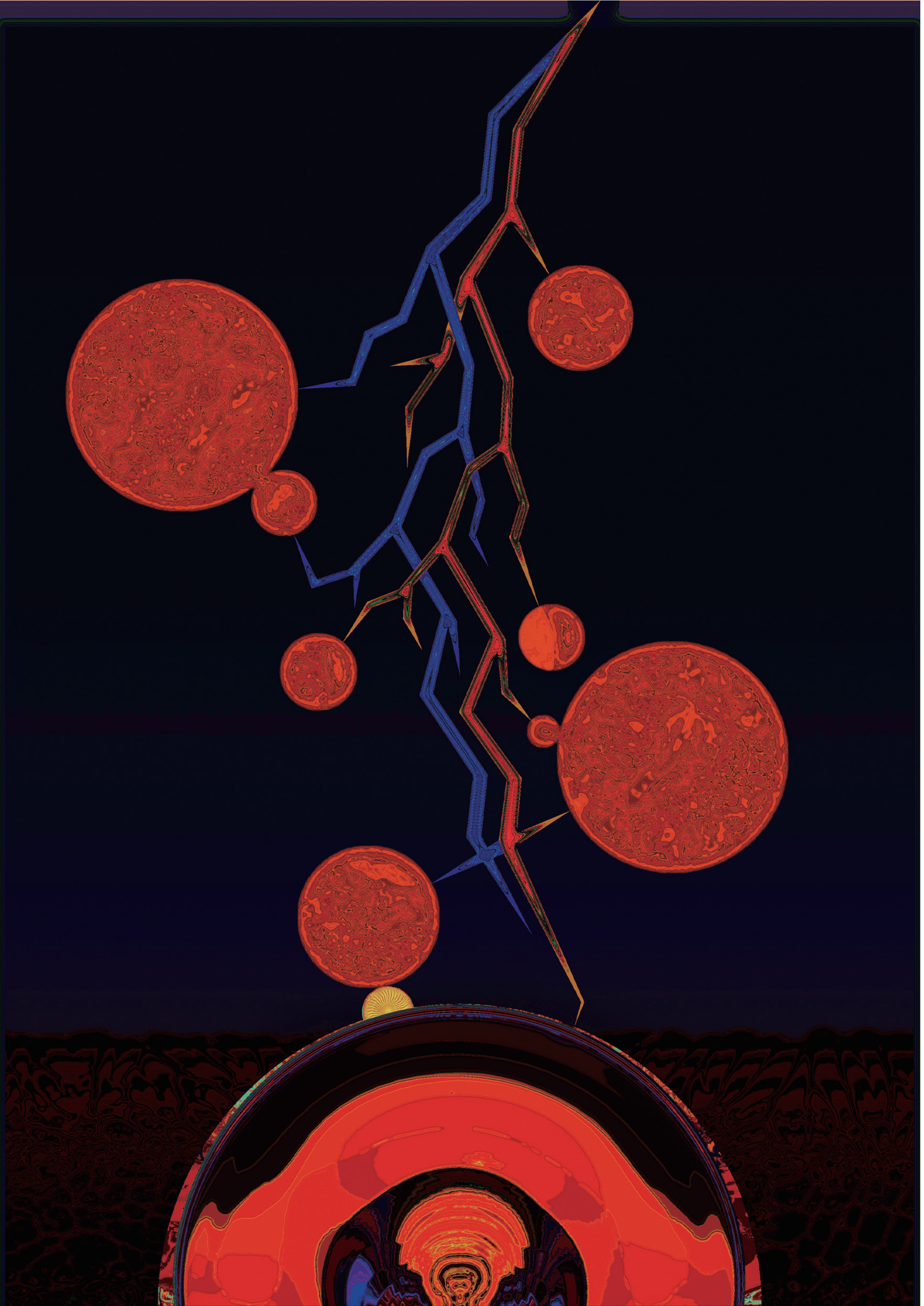
生活是每分每秒都必须紧紧盯住的怪物，只有闪电来临之时，可以闭上眼睛。

在所有人的凝视下，太阳的边缘开始变得不稳定，那道天空和光球之间的界限上泛起了涟漪。之后，边界在比瞬间还短的间隙中断裂了，沿着两端的缺口，边界上的光芒直冲天穹和大地，形成了一道还在形成之中的闪电。

天空中的光明如潮水般褪去,仓促而来的夜幕紧张地结出了霜露般的繁星。尽管时间尺度短到几乎不可能发生和体验事件,但人们仍能不可思议的感受到：当闪电的触须在空间中跳跃蔓延，扫过所有它可能途经的路径时，急切的光超越了电脉的速度。巨大的能量在繁复交织的电网的末端迅速的爆开，廓清出了一个个正圆形的闪亮空洞。当光停在这些空洞中时，完全随机的物质，事件，信息和故事便在其中显现。这些诞生自光的实体，在这一瞬间的开始急速膨胀，肆意的摊开欢笑着的肉体，骄傲的展示着自己刚刚随机获得的形式，又在同一刹那的结尾黯然消逝，只留下对这形式地狱般的必然性的哀叹和咒骂。随着电光的闪烁，这些生灭无定的实体，令繁星和夜幕与它们一起在普朗克时间的尺度上闪耀，涌动和湮灭。

如群鸦振翅，星光飞入了人们破碎的眼眸。无限分叉的闪电枝桠，令这一串在瞬间绽开的天文尺度的泡泡成为了可能性的全集。于是大地上的人们便无比清晰的看到了万事万物所有未能实现的命运。另一个夕阳，另一个爱人，另一个时代。所有这些虚幻的可能都层层刻入人们的心底。白虹贯日，六月飞雪，千帆竞放，血流成河。当所有伟大或卑劣的念头都成了高悬天际的必然，一个接一个的，人们匍匐于这片闪烁着虚假的自由和全能的星海之下，心甘情愿地闭上了眼睛。

于是，指针跳跃到了下一格，在这漫长的瞬息之后，电光终于触到了天穹和大地的弧面，空间散发出曲率断裂的焦味。之后，没有人知道发生了什么。再之后，没人知道之前发生了什么。白昼耀世，人群熙攘。人们只知道晴天霹雳让大家都闭上了眼睛。再睁开后，世界似乎有了一丝不同，但每分每刻的世界也都不尽相同。于是人群渐渐散开，每个人都走回自己的道路上，紧盯自己目光所及的范围，寻找闪电的蛛丝马迹。生活是每分每秒都必须紧紧盯住的怪物，只有闪电来临之时，可以闭上眼睛。



Night and Lighting

The "beginning" is a dense and multiple state which is difficult to describe, but here is one version of it.

00-00 The edge of the sun begins to become unstable.

01-00 Ripples appear on the boundary between the sky and the light orb.

01-10 The boundary brakes off in a gap shorter than an instant.

02-00 Along the gap at both ends, the border glows straight up to the sky and earth.

02-10 It forms a lightning which is still taking shape.

03-00 The bright fades like a tidal wave.

03-10 The hastily approached night strains to knot up frosty dew of stars.

03-11 In spite of the short time scale, which makes it almost impossible to hold any event and experience, people still incredibly feel this:

The tentacles of lightning leap and spread through space, sweeping across all the paths they may pass through, this eager light even surpasses the speed of the electric pulse. Tremendous energy bursts rapidly at the end of the complex interwoven electric grid, contouring out a bunch of perfect spheres of shining voids.

03-12 As light stop in these voids, completely random substances, events, information and stories emerged.

These entities, born of light, begin to expand rapidly in this instant, spreading out their laughing flesh with reckless exposure, proudly displaying the forms they have just randomly acquired, and then at the end of the same instant, they fade away, only leaving laments and curses about the hellish inevitability of these forms behind.

03-13 With the flicker of electric and light, the indefinite birth and death of these entities drive the stars and the whole nightshade shining, surging and annihilating together on the scale of Planck time.

04-00 Like a flock of crows on the wing, the starlight flies into the broken eyes of people.

04-10 The infinite bifurcation of lightning branches made this bunch of astronomical scales bubble that bloom in an instant a full set of possibilities.

04-11 Then with unparalleled clarity, people on the earth see all the unrealized destiny of everything and anything.

Another sunset, another lover, another era.

A white rainbow, a snowfall in summer, a thousand sails, a river of blood.

04-12 All great or vile thoughts become inevitable, hanging high on the zenith.

04-13 One by one, people prostrate under this starry sea of impossible freedom and omnipotence.

04-14 All of them closed their eyes willingly.

05-00 So the clock hand jumps to the next frame.

05-11 The lightning finally touches the curved surface of the sky and the earth, lighting is formed. The air is filled with the scorching smell of the break temporal curvature.

05-12 After that, no one knows what happened.

