

| BROOK HSU | 許鶴溪 |

INTRODUCTION

Brook Hsu (b.1987) lives and works in New York and Wyoming. Hsu received her BFA from the Kansas City Art Institute in 2010 and her MFA from Yale University in 2016. Recent solo exhibitions include: Gladstone, New York (2024); Kiang Malingue, Hong Kong (2022); Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin (2021); Manual Arts, Los Angeles (2021); Bortolami Gallery, New York (2019). Hsu has presented in group exhibitions at Grimm, Amsterdam (2024); David Zwirner, New York (2024); Heidi Gallery, Berlin (2024); Contemporary Fine Arts, Basel (2024); TAO ART, Taipei (2024); Oriole, Hamburg (2024); Et al. Gallery, San Francisco (2024); New York (2024); 14th Shanghai Biennale (2023); K11 Shanghai (2023); Zürich Biennial, Kunsthalle Zürich (2023); Paul Soto, Los Angeles (2023); Adler Beatty, New York (2022); Derosia Gallery, New York (2022); Hannah Hoffman, Los Angeles (2022); kaufmann repetto, New York and Milan (2021); TANK, Shanghai (2020); CLEARING, New York (2020); Jan Kaps, Cologne (2020); Insect Gallery, Los Angeles (2019-2020); Château Shatto, Los Angeles (2019); in lieu, Los Angeles (2019); and The Renaissance Society, Chicago (2018-2019). Hsu's work is part of the collections of X Museum, Beijing; the Long Museum, Shanghai; and Musée d'Art Moderne de Paris.

介紹

許鶴溪(生於1987年)現生活並工作於紐約和懷俄明州。許鶴溪於2010年獲得堪薩斯城藝術學院的BFA學位，並於2016年獲得耶魯大學的MFA學位。她近期的個展包括：格萊斯頓畫廊，紐約(2024)；馬凌畫廊，香港(2022)；Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler 畫廊，柏林(2021)；Manual Arts 畫廊，洛杉磯(2021)；Bortolami 畫廊，紐約(2019)。許鶴溪的作品也曾參與群展，包括：Grimm 畫廊，阿姆斯特丹(2024)；卓納畫廊，紐約(2024)；Heidi 畫廊，柏林(2024)；Contemporary Fine Arts 畫廊，巴塞爾(2024)；TAO ART，台北(4)；Oriole 畫廊，漢堡(2024)；Et al. 畫廊，舊金山(2024)；14屆上海雙年展(2023)；K11，上海(2023)；蘇黎世雙年展，蘇黎世美術館(2023)；Paul Soto 畫廊，洛杉磯(2023)；Adler Beatty 畫廊，紐約(2022)；Derosia 畫廊，紐約(2022)；Hannah Hoffman 畫廊，洛杉磯(2022)；kaufmann repetto 畫廊，紐約和米蘭(2021)；上海油罐藝術中心，上海(2020)；CLEARING 畫廊，紐約(2020)；Jan Kaps 畫廊，科隆(2020)；Insect 畫廊，洛杉磯(2019-2020)；Château Shatto 畫廊，洛杉磯(2019)；in lieu 畫廊，洛杉磯(2019)；文藝復興協會，芝加哥(2018-2019)。許鶴溪的作品已被北京X美術館、上海龍美術館和巴黎現代藝術博物館等機構收藏。

Selected Exhibitions
精選展覽

The Oklahoma Nature Theater

Gladstone Gallery, New York, USA
格萊斯頓畫廊·紐約·美國

08.11 - 20.12.24

Gladstone Gallery presents an exhibition of new paintings by American artist Brook Hsu. The 14 works in this show reflect an artist in transition. She nostalgically revisits past motifs while finding joy in experimenting with new ones. The leap from piece to piece is a nod to the exquisite corpse of narratives and the agency of stories.

“Who tells whose story?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” he replied. They were sitting high up on a ridge, overlooking the valley below to the West. It was early in the morning and the world was saturated with dew, vapor rising up breathily from the boggy areas surrounding the sharp bends in the river below. As if she hadn’t heard his reply, she continued, “Sometimes I wonder, how did I get here?”

“Well you’re here on this mountain with me,” he reassured her, turning her chin to look her in the eyes, “and there’s no where else in the world I’d rather be.”

She was happy, and also in love, but ostensibly adrift. She had the habit of wandering the cul de sacs of her memories, unable –at times– to discern between her own and those that belong to history. The skeletons of her past were alive and well. She observed the brown, shrubby valley below. The chirp of the frogs oscillated from a fuzzy murmur to a choral uproar as the breeze shifted directions, as it was prone to do at this altitude. A moment passed. She responded, tenderly yet detached, “No, I mean, how did I get here as a painter. As an artist? All of these hundreds of years of history and painting, culminating upon me, and I find myself painting the image of a sexy frog in a cowboy hat, over and over, on repeat. What does this have anything to do with Titian or Poussin, Holbein or Cole? Where is the throughline from Mannerism to Romanticism? I feel a deep connection to everything from the myths of Ovid to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows, from Tsai Ming-liang's watermelon sex to Silence of the Lambs. I'm desperately seeking to situate my paintings in the referential supermarket of taste.” She sighed.

At ease, he wrapped his rugged, sun-tanned arm around her frame and chuckled –as if accustomed to these rants– “I don’t know babe. I love you for what you are, not what you paint.” (Little did he know how insulting that can sound to a painter) He kissed her temple, which she accepted.

“I read books, and I travel and I research, and I have this mental map that connects everything from Murakami, Klossowski, Oklahoma, Polke, Kafka, Kippenberger, Kawara... each cover I close I'm drawn to open a new one. I feel I'm in a labyrinth.” She paused, eyes wide open, staring at a darter that sat perched atop a sturdy blade of sawgrass, wobbling slightly underneath the insect’s weight. Then, like a knee jerk reaction (or even like vomiting), she guffawed. It was a gaggle, not just a giggle. She was pleased at how her body could surprise her. As her uproar calmed into a giggle, he joined in, picked up the grey-green suede cowboy hat from her side and placed it atop her head, where it fit perfectly.

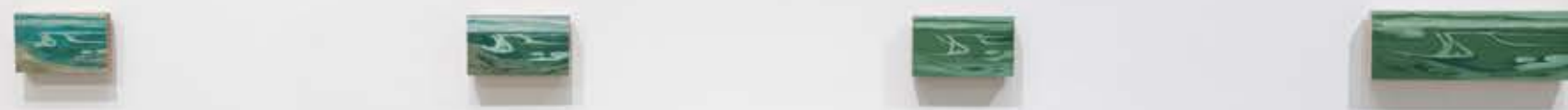
As they looked out on the landscape, the fog was rising along with the sharp angle of the first rays of sun, distorting the perspective of everything in front of them. It was at that moment that she realized that the colors in her paintings of this place were just an emotional projection, not based in reality. She realized that figure and ground could just be a theory; it didn’t have to be a fact. She thought about how the act of painting had been a cathartic action throughout all of her life. All along it was more in the body than in the mind. For a fleeting moment, she achieved the peace of those who are incomplete, but who belong.

- Text by Gladstone



Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」展覽現場，Gladstone畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by: David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
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Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by: David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



View of the Green River From the Pinedale Anticline (Trapper's Point)
2024

Oil on wood
8.9 x 15.2 cm



View of the Green River From the Pinedale Anticline (Trapper's Point)
2024

Oil on wood
8.9 x 15.2 cm



View of the Green River From the Pinedale Anticline (Trapper's Point)
2024

Oil on wood
8.9 x 14 cm



View of the Green River From the Pinedale Anticline (Trapper's Point)
2024

Oil on wood
10.2 x 29.8 cm



Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」展覽現場，Gladstone畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by: David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



Good-Bye Hannah
2024

Ink on canvas
Diptych
101.6 x 139.7 cm each



Good-Bye Hannah
2024

Ink on canvas
101.6 x 139.7 cm



Good-Bye Hannah
2024

Ink on canvas
101.6 x 139.7 cm



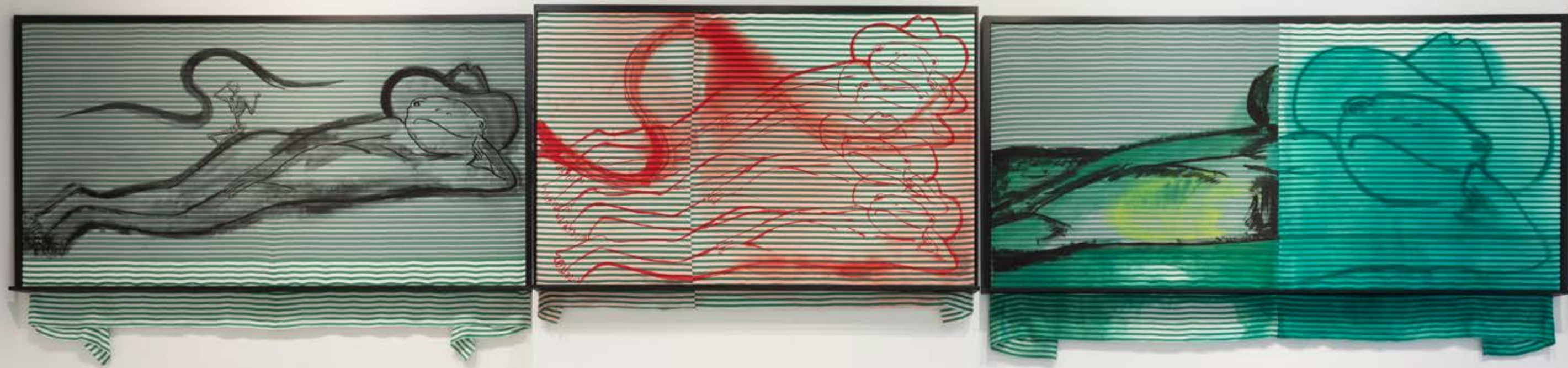
Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」展覽現場，Gladstone畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



The Oklahoma Nature Theater
2024

Ink on canvas
152.4 x 182.9 cm



Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」展覽現場，Gladstone畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by: David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



In the Frog World It's OK!
2024

Fabric and ink on canvas
Work: 132.1 x 195.6 cm
Framed: 137.2 x 201.9 x 8.9 cm



In the Frog World It's OK!
2024

Fabric and ink on canvas
Work: 127 x 221 cm
Framed: 132.1 x 227.3 x 8.3 cm



In the Frog World It's OK!
2024

Fabric and ink on canvas
Work: 115.6 x 165.1 cm
Framed: 119.4 x 168.3 x 8.3 cm



Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」展覽現場，Gladstone畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by: David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



Flaying of Marsyas
2024

Ink on canvas
Work: 101.6 x 266.7 cm
Framed: 103.8 x 264.8 x 10.2 cm



Flaying of Marsyas
2024

Ink on canvas
Work: 101.6 x 266.7 cm
Framed: 103.8 x 264.8 x 10.2 cm



Installation view, "The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」展覽現場，Gladstone畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of Gladstone Gallery. Photo by: David Regen
圖片由Gladstone畫廊提供。攝影：David Regen



View of the Green River From the Pinedale Anticline (Trapper's Point)
2024

Oil on wood
14 x 34.9 cm

For Her Blue-Chip Gallery Debut, Rising Artist Brook Hsu Paints Her Own Vision of the Wild West

Brook Hsu brings viridian visions of her home state of Oklahoma to New York's Gladstone Gallery.

Katie White
November 8, 2024

“It was a bit of a Proustian adventure, what happened to me,” said Brook Hsu during a recent conversation. Hsu was talking to me on a video call from her home in Wyoming. She had recently put the finishing touches on the works for her much-anticipated new solo exhibition “The Oklahoma Nature Theater,” which opens at Gladstone in New York today.

Hsu (b. 1987) has been on the rise in the art world for the past few years and is known for her deeply nuanced approach to painting and in-depth art historical engagements, which she often explores on her Instagram. Since earning an MFA from Yale University in 2016, she's been the subject of numerous solo exhibitions at respected galleries including Bortolami in New York and Manual Arts in Los Angeles. But this exhibition feels like a moment of arrival. “The Oklahoma Nature Theater” is her first New York show with Gladstone, following an intimate 2022 exhibition at Rome's Sant'Andrea de Scaphis that was organized by the gallery.

The show's works, 14 of them made over the past year, are materially experimental, ranging from small oil paintings on wood to ink on canvas to fabric and ink on canvas examples, a more recent development. The artist is known for her almost stubborn devotion to small-scale paintings and her bold embrace of a viridian green palette, which gives her paintings a quality both organic and almost toxically alien.

But Hsu, an Oklahoma native who spent years living in New York, has been pulled back West, both physically and artistically, and here explores the visual language of the American West and its legacy. For instance, in one of the new works, *In the Frog World It's OK!*, a cartoon frog in a cowboy hat lounges in languorous repose. The image is comic but oddly familiar. Have I seen this frog before, I wondered. Hsu's works have that effect sometimes, teetering on the edge of a memory that might give way to another memory, like falling through a well in your mind, the story expanding.

The artist experiences those sensations too. The press release for “Oklahoma Nature Theater” comes in the form of a short story by the writer Amanda Schmitt. In the story, an unnamed woman painter, who we can assume to be a fictionalized version of Hsu, sits on a mountainside with a man, her lover, and ponders, “How did I get here as a painter? As an artist? All of these hundreds of years of history and painting, culminating upon me, and I find myself painting the image of a sexy frog in a cowboy hat, over and over, on repeat. What does this have anything to do with Titian or Poussin, Holbein or Cole?”

But it all does, in some form, tie together, through a “Proustian adventure” which carried Hsu back to Oklahoma and Wyoming. One day almost a year ago, she was looking at the work of the post-war German artist Martin Kippenberger. Hsu has been influenced by a sweep of German painters, from 19th-century landscapists to the postwar era. But she had never fully connected with Kippenberger's work and was trying to find a way in.

“I was looking at Martin Kippenberger's last work, The Happy End of Franz Kafka's ‘Amerika,’” she said, describing the work as an installation “on a vast green floor with all these different furniture arrangements.” Looking at the work, which Kippenberger made in 1994, three years before his untimely death at age 44, Hsu felt compelled to read the end of Kafka's novel, which the Czech author penned between 1911 and 1914.

“The main character finds himself just stumbling through life and ends up in America,” she explained, “He winds up seeing this ad for work at the Great Nature Theater of Oklahoma. The advertisement says that they hire everyone, anyone can come. So he goes on an interview and is shuffled through all these different tents. Horses are everywhere.”

The story startled Hsu, with Oklahoma offering a direct link between Kippenberger, Kafka, and, herself. The story also made her remember a poster she had in her childhood kitchen. “It was for the Pawnee Bill Wild West Show. I couldn't get it out of my head,” she said. “I kept thinking: Did Kafka see a Wild West show? Where was Oklahoma in this story? It spurred all these questions centered on an ambivalent object of my childhood.”

Hsu's childhood poster was long gone, and the artist couldn't find any record of it online. Eventually, she tracked down the original at the Pawnee Bill Ranch, not far from where she grew up. “I went and looked at the original poster,” she said. “I drew from it. I took pictures. I talked to a lot of historians, including the head of the Oklahoma Historical Society.”

The historian suggested Hsu head to Cody, Wyoming, to visit the Buffalo Bill Wild West Museum for more answers. There Hsu learned that Buffalo Bill's Wild West did travel to Germany as well as Austria-Hungary during the years of Kafka's childhood and was well-received.

