

隐秘之火——康海涛
A Burning Within — Kang Haitao

向内·凝视

康海涛口述 魏勇灵整理

1·第一人称

我一直尝试以第一人称视角去表达非我观测所得的客观物象，在这里“我”只是一个记录者，没有判断和思索，那个审美判断与分析的过程被我正身在其间的感知所取代，也就那一瞬间的愉悦产生了记录的冲动。“我”正走在那条小路上，而不是“我”正穿过那条小路到某地。我记录·我陈述。这一刻不再有冷静凝视的观察者。观察只是朝向内心里闪烁着并不连续的回忆，无论是一棵树还是莫兰迪的酱油瓶……紊乱的记忆与正在成为记忆的物象都被客观地凝固在这必须记录下来的一瞬间，意义与价值取向被排斥到了客观陈述的无限远方。

“我”的第三人称，他。迷途的探索者，迷失在阅读、思索、意义传达的旅途中的人，正在被召唤，去往平静的安宁祥和之地，在这里意义不再生效，甚至艺术创作中最性感的品质——探索精神，也不再有意义。“我”能是谁？能去往什么地方？所有的疑问都只能被悬搁，置放在近在咫尺，却永远也无法碰触到的地方。“我在哪里？”至少这一刻我在哪里？所有的答案都是徒劳，所有的探寻也都只会收获到徒然的感伤，唯一还能证明“我在这里”的就是——在阅读、思索、表达的路途中，正在朝着自己内心方向的回归。

这些就是“我”所知道的，第一人称的意义。

2. 校园

对于一个喜欢独自漫游的人来说，夜晚的校园是非常不错的去处，很幸运的是，我从来就没有缺少过可以在里面去漫游的校园，我家旁边就是一所非常宽阔的大学校园，大到他们连修围墙的念头都懒得产生。晚上也不会有什么可以关上的大门，就那么像片森林般敞开着，我很小的时候就和猪头一块去里面胡乱游荡，到后来就更喜欢一个人独自去了，走得累了的时候，只要不是天冷到非回家不可，就随便找个能够躺着地方一觉睡到被晨练的人惊醒了才回家（我们家很和睦，我这好游荡的天性并不是因为害怕回家被激发的）。尤其是在假期，校园里空荡得让人害怕，也最是自在的时候，就算一丝不挂的裸奔也不会感到害羞（只是想过），总之，无论你有多么见不得人的想法都可以大大方方地去执行。回想起来，那时想到最多的还并不是品味夜色下的美景，而是想去偷东西，随便偷点什么，哪怕是去偷半块砖头到很远方扔掉也是件非常有趣的事情（但从未干过），猪头干过，去图书馆偷了一大摞书，然后不知道该怎么办，来找到我，我们一起把那堆书提到江边扔掉了。全都是些我们看不懂的书，他也只干过这么一次便打消了偷东西的念头了。

夜晚并不产生太多故事，我又是个不喜欢搜集故事的人，诗人会在黑咕隆咚的夜色中品味出悠长的滋味，我那时只是个小孩，甚至都还不知道那种行为叫漫游。一直到上了高中，再到上大学，这种毫无目的的游荡就成为了一种习惯，总会晚上一个人出去走走。平常就在自己的学校内，假期就到我旁边的那所校园，这时的漫游就有了些寻找回忆的味道（对没有目的的夜游来说，又有什么回忆好搜寻呢？）。如果说每一次的夜游都是在去收集以往的回忆，可收集到的只是记忆的空洞，同时又在产生新的记忆空洞需要我下一次去搜寻，虚空叠加到虚空上一直叠加到厚厚的一摞空洞记忆并没有生成什么我对夜晚的感知的话（除了夜晚会很冷，那是谁都知道事实），那就只是生成了一个不折不扣的夜游神，换句话说，我可能就成了夜晚本身。对于一个无所事事的夜游神来说，虚空的夜色比白天更加多彩，只是无法呈现出日光照耀下的颜色，我自己也不是太清楚那些色彩究竟是从何而来，可以非常肯定的是我的眼睛从未看见过。直到现在我都还在用调色板上的各种颜色去表达那些无法捉摸的多彩，可无论是油彩还是丙烯或其它颜料，也无论是在画布还是在纸张或别的任何材料上，都无法完美地在我眼前呈现出来。或许那些都只是在幻境中生成的一个虚妄的隐喻。只能在面对画布挥洒颜料的动作中徒然神游。

