

These stories began before we arrived
這些故事在我們到來之前便已展開

Chang En-Man

Chu ChunTeng

Nathan Pohio

Natalie Robertson

Shannon Te Ao

Teng Chao-Ming

**Curated by Jamie Hanton,
Charlotte Huddleston, and
Bruce E. Phillips**

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The significance of a narrative is not only what is shared through its contents, but what it reveals about the writer and reader, or the orator and listener. Both the storyteller and audience are culturally determined to craft a narrative's meaning through its form; for all stories are motivated by shared values built into language and custom. They may be realised by an individual but the hunger for their creation is in aid of the many, no matter how obscure or personal. Therefore, as Roland Barthes rationalised, the author is not a solitary creative genius but someone who expertly performs a "mastery of the narrative code".¹

It could be said then, if narratives are formed collectively then the longing for, and acceptance of many different perspectives must be a measure of health in a society – especially in our unquestionably globalised and multi-cultural age.

Given the sudden and unexpected opportunity to curate an exhibition, in response to New Zealand being the country of honour at the 2015 Taipei International Book Exhibition, we were motivated by an affinity that we thought might grow between the artists and communities of both countries; an affinity, which was bolstered by the fast and genuine connections made while meeting members of the Taiwanese visual arts community when we visited last September as part of the Asia: New Zealand Foundation/Creative New Zealand curator tour. The occasion for this exhibition came through government-sponsored agenda of economic and cultural exchange, with the idea that New Zealand might gain financial benefit from strengthening the ties specifically with the municipality of Taipei. The expectation is also that this will become mutually beneficial – as is the necessity of governmental and commercial international partnerships. But what are our mutual interests? And is there more to our exchange than the desire for mutual prosperity?

One of the most interesting connections that New Zealand has with Taiwan is that the indigenous people of both countries have a shared whakapapa (genealogy).² This story began approximately 5,000 years ago when people left Taiwan and are thought to have migrated across the Pacific to populate Polynesia.³ This lineage has been revealed to scientists through specific gene markers and linguistic similarities between Māori and aboriginal tribes in Taiwan.⁴

1 Roland Barthes, 'The Death of the Author' in *Image-Music-Text*. London: Fontana Press, 1977. p142

2 The concept and practice of whakapapa "describes the actions of creating a foundation, and layering and adding to that foundation. This is done by reciting genealogies (tātai) and stories, and through ritual. Whakapapa allows people to locate themselves in the world, both figuratively and in relation to their human ancestors." See <http://www.teara.govt.nz/en/papatuanuku-the-land/page-8>

3 Atholl Anderson, 'Ancient Origins, 3000BC-AD1300' in *Tangata Whenua: An illustrated history*. by Atholl Anderson, Judith Binney and Aroha Harris. Wellington: Bridget Williams Books, 2014.

4 'Mitochondrial DNA Provides a Link between Polynesians and Indigenous Taiwanese' *PLoS*

Now that this story has come full circle we must consider what this means to us and what other relevant histories are important to consider. One would hope that a relationship is also driven by our curiosity towards each other and inspired by what we might learn from our differences. After all, as humans we learn and grow when our perspectives are not only reinforced but challenged.

The artworks included in *These stories began before we arrived* have been selected with this in mind – to seek out stories of belonging and loss told by artists from both New Zealand and Taiwan. Specifically, the artworks represent complex ideas relating to collective identity, land use, international trade, ancestral knowledge and societal order.

Taiwan Taiwan by Chu ChunTeng playfully questions the meaning of national identity by employing two actors to creatively improvise the name Taiwan for 100 minutes. At first entertaining, the two performances become almost painful to watch as the actors reach the limits of their energy and creativity to generate meaningful riffs. The construction of self versus state identity is further explored through Teng Chao-Ming's *Confession*. Written in the late 1960s OCR-A typeface⁵ are the words "ANYONE ANYONE FEELFREE TOFUCKME IAMREADY TOBECOME ANYONE ANYONE". This short sentence of ill conjoined words expresses the artist's disenchantment of maintaining an individual identity within a nation state where there is doubt about its sovereignty.

Nathan Pohio's *The feral horses of Natasha von Braun* addresses the post-colonial subjugation of animals as financial resources rather than fellow beings to be respected. In her work *Kawerau drive through*, Natalie Robertson interweaves Māori ancestral narratives with contemporary accounts of the impact that industry has had upon people, land and community.

Chang En-Man's *Arena* focuses on a group of indigenous Taiwanese who practice Thai kickboxing. This cross-cultural activity operates metaphorically, signaling a way to address the powerlessness of the aboriginal Taiwanese in the face of social and environmental change. Loss is evoked in Shannon Te Ao's *Two shoots that stretch far out*. Here, Te Ao performs poetic readings to animals that tell a story of heartbreak and suggests a longing to find one's roots, or to establish relationships.

Together in this context we hope these works might, in some small way, start to build connections between distinct histories. Although linked throughout time, the people that dwell in our two countries have grown vastly different because of it, and there are many more tales to tell. However, as we share and listen to these stories we need to also form some understanding of why they are being told and why we might have the desire to hear them – only then might we begin to forge a mutually beneficial future.

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Biol 3(8): e281, 2005. doi:10.1371/journal.pbio.0030281

5 OCR-A is a thick lettered font created so that it could be read by both computers and humans.

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敘事的意義，不完全在於透過敘述內容而獲得的共鳴，更包括敘事所透露出其作者與讀者，或說者及聽者的訊息。說書的人和聽故事的人都站在文化人的立場，執意要從敘事的形式雕琢出它的意義；這是因為已經成為語言和習俗的內建成分的種種共同價值觀，才是所有的故事形成的推手。故事或許是由單一的個人寫下的，但是對故事誕生的飢渴所造福的則是廣大的芸芸眾生，無論故事內容有多荒誕詭異，或只是個人觀點的敘說。因此，羅蘭·巴特曾提出一個合理的論點，認為作者不是一個孤立的創作天才，而是能熟練地表現「敘事符碼的精粹完美」的個人。⁶

於是可以用這麼說，倘若敘事之形成是一項集體行為，那麼，對於眾多歧異觀點的渴望與接受，必定是一個社會用來衡量健康狀態的指標——尤其是在此時這個無可非議的多元文化全球化時代。

響應紐西蘭蘭慶2015台北國際書展的主題國，我們意外地臨危受命要在這場活動中策劃一場展覽。我們認為，台灣與紐西蘭的藝術家與人民之間，極可能滋長某種緊密的情誼，這個想法給了我們策展的動力；而支撐這份緊密、親近關係的信念，則是在去年九月我們到台灣進行策展資料的研究與收集時的經驗，在那段訪台期間我們與當地視覺藝術界的諸多人士會面，雖然是緊湊、短暫的會晤，卻建立了坦率真誠的互動。那次的機會的促成，是一項由政府贊助的經濟與文化交流計畫，其背後動機乃欲藉由強化雙方關係——特別是與台北市——為紐西蘭帶來經濟上的利益，同時期許締結對雙方互益的良性結構，以符合政府與商業國際夥伴關係的必要條件。然而，什麼才是我們雙方的共同利益？再者，除了追求共同的繁榮外，彼此的交流是否能帶來更深的效益？

紐西蘭與台灣的關聯性中，最有趣的是兩國的原住民是出自共同的whakapapa（基因圖譜）。⁷這篇故事約莫始於五千年前，那時有一群人離開台灣，橫渡太平洋，迢迢遷徙後在玻里尼西亞落腳。⁸科學家已經透過毛利人與台灣原住民的特定基因標識和相似的語言系統，循線發現了這條血統。⁹

這個故事到現在已經兜了一圈回到原點，因此，思索它對我們的意義，以及還有哪些其他相關的歷史是需要被重視的，都是勢在必行的舉措。一般而言，我們對彼此的好奇心也會驅使一段關係的發芽，而我們從彼此差異中學到的種種，會進一步促進關係的成長。畢竟，身為人類，唯有在立場獲得鞏固，並受到他力挑戰時，才會推進我們的學習與成長。

「這些故事在我們到來之前便已展開」一展所呈現的作品，便是以此為前提所挑選的——從紐西蘭與台灣藝術家的創作中，找出訴說關於歸屬與失去的故事。具體一點來說，這些藝術作品闡述著與集體身分、土地使用、國際貿易、祖傳知識、社會秩序等相關的複

6 羅蘭·巴特，「作者已死」，《影像—音樂—文本》，倫敦：Fontana Press, 1977年，頁142。

7 Whakapapa 的概念與落實是「形容創造基礎的行為，並在此基礎上堆疊、附加。其作法為詳述基因圖譜和故事，及儀式的舉行。」Whakapapa讓人們可以在世界上找到定位，無論是象徵性的位置，或是他們與人類祖先的關係。」參見 <http://www.teara.govt.nz/en/papatuanuku-the-land/page-8>

8 Atholl Anderson, 'Ancient Origins, 3000BC-AD1300' in Tangata Whenua: An illustrated history. by Atholl Anderson, Judith Binney and Aroha Harris. Wellington: Bridget Williams Books, 2014.

