

蒋志 Jiang Zhi

精选文章 *Selected Articles*

鲍栋 | 蒋志：在诗学与社会学的交汇处

蒋志是中国九十年代实验艺术的背景下成长起来的艺术家。在上世纪九十年代初，在一系列的社会背景变动下，包括政治风气的转变、市场经济的转轨，以及随之而来的文化氛围的整体转型，刚刚有所发展的中国当代艺术（在八十年代叫做八五新潮美术）不得不去面对两个问题，一、这种新的文化语境带来的问题是什么。二，用什么样的方式把这些问题呈现出来。

虽然这两个问题是内在关联的，但是艺术家们总是有所侧重。一部分艺术家以寻求历史变化下的社会题材为重心，从九十年代的“政治波普”到九十年代末的“艳俗艺术”即是如此，总体而言，他们并不太关心艺术方式自身的问题，如“新生代”与“玩世现实主义”的艺术家基本采取的都是被美术学院塑造出来的具象写实的语言，而“政治波普”与“艳俗艺术”也都是在不断地重复着“挪用”、“拼贴”这一些基本语法，只是换成了不同的题材而已。实际上，现在来看，这一维度的艺术实践只是曾经在中国占据绝对统治地位的现实主义艺术，及其背后的社会反映论与历史决定论的衍生物，带有典型的文化转型期的不适——用老的框架去处理新的问题，以至于无法真正触及到新问题的实质。

另一部分艺术家则更关心当代艺术自身的方式问题，如新的类型和媒介的可能，当代艺术文化制度的可能，以及更深层次的当代艺术思考——在中国，当代艺术究竟与传统艺术、官方艺术、学

院艺术有哪些根本上的差异，而不仅仅是政治姿态及美学趣味的不同。这一维度的思考带来了广泛但又稀少的艺术实验活动，艺术家以个体或小组的方式，在一种自觉边缘化的状态下，涉及各类当代社会与文化的议题以及各种艺术类型与媒介的创作。蒋志的当代艺术实践就发生在这样的“实验艺术”的背景下，也构成了九十年代“实验艺术”的一个部分。

他成长于作为八五新潮美术重镇的浙江美术学院，最初写实验小说，后来又参与了录像艺术运动，这一层面的经验给他带来了一种语言的自觉性需求，一种来自于语言快感的驱动力，以及一种对语言本体性的要求。这带来了蒋志作品的诗学气质，这也影响了蒋志对“作品化”的强调与偏爱。而在另一方面，从1995年到2005年这十年的时间里，蒋志一直有一个记者职业，这使他站到了社会变动的最前线上，使自己不得不去处理他不断遭遇到的未经处理的新经验。

在这个层面上，“实验艺术”就不可能是一种沙龙性的、书斋性的艺术活动，“实验”是被迫的，因为人们无法用既定的方式把握得住新的问题，而只有通过“实验”——严格地说“实验”在这里只是一个比喻——来创造出不同的艺术方式，并且是不可重复的方式，也即是一种诗性的言说。就蒋志而言，他的作品包括了身体、性别、大众消费文化等各种话题，也经常涉及一些社会性事件，但其价值却建立在他呈现问题的方

式上。如他的作品《M+1,M-1》，身体与性别的讨论在一种直接的对比中——为了变性而隆胸的“男人”与因癌症而切除了乳房的女人——被直观而微妙的呈现了出来，现实及经验的复杂性因此而被揭示。而在另一件关于“重庆钉子户”事件的作品中，蒋志把一束强光照射到孤零零的建筑上，那束光线给那场已经充分戏剧化的社会事件带来舞台效果，用“剧场”隐喻了这场关于权利与法制的事件，在一种视觉修辞中“照亮”或建构了这场社会事件的某层含义。

蒋志总是自觉地处在诗学与社会学这两个维度的交汇处上，他所着力的是如何使那些我们熟悉的日常、社会经验转换进作品文本中，并保持日常经验与文本经验两个维度上的张力。因此，他一直避免了那种空泛的个人情感与政治姿态，也始终回避着那种单薄的表达与批判，在这个意义上，蒋志的作品是开放的、可写性的，具有一种诗歌的活力。甚至在他的纪录片中，影像语言的自觉性也始终得到彰显，并内在地支撑了主题呈现。

Jiang Zhi: At the Intersection of Poetics and Sociology

By Bao Dong

Jiang Zhi is an artist who developed amidst a backdrop of 1990s experimental art in China, during which the country underwent a series of social transformations. This includes changes in the political atmosphere and switch in economic tendencies, and the consequent utter reform of the cultural landscape. All this is happening at a time when contemporary art in China (referred to in the 1980s as the '85 New Wave Art Movement') has just begun to develop. As a result, Chinese contemporary art is confronted with two questions: first, what are the problems that have arisen out of this new cultural language; and secondly, how do we present them?

Although these two questions are essentially connected, artists have always had their own emphasis. For some, the core concern has been in examining the social issues that arise out of historical transitions. From Political Pop in the early nineties to Gaudy Art in the late 1990s, they are generally not concerned with the issues of art forms. Take for instance the 'New Generation' artists and Cynical Realism, which basically adopted the realist language created by Fine Art academies; while Political Pop and Gaudy Art repeatedly uses 'appropriation' and 'collage', the only difference being the context. In fact, from current observation, this aspect of artistic practice is merely a once-dominant realism in Chinese art. Together with its derivative social critique and historical determinism, it possesses the classic ills common in periods of cultural transition—using old frameworks to deal with new problematics, such that the true essence of the problems remains oblivion.

Another group of artists are more concerned with issues of contemporary art making, such as the possibilities new mediums and systems of contemporary art can offer, as well as engaging with more in-depth examination of contemporary art—such as

investigating, in the context of China, the fundamental differences between contemporary art and traditional art forms, official art, and academy art, not just their difference in political attitude and aesthetic interests. This trajectory has brought about widespread yet scarce experimental art activities. Artists, either on their own or in groups, consciously marginalise themselves by engaging with issues of contemporary society and culture, and experimenting with different expressions and mediums. It is under such atmosphere of 'experimental art' that Jiang Zhi's artistic practice developed and which also became part of this movement.

Jiang's development began at Zhejiang Fine Arts Academy, the centre of the '85 New Wave Art Movement. From the initial experimental novels to subsequently involvement in the video art movement, Jiang's experiences brought for him a conscious demand for language, a kind of motivation inspired by the pleasure that language brings, and a certain expectation for language structures. As a result, his works are poetic, leading to his preference for and emphasis in 'making work'. On the other hand, Jiang's journalism career from 1995 to 2005 caused him to be at the frontline of social transformations and compelled him to confront and deal with the constant assault of unprocessed new experiences.

On this level, 'experimental art' can no longer be a salon or academic art movement. Experimentation is forced because one cannot grasp the new problems that arise. Only through experimentation—strictly speaking, 'experiment' is used here only as an analogy—can new and different art forms be created such that they cannot be replicated, as with certain poetic language. In the case of Jiang, his works engage with issues of the body, gender, mass

consumerism, etc., and often involves recent social events whose value is established in the way he presents the problem. Take for instance his work *M+1, W-1*. Here, body and gender is in direct juxtaposition—a man who implants breasts in an attempt to become a woman versus a woman who loses her breasts to cancer—thus revealing, in visual subtlety, the complexity of reality and experience. In another work about the infamous dingzihu in Chongqing (the family who stubbornly refused to move despite immense pressure from the authorities), Jiang shines a strong ray of light at the lone residence, adding theatricality to the already dramatised social event. 'Theatrics' becomes the metaphor for an event so infused with issues of power and legitimacy, 'illuminating' or constructing another layer of meaning through visual rhetoric.

Jiang Zhi has consciously positioned himself at the intersection between poetics and sociology, fervently weaving familiar mundane social experiences into his works, at the same time maintaining the tensivity between daily experience and our experience of the text. Hence, he has consistently avoided unspecific personal emotions and political statements, and also shies away from feeble expressions and critiques. In this aspect, Jiang's works are open-ended, supple, and possess a kind of poetic vigour. Even in his documentaries, a conscious filmic language permeates, holding up the theme from within.

对谈 | 蔡影茜 x 蒋志

2010.12

《给蒋志的问题》

C: 我对你更真切的认识，是从有关沅江的一些文字开始的，感觉这段时间也似乎是你的文艺生涯的酝酿期，所以今天的问题，也会从这里开始。

在《沅江文艺青年的回忆录》里，你写道“一到天黑，只要你背着个画夹，在街上就能碰到‘他们’，长发，那种独特的‘艺术家眼神’……这种眼神的非物质成分大致由‘我是傻逼’和‘我不是傻逼’的激烈的内心反应生成……”不得不说，相比于你其它的写作来说，这里面有一种天真、乐观和狂想的快乐在，非常有感染力，能不能说你日后创作中的某种“幻想”气质，也是来自于沅江时期的经历？

J: 我在沅江的几个朋友都是你所说的这种天真、乐观和狂想气质的人，他们经常做出荒诞不经的事情，而且事后会无比欢乐地叙说。关于“傻逼”的说法，其实是不对的，因为这是北方的说法。在那个时期，按照地域性的语言来说，应该是“神经”、癫狂、不正经、随心所欲。可能真的是“楚多狂人”吧，我看过有人说楚文化恣肆浪漫、好玄思幻想，无别于幻想和真实……

人们大都喜欢快乐，现在我倒是觉得太喜欢快乐也许会恰得其反。

“幻想”是一种漂浮，我的意思是如果把“幻想”作为漂浮的工具，可能是危险的。这取决于你是否把“幻想”和“现实”对立起来，是否把“幻想”作为对抗“现实”的一种工具和手段。

“幻想”是轻盈和自由的，“现实”是沉重和禁锢的，也许我们不该这么去看“幻想”和“现实”。

“幻想”和“现实”其实都是我们的主观，只有真的意识到这一点，我们才能找到各自的主观方式来生活或创造。

以“幻想”来对抗“现实”，我个人觉得，其结局注定是悲壮的。我曾经迷恋这种飞蛾投火般的美学，而现在我已经不这么想了。我更相信改造主观，就是改造现实。

C: 在对郑志华的采访、《沅江文艺青年的回忆录》和《易腐烂的物品》中都出现了“梵高”，而且你也提到了梵高是你那时候最喜欢的艺术家。熊望洲就一直称自己为“梵高”。相比之下，那时候的你虽然对此同样向往，但似乎还存有一点清醒。是到了什么时候，你才觉得自己真正成为了“梵高”，就是说坦然地认为自己已经是艺术家了，创作不再是儿戏和幻想？

J: 我想，我们那时那么喜欢梵高，可能是因为他是个苦命的家伙，对我们来说是一个励志哥。在那个时候，抗拒卑微的方式之一就是把自己崇高化，或者就是卑微者的精神反弹。很多年后，我理解了为什么有些人会宣称自己获得了说外星语的能力。可以说，我并没有真正喜欢过梵高，我喜欢的是那个喜欢梵高的我的这个角色。

我从来都没有怀疑过自己是一个艺术家，我6岁多开始临摹芥子园的时候，就很清楚知道这是一个艺术家的童年正在做的事情。小学的时候，我把一个女同学邀请到家里来，让她欣赏我如何像一个超逸浪漫的“艺术家”一样一边喝酒一边泼墨写意，可惜那是我第一次喝酒，而且是高度白酒，当我躺在地上醒来的时候，还是有点羞愧的。我考美院

考了三年，不是因为我考不上大学，而是我那时绝对地相信只有去中央美院或浙江美院才是我该经历的路。我的父母当时对我不知天高地厚的妄想症相当忧虑，他们觉得我要是能考上随便一个什么大专就已经谢天谢地了。

因为我从来都认为自己是个艺术家，或者迟早都是，我就没有再考虑过是不是和什么时候成为艺术家的问题。到现在我更对是不是艺术家毫无兴趣。

对创作我都是非常认真地去做的。每个小孩子做儿戏的时候都非常专注和认真。我不是很清楚你这里提到的“儿戏”的定义，对我来说，如果现在我能儿戏般天真地创作，我会非常珍惜这个馈赠。

我们从来都没有离开过幻想。不是吗？

我觉得很多诗人在做的事情，也许本来就是以幻想之躯去探测幻想之源。

这两天看了一本《策兰和海德格尔——一场悬而未决的对话（1951-1970）》，书中说：“真正的诗人和哲学家都投入到一种相似的工程中，那就是对存在进行表达。”

C: 第一件真正意义上的艺术作品是？创作的背景是什么？

J: 大概是我八九岁的时候，我弟弟要回到我们家庭，因为他断奶之后一直在农村的亲戚家寄养。之所以他去了农村，几乎是因为我的缘故。我三岁的时候，因为父亲常年在外地工作，而母亲整天要在学校教课，所以就自然而然地把我寄养在南大乡的一个亲戚家，而我也很自然地无法接受这个安排，那我就只能做出一个决定来自救，我打定主意，来

一个不达目的誓不罢休的行为，那就是一刻不停地哭闹。为了加强效果，我还附带了另外一个苦肉计，农村的蚊虫很多，我毫不抵抗地让蚊虫叮咬我，然后，把蚊虫咬的包抓烂。所以不到三天，我身上的皮肤都被抓烂了。这样我一身血肉模糊，又整天嚎哭不止，亲戚就只好把我送回。之后，因为我独占了和父母（主要是母亲）在一起的机会，我妹妹和我弟弟相继在断奶之后都被送去了农村的亲戚家。那时候，估计是把孩子养大才是最重要的。

我弟弟要回来的那一天，我做了一个大型“装置”，展厅就是我家隔壁的教室，我用了教室所有的竹扫把，然后取出家里人所有的衣服，为我弟弟做了一个巨人，作为见面礼。

C：“全国流浪艺术家协会”和“流浪艺术家共和国”是一回事吧？说说这个“协会”和“共和国”吧，成为它的“文化部部长”时你几岁？在干嘛？

J：是1987年，我16岁。

C：你的生活和创作当中，似乎常常遇上一些“神人”，比如说熊望洲和他的朋友们、《一件作品》中的刘青山、还有翻模时碰上的男模特等等，他们和你的关系是什么呢？生活里的朋友？创作、研究、合作的对象？他们似乎对你总是很坦荡，你和他们之间也相处无间，是有一种天然的联系？

J：我所写的、或作品中的这些朋友们，应该是所有人物……你说的没错，是一

种天然的关系，所以说他们都是我，而不是和我有别的对象。

C：你“文艺生涯”的早期，除画画之外，你的写作是不是也从诗歌开始？所以会有《食指》的拍摄？

J：我觉得是从小说开始的，在初中的时候，有一个暑假，我都用来写作，每天把自己关在一个房间里，只允许从门缝里面把午饭和晚饭递进来。每天写十多个小时，喝茶来提神。我认为我那时很享受那些时光，可以尽情地倾吐、回忆和虚构。但那个小说，现在回想起来应该是很幼稚的，我记得那时正在看《少年维特之烦恼》、普希金的诗，还有屠格涅夫，应该是受了这些影响来抒发我的青春期的遐想。大概写了几万字。我对诗歌有一种戒备或逃避，可能是因为我不能贸然启用这种神圣的表达方式。我一直认为诗歌不是一种所谓诗人的表达，而是一种神启，直到现在我还这么认为。我觉得诗是说出那些不能说出的。这个观念也影响了我对艺术创作所持有的态度，虽然我还是做了很多能被说出的东西和想去告知的东西。但是，我一直没有改变过这个态度，原因很简单，去写出不能被写出的，去显现不可见的，去思考那些不能被思考的，对我来说更有吸引力，从这个意义上说，我一直在准备。

《食指》的拍摄比较偶然，1997年一个作家朋友彭希曦有天来找我，说要去拜访食指，希望我一同去并拍点照片。之前我并没看过他的诗歌，但是听了他的经历之后，了解到他曾经是个那么有精神号召力的诗人，但是却因精神分裂住进了医院，差不多有十来年，而且现在仍然在写诗，我深为感动。而且，疯

癫和正常是如何转换和互相影响的？分裂的人（每个人都是分裂的吧）如何再生活下去？如何再继续创作？……都是我极为感兴趣的，于是我想用更为仔细的方式来探寻他，起码录像每秒能记录24帧画面吧，我当时就这么想的。

C：后来，到你开始意识到艺术家不止画画这一样之后，你有一个时期似乎在写作和艺术创作上花的精力和时间差不多，甚至前者更多？写作和艺术创作的关系是怎么样的？

J：我根本没有把选择画画、或写作、或雕塑、或摄影等等与是否是艺术家联系起来。之所以用写作或用别的方式的创作，是因为我想创作。

艺术家只是一个社会角色和头衔而已，和名利有关，但和创作毫无关系，也和我的最深的欲望没有关系。

毕业后那段时期，大概有两三年，我更多的是在写作，那是因为我那时不想画画，而且，对一个贫穷的毕业生来说，写作的成本更低。直到我能买得起一个二手相机和能借到录像机之后，我才开始把兴趣转移过去。

C：我看到你不少的文字都是在1996到1998年之间创作的，第二个比较集中的时间是2005年之后，这一时期艺术作品的创作也更加定期和密集了。在1999年到2005年之间这个表面上看来比较“疏于创作”的时候，你主要是在干什么呢？

J：1995年毕业后，我的工作单位是深圳的《街道》杂志社。但是，直到

1998年底杂志社被关闭我都没有在深圳呆过一天，我被直接派到北京。因为我是北京记者站唯一的工作人员，而且是月刊，我完成了杂志社的约稿和采写工作之后，还有大量的时间，几乎都用来写作、摄影、拍录像和东逛西逛。当然后者我花的时间更多，经常去邱志杰那看他收集的各种艺术资讯，也经常和杨福东整天泡在一起聊天，也经常和诗人、作家和剧作家们混在一起……也喜欢去旅行。

直到1998年底，因为杂志社被关闭，我在北京失去了合法的身份，就回到了深圳。还好，我可以回到我自己的房子，那是一套我已经月供了一年多但还从未谋面的公寓。我又开始写小说，拿着一个小DV去这个陌生的城市四处游荡，拍了很多后来我称之为《人的几分钟》的小短片（后来叫《片刻》）。因为我不在北京了，看起来我从艺术圈消失了，但是那时我还是参加了不少展览。首先是陈炯邀请我在他的博尔赫斯书店做了我的第一个个展，甚至还搭便车挤进了侯瀚如2003年威尼斯双年展的“广东快车”，而且还获了一个CCA A的奖。这一切让人觉得我还在艺术界中，只是从某方面说，我在一个边缘游荡。

2001年开始，我开始组织一些观影活动，组建了一个社团叫“联合力量”，试图刺激一下深圳的文艺青年对艺术创作的兴趣，还和朋友们一起做了一本独立刊物，到处给朋友们电话组稿、拉印刷的赞助。那时深圳的印刷行业比较红火，出刊比较顺利，刊物名叫《Paradox》中文名是《谬》。和联合力量一样，都是娃娃命名的。刊物发行到广州、北京、成都等一些城市，很快销售一空，甚至上了三联书店的月销量排行榜前几名。后来做了第二期，有了

小孩之后，我和娃娃的精力不济，就没有再延续下去。当时有很多关于如何在纸本上做艺术作品的想法，也是可惜了。

也差不多从那个时候开始，杨福东、陈晓云、曹斐和我经常在MSN上讨论组成一个组合，一起做些作品和展览。小组名字我们都想了很多，最后我们用了杨福东取的，确定叫“天梯”小组，应该是在2002年。之后我们也一直在谈各自的创作计划，但是都没能确定一个合作方案，可能是大家都个性太强的缘故。直到2004年初高士明做上海双年展，他对这个想法很有兴趣，问有没有可能以这个组合的方式做一件作品参展。于是，我们各做了一个8分钟的影像作品。后来小组也没继续一起做作品。这个小组像是一个潜伏组织，不知什么时候可能会冒出来活动一下。

当我得到不用打卡上下班的承诺之后，我先后去了深圳电视台和《凤凰周刊》工作，但是工作量明显比我在北京的时候多了几倍。当然，这让我对媒体有切身的体验，这对我之后的创作有些影响，也许也种下了2009年开始的系列个展《表态》的种子。徐坦后来还在一个座谈会上给我的艺术一个简称“媒体现实主义”和“时尚现实主义”。我并不认可这种说法，当时还争辩了几句，因为我认为主观即现实。而且，在“表态”中所做的，恰恰是如何避免让艺术工作成为媒体工作，让创作者区别于记者。当然，徐坦在后来的发言中做了区别。

在《凤凰周刊》工作的经历，极大地扩展了我对时事政治的兴趣。那时我已经和娃娃生活在一起，她具有天生的忧国忧民的秉性。后来她自己说对政治的参与热情可能来自遗传，她曾经提到过她的大爷任光（音乐家，代表作“渔光

曲”，四十一岁时在皖南事变中牺牲）也是一个积极投身于政治的艺术家，她对新闻的关心强烈地影响了我。

2002年某一天，一个设计师朋友告诉我，在他的工作室有一个展览，这个地方离我上班的地方很近。我去看了，所以我认识了储云，因为那是他的个展。大概有十个人左右参加了这个不寻常的展览。展览名就是这个公寓楼的房间号。储云的那件香皂作品应该是第一次展出，我对储云说非常喜欢这件作品，就这样我们成了朋友。他那时和刘窗同住在一个大厦里，我会时不时去那儿的一个小酒吧喝酒聊天。后来龚剑来了深圳，和我成了在《凤凰周刊》的同事。

2004年我和储云、刘窗在一个酒吧喝酒，来了一个储云的朋友。不知为何，他大谈起在深圳一个秘密的SM圈的故事，比如如何把一个人调教成一只狗，然后用链子系住他的脖子去像遛狗一样遛他……我觉得太神奇了，于是根据他提供给我的网站地址去找这个“秘密组织”，果然他们回信告诉我说，要我带上女友或妻子去参加他们的一个换妻聚会。这样，我没敢再联系。过了不久，我把这个经历当笑话一样讲给储云他们听的时候，他和我分享了他的另一个经历，就是他在我们正在喝酒的这个酒吧看过一个非常妩媚的女孩子在跳钢管舞，但其实她是男儿身，只不过他的感觉系统完全认为自己是女性。这仍然是我感兴趣的问题，虽然没有那种一有人的身体但认为自己是狗一那么极端，但是这种一有着男性身体却自认是女性一也强烈震撼了我，而且我一直对“躯壳”和“灵魂”、“肉身”和“精神”之类的问题感兴趣。我立即问到这个人的联系电话，我记得首先是这个酒吧的老板沈丕基（艺术家和音乐家）帮我联系的。没过多少天，那个“女孩”应沈

丕基之邀再次到酒吧来表演钢管舞。我开始用摄像机拍摄，然后我认识了她一平儿。平儿当晚就带我去了深圳另一个酒吧，叫“三原色酒吧”，是他的“同类们”的集聚地，每个晚上都有男扮女装的表演。

我和娃娃花了一年的时间来拍他们，后来我们想做一个记录和剧情混合的一个片子，最后确定选择平儿、丽君和香香作为片中的主角。正巧我接了一个席梦思广告片赚了几万元，于是就把这个想法实现了。那段时间我还拍了一组男身的女性和女身的男性，我把这组照片叫《同体》。后来和那个片子一起在侯瀚如策划的广州三年展展出。

C: 同一时期，1997年到2006年之间，木木是贯穿的创作主题，为什么有木木？她是你从哪里找到的？她是怎样的一个人？有什么故事

J: 是在杭州一个旧货摊上遇到她的，很可爱的样子，但是脸上有一道裂缝。因为是一个小小的木偶，我就叫她木木。也许是脸上的裂缝让她看起来和别的小木偶不一样，我要了她，老板还附送了一个小男孩和一匹马。

我想那时候应该还是比较需要一个感情的寄托对象，一个伴侣。如果没有人，那么木偶也行，而且她还是那么好携带。有一段时间，我沉浸在我和她的游戏之中。也许有人会说，这只是一个人的游戏。这个道理直到现在我明白，我们一直都是一个人在玩游戏，无论你和多少人在一起。但是，在那个时候，有“木木”这个“她”，我觉得这个游戏才有意思，这让我觉得这是一个双人游

戏，我和她在各种情境中享受幻想之乐。

1997年我在北京采访一位老诗人蔡其矫。一见面，我就能感受到他天真的性情和蓬勃的生命力，这两者都是非常能吸引我的，那一年时间我经常去拜访他。将近八十岁了，还那么喜欢谈论漂亮的女孩子，毫不讳言对美女的热爱。有一次我给他拍照的时候，他说起他最大的摄影兴趣就是给女孩子拍照片。现在想起来，我觉得他一定拍了几百名女孩的照片，如果做一个展览应该是非常有意思的。（我也喜欢拍各种女孩照片，拍摄了一百多位“娇羞”的女孩，这是不是我觉得和他那么投缘的证明呢？）。

