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GALLERY & PHOTO STUDIO



是與非的模樣 陳松志個展  
UPSIDE DOWN - SUNG-CHIH CHEN  
3.5-4.2.2016

陳松志於紐約ISCP工作室  
Sung-Chih Chen's Studio at ISCP in New York, 2015



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## 創作自述 / 是與非的模樣

文/ 陳松志

在剛過去的這個半年間是我頭一回踏上美國的土地，生活的過程中，紐約的躁亂無疑的成為引發我諸多想像的重要來源。在過往的創作中，我總是在生活裡那些正在改變的事件中，看見了文明生活裡人們對於物的敗壞，誘發了我對這些微弱事物的好奇觀察。紐約尤其是個高度資本開發的現代城市，每天無處不在混合著毀落與新生，人性與物性的相對衝突。對於一個異地創作者而言，感受著生活中的表象外在與內容意義的斷裂著實是個豐富的探索。對我來講紐約地鐵是真正體驗這個瘋狂城市的入口，少有一個城市可以如此的顛狂，所有最美好的、最醜陋的、最熱情的、最冷漠的全然瞬間地夾雜在擁擠的這裡。它像一道薄膜挑戰人性的極限，不管是開往「天堂」或是「地獄」，此刻即是人間。

「是與非的模樣」個展源自於我對於紐約這個荒顛城市的創作想像。「是與非」做為人們理性知覺之於認知邏輯的二元依歸，「模樣」在此如同圈畫出多義隱性的視覺輪廓。展出的兩組空間裝置作品《無題2016》、《無題-房間3》藉以人造塑料、液態水、織品以及印刷紙張等饒富集體記憶的現成物作為生命多重隱喻的象徵，在凹凸、虛空、聚合、脫離的造型語言中捏塑出一種異於日常的「非常時空」，引發著觀者感知的好惡糾結與拒斥。同時透過材質組合與行動形構出低限物質的抽象表現，我們所見不僅是材質異化的想像輪廓，綜觀相連與離去殘（存）留的部份，這些大量建構與毀壞並陳的創作手法，引介著觀者進行一段意義架空、速度轉化視知覺的過程，在具形與意之間，牽引人們蘊藏於身的感知能量，帶出純化的生活詩境。作品顯現的是我們都熟悉卻總是被忽略的「純粹」物質世界，觀者深入其中，卻又異想於物象之外。

我們的生活中埋藏著許多清晰卻總是難言清楚的邊界，我的創作建構在這樣的基礎上，從殘存的生活片段中勾勒出是非難明甚或一體兩面的邊線。在這個發展中作為一個裝置藝術創作者從「藝術價值」與「意義價值」的反覆中進行質量意義的摸索，這其中並帶出了許多從個人敘事出發並擴展至群體意識在身份、事件（物件）、時間與地點之間時而滲透，時而阻斷的形隱圈線，並為這矯飾荒誕的生活構築出神秘的詩意自由。

還記得四月初剛到紐約時正逢冬末春初，有那麼一天一陣狂風吹起了街邊的垃圾，當這些失落的物質遂成空中緩慢的飄盪，行道樹上的枯枝雜夾著莫名的廢棄物，那種時序違和的交錯形成了一種別來的幽默與荒誕，這般景緻如擬著我對藝術在於生活的姿態，勾起了我對電影《美國心玫瑰情》(1999)的劇情想像，事隔多年，我在這個看似肥皂劇的腳本裡，悟然地感應到此時、此刻、此地與自身的情感投射，劇中經典的口白說著：「

聽說人在死前的一秒鐘  
他的一生會閃過眼前  
首先呢，其實不是一秒鐘  
而是延伸成無止盡的時間

對我來說，我的一生 是躺在草地 看著流星雨...  
還有街道上 枯黃的楓葉  
或是奶奶手上像紙一樣的皮膚  
還有我第一次看到東尼表哥 那輛全新的火鳥跑車  
還有小珍...還有卡洛琳...