9 'Mitochondrial DNA Provides a Link between Polynesians and Indigenous Taiwanese' *PLoS Biol* 3(8): e281, 2005. doi:10.1371/journal.pbio.0030281

雜概念。

朱駿騰的《台灣－台灣》邀請兩位表演者以各自的創意，在100分鐘內即興表現出台灣這個概念，作品以趣味手法質疑國家認同的意義。表演的前段還有些娛樂效果，但各自的表演漸漸開始讓人覺得不快，因為表演者已精疲力盡、腸枯思竭，再也獻不出什麼新點子。自我建構與國家認同的對照在鄧兆旻的《告解》中有更深刻的探索。作品用1960年代末期創造出的OCR-A字型寫下「**ANYONE ANYONE FEELFREE TOFUCKME IAMREADY TOBECOME ANYONE ANYONE**」（任何人 任何人 都可 以來搞我 我已經 變成 任何人 任何人）。這行語意弔詭、斷字不明的短句，傳達出藝術家對於身在一個主權模糊的國家，已不再對保有自我認同存有任何幻想。

Nathan Pohio的《The feral horses of Natasha von Braun》探討後殖民時期將動物貶低成一種經濟資源，而非需要受到尊重的同類生物的現象。另外，在作品《穿越凱瓦勞》中，娜塔莉·羅伯森將毛利人的古老傳說與工業為人類、土地、社會帶來衝擊的當代故事交織疊合。

張恩滿的《競技場》聚焦在一群練習泰拳的台灣原住民，這項跨文化活動以隱喻的方式陳述台灣原住民在面對社會及環境變遷之際的無力感。夏農·特·奧的《兩株伸的又遠又遙的枝芽》則激起了失落感，藝術家在作品中以誦詩的語調對動物朗讀一則關於心碎的故事，隱微透露尋根或建立關係的渴望。

在這個脈絡下，我們期許這些作品可以共同藉由某種微薄之力，開始建構不同歷史之間的連結。縱使在長長的時間進程中，生活在你我兩國的人民間，始終存在某種連繫，但是將我們的距離拉開的，也正是時間的力量。還有許多故事仍等待被發現、被傳頌，只是，當我們分享、聆聽這些故事之際，我們也需要了解它們之所以被傳頌的原因，以及我們想知道這些故事的慾望從何而來——唯有如此，我們才能開始打造一個互利互益的未來。

Chang En-Man

Arena, 2012

7mins 51sec.

Arena unfolds on screen as a journey from Taipei to Wenleng village, Pingtung County in the mountains of southern Taiwan to a boxing arena where aboriginal Taiwanese youth are learning Thai boxing. Chang En-Man's reflective narrative addressing someone called Tip accompanies the video journey. In the monologue Chang speculates as to why she is motivated to make this journey "even though I don't know what I can do." The boxing arena in Wenleng is a place for young villagers to learn and focus. The coach, who is chief of the tribe and responsible for everyone's wellbeing, is more than a trainer, but also a mentor and caregiver for the village youths as they imagine futures for themselves.

Chang departs from Taipei choosing to travel south by driving down the mountainous eastern coast to view the scenery, "to see the beauty of it that I heard many consortia will develop" before it is changed. She speaks of the aboriginal tribes that have been displaced from this mountainous area to the western "plains of the modern life". The narrative journey lightly touches on many issues in relation to the effects of colonization for the "modern tribal society". It hints at some of the day-to-day issues such as which jobs have the most prestige, the problems posed to status and livelihood when people protest against nuclear waste dumps on tribal land, and more general problems of social wellbeing.

Tip lives in Chiang Mai, Thailand. Chang's narrative indicates an association between Tip and Muay Thai boxing champion Parinya Charoenphol who trained in Chiang Mai, and the arena in Wenleng. Parinya, affectionately called Nong Toom, is a transgender woman who used the money made from professional kickboxing to fund gender reassignment surgery. This is a very specific story of personal transformation realised through Muay Thai, yet it is an example of how one person was empowered and financially enabled to make changes in their life and through their fame inspire others. The implication being that transformation is possible.

Chang's work focuses on the effects of governmental policies affecting land ownership, urbanisation, commercialisation and industry that have had a negative impact on the culture and traditions of Taiwanese aborigines. The boxing arenas are like performance stages, where the live show reflects the situation of survival, offering the narrative and characters qualities both fictional and realistic. While the boxing arena serves as a catalyst, the work's main emphasis rests on the social and cultural surroundings. The arena and the cultural position of this confrontational exercise becomes a metaphor for the context experienced by Taiwanese aborigines who face significant changes in their environment and tribal society.

CH

張恩滿

《競技場》，2012年

7分51秒。

《競技場》的影片帶著我們從台北出發，一路漫行至台灣南部山上的屏東縣文樂村，尋找村裡一個給台灣原住民青少年練習泰拳的拳擊場。伴隨著這段錄像之旅的是張恩滿以反思性敘事法 (reflective narrative) 寫下的書信，發信的對象是一位名叫Tip的人。在她的獨白中，張恩滿思忖著自己安排這趟旅程的動機，「雖然我不知道我可以做什麼。」文樂村的拳擊場是村裡的年輕人來練習和學習專注的地方，教練是族裡的頭目，要照顧部落裡的所有族人。他不僅訓練選手的技擊，更是村裡年輕人的精神導師和看護者，在他們憧憬著未來的時刻伴隨左右。

張恩滿從台北啟程，因為想看看台灣東岸的風景，她選擇開車沿著依山傍水的東部海岸線南下，「聽說有很多財團都要去開發那裡，」所以要趁山河變色前去欣賞那裡的美。她娓娓道出被從山區迫遷、進入到台灣西部「平地的現代生活」的原住民部落。這段搭配敘事旁白的旅程，隱微地觸及與外來的權力殖民大力建設一個所謂「現代化的部落社會」有關的諸多議題，影射某些日常發生的問題，例如哪些職業最能獲得認同、當族人反對核廢料進入家園時，對身分與生計造成的問題，以及更多關於社會福利的一般性議題。

Tip住在泰國清邁。張恩滿的敘事旁白提到了Tip和泰拳拳王帕莉亞的關聯，這位拳王過去曾在清邁和文樂村的練習場受訓。暱稱「龍唐」的帕莉亞是名變性女，她用在職業拳賽中贏來的獎金為自己攢足了變性手術費。這是一個透過泰拳完成個人性別轉換的故事，同時也印證了一個人如何能掌握局勢，用自己的經濟能力改變生活，並借助成功帶來的聲望去影響更多人。作品意欲表述轉變乃事在人為的隱喻。

張恩滿的作品聚焦在對台灣原住民的文化與傳統形成負面衝擊的官方政策，這些舉措在在影響著土地的擁有、都市化、商業化、產業發展等面向。拳擊擂台就像表演台，台上的現場演出反應了真實的生存情境，賦予敘事內容和片中人物如假似真的特質。作品以拳擊場作為催化劑的同時，其首要重點還是著眼在社會和文化的大環境。藉由拳賽競技場和這種互相對抗的運動的文化定位，影射面對環境與部落社會大幅變遷的台灣原住民生活。

Chu ChunTeng

Taiwan Taiwan, 2011

Dual-channel HD video, 100 minutes

Created on the event of Taiwan's centennial anniversary (1911-2011), *Taiwan Taiwan* reflects Chu's acknowledgment of Taiwan's historical and ongoing complex political situation. The work's 100 minute duration is a direct reference to the centenary, which marks both the revolutionary overthrow of the Qing Dynasty and the establishment of the Republic of China. However, in mainland China, the celebratory focus of the centenary was the revolutionary movement, rather than the establishment of the Republic. The Chinese position concerning Taiwan further complicates matters: in the mainland, a formal unification of China and Taiwan has been pursued for over six decades. Chu captures this somewhat schizophrenic split identity via two erratic improvised performances, and in the simple gesture of the dual-channel format.

Taiwan Taiwan presents two prolonged single takes of two performers, which were shot separately. The two actors were not shown the script (the single word "Taiwan") until the moment immediately before filming, and were asked to express their idea of Taiwan in any way they liked without deviating from the script. Through these few constraints, Chu reflects a situation of imagined democracy, where freedoms are given and received in a controlled manner. Almost in direct and aggressive contravention of these strictures, the performers carry out a range of vigorous performative elements including singing, dancing, miming, and mimicking other media – at one point the male performer appears to harness the power of the sunflower in the Taiwanese flag as a fireball, a la Ryu from Street Fighter II. The flag, the only real prop in the work, remains a backdrop, an object of reverence, and the text in this scenario becomes an almost abridged national anthem, an absurd patriotic hymn.