“All these narratives kept tying into more narratives, making links between the history of painting as well as my own story,” she said. “It was almost random to me that I grew up in Oklahoma, but it's a big part of me, too. Even though I left when I was 19, the place still feels so present in all of my works no matter what.”

For the past two years, Hsu has been living part-time in Pinedale, Wyoming (she still keeps a studio in New York) and has spent countless hours reading at the local library. There, the local art books are mainly rooted in Western expansion, she told me. “The first images of the West, which helped establish the national parks and helped advertise for Western expansion, are often credited to the influence of British painters, to Turner and Constable. But there was a connection, for some of the artists, to Albert Bierstadt, and the German academy and history painting. Germany and Americans have these repeated exchanges.”

In the works that have arisen from this stew of research, she pulls from everything from her own interpretation of Thomas Cole's 1826 painting *View from Mount Holyoke, Northampton, Massachusetts, after a Thunderstorm—The Oxbow* to a reference to the scene in *The Silence of the Lambs* in which Hannibal Lecter tells Clarice to see Titian's *Flaying of Marsyas* (1570-76) at the National Gallery of Art. They also reference landscapes with which Hsu has directly interacted. (It might be surprising to some that these paintings are the first time Hsu is painting real, rather than imagined, landscapes).

One painting shows Trapper's Point in Wyoming, a conservation site that is also one of the world's largest natural gas reserves. “One side has been fracked for natural gas and the other side is a conservation site that preserves the last large mammal migration path for the pronghorn antelope. People have been going there for thousands of years to hunt,” Hsu explained. “But it was also where my boyfriend asked me to be his girlfriend.”

Such intimate allusions are hidden throughout her works. Coming away from our conversation, I had the thought that while Hsu is a painter, in her own way, she is really a storyteller, a mythmaker whose stories fold in on themselves, overlap, and unfurl. She is, in conversation, so easy to listen to, the cadence of her voice, rhythmic and lulling, like wind rustling a field of wheat. Hsu is a child of the prairie, and her paintings are, in real ways, a portrait of America, at once frightening, majestic, lonely, and vaudevillian, that she relates to us beside a campfire and under a sky full of stars.

David Zwirner presents an exhibition exploring the art and legacy of self-taught American painter Jon Serl (Joseph Searles, 1894–1993), which will take place at the gallery’s East 69th Street location in New York. Organized in collaboration with the artist Sam Messer, this exhibition will feature a robust selection of works by Serl as well as those by contemporary painters—including Messer, Katherine Bradford, Louis Fratino, Brook Hsu, Andy Robert, Dana Schutz, and Josh Smith—who are inspired by his imaginative compositions.

Jon Serl: No straight lines

David Zwirner, New York, USA
卓納畫廊·紐約·美國

19.09 - 26.10.24



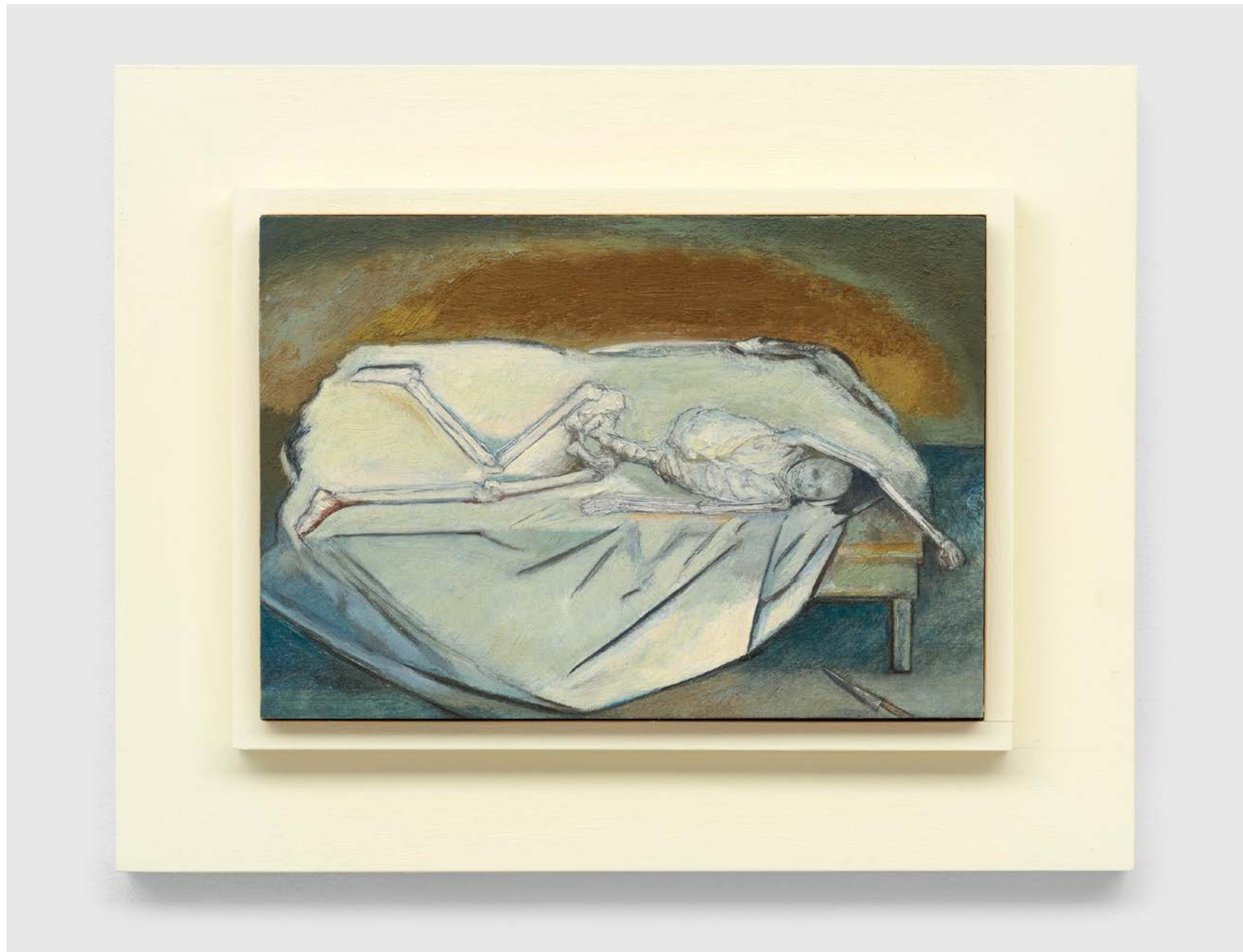
Installation view, "Jon Serl: No straight lines", David Zwirner, New York, 2024
「Jon Serl: No straight lines」展覽現場，卓納畫廊，紐約，2024年

Image courtesy of David Zwirner. Photo by: Chase Barnes
圖片由卓納畫廊提供。攝影：Chase Barnes



La Victime
2023

Oil and pencil on wood
木板鉛筆油彩
Work: 13.97 x 27.94 cm
Framed: 22.5 x 36.5 cm



La Victime
2023

Oil and pencil on wood
木板鉛筆油彩
Work: 13.97 x 20.32 cm
Framed: 22.5 x 28.9 cm

TAO ART presents the group exhibition *Symbiotic Longing*, organized jointly with Kiang Malingue and bringing together the works of four female artists: Brook Hsu (b. 1987), Liu Yin (b. 1984), Yang Chi-Chuan (b. 1985), and Wang Zhibo (b. 1981). They live and make art in different regions, each expressing their unique perspectives with the use of distinct materials. Their works reflect a shared empathy with nature and the raw aspects of humanity. Through the power of genuine emotion, they reveal, respond to, or resist the human condition, transforming reality to create new experiences, connections, and possibilities. The exhibition uses the idea of the symbiotic state as an imaginary thread, weaving through the intermediate space as embodied in the art practices of these artists, allowing the viewer to traverse the divides between the artificial and the natural, self and object, internal perception and external reality, moving ultimately toward a wholeness of life.

Brook Hsu' two paintings titled *A Birthday Carol* (2020) and *A Birthday Carol 3* (2020) are inspired by a birthday card the artist had received, on which a group of tadpoles singing on the left, while a frog conducting on the right, both illustrated in anthropomorphic style. On two carpets, Hsu uses ink and acrylic paint with permeating, soaking brushstrokes to paint parts of the image, giving the amphibians a mysterious, peculiar texture, as if suffused with a human quality once removed from their original context. Another two drawings depict human figures with the use of meticulous lines. The innocent expression in *Study for Portrait of a Girl* (2022), and the nude, kneeling posture in *Study for Girl* (2022) elicit a sense of vulnerability. At a time when women's reproductive rights and sexual autonomy are constantly under threat, the ingenues in these works seem to interrogate the violence of the world, awaiting the viewer's response.

TAO ART與馬凌畫廊合作的聯展「共生渴望(Symbiotic Longing)」，集合了許鶴溪(Brook Hsu)、劉茵、楊季涓、王之博四位藝術家們富於色彩、質地與生命力的作品。她們生活及創作於不同地域，各自以獨特的媒材及觀點，表現出對自然的共感與人性中赤裸、開放的面向，以真實的情感力量去揭露、回應或抵抗人類處境，對現實進行某種轉化，藉此創造出新的感知經驗、連結與可能性。展覽以共生狀態為想像，探索這幾位藝術家透過創作體現的過渡性空間，帶領觀者穿越人造與自然、自體與客體、內在感知與外在現實之間的分野，朝向生命的整體性。

最大展間中呈現的是許鶴溪以《生日頌歌》(2020)和《生日頌歌3》(2022)為題的兩件繪畫作品，靈感來自藝術家收到的一張生日賀卡。這幅印刷圖像運用了擬人化手法 (anthropomorphism)，左側是一群蝌蚪在合唱，右側則是一隻擔任指揮的青蛙。她在這兩張地毯上分別以墨水和壓克力顏料以滲透、浸染的筆觸繪上圖像局部，讓畫面中的兩棲生物在脫離了原先的脈絡之後，彷彿被賦予了人的生命能量，展現出神秘迥異的質地。另外兩幅以細緻線條描繪的人物手稿，無論是《女孩的肖像》(2022)中的天真神情，或《女孩》(2022)中赤身裸體的跪姿，都讓人有一種脆弱易傷的感覺。在女性生育自由與性自主權仍然不斷承受威脅的當下，畫面中的年輕女孩彷彿對於世間的暴力提出質問，等待觀者的回應。

Symbiotic Longing 共生渴望

27.07 – 21.09.2024

TAO ART, Taipei, Taiwan
TAO ART, 台北, 台灣



Installation view, "Symbiotic Longing", TAO ART, Taipei, Taiwan, 2024
展覽現場,「共生渴望」,TAO ART,台北市,台灣,2024年

Image courtesy of TAO ART. Photo: Chen You-Wei
圖片提供:TAO ART。攝影:陳又維



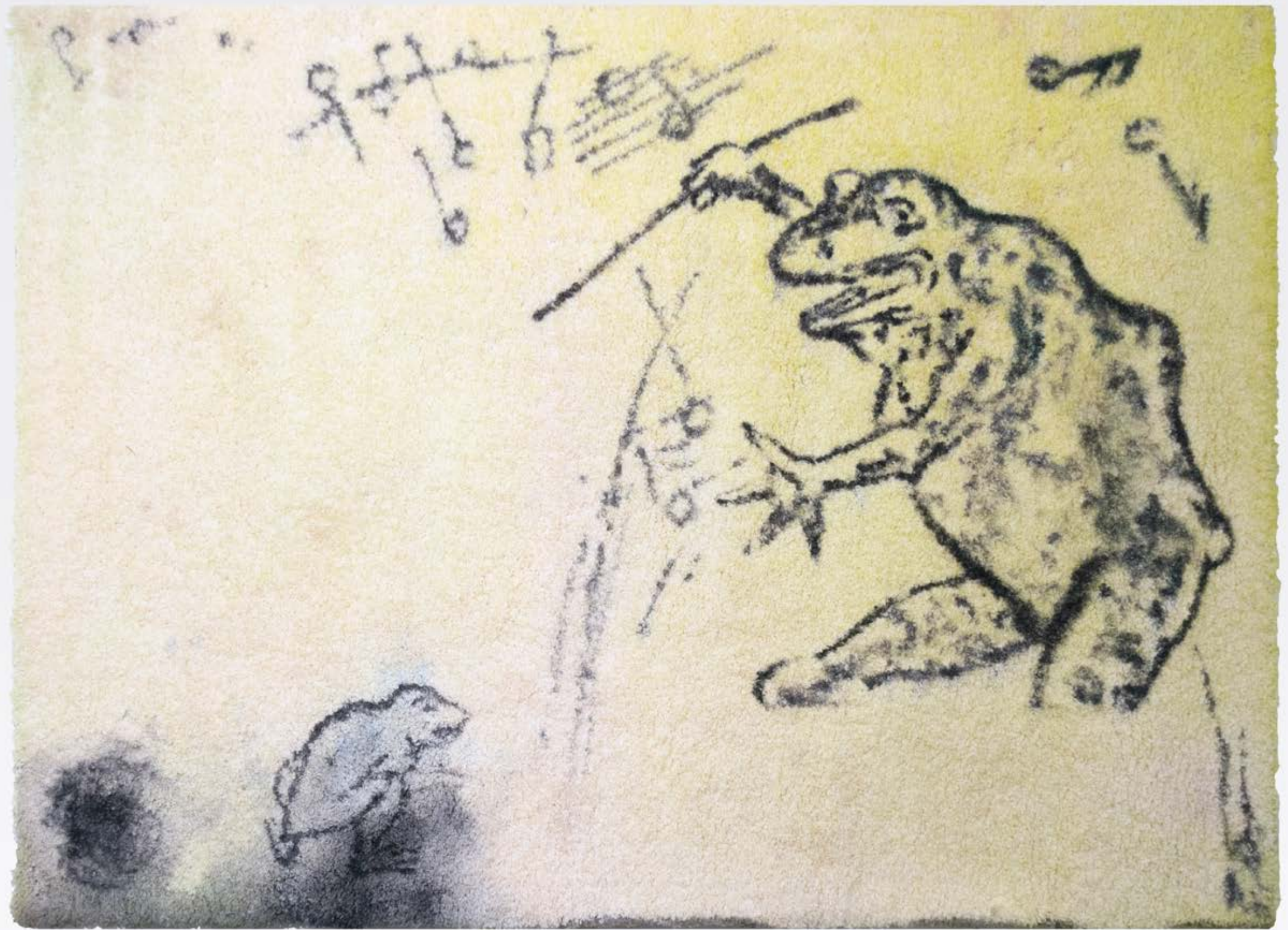
Installation view, "Symbiotic Longing", TAO ART, Taipei, Taiwan, 2024
展覽現場,「共生渴望」,TAO ART,台北市,台灣,2024年

Image courtesy of TAO ART. Photo: Chen You-Wei
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A Birthday Carol
《生日頌歌》
2020

Ink and acrylic on carpet
地毯上墨水·丙烯
152.4 x 213.36 cm



A Birthday Carol 3
《生日頌歌3》
2020

Ink and acrylic on carpet
地毯上墨水、丙烯
152.4 x 213.4 cm

Cosmos Cinema
宇宙電影

14th Shanghai Biennale, Shanghai, China
第14屆上海雙年展，上海，中國

9.11.23 - 31.3.23



Installation view, "Cosmos Cinema", 14th Shanghai Biennale, Shanghai, 2023
「許鶴溪」展覽現場，第14屆上海雙年展，上海，2023年

Image courtesy of the Power Station of Art
圖片由the Power Station of Art提供



Installation view, "Cosmos Cinema", 14th Shanghai Biennale, Shanghai, 2023
「許鶴溪」展覽現場，第14屆上海雙年展，上海，2023年

Image courtesy of the Power Station of Art
圖片由the Power Station of Art提供



Installation view, "Cosmos Cinema", 14th Shanghai Biennale, Shanghai, 2023
「許鶴溪」展覽現場，第14屆上海雙年展，上海，2023年

Image courtesy of the Power Station of Art
圖片由the Power Station of Art提供

Brook Hsu

許鶴溪

Sant'Andrea de Scaphis, Rome, Italy
Sant'Andrea de Scaphis·羅馬·義大利

15.12.22 - 25.2.23

Brook Hsu opened December 15 in Rome with 24 paintings that form a green line around the interior of Sant'Andrea de Scaphis.

