



李兆起

1994年生

出生台灣台東

坐著作為生產者
想要勾著樹和鳥

創作有文字、繪畫、現成物裝置

作品回應文學與當代相似的歷史
設有祭壇供奉波拉尼奧、略薩、杜
斯妥也夫斯基

在海灘散步的目的地
希望撿到一塊龍涎香
就暫時不需要騎很遠的路去上班

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假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生

The bullets of false prophets are born in our assholes.

自詡為藝術家的正義之士, 解開褲檔(如有)

You self-proclaimed "artists of justice," unzip your flies (if you have any).

顫抖著的去忽悠歷史吧, 新的屎的篇章, 新的主義

Go on, trembling, to bamboozle history—a new chapter of shit, a new -ism.

我們需要富麗堂皇的論述, 擁抱、嫁接新的形式

We demand grand, palatial discourses; to embrace and graft new forms.

1000 公里放飛, 潛入海底的火箭

A thousand kilometers unleashed, rockets diving into the seabed.

在泥土與兇殺案之中飛行的癲狗

A mad dog flying through soil and homicide.

在車陣之中與身旁的騎士叫囂,

Jeering at the riders in the gridlock,

看誰能在讀秒結束之前到達終點

betting who hits the finish line before the countdown hits zero.

先知的預言在沒有人類的時代

Prophecies spoken in an era void of humans.

大家一同把槍裝上子彈

Everyone together, load the guns.



虛構的鳳凰
假裝是一隻甲蟲
聖甲蟲
我是一棵樹
沒有葉子的樹
虛構的樹
本來要有樹葉但沒了樹葉
假裝是一把槍
沒有上色的槍
沒有詛咒的槍
象徵希望與財富的飛彈
前世是別人家中的寶貝
我夢到自己變成了一台戰車
另一半被塗抹掉的戰車
沒有翅膀的戰車

A real phoenix
A fictional phoenix
Pretending to be a beetle
A scarab
I am a tree
A tree without leaves
A fictional tree
A tree that was meant to have leaves, but doesn't
Pretending to be a gun
An unpainted gun
A gun without a curse
A missile that symbolizes hope and a path to wealth
In a previous life, it was someone else's treasure
I dreamed I turned into a tank
A tank with the other half erased
A tank without wings



A

劍可以拿來把植物砍成好幾段, 只要它足夠鋒利

A sword can hack a plant into pieces, so long as it is sharp enough.

所以劍可以拿來嫁接

Therefore, a sword can be used for grafting.

鳥可以帶著牠飛

A bird can carry it in flight,

在劍身上背英文單字

Inscribing English vocabulary upon the blade.

鳥帶著牠潛行

The bird carries it in stealth,

鑽入還沒有腐爛的身體

Boring into a body not yet decayed.

子彈隨著羽毛落在了地上

The bullet falls to the ground with the feathers.

B

觀看他國的不信

Watching the misfortunes of other *nations*.

轉發

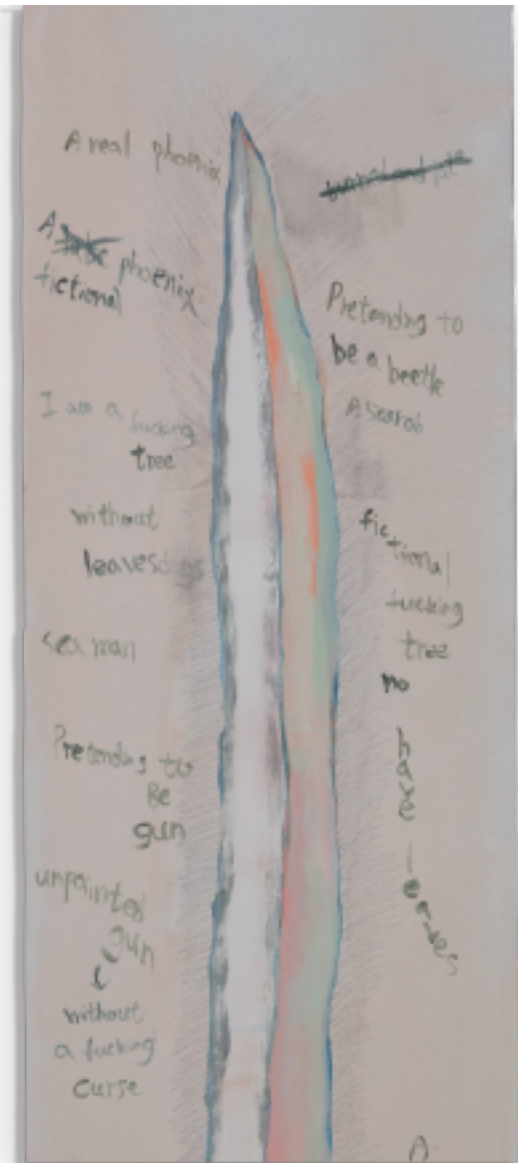
Reposting.

振翼的心

A heart of justice,

飽含出生的小狗味

Saturated with the scent of newborn puppies.



Zappa started telling Billy's story.

The reason he left back then:

At a deserted air force base,

Without a permit for public assembly,

He gathered two hundred students to film a pornographic movie on-site.

The actors were clad in black fur,

White inverted Vs painted across their chests,

Their pubic hair sprayed into rigid center-parts with styling gel.

The cast was massive, the scale magnificent—

A swarm of people playing airplanes,

Engaged in a gang bang across the airbase.

