

“电子世界的民谣”首展 Folklore of the Cyber World Inaugural Exhibition

Rhythms of Work

Means Something to You

工作的旋律

——对你也许意味着更多

沈莘
SHEN Xin

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“工作的旋律——对你也许意味着更多”是新时线媒体艺术中心作为2015年威尼斯双年展中国馆的媒体艺术合作伙伴机构发展出的一个系列网上平行项目——“电子世界的民谣”之首展。“电子世界的民谣”将中国馆“民间未来”的构思推向虚拟空间，并通过这个窗口，让民间的希望和潜力，尤其是新生代艺术家创造性地运用新技术、批判性地反思新技术的张力得以体现。

沈莘将中国馆的内景实时传输至上海的新时线媒体艺术中心的空间，以一个残缺的全息 avatar 影像演出一场真假重叠的戏剧，叙述一段关于工作、劳作、身体、财富、阶级与死亡的鬼魅般的故事。

“工作的旋律——对你也许意味着更多”采取多样的形式将物质与虚拟的各种特性连接起来。它包含了初音 (Vocaloid) 歌手奥利弗 (Oliver) 的一个持续16分钟的声音表演。奥利弗 (Oliver) 所演唱的内容引用了12首由表明过社会主义立场的诗人所作的诗歌，并对它们进行了编辑。在此，全息歌手演唱会的野心，无论经济层面抑或图像式的，均被缩化为投影中对奥利弗 (Oliver) 二维身体的描绘，即一个平展的全息图片所呈现的人物的构造过程，静止并存在于动态之前。现场摄像头、信号回馈构成的影像层次、难以辨别的字句、实体空间和线接耳机中的发声，以及嵌入 iPad 中的应用程序一起编辑着一个策谋，在其中他们试图成为自身的代理者。

由曾经一度是社会主义价值观宣扬者所书写的字句被物化在声音与影像的不忠与虚伪内部。通过它们流动的形态，在上海和威尼斯两地，拓扑式地存在于真实的有关艺术、艺术、艺术的生产地。发声彻底、同时又含糊的字句，在提炼出的感官（有关文字、图像和声音）结构中，形成了有瑕疵的听、看、读的方式。这些瑕疵流动传播着“御宅” (Otaku) 的剩余价值，即集体为公共舞台不可避免的消逝所做的努力，呈现出“御宅” (Otaku) 作为另类价值的美学特性及其十分冒失的平展姿态，并让流动性、合成器与曾经的社会主义生态形式平行。

声音制作—沈莘与奥利弗 (Oliver)

动画制作—何家因

影像编辑—沈莘

Rhythms of Work - Means Something to You is the inaugural work of a series of parallel online projects under the theme of *Folklore of the Cyber World* organized by Chronus Art Center, the new media art partner institution of the Chinese Pavilion, la Biennale di Venezia 2015. *Folklore of the Cyber World* extends the *Other Future* envisioned by the Chinese Pavilion to cyberspace, revealing the vigor and brio of the younger generation of Chinese artists in their critical engagement with the pervasive media society and creative use of new technologies.

In SHEN Xin's *Rhythms of Work - Means Something to You*, the interior of the Chinese Pavilion is teleported to CAC's Shanghai space as a defective holographic avatar performs a dramaturgy juxtaposing the real and unreal, unfurling a ghostly story of work, labor, body, wealth, class, and death.

Rhythms of Work – Means Something to You takes a multitude of forms on this occasion, connecting physical and virtual properties. It involves a 16-minute sound performance by a vocaloid figure, Oliver, who sings quotes gathered and scripted from 12 poems written by poets who had once taken a socialist position. The economic and visual ambitions of a holographic concert are stripped down here to a projection of a process of outlining Oliver's body, a flattened holographic figure in the making, pre-animated and still. Live cameras, perceptual layers of images from the laboring of feedbacks, hardly recognizable words that are spoken in the concrete space and through headphones, as well as applications on an iPad, together they configure a scheme in which they seek to be their own surrogates of beings.

