

MAGICIAN SPACE 魔金石空间

王忠杰 Wang Zhongjie

精选文章 Selected Articles

忠杰，长大当个画匠

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## 忠杰，长大当个画匠！

这是姥姥临终前对忠杰说的最后一句话，他仍然记忆犹新。姥姥不识字，那时他很小，喜欢涂画，却没想到这会成为他终生的事业。这句话可能是无意间说出的，也可能表达出了某种信念：从此它成为忠杰对于姥姥记忆的重要部分，也让他最终踏上了绘画这条漫长崎岖的孤独道路。

“一生不变的，无论还有什么其它的出现，我在这里感觉到了一些隐隐的快乐，说不太清楚。”忠杰在2007年初的一篇日记中如是写道。在2005年，他这么写道：“没有创造，没有画面；我不是他们说的‘画家’。不是工作，而是思考发现的媒介。”

我对写作的认识也是这样。所以，我觉得忠杰和我志趣相投。正因为如此，我觉得要“讨论”他和他的画有些困难。我不需要讨论他是否有完美的技艺，而是需要了解更深层次的、难以形容、难以捉摸的事实。

我一直认为文字有其局限。在描述或分析类似绘画这种多样的视觉语言时，文字尤为乏力。绘画不仅依赖其它的表现形式，也有自身的交流方式，可以超越语言和文化的壁垒，因此，用文字讨论绘画的意义何在？虽然我一直为这个想

法所困（甚或是所伤），我已经写了很多年了，也愿意继续写下去。我认为我在帮助读者/观者洞察所有出色艺术中无法言喻的内涵。（我也可能只是在自欺欺人。）当然，可能这是无用功，或是自相矛盾的做法。

有时候，我觉得沟通很困难；每一个词语、姿态或动作都会带来误解。然而，也会有一些人，和他们的沟通不需要词语：我们立刻就能感到兴味相投。这让你感到松了一口气，带来个人的提升，也像是一种特别的恩惠。在这种情况下，对话可以剥离其辩证的特质；双方的感情、直觉和想法可以互相印证。如果他人和我们的“波长”不同，我们是否能够说服他们接受我们的想法呢？我觉得很难。

我第一次进入王忠杰的画室时，几乎忘记了呼吸。我感到一种真实和深邃的能量，这种罕见的能量总让我喜出望外。我在他的画布上感觉到生命的韵律。他在我旁边用我听不懂的方言不停地说着什么，不过我觉得这里所有的东西我都懂。

我们从来不谈用色、构图、材料或艺术理论。“艺术”这个词在他的日记和谈话里也出现的很少。他最想探讨的是他本身的“存在”。忠杰非常希望“领悟”活着的原因，以便不再虚度光阴，并把这种感悟传给儿子，让他能避免许多无效的、徒劳的做法，不让日常生活失去光彩。可能忠杰不知道，时间总是不够的，当我们即将获得“更深层次的领悟”时，某人或某事就会混淆我们的思维或让我们的心跳停止。因此，人类肯定会重复同样的错误，抱有相同的幻想。这就是我们和诸神的区别。

一个人在一个繁星满天的夜晚抬头望向苍穹时，他身后有人小声说：“去买两斤洋葱！”这样怪诞或是充满喜感的（取决于你的视角）尴尬场景来源于无情的现实，王忠杰用这个场景向朋友解释他和生活以及生活中日常事务之间的关系。在很多时候，正当我们尝试跳脱开来，我们自己或是别人就会把我们带回所谓的“现实”，让我们不会陷于这种让人陶醉的，甚或危险的逃避行为。这种“现实”可能是由反射出我们大家身影的“集体之镜”构成（见忠杰日记），这面镜子像是柏拉图的洞穴故事里活动的阴影的另一个版本，逐渐侵蚀我们的

想象、创意和自由的空间。每件事和每个人都被集中放到一种“具体的存在模式”中，人们的双脚必须紧紧贴着大地，“保证”他们有稳定的生活，但是几乎没有自由呼吸的空间。那些想要通过诗歌和热情去超越生活的平淡的人会感到窒息。这不是一种否定的过程，而是一种救赎，赋予生活的真实细节价值，而不是给这些细节和我们自己带上面具，认为我们和别人一样，或者感到比别人优越。

写作有些像绘画。每隔一段时间，我们必须从自己的文字中抽开身，从远处审读这些文字，在一个更高更远的位置重拾思路。王忠杰不是一个画家，他一直在全心全意的寻找生活的原因和意义。为了这个目的，他一直在做自己最擅长的：绘画。忠杰不是美院科班出身，没有参加过“圈子里”的活动或组织。他不需要摆脱艺术学院教育带来的风格范式；他可以在画布上自由的表达自己的思想，这些思想（相对）都是独特的，没有受到大量外部力量的影响。但是，他和画布的关系并不随意或亲近。当坐在一张干净的画布前时，他好像面对的是生活的奥秘。他常说需要寻找一个表达的“答案”，他需要的不是绘画技巧或者其它画家可能关心的问题的答案，而是“存在”这个问题的答案。因此，每天他从画室回家时，或是睡觉前，他会问自己这个问题：我离解决这个谜题还有多远？我对这个问题有了哪些更多的了解？

这些严肃的难题他一直记在心中。不过在有朋友来的时候，或是在其它社交场合，他会把这些问题放到一边。忠杰的兴趣爱好不多。他不喜欢运动，很少出行。他仿佛处在一个梦幻中，鲜有什么需求。他不喜欢有东西干扰他思考自己关心的唯一问题，一直以来都保持警惕。

几年前，他作品的绘画语言相当复杂，独具一格，用色简洁大胆；如今，他作品的构图几乎呈几何形，带有一种形而上的梦幻氛围，画面中还有一些“人间”的生物（雄鸡、猴子、人形、马等等）。他作品的形式变得更加简洁。在近期作品里，色彩已经被放在了画布的边缘，框住一片空白的空间。正是在这个看似空白的空间里有着极其丰富的单色表面，由多个层次叠加而来，散发出一种内在的光芒，让作品显出奇异的光辉。我觉得这些图像里面充满了他前几年

画作中常见的象征符号，这些符号在经过消减和过滤之后，变成了纯粹的颜色，在几厘米见方的画布上并置着过去两年里他常用的一些色调。这就好像生活本身正在慢慢地自我净化，摆脱画家眼中的肤浅的元素和不必要的细节。我觉得这种变化很容易理解，因为忠杰在“画画”方面的努力思考有了一些结果。他在2008年的一篇日记中写道，他渴望的是“恒久不变的东西”，是“去揭示其核心”。为了实现这个目的，他决定不再去“描述故事、环境和感情。”有些怀旧的朋友请他重新创作那些复杂的作品时，他回答说，他画不出来了，那种东西已经和他没了关系，也无法再反映他的存在和感受。

