

From the
Earth's Crust
to the Skin,
from Doubling
to Rebirth

胡昉：《蓝与红》的影片，最后以一个望着车窗外的老人近景结束，老人的肤色，和窗外矿区土地的颜色，让我想到你说的“皮肤感”，它不仅是某种症状的外现，也是你通过“拍摄”这个动作和这些现实发生关系的方式，甚至是一种“肌肤相亲”的关系，对你来说，“拍摄”是如何从“现实之重”（那儿有癌症，污染，街头冲突）突围出来，而成为盘旋在几层现实（曼谷，广州，世界）之间的一种动作？

周滔：望向车窗外的老人，车内暗沉的光线与窗外广阔明亮的矿土湖泊，清晰地勾勒出她脸部轮廓，她似乎完全坐在了镜头的内部。

不管是老人在自然光线下的肤色，还是沐浴在夜光下的人群；从夜幕下LED强光染蓝的整个广场，反政府民众在广场上夜夜不眠的狂欢，到金属矿山区橘红－灰绿的地表，各种人物的动作，甚至是阵风与山体震波的一次迎撞，都造就了皮肤到地表相互折射。

我也常常想：那些拍摄经历中引起的强烈情感波动与起伏，如何消受，但恰恰与此同时，在知觉不断遭遇击打，意识不断被冲刷之后，反而出现了一片空白地，一片内在的空白地表，情节与风景在此被重新唤起形状，重新回归了他们各自自在的位置，当然他们同时也是现实的情节，也是现实的地表风景与人物，他们重影了。两种地表的重影使一切回归到重新的出发点，回到了母体。

我想“翻身”的动作正是在这片空白地表上发生的，重影决不虚无，而犹如有机体，是躯干的形体彰显，它产生了动作，就是这个翻身。翻身的动作顿然间激活了周身关节，身体舒经活血了。正是两层地表的缠绕与扭动造就了躯干，赋予了躯干的皮肤，双层影色相互渗透，躯干上各种皮肤层层映射，互相融化叠合，皮囊毛发，表情依然，栩栩如生。

可是那些被现实骤然撞击的情感冲击波去了哪里？消失了吗？没有，他们潜藏在皮肤下变为了血清，感知让他们重新找到了归宿，没有让他们演化成那种简单沉重，或愤世嫉俗，而是让他们加入皮肤和地表下血液的再造过程中。

我想影像并不是去记录现实的如何真实残酷，以及广场色光沉醉的迷幻，而是从地表到皮肤，从重影到再生。

我想我为何一直在投入这种像贴近地面飞行一般的拍摄，投入这种未知状况的感觉撞击，并不去精心构思和剧本营造，而把“拍”演成一个基本思维动作，“拍”就像是每个人都可以拿起自己的手机拍摄一样，其实我们都在这个时代共同演化一个新的日常动作“拍”，它在今天和“我想”，“我看”一样，似乎习以为常到可以忽略不计的地步。正是这样，这个基本动作让我们开启一个新的感知端口。

Hu Fang: The film *Blue and Red* ends with a close-up of an old woman in a car looking out of her window. Her skin tone, as well as the colour of the mining field outside, both remind me of what you call a “sense of the skin”. It’s not just the surface of some syndrome but also a way for you to create a relationship with reality, a kind of intimate, sensual relationship, through the movement of “shooting”. Can you talk about how “shooting” can break out of the heaviness of reality (cancer, pollution, conflict in the street) and become a movement hovering above multiple layers of reality (Guangzhou, Bangkok, the world)?

Zhou Tao: The old woman looking out of the window—the dim light in the car, the vast, luminous, mineral soil and the lake outside all clearly outline the contours of her face. She seems to completely sit inside the frame.

From the old man’s complexion lit by natural light, to the crowd bathed in the colour of night; from the Guangzhou square stained blue by LED billboards, and the anti-government protesters revelling all night in the Bangkok square, to the rust and oxidised-green surface of a rural metal mine—the movements of these different characters, even a violent squall colliding with a mountainside, all create a refraction from the skin to the earth’s crust.

