



重寫

Rewriting History

文晶瑩

Phoebe Ching Ying MAN

作品

簡介

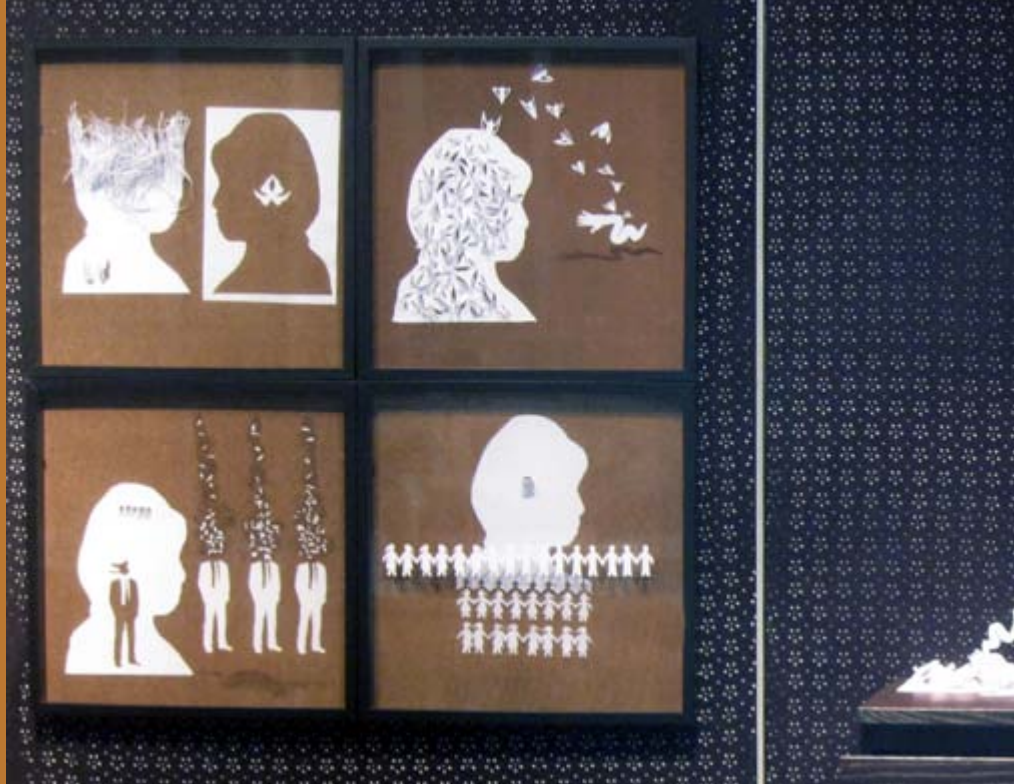
Work Description

作品「重寫歷史」和性侵犯的議題有關，作者通過剪、雕、剝，破壞與重建紙張去釋放感覺和想像，作品一方面嘗試討論一些普遍的誤解，另方面亦是一個自我解咒和建立的過程。

「重寫歷史」有四個版本: 文字創作、剪紙、裝置和動畫。相比一些著重震撼力、外露的同類作品，文晶瑩採用內斂含蓄但又有張力的手法。

“Rewriting History” is a series of art works that addresses the issue of indecent assault. Through releasing memories and imaginations, making destruction and construction, the works tried to confront the misconceptions of the society and to attain self empowerment.

“Rewriting History” has 4 versions: writing, paper cutting, installation and animation. When comparing with works of similar topic which put emphasis on the impact, Phoebe’s works are subtle and have kind of psychological undercurrent.



