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当代唐人艺术中心
JANG CONTEMPORARY ART

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咫尺与天涯

崔灿灿，策展人

（一）

大约在 9 世纪，伊斯兰势力进入西域，与这里的佛教传统有着艰苦的斗争。一个世纪后，回鹘汗国国破，维吾尔先人开始信仰伊斯兰教。后经几十年的斗争，浸润已久的佛教文化，终不敌而陷落，伊斯兰教成为塔里木地区唯一的信仰。教宗虽改，弥勒信仰的喜悦精神，却在该地区生活形式中流传至今，亦如现今新疆歌舞中的坦荡狂放、勇猛精进。

新疆，一个自古以来人类足迹、血脉、文化、经济流通的西域通道。在历经文明起伏和现实争执后，衍生了 47 个民族，游牧、农居参杂在荒蛮的沙漠周边和天山下的绿洲中。这里的诗歌是路途遥远，悲欢离合，这里的哲学是对土地的亲吻和神灵的颂赞。英吉沙在维语中意为“新城”，地处塔里木盆地西缘，昆仑山北麓，是古代丝绸之路的驿站。维吾尔族重要的器物“英吉沙刀”便在此衍生，它最早出现于 16 世纪末。相传，仁慈的真主看到英吉沙干旱缺水，土地瘦瘠，生活困苦不堪，于是作为补偿，暗中指点祐助一位刀匠，从此英吉沙小刀脱颖而出，日渐普及。

维吾尔男性几乎人人佩戴一把英吉沙刀，形影不离。它既是人们出于安全考虑、以防万一的武器，也和在牧区、农区的生活习俗有关，吃肉、吃瓜、修理鞍具、套具都离不开小刀。久而久之，由于刀的种类较多，做工精细，人们在铜柄上镶嵌几块彩色的玻璃，或是十几颗宝石，闪闪烁烁，成为男子

腰间的日常装饰品，向同伴炫耀的资本，男性雄风的象征。政权交迭，并没有消磨“英吉沙刀”在维吾尔族中所寓意的希望。直到今天，“英吉沙刀”仍然满足着维吾尔人生存的需求，改变人的生存状态。

2009 年，赵赵沿着塔里木盆地和天山的两侧，开始收集使用过的“英吉沙刀”，途经乌鲁木齐、阿克苏、和田、喀什等地。他向当地的维吾尔人询问是否有刀，以此进入陌生人的生活。辗转七年，赵赵收集了 1000 把英吉沙小刀，它们有着几十年的历史，来自于不同的个人或是家庭，有着不同的性格和意义。这些性格和意义包括它们实际的或是想象中的用途，以及它们所蕴含的感情和道德涵义，为个人所珍惜。

1000 把随身佩戴的黑钢小刀，刀刃长约 15 — 20 厘米，每一把都不可复制。在进入展厅前，它们有着强烈的确定性和个人联系。当它们集中展出时，保存了未经修饰的面貌、实物的记忆载体性质和唤醒能力。庞杂的数量和巨大的纪念碑性，使它们拥有了一个新的状态，成为赵赵的新作《刀》，一件进入公众视野的艺术作品。《刀》变成了一个记忆的载体和重返历史的途径，又因脱离了原有的实用功能，重组了一个无人曾体验过的视觉经验，模糊了现实生活和观念艺术的边界，变成一个似是而非的、抽象的精神指向。

理解《刀》的存在，需要把它看成具有两种可能的艺术和行为，一是保存历史记忆，成为证据链的一部分；二是强化它新的社会关系，给予事物一个全新的状态，使它重新与现代人的生活和审美发生关系，并找寻它在赵赵系列创作中所处的位置。

一个人对一个事物的认识，来自于该事物与其他事物的关联。无论“英吉沙刀”携带多少某个时代的哲学、政治理想、美学反映，它都只是浩瀚历史中的一个切片。它一旦生成一件作品，过去就只是此刻的一个材料，它所携带的也仅是有限的索引。如何看待历史，怎样让现实成为材料，或许需要参考赵赵其他的作品，才能得到完整的解答。

《碎片》（2007）源于赵赵一次意外的交通事故，像是生活给予艺术的启示，它记录并复制了一次个人的生活经历；2012年7月，北京持续降暴雨，广渠门桥下，积水深达4米，赵赵在积水中乘气垫闲游，对现实的记录转化为诙谐又忧伤的反讽；2015年8月，天津8.12大爆炸，他用相同尺寸的铜板，还原了一块爆炸现场的碎玻璃，将记忆引向公共灾难中遗留的缺陷，并赋予它中国古代青铜器的永恒意味。赵赵以多样的形式，重返记忆和历史的特定主题。他不停地向我们提供记忆的证据，或是历史的回声，又不断地推翻过去的角度和评议方式，像是一张不断被加工的CD，有熟悉而破碎的现实旋律，又有重复梦境的点点滴滴。

这个完整的解答需要每一个作品，或是每一段记忆来共同完成。在赵赵的经历中，它们有着一个特定的位置和瞬间，彼此不可预知，也不会重复，从开始就不具备最终的含义和目的。数尊古佛，几个碎片，几十件明式家具，1000把英吉沙刀，它们对应着一张照片，一种声音，一个眼光，或是一种意识。又或者，它们是沉默的，与任何发生的现实无关，亦如一尊在河床下的石像，亦如赵赵在天安门广场粘下的那颗鹅卵石，或是那件扣押至今、不知身在何处的《伟像》（2011）。

（二）

1982年，赵赵出生在新疆石河子，一个完全不同于中国内陆城市的地方。那一年6月，成立于1950年代初的新疆生产建设兵团，在历经了短暂的农垦局时代之后，重新恢复。《关于恢复新疆生产建设兵团的决定》（1981）中写道：“生产兵团屯垦戍边，发

展农垦事业，对于发展自治区各民族的经济、文化建设，防御霸权主义侵略，保卫祖国边疆，都有十分重要的意义。”

赵赵出生的六年前，艾未未随父离开生活了18年的新疆石河子农八师，1981年去往美国。也因此，赵赵与艾未未在日后有了不解之缘，为其工作多年，走上了相近的人生路，注定两人在多年以后有着同样的遭遇：挑衅、斗争和监禁。

新中国的农垦制度解决了疆治问题，也给新疆带来了先进的农业。荒山变成良田，土地变成财富的资源。人们所有的生命意义都围绕着生产和奉献，集体主义生活成为个人安身立命的唯一空间。赵赵的祖父原是甘肃武威人，1951年土改开始，1952年他因地主成分，从贫穷的河西走廊，被发配到石河子农八师劳动改造。从50年代开始，大批来自全国各地的军事移民迁入，人们对新的生活没有多少准备，也不知除了边疆建设以外，还能在哪实现人生的意义，他们的命运由国家的需求和政策决定。随着扎根日久，他们在这里组建家庭，养育儿女，家庭民居开始出现。之后，生老病死，当新坟出现，他乡变成故土。

1954年，赵赵的父亲赵非在石河子新城出生，祖父给他起了一个叫“新元”的小名，喻意新疆的一员。彼时的中国，在计划经济的初期，内地面临着交叠的政治运动和物质的持续紧缺，兵团需要实现粮食自给，战天斗地、为国奉献成为当时的政治宣传口号。可想而知，沿着塔克拉玛干沙漠的开垦工作是何其的艰苦。赵非的童年一直穿着哥哥、姐姐剩下的衣服，大改小，洞穿补，有限的物质被耗尽最大的价值。艰苦朴素，勤俭持家，烙印在这一代人的生存经验中。

由于“黑五类”的出身，赵非青年时对参加集体生活颇为积极，对集体给予的荣誉也极为自豪，毕竟那象征着组织的信任。在加入共青团的时刻，赵非激动得一夜未眠，生活打开了新的希望，他立志成为一个正直、善良的人。之后，赵非加入中国共产党，担任教师工作多年，获得诸多荣誉，于2013年光荣退休。生活会给予人奖励，也会因此塑造人的价值和对自己的理解。这种理解本质上是一个人的世界观，最终都会由一个人的作为来显现。

原本应该在2003年大学毕业的赵赵，却没像父亲一样在体制内如此“幸运”。他因试图做行为裸奔，而被公安机关监视居住，拖延入学一年。从那时起，父子的命运就截然不同。2004年，赵

赵去往北京，之后为艾未未工作多年，参与各种挑衅性和批判性的艺术活动。期间，赵赵和父亲不怎么沟通，也极少联系。

两人在各自的轨迹中越行越远，赵赵说，父亲喜欢给人写入党申请书，只要写，基本就能入党。2008年北京奥运会期间，父亲来北京探望赵赵，颇为满意，赵非在后来的文章中写道：“我和夫人一同来北京，在儿子这小住几日。算是有了自己的住处，没有让我们住宾馆，我们也感到放心了。”但赵非并不知道，那一年，赵赵用精液包裹克里斯托夫妇的碎布，在线等待一个裸聊的邀请，假装盲人在上海一日游，假扮武警在天安门站岗两小时。

2014年底，赵赵去纽约准备个展“星空”，期间与相隔万里的父亲有过一次通话。在赵赵谈及美国的优越时，父亲勃然大怒，大骂美国是个屁，交流不欢而散。那年春节，分开十余年的一家三口在北京团聚、定居。几个月后，赵赵邀请父母去纽约和洛杉矶参加他个展的开幕。起初，父亲为其感到骄傲，封闭的兵团生活经验，让他对走出国门尤为看重。当这一“荣耀”出现在儿子身上时，植根于多年政治教育的美国偏见，也被喜悦所掩盖。

根深蒂固的意识形态，终归要发挥它的余震，它不是一个可以被坦然改变的念头，而是一个人一生的经验。第二年的一月，赵赵和父母去北京连卡佛挑选为开幕准备的衣物，三人同时看上一件Dolce & Gabbana的西装，在父母看来，这件西装像是为赵赵量身定做的，目光汇集在一处。

赵赵让父母猜猜它的价格。父亲看着这件领、袖镶嵌着金属穗片、做工考究的西装，说可能很贵吧，至少也要几千块？赵赵嘴一撇，九万九千九百九十九块。这样的回答，对于赵非像是天方夜谭，在其经历中完全不可想象。仍没回过神的父亲，被赵赵一连串逼问，你觉得呢？怎样？会买吗？父亲回答，这件衣服的确很好，但，我不会买。这也太离谱了，我活这么大，就没听说过！赵赵问为什么，是因为太贵了？父亲说，当然，再好不就一件衣服而已。赵赵继续追问，你不觉得它值吗？父亲坚定地说道，我不觉得！

争执没有中止赵赵的行动，赵赵向店里的服务人员说，把这件衣

服包好，我买了。父亲先是一愣，愤怒终于涌上，“什么东西！”赵非愤然离开店铺，独自回家。那一刻，赵非看着街上川流不息的人群，儿子的身影忽隐忽现。

母亲的劝阻也没起到什么作用，在她看来，只要给她三千元，就能仿制一件一模一样的西装。这种信心，来自母亲在新疆石河子被服厂多年的工作经验。事情至此并未结束，赵赵决定给母亲三千元，让她采办材料制作，并邀请愤怒的父亲，写篇论文谈论此事，毕竟父亲最喜欢、擅长的是写论文和入党申请书。

这篇名为《从一件衣服说起》的文章，以赵非的视角，勾勒出众多普通中国人的一种生活哲学和态度。几十年来，多变的时局，物质的匮乏，应接不暇的冲击，对世事变化的忧患，人们千方百计地寻找一种牢靠的生活经验。勤俭持家，物尽其用，安分守己，在古老的道理和训教中获得的启示，被谨慎地珍惜。他们希望通过个人的努力和私德的彰显，在集体中得到更多认可，获得虚幻的安全和长久的稳定。可当这些经验，随着时间的推移和秩序的改建，在新的社会系统中越发无力，越来越不实用时，一代人陷入了一种孤独和不满。他们更愿意退回到过去，回到可以让自己轰轰烈烈的时代。

父亲在论文中由此追问：“我们付出的劳动的价值在哪里？怎么衡量？如何体现？”母亲尽最大能力，寻找着每一个可能接近原版西装的零碎材料。然而，她所希望挑战的，却是西方几百年来现代商业系统中某个昂贵的结晶。母亲固执的坚持，却也延续了岁月的痕迹，自身的价值，这件西装有了一个既不是这样，也不是那种的陌生身份。这篇文章，让我想起赵赵之前的创作，展览“安全感”里所讨论的安全机制，或者深藏在保险箱里的秘密，《不安》（2014）中对危险的加固和指向含混之地的《迷津》（2015）。

一件作品《西装》，因此应运而生，它源自父子之间关于认识的较量。这件作品包括两件相似的西装，一篇几千字的论文，观众在这些物件和个人的真实关系里，发现它们的本质，这也是偶然事件的魅力：每一件物品都成为一个人的“替身”，勾连出三个真实而又立体的个人。

《西装》如同一部不加修饰的自传性文学，把家庭事件和三个鲜活的生命植根于几代人的延续与冲突之中。我们跟随作者的视角，

穿越时光，现在充满未知，未来和过去都是必然。我们每一个人都会试图回视自我，身在何处？又在几代人的变迁中最怀念什么？最厌倦什么？于是，简简单单的三件物品，通过这种象征性的交流，历史的信息得以传递，价值的准则被重申，人的社会关系被反复确认。

回到那件倒塌的、消失的作品《伟像》。2013年，当它的另一个版在前社会主义国家乌克兰展出时，又意味着什么？¹《伟像》创作于2011年，那一年成为了赵赵创作生涯的分水岭。创作于2011年前的《歪》（2006）中倾斜的金色人像，借用历史经典作品完成的《项链》（2007）、《牙签》（2007）、《欧元》（2008）；创作于2011年后的《如何》（2014），赵赵对一尊古佛残像做出了一系列动作，分割、打磨、包裹、展示、拍卖，以及对古代器物进行形态转化的《重复》（2012-13）、《瀑布》（2013）和《无量》（2014）。这些不同方式、风格、目的的行为，共同打开了观众对于历史和发生进行综合想象的可能：我们的知识从何而来，“价值”、“真伪”和“对错”之间又有什么样的关系？一个概念在什么时候发生了变化，又是什么导致了变化，变化之后又发生了什么？由于这个变化，我们又该如何重新认识它？

（三）

从轮南镇往南走，沿着沙漠公路，穿过一片胡杨林，大约有一百公里，便是塔克拉玛干沙漠的中心。这里的金字塔形沙丘，常年屹立于平原之上300米，要是碰上狂风，绵延的沙丘会被沙墙卷起，高度能有3倍以上。这也是世界第二大流动性沙漠，平均每年的降水不超过100毫米，最低时只有4、5毫米。高温和遍布危险的沙丘，让它成为一片广阔的无人之地。无论外面的世界如何变化，这片沙漠只遵循自己的规律，在大地上安然喘息。

有一种流传广泛的看法，“塔克拉玛干”在维吾尔文中有“有入无出”的意思，人们称它为“死亡之海”。源于对自然的敬畏，

对宇宙之主的造物法则的信仰，几千年来，这里的游牧民族接受着神灵所安排的“公平”。他们世代繁衍不息，遍布沙漠边缘的河流与绿洲，拿着坎土曼²耕种，沙漠、河流、风和人类，彼此相安无事，在歌舞和谚语中诗意想象，比喻造物主的智慧，他们有着自己的生命逻辑。相比15世纪末，西方殖民主义试图征服“新大陆”的欲望和初来此地的窘迫，一切对万物的克制与忍耐，并未显得悲伤。直到，“现代国家”概念的出现，无垠的大地和星空被破开无数裂痕。

有棉花的地方，就有兵团。塔克拉玛干的周边崛起了一座座新城，在此之前，这些城市没有一块基石，只是空旷的沙漠上布满了沙子。短短的几十年间，新的社会结构令农业与牧业的比例开始出现倾斜，大地之下孕育的石油和玉石，成为这里新的经济命脉。随着交流日渐便利，当地人也源源不断地涌向内地，木卡姆³的乐声飘荡在北京、上海，或是某个沿海小城，人们享受着新疆人带来的食物和工艺；现代工业的产物也交换而至，挖掘机替代了坎土曼，流行的电视文化替代了坦荡狂放、勇猛精进的歌舞，世代配着镶满宝石的“英吉沙刀”的人们，渴望与时代分一杯羹。

2015年，离开新疆多年的赵赵，决定返回那里，完成一件他至今最为重要的作品《塔克拉玛干计划》。在北京生活的十年，赵赵经历了一座城市给予的得到和失望，游走于多个现实形态间的生活方式，不断抗拒、挑衅的生活态度。近百件风格相异的作品，经验和资源的叠加，让赵赵成为年轻一代艺术家中的代表。与之相反，一个艺术家的生活方式和态度，也决定了现实回应给他的真切限制和冲击。开始的寻找总会和后来的隐匿相伴，当赵赵觉得问题消失时，为了避免顺从自身的趣味和惰性，拒绝重复的意识让他选择抗拒、逃离。他需要像十年前离开新疆那样，强迫自己与自己作对。

2015年10月，赶在新疆下雪之前，赵赵带着过去十年的经验和新的“口音”，回到三千公里外的塔克拉玛干沙漠。100公里的电缆、几十个变压器、一台双开门的电冰箱、几十人的工作团队，分成

四辆货车，经过5天的时间，到达沙漠北端的小镇轮南。赵赵和镇上的一户住着四五十人的维吾尔大家庭协商，通过付费的方式，接通电源。接下来，他计划沿着沙漠公路的边缘，穿过一片胡杨林，朝着且末方向往南走，在沙漠中铺设100公里的电缆，直至抵达塔克拉玛干沙漠的中心地带。他需要用电缆连接一台电冰箱，里面放满新疆啤酒，通电后运行24小时。

这个在北京看起来特别容易的观念，毫无意义的行为，却需要“正确”地打造每一个环节，实施远比想象困难。首先，赵赵需要整合以往的资源，确立作品的方案，当代唐人艺术中心提供两百多万人民币的资金来源，本文作者作为策展人在其间来回斡旋与沟通。前期问题解决之后，实施的难题就抛给了赵赵，具体的工作接踵而至。从哪里接电，路线如何确定，怎样铺设电缆，需要多久完成？2013年的作品《暗恋》完成时所积累的经验，被再次运用——当赵赵发出邀请，志愿者同意被捅一刀后，赵赵也给自己设置了一个条件和限制，用什么刀，捅哪里，捅多长？100公里的电缆，有限的施工时间，需要多少工人，才能保证通电24小时。这个无法被常人理解的计划，在一个遍布风险的区域充满挑战和困难。赵赵的团队必须要不停地变化身份，假装有演拍广告，假装中石油员工做工程，像是2008年《站岗》中假扮的武警，《上海一日游》中假装的盲人。即便这样，在层层关卡和严厉的检查制度中，如果身份被揭穿，又该如何应对？那件《伟像》被扣押后的诸多经历，在此时变成了宝贵的斗争经验。

一个个具体的数据，在无数困难和限制面前，每一步都必须十分精准，严丝合缝。100公里的电缆、27人的团队、23天的时间、24小时的通电，《塔克拉玛干计划》像是对赵赵过去十年的考验，一次对过去的集中整合，也是与每一段时空中的自我的重新对话，以及对一切可能性的坚持。赵赵必须借助走出新疆之后的得到，过往十年的工作经验、社会意识，以及更早在新疆生活的原始记忆来完成。赵赵说，走出去，再走回去，是种难度。虽然他希望在别人看来一切是如此简单。

即便冰箱最终通电的那一刻，也只是阶段性工作的结束。100公里的电缆在塔克拉玛干沙漠中，头顶着流云，脚下深埋着未知的宝藏。据说，在这片沙漠中生长着少量植物，其根系异常发达，超过地上部分的几十倍乃至上百倍，以便汲取地下的水分，那里的动物有着夏眠的现象。直到七天后，100公里的电缆才被运回北京，像是“塔克拉玛干”在维语中古老寓言的重现，易入难回。

在抵达北京之后，这些与最古老的沙漠有着短暂“较量”的电缆，又会在这座中国最现代化的城市中，储藏数月，等待最后的切割。它的最终尺寸是一米八六，依据那台严格按照西方工业标准和人们的实用需求，进行反复衡量的电冰箱的高度。一米八六，不差毫厘。

一段经验，会给予另一段经验启示；一段历史，也会因另一个迥然不同的事实的发生，再次鲜地延续生命。当一个新的事实出现时，它们可能有所改变，有一些变得更加实际，也有一些变得更加理想化，但几乎所有这些在新的事实中都仍然存在。赵赵在决定实施《塔克拉玛干计划》的时候，我们能想到15世纪西方殖民者初到的窘迫，赵赵的父辈们在新疆生产建设兵团经历的一生，佩戴着“英吉沙刀”的维吾尔人流露着动物性，充满生存的直觉，渴望与时代分一杯羹的希冀。这些不同的人群和历史，亦如《百年孤独》里面对世界时的雄心：“这片天地如此之新，一切事物尚未命名”。但是，这一切并没有最终的结果与评判。我想起作家叶克尔西在《永生羊》中讲述的一个故事，叶克尔西小时候和一只落伍的羊羔萨尔巴斯一起成长，长大后的萨尔巴斯被宰杀时，她十分伤心，父亲却说为一只羊掉泪不吉利，如果你命数长，能在世上待上很长时间，你会看到很多羊为你而死……哈萨克族人在宰羊前，都会说一句“你死不为罪过，人生不为挨饿。”

赵赵在塔克拉玛干沙漠的中心打开冰箱的一刻，航拍机遥遥上升，俯视兴衰，记录下一个奇幻的光点，在历史的巨变和它背后辽阔汹涌的欲望中见证生死，消失在茫茫无尽的夜色。

相隔几个月，赵赵回忆那一瞬间时说，都不在了，很科幻，很大片；但又很土，很微小，特别灰。

（四）

1915年，马塞尔·杜尚抵达纽约，开始创作那件举世瞩目的作品《新娘被她的单身汉们剥光了，甚至》（*The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*, 1915），它涵盖了杜尚那些年所专注的种种审美和智力活动，并以不同的方式，运用在这件复杂极致的作品中。人们习惯称它为《大玻璃》（*The Large Glass*）。后人将其理解为，杜尚对于个人化的自我指涉性陈述，寓意人的无限，一切皆可以成为艺术。

（1）“中国中国”，平丘克艺术中心，基辅，乌克兰，2013

（2）坎土曼是中国新疆少数民族的一种铁质农具，有锄地、挖土等功能。

（3）木卡姆是中国新疆的一种土著音乐文化，被称为维吾尔民族的百科全书。

1946 年，在杜尚即将回到美国前的某个时刻，决定远离外界的影响，做一名“地下”状态的艺术家。他开始着手创作持续 20 年的大型计划《已经给出：1. 瀑布，2. 煤气灯》（*Étant donnés: 1° la chute d'eau, 2° le gaz d'éclairage*, 1946–66），作品中一扇古老的木门上有两个小孔，观众只能从孔中窥视，看到一条川流不息的瀑布前，躺着一个裸露身体的女人，手里拿着一盏煤油灯。水与煤气曾在他的旧作《大玻璃》中隐而不见，直到这里才被清晰呈现。在中国，它还有一个名字叫《给予》，寓意给出限制，一切皆是障碍，皆有尺度、法则。

杜尚曾说伦勃朗的画可以被当作一件烫衣板来使用，贾斯帕·琼斯（Jasper Johns）曾将杜尚的侧面肖像拉长、倒转，创造出全新的杜尚肖像，并把它与自己另外一件向杜尚致敬的作品《根据什么》（*According to What*, 1964）结合。1985 年，艾未未在纽约创作了《Hanging Man》，将一个晾衣架折成杜尚侧面的肖像，回应杜尚与琼斯的创作观念。2007 年，赵赵将艾未未作品《碎片》（2006）中断掉的一根木块，制做成 32 根牙签。数年之后，赵赵又创作了一件作品名为《无题·杜尚》，把杜尚具有分水岭意义的《给予》和《大玻璃》进行结合。他委托大芬村的油画匠人复制《给予》中被小孔严格限制的部分，而这张画只能透过一面形似《大玻璃》的碎玻璃片看到。与《大玻璃》意外造成的碎片不同，赵赵刻意用枪精准地击碎玻璃，子弹留下的小孔正对着女裸体双腿大开的阴部。

特别感谢：艾未未先生的《此时此刻》（2010），弗兰西斯·瑙曼（Francis Naumann）、唐冠科（John Tancock）先生共同编著的《杜尚与 / 或 / 在中国》（2013），巫鸿先生编著的《物尽其用—老百姓的当代艺术》（2011），阿城先生的《何似天之涯》（2013），欧宁先生的《西域苍穹下、现实 & 文学世界里的旅行》（2013），刘亮程先生的《一个人的村庄》（2006）、《凿空》（2010），叶尔克西女士的《永生羊》（2003），这些优秀杰作中详实的历史资料，精彩的个人观点，对本文有着巨大的影响，重要的启示，由于篇幅原因不一一罗列，在此一并感谢。

无独有偶，在赵赵没有一贯标准和线索的十年创作中，我们可以看到，许多对应艺术史或历史中或明或暗的身影。它们有约瑟夫·博伊斯、克里斯托夫妇、安塞尔姆·基弗，中国南北朝时期的石佛、汉代的石棺、唐代的佛塔、清代康熙的龙椅、民国时期的保险箱。然而，在即将成为历史的现在，赵赵依据社会事件和个人私生活做出的转译，也在创作语汇中频频出现，它们是天津 8.12 大爆炸、北京 7.21 大雨、薄熙来事件，赵赵的车祸、恋情与暴力殴打……这些过去与现在的双关语，构成了一个含混、多重、疯狂、沉默的十年，也因此变得扑朔迷离。

2016 年 9 月，当《刀》、《西装》与《塔克拉玛干计划》在展厅里作为缺一不可的整体出现时，它一方面承载着赵赵在过去十年中所经历的种种限制与斗争，自我折磨与较真，行业的干扰和不断的出走——这期间他出唱片、编画册、做空间、拍摄纪录片；另一方面，这个展览有控制，也有放任，有幸运，也有沉重。在而立之年，一个恰当的时机，在一个决绝的时刻，赵赵为无数过去的时刻，搭建了一个新的结构。他这样说道：“这个展览是一个真正的发布，也是对自己在系统中要做什么的较量，你活成一个什么样的人的较量，但它必须是具体的、可见的。”

2016 年 7 月 27 日



From Inches to Miles

Cui Cancan, Curator

I

Sometime in the ninth century, Islamic forces entered into Western China and Central Asia, and engaged in a bitter struggle with local Buddhist traditions. A century later, the Uyghur Khaganate had fallen, and the Uyghur people began converting to Islam. Several decades of struggle later, the Buddhist culture of the region had been completely wiped out, and Islam had become the sole religion of the Tarim Basin. Though the religion had changed, the joyful spirit of Buddhism has survived to this day in the lives of the people of Xinjiang, most visible in their spirited dancing.

Xinjiang has been a crossroads of peoples, cultures and economics since ancient times. Through the rise and fall of civilizations and clashes between kingdoms, there have emerged some 47 ethnic groups, some of them pastoralists, some farmers, scattered along the edge of the desert and in the oases at the base of the Tianshan Mountain Range. The poetry here is about journeys, separation and reunion. The philosophy here is about intimacy with the land and reverence for the spirit. Yengisar means “new town” in the Uyghur language. Situated on the western edge of the Tarim basin, to the north of the Kunlun Mountain Range, it was an ancient stop on the Silk Road. This is home to the Yengisar knife, an important tool in

Uyghur culture. It first emerged in the 16th century. It is said that Allah, seeing the lack of water, marginal land and difficult lives of the people in Yengisar, gave guidance to a local blacksmith, resulting the Yengisar knife, which promptly spread across the land.

Virtually every Uyghur man possesses a Yengisar knife, and it goes with him everywhere. It is carried for safety and self-defense, and is also connected to the pastoral and agrarian life. It is used to cut meat and melons, to fix saddles and clothing. Over time, different designs emerged, each bearing fine craftsmanship, the handles inlaid with pieces of colored glass or jewels that sparkle in the light, making them a men’s decorative accessory, a show of wealth, a symbol of masculinity. Shifts in the political winds never diminished the significance of the Yengisar knife among the Uyghur people. Even today, the knife continues to satisfy the needs of these people, and to change their prospects.

In 2009, Zhao Zhao began collecting used Yengisar knives from around the Tarim Basin and the two sides of the Tianshan Range, passing through Urumqi, Aksu, Hotan and Kashgar along the way. By asking local Uyghurs if they had knives, he entered into the

lives of strangers. After seven years, Zhao Zhao had collected a thousand blades, each with decades of history, coming from different individuals and families, and possessing different personalities and meanings. These personalities and meanings encompassed their use, both real and imagined, as well as the emotions and morals they came to represent, and were deeply cherished by their owners.

One thousand knives of black steel, each with a blade measuring 15–20 centimeters, each of them unique. Before their entry into the exhibition hall, they had powerful certainty and individual connections. They are presented together in their original form, showing an unadorned view of their properties as carriers of memory and their ability to awaken it. Their great numbers and monumental scale bestow them with a new form, turning them into Zhao Zhao’s new artwork *Knife*, an artwork placed under the public eye. Knife has become a carrier for memory and a path back to history, while decoupling the objects from their original practical function. By rearranging a visual experience that no one has experienced before, it has blurred the boundary between real life and conceptual art to create distantly familiar, abstract spiritual tones.

To understand the existence of *Knife*, we must view it as art and action with two possibilities. The first is the preservation of historical memory, becoming part of the chain of evidence. The second is the emphasis on its new social relationships, which bestow an object with an entirely new form, so that it touches off new relationships with the life and aesthetics of modern people, while seeking out its position among Zhao Zhao’s other creations.

A person’s recognition of a thing comes from its connection to other things. No matter how much the Yengisar knife reflects the philosophy, political ideas and aesthetics of an era, it is merely a cross section of a vast history. Once it becomes a work of art, the past becomes nothing more than the material for the present, and its implications are reduced to the level of a limited reference. As for how to view history and how to turn reality into a material, we perhaps must consult Zhao Zhao’s other works for a complete answer.

Fragments (2007) stems from a car accident Zhao Zhao experienced.

He often draws artistic inspiration from life, documenting and reproducing individual life experiences. In July 2012, Beijing was hit by sustained heavy rains. The area under Guangqumen Overpass was flooded to a depth of four meters. Zhao Zhao played in the floodwater, perched on an inflatable mattress, transforming the documentation of reality into darkly humorous satire. In August 2015, a massive explosion hit the city of Tianjin. Zhao Zhao reproduced the broken glass panels at the explosion site in bronze plates, drawing memory towards the wreckage of a public disaster, and bestowing it with the timeless connotations of ancient Chinese bronzes. Zhao Zhao returns to themes in history and memory through diverse forms. He constantly provides evidence of memory or echoes of history, while also overturning past perspectives and critical approaches. It is like a CD that is endlessly being added to. It plays fragmented melodies from reality, while repeating bits and pieces from the dream realm.

This complete answer must be made together from every artwork and every piece of memory. In Zhao Zhao’s experience, they have a set position and moment, each unpredictable, each unrepeatable, none possessing the final meaning or destination. Several ancient Buddha statues, various fragments, dozens of pieces of Ming furniture, a thousand Yengisar knives, each corresponding to a single photograph, a single voice, a single gaze, or a single awareness. Or perhaps they are silent, wholly unrelated to any occurrence in reality. They are like the stone statue under the riverbed, the pebble that Zhao Zhao affixed to the ground at Tiananmen Square, or *Officer* (2011), which is still being held today in an unknown location.

II

Zhao Zhao was born in Shihezi, Xinjiang, in 1982, a place utterly different from China’s interior cities. That June, the Xinjiang Production and Construction Corps (known as bingtuan for short), originally founded in early 1960, was restored after a brief period as the Agricultural Reclamation Bureau. The directive Decision on the Restoration of the Xinjiang Production and Construction Corps (1981) states, “The Production Corps is essential to the population of wastelands, the garrisoning of borders, the development of agriculture, the development of the economy and culture of the

autonomous region, the defense against hegemonic intrusions, and the protection of the motherland.”

Six years before Zhao Zhao was born, Ai Weiwei left the Shihezi Eighth Agricultural Division with his father, where they had lived for eighteen years, before eventually moving to the United States in 1981. This connection would lead to a longstanding relationship. Having travelled similar paths, the two would eventually find themselves in the same predicament: provocation, struggle and confinement.

The agricultural reclamation policy under the People’s Republic solved the issue of the rule of Xinjiang, and brought advanced agriculture to the region. Deserted mountain slopes became fertile fields, and land became a source of wealth. Meaning in people’s lives came to revolve around production and contribution, and the collectivist life became the only space for one to establish stability and security. Zhao Zhao’s grandfather was originally from Wuwei, Gansu Province. Land reforms began there in 1951, and in 1952, because he met certain definitions of a landlord, Zhao Zhao’s grandfather was sent from the impoverished Hexi Corridor to the Eighth Agricultural Division at Shihezi for reeducation through labor. Beginning in the 1950s, military transplants were sent over from all over the country. These people had no preparation for this new life, and knew no meaning in life beyond bringing development to Xinjiang. Their fates were determined by the state’s needs and policies. As time passed, these people began to build families and raise children. As they died and were buried there, a once distant land became their home.

Zhao Zhao’s father Zhao Fei was born in the Shihezi Xincheng (new town) in 1954. He was given the nickname “Xinyuan,” which implied that Xinjiang was his homeland. China, then just starting its planned economy, was facing multiple political movements and sustained material shortages. The bingtuan had to realize grain self-

sufficiency, and to this end, they toiled under the slogans of “battling against nature” and “contributing to the nation.” One can imagine what a difficult task it was to bring agriculture to the edge of the Taklamakan Desert. Zhao Fei wore hand-me-down clothing from his elder brother and sister throughout his childhood, the clothes taken in and mended to fit him, limited materials utilized to the very fullest. Adversity, simplicity and struggle to support the family were the defining markers of this generation’s lives.

Having been born into one of the “five black categories,”¹ Zhao Fei proactively participated in the collective life in his youth, and was proud of all honors it bestowed on him, being as they were symbols of organizational trust. On the eve of his induction into the Communist Youth League, Zhao Fei was too excited to sleep. A new hope had come into his life, a chance to become a good, proper person. Zhao Fei eventually joined the Communist Party and worked for years as a teacher, winning many awards in his career before retiring with honors in 2013. Life provides people with encouragement, and can shape a person’s values and the way they understand themselves. This understanding is in essence the worldview of a single person, and will be revealed in the end by that person’s actions.

Zhao Zhao, who was slated to graduate university in 2003, was not as “lucky” with the system as his father. Due to the controversy of a planned artistic performance, police placed him under surveillance, and his college admission was delayed for a year. It was at that point that the lot of the father and the son began to diverge. Zhao Zhao moved to Beijing in 2004, and worked for Ai Weiwei for several years, taking part in many provocative and critical artistic activities. During this time, Zhao Zhao and his father rarely spoke.

The two men’s trajectories stretched further apart. Zhao Zhao says that his father loves helping people write their membership applications for the Communist Party. Almost every one he writes

is admitted. During the Olympics in 2008, Zhao Zhao’s father came to Beijing to see him, and was quite satisfied. Zhao Fei later wrote in an essay, “My wife and I went to Beijing and stayed with our little son for a few days. He has his own place, and wouldn’t let us stay at a hotel. That put our hearts at ease.” What Zhao Fei didn’t know was that his son was wrapping a swatch from Christo and Jean–Claude in semen, soliciting naked chat invitations online, pretending to be blind for a one day tour in Shanghai, or standing guard at Tiananmen Square for two hours in a fake People’s Armed Police uniform.

In late 2014, Zhao Zhao went to New York to prepare his solo exhibition "Constellations." While there, he called his father, thousands of miles away. Zhao Zhao said something about American superiority, and his father burst out in anger, cursing the country. The conversation ended with both sides angry. At Spring Festival, the family of three that had been separated for a decade were reunited in Beijing, and Zhao’s parents decided to stay. A few months later, Zhao Zhao invited his parents to attend the opening receptions with him in New York and Los Angeles. At first, his father was quite proud. For someone who had lived his life closed off in the production corps, travelling abroad was a major affair. When this “honor” was bestowed on his son, his deeply indoctrinated bias against America was eclipsed by his joy.

But his deeply rooted ideology eventually reared its head. This is not a notion that can simply be changed. It is accumulated over a lifetime of experience. The next January, Zhao Zhao and his parents went to Lane Crawford in Beijing to pick out clothes for the opening ceremony. The three of them all noticed a Dolce & Gabbana suit. Zhao Zhao’s parents thought it was made just for him. They were all drawn to it.

Zhao Zhao asked his father to guess the price. His father looked at the suit with metal inlaid in the collar and careful craftsmanship, and said it was probably pretty expensive, at least a few thousand yuan. Zhao Zhao snorted and informed him it was ninety nine thousand, nine hundred ninety nine yuan. Zhao Fei found this answer completely unfathomable. Even before his father was able to recover from the shock, Zhao

Zhao continued his interrogation: What do you think? How is it? Would you buy it? His father replied, this suit really is quite nice, but I wouldn’t buy it. That’s just too crazy. I’ve never heard such a thing in all my life! Zhao Zhao asked, why, is it because it’s too expensive? His father said, of course. No matter how nice it is, it’s just clothing. Zhao Zhao continued, you don’t think it’s worth it? His father held his ground: No, I don’t!

Undaunted, Zhao Zhao told the clerk to wrap up the suit for him. His father was dazed, then angry, blurting out, “What is wrong with you?” before storming out of the store and going home alone. He looked across the streaming crowds on the street, and could barely make out his son’s profile.

His mother’s admonitions were of no use, either. She figured she could make an identical suit for as little as three thousand yuan. This confidence came from her years of experience working at the Xinjiang Shihezi Quilt and Clothing Factory. This was not the end of it. Zhao Zhao decided to give his mother three thousand yuan and have her reproduce the suit. He also invited his father to write an essay about the whole affair. After all, writing essays and party applications was his favorite pastime.

This essay, titled *Starting with a Suit*, outlined a philosophy of life shared by many common Chinese people, from Zhao Fei’s perspective. For decades, frequently shifting circumstances, material poverty and a constant barrage of challenges fostered a fear of change. People sought a stable life above all. They took ancient values of thriftiness and conservatism to heart. They hoped that through individual effort and moral behavior, they could gain recognition within the collective, and attain illusory security and stability. With the passage of time and the changing order, these experiences grew increasingly powerless and impractical in the new social system, this generation fell into solitude and dissatisfaction. They would rather return to the past, to a time when they could really shine.

In his essay, Zhao’s father asks, “Where is the value of our labor? How is it balanced? How is it manifest?” His mother tried as hard as she could to find scattered materials that approached the original

(1) The “five black categories” were five types of people, including landlords, rich farmers, counter-revolutionaries, bad influencers and rightists, identified by Mao Zedong as enemies of the revolution during the Cultural Revolution.

suit. She wanted to challenge the values that had crystallized in the modern commercial system over the centuries in the West. His mother’s persistence was a way to convey the value of the old ways. The resulting suit had an unfamiliar identity of being neither here nor there. This essay reminded me of the discussion of security mechanisms in earlier works by Zhao Zhao on the topic of “security,” perhaps the secrets concealed deep within the Safes, the solidification of danger in *Uncertainty* (2014), or the chaos revealed in *Confusion* (2015).

Thus, the artwork *Suit* (2016) was born of a clash of views between father and son. The artwork includes the two similar suits and an essay of a few thousand words. Within the real relationship between these objects and individuals, the viewer can find their essence. This is the allure of the chance event: every artwork becomes a “stand-in” for a person. Here it outlines three individuals in a truthful and multifaceted manner.

Suit is like an unadorned work of autobiographical literature, rooting a family incident and three vivid lives within the continuation and conflict between generations. We follow the artist’s perspective through time to see that the present is full of the unknown, while past and future are inevitable. We all try to look back at ourselves. Where are we? In a few generations, what will we long for? What will we grow weary of? In this way, three simple objects, through symbolic interaction, are able to pass on historical information. Values and principles are reexamined, and social relations are reaffirmed.

Let us return to that toppled, missing artwork, *Officer*. When another version of the work was exhibited in the former socialist country of Ukraine, what implications did it have there?² Officer was created in 2011, a watershed year for Zhao Zhao’s career. The works he created before 2011 include the slanted golden statue in *Slanting* (2006), *Necklace* (2007), which used classic historical works, as well as the works *Toothpick* (2007) and *Euro* (2008). In *How* (2014),

created after 2011, Zhao Zhao carried out a series of actions on a damaged Buddha statue, cutting, polishing, packaging, presenting and auctioning it. Then there were the other transformations of ancient objects in *Again* (2012–13), *Waterfall* (2013) and *Countless* (2014). These different approaches, styles, goals and actions together opened up the viewer’s thinking about the possibility of imagining history and present occurrences in a comprehensive manner: Where does our knowledge come from? What is the relationship between “value”, “true and false,” and “right and wrong”? When does thinking change, what led to that change, and what happens because of that change? How should this change the way we see it?

III

If you head south from Lunnan Township and follow the desert highway about a hundred kilometers past the poplar forest, you have roughly reached the center of the Taklamakan Desert. The great pyramid-shaped sand dunes here stand some 300 meters above the plain. When hit by strong gales, the dunes can stand three times as tall. This is the second largest dune desert in the world, receiving no more than 100 millimeters of rain every year, and sometimes as little as 4–5 millimeters. The high temperatures and the dangers of the constantly-shifting dunes have turned this place into a vast no-man’s land. No matter how the world changes outside, the desert follows its own ways, breathing peacefully on this vast stretch of land.

It is widely held that the word “Taklamakan” is Uyghur for “no escape.” People often call it the “sea of death.” Out of reverence for nature and faith in the cosmic principles of the creator, the pastoralists of this region have for millennia accepted the “fairness” of god’s plans. They spread out across the rivers and oases at the edges of the desert, using their kantumans³ to plant crops. The deserts, rivers, winds and people have coexisted peacefully for generations. Their dances, songs and poetry convey metaphors for the wisdom of the creator and express their unique logic of life. It

stands in stark contrast to the fierce appetites of the West in the late 15th century when they encountered a “new world,” expressing no sadness for the creator’s patience and restraint. It was not until the emergence of the concept of the “modern state” that countless cracks began to appear in the sky over this rootless land.

The production corps can be found wherever there is cotton. New cities climb towards the sky all around the Taklamakan Desert. Before, these cities had no cornerstones, no foundations, only a sweeping desert landscape covered in sand. In a few short decades, the new social structure tipped the balance between agriculture and pastoralism, and the oil and jade brought forth by the ground became the veins of this new economy. As interaction and exchange grew increasingly convenient, locals flooded the Chinese interior. The sounds of Muqam⁴ rang out in Beijing, Shanghai and other cities along the seaboard, where people enjoyed the crafts and cuisine of Xinjiang. This was exchanged for the products of modern industry. The tractor replaced the kantuman, and television culture replaced frenzied dancing. The people, who had passed down their jewel-encrusted Yengisar knives for generations, now wanted to share in the fruits of the new era.

In 2015, Zhao Zhao, who had left Xinjiang years before, decided to return there to complete one of his most important artworks to date, *Project Taklamakan* (2016). In a decade living in Beijing, Zhao Zhao experienced the give and take of a city, wandered about between multiple states of existence and ways of life, and generally took a resistant, provocative stance in his own life. After nearly a hundred artworks of varying styles and the accumulation of experience and resources, Zhao Zhao had become a representative of the young generation of artists. On the other hand, an artist’s way of life and attitude determines the constraints and attacks with which the world responds. The initial search always goes hand in hand with the eventual concealment. Whenever Zhao Zhao felt that the problem had vanished, in order to avoid following his own tastes and inertia, his aversion to repetition led him to resistance and

evasion. He needed to force himself to face himself, as he had when he left Xinjiang a decade before.

In October 2015, rushing to beat the Xinjiang snows, Zhao Zhao brought his ten years of new experience and his new “accent” back to the Taklamakan Desert some 3,000 kilometers away. With 100 kilometers of electrical cable, dozens of transformers, a two door refrigerator and a few dozen workers packed into four trucks, they travelled for five days to reach Lunnan, a small town on the desert’s northern edge. Zhao Zhao negotiated with a large Uyghur family in town to pay for electricity. His plan was to follow the edge of the desert highway, through the poplar forest, and south towards Qiemo County, laying 100 kilometers of electrical cable to the center of the Taklamakan Desert. He needed the electrical cable to plug in a refrigerator, fill it with Xinjiang Beer, and run it for 24 hours.

This idea, which in Beijing would seem so easy and meaningless, required proper planning of every facet of the project, and turned out to be much more difficult than he imagined. First, Zhao Zhao had to bring together all of his resources and determine the final proposal. Tang Contemporary Art provided over two million CNY in funding, and the author carried out liaison work as the curator of the project. Once the initial problems were solved, the challenges of implementation were handed over to Zhao Zhao, who had to deal with a massive pile of specific tasks. Where would the electricity come from? How would the route be determined? How would the cable be laid? How long would it take? All of the experience he accumulated in completing the 2013 artwork *Crush* came back into play—after Zhao Zhao sent out the invitations, and found volunteers willing to be stabbed, Zhao Zhao had to set conditions and limitations, such as what knife to use, where to stab, and for how long. Now he had to figure out how many workers it would take to lay 100 kilometers of cable so that he could keep the electricity flowing for 24 hours. This incomprehensible project was particularly challenging given the dangerous environment. Zhao

(2) “China China,” PinchukArtCenter, Kiev, Ukraine, 2013.

(3) The kantuman is an iron farming tool used by various ethnic groups in the region for both ploughing and digging.

(4) Muqam is a Xinjiang musical form often referred to as the encyclopedia of Uyghur knowledge.

Zhao and his team had to constantly shift their identities, at times pretending to be a film crew or oil workers. It was like *On Guard* in 2008, when he dressed up as a member of the People's Armed Police, or *One Day in Shanghai*, when he pretended to be blind. Even so, as they passed through a heavily monitored region with frequent checkpoints, what would they do if their cover was blown? Then the experiences from when *Officer* was confiscated would become valuable indeed.

In the face of countless difficulties and limitations, a whole array of data points had to be precisely calculated and neatly tied together. One hundred kilometers of cable, 27 workers, 23 days, 24 hours of continuous electricity. *Project Taklamakan* was like a test of what Zhao Zhao had learned over the past decade, a one-time synthesis of his past, a discussion with his past selves from each time and place, and a challenge to stand up to all possibilities. Zhao Zhao would have to draw on everything he had gained since leaving Xinjiang, his working experience and social awareness from the past decade, as well as his distant memories from his life in Xinjiang. Zhao Zhao has said that it was difficult to return after having left, even though he wanted others to see it as all being so simple.

Even after the refrigerator was powered, it only marked a partial completion of the project. The cable was laid for a hundred kilometers across the Taklamakan Desert, with clouds passing over its head, and unknown treasures buried deep below. It is said that some plants do manage to survive in this desert. They have highly developed root systems, sometimes stretching tens, even hundreds of times as far as what grows above ground, in order to reach the water below. The animals here hibernate in the summer. It took seven days to ship the hundred kilometers of cable back to Beijing. It is like the old Uyghur saying; it is easy to enter, but difficult to get out. After it arrived in Beijing, this cable, which had contended with the ancient desert for a short time, would now be stored in the modern metropolis for several months, awaiting its final cut. Its final dimensions were 1.86 meters, cut to fit the dimensions of the refrigerator, which had been determined by Western engineers, after exacting processes, to be the most practical and useful height for this appliance. Exactly 1.86 meters, not a millimeter more or less.

One experience provides inspiration for another. One period in

history arises from a completely different reality, and goes on to continue life. When a new reality emerges, it may be changed in certain ways, some ways more practical, others more idealistic, but most everything continues to exist in this new reality. When Zhao Zhao made his decision to carry out *Project Taklamakan*, it called to mind the desperation faced by the first Western colonists in the 15th century, the experiences of his father's generation through a lifetime in the Xinjiang Production Corps, and the Uyghurs with their Yengisar knives, showing a bit of an animal side and quite a lot of intuition, yearning to share in the fruits of the new era. These different groups and histories are like the ambitions of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* in confronting the world: "The world was so new that many things lacked names." But there was never any final outcome or judgment for all of this. It reminds me of a story told by Kazakh writer Ye'erkexi in *Eternal Lamb*. As a child, she grew up together with a lamb named Sarbasi, which was always falling behind the flock. When the lamb was eventually slaughtered, she was full of sadness, but her father told her it was bad luck to cry for a lamb. If her luck was good, she would live a long time, and get to see many lambs die for her. When Kazakhs slaughter a lamb, they say, "You did not die for sins, just as people do not live for starvation."

At the moment that Zhao Zhao opened the refrigerator in the center of the Taklamakan Desert, an aerial camera drone rose up in the sky, documenting this magical point of light from above, a witness to the life and death, and the vast flows of passions behind this period of drastic historic change, before disappearing into the night sky.

Several months later, when thinking back to the project, Zhao Zhao said, "It was like it never happened, like science fiction, some big budget film, but also very crude, very tiny, very gray."

IV

In 1915, Marcel Duchamp arrived in New York, and began creating the groundbreaking artwork *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors*, Even (a.k.a *The Large Glass*, 1915–23), a microcosm of his various aesthetic leanings and intellectual activities over the years, which he applied in various ways to this extremely complex artwork. People

came to understand it as an individualized, self-referential work, an allegory for the limitlessness of the individual, and the possibility for anything to become art.

In 1946, at a certain point just before Duchamp returned to the United States, he decided to retreat from the influence of the outside world, and become an "underground" artist. He began *Étant donnés: 1° la chute d'eau, 2° le gaz d'éclairage* (1946–66), an artwork which would take twenty years to complete. An antique door has two small holes in it, the only portal for viewers to see an eternally flowing waterfall and a nude woman holding a gas lamp. Water and gas both make faint appearances in *The Large Glass*, only clearly emerging in this work. In China, the work goes by the title *geiyu* (giving), alluding to the giving of limitations; everything is an obstruction, everything has measure and rules.

Duchamp once said that a Rembrandt painting could be used as an ironing board. Jasper Johns once elongated and flipped a portrait of Duchamp, and combined it with another work of his saluting Duchamp, titled *According to What* (1964). In 1985, Ai Weiwei created *Hanging Man* in New York, in which he folded a coat hanger into a portrait of Duchamp, echoing the creative ideas of Duchamp and Johns. In 2007, Zhao Zhao broke off a piece of wood from Ai Weiwei's *Fragments* (2006) and ground it down into 32 toothpicks. Several years later, Zhao Zhao created a work entitled *Untitled (Duchamp)*, in which he combined Duchamp's landmark works *Étant donnés* and *The Large Glass*. He enlisted painters in Dafen Village to reproduce the part of *Étant donnés* that had been strictly constrained by the pinholes, and this new painting could only be seen through a fragment of glass resembling *The Large Glass*. Unlike the accidental fracturing in *Large Glass*, Zhao Zhao intentionally shattered his glass with a precise gunshot, the bullet hole facing the

woman's exposed vagina.

Coincidentally, in a decade of creations that do not follow any single standard or thread, we can see in Zhao Zhao's works many traces of art history, some overt, some less visible. These include Joseph Beuys, Christo and Jean-Claude, Anselm Kiefer, stone Buddhas from China's Northern and Southern Dynasties period, Han dynasty stone coffins, Tang dynasty stupas, Emperor Kangxi's Dragon Throne from the Qing dynasty, and safes from the Republican Era. Meanwhile, as the present gradually turns into history, we often see Zhao Zhao translating between social events and private life, as with the August 12 explosion in Tianjin, the great rainstorm of July 21 in Beijing, the Bo Xilai affair, Zhao Zhao's car accident, romances and violent encounters. These double entendres of past and present form a baffling decade of murkiness, multiplicity, frenzy and silence.

In September 2016, when *Knife, Suit* and *Project Taklamakan* are presented in the exhibition space as essential parts of a unified whole, they appear at once as carriers of the obstacles and struggles Zhao Zhao has faced in the past decade, his self-turmoil and quests for truth, industry interference and constant departures. In this time, he has released a record album, compiled catalogues, made an art space and filmed documentaries. This exhibition has control and indulgence, fortune and gravity. At the age of thirty, the perfect time, Zhao Zhao has erected a new structure for countless moments in the past. He says, "This exhibition is a true proclamation, as well as an assessment of what I am really doing in this system, about what kind of person I really am, but it must be concrete and visible."

July 27, 2016

Acknowledgements: Ai Weiwei, *Time and Place* (2010), Francis Naumann and John Tancock's *Duchamp And/OR/In China* (2013), Wu Hung's *Making the Most of Things—Contemporary Art of the Common People* (2011), Ah Cheng's *At the Edge of the Sky* (2010), Ou Ning's *Under the Dome of Western China: Travels in the Real and Literary Worlds* (2013), Liu Liangcheng's *One Man's Village* (2006) and *Digging* (2010), and Ye'erkexi's *Eternal Lamb* (2003), all provided excellent historical material and outstanding personal perspectives. They were immensely influential in the writing of this essay.

