

張碩尹 JING-TONG CHANG

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序

「臺北美術獎」自 2010 年改制以來，每年由藝術界的學者專家們與館內資深同仁擔任評審，擇選出一名首獎得主，並提供舉辦個展的機會，鼓勵得獎藝術家有持續發表新作的動力。張碩尹在 2020 年以作品《檳榔屋、山蘇床與蝸牛陷阱》拿下臺北美術獎首獎，時隔兩年帶來全新作品《BODO》，無疑是展現其豐沛的創作能量與實踐能力。

《BODO》為一自動劇場，張碩尹受到黃明川電影《寶島大夢》講述苦悶逃兵的故事為啟發，融合藝術家自身為海軍陸戰隊的當兵經驗及廿一世紀開始盛行的電玩遊戲裡類似模擬操演軍人的狀態，處理三套系統共同的符號「軍隊」，揉捻打造新的敘事腳本。當觀眾進入展場後，首先看到大型的雕塑裝置描繪軍營中幽暗荒涼貧瘠的氛圍，透過說書人的聲音引導、燈光的帶領和觀眾自身的選擇，一步步走進藝術家設定的情境裡，多重的故事線也將導向不

同結局。由觀眾透過立體裝置、聲音還有文本敘事進行選擇的觀展形式，脫離傳統看展的習慣，進行身臨其境的互動感知體驗在美術館相對少見。

張碩尹自政治大學廣告學系畢業後，從街頭塗鴉展開藝術創作之路。最早於 2008 年「台北雙年展」展現塗鴉作品《牆之外》，隨後赴英攻讀倫敦大學金匠學院藝術碩士學位。2015 年於「製造意義」展覽中提出共生實驗機制的作品《斜紋夜蛾》。2018 年又再度受邀參加「台北雙年展」，作品《溪山清遠》突顯空氣汙染帶給人們的負面影響、2019 年「TFAM 年度個展」《KOSMOS》試圖處理人、科學和世界的關係。張碩尹一路走來創作媒材十分多元，長期關注和反思於資本主義社會、生態系統、歷史政治等議題上。北美館很榮幸能夠參與張碩尹藝術生涯的重要時刻，將他成熟且完整的藝術計畫在此呈現於觀眾眼前。

王俊傑

臺北市立美術館館長

FOREWORD

Since its restructuring in 2010, the “Taipei Art Awards” has been judged annually by scholars and experts in the art community and senior colleagues within the museum, selecting a grand prize winner and providing an opportunity for them to hold a solo exhibition to encourage the award-winning artists to continue producing new works. In 2020, Ting-Tong Chang won the grand prize of the Taipei Art Awards with his work “*Betelnut Tree, Bird's-Nest Fern, and Giant African Snails.*” Two years later, his new work “*BODO*” undoubtedly demonstrating his abundant creative energy and practical skills.

BODO” is an automatic theater inspired by the story of a despondent runaway soldier in Huang Mingchuan’s film “*BODO.*” Ting-Tong Chang deals with the symbolism of the military across various systems. He combines his own personal experience as a marine with simulated military maneuvers in video games prevalent since the twenty-first century to create a brand new narrative script. When the audience enters the exhibition hall, they first see a large sculptural installation depicting the gloomy, desolate, and barren atmosphere of a military camp. Guided by the storyteller’s voice, the lighting, and the participants’ decision, the audience steps into the situation set by the artist, and the multiple storylines lead to different endings. The exhibition focuses on the audience’s

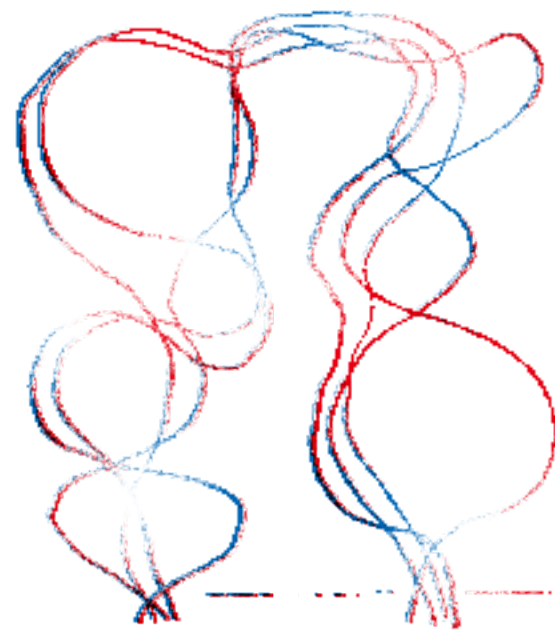
interaction with three-dimensional installations, sound, and textual narration. This breaks away from the traditional way of viewing exhibitions and offers a rare immersive interactive experience in the art museum.

After Ting-Tong Chang graduated from the Department of Advertising at National Chengchi University, he began his artistic career with street art. His graffiti work “Beyond the Wall” was featured in the Taipei Biennial 2008. He later pursued a master’s degree in art at Goldsmiths, University of London. In 2015, he showcased his work “*Spodoptera Litura*” at the “Make Sense” exhibition, which proposed a symbiotic experimental mechanism. He was invited again to participate in the Taipei Biennial 2018 with his work “Pure and Remote View of Streams and Mountains”, which highlighted the negative impact of air pollution on city dwellers. His “KOSMOS” at “TFAM Call for Artists: 2019 Solo Exhibitions” attempted to explore the relationship between humans, science, and the world. Throughout his artistic career, Ting-Tong Chang has utilized a diverse range of media and has reflected on issues related to capitalist society, ecosystems, and political history. The Taipei Fine Arts Museum is honored to present his mature and complete artistic project to the audience and participate in this important moment in his career.

Jun-Jien Wang

Director of Taipei Fine Arts Museum





關於故事

在燈光下的你，現在站在基隆港邊，又鹹又臭的海風吹拂著你的臉頰，現在的你，來到了我記憶的深處，那是好幾年前，我被調到離島駐守的那個夏天。

這時的我，和幾十個臉色慘白的新兵戰士們蹲在港邊，站在板凳上的里長伯拿著麥克風祝我們一路順風。劣質音響的聲音無法吹散頭上的愁雲慘霧，讓人頭痛欲裂。

幾天前，母親帶我去行天宮拜拜，收驚的阿婆用香在我胸口繞來繞去，我抽到一支上上籤。「君今若問松夢事，恰似桃花滿後村。」解籤阿伯說此籤主桃花與貴人，我媽聽完高興地落淚。

同一天下午在咖啡廳裡，我跟交往多年的女友說，我們分手吧，說完便把兵單丟在桌上。我女友什麼話也沒說，只是站起來狠狠地甩了我一巴掌，之後就頭也不回的走了。這突如其來的一巴掌，打得我陷入了沈默，並且開始思考起了人生。

我思考自己該不該說出這樣的話，而在往後的日子裡，又是否會爲如此的話語感到後悔，如果時間可以倒流，人生可以重來，我又該怎麼跟女友開口？

現在在燈光下的你，是這個故事的參與者，在這場冒險當中，你將做出大大小小的選擇，這些選擇都將影響我小小、卑微的人生。

現在，在燈光下的你將做出你的第一個選擇，你希望我重頭來過嗎？如果一切可以重來，人生真的會因此而一帆風順嗎？

在你眼前，有兩個投射燈，如果你相信人生可以重來，請走至藍色燈光下，如果人生不能重來，請走至紅色燈光下，燈光閃爍之後，你便做了你的決定。

我是誰？我要往哪裡去？
這一切到底是什麼？
這一切跟我又有什麼關係？

我記得分發兵種的那天，抽到海陸的我獲得了滿堂喝采，區公所職員跟我說，恭喜你將成爲一名真正的男人。我問他什麼意思，但他只給了我一個奇妙的微笑。

後來，我到了新訓中心，過著每天被折磨的生活。教育班長說，是爲了要讓你成爲一名真正的男人，但你舉目望去，身邊這群所謂台灣男人的同袍，不過是一群由壁雕、傻B、天兵、心理與生理殘疾人士所組成的殘兵敗將，一旦這個國家落在我們的手裡，便只有萬劫不覆的下場。

在燈光下的你，現在正置身在前往離島的軍艦上。在翻騰的海水中，軍艦是個巨大的鐵鋁罐，阿兵哥則是裡面的人肉沙丁魚，被拋起、被丟下，沒有重力、沒有方向、沒有尊嚴。經過好幾個小時的漂流，你與我抵達了世界的盡頭。

上了岸之後我向營部報到，接待我的班長用冰冷無比的眼光打量著我，後來我才知道，就在我抵達前沒多久，部隊上的新兵便莫名其妙的死了，這一切都讓我覺得奇怪，在太平無事的島嶼中，爲什麼人會這樣莫名其妙地死去了？

班長要我跟他一起認識營區。我背著忠誠袋，跟著他沿著崎嶇山路行走，班長邊走邊跟我講解此島的地理風貌：這是個從海底升起、前後不超過十幾公里的火山小島，小島上佈滿了巨大的石灰岩，岩石之間則是濃密得如同性慾般的熱帶叢林。

班長說，叢林裏似乎飄散著某種侵蝕性的物質，讓這島上的一切腐朽、生鏽、與衰敗，這裡充滿著破敗的雷達站、毀壞的防空炮塔、拋錨的悍馬車，連中山室都處於一種廢墟的狀態。

在燈光下的你、隨著班長的步伐，來到了炎熱窒悶的寢室，這是個滿是壁癌、像是末世電影的水泥房。我找到了自己的床位，當晚，便躺在窒息的蚊帳中數著破洞，陷入了沉沉的夢鄉……

在燈光下的你，與我從沈睡中醒來，張開眼時發現胯下有一張陰森的臉，那個人正津津有味地吃著我的生殖器，嘴裡還發出像是吃泡麵一樣的口水攪動聲音。

你是誰？怎麼跑到我的夢中來？這又是什麼夢，是惡夢，還是春夢？
那個人影說他叫做 BODO，曾經也是跟我一樣的臭新兵，命喪黃泉之後就永遠困在了這裡。

BODO 說，儘管人們都在告訴你，說當兵是盡國民應盡的義務，但其實背後暗藏著可怕的陰謀。在軍中，很多人會開玩笑說：「小心兵當不完了。」其實暗示的就是和他同樣的下場。

BODO 說，相傳軍中有七大圖騰，當你目睹了此七個圖騰的出現，你便將永遠留在此地，永遠沒有離開的機會了。

他拍了拍我的青色大光頭，要我牢牢記住以下：**圖騰一：海上的紅點、圖騰二：有精臭的毛巾、圖騰三：有美女圖的打火機、圖騰四：鮮綠色多多綠茶、圖騰五：乾枯的壁虎、圖騰六：像陰唇的貝殼、圖騰七：燃燒的棕梠樹**

我想起了之前求的那首籤詩，「君今若問松夢事，恰似桃花滿後村。」BODO 該不會就是我的貴人吧？就在清晨的陽光灑在寢室之時，一轉眼之間，BODO 便消失在空無之中了。



大鵬

學長說，在雷達上的每架飛機都是個紅點，每當一架不明飛機出現在大海時，便是所謂的紅點出海，這時所有的防空陣地便進入備戰狀態。

現在，在燈光下的你，聽到遠方傳來急促的警報聲，
接下來，你看到穿戴鋼盔與防毒面具阿兵哥奔跑著，像是慌張工蟻一樣、鑽進各自的防空陣地中。

我坐在防空炮塔裡，在炎熱的太陽下，鋼做的半球體、讓人想起路邊攤賣的鋼管雞，高溫燒烤著被包裹在裡面的肉身，汗水、機油、鐵鏽，發電機聲音震耳欲聾。
坐在我旁邊的是學長大鵬。

大鵬有張聒噪的嘴巴，每天聽他吹噓無數性經驗的我，總是懷疑自己居住在什麼樣的色情世界。大鵬說他曾在旗津的廉價旅館流連，在落魄的房間中，他從背後抓住一名無名妓女，瘋狂幹著她的括約肌，直到大便覆蓋在雙人床的每寸表面。