文晶瑩熱愛創作，不論甚麼時候，甚麼物料和甚麼手法都可以用來創作，是個愛玩又愛嚴謹的藝術工作者。作品在海外廣泛發表，包括威尼斯、上海和光洲雙年展。創作多從探索自我開始，反省建制和挑戰既定概念，精於轉化物料來表達獨特的訊息。她畢業於香港中文大學藝術系，於三藩市藝術學院修畢藝術碩士課程，現為墨爾本皇家理工學院博士生和香港城市大學創意媒體學院助理教授，曾得亞洲文化協會獎助，亦是 Para/Site 藝術空間創會成員。

詳細作品集和履歷: <http://www.cyman.net>



作者簡歷

Artist Biography

Phoebe loves making art. She thinks everything can be art. She is a playful as well as a serious artist. Her works have been shown extensively in international exhibitions including Venice Biennial, Shanghai Biennial, Gwangju Biennale. Her works are mostly self-exploration, challenging ideologies and institutions. She graduated from the Chinese University of Hong Kong, received her MFA degree in San Francisco Art Institute and now she is the candidate of the program of Doctor of Fine Art in Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology University. She works as Assistant Professor in the School of Creative Media at the City University of Hong Kong. She is also the co-founder of Para/Site Art Space and has once received a grant from Asia Cultural Council.

For more information, please visit <http://www.cyman.net/>.

「重寫歷史」四個版本的一些個別想法：

字創作

文晶瑩重寫自己與及一些受害者的故事，目的在組織思想、反映現實，並希望做到一些思考模式的轉變。

「B布B布」

我小學四五年級時在公園踏單車，被其他小朋友撞翻了車，跌到口腫面腫，咀唇和膝頭擦傷，流了許多血。拖著單車回家時，那些小朋友還發出「B布B布」救傷車的聲音。媽媽帶我到診所包紮我打破傷風針。乘上巴士時，我用手帕掩著受傷的鼻，見有位子便坐下。忽然發覺旁邊的男人用手碰到我的大腿，我以為他不小心，沒理會。後來他變本加厲，用公事包遮掩他的手摸了又摸，我嚇得跳起身，沒再坐，望著他，是個曲髮的西裝男，還沒來得及想應該怎樣，就便到，下了車。自此以後，我都只選單車位坐，雙座位則只坐左邊位。

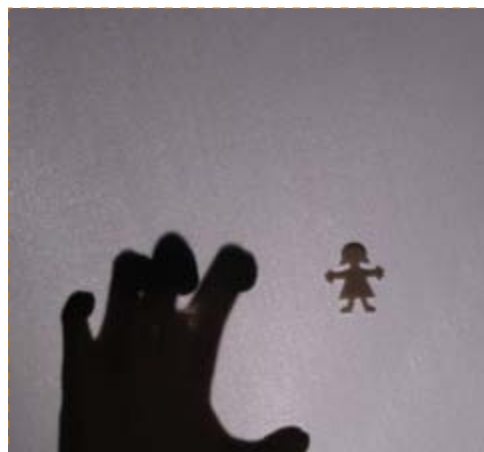
「B布B布」

聽到自己摸著他大喊「你幹嗎摸我大腿，摸完又摸！」聽到自己受了傷還沒摸，不禁大哭起來。媽媽瞪大眼睛，好像要吃了他，大罵：「你這隻色狼，幹嗎摸我女兒。」旁邊的師奶亦如機關槍一樣對他破口大罵「人渣」「禽獸」「變態」。一個還脫了拖鞋，卜他的頭。男人想下車，車門被司機緊鎖，直至警察到來。

拿兒童身份證被亮

11歲的時候媽媽帶我到入境處拿兒童身份證，等候的時間很長，少不免會到處走，蹦蹦跳，突然有人搵我的屁股，我轉身一看，有個阿伯就在我後面，亮巴巴的瞪着我，令我不敢作聲，不知如何反應。

我加倍地瞪他，他慫了。我指着他大喊：「佢搵我屁股！」全場人都望向我們，我大叫：「捉他，他搵我屁股！」他喊：「我沒有！我沒有！」，很快已被人抓著。



飛下過

少時住公共屋邨，升降機不停我家那一層，每次回家都要行樓梯。一次回家途中發覺好像有人跟蹤，我讓他先走，也不敢望他，心想可能是自己多疑。但到家門口，突然有人從後非禮，我嚇到嚇了一聲「竊竊」，看見一個穿白恤衫牛仔褲的年青男子向後樓梯方向逃走，那個跟蹤我的人竟忽反轉頭非禮我！四周也沒有人，心卜卜跳，我沒追，趕緊回家鎖門，心惴惴不安也不能平服。之後我的手袋都有放小刀，有時也會買滾粥或榴槤回家，預備有事時便擲過去，在腦中排練一次又一次如何保護自己。

