

艺术家也是人

博伊斯的静默合乎情理

弗朗切斯科·博纳米（*FRANCESCO BONAMI*）

我并非是要创造更具美感的艺术作品，我只是想让自己成为人们崇拜的偶像。

埃瓦尔·玛塔尔（Ewald Matare）¹⁾

明星在现代社会中代表着受社会、文化以及历史影响的行为、感觉和思维的典型方式。明星也是社会类别的化身，并且通过这些类别来规范其生活，而事实上我们也同样如此。这些类别包括阶级、性别、种族、宗教、性取向等等。²⁾

短视频

导演：卢多·彼特（Ludo Peters），2000年，PG 13，476分钟

《短视频》（*Short Frequency*）的开场镜头将时间定格在1943年秋，特立独行的俯冲式轰炸机驾驶员约瑟夫·博伊斯（Joseph Beuys）再次临危受命接受了一项几乎有去无回的行动，结果，他的战机被高射炮火击中。不过，他成功驾驶飞机穿越了意大利战线，只可惜飞机的高度仪在一场突如其来的暴风雪中彻底失灵，导致战机无法正常飞行，最后坠毁在帕多瓦的史格罗维尼教堂后面。一名年轻护士在飞机残骸中发现了完全处于昏迷状态的博伊斯。经过八天八夜的悉心照料，他终于醒过来，然后他们便坠入爱河。当时一连几周，帕多瓦的夜空出现了强烈的太阳耀斑现象。不久之后，一支德国搜索突击队发现了博伊斯，并将其转移至战地医院。九个月之后，那位护

士生下一个男婴，取名毛里乔奥·卡特兰（Maurizio Cattelan）。随后影片急速跳越至1999年的同一天，当时天空正上演着与当年相似的神奇天象，而长大成人的毛里乔奥只是一名郁郁不得志的艺术家，自小命运多舛，父亲被郊狼咬伤之后死于狂犬病。毛里乔奥无意中发现了博伊斯留下的无绳电话（绝对不是手机，只是无绳电话），很有可能受到诡异的太阳活动的影响，他成功联系上了1943年时的父亲。在毛里乔奥的提醒下，父亲没有跟他妈妈上床，也躲过了那只带有狂犬病毒的狼。不过，他们的这种交流同样改变了其他事件的发展进程。最后电影以四个人之间的超现实主义对话结束：博伊斯（罗伯特·杜瓦尔扮演），詹尼斯·库内利斯（理查德·德莱福斯扮演），安塞姆·基弗（马克西米连·谢尔扮演）以及毛里乔奥（约翰·特托罗扮演）。不用煞费脑筋来质疑《短视频》中毫不靠谱的逻辑。因为这样只会转移你的注意力，反倒没能好好欣赏充满情节曲折、令人振奋的离奇故事，虽然里面没有炫目的高科技元素。（参见场馆索引）

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这篇评论原本是对《短视频》的电影评论，经过改编，我将其作为这里提问的一个引子，以便深入讨论现代艺术对于命运的理解,以及为何不同故事、观点和艺术作品经过剪切粘贴最终会形成一种崭新的个体，或者说一位新型艺术家以及一种新的崇拜。

时代的偶像成就了历史，但如果这些偶像因为某种《短视频》这样的事件发生了改变，历史又会有怎样的变化？

如果耶稣是被绞死而非钉在十字架上，那么基督教的象征标志会有什么变化？如果沃霍尔（Andy Warhol）是一头黑色短发，那么他的个性表象、他的日记以及他对符号标记的研究又会有何变化？如果博伊斯没有戴上毡帽，穿上钓鱼衣和那件皮衣，他那极具视觉特点的形象又会给当时的艺术界带来怎样的影响？如果毛里乔奥·卡特兰的鼻子没那么大，那些让他得以成为最后的现代偶像、视觉艺术的代表自画像又会变成什么？一些艺术作品的成功源于大众对于艺术家的某一鲜明特色的集体记忆。随着有声电影的出现，无声电影明星巴斯特·基顿（Buster Keaton）的艺术创作戛然而止，然而经过一段蛰伏之后，他的形象依然为大众所认可，转而进入电视行业东山再起。尽管很少有人记得他出演的无声电影杰作，但他的表情已经成为一件艺术作品。除非是出现一种罕见的集体失忆症，否则艺术界将永久铭记沃霍尔毫无表情的脸、博伊斯的传教士形象以及卡特兰傻乎乎的凝视。真正能让他们不朽的不是他们的

