

湯皇珍

我去旅行十/ 墓誌銘——終場

第二階段：我的方寸之地

TANG, Huang-Chen

I Go Traveling X/ An Epitaph—Finale

Stage 2: A Small Place that is Mine

The four rooms form a cross, leaving a square of the same size in the center. Video documentations are shown inside each room as the two opposite rooms are paired. “I Go Traveling VIII/ WISE MAN FISH HERE” will be shown in one pair of rooms, which entails the action performance on April 19th, 2008, including both the filmed as well as the filming.



Monologue
TANG, Huang-Chen

Part1 (shown on video)

Can you see me? (Put on the white socks.) Any images outside? (Outline a boat with chalk.) This is the ninth time that I recount my memories. So, today's mission is to erase the memories I've kept. Erasure. Before that, I must think about what I've already recounted. Nine journeys. What I've said probably begins this way. After I leave "Venice," I take a left turn. Passing a row of neatly parked motorcycles, I would reach some low, concrete houses of Chung-Tou Village. These low, concrete houses still remain the same as they were in my childhood. Each has three or four storeys and possibly tin roofs. Going a little further, I'd pass a few temples. Some yams are planted there under the trees in front of the temples. It's odd. Their leaves are purple. Then, I'd slowly approach some properties for sale. Pre-construction. New condos. This development is titled "Love of the Upper River." Naturally, they are very different from the low, concrete houses. They have French windows, very modern façade, and gardens. We normally call it a view. Moving pass the "Love of the Upper River"—I always think that nobody will buy those pre-construction condos because every time I pass by, the windows are closed and the doors are shut. Anyway, from here, I'm going to begin—moving pass the "Love of the Upper River," I need to walk across the street. If I don't, I'd end up walking into the traffic. After crossing the street— are you following this? The Love River would be on my right hand side. I'd walk along the riverside. This part of the road is pretty bizarre. If you really walk along and on the sidewalk, you will bump into some construction fences. Behind the fences, some construction is going on. I think it might be—a witness of the long history of the expanding Love River—it's an iron bridge with concrete piers. Trains of the Taiwan Railways are still running on the iron bridge. Taiwan Railways. It does sound ancient. People take the Kaohsiung Rapid Transit...take the High Speed Railway nowadays. If you don't walk on the sidewalk nicely—you don't want to bump into the fences, naturally—you'd end up fighting for your way with the bicycles. The sign on this section reads, "Watch out for the cyclists. Look out for the pedestrians." Bicycles might sweep past

you from behind at any time without any warnings. So, I'm always very nervous walking on this road. Walking past this section, I would hurry to somewhere people could really walk. The fences would be far behind me. There's another strange thing about this section. The first time I took this road, I didn't notice any rodents. Lately, however, I see many rodents. It's probably because the weather was too hot. Wait a second. I can tell you another thing. This section of the road has wooden pavement. The boards make sounds when you walk on them. (Imitate the sounds.) Meanwhile, you can see lots of garbage. A lot. Maybe there isn't any trash bin around, or for whatever reason I can't think of. If not plastic bottles, then there're some dirty lunch boxes, or, some unidentified leftover in open plastic bags. It was right here that I saw a giant rat when I took the road the first time. This—it's probably been fifteen minutes...although the time I've got is ten minutes and seventeen seconds. This fifteen-minute walk would end at a bridge. The name of it sounds quite respectful. "Founding the Republic"—"Chien Kuo Bridge." No doubt the bridge is named according to the meaning of the words, "founding the Republic." "Chien Kuo Bridge." Oh, I should also let you know where this "Venice" I've mentioned is located. Walking out of "Venice," turn right. You can see a red arch bridge. I'm not sure if it's that arch bridge or not. It should be. It might be the only red arch bridge on the Love River. So, it should be easy to locate where my "Venice" is.

看得見我嗎 (穿上白襪) 外面有影像嗎 (粉筆重劃船形) 這是我第九次講述我的記憶—所以今天的任務是要把我現在儲量的記憶—抹除 在抹除之前 必須先想想我講述了哪些事情 九次的旅行—我所說的應該是這樣開始 離開“威尼斯”之後我會向左轉 經過一些排列整齊的機車群落 接著來到中都里的水泥矮房 這些水泥矮房跟我小時候一樣 它們是三層樓或四層樓 可能有鐵皮的屋頂 再往前走 會經過幾個廟 廟前樹下種有蕃薯 奇怪 那些蕃薯葉是紫色的 然後 我會慢慢接近一些正在售屋—預售—新的屋子 這些新屋叫上河戀 當然 跟水泥矮屋很不一樣 它們有落地的窗戶 非常現代化的牆面 還有庭院—我們說景觀 過了上河戀—我一直覺得那些預售屋沒有人去買 因為每次經過時 窗戶都是關著 門也是關著 無論如何 到了這邊我要開始—通過上河戀後我要橫過馬路 如果不過馬路會捲入車道 過了馬路以後—你跟上來嗎 愛河在我右手邊 順著愛河走 這段路還蠻詭異 如果你真沿著人行步道走—會撞上一個施工的圍籬 圍籬後頭正在施工的一我認為可能是愛河—這段那麼長的愛河裡最古老的一個見證 一座水泥墩的鐵橋 鐵橋上還在通行台鐵的火車 台鐵—很遙遠吧 現在坐捷運—坐高鐵 如果你不這麼乖地

沿著人行道走 —當然不要去撞圍籬 你會跟鐵馬爭道 這段路寫著：當心騎士 當心行人 鐵馬會從你的後面隨時無預警跟你擦身而過 所以 始終我在這條路上都非常的緊張 過了這段 我會趕快閃身到真正可以走人的地方 也就是那圍籬已落在我的後方 這段路還有奇怪 第一次走時並沒有看到釣者 但最近我發現相當多垂釣的人 可能是天氣太熱了 —等等我會告訴你另外一件事情— 這段路鋪著木板— 橫向的木板 走起來有聲音 (模仿聲音) 同時還看到很多垃圾 —非常多可能附近沒有垃圾筒或者是什麼原因不清楚 —不是寶特瓶就是剩下的便當 要不就是敞開的一些不明的食物殘留 也就在這理 我第一次走的時候發現一隻大老鼠 這一大約已經經過十五分鐘了 雖然我現在的時刻顯示的是十分十七秒 這段十五分鐘的路程會結束在一座橋 這座橋的名字還頗為嚴肅 以建—民國“建國橋”不要懷疑就是以建民國的“建國“ 建國橋—喔 我應該交待一下我的“威尼斯“在哪裡 “威尼斯“出來你往右手邊看去是一座紅色的拱形橋 我不知道是不是這座拱形橋 應該是— 可能是不是愛河上唯一一座紅色拱形橋 如此 應該很好辨認 “威尼斯“的位置

