



# Shape-shifting

Whether adopting pseudonyms, exaggerating personas, or inventing alter-egos, artists have been leading imagined existences throughout time in order to tease out the fine lines that divide fiction and reality. There are many para-fictional approaches to art-making today, as hiding one's identity can engender pluralistic and ambiguous forms of expression. Wearing a mask can conceal but also reveal.

Beginning in 1967, the Los Angeles-based artist Carl Cheng began branding his creations under the name John Doe Co., a wryly generic corporate moniker for his "Nature Machines." The company name served multiple purposes: it placed the artist's experiments into a dialogue with the rapid technological developments happening in American industries of the postwar era while also deflecting attention away from his Chinese heritage amid rising anti-Asian sentiment during the American war in Vietnam. In this issue's cover Feature, deputy editor HG Masters traces Cheng's early awareness of how human technology would soon be able to recreate natural processes, leading to a world entirely shaped by humans, and how Cheng's later disenchantment with the art market led him to concentrate his energy on installations and projects for the public sphere.

Our second Feature brings us to Evelyn Taocheng Wang's solo exhibition "Reflection Paper" at the Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen in Düsseldorf, where Wang alludes to a host of artistic and literary figures—among them Agnes Martin, Eileen Chang, Silvia Federici, and Ingeborg Bachmann—in her paintings and videos. Delving into the artist's explorations of identity construction and fictional biographies, Hendrik Folkerts, contributing writer and a curator at the Art Institute of Chicago, writes: "Rather than appropriating the work of these often queer and female authors directly, [Wang] chooses a para-fictional approach to citation, using irony, wit, or absurdism as strategies to inhabit the space between her and them. Indeed, in order to stage a perpetual (re)formation of identity through a process of narrative reciprocity, she projects onto these figures her own meditations on body politics, artistic labor, the Kafkaesque bureaucracies of immigration, and language."

Rounding out the Features, Up Close highlights Jes Fan's three new sculptures commissioned for the 2021 Liverpool Biennial; Deniz Gül's deconstructions of language at her recent SALT Galata exhibition in Istanbul; and Zhao Zhao's new series of mixed-media paintings *The Buddha* (2021). For Inside Burger Collection, writer Kimberly Bradley traces the arc of artist Bianca Kennedy's practice, from her films and VR works focused on bathing to her speculative animations created with The Swan Collective.

For Profiles, writer Sheila Regan spoke to photographer Pao Houa Her about her connection with the Hmong community

in St. Paul, where she grew up, and her birth country, Laos. Elsewhere in the section, associate editor Ophelia Lai examines multimedia artist Aki Inomata's interspecies collaborations, and managing editor Chloe Chu writes about how photographer Miti Ruangkritya tracks the dizzying transformations of Bangkok.

This issue's Essay is focused on the project "Owned by Others," which sought to create conversations around the colonial histories behind the artifacts held on Berlin's Museum Island. Comprising performances, public installations, and showcases, "the encounters of 'Owned by Others' became instances of micro-resistance," writes Berlin desk editor Clara Tang, that respond to how "newly diverse and remarkably retrograde histories were simultaneously reinscribed into Berlin's urban landscape in the year 2020."

In Dispatch, curator Raphael Fonseca describes the recent shifts in the arts landscape of São Paulo, most notably the inclusion of more Afro-Brazilian artists and curators in the public programs of museums and galleries. For the Point, artist, curator, and incoming Asia Art Archive director Christopher K. Ho probes how transnational communities of the many Asian diasporas might find new forms of solidarity. Artist Trevor Shimizu pens the latest One on One column, declaring that "Dan Graham and [his show] 'Deep Comedy' saved my art, and my life."

Lastly, for Where I Work, contributing writer Frances Arnold visited aaajiao's Berlin home and working space, which serves as a "portal to a global cyber studio," where the new-media artist creates large-scale installations, websites, and interactive games reflecting on humanity's relationship with virtual environments. In his recent, open-ended metagame *Deep Simulator* (2020), he encourages players to explore freely, encouraging "free will and an opportunity to reflect on what kinds of decisions we make and why."

Whether it is through the 21st-century technologies that enable us to live double lives in the virtual worlds of the internet, or reflecting on the culturally unbounded personas that allow us to adapt ourselves to different places and people, artists expand the intersection of the imaginative and the real.