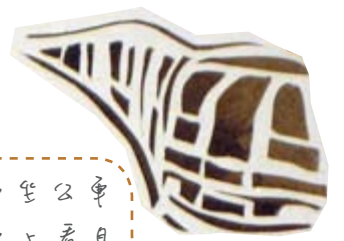
眼睛瞪着他，記着他的樣子。他心有屨，拔腳便跑……

我大喊「竊竊！」「非禮！」「非禮！」邊喊邊追，見附近有甚麼便擲過去，香爐、膠樽、摺凳…屋邨晒在多雜物，那男子落荒而逃，最終被巡警捉了，被判監半年。





女朋友很可憂



一位男藝人在台灣的清談節目中講述他坐公車的經歷：我國小一、二年級時，在公車上看見

一位少女的藍色裙露出半個白屁股，一隻男人的手伸到裡面，女生在顫抖。我跟媽媽說：「褲子要掉了。」我被媽媽打，說不要亂講，她不知道我看見色狼，以為我在說五八蛋、死之類不好的說話。我說褲子要掉了！那個女的哭得很嚴重，也沒聲音，是啜泣，內褲已被拉到一半在摸。我不知道怎麼辦，我只覺得很可怕，但是我又有一點弄不清在發生甚麼事。我就看看我媽媽身邊的人，一位不認識的阿姨說：「女朋友很可憂。」我再注意看哭的女生，阿姨順著一看，臉色就變了。阿姨二話不說，就擠過人群。然後我聽見男人一聲尖叫，「啊~~」阿姨把女生拉下車，這個摸人的四十歲男人的尾指被拗下來折斷了，連著皮盪在那邊，原來阿姨把男人的手扳過來。全車尖叫，那時其他人才知道發生甚麼事。

坐地鐵時，我看見一個男人逗一個女人到牆邊，女人不斷縮開，有點不對勁，四周不是很擠，他們亦不似是相識的。我過去拍女人的膊頭，問道：「你認識這位先生嗎？」她要麼地說不認識。我罵男人：「她不認識你，你為何用下身頂她？」男人大叫：「八婆，你胡說甚麼？」「你給我站好！不要走！」亂亂間已有人圍上來不讓男人走及通知了車長。



專摸大腳

我有一個二十多歲的男性朋友，08年2月中，他在報級檔看雜誌標題，有一陌生男人問朋友：「你的腳有多大？」之後彎下身，脫去朋友的鞋和襪，摸他的腳，朋友嚇得大叫，「先生，你幹嗎？」那人立即走了。朋友回家後，洗了腳很多次，都覺得很污糟，想斬了自己的腳。

嘗試解開朋友的鞋帶，朋友覺得不對勁，轉身便走。

Creative Creative Writing

Individual idea of 4 versions of "Rewriting History"

1. Creative Writing

For the written version, Phoebe rewrote stories of her own and other impressive stories told by some sexual assault survivors. It aims to organize thoughts, reflect the reality, and to have paradigm shift.



Bee bu Bee bu...



When I was a primary four or five pupil, I rode a bicycle in the garden. Other children hit my bicycle. I fell. My lips and knee were hurt and bleeding. When I walked my bicycle back home, other children were teasing me and made the noise like the siren of an ambulance "Bee bu Bee bu...". My mother accompanied me to the clinic to take care of the wound. When I got on a bus to the clinic, I used a handkerchief to cover my wounded mouth. I sat next to a man. He touched my thigh. I thought he was just careless and not intended to do that. But then he touched my thigh again and again, and he used a briefcase to cover his hand. I was very frightened and left the seat.

