



换乘

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摘要

《换乘》是一首关于音乐跨越语言、技术、平台与听众社群而流动的双语诗歌。作品不把音乐看作一件只在空间中移动的固定之物，而是追随一首歌的辗转：它被录制、翻译、配上字幕，被剪成片段、经由流媒体与算法推送，又被修复、记错，并被重新唱起。每一次媒介转换，既改变了声音本身，也改变了它被聆听的条件。在诗中，翻译并非透明无损的语言转换，而是一种重新聆听；数字传播同样生成了新的时间经验、新的公众与新的亲密感。作品在人声、耳机、屏幕、档案与远方听众等意象之间穿行，追问：当一首歌进入他人的生活之后，它是否仍有一个唯一的起点？《换乘》把音乐的流通理解为一连串的“离开”——让声音得以延续的，不是对原貌的完美保存，而恰恰是一次次的改变与再生。

关键词：诗歌；音乐流通；翻译；媒介化；数字平台；聆听公众

创作阐释

《换乘》回应本期主题“流动的声音：全球音乐研究中的翻译、媒介与公众”（Circulating Sounds: Translation, Mediation, and Publics in Global Music Studies），把音乐理解作为一种流动的文化实践，而非一件稳定的作品。诗的核心形象是一首歌：它经过录音、字幕翻译、短视频传播、算法推荐、直播录像与音频修复，也经过日常生活中的聆听与哼唱；每经过一处，它的身份都被重新协商一次。

这一思路得益于 Christopher Small（1998）提出的“musicking”概念：与其说音乐是一件“事物”，不如说它是一种活动。诗中的歌因此不被安放在某个固定文本里，而存在于它被演奏、被聆听、被重复的一个个具体情境之中。媒介也就不只是连接“原作”与听众的中性渠道。Georgina Born（2005）认为，音乐本身由身体、技术与社会等多重媒介交织而成。诗歌依次呈现了其中几个层面：麦克风让这首歌第一次“听见自己的声音”；平台把它切成十五秒的片段；修复软件则提议抹去一段曾真实存在于那个房间里的“噪音”。

第六节由此触及音频技术内含的文化判断。Jonathan Sterne（2012）指出，音频格式的设计建立在关于听众能听见什么、听不见什么的预设之上。修复软件那句“是否去除背景噪音？”看似只是一个技术选项，实际上也在决定哪些声音值得留下。

诗对翻译的处理，与 Walter Benjamin（[1923] 1968）所说译作属于原作“来世生命”（afterlife）的观点相通。一条字幕可能改变一个隐喻，远方的听众也可能把作曲者从未经过的记忆附着在一首歌上。这些变化未必意味着“原作”的消失，反而可能正是音乐得以继续被听见的条件。

双语形式把这一思路带进了作品的结构。英文版不是中文版的逐字翻译，而是一个诗性的对应文本，一些意象在转换中随之改变：“停下来”在英文中成为“stop scrolling”；标题“换乘”本指交通线路之间的转乘，英文处理为“In Transit”，又在末节以“changing trains”重新出现。意义并非从一种语言被完整地搬运到另一种语言，而是在两个文本之间往返、流转。正如诗中的歌经过一个又一个听者，这首诗也在中英文之间完成了自己的“换乘”。



一

最初，它只在一间房子里。
有人吸气，
有人把手放在琴键上，
窗没有完全关好，
所以第一句旋律里
混进了一辆驶过街口的车。
没有人把它叫作噪音。
那时候，一首歌还很小，
小到只够
在两个人之间发生。
后来麦克风靠近了它。
它第一次听见
自己的声音。

二

它离开的时候
没有带走那间房子。
没有带走窗，
也没有带走傍晚六点
楼下卖水果的人。
录音只带走了
可以被带走的部分。
于是有人在另一座城市
戴上耳机，
把那三分四十二秒
当成自己的夜晚。
他不知道窗外曾有一辆车。
他只知道
在第二分十七秒的时候，
某个声音停了一下。
那一下停顿
后来陪他度过很多年。