我猜我死了應該生氣才對。但世界這麼美，不該一直生氣

有時候一次看完會無法承受  
我的心像是漲滿的汽球隨時會爆

後來我記得要放輕鬆 別一直想緊抓著不放  
所有的美 就像雨水一樣洗滌我...  
讓我對我這卑微愚蠢的生命，在每一刻充滿了感激  
你一定不知道我在說什麼  
別擔心  
有一天 你會明白...」。

有些時候想像遠比現實來得真切，人們之於謊言的習慣可能大過於面對真實的恐懼。村上春樹曾說：「完美的文章並不存在，就像完美的絕望並不存在一樣。」（《聽風的歌》1979），眼前的世界有太多的突然，或許這都將是我所追逐的意外，很顯然地，意外總是無所不在.....。

## Statement of The Artist Upside Down

Text/ Sung-Chih Chen

Over the past six months, I visited the U.S. for the first time. When I lived there, the fierceness and chaos of New York undoubtedly inspired many of my imaginations. In my past creation, I always witness human beings' abuse of matters from changing events in life, which triggers my curiosity and observation of such mild things. New York is particularly a modern city of high capital development, and everywhere is mixed with destruction and regeneration and conflicts between humanity and material every day. As a foreign creator, I've explored a lot from the images in life and breakage of content meanings. To me, New York subway is the entrance to this city of madness, and only one city can be so crazy. The best, the ugliest, the most passionate, and the most indifferent all are mixed in this city. New York is similar to a thin membrane challenging the extremity of humanity in either "heaven" or "hell." At present, it is a human world.

*"Upside Down"* personal exhibition is originated from my creative imaginations about the chaotic New York City. In this exhibition, *"Upside Down"* is the binary basis of cognitive logics of rational perception. The "appearance of Upside Down" reflects the visual outline of recessive meanings. The two sets of site specific installation on display are: *"Untitled 2016"* and *"Untitled Room 3"*, used materials rich in collective memories, such as artificial plastic, liquid, fabric, and printing paper, as the multiple metaphors of life. The shapes of concave and convex, emptiness, aggregation, and escape create a "special time and space" that are different from those in daily life, which triggers the senses of entanglement and rejection of audiences. In addition, material combination and actions are used to form the abstract performance of low regulated substances. The works not only reflect the imagination outline of material alienation, but also connect the residues. The creative approach of coexistence of a large amount of construction and destruction introduces meaning emptying and speed converted visual perception to audiences. The mixture of shapes and meanings triggers audiences' hidden perception energy, and creates a pure life poetic realm. The works reflect the "pure" material world with which we all are familiar but always ignore. Even though audiences put themselves in the exhibition site, their thoughts may be outside images.

There are many clear but difficult to define borders hidden in our life. My creations are developed on this basis. I use residual life fragments to outline the border of upside down or even two faces of an object. During this development, as an installation artist, I repeatedly explore the qualitative mean-

ings of “artistic value” and “meaning value,” which leads to the formation of many hidden borders from personal narratives to group awareness in identity, events (objects), and time and place, as well as the construction of mystic poetic freedom in this disguised and absurd life.

I remember that when I arrived in New York in early April, it was the season of late winter and early spring. One day, a strong wind blew away the garbage on the street. When these lost materials became the slowly moving floating substances, the twigs of trees were scattered with wastes. Such intertwining of disordered time and space created a different kind of humor and absurdity. This scene simulated my life gesture in art, and reminded me of my dramatic imagination about the film “*American Beauty*” (1999). After all these years, I sensed my own affective projects right now right here in this script that seems to be a soap opera. I read the classic lines in the play:“

*I always heard the entire life flashes from your eyes  
in a second before you die  
First of all, that one second isn't a second at all,  
It stretches on forever, like an ocean of time*

*For me, it was lying on my bag, a boys' scout camp, watching falling stars  
and yellow leaves from the maple trees that lie under street  
Or my grandmother's hands, and they wear skin, seemed like paper  
and the first time i saw my cousin Tony's brand new Firebird  
and Jenny...  
and Carolyn*

*I guess I could be pretty pissed off of what happened to me  
But it's hard to stay mad when there's so much beauty in the world  
Sometimes I feel like I'm seeing it all at once, and it's too much  
My heart feels like a balloon, it's about to burst*

*And I remember to relax, and stop trying to hold on to it  
And that flows through me like rain  
and I can't feel anything but gratitude  
for every single moment of my stupid little life  
you have no idea what I'm talking about I'm sure  
but don't worry, you will someday*

Sometimes, imaginations are more authentic than reality. Lies of people may be more dreadful than reality. Haruki Murakami once said: "There's no such thing as perfect writing, just like there's no such thing as perfect despair..." (Hear the Wind Sing, 1979), there are too much unexpected things in the world in front of me. They all may be the accidents that I pursue. Apparently, there are accidents everywhere ...