Well...now, the bridge that takes fifteen minutes to arrive is called “Chien Kuo Bridge.” It is neither the red arch bridge nor the iron bridge with concrete piers, but a ... should be a ... (Pause.)(Silence but the bell-rings of the oven’s timer from the coffee shop at the performance site.) Never notice. What’s on its piers? Seeing from afar... in my first recount there seemed to be some public artwork resembling two massive waterfalls bellow the bridge when I saw it from afar. In a distance, you couldn’t see the bridge but two big waterfalls. There are other noticeable features on this bridge. It has four tall, black, long streetlamps. And on each pier... on what part of the bridge? The decoration on the bridge—at first, I thought those were white cranes. But when I looked at them again, they were not cranes but little egrets. Do you know which bridge it is now? There are two ways to walk across “Chien Kuo Bridge.” One is to walk through it. Then, you are on Ho-Xi Street, or Ho-Xi Road. And the Love River is on you left hand side. In the early days, it is how I walk. That was in my first recount. There’s something strange about Ho-Xi Road. You can see many rodsters there every single day. I used to think that rodsters should be grabbing the rods all the time. But the rodsters on this road are all away from their rods. It’s like the rods are fishing instead of the people. I am incredibly intrigued. How can you tell if any fish bites the bait if you are not near by? I asked one of the rodsters the first time I passed by: “how can you tell when a fish

bites your bait if you place your rod so far away?" They answered: "miss, the rod will wobble!" Then, I asked, "there are so many rods here at the same time. Can you really get a fish in time?" No matter what, this street (He-Xi Street)—the bicycles would be on your right and not bother you. They have their own lane, the bicycle lane—the street is similar to the pedestrian walk that has wooden pavement. So, it makes sounds. (Imitating the sounds.) But it is a delightful path. Wandering along this road, the walk would end at another bridge. Another fifteen minutes should have passed although what I have now is fourteen minutes and four seconds have passed. The following fifteen minutes is a walk on He-Xi Road or He-Xi Street. Calling it a street means that the road or street is narrower than the so-called boulevard. After fifteen minutes, I would run into another bridge. I have never learned its name. It was built in 1969. While crossing the bridge, an old man came up to me from behind on his scooter, and asked me, "miss, do you want to angle?" "Do I want to angle?" I'm just wondering how you'd know you'd got a fish if you're not holding the rod? He looked at me curiously, and asked again, "miss, are you looking for someone?" "Am I looking for someone?" This strange question has been on my mind since the beginning. Naturally, the reason why I left "Venice" is that I must come to this secret room I'm in right now. In other words, it takes about forty-five minutes from Venice to here. I've been relaying the thirty minutes of it. Coming to the third bridge. A bridge built in 1969. Its name is unknown to me. Now, this old man came up to me from behind, asking me, "miss, do you want to angle?" and then, "miss, are you looking for someone?" I find it really strange. Was it early or late in the day that morning? I didn't get it why someone would ask me if I was looking for someone. Was I looking for someone? Of course I was looking for the location of my secret room. The destination of this trip is to come to the secret room where I'm in right now, isn't it? Okay. After crossing this bridge built in 1969, you would start moving away from the Love River. If that doesn't happen, you'll never be able to come to this place. We know that people walk on the pedestrian walk. And bicycles, they've got the bicycle lanes. Cars run on the roads. But in Chinese, the roads for cars sound like they are for horse. After walking across this road...this part of the road is really dangerous. I guess you could say that there are many cars double-parking on the

road for no reason. Looking from afar, if you are familiar with the place...if you know where my secret room is located, you would see a McDonald and the KRT Yang-cheng-pu Station. Also, during one of my walks, I came across a place that sold a type of soup. The sign read Beauty Soup V.S Hooters Soup. Passing the McDonald, turning into the lane of Ju-Guang Street, going to the end of the lane, then, you are almost arriving at my secret room. Usually, I would be exhausted by then. In one of my recounts of this trip, I climbed up to the second floor where my secret room is located, carrying my memories on my back. On the way up, this person who saw me and said, "you look like a turtle." Didn't I?—a turtle that was creeping on the path of these memories. My mission today is to wipe out these memories. So, first of all, I need to tell you what I've said in order to erase it, no?

那麼—現在經過十五分鐘要過的橋叫“建國橋” 這座橋不是紅色的拱橋也不是水泥墩的鐵橋而是一座—應該是一—(語頓)(此時只聽到演出場所咖啡廳的烤箱計時跳起聲) 沒注意—它的橋墩是什麼 但遠遠看去—我第一次敘述時遠遠看去有兩具像是大的瀑布一樣的公共藝術在這個橋的下方 遠望不見橋只見兩個大水瀑 這座橋還有幾個明顯的標誌 它有四個 黑色 高的 長的燈 還有每個橋墩？橋的什麼部位？橋上的裝飾物—第一次我誤會以為是白鶴—當我再一次確認—不是白鶴 它們是白鷺鷥 這樣你們清楚是哪座橋了嗎 穿過“建國橋”有兩種方式 第一橫向過 橫向通走的話你會到達河西街或者是河西路—這時愛河就換到你的左手邊了 最早我都是這樣走 第一次敘述的時候—這條河西路可怪了 你會發現很多的釣客 每一天都有—我常常以為釣魚的人應該握著釣竿 可這段路上我看到的釣者 他們都遠遠地離開釣竿 是釣竿在釣魚 並不是釣者在釣魚 我非常好奇 離開釣竿這麼遠怎麼知道魚上鉤呢 第一次走時我詢問了一下釣者：這釣竿放得那麼遠你們怎麼知道魚上鉤 他們說：小姐 那魚竿會動啊 我又問：同時有那麼多釣竿來得及去釣到魚嗎 無論如何 這條街（河西街）—鐵馬會在你的右手邊 它不會來跟你搶道 它會經過自己的道 鐵馬道—偏偏像前面一段人行道一樣是木頭做的所以也會有聲音(模仿聲音) 但它就比較輕快 順著這條路走會結束在另一座橋 這時會經過又十五分鐘 雖然 我現在顯示的是十四分零四秒—接著這段十五分鐘—就是走河西路或河西街—街的意思—路與街就是比所謂大道小一點 十五分鐘過完我碰上另外一座橋—這座橋始終不知道它的名字—建於民國五十八年 就在過橋的時候 有一位歐基桑騎著機車從後面跟上來問我：小姐 妳要釣魚嗎 我？我要釣魚嗎？我只是懷疑你們不握釣竿怎麼知道釣上魚呢 他很奇怪的看我一眼 又問：小姐 妳要找人嗎 我要找人嗎 我一路都想著這個奇怪的問題—當然 為什麼我要從“威尼斯”出來的原因是我必須到達我現在所身處的這個密室 換句話 從密室到威尼斯大約要四十五分鐘 我現在已經描述了三十分鐘 來到第三座橋—建於民國五十八年的橋 我不知道它的名字 這時 有一位歐基桑從