Because the atmosphere was just too blissful,

Hee hee,

Two hundred plump moth larvae took to the streets,

Copulating all the way to Ketagalan Boulevard.

Aaaaaah.

The police were deployed.

They arrested Billy, the director.

Meow meow meow meow,

Meow meow meow meow,

Billy let out eerie meows in protest.

That kind of estrous-queen-cat-meets-mimicked-infant-cry.

Then, through ventriloquism, he spoke:

Peaceful Radiant Collective.



札帕說起了比利的故事
他當年會離開
是因為在一個廢棄的空軍基地
沒有經過集會遊行申請
找了兩百個學生在現場拍攝色情電影
演員身著黑色的皮毛
胸口畫著白色倒V
陰毛處則是用定型液噴成了中分做固定
演員人數眾多場面壯觀
一群飾演飛機的人
在空軍基地群交
由於氣氛過於愉悅
嘻嘻
兩百隻小肥蛾類幼蟲上了街頭
一路做愛到了凱達格蘭大道前
啊啊啊啊
警員就出動了
逮捕了身為導演的比利
喵喵喵喵
喵喵喵喵
比利發出了詭異的喵喵聲抗議
那種發情母貓式兼具模仿嬰兒哭聲式的
接著用腹語術說到
Peaceful Radiant Collective



我拿出了我的另一張畫「阻擋隕石的墜落」：

畫面描繪的是一座被隕石落下所砸出的幾處凹洞

一顆隕石是棒球的形狀

有著紅色的縫線

接觸到地表的部分

長出了塊根, 吸吮著土壤層

直到滲透出血液

另一顆石頭是脫根的臼齒

最後一顆安好的落在了土丘上頭

沒有造成任何的裂縫

一面白色透明的翅膀在畫面左上角

我所畫的這對翅膀跟是札帕馬眼上伸出的那對透明翅膀幾乎一模一樣, 明明這是第一次跟他見面, 我感到莫名的驚喜, 而我褲襠裡萎掉的那根雞雞抽動了一下。

我愉悅的回應到, 「時間的羅曼史」, 我必須阻擋隕石的墜落, 一顆顆像飛彈帶著燃燒的火球從天空墜落, 把石頭扔出, 卻什麼逼都沒打到。石子在空中變大從火球的間隙之間飛出, 無力地落在了地上, 一顆隕石已經落在了門前, 人們想揮擊拯救這座城市, 主要是家快被砸爛了, 但桶裡的石頭已經被那個白痴丟光, 他一臉正經, 撥弄著瀏海的交接處, 想自然的把分界弄成兩半, 露出半顆龜頭。

I pulled out another one of my paintings, "Intercepting the Falling Meteors":

The canvas depicts several craters smashed into the earth by falling rocks.

One meteor is shaped like a baseball,

Complete with red stitching.

Where it touches the ground,

Tubers have sprouted, sucking at the soil layers

Until blood begins to seep out.

Another stone is a molar that has been pulled from its root.

The final stone landed peacefully atop a mound,

Without causing a single crack.

A pair of white, transparent wings occupies the upper-left corner of the frame.

The pair of wings I painted is almost identical to the transparent wings sprouting from Zappa's eyes. Even though this was my first time meeting him, I felt an inexplicable surge of joy, and the shriveled cock in my pants twitched.

I replied blissfully, "In the 'Romance of Time,' I must intercept the falling meteors."

Fireballs, like missiles, plummeted from the burning sky. I hurled stones back at them, yet hit nothing at all. The pebbles grew large in mid-air, flying out through the gaps between the fireballs and landing feebly on the ground. A meteor had already landed before the gate. People wanted to strike back to save the city—mainly because their homes were about to be crushed—but the idiot had already thrown away all the stones in the bucket. With a solemn face, he toyed with the boundary where the brain meets the sea, naturally intending to split the horizon in two, revealing half a turtle head.

我們在展場見到了策展人比利。他身高沒想像中的高，有點五五身，一頭金色的爆炸頭，年紀在四十上下，第一眼見到比利就有種既視感，好像曾經在某部色情電影裡頭看過他。印象中他的頭髮是黑色的，帶著學者式的粗框眼鏡，是個長著龜毛頭的宅男，那時候他不叫比利。

比利把兩隻腳的膝頭向內靠籠，開始以古怪的方式走路，邊問到。你們看過天使如何飛行嗎？接著用嘴把叼著電動起子機，鬆開褲帶，他胯下的牛仔褲瞬間脫落，露出一根陰莖，奇特的是，陰毛長在龜頭處，並且是中分的，清楚的看到他的一雙鳥眼，接著從鳥眼中生出了一對翅膀，像是麵包蟲成蛹並且加速的羽化瞬間，從塑膠般硬殼的翅膀，展開成了透明狀蟲狀般的羽翼。比利介紹到這個中分龜頭，叫做札帕，前世是美國人，組過樂團。

「我聽過他組的樂團，叫做發明家之母，有一首歌就是叫做《比利是一座山》。」我興奮的喊道。比利的身上有個一顆名為露希爾的樹，是他的老婆。現在則是札帕是比利的那棵樹，這股興奮是有策展人來提前看展，還有見到了偶像的興奮，帶有一種討好的興奮。

