

Peter Hagan: 感官和感知的幻觉 | 沪艺术 展评

Peter Hagan: Illusions in Senses and Perception | HuArts/ Review

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胶囊上海 | Capsule Shanghai



*37Hz 37兹, 2017, acrylic on Arches
watercolor paper 阿诗水彩纸上丙烯,
110.5 x 79 cm*

冯晨将安福路小区深处的胶囊上海画廊激活，从一个普通的白墙灰地的空间转化成了一个机械活动的展览空间。冯晨的作品具有侵袭现实的张力。“我的作品无关故事。它们和现实及人们与现实连接的方式有关。”冯晨决定了空间内的每一个会影响观展体验的元素，包括地毯的颜色与质感。人们的感官创造了虚拟现实，整个空间的布置都围绕这一点展开。

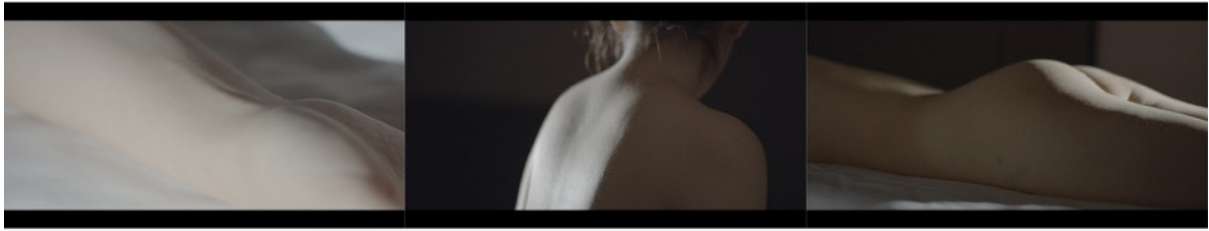
冯晨把感觉、听觉、视觉，甚至情感隔离，而后刺激大脑对所接受信息的判读。在他的个展中，冯晨试图打破感官带来的欺骗从而将观众从他们的假设中解放。通过对画廊空间内体验的完全控制，冯晨同时颠覆了艺术机构其本身绝对权威的位置。

我与冯晨戴上耳机，走进了左边的第一个房间。他解释着面前的作品，抽打的声音开始在耳边响起。这是“震颤”的第一个频道，视频投影在对面墙上，投影里有一个不断抽搐的手腕。耳机中抽打的声音接连响起，其频率近乎同步于投影中的震颤。眼里的律动与耳中的节奏存在着一丝的不协调性，像一人企图去射中一个在移动的目标，而每一次的射击都有一丝偏差。边上的百叶窗突然开始颤动。

“你是刻意将展览设计成让人不适的吗？因为当我看这个视频的时候我希望它们可以同步。”

“是的。”

“我的作品试图侵犯观众。我常以视频为媒介，但有时也想做些不一样的。你每天都看电视，但你没意识到电视每天都在侵犯着你，”冯晨在胶囊上海的办公室里说道。影像中手臂、背部和半边臀部的颤动与声音的节奏配对。在进入展区时观众被邀请戴上耳机从而将他们与外界隔离。冯晨的作品包括了碳纤维装置，土耳其湿拓画，热感应墨水，与声音装置。



Convulsion 震颤, 2017, 16:9 three-channel synchronized video installation 三频同步录像装置

穿梭于展厅间，观众被一个又一个的影响与声音环绕。声效节奏与视觉上的震颤与人为地同步再不同步。当然，作品中所出现的青蛙叫声和肩膀的抽搐并没有实际的联系。

“我所感兴趣的是人的思维（在这个展览中）是怎样的。像在这里，思维是一种感官认知。感官是怎样构建起一个思维的？思维是多层的。有些人可能很喜欢我的作品，而有些人可能因我的作品而感到不适，但我认为这是个好的现象。有人感到不适是因为这些作品没有目的性。”

冯晨迫使观众进入一个虚假的共和体。人的意识建立了视觉与听觉之间的联系：手臂肌肉与打击声并没有直接的联系。在尝试同步视觉与声音时人们被自己蒙蔽，建立不存在的联系，从而无法分开处理二者。与此同时，冯晨通过百叶窗的活动与其跟视频即声音的互动进一步操控了空间与体验。人们对于同步的渴求被放大，万分之一的不调和都显得让人难以忍受。

我将冯晨本次的展览看做是对感官了解现实的方式的一个审视。他通过打破现实与感官的联系模糊了自然与人造的界线。冯晨以科技，空间，时间与画廊本身作为载体，达成了此效果。画廊的空间与作用在他的人造现实下被模糊：解除感官的权威性随之带来的是画廊空间的无意义化。艺术家操控画廊的空间使其变成一个被动的载体，从而强调被曲解的现实与真实的现实的分界线。此行为解构了现实但



7 Real Magic Books - The Second Hypnosis 7本真实存在的魔法书 - 第二次催眠, 2017, carbon fiber 碳纤维, 100 x 90 x 200

同时提供了重建现实的可能。

冯晨解释道“你可以帮助观众去看得更深一些。我了解的同时也希望让你去了解。我认为你需要知道，除非你不想，这样你便永远都不知道了”。

冯晨通过科技（耳机，视频与活动的物体）创造了一个隔绝的空间，避免了观众与作品的亲密接触。观众分离与外部世界，甚至分离与画廊空间。虽然冯晨本人不在其中，但在机械化的互动中人们仍能感受他的痕迹。“对我来说，当今机器正在帮助人类筑建这个世界。人类掌握全局，而机器就像是人类的锤子，或是卷尺一样。他帮助你变得更精准。”