後面跟上來問我：小姐你要釣魚嗎 接著又問我：小姐 妳要找人嗎 我實在可怪— 那天早上是多早還是多晚？ 我搞不清楚怎麼會有人問我 我要找人 我要找人嗎？ 當然我要找的是我的密室所在 因為這趟旅行的終點就是到達我現在所身處的這個密室 不是嗎 好 過了這座建於民國五十八年的橋你要開始遠離愛河 如果你不遠離愛河你一輩子也到達不了這個密室 —我們說 人有人走的道 鐵馬有鐵馬道 汽車有汽車道 可是汽車道它偏叫馬路過了馬路 —這段馬路真的險象環生 也可以說 有很多的車子莫名其妙的併排在馬路上 遠遠的 如果熟悉地形的人— 知道我密室所在的人 會看到麥當勞 鹽埕埔捷運站 另外 我在第幾次行走的時候發現附近有個地方在賣一種湯 寫的是美人湯V.S波霸湯 過了麥當勞 你穿進莒光街的小路 跑到盡頭 我的密室就在望了 通常這時候我已經筋疲力竭 是第幾次講述這個旅行的時候 —我爬上密室所在的二樓— 背著我的記憶 上來時 這個— 看到我的人說： 你像隻烏龜 可不 烏龜爬行在這些記憶的道路 今天我的任務是要抹除這些記憶 所以先— 我得敘說我曾經敘說過的什麼才能把它們抹除 不是嗎

This secret room is ninety centimeters wide and two hundred centimeters long. When it was made, the maker remarked that it was perfectly the size for me to lie down in it. It means that—doesn't it look like the final place I would eventually end up? The final places for people—they should be like our homes. Objectively speaking, they would be more like—how should I put this—graves. Speaking of graves, it reminds me of—I might have mentioned in my sixth or seventh recount (this is the ninth)—it suddenly reminds me of my residency in Korea. The venue of this Korean residency was at a small cove. It was nowhere near the city center of Seoul—a village incredibly far away from Seoul. This village...could not be found on the map. I don't know where exactly it is located, and I could not spell its name. Anyway, I arrived at my residency venue in a dense fog. The venue is built in a cove. However, its restaurant is a glass structure...glass all around. In other words, it is a transparent glass house—it is not really miraculous or something. Glass houses are everywhere nowadays. But this one is built in the mountains. So, the insects and birds would mistake its presence for the sky—a place they could fly in and soar out of. There you go, one little mistake—because of the light—they would fly into the restaurant (an unknown insect flies into the performance venue)—what insect just flied in here misled by the light? I couldn't catch it. The insects got into this well-lit space, thinking that it was the light...that they could get out.

They flied towards the light, and as a result, smacked into the glass. One time, I found an unconscious sparrow. I thought it was dead. It lay there still...for so long. I went near and touched it. Suddenly, like waking up from a sleep, it soared up. But it knocked into the glass that it mistook for an exit. During the residency, I collected quite a few dead insects in perfect form. This transparent house was simply a tomb of insects.

這個密室 寬九十公分 長兩百公分 做的時候— 做的人笑著說 剛好讓我躺下 也就是 是不是有點像一個我的終極去處呢 我們說人的終極去處— 說起來應該像家 遠一點地說 應該像是一 怎們說 墳墓吧 說到墳墓就讓我想到另外— 不曉得我在第六次還是第七次敘述的時候（此表演為第九場）突然想到我在韓國駐村 韓國駐村地點 — 位於一個山凹裡 這地方不在漢城中心 它距離漢城非常遠的一個鎮 這個鎮— 對照地圖找不到 不知道到底是哪一個地點 拼音拼不出來 不論如何 我是在一團迷霧當中到達我的駐村地 駐村地蓋在山凹裡 可是 它的餐廳全部都是玻璃建構 四面八方都是玻璃 換句話— 是個透明玻璃屋 玻璃屋也不稀奇 什麼地方都可以看得到玻璃屋 但它蓋在山裡— 就發生昆蟲鳥類會認為那是天空 是一個可以飛翔出去的地方 所以 只要不小心 因為光亮的關係 它們會飛進這餐廳 （表演現場飛入一隻不明昆蟲）現在來了一隻以為是光亮的什麼昆蟲？ 我抓不到它 — 也就是說這些昆蟲進入到這個光亮的地方 以為是光亮 以為是可以出去 向著光亮飛去 結果 撞到透明的玻璃 有一次我發現一隻昏倒的麻雀 我以為牠已經死掉 牠不會動 好久都不動 我接近 摸了牠一下 牠突然好像醒過來一樣 地竄飛起來 可這一飛還又是撞到了那個— 牠以為是出口的玻璃 在這段駐村期間我搜集到非常多完整的昆蟲屍體 這一個透明的房子呢很像是一個昆蟲的墳墓

MPA-B 2013 柏林表演藝術月

tamtamART and stattberlin

<http://taiwan-space-time.tk>

<http://blog.xuite.net/dogpig.art>

Facebook: Huang-Chen Tang

為尊重展演創作權 作品請勿拍照 攝影 錄音

Part2(do not shown on video)