Over the 100 minutes the performers traverse the gamut of emotions – at times visibly struggling to find new ways of expressing the two-syllable word. While these stutters are by-products of an extended and improvised durational performance, they could be read as indications of a kind of failure: the inability to enunciate a simple, albeit loaded word, revealing a deeper psychological struggle to come to terms with the entity that is Taiwan. Such moments of failure are, in fact, an integral and meaningful part of any collective self-realisation.

JH

朱駿騰

《臺灣臺灣》, 2011

雙頻道錄影。

《臺灣臺灣》創作于中華民國百年華誕之際, 它表達了朱駿騰對臺灣既往的、現時的複雜政治局勢的思考。錄影時長100分鐘, 致敬一百周年, 既是推翻滿清政府一百年, 又是中華民國成立一百年。然而, 在中國大陸, 各種百年慶典主要聚焦於辛亥革命, 而非民國的成立。中國對臺灣的立場使問題更為複雜, 在過去的六十多年裡, 大陸一直尋求兩岸的統一。朱駿騰以簡單的雙頻道形式, 通過兩個乖張的即興表演捕捉到了這種精神失調般的身份分裂。

《臺灣臺灣》呈現了兩個長時間鏡頭, 兩個鏡頭分別單獨拍攝, 各有一名表演者。這兩個演員臨拍攝前才得知鏡頭腳本僅有一個詞 —— 臺灣, 而兩人可以隨心所欲地表達他們對臺灣的看法, 只要不脫離這個腳本。朱駿騰想通過這種制約反思民主的處境; 在民主制度下, 自由總是以受控的方式在贈予和獲取。兩位表演者直面這些約束, 富於侵略性地表現了一系列生動的表演形式, 比如唱歌、舞蹈、默劇以及模仿其他媒介。男性表演者還一度模仿快打旋風II中的隆 (Ryu), 想要將國旗上白日的能量彙聚成一個火球。作為背景幕的中華民國國旗是整件作品唯一真正的支撐, 是令人起敬的標識。而在這一情境之中, 文本幾乎變成了刪減版的國歌, 一首荒誕的愛國頌歌。

在超過100分鐘的表演中, 兩位演員穿透了情緒表達的所有範圍, 他們時不時掙扎著去尋求表現「臺灣」的新方式; 一些結結巴巴的表達是這個長時間即興表演的副產品, 它們同時也可以看作是某種失敗的象徵。不能清楚地發出這個簡單卻又略顯沉重的名詞, 這多少揭示了他們在與實體「臺灣」達成和解時的內心掙扎。而實際上, 這些失敗的時刻構成了集體自我覺悟不可或缺的、意味深長的成分。

Nathan Pohio

The feral horses of Natasha von Braun,
2015

Dual-channel projection.

Landfall of a Spectre, 2012
Single-channel video.

The feral horses of Natasha Von Braun refers to the daughter of the evil Prof. Leonard Nosferatu Von Braun as played by Anna Karina in Jean-Luc Godard's dystopian classic, 'Alphaville' (1965). Nathan Pohio's double-channel projection follows on from an earlier equine-themed work, *A sleight of hand* (2006) and explores the power and limitations of representation via moving image, ideas central to Pohio's practice. Working with collage and stop-motion techniques, Pohio has created a herd of galloping horses for Natasha, a Programmer Second Class in the technocracy of Alphaville, whose life in Alphaville has been instrumentalised in the service of the ruling machine, of which her father is the creator.

In *The feral horses...*, the clinical, almost ahistoricised Alphaville becomes a metaphor for the unchecked 'progress' of utopian Western modernism, where values ascribed to the 'other' are pushed aside. Within this framework, the horse occupies an ambiguous semiotic position: bridled, it is a potent post-colonial symbol of settlement and husbandry, unsaddled it can represent pre-European contact or wilderness. By using the horse, Pohio engages with the idea of the revisionist Western, a cinematic movement which sought to re-evaluate the period genre in a truer sense of time, place and disrupt the standard Westerns that featured the heroic white man on a quest for survival, settlement, or revenge. In early Westerns, the American Indian would never be given the position of first nation person or aboriginal in his own land but would be seen as an abstraction in the night, or far off above a cliff face, always beyond reach and always a discomforting savage or threatening menace.

Pohio's work explores the existence of a universal cinematic language and questions the potential to make a film, or any other kind of moving image work without borrowing from already established visual codes. *The feral horses...* also references Edward Muybridge's early experiments in capturing moving image. By adapting these early strategies, Pohio actively deconstructs the colonising and historicising effect of the camera and its anthropological gaze. In its place Pohio raises the possibility of a mode of indigenous filmmaking; drawing on, and respecting values and forms of more genuine representation that may already exist.

The uneven qualities of the appropriated imagery in *The feral horses...* are intentionally included in the footage. These elements could be cleaned up during the editorial process. Yet, these visual bumps or interferences make the work more human and break the fourth wall. Embracing the hand of the artist addresses the telling details that have been eradicated in Alphaville: love, poetry, and chance. Natasha's horses gallop headlong toward something that might be freedom but at the same time they are trapped in their own, obviously artificial skins, never quite able to attain life.

南森 · 波西歐

《娜塔莎 · 馮 · 布勞恩的野馬》, 2015年
雙頻道投影。

《幽靈著陸》, 2012年
單頻道視頻。

娜塔莎 · 馮 · 布勞恩出自讓 · 呂克 · 戈達爾於1965年拍攝的反烏托邦經典《阿爾法城》，在該劇中，娜塔莎是邪惡的教授倫納德 · 諾斯法拉圖 · 馮 · 布勞恩的女兒，並由安娜 · 卡裡娜飾演。南森的雙頻道投影延續了他之前創作的一件同樣以馬為主題的作品——《巧妙手法》(2006)。通過動態影像，這件作品探討了表徵的力量與無能，這個理念貫穿於南森 · 波西歐的藝術實踐中。借助拼貼和單格拍制手法，波西歐為娜塔莎創造了一群疾馳的馬。在由技術官僚統治的阿爾法城中，娜塔莎是一名二級程序員，她的生活完全受制於一個具有感知能力的「阿爾法60」電腦系統，而這個系統的創始人正是她的父親。

在這件作品中，冷漠、無歷史感的阿爾法城成為烏托邦似的、未受遏制的西方現代主義進程的隱喻，他者的價值被棄置一旁。在這個架構之內，馬的形象具有符號學上的歧義：套上馬勒，它是殖民過程與畜牧業進程的一個有力的後殖民象徵，而卸下馬鞍，它又象徵著前歐洲時期的荒蕪與來往。波西歐的馬亦觸及到修正主義西部片的理念；這場電影運動力圖在一個更真實的時空內重新評價西部片，並且瓦解典型的西部片所刻畫的那種尋求生存、殖民亦或復仇的白種男性形象。早期的西部片中，美洲印第安人從未以「第一民族」或原住民的身份出現，他們有時抽象地佇立於夜色中，有時孤立於遠處的懸崖峭壁，好似他們總是野蠻而具有威脅的，總是那麼疏遠。

波西歐的作品探究是否存在一種普世的電影語言，並且質疑：如果不借助既有的視覺代碼(visual code)，我們還能製作電影或其它移動影像作品嗎？《娜塔莎 · 馮 · 布勞恩的野馬》也參考了攝影師埃德沃德 · 邁布裡奇19世紀末的移動影像實驗。波西歐重新改組這些早期的策略，旨在解構攝像機的殖民化與歷史化視角以及它在人類學意義上的注目(gaze)。在這裡，波西歐提出了一種原住民的電影製作模式的可能性，這種模式忠實於可能已經存在的更為真實的表徵形式，尊重它們的價值。

一些品質不均衡的圖像被有意挪用入影像中，它們本可以在編輯過程中清理掉，但是這些視覺上的干擾在某種程度上打破了「第四面牆」(the fourth wall)，讓這件作品顯得更為真實。擁抱藝術家之手則指向了阿爾法城中所泯滅的那些生動細節：愛情、詩歌和機遇。娜塔莎的馬奮力向前方奔馳，前方可能是自由，但同時，它們又禁錮於自身虛假的皮囊，永遠無法奔向新生。

Natalie Robertson

Kawerau drive through, 2006/2015

Digital video 4:3 with sound, 14 mins

27 secs.

Robertson's *Kawerau drive through* begins with the line "Once upon a time", a familiar phrase typically used to begin folktales that has been in use for centuries. The voice-over accompanying the video shot from inside a car driving around Robertson's home town of Kawerau, begins by recounting poetic narratives of the anthropomorphised landscape of Māori lore. In another ancient storytelling trope, the local volcanic mountains are characters in a love story tinged with romantic longing, sadness and folly. These narratives also describe the close relationship of Māori with the actively geothermal environment, which provided steam for cooking and hot water for bathing. The work "draws on customary and contemporary mythologies of land and place to examine paradoxes of economic development and environmental destruction."¹

Kawerau drive through is also a journey through time told from Robertson's perspective. She recounts modern history and personal experiences from her ongoing relationship with the place and the people who live and work in the town.

