

花園 GARDEN

王煜松
YU-SONG WANG
2021.4.10

個展
SOLO EXHIBITION
6.27

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「我沉浸在這種虛幻的想象中，忘掉了自己被追捕的處境。在一段不明確的時間裏，我覺得自己抽象地領悟了這個世界。」

——擷取自波赫士《小徑分岔的花園》

“Lost in these imaginary illusions, I forgot my destiny – that of the hunted. For an undetermined period of time I felt myself cut off from the world, an abstract spectator.”

Jorge Luis Borges, *The Garden of Forking Paths*

這次的展覽概念源自於一次又一次的路上觀察，起初，我抱著一絲絲的好奇心，透過實地遊走，發掘各種對於時間與空間地理的感受。在這個世界上，總有一些我們不明白，又或許看不見的事情，然而它們卻自顧自地持續或曾經存在著。換言之，我們也是以同樣的方式存在著。

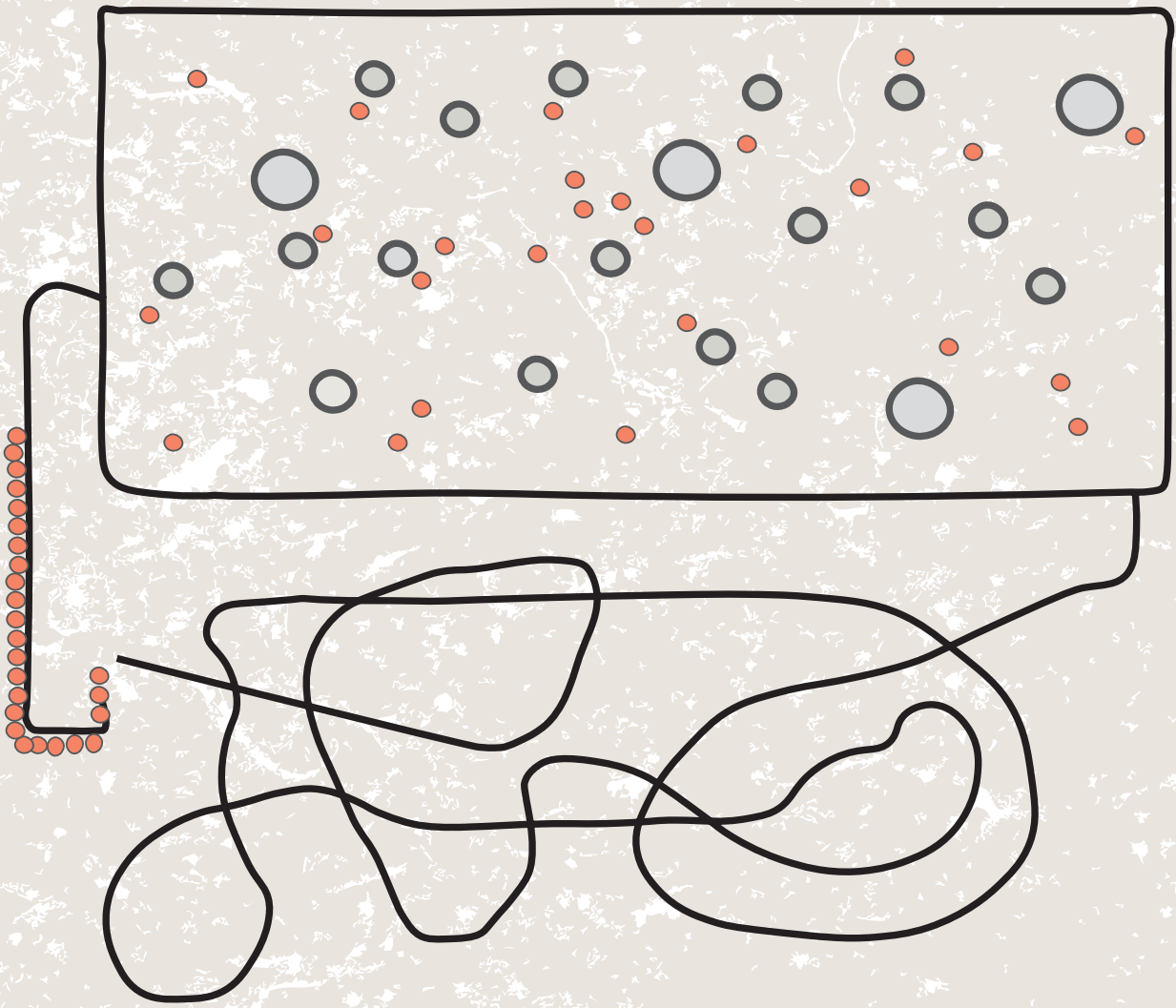
The concept of the exhibition originated from my observations on the road. In the beginning, it was with some curiosity that I set out on journeys on foot, to explore different feelings about time, space and geography. There are always things in the world that we don't understand, or, perhaps, don't see; things that once existed or continue to exist on their own. We also exist in the same way.



