

| BROOK HSU | 許鶴溪 |

## INTRODUCTION

Taiwanese-American artist Brook Hsu grew up in Oklahoma, received her BFA from the Kansas City Art Institute in 2010 and her MFA from Yale University in 2016, and is presently based in New York. She is known for interweaving the fantastical, the mythopoetic and the autobiographical through an array of mediums, creating a distinct species of apparitional, haunting imagery. Working across painting, drawing, sculpture, writing and felt making, Hsu produces abstract and figurative works that employ a host of pagan signs and motifs, most notably the demigod of Pan, recounting stories of love, pain and humour. Her art, which focuses on examining pre-Christian myths, histories, modern literature, films and personal histories is at once psychedelic and tranquil, revealing the ways in which existing narratives can induce fear, anxiety, joy and sadness in the contemporary time. Depicting voluptuous, emaciated, demonic, satyric bodies, fashioning shroud-like, torn and ephemeral clothing, or reanimating memories of her beloved dog in the form of a clay boot, Hsu masterfully associates disparate themes and subjects, revisits forsaken icons, and invents new forms.

Brook Hsu is a naturalist, a keen observer of the objective, physical world, also an explorer of the inner world as she shows autobiographical tendencies in art. The artwork *Essay (Panic Angel)* (2017) is a literary piece, compiling lines from her iPhone notepad, exchanges with friends, and a list of rejected show titles – she favours essays and lists as literary forms “because their purpose is to be transparent and unpretentious” – telling for the first time the devastation it brought to Hsu, as her mother passed away after struggling with breast cancer for 15 years. The artist finds it difficult to talk about death in art, and understands her practise as questioning such conundrum. The series of small-scale paintings ‘Aesop Looking at His Reflection in a Pond’ (2019) repeatedly depicts her deceased dog Aesop. In Hsu’s dreams, Aesop was once looking at his reflection in the pond. Aesop’s figure blurs as the series continues, testifying to the excruciating yet cathartic fact that the artist’s memory of the beloved animal companion fades away as time goes. The sincere autobiographical nature of Hsu’s art renders it relatable; taking loss and grief as its direct subject and making recourse to ancient and contemporary myths – from the Dionysian to the Kardashian – Hsu’s art explores the spiritual passage that is opened by death and its leftovers.

‘Green Panic’ is the name of a grass that is widely available on farms and fields. The large, emerald leaves cover many rolling hills, and form impressive natural spectacles of expanded green. “Panic,” on the other hand, could mean fear or anxiety in English language, and therefore “green panic” could mean fear and anxieties covered, enveloped by the colour of green. The word “panic” finds its origin in Pan, the ancient Greek god of the wild and shepherds. He has the legs and horns of a goat, and could scare humans away as they are overwhelmed by fear. In her twenties, Brook Hsu was obsessed with reading Norwegian author Knut Hamsun’s books, especially ‘Pan’ (1894). She finds comfort in the beautiful text, and even named her dog after the one from the story. Recurring in Hsu’s art are motifs including the demigod Pan, the notion of panic, the predominant phosphorescent green colour, the horned skeleton, and an eerie bodily absence. As a skilled panic merchant, Hsu calmly presents to the audience what is haunting for her, often upon nature-versus-culture narrative structures as in Hamsun’s literature, or after canonical artworks such as Ingres’s ‘Grande Odalisque’.

Brook Hsu uses shellac ink for a number of her recent large-scale paintings. Shellac is made from the resinous secretions of the lac beetle; it is easy to layer images one upon another with it on canvas, as it is possible to produce different shade and depth variations by using merely one colour. This special material works well for her monochrome (green) ink paintings. She collects imagery from films and literature, conceals and blurs identifiable forms, and explores different shapes and means of painted lines – spiral, zigzag or serpentine, since lines represent an archaic and natural aesthetic force. The ‘Flower of Buffoonery’ (2020) and the ‘La Froggy Victime’ (2020) in their simple, monochrome compositions bring about an emotional charge that is exceedingly strong. Hsu repeatedly explores, examines and feels the same group of painting subjects, such as Aesop from ‘Aesop Looking at His Reflection in a Pond’, the phallic fruit from ‘Cell Death’ (2018), and the obscene human figures from the ‘Fruiting Body’ (2018) – she tirelessly depicts time and again these characters and objects. Ponds and fountains are also favoured motifs, pertaining to notions such as reflection, mirroring, escape and eternal return. Depictions of a pond remind one of Narcissus from Greek mythology, and of Lacan’s concept of the mirror stage, that speaks of the confusion of the Real and the Imaginary; fountains, vomiting, crying and shooting in Hsu’s art are all charged with sexual implications, standing for the perpetuity of the body’s metabolism and of erupting mental activities. Hsu transforms her personal experiences, pains and ecstasies via historical symbols and mythological signs, turning electrifying moments and events into artworks, presenting to the audience a space in which they can reflect upon their own lives.

Brook Hsu was born 1987 in Pullman, Washington, USA, and currently lives and works in New York. Recent solo exhibitions include: *Fictions* at Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler Gallery, Berlin (2021); *Conspiracy theory* at Et al., San Francisco (2019); *pond-love*, Bortolami Gallery, New York (2019); *Fruiting Body*, Bahamas Biennale, Detroit (2018). Group exhibitions include: *Particularities* (curated by Chris Sharp), X Museum, Beijing (2021); *More, More, More* (curated by Passing Fancy), TANK, Shanghai (2020); *LIFE STILL, CLEARING*, New York (2020); *The End of Expressionism*, Jan Kaps, Cologne (2020); *Polly*, Insect Gallery, Los Angeles (2019-2020); *A Cloth Over a Birdcage*, Château Shatto, Los Angeles (2019); *Finders’ Lodge*, in lieu, Los Angeles (2019); and *Let Me Consider It from Here*, The Renaissance Society, Chicago (2018-2019). Her latest monograph and edition titled *Norwegian Wood* was recently published by American Art Catalogues.

## 介紹

台灣裔美國藝術家許鶴溪成長於俄克拉荷馬州，於2010年在堪薩斯城藝術學院獲得BFA學位，於2016年在耶魯大學獲得MFA學位，現生活工作於紐約。她因其編織奇幻形象、神話結構及個人生活經驗的實踐而為人所知，通過多樣的藝術媒介創造了一種獨特而如鬼魅般悚然的圖像。藝術家廣泛進行繪畫、素描、雕塑、寫作乃至毛氈製作等創作，製作的抽象或具象作品常引用來自異教崇拜體系的符號及形象——尤其是潘神的形象，講述愛、痛苦及幽默的故事。其藝術實踐檢視前基督教時期神話、歷史、現代文學、電影及個人歷史，既癡狂又寧靜，揭示了既有敘事結構在當代催生恐懼、焦慮、喜悅及悲愴情感的方式。通過描繪豐腴、瘦削、惡魔或半羊人模樣的人類身體，通過制作裹屍布一般的破碎飄渺衣物，通過以泥塑靴子雕像等形式回溯有關其愛犬的回憶，許鶴溪以精湛的技藝將紛雜多元的創作主題聯系在一起，重新探索被遺忘了的偶像，並創造新的形式。

許鶴溪是一名自然主義者，客觀物質世界的敏銳觀察者，同時也是內部世界的探索者——她在創作時表露出一種自傳式創作傾向。她撰寫的文學性作品《隨筆（恐慌天使）》[Essay(PanicAngel),2017] 集結了她在iPhone記事本上寫下的段落，與友人的交流記錄，以及一系列落選了的展覽標題——藝術家曾表明她青睞作為文學形式的隨筆、散文及清單，「因為它們的目標就是透明的，不做作的」——此件作品首次公開敘述了其母親在與乳腺癌抗爭15年後最終離世時帶給她的打擊。許鶴溪認為，通過藝術去討論死亡是困難的，並將其與死亡主題相關的創作視作是對此困境的詰問。《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影》（AesopLookingatHisReflectioninaPond，2019）系列小尺幅繪畫作品反覆描繪了她死去的愛犬伊索。伊索有一次出現在她的夢中，它在夢裏看著在池塘中自己的倒影。伊索在這系列畫中的形象一張比一張模糊，就如同藝術家對伊索的記憶正隨著時間逐漸流逝。藝術家作品流露的真摯情感讓其得以引起共鳴；將消逝與悲愴視作是其顯性主題，並迂迴引用古代及當代神話敘事——無論是有關酒神戴奧尼索斯的神話，還是有關卡戴珊的神話——許鶴溪的藝術探索由死亡及其遺留所開啟的精神通道。

綠黍草（GreenPanic）是一種遍布於牧場和田野鄉間的植物。它翠綠的葉片覆蓋著起伏的丘陵，構成一片綠色延綿的自然景觀。「Panic」在英文中也指「恐慌」，因此「greenpanic」也可以理解成被綠色包裹的恐懼和焦慮。「Panic」一詞源於希臘神話中掌管自然和牧羊的潘神（Pan）。他有山羊的後腿，頭上長著犄角，據說有時會導致人類因為非理性的恐懼而逃跑。許鶴溪在二十多歲的時候沈迷閱讀挪威作家克努特·漢姆生（KnutHamsun）的文學作品，曾一遍又一遍地閱讀他的著作《牧羊神》（Pan，1894）。她在漢姆生唯美的文字中得到某種安慰，甚至還用小說主人公的狗的名字「伊索」命名了自己的狗。許鶴溪作品中常見潘神的形象、恐慌的意象、磷光一般的綠色、有角的骷髏，以及一種讓人悚然的身體缺失狀態。作為一名經驗老到的妖言者，許鶴溪平靜地向觀眾展現讓她心神不寧的景象，而這些景象往往以自然與文化的抗爭敘事為基礎——諸如漢姆生小說的結構，或以藝術史中的著名作品為基礎——諸如安格爾的《大宮女》。

許鶴溪近期的大尺幅繪畫是一些有大量留白的蟲膠墨水畫。蟲膠由漆蟲的樹脂分泌物制成，易於分層，可以在同一種顏色中制造出不均勻的光澤和深淺度。這種材料非常適合她的單色（綠色）墨水畫。她從電影或文學作品中截取素材，跟隨自己的直覺隱藏和模糊可以辨認的形象，在繪畫中探索線條的方法和形式，螺旋、曲折、蛇形等等，因為線條本身就代表了一種古老和與生具來的美學力量。比如作品《滑稽的花》（FlowerofBuffoonery,2020），《討厭的受害者》（LaFroggyVictime,2020），簡潔的構圖和單一色彩反而令人感受到一種更具強烈態勢的內心沖擊。許鶴溪會對繪畫的對象進行反覆的探索、構圖和感受，例如《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影》中的伊索，《細胞死亡》（CellDeath，2018）中生殖器狀的果實，《子實體》（FruitingBody，2018）中由極簡線條構成的粗鄙人體，她不厭其煩地反覆描繪著它們。「池塘」和「噴泉」也是許鶴溪作品總是出現的符號，它們對應了反射和倒影、脫離和循環。「池塘」顯然讓人聯想到了希臘神話中的納西索斯（Narcissus）和混淆了現實與想象的情景意識的拉康鏡像理論；噴泉、嘔吐、哭泣，噴射的動作飽含了性的意味，同時也象征了身體的循環系統和思想的湧動永不停息。許鶴溪將她的個人經歷，痛苦或狂喜，抽象化為歷史和神話的象征符號，試圖將自己瞬間的強烈感覺轉化為藝術作品，為觀者提供一個反思自身經歷的空間。

許鶴溪1987年生於華盛頓州普爾曼，現生活和工作於紐約。她近期的個展包括「Fictions」，Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler畫廊，柏林（2021）；「Conspiracytheory」，Etal畫廊，舊金山（2019）；「pond-love」，Bortolami畫廊，紐約（2019）；「FruitingBody」，巴哈馬雙年展，底特律。她近年參加的群展包括「微妙之間」，X美術館，北京（2021）；「MoreMoreMore」，油罐藝術中心，上海（2020）；「LIFESTILL」，CLEARING畫廊，布魯克林，紐約州（2020）；「TheEndofExpressionism」，JanKaps畫廊，科隆，德國（2020）；「Polly」，Insect畫廊，洛杉磯（2019-2020）；「AClothOveraBirdcage」，ChateauShatto畫廊，洛杉磯（2019）；「FindersLodge」，inlieu畫廊，洛杉磯（2019）；「LetMeConsiderItFromHere」，文藝復興協會，芝加哥（2018-2019）。AmericanArt Catalogues最近出版了許鶴溪的最新個人畫冊《挪威的森林》。

*Selected Exhibitions*  
精選展覽



## *Fictions*

2021

Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin, Germany  
德國柏林Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler畫廊

16.09 - 01.11.21

*All stories are love stories. All letters are love letters. All creation is a love creation...*

–Brook Hsu

Brook Hsu folds time, death, love, and desire into the malachite surfaces and tufts of her paintings. *Fictions* contends with the matter of stories, as they are told and immortalized, ever-shifting and coalescing, calling to question their material existence. As Hsu herself states in an accompanying poem, “Everything is a story; every story is a fiction.”

*Fictions* presents a larger body of portraits by Brook Hsu for the first time. The four portraits in the exhibition portray images of characters from various films by Takeshi Kitano, Hou Hsiao-hsien, and Tsai Ming-liang. For Hsu, these filmic subjects provide a way to form the formless. Realism eschewed, faces are soaked in a dense green wash. The portraits are expressly not of the actors, but instead their bodies serve as vessels for capturing a persona by delineating certain gestures and peculiarities. While these consensual subjects lend themselves to be open and porous, already embodying something they are not, they are inevitably bound to their body, their face.

Shellac, made from the resinous secretions of lac beetles, is often used as a varnish for its transparent and protective properties. Hsu uses shellac ink with a liquid approach, letting it pool and soak. Lines form with frail edges as the color bleeds and travels over and bonds with the ground, extending the tenuous figure-ground relation into coiling marks that waver between legibility and obscurity. Her distinctive technique deploys different shapes and means of painted lines - spiral, zigzag or serpentine - rethinking line as an archaic and inherent aesthetic force. Through these calligraphic gestures, Hsu builds and complicates writing, materializing verses that live beyond their textuality.

Two large shag carpets inhabit the wall and floor of the gallery space, with soft impressions of lived-on indentations still visible. Hsu walks across the inked carpets in her studio—her physical way of working with these fibrous textiles comes through in her mode of dripping and staining the pigment into the fluffy pile.

*The lonely white rabbit on the roof is a star  
twitching its ears at the rain.<sup>1</sup>*

Both works are populated with rabbits. Grasshopper’s figures splinter into fragments, with overlapping multiples analogous to Duchamp’s *Nude Descending a Staircase, No.2*, wherein movement is captured in a series of sequential snapshots. Noticeably present is a distinct undertaking to contend with the existence of time. A recumbent, reclining female figure faces away from the viewer, parallel to a bounding blue rabbit in *Memory*. One dreams to be the other, or perhaps longs for company.

Hsu’s small-scale paintings on lumber punctuate the gallery. The satyr at the center of each painting is being skinned alive. This image can be construed as a climactic polarization—a split between corporeality and spirituality. Echoing the *Flaying of Marsyas* by Titian, the paintings appear to be flayed themselves. Composition is turned inside out and stretched over a horizontal ravine, where the inverted body at the center serves as the medium of our ascent beyond the physical.

- Text by Christina Gigliotti & Catherine Wang (\*press release, 'Fictions', Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler).

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[1] Denise Levertov, *Come into Animal Presence*, 1960



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist; Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin.  
圖片由藝術家和柏林Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler畫廊提供。  
Photo 攝影：def image.



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist; Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin.  
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Installation view  
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Installation view  
展覽現場

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Photo 攝影：def image.

*Fictions*  
Brook Hsu  
July 2021

*\*This essay was published in 'Norwegian Wood', a monograph on Brook Hsu. Published by American Art Catalogues, August 2021.*

*Spring*

Yes. Desire is a time traveller who sleeps in the body of a white horse. A body is removed and memory remains as all memories remain objects people pack tightly into their dresser closets. But hearts are wanderers. Even wrapped in comfortable lives they wander in libraries pulling down heavy tomes searching for all of their soulmates. All stories are love stories. All letters are love letters. All creation is a love creation.

Libraries come undone. *I kiss and press my body against piles of old books spread across the dirt floor of an abandoned building. I'm by the ocean. I feel my body violently as I feel the books and their broken spines cracking beneath me - a bed of books, a bed a library.* The painter remembers and inside she is living memory. Dangerous. As no moment repeats, forever is a cruel thing to promise. She kneels to gather every book to soak in water until every word dissolves.

