

錄像 + 文字

魔鏡

/馮美華 + 西 西

遺徙事情

/馮 偉 + 韓麗珠

為父親命名

/雷 靜 + 葉 輝

此岸彼岸

/羅卓瑩 + 呂大樂

過界

/周 曉 + 陳智德

界

/陳錦樂 + 余 非

七不思議之

一批香港仔到旺角(人)

/黃耀華 + 江地珠

消失的方法

/吳子昆 + 董啟章

持手機的人 (香港的眼淚)

/黃志偉 + 舒 琪

為了某些原因 (不起歌)

/陳韻倫 + 黃耀然

Video & text

Magic Mirror

/May Fung & Xi Xi

Moving Fragments

/Ernest Fung & Hon Lai Chu

In My Father's House,

There are Many Mansions

/Yau Ching & Yip Tak Fai

Star to Star

/Jamsen Law & Lui Tai Lok

Trespassing

/Young Hay & Chan Chi Tak

Vanish

/Mark Chan & Yu Fei

Seven Incredibles: From

Aberdeen to Mongkok (People)

/Wong Sau Ping & Kong King Chu

The Methods of Disappearance

/Kwan Ng & Dung Kai Cheung

The Man with the Mobile Phone

(The Tears of Hong Kong)

/John Wong & Shu Kei

For Some Reasons

/Ellen Pau & Huang Canran

錄像文章

「錄像文章」以跨媒介的相互演繹和創作為實驗，分別以兩個階段（文字和錄像）先後把城市生活／文化觀察轉化成藝術作品。十位被邀請參與創作的作家各與一位錄像藝術家合作，各組先後分別或合作完成約一千字的文章及五分鐘的錄像作品。

「錄像文章」以「轉換／演繹」為主題，借用香港城市種種自身投射、或不同角度下被描繪的形象／文化為素材，以不同體裁的寫作，以及同一題材下拍成的錄像短片，演繹香港不同層面的文化特徵和種種時空情景的變異。

Video Essay

Consisted of two creative processes (writing & video making), Video Essay takes the dialogue and re-interpretation between the two creative media as a basis for the transformation of experiences and observations of the city into art works. Each video artist is paired with a writer and a total of 10 groups are formed. Either the video artist or the writer finishes his/her work first which becomes the subject of the partner's re-writing/re-interpretation. Video Essay, with its theme about "transformation / re-interpretation", explores the images and culture(s) of Hong Kong and exhibits the many different characteristics and faces of the local culture and a wide variety of city lives.

統籌及製作
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All text in Chinese with English translation

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錄像文章

10位錄像藝術家 + 10位作家的創意演繹
Creative cross-interpretations by 10 video artists + 10 writers

Video Essay

跨媒介創作計劃作品集

Works of a cross-disciplinary creative project

策劃人

梁文道 / 彭家榮

Curators

Leung Man Tao / Steven Pang

香港當代文化中心

Hong Kong Institute of Contemporary Culture

內附梁文道及胡恩威專文
以及錄像作品DVD

With introductions by
Danny Yung and Mathias Woo
DVD of all video works enclosed

outside the window was within a hand's reach. There was a building under construction. Further away there was the metro. It was very humid and the furniture was always covered with mist. I looked at the clock in the room and it was late, I told him quickly about my story. After staying in with him for some while, he suggested me to stay there forever and the idea became firmer and stronger. I didn't know how to make him understand that this kind of stability would gnaw at the nature of living and drifted us apart. I could only tell him that his building would be demolished very soon and another building would be constructed.....this kind of talks. I looked at the clock again; his family members would be home soon. When they were all here, I would have no place, not even a corner, to hide myself in such a crowded space. I dragged the suitcase out again, he helped me to carry it for a while and I took it and left.

Up till midnight, I made more than ten phone calls but could not find my next live-in stop. Before dawn, I went back to Ngau Tau Kok. I opened the door and