I often think of the strong emotional fluctuations I experience in the filmmaking process and how to sustain them. However, at the same time that one’s senses are being struck and consciousness is being washed out, a blank space emerges—an internal blank surface in which scenarios and landscapes are regenerated into shapes and forms, returning to each of their own positions. Of course, these scenarios also exist simultaneously in reality, as do the landscapes and characters. They become doubles. The doubling of the two surfaces brings everything back to the starting point, back to the matrix.

I think it’s on this blank surface that the movement of “turning over” takes place. Doubling isn’t just nothingness—on the contrary, it’s an organism, a manifestation of the torso and limbs of the body; it produces movements. This is what I call “turning over”, a movement that instantly activates all the joints and promotes blood circulation in the body. The two surfaces, twisting and intertwining, mould the body and generate the skin. The double images penetrate each other; layers of skin reflect and overlap. Skin, hair and expression remain vivid, as if alive.

But where are those waves of sudden emotion that occur when reality strikes? Do they disappear? No, they become blood serum hidden under the skin. Perception found them a home; instead of letting them evolve into something naively critical or cynical, it turns them into hematopoietic tissues beneath the skin and the earth’s crust.

胡昉：在这个拍摄过程中所不断遭遇到的现实，似乎在和影像的不断碰撞中消失在黑暗的深处，就像光线熄灭后世界回归黑暗，而当新的一天开始，一切喧嚣又重起，它再次生成了源源不绝的影像，也赋予了躯干不断翻腾的力量。在影片中，在你遭受催泪瓦斯眩晕倒地之后，镜头切换到一团与树根纠缠一起的泥团，或一个像是人头的雕塑，似乎是在躯干不断翻腾之后一个沉重的落地，或一个落地的仪式，将剧烈运动过后的能量归还给土地，对于你来说，这部影片的叙述方式，是否和不同现实表皮剧烈的碰撞之后，事物不断回归至你所称之为“空白的地表”的状态有关？而这不时的回归构成了影片叙述的节奏？

周滔：从 sky train 的天桥上垂直向下看，一位包扎了右脚的“老战士”侧躺在柏油路面，侧上方的 LED 屏幕冷色光早已急切地刺破暮色，将他周身晕染其中，一分钟的“蓝”，再切换到一分钟的“红”，停顿，路面顿然竖起，一只盆景紧紧粘连住垫于他身下的包装纸。重演：沙漠，无风，炙热，死寂的大白天，唯有蜥蜴才能感受到一种恐惧，一种比它更毒的气息透出整片沙面，迎着烈日它抖动变色肤甲，涌出血红，乌兰，如同那盆一分钟的“夜兰”，和那盆一分钟的“夜红”。

沙漠之蜥蜴，空白地表上再长出的风景。

黑频。她的手紧紧抓住了对方阳具部位，用力收紧，试图破开制服的裤裆拉锁，他面部表情极其别扭，五官移位，似笑非笑。百多名警察相互紧紧地钩咬住双臂，组成人墙。“呵呵！”，她扬高声调，视线几乎贴住警察的脸，再转向身后乌压压一片奇装异服的人群。女先锋的妩媚情色战术，在她身后雷动的吆喝声中，直击广场的命门。无意中，那昏暗之地被撕开一个小口。