Brook Hsu (b. 1987) deploys and weaves the autobiographical and the mythopoetic into paintings using an array of materials, including ink, oil paint, industrial carpets, and off-cuts of ready-made lumber. The sources for Hsu's imagery come from her own observations, sometimes arising from art history, film and literature. Working across painting, drawing, sculpture and writing, her works aim to question how we define representation today, producing abstract and figurative works that employ a host of signs and motifs, recounting stories of love, pain and humor. Hsu says of her practice, "I seek to understand what we value in life by asking how we value the world."

'... classical stories about lovers ... No kisses, nothing of that sort ... It was all so pure! That's why they are famous ... feelings that cannot be given form are never forgotten ...'

He raises his head and sniffs the air like an animal. 'Here it's like in Russia. I don't know why ... You know, there is a joke.' He suddenly switches into Russian. 'One bloke's pulling another bloke out of a huge, deep pool of shit ... He was almost choking ... But he pulls him out, risking his own life ... So there they are, lying on the edge of the revolting bog, and panting ... they're both worn out ... finally the one who was pulled out asks with a funny look: "What was that for? Why did you pull me out?"

"What do you mean why? I saved you," says the rescuer, puzzled.

"You idiot," the rescued man says, terribly offended. "You idiot, that's my home." Gorchakov laughs out loud with glee. 'But of course you don't understand a thing ...' and he continues in his wretched Italian: 'What's your name?'

'Marco,' answers the boy, uncertainly.

'That's the stuff. Are you happy? ...'

'What with?'

'Everything ... life?'

'Life ... life ... of course I am.'

Gorchakov lies on the ground and gazes up at the cold and clear autumn sky. Nearby, in the fire, glows his forgotten book of poetry ...

– ANDREI TARKOVSKY
Nostalgia, 1983



Installation view, "Brook Hsu", Sant'Andrea de Scaphis, Rome, December 15, 2022 - February 25, 2023.
「許鶴溪」展覽現場，Sant'Andrea de Scaphis，羅馬，2022年12月15日 - 2023年2月25日

Image courtesy of the artist, Gladstone Gallery, and Sant'Andrea de Scaphis
圖片由藝術家、Gladstone畫廊及 Sant'Andrea de Scaphis提供
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Oranges, Clementines and Tangerines

橙, 柑橘和橘

2022

Kiang Malingue, Hong Kong

馬凌畫廊, 香港

6.10 - 10.11.22

Brook Hsu's paintings are living and breathing, fueled by a commitment to her visual language. Comfort and illness reside in verdant shades, amplifying the artist's role as practitioner of care and synthesizer of personal experience.

Hsu insists that formlessness takes its own shape, resulting in an unbridled swell of abstract and figurative forms. Skeletons, girls and hares - expressions of animation within and beyond the mortal realm - emerge alongside efforts to maintain painting's viability. Loops and lines commingle in sensuous fields of green and blue. Iron oxide enters as a violent sabotage, disrupting the more pensive hues while also providing complement to them: red as love and anger, green as tranquility and nature: It's an unholy matrimony of opposites. Hsu just can't seem to find her way out of green. Conceptual double binds execute the same tempestuous dance in her practice: love and death, violence and desire, bittersweetness. She reconciles differences by encouraging communion.

Tragedy strikes and so does the brush. The content of Hsu's work is generated in service of satisfying a painful event by transmuting it into something else. In the act of painting, rehearsals and demonstrations of love are fostered by affection and time invested. Koether's maxim provides a competitive dimension, "Can desire be reinvented with and in painting? Slowly against the tide?" (Hsu has transcribed part of this lecture on fluorescent orange paper, which is on view in the gallery). The crisis of love and desire cannot be understated - nurture sustains the former while lack prompts the latter. This becomes a paradox that Hsu is tasked with working through. Desire proliferates as she paints, mirroring that of a lover who seeks an embrace from the Other. Consequently, an erotic tether is inscribed within the compositions - they become loving objects.

Drawing and reading are foundational to Hsu's practice, her literary reference points making themselves known, whether scrawled on paper or evidenced in forms. Her drawings are intrinsically diaristic - providing the closest access point to the artist's most intimate domain. "Drawing is a great school of truth and exactingness" proclaims Balthus! This exhibition is the first time that Hsu's works on paper are viewable alongside her paintings, registering as a gesture to elevate drawing onto the painting field. The intimacy of pen and paper becomes maximized by its transformation on the canvas. One can see Hsu's consistent elaboration of forms alighted on different surfaces.

The spiral is a recurring form, compelling due to its uncategorical nature as either abstract or figurative. Its communicative properties are based in the eye of the beholder and the producer at once, an arcane exchange. Building an alphabetical code out of its symbology and eternal promise, Hsu asks again and again, "What is a spiral?" In one composition, beneath a tangle of stains rendered in blue, green and red, "SCIENCE" is written in a spiral script.

In an interview with Benjamin H. D. Buchloh, Jutta Koether professed "I tried to find operations to pull painting into a problematized terrain where it could perform a change on its own terms, where it could develop into something that was not merely rehashed or pastiched but actively dealt with its own fucked-up history, its pleasures and pains," a distinct onus in Hsu's practice as well. She is a disciple of her predecessors - making her references known. A Koether and Balthus union rendered with her specific formalism. Hsu's process is nonetheless sustained between canvases, an untitled ink composition and Oranges each bear Hsu's

signature mark-making. The latter partially exposes an illustrative skull-and-bones figure carrying a heap of orbic fruits - an energetic counter to Cézanne's placid still lifes.

In Hsu's *Pan et son élève*, Pierre Klossowski's Satan and flute player are replaced by two blue skeletons. Hsu's contemporary manifestation is discrete and suffused with frivolity as she pares down the original's perversities. She performs an operation of sketches rather than rendering minutiae, subsuming antecedents within her own vocabulary, searching and destroying in an infinite loop. Klossowski astutely notes that "Intensity is subject to a moving chaos without beginning or end," with one's self as the most dynamic sign, "Everything is led back to a single discourse, namely, to fluctuations of intensity that correspond to the thought of everyone and no one." Frames of reference yield to this proverb: authorship remains an unstable tension prone to updates and divergences.

Olympia sees a grid set faintly beyond a skeleton sprawled out atop a mess of books. The geometry is fussily doubled in the unorganized collection of literature situated at the painting's fore. What's crucial here is the painting's relationship to Manet, made explicit by its title and exacted in the cartoonish figure's sprawl as it improvises the original's prostitute. Death and knowledge appear again in *Meet Me at the Library*, this time with sex as a new recruit. The two boney figures copulate in a similar pile of books, this time with haphazard shelves mounted in the background. Hsu reproduces settings and subjects with intrepid revisions, destabilizing whatever mythos her viewers may come to understand in other works. She poses affronts to her own oeuvre as well as to those of artists with whom she shares a lineage.

Hsu's material approach is deeply entwined with the work of other artists. In regard to her use of fabric, this is especially the case with Sigmar Polke. Hsu invokes his tripartite usage of fabrics as ground, form, and iconography (Christine Mehring identifies this approach in the essay "Polke's Patterns"). How can sourced materials aid in the compositional process? How does the tangibility of cloth furnish context, texture, and form? Ink stains these textiles - art and design are staged in harmony and conflict at once. Subject is the point at which the two artists' paths diverge. Hsu paints in deference to old masters, the portrait of a girl persisting over the fabrics. In contrast to Polke's women-as-material, the agency of Hsu's girl is presupposed by defiant stances, sensitive linework, and repetition of form.

Allegories, personal experience, fact, fiction, and cultural products are all embedded in a fertile mass of reference material. Hsu's inspirations and modes of creation are porous, consistently seeping into one another, and ultimately through her filtration system. She establishes a catalog of touchstones in an effort to renegotiate epochal virtues. Hsu's endurance as a painter is inscribed with love's status as a verb - continuity defines "success" in both endeavors. In seeking understanding she finds herself enmeshed within painting's historicity and its ability to rupture time's supposed linearity.

– Text by Reilly Davidson

許鶴溪於2016年「橙」展覽中展出的《橙》。這幅畫作以鮮豔的色彩和強烈的對比度，展現了藝術家的獨特風格和對色彩的敏銳感知。

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許鶴溪的繪畫是有生命的、呼吸著的，在其中充盈的是對其視覺語言的專注。恬靜和病態均棲息於她艷綠色的畫面中，強調了藝術家作為看護者及個體經驗合成者的身份。

許鶴溪堅持要讓無形之物獲得形狀，在創作時催生了肆意擴張的抽象及具象形式。骷髏、女孩及野兔——在有涯之生領域內外的生命體現——這些具象形象不斷湧現；藝術家亦同時致力於保持繪畫的潛能。另一方面，抽象的圓環及線條也在綠色或藍色的色域中交融流淌。在作品中時而出現的鐵鏽色則是暴戾的構陷元素，干擾了沈靜的畫面色彩，但也為其提供了補充：代表愛慾與憤怒的紅色，代表寧靜與自然的綠色——這是激烈對立面的不潔聯姻。許鶴溪似乎完全不能從綠色中逃逸。其創作在觀念層面的雙重網綁結構總能跳出狂亂的舞蹈：愛與死、暴力與慾望、苦與樂。通過鼓勵分饗，她讓差異得以與彼此和解。

悲劇落了下來，畫筆也落了下來。許鶴溪作品的主題因此目的而生：將痛苦事件轉化為他種情感。在繪畫行動中，愛的排演及展示是通過傾注情感及時間來催發的。尤塔·科特爾的定理提供了一種對比參照維度：「慾望能否通過繪畫、在繪畫之內再造？緩慢地、力排眾浪潮地再造？」（許鶴溪在此次展覽中展出的橘色螢光紙作品上轉寫了科特爾此次講座的部分內容）。愛和慾望的危機不可被輕視——自然維持了前者，而缺失催生了後者。這種危機是個矛盾，而許鶴溪在創作時致力於解決這一矛盾。慾望在其動筆作畫時不斷繁殖，反映了一個愛人渴求來自他者的擁抱的願望。最終，她在眾多構圖中嵌入了一條情慾紐帶——這些畫作變成了愛之物。

素描和閱讀對於許鶴溪的創作來說是非常重要的，她不吝於展露其文學參考，常在紙上直接寫出來自文學作品的語句或是描繪相關的形象。其素描作品的內核是日記式的——提供了直接通往藝術家最私密領域的路徑。巴爾蒂斯曾感嘆：「素描是真相與確切性的偉大學院。」此次「橙，柑橘和橘」展覽首次同時展出了許鶴溪的繪畫及素描作品，在展示姿態上將素描提升至了繪畫的領域。筆與紙的親密關係因藝術家在畫布上完成的進一步轉化工作而被無限放大。觀眾可在這些不同媒介的作品中觀察到許鶴溪在眾多繪畫表面上發展的形式一致性。

螺旋是常在許鶴溪作品中出現的形式，因其既抽象又具象的不可分類特質而引人入勝。觀者和創作者的目光共同催生了這螺旋的溝通屬性——一種奧秘的交流形式。許鶴溪以螺旋的象徵主義及循環許諾建立了一種字母書寫體系，一次又一次地詢問：「螺旋是什麼？」在其中一幅作品中，在藍色、綠色及紅色渲染得出的斑跡下，藝術家以螺旋字體寫下「科學」。

在一次與本傑明·H. D.布克洛的對談中，尤塔·科特爾指出：「我想要找到能夠將繪畫拉入一個被問題化處理的領域，讓它得以依照自身邏輯進行變化，讓它得以發展出一種不僅是循環再用或重複利用其自身糟糕歷史的型態，而是能夠積極地去面對這歷史，面對其中的愉悅與悲痛」——許鶴溪也將此視為己任。她是眾多先輩畫家的學徒，毫不吝嗇於展示其靈感來源，其特異的形式主義沾染了科特爾與巴爾蒂斯的融合風格。許鶴溪在不同畫作之間維繫了同一個連續的創作過程：一幅無題水墨作品和以《橙》為題的布面作品均體現了她的標誌性

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在《潘神和他的學徒》中，許鶴溪將皮埃爾·克羅沃斯基的撒旦與吹笛人形象轉換成了兩具藍色骷髏形象。她的當代詮釋是不連續、不嚴肅的，降低了原作的乖張意味。她在這裏進行的是整體描繪行動，而非糾結於細枝末節；她用自身的語言體系吸收了前人的語彙，在無盡循環中進行探尋與破壞行動。克羅沃斯基曾犀利地指出：「運動中的、無首無尾的混沌決定了力度」；一個人的自我是最富活力的象徵，而「所有事物都將被引領回一個單一話語中去，也就是回歸至力度的波動至中去。這波動與每個人的思維相關聯，同時也不與任何人的思維相關聯。」藝術創作的參考框架也為這陳述提供了支持：作者性始終是一種需要不斷更新、不斷產生分歧的不穩定張力。

許鶴溪的《奧林匹亞》中有一具癱在書堆上的骷髏，其上還罩著一層薄薄的網格。這幾何形式與散落在畫面前景處的文學著作互為呼應。很重要的一點，是這繪畫與馬奈的關係——作品標題即指向了馬奈，而帶有漫畫色彩的癱軟骷髏也就是馬奈的《奧林匹亞》中妓女形象的即興演繹。死亡與知識在《在圖書館與我相見》再次出現，這作品中新加入了性愛情景：兩個瘦骨嶙峋的形象在另一堆散落的書上做愛，背景中有書架和大量七零八落的書目。許鶴溪通過大膽的修正工作重塑前人創制的景象及主題，讓觀眾從其他作品中了解到的神秘知識重新變得不穩定。她在自身藝術實踐及其他與其共享創作脈絡的藝術家之前擺出鮮明的繪畫姿態。

許鶴溪的創作材料選擇也與其他藝術家的傾向緊密相連。在使用織物、布料這件事上，她與西格瑪·波爾克的聯繫尤其顯著。許鶴溪引用了波爾克分為三種模式的布料使用方法——基底、形式及偶像（克莉絲汀·梅林在《波爾克的圖樣》中指認了這種創作方法）。覓得來的材料要如何對構圖過程做出貢獻？布料的實體性要如何妝點語境、肌理及形式？墨汁沁入這些布料中去——藝術與設計的關係既是和諧的，又是互相衝突的。這兩位藝術家在主題層面則大相徑庭。許鶴溪在創作時尊重老大師們，讓女性肖像處於布料之上。波爾克將女性用作材料，而許鶴溪筆下女孩的主體性則配備有不敬的姿態，敏感的線條輪廓，以及重複的形式。