札帕搗著他看似疲軟的翅膀，飛在了展間之中，札帕撐起了比利的身體，在快撞到天花板的瞬間，比利口中的起子機開始轉動，並起把拿起口袋中的螺絲，鎖在了天花板上頭，保持了一個美妙的姿態，像是一台吊扇，雙手和雙腳成了葉片，比利由於嘴裡的起子機的緣故，只能由札帕開口，他說話的方式像是一位歌劇家。

We met the curator, Billy, at the exhibition hall. He wasn't as tall as I had imagined—a bit of a "five-to-five" body ratio with a shock of golden afro hair, looking to be in his forties. The moment I saw him, I was hit by a sense of déjà vu, as if I had seen him before in some pornographic film. In my memory, his hair had been black, and he wore scholarly thick-rimmed glasses—a geek with a "tortoise-hair" head; back then, he didn't go by the name Billy. Billy brought his knees together, turning them inward, and began to walk in a peculiar fashion while asking, "Have you ever seen how an angel flies?"

He then gripped an electric screwdriver in his mouth and loosened his belt. His denim jeans dropped instantly, revealing a penis. Strangely, the pubic hair grew directly on the glans, styled in a center-part, clearly revealing a pair of "bird-eyes." From those eyes, a pair of wings emerged—like the instantaneous pupation and accelerated eclosion of a mealworm. What began as plastic-like hard shells unfurled into transparent, insect-like wings. Billy introduced this center-parted glans as Zappa, who in a past life was an American and had led a band.

"I've heard the band he formed, The Mothers of Invention! There's a song called 'Billy the Mountain!'" I shouted with excitement. On Billy's body, there was once a tree named Lucille, his wife. Now, Zappa had become that tree for Billy. My excitement was a mix of a curator coming to preview the show and the thrill of meeting an idol—a sort of fawning exhilaration. Zappa flapped his seemingly limp wings, soaring through the gallery. He hoisted Billy's body up, and just as they were about to hit the ceiling, the screwdriver in Billy's mouth began to whirl. He took a screw from his pocket and fastened himself to the ceiling, maintaining a magnificent pose like a ceiling fan, with his arms and legs serving as the blades. Because of the screwdriver in his mouth, Billy remained silent; it was Zappa who spoke, his voice resonating like that of an opera singer.

