

# 語言飛航

## A Flight of Language

### Tang Huang Chen's statement of 'I Go Traveling'

旅行十/墓誌銘的一場座談上，由一段藝評人王柏偉的引述（卡爾維諾寫給下一輪太平盛世的備忘錄）——在尚未重讀原文前，我竟就這樣幻生一個影像：

惡極追兵窮踵已至，我手拄留有最後語言的墓誌銘，分秒間將自己離地而起，身體立即被通過的氣流碾成支解的碎片，但那舉駐的手勢連同墓石得紋風不動。

At a panel discussion of **I Go Traveling X / An Epitaph**, when art critic Wang Po-Wei quoted from Italo Calvino's *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, I envisioned the following before even revisiting the original text:

**"Fierce chasers arrived while I held the epitaph of the last language. In a second, I leaped over. My body was broken into pieces against the strong air current but my hand together with the tombstone I was holding remained intact."**

當我再度查閱備忘錄的書頁（譯版24頁），這則來自十日譚的場景原是：

說罷，他（佛羅倫斯詩人古意朵）一手撐起一塊巨大的墓碑（因為他正在墓碑間思考）手腳敏捷縱身躍過，落在另一邊，脫身而去。

Later when I checked the original text (P. 24 of the translation I got), the scene from *The Decameron* is actually:

**"Then, (Florentine Poet, Guido Cavalcanti) resting his hand on one of the great tombs and being very nimble, he leaped over it and, landing on the other side, made off and rid himself of them."**

顯然作者原欲借詩人之行傳述：此乍然敏捷的一躍顯示詩人哲學家雖有重量，卻能擁有掌握一捉摸擺蕩於心境與心思、視覺與聽覺之間極重之輕盈。而我卻認：唯睜眼面對無法追捕的“追捕”，才得以期待身體潰敗銷毀後仍在那空白間嗡嗡作響一則敘述。

Apparently, the author would like to state the following by delineating the poet's action: with this quick leap, the writer assumed that the poet philosopher, even with his weight, could float between the weight of state of mind and thoughts, and between the weight of vision and hearing. However, I believe by facing the pursuit of pursuing something impossible to be pursued, the narration would still be heard in between the emptiness even after the body was defeated.

如果語言讓人失舌，記憶令人目盲，慾望必須著陸，那麼這個挾帶什麼不知名敘述的“敘述人”原型—中世紀的遊唱詩人、現代之初的賣藝人、網路時代的發訊人，永遠樂於由一個遠方來到，再去往另一個遠方。它就是敘述的本身。

If language makes us lose our tongues, memories drive us blind, but our desire has to find its destination, the archetype of an unknown narrator – like troubadours of the Middle Ages, street performers of modern times, and users of Web 2.0 – comes from somewhere distant with pleasure, and will leave for places faraway.

**愈遠離愈接近** 語言就在這些無盡開始與終止當中，啓示由意念到陳述，由想到說，由說到聽之間慾望與絕望的循環。**湯皇珍 我去旅行1999~2012**從這裡，“我去旅行”變成寓言，是二十一世紀人類天啓式的宿命航程，也是前世紀人無法企及的“旅行”。

**我終將執行“旅行”敘述中再不可切分的癡狂與了然的本身，由此，我“成為”我的作品。**

I am getting closer when I move away. The language exists in the loop which connects the endless start and end. From an idea to making a statement, from thoughts to speeches, from speaking to hearing, it's a desperate cycle of desire and despair. Tang Huang Chen's **I Go Traveling 1999-2012**, like a contemporary fable, telling how people in the 21<sup>st</sup> century start their destined voyage, a journey our predecessors of previous centuries could never achieve. **I will eventually execute the narrative of "the traveling" and its indivisible craziness and realized self. From this moment on, I have "become" my work.**

第一段航程緩慢、遲疑、畏縮又躲藏。隱身在一個看來無情緒反應—拍攝、放映的科技設置（特洛伊木馬的腹中），渡往一個很真實也很虛幻的家國，一個我始終無法從書本中抬頭面對的現實。我相信它是我的家國，人們卻宣稱它不是我的家國—旅行—/北京之行—兩具實在放得太靠近、螢幕對螢幕相望、並邀請觀者從僅容一人的間道通過進行觀視—成為完全癱瘓電視功能，讓人無從辨識兩個螢幕是否正在發送什麼相同事件訊息的科技。

