

工作室的感受

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:
MEDUSA**

STUDIO FEELINGS

**Medusa's head
was the first camera.**

**The very sight of it
was fatal.**

**At the entrance
to the underworld,
with an army of eyes
—two on her face
and the rest on
her hair of snakes—
she scanned a garden
of stone corpses.**

Her very own.

**These swarming snakes
absorbed all detail,
eating images,
lacing them with poison:**

**such range of vision,
such resolution,
such
srrk,
srrk,
srrrrrrrk!**

**Medusa's sight
grew a vast terror.**

**It was like another will,
broken away,
settled in her eyes.**

**Perseus crept in
bearing gifts:**

**a golden sword
for Medusa's neck,
an enchanted bag
for her head,
and a shield mirrored
for protection.**

**Perseus's raised sword
was Medusa's last sight.**

**Though her body fell
when he struck off her head,
the terror in her eyes
endured.**

**In this, Perseus
had fashioned a weapon,
a machine for killing
everything it sees.**

A camera.

**Henceforth
Medusa's vision
could be neither
curtailed nor evaded.**

**When first Perseus
held her head,
he turned his enemies
to stone.**

**With Medusa's
last stored image,
the image of himself,
he petrified them.**

**Perseus forever bound
the tools for taking life
and taking images.**

**He thought it heroic,
to nourish the gorgon,
the camera.**

**She could take and take
and store her
image-treasures.**

**The world imaged
to death.**

**The gorgon reaches us
through the camera,
but our eyes,
unlike the gorgon's,
are mortal.**

**Perceiving more
than they can process,
they leave an
incalculable remainder.**

**It accumulates
by the way.**

**To feed the gorgon,
our eyes imbibe terror,
infected by
the poisonous desire
to image everything,
our eyes turn against
all perceivable living.**

**The right to take an image
misunderstands freedom.**

**Through the camera
awareness cannot grow:
not being the gorgon,
we cannot image
the terror entire.**

**Immune, the camera
incorporates the mirror,
pretending to reflect the
world but unable to shield.**

**In the world
the gorgon willed,
desire synchronizes with
image loading speeds.**

**As rates accelerate,
the gorgon's will
achieves greater resolution,
splicing truth with lie,
sharpening the indistinction.**

**The camera
cannot remain
a severed head.**

**Some know it
by its music.**

**To lull the gorgon,
sing *camera*
and a room appears.**

Enter the room.

ITA

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