The words written by the once advocates of socialism are materialized in the falsity of sound and vision, in their fluctuated states, topologically exist in real sites of production of the arts, arts, arts—in Venice and Shanghai. Acoustically mumbled, the structure of this subtraction of senses (of words, images, and sound), takes a form of defective listening, looking and reading. Streaming the surplus of Otaku—the collective endeavor towards the immanent absence of the stage of the common—these flawed forms present the alternative values of Otaku's aesthetic properties in their presumptuous flatness, fluidity and the synthesizers parallel to the lived forms of the life of socialism.

Sound – SHEN Xin with Oliver

Animation – HE Jiaying

Editing – SHEN Xin

12首诗

16分钟 | 沈葦与奥利弗(Oliver) | 2015

哦，船长！我的船长！我们险恶的航程已经告终；
我们的船安渡过惊涛骇浪，我们寻求的奖赏已赢得手中；
港口已经不远，钟声我已听见，万千人众在欢呼呐喊，
目迎着我们的船从容返航，我们的船威严且勇敢：
可是，哦，心啊！心啊！心啊！
——《哦，船长！我的船长！》沃尔特·惠特曼

剃刀割了痛；
跳河湿淋淋；
强酸会毁容；
吃药会抽经。
枪支不合法；
绞索不牢；
瓦斯气味差；
你还是活着好。
——《履历》多罗茜·帕克

向前迈步：我们听说
你是个好人。
你无法被收买，然而
那击中房子的闪电，同样
无法被收买。
你坚守说过的话。
但你说了什么？
你坦率诚实，表达意见。
你的意见站在哪一边？
你勇敢无惧。
反对谁？
你聪颖睿智。
为了谁？
——《善者的拷问》贝托尔特·布莱希特

12 Poems

16:05 | Shen Xin with Oliver (Vocaloid) | 2015

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! Heart! Heart!
O Captain! My Captain!, Walt Whitman

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp;
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.
Resumé, Dorothy Parker

Step forward: we hear
That you are a good man.
You cannot be bought, but the lightning
Which strikes the house, also
Cannot be bought.
You hold to what you said.
But what did you say?
You are honest, you say your opinion.
Which opinion?
You are brave.
Against whom?
You are wise.
For whom?
The Interrogation of the Good, Bertolt Brecht

谁建造了底比斯的七重门？
在书上你只能找到许多国王的名字。
国王们扛石头吗？
还有，巴比伦，多次被毁灭
谁一次又一次地重建了它？
在金碧辉煌的利玛城，建筑者住什么房子？
中国的长城完工那天晚上
石匠去了哪里？
伟大的罗马城
遍布凯旋门。谁建造了它们？恺撒们
战胜了谁？拜占庭，饱受赞美
是为它的居民建造的宫殿？甚至在传说中的阿特兰蒂斯
海水吞没它的那夜，
受淹的人仍在叫骂着他们的奴隶。
——《来自一个读书的工人的疑问》贝托尔特·布莱希特

你浪费了眼睛的注意力，
双手闪闪发光的劳动，
揉捏的面团足以做成好几打面包，
而这些你一小口也尝不到；
你可以自由地替他人而奴役——
你可以自由地让富者变更富。

你出生的那一刻
他们在你的周围安置了磨粉机以磨碎
持续你一生的谎言。
你在伟大的自由里不断想着
你的庙宇上的一根手指
自由去拥有一颗自由的良心
你的头弯下，仿佛从颈上被砍了一半
你长长的臂膀，悬挂着，
你在伟大的自由中漫步：
你是自由的
带着失业的自由
——《一个悲伤的自由国家》纳齐姆·希克梅特

Who built Thebes of the seven gates?
In the books you will find the names of kings.
Did the kings haul up the lumps of rock?
And Babylon, many times demolished
Who raised it up so many times? In what houses
Of gold-glittering Lima did the builders live?
Where, the evening that the Wall of China was finished
Did the masons go? Great Rome
Is full of triumphal arches. Who erected them? Over whom
Did the Caesars triumph? Had Byzantium, much praised in song
Only palaces for its inhabitants?
Even in fabled Atlantis
The night the ocean engulfed it
The drowning still bawled for their slaves.
A Worker Who Reads, Bertolt Brecht

You waste the attention of your eyes,
the glittering labour of your hands,
and knead the dough enough for dozens of loaves
of which you'll taste not a morsel;
you are free to slave for others--
you are free to make the rich richer.

