

形象香港

我在尋找一個不同的角度去看視覺的問題。是在彌敦道的光攝影院拍攝的。今天有誰還着色呢？

我抬頭，看見銀幕上的半山區。她來自上海，忘不了昔日的繁華、霞飛路上的白俄咖啡店。小提琴音樂。究竟是甚麼一回事？

雙妹牌花露水。瓶子摔在地上碎了。叫賣的人把飛機攪攪擲入後現代高樓。我同意她說每個人有不同的想象。他在法國研究安那其主義，回來在花花公子，然後在資本雜誌工作。我們眺望月亮，我們一起從不同的角度眺望月亮。尖沙嘴的鐘樓、香港仔的日落。他們打算重新佈置這房間。皇后餐廳。中國會所。

伸出手按鈕，無盡的畫面法專心。太多瑣碎的事務，不同的場合不斷轉變身份，我們甚麼時候——他是報告文學的好手，他擅寫資本主義社會裏的狗和色情雜誌。甚麼時候坐下來談談？

複製的歌星形象和歌聲，轉移了注意力。慾望被擴張的熒幕重新界定。伸手出去，觸及了甚麼？

歷史是一連串形象塑造的材料可以是紙箔、塑膠、纖維鑄射影碟的按鈕……我們抬頭眺望月亮，今夜的月亮

在時間的盡頭還是開端？她是來自台灣的小說家，以為自己天星小輪泊岸的浪花，舊火車站不斷複印的淺水灣酒店

異國情調描繪給遠方的觀眾我們在尋找一個不同的角度不增添也不刪減

永遠在邊緣永遠在過渡

我們用不同顏色的筆書寫這些東西也很容易變得表面歷史就是這樣建構出來的嗎？

Images of Hong Kong

I need a new angle for strictly visual matters. Here's an old portrait shot originally in Guangguang Studio in Nathan Road. They don't paint on them like this any more. For no reason of mine, Middlevels scenes are on the television. Shed come from unforgettable Shanghai, from glamorous Jaffe Road, with its White Russian coffee shops, violins playing into the night. How does it add up?

A bottle of lotion, Two Sisters, smashed forever on the floor. Imagine the old vendors throwing olives up into a postmodern tower. Even the lady who knows only we're all different has a point. Here's a man who studied anarchism in France and came home to work for "Playboy"; then "Capital".

The finest angles divide our views of the moon when we look up. The Star Ferry clock-tower, sunsets in Aberdeen: too familiar. Only now somebody plans to redo everything. Queen's Cafe. China Club.

One has only to push buttons to change pictures to get in on so many trends one can't even think, too much trivia and so many places and stories one can't switch identities fast enough. When can we—? And here's the Beijing journalist who became an expert on pets and pornography under capitalism.

When can we just sit down and talk? Our attentions get lost in factories of images and songs; appetites are whetted in the hungers of the tiny screen. Reach out and touch—what?

History, too, is a montage of images, of paper, collectibles, plastic, fibres, laser discs, buttons. We find ourselves looking up at the distant moon: tonight's moon—does it come at the beginning or the end of time? Here's another from Taiwan, who thinks she's Eileen Chang writing Hong Kong romances, with neon dancing in the back-churning waters of the Star Ferry, on the old *depot*, with Repulse Bay Hotel rendezvous produced on cue.

All this exotic stuff, of course, is for export. We need a fresh angle, nothing added, nothing taken away, always at the edge of things and between places. Write with a different color for each voice; OK, but how trivial can you get? Could a whole history have been concocted like this?