通过颠覆，观众屈服于由错觉构造的现实，这现实本身也是一种错觉。所以冯晨的艺术是建造在错觉上的错觉，是以感官为媒介来打破艺术上错觉的权威性。他的表现形式迷惑而有力。他希望帮助读者总结什么是现实。冯晨的作品是对现实的曲解。让这些曲解存在便是艺术之美。

In Capsule Gallery, nestled at the back of a small neighborhood off Anfu Road, Feng Chen has turned the space from a typical white cube into a house alive with the automated movements of the machinery from which Feng extends his reach into all the visitors. The effects of the artwork are an invasion of reality. “My work does not talk about stories. It is about reality and how people relate to real life.” In the space of the gallery, every decision of the experience down to the color and texture of the carpet has been chosen by Feng Chen. The entirety of the space is curated to point at how our senses have created the illusion of reality.

Repetitively, Feng isolates a sense, sound and sight and even emotion, and then prods at the brain’s interpretation of the information. In his solo show, Feng Chen aims to break the imposition of perception to liberate the audience from their hypnosis. Yet, by taking total control of the experience within the gallery, Feng Chen also aims at the institution of art and there too attempts to undermine its own authoritarian position.



The Darker Side of Light 光的背面, 2017, arduino, servomotor, aluminum blinds 控制器, 舵机, 铝制百叶窗, dimension variable 尺寸可变

After putting on headphones, Feng and I walk into the first room on the left. Sounds of slaps begin playing in our headphones as Feng conducts the tour, explaining the piece in front of us. It is one channel of “Convulsion,” a video projected across the wall. In the video, the inside of a wrist twitches. Our headphones continue to play the

slap, which is almost synchronized with the twitch on the screen. Like someone trying to hit a moving target and just missing the mark ever-so-slightly each time, the twitching wrist is only a fraction of a beat away from being in-synch with the slap. Suddenly, the blinds start to shudder alongside the sound and the video. The three fuse. Together, they envelop the audience.

“Did you design the exhibition to make the audience uncomfortable? Because when I watch this video I long for them to join.”

“Yes.”



36Hz-I 36赫兹-I, 2017, acrylic on
Arches watercolor paper 阿诗水彩纸
上丙烯, 110.5 x 79 cm

“My work tries to invade a person. Because I use video often and sometimes I want to make something different. You watch television every day and you don’t know it invades you,” explains Feng in the back office of Capsule. Screens of convulsing arms, backs, and buttocks controlled by electric charges and are paired with conspicuous sounds. As viewers enter the gallery they are invited to wear headphones, isolating them within the exhibition. His work includes carbon fiber installations, Erbu marbling paintings, thermal ink, and sound installations.

Moving room to room, the audience is exposed to these video and sound pairings. The sounds are artificially synchronized and at times desynchronized with the spasms. Of course, the sound of a frog in *Convulsion* has no real-world connection with the twitch of the shoulder.

“How the mind comes into [the exhibition], that is what I am interested in. Like this mind is kind of a sense perception. How do senses build the mind. How do you do that? But the mind has different kinds of layers. If people see the work and get

mad I think it is a good idea. When you get mad some people maybe really like it. You get mad because there is no purpose.”

He forces the audience into an illusory synthesis that is routinely broken. It is our own unconscious that causes the relation between the audio and visual: there is no casual relationship between an arm muscle and a slap. That is a marker of the illusion. We are blind to our own blindness when we long for the synchronization of sight and sound and are wholly unable to divorce the two. Even more, Feng Chen manipulates the space by pairing moving blinds with the video and audio. Here, even the slightest discrepancy in the timing becomes almost unbearable as we long for synchronicity.

In this exhibition, I see Feng Chen's work as compelling the audience to examine reality through the senses by blurring the line between synthetic and natural through projecting this now-opaque distinction directly into our (hopefully) conscious awareness. To achieve this effect, he must control all aspects of input by using technology, space and time, and the gallery itself as the media. The space and role of the gallery is obscured when Feng Chen imposes his artificial reality: there is no need for the gallery now if Feng is attempting to disarm the authority of the senses. The gallery is manipulated into a passive host in order that the artist can highlight the lines between misinterpreted reality and true reality directly into the viewer. This action is fundamentally destructive with the hope that the viewer can begin to reconstruct her own idea of reality.



36Hz-II 36赫兹-II, 2017, acrylic on
Arches watercolor paper 阿诗水彩纸上
丙烯, 110.5 x 79 cm

Feng explains, "You can help the audience look a little bit further. I know and I want you to know. I think you should know, unless you do not want to know and then you will never know."

Feng Chen circumvents the space for intimate contact with the audience, isolating them in a curated reality through technology (headphones, video, and moving objects) to separate the audience from both the world outside the gallery and even the gallery itself. Although Feng is not physically in the space, he extends his autonomy through mechanized interactions that touch the senses of the gallery-goer. "For me, for now, the machine helps man build the world. Everything is controlled by the man. The machine is like a hammer or measuring tape. It just helps you be more precise."

It is through clever *subversion* that results in the audience succumbing to the illusion of a new reality through sense, which in itself is an illusion of reality as well. His art, therefore, is an illusion built upon an illusion, with one, the illusion through art, aimed at breaking the authority of the illusion through the sensory. His presentation is forceful and deceptive. His goal is to help the viewer come to a conclusion of what reality is. The things Feng Chen has created are illusory and deserve a chance to be a valid experience. They represent misinterpretations of reality but letting these misinterpretations of reality exist is the beauty of art.