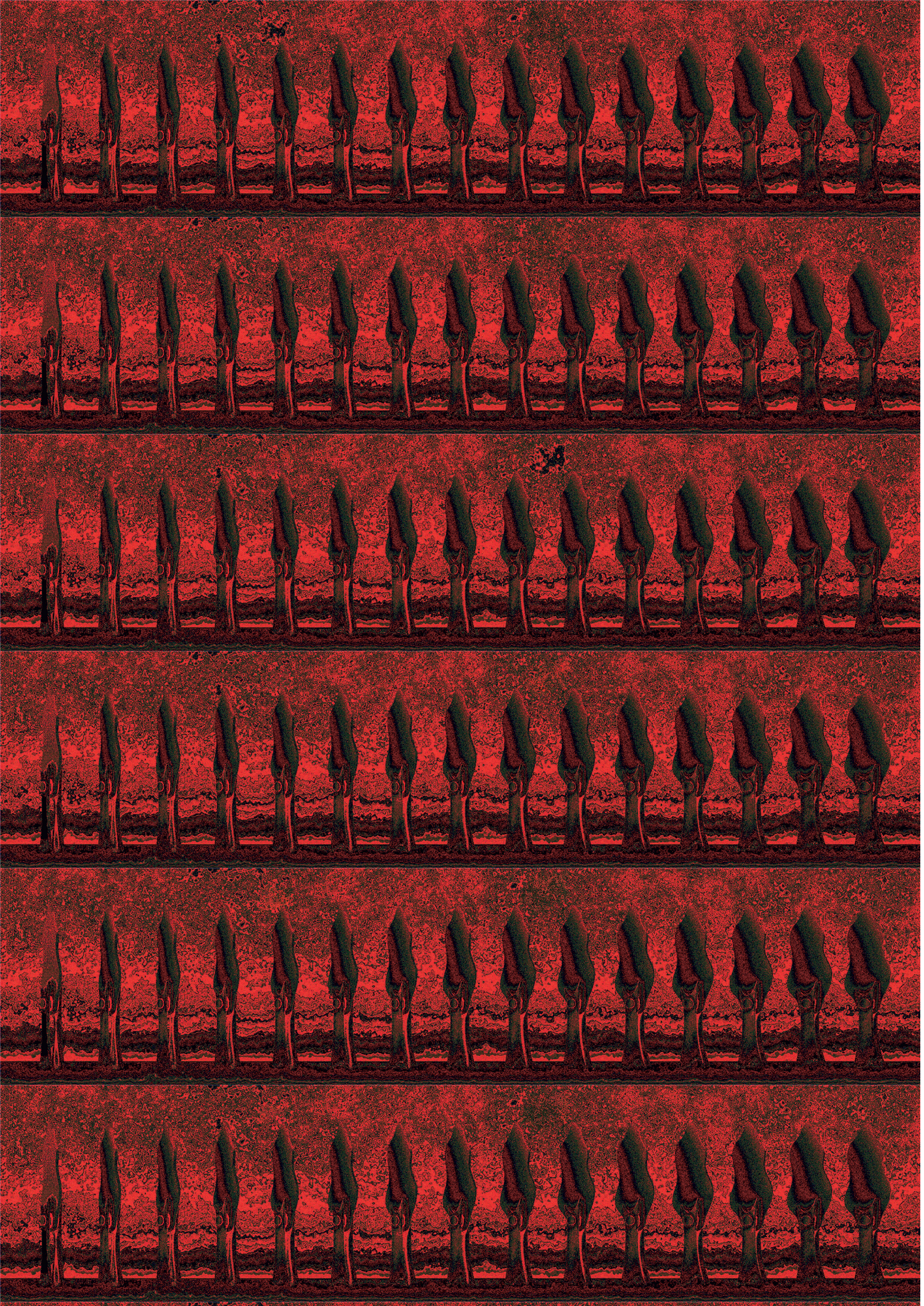
05-13 And after that after, no one knows what had happened before.

Daylight dazzles the world and the crowds bustle. All people know is that the thunderbolt makes their eyes closed.

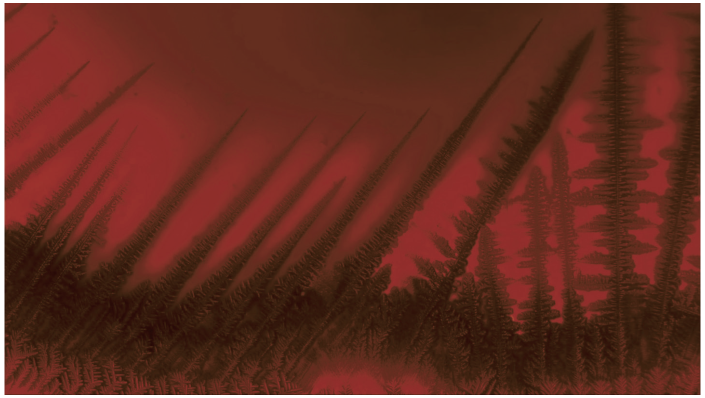
05-14 After opening the eyes again, the world seems slightly different, but as every moment passe, the world is indeed different.

06-00 So the crowd gradually disperse. Everyone walks back to their paths, staring as far as their eyes could see, keep on looking for the traces of lightning.

07-00 Life is a monster that must be watched every second, and only when the lightning comes can you close your eyes.



所有的树



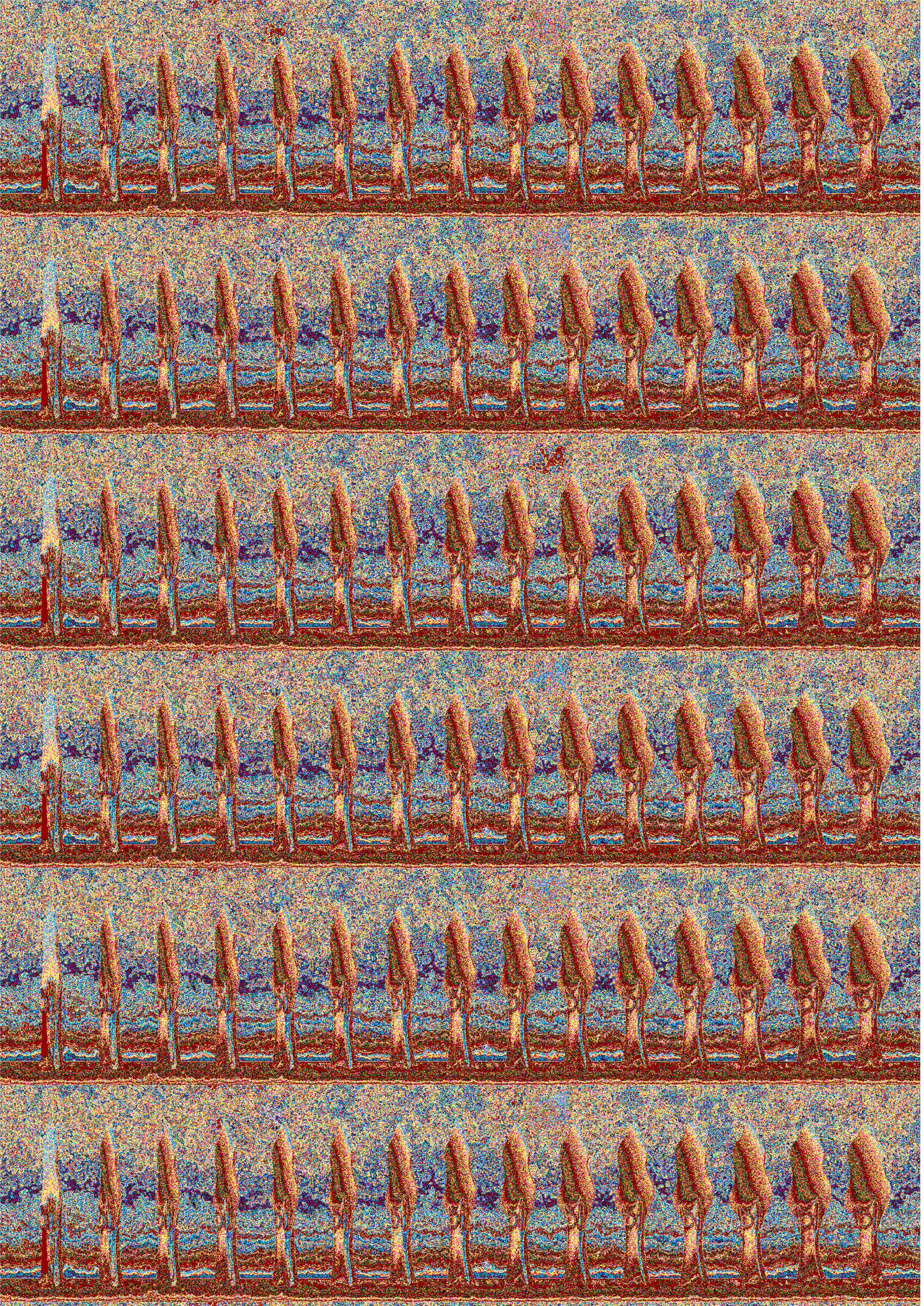
温暖的身体，沉默的生长，无可逃避的痛苦和可见的死亡，所有这些它一遍遍体验，一次次生产出的如铁律一般刻在它扭结的年轮上的梦魇，都是它必然的义务。

在起初之后，当日月星辰都在叹息中确定了自身的位置之时，剩下的一小撮不定形的东西最后聚在了一起，它们中有卡在自己核桃大小的身躯中，无法绽开也无法坍缩的星辰，有流窜的太远而忘记了如何熄灭的火焰，有因大地的皲裂而不小心睁开眼的石块。它们的命运在即将实现自身的时候倏然间走了神，便成就了这一堆永远打扫不净的碎屑。他们是被确定了的一切事物的迷梦，接着，它们便开始生长。

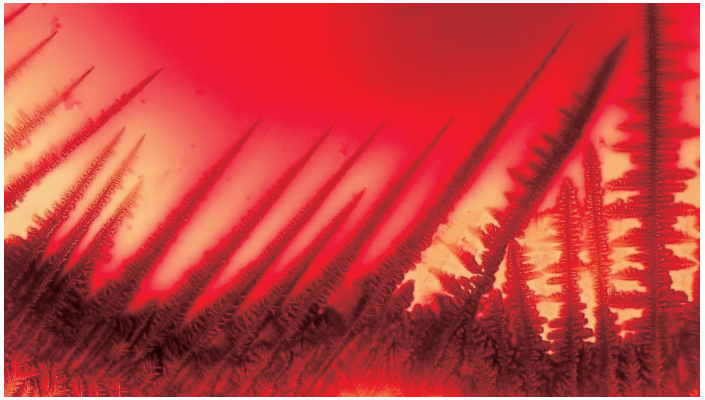
成形这一步很容易的就完成了，空间虽然已经被光与暗填满，但旷野的风无法忍受自己的漂泊，纷纷的汇入了它粗壮的躯干。接下来是分叉，云朵也受够了自己的无边无际，纷纷舶来它的枝头。于是一棵生长在天地之初的最初的树就这样成为了它自己。它刺穿深蓝的夜幕，踏碎光滑的荒原，它也在自己无定的梦中寻觅，模仿着大地的上升和天帷的下降。然而这一切都是徒劳，它感受到体内众多疯狂的念头争论不休，和这嘈杂背后的，对永不安生的命运的那份绝望的寂静。前世的幽魂沿着它的筋络爬到枝头，结出带着熄灭气息的苦果。它乘着体内的风和肩上的云，从一片天空延展到另一片天空，却始终摆脱不了那在它脑内四处流窜的无法醒来的意识带来的痛苦。