The first voyage is slow, hesitant, flinching and hiding behind a seemingly emotionless technological installation of recording and projection (inside the belly of the Trojan Horse). The destination is a real yet illusory nation/home, where I never dare to face without looking up from the books. I believe it is my

home and nation but people say it's not—I Go Traveling I /return Beijing—two TVs facing each other and placed too close to each other; the audience are invited to walk through the narrow passage in between the TVs—an installation that disables the function of TV and people can't recognize what messages are being delivered on the screens.

此一反科技的科技裝置，觀者困難依循一般科技裝置的認知進行辨讀。它要傳遞的訊息亦絕非它表面負載以及人們自然賦予科技產品的傳導功用—資訊獵奇。因為這趟旅行不在獵奇。潛入中國國家展廳的科技設置，假託的“北京之行”，解開背後糾結的上下文本才能一窺旅者——“面對面而目盲”的哀隱。

This anti-tech technology installation overthrows audience's presumption about technological devices. The message delivered here is not what we have taken as granted about technology devices—information-hunting for novelty, which is not the purpose of this voyage. This installation is an excuse for sneaking into the national exhibition hall in China. A trip to Beijing in disguise reveals the traveler's struggling sadness hidden behind the contexts—we can't see each other even when we are face-to-face.

第二段航程環島台灣一周，著為期一年。自台北、台中經高雄南轉台東。大肆迢遞“居定”才能通話、互傳視訊的兩只遠距電話。旅行二/我去旅行了——這一頭是被留在櫥窗中的奇怪電話號碼以及電視前不斷掃動的雨刷所吸引的隨機觀者進行電話的撥打，那一頭是作者特別等待的接聽、啟動螢幕和聲音的放送。

The second voyage is a one-year trip around Taiwan. I departed from Taipei, stopping at Taichung and Kaohsiung, and finally arrived at Taitung. These two phones wouldn't work for call or video talk unless they were fixed in a place. **I Go Traveling II / I Go Traveling**—here a strange phone number was kept in the display window and the windscreen wiper moved continuously before the monitor, a lure for visitors to make a phone call. On the other end is the waiting for picking-up the call, initiating the screen and broadcasting the voice recording, all set up by the artist.

打通電話的觀者會乍然看見原本放送自己影像的視頻轉出一張陌生的臉孔（其實是藝術家事先錄好的自己臉容），頭髮翻飛如坐車首，口中喃喃念講一串地名。地名同時印製在置於一旁架上的明信片背後，觀者可聽記地名的順序（如同隨人行旅一段路程），明信片隨即方便投寄至另一位毫不知情的收信者進行他對這份標記旅程的探問。作者、觀者、聽者、收者流轉在好幾段相互疊置、虛實互滲——透過真實位移、機械訊號、影像互換、地名記憶所出現的行旅。

If the phone call got through, the caller would see his/her own face displayed on the video phone screen replaced by a stranger's face (actually, it was the artist's face pre-recorded) with disheveled hair, muttering a series of locations, which were printed on the back of the postcards on the postcard rack next to the

phone. The listener could choose a place (as if he/she was also traveling) and mailed the postcard to a recipient who remained ignorant about the situation. The artist, the caller, the listener and the recipient drifted around in these trips marked by the relocation of reality, technical digital signals, image transmission, and memory of locations.

一年出門在外，第三段航程像狂瀉過後不動地集中在一處面積不大但狹小直上的空間—旅行三/千禧伊通逍遙遊 收集了前番旅行而來的通話計數、超長錄像、無數照片、全臺地圖以及逐日記，逕皆切分成斷簡殘篇加入新符號重新散佈於三層空間，以隨機抽尋獎品的方式引誘觀者進行一場與所有在移動間可能觸及的信息方式進行拼貼的旅行。端視每個參與者自己為這趟沒走多遠的荒誕旅行尋找可以成立的意義，或者徒然在終點歡呼一個“免費上廁所”的獎品；然後又一個轉身去到島嶼的邊緣。我張望著。期待從這裡可以離島出航。

I spent one year away from home. The third voyage anchored in a small, upright space. **I Go Traveling III / IT Vacation** collected the phone calls, long videos, numerous photos, maps of Taiwan and journals from previous journeys, scattered and placed in the three-story building. Like random lottery draw, the visitors were invited to make a trip of collage by picking up whatever came to them within this area and they should develop the meanings of their absurd trips on their own. Someone might be rewarded "to use toilet for free," and then, headed towards the edge of an island. I looked around and wished that I could sail off from this island.