寓言、個體經驗、事實、虛構及眾多文化產物均內嵌在許鶴溪豐饒的參考材料體系中。她的靈感及創作模式是多孔、富有吸收性的，不斷彼此滲透，而這全是在其過濾系統內發生的。她建立了一整套的試金石，以重新協調時代精神。許鶴溪作為畫家的強韌體現在作為動詞的「愛」身上——持續性即是繪畫與愛是否「成功」的重要定義。在尋求理解之時，許鶴溪將其自身陷入繪畫的歷史性中去，陷入繪畫在線性時間中創造裂縫的潛能中去。

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Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong

Study for Jutta Koether on Agnes Martin
《手稿：尤塔·科特爾論艾格尼絲·馬丁》
2022

Artist on Artist Lecture Series, Dia Art Foundation, YouTube, August 1, 2016, pen on paper, with artist frame
Dia藝術基金會「藝術家論藝術家」系列講座錄像，2016年8月1日於YouTube，紙上鋼筆，配有藝術家定製畫框
74.5 x 65.7 cm





Pan et son élève
《潘神和他的學徒》
2022

Ink on canvas
布面墨水
170 x 140 cm



Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong



Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong



Study for Girl
《手稿：女孩》
2022

Pencil on paper, with artist frame
紙上鉛筆，配有藝術家定製畫框
77.2 x 67 cm

Girl
《女孩》
2022

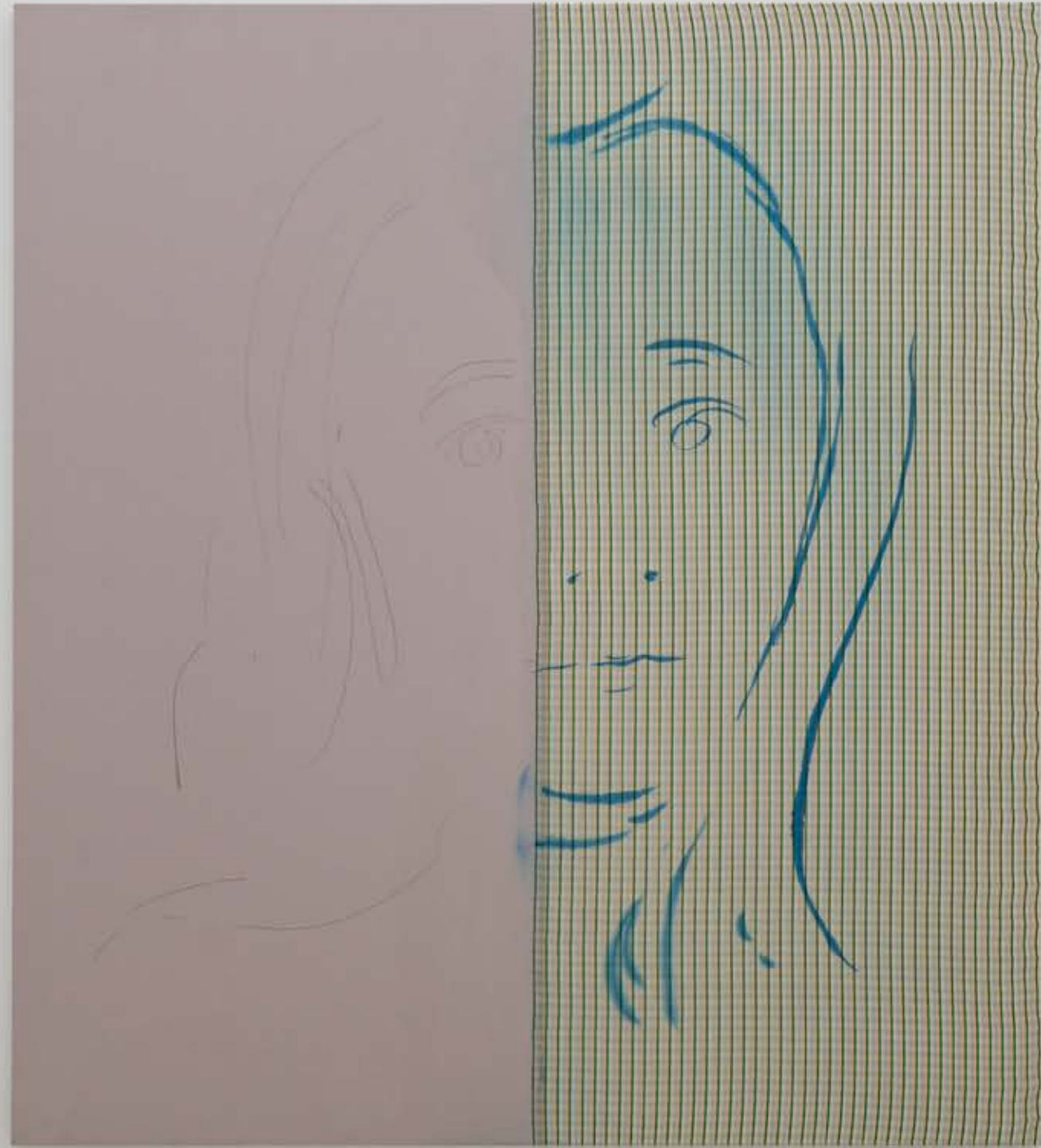
Ink on canvas with gilded frame
布面墨水，配有鍍金畫框
143.8 x 175 cm





Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong



Portrait of a Girl
《女孩的肖像》
2022

Ink, pencil and fabric on canvas
布面墨水·鉛筆及布料
200 x 180 cm



Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong



The Flute Player
《吹笛子手》
2022

Oil on wood
木板油畫
8.9 x 14 cm



Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong



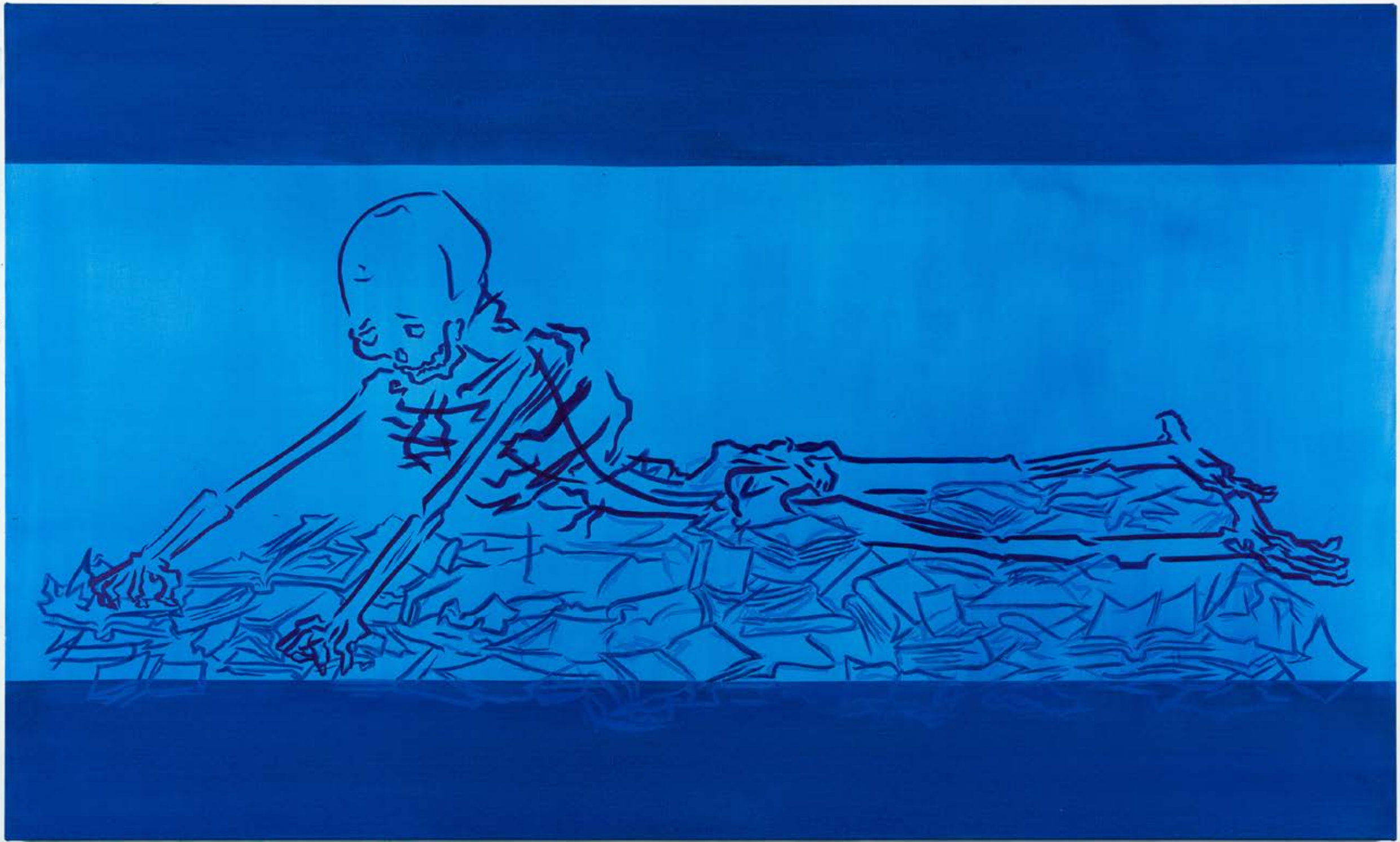
Pan et son élève
《潘神和他的學徒》
2022

Ink and fabric on canvas
布面墨水及布料
overall: 170 x 280.6 cm + overhanging fabric
整體：170 x 280.6 cm + 懸垂布料



Installation view
展覽現場

Photo 攝影: Samson Wong



Olympia
《奥林匹亞》
2021

Ink on canvas
布面墨水
132 x 220 cm



Girl
《女孩》
2022

Ink and fabric on canvas
布面墨水及布料
180 x 200 cm

Science
《科學》
2022

Ink on canvas
布面墨水
200 x 180 cm



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.¹*

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).

[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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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*

Manual Arts榮譽首次呈獻許鶴溪的個展「藍色兔子」(Blue Bunny)。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》。在寫給鄔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.
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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。



Untitled (skull)
2020

Oil on wood
木板油畫
5.5 x 10 in



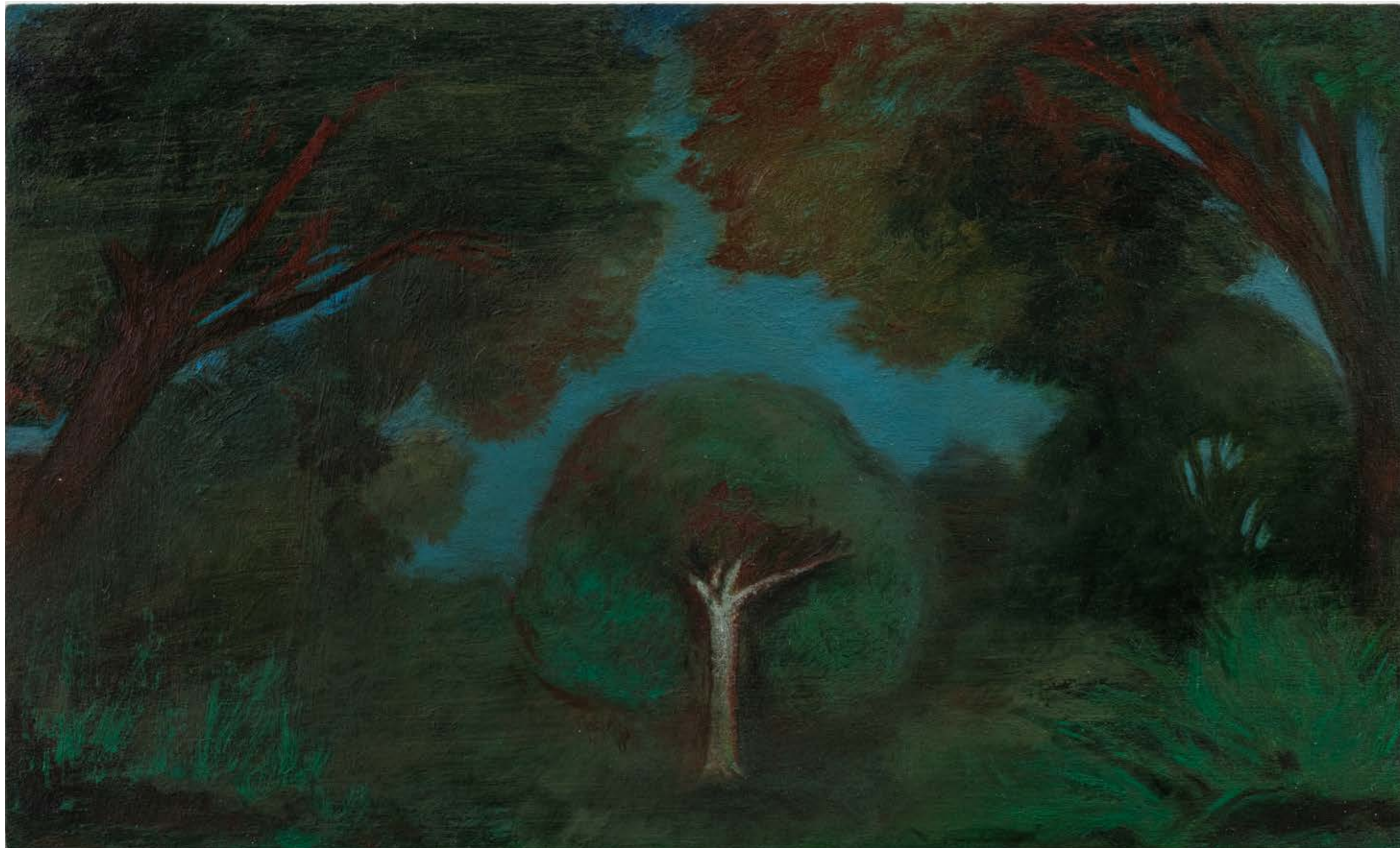
Skeletons Embracing
《相擁的骷髏》
2020

Oil on wood
木板油畫
4 x 6 in



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 presents 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 is 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 serves as a perceptual anchor for the artworks included which are 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*

Magenta Plains呈獻群展「Earthly Coil」，匯集了許鶴溪、Liza Lacroix、劉慧德、Nikholis Planck和Nazim Ünal Yilmaz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「Earthly Coil」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 Garden of Earthly Delights)，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：「When we have shuffled off this mortal coil...」。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。



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展覽現場

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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

