

# TIDES 海浪 IN THE BODY

策展 | 吳虹霏  
Curator | WU Hung-Fei

2022.05.21 — 07.16

lololol | 林安琪 Civas Tahos  
lololol | LIN An-Chi

楊季涓  
YANG Chi-Chuan

希瑪利·辛格·索恩  
Himali SINGH SOIN



本事藝術  
SOLID ART



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## CURATORIAL STATEMENT

Text: WU Hung-Fei

Building on the contemporary discourse around posthuman feminism as articulated by Astrida Neimanis in *Bodies of Water*, this exhibition attends to the flows that circulate at ruptured borders — between drowning and drying out, boiling over and melting down: the existential scales of the imminent crises faced by the planet's aquatic ecosystems. Further, it is a question of recognizing origins and predicaments, and of how they empower each other. If there's still time before the droughts and deluges of the near future ( if that future's not already here now ), how might our languages and mo(ve)-ments turn towards regulating and resisting energy, becoming plural, gestational, mixed, unknown, or transcending reality?

In *The Particle and the Wave*, **Himali SINGH SOIN** takes Virginia Woolf's book *The Waves* and algorithmically turns its semicolons into tonal scales echoing the text's stream-of-conscious style. As an exercise in tuning, it gives voice to the voiceless, embracing the particle-like personal existence in the tidal waves of the human condition, animating the various connections and disruptions that influence the development of identity, thought, and consciousness for forms of life in the process of becoming. This early work sets the stage for Himali's later output in which the queering of language is

used to highlight alternative knowledge and energies. This brings us to *we are opposite like that*, a posthuman myth narrated from a woman's perspective as anthropomorphized polar ice. She traces the ice's past and receding glacier's future. Between the Earth's poles and the Indian subcontinent, and beneath the rational symmetry of geography and language, she stirs up the turbulence of inversion, transmissions of noise and reckless trekking, inspiring the desire for freedom from environmental and gender oppression.

**LIN An-Chi (Ciwias Tahos)**'s work is an exploration of ethnic and gender identity. She often uses her own body as a medium to trace her experiences with linguistic and cultural displacement. *The Land in the Middle of the Pond* depicts the biopolitics of the Qara Atayal community as it intertwines with the river. The work employs different rituals to respond to a history of forced relocation, pollution, and disease — rituals such as painting the veins of one's legs, carrying water from the reservoir, and the exchanges of names between people and plants. At the same time, it serves as a bridge point and positive call which permeates between individuals. The exhibition also includes the artist's most recent series, *Perhaps, she comes from/to \_\_\_\_Alang*, to be concurrently exhibited at Documenta 15 in Kassel. The work explores the

mythical place of the Temahahoi woman-only tribe where women are able to become impregnated by the wind and can talk with bees. The artist walks upstream of the reservoir, attempting to trace and record the path of the bees in the gap of light between the mountains' shadows. Here, tree holes and ocarina become feminine yin spaces for injecting thoughts and imaginations, protecting and storing the unfinished, yet-to-come possibilities of disappearance, remembrance, and belonging.

Acting as an interpretative visual archivist or keeper of secrets, **YANG Chi-Chuan** has pursued a delicate practice across artistic mediums, recollecting and preserving past thoughts and persons. Through capturing and sharing her observations, she gives form to the virtuous insight of human agency and the extraordinarily warm empathetic discovery. For her latest site-specific installation, the artist started from the unique experience of physically encountering fog in Taiwan's cloud forest belt, combined with the daily perception of coexistence with pollutants in the environment. The fog in the cloud forest belt is an important source of water that helps to mitigate the effects of climate change, resisting drought, and providing nourishment for diverse species. In contrast, her terrarium installation borders the dystopian,

like a heterotopia filled with a smell and mist that couldn't possibly be natural. Juxtaposed to the absurdity of breathing in and out toxic substances, both healing and contamination as well as repulsion and convergence occur simultaneously inside and outside the body, in an endless cycle of exchange.

