

艺术界

2012
十二月号
DEC.

RMB¥50
HK\$60
NT\$250
UK£6

THE INTERNATIONAL ART MAGAZINE OF CONTEMPORARY CHINA

LEAP

美术馆生产

MAKING THE MUSEUM

耿建翌/GENG JIANYI

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leapleap.com

ISSN 1003-6865



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鄢醒,《现代、更现代的》,2012年,录像装置、摄影、行为,尺寸可变
Yan Xing. *Modernist, Super-Modernist*, 2012, video installation, photography, performance, dimensions variable
Copyright: PinchukArtCentre, 2012, PHOTO: Sergey Illin

作为今年唯一入围“未来世代艺术奖”的中国艺术家，鄢醒为《艺术界》撰文介绍了他在基辅的见闻、工作以及最新作品。

The Future Generation Art Prize, established by the Victor Pinchuk Foundation, is granted to artists under the age of 35. Yan Xing, the only Chinese artist and the youngest artist to be shortlisted this year, writes for LEAP about his visit to Kiev, his profession, and his latest creation.

10月28日凌晨三点我准备去往这辈子还没想过要去的城市——乌克兰基辅。要知道，我从小可是个地图迷，9岁就能背出近百个国家的首都名，十二分地响应了“胸怀祖国，放眼世界”的方针。尽管如此，在到达基辅之前，心里只有对异国他乡的陌生感。坐上乌克兰空中世界的航班，各种彪悍的男人开始在眼前晃，经过近10小时的飞行，我到达了鲍里斯波尔机场。这简直比我想象的还要异国，分明就是一个象征主义的“故乡”嘛。这种“政治与异国他乡”

的疏离感扑面而来，搭着这雨夹雪的天气，好像似曾相识。在酒店短暂休整后，忍不住奔去平丘克艺术中心探班，却没想到被保安拦下挡在门外20分钟。紧接着被大帅哥策展人比约恩领着——介绍已开始布展的艺术家们，而我，只想赶紧去往自己的作品布展现场打探。哇，又是一件“杰作”呀，你们一定难以想象我那酸溜溜的眼泪又快飙出来了。由于这是一件全新的委任作品，在过去的两个月中，我与“未来世代艺术奖”的项目协调人伊里娜已经往来了超过

文 / TEXT: 鄢醒 / Yan Xing

ON OCTOBER 28 at 3 a.m., I prepare to go to Kiev, Ukraine—a city that, thus far in my life, I had not thought about visiting. You should know that when I was a child, I was in love with geography. At the tender age of nine I could recite from memory the capitals of nearly 100 countries. I fully bought into the propagandist line, “look to the world with the interests of our motherland at heart.” Even so, prior to arriving in Kiev, all I felt inside was the apprehension of visiting a foreign land. All sorts of tough-looking men pass in front of my eyes on the Ukraine International Airline flight. After about ten hours in the air, I arrive at Boryspil Airport, which turns out to be much more foreign and exotic than I had imagined. It is a “homeland” in a very much symbolic sense. The feeling of political and cultural detachment, combined with the rainy weather, seems almost familiar. After a brief respite in the hotel, I head to the PinchukArtCentre for a visit, but am kept at the gate by security for 20 minutes. Thereafter, the handsome curator Bjorn Geldhof introduces me to the other artists, who are already preparing their artworks, but the only thing on my mind is getting to work installing my own. Everywhere I look is another masterpiece. You can’t possibly imagine the tears of jealousy that secretly spill inside me as I walk with

Bjorn. The piece I chose for the exhibition was created entirely remotely, having exchanged over 80 emails with Irina, who manages the Future Generation Prize operations. I have been dreaming of finally seeing the installation every day, and when I finally lay eyes on it, I am truly surprised—I must say that this is one of the best teams I’ve ever worked with. Capped with a mixture of jet lag and various indescribable forms of excitement, the day ends.

October 29. I arrive at the center in the morning to begin installation, my mind vacillating between anticipation and expectation. My experience installing exhibitions in China does not serve me well in Europe, placing me in a prolonged sense of frustration. If you were to have seen the miraculous speed of installation in China, you would lose patience with the systemic waiting in Europe. In this state of agitation I decide to step out for fresh air. I aimlessly follow the steady stream of people through majestic Kreschatik Street all the way to Independence Square. As the beautiful northern scenery passes before my eyes, the unfinished work back at the art center is still firmly on my mind. My “good student” instincts grow unmanageable and I resolutely turn around and head back—to the promised land of art. When I arrive, I carry on random conversations with

the other artists. “Is this your first time in Kiev?” “The caviar in the Besarab-sky market across the way is excellent!” “Shall we grab a drink somewhere in a bit?” These are normal daily conversations between artists. You see, I’ve long decided that artists do not need to converse in an “artistic” way. Just as I decide to relax and not think about the exhibition, the other artists all decide to go for traditional Ukrainian cuisine. At dinner, the conversation turns to the state of contemporary Chinese art in the eyes of the international art community. I’ve talked about the subject so many times, the discussion is a mindless routine for me. We head to a bar after dinner, and I’m out past 2 a.m. doing shots of pepper vodka.