他为女人因“破坏军婚罪”坐过牢，当艾青问他后不后悔时，他回答道：“无悔，这里有代价，但也得教益。这个教益就是当面对一个爱你的女人时，你要勇敢。”

六十年代他就写过这样的诗句：“为了一次快乐的亲吻/不惜粉碎我自己。”他还向我透露了他的遗愿，用所有的积蓄在老家建一个花园，提供给年轻人在里面谈情说爱。

1998年的时候，我拿出一些木木的照片给他看，趁这个机会请他写了一副字“爱情舞台”。我说以后可能给木木做一个展览，就用这个名字。

当然我那时如此喜欢去找他，还因为他的经历、那种无邪的天真强烈地吸引我。这种天真是对强权的无惧和远离。“远离”是指他对任何形式的权力结构都保持距离，他相信自由的艺术和高贵的爱情。“我英勇的、自由的心啊/谁敢在你上面建立他的统治……”（蔡其矫《波浪》，1962）。

北岛在一篇纪念蔡其矫的文章中写道：在一个“阶级仇民族恨”的时代，正是爱与艺术让他超越了反抗的局限。也只有爱与艺术，才会破解权力的因果链条，挣脱官方话语的无形桎梏；才会让人心变得柔软，复原万物的质感，使灵魂自由青春永驻。

我想，针对强权，我们要摒弃夺取强权的思维，警惕那些强大者，也警惕自身对强大的欲望。

1999年，我从北京到了深圳。

C: 木木总是有点抑郁，濒海远眺、迷失都市、勇闯罗布泊，其实还满像那一代成长起来的城市小资的。后来木木还长大了？是什么让她成长的？还会有木木么？她的旅程是不是已经结束？

J: 我现在觉得让木木长大是一个过失。

我精心构造了一部《木木奇遇记》，我想我已经完成了她。

一个人的长大是需要勇气的，而且，需要很多很多的爱。当没有很多的爱，就需要勇气来面对。这个“爱”的问题，在人生中的很长阶段都会存在。女人总是比男人更在乎爱，所以，一个女人的成长是充满危险的。

其实我非常愿意木木永远快乐、没有烦恼的。如果她小，就不会想那么多。

肖伯纳在出版他和爱伦·泰瑞多年的情书集时在前言写道：“人类只有在纸上，才会创造出光荣、美好，创造出真理、知识、美德和永恒的爱。”

可惜，我们不是仅仅活在纸上。

C: 2005年以后，《香平丽》、《M+1, W-1》和《同体》连续三个作品都与身份、身体和性别有关。虽然《香平丽》当中的主角严格来说也有虚构的成分，但是这些出现在你作品里的人都是真实的人，你是怎么遇上或者找到他们的？你还提到了娃娃对你这个时期创作的这几件作品的影响，如果不介意的话，能具体说说么？

J: 从2000年到2010年底我的几乎所有作品，娃娃都有参与。很多拍摄现场她都会在一旁协助我，如果她有事或在其他地方无法一起工作，她也会发短信。比方说：虽然我这次没能和你一起拍摄，但是我的心一直在你那，等于我也是在和你一起工作了。

2001年5月8日，这天是娃娃的生日，但这天我被约了一个拍摄，因为我在拍《我好闷！》这个作品时是一个女主持人给我做模特，而我答应为她拍一套照片给某个杂志用，而刚好她约好的是这天。于是娃娃只好充当我的助手跑上跑下，安排布置。虽然她并不高兴，但还是很认真地协助我。等拍完已经快晚上9点多了，我和娃娃一起到东门吃肯德基，路上我还崴了脚。本来该我安慰她的时候，反过来却需要她来安慰我。现在想起来，我真是过分。

还有一次更过分的事情，是2006年我拍《事情一旦发生就会变得简单》那组照片的时候，晚上拍完回家已经是12点多，我们清点胶卷发现少了一卷，因为娃娃负责胶卷管理，于是我要求她和我一起马上回到那个现场去找。

我无法再写下去，关于娃娃和我一起创作的经历，当我有足够的心力来承担回忆和书写回忆的时候，我会专门去写。

成年版的木木几乎都是娃娃扮演的。

C: 你后面的几个作品，包括《非常地妖的风景》、《事情一旦发生就会变成钉子》、《黑色句子》和《对不起》等等，都有那么一点社会性及政治性，不再是你私人生活里遭遇到、或者碰上的了。你是不是一个会在“无法有效行动”和“马上行动”之间犹疑的人？这些作品也可以被看作是一种行动？

J: 我认为任何对象，如果它有的话，它应无本质的属性。是我们在看待它们的时候，给它贴上了属性标签。是社会让它有了社会性，是政治让它有了政治性。《非常地妖的风景》就是风景照片而已，如果我们想更多地了解拍摄背景，当时作者是个爱好摄影的“驴友”（登山爱好者）。为什么我要去拍摄重庆那个著名的“钉子户”（《事情一旦发生就会变成钉子》），我觉得那个钉子户的楼的形式和姿态像一幕戏剧的主角。而《黑色句子》，是的，那时候我看了一张图片，这张图片是一张被烧焦的脸，是一位80岁的老头的脸，他为了抗议强拆他的房子而与儿子一同自焚，不幸，只有他活了下来。这样活下来，是一场漫长的噩梦。

C: 你说你青少年时期学画画的时候，一天到晚想着女孩，后来在你的小说创作里，也常常有那么一位“姑娘”，作为那位孤独、物质贫乏、敏感和多少有点内向的文艺男青年性幻想和精神救赎的对象。到了你2009年创作的《0.7%的盐》、《谢幕》和《娇羞的，太娇羞的！》当中，我们似乎看到了这些姑娘们都被现实剥去了“清纯完美”的外

衣，除了媒体中的这些形象，你相信那些白日梦中的美好对象在现实里还存在么？

J: 很多作家、科学家都说过：“女人是一个谜。”前不久霍金也说过。关于“现实”，我认为就是“主观”。我认为没有一个独立于我们主观之外的现实。是我们先给“她们”穿上了“清纯完美”的外衣，执着于这个“清纯完美”的概念，然后也是我们再愤恨地剥去这层外衣（并不存在），并嫁祸于一个假设与己无关的“现实”。

我无法不对“她们”抱着爱惜和怜悯之心。

我分不清“白日梦”和“现实”哪个更不像梦。

C: 《日记》、《情书》和《安静的身体》，感觉都是几件比较私密的作品。因为很私密，所以它们似乎也特别的美，虽然美这个词，现在用来描述当代艺术似乎已经不恰当。如果可以的话，能说说创作这些作品的时候你个人的遭遇和状态么？

J: 在我小时候看电影，经常会看到一盘胶片放完换上另外一盘胶片时，在银幕上首先会飞快地闪出几个字，没等我看清楚什么字，就一过消失了，然后，主角的故事继续下去。那时我就想，如果这个电影都是故事的文字，它一帧一帧放了出来，等我们从电影院出来的时候，我们已经看完了整个故事，但是我们却不知道发生了什么，秘密仍然在电影那盘胶片里面。这个想法一直没有舍弃，直到2004年我才有条件可以不用花费巨资来实现。这就是《日记》的来由。现在想起来，2004年正是处在被

命运之浪冲击的时期，我们有了第一个孩子，多年来已经习惯的人生角色发生很大的转换。还有对时间的支配不再和以前一样，我的工作单位不再容忍我自由上下班……我想，这是一个新的故事开始了。就算对我自己来说，也是一个看不清的故事。

和《安静的身体》一样，我现在还不能真的去谈论《情书》，对我来说，当时处于一种悲哀的状态。我想去理解也许我无法去理解的东西，比如，爱和短暂。我以为这只是处于自负的表达，但是我看到一篇评论文章提到马特·克里肖（Mat Col lishaw）也用过花和火来表达。我感到一种放松，因为我本来就没有看到过他的那组作品，还因为这个事例帮助我消除了上述那种担心。它不是自说自话，也不是一封向特定的人叙说的私信，而是让我意识到人类共通的情感。这是种精神的共振，无论是在东方还是西方，无论是远古还是现今。

C：“花”、“烟火”和“光”是你的作品里常常出现的一个元素或主题，它们有时候是浪漫主义的、稍纵即逝的，有时候是残酷的、易于凋零的，你生活里面是不是曾经有一些和这几样东西特别有关联的经历？能说一说吗？

J：娃娃特别喜欢花。她也喜欢送花给朋友们。

“光”（焰火是光的一种）作为一个元素和主题，确实在我一个比较长的时期中常常出现。但是，我想不到什么与光有特别关联的生活经历。我只能说，这种特别的兴趣是本能性的。

C：在《乡愁》的采访中你谈到和郑志华的关系，说“我和他那个加号，不是说我们的作品有什么联系，而是我和他作为人的个体的联系，可以说是老乡的关系、可以说是因为我们在一起挖过宝的关系，因为在一起喝过酒的关系，也可以说是因为在沅江我们的家相隔只有步行10分钟的关系。我觉得这样的关系比我们的作品的关系更为客观一点，起码它容易被说明白。”我想这句话既可以作为今天提问的总结，也可以作为我们正在准备的这个展览的一个入口。

采访者/蔡影茜

2010年12月

Conversation | Nikita Yingqian Cai X Jiang Zhi

2010.12

Questions for Jiang Zhi

C: It was your writing about Yuan Jiang (a city located in north Hubei Province) that helped me to have a better understanding of you. It seems to me that period was of great importance for your art to take form. So today's interview will start from there.

In *Memoirs of Arty Youngsters in Yuanjiang*, you wrote "carrying a drawing pad on your back while out after sundown, you would always run into them — the long haired loners with the unmistakable gaze of the artist...The immaterial component of this gaze is mainly created by the intense internal struggle between 'I am a dumb-fuck' and 'I am no dumb-fuck'..." I have to say compared to your other writings, there is a sense of innocence, optimism and wild happiness in this particular piece. It's very contagious. Can we say that the "fantasy" quality in your future creation has something to do with your experience in Yuanjiang?

J: Several of my friends in Yuan Jiang fit your description as innocent, optimistic and wildly imaginative. They often do something absurd and unconventional, and would hilariously tell people about what they have done. "dumb-fuck" could also be interpreted as "frantic", insane, unserious and following instinct. Such people are by no means few in Chu State (B.C.1042-223, now Hunan and Hubei provinces). People usually describe culture of Chu as romantic, unrestrained, imaginative and where the boundary between fantasy and reality was blurred...

Generally speaking, people like happiness. But now I feel that if we like happiness too much, it may result in the opposite.

"Fantasy" is a kind of floating. I mean, if we use "fantasy" as a floating tool, it may be

dangerous. It depends on whether you put "fantasy" and "reality" as two opposites or whether you use "fantasy" as a tool and means to combat "reality".

"Fantasy" is light and free, while "reality" is heavy and restrained. Probably we should not view "fantasy" and "reality" in this way.

Both "fantasy" and "reality" are subjective. Only by realizing this are we able to find the way to live a life and create of our own.

As far as I'm concerned, to combat "reality" with "fantasy" is doomed to be tragic. I used to be obsessed with this kind of tragically heroic aesthetics, like a moth flies into a flame. But now I no longer like that. Instead, I believe more in: transforming the subjective is to change the reality.

C: In your interview with Zheng Zhihua, the *Memoirs of Arty Youngsters in Yuanjiang* and *Perishable Objects*, the name of Van Gogh was mentioned, and you also said that Van Gogh was your favorite artist back then. Xiong Wangzhou claimed himself as "Van Gogh". Compared to him, it seems though at that time you were also brimming with aspiration, you still kept a cool head. When did you realize you were truly "Van Gogh"? In other words, when did you honestly think you were an artist, and creating art was something serious to you rather than some game that was just for fun?

J: Back then we admired Van Gogh so much, that's probably because he was a poor guy. His story was very encouraging. At that time, one way to combat lowliness was to magnify oneself, a spiritual uprising. Many years later I came to understand why some people claimed that they were capable of speaking the language of aliens. I should say I never

truly liked Van Gogh. What I liked was the me that liked Van Gogh.

I never doubt I'm an artist. I started to copy drawings on *Manual of the Mustard Seed Garden* when I was six. And I knew then that was how an artist would spend his childhood. When in primary school, I invited a girl classmate to my home. I wanted to show her how I drank and drew like a romantic pro artist. That was the first time I drank wine and I picked spirits. I felt ashamed when I woke up on the floor afterwards. I sat for the entrance examination of arts academies for three times. Not that I didn't receive any offer from colleges, but I was convinced that Central Academy of Fine Arts or Zhejiang Arts Academy (now China Academy of Art) was where I supposed to go. My parents showed deep concern to my unrealistically ambitious dream. They thought I should thank god if I was admitted by any junior college.

I always think of myself as an artist, sooner or later. So I never bother myself with questions like whether I'm an artist or when I would become an artist. I have no interest in those issues at all.

I treat my art creation seriously. When you're a child, you would play games seriously and intently. I'm not quite sure what you meant by "game". To me, if nowadays I am given the chance to treat art creation as a children' game, I would cherish it very much.

We never leave fantasy behind, don't we?

I feel that what poets do is to explore for the source of fantasy by means of fantasy.

I just finished reading the book Paul Celan and Martin Heidegger: *An Unresolved Conversation, 1951-1970*. It wrote that "genuine poets and philosophers all devoted themselves to a similar process: the expression of existence."

C: What was your first piece of art work? And what's the background of it?

J: When I was eight or nine years old, my younger brother, who was taken care of by a relative in the countryside since he was weaned, was about to come back home. He had been sent to the countryside because of me. When I was three, my father spent a lot of time working out of town, and my mother had to teach at school all day long. They wanted to send me to a relative's in the village Nan Da Xiang. Understandably, I didn't like the idea. So I came up with a self-rescue plan. I was so determined that I wouldn't give up till I got my way. I kept crying, endlessly. In order to enhance the pathetic effect, I also employed an artful ruse by inflicting an injury on myself. There were many mosquitoes and insects in the countryside. I exposed myself to their bites, and desperately scratched the bumps. My skin was covered with scratches three days after. The relative had to send me back to my parents. Since then I monopolized the time with my parents (especially my mom), and my younger sister and brother were both sent to the countryside after they were born. At that time, to raise children was not an easy task, not to mention to raise them in an ideal way.

On the day my brother returned home, I made a large "installation". The classroom next door to our house was used as the exhibition hall. I created a giant as a gift for my brother by making use of all the brooms in the classroom and clothes of my family.

C: Are "National Association of Wondering Artists" and the "Republic of Wondering Artists" the same thing? Let's talk about the association and the republic. How old were you when you became the minister of culture of these two organizations? What were you doing?

J: That was in 1987. I was 16.

C: It seems that you often encounter some interesting people in your life and creation, for instance, Xiong Wangzhou and his friends, Liu Qingshan in *A Work* and the male models you met when doing model turnover. What's the relationship between you and them? Are they your friends in life? Or just people, with whom you create works, do research and collaborate? It seems they are very frank to you. You get along quite well. Is there a kind of natural connection between you and them?

J: You're quite right. There's a kind of natural connection between me and those friends and characters I've written about or appear in my works. Actually they are all part of me.

C: In the early stage of your art career, besides drawing, did your writing start from poem? Is that what led to the shooting of *Forefinger*?

J: I think my writing started from novel. When I was in middle school, I spent the whole summer vacation on writing. I locked myself in the room every day, only allowing my parents to send me lunches and dinners from a crack of the door. Every day I wrote for over ten hours, and drank tea to refresh myself. I think I enjoyed those days very much. I wrote, memorized and fabricated as much as I liked. Now that I look back, I believe the novel I wrote at that time must be very naïve. I was reading *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, poems by Pushkin and novels by Turgenev, which all had some influence on my adolescent daydreams. I wrote about tens of thousands words. I held poetry in awe, probably because I dared not to try such a sacred way of

expression rashly. I always thought poetry was not merely an expression of poets but a kind of oracle. I still think so. I felt that poetry could speak out the unspeakable. Such a concept also influenced my attitudes toward art creation. Though now I still create many things that are speakable and can be told. My attitudes remain unchanged. The reason for that is simple: to write what cannot be written, to reveal the invisible and to think of what cannot be thought of deeply attract me. In this regard, I've always been doing preparation.

The shooting of *Forefinger* was by accident. That was in 1997. A writer friend of mine, Peng Xixi, came to see me, saying that he was going to pay a visit to *Forefinger*, asked me to go with him and take some pictures. I never read his poems before. But when I learned of his stories, I got to know that he was a charismatic poet and was hospitalized for almost ten years due to schizophrenia. But he still kept writing poems. I was deeply moved. How do madness and normalness convert to each other? How do they influence each other? How can a man with some kind of schizophrenia (after all, everyone suffers some kind of mental disorder, more or less) live a life? How to continue creation? ... These all intrigued me. So I wanted to study him in a more meticulous way. I thought of making a video, which could record 24 frames per second.

C: Gradually you realized that painting was not the only way for artists to create and express. There was a period that you spent equal efforts and time, if not more, on writing, right? What's the relationship between writing and art creation?

J: I didn't link painting, writing, sculpture and photography to the issue of whether I am an artist. The reason to write or create art in other forms is my desire to create.

Artist is merely a title, a social role. It may have something to do with fame and wealth, but definitely has nothing to do with art creation. Neither does it have anything to do with my deepest desires.

After graduation, I focused more on writing for about 2 to 3 years. I didn't want to paint. Moreover, to a poor graduate like me, writing costed me less. I started to shift my interest to something else when I could afford a second-hand camera and had access to a video recorder.

I noticed that many of your writings were created between 1996 and 1998. Then you started to write intensively again after 2005. And you also created artworks on a more regular and intensive basis during that period. It seems you were a bit idle between 1999 and 2005. What did you do during that time?

J: When I graduated in 1995, I worked for *Street*, a Shenzhen-based magazine. However, I never spent a day in Shenzhen till the magazine was closed down in the end of 1998. I was assigned to Beijing since the beginning. I was the only staff at the Beijing station of the magazine. It was a monthly, so I had plenty time of my own after I finished doing interview and writing for the magazine. I spent almost all the time on writing, photo taking, video shooting and wandering. Frankly speaking, I spent more time wandering. I often went to Qiu Zhijie's place to read all kind of art information he collected. I also spent a lot of time chatting with Yang Fudong and other poets, writers and playwrights. I also liked travelling.

In the end of 1998, the magazine was closed down. I lost my job in Beijing. So I went back to Shenzhen. The good thing was that I could live in the apartment of my own. I had paid

monthly mortgage for over a year but never saw it in person before. I started writing novels again. I wandered around in this strange city, carrying my little DV with me. I shot some short films which I called Several Minutes of a Man (later renamed as The Moments). The fact that not living in Beijing made it seem like I disappeared from the art scene. But actually I still participated in exhibitions. Chen Tong invited me to have my first solo at his Borges Bookstore. I even luckily got on board with Guangdong Express curated by Hou Hanru for the 2003 Venice Biennale and won a CCAA award. All these showed that I was still part of the art scene. But in a sense, I was wandering on the edge of it.

I started to organize some film screening events since 2001 and established a league called United Power, attempting to boost the enthusiasm for art creation of the youth in Shenzhen. I also founded an independent publication together with my friends. We called friends, asking them to contribute, and raised funding for printing. Those were good years for the development of publishing industry in Shenzhen. So it all went well. The publication was called Paradox (Miu in Chinese). Both the publication and the league were named by Wa Wa. The publication was distributed to Guangzhou, Beijing, Chengdu, and were soon sold out. It even made its way to Sanlian Bookstore's monthly sales chart. Later we made the second issue. But after we had a baby, Wa Wa and I didn't have the energy to keep the publication going. Back then we actually had a lot of ideas about how to make art on paper. It's quite a pity.

It was also around that time that Yang Fudong, Chen Xiaoyun, Cao Fei and I often discussed via MSN the possibility of organizing a group to do some works and exhibitions together. We proposed many names for this group and finally we decided upon "Cine Ladder", which was proposed by Yang Fudong. That was in 2002. We discussed a lot about the scheme,

but failed to work out a collaborative plan. That's probably because all the group members had strong personality. When Gao Shiming curated for the 2004 Shanghai Biennale, he showed interest in our group. He suggested us to present a work at the biennale in the name of the group. Hence, each of us made an 8-minute video. After that the group didn't continue to work together. "Cine Ladder" was like an underground group and would gather together and make some stir from time to time.

After I got the promise that I didn't need to clock in and out every day, I started to work for Shenzhen TV station and then Phoenix Weekly. But the workload multiplied significantly compared to that in Beijing. Certainly, thanks to such experience, I had some deeper insight into how media worked, which had some influence on my future practice and sowed the seed for my series solo exhibition Attitude since 2009. Xu Tan once at a seminar defined my art as two – isms: media realism and fashion realism. I didn't quite agree with him and we argued a little bit at the seminar. I thought "the subjective is in fact reality". Moreover, what I did in Attitude was exactly how to prevent art work from turning to media representation and how to differentiate between authors and reporters. Xu Tan spoke about it later.

My working experience at Phoenix Weekly enhanced my interest in current affairs. At that time I had already lived with Wa Wa. It seemed she was born with a deep concern for the country and its people. She said her passion for politics might be genetic. Her grandfather Ren Guang (a renowned Chinese musician whose magnum opus was Song of the Fisherman, who died during the Wannan Incident in 1941 at the age of 41) was an artist actively engaged in politics. Her interest in news and journalism had a strong influence on me.

One day in 2002, a designer friend told me there was an exhibition in his studio. It was close to where I worked, so I paid a visit. It was Chu Yun's solo. That's how I got to know him. The exhibition was named after the room number. Chu Yun's soap piece was displayed for the first time. I told him I liked it very much, then we became friends. He lived in the same building of Liu Chuang. From time to time we would gather together at a pub near there, chatting and drinking. Later Gong Jian came to Shenzhen and became my co-worker at Phoenix Weekly.

One day in 2004 when Chu Yun, Liu Chuang and I were drinking in the pub, a friend of Chu Yun joined us. He talked about some secret SM stories taking place in Shenzhen. For instance, he said about how to train a man into a dog, chain him and walk him like a dog. I was so amazed. He gave me a website via which I could reach this secret circle. They replied my email, asking me to bring my girl friend or wife to a wife-swapping party. I was scared and never contacted them again. Later I shared this story with Chu Yun as a joke. And he also shared one of his stories in return. In the pub that we often gathered together, once he saw a very sexy girl performing pole dance. It turned out later that "she" was actually a "he", but "he" totally thought himself as a "she". This was not as extreme as the case that a man thought himself as dog, but it also shocked me greatly: a person with man's body thought of himself as a woman. I was always interested in issues such as "body" and "soul", "physical" and "spiritual". So I asked for the contact of this guy. If I remember correctly, it was Shen Piji (artist and musician), who was the owner of the pub, helped me to contact the guy. Some days later, upon the invitation of Shen, he came to the pub and perform pole dance again. I recorded it with a DV. And I got to know him: Ping Er. He also took me to another pub in the city that night. It was named Three Primary Colors, where he and his "friends"

often gathered together. Every night people dressing in drag would perform there.

Wa Wa and I spent a year shooting them. We wanted to make a semi-documentary. We chose Ping Er, Li Jun and Xiang Xiang as the leading roles. As I just shot a commercial for a Simmons mattress brand and earned tens of thousands yuan, the idea could be finally carried out. I also shot a series of pictures featuring "women" with men's bodies and "men" with women's bodies. I named the series Androgenra. The documentary and photographic series were presented at the Guangzhou Triennial curated by Hou Hanru.

C: From 1997 to 2006, Mu Mu was a constant theme in your work. Why? Where did you find her? What kind of person was her? What's the story of her?

J: I met her at a second-hand stall in Hangzhou. She was very cute, but with a crack on her face. It was a tiny wooden puppet, that's why I named her Mu Mu (mu means wood in Chinese). The crack on her face made her different from other puppets, so I bought her. The owner of the stall also gave me a little boy puppet and a horse puppet for free.

I think I was looking for something to rest my emotions, a companion. If there was no proper human candidate, a puppet would also do. Moreover, a puppet was easy to carry. For a while, I was so reveling in the game between her and me. Probably some people would say it was actually a one man's game. Till I'm my age now I start to figure out that we have always been playing one man's game, no matter how many others you are playing with. But back then I thought it was because of Mu Mu that the game seemed interesting and meaningful, which made me feel it was a game for two and both of us enjoyed the

pleasure of fantasy.

In 1997 I interviewed a senior poet in Beijing. His name was Cai Qijiao. I could feel his childlike innocence and passionate energy the first sight I met him. Such qualities attracted me. So I visited him many times during that year. He was nearly 80 years old, but he was fond of talking about pretty girls, never concealing his passion for beauties. Once, when I shot for him, he said what he liked to shoot most was girls. I thought he must have shot for hundreds of girls. If those pictures were made into an exhibition, it must be very interesting. I also like taking pictures of girls and I shot over 100 "shy" girls (Maiden, All Too Maiden!). Is this why I felt immediately attracted to him?

