

## 展评 Article | 穆斯塔法·博伽 | 针线缝制时间的河

穆斯塔法·博伽 (Mustafa Boğa) 在南柯画廊 (Nan Ke Gallery) 的个展“*For the Lives We Couldn't Hold On To*”中，艺术家以针线为笔，影像为墨，织绣了一部关于记忆、失去与坚韧的史诗。展览标题本身便是一种诗意的悖论——那些“我们无法紧握的生命”，恰恰被选择、凝固、永恒定格。穆斯塔法的创作跨越刺绣、影像、装置与行为表演，将个人家族史与土耳其南部的地域文化转化为一场对集体记忆的考古。

### 刺绣作为抵抗的档案

展览开篇的系列单色刺绣作品，如“在湖中” (In the Lake) 中那双沉入水中的腿，或“骑手” (Rider) 中模糊却鲜明的面颊，以质朴、真实而温情的视觉语言传递复杂的情感密度。穆斯塔法将新闻工作者的纪实本能与电影导演的叙事敏感注入刺绣这一传统工艺，使其成为“对抗遗忘的武器”。针脚不仅是装饰，更是伤痕的隐喻——每一针都在修复被时间撕裂的记忆断层。这些作品呼应了瓦尔特·本雅明对摄影的思考：当官方历史聚焦宏大叙事时，艺术家的使命是打捞那些“被忽视的普通人痕迹”。

### 橙树，或文化的根系

“橙树” (Orange Tree) 系列构成了展览的诗学核心。在阿达纳的土壤中，橙树既是农业经济的支柱，也是文化基因的载体。穆斯塔法以树木的生命周期（开花—结果—凋零—重生）映射移民、离散与身份认同的流动性。刺绣的橙子被刻意剥离具体语境，既是个体童年的私密符号，也成为观者投射自身记忆的空白画布。这种“匿名化”策略巧妙解构了档案艺术的权力逻辑——谁的记忆值得保存？在穆斯塔法的作品中，私人叙事与集体共鸣不断转换。借由“橙树”的意象，超越了地域语境的共鸣被广泛地唤醒。

### 仪式作为时间的褶皱

多屏影像装置“多年梦寐的童话开端” (Because Ours Could be the Beginning of a Beautiful Fairy Tale Dreamed of for Years) 置身于黑色的房间，以交叉而重叠的叙事创建引人遐思的生动片段。艺术家将三十年间家族婚礼录像碎片重组为一场超现实的仪式剧场。新娘的颤抖手指、舞蹈时扬起的裙摆、交换礼物的瞬间——这些影像既是对传统的致敬，也是对历史线性叙事的颠覆。穆斯塔法关注的不是“确凿的根源”，而是“晦暗的痕迹”。作品中的时间如同Çukurova平原的风，裹挟着几代人的呼吸在此刻凝结。

### 记忆的民主化实践

展览中，反复出现的黑白刺绣超越了怀旧情绪，构建了一种独属于情感本身的调和——毁灭与欢愉、缺席与存在在此达成微妙平衡。穆斯塔法刻意回避彩色，迫使观者专注于形式的纯粹性，即记录本身。这种选择暗合展览的核心命题：当记忆本身已足够沉重，任何修饰都是冗余。移动的绣线揭示着老照片的本质，邀请观众既阅读图像本身，也阅读艺术家对图像的干预。

对艺术家而言，刺绣实践并非简单的图像复现，而是一场关于触觉政治的宣言。在数字影像泛滥的时代，他刻意选择耗时的刺绣——每一针的穿刺、每一根丝线的缠绕，都是对“瞬时性”的抵抗。刺绣的物质性在此被推向极致：丝线的光泽呼应记忆的明暗变化，打结的线头成为未愈合的伤口，而布面的凹凸则暗示历史叙述的褶皱。这种创作方式与展览中的影像装置互为映衬：数码像素的虚拟性与绣线的实体性相互撕扯，最终在凝视中达成和解。

穆斯塔法·博伽的创作始终在追问：在时间这个“无情的沙漠”中，如何让一粒沙成为纪念碑？“For the Lives We Couldn't Hold On To”给出的答案令人动容——通过将日常转化为仪式，将个体伤痛升华为集体疗愈。当观众离开展厅时，或许会想起展厅入口引用的 Nazım Hikmet 诗句：“生活不是玩笑/你必须像松鼠一样严肃地活着”。穆斯塔法的作品正是这种“严肃生活”的证明：在历史的长河中，那些被权力机制边缘化的生命，终将在艺术的疆域里获得尊严与永生。

