

叙事的打破者

濮若一 (Nicola Polloni)

赵玉兰教授和她的博士生孙颖将本文译为中文，
作者对她们的热心帮助表示衷心感谢！

安德里亚·法吉奥利的艺术创作以艺术家与时间之流的恒常对话为显著特征。通过娴熟运用其矛盾性的在场与不在场、附着与分离，时间成为法吉奥利作品的隐秘主角。就像一个古老的神一样，时间在其创造性作用中显示着自身：它塑造命运与思想、生命与死亡、感情与信仰。尽管时间概念令许多艺术家为之着迷，但法吉奥利却以其独特的艺术视角描绘了时间在宇宙中的作用的一个不同方面。他的目光聚焦于时间对形式的无情重塑，它那更改样式、改变形式、揭开本应隐匿不见者的欢快而野蛮的流动。在这一更改形式、形状和结构的恒常过程中，时间仿佛在自娱自乐。

法吉奥利对多样性的时间之流的阐释从未以时间本身的视角来呈现。时间是其创作的一条红线，然而时间的在场却呈现于时间之流的不同化身。他的作品集的每件作品都证明了一种源于时间（以及与其相分离的观察者）视角的欢闹之流，但这对于其实例化的主体而言却是庄重的和欺骗性的。这种由时间引起的娱乐和欺骗的二元性是隐蔽的。在《八月猪的疑病症》中，法吉奥利描绘了一只在必然性和孤寂性的小路上走向其宿命的孤独的猪。在《怀孕的达里亚》中，一位年轻女子飞过棉花云，她不知道时间将为她和她的孩子留下什么，她想成为一位无须考虑未来的母亲。未来总是要书写，但其整体形状已经为时间所给予，既空无又充实。这种不可见的时间活动的另一个影子出现在《便利出口》中。时间之流滋养了所有的生命，但是如果认为时间会把一切引向最好或者甚至时间非常在意这一点，那就不免太过天真。时间通过塑造和重塑得以愉悦，就像朝着太阳倾斜的、栽有弯树的不定形花瓶一样，再次是欺骗性的。

法吉奥利与时间的遭逢创造了一种复杂维度，它也暗示着对失去之物的深刻的再发现。这是存在之基底的真实性的，它与时间一样经受着实存的多样塑造，不过是以一种相当不同的方式。存在和时间是持存的实体，而人、动物和植物的个体生命都只是与之不相一致的易逝的表象。时间欺骗我们，而我们也欺骗自己。伴随着欢闹，时间仿佛感到它不得不去打破我们的欺骗性叙事，并揭开隐藏在我们的自欺背后的真实性。法吉奥利对这些被打破的叙事之黯淡结果的创造性一瞥，令人警醒，并使人不再耽于幻想。在《春夏作品集》中，花哨的手袋掩盖了它们作为沉重的砖块的真实存在。时间不能被欺骗，而丰富的幻想不过

是自欺的重负。在《万物皆流》（引自希腊哲学家赫拉克利特的箴言“万物皆流”）中，两只赤土色黄鼬看着吸引它们注意力的某个东西（时间本身或者另一种欺骗？），却没有意识到它们的故事已然碎裂。它们赤裸着身体，只有脖子上覆盖着一些皮毛，一顶羽毛帽子表达了他们所倾向的唯物主义错觉，一只腕表则暗示了一切叙事的打破者。在《时时处处》中，时间之流物化在一排插有羽毛的人像经反射形成的圆圈中，这些人像的唯一区别就在于其羽毛的颜色。时间的流逝为人类的流逝所映照，一个接一个，出生和死亡，一代又一代。他们——我们——正是时间的一个化身，就此而言，我们的实存的真实维度逐渐消亡，并为那一实体的过度持存所保留或湮灭。

通过《鳄鱼的眼泪》，法吉奥利批判了一个犯罪者哀悼受害者的自欺。一只布满星星的蓝色蜥蜴在白色空间中流淌出红色血带，这是影射美国国旗以及这个国家在全球舞台上的矛盾行为。在《沟通的容器》中，人的维度及其欺骗被法吉奥利描绘为两个赤土色花瓶，只有其中的一个底座拥有人类的脸庞。通过娴熟运用“沟通”的双重含义，法吉奥利揭示了真实沟通在充满欺骗性的形状和幻觉的世界中的缺席。与容器类似，我们认为我们能够用思想和语词来填充他物，但是另一个花瓶、另一个人却没有真正的能力来理解任何东西。如果人类是容器，那么他们将始终保持真实性的空无。最后，在《时间已近》中，时间是人类自欺的法官和惩罚者。人类沉浸在他们的幻想中，就像一条身处地球形状花瓶中的金鱼，人类不能看到花瓶正在变得干涸。一旦滋养其幻想的水分耗尽，他们将不可避免地走向毁灭。

各种容器及其不可能容纳重要之物的主题也在《容器》中显现出来。在那里，容器是由碎纸和折叠的纸页等不大可能的物体制成的，这就表明了其应当具备的功能的难以维系，这些功能为时间的诡计所更改。法吉奥利艺术创作的这条红线在他的其他作品中也甚为突出，如《滑稽十二色》《植物合成》《井上之月》《斑马蜗牛》和《太阳之门》等。更改的形状意味着其功能的解构。法吉奥利告诉我们，这种功能首先被解构了，它的结构是一个难以持久的转瞬即逝的梦，一个并不真正存在的预设的幻觉。时间远不是一个独立的实体，它超越伦理与二元论。时间伴着自负的乐趣来欺骗欺人者，并借此成为我们生活之真实性的偶然赋予者。

