

孔令楠：牧鱼

展期：2022.02.26 – 04.02

地址：胶囊上海，上海徐汇区安福路 275 弄 16 号 1 层

胶囊上海荣幸举办艺术家孔令楠在画廊的首次个展“牧鱼”，呈现她最近两年的绘画新作。这组创作中的很多灵感来自炼金术中对于元素嬗变不同阶段的描述，以及瑞士心理学家卡尔·荣格借由炼金术意象对人类心灵内在整合过程的分析，使绘画从对外部世界的静观，转向连结自我与潜意识的内省实践。展期为 2022 年 2 月 26 日至 4 月 2 日。

水足够深时，她才能看到祂。祂比混沌的渊面更深邃，幽暗的鳞片在水中投射出纷纭的幻景，令她惊惑，却又被其壮观所吸引。祂每次摆动尾鳍使景象变换，都会将她推向眩迷的边缘。不用很久，她就认出祂是她的倒影。当祂躲在珊瑚殿中用祂的声音问：“渴望公式般的美好是一种贪爱吗？”她也能用祂的声音回答：“你将经历许多不同的颜色。”

她是明净如光的鱼，也能想象自己是岸上的眼，注视着她与祂在渊面游动。她若不释放祂，祂便会困住她，祂总想召唤她，却只能等待她。在祂所来之处的神秘水域，无限扩展的心念流溢，她不是去照亮祂，却要通过祂摆脱肉身的密封，逃离物质的囚禁。“相逆之物的缠结会最终通向完善吗？”水不肯安静，亦不连接两岸。

水流入烧瓶，她的鱼时而缩成一点，在混沌中心绽开绵长的触手；时而溶为一线，于未成的形态间显露脉络。当她在加热的原质里辨识出彼此，目光便无需跟随那些步骤。**锻造**：上下睫毛皆为火焰；**发酵**：眼底溶液呕吐彩晕。两次开眼之间需要漫长的等待，一层色彩干透，再上一层色彩，时如坚莹的矿面，时如平柔的脂膏。画者观察这缓慢的转化，亦须在自我中完成相同的过程，直至颜色不再对抗，水拥抱火，柔拥抱疏，星辰皆在合宜的相位，她与祂结成圆满的圆周，加入世界的自转。

她又在烧瓶涌出的明亮烟雾中看到河的两岸，结合仍是一场反复的迷途，哲人石如一束虹在水网中隐现，比气泡更近，比恒星更远，犹若觉醒，深而短暂，却使她内心的迷宫不停地铺开活泼的风景。在火山的喉口，在石中的空洞，她总遇到那圆周的再临，有时会仅呈露一段圆弧，在熹微连绵的山丘，在雾里晨星的尖棱，当她推开岛屿旅舍的窗凝望大海，圆弧亦是祂的满身幽鳞。

她记得在旅舍翻开的那张牌，**圣杯二**：双方关系的进阶，你却须将它放在更广阔的牌阵中解读。久远之前，她曾在苍穹之外观看天地间光亮的应和，生灵徒然的缠斗，脚下坚实的荒幻。不久以后，她深知要在自身之内洞悉炼金之艺，她与祂的声音在圆中回荡，述说**伟大的工作**必经的阶段：黑化，白化，红化时仿佛有画笔刮破天色，你会在边沿见到她的微光。

撰文 / 申舶良

翻译 / Adam Dehmohseni

Kong Lingnan: Shepherding Fish

Dates: 2022.02.26 – 04.02

Address: Capsule Shanghai, 1st Floor, Building 16, Anfu Lu 275 Nong, Xuhui District, Shanghai, China

Capsule Shanghai is pleased to present artist Kong Lingnan's first solo exhibition at the gallery: "Shepherding Fish", showing new paintings and drawings from the last two years. This series of work is largely inspired by descriptions of different stages of elemental transmutation found in alchemy, as well as Swiss psychologist Carl Jung's analysis of the human psyche's internal integrative processes, metaphorically based upon alchemy. In her paintings, Kong Lingnan transforms a silent vision of the outside world into an introspective practice that brings the ego and the unconscious together. The exhibition is on view at Capsule Shanghai from February 26 to April 2, 2022.

Only when the water is deep enough can she see Him. He is deeper than the abyss of chaos and His dark scales cast myriad illusions on the water, bewildering her while seducing her with His splendour. With every sway of His fins the scenery changes, pushing her to the brink of dazzlement. It didn't take her long to realise that He is her reflection in the water. As He hid in the coral temple, He used her voice to ask: "Is it capricious to long for beauty as harmonious as a mathematical formula?" She used His voice to respond, "You will experience many different colors."

She is a fish as bright as a shining light. She can also imagine that she is an eye on the shore, keeping a close watch on His and her movements on the surface of the abyss. If she doesn't set Him free, He will trap her all the more; He constantly wants to summon her, yet He can only wait for her. In the mysterious and watery depths in which He dwells, limitlessly expanding thoughts flood forth, yet she shall not cast light upon Him—she must instead depend upon Him to cast away the physical body's hermetic seal and escape the captivity of matter. "Will the entanglement of mutually repellant things ultimately tend to perfection?" The water isn't willing to keep quiet and won't connect the two banks either.

The water flowed into the flask; her fish sometimes shrunk into a dot, bursting out lengthy tentacles in chaos. Sometimes it dissolved into a thread, revealing its arteries and veins within a state of incompleteness. As soon as she was able to distinguish one from another within the heated *prima materia*, her eyes were all the more exempt from following such steps. **Calcination**: both the upper and lower eyelashes are flames. **Fermentation**: the liquid from the pit of the eyeballs spits forth halos. Lengthy waiting is necessary between two blinks of an eye. One layer of color dries and another layer is added on top—sometimes like a hard and shiny mineral surface, and sometimes like smooth fat. The painter observes these slow transformations and must complete a similar process within the Self until colors are no longer in conflict, until water embraces fire and mercury embraces sulphur. Only once the stars are in the right phases can she and He form a perfect circumference, entering into the Earth's rotation.

She could make out the river's two banks within the bright smoke that poured out of the flask: this conjunction was but a repeated loss. **The Philosopher's Stone** appeared like a rainbow in the network of waters; closer than a bubble yet farther than a star, it is deep and fleeting like the experience of awakening, making the labyrinth of her soul tirelessly unfold lively sceneries. In the volcano's throat, in the **Holestone**, she always encountered the circumference's reappearance, and yet sometimes

it only revealed fragments of arcs. Amongst faintly rolling hills, within fogged-in stars' sharp edges, when she opened the window of the island inn to stare at the ocean, the arcs were also His dark head-to-toe scales.

She remembered that the card that she turned over in the inn, *Two of Cups*: the relationship between the two parties progresses, yet you must read it within a broader tarot spread. Long, long ago, from a place far beyond the heavens, she watched the correspondences of the light above and the light below: she saw the futile struggles of living things and under her foot was illusiveness of stability. And not long thereafter, she was completely aware that she wanted to master alchemy within her own body. Her voice and His voice echoed within the circle, describing the steps the *Great Work* must achieve: blackening, whitening and then finally reddening as if a paintbrush had scraped through the firmament—and you will see her glimmering on the edge.

Text by Boliang Shen

Translated by Adam Dehmohseni