

剩余空间 | 李博文：“与我的对话”

文 | 李博文

让我感到好奇的是，除你之外的我们似乎都有一个共识：尽管这些作品似乎本身并不以任何形式召唤语言，我们需要颇为迫切地去做，是与这位艺术家进行交流。但我不认为这是出于一般意义上的“艺术家在场”的原因；我们早已见证过，寥寥可数的几个人的创作与生活被激烈地混淆了。松动了的不仅是所谓的主体性（当然这也意味着被松动了的关系，我与你的关系。而主体性——关于这一点我们还有很多可说的...）。如果我们的确要迫不得已地以古旧的艺术家—作品对立关系来看的话，我们几乎要声称，在这次运动中被建立的、被塑造的，正是在进行这种纷杂而轻盈的创作的那位女性。她是在创作之后出现的怪物。与其说那位女性在进行创作的时候并没有因此而消耗自身（事实上，不能够轻易被任何事物或行动消耗也正是这位女性留给人的印象。也的确是在这些时刻，我们才可以更为直接地讨论某种从无到有的剩余价值），不如说：作品在期待这个主体诞生，为了这个主体的诞生而努力（加油哦）。她是轻盈的（这轻盈给予了沉重可能性）。这似乎不是一般意义上的有着展示意义的展览...

这的确不是。我们见过某些重要而“不完整的”作品，这些作品的不完整性是主动的、悖论式的——“不完整”这件事确认了他们口中常说的“完成度”。而这里的这些作品或许更像Thomas Demand会做的一样：某种“阅后即焚”，展现一种由毁灭催生的完整性，一种（在现在说来罕见的）不自为、不自在的存在。但是以一种很直接的方式呈现在我们面前并引起我们之间短暂争执的，是另一个事实：作品的创作不仅如我们在此尝试想象的一般，与主体以一种不常见的方式联系着。同样重要或更为重要的是（而这只是我的坚持；在这件事上，我是孤立的，不被支持的，我在尝试强调“多”的时候变成了“少”——友谊政治学），艺术家在进行创作的时候以直接的方式声称了、宣布了非人创造的可能。她直接地声称：有着艺术家身份的并不是“我”。或者，更准确地说，进行着创作行为的不是“我”。另一个老式的、古旧的对立——身份与实践（这个古旧的对立几乎相似于我们刚刚提到的另一组对立关系）。关于“我”的印象已经在很大程度上损害了“我”作为艺术家的身份，这艺术家的身份在很大程度上被另一个庞大而重要的身份（“女孩”）掩盖；在此之上或之下的，是困难重重的tracing, retracing——被以一种直接的方式掷入深渊之中的，是这样一个问题：究竟是谁（或什么）进行了创作？

但我需要在这里打断你——我们完全不应在这里进入到这个问题之中去。对于我们其中的许多人来说，这是一个伪命题。尽管我们应当抛出这个问题，但或许只有多年后的什么特定时间出现的魂灵能够回应这个问题，能够承受这个问题的尴尬的轻盈（或沉重）。但被影响、以至于将要激烈地改变的，可能并不是“艺术家”这个身份，而只是“实践”这一回事，如果我们的确选择不去相信什么人之外的主体是能够进行艺术实践的话（哦哦哦）。

这样，我们也可以通过performative speech讨论的迂回，尝试看看钟云舒究竟说了什么（或许我们还要声称，这些“说了的话”的确是要用目光去迎接的）。“复印机是艺术家，我不是”；“上海潮气是艺术家，我不是”；“电子屏幕是艺术家，我不是”——首先，在将这些陈述从众多作品标题中提出来的时候（但我同时尝试坚持：别的作品标题的重要性一点也不比这些要低），我（我不能确定你是不是这样想的；我甚至不能确定我是不是这样想的）马上得到了这样的一个印象：比起什么的确是艺术家来说，更重要的是“我不是”这个绝决的否定。“是艺术家”的，是复印机，是上海潮气，是电子屏幕，以及诸如此类的等等等等；可能是艺术家的，可以是自然物，可以是机器，但是一定不是我。相对于被打开的诸多可能性，更迫切的是被杀死的可能性：我不是。

请打断我们。

对于这种否定的接纳也正是我们在最初遇到的困境：我们选择聆听艺术家可能要说的话，我们在期待她的下一姿态，下一句话，下一个在暂时的小群体中（Oligarchy: naming, enumerating, counting: “How many of us are there? Does that count?”）进行的表达的同时，选择不考虑这些“我不是”的字面意义。“自然”地，这些话语被当做是修辞式的——或者说，是表现式的、表演式的。我们似乎完全清楚：这些“我不是”的字面意义完全比不上其背后的引申意义或与某些艺术理念的回响重要，以至于我们（这不包括我）要马上超越或穿透这被说出的语句，直截了当地去体会这背后的“深邃”意义。