或者是因为太黑了的缘故吧！总希望有些光从夜色中透出来，于是就有些光线透了出

来，那些光亮突然地亮起来，转瞬又消失得没了痕迹，就像是在脑子里产生的幻觉，只留下一团闪烁的光斑在记忆中挥之不去，这被黑色环绕起来的光亮总显得高深莫测，无法知道那意味着些什么，只在闭目回味中生长出去表达的强烈欲望。

事实上我早就放弃了对所描绘对象做理性的判断与分析，有一些东西是我早已就非常熟悉了的事物，一闭上眼睛就会在眼前出现，就像是驱不散的梦魇，只能让它呈现出来。有一些光景只是偶然的一瞥，就那一瞥的瞬间就产生了要用我的方式把那一瞬间记录下来的念头，而且必须去做，就结果来说，长久酝酿的与惊鸿一瞥所生成的并没有什么不同，毕竟我只是个简单的人，这怎么说呢，好比黑色吧，黑色并不是夜晚的特有或唯一属性，我选择黑色似乎更多是朝向自己内心的单纯和简洁，并没有去想这选择最终显现出来的是白天还是夜晚

3.被掩盖的十字形标记 “我只愿意简单地活着” 这话最是让人难解处正在一个简单上，似乎没人可以做到（至少说这话的人没做到），简单——就算并不完全是把什么被简化，只说这个词语一旦搭配上其它词汇，也就足以变得非常复杂和难以捉摸了。对我来说，把感知到的物象转换成可以被描述的意象，是一个非常漫长的过程，可感知到的世界是一个庞大到无法被表述的实在系统，表述，描绘，记录。一切的可操作性变得无能为力，甚至是猥琐不堪。我能说什么？我还有什么可以去说？如果一定非说不可的话，而且允许把我看见我听见的一切权当成是一个客观的参照系统来说的话。那也只能说说自己在这个完美系统面前的渺小无知（也有可能是隐藏在深处未被开化的自大），实际上，我讲述，我描绘，我书写，在卡纸上、画布上，直至最终被确定展示出来的我所能传达的全部事实，也都只是无奈停顿后并无法再延续的神游物外而留下来的无意识痕迹。没有什么被表达，也没有什么快感在这个过程中被享受到或被宣泄掉，所有的真相都被层层叠加的色彩掩盖在最初苍白的卡纸中，就连为标注方位而设定的对称十字也早已不复存在，也就是可以证明我的笨拙与呆板的证据，注定会被堆砌出来的幻像所掩盖。

第一个十字形可以被称作标记，那是因为它所具有的确切功能（尽管这里面也包含着不成型思维的隐喻），第二个、第三个……重重叠叠把卡纸标注到星云密布，那就只是下意识的延续，这时的十字形与其说是标记，不如说更像是一种简单的印记，其作为标记的功能已经转换成十字形状的书写符号，一直到被脑子里闪现出来的新的书写符号所取代。值得被记录的就该被书写，无论是不是会最终被掩盖或隐藏。选择