Fictions' realities are stars in motion. As Earth rotates around the sun the painter rotates. Stars send messages speaking of secret places describing images of dense verdant forests growing on other worlds. Everything is a story; every story is a fiction.

*Sometimes when I look at someone I find them living within my body and here I find light and darkness. I try to understand why it is the shadows that cross their faces, their dark hair and black eyes that I'm drawn to, as though I am possessed by a shadow and I feel as though I could obsess over the singular movement when the veil of a body parts like curtains on a stage and I feel deeply inside another. Then I can reach into them and touch something - a pearl caught in the wet organs of a mollusk.*



## Summer

Time is soft and forgetful, all previous events having been quickly put behind. The spirit of the painting is held at its beginning: a dog eats a vegetable and the vegetable is so happy to be eaten by the dog.

A vegetable speaks. In a low but feminine voice the words come, "Oh, love! Is it you? All winter I've waited to be with you completely. To join you. I let go. I'm ready. Ooh! Yes yes my love. Ooh yes! Eat me! Please take away my shape. Ooh!" In the next moment the vegetable falls to the ground from a tree where it was tied and a hairy dog with slobber and big teeth tears apart the vegetable, to which the vegetable only cries out with joy, "Ooh yes! yes! Ooh!" The cries of the vegetable fade into sounds of ecstasy mixing with the snarling and drooling of the animal. The vegetable, when eaten by the dog, is an embodiment of the joyful fate of life. *There is an idea in painting that infinity is either loving or frightening. Really, infinity can be both, but the vegetable is never frightened and the reason for this is simple: the vegetable is circular. The vegetable has no mouth and no ass. People have mouths and asses; it's what lets them have both love and fear of infinity.*

The painter lives in the city as a solitary animal. To be in the city grants her solitude within herself. She communes with people and understands how impossible it is to paint without true solitude. She paints fictions as place. *Place is outside and inside. The image out there in me. The word out there in me. The story out there in me. The library out there in me. I fill myself and then expel. I am not round but I long to be round as a fruit is round. A fruit never longs for place. Ooh! To be round and never long for place!* The painter understands that she must look at place and to see it she closes her eyes. Light pours in through two big windows. It is raining. Inside the air sticks to her skin and little curls form along her brow hiding small beads of sweat same as the pearls gathering and falling between her breasts. She wraps her hands around her neck, firmly presses them against her throat and remembers that she is still alive.

Thank god.

*What does it mean to love? I was mistaken. I don't just have love, feel love, or want love. I mistook love for a noun when really it is a verb. When I read the words VIVE L'AMOUR I - for a long time - understood this to mean something like LONG LIVE LOVE. Lately the words' meanings have changed - as words often do change. I saw their new shape and sound as LIVING LOVE. And I no longer saw or felt the need for love as a declaration. This is the form of love - continuous action. Painting is an act of representation; it is the formation of images and put plainly: there is no image of love. Love cannot be represented but the objects it produces - endless relationships between things. All libraries are filled with representations; images log all words in all forms both pre-word and post-word. Painting eats its own tail preceding language as it follows language trying to fix an image in memory - a fool's errand since in the end all memory is essentially loss. Painting images recycled from memory every painting is a memory a loss and so a painting is living because it communes with grief; it has felt itself pass away; it speaks in tombs with death. Words wind through us just as the library winds through us as an infectious disease, but I'm watching and I see love as growing. I observe it in segments point-to-point painting-to-painting and I realize that time is neutral. The future is neutral. Desire, having kept us from the present, is a time traveller who the painter befriends in order to pass through walls.*

*"Let time tell me how it is," the painter speaks. She's never heard her voice before and it is soft and vibrates as bird wings flap rising on gusts of wind. In a moment I was afraid to lose love so much I forgot love, causing myself inordinate amounts of pain. Love is cruel when it is not love. When another falsely dresses in love's clothes it makes a harbor for fear and distributes it to every organ in the body. Fear is the fear of loss; worse than loss is the fear of loss.*

*"To write to you I write to the dead." She pauses, takes a deep breath and wipes a few lingering tears from her eyes with the back of her hand. "I call up the ghost. I kiss her, but I know she doesn't exist. To hear and taste and feel her I paint. I love. I paint to love. I paint to love her." A painter listens, searches for sound and finds an image resonating. Make heart music for heart people.*



## Winter

She has always been a painter. Her earliest paintings of horses running wild through wide bright green and flowering meadows later melded into a love she fell into with a dog.

"If you're a dog," she tells the animal, "then I am a dog painter." The painter traces the dog's form onto the concrete floor. Over and over she circles the fragile body until it slowly changes into galaxies of repeating spirals roses and seashells that dance in composition.

"Composition is spirit," she says, picking up a small round brush with bristles fashioned from a horse's mane. And as if the brush were a needle she dances across the dog's fur then penetrates the first layers of hair and flesh with ink the color of springtime painting words an image of nothing. The dog asks her what it says and she replies, *everything*. Five arms stretch outward turning inward with no explanation for their existence and never question their own entanglement.

*We could do without words but then there are words. Speech doesn't always come easily and it's not ever without bias. Perception is what my senses feel and it becomes what my heart believes. Within experience there is always a constant unfolding of understanding. The sun is setting over the city and I watch it from the window of my living room wishing that another could perceive this beside me and we could share without words the feeling. Memory is funny. It chooses us as we choose it and it is never trustworthy. Say I took your head between my hands one afternoon. The sun was very warm casting warmth across your face. Say I took your head between my hands early one morning. The sun was barely breaking the horizon, the light had no temperature but was purely blue.*



The painter dreams she dies and becomes a river as her body moves away from days and bleeds into overlapping lines of radiant color. *Gardeners were the first painters. Their heroes were the dictionaries of certain gods like the rocks and trees who whisper back and forth tales so old and slow not even they know their beginnings, cold winds, heavy rains, the horse, the tiger.* One side of the bed grows cold and she rolls over into it just to keep herself company with the change in temperature. *It's only to pass time. Loneliness and dying are normal.* She wishes that it would rain inside. The dog dreams he is a red fish.

To grieve. This is how grief widens the heart: on the page little circles of light are forming. Each circle is an image of the sun and the word sun without needing to be shaped like S U N. Around these - so many suns! - are shadow webs who possibly forgot or never understood that the spider never was their weaver. Their weavers are giants - tall broad and with wide reaching branches. *What could be more erotic than a lonesome tree in a landscape? It's not phallus. It's not feminine beauty. It's not human, but movement and growth. Longevity and peace. These things we wish to reap and consume but are endlessly unattainable.*

The painter carefully and free lays her body onto canvas and paints. The time of day is night.

The moon is rising just above the snow. She is listening and hears the snow and the moon having a conversation. Every word they say is *blue blue blue*. Long slender clouds drift above as moonlight casts deep violet shadows onto them. The wind blows hard across the surface of the snow kicking it up into frozen misty pockets of air to travel as might sand or dust. The painter wonders how - like the rain - snow might swell the waters. Is it snow that falls crystals? *Pure crystals*, she says. When the wind blows it does it remember where it was before? Does it tremble and pick up memories? *The snow travels across snow dunes. Winter. This is snow country.*



Image courtesy of American Art Catalogues.  
圖片由American Art Catalogues提供。

## *Blue Bunny*

2021

Manual Arts, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.  
美國加州洛杉磯Manual Arts畫廊

02 - 04.21

Manual Arts presented its inaugural exhibition, 'Blue Bunny', a solo show of Brook Hsu. Comprised of large shellac ink paintings on canvas and small oil paintings on wood, 'Blue Bunny' is mostly green. The color green has been a constant presence in Hsu's work, evolving beyond a passing interest into a graphic, meditative love affair.

Both in titles and in subject matter, the large shellac ink paintings make reference to specific movies and books that dwell on the experience of love. "Blue Bunny" is the name of a surfboard in Takeshi Kitano's 1991 film *A Scene at the Sea*. Throughout the film, the girlfriend of a surfer sits on the beach and watches him ride waves on the Blue Bunny. When asked what the motto of a blue bunny would be, Hsu writes, "Hop around the sea, scoot along through life!"

On the girlfriend's final visit to the sea, it is raining. She arrives at the beach with a blue umbrella (also the title of one of Hsu's paintings) and scans the coastal horizon looking for her boyfriend. She does not find him, nor is anyone else able to find him. His body lost to the sea, all that remains on the shore is his surfboard.

Across the gallery from *Blue Umbrella* is another large shellac ink painting. Two skeletons are depicted having sex between two rows of library bookshelves. The title of the painting, *Meet Me at the Library*, is sourced from Peter Greenaway's 1996 film, *The Pillow Book*. In a suicide letter to Vivian Wu's character, her lover writes, "Meet me at the library, any library, every library."

Just as reference is often embedded in Hsu's work, Greenaway's movie takes its title from a much older book, Sei Shōnagon's *Pillow Book*, written in 1002. Hsu stacks her references one on top of the other. Beyond just titles, Hsu often works with screenshots from the namesakes of her paintings. By painting various scenes from a movie on top of one another, Hsu is able to present all her favorite scenes at once. The layering of images also recalls a closed book, in which every line and every scene of the book is stacked on top of page after page. Taken in all at once they can be inscrutable in their density. When opened, the images become clear and emotionally distinct, even if the visual remains obscured and rippled.

Alongside the Shellac ink paintings are small oil paintings of landscapes. They contain no cultural or anthropological references. The dominant icon of these paintings is a solitary tree. Sometimes the tree is visible within a green valley of foliage. Sometimes the background is so overpowered by green that the only tangible image is a tree. While not representing a specific geographic location, the oil paintings seem to function as plein air paintings of an inner landscape. The ink paintings look outward to find existing representations of a feeling; the oil paintings are unfiltered glimpses within a destination of emotion that exists beyond language, books, or movies.

The smallest oil painting is the only one with figures. Two skeletons embrace under the cover of leaves. Large and less visible trees are in the background. Are all these tree paintings the same landscape? The same tree in every painting, concealing two dead lovers locked in an eternal embrace? As Hsu has said, "I don't know a story that isn't a love story. It is both the deepest pain and the highest ecstasy."

- *Text by Manual Arts*



ManualArts榮譽首次呈獻許鶴溪的個展「藍色兔子」（BlueBunny）。展覽囊括了一系列以綠色為主的大尺幅布面蟲膠墨水畫和小尺幅木板油畫。綠色持續地出現在許鶴溪的作品中，已然從某種短暫的興趣演變成藝術家某種圖形的、冥想式的愛戀。

這些大尺幅蟲膠水墨畫的標題抑或是主題，都引自一些講述愛的體驗的電影和書籍。「藍色兔子」便是北野武1991年的電影《那年夏天，寧靜的海》中一塊衝浪板的名字。在整部影片中，一個衝浪者的女友坐在海灘上，看著男友踏著藍色兔子乘風破浪。當被問及藍色兔子的座右銘是什麼時，許鶴溪寫道：「在海浪上跳躍，在生命裡疾馳！」

在女友最後一次去海邊的時，天正下著雨，她撐著一把藍色雨傘（這也是許鶴溪另一幅畫的標題）來到海灘，在海岸線上尋找她的男友的身影。她並沒有找到他，其他人也沒有。他的身體消失在海裡，岸上只留下他的衝浪板。

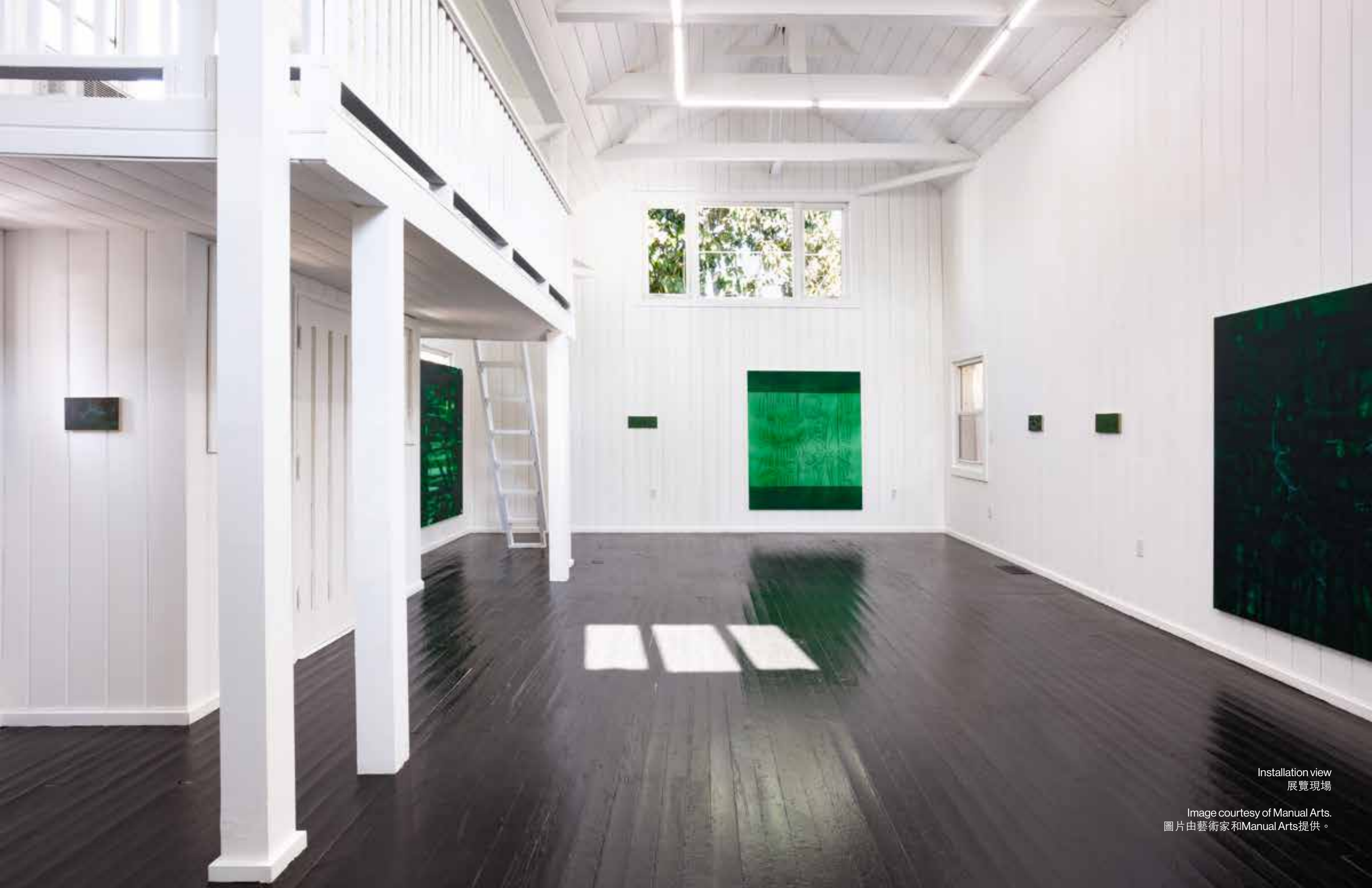
《藍色雨傘》對面是另一件大尺幅蟲膠墨水畫。畫中兩具骷髏被描繪成在兩排圖書館的書架之間尋歡。這幅畫的標題《在圖書館見》來自於彼得·格林納威1996年的電影《枕邊禁書》。在寫給鄒君梅所扮演角色的一封信中，她的情人這樣寫道：「來圖書館見我，任何圖書館，每個圖書館」。

就如許鶴溪常在作品中埋置引用一樣，格林納威的電影標題亦引自一本更古老的書——公元1002年清少納言所寫的《枕草子》。許鶴溪將引用一個個、一層層地堆疊起來。除了標題之外，許鶴溪還經常使用畫作同名的那些電影的截圖來進行創作。她把電影中的不同場景疊畫在一起，以同時呈現所有她最喜愛的那些場景。圖畫的層疊也讓人想起一本合上的書，書中的台詞和場景都逐頁地互相疊加在一起。若將這些疊合的內容當作一個整體來看的話，它們則密集得令人感到難以捉摸。當將這些圖像展開，即使視覺上仍然模糊，但卻變得清晰，情感也更鮮明。

蟲膠墨水畫旁的小尺幅風景油畫不像其他畫作一樣飽含文化或人類學上的參考。這些畫的主要標誌是一棵孤獨的樹。有時，這棵樹在充滿綠葉的山谷中清晰可見；有時，背景被綠色所掩蓋，唯一有形的便是一棵樹。這些油畫沒有指向一個特定的地理位置，更似是藝術家內心景觀的寫生。若說墨水畫是藝術家向外尋找到的某種感受的既有描述，那麼這些油畫代表的則是源自某個存在於語言、書籍或電影之外的情感之地的不加篩選的掠影。

在展覽中唯一一幅繪有人物的、尺幅最小的油畫中，兩個骷髏在樹葉的遮掩之下相擁。背景是高大而無法辨認的樹木。所有這些有關樹的繪畫描繪的都是同一處風景嗎？每幅畫中的樹，與這棵遮蔽著一對永恆相擁的已逝戀人的樹，是同一棵樹嗎？正如許鶴溪所說，「我不知道有什麼故事不能稱作是愛情故事。它既是最深刻的痛苦，又是最高級的狂喜」。

— 譯自Manual Arts所提供文字



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Manual Arts.  
圖片由藝術家和Manual Arts提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Manual Arts.  
圖片由藝術家和Manual Arts提供。



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Manual Arts.  
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Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Manual Arts.  
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Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Manual Arts.  
圖片由藝術家和Manual Arts提供。



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Manual Arts.  
圖片由藝術家和Manual Arts提供。



*Untitled (skull)*  
2020

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
5.5 x 10 in





*Skeletons Embracing*  
《相擁的骷髏》  
2020

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
4x6in





*Tree in a landscape*  
《風景中的樹》  
2020

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
5.5x10 in





*Tree in a landscape*  
《風景中的樹》  
2020

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
5.5 x 8 in

## *Earthly Coil* 2021

Magenta Plains, New York, USA  
美國紐約Magenta Plains畫廊

03.06 - 10.04.21

Magenta Plains presented the group exhibition "Earthly Coil", featuring new work by artists Brook Hsu, Liza Lacroix, Heidi Lau, Nikholis Planck, and Nazim Ünal Yilmaz. The multidisciplinary exhibition included painting, drawing and sculpture and examined the construction of meaning and memory in relation to instinct.