**lololol's *Future Tao: The Great Shift*** is a doomsday battlefield shrouded in mist, reflecting the fast-changing relationship between the body, power, and technology since the onset of the Covid pandemic and the Great Reset. Inspired by Indonesian director D. Djajakusuma's 1958 film, *Fire Whip*, the project explores social trends and signs of the times in the evolving interpretations of technology, users, and local knowledge in the Malay archipelago, reconstructing a new martial arts narrative online. Nowadays, as human dependency on resources, including water, has become more complex, martial arts that had been strongly coded as masculine yang in the past have become a mode of defense and mediation in a world increasingly filled with biopolitical violence. The questions then turn towards the relevance of the traditional wisdom we choose to hold on to: How should we use finite energy resources? How can we 'be water' in the face of conflicts and upheavals?



From polar regions to volcanos, from the physical to the virtual, the posthuman scenarios that emerge here morph in turn as the scenes in the exhibition change. When reality has become the most extreme science fiction, when we feel powerless, unable to find a language to make sense of this world in which art feels worthless and the good life is out of sight, there are still some sincere words and thoughts that are dearly loved and allow us to understand the power that lies at our hands individually and collectively. In addition to the exhibited works which propose a worldview that is observant of the environment and ourselves therein, the exhibition is also deeply inspired by the “politics of citation”, a concept which attaches importance to the citation of life experiences outside of academics and elite circles. Through acknowledging the marginal, unidentified, and nonhuman, the exhibition becomes a space where such stories can be told and seen. Likewise, in the process of bringing the exhibition to life, one might also recognize the silent narrators — translators and reporters, those who reflect vital energy between the living and non-living, passing on the profound value of words so the wisdom of the world continues to prosper in all things. <sup>1</sup>

1 and “allowing certain bodies to continue flourishing”. (Neimanis, 2017, p.9)



# 作品圖版

## PLATES



## THE WAVES

The sun had not yet risen. The sea was indistinguishable from the sky, except that the sea was slightly creased as if a cloth had wrinkles in it. Gradually as the sky whitened a dark line lay on the horizon dividing the sea from the sky and the grey cloth became barred with thick strokes moving, one after another, beneath the surface, following each other, pursuing each other, perpetually.

As they neared the shore each bar rose, heaped itself, broke and swept a thin veil of white water across the sand. The wave paused, and then drew out again, sighing like a sleeper whose breath comes and goes unconsciously. Gradually the dark bar on the horizon became clear as if the sediment in an old wine-bottle had sunk and left the glass green. Behind it, too, the sky cleared as if the white sediment there had sunk, or as if the arm of a woman couched beneath the horizon had raised a lamp and flat bars of white, green and yellow spread across the sky like the blades of a fan. Then she raised her lamp higher and the air seemed to become fibrous and to tear away from the green surface flickering and flaming in red and yellow fibres like the smoky fire that roars from a bonfire. Gradually the fibres of the burning bonfire were fused into one haze, one incandescence which lifted the weight of the woolen grey sky on top of it and turned it to a million atoms of soft blue. The surface of the sea slowly became transparent and lay rippling and sparkling until the dark stripes were almost rubbed out. Slowly the arm that held the lamp raised it higher and then higher until a broad flame became visible; an arc of fire burnt on the rim of the horizon, and all round it the sea blazed gold.

The light struck upon the trees in the garden, making one leaf transparent and then another. One bird chirped high up there was a pause; another chirped lower down. The sun sharpened the walls of the house, and rested like the tip of a fan upon a white blind and made a blue finger-print of shadow under the leaf by the bedroom window. The blind stirred slightly.

希瑪利·辛格·索恩

HIMALI SINGH SOIN

"The best is going," said Bernard, "from the Jungle. The leaves flap black wings over us. Miss Curry has knives but she sits on the terrace. We must creep on them the swing of the curtain beams and stand upright. There are mangoes in your hair, June. There is a green caterpillar on your neck. We must both, run by two. Miss Curry is taking us for a break walk, while Miss Matheson sits at her desk writing her accounts."

"It is dull," said Henry, "walking along the high road with no windows to look at, with no heated eyes of Miss Glass let into the pavement."

"We must turn into paths," said Francis, "and walk in order, not shuffling our feet, not lagging, with Louis going first to lead us, because Louis is alert and has a small gaiter."