外雙溪
Waishuang River



外雙溪
Waishuang River



淡水→基隆→淡水：穿越時空的思維感受

Tamsui → Keelung → Tamsui: Thoughts and Feelings across Time and Space

我在淡水住了三年，面對每天路過的街景、所處的空間，也只有因日常生活經驗存下來的記憶。去年，我到基隆待了三個月，看見許多以前清朝時期遺留的城牆（海門天險），甚至是前年才挖到的西班牙遺址（聖薩爾瓦多城）。現場只剩牆體的地基、開挖物件後的外輪廓，遺址的骨頭與物品都已消逝。這座城市留有清楚可見關於過去的痕跡，我們在此狀態下很容易想像過去，自然地閱讀一些史料，一不小心就落入猶如穿越時空的思維感受——在這個場域中，許多曾經發生的戰爭、交易、文明亦或生態不斷湧現。當我依循法國在 1834 年清法戰爭的進攻路線，從基隆一路調查到淡水，能看見的佐證遺跡越來越少，更多的僅是一些文字史料、現今的城市場景，以及自己對這個地方的回憶。這一層無關乎自身的歷史記事，讓我的淡水記憶多了一個不同的觀看視角。淡水河緩緩地流向大海，我看見河邊有許多大小不一的石頭，這是以前的水雷區，也是清法戰爭時海船屏障的起點。當我走在這裡，不自覺會有一種隨時可能引發爆炸的感覺，雖然明知道已過了許久，應該不可能引爆，但還是小心翼翼地踩在河床上。我遠遠眺望，以為各式各樣色彩繽紛的石頭佈滿河床，仔細端看後，才發現有些並不是真正的石頭，它們卻擁有鵝軟石般的形體，躲藏在石堆中。當我伸手一握，驚覺它們的重量輕如紙屑，原來是保麗龍。



淡水白礁台舊址
Former Site of Fort Blanc, Tamsui



淡水水雷區
Naval Minefield in Tamsui

I lived in Tamsui for three years, and my memories of the streets that I used to walk and the places I used to inhabit come from daily life experiences. Then for three months last year, I stayed in Keelung, and visited many remains of ancient walls dating from the Qing Dynasty (the Tenable Gate of the Sea), as well as the Spanish remnants that had been discovered the year before (the Fort San Salvador complex). Only foundations of the walls and the contours of the artifacts uncovered at the dig are visible at the site – fossil bones and archeological artifacts are already gone. The cityscape still bears visible traces of the past. In such circumstances, we tend to imagine the past, read some historical materials, and easily have thoughts and feelings as if we traveled across time and space – wars, trade, civilization or ecology, are continually conjured up. I followed the French line of advance in the Sino-French War of 1834, and walked all the way from Keelung to Tamsui, and as remnants that serve as evidence of the history became rarer, historical materials, today's cityscape, and my personal memories of Tamsui played a more prominent role. Historical elements have given me another perspective on Tamsui. Slowly, the Tamsui River flows into the ocean. I saw stones and pebbles of different sizes on the riverside. It used to be a naval minefield here, and the starting point of the barrage to prevent French ships from entering the Tamsui River during the Sino-French War. When I walked here, I unconsciously felt like it might explode anytime soon, and although I knew that it had been a long time ago and it was unlikely to explode, still, I walked cautiously on the riverbed. Looking from afar, I thought the riverbed was covered by all sorts of colorful stones and pebbles. When I approached and had a closer look, I noticed that some of them were not real stones, although they had the shapes of pebbles and were among piles of stones. As I picked them up, I was startled by how lightweight they were, no heavier than a piece of paper. They turned out to be made of polystyrene.