打断我；我们是否要在这里开始选择不尊重performative speech的基本意义呢？或者说，我们要在这里短暂地试探松动performative speech的意义。对于我来说最迫切的讨论：的确，在我们熟悉的语境中，“我不是”首先意味着一种行为，一种表演，一种特殊的performance，一种同时剥夺了自身身份及实践的performance，在这种performance之中，那实行幻术的人让自己消失，但这并不是这个performance的全部：这个performance的整体（如果这种如此捉摸不定的事情也的确是有整体的话）最起码包括（作为框架的）四种人（“I write four times here, around painting.”）：**作为“我”的我，不作为“我”的我，作为“我们”的我们，和不作为“我们”的我们。**不仅那艺术家需要“假装”自己不是艺术家，这观众也不可承认自己便是那观众。这观众要绝决地承认自己是观众之外的观众，在这创作的、属于艺术的时刻中被自身从自身中拉出，完成跳跃，超越或穿透自身，就像要超越或穿透“我不是”以到达那至此愈发混乱的“我/我们”中去一样。这是表演、戏剧、舞台的意义。

事实上，这艺术家在说出这样的话的时候，做了些什么（我们也的确应当在这里简略重申performative speech的意义，因为这是在各种意义上以迷人的手段催人入睡的。）？尽管“复印机是艺术家，我不是”是一句陈述性的话语，但是就像我们在多年前被提醒一般，所谓performative speech和constative speech的区别并不如声称地一般明确。尽管让performative speech诞生的正是这种区别，但constative中包含着performative的可能性，这是吸引我们并让我们说出这样的话语的动机：让我成为“我不是”的，不是别的什么，而只是复印机的作为，和我有关于复印机作为的宣言。这两件事共同如我所希望地一般，威胁着我的（以及甚至是别的什么“我”的）存在。

你不是。然而，在确认了这件事情之后，我们必须马上回到“复印机是艺术家”的力量之中去。

是的。这是这样的一种薄葬，就好像豌豆公主中的女主角所经历的一样：我的身份是通过我的沉睡——也就是南希所描述的“fall”——所确认的。一方面，是理性的沉睡：在我欲望沉睡之时，也就是在我尝试放弃以话语进行抵抗之时，我不可理喻地声称我不是我，无论你是否最终会如同在别的时刻一样选择信任我；另一方面，是因此而产生的戈雅的怪物：复印机、上海的潮气、电子屏幕——所有的这些，以及还将无穷尽添加至这中国百科全书之中的怪物都在我沉睡之时（也就是我暂时堕落于自身、放下所有属于我的事物之时）运动。或，更确切地说，我们猜想，怪物并不是因我的睡眠而产生的，怪物从来就在这里，促使我入睡、走下艺术家的身份以走上“我不是艺术家”的舞台的，正正是这些怪物——无论暂时目盲的我在目睹这些场景时是感到喜悦、恐惧或是简单的疲惫。无论如何，这些怪物的数量是庞大的（“My name is Legion, for we are many.”）；这的确是会让我们疲惫的。

但我从来不感到疲惫。我从来不会让你感到我的疲惫。

也正正是在这些时刻，我们知道，有什么让你不能入睡，让你不能自然地因疲惫而入睡。有什么如豌豆公主所承受的巨大痛苦一般萦绕着你——尽管这对于你来说可能不是痛苦，而是别的什么，我尚不能确定——让你不能入睡，让你从自身中抽离自身。

走吧，这里要打烩了。

Free Space | Li Bowen: Dialogue with Me

Author | Li Bowen

To my curiosity, we (except you) share a consensus: what's urgent for us is to communicate with the artist though the works themselves don't call for language in any form. But I don't think it's the reason for "artist on the spot" in a general sense: we've already seen a furious confusion between life and creation of a thin people. It is not only the so called subjectivity that is loosen (of course it means our relationship is also loosen, you and me. About subjectivity—we still have much to say about it...). If we are forced to look from the obsolete opposite relations of Artists vs. Works, we will almost claim that it is the woman who is dedicating to such complex and lithe creation that is established in this campaign. She is a monster after creation. Instead of saying the woman didn't consume herself while creating (in fact, unable to be easily consumed by anything or any act is exactly people's impression of her. It is in these moments that we can talk about the surplus values out of nothing more directly), we can say that the works are expecting the birth of the subject, and is striving for it (go for it). She is lithe (which gives possibility to heaviness). It doesn't seem to be an exhibition in a general sense...

It is not. We have seen some important but incomplete works. The incompleteness is active and paradoxical — the incompleteness confirmed what they usually say "degree of completion". And works here are more like what Thomas Demand would do: something like "burning immediately after reading", showing a completeness derived from devastation, a kind of (now it's rare) unmeant and uneasy existence. But it is another fact that was presented

in front of us in a rather direct way and caused short dispute: the works are not only connected to the subject in an unusual way like what we imagined. Equally or more important is that (but it's only my insistence, I was isolated and not supported in this matter. When I was emphasizing "more" it became "less" —friendship politics), when creating the artist claims and states an unartificial possibility of creation in a direct way. She directly claims that it is not "me" that has an identity of an artist. Or, to be more precise, it is not "me" that was creating. Another medieval and antiquated opposition—identity and practice (it is similar to another opposition just mentioned). The impression of "me" has largely hampered my identity as an artist which to some degree has been covered by another enormous and important identity ("girl"); on top of or beneath it is arduous tracing and retracing—what is thrown to an abyss in a direct way is a question: who (or what) on earth has done the creation?