2 0 1 6

2015 年 10 月，赵赵在新疆开始实施《塔克拉玛干计划》。他和 30 余人的工作团队由北京出发，带着 100 公里的四芯电缆和一台冰箱，行驶近 4000 公里，抵达塔克拉玛干沙漠北部后，将其用改装后的“探路者号”沙漠车运往沙漠。为了通过严格的检查制度，赵赵扮演成包工头、广告片导演等角色，不断与人周旋。到达轮南镇后，他们从维吾尔族生活区中接通电源，以此为起点，将电缆往沙漠中心方向延伸，全程耗时 23 天，共使用了 10 台变压器，以减少低压电能的输送损失。电缆尽头，一台装满新疆啤酒的双开门冰箱成功地被通电打开，在空旷无人的沙漠腹地运行了 24 个小时。而后 100 公里电缆、变压器和冰箱一同被运回北京，电缆被严格按照冰箱的高度 1.86 米切割打捆。整个计划的实施耗费了巨大的人力、物力与财力。对于赵赵来说，项目运行的经费来源、与维族居民的沟通、长距离电缆的铺设方式等每个环节都是他主动参与、介入社会的方式。

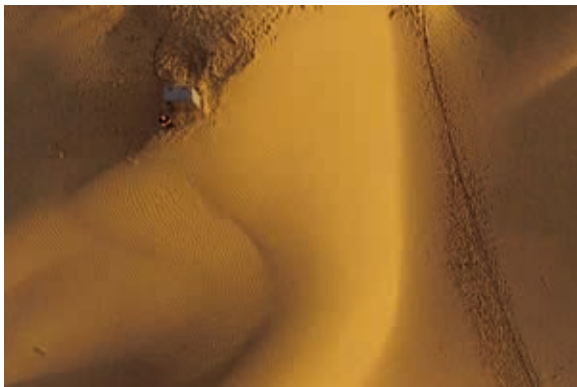
In October 2015, Zhao Zhao began working on *Project Taklamakan* in Xinjiang. He and a thirty-strong team traveled the 4,000 kilometers from Beijing with an 100 kilometer 4-core cable and a refrigerator. After arriving in the northern part of the Taklamakan Desert, they transported these materials into the desert on a refitted Pathfinder. In order to pass strict inspection system, Zhao Zhao played the roles of a contractor and an advertisement director when he interacted with people. After arriving in Lunnan they connected the electricity to a household in the Uyghur community, then trailed the cable out toward the center of the desert. The journey took 23 days and used 10 transformers, in order to prevent any losses in power transmission. The end of the cable successfully powered a double-door refrigerator full of Sinkiang (Xinjiang) Beer for 24 hours in an expansive, uninhabited desert. The 100 kilometer cable, the transformers, and the refrigerator were later sent back to Beijing, where the cable was cut into precise 1.86-meter sections, a measurement strictly based on the height of the refrigerator. The implementation of the project required immense human, material, and financial resources. For him, installing that long cable, interacting with the Uyghur family, finding funding for the project, and passing the strict government inspections became ways for him to actively participate and intervene in society.

《塔克拉玛干计划》，2016，电缆、冰箱、变压器；彩色高清录像，有声，120 分钟
Project Taklamakan, 2016, electrical cable, transformers, refrigerator; HD color video, with sound, 120 mins.











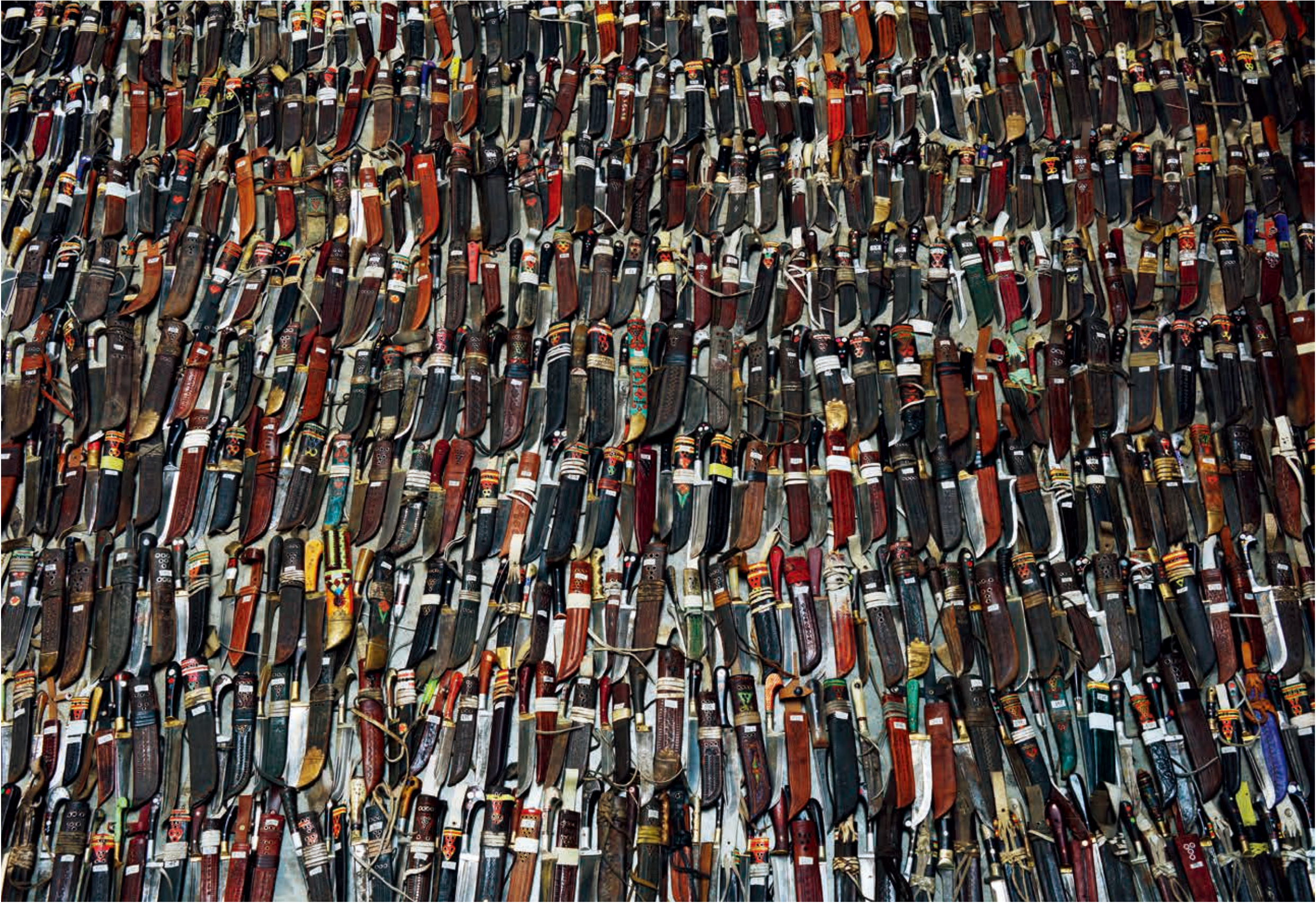
《塔克拉玛干计划》，2016，展览现场，当代唐人艺术中心，北京
Project Taklamakan, 2016, exhibition view, Tang Contemporary art, Beijing

“英吉沙刀”以原产地，位于塔里木盆地西部的英吉沙县命名，这种小刀的历史长达400年之久。对于游牧民族来说，它是重要的生活用具和装饰配件，也是抵御危险的象征与自我保护的工具。而现在，这种传统小刀也成为逐渐消失的历史记忆。从2009年开始，赵赵陆续在新疆各地向当地人收集使用过的“英吉沙刀”。七年时间里，他从不同的个体与家庭中收到了1000把刀。与此同时，赵赵还拍摄了一部纪录片来记录收集过程中遇见的人，发生的故事。在展览中，他把这些曾经私人化的物品汇集到一起，变成面向公众展出的作品《刀》。

Yengisar knives are named after their place of origin: Yengisar County in the west of the Tarim Basin. The practice related to their production are 400 years old. For nomads, these knives are important tools and ornamental objects; they are also symbols of the ability to resist threat as well as an instrument of self-protection. Now, these traditional knives are gradually becoming lost in history and memory. Since 2009, Zhao Zhao has collected the Yengisar knives that have been used by the people of Xinjiang. In the last seven years, he has collected 1,000 knives from individuals and families. Zhao Zhao also shot a documentary that records the people he met and the events that took place as he collected these objects. In this exhibition, he brings together these once-private objects and presents them publicly in *Knife*.

《刀》，2009-2016，英吉沙刀，1000把；彩色高清录像，有声

Knife, 2009-2016, Yengisar knife, 1000 blades; HD color video, with sound





pp. 38 - 41 赵赵收集的英吉沙刀 The Yengisar knives Zhao Zhao collected





《刀》录像截图 Video stills from *Knife*



从一件衣服说起

元月初，儿子要去纽约，出席在纽约举办的个人画展开幕式。

赴美之前我和夫人、儿子进城去了趟连卡佛服装店，店里顾客不多，也就三五人，我们就随意看着店里的各式服装，其中一件领、袖镶嵌了金属穗片、做工考究的青果领男士西服，很是别致，与众不同，非常抢眼。儿子也注意到这件衣服，随手取下，试穿了一下。我们一看挺合身，好像就是为他量身定做的。大家的目光都投向他身上！他在镜子前左右照着，而后，他走到我面前说：“你猜猜？多少钱？”

我说：“可能很贵吧！”

“你猜猜。”他说。

我说：“说不好，至少也要几千块吧？”

他嘴一撇说：“九万九千九百九十九元。”

我的个妈呀！就一件衣服，至于吗？也太离谱了吧！我活这么大，就没听说过，也从未有这样的经历。

夫人此时也在一旁插嘴道：“这么贵，给我三千块，我能做出一模一样的。”

儿子转头问我：“你觉得呢？怎样？你会买吗？”他一连串地问我。

我还没回过神来，感觉浑身直冒汗，我支吾着说：“这件衣服的确很好，但，我不会买。”

“为什么？是因为太贵了？”

“当然！再好不就一件衣服而已。”我反驳道。

“你不觉得它值吗？”

“我不觉得！”

“哦……”他看着我若有所思，嘴里发出低沉的语气来。

他转过头向店里的服务小姐说：“把这件衣服包了，我买了！”

我当时一愣，看着他，一句话也说不出来……当时我浑身的血直往上涌。“什么东西！”我气愤至极，几乎失去理智，扭头就走。夫人拉着我的袖子，“干嘛呀？有话好好说不成？”我出了店门，看着街上川流不息的车流和熙熙攘攘的人流，边走边想，儿子的身影忽隐忽现……

我的思绪回到了他上学那会儿……

那时，我们三口之家，我在学校当教师，我夫人在商场工作，我和夫人供他一人上学，还算过得去。从小到大尽量满足他的需求，只要是学习方面的都尽量满足，但从不娇惯。因此，他也从小养成了不乱花钱的习惯。吃，他妈妈给他做什么吃什么，衣服给他买什么就穿什么，从不讲究。记得上小学那会儿，他妈妈成天忙于商业工作，三天两头出差，我也忙于教学工作，因此，他从小就养成了独处和自立的习惯。他的兴趣爱好不知怎的也十分广泛，星期天，他一人可以在邮局外边集邮摊儿待上一天，或者跟邻居的小伙子去踢球，总是和差辈的人在一起玩；课余还报了绘画班学习国画，画一些花草之类；中学时，他喜欢上了旱冰和跆拳道，两样玩得都很出色。跆拳道参加新疆维吾尔自治区举办的比赛，他获得59公斤级别的第一名。那年，西安体院想特招他，我没让他去，权衡利弊，觉得让他报美院比较好。在学习跆拳道时，他莫名地结识了他的启蒙老师李其煜——次去武馆，两人在武馆相遇，老头（李其煜）主动向我儿子搭话，说，看一下你的手相。儿子就让他看了。之后他又问，你画画吗？儿子说：画。能拿来给我看看吗，我的画室就在这里。没几天，儿子拿着他的画就去了李老师的画室。他看后说，你放学早的话

可以到我的画室画画。儿子回家把这事告诉他妈，夫人还吓了一跳，跟我讲：这老头奇怪，无缘无故教他画画，也不要钱！让我打听打听。我向李老师的学校一询问，才知道，李老师毕业于山东美术学院，反右时他被打成右派，发配到新疆劳动改造，平反后，重新分配到石河子技工学校任教师。校领导讲：李老师非常好，轻易不收学生，那肯定是他看上你儿子有这方面的潜质，很多家长找上门来他都不收。在这期间，儿子经常去他的画室画画，有时回来我问他：老师教你画什么了吗？他说：也没有，只是让我随便些，可以看他的画，我也可以随便画。可能就是那时，李老师给了他一个自由的空间，让他认识和感知他所在的现实世界，不加以束缚，真正像一位长者，笃爱孩子，让他茁壮成长，而不是拔苗助长，泯灭天性。他们成了忘年交，儿子上大学那会儿，李老师一来乌鲁木齐就来看儿子，两人可以聊一宿，很晚才睡。

美院的学生大多都很艰苦，因为费用很高，尤其是学油画的，各种材料都得花钱！家里经济条件不好的，更是窘迫。好在我们都有工资，尽量满足他所需的。每月给他那点钱，也是捉襟见肘，他从不乱花。星期天，他去旧货市场买木头，回来自己做框子，舍不得买成品画框，即便买也是跟老板讨价还价，搞得老板都不忍心……生活上从不奢侈，穿的永远是那几件衣服，有时到外贸商店去淘点衣服，根本不可能把钱花在衣服上！记得上大三时，他都带学生了，挣点小费，晚上去地下商城给人家画壁画，一画就是到深更半夜，第二天还得上课，很是辛苦！也就是这种锻炼，磨练了他的意志，不屈不挠，勇往直前的精神。在这期间，他也参加了新疆的各种画展，毕业前，新疆艺术学院为他举办了首个学生个人画展。作为家长我们感到欣慰，总算看到了一点成绩、一点回报……接下来的路还很长，一切要从头开始。毕业后，他选择了北漂。

自北漂以后，他很少回家，记忆里，好像也就一两次吧。很少通信，很少联系，发展如何？不得而知。2008年，北京举办奥运会。正好在假期，学校放假，我和夫人一同来北京，在儿子这小住几日。他算是有了自己的住处，没有让我们住宾馆，我们也感到放心了。时隔几年，这次重返北京，他要去美国纽约举办个人画展，我们为他高兴和骄傲！出息了，长本事了！一个西部出生的孩子，能走出国门，登上世界具有影响力的繁华大都市的舞台，一展自己的艺术才华，真应了那句：初生牛犊不怕虎。青春年少正当时，有志者事竟成。儿子赶上了一个自我发挥的开放时代，我们不能跟他们同日而语。

据我所知，纽约是美国第一大城市，她引领世界电影的潮流，同时，也是美国的经济、文化、艺术中心。我对美国的印象也是从新闻媒体和我所受的教育中所得，没有直接印象。

当然，出席正式的场合，着装要注意，是应该的；但过分的讲究、铺张、奢华有必要吗？不就去美国吗！有什么了不起，这样摆谱！你是谁呀，老子都不曾想过，你小子是有钱了，也不能这样糟践钱啊！

这件事一直印在我的脑海里，耿耿于怀……

今年初，我退休。时光飞逝，转眼到了2015年。人生一甲子，匆匆而过，容不得你思考，时光的脚步就这样一天天过去了！到了跟工作说声再见的时候。对当下百姓而言，可谓：终于解脱了，脱离了束缚，自由了！就盼着退休。周围的同事都非常羡慕，都想早早离开。其实，这反映了当下中国百姓一种普遍的社会心态：工作不轻松，要养家糊口，现实压力过大，没有安全感；压抑、焦虑、纠结、心理不平衡；有权的、没权的、有钱的、没钱的都没有真正的幸福可言，因此，渴望自由，渴望退休，渴望逃避。

对我而言，则是“不以物喜，不以己悲”。也许是过来人，人生没选择，经历了不同阶段、跌宕起伏的社会变化，看淡了人世间的追名逐利，纷纷扰扰；我们每个人都是父母生命的延续，光溜溜地来到这个世上，到您走的那一天，只不过身上多了几件遮羞的衣裳而已。退休是人生的一个过程。如果把人生划分三个时段的话，我已走完三

分之二，还剩三分之一。回首走过的路，童年：无忧；少年：学习、天真无邪；青年：上学、下乡；壮年：辗转、工作。可谓：一路走来，扪心自问，上对得起的社会，下对得起父母；于公于私遵纪守法，做平凡的工作，无愧于心，无愧于家庭，我可以肯定地说：当我离开的时候，没有人指我的脊梁骨。是一个好人足矣！

我们50后生人，所受教育不同，总有英雄情结。前苏联作家尼古拉·奥斯特洛夫斯基的长篇小说《钢铁是怎样炼成的》是那时我们热捧的读物；主人公保尔·柯察金是我们的偶像。小说中脍炙人口的名句，可以说影响了我们一生：“人最宝贵的是生命。生命属于人只有一次。人的一生应当这样度过：当他回首往事的时候，不会因为碌碌无为，虚度年华而悔恨，也不会因为为人卑劣、生活庸俗而愧疚。这样，在临终的时候，他就能够说：我已把自己整个的生命和全部的精力献给了世界上最壮丽的事业——为人类的解放而奋斗。”现在说来可笑，看看现在的社会，一切向权看、向钱看，不为自己，还学雷锋？搁在现在觉着有病！但是，我们不后悔。正因为这种教育，我们为人处世光明磊落，脚踏实地，老实做人，认真做事。当然，我们离保尔·柯察金那种境界相差甚远，在我们所处的环境中，做了我们应该做的事，在社会的链条中只是一个小小的“螺丝钉”，但起码我们没有做愧对国家、人民、家人的哪怕一件坏事。虽然没有轰轰烈烈，但也问心无愧！

对于衣服而言，在我的成长过程中，有着太多的记忆。想起我的童年，我们穿的衣服几乎都是哥哥姐姐穿过的，大改小，穿补丁衣服；家里姊妹多，作为小的，只有穿哥哥姐姐穿过的衣服，没觉得不好；吃的是五谷杂粮，粗茶淡饭，知道节俭。那时，照现在的说法，是“社会主义初级阶段”。计划经济，生产力低下，物资不丰富。在我的印象中，人人穿得都很单一，黄和蓝是主色调，男女不分，好像今日朝鲜，什么都凭票，物资匮乏，没什么攀比，日子过得感觉还挺幸福。小孩就盼着过年，穿新衣服，吃好吃的……

饭后茶余经常听父辈们说：在旧社会，甘肃老家河西走廊非常穷，靠天吃饭，没钱买布做衣服，穷人一家老小围在炕上，没衣服穿，只有大人出门，才穿件破旧的衣服，小孩都是光着身子。现在日子多好啊，有衣穿，有饭吃，有学上，真是幸福啊！

我的童年是在故乡石河子度过的。听父辈说：原先石河子芦苇丛生，人烟稀少，只有“老街”住着几十户人家，是大路边的驿站。四周全是戈壁滩，因村边有一条布满碎石的干河床，故取名石河子。据1917年谢彬《新疆游记》记载：“石河子，店铺民居二十余家，为绥来乡镇第一。”此处原有一条玛纳斯河的岔流，枯水期河床裸露，石河子由此得名。

49年9月新疆和平解放，50年2月，陶峙岳将军响应党中央毛主席的号召，率中国人民解放军“原国民党22兵团”挺进石河子，拉开了屯垦戍边的序幕，这是历史上，也是新疆解放后在万古荒原上建设最早、规模最大的军垦城市。

54年3月，我出生在石河子新城。“新元”由此而得名。家人一直叫我乳名“新元”。长大后，问家父，答说：喻意新疆的一员。我生于斯长于斯，亲历它的今昔变化。

60年9月，我进入石河子兵团子弟学校就读，直到“文革”开始。记得“文革”前，我们接受的是苏联的教育模式。12年一贯制：小学6年，中学6年。当时的教育方针是德智体美劳全面发展，争当社会主义的接班人。学校实行的是供给制：学生每人一套海军制服；住集体宿舍，打通铺，有阿姨专门打扫卫生、整理内务；吃饭在学校食堂，十人一桌，高年级的大哥哥、大姐姐负责低年级的学生吃饭，不准浪费。记得一次吃红烧肉，姐姐从她坐的桌子端着碗走到我的旁边说：你把这块肉吃了，随手夹了一块肉放在我碗里。我一看说：我不吃！（那块肉是猪的乳头）她说：听话！转身就走了……这种日子时间也不长，很快中苏关系破裂，我国进入经济困难时期，天灾人祸频发，

我们还算幸运；那时学校中午有午睡。有时我们几个男生不睡觉，偷偷跑出去洗澡（游泳），觉得差不多要上课了，又偷偷跑回教室。回想起童年，仍然有很多快乐的记忆。不像现在，马路上小学生背着大背包，个个胖胖的，只知道读书，各种户外活动好像没有我们那时丰富—打杂耍、骑毛驴、赢桃胡、游泳、打球、画画、写字、文体活动、篝火晚会，这些都是我童年美好的记忆……

一场轰轰烈烈的“文革”结束了我的童年时代。停课闹革命，大串联，上街游行，批斗走资派，贴大字报。家父解放前在新疆（迪化）警备司令部做过陶峙岳将军的书记官，由于在国民党部队供职的经历，也受到冲击，进了“牛棚”，戴高帽游街；不久我也成了“黑五类”，辍学在家。夏天除了游泳、打篮球、打兵乓球几乎没别的事，还亲历了造反派抄家的全过程。家里被造反派翻得乱七八糟，母亲非常害怕，怕我们有个三长两短，好在我们在提心吊胆中度过了那个非常时期。

69年9月复课，在石河子中学（现二中）读的中学、高中。当时复课闹革命，学工、学农占据了我们的很多时间，文化课没怎么好好上，但在这期间也读了一些书，比如《少年维特之烦恼》、《牛虻》、《战争与和平》、《家》、《春》、《秋》、《安娜·卡列琳娜》、《红楼梦》等，一些书是家里的，一些是学校的，图书尘封多年没人管，进去随便拿，回去瞎看似懂非懂，不知道什么名著不名著。

74年7月高中毕业，响应国家号召，接受贫下中农再教育“上山下乡”。在中国当时的大背景下，我被分配到了兵团的值班连队—石河子独立团三营九连（系南京高炮部队集体转业）接受再教育。当时，“文革”还未结束。父亲被打倒，下放劳动改造；我处在转业军人、共产党员、贫下中农这样一个“大熔炉”里进行再教育，但我属于“黑五类”，您说是否很有戏剧性？对我来说，没别的选择，只有老老实实接受“改造”。临走前，父亲嘱咐我好好锻炼，抽空别忘了学习。到了连队，和连队的同志们、大嫂们同吃同劳动，当时叫“打成一片”，渐渐地适应了农场的各种农活—夏天，除草定苗；秋天，收大秋作物；冬天，积肥、清理猪圈、修大渠；春天，站在拖拉机后边的篱笆上平整土地，尘土飞扬，一个班次下来，就像鲁迅先生笔下所写：“只有那眼珠间或一轮，还可以表示她是一个活物。”浑身上下全是土，只有眼珠在动。我的青春在那里度过，“广阔天地，大有作为”是当时的口号。我在学校没有入团，在连队我入了团。根红苗正、阶级分明、唯成分论的极左时代，连队组织接受我这个“黑五类”加入到组织，是一件多么不可思议的事情！我兴奋得一夜没睡好。现在回想起来，基层淳朴的职工是善良的、爱憎分明，这使我懂得如何做一个正直、善良的人。不久，我被调到连部当保管。后来由于表现较好又调入团加工厂任统计出纳，而后又调入团二中任教。后来我又进入石河子师范中文系学习，毕业后又调入团一中任教。当时年轻，精力充沛，工作热情很高，不甘落后，每年在石河子市八校统考中所带科目都是前三名。在学校我光荣地加入了中国共产党，成为一名党员。在现在来说，人们对入党不感兴趣，在百姓的眼里党员干部往往自我形象不佳，常遭诟病。现在入党也比以前容易，诸多因素，但是，对我们而言，在当时的环境中，入党对每个人来说都不是一件简单的事，而是人生大事！无论从思想从境界从工作都要比别人努力向上，积极进取，吃苦在先，享受在后，时时处处体现出你的觉悟来，与现在不能同日而语。

78年父亲平反，落实政策返回石河子工作。单位给我父亲分了一套房，还没住母亲就中风病倒了。母亲的病情越来越差，赶紧住进石河子医学院附属第二医院，就一直没醒来。我母亲走时一句话也没留下！安详地如同睡觉一样走了。我母亲是一个慈祥、善良、宽厚的中国传统妇女。一生勤恳恳、任劳任怨相夫教子。她幼时我的外祖父东渡日本留学；婚后她在老家，我父亲走南闯北，新疆解放后，她才带着孩子来到父亲身边。可以说母亲没有过上几天好日子，“文革”中担惊受怕，总算熬到头她却走了。这是多么令人痛心的事情！她终于把家庭和社会的重

任放下了，安详地了无牵挂地走了……留给我们的的是深深的思念之情。“给予”是他们这代人的核心价值观，儿女的一切在很大层面上要归功我们的父母，我们却无以回报！正如唐代诗人孟郊《游子吟》中的诗句：谁言寸草心，报得三春晖。

我在读师范的时候，父亲给了很大帮助。尤其是古文，学校里一知半解的东西，回到家里，父亲给我说文解字。老师第二天课堂讲评时，我的最好。同学都嫉妒，我暗自偷笑。谁让我有一个有文化的父亲，值得我庆幸和骄傲！现在父母已相继作古，但他们的音容笑貌依旧……

我从74年下乡接受再教育，一直在接受再教育的团场辗转工作了18年。92年，我从石河子独立团中学调入石河子蔬研所工作，之后任纪检办主任，94年，我又调入石河子广播电视大学工作，重返教育单位。后来我从学部调入校办工作，任副主任。

2000年，我调入兵团广播电视大学工作。在省校期间，我经历了国家教育部开展的“人才培养模式和开放教育试点”项目，参与了试点的评估工作，亲历了学校由小到大，由弱到强，历经蜕变，快速发展，办学规模、办学效益得到提升，开始迈向开放大学的行列。客观看：电大是时代的产物。这种舶来的教育形式，当时起到了重要的作用。从文革中走出的人们，渴望教育，它给一切求学者带来福音，带来希望；它为中国的改革开放发挥了巨大作用，这得感谢邓小平他老人家从英国把这种教育模式移植到中国！从现状看：全国电大在籍学生可谓百万之众！单从数量来说，各所高校望尘莫及！但要从质量来说，令人堪忧！教育质量严重滑坡，这是事实，而且受教育者大多呈低龄化，混文凭的居多。如果我们的教育这样办下去的话，那教育的意义是什么？这是目前有良知的教师所纠结和苦闷的地方。当然，教育的大格局不变，我们很难扭转这种尴尬的局面。

期间，我在校党委行政办公室历任秘书科科长，后任两办室副主任兼秘书科科长，由于工作忙，与兄弟电大交流频繁，应酬多，2004年，我的眼底出血，在新疆军区空军医院做的眼底手术。对我来说，始料未及，生命如此脆弱！鉴于身体原因向党委提出调整工作。2005年，竞聘到学院任书记，解任后，任学校工会副主席，期间，在科研处负责《兵团远程教育》杂志的编辑工作，同时还兼任校关工委工作，我还被兵团关心下一代委员会评为优秀工作者称号。2013年，上半年工会换届光荣离任，经党委研究决定享受正处级调研员。这也是党委对我工作的一个肯定。

回首走过的路，我们这一代人，一切听从党安排，一声令下，叫到哪里就去哪里，上听组织下听父母，多年养成了惟命是从的习惯。当下社会则无需这样，年轻人为自己而活，彰显个性，要自我，有态度。时代不同，这是我们不能企及的，也有遗憾。但是，我们所经历的酸甜苦辣、风风雨雨也是一种历练，也是一种财富，正如古人所说：富贵不能淫，贫贱不能移。

2015年迁居北京。期间去了三亚、越南、深圳、香港、澳门，虽对许多人与事留有印象，但衣服这事，对我触动尤其大。辛苦一辈子，没有什么积蓄。记得我刚工作那会，每月工资22元、30.3元、44元，到学校工资才涨到60几块钱，一直到93年我的工资才300多块钱，2000年以后，工资才有了大幅提升，物价随着大涨；近些年，在职时一年工资也就值一件衣服的价钱；现在退休工资也就五千元左右，九万九千九百九十九的衣服，不吃不喝两年的退休工资！对我来说，是一个天文数字！需要一两年的辛勤付出，想都不要想，这不是我所需要的。

是否很可悲？
不是因为我不买不起而感到可悲；问题在于我们付出的劳动价值在哪里？怎样衡量？何以体现？
在港澳随处可见咱国人出入名贵高厦，珠宝、名表似乎不待问价，赌桌前尽是咱国人，挥金如粪土！似乎国人最没有“价值”概念！手里拎着大包小包、大呼小叫走在街上，忒牛逼的那种！

我知道自己几斤几两，不敢妄为；一生走来，一步一个脚印，老实做人，踏实做事，到了，才混了个处级干部，两袖清风，过的是和百姓一样的生活。虽然当下，百姓最恨的就是党员干部！好像没有一个“好东西”，但一生靠工资维系生计，也算小富即安。

作为党员干部，深受家庭影响，父母教诲，组织培养，不敢有一点贪腐之心，我属于那种：知足不贪的“阿 Q”，自认为：可以了，比上不足，比下有余，扪心无愧，不怕半夜鬼敲门！常言道：出门去做官，为的就是吃和穿。细细想来人活一世，光溜溜地呱呱坠地来到这个世界，富人和穷人、名人和凡人不都一样超脱不了自然法则；到了，尘归尘，土归土。

百姓安居，丰衣足食，夜不闭户，社会才稳定。历朝历代的盛衰与更替，无不与百姓的衣食住行有关。“水能载舟亦能覆舟”，朝政的安危，在于百姓拥护，一个置百姓于困苦之中的集权者，又如何能江山稳固呢？只能是：金玉其表，败絮其中，祸起萧墙矣！

三十多年的改革开放,我国从拨乱反正中走出,社会发生了翻天覆地的变化,人们的衣食住行得到了极大的改善,似乎百姓过上了前所未有的幸福生活！到处呈现出一派繁荣景象。殊不知，日子不长，社会矛盾日益凸显，房子问题、环境问题、食品安全、上学就医、贫富差距越来越大，各种矛盾交织，骂娘声不断。社会失去了方向，人们没了信仰，纠结、压抑、厌世，导致官民仇恨，无官不贪，无民不想贪，金钱至上，人们的价值观失衡，对自己不抱希望，对国家失望，没有幸福可言，人人都很绝望。今天的中国出现了严重的问题，国家的前途命运，令国人担忧！

如今，国家开始从源头抓起，整治体制漏洞，惩治官僚腐败，从严治党，严惩腐败，始于于民，社会开始有所好转。尽管国家管理体制出现了很大的问题，中国共产党的公信力遭到质疑，我和大多数百姓的看法是一致的，也许我们是懦弱的、没有血性，但我还是坚信国家不能乱，乱则百姓苦，国无宁日！世界格局的乱象中，那些饱受战争之苦的人们，在瑟瑟的寒风中颠沛流离，无家可归……这是我们不想看到的！

我的人生经历和我的价值观是在那个时期形成的。勤俭持家是我们的本分，奢侈对我们来说，是资产阶级的东西。对于衣服而言，干净整洁就好。如此昂贵的衣服，在我的人生经历中是第一次，是不能接受的；尽管我很失落，我很质疑，我们为什么穿不起？

虽然，我也知道，一个商品的背后，有多少专业团队为它付出，价格只是它的一个附加值。面对它的时候应该有敬畏之心，而不是价格。但是，我的世界观无不打上“阶级的”、“时代的”烙印，使我不能理智地去面对。悲哀也好，奢侈也罢，总之，是不能接受的！这是我与儿子的不同，也许这就是代沟：上一代人和下一代人的不同，世界观的不同，因此，对同一事物的认识就不同。

唯一的一个理由：这是一个物欲横流的世界……

人们对于物资的需求与享受是永远无法满足的，正如，当下高官的纷纷落马，他们的贪欲之心永远没法得到满足一样！人们在创造财富的同时，又在肆无忌惮地挥霍和掠夺资源，破坏生态，毁坏人类赖以生存的地球！那些道貌岸然、衣冠楚楚的“正人君子”，总有一天会被钉在历史的耻辱柱上！回归自然，正本求源，遏制贪欲，厚德载物，才是正道。

赵 非

2015 年 6 月 12 日于北京

Starting with a Suit

In early January, our son planned to go to New York to attend the opening ceremony for his solo exhibition there.

Before travelling to America, my wife, my son and I went into the city to visit the Lane Crawford clothing store. There were only a few customers inside. We looked at the various items of clothing for sale before coming across an exquisitely made shawl collar suit with metal strips inlaid in the collar. It was quite striking. My son noticed the suit as well, and took it down to try it on. It fit quite well, almost as if it was made just for him. Everyone was looking at him. He swiveled around in front of the mirror, and then walked up to me, saying, “Guess how much this costs?”

I said, “It must be quite expensive.”

“Guess,” he said.

I said, “I don’t know, at least a few thousand?”

He snorted and said, “Ninety nine thousand, nine hundred ninety nine yuan.”

My goodness! Could a single item of clothing be worth so much? It was simply too crazy. I have never heard such a thing in my life.

My wife interjected, “That’s too expensive. Give me three thousand yuan and I can make one just like it.”

My son turned to me, “What do you think? Would you buy it?” He was peppering me with questions.

Still in shock, I muttered, “It really is a nice suit, but I wouldn’t buy it.”

“Why not? Because it’s too expensive?”

“Of course! No matter how nice it is, it’s just clothing,” I shot back.

“You don’t think it’s worth it?”

“No, I don’t!”

“Hmm…” He hummed as he gazed at me.

He turned to the salesgirl and said, “Wrap this suit up, I’ll take it.”

I looked at him, too stunned to speak as my blood boiled. I blurted out, “What is wrong with you?” I had lost my senses, and I turned to storm out. My wife grabbed my sleeve, “What are you doing? Can’t we just talk it out?” I went out the door and stepped into the flood of people on the street, lost in thought as I walked. I caught only glimpses of my son.

My thoughts wandered back to when he was in school…

Back then, it was the three of us. I was a schoolteacher and my wife worked in a store. The two of us were able to pay for his schooling. We always tried to satisfy his needs, particularly his education, but we never spoiled him. He never cultivated a habit of reckless spending. He ate whatever food his mother made for him, and wore whatever clothes she bought for him. He was never picky. I remember, when he was in primary school, his mother was working all the time, and had to travel for business every few days, while I was busy teaching. As a result, he was independent and used to being on his own from a young age. I don’t know why, but he also cultivated a very wide range of interests. He could spend the whole day on his own at the post office stamp collecting counter, or playing football with the neighbor’s kid, and was always spending time with people much older than him. He signed up for after school classes in Chinese painting, where he painted flowers and the like. In middle school, he got interested in roller skating and taekwondo,

both of which he excelled at. In taekwondo, he took part in the Xinjiang Autonomous Region Championship, winning first place in the 59 kilogram weight class. The Xi'an Physical Education University wanted to take him in that year, but I didn't let him go. I weighed all the choices, and decided it would be better for him to go to an art academy. When he was learning taekwondo, he randomly encountered his mentor Li Qiyu. The two ran into each other at the taekwondo school, and the old man (Li Qiyu) struck up a conversation with my son, offering to read his palm. Zhao Zhao let him read it, and Li asked him if he was a painter. My son replied that he was, and Li asked to see his paintings, telling him his studio was nearby. My son brought his paintings over to the studio, and Li told him that whenever he got out of school early, he could come over to paint. When my son came home and told his mother about this, she was frightened. She said to me, "This old man is strange, teaching our son to paint for no good reason. He doesn't even want money." She told me to ask around about this man. I spoke to the school where he worked, and found out he had graduated from the Shandong Academy of Fine Arts. He had been branded a rightist in the anti-rightist campaign and sent to Xinjiang for reeducation through labor. After he was rehabilitated, he was assigned to the Shihezi Technology and Industry School as a teacher. The school administrators told me that Mr. Li is very good, and does not take on just any student. He must have seen potential in my son. Many parents had sought him out to teach their children, and he had refused. During those days, my son often went to his studio to paint. Sometimes, when he came home, I would ask him what Mr. Li had taught him to paint. He would reply, "Nothing, he just told me to do whatever I wanted. I could watch him paint, or I could paint something of my own." Perhaps Mr. Li gave him free space, allowing him to perceive the world around him in an unfettered manner. He was a true mentor, with deep affection for the child, helping him to grow strong on his own, rather than pushing him and stifling his nature. They built a lasting friendship. When my son went to college, Mr. Li would visit him in Urumqi, where they would talk long into the night.

Most art academy students have a difficult time, because the costs are so high. This is particularly the case with oil painting students, who have to pay for all the materials. It is especially trying for students who come from less prosperous families. Fortunately, my wife and I both earned salaries. We did everything we could to provide for his needs. The little bit of money we gave him each month was all we could spare, and he was very careful about spending it. On Sundays he would go to the secondhand market to buy wood, which he would use to make his own canvas frames. He could never bring himself to buy premade ones, and on the rare occasion he did, he would bargain with the shopkeeper until he caved in. He was never indulgent. He only had a few sets of clothes, and on the occasion he bought new clothes, he would generally buy factory overruns. He never wanted to spend money on clothes. By his third year in college, he tutored other students for side income. At night, he would paint murals in the underground shopping arcades. He would paint all night, and go straight to class in the morning. It was a difficult life. These challenges tempered his will, giving him determination and courage. During this time, he took part in many exhibitions in Xinjiang. Before he graduated, the Xinjiang Arts Institute held a solo exhibition of his work, the first time they had done so for a student. As parents, we were quite proud. We at least saw some achievement and some return on our efforts. The path forward would be a long one, and he would have to start everything again from the beginning. Upon graduation, he chose to make his way to Beijing.

After moving to Beijing, he rarely came home. As I remember it, he only came back once or twice. He rarely wrote or called. How was he getting along? We had no idea. Beijing hosted the Olympics in 2008, and it happened

to coincide with the summer holiday, so my wife and I went to Beijing and stayed with our little son for a few days. He has his own place, and wouldn't let us stay at a hotel. That put our hearts at ease. Now, several years later, we were returning to Beijing because he was preparing to hold a solo exhibition in New York. We were so proud! He had made it, proven himself! A child from western China was able to go abroad and take the stage at one of the most influential cities in the world to present his artistic talent. It is just as they say: the young calf has no fear of the tiger, and when you reach adulthood, where there's a will, there's a way. My son came of age in an open era where you can make yourself. It is nothing like our own time.

My understanding of New York is that it is America's largest city. She drives global movie trends, and is the economic, cultural and artistic center of the United States. My impressions of America come from the news and my own education. I do not have a direct impression. Of course, one should pay attention to their clothes when they make a formal appearance, but there's no need to be too fussy, too extravagant. You're just going to America! Why put on such airs? Who do you think you are? You may have a lot of money, but you shouldn't waste it like this!

I couldn't stop thinking about this incident.

I retired early this year. Time really flies, and before I knew it, it was 2015. Sixty years had gone by just like that, with no time to think. The time just passes from one day to the next, until one day, you are saying goodbye to everyone at work. For today's common folk, it means you have finally escaped the yoke, that you are now free! We all look forward to retiring. My colleagues were very jealous. They all wanted to retire as soon as they could. This reflects a universal mindset among the common people in China today. Work is not in the least bit relaxing. They work to support their families. There is too much pressure, and no sense of security. Stress, anxiety, conflicts, tensions. No one, whether they have power, money or neither, has any true happiness to speak of. They all yearn for freedom, for retirement, for escape.

I would describe myself through the old saying, "Not pleased by objects, not sorry for oneself." Perhaps it is due to my experience. I have never had choices in my life. Through different phases, as society fluctuated and shifted, I came to place less importance on the mortal trappings of fame and fortune, seeing them as just a series of distractions. Each of us is a continuation of our parents' lives. We come into this world with nothing, and when we leave it, we have nothing more than the clothes used to cover our bodies. Retirement is a process in one's life. If we divide life into three stages, then I have already gone through the first two thirds, with one third remaining. I look back over the paths I have taken—early childhood: carefree; youth: study, innocence; young adulthood: school, sent to the countryside; adulthood: moving around, work. I examine my conscience and find that I have done right by society and my parents. I have followed customs and laws in affairs private and public. I held an ordinary job. I have no shadows on my conscience regarding myself or my family. I can say with confidence that when I leave here, I will not be ostracized. I am a good person, and that is good enough.

We who were born in the 1950s were educated differently. We always harbor a hero mentality. How the Steel was Tempered, by Soviet writer Nikolai Ostrovsky, was favorite reading material in our time. The protagonist Pavel Korchagin was my idol. One celebrated passage in that book has influenced the course of my life: "Man's dearest possession is life. It is given to him but once, and he must live it so as to feel no torturing regrets for wasted years, never know the burning shame of a mean and petty past; so live that, dying, he might say: all my life, all my strength

were given to the finest cause in all the world—the fight for the Liberation of Mankind.” It sounds silly today. Looking at society, everything is aimed at power, at money. Who selflessly devotes themselves to the common good? It seems insane today. But I have no regrets. It is precisely because of this education that we have been upright in our deeds and stood on solid ground, striving to be good people and to do things well. Of course, we are far from being on Pavel Korchagin’s level. We have done what we should in our environments, only tiny “screws” in the chain of society, but at least we have not done wrong by our nation, our people, or our families, or done bad deeds. We may not have great glory, but our consciences are clear.

When it comes to clothes, I have so many memories from growing up. Thinking back to my childhood, almost all of my clothes were handed down from my brother and sister, the sleeves taken in, the holes mended. I had a lot of siblings, and as the youngest, I had no issue wearing their old clothes. I ate mostly simple grains. We drank strong tea and ate lightly. I knew how to be frugal. Those days were what we now call the “early stage of socialism.” It was a planned economy, productivity was low, and resources were scarce. My impression was that everyone dressed roughly the same. Yellow and blue were the main colors, with no distinction between men and women. It was a lot like North Korea is today. Everything was purchased with ration coupons, supplies were lacking, and there was no competition. We were actually quite happy. The children looked forward to the New Year, when they could wear new clothes and eat good food...

As we sipped tea after meals, I would often hear my parents’ generation talking about the old society. Our ancestral home in the Hexi Corridor in Gansu Province was very poor. They relied on nature to provide their food, and had no money to buy textiles for clothes. Poor families would gather around the hearth. They had no clothes, only putting on some tattered old clothes when they went outside. The children went naked. Now things were much better. We had clothes to wear, food to eat, and schools to attend. Things were great!

I spent my childhood in Shihezi. According to my parents, Shihezi was once covered in reeds and sparsely populated. There were only a few hundred families living along the road by a caravan stop. It was surrounded on all sides by gravel desert. The name, which means “stone river,” came from a nearby dry riverbed covered in stones. According to Xie Bin’s 1917 Account of Travels in Xinjiang, “Shihezi consists of roughly twenty homes and shops, the largest settlement in Suilai Township.” The area was once home to a branch of the Manasi River, but it is now dry and bare. It is the town’s namesake.

Xinjiang was peacefully liberated in September 1949. In February 1950, heeding Chairman Mao’s call, General Tao Zhiyue led the “Former KMT 22nd Corps” of the People’s Liberation Army into Shihezi, writing the first chapter in the effort to cultivate the wastelands and garrison the frontier. This was history. It was the first and largest army cultivation settlement to arise on the ancient wastelands of Xinjiang after its liberation.

I was born in February 1954 in Shihezi New Town. I was given the childhood nickname “Xinyuan,” which my father said was meant to imply that I belonged in Xinjiang. I was born and raised there, and experienced all of the changes from its past to its present.

I entered the Shihezi Production Corps School in September 1960, and studied there until the Cultural Revolution. I remember that before the Cultural Revolution began, we were educated according to the Soviet model. It was a twelve-year system: six years of primary school and six years of secondary school. The education was aimed at

fully developing all aspects—morals, knowledge, physical fitness, arts and labor—so that we could take up the banner of socialism. The school used a rationing system, with each student issued a navy uniform. Students lived in a collective dormitory, sleeping on long, shared beds. There was an old aunty in charge of cleaning and managing the dormitory. We ate our meals in the school cafeteria, ten people to a table. The older students were responsible for making sure the younger students ate and didn’t waste anything. I remember one time we were eating red-braised pork. My older sister came over and gave me a piece of pork, telling me to eat it. I took one look and said I didn’t want it (it was a nipple). She said, “Do what you’re told!” and ran off. These days didn’t last long. Sino-Soviet relations quickly deteriorated, and we entered a time of economic difficulty. Natural and human disasters came in quick succession, but we were still lucky—we still had naptime at school. Sometimes several of us boys would sneak out at naptime to go for a swim, and then sneak back to the classrooms when we figured it was time for class. Thinking back to my childhood, I have many happy memories. It is not like today, where you see primary school students carrying their heavy backpacks on their plump little bodies along the road. They only know studying. It seems they don’t have all the rich outdoor activities we did—top spinning, mule riding, peach picking, sports, painting, writing, recreational events, bonfires, all those beautiful things from my childhood memories...

A grand Cultural Revolution brought an end to my childhood. Classes were halted so we could carry out the revolution, with Red Guard link-ups, street demonstrations, struggle sessions against capitalist roaders and big character posters. Before the liberation, my father had worked as secretary to General Tao Zhiyue at the Xinjiang Garrison Headquarters in Urumqi (then known as Dihua), and was attacked for working in the KMT army. He was confined to the “corral,” and paraded on the streets in a dunce cap. Not long after, I was also cast into the “five black categories” and was forced out of school. I had nothing to do all summer but swim, play basketball and table tennis. I experienced the entire process of a raid on our home by a rebel faction. The rebel faction turned our house upside down. My mother was terrified that something would happen to us. We luckily managed to get through those extraordinary times by the skin of our teeth.

Classes were restored in September 1969. I attended middle school and high school at the Shihezi Middle School (now known as the No. 2 Middle School). Now they were restoring classes so we could continue the revolution there. Most of our time was taken up by industrial and agricultural studies, with little attention paid to the humanities, but I did read some books at the time, such as The Sorrows of Young Werther, The Gadfly, War and Peace, The Family, Spring, Autumn, Anna Karenina and Dream of the Red Chamber. Some of the books were from home, while others were from the school, covered in dust from years of neglect. I just went in and grabbed whatever I wanted, and read them at random, not really understanding them or knowing which ones were famous.

I graduated from high school in July 1974, and heeded the nation’s call to “go up to the mountains and down to the countryside” to be reeducated by impoverished farmers. Against the backdrop of the momentous events in China, I was assigned to one of the companies of the Production Corps—Camp Nine of the Shihezi Independent Corps Company Three (a collective built from the Nanjing Antiaircraft Brigade)—for reeducation. The Cultural Revolution was still going on. My father had been deposed and sent for labor reform. I was tossed into a melting pot of decommissioned soldiers, communist party members and impoverished farmers for reeducation, but I was part of the “five black categories.” Is that not dramatic? I had no choice but to face up to this “reform.” Before I left, my father urged me

to exercise myself and use any free time to study. At the camp, I ate and worked alongside the comrades and old ladies of the company. We called it “blending together.” I gradually grew accustomed to the farm work. In the summer, we cleared weeds and planted seedlings. In the fall, we harvested our crops. In the winter, we collected manure, cleaned the pig sties and dug irrigation channels. In the spring, we stood on baskets dragged behind the tractors to smooth the soil. The dust would fly everywhere, and by the end of a shift, it was like Lu Xun wrote: “Only the rings around the eyes gave any sign of life.” Our bodies were completely covered in dust, only our eyes moving. I spent my young adulthood there. Our slogan at the time was “On this great land, we do great things.” I did not gain entry into the corps while in school, but I did join while I was at the camp. In those extreme leftist times when class and revolutionary background were everything, it was incredible that the corps would accept someone from the “five black categories” into their organization. I was so excited I didn’t sleep all night. Thinking back, these simple grassroots workers were kind and able to distinguish between love and hate, which taught me how to be a kind, upright person. Soon after, I was sent to the company office to work in the warehouse. I performed well, and was soon transferred to the factory to work as a cashier, and then was eventually sent to the No.2 Middle School to work as a teacher. I went on to study at the Chinese department of the Shihezi Normal School, and after graduation, became a teacher at the No. 1 Middle School. I was young and full of energy. I had a lot of passion for my work, and didn’t want to fall behind. My class was always in the top three in the Shihezi standardized tests. While at the school, I had the honor of joining the Communist Party of China. I was a party member. People are not interested in joining the party today. In the eyes of the common people, party members often have poor self-esteem and bring shame to themselves. It is easier to get into the party today, and there are many other factors, but for me, in that particular environment, it was very difficult to get into the party, and it was a major life event. You had to work harder than everyone else, in everything from your thoughts and attitudes to your work, striving to move forward. You would suffer first and enjoy things later. You had to constantly manifest your enlightened mindset. It was nothing like it is now.

My father was rehabilitated in 1978, and he returned to work in Shihezi. The work unit gave him a house, but before we could move in, my mother had a stroke. As her health deteriorated, we rushed her to the No. 2 Hospital of the Shihezi Medical School, but she never woke up. She didn’t even leave parting words! She left peacefully, as if going to sleep. My mother was a generous, kind and compassionate traditional Chinese woman. She worked hard her whole life, endured criticism, and strove to assist her husband and raise her children. When she was a child, her father studied abroad in Japan. After she married my father, he wandered the country seeking work. It wasn’t until after the liberation of Xinjiang that she brought the children to join him. She had few good days in her whole life. She had been terrorized by the Cultural Revolution, and when things finally started to settle down, she was gone. It is so painful to think about. She finally put down her great familial and social burdens, and left with nothing to hold her back, only my deep longing for her. “Giving” was the core value of that generation. So much of what we achieved is thanks to our parents, and we have no way of paying them back. It is just as Tang Poet Meng Jiao wrote in Song of a Traveling Son: “How can the one-inch heart of the grass return the love of the spring sun?”

When I was at the Normal School, my father was a great help. This was especially the case with ancient Chinese. For the things I couldn’t figure out at school, when I went home, my father would walk me through them. When I got back to school the next day, I would be at the top of the class. My classmates were jealous, and I would just laugh to

myself. I was proud to have such a cultured father. My parents have now passed away, but their smiles live on in me.

I was sent down to the countryside for reeducation in 1974, and ended up being reeducated for the next 18 years. In 1992, I was transferred from the Shihezi Independent Corps Middle School to the Shihezi Vegetable Research Center, where I eventually became head of the disciplinary team. Then, in 1994, I was transferred to work at the Shihezi Radio and Television University, where I again became part of an educational work unit. I then moved from the education department to the administration, where I became deputy director.

In 2000, I joined the Production Corps Radio and Television University. While I was at this provincial-level institution, I experienced the Ministry of Education’s “Talent Cultivation Model and Open Education Pilot Project,” and took part in the assessment work. I watched as the school went from small to large, weak to strong, as it underwent a transformation and rapidly developed, expanding its scope and effectiveness as it joined the ranks of open universities. Objectively speaking, the Radio and Television University was a product of the times. The imported educational model played a critical role. The people who came out of the Cultural Revolution yearned for education. They praised those who sought it, and brought hope. Education played a major role in China’s reform and opening. For this, we must thank Deng Xiaoping for transplanting this educational model from England. If we look at the numbers, the various broadcast universities across the nation have produced a million graduates, a number that once seemed unattainable. But the quality is worrying. The quality of the education has fallen dramatically. This is a fact. Graduates are growing younger, and many of them are only in it for the degree. If we continue to educate in this way, what will it amount to? This is something that educators of conscience worry about. If the overall situation for education does not change, it will be difficult to extricate ourselves from these awkward straits.

During that time, I was head of the Secretarial Department of the University Party Council Administrative Office, and later served as the deputy director and secretary of the Party Council and Office of the Dean. My job entailed much interaction with the other broadcast universities, including many banquets and other social engagements. In 2004, I experienced bleeding in the fundus of my eye, and I had eye surgery at the Xinjiang Military District Air Force Hospital. It came entirely unexpected, this reminder of the fragility of life. I applied to the party council to adjust my job for health considerations. In 2005, I was appointed general secretary of the school. After I left that position, I became the vice chairman of the school’s union. During that time, I edited the journal Production Corps Remote Education, and worked in the Council for Care of the Next Generation, which named me an Outstanding Worker. I stepped down from my position at the labor union at the end of my term in 2013, and was named a department-level researcher by the Party Council, an affirmation of my work.

Looking back over the path behind us, our generation did whatever the party wanted for us. Wherever the party told us to go, that is where we went. We took orders from organizations above and our parents below, making a habit of following orders. This is unnecessary for contemporary society. Young people live for themselves and express their personalities. They care about themselves, and they have their own attitudes. Times change. This is beyond what we could have hoped, but also something we regret. But all of the trials and tribulations we faced, all of the joy and sorrow, it tempered us. This is our wealth. It is as the ancients said: we must not be tempted by wealth, nor dispirited by our poverty.

We moved to Beijing in 2015. Since then, we have travelled to Sanya, Vietnam, Shenzhen, Hong Kong and Macao.