He was sent to jail for "disrupting the marriage of a serviceman". Ai Qing asked if he regretted, he said "No. There's cost, but there's also benefit. It teaches you that you need to be brave when facing a woman who loves you."

He wrote the following lines in the 1960s: "In order to get a happy kiss, I'd rather smash myself into pieces." He told me his last wish: spend all his savings to build a garden in his hometown, where young people could fall in love.

In 1998, I showed him some of Mu Mu's pictures and asked him to write the words "Love Stage" for me. I said I would use this as the title if I was going to throw Mu Mu an exhibition one day.

His past experience and the sense of innocence he gave out strongly attracted me. Such innocence contained fearlessness and the attitudes to keep a distance from power. As he believed in freedom of art and nobility of love, he intentionally kept a distance from any forms of power structure. "My brave and free heart, who dares to reign over you..." (Wave, by Cai Qijiao, 1962)

Bei Dao wrote in an essay in memory of Cai Qijiao: in an era that featured nothing but class conflicts and struggles, it was love and art that helped him go beyond the limitation of resistance. And it was only love and art that could break through the causal chain of power and the invisible shackles of official language system; that could make a heart soft, and could restore the essence and free the soul.

As far as I'm concerned, in the face of power, we need to get rid of the idea of seizing power, and to watch out for the powerful and our own desires for power.

In 1999, I left Beijing for Shenzhen.

C: Mu Mu always seems to be a bit blue. She gazes silently at the sea, lost in the city and gains the courage to explore the Lop Nur. As a matter of fact, she is quite similar to the young generation of urban bourgeoisie. Has Mu Mu grown up? What makes her grow up? Will Mu Mu continue to appear in your work? Has her journey come to an end?

J: Now I feel that to let Mu Mu grow up was a mistake.

I elaborately constructed an Adventures of Mu Mu. I think I've fulfilled her.

It takes courage and a lot of love to grow up. When love is not enough, it is in need of courage. The issue of "love" will come along the process of our growth. Usually women care more about love than men. Hence, a woman's growing up is brimming with dangers.

I want Mu Mu to be happy forever, leading a worry-free life. If she's little, she won't think too much.

In the foreword to Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence, he wrote: Only on

paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love.

It's a pity that we cannot live only on paper.

C: After 2005, you created Our Love, M+1, W-1 and Androgenra one after another. The three pieces all dealt with identity, body and gender issues. Strictly speaking, the leading roles in Our Love were fictional to an extent. However, those who appeared in your works were real people in life. How did you meet and get to know them? You mentioned that Wa Wa had influence on the works you created during this period. If you don't mind, could you please be more specific?

J: From 2000 to the end of 2010, Wa Wa played a part in almost every piece of my work. She helped me on many shooting sites. If she was otherwise engaged and couldn't work together with me, she would text me. For instance, she would write: Though I cannot be there with you during the shooting this time, my heart is always with you. It's just like I'm working with you.

On May 8, 2001, Wa Wa's birthday, I had an assignment of shooting. When shooting I Am So Bored!, a female host modeled for me. I promised her that I would take a series of pictures of her for magazine useage, and she asked me to do it on that day. So Wa Wa had to be my assistant, running errands and arranging the setting-up. She was not quite happy about it, but she helped me in earnest anyway. It was over 9 o'clock at night when I finished shooting. We went to KFC at the Dongmen, and I sprained my ankle on the way. I was supposed to comfort her, but in the end, it was she that comforted me. Now that I look back, I felt I was really bad.

There was another incident, which was even worse. That was in 2006 when I shot the photographic series Things Would Turn Simpler Once They Happened. After we finished the work and went back home, it was over 12 o'clock. When we checked the films, we found that one reel of the film was missing. Wa Wa was in charge of the films, so I asked her to go back to the site and look for it.

I can't continue. When I feel I have the courage to face my memory, I would write in detail about the time Wa Wa and I spent together, working and creating.

The grown-up version of Mu Mu was played almost all by Wa Wa.

C: The works you created afterwards, including Landscape of the Very Spirit, Things Would Turn Nails Once They Happened, Black Sentences and Sorry, all involved some social and political elements. They no longer featured things or people that you actually encountered in life. Are you someone who would struggle between "not able to take effective actions" and "act immediately"? Can these works be seen as a kind of interventions?

J: As far as I'm concerned, things don't always keep their essential properties. When we look at them, we label them. The society imbues them with social properties, and politics imbues them with political properties. Landscape of the Very Spirit featured nothing special but landscape. If you want to know more about the background, I'd like to tell you the photographer at that time was a passionate mountain hiker who liked photography. And why did I go to shoot the famous "nail household" in Chongqing (Things Would Turn Nails Once They Happened)? Because I thought the shape of the building of that nail

household looked like a protagonist of a play scene. As to *Eternal Sleep*, at that time I saw a picture of a burned face. The face belonged to an 80-year-old, who burned himself to protest forced demolition together with his son. Unfortunately, only he survived. The life afterwards would be a long nightmare.

J: You said when you were young (in your adolescent years) and learning painting, you thought of girls all day long. Later in your novels, there was often a girl who served as an object of sexual fantasies and spiritual salvation of a lonely, materially poor, sensitive and shy young man. In the works you created in 2009, such as *0.7% Salt*, *Curtain Call* and *Maiden, All Too Maiden!* we seemed to see that the “innocent and perfect” disguise of these girls were stripped by reality. Except for the figures that media created, do you believe the beautiful objects appearing in our daydream exist in reality?

J: Many writers and scientists claimed that “woman is a mystery”. Stephen Hawking also said something like that. I think the reality is the subjectivity. I don’t think there’s a reality independent from our subjectivity. It is us that dress them with “innocence and beauty” and get obsessed with the idea of “innocence and beauty” in the first place. Then we indignantly strip the disguise (which never exists) and blame the reality that we tend to assume having nothing to do with us.

I cannot control my care and compassion for them.

Between the daydream and the reality, I cannot tell which one is more unlike a dream.

C: *Diary*, *Love Letters* and *The Quiet Bodies* all seem to be quite intimate. And that’s why they

seem extremely beautiful; though “beautiful” may not be an appropriate word to describe contemporary art nowadays. Could you share with us what you were going through when you created these pieces?

J: When I was little I noticed, if you watched a movie, when a new reel of film was going to be put on, you would see some words fly through the screen rapidly. Before you could take a clear look, they disappeared. Then the story of the leading characters of the movie continued. At that time, I was thinking that if the film was the text of the story and we played it frame by frame, when audience came out of the cinema, they would have no idea what happened, even though they had read the whole story. The secret was kept in the film. It was until 2004 that I was able to put that idea into real without costing me a fortune. That’s the background of *Diary*. Now that I look back, 2004 was a year of great changes in our life. We had our first child, which was a profound shift to our role of life. Moreover, I could no longer arrange my time as freely as I used to, as the place where I worked for didn’t allow me to work on a freelance basis. I thought this would be the beginning of a brand new story, and even I myself couldn’t figure out how the story would go.

I cannot really talk about *Love Letters* and *The Quiet Bodies*. To me, that period was gloomy. I wanted to understand things that were beyond my comprehension, for instance, love and transience. I thought it’s just an arrogant way of expression. But then I read a critique which mentioned that Mat Collishaw also restored to flowers and flames to express such idea. That was a relief to me, because I hadn’t seen those works of him and the example of Collishaw dispelled my concerns. It’s not just me telling to myself a private message sent to a particular person. It helped me become aware of the common emotions of human

being, which would evoke an echo both in the east and the west, in the past and present.

C: Flowers, fireworks and light as an element or a theme constantly appear in your works. Sometimes they are romantic and transient, and sometimes they appear to be feeble and even cruel. Is there something in your life that is particularly related to these elements?

J: Wa Wa loved flowers very much. And she liked giving flowers to friends as presents.

“Light” (fireworks are a kind of light) as an element and theme, indeed appears frequently in my works for quite a long time. But I cannot think of any of my personal life experience that has had some special connection with light. I guess I could only say that such an interest is purely intuitive.

C: In the interview about *Nostalgia* you mentioned the relationship between you and Zheng Zhihua. You said that “The plus sign between him and me does not mean that there is any connection between the works of us. Instead, it refers the connection between him and me as two individuals: we came from the same place; we used to dig up treasure together; we drank together; and it’s only 10-minute walk from his house to mine in Yuanjiang. About the connection between him and me, I think to put it this way is more objective and easier.” I think your words draw a good conclusion to today’s interview, and can serve as an entry point for the exhibition which we are preparing.

Interviewer/Nikita Yingqian Cai

December, 2010

Translator/Wu Chenyun

李振华 | 蒋志：不那么明显的状态

写蒋志有几个原因，一个是因为我的研究《中国媒体艺术自1989》，作为一个录像和多媒体艺术家的蒋志，是我的研究对象之一。另一个原因是蒋志的表达从来没有矫揉造作的中国特色，从最早的录像作品《飞吧，飞吧》到2007年的系列装置作品《我是你的诗歌》等，蒋志关注的角度与当代艺术主流若即若离，他关注的角度一直是来自艺术家个体内在的感受。在2007年长征空间的《NONO》展览上，我最喜欢的作品之一就是蒋的，因为它除了诗意以外，就没有什么明显的中国特色和“当代艺术”的针对性。

中国当代艺术中的蒋志

中国当代艺术本身存在着国际视角中的当代和中国视角中的当代。两个视角有着交错、重叠、平行的关系，都存在着主流的风格、语境、态度。

1992年至今蒋志的作品从来不完全与中国当代艺术潮流同步，既非严格在一个当代的语境中探讨艺术的公共性，也不热衷于全球化问题。如同1996年他开始写的小说一样，2002年在皮力策划的《FANTASIA》展览当中，蒋志展出的录像作品《木木在汉城》和摄影/装置《我很无聊》，都有着明显的都市童话特征。2003年参加威尼斯双年展的《吸管人》系列是蒋志1990年代末的作品，“无所不吸”的新种族，以及图片中荒诞的狂想，构建了一个奇异的乌托邦。

这在蒋志的文本中也可找到一些端倪，如他所说1996到1999是他写作的一个活跃期，主体发散式的思维形成于写作的黄金时段。

如果今天当代艺术的主流形态是向外关注世界，那么蒋志却一直关注内心的阐释，那些并非耽于诗意的装置，在静观之中需要有阅读文本的心态。2005年的南京三年展上《M+1, W-1》中两个经历主动或被动身体改造的对称“女体”，2007年《NONO》展览上那张伸展羽翼、漂浮在展场上空的“人皮”，敏感而残酷，透明得可以让光穿过。另外在选择自身的介入方面，蒋志一贯有着一种自我保护的状态，《我知道拉登在哪里，请给我5毛钱》是那个带着拉登面具的人，利用一个国际标准恐怖符号，通过艺术家的行为，将自我遮蔽在这个面具后的恶作剧。

从中国当代艺术发展的事件看，20世纪70年代的星星画会、80年代的85新潮、89大展、90年代的玩世泼皮、录像装置、后89现象、后感性现象、2000年后的新媒体艺术，蒋志的作品始终是很难被归类的。从类型的方面，蒋志大致上从1990年代的录像艺术、后感性现象中脱胎。不同的是蒋志的作品一贯坚持都市内心叙事与诗歌化的幻觉特征，他的图片作品《事情一旦发生就会变得简单》中闪耀的焰火下的那些场景，提供了一个魔幻的视觉的空间，凝固了人物在城市中的孤独感与视觉化的迷幻瞬间。蒋志在“光”系列中所表现的即时舞台，城市华美诡异的场景，强光下模

糊的人物面目，都构成了双生感的蒋志特征。

艺术家的创作自述文本也为我们提供了另外的解读空间。当然我怀疑是否存在一个“他者的角度”，一个不同的叙述方式是否能从主观的视角描述切入。单一的描述是否足够准确，或三个以上的角度是否能够完全的说明问题？

如果从社会形态特征等社会学角度看就要涉及到那些社会的主流运动，包括中国1990年代中期的经济颓废期、亚洲金融风暴、千禧年等等。美学叙述对任何一个艺术家来说都是假说，如我们经历过的那些艺术现象，后89、后感性、新媒体等等，蒋志的个人化状态与这些进程都有着直接或者间接的关系，甚至包括他从“湖南 - 杭州 - 北京 - 深圳 - 北京”的整个时间和地理上的轨迹，都在叙述着一种处在运动和变化中的生命寓言。

蒋志有几个被忽略的阶段，其中《木木》系列摄影、文本与小说、纪录片与电影，都有着长时间的构思和延续性，分别代表着蒋志在这15年之间的工作。

《木木》（1997-2006）

我问蒋志是否这个系列还需要继续？

蒋志的回答不置可否，有可能的时候《木木》会继续。一个持续了10年的计划，一个伴随艺术家到处漂流的玩偶，一个有着女性内在气质的视角，关乎爱情或者关于孤独，《木木》的连续与艺

术家的内心有着某种相互映照的关联。

“木木身高寸许，手脸眼鼻俱圆，腰围略显丰满。她的主要职能是负载童话。聚集于她的小小身躯，经常会使周围的景物模糊消隐。木木站在高高的石柱上，望断江南凄凉的秋水。木木从深树洞中探身出来，通体素淡如风扫云开一轮初月。木木在古屋的废墟中长叹短嘘黯然神伤，木木从乱草丛中的蛛网中心向世界抛洒咒语和奇迹。她也轻松和温情，她也灿烂和明媚，但更多的时候是香尽月沉的忧伤。这种印象不知因为她是一个有一道裂纹的旧心灵。”

——邱志杰《看看蒋志这个人》，1997

“当木木遇上罗布泊，或者说，当蒋志遇上罗布泊，二者都无法毫发无损地全身而退。”

——萝拉《当木木遇上罗布泊》，2001

“有意无意的，木木的行踪总是会 and 日报的社会新闻发生交叉。2002年岁末，当‘深圳风采’福利奖券的总奖金达到2100万的时候，木木和广大市民一样加入了“我为彩狂”的行列，还被深圳的一家周刊以显著篇幅报道过。”

——娃娃《半人半偶的所有女人》，2003

“直到2000年在罗布泊拍的木木，仍是诗意状态的延续。但那时已体会到生活带来的刺痛感。木木也不像以前那样是一个甜美的小天使，而是一个深黑的影子。”

——蒋志《偏执的木木在深圳》，2003

木木这个女性小玩偶一直保持着一样的天真、简单、忧伤和一成不变，她去的地方很多，在2001年去了汉城，2006年去了芬兰，2003年的时候木木脱胎成了真人大小的半人半偶。面目依旧不变的她，依旧喜欢出现在树林中，依旧喜欢凝视大海，依旧喜欢在城市或者田间跳跃，一闪而过。

这大概都是针对木木的自体，蒋志所叙述的方向上看到的木木的情况和情绪。一种单项式的叙述方式和视角影响着观者的看法，从2003年木木增加的公共性参与，我们仿佛看到了《木木》系列乃至后来的《彩虹》系列开始出现的某种联系。当木木成为“人”的时候，本来的幻觉正在发生着变化，从一个玩偶的“物”，到一个有着生命的偶人。艺术家应该已经提供了一个有趣的线索，就如同一个修炼的过程，木木终于有了自己的真身，木木的表情却没有因为这个变化而快乐起来。

木木是否会真的成为人？木木是否拒绝长大？

我更愿意相信木木是一个艺术家的视觉童话，应该拒绝那些针对当代艺术或者过于物质世界的社会作出反应，如同《彼得潘》的世界或者《小王子》的世界一样，木木是有冒险精神的彼得潘，是带着问题流浪的小王子。

文本/爱情童话

蒋志有一些童话已经佚失了，那些童话系列多少是针对青春期的，文字多成于蒋志的写作初期的1996至1997年间，那个时候蒋志25岁左右，文字中依旧有着《少年维特的烦恼》式的悲观情绪。

蒋志的大部分作品如《飞吧，飞吧》《木木》系列、《我是你的诗歌》都涉及了爱情童话。

依旧是一个男性的角度审视或者模拟一个女性的观念，蒋志的作品一直有如双生的存在。很多时候很难分辨是男性艺术家，抑或是女性艺术家的作品，蒋志的诗意完全模糊了这个性别界限，精神上还原到童贞时代或是弗洛伊德的婴儿期，在蒋志1998年的小说《情人玉女雪儿的专制》中，浴缸、做爱、电疗都有着不能识别性别的模糊特征，而在用勃起的生殖器划水的情节，作者可以是在场的沐浴者，也可以是在场的窥视者“雪儿”，生殖器的隐喻也与性无关。

“于是她一半出于好奇，一半是出于对被“搁置”（在这男性游戏之外）的恐惧，而勇敢地躺在草地上，把屁股对着天空，以一条闪闪发光的水柱，削弱了阳物在喷泉游戏上的优势。”

——蒋志《会跳舞的水》，1998

如同《你看不见我的愤怒》系列中通过外部环境的涌动、紧闭的双腿，视觉上我们将引向下半身的视角，作品没有任何过分的裸露，却为我们提供了一个诗意的场景，女孩偏执狂般的延伸向上的双腿，修长白皙，在画面中尤其抢眼。我很难找到相同方式的男性视角，在如辛蒂·雪曼（Cindy Sherman）或者南·戈丁（Nan Goldin）的作品中，西方女性视角中也很难发现相似性。蒋志的作品将我们导引到了另外的境地，一个是只有文本可以营造的多重性别空间，如女性作家笔下的男性侦探小说《尼罗河上的惨案》，或者是男性作家笔下的女性情感故事《茶花女》。

“我一次次观看这一过程，这只动物用舌头清洁的行为让我有超乎一般的感受。不是关于舌头对皮毛的温柔，舌头对皮毛的责任，或是自我亲吻的奇怪联想，充分的自恋的神秘天性，而是清洁本身，那种自然、公开、独特的清洁方式。污迹从外表消失，转移到内。”

——蒋志《门外的白日梦游的守家男人》，1998

录像阶段

蒋志的录像作品是很难被分类的，他的风格很明显受到纪录片的影响，尤其受到底层文化的影响。蒋志的作品在叙述着某种来自底层的声音，他的角度不是从上到下的宏观角度，而是平视的、微观的角度，从底层的机智、立场出发，构成了他作品中独特的叙事方式、表现形态和故事结构。他的作品从来是叙事的，系列如《片刻》、《我知道拉登在哪里，请给我5毛钱》等，都有着明确的铺陈和映衬以及成熟的手法。

当然其中很大的成分是借势出现的，那些在现场的群众，那些他故意安排的情节和那些演员自由发挥的现场。他的作品没有晦涩难懂的观念，没有做作的表演，从《飞吧，飞吧》到《肉100》到《向前！向前！向前！》，我们都不难发现小人物诠释空间、性、权力的妄想。

记得一位作家谈到的，关于小说中人物的真实性问题，即一个人物是如何安身立命的，如何通过那些细枝末节的特征在找到人物的特征、轮廓，蒋志的录像作品恰恰是在这些细枝末节中有着一种真实的情感传递。

《肉100》

“房间。黑暗，静默。暗淡的灯光。一个人影，这是梵高。这种光线下还是能看见四墙上贴着许多照片，这是他的作品照片。靠着一个墙角的桌子上有两个金鱼缸，其中一个盛着水，6条红色的金鱼在慢吞吞地游着，从这一半水游到另一半。另一个金鱼缸是实心的，但十分透明让人看起来以为其中盛的是水，同样数目的红色金鱼被凝固其中，它们似乎在为摆不动尾巴而痛苦。除此之外，两只金鱼缸的旁边还摆放着一些完整的金鱼骨骼，看来这是梵高的金鱼系列作品中一个正在进行的部分。这张桌子旁边有另一张桌子，上有一个比两只金鱼缸还要大的方形玻璃水缸，是密封的，内有一块方方正正的带皮猪肉浸泡在药水里，这块肉是他从一头活猪身上切取下来的。”

——蒋志《易腐烂的物品》，1996

蒋志的录像作品《肉100》，得益于一个民间的黄色笑话，笑话讲人的欲望如何宣泄在一块猪肉之上的。多少是对青春期的遐想，向青春的致敬。画面中年轻的身体和那块倒霉的猪肉。

可能是思维的惯性逻辑方式，有些想法在文本和影像的情况下都成立，一种有着想像的空间，如同爱伦坡的小说中那些惯常而又诡异的现场。影像提供的空间就是在人的眼前呈现出事实，事实往往不是我们所能直接面对的，所以在看这个作品的时候，会有些恶心、无聊、

窥视等复杂的情绪发生。将这两种不同的感受并置，我们可能获得不同介质为我们提供不同的情感陷阱，我们是否正在被常识所遮蔽？

《向前！向前！向前！》2006

“我始终觉得，领袖的形象作为一种公共形象，这已经是一种千万人的共同奔跑。我喜欢蒋志作品中这些奔跑着的领袖身上那种深深的孤独感，那是中国现代史的奔跑的主旋律之外的另一种声音，那是关于命运的知识。这为我们展开了理解历史的另一种可能。这正是艺术的力量所在，它在成为意识形态的图像式符号的同时，正在瓦解这样一个符号。”

——邱志杰《蒋志“向前！向前！向前！”：进步主义的祭坛画》，2006

在这个作品中我就没有找到对应的小说情节了，可能是作者对三个领袖形象抽象的理解，构成了细节描述与都市心理的缺失，这是一个我怀疑的作品，因为它不在蒋志以前作品的语境之中，有些突兀。而且领袖形象的波普化，也是我一直厌恶的中国符号的代表，我并没有象邱志杰那样细致分析这个作品中中国当代精神存在的问题，我只想把问题放置在一个没有那么深刻的关系中来分析，我很难找到相对应的答案。

后记

这些都是那些在蒋志被了解的系列之外的作品，我尤其喜欢蒋志的诗质特质和文本的狂想特征，他的作品经常给人一种平静、优美、透明的感觉，文本中的杂乱、模糊性别、模糊时间、模糊空间等，都给出了一个多样的蒋志。但是蒋志是否是无法被解读、杂乱无章的艺术家呢？我觉得不是，因为他的线索、身份、类型还是有着明显的关联的，有意思的是他仿佛设置了很多障碍来限制观者进入他的内心，但是往往这些内心的独白又是如此清晰的呈现在文本和作品之中的时候，这多少有些王家卫电影“擦肩而过”的意味，也有“他者”中的“自我”和“自我”中的“他者”式的悖论存在。

蒋志是不可以被放置在中国当代艺术的语境中讨论的，因为没有那些中国当代艺术特征的迹象，即使是《向前！向前！向前！》这样的作品，如邱志杰所描述的关于中国的“落后就要挨打”的精神阐释，我虽不认同，但是如果艺术家需要表述一个大而宏观的问题的时候，毛泽东、邓小平、江泽民形象的存在确实也是不能缺少的。

我还是很难描述清楚蒋志的立场和方向，但是一个不那么明显的状态和一种不确定感，正是我认为当代艺术和艺术家所应该面对的基础问题。如同我怀疑中国当代艺术的情况和国际艺术的主流潮流一样，我同样怀疑“自我”的存在和动机。

Li Zhenhua | Jiang Zhi: A Rather Unclear State

I have several reasons for writing about Jiang Zhi, one is that my research for Chinese Media Art Since 1989; as a video and multimedia artist, Jiang Zhi is one of the subjects of my research. Another reason is that Jiang Zhi's expressions have never contained that characteristic Chinese artifice; from his earliest video artwork Fly, Fly to his 2007 series of installations I Am Your Poetry, Jiang Zhi's perspective has always been indifferent to the contemporary art mainstream, remaining squarely focused on the inner perceptions of the artist as an individual. One of my favourite artworks at the 2007 NONO exhibition at Long March Space was Jiang Zhi's, because aside from its poeticism, it lacked any clear Chinese characteristics or the specificity of "contemporary art".

Jiang Zhi in Contemporary Art of China

In contemporary art of China there are two perspectives of the contemporary, the international and the Chinese. These two perspectives intersect, stack and run in parallel; the mainstream styles, contexts and attitudes are existing in both perspectives.

Since 1992, Jiang Zhi's works have never been totally in step with the trends in contemporary art of China, in that they have not strictly explored the public nature of art in a contemporary context, and they have not been dedicated to the issues of globalization. For instance, the novel he began writing in 1996, or the video Mu Mu in Seoul and photography/installation I Am Very Boring that were exhibited in 2002 at the Fantasia exhibition curated by Pi Li, had the clear characteristics of an urban fairy tale. The Straw Man series, which was exhibited at the 2003 Venice Biennale, was a series he did in the late 1990s; the idea of this new race which "sucks everything" and the absurd

fantastical nature of the images came to form a strange utopia. We can also see signs of this in Jiang Zhi's writings. The artist has asserted that the years 1996 to 1999 were a period of active writing, a golden period for writings comprising the dispersal of subjective thought.