大鵬又說，他曾在逢甲夜市哄騙女大生，說服純真無邪的女孩跪在公廁裏的蹲式馬桶之間，吸潤著他因入珠而畸形腫大的龜頭，他說少女有一種沾芭樂的梅乾粉香味。

在防空炮塔裡面，大鵬與我徘徊在一個又一個的春夢之中，妓女、女大生、OL、素人、與泡沫紅茶店阿姨，許許多多的面孔交織著，分不出真實與虛假。

大鵬告訴我他被兵變了。大鵬的女友阿霞愛上一名柬埔寨華僑，兩人要一起移民，在金邊的五星賭場做發牌荷官。

大鵬拍拍我的肩膀說，好兄弟，要不要參加一趟冒險旅程？他要在安官換班的凌晨偷取軍械庫的步槍，在阿霞搭機那天到桃園機場大開殺戒。

凌晨一點，當我偷偷溜出寢室時，大鵬已經在軍火室門口等我，接下來兩人撬開鐵鎖，輕輕地穿上防彈背心、S腰帶、鋼盔與 T91 步槍。趁安官換班之時，我們兩人快步越過崗哨、跑過連集合場，在翻過水泥牆之後，便沒入了叢林之中。

月亮的藍光灑在巨大芭蕉葉上、空氣中有股山羌糞便的鹹濕味道，經過幾個小時的急行軍，我與大鵬來到了港口邊，搭上當天早上前往台灣本島的第一艘船。當我們堵到柬埔寨人的時候已是隔天的深夜。

在昏暗的路燈下飛舞著的黑壓壓白蟻，舉著亮晃晃的 T91 步槍的大雕讓措不及防的柬埔寨人兩腳一軟，重重地往地上跪去，大鵬兩手反轉，舉起槍托往臉上砸去，沈重的木製槍托與頭顱撞擊發出沉沉的聲響，碰、碰、碰，鼻腔與眼窩噴射而出的血液噴灑在臉上形成許許多多個細小紅點。

沒過多久，柬埔寨人癱軟在地上一動也不動，面朝地板的他看似已失去任何生命的跡象。大鵬往他的肚子踹了一腳，又讓他捲曲的身體抽搐了起來，一道暗黃色的液體從下體流出，隨之而來的是一股刺鼻惡臭。大鵬抓起柬埔寨人沈甸的頭顱，另一隻手拉開自己的褲襠，掏出腫脹的生殖器硬是塞到他半開的嘴裡。

大鵬一邊扭動下體一邊嘴裡碎碎念著：「幹你娘誼……」生殖器碰撞著嘴脣，血液與口水像湧泉一樣不斷地從口腔中流出。

在我們搭上回到島嶼的船之後，兩人使用工兵鏟在海邊挖了個洞，把步槍與裝備藏在裡面。回營的路上，遠方的叢林起了大火，**棕梠樹上的熊熊火光**閃耀在大鵬的臉龐。這時的他嘴巴輕輕地哼起了那首《戰鬥的陸戰隊》之歌。

看我們的部隊多精壯，氣如山河聲勢雄，
聽我們歌聲多嘹亮，震撼山岳破長空。



在逃亡的這段時間當中，我和大鵬流連在叢林的深處，連上曾經派了一些人來找我們，但不久後也放棄了搜索。不知道是不是被叢林所影響，我與大鵬的關係也產生了變化。

在許多個下午，我們兩人褪下破爛的制服，全身赤裸在瀑布下玩水，我看著溪水倒影裡的大鵬，魁梧的身體在陽光下閃耀著褐色光澤，像是某種美麗的野生動物。在許多的晚上，兩人會升起營火，在火光下分食叢林捕捉來的樹蛙跟飛鳥，吃完便躺在岩石上看著滿天繁星。在月光下，大鵬伸出手撫摸著我的臉頰，我一時不知該如何回應，只能微笑以對。

在深深的月夜中，我感受大鵬的身體壓在我身上，他的兩手撐在我的兩側，我感受著他彎曲的二頭肌、顫動的肌膚、和吸吐的鼻息，我感受他的生殖器緊緊地抵著我的背部，我輕輕扭動著身體，盡力地緊靠著它，這時他的手在我的大腿上緩緩移動，然後又滑了下去，手掌包覆在我的生殖器上。

像是隨著弄蛇人舞蹈的蛇，我的生殖器隨著他手而激烈地抖動。大鵬有力的手一支牢牢抱住我，一隻把我的頭轉過來，他的雙唇緊緊壓住我的嘴，他的舌頭像是撞錘一樣衝擊著我的門牙，抵開一條縫，侵入我的口中。一時之間，興奮、快樂、恐懼、反胃，各種情緒在內心中交織，讓我不知道該怎麼反應。

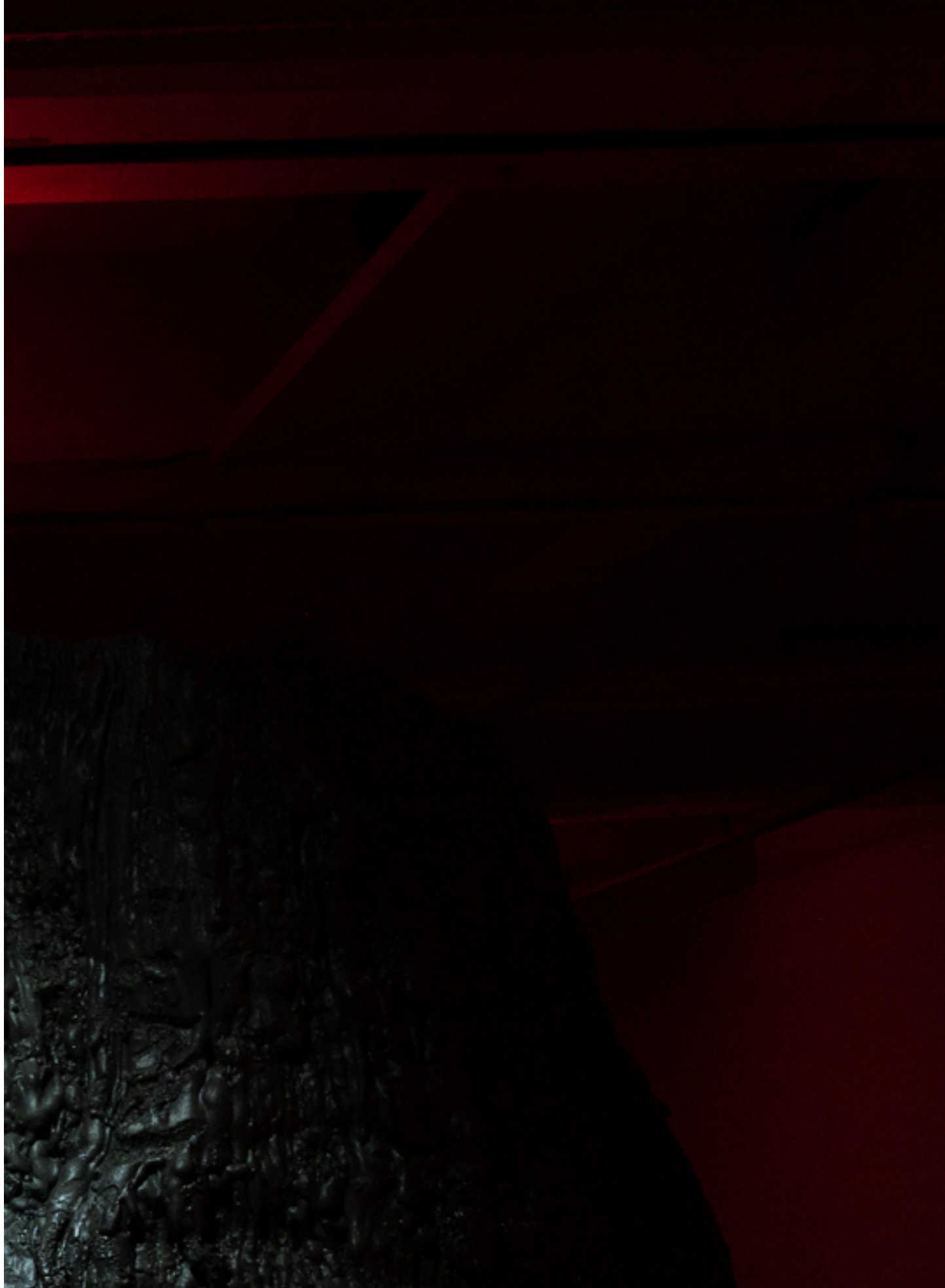
在燈光下的你，將要做出你的決定。在你眼前有兩個投射燈，如果你要順著大鵬，請走至藍色燈光下，如果你要推開大鵬，請走至紅色燈光下，燈光閃爍之後，你便做了你的決定。

順著大鵬

我想要說些什麼，但是言語是多餘的，
我們撫摸著彼此的身體，相互親吻著，舌頭在彼此身上滑過，我細細品味他那股動物般的氣味。

大鵬吻遍我全身，他的嘴巴從小腹向我的敏感部位移動，那種酥麻感覺讓我感到渾身鬆軟無力，我不自覺地發出低低的呻吟。

大鵬的頭深埋在我的兩腿之間，舌尖輕舔著我的生殖器，我快樂的叫出聲音，身子不自覺地顫抖，全身的神經都跳動了起來。大鵬說，這個島嶼是個樂園，他希望能夠一輩子住在這裡，跟我一起在叢林中老去。久而久之，我也覺得原來的生活離我越來越遙遠了。





推開大鵬

我下意識地把大鵬的手推開，但是他強壯的身體卻像有無止盡的力量、輕易地壓制住我。

我更用力的掙扎，他一手抓住我的手腕，另一手推動我的身體，給了我一個過肩摔，我的臉擠壓在尖銳的礁石上，全身感到劇烈刺痛，嘴巴盡是既鹹又苦的血腥味，

我感受大雕的膝蓋壓在我的背上，他的雙手正撕扯著我的破爛軍服，他尖利的牙齒咬著身體的每寸肌膚，痛覺與恐懼讓我感到渾身無力，只能無助地感受大鵬從後面深入我的體內，我咒罵著，口吐白沫，身子不自覺地顫抖，全身的神經都在抽動。

我深吸一口氣抬起了石頭，帶起了滾滾細沙、底下盡是四處逃竄的溪哥與小蝦。我緩慢地朝大雕的方向前進，石塊驚人的重量讓身上的每條肌肉、每個關節都處在最緊繃的狀態。

最後，我將石頭高高舉起，往大雕的臉砸去，啪，石塊帶起了皮膚與組織殘塊，空氣中滿是細微的血滴，我又再次舉起石頭，啪，石塊陷入大鵬的眼窩，頭骨像是紙做的一樣碎裂，眼球應聲奪匡而出。

啪，石塊在大鵬的臉中央打出了一個巨大的洞穴，血液、頭髮、組織與模糊的血水混雜，像是一個池塘。啪，整個叢林陷入了永恆的沈默，只有飛舞在溪石之間的蜻蜓、所發出的陣陣撲翅聲，迴盪在樹林之間，久久不散。

阿姨

在燈光下的你，眼前是蜿蜒崎嶇的產業道路，你看著一台小綿羊機車彈跳在土石之間，引擎發出吃力的尖叫。最後，大鵬在簡陋的鐵皮屋前停了下來，那是一間泡沫紅茶店。

大鵬用下巴指了指站在鐵皮櫃檯後方的阿姨，並掏出兩張百元鈔票，他說：多多綠，兩杯，半糖，少冰。

接過鈔票的阿姨解開了襯衫，將她一對潔白的乳房靠在冰冷的不銹鋼櫃台上，我看著大鵬發黑的手指深陷在阿姨的肉體之中，與其說是愛撫，更像是在叢林中獵捕野生動物。

這時阿姨卻跟我聊起了天來

「少年誼，新來的嗎？」

「是。」

「還要當多久？」

「再十一個月。」

阿姨笑了笑，拍了拍我青白色的腦袋瓜，笑我是臭新兵。結束以後，大鵬露出奇異的眼神，意有所指地說了聲謝謝，阿姨指了指桌上的那杯飲料：「這是你的多多綠。」

在回去的路上，前座的大鵬一言不發，在後座的我則啜飲著手中的飲料。這是杯畢生喝過最甜膩、最難以下嚥的多多綠茶。

「幹！」我大叫了一聲，把綠茶奮力擲出，看著塑膠杯在山溝間旋轉，消失在黑暗之中。

我看著山溝下方，在山與海接觸的岩壁上有個奇異的海洞。隨著海風的吹拂，山邊彷彿傳來微弱卻清晰的笑聲。看著這個山洞，我打了個冷顫，一股椎心刺骨的寒意襲來。

在燈光下的你翱翔在空中，以上帝視角俯瞰這個島嶼的一切，你看著巨大的岩塊、濃密的叢林，與被枝葉掩蓋的軍事基地。你看著居住在其中的男性，每日被性與殺人的慾望所驅使，像無頭蒼蠅一樣、在叢林當中找不到出口。