Many people and things we encountered along the way have left a deep impression, but nothing as much as the affair with the suit. I have worked hard all my life, but I have no savings. I remember, when I first started working, my monthly salary was 22 yuan. It was gradually raised to 30.3 yuan, then 44 yuan. It wasn't until I got to the school that my salary increased to over 60 yuan a month. By 1993, it was just over 300 yuan a month. When I joined the university, I finally got a large raise, but the cost of living increased in step. In recent years, one year of my income would be about the same as that suit. Now that I'm retired, I get paid about 5,000 a month. I could save up the money for that 99,999 yuan suit if I didn't spend any money at all for two years. It is an astronomical figure to me. A year or two of tireless effort. It is unthinkable and unnecessary.

Is that sad?

I don't feel sad that I can't afford it. The problem is, where is the value of our labor? How is it balanced? How is it manifest?

In Hong Kong and Macao, you can see our compatriots everywhere, coming and going from famous, expensive addresses. They seem to buy jewelry and watches without even looking at the price. At the casinos, the betting tables are filled with our compatriots, their money piled up like manure. It is as if our compatriots are the ones with no conception of "value." They roam the streets with their bags large and small, shouting like they are something special.

I know my limitations and do not dare give in to vanity. I have taken my life one step at a time, slow and steady. One day, I finally made it to department level cadre, a clean one at that, living just the same as any common person. These days, however, the common people detest party cadres the most, as if there isn't a good person among the lot of them. But I lived off my salary alone, and would say that I have been mildly prosperous.

As a party cadre, I have been deeply influenced by my family. I heeded my father's warnings, and have not dared be greedy. I am that quixotic, uncorrupted figure. I know I don't compare with those above me, and have a bit more than those below, but I have no regrets, and can sleep soundly at night. There is a saying that those who set out to be officials are in it for the money and finery. When you look at life, you see that we come crashing into this earth with nothing. No one, rich or poor, famous or anonymous, can transcend the laws of nature. In the end, it is all ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Society is only stable when the common people have enough shelter and food, and feel safe at night. No dynasty in history has risen or fell independent of the sustenance of the common people. The old saying is that water can carry a boat or sink it. The stability of the government has always depended on the support of the common people. How can a tyrant who plunders the people bring stability to the land? Such a land can only be luxuriant on the surface and rotten within, beset by internal strife.

In thirty years of reform and opening, our nation has restored order from chaos. Society has changed drastically, and the people have seen great improvement in their livelihoods, enjoying perhaps unprecedented levels of happiness. We see the spectacle of prosperity everywhere. Little did we know that the good days would not last for long. Social contradictions have grown more acute—housing issues, environmental issues, food safety, schooling, medicine, inequality, the contradictions grow increasingly tangled, and complaints are heard at every turn. Society has lost its direction. The people have no faith. Confusion, stress and fatigue have led to enmity between officials and the people. All of the officials are corrupt, and all of the people want to be as well. Money rules all. People's values are out of balance.

They hold out no hope for themselves, have lost hope for the country, and have no happiness to speak of. Everyone is hopeless. China is facing grave issues. The future path of the nation is a daunting one.

Today, the nation has begun to attack the problem at its source, fixing gaps in the system, rooting out bureaucratic corruption, strictly governing the party, and sternly punishing corruption. It has begun to benefit the people, and society has taken a turn for the better. Though great problems have emerged in the nation's administrative system, and the party's credibility has come under fire, I share the view of most of the common people that we may be weak and timid, but we firmly hold that the nation must fall into chaos. Chaos brings suffering to the people, and there can be no peace in the country. Among the many spectacles of disorder in the world, the one sight we do not want to see is that of those who suffer in war and are left drifting in foreign lands.

My experiences and values took shape in that period. I have always seen it as my duty to run a frugal household. In my eyes, luxury is for the capital class. As for clothing, it is enough for them to simply be clean and orderly. This was the first time in my life I encountered such precious clothing, and I cannot accept it, though I was also at a loss, wondering why I could not afford to wear such a thing.

I am aware that behind every product there are the efforts of a team of professionals, and price is just added value. We should have respect for them, not just the price. But my worldview cannot encompass "class" or the "times," and thus I am unable to face such things in a reasonable manner. It can be a sad thing, or a question of luxury, but either way, I cannot accept it. This is where I differ from my son. Perhaps it is the gulf between us, the difference from one generation to the next, the difference in worldviews. As a result, we see this matter in different ways.

The only reason is that this is a world flooded with desire...

People's demand for and enjoyment of material things can never be satisfied, just as the avarice of today's fallen officials was never satisfied. As people create wealth, they are also wantonly plundering and hoarding resources, damaging the environment and destroying the world on which humanity depends for survival. Those sanctimonious, immaculately dressed "people of honor" will one day be nailed to history's wall of shame. The true path is the return to nature, the return to origin and essence, the control of greed and desire, and the reliance on morality.

Zhao Fei, June 12, 2015, Beijing

《西装》的产生源于赵赵全家赴美前，去北京连卡佛购买的一件价值近十万元的 Dolce & Gabbana 西装。这件奢侈品引发了他与父母意见分歧的一幕。在看到这件西装时，赵赵的父亲惊诧于一件衣服竟然标注如此高的价格，赵赵的母亲则认为只要给她三千元就可以做出一件一模一样的衣服。赵赵意识到这件西装会引发出三种不同的观念，于是主动引导了事件的延续发展。他当场买下这件西装，父亲勃然大怒，继而拂袖而去。回家后，他邀请父亲以擅长的方式书写对此事的看法，赵赵的父亲于是动笔撰写了一篇近万字的论文，题为《从一件衣服说起》。他又给了母亲三千元人民币钱采买材料，仿制新的西装。透过一篇文章和两件衣服，家里三个人的形象立体鲜活起来，观念冲突的产生原因、关于价值的评判标准、人与社会的关系等问题由此延展开来。

Suit stemmed from a trip to Lane Crawford in Beijing to buy a Dolce & Gabbana suit priced at nearly 100,000 RMB, just before Zhao Zhao's family traveled to the United States. This luxury garment sparked a difference of opinion between him and his parents. On seeing the suit, Zhao Zhao's father was surprised that an item of clothing could have such a hefty price tag, and Zhao Zhao's mother thought that she could make an identical suit for 3,000 RMB. Zhao Zhao realized that this suit had inspired three different viewpoints, and was interested to see how the situation would develop. He bought the suit, which angered his father to the point of storming off. After Zhao Zhao returned home, he had his father write an essay about his views; his father wrote a near 10,000 word piece titled *Starting with a Suit*. Zhao Zhao also gave his mother 3,000 RMB to buy the materials to copy a new suit. Through this essay and these two suits, the opinions of three family members are vividly represented—revealing the reasons behind their differences of opinion, their standards for measuring value, and their relationships to the rest of society.





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暴力史

芭芭拉·波拉克

中国艺术家里没几个人有过案底，而赵赵曾多次与法律交手。还是高中生的时候，赵赵就计划在新疆的一条主干道上上演一次裸体的行为艺术，自那以后他便时常接受讯问并且受到监视。此事发生后，他有一年光景几乎是被软禁在家，接受政府的教育改造，也因此推迟了新疆艺术学院的入学时间。那是 1999 年；七年后，赵赵才开始了他的艺术家生涯。

毫不夸张地说，赵赵继承了家族反叛权威的基因，这曾致使他的祖父辈举家迁至新疆边陲的石河子市。赵赵的爷爷曾是甘肃一位富甲一方的地主，支持过国民党，1950 年代反右运动期间接受再教育，被“发配”到了新疆。他的父亲审时度势，在当地一所学校担任教师，投身到宣扬共产主义的事业中。1982 年出生的儿子赵赵则似乎天生叛逆。如我开篇所述，有类似经历的中国艺术家并不多见，尤其是在他的 80 后同龄人中——后者对政治动荡鲜有记忆，且对履行门户开放政策的中国所给予的财富与机遇毫无不适。

然而，赵赵似乎从未忘记他出生多年之前的那段历史，对中国社会眼下的腐败顽疾也从未熟视无睹；这与他 and 另一位爱跟主旋律唱反调的艺术家艾未未之间的合作颇有关系。赵赵和艾未未自 2004 年开始共事，直到 2011 年终止；那一年艾未未被警方逮捕，关押了 81 天。1950 年代，艾未未的父亲被流放到新疆，赵赵的伯父曾是艾未未的小学老师，两家人在新疆也常有往来。在北京

电影学院完成六个月的交换项目以后，赵赵于 2004 年从美院毕业。他随后找到了艾未未，艾鼓励他搁置绘画，全身心投入纪录片创作。在接下来的七年间两人一起创作了诸多关注非法拘捕和民间抗议的社会纪录片，其中记录 2008 年汶川大地震影响以及政府如何对震灾前因后果进行粉饰的纪录片成为了他们合作的巅峰之作。

以上是赵赵以个体艺术家身份独立进行创作之前的一段生活简史。就中国年轻艺术家来说，这段记述绝对独一无二。许多和赵赵同辈的艺术家都回避反叛，在个人成长阶段苦学素描与油画，临摹现实主义技法，以期满足中国顶尖艺术院校的入学要求。这批年轻艺术家心知肚明，偏离这条成功之路需要承担多少风险——包括被优秀美术院校拒之门外的风险，以及与当权者正面冲突的风险。他们这一代全盘吸收了审查制度的规则且精于自我审查，缺乏批判精神，而即便在处理批判性思考的时候，他们也往往借助于不易辨识的隐喻。赵赵并非这一代艺术家中探讨社会议题的唯一一位，但他确是个频频成为出头鸟的异类，以至于他那些本意无伤大雅的作品也仿佛镀上了一层争议的色彩。

显然，与艾未未的合作预示了这样一种职业生涯的开端，但他们最初合作的影像作品其实都是一些极其枯燥的“真实电影”（*cinéma vérité*），比如 2004 年的《长安街》。长安街横穿北京，正中央毗邻天安门广场和紫禁城。为制作这部影片，赵赵花了三个月时间、用了六百多个一分钟的片段来记录这条著名长街上的

每一栋建筑，最终串联成一部长达十个小时的影片。完成这部长作之后，作为一种“奖励”，赵赵又受邀以此方式完成了对二环和三环的记录。差不多同一时期，赵赵也实施了自己的项目《行走》（2007）。在这件作品中，他在北京最窄的胡同里来回穿行共计 52 次，最终走了 3312.4 米路程。作品以两张照片记录了这一索然的举动，两张照片分别呈现了他在胡同一头一尾的背影。诸如此类的项目在行为艺术中融入了对北京的浓烈乡愁——这座古老的城市正在经历快速的变迁，影片中捕捉到的不少景观也已逐渐消失。

然而，在此之前，赵赵就已经把焦点对准草场地村的共产主义遗迹——草场地是他和艾未未共同工作和生活过的地方，现在赵赵仍然住在那里。在《标语》（2006）中，他用红布横幅盖住绘在墙上的共产主义标语，并以相机记录下这一行为。最终留下的照片触目惊心，言词虽然缺失，但鲜红的横幅依旧诉说着共产主义的姿态，道出艺术家本人对叫板权威的无能为力。

赵赵继续与艾未未合作，参与拍摄了《童话》（2007）。这个项目把 1001 名中国公民送到德国卡塞尔参加第十二届文献展。翌年，四川汶川发生大地震，这对搭档将触角延伸到更具政治性的领域，这最终生成了一个项目，记录下了豆腐渣工程导致的五千多名学校儿童的遇难。2009 年，赵赵又协助完成了《老妈蹄花》的拍摄，记述了因披露震区校舍豆腐渣工程而入狱的中国维权人士谭作人的事迹。艾未未在去往四川出席谭作人庭审的路上被成都警方打伤。无独有偶，在北京协助艾未未拍摄外景的某晚，赵赵也被当地恶势力殴打。

赵赵自始至终都秉持着颠覆性的诉求创作作品。艾未未认为世界充满“现成品”——杜尚提出的运用拾得物进行艺术创作的理念——在艾的影响下，赵赵将其他艺术家的作品用作自己创作的原材料。首先，他用艾未未的大型雕塑《碎片》（2006）掉下的木片制成作品《牙签》（2007）中的 32 支牙签。接下来，他又从约瑟夫·博伊斯献给卡塞尔的著名装置《7000 棵橡树》（7000 Oaks）上切下石材并制成一串珠子，完成了《项链》（2007）。最后，也是最为大胆的，他趁安塞尔姆·基弗的巨型作品《人口计划 1991》（*Völkzahlun*g 1991）在柏林汉堡火车站现代美术馆展出的时候窃取了上面的一块铅皮，把它制成了一套硬币，即《欧元》（2008）。这些蓄意破坏的举动给作品注入了反权威的意味，仿佛在这位初生牛犊的艺术家看来没什么神圣不可侵犯、没什么

大师不可触及。如同艾未未以代表作《摔碎汉朝古瓮》（1995）的破坏之举拉开艺术生涯序幕，赵赵也以局部破坏前人作品并将其融入自己的新创作来宣告他的艺术家身份。

另外两件同时期的作品以微妙到近乎秘而不宣的方式彰显出赵赵愈发强烈的政治意识。在《鹅卵石》（2007）中，赵赵用强力胶把一块随机选中的鹅卵石粘在了天安门广场上。这块凸起的石子与浩大的天安门广场形成了一种突兀的对峙，如同一位单枪匹马的抗议者屹立在人群之外。2008 年北京夏季奥运会开幕当天，赵赵打扮成警察模样回到天安门广场，默然伫立，等待被发现。两个小时过去了，他未被识穿，只身作为一位没有观众的表演者任人山人海擦肩而过。在那之前，他的良师艾未未已全面否认对对奥运盛事的支持，尽管他曾任奥运地标建筑鸟巢体育场的总设计师。

赵赵的这些早期作品中显露出观念艺术家的影子，但他并不能以此被归类。他在新疆接受过油画的训练，2010 年在柏林的亚历山大·奥克斯画廊的一次展览上，他决定创作一批超现实主义的画面作品。这批作品看似乖顺，实则暗含戾气，这在作品标题中有所流露，比如其中一件描绘了两只无害的幼猫，但标题却毒辣地定为《肥仔猫肉馆》（2010）。此外他还展示了两幅描绘健身女性的油画，这组性别偏移的肖像作品揶揄了中国人在艺术创作中偏爱的英勇形象。这两件作品标题戏谑，分别为《姐夫，我谢谢你 I》和《姐夫，我谢谢你 II》。赵赵将此次展览命名为“裸体行走”，让人回想起给他带来无数麻烦的第一件行为艺术作品。有可能他也在一语双关，暗指自己以油画艺术家的身份亮相等同于一种极端亲昵之举，有可能引来当众羞辱；尽管如此，他精通油画的事实也已不言自明。

回头来看，2011 年于赵赵而言是个转折点，艾未未在四月初登机前被捕是主要原因。同时，几名工作室助理也被围捕，赵赵也被明确告知，勒令他停止为“发课”工作室工作。年轻艺术家没什么出路，他别无他法，只好成立自己的工作室并投身自己的创作。当时的他已经开始创作“乒乓”系列，那是一组运用醒目原色描绘乒乓球和球拍的大尺幅绘画作品。这一系列的创作意图并非在于颂扬这项全国流行的娱乐活动，而是在于审视支配这项比赛的诸多规则。他的画面通过描绘处在各种关系中乒乓球拍激活了这些规则，从而引发观者对诸如谁在制定规则、我们为何遵守规则等问题的思考。对一位叛逆成瘾的艺术家而言，这算是个安逸的系列。

然而，艾未未的被捕证实了一个更宏大的论调，足以囊括赵赵当时的所有情绪。作为回应，他创作了《伟像》（2011），这个巨大的警察雕塑似乎是被推翻在地，碎落在展厅里。早在进入新疆美院学习前赵赵就已对雕塑创作略有所知。为了完成这件作品，他雇了一位匠人，先按照真人尺寸复制出身穿警察制服的自己。然后，他把这个模型按比例放大到 8 米高，以石膏铸造，并推倒在地。最终呈现的雕塑以青石雕刻，一丝不苟地重塑了一位倒下的英雄的身姿。有一处细节揭露出这件作品的真意：在这位警官的制服翻领处刻有数字 4-3-11，这正是艾未未被捕的日期。

艾未未获释以后不久，赵赵在北京前波画廊展出了《伟像》（fig.1）以及一部分“乒乓”系列绘画作品。这场展览顺利进行，途中没有遭遇变数。但在那之后，赵赵发现自己不能再在北京办展了。一次，某画廊举办有他参加的群展，该画廊的总监便被叫去问话且被明确告知：“赵赵不是艺术家。”另一个群展也因为有赵赵的参与而被叫停。一年后，前波画廊计划把赵赵个展中的作品运往纽约——这原本将是他在美国的首次亮相，但集装箱在天津港被扣押。赵赵被罚款 30 万元人民币，他根本无法支付这笔高昂的罚金；即使他支付了罚金，这批作品依旧会被销毁。直至今日，他也不知道那些宝贝作品究竟下落如何。

纵观整个二十世纪，艺术家常以破坏的手法来创作艺术作品，而赵赵的《伟像》恰在此脉络之中。如同古斯塔夫·梅茨格（Gustav Metzger）往尼龙画布上泼酸或卢西奥·丰塔纳（Lucio Fontana）在画布上划下深长切口，赵赵的倒地警察也以一种暴力的姿态做出宣言。这是一次攻击，远比他早期作品中所呈现的小打小闹的破坏要强势许多。推翻一个象征权威的形象，这甚至可以解读为对国家权力的一次义愤填膺的回敬。不过，赵赵最终选择把这件雕塑以青石塑造，却又把这本来极为简单的阐释复杂化了。通过这种方式，他用坚不可摧的材料固定住了毁灭的一瞬间，让这一幕保留在现在时，永远不会消退到过去之中。如此一来，天津中国海关的所作所为无非强调了他的观点；他们销毁赵赵的作品恰恰讽刺地实现了作品的意图，令作品完整。

赵赵的倒地警察和世界上因政权更替或独裁者破产而被推翻的大量雕塑之间有着鲜明的共通点。就算赵赵对苏联解体时整个东欧肃清英雄塑像的运动并不了解，他至少也知道中国在文革期间曾大肆捣毁佛像。赵赵将那些造像收集起来，赫然摆放在他工作室的一角，有的还被运用到他的作品中。2012 年创作雕塑《重复》时，

他在古玩市场搜罗了一些佛像，将它们切割成毫无特征的石块，然后用这些石块垒成了一个边长 150 厘米的立方体，酷似一尊极简主义的雕塑，丝毫看不出这些石料光辉的过往。为了创作这件作品以及“无量”等系列，他破坏那些受损的造像残块，清除所有佛像的脸部或躯干的痕迹，将其神性彻底粉碎。通过这种方式，他将文革期间的毁灭冲动更推进了一步。通过将这些残块收入一个单独的立方体中，他重新注入了一种美学力量，就像是当今中国屡见不鲜的包装，寓意着为了给现代化和全球化开路，过去已被清洗。

类似地，为完成近作《如何》（2014），赵赵从山西买来一尊有着两百年历史的木造佛像，把它切割成 258 块，并在每一块上盖上金叶子。他于 2014 年把这件作品送到香港苏富比拍卖，最终流拍，可谓对价值观颇具讽刺的扭曲。然而，对整个过程的记录又将作品转化为一件表演性（performative）作品，针对创造力的本质、影响的持续性、中国艺术市场的商业化以及对过去的摧毁抛出一系列问题。

从很多方面来讲，这些都是最为暴力的作品——残忍地分割已经岌岌可危的雕塑，只为制作当代艺术品。暴力与毁灭始终伴随着赵赵的创作路径，这一点早在他的“碎片”系列中就已显现；该系列始于 2007 年，至今仍未停止。这些作品源自 2005 年的一场车祸，赵赵的头撞到挡风玻璃上，玻璃没被撞碎却破开一片蜘蛛网状的裂纹。他把这块挡风玻璃收好并保存了两年，最终把上面裂出的纹理丝毫不差地刻在一块中等尺寸钢板上。之后，他又把同样的纹理以不同的比例和尺寸复现在了金和青铜上。最终的作品精致且复杂，将与死亡擦肩的刹那转化为一种恒久、执拗的形式。一方面，我们欣赏这组雕塑光怪陆离的美感，另一方面，它们缘起于一个如此剧烈的瞬间，这为作品注入了一股激进的力量，提醒着我们暴力与我们的每个当下都近在咫尺，即便我们都宁愿相信它的冲击离我们非常遥远。

在用枪创作后来被命名为“星座”（2013）的系列时，赵赵把作品中的暴力推到了极致。在中国，枪支很难获取，个人持枪更是违法行为。但赵赵发现在网上购买枪支相对容易，于是他买下一把通常只用于军事演习的步枪。在此之前，他仔细研究了记录天安门事件余波的照片，开始用这把步枪重现那场浩劫的痕迹（fig.3）；他对着镜子和玻璃板射击，创作出引人入胜的点彩画，令人想起满天星斗。

虽然这些极简主义的作品——最初展示时是用金属支架钉在墙面上的 30 件玻璃板——并未透露与天安门事件的渊源，但它们咄咄逼人，充满让人避之不及的爆炸力。镜面作品中的悲剧感则更被加剧。面对镜子，观者直视自己，镜中投射的影像被子弹打得千疮百孔，仿佛枪林弹雨反弹到自己的肉身。赵赵对枪的把控成为一种极富表现力的技艺，既是极权主义式的，又充满革命精神。在这一系列作品中，他既是反抗者又是捍卫者，相应地，观众也被赋予双重角色，既是行凶者又是受害者。

和“碎片”系列一样，赵赵也实验性地采用其他媒介演绎“星座”，最近完成的是一组靛蓝色、褐色及白色的绘画。精微的裂纹和弹痕分毫不差地呈现在超级写实主义的画布上，显然，以画笔构筑耗费的时间要远超过开枪射击。通过将暴力的进程放缓，赵赵有充裕的时间咀嚼个中含义，比如暴力中蕴含的恐吓、控制的力量，仅是流血事件的威胁就能将对权威的抵抗斩草除根。通过那些充满美感但却根植于暴力的绘画，他也在质询人们将恐怖事件美学化的倾向。

电影制作者、观念艺术家、雕塑家、画家——赵赵集诸多身份于一身，根据创作需要自由地切换媒介。在最近的一些展览中，他证明了自己是一位善用材料且不会黔驴技穷的高手，总能将艰难险阻化为准确的艺术表达。2015 年，他发布了一个新的绘画系列——“天空”（fig.6），深蓝色中蕴含忧悒的思考，几欲遮天蔽日。乍看之下，这些绘画是赵赵最不具政治意味的创作，饱含美感的笔触近乎抽象。然而，赵赵表示，就连天空这一题材也能触及社会问题，尤其是在北京这样污染严重的城市探讨这一话题。赵赵笔下的天空是他所居住的城市上空被化学排放物包裹的云层，在那里，晴空万里是罕见之事。这些作品是一种忧郁的沉思，针对的是中国特有的空气污染严重、能见度低下等问题，这样的话题不可能放诸四海皆准，也不可能与政治无关。

与此同时，赵赵进一步探索对现成品的运用，挪用古董家具和佛像。在“无题”系列里，他把明清两代的桌子、床榻、橱柜、椅凳置于打开的装货箱中，用宽大的金属条捆绑加固。经过赵赵的刻意编排，这些家具被变成商品，丧失了活力，看上去与大批等待装运的货物无异。用于捆绑的金属条究竟是在加固这些家具还是蓄意使它们沦为无用之物，这一点颇值得玩味。这批作品也许看似单纯的雕塑，其实也带出了社会性问题。我们用来保障安全的工具到底是在限制我们还是在赋予我们权力？商品化的机制到

底是在增加还是在减损艺术的价值？赵赵在创作中敏锐地意识到了这些问题，尽管作品呈现得如同亟待破解的谜团。

最近三年，赵赵差不多在忙着回乡归省，他数次回到远在新疆的出生地。新疆是位于中国西北部的自治区，是维吾尔族的家乡；维吾尔族是一支信仰伊斯兰教的少数民族，赵赵成长于此，汉族血统的家庭反倒是少数群体，他也常常感觉自己是个外人。但最近，他开始着迷于这种生活方式所蕴藏的生猛活力，将其视作一剂对症下药，用以缓解北京艺术圈里规律且沉闷的气氛。

为了这场总结十年艺术实践的展览，赵赵完成了三件新作品，均出自他在新疆的调研项目。第一件作品是一年前在塔克拉玛干沙漠实施的一项实验的成果——塔克拉玛干沙漠是一片广袤却贫瘠的区域，四周便是古老的丝绸之路。赵赵从沙漠边陲的城市牵了一根 100 公里长、直径 4 厘米的粗电缆进到沙漠中心地带，接通了一台冰箱。通电的冰箱在干旱、空旷的沙漠中央是一处与周遭不相协调的所在，这一存在难以自圆其说。然而，这完美地隐喻了汉族迁入新疆，给当地带去强制性的现代化进程。

展厅里，赵赵将呈现此次旅程留下的道具：一台空的冰箱，以及切割成冰箱高度、捆绑成束的全长电缆（fig.7）。另外他还将展出一段跟踪记录了项目一个半月以来进程的影像，证实艺术家此番天马行空的探索确有成功。从这件名为《塔克拉玛干计划》（2016）的装置中可以看出赵赵在面对挑战时的执着和坚韧，哪怕这挑战是他自找的。

《刀》（2016）是基于赵赵在新疆的调研项目完成的第二件装置作品。他向一千多名维吾尔人征集刀具并就他们的生活进行采访。赵赵深深着迷于这些古雅质朴且工艺精良的刀具，不仅仅是因为其中蕴含暴力，也是因其独特的美感。它们反映出了维吾尔人的历史和当下。由于这些刀具为日常生活所用，其中的每一柄都成为了一份个人肖像。

最后一件装置关于家庭，由两套西装——一套是 Dolce & Gabbana 的正品，另一套与前者几乎毫无二致，由赵赵的母亲缝制——和一封赵赵父亲手书的信组成。这也许是赵赵迄今作品中最为私人的一件，整个灵感来自前一年与父母赴美前的一次购物。据赵赵讲述，他的父母曾表示想要在退休后去旅行，还在工作岗位时这是不被允许的。于是，他提出带父母去纽约看他 2015 年

在切尔西前波画廊举办的个展。出发之前，赵赵带二老去购物，想买一两件得体的看展装束。他们去到北京一家时髦的大型购物中心，却望而却步，什么也没买。赵赵自己则看中了一件 Dolce & Gabbana 的西装，标价 99,999 元。他问了问父母的意见，母亲说很漂亮，父亲说显得有些拘谨。他又让父母猜价钱，从小穿哥哥们留下的衣服、自己没花过一分钱的父亲猜三、四千，和自己的工资差不多。赵赵给父亲看了一眼价签，父亲怔了怔，但很快收起窘态，摆出马克思主义者的架势，说这是资产阶级的阴谋。一瞬间，叛逆涌上头脑，赵赵买下了这套西装。

母亲诘问他，何必要花这么多钱来激怒父亲。她表示如果给她 3000 块钱，她也能做出一套那样的衣服。在赵赵看来，这恰好例证了中国式思维的糟粕，比如仿冒品好过正品，比如微博、微信是 Facebook 和 Twitter 的有效替代。他给母亲提供了她提出的 3000 块钱，尽管花了将近一年，她终究还是做出了那套衣服。他也请父亲写一篇文章来批判那次花销，父亲挥笔写了近万字。

由此而来的这件装置直接将观众带入这场家庭冲突。两套西装并排陈列，让正品与仿冒品之间的对比一目了然。赵赵父亲的信也在场展示，对不加节制的消费主义予以传统的共产主义式批判。

这件作品展现了他与家人切身经历的代沟。身为父母与子女的两代人仿佛生活在两个不同的国度、不同的世纪，寻不到共同语言来连接彼此的分歧。事件的出发点满怀欣喜——即邀请父母去纽约，最终竟沦为父子间的争执。父亲毕生投身于共产主义事业，儿子却叛逆到骨子里，这只会让双方的政治矛盾更加尖锐。然而，这个围绕西装发生的故事告诉我们，赵赵父子间的差异也可以归因于中国的时代变迁——老一辈的生活很少接触到外国货，而子女这一代却对国际潮流了如指掌。

近年来，赵赵以国际艺术家的身份崭露头角，在美国和欧洲频频参加展览。这是他的报复方式，换句话说，证明自己虽然在中国备受压制，却仍然可以拥有艺术家的事业。现在他的观众群体变得更广大，艺术影响力更深远，但他仍然根植中国，时刻追随令他故土不得安宁的社会问题和政治趋势。在作品中开门见山。有时，这是个人经历的直接结果，比如那次险些要了他生命的车祸或那次始料未及的街头袭击；但其他时候，他所触及的是政治历史及群众意识，并深谙，那些重大事件不能被抹除。

2016 年 7 月 1 日

A History of Violence

Barbara Pollack

Not many Chinese artists have a criminal record, but Zhao Zhao has had his share of encounters with the law. Ever since his days as a high school student, when he proposed a nude performance piece on a main street in Xinjiang (fig.2), he has been brought in for questioning and put under surveillance. In that instance, he was under the equivalent of house arrest for a year, postponing his entrance into the Xinjiang Institute of Arts while getting a thorough education in the power of the state. The year was 1999, a good seven years before he would launch his career as an artist.

But it would be safe to say that Zhao Zhao inherited an attitude of opposition to authority which lead to his family winding up in the city of Shihezi in the remote region of Xinjiang Province to begin with. His grandfather, a wealthy landlord and supporter of the Kuomintang, was relocated from Gansu to Xinjiang in 1952 for reeducation during the anti-rightist campaign of the 1950s. His father duly noted this turn of events and devoted his life as a professor to promulgating Communist rhetoric in a local university. His son, Zhao Zhao, born in 1982, seemed rebellious from birth. As I said from the start, there are not many Chinese artists with such a history, especially among his peers, those born post-1980, who have little recall of political upheavals and who seem entirely comfortable with the wealth and opportunities afforded them in the China of the reform and opening.

Zhao Zhao, on the other hand, seems to never forget a revolution that took place years before his birth and never ignores the corruption endemic in present day Chinese society. Much has been made of his association with another dissident artist, Ai Weiwei, with whom he worked from 2004 until 2011, when that artist was arrested and held in detention for 81 days. Zhao Zhao's uncle was Ai Weiwei's elementary school teacher and both families knew each other well, back in Xinjiang, where the elder artist's father

was exiled in the 1950s. After graduating from the art academy and participating in a six month exchange program at the Beijing Film Academy in 2004, Zhao Zhao sought out Ai Weiwei, who encouraged him to put painting aside and devote himself to documentary filmmaking. They made films together for the next seven years, social documentaries that focused on wrongful arrests and civilian protests, culminating in recording the impact of the Sichuan earthquake in 2008 and the cover-up of its causes and aftermath.

This is a history in brief of the artist's life, prior to his breaking out on his own and establishing himself as an artist in his own right. It is an entirely unique account for a young Chinese artist. So many of Zhao Zhao's peers eschew rebellion of any kind and spent their formative years devoted to learning drawing and painting, mimicking the tropes of realism, required for entrance into one of China's leading art academies. These young artists knew the risks of veering off this path too well, the risk of not getting into a good art school and the risk of a head-on collision with the authorities. They are a generation that has totally subsumed the rules of censorship and have become masters at self-censorship, encoding their criticisms, when they even had any critical thoughts, in metaphors that could not be easily spotted or discerned. Zhao Zhao is not the only artist of his generation that addresses social issues. But he is the rare example who has stuck his neck out so many times that even his more innocuous works carry a resonance of controversy.

Certainly, Zhao Zhao's association with Ai Weiwei would seem like an auspicious beginning for such a career. But their first films together were mind-numbing examples of *cinéma vérité*, such as *Chang'an Boulevard* (2004), for which Zhao Zhao spent three months recording each block of the famous avenue that runs the width of Beijing, at one point abutting Tiananmen Square and the Forbidden

City, in a series of over 600 one minute episodes that were strung together into a film that runs more than 10 hours long. When he was done with this lengthy project, Zhao Zhao was rewarded by having to do the same for the Second Ring Road, then the Third Ring Road. At nearly the same time, Zhao Zhao made his own project, *Walk* (2007), in which he traversed the length of the narrowest hutong in Beijing, back and forth 52 times, until he reached the distance of 3312.4 meters. The work records this banal event with a pair of photographs, depicting the artist at each end of the alley. Projects like these combined a sense of performance with a redolent nostalgia for a Beijing, rapidly undergoing development and eliminating many of the sights captured for the moment on film.

But, already Zhao Zhao took aim at remnants of Communist power found in his local Caochangdi Village, where he lived with Ai Weiwei and continues to live today. In *Slogan* (2006), he covered over Communist slogans painted on walls with wide banners of red cloth, then photographed his activities. The resulting images are striking because even with the absence of any words, the bright red banners bespeak a Communist presence, underscoring the individual artist's inability to counterpose authority.

Zhao Zhao continued to work with Ai Weiwei, filming *Fairytale* (2007), a project in which 1,001 Chinese citizens were transported to Kassel, Germany on the occasion of Documenta 12. The following year, with the occurrence of the Sichuan earthquake, the duo were led into much more political territory, resulting in a project documenting the deaths of over 5,000 school children as the result of shoddy construction. In 2009, Zhao Zhao assisted in the filming of *Disturbing the Peace*, the story of Chinese dissident Tan Zuoren who was imprisoned for protesting just these conditions. Ai Weiwei was beaten by local police when he came to Sichuan to attend Tan's trial. Similarly, Zhao Zhao was beaten up, by a local hood, when out filming one night for Ai Weiwei in Beijing.

All along the younger artist was making work with a subversive appeal of its own. Encouraged by Ai Weiwei to think of the world as packed with "ready-mades," Marcel Duchamp's invention of using found objects to make art statements, Zhao Zhao turned other artists' artworks into source material for his own inventions. First,

he used wood chips fallen from Ai Weiwei's monumental sculpture, *Fragments* (2006), to fashion a set of 32 toothpicks in *Toothpick* (2007). Then he went further by making a string of beads from stones he chipped off of Joseph Beuys' famous *7,000 Oaks* installation in Kassel, in *Necklace* (2007). Finally, in his most audacious move, he stole a bit of lead from Anselm Kiefer's massive artwork *Völkzahlung 1991* when it was exhibited in Berlin's Hamburger Bahnhof to make a set of coins, in *Euro* (2008). These acts of vandalism imbue the resulting artworks with a frisson of anti-authoritarianism, as if no cow is sacred, no master untouchable, for this younger artist. Much like Ai Weiwei's own signature work, *Dropping a Han Dynasty Urn* (1995), in which he announced the onset of his art career through an act of destruction, Zhao Zhao declares his presence as an artist by literally breaking off a piece of the past and incorporating it into his new creations.

Two other works from this period underscore the artist's growing political consciousness, but in subtle, almost repressed ways. In *Cobblestone* (2007), Zhao Zhao affixed a random piece of stone to the plaza of Tiananmen Square using powerful epoxy glue. The protruding stone is an anomalous counterpoint to the vast expanse of Tiananmen, like a lone protestor standing out from the crowds. In 2008, on the day of the opening of the Beijing Summer Olympics, Zhao Zhao returned to Tiananmen Square, dressed as a police officer, and stood there silently, waiting to be discovered. He goes undetected for two hours, a performer without an audience, in the midst of a massive amount of people. Of course, by then, his mentor had totally disavowed his support for the Olympic festivities, even though he was the chief designer of the landmark Bird's Nest stadium.

Zhao Zhao is an artist who cannot be pigeon-holed even as the conceptualist he revealed himself to be in these early works. Trained in oil painting in Xinjiang, he elected to create several surreal canvases for an early show at Alexander Ochs Gallerie in Berlin in 2010. Even innocuous pictures here carried a punch, often revealed by their titles, as in one view of two harmless kittens, viciously inscribed *Restaurant for Young Fat Cat Meat* (2010). He also showed a pair of paintings of female body builders, gender-bending portraits that made fun of the Chinese propensity for heroic icons in their art works. These were humorously titled, *Thank You Brother-in-Law*

I and II. He titled the show, "Walking Naked," a reference back to his first performance, the one that caused him so much trouble. But perhaps he also meant that to expose himself as an oil painter was the ultimate act of intimacy with potential for public humiliation, though he has since revealed himself to be a masterful craftsman in this medium.

2011 proved a turning point for Zhao Zhao, most notably due to the arrest of Ai Weiwei as he was about to board an airplane in early April. Several studio assistants were also rounded up and Zhao Zhao was told in no uncertain terms that his time working for the FAKE studio was over. As a young artist with few options, he had little choice but to set up his own studio and devote himself to his own practice. He was already engaged in creating the series "Ping Pong," large scale pictures of ping pong paddles and balls, in bold primary colors. The series was not intended as a celebration of the national pastime so much as an examination of the various rules governing the game. His canvases enacted those rules, by depicting the paddles in a variety of relationships, offering viewers an opportunity to think about such questions as who makes the rules and why we obey those rules. It was a light-hearted project for an inveterate rule-breaker.

But, the arrest of Ai Weiwei warranted a bigger statement, one that could encompass the range of emotions that Zhao Zhao was feeling at the time. In response, he created *Officer* (2011), a monumental statue of a policeman, seemingly toppled and shattered across the gallery floor. Zhao Zhao knew something about making sculptures from his early days in Xinjiang, even before he attended the art academy. To make this work, he hired a craftsman to fashion a life-size replica of himself in a police uniform. He scaled the model up to 8 meters tall, rendered in plaster, which he then crashed to the floor. The final sculpture was then carved in limestone, carefully replicating the look of a fallen hero. There was one detail that betrayed the true meaning of the work. On the lapel of the officer's uniform was the number 4-3-11, the date of Ai Weiwei's arrest.

Soon after Ai Weiwei's release, Zhao Zhao showed *Officer*, along with a selection of "Ping Pong" paintings at Chambers Fine Art in Beijing. The exhibition went off without incident. But subsequently,

Zhao Zhao found that he could no longer show in Beijing. In one instance, the gallery director where he was participating in a group show was called in for questioning and was told quite directly, "Zhao Zhao is not an artist." A second show was also cancelled due to his participation. A year later, when Chambers Fine Art tried to ship the works from his solo show to New York for what would have been his American debut, the crates were confiscated in the port of Tianjin. Zhao Zhao was fined 300,000 RMB, a price he could not pay and even if he could, the works were still going to be destroyed. To this day, he has no idea what happened to his precious artworks.

Throughout the 20th century, artists have engaged in acts of destruction to create works of art and Zhao Zhao's *Officer* fits right into their legacy. Just as Gustav Metzger splashed acid on mylar or Lucio Fontana cut gashes in canvases, Zhao Zhao's toppled police officer uses a violent gesture to make a statement. It is an act of aggression that far outstrips the minor acts of vandalism present in his earlier works. It might even be interpreted as an emotional, anger-filled response to the power of the state, with the artist literally overthrowing an authority figure. But Zhao Zhao complicates such a simplistic interpretation by having the final statue constructed in limestone. By doing so, he concretizes the moment of destruction with an indestructible material, making the gesture perpetually in the present-tense, never able to recede into the past. (fig.4) In this way, the actions of the Chinese customs officials in Tianjin only underscores his point. Their destruction of his art works ironically completes the art work by fulfilling its intention.

There is also an obvious parallel between Zhao Zhao's fallen policeman and the scores of toppled statues found throughout the globe, often due to changing regimes and deposed dictators. Even if the artist was unaware of the elimination of heroic statues throughout Eastern Europe with the fall of the Soviet Union, for example, he would be entirely knowledgeable about the widespread destruction of Buddhist figures that took place in China during the Cultural Revolution. Zhao Zhao is a collector of such statues; they punctuate the corners of his studio and have been incorporated into several of his artworks. For the sculpture *Again*, 2012, he gathered a selection of Buddhist statues that he found in antique markets

and cut them into featureless bricks. He then assembled them into a single cube, measuring 150 centimeters, looking very much like a minimalist sculpture with no trace of a glorious past. In order to create this and other works in the series, he in fact had to destroy what was left of the damaged sculptures, sheering off any remnants of Buddha’s face or torso, completely eradicating its spiritual presence. In this way, he takes the impulse of destruction inflicted during the Cultural Revolution one step further. Yet, by assembling all these fragments into a single cube, he reinvests them with an aesthetic power, an encapsulation of so much that has happened in present-day China where the past has been eliminated to make way for modernization and globalization.

Similarly, to create his more recent work, *How* (2014), Zhao Zhao bought a 200-year-old wooden Buddha from Shanxi Province and cut it into 258 blocks which were then covered in gold leaf. In an ironic twist on value, he placed the work for auction at Sotheby’s Hong Kong in 2014, where it failed to find a buyer. But his documentation of the process turned the piece into a performative work, raising questions about the nature of creativity, the persistence of influence, the commercialization of the Chinese art market and the destruction of the past. (fig.5)

In many ways, these are most violent works, viciously cutting apart fragile figures to make way for a product of contemporary art. Violence and destruction are never far from Zhao Zhao’s process and appeared in his work as early as his Fragments series, which he began in 2007 and continues to this day. These works stem from a car accident in 2005. Zhao Zhao smashed his head against the windshield, cracking the glass into a spider web of lines without thoroughly breaking it into pieces. He kept the windshield and saved it for two years, finally rendering its pattern of shards in steel on a modest scale. He has since recreated this pattern in gold and bronze, at various scales and sizes. The final works are complicated and sophisticated, transforming a momentary brush with death into a permanent, obdurate form. While we can admire these sculptures for their strange and terrible beauty, the fact that they originated in such a violent moment infuses them with a radical power, ever reminding us that violence is never far from our present circumstances, much as we like to believe that we are safely distant from its impact.

Zhao Zhao brought the strain of violence in his work to the forefront when he picked up a gun to create the series later known as “Constellations” (2013). Guns are not widely available in China where personal gun ownership is illegal. But Zhao Zhao discovered that he could purchase a weapon with relative ease on the internet and he bought a rifle regularly used for military exercises. He had been examining photographs of the aftermath of the Tiananmen Square attracted to the spray of bullet holes on cars and on walls captured in the images. With his rifle, he went about recreating the pattern of destruction, firing bullets into mirrors and glass panels, creating a fascinating pointillism that was reminiscent of stars in the sky.

Nothing in these minimalist works—originally shown as 30 panels of glass leaning close to the wall affixed by metal braces—betrays their origins in the Tiananmen Square event. But they are totally confrontational with an explosive power that is impossible to escape. The sense of tragedy is heightened even more so in the mirrored works. Here, the viewer looks directly at himself, riddled with bullet holes, as if his own gunshots have ricocheted back on himself. Zhao Zhao’s mastery with a gun becomes a form of expressive craftsmanship that evokes both authoritarian and revolutionary capacities. He is both the protestor and the soldier in these works, and in turn, viewers are placed in dual roles, both perpetrator and victim of violence.

Like with “Fragments,” Zhao Zhao has experimented with rendering the “Constellations” series in other mediums, most recently with a series of paintings, in indigo blue, brown and white. The delicate cracks and punctuation of bullet holes are flawlessly captured in these hyperrealist canvases, which obviously take far longer to paint than the original gunshots took to fire. By slowing down the process of violence, the artist has time to ruminate on its implications, such as the power it has to terrify and control through brutality, that even the threat of bloodshed can eradicate opposition to authority. He is also interrogating our tendency to aestheticize horrific occurrences, with paintings of ravishing beauty rooted in explosive aggression.

Filmmaker, conceptual artist, sculptor and painter—Zhao Zhao combines all these roles, switching mediums as his project

determines. In his recent exhibitions, he has proven that he is not a one trick pony, but an ambidextrous master of materials, converting difficult challenges into resolved artistic statements. In 2015, he unveiled a new series of paintings, “Sky,” moody ruminations in deep blues that barely left room for sunlight. On first glance, these works would be the least political of all of his projects, near abstractions with sensuous strokes of paint. But according to the artist, even the topic of the sky can raise social issues, especially when taking on this subject matter in a city as polluted as Beijing. Zhao Zhao’s skies are the chemical encrusted clouds of his city, where a sparkling clear day is a rare occurrence. These are somber meditations on the lack of clean air, the stifling stench and the end of visibility that are specific to China, even as this subject matter might seem impossibly universal and apolitical.

At the same time, Zhao Zhao has further explored his use of ready-mades, appropriating antique furniture as well as Buddhist figures. In his “Untitled” series, he situated Ming and Qing dynasty tables, couches, cabinets and chairs within open crates, strapping the objects in place with wide metal bars. Looking like just so many goods ready for shipment, the furniture was drained of their power and turned into commodities by Zhao Zhao’s strategic arrangement. It is questionable whether the bars used to restrain the items reinforced their strength, or deliberately rendered them useless. Again, while these works may look like mere sculptures, they raise issues that have social implications. Are the tools we use to ensure our safety, restraining us or empowering us? Are the mechanisms of commodification, adding or detracting from art’s value? Zhao Zhao is acutely aware of these issues when he fabricates these works, even as he presents them as puzzles that need to be unpacked and explicated.

In the past three years, Zhao Zhao has engaged in something of a homecoming, returning repeatedly to his birthplace in Xinjiang. Xinjiang is an autonomous region in northwest China that is home to the Uyghurs, a Muslim ethnic minority. Growing up here, Zhao Zhao’s family as Han Chinese were in the minority and he often felt like an outsider. But, more recently, he has become fascinated by the vitality and rawness of this way of life which he views as a welcome antidote to the more regulated and sedentary artists’ community in Beijing.

For this exhibition, the culmination of ten years of artistic practice, Zhao Zhao has created three projects from his research in Xinjiang. The first is the result of an experiment he conducted a year ago in the Taklamakan Desert, a vast and barren region that is encircled by the ancient Silk Road. The artist ran a thick wire, 4 centimeters in diameter, from a city at the edge of the desert to 100 kilometers into its abyss and hooked up a refrigerator to it. The running refrigerator in the midst of the dry, vacant desert was an incongruous site, offering little explanation for its existence. Yet, it is the perfect metaphor for the expansion of the Han Chinese into this region, bringing with them an imperative of modernization.

In the gallery, Zhao Zhao will exhibit the artifacts remaining from this expedition: an empty refrigerator matched by the length of wire, cut into short bits and stacked as high as the fridge itself. A video will also be on view, tracing the development of the project over one and half months and proving that the artist succeeded in this quixotic adventure. This installation, titled *Project Taklamakan* (2016), demonstrates the artist’s persistence and tenacity in the face of challenges, even those of his own making.

Knife (2016) is the second installation to come out of Zhao Zhao’s research in Xinjiang. Here he engaged with the Uyghur population, gathering knives from over 1000 individuals and interviewing them about their lives. The knives, archaic and baroque, hold a fascination for Zhao Zhao not only in their potential for violence, but also in their inherent idiosyncratic beauty. They reflect the history of the Uyghur people as well as encapsulating the current eruption of violence in the region. As artifacts used in daily life, each knife becomes a portrait of an individual.

The final installation is about family. It features two suits—one made by Dolce & Gabbana and the other, a near perfect copy made by the artist’s mother—accompanied by a letter from his father. It is perhaps the most personal work ever made by Zhao Zhao which came about from a shopping trip with his parents the previous year.

According to Zhao Zhao, his parents expressed an interest in traveling after they retired, something they had not been allowed to do during their working lives. So he offered to bring them to New York for his solo exhibition at Chambers Fine Art in Chelsea in

2015. Before departing on the journey, Zhao Zhao took his parents shopping for clothes appropriate for the trip. He brought them to a trendy shopping mall in Beijing, which only intimidated them and they bought nothing. But he spotted a formal suit at Dolce & Gabbana which cost 99,999 RMB. He asked them what they thought of the suit and his mother said it was beautiful while his father said it was gauche. Then he asked them to guess the price and his father, who grew up wearing hand-me-downs from his brothers and never spent any money on himself, offered 3,000 to 4,000 RMB, the amount of his salary. So Zhao Zhao showed him the price tag and his father was astonished but soon recovered himself by falling back on Marxist rhetoric and declaring that this was part of a bourgeois conspiracy. In a flash of rebellion, Zhao Zhao bought the suit.

Zhao Zhao’s mother confronted him, asking why he spent so much money just to anger his father. She offered that she could make such a suit if he gave her 3,000 RMB. To him, the exemplified everything that is corrupted in Chinese thinking, that knock-offs are better than originals, that Weibo and WeChat are effective replacements for Facebook and Twitter. So he gave his mother the sum she requested and though it took her nearly a year, she made the suit. (fig.8) He also asked his father to write an essay critiquing his purchase and his father delivered 10,000 characters on the subject.

The resulting installation brings viewers directly into this family conflict. The two suits are displayed side-by-side, allowing for a comparison between the original and the copy. The letter from his father is also on view, laying out a classic Communist critique of rampant consumerism. This work totally encapsulates the generation gap experienced by Zhao

Zhao and his family. Between parent and child, it is as if they grew up in two different countries in two different centuries, unable to find the language to bridge their differences. A gesture that began as a show of appreciation—namely, the invitation to visit New York—deteriorates into an argument between father and son. That the father has devoted his life to the lessons of Communism and the son is an inveterate renegade only sharpens their political differences. But this story of the suit demonstrates that their differences can also be attributed to the changing times in China where the elder generation lived with little access to foreign goods while their children grew up savvy about international trends.

Zhao Zhao has emerged as a global artist in recent years, frequently participating in exhibitions in the United States and Europe. This is his method of revenge, that is, by demonstrating that he can have a career as an artist even when the odds are against him in China. But even as he has expanded the scope of his audience and the reach of his art projects, he has remained rooted in China, ever attuned to the social issues and political currents that plague his homeland. Repeatedly, he brings this strain of aggression out of the shadows, placing it at the forefront of his work. Sometimes, this is the direct result of personal experience, such as his near-fatal car crash or a random street attack. But other times, he is tapping into political history and mass consciousness, knowing that significant events cannot be erased or forgotten.

July 1, 2016

(2 0 1 6 - 2 0 1 5 - 2 0 1 4)



《打火机》，2016，和田玉，2.2 × 1 × 7.7 cm *Lighter*, 2016, nephrite, 2.2 × 1 × 7.7 cm



“不安——赵赵个展”，2014，展览现场，前波画廊，北京 “Uncertainty — Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition,” 2014, exhibition view, Chambers Fine Art, Beijing

《不安》，2014，塔（明、清）、石头、木头、钢、绳、钢筋，73 × 73 × 214 cm *Uncertainty*, 2014, stupa (Ming, Qing dynasty), stone, wood, steel, rope, re-bar, 73 × 73 × 214 cm



安全感是一种感受，一种心理。它来自社会结构的表现带给人的感觉，既是一种可以放心、依靠、信任的体现，也是对可能出现的身体或心理伤害的预感，以及个体在应对危险时有力或无力的感知。从 2013 年到 2016 年，赵赵从天津、上海收集到一些殖民时期的保险箱。他对这些物品的产生有着浓厚的兴趣，人们基于什么样的需求制造了它们？又是什么造成了安全性的缺失？赵赵随后用汉白玉仿制了这些实心的保险箱，同等的比例，却只留下肃穆而又凝重的外表，失去了实用的功能；物件从实用、安全成为无用的精神载体，进入了一个全新的境界。从这时起，它所象征的一切，都具有了跟以前截然不同的意义。

Security is an emotion, a psychological feeling so integral to social structure as an experience of trust and reliability; it is also a physical and psychological premonition of threat and risk, when an individual must discern between the power and the powerless. Between 2013 and 2016, Zhao Zhao collected a number of colonial-era safes from Tianjin and Shanghai. He was intensely interested in their production. Why were they needed? What caused such insecurity? Zhao Zhao recreated these safes in solid marble of similar size and scale. He had stripped the safes of their functionality, retaining only their solemn and dignified appearance. In this way, he detached the spirit from the object, thus elevating it to a new dimension beyond its practical, basic purpose. From that point on, everything it represented entered into a new realm.