忠杰说他是个理性的人，在作品中也体现出这种理性。但是，他没有意识到，他内心深处一种无法言喻、无法表达的感性才是他的生活和创作的推动力。他的画作不是深思熟虑的风格或内容之作，而是他努力升华自己本能情感的结果，是他大量的、敏感的内在感性的痛苦表现。

我注意到他的作品变得日益抽象，并走向一种更加极端的简洁。这我不禁联想到了罗斯柯（Rothko）和埃德·莱因哈特（Ad Reinhardt）等艺术家最后选择的道路。我有些担心忠杰，因为这两位艺术家在无法看清下一步怎么走的时候，都选择以自杀终结了生命。我和忠杰谈过这个问题，试图了解他在这方面的意图是什么。我想到他对于生死之间的边缘地带的近乎病态的好奇，他把这个地带看成是一个特别的、独一无二的“空间”。我还想到他认为死亡的那一瞬间是生命呈现其本质的那一刻。不过，他的回答让我（有些）放心。目前来看，我更加相信，他对于生活有着强烈的爱。更准确的说，这种爱是他对于人类的爱，虽然他认为人类（很明显也包括他自己）是包含兽性元素的——就像是他几年前画作中出现的半人半兽的形象。我能感受到忠杰听到别人死讯时的那种深深的哀伤，不管逝者是不是名人：这种哀伤来自他的想象/恐惧，这些人再也没有机会完全理解（他们）生命的意义了。我想他有一种感同身受的感觉，害怕他也会没有足够的时间，去尽可能的靠近那道把人和神或半神分隔开的无形的临界线。

虽然忠杰很少谈及佛教，我相信他知道，佛教理论认为每个人都有可能“成

佛”。这种“开悟”让我们能够进入另一种存在的状态，这也是忠杰十分希望通过不断思考获得的状态。他选择的道路是绘画，而不是冥想，这也给他实现这个目的的机会。

他没有把绘画或艺术当成一种目的，而是把它们当成理解存在本质的关键。

“如果你抛开艺术，剩下的就是艺术本身。”如果一个人希望在艺术上做出点成绩，却没有了解真实的自我，这就像是在呼吸时不会吐纳，结果这个人会变得疲惫、不自然，甚至悲哀。很明显，忠杰把艺术纳入了精神领域，而不是物质领域。从这个角度来看，所有值得他去思考的问题都必须是纯粹的精神领域的问题。

我觉得，当他的姥姥说出那句预言时，她已经知道，对于忠杰来说，他看到、想象到或是梦到的图像都有着深层的含义；它们是预言、符号和承载知识的工具。我想，简单而睿智的她感到这个她钟爱的男孩长大不适合去过那种日复一日、循规蹈矩的生活。她希望给他指一条道路，让他和那些有着同样微妙波长的人能够走下去的路。

忠杰通过绘画，日记以及不断的凝视来思考这些问题，而问题的答案可能就在这里（这种答案不是确切、长久或绝对的）。“意义”应该存在于每一个让你感到“真实”的时刻、词语、眼神和笔触中。这种深邃却难以捉摸、难以描述、无法重复的真实只能存在于某一个时刻里，也只会被那些有能力看到的人了解。

人们写作（绘画）是为了让沙漠有生机，为了独自一人，  
却不受独自一人的[限制]，为了不受虚无的诱惑，  
或至少拖延这种诱惑对我们的影响。

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2012年1月18日写于 Vigolo Vattaro



## Zhongjie, When you Grow up Become a Painter

These are the last words Wang Zhongjie's grandmother said to her grandson and they have remained branded in his mind since boyhood. His grandmother was illiterate and Zhongjie was but a little boy at the time, although he already loved to draw. Yet he could never have imagined that this would become his life's mission. The remark, which was perhaps lightly uttered, although more likely with a certain conviction, became fused to his memory of his grandmother and sparked in him the idea and determination to set off on a long, difficult, solitary road. That of painting.

The term his grandmother used was "crafts painter" (*huajiang* 画匠), a humbler designation than that of "painter" (*huajia* 画家), which is normally used in artistic circles. Perhaps the old woman was not acquainted with the "loftier" term: the young Zhongjie never had the chance to ask her about it, but it remained clear in his mind, like a kind of spiritual will bequeathed by the woman who had taken care of him, performing the day's tasks in her own no-nonsense way. We'll never know the truth.

"I sense that in the future this will still be my work, for my whole life, even

should other things come up: I feel that here lies a hidden joy, I don't know how to explain it," writes Zhongjie in his diary at the the outset of 2007. But in 2005 he'd already written: "Creation doesn't exist for me, all those rules regarding the surface of the canvas don't exist; I'm not one of those people "they" call painters. Painting isn't work, it's understanding what your means of discovery are."

I could say the same thing regarding what writing is for me. That's the reason for my feeling that Zhongjie and I are on the same wavelength, and it is because of this that I now find it somewhat difficult to have to "discuss" him and his paintings. It's not a question of whether or not a more or less consummate artistry has been reached, but of wishing to reach deeper, unutterable, elusive realms of truth.

I've always doubted the power of words, especially when they're employed to describe or analyze such diverse visual languages as painting entails. What's the use of discussing something that not only relies on other expressive means and has its own channels of communication, but can also overcome linguistic and cultural barriers in a single bound? Nonetheless, this is what I've been doing for several years now, despite being ridden by (if not lacerated by) this doubt, yet always ready to do it all over again, thinking (or deluding myself?) that I'm helping the reader/viewer to perceive the ineffability that lies in all fully accomplished works of art. It is perhaps a useless, or contradictory, action.

At times I sense a strong incommunicability between people; I see that each word, gesture or act gives rise to misunderstandings. Then I meet someone with whom words are unnecessary: we immediately feel attuned to each other. It's a relief, a personal enrichment, a special grace. In such instances dialogue can shed its dialectic nature: there's a mutual confirmation of feelings, intuitions, and opinions. Besides, is it possible to convince others of our own ideas, if they're not already on our wavelength? I highly doubt it.

When I first set foot in Wang Zhongjie's studio, I was left almost breathless. I felt an energy that bespoke a truth and depth whose rareness always strikes me and fills me with joy. I sensed the rhythm of life resounding in those canvases.

He stood nearby barraging me with an outpour of words spoken in a barely intelligible dialect, but I thought I understood everything nonetheless.

We never talked about color and composition, materials or art theories. The word "Art" is rarely mentioned in his diary and just as rarely in his conversations. The communicative urgency that pervades him regards his very existence itself. Zhongjie urgently wishes to "understand" something about his reason for living so as not to waste other precious years of his life, and so as to convey it to his son, thus sparing him the many ineffective, futile posturings riddling the theater of our daily lives. Perhaps Zhongjie doesn't know that time is never enough, that right when we're about to reach a "higher understanding," someone or something clouds our minds or stops our hearts. Thus the human race is doomed to reiterate the same mistakes and illusions because that is what differentiates it and distances it from the gods.