我的一只手錶鏡面上以時針、分針、秒針各標示 I、L O V E、Y O U。我常常凝視分開在行走的三個單字，如果要組成“我愛你”的語意大約只有在午夜與正午的一瞬間。隨即就像暫停港口補充油水的船舶再度開拔一字與意又繼續輪

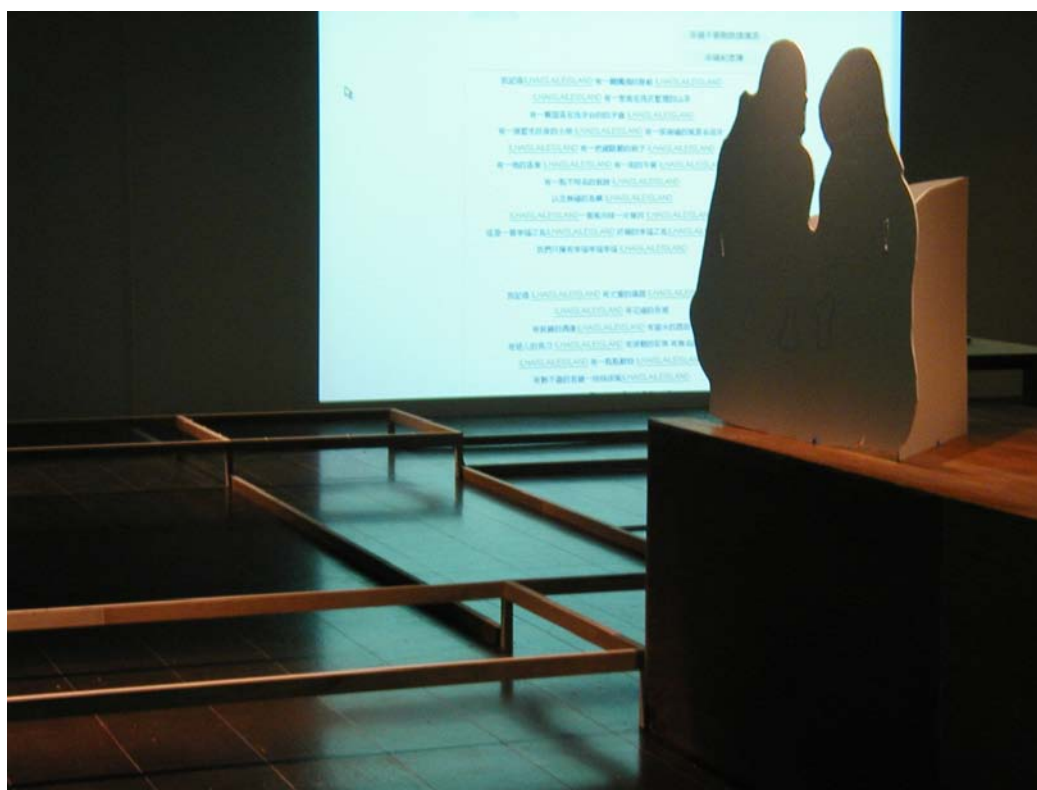
迴追逐。**遠征 旅行四/旅者.峇里**——由巴黎求學生涯完結離境的前一晚，清空的租屋多數的行李與作品已經托運，兩只封蓋的皮箱金屬的絆扣發出極細微光——返鄉之途經過四年竟成充滿“等不到車”也“認不出路”的惶惑——不想回家卻不得不啓程。參與演出的演員戮力違反著演員慣常的訓練，做到身、口不一，陳述與動作沒有邏輯。而且，以一種完全孜孜不停的位移與叨念組合方式形成演場，對抗物質性的搭臺、有形道具、甚至龐大海洋沙灘的自然境域。這真是一場“敘述”精神分裂的具現——從徵求參與、討論照片、約定旅行、紀錄過程都需在地駐留一個月以上。**旅行五/一張風景明信片** 漂行歐、亞四國，歷經五年。一張記憶中的台灣老照片被我刻意隱藏了影像（原件），代之以我對此影像的記憶敘述，敘述又譯轉為駐地參與者能懂的语言——參與拍照的人就這麼虛妄又真實地隨著我再“照”一張酷似我記憶中的“一張風景明信片”。