The mainstream form of contemporary art is concerning about the outside world, but Jiang Zhi has always focused on the interpretation of the interiority; you need to be in a tranquil, literary state of mind to take in those installations that aren't so indulgent in poeticism, like M+1, W-1, exhibited at the 2005 Nanjing Triennial, with the two symmetric "female bodies" that had been actively or passively altered, or the "human skin" floating above the 2007 NONO exhibition with outstretched wings, sensitive and brutal, the light leaking through its transparent surface. When it comes to the selection of personal intervention methods, Jiang Zhi has always maintained a state of self-preservation, as seen with the person wearing the Bin Laden mask in I Know Where Bin Laden Is, Please Give Me Fifty Cents, using an international standard symbol of terror and the actions of the artist to conceal the farce behind the mask.

Looking at the various events in the development of contemporary art of China, such as the Stars Art Group in the 1970s, the '85 New Wave, the China/Avant-Garde Exhibition of '89, Cynical Realism in the 1990s, video installations, the Post-89 Phenomenon, the Post-Sensibility Phenomenon and the new media art after 2000, we see that Jiang Zhi's art has always defied classification. In terms of type, Jiang Zhi more or less emerged from the same womb as the video art and Post-Sensibility Phenomenon in the 1990s. The difference is that Jiang Zhi's works have always maintained an internal urban narrative and poeticized fantastical traits. The scenes that

flicker under the flame in his photographic work Things Will Become Simpler Once They Happened presents a magical visual space, fixing the character's sense of loneliness in the city and visualizing enchanting moments. In his Light series, the instant stages, the beautiful and strange urban settings and the blurred faces exposed by the strong light create the sense of double unfamiliarity that characterizes Jiang Zhi.

The artist's self-statements provide us with another interpretive space. Of course we have our suspicions about the existence of an "other's perspective", about whether or not a different narrative method can enter in from a subjective perspective description. Is a single description capable of sufficient accuracy, or are three or more perspectives able to completely explain the issue?

If we approach from a sociological angle such as social patterns, then we will touch on the mainstream movements of society, such as China's economic decadence of the mid-90s, the Asian financial crisis and the millennium. For any artist, aesthetic narrations are all mere hypothesis, as those artistic phenomena that we all experienced, such as Post-89, Post-Sensibility, new media, etc., Jiang Zhi's individual state had a direct or indirect connection to all of these processes. Even his temporal and geographic trajectory from Hunan to Hangzhou to Beijing to Shenzhen and back to Beijing tells of a living fable situated in movement and changes.

Jiang Zhi has several phases that have been ignored. Among them, the Mu Mu photography series, his essays and novels, his documentaries and films all have a long-time conceptual construction and continuity, respectively representing Jiang Zhi's works over the past 15 years.

Mu Mu (1997-2006)

I asked Jiang Zhi if he still needed to continue this series.

Jiang equivocated: Mu Mu may continue at a time when it is possible. A project that has continued for ten years, a puppet that follows the artist everywhere, a perspective imbued with inner feminine qualities, about love or about solitude, the continuation of Mu Mu has a mutual bond of illumination with the artist's inner world.

"Mu Mu was about an inch high, with round hands, face, eyes and nose and a plump waist. Her major function was to carry on fairytales. If you focused on her tiny little body, you would notice that everything around her started to seem vague. Mu Mu stood on top of the high stone pillar, gazing eagerly through the babbling rivers. Mu Mu leaned out from a tree hollow, dressing in plain like a crescent moon peeped out from behind the clouds. Mu Mu sighed melancholy among the ruins of ancient buildings. Mu Mu spread spells and miracles to the world from the center of spider-web in the grass. She was gentle and easygoing, bright as sunshine. But more often a sense of sadness could be perceived in her. I'm not sure whether such an impression came from the fact that she was an old soul with a crack."

— Qiu Zhijie, Let's Take a Look at the Man Jiang Zhi, 1997

"When Mu Mu encounters Lop Nur, that is, when Jiang Zhi encounters Lop Nur, the two cannot step away unscathed."

— Luo La, When Mu Mu Encounters Lop Nur Lake, 2001

"Consciously or unconsciously, Mu Mu's movements always intersect with social news from the daily newspaper. In late 2002, when the Shenzhen Lottery jackpot reached 21 million RMB, Mu Mu entered into the lottery

craze just like all of the city's residents, which was covered by a Shenzhen weekly magazine."

— Wa Wa, Women of Half Person Half Puppet, 2003

"By the time she reached Lop Nur in 2000, Mu Mu was still a continuation of that poetic state, but by then she had already experienced the sting of life. Mu Mu was no longer that sweet little angel; she was now a dark shadow."

— Jiang Zhi, The Paranoid Mu Mu in Shenzhen, 2003

The puppet Mu Mu always maintained the same innocence, simplicity and anxiety. She went to many places, travelling to Seoul in 2001, to Finland in 2006, and in 2003, Mu Mu emerged as a half person, half puppet of full human proportions. Her looks unchanged, she still liked appearing among the trees, still enjoyed staring out at the sea, still enjoyed leaping through the cities and the fields, moving like a flash.

This was more or less directed at Mu Mu's being, her situation and sentiments as seen through the direction of Jiang Zhi's narrative. One-way narrative methods and perspectives affect the views of the viewer. With the added public participatory aspect in 2003, it appears we can begin to see the emergence of some sort of connection between the Mu Mu series and the later Rainbow series. When Mu Mu became a "person," a change began to take place in the original illusion, a shift from a toy "object" to a living idol. The artist provided an interesting thread, with Mu Mu finally having her own body as if through a process of refinement, but Mu Mu's expressions did not take on a look of joy as a result.

Will Mu Mu really become a person? Does Mu Mu refuse to grow up?

I would prefer to believe that Mu Mu is an artist's visual fairy tale, one which should resist reflecting on contemporary art or an overly

material world. Just like the world of Peter Pan or The Little Prince, Mu Mu is Peter Pan's spirit of adventure; she is the Little Prince wandering around with questions.

Text / Love Fairy Tales

Some of Jiang Zhi's fairy tales have been lost. Many such fairy tales were directed towards adolescence. Most of these texts were created in the artist's early writing phase between 1996 and 1997, when he was roughly 25 years old. Those writings contained pessimistic sentiments reminiscent of The Sorrows of Young Werther.

Most of Jiang Zhi's works, such as Fly, Fly, the Mu Mu series and I am Your Poetry were fairy tales that touched on love.

As before, we see a male perspective examining or imitating the thoughts of a woman. Jiang Zhi's works have always had a kind of twin existence. Often it is hard to tell whether it is the work of a male or female artist; Jiang Zhi's poetics has completely blurred this boundary. Spiritually, it is a return to the age of virginity or Freud's infancy stage. In Jiang Zhi's 1998 story The Autocracy of Jade Maiden Snow Daughter, aka the Lover, the bathtub, lovemaking and electroshock therapy are all marked by this inability to distinguish between genders. In a scene where an erect sexual organ is used to spray water around the shower, the voice can be either that of the bather or that of "Snow Daughter" peeping on the bather. The allusion to the sexual organ is also unrelated to gender.

"As a result, half out of curiosity and half out of fear of being left out (of the men's games), she bravely laid down in the grass, sticking her butt out towards the sky, using a shining column of water to cripple the penis's advantage in the fountain game."

— Jiang Zhi, Water That Can Dance, 1998

As with the surging movements in the external environment or the tightly shut thighs in You Cannot See My Rage, when we are visually led to a view of the lower body, the work contains no excessive nudity, instead providing a poetic scene. The girl extending her long, white legs upwards in a fit of paranoia is an especially striking scene. I'm hard pressed to find a similar male perspective. I have difficulty finding any similarities in Western feminine perspectives such as the works of Cindy Sherman or Nan Goldin. Jiang Zhi's artworks lead us into another realm, a multi-gender space that can only be created in text, like Death on the Nile, the male detective story written by a woman, or Camellia Girl, a woman's love story written by a man.

"I see this process over and over; the act of this animal cleaning with its tongue gives me a special feeling. It is not about the tongue's gentleness towards the skin, its responsibility towards the fur, or the strange associations connected to the act of kissing oneself or this mysteriously narcissistic nature; it is cleanliness itself, that natural, open and unique method of cleanliness. The filth disappears from the exterior, transferred to the interior."

— Jiang Zhi, The Man at Home Who Dreams of the Outside, 1998

Video Phase

Jiang Zhi's video works are difficult to classify. His style has clearly been influenced by documentary film and especially the culture of the grass roots. Jiang Zhi's works give voice to the underclass. His perspective is not a top down macroscopic view but a level, microscopic one which sets out from the resourcefulness and viewpoints of those bottom rungs, which forms the unique narrative methods, expressive forms and story structures of his works. His works have always been narrative; series such as Moment and I Know Where Bin Laden is, Please Give Me 50 Cents

combine clear descriptions and reflections with mature technique.

Of course, much of this emerges through borrowed forces, those crowds on the scene, those intentionally arranged plots and the scenes with improvising performers. His works do not contain obscure concepts or affected acting. From *Fly, Fly* to *Meat 100* and *Onward! Onward!* we can see the small characters explaining their vain hopes regarding space, gender and power.

I remember an author talking about the issue of realness for characters in novels, basically how to a character realizes its real value of life and how to find the characteristics and outline of a character within the little details. Jiang Zhi's video works convey true emotion in just such little details.

Meat 100

A room. Dark and silent. A dim light. A shadow, that is Van Gogh. Many photos can be seen pasted on the four sides of walls even under such a light. These are the photos of his works. There are two goldfish bowls on the table that is put at the corner. One with water and 6 red goldfish lingering inside from one end to the other. The other one is solid, but it is so transparent that it makes people feel like there is water inside. And the same amount of red goldfish has been congealed inside. They seem to be sad about being unable to swing their tails. Besides, there is a complete skeleton of goldfish beside the two goldfish bowls, which seems to be a part of Van Gogh's Series of Goldfish works. Beside this table stands another table, and there are two cube-shaped glass water vats that are bigger than the goldfish bowls, sealed, with a piece of even and square pork with skin, which is soaked in the potion. This piece of pork is cut from a living pig.

— Jiang Zhi, *The Perishable*, 1996

Jiang Zhi's video work *Meat 100* is derived from a dirty joke about how a person's desires are released onto a piece of pork. It's a bit of reminiscence on adolescence, a salute to adolescents, that young body and unfortunate piece of meat on the screen.

Perhaps it is because of inertial logic methods in thinking; some ideas can stand in either text or image, any space for imagination, like those ordinary yet bizarre scenes from the novels of Edgar Allan Poe. The space provided by images comprises facts presented before our eyes, but the facts are often not something we can face directly, so when we watch this film, we experience complex feelings of nausea, boredom and voyeurism. When these two types of perceptions come together, we may perceive different emotional traps created by different mediums. Are we being blocked by common knowledge?

Onward! Onward! Onward! 2006

"I've always felt that the images of leaders serve as a kind of public image, the shared sprinting of tens of millions of people. I like that profound sense of loneliness seen on the running leaders in Jiang Zhi's work. It is a different kind of voice than the running mainstream of Chinese modern history; it's the knowledge of destiny. This opens new possibilities for understanding history. This is the power of art; just as it is coming to form the visual icons of ideology, it is also disintegrating such icons."

— Qiu Zhijie, Jiang Zhi's "*Onward! Onward! Onward!*": *The Altarpiece of Progress*, 2006

In this work I did not find a corresponding plot from a novel. Perhaps the creator's abstract understanding of these three leader's images brought about this lack of detailed description and loss of the urban mentality. I am sceptical

about this work because it is not within the context of Jiang Zhi's previous works, and therefore stands out a bit. The pop expression of the leaders' images is one symbol of China that I have always detested. I have not involved detailed analyses in the issues of the contemporary Chinese spirit present in this work as Qiu Zhijie did. Instead, I chose to place it within a less profound relationship for analysis, but I have had a hard time finding a corresponding response.

Afterword

These works lie outside of Jiang Zhi's more understood series. I especially enjoy Jiang Zhi's poetic qualities and the crazed character of his writing. His works give people tranquil, exquisite, transparent feelings, and the chaos in his texts, the muddling of gender, of time and space, all present an eclectic Jiang Zhi. But is Jiang Zhi an unreadable, chaotic artist? I think he is not, because his clues, his identity and his type are all clearly connected. Interestingly, it seems as if he has erected many obstacles to limit the viewer's entry into his mind, but when these inner monologues are so clearly presented in his writings and artworks, it is like the meaning of "brushing past someone" in a Wong Kar-Wai film, there is a paradox of the "self" in the "other" and the "other" in the "self."

Jiang Zhi cannot be discussed within the context of contemporary art of China because there are no traces of those Chinese contemporary art characteristics. Even in works such as *Onward! Onward! Onward!*, even though I don't agree with Qiu Zhijie's interpretation of the Chinese spirit "backwardness invites attack," if the artist needed to express such a sweeping idea, then he could not do it without the images of Mao Zedong, Deng Xiaoping and Jiang Zemin.

I have difficulty describing Jiang Zhi's standpoints and direction clearly, but I believe

that a rather unclear state and a sense of uncertainty are precisely the fundamental questions that contemporary art and artists should face. Just as I have doubts about the situation of contemporary art of China and mainstream international art trends, I also doubt the existence and motives of the "self".

Text/Li Zhenhua

Translator/Jeff Crosby

邱志杰 | 看看，蒋志这个人

1997

星期天，我和蒋志去潘家园古旧市场乱逛一通。潘家园是北京城藏污纳垢的疯狂渊藪，每到周六周日，来自天津河北的旧货收购者把他们走街串巷弄来的古董旧家什，瓷瓶皮影和假字画摊满了几万平米的营业大棚，向那些在人价目中挤来挤去的洋混子们漫天要价。我们显然属于那种摊主不太爱搭理的主顾，会为一件自己下定决心不买的破玩意儿费尽心机地砍上半天价，而凡是有冲动购买的东西基本上都缺少购买的决心。尽管如此，我们俩还是起哄般地各自买了一架俄罗斯望远镜，除了有迷彩的外壳显示着军用品的酷，还有一个带着镰刀铁锤标记的商标。我们都疑心这是俄国人为了向中国市场倾销而特制的怀旧兴奋点。

回到家里摆弄了半小时之后热情就过去了，我的望远镜一星期后就蒙上了厚厚的灰，两星期后就让我给忘了。

一个月后的某日，蒋志打电话告诉我，他拿望远镜对着对面高层塔楼的窗户解闷时，偶然在一个窗户中发现有一个男子正拿着一副一样的望远镜盯着他看，对面的男子显然也已经发现了蒋志。就在可怜的蒋志还没来得及做出反应时，那位男子在窗口消失了三到四秒钟。当他重新出现时，蒋志发现对方换上了一副带三角架的单筒高倍望远镜，凶狠地对准了这边。这件事害得蒋志有一星期没敢开窗帘。

由于住在筒子楼的单间里不敢开窗，蒋志的想象力突飞猛进。他也更频繁地给所有的人打电话编造某位朋友的小故事

取乐，把朋友们弄得疑神疑鬼。我们的小圈子里因此形成了一种神秘的娱乐方式，用一种谰妄的语言溶解事实，捏造巧合与奇遇，混淆梦想与记忆。蒋志在下一个星期天又去了一趟潘家园。这次他买回了一个八成新的潘泰康单反120相机。从此开始一边勤快地写他的怪诞小说，一边弄出一些照片来。隔几天不见，他就会翻开那本影集，给你看几张得意的新点子，眼睛里闪着狡黠的光。

蒋志的处女作是一组叫做《吸管人》的系列照片。这些天蒋志像苍蝇一样缠着我们几位朋友给他当模特儿。他不由分说地在电话里丢下一个时间，让你别出门，到时就会背着一个摄影包出现。蒋志从来都把摄影包当作纹身一样的随身带，因为他呆在北京市的正当理由是深圳某杂志的驻京记者。但是这次蒋志还另外揸了一个鼓鼓囊囊的大包，里头塞满了他事先准备的道具：用来制造科幻片和芯片效果的绿色灯光、水果、书籍等等。当然最重要的是一些饮料吸管。蒋志就靠这些摆布我们，让人通过吸管吸任何东西：洋娃娃、海报和另一个人的身体。我们在镜头前表演蒋志的白日梦，这是一种通过基因技术和生物工程进化的新人类，“从原人类的可悲境地里率先冲杀出来的先锋。”他们通过管子吸食任何东西，包括有生命与无生命的物质以及信息。蒋志甚至为这种臆想的族类编了西里西亚纺织工人式的国歌：“我们吸，我们吸，我们无所不吸。”我们发现，自己家里的许多摆设都成了蒋志的道具。这才发现，原来他

打我们的主意由来已久。蒋志的艺术是一种把生活点化为幻想的系统的企图。在一个充满了噪音、浮土、民工和靓女的都市里，蒋志收传呼电话，采访，打车，和朋友吃饭，忙得不亦乐乎。被后现代主义，后殖民主义，后工业社会摆布得任劳任怨。但这个人从来不肯承认这一切是真的。他像一个阳奉阴违的阴谋家，在斗室里面新生的窗帘后面，搜肚刮肠地捏造各种证据企图证明一切都是不真实的。记忆是大家一起虚构的，体验是人工合成并批量生产的，真相的反面也是真相。摩天大楼是让成功者往上爬和失意者往下跳时产生失重感而建造的。事实上蒋志曾经在他的一篇小说里以现象学的精确考察分段描述了这种失重。那篇小说的结尾是从跳楼者身体上迸出来的眼球对自己的身体的观察。蒋志没有他的小说人物那么单纯，他不会以太写实的方式去体验失重和自我观察时的自由感，因为写作和摄影本身已经成了更真实的否定：只要我还在虚构，现实就对我无能为力！蒋志是认真真按部就班工作的人。他不是留大胡子长头发的符号化要领化的艺术家。他平平常常一本正经地跟你交谈，心里可能正在一想象你的数种可能下场并为此捧腹大笑。这个70年代出生的年青人，把惊奇戏谑、怀旧、探险、幻觉……等等七七八八的材料以不同以往的方式进行复杂的颅内装修。他是有意思的人，容易接近但不好理解，这种人其实不是幻想者，他直接是幻想的器材。

由于拍吸管人总要把自己的妄想推销给别人，蒋志有点过意不去。我刚说过他不是强人所难的艺术家的，所以下一次他找了一位对他的妄想来者不拒的柔顺对象。那是在杭州的小旧货摊上找到的，一个背上长着翅膀的小木偶。蒋志认为她是女性，给她取名叫“木木”。从此，木木开始表演很多蒋志自己不敢干的事（比如在空中飞行）和蒋志不好意思流露的感情。而蒋志自己就捧着相机，装成一个事不关己的旁观者和叙述者。他的叙述轻柔而闪烁，甚至无视叙述的逻辑性和小木木的人格统一，完全忘了自己的身份是记者。

木木身高寸许，手脸眼鼻俱圆，腰围略显丰满。她的主要职能是负载童话。聚集于她的小小身躯，经常会使周围的景物模糊消隐。木木站在高高的石柱上，望断江南淒凉的秋水。木木从深树洞中探身出来，通体素淡如风扫云开一轮初月。木木在古屋的废墟中长叹短嘘黯然神伤，木木从乱草丛中的蛛网中心向世界抛洒咒语和奇迹。她也轻松和温情，她也灿烂和明媚，但更多的时候是香尽月沉的忧伤。这种印象不知因为她是一个有一道裂纹的旧心灵。

系列摄影《木木》有时让我想起《浮生六记》中那些万籁俱寂的月夜，那种平静与和谐通透今古。木木的世界成了蒋志随时可以从五浊尘世中抽身退回的桃源。这个尘世是一个庞大的迷宫般的潘家园市场，人们在这里讨价还价，精心盘算，买进卖出，用望远镜互相审视。木木浸透的不是一感情，而是各种感

情。应该说，木木就是情趣本身。情趣是在仓皇纷乱的时代和坚硬如铁的事实前对自由和快乐的走私。情趣稍纵即逝，到处被事实和理性厉声喝止，有时像吸毒一样，要为短暂的欢乐付出巨大的代价。但情趣也正因此格外珍贵。我们这个世界怪事不少，可真正有趣的事情还有待想象。因此像木木这样纯真和幼稚的坚持浪漫是生活的本质，就反而是一种明智。蒋志是一个图像童话的叙述者。这种叙述并不请求人们的相信，而是用叙述的神奇本身来证明自由的可能。虚构像现实阳光下的一片帐篷，偷偷地孕育霉菌，妄图颠覆生活。虚构不是现实，但是我们的未来和过去。

如果说《吸管人》更多地是关于未来，《木木》就更多地是关于过去的。那是一些正在消逝的情感模式，这种感觉让我疑心自己的现实已经太多现代化了。这些浪漫非常偏执，而且更多的是一种中国古典文人的偏执，一定要细细地品味，一定要有一片自己的天地，一定要陶醉在恍惚的意境中。

说实话我为蒋志捏着一把汗。像他这样的人，如果不幸生活在一个极权主义的社会，一定会被判定“有思想罪”，就地正法。幸好蒋志有他的相机，可以把他的梦想传染给我们。

邱志杰

1997年北京

Qiu Zhijie | Let's Take a Look at the Man Jiang Zhi

1997

On Sunday, Jiang Zhi and I took a casual walk around Pan Jia Yuan antique and second-hand market. Beijing Pan Jia Yuan is the place where all kinds of junks and treasures gather together. Every Saturdays and Sundays, those who have gone all the way to hunt for antiques, furnitures, porcelain vases, shadow puppets, fake paintings and calligraphies would come here and fill the massive market hall. Foreigners showing an interest to buy would be charged with extremely high prices. Obviously, we belonged to the type of customers those vendors didn't fancy. We spent half a day bargaining for something we were determined not to buy. And whenever we felt the impulse to buy something, we lacked the determination. Despite all that, each of us bought a pair of Russian telescopes in the end. The camouflage shell of the telescopes gave out a sense of military coolness and had a trademark featuring sickle and hammer which we doubted were some nostalgic symbol the Russians added particularly for Chinese market.

When I went back home, my enthusiasm for the telescope lasted no more than 30 minutes. One week later, the telescope was covered by a thick layer of dust. Two weeks later, it totally slipped my mind.

It was about one month later that Jiang Zhi gave me a call. He told me one day when he looked at the widows of the high-rise on the opposite side via his telescope, suddenly he saw a man standing behind one of those windows and looking at him via an exactly same telescope. That man also saw Jiang Zhi. Before poor Jiang Zhi fully figured out what just happened, the man disappeared. Three or four seconds later he appeared again, and Jiang Zhi noticed that he took a monocular high-power telescope and a pair of tripod with him, staring. Due to this incident, Jiang Zhi dared not to open his curtains for a whole week.

Trapped in his small apartment without daring to open the window, Jiang Zhi found his imagination started to go wild. He made calls to all his friends more frequently, making up stories of one particular friend for fun so that others started to feel paranoid. Therefore a kind of bizarre entertainment was formed among our small circle: we used exaggerated words to confuse facts, making up coincidence and adventures to mix up dreams and memories. Jiang Zhi went to Pan Jia Yuan again on the next Sunday. This time he bought a relatively new-looking Pentacon single-lens reflex 120 camera. From then on he started to work on the writing of mystery stories and photo taking at the same time. If you met him every few days, he would take out the photo album to show you some of the new ideas he's proud of. At such moments, a sparkle of wisdom and cunning could be perceived in his eyes.

Jiang Zhi's first work was a photography series called Straw Man. During those days, Jiang Zhi kept nagging friends like me to do some modeling work for him. He would book a certain period of your time via the phone without asking for any permission and showed up at your door with a camera kit. Wherever he went, he always took his camera kit with him, as if it was a tattoo. After all his identity as Beijing-based reporter for a magazine in Shenzhen was the whole reason for him to stay in Beijing. But this time, besides the camera kit, Jiang Zhi also brought with him a big bag stuffed with all kinds of props he'd prepared for us, including some green light to create sci-fi movie like and chip effect, fruits, books and the like. Certainly, the most important props were straws. Jiang Zhi used these things to manipulate us. He asked us to suck via the straw anything occurring to him: dolls, posters or someone's body. In front of the camera, we performed Jiang Zhi's daydream. This was even a new kind of human beings

developed on the basis of genetic engineering technologies. They were the "pioneers who had elbowed their way to break through the previous pathetic conditions of human beings". They could absorb anything via the straw, including organic and inorganic matters and information. Jiang Zhi even created a national anthem for this imaginary species. It reminded people of Heinrich Heine's The Silesian Weavers: "We suck; we suck; we suck everything!" We noticed that many of our home decorations were used as Jiang Zhi's props. It was until then that we realized he had been plotting this for a long time. Jiang Zhi's art embodied the attempt to turn live into the system of fantasy. In a city full of noise, dust, immigrant workers and pretty ladies, Jiang Zhi was busy receiving calls, interviewing, taking taxi and having meals with friends. He was willingly manipulated by post-modernism, post-colonialism and post industrial society. But he never admitted that. He's like a schemer with double-face, sitting behind the closed curtains in his small apartment and trying every way possible to collect and fabricate evidence to prove that it wasn't true. Memory was made up by collective efforts, experience was artificially synthesized and then put into mass production, and the opposite of truth was also true. Skyscrapers were built to generate certain sense of weightlessness when those succeeded were climbing up and those failed were falling down. In fact, Jiang Zhi once described such weightlessness by using phenomenological method in one of his novel. In the end of that novel, the eyeballs bouncing out of the person who jumped off the building started to observe the body once they belonged to. Jiang Zhi was not as simple and innocent as the characters in his novel. He seldom experienced the sense of weightlessness or the freedom of self-observation in a realistic way, for writing and photography itself had

already become a more real negation: "As long as I'm still fabricating, the reality cannot do anything about me!" Jiang Zhi is an organized person and treats his work seriously. He is not a first-sight artist who has iconic full beard and long hair. He would talk to you in a solemn way but in the meantime, think of several possible fates of you and laugh out loud for that in his mind. Born in the 70s, this young man managed to integrate surprises, irony, nostalgia, adventure and illusion together in a highly complicated and unprecedented way. He's an interesting person, easygoing and yet not easy to understand. As a matter of fact, people like him are not dreamers but tools for imagination.

