

Arts NOVA

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T I M E

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夏目漱石《夢十夜》

中譯 / 詹慕如

我做了一個夢。

我雙臂環抱，坐在一個女人枕邊。仰躺的她平靜道，自己即將死去。

女人長髮披枕，枕中央是她輪廓柔和的瓜子臉。

雪白臉頰上有恰到好處的溫暖血色，唇色自然是鮮紅欲滴。

看起來怎麼也不像快要死去。

但女人悄聲、清楚地說，她就快死去。

我也相信她的確即將死去。

於是我俯望著她問：是嗎？快死了？

女人瞪大了雙眼回答：對，快死了。

那是一對濕潤的大眼睛，長長睫毛包覆著一片漆黑。

漆黑眼眸的深處，清晰浮現著我的身影。

半晌，女人又說。

我死後，請埋了我。

用巨大的珍珠貝殼為我掘墓。

用天上落下來的星星碎片做我的墓碑。

然後請在墓旁等著，我會回來找你。

我問她，何時回來。

「日升、日落，又日升、又日落。

紅色太陽日復一日、東昇西落，你能一直等待嗎？」

我只是沉默地點點頭。

她平靜的語氣稍顯激動，堅決說道：

那便等我一百年。

請坐在我墓旁等待一百年，我一定會回來。

我回答，我會一直等待。

這時她漆黑眼眸中清晰的倒影開始扭曲模糊。

本以為淚水會流出，如同平靜水面蕩漾、擾亂倒影，女人眼睛陡然一閉。

淚水從長長睫毛之間滴落到臉頰。

她死了。

我走進庭園，拿起珍珠貝殼掘墳。巨大珍珠貝殼有著平滑且鋒利的邊緣。

每當我掘著泥土，月光便會照射在貝殼內側，閃爍發光。

我聞到潮濕泥土的味道。

一會兒，墓穴挖好了。我把女人放進墓中。

輕輕覆上一抔輕柔的土。

每當我覆上泥土，月光都會照射在貝殼內側。

我撿起星星碎片，輕輕放在土上。

星星碎片圓潤光滑應是在劃過天空墜下的漫長時間裡，磨去了稜角、變得光滑。

我收集碎片放在土上，胸口和手稍微暖了起來。

我坐在青苔上。

環抱雙臂望著渾圓的墓碑，心想，我應該會這樣等待一百年吧。

不久後如女人所說，太陽從東方升起。

那是顆巨大的紅太陽。接著又如女人所說，太陽從西方落下。還依然火紅，便轉瞬落下。

我暗數，一次。

不一會兒，深紅日頭緩緩上升，然後靜靜落下。

兩次。

就這樣，一次、兩次地數算，到最後已經不知看過幾次紅太陽。

不管再怎麼算，依然有無數紅太陽越過我頭頂。

但是一百年還沒到。

最後我望著那塊長出青苔的圓潤墓石，心想，自己是不是被她騙了。

這時，一枝綠色花莖從石頭下朝我斜斜伸來。

只見那花莖不斷延伸，直到我胸前才停下。

一看，微微晃動的花莖頂端，一輪細長花蕾微偏著頭，正嫣然張開花瓣。

雪白百合的徹骨香氣撲鼻而來。

遙遠天上落下一滴露水，花因著自己的重量抖了抖。

我傾身吻著冰冷露水打過的白色花瓣。

將臉移開百合花時，不由得望向遠方天空，只見破曉晨星正在閃動。

這時我才發現，原來已過百年了啊。

《邯鄲》

中譯 / 詹慕如

浮世之旅迷茫多
試問何時能夢醒

蜀有盧生，暮去朝來，渾渾噩噩。

一日，聽聞楚國羊飛山有高僧，為求悟道，踏上旅途。

途中旅經邯鄲。

雖殘日半中天，仍決定投宿於此。

女主人言，若以邯鄲之枕入夢，將可開悟。

盧生借用此枕，決意在主人準備粟飯期間一眠。

敕使來報，盧生得楚王禪讓王位。

昂然登轎，步入壯闊宮殿，好似極樂淨土。

轉瞬五十年，盧生飲下延年千歲仙漿。

日夜飲宴，興之所至，歡然起舞。

歡宴正酣，眾人悄然退場。

盧生自夢中清醒。

旅宿女主言，粟飯已熟。

盧生恍然起身。

五十年榮華，蒸黍仍未熟。

人世流轉，不過邯鄲枕上一炊之夢。

盧生領悟世上一切虛幻如夢，心願得償，返回故鄉。

《莊周夢蝶》

昔者莊周夢為胡蝶，栩栩然胡蝶也，自喻適志與，不知周也。

俄然覺，則蘧蘧然周也。不知周之夢為胡蝶與，胡蝶之夢為周與？

周與胡蝶，則必有分矣。此之謂物化。

Ten Nights of Dreams

by Natsume Soseki

English translation by Sam Bett

I had this dream.

I was sitting with my arms crossed at the bedside of a woman. Laying face up, she told me in a quiet voice that she was going to die.

Her long hair was fanned across the pillows, framing her slender face, so gentle in its shape.