"Now I am supposed," said Neville, "to be too delicate to go with them, since I get so easily tired and then am sick. I will see this hour of solitude, this reprieve from conversation, to coast round the periphery of the house and around, if I can, by standing on the same stair half-way up the landing, what I tell when I heard about the dead man through the ceiling about last night when such was shining in and out the dampers. He was found with his throat cut. The apple-tree leaves became fixed in the sky; the moon glared; I was unable to lift my foot up the stair. He was found in the gutter. His blood gurgled down the gutter. His soul was white as a dead candle. I shall call the creature, this night, "death among the apple trees" for ever. There were the floating, pale grey clouds, and the impossible tree, the implacable tree with its ground-silver bark. The apple of my life was unattainable, I was unable to pass by. There was an obstacle. I cannot overcome this unyielding obstacle," I said. And the others passed on. But we are doomed, all of us, by the apple tree, by the impossible tree which we cannot pass."

"Now the distance and rigidity are over," and I will continue to make my nerves of the periphery of the house in the late afternoon, in the sunset, when the sun strikes oblique spots on the furniture, and a crack of light travels on the wall, making the chair legs look broken."

"I saw Phoebe in the kitchen garden," said Susan, "as we came back from our walk, with the washing bins out round her, the potatoes, the drawers,

微粒與浪潮 The Particle and the Wave

2015  
HD錄像 HD Video  
11分42秒 11'42"



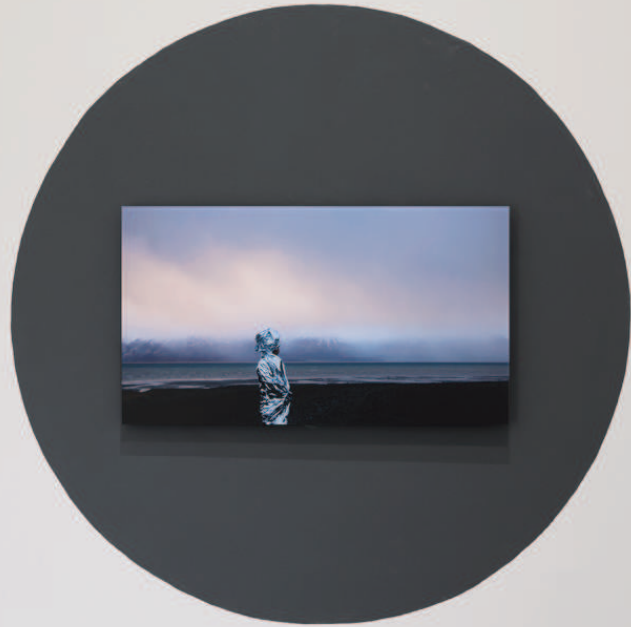


倒轉地圖III Inverted Map III

2019

藝術微噴輸出、水晶裱、鋁版裱褙 Giclée, diasec

86 x 48 cm







第三章：南極洲是個酷兒派對，直到殖民白種屁前來取締  
Chapter 3: Antarctica Was a Queer Rave Before It Got Busted by Colonial White Farts

2020  
聲音作品 Soundwork  
10 分 22 秒 10'22"



第一章：次幸福大陸  
Chapter 1: Subcontinentment

2020  
聲音作品 Soundwork  
10 分 22 秒 10'22"



THINKING LIKE AN ISLAND.

We think like an island.  
We are both our bodies and the  
water that  
we resist.

We  
We  
We  
are made from an explosion  
and also an erosion.

We are delusional.  
W  
www we die and  
every time.

up for a little more clarity.  
e  
s  
i  
our souls r

We  
wake up to take the  
oblique journey  
back to the shore.  
We  
We  
We  
We are  
deserted in the world's noisy graff

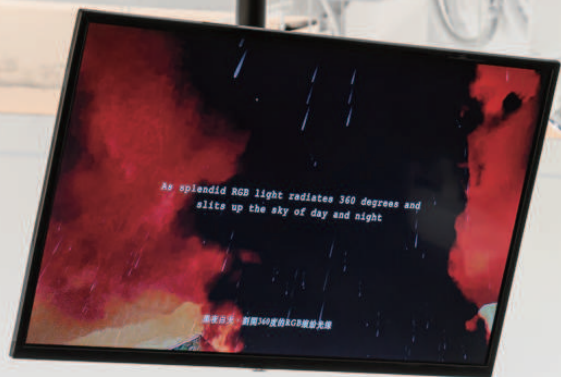
and still,  
we are the stillness.  
We are

We are  
the finite area and  
the infinite perimeter.