As he gazes upon the universe on a starry night, a man senses someone behind him, who whispers: "Go buy a kilo of onions!" This is the grotesque, or hilarious (depending on how it's viewed), and so inexorably true, paradox I once heard Zhongjie come up with to explain his rapport with life and its daily routines to a friend of his. How many times, just as we are trying to lift ourselves aloft, someone within or without ourselves brings us back to so-called "reality," keeping us from surrendering ourselves to an inebriating, if perilous, flight? It is that very "reality," perhaps constituted by the collective mirror in which we are reflected (as Zhongjie writes in his diary), a revised version of the shadows in Plato's Cave, which is gradually usurping from us all the room left for imagination, originality, and freedom. Everything and everyone is funneled into a "concrete mode of existence," in which one's feet are firmly planted on the ground and which "guarantees" a stable life, but leaves little breathing room. One that stifles those who wish to live their daily lives while sublimating its more mundane aspects, perhaps imbuing them with poetry or enthusiasm. Not through their denial, but through a kind of redemption that values life's small details in all their truth, instead of masking them and donning a mask ourselves so as to feel we are the same as, or better than, others.

Writing is a bit like painting, every once in a while we must distance ourselves from it, view it from afar, and resume our train of thought from a farther, loftier perspective. Wang Zhongjie isn't a painter, he's a man who's wholeheartedly seeking the reason for, and meaning, of his life, and he's doing so through what he knows how to do best: painting. Zhongjie did not study at an Academy of Fine Arts, he didn't take part in any of those activities or associations that "those within his field" normally take part in. He has no need to free himself of the stylistic formulas art institutes impart; his hand is free to act upon the canvas governed solely by his mind, which is (relatively speaking) original and unique and whose expression is not hampered by excessive external influences. Yet his rapport with the canvas isn't easy or immediate. It's as if, when faced with an untainted surface, he were face-to-face with the mystery of life itself. The search for an expressive "key," which he often talks about, does not refer to technical or painterly questions, but to existential ones. That's why each day, as he returns home from his studio, or before going to bed, he asks himself the question: How close have I come to solving that mystery? How much more have I learned about it?

These are difficult, serious, intense questions that he always keeps in mind, although he's able to shoo them off into some meander when he's in the company of others or on convivial occasions. Zhongjie's not a person with many interests or hobbies. He doesn't like sports, rarely travels, and, as if in a dreamlike state, has few needs. He doesn't like distracting himself from the only aim that has always kept him on guard and vigilant for a quite long time now. Through the years I've seen his work evolve from a painterly language that is quite complex and original, made up of singular, evocative colors, to compositions that are almost geometric, imbued with a metaphysical, dreamy atmosphere that is still inhabited by a few "terrestrial" creatures (roosters, monkeys, human figures, horses...), all part of a process that has gradually achieved a greater formal simplicity, up to his current works, in which the colors have been relegated to the outer reaches of the canvas, thus framing an empty space. It is this very space, perhaps because it appears empty, which constitutes an ex-



tremely rich monochromatic surface that is the fruit of several superimposed layers of color emanating an inner light of their own and rendering it strangely and magically luminous. I was left with the feeling that those images that were so crowded with the symbols that permeated his paintings a few years ago, have been pared down, filtered and reduced to pure color, to the juxtaposition of certain hues in those few centimeters that, in the last two years, have framed every painting. It is as if life itself were slowly purifying itself from any aspect the author considers to be superfluous and from every inessential detail. I didn't find this development to be strange or surprising because I sensed that Zhongjie's quest went well beyond questions relating to "painterly" results. What the artist yearns for, as he wrote in a 2005 diary entry, is "something immutable," it is "to reveal the core" and, in order to do so, he's decided to divest himself of "descriptions of stories, circumstances, feelings...". When a few nostalgic friends of his ask him to return to the complex works he once produced, he simply answers that he can't do it any longer, that that's a style which has become alien to him and no longer reflects his way of being and feeling. Zhongjie claims he's a rational person and that he expresses this trait in his works, without realizing that a visceral, unutterable, indescribable sensibility is what drives him in both his life and paintings. His canvases are thus not the fruit of any calculated stylistic or contentual effects, but are the strenuously reached, distilled expressions of his intuitions, the painstaking excretions of that sensitive and prolific visceral sensibility. *His doors of hidden are all about.* As I watched his work become increasingly abstract and move towards an ever more extreme simplicity, I couldn't help but remember the course artists such as Rothko or Ad Reinhardt took. I couldn't consider this without misgivings, given that the final decision both of them made was to take their own lives the moment they couldn't see what the next possible step might be. I've talked about this with Zhongjie, in an attempt to find out what his intentions might be in this regard. I've thought with some apprehension about his almost morbid curiosity concerning that twilight zone which he perceives as a special "space," different from all the rest. I've also thought about his considering the moment

of death as that in which life manifests itself. His words reassured me (if not completely), although I must admit that for now I place a greater trust in the strong love of life he emanates. I would say it's more exact to say that love for his fellow human beings, regardless of his considering them (while obviously not excluding himself) as largely made up of bestial elements – those half-man, half-wolf figures he painted a few years ago come to mind. I think I can sense the true reason for the deep sadness Zhongjie feels whenever he hears of anyone's death, whether famous or not: it stems from his imagining/fearing that they've been denied the chance to fully understand (their) life's meaning. I imagine he identifies with them and thus fears that he will in his turn be deprived of the time necessary to draw as close as possible to that invisible, frugal threshold that separates men from the gods or demigods.

Although Zhongjie almost never mentions Buddhist thought, I'm convinced he's aware of the fact that it considers each person to be a "potential Buddha." This "enlightenment," thanks to which we're granted access to another state of being, is something Zhongjie ardently desires and attempts to earn through constant thought. Painting, rather than meditation, is the path he's chosen and is his chance to reach this end.

He understands and engages in painting – art – not as an end in itself (on the contrary, he doesn't at all consider it in these terms), but as a key to understanding the essence of existence. "If one renounces art, what remains is art itself." If one wished to reach artistically expressive results worthy of the name, without having first become attuned to one's own truth, one would risk obtaining the same effects as when one focuses on one's breathing without managing to control it, thus rendering it artificial and strained, unnatural and almost piteous. It's clear that Zhongjie includes art within the realm of the spirit rather than that of matter, and in this sense all considerations that are not based on purely spiritual questions have no right to be applied.

I'm under the impression that, when his grandmother pronounced her famously prophetic remark, she had understood that Zhongjie is a man for whom the images he's seen, imagined, or dreamed, are the bearers of profound meanings;

they're prophecies, symbols, and the vehicles of knowledge. I'm under the impression that she, in her wise simplicity, had sensed that that boy she doted on so much, was not made for delving into the practical daily routines entailed by a steady job and raising a family, and that she wished to suggest a way to fill life with a sense that is valid for oneself and for those who find themselves on the same subtle wavelength.