三

再后来，这首歌
有了字幕。
一句话越过一种语言时
丢下一只鞋，
再越过一种语言，
又获得一扇门。
“月亮”被译成 moon，
moon 又被唱得不像月亮。
有人说
意思已经变了。
可是远方的一个女孩
第一次听懂了那句话。
她把它抄在纸上。
也许有些东西
要等到被翻译以后
才第一次出现。

四

然后它进入屏幕。
被切成十五秒，
三十秒，
被加速，
被循环，
被放在一场婚礼下面，

一段战争影像下面，
一只猫从沙发跌下来的画面下面。
有人只听过副歌，
却听了一百遍。
有人从来不知道
它还有第一节。
算法没有问
这首歌从哪里来。
算法只问：
下一个人
会不会停下来。
于是音乐开始学习
另一种旅行的方法——
不再沿着地图，
而是沿着
注意力。

五

在凌晨两点，
首尔的一间便利店里
它正在播放。
柏林有人
刚刚把它关掉。
布宜诺斯艾利斯
有人第一次点开。
一场已经结束七年的演出
此刻仍在直播录像里
继续发生。
歌手年轻了七岁。
观众也年轻了七岁。
只有观看的人
活在今天。
屏幕上不断出现：
hello
where are you listening from?
没有人回答
音乐在哪里。

六

多年以后，
有人从旧硬盘里
找到最早的录音。
里面有呼吸，
琴椅轻轻移动，
还有窗外
那辆已经不存在的车。
修复软件问：
是否去除背景噪音？
鼠标停在那里。
很久。
然后他说：
不。
于是那辆车
又一次经过街口。
一次经过
已经拆掉的街口，
经过一间
已经不存在的房子，
经过所有

从未去过那里的人。

七

现在已经很难知道
哪一个版本
才是这首歌。
是第一次唱出的声音，
还是某个人
走夜路时哼错的旋律；
是母语里的句子，
还是译文中
意外多出来的那扇门；
是舞台，
是唱片，
是耳机，
是服务器某处
正在被复制的一串数字，
还是一个人关掉音乐以后，
房间里
仍然没有立刻消失的东西。
也许一首歌
从来不是抵达。
它只是不断换乘。
从嘴唇到空气，
从空气到机器，
从一种语言
到另一种误解，
从一个人的记忆
到另一个人的记忆。
每经过一个人，
它都会少一点原来的自己，
也会多一点
以前从未存在过的东西。
所以请不要问
它最后去了哪里。
听——
有人正在很远的地方，
把它重新唱错。
而它因此
继续活着。

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致谢

无。

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In Transit

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Abstract:

In Transit is a bilingual poem about the movement of music across languages, technologies, platforms, and listening communities. Rather than imagining a musical work as a fixed object that simply travels from one place to another, the poem follows a song as it is recorded, translated, subtitled, clipped, streamed, recommended, restored, misremembered, and sung again. Each act of mediation changes both the sound and the conditions under which it can be heard. Translation appears not as a transparent transfer between languages but as a form of renewed listening; digital circulation likewise produces new temporalities, publics, and forms of intimacy. Moving between the images of the human voice, headphones, screens, archives, and distant listeners, the poem asks whether a song can still be said to possess a single point of origin once it has entered other lives. It approaches musical circulation as a sequence of departures in which alteration, rather than perfect preservation, allows sound to continue.

Keywords: poetry; musical circulation; translation; mediation; digital platforms; listening publics

Contextual Commentary:

In Transit responds to the theme “Circulating Sounds: Translation, Mediation, and Publics in Global Music Studies” by approaching music as a mobile cultural practice rather than a stable work. Its central figure is a song whose identity is renegotiated as it passes through recording, subtitling, short-video circulation, algorithmic recommendation, livestream archives, audio restoration, and everyday acts of listening and singing.

The poem takes up Christopher Small’s (1998) proposal that music is better understood as an activity, “musicking,” than as a thing. It locates the song less in a fixed text than in the successive situations in which it is performed, heard, and repeated. Mediation, in this sense, is not merely a channel between an original work and its audience. Georgina Born (2005) describes music as constituted through multiple, interlocking mediations, bodily, technological, and social. The poem stages several of these in turn: the microphone that lets the song hear its own voice, the platform that cuts it into fifteen-second fragments, and the restoration software that offers to remove a “noise” that was once part of the room. The sixth section also reflects on the cultural judgments built into audio technologies, which Jonathan Sterne (2012) has shown to rest on assumptions about what listeners will and will not hear.