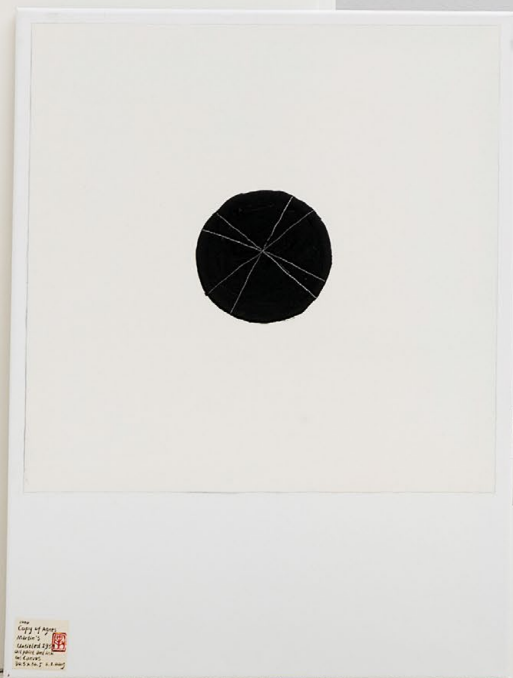
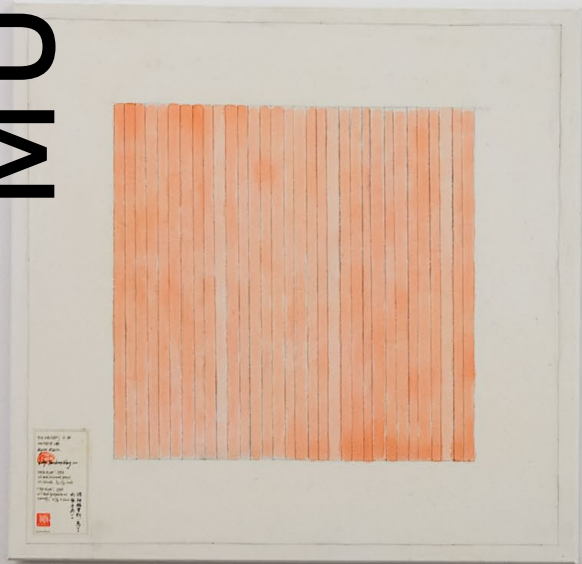
ELAINE W. NG

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# MUTTER, ICH BIN DUMM!



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BIOGRAPHY AS FICTION IN  
EVELYN TAOCHENG WANG'S  
"REFLECTION PAPER"

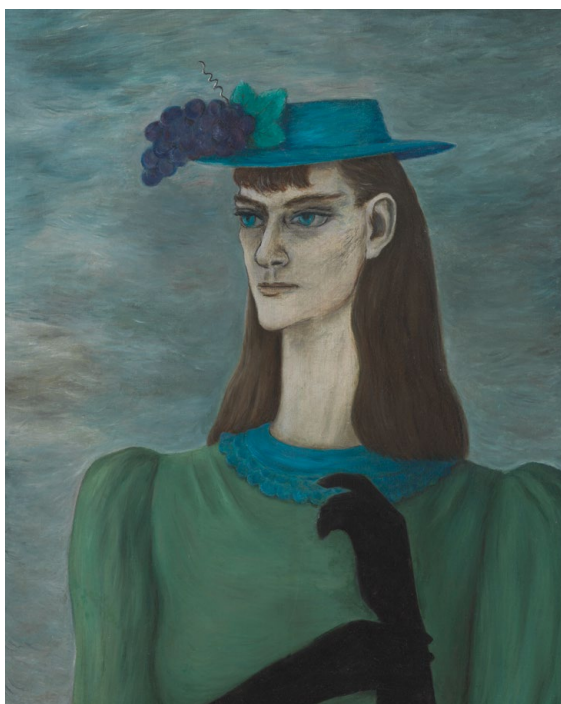


BY  
HENDRIK FOLKERTS

Installation view of "Reflection Paper" at the Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Düsseldorf, 2021. Photo by Katja Ilner. Courtesy Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen.

I am looking at a painting by the Chicago-based Surrealist artist Gertrude Abercrombie, *Self-Portrait of My Sister*, created in 1941. The woman has sharp features, an elongated neck, and her gaze projects onto an unknown horizon beyond the picture frame. The radiant blue of her eyes echoes the green and blue of her dress, collar, and hat, the latter adorned with dark purple grapes and a corkscrew. Her lips are pressed, giving her face a stern, austere expression, in subtle contrast with the playful gesture of her right hand embracing her left wrist. Tellingly, Abercrombie was an only child. The artist used self-portraiture to create an alter ego, an imaginary sister—was she smarter, prettier, meaner, or more real somehow? In her records, she would refer to this painting as “Portrait of the Artist as Ideal,” stating: “It’s always myself that I paint, but not actually, because I don’t look that good or cute.” The painting reminds me of Evelyn Taocheng Wang, and all the other possible Evelyns envisioned by Wang.

Evelyn’s work engages with the age-old philosophical question: what if we are fiction? Fittingly, Evelyn has invited me to virtually—fictionally?—attend her latest exhibition, “Reflection Paper” at the Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen in Düsseldorf, since I cannot visit in person. The exhibition is modeled on a clinic. Will I be treated, healed, or transformed? As Evelyn starts our tour, I am distracted by her outfit and underwhelmed by mine. She is meticulously dressed, wearing black trousers and elegant brown leather shoes, erring on the masculine side of the fashion spectrum. A square-cut, double-breasted tweed jacket with a black vest and a white blouse (buttoned up) underneath completes the fastidious ensemble. Her make-up is clean, understated. The pièce de résistance is a modestly-sized black hat that rests on the right side of her head; it is embellished with a blush-pink faux-flower that resonates with the shades of rouge that I see painted in large circles on the walls of this gallery-turned-clinic. I, on other hand, am wearing sweatpants and a rather dismal-looking Adidas sweater. I have no shoes on. I am truly ready to check into this establishment. Pay attention! Evelyn introduces the exhibition. “So now I would like to walk away for a moment, but I believe your eye will follow my



Left: **STUDIO E.T. WANG**, *DO NOT AGREE WITH AGNES MARTIN ALL THE TIME (Overall)*, 2021, artist’s print, dimensions variable, produced on the occasion of “Reflection Paper” at Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Düsseldorf, 2021. Photo by Roman Szczesny. Courtesy Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam. Right: **GERTRUDE ABERCROMBIE**, *Self-Portrait of My Sister*, 1941, oil on canvas, 68.6×55.9 cm. Courtesy the Art Institute of Chicago.