卡纸作为媒介，绝非只是出于偶然，很可能是出于个人对书写的偏执，我尝试过在画布和其它多种媒介上作画，最终还是决定在纸张上作画，笔在纸张上面留下的痕迹，会让人联想到书写后的墨迹，而不会像画布涂抹过后留下的物的意像，书写会令人感到非常的愉悦，书写的痕迹，一遍又一遍的书写，这个比涂抹来得更加迷人（对我来说），用某种即兴的符号在书写，在很多地方，我会用各种有趣的符号书写上百遍，乐此不疲。从来不会也不愿去想最后会是什么模样，甚至根本就没有去想过什么是最后的那一笔。直到书写的意义被穷尽，纸面上就呈献出了被狂热灼烧过后的平静印痕。最终的宁静气氛（有朋友说我的画看起来很宁静，这其实并非我的初衷，不过我真的很喜欢宁静这个词语的抽象内涵），我总在想用宁静这个词认真地造个句，却怎么也造不出比这个更好的来，看来我对这个词语并不理解，如果真是那样，这最后的痕迹就更可能是躁狂症歇斯底里爆发过后的疲惫。

所有这些，并不是意义或结果，更不是暴露癖般的内心独白，只是疑问，仅仅是疑问而已。

Reflection

Kang Haitao

1.The First Person

I always try to use my first impression to express objective forms subjectively. Here “I” am just a chronicler, without judgment or consideration. The process of aesthetic judgment and analysis is replaced by my feelings while I am in the moment, and it is that moment’s joy that produces my urge to chronicle. “I” wander down the path, not “I” travel the path to some other place. I chronicle, I assert. At this moment there is no observer’s cold gaze. Observation is just a flickering of recollection within the heart, but not a continuous stream of thought, whether it’s a tree or Morandi’s bottle... forms from the chaos of memory and things just becoming memory are frozen in a moment of time, and any ideas of significance or value are banished to the limitless expanse of objective declarations. “I” in the first person, “He” in the third. Explorers gone astray, people losing themselves along the road of reading, thinking, conveyance of meaning, are summoned to a peaceful place where meaning no longer has effect, and even the sexiest quality in art creation-- exploring spirit-- has no significance. Who can “I” be? Where can I go? All the questions must be suspended, put nearby but in a place never to be touched. “Where am I?” At least, where am I at this moment? All answers are useless, all searches futile, the only thing that can prove “I am here” – I am returning inwards along the road of reading, thinking, expressing.

This is what “I” know, the significance of the first person.

2. The Campus

For a person who enjoys wandering alone, a campus at night is a very good place to go. I’m lucky in that I’ve always

had a campus that I could wander in at night--near my home was a very expansive university campus. They were too lazy to build a continuous wall around it, and there was no gate to lock at night, so it was open like a large swath of forest. When I was young I would go with Zhutou and just wander around, and when I got older I liked going by myself. If I was tired, if it wasn't too cold, I could just find a place to lie down and sleep until I was woken by a jogger and then I would go home (our home was very peaceful; my wanderings were not because I was afraid to go home). Particularly during holidays, the desolateness on the campus was frightening. I thought I could streak naked and not be embarrassed (but I only thought about it); in short, I could have done anything I wanted, no matter how shameful. Looking back, what I thought about most wasn't the beauty of the night, but to steal things—whatever it was, even if it was just half a brick that I threw away somewhere else, it would be exciting (but I never did it). Zhutou did it, stole a big pile of books from the library, and then didn't know what to do. He came to find me, and we brought the books to the river and threw them in. They were all books we couldn't understand. He only did it this once and that dispelled all thoughts of stealing.

But the night doesn't produce many stories, and I'm not a person who likes collecting stories, anyway. Poets savor the lingering taste of the pitch-black night, but I was just a kid back then-- I didn't even know that behavior was called wandering. Into high school and university, this kind of aimless wandering became a habit; I always went out at night by myself. Usually I just stayed on the campus, and during holidays I went to the campus near my house. That later wandering had a hint of nostalgia (what kind of memories can you find of aimless night wandering?). If we say night wandering is just a collecting of memories, and all you can collect is memory caves, at the same time producing new memory caves that need to be found next time, voids overlaid upon voids until it's a thick pile of memory caves without any awareness of the night (except that night can be cold, everybody knows that), then it just makes you a consummate night wanderer, or we can say, you have become night itself. For an idle night wanderer, the hollow dark is more brilliant than the daytime--it's just that the colors illuminated under the sun don't emerge. I'm not entirely clear where those night colors come from, exactly, but I do know that my eyes have yet to see them. I'm still using the paints on my palette to express those unpredictable colors, but no matter whether it's oil or acrylic, canvas or paper, they don't reveal themselves

to me. Perhaps they are only fabrications from a fantasyland. Only in spreading colors on the canvas can I embark on that imaginative mental journey.