It is perhaps precisely here that the answer (which is not definite, lasting, or absolute) lies to the questions that constellate Zhongjie's diary, to his restless, intent gaze. Meaning must be sought in each moment, word, look, and brushstroke in which one feels oneself to be "true" and "authentic." That profound, yet elusive, indescribable, unrepeatable truth will be conveyed, even for just one moment, to those who are able to recognize it.

*One writes (paints) to populate the desert,  
to be alone no longer within the voluptuous confines of being alone,  
to distract oneself from the temptation of nothingness,  
or at least procrastinate it. (Gesualdo Bufalino)*

Monica Dematté

Vigolo Vattaro, 18 January 2012



## 潜行者和他的影子

文/吴亦飞

在谈天中，我常被问及：你对哪些艺术家感兴趣？我也会这样反问之。谈话双方在得知对方回答后意味深长地“噢...”一声，完成对彼此兴趣、观点的初步交换。当我说出一个18或19世纪艺术家的名字时，往往又会再被追问一句：那当代艺术家呢？久而久之每当我谈及较早时期的或视觉风格显得不那么“当代”的艺术家时，总是习惯性地笑笑：很不当代，不是吗？或者直接挑选几个公认的当代艺术家作为答案。在这个过程中，每个人心里都事先预设了一个艺术史框架，这个框架区分了什么是当代的、现代/后现代的艺术。尽管它可能是边界不明的，但却具有先入为主的强势，将不易纳入框架、或是潮流之外非典型的艺术家置于盲点之中。此框架大体来自两方面，一方面，理论家、艺术批评家们提出的对于艺术实践的理论阐释，通过书籍、期刊、口口相传等途径，以权威的姿态深入人心；另一方面，直接的体验经历和视觉经验也塑造了人们对于艺术史和“当代性”的感性认识。然而，这种潜移默化中形成的模糊共识，具备评价一切的标准性吗？

王忠杰(b. 1972)就是这样一个潮流之外的艺术家。观看他的作品总是让我产生一种和观看弗里德里希(Caspar David Friedrich, 1774–1840)画作时相同的感受：一种沉重的快感。这种快感是跨越时间和地域的，包含着一种人的通性。

在现今全球化与消费时代的文化语境中，个体的生活在庞杂的信息中被碎片化。主动将视线缩短、格局缩小，着眼于目之所及的日常化事物，以小见大；或者以个体的方式微介入真实社会乃至政治（这似乎已成一股愈演愈烈的潮流）；又或者直接嫁接当代性或者现代性的视觉元素、搭乘已有风格的顺风车，是一个艺术家塑造和维持自己的立场并寻求共鸣的快捷方式。王忠杰拒绝这种方式，他希望画出和时代没有关系、但反映了某种他称之为本质之上的东西。这是一个看起来有些过于庞大的命题，而王忠杰深深打动我的地方，正是他真诚的身体力行和作品中对于人性的深刻挖掘。

王忠杰不愿意被局限在时间里。他一直留守在自己的出生地：河南郑州，有意识地远离时代的中心。“一个真正的人，是不会有时代性的。”说这句话时，他的表情带着一种如今谈及类似话题时少见的严肃和一丝浪漫主义情怀。对于半只脚踩在现实社会，半只脚仍停留在理想世界的人来说，他是理想世界那一端一个可望而不可及的状态。他认为自己绝对不是一个画家，对他来说，画画只是他的一个工具，一种思考的方式与通道。因此他的大多数画作都没有标题，像是谈天中想到哪说到哪的一句话，经过深思熟虑，说出来也就完成了它的使命。他从不看叙事类书籍，从最早时在朋友的书架上与尼采一见如故，到现在与西方哲学保持距离并转向中国哲学如庄子，乃至佛学，王忠杰的思考轨迹可以清晰地从画作中辨析出来。

王忠杰的早期作品具有很强的情节感。画面中充满各种象征性符号：蛇、鸡、兔子、女人体、蝴蝶总是被描绘地像是女性生殖器官，道路、树林、湖水...似形非形的物体交杂在一起，很容易让人产生使用弗洛伊德精神分析学解读之的好奇与欲望。在三联式作品《真相》中，地平线分别横穿每幅画面，却没有区分出天空与地面，它们都一样昏暗而混沌。每幅画面分别有一个裸身女人，或斜靠树干或张开双腿或正在逃离。远处、脚

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下、洞中躲着三个说不清是什么的蹄类动物。层层叠叠的色彩中，似乎任何一个角落都藏着诡奇而不为人知的隐秘。这幅画中的混沌、紧张以及欲望的逼迫，贯穿他这一时期的作品。艺术家的敏感性驱使他记录下其意识、潜意识，同时在这个过程中释放自己。在我看来，这一时期的作品是「柔软」的，它们原生并且直接，艺术家潮湿的心几乎伸手可触。这些符号所指向的含义作为旁观者的我们已不得而知，而对于王忠杰来说，这一过程是不可逾越、非常重要的，这一阶段的作品本身可以成为一个相对独立的系统。

小树的出生，对于王忠杰是一个转折，儿子是他与社会的唯一连接点，自此他由自我的内向性的思考开始转向更广泛的人性。此时画面的格局开始变大，空间更深更远，人和兽总是群体性地出现，并隐匿在最晦暗不明处，彼此纠缠粘连、相互求索着什么。同时又像是石头，被一个或两个人垫在脚下。在一些2008年前后的巨幅作品中，半人半兽雌雄同体的生物匍匐在无限延伸的大地上。女人的下身连接着狼，狼的下方连接并压迫着半个男人。我似乎从中看见尼采在说：“人是尚未定型的动物，有着向各种方向发展的可能性。”

2009至2010年间的作品，情节感逐渐被削弱。具象符号与抽象空间并存，前者越来越少，后者则逐渐占据了所有画面。但画作变得更有力量，这种力量感一方面来自于多年的自我训练，暧昧狂乱的笔触被逐步收紧，看似平铺直叙的晦暗块面中隐藏着色彩却没有少一点。另一方面来自于他将对自身的映照放大至对人性的思考。他认为，人不应该只对比自己的时期，去除时间观念，现在的我们，与上古时期的思想家，都在同一个空间里，彼此可以成为朋友。他想要在画面中探讨空间，却并非是物理性质的。

在王忠杰的近期作品里：所有具象事物都被消解在中心或层叠或渐变的色彩之中，而边缘一环扣一环的封闭方框则令我想起他早期画作中的蛛网，以及后来的几何空间。对于环扣式封闭图形的偏好，透露了他潜意识中的焦灼与苦闷。尽管其中少数画作呈现出对他来说罕有的明亮色调，但其中欲望的逼迫感至今更甚，只是藏得更深。由具体哲学回溯至形而上学，这几乎是每个思考者最终的方向，最终目的或许是相似的，到达它们的道路却大相径庭。观看王忠杰到目前为止的画作，这个阶段更像一个蛰伏期，被提纯的力量感藏匿于画面中心，潜流暗涌。