Installation view of "Reflection Paper" at the Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Düsseldorf, 2021. Photo by Katja Ilner. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.

step. And I would like to give you a really cozy and special evening." Let the *Ausstellungsrundgang* [exhibition tour] begin.

Evelyn introduces me to the clinic's permanent residents: seven giant pieces of "grandmother" underwear, washed and ironed, and draped across laundry racks. You can wear them as a dress, too; they conveniently cover your head. As Evelyn explains, "Your body becomes exactly an object, which is blind." She then reads from an adjacent painting, based on a memory from the Artdeco Sauna in Amsterdam, where the granny pants inevitably must come off and the body is no longer "blind": "Female body is more beautiful than male body not only because male body represents violence, strength, and occupied power but also western art history objectify its view. My body has no curved, attractive figure at all, and 'what is false and what is real' is the truth of human-being and its art history."

It seems that a few other guests have recently checked into the clinic as well, old friends and new acquaintances looking for a moment of respite, getting some work done, or just pausing to reflect on "living in the moment of now," as Evelyn suggests. I see painter Agnes Martin reposing in the center of the space; writer Eileen Chang is hiding in the dark corners of the black box in the back, and luminaries Ingeborg Bachmann and Silvia Federici are spread out on long tables, their stories touched by the cool lighting of the library lamps positioned above them. I am sure the mischievous conceptual artist Ulises Carrión is gossiping in the corner somewhere as well.

Martin, Chang, Bachmann, and Federici join a cast of characters that Evelyn has channeled as avatars in her paintings, performances, and video installations over the last decade. Rather than appropriating the work of these often queer and female authors directly, she chooses a para-fictional approach to citation, using irony, wit, or absurdism as strategies to inhabit the space between her and them. Indeed, in order to stage a perpetual (re)formation of identity through a process of narrative reciprocity, she projects onto these figures her own meditations on body politics, artistic labor, the Kafkaesque bureaucracies of immigration, and language, lots of it: her native Chinese, but also English, German, Japanese, and Dutch, slightly off but always just right,



*Sauna*, 2020, ink and watercolor on paper, 57 × 48 cm. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.



Screenshot of the artist's tour of "Reflection Paper." Courtesy Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Düsseldorf.

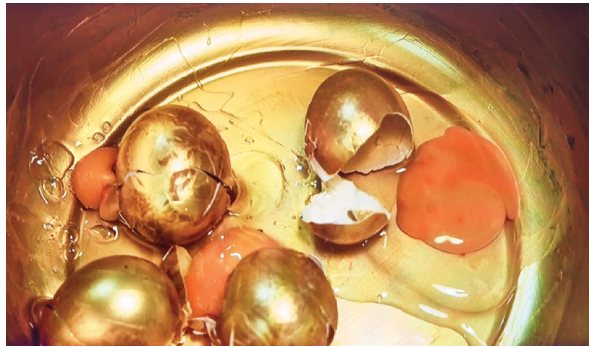
a transformation of words to mean something different—to be lost and found in translation.

Continuing our tour, Evelyn leads me into the garden at the heart of "Reflection Paper," an intricate scenography of intersecting white walls with circular spaces carved out of the "white icy lacquer," like Chinese moon gates or Constructivist structures. I look around and find myself surrounded by gridded abstractions in pastel, off-white, and gray shades. These are Evelyn's reproductions of Martin's paintings. Some lean against the garden's arches, others are installed on the surrounding antiseptic walls of the clinic. We sit down on the edge of one of the circles in the wall, among the ruins of modernism, and remain silent for a few minutes. Moments pass before Evelyn describes the canvases as "decorative posters for our clinic" or "children-sized paintings." They are part of the treatment, a space of reflection and meditation.

Evelyn used images from Martin's Tate Modern retrospective catalogue as source material, reversing the process that the latter artist was so well known for: converting the postage-stamp-sized composition that formed in her head into a sketch that she then scaled up exactly and painted onto a perfectly squared canvas of 183 by 183 centimeters. Evelyn's intentions appear both ironically melancholic and profoundly sincere, as she transposes Martin's lifelong quest for beauty and serenity through mathematical precision onto commercially produced, rectangular canvases. As such, Evelyn creates an environment where we can trace the memory of Martin's vision for beauty and freedom. I look at her with suspicion and she smiles, faintly. She quotes Martin: "I don't have a friend, and you are one of them." Once again, Evelyn does not merely copy or imitate: she measures the distance between herself and Martin, and allows us to momentarily inhabit this space. The paintings look like pages out of a book or exhibition posters, each one marked in the corner with Evelyn's signature red seal along with the number of the catalogue page that she drew from, the size of Martin's original painting, Evelyn's own name, and the year of production. They remind me of a poster of Vincent Van Gogh's *The Starry Night* (1889) on the wall of my childhood bedroom that



*Clinic Agnes Martin, OP. 8, 2020*, oil and graphite on canvas, 100 x 80 cm. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.