它是多么地想要醒来啊，但沉重的树皮是它的眼皮，让它不能动弹分毫。纤细的枝桠是它的手，没有风的日子里，即使用尽全力也不会有一片树叶颤动。细小的虫眼是它的喉舌，什么也不曾说出，敲打一番也只有空洞的回响。它本就是这个成形但空无的世界做的一个关于实在的梦。温暖的身体，沉默的生长，无可逃避的痛苦和可见的死亡，所有这些它一遍遍体验，一次次生产出的如铁律一般刻在它扭结的年轮上的梦魇，都是它必然的义务。

不知从何时开始，但那一定是在另一个起初，在绝对的接受和拒斥了它的命运后，树选择了沉眠。轰鸣的他者之梦从它曾经的枝桠中弥散而出，变成了宁静的自然。在风云最终从它透明的身体中散去之后，最初的树一跃而成为了所有的树。它们赌咒似的死死扎根在烧荒后的农田里，任凭耕作的人换过几个世代也一声不吭；它们死气沉沉的长在破败的道路旁边，被垃圾，烟头和醉汉的呕吐物浇灌而始终不死，在春天的某一天准时长出从初生就颇具老态的焦黄色嫩芽。有时工人们会挖到一些阻碍了市政建设的粗壮根系，斩断它们之后会不停的流出乳白色的浆液，在施工作业的坑洞里积出一个白的刺眼的小水潭。如果人们盯着这滩乳液看得太久，再看别的东西就会重影。



All the Trees



The warm body, the silent growth, the inescapable pain and the visible death, all these nightmares that it experiences over and over again are like steel commandments, engraved on its twisted annual cycle. These are, its inevitable obligations.

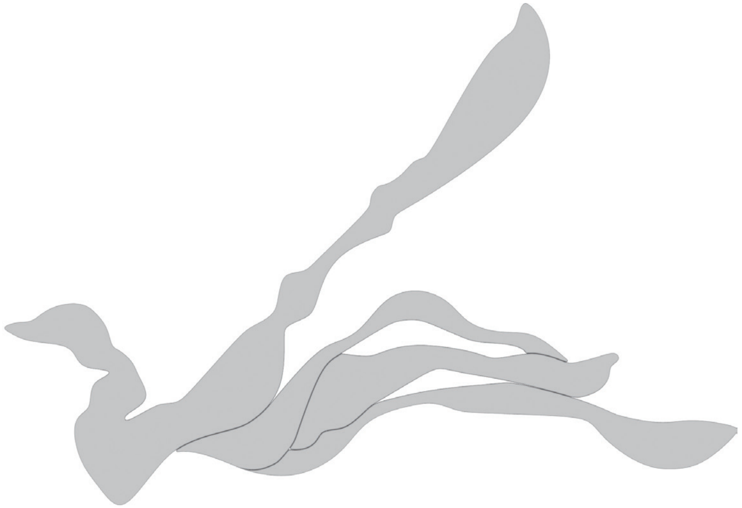
After the beginning of everything, when the sun, moon and stars determined their own position with a long sighing, the remaining handful of indefinite things finally gathered up. Among them were stars stuck in their nut-sized bodies, unable to bloom or collapse, flames that had strayed too far and forgotten how to extinguish, and stones that had accidentally opened their eyes because of the cracking of the earth. Their destinies suddenly went off when they were almost about to realize themselves. Thus, they made a pile of debris that can never be cleaned up. They were the bewildered dream of all the defined others, and then they began to grow.

This step of forming was easily accomplished. Although space was already filled with light and darkness, the wind of the wilderness could not bear the drift and so converged into its thick trunk. Next step was bifurcation. The clouds, fed up with their boundlessness, flocked mooring on its branches. Thus, an original tree, growing at the beginning of the world became itself. It pierced through the deep blue night and crushed the smooth wilderness, searched in its own indefinite Illusionary dream, imitating the rise of the earth and the fall of the zenith. Yet these efforts were all in vain. Numerous mad thoughts argued within its heart, and behind this cacophony, despairing silence condensed from the restless feat became rooted in its mind. The ghosts of its past life crawled along its tendons to the top of branches, bearing fruits with the scent of dust and extinction. Riding on the wind within its body and the clouds on its shoulders, it stretched from one sky to another sky. Yet it could not get rid of the pain caused by an unawakenable consciousness running around inside its head.

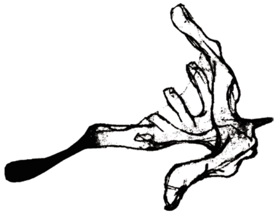
How much it does want to wake up! But heavy bark is its eyelids, preventing it from any subtle moving. Slender branches are its hand. On a windless day, not a single leaf will tremble. Tiny worm holes are its throat. Nothing is ever uttered from it but a hollow reverberation when it is struck. It can’ t wake up, because it is supposed to be a dream about the entity, which belongs to this formed but empty world. The warm body, the silent growth, the inescapable pain and the visible death, all these nightmares that it experiences over and over again are like steel commandments, engraved on its twisted annual cycle. These are, its inevitable obligations.

It is untraceable and unknown where and when this all happened, but it must have been in another beginning. After having accepted and rejected its destiny absolutely, the tree chose to sleep. The roaring dream of the Other diffused out from what were once its branches, transitioned into a tranquil nature. After the winds and clouds finally dissipated from its transparent body, The Original Tree finally became All the Trees in one go. They rooted in the burnt farmland like a curse, and never give out a word within a thousand generations. They surviving dully on the side of broken road, watered by garbage, cigarette butts and vomit of drunks but never die. In the spring, they grow burnt yellow shoots right on time, which looks like aged from their beginning. Sometimes laborers dig up thick roots obstructing city construction, and after chopping them off, a milky white emulsion flows out, accumulating a small blindingly white puddle in the pit of the work. If anyone stares at these emulsions for too long, they will get double vision.

手



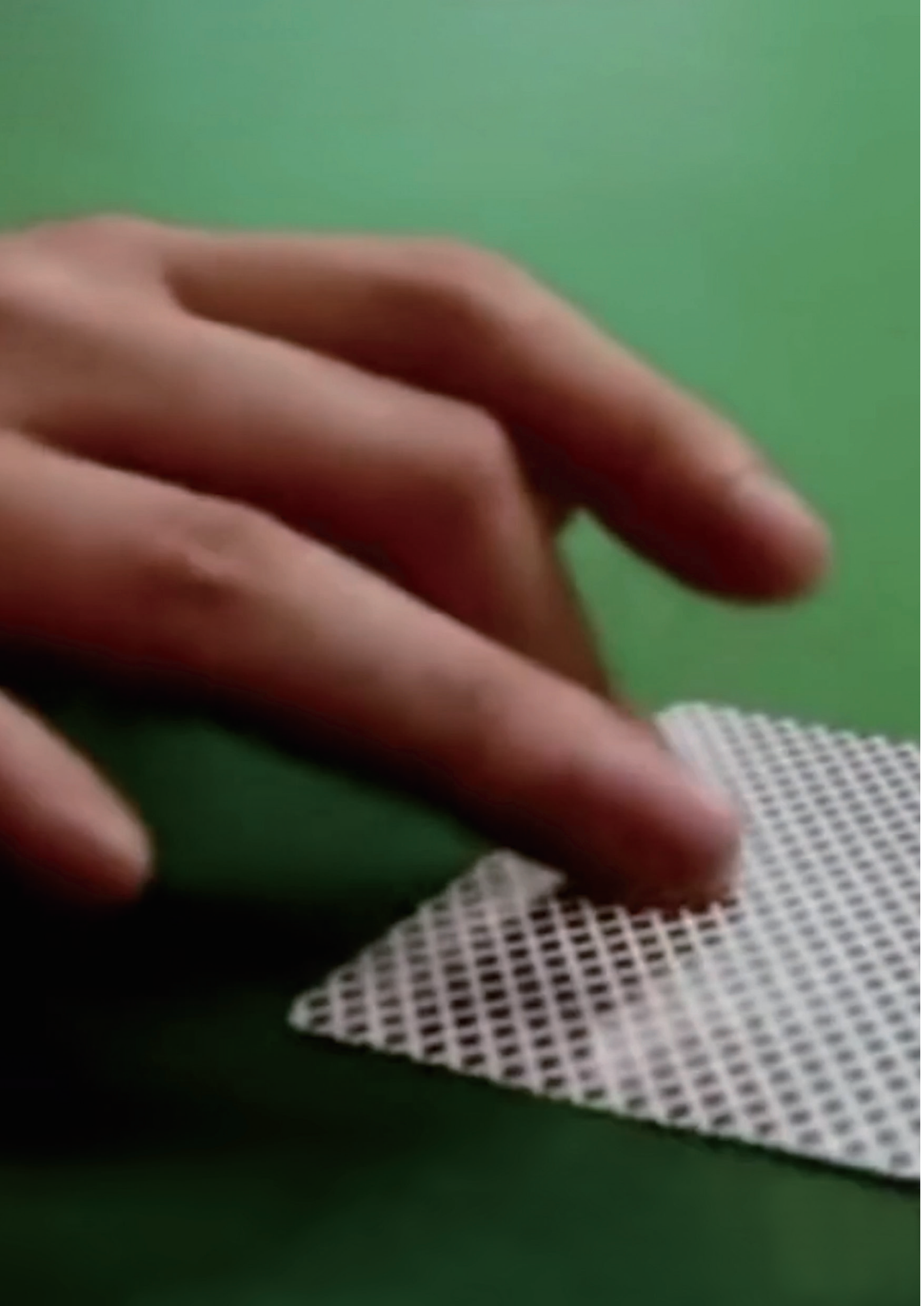
那个让它横跨整个人类文明史寻找的姿态就是掷骰的姿态，它不再要求控制一切，而只是要求控制掌心里的那几粒骰子。



