

HERE AND THERE: RE-IMAGINING HONG KONG LANDSCAPES

極目足下

想・見香港風光

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始於足下

THE FIRST STEP
OF THE JOURNEY

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香港由「漁村」到「被發現」，然後「發展成世界金融中心」，是殖民地時期的論述。中國接管香港主權後，歷史要明確地推前逾千年去到秦代，甚至石器時代，「自古以來」香港皆有人民生產、活動、存在。為什麼都要說「自古以來」？風景不說謊，人怕失風光。億年風景，自古以來，屬於大自然所有生物。香港到底是什麼，是「被發現」？是「被屬於」？是世界金融中心？或是特別區域？我只能從自身經驗說起，「自古以來」，香港是轉口港的性格，舶來品有價，本地物賤。

膚淺，但真實。貨品如是，文化如是。文化往來，交換風景，是觀眾、創作者之福。若本地文化是從一處殖民發展到另一種被殖民，風景的華麗，也只不過是萬惡的遮醜布。

Following colonial narratives, Hong Kong was “a fishing village” that “grew into an international financial centre” after being “discovered” by the British Empire. After Hong Kong’s reunification with China, the history of this city was rewritten accordingly, tracing back thousands of years to the Qin dynasty and even the Stone Age: civilisation has existed in Hong Kong “since ancient times”. Why is the phrase “since ancient times” used? Nature is truthful, but history is shaped by human pride. Formed hundreds of millions of years ago, the beautiful scenery of Hong Kong has belonged to all living things from past to present. How has Hong Kong come to “be discovered” as an international financial centre and “belong to” a special region? Speaking from my own experience, I can only say that Hong Kong has the character of an entrepôt: “since ancient time”, imported goods have been more valuable than local ones.

This is a superficial assessment, but an honest one, and applicable to both the products and culture of Hong Kong. The exchange of cultures and landscapes is a blessing for artists and their audiences. However, if the local culture of a former colony becomes gripped by another form of colonialism, the splendours of its scenery are nothing more than a veneer of evil.



《本地流散》

THE LOCAL DIASPORA

彩色單頻道錄像

Single-channel video (colour, sound)

05:15 min

2015



這是《好奇匣·香港——作客家鄉》當中的錄像創作。在這 5 分 15 秒的旅程，是 1949 年與 2015 年香港半山到中環的影像加疊與對望。Michael Rogge 在 1949 年錄製的影片成為我的景點，半山到中環的影像反而成為背景（backdrop）。如果我們對實體的空間並沒有產生感情、記憶或留戀，那只是僅僅一個「存在的空間」。無限的空間存在，等待人與記憶的對話，構成個人或群體的意義。對於逝去或即將逝去的地方，唯有通過創作，轉化成另一種的形態。為什麼要花那麼大的氣力去轉化呢？那並不是為了保存，而是為了共同活著。

This is one of the videos created for *The Curiosity Box Hong Kong — The Hometown Tourist*. The video, a five-minute journey through the Mid-Levels and Central, presents an overlay of images taken in 1949 and 2015 that form a dialogue with each other. The footage of Michael Rogge's 1949 film is the scenic focus of my video, while the images of Mid-Levels and Central are just a backdrop. A space cannot exist meaningfully if we do not develop an affinity or attachment for its memories. There is an infinite number of those spaces awaiting to develop meaning for individuals and communities through the exploration of our memories. Places that have vanished or are about to vanish can be transformed into other modes of existence through artistic creation. Why spend so much effort on such transformation? The aim is not preservation but harmonious coexistence.