On October 30 I walk to the art center to oversee installation. Simply put, my piece is like this: In the middle of the gallery a corridor is set aside, the walls of which constitute the core of the work. Viewers can walk on either side. This work is my re-interpretation of Modernism: a space filled with sand, a minimalist bench, a modernist chaise lounge, the title of a work by Richard Hamilton, a giant projection of human genitals, a snake, a middle-class hero portrayed by a male actor, and a copy of Ernest Hemingway’s *Death in the Afternoon*. Outside the corridor, another artist describes these objects. As is my habit from the past, the focus of the



艾米莉·罗伊斯顿,《我们短暂的世纪》
2012年,展览现场,平丘克艺术中心
Emily Roysdon, *Our Short Century*, 2012,
Installation view, PinchukArtCentre
Courtesy of the PinchukArtCentre, copyright:
2012, PHOTO: Sergey Illin

80封电子邮件。我每天都在幻想能早点看到它,当真的看到作品雏形时,着实令我吃了一惊——不得不说是我所合作过的执行能力最强的团队之一。在倒时差与各种莫名的兴奋后,这一天结束了。

10月29日上午到达中心开始布展,交叉经历着“等待”与“期待”。长期在中国布展所养成的恶习经常在欧洲失效,这令我陷入了无法释怀的失落中。如果你和我一样,经历过中国奇迹般的布展,肯定会对欧洲慢条斯理的“等待”失去耐心。在这不耐烦的等待中我决定出去透口气。尾随着人流,顺着气势磅礴的赫雷夏蒂克街一直到了独立广场,漫无目的地走。映入眼帘的是北国风情,心里却还惦记着那尚未完成的“杰作”。“好学生”的恶习还是抑制不住地发作了,毅然决定往回走——往艺术的康庄大道上走。回到艺术中心后却又开始和艺术家们有一句没一句地瞎聊,“你是第一次来基辅吗?”“对面Besarabsky市场的鱼子酱很棒!”“待会儿去哪儿喝一杯?”这种日常的交流才是艺术家们最正常的交谈,要知道,我早就堕落地认为艺术不需要“艺术地”交流了。果不其然,正当我放松地把布展工作彻底甩开后,大家又决定出去吃乌克兰传统菜。席间,伶牙俐齿的我,开始跑马灯一样地聊到了国际视野中的中国当代艺术,这种话题聊过太多次,基本可以不动脑子。饭后,大家奔向一家酒吧,我喝了两杯辣椒伏特加,基本就不行了。

10月30日步行去艺术中心监工。简单地说,我的作品是这样的:在美术馆隔了一间回廊,观众可以在两侧穿行,墙体内部是作品的主要部分。这件作品有我对“现代主义”的再次诠释:有铺满砾石的空间,有极简主义的长凳,有现代主义时期的躺椅,有汉密尔顿的作品标题,有巨大的生殖器摄影,有一条蛇,有一位男性演员扮演的中产阶级精英,还有一本海明威的《午后之死》。墙体外是另外一位艺术家对这些材料的描述。和我过去的作品一样,所有的细节都体现在对“微差”的描述上,气质既不能太辣又不能太酸,这是我对接下来的作品方向一次自娱自乐的尝试。今天的主要任务是等待那张巨大的摄影装裱归来;看看这条找了很久终于找到的蛇;瞅瞅两位帅气的演员。午后,蛇来了,美。演员来了,更美,穿上正装之后,我不争气地被这些“美”震晕了。但所有的布展都是不断解决问题的过程,照片送到后才发现,由于我的判断失误,错将两块玻璃同时并用,导致反光过分严重。临时决定拆除其中一块玻璃。就这样,我带着一脸的失落回到酒店,又不得不迅速调整情绪充满斗志地开始为即将开幕的英国个展做最后的准备。

10月31日奔向艺术中心做视频采访。不巧,迟到了20分钟。原本昨天已经思忖好如何作答,但一扎进摄制团队面对着那熟悉得不行的镜头,本性难掩,立马开始了不靠谱的蹩脚表演。英语忘词儿,说话结巴,忍不住笑场……一个小时后心惊肉跳地发现聪明的布展团队已经把昨天决定拆走的那块玻璃取走了。当然,最后留给艺术家的,总是那些永远都处理不完的细节。比如,最后才发现搭建的空间照明不足,要在已经搭建完成的空间加灯意味着要增加更多的线槽,甚至要出现很多明线。经过半天的纠结后,为了照明更符合预期,我决定在观众看不到的地方加上四盏灯。和技术团队协商沟通之后。我们决定使用卡普尔在这里使用过的柔和散光灯。灯一点上,我又醉了,美。深夜,带着布展结束的轻松与奔放的心邀约艺术家们一起前往酒吧豪饮,最后迷迷糊糊回了酒店,又是一个难忘的夜晚。