你知道么？手作为一个器官，其实是从鱼鳍进化而来的。而鱼鳍则从最初的脊椎动物的外鳃进化而来。在寒武纪早期，水生动物通过从喉咙内部长出的附属器官吸收水中的氧气，在之后的进化中，一些动物将多余的外鳃进化成了具有多种用途的附肢，这些触须一样不定形的，意味不明的器官最终变成了我们的手。这让我时常想象，在最初，我们的手其实是长在喉咙里的。十根手指紧紧的被夹在气管和脊柱之间，这样的一双手会指向何处，又会扼住或祈求什么呢？作为一个现代人，我认为这个问题已经无法想象了。因为论具体状态，远古的手和现代的手简直是天差地别：前者作为充满潜能，同时意义含混不清的器官，身处血肉和神经的重重包裹之中，而后者作为人体能够接触最多空间的，充斥着血肉和神经的敏感器官却触碰着无穷大的虚空。在生物进化的过程中，空旷的虚无与浓密的血肉暗暗交换了位置，内在和外在的关系完全颠倒了。这有些类似于拓扑重构，想象一下，面包圈那样的环状物体可以通过几何学的计算变成一个球。

于是这样的手，它生来就带有掌握一切的宿命。这与其说是掌握，不如说是回到原初的被包裹的状态。这是何其吊诡的命运，又是何其艰苦的重担！我们的手在劳动中寻觅，在他人的身体上摸索，又死死的扎在污泥中连抓带刨。它得到了一个个鲜红的掌印，一封封被秘密写下的文书，和一枚枚被按下的按钮，但这些都离它的宿命相去甚远。它看不上当权者演讲时狂乱的挥舞它的丑态，也不对将死之人把它伸向太阳的动作有什么同情。不能有任何的妥协，它一定要找到那个等同于完满的姿态。终于，在人类直立行走了一百八十万年之后，在一个夕阳照耀的破败窝棚中，它从裤兜里百无聊赖的伸出，抓住了两个石子，随便的扔在了桌子上。奇迹般的，石子重叠在了一起，围观的人们兴奋的大声叫喊，它为之一振。

那个让它横跨整个人类文明史寻找的姿态就是掷骰的姿态，它不再要求控制一切，而只是要求控制掌心里的那几粒骰子。在一次又一次的抛起和落下中，骰子在桌上形成的图像重于一切在它掌控之中或之外的命运之和。它想到，即使是冥顽不灵的埃迪卡拉纪生物也会对这图像讳莫如深。于是它终于能够获得那有如时光倒流般的安详，即重回被血肉般粘稠的命运包围的，宁静的上古。



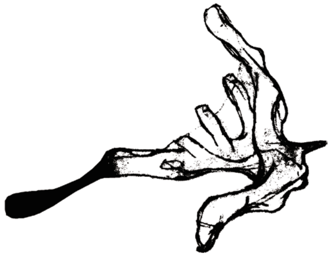
The Hand

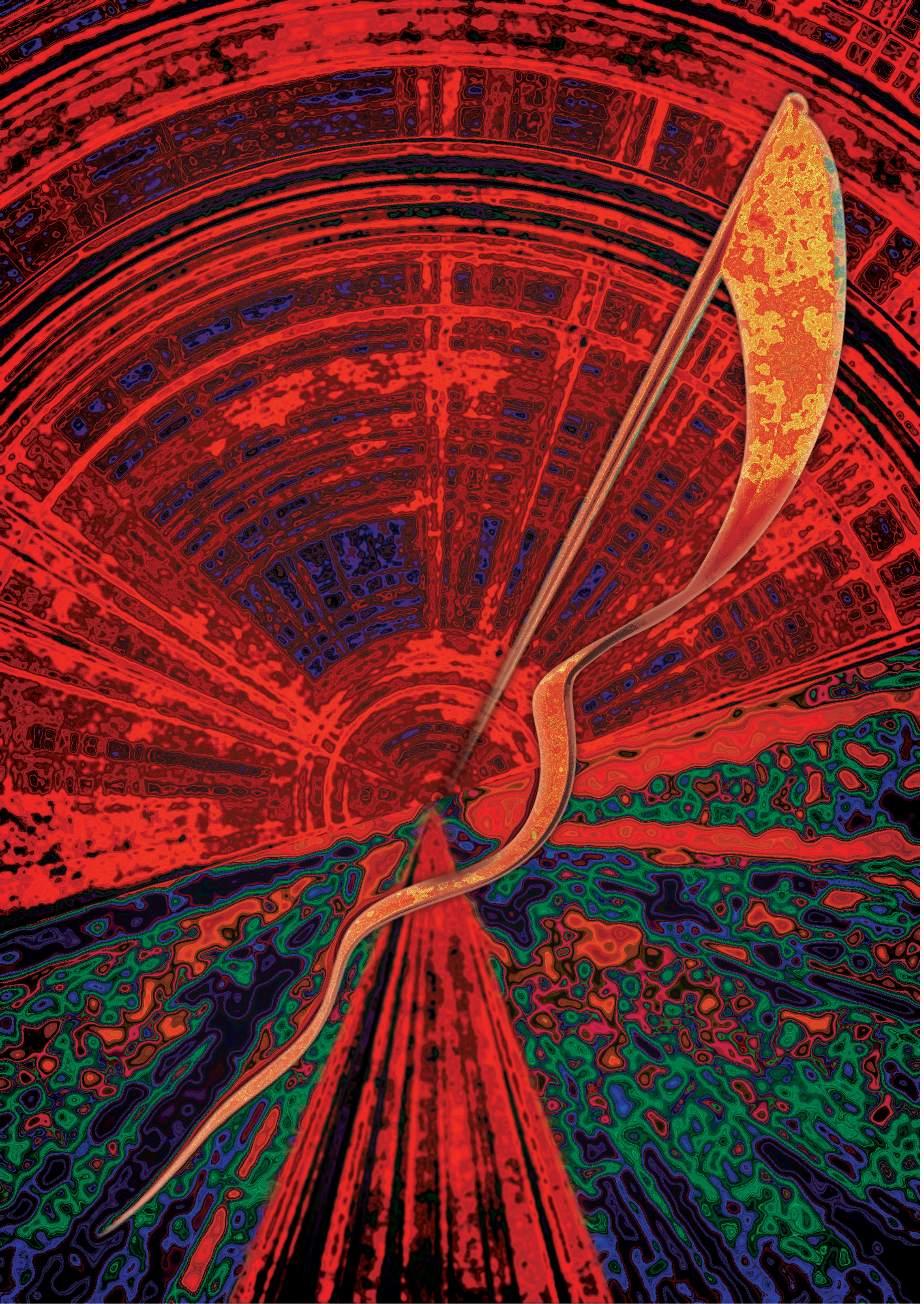
The gesture that Hand search for across the entire history of human civilization is the gesture of rolling dice. Hand no longer requires control of everything, but rather hold the dice in its palm.

Can you imagine? Our hands, as a part of our body, actually are evolved from a fish's fins, while fins are evolved from the external gills of the first vertebrate. In the early Cambrian period, aquatic animals absorbed oxygen from the water through accessory organs growing from the throat. Later, some animals evolved their extra external gills into versatile appendages. These tentacle-like, amorphous organs with obscure meanings eventually evolved into our hands. It makes me often imagine that our hands grew in our throats in the beginning, with ten fingers tightly squeezed between the windpipe and spine. Where will the hands point to? What will the hands strangle or pray for? As a human living in the present, such questions are unimaginable. In terms of the specific forms, the hands in the old days and the hands nowadays are totally different. The former, as full of potential, and an organ with vague meaning, lay deeply in the flesh and nerves, while the latter, as the organ of the human body contacting most of the space and filled with flesh and nerves, can touch the infinity of vanity. In the process of biological evolution, empty vanity and dense flesh and blood secretly exchanged positions, so that the internal and external relations were completely reversed, this is somewhat similar to topological reconstruction. Imagine that a circular object such as a doughnut could be transformed into a ball through geometric calculation.

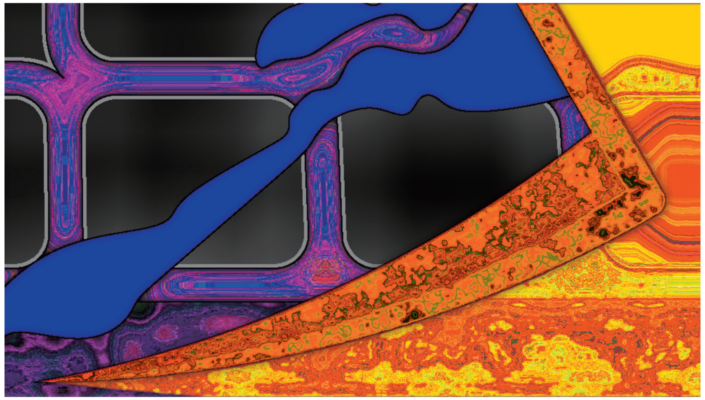
Such a Hand was born with the destiny of mastering everything, but also with a desire to return to the original state of being wrapped up. What a paradoxical fate! What a heavy burden! Hands seek in labor, grope on other people's bodies, and stick in the mud, grasping with bare hands. Hand gets red palm prints, delivers secretly written letters and presses buttons, but all of these actions are far from its real destiny. Hand despises the spectacle of the powerful waving it wildly in speech, Hand has little sympathy for the dying man who stretches it out to the sun. No compromise can be made. Hand is determined to find the gesture equating perfection. Finally, after 1.8 million years of human beings walking upright, in a dilapidated shack in the sunset, Hand stretches out from its trouser pockets and grabs two stones, casually throwing them on a table. A miracle happens! The two stones overlap together. Onlookers shout with excitement, awakening Hand from darkness.