The exhibition title was a cross between Hieronymus Bosch's famously indecipherable painting, *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, and the existential soliloquy given by Prince Hamlet in William Shakespeare's play Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 1 ("When we have shuffled off this mortal coil..."). This dual framework served as a perceptual anchor for the artworks included which were ostensibly defined by humanity's impermanence and the unknowns beyond physical existence. Personal identity, spiritual symbolism, and observations of the tangible world as well as interior psychologies inform the artists' enigmatic visions, relying on intuition as the means of finding truth.

A self-identified naturalist, Brook Hsu's (b. 1987) attentiveness to biology unites seemingly disparate themes and narratives of love, pain, humor and connectedness. Hsu's dense ink paintings depict recognizable figures sourced from films she has sentimental attachment to, layered between scrawling spiral scripts. Their surfaces are finished with shellac, a resin secreted by beetles and used as a preservative to coat fruits and vegetables. Her ink and acrylic painted carpet is part of a series of fiber works with ponds as subject matter, as if ripples in a pool of water could mark a transitional place where myths and stories are born.

- *Text by Magenta Plains*

MagentaPlains呈獻群展「EarthlyCoil」，匯集了許鶴溪、LizaLacroix、劉慧德、NikholisPlanck和NazimÜnalYilmaz的新作。此次跨學科展囊括了繪畫、素描和雕塑作品，梳理了與本能有關的意義和記憶建構。

展覽標題「EarthlyCoil」融合了兩個出處：耶羅尼米斯· 博斯所作的不可思議的畫作《人間樂園》（The GardenofEarthlyDelights），以及莎士比亞的劇作《哈姆雷特》第三幕第一場戲中哈姆雷特王子的一句存在主義獨白：「Whenwehaveshuffledoffthismortalcoil...」。這雙重框架為展出作品提供了一個感知的錨定點。這些作品表面上被人性的無常以及超越物理存在的未知事物所界定。個人身份、精神性的象徵主義、對有形世界的觀察以及內部心理學都充溢於藝術家們的神秘願景之中，他們依靠直覺來追尋真理。

許鶴溪自我認同為自然主義者，她對於生物學的關注將看似迥然相異的主題以及有關愛、痛苦、幽默和連結感的敘述結合起來。她創作的濃密的墨水畫描繪了那些與她有情感連結的電影中的代表性角色，並將這些人物形象重疊於潦草的螺旋筆觸之中。這些畫作表面上上了一層蟲膠清漆。這是一種由甲蟲分泌的樹脂，被用作水果和蔬菜的防腐劑。而許鶴溪的墨水和丙烯繪製地毯則出自她纖維作品系列，以池塘作為主題。池水的漣漪彷彿標誌著某種過渡性的場所，神話和故事誕生於其中。

- 譯自Magenta Plains提供文字





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Magenta Plains, New York, USA.  
圖片由美國紐約Magenta Plains畫廊提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Magenta Plains, New York, USA.  
圖片由美國紐約Magenta Plains畫廊提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Magenta Plains, New York, USA.  
圖片由美國紐約Magenta Plains畫廊提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of Magenta Plains, New York, USA.  
圖片由美國紐約Magenta Plains畫廊提供。



*To Dream a Man*  
2020

Clima, Milan, Italy  
意大利米蘭Clima畫廊

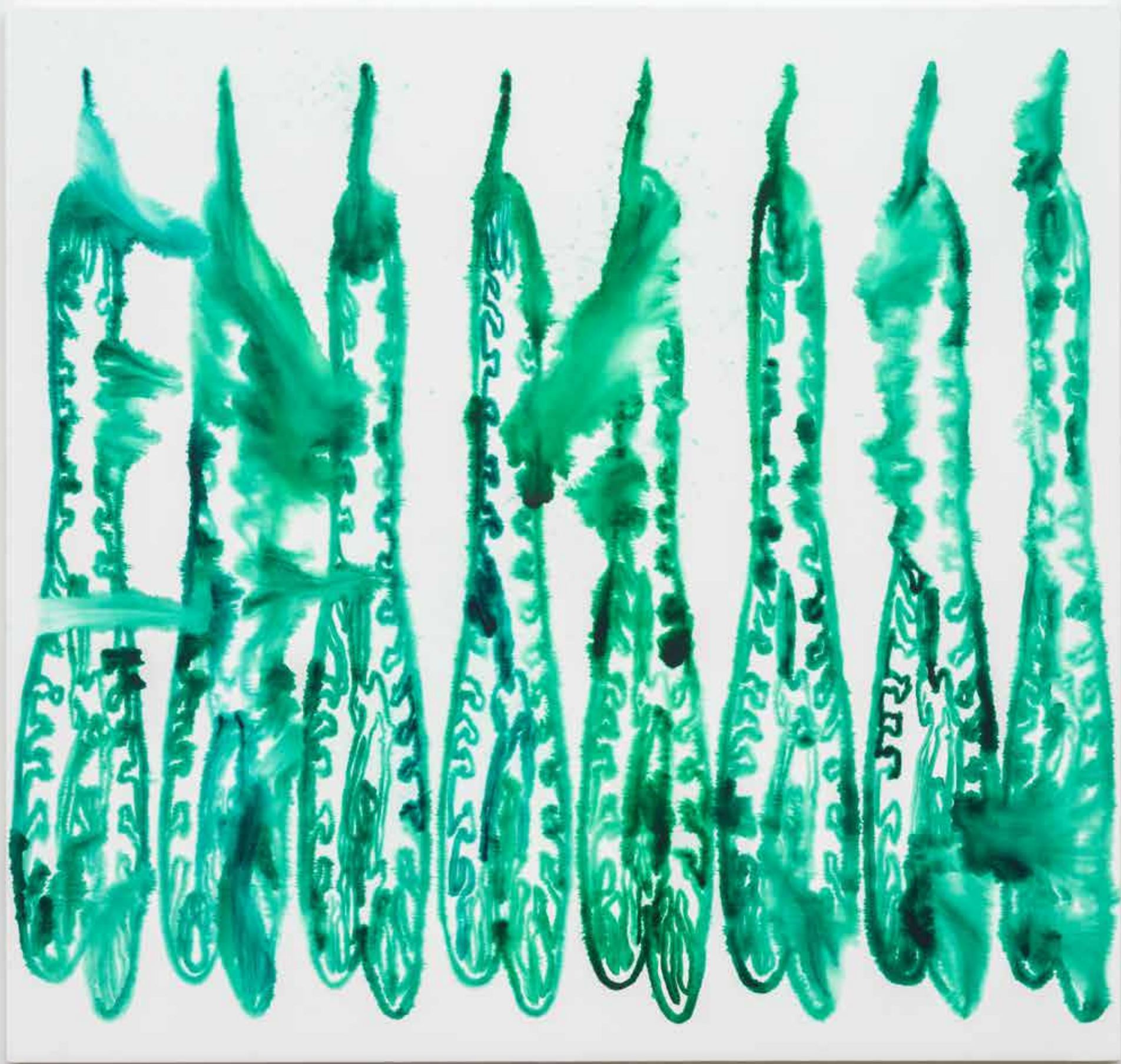
30.09.2020 – 30.11.2020



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and Clima, Milan.  
圖片由藝術家及米蘭Clima畫廊提供。





*Cell Death*  
《細胞死亡》  
2018

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 139.7 cm

Image courtesy of the artist and Clima, Milan.  
圖片由藝術家及米蘭Clima畫廊提供。







Image courtesy of the artist and Clima, Milan.  
圖片由藝術家及米蘭Clima畫廊提供。

## *More, More, More* 2020

TANK Shanghai, 2380 Longteng Avenue, Shanghai, China  
上海市徐匯區龍騰大道2380號 | 油罐藝術中心

16.07.20 - 31.01.21

From 16 July, 2020 through 31 January, 2021, TANK Shanghai presented 'More, More, More', a large-scale international exhibition featuring new commissions and existing artwork by 28 domestic and international artists and groups.

The title of this exhibition, 'More, More, More', is a reference to a popular disco song from the mid-'70s, released by The Andrea True Connection. It features several musical elements that epitomize the aesthetic excess of early electronic dance music, such as verbal innuendo, a consistent “four on the floor” beat, lush studio strings, and, especially, excessive repetition.

The use of repetition in music—like in all media— changes our perception of the thing repeated. If excessively repeated, a familiar word may sound like gibberish, gain a double meaning, or transform into a different kind of speech act. [For example, when the word “more” is sung or emphasized repeatedly in English, it sounds more like the Chinese pronunciation of “mo, mo, mo,” meaning “touch, touch, touch!”] Through this process, the “meaning” of a word breaks down. It loses its conventional function as a fixed signifier for something else, becoming a more sensuous kind of object, lying somewhere between locution and music, symbol and noise, or the mind and the mouth.

This exhibition embraced a similar attitude of sensorial play, extra-linguistic excess, and mutable meaning as the old hit song from the 1970s. Working with the textures of a text, the sonority of language, the traces in a translation, or even the relationship between the visible and the microbial, 'More, More, More' featured art that worked to open the field of artistic experience to a diversity of phenomena. In ways large and small, the artists and collectives in this exhibition broke from the grim persistence of philosophical traditions that fuse knowledge with sight, allowing for new possible meanings, re-affixed to the body, to emerge.

The majority of artworks in 'More, More, More' were multisensory forms crafted from materials that are not always accessible to eyesight, such as perfume, music, bacteria, digital machine-readable formats, and different frequencies (of light). More traditional media like figurative painting, poetry, ink painting, and line drawing also had a crucial presence in this exhibition. Such works enhanced (or exaggerated) the sensuality of surfaces and cast doubt on the certitude of visual perception.

The diversity of practices in 'More, More, More' attested to the vitality of transfeminist and non-Western subjectivities. Through different modes of making, the artists in this exhibition directed our attention to the methods of embodiment that facilitate even the most normalized techniques of knowledge production (such as reading a map or watching a TED Talk on YouTube). Many also illuminated the divergences between the experience of bodies on the one hand and the words and images used to give a body its identity on the other. Collectively and individually, the artworks in 'More, More, More' possessed a dynamic potential through which new orientations to knowledge can be sensed-- which, as art audiences, we should be inclined to emulate.

'More, More, More' is curated by Passing Fancy (X Zhu-Nowell and Frederick Nowell) with the support of Elise Armani and organized by TANK Shanghai.

- *Text by TANK Shanghai*



2020年7月16日至2021年1月31日，油罐藝術中心隆重呈獻大型國際展覽「More,More,More」。該展覽將匯集來自國內外藝術家和藝術小組的新的委約作品和代表作。

展覽的名稱「More,More,More」取自The Andrea True Connection於上世紀七十年代中期發行的熱門迪斯科歌曲的歌名。這首歌的許多音樂元素使之成為早期電子舞蹈音樂的典範，例如口頭影射、持續性的四拍及地的節拍、華麗的弦樂，最重要的是，大量的復誦。

音樂中的重復性——如同在所有媒介中那樣——改變了我們對被重復了的事物的感知。通過大量的重復，一個熟悉的單詞可能聽起來像是胡言亂語或靈語，獲得雙重含義，或變形成為另一種言語行為。比如說，英語里「more」這個單詞被唱出來或被重復的時候，聽起來更像中文發音中的「mō、mō、mō」，意思是「摸、摸、摸！」。在此過程中，單詞的「含義」開始分解，失去其作為其他事物的能指的常規，變成了一種更感性的物件，懸於習語和音樂、符號和噪音，或者思維和口腔之間的某個地方。

此次展覽包含了與這首七十年代老歌中的感官遊戲、言語過剩和可變意義相似的態度。通過在文本的紋理、語言的聲響、翻譯中的痕跡以及可見與不可見之間的關係之中的實踐，「More,More,More」中呈現的作品致力於將藝術經驗的領域開放給多樣化的現象。藝術家和藝術家集體以或大或小的方式，打破了將知識與視覺融合在一起的哲學傳統中的固有堅持，讓新的意義重新附著於身體上，並浮現出來。

其中大部分的藝術作品使用視覺並不總能察覺到的媒介來培養多感官結構，例如香水、音樂媒介、微生物、數字化媒介和不同頻率的光。諸如具象繪畫、詩歌、水墨畫、線描畫等傳統媒介在本次展覽中也有著至關重要的表現。這些作品增強或誇大了表面的感性，並對視覺感知的確定性提出了質疑。

「More,More,More」展覽中藝術實踐的多樣性證明瞭跨性別女性主義和非西方主體性的活力。通過不同的製作模式，本次展覽中的藝術家引導我們關注那些甚至是最正常化的知識生產技術的體現方法，例如閱讀地圖或在YouTube上觀看TED演講。許多作品還闡明瞭身體的體驗與賦予身體身份的文字和圖像之間的分歧。這些藝術作品無論是作為單件作品抑或是幾件作品，它們在展廳中都呈現出動態潛力，可通過這種潛力感知新的知識取向——這是作為藝術的觀眾的我們，應傾向與效仿的。

「More,More,More」由油罐藝術中心組織呈獻，由朱筱蕤和弗雷德里克·諾維爾，策劃，埃莉斯·阿瑪尼協助策劃。

- 文 油罐藝術中心



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and TANK Shanghai.  
圖片由藝術家和上海油罐藝術中心提供。



*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond*

《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影》

2021

The series of small-scale paintings 'Aesop Looking at His Reflection in a Pond' repeatedly depicts her deceased dog Aesop. In Hsu's dreams, Aesop was once looking at his reflection in the pond. Aesop's figure blurs as the series continues, testifying to the excruciating yet cathartic fact that the artist's memory of the beloved animal companion fades away as time goes.