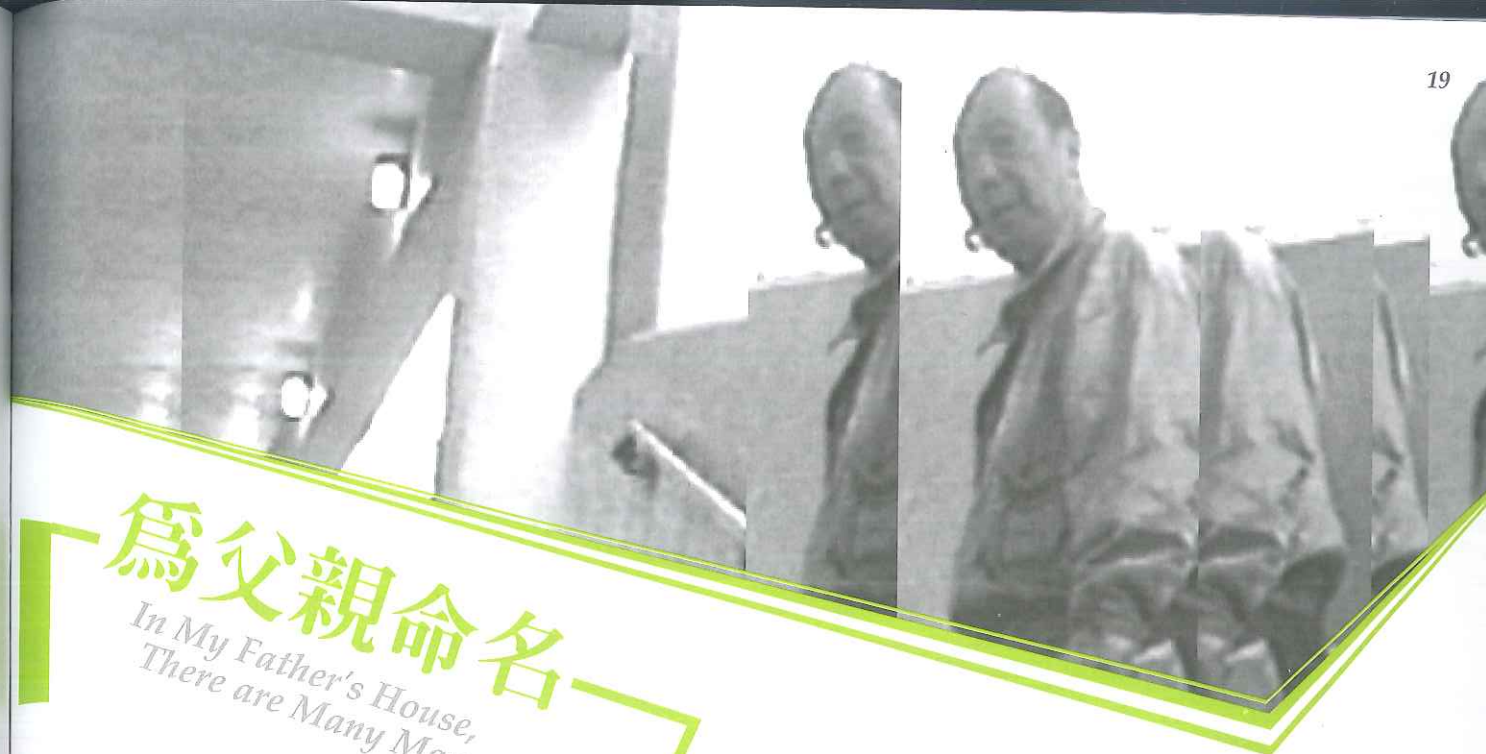
put the suitcase in the living room. Stuffs were everywhere and there left only a small crevice for walking. Mum sat in the wheelchair and moved my suitcase. To my surprise, she did not say a word. I climbed up to the upper deck, pushing away the hairy toys, overdue magazines and VCD and lay down with eyes closed. I then put off the idea of finding the next live-in stop, peacefully waiting for the advent of heavy sleep within a moment. ■

為父親命名

*In My Father's House,
There are Many Mansions*

文章 葉輝
錄像 游靜

Essay Yip Tak Fai Video Yau Ching



(一). 這個video/essay計劃，我被安排跟游靜合作，她拍video，我寫essay。游靜的video是紀錄片，拍她已逝世的父親，用了個英文標題：*In My Father's House, There are Many Mansions*；就是靈堂上等待火化的紙紮房子。

有一天她來電問我的essay進展如何？我說我有很多父親的記憶。她問我有沒有想過中文標題？我說：一人有一個父親吧，因為你拍你的我寫我的，一人一個。她叫我正經點。我說正經不怕沉重嗎？她叫我說來聽聽。我說：好吧，聽著——下一站，父親。