《保险箱》，2015，老上海殖民时期保险箱，尺寸可变

Safe, 2015, steel safes from the colonial period of Shanghai, dimensions variable



《保险箱》，2016，大理石，尺寸可变 Safe, 2016, marble, dimensions variable



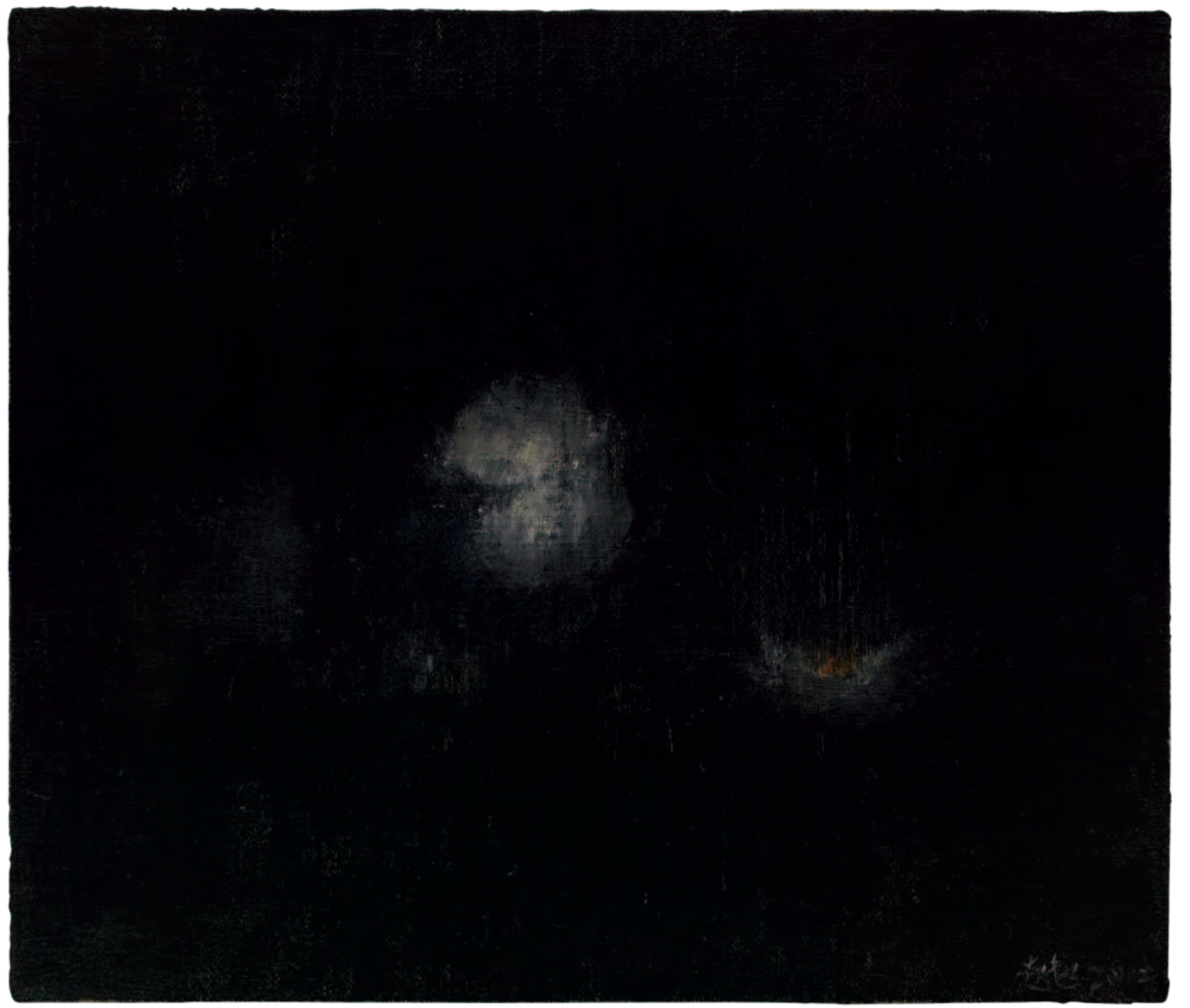


pp. 75 - 77 “咸鸭蛋”系列，2014，布面油画，单幅 27 × 35 cm “Preserved Duck Eggs” series, 2014, oil on canvas, 27 × 35 cm each





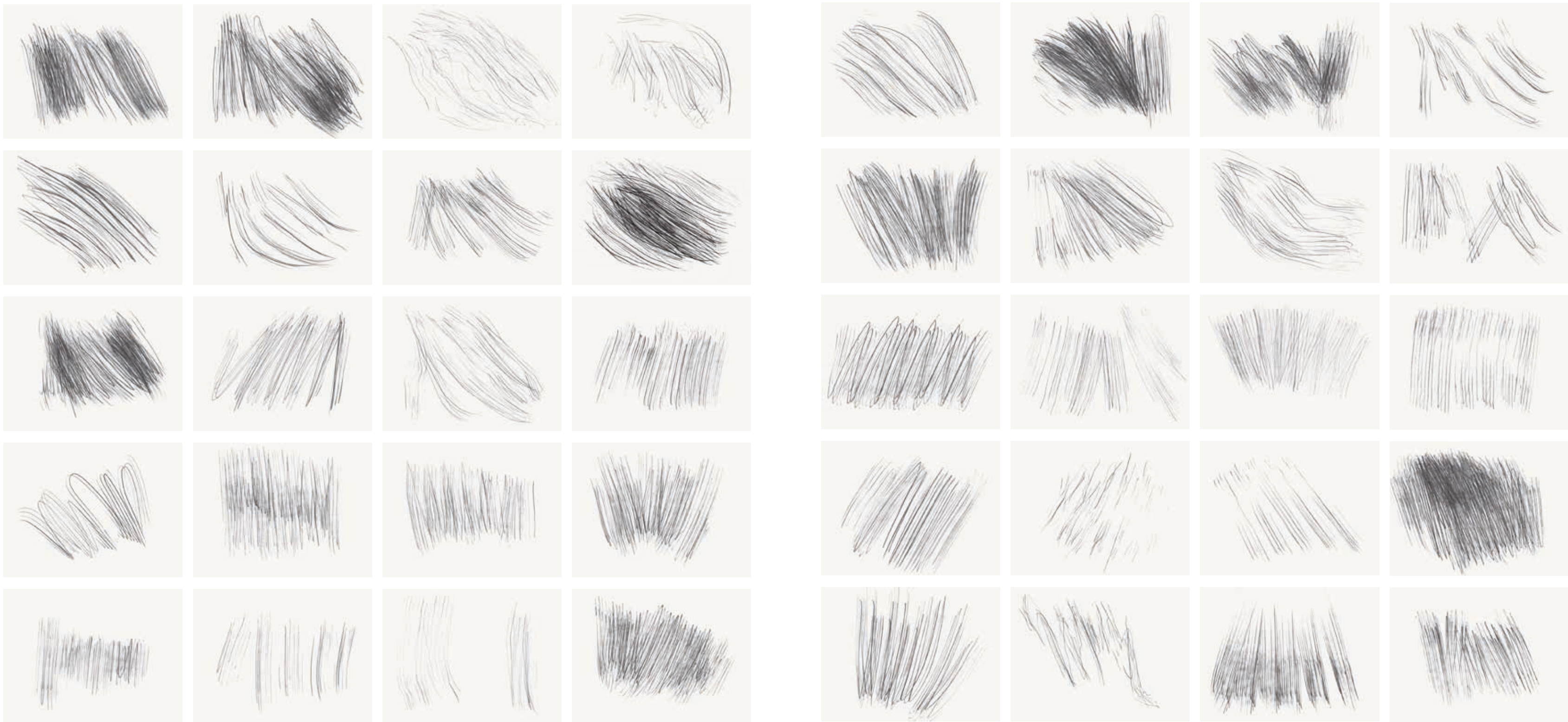
《坏蛋》，2014，布面油画，60 × 70 cm Spoiled Bird Eggs, 2014, oil on canvas, 60 × 70 cm



《坏蛋》，2014，布面油画，60 × 70 cm Spoiled Bird Eggs, 2014, oil on canvas, 60 × 70 cm



《树枝》，2014，布面油画，180 × 220 cm *Branches*, 2014, oil on canvas, 180 × 220 cm



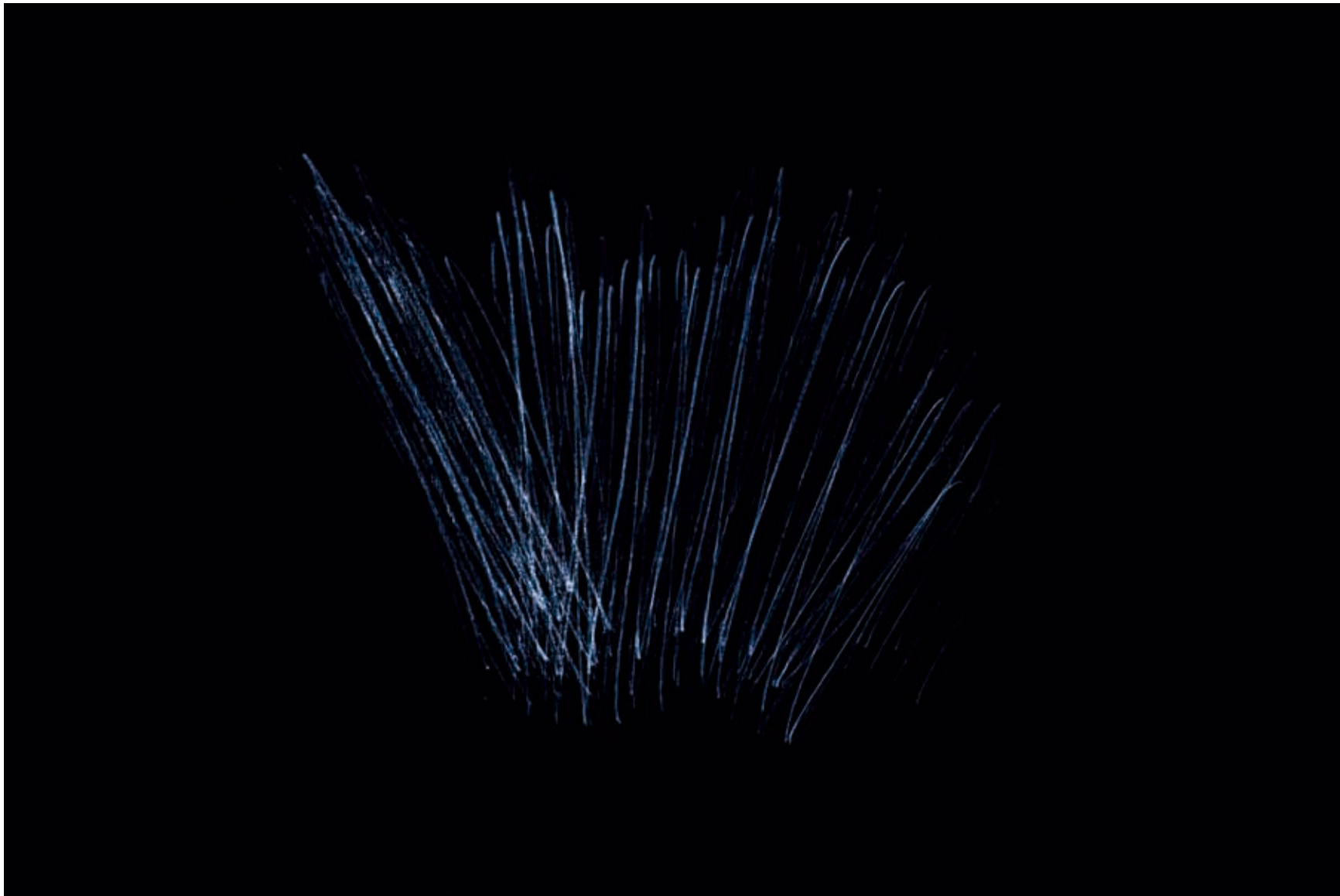
《一秒》，2015，纸上铅笔，单幅 24 × 32 cm *One Second*, 2015, pencil on paper, 24 × 32 cm each



《一秒》，2015，纸上铅笔，24 × 32 cm *One Second*, 2015, pencil on paper, 24 × 32 cm



《一秒》，2015，纸上铅笔，24 × 32 cm *One Second*, 2015, pencil on paper, 24 × 32 cm



《一秒》，2016，布面油画，200 × 300 cm *One Second*, 2016, oil on canvas, 200 × 300 cm
pp. 88 - 89 《一秒》（局部），2016，布面油画，200 × 300 cm *One Second (detail)*, 2016, oil on canvas, 200 × 300 cm

《无题》，2014，装置，明清家具、木板、钢条，133 × 173 × 383 cm *Untitled*, 2014, installation, Ming and Qing dynasty furniture, wooden board, steel bars, 133 × 173 × 383 cm



《无题》，2014，装置，明清家具、木板、钢条，201 × 306 × 398 cm *Untitled*, 2014, installation, Ming and Qing dynasty furniture, wooden board, steel bars, 201 × 306 × 398 cm



赵赵与宋道长的对话

Discussion between Zhao Zhao and Abbot Song

赵赵（赵）：我这九块铜板，你可否给它们开个光？
宋道长（道长）：可以。

赵：什么是开光？
道长：开光是指有一定修行成就的人通过持印诵咒，加上给予特别的灵力来消除物品不好的磁场，赋予物品特殊的灵力，使一般的东西成为可以调整风水的物品或护佑自己的幸运物。

赵：你一般都给什么东西开光？
道长：人像、佛龛，多为护身符之类。

赵：那你有没有给铜板开过光？
道长：从来没有。

赵赵：你怎么认为这九块铜板是可以开光的？
道长：任何物品都可以开光，万物有灵。

赵：那你认为它们好在哪？
道长：九块好啊。九九归真，寓意一切生生不息，周而复始地循环，这就是天地之道啊。

赵：那具体如何操作呢？
道长：你这九块铜板本身并非不祥之物，所以无需做法。只要分别附加九张符咒，即可大吉大利。

赵：是什么样的符咒？
道长：我画于你，再教你如何摆放。八卦二四为肩，六八为足，左三右七善九覆一。北、东北、东方、东南、正南、西南、正西、西北、正中，九宫方位都有其编号。切记，不得外传。

赵：那你怎么看这些开光后的铜板？
道长：这九块铜板本就已是大象无形，加上开光之后更可避邪消灾，无论置其于何处都可蓬壁生辉，乃是镇宅之宝。

赵：这样是否圆满了呢？
道长：当然。所愿圆满，各种周遍圆满，无所欠缺。

赵：那何时再聚？
道长：随缘。

Zhao Zhao (Zhao): Can you consecrate these nine copper plates?
Abbot Song (Abbot): Yes.

Zhao: What is consecration?
Abbot: Consecration is when a person of a certain level of cultivation uses incantations and spiritual power to dispel bad energy and bestow an object with special spiritual power, turning an ordinary thing into a charm that can regulate fengshui or protect the bearer.

Zhao: What kinds of things do you usually consecrate?
Abbot: Statues, Buddha niches, and mostly amulets.

Zhao: Have you ever consecrated copper plates before?
Abbot: Never.

Zhao: Why do you think these copper plates can be consecrated?
Abbot: Anything can be consecrated. Everything has a spirit.

Zhao: What do you like about them?
Abbot: It is good that there are nine of them. Nine represents an eternal, repeating cycle, the way of heaven and earth.

Zhao: So how is it done?
Abbot: There is nothing inauspicious about these nine copper plates, so there is nothing special needed. I give each one an incantation, and they will be auspicious.

Zhao: What kind of incantation?
Abbot: I will draw them for you, and teach you how to place them. The hexagrams two and four are the shoulders, six and eight are the feet, three to the left, seven to the right, a good nine over the one. North, northeast, east, southeast, south, southwest, west, northwest, center. There are numbers for each section of the nine-square grid. Remember it well. Do not share it.

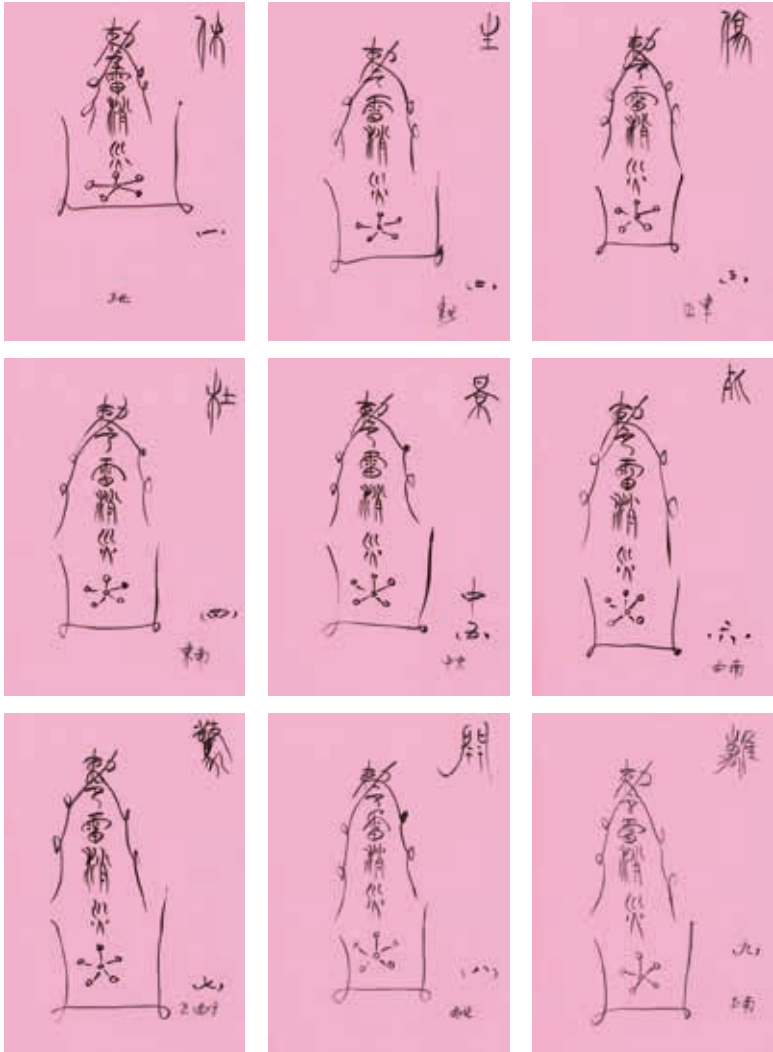
Zhao: What do you think about these now-consecrated copper plates?
Abbot: These nine copper plates are like the shapelessness of the great form. Now that they are consecrated, they can ward off disaster. No matter where you place them, they will add to the splendor. They are a treasure.

Zhao: Are they complete now?
Abbot: Of course, they are full and complete, not lacking in anything.

Zhao: When shall we meet again?
Abbot: When we are so destined.



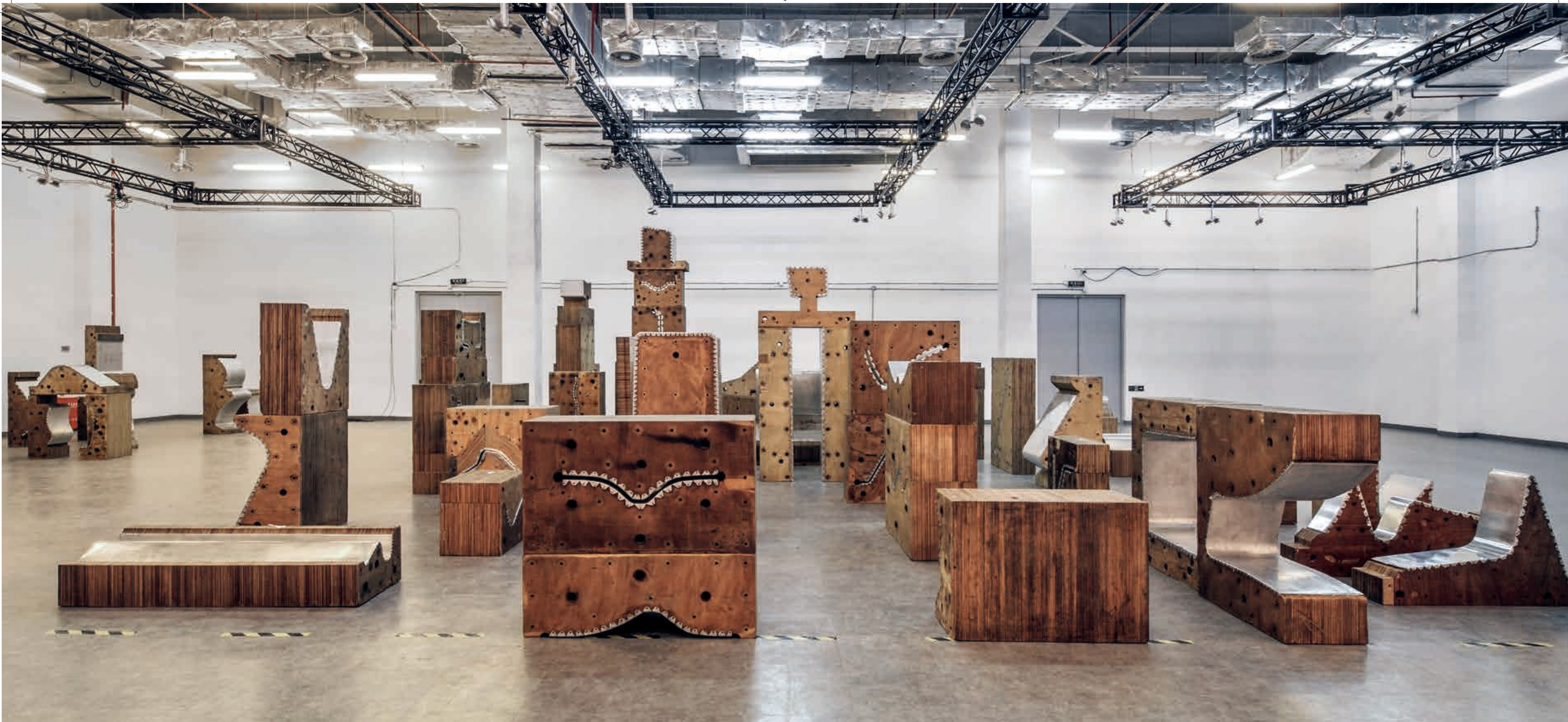
《迷津》，2015，装置（铜），共9件，每件200 × 100 cm *Confusion*, 2015, installation (copper), 9 plates, 200 × 100 cm each



道士为赵赵的作品开光所画的符咒 Incantations drawn by a Daoist priest to consecrate Zhao Zhao's artwork



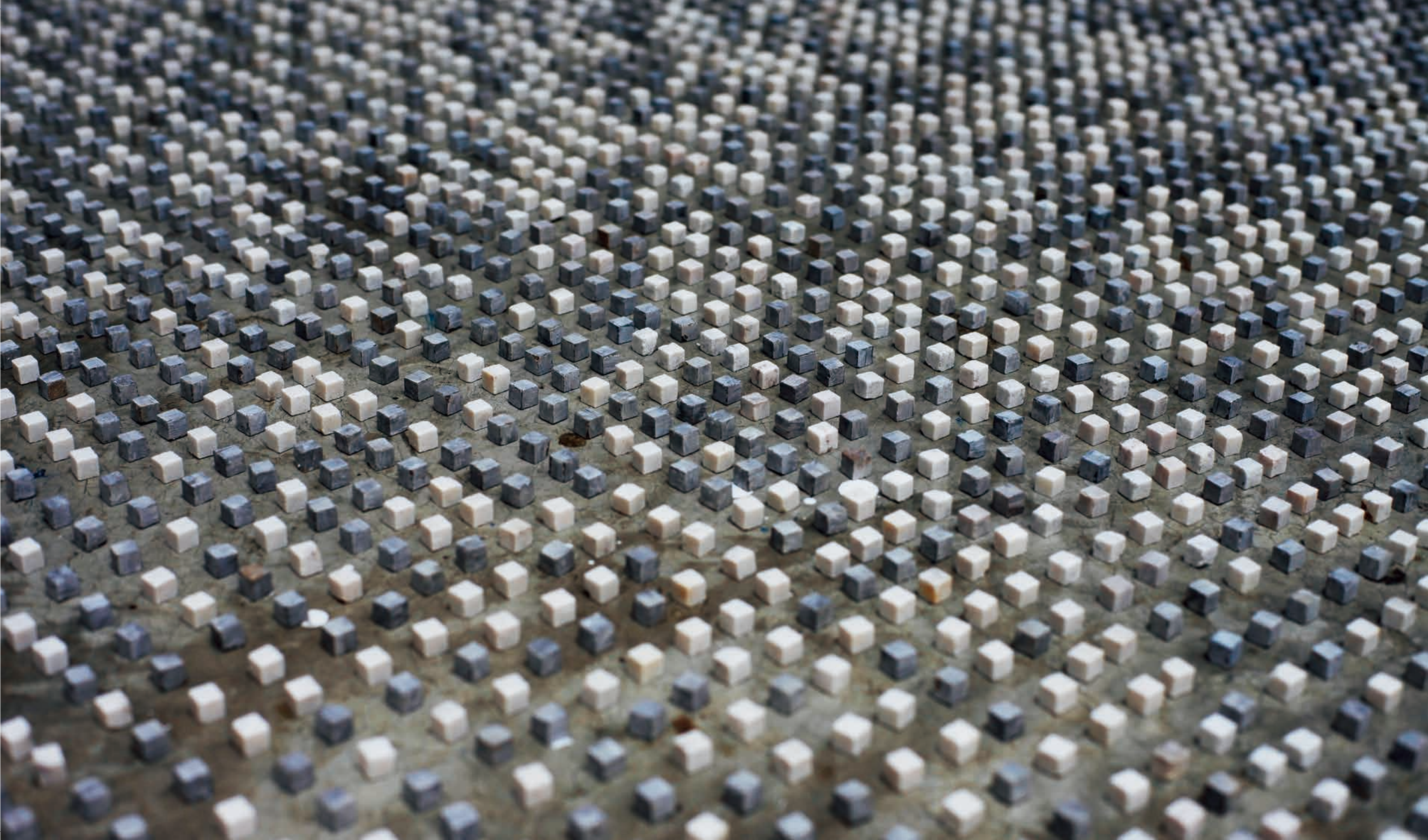
作为作品《迷津》的一部分，赵赵邀请了一位道士为铜板开光。 As part of the project, Zhao Zhao invited a Daoist priest to consecrate his work *Confusion*.



《积木》，2015，木材、铝板，尺寸可变 *Building Blocks*, 2015, wood, aluminum, dimensions variable

pp. 100 - 101 《无量》(局部)，2014，历代残佛像、青石、汉白玉，尺寸可变

Countless (detail), 2014, damaged Buddhist statues from various dynasties, limestone, white marble, dimensions variable



《汉白玉蛋》(局部), 2015, 装置(汉白玉), 尺寸可变
White Marble Eggs (detail), 2015, installation (white marble), dimensions variable
pp. 104 - 105 “赵赵”, 2015, 展览现场, Carl Kostyál 基金会, 斯德哥尔摩, 瑞典
"Zhao Zhao," 2015, exhibition view, Carl Kostyál Stockholm, Sweden







赵赵在斯德哥尔摩街头及 Carl Kostyál 基金会内进行《汉白玉蛋》的布展工作。 Zhao Zhao installs *White Marble Eggs* at Carl Kostyál Stockholm and on the streets of Stockholm.



fig.1 《伟像》(局部), 2011, 青石, 860 × 180 × 180 cm *Officer (detail)*, 2011, limestone, 860 × 180 × 180 cm

紧急通知

近来社会上部分心怀不轨的不法分子以各种名目，利用大学生的正义冲动心理，企图达到自己不可告人的目的。我系学生在节假日期间一定要提高警惕，以推进社会稳定。如有个别学生参与不法活动，学院将给予严肃处理。

美术系党总支

2000年6月20日

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大束



fig.2 2000 年新疆艺术学院针对赵赵裸体行走事件的紧急通知
Statement from Xinjiang Academy of Fine Art concerning Zhao Zhao's attempt of naked walk in 2000



fig.3 “星座”系列创作过程 “Constellations” series in progress (左 left)

fig.4 《保险箱》，2016，大理石，尺寸可变 Safe, 2016, marble, dimensions variable (右 right)



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The below lot is consigned to Sotheby's Autumn Sale 2014, 5 October 2014.

Zhao Zhao

How

dismantled wooden Buddha sculpture wrapped in gold leaf, arranged into 258 geometric shapes, nine photos

executed in 2014

various dimensions

趙趙

如何

原為佛像的 258 件貼金箔木塊及九張照片

二〇一四年作

尺寸不一

Estimate: 1,800,000 - 2,200,000 HKD



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fig.5 2014 年，出于对中国艺术市场过分商业化的反思，赵赵将自己的作品《如何》送拍香港苏富比，最终作品流拍，但拍卖的纪录文件又把这件作品变成了一件表演性作品。

In 2014, out of a concern about the commercialization of the Chinese art market, Zhao Zhao placed his work *How* for auction at Sotheby's Hong Kong, where it failed to find a buyer. But his documentation of the process turned the piece into a performative work.

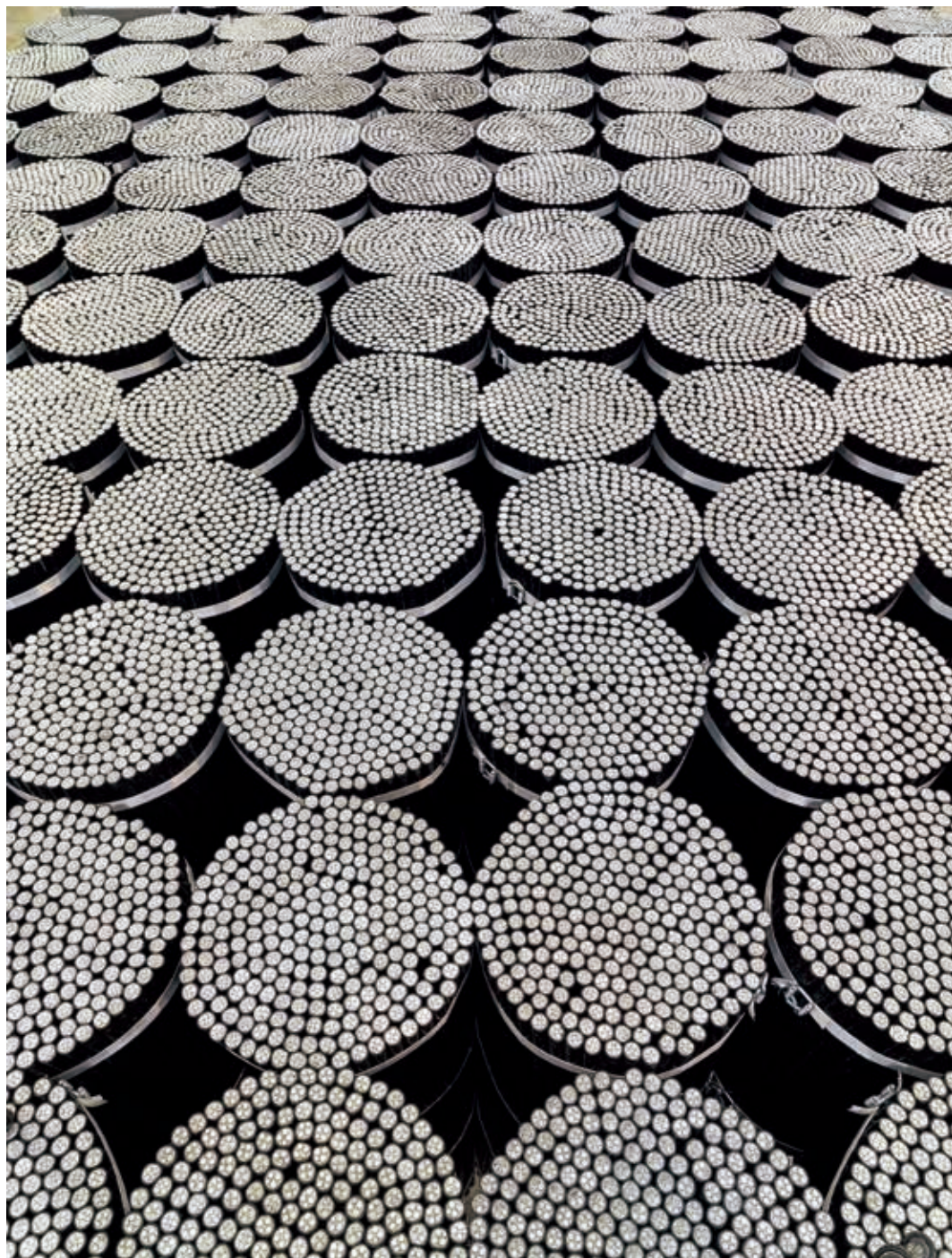




fig.6 “天空”系列，布面油画
"Sky" series, oil on canvas



fig.7 《塔克拉玛干计划》，2016，展览现场，当代唐人艺术中心，北京 *Project Taklamakan*, 2016, exhibition view, Tang Contemporary art, Beijing



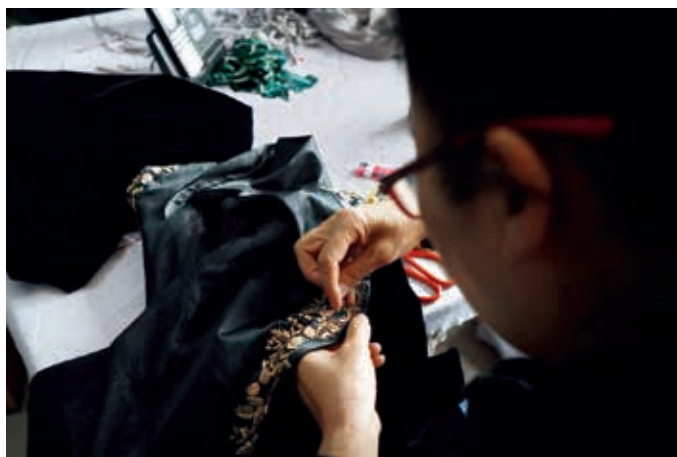


fig.8 在作品《西装》中，赵赵支付了母亲 3000 元人民币，用于仿制他一年前买下的那件 Dolce & Gabbana 的西装。

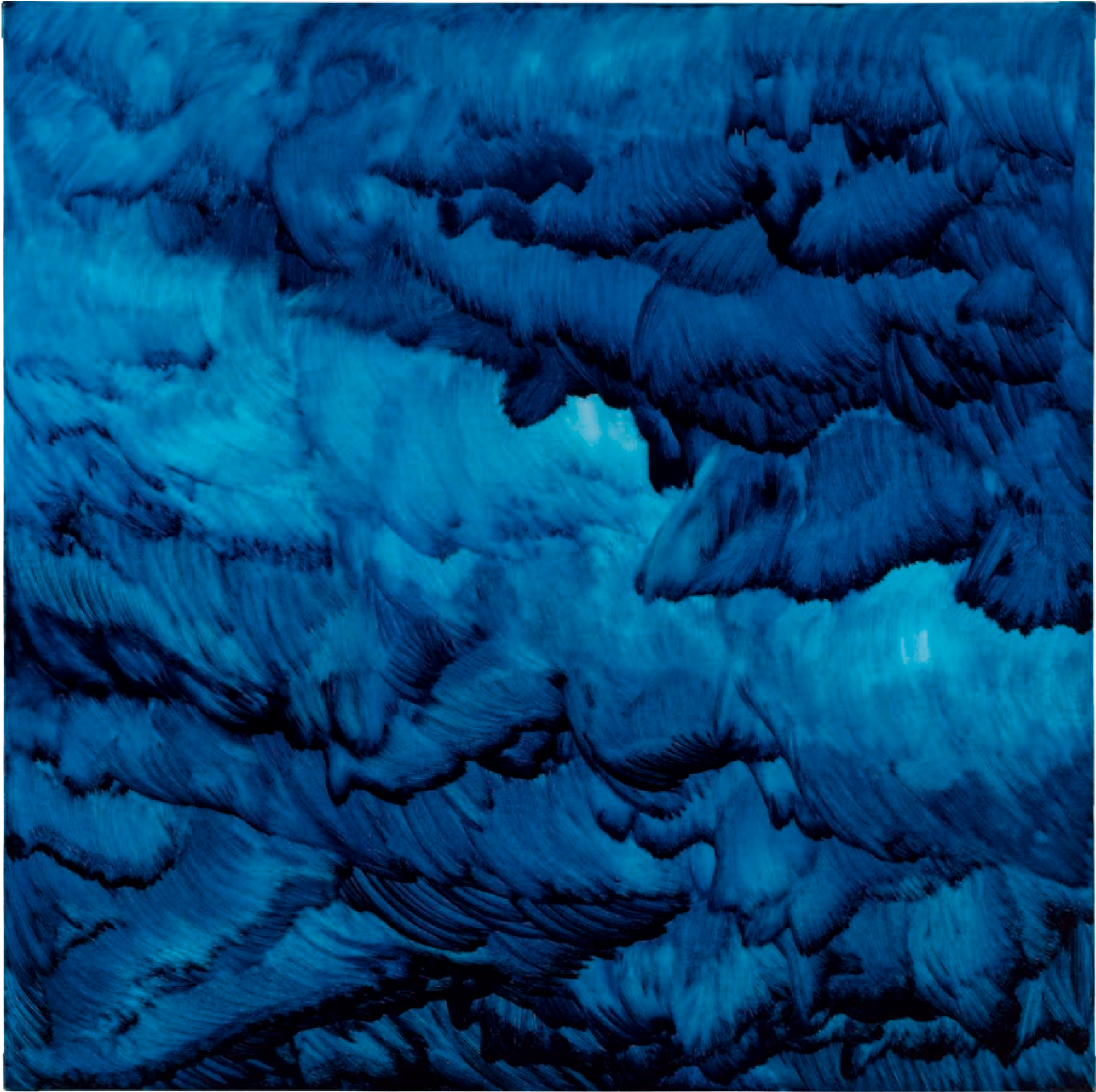
In *Suit*, Zhao Zhao gave his mother 3000 RMB to make a copy of the Dolce & Gabbana suit he bought a year ago.



“天空”系列，2016，布面油画，400 × 400 cm “Sky” series, oil on canvas, 2016, 400 × 400 cm



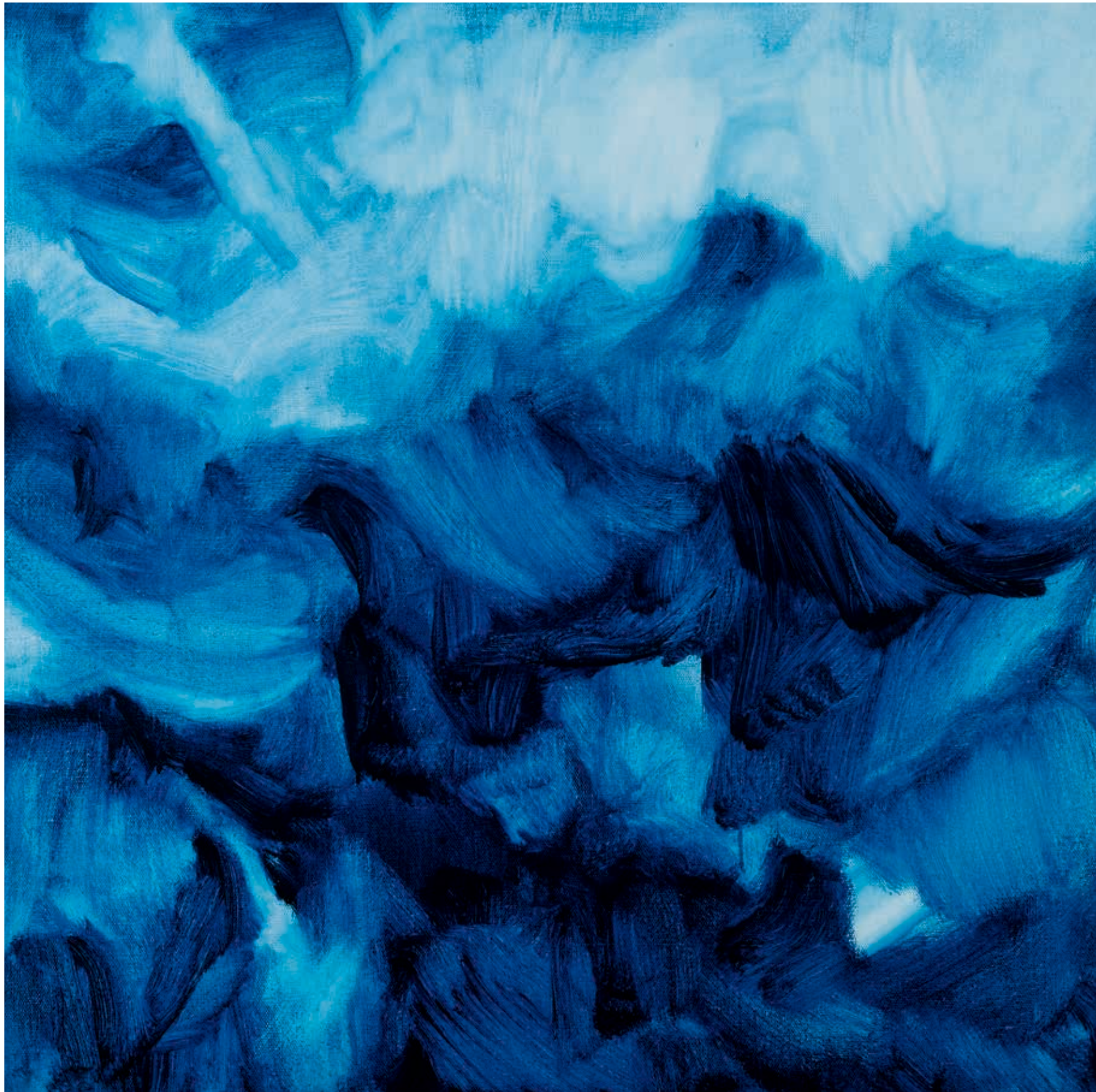
《天空》创作过程 Sky in progress



“天空”系列，2015，布面油画，100 × 100 cm “Sky” series, 2015, oil on canvas, 100 × 100 cm



“天空”系列，2015，布面油画，100 × 100 cm “Sky” series, 2015, oil on canvas, 100 × 100 cm



“天空”系列，2015，布面油画，100 × 100 cm “Sky” series, 2015, oil on canvas, 100 × 100 cm



“天空”系列，2015，布面油画，250 × 250 cm “Sky” series, 2015, oil on canvas, 250 × 250 cm



“无所不在——赵赵个展”，2014，展览现场，Roberts & Tilton 画廊，洛杉矶，美国
"Omnipresent — Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition," 2014, exhibition view, Roberts & Tilton Gallery, Los Angeles, United States



《碎片》，2015，铜，90 × 210 cm *Fragments*, 2015, copper, 90 × 210 cm



“安全感——赵赵个展”，2016，展览现场，当代唐人艺术中心，香港
“A Sense of Security — Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition,” 2016, exhibition view, Tang Contemporary Art, Hong Kong

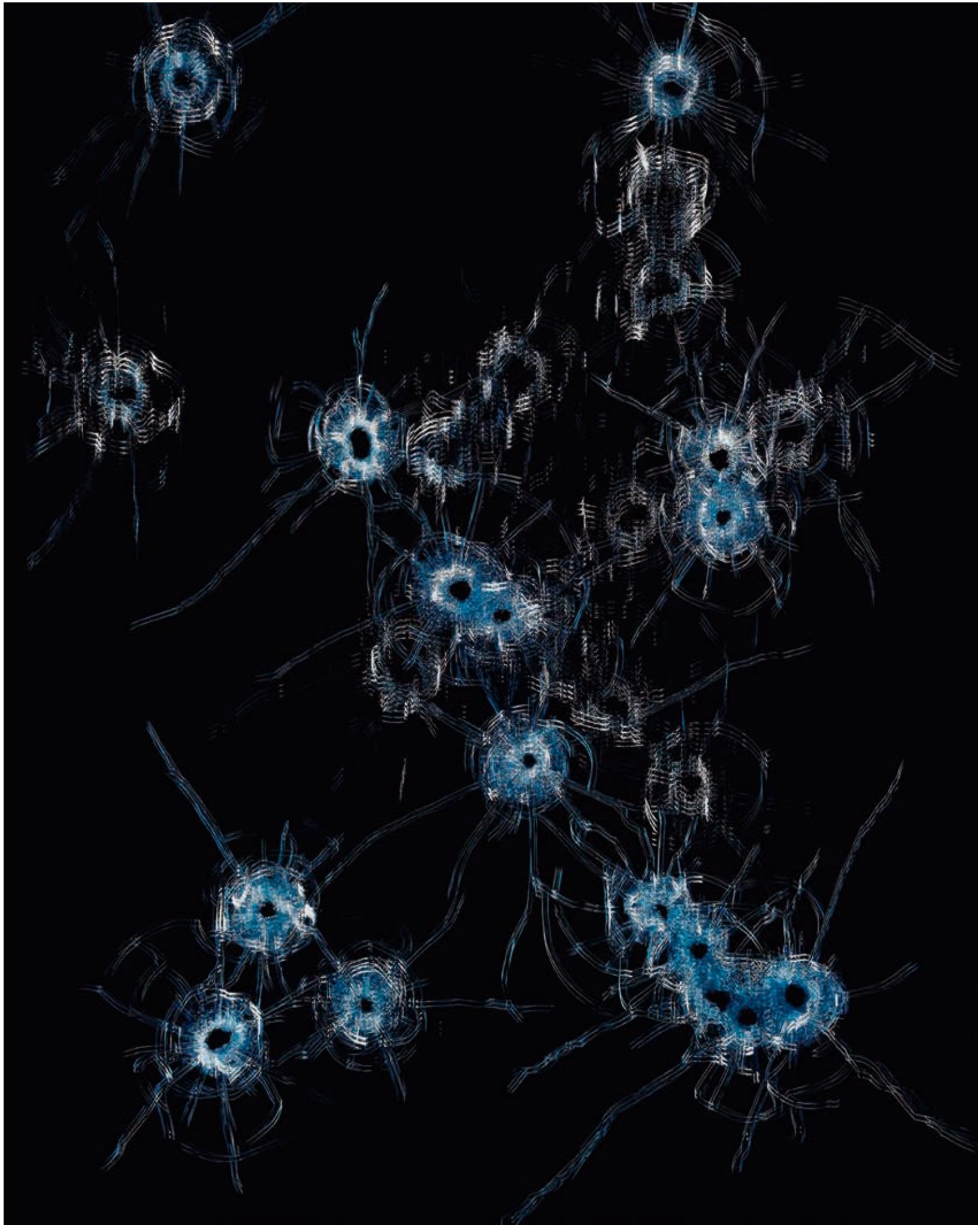
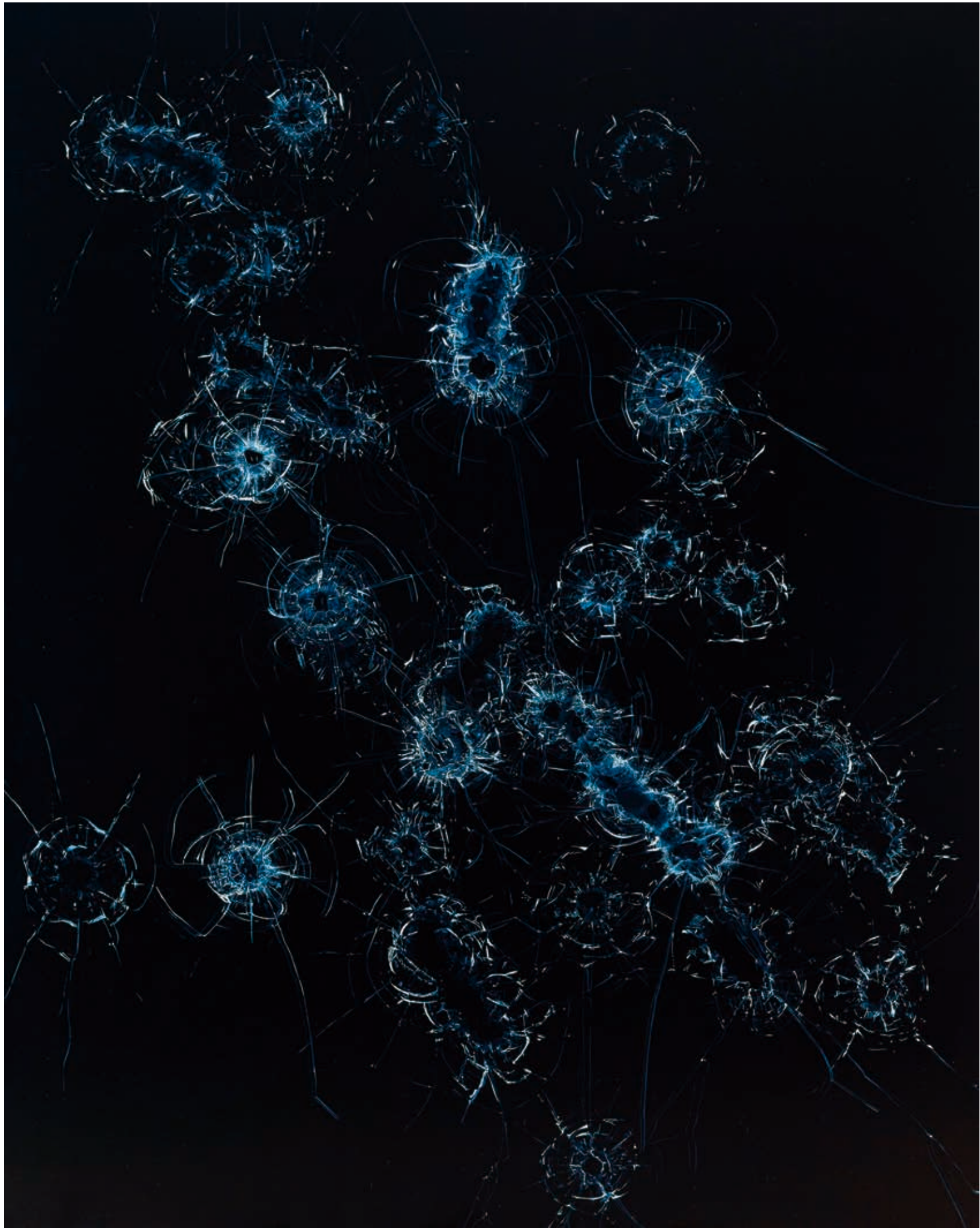
《星空》，2014，
布面油画，200 × 300 cm
Constellations, 2014,
oil on canvas, 200 × 300 cm

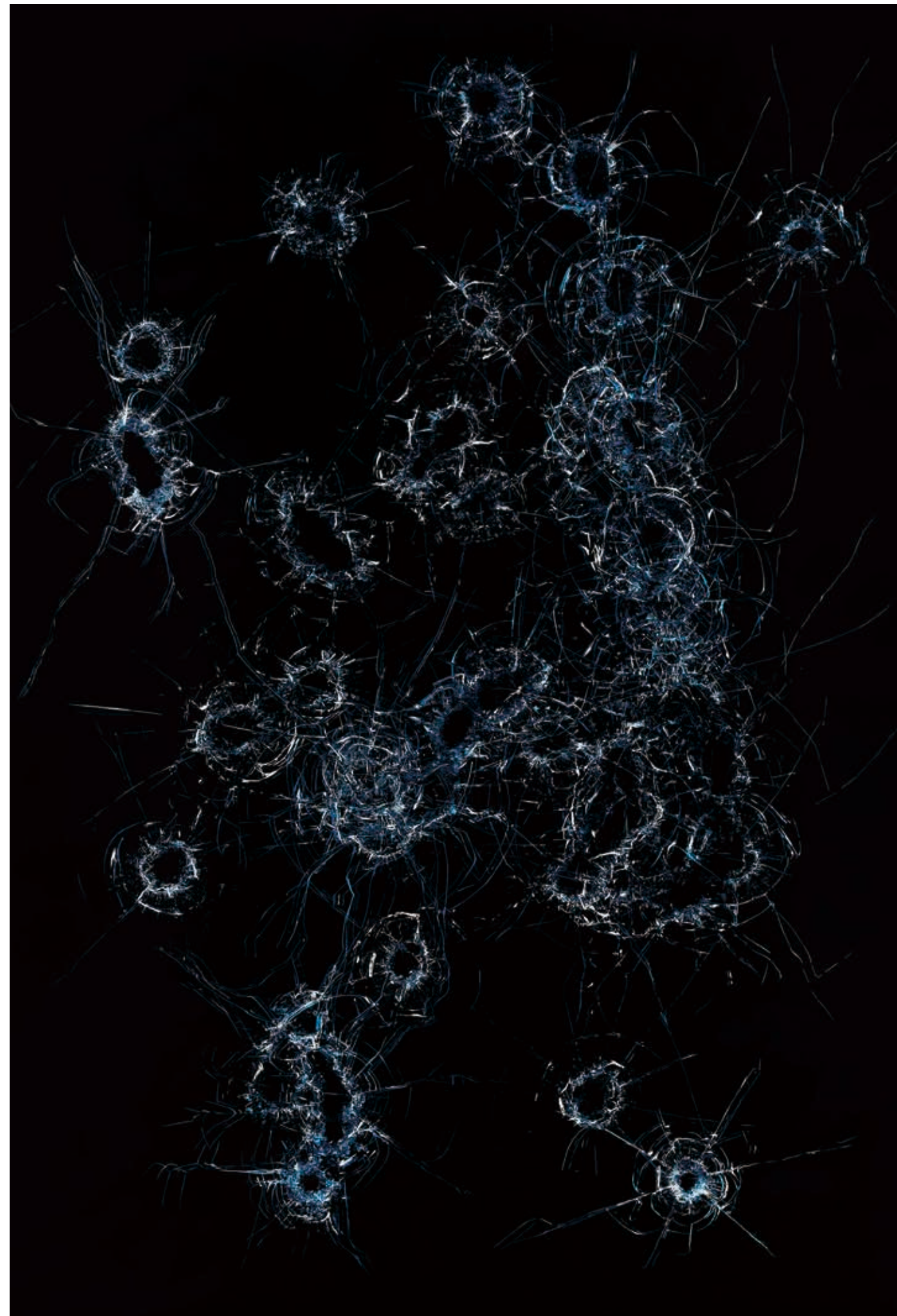
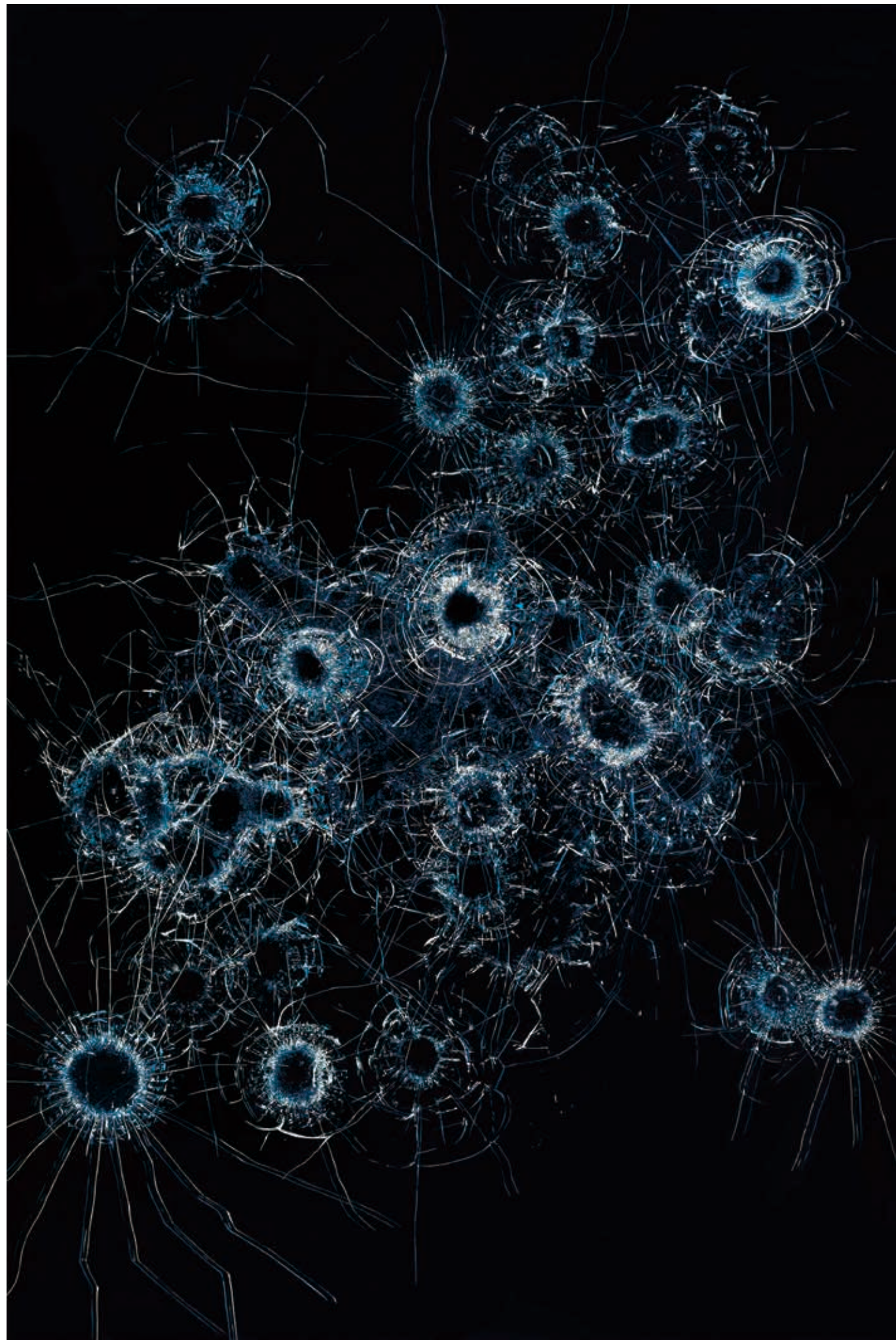
pp. 124 - 125
《星空》，2014，
布面油画，250 × 200 cm
Constellations, 2014,
oil on canvas, 250 × 200 cm