We are  
A half-life  
trying always  
to give it word  
Trying always

from its  
like the  
c  
v  
inner sense of knots  
from the multitude of  
lower bits upon it







# 展覽專文

## ESSAYS

THINKING LIKE AN ISLAND.

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It's all about listening to sounds of the breaking waves  
—on the Solid Art exhibition Tides in the Body

Text: HSU Chu-Chun

In her essay “A Sketch of the Past”, Virginia Woolf invokes an image that represents her memory of life: “If life has a base that it stands upon, if it is a bowl that one fills and fills and fills—then my bowl without a doubt stands upon this memory. It is of lying half asleep, half awake, in bed in the nursery at St. Ives. It is of hearing the waves breaking, one, two, one, two, and sending a splash of water over the beach.”<sup>1</sup>

Afternoons spent lying half asleep, half awake, hearing the waves breaking had been an important part of Woolf's life. As she lies in her room listening to the crashing of waves outside the window, what seems removed from her state of being becomes the “base upon which life stands”. The water pays no heed to her intent and predicament, yet the symbol of life—the “bowl” inside her—by the ocean's motions, dries, soaks, soaks, and dries.

Bodily experiences connected directly to nature's rhythms make the memory as Woolf depicted untenable in dualistic discourse—the ocean is not only “external” to the body, being more than a locale, a history, or a redistributable resource and deployment strategy, but also exists within our bodies of 70% water, within the cavities and organs which ingest and expel to the moon's motions (Perhaps the womb is the “bowl” of which Woolf speaks.)

**Let the tides take you in**

The tides we see today are no longer as Woolf portrays them, but unleashed through a barrage of floods, droughts, and abnormal weather conditions. Mankind's response to this onslaught is no longer to resist, but to let it take us in, being taken in so that one by necessity becomes engulfed, submerged and infected to the point where internal water bodies become filled and emptied out with the tides.

Ecofeminist Astrida Neimanis in *Bodies of Water: Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology* contends that “we are bodies of water”. “We” in the plural form rather than the singular “I” means that “watery” bodies are not just “lonesome partners for one's body” in isolation<sup>2</sup>, but exist inseparably in symbiosis with the environment. If humans are indeed part of the water body, then they will surely go beyond barriers, flowing reciprocally and merging mutually, and ebb and flow in relation to conditions we don't necessarily understand.

Without a doubt, water influences us all. The more perplexing question remains of how under the premise of maintaining our differences one proceeds to ponder the relationships between water bodies? How in the state of being mutually immersed can we still discern differences among pluralistic water bodies?

## **Bad water**

The *Tides in the Body* exhibit, curated by WU Hung-Fei, builds upon Neimanis' theory. The artists evoke forces of tides, rivers, clouds, and icebergs within the white box, breaking up rigid visual, auditory, and language bounds to call forth sensations of weathering, intermingling, soaking, and eroding.

Participating artists and writers depict various forms of water bodies as well as disparate personal experiences and expressions to invoke the sense of “interconnectedness”: that we are indeed water bodies, with tides turning within and their churning constantly reminding us—though their sounds reach us through various forms, they act from a distance on the rise and fall of water within our body.

*Tides in the Body* is provocative due to each work's unique imagining of the “water body”. Each of the four artist-collective's perception of water certainly differs from the romantic poet's depiction of still lake surfaces, but as tainted, blighted, and war-ravaged “bad water”, or even in the form of volatile gases, particulate matter, and glitches. Not only is bad water no longer pure, but it is also a carrier of multiplex signals. This aggregate state perhaps better describes the water bodies we encounter today.

## **Turbulence**

In her early work *The Particle and the Wave*, Indian-born artist Himali SINGH SOIN algorithmically converted each

semicolon in Woolf's novel *The Waves* into musical scales, collaborating with sound artists to translate semicolons into voices, synthesizing audio from her text, and playing upon people's consciousness from afar as tidal waves do. Those unpronounceable sounds, unrecognizable punctuation marks in a phonocentric consciousness, contain not only language but also indiscernible noise, actualized through the work of the artist as particles move in a wave, also giving the novel, written in the wake of the Great War on the collapse of order and state of uncertainty an added non-human perspective.