網上舊香港的影片，灣仔新都酒店，中環半山到中環商業區一帶
Online footage of old Hong Kong, featuring New Capital Hotel,
Wan Chai and the areas from the Mid-Levels to Central Business District

《好奇匣·香港》聲音導航

SOUND TOUR ON CURIOSITY BOX HONG KONG

彩色單頻道錄像

Single-channel video (colour, sound)

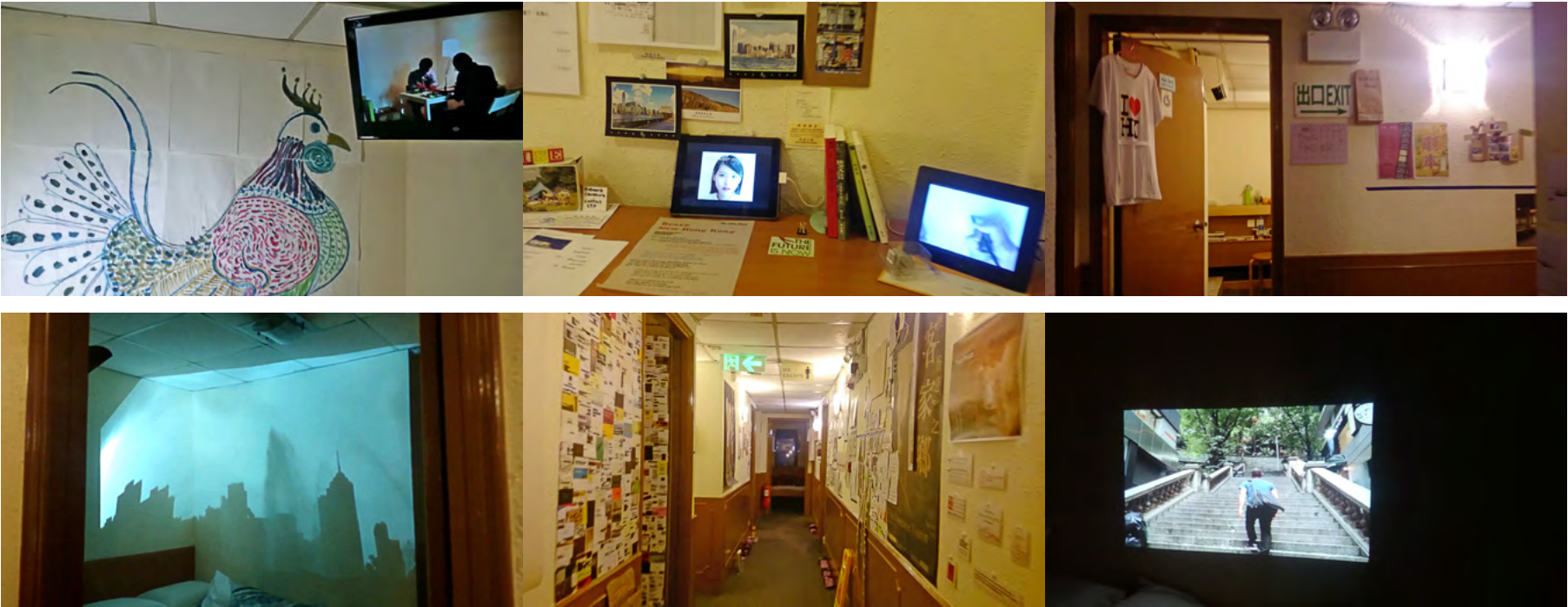
04:36 min

2015



《好奇匣·香港——作客家鄉》的另一段錄像創作在2015年7月1日拍攝。《好奇匣·香港——作客家鄉》以灣仔臨街（軒尼斯道）上的一間時鐘酒店作為住宿、創作及展示的地方。影片通過遊走於窗外遊行的風景到室內關於作客家鄉的創作，展示一次來回內心與外在世界的「遊行」。

This is another video from *The Curiosity Box Hong Kong — The Hometown Tourist*, filmed on 1 July 2015. The exhibition is created and displayed in an hourly love hotel facing a major road in Wan Chai (Hennessy Road), which also provided accommodations for the artist during the creative process. The video mixes scenes of protestors marching outside the hotel with an indoor display of artworks on the experience of being a tourist in my home town, thus staging a “march” that bridges the outside world with my inner life.