Because the weather in Korea was dry, the dead insects were complete and unspoiled. Frankly, the room I got during the residency wasn't that much bigger than my secret room. On top of that, there wasn't any other foreign artist at the venue except me. The others were all Korean. Obviously, Koreans and I all have Asian faces, but we could not talk to one another because I can't speak Korean. So, during that time, besides observing insects every day, I—now I'm remembering—there was this bee. It kept bumping into the glass and was completely confused. It could not find the correct way out. I think it is suffice to say...it was struggling for its last breath. It kept going around and around on the floor. I wasn't sure if I should touch it, or hold it up and toss it outside the window. What if I tossed it outside and it still flied towards the light and...slammed right on its way in. I stared at it, circling. Stared...until it stopped all together. That residency was a weird experience. How could the residency venue be so far away from Seoul? (Pause.) Dining was troublesome as well. To leave the place for dining, I had to cross a highway. The highway was much more dangerous than the bicycle lane I mentioned earlier because of the traffic. The cars drove extremely fast. It took about forty-five minutes to reach a nearby town, the town center. Only at the town center could I get some things to eat. At night, I would have my dinner alone in the room. The room was furnished in the Korean style. That means there were neither tables nor beds. I slept on the floor...on the wooden floor. Every time I finished working on the computer, I had trouble standing up. The mountains there were picturesque. So were the trees. The area was quite huge. Every day, there was no one to talk to. Every now and then, I had to cross that highway with speeding cars on my way to town. My life was like hanging on a thread. On the left, there was a massive cliff. On the right—if you fell down by accident—it might be a river. I heard that the river would freeze in winter. It snows and ices over in winter in Korea. And I happened to find a dead cat on this highway. If it weren't that I was alone, if it weren't that I had no one to talk to, if it weren't that there wasn't any other in the residency that spoke a foreign language, I would've never found that cat. At a place that has nothing, or in an unfamiliar space, every little thing becomes exceptionally clear. This reminds me... I used to live in a room that

was really...completely empty. This was...a room of high ceiling. It looked over the Central Park in New York. I hear that there's a Central Park in Kaohsiung as well, right? There's a metro station called "Central Park Station." It seems that many places have central parks. But the Central Park in New York is enormous. This room I was staying in...empty...had no furniture. Because a friend was moving out, I borrowed this house that was in between residents. Empty. The sounds...when you walked, every sound became crystal clear. It was at a place like that I found a dead cat. When I first saw it, it was lying there still. It was dead, no movement. I was curious. The second day I went to see it again. I touched it for one second. The carcass was stiff (gently tapping)...like a ball. If I pushed it, it would start to roll. You could imagine the carcass was stiff like that. What kind of a state was it? It sounds unfathomable. The second day after you are dead, your body becomes stiff. On the third day, I went again. It started to dehydrate (continue the tapping), which means the liquid was oozing. The ground around it was wet. On the fourth day, when I saw it, its head—it might have been eaten by some nocturnal animal at night—the headless carcass shrank disproportionately. Meanwhile, the liquid was gone already. It was beginning to dry up, wither. From a distance, if you didn't pay attention, you wouldn't know it was a dead cat. It looked like...like what...like a plastic bag. Somewhat puffed. A puffed, transparent plastic bag. On the fifth day, when I went there—I kept looking for it—it wasn't there! As it turned out, it might be a mindless motorist...driver bumped into the carcass...this animal...and dragged it to the middle of the road...the "transparent plastic bag." I looked for it for a long time. On the sixth day, I still went to see it. The "plastic bag" was covered in dust and dirt. If you didn't know what'd happened, you wouldn't know that it was a carcass of a cat. The last time I went there, it was gone. I was sure it was nowhere to be found. I searched everywhere...throughout the road, but I didn't find the body. In other words, it disappeared.

—因為韓國的天氣乾燥 所以每一隻昆蟲屍體都非常完整 一話說我的駐村房間也沒有比我的密室大多少 而且那次駐村只有我一個外國藝術家其他全是韓國人 韓國人和我當然都是東方臉孔 可是我們沒辦法講話 因為我完全不懂韓文 因此在那段期間我除了每天去看昆蟲以外— 現在回想起來 又一次是一隻蜜蜂也撞了好幾次玻璃已經昏頭 牠沒辦法找到正確的方向 換句話已經— 我認為牠在掙扎求生 牠在地上一直打轉一直打轉 我不曉得我該去碰牠 或者應該把牠抓起來丟

到窗外 萬一我把牠丟到室外 牠還是會向著光亮的地方撞進來啊 我一直看著牠打轉 看著牠 直到牠不動為止 那一次駐村很奇怪 那個地方怎麼會離漢城這麼遠 (語頓) 吃飯很不方便 一 要由我駐村的地方離開去找到吃飯的地方必須經過一條高速公路 那條高速公路比我剛所講的鐵馬道更危險 因為後面走的是汽車 速度非常非常地快 一 走這段路大概也要四十五分鐘才能到達小鎮上的 鎮中心 到了鎮中心我才能買到一些餐食 一 晚上我通常都是一個人在我的房間吃飯 那個房間是韓國和室作法 也就是 沒有任何的桌子 沒有床 我睡在地上 睡在木地板上 一 每次打完電腦我的腳都站不起來 山很美 樹很美 區域很大 每天 沒有人跟你講話 偶爾我要去鎮上一定會經過那條高速行駛汽車的馬路 險象環生 左邊是山崖 右邊 如果不小心掉下去 一 應該是河道 一 聽說冬天會結冰 韓國冬天是會結冰的 我就在這麼一條高速公路上發現了一隻死掉的貓 如果不是因為我是一個人 如果不是因為我沒有什麼人好講話 如果不是因為真的駐村就只有我一個講著外國話的人 我一定不會發現這隻貓的 在一個空無一物的地方 或者是一個陌生的空間裡 每一件很小的事物都變得份外的清晰 一 這讓我想起 我也曾住過一個真的是空的房間 這個房間 蠻高的 它俯瞰紐約的中央公園 聽說高雄也有中央公園 對吧 地鐵有一站叫“中央公園” 一 中央公園好像很多地方都有 但是紐約的中央公園很大 這個我所住的房間 空的 沒有任何傢俱 因為朋友要搬家 我去借住這個正在搬家的房子 空空的 聲音 一 走起路來 每一個聲音都非常清晰 就在這麼個地方我發現了一隻死貓 剛看到的時候 牠是不會動的 死了所以不會動 我很好奇 第二天又跑去看 我碰了牠一下 牠的身體是僵硬的 (輕微敲打聲) 一 像個球 一 如果我碰牠 牠就會滾動 你可以想像身體僵硬成 一 那是個什麼狀況 聽起來好像很不可思議 可是死掉以後的第二天你的身體是僵硬的 第三天我再去 牠開始脫水 (持續敲打聲) 也就是水流出來 一 地上都是濕的 第四天我再去 牠的頭 一 可能在晚上的時候被夜行動物給吃掉 沒有頭顱的身體 一下子縮得非常的小 同時水已經流盡了 牠開始變乾 萎縮 遠遠地看 如果你不注意的話 你不會知道那是一隻死掉的貓 看起來 像什麼 一 塑膠袋 有點鼓起來 鼓起來的透明塑膠袋 第五天我再去 我一直找 一 怎麼搞的不見了 原來 可能是有一個不小心的騎 一 開車的人把這個屍體 一 這隻動物 他居然把牠碾到路中間 一 也就是那個透明塑膠袋 我找了很久 第六天我還去 塑膠袋已經變得充滿了灰塵 如果你不知道那些過程你不會知道那是一隻貓的屍體 最後 我再去看牠 一 已經找不到了 我確定已經找不到了 到處搜尋 一 從這條路的底端到頂端我都走遍了 就是沒有看到這屍體 換句話 牠不見了