In 1952 the Tasman Pulp and Paper Company established a mill in Kawerau to process the timber from introduced forests of Radiata Pine in the nearby government owned Kāingaroa Forest. The site was ideal because the geothermal steam could be used as a power source. Kawerau, one of the youngest towns in Aotearoa New Zealand, was established as a mill town in 1953. A year later, Parliament passed the Tasman Pulp and Paper Company Enabling Act, which allowed the mill owners to use the nearby Tarawera River as a drain for waste from the Tasman Mill. This caused major environmental and social damage as the river turned black immediately after the discharge of toxic waste began. While this legislation has been challenged by many including political parties not in government, it has remained in place and given special consideration in the Resource Management Act (1991) due to 'exceptional circumstances' which are deemed to be the significance of the activity to the country's economy.²

Robertson's narrative continues with stories of her peers and their families who have been affected by the Tasman Mill. In another familiar story, one of the post-industrial, the people and economy of Kawerau both depend upon the mill and are afflicted by illness from its toxic waste. In 2005 the Bay of Plenty District health Board reported Kawerau as having "the highest age-standardised cancer

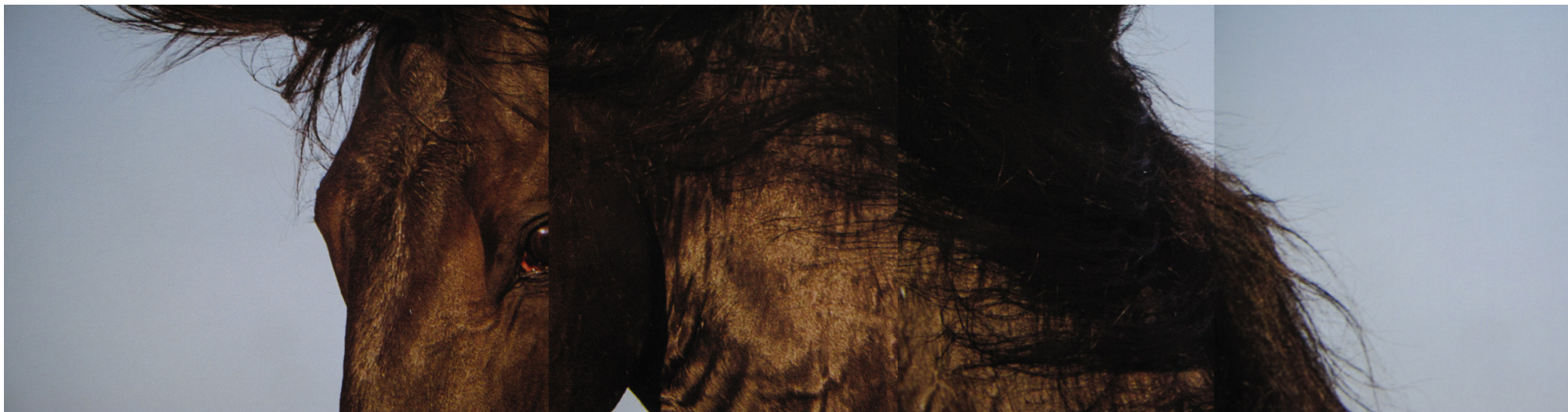
¹ Robertson discusses this in relation to the subsequent work *Uncle Tasman - The Trembling Current that Scars the Earth* (2008), <http://natalierobertson.weebly.com/uncle-tasman--the-trembling-current-that-scars-the-earth.html>

² For more information see: <http://www.pce.parliament.nz/assets/Uploads/PCE-RMA-Amendment-Bill2.pdf>



Chang En-Man, *Arena*, still from video, 2012

Chu ChunTeng, *Taiwan Taiwan*, six stills from dual-channel video, 2011



Nathan Pohio, *The feral horses of Natasha von Braun*, working image from video, 2015
Natalie Robertson, Location photo for *Kawerau drive through: Tasman Mill*, 2014



Natalie Robertson, Location photo for *Kawerau drive through: Putauaki Maunga*, 2014



Shannon Te Ao, *Two shoots that stretch far out*, still from video, 2013-14
Teng Chao-Ming, *Becoming a different person*, 2011

registration rate of all health Territorial Authorities in New Zealand.”³

Kawerau drive through is a lamentation of the effects of colonisation, careless and destructive industrial practices and the environment and people that bear the scars. Robertson’s narrative bears witness to some of these people in a place that is both specific and archetypical.

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3 Bay of Plenty District Health Board Health Needs Assessment Population Health Status Analysis 2001 – 2005 Planning and Service Development, Planning & Funding Group, BOPDHB, 2005, p.28. http://s3.amazonaws.com/zanran_storage/www.bopdhb.govt.nz/ContentPages/2324627753.pdf

娜塔莉·羅伯森

穿越凱瓦勞, 2006/2015

數位錄像, 畫面比例4:3, 有聲, 14分27秒。

羅伯森的《穿越凱瓦勞》以「很久很久以前」為開場白, 千百年來, 這句熟悉的台詞為許多民間傳說揭開序幕。作品呈現一輛車開在羅伯森的故鄉凱瓦勞, 從車內往外拍攝的錄像作品搭配著的旁白, 開始細數毛利傳說裡被擬人化的山川地景編織出的詩意故事。在另一種古老的以說故事作為轉喻的例子, 當地的火山是一篇帶著些許浪漫的渴望與哀傷, 且荒唐的愛情故事的主角。這些故事也描繪了毛利人和活躍的地熱環境的密切關係, 地熱為烹調提供了熱騰騰的蒸汽, 為沐浴淨身提供了熱水。此作「利用土地與地方的傳統及現代神話, 來檢視經濟發展與環境破壞的矛盾。」

《穿越凱瓦勞》也是一段透過羅伯森的角度而娓娓道來的光陰故事。她從自己與這個地方, 以及在這個鎮上安居立命的人們之間持續發展的關係, 追敘近代的歷史和個人的生命經歷。

1952年時, 塔斯曼紙漿與造紙場在凱瓦勞蓋了一間製造廠, 主要處理附近一塊由政府擁有的凱恩加魯阿森林裡的輻射松這種外來林種。這個地區因為有可當作動力來源的地熱蒸汽, 而成為理想的選擇。凱瓦勞在1953年正式成為一個以造紙業為主的城鎮, 是紐西蘭這個「綿綿白雲之鄉」(Aotearoa, 毛利語, 音譯為奧特亞羅瓦) 最新興的城鎮之一。一年後, 紐西蘭國會通過了塔斯曼紙漿與造紙廠授權法案, 同意讓擁有造紙廠的財團可以把廢水排放到附近的塔拉威拉河裡。此舉帶來了嚴重的環境破壞並傷及社會觀感, 因為當有毒的廢水被排放出來後, 塔拉威拉河立即變成一條黑河。即使陸續有人質疑這條法令的正當性, 包括來自非執政黨的聲音, 但法令依舊保持原狀, 此外還因為其「特殊情況」——即被視為國家經濟的重要活動——而在1991年頒訂的「資源管理法」中, 被給予特殊考量。

羅伯森所寫的故事則繼續描述曾經受到塔斯曼造紙廠影響的同儕和家人的故事, 在另一個熟悉的故事中, 描寫後工業時代的xx, 凱瓦勞的人民和經濟都仰賴著造紙廠, 也同時受到它所釋出的有毒廢料所苦。2005年, 豐盛灣區衛生局的統計數據指出, 凱瓦勞有「紐西蘭所有健康區域當局中最高的年齡標準化癌症登記率」。

《穿越凱瓦勞》悲嘆著殖民化、草率且帶來破壞的工業運作所造成的後續效應, 以及將這些傷害概括承受的政府及人民。羅伯森的故事見證了某些生活在一個具體而且典型的地方的人們的經歷。

ACT 1: This not a love story.

Once upon a time, long long ago, a tall and handsome volcanic mountain, Putauaki, lived with his wife Tarawera, a mountain upstream. Out at sea, Whakaari, an enchanting and flirtatious young volcano sent puffs of white smoke high into the sky above the azure sea she was surrounded by. Driven crazy with love for her, Putauaki deserted his wife and went in pursuit of Whakaari. Cautiously he tiptoed away, but his movement created a great trembling in the ground and his footsteps carved into the earth behind him. His son awoke upon hearing him and followed him. He asked where he was going, but feeling ashamed of his plans Putauaki did not answer him. All night, the child tugged at him.

This made traveling painfully slow—so slow, that the sun caught him where he now stands. In the full light of day he could not go on and advertise his intentions to the world. He looked back and saw his wife weeping for him. This made him more ashamed. He could not go forward and he could not go back; so he stayed where he still is, at Kawerau, with his child. Tarawera still weeps for him and her tears filled his footsteps and formed the Tarawera River. The child is the foothill to Putauaki.