展览名称的灵感来自于尼采著作《人性的，太人性的》其中一章《漫游者和他的影子》。正如该书的副标题：一本献给自由精神的书，这是一次献给自由灵魂的展览。

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## In His Own Shadow By/Yifei Wu

I am often asked in casual conversations – “What artists are you drawn to?” A question I would also ask back, usually followed by a suggestive sigh – “Oh...” thus completing the preliminary assessment of each other’s interests and an initial exchange of perspectives. If I mention a name from the 18th or 19th century, they would always ask – “What about contemporary artists?” When I speak of someone from the earlier movements or if the visual language does not seem quite “contemporary”, I am used to jokingly say – “Not very contemporary, is it?” Everyone has a preset art historical framework in his or her mind about what is contemporary, modern and post-modern. The boundaries are sometimes not so clear, but it could easily place artists who are seen as non-typical or unfashionable in blind spots. This framework is on the one hand, based on the analysis and studies of critics and theorists and on the other hand, actual personal experience also help us shape our understanding of art history and this “contemporariness” that we sense, but how does this vague consensus that is formed through being imperceptibly influenced by everyday life be able to set a standard to everything?

Wang Zhongjie (b.1972) is exactly the kind of artist who stays away from the current tide. While looking at his work I get a very similar feeling as to looking at a Casper David Friedrich (1774-1840) painting – a heavy satisfaction I feel at the core, a satisfaction that is beyond time and space, but at the same time very human.

In the current cultural context of capitalist globalization, the life of an individual is fragmented in mass communication. To see things around us in a different way, to pay attention to details; or as an individual to intervene with wider social and political issues (which seems to be a trend that has become increasingly fashionable); or to apply contemporary and modernist visual language thus relating oneself to an artistic movement, these are all shortcuts that an artist could take in order to define and maintain his or her own perspective and at the same time gain approval. However, Wang rejects all of it. He wants his paintings to have no connection to the era, but rather, reflecting something that he sees beyond essence. This may seem to be too grand of an investigation in life, but what deeply moves me is exactly his determination and his

meditations on humanity that is predominant in his work.

Wang does not want to be confined within time. He has remained in his hometown – Zhengzhou in Henan Province his whole life, consciously staying away from the center from our era. “A real person, should be timeless”, says the artist, with a rare seriousness and a sense of romanticism on his face. He is in an inaccessible state of the ideal world, as a man with one foot set in the real society. He does not think that he’s a painter. To him, painting is merely a tool, a way of thinking. This is why most of his works are untitled, as though conversational fragments have found their way to life through deep thinking. He admired Nietzsche the first time he read his book in a friend’s house, and now he has steered away from the Western framework and become more focused on Eastern philosophies such as Zhuangzi and Buddhism. This entire development of thinking is also evident in his career.

Wang’s earlier works have a very strong sense of narrative. Images are composed of symbolic forms such as snakes, cocks, rabbits, female

bodies and butterflies that are used to illustrate the female reproductive organs, roads, forests, lakes etc. all mingled together – as audience we could easily be led into a Freudian psychoanalytical discussion. In an early triptych – *The Truth* (2004) the horizon cuts through all of the images but the sky and the ground remain undistinguishable, as they are equally dark and chaotic. There is a naked woman's body in each of the sections - one is leaning on a tree branch, the other with her legs spread open, and the last running away from something. From afar, under her feet and inside a cave, three unidentifiable animals emerge. There are infinite secrets and wickedness within the overlapping colours. The chaos, anxieties and desires depicted in this piece represent this stage of his work very well. The sensitivity of the artist drives him to document his conscious and sub-conscious, during which would set himself free. From my point of view, this stage of his career is “pliable”, the works are primal and straight-forward. The heart of the artist seems easily reachable and what the symbolic forms represent is accessible to the spectators. To Wang, this process is crucial and an absolute necessity, the works from this stage of his career could be in respect, regarded independently.

The birth of Xiaoshu, Wang's seven year-old son was a turning point in his life. Xiaoshu is his only

connection to society. It is at this point that his introversive thinking opened up into a wider context, thus changing his style of painting. He started working in a much larger scale and in his compositions, there is much more depth in space. Hermaphroditic half-man half-animal bodies are spread across the land, a wolf extending from the bottom half of a woman's body laid on top of half a man. When I look at this piece, I am reminded of Nietzsche's words “humans are creatures that are not yet settled in form, with the potential to develop in any direction.”

Between 2009 and 2010, the narrative nature of his work weakened. Symbols are placed in abstract spaces, and over time, the former became less dominant as the latter takes over the whole surface of the canvas. His work became bolder. Such boldness, on the one hand, comes from many years of self-discipline. His spontaneous and messy brush strokes became tidied, the colours that are hidden inside the dark surfaces remained, on the other hand, comes from his own meditation in the wider context of humanity. He believes that human beings should not only compare oneself with his or her own era, that we must remove the idea of time. He believes that being in today's world does not differ from Zhuangzi in the Warring States Period, that we all exist in the same dimension, and could be acquainted. This conception of space is what he

wants to explore on the canvas, a not necessarily physical sense.

In the recent series, everything with any representation is dissolved in the center of the painting or overlapped or merged into graduated colours. The inclining frames reminds me of the spider webs from his earlier works and the geometrical spaces in the later stages, revealing his current anxieties and suffering regardless of the brighter colours that are used in some of them. The suffocating desires have become even more immediate, only that they are hidden on a much deeper level. This direction is where almost all thinkers would end up, perhaps with very similar goals, but the path they take would differ. Looking at Wang's body of work thus far, the current stage seems to be a delitescence. Something powerful is being distilled in the center of the canvas, hidden beneath the surface.

The name of this exhibition is inspired by a chapter in Nietzsche's *Human All Too Human* – *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, in which the subheading reads – “a book for free spirits”. This is an exhibition dedicated to all free souls.

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一个非艺术家的生活性艺术  
文/陈秀炜

在欣赏到王忠杰的近期作品前，我对这位画家一无所知。印象中，只有那些边缘歪曲的矩形框架内，镶嵌着一幅幅满铺着泥泞般色彩的画布。那时候，我并没领会到其作品中的含义。掠过脑海的只是，“好吧，肯定他在这圈子已有一段时间，很少人一开始便有这样的创作”。几个月后，我在艺术家的家乡河南省看到了他早期的画作——横亘十年，过两百幅的作品，绝大部分从未公开过。这个出乎意料，震撼的景象，使我了然而到，他从开始到现在，无论是他的艺术还是他的思考，走过的都是一条漫长长路。

