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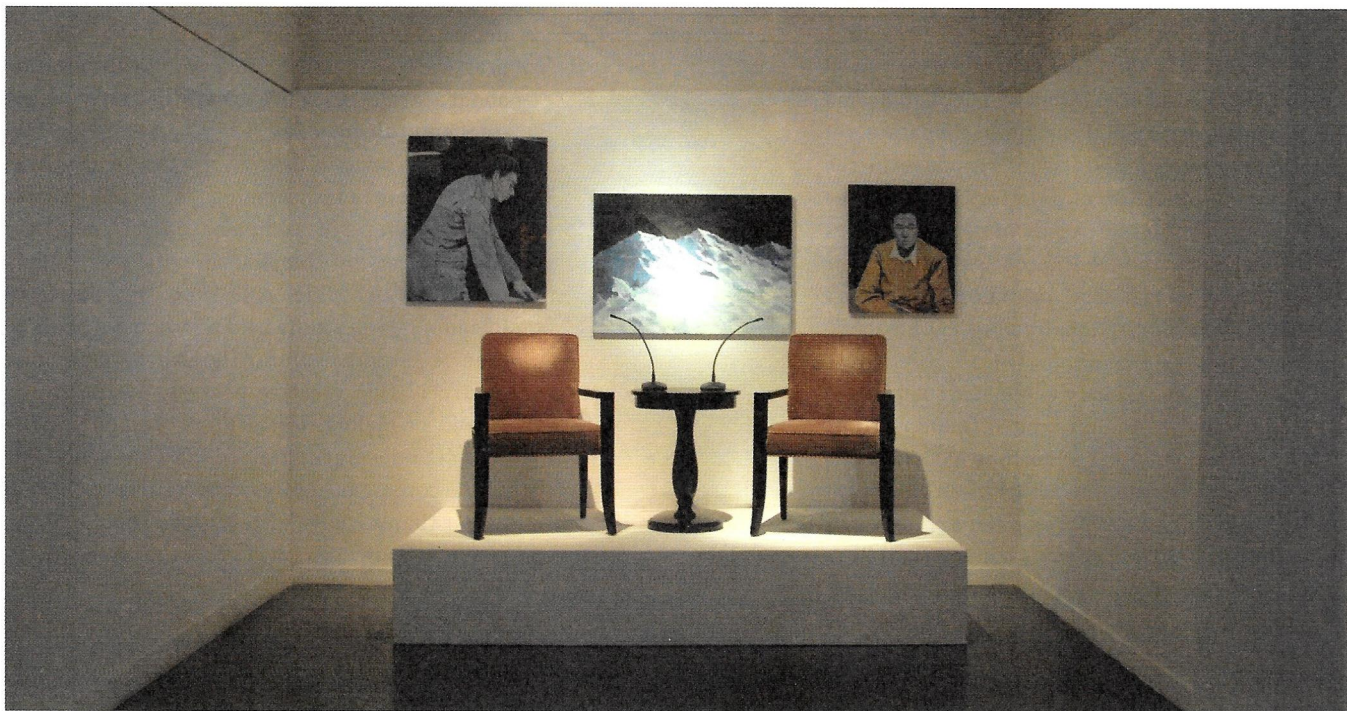
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个人的即公共的 THE PERSONAL IS PUBLIC



总会有艺术家从私宅走向广场，从自我走向公众，发表演说、呈现作品，注重艺术的公共性维度。而这并不是一个艺术家代际的话题，就像参加“个人的即公共的”群展的三位年轻艺术家，他们的创作虽有不同的方向，但对于公共领域的思考却不会因为年纪尚轻就有所回避。

陈轴的录像《儿子，快醒醒，你一直在做梦》造就了一对各自梦幻的父子。羸弱的儿子的干燥嘴唇蠕动，仿佛在念咒。镜头切换间，他捏着父亲的头颅，似乎正干预父亲的生命。叙事被不时出现的涡轮状运动的黑白圆圈切断，让观者在真实和臆想间不停进出。病、慢如蜗牛，疱疹在额头鼓起的父亲，嘴角挂着怪笑，在儿子的意念中死了，镜头的自觉摇晃，煞有其事地模仿死者轻微的惊悸和牵动。冷光自下而上激射在父亲的脸上，裤子褪至脚踝，上个世纪中山装式样的蓝黑衣角恰好遮住私处。

录像中也可以看出陈轴拍摄时对置景的重视，无论是色彩还是光线都偏向过分的饱和：灿烂的被褥，褶皱的向日葵；窗帘是丝绒质的暗梅花红。但同时屋宅内也充斥着一种令人警惕的、阴性的生机：肥硕、油绿的植物；林林总总的氯化钠注射液瓶。不知名的水流积攒在镜框中；地板上，不知从何而来的一摊水——或许儿子也是一摊父亲的身体。但父亲也可能没有死。故事结束的时候，曾经斜躺在白色衣柜角落的儿子，表情安详，半蜷半蹲紧抱着父亲的腿，像头幼兽。