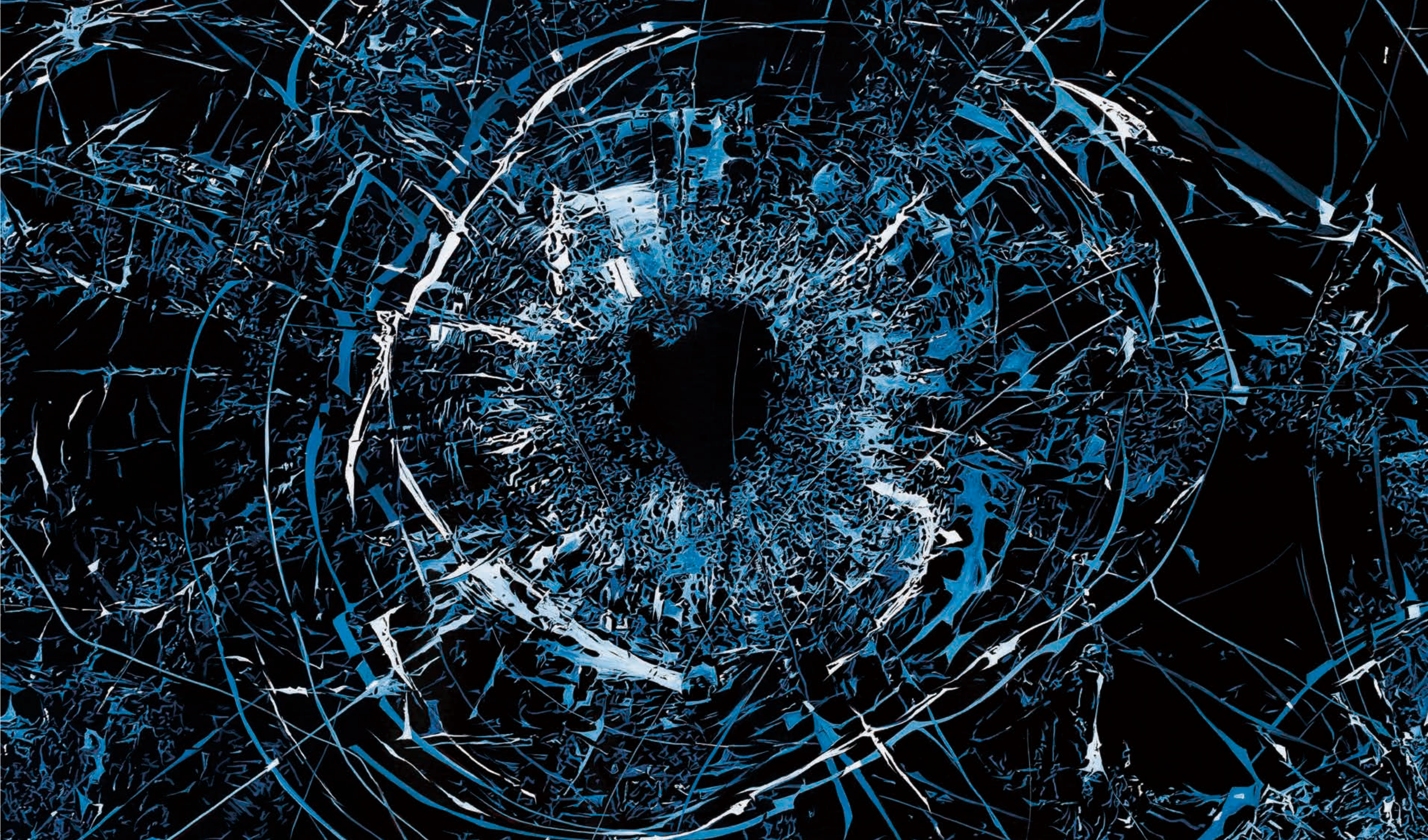
pp. 126 - 127
《星空》，2014，
布面油画，300 × 200 cm
Constellations, 2014,
oil on canvas, 300 × 200 cm

pp. 128 - 129
《星空》(局部)，2014，
布面油画，200 × 300 cm
Constellations (detail), 2014,
oil on canvas, 200 × 300 cm









赵赵：《星空》 Zhao Zhao's *Constellations*

唐冠科 / Dr.John Tancock

在不到十年的时间，赵赵从初出茅庐成为了一位备受关注的艺术家。他的创作类型广泛，以致难以被归类为任何一种具体类型的艺术家。他做过行为艺术，并用摄影记录下来；他也创作过尺寸虽小却富有争议性的绘画作品；同时还创作过大型雕塑《伟像》——这件作品最后一次现身是在三年前的北京前波画廊，为了前往纽约参展而进行的运输前装箱。然而，不幸的是，这件作品在运输前被海关扣押，至今下落不明，很可能遭遇了类似最近阿富汗、叙利亚和伊拉克的古代雕塑被摧毁的命运。赵赵利用佛教雕塑及佛塔创作了一系列三维作品，显示出他对中国历史的浓厚兴趣；但同时他也创作了系列行为，扇志愿者的左脸与右脸(《耳光》，2013)和持刀捅了志愿者孙原的后背(《暗恋》，2014)。在绘画领域赵赵的探索主题则包括老鼠屎、咸鸭蛋和乒乓。

赵赵的创作似乎包罗万象，不具统一性，作品本身也常常出奇而令观者意想不到。尽管如此，他还是会通过多样的创作形式回到某些特定的主题。这就如同犯人重返犯罪现场，似乎永远无法逃脱这记忆在他的一生中的事件。七年前，赵赵经历了一场车祸，头撞碎了车的挡风玻璃。为了保存这段记忆，他以当时头猛烈撞击防碎玻璃而造成的裂纹图案为灵感，创作了作品《碎片》（2007）。这件 5×26×27 厘米的作品由多块不规则高抛光不锈钢碎片从中心发散组成。它尺寸小，也并不起眼，却可以说为赵赵探索由暴力对现有形态所造成的影响拉开了序幕。他的研究的对象不仅包括自己的头撞到玻璃而留下的痕迹，也包括被假定从底座上推下，坍塌倒地的大型雕塑《伟像》。而这些作品最终组成了一系列令人印象深刻的碎片。

这七八年来赵赵的创作还形成了另一明显趋势，即在其绘画作品中逐渐缩小了所运用的色彩范围。例如咸鸭蛋的灰暗色调以及在系列作品

《乒乓》中运用的绚丽色彩，逐渐被蓝色所取代。现在，一切都是蓝色的，不仅他的绘画，工作室里的装饰也用靛蓝布为主调。他还收集了一些明清时代的吉兰香炉，就连他的着装也以暗淡的蓝色调为主。这个趋势自 2010 年开始变得尤为明显。那年赵赵开始了一系列以天空为主题的油画作品，然而试想，一位早期作品常常以打破陈规和彻头彻尾的政治挑衅为特征的年轻叛逆的艺术家显然不太可能选择这一主题，这可能意味着什么？又是从什么时候起这些表面看似温和的作品开始频繁出现？一旦将这些作品放在特定的时代背景下，你会感受到它们将不再是如初见时的平淡无奇。

这个特定背景就是北京，一个终日不见蓝天的城市。仅在 2008 年北京奥运会及 2014 年 APEC 会议期间靠巨大的成本方能在晴空下呼吸到新鲜空气。严重的雾霾对亿万中国人生活的方方面面造成了巨大的影响。赵赵的天空绘画出自一个居住在北京却难得见到真正蓝天的艺术家之手，从很大程度上来说，以天空为主题的绘画恰恰是对这一现象的尖酸讽刺。在西方艺术史中，尤其是 17 世纪当风景画在荷兰成为一个独立的绘画类别之后，天空在绘画中发挥了越来越重要的作用。在 18 世纪末期，人们对天空以及云彩的浪漫幻想在著名英国画家约翰·康斯特布尔笔中达到巅峰。需要强调的是，赵赵画天空并不是为了延续这一悠久传统，因为仔细观察，不难发现他的天空并不像真正的天空。实际上它们的构图是抽象的，每一件作品都是在探索如何以不同的节奏形态来运用颜料，它们既像天空又似海洋。

赵赵在 2007 年的作品《碎片》中首次表现出自己对猛烈、带有暴力的冲击力的兴趣，而在 2013 年他又再次通过枪击玻璃来尝试这一主题。在严禁私人持枪的中国，这可是一个艰巨的任务。起初，赵赵似

乎主要是对这个实验本身的技术问题感兴趣，直至茅为清与我走访了他的工作室后，这件玻璃作品才被命名为《星座》。第一次为这件作品去射击场时，他的脑海里完全没有和天文相关的概念。然而一看到玻璃上被石头或子弹击中的孔以及四周扩散开来的裂纹时，我们立即联想到了星座。由此，这一创作也可被看作为目前天文界公认的 88 个星座的延续。这系列中的 30 件玻璃板作品组成了展览“星座”，并于 2013 年在香港巴塞尔博览会上首次面世。

展览“星座”的画册封面是将这 30 件玻璃作品的照片叠加而成，从每个弹孔发射出的爆炸性能量在这个叠加过程中被无限放大。通过赵赵在射击场上表现出的气概而创造出的图像拥有不可思议的力量，好似宇宙形成的开端。此外，通过变换玻璃板层叠的顺序组合也会勾勒出不同的图像效果。这个简单的步骤可以说是油画作品《星空》的起源。赵赵本身对油画充满了热情，但在观念作品中他却倾向于使用其它媒介，“星空”系列里他成功地融合了这两点。

在“星空”系列的油画中，赵赵将色调局限于普蓝和钛白两种颜色，而运用的画笔却从能找到的最大号到仅有几根细毛的狼毫应有尽有。这些作品美不胜收，而这些美源自于充满矛盾的创作方式所带来的神秘感。玻璃板上的弹孔及裂纹是经过一次射击后所残留的痕迹，与此相反，这组油画作品则是艺术家孜孜不倦地重现了子弹穿透玻璃的那一瞬间。成千上万的细腻笔触使黑暗的夜空中浮现出一颗颗闪烁的星星，赋予了它们无限的能量。裂纹又可以被看作能量线，将幽深的普蓝色背景中的一个个零散形态连在了一起。当然也可以找到其他贴切的比喻，譬如深海中的原始生命形态，或者是一群蜘蛛织出了一张

张错综复杂又结实的网。背景中隐约浮现出梵高的《星夜》（*Starry Night*），又依稀可见他的向日葵，虽然失去了原有的鲜艳色彩，但却保留了向阳花朵的活力。

破坏与重建，暴力与弥补其所造成的破坏的愿望，这样相互矛盾的关系也体现在其它媒材的作品之中，尤其是 2013 年的作品《无题·杜尚》以及 2013 年创作的《碎片》装置。《无题·杜尚》是赵赵应邀参加北京尤伦斯当代艺术中心的展览“杜尚与 / 或 / 在中国”时的创作。赵赵的这件作品由两个元素组成，以此反思费城艺术博物馆馆藏中杜尚的两件重要作品之间的联系。其一为透过装置《给予》窥视孔所看到的四肢伸展的裸女图像，其二为一块碎玻璃，这也不禁让人联想到因为意外而破碎的《大玻璃》，两者被巧妙地结合在了一起。然而与杜尚的作品不同的是，赵赵作品中的裂纹像是被子弹打穿而成的，而子弹孔的中心恰恰位于裸体的耻骨区。在装置《碎片》中，他再次回到了纪念 2007 年车祸的同名作品，但是大大增加了作品的尺寸以及钢板的厚度。就如油画《星空》一样，主题以及表现主题所用的媒材之间存在着相互矛盾的关系。在这件作品中，赵赵使用激光切割不锈钢板重现了原来那块挡风玻璃被击碎后的裂纹图案。

在此系列作品之前，赵赵更倾向于使用看似简单的现实语言来掩盖他的叛逆思想。而现在他思考那场车祸对其人生的意义，赋予它各种隐喻，并用类似细密画的手法来呈现这些大尺寸作品。这些油画最令人惊叹的是，他在重现玻璃被击碎后的视觉效果这一过程中所运用的精湛笔触。然而和赵赵以往的创作一样，它们令我们徘徊在矛盾及讽刺之间。

In less than ten years Zhao Zhao has progressed from being an artist to be watched to one who is thoroughly accustomed to it. Not one to be pigeonholed, he has done performances documented in photographs, has produced paintings, a series of small, controversial objects, and a monumental sculpture—*Officer*—that was last seen being put into a crate at Chambers Fine Art in Beijing three years ago. Due to be shipped to New York, it was held up by Chinese customs and may or may not still exist. Very possibly it has suffered the fate of ancient sculptures recently destroyed by fanatics in Afghanistan, Syria and Iraq. Evidence of a strong interest in China's past, he has produced three-dimensional works utilizing Buddhist sculptures and stupas at the same time as he slapped a man's face (*Slap*, 2013) and plunged a knife in volunteer Sun Yuan's back (*Crush*, 2014). Themes he has investigated in his paintings include mouse-droppings, salted duck eggs and ping pong.

There would appear to be little consistency in his activities but even although determined to keep the viewer off balance by constantly springing surprises Zhao Zhao returns to certain motifs that manifest themselves in different guises each time they appear. Like a criminal returning to the scene of the crime, he seems not to be able to escape from the memory of an event in his life that might have curtailed it. Seven years ago he was involved in a serious motor accident in which his head hit the windshield of the car in which he was traveling. Saving it, he used the pattern of cracks caused by the violent impact of his head on the shatter-proof glass as inspiration for *Fragments* (2007), a slab of steel measuring 5 × 26 × 27cm assembled from numerous irregular fragments radiating from the center. Small and unassuming in appearance, this object may be seen as the first announcement of Zhao Zhao's ongoing investigation of the effects of

violent intervention on pre-existing forms, whether caused by the impact of a head (his own) on a sheet of glass or by the political forces that may be presumed to have led to the decision to push the monumental *Officer* (2011) off his pedestal, resulting in an imposing array of scattered fragmentary forms.

Another clear pattern to have emerged in the last seven or eight years is the steady narrowing of the range of colors he favors in his paintings, the murky palette of the duck eggs and the unabashed gaudiness of the ping pong paintings retreating as blue takes over. Now, everything is blue, not only his paintings but the indigo fabrics he favors in the decoration of his studio, a collection of blue Ming and Qing dynasty temple offering bowls and even his dress which is stylish but subdued. This first became apparent in 2010 when Zhao Zhao began a series of paintings on the theme of the sky, an apparently unlikely choice of subject for this subversive young artist whose previous work was frequently marked by iconoclastic gestures and outright political provocation. What could this possibly mean, one wondered, when these seemingly inoffensive canvases began appearing with some degree of regularity? Once these freely brushed canvases are seen in context, however, they are not as anodyne as they appear to be at first glance.

The context is Beijing, where "blue sky days" are exceedingly rare, only accomplished at tremendous cost when clean air is needed for such events as the 2008 Beijing Olympics and the 2014 APEC meetings. Zhao Zhao's sky paintings are the work of someone who seldom if ever sees a truly blue sky in his day to day existence in Beijing. To a considerable degree, the choice of sky as theme is scathing commentary on the dangerous level of

pollution that affects the lives of countless millions of Chinese citizens every moment of their life. In the development of Western art the sky played an increasingly important role in painting, particularly as landscape became a distinct genre in seventeenth century Holland. Romantic appreciation of the sky and clouds at the end of the eighteenth century culminated in the cloud studies of the great English painter John Constable. Emphatically, Zhao Zhao's skies are not belated footnotes to this long tradition since upon examination it becomes apparent that they do not resemble actual skies at all. They are essentially abstract compositions, each one exploring different rhythmic patterns in the application of the pigment, as suggestive of the ocean as they are of the sky.

The fascination with powerful forces and violent impacts announced in 2007 with *Fragments* resurfaced in 2013 when he decided to conduct an experiment involving gun-shots and glass, a difficult undertaking in China where with very few exceptions private ownership of guns is illegal. Initially, it seems, he was primarily interested in the technical challenges presented by this activity and it was only after Chris Mao and I visited his studio that these glass panels acquired the generic title *Constellations*. Astronomy was far from his mind when he first went to the rifle-range but as soon as we saw a pane of glass scattered with holes and radiating cracks that appeared to have been caused by stones or bullets, we were immediately reminded of constellations, additions to the currently recognized 88. Constellations they became, the 30 glass panels being exhibited for the first time at Art Basel/Hong Kong in 2013.

Placed on top of each other the 30 panels were photographed for the cover of the catalog, the explosive energy radiating from each bullet hole

becoming vastly magnified in the process. Zhao Zhao's prowess at the shooting range resulted in an image of unimaginable power, suggestive of events that occurred at the beginning of the universe. Furthermore, different configurations could be achieved by changing the sequence in which the panels were stacked. This simple procedure is the origin of the "Constellation" paintings, the series of works in which Zhao Zhao successfully melds his passion for painting and his inclination to reject it in conceptually oriented objects and activities.

Limiting his palette to Prussian blue and white and using brushes that range in scale from the largest available to the smallest consisting only of two or three hairs from a wild wolf, Zhao Zhao creates startlingly beautiful canvases that owe their mysterious allure to the paradoxical nature of the entire undertaking. In contrast to the glass panels in which the holes and cracks are the residue of a series of one-off events at the shooting range, the paintings are painstaking reconstructions of what occurred when bullet penetrated glass. From many thousands of delicate brushstrokes there emerge constellations of pulsating forms that startle with their energy. Cracks double as lines of energy, uniting the scattered forms that emerge from backgrounds of deepest Prussian blue. Other associations are equally apposite. There is a parallel, perhaps, with the movements of primitive life-forms in the depths of the ocean or a colony of spiders spinning networks of webs of incredible complexity and strength. Van Gogh's *Starry Night* hovers in the background and so do his sunflowers, deprived of color but retaining the energy of his sun-seeking blooms.

Destruction and reconstruction, violence and the desire to compensate for the damage it causes, also characterize works in other media, notably

Untitled (2013) and a monumental version of *Fragments* (2013). In the former, Zhao Zhao was asked to contribute a work to the exhibition “Duchamp and/or/in China” at the Ullens Center for Contemporary Art in Beijing. Reflecting on the relationship between Marcel Duchamp’s two major works in the collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, he conflated the image of the spread-eagled nude seen through the peep-holes in the door that separates the spectator from the three-dimensional installation of *Étant donnés* with a cracked sheet of glass reminiscent of the accidental cracks in *The Large Glass*. Unlike these, however, Zhao Zhao’s cracks appear to have been caused by a bullet, the hole in the center focusing on the pubic area of the nude. In the latter, he returned to the diminutive memento of his 2007 motor accident for inspiration but vastly increased the scale of the work and the thickness of the steel plate. As with the “Constellation” paintings there is a paradoxical relationship between the thematic material and the means by which it is represented, in this case the use of laser beams to replicate the shapes of the multiple fragments into which the original sheet of glass was shattered.

Most surprising in the paintings is the delicacy of touch with which Zhao Zhao reconstitutes the visual evidence of the after-effects of glass shattering. Prior to this series of paintings he was more inclined to use a deceptively simple realistic language to clothe his subversive musings. Now as he contemplates the meaning of a significant moment in his life and invests it with a wide range of metaphorical associations, he paints canvases of considerable scale by using a technique appropriate for a miniaturist. As always with Zhao Zhao, the irony of the situation cannot be escaped!

(2013 - 2012 - 2011 - 2012 - 2013 - 2012 - 2011)

让历史成为话题

Making a Topic of History

赵 赵 / Zhao Zhao

相对来说，我可能更喜欢中国传统的器物，这是一种美学上的认可，我们这个时代对于器物的审美是退步的，面对现在的器物，相比它们的工艺，我只能认同这些现代制品提供的概念。在当下，“玩物”被认为是太没事儿的人弄的事儿。我在意古物，以至于别人以为我就是玩古物的，但其实我并不爱物，它们随时都可以被我拿到工厂里去磨掉。我认为我在 UCCA 展出的《重复》并不是一种破坏：我切割的古代佛像本来就是残缺的，它可以说有价值，也可以说没价值。并不是说我买到的佛像我就有权利破坏它，我只是改造它原来的面貌或者形态。我做了一个概念化的处理。因为我也没活儿，我做的是比它更原始的活儿；如果从工具来考证的话，我切割用的是 220 伏的电动锯片儿，这就是一个现代活儿。

有时候我们可以在古代佛像上看到当时供养人的名字，但我们不知道雕刻者的名字。佛像不是作品，它是一种宗教的证明。在山西有大量北魏时期的石窟，它们是服务于国家政治的。从宗教转向政治，造像开脸都是当政者的面相。一旦发生战争，佛教会经历一段冷落的时期，因为佛教不推崇杀生，所以和时代形成了冲突。皇帝需要人去打仗，需要钱，在这种需要人力物力的时候，道教的人说我们能打，我们跟着你干，那从政治的角度来说，道教就有用了。因为政治的原因，历史上的佛教一次次地被灭，佛像一次次地被毁，然后又一次次地重建。我买到的一些残破佛像其实大多都是在文革时期被毁的，数量之大之

多，连毁带烧再掩埋。这些佛像掩埋得最浅，很容易被挖出来，断口非常新。为什么会有这样的行为？在今天的市场经济下，大家又把这些残佛当文物卖了。它变成了一个在古玩市场能买到的东西。如果说我的作品是在破坏，那在我之前是谁破坏的？这是一个话题，是一条线索，它是可以发展的。我把佛像打磨成石料，回到一切没发生的时候。因为这个话题有历史的含量，所以是无法回避的。

我在柏林做的《瀑布》项目中，有一把康熙的龙椅。那把椅子在 19 世纪末被一个德国藏家买下运到了德国，之前它一直放在沈阳的行宫里。后来那位藏家去世前把这把椅子捐给了柏林的亚洲美术馆。亚洲美术馆可以说是柏林最大的美术馆之一，有三十万件亚洲藏品，藏有全世界数量最多的克孜尔壁画。美术馆毗邻大学城，除了少数的学者，平时的观众很少。虽然馆藏品很多，也在不断地做各种主题展，但一个新展览也就一两百个人来看。一个做亚洲古美术的美术馆，怎么能让观众有看时装秀的热情去看这些“标本”，这是很难的。美术馆需要用当代艺术激发它的活力，做一件与早期文化发生关系的新作品，而且我是和这种文化有联系的。我的展览方案就是让这把龙椅看不到，我用红色的蜡把椅子掩埋住，展览后椅子还可以恢复原状。由此可以联想到清代血腥的皇家权威。《瀑布》是亚洲美术馆与当代艺术结合的一个范例。在当代艺术范畴，谈不上什么活儿，其实一个概念就够了。但对我来说概念也是一个工作，我就是把我的工作完成了。

Relatively speaking, I perhaps prefer traditional Chinese objects. This is an aesthetic affirmation. Our era has regressed in terms of the aesthetics of objects. When facing an object from the present, and comparing its crafting to things from the past, I can only accept its concept, as these days that's really all it has to offer. Today's “playthings” are for people with nothing to do. I care about antiques, and that leads people to think I am an antique enthusiast, but I have no love for objects. I am prone to taking them into the workshop to grind them down at any moment. The artwork *Again*, which I exhibited at the Ullens Centre for Contemporary Art, was not destruction: the ancient Buddha statues I cut into pieces were already damaged. You could say they were valuable, but you could also say they weren't. What I care about is that they have been deemed valuable or even objects of faith. I merely used my limited labors in exchange for this value. I cannot argue that the Buddha statues do not have value, because I paid money for them. I am not saying I have a right to destroy them just because I bought them. I merely changed them, changed their original appearance or form. I merely manipulated them conceptually. I have no special skill; what I did was more primitive than the original skill. Based on the tools used—I cut them with an electric saw and 220 volt electricity—my skill is a modern one.

When we look at an ancient Buddha statue, we may be able to see who its patrons were, but we cannot know who carved it. A Buddha statue is not an artwork, it is a testament to faith. Many of the grottoes from the Northern Wei period in Shanxi Province were made to serve politics. As transition moved to politics, many of the statues came to bear the faces of the authorities. The reason Buddhism recedes in times of war is that Buddhism does not advocate killing, and that is in conflict with the times. The emperor needs people to fight, he needs money, personnel and material. If, at this time, a Daoist priest emerges and says, we will go to war, we will go with you, then from a political perspective, Daoism is useful. For political reasons, Buddhism has historically been destroyed many times, only to be rebuilt. Actually, most of the damaged Buddha statues I bought were damaged in the Cultural Revolution. They were destroyed in great number, smashed, burned and buried. These ones were shallowly buried, and the easiest to dig up, with very fresh marks on them. As to why such behavior would arise, this period in history is much murkier than the times before

it. Today we have the market economy, and people are selling these broken Buddhas as artifacts. They have become something you can buy on the antique market. If you think I destroyed them, then who destroyed them before me? This is a topic for discussion. I am seeking out a thread that can be developed. I grind the Buddha statues down, bringing them back to a time before anything happened. But there is historical content in this topic that cannot be avoided.

Then there is Kangxi's throne from my *Waterfall* project in Berlin. The throne was shipped to Germany in the late 19th century by a German collector. Before that, it had sat in the Mukden Palace in Shenyang. When the collector died, he bequeathed it to the Museum of Asian Art in Berlin. This was a great acquisition for the museum. The throne is very valuable now, though it probably wasn't originally sold for very much. Today, this throne would be a great find anywhere, but there are just so many great things like this. It is not all that unique in the world. So the museum wanted to create a spectacle. The Museum of Asian Art's greatest challenge right now is attracting visitors. This is one of the biggest art museums in Berlin, housing over three hundred thousand specimens from Asia, including the largest collection of Kizil cave murals. It is right next to the university district, but aside from a few scholars, there are usually very few visitors. The museum has a large collection, and is always holding thematic exhibitions, but a new exhibition will only attract a few hundred people. It doesn't get crowded like the Met in the United States. How does a museum dedicated to ancient Asian art get visitors to approach these “specimens” with the same excitement they have for a fashion show? This is a challenge. The museum feels that it needs contemporary art as a catalyst, to create new artworks that engage with early culture, done by someone connected to this culture. My proposal was to make the throne invisible. I feel that the imperial authority of the Qing dynasty was bathed in blood. I covered the throne with red wax. After the exhibition, the throne could be restored to its original form. *Waterfall* was a great collaboration between the Museum of Asian Art and contemporary art. For me, it was a job, and I finished it. In the realm of contemporary art, there's not much to say for skill. The concept is enough.

赵赵作品中主题、形式和媒介的多元是艺术家对中国政治批判立场的一种表达。通过质疑既定意义的建构方式，他不仅挑战了文化上的刻板观念以及各种艺术史分类方式的强权（主要来自欧洲），同时也挑战了社会现实及其固有意识形态。在赵赵的装置作品《瀑布》中，帝王的龙椅被流淌的红蜡覆盖，蜡变硬后生成了美丽的形状。通过用一种暴力的方式遮盖龙椅原本的所谓美学形态，艺术家清晰地传达了他个人以及他的艺术实践对于中国封建专制残余的批判。艺术家对于该主题的思考，以及来自中国公众的反应和评论都出现在了展览中，以博客条目的方式显示在监视器上。艺术家的博客——其中一部分被翻译成了英文，使得柏林的观众也参与到这场围绕博物馆藏品及其保护展开的既生动又激烈的辩论中。这场民主交流的活力与红蜡看似凝固住的运动形成了鲜明对比——一方面指向帝国的过往和它的暴力结构，而另一方面则指向现下中国的民主化进程所遭遇的问题。（安吉拉·罗森伯格，策展人）

The thematic, formal, and media variety of Zhao Zhao's artistic work is an expression of the artist's critical stance toward Chinese politics. To question the construction of established meanings, he challenges social reality and its ideological conventions no less than cultural stereotypes and the dominance of various, mainly European, art-historical categories. In Zhao Zhao's installation *Waterfall* the imperial throne was immersed in a torrent of red wax that hardened into picturesque shapes. By concealing the assumedly artistic form of the throne in a gesture suggesting physical violence, the artist simultaneously renders transparent his own and his artistic context's critique of this relic of the Chinese monarchy. The artist's thoughts on the subject, along with reactions and commentaries from members of the public in China, were available in the exhibition as string of blog entries, to be read on a monitor. The artist's blog, partly in English translation, enabled Berlin museum visitors to participate in the lively and controversial debate around the museum artifact and its treatment. The dynamics of this democratic exchange contrasted markedly with the seemingly frozen motion of the red wax, which gestured, on the one hand, at the imperial past and its structures of violence, on the other, at the stagnation besetting the current Chinese regime's democratic efforts. （Angela Rosenberg, Curator）

《瀑布》，2013，木头、蜡，尺寸可变 *Waterfall*, 2013, wood, wax, dimensions variable
“权力的游戏”，2013，展览现场，亚洲美术馆，柏林 *"Game of Thrones,"* 2013, exhibition view, Museum of Asian Art, Berlin



KUNST
„Ich lasse mich nicht zähmen“
Der chinesische Künstler Zhao Zhao über Drangsalierungen
durch den Staat und seine Rolle als Störenfried

赵赵在柏林亚洲美术馆收藏的康熙年间的龙椅前。
Zhao Zhao in front of Emperor Kangxi's Dragon Throne from the Qing dynasty, Museum
of Asian Art, Berlin.



赵赵：《重复》 Zhao Zhao: *Again*

孙冬冬 / Sun Dongdong

“盛世收藏”，中国媒体喜欢用这四个字来形容当下中国的全民性收藏热潮。的确，不仅文玩市场遍布中国的大中小城市，藏宝与鉴定也变成某种全民娱乐出现在中国的电视频道中——财富神话、文化复兴等等话题被集中于对“通古之物”的迷恋上，一个所谓“绵延数千年的文化传统”凝结成了一个可以被用于消费的“客体”，每一件古物都体现出物恋最为基本的主题：“不能还原的物质性；重现某个集体或者秩序的起源而具有的力量；物的社会价值意识的制度化构建；具有物质性的物恋作为一个客体建构起了与个体的欲望、行为、健康，以及自我认同等等方面的密切关联”（威廉·皮埃兹，《物恋问题》）。

对于收藏者而言，他们渴望拥有一种独具慧眼的能力，热衷在历史的长河中翻检出属于自己的那一件古物，而在凝视“物”的那一瞬，历史被化约作为一种时代风格、一种时间韵味——如果历史等同于“老”，或是作为一种审美鉴赏的参照系统，是否意味着时间与空间在个体意识中的某种断裂，即对古物兴趣远胜于历史，用一种对时间的品味，在一种生活方式（一个封闭的体系）中完成对自我的认同，却回避了空间的连续叙事。所以，其中固然有个体对“文化身份”、“传统”的自发响应，但又很难给予思想的动力，更多反衬出的是个体的某种“自我收缩”的消极状态，以及自我营造的那种没有现场的安全感，可一旦引入现场，我们会发现自己还生活在某种历史的阴影中。

赵赵的《重复》就是一抹历史的投影，安静却又令人不安。如何理解这件作品，在于观看者自身的立场——作品的主体只以一种极简的方式呈现：一座一米五见方，由数十块不同尺度石材彼此契合成的立方体。除了大小、质地与色差之外，石材之间也没有更为明显的差别，一并拘于横平竖直的规矩之内。然而，这种克制理性的表征却是一种暴力化的结果。观众可以从作品图说或是展墙的记录照片中了解到，每块石材的前身都是一尊残缺的中国古代佛像，它们被赵赵收购、汇集到河北省的某个

石料加工厂内，然后在切割机的机床上，一阵电光火石的闪耀与飞溅后，原有的身份符号、年代风格以及岁月痕迹全都被飞转的刀片切去，对于石头而言，它们如同经历了一次轮回，重新成为了一块有待镌刻的“新”料。

但赵赵决定中止这种期待，因为在他看来，这些石块的表面都已被现代机械赋予了更新的意识形态，留下了工业文明的痕迹。当然可以说，这是某种艺术家式的诡辩。不过，赵赵言及的“新”，实际上是将“旧”作为其行动的背书。《重复》并不是一件混合了未来主义思想与极简风格的装置，它更接近于项目式的艺术，在“激进”中开辟一块临时的公共现场。在这个现场中，赵赵用自己的“破旧”，将中国的王朝政治与现代政治共同置于那座崭新的一米五见方的立方体中。正如佛像被切割之前就已残缺，联想中国历史数次大规模灭佛运动，远及所谓的“三武一宗”，近不过四十余年前的“文革”初期“破四旧”运动，无论是前者作为被替代的国家宗教，还是后者作为旧思想、旧文化的封建迷信的象征，无一不是威权系统“立新”时的暴力对象——文明与野蛮、新与旧之间的坐标不断转换，政治暴力总是在历史中不断重复。然而，不断重复的还有威权系统对所谓“旧”自上而下的宽恕，当那些残缺的佛像被赋予新的权力意志，返回社会生活时，赵赵在《重复》中的个体暴力是他作为主体对这种仁慈的拒绝与反讽——“这才是你想要的”。在此，赵赵所否定的不是物，而是公开的抗拒从历史迷思中传递出的，对个体自由意志的权力规训。

物，或作为商品，我们在《重复》中看到了“信仰”不断下滑的命运，甚至徘徊在原始欲望的谷底。“乌托邦”早已无法在当下召唤出人们对于未来的热情，甚至任何的社会意识形态都失去了以往的尊严。而当人们认为自己只能拥有日常生活时，万物也就成为了每个人最忠实的伙伴——消费是一条新的救赎之路，我们通过买卖与交易去评估世界的价值（价格），包括那些残缺的古代佛像。所以，对于许多人而言，《重复》在他们眼中的激进，可能并非源于赵赵对“文化”的破坏，而是因为艺术家切掉了他们个人世界中判断价值的根据。

The “golden age of collecting” is the term the media likes to use to describe the current trend of widespread collecting in China. To be sure, not only are antique and curio markets opening up in every city and town across the country, but programs on collecting and appraisal are popping up on Chinese television as a form of entertainment. The legend of prosperity and the story of a cultural renaissance have gotten wrapped up in this fetish for “ancient things,” as “thousands of years of cultural tradition” are transformed into a consumable “object.” Each artifact embodies the most fundamental themes of fetishism: “irreducible materiality; a fixed power to repeat an original event of singular synthesis or ordering; the institutional construction of consciousness of the social value of things; and the material fetish as an object established in an intense relation to and with power over the desires, actions, health, and self-identity of individuals” (William Pietz, *The Problem of the Fetish*).

Collectors yearn for a uniquely wise vision, and are dedicated to discovering, within the rivers of history, that ancient object that belongs to them. At the moment their gaze falls on the “object,” history becomes condensed into an era style, a flavor of time. If history is synonymous with “oldness,” or serves as an aesthetic reference system, does that imply a certain rift in time and space within the individual consciousness? The interest in the artifact trumps history, using a certain temporal taste to complete, within a lifestyle (a closed system), self-affirmation, while evading the continuous narrative of space. Thus, it contains the individual’s spontaneous response to “cultural identity” and “tradition,” but it is difficult to bestow it with conceptual momentum. Instead, it serves as a foil to the negative state of “self-contraction,” as well as the self-construction of that sense of security without a setting. Yet as soon as the setting is drawn in, we discover that we still live under a certain shadow of history.

Zhao Zhao’s *Again* is a projection of the obliteration of history,

silent and yet unsettling. How this work is understood depends on the standpoint of the viewer—the main body of the work appears in a minimalist form: a 1.5 meter cube comprising dozens of stone blocks of different sizes. Aside from differences in size, material and color, there are no other clear differences between these blocks, all confined within a single set of dimensions. But this constrained, rational appearance is actually the result of violence. From the artwork explanation or documentary photographs on the wall, the viewer learns that each stone block was in a previous incarnation a damaged ancient Chinese Buddha sculpture. The artist purchased them and brought them together at a stone carver’s shop in Hebei Province where, on the machine bed, after bright sparks and specks of flying dust, their original markers of status, era styles and traces of time were cut away by a spinning blade. It is as if the stones have gone through a cycle, becoming once again “new” materials waiting to be carved.

Zhao Zhao, however, decided to halt this expectation. In his eyes, the surfaces of these stones have been bestowed with a new ideology by modern machinery, leaving behind the traces of industrial civilization. We could of course call this artistic sophistry. But Zhao Zhao’s use of the term “new” actually serves to endorse the “old.” Again is not an installation combining Futurist ideas with Minimalist style. It is more of a work of project art, opening up a temporary public setting through a “radical” act. In this setting, Zhao Zhao uses his own “destruction of the old” to place China’s dynastic politics and modern politics together within this new square meter cube. These Buddha statues were already damaged before the cutting in one of China’s many historic campaigns to destroy Buddhism, perhaps long ago in the “three disasters of Wu,” or more recently in the “destroy the four olds” campaign during the early days of the Cultural Revolution. Whether it was in the former, being replaced as

the state religion, or the latter, being treated as a symbol of the feudalist superstitions of old ideas and culture, they were all the objects of violence under the “renewal” engaged by the system of authority. The place-markers of civilization and barbarism, new and old, are constantly shifting, but political violence plays out again and again in history. Another thing that constantly repeats is the authority system’s top-down rehabilitation of the so called “old.” Just as those tattered Buddha statues have been bestowed with new power, and returned to social life, Zhao Zhao’s individual violence in *Again* is his rejection and mockery of this benevolence—“this is what you really want.” Here, Zhao Zhao is not rejecting the object but openly resisting that taming of the individual will to freedom transmitted by the mythos of history.

For the object, or perhaps the product, we see in *Again* the fate of “faith” to constantly descend, and sometimes to pace about in the valley of primal desire. In this day, “utopia” no longer has the power to ignite passion for the future, and every social ideology has lost the dignity it once enjoyed in the past. When the people come to feel that all they can hope for is their own everyday lives, then things become their most faithful companions. Consumption is a new path to redemption. We use sales and trades to judge the values (prices) in the world, including those broken ancient Buddha statues. Thus, for many people, the radicalism of *Again* lies not in Zhao Zhao’s destruction of “culture,” but in his cutting away of their basis for appraising the world.

《重复》，2013，历代残佛像、汉白玉、青石等，150 × 150 × 150 cm *Again*, 2013, damaged Buddhist statues from various dynasties, white marble, limestone and other materials, 150 × 150 × 150 cm





《重复》制作过程 *Again in progress*



《重复》制作过程 *Again* in progress
pp. 148 - 149 赵赵为制作《重复》收集的残破佛像 The damaged Buddhist statues Zhao Zhao collected for *Again*



《伟像》前期制作过程中的黏土雕像 Clay model used in the pre-production of *Officer*





《伟像》制作过程 Officer in progress





《伟像》(局部), 2011, 青石, 860 × 180 × 180 cm *Officer* (detail), 2011, limestone, 860 × 180 × 180 cm
pp. 156 - 157 “近作——赵赵个展”, 2011, 展览现场, 前波画廊, 北京 “New Works — Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition,” 2011, exhibition view, Chambers Fine Art, Beijing



赵赵说：近作

According to Zhao Zhao: New Works

唐冠科 / Dr.John Tancock

赵赵在学生时代，甚至更早期就有了叛逆倾向。而他选择的方式就是在公共场合的“裸奔”。在新疆艺术学院学习期间，赵赵开始对行为艺术产生了兴趣。他当时想做的就是赤身裸体地奔跑在维吾尔族和穆斯林聚居的二道桥街上。这显然不是个什么好主意。首先政府当然不赞成当街裸体，而且当时再怎么解释裸体是为了艺术也不会被人理解。结果，赵赵并没有完成自己的裸奔心愿——他在裸之前就被当局逮捕。他不得不向审问他的人解释自己并不是激进主义分子，而只是名艺术家。

虽然赵赵这次不成功的行为艺术看起来有点无足轻重，但这一稚嫩但充满年轻精神的举动却为他日后涉猎面颇广的艺术创作埋下了伏笔。他的作品总有一种毫无畏惧、敢于冒险的精神。即使在越轨的情况下，他也有直面挑战的勇气。对于艺术界甚至是整个社会来说，权威的界定是另外一个不得不考虑的问题——到底是谁制定规则，又是谁来执行？

2004 年赵赵从乌鲁木齐来到了北京。赵赵的父辈在文化大革命期间被遣送到乌鲁木齐郊外的一个小镇石河子接受“再教育”，他就在那里出生长大。艾未未当年也在那里生活了 18 年，所以可想而知他对这个聪明但是尚无明确方向的年轻人喜爱有加。不久赵赵便成了艾未未三部影像作品的助手，参与到了《长安街》（2004）、《二环路》（2005）和《三环路》（2005）的制作。赵赵渐渐成为艾未未的学徒和得力助手，参与到了他之后的许多项目，并且跟随艾未未去往奥地利、德国、瑞士、美国和英国参加展出。

在五年的艺术创作中，赵赵以行为艺术和装置艺术为主。之后，他又

在“乒乓”系列中重拾画笔，另外他还创作了巨型雕塑《伟像》。他回归到了色彩丰富、带有装饰性的绘画以及相当学院派的雕塑。这是为什么呢？难道是他想用画乒乓球来向中国国球致敬（也许这一题材不会引起争议）？近年来，赵赵曾从约瑟夫·博伊斯（Joseph Beuys）和安塞尔姆·基弗（Anselm Kiefer）的雕塑中“索取”原材料以制作新作品。他是否也觉得这样的“坏小子”行为已走到了尽头，现在应该用中国主题的学院派雕塑为当年的年少轻狂做出点补偿了吧？答案并非如此简单。

赵赵有一种与生俱来的挑衅权威的精神，同时他也从艾未未身上吸取了在艺术创作中打破陈规陋俗的微妙叛逆意识。艾未未的这一特征在他的“透视研究”系列（1995-2003）里的竖中指行为中可见一斑。他表达的是一种意识，而不是一种直接的破坏。在艺术创作中，艾未未实现了对文化价值的多层次探索。一方面，他的作品，比如 1995 年的《摔碎汉朝古瓮》用牺牲历史文物来证明他的观点，并彻底否定了传统文化。这听起来也许有些令人吃惊，1990 年代中国开始大兴土木，而随着这些建筑项目的进行，成千上万件年代远久的日用器皿被挖掘出来，艾未未作品中采用的陶器就是源自其中的一部分；另一方面，艾未未利用文革期间被破坏的旧家具和建筑材料创作了新的作品，使得这些混沌岁月留下的断壁残垣不至于被世人遗忘。艾未未也特别尊重传统手工艺，他的许多作品都是和木匠、陶艺工匠等合作完成。

赵赵的作品中也始终贯穿着对反偶像的执着，而且他并不只是停留在理论上。¹ 首先，2007 年他用约瑟夫·博伊斯在德国卡塞尔的作

品《7000 棵橡树》（*7000 Oaks*）上截取的石料做成了一条项链。之后的一年，他用从柏林汉堡火车站美术馆展出的安塞尔姆·基弗 1991 年的里程碑式作品《人口计划 1991》（*Volkzahlung 1991*）上偷撕的铅皮制作了一套八枚的《欧元》。乍一看，赵赵像是在仿效各种破坏美术馆藏品的行为——从迭戈·委拉兹开斯（Diego Velázquez）到巴尼特·纽曼（Barnett Newman）都未能幸免。² 当最近被问及为何去破坏这些作品时，赵赵说他并不是故意要反偶像，更谈不上是蓄意破坏文物。恰恰相反，博伊斯和基弗是他最崇拜的两位艺术家，所以第一次亲眼看到这些作品时，他便无暇顾及美术馆的规定，伸手去触碰他偶像的作品。“当你处于极度饥饿的时候，”他说，“看见面包房橱窗里刚出炉的面包，你一定会不顾一切想去拿到那些面包。”³ 而充满讽刺意味的是，赵赵对基弗仰慕至极以至于偷取了一部分的那件作品，却是一件反映 1933 年希特勒在柏林发布的焚书令的作品，是对于一件纪念德国历史上最黑暗时期的雕塑的攻击。

而最让人吃惊的是，赵赵并没有把“来之不易”的铅皮据为己有收藏起来，而是将它做成了八枚欧元硬币——一个在二战后象征欧洲各国团结的标志。最具讽刺意义的是柏林汉堡火车站美术馆刚刚收藏了此件作品，展示了其泰然之风，以及顺应历史潮流的态度。

在《乒乓》和《伟像》这两件作品里，赵赵实现了自我探索，开始用不同的方式评判权威。比如，在他用绘画乒乓来探讨各种游戏规范，中国正是通过严格遵守国际比赛规则而几十年来稳坐头把交椅。⁴ 而在雕塑作品中，警官的形象则代表了对法律和秩序的维护。从各方面来说，这两件作品截然不同，也为我们提供了赵赵对于规定执行的多层次的态度和看法。

“乒乓”这一系列的大幅绘画将乒乓这一高速且充满激情的运动简化成了在绿色背景前对球拍和球的精心摆置。每一幅画中的球拍由不同组合的红、黄、蓝三原色构成。艺术家用画布的原色恰到好处地勾勒出球拍或是球的轮廓。他用这样的方式制定了属于自己的规则，也体现了公正的乒乓球以及其他竞技体育规则。赵赵认为这一系列作品并非想通过乒乓来展现一种爱国姿态，而是对中国遵循国际规则、并在

必要时发展创新从而取得成功——比如刘国梁发明的直拍横打技术就使这项运动达到了一个新的竞技高度——这一事实的承认。而作品的统一尺寸和内容形式也是赵赵遵循“国球精神”的结果，即，所有的参与者都自愿遵守同一套人人适用的规则。

和充满隐喻的绘画作品的极简风格形成鲜明对比的是他四处散布在画廊地面上、难以辨认的雕塑作品。显然，这是一场灾难发生后的场景，但是发生在何时，又发生于何地呢？从我们所知的关于赵赵的背景来看，他显然和某些执法者曾有些“过结”。这可以追溯到 1999 年他第一次尝试在乌鲁木齐街头裸奔。

当一个普通人穿上制服走上街头会发生什么？这是众多文学作品热衷讨论的主题，而在很多社会中，身着制服的警察形象往往赢得了社会大众的认同和好感，比如英国被昵称“波皮”（bobby）的警察、美国友善的社区警察或是待在街边小警屋内的日本警察，但现实并非如此，如今这样的警察形象往往是种特例而非普遍现象。而在中国，警察随处可见。2008 年 8 月 8 日北京奥运会开幕之际，赵赵当了几个小时的“临时警察”。在此行为艺术创作中，他身着买来的警察制服，在天安门广场站了两小时的岗。路人对这个警察的身份毫无怀疑。这是一次没有太多人注意到的艺术行为，甚至原本肯定会毫不犹豫逮捕他的上千名在场的真警察也没有发觉赵赵的伪装。

近期与警察的交涉让赵赵对权威的看法变得日益消极。第二次身着警官制服是他以自己为模型制作了一件真人尺寸的雕塑。这件雕塑除了赵赵本人和他的助手外没有人看过，因为他完成后就将作品粉碎了。通过亲眼目睹中国政治变迁，并且回想历史，赵赵创作的并不是“一件无名警察的纪念碑”，而是对现今社会某些方面的批判，同时也是他自己对史上公共雕塑几乎总是超越其时代意义的评论。在意大利帕多瓦（the Piazza del Santo in Padua），自 1453 年起矗立在这里的每一座多拿泰罗（Donatello）制作的雕像背后，都有成百上千由于历史更迭起伏而被摧毁的雕塑。在另一个层面上，赵赵的雕塑可以被看作对现今学院派雕塑以及 21 世纪的公共雕塑的尖锐评论。谁才是值得被纪念的，该用什么方式纪念？

（1）详见达里奥·盖博尼（Dario Gamboni）的《艺术的毁灭：法国革命后的破坏偶像主义和蓄意破坏》（*The Destruction of Art: Iconoclasm and Vandalism since the French Revolution*, 2007，伦敦）一书。作者指出，破坏偶像主义和蓄意破坏之间的区别在于：破坏偶像主义源于对宗教图像的破坏，并发展成为对任何艺术品的破坏和反对，喻指“对受尊崇的习俗和被坚守的信仰的攻击或推翻，因为这些习俗和信仰被视为谬误的、迷信的”（源自《牛津英语辞典》）；蓄意破坏则既包含对艺术品和纪念碑的破坏，也指广义上对各种物件的破坏，这样的行为被认为是“粗陋的、无知的、或是缺乏艺术性的”（源自《牛津英语辞典》）。

（2）被蓄意破坏的名作包括迭戈·委拉兹开斯（Diego Velázquez）的《镜前的维纳斯》（*The Rokeby Venus*，1640-48，现藏于伦敦国家美术馆），毕加索的《格尔尼卡》（*Guernica*，1937，现藏于纽约现代艺术美术馆），巴尼特·纽曼的《谁害怕红黄蓝 III》（*Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue III*，1967-8，现藏于阿姆斯特丹市立博物馆）。

（3）源自作者与艺术家于 2011 年 8 月 4 日的访谈。

（4）乒乓球于 100 多年前从西方传入中国，但直到 1953 年中国才第一次参加世界乒乓球锦标赛。1959 年，荣国团成为第一位在世乒赛上荣获冠军的中国运动员，奠定了中国乒乓球在世界体坛延续至今且从未间断过的霸主地位。1971 年，中国采取“乒乓球外交”政策，邀请美国乒乓球队赴华比赛。此后不久，尼克松成为历史上第一位访华的美国总统。

达里奥·盖博尼在其著作《艺术的毁灭：法国革命后的破坏偶像主义和蓄意破坏》中为这些从未被定义过的主题提供了解释。他在描述中欧和东欧“共产主义运动的灭亡”一章中指出，1917年十月革命开始后，列宁于1918年4月12日决定推翻并回收那些纪念俄国沙皇和王爵们的雕塑，因为他认为它们没有任何历史或艺术价值。⁵七十年后，随着前苏联的瓦解，历史的轮盘被翻转，昔日当权者的雕像从基座上被移除并破坏。据历史记载，一次类似的大规模破坏发生在1991年8月2日，由叶甫盖尼·武切季奇（Evgeny Vuchetich）雕刻、重达14吨的费利克斯·捷尔任斯基（Felix Dzerzhinsky）雕像从克格勃总部前的基座上被移除。

不止是被推下台的政治人物会受到羞辱。在19世纪的法国，来自各行各业成功人士的雕像随处可见，但至今保存完好的却少之又少，多数都不再完整了。不再受追捧的人物雕像或是被彻底摧毁，或是被改变其纪念文字，或是只有其符合当今潮流的部分被保留了。

直觉上，赵赵再现了那些导致公众人物倒台的事件，他们的雕塑是否被保留、改变或是摧毁并不仅仅是政治原因。最初的想法是用传统的学院派方式做一尊警官雕塑。赵赵和助手一起创作了一尊有他自身脸部特征、真人尺寸（2.5米）的雕塑黏土立像。然后他们用这尊黏土像制作了石膏像，但这石膏像并未被用来制成铜像或雕刻大理石，而是用来被推倒，变成随机形成的碎片。这体现了赵赵作为一个向来充满争议的艺术家的本色。和乒乓绘画作品不同的是，这件作品的成型很大程度上取决于机遇和偶然性。在这件作品的创作过程中，赵赵既是模特又是艺术家，这也就比较难判断他的创作动机究竟是为了反偶像还是蓄意破坏。也就是说，很难界定他是否在为一个特定的原因来破坏作品以重演他反偶像者的思辨过程，或真的只是为了破坏而破坏。也许真正的答案介于两者之间。

这并不是创作的终点，下一步赵赵将雕塑的碎片用石灰岩雕刻出来，使他推下雕塑形成的随机石膏碎片能够长期保存。同样的做法也运用到了6.8米高的放大版雕塑上，形成了更多醒目的雕塑碎片。毋庸置疑的是赵赵的《伟像》会引发各种解读，就像毛里齐奥·卡泰兰（Maurizio Cattelan）1999年创作的备受争议的雕塑作品《第九小时》（*The Ninth Hour*）——表现二世教皇约翰·保罗被陨石袭击的一座蜡像，会引起无神论者和罗马天主教之间的不同反响。当我问赵赵他觉得人们会如何解读《伟像》这一作品时，他说人们会因为各自的不同经历而产生不同的诠释。在任何社会，法律规范的执行都是起决定性作用的。就在我写此文的同时，英国正在遭遇一场暴动，遭受大面积的破坏和抢掠，而且似乎没有停止的兆头。在中国这个地广人多的国家，这一问题更加严重。沿海和内陆地区由于地理条件和经济环境而产生的贫富差距、大批农民工进城务工造成的社会问题、土地开发的不公平性，这只是现今中国改革开放后面临的棘手问题中的几项。这些都将导致国家和地方以及心有怨言的普通民众之间的矛盾。而抱有不满的人们第一个见到的通常就是执法者。观众的反应很大程度上取决于和警察的交涉过程中他们自身的权益是得到保障还是遭到践踏。

赵赵希望我们能够重新思考平日常见但从未仔细观察的身着制服的警官。这类雕塑往往是用来纪念在历史上留下印迹，或是有过特殊贡献的杰出人士。然而这次作品展现的则是一个被从基座上移除的普通警官。这也使得人们开始揣摩这位警官的来头以及其作为法制维护者的内心感受。

在一个更普遍的意义上来说，就像我所说的，赵赵的《伟像》可以被认为是反偶像的举动，对时光流逝、品味改变的回应。与其等待40到50年，赵赵加速了整个过程，从开始到结束不过短短几周时间。据我所知，这一做法史无前例，也是这位当年因裸奔不成而初受关注的年轻艺术家的一项巨大成就。

Even as a student and probably long before Zhao Zhao seems to have had a rebellious streak. In fact, “streaking” as the act of running nude through a public place is known in the West is exactly what he proposed doing. While attending the Xinjiang Academy of Fine Arts, Zhao Zhao developed an interest in performance art. What he wanted to do was to run naked along Erdaoqiao Street where the residents were mostly Uighur ethnic and Muslim. For several reasons this was probably not such a good idea since displays of public nudity were frowned upon by the authorities and the explanation that public nudity was “art” would have fallen on deaf ears. As it turned out, he did not have the opportunity to strip since he was arrested before it happened and had to explain to the agents who were interrogating him that he was an artist and not an activist.