In the empty room, every sound became distinct, exceedingly distinct. It had French windows that overlooked New York's Central Park. Inside, there wasn't any TV, stereo, and no gas. So, where did I sleep? Luckily, although nearly every thing was taken away, there was an old chair. On the chair, there was a rectangular chair cushion. I

moved the cushion into...what I thought to be a bedroom. You know, in an empty apartment, one can't be sure what each room is used for. There's a game to play, which is to guess what these vacant rooms were for. No gas, no stereo, no TV. Every night I stared down at the Central Park from the French window on the twenty-eighth floor. That was, perhaps, my only connection to the world. The apartment was vacant. There was no one. I could not talk to anyone. When I saw all these skyscrapers from inside this empty space—all these magnificent buildings, such as the Empire State Building, keeping me company from afar—it might as well be a kind of dialogue. One could play another game. There's a museum in the Central Park in New York, the American Museum of Natural History. Besides the famous T-Rex, there's something I was interested in. I heard they've got the world's biggest sapphire there, called "Star of India." Here's how you play this game. Looking down from above (making the gesture of looking down), you guess where this sapphire is kept at the museum...like, in which room. This was a fun game I got when I was there in the empty room. At night, I slept on, I just said, the cushion I found—the cushion I found, I slept on it. My body was very close to the floor, so every sound became so loud. Because it was really quiet, each single sound became roaring. (Imitating the sound of the wind.)

在一個空空如也的房間一切聲響都是明顯的 非常的明顯 —它有落地窗 可以俯瞰紐約的中央公園 房子裡面 沒有電視 沒有音響 沒有瓦斯 那 我要睡在哪裡？還好奇地什麼都搬空了 卻留了張破椅子 這椅子上有個長方形的墊子 我把這長方形的墊子移進到一個我認為可能是房間—要知道空空的房間 每一個房間可能作什麼用途你不一定會知道 可以玩一種遊戲 去猜測這些空空的房間裡到底以前是什麼房間—沒有瓦斯 沒有音響 沒有電視 每天晚上我可以從二十八層樓的落地窗俯瞰中央公園 也許那就是我跟世界唯一的聯繫 —房子是空的 沒有任何人 沒有辦法跟任何人講話 當我朝這個空屋往外看到那麼多高樓—帝國大廈等等這些叫得出名字的偉大樓廈 遠遠的陪伴 也許就是一種對話 還有一個遊戲可以玩 —紐約中央公園中有一個博物館 叫自然科學博物館 除了它最著名的暴龍以外 還有一樣東西是我有興趣的 聽說 裡面有一顆世界最大的藍寶石叫印度之星 這遊戲可以這樣 從高空去俯瞰 (模仿俯瞰的動作) 猜測這顆藍寶石到底是在博物館的何方 —哪一個房間 這是在這空空如也的房間裡一個很有趣的遊戲 晚上 我睡在一剛說—找出來的椅墊上 那個找出來的椅墊上 我躺在一 身體是非常靠近地面 所有的聲音都變得很巨大 因為很安靜 所以所有的聲響都變得非常大聲 (模仿風聲)

Looking down from the tall building, everything...mountains and rivers, bridges and streams became so endearing as if they were at arm's length. But if you came all the way to the ground from the twenty-third floor, you would immediately feel the glaring sunlight, unbearable heat, polluted air, and shrouding mist of dirt and dust. I'm gonna return to my walk. It takes forty-five minutes to come to my secret room. I divide this length of time into three parts. That's fifteen minutes for each part. The first part starts from the red arch bridge. After turning left—I forgot to mention that the building I live in is called "Venice"—after turning left, you would bump into a bunch of scooters. The parking area...I call it the motorcycle waiting and parking area. I bet you all don't understand what the name means. Anyway, scooters all double-park there. (Screen shows a piece of short, white chalk). They might be the residents' scooters. Walking along the corridor, you would run into the low, concrete houses of Chung-Tou Village. Not tall. Made of concrete. Square windows. Exactly like the houses we remember in our childhood. Then, it's the "Love of the Upper River," the preconstruction condos. Passing these condos, you would need to cross the road. Are you following? The Love River would be on your right. Now, I told you this section of the road is rather tricky because if you follow the sidewalk, you would hit some fences. Of course, if you don't walk along the sidewalk, you would run into bicycles. No matter what, you should hurry through this area and reach the second bridge. The name of this bridge is Chien Kuo Bridge. There are a lot of egrets on the bridge, sculptures of egrets. Walking through Chien Kuo Bridge, you could walk across it—it is now thirty-three minutes and twenty-six seconds—you could also walk straight ahead. Then, you'd be walking along He-Dong Street. The Love River would still be on your right. Understand now? But if you walk along He-Xi Street, the river would be on your left. This part of the road is rather strange and winding. Although pedestrians have the right-of-way, bicycles would always get in the way. When you walk on the sidewalk, bicycles would suddenly run into you. It seems like...like what I said before. The difference is that the previous section of the road is also a bicycle lane and pedestrians would have to fight with the bicycles. This section of the road is a pedestrian walk, but the bicycles would try to take over. All along, bicycles and pedestrians would struggle against each other. Let's