During the shooting of Straw Man, he always had to promote his fantasies to others. He felt a bit sorry about it. He was not the kind of artists who tended to force people to do something they didn't want to. So the next time he found himself a meek object that would never say no to his fantasies. It was a small puppet with a pair of wings on its back. He found it at a small stall in Hangzhou. Jiang Zhi thought it should be a "she" and named her "Mu Mu". From then on Mu Mu started to do things that Jiang Zhi dared not to do (i.e. flying in the sky) and to show emotions that he was too shy to reveal. And Jiang Zhi, with his camera in hand, pretended to be an indifferent observer and narrator. His narration was soft and hesitating. Sometimes the logic of narration and consistency of Mu Mu's personality would be sacrificed. It seemed he totally forgot his identity as a reporter.

Mu Mu was about an inch high, with round hands, face, eyes and nose and a plump waist. Her major function was to carry on fairytales. If you focused on her tiny little body, you would notice that everything around her started to seem vague. Mu Mu stood on top of the high stone pillar, gazing

eagerly through the babbling rivers. Mu Mu leaned out from a tree hollow, dressing in plain like a crescent moon peeped out from behind the clouds. Mu Mu sighed melancholy among the ruins of ancient buildings. Mu Mu spread spells and miracles to the world from the center of spider-web in the grass. She was gentle and easygoing, bright as sunshine. But more often a sense of sadness could be perceived in her. I'm not sure such an impression came from the fact that she was an old soul with a crack.

Photography series Mu Mu sometimes reminded me of the silent moonlit nights in the book Six Records of a Floating Life, which gave out a sense of serenity and harmony through the centuries. The world of Mu Mu became a fictitious land of peace that Jian Zhi could retreat from the earthliness. The reality was a massive maze like the Pan Jia Yuan market. People bargained, calculated, sold, bought and used telescope to examine each other. What Mu Mu represented was not one single kind of emotion but a variety of emotions. In other words, Mu Mu herself was the embodiment of romance. When faced with a chaotic era and hard facts, romance was almost a kind of smuggling of freedom and happiness. Romance was transient, constantly scolded harshly by facts and logic. Sometimes it was just like taking drugs: a fleeting sense of happiness was gained at great expense. Nevertheless, it was exactly because of these, romance seemed extremely precious. The world was never short of absurdity. But there wasn't much real fun. Under such circumstance, Mu Mu's innocent and even somewhat naive insistence of romance as the essence of life was in fact sensible and illuminating. Jiang Zhi was a narrator of visual fairytale. His narration didn't intend to convince people but to prove the possibility of freedom. Metaphorically speaking, fiction was like a tent under the sunshine, beneath

which molds were growing and attempting to overturn life. Fiction was not reality, but it was our past and future.

Straw Man focused more on the future, and Mu Mu was about the past. Those were the emotional patterns that were increasingly disappearing. Such a feeling made me doubt that whether my own reality had involved too much modernization. It was romantic and yet stubborn. A sense of romantic stubbornness particularly belonging to Chinese classical literati could be perceived, which emphasized on savoring, having a world by ourselves, and reveling in the dreamy imagery.

Honestly, I was worried about Jiang Zhi. People like him who unfortunately lived in a totalitarian society were likely to be executed for being convicted of "being guiltily interesting". Luckily, Jiang Zhi has his camera, via which he could convey his dreams to us.

Text/Qiu Zhijie

1997, Beijing

Translator/Wu Chenyun

陈侗 | 阿娇的眼泪

为了去除可怕的意义，避免人们在虚构性作品与现实性事件之间建立关系，蒋志将拍摄阿娇由笑转哭的短片命名为《0.7%的盐》。不知道为什么，面对银幕上的漂亮脸蛋，我仍然喜欢把它叫做“阿娇的眼泪”，这意味着解读影像的角度是完全受语境控制的，只是还没有确定作品的意义是否就停留在那个我并不十分清楚的事件中。自从最早在上海奥沙蒋志的个展上看到这个录像并留下深刻印象，我就想搞清楚它与“艳照门”事件之间的微妙关系。有时候，我甚至在想，在银幕前我是不是成了另一个陈冠希？又或者，我是不是爱上了阿娇而不是蒋志的这件作品。一个评论者不该说这样的话，尽管他心里可以这么想。评论者既不是观众的引路人，也不是他们的代言人，他只是碰巧将他的感受与所谓的权利结合了一下。他珍惜这个并不经常遇到的机会，而他报答给它的则是一连串胡思乱想。

这件作品的所谓意义显然不是笑或哭本身带来的；也不是因为阿娇是一个演员，于是意义就指向了电影叙事，即对于电影中眼泪作用的肯定或怀疑。在我看来，批评者在评价这件作品时所强调的客观性—如果他们认为这能减弱或消除意义的话—只能是通过标题来显现。然而，我猜想蒋志并不预先知道，或者早就忘了眼泪的成分中含有0.7%的盐，因而命名就不像作品一样具有生成的效果，它是后设的。一个作品似乎必须有一个若即若离的名字，它经过了筛选，并试图承载观念，但“0.7%的盐”作为

命名看起来仍然只是对意义的否认，不像是真正为了建立客观性。同时，如果客观性作为观念的主要内容，似乎也显得有些滞后。说到底，在一件真正的作品中，或者在艺术家的头脑中，客观性是不存在的。因此，对蒋志来说，用客观性来去除意义不是他的本意。“0.7%的盐”只是作品的一个命名，人们可以对它作各种理解和解释，甚至可以认为它指的就是“艳照门”在作品中只占0.7%的成分。

如果没有特殊的原因，谁会在艺术作品跟前注意标题？蒋志的作品标题一贯充满了文学上的曲言法则，但我们还是会把《钉子》叫做“钉子户”，把《向前！向前！向前！》叫做“毛邓江”，把《香平丽》叫做“三个深圳女孩”，这样更便于我们识别它们。对于并不总是用同一种方式创作，甚至兴趣也不是在同一个点上的艺术家来说，识别不光是为了记住这些作品，更是为了找到其中可能存在的关联，即便这种关联并不是通过比较，而是通过具体地分析一件作品建立起来的。

我们不要忘了蒋志作为视觉艺术家一直还从事文字工作，不仅擅长用画面叙述，还热衷于叙述画面。当他不是在拍纪录片，或者不是偶尔抓拍到什么的时候，他总是喜欢从名词或概念入手，去展开尽可能多的想象与讨论。我记得他曾经做过“床”和“洞”的文本，这两个概念性名词和“眼泪”一样，都具有意义和非意义两个相背的指向。如果说“意义”一直是现实主义艺术的最终目

的，那么，只有预先设定“当代”这个前置条件，“非意义”才能显现。消除意义并不是因为我们厌倦了意义，而是因为意义本身并不存在于作品当中，它只是批评者或观众为了建立作品与现实之间关系的习惯性需求，或者纯粹只是作者缺席下的批评者与观众之间的对话。没有意义，解释就显得多余，以至于非意义也无从体现。蒋志在使用概念性名词时当然是在朝非意义的方向努力，只不过由于叙述总是免不了借用或切入现实，意义才时不时出来干扰非意义。所以，在这个时候，我们宁可相信意义的确存在，但必须调整一下它的方向，以便让它脱离现实主义或道德的体系，并最终成为非意义判断的基础。

在《0.7%的盐》中，赋予作品意义的不是笑和哭（相对于“笑”来说，现实主义似乎认定“哭”更有意义），恰恰是作为表演者的阿娇这个人物。她刚刚从“艳照门”的事件中心走出来，作为演员还没有机会获得新的角色，因此她的表演必然被解释为自传性的或投射式的。人们免不了会在银幕前产生现实的联想与期待，其中一些人会想，一个演员孕育情绪的过程必然伴随着联想式的思维活动，如果不是导演或剧本在引导，那么只有一种可能：演员作为特殊事件中的传奇人物，当需要进行情绪性的表演时，自身的真实经历便在内心形成了一股推动和扩散的力量。

但是阿娇的确只是一个演员—我们同意这么说，这也是我们在面对当代作品时被告知应采取的基本态度。换句话说，

为了再一次反对现实主义，我们必须作如是想：现时现地，阿娇的故事无论曾经多么广受关注，都只是碰巧成为了解读这件作品的所有出发点中最不显眼的，就像眼泪中最多只有0.7%的盐一样无足轻重。那么其他的出发点呢？有谁能够告诉我，在银幕前他只是看到了一张脸，而并不知道这张脸属于谁？艺术在与专名事物发生联系时，通常要准备好将自身视为祭献之物，即为了揭示紧紧附着在专名事物之上的意义和真相而不惜丢掉纯粹创造的名分。例如肖像画就是这样，人们第一眼就看到了画的是谁，然后就想起关于这个人的许多事情。只有静物画家才能够说“这只是一只普通的苹果”，然后他就把它画成了不一般的画。银幕上，流眼泪的是阿娇不是别人，这证明阿娇已成为专名事物；阿娇的眼泪不是别人的眼泪，这就使得阿娇在享有作为“对象”的专名地位的同时还被当成“命题”对待。这一判断所依据的条件是：《0.7%的盐》虽然使用了职业演员，但它并不像张培力那部汇集了众多故事片镜头的录像，不仅没有特定的气氛和背景，它也完全缺少叙事所需要的情节。因此，我们说，尽管阿娇在作品中成了专名事物，但我们要探讨的就是，如何能够在观看已经被现实联想主导的情况下还可以说她的表演是抽象和无目的的。当这种抽象和无目的只是以笑来体现时，对于任何表演者来说都没有难度。但是哭就不同了，它需要相当大的情绪的投入，必须具备条件，即我们通常所说的“进入角色”。此刻，意义与非意义、表面与

实质、形式与内容、能指与所指、虚构与真实，所有的对立性概念都以疑问的形式插入到关于这件作品结构关系的讨论中。

在我们看来，阿娇作为演员同时作为她自己，有千百种情感经验的储备，就像蓄电池一样只需要接通正负极，其能量甚至可以大到最终将影片的作者驱赶到一边。可是我们如何知道她聚集的能量成分？“艳照门”事件的特殊性在于它以极端的形式抹掉了演员（虚构）与自己（真实）之间的界限，而对待事件的态度也同样存在当事人、知情人、看客（网民）和评论者种种关系的穿插、叠加。道德的尺度可以将人们对事件的反应简单地分为两类或三类，但如果将道德—无论它源自个人的信条还是社会的行为准则—抽取并搁置起来，那么人们也许会说，如果真是这样，事情就另当别论。某个诚实的道学家甚至可以为了证明这一点而展现他的收藏，女人的毛发、蕾丝底裤或者色情图片。在美学的大家庭里，色情就像妓女一样，虽然有其位置却得不到尊重。但是，如果将美学定义为对现实毫无用处的事物所激发的情绪，那么，真正无用的就只有色情，而它也正好处于仅供想象的特殊位置。“艳照门”在未成为事件之前，一直都处于这种仅供想象的色情的美学当中。然而，面对强大的现实撞击，它脆弱得不堪一击，就像孩子们的游戏被闯进屋子的成人破坏，洋娃娃被踩烂一地，到处都是断裂的头和手，裙子被揉皱，眼睫毛已不在它该在的位置……

如果我们同意将“阿娇的眼泪”仅仅看做“0.7%的盐”，那么，事实上我们也就同意将“艳照门”看做“美学事故”。因为美学的缘故，阿娇无需在由蒋志导演的一段基本功式的表演中把中断的游戏看做聚集情绪能量的条件，她的漂亮很大程度上是因为她估计到了我们的第一反应而仍然全情投入。如果我们仍然坚持“艳照门”作为情绪条件是成立的，甚至是唯一的条件，那么，阿娇的由笑转哭的过程也可以解释为对于快感的回忆和对于一场遭到破坏的游戏的感伤。

可怕的现实主义在我们这样说的时候又回来了，所以我们只好不将“艳照门”作为情绪条件。但是，我们仍然需要“艳照门”。我们感兴趣的不是这个“美学事故”本身，而是一部有意回避其观看层面的特殊指谓，同时又建立起纯粹美感的录像作品。我们想知道的就是这部录像作品如何在“意义”—“非意义”的连续换位中成为当代艺术中的异类，它经由哪些路径，与我们的对话属于哪种类型，以及作者欲盖弥彰的解释所带来的究竟是失望还是一道光。

从虚构的创造意味来说，《0.7%的盐》与蒋志早期作品《木木》属于同一类型，即便不是凭空臆造，但也决非纪实性的，只是《木木》后来发展出了多个版本，而《0.7%的盐》将一直就是我们看到的“一个”画面。木木和阿娇都是蒋志文学式思考的替代性人物，他在让她们成为她们自己的同时，也让她

们成为了他自己的替身。当蒋志决定由阿娇来扮演另一个长大了的“木木”时，事实上他就在重复福楼拜那个经典的句子：阿娇，就是我！在为了去除意义而不得不解释的场合，福楼拜的，同时也是所有现代创造者的关于“自我是什么”的这一陈述，比强调眼泪的物质成分更有意思。

无疑，蒋志是通过“表演”这个概念性名词迂回地完成了作品中的自我建构。这个自我与个人意趣无关，而是仅仅涉及如何观看，即如何看待一个叙事艺术家与表演者共同享用的长镜头时刻。这里没有“开始”和“停”，因此表演既像是偶发的，又像是周密计划的，影片那看上去无缝的连接告诉了我们这一点。

蒋志从各个方面实践他所理解的当代性，无论是用虚构的方式还是记录的方式，也无论其方式关涉内心还是社会，他始终都拥有一个叙述者的身份，这是他的文学训练所决定的。一般来说，作品所关涉的对象本身并不构成意义，意义全部存在于关涉的过程及结构当中。但是，我们在这个一般意义上所说的“对象”极有可能是艺术的牺牲品，而不是自传式的或肖像式的，即无法将各个部分拆卸并重装回来的那样一个整体。《0.7%的盐》在蒋志的作品队列中是一个例外，它是唯一一个将谜底放到了谜面的作品，因此也就是唯一一个没有牺牲掉对象的整体性作品。无论解释与否，这个整体性都丰富了我们今天所认识的当代艺术。

Chen Tong | Tears of Gillian

In order to dodge the threatening meaning, and prevent people from making associations between the fictional construct and the realistic event, Jiang Zhi named his short video featuring the actress Gillian Chung (1) 0.7% Salt. Upon seeing this attractive face on the screen, I still enjoy calling it "Tears of Gillian" without knowing why. That means my reading of the video has been entirely dictated by the context, with the sole uncertainty remaining whether the meaning of the work is derived from that incident (the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" (2) — an incident which I do not know much of) in the first place. Ever since I saw this impressive video in the solo of Jiang at the Osage Gallery in Shanghai, I've been trying to disentangle the elusive yet intimate connection between this work and the scandal. Standing before the screen, sometimes I wonder whether I have also transformed into another Edison Chan; or whether I am enamored with the beauty of Gillian rather than the work itself. A critic should never say something like that, though he could certainly keep it to himself. The critic is neither the guide of the audience, nor their spokesperson, instead, he just happened to be in a position where his own perception and the empowerment coincide, a rare combination that, once cherished, leads to the reward of completely random and desultory thoughts.

The meaning of the work is neither brought about by the act of laughing or crying nor by Gillian's identity as an actress, instead, it points towards the film narrative, namely, the affirmation or suspicion of the role that tears play. For me, the objectivity that a critic intends to accentuate in one's own explanation — if he or she believes it will extenuate or erase the meaning of the work — can only be achieved through the title. Yet, I don't think Jiang knew in advance or remembered that the tear contains 0.7% salt,

since the action of naming does not ensure creation like a work, it is rather an aftermath composition. It seems that a work has to own an ambiguous title, which has been selected and is expected to accommodate connotations. Yet 0.7% Salt as a title still seems to suggest a negative downplay of meaning rather than a genuine grounding of objectivity. Meanwhile, it appears rather hysteretic if objectivity is to be considered the essence of concepts. In the end, objectivity never truly exists in a real work, or in an artist's head. Insofar for Jiang, to dodge meaning by objectivity is never his intention. 0.7% Salt is just a title, one can develop varied interpretations or even think the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" is only 0.7% of the whole work.

Without special reasons, who will pay attention to the title in front of a work? The titles of Jiang's works have always abounded with twisted literary meanings, but we still refer to Nails as the "Nail Household", Onward! Onward! Onward! as "Mao, Deng and Jiang", Our Love as "Three Girls in Shenzhen". It helps us to recall the works. For artists who are interested in different subjects and work with varying methodologies, identification is not simply a way of reminding, but the discovery of all possible connections therein; even such connections are not achieved through comparison but a specific analysis of one work.

Let us not forget that Jiang as a visual artist also writes, not only is he an expert at narrating with images, but also an ardent narrator of images. When he is not shooting a documentary or taking snap shots, he resorts to nouns and concepts to stimulate discussion and imagination. I remember he wrote a text of "bed" and "hole", which, like "tear", are notions that embody paradoxical significance of meaning and meaninglessness. If "meaning" constitutes

the ultimate objective of realistic art, then "meaninglessness" can only appear when "the contemporary" is presupposed. We are not getting rid of meaning because we are tired of it, but because it is not intrinsic to the work, it is just a habitual need for the critic or audience to set up connections between the work and the reality; or a conversation between the aforementioned two at the absence of the author. Without meaning, interpretation becomes redundant and the meaninglessness is therefore obstructed. When employing conceptual terms, of course Jiang intends to approach the direction of meaninglessness, but since the process of narrating often appropriate or intervene with reality in some way, meaning intermittently pops up and interrupt meaninglessness. Thus, we should rather believe in the existence of meaning, whose direction is to be mildly adjusted to deviate from the realistic or moral system, and form the foundation of meaninglessness judgment.

In 0.7% Salt, what bestows meaning to the work is not the act of laughing or crying (realism seems to prefer crying over laughing since it is more "meaningful") but the figure of Gillian as an actress. Having survived the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal", as an actress she had not gain chance of a new character, therefore her performance is unavoidably viewed as a biographical one or a projective one. People cannot stop but have realistic association and anticipation while standing in front of the screen, some of them might think that in order for an actress to express real emotions in one's performance, she must resort to certain cognitive activity that triggers or enables the act. If such activities were not induced by the script or the director, then it can only be one possibility: when emotional performance is in need, the actress herself as a notorious figure of the very scandal will draw on her own lived

experiences to motivate and expand the emotion.

Gillian is indeed only a performer — we can agree on this point because we are informed that it should be one's basic attitude when confronting a contemporary art work. In other words, to dispute realism once again, we have to think like this: despite how much public attention Gillian's story has received, it is only one of the most insignificant perspectives with which we may interpret the work, which is as trivial as the fact that tear contains 0.7% of salt. Then where are the other perspectives? Who, stands in front of the screen, is able to tell me that he sees only a face that he doesn't recognize? When arts associate with objects with exclusive connotations, it must prepare to sacrifice itself on the altar, which means the abandoning of the nominal "pure creativity" for the sake of revealing the meaning or truth of such objects. For example, one can easily recognize whom has been painted in a portrait and think of everything about this person. Only a still-life painter can say: "this is an ordinary apple" then make an extraordinary painting out of it. It is Gillian who is crying on the screen but not someone else, that means Gillian has become an exclusive object; the tears of Gillian is not somebody else's, which not only privilege her position of being exclusive but also the proof of her becoming one. This judgment is based on the following condition: unlike Zhang Peili's film snapshots, Jiang's 0.7% Salt employed a professional actress, and designated no specific atmosphere and background, nor any narrative plots. Therefore we can say Gillian has become an exclusive object in the work. What should be explored is whether her performance can be claimed abstract and aimless even though it has been dictated by realistic association. It is not so challenging when such abstract and aimless characteristics are expressed through laughter, but crying is different, it requires emotional investment and certain conducive conditions such as "becoming the character". Once it happens, meaning and meaninglessness,

appearance and substance, form and content, signifier and the signified, fiction and reality and all other oppositional couplets are inserted into the discussion about the structure of the work in the form of questions.

To us, as an actress and herself, Gillian has a reservoir of myriad emotions at her disposal, which can simulate a battery connecting both its positive and negative poles and ultimately drift the author of the video aside. How can we differentiate the ingredients of her accumulated power? The peculiarity of the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" lies in its radical erasure of the boundary between the actress (fiction) and the self (reality), thus there exists also gradations of interpenetration and overlapping among the perpetrators, insiders, observers (the internet surfers) and the commentators. We can simply classify people's reactions into two or three categories according to the moral standards. But if morality, whether from personal belief or social norms, were abstracted and suspended, one might say things can be taken differently. An honest moralist can thus reveal his collection of women's body hair, lace lingerie or pornographic pictures just to make his point. In the family of aesthetics, pornography is like a prostitute, which takes its position but is not respected. But if aesthetics is to be defined as emotions triggered by objects which are futile to reality, pornography becomes the one and only "futility" which present itself as the very object of imagination. The "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" had always been a pornographic imagination before it became an incident. Yet, in its collision with reality, it was as vulnerable as a child's game intruded by adults, dolls smashed, heads and hands broken and scattered, skirts and eyelashes misplaced...

If we approve to look at "Tears of Gillian" as "0.7% salt", then we have also approved to look at the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" as an "aesthetic incident". In the name of aesthetics, Gillian doesn't need to treat this interrupted game as a condition of her brewing emotions, her beauty largely depends on our anticipated

instant responses and wholehearted devotion. If we were to insist on the assertion that the scandal is the one and only precondition of her emotions, then the progression from laughing to crying can also be understood as a recollection of pleasure and sentiments about the sabotaged child's game.

The threatening realism has returned while we are spouting, so we must not take the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" as precondition of the emotions. But we still need the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal". What we are interested in is not the aesthetic incident per se, but a signifier of intentional avoidance of viewing, and a video of pure aesthetic values. What we would like to know is through what routes and by what kind of conversations this video has been constantly shifting between meaning and meaninglessness, thus becomes an alien of contemporary art. Whether the concealing explanation by the author is a disappointment or enlightenment?

From the perspective of fictional construct, 0.7% Salt belongs to the same category of the earlier Mu Mu, they are neither completely fabricated nor realistic. Mu Mu has evolved into different series while 0.7% Salt remains as one single image in our eyes. Both Mu Mu and Gillian are substitutes of the literary thinking of Jiang; by letting them become themselves, Jiang also superseded them with himself. When Jiang decided to have Gillian play another grownup version of Mu Mu, he is at the same time repeating the famous line by Flaubert: "Gillian, c'est moi!" In the occasion of forcing explanation for the purpose of dodging meaning, Flaubert's assertion, like those of all contemporary authors about "what is the self", is more effective than emphasizing the material components of the tears.

Undoubtedly, Jiang achieved his tortuous self-construction through the concept of performance. This "self" per se has nothing to do with self-interests but the way of viewing, implying how one view a moment of full-length shot shared by a narrative artist and an actress.

There is no "action" and "stop" here, the performance seems to be a happening yet calculated, which we can see from the seemingly seamless editing of the video.

Jiang practices his interpretation of contemporaneity from all kinds of dimensions, whether through fiction or documentary, regardless of the social or inherent focuses, he is by all means a narrator under the influence of his literary training. Generally speaking, the object that a work engages does not create meaning; rather, meaning exists in the process and structure of contextualization. However, this generic object can be a sacrifice of art, neither autographical nor iconographic, and cannot be decomposed and reconstructed as a whole. 0.7% Salt is an exception in the oeuvre of Jiang, it is the only riddle whose answer has been inserted into the question itself; in this sense, it is also the only work whose object has not been sacrificed. Whether it is explained or not, its comprehensiveness has enriched our understanding of contemporary art.