In his solo exhibition "For the Lives We Couldn't Hold On To" at Nan Ke Gallery, Mustafa Boğa uses needle and thread as his brush, weaving an epic of memory, loss, and resilience. The exhibition's title itself is a poetic paradox—those "lives we couldn't hold on to" are precisely the ones selected, preserved, and eternally crystallized. Mustafa's practice spans embroidery, video, installation, and performance, transforming personal family history and the regional culture of southern Turkey into an archaeology of collective memory.

### **Embroidery as an Archive of Resistance**

The exhibition opens with a series of monochromatic embroideries, such as the submerged legs in "In the Lake" or the blurred yet vivid cheek in "Rider," conveying complex emotional depth through a visual language that is simple, raw, and tender. Mustafa infuses the traditional craft of embroidery with a journalist's documentary instinct and a filmmaker's narrative sensitivity, turning it into a "weapon against forgetting." The stitches are not mere ornamentation but metaphors for scars—each puncture mends the fractures torn open by time. These works echo Walter Benjamin's reflections on photography: while official history fixates on grand narratives, the artist's task is to salvage the "traces of the overlooked ordinary."

### **Orange Tree, Roots of Culture**

The "Orange Tree" series forms the poetic core of the exhibition. In the soil of Adana, the orange tree is both an anchor of agricultural economy and a vessel of cultural DNA. Mustafa maps the tree's life cycle (blossoming—fruiting—withering—rebirth) onto the fluidity of migration, diaspora, and identity. The embroidered oranges are deliberately stripped of specific context, functioning as intimate symbols of personal childhood while also becoming blank canvases for viewers to project their own memories. This strategy of "anonymization" deftly deconstructs the power dynamics of archival art—whose memories are deemed worth preserving? In Mustafa's work, private narratives and collective echoes continuously shift. Through the motif of the orange tree,

a resonance transcending regional boundaries is awakened.

### **Ritual as the Fold of Time**

The multi-channel video installation "Because Ours Could be the Beginning of a Beautiful Fairy Tale Dreamed of for Years" unfolds in a darkened room, layering fragmented, overlapping narratives into evocative vignettes. The artist reassembles three decades of family wedding footage into a surreal ritual theater. The bride's trembling fingers, the swirl of a dancing skirt, the moment of exchanging gifts—these images are both homages to tradition and subversions of linear historical storytelling. Mustafa is less interested in "definitive origins" than in "obscure traces." Time in these works is like the wind of Çukurova Plain, carrying the breaths of generations to solidify in the present.

### **The Democratization of Memory**

Throughout the exhibition, recurring black-and-white embroideries transcend nostalgia, constructing a reconciliation unique to emotion itself—where destruction and joy, absence and presence, achieve delicate equilibrium. Mustafa deliberately avoids color, compelling viewers to focus on the purity of form, on the act of documentation. This choice mirrors the exhibition's central thesis: when memory itself is heavy enough, any embellishment is superfluous. The shifting threads reveal the essence of old photographs, inviting the audience to read both the image and the artist's intervention upon it.

For Mustafa, embroidery is not mere image reproduction but a manifesto on the politics of touch. In an era drowning in digital imagery, he deliberately chooses the laborious process—each puncture, each twist of thread, is a defiance of "instantaneity." The materiality of embroidery is pushed to its limits here: the sheen of silk mirrors memory's chiaroscuro, knotted threads become unhealed wounds, and the texture of fabric hints at the folds of historical narrative. This approach resonates with the video installations, where the virtuality of pixels and the tactility of thread pull against each other, only to reconcile in the act of gazing.

Mustafa Boğa's work persistently asks: In the "merciless desert" of time, how can a grain of sand become a monument?" For the *Lives We Couldn't Hold On To* offers a moving answer—by transforming the everyday into ritual, elevating personal wounds into collective healing. As viewers exit the gallery, they may recall the line by Nazım Hikmet quoted at the entrance: "Life is no joke / You must live it with the seriousness of a squirrel." Mustafa's art is proof of such "serious living": in the long river of history, those lives marginalized by power structures finally reclaim dignity and immortality in the realm of art.

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