hurry through. Thirty minutes now. I'm crossing that bridge built in 1969. The first time I walked...crossed this bridge built in 1969, a grandpa came up to me and asked, "miss, are you looking for someone?" When I recounted this during the performance, someone said to me, "don't you know that there are two types of fishing on He-Xi Street? One is real fishing, and the other is fishing men." After that, I've never taken He-Xi Street again. Because when I passed there, everyone looked suspicious. Okay, to come to my secret room, you would be moving away from the Love River. Actually, the difficult thing is not talking and looking at the same time but holding a camera on one hand and holding a microphone on the other. These two things are not linked together. They are separated. When I'm focusing on observing, I might not be able to speak fluently. When I'm focusing on speaking, my observation would remain static. So, to make you hear what I've seen—to see what I've seen and hear what I've spoken—on the surface, the difficulty lies at the disparity between my camera and microphone. In reality, to make you see what I've described at the same time—what you would see would not really be what I've described, right? After this bridge built in 1969, you would move away from the Love River. When you come to the McDonald's, turn left and go into Ju-Guang Street. Run straight ahead until you meet Wu-Fu 4th Road. People who are familiar with the place would already know that my secret room is near. At this moment, if you want to digress a little—you don't want to go home so fast—if the secret room were my home, would you think that the arrival would be a kind of consolation? If you want to digress, you could go to Sweet Water Coffee Shop or E-life Mall. When you go straight ahead, you would see Le Petit Prince. It's a bakery, named after the book *The Little Prince*. Well—do you know there's a place called Paris in Texas? At the beginning, this leading character is walking, just like us. I'm gonna put down the camera. My hand's shaking. Thirty-seven minutes and two seconds.

從高樓下望 一切 山川小橋河流變得非常可愛 好像一蹴就及 可是如果你下到二十三層樓的地面 馬上會感受刺眼的陽光 酷熱 空氣污染 灰塵瀰漫 我要開始步行了 來到我這個密室需要四十五分鐘 我把這個四十五分鐘分為三個段落 也就是每次十五分鐘為一段落 第一段 會從紅色的拱形橋出發 左轉之後— 我忘了告訴你我住的地方叫“威尼斯” 左轉之後會遇到機車— 停放的地方 我把它講成機車的停等區 大家一定不懂是什麼意思 反正 就是機車雙排停放 (畫面出現白色短

粉筆) 很可能是住戶的機車 — 沿著騎樓往前走會遇到中都里的水泥矮屋 不高水泥做 窗戶方正 完全跟我們小時候所看到的屋子沒什麼不同 接著是上河戀 — 預售屋 穿過預售屋後你要過馬路 跟上來嗎? 愛河在右手邊 這時候 — 這段路我剛講過 十分詭異 因為 你如果順著人行步道走你會撞上圍籬 當然 你如果不是順著人行步道走你會撞上鐵馬 無論如何 你快快通過這區域來到第二座橋 這座橋名為建國橋 上面停滿了白鷺鷥 — 的雕像 過建國橋 你可以橫向過去 — 現在是三十三分二十六秒 — 也可以直行 直行就沿著河東街走 愛河仍是在你的右手邊 這樣了解嗎 但如果是走河西街 愛河會在你的左手邊 這段路也很詭異 曲曲折折 可卻是人最大鐵馬反會來搶道 是你走著人行道鐵馬突然會撞上你 看來好像 — 跟前面是一樣的 它的區別在於 前面一段路是鐵馬道 人去跟鐵馬爭道 這段路是人行道 鐵馬會來搶道 這一路糾糾纏纏的就是鐵馬和人 趕快過去 — 三十分鐘到了 要通過是民國五十八年蓋的這座橋 第一次走的時候 — 在過這座民國五十八年建的橋的時候 有一個歐幾桑跟上來 他問我: 小姐 妳要找誰嗎? 之後這段敘述在表演時說出來 有人告訴我: 妳難道不知道河西街的釣魚是釣兩種魚 一種是真的魚 一種是人魚 此後我不走河西街了 因為再度經過時每個人看起來都很可疑 — 好 要接近我的密室你就得遠離愛河 — 其實 困難的並不是一邊說一邊看 比較難的是我 一隻手拿的是攝錄機 另外一隻手拿的是麥克風 — 這兩個東西是不連結的 它們是自由活動的 當我在專注看的時候 我可能說得不順暢 我在專注說的時候我的觀視就會出現一種呆滯的狀態 所以 同時要你聽見我所看見的 — 看見我所看見的 聽見我所述說的 表面上是因為我的攝錄機和我的麥克風的困難 實際上 要同時讓你看見我所敘說的 — 你所看見的並不是我所敘說的事物 對吧 — 過了建於民國五十八年的橋你就得遠離愛河 遇到麥當勞左邊走 穿進莒光街 往前跑到街底的五福四路 熟悉的人就會知道我的密室已經遙遙在望 — 這時如果你要偏航的話 你不想這麼快回家 — 如果密室是我的家的話 你以為抵達是一種安慰嗎 — 如果你要偏航 你可以去阿貴私塾 或者全國電子 — 你往前走 會碰到 Le Petit Prince 它是家麵包店 取了個小王子的店名 那 — 你知道在德州有一個地方叫巴黎嗎 開始的時候 這個主角跟我們一樣正在行走 我要把 — 攝錄機放下來 我的手在發抖 三十七分零二秒

Allow me to put it down. (Camera down on the ground, rocking.)
Please allow the place called Paris to exist in Texas. Some people say that Texas is the most representative of the typical America. They have cowboys. Massive land. You probably wouldn't think so? Do you think that the most representative of America is New York? Actually, they say that Texas is the most representative of America. Paris is, of course, what everyone would think of when France is mentioned. The character heard that his parents met each other in Paris of Texas. After they met each other, the character was born. He was walking,

just like me. When the camera was pulling away and higher, we realized that he was walking on a land so massive...that...he looked like an ant. This ant was deviating from his track—as long as he ran into the railways, train stations, or bus stations for gas...that was gas stations of the Directorate General of Highways—do you think that it only takes two hours from Kaohsiung to Banciao? Or, you naively think that it only takes two hours from Banciao to Kaohsiung?—as long as he came across a bus...train station, a place that people come together, he deviated from his track. He simply left as if he was conducting a deviation that delayed meeting people. However, he could not walk for that long, and eventually he fainted. People found him. The doctor who saved him found someone who might be a family of this homeless man. As it turned out, we realized that ... this man who was turning away from people had a younger brother. The younger brother had to take his brother home. Going home—do you think arrive at this secret room is a kind of consolation?—going back home—does it only take two hours to go home? The brother said, “I don’t take the airplane.” The journey that should have been fast also began to deviate. So, these...the brothers drove...driving west on the highway. Because the younger brother lived in L.A.—from Germany...from Texas to L.A.— this is what I was saying...to be speaking (should be looking)—the difficulty of speaking at the same time. Actually, when I’m describing this, the image shows up in my mind one after another. Too bad you can’t see it. Entering the secret room...it takes about forty-five minutes to come to this secret room from where I live. Well, then...how long does it take to come to L.A. from Texas on the American highway? We gradually found out that...after they returned home...that the younger brother had a family and the elder brother had a child. What’s missing was the mother that gave birth to the child and the wife...the movie seemed just about to begin at this point. (Pause.) This secret room bears a lot of resemblance to the one in my childhood. The house I lived in as a child was also partitioned with wooden walls. (Scratch the wooden partition, bang on the partition to make sounds. The banging kind of sounds like the noise from a running train.)