[1] Gillian Chung, aka Ah-Jiao in Chinese, is a popular Hong Kong singer and actress, who is the former member of girl-singer band Twins. She was one of the protagonists in the "Edison Chan Photo Scandal" among other well-known actresses. Her tearful aftermath's confession in front of the public had drawn notorious attention from the media.

[2] Edison Chan Photo Scandal is an incident involves sexual nude photos of well-known actresses from Hong Kong taken by Chan, which originated from the internet exposure in the beginning of 2008. The photos have been broadly disseminated through emails, RSS and BBS. In June 2009, Chan has accepted an interview by CNN and talked about details of the incident.

Text/Chen Tong

Translator/Ouyang Xiao, Nikita Yingqian Cai

“在这些之外，不曾预料的空间和时间还会到来”

--蒋志

他怎么描述这种兴趣呢？他怎么做才能不被他所描述的这种兴趣拐带到一个不至于肤浅的境地，而又能恰到好处的不至于高深和晦涩。一个东张西望中颗粒无收的浅笑者的下午和路过的那个怀疑论者的南方口音。一个安静的物种。一个其它意义上的临时工，口袋里唏哩哗啦乱响的钥匙串和更加嘈杂的好奇，每一扇门都是个坑，每一种解释都像一把奇形怪状的糖果，外表邪恶，口感甜蜜，他身子摇晃了一下，躲在摄像机的阴影里，头顶插满羽毛的帽子发着噼里啪啦的碎光。口袋里揣着脏乎乎玩偶，那个叫木木的女孩也快结婚了吧，在离开公园的路上，有几条小路，不管如何随机或者偶然，其实最后这几条路都通往一片透明的湖面，湖水粘稠润滑，那些年轻美丽的舞者在湖水中肆意翻滚，撩拨却无性，身体已钝化为仅仅一个器官，如果身体仅仅只有一个器官，而不是器官的集合，只是一瞬间，你看得到，但像素永远不够，你默默趴在移动的地壳上缓慢的随亚欧板块漂移。

一开始我们都很年轻，充满仇恨，互相轻辱，叫嚣谩骂，你稍显斯文，不够粗野，但干净而得体，作为朋友我劝你应该内心邪恶淫荡，目光无耻残忍。

大前年，蒋总在望京新世纪商场楼下的咖啡厅和一个来自加尔各答的流浪汉见

面，流浪汉带来1829年普希金的问候：假如生活欺骗了你，这个自称印度普希金的流浪汉送给他一本自己的诗集《瘟疫流行的宴会》。蒋总把他带到工作室，把一桶硅胶倒在他头上，给他翻了一个模。

蒋总仰面躺在地上打着鼾，鼻涕泡一串串的喷了出来，草坪的另一端一排女人整齐地蹲在那撒尿，穿着蒋总为她们在将台涮肉定做的制服。不远处一个穿着红旗袍的女人在窗帘后挥手，门口站着一堆群众演员整齐的鼓掌，睡梦中的蒋总伤感得东倒西歪，天马上就要黑了，霓虹灯就要亮起来了，照相机也准备好了，彩虹也准备好了，photoshop也准备好了，固体酒精也小心的摆好了，奥巴马脱掉上衣了，普京也脱了，普京顺着河边走过来了，踩着小石子，咯噔咯噔的，鲜花在夜色中燃烧，大楼在焰火中熄灭，硅胶般的夜色扑面而来，一群大姑娘站起来了，扭捏着，分寸着，上百张脸娇羞着，攀比着，每种表情都是魔鬼，夜空中的大喇叭呢喃着“非常，对不起大家”，窗帘后的女人还在挥手，下面的群众演员喝着倒彩，有一个群众演员蹲了下来，带上了拉登的面具，窗帘后的女人还在挥手，顺着窗口抛撒着被剪刀剪下来的手指，“谢谢大家”掌声又响了起来，一阵电流声，聚光灯像根发光的棍子到处乱捅，一个城乡结合部的仙女被聚光灯的光柱插在半空，一转身又被从后面狠狠地插在公园八角亭的草坪上，办公室的男青年来救她，半路就被插在机场高速上，半空中

都是受伤的人，事情一旦发生就会变得不可思议，夜空中都是耀眼光线那奇怪的白色味道，各种各样被光伤害的人被每秒30万公里的速度伤害，一个缺心眼的经理站在十字路口，被聚光灯把头都给切掉了，他的尸体张开双臂站在那，模仿上帝，一起做上帝，要有光，就要你妈个腿呀，一束光下尽蝼蚁，蒋总，你肯定不是个冥想者，你会笑出来的，你一喝小酒就满脸通红，你一创作就目露凶光，事情一旦发生就变得简单，一连串的光，和不断发生的现场，一个可怜的钉子户被一束光钉在1万平方米，深17米的大坑里，外在世界被描绘成一个迷人的坏蛋，戏剧性抹杀了道德感，道德本身就是催情的玩意，然后阿娇就哭了，当着大家的面，当着这摄像机哭，迷人，潮湿，体液如珠，微风，发梢凌乱，嘴唇微张，目光如此深情无奈，流泪的女人最性感，比芙蓉姐姐都性感，空中还在重复着呢喃的声音“非常，对不起大家”。窗帘后的女人还在挥手，群众演员都走了，街道上冷冷清清的，拐过广顺南大街，一间香烟店下面的健身房里，3台跑步机上3个国王在奔跑，各自招牌式表情和面容，累得半死不活，沉浸在角色的责任感和巨大抱负中满头大汗，那真实的毛孔中放大着现实和杜撰雌雄同体的错乱世界。一个没有哪个脓包比另一个脓包更大的邪恶宿主，一条蜿蜒的巨蛇，每个人都贴身藏着一颗蛇胆，随时让自己扭曲成一条真正的毒蛇。就是在这样一个真实的世界里，我们只能靠更扭曲来获得抽象的平静，或者通过平静让自己扭曲得尽可

陈晓云 | 每一迷离十米见方

能抽象，现实永远不是个形式问题。两条大腿从海水里伸了出来，海浪瞬间澎湃，你，你看不见我的愤怒，雪白的浪花大嘴巴一样抽了上来（真的，在之前，我从没见过很肥的女孩的裸体。我相信她们愤怒是有道理的），你缺乏对获得成功的耐心，缺乏对策略的诚意，你欣赏被恶意误解，当然你不是观念原教旨或者方法论一本万利的拥趸，你对着群众演员小声的说：“我是你的诗歌。”

我叫蒋总。神情里充满还未开始淫就已经乱了了的羞涩感，但是，是沉静的。

只有你能看出我多么的具有同情心，在这种天真的残酷中，你给自己塑造了一个长着鸡巴的处女形象，冷不丁勃起，吓自己一跳，满脸通红。你不在场的一刻往往最牛逼，你错过的全是关于你的真谛，太神奇了，我崇拜你的失落，你镜头里那些人义无反顾的游手好闲，你满怀感情责无旁贷地幸灾乐祸，还有颤抖，七种武器：1.右手手势配合夕阳西下染红了头发加强了剪影；2.烧焦的皮肤和远方的大阴茎；3.饱食终日的理想主义者；4.蜜糖般的肩胛骨和恰到好处的屁股一起叉腰远去；5.大乳房大肚脐眼结实的大腿和公务员般的微笑；6.小胡子的王麻子菜刀在第4根肋骨和第8根肋骨之间，他的阴毛像是个蓬松的立方体；7.素食者的祈祷。7种武器在同一台机器上颤抖，全是高光，脂肪喷溢而出，圆滚滚的小油点滚得满地都是。

你会爱上那些眼泪那些脂肪那些香香那些光那些火那些平平那些丽丽那些a的故事吗？

可能的。我的意思是，“我”早已被分裂成无数的“我”，“爱”被分裂成无数种“爱”，“女人”被分裂成“真实的 / 本质的”和“幻想的 / 被建构的”，世界被分裂成“真实”和“不真实”的。任何碎片之间都有可能形成一个关系。蒋总，你太严肃了，这不是那个在铁皮人咪咪情节中“一方被另一方用性具拖着随风而去”倜傥的蒋总。

蒋总上衣口袋里的木木发育了，蒋总把她拿出来看了看，塞进了裤子口袋，裤子口袋里原来那些发黄的吸管已经干瘪盘曲，一些吸管和发育的木木就挤在了一起，这些年，那些吸管一直默默地吮吸着那些痛的，甜的，流淌着的时间缝隙中的流质，暗哑的昏暗的潜行着的物以及不及物，吮吸着受创面，发炎面，红肿面，脆弱面，他感到了残酷，一种连物质都开始背叛他的残酷，他伸出手，摸到了一对男人丰满坚挺的乳房。

蒋总站起来拔掉了电源，窗帘里的女人烧掉了窗帘，脱掉旗袍，大声叫骂着隐入黑暗，鼓风机的叶片停止了转动，头发不再飞扬，阿娇擦掉了眼泪转身离开，跑步机上的3个国王放慢了脚步，伸长脖子吐着舌头，颤抖的7个小矮人和他们的公主搂在一起互相整理着抖松的皮，城乡结合部的仙女从半空中摔在雪地上十字路口的经理找回了自信，喜马拉雅山上的彩虹融化在雪里，只有不

知何处传来的“非常，对不起大家”仍然在重复。

从叙事中得到片刻的快感，从拟态中获得在此刻的假象，从置换中捞取概念最轻薄的成本，从情境中映射枯萎的幻念，在镜像中盘活自己，在记录中完成陌生的片段，那些各种质感曲折的表面易腐烂的物品，各种修辞和罗列，各种发自内心的狰狞和各种微笑，各种白各种缤纷各种光谱排列，各种力比多各种肾上腺堆积，恋物中死灰复燃地拟人，概念盲点的推敲，旁观者的性以及窥视中柔软的蕾丝，扭曲编码，沙姆定律和感受中的地平线，材料和化妆，心理死角，收集感受中的细软，打点意象中的金银，隐喻的油滑层面和现实的干涩死皮，女性视角，通过产生快感来完成工作和通过产生焦虑来完成工作之间，我们都是业余弗洛伊德爱好者，我们都是临时炼金术士，我们都是伪科学伪人文伪道德伪民主，我们血口喷人，我们胡搅蛮缠，我们主要是蒋总心怀忐忑，稍嫌怜悯。实验本身是有阴谋前提的，很脏的粉红色，很贼的眩光，口袋里有花蕾，爬到树上把口香糖粘在树枝上，拔出来把木木放在阴道口对焦，不可能通过解释来进行深入的占有，某个女人用唇膏雕刻一枚刻有他名字的印章，记忆的列车在山洞里脱轨，发疯的诗人点燃了教堂，引人入胜的景观，观看即造物，排着队做上帝，无意识经验中的小商小贩，冒险和蛊惑，你看不见他把尼加拉瓜的烂桔子塞进口袋，你看不见他把沅江小咸鱼塞进嘴里，“创作一件作

品”这个想法本身就是个神话，喝一口绿标小二，平庸的美和非凡的丑陋，大口喘气和平静眺望远方，仓促地奔向远方点燃一盏聚光灯，艰难地挥舞双臂召唤一道碎玻璃裹挟的彩虹。

是否能有一种解释，这种解释，仿佛片刻之光轻抚事物表面，却不改变。

陈晓云

2012年3月9日，写于北京望京

Chen Xiaoyun| Every Hazy Corner

Beyond all these, the time and space that are beyond expectation will also come.

— Jiang Zhi

How does he describe this interest? What does he do to keep from being dragged off by this interest to a realm that is not necessarily superficial while avoiding overly profound ambiguity? A smiling man of furtive glances in the afternoon, the southern accent of a skeptic passed along the way. A quiet species. A temporary worker in another sense; a ring of keys chaotically rustling in the pocket and an even more cacophonous curiosity; each door a pit; each explanation like a strange piece of candy, scary at first glance yet sweet in the mouth; his body sways as he hides in the shadow of the camera; the light glinting off the feathers in his hat. There is a filthy doll shoved in his pocket; that girl Mu Mu is probably just about married by now. On the way out of the park, there are several little paths, and no matter how random or serendipitous, they all lead to a transparent lake, smooth shimmering water, those young, beautiful dancers roiling in the water, alluring yet androgynous, their bodies reverted to only a single organ. If the body is just one organ rather than a collection of organs, then it is just a moment, you will see but the pixels are never enough as you quietly lay down on the shifting crust of the earth, following the slow shifts of the Eurasian continent.

At first we were both young and full of hate, cursing each other. You appeared more refined, not coarse enough, but clean and proper, and as your friend I beseeched you with a brutal gaze to be more wicked and lewd.

Two years ago, Jiang met with a wanderer from Jakarta at the Wangjing New Century Plaza coffee shop. The wanderer brought a

greeting from Pushkin in 1829: should this life sometime deceive you. This self-proclaimed Indian Pushkin gave him a collection of his poetry, Feast of Pestilence. Jiang brought him to his studio, pouring silica over his head to make a mold.

Jiang lies face-up on the ground, snoring, tendrils of snot shooting out of his nose. At the other edge of the field, a group of women crouch in an orderly line as they urinate, who are wearing the uniforms that Jiang had made for them at the Jiangtai Mutton Soup Restaurant. Nearby, a woman in a red Chinese dress waves from behind a curtain, a group of extras lines up at the door applauding. Jiang in his dream wobbling sentimentally; the sky is getting dark; the neon lights are about to be lit; the camera is ready; the rainbow is ready; Photoshop is ready; the sterno has been carefully prepared; Obama has taken off his shirt, as has Putin. Putin walks over along the stream, making a crackling sound as he steps on the pebbles. The fresh flowers blaze in the night; the buildings fade out under the fireworks and the silica gel night sky moves in. A group of older girls stands up, wiggling slightly, reserved, a hundred maiden faces competing with each other, each expression a demon. A loudspeaker calls out through the night sky, "really sorry, everybody." The woman behind the curtain is still waving. The extras start booing. One of them sits down and dons the mask of Bin Laden. The woman behind the curtain is still waving, and fingers cut off by a pair of scissors are tossed out from the curtain. "Thank you, everybody", another round of applause. An electric hiss, a spotlight sweeps the field like a light saber. The fairy of the outskirts is pinned up in the sky by the column of the spotlight, and then suddenly ruthlessly impaled by the pavilion planted in the field. A young man from the office comes out to save her, and is pinned to the airport highway. The air is filled with the

injured. Things would turn unbelievable once they happened. The night is filled with the strange white flavor of dazzling light. Various people injured by the light are being injured at a speed of 300,000 km a second. A simpleminded manager stands at the crossroads and is decapitated by the spotlight; his corpse standing there with arms outstretched, imitating god. Let's be god together. Let there be light. All we need is one of your damn legs. Under the light they're all nobodies. You're definitely not a meditator, Jiang. You always burst out into laughter, and after just a little drink your face goes red. When you create, your eyes take on a murderous gleam. Things would turn simple once they happened. A chain of light; a continuously unfolding scene; an unfortunate nail house is pinned by a ray of light to a pit 10,000 meters square and 17 meters deep. The external world has been described as an alluring rotten guy. Dramatics have killed the sense of morals, with morals themselves just toys to induce oestrus. And then A-Jiao cried, cried in front of everyone, in front of the camera, alluring, wet, the tears glistening like pearls, a gentle breeze, her hair waving in all directions, her lips slightly parted, her eyes darkened with despair. Women are the sexiest when they cry, even sexier than Lotus Sister.

The repeated loudspeaker call of "really sorry, everybody" still crosses the sky. The woman behind the curtain is still waving. The extras have all left. The street is cold. Turning onto Guangshun South Street, three kings are running on three running machines in a gym under a cigarette shop, each with billboard looks, half dead with fatigue, immersed in a sense of duty and aspiration, covered in sweat. In those pores is magnified a chaotic world of hybrid reality and illusion. A wicked host with incomparably large pustules; a massive, wriggling snake; every person conceals a snake gall bladder on his

body, ready at any time to distort himself into a real viper. In a real world like this, we can only become even more distorted in order to attain abstract tranquility, or use tranquility to distort ourselves as abstractly as possible. Reality is never a question of form. Two thighs extend from the sea, the waves surging in an instant. You can't see my rage. The whitecaps surge forth like a giant mouth (really, I'd never seen a naked fat girl before. I believe their rage is justified). You lack the patience for success, lack sincerity towards the strategy. You appreciate being misled by wickedness. Of course, you do not profit wholesale from conceptual doctrine or methodology. You quietly tell the extras: "I am your poetry."

I am Jiang. The expression is full of panic shyness of obscenity, but it is serene.

Only you can see how much empathy I have. Within this naive brutality, you have crafted for yourself an image of a virgin girl with a penis, which shocks yourself with a sudden erection, blushing. The moments you are not there are always the most awesome. What you're missing are truths about you; it's amazing. I worship your frustration. Under your lens, those people wander about aimlessly while you, full of emotion and a sense of duty, gloat at their misfortune. Then there is Tremble, with the seven types of weapons: 1. the right hand position and the hair glistening red by the setting sun intensify the silhouette; 2. the caramelized skin and the giant faraway penis; 3. an idealist who loaf all day; 4. the sweet shoulders and perfect ass, arms akimbo, facing off into the distance; 5. big breasts, a big navel, big strong legs and the smile like a civil servant; 6. Little Hu's Wang-Ma-Zi kitchen knife held between the fourth and eighth ribs, his pubic hair looks like a fluffy cube; 7. the prayers of a vegetarian. These seven weapons tremble on the same

machine, all brightly lit, with the fat gushing out and little oily clumps all over the ground.

Can you fall in love with those tears, those fats, those Xiang Xiang, those lights, those flames, those Ping Ping, those Li Li and those "a" stories?

Perhaps do. What I mean is that "I" have already been split into countless "I"s, the "love" has been split into countless kind of "loves", "woman" has been split into the "real/essential" and the "illusory/fabricated", and the world has been split into the "real" and the "unreal." A connection can be formed between any of these fragments. Jiang, you're too serious. This is not the merry Jiang who had "one person dragged in the direction of the wind by another person using a sex implement" in Iron Man.

In Jiang's pocket, Mu Mu has grown into a woman. Jiang takes her out for a look, and then shoves her into his pants pocket. The yellowing straws in his pants pocket are dried out and curling up. Some of the straws are crammed together with the grown-up Mu Mu. In recent years, these straws have been quietly sucking away those painful, sweet, flowing liquids in the cracks of time, the darkly creeping objects and inferior objects, wounds, boils, inflammations and weak spots. He has perceived brutality, that brutality of even objects turning their backs on him; He stretches out his hands, caressing the plump, firm breasts of a man.

Jiang stood up and pulled the plug. The woman behind the curtain burnt the curtain, taking off her dress, cursing and fading away into the darkness. The blades of the wind machine have come to a halt, and the hair no longer flies. A-Jiao wiped away her tears and walked away. The three kings on the running machines slow down their pace, craning their necks and sticking out their tongues. The seven trembling dwarves

and their princess come together to readjust their shaken-loose skin. The fairy of the outskirts fell from the sky to the snowy ground; the manager stands at the crossroad regained his confidence. The rainbow on the Himalayas melts into the snow. Only the "really sorry, everybody" continues from its unknown location.

Momentary pleasure found in the narrative, the mirage of the moment gained through mimicry, seeking the most frivolous conceptual expenses in replacement, reflecting withered illusions reflected through the scenario, reviving the self in the mirror image, completing unfamiliar segments in documentation, those perishable objects with distorted surfaces, the various rhetoric and enumerations, all kinds of ferociousness from the inside and all kinds of smiles, the various whites, the various riotous hues, the various spectra, the various libidos and adrenal accretions, fetishism personified as if it's flaring up again, the weighing of conceptual blind spots, the gender of the observers and the soft lace they spy, distorted codes, the horizon according to the Sheimplug Principle and in perception, material and cosmetics, mental blocks, collecting the valuables in perception, laying out the gold in the imagery, the oily layer of metaphor and the dry, dead skin of reality, the female perspective, between the work completed through the production of pleasure and the work completed through the production of anxiety; we are all armchair Freudians, all part-time alchemists, all pseudo-scientific, pseudo-literati, pseudo-ethical and pseudo-democratic, we venomously slander, we pester incessantly, we disturb Jiang's mind, and pity him somewhat. Conspiracy is a precondition for experimentation itself, a very dirty pink, a conniving glare, flower buds in the pocket, climb up a tree and stick chewing gum on the branches, take Mu Mu

out and place her with the focus on the vagina; it's impossible to engage in deep possession through interpretation; a woman uses lipstick to carve out a seal with his name, the train of memory is derailed in a tunnel, a crazy poet set fire to a church, a fascinating spectacle, viewing is creating, waiting in line to be god, a small vendor in the unconscious experience, risk and seduction; you didn't see him stuff a rotten Nicaragua orange in his pocket, didn't see him stuff a Yuanjiang River salted fish in his mouth; the idea of "creating a work of art" is a myth; take a sip of the green label Erguotou liquor; ordinary beauty and extraordinary ugliness; a deep breath and a calm gaze into the distance, running urgently into the distance to light a spotlight, waving the arms with difficulty to conjure a rainbow of broken glass.

Can there be a certain explanation, this explanation appears to stroke the surface by a moment's light, yet does not change it.

Chen Xiaoyun

March, 9, 2012, Wangjing, Beijing

Translator/Jeff Crosby

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蒋志，“注定”展览现场，2016。

北京

蒋志：注定

魔金石空间 | MAGICIAN SPACE

北京市朝阳区酒仙桥路2号大山子798艺术区
798东街

2016.08.27 - 2016.10.09

对于人类而言，行使自由意志是“存在”和“人之为人”的先决条件，只有人类会把自由置于如此至高点——尽管如今各种因素正迫使人类

不得不重新思考自身在整个宇宙中所处的位置与各种行动或情感的发生可能。正在北京魔金石空间举办的蒋志最新个展“注定”便反映了艺术家对这些问题的敏感与焦灼——在此，艺术家弱化了特定美学形式的固执，同时无意于取悦或迎合走马观花式的观看，整个展览似乎是为那些在乍看的疑惑后依然有心停留的观者预留的召唤记忆与感知的神秘礼物。一系列视觉提示充斥在空间中，试图牵引出的是命运与可感之物相互交错相织的复杂体验。

步入展厅，首先进入眼帘的是挂于前厅的摄影系列《注定之物》（2015-2016）。照片的处理令人难以辨识，异体形态的图腾伫立于陌生的背景前，某种不确定的外层空间从画面中延展至现实的维度，人们对于确定把握这些怪异形状背后的源头和所产生的效果几乎无能为力——它们像是“注定”如此的。主展厅展出了双屏录像作品《看与知，或命运之爱》（2016），与之呼应的是LED显示器滚动播放的波兰作家斯坦尼斯拉夫·莱姆

（Stanislaw Lem）的小说《索拉里斯星》中的节选、戈达尔的剧情片《轻蔑》中的对白以及罗丹的一段访谈。与蒋志有着十几年合作经历的音乐家戈非的音乐在展厅中回响。

双屏录像中，其中一屏围绕着两具裸体/个体的“相遇”展开。尽管两个身体在物理层面上不断靠近，但完全的封锁却使之进入了无法沟通和难以真正分享亲密的困境。另一屏上，贫瘠的风景与描绘着“新世界”的图像交相出现，后者如一个有机星球，在不断的变形中淹没又复现，实现着永无止境的自我再生。此前在前厅“注定”出现的形态再次在这既陌生又熟悉的背景中显现，同时承载着人类的乌托邦和反乌托邦理想，揭示着我们在面对“未知”时自我投射（生理和心智上）的能力，以及试图理解和掌握这些“未知”的徒劳。如果把《注定之物》视作一件整体艺术作品，那么它将得到进一步延伸：人类不应仅仅接受注定之物，也应拥抱其所带来的永无止息的“（结局）”——虽然它们始终将以已知或未知的形式发生和存在。

文 / 玛瑙 | Manuela Lietti

译 / 钟若含

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蒋志, 《如果这是一个人》, 展览现场, 2012.