Stills from *Reflection Paper I and IV*, 2013–14, HD video: 5 min 28 sec and 8 min 44 sec. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.

I used to stare at, having never set foot in a museum at that time. I get lost in memories . . . Evelyn has walked off already, and I follow.

If the garden is the heart of the exhibition, the video series *Reflection Paper I-IV* is the brain. Created in 2013–14, these videos are visual and linguistic meditations, anchored in the work of literary rebel and solitaire extraordinaire Eileen Chang, who was born in Shanghai and died alone in her apartment in Los Angeles. Quotations from Chang’s literary work appear on the screen and merge with Evelyn’s own language in a high-speed voiceover that sounds both comical and poignant, a stream of consciousness in which she reflects, ponders, worries, and panics about her body, her visa, her art, and her politics. It is hard to say where Chang’s language stops and Evelyn’s voice-over begins: “She wasn’t a bird in a cage, she wasn’t a bird in a cage, she wasn’t a bird in a cage. A bird in a cage, a bird in a cage, a bird in a cage. When the cage is opened, when the cage is opened, when the cage is opened. Can still fly away, can still fly away, can still fly away.” Much of the language is visualized, literally or metaphorically in the videos. There are golden rotten eggs, squashed in a bowl; the decaying corpse of a bird; the rainy surroundings of Amsterdam; excerpts from porn movies; male and female bodies; and color, in all its fugitive abundance. It is strange to see these works again, as they are layered with memories—they were my first connection to Evelyn, and, as with all first loves, they still feel painful and exquisitely frivolous in their melancholic earnestness. Together with another video, *Park of Washing Scissors*, which Evelyn created with fellow student Colin Whitaker at the Städelschule in Frankfurt in 2011, *Reflection Paper I-IV* are among the few works that are not produced on the occasion of this exhibition. Rather, they exist as documents that elucidate the arc in Evelyn’s practice, and create another protagonist in the exhibition in the form of the artist as a young man, sharing the stage



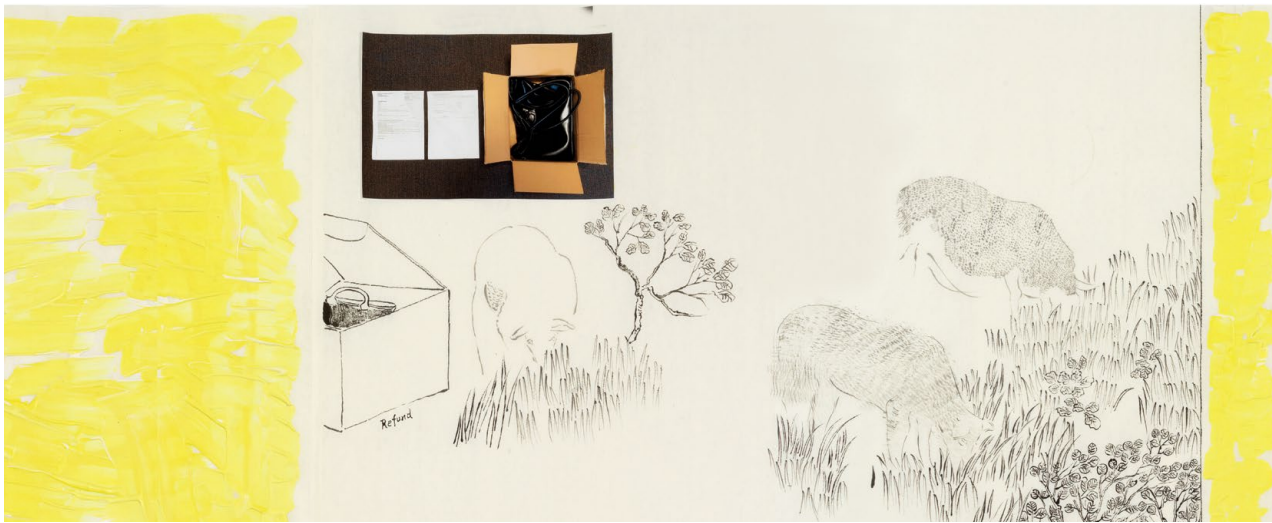
with Eileen, Agnes, and all the others. If this is a clinic, these videos are regressive psychoanalytical treatment.

Suddenly, we find ourselves on a crowded street in Turin, Anno Domini 1889. Friedrich Nietzsche is trying to cross the road. Let's face it, his mental health is already quite fragile at this point. Whispering words to himself about the city's unparalleled gelato, he is distracted by the sound of lashes, ripping into the flesh of a horse. Meanwhile, mere meters away, Evelyn is out shopping with her girlfriend. Perfume, scarves, shoes, a bonbon—the essentials. They observe the strange-looking man with the moustache as he approaches the horse that is being whipped by its owner. The man falls on his knees and utters, "Mutter, ich bin dumm [Mother, I am stupid]," before he lies down on the street, quietly defeated. Evelyn's friend asks her: "Are you doing OK?" Evelyn, nailed to the ground as if she has seen a ghost, says in disbelief, "... my compact mirror is broken," staring at the shards of glass before her. What a day to be in Turin! As we walk past the painting that depicts this auspicious occurrence, Evelyn whispers: "That is why I want that false poster here, because nobody knows if I was really in Turin or not." Whether or not she was actually in Turin is perhaps best captured in the words at the top of the painting, "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" [The World as Will and Representation], evoking Arthur Schopenhauer's 1819 foundational philosophical treatise on the impossibility of knowing the world beyond our subjective cognition.