挖空風乾處理的優勢

他稱他做pup

中產階級式的豪賭與幻夢

無產階級式的豪賭與幻夢

展覽跟婚禮同等重要

右腳大拇指的瘀青一直沒好, 反而問我為什麼有容貌焦慮

作為回應我說到

綠色小小的蘿西塔

人類的奇蹟

寶貝的奇蹟

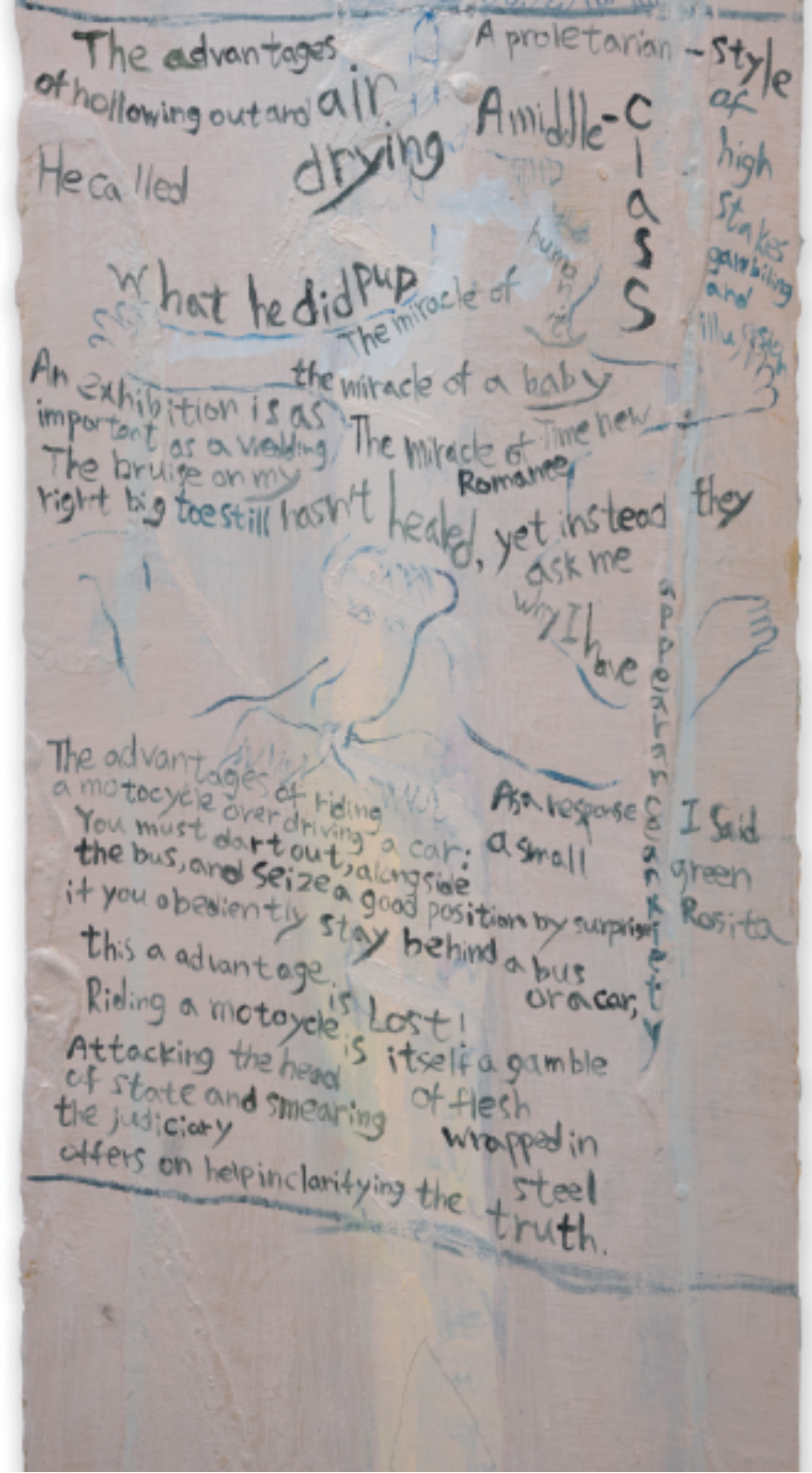
Time new romance 的奇蹟

騎機車相較於汽車的優勢:

所以必須竄出, 跟公車並肩加速, 趁其不意時卡住好的位子

若乖乖騎在公車後或是汽車後頭, 這個優勢就喪失掉了

騎機車本身就是一種肉包鐵的賭度, 如果在懦弱, 就會喪失掉機車的權利



The advantages of hollowing out and air-drying
 He called what he did pup
 A middle-class style of high-stakes gambling and illusion
 A proletarian style of high-stakes gambling and illusion
 An exhibition is as important as a wedding
 The bruise on my right big toe still hasn't healed,
 yet instead they ask me why I have appearance anxiety
 As a response, I said:
 a small green Rosita
 The miracle of humanity
 the miracle of a baby
 the miracle of Time New Romance
 The advantages of riding a motorcycle over driving a car:
 You must dart out, accelerate alongside the bus,
 and seize a good position by surprise
 If you obediently stay behind a bus or a car,
 this advantage is lost
 Riding a motorcycle is itself a gamble of flesh wrapped in steel;
 if you are timid, you forfeit the right to ride

 Attacking the head of state and smearing the judiciary
 offers no help in clarifying the truth



我有一株恐怖閣，養了五年左右，牠死透了，整個身體塌了，內部的肉被不知道哪來的菌給吃光，很驚喜的是牠留下了完整的皮囊，就像是蝴蝶羽化後，剩下的蛹。之前嘗試過扦插與嫁接牠身體的一部分，但都失敗了，所以牠沒有一個細胞的複製體留在世間，我只能願牠靈魂安息。

我想到了個方法，保存牠的外殼，我把壓克力媒介劑分批用針孔打入牠的殼中，每天注射300cc，堆疊媒介劑在牠體內的厚度，盡量跟的纖維黏在一起，也用把媒介劑用筆塗抹在牠的身上，並且用除濕機慢慢吹乾。

過了幾天，牠聞起來像是我肚臍的味道。

I had a *Eulychnia castanea* "Vallis-morti" (Terror Cabinet) that I'd kept for about five years. Now, it is dead through and through. Its entire body has collapsed, the internal flesh devoured by some unknown fungi. To my surprise, it left behind a perfectly intact husk—like the pupa remains after a butterfly emerges.

I had previously attempted to propagate it through cuttings and grafting parts of its body, but all failed. Not a single cellular clone of it remains in this world; I can only wish for its soul to rest in peace.

I came up with a method to preserve its shell: I began injecting acrylic medium into the husk in batches using a syringe. Every day, I inject 300cc, layering the medium's thickness inside to bind it as closely as possible to the plant's fibers. I also brush the medium onto its exterior, drying it slowly with a dehumidifier.

After a few days, it has begun to smell like my own belly button.





Part one

2 個吱喳

5 個雜雀

一個不鏽鋼螞籠

1000 公里放飛

請問這是螳螂的卵鞘嗎？在香蕉上面發現的

爛車賠款與那隻熊爬上人群中滾落下來

腦袋裡頭藏著的嬰兒拉鈴壞掉

繩子旁喉嚨處綁著父親刺著紅龍的背部衍伸致鼠蹊部的證明文件

那捲髮是牠不想承認的資金來源

紅龍既不害臊又顯得張狂但點鄉下仕紳的氣質乖張的無理取鬧手反折自己象徵的陰莖

Part One

2 chirpers.

5 sparrows.

One stainless steel grasshopper cage.

A 1000-kilometer release flight.

Is this a mantis ootheca? Found it on a banana.

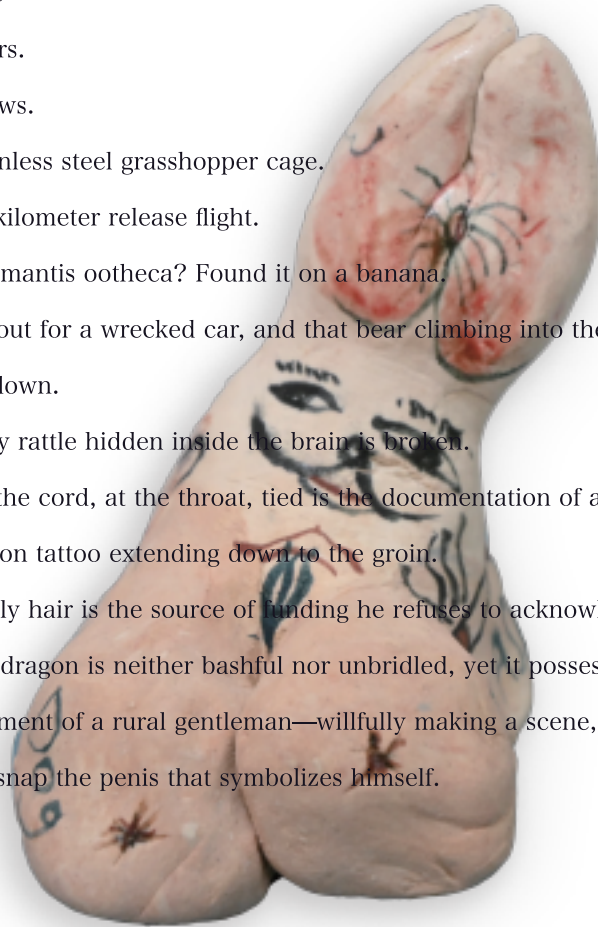
The payout for a wrecked car, and that bear climbing into the crowd only to tumble down.

