

LENIN IN 1918

GALERIEURSMEILE 麦勒画廊

鄢醒 近作 Yan Xing Recent Works

2013



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某个人 的肖像

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Someone's Portrait

by Xie Nanxing

两年前我遇到一个自称老乡和校友的人，提到跟我同一个中学，同一个街区，自称神童。我不愿意相信他。

在亿多瑞酒吧里，他指着鸡尾酒让我请一杯，结果第二天所有人都知道我这张古怪表情的脸和一杯椰林飘香的写真照。我不愿相信他。

但这两年里提到他的人越来越多，好像一个未知的传奇人物，穿过大街走向学校，挤进鲫人群，打磨着每个人的耳朵，他们都相信有这个人，但我不相信。

在某个画廊里看见他背对观众，一边唱邓丽君的老歌一边唠唠叨叨讲自己儿时的故事，一个小时自唱自演，没人见过他的长相，人说：故事像真的，我说：不能相信他。

传奇像疯长的野草，深深地刺得人心痒痒，也刺痛了某些紧张的心，一天他说：我入围了平丘克“未来世代艺术奖”。我半信半疑。

问题也不是没有，在另一个世界，网络中出现了关注过多的嘴，话题阻塞了他的世界，以至于他说的话和别人骂他的话纠缠成团，他的这个世界就是根烂麻绳。人们开始不相信。

性，苏醒的魔鬼，一条盘亘在意识中的小蛇，但要在口中把它夸大成一座蛇山真为难他，比如，他说它胃大如斗可以吃掉所有男人，其实他更爱画中蛇。人们开始相信他心中有邪魔。

撒谎，撒谎开始了旅途，对不相信传说的平凡之人发起反抗。他的心底深处自始至终不会相信艺术，所以他很快速地学会了编造术，这门教材中的主要手段他都活学妙用，比如挪用、修辞、篡改、借题发挥、穿针引线、拆东补西等等，这个改编自艺术史却任意抒发一个男性自学成才的种种情节，归根结底想告诉人们：相信我吧！

I met him two years ago, the man who claimed to know my home. We had attended the same school, he said, grown up in the same neighborhood, he said, he was a child prodigy, he said. But I would not believe him.

In a bar called the Eudora, he pointed to a cocktail on the menu, inviting me to buy him a drink. The next everyone saw the photo of the piña colada and the strange expression on my face. But I would not believe him.

Two years passed and more and more people came to know his name, an unknown legend, he crossed the street and approached the school, edged into the teeming crowd, catching their ears. They all believed his story, but I did not.

Standing in a gallery, his back turned to the crowd, he sang old Teresa Teng classics and chattered on about his childhood, one hour passed in stories and songs, but no one saw his face. They said: “The stories could be real.” I said: “Do not believe him.”

Growing wild like a weed, the legend struck deep, tickling their emotions, and pricking the more anxious among them. One day he said: “I have been short-listed for the Future Generation Art Prize by the Victor Pinchuk Foundation.” I was not convinced.

The problems came, from another world, from the clamor of voices in cyberspace. His own world was choked by their conversations, and his words became entangled with the names that they threw at him. His own world was rotten, a rotten rope of hemp. They started to doubt him.

Sex, an awakening demon, a snake, winding through his consciousness, it troubled him to make the snake a mountain in his mouth. He said the snake could devour all men, but he loved the snake in the painting. They believed him possessed by a demon.

It was lies, lies that began the journey, lies that aroused defiance among the mortals that doubted the legend. In the depths of his heart he had never believed in art, and so, he swiftly learned the art of fabrication, misappropriation, rhetoric, distortion, exaggeration... He mastered every chapter of the book. An adaptation from art history gave voice to the story of any self-taught man, his message to them after all: Believe me!

Translated from the Chinese by Lucy Johnston