One of the most enigmatic writers of 20th-century Austria, Ingeborg Bachmann is the lead character in the large scroll-drawing that Evelyn leads me to next. Bachmann believed that language accumulates meaning through subjectivity and context, rather than a more universalizing principle that would stipulate language means the same thing everywhere, to anyone. On the scroll, Evelyn has transcribed a number of Bachmann's poems, written in German, and annotated them with her Chinese translations. They do not mean the same thing. On the right side of the scroll, in between the poems, are Barnett Newman-esque fields of color invoking either Abstract Expressionism or Expressionist Abstraction (or maybe neither). Evelyn recalls a story of how, during her 2019 residency in Mönchengladbach, she'd spend time at a cake shop, Konditorei Heinemann—a happy place, where one can sit in granny pants with a Longchamp leather bag, enjoying some *Kaffee und Kuchen*. The Konditorei had a "library feeling," a sentiment emulated by the lamps on top of the scroll's vitrine. But bad things happen in happy places: Evelyn lost her leather bag. Thankfully, it was found and recovered, despite, or because of, the sprawling bureaucracy of German law enforcement. It was returned with a three-page form that Evelyn collaged onto the scroll, next to a picture of the bag in the box that it was sent back in, documenting



*False Poster*, 2020, ink, pencil, and water color on paper, 180.5×98 cm. Photo by Gert van Rooij. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.



Detail of *Booklet of Bachmann\_Lost Leather Shoulder Bag Refund*, 2020, ink, digital inkjet print, glue, acrylic, and pencil on raw rice paper, 48.7 × 800 cm. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.

all the personal belongings in the bag, including Evelyn's copy of Bachmann's collected poetry. She contends, "I wanted to give the whole context to create a new kind of understanding together with the poetry." As I walk by the vitrine, I look at Bachmann's writing in one language that I kind of understand and another that I cannot read at all, the texts hovering between translation, visualization, and internal dialogue, as language often does in Evelyn's work. The police form, the photograph of the Longchamp bag, and the colorism of postwar abstraction that has faded to pastels appear as stops on the route that Bachmann's book has traveled, from Rotterdam to Mönchengladbach, from the cake shop to the hands of a good Samaritan, from one police department to another, from the employee of the lost-and-found department to the doorstep of Evelyn's host, and back to the cake shop. Was Bachmann quietly reciting her work along the way, seeing how the words resonated in different places?

It is time to reapply some rouge, this *Rundgang* has been a tour de force. We stop at two paintings, one evoking a Mark Rothko-type suspension of yellow and gray color blocks, the other a monochromatic field of coral, a color undecided between red and orange. I am uncertain if I'm looking at an allusion to late modernism, a watered-down version of the German flag, or simply the magnification of an eyeshadow compact, which Evelyn shows off to illustrate her use of yellow. Either way, we're masquerading. "People will always ask me about my national identity issue, but it's not about that, it's just for beauty," Evelyn says provocatively. Appropriately, we end with a meditation on color, in the form of these two paintings that emerge from a painstaking process of dying layers of fragile paper, conjuring a dialogical relationship between dyes from Evelyn's childhood and art education on the one hand and the balance between the Apollonian and Dionysian forces that govern our existence on the other. True to the marks of authentication that we see across her work, Evelyn has applied numerous stamps (including one of a turtle) and her signature on the top left of these "eyeshadow certificates." Her words, "... it's just for beauty" echo in my mind. Is this what it feels like to put on eyeshadow every day? I should start using it. It's just for beauty.

I am discharged from the clinic now, having realized that I, too, am fiction—or at the very least, mere representation. Just like Gertrude Abercrombie, I begin drawing a picture of my imaginary selves. A brother perhaps, his name is Anthony. A sister, her name is Evelyn, and Eileen, and Virginia, and Ingeborg, and Agnes, and Ulises, and Silvia. I leave the show and step into my story again.



Top: *Color Certificate - Casandra*, 2020, mineral color of goose beak yellow (Chinese: *e-huang se*), Chinese ink, six layers of dye on four layers of ripe rice paper with folded corner as certificate, 183 × 99 cm. Bottom: *Color Certificate - Minium*, 2020, mineral color of minium (Chinese: *zha sha se*), six layers of dye on four layers of ripe rice paper with folded corner as certificate, 183 × 99 cm. Courtesy the artist and Antenna Space, Shanghai; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and Galerie Fons Welters, Amsterdam.

