
香港氣

Hong Kong Qi

文 / 万丰

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朋友传给我他在香港街拍的偶然发现，一张贴在水喉上的街头贴纸，是维港倒映中环高楼的一片璀璨夜景，其上“香港氣”三个大字，字体雄壮，气势恢弘。

我们都调侃嗤笑这种对香港的典型刻板印象。或者说，对任何一个繁华都市的光鲜想象都透露着对现代性经验中发展、繁荣、力量和日常生活的全面误解。所有凝视都反映主体本身的欲望，投射在被凝视对象上的，往往是主体对他者的一种幻觉。

当然，幻觉的另一面是一种真实情感的流动，对香港这座复杂城市的好奇窥视，人与地方相遇共生时不吐不快的自我表达，试图在想象和经验中总结出某种真相的普遍冲动。这种迷雾般的“香港氣”不只对外人来说难以把握，连生活在香港的人也难以达成共识。

它应该是多样的集合，也是变动的集合。就像这次展览召集的六位香港年轻艺术家，有着各自不同的背景和人生轨迹，也不约而同地在近几年去海外求学，他们对香港和自我的观察随着距离和时间的变化也产生着微妙的改变。和“香港氣”这种不太常用的说法一样，他们在艺术创作中所转化的感性经验有着令人着迷的模糊和多义，在充满展演寓意的空间中共同组成了对流动现代性的一种地方性想象。

“香港氣”，是气体、气味，还是气质、气氛？是海风穿过棕榈树叶的潮湿，是气流轻拂肌肤和毛发的触觉，还是氧气燃烧烛火摇曳的幻象？气是声音的吗？是悠然呼出的一声长鸣还是喃喃耳语时吹入的一息？气也是情感的吗？朝气、怒气、叹口气，其中有孤独与亲密、回忆与现实、抵达与离散、相知与误读。气可能还是一种关于地理和天命的玄学，乘风则散、界水则止？它肯定是一种穿透历史的超越性线索，如云朵一样有形无实、难以把握，又随时在新的具身经验里凝结为新的果核与智珠。

A friend sent me a photo of a sticker he stumbled across while street photographing in Hong Kong. It was stuck to a water pipe, depicting a dazzling nightscape of Victoria Harbour reflecting the skyscrapers in Central, with the bold, powerful characters "香港氣" emblazoned on it.

We both laughed at the stereotypes of Hong Kong it represented. Or rather, all the glamorous, superficial perceptions of any bustling metropolitan, often reflect a fundamental misunderstanding of development, prosperity, power, and everyday life, in modern experiences. Every gaze reveals the desire of the subject; what is projected onto the object, is often nothing more than an illusion of the other created by the subject.

Nevertheless, the flip side of this illusion is a genuine flow of emotions—a curious peek into the complexities of Hong Kong, a need for self-expression when people and places intersect and coexist, an impulse to extract some sort of truth from the interplay between imagination and experience. This mist-like "Hong Kong Qi" is elusive not only to outsiders but even to those who live there.

It is, or should be, a collection of diversities and changes—much like the six young Hong Kong artists featured in this exhibition, each with different backgrounds and life paths, who have all, in recent years, headed abroad for their studies. Their observations of Hong Kong, and of themselves, have subtly shifted with distance and time. Just like "Hong Kong Qi" a phrase seldom used, the sensory experiences they translate into their art are intriguingly ambiguous and carry multi-layered meanings, collectively forming a localized imagination of fluid modernity in a space rich with performative meaning.

Is "Hong Kong Qi" a gas, a scent, or a quality, an atmosphere? Is it the damp sea breeze rustling through palm leaves, the tactile sensation of air brushing against skin and hair, or the flickering illusion of a candle flame fueled by oxygen? Is it a sound? A long, leisurely exhale, or a breath whispered in someone's ear? Could it also be an emotion? Vitality, anger, a sigh—within it lie loneliness and intimacy, memory and reality, arrival and dispersal, understanding and misinterpretation. Perhaps it is even a form of metaphysical thought related to geography and destiny—does it disperse with the wind, or halt at the water's edge? It is undoubtedly a transcendent thread weaving through history, as elusive and formless as a cloud, yet constantly coalescing into new kernels of wisdom through fresh embodied experiences.

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