The *We Are Opposite Like That* series, through which SINGH SOIN became widely known, not only includes works of video, but also a book by the artist first published in 2020, three sound installation works, photographs, and live performance. The artist retraces a fictitious historical map, discovering polar region histories, and through anthropomorphizing polar ice in a female voice gives an eyewitness account of the mythology of ice between the Indian subcontinent and the Arctic and Antarctic regions, from the initial formation of the ice to a future where it no longer exists.

SINGH SOIN's sound installation consists of 3 chapters, in which the artist prerecords a non-linear narrative for the imagined history of the Antarctic continent. Selected for this exhibition are “Chapter 1: Subcontinentment” and “Chapter 3: Antarctica Was a Queer Rave Before It Got Busted by Colonial White Farts”, with both selections using sound as turbulence to disrupt the white-centric value hierarchy. As the



artist travels across the professed “white” continent, she realizes that her brown skin color marks her as an intruder in this white expanse. She made recordings of skidding rocks on the ice surface, layered with live percussive instruments, electronic dance music, and 90’s rave to host a fictional queer party in this place of desolation and to make the case for “South-Asian Futurism”, which through her imagination has the potential to write back conventional historical narratives.

### **Polluted Pond**

Since the work *Perhaps, she comes from/to Alang*, LIN An-Chi (Ciwas Tahos) has used her body as the medium, exploring the theme of tribal ethnicity and gender identity in Temahahoi Atayal oral lore. First exhibited at the Green Island Human Rights Art Festival, *The Land in the Middle of the Pond* also follows this context, reconnecting with the depths of one’s self-identity through the body. The artist visits the reservoir to collect water at the source and traces over the veins on her legs with ink. Off-camera, she converses with the village elder, investigating the forced relocations of tribes affected by the damming of the river, the pollution, exposure to illness, as well as experiences of the White Terror. She uses tribal vocabulary to “exchange names” with plants. The veins the artist inscribes on her leg are in intertextuality with the polluted water she immerses herself in—if pollution and persecution find their way into the tribal ancestry, then the way of giving voice to one’s self-identity may well be to inscribe onto one’s body all those that have been forgotten, in the name of the tainted water that bears witness to history.

Concurrently on exhibit at documenta in Kassel, Germany, *Pswagi Temahahoi* is a new work that retraces the origins of Temahahoi mythology, moving upstream from the dam and looking up through the forests, attempting to return to the ethnic tribal origin story of asexual reproduction through the touch of the wind and communication with the bees. The artist fashions an ocarina reminiscent of body parts and “sound scripts” with inscriptions in blood-red in the likeness of veins. The empty cavity of the ocarina leaves room for the imagination, waiting for the touch of the wind to resonate and be impregnated.

Within Temahahoi Atayal oral lore, LIN An-Chi explores the intersection between tribal ethnicity and queer identity, where females impregnated by the wind and talk to bees can break free from heterosexual birth natalism and anthropocentric confines, juxtaposed with the path of the Atayal diaspora and providing the artist an alternative narrative space.

### **Man-made Fog**

YANG Chi-Chuan’s new project *Foggy Mountain* captures Taiwan’s unique fog-shrouded “fog forest” regions in stone sculptures. In the face of climate change, fog forests serve to protect water resources, providing headwater regions with enough moisture to overcome droughts and conserve water. The artist preserves the texture of Guanyin stones, volcanic rocks, and artificial stones, creating a rock garden replete with living plants and lichen, with fog emanating from the landscape. Yet these “foggy mountains” are not as natural and

pure as they are made out to be. They are essentially “artificial fog” extracted from various plants in the way aroma atomizers produce scents.

This fits the artist’s creative context of intentionally re-creating “man-made objects”. The artificial fog’s “impure” and “unnatural” elements offer therapeutic effects, but ironically, do so by creating pollution. The existence of fog forests can conserve water for the habitat, but what exists before us is not a pure unadulterated mountain fog, but an admixture of human fabrication and selection.