她聽了笑得快要窒息，但我說的時候的確是認真的，還有點蒼涼。我是認真的，那時我想：跟父親的距離，也許只有一站，下一站就是了。

(有一年夏天，下午去護老院看我的老人，他很瘦，很恍惚，差點認不得了。他坐在藤椅上，腳下

濕了一大片，跟他說話，他說：你是誰？他說：帶了骨頭來沒有？他說：一堆血紅色的東西撞擊出極刺耳的聲音……

用輪椅推了我的老人去公園，冬日裏難得有這麼明麗的陽光，坐在一株常綠樹下，一起曬著和暖的太陽，老人問：今天是不是下過雨？甚麼時候從鄉下回來的？）

(二) 在游靜的video裡，她母親也說了幾句話。我們回憶父母其中一人，總會想起另一人。早些時我為了這篇逾期的essay，每天都想一會兒父親，但總是無法集中精神，只有一些零碎的片段。倒是近日回憶母親的時候，父親彷彿近在目前，最遠，也許不過下一站。

想來我跟游靜談論的，可能就是為父親命名。猶如一些友人如許迪鏘、小西、湯禎兆、關夢南、禾迪……慰問我的時候也談到他們已然遠去的父親或母親；我們忽而在一個悼念會那樣的處境，暫且擱下日常的軟弱和怯懦，自覺或不自覺的為不在場的父/母命名。

我想起黑澤明的《流芳頌》，一群慣於謔笑的人在追悼會上都動情哭了，他們悼念的也許不是與世長辭的木乃伊先生，而是下一站的自己。

游靜的video很短，約五分鐘，但多看了幾次，竟然想起一部名叫《2月14》的新加坡／台灣電影，原來父母的離世才讓我們重新體認身邊的世界——父母曾為我們命名，有那麼一段日子，我們叛逆夠了，長得夠大了，才倒過來，為父母命名。

阿關有一天來電，說剛讀了《文學世紀》的那首〈兒子的心事〉。那是關於父親的。自我懂事以來，母親就不斷對我說：「唔好學你老竇咁花弗！」然後她會像錄音帶那樣重播又重播一個陳年的故事

；我出生那一夜，是年廿九，沒有年卅晚的大除夕；她生我生得「半條人命」，父親卻「不知幾風流快活」，跟她的姊妹去跳舞。那一年父親三十一歲，一直沒吭半句，啞忍到我差不多四十歲，才對我說：是跟她姊妹去了，但不是兩個人，是一大班人，整晚都沒跳過舞。我問為什麼不跳？他說：「只是不想讓她多說話。」

(原來已經是很多年後的「墓中後記」了，白楊樹已長高了尺許，可是成群的黃蝴蝶(好比我的老人所記得的一場雨，一次回鄉的經歷)，卻在記憶中安頓了下來。

我的老人再沒有疑慮了麼？已經是冬天了，難得有這樣明麗和暖的陽光，一起坐在公園的常綠樹下，尋找一些不斷分叉出去的記憶，老人問：那些白骨放在甚麼地方？)

十一二年前，母親的身體還挺好，那時我隻身回港，總是在惺忪醒來說聽見她說：「飲到咁醉，又無湯水……」她老遠挽著一壺湯走過來，每星期兩次，終於出了事，給倒後的小巴撞了一下，胸骨斷了，插進肺裡，要在喉頭開一個洞幫助呼吸。那洞一直留在喉頭，伴她走完艱辛的最後一段寡言的歲月。

在母親不多說話的時日，再沒提起父親花弗的故事了，可是父親由安老院轉到醫院，由醫院轉到療養院，由療養院轉到善終醫院，一直沒有回家，大概不知道母親其實已經原諒了他。■

In My Father's House, There are Many Mansions

1. It was arranged for me to pair up with Yau Ching for this project. I write and she makes video. Yau made a documentary short film about her late father and entitled it: *In My Father's House There are Many Mansions*. Mansions, in her sense, are the paper-made houses to be cremated in funeral.

One day she called and asked about my progress in writing. I told her I recalled many memories about my father. She queried about the Chinese title we should have and I suggested "Everyone has a Father", based on the fact that our subject matters are about our own fathers. She thought I was not serious enough. I asked whether another serious one would sound too heavy. She wanted to listen to my suggestion, then I said "Next Station, Father".

She laughed to near suffocation, but I really meant it when I said it, even with a bit of sadness and coldness. I was thinking: perhaps the distance between my father and me was only a station. So, the next one should be it.