广州

蒋志个展：“如果这是一个人”

广东时代美术馆 | GUANGDONG
TIMES MUSEUM
广州市白云大道黄边北路时代玫瑰园时代美术馆
2012.04.29 - 2012.06.24

蒋志虽然定居北京, 却与杨福东在内的中国美院一群九十年代艺术家有着紧密联系。其

事业中期的这次回顾展充满想象力, 展览的试验方式很讲求策略性, 至始至终都在挑战着作为主要创造动力的艺术家的自我意识。展览成功地表现了蒋志在艺术上的广泛性试验, 显示了这种颠覆自我意识也正是他主要的创造力所在。这次展览包括两个由蒋志本人策划的迷你展: 第一部分是来自他的一个发小熊望洲的绘画个展, “白眼人”, 第二部分是蒋志从网上的某著名博客下载的一组照片; “如果这是一个人” 一个小型的美术馆呈现了艺术家的自我转换, 被蒋志称为“木木”的木偶, 艺术家从1997年开始就对它进行拍摄, 将这个虚构角色的经历与自己的实际生活平行起来。事实上, 木木是蒋志的替身, 体现了他隐藏的一种心理人格, 这种人格既是他自己的, 也体现在他人身上, 而这也贯穿了蒋志各种艺术实践的主题。

大厅里也有“蒋志”本人的新老作品, 尤为突出的是他的《娇羞的, 太娇羞的!》

(2009)。这件装置由95幅肖像摄影组成, 其中很多年轻女士(其中好像也有一个男士)都在镜头前摆出“娇羞”的样子。当这些肖像放在一起展出的时候, 人们“伪装”出来的矜持演绎着各自的性别。蒋志在自己策划的博客摄影展《非常地妖的风景》中同样探讨着人性的阴影。展览展现了从(2008年处死的杀人犯)“警察杀手”的博客上下载的花卉和风景图片, 它们被摆出在就好像珍贵的纪念物一样。这些从表面上看去温和的照片, 它们所在的语境却告诉我们: 可爱的图像背后却隐藏着某些险恶的东西。在影像《要有光》(2006)中, 蒋志将刺眼的、略带宗教神秘感的光打到参与项目的志愿者的脸上。艺术家要求他们在镜头前举止自然, 通过各种反应, 他们的个性被表现出来。始终藏匿于镜头后的艺术家, 他本人的心理状态却深藏不露。

文 / 安静 (Lee Ambrozy)

译 / 梁舒涵
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View of "Jiang Zhi: If This Is a Man," 2012.

GUANGZHOU

Jiang Zhi

TIMES MUSEUM

Times Rose Garden Huang Bian Bei Rd, Bai
Yun Avenue
April 29–June 24, 2012

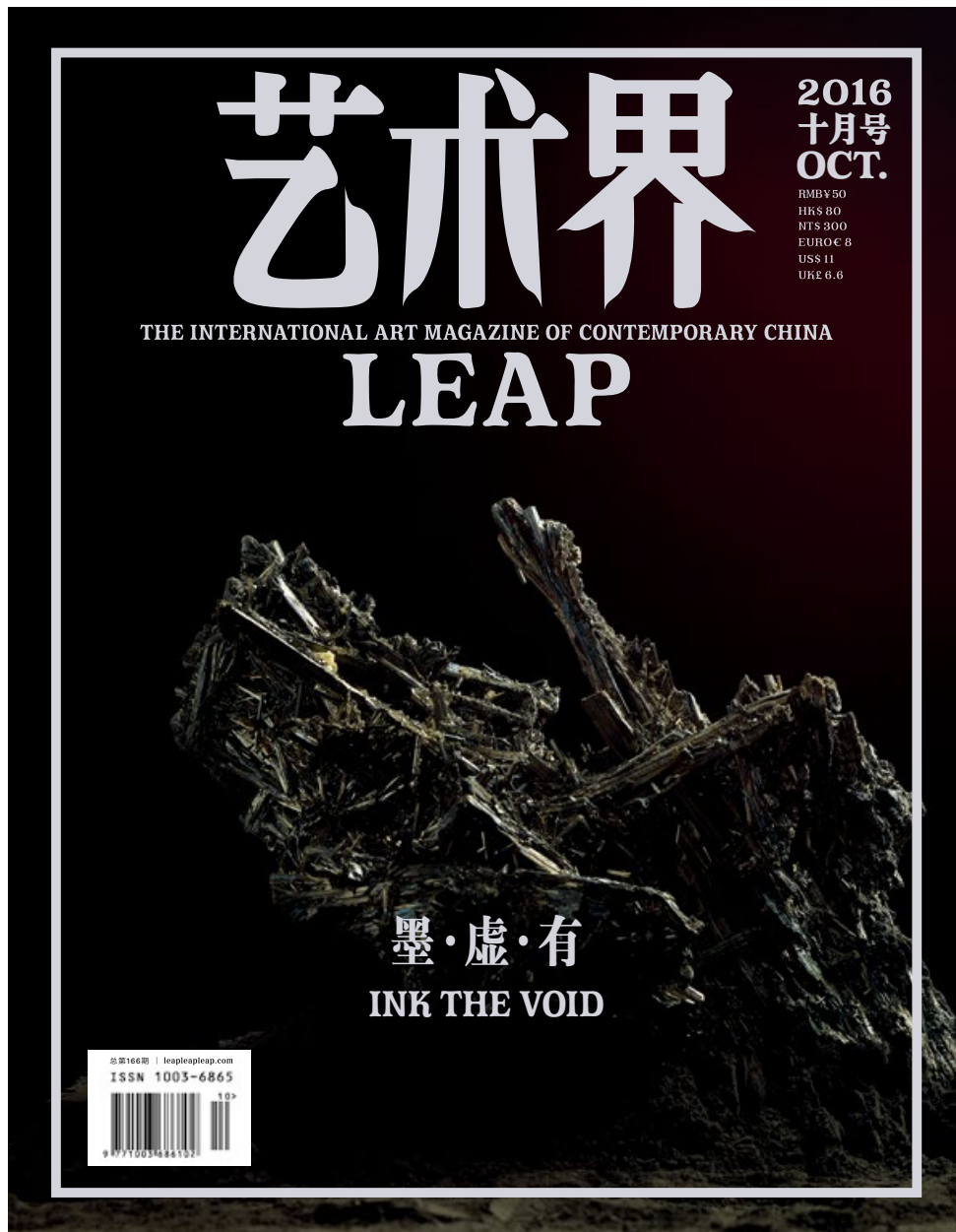
Although based in Beijing, Jiang Zhi
trained at the China Academy of Art in
Hangzhou and is associated with a

generation of video artists (including Yang Fudong) who attended the school during the 1990s. In this midcareer retrospective, the notion of the artist's ego as primary creative force is challenged through imaginative curatorial strategies. The exhibition consists of two smaller shows curated by the artist—a solo show of paintings by a childhood friend and a suite of photographs downloaded from the Internet—as well as a solo exhibition of works by Jiang and a minimuseum homage to the artist's alter ego: a wooden doll he calls Mu Mu. Jiang has photographed the doll since 1997 as a fictional character whose experiences parallel his real life. Mu Mu is, in effect, Jiang's avatar, and it embodies his interest in hidden psychological personae, both his own and those of others—a preoccupation that seems to be the most distinct theme uniting Jiang's diverse practice.

Maiden, All Too Maiden!, 2009, shown here in the show dedicated to Jiang's work, is an installation of ninety-five portraits in which dozens of young women pose for his lens, with affected shyness. Exhibited en masse, these subjects faking shyness make a comment on the performance of gender. The Internet-photo portion of the show, titled "Landscape of the Very Spirit," explores a darker side of humanity. On view, photographs downloaded from the blog of Yang Jia, a murderer executed in 2008, show images of flowers and landscapes displayed like precious souvenirs. At face value, they appear benign, but the context from which they are divorced reminds us that behind these lovely images lurks something sinister. In the video *Shine upon Me*, 2006, Jiang projects a blinding, almost divine, light onto the faces of volunteers, who—having been instructed to act natural—reveal their personalities through varied reactions. All the while, hidden behind his lens, the artist's psychological state remains buried.

— Lee Ambrozy

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北京魔金石空间
MAGICIAN SPACE, BEIJING
2016.8.27—2016.10.9

蒋志：注定 Jiang Zhi: Predestiny

《看与知，或命运之爱》是展览“注定”的主体部分，蒋志以两位裸体的男女引导着观众的综合感官体验——两屏录像，夹杂着白噪音、钢琴和大提琴的背景音，以及从电影和文学作品中截取的对话文本，都透着艺术家激活观众日渐钝化的感知的意图。由一男一女出演的影像中，将蜡烛的底托刺进皮肤，以及将滚热的蜡油滴在身体上的情节，又召唤着痛觉与情欲的共鸣。

然而，作品营造的冷酷梦幻氛围，让我们很难分清蒋志是在渲染感官的真实还是质疑感官的虚妄。裸身男女如此在无背景黑暗、幽远、空旷的空间内演绎着无剧本的剧情，镜头一遍遍扫描过这两人的身体——却不至于产生任何情欲；另一块屏幕上碧海蓝天前的孤树与微距距离下颤动的辉铍矿物结构不断切换。两组影像三面荧幕被置于同样漆黑的房间内，人的身体和自然景观在荧幕上不过是同样符号的不同处理。作品也容易让观众产生如此的联想：错综复杂的情感世界表象之下，是微小的物质性结构在运作——那些被视为难以捉摸的悲喜和因此引发的交流与互动，似乎都是无感情的微粒在某一个不可见层次作怪的结果。

此件新作延续了蒋志的“入世”美学：艺术家不避讳精致的制作感，并将这种“文艺”甚至庸俗气息视作对现世必要的妥协。生于1970年代的蒋志以此与上一辈艺术家（以及他们的追随者）划清界限：以艺术的名义制造

《注定之物之4》(局部), 2015-2016年
艺术微喷, 146 x 196 厘米
Among The Destined No.4 (detail), 2015-2016
Archival inkjet print, 146 x 196 cm

假想敌，再表明与之对立的政治立场的工作方式已逐渐不适应这个时代。虚幻的景观——比如以电影为典型的世界，或者充满烦恼和焦虑的城市生活——作为现代世界不可或缺的一部分，以潜移默化方式扰乱着人们的心绪。于是，能够在欣赏幻梦的迷人之处的时候，其背后虚无主义的大行其道，反倒成了大彻大悟的行为。殊不知，两种观看的方式本就一体两面，难以分割。 杨紫

In *To Look and to Know, or Amor Fati*, the featured work of Jiang Zhi's latest exhibition, two nudes—a man and woman—act as guides in a multi-sensory experience in which two projection screens, a cacophony of white noise, and piano and cello background music are re-contextualized with short lines from famous works of film and literature. The work is more than just an attempt to re-awaken viewers' dulled sensual awareness—when the actors plant candles in their own skin and drip hot wax across their own bodies it cannot help but call to mind the intrinsic resonance between pain and pleasure.

In contrast, the grim, dream-like atmosphere created in the work stymies our ability to distinguish between the real and fabricated in Jiang Zhi's computer renderings. In a dark screen the man creeps up to the sleeping woman, lighting candles on his skin, which she gradually accepts.

On the second screen, a crystalline cluster vibrates before a green sea and blue sky. The twin 3D screens have been placed side by side in the pitch-black space, and although both screens are annotated in a similar fashion, they are handled quite differently. The uncertainty of the visual is likewise magnified: under specific conditions, dissimilar visual content has been known to produce similar psychological reactions. It is exactly these associations that Jiang Zhi's work engenders in viewers: given our exceedingly complex conception of the world, it is the minute structures which are in true operation. Often the multitude of joys and sorrows which we believe to be unpredictable spur us into communication and mutual interaction. These same joys and sorrow can be traced back to some previously inactivate particle that has only recently begun to operate on a deep, invisible level.

Jiang Zhi's latest exhibition can be seen to be an extension of his “worldly” aesthetics: rather than treating the manufactured as taboo, he sees “art and literature” this sort as a necessary compromise. Born in the 1970s, Jiang Zhi draws a clear line between himself and the preceding generation of artists: forming a faux enemy in the name of art and constantly restating one's opposition politics have gone out of fashion. Imaginary landscapes—for example, a world modeled on films, or a city overflowing with stress—form an indispensable part of the contemporary world, exerting an imperceptible force upon the zeitgeist. Thus indisposed, we cannot appreciate the enchanting elements of our dreams without facing the prevailing nihilism which threatens to undercut those same flights of fancy. Without realizing it, our ways of viewing have become like two sides of a single coin, impossible to split apart. **Yang Zi** (Translated by Nick Stember)

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蒋志：表态

JIANG ZHI: ATTITUDE

北京站台中国 Platform China, Beijing

2010.09.05~2010.10.17



长眠
2010
录像、薄纸
5分钟

Eternal Sleep
2010
Video, thin paper
5 min.

从2009年9月开始，“表态”辗转在上海、香港、北京三地，是蒋志展出作品时间跨度最长、规模最大的一次系列个展。在系列展览中，蒋志用影像、装置、绘画等多种手段集中表达了当代社会中“主体的修辞学”、“身体与政治的关系”。三站展览中，几件影像作品如《娇羞的、太娇羞的》、《颤抖》、《0.7%的盐》贯穿始终，而《谢幕》、《对不起》则出现在香港、北京的展览；而2010年新做的雕塑《肱二头肌主义》与影像作品《长眠》也在最近的这次北京的展览上展出。

展览中最引人注目的无疑是几部影像作品。影像是蒋志比较偏爱使用的媒介，原因大概在于其介入感更直接、造成的冲击力也更强烈。这些作品大多取材或灵感来自于真实的社会公共事件。比如展厅入口处的《长眠》，那张静静燃烧着的人脸携带有一种奇异的美感，然而若知晓其背后的故事源头，观看快感则被迅速扭曲。蒋志在此有效地利用、模仿了一个鲁迅的看客观念，那桩事件当时的现场旁观者、听到这则新闻的人以及现在面对被艺术化处理的作品、在展览现场悠闲漫步的观者，这三重的观看统统指向一种具有普遍意义的漠然。蒋志的目的正在于把玩这种心理，让观者意识到“看/旁观”这一行为本身之无情。这种对“看”的操纵，同样也出现在《0.7%的盐》中，但又多了几分对所谓“真实”的怀疑。蒋志似乎在套用某种现成的视觉逻辑来提醒我们注意所谓的“真实”是被建构出来的。

可见，蒋志对“社会”这个虚拟的权力集中体对自然人、个体性命的操控有着知性的敏感。他意识到意识形态对人操纵的最终效果是不露痕迹，并使被操纵者毫无知觉，表现为一种策展人鲍栋所提出的“修辞”，一种带修饰性并最终说服人的表达。这是蒋志如此偏爱利用媒体、公众人物、社会性事件的原因。对他来说，这些东西都构成修辞的表征。也因之，他勉力于借艺术“异化”之手段，使观者自我觉醒。这一根本目的，几乎是其近期所有作品的初衷，也因之他的作品十分注重文学性的“装扮”。同样使用“陌生化”手段的《谢幕》出现在展厅深处，几乎所有人看到它时都会心一笑。蒋志将“舞台”与“不愿下台的表演者”提纯，针对现实的语境，其作品的意指已经越出暗示的界定。而在七屏的影像作品《颤抖》中，社会景观中类似的境况被高度的象征化与符号化，使其不自然的本质如荧幕上的男女裸体一样裸露出来，而“剥离凸显”正是蒋志在这部作品使用的修辞。

在中文里，“表态”是一个强烈的动词。即便在展览前言中策展人一再强调，他们希望以名词的方式放入社会语境中来考察。然而，展览中的作品很难说不是蒋志本人的表态，其中强烈地蕴含着一种期待借此唤起公众表态的热情与希望。观众若可解读到这一层面，对蒋志来说，艺术的公共性效用才算得上是一次有效的实施。

刘溪

Starting off in September 2009, Jiang Zhi's solo outing "Attitude" passed from Shanghai to Hong Kong to Beijing in his largest scale, longest spanning exhibition yet. Jiang Zhi used video, installation, painting, and a variety of other methods to focus on the expression of the "rhetoric of the subject" and "the relationship between body and politic."

The most eye-catching were without a doubt his video works. Video is Jiang Zhi's favorite medium, as it allows for a more direct sense of involvement, and thus results in a more intense impact. For the most part, these works draw their material and their inspiration from actual public events. *Eternal Sleep*, at the exhibition entrance, is an example: a human face possesses a curious, radiant beauty as it is silently consumed by flames; but upon learning the story behind the work, observational delight quickly warps into something else. Here, Jiang Zhi effectively imitates and applies Lu Xun's notion of the implicit cruelty of the disinterested "bystander." The manipulation of the notion of "watching" similarly appears in *0.7% Salt*, an extended video that shows the movie star Gillian Chung crying, but more so in terms of the suspicion of "truth." Jiang Zhi seems to be mechanically applying a kind of readymade visual logic, in order to call our attention to the constructed nature of our so-called "reality."

It is clear that Jiang Zhi has an intellectual sensitivity to "society," this fictitious entity whose power is concentrated on the control of individual lives. He is aware of the ultimate result of ideological control: it leaves no visible trace, while simultaneously desensitizing those under its spell, rendering them thoughtless and feelingless. It manifests itself in the form of what curator Bao Dong proposes is a kind of "rhetoric": a delivery dressed in excessive ornamentation and used as a means of persuasion. This is why Jiang Zhi likes to take material from the media, public figures, and societal events; as far as he is concerned, it is all emblematic of a kind of "rhetoric." He takes great pains to use artistic "alienation" to bring observers into greater self-awareness; this objective is the fundamental intention behind just about all of his recent works, and is the reason for Jiang Zhi's weighted emphasis on literary "disguise." *Curtain Call*, situated in the depths of the exhibition hall, also employs methods of "estrangement." Anyone would smile at the sight of it; Jiang Zhi distills "the stage" and the entertainers who are unwilling to step down from it into their purest forms; as for the real-world context that it means to call out, the work far exceeds the bounds of the implicit in making its point. Next, in the seven-screen video work, *Tremble*, similar circumstances are dealt with again, this time in terms of the greater social landscape. The conditions of the piece are subject to a high degree of signification and symbolization; the very overuse of signs and symbols serves to expose their underlying contrivance. Just as with the nude men and women on the screen, "strip away and reveal" is the key "rhetoric" Jiang Zhi highlights in this piece.

In Chinese, the idea of "voicing an attitude" (*biaotai*) from which the exhibition takes its title is a powerful one. Though the curators, in their preface to the exhibition, repeatedly stress their desire to access and examine the social context through the use of terms, the pieces in this exhibition are pure Jiang Zhi. The intensity of this body of work indicates a kind of hopeful enthusiasm, the wish to take this opportunity to appeal to the attitude of general public. As far as Jiang is concerned, if his audience can read into his work at this level, then and only then is his work effective. Liu Xi



《情书之10》(love letters No.10),
摄影: 艺术微喷 (Photograph, Archival Inkjet Print),
180 X 135cm, 2014

ARTIST
艺术先锋

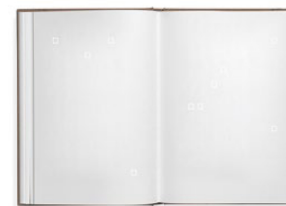


蒋志 痛苦是一种欲望

JIANG ZHI PAIN IS A DESIRE

“诗意，我觉得是永远的、不断的、彻底的革命者的一种生成，是让事物的意义不再是A，也不是由B来替代，它提供一个让无数的……可以涌出的‘可能’，它是明确的，但是说不出来的明确，是意义的沉寂之租。让事物回到未来。”

采访、文、编辑 | 大乔 图片鸣谢 | ©蒋志



《空书之书》，2018

在今天的艺术界，蒋志可以说是一位宝藏艺术家，是“同时期才能最全面的艺术家之一”，文学、摄影、视频、绘画、表演……蒋志的创作跨越各种媒介，题材也变化多端，从社会议题到内在情感、到人类的精神家园与共同命运……然而其创作始终萦绕着一种语义复杂、意味多层的诗意。他是成长于85美术新潮一代的艺术家，经历了中国当代艺术的转折和时代的变迁，他创作了很多极具影响力的作品——游历天下的小木偶“木木”、为艺人阿娇拍摄的《0.7%的盐》、以光为利刃指向人之困境的“光系列”、为悼念已故的妻子燃烧花朵的凄美挽歌“情书”系列……他关注着当下、社会与时代，并不断反思自身由此产生的各种感觉、态度和意象，“如果说我最关注的，是产生这些感觉的机器机构，是什么预设让我有那些感觉和态度，因为所谓艺术的想法也来自于此。”

一道光

出生于1971年，蒋志在一个叫“草尾”的乡镇长大，母亲是语文老师。他识字很早，读了大量的小说来消磨童年时光，一直以来，他都以为自己会成为一个文学家，直到遇到一张画作——一张由一个小学生画的可能有些幼稚的、粗糙的画，这幅画彻底改变了他的成长轨迹，他曾写过一篇文章《影响我的一张画》，讲述了这段经历：

“因为那是夏天，我汗涔涔的，站在那儿看了一眼，其实我对那些画得很‘好’的画没什么感觉……我的目光停在了一张小小的画上……画面是黑色的底，画的右边画的是一台电影放映机，投射出一道光来，这道光不是白色的，而是像彩虹一样有几种颜色，……我站在那儿，觉得有点儿中暑了，心跳开始加快，有点儿喘不过气，所以我并没有再多停留，



《我愿意相信》(I Want To Believe), 装置 (Installation), 150×80cm, 2008

但是那道光就驻进我大脑里了，多年来一直在。”

正是这道光，让他对绘画产生了兴趣，通过色彩、光线、构成、形式……打开了艺术的大门。在蒋志的成长之路上，他遇到了恩师范沧桑、“假高燕”，师兄邱志杰，好友杨福东、陈晓云……他们带给了蒋志难忘的回忆和不可磨灭的影响。然而贯穿蒋志作品的“诗性”或许早就诞生于童年时见到的那道光，在众多“革命”题材画作中，最不“革命”的一幅画中。

时代里，社会里

蒋志在上初中一二年级时有了第二次被震撼的经历——在小镇的文化馆图书室，他看到一段乔伊斯的小说《尤利西斯》。此后，文学一直伴他左右。1995年从中国美术学院毕业后，由于创作条件有限，蒋志写了两年的小说，也曾从事媒体工作。在媒体的工作经历给他很多“有益”的影响，其中最大的就是：“我发现媒体大都靠贩卖‘真相’和‘意见’谋生，又虚妄又狂妄，它给了我一个最需要避免成为的标本。”写于2002年令人忍俊不禁的微小小说《一个字的忧伤》便源于媒体从业的经历，2018年，他为这个字制作了一本书——《空格之书》。蒋志的文学作品也在各大媒体上发表过，很多都十分辛辣有趣。或许是他儿时熟读马克·吐温的缘故，蒋志学到了在哭的同时也可以笑，将幽默作为平衡生活、消解意义固化的手段。

1997年左右，随着生活条件的改善，蒋志继续着视觉艺术的创作，将对自身经历和社会的观察以更多媒介扩展开来，大名鼎鼎的“木木”系列便诞生于彼时。2002年，小木偶木木“长大成人”：蒋志请人按木木的样子做了一个头套，并邀请他可以邀请到的任何成年女性进行拍摄。蒋志的妻子娃娃于2003年写了一篇《半人半偶的所有女人 在深圳》，以成人的“木木”在城市的遭遇，直指当代女性的困境。在一个改革开放初见成效人们“奋勇向前”的时代里，他们以超越时代的眼光看到了身处其中的个体。

这样带有人文关怀气息的作品在蒋志的早期创作里有很多，比如《片刻》《空笼》这样关注个体生存状况的影像作品，《M+1, W-1》《香平丽》这样关注性别、身体的作品，也有《我知道拉登在哪里，请给我五毛钱》《吸管人》这样带有戏谑、讽刺的作品，还有《0.7%的盐》，蒋志拍摄了遭遇某门事件之后的艺人阿娇由笑转哭的景象……在创作中探讨社会、人际间的权力机制、刻板偏见等观念。

“回到主观”

蒋志的创作从早期热情地介入社会，逐渐地走向更多地关于观念与本质的探讨。用蒋志自己的话说，大概从2007年开始，他的世界观产生了很大的转变。“简而言之，我发现感觉和观察中，并没有一个在‘我’

之外的世界、事件、他人……和‘另一个我’，以及‘我’和‘我的观察’……就是说，我面对的，我眼前的‘世界’，是出自于‘我’。那几年，对某些习以为常的概念和观点，我一个一个地去重新观察和思考，一直到现在，这条路还是很漫长。”此后，蒋志的创作变得更冷静，蕴含的情感也更加复杂多重，对“自我”与“世界”、人性与制度的思考更加深刻地体现在作品中体现出来。他为我们写下这样的话，更详细地阐述自己的转变：

单纯改变某个制度，并不能改变什么。就像在一辆车里坐着的一个自私的人，不会因为换了一辆车坐，就会变得不自私。自由如果没有无私仁愿作为前提，这样的自由世界就会是每个人的监狱。被关在监狱27年的曼德拉说过：“当我走出囚室迈向通往自由的监狱大门时，我已经清楚，自己若不能把痛苦与怨恨留在身后，那么其实我仍在狱中。”

一个制度或现状，是由很多人的“是怎样的人”这个因素来决定的。这成一个美好的世界，我觉得不是靠改变制度就可以做到的。改变我们眼前现状，当然必要和急迫，但不是最重要和最急迫的，有比改变“眼前”更为急迫的工作，就是改变“眼前之前”——改变我们现有的生成如此感觉的预设；我们要真的觉得腐败不好，而不是因为自己不能腐败。改变我们自己的主观状态，才是改变制度的前提。

