

# 展览评论：“面对生活，我不知道如何是好，除了创作”（2023）

文/ Leslie Dong

夕背 2000 年出生，今年 23 岁，是非常年轻的艺术家的。年轻几乎是某些词组的代名词——尤其在这个年代：“不确定性”，“不成熟”，“仍在摸索”，“变化”，“迷茫”……奥逊·威尔斯<sup>①</sup>说过想要收获一个完美的结尾，就应当知道要让故事在哪里收尾。不过从来没有人能够明确地道明故事应该从哪里开始，所以当大伙都不能笃定此刻是否已经是最合适的时机时，他们就这样盘腿在门外坐下来，时不时朝门内张望，但只要里面那个权力大的惊人的守卫抬眼一瞥，就吓得他们赶紧缩回脑袋，还不忘拍拍胸口安慰自己“还是稳妥点好”。在等待的日子里，他们的主意太多了，金银财宝一股脑都要塞给守门人——他们谋划的充分，却迟迟等不到开始的指令。

“所有的人都想到达法，”乡下人说，“但这么多年，除了我以外，却没有一个人求见法，这是为什么呢？”守门人看出乡下人马上就要死了，为了在他死前让他听见，便在他耳边大喊道：“谁也不能得到走进这道门的允许，因为这道门是专为你而开的。现在我要去把它关上了。”<sup>②</sup>

为此我特地询问了夕背，她很诧异——她从来没有遇到类似的门和守门人。在夕背的眼中，艺术家只是对那些持续创作的人的一种称呼而已，最重要的是在于当下想要创作的冲动和坚持，日复一日年复一年地创作，就算手里只有铅笔和白纸，或者只有飘在街上的落叶，只要有创作的冲动，它们都可以成为很好的开端工具。她从来没有笃定地认为自己会成为一位艺术家，甚至她说她的生活曾经一团糟——她一度在深海中潜泳，蓝色温暖的水域抚慰创伤，让人忘记时间。但在万籁俱寂的时候她发现视线被黑色锁住，她不知所措地浮到海面，一场风暴在海天交际之处骤然生成，狂风大作卷起百丈巨浪。在这样的时刻，她不知如何是好，她也不清楚自己是否还能顺利回到原本生活的那艘大船上；不过夕背很快意识到，如果她还想要回去，那么伤口将毫无意义。人们通常最惧怕的是未知，不确定的一切都会让人感到虚无，但一场暴风雨也许会让我们更接近我们的生活——在风暴中，船会被撕碎颠覆，会触礁沉海；但人会在被划伤后痊愈，会寻得方向游上岸。待一切都尘埃落定，夕背和你我都明白，我们不再是当初那个未经暴风雨的人了。风暴止息，世界走向它的路——我们走进我们的门，却仍不知我们是从何时开始。

暴风雨来临的时候，我们无暇顾及伤痛——在风浪中生存下来是唯一的念头，但事后回想起那些与之斗争的种种惊险与伤痛，不免有些难以释怀。而在夕背这批新作的创作历程中，肉眼可见的淤青和伤痕跃然于画布上，已无大碍，不鲜血淋漓；生活避免不了总会受伤，走路踉跄也会磕碰擦伤。伤好难免留个疤，但有些伤疤似乎已经和破碎的瓷器一同被埋进土里，不再激情地诉说痛苦来临时的那段日子或者那个瞬间，也不再鲜活得如昨日重现。似在亲密关系的博弈中，伤疤静悄悄，越埋越深：尚无科学研究证明它是否能被大地降解，也没有足够的证据表明它最终会变为成长的养分——那就赞扬每一个勇敢坚定的自我吧，寒来暑往，我们总会冒出绿芽，长出嫩肤，面对下一次紧密结合或者擦肩而过的创伤。

“面对生活，我依然不知道如何是好，也始终学不会如何避免受伤，我只能创作。”