(I went to the elderly home to visit my old man one year. He was really skinny and in slight delirium, and I almost could not recognize him. He was sitting in a cane chair, and a large patch of the floor underneath was wet. Responding to my greetings, he uttered: Who are you? He uttered: Have you brought the bone? He uttered: A heap of things in blood red colour are producing disturbing noise by hitting...

I brought the old man to the park on a wheelchair for it was rare to have such bright sunshine in winter. We sat under an ever-green tree and enjoyed the warm sun. My

old man asked: Did it rain today? When do you come back from the home town?)

2. In Yau's video, her mother says a few phrases. When we think of either one of our parents, we would think of the other as well. For this delayed essay, I was thinking about my father a bit everyday but lack of concentration, I got only a few fragmented episodes. However when I started thinking more about my mother, he seemed to be next to me. Even for the farthest, it would only be the next station.

Perhaps what Yau and I were discussing was how to name our fathers. For instance, my friends who tried to send condolence to me would talk about their late fathers or mothers also. We find ourselves all of a sudden in a situation like a memorial event. Let's put down for a while our usual fragility and cowardice, and give a name to the absent fathers/mothers, consciously or unconsciously.

Kurosawa's "Ikiru" came to my mind with the scene where people who used to mockery were weeping sentimentally in a memorial gathering. Perhaps they were not crying for the departed Mr Ikiru but for themselves who would also depart in the next station.

Yau's video is short, only 5 minutes. After watching it for several times, I recalled another film called "14 February" co-produced by Singapore and Taiwan: At last, the death of our parents made us re-recognize the world around us. Our parents named us. Then for a certain period of time we turned into rebels. Then we became old enough and would name our parents in return.

Kwan called one day and said he just read my poem

"Thoughts of a Son" in a local literature journal *Literature Century*. That piece was about my father. Since I was a small boy, my mother kept reminding me, "Don't follow your dad's frivolity!" Then she would repeat the same old story: the evening I was born was the eve of Chinese New Year. She nearly got killed by my birth, but my father was "enjoying his happy life" and went dancing with her close friend. My father was 31 years old that year. He kept silent about this remark until I was almost 40 years old when he revealed to me, "I did go out with her close friend, but with a big crowd, not just the two of us.....and I did not dance at all the whole evening". I asked why. He said, "Just tried not to let her talk too much about it."

(It is already the "After-thought in the Grave" many years later. The Chinese white poplar was more than a foot taller, but the host of yellow butterflies (like how my old man remembered that raining, an experience of returning to home town) just settled in memories.

Did my old man not have anxieties anymore? It was already winter, but it was rare to have such bright and warm sunshine. We were sitting under the ever-green tree

in the park, looking for some memories which kept deviating. The old man asked: Where have the white bones been put?)

About eleven or twelve years ago, my mother was still in good physique. I used to come back to Hong Kong alone. Sometimes I was hardly awake when I heard her saying: "So drunk! And no soup....." She always brought me a bottle of soup from faraway, twice a week. And finally there came an accident: she was knocked down by a minibus going backward. Her rib-bone got broken and stuck straight into her lung. A hole had to be opened at her throat to help her breathing and the hole accompanied her to finish those remaining difficult and laconic days of hers.

Mother did not talk any more about the stories of my father in her laconic days. But then my father was transferred from the elderly home to the hospital, again from the hospital to the rehabilitation centre, at last from the rehabilitation centre to the hospital of final care, he never returned home once. He probably did not know that mother had actually forgiven him. ■

此岸彼岸 Star to Star

文章 呂大樂
錄像 羅琛堡

Essay Lui Tai Lok Video Jamsen Law

在時間許可的情況下，乘搭小輪——由中環到尖沙咀，又或者反方向由尖沙咀到中環——依然是我過海的首選方法。

但前題是：時——間——許——可。

而這個前題的存在，往往就決定了我要選擇大型集體運輸系統。效率、速度，決定了我們在城市裏走動的形式。

現在，偶爾乘搭小輪過海，反而覺得有點生疏、陌生。可是，這種陌生的感覺，又反過來令我在渡輪上多望、多聽，對途上身邊周圍的人與物，多一份好奇，多了一點注意和興趣。

我無意在此美化渡輪上的氣氛與環境。坦白說，我從不明白，究竟港灣的填海工程對維多利亞港做了些甚麼手腳，令近年海面變得洶湧，無風也起浪。今時今日，每次上船落船，渡輪都搖動得令乘客東拉西倒，連站也站不穩。乘搭渡輪的樂趣，不在於舒適，而是因為暢快。