—請容許我把它放下來（攝錄機置放於地搖擺）請容許在德州有個地方叫巴黎 有人說 德州是美國最典型的代表 那裡有牛仔 非常廣闊的土地 你大概不會認為吧？你以為紐約是美國的代表嗎 其實他們說德州才是美國的代表 巴黎 當然

就是所有人對法國的期望 — 主角聽說 他的父母親是相遇在德州裡的巴黎 相遇了之後主角誕生了一他在行走 跟我一樣 當攝影機往後不斷拉高 我們發現他所行走的是多麼廣闊的土地 簡直 他就像一隻螞蟻 這螞蟻正在進行一種偏航 — 只要他遇到鐵軌 火車休息站 公車加油站 — 是公路局加油站 — 你以為從高雄到板橋只要兩個小時嗎 或者 你天真地以為從板橋到高雄只要兩個小時？ — 只要遇到公車 — 火車站這種匯聚人群的地方 他就開始偏航 他自動離開 好像在進行不斷與人延遲相見的一種偏航 然而 他究竟不能走太久 終於不支倒地 被人群所發現 救他的醫生找來了可能是這個陌生流浪漢的親人 原來 我們發現這個 — 這個偏離人群的人原來有個弟弟 弟弟必須把哥哥接回家 回家 你以為到達這個密室是一種安慰嗎 回家 回家的路僅只兩個小時嗎 哥哥說 我不坐飛機 本來是可以很快回家的路也開始偏航 於是這 — 一對兄弟開著車 沿著公路朝美國西行 因為弟弟住的地方在洛杉磯 要從德國 — 德州到洛杉磯 這就是我說一邊說〈應該是看〉一邊講的困難 其實 我在述敘時頭腦裡是一幅接著一幅的圖像 — 可惜你們看不見 進入密室 從我住的地方來到這密室大概要四十五分鐘 那麼 從美國沿公路由德州到洛杉磯要多少的時間 — 後來我們逐漸發現 回家之後 弟弟原來有一個家庭 哥哥原來有個小孩 中間缺少的是那個生出小孩的母親以及妻子 電影好像從這裡才要開始 (語頓) 這個密室跟我小時候很相像 — 小時候住的房子也是木頭的隔板 (磨擦隔板 敲打隔板 發出敲擊 嗡嗡的聲響有點像火車的行駛聲)

Leaving Venice, I would turn right and pass some really beautiful houses. Their gardens either have fountains or statues. The plants grow nicely. Walking in these alleys, admiring these beautiful houses is pleasing to the eyes as well as to the mind. This is the route I always walk everyday. The weather wasn't this hot then. It was probably April. It is April now. What is "the same time"? But the weather wasn't that hot in Venice as it is in Kaohsiung. Passing by these houses with nice plants, I would be heading toward a main road. Following this big road, passing by the small shop where I usually take my coffee, the five-star hotel that I go to use the Internet service, I would come to the wharf. After getting on to the boat, I would arrive at Venice soon. I told you that I'm here to erase memories. But I should finish talking about the memories first. Which time was it when I recounted this following part? St. Mark's Square...the place I lived in Venice was actually a loft in a three-storey building. On the roof of the loft...right above the living room, there was a slant skylight. Through the skylight, you could see the famous cerulean sky of the Mediterranean Sea...the sky of a gemstone color. Outside of

the kitchen, there was a small balcony. I ate on this small balcony and also hung my clothes to dry. The most important thing was that you could see other people's courtyards from this small balcony...because it was on the top floor. There were many Venetian souvenirs used as decorations in this loft, for example, Venetian glass and tablecloth. My hands are shaking. It's forty-eight minutes and nine seconds now. There were also some tiny models of gondolas. There was glass—did I just say that? Also, it was odd that, on every table, there was a beautiful vase with plastic flowers. It was probably a room for out-of-towners prepared by Venetians. Coming to the wharf, if the boat ride was smooth, I would arrive at St. Mark's Square very fast. St. Mark's Square is actually an artificial square. When it was built at the beginning, they had to keep the sea water away. After the construction was done, they then allowed the water to flood in. The flood on St. Mark's Square in winter could be waist deep. I just said—there are two kinds of fishing on He-Xi Street. One is real fishing. The other—ah, I found a small thing—the other is fishing men. This man, who had lost his wife, his child, and his home was finally found by his brother. After returning to his brother's home, he faced his child as well as the possibility that he might need to look for his lost wife...the mother of the child. They followed some leads and came to...a hallway with many rooms...a hallway with rooms on both sides. They called it the passageway of the preys and hunters. It means that the hunter walks into this hallway, chooses a room, and picks up the phone in the room. There's nothing except the phone in this room. It's not over. There's a giant mirror on the wall. When you pick up the phone, on the other side...that is the other side of the mirror will light up, and suddenly, there's a room. At the same time, the prey will come in. What is the prey? Well, that will be the fille de joie. The hunter can instruct the prey via the phone...telling the prey what to do, for example taking off her clothes...for example, whatever you want her to do. A necessary demonstration. The man realized, for the first time, his wife had become a prey after leaving him. He could not deal with it and ran away. The second time he mustered up his courage to go into the room, he picked up the phone, the other party...as the room behind the mirror lit up...the prey came in...his wife. He dared not look at her. So he turned around. He began to tell her a story. Perhaps—it's what I want to erase—a story called