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## 妈妈，我真笨！ 王伊芙苓韬程

FEATURE

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我正在看芝加哥超现实主义艺术家Gertrude Abercrombie于1941年创作的《Self-Portrait of My Sister》。画中的女人五官分明，脖子细长，她的目光投射在画框之外的未知地平线上。她那双明亮的蓝色眼睛与她的裙子、衣领和帽子的绿色和蓝色遥相呼应，帽子上装饰着深紫色的葡萄和一个开瓶器。她的嘴唇紧抿着，她的脸庞呈现出严厉、肃穆的表情，与她右手拥抱左手腕的俏皮姿态形成微妙的对比。有趣的是，画家是个独生女。她用了自画像创造另一个自我，究竟，这个想像中的妹妹是否比自己更聪明、更漂亮、更刻薄、更真实呢？在画家的记录中，她将这幅画称为「理想的艺术家肖像」，并指出：「我画的总是我自己，但实际上又不是，因为我看起来并不那么好，也不那么可爱。」这幅画让我想起了王伊芙苓韬程，以及王伊芙苓韬程所设想的所有其他可能的伊芙苓。

伊芙苓的作品涉及到一个古老的哲学问题：假若我们是虚构的呢？恰好，伊芙苓邀请了我来参观「读后感」——她在杜塞尔多夫艺术协会举办的最新个展。因为我不能亲临美术馆，她便以虚拟（或是虚构）的方式来为我导览。展览形似一个诊所。这让我想，究竟我将会被治疗、治愈，还是改变呢？当伊芙苓开始介绍时，我被她的装束吸引，而同时，对自己感到不满。伊芙苓打扮得一丝不苟，她穿着黑色长裤和优雅的棕色皮鞋，给人一种男性化的感觉。方形剪裁的双排扣斜纹软呢外套、黑色背心和整齐扣着的白色衬衣完美地构成了这一身讲究的装扮。她的妆容干净、低调。最重要的是，她头上斜戴着一顶大小适中的黑色帽子；帽子上别了一朵粉色的假花，颜色与诊所墙壁上的胭脂色大圆圈相呼应。而我则穿着运动裤和一件看起来相当糟糕的阿迪达斯毛衣，没有穿鞋子。我真的准备好入住这家诊所了。听好！伊夫林开始介绍展览。「现在我想走开一会儿，但我相信你的眼睛会跟随我的脚步。我想给你一个真正舒适和特别的夜晚。」让我们开始吧。



王伊芙苓韬程工作室，《DO》照片由Roman Szczesny所摄。除非另外提及，所有影像由艺术家；上海天线空间；伦敦Carlos/Ishikawa画廊；及阿姆斯特丹Fons Welters画廊提供。





展覽「Reflection Paper」現場照，Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen，杜塞爾多夫，2021年。照片由Katja Illner所攝。

伊芙苓向我介紹了診所的永久居民：七件巨大的「老婆婆」內衣，洗淨熨平，垂掛在洗衣架上。你也可以把它們當作裙子來穿，它們可以遮住你的頭，非常方便。正如伊芙苓所解釋的那樣，「你的身體完全變成了一個物體，盲目的物體。」然後，她望向旁邊的一幅畫，這幅畫基於她在阿姆斯特丹Artdeco桑拿房的記憶，桑拿房裏，老婆婆內褲必須脫掉，身體不可再「盲目」。「女性的身體比男性更美，不僅是因為男性的身體代表暴力、力量和被佔領的權力，更是因為西方藝術史將其物化。我的身體沒有吸引的曲線。『什麼是假的，什麼是真的』便是人類及其藝術史的真相。」

最近似乎也有其他客人入住了診所。這些舊雨新知在歇息、工作，或正如伊芙苓所說，思考「活在當下」的真意。我看到畫家Agnes Martin在空間中央躺；作家張愛玲躲在後面黑盒的角落裏；前衛的Ingeborg Bachmann和Silvia Federici躺在長桌上，他們的故事被上方的圖書館冷光燈照亮。我相信調皮的概念藝術家Ulises Carrion也在某個角落裏閒聊。

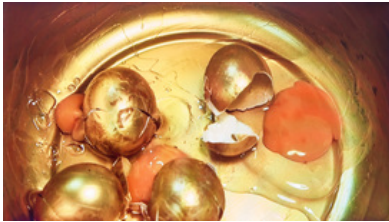
在過去的十年裏，伊芙苓在她的繪畫、表演和視頻裝置中扮演了一系列角色，Martin、張愛玲、Bachman和Federici便在其中。她沒有直接挪用這些通常為酷兒或者女性作者的作品，而是選擇了一種半虛構的引用方式，使用諷刺、機智或荒誕作為策略來處理她和她們之間的空間。事實上，為了通過敘事的互惠過程來上演身份的永久（再）形成，她把自己對身體政治、藝術勞動、卡夫卡式的移民官僚體制和語言的思考投射到這些人物身上，並且運用到多種語言：中文（她的母語），還有英語、德語、日語和荷蘭語。她的用法於正規稍有偏差，但總是恰到好處，詞語的轉換帶着不同的意味，在翻譯中迷失又發現。



展覽「Reflection Paper」的藝術家導覽靜照。影像由杜塞爾多夫Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen提供。