今天，我與大雕又來到了泡沫紅茶店。見到我們的阿姨情緒特別激動，切了一盤水果招呼我們。剛吃完火龍果的她用手撥了撥我的頭髮，露出滿嘴的鮮紅。阿姨幫我拍掉頭上的雜草，親切地問我要不要順便洗頭；這時大鵬突然神情僵硬的說他想走了。

燙水沖在頭上，每一寸頭皮都覺得刺痛，但我一點都不在意。阿姨的手輕柔地撫摸我的臉，她一邊幫我洗頭一邊跟我說著故事。阿姨這一輩子從來沒有離開過這個島嶼，每天放眼所及都是穿著綠色衣服的人，

這些軍人初來乍到時都有張寂寞的臉，而阿姨則為這些寂寞的人張開大腿，但再過了一段時間，取而代之的是冷漠無情的殘暴面孔，最後，這些人褪下了綠色衣服，消失在大海的另一端。

唯一留下來的，只有這個寂寞的島嶼，與島嶼裡寂寞的阿姨。我仰望著正幫我洗頭的她，我看見鬆弛的皮膚沿著臉頰下垂，黑色素沉澱成為斑點，黑白參差的頭髮有種陳舊的氣息。我思索著怎麼告訴阿姨我想走了，但阿姨開始沿著我的肩膀按到手臂，她問我還有哪裡需要加強？我請阿姨按摩我的上半身，卻感覺她的手在腹部與胯下之間游移，我猛然睜開眼，流到眼睛裡面的泡沫帶來刺痛的感覺，我起身擦乾頭髮，說阿姨我下次再來。阿姨一把拉住了我，用一種低沉緩慢的語調問我要不要吹，阿姨說含吹不用加錢。

我跟阿姨說含吹真的不加錢吧？阿姨淺淺地笑了笑，鐵皮大門突然急促地搖晃。某個人在門口大叫：「阿滿，阿滿，門怎麼鎖起來了？」阿姨推了我一把，要我翻鐵窗離去。

在燈光下的你，眼前是阿姨的泡沫紅茶店，那是間小小的鐵皮屋，在黃土路上顯得破舊、狼狽，但它卻是我軍旅生涯的避風港。

在那藍綠色的鐵皮屋頂下，阿姨永遠準備好水果餅乾和雞湯，她的笑容隨時為我綻放。躺在洗頭椅上的我，感受阿姨的指尖滑過我的頭髮，我仰望她的臉，每道紋路我都瞭若指掌，就像阿姨也熟悉我的每寸肌膚，每條神經，每個顫動與嘆息。

我撫摸著阿姨的肌膚，那經過歲月淬鍊的紋理讓手指傳來的觸感更加有層次，仔細品嚐她被風霜洗禮的粉底，與那在底下的肌膚所散發出的陳舊氣味。

洗完頭後，阿姨會躺在鋪在木板床的毛巾上，像是在產房一樣兩腳張開。阿姨說她老了關節會痠痛，所以剩下的就讓年輕人自己來。在我進入阿姨時，心中沒有任何興奮之感，只有一種回到家裏的安心與穩定感。

完事後，阿姨會點上一隻煙，兩人在床上輪流抽著，看著被鐵皮下**乾枯的壁虎**屍體發呆。就在一如往常的那天下午，阿姨問我：「小張啊，你要跟我私奔嗎？」阿姨說他已經厭倦了一切，她想要離開她的丈夫，離開這個破敗的鐵皮屋，離開這個島嶼，跟我一起回台灣生活。

在燈光下的你，將要做出你的決定。在你眼前有兩個投射燈，如果你選擇[跟阿姨私奔](#)，請走至藍色燈光下，如果你選擇[不跟阿姨私奔](#)，請走至紅色燈光下，燈光閃爍之後，你便做了你的決定。



跟阿姨私奔

自從答應跟阿姨私奔之後，我開始光明正大的跟她出雙入對，不知情的路人總是以爲我們是母子，服飾店老闆老是跟阿姨推銷給我穿的內衣跟內褲。

退伍後，我帶阿姨回到台灣，剛開始我的父母親都很意外，我爸始終不能接受媳婦跟自己年紀差不多。有好一陣子都跟我避不見面。

我對阿姨感到十分抱歉，但她說自己這輩子經歷過的風波跟現在比起來不算什麼。我們就這麼攜手扶持了好長一段時間，終於，我們的誠意敲開了父母的心門，因爲阿姨家裏沒有家長，所以我們只辦了一些簡單的儀式之後、就一起搬到新家去住。

婚禮僅存的紀念是那張婚紗照，在相館的佈景下，我爸媽站在後面，我與阿姨併肩坐在前面，看起來好像我老爸娶了兩個老婆的全家福，真是別出心裁。

最近，阿姨開始與我的父母親無話不談，想想也是，他們在相同的年代成長，有差不多的回憶。有時候她們聊天聊得太熟絡，讓我覺得自己才是外人。

不過，阿姨的孩子跟我年紀差不多，我們倒是比較有共同話題，每個人最終都有了歸宿，真是完美大結局。

某天，我在新聞上看到某個營區有士官長舉槍自盡的消息，那晚阿姨便在房間裡偷偷掉著淚。看著阿姨的背影，我發現人的宿命是不會改變的，這個故事一開始的預言就注定了我的未來，我想起當兵前所抽的那個籤詩：「君今若問松夢事，恰似桃花滿後村。」

這一切像是被安排好一樣、冥冥註定。



不跟阿姨私奔

對於阿姨的問題，我以激烈做愛來代替答案。就當我們兩人正激烈運動時，鐵皮屋的門悄然地打開，一名陌生的男人出現在眼前，阿姨突然慌忙地揮著手，說**事情不是像你看到的這樣**，這時我才意識到了事情的嚴重性。

我抬頭看著眼前的這名男人，戴著鋼盔、身穿防彈背心、繫著 S 型腰帶的他，手上拿著的那把 T91 步槍似曾相似，這時我才發現那是在海邊藏的裝備。

男人是怎麼找到這個海洞，而這些裝備又是怎麼到了他的手上？許許多多的問題在我腦海中出現，而我永遠都無法得知解答吧。我想，人生大概就是一個不斷循環的輪迴吧。

男人一把抽起阿姨身體下的毛巾，要我把它包住自己的頭，在毛巾底下的我想說點什麼，但口鼻裏滿是兩人做愛所遺留的汗臭、精臭與廉價香水味道。在毛巾外面，傳來男人的吼叫、與阿姨的爭吵聲，不出我所料，男人終於扣下了板機，火藥燃燒所產生的急速膨脹高壓氣體向前推射，高速旋轉的子彈從槍管竄出，扯裂毛巾並竄入我的口腔之中，彈跳的彈頭讓下顎骨應聲粉碎，前排牙齒像爆米花一樣四處彈射，並往上偏斜進入腦腔，並讓整個頭顱像是壓力鍋一樣瞬間爆開，啪，隨著掀起的頭蓋骨，腦漿、腦髓、組織液噴灑而出，一路撒在天花板之上。

接下來，鐵皮屋內只剩下阿姨撕心裂肺的尖叫聲。

怪物

現在，在燈光下的你張開眼睛，映入眼簾的是黑暗的洞穴，海浪拍著深黑色玄武岩的岩壁，石頭的縫隙之間成千上萬隻海蟑螂亂竄，黝暗的洞口又深又黑，雜草叢生，散發著一種難聞卻又引人遐想的氣味。

我嘗試回想昨晚發生的事情，月光下，我與大鵬在海岸奔跑。大鵬突然閃了一下消失在黑暗之中，接下來我也雙腳一空，往底下的空無不斷墜落。

在醒來時，我發現自己跌落在離地面數十呎的海洞中，身體每一寸的的肌膚都感到疼痛難耐，我嘗試移動四肢，插在礫石中的兩腳卻傳來無法忍受的劇痛。

我伸手一摸，發現下半身已是一片血肉模糊，左腿像壞掉的玩偶以極其不自然的姿勢彎曲著，而右腿則被石塊劃破，大腿內側綻開了一個大口，一層層肌肉組織像是花朵般綻開。

「幹！」我痛苦地喊叫著。

在燈光下的你將要做出你的決定，在你眼前有兩個投射燈。

如果你要大聲呼救，請走至藍色燈光下。如果你要嘗試自己爬出洞口，請走至紅色燈光下。燈光閃爍之後，你便做了你的決定。

大聲呼救

「救命……」
「救命……」
「救命……救命啊！」
「救命……」
「救命……」
「救命……救命啊！」
「救命……」
「救命……」
「救命……救命啊！」

我用盡全身力氣呼喊，但是洞口卻沒有任何的動靜。突然間一個人影從陰暗洞穴深處浮現。「誰？」我掏了掏口袋，找到一把有美女圖的打火機，在幽暗的火光下看見一個捲曲的身影。

那是個蒼白又細長、如外星生物般的身體，在黑暗中，隱約可以看到一對從頭頂延伸而出的觸鬚，隨著氣流而微微顫抖著。

「塞寧娘操雞掰，幹！」我丟擲石頭，並且向生物咒罵各種難聽的髒話，一個石頭正中生物的小腿，它發出了嘶嘶尖叫，一拐一拐地往山洞深處爬去。

在那之後，一切便陷入了深沈的黑暗，沒有聲音、沒有光亮，只有遠方的模糊人影，幾天後我才發現那是正在腐爛的大鵬屍體。
我躺在地上一動也不動，讓成群的蒼蠅覆蓋住臉與身體。沒過多久，腿上開放性的傷口開始發黑，模糊的血肉之間開始出現蠕動的乳白色蛆蟲，身體傳出一陣陣難聞的腐敗氣息。

和尚蟹、沙蟹、梭子蟹等潮間帶生物開始寄居在我的傷口之上，分食著我的每個部位。無法動彈的我看著一隻小螃蟹爬到臉上，用細小的鉗子插入眼球，用小嘴吸取著虹膜內的組織液。在燈光下的你，看著我的身體以驚人的速度萎縮、腐爛著，不出一週的時間，我已然成爲一副破碎的白骨。

這時候 BODO 出現在我的眼前，漂浮在空中的他用半嘲笑、半憐憫的眼神看著我，他說，在這個世界當中、死亡並非真正的死亡，不過是樹狀圖岔出的可能性之一。BODO 又說，如時間可以倒流，一切可以重來，你希望要回到故事的起始點，還是上一個選項？