《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影》（Aesop Looking at His Reflection in a Pond）系列小尺幅繪畫作品反覆描繪了藝術家死去的愛犬伊索。伊索有一次出現在她的夢中，它在夢裏看著在池塘中自己的倒影。伊索在這系列畫中的形象一張比一張模糊，就如同藝術家對伊索的記憶正隨著時間逐漸流逝。

*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 8*

《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 8》

2019

Oil on wood

木板油畫

12.7 x 20.3 cm







*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 9*  
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 9》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
12.7 x 20.3 cm





*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 10*  
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 10》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
12.7 x 20.3 cm







*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 13*  
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 13》  
2019

Shellac ink on wood  
木板蠟膠墨水畫  
12.7 x 20.3 cms

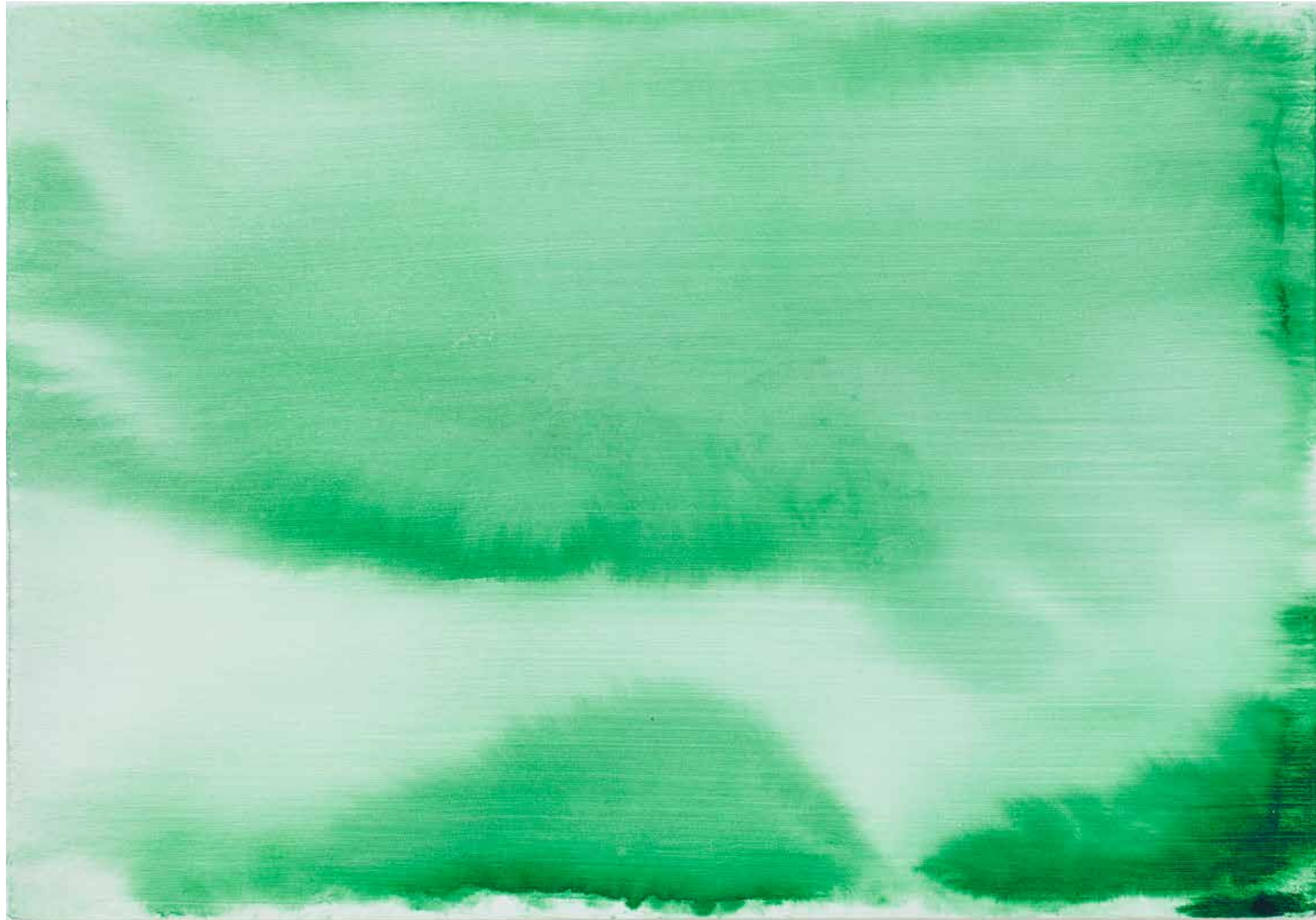




*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 12*  
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 12》  
2019

Shellac ink on wood  
木板蠟膠墨水畫  
12.7 x 20.3 cms





*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 11*  
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 11》  
2020

Shellac ink on wood  
木板蠟膠墨水畫  
14 x 21 cm





p. 77-78, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* by Yukio Mishima, 1959  
《三島由紀夫，〈金閣寺〉，1959年版，頁77-78》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 20.3 cm





p. 127-128, *Pan* by Knut Hamsun  
《克努特·汉姆生，〈牧羊神〉，頁127-128》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 20.3 cm





p. 86, *Last Words from Montmartre* by Qin Miaojin translated by Ari Larissa Heinrich, 1996, 2014  
《邱妙津，〈蒙馬特遺書〉》，1996年，漢瑞2014年譯版，頁86》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 40.6 cm





*Last Preserved Letter from Paul Thek to Susan Sontag, March 12, 1987*  
《保羅·泰克致蘇珊·桑塔格的最後一封保留下來的信，1987年3月12日》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 61 cm



*LIFE STILL*  
2020

CLEARING, New York, U.S.A.  
美國紐約CLEARING畫廊

09.07 - 28.08.20



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and CLEARING.  
圖片由藝術家及CLEARING畫廊提供。





*Flower of Buffoonery*  
《滑稽的花》  
2020

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 340.4 cm



*La Froggy Victime*  
《討厭的受害者》  
2020

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
243.8 x 271.8 cm

Image courtesy of the artist and CLEARING.  
圖片由藝術家及CLEARING畫廊提供。



## *Conspiracy theory*

2019

Et al., San Francisco, U.S.A.  
美國舊金山Et al.畫廊

25.04 - 01.06.19

The objects in Brook Hsu's 'Conspiracy theory' conjured a mysterious religion. They shared a deity (the horned figure of Death) and a devotional space (the well or the pond—a body of still water). Brook's palette of deep green turned each piece into a coordinate in some unknown mythology.

The exhibition consisted of small oil paintings on pieces of wood, larger shellac ink paintings on clear plastic, and glass vessels clustered around a green puddle. They felt like relics plucked from a lost basilica. The shapes of Brook's wood paintings were fit for apses. Her shellac pieces were like stained glass windows; the puddle is like holy water. 'Conspiracy theory' has all the trappings of an apostolic ritual.

Brook's artworks seem to propose a mystical belief system. Each one uses similar subjects in different iterations, like meditations on a sacred parable. But they aroused an inverted, malignant faith. Where religion tries to establish certainty, Brook's creed is full of doubt. She used the idiom of sanctity against itself. In some ways this was obvious: the god of this myth is macabre. Staring down a well or into a pond, he sees no reflection—as if his world were a suspicious figment. Brook's lush green is at the same time corrosive—like rusting copper or runoff algae (she is quick to mention that her ink is made from the excretions of lac beetles). In more than one painting, Death cries thick shoots of water—or “vomit tears”—into a well. Anointment here turns upside down, plunged out of sight.

A conspiracy theory hovers between a secret order and a false causality. Brook Hsu's exhibition hovered similarly. Like a grand dogma, these pieces cast an elaborate allegory. But the lesson of this allegory is dubious. The closer we probe, the darker and more uncertain the meaning. Each piece is a votive offering to this precarious theology—one that seeks the same order that it severs.

- Zully Adler, April 2019

許鶴溪個展「陰謀論」（Conspiracy Theory）中，作品召喚著一個神秘的宗教。這些物件共同呈現著同一個神（頭頂犄角的死神形象）及同一個祈禱空間（井或池塘——一灘靜止的水）。藝術家透過深綠色調使每件作品都變成某個未知神話的坐標。

展覽囊括一組在木塊上繪製的小尺幅油畫、在透明塑料上繪製的大尺幅蟲膠墨水畫，以及一堆圍繞著綠色水坑的玻璃容器。它們像是從一個失落大教堂里拾來的聖物。許鶴溪創作的這些木板油畫，有著適合於教堂的壁龕的形狀。她的蟲膠墨水畫仿佛就是彩色玻璃窗；而水坑就是聖水。展覽「陰謀論」由此具備了使徒儀式所需的所有裝飾。

許鶴溪的作品看似提出了一個神秘主义的信仰體系。每件作品都以不同的方式複述、演繹著相似的主題，就如對神聖寓言的冥思。但它們喚起的卻是一個顛倒的、邪詭的信仰。宗教通過教條來建立絕對正確性，而許鶴溪的教條卻充滿了懷疑。她使聖潔的話語反攻話語本身。在作品的某些地方可以明顯看出：這個神話中的神是邪惡且令人毛骨悚然的神。當他向著一口井或一個池塘裡凝視時，他看不到任何倒影——彷彿他的世界是一個可疑的臆造之物。許鶴溪作品中的綠既蔥翠茂盛，又具有像鏽銅或徑流藻華那般的侵蝕性（她很快又提到她所使用的墨水是由膠蟲的分泌物製成的）。在不止一幅畫中，死神向著井流出——甚或是「吐」出洶湧的淚柱。塗聖禮在這裡被顛倒，隨之陷入看不見的地方。

陰謀論往往縈繞於某個秘密的命令和某種全無依據的因果之間。許鶴溪的這個展覽也以相似的方式盤旋著。她的作品像偉大的教條般描述著了一個精心編造的寓言。但這個寓言的教訓是可疑的。我們探究得愈細，其意義愈是晦暗、無常。每件作品都作為祭品被獻祭於這個不穩定的宗教體系——一個追求著它所割裂的秩序的宗教。

- 譯自Zully Adler提供文字，2019年4月



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and Et al.  
圖片由藝術家和 Et al.畫廊提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and Et al.  
圖片由藝術家和 Et al.畫廊提供。





*Skeleton cry-vomiting into its reflection*  
《骷髏向自己的倒影哭嘔》  
2019

Ink on PVC vinyl  
PVC塑料上墨水  
132 x 96.5 cm



*Reflecting Pool*  
《倒影池》  
2019

Ink on PVC vinyl  
PVC塑料上墨水  
132 x 96.5 cm





*Ripples*  
《連漪》  
2019

Ink on PVC vinyl  
PVC塑料上墨水  
132 x 96.5 cm





*Skeleton and reflecting pool in a landscape*  
《風景畫中的骷髏與倒影池》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫



*The Spirit of the Beehive*  
《蜂巢幽靈》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫





*Skeleton fingering a pond*  
《骷髏在撥弄池塘》  
2019

Oil on wood with bolts  
木板油畫，螺栓

*pond-love*

2019

Bortolami Gallery, New York, U.S.A.  
美國紐約Bortolami畫廊

11.01 - 16.02.19

*i wear a pond, a jacket, moss jacket  
wrap me in those places between  
the buildings  
i'm fingering the crack in the  
pavement*

- Brook Hsu, 2019

Two of Hsu's carpet paintings, *pond-love* and *grasshopper* depict green-hued forms that exist somewhere between the material and ethereal realms. *pond-love* began as an image of a spiral, which then transformed into the ripples of a pond surface disturbed by a hand dipping into the water. A figure appears, looking not only at its own reflection in the murky pond, but also past it. The composition is derived from Pierre Klossowski's work, *Roberte face au miroir*, however in Hsu's horizontally-oriented take, Klossowski's mirror is replaced by the pond. In *grasshopper*, two froglike forms crouch, one leaping over the other's back. Working with carpet for the past few years, Hsu is drawn to the way it absorbs ink, dye, and thick acrylic. Unlike most traditional painting surfaces, carpet allows the various media to fuse together, creating one evenly textured surface.

Hsu's oil paintings on wood portray delicately-painted white dogs enveloped in deep green forests. Dogs are particularly resonant in the artist's life and a common motif in her work. Hsu took inspiration from Knut Hamsun's 1894 novel *Pan*, in which the protagonist lives alone in a forest with his dog Aesop, named after the ancient Greek fabulist. Hsu also named her dog Aesop. After her pet's recent passing, she had a recurring dream in which Aesop was looking into a pond at his own reflection; an image she repeats throughout her small-scale paintings.

This exhibition was accompanied by Hsu's self-published zine, titled 'moss garden pt 1: pond-love'.

- Text by Bortolami Gallery





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and Bortolami Gallery.  
圖片由藝術家及Bortolami畫廊提供。



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and Bortolami Gallery.  
圖片由藝術家及Bortolami畫廊提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and Bortolami Gallery.  
圖片由藝術家及Bortolami畫廊提供。





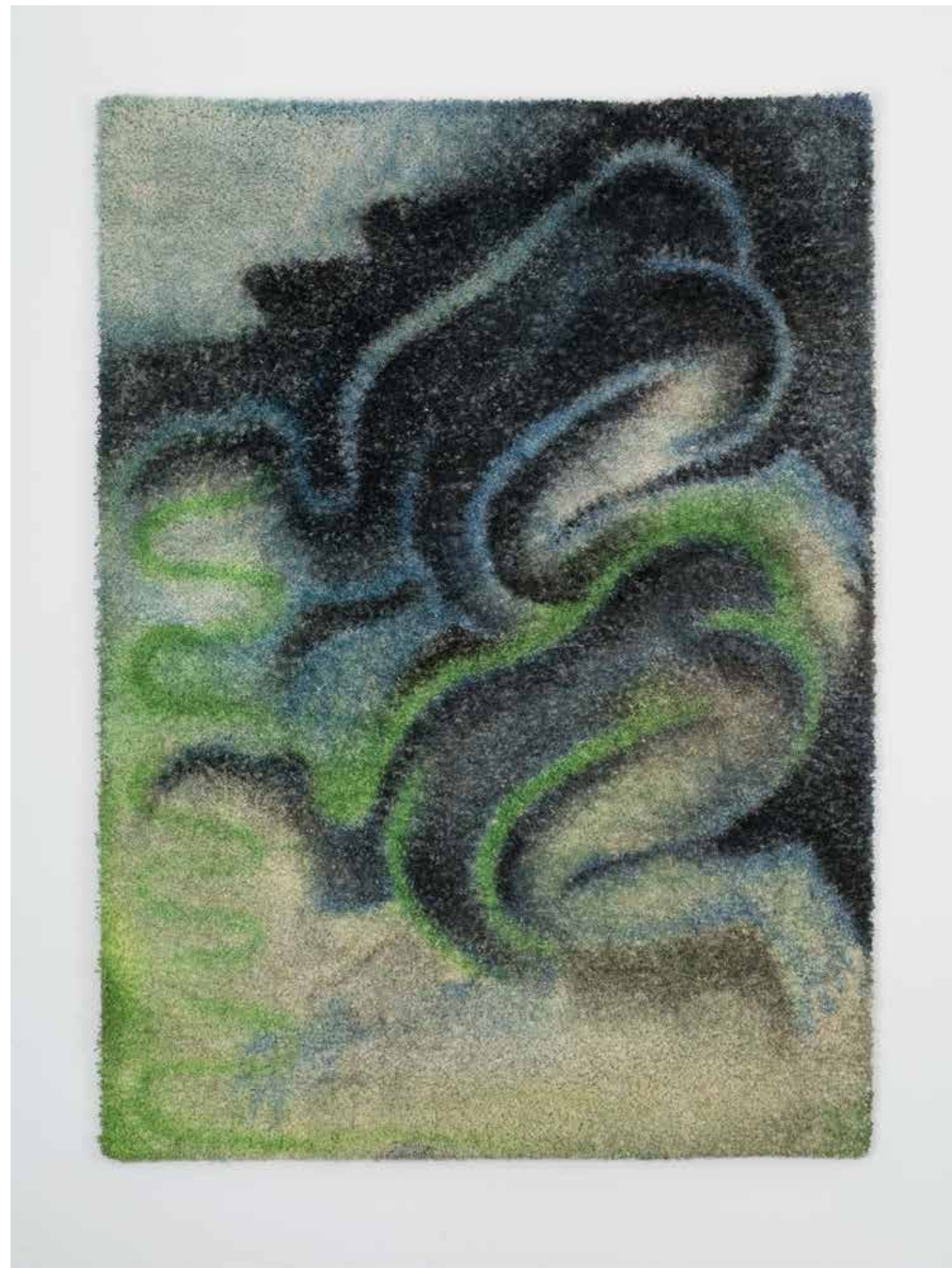
*pond-love*  
《池塘之愛》  
2019

Ink and acrylic on carpet  
毯上墨水及丙烯  
243.8 x 304.8 cm



*grasshopper*  
《蚱蜢》  
2019

Ink and acrylic on carpet  
毯上墨水及丙烯  
213.4 x 152.4 cm



*Let me consider it from here*  
2019

The Renaissance Society, Chicago, U.S.A.  
美國芝加哥The Renaissance Society

17.10.2018 - 27.01.2019





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and The Renaissance Society.  
圖片由藝術家及The Renaissance Society提供。



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and The Renaissance Society.  
圖片由藝術家及The Renaissance Society提供。





Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and The Renaissance Society.  
圖片由藝術家及The Renaissance Society提供。



Installation view  
展覽現場

Image courtesy of the artist and The Renaissance Society.  
圖片由藝術家及The Renaissance Society提供。