The gesture that Hand search for across the entire history of human civilization is the gesture of rolling dice. Hand no longer requires control of everything, but rather hold the dice in its palm. In tossing and falling again and again, the image formed by the dice on the table is more important than the sum of all under or outside of its control. It occurs to Hand that even unrepentant Ediacaran organisms would have regarded that image of dice as taboo. Hand can finally find the serenity, like the time is flowing back, returning it to quiet ancient times and make it surrounded by fate as thick as flesh and blood.

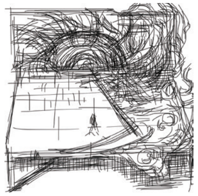




黄金镰刀



黄金镰刀的收割不会停止，因为世界无时无刻不鲜艳欲滴。

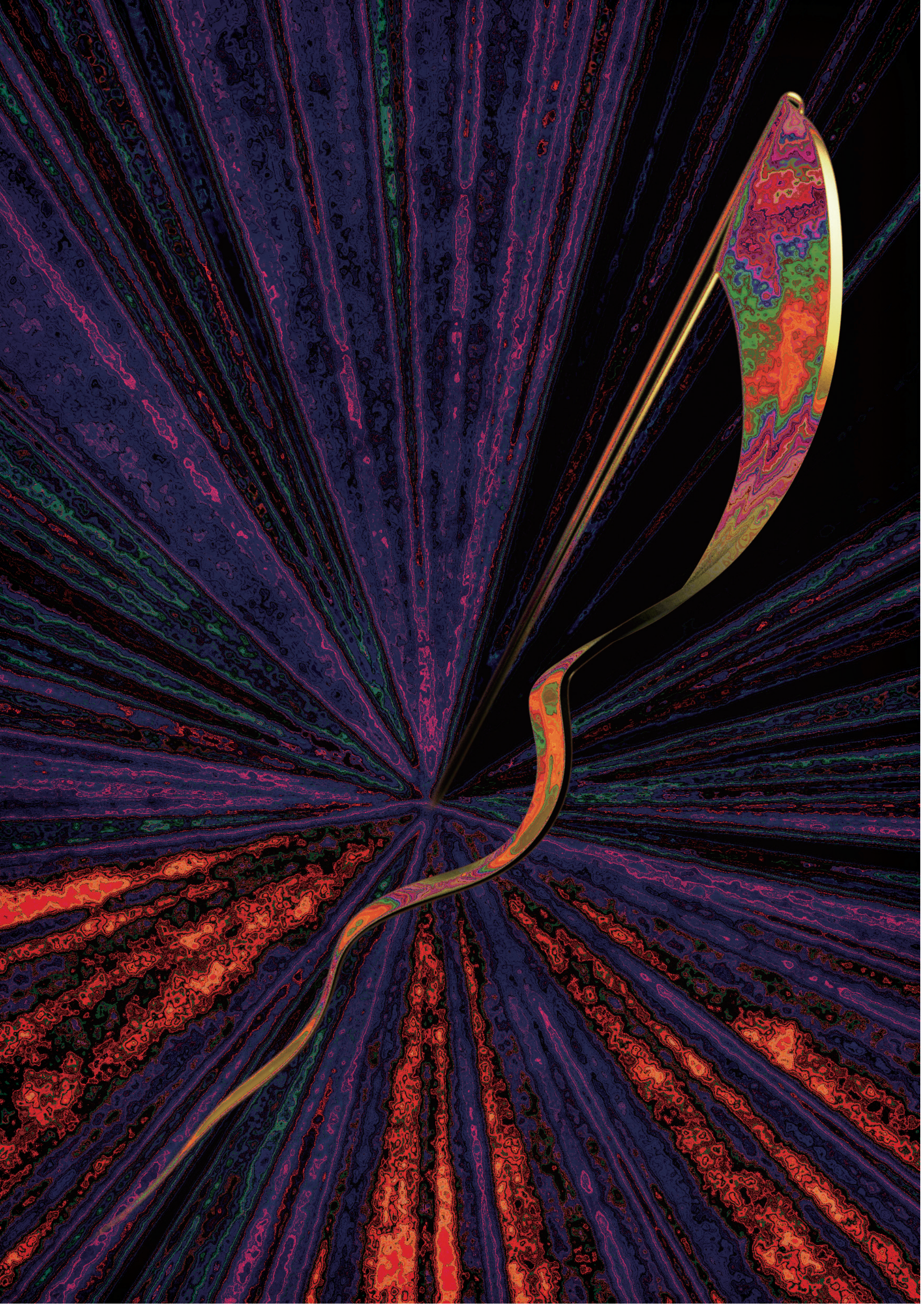


即使是夕阳这样每天准时上演的，对万事万物都绝对公平而慷慨的景色，在不同的地方观赏，其壮丽的程度也不尽相同。有那么一片田野，任何时候，在它绵软的土壤上生长的作物都金黄饱满。它秩序井然，在谦逊的和风吹拂之下，没有任何一根麦草敢于生长得超过其他麦草的高度。在这里既没有丑陋的石堆也没有扎眼的树木。这片田野就这样在大地上均匀地展开，游人置身于其中时常常会忘记它的边界。傍晚，巨大的金黄色半圆如穹顶一般倒扣在同样金黄的田野上。当一切都在金和红的光辉中没顶时，世上最完美的夕阳便出现了。

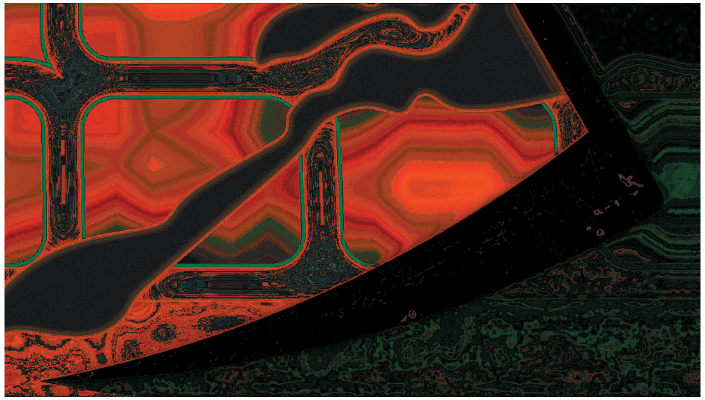
但是在这画面的边缘，在绝景的一角总有些若隐若现的烟尘，弄得人们的记忆像是漏光的胶片。一些游人的耳鸣会与电波同步，听到电台中的小人用笃定的声音提问：为什么不是刀刃，而是平庸的微风？微弱的气旋在草茎的芒刺旁发出细小的尖叫，竭力地想要回避在那里静候多时的静电。在遥远到比真理和谬误之间的距离还要远两倍的地方发生的一些事情，正令所有的麦苗和杂草都一刻不敢放松地直挺着身躯。

那是世上最触目惊心的夕阳绝景：黄金镰刀正在收割大地。镰刀的把柄深深的插入太阳与大地相切的中心，把经线和纬线化为两条互相吞食的蠕虫。刀尖卷起世界边缘的海水，将它们连同所有未被做过的梦一起蒸发。橙红的夕晒在即将湮灭的大地上流淌，溶化国界线和向来心惊胆战的测量员。镰刀扫过复仇者，把他身上的肉削成他的仇敌们的名字，让它们哭喊着在风中飘落。镰刀扫过先祖们的坟墓，让那些浅浅地渗进土壤里的幽灵战栗着发出方块般的笑声。直升机如石块般摔落在地，塑料袋像水母一样飞上天空。田野，山丘，稻穗，生命，万事万物在黄金镰刀的扫掠下顷刻间化为升腾的灰烬，与夕阳金红色的光辉融为一体。

然而，在这个夕阳仍然完美的地方，没人能从细小的征兆中发现什么。在夕阳落下后游人们将回到家里，他们看电视，看灯光中的漂浮物，夸奖或责骂他们的孩子。第二天他们会出门，一些人去上班，另一些在散步时对着正在交媾的两只狗笑。他们就这样密密麻麻的挤出这些块状的生活，令它们拥挤如烈日下死水坑里的红虫。这场永无止境的收割已经因其周期太过漫长而被遗忘。但迟早，这里也将归于湮灭。黄金镰刀的收割不会停止，因为世界无时无刻不鲜艳欲滴。



Golden Scythe



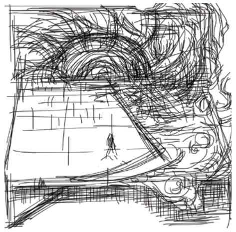
The harvest of the golden scythe will never stop, because the world is always so plump and fruity.

Even the sunset, the absolutely fair and generous scenery to everything, has varying degrees of beauty while viewed from different places. There is a field, where the wheat growing on its soft brownish soil is golden and full at all times. It is so neat and tidy, under the humble breeze, none of the wheatgrass dares to grow higher than any of the others. Neither ugly rock piles nor gloomy trees even ever existed here. This field spreads out so evenly on the earth that it makes visitors often forget its boundaries. In the dusk, the sun becoming a huge golden semicircle, like a dome, shrouds over the equally golden field. When everything gets sunken in the glory of gold and red, the most perfect sunset in the world is born.

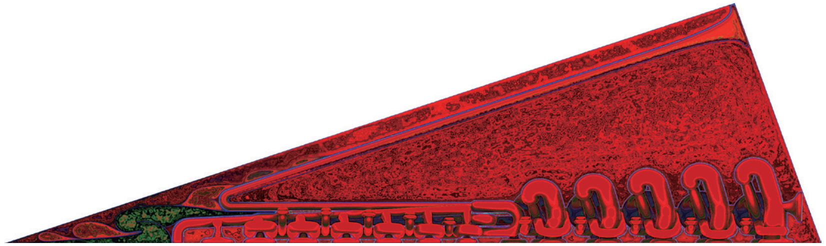
But at the inconspicuous edge of this landscape, in the corner of this stunning scenery, there is always some hidden smoke and dust, which makes visitors' memory seem like a leaky film. Sometimes wanderers' tinnitus synchronizes with the airwaves. They hear the villain on the radio asking in a determined tone: "Why not the blade, but just the mediocre breeze?" Near the fluffy wheatgrass tip, faint cyclones yell out tiny curses, desperately trying to evade premeditated statics. Something is happening in a place so distant that it is twice as far as the distance between truth and fallacy. Which is forcing all the wheatgrass and weeds in the field straighten up their stems without any moment of lax.