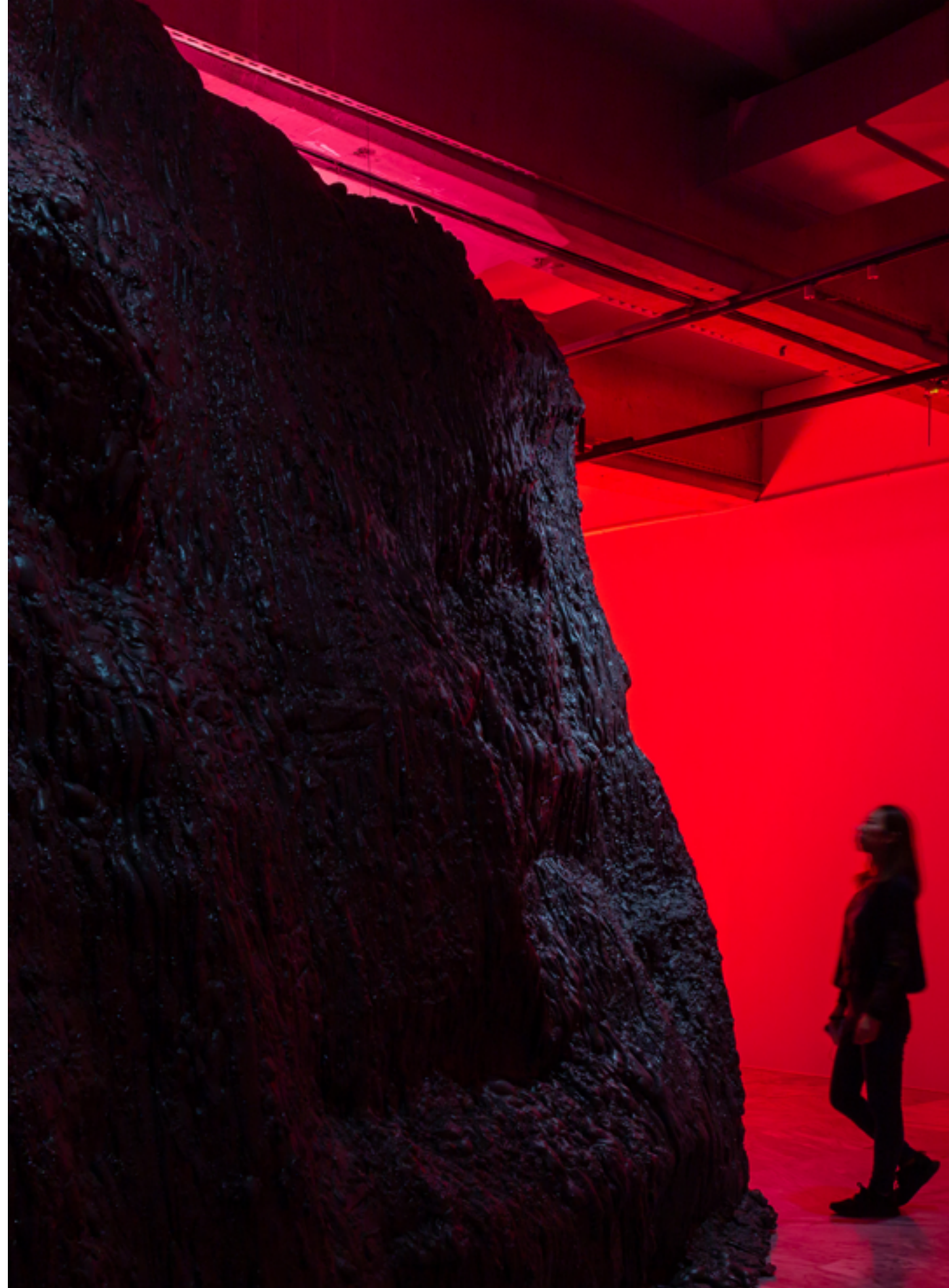
嘗試自己爬出洞口

我強忍著劇痛，將壓在身上的巨石搬開，把扭曲的雙腳拉了出來。接下來，便用盡全身的力量拖著下半身往前爬行，並在岩石表面留下長長的血痕。

經過像無數個世紀般漫長又痛苦的爬行，我終於找到了躺臥在洞穴另一側的大鵬，我用手掌摸索著他的臉頰，伸出手指探著他的鼻息，在感受到輕微的呼吸之後，緊張的心終於潰堤，我抓著大鵬嚎啕大哭了起來。

突然間一個人影從陰暗洞穴深處浮現。

「誰？」我掏了掏口袋，找到一把有美女圖的打火機，在幽暗的火光下看見一個捲曲的身影。那是個蒼白又細長、如外星生物般的身體，在黑暗中，隱約可以看到一對從頭頂延伸而出的觸鬚，隨著氣流而微微顫抖著。「塞寧娘操雞掰，幹！」我丟擲石頭，並且向生物咒罵各種難聽的髒話，一個石頭正中生物的小腿，它發出了嘶嘶尖叫，一拐一拐地往山洞深處爬去。



在迷迷糊糊之間，我感覺到有個東西正在舔我的臉，我睜開眼，眼前正是那個生物，在近距離觀察下，其既像是人又像是甲殼類。它有細長的軀體，皮膚上有一層乳白色的外殼，在光線下折射出奇異的光澤，頭頂上的兩道觸鬚像是有自己的生命一樣，隨著風而自由擺動著。

我比手畫腳，要生物出去找人來救我，或是帶一些食物來給我，嘗試了許久，生物卻毫無任何反應。我開始失去耐心，許多天來沒有食物也沒有可以喝的水，全身的力氣快要用完了，覺得生命正在一點一滴的流失。

不論我怎麼嘗試溝通，生物都只是用它那雙呆滯的雙眼看著我。這時，我心中似乎有了什麼啟示。

我伸出顫抖的雙手抓住生物的兩隻觸鬚，使勁將其往自己拉近，牠居然毫無抵抗地靠了過來，我往上拉、往下拉、左右搖擺，牠竟順從地隨著我的指揮而擺動著，

最後，我用盡全身力氣將生物的頭顱拉起、往尖銳的礁石砸去，我一次又一次地砸，看著牠在岩石上逐漸扭曲變形，牠的前額破開了一個大口，又軟又爛的黃色腦髓從中流出。很奇怪的是，生物卻沒有任何掙扎，仍是用一雙混濁的眼睛緊盯著我。

我在生物的頸部摸索著，指尖從鱗甲邊緣施力、用力扯下臉頰上的軟殼，並一口咬下裡面銀白色的肉。肉在嘴裡組嚼時質感相當 Q 彈，有種大海的鹹味。當我咬到頸動脈時，藍色的鮮血源源不絕地流進喉嚨，突然全身好像被注入了生命一般，我又有撐下去的信心了。

我用小刀把生物的屍體分成了幾分，第一份在火下炭烤，第二份則混合海草熬煮，第三份則切成肉條煙燻。乳白色的外殼拿來做禦寒的大衣，貝殼般的牙齒串成項鍊，最後，我將生物的頭顱放在洞口做裝飾，奇妙的是，儘管被插在木樁上、生物仍然用那一雙混濁的眼睛盯著我，我與生物四目相交，開始覺得自己可以在這裡生活很久、很久。

在很多個深夜，每每我感受到老二被撫摸的觸感，我就知道 BODO 已經到來，在許許多多相連的夢境當中，BODO 面帶微笑，告訴了我關於這個島嶼的秘密。

島上的秘密

BODO 說，這個島嶼曾經是反攻大陸的戰爭機器。
島上的軍民每日備戰，在灘頭堡上等待著從海的那端出現的敵人。
但隨著幾十年過去，窮極無聊的軍人便開始輪姦海岸上的潮汐帶貝殼，
它的形狀彷彿女人的陰道，在貝殼兩側有兩片綻開的唇，粉紅的肉片下有著潮濕的口徑，

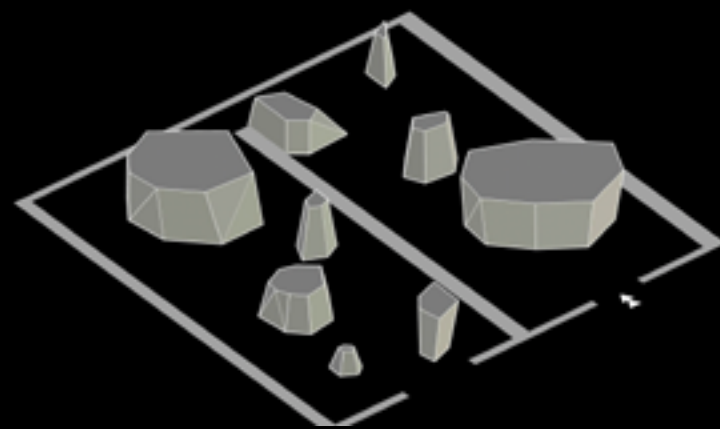
在許許多多個月圓夜，阿兵哥會與成千上百個貝殼做愛，並讓精液噴灑在沿岸的每個角落，讓一切閃爍著精液的螢光。於是，半人、半甲殼的生物便從貝殼中誕生，這些生物構築村落、建構社會，逐漸演變成一自成一格的文明……

在你眼前是那個發射出白色光芒的 BODO。你看著我，我看著你，彷彿你我四目相交。關於這個島嶼存在的秘密……我想，你應該已經了然於胸了。它是一個超越時間與空間的存在，在這裡，人類所有的慾望都會實現。

站在燈光下的你、既是這個劇場的旁觀者，也是參與者。你一起參與了強姦、亂倫、凌虐、與霸凌，一如同你在現實與虛擬世界裏所不斷操演的、讓你亢奮的、讓你感到活著的暴力。

其實，暴力就是這個劇場的本質，它沒有因果關係、也沒有邏輯，暴力就是為暴力而存在，是、不是、沒有理由。在其中，路徑選擇者以為自己有自由意志，但其實，他們只是在程式編碼的迷宮當中繞圈，選擇是沒有意義的，因為結局早已經被決定。

STORY



You are standing under the spotlight. Now you are by the Keelung Harbor, with the salty and pungent sea breeze caressing your cheeks. You are now in the deepest corner of my memories. It was years ago during that summer when I was assigned to be stationed on an outlying island.

I sit by the harbor along with several dozen pale-faced rookie soldiers. The village chief stands on a stool with a microphone, wishing us a safe journey. The poor-quality speakers can't dispel the clouds of worry and melancholy hanging over our heads, leaving us with splitting headaches.

Few days ago, my mother took me to Xingtian Temple to pray. An elderly lady who was there to ward off evil spirits used incense to circle around my chest. I drew a fortune stick that said, **"If you ask about pine dreams today, it's like peach blossoms blooming in the village."** The fortune teller said that this stick signifies romance and auspicious encounters. My mom, upon hearing this, tearfully expressed her happiness.

Later that same afternoon, at a café, I told my girlfriend, "Let's break up," and then threw my military conscription notice on the table. My girlfriend didn't say a word, she just stood up and slapped me right on the face, then walked away without looking back. The sudden slap left me in silence, and I began to contemplate life.

I contemplated whether or not I should say those words, and if I would regret it in the days to come. If time could be reversed and life could start over, how should I have approached my girlfriend?

Now, you, who are under the spotlight, are participants in this story. In this adventure, you will make big and small decisions, and these choices will have an impact on my insignificant life.

Now it comes to your first decision. Do you want me to start over? If everything could be reset, would life really be smooth sailing?

There are two spotlights in front of you. If you believe that life can be restarted, please walk towards the blue light. If you think that life cannot be reset, please walk towards the red light. After the lights flash, you will have made your decision.

Who am I? Where am I going?
 What is all of this really?
 What does it have to do with me?

I remembered the day when I was assigned to the marine corps. The employees at the district office told me, “congratulations, you will become a real man.” I asked them what they meant, but they only gave me a mysterious smile.

Later, I arrived at the training center and began a daily routine of suffering and misery. The drill instructor said it was to make us into real men. But when I looked around at my fellow Taiwanese man, they were nothing more than a ragtag group made up of fools, misfits, and those with psychological and physiological disabilities. Once this country falls into our hands, it will have an irreparable fate.

Now, under the spotlight, you find yourself on a warship heading towards an outlying island. In the turbulent sea, the ship is a huge tin can, and the soldiers inside are like sardines, tossed and thrown without gravity, without direction, without dignity. After drifting for hours, You and I finally reach the end of the world.

After getting ashore, I reported to the military base camp and was greeted by my squad leader with an icy stare. Later I found out that shortly before my arrival, a new recruit had died. All of this made me feel uneasy. On this peaceful and quiet island, why would someone die so inexplicably?

The squad leader asked me to accompany him to get to know the camp. I carried my bag and followed him along the rugged mountain path. As we walked, he explained the geography of the island to me. This was a volcanic island that rose from the sea, with a length of no more than ten kilometers. The island was covered in massive limestone formations, with dense, tropical jungle in between.

The squad leader said that there seemed to be some erosive substance in the jungle that caused everything to decay, rust, and deteriorate. The island was full of dilapidated radar stations, destroyed anti-aircraft turrets, and broken-down Humvees. Even the camp’s meeting room was in a state of ruins.

Under the light, you followed the squad leader’s footsteps and arrived at the hot and stuffy dormitory, which was a cement building covered in mold and resembled a post-apocalyptic movie set. I found my own bed and that night, I lay in a suffocating mosquito net, counting the holes, and fell into a deep slumber.

In the midnight, I woke up from a deep sleep. As I opened my eyes, I discovered a creepy face beneath me, and the person was gleefully eating my genitals while making slurping sounds like eating instant noodles.

Who are you? How did you come into my dream? What kind of dream is this? Is it a nightmare or a transient joy? The figure said his name was **BODO**. He was once a rookie like me, but after he died, he was forever trapped here.

BODO said that despite people telling you that serving in the military is a duty that every citizen should fulfill, there is actually a terrible conspiracy behind it. In the military, many people joke, “be careful not to stuck in here forever.” This is actually a hint of the same fate that he suffered. BODO said that according to legend, there are seven totems in the military. When you witness the appearance of these seven totems, you will be forever trapped here, with no chance of leaving.

He patted my shaved head and told me to remember the following: **totem 1: red dots on the sea, totem 2: towel with a semen smell, totem 3: lighter with a picture of a beautiful woman, totem 4: green tea Yakult with bright green colouring, totem 5: dried gecko, totem 6: shell resembling a female genitalia, totem 7: burning palm trees.**

I remembered the fortune I had asked for earlier, “If you ask about the pine tree dream, it is like a village full of peach blossoms.” Could BODO be my lucky star? Just as the morning sun shone into the dormitory, BODO disappeared into nothingness in the blink of an eye.