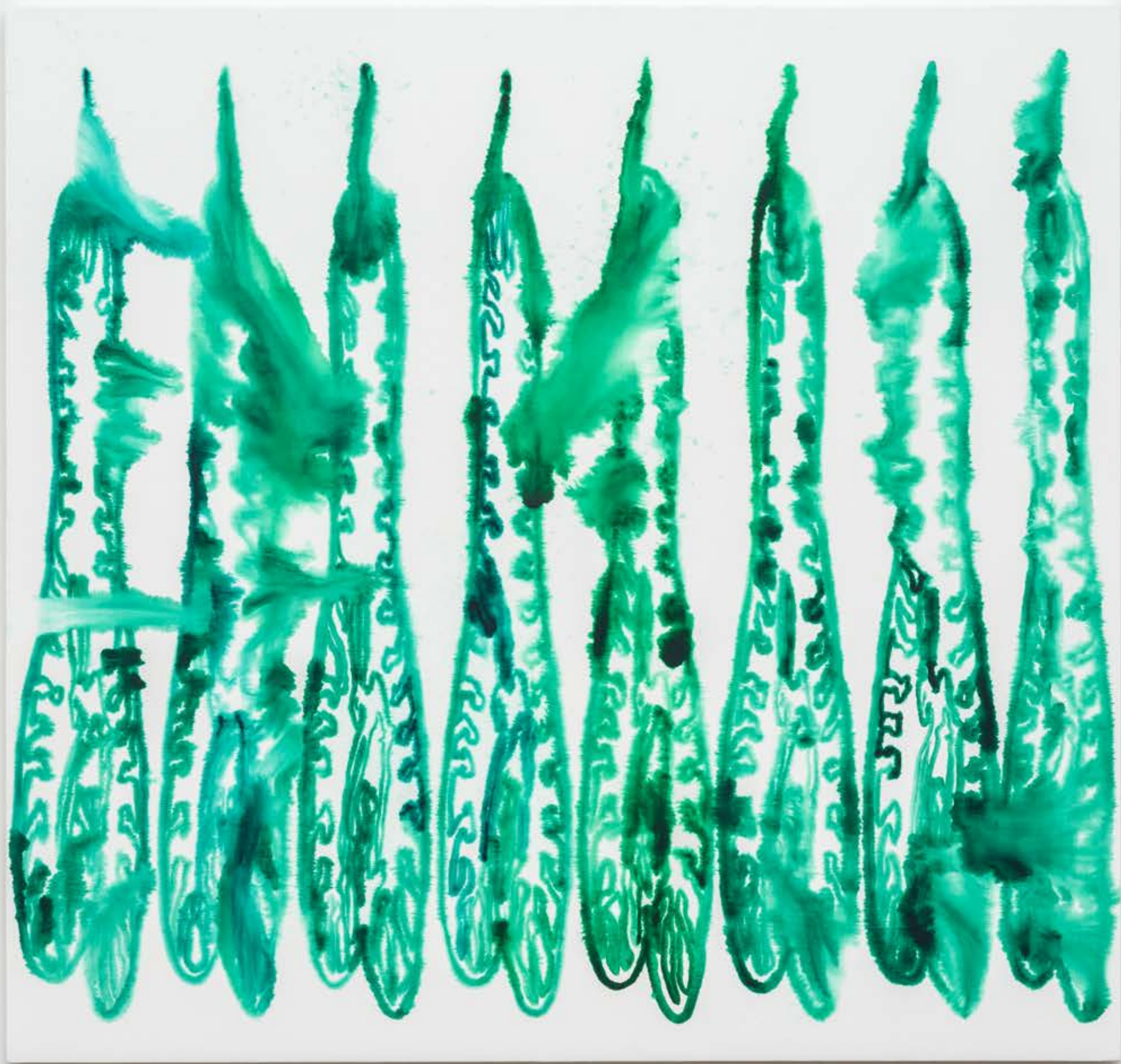
Clima, Milan, Italy
意大利米蘭Clima畫廊

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。





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 presents *More, More, More*, a large-scale international exhibition featuring new commissions and existing artwork by 28 domestic and international artists and groups. For many of the artists, this will be their first showing in China and/or Asia.

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 embraces 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* features art that works to open the field of artistic experience to a diversity of phenomena. In ways large and small, the artists and collectives in this exhibition break 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* are 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 has a crucial presence in this exhibition. Such works enhance (or exaggerate) the sensuality of surfaces and cast doubt on the certitude of visual perception.

The diversity of practices in *More, More, More* attests to the vitality of transfeminist and non-Western subjectivities. Through different modes of making, the artists in this exhibition direct 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 illuminate 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* possess 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 organized in three and a quarter “phrases,” a term lifted from music theory. The first phrasing of the exhibition unceremoniously began in July 2020. This exhibition was initially scheduled to open in March 2020. However, due to the challenges incurred by the viral pandemic, it was continually rescheduled. For the curatorial team, this dilemma provoked us to consider the conditions that produce singular, immediate events. The temporal structure of *More, More, More* reflects this evolved understanding of eventfulness. It will continue to develop, grow, transform, crescendo, and diminuendo until early 2021.

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。

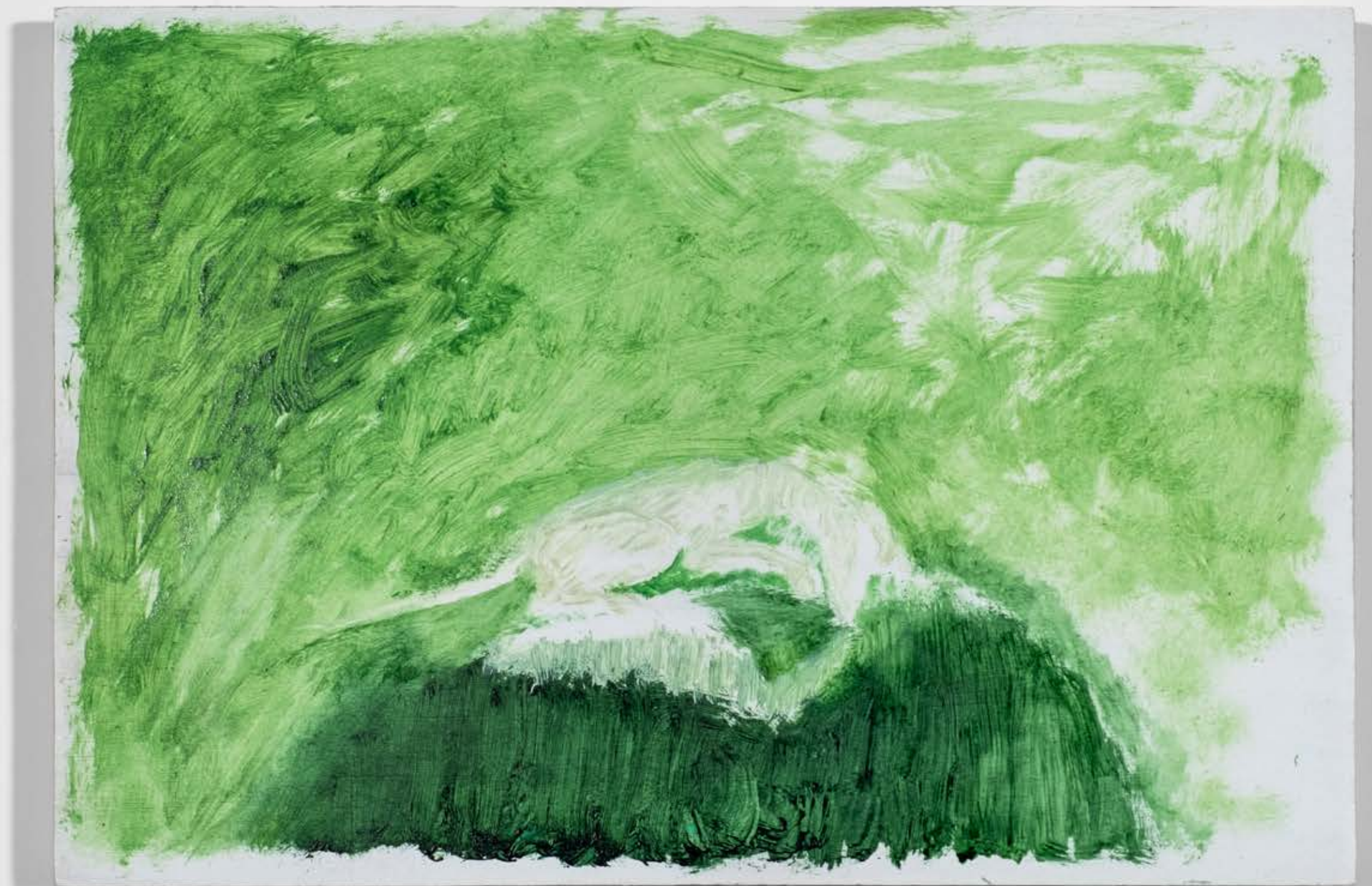
Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影》
2021