Much later, in the 16th century, the famed Māori chief Tuwharetoa, a descendant of the chief of the Arawa canoe, and his people lived in the area. Tuwharetoa's mother was of Te Tini o Kawerau, the earlier inhabitants and

Ngati Awa lines. Tuwharetoa died and was buried there not far from the present day township, and his bones were later placed in an ancient burial cave.

In ancient times, the area was densely populated with people attracted by the geothermal activity that provided constant warm water for bathing and hot steam for cooking. Much later again, newcomers from over the seas, also attracted by the geothermal steam, established a new puffing trembling giant that would scar the land in new ways.

Born in Kawerau at the foot of the mountain Putauaki, I grew up with the smell of sulphur in my nostrils, and I played in the steaming mud and sulphur pits on my way home from school. The fragile crust of the earth could burst open at any time, sending forth vents of steam and revealing the boiling world below. Now, the smell of sulphur triggers a pang of homesickness. The stories of my childhood were populated with the gods and goddesses of Māori cosmology and with the knowledge that volcanic mountains were prone to running off in pursuit of distant lovers. We were told of caves once inhabited by historic ancestors and on the mountain caves that held the bones of their past occupants.

As a child, my bedroom window looked directly at the mountain, and I would often stare out wishing to see the caves, and wanting, but not wanting to see the bones. At times the towering mountain was ablaze as a forest fire ripped across its hide. I remember cowering with my equally young neighbours, Lynette and Sandra, in

their garage, certain that the fire would tear down from the mountain and consume us.

As teenagers, we swam at night in enigmatic warm steaming streams in the nearby bush belonging to local Māori families. Frequently Ruaumoko, the God of earthquakes and all geothermal activity, would start kicking in the womb of Papatuanuku the Earth Mother and we would dive under our desks and tables as we'd be taught. The name literally means the Trembling Current that Scars the Earth. Rū is an earthquake, while Moko is the art of tattoo. Our Māori cosmology recognizes through the stories of mountains that move, the scientific understanding of seismic activity and the relational of all things above and beneath the earth.

The romance of my birthplace was overshadowed by the monstrous Tasman Pulp and Paper mill. The site for the mill was selected in 1952 for its geothermal reservoir of steam and the Tarawera river water supply. The mill provided employment – and ironically poisoned the Tarawera River with dioxins and organochlorines.

In 1962, Rachel Carson wrote 'Silent Spring', and she stated that:

"For the first time in the history of the world, every human being is now subjected to contact with dangerous chemicals, from the moment of conception until death."

In 1954, less than a decade earlier, the New Zealand Government passed the Tasman Pulp and Paper Enabling Act specifically requiring that all effluent from the new Kawerau paper mill would be discharged into the Tarawera river. The Parliamentary records, Hansard,

shows there was debate about the effects on farmers down stream using the river for stock watering, but the discharges were described as "so slight as to be almost unnoticeable". The exemption of the company from prosecution or individual action for damages was regarded as necessary in case "some crank gets a bee in his bonnet" and brings an action for pollution. (Jeanette Fitzsimons MP, Green Party Co-Leader, in a Special Debate on 150th Anniversary of Parliament, 24th May 2004, described this use of waterways as "sewers for industry")

Not surprisingly, the debate didn't mention the effects of the discharges on the Māori community Onepu downstream and downwind from the mill. Nearby, the hot pools that once were a local bathing place of the chief Tuwharetoa's people are now polluted with waste. Downstream from the mill, the Tarawera River is referred to by locals as the Black Drain. The tears of Tarawera flow to the sea filled daily with tones of effluent and is the most serious dioxin contamination of any water-body in NZ.

The seismic activity below the earth was matched by the labour and employment volatility above ground, with union strikes stretching out from days into weeks and months, at times threatening an end to the small town of 8000 where I lived. However, the mill with its billowing chimneys spewing out stinky toxic emissions was also the Great Provider, not only of jobs but also of clothing and many other perks, and so the benevolent title of Uncle Tasman was bestowed.

ACT 2. Death is a distant rumour to the young.

The first person that I remember dying of cancer was Paula Hansen. [08.07.71] She was 17 years old. I was about 9 and didn't really know her even though her family lived only a few doors down our street and her younger sister Kerry was the same age as my older brother. When I walked past their house on my way to school, I felt like I should tiptoe, so as not to disturb her, and after she died, everything seemed so quiet in the street. It was whispered that the family kept her room exactly as it was. After her death her parents, who owned the local book and toyshop, looked like ghosts to me.

My memory of Averialle Whalley is less clear, as I was younger then. I remember hearing at primary school that she was sick and wouldn't be coming back. Her brother Michael was in my class. Then one day, a hearse, the first I remember seeing, stopped outside our primary school, very close to the Whalley's house to take Averialle away.

Then Noel Hawgood went. 11.06.77. His family lived in the street around the corner too. He was 21 and had really lived, or so I thought. I was about 14 at the time. Cancer again.

The next year, Monique Leenan died. She was so tiny and shrivelled that I walked past her in the hospice, thinking her to be an old lady. I had to ask the nurse where she was. Monique had lived just around the corner. She was 14 or 15 when she died, and this by time I was going on 16. Monique had looked after my horse while I studied for exams at school, but her Mum said she was losing too much weight. Turned

out it was leukaemia, just like Paula.

I left Kawerau the day I finished high school. My neighbour Sandra and I walked home from school for the very last time contemplating our futures.

For the next few years, motorbike and car fatalities were more frequent than the cancers. But during that time Lindsay Haywood, the surfer with the coolest purple panel van, passed away. My Dad, an ordained minister, took his funeral.

At first it seemed that Sandra's ovarian tumour was containable and no one wanted to talk about it too much. As my next-door neighbour, I'd known Sandra her whole life. A year or so younger than me, we became better friends after her older sister Lynette, who I hung out with all the time, left home. Less than a year after the c-word was first spoken, Sandra died on January 1st, 1990.

It wasn't one of these, well, you know, at least they're prepared for it, kind of deaths. It was messy, painful and terribly lonely. Sandra had pretty much stopped speaking to anyone a few months earlier, and my last conversation with her was only a few days before she went, as I headed off on my birthday for New Year's festivities. I felt selfish and mean and disconnected to this shell of a woman lying in the bed she'd slept in as a child, in the small airless darkened room, the too-large floral dress she'd been given for Christmas hanging pathetically limp from a coat-hanger on the door, as she wished me a happy birthday.

I heard that my childhood friend from primary school, Meredith Olsen, daughter of the mill manager, died of

cancer too, though she left Kawerau when she was about 9. I'd always wanted to catch up with her again, but never had. I heard about Cherie Barkla too, who had lived down the street in the end house when we were kids – she was the same age as Sandra. Cancer. And then Tiffany Waghorn, younger still.

My dear friend Chris told me that Easter, almost 10 years ago, that he had melanoma and it was in his lymphs, He died just 9 weeks later, all skin and bone. He'd been working at the Whakatane sawmill for a few months when the tumours were found. I always thought he'd be killed in a motorbike accident, as his brother had been. Ghost on the highway, I'll love you forever.

About six years ago, a couple of days after returning from an overseas trip, Chris's good friend Grant called me to tell me that Daine Hartley, my first ever "boyfriend" from Form 2, had been diagnosed three weeks earlier and had died very quickly, within 2 weeks. Stomach cancer. And that Chris Delaney, Daine's childhood friend, and another classmate of mine, was terminally ill too, that Robert Gleed, from over the back fence, also the same age, he'd got it too, and that Raymond Turnbull, a year older, was on the list. Chris Delaney died the following January. To date, 4 out of 13 Kawerau kids who had made it to my combined 6th and 7th form class, had died of cancer. More are dead for other reasons. My boyfriend from when I was 14, David O'Brien got it too, but he's survived. In the 3 streets of the area on the hill where I grew up, I can count 7 deaths and at least 2 survivors of

cancer, in those under 40. I am not even going to try to count up the number of mill workers who died.

So, with all these boyfriends and schoolmates dying, I kinda figure it's me, or something in the air.

Death is a distant rumour to the young.

In 1886 Tarawera mountain blew her top, erupting with such force the world famous Pink and White Terraces were destroyed and an entire village was buried. We're aware that while Putauaki stands dormant watching over his puffing, hissing competitor, he may decide yet to tiptoe away in the night in pursuit of his dream lover, the sexy and flirtatious marine volcano Whakaari. Leaving Uncle Tasman in his wake.