当我开始写这篇文章时，阿兰·卡普罗（Allan Kaprow）的言辞立即浮现脑海，在论述艺术性艺术（artlike art）和生活性艺术（lifelike art）时，他概括道：归根结底，这两种类型的艺术，代表着两种截然相反的哲学。艺术性艺术认定的艺术是独立的，与生活和其他事物分开；但生活性艺术的观点则恰恰相反，它与生活和其他事物有着千丝万缕的联系。依照西方艺术史的传统，前者被定义为严肃的，是主流的一部分，有高端文化机构的支持，而后者，则从未融入传统艺术机构。艺术性艺术的分隔性和独特性，如同个人主义，在西方文化中广受推崇，而生活性艺术的关联性，则好像强调家庭 and 社群重要性的东方文化。在《真正的实验》一文中，卡普罗写道：

一旦你接受了某种文化的预设，那么即使普通的问题，也会变得饶有深意，即使是平凡的风格，也会变得富于关切。就像业内人士口中“艺术”这一概念，以及“诗歌”和“音乐”这样的子概念，还有“展览”、“观众”、“创造力”以及“美学价值”这些意涵，它们通常被视为理所当然。然而，西方文化发生的巨变，令这些预设变得模糊不清。如果它们不再是预设的？如果我对艺术的观点是模糊的，在创作或展出时，我对这些成规会一无所知？

——艺术和生活之间的混淆，201 页



王忠杰个展 “2016-9-28~2019-2-24 ” 展览现场

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卡普罗所讨论的，是上世纪八十年代的先锋派艺术，而他在此基础上，对生活性艺术所做出的定义，更为概念化。而我之所以在此借用他的这个概念，仅仅为了更好地诠释和帮助读者理解艺术家的动机（即使他并没有意识到这种动机，然而只要有行动，就必然有动机伴随）。

王从未在任何一家艺术机构接受过教育，但这并不重要。说他从未受过任何艺术流派的影响，这也是不正确的（作为一个对艺术充满激情的人，自然而然会对艺术保持关注，受其影响）。看他的作品，我们可以找到他所景仰的大师的影子，但我并不认为，这是一种模仿。因为“模仿”意味着一种虚假。他是个纯化论者(purist)，尽管不是阿梅德·奥占芳(Amedee Ozenfant)和勒·柯布西耶(Le Corbusier)在1918年到1925年吹捧的那种纯化艺术，这场运动的初衷却与王的理念不谋而合，那就是去“清晰地构想、忠实地执行，毫不欺瞒”（《纯化主义者宣言》The Purist Manifesto）对他而言，绘画只是一个思考，而在创作的过程中，每一个决定都是为了自身的成长，从来不是为了证明某种理论，也不是为了某些意图。

王的画作和他的思考是一体的，他的艺术和他的生活也是如此。如策展人在前言所提及，他一直在寻求的答案，对一段人生而言，或许过于宏大，但这份执著，同样是他创作的动力；这份执著，也成就了那些堆积如山的作品。王的作品重点不在于叙事和形式，而是深层次上直接而极端的共鸣。也正因为如此，作为观众的我们，在欣赏王的作品时，要摆脱艺术概念的范畴，依靠直觉和本能去感知。

王是个内向、沉默寡言的人，作为一个画家，他的技巧不算出众。然而，在和他交谈后，你会被他毫无做作的质朴所吸引，愿意聆听他。当你观看他的作品时，不但会产生同样的感觉，更被他的真诚所感动。即使，有时候他的作品会令我们不安，甚至反感，但有一点是肯定的：他是不会为任何人创作。本质上，他是个非艺术家 (un-artist)，因为他的艺术具有生活性的形态和模式，运作上也与生活本身同步，但他的思考自然而然地随着时间不断地改变，最终难免与这个非艺术家分离。

王的艺术是和生活合二为一的生活性艺术。在欣赏这些画作时，某些人能够有所体会而被感动。我们会问：什么才是好作品——意涵深刻？巧夺天工？理念明晰？证实理论？说到底，生活性艺术是一种和生活并行的东西，“曲折、求索、尝试甚至忍受，但却永远是专注的。”（艺术和生活之间的混淆，206页）。历经了整整十年，王的作品才为人所知。对他来说，要在这个体系中寻找自身的定位，仍会困难重重。他会被主流孤立，因为他的不妥协 and 那份坚持。他会继续寻觅那些答案，继续经历曲折、求索、尝试和忍受，沉溺在自己那个远离大众的狭小圈子里，而所有的其他事情，也都不会重要。



## The Lifelike Art of an Un-artist By/Ophelia Chan

Wang Zhongjie was a painter whom I knew nothing about when I was first shown his recent body of work - canvases covered in muddy palettes with inclining rectangular lines to the edge of the frame. I felt completely lost then. The only initial thought was that, well this man must've been around a while - people don't just go on painting like this. A few months later I finally got to see his earlier works in his hometown in Henan province, over two-hundred paintings done over the span of a decade, most of them have never been shown before. It was a sight I did not expect - it was overwhelming, it was then that became clear to me that he had come a long way to get to the point where he is at now, both in his art and in his thinking.

When I finally sat down to write this essay, what Allan Kaprow wrote about artlike art and lifelike art immediately came into my mind - he wrote that these two types of art fundamentally represent two contrasting philosophies. While artlike art holds that art is autonomous, separate from life and everything else, lifelike art holds that art is the opposite, that it is connected to life and everything else. In Western art historical tradition, the former is regarded as "serious", part of the mainstream and supported by high culture's

institutions and the latter has never fit into traditional art institutions. While the separateness and distinctiveness of artlike art is much like individualism that is valued highly in Western culture, the connectedness of lifelike art is like the emphasis of the importance of family and community in Eastern cultures. In *The Real Experiment*, Kaprow wrote:

*The usual questions of subject matter and style become relevant once you accept certain cultural givens, like the specialist notion of "art," the subnotions of "poetry" and "music," and the notions of "exhibit", "audience", "creativity" and "aesthetic value." These are normally taken for granted. But Western culture appears to be changing so markedly that these givens are at best uncertain. What if they weren't "givens"? What if I had a vague idea about "art" but didn't know the conventions that told me when I was in its presence or was making it?*  
- *Essays on the blurring of art and life* (p.201)

Kaprow is referring to the Avant-garde in the eighties here, and what he then proceeds onto defining the term lifelike art, becomes increasingly conceptual and applied in a more performative notion. I am only borrowing the term

in its essence in order to explain and help understanding the artist's motives (even if there isn't a conscious one, when there's an action, there's a motive).

Wang was never educated in any art institute, but this is unimportant, nor is the fact that he has not been influenced by any styles of art true, as one with an passion of art would naturally be in contact with art and be affected by it. We could probably tell which masters he admires from looking at his works, but I do not believe that there is any sense of mimicry, as that would imply a sense of deceitfulness. He is a purist, although not in a sense where Amedee Ozenfant and Le Corbusier had propagandised Purist art to be between 1918 and 1925, what Wang does holds true to what the movement intended to do at the very beginning - "to conceive clearly, execute loyally, exactly without deceits" (*The Purist Manifesto*). To him, painting is a thinking process, every decision that Wang makes while completing a piece of work is in favour of nothing but his own growth. It is never to prove any theory, to make any statement or in order to progress onto anything else on purpose.