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

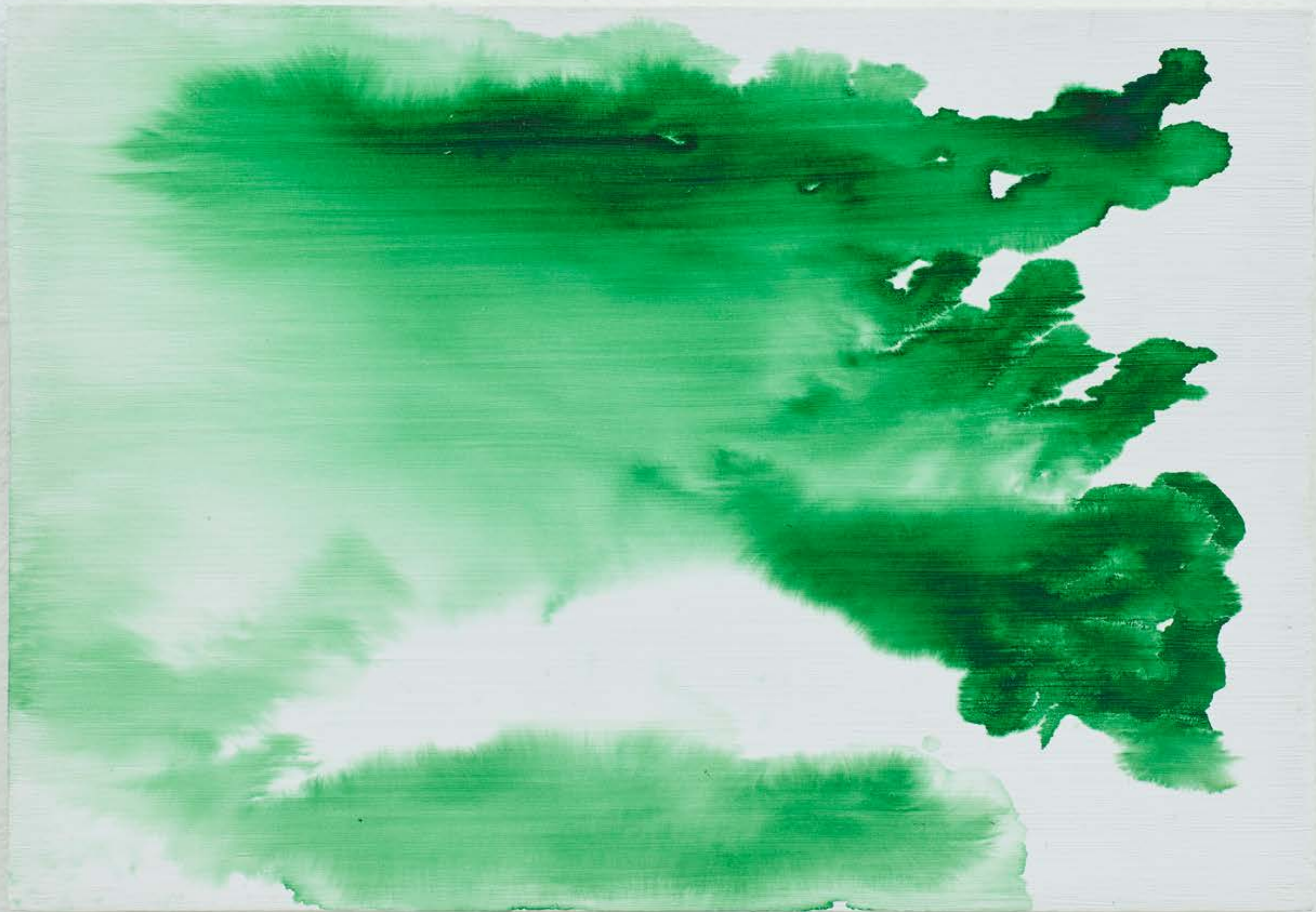
Oil on wood
木板油畫
12.7 x 20.3 cm



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

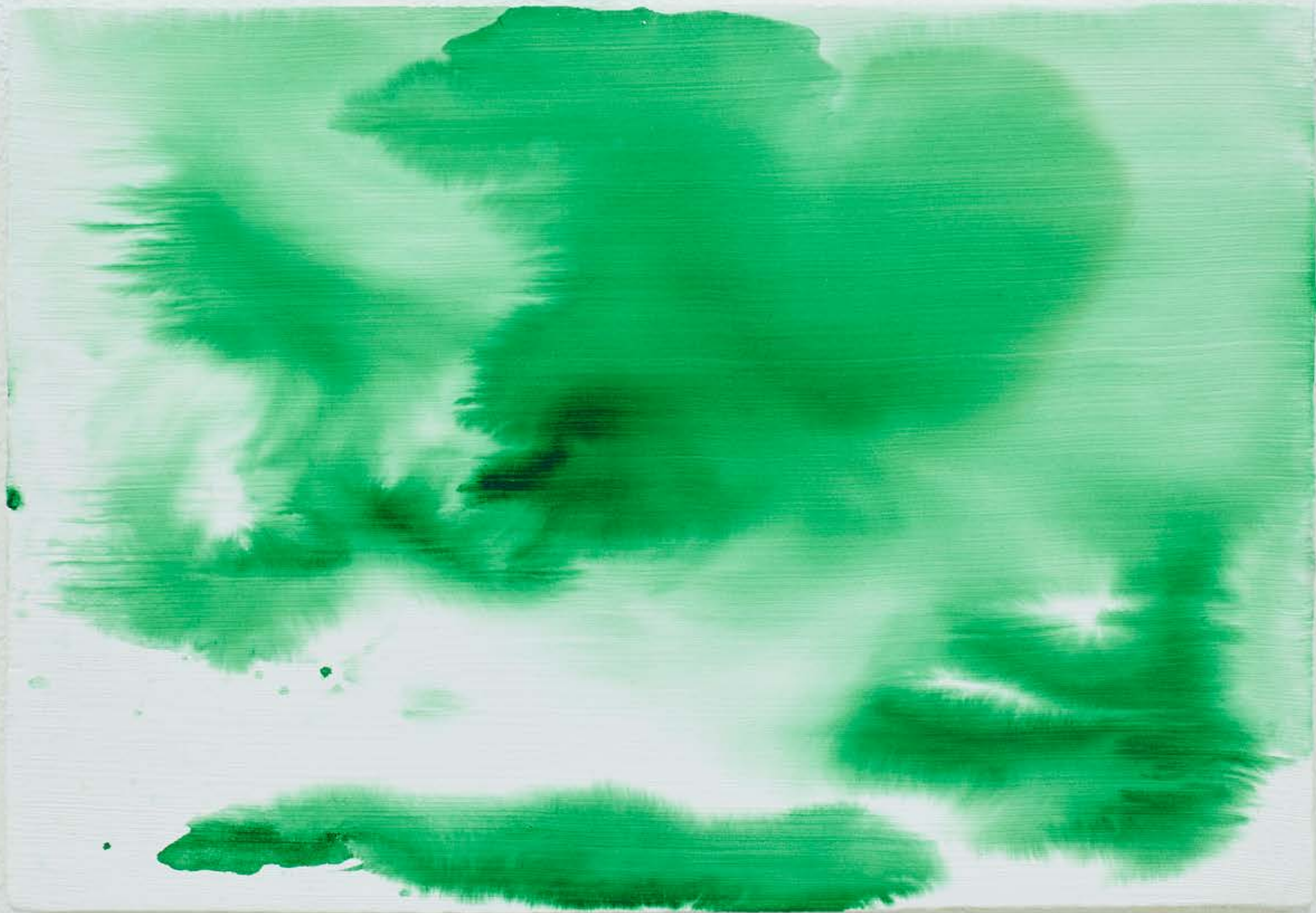
Oil on wood
木板油畫
12.7 x 20.3 cm





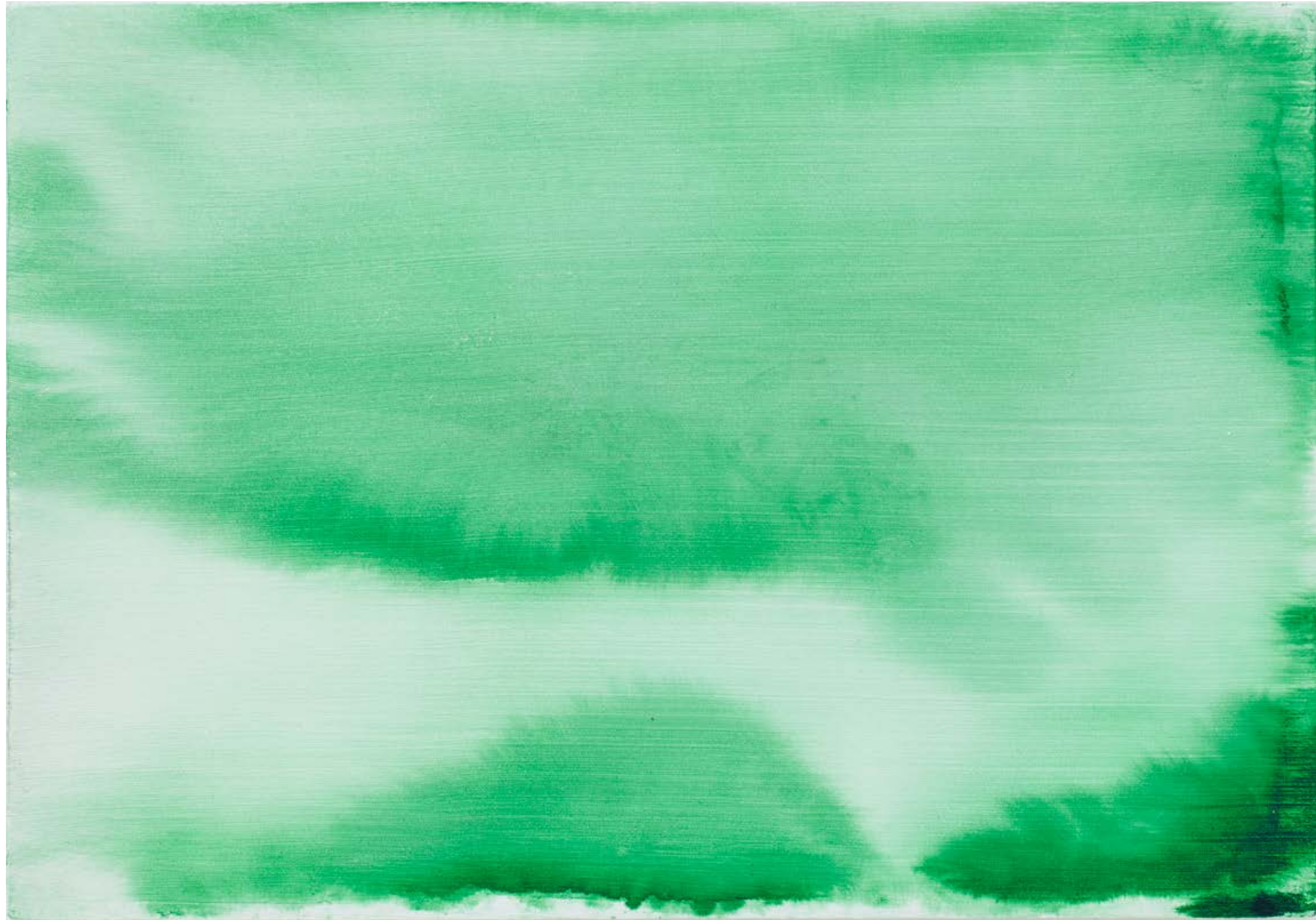
Aesop looking at his reflection in a pond 13
《伊索看著池塘中自己的倒影 13》
2019

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·漢姆生·〈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 conjure a mysterious religion. They share 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 turns each piece into a coordinate in some unknown mythology.

The exhibition consists of small oil paintings on pieces of wood, larger shellac ink paintings on clear plastic, and glass vessels clustered around a green puddle. They feel like relics plucked from a lost basilica. The shapes of Brook's wood paintings are fit for apses. Her shellac pieces are 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 arouse an inverted, malignant faith. Where religion tries to establish certainty, Brook's creed is full of doubt. She uses the idiom of sanctity against itself. In some ways this is 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 hovers 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蠟膠墨水畫，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。她的蠟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
《涟漪》
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* hang on adjacent walls in the viewing room. These works 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 three 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, which portray delicately-painted white dogs enveloped in deep green forests, hang on the two remaining walls. 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. Hsu self-published a zine, titled *moss garden pt 1: pond-love*, to accompany the exhibition.

- 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。



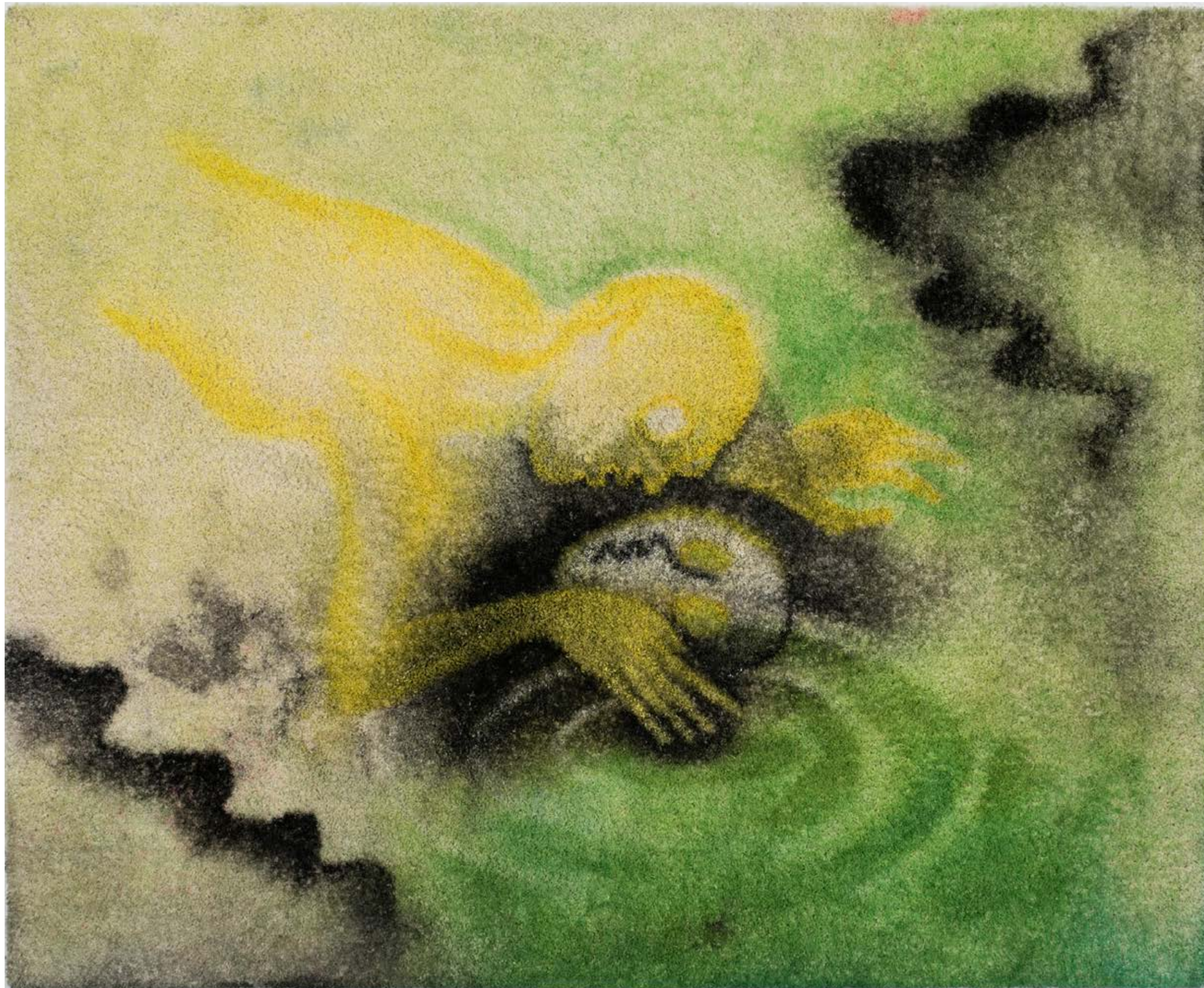
Installation view
展覽現場

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

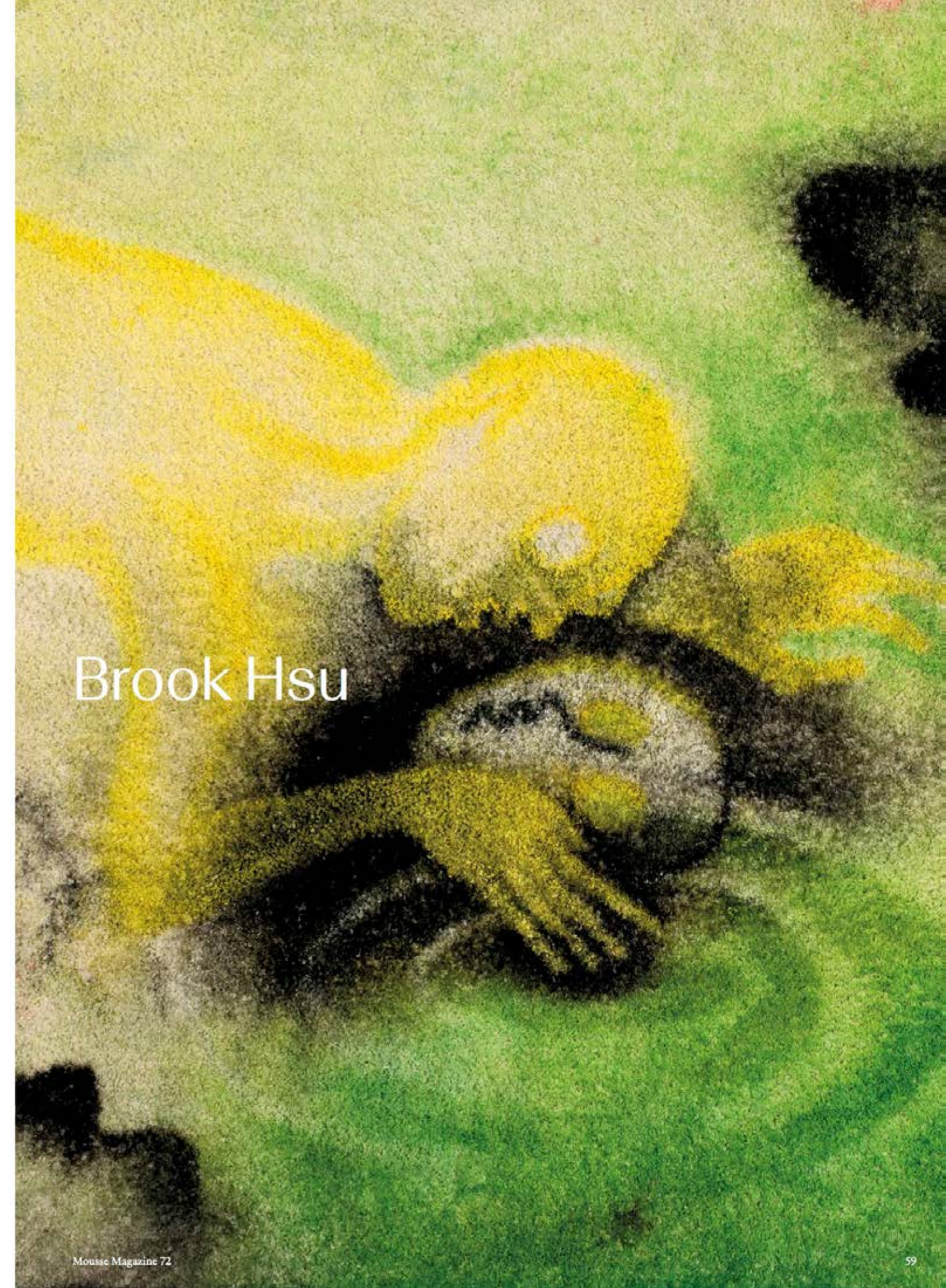


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Beyond the Material, Substance Must Be Reckoned