The moment you're born
they plant around you
mills that grind lies
lies to last you a lifetime.
You keep thinking in your great freedom
a finger on your temple
free to have a free conscience.

Your head bent as if half-cut from the nape,
your arms long, hanging,
your saunter about in your great freedom:
you're free
with the freedom of being unemployed.
A Sad State Of Freedom, Nazim Hikmet

我的欲望
一成不变；每当生活
使我沉积：
我想要伸出足尖
不久和我的整个身体一起
浸入水里
我想要抖开一只大扫把
清扫干枯的树叶
瘀伤的花朵
死去的昆虫
以及灰尘。
我想要种下
一些东西。
有时那欲望看似不可能
变成专注；
但这也曾发生。
我也正是那样而存活：
我所精心照料的
那个空洞是如何
在我心灵的花园里
长出一颗心来
填补它。
——《欲望》艾丽斯·沃克

我为焦渴的鲜花，从河川，从海洋，
带来清新的甘霖；
我为绿叶披上淡淡的凉荫，当他们
歇息在午睡的梦境。
从我的翅膀上摇落下露珠，去唤醒
每一朵香甜的蓓蕾，
当她们的母亲绕太阳旋舞时摇晃着
使她们在怀里入睡。
我挥动冰雹的连枷，把绿色的原野
捶打得有如银装素裹；
再用雨水把冰雪消溶，我轰然大笑，
当我在雷声中走过。
——《云》雪莱

My desire
is always the same; wherever life
deposits me:
I want to stick my toe
& soon my whole body
into the water.
I want to shake out a fat broom
& sweep dried leaves
bruised blossoms
dead insects
& dust.
I want to grow
something.
It seems impossible that desire
can sometimes transform into devotion;
but this has happened.
And that is how I've survived:
how the hole
I carefully tended
in the garden of my heart
grew a heart
to fill it.
Desire, Alice Walker

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
The Cloud, Percy Bysshe Shelle

小孩子！
你可以进我的园，
你不要摘我的花——
看玫瑰的刺儿，
刺伤了你的手。
——《繁星15》冰心

我是个一女人。
我是个一女人。

我是一个女人所生下的女人；她的男人曾拥有一个工厂。
我是一个女人所生下的女人；她的男人曾在一个工厂里干活。

我是一个女人；她的男人穿着丝质套装，他时时刻刻关注自己的体重。
我是一个女人；她的男人穿着破烂衣裳，他的心时时刻刻被饥饿绞缠。

我是一个女人，看着两个婴孩长成美丽的儿童。
我是一个女人，看成两个婴孩因缺少牛奶而死去。

我是一个女人，看着双胞胎长成受人欢迎的大学生，暑假送他们去海外。
我是一个女人，看着三个孩子成长，而他们食不果腹。

但那还有一个男人；
但那还有一个男人；

——《两个女人》一个智利女工写于1973

Hey, children!
You can come into my garden,
But never break off my flowers--
See the thorns of the rose
Will prick and wound your hands.
Infinite Stars, Bingxin

I am a woman.
I am a woman.

I am a woman born of a woman whose man owned a factory.
I am a woman born of a woman whose man labored in a factory.

I am a woman whose man wore silk suits, who constantly watched his weight.
I am a woman whose man wore tattered clothing, whose heart was constantly strangled by hunger.

I am a woman who watched two babies grow into beautiful children. I
am a woman who watched two babies die because there was no milk.

I am a woman who watched twins grow into popular college students with summers abroad.
I am a woman who watched three children grow, but with bellies stretched from no food.