However I have to interrupt you now—we totally should not discuss this question now. For many of us, it's a pseudo-proposition. Though we should raise this question, it is only some soul that appears in a certain time many years later can answer it, and can shoulder the lightness (or heaviness). But it may not be the identity of an "artist" but the matter of "practice" that will be influenced or even fiercely changed—if we do believe that there is no other subject than human beings that can carry out artistic practice.

In this way, we can try to understand what Zhong Yunshu said through the discussion of performative speech (maybe we have to claim that the "said" should be welcomed by eyesight). "The copy machine is an artist, I'm not"; "Shanghai humidity is an artist, I'm not"; "Electronic screen is an artist, I'm not"—first of all, when I picked out those statements from numerous works' titles (but at the same time I insist: other titles are not less important than these ones), I (I'm not sure whether you think so; I'm even not sure whether I think so) got an impression that: compared to what can be an artist, the absolute denial of "I'm not" is more important. "What can be an artist" is a copy machine, is Shanghai humidity, is an electronic screen, etc. What can be an artist can be a natural object, can be machine, but not me for sure. Compared to numerous possibilities, the possibility of being killed is more urgent: I AM NOT.

Please interrupt us.

The acceptance of such denial is exactly the predicament that we encountered at first: we chose to listen what the artist might say, and while we were expecting her next pose, next words, and her statements to the next temporary microcommunity (Oligarchy: naming, enumerating, counting: "How many of us are there? Does that count?"), we chose not to consider the literal meaning of "I am not". Naturally, such words were considered rhetorical—or performative, dramatic. We seems to be quite clear: the literal meaning of "I am not" can't compare with its connotation or respond of some artistic ideals so that we (not include me) are about to go through the uttered words and directly understand the "deep" meaning behind.

Interrupt me; will we start here to choose not to respect the basic meaning of performative speech? Or, will we shortly try to loosen the meaning of performative speech. To me the most urgent discussion: indeed, in a familiar context, "I am not" is firstly a behavior, a show, a special performance which is deprived of its identity and practice. In the performance, the magician made himself disappear, but that's not all about the performance: the entirety of performance (if such elusive thing do has an entirety) at least includes (as a framework) four types of people ("I write four times here, around painting."): I as "me", I not as "me", we as "us" and we not as "us". Not only the artist needs to pretend that he or she is not an artist, but audience can deny themselves to be the audience. The audience have to resolutely admit that they are audience out of the audience and be pulled out of themselves at the time of creation which belongs to art, and jump, transcend or go through themselves like to transcend or go through "I am not" to the more chaos "I/WE". This is the meaning of performance, of drama, and of stage.

In fact, what did the artist do when saying words like this (surely we should briefly reiterate the meaning of performative speech because this is what attractively made people sleep in all sense)? Although "the copy machine is an artist, I'm not" is a declarative sentence, like we have been reminded many years ago, there is no such remarkable difference between the so called "performative speech" and "constative speech" as stated. Though it is such difference that gives rise to performative speech, constative contains possibilities of performative, being the motive for us to utter something like this: it is not anything else but the act of the copy machine and my statement about the copy machine that make I become "I am not". Hopefully, the two things threaten my (and even other "me") existence.

You are not. However, after confirming it, we have to go back to the faith of "the copy machine is an artist" immediately.

Yes. It is the kind of simple burial like what the heroine in *The Princess and the Pea* experienced: my identity is confirmed through my slumber—which is what Nancy called "fall". On one hand, it is the slumber of reason: when my desire is in slumber, that's also when I try to give up resistance by utterance, unreasonably I claim I am not me,

no matter whether you trust me like what you would do at other times; on the other hand, it is Goya's monsters created because of it: copy machine, Shanghai humidity, electronic screen—all these and other monsters which will be endlessly added to Chinese encyclopedia would be active during my slumber (when I degenerate and leave out all my belongings). Or, to be more precise, we suggest that monsters are not created because of my slumber. They are here all the times. It is these monsters that help me fall asleep and get on the stage of "I am not an artist" as an artist—no matter the temporarily blind me feels happy, afraid or simple tired when seeing such scenes. Anyway, the quantity of such monsters is enormous; surely it will make us tired.

But I have never felt tired. I would never let you feel my tiredness.

It is exactly at such moments that we know that there is something keeping you from falling asleep, from falling asleep naturally from tiredness. There is something haunting you like the agony suffered by the Princess Pea—although for you it may not be agony but something else, I am not sure yet—that keeps you from falling asleep, from dissociating yourself from you.

Let's go, it's about to close.