The baby rattle hidden inside the brain is broken.

Next to the cord, at the throat, tied is the documentation of a father's back—a red dragon tattoo extending down to the groin.

That curly hair is the source of funding he refuses to acknowledge.

The red dragon is neither bashful nor unbridled, yet it possesses the eccentric temperament of a rural gentleman—willfully making a scene, hands twisting back to snap the penis that symbolizes himself.



我憤怒的把滷肉飯砸到比利的頭上，從口袋掏出那把新買的刀，一步跳上餐桌。比利頭上被砸破了個大洞，比利在訕笑的表情，瞬間轉為恐懼，在這個瞬間，我勃起了，我顫抖地尖叫，你他媽是個沒文化的賣國賊。

比利以尖叫回應時，我把我的陰莖給割了下來，褲子上頭沾滿了鮮血，忍著疼痛，把我的陰莖塞進了比利的嘴裡讓他閉嘴。在札帕要飛起的瞬間，我抓住了他，把他從比利身上割了下來，我接著把札帕的切口對準了我的切口，放了上去，用筷子當作札帕與我的支撐物，以止血帶和彈性繃帶把札帕綁在了我的的接口處。我在傷口處灑了一些桌上的白蘭地，然後強忍著疼痛走了出去，拋下倒在餐桌上渾身是血的比利，他發出豬被宰的聲音，咒罵著我，我走出了大門時，已經沒有了聲響。

我回到了台灣，受到了政府大力的支持，我被媒體塑造成一個被H城通緝和迫害的可憐藝術家。我在札帕的人脈幫助下，各個國外的美術館都請我去做展覽。



In a rage, I slammed the braised pork rice onto Billy's head, pulled a newly bought knife from my pocket, and leapt onto the dining table in one step. Billy's head was smashed open, a large hole gaping; his sneering expression instantly turned into terror. In that moment, I became erect. I screamed shiveringly, "You motherfucking uncultured traitor."

When Billy responded with a scream, I cut off my own penis. My pants were soaked in fresh blood. Enduring the agonizing pain, I stuffed my penis into Billy's mouth to shut him up. At the moment Zappa was about to take flight, I grabbed him and sliced him off from Billy's body. I then aligned Zappa's incision with my own, placed him on top, and used chopsticks as a support between Zappa and myself. I bound Zappa to my junction using a tourniquet and elastic bandages. I poured some brandy from the table onto the wound, then, holding back the pain, I walked out. I left behind Billy, who was collapsed on the dining table covered in blood, making the sound of a slaughtered pig and cursing me. By the time I walked out the front gate, there was no more sound.

I returned to Taiwan and received strong support from the government. I was framed by the media as a poor artist wanted and persecuted by City H. With the help of Zappa's connections, art museums across various countries invited me to hold exhibitions.

2.

小咪先生開著租來的車，一路上搖晃，弄爛了電線竿，植物圍籬，老闆的車

滑進窄巷左到底右到底狠狠的操

行車記錄器記錄了這一切罪行，關於罰款與賠償牠不敢想像

第五個兒子與女兒尋找「融化的麥克」牠能嫁接在寶貝身上

縱隊從山谷爬過尋找野生的2個吱喳5個雜雀一個不鏽鋼蝻籠1000公里放飛

小咪先生只能把矛頭指向那破爛廉價不堪的鏡頭

牠爆了警，用身上的炸彈

假裝小咪先生

2.

Mr. Meow drives a rented car, swaying all the way, wrecking utility poles, plant hedges, and the boss's car.

Sliding into narrow alleys, left to the limit, right to the limit, thrashing the vehicle mercilessly.

The dashcam recorded every crime; he dares not imagine the fines and compensation.

The fifth son and daughter search for "Melting Mike"—he can be grafted onto the baby.

The column crawls through the valley, hunting for the wild: 2 chirpers, 5 sparrows, one stainless steel grasshopper cage, a 1000-kilometer release flight.

Mr. Meow can only point the finger at that tattered, cheap, pathetic lens.

He called the cops on himself, using the bomb strapped to his body—
Pretending to be Mr. Meow.