伊芙苓繼續帶我進入「讀後感」中心的花園。這是一幅錯綜複雜的透視圖，白色牆壁與圓形空間由「白色冰漆」雕刻而成，就像中國的月門或結構主義建築。我環顧四周，發現自己被粉彩、灰白色和灰色的網格抽象所包圍。這些是伊芙苓對Martin畫作的複製品。當中有的作品靠在花園的拱門上，有的則安裝在診所周圍防腐的牆壁上。在現代主義的廢墟中，我們在牆上一個圓圈的邊緣坐了下來，沉默了幾分鐘。片刻之後，伊芙苓將這些畫作描述為「我們診所的裝飾海報」或「兒童大小的油畫」。它們是治療的一部分，是反思和冥想的空間。

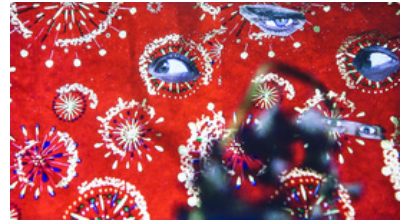
伊芙苓用Martin在泰特現代美術館的回顧展展覽目錄中的圖片作原材料，顛覆了Martin為人熟知的藝術實踐：她將腦海中只有郵票般小的構圖轉化為草圖，然後將其精確地放大，畫在183 × 183釐米的完美的方形畫布上。伊芙苓的用意顯得既諷刺又深刻，她將Martin畢生追求的美和寧靜通過精確的數學轉換到商業生產的矩形畫布上。因此，伊芙苓創造了一個環境，讓我們可以追溯Martin對美和自由的願景的記憶。我用懷疑的眼光看着她，她淡然一笑，並引用Martin的話：「我沒有朋友，而你是其中之一。」伊芙苓不止是複製或模仿，而是再一次測量了自己和Martin之間的距離，並允許我們暫居這個空間。這些畫看起來就像書頁或展覽海報，每一幅都在角落裏標有伊芙苓的簽名紅印，以及她所畫的目錄頁的編號、Martin原畫的尺寸、伊芙苓的名字、以及製作年份。它們讓我想起童年臥室牆上的一張Vincent van Gogh的《The Starry Night》海報。我時常盯着它看，那時我還未踏進過博物館。我迷失在回憶中.....伊芙琳已經走了，我也隨她離去。



《Reflection Paper I》和《Reflection Paper IV》，2013–14年，高清錄像靜照：5分28秒及8分44秒。



《Reflection Paper I》和《Reflection Paper IV》，2013–14年，高清錄像靜照：5分28秒及8分44秒。



《Reflection Paper I》和《Reflection Paper IV》，2013–14年，高清錄像靜照：5分28秒及8分44秒。

如果花園是展覽的心臟，那麼創作於2013年的錄像系列《Reflection Paper I-IV》就是展覽的大腦。這些錄像立足於張愛玲的作品，是視覺和語言上的冥想。張愛玲生於上海、獨死在洛杉磯，是位孤芳自賞的文壇叛逆者。她文學作品中的語錄出現在螢幕上，並在高速配音中與伊芙苓的文字融合，既滑稽又淒美。意識流裏，伊芙苓為她的身體、簽證、藝術和政治反思、思考、擔憂、和恐慌。張愛玲的文字在哪裏停，伊芙苓的畫外音在哪裏啟，實是難分難解。「她不是籠中之鳥，她不是籠中之鳥，她不是籠中之鳥。籠子裏的鳥，籠子裏的鳥，籠子裏的鳥。當籠子被打開，當籠子被打開，當籠子被打開。還能飛走，還能飛走，還能飛走。」錄像中，許多文字被直接、或隱喻地形象化。我們看到金色的爛雞蛋被壓在碗裏；一隻鳥的屍體在腐爛；阿姆斯特丹的雨天；色情電影的零碎片段；男性和女性的身體；以及顏色和其所有逃逸的豐富。再次看到這些佈滿回憶的作品，讓我感到五味雜陳，因為它們代表着我與伊芙苓的首次聯繫。就像所有初戀一樣，它們憂鬱的認真裏，滿是痛苦和一種精緻的輕浮。《Reflection Paper I-IV》和另一個錄像，即伊芙苓與同學Colin Whitaker於2011年在法蘭克福的Städelschule創作的《Park of Washing Scissors》，是少數不為這次展覽而創造的作品。反而，它們作為檔案闡明了伊芙苓藝術實踐的時間線，並為展覽創造了另一個主角，那位年少、男兒身的伊芙苓，他與張愛玲、Agnes和所有其他人共享舞臺。如果這是一家診所，這些錄像是回歸精神分析治療。

突然間，我們發現自己來到了公元1889年都靈擁擠的街道上。德國哲學家尼采正試圖穿過馬路。讓我們面對現實吧，他的心理健康現在此時已經很脆弱了。他自言自語得談論着這個城市無與倫比的意式冰淇淋，卻被鞭子抽打馬匹的聲音分了心。與此同時，幾米開外，伊芙苓正和她的女友人購買香水、圍巾、鞋子、糖果等必需品。她們觀察那位長小鬍子的怪人靠近被鞭打的馬。那個男人跪下，細聲說：「媽媽，我真笨」，然後沮喪、失語地躺在地上。伊芙苓的朋友問她：「你還好嗎？」像碰了鬼一樣，伊芙苓靜止不動。她盯着眼前的玻璃碎片，難以置信地道：「……我的小鏡子碎了。」這一天好不好應該去都靈啊！當我們走過這幅描繪吉祥事件的畫作時，伊芙苓輕聲說：「這就是我想讓那張假海報貼在這裏的原因。沒有人知道我是真的去了都靈。」她是否真的去了都靈，也許在畫作頂部的文字「作為意志和表象的世界（Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung）」最能體現。這句話是叔本華在1819年出版的重要哲學論文的名字，它的內容談及到我們不可能了解主觀認知之外的世界。