I had a watch, on which the hour hand, minute hand and second hand labeled “I, LOVE, YOU.” I often looked at these three words walking separately. They made the sentence of I LOVE YOU only twice a day at midnight and noon. Then, like fuelled-up boats, sailing off right away from the port, the words carrying their meanings resumed their chase. **I Go Traveling IV / Traveller.Bali**—the last night of my study years in Paris, my flat had been emptied. I already put most of my luggage and work to shipping, except two pieces of luggage with their metal locks glimmering. After 4 years, I was devoured by mixed emotions—I didn't know when the bus would arrive and could not recognize which roads to take. I didn't want to go home but I had no choice. The performers had to break the rules they had been trained. Their body movements and their speech should be contradictory without any logical sense. Furthermore, they had to build up a dramatic tension by non-stopping relocations and chattering, against the material stage and props, or even the ocean and beach. This was a presentation of narrative schizophrenia—from the audition, the discussion, the travel, to the process of recording, everything required at least one-month time. **I Go Traveling V / A Postcard with Scenery** travelled to 4 countries in Europe and Asia and lasted 5 years. Inspired by an old Taiwanese photo, which I did not reveal its image (the original object in this case), I tried to give the audience my own descriptions of the image based on my memory, which was then translated into the local language the participants could comprehend—and with these participants, I “took a postcard with scenery” which was so illusory yet also realistically true to the one in my memory.

我一次又一次敘述那個冬天海邊的早上，一群相遇的漂泊者帶著孩子與動物。層層似迷霧（與藝術家某種原型鑲疊）的賣藝人身份，在島嶼、影像、敘述、文本、演繹、事件、歷史離去與接近的敏感潮間——韓國參與者在沙灘上換著冬衣，大狗咬得貿然狎玩的遊客滿臉是血；台灣拍攝兩趟皆遇酷寒陰雨，惡劣氣候下大家跑進跑出苦中作樂；法國終在林中深處覓得河天一線；威尼斯則遍踏麗多小島，曲折如聞夜半鐘聲落往發抖的唇間，遠至北非而後回返島嶼。



Again and again, I repeated giving my account of the winter morning by the sea when a group of drifters with children and animals met. The mysterious fog (overlapped with a certain archetype of an artist) assumed the identity of a street performer existed on the island, in the image, the narration, the text, the interpretation, the event, and the departure from and proximity of history. The Korean participants changed their winter clothes on the beach and a big dog bit the tourist who bled all over his face. The two recordings in Taiwan happened to be on cold rainy days and people had to run back and forth to amuse themselves. We eventually found a place where the river and sky merged into one in the woods of France. We had also been to everywhere in Lido, Venice, which was a long trip like midnight bells fell on trembling lips, as far as to North Africa and back to the island.



旅行六/幸福之島設置經緯格框，**歸航迷途** 離地二十公分上下，界劃進入與離出。島中兩只電腦桌、三張投放螢幕、兩堵木高牆。進入的人可以在電腦桌前就一段段已然由作者植句的文本空隙進行補充與引申，寫一篇“幸福遊記”。空間底部反覆放送由背面長距捕獲的一對男女，坐於摩洛哥著名觀光景點的高牆上，數分鐘不動，人行面前如常，背後卻露慾望無窮。你同樣可以與靜（立）坐於展場木高牆上的這對人形珍珠板摹本，合拍一張幸福紀念照。**幸福島嶼**水汪汪的反影來自電腦與正在KEY字的螢幕，書寫與刪除、成立與反悔之間，像極我們正在驗證著我們這個“島嶼”的“家”。“請你幫我尋找回家的路”“P lease help me find the way home”，哀哀莫非失憶亦或失智，找不到回家？

**I Go Traveling VI / A Happy Island**, wooden grids were longitude and latitude, set 20cm high above the ground, the entrance and exit were planned. There were