Wang's painting and his thinking are as one and his art is inseparable from his life. He is obsessed with his search for answers, answers to something as mentioned in the curator's foreword, possibly too huge of a question in life but it is also such determination that drives him to create, and it is this determination that unifies his large body of work, thus in Wang's paintings it is never about narrative nor form, but resonance on a deeper level, something more immediate and drastic. This is the reason why as spectators, we must look at Wang's body of work free from conceptions of "art" but with an instinctive eye and a gut feeling.

Wang is an introvert. He might not stand out as a skillful painter, nor come across as an exceptionally intelligent man (he is a man of few words), but when you talk to him you would be immediately drawn to his unpretentiousness, you would want to listen to him, and when you look at his work, you would get a similar feeling, that it is truthful, even sometimes when it puts us at unease or even appals us, but what is certain is that he is not trying to create for anyone else. He is in essence an un-artist as his art takes a lifelike form and setting, his art functions in the world as if it were life, but naturally these thinking processes evolve and would become irrelevant to the un-artist himself over time.

Wang's art and his life are truly one – lifelike art, and that is why those of us who feel something while looking at his work, are especially moved. This goes back to what we consider to be "good" - works with a sense of profundity? Something well-executed, conception supported by recognised, approved theories and so on? While lifelike art is just something that is parallel to life, "inflecting, probing, testing and even suffering it, but always attentively." (*Essays on the blurring of art and life*, p.206) It took Wang over a decade to finally have his work shown to the public, and it will continue to be difficult for him to find his place in the system, let alone the mainstream, as he is not the type to compromise, he has no reason to. He will continue on his search for answers, to inflect, probe, test and suffer, while being around his small community away from everything else, and nothing else matters.

## 王忠杰：向内的还原 文 / 邵光华（魔金石空间研究部）

对王忠杰进行访谈不是件容易的事，正如策展人莫妮卡·德玛黛所说：“在描述或者分析类似绘画这种多样的视觉语言时，文字尤为乏力……有时候，我觉得沟通很困难，每一个词语、姿态或动作不可避免地会产生误解。”在王忠杰看来，语言是由一个个概念组成的，民族和文化是概念，连画廊也是概念。而他的绘画则试图跳出“概念”之外，借由“削减”以还原到事物的核心，直接触及表象下的内在力量。

在访谈中，王忠杰举了个事例：海豚捕鱼时会鱼群围在中间然后吐泡泡，鱼群就被困在气泡组成的围墙之中。概念对于人类而言也是如此，它就像一种无形的状态一样将人们的生活包裹其中，原本鲜活的思维与感受为其所“污染”。在2016年与魔金石空间总监曲科杰的对谈中，王忠杰曾问到“你有没有真正看到一棵树，真正感觉到一棵树？”即是说，在脱离开概念后，一个人该如何用自己的眼睛甚至整个身心去观察与表达。

一：

结束第一个梦，人性、社会、终极、本质……等全部结束。

进入第二个梦，它是什么样子，我也不知道，并不知道表达什么。

——王忠杰日记，2010年10月13日

王忠杰的早期画作中弥漫着一股昏暗与狂乱的神精神，充斥着梦中或潜意识里的形象：蝴蝶、女体、蛇与豺狼，非美院科班的背景反而给了他更大的创作自由与辨识风格。在2007~2010年间，王忠杰的绘画开始呈现出别样的特征。作品的画面从狂乱与迷醉逐渐走向沉静与沉思，除了保持用色饱满与鲜艳的特质外，也开始兼顾结构的稳定与平衡。画面中的形象开始被逐渐削减，其背景也不再被设置为丛林与旷野，而是转移到了一种充满结构性的空间中。画面中有时会出现一团朦胧混沌的雾气，似乎正在离去。

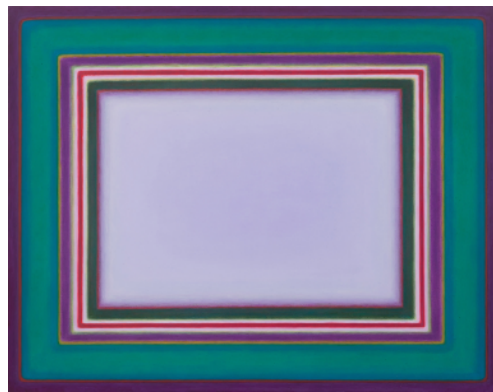
2009年对于王忠杰而言是关键性的一年，那些充满象征意味的形象被削减殆尽，框架与空白的结构也逐步形成。这一年他创作了一系列单色背景之上的“彩色盒子”——似乎在给自己以前钟爱的形象举办某种葬礼。画面中，不论是公鸡、马还是人物，它们似乎都丧失了生的特征，纷纷与“棺材”同框或穿过窄门踏入冥界。画面中背景空间的结构也呈现出一种由复杂走向简洁的倾向：在此系列的创作初始，王忠杰运用各种框架与通道，建造出复杂多重的空间，但随后画面逐渐地被削减为背景、框架与盒子，最后连盒子都消失不见——王忠杰近十年来的“方形”与“空白”的画面结构就此确立。

不管在文字上或在访谈中，王忠杰都没有正面地去描述这一转变。语言在此处抵达了自身的边

界。重要的不再是沟通交流，而是一种感受的共鸣与印证。那时他已经意识到自己多年以来的绘画创作都是处在那个“概念体系”之中，都带着某种眼镜，混杂着概念化的感受。

去画画就是去生活，他必须要思考如何摘掉眼镜，抛弃概念，完全只是去画一种直接而原始的感受。那些象征性的符号形象需要被削减，哪怕最后只剩下一个色块、一条线。

“那段时间是我最难受的时候，每天都在减、减、减。减到最后只剩下画面中间的一根线，还是受不了。因为对我来说这根线还是那些事，依然是那群人，只不过是他们的缩影而已。有一天，我实在受不了，就彻底涂掉了。那是一种瞬间的解脱与从未有过的轻松，虽然什么也没能剩



2018.9-2019.7, 2018-2019, 布面油画, 80×100cm

如果说概念体系是座监狱，王忠杰通过削减形象模糊地感觉到了越狱的方向。然而方向的真正确立并非一蹴而就，从他2009年至今的画作中可以看出他的摸索与试探：“至于确不确定，它是个逐步的过程，走着走着才发现的。我最开始时候的画，最大的才80x100cm。我感觉已经失控了，因为太大了，当时画的最多的是20x30cm。直到近几年，我开始特别不喜欢小画儿。”

与此次展出的作品相比，王忠杰此系列早期的画作的确尺幅较小，而且整体上用色较单一，不同颜色的“方形”之间的界限显得含混不定。通过细致观察画面的变迁，能够看出画家正逐渐变得更加自信：画面更加纯粹与精炼，用色也更为丰富，空白之处变得更为空白，更加独立且脱离于周围的色彩，不再延续某种模糊的同一性。