DA-DIAO

Senior Da-Diao told me that every plane on the radar is a red dot. Whenever an unidentified plane appears at sea, it’s called “**a red dot on the sea,**” and all anti-aircraft defenses go into a state of alert.

In the present moment, you hear the urgent sound of alarms in the distance, the noise piercing through the darkness. Then, you see soldiers wearing helmets and gas masks running into their anti-aircraft positions like panicked ants, their movements quick and frantic.

I sat in the anti-aircraft turret, in the scorching sun, enclosed in a steel hemisphere reminiscent of roast chickens sold at roadside vendors, the high temperature roasting the flesh inside. Sweat, machine oil, rust, and the deafening sound of the generator filled the air. Next to me sat Senior Da-Diao.

Da-Diao had a noisy mouth, and every day I listened to him boast about countless sexual experiences, and I always doubted what kind of pornographic world I was living in. Da-Diao said he once lingered in a cheap hostel in Qijin, where he grabbed an anonymous prostitute from behind in a rundown room and fucked her anus wildly until feces covered every inch of the surface of the double bed.

Da-Diao also said that he once deceived female college students at Fengjia Night Market, persuading innocent and naive girls to kneel between squat toilets in public restrooms and suck on his abnormally swollen glans due to genital beading. He claimed that the girls had a fragrance of guava-flavored dried plum powder.

Inside the anti-aircraft gun turret, Da-Diao and I wandered through one dream after another, interweaving faces of prostitutes, college students, office ladies, and bubble tea shop aunties, unable to distinguish between reality and fiction.

Da-Diao told me that his girlfriend had been cheating on him. His girlfriend, A-Xia, had fallen in love with a Chinese-Cambodian man, and the two of them planned to emigrate together to Phnom Penh and work as a dealer in a five-star casino.

Da-Diao patted my shoulder and said, “brother, do you want to join an adventurous journey?” He planned to steal rifles from the arsenal in the early morning, and launch a massacre at Taoyuan Airport on the day when A-Xia was leaving.

At one o’clock in the morning, as I quietly sneaked out of the dormitory, Da-Diao was already waiting for me at the armory. The two of us then pried open the iron lock and put on our bulletproof vests, S-belts, helmets, and T91 rifles. Taking advantage of the change of shift for the guards, we quickly crossed the ridge sentry and ran past the platoon assembly ground. After climbing over the cement wall, we disappeared into the jungle.

The blue light of the moon spilled onto the giant banana leaves, and there was a salty and humid smell of muntjac feces in the air. After several hours of marching, Da-Diao and I arrived at the port and boarded the first ship heading to the main island of Taiwan the next morning. By the time we caught up with the Cambodian, it was already late at night the next day.

Under the dim streetlight, swarms of black ants were flying, and the Cambodian was caught off guard. Da-Diao who was holding a shiny T91 rifle, he lifted the butt of the rifle, and smashed it onto the faces of the Cambodian. The heavy wooden stock collided with his skulls, making a dull sound. Bump, Bump, Bump. Blood sprayed from the nostrils and eye sockets, forming numerous small red dots on the face.

Not long after, the Cambodian lay motionless on the ground, face down, seeming to have lost any signs of life. Da-Diao kicked him in the stomach, causing his curled-up body to convulse, and a dark yellow liquid flowed out from his lower body, followed by a pungent odor. Da-Diao grabbed the head of the Cambodian and, with his other hand, opened his own pants and forced his swollen genitals into the Cambodian’s half-opened mouth.

As Da-Diao writhed his lower body, he muttered under his breath, “mother fuckers...” His genitals collided with the lips, and blood and saliva gushed out of the Cambodian’s mouth like a spring.

After boarding the boat back to the island, we dug a hole on the beach with entrenching tools and hid our rifles and equipment inside. On the way back to the camp, a big fire broke out in the distance jungle, and **the flickering flames on the palm trees** shone on the eagle’s face. At that moment, he softly hummed the song “the Fighting Marines.”

“See how strong our troops are, with the power like mountains and rivers,
Hear our singing, so loud and clear, shaking the mountains and breaking the sky.”



During the time of our escape, Da-Diao and I roamed deep in the jungle, and even though some people were sent to search for us, they eventually gave up. I don't know if it was because of the jungle, but my relationship with Da-Diao also underwent changes.

On many afternoons, the two of us would strip off our tattered uniforms and play in the waterfall, our naked bodies glistening with brown hues in the sunshine. As I watched the reflection of the eagle in the creek, his sturdy body looked like some sort of beautiful wild animal. On many evenings, we would light a campfire and feast on the tree frogs and birds, then lay on the rocks and gaze at the stars above. Under the moonlight, Da-Diao would reach out his hand and stroke my cheek, and I didn't know how to respond, so I just smiled back at him.

I felt the weight of Da-Diao's body on top of me in the deep moonlit night. His hands were planted on either side of me, and I could feel his bulging biceps, quivering skin, and the inhaling and exhaling of his breath. I could feel his genitals pressing tightly against my back as I gently twisted my body, trying to press against it. His hand slowly moved up my thigh and then down again, wrapping around my genitals.

Like a snake swaying along with the movements of a snake charmer, my genitals trembled violently with his hand. Da-Diao's powerful hand tightly held me, while his other hand turned my head towards him. His lips pressed tightly against mine, and his tongue hammered against my teeth, prying them apart and entering my mouth. For a moment, excitement, happiness, fear, and nausea all mixed together in my heart, leaving me unsure of how to react.

You are about to make your decision. There are two spotlights shining in front of you. If you want to [go along with Da-Diao](#), please walk towards the blue light. If you want to [push away Da-Diao](#), please walk towards the red light. After the lights flash, you will have made your decision.

GO ALONG WITH DA-DIAO

I want to say something, but words are unnecessary. We touch each other's bodies, kissing and sliding our tongues over each other. I savor his animalistic scent.

Da-Diao kisses every inch of my body, moving his mouth from my belly to my sensitive areas. The tingling sensation makes me feel weak and powerless, and I unconsciously moan softly.

Da-Diao buries his head between my legs, lightly licking my genitals. I happily moan and tremble uncontrollably as every nerve in my body comes alive. Da-Diao says that this island is a paradise and he wants to live here with me for the rest of his life and grow old together in the jungle. Over time, I also feel that my old life is getting further and further away from me.



PUSH AWAY DA-DIAO

I instinctively pushed away Da-Diao's hand, but his strong body easily overpowered me with seemingly endless strength. I struggled harder, but he grabbed my wrist with one hand and pushed my body with the other, giving me a shoulder throw that slammed my face onto the sharp rocks. My entire body felt a sharp pain, and my mouth was filled with the salty and bitter taste of blood.

I felt Da-Diao's knee pressing down on my back, and his hands tearing apart my tattered military uniform. His sharp teeth bit into every inch of my skin, and the pain and fear made me feel powerless. I could only helplessly feel the eagle penetrating me from behind. I cursed, foaming at the mouth, my body shaking uncontrollably, and every nerve in my body twitching.

I picked up a rock from the ground and hit him on the forehead with it. Da-Diao screamed in pain and lost his balance, falling backwards. I turned around and saw th Da-Diao lying on the ground with his arms spread open, his face looking up at the sky, blood flowing from one side of his head. I stood up and looked around for a boulder by the creek, finally choosing a huge one that stood tall in the water, covered in moss, half the height of a person, and made of volcanic rock.

I took a deep breath and lifted the rock, stirring up a whirlwind of fine sand and causing the creek critters and small shrimp to scatter below. Slowly, I advanced toward Da-Diao, the astonishing weight of the stone causing every muscle and joint in my body to tense up to the maximum.

Finally, I raised the rock high and brought it down onto Da-Diao's face with a loud crack. The stone tore through the skin and tissue, and the air was filled with tiny droplets of blood. Without hesitation, I lifted the rock once again and slammed it into Da-Diao's eye socket. The skull shattered like paper, and the eyeball popped out with a squelching sound.

With a loud smack, the boulder created a huge hole in the center of Da-Diao's face, mixed together with blood, hair and tissue.

After another smack, the whole jungle fell into eternal silence, only the fluttering of dragonflies among the stream stones could be heard, echoing between the trees, lingering on for a long time.

THE AUNTIE

As you looked ahead, you saw a winding and rugged industrial road. You were in the back seat of a small scooter bouncing between the soil and stones, the engine emitting a strained scream. Finally, Da-Dao pulled up in front of a small tin shack that looked old and shabby, which was a bubble tea shop.

Da-Dao pointed with his chin towards the middle-aged woman, whom he called the auntie, standing behind the counter. He took out two one-hundred-dollar bills and said, “Two cups of Green tea Yakult, half-sugar, less ice.” The auntie took the money and unbuttoned her shirt, pressing her pair of white breasts against the cold stainless steel counter.

You watched as Da-Dao’s blackened fingers sank deeply into the auntie’s flesh, and it seemed like hunting wild animals in the jungle.

At this point, the auntie started chatting with me. “Hey young man, are you new here?” she asked. “Yes,” I replied. “How long do you have left to serve?” she asked. “Another eleven months,” I said. The auntie laughed and patted my pale head, teasing me for being a “stinky rookie soldier.” After the exchange, Da-Dao gave me a strange look and thanked the auntie. Pointing to the drink on the table, the auntie said, “This is your **Green tea Yakult**.”

On the way back, Da-Dao drove the scooters in the front seat and remained silent, while I sat in the back and sipped my drink. It was the sweetest and most difficult-to-swallow **green tea Yakult** I had ever tasted.

“Fuck!” I yelled, throwing the drink out. I watched the plastic cup spin in the mountain ditch, disappearing into the darkness.

Looking down at the mountain ditch, I saw a strange sea cave on the rocky wall where the mountain met the sea. With the blowing of the sea breeze, I could faintly hear clear laughter coming from the mountain. Looking at the cave, I shuddered with a cold feeling that pierced my spine.

As you soared through the air under the glow of the lights, you looked down on the island from a God's eye view. You saw the massive boulders, dense jungle, and the military base concealed by branches and leaves. You saw the men living within it, driven daily by their desires for sex and murder, like headless flies, unable to find their way out of the jungle.

Yesterday, I went to the bubble tea shop with Da-Dao again. When the auntie saw us, she was particularly excited and cut a plate of fruit for us. After we finished eating the dragon fruit, she brushed my hair, revealing her bright red teeth. She picked off the weeds on my head and kindly asked if I wanted to wash my hair. Suddenly, Da-Dao's expression became stiff and he said he wanted to leave.

Scalding water was poured onto my head, and every inch of my scalp feel like it is stinging, but I don't mind at all. Auntie's hands gently stroke my face, and as she washes my hair, she tells me stories. Auntie has never left the island in her entire life. Every day, as far as her eyes can see, there are people in green uniforms.

The auntie said, all of the soldiers had lonely faces when they first arrived. That's why she welcomed them with open legs. However, over time, their loneliness was replaced by cold and cruel expressions. Eventually, they shed their green uniforms and disappeared on the other side of the sea.

The only thing that remained was this lonely island and its lonely auntie. I look up at her as she washed my hair, and I saw her relaxed skin sagging along her cheeks, with dark pigmentation forming spots. Her black-and-white hair had a sense of age to it.

I pondered how to tell the auntie that I wanted to leave, but she started massaging my shoulders and worked her way down to my arms. She asked if there was any area that needed extra attention. I asked the auntie to massage my upper body, but I felt her hands wandering between my belly and groin. I suddenly opened my eyes, and the foam that flowed into my eyes brought a stinging sensation. I stood up, dried my hair, and told the auntie that I would come back next time. The auntie grabbed me and asked in a low and slow tone if I wanted a blow job. She said it wouldn't cost extra.

I asked the auntie if the blowjob is really free of charge. She chuckled lightly, but then the metal gate suddenly started to shake vigorously. Someone at the door was shouting, "Ah-Maun, Ah-Maun, why is the door locked?" The auntie pushed me and told me to climb out of the window.

In front of you lay the auntie's bubble tea shop, a small tin shed that looked shabby and rundown on the dusty road. But it was the haven for my military life.