As inconsequential as Zhao Zhao’s non-performance might seem, this youthful display of high spirits displays in embryonic form the range of concerns that henceforth were to characterize his diverse body of work. There is generally an element of bravado and risk-taking in what he chooses to do and a willingness to face the consequences if he is deemed to have overstepped the mark. The question of authority is another over-riding concern—who makes the rules, who enforces them?—not only in the field of art but in society at large.

In 2004 Zhao Zhao moved to Beijing from Urumqi. He grew up in Shihezi, a small town outside Urumqi, where his family had been sent for re-education during the Cultural Revolution. Ai Weiwei had also lived there for eighteen years so it was no surprise that he gave a warm welcome to this talented but unfocused young man, almost immediately employing him as his assistant for the video *Chang’an Boulevard* (2004)

and subsequently two more videos, *The Second Ring Road* (2005) and *The Third Ring Road* (2005). In a way, Zhao Zhao became the older artist’s apprentice and right-hand man, assisting him in many projects and traveling with him in connection with exhibitions to Austria and Germany, Switzerland, the United States and England.

After five years of provocative actions and mostly object-based art, Zhao Zhao has returned to painting in the “Ping Pong” series and monumental figurative sculpture in *Officer*. Why this return to painting in a colorful, decorative style and to the techniques of academic sculpture? What is going on? Has he suddenly decided that the time has come to pay homage to ping pong, China’s national sport, in paintings that nobody could object to? Likewise, has he reached the conclusion that his bad-boy activities of recent years such as breaking off parts of sculptures by Joseph Beuys and Anselm Kieffer to make new works are not going anywhere and that he should compensate for these youthful indiscretions by returning to an academic sculptural practice on a Chinese theme? Well, not exactly.

Naturally inclined to a healthy disrespect for authority, Zhao Zhao absorbed from his proximity to Ai Weiwei an awareness of the finer gradations of iconoclastic behavior. At its most obvious this could consist of giving the finger to symbols of power as he did in the “Study of Perspective” series of photographs (1995–2003). An attitude is expressed but nothing is damaged. Ai Weiwei’s engagement with cultural values is far more complex. On one hand in works such as *Dropping a Han Dynasty Urn* (1995) there appears to be a complete disregard for cultural heritage, a willingness to sacrifice an object that has survived for thousands of years to prove a point. Shocking as this might seem, the

（5）达里奥·盖博尼《艺术的毁灭：法国革命后的破坏偶像主义和蓄意破坏》，第55页。

ceramics that were used in his works were distinguished largely by their age, and were readily available as the excavations necessitated by China's construction binge in the 1990s and thereafter unearthed countless thousands of utilitarian vessels. On the other hand, he has created many new works from furniture and structural elements destroyed during the Cultural Revolution, rescuing the detritus of these wanton acts from permanent oblivion. He also has enormous respect for traditional craftsmanship as can be seen from ongoing collaborations with cabinet-makers, craftsmen in porcelain among others.

A deep fascination with iconoclasm also underlies much of Zhao Zhao's work, and not only from a theoretical point of view.¹ In 2007 for example, he made a necklace from stone he had broken off from Joseph Beuys's project *7000 Oaks* in Kassel, Germany. The following year he made a set of eight "Euro coins" from lead sheath he surreptitiously removed from Anselm Kiefer's monumental work *Volkzahlug 1991* in the Hamburger Bahnhof Museum, Berlin. At first glance this seems to be a sequel to notorious acts of vandalism in museums that have focused on artists ranging from Velasquez to Barnett Newman.² When

asked to account for his seeming disregard for the integrity of the works he utilized, Zhao Zhao remarked in a recent conversation that iconoclasm had nothing to do with it, vandalism even less so. Beuys and Kieffer are two of the artists he admires most and when he saw their works in person for the first time, he could not resist the kind of hands-on response that museums discourage. "If you are really hungry," he remarked, "and you see freshly baked-bread in a shop window, you break into the shop to eat."³ Ironically, the work by Kieffer that Zhao Zhao coveted so much that he broke off a piece refers to the burning of books ordered by Hitler in Berlin in 1933, an attack on a sculpture that memorializes the most infamous period in the history of Germany.

It is what Zhao Zhao decided to do with the lead fragment that is most surprising. Rather than treasuring it as a relic and hiding it away, he used it to make eight euro coins, the symbol of European unity that emerged so painfully in the wake of World War II. And the greatest irony of all—the Hamburger Bahnhof has just purchased this work for its collection, demonstrating remarkable sang-froid and a willingness to accept the inevitable by embracing it!

(1) See Dario Gamboni, *The Destruction of Art: Iconoclasm and Vandalism since the French Revolution*, London, 2007, for a detailed account of this wide-ranging topic. Distinguishing between iconoclasm and vandalism, he notes that "'Iconoclasm' grew from the destruction of religious images to, literally, the destruction of, and opposition to, any images or works of art and, metaphorically, the 'attacking or overthrow of venerated institutions and cherished beliefs, regarded as fallacious or superstitious,'" (*The Oxford English Dictionary*, vii, p. 609) while "'Vandalism' went from meaning the destruction of works of art and monuments to any objects whatever, insofar as the effect could be denounced as a 'barbarous, ignorant, or inartistic treatment' devoid of meaning," (Ibid., xix, p. 425), p.18

(2) Among the celebrated works to have been attacked are Diego Velázquez, *The Rokeby Venus* (c. 1640-48), National Gallery, London; Pablo Picasso, *Guernica* (1937), Museum of Modern Art, New York; Barnett Newman, *Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue III* (1967-8), Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam.

(3) Interview with the artist, August 4, 2011.

With the "Ping Pong" paintings and *Officer Zhao Zhao* expands his range to comment in different ways on the question of authority, the rules and regulations of international table tennis that have enabled China to reign supreme for several decades in the paintings and the police officer as a symbol of the state's maintenance of law and order in the sculpture.⁴ The two bodies of work differ from each other in all respects, offering a nuanced view of Zhao Zhao's attitude to different ways in which rules are enforced.

The paintings are large and heraldic, reducing the high speed excitement of a game of ping pong to the careful placement of paddles and ball on unmodulated green backgrounds. On each canvas different combinations of the three primary colors—red, blue and yellow—are used to represent the paddle. Occasional glimpses of the white of the raw canvas serve to delineate the contours of the paddles or define the shape of the ball. Here Zhao Zhao has established his own set of rules, echoing in their even-handed application the rules that define not only table tennis but games and athletic pursuits in general. Zhao Zhao views these paintings not as a patriotic gesture honoring ping pong but as recognition of an activity in which China excels by following international rules, creating new techniques when necessary such as Liu Guoliang's development of the penholder technique that propelled it to even greater heights. The standardized format and execution of the paintings follows what Zhao Zhao identifies as the

outstanding characteristic of China's national game, the willingness of all participants to follow the rules which apply to everybody.

Contrasting with the bracing simplicity of the paintings with their encoded message are the sculptural fragments scattered randomly over the floor of the gallery that are initially difficult to identify. Clearly, a catastrophe has happened but when and where? It does not take too long to put two and two together and note that if these broken parts were to be re-assembled, the figure of an officer would re-emerge. An officer? From what we already know of Zhao Zhao's background, it is clear that he does have what we might politely call "issues" with authority figures, dating back to the time in 1999 when he first tried to streak through the streets of Urumqi.

What happens to a person, an average man in the street, when he dons a uniform? Much has been written on this subject and while in certain societies the uniformed policeman, the amiable English "bobby," the friendly US neighborhood cop or the helpful Japanese policeman in his koban (police box) can win the affection and respect of the general public, this is mostly not the case and is now the exception rather than the rule. In China, policemen are everywhere and for a couple of hours on August 8, 2008 at the opening of the Olympics in Beijing, there was one more seemingly on duty, Officer Zhao Zhao. In a performance piece he bought a

(4) Table tennis was introduced to China over 100 years ago by westerners but it was not until 1953 that China entered the World Championship for the first time. In 1959 Rong Guotuan became the first Chinese athlete to win a World Championship in any sport, leading to the world domination that has continued almost without interruption until the present day. The "table-tennis diplomacy" of 1971 when an American team received a surprise invitation from the Chinese People's Republic to play in China, led shortly after to Richard Nixon's historic visit to China, the first American president to do so.

police uniform and stood at attention in Tian’anmen Square for two hours, nobody noticing that he was an impostor. This was a performance that nobody really noticed, not even the thousands of policemen on duty who might well have arrested him if they had known what he was up to.

Emerging from recent experiences with the police, Zhao Zhao’s view of authority has darkened. Donning a uniform for the second time and using his own features, he has become the subject of a life-size sculpture that nobody except the artist himself and his assistants ever saw since it was partially demolished as soon as it was completed. Observing political events in China at first hand and reflecting on history, he has created not a “Monument to an Unknown Officer” but a critique of certain aspects of Chinese society and a commentary on the way in which throughout much of recorded history public sculptures nearly always outlive their relevance. For every Gattamelata by Donatello that has stood in the Piazza del Santo in Padua, Italy since 1453, there are countless thousands of monuments that for as many reasons have been sacrificed to the changing currents of history. On another level, Zhao Zhao’s sculpture may be seen as an acerbic statement on the current state of academic sculpture and the role of public sculpture in the twenty-first century. Who deserves to be memorialized today and how?

In his fascinating book *The Destruction of Art: Iconoclasm and Vandalism since the French Revolution*, Dario Gamboni has written the definitive account of a subject that until its publication had never been accorded the attention it deserves. In his chapter on “The Fall

of the Communist Monuments,” in Central and Eastern Europe, for example, he notes how this chapter in the history of destruction began with the revolution of October 1917 when Lenin’s decree of April 12, 1918 ‘on the monuments of the Republic’ ordered monuments to the tsars and their servants that had no historical or artistic value to be removed and stored or recycled.⁵ Seventy years later with the demise of the Soviet Union, the tables were turned and numerous monuments to powerful political figures of the recent past were removed from their pedestals and frequently destroyed. One of the most spectacular demolitions to have been recorded was the removal of the 14-ton statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky by Evgeny Vuchetich (1958) from its pedestal outside KGB headquarters on August 22, 1991.

It was not only political figures who had fallen from favor who suffered this ultimate indignity. In France during the nineteenth century statues of ‘great men’ from all walks of life proliferated, most of which have since disappeared or survive only in partial form. Ways of dealing with monuments that have fallen out of favor range from total destruction to relocation, modification by replacing the textual part of the monument or preservation of only those parts of a monument that correspond to current taste.

Intuitively, Zhao Zhao has recreated the sequence of events that have befallen so many public sculptures where the decision to preserve, modify or destroy depends on many different factors, not always political. The first decision was to create a sculpture of a police officer, using traditional academic methods. Working with an assistant, Zhao Zhao participated in the modeling in clay of a life size (2.5 m) standing figure, individualized by the use of his own distinctive features for the

face of the sculpture. From this a plaster cast was made, not to be used in the casting of a bronze or carving of a marble but—and here Zhao Zhao the artist/provocateur shows his colors—to be pushed down, resulting in a number of pieces of random shape and size. Unlike the ping pong paintings, the element of chance is here a major factor. In this entire process Zhao Zhao was model, artist and this is where it becomes difficult to analyze his motivation, either iconoclast or vandal. That is to say, it is difficult to tell if he is re-enacting the reasoning process of the iconoclast, destroying his creation for a particular reason, or the blind range of a vandal. Perhaps the answer lies somewhere between the two.

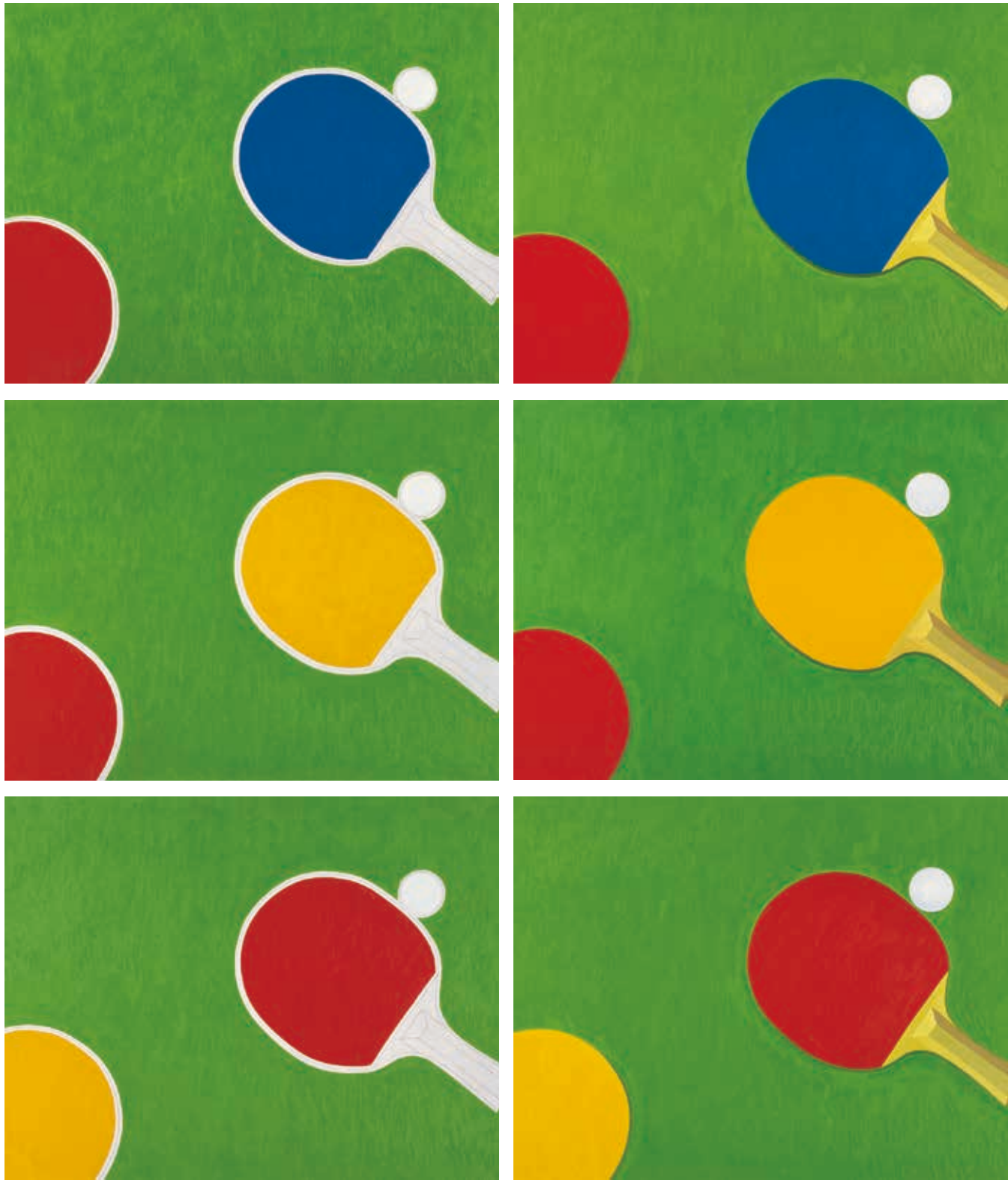
This was not the end of the sequence of events, however, as the next step was to have these fragmentary forms carved in limestone, valorizing the random plaster forms that resulted from his deliberate shove of the standing figure. The same procedure was followed with the 6.8 m enlargement, resulting in even more imposing sculptural fragments. No doubt, Zhao Zhao’s *Officer* will lead to many different interpretations, just as Maurizio Cattelan’s notorious 1999 sculpture *La Nona Hora* (*The Ninth Hour*), a wax effigy of Pope John Paul II being struck by a meteorite, will lead to different reactions on the part of atheists and Roman Catholics. When I asked Zhao Zhao how he thought people would respond to his *Officer*, he responded that everybody would have his own opinion and that this would depend on personal experience. In any society, the maintenance of law and order is of fundamental importance. As I write, there are unprecedented riots in London with widespread damage to property and looting and no end yet in sight. In China with its vastly larger land mass and population, the problems

are even greater. The uneven distribution of wealth between the coastal areas and the interior, the social problems that arise as millions of migrant workers swell the population of major urban centers, the injustices that occur as land is developed by speculators, to mention just a few of the most pressing concerns at the moment, are bound to result in conflicts between the authorities at national and local levels and millions of disgruntled citizens. The first face encountered by unhappy citizens is very often that of the police officer and the reaction of members of the general public who interface with them will depend entirely on the degree to which they feel their interests are either being protected or trampled on.

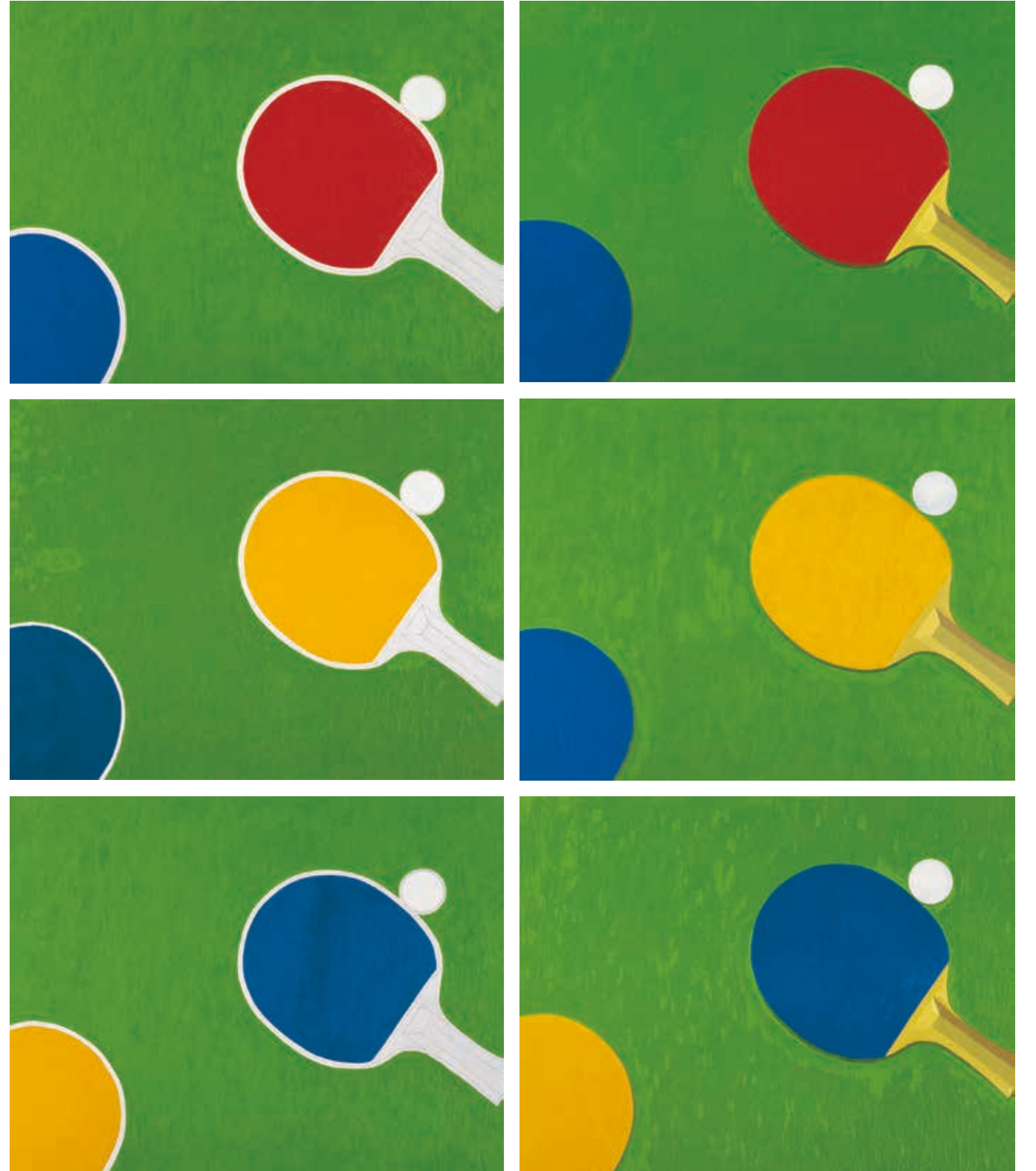
Zhao Zhao invites us to reflect on the meaning of the uniformed figure we see every day and yet do not see clearly. In the past sculptures representing individuals in uniform were generally memorials to distinguished soldiers who have made their mark on history but in this case it is an ordinary officer who has been displaced from his plinth, leading to speculation as to who he might have been and how he felt about his role in the maintenance of law and order.

On a more general level, as I have indicated, Zhao Zhao’s *Officer* may be seen as a reflection on iconoclasm, the passing of time and the changing of taste. Rather than wait forty or fifty years to see this happen, Zhao Zhao speeded up the entire process to less than a few weeks from beginning to end. To the best of my knowledge this is the first time this has been done, a remarkably focused accomplishment for a young artist who first gained attention by attempting to streak along Erdaoqiao Street—unsuccessfully!

(5) See Gamboni, *ibid.* p. 55.



“乒乓”系列，2011，布面油画，单幅 200 × 260 cm “Ping Pong” series, 2011, oil on canvas, 200 × 260 cm each



“乒乓”系列，2011，布面油画，单幅 200 × 260 cm “Ping Pong” series, 2011, oil on canvas, 200 × 260 cm each

《雨》拍摄于 2012 年 7 月 21 日北京遭遇特大暴雨后，这一天也成为了当年中国所经历的种种事件中最为痛苦的记忆之一。北京素来降水量偏低，但当天仅在几个小时内，城区很多地点的降水量就超过了 200 毫米，临近的山区则发生了泥石流，这也导致了大量地区的人口紧急疏散以及人员死亡。赵赵不想仅作为这场灾难一个旁观者，于是他找到一个充气床垫充当“交通工具”和行为作品的道具，在城区积水最为严重的广渠门桥下“漂流”，并用镜头记录下了大雨当天北京城内的情况。

Rain was filmed during the flooding that occurred in Beijing on July 21, 2012, one of the worst in living memory and one of many that occurred throughout China during that year. There is a chronic shortage of water in Beijing but in just a few hours, the city received six to seven inches of rain, and nearby mountain regions experienced flash flooding and landslides, leading to mass evacuations and numerous deaths. Wanting to be more than a bystander, Zhao Zhao found an inflatable mattress, which he used as an improvised vessel to float around under the Guangqumen Overpass, which saw some of the most drastic flooding. He also documented the flooded city with a video camera.



媒体对 2012 年北京 7.21 大雨的报道
News reports on the flooding that occurred in Beijing on July 21, 2012

《雨》，2012，录像，15 分 35 秒 *Rain*, 2012, video, 15 mins. 35 sec.,





《雨》的录像截图 Video stills from *Rain*

2013年9月22日，薄熙来庭审审中，证人王立军称，2012年1月28日，薄熙来听取了王立军关于薄谷开来涉嫌杀人的汇报。次日，他斥责王立军诬陷薄谷开来，打了王立军耳光并摔碎茶杯。“耳光”成为当天媒体报道的关键词，这一事件也成为了赵赵系列行为作品《耳光与暗恋，皮鞋与家庭》的起始点。

《耳光与暗恋，皮鞋与家庭》中的第一件作品《耳光》——赵赵通过社会征集找到志愿者赵海星，于2013年10月20日20点20分20秒到指定地点同意赵赵用右手扇对方左脸、右脸各一记耳光。第二部分《暗恋》继《耳光》之后，经过社会征集，志愿者孙原同意让赵赵用右手持刀在他背后捅一刀，该作品于2014年11月27日晚9时在草场地305空间完成；第三部分《皮鞋》，即作品第二部分《暗恋》中赵赵插入孙原背部的刀作为礼物送给下一位志愿者，条件是这个志愿者能够说出一个令赵赵接受的理由；第四部分《家庭》中，赵赵通过一个志愿者的介绍找到了一个六口之家去做客，做客的目的地是拖延做客的时间，找各种话题聊天，他从2014年12月5日中午12点进门，直到次日凌晨2点40分被主人撵出。

On September 9, 2013, at the trial of Bo Xilai, witness Wang Lijun testified that on January 28, 2012, Bo heard Wang's report on his suspicions that Bo's wife, Gu Kailai, had committed murder. The next day, accusing Wang of framing his wife, Bo slapped him and smashed a teacup. "Slap" became a trending media term that day, and the starting point of Zhao Zhao's performance series *Slap, Crush, Leather Shoes and Family*. In *Slap*, Zhao Zhao enlisted Zhao Haixing, a volunteer from the public, to meet him at an appointed place and time (20 seconds past 20:20 on October 20, 2013), and to slap him across the face with his right hand, first on the left side, then on the right. In the second installment, *Crush*, volunteer Sun Yuan agreed to let Zhao Zhao stab him in the back with a knife. The act was carried out at 305 Space in Caochangdi, Beijing, at 21:00 on November 27, 2014. In the third installment, *Leather Shoes*, Zhao Zhao took the knife he had used to stab Sun Yuan, and gifted it to the first volunteer who was able to provide Zhao Zhao with an acceptable reason for doing so. *Family* is the fourth installment of the performance series. In this work, Zhao Zhao was introduced to a six-person family by a volunteer, and taken in as a guest. The goal of the visit was to delay his departure as much as possible. To this end, the artist constantly found new topics for conversation. The artist entered the house at noon on December 5, 2014, and stayed until he was kicked out at 2:40 the next morning.

《耳光》，2013，行为，摄影，100 × 150 cm

Slap, 2013, performance, photograph, 100 × 150 cm

《暗恋》，2014，行为，摄影，100 × 150 cm

Crush, 2014, performance, photograph, 100 × 150 cm

《皮鞋》，2014，行为，摄影，100 × 150 cm

Leather Shoes, 2014, performance, photograph, 100 × 150 cm

《家庭》，2014，行为，摄影，100 × 150 cm

Family, 2014, performance, photograph, 100 × 150 cm



媒体对薄熙来庭审的报道，2013年9月22日

News report on Bo Xilai's trial, September 22, 2013



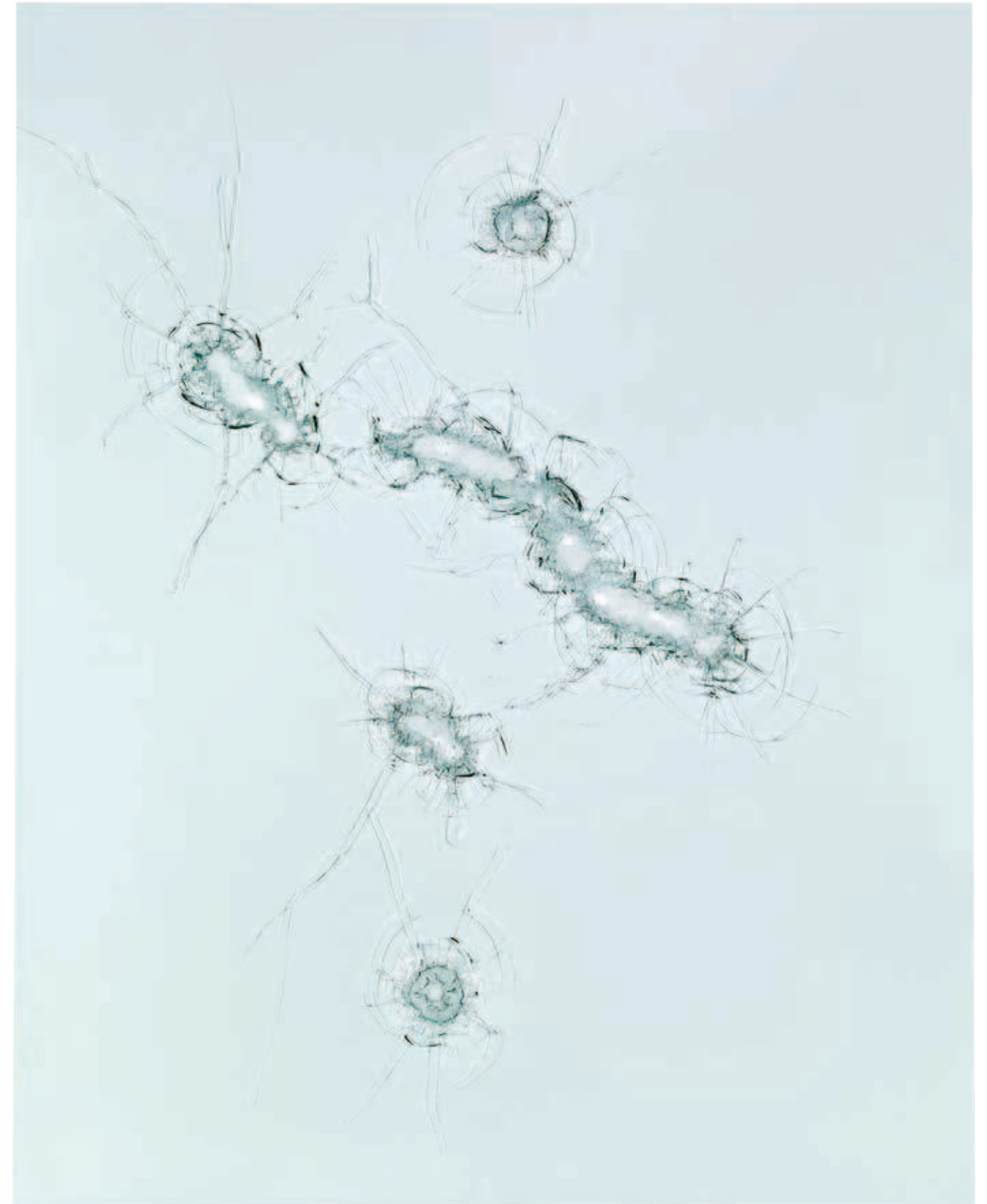


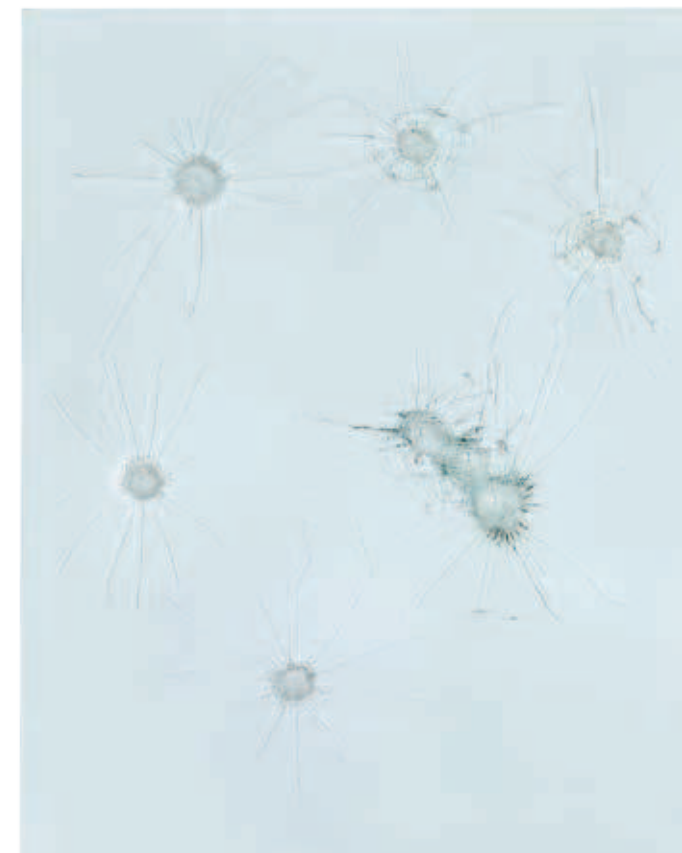
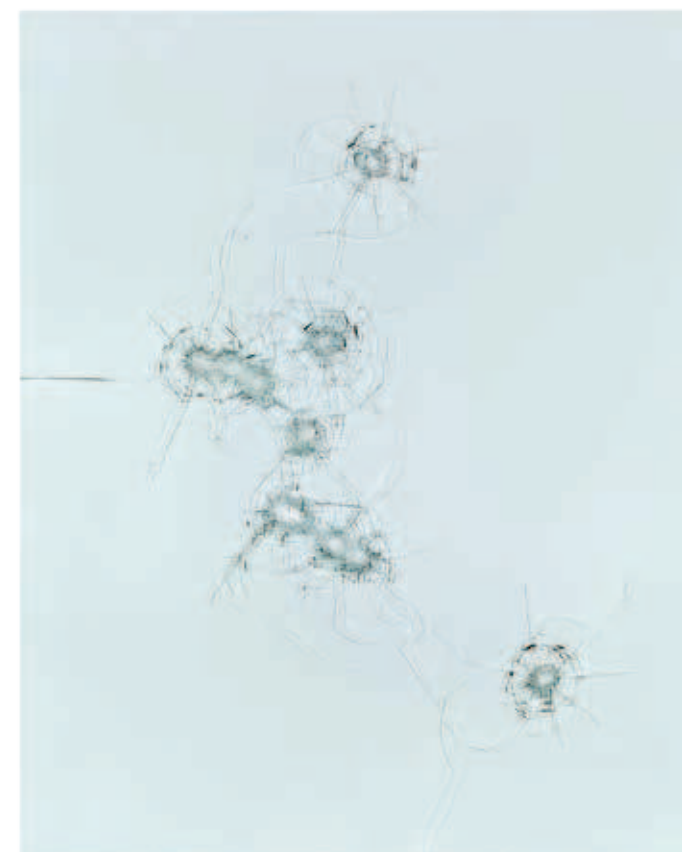
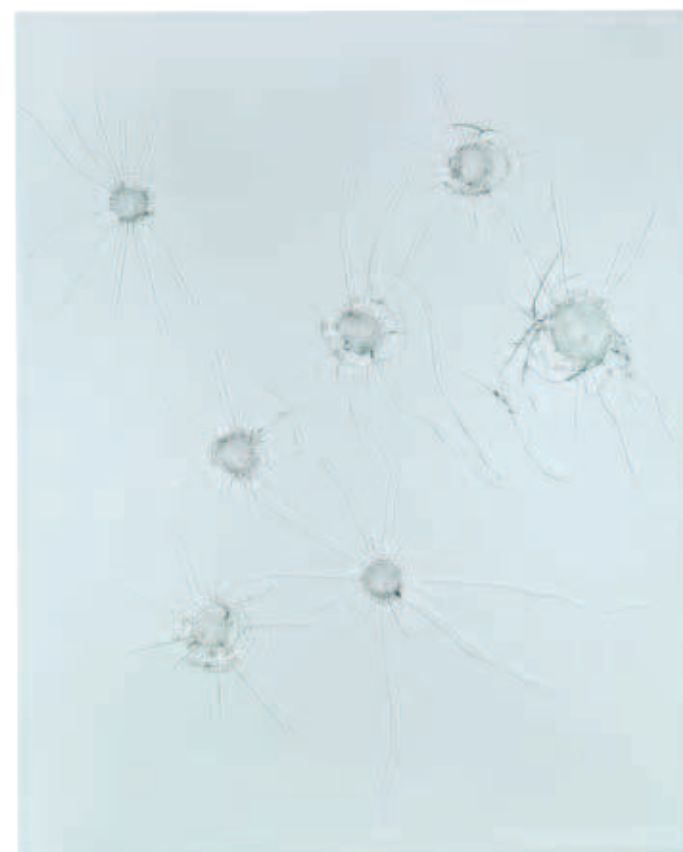
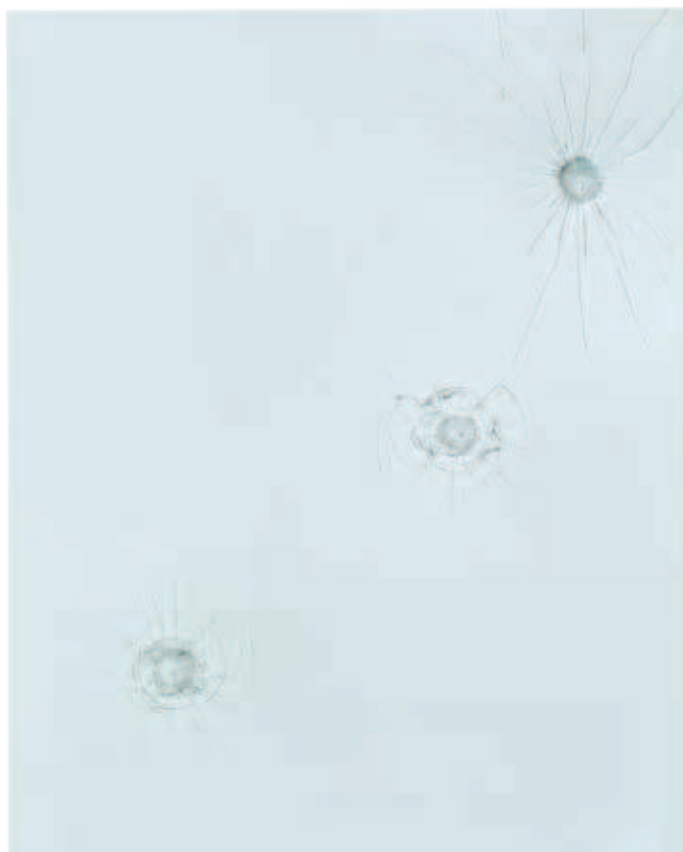
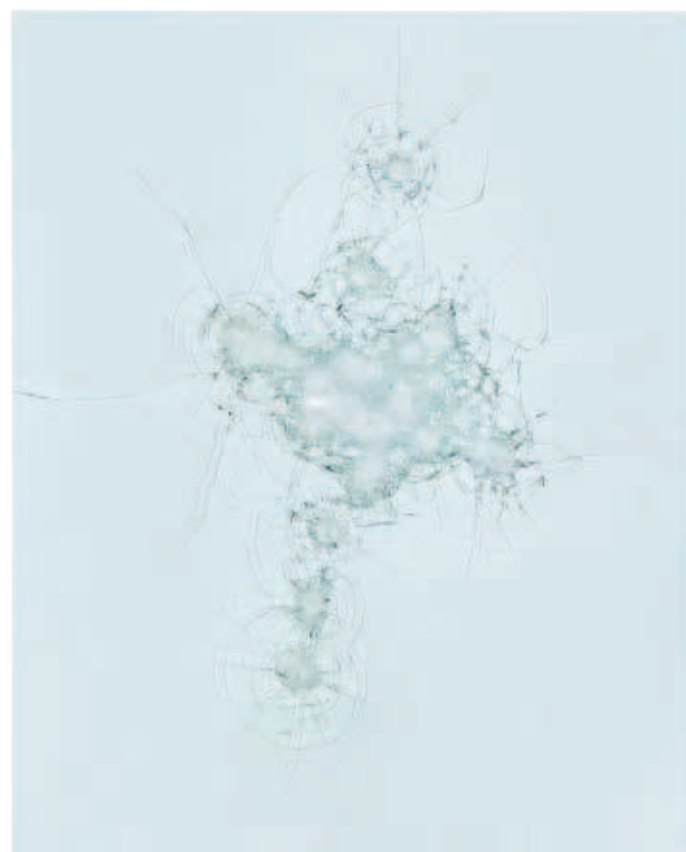
《无题·杜尚》，2013，布面油画、画框、碎玻璃，25 x 18 cm *Untitled (Duchamp)*, 2013, oil on canvas, frame, broken glass, 25 x 18 cm



“星座——赵赵个展”，2013，展览现场，前波画廊，纽约 “Constellations — Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition,” 2013, exhibition view, Chambers Fine Art, New York

pp. 179 - 181 "星座" 系列, 2013, 玻璃、不锈钢, 单幅 150 × 120 cm "Constellations" series, 2013, glass, stainless steel, 150 × 120 cm each
pp. 182 - 183 《星座》(局部), 2013, 玻璃、不锈钢, 150 × 120 cm *Constellations* (detail), 2013, glass, stainless steel, 150 × 120 cm









“没什么画——赵赵个展”，2012，展览现场，亚历山大·奥克斯画廊，北京 “Nothing Inside — Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition,” 2012, exhibition view, Alexander Ochs Galleries, Beijing
“没什么画”在展览时，整个展厅内保持完全无光线进入的状态。 The exhibition 'Nothing Inside' was shown in a lightless space.



《树枝》，2014，布面油画，70 × 90 cm Branches, 2014, oil on canvas, 70 × 90 cm



《树枝》，2014，布面油画，70 × 90 cm Branches, 2014, oil on canvas, 70 × 90 cm



《无题》，2011，布面油画，27 × 35 cm *Untitled*, 2011, oil on canvas, 27 × 35 cm



《无题》，2011，布面油画，27 x 35 cm *Untitled*, 2011, oil on canvas, 27 x 35 cm

展览，被完成的侥幸

Exhibitions, the Fluke of Completion

赵 赵 / Zhao Zhao

在过去的一年里，我总共有四个展览被迫取消。在那些被永久停顿或被强制撤场的失败的演出里，我本人能起到的作用微乎其微。并非消极懈怠，而是随着那个隔空喊话的声音响起，周遭的电源就灭了。我在黑暗中听见一个无上权威又不容置疑的语调，在临近开场的时候突然响起：“停。不许做了。”

作为一位艺术家最基本的权利就这样莫名其妙地被强行剥夺了。奇怪的是在这种没有任何背景的情况之下，为什么只有我的作品被扣，为什么只有我的展览被停，为什么只有我遭到这种特殊的待遇？我觉得我并非做了什么别人不敢做的事情。至于到底是什么原因，从来没有人能明确地回答我。

其中最耗费我时间精力的，是今年春天原定 5 月初在纽约举办的个展“伟像”。突然有一天画廊通知我，在报关完成，海关放行之后，连同我在内的几个艺术家准备运送到纽约参展的作品，都被扣留在天津海关了。其中有我的雕塑和绘画等，那是我今年全部的作品。问其原因，画廊的人只是说他们也不知道，等待上面处理。当时是 3 月 7 号，离展览举办时间还剩下为数不多的几天。

在等待期间，画廊委托运输公司多次询问这批作品的去向，以及被扣留的原因，希望有关方面能出具相应的扣留文件或文书，但均没有结果。3 月底，运输公司通过关系联系到有关部门，想询问事情进展，得到的却是对方的口头告知——该批运输作品中，艺术家赵赵有部分作品属于违禁物品，需要接受调查和处理，其他信息均属机密，无可奉告。

之后画廊仍委托运输公司每周电话催问，希望知道还需多久可以放行。

对方告诫说：“不要一而再、再而三地寻求结果，有了结果自然会立即通知。”并声明此事属于政治事件，最好不要继续插手。如果仍要通过关系打听，将会对他们不利，可能最后连运输公司也会受到牵连。

我们选择寄望于扣留作品能通过正常途径被受理。后来得到有关方面通知，正常受理时间约为 3 个月。因此此次展览只能被取消。

6 月底，我收到了我的作品被扣留期间的滞留费用详单。被扣的三个集装箱，光滞箱费截止到当天，已经是 123900 元。并且，货箱每多滞留一天，需交纳费用 1200 元。我们当时咨询了一位熟悉操作程序的相关人士，被私下告知，我如果愿意付三十万的费用便可以将此扣留一事解决。而所谓“解决”的意思就是要把所有作品进行销毁，并且封闭销毁现场，不得参与销毁过程。

时至今日，这些作品被扣在哪里，被谁扣了，因为什么，完全不清楚。关于这件事我两手空空，询问到谁都只是敷衍了事。虽然已经过去七个多月，仍旧没法得知进展，也无处理结果或者任何解释的文书，我本人也似乎陷入了无止尽的等待中。

也许对我来说，这些精力不耗费在这里，也会耗费在别处。展览本身或许不具备多大的影响，但这一点微不足道的权利都被剥夺，让我觉得，这个过程也成了作品的一部分。

之后的展览，我知道大概也会有例行的“检查”和“关照”。而当一切可以顺利进行的时候，反而让我有些怀疑，所有被完成的，都成了侥幸。

Over the past year, I have had a total of four exhibitions cancelled. Within those dramas of eternal cessation, retreat and failure, the greatest role I can play is minimal at best. I have not been negative or slow to respond. As that call rings out from across space, the electricity around me suddenly goes out. In the darkness, I hear a voice of ultimate, unquestionable authority suddenly emerge just as the curtains are about to open: stop, you are not allowed.

My most basic right as an artist is suddenly and inexplicably stripped away from me. What is strange is that, without any background, my works are the only ones being removed, my exhibitions are the only ones that are being stopped. Why am I the recipient of this special treatment? I have not done anything that others dare not do, nothing to seal such a fate. No one is able to give me a clear answer as to why.

The exhibition on which I had expended the most time and energy was the solo exhibition “Officer,” slated for New York in early May. I got a call one day from the gallery informing me that a shipment of works by several artists, which had already been cleared by customs for shipment to New York, had been called back and was being held by Tianjin Customs. The shipment included my sculptures and paintings, all of my work from this year. The gallery did not know the reason, and could only wait for further information from the authorities. By then it was March 7, leaving very little time until the exhibition.

As we waited, the gallery repeatedly sent the shipping company to ask about the whereabouts of the artworks and why they were being held, in hopes that the authorities would provide some form of documentation, but to no avail. In late March, the shipping company was able to pull some strings and talk to the authorities involved to ask on the situation. They were told verbally that the artworks included certain banned objects belonging to the artist Zhao Zhao, and had to be investigated. Everything else was a secret, and they were unable to make any further comment.

The gallery directed the shipping company to make a new inquiry

each week about how much longer the artworks were to be held. The authorities admonished them to stop calling, saying they would be notified as soon as things were settled. They made it clear that this was a political matter, and they would do best not to get involved. Any further pulling of strings to look into the matter would have an adverse effect, possibly drawing the shipping company into the mess.

All we could do was hope that the seized artworks would be released through ordinary channels. We were told that this would take roughly three months. We had no choice but to cancel the exhibition.

In late June, I was given an invoice detailing the fees for storing my artworks. The three shipping containers that had been seized had racked up 123,900 RMB in storage fees. Each additional day would result in another 1,200 RMB in fees. We reached out to someone knowledgeable on such matters, and were privately told that the situation could be resolved with a one-time payment of 300,000 RMB. The so called “resolution” was to have the artworks destroyed, a closed process in which we would not be allowed to participate.

To this day, we still do not know where the artworks were being held, who seized them, or why they were seized. I have no documentation of the matter, and any inquiries would only serve to make things worse. It has already been more than seven months, and we still have no way of knowing how things have progressed. We have been given no information on any possible outcome or resolution. I seem to have fallen into a state of eternal waiting.

Perhaps, if I weren’t wasting my energy on this, it would be on something else. The exhibition itself was not staggeringly significant, but when even this little shred of my rights is stripped away, I feel that this whole process has become a part of the artwork.

I know that future exhibitions will come under the same “inspections” and “attention.” When things somehow go through without a hitch, I wonder if everything I am allowed to complete is just a fluke.

赵赵访问艾未未

Zhao Zhao Interviews Ai Weiwei

赵赵（赵）：2011 年 4 月 3 日你被警方带走后都发生了什么？

艾未未（艾）：我觉得什么也没发生，就像你被门夹了一下，你忽然觉得你在门外了或门内了，这是一个空间的状态。这个状态就是说，如果说你还有下一个状态，才能有下一个状态，如果你一直被关下去了，世界什么也没发生，你的另一个现实就是那样了，别人也不会在意你，在意你也是白搭，你会适应的。这个社会仍然是一个某些人强权的社会，可能历来如此，但是在这个社会表现得比较明显，是有一个固定化的专制和强权的这么一个状态。

赵：那这个状态怎么能改变呢？

艾：那要看 80 后 90 后了，如果这些人一天到晚都是朦朦胧胧的那当然没希望了，但是这是不可能的，因为灾难会落在他们头上，当一块石头砸在他们左脚的时候他绝对不会在让右脚被砸的，这个时候他会想是不是把这块石头挪开或者说不要去碰它，反正要不你把石头一脚踢开，要不就远离它。

赵：你被关的 81 天里没有想过越狱？

艾：要说没有是不可能的，想过越狱的可能性，但是其实就几秒就知道在中国越狱是不可能的，因为这个墙太厚了，这个监狱是跟中国国土一样厚的一面墙。说老实话你要真的愿意逃你早就走了，也没有说非要在这里。所以这个事情就变得很荒诞——你本身就在监狱里，你还要在监狱里一下，其实是一个很形式的东西，但是所有的集权社会都是形式主义的，比如你警官的像、胸章，没有这个形式就不会存在这个内容，所以它完全依靠这个形式支撑。

赵：你这么多年都是 7、8 点起，工作到 12 点睡，那你为什么不试着晚上 12 点起，早晨 7、8 点睡呢？

艾：我在纽约都是这样过的，现在呢，因为我和很多人在合作，我不能要求他们都是和我一样的时间，什么时候睡这个问题，在年轻的时候都是不愿意睡的，会想睡了可能就醒不过来，年老了 he 妈的就觉得，操！什么叫醒不过来了，不管再惨都会醒来。

赵：你觉得人的一生是不是徒劳？

艾：不是，因为我们不了解我们的一生，我们所了解的范围正是我们不了解的范围。“徒”、“劳”这两个字分开说是对的，“徒”意思是要行走很久，“劳”是劳作，我觉得我们应该劳作，不劳作的人我还是不太喜欢，无论什么类型的劳作。你说今天的社会如果没有西方文明给我们提供的这一切，和他人的这种努力，我们现在还活在原始状态呢，连蜡烛都没有，可能连蚊香都没有，疾病随时都会有，咳嗽流鼻涕长包，然后就磕头烧香，中国人绝对是世界上 最无耻的民族，也是最没有觉悟的民族。

赵：我准备去登珠穆朗玛峰你去吗？

艾：如果珠穆朗玛峰是一个负向的坑的话，我肯定第一个坐个滑索滑进去。高度我是没兴趣的，一生都怕高度，政治的、理想的，一切高度我都避免。我喜欢下坡，喜欢往下流的地方去，往阴暗的地方去，往人们都愿意去的地方去。

赵：如果我登上去了，你会笑话我吗？

艾：我觉得你最好死在峰上。因为没有死在峰上的人都不值得人们再看到他，如果在现实生活中再看到这种人就很滑稽。我经常看到登上珠峰的人回来说我登上珠峰了！我心想你怎么没死啊，我觉得上到一定高度的人千万别下来，那就是自取其辱。

赵：接下来 10 年我们能做什么？

艾：接下来 10 年对我来说最重要的工作肯定是腐蚀下一代，其实也是自我腐蚀。未来 10 年肯定是一个清扫垃圾的时代，因为确实是有许多新的东西要搬进来，那么删除删除删除的键，一定是不断在用的，谁用的多谁就能腾出更多的空间，无论社会还是政治、艺术，不断删除才是可能，然后我们可以挪用，可以粘贴，可以剽窃，一定是瞎搞的 10 年。经过这 10 年社会会发生很大的变化。

Zhao Zhao (Zhao):What happened after you were taken by the police on April 3,2011?