地點與日期：軒尼斯道，灣仔新都酒店，七月一日

Location and Date: Hennessy Road, New Capital Hotel, Wan Chai, 1 July

《空氣——土壤》

THE AIR IS THE SOIL

黑白單頻道錄像
Single-channel video (black & white, sound)
03:20 min
2022

	歌詞：	Lyrics:
4am		
6am	我的心裡只有你，沒有他， 你要相信我的情意並不假。	You're the only one in my heart, not him. You must believe my feelings are true.
7am	只有你才是我夢想， 只有你才叫我牽掛， 我的心裡沒有他。	You're the only one I dream of, you're the only one I long for. There's no one else in my heart.
10am	我的心裡只有你，沒有他， 你要相信我的情意並不假。 我的眼睛為了你看， 我的眉毛為了你畫， 從來不是為了他。	You're the only one in my heart, not him. You must believe my feelings are true. My eyes see for you, my brows are drawn for you, never for him.
3pm	自從那日送走你回了家， 那一天不是我把自己恨自己罵， 只怪我當時沒有把你留下，	Since the day I sent you home, I've spent every day hating and cursing myself for not begging you to stay,
5pm	對著你把心來挖。 讓你看上一個明白， 看我心裡可有他。	for not digging my heart out for you. If you saw it, you would know — he was never in my heart.
6pm	我的心裡只有你，沒有他， 你要相信我的情意並不假。 我的眼淚為了你流， 我的眼淚為了你擦， 從來不是為了他。	You're the only one in my heart, not him. You must believe my feelings are true. I shed my tears for you, I wiped my tears for you, never for him.
8pm	間奏	Interlude
12am	我的心裡只有你，沒有他， 你要相信我的情意並不假。 我的眼淚為了你流， 我的眼淚為了你擦， 從來不是為了他。	You're the only one in my heart, not him. You must believe my feelings are true. I shed my tears for you, I wiped my tears for you, never for him.
1am		



北角春秧街，酒店，玻璃窗，靜婷〈我的心裡沒有他〉
Chun Yeung Street, North Point, Hotel,
Glass Window, 'There's No One Else in My Heart' by Tsin Ting

《當下的禮物》

THE PRESENT IS A FOREIGN COUNTRY

裝置：單頻道錄像、塑膠彩、炭筆三合板繪畫
Installation: single-channel video,
acrylics & charcoal painting on plywood
尺寸不定 Dimension variable
2022



2015 年，家鄉作客是一種想像，2022 年在家作客，成為事實，是基於世界及香港社會劇烈的轉變。世界正受新冠病毒影響，國外旅遊近乎停擺的時候，我卻在北美西岸遊歷。回到香港，經歷病毒檢測和 15 小時的飛行，從機艙到機場，要 6 小時等待第二次檢測報告，我好像還未呼吸香港的空氣，便給送上專車，到達沒有預計的隔離酒店，滯留 21 天。這段期間，我與香港的景象之間隔著一塊透明的玻璃，窗外是非常繁忙的北角春秧街露天市集。我住五樓，看得清晰。於是從早上六時到傍晚，車聲人聲不斷，如此熟悉，又如此觸不可及。一條電車路相對，是住滿形形色色家庭的舊式住宅大廈，將天際阻擋，從窗外看過去，彷彿看到上世紀幾百部電視一同放映不同的處境劇，而我開始投入另一部處境劇，奏起的卻是另一首歌。

In 2015, the idea of being a tourist in one's home town belonged to an imagination, but in 2022, the scenario has turned into a reality owing to the drastic changes in Hong Kong and the world. While many areas of the world were affected by the coronavirus, with international travel almost coming to a halt at one point, I was travelling around the West Coast of the US. When I returned to Hong Kong, I needed to go through a series of compulsory tests. After a 15-hour flight, I walked from the plane to the airport, where I waited six hours for the second test. Before I could breathe in the air of Hong Kong, I was already put on a shuttle bus and sent to a designated quarantine hotel, where I endured an unexpected 21-day quarantine. There was a glass window separating me from the scenery of Hong Kong. Outside, there was an open-air bazaar located on Chun Yeung Street, North Point. My room was on the fifth floor of the hotel and gave a clear view of the street. From morning to evening, the street was enlivened by sounds of busy traffic and people passing by, so familiar to me yet so out of reach. Across the tramway from my hotel room was a stretch of old residential buildings occupied by various kinds of households. Looking out, I thought I was watching hundreds of dramas playing simultaneously across 20th century televisions screens. At any moment, I was about to enter into another drama, another theme song.