Under the blue-green tin roof, the auntie always prepared fruit biscuits and chicken soup, and her smile was ready to bloom for me at any time. Lying on the chair, I felt the auntie's fingertips glide over my hair. I gazed up at her face, knowing every wrinkle like the back of my hand. Just as the auntie was familiar with every inch of my skin, every nerve, every tremble, and every sigh.

I caressed the auntie's skin, feeling the texture that has been honed by time, savoring the old-fashioned smell of her foundation and the skin underneath it. After washing my hair, the auntie would lie on the towel-covered board, spreading her legs apart like a delivery room. She said her joints hurt as she aged, so she left the rest to the young. When I entered the auntie, there was no excitement, only a sense of comfort and stability as if returning home.

After we finished, the auntie lit up a cigarette, and we took turns smoking cigarettes on the bed, staring at the dried gecko corpse under the rusty tin roof. On a typical afternoon, the auntie asked me, "Xiao Chang, do you want to elope with me?" The auntie said she was tired of everything, she wanted to leave her husband, leave this run-down tin shack, leave this island, and come back to Taiwan with me to start a new life.

Under the spotlight, you are about to make your decision. There are two spotlights shining in front of you. If you choose to [elope with the auntie](#), please walk towards the blue light. If you choose [not to elope with the auntie](#), please walk towards the red light. After the lights flicker, you have made your decision.



ELOPE WITH THE AUNTIE

Since I agreed to elope with the auntie, I started openly going out with her, and unsuspecting passersby always mistook us for a mother and son. The owner of a clothing store always tried to sell her lingerie and underwear for me.

After I was discharged from the army, I brought the auntie back to Taiwan. At first, my parents were very surprised, and my dad couldn't accept that his daughter-in-law was about the same age as him. For a while, my parents avoided meeting us.

I felt very sorry for the auntie, but she said that compared to what she had been through, this was nothing. We supported each other for a long time, and finally, our sincerity opened my parents' hearts. Because the auntie didn't have any parents, we only held a simple ceremony before moving into our new home together.

The only remaining memory of our wedding was a wedding photo. In the photo studio, my parents stood behind us, and the auntie and I sat side by side in front. It looked like a family photo of my father marrying two wives, which was quite unique.

Recently, the auntie started talking to my parents about everything, and it was understandable since they grew up in the same era and had similar memories. Sometimes they chatted so much that I felt like an outsider.

However, the auntie's child was about the same age as me, and we had more common topics to talk about. Everyone eventually found their home, and it was a perfect ending.

One day, I saw the news that a sergeant had committed suicide by gunshot in a military base camp, and that night the auntie secretly shed tears in her room.

Looking at the auntie's back, I realized that a person's destiny couldn't be changed. The prophecy at the beginning of this story had predetermined my future. I remembered the fortune-telling stick I drew before joining the army: **“If you ask about pine dreams today, it's like peach blossoms blooming in the village.”**

Everything seemed to be arranged and predetermined.

NOT TO ELOPE WITH THE AUNTIE

I used intense sex as a substitute for answering the auntie's question. As we were in the midst of our vigorous exercise, the door to the tin shack suddenly opened, and a strange man appeared before us. The auntie panicked and waved her hands, saying that things weren't as they seemed. It was then that I realized the seriousness of the situation.

I looked up at the man in front of me. He was wearing a helmet, a bulletproof vest, and an S-shaped belt, and he held a T91 rifle that looked familiar. I realized it was my equipment that I had hidden at the beach.

The man grabbed the towel from beneath the auntie's body and told me to wrap it around my head. Countless questions ran through my mind. How did he find our hidden place, and how did he get his hands on my equipment? But I knew I'd never have the answers. Life seemed like an endless cycle of reincarnation.

I tried to speak under the towel, but the smell of sweat, semen, and cheap perfume filled my mouth and nose. I could hear the man shouting and arguing with the auntie. As I expected, he finally pulled the trigger. The rapidly expanding high-pressure gas from the gunpowder combustion propelled the bullet from the barrel. The spinning bullet tore through the towel and into my mouth, shattering my jawbone and sending my front teeth flying like popcorn in all directions. It then deflected upward into my brain, causing my skull to explode like a pressure cooker, and my brain matter, cerebral spinal fluid, and tissue sprayed everywhere, splattering onto the ceiling.

Afterwards, the tin shack was filled with nothing but the auntie's heart-wrenching screams.

THE MONSTER

You opened your eyes in the dim light and saw a dark cave. The ocean waves crashed against the black basalt walls and thousands of cockroaches scurried through the cracks in the rocks. The dimly lit cave mouth was deep and black, overgrown with weeds and emitting a foul, yet intriguing odor.

You tried to recall what happened last night. You were running with Da-Diao along the coast under the moonlight. Suddenly, Da-Diao vanished into the darkness, and soon after, you too fell through the void and plummeted to the ground below.

When you woke up, you found yourself in a sea cave several dozen feet above the ground. Every inch of your body was in excruciating pain, and you tried to move your limbs, but the two legs, embedded in gravel, were wracked with unbearable pain.

You reached down to touch your legs and found that the lower body was a mass of bloody flesh. Your left leg was bent in an unnatural position like a broken toy, and the right leg was cut by rocks, revealing a gaping wound on the inner thigh where layers of muscle tissue had been ripped open like a flower.

“Damn it!” you screamed in agony.

In front of you there are two spotlights. If you want to [shout for help](#), please walk towards the blue light. If you want to try to [climb out of the cave on your own](#), please walk towards the red light. After the lights flicker, you will have made your decision.

SHOUT FOR HELP

“Help...help...”
“Help...help...”
“Help...help me!”
“Help...help...”
“Help...help...”
“Help...help me!”
“Help...help...”
“Help...help...”
“Help...help me!”

I screamed with all my strength, but there was no response from outside the cave. Suddenly, a figure appeared from the darkness deep in the cave.

“Who’s there?” I fumbled in my pocket and found **a lighter with a picture of a beautiful woman on it**. In the dim light of the flame, I saw a curled-up figure.

It was a pale and slender body, resembling an extraterrestrial being. In the dim light, I could vaguely see a pair of tentacles extending from the top of its head, trembling slightly with the airflow.

“Son of a bitch, damn it!” I threw a rock and cursed at the creature with all kinds of foul language. The rock hit its calf and it let out a hissing scream, limping away deeper into the cave.

After that, everything fell into a deep darkness with no sound or light, only a vague figure in the distance. It wasn’t until a few days later that I realized it was the decaying body of Da-Diao I had been running with before falling into the cave.
As I lay there motionless on the ground, I was covered by swarms of flies on my face and body. It wasn’t long before the open wound on my leg turned black, and squirming maggots began to appear between the blurred flesh and blood. Intertidal creatures like hermit crabs, sand crabs, and horseshoe crabs started to take shelter on my wounds, feasting on every part of me. I couldn’t move, as I watched a tiny crab crawl onto my face, inserting its tiny pincers into my eyeball and sucking up the tissue fluid from my iris.

Under the spotlight, you watched in horror as my body withered and decayed at an alarming rate. In less than a week, I had become a broken skeleton.

At that moment, BODO appeared in front of me. Floating in the air, he looked at me with a half-mocking, half-pitying gaze. He said that in this world, death was not truly death, but just one of the possible branches in the tree of possibilities. BODO also asked me, if time could be reversed and everything could start anew, did I want to go back to the beginning of the story or choose the other option?

TRY TO CLIMB OUT OF THE CAVE ON YOUR OWN

I endured the intense pain and moved the huge stone that was pressing on me, pulling my twisted legs out. Then, I used all my strength to drag my lower body forward and left long bloodstains on the surface of the rocks.

After what seemed like centuries of excruciating crawling, I finally found Da-Diao lying on the other side of the cave. I reached out and felt his cheek with my palm, then touched his nostrils with my fingers. When I felt a faint breath, my tense heart finally broke, and I grabbed the great eagle and burst into tears.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the dark depths of the cave. “Who’s there?” I fumbled in my pocket and found a lighter with a picture of a beauty on it. In the dim light of the flame, I saw a curled-up figure: a pale and slender body that resembled an extraterrestrial creature. In the darkness, one could faintly see a pair of tendrils extending from the top of its head, trembling slightly with the airflow. “Go fuck yourself, fuck!” I threw a rock and cursed the creature with all kinds of vulgarities. A stone hit the creature’s shin, and it let out a hissing scream as it limped away into the depths of the cave.



In a daze, I felt something licking my face. I opened my eyes and saw the creature in front of me. Upon closer inspection, it appeared to be a mix between a human and a crustacean. It had a long slender body with a milky white shell that reflected strange light under the rays. Two antennae on top of its head swayed freely with the wind as if they had a life of their own.

I gestured wildly, trying to get the creature to fetch help or bring me some food, but it remained unresponsive. As days passed without food or water, I grew increasingly impatient and felt my strength dwindling. I sensed my life slipping away bit by bit.

No matter how hard I tried to communicate, the creature only stared at me with its dull eyes. Then, suddenly, I had a realization.

I reached out my trembling hands and grabbed onto the two tentacles of the creature, pulling it towards me with all my might. Surprisingly, it didn't resist and obediently swayed along with my movements as I pulled up, down, and swayed left and right.

Finally, I used all my strength to lift the creature's head and smashed it against the sharp rocks. I smashed it over and over again, watching as it twisted and deformed on the rocks. A large hole opened up on its forehead, and soft, rotten yellow brain matter flowed out. Strangely, the creature didn't struggle and continued to stare at me with its cloudy eyes.

I groped around the creature's neck and applied pressure with my fingertips at the edge of its scales, forcefully tearing off the soft shell on its cheek. I then took a bite of the silver-white flesh inside. The texture was quite chewy, with a salty taste of the ocean. When I bit into the neck artery, blue fresh blood flowed continuously into my throat. Suddenly, it felt like my whole body was infused with life, and I regained my confidence to continue on.

I divided the creature's body into several parts and roasted the first part over charcoal, boiled the second part with seaweed, and smoked the third part as jerky. The milky-white shell was used to make a warm coat, and the shell-like teeth were strung together as a necklace. Finally, I placed the creature's skull at the entrance of the cave as a decoration. Strangely, even though it was impaled on a stake, the creature continued to stare at me with its hazy eyes. As I gazed back at it, I began to feel like I could live there for a very, very long time.

On many late nights, whenever I felt the touch of being stroked by the genital, I knew that BODO had arrived. In countless interconnected dreams, BODO smiled and told me the secrets of this island.

SECRET OF THE ISLAND

BODO said that that island was once a war machine for counterattacking the mainland. The soldiers were on high alert every day, waiting for the enemy to appear from the other end of the sea at the beachhead fortress.