展览中，郑焕的雕塑装置《消失的河流》则略显

李然
《会议的难度》
2011年
装置绘画
尺寸可变

Li Ran
The Difficulty of Meeting
2011
Painting installation
Dimensions variable

抽象。两座模型，其中一具建筑体借鉴了法西斯主义的建筑理念：巨大构筑物，微小的拱门，建筑体一侧的斜坡让它与地面的距离拉到极远，看起来高不可攀，但装置由看似强悍、质地酥脆的石膏体制成。另一个蜡质的粗糙变体歪斜翻倒——像是对雪白石膏体的策反——甚至不可能再重新竖立起来，未冷却时还被“踏上一只脚”：“人民的意志”似乎在对冲另一番“意志的胜利”，通过建筑的符号、质地的寓意，将两尊模型的宿命表露无遗。它们都躺在瘦弱、长条的木栅所搭建出的基座上，显得悬空而危险。

官方媒介的谈话场景总有迤迳的巨幅画卷衬托，此间，殊异的国体、政体，语言翻译中的“不可传达”，不同的智力胸襟下的误判和矛盾，已被布置出的“和谐”气氛包裹。所以，李然营造的《会议的难度》的“对话”现场也有一幅蓝紫调的漫漫雪山图，但它看上去却是对现实语境中既存交流障碍的某种隐喻，而空置的沙发，无人的现场以及对话者未曾交汇的目光，无一不在针对现实语境中所谓“对话”的虚假与空洞。

这种“障”，如同“业障”一般轮回在个体和公共的关系之间，无论是父子的血统伦理，还是“双簧”般的政治嘴脸，抑或是庙堂上的虚假对话——假想的“巧舌如簧”不可能变成真正的沟通之途——无疑都在揭示作为“障”的一种先天性与必然性。更深层次来说，“个人的即公共的”其实约等于艺术“本体论”的自我告白：毕竟艺术家的每一次自我袒露都是对公众观念的一记皮下注射。 袁菁



郑焕
《消失的河流》
2011年
装置
125 × 180 厘米
95 × 165 厘米

Zheng Huan
Disappeared River
2011
Installation
125 x 180 cm, 95 x 165 cm

There will always be artists who move from private dwelling to town square, from self to public: artists who make speeches, who show their works, who focus on the public dimension of art. This phenomenon is not limited by generation, as evidenced by the work of three young artists participating in "The Personal Is Public." Although the works in this group exhibition extend in different directions, they share a common trait in that none of their makers—in spite of their youth—shy away from consideration of the public realm.

Chen Zhou's video piece *Wake up, my son, you're still in dream* conceives of a father and son each lost in reverie. The frail boy's lips wriggle as if he is chanting an incantation. The lens shifts—he pinches his father's skull between his fingers, as if interfering with the fate of his life. Sickness creeps up as slowly as a snail. Blisters flare up on the father's forehead, a sneer hangs off the corner of his mouth, and in his son's mind, he is dead. The camera shakes in precise imitation of the subtle palpitations and contractions of a hanged man. Cold light illuminates the father's face; his pants are down to his ankles, the black and blue hem of his Chinese tunic just barely covering his private parts. Water from an unknown source accumulates in a puddle on the floor, as if the son were a legacy left by his father's body as a small pool of water is left by the rain. But then again the father may not have died: when the story ends, the son—once recumbent in a corner of the white wardrobe—clings to his father's leg, curled and kneeling, his face serene.

Zheng Huan's installation, titled *Disappeared River*, is somewhat more abstract. One edifice mirrors fascist architectural concepts with huge structures, tiny arches, and an incline that seems to reach unattainable heights. Meanwhile, the installation itself comes across as tough and intrepid, a product of crisply textured plaster. Another crude wax variant of this is overturned and askew, as before cooling the model was "toppled": "the will of the people" seems to have hedged yet another "triumph of the will." Zheng exposes the fate of these two models by way of implicit reference, through architectural symbol and texture. They all lie on bases constructed atop long, frail wooden paling in what feels like a dangerously precarious mid-air suspension.

The landscape of official media dialogue is always set in relief against the torturously meandering grand spectacle that serves as its foil. This is a space shaped by a distinct aura of "incommunicability," one that lurks both within the state system and the political system. It thus follows that in his work *The Difficulty of Meeting Li Ran* has conceived of a site for "dialogue" whose backdrop appears to act as a metaphor for obstacles to communication inherent in the context of the present system. Meanwhile, an unoccupied sofa awaits, the scene of empty eye contact between interlocutors that never was. Not one detail is spared in reference to the inauthenticity and emptiness of this so-called "dialogue."

This "barrier," much like a kind of karmic retribution, is a phenomenon that cycles back and forth between the individual and the public. Whether with regard to the ethical principles implicit in blood ties between father and son, a "two-man" act masked by one political face, or the sham of an imperial court colloquy—a hypothetical "silken tongue" cannot possibly serve as a channel for true communication. Without a doubt, every artist here exposes the innate existence and inevitability of this "barrier." On a deeper level, "The Personal Is Public" is equal to a sort of voluntary confession to artistic "ontology": after all, for the artist, any instance of self-exposure is a subcutaneous injection into public opinion. **Yuan Jing** (Translated by Katy Pinke)