《穿越凱瓦勞》的故事, 2006年 娜塔莉·羅伯森

第一幕: 這不是一則愛情故事

很久很久以前, 有一座高聳英挺的火山, 名叫普陶阿基 (Putauaki)。他的妻子塔拉威拉 (Tarawera) 是山的上游區, 夫妻倆住在一起。而在海洋的一方, 有一座迷人又愛獻媚的火山法卡里 (Whakaari)。她的四周圍繞著蔚藍的大海, 年輕的她總是頻頻朝天空噴出一陣陣白色煙霧。普陶阿基瘋狂地迷戀上法卡里, 決定拋棄妻子去追求她。他打算暗中偷偷摸摸地離開, 但即使再小心, 他的動作還是撼動了大地, 而在他走過的地面上, 也留下一窪一窪凹陷的足跡。他的兒子因為聽到這些聲音而醒了過來, 並且跟上來問父親要去哪裡。普陶阿基對自己的詭計感到無地自容, 面對兒子的質問更是無言以對。一整夜, 兒子都緊緊巴著他不放。

這樣一來, 他的行動變得異常費力, 速度也變慢了——慢到太陽的亮光把他現在矗立的地方照的通明。光天化日之下, 他已無法繼續執行他的計畫, 否則全世界都會看清他的意圖。他回頭看到妻子仍在為他掉淚, 使他更加羞愧不已。他陷入進退兩難的困境; 只好和兒子停在凱瓦勞

(Kawerau) 原地不動, 直到今日。塔拉威拉仍不斷為他落淚, 滴下的淚珠填滿了他留下的足印, 變成了塔拉威拉河 (Whakaari River)。他的兒子就是普陶阿基山腳下的小土墩。

到了許久之後的16世紀, 此處成了有名的毛利酋長圖法利托阿

(Tuwharetoa) ——阿瑞瓦獨木舟

(Arawa canoe) 酋長的後裔——和其族人的主要生活居。圖法利托阿的母親特提尼歐凱瓦勞 (Te Tini o Kawerau) 是較早在此建立家園的居民, 他們屬於納蒂阿瓦 (Ngati Awa) 家族。圖法利托阿死後就葬在此地, 離今日的鎮區不遠, 他的遺骨後來被安置在一個古老的墓穴裡。

古時候, 此處的地熱活動吸引了不少

來此定居的人潮, 地熱提供源源不斷的溫水, 可做沐浴之用, 而熱呼呼的蒸汽還可用來烹調食物。又過了許久, 從海外再度來了一批同樣因地熱活動慕名而至的人, 他們蓋了一座會噴煙又會震動的新巨獸, 用新的方式傷害著大地。

我出生於普陶阿基山腳下的凱瓦勞, 從小便是聞著硫磺味兒長大。從學校回家的路上, 會在冒著蒸汽的泥巴和硫磺坑中玩耍。地球脆弱的外殼任何時間都可能爆開, 從裂口噴出縷縷蒸汽, 露出地表下沸騰滾燙的世界。現在, 硫磺味兒會讓我開始想家。我在童年聽的故事, 充滿了毛利人的宇宙觀裡的男女眾神, 而且相信火山會為了追求遙遠的情人而遁逃。我們聽過那些祖先曾經居住過的洞穴, 還有洞居的前人在死後會將骨骸埋在原居山洞的習俗。

小時候, 我從臥房的窗戶就可以直接看到那座山。我常常望著窗外, 希望能看到那些洞穴, 更帶著期待又怕受傷害的心情想要看到那些骨骸。有時, 高聳的山像森林大火般發出熊熊的火光, 撕裂了山的表層。我記得曾和年紀相仿的鄰居女孩琳奈特和珊卓, 嚇得躲在她們家的車庫, 一心想著火焰將從山上一路燒下來, 把年幼的我們一一吞噬。

青少年時, 我們會在附近叢林裡神奇的、冒著溫暖蒸汽的河裡游泳, 那塊林地是屬於當地毛利家族的。地震與火山之神羅奧摩柯 (Ruaumoko) 不時會在地母帕普托努庫 (Papatuanuku) 的子宮裡開始踢啊踢的, 我們就要趕緊躲在桌椅下面, 像我們學到的那樣。羅奧摩柯這個名字的意思就是「在地球上留下痕跡的顫動之流」。羅 (ru) 是指地震, 摩柯 (moko) 則是刺青藝術。我們的毛利宇宙觀透過會移動的山的故事, 來理解地震活動的科學和天地萬物的關係。

後來, 流傳在我出生地的浪漫故事因怪物似的塔斯曼紙漿及造紙廠而蒙上一層陰影。該公司於1952年選定在此設廠, 就是看中了這裡所儲存的地熱蒸汽和塔拉威拉河的水資源。造紙廠自然帶來了不少就

業機會——但諷刺的是, 它排放的戴奧辛和有機氯也毒害了塔拉威拉河。

瑞秋·卡森在1962年出版的《寂靜的春天》一書中這樣寫道:

現今, 每個人從母體內受孕到死亡, 都在被迫接觸危險的化學物質; 這是以前從未發生過的。

距離她寫下這段話不到十年之前, 紐西蘭政府於1954年通過塔斯曼紙漿與造紙授權法案, 特別要求所有從新凱瓦勞造紙廠排放出的汙水都應泄到塔拉威拉河。國會紀錄上——即稱為Hansard的國會議事錄——記載了一場關於下游農民用河水餵食家畜所產生的影響的討論, 但是排放的廢水當時被形容是「輕微的幾乎無法察覺」。該公司獲得不受起訴或個別傷害行為的豁免權, 這被認為是一個必要的作法, 以免「某個怪人的腦袋裝了什麼莫名其妙的想法」, 然後做出汙染的行為。(國會議員珍妮特·菲茨曼斯, 綠黨共同黨魁, 在2004年5月24日國會150周年紀念的特別討論上, 將這個排水道的使用形容為「工業用的汙水道」。)

不意外的, 這次的討論並沒有提到排放的廢水對位在下游和造紙廠下風處的毛利族群歐奈普 (Onepu) 所造成的影響。附近那些曾是圖法利托阿酋長的族人用來游泳沐浴的熱水池也被廢水汙染了。在造紙廠下游的塔拉威拉河被當地人稱為黑水溝。塔拉威拉流向大海的淚水每天都灌滿了汙水, 變成了全紐西蘭受戴奧辛汙染最嚴重的水資源。

地面上的勞資騷動幾乎可以媲美地表下的地震活動。工會的罷工從數日擴大成數周, 繼而延長成數個月, 好幾次還威脅到我住的八千人小鎮的存亡。只不過, 從轟隆隆的煙囪持續噴出極臭的有毒排放物的造紙廠, 仍算是當地的大供應家, 除了工作機會之外, 還有衣服和許多其他的利益——因此被授予「塔斯曼大叔」這個如同大行善家般稱號。

第二幕: 死亡對年輕人是一個遙不可及的流言

第一個在我記憶中因癌症死去的人是賈拉·韓森 (1971年7月8日)。她死的時候只有十七歲, 而我也才九歲, 對她的事知道的不多。但我們兩家住在同一條街上, 中間只隔了幾戶人家, 她的妹妹凱莉和我哥哥同年。我去學校的路上經過他們家時, 總覺得應該要踮著腳尖走, 才不會打擾到她。在她過世之後, 街上的一切似乎變得非常安靜。大家私底下都傳著, 在她死後, 她的家人原封不動的保留她房裡的擺設。她的父母在鎮上開了一家賣書和玩具的店, 在我眼中, 他們在賈拉死後就成了行屍走肉。

我對艾薇瑞爾·惠利的印象就更模糊了, 因為那時我年紀更小。我只記得, 那時還在讀小學的我, 在學校裡聽說她生病了, 不會再回來上學了。她的弟弟麥可和我同班。不久後的某日, 一輛靈車——我記得我是第一個看到的——停在學校外面。惠利一家的房子離學校很近, 他們來把艾薇瑞爾接走了。

然後諾埃爾·豪古德也走了。1977年6月11日。他們家也住在同一條街上, 就在轉角處。他死的時候已經二十一歲, 算是有經歷過人生了, 至少我是這樣想的。那時我大約十四歲。又是癌症。

隔年, 莫妮克·里南死了。她的個子很小而且全身乾巴巴的, 我在安養院經過她的身旁時, 以為她是一個老太太。我向護士打聽她的下落。莫妮克住的不遠, 死的時候大約十四或十五歲, 那時我已經快要十六歲了。我在準備學校考試的時候, 莫妮克曾幫我照顧過我的馬, 但她媽媽說她的體重一直掉。結果她得的是白血病, 和賈拉一樣。

從高中畢業的當天我就離開凱瓦勞。我和鄰居珊卓最後一次一起從學校走回家, 我們的心裡都在盤算著未來的計畫。

接下來的幾年, 死於機車和汽車車禍的人數高過了癌症。但在那段期間, 林賽·海伍德過世了, 他是玩衝浪的, 有一台極酷的紫色廂型貨車。我的父親是一名經過正式任命的牧師, 他主持了林賽的喪禮。

起初, 珊卓的卵巢腫瘤似乎是可以控

制的，而且沒有人想要多談。她是我隔壁鄰居，我們從小一起長大。她比我小一兩歲，以前我和她姊姊麗奈特常常黏在一起，但自從她離家後，珊卓和我反而變成更親密的手帕交。不到一年後，開始有人提到癌這個字，珊卓死於1990年1月1日。