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画作、装置艺术作品或者雕塑恶搞，而是他们各自的形象。当艺术家的形象成为其艺术创作的标志时，就是艺术与电影行业最为接近的唯一时刻。艺术不同于电影，艺术中没有拳击手、牧师、警察或者出租车司机的故事，电影却可以由罗伯特·德尼罗（Robert De Niro）扮演拳击手、牧师、警察或者出租车司机来讲述一个个故事。卡特兰身上承载着他的所有象征标志：看到他的形象，你就能马上联想到他的所有作品。同样，博伊斯的身影让我们脑海中浮现出很多毛毡、脂肪、黄油和石头的形象。对于这些艺术家，他们的形象仿佛叠映在他们的作品和他们的一举一动之上。就沃霍尔而言，他的外在形象在艺术界和娱乐圈的双重维度中非常典型。随后，麦当娜（Madonna），杰夫·昆斯（Jeff Koons）、达明·赫斯特（Damien Hirst）和迈克尔·杰克逊（Michael Jackson）均是效仿他。

博伊斯和卡特兰则更像是回应精神的呼唤。他们深受欧洲的圣徒和虔诚教徒传统的熏陶。他们认为，艺术是一种加密语言，以便与不同物种进行交流：他们的观众更多的是圣方济会的鸟，而不是54号工作室的狗仔队。但是，从没有两个艺术家如此的千差万别，一个是巫师，一个则是街头艺人，就像这些人物一样，都有着极大的伪善。他们在不同的层面，反抗现代艺术的主流派别，同时能够一次次地创作出充满寓意的雕塑作品。他们能够将颠覆一切、破除旧习的能量转化为纯粹的艺术作品，同时又避免了品质方面的问题。要是鸟儿听不懂，我们就讲给死了的兔子和吃饱的狗听”。出于不同的原因，他们属于同一社会类别

(虽然此前从未被命名) “标识派雕塑家” (Sculptors of Identification)。

我们在一个更为抽象的宣泄层面认同博伊斯,而对于卡特兰,我们的认同更多来自于共鸣。我们与受难者的心紧紧连在一起。观者可以感受到博伊斯的陈列柜中的宗教光环,某种灵魂和形式上的完美结构,它们蕴涵着正在流逝的能量。博伊斯运用这种对象赋予帽子、钓鱼衣和外套一种独特的意义。我们看卡特兰1999年作品《无题》中的“毕加索的头颅”时,就像是在欣赏现代版的艺术史和娱乐新闻,一段剪切粘贴在一起的故事与历史,最终以雕塑的形式展现出来。多看几遍这个傻里傻气的毕加索,我们可以明显辨别出卡特兰作为一名街头演员、四处流浪的企业家、喜剧艺术家的特点。当我们意识到博伊斯和卡特兰不过是在骗钱,而他俩早已离开了这个国家时,我们非常生气,不过在精神层面却深受这种鬼把戏的启发。我们知道兔子不可能变成纸巾,但我们还是希望能看到这样的事情。

没有人真正数过博伊斯到底用了多少橡树和石头,但如果说实际数目是七千,应该没人会怀疑。可是他所说的这项浩大工程,谁又真的在乎呢?卡特兰某个晚上将一个女人扔到湖里,有谁真的会去捞她的尸体?我们知道达尼埃尔·布伦 (Daniel Buren) 看到了抛尸的过程,但一天结束之后谁还会关心真相呢?整整一天我们都在找她,又很高兴发现了卡特兰的另一个笑料。我们喜欢成为被选中的观众,尽管魔术师从我们口袋中掏出鸽子时,我们看上去就像一个白痴。博伊斯恰恰相反:他就像自

己的兔子一样极其严肃。他举行仪式,而不是表演魔术。他的动物是能量的传递者,而不是表演的道具。但就像人们可以拿耶稣和摩西开玩笑一样,卡特兰也可以拿博伊斯说事。他可以利用动物的能量,因为传播的载体是观众的欢笑。如果格劳乔·马克斯 (Groucho Marx) 成为耶稣的使徒,情况会怎样?谁知道最后的晚餐上可不可以开玩笑?