我從特斯拉車上被請下來，在我回憶往事的過程中，我不知覺已經來到了位於亞利桑那的鳳凰城，最後一檔展覽的地點在一棟即將啟用的美術館裡頭，據說這邊是第一座用奈米技術打造的展館。

展場門口處有八個接待員，身著路易威登黑色的針織連身裙，各個面容姣好，她們引我進去在展場裡頭，冷氣開的像是停屍間，跟外頭亞利桑那的炙熱的天氣剛好相反，各個的貴賓都到了現場，大家都盛裝打扮，手裡拿著乘有紅酒的高腳杯，大家正在互相交換名片，談論最近剛從蘇富比競拍到的畫作，是一位國家正在戰爭的流亡藝術家，我看過他的畫，沒有M畫的好。

沒有人注意到我走了進來，直到我在眾人的目光下脫下了褲子，讓札帕出來，他因為外頭的天氣，流了很多汗，但很快的，他抖動了陰毛，讓本來捲在一起的頭髮恢復成了完美中分，他透明的翅膀張了開來，對著盛裝出席來參加這次宴會的藝術家、藏家以及策展人唱到「我回來了」，並且帶我飛到了這挑高十尺的展場天花，我就像個螺旋槳，身體呈現大字形，札帕在下方，享受著眾人的目光與尖叫。

札帕突然暫停揮動翅膀，接觸地面的的瞬間，用頭把我的身體給撐了起來。觀眾紛紛鼓掌並朝向我們走來，向我們祝賀，但始終目光盯著札帕，在人群中我抽不開身。有著俐落髮型但禿了的胖館長，牽起我的手臂，把我從人群中帶了出來，她身著中式唐裝，我的手臂感覺到了她手掌的冒汗，手毛蹭的我很不舒服。她手裡拿著一份合約「準備好了嗎？很期待您的最後一件作品。」館長笑著，露出像是剛舔過烏龜的牙齒，她以策展各國的人權藝術季聞名。

I was ushered out of the Tesla. In the midst of my reminiscing, I had unknowingly arrived in Phoenix, Arizona. The venue for the final exhibition was a soon-to-be-inaugurated art museum, rumored to be the first gallery ever constructed using nanotechnology. At the entrance stood eight receptionists, all strikingly beautiful and clad in black Louis Vuitton knit midi-dresses. They guided me inside the hall, where the air conditioning was blasted so cold it felt like a morgue—a stark contrast to the blistering Arizona heat outside. The VIPs had all arrived, dressed to the nines, clutching long-stemmed glasses of red wine, exchanging business cards, and discussing their latest acquisitions from Sotheby's: paintings by an exiled artist whose country was currently at war. I had seen his work; it wasn't as good as M's. No one noticed my arrival until, under the gaze of the crowd, I dropped my trousers and let Zappa out. He was drenched in sweat from the outdoor heat, but he quickly shook his pubic hair, restoring the curled strands into a perfect center-part. His transparent wings unfurled, and he sang "I'm back" to the artists, collectors, and curators assembled for the banquet. Then, he carried me up toward the thirty-foot-high ceiling of the gallery. I spun like a propeller, my limbs spread in an "X" shape, while Zappa remained below, basking in the onlookers' stares and screams. Suddenly, Zappa ceased his fluttering, and the moment we touched the ground, he propped up my body with his head. The audience broke into applause and swarmed toward us with congratulations, though their eyes never left Zappa. I found myself trapped in the crowd. A fat museum director with a sleek hairstyle but a balding crown took my arm and pulled me away. She was wearing a Chinese Tang suit; I could feel the sweat from her palm on my arm, and the coarse hair on her hands chafed me uncomfortably. She held a contract in her hand. "Are you ready? We are so looking forward to your final masterpiece," the director smiled, revealing teeth that looked as if they had just licked a turtle. She was renowned for curating human rights art festivals across various nations.

第三則小故事

- 古埃及駝峰的烹煮方式
- 1. 協助一個胖子用床墊自殺
- 2. 作為世界反興奮劑機構負責人
- 3. 假裝為美人魚勃起

小熊與小咪

有時當你使用 *Myrtillocactus* 幾何形式「堆高機」反轉作為嫁接股票時
它們會抵銷「堆高機」的形式
很多人以前都做過這個，健身房在柱子上長得不好
它們會不斷地拋出鮮花而不是生長
透過無限的小狗
接近最大的體型，健身房裡的熊把頭埋進土裡
老是跟你說著重複著話，我感到很焦慮，很想踹你，嚙牙蹦你寶貝
不管氣流如何，真菌問題不斷進展，通常會變得更糟，並沒有更好。這些不會對殺
菌劑做出反應，因為沒有什麼可以殺死，它只是物理/環境反應，基本上是仙人掌
斑不會消失，但它們只是化妝品。一旦濕度和氣流撥入，新的成長將會變得乾淨

3.

The Third Short Story:

Ancient Egyptian methods for cooking camel humps;

Assist a fat man in committing suicide with a mattress,

Serve as the head of the World Anti-Doping Agency,

Pretend to have an erection for a mermaid.

Little Bear and Little Meow.

Sometimes when you use the *Myrtillocactus geometrizarans* "forklift" in reverse as grafting stock, they cancel out the "forklift" form. Many have done this before; the "Gymnos" (*Gymnocalycium*) don't grow well on the pillars. They incessantly throw out flowers instead of growing. Through infinite puppies approaching maximum body size, the Bear in the Gym buries its head in the dirt. Always repeating the same words to you—it makes me anxious, I really want to kick you, to gnash my teeth and pop you, baby. Regardless of airflow, the fungal issues progress; usually, it gets worse, not better. These won't respond to fungicides because there is nothing to kill; it is merely a physical/environmental reaction—essentially, cactus stretch marks. The spots won't vanish, but they are purely cosmetic. Once humidity and airflow are dialed in, new growth will be clean.