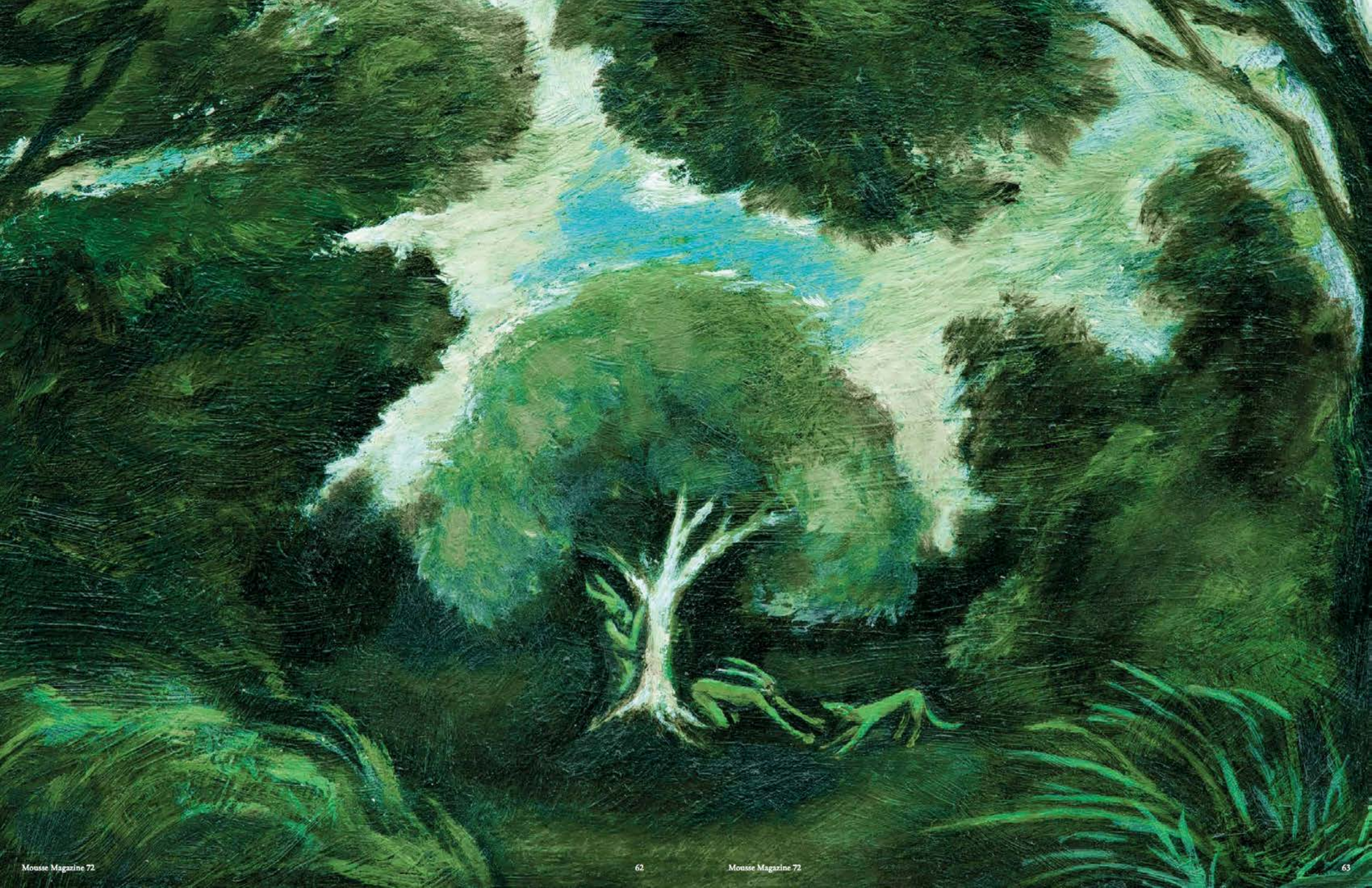
Ross Simonini
in Conversation with

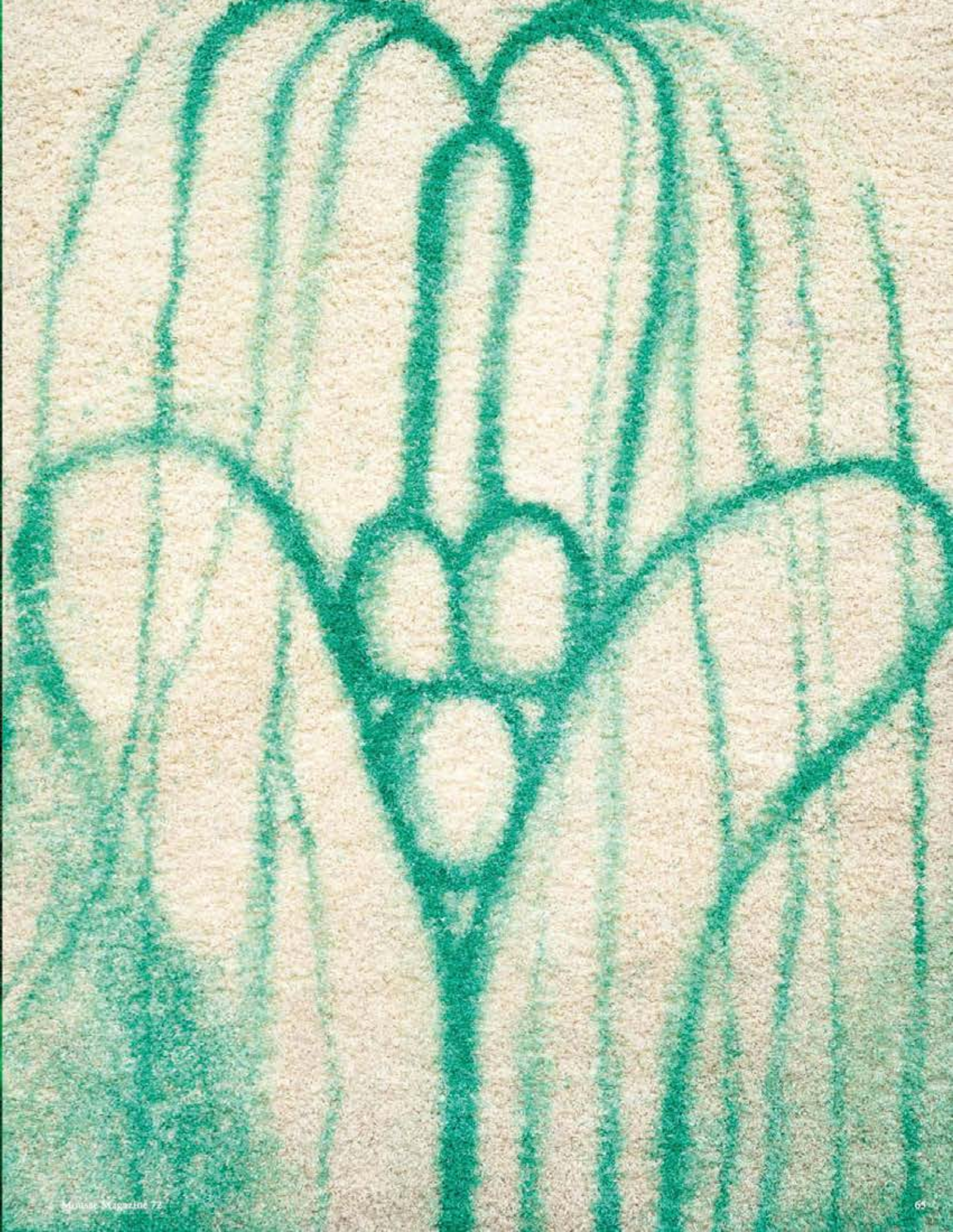
Brook Hsu



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.

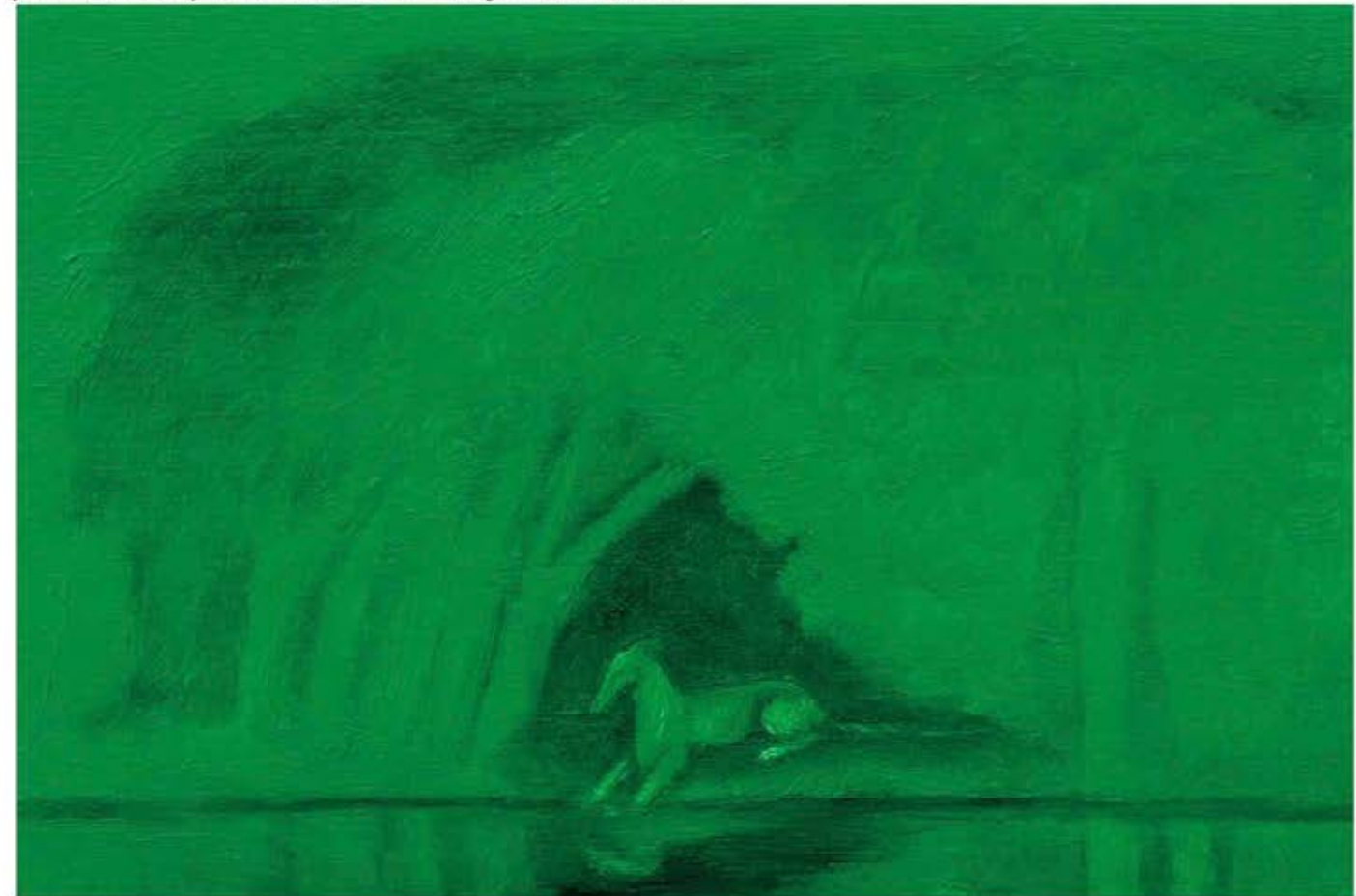
BROOK

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

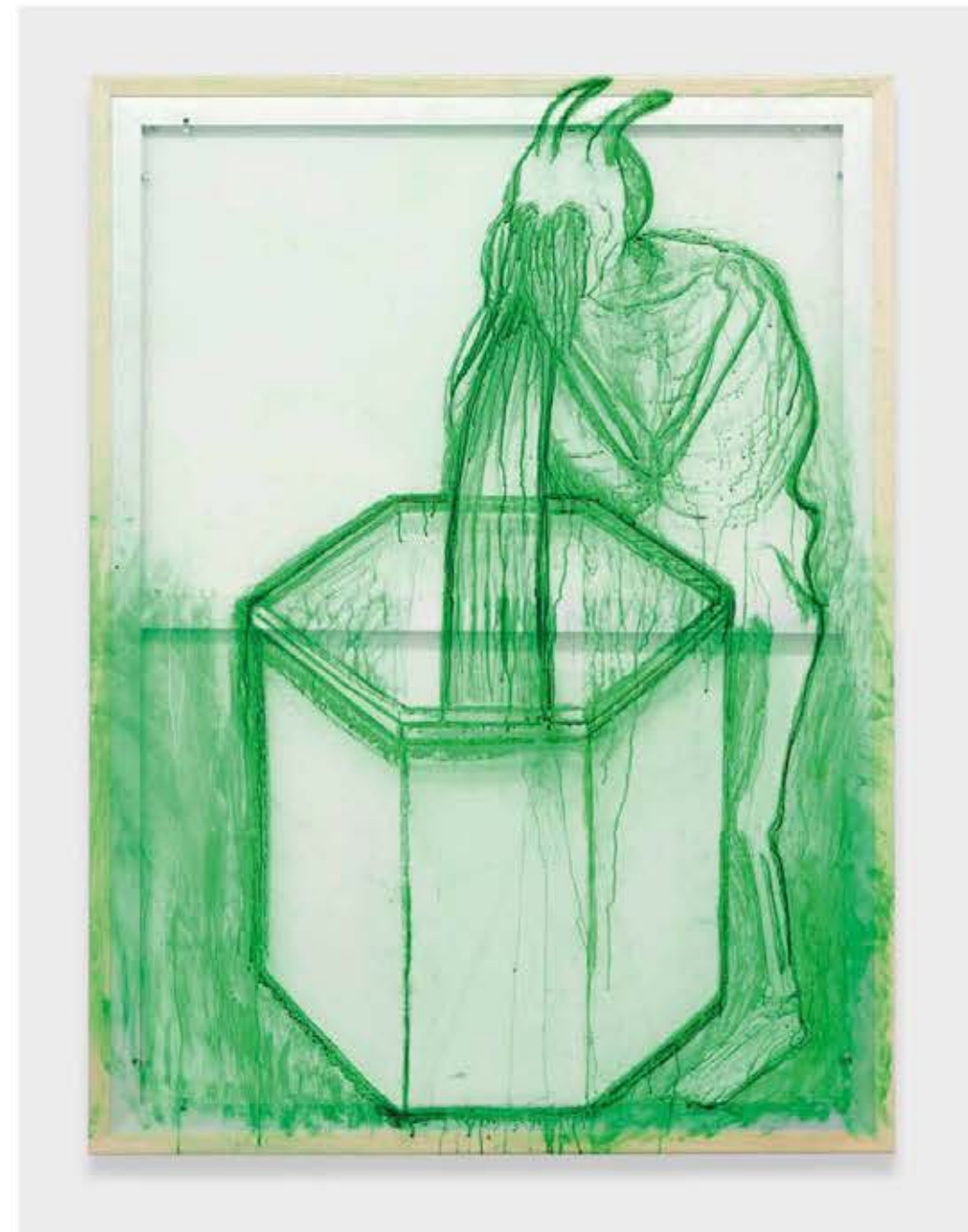
fade out 2, 2019. Courtesy: the artist and Château Shatto, Los Angeles. Photo: Ed Mumford