The Breaker of Narratives

By Nicola Polloni (濮若一)

Andrea Fagioli's artistic production is marked by the artist's constant dialogue with the flow of time. Playing with its oxymoronic presence and absence, attachment and detachment, time is the veiled protagonist of Fagioli's pieces. As with an ancient deity, time manifests itself in its creative functions: it shapes destinies and thoughts, lives and deaths, feelings and convictions. While the notion of time has fascinated many artists, Fagioli's unique artistic perspective depicts a different aspect of time's agency in the universe. His glance is focused on time's merciless reshaping of forms, its jovially brutal flowing that alters patterns, changes forms, and unveils what was supposed to stay hidden. It is like if time were amusing itself in this process of constant alteration of forms, shapes, and structures.

Fagioli's interpretation of the multifarious flow of time is never presented by the perspective of time itself. Time is a golden thread of his production, yet its presence emerges from different embodiments of its flow. Each of the works in his collection bears testimony of a flow that is hilarious from the perspective of time (and its detached observer), but grave and deceitful for the subject of its instantiation. This duality of amusement and deceit caused by time is enveloping. In "Ipocondria del maiale d'agosto" (tr. *Pig's Hypochondria in August*), Fagioli depicts a lonely pig walking towards its destiny in an evoking path of inevitability and solitude. In "Daria pregna" (tr. *Daria is Pregnant*), a young lady flies over clouds of cotton unaware of what time will reserve to her and her child, thinking of becoming a mother without the concerns of a future which has to be written but whose overall shape is already given by time, empty and full at the same time. A different shade of this invisible action of time is in place with "Favorire l'uscita" (tr. *Faciliate the Exit*). The flow of time nurtures all of life, but it would be naive to believe that time leads everything towards the best or even that time cares at all. Time is amused by shaping and reshaping, like the amorph vases of crooked trees, leaning towards a sun that is again deceitful.

Fagioli's encounter with time creates a perplexing dimension that also alludes to a profound rediscovery of what is lost. Such is the authenticity of the existential substratum that, like time, endures the manifold shaping of existence, yet in a rather different way. Being and time are persistent entities while the individual lives of humans, animals and plants alike are only incongruous and evanescent appearances. Time deceives us, but we deceive ourselves, too. And with hilarity, it is like if time felt compelled to break our deceiving narratives and unveil the authenticity hidden behind our self-deception. Fagioli's creative glimpse at the bleak result of these broken narratives is awakening and disillusioned. In "Collezione Primavera-Estate" (tr. *Spring-Summer Collection*), fancy handbags hide their true being of burdening bricks. Time cannot be deceived, and the wealthy illusions are only burdens of self-deception. In "Panta rei" (a quotation from the Greek philosopher Heraclitus's dictum "everything flows"), two terracotta weasels look at something that draw their attention (time itself or another deception?) without realising that their story has broken, and they are naked, covered only by some neck fur and a feathered hat expressing the materialistic delusion they are prone to and a belt-clock hinting at the breaker of all narratives. In "Pertuttuno" (tr. *One-Everywhere and One-for-All*) the flow of time is materialised in a reflecting circle of feathered human figures in line, whose only difference is the colour of their feathers. The passage of time is mirrored by the passage of humans,

one after the other, births and deaths, generation after generation. They are – we are – just an embodiment of time and, as such, the real dimension of our existence fades away, preserved and annihilated by the overreaching subsistence of that entity.

With “Lacrime di cocodrillo” (tr. *Crocodile’s Tears*) Fagioli criticises the self-delusion of a perpetrator mourning his victim. A lizard in starry blue bleeds red stripes on a white space, an allusion to the American flag and the country’s contradictory behaviour in the global scene. In “Vasi comunicanti” (tr. *Communicating Vessels*), the human dimension and its deception are depicted by Fagioli as terracotta vases, among whose bases only one has a human face. Playing with the dual meaning of “communicating”, Fagioli unveils the absence of real communication in a world of deceiving shapes and illusions. Like vessels, we think we can fill others with thoughts and words but the other vase, the other human, has no real capability to understand anything. If humans are vessels, they will remain empty of authenticity. Finally, in “Il tempo è vicino” (tr. *Time is Close*), time is judge and punisher of human self-deception. Immersed in their illusions like a goldfish in a vase of planetarian shape, humans are unable to see that the vase is getting dry, and they will inevitably perish once the water nurturing their illusions is over.

The theme of vessels and their impossibility to contain what is important is also present in “Brocche” (tr. *Vessels*). There, vessels are made of improbable objects like pieces of paper and folded sheets showing the untenability of their supposed function, which is altered by the tricks of time. This golden thread of Fagioli’s artistic production is eminent in his other works like “Dodecacromico” (tr. *Comically-Twelve-Coloured*), “Fitosintesi” (tr. *Phyto-synthesis*), “Luna nel pozzo” (tr. *Moon on the Well*), “Zebriocciola” (tr. *Zebra-Snail*), and “Porta del Sole” (tr. *Sun’s Gate*). Altered shapes imply the destructuring of their function. What Fagioli tells us is that such function was destructured in the first place, and its structure was a transient dream that cannot endure and a projected illusion that do not properly exist. Far from being a detached entity, time is beyond ethics and binaries. With proud amusement, time deceives the deceivers and, by doing so, it is an incidental giver of authenticity to our lives.