memory. The man loved his wife so much that he quit his job to be with her all day at home. Because he loved her so much, he hoped that his wife could always be where he could see her. He followed wherever she went. Because he loved his wife so much, he tied down her feet with rope so that she could always be in his sight...until the wife ran away. She ran away, burnt down the house, including the husband, who fell asleep because he was exhausted guarding his wife. He almost got killed in the house. That was it. People kept their distance. Nobody dared to look upon such a memory, such love. When the wife realized that the hunter sitting in the opposite room was her husband, she blurted out his name. But she could not see him. The only way for her to do that would be to turn off the light in the hunter's room. Then, the table would be turned. The mirror in the prey's room would reveal the hunter. --What's more difficult is definitely not the fact that I can't speak and observe at the same time. The really hard thing is to make you see what I'm describing. When I was a child, my room was similar to the secret room I'm in right now. Same type of room partitioned with plywood boards. I often heard some really pleasing sound of the boards. Why was that the rooms in my childhood were partitioned with plywood boards? Why not concrete? Why didn't my father use concrete instead of plywood boards to separate the rooms? He (it) left two gaps. The top was not completely sealed up. Top and bottom. The bottom was not sealed up as well. There was a gap of fifteen centimeters near the ceiling and the floor. I could see or guess what my parents were doing in the next room while lying on the floor. Or, I could run to...following the upper edge...the edge of the plywood (synchronized video streaming moves to the top of the plywood board of the secret room). From the top of the plywood boards is what you're seeing right now. From the top of the plywood, I could spy...spy on what my parents were doing below. I'm not sure if my description is clear or not. This was my childhood game...looking into my parent's room from the top of the plywood boards and imaging what they had done there. --I'm changing the tape. It is now fifty-six minutes and twenty-five seconds.

離開威尼斯 我會向右轉 通過一戶一戶庭院非常美麗的人家 這些庭院要不有噴泉 有雕像 植物長得太好 走在這些小巷子裡看到這些漂亮的人家真是一件賞心悅目的事 這是我每天一定會行走的路線 那時候天氣還沒這麼熱 大概是四月吧 現在也是四月— 那什麼是相同的時間 可是在威尼斯天氣卻沒有高雄這麼熱 一經

過這些花木扶疏的人家我就會接往一條主要大道 沿著主要大道前行 穿過我喝咖啡的小店 上網的五星級飯店 來到渡船頭 上了船 很快就會到達威尼斯 — 我說過今天是要來抹除記憶的 但記憶總得先說完 — 第幾次時敘述到這一段 — 聖馬可廣場 — 我在威尼斯住的地方其實是個三樓層高的閣樓 閣樓頂端 — 它在起居室上方有個斜開的天窗 天窗上可以看見地中海最有名的藍色天空 — 寶石顏色的天空 出了廚房 外面一個小陽台 這個小陽台我用來吃飯 曬衣服 最重要的是從這個小陽台可以俯瞰其他人家的庭院 — 因為是頂樓 這個屋子裡裝飾了很多威尼斯的觀光產品 譬如 玻璃 桌巾 — 手已經開始發抖了 四十八分零九秒 還有小的貢都拉船模型 有玻璃 — 我剛講過了嗎？ 每一張桌上面很奇怪的 會出現插著假花的漂亮花瓶 這可能是威尼斯人準備給一個異鄉人的居住房間吧 — 來到渡船頭 只要渡船順利 很快就會到達聖馬可 — 聖馬可廣場其實是一座人工的廣場 建築的時候先要把海水阻斷 城池蓋好後再讓海水漫入 冬天的聖馬可廣場水深及腰 我剛說 — 河西街釣兩種魚 一種是真正的魚 一種是 — 啊 我發現了一個小東西 一種是人魚 — 這個失去了妻子 失去了小孩 失去了家的男人最後被弟弟找到 回到弟弟的家 他面對自己的小孩 同時也面對可能要去尋找這個失去的妻子 — 小孩的母親 他們跟蹤一些線索來到 — 一個有著很多房間的通道 — 左右兩邊都有房間的一個通道 他們稱為獵物跟獵人的通道 也就是 獵人走過這個通道 選入房間 拿起房間中的聽筒 這個房間沒有任何東西 除了一電話 還有 牆面上一面非常大的鏡子 當你拿起電話的時候 對面 — 也就是那個鏡子後面 突然會出現一個房間 有燈亮起來 同時獵物進來 獵物是什麼呢 人魚囉 獵人可以用電話告訴獵物 — 指示獵物要做什么 譬如脫衣服 譬如 你想做要她什麼 — 一種必要的展示 男人發現 第一次發現原來他的妻子離開他之後成為了獵物 他沒法面對 逃走了 第二次再鼓起勇氣進去 他拿起電話聽筒 對方 — 也就是鏡子後面的房間亮起燈來 獵物進來 — 他的妻子 他不敢看她 背對著她 轉過身去 他開始述說一個故事 可能 — 就是我今天要抹除的 — 叫記憶 — 男人太愛妻子 所以辭去了工作為了整天在家裡陪伴她 因為太愛妻子 所以希望妻子就在他的眼前 妻子走到哪裡他就跟到哪裡 因為太愛妻子 他拿出繩子綁住妻子的腳 這樣妻子永遠可以在他可以看到範圍裡 直到妻子逃走 她逃走 把所有的房子燒了 包括在裡面因為看守妻子體力不支而睡著的丈夫 — 幾乎被燒死在這個房子裡 就這樣 所有的人都遠離了 沒有人敢去面對這樣的一段記憶 這樣的一段相愛 當妻子發現對面坐的獵人原來就是她的丈夫 她叫出他的名字 可是還是看不到他 唯一的方法就是關掉 — 關掉獵物房間裡的燈 — 一切情況就倒轉 獵物房間裡的那一面鏡子會出現獵人的影像 比較難的 絕對不是我不會 — 一邊說 — 一邊看 真正困難 是讓你們看見我所述說的 — 小時候 我的房間就像我現在所處的密室 一樣是用隔板隔起來的 我常常聽見非常好聽的隔板的聲音 為什麼 小時候的房間是用隔板隔起來 — 它不是水泥的隔間？ 我的父親為什麼不用水泥隔間而用三夾板來隔間呢？ 他（它）留了兩道縫隙 上面並沒有全部封閉起來 上下 下面也沒有封閉起來 上下各留了十五公分的距離 我可以趴在地上看見或猜想下個的房間裡我的父母親在做什麼 或者跑到 — 沿著最上端 —

隔板的最上端（同步視訊轉向密室隔板的最上端）隔板的最上端就是你們現在看到的風景 在隔板的最上端 — 我可以窺視 窺視父母親正在隔板下面做些什麼事 不曉得這樣的敘述是不是清楚 這是我小時候的遊戲 想像在隔板的上端看著那個父母親的房間 他們曾經在裡面做些什麼 — 我要換攝錄帶了 現在是五十六分二十五秒