### **Be Water**

lololo’s *Future Tao: The Great Shift* is “Future Tao”. The work is a reimagining of the film *Tjambuk Api* by the late Indonesian film director Djadoeg Djajakusuma. The whip featured in the film title is an everyday tool used by all in the village, regardless of age or gender. It is both a weapon and a symbol of one’s social power, allowing fighters from different villages to face off, or through rituals of punishment to carry out exorcism, benediction, and prayer.

The artist created a virtual volcanic crater for the VR installation, accompanied by thunderous, reverberating cracks of the whip in the film *Tjambuk Api* to present an ominous scene of an imagined future apocalypse. “Tjambuk Api” (literally “fire whip”) as a weapon of defense, as well as a mediatory instrument, gives those suffering from extreme violence a measure of life-supporting energy and substance. It is also like the artist’s analogy for “The Great Shift”, in which one alternates

between states of yin and yang, and through this release latent energies in the face of imminent dangers, in the way water changes states to resolve conflict and continue its existence.

Besides VR installations, lololo also presents the text of *The Great Shift* as a script for this apocalyptic scene. *The Great Shift* is a collage of Gaston Bachelard’s *A Psychoanalysis of Fire*, Nam June PAIK’s exhibition introduction, and Blaise Pascal’s *Pensées*, like a compendium of somniloquy and noises, mutually interfering and interrupting, yet co-shaping a narrative. The narrator, having experienced the menace of volcanoes and the threat of intruders, felt what was summed up in the latter part of the “On the Equality of Things” chapter in *Chuang Tzu*, of “suddenly waking up with the firm awareness of being Chuang Chou, the person, again”. The artist suggests that humanity’s way to survive the apocalypse may well be to “be water”, in an existence both ethereal and physical, substantial yet wisplike, flowing and changing under the circumstances so that in the end, we cannot tell whether we are Chuang Chou having dreamt of being a butterfly, or have only existed as Chuang Chou in the butterfly’s dreams.

### **The List of Bad Actors**

The other foreshadowing in the exhibition is a strategy of resistance in “Politics of Citation”. The concept was emphasized in queer studies expert Sarah Ahmed’s book *Living a Feminist Life* in 2017, in which she believes we should recognize those who came before us and in times when we lose our way, let them direct the way forward. Ahmed refers to

non-white feminists, believing that they not only contribute to the research, but also took down the white paternalist constructs of intellectual work.

Through citation, recognition, and naming, the marginalized are made visible, to break away the discourse from the bounds of intellectual exercises. This is of course not limited to the “acknowledgment” of participating parties, but to explicitly point out the characteristics of those acknowledged which are no longer tolerated by institutions and academies, or the unconventional ways in which they have contributed to the project. “Citation” thus not only becomes the basic building block of feminist defense, but the “list of bad actors” can also become an important index, “citing” item by item their associated individual differences, constantly dissolving historical narratives which intend to institutionalize them. This is a rather politically meaningful act of resistance.

“Citing” unconventional participants has also become an important strategy for making a statement through the *Tides in the Body* exhibition. The parties credited in the exhibition not only include conventional “author” roles such as curators and artists but also, in the early stages of the exhibit’s concept development, the “pathfinders” who translate source materials and report and communicate ideas, as seen in various guises throughout the exhibition.

As sources of inspiration in the conceptualization stages of the exhibit, writer-translators WU Ren-Yu and HSU Shih-Yu

selected a list of keywords and concepts from their translation and revised translations of the book *Bodies of Water: Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology*. Furthermore, they invited participants in creating terms, sentences, co-writings, and recitation, stirring up the surface and reshuffling meanings.

The reshuffling of meaning and canceling of firmly entrenched subject matter are the movement principle of “water bodies”—unnamed, noise-like, synthetic, hybridized, ever-shifting between the physical and virtual states. It continually subjects us to an unstable, incomplete, and scattered “wave-like state”, where boundaries cease to be at any given moment, to either huddle on the same boat, or give in and become as one with the ocean. When “water bodies” engulf us on all fronts, forcing itself upon our existence rather than the lull of waves on the shore, making waves might not be just a strategy of choice, but a way to the future or even a present inevitability.

Note 1: Virginia Woolf, “A Sketch of the Past,” *Moments of Being*, New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1985, p. 64.