*Dogs at the Fire*  
《火焰中的狗》  
2016

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
6.4 x 8.9 cm





*Snake and Tree in a Landscape*  
《風景中的蛇和樹》  
2012-2018

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 28 cm





*Psyche*  
《普賽克》  
2017

Acid dyed llama wool  
酸性染色美洲駝絨織品  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變

*Bad Baby*  
《壞寶貝》  
2016

Acid dyed llama wool  
酸性染色美洲駝絨織品  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變



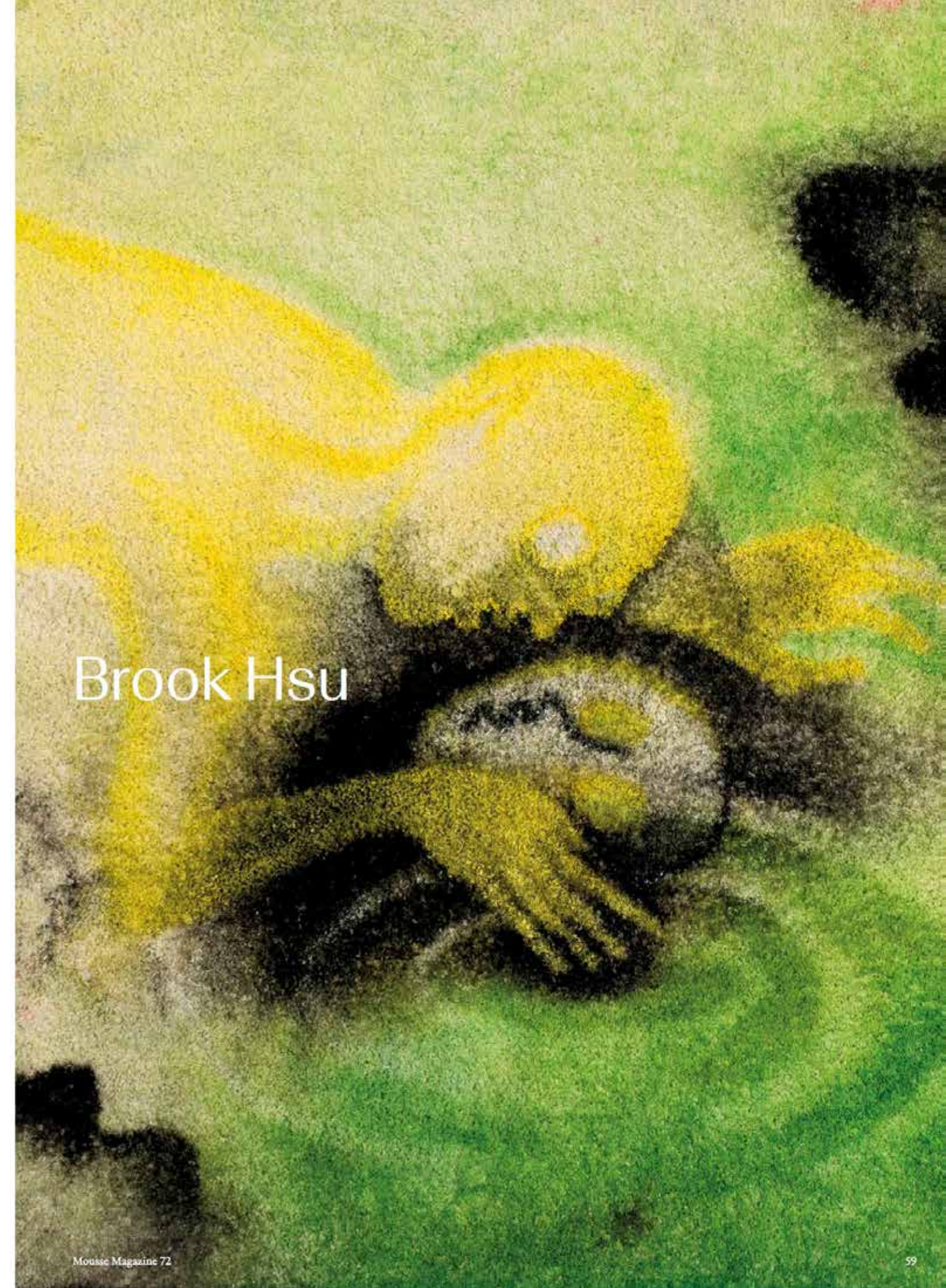


*\*This article was published in Mousse Magazine, Issue #72, Summer 2020.*

# Beyond the Material, Substance Must Be Reckoned

Ross Simonini  
in Conversation with

Brook Hsu

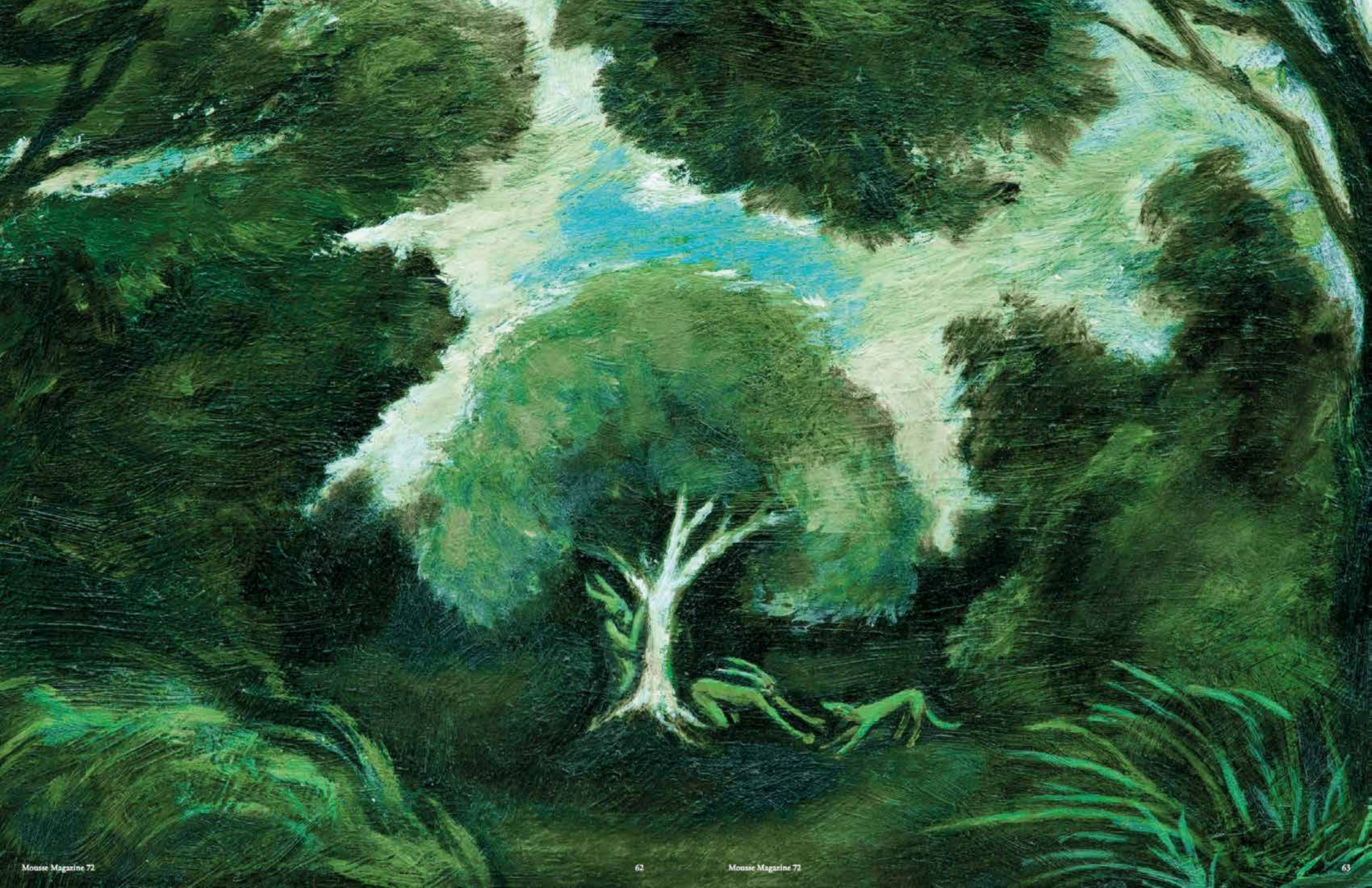




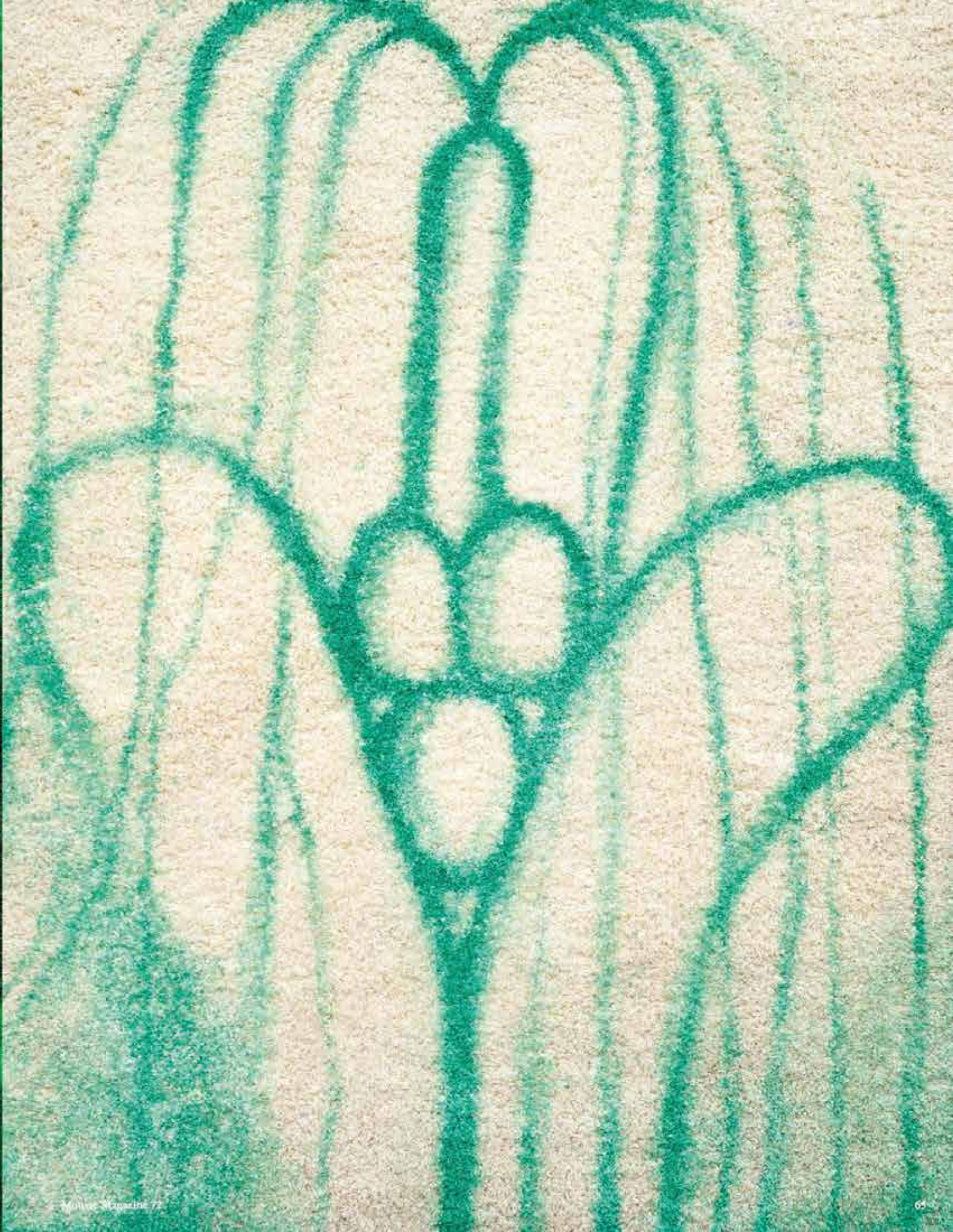
I first saw BROOK HSU's paintings online, which Hsu herself would not appreciate. The physical presence of material is, for her, essential to the work. This is perhaps best expressed in her rug paintings, which are practically textural sculptures. Even the content of the work—spraying urine, projectile vomit, fleshy appendages, sobbing demons—evokes a world where substance must be reckoned with. Luckily, I was able to see Hsu's work in person at Et al. gallery in San Francisco at her exhibition *Conspiracy theory* (2019). The experience of standing in this almost entirely green show possessed me, and I was compelled to reach out to Hsu. A few months later, we met in New York, where I was briefly living and where she lives and works.















- 58 *pond-love* (detail), 2018.  
 Courtesy: the artist and Bortolami, New York. Photo: John Berens
- 61 *grasshopper*, 2018.  
 Courtesy: the artist and Bortolami, New York. Photo: John Berens
- 62–63 *satyr family*, 2018.  
 Courtesy: the artist and Bortolami, New York. Photo: John Berens
- 64 *skeleton fingering a pond* (detail), 2019.  
 Courtesy: the artist and Bortolami, New York. Photo: John Berens
- 65 *Fountain*, 2018.  
 Courtesy: the artist and Bahamas Biennale, Detroit
- 66 *moss garden pt. 1: pond-love*, 2019.  
 Courtesy: the artist

BROOK HSU (b. 1987, Pullman, Washington) lives and works in New York. Recent solo exhibitions include: *Conspiracy theory*, Et al., San Francisco (2019); *pond-love*, Bortolami, New York (2019). Group exhibitions include: *Let Me Consider It from Here*, The Renaissance Society, Chicago (2018-2019); *Fruiting Body*, Bahamas Biennale, Detroit (2018); *The End of Expressionism*, Jan Kaps, Cologne (2020); *Polly*, Insect Gallery, Los Angeles (2019-2020); *A Cloth Over a Birdcage*, Château Shatto, Los Angeles (2019); and *Finders' Lodge*, in lieu, Los Angeles (2019). Upcoming exhibitions include *More, More, More* (curated by Passing Fancy), TANK, Shanghai; summer group show, CLEARING, New York; and *Particularities* (curated by Chris Sharp), X Museum, Beijing (2020). A monograph and edition is forthcoming from American Art Catalogues.

ROSS SIMONINI is an artist, writer, and musician living in the Northern California redwoods. He hosts the new *ArtReview* podcast *Subject, Object, Verb*. He is currently showing a selection of his energy calendars and massage tools at Fresh Bread in Chicago. His next album under the ROOS moniker will be released in late 2020.



BROOK HSU

I was born in Pullman, Washington, but I grew up in Stillwater, Oklahoma. It's kind of troublesome with bios that they want to see where you were born. I have no relationship to Washington. I don't even remember it.

ROSS SIMONINI

We put so much emphasis on where a person is born. BROOK

You're born there, and then you're gone. It would be more appropriate to provide my star chart: Sun in Taurus, Scorpio rising, Aquarius Moon. I *feel* like I was born in Oklahoma.

ROSS

Do you identify with Oklahoma?

BROOK

Yes, but I also feel placeless now. I haven't lived there for fifteen years.

ROSS

I know you often think about mythology through your work. What is the mythology of Oklahoma?

BROOK

For most people, Oklahoma is not a place they have personally visited. The myth is that everyone's still riding around on horses to get to wherever they're going, wearing prairie dresses with big puffy sleeves or cowboy hats. But it's a lot of suburban sprawl. For the most part, now it simply looks like US. But I grew up on a horse farm. We didn't breed horses, we just boarded them. But we had forty acres, and I knew every little crevice of that piece of property.

I don't specifically research mythology. I have just been drawn to certain things. One author I have thought about and read a lot is Ursula K. Le Guin. She wrote this essay "A Non-Euclidean View of California as a Cold Place to Be" (1982), which is in part about how every little nook of California used to have a name and a place known by the Native Americans who lived there, and then when Manifest Destiny happened and the land was "tamed," all of those names were lost and our sense of place and belonging went with them.

ROSS

I notice that my physiological self improves when I go back to the place I was born. The humidity, the temperature—all of it helps. My body isn't fighting against its environment.

BROOK

Yes, Oklahoma definitely is where my skin is happy and my hair looks better. It's my micro biome's zone of existence.

ROSS

Are the forests in your work real places or mythical ones?

BROOK

I feel the things I paint come from *things*. A scene in a painting might have been something I saw in another painting, but zoomed in times ten. It's a grid for a kind of cosmology. Maybe nothing is real. I love to play with our desire to always ask why. "Why are you painting skeletons with horns?" And I guess I have answers, but I don't necessarily want to give them to people because it ruins the myth around the work.