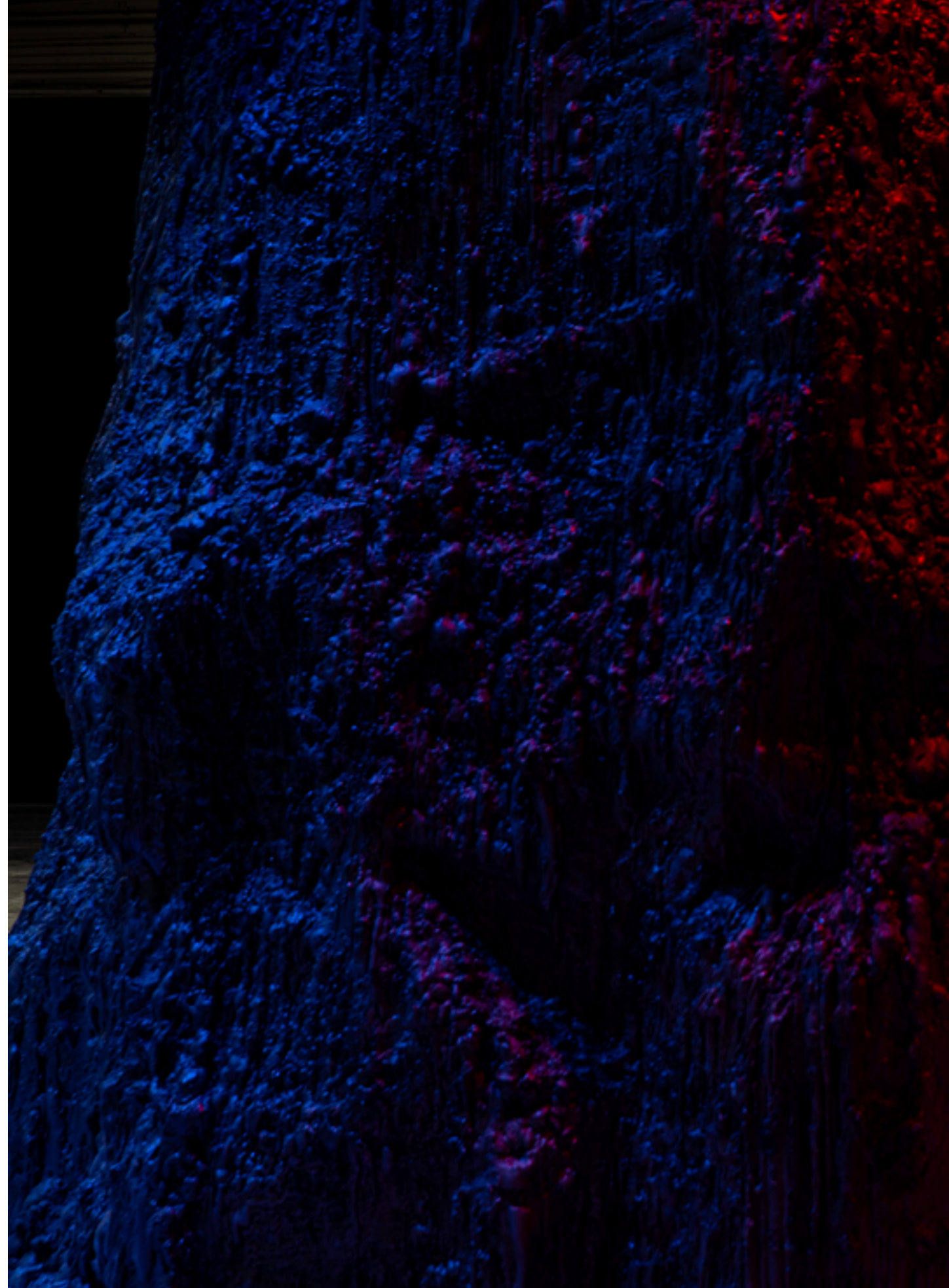
But as decades passed, the bored soldiers started to gang rape the shells on the tidal flats along the coast. The shape of the shell resembled the female genitalia, with two petals on each side and a wet opening under the pink flesh.

On countless full moon nights, the soldiers would have sex with thousands of shells, letting their semen spray into every corner of the coast, creating a fluorescent glow. As a result, half-human, half-shell creatures were born from the shells. These creatures built villages, constructed societies, and gradually evolved into a unique civilization...

Before you stand BODO, emitting a white light. You look at BODO and he looks back at you, as if your gaze meets in the mid-air. Regarding the secret of this island... I believe you already know it. It is a being that transcends time and space. Here, all human desires are fulfilled.

Standing under the spotlight, you are both a spectator and a participant in this theater. You take part in rape, incest, torture, and bullying, just as you continuously enact violence in both the real and virtual worlds that arouses you and makes you feel alive.

In fact, violence is the essence of this theater. It has no causality or logic. Violence exists for the sake of violence, with no reason or justification. In this world, the path selectors may think they have free will, but in reality, they are just going around in circles in the maze of programmed code. Choices are meaningless because the outcome has already been determined.





展覽論述

《BODO》展名受黃明川導演《寶島大夢》(1993) 啟發，故事由藝術家在海軍陸戰隊的個人經驗出發，描寫主人翁身處遙遠外島，在熱帶叢林中男性世界裡的奇想、慾望、與殘暴，並藉由多線劇本探討所謂的「男人」，如何透過迷彩服與殺人工具步步操演成為社會真實。

《BODO》為一結合現地製作、互動科技與多頻道聲音的自動劇場。走進展間的觀眾身處大型現地裝置之中，聆聽每個角落不同的聲音地景，與環繞的多頻道聲音所描述之敘事。在此以偵測器與控制系統所構成的互動環境之中，觀眾所行走之路線、與路徑上的選擇都將影響故事之進行，在其中，觀眾不僅是被動觀看者，也猶如一場「角色扮演遊戲」中的參與者。

STATEMENT

The name *BODO* comes from director Huang Mingchuan's 1993 film of the same name. Echoing the bizarre dreams and somewhat unreal sexual desires depicted in the film, artist Ting-Tong Chang bases his work on his personal experience, and portrays the experience of serving in the marine corps, along with the fantasies, desires, and violent behaviors of a masculine world in a tropical forest. Through the work, the artist further discusses the abstract construct of "man," and how it gradually becomes a social reality aided by camouflage uniforms and instruments of killing.

At the same time, *BODO* brings together site-specific works, multilayered narratives, interactive technology, and multichannel sounds, transforming the museum into an automatic theater mixing reality and virtuality. In the exhibition, the audience's viewing routes and choices will have an effect on how the story unfolds. In the complex multithreaded story, the audience become participants in a role-playing game, and everyone's viewing experience becomes a unique existence unlike any other because of how they choose to experience the adventure.

藝術家介紹

張碩尹 1982 年出生於臺北，現工作與居住於臺灣臺北與西班牙聖地亞哥德孔波斯特拉。張碩尹 2011 年自倫敦大學金匠學院藝術碩士畢業後，其詼諧反諷的創作語彙擴及社會政治議題、自然生態與當代生活的各種層面，其合作計畫統合科技、科學與歷史等不同知識領域，媒材跨及大型裝置、錄像、與劇場。

他的近期個展於北師美術館、臺北市立美術館舉行；並參與台北雙年展、廣州三年展、薩奇藝廊、Compton Verney 美術館、惠康基金會之群展與委託案。近期獲獎包括第十九屆台新藝術獎視覺藝術大獎、臺北美術獎首獎、香港 Art Central 藝術博覽會新晉菁英大獎、伊比利美術獎、英國皇家雕塑學會獎。作品受臺北市立美術館、藝術銀行、洪建全基金會、巴西駐英大使館典藏，與亞洲歐洲私人收藏。

INTRODUCTION

Ting-Tong Chang (b.1982, Taipei) is an artist who lives and works in Taipei, Taiwan and Santiago de Compostela, Spain.

Chang's satirical gaze leaves no aspect of society untouched. Revelling in the absurd and illogical, he makes a mockery of socio-political subjects ranging from the social and ecological effects of consumerism to the functioning of the art world itself. Working across the distinct practices of immersive installation, video and theatre, his transgressive practice co-opts science, technology and history to dissect the world around him.

After receiving his MFA at Goldsmiths, University of London in 2011, Chang has exhibited internationally. He held solo exhibitions at the Museum of NTUE and Taipei Fine Arts Museum and has participated in group shows and commissioned projects in Guangzhou Triennial, Taipei Biennial, Saatchi Gallery, Compton Verney Art Gallery and Wellcome Trust. Chang's major awards include the 19th Taishin Arts Award, Taipei Art Award 2020, Hong Kong Art Central RISE Award 2016, VIA Arts Prize 2016, and Royal Society of Sculptors Bursary Award 2015. His works can be found in the Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Art Bank, Hong Foundation, Embassy of Brazil London, and private collections in Europe and Asia.

2011	藝術碩士，倫敦大學金匠學院，倫敦	「Metabody in Kinesphere / 動勢身形」，國立台灣美術館，台中，台灣	
2005	學士，國立政治大學廣告學系，台北	「跟你說個故事」，台北市立美術館兒童藝術中心，台北，台灣	
個展		「布加勒斯特國際舞蹈影展」，布加勒斯特，羅馬尼亞	
2023	「浪濤下亦有皇都」，山口媒體藝術中心，山口，日本	「釜山國際錄像藝術節」，釜山，韓國	
	「BODO」，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣	2021	「台北國際藝術博覽會」，台北世界貿易中心，台北，台灣
2022	「她與你與她的戀愛」，就在藝術空間，台北，台灣		「未來媒體藝術節」，空總台灣當代文化實驗場，台北，台灣
	「那些僅剩的遺骸」，伊日計畫空間，台北，台灣		「本草城市」，新竹 241 藝術空間，新竹市，台灣
2021	「肥皂」，北師美術館，台北，台灣		「New Situation：EM Staff Select」，亞紀畫廊，台北，台灣
	「如果」，新板藝廊，新北市，台灣	2020	「台北當代藝術博覽會」，南港展覽館，台北，台灣
2020	「台北機電人 1.0」，寶藏巖國際藝術村，台北，台灣		「臺北美術獎」，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣
	「台北機電人 2.0：訊息瘟疫」，立方計畫空間，台北，台灣		「合・衆：# 你的關係是我的政治」，435 藝術特區，新北市，台灣
2019	「Kosmos」，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣	2019	「A021 上海二十一當代藝術博覽會」，上海展覽中心，上海，中國
2018	「人與機器悖論的殊途同歸」，伊日台北藝術空間，台北，台灣		「FLAME HK」，ovolo southside，香港
2017	「Kosmos」，巴西駐英大使館，倫敦，英國		「When Artists Enter the Factories」，布魯克林陸軍碼頭，紐約，美國
	「公治長解鳥語」，Noblesse Collection，首爾，韓國，英國		「City Flip-Flop 城市震盪」，空總臺灣當代文化實驗場
2016	「北印度群島」，Christine Park Gallery，倫敦，英國		C-LAB，台北，台灣
	「南冥有鳥，其名爲鵬」，亞洲藝術中心，倫敦，英國		「Earth Without Humans - On the Boundaries of Artificial
	「Second Life：棲息地」，張碩尹、鄭先喻雙個展，洪建全文教基金會，台北，台灣		Life」，Kapelica 藝廊，盧比安納，斯洛維尼亞
	「The Colosseum」，Art Central 藝術博覽會，香港中環海濱，香港		「ACT Festival—Food Hack」，亞洲文化殿堂，光州，韓國
2015	「Clockwork Dreams」，華人當代藝術中心，曼徹斯特，英國		「李元佳與年輕藝術家」，亞紀藝廊，台北，台灣
	「子非魚焉知魚之樂」，發電廠藝術中心，萊比錫，德國	2018	「廣州三年展」，廣東美術館，廣州，中國
2014	「Por Ahora」，愛丁堡雕塑中心，愛丁堡，英國		「台北雙年展」，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣
	「Until Now」，馬修藝廊，愛丁堡，英國		「機器不孤單—機器三部曲」，新時線媒體（CAC）藝術中心，上海，中國
2012	「合成謬誤」，Surface 藝廊，諾丁罕，英國		「Common Third」，Copperfield 藝廊，倫敦，英國
聯展			「Human non Human」，Powerhouse 博物館，雪梨，澳洲
2023	「安養公共藝術計畫」，安養市，韓國		「Synthetica」，夏宮，愛丁堡，英國
	「Imigration」，Common 藝廊，東京，日本		「POLITICS OF THE MACHINES – ART AND AFTER」，
	「Festival AVIFF 2023」，Variétés 電影院，馬賽，法國		Aalborg University，哥本哈根，丹麥
	「錄像機媒體藝術節」，白實驗室，馬德里，西班牙		「Marvellous Mechanical Museum」，Compton Verney Art
	「巴塞爾藝術展香港展會」，香港會議展覽中心，香港		Gallery，沃里克郡，英國
2022	「濟州雙年展」，濟州美術館，濟州市，韓國	2017	「EWAAC 藝術獎」，La Galleria Pall Mall，倫敦
	「說故事者」，日動畫廊，東京，日本		「States Of Play」，英國工藝委員會 @ 赫爾英國文化之都，英國
	「Reborn Art Festival」，石卷市，宮城縣，日本		「Currents New Media」，聖塔菲文化美術館，聖塔菲，新墨西哥，美國
	「巴塞爾藝術展香港展會」，香港會議展覽中心，香港		「Art Busan」，BEXCO Hall 1，釜山，韓國
	「台北當代藝術博覽會」，台北世界貿易中心，台北，台灣	2016	「Art Expo Malaysia」，MECC (Matrade Exhibition & Convention
	「非遊記」，台北當代藝術館，台北，台灣		Centre)，吉隆坡，馬來西亞