Ingeborg Bachmann, 20世紀奧地利最神秘的作家之一，是伊芙苓接下來帶領我參觀的大卷軸畫的主角。Bachmann認為語言通過語境和主觀性積累意義，沒有一個普遍原則規定語言在不同地方、不同人心裏的意味。卷軸上，伊芙苓抄錄了一些Bachmann的德語詩，並寫上她的中文翻譯，兩行文字的意思並不相同。在捲軸的右側、詩的中間，有一些Barnett Newman式的色塊，它們喚起了抽象式的表現主義，又或表現式的是抽象主義（又或是兩者都不是）。伊芙苓回憶起她2019年在門興格拉德巴赫居住期間的一個故事，經常到一家名叫Konditorei Heinemann的蛋糕店發呆。這是一個快樂的地方，客人可以穿老婆婆內褲，背瓏驢皮包，享受一些咖啡和餡餅。Konditorei有一種「圖書館的感覺」，捲軸玻璃櫃上面的燈塑造了這種氣氛。但是，快樂的地方也會發生壞事。伊芙苓在這裏曾丟失過她的皮包。值得慶幸的是，儘管（或者說因為）德國執法部門龐大的官僚機構，皮包被找回了。它被送回時附加了一張三頁的表格，伊芙苓把表格拼貼在捲軸上，旁邊貼了皮包送回時在箱子裏的照片。這張照片記錄了皮包裏的個人物品，包括伊芙苓擁有的一本

《Bachmann詩集》。她說：「我交代整個背景，是因為想與詩集一起創造全新的認知。」當我走過玻璃櫥窗，閱讀Bachmann的文字時，眼簾下分別是一種我一知半解、和一種我完全不懂的語言。這些文字在翻譯、視像、和內心獨白間徘徊。語言在伊芙苓的作品裏往往以這個方式呈現。表格、瓏驢包照片、以及已經褪色的戰後抽象主義色彩，如同車站般，點綴着Bachmann詩集描繪的路線：從鹿特丹到門興格拉德巴赫，從蛋糕店到好心人的手中，從一個員警局到另一個員警局，從失物招領處的員工到伊芙苓門口，然後再次回到蛋糕





店。路上，Bachmann有否悄悄背誦作品，聆聽這些話在不同地方產生了甚麼共鳴呢？

《False Poster》，2020年，鉛筆及水墨色彩紙本，180.5 × 98 厘米。照片由Gert van Rooij所攝。



《Booklet of Bachmann\_Lost Leather Shoulder Bag Refund》細節照，2020年，水墨、噴墨印刷、膠水、壓克力及鉛筆宣紙本，48.7 × 800 厘米。



《Color Certificate - Casandra》，2020年，鵝黃礦物顏料、水墨、六層渲染、四層熟宣紙本、折角為證，183 x 99厘米。



《Color Certificate - Minium》，2020年，朱砂礦物顏料、六層渲染、四層熟宣紙本、折角為證，183 x 99 厘米。

這個充滿張力導覽進行至此，是時候補一補妝了。我們在兩幅畫前停下，一幅讓人聯想起Mark Rothko式的黃色和灰色懸浮色塊，另一幅是珊瑚色的，它在紅色和橙色之間徘徊不定。我不確定我看到的是對晚期現代主義的影射、德國國旗的淡化版、還僅是一個被放大的眼影盒。在解釋她如何使用黃色時，伊芙琳展示了她的眼影盒。無論如何，我們也在偽裝。「人們總是問我關於國家身份的問題。但我的藝術這與此無關，我的藝術只是為了美。」伊芙琳挑釁道。在這個恰當的時機，導賞以兩幅畫對顏色的沉思結束。這兩幅畫由脆弱的紙張層層染色而成，它們召喚出一種對話關係，一方面是伊芙琳童年時期的染料和藝術教育，另一方面是控制我們存在的阿波羅神和酒神力量之間的平衡。按照以往作品中的認證標誌，伊芙琳在這些「眼影證書」的左上方蓋了許多印章（包括一隻烏龜的）和她的簽名。伊芙琳「只是為了美」這句話在我腦海中回蕩。這是每天塗抹眼影的感覺嗎？我也應該開始使用眼影。只是為了美。

我現在可以出院了，因為我意識到我也是虛構的——或者至少，僅僅是表象。像Gertrude Abercrombie一樣，我開始描繪我想象中的自我。也許，他是一位名叫Anthony的弟弟。也許她是一位妹妹，名叫伊芙琳，或是Eileen、Virginia、Ingeborg、Agnes、Ulises，還有Silvia。我離開展場，再次踏入我的故事。

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