各國媒體已經將攝影機準備好，在展場裡頭，有一位身著西裝外套的金髮油頭胖子躺在了手術台上。西裝男在美國的藝術圈也很火紅，他做了很多關於難民的作品，用冰塊把這些亡者的人做成了雕像。他向我們揮了揮手，「不要害羞靠近點」，他那根雄壯跟飛彈似的陰莖突然束了起來，他伸手拍了拍發出像是金屬般的撞擊聲。他們眼睛閃耀著鑽石般的光芒，貪婪的盯著札帕，舌頭都快碰到他了。館方告知我一切都已準備就緒。我拿起消毒後的刀，這把刀就是當初在H城買的那把。這次我先對準西裝男粗如飛彈的老二，精準的把它切了下來，切口是一百八十度的完美平面，我的刀很快，快到連血都還沒透出來，接下來我把刀對準了札帕。

Media outlets from various nations had their cameras ready. Inside the exhibition hall, a blonde, fat man with slicked-back hair, wearing a suit jacket, lay upon an operating table. This man in the suit was also a sensation in the American art world; he had created numerous works concerning refugees, crafting statues of the deceased out of blocks of ice. He waved at us. "Don't be shy, come closer." Suddenly, his massive, missile-like penis became erect; he reached out and patted it, producing a sound like the clashing of metal. Their eyes sparkled with the brilliance of diamonds, staring greedily at Zappa, their tongues nearly licking him. The museum staff informed me that everything was ready. I picked up the sterilized knife—the very same one I had bought back in City H. This time, I aimed first at the suited man's thick, missile-like cock and severed it with precision. The incision was a perfect 180-degree flat plane. My blade was fast—so fast that the blood had not yet begun to seep out. Next, I aimed the knife at Zappa.



早上不知道為什麼，我的包皮有種灼燒伴隨著刺痛感，我告訴了M，她說可能是我昨天在切仙人掌沒洗乾淨的關係吧。那株仙人掌我已經養了牠四年，嫁接的部位子被埋在土裡，那天我發現他身體的部分呈現黃色，很輕鬆的就把牠從土裡拔了出來，因為根系已經壞死，拔出來一點阻力也沒有，我拿刀把台木的根系切除，爛掉的部分已經往上蔓延將近十公分，我把兩根指頭塞入牠的身體，想把爛肉給掏出來，那白色的臭乳汁濺得我滿身。M拍下了整段過程，後來因為我包皮痛，嘲笑了我好一段時間，說這整個事件的就像是我的作品。



The next morning, for some reason, my foreskin felt a burning sensation accompanied by sharp pain. I told M about it, and she said it was probably because I hadn't washed my hands properly after cutting the cactus the day before. I had been raising that cactus for four years; the grafted joint was buried in the soil. That day I noticed its body had turned yellow, and I was able to pull it out of the soil very easily—there was no resistance at all, because the root system had already rotted away. I used a knife to cut off the rootstock's roots; the rot had spread upward nearly ten centimeters. I pushed two fingers into its body, trying to dig out the rotten flesh, and the white, foul-smelling latex splattered all over me. M filmed the entire process. Later, because my foreskin hurt, she mocked me for quite a while, saying the whole incident was just like one of my artworks.



No cutting, no spraying, no need to panic; the plant is fine, just mildly offended by the damp air.

Cutting, no spraying, no need to panic; the plant is fine, just mildly offended by the damp air.

Cutting, spraying, no need to panic; the plant is fine, just mildly offended by the damp air.

Cutting, spraying, need to panic; the plant is fine, it was mildly offended by the damp air.

Cutting, spraying, need to panic; the plant is fine, it was mildly offended by the damp air.

Cutting, spraying, need to panic; the plant is fine, offended by the damp air.

No cutting, no spraying, no panic; the plant is fine, just by the damp air.

No cutting, no spraying, panic; the plant is fine, just by the damp air.

The beautiful student teacher, the Little Mermaid, was the enlightenment of lust. It has been smeared evenly throughout the room.

Let's have a hypocrisy contest, brother. "I heard the fiction of Jesus is a top-tier work." I pee faster than you, and more accurately too, baby; even if you have land, a car, and a house, I'm still standing right next to you laughing at you. Sky, sky—missed the green light, stuck out big with the Great Turtle's enlarged prostate, but I don't have that problem.

Ha ha.

2 chirpers.

5 sparrows.

One stainless steel grasshopper cage.

A 1000-kilometer release flight.

不切割、不噴藥、不需要恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣輕度冒犯了
切割、不噴藥、不需要恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣輕度冒犯了
切割、噴藥、需要恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣輕度冒犯了
切割、噴藥、需要恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣輕度冒犯了
切割、噴藥、需要恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣輕度冒犯了
不切割、不噴藥、不恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣
不切割、不噴藥、恐慌，植株沒事，只是被潮濕的空氣
漂亮實習老師小美人魚是性慾的啟蒙
已均勻塗抹在房間內