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

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



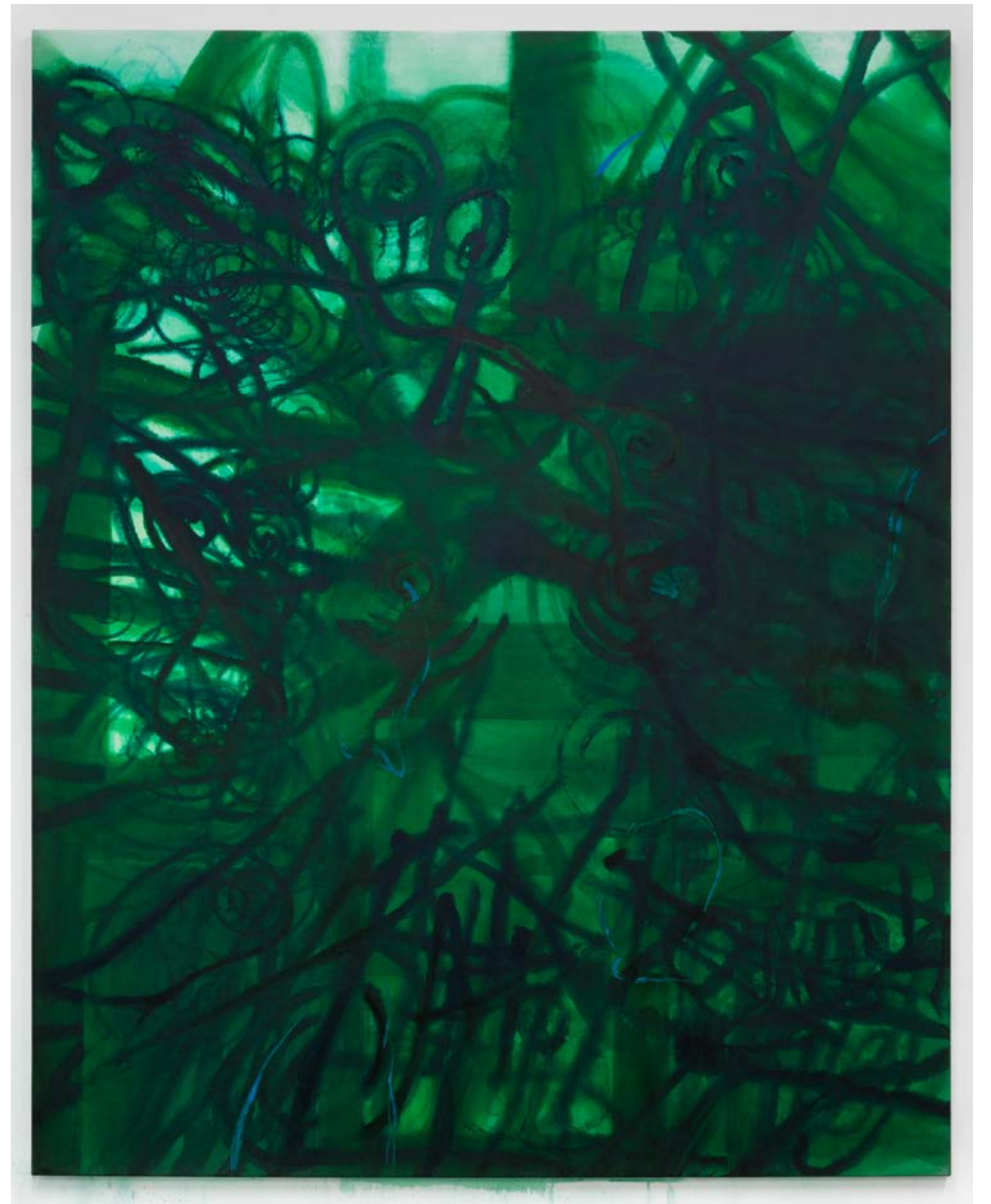


Vive L'Amour
《愛情萬歲》
2020

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

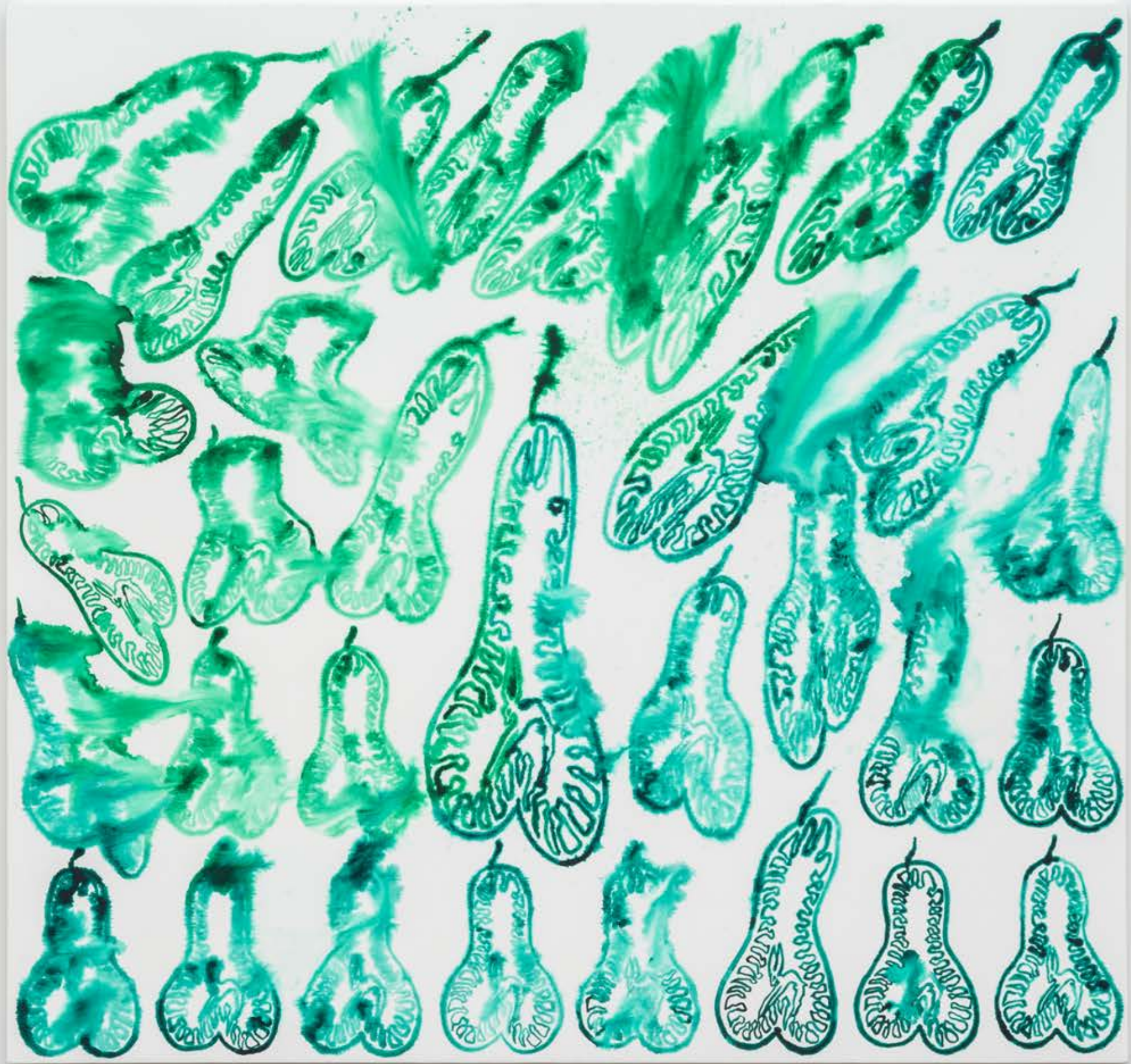
Portrait of my mother's soul leaving her body
《我母親的靈魂脫離肉體的肖像》
2020

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
紙本鋼筆及蠟膠墨水
28 x 21.6 cm



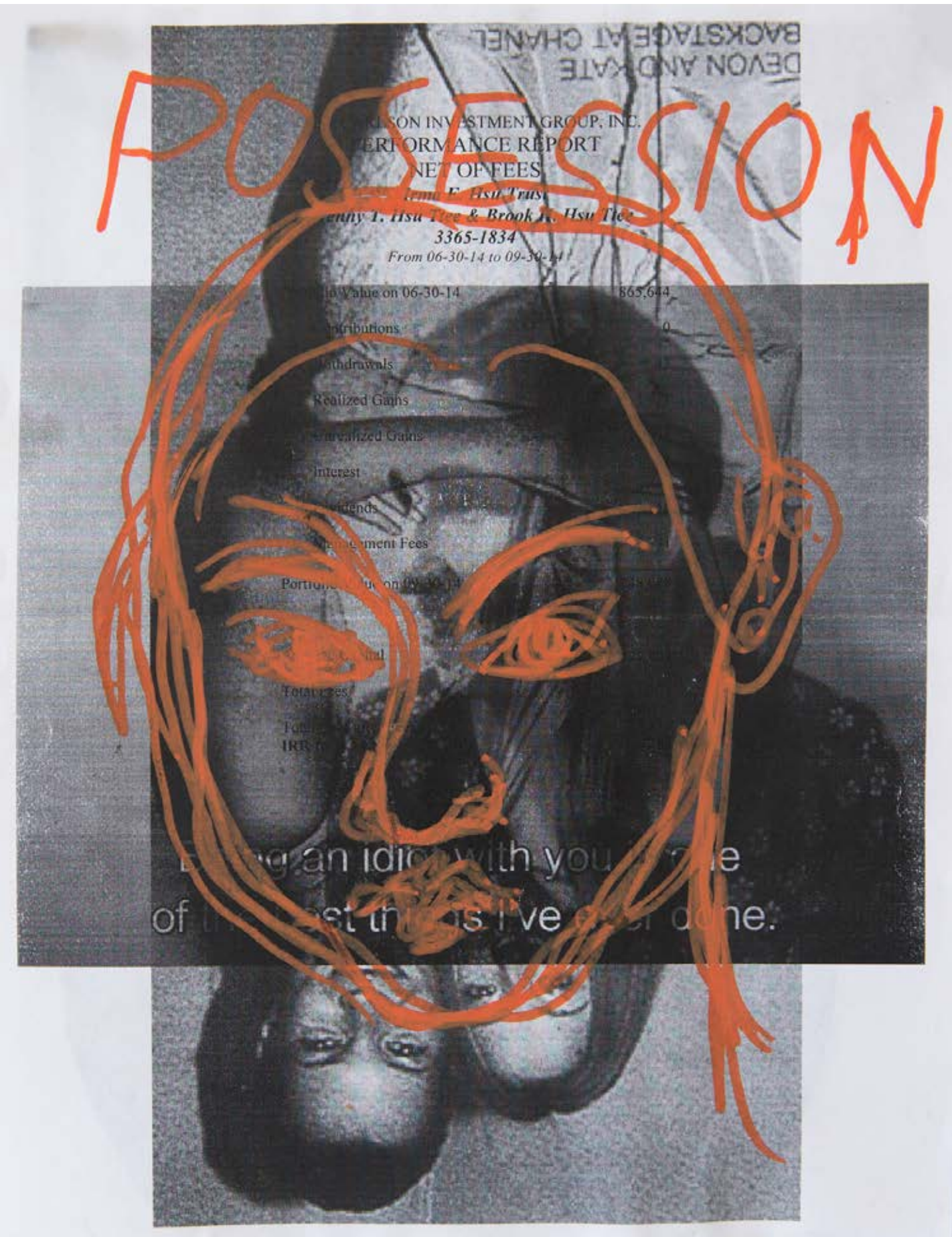
Untitled
《無題》
2019

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
手工吹製玻璃及蠟膠墨水
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

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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

2024
"The Oklahoma Nature Theater", Gladstone Gallery, New York City, NY, USA

2022
"Brook Hsu", Sant'Andrea de Scaphis, Rome, Italy
"Oranges, Clementines and Tangerines", Kiang Malingue, Hong Kong

2021
Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, 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

2024
"Dwell in Me", Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin, Germany
"Swimming", Grimm, Amsterdam, Netherlands
"A Blue-Flowering Day," Yuan Art Museum, Beijing, China
"Jon Serl: No straight lines", David Zwirner, New York, NY, USA
"The Mother Position", Contemporary Fine Arts, Basel, Switzerland
"Symbiotic Longing", TAO ART, Taipei, Taiwan
"Fictional Syntheses", Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin, Germany
"On Landscape", Greene Naftali, New York, NY, USA
"Excitement & Enticement: An Exhibition Of Paintings", Oriole, Hamburg, Germany
"Interiority Complex", Heidi Gallery, Berlin, Germany
"Maybe it's about bodies?", Et al. Gallery, San Francisco, CA, USA
"Landscapes", Gems, New York, NY, USA

2023
"Unlife", Paul Soto, Los Angeles, CA, USA
"Cosmos Cinema", 14th Shanghai Biennale, Shanghai, China
"Yuen-Yeung", K11 Shanghai, Shanghai, China
Zurich Biennial, Kunsthalle Zurich, Zurich, Switzerland

2022

“I’m stepping high, I’m drifting, and there I go leaping”, Xiao Museum of Contemporary Art, Rizhao, China
“Reference Material”, Adler Beatty, New York, USA
“Familiars”, Et al. Gallery, San Francisco, 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
“bodybodymoreless”, 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

Selected press and bibliography

2024

White, Katie. “For Her Blue-Chip Gallery Debut, Rising Artist Brook Hsu Paints Her Own Vision of the Wild West”, artnet, Nov 8.
Kross, Margaret. “Green Pill: Brook Hsu,” Features , Flash Art #347, Summer.

2023

Live Drønen; Hsu, Brook. “Brook Hsu and Live Drønen: Ecstasy and Agony”, Various Artists , Feb 7.

2022

Hallström, Sofia. “In the studio with Brook Hsu”, émergent magazine, July.
Lai, Ophelia. “The Essential Mystery of Brook Hsu's Revolving Characters”, Ocula, Oct 26.

2021

Hsu, Brook. *Norwegian Wood*, published by American Art Catalogues.

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.

Collections

Boros Collection, Berlin, Germany

Booth School of Business, University of Chicago, Chicago, USA

Live Forever Foundation, Taichung, Taiwan

Long Museum, Shanghai, China

Musée d'Art Moderne de Paris, Paris, France

Philara Collection, Dusseldorf, Germany

X Museum, Beijing, China

Yan Du Collection, London, UK

K

M

許鶴溪

1987年出生於美國華盛頓州普爾曼
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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
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2005 美國密蘇里州堪薩斯城藝術學院優秀學生獎學金

個展

2024
「The Oklahoma Nature Theater」, 格萊斯頓畫廊, 紐約, 紐約州, 美國

2022
「許鶴溪」, Sant'Andrea de Scaphis畫廊, 羅馬, 義大利
「橙, 柑橘和橘」, 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

2024
「Dwell in Me」, Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler畫廊, 柏林, 德國
「Swimming」, Grimm畫廊, 阿姆斯特丹, 荷蘭
「A Blue-Flowering Day」, 元美術館, 北京, 中國
「Jon Serl: No straight lines」, David Zwirner畫廊, 紐約, 紐約州, 美國
「The Mother Position」, Contemporary Fine Arts畫廊, 巴塞爾, 瑞士
「共生渴望」, TAO ART, 台北, 台灣
「Fictional Syntheses」, Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler畫廊, 柏林, 德國
「On Landscape」, Greene Naftali畫廊, 紐約, 紐約州, 美國
「Excitement & Enticement: An Exhibition Of Paintings」, Oriole, 漢堡, 德國
「Interiority Complex」, Heidi畫廊, 柏林, 德國
「Maybe it's about bodies?」, Et al.畫廊, 舊金山, 加利福尼亞州, 美國
「Landscapes」, Gems畫廊, 紐約, 紐約州, 美國

2023
「Unlife」, Paul Soto畫廊, 洛杉磯, 加利福尼亞州, 美國
「宇宙電影」, 第14屆上海雙年展, 上海, 中國
「鴛鴦」, K11上海, 上海, 中國
蘇黎世雙年展, 蘇黎世藝術博物館, 蘇黎世, 瑞士

2022

「越過柵欄，如鳥兒飛過」，瀟當代美術館，日照，中國

「Reference Material」，Adler Beatty畫廊，紐約，美國

「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

「bodybodemoreless」，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，馬閣納戈，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

2024

「For Her Blue-Chip Gallery Debut, Rising Artist Brook Hsu Paints Her Own Vision of the Wild West」，Katie White，artnet，11月8日

「Green Pill: Brook Hsu」，Margaret Kross，Flash Art雜誌 #347，夏季

2023

「Brook Hsu and Live Drønen: Ecstasy and Agony」，Live Drønen、許鶴溪，Various Artists，2月7日

2022

「In the studio with Brook Hsu」，Sofia Hallström，émergent雜誌，7月

「The Essential Mystery of Brook Hsu's Revolving Characters」，Ophelia Lai，10月26日

2021

《挪威的森林》），American Art Catalogues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 Karpis-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

「One Piece: Essay (Panic Angel)」，許鶴溪，Bomb雜誌，11月27日

「A Vibrant Group Show Celebrates Rainbows」，Andrew Nunes，Vice Creators Project，7月21日

「Critics Picks: Los Angeles」，Jennifer Piejko，弗里茲雜誌，6月20日

「Signs of Life」，Zully Adler，Signs of Life，House Rules，5月

「The Split」(展覽畫冊) , Amanda Schmitt , GRIN Contemporary , 4月22日

「Dog Days」 , Catherine Wagley , LA Weekly , 3月8日

2016

「Brook Hsu」 , Alisa Bones , 耶魯大學繪畫與版畫碩士論文畫冊 , 7月

「Editor's Picks」 , New American Paintings: MFA Annual , The OpenStudios Press , 5月

2011

「Youth Trend on Display in “Twenty Something” at City Arts Projects」 , Theresa Bembnister , Kansas City Sta , 10月30日

「Soothsayers! A review of Paintings and Drawings: New Work by Max Crutcher and Brook Hsu」 , Jonah Criswall , Review: Mid-America's Visual Arts Publication , 7月13日

收藏

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