ROSS

You are preserving a myth that already exists, but not actively creating the myth?

BROOK

A lot of mythology comes from years and years of storytelling. I have been thinking lately that it's related to sound, and wondering if a painting can have a sound. I'm not saying I'm trying to make sound art, but speaking of sound as a trace, as a carrier of a story. At one time, oral histories were all we humans had. And every word is so rooted in a slow evolution: the alphabet, ABC, baba, mama. So whenever I'm looking at a painting, I'm thinking about what it might sound like.

And that's not necessarily to give it a name. Do you know about true names, like Rumpelstiltskin?

ROSS

Yes: by knowing someone's true name, you hold power over them.

BROOK

Hayao Miyazaki's film *Spirited Away* (2001) is another good example. The idea of the true name fascinates me, especially now where there is this expectation to say *what* you are as an edge to a political argument.

ROSS

Your identity description.

BROOK

That there's a certain way of describing or identifying yourself that you would not discuss outwardly. I *can*, but it's not necessarily part of the work. Is it important for the work to say that I am a Taiwanese American cis woman, bisexual, in a straight relationship?

ROSS

It's giving away your name.

BROOK

Right.

ROSS

It's important for some people's work, not for others'.

BROOK

I've walked into certain gallery situations and been asked "What are you?" as a part of trying to sell the work. It helps for context. It's somewhat of a coping mechanism to be thinking about Rumpelstiltskin.

ROSS

Is Brook your real name?

BROOK

It's not Rumpelstiltskin. But I can spin gold.

ROSS

I have heard of galleries trying to make sure viewers are aware of an artist's ethnicity or sexuality as a way of promoting the work.

BROOK

Why did they teach us that good journalism meant asking the five W's? I don't get it. Those aren't always the right questions to be asking.

ROSS

The *why* question is always the slipperiest one.

BROOK

And the one that the artist is least qualified to answer.

ROSS

The zines that you make for your shows suggest that there is some kind of journalistic research going on around the work. You include Wikipedia pages and other reference materials.

BROOK

I see the writing as just another element of the work. I think it's misleading in a way, because it sounds sometimes like an essay or a research paper, but a lot of it is total fiction—even the material that is present-

ed in a factual manner. For instance dreams that I have recorded, or early childhood memories.

ROSS

A collage of writing.

BROOK

I think about writing in terms of collage. When you work on something for so long, you abstract a version of the abstract, and you don't even realize you've done it.

ROSS

Do you write often?

BROOK

Yes, but not at length. In the process of trying to make a body of work, I need to write to understand what I want. But when the show is over, I go back to just making notes on my phone. Lots of grocery lists. I love grocery lists, and recipes. I lament not writing out directions anymore. That used to be a big part of my life.

ROSS

They used to be scribbled on everything.

BROOK

I really miss it. Every notebook of mine contained some directions.

ROSS

Do the zines unify the shows?

BROOK

The last solo shows at Bortolami, New York (2019) and Et al. gallery, San Francisco (2019) were tied together through thinking about ponds. That research began with several trips to Japan as a child, with my dad, to see the gardens in Kyoto. Before I ever thought about art as a pursuit, I was experiencing these incredible gardens. I wanted to unpack those experiences more for myself. So I wrote the moss garden zines (2019).

ROSS

How much reading do you do in your studio?

BROOK

I love to read. I go through bouts of reading a lot and then not. I'm a slow reader. I used to work at the Strand bookstore in New York, so I'm a bibliophile and love to keep books around. They're my friends—for me, they are warm objects. I always wish I could retain everything in them. I have a stack of books in my studio and a stack of books at my bedside, and there's usually one book that I'll be carrying to and from my house, which is the one I'm feeling some urgency to finish.

ROSS

What's the current one?

BROOK

It's *Bubbles* (2011) by Peter Sloterdijk. But many people, I suspect, think that I only ever read Knut Hamsun's novel *Pan* (1894).

ROSS

I have read that in multiple interviews.

BROOK

I love it, and I have read it many times, but it's definitely not the only book I've read.

ROSS

How many times?

BROOK

Probably around ten. It's very short.

ROSS

Still, to have read anything ten times...

BROOK

I haven't read it in a long time. Back when I was reading it over and over, I was in my early twenties, and it must

have given me some kind of solace. It's a dark book, and Hamsun is kind of a dark character, too. A lot of shadows.

ROSS

That's an age of obsession, though. At twenty-one years old, I only listened to one album—Talk Talk's *Spirit of Eden* (1988)—for a year. I didn't ever lose interest. It was an obsession that I wanted to feed. And it felt good.

BROOK

*Pan* definitely tied into lovers and people in my life.

I named my dog Aesop after the dog in *Pan*, and now that he's passed away and I still make paintings of him, it's a weird feeling—how intertwined that book is with my life. It's been giving me the heebie-jeebies lately, especially given that most paintings that people have been wanting from me are the Aesop paintings.

The more I make them, the weirder I feel. It's almost like that feeling you get when staring too long at yourself in the mirror.

ROSS

You're conjuring something about Aesop?

BROOK

I think so. This series is of a dream I had of him right after I moved back to New York from Los Angeles, and he had just passed away. In the dream he was looking at his reflection in a pond. And the paintings of it feel further and further away from whatever that dream was. Now, each time I return to try to paint it again, I am yet further away from when his living body was here, and it becomes more difficult to embody him in a painting.

ROSS

If Aesop isn't here in a physical way, do you have a feeling about how he *does* exist now?

BROOK

I definitely *feel* him in my partner. He was our child, and we both intensely suffer his loss. I think his spirit is there, but I don't even know if I believe in spirits. I don't have an answer for why I have chosen loss as a major subject in my work; I've never tried to unpack it at all. But I think that death is the transitional place where you don't know what happens after. That's where we start to create the need for myths and stories.

I also keep getting asked about the color green.

"Why green?" Because it relates to nature? It's a wild question to ask. I wonder if people ask because we have this phenomenon of feeling separate from nature and yet a part of it all the time. I don't know if there's another color that does that.

ROSS

You mentioned disbelieving in spirits. Would you say that you believe in anything?

BROOK

Yes, I do, but I don't know what. And I like that. Somehow, I always feel my need to believe in something, and the older I get, the more important that is.

"God" is definitely a word I have a huge aversion to. But it's almost impossible to *not* believe in something.

ROSS

Even science, which we consider an absence of belief, is a system of belief.

BROOK

I think more along the lines of science than religion, but if I answered you with "I believe in evolution," I suspect we'd have a totally different conversation.

ROSS

We don't want to talk about evolution as a belief, even



though nobody can truly know. I mean, Charles Darwin's ideas have been misinterpreted by many people.

BROOK

It's similar in art making. There is an anxiety about believing in making objects, producing things, in a time of ecological crisis. But I've been thinking about how impossible it is to *not* make anything. Even an empty room is a thing.

ROSS

We make human waste: fertilizer.

BROOK

I love talking about bodily fluids. In my work, it can make people quite uncomfortable.

I brought to Chicago these bronzes that I'd used my urine to patina. It was a learning process regarding when it was proper to tell people it was pee, and when people just wouldn't be comfortable hearing that.

We changed the language depending on who was in the room. Vomit is another good one.

ROSS

One of your zines goes into vomiting as a whole metaphorical activity.

BROOK

I had a stomach flu during its making. Sometimes you throw up and you feel better, but sometimes you don't; you only feel better when you're over the bug.

ROSS

I've had some orgasmic experiences vomiting on psychedelics.

BROOK

Yes, it's wild. And one of the experiences that I wrote about was from mushrooms—throwing up after taking them. Most of my paintings for the show *Fruiting Body* at Bahamas Biennale, Detroit (2018) were made while I was on mushrooms.

ROSS

Was that a single drawing that you were replicating?

BROOK

I took one I had made and I repeated it, multiplied it for each canvas, and it was always the same. The images were projected, traced, and then I laid the canvas flat on the ground and traced it in ink, letting the ink pool and do its thing.

ROSS

They resemble a kind of fountain.

BROOK

Fountains are like our circulatory system—constant motion. I think of them like a source, which is a way of thinking about origins.

ROSS

The fountain of youth.

BROOK

There's a painting by Lucas Cranach the Elder about this old German saying: "The men stay young so long as the women are young." The men take their old women to the fountain of youth and bathe them. The women emerge young again, and the men are young again too. The men don't have to bathe—just the women. Here, female youth is like the gate to everlasting life.

ROSS

You said artists are anxious in this moment about making art. Why do you think that is?

BROOK

A feeling of being overexposed creates anxiety. There's no time to do honest work without feeling seen, or the

need to be seen. I think that's driving people nuts.

ROSS

Is it driving *you* nuts?

BROOK

Sometimes. Like I have to delete Instagram off my phone. But it's useful for something.

It leads to things. I'm part of a generation that didn't always have social media, so maybe I will always feel some kind of longing for a time without.

ROSS

Do you think your work ever looks better in reproduction?

BROOK

No, never. I was told once that the carpets look better in reproduction, but I don't feel that way. I like them far more in person. I look at a lot of art on the internet; it's how I find a lot of things. But I rarely get off my computer or my phone and feel great. I often feel sad.

ROSS

This divide between materiality and immateriality—on one side you have a painting, and on the other is an online reproduction of a painting, but also on that side of immateriality are the unseen parts of ourselves.

To what degree do you use painting to get into that immateriality?

BROOK

That's almost the goal of art. I question sometimes if there's a purpose for art at all. In paradise, it probably wouldn't be necessary. The material of art is almost useless. It's not a useful material in the end.

You are taking useful things and making them useless. But the goal of it is absolutely the thing that we can't grasp with our senses, whether you want to call it a thought or an idea or a feeling or a belief. A silent knowing.

ROSS

It's beyond the material.

BROOK

I come from a camp of making work where the material has its own autonomy. There's some control, but there's also the material, and I feel like we're actually collaborating, the material and I. It must create. Things start to resonate. How do you know when a painting or a piece is done? It's because there's something resonating in it. It's that immaterial thing that's vibrating.



*two dogs at a pond 2, 2018.* Courtesy: the artist and Bortolami, New York. Photo: John Berens

*fade out 2, 2019.* Courtesy: the artist and Château Shatto, Los Angeles. Photo: Ed Mumford







From top: *Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 6, 2019*.  
Courtesy: the artist and Jan Kaps, Cologne. Photo: Paul Schöpfer;  
*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 8, 2019*.  
Courtesy: the artist and Jan Kaps, Cologne. Photo: Paul Schöpfer;  
*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 13, 2019*.  
Courtesy: the artist and Jan Kaps, Cologne. Photo: Paul Schöpfer

*Fruiting Body* installation view at Bahamas Biennale, Detroit, 2018.  
Courtesy: the artist and Bahamas Biennale, Detroit



*skeleton cry-vomiting into its reflection, 2019*. Courtesy: the artist and Et al., San Francisco