I looked at him. He was a man with curly hair and wearing a suit. When I was thinking what I should do next, I need to get off the bus. Then I left. After that incident, I only sit on the single seat. If there is a double seat, I always choose to sit on the aisle side...

I was very angry and left the seat. I pointed at him and shouted, "You touched my thigh again and again!" When I realized that I was a patient on the one hand and was physically insulted by that stranger, I cried. My mum's eyes were full of anger and shouted, "You pervert. How dare you touch my daughter!" Other women scolded him like a machine gun. One even took one of her sandals and hit the man's head. The man wanted to get off the bus but the driver did not let the door open until the police came.

Apply For Children Identity Card

When I was eleven years old, my mum brought me to the Immigration Department to apply for the children identity card. I had to wait for a long time. I was bored and walked around. Suddenly someone touched my butt. I looked around. That was an old man. He looked at me fiercely. I dared not make a sound.

I stared at him double fiercely. He wanted to go. I shouted. "He touched my butt." Everyone looked at us. I shouted, "Catch him. He touched my butt." He denied and cried, "I didn't. I didn't." He was quickly caught by some other people.



Can't avoid...

When I was young, I lived in a public housing estate. The elevator did not stop at my flat's level. I had to use the staircase. Once I walked back home, it seemed that someone was following me.

I let him go first. I thought he might not intend to follow me. I was only too cautious. However, when I reached my home and tried to unlock the door. That man indecently assaulted me at the back.

I was very frightened and shouted "Damn you!" That man ran away. There was no one around and I did not chase him. I went back home and locked the door. I was shaking for a period of time. After that, I always carried a knife in my purse. I sometimes brought boiling congee and a durian with me on my way home. Just in case something might happen, I would throw these things to him. I rehearsed many times in mind on how to protect myself.

I let him go first, staring at him so as to tell him that I can remember his face. He felt guilty and ran away quickly...

I shouted "Damn you!" "Catch him! Catch him!" I shouted and chased him. I picked up things on the floor and threw them to him. Incense containers, bottles, stools ... The housing estate always has things around. That man was finally caught by a patrolman and was given a six-month sentence in jail.



An actor once talked about his experience of traveling on a bus in a Taiwanese talk show: "When I was a primary two pupil, I saw a girl exposed half of her butt on a bus. A man's hand was inside her skirt. The underwear was pulled down. That girl was shivering and weeping. I cannot see the man's face. I told my mum, 'The short is falling down.' My mum hit me and told me not to say dirty things. She did not know I saw a pervert. She thought I said bad things like 'death', 'bastard'. I said it again, 'The short is falling down.' That girl was seriously weeping without sound. The man was touching her half naked butt. I did not know what to do. I just felt very frightened. I did not know what was going on. I looked at my mum and people around. A woman said to me, 'What a lovely boy!' I looked at the girl again. The woman followed my eyes. Her smiling face suddenly changed. She did not say anything. She avoided the crowd and walked straight to the girl. Then I heard the man screaming. The woman took the girl off the bus. The little finger of this forty years old man was broken. The woman did that. People in the whole car screamed and at that time other people in the bus finally knew what had already happened."

When traveling on the subway, I once saw a man pushing a woman at the back to the wall. The woman tried to avoid him. That was weird. The subway was not very crowded. The woman did not seem to know the man. I walked toward the woman and asked her, "Do you know this man?" She almost cried and said no. I shouted to the man, "She did not know you. Why did you use the lower part of your body to push her?" The man also shouted, "Bitch! What are you talking about?" "Don't go away!" Other passengers came to stop him and informed the driver.

I have a twenty years old male friend. In February 2008, my friend was reading the titles of the magazines at a magazine stand. A stranger came to him and asked him, "What size is your foot?" He knelt down and took off the shoe and sock of my friend. He touched and touched his foot. My friend shouted, "Mister, what are you doing?" That man ran away. After this, my friend ran back home and washed his foot many times. He still thought it was very dirty. He even wanted to cut off his foot.

Fetish of Big Foot

tried to untie my friend's sport shoe. My friend thought it was strange. He stopped the man to do that and left.

What a Lovely Boy!