Or maybe it's because it's too dark! I always hope to see some light emerge from the night, so I invent some bright rays, lights that emerge suddenly, and in a moment disappear without a trace. Like a dream, they leave only the memory of a sparkling light, impossible to dispel. Surrounded by darkness, this light seems a profound mystery, for it's impossible to know what it implies, and it's only in the recollection behind my eyes that I experience an intense desire to express it.

In reality, I gave up long ago any rational judgment or analysis of sketching's targets. There are a few forms that I've always been very familiar with; as soon as I close my eyes they appear, like nightmares I can't drive away, I can only put them down on paper. There are also some random dream images, and in the moment they appear I want to capture that moment, have to capture it. As for the result, what the slowly hatched and suddenly glimpsed image produces is the same; after all, I'm just a simple person. How do I say this? I can compare it to black: black is not specific to or only a characteristic of night. I choose black mostly because it points towards my inner simplicity--I've never thought that this choice manifests as a choice between night and day.

3. A hidden 'x' means "I only agree to live simply". The hardest part of this sentence to understand is 'simply': almost nobody can do it (at least nobody who says it has done it). Simplicity is not merely simplifying things; if you pair this word up with other words, it can become extremely complicated and hard to predict. For me, changing things we perceive into ideas we can explain is an endless process. The perceived world is a real system that is too big to articulate, to sketch, to record... every ounce of our ability to manipulate becomes powerless, pathetic. What can I say? What is there to say? If I have to say something, and am permitted to consider all I see and hear as an objective reference system, then I can only talk about my tiny ignorance in front of this perfect system (it's also possible it's an arrogance hiding deep in a place that hasn't yet been opened). In practice, I narrate, I sketch, I write; on paper, on canvas, until all the conveyable truth is only the unconscious vestiges left of an arrested mental journey. Nothing is actually expressed, and there's no enjoyment or

unburdening in this process. All of the truth has been concealed by the layered colors--even the symmetrical 'x' to mark the direction and location is now irrelevant--and the proof of my awkwardness and stiffness is doomed to be buried in a pile of fantasy forms.

The first 'x' can be called a mark because of its specific function (except that here it is a metaphor for an unformed thought); then the second, the third...layer upon layer the paper becomes a web of dense markings, until it becomes a subconscious action. Now the 'x' appears more like a kind of simple imprint rather than a mark, and its function has been replaced by an x-shaped symbol; on and on until it is replaced by a new symbol that flickers from the mind. What is worth remembering should be recorded, regardless of whether it is concealed in the end. When I choose paper as a medium, it is not a random choice--it most likely comes from an individual tendency towards writing. I've tried painting on canvas and many other mediums, but in the end I always decide to paint on paper, the brush's blots on the paper like the ink blots after writing, very unlike the forms left after applying paint to a canvas. Marking the paper again and again is more interesting to me than applying paint, using one spontaneous symbol all over the page--I repeat the symbols hundreds of times, and never tire of it. I've never thought about what the end result will be, am not willing to speculate. Once the significance of these symbols reaches its limit, the paper is left with a tranquility that emerges after feverish activity. This is the final tranquil mood (friends say my paintings are very tranquil; though this is not necessarily my intention, I really like the abstract meaning of this word 'tranquil'). I always want to use this word 'tranquil' to make a good sentence, but I can never come up with one better than the painting, which might imply I don't actually understand this word, but if that was really true, the final marks would just be an exhaustion after an outbreak of a manic hysteria. But this is not the significance or the result, not a monologue of exhibitionism, just questioning, only questioning.