*herz aus glas, 2019*. Courtesy: the artist and Et al., San Francisco





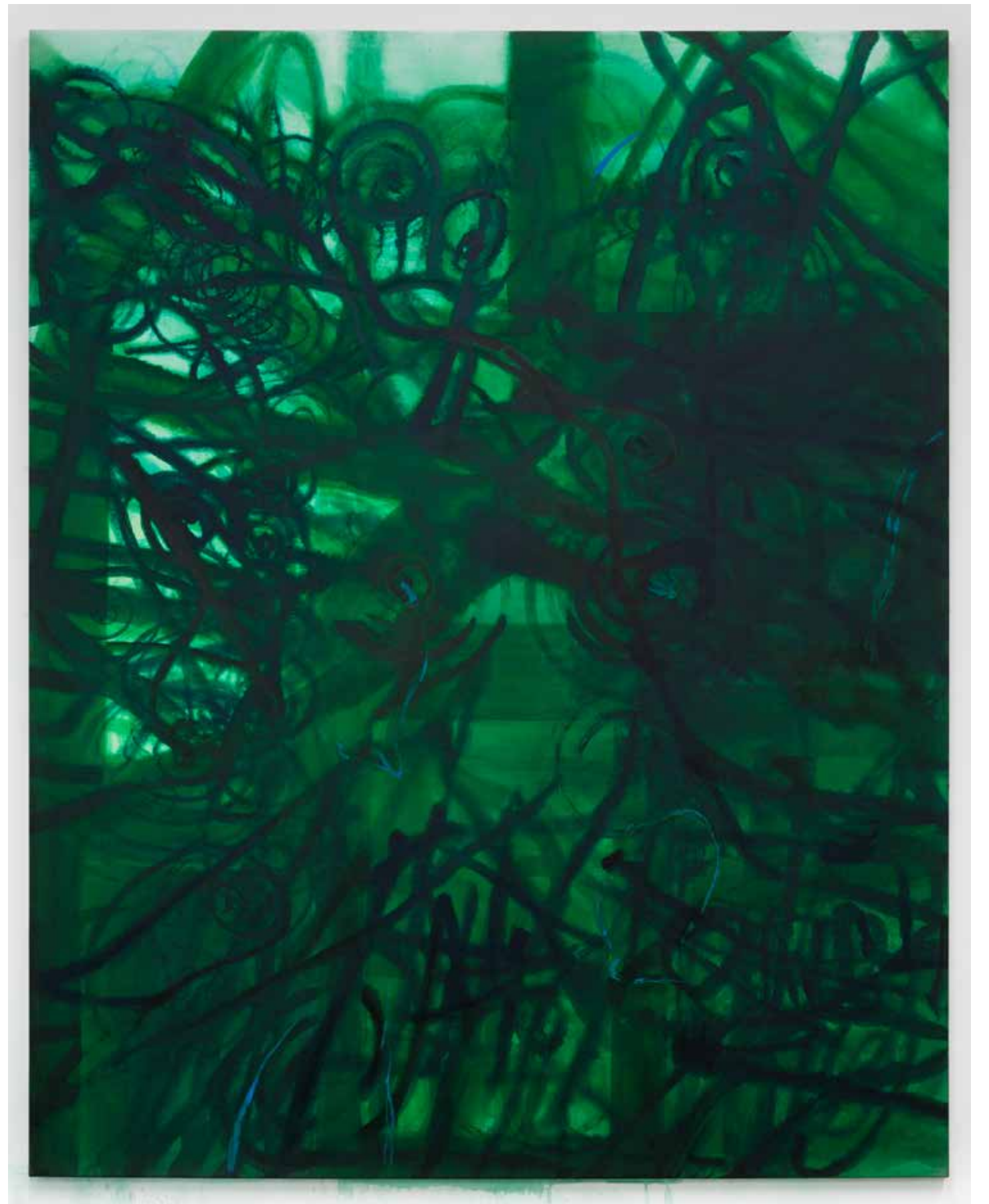


*Vive L'Amour*  
《愛情萬歲》  
2020

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 139.7 cm

*Mercurio 1996*  
《莫枯修 1996年》  
2020

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
200 x 160 cm







*Untitled*  
《無題》  
2020

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 96.5 cm

*Portrait of my mother's soul leaving her body*  
《我母親的靈魂脫離肉體的肖像》  
2020

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 96.5 cm

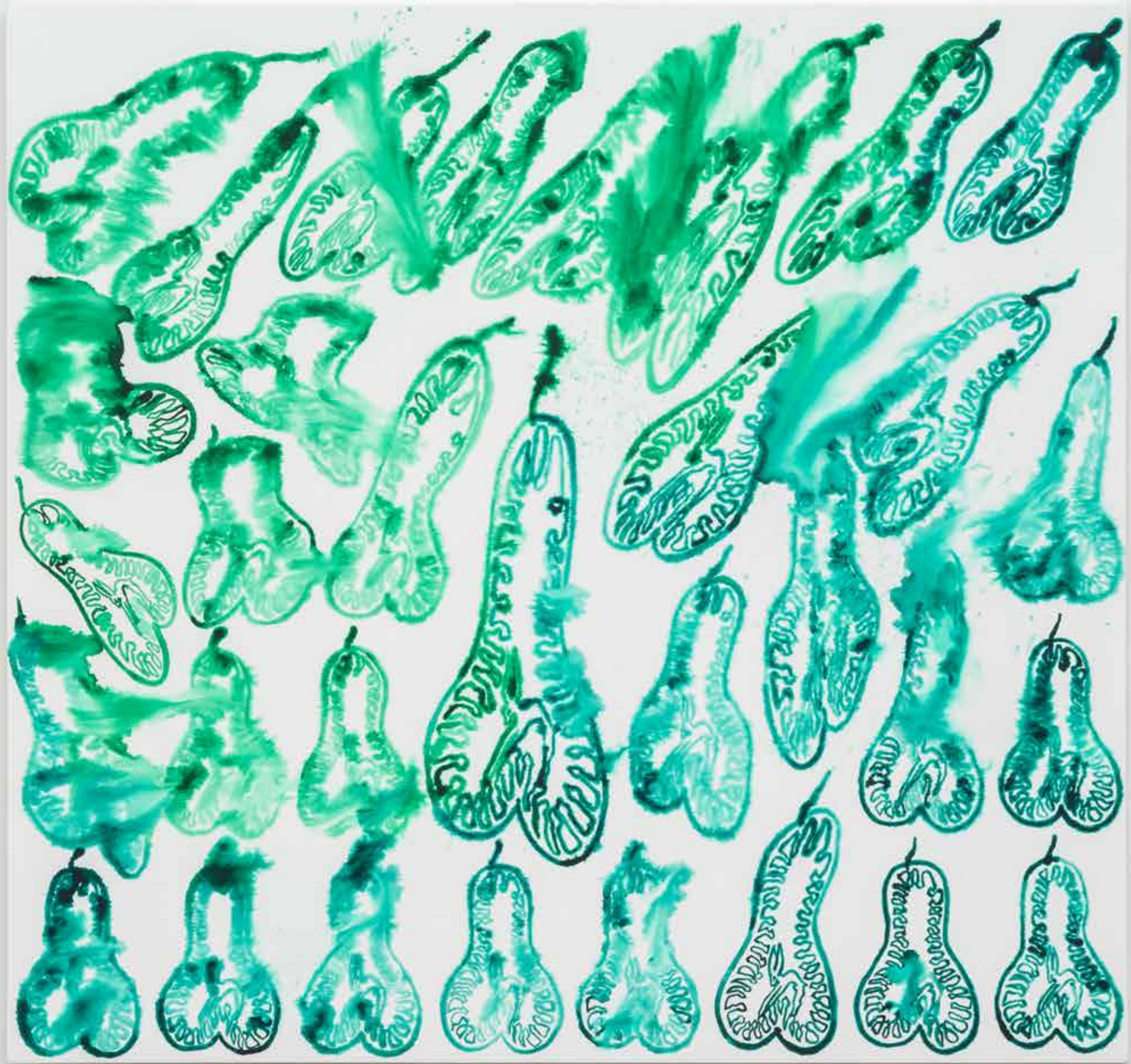






*Fruiting Body* at Bahamas Biennale, Detroit, MI, 2018.  
《子實體》，密歇根州底特律巴哈馬雙年展展覽現場，2018年。

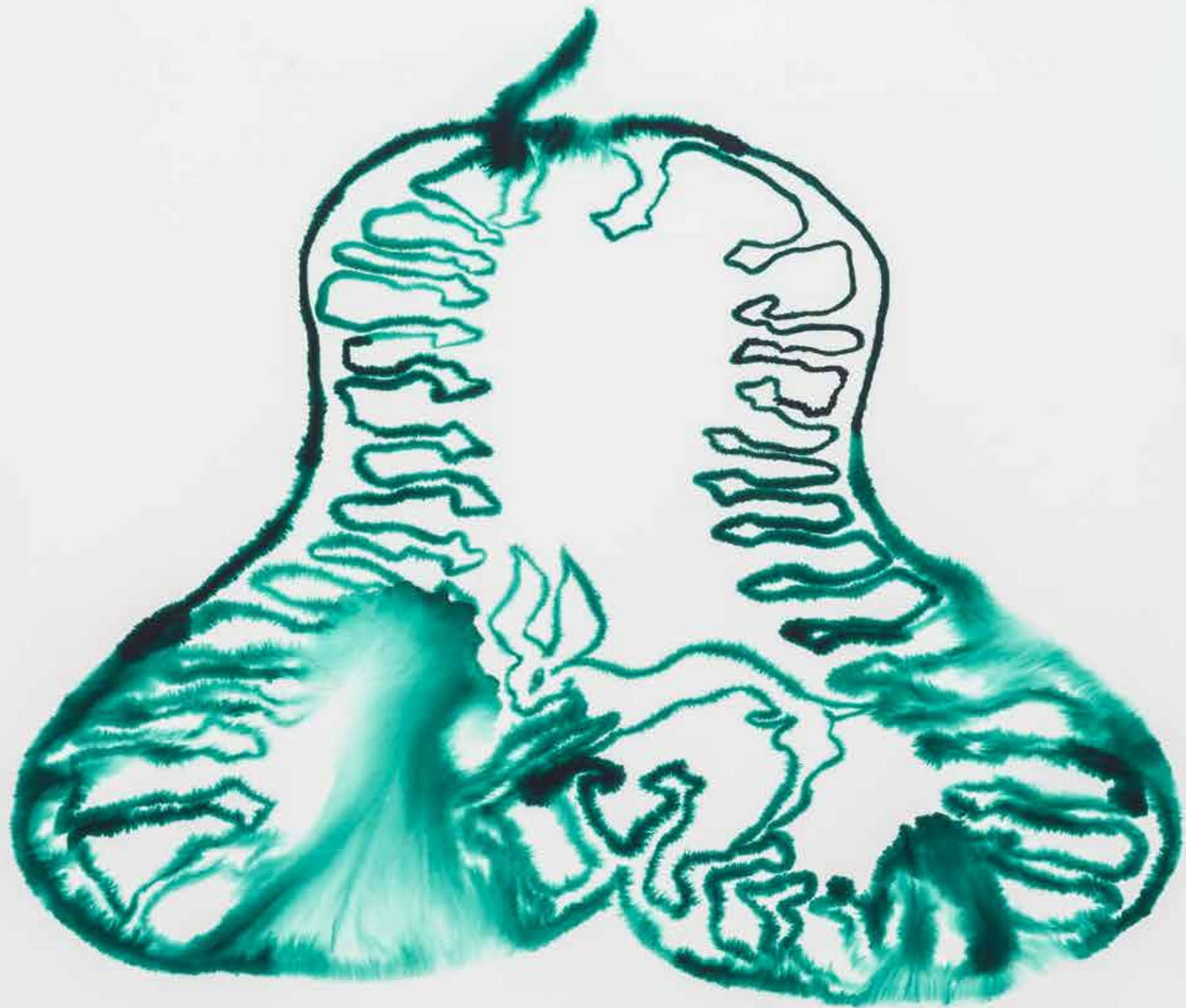




Cell Death  
《細胞死亡》  
2018

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 139.7 cm





*Cell Death*  
《細胞死亡》  
2018

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 139.7 cm





Cell Death  
《細胞死亡》  
2018

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132 x 139.7 cm





*Fruiting Body* at Bahamas Biennale, Detroit, MI, 2018.  
《子實體》，密歇根州底特律巴哈馬雙年展展覽現場，2018年。





*Untitled*  
《無題》  
2018

Ink on canvas  
布面墨水  
132×96.5 cm

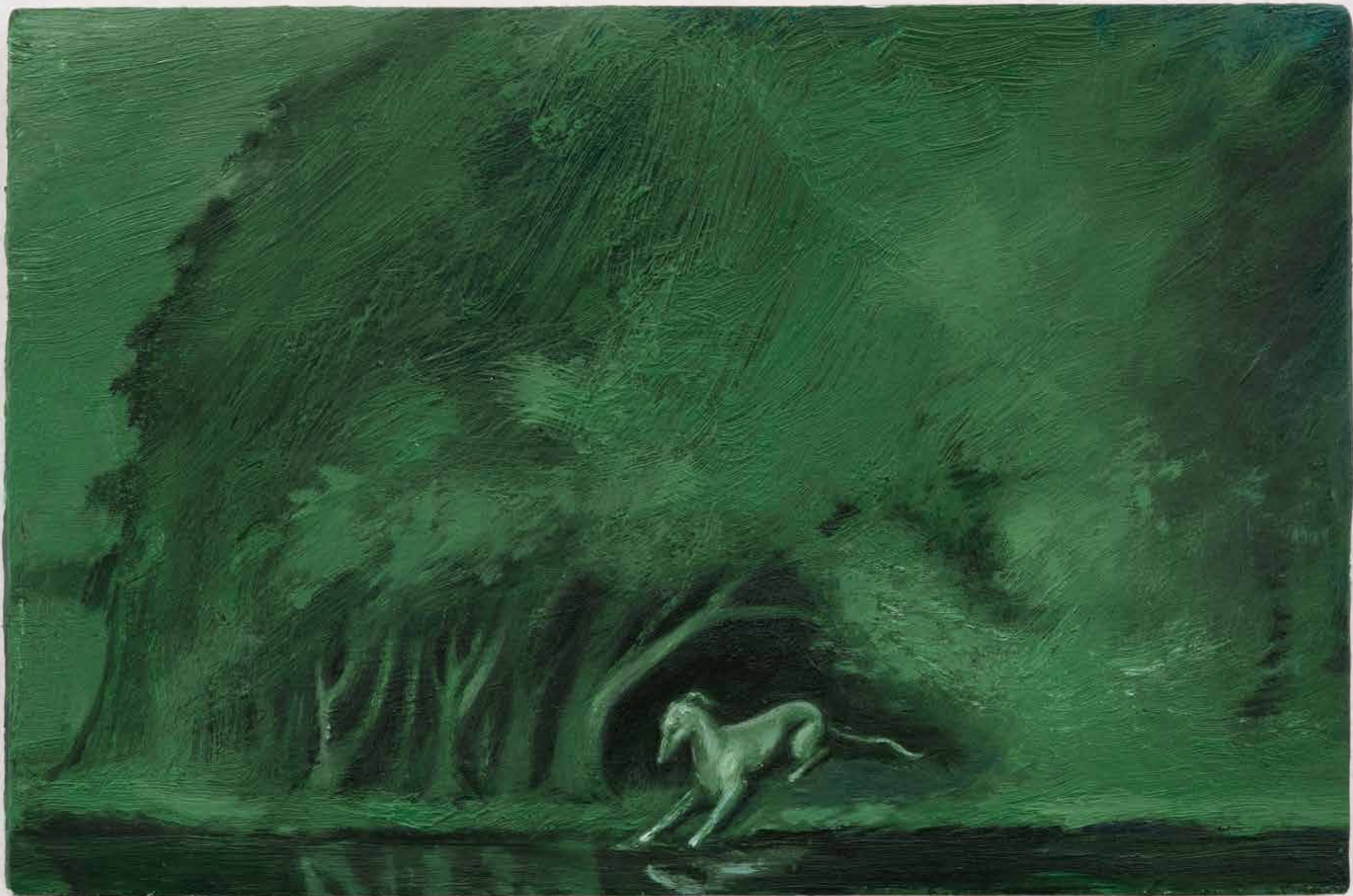




*Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond*  
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
8.9x12.7cm





*Aesop at the edge of the water*  
《伊索在水的邊緣》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
11.4 x 14 cm





*Frightened dog in a wood*  
《樹林裡受驚的狗》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 20.3 cm





*Frightened dog in a wood*  
《樹林裡受驚的狗》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 28 cm





*Frightened dog in a wood*  
《樹林裡受驚的狗》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
14 x 20.3 cm

