



Unconsciously

不 觉

却兮 摄







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测的空间一下子敞开了，形成与观者的想象力相互作用、相互推动的动态美学。

是的，独特的作品从不是一种完成状态的封闭之物，而是一种完全打开的、永远等待着下一个观者情绪与情感深度参与的空间。在她镜头下那些闲置的废花园中的空椅子，恍同我们自己回忆中的某个熟悉场景，静待着我们再度坐在其中。是的，在一些特定的情境里，我们不是却兮镜头的观者，我们正是她镜头中未被摄出的主角。

为了保持一个观者身份的纯粹性，在写这篇简短文字之前，我没有和却兮进行任何有关她创作理念的沟通。只有她的照片和我的解读、准确地说是我的误读，在填补我们两人之间的空白地带。在我以前的文章中，我多次表明一个观点，正是误读与歧义在创造连作者的视力都不曾企及的新空间。

《石榴的颜色》组照弥漫着死亡的纯净气息。这里站立的每一个人，虽然身体仍是蓬勃与舒张的，可我感觉到的是死亡，而且是带着温暖回忆的死亡的气息，并没有恐惧可言。我看到的是她们死之前的往昔。她们是一群被时光掏空的人。另一组名为《秋天的乳房》的照片，构图与色调有着莫奈画作的意味，高大树木在水中的倒影、浮萍与野苳的荒寂湖面，有李白所谓“东崖合沓蔽轻雾，深林杂树空芊绵”之境，充满了时光的复杂韵味与一种不可名状的物之哀。

也看过几幅却兮的画作，其艺术冲击力尤甚摄影作品，此处不单论，我期待她身上无外的“新我”不断涌出。

2015年6月于合肥翡翠湖畔

## The Melting Point of Body and Soul

Xianfa Chen

Henri Cartier-Bresson once said about photography, “You must reject an amoral reality so as to reach a realness.” His concept of “reality” and “realness” can be linked back to the ancient Chinese concept of the relationship between an “object” and its “breath” and what you “see” with your eyes and what you “see” with your mind. Or, put more simply, the two areas of the body and the soul. The best photographs meet at a point where the body melts into the soul.

I know almost nothing about the girl whose pen name is Uchercie—it is quite dangerous to say so—because at different moments, when looking at her photographs, I feel as if I know everything about her, and I see in her works the rich life experiences of humanity. Her distinct photographs, whether they be about nature, cities, life, or stories, give me a strong sense of close detachment from life. In its “closeness” she maintains the

faithfulness of documenting reality, but in its “detachment” she opens a door to a poetic space behind the images. It is because of this great poetic nature that I am able to pick up my pen and write a few courageous words on her behalf.

From this point of view, her photographic works, since they are print, feel existent, but also have a perception of being three-dimensional; it is both a simple and pure existence, yet a contradiction of this existence. The “complexity behind the door” rushes onto the paper, enchanting the viewer.

In the series of works entitled “Nacktpflanze”, I see images of a girl’s nude body under the bright or dim light, ample breasts and butterflies or a girl braiding her hair, but my emotions lie in the unseen and entangled minds’ eye of these women: a feeling of repressed lust, mood, and emotions, swimming with force. Once while reading a poem from Paul Celan, I stumbled upon this word

“nacktpflanze.” In another series of photos entitled “Imaginary Club,” the hallucinogenic images view like a psychodrama film: a naked man and woman tangled on top of a metal framed bed, a cup of chemical reactants balanced on a female body, the face of a girl silently lost in memory, shot in the quick flash of a bright light, a reclining woman seemingly suspended in air. This series’ strong impact of modernity and visual composition engage with the viewer’s evolution of thought; the silent space that opens just after the seeing the photograph, forming an interaction with the viewer’s imagination, mutually promoting its dynamic aesthetics.

Yes, distinct works are never in a finished state, but rather the works are completely open, forever waiting for the next viewer to become deeply and emotionally involved. Through her lens, those empty chairs captured in a wasted garden connect to our own memories of a familiar setting, quietly waiting for us to

sit amongst them again. Yes, in certain situations, we are not the merely the viewers of photographs shot through Ucherchie's lens, we are the yet to be captured subjects of her camera.

To preserve the pure identity as a viewer, I didn't talk with Ucherchie about any of her creative ideas before I wrote this text. Only her photographs and my interpretation, or to be exact, my misunderstandings, fill the gap between the two of us. In previous articles, I repeatedly state a point of view: a creation's misunderstanding and ambiguity and even the author's vision, are no match for the new space that it creates.

"The Color of Pomegranate" series is filled with the pure breath of death. Each person that stands here, their body still ebbs and flows with life, but what I feel is death: the kind of death that brings a breath of warm memories, nothing fearful. I see their

past before they die. They are a group of people hollowed out of time. Another series, "Autumn's Breast" contains photographs with a composition and tone that possess a Monet-like quality: water reflections of grandiose trees and duckweed and wild nymphs forlornly floating on a lake, alludes to a poem by the famous Chinese poet Li Bai. Sorrow filled with charm and time's complexity of indescribable things.

I've also seen a few of Ucherchie's paintings, and they are even more ferocious than her photographs, but I won't discuss them here. I look forward to continuously seeing her "new self".

In June of 2015, Emerald Lake









月亮陷入雾中无法脱身

The luna sank into the fog, unable to escape





