然而问题依旧悬而未决：王忠杰为什么选择以这种方式去表现自己的感觉？或者说，他的感觉为什么呈现为这种形态？在被问及他的绘画究竟是在“去”还是在“藏”时，王忠杰的回答更倾向于后者。所谓“藏”就是：“将所要表达的东西隐去，不是要让观众直接看到什么，而是在内心深处触及到什么。就像希腊群山中的神庙，它不仅仅是为神提供居所，更是要让信徒感受到神的存在。”他直言，“我的状态即是画面的状态，尽管心与图像是截然不同的两种物质。”

二：

不知从何时开始，渐渐感到自己从“现实”中的消失，渐渐地、却又逐步强烈地感觉到“存在”。

——王忠杰日记，2009年12月14日

在许多场合，包括在访谈中，王忠杰都坦言自己不喜欢人群，也不喜欢说话。为此他从河南郑州搬家到小城登封，闭门作画。尽管他最关心的是人，但他不喜欢人身上多变且不稳定的特性。这种趣味延伸到了他对光线的喜好。他喜欢清晨的光线，从一个方向射入，清澈稳定，而到了中午光线开始漫散到四面八方，失去了那种稳定感。

稳定感同样也是王忠杰为他所追求的东西所起的代号，绘画之于他是一种找寻的方式。在日记里他也一直试图用语言去找寻它，它被称为本质，也是核心，是真实，也是深层感知，是心也是魂。然而语言这件工具对他而言并不“趁手”，甚至与“艺术”之间存着本质的对立。绘画就是绘画，它不是语言的附属品，也不是其图解，更不是为了讲故事，它要呈现的是那个无法呈现的东西，绘画需要在语言终止处继续前行。

对王忠杰来说，绘画首先是某种能够战胜概念引力的东西。概念总是以其安全与舒适将人限定起来，而绘画就是试图跑到监狱外面，是一场通往未知的实验。这十年来，他在不断地拒绝概念、风格、体系，为此需要把故事、情节、情感叙述、解释等等绝对地去掉。他在追求着不可知的，总在变动的，当下的鲜活感受以及其中潜藏的秩序。然而在画面中拒绝一切符号与形象，这样的逃离对艺术家而言是一场考验。

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2018-a-2, 2018, 布面油画, 80 × 100cm

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“到从前没有去过的地方，其实很心慌，很多时候你想回头，因为心里不安全。对我来说，回去是不对的，所以只能往前走，但是前面是什么你不知道。罗永进老师问过我类似的问题，当时我下意识地回答他‘当你离一个事物越来越远的时候，也意味着你离另一个事物越来越近’。”



“大概到了14年的时候，我依然察觉到自己在画一个非常具体的东西。发现依然没有离开过去的那种状态，尽管看起来画面变了，但是还停留在原地，我是在近三四年才基本上脱离开。”

在画面中削减形象的过程是一种还原的过程，王忠杰不断地抛弃形象、隐喻、象征等种种累赘，最终直达事物的核心。在最终的结点上，本心与外部世界呈现出一种自足的同一性，或用他的话说，秩序。因此王忠杰才反复强调，没有内在和外之分，一切都是内在的。重点是要把握住当下鲜活的感知，在彻底摆脱概念束缚之后，空间感、时间感彼此不再界限分明，黄昏也可以是一种空间，可以被感知到其特定的结构；而色彩与形之间则进入迷幻领域，一切源起于混沌此时又回归混沌；时间/空间，死亡/诞生，存在/虚无，外在表象/内在真实之间原本的分界线荡然无存，这就是他作为艺术家对周围世界的深层感知。

三：

精神的对峙，我终于走到山下。

“你未看此花时，此花与汝同归于寂。”

——王忠杰日记，2011年2月21日

展览《2016-9-28~2019-2-24》的标题指明了此次展出作品的创作日期。从观感上来说，因为大量使用了紫色与绿色，这批作品令人感觉色调偏冷。艺术家解释说，“画这些画的时候已经是深秋或初冬了，外界温度的变化直观地体现到了画

面上。（我本能地）借助颜色展示（外界环境）对自身的影响。”可以说，颜色在王忠杰的绘画中起着举足轻重的作用，

“我想说的是颜色，对我来说颜色非常重要。当你非常靠近一种颜色的时候，你会发现颜色蕴含了非常大的能量。当然了，每个人都有自己偏爱的颜色，不过我以前我很少用到绿色，但去年冬天我对绿色有种特别的希望与感受。但当时用绿色也是最费劲的，我画这些绿色至少画了三十遍。它给你带来的感觉就像是挠痒痒一样，挠对了就对了，挠不对就仅仅是种颜色。”

在我们与王忠杰在访谈中，他把自己的创作形容为是爬山或行走，具体反映到画面上则更多地是阶梯式的演进。他的画是“晚熟的果子”，一幅画可能要让他工作很长时间，但最重要的是最后的几天——经过前期的不断涂抹描绘，画面在某一时刻突然成立了。就像在被“挠对”的那一刻，所有的画面信息都显得各安其所。

长久注视那片被彩色方形围起来的空白，让我们不禁好奇，那些被削减掉的形象都去了哪里，以及它们的消亡是否有着某种肯定性的意义，而不仅仅只是一种逃离。从前画面中的那些公鸡、豺狼与人体除了能够充当隐喻形象之外，也提供了画家之外的视角，以确保整体风景的客观性。形象的存在确保了观众与艺术家达成共识的可能性，同样也意味着画家是在某种“共识”之上进行创作。正如维特根斯坦的研究指出，不存在所谓的“私人语言”，无论画家为那些形象赋予何

种意涵，它们最终都会落入到某种“概念”之中。一方是作为客体的画面形象，另一方则是由分享同一套概念体系的画家与观众组成的审视主体。然而当画家的目光转向未被语言或概念干扰的纯粹感受时，那些形象就必然地面临消亡——而这同样也意味着他者的消失。

“你未看此花时，此花与汝同归于寂”。这种哲学上的主观唯心主义，向来难以去处理他者的存在——他们不是主体，却又不像是客体。毋宁说王忠杰是在用这句格言来描述他的感受：一个没有他者的世界，在他人彻底缺失的情境下，意识及其对象，主体与客体合而为一。在此心即宇宙的感知里，事物按照另一种完全相异的方式组织起来，并蜕变成一幅幅没有相似物的形象，物自身的复本或纯粹的元素。失去了他者所提供的视角以及其背后的共识结构，对他而言，唯一得救的可能就是继续往深处、更深处前行。在逃离“监狱”之后，王忠杰不再需要依靠他人去帮他确认“此花”的存在。在深度与表面浑然不可分的深度感知里，王忠杰经由深度折返回外部表面，并用画笔带回事物的某个尚且不被人所知的形象，它们在分子层面上散发的微光，人与宇宙之间隐秘的共振。

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