1 奥逊·威尔斯 (Orson Welles, 1915年5月6日—1985年10月10日), 美国男演员、导演、编剧、制片人。其代表作有《公民凯恩》《第三人》《历劫佳人》等。

2 出自 Franz Kafka *BEFORE THE LAW* (中译见弗朗茨·卡夫卡, 《在法的门前》, 章国峰译, 北京: 中央译编社, 2015年。)

## Exhibition Review: “I don't know what to do with life, I can only create” (2003)

Text by Leslie Dong

Born in 2000, Sonia Jia is 23 years old. She is a very young artist. Youth is almost synonymous with certain phrases: “uncertainty”, “immaturity”, “still figuring things out”, “changing”, “lost”…… Orson Welles<sup>①</sup> said that to reap the benefits of a perfect ending, one should know where to let the story end. However, no one has ever been able to clearly state where the story should begin, so when the group is not sure if this moment is the most appropriate time, they just sit down cross-legged outside the door, occasionally looking towards the door, but as soon as the incredibly powerful guard inside raised his eyes and glanced at them, they were scared and quickly retracted their heads, pat their chests to reassure themselves that it is better to be safe than sorry. In the days of waiting, they are too smart that they had to give all goods to the gatekeeper—they plotted well, but could not wait for the order to begin.

“Everyone strives after the law,” says the man, “so how is that in these many years on one except me has requested entry?” The gatekeeper sees that the man is already dying and, in order to reach his diminishing sense of hearing, he shouts at him, “Here no one else can gain entry, since this entrance was assigned only to you. I'm going now to close it.”<sup>②</sup>

I asked Sonia about this, and she was surprised——she had never encountered a similar door or gatekeeper. Sonia says the artist is just a term for those who continue to create, the most important thing is the impulse and persistence, day after day, even if there are only pencils and papers in their hands, or only fallen leaves floating on the street, as long as there is the impulse to create, they can all be good tools to start with. She never thought she was going to be an artist, even as she says her life used to be a mess——she once dived in the deep sea, the warm blue waters soothing trauma and making one forget time. But when all was quiet she found her vision locked in darkness, she was getting overwhelmed and floated to the surface, where a storm arose suddenly where the sea and sky met, and strong winds swept up huge waves. She didn't know what to do in such a moment, and she wasn't sure if she would ever be able to make it back to the large ship she had originally lived on; but Sonia soon realised that the wound would be meaningless if want it back. What people usually fear most is the unknown, and everything that is uncertain will make people feel nothingness, but a storm may bring us closer

to our lives——in a storm, ships will be torn apart and upturned, hit rocks and sink into the sea; but people will recover after being scratched, they will find their way to swim ashore. When the dust settles, you and I will realize that we are no longer the same people we were before the storm. The storm stops and the world goes its way——we walk through our doors but still don't know when we started.

When the storm came, we had no time to think about pains——surviving the storm was the only thing in our mind, but it is so hard to let go of thrills and injuries that we have struggled with afterwards. In the process of creating Sonia's new works, the visible bruises and scars jumped out on the canvas, no harm, no blood dripping; it's impossible to avoid getting hurt in the life. Inevitably, the injury will leave a scar, but some scars seem to have been buried in the ground with the broken porcelain, no longer passionately talking about days or moments when the pain came, and no longer as fresh as yesterday. It seems that in the game of intimacy, the scar is silent and buried deeper and deeper: there is no scientific research to prove that it can be degraded by the earth, and there is not enough evidence to show that it will eventually turn into a nutrient for growth——praise each brave and determined ego, time flies, we always sprout green shoots, grow tender skin, and face the trauma in the life.

*"I still don't know what to do with life, and I never learnt how to avoid getting hurt, I can only create."*

*1 George Orson Welles (May 6, 1915 - October 10, 1985) was an American actor, director, screenwriter, and producer who is remembered for his innovative work in film, radio, and theatre. He is considered to be among the greatest and most influential filmmakers of all time.*

*2 Kafka, F. (2017). BEFORE THE LAW.*