博伊斯开过玩笑吗?也许他一直在开玩笑,而卡特兰却没有。在我看来,博伊斯不过是孤注一掷试图让自己看起来像个正常人式的艺术家,而卡特兰则竭尽全力希望自己看起来像个艺术家式的普通人。如果卡特兰向一只死了的松鼠解释贫穷艺术 (Arte Povera),我们肯定会哄堂大笑,但最终这其实是一个历史角度的问题。博伊斯在克里米亚半岛遭遇撞机事件,而卡特兰可能在自己后院被自行车撞死。然后追溯过去,我们真的不知道博伊斯是否就代表着革新,历史是否只是在向民主和自由献殷勤,而实际上不过是将破坏分子变成自身难保的保守先锋。博伊斯将自己的家庭变成了一件艺术品,而卡特兰的家庭则是他成为一名艺术家的原因。博伊斯的宗教严肃性令我们怀疑他是否在愚

毛里乔奥·卡特兰,《第九小时》,细节、地毯、玻璃、蜡、油漆、真实尺寸人物 (Maurizio Cattelan, *The Ninth Hour*, 1999, detail, carpet, glass, wax, paint, lifesize figure) Kunsthalle Basel, Switzerland | 图片提供 A.Maranzano | 摄



毛里乔奥·卡特兰，《BIBIBIBIBOO》，吃泡的松鼠、陶瓷、胶木板、树木、油漆、钢铁 (Maurizio Cattelan, *BIBIBIBIBOO*, 1996) 伦敦 Laure Cemillard 画廊 | 图片提供



弄我们，卡特兰把自己弄得跟像傻瓜一样，但他比现今的任何人都更能反映人类的本性。

博伊斯在 1971 年一部名为《孤立单元》(Isolation Unit) 的戏剧中，身着一套毛毡衣。而卡特兰则把人们装扮成狮子和阳物崇拜的小兔。他又会把博伊斯打扮成什么样子？他把自己打扮成博伊斯的样子，穿上毛毡衣，不过为了避免混淆，他将衣服与自己都缩小了。这部分不再孤立无援；现在他把自己挂在衣架上。谁更加重视自己呢？博伊斯将自己变成一具偶像，而卡特兰则将偶像融入自己的个性、精神、幻想和笨拙之中。

历史可以改变，命运可以转向。博伊斯和卡特兰都依靠着自己对于童年的回忆，只不过对于前者而言，那是愉悦的经历，对于后者而言，则是不堪回首的悲惨经历。他们利用生活的激情与活力进行创作，同时融入了魅力和伪善，信仰与欺骗。博伊斯可以在水面上凌波微步，而卡特兰则紧跟着他，从一个石块跳到另一个石块。欺骗可以救人性命。一个人眼中的圣经，到另一个人眼中就成了童话故事。七十年代充满了武断的干涉；如今的生活则尽是琐碎的真相和轻易的谎言。卡特兰戴上帽子看起来很丑，那为什么博伊斯就不会呢？或许耶稣就是一个艺术家，他的荆棘之冠不过是自我陶醉的标志。因此，博伊斯是个布道者，而卡特兰则是个牧师，管辖着一个小小的教区。真若如此，历史将会彻底改变，变得更加可笑、庸俗。今天，我们希望能给耶稣或博伊斯打电话，问问他们是否也会笑，问问他们卡特兰到底是圣徒，还是法西斯分子，是愚蠢的乡巴佬，还是没用的修士？兔子实际上不会真的欣赏画作，不过鸟儿也许会嘲笑卡特兰的艺术。绞索、帽子以及鼻子，作为千禧年的新标志，成就了一段新的历史，其中的寓言、演讲以及玩笑都能成为我们了解现实的方法。(选自《PARKETT》第 59 期)

毛里乔奥·卡特兰，《母亲》，埋入土中的苦行僧，威尼斯双年展 (Maurizio Cattelan, *Mother*, 1999, fakir buried in earth, Venice Biennale) Attilio Maranzano | 摄

1) 阿尔伯特·舒尔茨·威林豪森，《普里斯玛 1/8》(1947) 中的“埃瓦尔·玛塔尔” (Albert Schulze Vellinghausen, "Ewald Matare" in: *Prisma* 1/8, 1947), p. 17.

2) 理查德·戴尔，《神圣的天体：电影明星与社会》(纽约：圣马丁出版社，1986) (Richard Dyer, *Heavenly Bodies: Film Stars and Society* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986), p.18.



Every Artist Can Be a Man The Silence of Beuys Is Understandable

FRANCESCO BONAMI

I do not want any more esthetic art work, I am making myself a fetish.

—Ewald Matare¹⁾

Stars represent typical ways of behaving, feeling and thinking in contemporary society, ways that have been socially, culturally, historically constructed... Stars are also embodiments of the social categories in which people are placed and through which they have to make sense of their lives, and indeed through which we make our lives—categories of class, gender, ethnicity, religion, sexual orientation, and so on.²⁾

Short Frequency

Dir. Ludo Peters, 2000, PG 13, 476 mins.

