

序：

這幾年我與外界的聯繫像一條條線，只有黑白與灰階，每天按時梳理、排列它們，有時成為漸層，有時能織起一塊塊幾何。

把玩這些繩，繫緊我的島，離那彼岸越來越遠。

渡海要多少繩去織起一座橋，還是一條繩就能滑到那彼岸？點與點之間是直或曲，是圓或折，這些我全測不準。

- 2023/11/17 記

19歲的日記，決定將它留在19歲，在逼近二字頭的最後一個月拍攝完成。

倘若這些作品是線，《常態夢》會是最輕、最韌的一條。

吃壽司要把它翻過來沾醬油的時候，生魚片常常會玩自由落體直接降落在醬油池裡，醋飯還留在筷子上不知所措。

「如果能好好綁起來就好ㄌ」

路邊被吹倒的垃圾桶、書桌上立不起來的書堆、逃離懷中的貓、不合腳的高跟鞋、入眠時就會被抽掉的男友的枕頭手...

這些生活中時常發生的小災難，冒出了它們被好好綁起來的畫面，像夢一樣隨機出現也不會輕易去做。為了綁起這些小災難，造成拍攝現場的小災難呈現疊加的狀態，一些不堪負荷的夢也就此碎了。

這次除了綑綁也玩了一些材質替代與活動路徑的遊戲。刷上很長很長的睫毛、沒有鋼圈的舒適內衣、難吃的橘子纖維、用了棉條還是會溢出來的經血。

漫畫上的雲朵框把夢描的特別輕，輕得接不住它，潑了墨也只灑滿一地，無法實現卻與生活服服貼貼。夢境無法預測而輕盈，生命無法掌控而脆弱，無序總是夜以繼晝，地平線束緊了現實與夢。

I play with these ropes, tightening my island and drifting further and further from the other shore. How many ropes would it take to weave a bridge across the sea? Or could a single rope suffice to glide over to the other side? Whether the path between points is straight or curved, circular or folded—these, I cannot measure with precision.

– Diary entry, November 17, 2023

At 19, I decided to leave this diary in the past, finishing the work in the final month before turning 20. If these works were strands, "Normal Dreams" would be the lightest, most resilient one.

When eating sushi and flipping it over to dip into soy sauce, the raw fish often performs a free fall into the soy pool while the rice remains clinging awkwardly to the chopsticks.

"If only I could tie it all up properly," I thought.

A toppled trash can on the roadside, books that won't stand upright on the desk, a cat escaping my arms, ill-fitting high heels, or my boyfriend's pillow hand being pulled away as I fall asleep...

These small daily mishaps conjured images of them all neatly tied together, appearing randomly like dreams but never seriously pursued. In the attempt to tie up these little disasters, we ended up creating more on set, with some dreams shattering under the strain.

Besides tying things up, this time, I also played with material substitutions and movement paths. Long, long lashes, a comfortable bra with no underwire, inadequate orange fiber, and menstrual blood that still leaks even when using tampons.

The cloud frames in comics make dreams seem exceptionally light—so light that they can't be caught. Spilling ink, it splatters everywhere, never quite fulfilled, yet seamlessly integrated into everyday life.