珊卓的死不是那種，你知道，就是心理準備的那種。當時的情況有點棘手，很痛苦，而且好孤單。珊卓在死前幾個月就不再跟任何人講話。我們最後一次說話是她過世前沒幾天，那天是我生日，我正要去參加新年慶祝活動。我去看她時，眼前這個女孩讓我覺得好陌生，她只剩下一副軀殼，躺在從小睡到大的床上，陰暗狹小的房間裡連空氣都彷彿是停滯的，一件尺寸過大的碎花洋裝——那是她的聖誕節禮物——軟綿綿地掛在門上的衣架，讓人不免有些感傷。她祝我生日快樂時，我覺得自己好自私，好無情。

我聽說梅芮迪斯·歐爾森也死於癌症。我們從小一起長大，念同一間小學。她是造紙廠經理的女兒，不過她九歲左右就離開凱瓦勞了。我一直想要找時間和她敘敘舊，但始終沒有付諸行動。薛麗·柏克拉的事我也聽說了。小時候，他們家是街尾的最後一戶——她和珊卓同年。癌症。然後是蒂芬妮·瓦格霍恩，她的年紀更小。

我的好朋友克里斯在那年的復活節時告訴我——那是差不多是十年前的事了——他有惡性黑色素瘤，長在他的淋巴。九週後他就死了，瘦得只剩皮包骨。發現腫瘤時，他已經在法卡塔尼(Whakatane)的鋸木廠上了好幾個月的班。我一直覺得他應該會死於摩托車的車禍意外，就跟他哥哥一樣。高速公路上的鬼，我會永遠愛你。

約莫六年前，我從一趟海外之旅回國的幾天後，克里斯的好友格蘭特打電話告訴我，我在小學第八年級交的第一任「男朋友」丹恩·哈特利在三週前確診，兩週內就死了。胃癌。克里斯·德萊尼的病也進入末期了，他是丹恩小時候的朋友，是我的同班同學。還有住在我家後院另一邊的羅伯特·葛里德，也是和我同年，也得了癌症，然後

雷蒙·特恩布爾，比我大一歲，也在名單上。克里斯·德萊尼後來在一月時過世了。我讀到中學第四年和第五年合班時，班上只剩下十三個凱瓦勞的孩子，直到今日，又有四個死於癌症。還有一些死於其他原因。我十四歲時交往的男朋友大衛·歐布萊恩也得癌症，但他熬過來了。在我成長的山丘地區的三條街上，四十歲以下的人口中，我可以數出七個人死於癌症，兩個人戰勝癌症。不過我並不想去計算曾在造紙廠上班後來也死掉的人數。

所以呢，因為死神已經帶走這麼多我的昔日男友和同學，我猜祂可能是衝著我來的，也可能是因為某種莫名的原因吧。

死亡對年輕人是一個遙不可及的流言
塔拉威拉火山在1886年爆發，噴出的力量是如此強烈，摧毀了全球知名的粉紅色與白色梯形丘，也掩埋了山下的整座村落。我們很清楚，當休眠中的普陶阿基火山正高高聳立地看著自己噴出的煙灰，作勢恫嚇對手時，或許他還是會再一次決定在夜裡偷偷摸摸地離開，去追求他的夢中情人，那個賣弄風情的海中火山法卡里，還在走後留下塔斯曼大叔。

Shannon Te Ao

Two shoots that stretch far out, 2013-14

Cinematography Iain Frengley, HD

video, sound, 13min 23sec.

In *Two shoots that stretch far out* Shannon Te Ao recites a pre-colonial Māori waiata (song) in English to various animals, including a donkey, geese, a swan, rabbits and a wallaby. The waiata is titled '*He Waiata Mo Te Moe Punarua*' (*The Song of the First Wife*) and the author is attributed to Matahira a Ngāti Porou¹ woman who was the wife of Te Kotiri a man of chiefly status. In the waiata, Matahira shares the emotional turmoil and faded intimacy caused by her husband taking on a second wife.

As a charming but absurd gesture, Te Ao's reading to an audience of animals takes on a solemn tone as Matahira's lament is enunciated. The words may indeed be falling on deaf ears that cannot conceive the human meanings but there is a hope pursued, evident in his multiple recitals, that perhaps they might. As a viewer, I have an urge to automatically anthropomorphise each creature – imagining that they do indeed respond to the words with empathetic patience and solemn meditation.

With this understanding, Te Ao's odd menagerie could be considered as an audience who are not unintelligible but who may offer a connection to another realm of existence. Since all these animals are also not native to New Zealand perhaps we should consider them as spiritual ambassadors carrying lingering life-forces of their original lands. Thus, Te Ao's recital could be considered as an attempt at cross-cultural dialogue, one that highlights disconnection as much as it might seek commonality between the displaced or afflicted as a result of colonisation and globalisation.

The artwork's title references the pēpeha "E kimi ana i ngā kawai i toro ki tawhiti" (Seeking two shoots that stretch far out).² Pēpeha are short sayings or idioms that are poetically and musically crafted to convey proverbial meaning.³ This pēpeha specifically describes the creeping shoots growing from a gourd plant likened to someone "seeking to establish a distant relationship or seeking to rediscover his or her own roots".⁴

Through his solemn readings the divergent relationships that Te Ao references are multiple: we listen to Matahira's story of loss and pain from being emotionally and physically separated from her companion; by verbalizing the waiata Te Ao reaches out to connect with the minds of those past, blurs gender association and seeks the companionship of kindred animalia.

In the context of *These stories began before we arrived*, the artwork's title takes on additional significance. For under the auspices of economic and cultural

exchange, this exhibition questions what might be gained through a relationship between two nations – a relationship that has recently been attributed to deep genetic and linguistic roots due to the indigenous Taiwanese who, a few thousand years ago, are thought to have migrated across the Pacific. In this sense, the suggestion of seeking two shoots that grow in opposite directions could be considered an apt allegory for the challenge of reconnecting a relationship now long separated.

BEP

夏農·特·奧

《兩株伸得又遠又遙的枝芽》, 2013-2014

年

攝影: 伊恩·法蘭格利, HD錄像, 有聲, 13分23秒

在《兩株伸得又遠又遙的枝芽》一作中, 夏農·特·奧用英文吟唱一首在毛利人被殖民前即存在的歌謠 (waiata), 他的聽眾包括一隻驢、一群鵝、一隻天鵝、幾隻兔子、一隻小袋鼠等數種不同的動物。這首名為《一夫二妻之歌》(另譯為《太太的歌》)(*He Waiata Mo Te Moe Punarua*) 的作者據說是納提波羅烏族 (Ngāti Porou) 的馬塔希拉, 她是柯提利酋長的妻子。歌謠中, 馬塔希拉道出因丈夫納了第二個妻子後的感情折磨和日漸逝去的愛意。

特·奧對著動物唱歌讓人聽了陶醉, 但這行為多少有些荒誕, 他的語氣莊嚴正經, 一字一句地吐出馬塔希拉的悲歌。或許這些動物聽眾各個都像鴨子聽雷, 但他仍反覆重述, 衷心期待這些非人類的觀眾終究會理解。身為觀者的我總是想將每隻動物擬人化——想像牠們真的心生共鳴, 因移情作用而耐著性子聽, 嚴肅地思索這齣悲劇。

從這個角度來理解的話, 特·奧的奇幻動物群就不盡然是一群無法溝通的觀眾, 反而是與他界聯繫的媒介。再者, 因為這些動物全非紐西蘭的原生物種, 或許我們也可以將其視為一群各自帶著原鄉的生命能量來到紐西蘭的心靈大使團。如此一來, 特·奧再三重述的行為便如一種企圖築起跨文化對話的舉動, 一方面突顯文化間的截離, 同時也探求介於因殖民和全球化而造成的錯置與苦難之間的共通性。

作品名稱引用「尋找兩株伸得又遠又遙的枝芽」這句pēpeha——pēpeha是指短篇諺語或慣用語, 通常以詩意與音樂性表達寓意。¹這句pēpeha具體地描繪從一株葫蘆慢慢冒出的新芽好似某人「企圖建立一個遙遠的關係或渴望重新發現他／她自己的根」。²

特·奧透過正經嚴肅的朗讀, 企圖提出多重的歧異關係: 我們聽著馬塔希拉因與伴侶身心異離而感到失去和痛苦的故事; 特·奧透過唸出這首歌謠的形式與先人取得感應, 同時也模糊了性別的聯想, 並且尋求動物家族的情誼與陪伴。

此作的名稱放在「這些故事在我們到來之前便已展開」一展的脈絡下具有格外顯著的意義。在經濟與文化交流為基礎理念下, 本展試問透過兩國之間的關係究竟可以獲得什麼——據說台灣原住民在幾千年前曾橫渡平洋向外遷移, 基於此因, 近年間, 這份關係被認為具有深刻的遺傳和語言的根源。由此推之, 尋找兩株朝反方向成長的枝芽可說是貼切地暗喻重新連結一份已切斷許久的關係所面臨的挑戰。