圓山：大象是大象，白雲是白雲，大象是白雲

Yuanshan: an Elephant is an Elephant, a White Cloud is a White Cloud, an Elephant is a White Cloud

因為準備這個展覽的緣故，基於對歷史遺址的濃烈興趣，我開始沿著淡水河踏查到圓山一帶，過程中，不斷地穿梭在資訊與實體場景之間，包含圓山動物園、圓山飯店地下道及中山橋下。現在圓山動物園的位置，已經不是動物園的樣子了。我從一些影片、報導看到有關這裡的過往，憶起人生第一次與圓山的連結——國小時期第一次剪報的內容是林旺爺爺。圓山動物園曾經是牠待過的地方，也是圓山之於我的第一個印象。某天，圓山的好天氣，令我想起小時候與阿公散步出遊的一段對話。那日，氣候和煦，天空很乾淨，白雲顯得清晰又立體。阿公用臺語問：「你有看到大象的鼻子嗎？」我說：「在哪？我只有看到白雲呀。」雖然，當下我百思不得其解鼻子在哪裡，但現在每每看到立體的雲朵時，腦中總浮現阿公所說的大象鼻子，儘管我已不記得當時雲朵的模樣了。

To prepare this exhibition, and in accordance with my strong interest in historical remnants, I embarked on an investigative journey along the Tamsui River up to the Yuanshan area. During the process, I constantly traveled between information and real sites, including the Yuanshan Zoo, the underground passage of the Grand Hotel, and under the Zhongshan Bridge. In the site where the Yuanshan Zoo was located, nothing remains of the zoo today. I saw how it was here from some news footage and media reports, and recalled my first connection with Yuanshan. When I was in elementary school, the first newspaper clipping I made was about “Grandpa Lin”, the elephant Lin Wang. He lived out most of his life in the Yuanshan zoo, which was also my first impression of Yuanshan. One day, the beautiful weather in Yuanshan reminded me of a conversation I had had with my grandpa on a rambling walk when I was little. That day, the weather was quite mild, the sky was clean, and the white clouds were clear and crisp. Grandpa asked me, in Taiwanese Hokkien, “Do you see the elephant's trunk?” I said, “Where? I only see white clouds.” I couldn't figure out where the elephant's trunk was, but now whenever I see sharp and clear-cut clouds, I always think of the elephant's trunk Grandpa talked about, although I don't remember how the clouds looked.



中山橋（明治橋）石塊放置處
Location where the slabs from the dismantled Zhongshan Bridge (Former Meiji Bridge) have been kept.



再春泳池舊址
Former Site of the Zaichung Swimming Pool

花蓮：溪口的文明

Hualien: River Mouth Civilization

花蓮是我的家鄉，也是我最熟悉的地方。每次回去，我總會到海邊走走。花蓮溪的出海口——木瓜溪，是我常去的地方，每年的冬天，那裡都會聚集一堆捕鰻苗的人。母親曾提過，在她小時候，阿公、阿嬤偶爾會到木瓜溪抓鰻苗，再兜售給鰻苗商賺取零星的生活費。有一次，河流匯入海口交接處的水流湍急，陣陣波浪將阿嬤拉往更遠的那一方。幸好，舅舅硬生生的與太平洋拔河，救回阿嬤。不然，不會有現在的我。由於近期關注在遺址搜查，當我重回木瓜溪時，看到附近沙丘隨處可見的陶片及人工磨製的石塊，進一步調查之後，意外的發現這裡居然是嶺頂考古遺址的所在地。木瓜溪明明就是自己最熟悉的海邊，我卻從來沒有查覺到這些千年陶片。而它們不刻意的出現，也毫無躲藏的意思，好像靜靜在那裡等著我去發掘，或許也沒有所謂的等待，只是靜靜地存在。後來，我進一步想著，會不會我的祖先就住在那個靠海的部落？會不會因為他們住在那裡才有今天的我？

Hualien is my hometown, and the place I am most familiar with. Every time I went back there, I would take a walk on the beach. I often go to the Papaya River, where the Hualien River empties into the Pacific Ocean. Every winter, people would gather there to catch eel seedlings. My mother once said that, when she was little, Grandpa and Grandma would occasionally go to the Papaya River to catch eel seedlings and sell them to merchants in exchange for some living expenses. One day, Grandma was carried off by the rapid currents of the river. Fortunately, my uncle fiercely fought against the tides and managed to rescue Grandma from the Pacific Ocean. Otherwise, I wouldn't have existed. Inspired by my recent interest in historical remnants, I returned to the Papaya River. There, I saw pottery pieces and hand-ground stones all over the dunes nearby. I was surprised to find out that this is the archaeological *Lingding* site. The Papaya River is obviously a place I am extremely familiar with, yet I never noticed these millennial pottery pieces. They didn't appear deliberately, and didn't conceal themselves either. They were just there, waiting quietly for me to discover them. Perhaps they were not “waiting”, but just “being” there. Later, I pondered whether my ancestors also lived in that coastal village, and whether I exist today only because my ancestors lived there before.