2 computer desks in the island, with 3 screens and 2 tall wooden walls. Upon entering, visitors could sit in front of the desk and typed in their “happy traveling journal” based on the paragraphs provided by the artist. The image of a couple was projected from the distance on the screen at the end of the space, sitting motionless on the high wall of the famous tourist attraction in Morocco. The couple looked normal from the front, but their backs revealed so much desire. You could also take a photo with the cardboard cut-out sitting on the wall. The reflection of a happy island is the projection of the computer screen, where people typed and deleted. Through the making and retracting, we were experiencing our “home” on this “island.” “Please help me find the way home.” Couldn’t we find our way home because we had lost our memory or wisdom?

你或許可以越過直布羅陀海峽，南下繞過非洲大陸，前往連結印度洋之印度，再朝東南亞方向移動，那一艘37B號輪船接近兩座山夾住的一個狹窄入口，名Formosa的那座島逐漸在望—66號想必就是你家的門牌號碼；也許你應當傾聽自己心的聲音不必太擔憂，你一定會找得到家。幫我找路的過路人，踏上我安排的海綿小轉檯，掛上我備好的麥克風，展開一段尋路的無名敘述。他們哪裡知道我將往何處回家。

Maybe you could sail across the Strait of Gibraltar, go over Africa, and sail to India crossing the Indian Ocean. Then, go further toward the Southeast, the ship named 37B approached a narrow entrance formed by two mountains and the island Formosa came into sight. No.66 is your home address number. Maybe you shouldn't worry at all as you could find your way home definitely. Those who helped me, stepping on the round sponge platform, equipped with microphone, started their anonymous accounts of finding way. They wouldn't know where I would go and return home.



“廣場旅人”賣力地吆喝一則奇異的詢問：由家鄉千里迢迢來到異國，央求過路人幫忙尋找回家的路。顯然，這是一條十足曲折的回家之路。無論答案飄忽或

確定，傳譯正確或誤謬，我並不全然知道過路的西班牙朋友說了什麼我的“回家之路”。

The plaza traveler shouted out a strange inquiry: he came here through a long way and was asking how to get back home from the passers-by. Obviously, this would not be a smooth journey. Whether the answer was doubtful or certain, or whether the translation was correct or inaccurate, I could not be totally certain of what exactly these Spanish friends had said about my way home.

這些記錄的影與音再度分離，倆倆安置於台北敦化仁愛圓環城市上方的一不規則空間。旅行七/廣場旅人重疊六個瓦輪西亞廣場位置，完全一致的聽看單元小亭，附上叫人迷路的鏡面，穿梭其中，唯一能確認的是旅人嗡嗡叫的“回家”請求。十歲前後，母親時常發生頭痛而服藥。小孩苦於這種狀況的持續卻不明所以，直到母親昏迷—腦部最細微的血管—蜘蛛網宣告破裂。由醫院救回的母親好像無事地繼續照顧我們，直到我與她開始為“宣稱不翼而飛”的“失竊物”劇烈爭吵，她重複買了又買相同的東西，直到媽媽開始迷失於回家的途中。

I separated the image and the sound of the recording, placed both of them in a small, irregular space above the RenAi DunHua roundabout. **I Go Traveling VII / Plaza Traveler**, the location of Valencia Plaza was reduplicated for 6 times with identical kiosks with mirrors, which made people get lost in between. The only certainty was the humming request of begging the way home from the traveler. When I was about 10 years old, my mother often took medicine due to frequent headache. We were worried but didn't know what to do until one day she fell into a coma—subarchnoid hemorrhage. After being hospitalized and saved, she kept taking care of us as if nothing had happened, until we started to fight over objects she claimed to be stolen and gone. She bought same things again and again and finally, she began to lose her way home.