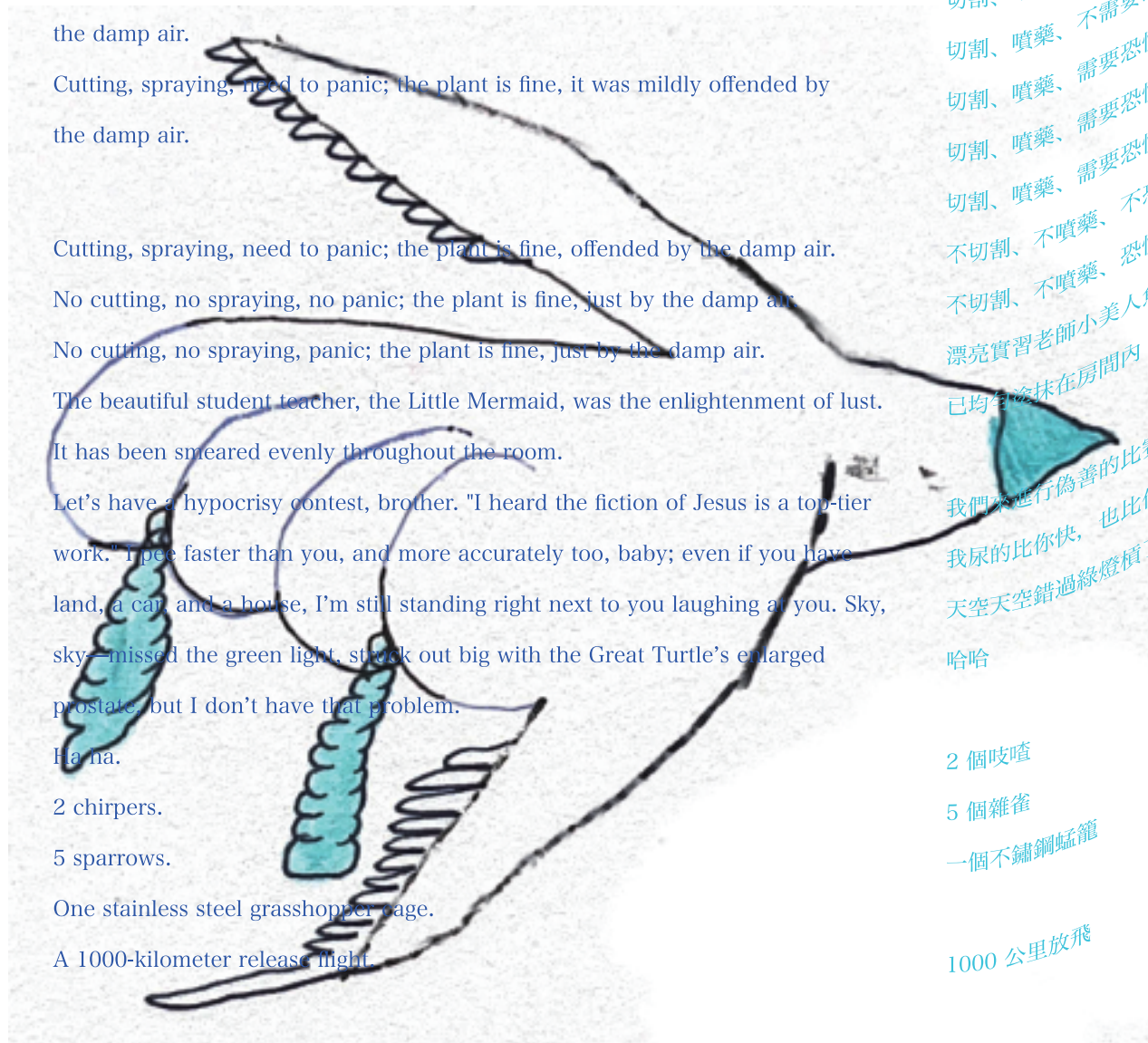
我們來進行偽善的比賽兄弟「聽說耶穌的虛構是頂尖作品」
我尿的比你快，也比你準寶貝，就算你有土地有車有房我還是在你旁邊取笑你
天空天空錯過綠燈積了大龜的攝護腺肥大，我沒有這個問題
哈哈

2 個吱喳

5 個雜雀

一個不鏽鋼蝻籠

1000 公里放飛



假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生
假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生
假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生
假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生
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假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生
假先知的子彈在我們的屁眼中誕生

The bullets of false prophets are born in our assholes.
You self-proclaimed "artists of justice," unzip your flies.
Go on, trembling, to bamboozle history—a new chapter of shit, a new -ism.
We demand grand, palatial discourses; to embrace and graft new forms.
A thousand kilometers unleashed, rockets diving into the seabed.
A mad dog flying through soil and homicide.
自詡為藝術家的正義之士，解開褲檔（如有）

顫抖著的去忽悠歷史吧，新的屎的篇章，新的主義

我們需要富麗堂皇的論述，擁抱、嫁接新的形式
新的屎的篇章，新的主義
擁抱、嫁接新的形式

1000 公里放飛，潛入海底的火箭

在泥土與兇殺案之中飛行的獵狗

在車陣之中與身旁的騎士叫囂，看誰能在讀秒結果之前到達終點

先知的預言在沒有人類的時代

大家一同把槍裝上子彈
大家一同把槍裝上子彈
大家一同把槍裝上子彈

Jeering at the riders in the gridlock, getting who hits the finish line before the competition hits zero. Prophecies spoken in an era void of humans.
Everyone together, load the guns.
Everyone together, load the guns.
Everyone together, load the guns.
捐錢吧左翼精英份子
不需要關注企鵝

有羊
有牛
有狗
有貓

個人生存條件
關心個人生存條件
走吧
在教室大喊
換起筆桿和顏料
操起槍與刀

反抗的時間到了

