

何翔宇 HE XIANGYU

北京空白空间 WHITE SPACE BEIJING 2012.09.01 ~2012.11.11



《200克黄金62克蛋白质》
2012年
铜、黄金、鸡蛋
37.7 × 39 × 3.7厘米
200g Gold, 62g Protein
2012
Copper, gold, egg
37.7 x 39 x 3.7 cm

比起之前的“可乐计划”与“椅子上的人”，何翔宇最新的个展更能够呈现出一个1986年出生的大男孩形象：热爱文玩收藏，但并不是那么充满历史文化责任感；一点不苦逼严肃，其实有些大大咧咧；

一直不刻意追求什么宏大的系统，反而更在意的是于某个方向上做到极致；更重要的是，本性上喜欢那种放松的、有趣味的、不必绷起来的自在状态。这个展览中很多作品都显示了这样一种状态，

放松、有趣，甚至带着一丝轻微的恶作剧。最典型就如那个把手被换成了灯泡的门，让人联想起《小鬼当家》等电影中的经典整蛊手法，给门把手通电或加热，让开门的人中招，而这件作品恰如其分地叫做“Sorry”。但实际上，那扇外观上毫不起眼的门并不是一件简单的现成品改造，“门”是由不锈钢喷漆制成的，它只是在尽量模仿着一扇普通的门，或者说一种日常性。而这种对日常性的模拟，其目的是为了形成一条外表与内质，即经验与概念之间的缝隙，观众的判断于是落空，而这正是喜剧效果的源泉，尤其是当他们再次回顾那知性判断落空的状态时。

不过，何翔宇有时候太依赖作品材料带来的惊吓效果了，比如一封用甲基苯丙胺（俗称冰毒）写成的信（《回信》），一副象牙手铐（《完了》），以及一件铸铜鎏金的鸡蛋托（《200克黄金62克蛋白质》），一种昂贵的材料与工艺被用来制作如此低阶的物品。然而，这种材料与功能之间的有意对比越明显，其观念指向就越明确，而其对经验感知的推动就越显得乏力，当作者的意图被读取了之后，这些作品就基本完成了使命。

相比之下，《一粟》这样的作品回避了那种材料的符号性而更具有经验生成的能量。何翔宇打算把每一个他所知晓的人名——不管是历史人物，还是生活中认识的人，或者只是听说的人，只要是某个人的名字——分别写到一粒大米上，据说已经有了几万个名字等着被写在几万粒大米上。在这里，米粒这种材料所带来的是一种日常的纪念性，而不是一种材料奇观。

展览中最重要的两件作品之间的对比或许说明了出生于1986年的何翔宇正处在一个转变期，900个青花碗依然延续了他之前“椅子上的人”的思路，而《我的梦想》则已经预示了新的方向。一个平躺着的干部模样的仿真入，身上盖着红色旗帜，这显然是在模仿特定的遗体告别仪式，但这个仿真入有着艺术家自己的面孔，只是尺寸比真人小一些，靠近去看，表情安详而容貌逼真。一切看起来既像是一场幻想，又像是一次揶揄，当观众因种种的不适而感到疑惑的时候，旁边叫做《我的梦》的5屏影像中，正在悄悄播放着黑暗中漂浮着的莫名灰尘。 鲍栋

Compared to his “Cola Project” and “Man on the Chairs,” He Xiangyu’s newest solo exhibition presents the persona of a big kid born in 1986: one who loves collecting objets d’ art but does not feel obligated toward historical cultural heritage; one who is not a bit serious but rather carefree; and one who shows aptitude in certain specific areas but is not keen on chasing after some general grand idea. Most importantly, it shows an unrestrained, easygoing instinct. Many pieces in this exhibition display this

relaxed, amused, almost mischievous humor. Take the door with the handle made of a light bulb—it brings to mind the pranks and practical jokes in movies like Home Alone. It powers up to light the bulb and delivers a shock to the hand that tries to open it. The piece is appropriately called “Sorry.” In reality, that seemingly common door is not so humble. It is spray-painted stainless steel. It pretends to be ordinary. This attempt to simulate daily ordinariness is to demonstrate the chasm between appearance and inner quality, empiricism and rationalism. The audience’s reason is dashed. Of course, this is the fountainhead of comedy, especially when the audience recalls the time their intellectual judgment failed them.

However, He Xiangyu’s works are overly reliant on the surprise effect the materials bring, for example: Reply, the letter written with methamphetamine; The End, the ivory handcuff; 200 Grams of Gold, 62 Grams of Protein the gilded bronze egg carton. All use expensive materials for low-level products. The sharper the contrast between material and function, the more explicit the concept, the poorer the perceptive experience. After their auteur’s intent is read through, these artworks have completed their mission.

In comparison, by avoiding the symbolism of materials, One Grain creates capacity for new experiences. He Xiangyu plans to write every name he comes across—historical figures, people he meets in life, a name he hears mentioned by others—as long as it is the name of a person—on a grain of rice. It is said he has already written tens of thousands of grains of rice. Here, rice as a material brings a monument to the common, not a spectacle of material.

Two of the most significant works in this exhibition indicate that the young artist He Xiangyu is in a state of transition. The 900 porcelain bowls continue the train of thought that began with “Man on the Chairs.” But My Pipe Dreams points in a new direction. A life-like cadre lying flat covered with a red flag evidently feigns to be a certain kind of funeral. The face resembles the artist, except it is slightly smaller than the real person, its expression vivid and serene. While the viewer feels uneasy and uncertain—is it a fantasy or a mockery?—on five screens nearby “My Dream” plays quietly inexplicable dust floating in darkness. Bao Dong (Translated by Yvette Zhu)