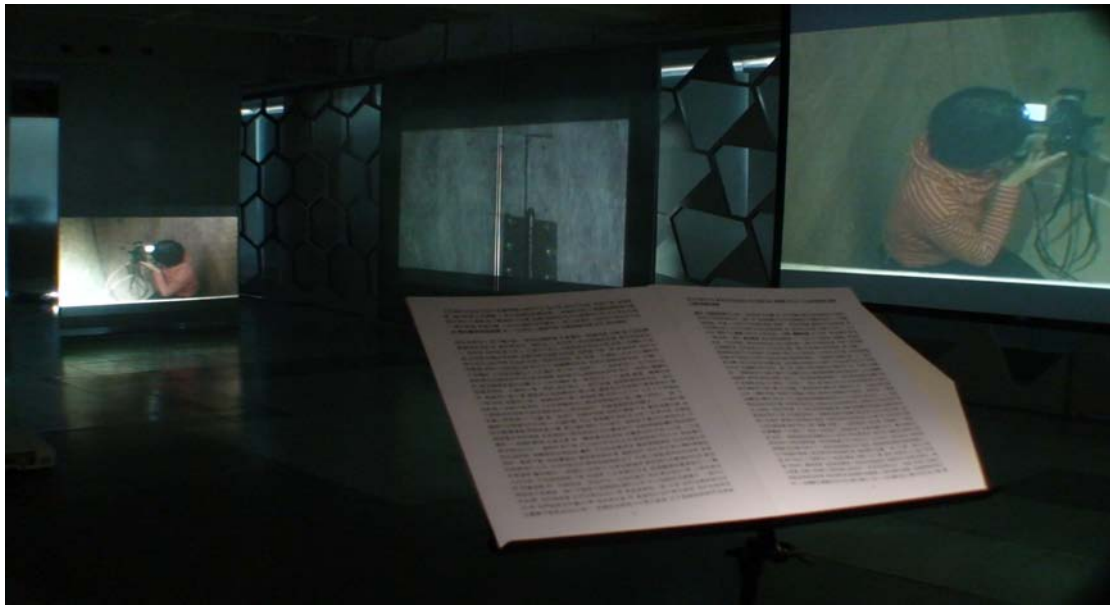
早我一步進入異質時空的母親讓我惱怒哀傷也逼我回視：在親歷與記憶、思考與語言、陳述與傳譯、聽與視、說與寫的這些“旅行”—到底是如何的深淵？我們如何經歷—記憶—理解這些窺探你心智與生命的溝通符碼？我急欲“抓拿”也極其困感**知覺與溝通的結構**。

My mother seemed to have entered another space and time, which annoyed me but also forced me to look back angrily and sadly: the experience and memory, thoughts and language, narration and translation, hearing and seeing, speech and writing of these journeys constructed by these elements. What an abyss? How could we experience, memorize, and understand these codes of communication that reveal your mind and life? I tried to grasp but also felt puzzled about the structure of sensibility and communication.



記憶在垂釣中捕捉。我慶幸它是如此繁複、詭譎與流暢，我潛入我的兒時、我的留學歲月、我的創作行旅以及幾次動物死亡的觀視——直到詞窮語盡、思考空白、淚流而出。

I fished my memories and felt blessed how complex, tricky and free-flowing it was. I dived into my childhood, my years of studying abroad, my creative journeys and several times of witness deaths of animals until I got totally worn out of language and thought, bursting into tears.



**返家**這些字句由“想”到“說”，幾乎“脫口而出”，像跟著畫面跳出的旁白，不容自己片刻稍作停留，我不停串流。以手上持拿的一台攝錄機觀視，同時以麥克風陳述弄聲，我的“看”與“說”不盡相同但皆力求專注與攫取各自精要，達到一個小時二十分不間斷的“表演”層次。——**旅行八/智者在此垂釣——密室** 120X90公分大小，觀眾不能直接看見表演者。只她眼 所視、腦中所思、口中所述、以及隱約所動。這九場的演出事後聽寫出十萬字稿。連同“演者所觀視”以及、演者被觀視“之同步影音進行紀錄展出。

Coming home, from an idea to utterance, I almost blurted out as if the utterance was the narration that followed the images. I did not stop for one moment, but kept speaking. I gazed and recorded with a hand-recorder, and simultaneously narrated through a microphone. My “sight” and “speech” were not synchronized and matched, but I asked myself to focus and to capture the essence. An 80 minute performance without intermission required focus and efforts in all aspects. **I Go Traveling VIII / Wise Men Fish Here**— in an enclosed space of the size of 120 cm times 90 cm, the audience couldn't see the performer directly; they could only see what she saw, know what she was thinking, and hear what she said, and see her subtle movements. After 9 performances, I did the dictation of more than 100,000 words, which were displayed along with "the performer's gaze" and "the gaze on the performer" through video recording.