花蓮嶺頂考古遺址
Lingding Archaeological Site, Hualien

過去與此時此刻

The Past and the Here and Now

沿途的踏查讓我搜集到過往曾經發生的事件，因而去了事件發生的現場，但往往現場已轉變為另一個場景。我面對的是一個關乎過去的現在，甚至會懷疑這些事件真的發生過嗎？關於過去的線索，其實都是想像出來的，包括我所閱讀的那些史料，也是考古學者或歷史研究員在鉅細靡遺的考掘研究下，透過實物的佐證，努力去想像當時所發生的事情。也許，我們永遠到不了彼刻，那種感覺就像卡夫卡《城堡》故事的主人翁，一位土地測量員，想要接近城堡的核心，卻始終沒有接近，但也沒有離得更遠。

在這個展覽中，我想要創造一個獨立自主的此刻模型，空間裡的時間有別於平常所感受的時間，與其說是創造，不如說以另一種型態轉換大地原有的樣貌。我將遊歷過的那些空間收容進球體，讓它們隨著地吸引力自行運轉。其實，萬事萬物都自顧自地轉動，包括我們沒辦法觀察、觸碰的物體也是自顧自地存在，就連展覽的觀者，也在這個當下用自己的方式感受與想像，所有的人、事、物皆獨立自主，而且持續運作著。

迷宮存在於大腦，物體是客觀的存在，卻因人腦對時間感的判讀落差而產生節奏上的變化。那些跑動的球體，既是空間的內部，也是物體外部。觀者的身體跟著自己想像的外部空間遊走著，時而慢、時而快。球體本身看似沒有關聯的紋理痕跡，基於我的遊歷情境，以一種蒙太奇的方式拼接、串聯著。這讓我想起波赫士在《小徑分岔的花園》短篇故事中的一段話：「我想像出一個由迷宮組成的迷宮，一個錯綜複雜、生生不息的迷宮，包羅過去和將來，在某種意義上甚至牽涉到別的星球。」

Along the way during my field investigation, I have assembled information and materials about events that occurred before, and I went to the sites of these events, but more than often, they had already evolved into something else. I was facing a “here and now” that has evolved from the past, I even wondered whether these events ever occurred. In fact, the clues about the past are all products of our imagination, including

the historical materials I have read, which are narratives constructed by archaeologists or historical researchers who, during the process of excavation and detailed research, and with the aid of excavated objects, have striven to imagine events that unfolded over a given period of time in the past. Perhaps we will never get to the “then”. It's like the protagonist in *The Castle* by Franz Kafka, a land surveyor, who tried to get closer to the heart of the castle but never succeeded; however, he didn't get farther away from it either.

In this exhibition, I meant to create an autonomous model of the here and now. The temporality that exists in the gallery space is different from that we usually feel. Instead of creating something, it is about transforming the original landscape into something else: I have incorporated elements from the sites I have visited in the balls, and let them roll by themselves due to gravity. In fact, all things are running on their own, including things we have no way to observe or touch, they also exist by themselves. Even the viewers of the exhibition, who at this very moment, are feeling and imagining in their own ways. All men and things are independent and autonomous, and continue to function.

The maze is inside our brain. Although objects have an objective existence, their “rhythm” changes as a human brain has a different sense of time. The rolling balls in the gallery are both the inside of a space and the outside of an object. The viewer's body wanders, sometimes slowly sometimes quickly, through the outside spaces that he or she imagines. The textures and traces of the balls, all in different materials and seemingly without connection, are brought together in a montage thanks to my field investigations. This reminds me of a passage in Borge's *The Garden of the Forking Paths*: “I imagined a labyrinth of labyrinths, a maze of mazes, a twisting, turning, ever-widening labyrinth that contained both past and future and somehow implied the stars.”