随着慌乱的人群四散逃窜，但来不及了，被吞没在催泪弹滚滚浓烟中，气管内黏膜促然收缩粘住，无法呼吸，四肢顿软，眩晕，扑倒。黑屏欲跃出摄像机还在慌乱摇晃的果冻画面。

布满管状动脉的大黑团，一个巨兽的黑器官，从空白地表飞起，再随着我膝盖到臀部相继着地的扑腾倒地声，径直地砸落在我面前；扑倒在地，身体依然感受到余震。

村庄焚毁，散露的白骨将遭受红色强酸岩液的再度凌迟，被击倒，再被击倒……

我唯有说服自己“别挣扎”。不挣扎，不是说要冷静，根本无法冷静，大脑中空白的画面逐层翻滚。“不挣扎”是大脑内的一层薄膜，这层薄膜上大脑在自动分泌出黏液，摇摇晃晃的身形正在顺着这片薄膜跌撞而出：寻找滑板，空翻，再扑倒，骨裂。

I don't think of images as a way to record how cruel reality is, or how psychedelic the square appears to be—it is a means to create a passage from the earth's surface to the skin, from doubling to rebirth.

I often wonder why I am so invested in a certain way of shooting that almost feels like hovering close to the ground, concentrating on the collision of senses in the unknown. I don't craft or conceive any script; instead I treat "filming" as a basic action of thought. Anybody now can pick up their phone and start shooting; in fact, we are collectively developing this new everyday action of our time. Filming has become just as natural as seeing and thinking that it is now almost negligible. As such, this new basic action is opening up a new portal of perception.

Hu Fang: During the shooting process, the constant encounter with reality seems to collide with images and disappear into the depths of darkness. It's like the world returns to darkness when the light goes out, but when a new day begins, it brings back the hullabaloo, regenerates an endless stream of images, and empowers the body with a churning force. In the video, after you get hit by tear gas and black out, there is a jump cut to a mud ball of tangled roots, or perhaps it's a sculpture of a human head. It's like the body landed hard after a somersault, or a ritual of landing, returning back to the land after strenuous exercise. Do you consider the narrative approach of this film to be related to the state, that after the violent collision of different realities, things continuously return to what you call "the blank surface"? Does this persistent return constitute the rhythm of the film?

Zhou Tao: Looking straight down from the sky train overpass, a "veteran" with a bandaged right foot lies on his side on the asphalt street; the luminescence from the LED screen above is eager to pierce through the twilight; his whole body is stained blue one minute and red the next. Pause: the street is suddenly erect; a potted plant sticks firmly to the packaging wrap under his body. Replay: desert, no wind, blazing hot, dead quiet in broad daylight. A kind of fear that only lizards can feel, a more toxic air emanates from the entire sandy landscape. Against the burning sun, it shakes its colour-changing skin-armour, gushing blood red and midnight blue, as if the pot that turns blue one minute turns red the next.

Lizard of the desert, a landscape that regrows on the blank surface.

Black screen, her hand grasps the other's penis, tightens firmly, attempting to break open the uniform's zipper. His facial expression becomes extremely awkward; his features twitch in what could have been a smile. Hundreds of policemen tightly hook the arms of each other to form a picket line. "Wohoo," she raises her voice, staring right at the policeman's face, and then turns around to the huge crowd behind her dressed bizarrely. The erotic tactics of the female avant-gardist, among the thunderous cheers and whistles, struck straight at the square's gate of life. Inadvertently, the dark place was ripped open a little.

The crowd scattered and fled in panic, but it was too late; swallowed up by the billowing smoke of tear gas, the endotracheal mucosa suddenly contracted, unable to breathe, limp, dizzy, crumpled down. Black screen yearned to leap out of the image, which is still wobbling in perplexity. A big black ball full of tubular arteries, a black organ of a giant monster, soaring from the blank surface; as my knees and hip hit the ground with a thud, it swoops down right in front of me, throwing itself to the ground. My body still feels the aftershocks.

The villages are burned; the exhumed bones are once again mutilated by the flow of acidic red rock, knocked down and knocked down again...

I had to convince myself not to struggle. "Not struggling" is not the same as remaining calm. One cannot be calm when the mind is a torrent of empty images. "Not struggling" should be a thin layer of membrane, a membrane that the brain will naturally lubricate, following which, wobbly figures stumble out, searching for skateboard, somersault, pouncing again, broken bones.