11月1日的主要工作是媒体预览,还得把作品全部收尾。在一切与专业相关的工作之后,我代理画廊的瑞士总监飞来基辅,带着我去了乌克兰排名第一的餐厅,各种肉

各种撑,恨不得带两个胃。

11月2日开幕。和我经历的无数个开幕一样,填满了虚荣的一颗心,撑满了追逐名利的另一颗心,也许还有很多等待征服的别有用心,这些都是塑造我存在感的一部分。在人来人往的一刹那,突然有点忧伤,去美术馆楼下透口气,看到埃及艺术家巴瑟姆·麦格迪的作品《给青年及求智者的建议,2012》,上面有一句话是这样的——“With Every Purchase or Exchange”(“随着每一次的购买和交换”)。尽管如此,我还是像经历过的无数个开幕一样被酒精给毁了。

11月3日。我是这样离开基辅的:在伦敦希思罗转机的9小时中,入境花去1小时、整理电脑里的文件花去1小时、吃饭花去1小时、发邮件花去1小时、喝酒花去2小时,为《艺术界》写这篇文章花去2小时、现在二麻二麻晃悠悠地等待最后的1小时。

2012“未来世代艺术奖”提名展
平丘克艺术中心
2012年11月3日-2013年1月6日

巴瑟姆·麦格迪,《给青年及求智者的建议,2012》,2012年,展览现场,平丘克艺术中心
Basim Magdy, *Advice for the Young and the Seekers of Sanity, 2012*, 2012, installation view, PinchukArtCentre
Copyright: PinchukArtCentre, 2012, PHOTO: Sergey Illin



piece is manifested in the description of the “micro-differences.” Its general disposition must not be too incisive, nor too cynical. This is a self-indulgent attempt that may decide the direction of my future work. My main tasks of the day are to wait for the arrival of the giant mounted photograph; admire the snake, the result of a long search; and steal glances at the two handsome actors. The snake arrives in the early afternoon. It's beautiful. The actors arrive. Even more beautiful. After they put on their suits, I'm dumbstruck by their beauty. But the process of installation is no more than a process of continually resolving minor crises. The photograph arrives and I realize that due to a miscalculation, I ordered two glass panes, which leads to excessive reflection. We decide to remove one of them. I walk back to the hotel, my face covered in disappointment. But I must get it together. I have to make final preparations for an upcoming solo exhibition in the UK.

On October 31, I head to the art center for a video interview. Unfortunately I am 20 minutes late. I had thought up answers the previous evening, but once I get in front of the camera, its all-too-familiar lens, I cannot help but turn into my old self, adlibbing my responses on the spot. I keep fumbling with my English and stuttering... An hour later, I head over to the installation and see that the team has already removed the glass pane from yesterday. All that's left to the artist are the endless details. For instance, I realize in the end that there isn't enough lighting, and adding lights in the finished space requires additional cable trays, and perhaps even exposed wiring. After much deliberation, I decide to add four lights in places invisible to the public, in order to achieve the original lighting requirements. After negotiating with the technicians, we decide on some soft floodlights that Anish Kapoor had used here previously. As the lights turn on, I lose myself again. Beautiful. Late night, I meet up with the other artists to hit the bars late, at ease with myself and eager to rock the town now that the installation



莱亚内·塔贝特,《建筑课——五个遥远回忆的局部:手提箱、房间、玩具、船和马拉多纳》
2012年,展览现场,平丘克艺术中心
Rayyane Tabet, *Architecture Lessons, Part of Five Distant Memories: The Suitcase, The Room, The Toys, The Boat and Maradona*, 2012, installation view, PinchukArtCentre
Copyright: PinchukArtCentre, 2012, PHOTO: Sergey Illin

is complete. I head back to the hotel with limited consciousness. Another unforgettable night.

November 1. My primary responsibility is to attend the media preview and to tie off any loose ends on the installation. After finishing work for the day, the Swiss director of the gallery that represents me flies to Kiev and takes me out to one of the top restaurants in the city. An assortment of meats stuffs me to the gills; I wish I had a second stomach to hold all the food.

November 2. The official opening of the exhibition. As with many other exhibitions in the past, this one fills my heart with vanity, stuffs another heart with greed, and perhaps yet a number of others with other intentions. They all serve to mold my existence. As I watch the visitors I suddenly feel a pang of sadness. I walk out for some

fresh air, then come back in to watch *Advice for the Young and the Seekers of Sanity* by the Egyptian artist Basim Magdy, where I notice the line “With Every Purchase or Exchange.” Even so, I am once again ruined by alcohol, as I have been numerous times at other exhibition openings.

November 3. I leave Kiev in the following fashion: during the nine-hour layover at Heathrow, I spend one hour clearing customs, one hour organizing files on my laptop, one hour eating, one hour sending emails, two hours drinking, and two hours writing this for LEAP. Now I plan to relax for the last hour, before boarding my next flight. (Translated by Frank Qian) 🇺🇸

21 Artists Shortlisted for the Future
Generation Art Prize 2012
PinchukArtCentre
2012.11.03-2013.01.06