But then there was a man;
But then there was a man;
Two Women, a working class Chilean woman, 1973

假如我是一只鸟，
我也应该用嘶哑的喉咙歌唱：
这被暴风雨所打击着的土地，
这永远汹涌着我们的悲愤的河流，
这无止息地吹刮着的激怒的风，
和那来自林间的无比温柔的黎明……
——然后我死了，
连羽毛也腐烂在土地里面。

为什么我的眼里常含泪水？
因为我对这土地爱得深沉……
——《我爱这土地》艾青

脚下的潮水啊！我面对面看着你！
西边的云——太阳还有半个钟头就落了——我也面对面看着你。
衣着平常的男男女女，我感觉你们实在新奇！
成百上千人搭渡船过河回家，给我的感觉比你们想象的还要新奇，
而你们，将在今后岁月里从口岸渡到口岸的人，对于我比你们想象的更加新奇，更多地进入我的沉思。
——《轮渡布鲁克林》沃尔特·惠特曼

假如我心狂野、自尊疼痛，
我就沐浴自尽之梦；
假如我昂首挺胸，我心冷静，
我会想，“逝者多么幸运！”
——《绝命诗》多罗茜·帕克

If I were a bird,
I would sing with my hoarse voice
Of this land buffeted by storms,
Of this river turbulent with our grief,
Of these angry winds ceaselessly blowing,
And of the dawn, infinitely gentle over the woods...
--Then I would die
And even my feather would rot in the soil.

Why are my eyes always brimming with tears?
Because I love this land so deeply....
I Love This Land, Ai Qing

Flood-tide below me! I see you face to face!
Clouds of the west—sun there half an hour high—I see you also face to face.
Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes, how curious you are to me!
On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, Walt Whitman

If wild my breast and sore my pride,
I bask in dreams of suicide,
If cool my heart and high my head I think
How lucky are the dead.
Rhyme Against Living, Dorothy Parker

< 关于艺术家 >

沈莘 (1990年, 成都) 2014年获伦敦大学学院斯莱德美术学院艺术硕士, 现生活工作于英国与中国。沈莘曾参加“彭博新当代2014”巡展, 在利物浦的世界博物馆、伦敦的ICA和康沃尔的Newlyn艺术画廊展出作品。她同时也是2015年“CAC中国艺术家学术奖金”获得者。在其创作实践中, 沈莘探索着艺术家在社会中所处位置, 创作以录像和电影为主, 同时也运用虚拟的现实和人物、公共提案、交流界面(如表意符号)、个人出版、线上数据库、旅游景点以及活动组织等展开实践。

“电子世界的民谣” 参展艺术家

沈莘

郭熙 张健伶

苗颖

王郁洋

叶甫纳

林科

关于CAC

新时线媒体艺术中心 (CAC) 成立于 2013 年, 系国内首家致力于媒体艺术之展示、研究 / 创作及学术研究的非营利性艺术机构。通过展览、驻留、奖学金、讲座、工作坊及相关文献的梳理与出版, CAC 为媒体艺术在全球语境中的论述、生产及传播开拓了一个多样化且富有活力的平台。CAC以批判地介入不断改变进而重塑当代经验的媒体技术来推动艺术创新及文化认知。

< 媒体联络与更多信息 = info@chronusartcenter.org >

< About the Artist >

SHEN Xin (1990, Chengdu) lives and works in UK and China. Having completed her MFA in Slade School of Fine Arts in 2014, SHEN was selected for the touring exhibitions of Bloomberg New Contemporaries at World Museum in Liverpool, ICA in London, and Newlyn Art Gallery in Cornwall. SHEN has recently received the CAC (Chronus Art Centre in Shanghai) Fellowship for Chinese Artist at Birmingham Institute of Art and Design and Centre for Chinese Visual Arts in Birmingham (2015). SHEN's practice concerns the social position of the artist, and is foregrounded by moving image work. It also encompasses elements of virtual realities and figures, public proposal, communication interfaces such as emoji (ideograms), self-publication, online database, tourist attraction and organized events.

“Folklore of the Cyber World” Series Artists:

SHEN Xin

GUO Xi & ZHANG Jianling

MIAO Ying

WANG Yuyang

YE Funa

LIN Ke

About CAC

Established in 2013, Chronus Art Center (CAC) is China's first nonprofit art organization dedicated to the presentation, research / creation and scholarship of media art. CAC with its exhibitions, residency-oriented fellowships, lectures and workshop programs and through its archiving and publishing initiatives, creates a multifaceted and vibrant platform for the discourse, production and dissemination of media art in a global context. CAC is positioned to advance artistic innovation and cultural awareness by critically engaging with media technologies that are transforming and reshaping contemporary experiences.

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