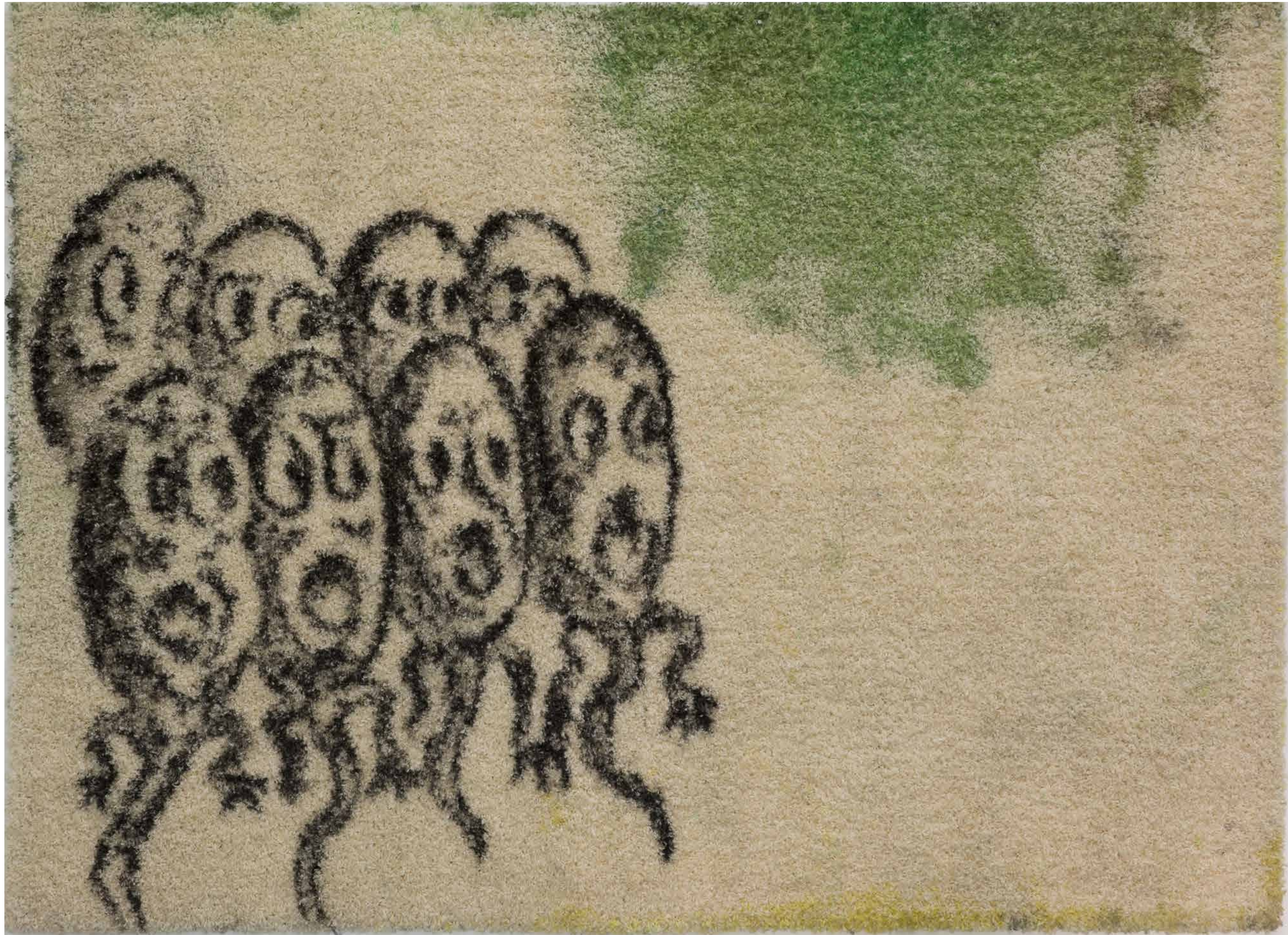




*Skeleton fingering a pond*  
《骷髏在撥弄池塘》  
2019

Oil on wood  
木板油畫  
8.9 x 12.7 cm





*A Birthday Carol*  
《生日頌歌》  
2020

Ink and acrylic on carpet  
毯上墨水及丙烯  
152.4 x 213.4 cm





*A Birthday Carol*  
《生日頌歌》  
2020

Ink and acrylic on carpet  
毯上墨水及丙烯  
152.4 x 213.4 cm





*Food*  
2019

Pen and shellac ink on paper  
紙本鋼筆及蟲膠墨水  
28 x 21.6 cm





Untitled  
《無題》  
2019

Pen and shellac ink on paper  
紙本鋼筆及蟲膠墨水  
28 x 21.6 cm

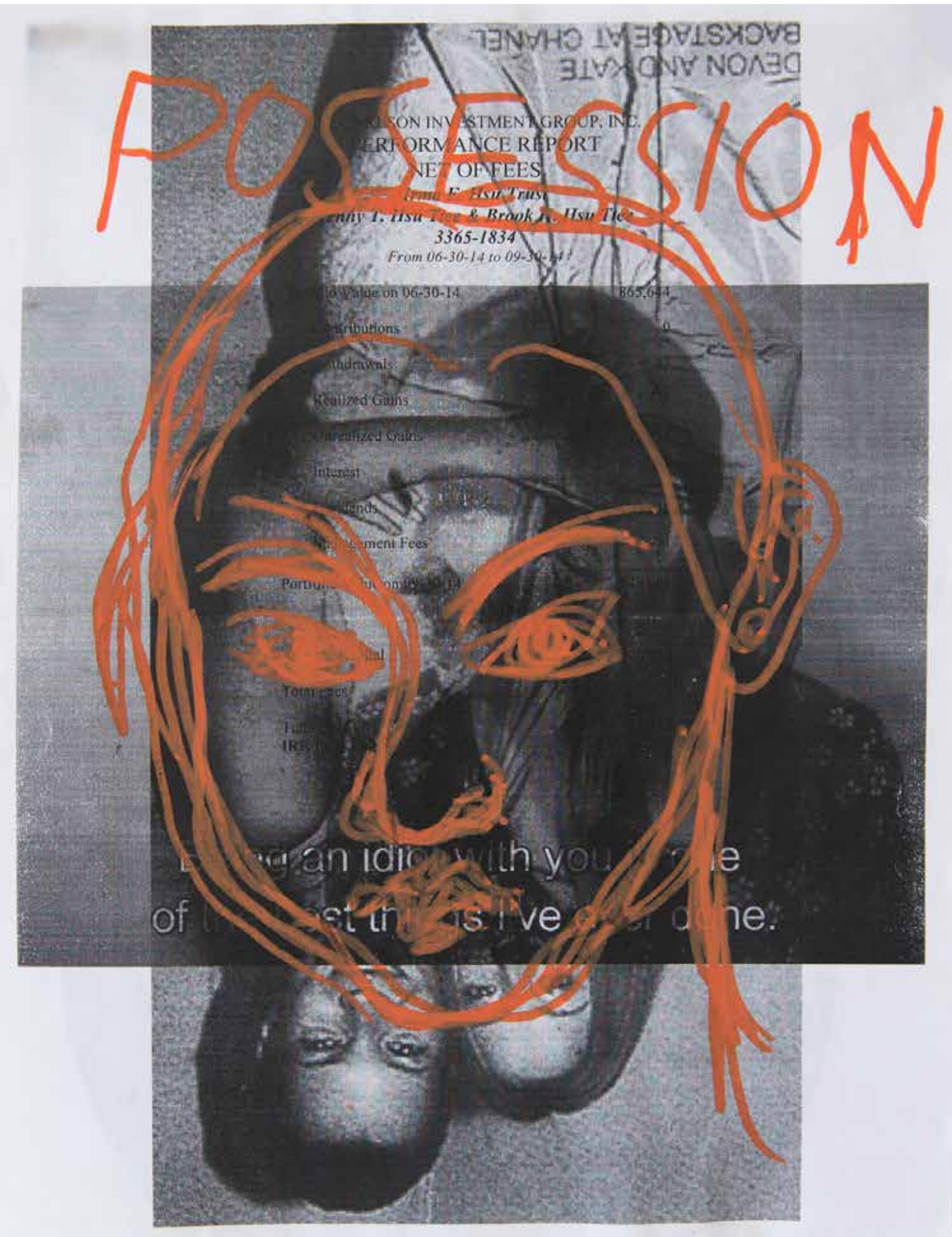




Untitled  
《無題》  
2019

Pen and shellac ink on paper  
紙本鋼筆及蟲膠墨水  
28 x 21.6 cm





*Possession*  
《佔有》  
2016

Pen on paper  
紙上繪畫  
28 x 21.6 cm



*Bad Baby*  
《壞寶貝》  
2017

Acid dyed llama wool  
酸性染色美洲駝絨織品  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變







*Bad Baby*  
《壞寶貝》  
2016

Acid dyed llama wool  
酸性染色美洲駝絨織品  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變





*Herz Aus Glas*  
《玻璃精靈》  
2019

Hand blown glass and shellac ink  
手工吹製玻璃及蟲膠墨水  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變





*Herz Aus Glas* (detail)  
《玻璃精靈》 (局部)  
2019



Footstools  
《腳凳》  
2018

Wood and gel transfer  
凝膠轉印於木材表面  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變







*Butterfly, Rug Jacket, and Bunny Box*  
《蝴蝶、地毯夾克和兔子盒》  
2017

Various  
混合材料  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變





*Dog Boots*  
《狗靴》  
2016

Self-hardening clay  
自硬化凝土  
Dimensions variable  
尺寸可變



# Kiang

馬凌畫廊

kiangmalingue.com

# Malingue

10 Sik On Street, Wanchai, Hong Kong

適安街 10 號 | 灣仔 香港

Open: Tuesday-Saturday 12-6PM

and by appointment.

# Brook Hsu

Office N° | 電話 +852 2810 0317

Born 1987 in Pullman, Washington, USA

## Education

2016 MFA in Painting and Printmaking, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, USA

2010 BFA in Painting, Kansas City Art Institute, Kansas City, Missouri, USA

## Grants, Residencies and Awards

2016 Elizabeth Canfield Hicks Award, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, USA

2009 Ellen Battell Stoeckel Fellowship, Yale University, NewHaven/Norfolk, Connecticut, USA

2005 Merit Scholarship Award, KCAI, Kansas City, Missouri, USA

## Solo Exhibitions

2022

(Upcoming) Kiang Malingue, Hong Kong

2021

Kraupa Tuskany Ziedler, Berlin, Germany

Frieze London, Edouard Malingue Gallery, Hong Kong

"Blue Bunny", Manual Arts, Los Angeles, USA

2019

"Conspiracy theory", Et al. Gallery, San Francisco, California, USA

"pond-love", Bortolami Gallery, New York City, New York, USA

2018

"Fruiting Body", Bahamas Biennale, Detroit, Michigan, USA

2017

"Panic Angel", Deli Gallery, New York City, New York, USA

"Signs of Life", Vernon Gardens, Vernon, California, USA

2015

"Spectra Presents: Brook Hsu", Vacant Farm, Kansas City, Missouri, USA

## Group Exhibitions

2022

"Familiars", Et al. Gallery, San Fransisco, California, USA

"The Practice of Everyday Life", Derosia Gallery, New York City, New York, USA

"Sweet Days of Discipline", Hannah Hoffman Gallery, Los Angeles

2021

Bureau, New York City, New York, USA

"Particularities", X Museum, Beijing, China

"Earthly Coil", Magenta Plains, New York, USA

Art Basel Hong Kong, Edouard Malingue Gallery, Hong Kong

"Modal Soul: George Carr & Brook Hsu", Et al. Gallery, San Francisco, California, USA

2020

"More, More, More", TANK, Shanghai, China

"To Dream a Man", Clima Gallery, Milan, Italy

"Eigenheim", Soft Opening, London, United Kingdom

"LIFE STILL", CLEARING, Brooklyn, New York, USA

"This Sacred Vessel", Arsenal Contemporary, New York City, New York, USA

"Polly", Insect Gallery, Los Angeles, California, USA

"The End of Expressionism", Jan Kaps, Cologne, Germany

2019

"BURiED iN THE SNOW", Institute for Thoughts and Feelings, Tucson, Arizona, USA

"A Cloth Over a Birdcage", Chateau Shatto, Los Angeles, California, USA

"Finders' Lodge", in lieu, Los Angeles, California, USA

"Go Away Road", Loyal, Stockholm, Sweden

"Fever Dream", Gianni Manhattan, Vienna, Austria

"no body to talk to", Invisible-Exports, New York City, New York, USA

2018

"Let Me Consider It From Here", Renaissance Society, Chicago, Illinois, USA

"Flamboyance and Fragility", From the Desk of Lucy Bull, Los Angeles, California, USA



“Defacement”, The Club, Tokyo, Japan  
“Vision of the Other Worlds”, Sargent’s Daughters, New York City, New York, USA  
“Maiden Form”, AEG Underground, New York City, New York, USA  
“Superette”, in lieu, Los Angeles, California, USA  
“bodybodemoreless”, Monaco, St. Louis, Missouri, USA

2017

“Yawnings and Dawnculture”, Peppers Art Gallery, Redlands University, Redlands, California, USA  
“Rodeo Drive”, BBQLA, Art Toronto, Toronto, Canada  
“Bodies on Display”, Mammal Gallery, Atlanta, Georgia, USA  
“Visible Range”, Deli Gallery, New York City, New York, USA  
“Tempt Fest”, Navel Space, Los Angeles, California, USA  
“The Split”, GRIN Contemporary, Providence, Rhode Island, USA  
“Mom...Dad...I’m getting a dog”, Bahamas Biennale, Mukwonago, Wisconsin, USA  
“Visible and Permanent”, Carrie Secrist Gallery, Chicago, Illinois, USA  
“Hobson – Jobson”, BBQLA, Los Angeles, California, USA  
“Mind Control”, Alter Space/Deli Gallery, San Francisco, California, USA

2016

“REPRO”, Untitled Radio, Untitled Art Fair, Miami, Florida, USA  
“Home Improvement”, Bahamas Biennale, Detroit, Michigan, USA  
“CULTURE: 10 Years at Roots & Culture”, Roots & Culture, Chicago, Illinois, USA  
“Natures Department”, Kodomo, Brooklyn, New York, USA  
“Drive”, Tomorrow Gallery, New York City, New York, USA  
“Page (NYC)”, Page Gallery, New York City, New York, USA  
“Partners”, Abrons Art Center, New York City, New York, USA  
“Double Dip”, Green Gallery, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, USA  
“Something Along the Lines of”, 50/50, Kansas City, Missouri, USA

## Bibliography

2020

Simonini, Ross “Beyond Substance, Material Must Be Reckoned”, Mousse #72, July 17.

2019

Halpert, Juliana. “Girlish Whimsy and a Heavy Dose of Nostalgia: Brook Hsu and Maren Karlson’s Fantasy World”, Art in America, October, pp. 93–94.  
McKinnon, Sophie. “Foreign Assessment: Eco System”, Art Zone, March 13.

2018

Karps-Evans, Elizabeth. “30 Under 35 2019”, Cultured Magazine, December.  
Wyma, Chloe. “Review”, Art Forum, Vol. 56, No. 6, February.  
Duguid, Rosalind. “5 Questions with Brook Hsu”, Elephant Magazine, February 5.

2017

Hsu, Brook. “One Piece: Essay (Panic Angel)”, Bomb Magazine, November 27.  
Nunes, Andrew. “A Vibrant Group Show Celebrates Rainbows”, Vice Creators Project, July 21.  
Piejko, Jennifer. “Critics Picks: Los Angeles”, Frieze Magazine, June 20.  
Adler, Zully. “Signs of Life”, Signs of Life, House Rules, May.

Schmitt, Amanda. “The Split” (exhibition catalog), GRIN Contemporary, April 22.  
Wagley, Catherine. “Dog Days”, LA Weekly, March 8.

2016

Bones, Alisa. “Brook Hsu”, Yale Painting/Printmaking MFA Thesis Catalog, July.  
“Editor’s Picks”, New American Paintings: MFA Annual, The OpenStudios Press, May.

2011

Bembnister, Theresa. “Youth Trend on Display in ‘Twenty Something’ at City Arts Projects”, Kansas City Star, October 30.  
Criswall, Jonah. “Soothsayers! A review of Paintings and Drawings: New Work by Max Crutcher and Brook Hsu”, Review: Mid-America’s Visual Arts Publication, July 13.



K

M

許鶴溪

1987年出生於美國華盛頓州普爾曼

## 教育

2016 美國康涅狄格州紐黑文耶魯大學繪畫與版畫碩士  
2010 美國密蘇里州堪薩斯城藝術學院繪畫系學士

## 重要獲獎

2016 美國康涅狄格州紐黑文耶魯大學Elizabeth Canfield Hicks獎  
2009 美國康涅狄格州紐黑文耶魯大學Ellen Battell Stoeckel 獎學金  
2005 美國密蘇里州堪薩斯城藝術學院優秀學生獎學金

## 個展

2022  
(即將展出) 馬凌畫廊，香港

2021  
Kraupa Tuskany Zeidler畫廊，柏林，德國  
倫敦弗里茲博覽會，馬凌畫廊，香港  
「Blue Bunny」，Manual Arts，洛杉磯，美國

2019  
「Conspiracy theory」，Et al. 畫廊，舊金山，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「pond-love」，Bortolami 畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國

2018  
「Fruiting Body」，巴哈馬雙年展，底特律，密歇根州，美國

2017  
「Panic Angel」，Deli 畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Signs of Life」，Vernon Gardens，弗農，加利福尼亞州，美國

2015  
「Spectra Presents: Brook Hsu」，Vacant Farm，堪薩斯城，密蘇里州，美國

## 群展

2022  
「Familiars」，Et al. 畫廊，舊金山，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「The Practice of Everyday Life」，Derosia畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Sweet Days of Discipline」，Hannah Hoffman畫廊，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國

2021  
Bureau畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「微妙之間」，X美術館，北京，中國  
「Earthly Coil」，Magenta Plains，紐約，美國  
香港巴塞爾藝術博覽會，馬凌畫廊，香港  
「Modal Soul: George Carr & Brook Hsu」，Et al. 畫廊，舊金山，加利福尼亞州，美國

2020  
「More, More, More」，油罐藝術中心，上海，中國  
「To Dream a Man」，Clima 畫廊，米蘭，意大利  
「Eigenheim」，Soft Opening畫廊，倫敦，英國  
「LIFE STILL」，CLEARING畫廊，布魯克林，紐約州，美國  
「This Sacred Vessel」，Arsenal Contemporary畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Polly」，Insect畫廊，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「The End of Expressionism」，Jan Kaps畫廊，科隆，德國

2019  
「BURiED iN THE SNOW」，Institute for Thoughts and Feelings，圖森，亞利桑那州，美國  
「A Cloth Over a Birdcage」，Chateau Shatto畫廊，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「Finders' Lodge」，in lieu畫廊，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「Go Away Road」，Loyal畫廊，斯德哥爾摩，瑞典  
「Fever Dream」，Gianni Manhattan畫廊，維也納，奧地利  
「no body to talk to」，Invisible-Exports畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國

2018  
「Let Me Consider It From Here」，文藝復興協會，芝加哥，伊利諾伊州，美國  
「Flamboyance and Fragility」，From the Desk of Lucy Bull，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國



「Defacement」，The Club畫廊，東京，日本  
「Vision of the Other Worlds」，Sargent's Daughters畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Maiden Form」，AEG Underground畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Superette」，in lieu畫廊，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「bodybodymoreless」，Monaco畫廊，聖路易斯，密蘇里州，美國

2017

「Yawnings and Dawnculture」，Peppers Art 畫廊，雷德蘭茲大學，雷德蘭茲，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「Rodeo Drive」，BBQLA畫廊，多倫多藝術博覽會，多倫多，加拿大  
「Bodies on Display」，Mammal畫廊，亞特蘭大，佐治亞州，美國  
「Visible Range」，Deli畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Tempt Fest」，Navel藝術空間，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「The Split」，GRIN畫廊，普羅維登斯，羅德島，美國  
「Mom...Dad...I'm getting a dog」，巴哈馬雙年展，馬闊納戈，威斯康星州，美國  
「Visible and Permanent」，Carrie Secrist畫廊，芝加哥，伊利諾伊州，美國  
「Hobson – Jobson」，BBQLA畫廊，洛杉磯，加利福尼亞州，美國  
「Mind Control」，Alter Space / Deli畫廊，舊金山，加利福尼亞州，美國

2016

「REPRO」，Untitled Radio，Untitled藝術博覽會，邁阿密，佛羅里達州，美國  
「Home Improvement」，巴哈馬雙年展，底特律，密歇根州，美國  
「CULTURE: 10 Years at Roots & Culture」，Roots & Culture藝術中心，芝加哥，伊利諾伊州，美國  
「Natures Department」，Kodomo，布魯克林，紐約州，美國  
「Drive」，Tomorrow 畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Page (NYC)」，Page 畫廊，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Partners」，艾布朗藝術中心，紐約市，紐約州，美國  
「Double Dip」，Green畫廊，耶魯大學，紐黑文，康涅狄格州，美國  
「Something Along the Lines of」，50/50畫廊，堪薩斯城，密蘇里州，美國

出版

2020

「Beyond Substance, Material Must Be Reckoned」，Ross Simonini，Mousse雜誌第72期，7月17日

2019

「Girlish Whimsy and a Heavy Dose of Nostalgia: Brook Hsu and Maren Karlson's Fantasy World」，Juliana Halpert，Art in America，10月，93–94頁  
「Foreign Assessment: Eco System」，Sophie McKinnon，Art Zone，3月13日

2018

「30 Under 35 2019」，Elizabeth Karps-Evans，Cultured雜誌，12月  
「Review」，Chloe Wyma，Art Forum，56期，No. 6，2月  
「5 Questions with Brook Hsu」，Rosalind Duguid，Elephant 雜誌，2月5日

2017

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