Ai Weiwei (Ai): It felt like nothing happened at all. It's like getting stuck in a door.You suddenly realize that you are outside or inside. It is a spatial condition. In regard to this condition, another condition will only follow if another condition happens to arise. If you are always locked away, it's like nothing happens in the world.Your other reality is like that. People don't care about you, and even if they do, it's no use.You get used to it. It is still a society where some people are powerful. It may have always been this way, but it is particularly evident in this society.This

condition of autocracy and power has been fixed in place.

Zhao: How can this condition be changed?

Ai:That is up to those born in the 1980s and 1990s. If these people always have their heads in the clouds, then of course there will be no hope. But this is impossible, because a disaster will certainly befall them. If a rock hits them in the left foot, they will think, surely I can't let this happen to the right foot.They will wonder whether they should move the rock to the side, or stay away from it.You can either kick it away or avoid it.

Zhao: You didn't consider escaping during your 81 days of confinement?

Ai: I can't say I didn't think about it, but I probably only considered it for a few seconds before realizing that escape is impossible in China.The walls are too thick. These walls are as thick as China itself. To be honest, if I really wanted to escape, I would have done that long ago. I don't absolutely have to be here. It all becomes quite absurd—you're already in a jail, and you're going to be in this jail for a while. It's all about the form. All authoritarian societies are formalist: look the image and badge of the police in your work. Without these forms, there wouldn't be this content. It is all held up by these forms.

Zhao: Over all these years, you have always woken at seven or eight in the morning, and gone to sleep at midnight. Why have you never tried getting up at midnight and going to sleep at seven or eight in the morning?

Ai:That's how it was in New York. Now, I'm working with a lot of people, and I can't demand that they all follow my schedule. When you're young, you never want to sleep, and when

you do, you can't wake up. Now that I'm old, I'm thinking, fuck, when can I sleep like that? No matter how bad it gets, I always wake up.

Zhao: Do you think life is futile?

Ai: No, because we do not understand our lives. The realm of things we understand is precisely the realm of things we don't understand. The Chinese word for “futility” consists of two characters, one meaning “to walk,” signifying that we have far to go, the other meaning “labor.” I think that we should work. I don't really like people who don't work, regardless of the type of work. Look at today's society: if Western civilization had not given us all of this, if it weren't for all the efforts of others, we would still be living in a primitive state. We wouldn't even have candles. Maybe we wouldn't have insect repellant. Disease would be rampant. For anything beyond just coughing, runny nose and boils, all you would be able to do is light some incense and kowtow. The Chinese people are absolutely the most shameless, most unenlightened people in the world.

Zhao: I'm planning on climbing Mt. Everest. Do you want to go?

Ai: If Mt. Everest were a hole in the ground, I would be the first to take the slide down to the bottom. I'm not interested in heights. I've always been afraid of heights, in politics, in ideals—I avoid all heights. I like going downhill. I like flowing downwards to the low places, the dark places, places everyone wants to go.

Zhao: If I climb it, will you make fun of me?

Ai: I think it's best if you die up there on the peak, because people who don't die on the peak aren't worthy of being seen again. When I see these people in real life, I think it's hilarious. I often run into people who are back from climbing Everest, and I think, why didn't you just die up there? I think that once you reach a certain height, you should never come back down. That's just humiliating.

Zhao: What can we do in the next ten years?

Ai: I think that for me, the most important work I can do in the next ten years is to corrupt the next generation, which is actually self-corruption as well. The next ten years will definitely be an era of cleaning out the rubbish. There's just so much new stuff to be moved in. That delete button will definitely be constantly in use. Whoever uses that button the most will make the most room. It's the same for society, for politics, and for art. It's only possible through deletion, then we can appropriate, we can combine, we can steal. It's definitely going to be a decade for messing around. This decade will bring great change to society.



《欧元》，2008，装置，铅，各种欧元硬币实际尺寸，共 8 枚；彩色照片，一套 4 张，每张 100 × 150 cm

Euro, 2008, installation, lead, dimensions variable, actual Euro coin sizes, set of 8; C-print, set of 4, 100 × 150 cm



将安塞尔姆·基弗的作品《人口计划 1991》上的铅皮撕下三块做成一套“欧元”硬币，共八枚。地点：柏林汉堡火车站美术馆，德国；北京
A set of eight "Euro coins" made of lead sheath taken from Anselm Kiefer's work *Volkzahlung 1991* (*Census 1991*). Site: Hamburger Bahnhof Museum of Art, Berlin, Germany; Beijing



《项链》，2007，装置，青石，总长 20 cm，共 35 颗珠子，每颗直径 1.5 cm；彩色照片，一套 3 张，每张 100 × 150 cm
Necklace, 2007, installation, limestone, overall length 20 cm with 35 beads of 1.5 cm diameter each; C-print, set of 3, 100 × 150 cm each



将博伊斯作品《7000 棵橡树》中的石头取下一块，制做成一串 35 粒的项链。地点：卡塞尔，德国；北京

35 bead string necklace made from a part of a stone taken from Joseph Beuys' project *7000 Oaks*. Site: Kassel, Germany; Beijing



《牙签》，2007，装置，铁力木，一套32根，每根长7 cm，直径0.15 cm；彩色照片，一套三张，每张100 × 150 cm

Toothpick, 2007, installation, ironwood, set of 32, 7 × 0.15ø cm each; C-print, set of 3, 100 × 150 cm



将艾未未在瑞士巴塞尔展出的作品《碎片》中断掉的一根木块制做成牙签，共 32 根。地点：巴塞尔，瑞士；北京
32 toothpicks made from a broken piece of wood from Ai Weiwei's installation *Fragments* that was exhibited in Basel. Site: Basel, Switzerland; Beijing



《精液包裹克里斯托和珍妮·克劳德》，2008，装置，布料、照片，5 × 5 cm, 67 × 103 cm

Wrapping Christo and Jeanne-Claude With Semen, 2008, installation, fabric, photograph, 5 × 5 cm, 67 × 103 cm

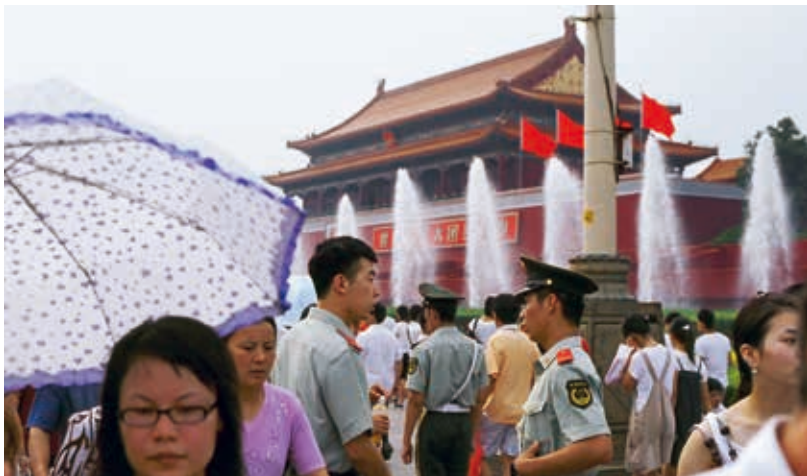


克里斯托和珍妮·克劳德签名的照片，照片里是他们 1970-1972 年的作品《峡谷垂帘》，《精液包裹克里斯托和珍妮·克劳德》中的碎布即取自这件作品中的布帘。

A photograph of Christo and Jeanne-Claude's *Valley Curtain* (1970-1972), signed by the artists. The piece of fabric in Zhao Zhao's installation was taken from *Valley Curtain*.



《站岗》，2008，彩色照片，一套3张，每张100 × 150 cm On Guard, 2008, C-print, set of 3, 100 × 150 cm each



2008 年 8 月 8 日，北京奥运会开幕之际，赵赵当了两个小时武警。地点：天安门广场，北京

On the date of the Beijing Olympics opening ceremony on August 8, 2008, Zhao Zhao stood guard on Tiananmen Square for two hours dressed as a police officer. Site: Tiananmen Square, Beijing.



《鹅卵石》，2007，彩色照片，一套2张，每张100 × 150 cm *Cobblestone*, 2007, C-print, set of 2, 100 × 150 cm each



赵赵将一块鹅卵石用强力胶粘在天安门广场的地上。地点：天安门广场，北京
The artist used strong adhesive to glue a cobblestone onto the ground of Tiananmen Square. Site: Tiananmen Square, Beijing.





pp. 218 - 221 《标语》，2006，彩色照片，每张 60 × 90 cm *Slogan*, 2006, photograph, 60 × 90 cm each

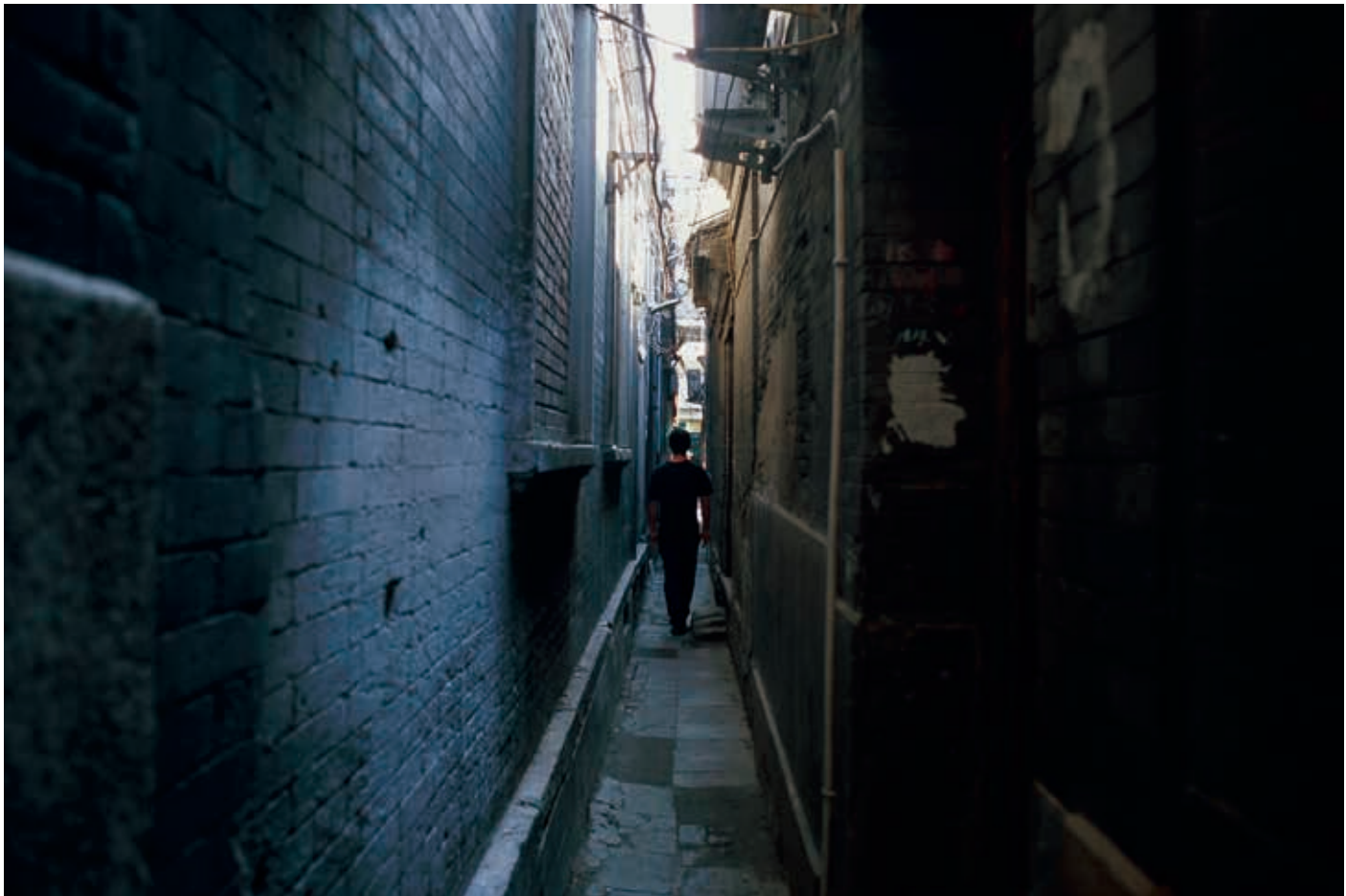
赵赵将北京五环边上草场地村一带悬挂的红色标语条幅换成无字的“红布”。地点：草场地，北京
The artist replaced red slogan banners with blank "red banners" in Caochangdi village along Beijing's Fifth Ring. Site: Caochangdi, Beijing



《事件》，2006，彩色照片，每张 60 × 90 cm *Happening*, 2006, photograph, 60 × 90 cm each



《行走》，2006，行为，摄影，一套2张，每张100 × 150 cm *Walking*, 2006, performance, photograph, set of 2, 100 × 150 cm each



赵赵在北京前门一条长63.4米的死胡同里，来回走52趟，共走出3312.4米。
Zhao Zhao repeatedly walked along a 63.4 meter dead end alley 52 times for a total walking distance of 3312.4 meters.



《银行卡》，2009，行为 *Debit Card*, 2009, performance

这是一张中国银行的储蓄卡，户主是赵赵。每个人都可以通过汇款的方式收藏此作品，金额不限，汇款的藏家都将得到一张由中国银行出具的汇款凭证，这张汇款凭证就是作品。收到作品的当日起，一年内每个藏家都可以无条件申请退款，并返还作品。每笔汇款超过一年，艺术家本人将自行支出此账户金额，并同时在网络上公布消费明细。

This is a Bank of China's debit card, the beneficiary card holder's name is Zhao Zhao. Every person can collect this artwork by transferring unlimited amount of money to this account, the collector will receive a certificate of remittance issued from the Bank of China, the certificate receipt is the artwork itself. One year from the date of receiving the artwork, the collector may apply for a refund and the return of the work. One year after each money transfer, the artist will withdraw the amount of expenditure by himself and announce all consumer records online .



《上海一日游》，2008，行为，彩色照片，每张40 × 60 cm *One Day in Shanghai*, 2008, performance, photograph, 40 × 60 cm each

赵赵于2008年12月20日从北京出发到达上海完成一个为期一天的作品。在登上飞机的那一刻赵赵将眼睛用眼罩封住并带上墨镜，也就是说在那一刻起他就是一个盲人。飞机到达上海时有一个旅行社负责接待（这是事先订好的旅行社，他们会正常地接待一个盲人游客），在上海度过这一天，而在这一天里无论发生什么事赵赵都是看不到的，这种状态直到他乘坐飞机回到北京后结束。On December 20, 2008, Zhao Zhao set out from Beijing to Shanghai for a one-day artwork. At the moment he boarded the plane, Zhao Zhao donned a blindfold and sunglasses, making himself blind. A travel agency was in charge of receiving him at the airport in Shanghai (the travel agency, contacted in advance, has experience with blind tourists). During his day in Shanghai, Zhao Zhao was unable to see anything that transpired. He did not remove his blindfold until he boarded the plane back to Beijing.

《等待一个裸聊的邀请》，2008，行为 *Waiting for A Naked Chat Invitation*, 2008, performance





《录影》，2007，行为，录像 *Recording, 2007, performance, video*

pp. 235-239 《天山上》，2007，彩色照片，一套 4 张，每张 100 x 150 cm
On Tianshan, 2007, C-print, set of 4, 100 x 150 cm each

赵赵用木头做了已故朋友热合买提的雕像，背着雕像徒步四天三夜，最后将雕像安置在新疆东天山海拔 4200 米的山顶上。地点：东天山，新疆
Zhao Zhao made a sculpture of his departed friend Rahmet in wood, and carried it on his back for four days and three nights to install it on a mountain peak in Xinjiang's Tianshan Range at an altitude of 4,200 meters. Site: Tianshan Range, Xinjiang

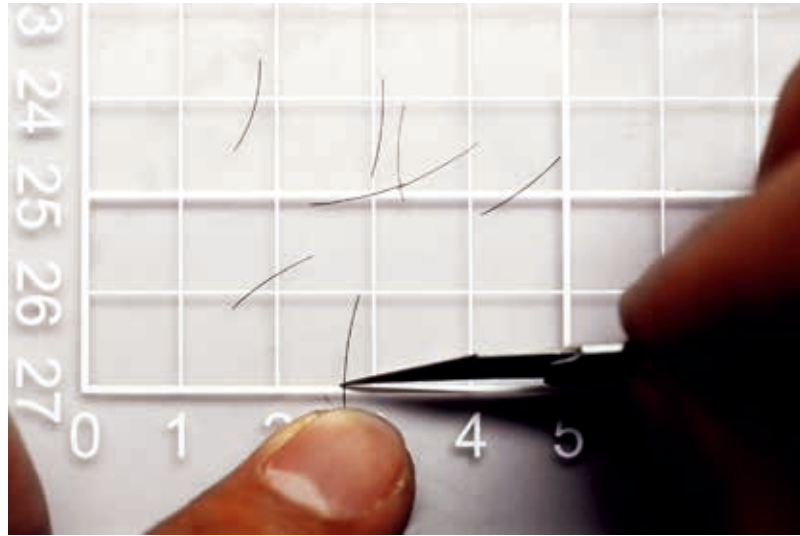


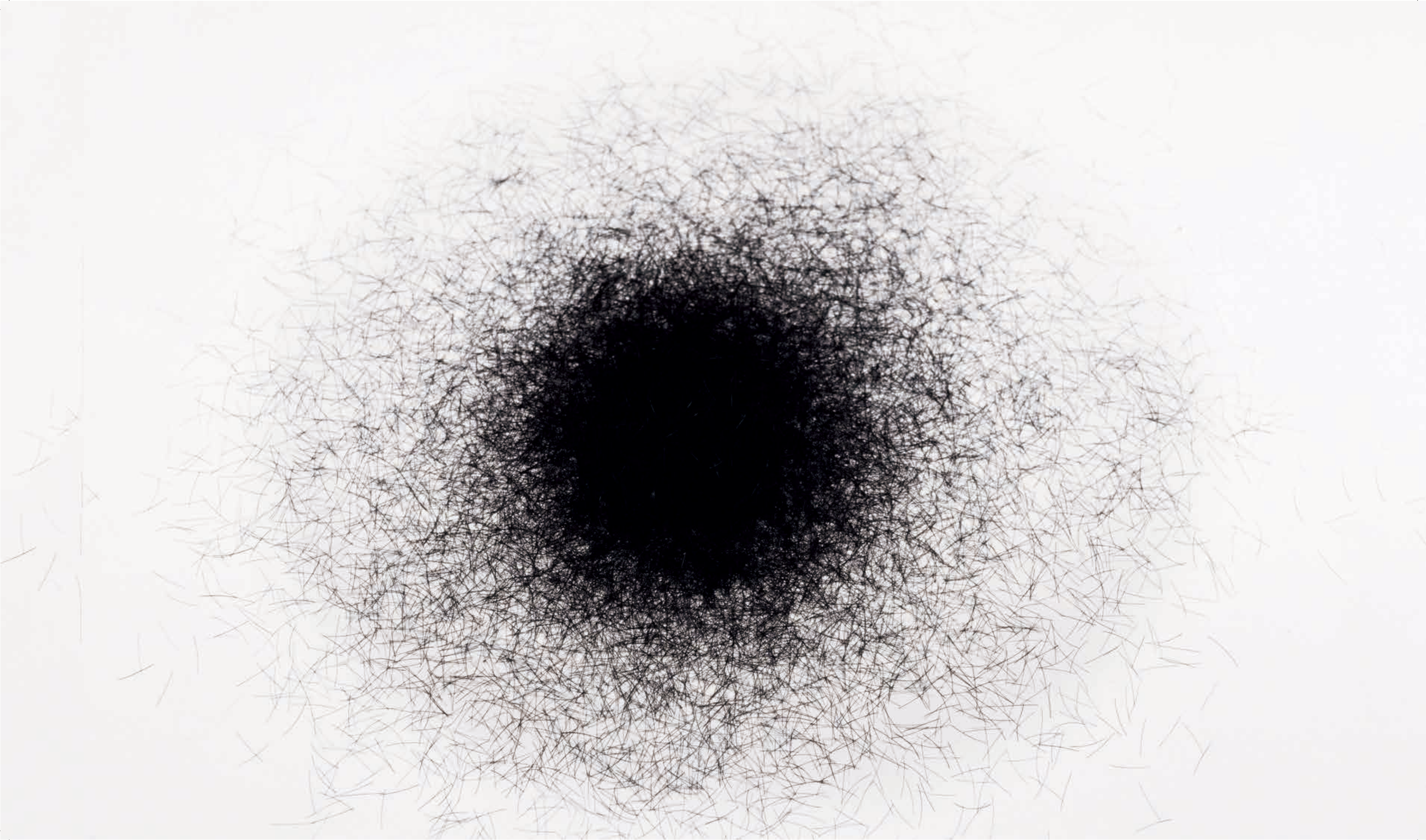




pp. 241 - 245 《头发》，2006，装置，尺寸可变 *Hair*, 2006, installation, dimensions variable

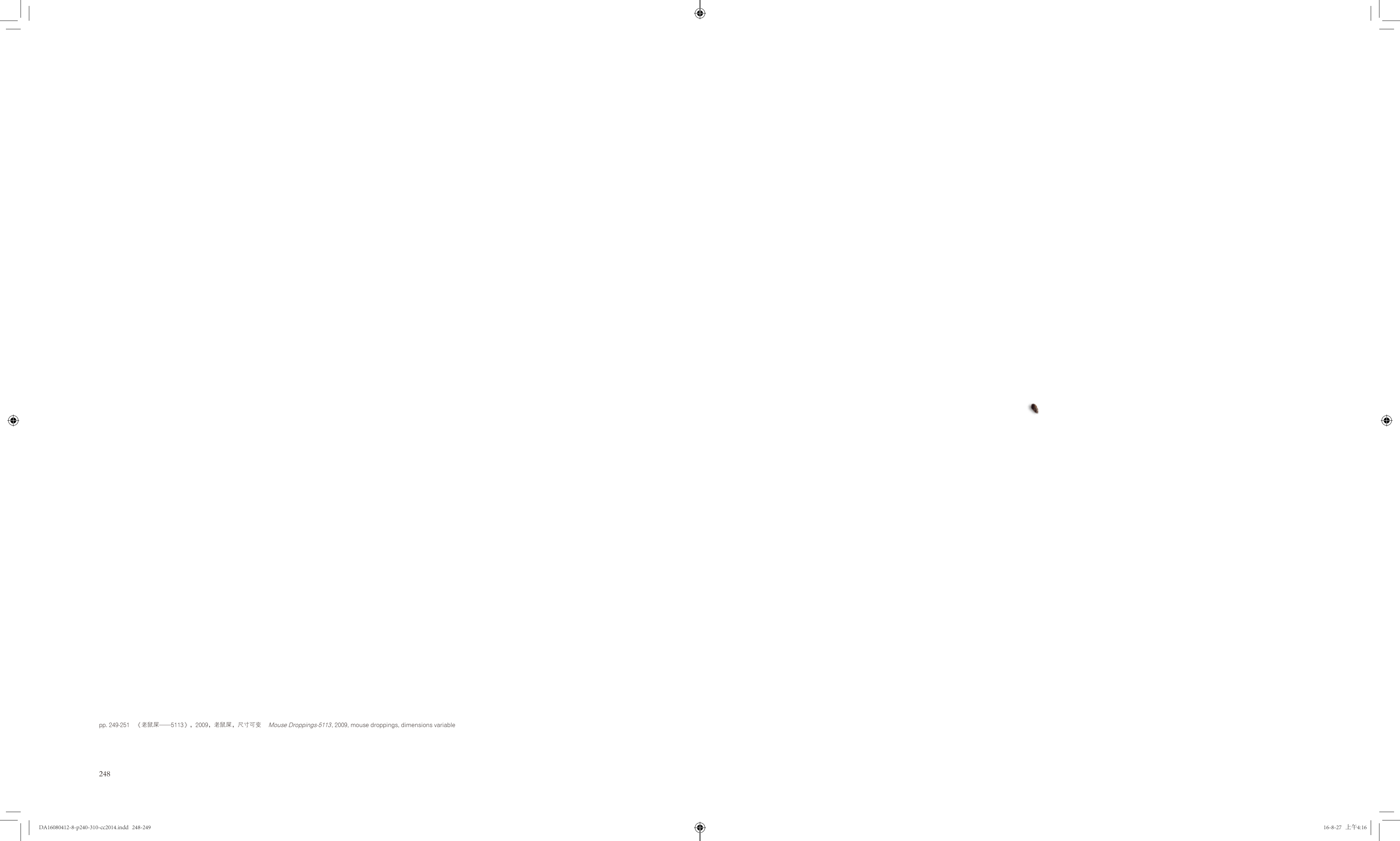
赵赵将自己剪下的头发，每根切成 1 厘米。 Zhao Zhao cuts his own hair into segments of one centimeter each.







《一件洗过一水的衣服》，2006，棉布，35 × 50 × 15 cm *Shirt Washed Once*, 2006, cotton, 35 × 50 × 15 cm
将一件全新的衬衫干洗一次。 A brand-new shirt that was dry-cleaned once.



pp. 249-251 《老鼠屎——5113》，2009，老鼠屎，尺寸可变 *Mouse Droppings-5113*, 2009, mouse droppings, dimensions variable





《老鼠屎》，2009，布面油画，200 × 200 cm *Mouse Droppings*, 2009, oil on canvas, 200 × 200 cm

p. 253 《老鼠屎》（局部），2009，布面油画，200 × 200 cm *Mouse Droppings* (detail), 2009, oil on canvas, 200 × 200 cm





《老鼠屎——阳光板》，2009，玻璃钢，600 × 600 cm
Mouse Droppings-Sunlight Panel, 2009, fiber-reinforced plastic, 600 × 600 cm



《碎片》，2007，不锈钢镀金，26 × 27 × 2 cm *Fragments*, 2007, gilded stainless steel, 26 × 27 × 2 cm



《歪》，2006，铜镀金、木头，1 × 2 × 4 cm *Slanting*, 2006, gilded copper, wood, 1 × 2 × 4 cm



2014-2004

赵赵的那些事

艾未未

我和赵赵是 2004 年 11 月 27 日认识的，已有十年零一个月。

赵赵毕业于新疆艺术学院。新疆艺术学院是中国八大艺术院校之一。它是介乎于师范大学和美术学院中间的一个吧，有美术、播音、舞蹈、音乐，综合的艺术院校。赵赵自少年宫的时候开始习画，少年宫也可以练体育下棋啊，为什么学画画呢？我问他。他的回答是那时候没有武术课。

我问那你学武术对后来的画画有帮助么？赵赵说，学武术有点儿帮助吧，他说学武术的时候踢过树，那是目测距离啊。嗯。与透视有点关系。近大远小，你要踢人头你得踢准，你要踢空了就坏了。所以不能轻易踢人。

艾：你一踢，就把所有的弱点都暴露出来了吧，那你要踢空了会怎么样？

赵：那肯定就被灭了呗。

艾：生活中踢空了的感觉应该有吧，最近有么？

赵：最近没有吧，已经很久没有了，生活没有准确的目标。

我开始问他新疆艺术学院里有很多维族姑娘吧？

他说有是有，但她们也不跟汉族人接触的。那还是有距离吧，他上学时大班里是像其他美术院校一样分专业的，大一的时候有些少数民族学生，他们不会跟你走太近，吃饭啊什么的，人家不会跟汉族人坐在一起吃。

我说，我觉得连假结婚骗钱都没有人要做吧？

他说嗯。对，这是基本的一个尊重吧，基本信仰。钱这个事儿吧……

汉族人很喜欢拿钱摆平事儿，我说。

赵赵认为钱是生活基础，有钱是可以稳定一阵儿。谈到这个问题，维稳的这事情，他说跟中国梦很一致啊，富起来的什么事儿都好办了，全世界都来找我们了，我们牛啊。我问他最近看《环球时报》了么？

他还是觉得整个不稳定就是啦，觉得新疆就是人家的地方，跟汉族没什么关系。进入到生活的每个细节里——一个游牧民族，一个家庭养多少只羊，这些都是有政策的。一说新疆就是烤羊肉串啊，什么小偷多啊，你说他游牧民族能干什么啊，想怎么活就怎么活。他们不学汉语怎么工作呢，想工作就要进单位入组织还要入党，对一个少数民族来说太难了。他说着说着……

我不是太清楚。

我问赵赵，你的爸爸为什么成了党员呢？我这是瞎猜的。

赵赵说，就觉得跟党走是条正路嘛。

我问那对你有影响吗？

他说有很大的影响啊。就是现在不合嘛，前段时间是因为个什么事情，打了个电话说到美国了什么的。他说美国怎么了，有什么了不起？我一听就急了。

我说，你还敢跟他这样说话啊？你来我这也算是他介绍的吧。

赵赵说，那他也不知道你这样搞啊。



赵赵 2002 年的纪录片作品《古丽》视频截图 Video stills from Zhao Zhao's documentary film *Guli* (2002)

我操，我 04 年的时候没搞什么吧。
赵赵说，他也不知道你具体做什么，现在了解了一些估计好多了。

艾：然后呢？你就来草场地呆着了？
赵：对呀。然后我带了一本我自己的画册给你看，你翻了翻，你说都是表现主义。
艾：为什么会是表现主义？
赵：画得比较……也不抽象，反正有点具象的东西，但是也跟写实无关。就一些颜料涂在上面。然后你说……画画好像没什么意思嘛。你问我除了画画还干吗呢？我说还拍纪录片。

然后我说看看他的纪录片。他就给我拷了一盘。拍了一个维族女的。那个片子的重点还挺好，至少不是一个通常人们会去拍的，或者说一个学生会去拍的片子，而且那个片子挺轴的，盯着那个维族女的可劲在拍。

赵赵说，那就一个流浪汉嘛。我也不知道要拍什么，反正想拍纪录片，就拿个机器就对着拍。当时那个带子挺贵的，38 一盘。我当时买那个摄像机的时候，这个带子人家送了五盘。等于五盘下来将近 180 块钱。一盘带子能拍 63 分钟。
五盘也就是 5 个多个小时吧。
我说那也够了。

赵赵说，我就是紧着拍，就是有什么事情发生再拍，不是之后拍的那种开了机就一直拍着。当时素材也比较少。
我问他，你以为你拍的多会好一点，是吗？
赵赵说，拍的多可能会……因为这个还要剪辑嘛，我也没想过把那个剪辑成一个完全是看不下去的那种，当时是没想过。
我说你那个是剪辑过的吗？
赵赵说，是剪辑过的。
我觉得那跟没剪一样呀。
赵赵：对，还是挺枯燥的，但是那已经是一个冬天了。剪完了也就跟没剪一样。
我问那个女的，你估计现在，应该死球了吧？
赵赵：不好说，但是我拍她一个冬天，就是从牙还有，一个冬天后牙都没了嘛。
没了牙就没法弄了，我说。

艾：你给过她钱吗？
赵：没有，当时我也没钱。
艾：那你第一桶金是从我这淘的呀？
赵：第一桶金，那当然了。那肯定呀。
艾：第二桶第三桶都是？
赵：对，都是。到现在都是。
艾：那现在应该算是很有钱了吧？

赵：对。迷茫了很久。一直到 07 年卡塞尔都结束了我觉得还是比较……
艾：还没找到北。
赵：对呀。没有一个方向。

这也算是一种训练吧，很长时间，最主要还是早期的，拍长安街和鸟巢，那是很苦闷的时候，太长，而且确实没有任何所谓的创造性在里面。一个概念，也不存在创造性，就是出于需要，要有一定的准确性。那段时间应该是非常的沉闷。后来是卡塞尔，卡塞尔亭子就倒了嘛。赵赵记得，亭子就倒了，对。从 05 年开始，我们应该去过好多地方，05 年去过奥地利，这都算是印象比较深刻的，因为这是第一次出去嘛。之后就到处跑了，去过奥地利、德国、澳大利亚、瑞士、美国、日本、西班牙……
我说，这种走不丢的感觉实际上跟早年你自己骑自行车去西藏也有点关系是吧？
赵赵在新疆呆着也没有什么朋友。不知道别人怎么样，反正他是没有什么朋友，是挺寂寞的，他小时候呆的那个地方，他还记得拆房子、建工厂什么的，就在那自己玩，就砖堆里头搭个东西，干嘛的，一天就过去了。
我说你这是搞建筑么。
赵赵说，废墟里玩一玩，一天就过去了。呵。没什么朋友，比如说跟几个人在一起的时候，人家说的事儿肯定是你没听过的。我总在好奇，听别人在说什么。
我就问他从什么时候起，对自己做的事开始发生兴趣了。
他觉得还是旅行的时候吧。旅行的时候，比如说去看了挺多博物馆，看到了一些上学的时候从画册里看到的作品就在你面前了，印象还是比较深刻。
他开始在想这个事儿，什么是作品，什么是艺术，也就有点儿模糊了，因为一直是在学校里，不断地在绘画里头一直在琢磨，可毕业了以后，是另外一种介入，或者说不管是生活呀还是什么的。
从 04 年到 05 年半年之后，我们就去了奥地利，在萨尔斯堡夏季学院，我在跟学生上课的时候，已经是在谈观念艺术了。
谈到了一个作品的起源的问题，当时我有几个学生，随便的几个学生，完全是莫名其妙的几个学生，但都挺不错的。你可以看到，实际上创作这个事，其实是每个人本源的一个东西，需要条件对，大多数训练是把条件搞错了，所以很苦闷。

艾：对草场地什么感觉？草场地工作室。
赵：04 年 11 月底刘小东那个展览开幕之后吃完饭，在丽都那吃的饭。吃完饭他们都回去了，然后你说去你那呆会儿。就从丽都去 258 工作室了。我第一次去嘛。挺晚的了。院子其实是空的，不像现在那么多植物，柳树也没长那么大。没作品。你还让我看了下展厅，就是那个你住的旁边房子里的展厅。展厅当时就堆了 15 根还是 16 根木头。就放了一大排木头。
艾：放了很久了那就是。
赵：嗯。放了挺久了。我当时去了以后，我觉得，这也是作品？这也挺好的。
艾：那个东西没法卖的，我都给他拉了做成地图了。

他当时觉得那个挺好。对，就是这个作品很适合。那个时候他看完以后，我就是在做这

件事。我的那个工作室的人，好像都在画图，又不确定和艺术有什么关系。
赵赵认为反正我和传统艺术没有什么太大的关系。

艾：然后就是每天去拍摄或者是说什么时候觉得要去拍。当时交流的也很少是吧？
赵：当时开始拍的时候交流不多，挺晚了回来看素材。因为你想，从 2005 年开始一直到 2007 年，应该是 2007 年，每天都要去吃饭，光吃饭吃了好几年，每天去。那时候白天胖哥开车，晚上吃饭基本就是我开车带你去了，吃完饭就很晚了。

他觉得他拍得挺好的。那个时候，4 × 5 那个相机还没用过，搞了很久，废了一些底片才找到怎么用。那时候技术这个基础就已经很烦恼了。赵赵不太想技术这个事，他不是属于对技术很有兴趣的人。
他说，是应该不要太复杂就好，觉得太复杂了就忘记你要做的事了，用 4 × 5 相机的时候，你把机器调好之后就觉得，都忘了到底是不是应该在这拍一张，因为一看位置都站错了，就更麻烦地重新再来一遍。还有那个摄像机，摄像机每次都自动虚焦也挺烦的，控制不了。再后来，鸟巢拍摄结束以后就开始忙了，然后遇到杨佳这个事。因为卡塞尔这个事还是在艺术范畴里面话题比较多的，但是到了杨佳这个事情的时候，我觉得是一个事件的这种。他认为我在这件事情上用的心思或者什么的比较多，因为杨佳的事情还是比较特殊的一件事情。当时我和他两个知道这件事的时候，去杨佳他们家楼下转了一圈。他家的玻璃也是碎的。天挺热的。车开到小区的时候，觉得好像已经有好多人都布控在周围了，那种感觉。

现在看来，在那时候我们很有状态。
赵赵：对，很有状态。所以后来我觉得你进入一件事情的时候，和我们第一次去杨佳家楼下的时候那种感觉很一致。

其实我们都不想这个跟艺术有关。做《童话》已经明确地超越了这一块。忽略以前的问题，然后处理一个具体的、新的问题。解释是之后的事情。
赵赵静观了这几年我是怎样起步的，我是从没有起步开始的，放一堆柱子在屋子里放了几年，可能放了两三年，我也不知道。我就是觉得没给我机会，等给我机会的时候，其实我是知道的，至少我知道我可以不做什么。但其实我同样并不知道这个是可行的，只是兴趣所在，兴趣所向。
所以这样看，兴趣还是很重要的。
赵赵同意兴趣还是很重要的，但主要是什么样的人，介入到什么。
你什么样的人，见识在哪儿，然后就是这样的状态。

对赵赵来说，2008 年算是一个很大的转变。发生了三件事：杨佳、奥运会和地震——我们一起去四川。几件事他都参与了，鸟巢他虽然没设计，但也是拍摄记录了建造的过程，杨佳的摄像这一块也是他参与在做。



艾未未 2009 年的纪录片《老妈蹄花》视频截图，摄影：赵赵 Video stills from Ai Weiwei's documentary film *Disturbing the Peace* (2009), Cameraman: Zhao Zhao

我那时天天在网上写东西，把结构搭出来，然后就地震了，这个事太大了，我们去汶川的时候是震后第几天我都忘了。

他还记得，他说我们地震后第四天就去了四川，我们去了以后就往重灾的地方映秀走，当时还是你一路拍一些照片，我拍一些录像。我们从映秀中学那里经过的时候，发现学生名单被撕掉了，记得当时都有点傻了，否则你也不会发现这个问题的。赵赵说，没想到之后会有那么大的反应，当时觉得四川那个事情开始被盯上以后，事情其实就开始升级了，我们去了几次信访办，闹得四川的公安局后来觉得你就是一直跟他们对着干，但是我就不知道他们什么时候会报复你这个事，没想到这个。嗯，这是一个系统，容不得这个。其实你这样想想，我觉得现在可能还没有完全体现出来，但也是很重要的一个准备时期。你参与的所有这些调查或者是社会圈，你觉得会受影响吗？我问。

赵赵说，他现在只能是从特别小的事抓起。比如说地震这个事，我就在想，如果我要去的话，我就是拍拍纪录片就行了，就不会去找到一个点去揭示一个东西，或者比方说杨佳的事情也是。我觉得你能把这些事情都做到完整，我觉得这不是一个个人行为，因为你运用网络媒体，使整个事件活动起来了。我觉得你是会引起一个话题，这个话题在网络上还是有效的，不管是骂的人还是追的人，反正这个事是有效的，你能抓住有效的那个方面。他这样看问题呵。他认为，这就是兴趣，就是你把精力放在这儿或放在那儿，比方说我没遇到你，就不会做这个事，可能这几年就会在某个村子画个画或者干什么。这个确实是。赵赵说自己不做艺术家可能会是一个暴徒。我觉得他那个意思就是，他是属于一种压抑受不了。压抑是来自于什么？是自身身体的、家庭的、社会的还是什么？他说，都有，综合的。

我问他，哪一件作品你是做完了给自己感觉是自己愿意做的？启动你的是哪一件？他说，应该 2011 年做了《伟像》那个作品。《伟像》很像黑社会电影情节，老大已经被人家干掉了，就是挨了枪以后，到医院转了一圈了，说这个不行，这个尸体得挪一挪。那个事情基本上启动了第一件，但那个作品立刻遇到问题了。这是启动你的第一件作品，冲突还是蛮大的，就是关于一些比较有动机或者概念的东西。

他在 2007 年底才开始做的一件事，是粘一块鹅卵石在天安门广场。当时有这种意识已经是因为奥运要出现了是吗？那时你扮武警在天安门站岗，其实那个时候跟警察国家也有关系了，能感觉到这个时候控制是必然的了。2008 年 8 月 8 号在天安门做《站岗》。那时候我跟他说要小心，不要乱搞。我和他吃了早饭，吃的面，还有一张照片。2008 年之后就陆陆续续有点在寻找，就没有什么特别明确要做事了。赵赵说，2011 年那个展览做完了以后，我觉得还是比较明确要再做什么，但那个展览 2011 年 9 月份开幕以后的一个月，整个展览结束了，结束以后就要把那些作品都运到纽约去，预计是 2012 年的 4 月份做个展，结果全部作品三个集装箱，从 2008 年到 2011 年的作品，都扣在天津海关了，到今天也没有出来，再没音信了，几十件作品就没音信了。

对他来说，当然这个事也不愿意它发生，但是其实有一个形而上的力量在那儿，就是说这个作品首先别人是在意的，而且在意得不得了，因为从开船前三个小时国家安全部门就去把整个船扣下来，就把三个集装箱提下来了。除了缴毒或者是军械之类的，不会有这样的事，应该不会有这样的事。到现在不知道到底是什么情况，就是被告知是国家安全局去扣的，跟公安没关系。雕塑、油画、图片，应该有 20 多件作品，赵赵说。

赵：我当时在想的就是，比如说是不是有这个可能——我做这个《伟像》的形象对于国家某些部门来说应该有所警觉？上面有制服、帽子，我也说不好他们觉得哪有问题。

艾：制服、帽子，不是石头雕的吗？

赵：是雕的，但是还是有这个警察形象在，我想是不是他们会找到一种措辞来说这个事。

艾：这个难说是吧？紧张吗？

赵：我觉得 2012 年还是挺紧张的。

艾：因为有 2011 年的事。

赵：对，从那之后就开始被封杀了。第一个事是在草场地静画廊，我和阿昌、夏星还有两个做雕塑的艺术家，五个人的群展，展览是周六开幕，周五的晚上我们布完展，到了夜里 11 点多静画廊的老板还有画廊经理，两个女孩都被崔各庄派出所的警察叫去谈话了，从晚上十一点多谈到凌晨两三点。

艾：那时候展览也没有一个广告，也没有一个真正的报纸上的讨论，人家怎么会找到呢？

赵：有海报啊，还有一些网上的消息发出来，他们肯定是在展览之前一个星期就把这个消息发出去了。静画廊的老板夜里给我打电话的时候都哭了，就害怕了，然后她说对不起，说派出所警察说不能做你的展览，说你不是艺术家。最后就把我一人撤了嘛。这个对于我来说，首先是很莫名其妙，那你怎么认为这个事情？

艾：怎么会不是艺术家呢，那我是不是也可能不是呀。这个问题明显是政治问题，因为连国家机器都动用了，它可能不是政治问题吗？但明显又是美学问题，因为国家已经在定义美学是什么，谁是不是艺术家或者什么是不是作品，好像总是政治先干涉进来。

赵：就是你不能表态，要不然你就可能会有这种威胁，不是可能，就是必然会受到一种牵制，而这个时候挺无情的，因为他也不找我。

艾：所以这一点上他们是很厉害的。当时我办《黑皮书》的时候，他们找了有单位的人，说这是一个政治问题，我一直等着他们找我，最后也没找我，但是搞得周围所有人都因为这个事情害怕，这明显是有问题的，都找了别人了没来找我，我也不知道什么问题，但这个东西你就确实是受影响，就会让你觉得，这个事吧，你也不能去找他，没有“他”的。

赵：没有“他”，不是一个人也不是一块石头。

我问他还是在状态里面？

赵赵说，我是觉得我没想从这个展览或者作品里得到更多，还是一个需要站住的事，似乎有一些话语权的时候你可以说你想说的。

等于他是一个你熟悉的方式，但你的方式确实是对方不熟悉的，因为明显能看出来——他们能说出这么武断的话，说明他们是没有办法的，是吗？所以优势还是体现出来了。

困境是什么呢？就是有什么烦恼？我说。

赵赵：反而是自身吧，因为我没有什么太多的愿望，但事实上也可以做。比如说咱们要做一些事的话，我觉得就可能会经历更多的事，不做呢我也没事。

艾：你是什么性格？你是什么星座的？

赵：巨蟹座，居家的那种。

艾：哪一个月是巨蟹座？

赵：六月到七月。

艾：属什么？

赵：狗。

艾：血型呢？

赵：O 型。

艾：O 型，这种巨蟹座我不太了解什么特征。

赵：就是居家不爱出门。

艾：你挺呆得住的。

赵：对，呆得住，就是别人不招我，我也不招人。

艾：别人招你呢？

赵：招我就不行，就琢磨，就不能招我，招了我就记仇。

艾：那你会不会告诉别人千万别招我？

赵：有时候说，对方不知道的话就说。

艾：这样的人该是在家里呆着好，是吧？

赵：是。

那一年，也算在家呆着吧，村里呆着，不知道怎么村口就给人家闹得挺僵，然后就被送到派出所了。你当时是觉得公安在里面有一些做得有点不合适，但是也没有什么太大动作，刑拘了 12 天，我觉得也还是个好事。

赵赵觉得他们就是不规矩，他们没程序。就是这一点，没有程序。他说定成一个治安案件这个事情它就是了，我觉得跟杨佳的事一样，就是说到最后，他跟你说杀人是不对的，他没有过程，就是说你们打架是不对的，就是没过程。属于简单粗暴，也就是这样，当你给他讲过程的时候，他给你讲结果，和他们说话可说不过。因为他们不是人嘛，是体制，我们都这样觉得。

这次在洛杉矶这个展览的作品，是画了一批画，画的就是天空。

艾：再之前画了一些树杈是吗？

赵：树枝。
艾：树枝和树杈有什么不同？
赵：就是树枝。
艾：属于找茬吗？
赵：也属于吧，大雾霾天在家画天空。

这跟古人作画倒有点接近，就是什么风花雪月的这种，古人不太画一般气候怎么怎么样。还有一件那批佛像切割的作品。好像你作品也是变得越来越直接、简单化，有一种去作品化的感觉在里面，这个跟大多数中国美术学院的教育是相反的吧？我发现人们还是很愿意在作品中能看到某种学院腔调吧。
好像赵赵这几年的作品中还是有艺术的，不能说是因为对艺术的兴趣，而是一些比较直接的，用一个动作或者一个比重多少来设定。
赵赵想一个作品，首先是作品在这个时期的过程，它应该是一种乏味、没有目的的事情。还有一个，他现在尽可能的不参与关于制作的问题，就是如何去做起来这个作品，现在觉得关于石像、佛像这些，把原有的切掉，过程还是比较符合他的这种乏味、荒凉的特征的，而且它出来以后，就是一个基础的石料。

文化是需要一种平台的，需要一些能够有的语境，这些年他受到不少关注。我问他怎么看中国现在的摄影或者是艺术界，应该也挺热闹的，也是把你放到这一代来评价，你觉得跟他们哪一方面有关联？

赵：把我放在一个新生代或者放在一个 80 后这一代，其实我特别不熟悉那些跟我同龄的艺术家的工作方式或者他们在想什么，因为我开始是进入到一个院校里面去学油画，之后就是跟你在一起工作，你也知道我接触的艺术家都是一些比较成熟的，你都认识。其实平时跟这些年轻艺术家没有来往，也不交际，我不太跟艺术家接触，现在也没有什么接触。只是最近媒体或者说一些关于艺术的杂志报道多一些。今年我做了一件作品引起了一些话题，我最初就在新浪微博上发了四个关键词，就是“耳光”与“暗恋”，“皮鞋”与“家庭”，发出去以后他们就转到新浪首页时评里头去了，就有十个评论，点击量特别大，当然跟新浪新闻也有关。如果不是那个转发，我觉得那个关键字对于我来说就不会有那么大的作用，不断地被人转发，不断地被提起的时候，我觉得这个词可能会用作一个作品的题目。之后在做这个行为的过程中，跟本身的这个事件也没什么太大关系，应该是走到另外一个方向去了。
《耳光》这件作品就是我在网上找一个志愿者，这个志愿者同意我用右手扇他的左脸和右脸各一记耳光。我来定一个时间和地点，他就在那儿等我。网上有四个人同意参与这个事，我就在这几个人里面选择了湖北的一个人。我不认识他，没有说过话，他应该是从付晓东的微博上看到的这个征集志愿者的信息，等于他就同意了。去年 10 月 27 号的时候就做了这一件《耳光》，就在一个空间里面跟他约定好时间，扇了两耳光。
之后我就说要做《暗恋》这件作品，实施过程是找一个志愿者，他同意我

从背后用右手持刀捅他一刀，这一件事情在微博上发出去以后有 12 个人同意了，基本上就这样，比较简单。一直到今年的 9 月份，孙原找我，他说你做那个捅一刀，你觉得我行吗？我是一个志愿者吗？我可以报名吗？我说你可以报名，但是你要报了名我得再想想，就是这有 13 个人，有几个人要见面，之后见了七个志愿者我觉得都不合适。

艾：为什么不合适？皮太滑？
赵：没有，他们问题太多了。
艾：不大可能。
赵：对。
艾：比如说问最多的是什么问题？
赵：他们问的问题是你用多长的刀，捅进去多少？
艾：你本来有设想吗？你说你用多长的刀？
赵：我没有设想，我确实也不知道用什么刀子，没有选好一个刀。
艾：那你是脑筋急转弯那种，就是削铅笔刀？
赵：我当时没刀，我只是觉得能找到一个完全不了解这个事的人，他同意了就行。
艾：他们都问了？
赵：基本上都问了，就是孙原不问，只有孙原就说什么时候跟我说一声就行了。后来我觉得也是，因为他那个体格什么的也比较符合。
艾：就是挨刀的体格。后来是什么刀？
赵：后来用的一把英吉沙刀。
艾：哪儿来的刀？
赵：新疆的。
艾：是哪儿来的？
赵：我从我们集一个市场上收的。
艾：是一把新的？老刀？
赵：老刀。
艾：钢好？
赵：还不错。
艾：很锋利？
赵：对。刀有刃口，前面是一个直角，一个线条就出来了。
艾：后来捅了？
赵：对。
艾：满意吗？
赵：我觉得还行，算完成了。
赵：捅完了这一刀以后就是《皮鞋》那件作品，就是我想把捅孙原的这把刀送给一个志愿者，这个人告诉我一个理由，就是他为什么想要这把刀，这个理由要让我觉得他能接得住，就送给他了。
艾：有人要这个刀吗？



赵赵正在拍摄《老妈蹄花》
Zhao Zhao filming *Disturbing the Peace*

赵：目前挺多人要的，但是理由好像都不太好，好多理由都比较自残，就是说什么捅自己一刀，反正伤害自己的多。还有说要捅我的，我说那怎么能行！然后《家庭》就是，我也是找一个志愿者介绍，去一个人家里作客。

艾：《家庭》这个做了吗？
赵：做了，就是找一个家里，因为我想着那个家庭是有老人有小孩的那种家里面，然后去了以后就是能耗多久耗多久，最后就把我赶出来了。
艾：耗了多久？ 16 个小时？
赵：耗了 15 个小时。
艾：我怎么记得是 16 个小时，那篇报道说。
赵：15 个小时。
艾：没有打 110？
赵：没有打 110，就是说你要再这样呆着不走我就报警，他说我不希望我小孩六七点起来再看到你。
艾：是这样，你和他交流要说话吗？
赵：说了。
艾：说什么了？
赵：我说咱们不是说好了吗？六七点吃个早饭就走。他说你要再这样说我就报警。那时已经两点多了。
艾：他已经受不了了？
赵：他睡不着觉嘛。
艾：因为你坐在那儿也没动。
赵：在沙发上面。
艾：来回散步吗？
赵：不散步，就是坐那儿。
艾：看书吗？
赵：没看书，有时看一会儿手机，也没发出声来。
艾：他们家几个人？
赵：六个人。
艾：他们就开始讨论了吗，还是没有？
赵：十一二点的时候，各回各的房讨论过这个事情，肯定会讨论。
艾：谁作为代表跟你谈的？
赵：就是他们家的儿子，70 后的这个儿子， 十一二点他就跟我谈了一次话，就是问说你是不是很困了？
艾：是怎么去的呢？
赵：去就是敲门去的。
艾：不是有人介绍的吗？
赵：对。
艾：介绍人主要介绍你是怎么回事吗？

赵：介绍我就是个艺术家，我就想来了解一下普通生活，家庭生活，他们觉得我是做那种艺术调研，就是有点像找素材那种。

艾：有一定的偏差，去了以后也没说话。

赵：对，他们就请我吃了中午饭、晚饭，然后看看新闻联播，到了九点的时候，他们说我们家小儿子要睡觉了，意思就是差不多了。

艾：但是你说过要呆到第二天吗？

赵：一直没有说要呆到第二天，到了十一点的时候他就说，你是不是有什么困难？你是不是没地儿住？或者你没钱什么的我们都可以帮你。我说我什么困难都没有，就是想和你们多呆会儿。他说那你打算什么时候走？那是九点钟那小孩洗了要睡的时候，说他每天早上六七点就要起床。我就说要不然明天早上六七点吃个早饭我就走。后来他就没办法，说那行，那你就呆一晚上，还给我拿了一床被子放到沙发上，然后到了快十二点了他们就都去睡了。到了两点多他们家儿子就出来了，坐我旁边跟我说，我们以前也没交集，以后也不想有交集了，我不想让小孩六七点起来的时候再见到你。我说我们不是都说好的六七点的时候起来吃早饭走。他说你要再这么说我就报警了。我说那好。就走了。

艾：那时候出来能打到车吗？

赵：可以打到车。

艾：挺多的车，一招手就有车？

赵：走出去，也得走到路口，他们家那有个医院。

艾：上了车去哪儿？

赵：打了车就回草场地了。现在我觉得做一件事情就会拓宽一点。

艾：还是自己意识上的一些东西吧？但是你没想到自己最终要在画廊里展览或者是说要在这个圈子里创作的话，这个范围还是很受限制的。

赵：当时一直想做音乐嘛，我一直觉得能够有一种方式，不在这个生态系统里面就好了。

艾：那为什么不去做呢？去做音乐这一块。

赵：需要时间。

艾：今年多大了？

赵：33 了。

艾：去年基本上你忙你的事儿我就没打搅你，就是我在尤伦斯的那个展览，我说赵赵你帮我把作品撤了，当时你去了，你怎么想这个事儿啊？

赵：我当时啊，当时就想把你作品给你撤回来呗。

艾：好像你也撤过两次，所以有经验。

赵：对。撤过两次展，撤回来你就得罪好多人嘛，你必须跟他们保持距离啊。艺术圈子里一共就这么多人，你都熟悉嘛。现在很江湖了啊，利益、权力互相牵制。

艾：这蛮有意思的你发现没？这事儿一下子就发酵成这样了，成为一个很

主要的一个事件了哈。当时崔灿灿说：“老艾，你看下这个。”因为我手机上也没这玩意儿，一看展览名单没有我，我说撤了吧。

赵：现在其实更复杂化了，有帮派嘛。

艾：帮派很厉害？

赵：就比如说最近的事情，一个月前兴伟给我打了个电话我没接，发来一个信息说，我要做一个展览，“人生路”，给我发了一个等于邀请函嘛，邀请我参加那个展览。我就说我参加不了。

艾：为什么啊？

赵：我没必要掺合这些事情吧。他花了很多钱来收藏这些艺术家的东西，如果我参加了，他就收藏了我的作品。他当时打我电话打不通，他就打到海涛那边去了。海涛问我说你怎么没接啊，我说我现在不太懂这个人是什么意思，我觉得我没必要接了。他说那你参加吗？我说我为什么要参加啊。他说可以从我们画廊借一件作品，我们不卖。我说那也不行。海涛说那这个怎么说呢。我说你看着说吧。他就打了电话还是发的短信我也不知道，他跟兴伟说赵赵参加不了，不合适。兴伟就回了个信息说“知道了”。然后他们就做了这个展览嘛，这是最近的一个事。我不知道你能不能感觉到就是一群人在拉帮结伙，也不知道他们在想什么。以前我觉得艺术家还挺好，都有自己的事儿做，怎么会一下变得这么势利，我觉得这个事儿太复杂了，比如上海有码头文化，北京就是谁喜欢谁就一起玩儿了嘛，你喜欢就互相玩，这个不是帮派。帮派就是你跟一拨人玩的时候利益江湖显现了，这个事情太复杂了，就是很脏嘛。

嗯，赵赵说的没错。这不是一个正常人该做的事儿。不过这个不能强求啦，但在这种强压之下我必须把这个事儿做了，因为我跟他们也没什么交集，而且我也不在这个当中。当然我要有我的一个态度，不能说别人不在乎这个事情就过去了——这不是在不在乎的问题。实际上是这个体制扭曲了艺术家的状态,这是种自我审查,这不可能谁都无所谓吧，都遇到拆迁不可能谁都无所谓。你看现在又发生了一个变化，以前会有人说这个人作品太政治化，现在看好像发生了一定的变化。也不是要站队支持什么或者不支持什么，我觉得人总要有是非吧，这个民族不能总是谈阴阳不谈是非吧，这种就是一种很邪恶的思辨，就是怎么能混得好。在中国这个吃里爬外的状态下，在一些关键问题上还做些手脚，这样不太好。他明确地说，我们就是有问题，也很好，反而说是，老艾不希望有一个平静的开幕式，我觉得这个话有点恶毒了，你不放我在展览里面也没问题。

赵赵用他的方式证明了另外一种存在的可能——不是说都在这个世俗的框架当中。他说的这一套拉帮结派啥的，也不会都那么没有志向吧，不会都是这样。当时我也就对那些艺术家说了，你们是不是没什么出息啊，有那么多暧昧的联系。历史只是一个很长的片段，不会都写进文献里，一个艺术家如果连独立性都保留不下，那就别混了。

今天，赵赵的状态还行，还是没事儿找事儿，还是有点无聊，还是要让我写上几句。嗯，赵赵是有态度的，他的不温不火的态度可以帮助他走很远。

2014 年 12 月 22 日

A Few Things About Zhao Zhao

Ai Wei Wei

Zhao Zhao and I first met on November 27, 2004. We have now known each other for ten years and one month.