The warm color of blood shone plainly through the fair skin of her cheeks, and her lips were persistently red.

Not the mien of a woman on the verge of death.

But when she said that she was going to die, her quiet voice was certain.

I realized this was it, that she was dying.

Glancing down at her, I asked if she was sure that she was dying now.

Wide-eyed, she answered yes, that she was dying.

Her eyes were large and moist, orbs of blackness fringed by long eyelashes.

Deep within the total blackness of her eyes, I saw my own reflection, all too clearly.

A minute later, she spoke up.

“When I die, I want for you to bury me.

Dig my grave with a big pearl oyster shell.

And mark my plot with a piece of shooting star.

Then wait there for me, by the grave. I promise I’ll return.”

But when will you return, I asked.

“The sun will rise as surely as the sun will fall. Rising only to fall again.

Can you wait for me while the sun crosses the sky—from east to west?”

I nodded silently.

Her quiet tone grew more emphatic.

“Good,” she said. “Then wait for me a hundred years.

If you can sit beside my grave and wait for the next hundred years, I promise I’ll return.”

I said I would be waiting.

But now I saw that the reflection I had seen inside her eyes had turned to chaos.

As when a quiet pool is shaken by disturbance. Her eyes snapped shut.

Tears slipped from her lashes and down her cheeks.

She was dead.

Out in the garden, I dug a grave using a big oyster shell, the lip of which was keen enough to slice the earth.

With every scoop, the moonlight glimmered from the inside of the shell.

I could smell the moisture of the ground.

In due time, the hole was deep enough to lay the woman down inside.

I sprinkled shovelfuls of loose dirt over her body.

With every toss of earth, the inside of the oyster caught the moonlight.

Next I found a piece of shooting star and set it carefully atop the mound of earth.

The piece of star was round; it must have lost its edges during the long tumble through the heavens.

When I placed it on the grave, I felt a warmth suffuse my chest and hands.

I sat down on a patch of moss.

Knowing I would be here waiting for a hundred years, I crossed my arms and gazed upon the rounded hunk of star.

Before long, the sun rose in the east, like she had said it would.

A big, red sun traveling west, like she had said, and sinking red as ever.

One day down, I told myself.

At length, a crimson vast sun snuck over the horizon, working its way overhead and down again.

That makes two.

I lost track of the number of red suns that I had watched go up and down, one after another.

No amount of tallying could stop the endless train of red suns tracking overhead.

And yet a hundred years had far from passed.

Once moss had crept over the piece of star, I finally decided that the woman had deceived me.

That instant, a green sprout poked from underneath the star rock, leaning towards me as it grew.

Growing before my very eyes, it only stopped when it had reached my chest.

A moment later, the trim bud dangling from the tip of the long stalk, slightly askew, burst into flower.

A brilliant white lily tipped before my nose, so fragrant that I felt it reach my bones.

A speck of dew dropped from the sky. It knocked the flower, set it bobbing.

I brought my lips to its white petals just before the chilly dewdrop fell.

When I withdrew from the lily, my eyes turned to the atmosphere, and I saw the morning star aflicker.

“So,” I told myself, “a hundred years have passed.”

KANTAN

English translation by Sam Bett

*"I have lost my way in this cruel world.
When will I awaken from this dream?"*

In the land of Shoku, there lived a man named Rosei, who led an idle life.

One day, hearing that a great monk could be found on Flying Sheep Mountain in the land of So, he decided to pay him a visit, in the hopes of discovering a path to enlightenment.

Along the way, he came to the village of Kantan.

Though the sun was high, he opted to stop for the night at an inn.

The woman who ran the inn offered him the Pillow of Kantan, explaining that those who dreamt upon it would experience enlightenment.

Rosei accepted the pillow and took a nap while the innkeeper prepared a meal of millet.

Soon a royal emissary arrived to inform Rosei that the king of So had ceded him the throne.

Rosei boarded a sedan chair and was carried to paradise on earth, a magnificent, expansive palace where he was received as king.

Fifty years passed in the blink of an eye, and Rosei was given a mystical elixir, that he may live a thousand years.

Banquets in his glory continued night and day, and Rosei even danced before his subjects.

Suddenly he found the crowds had gone.

Rosei had awakened from his dream.

The innkeeper announced that the millet was ready.

Rosei staggered to his feet.

Fifty years of glory had passed in the time it took to cook the millet—a dream that came and went while he was waiting for his supper.

Rosei had discovered the pathway to enlightenment, thanks to the Pillow of Kantan and the dreams that it had shown him.

He now saw that the world we know is but a dream. And thus he made his journey home.

The Butterfly Dream

English translation by Neo Sora

Once, in a dream, Zhuang Zhou was a butterfly.

The butterfly was simply itself, fluttering about.

It was happy following its whims as it pleased.

It did not know of a Zhou.

Suddenly, waking up, there was Zhou, unmistakably so.

Was Zhou a butterfly in his dream?

Or was the butterfly Zhou in its dream?

Where there is a Zhou and a butterfly, there must be a distinction.

This is called materialization.