Short Frequency opens in the fall of 1943, as maverick dive-bomber Joseph Beuys once again risks his life on a death-defying call, but his plane is hit by anti-aircraft gunfire. He succeeds in bringing his plane behind Italian lines only to have the altimeter fail during a sudden and unseasonable snowstorm. His plane can no longer function properly, and it crashes behind the Scrovegni chapel in Padua. A young nurse discovers Joseph Beuys unconscious in the middle of total civilization. She cares for him for about eight days. When he awakens, they make love. An extraordinary solar flare has been lighting up the Padua night sky for weeks. A German search com-

mando finds Beuys and transports him to a military hospital. After nine months, the nurse gives birth to a boy called Maurizio Cattelan. Then the film jumps ahead—to the same date in 1999, when a similar celestial phenomenon is taking place—to meet the adult Maurizio, an unhappy artist whose father died of rabies after having been bitten by a wild coyote. Maurizio discovers Beuys's old cordless phone (not a cellular phone, just a cordless one) and, presumably due to the quirky solar activity, manages to contact his father in 1943. Maurizio's warning saves Beuys from sex with his mother and from the rabid coyote, but their communication alters other events as well. The film ends with a surreal conversation between four friends: Beuys (Robert Duvall), Janis Kounellis (Richard Dreyfuss), Anselm Kiefer (Maximilian Schell), and Cattelan (John Turturro). Don't bother thinking about *Short Frequency's* rickety logic. Doing so will only give you less time to enjoy this big hearted, low-tech, and exceptionally rousing yarn. (See Index for venues.)—BB

I adapted this review from an original of the film *Short Frequency* as a pretext for formulating some questions about the idea of destiny in contemporary art and how cutting and pasting different stories, ideas, and works of art could eventually lead to a new kind of individual—and maybe to a new kind of artist and a new race of fetishes.

Icons make history, but what if these icons could, for some kind of “short frequency,” be changed?

If Jesus had been hanged instead of crucified, what would have happened to the entire symbolism of Christianity? If Warhol had had short dark hair, what would have happened to the surface of his personality, his diaries, and his semiological impact? If Beuys had not worn a felt hat, a fishing jacket, and a fur coat, what influence would his overwhelming visual personality have had on the arts of his time? If Maurizio Cattelan had a smaller nose, what would have happened to most of his multiple self-portraits, which have made him the last of the contemporary icons, the mask of visual arts? Some art succeeds because of the collective memory produced by the strong feature of an artist. Buster Keaton's art collapsed when sound invaded moviemaking, yet after a period of decline, his image survived and was propelled

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into a new career in the world of television: While few remember his seminal silent masterpieces, his face remains a work of art. In an unlikely collective amnesia, the art world will always remember Warhol's synthetic face, Beuys's preacher persona, and Cattelan's foolish gaze. Their paintings, their installations, and their sculptural pranks will not save them from oblivion, but their respective bodies will. The moment when the body of an artist becomes the logo of his or her art is the only moment when art gets close to the movie industry. We don't have the story of a boxer, the story of a priest, the story of a cop, the story of a taxi driver. But you have the story of Robert De Niro as a boxer, a priest, a cop or a taxi driver. Cattelan carries on himself all of his iconography: You see him and you can fast-forward his entire production. Likewise, Beuys's figure drags into our minds masses of felt, fat, butter, oaks, and stones. For these artists, their image is superimposed on their objects and their actions. In the case of Warhol his persona was a model for two-dimensional experiences very much related to the art world and to entertainment. Madonna, Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst, and Michael Jackson followed his path. Beuys and Cattelan answer more to a call that comes from spiritual sources. They are very much rooted in the tradition of European saints and pilgrims. For them, art is a coded language that allows for communication with different species: Their

MAURIZIO CATTELAN, UNTITLED (GÉRARD), 1999,
lifesize plastic dummy, clothes, shoes / OHNE TITEL (GÉRARD),
Plastikpuppe, Kleider, Schuhe. (PHOTO: ATTILIO MARAZZANO)



MAURIZIO CATTELAN, UNTITLED, 2000, car installation at the Expo Hannover / OHNE TITEL. (PHOTO: ROMAN MENSING)

audience is more like St. Francis's birds than Studio 54's paparazzi. Yet never have two artists been more dissimilar from each other—one a shaman and the other a street actor and, like these characters, both sharing a fantastic amount of hypocrisy. They fight, at different levels, the formal narrative of contemporary art, and yet over and over again they are able to create sculptural visions. Their ability is in transforming revolutionary and iconoclastic energy into pure art works, while avoiding any questions of integrity: *If the birds don't get it we'll talk to dead hares or stuffed dogs*. For different reasons, they belong to the same category (never named before)—“Sculptors of Identification.” We identify with