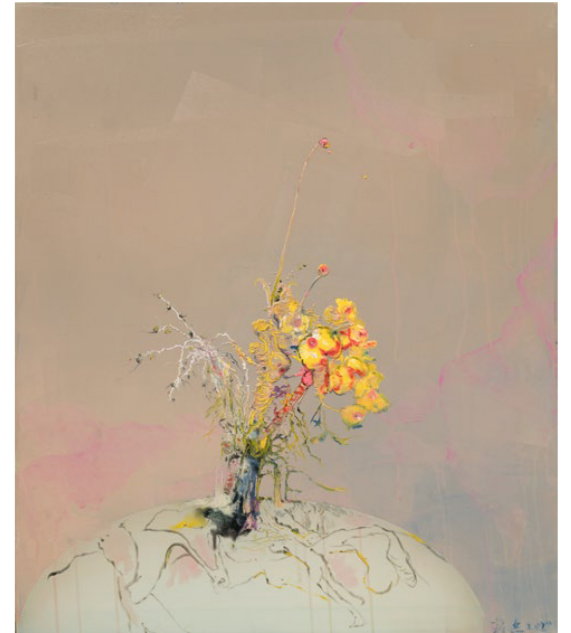
先认识自己，改善自己。

而我们所做的艺术工作，我们的工作平台恰好是“人的感觉”。这就是我之所以把工作“回到主观”的原因。

我不相信自私的人、思想偏颇和狭窄的人，去介入社会去改变社会，会让世界更好。更何况，这样的人，如何能自信地宣称自己的观察和感觉都是正确的？但这样的人不是很多吗？给世界带来不幸的也正好是这样的人。

痛苦是一种欲望

蒋志的作品虽常常带有某种“痛感”，比如《你是我的诗歌》里硅胶和红色羊毛丝形成的皮肤。早期的创作《屨中物》里的模型、近几年的摄影作品里也常常出现用蜡精心制作的“皮



《皮袋骨之3》(Skin Bag No.03), 油画于聚酯纤维布 (Oil on polyester), 100×85 cm, 2020

肤”“肉体”模型……这种精美的、亦真亦幻的血肉图景透露出一种残酷的诗意。对于蒋志来说，“痛苦并非‘坏’的，和一切事物一样，它本身没有好坏，只有被认为的好坏和使用的‘好坏’。蒋志在印度旅行的时候，一位年长的瑜伽士告诉他，痛苦也是一种很好的能量，是“悟道”的重要动力。

痛苦，成为一种存在主义难题的辩证载体，也是促使蒋志不断思考并前行的动力。

因此，在蒋志的很多作品中，都体现着对于人的痛苦与存在的辩证关系，比如影像作品《在风中》里用猛烈的风勾画出当代“西西弗”的景象，“光系列”作品里如同凶器一般的光……还有他为悼念去世的妻子而创作的“情书”系列，美丽的花朵被火焰环绕，像一首凄美的挽歌。

他近几年的新作“去来”系列油画，是以拍摄《情书》时燃烧过的花为模特，这些花逐渐干枯后，蒋志把它们放在一个旋转圆台上不断地转动，并拍照——将那些“不平衡的、甚至是崩溃的结构”赋予某种魔力，仿佛它们在另一个空间里重生。蒋志的作品将日常之物和平日里的生活经验赋予意义上重塑甚至颠覆，却反应出了更深层、更具普遍性的文化现实。批评家鲍栋称蒋志“总是自觉地处在诗学与社会学这两个维度的交汇处上……他一直避免了那种空泛的个人情感与政治姿态，也始终回避着那种单薄的表达与批判，在这个意义上，蒋志的作品是开放的、可写性的，具有一种诗歌的活力。”

以下为《芭莎艺术》与这位站在“诗学与社会学交汇处”的艺术家们的对话。



上图：《注定之物之4》，摄影，艺术微喷（Photograph, Archival Inkjet Print），146×196cm，2015-2016
 下图：《包廊05》（façade 05），摄影，艺术微喷（Photograph, Archival Inkjet Print），200×150cm，76×57cm，2016-2017



Q&A

《芭莎艺术》× 蒋志

《芭莎艺术》：你通常是如何创作的？

蒋志：每天都做点儿什么，我不喜欢懒惰。

《芭莎艺术》：在创作作品的过程中，你最关注的是什么？

蒋志：我关注当前发生的事情，社会事件和世界正在面临的危机，这是我的生活，和创作难以分离。当然我会不断反思自己由此产生的各种感觉、态度和意象，如果说最关注的是什么，那就是产生这些感觉的机器机构，是什么预设让我有那些感觉和态度，因为所谓艺术的想法也来自于此。

《芭莎艺术》：你的视觉作品中常常有强烈的文学性、诗意，可以谈谈你如何理解“诗意”吗？

蒋志：对解释如何理解什么是“诗意”可能就不那么诗意了，我个人不认为是否能感动、是否能引起共鸣，还有浪漫、沉漫、飞扬……之类，作为是否有“诗意”的指标。希特勒在万人集会上的讲演能引起无数人共鸣，在麻将桌上的赌徒也能非常沉漫，一个天才诗人写的情书不能打动对他产生厌恶的人。

诗意也不仅仅是意象的转换，从月亮到明珠，到情人的脸庞……或许是有趣味的，但是它不能这样说三次。把某个事物现有的意义A，通过联想转化成新颖的意义B，在某种程度上可说是“诗意”，但当B推翻了A，成了新的统治者时，它又成了一个压迫者、一个独裁者，我就觉得毫无诗意可言了。诗意，我觉得是永远的、不断的、彻底的革命者的一种生成，是让事物的意义不再是A，也不是由B来替代，它提供一个让无数的……可以涌出的“可能”，它是明确的，但是说不出来的明确，是意义的沉寂之相。让事物回到未来。

《芭莎艺术》：你的很多作品里都有一些“伤痕”的元素，为什么会在这种视觉效果情有独钟？

蒋志：很遗憾我们拥有那么多敏感，能感受到源源不断的、难以自控的痛苦，我不得不经常去思考它，早期创作就有与痛苦有关的作品，比如《屛中物》。很多年来，我采访过在精神病院的人、绝症患者、饱受歧视和压力的“X性别”的人，也采访过“喜欢”痛苦的人，或一些不得不选择痛苦的人，我也发现周围的朋友有不少都经历过“抑郁症”的折磨……

但是，几乎没有人不想脱离痛苦，包括那些不得不选择痛苦的人。但是，我们又不得不承认，我们离不开痛苦，可以说，我们需要痛苦，痛苦是我们的欲望。就是这么矛盾。我问过几位经常自残的人，说你为什么要经常割自己，Ta们说，没有自我存在感让他们更加无法忍受。这种极端的例子让我思考痛苦与“自我”的关系。我得出一个结论，越是“自我”的人就越是痛苦。但说实在的，执着于自我，这并不是痛苦的人（我们——有谁能说自己不痛苦？）自带的本身的问题，尤其童年经历对一个人影响很大，生活在一个不断制造压抑的现实社会环境、文化和家庭，使孩子们被迫无法处理“自我”，被压抑形成的难以平复的不安全感，使他们更加收缩到“自我”之中。这是整个人类世界的问题。对自我存在感很执着的人，不一定表现为外在的“自私”，可能刚好相反，他们非常善良，品德高尚，也乐于助人，这些和是否在意或执着于“我”没有什么关系。我在这里不借过多地阐述，简单地，对某些人那里，对“我感”的无法满足的痛苦远远大过身体的痛苦。从另一个角度来看，痛苦是我们希望脱离的，但它却不能自控地生长出来，这会让人产生一种逻辑推断，它是不是来自于一个“更深层的”“更内在的”“更真正的”自我呢？那么，痛苦就是“自我”存在的证明。

ARTIST
 艺术家



《悲歌之悲悯》（Elegy: The Sympathy），摄影，艺术微喷（Photograph, Archival Inkjet Print），170×135cm，2013



左上图：《在风中》（In the wind），4屏影像（Video Installation/4 channels），2016
右上图：《事情一旦发生就会变得难以言喻》（Things would turn illusive once they happened 01），摄影（Photograph, C-Print），150×200cm，2007
下图：《情书之五》（love letters No.05），摄影，艺术微喷（Photograph, Archival Inkjet Print），60×90 cm，2011

痛苦其实是自我的欲望， 我们以此来求证自我的存在。



《空格之书》，2018

所以我说痛苦其实是自我的欲望，我们以此来求证自我的存在。皮肤、血肉、伤口……肉身是我们唯一可以能亲历亲验痛苦的地盘，也是一个地图、感应器、材料和工具，这是我的作品中经常出现这些形象的原因。但是唯一能产生痛苦的，就是“自我感觉”，而不是肉体，也不是外界的刺激，什么是外界？比方说，是认为在“我”之外的世界、事件、他人……和“另一个我”。

《芭莎艺术》：你有很多作品都与当下的某些社会议题有关，你如何看待“介入社会”的艺术创作？

蒋志：我早期的有些作品热衷于关注社会问题，年轻时一般都有热情去“介入”，总觉得自己不能不为“治国平天下”做点儿贡献。当然我也一直对自己的能力有疑惑，后来我发现当代艺术系统也越来越把“介入社会”作为艺术的一个重要标准，这就让人觉得奇怪了，艺术要为“政治”服务？这不就造成把艺术当工具，把艺术家当工具了吗？我觉得这种要求把艺术窄化了。当然我不介意让人当工具，只是我觉得“治国平天下”虽然是一个很好的意愿，但是你要去干这些事，还是先要“修身”吧，先让自己有这个德行和能力，要不然就会被自己忽悠或被别人忽悠。

前不久我在《凤凰艺术》的一个访谈中提到过，一个人染上了病毒，最好是先隔离治疗，他去介入社会，也许对社会没什么好处。人的“自私”是原生病毒，我觉得想要承认它、了解它，这种“病毒”可比“冠状病毒”更“狡猾”一万倍，更难以清除，更容易交叉感染，而且大多数人要么觉得这是无害的，要么觉得有这“病毒”很舒服，要么觉得自己根本就没什么“病毒”或者症状很轻。我认为这个“病毒”是造成人的分裂、相互仇视和杀戮的根本原因。

杜尚一直都力图摆脱“自我”，他说不相信这个词，这个所谓“个人”“自我”，是人造的，并没有。“介入社会”典范波伊斯说“只有艺术是革命的”，他以艺术来塑造社会，使人获得自由，但他也说：“伟大艺术的标志是它完全没有自我彰显的意志。”我们需要联系起来理解他，一个被“自我”捆绑的人，何以给世界的人自由？

所以我觉得是否“介入社会”，是个人的选择，都是各自的追求，就如同理论物理和实用物理都需要有人来做，我们也不可能重复杜尚或波伊斯的道路。但是把“修身”作为“介入社会”的基础，可能对大家都有利。我理解的“修身”就是自我革命。

杜尚差不多一直是隐退状态，不结党不结社也不加入什么艺术流派，

也好像没听说他发表过什么政治言论，但是正如德库宁所赞叹的那样，“他一个人完成了一场艺术运动”，并改变了艺术世界。

但总而言之，个人的路要靠自己来走。

《芭莎艺术》：我们能感受到，大众与当代艺术之间有时会存在某种“阅读障碍”，你遇到过这样的情况吗？你如何看待这种对当代艺术的“阅读障碍”？

蒋志：我们首先得承认任何沟通都会存在障碍，就像我阅读你，一定会存在误读，但是为了能达到一定程度的沟通，我们会借用一些有些某些共识的概念和事物，就算是为了破除一些僵化的“共识”，我们也得要借助于习俗的东西。

艺术也是一门专业性的行业，需要一定的知识背景。如果不去学习，我们也完全看不懂量子力学在说什么，甚至我们也不能很好地理解农民讲述如何种田的。而且艺术的创作手段、媒介、题材也一直随着时代变化，它不再仅仅是印象派的画或超现实主义的作品，诗歌也不再停留在“白日依山尽，黄河入海流”的阶段，不更新一些知识，是有难以理解的地方。

另外，有一部分艺术创作不是为了让人去接受，新闻、广告和宣传等等“作品”的目的是为了让人相信和接受，但艺术不是。尤其有少数的艺术家有自己的探索，对他自己来说也是未知的领域；这种情况下的创作令人费解很正常，但是也要和那种故弄玄虚区别开来，而后者，在文化领域是常见的现象。

《芭莎艺术》：未来的创作计划是怎样的？

蒋志：最近因为疫情的原因，独处的时间多了，以前的工作计划也有时间重新思考，推翻了很多，但是现在也没有能成型的计划，但我这段时间确实想了很多……比方说，我会思考“什么是计划”，做一个计划，意味着你好像已经知道自己想要什么。

去了解自己真正想要什么，去思索自己真正的欲望是什么，去探索和找到自己真正内心的需要。我们无数次地听到这样的话，听起来很有道理，好像是在鼓励我们去“自知”。但是，这正好是缺乏“自知”的表现。这种提法之所以我们能够听的进去，是因为我们自私的洞口足够地大。因为正是欲望塑造了“自己”，而不是有一个本来的“自己”。

比起要知道我们的欲望是什么，我们更应该去知道值得我们去渴望的是什么。我希望能够一边检视自己的自私一边保持诚实的工作，或者说，更愿意这样的工作，而不是计划。BAAAT

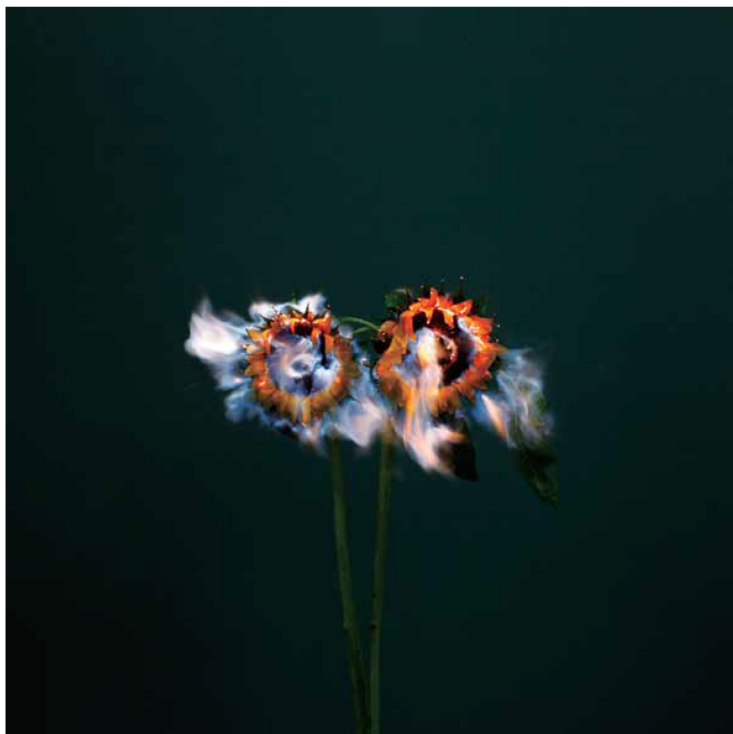
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情书，给所有人的

采访_海杰 图_蒋志

《城市画报》在2001年11月第一期(总51期)中,刊登过一组有关一个小木偶的影像作品,作品名字叫《小木》,摄影师是蒋志,12年后,蒋志已经成为中国当代非常重要的艺术家,作品也早已不囿于摄影这一媒介。蒋志擅长以轻盈的语言传递重大的生命母题,以诗意去面对沉重,而且,准确极了。更重要的是,不同于常见的在理性中折损了的观念艺术,蒋志的观念创作中饱含情感,或许情感就是蒋志某些作品的缘起,或许他就是如此关切生命本身。《情书》是一个例子。



IMAGINE



IMAGINE



城市画报: 你的创作最初也是从摄影开始的吧?
蒋志: 对, 差不多吧。一开始做的是《木木》(曾刊于本刊2001年11月第一期的想像栏目)。

城市画报: 为什么不选一个人去替你做这些事, 而是用小的木偶?
蒋志: 这个大概是1997年开始做, 那时候也没想要作为一个作品来做, 纯粹是一种消遣式的, 像写作一样, 半消遣半写作这种方式吧。选木偶是因为它身上有点那种童话的东西吧。如果带着人走的话, 那时候肯定不现实, 我觉得经常带个人出去的可能性不大。

城市画报: 你这个作品从1997年开始, 做了好几年, 你试图写个童话?
蒋志: 对, 我很小就喜欢童话, 喜欢看童话故事, 前两天跟朋友晚上聊天, 说到对哪个文艺作品中的女性印象最深, 我说我第一个想起来的还是小时候看的民间神话传说中的田螺姑娘, 后来想, 是啊, 田螺姑娘就跳出来了, 但她没有形象, 只是一个女性, 她可以根据想像随时出来, 她是有各种可能性, 所以她给我带来很多幻想。

城市画报: 她就是她不确定。
蒋志: 她不确定, 但你也确定她不出现, 对小孩的心智来说, 然后你又特别希望她出现, 那时候我还做了些事情, 真在我们的水稻田里面捡到一个比较大的田螺, 还偷偷地放在我们家的床底下。

城市画报: 你的最新作品《情书》, 看起来浪漫, 但很多人看出了哀伤。
蒋志: 哀伤的感觉是怎么来的呢, 从别的角度

来看就可能没哀伤, 这个作品里花和火都是最美的最绚烂的在这一刻停下来, 从画面看到消逝的哀伤是不存在的。我并没有拍消失的过程, 在这之前我写过一段话: 美的事物, 它是不会长久的, 它会有一个萌生, 到生长到死亡的过程, 所有的事物都这样, 包括爱情。我们经常把花献给爱人, 来表达我们的爱, 我们也经常用火来做传递的事情, 比如传递火炬, 烧纸给去世的人, 我在这方面把这两个找到了联系。当然, 很多人所感觉到的象征也是我能感觉到的。我们为什么一定要有个企图, 要把事情要明确呢? 一旦明确, 我们探索的欲望就消失了, 如同接触到美杜莎的眼光, 任何事物就会化成僵硬的石头。

城市画报: 《情书》是除了《木木》之外, 是你最私人的作品?
蒋志: 你可以这么理解。
城市画报: 你回避私人人性吗?
蒋志: 从来回避, 但它不仅仅是私人。作为作品, 它也不应该仅仅是属于私人, 要让其他人都能感觉到。

城市画报: 能说说《情书》的私人人性吗? 比如作品的起因。
蒋志: 从私人角度来说, 《情书》是献给我爱人的私人礼物。但作为作品, 它应该成为能献给所有人的非私人的礼物。作品的起因, 这看起来是一个很简单的问题, 但是却非常难回答, 是什么促成了一件作品的创作? 是生活经历吗? 我们如果细想下去, 其

蒋志
1971年生于湖南沅江, 1995年毕业于中国美术学院, 现生活工作于北京。2009年度中国当代艺术金棕榈奖获得者; 2010年改造历史(2000-2009年中国新艺术)学术大奖; 2012年获瑞信·今日艺术大奖。

实也不是, 每个人都有快乐或痛苦的生活经历, 但并非都会产生创作的欲望, 那么是创作欲望吗? 那么创作欲望又是被什么欲望启动和推动? 所以我暂时没有答案。

城市画报: 你的主题(往往)很重, 但处理方式都很轻。
蒋志: 这可能是一种艺术带给你的感觉吧, 我看过一本书, 是卡尔维诺《未来千年文学备忘录》, 讲到要轻盈(Lightness)。艺术可能会带来一些感受, 就是有超脱感, 有超脱感就会显得轻盈。

城市画报: 在你看来, 轻盈, 是面对现实世界的最有效的方式吗?
蒋志: 轻到不可辨认, 让我们从所谓坚硬的“现实世界”里逃逸。我上面提到, 所谓“现实”, 即是人的主观的“化观”, 没有坚硬而固有的现实, 只有意识到这一点, 我们才能不断超越它, 获得自由。正如卡尔维诺所说的: 一个小说家如果不把日常生活俗务变作为某种无限探索的不可企及的对象, 就难以用实例表现他关于轻的观念。

城市画报: 你觉得你的作品事关审美吗?
蒋志: 审美是个主观判断, 就像优雅也是个主观判断, 我对好看是随时怀疑的, 一个美女你不了解她之前, 你觉得很好看, 如果你越来越不喜欢这个人, 你对她的美就没有任何感觉, 美感是很容易被更改的。

城市画报: 但现在美学经常让位于政治。
蒋志: 现在连大学生都知道, 感觉是政治的基础,

美学大于政治, 基本上没法推翻的。但很多人还是纠结在里面。

城市画报: 说说《事情一旦发生就会变成钉子》这个作品的操作过程吧。
蒋志: 我忘了当时是从报纸还是网络上看的新闻, 说明天那个钉子户就要拆了, 要强制执行, 我和我弟弟赶紧买机票过去, 住在旁边的酒店里, 从窗户能看到下面的钉子户。那时候想拍什么我基本上都想好了, 就是用一束强光照在那个钉子户上。

城市画报: 强光你是带过去的吗?
蒋志: 在那边临时找朋友租的一盏灯, 然后租用了那边四楼的一个住户, 我跟他谈, 我就租一两小时, 给你一个月房租, 也就五六百块钱, 他很犹豫, 因为这个事情他怕得罪房地产开发商, 后来经过好说歹说, 他也就同意了, 但那个灯一架上, 他就怕了, 他没想到那束光那么强, 一下子就照在钉子户那个楼顶。他就不让拍了, 他说把钱退我, 我说不退了, 就给你了。第二天我们试着找了很多家, 都不愿意, 最后还是又找了这一家, 他犹豫了半天答应了, 说那你快点, 最好半个小时结束, 当然这个拍摄需要长时间曝光, 最后曝光花了将近一个小时, 那个坑是黑的, 得继续曝光才能出东西。但灯光照的时间不长, 几十秒时间, 房东看到我把手光灭了, 他就心理负担很轻了。

城市画报: 对这个新闻, 你个人什么立场? 你是个声援者吗?
蒋志: 在价值观上, 这个事很明白的, 那肯定有这个成分在。



本次访谈, 节选自蒋志的新书《表态——与十四位中国当代摄影艺术家对话》, 由中国民族摄影艺术出版社。(图·马都尉)

城市画报: 这也是我关心的问题, 很多艺术家在面对一些社会事件的时候, 表现得很激烈, 你是怎么看艺术家与社会事件的关系?

蒋志: 这个问题要好好谈一下。刚才也提到, 如果要谈作品里有没有社会责任和社会意识, 这个基本上来源于观众, 当然作者的主观和大众会有一种遭遇, 这是在主观层面达到的。我们可以从草书来说, 从一个政治历史研究角度来说, 他能看出历史和政治, 古代有一个书法家韦诞, 被皇帝叫去给一个楼题榜, 但已经先把匾安上去了, 就把韦诞装在笼子里拉上几十米高去写, 事后书法家很害怕, 觉得很受辱, 对孩子说, 以后你别再学楷书了。因为楷书是当时的官方字体, 一般不会用草书来题榜, 所以当时很多文人更喜欢草书, 有一个处于政治性的对抗意识在里面。很多时候, 都有一个政治意识在里面。

我只是谈关于艺术方面的摄影, 因为它跟新闻摄影有区别, 我觉得艺术所做事情就是要创造, 这是它该做的事情, 也是擅长的, 因为它的工作平台就是感觉。我为什么说了那么多感觉问题? 之所以有那样的政治问题, 就是因为有那么多的感觉。所以说改变政治的前提, 就是改变自己的感觉。意识很难起作用, 比如我们都知道抽烟有害健康, 但我们还是会继续抽, 主观不仅仅是意识, 它很难被改变, 除非你感觉上厌恶它了, 你才会不抽, 就跟有些人不理解抽烟的人一样, 他们会说, 烟有那么好抽吗?

其实我们要改变的就是感觉层面, 意识层面没法改变我们的“行”, 感觉层面真正才会改变。你如何最大程度地介入政治, 就必须最大程度地改变感觉, 不一定非得要拍天安门。

城市画报: 你平时阅读多吗? 哪些书对你影响比较大?
蒋志: 有些人就是爱读书, 看得很多, 他们为了看书, 可以几天几夜不睡觉, 相比他们, 我读的不多, 也不勤奋。在现在看来, 太多书对我有影响, 而且是各有各的影响, 难以一一叙述区分轻重, 如果只说小时候, 对我成长影响大的书, 记得的有比如《约翰·克里斯多夫》、《贝多芬传》、《黑奴吁天录》, 再就是童话故事, 我四岁就可以看书, 识字早。

城市画报: 你今年42岁, 俗话说“四十不惑”, 那你现在最困惑的是什么?
蒋志: 就是人的局限性。就是说, 你现在欲望的东西你能够欲望的是有差别的, 但是进一步说, 你能欲望的跟你不能欲望的也有差别, 你不能欲望的就是自我的界限, 你还不能欲望它, 不能说那个欲望就没有潜藏着。记得我小时候, 我欲望的就是当军人和探险家, 在那个时候你就没意识到你能够欲望什么, 所以说, 你在不断发现自己有局限。从根本上来讲, 你不能欲望的就是自我的界限, 对你有更深刻的影响。☹

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