1 A tribe located on the East coast of the North Island of New Zealand

2 Hirini Moko Mead, Neil Grove. Ngā Pēpeha a ngā Tipuna: The Sayings of the Ancestors. Wellington: Victoria University Press, 2003 edition. p. 29

3 ibid, p. 9

4 ibid, p. 29

1 同上, 頁9。

2 同上, 頁29。

He Waiata Mō Te Moe Punarua

E roto i ahau e whanawhana noa rā;
Te mōkai puku nei nāna rawa i tekateka,
Roha noa i te hiwi ki Wharerewa rā ia.
He haonga nā roto ki tōna tāne rā ia,
O ngā raro rā e ko tāua anake.
He mea te ngākau ka puia me he ao.
Ka mānu i ahau he rimu kai te awa.
He atua te tāne whakaako i te itinga,
He turaki he wawae i a māua nei.
He pito kaingākau nāku ki a koe.
Kei te rurenga mai ko ia tonu tēnā.
Kātahi nei te hore o te hanga punarua;
Ko āna tanguru mai ki tōna takotoranga,
Ko te whiti, ko te wara ka tae mai ki ahau
Auaka, e Mare, e kōhuraia mai,
Nāu te waka nei he whakahau ki te awa.
Ka hiko taku manako ki te hori ki waho
rā,
Kia whakatomokia te hanga kikino nei.
Ko au ka uhupoho ki ōku moenga,
E kimia mai nei e te tāne atua,
Ngāruru ana rā te taringa whakarongo,
ē!

一夫二妻之歌

從內心啊, 唉, 我的想法如無頭蒼蠅般頻頻
向外飛衝;
是這個不自由的軀體困惑著我,
眼前所見的法雷雷瓦丘正綿延鋪展開來,
我的內心亦同時渴望著她擁有的那個男
人,
我憶起, 親愛的, 曾與你獨處的昔日時光。
我的心像雲朵一般翻滾;
而我就像河裡隨波逐流的雜草。
神一般的愛人啊, 新婚時你就像我的良師
那時愛意正濃的我們形影不離。
這, 唉, 不過是對你的模糊飄渺的記憶,
因為, 無疑地, 你已完全棄我而去。
可嘆啊, 共侍一夫的悲哀!
我不斷聽到我倆纏綿難分時他那低沉的聲
音,
那悅耳的聲音, 低吟的耳語, 我都聽到了。
噢, 夢魘之魔, 不要再這樣折磨我,
因我就像你停在河邊的獨木舟一般對你言
聽計從,
內心的渴望是如此強烈就要湧出迸發
突然地我已不再在乎了
然而我的軀體如此痛苦不堪於是乎我躺下
身來,
不時被幽靈般的愛人哄騙,
我的耳朵竟會沉溺在不悅的音信中, 唉, 我
啊!

The Song of the First Wife

(also known as *A Song About Two Wives*)

Within, alas, my thoughts are vainly thrusting outwards;
It was this servile body which did me confound,
Spread out now is my view of Wharerewa hill,
Whilst inwardly I long for the man she now possesses,
Recalling, dear one, other days when we two were alone.
My mind is now tossed about like the clouds;
And I am as the drifting weeds of the river.
A godlike lover as tutor you were when we
newly wed.
It was then we lover-like oft our limbs entwined.
This, alas, is but an elusive memory of you,
For, assuredly, you have utterly forsaken me.
Alas, the wretchedness of a husband shared!
How oft I listened to his deep voice when encouched apart,
The delighted voice, the low whispers, were heard by me.
Never more, O Mare, tantalise me thus,
For I heeded your every wish like your canoe by the river,
Strong is the urge within to arise and go forth
And enter unannounced the abode of indifference,
But my body is sorely stricken and I lay me down,
Oft times beguiled by a phantom lover,
How surfeited are mine ears with unhappy tidings, alas, ah me!

English translated from te reo Māori as
featured in: Apirana Ngata, Hirini Moko Mead.
Nga Moteatea The Songs: Part Four.
Auckland: Auckland University Press, 2007. p.
152-3

Teng Chao-Ming

Becoming a different person, 2011

Neon light, acrylic panel, three separate

power switches, 730mm diameter.

Confession, 2011

Text on lightbox, dimensions vary.

Teng Chao-Ming's two works in *These stories began before we arrived* examine the tension between the individual's agency and the structures and systems surrounding them; whether these structures are large like the modern nation-state, or intimate, like the nuclear family. In language, Teng finds a natural medium for his practice of critical deconstruction and reconstruction. Relying on the use of text and the codes of design rather than imagery, we are lead to consider how meta and micro systems are inextricably connected, and how historical events reify these systems.

The three neon characters in *Becoming a different person* are Chinese Mandarin for Father (Fu - top left), Mother (Mu - top right), and Kinship (chin - below). In Mandarin, the words Father and Mother consist of two characters - 'Fu' or 'Mu', as well as 'chin' to create 'Fu-chin' and 'Mu-chin'. Behind the glowing ember-red sign are three power cords: one for each character. Each time the work is exhibited all the characters will be plugged in and turned on, this practice will continue until the death of Teng's Father or Mother, at which stage the respective character will be turned off. The kinship character and the surrounding circle will always stay on. Ostensibly concerning loss, *Becoming a different person* also refers to the creation of new identity in the face of losing a part of one's own history. In its everyday, ubiquitous neon, the work belies a complexity and touching sincerity.

Working from the same nexus of imposed absence and personal transformation, the stark black on white text of *Confession* reads like a mantra of resignation that might be found inside a clinic somewhere. The urgency and informality of the language that constitutes the confession loses much of its power when expressed in the Optimal Character Recognition (OCR) typeface, which was originally designed to be recognised by both humans and computers. Using this particularly functional font, Teng alludes to the way in which software continuously changes its state - shifting its parameters and conditions to support the user. This process is analogous to a politically state-less existence, a kind of self-victimization both lamentable and liberating, and draws a parallel to Taiwan's search for its own identity.

In both *Becoming a different person* and *Confession*, Teng questions the formation of collective identity – ideas at the very root of *These stories began before we arrived*. The formal directness of both works has commonalities with advertising and its more ethical sibling, the public service announcement. Employing these modes of display - which dabble in manipulation and persuasion - Teng begins to unravel multiple narratives that influence our contemporary selves.

鄧兆旻

《正成為一個不一樣的人》，2011

霓虹燈，丙烯酸板，三個獨立電源，直徑
730 毫米。

《告解》，2011

燈箱，尺寸依現場而定。

鄧兆旻的這兩件作品檢視個體與其周圍體制系統之間的緊張關係，這種體制可能宏大如現代民族國家，也可能是親密的核心家庭。在語言文本中，鄧兆旻替他的批判性解構與重構實踐找到了一種樸素的介質。依託于文本符號與設計編碼，我們被引導著去思考後設系統與微系統如何緊密聯結在一起，歷史事件又是如何使這些系統具象化。

《正成為一個不一樣的人》中有三個閃爍的霓虹燈文字：父、母、親。在中文裡，「父親」和「母親」都由兩個字構成：「父」或「母」，再加「親」，組合成「父親」或「母親」。紅光閃爍的招牌由三個獨立電源供電，每個字分別連接一個。每次展出時，這件作品的所有文字都會接通電源而亮起。這樣的展示操作會一直持續下去，直到藝術家的父親或母親離世，屆時相應的文字燈光將以熄滅的方式展出。下方的「親」字以及繞在周圍的圓圈則永遠發光。《正成為一個不一樣的人》表面上看似關乎「失去」，但它也探討在個體歷史遭遇部分缺失時，新身份認同的創建。這件作品以日常、無處不在的霓虹燈形式，掩飾著它所傳達的複雜性和那份動人的坦誠。

鄧兆旻的第二件作品《告解》，同樣從強制缺席與個體轉變這個核心出發。白色背景上的那些黑色文字，讀起來像是在某個診所裡會看到的服從性咒語。《告解》的口氣既迫切又口語，而當這個文句採用 OCR（光學文字識別）的字體表現出來時，這段告解文字的意義卻因此多多少少消解了。OCR 字型最初是為電腦識別而創，鄧兆旻採用這種功能性的字型影射了軟體系統不斷更新的方式——它不斷改變相關參數和條件以支持著使用者的經驗。這一過程類比於一種政治上無國籍的生存狀態，一種同時可悲卻又解放的「自我受難者」方法，也類比著臺灣對其身份認同複雜曖昧的尋求慾望。

鄧兆旻的這兩件作品都探討集體身份認同的形成，這也是本次展覽〈這些故事在我們到來之前便已展開〉的根基與核心。兩件作品形式上的直率與廣告有相似之處，尤其是更具倫理訴求的公共宣傳廣告。借用這種操控與勸說觀者的展示方式，鄧兆旻正藉此開始拆解那些影響我們自身認同的多重敘事。

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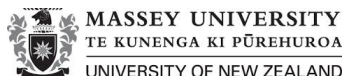


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