Beuys at a cathartic, more abstract level, while with Cattelan, we identify at a sympathetic level: We feel solidarity with the suffering personality. The viewer identifies with the religious aura of Beuys's vitrines, something spiritually and formally perfect that contains all of the energy dispersed in real time. Beuys used the object to create meaning around his hat, his fishing vest, and his coat. If we look at Cattelan's Picasso head (UNTITLED, 1999), we are admiring the contemporary editing of art history and entertainment, a story and history cut and pasted together, to be manifested in a sculpture. Still looking at the goofy Picasso, we also identify with Cattelan as a street actor, nomadic

entrepreneur, con artist. By the time we realize that both Beuys and Cattelan stole our money, they are already out of the country, and we are angry but transformed at a spiritual level, enlightened by a successful trick. We know that rabbits cannot be transformed into napkins, but we like to see it happening. Nobody really counted Beuys's oaks and stones, and there is no reason to doubt that there were in fact seven thousand. But who really cared after he declared such a monumental effort? Nobody searched for the woman's body in the Münster lake where Cattelan dumped her one evening. We know that Daniel Buren witnessed the disposal of the body, but at the end of the day who cares about the truth? For the entire day we kept looking for her, happy to indulge in the idea of having incurred another of Cattelan's jokes. We like to be the chosen ones from the audience, looking like a fool when the magician pulls out the dove from our pocket. Beuys was not joking: He was—like his hare—deadly serious. He did not perform tricks but rituals. His animals were transmitters of energy, not entropic tools for entertainment. But Cattelan is allowed to joke about Beuys because people joke about Jesus and Moses. He is allowed to exploit the animal's energy, because the transmitter is the viewer's laugh. What would have happened if Groucho Marx had been one of the apostles? Do we know if jokes were allowed at the Last Supper? Did Beuys ever joke? Maybe he did all the time and Cattelan does not. I think that Beuys was an artist who was desperately trying to be a man, and Cattelan is a man who is desperately trying to be an artist. If Cattelan would explain Arte Povera to a dead squirrel, we would all laugh, of course, but this, in the end, is a matter of historical perspective. Beuys crashed with a plane in Crimea, and Cattelan maybe just crashed with a bicycle in his backyard. Yet looking backwards, we don't really know if Beuys was the revolution, if history was flirting with democracy and freedom but in fact only transformed the subversives into conservative gurus with feet of clay. Beuys made of his family a piece of art, while Cattelan's family is the reason why he is now an artist. The religious seriousness of

Joseph Beuys makes us wonder if he was fooling us. Cattelan makes a fool of himself, and yet he reflects human nature more than anybody else does today.

Beuys dressed himself in 1971 with his felt suit in the action ISOLATION UNIT; Cattelan dressed people like lions and a phallic rabbit. How would he have dressed Beuys? He dressed himself as Beuys with a felt suit, but in order to avoid confrontation, he shrunk the suit and himself. The unit is no longer isolated; he now hangs from a coat hanger. Who takes himself more seriously? Beuys transformed himself into an icon, and Cattelan transforms icons into his own personality, his spirit, his delusions, and his awkwardness. History can be changed, destiny directed. Both Beuys and Cattelan rely on childhood memories, heroic for the former, pathetic for the latter. They use the energy of life, combined with charisma and hypocrisy, faith and deception. Beuys could walk on water while Cattelan follows him, jumping from one stone to the other: Cheating can save lives. The Bible in the hands of one, fairy tales in the hands of the other. The seventies were about dogmatic intervention; now life is about small truths, short lies. If Cattelan would wear a hat, he would look stupid; why didn't Beuys look so? Maybe Jesus was an artist, his crown of thorns a sign of narcissism. So Beuys is a prophet and Cattelan a vicar of a small, isolated parish. If so, his history would be different, funnier, and banal. Today we wish we could call Jesus and Beuys on the telephone, ask them if they ever laugh, ask them if Cattelan were a saint or a fascist, a village fool or a failed monk. The hare didn't really understand painting, but maybe the birds will start laughing at Cattelan's art. The noose, the hat, and the nose—a new symbolism for a new millennium, a new history where parables, speeches, and jokes could have the same function in understanding reality.

1) Albert Schulze Vellinghausen, "Ewald Mataré" in: *Prisma* 1/8 (1947), p. 17.

2) Richard Dyer, *Heavenly Bodies: Film Stars and Society* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1986), p.18.

MAURIZIO CATTELAN, LA RIVOLUZIONE SIAMO NOI / WE ARE THE REVOLUTION, 2000, Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zürich / DIE REVOLUTION SIND WIR. (PHOTO: ATTILIO MARANZANO)