	「START 藝術博覽會」，薩奇藝廊，倫敦，英國		國
	「台灣美術雙年展」，國立台灣美術館，台中，台灣		新晉菁英大獎，得主，Art Central 藝術博覽會，香港
	「國際電子語言藝術節」，SESI Gallery，聖保羅，巴西		第八屆藝術獎，首獎，當代藝術獨立顧問團 ICCA，慕尼黑，德國
	「Elsewhere is Nowhere」，國立台灣美術館，台中，台灣		
	「Time and Space」，畢敏斯當代藝術中心，歐馬哈，內布拉斯加州，美國	2015	RBS Bursary Award，英國皇家雕塑學會，得主，倫敦，英國
	「英國皇家雕塑學院年輕藝術家聯展」，英國皇家雕塑學會，倫敦，英國	2013	愛丁堡新人創作獎，得主，愛丁堡雕塑中心，愛丁堡
	「巴塞爾藝術展」，香港會議展覽中心，香港	2011	國際徵件展，Surface 藝廊，首獎，諾丁罕，英國
	「Exorcism – Curating Each Other」，Conneting Space，香港		沙龍藝術獎，Matt Roberts Arts Project Space，入圍，倫敦
	「Play List」，VT Artsalon，台北，台灣		
2015	「FIX 表演藝術節」，Catalyst 藝廊，貝爾法斯特，北愛爾蘭，英國		
	「Sluice 藝術博覽會」，Barge House，倫敦，英國		
	「曼徹斯特當代藝術博覽會」，Old Granada Studios，曼徹斯特，英國		
	「夏季年度展覽」，佛羅倫斯基金會，倫敦，英國		
	「製造 X 意義」，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣		
2013	「伯明罕歐洲藝術節」，AE Harris，伯明罕，英國		
	「Art Meets Science」，Art Crumbles，奈美根市，荷蘭		
2012	「第三屆莫斯科雙年展」，國立當代藝術中心，莫斯科，俄羅斯		
	「墨塔藝術節」，Raczej 藝廊，波森，波蘭		
	「歐洲行爲藝術節」，當代藝術中心，華沙，波蘭		
2010	「Mirror, Mirror on the Wall」，TAMTAM8，柏林		
	「論壇雙年展」，徐文瑞策，台北當代藝術中心 TCAC，台北，台灣		
	「大聲展」，歐寧策，三里屯 SOHO，北京，中國		
	「台灣美術雙年展」，國立台灣美術館，台中，台灣		
2008	「台北雙年展」，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣		
2006	「CO6 台灣前衛文件展」，國立台灣美術館，台中，台灣		
獲獎			
2021	第 19 屆台新藝術獎，視覺藝術大獎，台新銀行藝術文化基金會，台北，台灣		
2020	臺北美術獎，首獎，台北市立美術館，台北，台灣		
2018	COCA 藝術獎，優選，COCA 當代藝術家中心 (Center of Contemporary Artists)，羅馬 - 巴賽隆納 - 格羅塔列		
2017	Wellcome Collection Seed Award in Humanities and Social Science，倫敦，英國		
	EWAAC 藝術獎，East West Art Link (EWAL)，倫敦，英國		
	文化廳媒體藝術祭，評審團特別獎，日本		
2016	Ibero-America Arts Award，首獎，巴西駐英大使館，倫敦，英		

收藏
《檳榔屋、山蘇床、蝸牛陷阱》，アウラ現代藝術振興財団典藏，2022
《檳榔屋、山蘇床、蝸牛陷阱》，藝術銀行典藏，2022
《烏鴉》，洪建全基金會典藏，2021
《叢林探險》、《溪山清遠》，藝術銀行典藏，2020
《金匠學院心理地理研究》、《被錢活活吞噬》、《皮耶·雅凱·德羅的寫字手 1768-1774》、《雅克·迪·沃康松的消化鴨 1739》、《瑪麗·雪萊的科學怪人；或，現代普羅米修斯 1818》，台北市立美術館典藏，2020
《南冥有鳥，其名爲鵬》JM SR Collection 典藏，2018
《南冥有鳥，其名爲鵬》Noblesse Collection 典藏，2017
《南冥有鳥，其名爲鵬》巴西駐英大使館典藏，2016
《斜紋夜蛾》台北市立美術館典藏，2015
歐洲、亞洲私人收藏

駐村	
2020	寶藏巖國際藝術村，台北，台灣
2019	亞洲文化殿堂，光州，韓國
2017	紐約雕塑中心，紐約，美國
2016	爆炸理論，布萊頓，英國
2015	貝敏斯當代藝術中心，奧馬哈，內布拉斯加州，美國
2014	佛羅倫斯基金會（The Florence Trust），倫敦，英國
	愛丁堡雕塑中心，愛丁堡，英國
2013	apexart，紐約，美國
2012	華人當代藝術中心，曼徹斯特，英國
	id11，代爾夫特，荷蘭

2011 MFA in Fine Art, Goldsmiths, University of London, UK
2005 BA in Advertising, National ChengChi University, Taipei, Taiwan

SOLO SHOW

2023 *There is another capital beneath the wave*, YCAM, Yamaguchi, Japan
BODO, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
2022 *Remains for Those Remain*, Yiri Arts, Taipei, Taiwan
She and You and Her, Project Fulfill, Taipei, Taiwan
2021 *SOAP*, Museum of National Taipei University of Education(MoNTUE), Taipei Taiwan
IF, New Taipei Gallery, New Taipei City, Taiwan
2020 *Taipei Robot Man 2.0: Infodemic*, the Cube Project Space, Taipei, Taiwan
Taipei Robot Man, Treasure Hill International Artist Village, Taipei, Taiwan
2019 *Kosmos*, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
2018 *Machines Under the Similitude of Men*, Yiri Arts, Taipei, Taiwan
2017 *Kosmos*, Embassy of Brazil, London, UK
Gongye Chang Could Understand Birds, Noblesse Collection, Seoul, South Korea
2016 *P'eng's Journey to the Southern Darkness*, Asia House, cur. Eiko Honda, London, UK
North Indies—Pilot, Christine Park Gallery, London, UK
Second Life: Habitat, Hong's Foundation, dual show with Hsien Yu Chang, Taipei, Taiwan
2015 *Clockwork Dreams*, Centre for Chinese Contemporary Art (CFCCA), Manchester, UK
Whence Do You Know the Happiness of Fish? Kunst Kraft Werk, cur. Candace Goodrich, Leipzig, Germany
2014 *Por Ahora*, Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop, Edinburgh, UK

SELECTED GROUP SHOWS

2022 Jeju Biennale, Jeju Museum of Art, Jeju City, South Korea
Storyteller, NCA Nichido Contemporary Art, Tokyo, Japan
Reborn-Art Festival, Ishinomaki, Miyagi Prefecture, Japan
Metabody in Kinesphere, National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, Taichung, Taiwan
Telling A Story With You, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
Adaptor, MoCA Taipei, Taipei, Taiwan
Bucharest International Dance Film Festival, Cinema

Elvire Popesco, Romania
2021 Green Routes, NCA Nichido Contemporary Art, Tokyo, Japan
Future Media Festival, Taiwan Contemporary Culture Lab (C-LAB), Taipei, Taiwan
Herbal Urbanism Hsinchu, Hsinchu City Museum, Hsinchu, Taiwan
New Situation: EM Staff Select, Each Modern Gallery, Taipei, Taiwan
2020 Taipei Art Awards, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
Re-Public: Your Relation is My Politics, Banqiao 435 Art Zone, New Taipei City, Taiwan
2019 City Flip-Flop, Taiwan Contemporary Culture Lab (C-LAB), Taipei, Taiwan
Earth Without Humans - On the Boundaries of Artificial Life, Kapelica Gallery, Ljubljana, Slovenia
ACT Festival 2019—Food Hack, Asia Culture Center, Gwangju, South Korea
Li Yuan chia and Homages To, Each Modern Gallery, Taipei, Taiwan
2018 Guangzhou Triennial, Guangdong Museum of Art, Guangzhou, China
Taipei Biennial, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
Machines Are Not Alone: A Machinic Trilogy, Chronus Art Center (CAC), Shanghai, China
Common Third, Copperfield gallery, London, UK
Synthetica, Summerhall, Edinburgh, UK
Politics of Machines—Art ㄊ and After, Aalborg University Copenhagen, Copenhagen, Denmark
Marvellous Mechanical Museum, Compton Verney Art Gallery, Warwickshire, UK
Human non Human, Powerhouse Museum, Sydney, Australia
2017 States Of Play, Humber Street Gallery, Craft Council & Humber Street Gallery, Hull, UK
Currents New Media Festival, El Museo Cultural de Santa Fe, NM, USA
EWAAC Art Award, La Galleria, London, UK
2016 VIA Arts Award, Embassy of Brazil, London, UK
Taiwan Biennial, National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, Taichung, Taiwan
Elsewhere is Nowhere, National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, Taichung, Taiwan
File Festival, SESI Gallery, Sao Paulo, Brazil
RBS Bursary Award, Royal British Society of Sculptors, London, UK
Exorcism – Curating Each Other, Connecting Space,

Hong Kong
2015 FIX Festival, Catalyst Gallery, Belfast, UK
Summer Exhibition, the Florence Trust, London, UK
Make Sense, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
2014 Bristol Biennial, Bristol, UK
2013 Birmingham European Festival: AE Harris, Birmingham, UK
Art Meets Science: Art Crumbles, the Netherlands
International Video Art Festival, La Neomudejar, Madrid, Spain
2012 Malta Festival, Nowe Sytuacje, Poznan, Poland
2011 Salon Art Prize: Matt Roberts Arts Project Space, London, UK
European Performance Art Festival, Centre of Contemporary Arts, Warsaw, Poland
2010 Mirror, Mirror on the Wall: TAMTAM8, Berlin, Germany
Forum Biennial: Taipei Contemporary Art Center TCAC, Taipei, Taiwan
GetItLouder: Sanlitun SOHO, Beijing, China
Taiwan Biennial: National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, Taichung, Taiwan
2008 Taipei Biennial: Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
2007 CO6 Taiwan Avant-Garde Documenta: National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, Taichung, Taiwan

Fairs
2022 Taipei Dangdai, Taipei World Trade Center, Taipei, Taiwan
Art Basel Hong Kong, Convention&Exhibition Centre, Hong Kong
2021 Art Taipei, Taipei World Trade Center, Taipei, Taiwan
2020 Taipei Dangdai, Nangang Exhibition Center, Taipei, Taiwan
2019 ART021 Shanghai Contemporary Art Fair, Shanghai Exhibition Center, Shanghai, China
FLAME HK 2019 Video Art Fair, ovolo southside, Hong Kong
2017 Art Busan, BEXCO Hall 1, Busan, Korea
2016 Art Expo Malaysia, MECC (Matrade Exhibition & Convention Centre), Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
START art fair, Saatchi Gallery, London
Art Central, Central Harbour Front, Hong Kong
Art Basel Hong Kong, Convention&Exhibition Centre, Hong Kong
2015 Sluice Art Fair, The Barge House South Bank, London
Manchester Contemporary, Old Granada Studios, Manchester

AWARDS

2021 The 19th Taishin Arts Award, Taishin Bank Foundation for Arts and Culture, Taipei, Taiwan
2020 Taipei Art Awards, Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
2018 COCA Prize, final shortlist, Center of Contemporary Artists, Barcelona-Rome-Grottaglie
2017 Wellcome Collection Seed Award in Humanities and Social Science, London, UK
EWAAC Art Award, 1st category prize, London, UK
Japan Media Art Festival, jury selections, Tokyo, Japan
2016 RISE Award, Art Central, Hong Kong
8th Art Award, Independent Contemporary Art Advisors ICAA, Munich, Germany
VIA Arts Award, embassy of Brazil London, London, UK
2015 RBS Bursary Award, Royal British Society of Sculptors, London, UK
2014 Creative Initiative, Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop, winner, Edinburgh, UK
2011 Open Call 2011: Surface gallery, first prize, Nottingham, UK
Salon Art Prize: Matt Roberts Arts Project Space, final shortlist, London, UK

COLLECTION

Taiwan Art Bank, 2020, 2022
Hong's Foundation, 2021
Aura Contemporary Art Foundation, 2021
JM SR Collection, 2018
Noblesse Collection, Seoul, 2017
Embassy of Brazil, London, 2016
Taipei Fine Arts Museum, 2015, 2020
Private collection in Asia and Europe

RESIDENCIES

2020 Treasure Hill International Artist Village, Taipei, Taiwan
2019 Asia Cultural Center, Gwangju, South Korea
2017 Sculpture Space, Utica, NY, USA
2016 Blast Theory, Brighton, UK
2015 Bemis Center for Contemporary Art, Omaha, NE, USA
2014 Edinburgh Sculpture Workshop, Edinburgh, UK
The Florence Trust, London
2013 New York Fellowship, apexart, New York, USA
2012 id11, Delft, the Netherlands
Centre for Chinese Contemporary Arts, Manchester, UK



BODO

本書為「BODO」之專輯，展覽從
2023 年 3 月 11 日至 6 月 4 日於
本館地下樓 E、F 展覽室展出。

展覽

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