The poem’s treatment of translation draws on Walter Benjamin’s ([1923] 1968) idea that a translation belongs to the afterlife of the original. A subtitle may alter a metaphor; a distant listener may attach to a song a memory unknown to its composer. Such transformations need not mark the disappearance of an original. They may instead be the conditions through which music remains audible.

The bilingual form carries this argument into the structure of the work. The English text was written as a poetic counterpart to the Chinese rather than a literal rendering. Some images shift in passage: “停下来” (stop) becomes “stop scrolling”; the title “换乘,” a transfer between transit lines, becomes “In Transit” and returns in the final section as “changing trains.” Meaning circulates between the two versions much as the song circulates between its listeners.

I

At first, it existed only in a room.
Someone drew breath.
Someone rested a hand on the keys.
The window was not quite closed,
so into the first phrase of the melody
slipped a car passing the corner.
No one called it noise.
Back then, a song was still a small thing,
small enough
to happen between two people.
Then the microphone moved closer.
For the first time,
the song heard
its own voice.

II

When it left,

it did not take the room with it.
It did not take the window,
or the fruit seller downstairs
at six in the evening.
The recording took away
only what could be taken.
Then, in another city,
someone put on headphones
and made those three minutes
and forty-two seconds
his own night.
He never knew there had been a car outside the window.
He knew only
that at two minutes seventeen,
a voice paused.
That pause
stayed with him
for years.

III

Later, the song
acquired subtitles.
As a sentence crossed one language,
it left one shoe behind.
Crossing another,
it came away with a door.
“月亮” became moon,
and moon was sung
until it no longer resembled 月亮.
Someone said
the meaning had changed.
But a girl far away
understood the sentence
for the first time.
She copied it onto paper.
Perhaps some things
appear for the first time
only after translation.

IV

Then it entered the screen.
It was cut into fifteen seconds,
thirty seconds,
sped up,
looped,
laid beneath a wedding,
beneath footage of a war,
beneath a cat falling off a sofa.
Someone had heard only the chorus,
yet heard it a hundred times.
Someone never knew
there was a first verse.
The algorithm did not ask
where the song came from.
It asked only:
Will the next person
stop scrolling?
And music began to learn
another way to travel—

no longer along maps,
but along
attention.

V

At two in the morning,
it is playing
in a convenience store in Seoul.
In Berlin,
someone has just turned it off.
In Buenos Aires,
someone has just pressed play
for the first time.
A performance that ended seven years ago
is still happening now
inside a livestream recording.
The singer is seven years younger.
So is the audience.
Only the person watching
belongs to today.
Messages keep appearing
across the screen:
hello
where are you listening from?
No one answers
where the music is.

VI

Years later,
someone finds
the earliest recording
on an old hard drive.
Inside it: breathing,
the faint shift of a piano bench.
And outside the window,
the car
that no longer exists.
The restoration software asks:
Remove background noise?
The cursor rests there.
A long time.
Then he says:
No.
And the car
passes the corner once again.
Passes a corner
long since demolished,
passes a room
that no longer exists,
passes through everyone
who has never been there.

VII

By now it is hard to know
which version
is the song.
The voice as first sung,
or the melody
someone hums wrong

while walking home at night;
the sentence in its first language,
or the door
that appeared by accident in translation;
the stage,
the record,
the headphones,
the string of numbers
being copied somewhere
on a server,
or what remains in the room
after someone turns the music off,
not vanishing at once.
Perhaps a song
was never an arrival.
It is always
changing trains.
From lips into air,
from air into machines,
from one language
into another misunderstanding,
from one person's memory
into another's.
With every person it passes through,
it becomes a little less
of what it once was,
and a little more
of something
that had never existed before.
So do not ask
where it finally went.
Listen—
somewhere far away,
someone is singing it wrong again.
And because of that,
it lives on.