Zhao Zhao graduated from the Xinjiang Arts Institute, one of the top eight art academies in China. The institute is something between a teaching university and an art academy. It is a comprehensive art school, offering classes in fine art, broadcasting, dance and music.

Zhao Zhao began learning painting at a young age, at the Children’s Palace. The Children’s Palace also offered sports and chess. “Why did you study painting?” I asked him. His response was that they didn’t have martial arts classes.

I asked if learning martial arts helped him later on in painting, Zhao Zhao said that martial arts did help a bit. When he was learning it, he kicked trees. It taught him to judge distance with his eyes. Hmm. It is connected to perspective. Close objects are larger, and far objects are small. If you kick someone in the head, you have to judge it precisely. If you miss, you’re in trouble. You have to be careful about kicking people.

Ai: As soon as you kick, you reveal all of your vulnerabilities. What happens if you miss?
Zhao: Then I would be finished.
Ai: That feeling of missing a kick is probably something you feel in life as well. Have you felt it recently?
Zhao: Not recently. It’s been a long time. I have no precise goals in my life.

I started to ask him if there were a lot of Uyghur girls at the Xinjiang Arts Institute. He said there were, but they didn’t interact with the Han Chinese. There was distance back then. When he was there, the classes, just like at other art academies, were divided by major. In his first year, there were some students from the ethnic minorities, but they wouldn’t get very close to you. When eating and whatnot, they wouldn’t sit together with the Han Chinese. I said I figured they wouldn’t even do fake marriages to scam some money. He said, “Right, this is about basic dignity, about basic belief. As for money...” I said that the Han like to use money to deal with things. Zhao Zhao believes that money is the basis of life. If you have money, you can be stable for a while. On this point, Zhao says this idea of maintaining stability is in line with the Chinese dream. Once we’re rich, then things will go smoothly. The world will come to us, and we’ll be great. I asked him if he’d been reading *Global Times*.

He thinks the instability is normal. Xinjiang is their place, and has nothing to do with

the Han. There are policies for every little detail of their lives, including how many sheep these pastoralists can raise per family.

“When people speak of Xinjiang, all you hear are lamb kebabs and thieves. What can a pastoral people do? They’ll live however they want. They don’t even learn Chinese? How are they supposed to find jobs? If you want a job, you have to enter a work unit, join the Party, it’s all just too hard for a minority group.” He went on and on...

And I didn’t really follow.

I asked him why his father joined the Party. I was just guessing.

He said his father felt he was following the Party down the correct path.

I asked, has it influenced you?

He said it had a great influence. Now they don’t get along. It was because a while ago, he was on the phone with his father, and the topic of America came up. His father said, “What’s so great about America?” and he went off on him.

I said, “How can you speak to your father like that? You know, he was the one who introduced you here.”

Zhao Zhao said, “But he doesn’t know what you’ve been up to.”

Shit. I wasn’t doing anything back in ’04.

Zhao Zhao said, “He didn’t know specifically what you were up to. Now that he does, I think it’s a bit better.”

Ai: Then what? You just hung around in Caochangdi?

Zhao: Right. Then I brought one of my catalogues to show you. You flipped through it, and said it was all Expressionism.

Ai: Why Expressionism?

Zhao: It was painted rather... it wasn’t abstract, it was figurative, but really had nothing to do with realism. It’s just colors smeared around. Then you said, there doesn’t seem to be any point in painting. You asked what else I do, and I said I make documentaries.

I told him to show me his films, and so he burned me a disc. He filmed a Uyghur girl. The film had an interesting focus. At least it wasn’t the kind of subject that most people would choose, or the kind of film a student would make. It was a very headstrong film, doggedly following that girl.

Zhao Zhao said, “She was just a vagrant. I didn’t know what to film, I just wanted to film a documentary, to pick up the camera and point it at something. Cassettes were really expensive back then, 38 yuan each. When I bought the camera, the guy gave me five cassettes, which comes out to 180 yuan. One cassette can hold 63 minutes of footage.”

Five cassettes come out to over five hours.

I said that was enough.

Zhao Zhao said, “I just followed things closely. I wouldn’t start filming until something happened. It wasn’t like later on, when I’d just keep the camera rolling. I didn’t have a

lot of footage then.”

I asked if he thought it would be better if he filmed more.

Zhao Zhao said, “Maybe if I had filmed more... You have to edit it. I wasn’t thinking about editing it into something you couldn’t watch. I didn’t really think about it.”

I said, “Was that edited?”

He said it was.

It seemed to me like it wasn’t.

Zhao Zhao: Right. It’s pretty dull, but that was a whole winter. After I edited it, it was like I hadn’t edited it at all.

I asked about the girl. “You reckon she’s probably dead by now?”

Zhao Zhao: It’s hard to say. I filmed her all winter. She still had teeth at first, but they were all gone by the end of the winter.

“She’s done for if she’s out of teeth,” I said.

Ai: Did you give her money?

Zhao: No. I didn’t have any money then.

Ai: You picked up your first pile of money here with me?

Zhao: That first pile of money? Of course.

Ai: What about the second pile? The third pile?

Zhao: Yep, all of it. Even now.

Ai: So I guess you could say you have money now?

Zhao: Right. I was lost for a long time. It wasn’t until after Kassel in ’07 that I started feeling...

Ai: You hadn’t found your way.

Zhao: Right. I had no direction.

It was training. For a long time, mainly early on, he was filming Chang’an Avenue and the Bird’s Nest. It was a dull time. The films were too long, and there wasn’t any so called creativity in it. It was just a concept, with no sense of creation. All it needed was a certain amount of precision. It was probably quite depressing.

Then there was Kassel, and the pavilion fell.¹

Zhao Zhao remembers the pavilion falling. That’s right. Starting in ’05, we went to a lot of places together. We went to Austria in ’05. He remembers it well, because it was his first time abroad. After that, we went everywhere, Austria, Germany, Australia, Switzerland, America, Japan, Spain...

I said, “This feeling of wandering aimlessly without getting lost is probably connected to the time you rode your bike to Tibet in the early years, right?”

Zhao Zhao never really had any friends in Xinjiang. I don’t know about others, but for him, it was pretty lonely. He was just passing the time there, ever since he was a child. He still remembers when they knocked down the house to build some kind of factory. He would just play there, stacking up the bricks and just messing around. Before you



《老妈蹄花》拍摄花絮 Behind the scenes footage of *Disturbing the Peace*

"5.12 遇难学生调查" 计划拍摄花絮 Behind the scenes footage of Ai Weiwei's project "5.12 Citizens' Investigation"

knew it, another day had passed.
I asked if he was building something.
Zhao Zhao said, “I would just be playing around in the rubble, and the days would just go by. I didn’t have any friends. When I was with other people, they’d say something I’d never heard before. I was always curious, wanting to hear what others were saying.”
I asked him when he first began to grow interested in what he was doing.
He thinks it started when he began travelling. On the road, he would go to a lot of museums, and when he saw the works that he had once only seen in art books, it left a deep impression.
He began to think about this, about what an artwork is, what art is. It was all a bit fuzzy, because at the academy, he was constantly working away at painting, but after graduation, something else intervened, be it life or whatever.
About halfway into 2005, we went to the Salzburg Summer Academy in Austria. I was teaching some students, and we were talking about conceptual art.
We got to the issue of the origin of an artwork. I had several students at the time, just some random students, but they were all quite good.
You can see that this act of creation is something rooted in each individual. The conditions must be right. Most training gets those conditions wrong, so it is quite arduous.

Ai: What do you think about Caochangdi? The studio at Caochangdi.
Zhao: It was in late November 2004, after the dinner for Liu Xiaodong’s exhibition. We ate at Lido, and after dinner, everyone went home, and you invited me to go to your studio. We went from Lido to the 258 Studio. It was my first time. It was really late. The yard was empty, not like now, where it’s full of plants. The willows weren’t so tall then either. There weren’t any artworks. You showed me the exhibition hall, the one next to your room. There were 15 or 16 wooden logs there. Just a big pile of wood.
Ai: Those were there for a while.
Zhao: Yes, they were there for a while. When I went, I wondered, is this an artwork? That’s nice.
Ai: There was no way to sell it. I ended up making a map out of it.

He thought it was nice. Right, this artwork was just right. So after that night, that’s what I was doing. The others in my studio were just drawing things, and it didn’t necessarily have anything to do with art. Zhao Zhao felt that I didn’t have any connection to traditional art.

Ai: And then you went off shooting every day, or whenever you wanted to shoot. We didn’t really interact much then, right?
Zhao: When I started shooting, we didn’t interact much. I would come home very late to watch it. If you think about it, from 2005 to 2007, we

would go out to eat every day. We did this for years, just eating dinner every day. Fatty would drive the car in the daytime, and for dinner, I would do the driving, taking you to dinner and coming back very late.

He thought he was getting some good shots. He hadn’t used the 4×5 camera before. It took a long time, and a lot of wasted film, before he figured out how to use it. Just building up that technical base was quite a chore. Zhao Zhao never thought much about the technical stuff. He’s not the type to be interested in that.

He said it was fine as long as it wasn’t too complicated. If it was too complicated, he would forget what he had set out to do. “When you use the 4×5 camera, by the time you’ve gotten it all adjusted, you forget if you wanted to take the shot here, because now the position looks wrong, and then you’ve got to start over. Then there was the video camera. Every time you started filming, it would auto-focus; it was really annoying. You couldn’t control it.”
Then, after I finished with the Bird’s Nest, I got busy, and then I encountered the Yang Jia case. Kassel was something that everyone was talking about, but this Yang Jia case was a real incident.
He feels that I put a lot of heart into this issue. The Yang Jia incident was a special case. When we heard about it, the two of us went over to their house to walk around. Their windows had been broken, and it was very hot. When we drove up to the apartment complex, it felt like there were people stationed all over the place. That’s what it felt like.

Looking back now, we were really in the zone.
Zhao Zhao: Yeah, we were really in the zone. I think that when you really get involved in some incident, it feels a lot like that first time we went to Yang Jia’s home.

Neither of us feels that this has anything to do with art. Actually, making *Fairytale* had already transcended this, ignoring the issues of the past, and now dealing with a new, concrete issue. Interpretation is for later.
Zhao Zhao quietly watched for several years how I came up. I started out from zero. I laid some pillars out in a room for several years, maybe two or three. I don’t know. I just felt that I didn’t have an opportunity. Also, if I didn’t do something, what could I do? When the opportunity came, at least I knew I could always do nothing. Actually, I didn’t know this was feasible. I just followed my interests.
In this light, interests are very important.

Zhao Zhao agrees that interests are important, but what matters is that certain types of people get involved in certain types of things.
What kind of person you are determines what kinds of insights you have, and you enter into this kind of state. Other people go a long time before they can talk about it, right?

For Zhao Zhao, 2008 marked a great turning point. Three things happened: Yang Jia, the Olympics, the Sichuan earthquake. We went to Sichuan together. He took part in all these things. Though he didn't design the Bird's Nest, he did document the construction process in film. He also did the filming for the Yang Jia incident. I was writing things online every day at that time, and putting up the structure. But the earthquake was a huge deal. I can't remember how many days it was after the earthquake that we went to Wenchuan.

He remembers. He says we went to Sichuan four days after the earthquake. "We started heading for Yingxiu, in the disaster zone. You were taking photographs, and I was taking videos. When we passed the Yingxiu Middle School, we saw that the list of student names had been torn down. We were stupefied. You almost didn't notice it." He continued, "I never thought it would provoke such a reaction. I thought that now everyone had their eyes on Sichuan, the issue would get elevated. We went to the Communications Office several times, and caused a scene at the Public Security Bureau. It felt like you were always fighting with them. I didn't know they would come after you one day. I never imagined." "The system can't take such things sitting down. Think about this. It's not fully apparent yet, but it was a very important preparatory phase, when you took part in all of these surveys. Do you think it will have an impact?" I asked.

Zhao Zhao says he can only work his way up from little things. "For instance, with this earthquake, I'm thinking that if I had gone out there on my own, I would just film a documentary. I wouldn't set out to find some single point to do an exposé on. It's the same with Yang Jia. I think you can do these things in a very complete way. Actually, I think it's not just about the actions of a single individual, because you use the Internet to activate the whole thing. You bring up a topic, and this topic becomes effective on the Internet. Whether it's the people cursing you, or the people following you, this thing has an effect. You are able to grasp on to what makes it effective." That's how he sees it.

He believes it's about interests, about where you direct your energies. "For example, if I never met you, I wouldn't be doing this. Maybe over these past few years, I would've been painting in some village." Zhao Zhao says that if he wasn't an artist, he'd probably end up a thug. I think what he means is that he has this unbearable sense of repression. What does it come from? From the body, the family, the society or what? He says, "All of the above." I asked him which artwork made him feel, when he finished it, that this is what he wanted to do. Which artwork made him feel he could begin, that he could get started? He said it was probably the 2011 work *Officer*.

Officer is a lot like a mobster movie. The boss has been killed, and we're watching after he's been shot, right? They go to the hospital and say no, this body has to be moved. This set off

the first one. That artwork immediately met with problems. This was your starting point, and there was a lot of conflict around it. A lot of stuff about motives and concepts.

Something he started in 2007, was to glue a pebble onto Tiananmen Square. "You had this awareness because the Olympics were approaching, right? You were dressing up as a member of the People's Armed Police, and 'standing guard' at Tian'anmen. It was already linked to the police state. You felt that control at this time was inevitable."

On August 8, 2008, he did *On Guard* at Tiananmen. I told him to be careful, not to make trouble. We had breakfast together that day. We ate noodles. There's a photograph. After 2008, he started seeking. He didn't have any clear direction. Zhao Zhao said, "After the exhibition in 2011, I started to have a clear idea that I wanted to do something." There was a solo exhibition planned for April 2012, but then, all of the artworks from 2008 to 2011, which had been packed up in three shipping containers, got confiscated by Customs at Tianjin. They still haven't been released. To this day, we haven't heard anything about them.

But for him, of course he never wanted this to happen, but there was this metaphysical force at work, in that someone else cared about these artworks, and they cared very much about them, because three hours before the boat was scheduled to leave port, the State Security Bureau had the whole boat stopped, just to take these three containers off. That kind of thing only happens for drugs or weapons, at least in most cases. We still have no idea what was going on. They were confiscated by the State Security Bureau. It had nothing to do with the police. Zhao Zhao says that between the sculptures, paintings and photographs, there were over 20 artworks in total.

Zhao: I was thinking at the time that perhaps it was because of *Officer*. Maybe they found the image provocative? He was wearing a police uniform and hat. Maybe that was the problem.
Ai: The uniform and the hat, wasn't it all carved out of stone?
Zhao: It was carved out of stone, but it was the image of the police officer. I was thinking maybe they would trump it up.
Ai: You never know, right? Were you nervous?
Zhao: I was pretty nervous throughout 2012.
Ai: Because of what happened in 2011.

Zhao: I started getting shut out after that. The first time was at Jing Gallery in Caochangdi. We were doing a five person exhibition with me, He Yunchang, Xia Xing and two sculptors. The exhibition was set to open on Saturday. On Friday night, we finished setting up the exhibition, and at 11:00 pm, the gallery owner and two managers were



赵赵参与拍摄的四部艾未未作品

Zhao Zhao assisted in the filming many of Ai Weiwei's films, including *Disturbing the Peace*, *Ping'an Yueqing* (2011), *One Recluse* (2010) and *Fairytale*.

brought in to talk with the Cuigezhuang Police. They picked them up at 11, and talked until three in the morning.

Ai: There weren't any ads for the exhibition, and there wasn't any discussion in the papers. How did they find out about the exhibition?

Zhao: There were posters, and it was announced online. They must have sent out the announcement a week before the exhibition. The gallery owner called me up crying. She was afraid. She apologized, saying the police told her she couldn't do my exhibition. The police said that I wasn't an artist. I was taken out of the exhibition. It was all very confusing. What's your take on it?

Ai: How can you not be an artist? That means maybe I'm not an artist either. This is clearly a political issue. The state apparatus was put into motion. How could it not be political? But it's also clearly an aesthetic issue, because the state has defined what beauty is, deciding who isn't an artist and what isn't an artwork. Politics always seems to intervene.

Zhao: It's that you can't make a statement. Otherwise, you'll possibly face these threats. Not possibly, you must be restricted, and when the time comes, it'll be ruthless. They never came to see me.

Ai: This is something they do very well. When I did the *Black Book*, they came after people with official work units, saying it was a political issue. I kept waiting for them to come to me, but they never did. It got everyone around me scared, because this was definitely a problem. They came to other people but not to me. I didn't know what the problem was. It has an effect. You start thinking about it, but you can't go find "him," because there is no him.

Zhao: There is no him. It's not a person or a thing.

I asked him if he was still in the zone.

Zhao Zhao said, "I think I didn't really want anything more from this exhibition or these artworks. It was just something I wanted to stand for. It seems that when you have the right to speak, you can say what you want to say."

"Right, there is a certain amount of space here. Basically, it is a method that you are familiar with, but the other side is certainly not. With them being so arbitrary about it, they are clearly out of options. The advantage is clear. The predicament reveals the source of the problem.

Zhao Zhao said, "It's just that for me, I hadn't held out a lot of hope. It's fine. What can I do? If we wanted to do something, we would go through a lot. If we didn't, we'd be just fine."

Ai: What's your personality? What's your sign?

Zhao: Cancer. I'm a homebody.

Ai: What month is cancer?

Zhao: June to July.
Ai: What's your zodiac animal?
Zhao: Year of the dog.
Ai: And your blood type?
Zhao: Type O.
Ai: Type O. I don't know what cancers are known for.
Zhao: We stay home.
Ai: People who can stay put.
Zhao: Right, we stay put. If someone doesn't come looking for me, I won't go looking for them.
Ai: What if they do?
Zhao: Then there's trouble. I'll hold a grudge.
Ai: Do you tell people to steer clear of you?
Zhao: Sometimes. I'll tell them if they don't know.
Ai: This kind of person likes to sit around at home, right?
Zhao: Right.

That year, he just stuck around the house, stuck around the village. The village had come to a standstill. Then he was brought to the police station. It seemed like they were doing something wrong at the police station, but not much really happened. They just held him for a few weeks. I think it was a good thing.
Zhao Zhao felt that they were out of order, that they didn't follow a process, and they didn't. They say it's a security case, and so it is.

I think it's like the Yang Jia case. He says killing is wrong, but there wasn't any process. It's just like saying that fighting is wrong. There's no process. It's just a simple matter of violence. When you talk to them about process, they respond about results, and neither side gets through to the other. They're not people; they're a system. That's how it feels.

For this exhibition in Los Angeles, he painted a series of paintings. I think they're of the sky.

Ai: You painted some tree forks before, right?
Zhao: Tree branches.
Ai: What's the difference between a branch and a fork?
Zhao: They were tree branches.
Ai: Is this another spot-the-difference?
Zhao: Yes. I sat at home painting the sky under the smog.

This is a bit like the ancient painters. They always painted wind, rain and snow. They rarely painted normal weather. Then there is the artwork made from the cut Buddha statues. Your works seem to be becoming increasingly direct and simple. There's this feeling that they are becoming anti-artworks. Doesn't this go against the teaching at

China's art academies? So I've noticed at the branded exhibitions of today, people like to have a kind of academy tone in their works.

It seems that Zhao Zhao's works in recent years possess artistic traits, or perhaps you can't say they have artistic interests, but instead have certain direct things, certain actions or weighted presumptions built into them. They have been designed.
Zhao Zhao thinks that an artwork is primarily a process for him at this point in time. It should be a dull, aimless thing. He also avoids too much involvement in issues such as production, of how to create a work. For these statues, these Buddha statues, he cuts away what was originally there, and this process fits with his conception of a dull, desolate process. When completed, what emerges is basic stone material.

Culture needs a platform, a context. In recent years, he has been the subject of much attention. I asked him about his views on the current state of photography and the art scene in China. It is quite active. I also asked how he would compare with others in his generation.

"I think you should instead compare me with the New Generation or the artists of the 1980s. I'm really not familiar with the working methods or ideas of my own peers, because, as you know, throughout the process of learning oil painting at the academy, and in my own work experience, my interactions have mostly been with more mature artists. I've met them all. I haven't had much interaction with young artists, even now.

"Recently, there has been more media attention, reports in art magazines. I created a work this year that elicited quite a bit of discussion. First, I sent out four key words on Weibo (a Chinese microblog site): Slap and Crush, Leather Shoes and Family. It got retweeted a lot, and ended up on the front page, with lots of clicks and commentary. Sina News had picked up on it. If it hadn't been retweeted around, then these four key terms wouldn't have amounted to much, but after it attracted so much attention, I decided that it could be used as the title or topic of an artwork. But as I created the performance work, it ended up not having much to do with this whole thing. It went in a different direction.

"For the artwork *Slap*, I found a volunteer on the internet. The volunteer agreed to let me slap him on both sides of the face with my right hand. I set a time and a place, and he was there waiting for me. Altogether, four people agreed over the internet to do this. Among them, I chose someone from Hubei Province. I didn't know him and we didn't speak. I'm guessing that he found out about this from Fu Xiaodong's online call for volunteers. He agreed. We carried out the slapping on October 27 of last year. It was an event, taking place in an agreed place and time, where I came to slap him twice.

"Then I said I wanted to do the affair artwork. The process for *Crush* was that I was looking for a volunteer who would let me use a knife to stab him in the back with my right hand. We sent word out online, and twelve people volunteered. That's how it

went. It was quite simple.

This went on until September of this year. Sun Yuan came to me and said he wanted to do it. ‘I’ll be your volunteer. Can I sign up?’ I said that he could volunteer, but he’d have to sign up and then I would think about it. So now we had thirteen people. I decided to meet with them. I met with seven of the volunteers, but none of them fit.”

Ai: Why not? Was their skin too slippery?

Zhao: No. They had too many questions.

Ai: That’s not very feasible.

Zhao: Right.

Ai: What did they ask about the most?

Zhao: They would ask how long the knife was, and how deep I would stab them.

Ai: Had you thought that through? Did you say how long it was?

Zhao: I hadn’t. I actually didn’t know what knife I was going to use. I hadn’t chosen it yet.

Ai: So you did some quick thinking and settled on a pencil sharpener?

Zhao: I didn’t have a knife. I thought I could find someone who would agree without any questions.

Ai: But they all asked?

Zhao: They basically all asked except for Sun Yuan. Only Sun Yuan said, “Just tell me when.” I also thought he had the right body.

Ai: A good body for stabbing. What kind of knife did you use?

Zhao: I used a Yengisar knife.

Ai: Where did you get it?

Zhao: Xinjiang.

Ai: Where?

Zhao: I bought it at a farmer’s market.

Ai: Was it a new knife, or an old one?

Zhao: An old knife.

Ai: Good steel?

Zhao: Not bad.

Ai: Was it sharp?

Zhao: Yes. It has a single edge that tapers off to a point in a smooth line.

Ai: Did you stab him?

Zhao: Yes.

Ai: Was it satisfying?

Zhao: It was okay. I did it.

After I stabbed him, I wanted to use the knife for *Leather Shoes*. For this work, I would take the knife I used to stab Sun Yuan, and give it to a volunteer. The volunteer would have to tell me a reason to give him the

knife. If I thought the reason was good, I would give it to him.

Ai: Did anyone want the knife?

Zhao: A lot of people have asked for it so far, but none of the reasons have been any good. A lot of them wanted to stab themselves, to hurt themselves. Some wanted to stab me. How could I agree to that?

Then, for *Family*, I sought out a volunteer, a home I could be a guest in.

Ai: Have you done *Family* yet?

Zhao: I have. I found a home. I was looking for a home with kids and with old people, and I wanted to see how long I could stay there before they kicked me out.

Ai: How long did you stay? Was it 16 hours?

Zhao: I stayed for 15 hours.

Ai: I remember it as 16 hours. That’s what the report said.

Zhao: It was 15 hours.

Ai: Did they call the police?

Zhao: They didn’t call the police. They just said, “If you don’t leave, we’ll have to call the police. We don’t want our kid to see you again when he gets up at six in the morning.”

Ai: Okay. Did you talk with them?

Zhao: I did.

Ai: What did you say?

Zhao: I said, “Didn’t we agree that I would leave after breakfast?” They said if I kept this up, they would call the cops.

Ai: They couldn’t take it anymore?

Zhao: They couldn’t go to sleep.

Ai: Because you were just sitting there.

Zhao: I was on the couch.

Ai: Did you pace around?

Zhao: No, I just sat there.

Ai: Did you read?

Zhao: I didn’t read. I’d look at my phone sometimes, but I didn’t make a sound.

Ai: How many people in the family?

Zhao: There were six of them.

Ai: Did they start talking about it?

Zhao: They all went back to their rooms and started talking about it at midnight. Of course they did.

Ai: Who served as their representative?

Zhao: It was the son, a guy in his thirties. Around 11 or 12, he started saying things like “Aren’t you tired?”

Ai: How did you end up there?



艾未未 2007 年纪录片《童话》视频截图；赵赵参与了该作品的部分拍摄。

Video stills from Ai Weiwei's documentary film *Fairytale* (2007); Zhao Zhao participated in this project.

Zhao: I just went up and knocked on the door.

Ai: Weren't you introduced to them?

Zhao: I was.

Ai: This guy who introduced you, what did he say?

Zhao: He said I was an artist, and that I wanted to learn about a normal family, about family life. They thought I was doing some kind of artistic survey, looking for material for something.

Ai: It wasn't like that, though. You went there and didn't speak.

Zhao: Right. They invited me for lunch, then dinner, and then they watched the nightly news. At nine, they said their child was going to bed. They meant it was about time to leave.

Ai: But did you tell them you wanted to stay until the next day?

Zhao: I never said I wanted to stay until the next day. At 11, they said, "Are you in some kind of trouble? Don't you have somewhere to stay? Do you need money or some other kind of help?" I said I wasn't in trouble, I just wanted to stay a little longer. They asked when I was planning on leaving, because their child went to bed at nine, and gets up at about six or seven every morning. I said I would leave after breakfast. They gave up and said I could stay the night, and even brought out a blanket to use on the couch. They all went to bed at midnight, and then, a little after two, the son came out and sat down next to me. He said, "We didn't know you before, and we don't want to know you after this. I don't want the kid to see you when he gets up in the morning. You say you want to stay for breakfast, but if you insist, I'm going to call the police." I said okay and left.

Ai: Could you find a taxi at that hour?

Zhao: I did.

Ai: Where there a lot of taxis? Did you have to wait?

Zhao: I had to walk out to the corner. There was a hospital right by their house.

Ai: Where did you go?

Zhao: I got in a taxi and went back to Caochangdi.

When I do things, I like to stretch them out a bit.

Ai: Is this something you were consciously aware of? Did you think about exhibiting in galleries or working in these circles? There are a lot of limitations in this area.

Zhao: At first, I always wanted to make music. I always thought I could find some way outside of this system.

Ai: Why don't you?

Zhao: That takes time.

Ai: How old are you now?

Zhao: 33.

Ai: Last year, you were busy with your own stuff, and I basically left you alone, except for the exhibition at the Ullens Center, when I asked you to help me take my artworks back. What did you think about that at the time?

Zhao: I was thinking about taking your artworks back.

Ai: I think you’ve done that twice before, so you have some experience there.

Zhao: Right. I’ve removed your works from two exhibitions. When you do that, you’re going to piss some people off, so you have to keep your distance. There are only so many people in the art scene. Do you know them all? It’s very complicated now, with all these different interests tied together.

Ai: It’s quite interesting, don’t you think? This turned into a really big deal. Cui Cancan showed it to me on his phone, because my phone doesn’t have it. He said, “Take a look at this.” I saw the exhibition didn’t list me, so I said I wanted my artworks back.

Zhao: It’s even more complicated now. There are factions.

Ai: Is this faction thing a big deal?

Zhao: Let’s look at a recent event as an example. A month ago, Xingwei called me, but I didn’t pick up. He sent a message saying he wanted to do an exhibition called “The Path of Life” and basically invited me to join. I told him I couldn’t.

Ai: Why?

Zhao: I have no need to get involved in this stuff. He spent a lot of money to collect stuff from these artists. If I took part in the exhibition, he would collect my work. He couldn’t reach me by phone, so he called Haitao. He asked why I didn’t answer his calls, and I said I don’t really understand what this guy is up to, so there was no need to take his call. He asked if I was going to participate, and I asked why I should. He said he could loan some of my works from the gallery, but not sell them. I said that wouldn’t work either. He asked what he was supposed to tell him. I said to say whatever he wanted. He called him or sent him a message saying I wasn’t going to take part, that it wasn’t the right fit.

Xingwei responded with “got it,” and went on to do his exhibition. This was something recent. I don’t know if you feel it, but it’s like a group of people are trying to pull you into their clique, and I don’t know what they’re thinking. I used to think it was nice being an artist. You could just do your own thing. But now there are these different forces, and it’s all getting too complicated. Shanghai’s got this “port culture,” with its own factions, and in Beijing, people group together by who they like. They

form into factions, and then the whole game of profits and interests emerges. It’s really complicated, really dirty.

Zhao Zhao is right. This isn’t something normal people do. But I can’t force it on them. Under this kind of pressure, you see, I have to do this. I don’t hang out with these people, and they don’t care. What does it matter? I’m not a part of this, but I have to take my own stance. I can’t say that other people don’t care. It’s not about that. This system has distorted the condition of the artist. This is a form of self-examination. People have to care. They can’t just watch their houses get demolished and not care. Another thing has changed now. Before, people would say that this guy’s artworks are too politicized, but now there’s been a change. It’s not about standing together to support some cause. There’s always a right and wrong. Our people can’t always talk about Yin and Yang while ignoring right and wrong. This is an evil thought process. It’s about how to get by the best. In China’s current state of eating itself from the inside and crawling off to the outside, they go through the motions on some key issues, but that’s not right. If they want to clearly say that we have some problem, that’s fine. But when they say that old Ai wants to disrupt the exhibition opening, that’s poisoning the well. It’s okay if you don’t want to put me in the exhibition.

Zhao Zhao has used his own methods to prove the possibility of another form of existence, one not necessarily inside our secular framework. He was talking about this whole issue of people forming into factions, and if that weren’t the case, you wouldn’t see people acting like this. I told those artists before that it makes them look like they’re all out of tricks, getting involved in all these shady connections. History is just a long series of fragments. Not everything gets written down in the archives. If, as an artist, you can’t maintain your independence, you’re not going to last, and you shouldn’t bother trying.

Today, Zhao Zhao is in a good state of mind. He still goes out looking for trouble where there is none. He still gets bored. He still wants me to write something. Zhao Zhao has attitude, and this attitude of his, neither too hot nor too cold, is going to take him far.

December 12, 2014



2008年四川汶川地震现场，摄影：艾未未 Wenchuan earthquake, Sichuan Province, 2008. Photo: Ai Weiwei



个展	
2016	“安全感”，当代唐人艺术中心，香港，中国
2015	“赵赵——星空 II”，前波画廊，纽约，美国
	“赵赵”，Carl Kostyál 基金会，斯德哥尔摩，瑞典
	“赵赵——无处不在”，Roberts & Tilton 画廊，洛杉矶，美国
	“46 届瑞士巴塞尔艺术展”，站台中国当代艺术机构，巴塞尔，瑞士
2014	“无题——赵赵”，站台中国当代艺术机构，北京，中国
	“不安——赵赵”，前波画廊，北京，中国
	“如何——赵赵个展”，站台中国当代艺术机构，香港，中国
2013	“星空——赵赵”，前波画廊，纽约，美国
	“没什么画（续）”，亚历山大·奥克斯画廊，柏林，德国
	“安全感：赵赵项目”，站台中国当代艺术机构，北京，中国
	“安全感 II：我爱中国，中国爱我”，站台中国当代艺术机构，北京，中国
2012	“没什么画”，亚历山大·奥克斯画廊，北京，中国
2011	“近作”，前波画廊，北京，中国
	“裸体行走”，亚历山大·奥克斯画廊，柏林，德国
2009	“5113，1# 51 平方项目”，泰康空间，北京，中国
2008	“大泉沟”，艺术文件仓库，北京，中国
群展	
2016	“光映现场：赵赵——塔克拉玛干计划 2016”，香港巴塞尔艺术展，香港，中国
2015	“精神”，米兰当代艺术馆，意大利
	“BEYOND STUFF”，三藩画廊，东京，日本
	“聚变：1930 年代以来的中国现当代艺术”，武汉大学万林艺术博物馆，武汉
2014	“我这一代：中国青年艺术家”，坦帕美术馆，佛罗里达，美国
	“零容忍”，MoMA PS1，纽约，美国
	“时间是一个锯”，克罗斯曼画廊，威斯康星大学，美国
	“不在图像中行动”，佩斯北京 / 当代唐人艺术中心 / 常青画廊，北京，中国
	“虫洞 - 地缘引力”，大未来林舍画廊，台北，中国
	“纽约军械库艺术展·聚焦中国”，前波画廊，纽约，美国
	“创你所欲”，第 19 届悉尼双年展，悉尼，澳大利亚
	“ART14 伦敦艺博会”，亚历山大·奥克斯画廊，伦敦，英国
2013	“以物观物”，三藩画廊，北京，中国
	“第十四届 OPEN 行为艺术节”，空间站，北京，中国
	“阅读”，Leo Xu Projects，上海，中国
	“丛林 II- 弥漫的形态：相对论”，站台中国当代艺术机构，北京，中国
	“个体生长：当代艺术的动力”，天津美术馆，天津，中国
	“LISTE 18”，LISTE 巴塞尔艺术博览会，巴塞尔，瑞士



		“星空”，香港巴塞尔艺术博览会，香港，中国
		“基础部”，泰康空间，北京，中国
		“不合作方式 2”，格罗宁根美术馆，荷兰
		“中国中国”，乌克兰平丘克艺术中心，基辅，乌克兰
		“权力的游戏”，亚洲美术馆，柏林，德国
		“消极或抵抗？”，泰康空间，北京，中国
		“杜尚与 / 或 / 在中国”，尤伦斯当代艺术中心，北京，中国
		“ON OFF：中国年轻艺术家的观念与实践”，尤伦斯当代艺术中心，北京，中国
		2012 “最差的展览”，分沁场，北京，中国
		“没关系”，新时代画廊，北京，中国
		“未来展”，中央美院美术馆，北京，中国
		2011 “水中捞月”，詹姆斯·科恩画廊，纽约，美国
		“图像·历史·存在——泰康人寿保险股份有限公司 15 周年艺术品收藏展”，中国美术馆，北京，中国
		“5x5 卡斯特罗 2011”，卡斯特罗当代艺术中心，卡斯特罗，西班牙
		“1+1 两岸四地艺术交流计”，何香凝美术馆，深圳 / 香港艺术中心，香港 / 关渡美术馆，台北
		“自选动作”，荔空间，北京，中国
		“51 平方米：16 位年轻艺术家”，泰康空间，北京，中国
		2010 “心境——第三届上海当代艺术馆文献展”，上海当代艺术馆，上海，中国
		“概念之酶”，成都 A4 画廊，成都，中国
		“分享主义”，2010 大声展，北京 / 上海，中国
		“3+x——身边人、身边事 当代艺术展”，艺术文件仓库，北京，中国
		“无名站——中国 / 澳大利亚当代艺术展”，伊比利亚当代艺术中心，北京，中国
		“断章取义”，梯空间，北京，中国
		“动起来”，荔空间，北京，中国
		“表征的重负”，奥沙画廊，香港，中国
		“也是个地儿”，C 空间，北京，中国
		“档案”，奥沙画廊，香港，中国
		2009 “艺术新经济”，奥沙画廊，上海，中国
		“私人空间”，北领地当代艺术中心，达尔文，澳大利亚
		“工作坊：艺术家是如何工作的”，伊比利亚当代艺术中心，北京，中国
		2008 “癫狂北京”，PKM 画廊，北京，中国
		“失眠”，比翼艺术中心，上海，中国
		“风景的拓扑”，玛吉画廊，北京，中国
		“断舌”，梯空间，北京，中国
		“介入——艺术生活 366”，证大现代艺术馆，上海，中国





Zhao Zhao

1982 Born in Xinjiang, China

2003 Graduated from the Xinjiang Institute of Arts, Department of Oil Painting, BFA

Currently living and working in Beijing, China

SOLO EXHIBITION

- 2016
- “A Sense of Security,”Tang Contemporary Art, Hong Kong, China
- 2015
- “Constellations Zhao Zhao II,” Chambers Fine Art, New York, USA
- “Zhao Zhao,” Carl Kostyal, Stockholm, Sweden
- “Zhao Zhao–Omnipresent,” Roberts & Tilton Gallery, LA, USA
- “46th Art Basel in Switzerland,” Platform China Contemporary Art Institute, Basel, Switzerland
- 2014
- “Untitled–Zhao Zhao,” Platform China Contemporary Art Institute, Beijing, China
- “Zhao Zhao–Uncertainty,” Chambers Fine Art, Beijing, China
- “How–Zhao Zhao,” Platform China Contemporary Art Institute, Hong Kong, China
- 2013
- “Constellations–Zhao Zhao,” Chambers Fine Art, New York, USA
- “Nothing inside II,” Alexander Ochs Galleries, Berlin, Germany
- “A Sense of Security: Zhao Zhao,” Platform China Contemporary Art Institute, Beijing, China
- “A Sense of Security II: China Likes Me and I Like China,” Platform China Contemporary Art Institute, Beijing, China
- 2012
- “Nothing Inside,” Alexander Ochs Galleries, Beijing, China
- 2011
- “New Works,” Chambers Fine Art, Beijing, China
- “Naked Walking,”Alexadner Ochs Galleries, Berlin, Germany
- 2009
- “5113, 1# 51 Square meters Project,” TaiKang Space, Beijing, China
- 2008
- “Da Quan Gou,” CAAW, Beijing, China

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2016
- “Art Basel Hong Kong Film Sector: Zhao Zhao-Project Taklamakan 2016,” Art Basel, Hong Kong, China
- 2015
- “Spirit,” Padiglione D’Arte Contemporanea, Milan, Italy
- “BEYOND STUFF,” Mizuma Art Gallery,Tokyo, Japan
- “Fusion: Chinese Modern and Contemporary Art since 1930s,” Wanlin Art Museum, Wuhan University, Wuhan, China
- 2014
- “My Generation:Young Chinese Artists,”Tampa Museum of Art, Florida, USA
- “Zero Tolerance,” MoMA PS1, New York, USA
- “Time is a Saw: Established and Emerging Contemporary Chinese Artists,” Crossman Gallery, University of Wisconsin–Whitewater, Wisconsin, US
- “Unlived by What is Seen,” Tang Contemporary Art/Pace Gallery Beijing/Galleria Continua, Beijing, China
- “Wormhole.Geo–attraction,” Lin & Lin Gallery, Taipei
- “New York Armory Art · Focus on China,” Chambers Fine Art, New York, United States
- “You Imagine What You Desire,” 19th Biennale of Sydney, Australia
- “ART14 London,” London, UK
- 2013
- “More Than Meets The Eye,” Mizuma & One Gallery, Beijing, China
- “The 14th OPEN Performance Art Festival,” Space Station, Beijing, China
- “Read,” Leo Xu Projects, Shanghai, China
- “Jungle II–A Thriving Morphology: Theory Of Relativity,” Platform China Contemporary Art Institute, Beijing, China
- “Individual Growth–Motive Power of Contemporary Art,” Tianjin Art Museum, Tianjin, China

- “Groundwork Community,” Taikang space, Beijing, China
- “FUCK OFF 2,” Groninger Museum, Holland
- “China China,” PinchukArtCentre, Kiev, Ukraine
- “Humboldt Lab Dahlem,” Museum of Asian Art, Berlin, Germany
- “Game of Thrones,” Asian Art Museum, Berlin, Germany
- “Pessimism or Resistance?,” Taikang Space, Beijing, China
- “Marcel Duchamp And/Or/In China,” Ullens Center for Contemporary Art, Beijing, China
- “ON | OFF: China’s Young Artists In Concept And Practice,” Ullens Center for Contemporary Art, Beijing, China
- 2012
- “The Worst Show,” Gland, Beijing, China
- “Detached Involvement,” New Age Gallery, Beijing, China
- “CAFAM-Future Exhibition,” CAFA Art Museum, Central Academy of Fine Arts, Beijing, China
- 2011
- “Catching the Moon in the Water,” James Cohen Gallery, New York, USA
- “Image, History, Existence: Taikang Life 15th Anniversary Art Collection Exhibition,” National Art Museum Of China, Beijing, China
- “5x5Castelló2011,” Premi Internacional d’Art Contemporani Diputació de Castelló, Castelló, Spain
- “1 + 1: A Cross-strait-four-regions,” Artistic Exchange Project, He Xiangning Museum, Shenzhen/Hong Kong Arts Centre, Hong Kong/Kuandu Museum of Fine Art, Taipei
- “Freestyle,” Li Space, Beijing, China
- “51 m²: 16 Emerging Chinese Artist,” Tai Kang Space, Beijing, China
- 2010
- “Reflection of Minds: MoCA Shanghai Envisage III,” Museum of Contemporary Art Shanghai, China
- “Conception as Enzyme,” A4 Gallery, Chengdu, China
- “Get it Louder 2010: Sharism,” Beijing/ Shanghai, China
- “3+X: People and Things Around Contemporary Art Exhibition,” CAAW, Beijing, China
- “No-Name Station,” China/Australia Contemporary Art Exhibition, Iberia Center for Contemporary Art, Beijing, China
- “Interpret Out of Context,” T Space, Beijing, China
- “Moving!,” Li Space, Beijing, China
- “The Burden of Representation,” Osage Gallery, Hong Kong
- “Also Space,” C-Space, Beijing, China
- “Archives,” Osage Gallery, Hong Kong
- 2009
- “Art Economies Beyond Pattern Recognition,” Osage Gallery, Shanghai, China
- “Personal Space,” 24 HR Art-Northern Territory Contemporary Art Centre, Darwin, Australia
- “Work in Progress–How Do Artists Work,” Iberia Center for Contemporary Art, Beijing, China
- 2008
- “Delirious Beijing,” PKM Gallery, Beijing, China
- “Insomnia,” BizArt Art Center, Shanghai, China
- “Landscape Topology,” Magee Art Gallery, Beijing, China
- “Chinese Freedom,” T Space. Beijing, China
- “Interposition 366,” Zendai Museum of Modern Art, Shanghai, China

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P064 《打火机》，2016，和田玉，2.2 × 1 × 7.7 cm *Lighter*, 2016, nephrite, 2.2 × 1 × 7.7 cm



P066 《不安》，2014，塔（明、清）、石头、木头、铜、绳、钢筋，73 × 73 × 214 cm *Uncertainty*, 2014, stupas (Ming, Qing dynasty), stone, wood, steel, rope, re-bar, 73 × 73 × 214 cm



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P172 《耳光》，2013，行为，摄影，100 × 150 cm *Slap*, 2013, performance, photograph, 100 × 150 cm



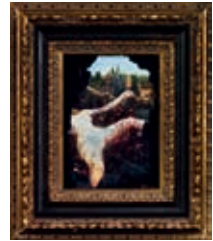
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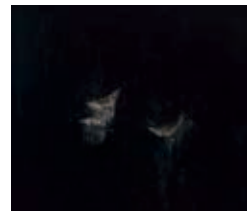
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P082 “一秒系列”，2015，纸上铅笔 每张 24 × 32 cm *"One Second" series*, 2015, pencil on paper, 24 × 32 cm each



P086 《一秒》，2016，布面油画 200 × 300 cm *One Second*, 2016, oil on canvas 200 × 300 cm



P210 《精液包裹克里斯托和珍妮·克劳德》，2008，装置，布料、照片，5 × 5 cm, 67 × 103 cm *Wrapping Christo and Jeanne-Claude With Semen*, 2008, installation, fabric, photograph, 5 × 5 cm, 67 × 103 cm



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P224 《行走》，2006，行为，摄影，一套2张，每张 100 × 150 cm *Walking*, 2006, performance, photograph, set of 2, 100 × 150 cm each



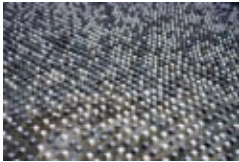
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P098 《积木》，2015，木材、铝板，尺寸可变 *Building Blocks*, 2015, wood, aluminum, dimensions variable



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P102 《汉白玉蛋》，2015，装置（汉白玉），尺寸可变 *White Marble Eggs*, 2015, installation (white marble), dimensions variable



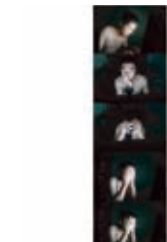
P108 “天空”系列，2006，布面油画 400 × 400 cm *"Sky" series*, 2006, oil on canvas, 400 × 400 cm



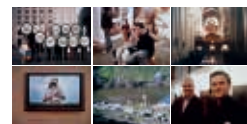
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P246 《一件洗过一水的衣服》，2006，棉布，35 × 50 × 15 cm *Shirt Washed Once*, 2006, cotton, 35 × 50 × 15 cm



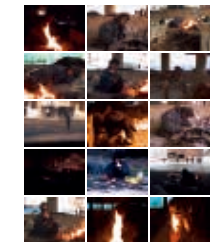
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赵 赵 — 赵赵个展

Zhao Zhao - Zhao Zhao Solo Exhibition

2016.09.03 - 2016.10.22

特别感谢 SPECIAL THANKS TO
 艾未未、崔灿灿、芭芭拉·波拉克·唐冠科、John Dodelande、郑 林、邓喜红、郭建华、黄知衡、张曼琪、路 青、龙 玉、茅为清、毛 然、晏丽芳、吕恒中、杰罗姆·桑斯、
 乌里·希克、孙冬冬、孙 宁、唐 昕、王建民、薛 梅、杨伯都、赵 非、赵剑桥、陈海涛、包彦钦、赵建桥、金 麟，以及前波画廊、柏林亚洲美术馆、亚力山大·奥克斯
 画廊、DSL 基金会、Carl Kostyál 基金会、站台中国当代艺术机构、Roberts & Tilton 画廊、泰康空间和北京天地众行国际贸易有限公司
 Ai Weiwei, Cui Cancan, Barbara Pollock, John Tancock, John Dodelande, Zheng Lin, Deng Xihong, Guo Jianhua, Uli, Zhang Manqi, Lu Qing, Long Yu, Chris Mao,
 Mao Ran, Yan Lifang, Lv Hengzhong, Jérôme Sans, Uli Sigg, Sun Dongdong, Sun Ning, Tang Xin, Wang Jianmin, May Xue, Yang Bodu, Zhao Fei, Jane Zhao, Chen
 Haitao, Bao Yanqin, Zhao Jianqiao, Jin lin, Chambrs Fine Art, Museum of Aisan Art, Alexander Ochs Gallery, DSL Foundation, Carl Kostyál Stockholm, Platform China
 Contemporary Art Institute, Roberts & Tilton Gallery, Taikang Space, and Top Space (China) International Trade Co., Ltd

主编：赵 赵
 编辑：郭 娟、崔灿灿
 文字撰述：崔灿灿、芭芭拉·波洛克、艾未未、唐冠科、孙冬冬、赵 赵
 翻译：谢 飞、彭哲文、周 颖
 审校：郭巍巍、王多妮、谢 飞
 平面设计：刘丽娜

Editor-in-Chief: Zhao Zhao
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 Design: Liu Lina



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ISBN 978-988-77565-8-3
 ¥ 500.00
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