That is the most striking sunset in the world: the golden scythe harvesting the earth and the handle of the scythe plunging deep into the center in between the sun and the earth, turning the meridian and latitude into two worms devouring each other. At the edge of the world, the tip of the blade rolls up the waters, vaporizing them along with all the untouched dreams. The scalding orange sunset overflows on the soon-to-be-annihilated earth, melting national boundaries and ever-frightened surveyors. The scythe sweeps over the avenger, peeling his flesh into the shape of his enemies' names, making these fragments crying out and falling in the wind. The scythe glances over the graves of the ancestors, making the ghosts that seeped shallowly into the soil shuddering out square laugh. Helicopters fall to the ground like stones, and plastic bags fly on the sky like jellyfish. Fields, hills, rivers and lives, everything is instantly turned into rising ashes under the raid of the scythe, merging with the golden-red light of the setting sun.

However, in that place where the sunset is still perfect, no one can detect anything from the subtle signs. After the sunset, the visitors return to their homes, where they watch TV, watch the small floating object inside of their eyes, and praise or scold their children. The next day they may go out, some to work, others on a walk, laughing at two dogs that are copulating. They keep squeezing out these densely-packed life chunks, making them as crowded as the red worms socking in a stagnant puddle under the blazing sun. The never-ending harvest has already been forgotten since its lengthy cycle. But sooner or later, here it will also return to annihilation. The harvest of the golden scythe will never stop, because the world is always so plump and fruity.



号角



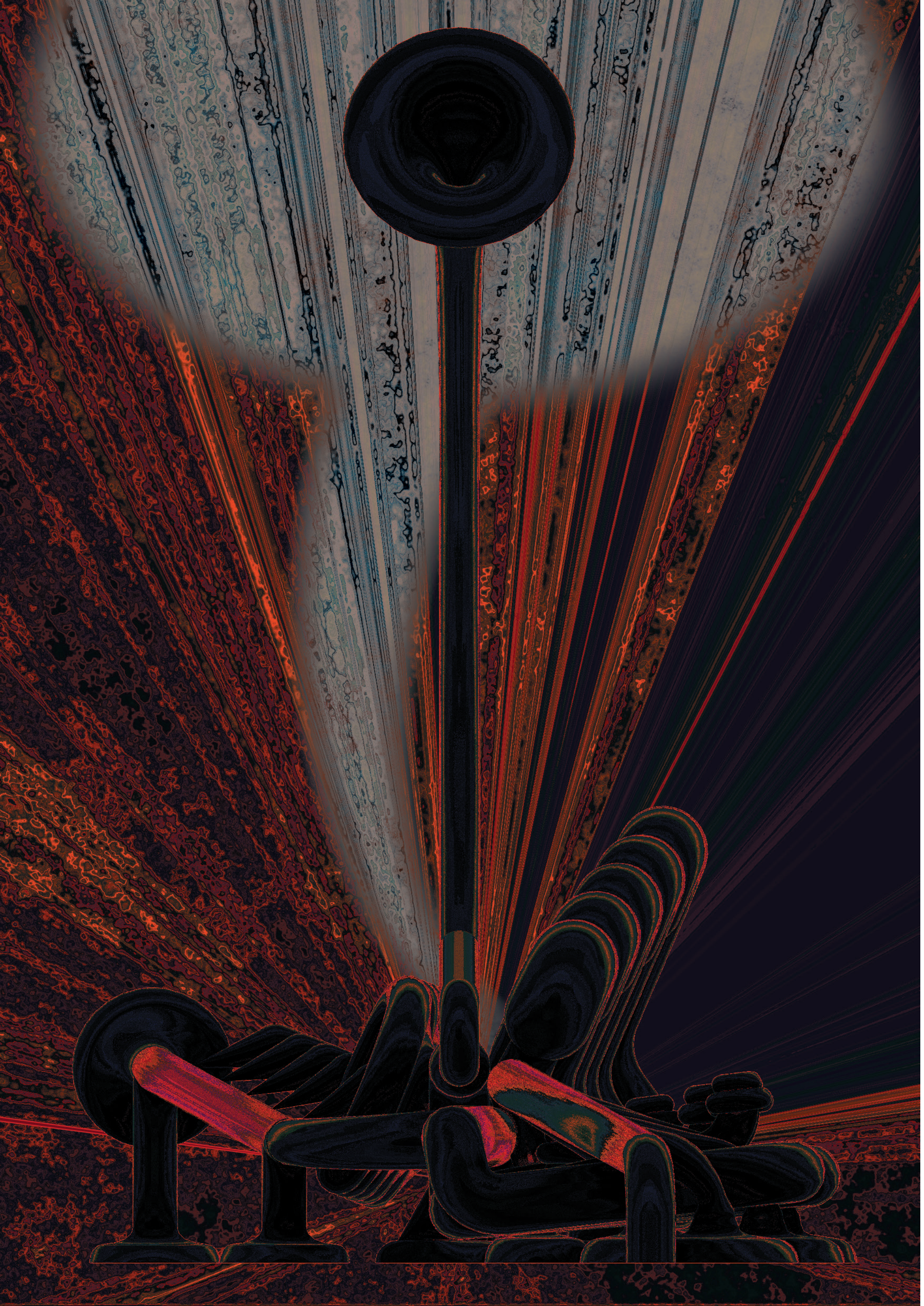
许多年以前人们对着他们不认识的东西发出惊慌失措的哭喊，这声音就成了那件事物的名字不同的是这一次在这个名多于实的世界上，我们有了这样一件卓越的机器相助。

它有一张永远大张着的嘴，上面没有嘴唇，里面也没有牙和舌头。
它的喉咙被一个漆黑的秘密封死，敞开却不通往任何地方。
这张嘴的后方连接着一根又细又长，闪闪发光的食道。
再之后，是蜷缩而拥挤，遍布管线和腔室的内脏
用来吹奏的口藏在末尾，时常处于谈论之外。

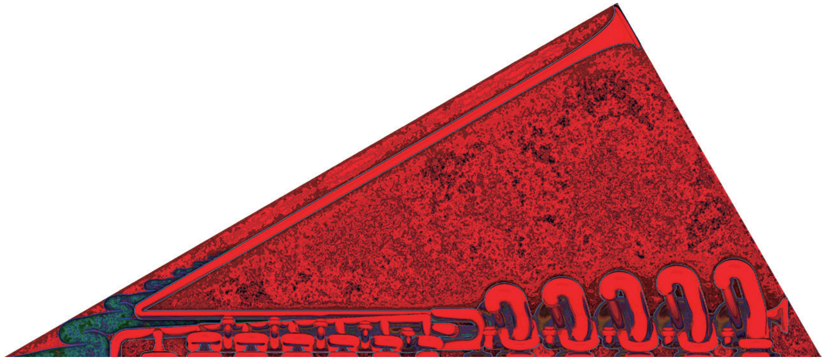
它的声音来自于呕吐和鸡奸行为时人体拓扑学的错置
在肠道的痉挛和欢呼中，音节被挤出如无法停止的嗝
那是被否定的肉在联通生死的管道中逆流而上
而冷凝水在出口处闪闪发亮。
船上新来的号手刚把嘴对准号管就感觉被舔了一下
吓得他从此不敢直视船长的烟斗。

许多年以前人们对着他们不认识的东西发出惊慌失措的叫喊
这声音就成了那件事物的名字。
不同的是这一次在这个名多于实的世界上
我们有了这样一件卓越的机器鼎力相助。
这张空旷的嘴和它被迫模仿的对象一样
它宣告异常和灾祸，但异常和灾祸并不由它而起。
静谧的世界之中的细碎的痛苦
在没有潮汐的日子里，它们精确而扭曲地
狠狠倒映在它那
没有厚度的黄铜皮肤之上。

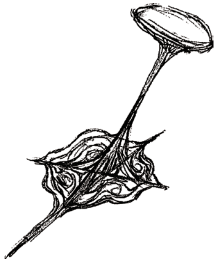
后来，稀薄的鸟群被焊进它的管线
风在它的洞口进进出出。
现在，洪水未至
但还有多少时间能够用来想象
它即将奏出的
下一个世界的名字？



The Horn



Many years ago people shouted in panic at things they didn't know, then the sound became those things' name. Yet this time, in a world which has more names than entity, we have the help of such a remarkable machine.