Note 2: In the conclusion of Virginia Woolf’s *The Voyage Out* (1915), the female protagonist lies on the sickbed of her father’s seafaring vessel, taking stock of the ocean: “the glassy, cool, translucent wave was almost visible before her, curling up at the end of the bed, and as it was refreshingly cool she tried to keep her mind fixed upon it ... She was completely cut off, and unable to communicate with the rest of the world, isolated alone with her body.” Towards the end of the novel, Rachel passed away, feeling herself entering the depths of the ocean and becoming as one without bounds.



Imagining Water in the Anthropocene  
Prologue/Kwe

The beginning is blue. A rush of water, or wind, or static on the audio channel, or another kind of planetary breathing. Our eyes are drawn down from the sky to a beach, scattered driftwood. A fire combusts in one of the piles. In the water, now: a woman is weighted down by wet matter – her soaked sweatshirt, jeans, the sopping bedclothes that are the ocean’s almost-waves. The water is deceptively strong, and persistent. Stumbling, struggling somewhat, she manages to stand. The woman is deceptively strong, and persistent. She drags a bucket, brimming, out of the dark sea.

She steps across the broken branches and beach debris and the sounds of these elemental labours fade. The bucket is heavy. Closer. Drawing on a deep well of power, with a grunt, she flings the contents of the bucket at you. You might expect murky seawater to meet you, but instead a ropy dark red runs down the screen. Her silhouette fixes you, as she faces back through the membrane that keeps you on this side, mostly dry. Maybe, you look at your hands. Are they clean?

Art, too, might be a body of water that we can attune our bodies to, and describe. Rebecca Belmore is an Anishinaabe

performance artist, and *Fountain* (2005) is a single-channel video installation, that continuously loops for around two and a half minutes. You can watch it on your computer from Belmore’s website, but in the gallery the video is projected upon a four by three meter screen that is a wall of running water. Originally shown in the Canadian pavilion at the 2005 Venice Art Biennale, it asks questions about bodies that are not separate from the water, where embodiment – here, an Indigenous woman’s body – cannot be taken for granted. ‘It goes without saying’, writes Richard William Hill (2008: 69), ‘that this blood will be read as a symbol of the violent history of colonial Canada flung in Canada’s face’. But this water-blood is also a palimpsest: body, upon body, upon body, upon body. For Belmore, performance is about her body. She notes: ‘With my body I can address history, I can address the immediate, I can address political issues.’ For Belmore, although ‘performance is deeply personal’ (Nanibush 2014: n.p.), her body is also riven through with a past, and is a resting place and conduit for the politics of coloniality that both precedes her, and follows her, and gathers her up. Her embodiment is also something more. This (which?) waterblood as a body of water, incorporated, over and over again.

– Neimanis, 2017, *Bodies of Water: Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology*, London: Bloomsbury Academic, ch. 4

We are opening a portal here  
As here is a person inspired by Rebecca Belmore.  
They used their body as a site to tell the story of h bun Qara Atayal, who's ancestral land is submerged under the Shihmen dam, in 1950s.  
relocated downstream, a typhoon came, sudden discharge from the dam washed away many homes and lives.  
relocated again, to a beach far away, cadmium released by a chemical factory that provides for plastic industry poisoned their land and bodies.  
Onslaught of justice, is retold by the body of Ciwas Tahos. Their liveliness is like sweet potato leaves, grandmother rhizomatic, stretching far and wide across seas. But here, they carry a water vessel that spill out, to the land in the middle of the pound.  
At the corner of a high ceiling room, you can see their work on a white wall. There is a video on screen, three colour photographs, one drawing with red smudge, and three ocarinas made of yellow clay.  
Thanks for FEELed Lab and Feminist Environmental Humanities summer school, I honor all the stuggles I inhabit, biologically, mentally, relational, grammatically. I acknowledge that if I am mostly dead, with the fire you awaken within me, they might turn into ocarinas attuned to all terrestrial beings. While water travels on and on and on, from bodies to bodies to bodies.

We are opening a portal here, to acknowledge ancestors past, present and emerging, that the water today is changing, running towards unknown. We offer our voice and bodies, to imagine and live water differently. 知行合一. (epistemological-ontological inseperatbility)



TIDES 作浪  
IN THE BODY

2022.05.21 — 07.16

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