旅行九來臨之際，好友與我告別。在幾個月裡我悄悄在城市中搬空的角落哀鳴。那個頂樓有個陽台，清晨透過日式格窗篩入格外安靜美麗。每晚我定時離開，若無其事搭乘地鐵回家。由加蓋陡斜的樓梯再回首，心中總是一片蒼涼。我虛擬這個遠行的不可回頭，必是因為最無退路的投注—那是藝術的尋求。將不知所終。

When I was about to start my 9<sup>th</sup> travel, a close friend left me. I spent months silently weeping in a corner in the city that was emptied. There was a terrace in this apartment on the highest floor. It looked extremely tranquil and beautiful in the morning. I left every night at the same hour and came back by subway as if nothing had happened. Every time when I look back standing on the steep stairs, I felt desolate. There was no turning back for this virtual voyage. There was no way out— this was about the pursuit of art, and I didn't know where it will end.

刊登尋人啟事，幫忙協尋的問卷四處填寫，以旁人的回答論辯自己的藝術家身分，同時審視一個它“我”。旅行九/遠行的人 使用六處展場，累計龐大演講、現場表演、問卷、書信，歷時一年，卻聲息渺渺不見片語隻字的回應。那份身為藝術家被視為“無業者”的悽悽惶惶正是深知遠行的人已遠，他走了。只留我獨自磨利生鏽的一截羽翼，慢慢一拐一拐地加速，逆風助跑，當海天接近時，我能躍入那無邊無際的終點嗎？

I passed out missing person flyers with questionnaires. Through others' answers and responses, I went through debates about my artist identity and examined this other "self." **I Go Traveling IX / The Sojourner** used 6 locations, with lots of speech, performances, questionnaires and letters, and lasted one-year long without any response of a single word. Being an artist, regarded as “unemployed,” knowing who left me has gone somewhere faraway—he had gone—I stayed here with rust broken wing, trying to speed up against the wind with great difficulty. When the ocean and sky merged, would I be able to leap into the infinite end?

“墓誌銘”的第一場景有一對吸鐵小狗，它們是我大約十歲之前最覺神奇的玩具；跟一只護身符、一截刻有葉片的檀香木放在一起。櫃子空了，地址沒變，信箱還在原處，那是爸爸以木隔板格劃起居空間的信義路老家。

There was a pair of dog magnets in the first act of **An Epitaph**. I thought they were the most amazing toys when I was about 10 years old; and they were placed with a charm and a piece of sandalwood with leaf carvings. The cabinet was emptied; the address remained the same; and the mail box was still there. It was my old home on Xinyi Road, in which my father had created partitions with plywood planks.

墓誌銘的第二場景有一顆拔下的大白齒被收寄在存放舊式底片的黑盒，還有一只第一次去佛倫羅思在市場找到的木盒。盒底畫有一被我判別為類似東正教的圖案，為什麼在義大利買俄羅斯的東西；那時我在巴黎。庭院裡有匍匐出沒的

野貓，一次發現刺蝟被狗叫聲團團圍住，每天下午五點光線在落葉間拉扯，你一定會打電話來，



三樓的榻榻米上，媽媽帶我們去陽明山，那個袋子上印著一個戴帽子的大眼睛娃娃，什麼時候給搞丟了——

**被風捲起的字句，強烈翻動地轟轟作響。**

In the second act of **I Go Traveling X / An Epitaph**, a molar tooth was placed in a black film cartridge, and a wooden box I found at a market when I visited Florence for the first time. At the bottom of the box, there was a picture in the style of Eastern Orthodox Church; I wondered why I had bought something Russian in Italy. I was in Paris, then. There were many stray cats appearing and leaving in the garden. Once, I found a hedgehog surrounded by dogs. Everyday, around 5pm, when the light casted through the leaves, I would get your call.

On the tatami floor of the 3rd floor, there was a bag printed with a big eyed doll wearing a hat, which we brought with us when mother took us to Yangming Mountain. I didn't remember when we lost it—

**The wind whirled words and sentences, and tossed them fiercely with a roaring sound.**