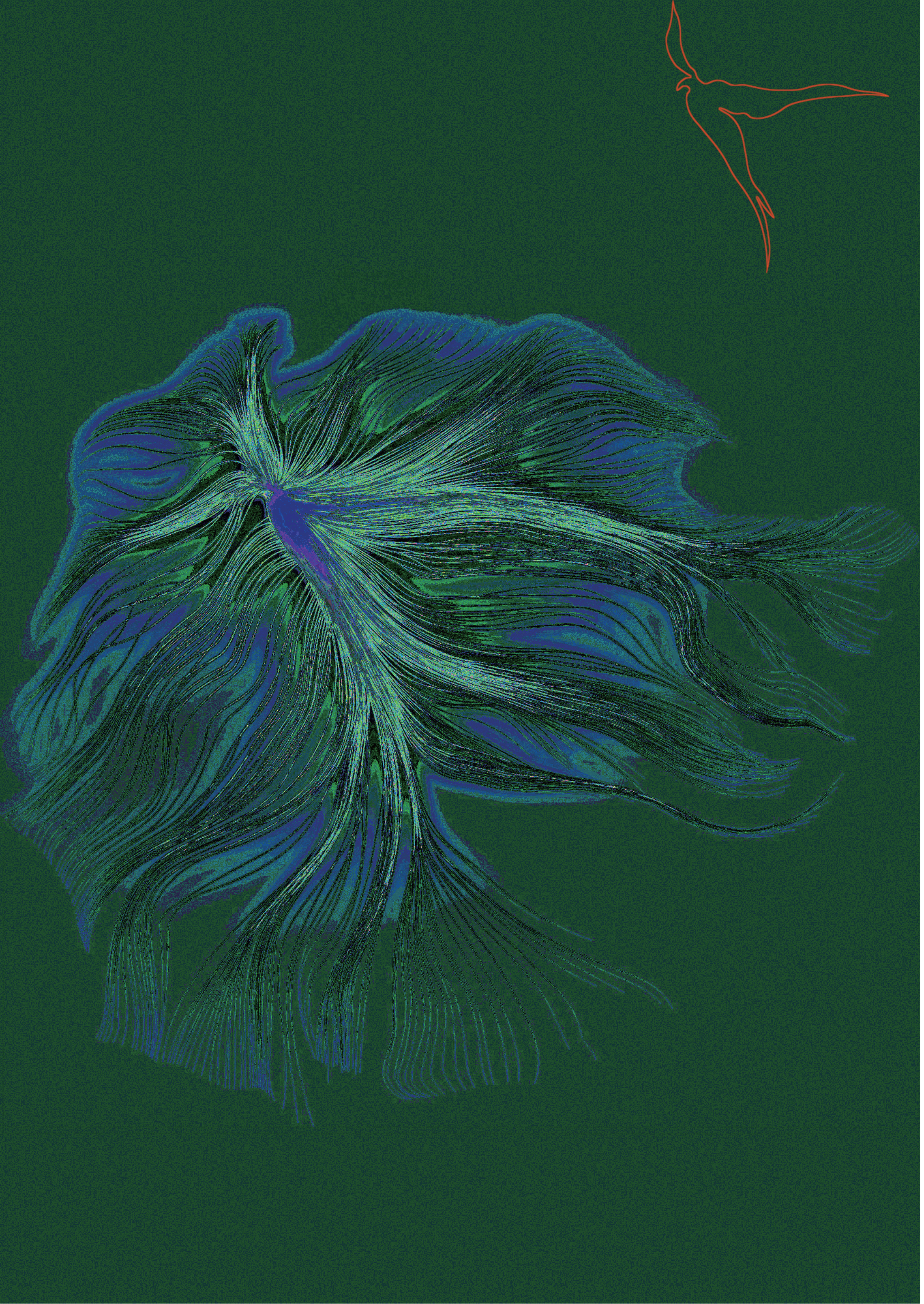
It has a mouth that is always wide open,
no lips on it, and no teeth or tongue inside.
Its throat is sealed by a dark secret, open but not lead to anywhere.
The back of the mouth connects to a thin, long, glistening esophagus.
After that, Space is huddled and cramped,
tubes and chambers are all over its guts.
The hole used for blowing is hidden at the end, it's often outside the talk.

Its sound comes from the misplaced topology of the body during vomiting and sodomy.
Within the spasms and cheers of the intestines, syllables are squeezed out like unstoppable belches.
Denied flesh flowing upstream in the tube that connects life and death.
And the condensation shining brightly at the exit.

The new horn player on the ship had just put his mouth to the hornpipe and he felt a lick.
The frightening make he never dared to look straight at the captain's pipe.

Many years ago people shouted in panic at things they didn't know.
Then the sound became those things' name.
Yet this time, in a world which has more names than entity,
we have the help of such a remarkable machine.
This empty mouth, like the object it is forced to imitate,
it announces anomalies and calamities, but they do not originate from it.
There are delicate agonies embraced by the silent world.
On days when there is no tide, they are precisely and distortedly,
viciously reflecting on its thicknessless brass skin.

Later, thin flocks of birds are welded into its tubes
Wind moves in and out of its void.
The deluge has not yet arrived.
But how much time is left to imagine
That the name of the next world it is about to play out?

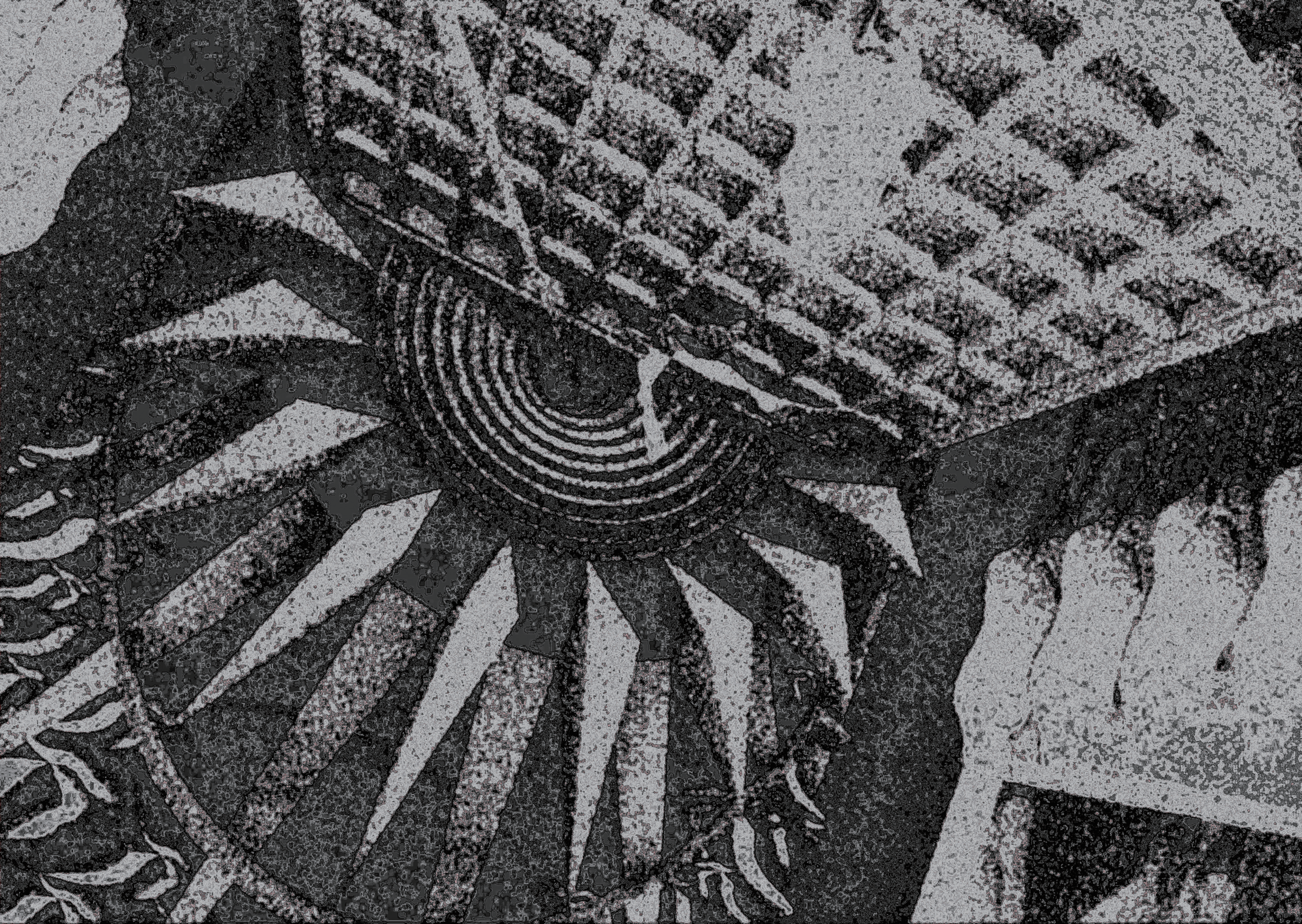


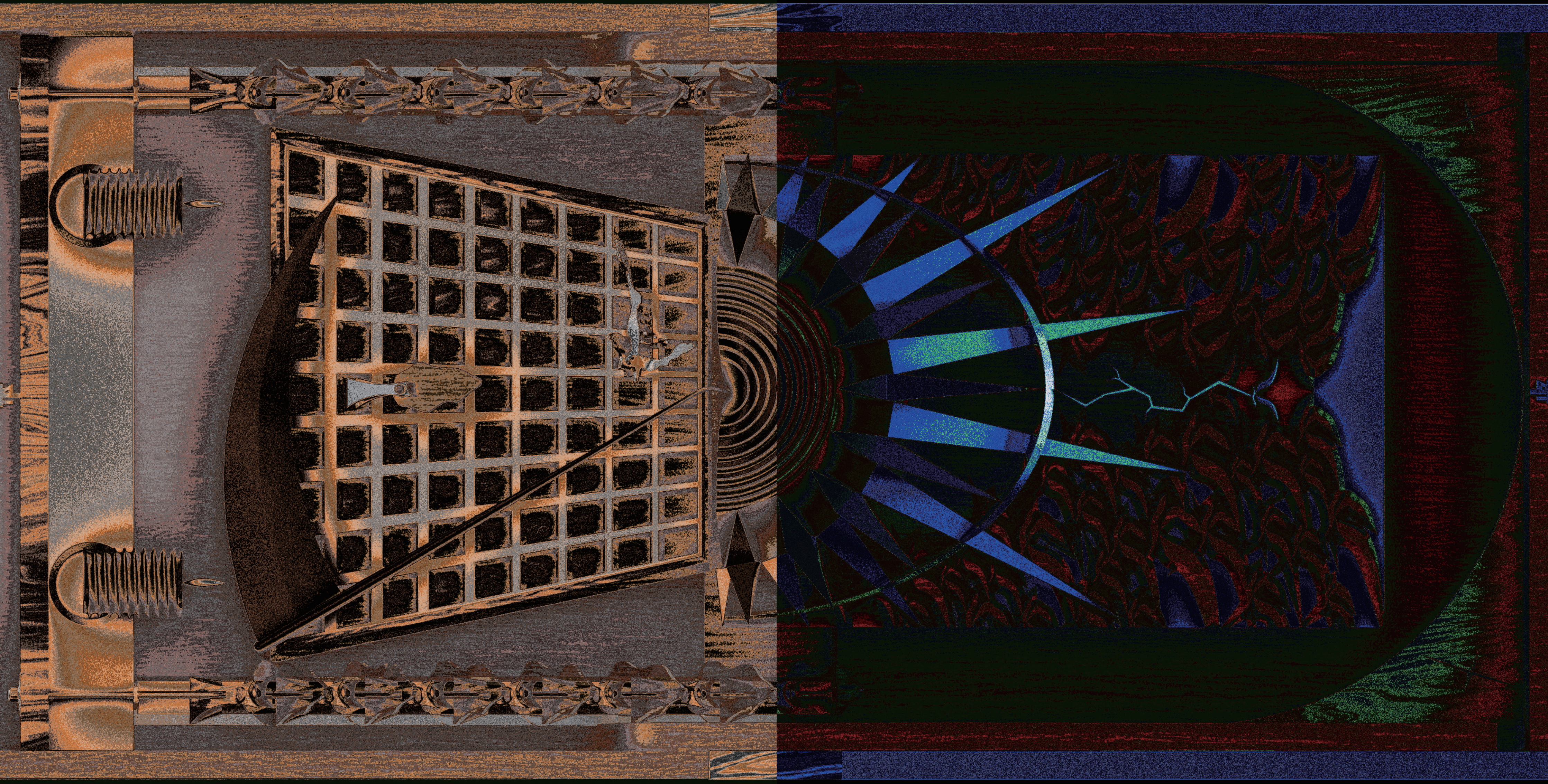
鸟

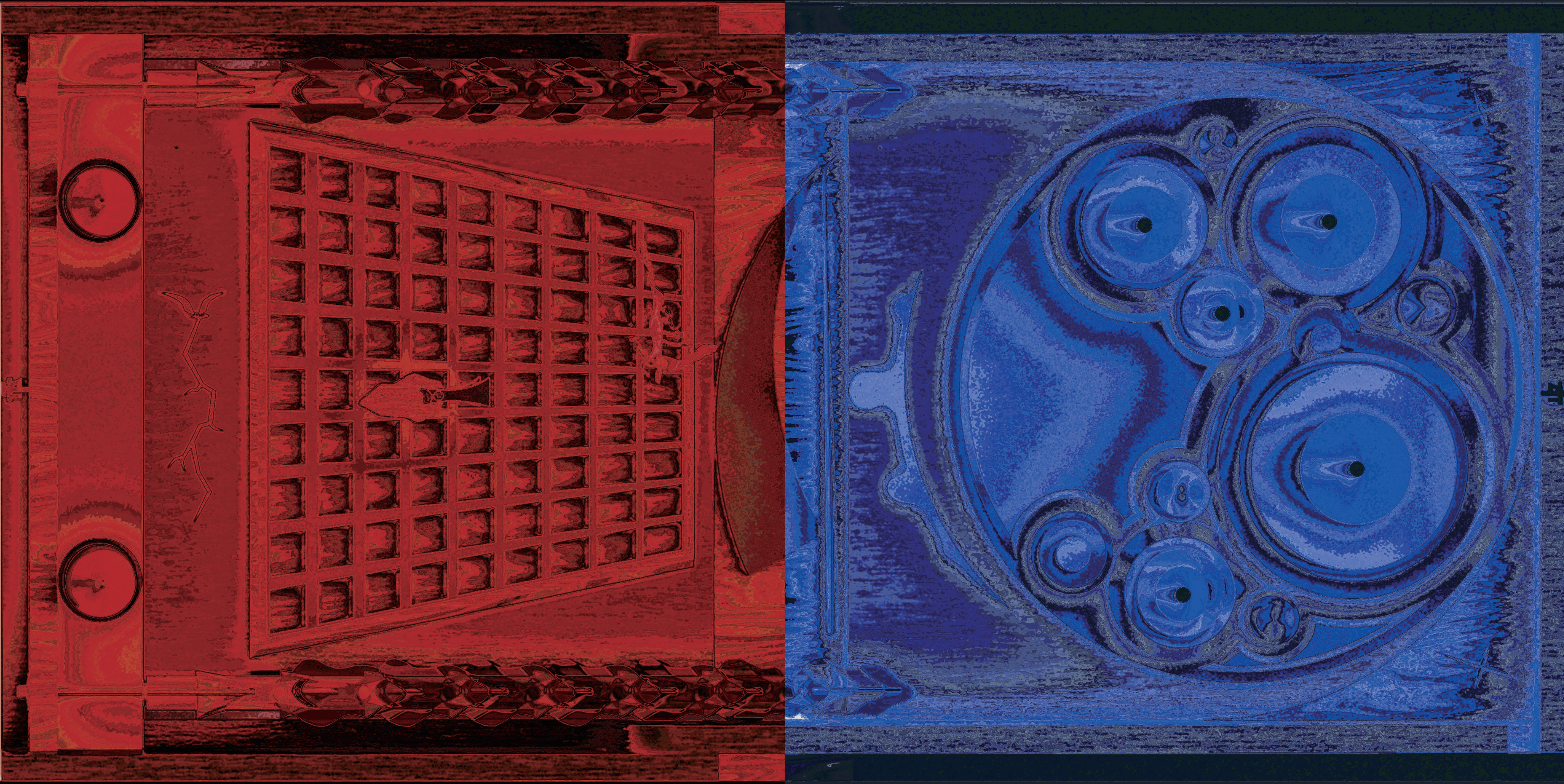
这个故事集讲到这里就应该结束了。鸟不存在，我没有挑选它作为“绝对者”之中的一个。这一章之所以存在，是因为在这个令人窒息的，充满了纠缠不清的实体与概念的宇宙中，必须有某种轻盈而闪亮的名字使得这些坚硬的故事聚集在一起。鸟存在过，但是它飞走了。

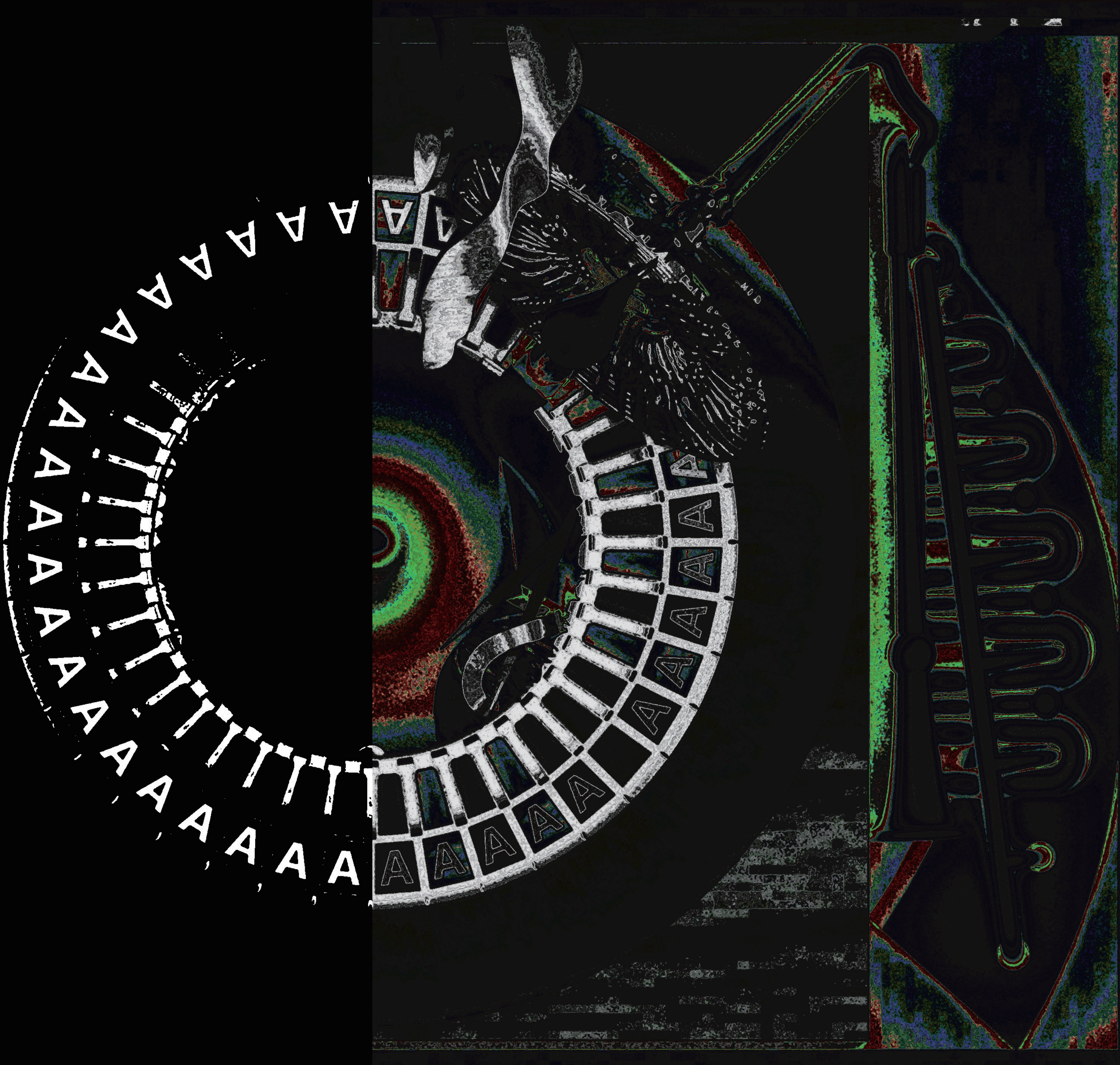
The Bird

This is the end of this collection of stories. The Bird doesn't exist, I didn't pick it as one of the "Absolutes". This chapter exists because in this suffocating universe of tangled entities and concepts, there must be some light and shiny name that brings these hard stories together. The bird existed, but it flew away.










THE GAME
OF
ABSOLUTE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