

近距离

“看见什么画什么”，郭冰心在去年八月的日记里这样写道。当时她在上海郊区画室里的温度达到了 38 度，虽然热浪让她筋疲力尽、感觉头晕脑胀，她依然故我地画画和制作小型泥塑。而在刚刚过去的冬天她又经历了正好相反的情况：零下 10 度的气温，不得不穿好几层衣服来抵御寒冷。她很小心地戴着帽子保护头发几乎剃得精光的脑袋。她写道：那么冷的天，不画画能干啥，不画画更觉得冷！她在两本生活《日记》里，记述她与绘画的关系，仔细观察自己的心得——冰心注释道，引导她的不是大脑，也不是理智，而是某种“身体的智慧”，某种生理的自发性引导她做每一件事。甚至经常在恍惚出神的状态下绘画，女画家不时地回过神来发觉自己在拿着画笔作画。

每个月看到她完成的画作数量，人们都感到很惊奇。绘画的行为好像是一种冲动让冰心处于某种情不自禁的发作状态。我想象她手握着画笔沉浸在画布里，置身其中且激情四射，胸有成竹地挥笔作画，颇有几分历史上点彩派的风格，但是没有前者理论上的意图，在调色板上神经质地调和堆叠的颜色，色调出于激情更甚于审美或色彩的考虑。

那些从画面的各个角度观察我们的目光，看似立体派的个性化重新审视，那些紧闭的嘴唇从不展露笑容，首先是对自己不苟言笑。无情地审视自己，以不同的方式扭曲自己的形象，将其放大、拉长或重叠，就如同在打碎又堆在一起的镜子碎片里看到的那样。我觉得冰心做出了疯狂反复的努力，来通过多种视角审视自我和重新认识自我。那面打碎的镜子帮助她超越任何写实、比例和审美的理念，解剖的局部在随意的色彩中互相融入，但是目光却始终朝着一个方向：目不转睛地盯着画自画像的女画家和作品前的观众。眼睛都是黑色的、严肃的、审视的、令人不安的、冷酷的。这些目光好像远离我刚说过的“发作”，远离动画家的情感参与（因为她认可），促使她反复地重画同样的主题（首先是她的脸和身体局部）以期深刻地了解它们，“占有”和近乎痴迷地注视它们。

冰心的绘画是一种跟自我的对话，形式上是解剖细节的马赛克拼图，也包括画家身边的用品和生物。

GALLERY MC | 美成空间

那些“生物”是花草植物，女画家发现且赞赏它们强大的生命能量。它们的色彩和那种对抗极端气候的抵抗力给观看的人们传达出积极和快乐的情绪，感染力来自花朵始终如一的慷慨绽放。人们不会问一朵花儿为什么芬芳，它纯粹的美丽对所有人都以同样的方式展示。在冰心所画的花朵中色彩的基调颤动着花朵自身的能量和画家快速的画笔所传达的能量，她描绘它们贪婪地企望揣摩品味它们的真谛并据为己有，同时也表达出对它们的由衷热爱。

在这里以排他和重复的方式展示的“对象”是手套，冬季的象征，当寒冷非常严酷时处于手和画笔之间的薄膜。画家的视点更加接近，用一种让人记起用橡皮涂擦的动作方式落笔作画。一些色彩的滴落强调所画对象及其绘画的表达：这里笔触留下的痕迹变成了主角。绘画材料的组织结构变成了真正的探索和关注的主体，因为在这里产生“对话”，发生作者和她自我世界里那些角色之间的关系。这个世界，外部原因使它变得更小，却使女画家能够更加深化自己与内心世界的关系，使之越来越私密，越来越接近、极近。

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MOST CLOSE

“I paint what I see” Guo Bingxin wrote in her diary last August. In her studio on the outskirts of Shanghai it is 38°C. Undeterred, although exhausted by the heatwave, Bingxin continued to paint and shape small clay pieces of sculpture with a clouded mind. This previous winter the opposite had been true: with 10°C below zero she wore several layers of clothing to protect herself from freezing. With her head practically shaved she was careful to protect it with caps. She writes: with such freezing weather what shall I do but paint? Should I not paint, I’d feel much colder! In her personal diaries — actually pages on her relationship with painting, the outcome of careful self observation — Bingxin remarks that neither her brain nor her rationality guides her, but a sort of “body’s wisdom”, a “physical spontaneity” conducts everything. On the contrary she often paints in a condition of semi-trance from which she occasionally resurfaces to realize she is holding a brush.

One is awed by the number of paintings completed every month. The act of painting appears to be compulsive as if she were caught in a paroxysmic vortex. I view her diving into the canvas brandishing her brush while carried away by the intensity of her empathy. I see her drawing with decision, her brush strokes in a style somewhat inspired by traditional divisionism however void of its theoretical aim, but convulsively tapped into her palette mix, drab or muted tones dictated by emotions more than by aesthetic or chromatic consideration.

That severe gaze looking at us from the canvas from various points of view, as if with a personal reinterpretation of cubism, and those tight lips that never open up in a smile, are actually addressed to herself. Looking at herself without mercy, twisting her image in various ways, multiplying it, stretching it or superimposing it as it might appear in a fragmented mirror held miraculously together, it looks to me that Bingxin performs a frenzied and reiterated effort to get to know and re-cognize herself from countless viewpoints. That fragmented mirror helps her to go beyond any consideration of likelihood, proportion, aesthetics. However, while anatomic details dissolve one into another by way of colors applied with great ease, the eyes are always oriented in one direction: they stare immobile and deep at the painter while she is portraying herself, as well as at us observing the picture. Dark, serious, inquisitive, disquieting eyes that are fixed and cold. They seem to be far away from the vehemence I have referred to, from the emotional involvement that overcomes the painter (her admission) pushing her to paint the same subject (above all her face and parts of her body) more and more in order to deeply know them, to “possess”

them and to pour on them her quasi manic attention.

Bingxin's is a dialogue with herself, as a mosaic of anatomic details as well as with the objects and lives that surround her. Such lives are plants and flowers whose strength and vital energy she has discovered and learned how to appreciate. Their colors and their resistance to extreme climates communicate positivity and joy to the observer; they are contagious in their impartial generosity. One does not ask a flower the reason of its perfume and its pure beauty is given out to all in the same way. In the flowers painted by Bingxin, the atoms in the colors vibrate by their own energy and by the rapidity of the artist's brush. She portraits them with the voracious intent of tasting their essence in depth and to absorb it herself, but at the same time to express all the love she bears them.

The "objects" presented here in an exclusive yet repetitive manner are gloves. A symbol of winter. Membrane interposing itself between hand and brush when cold becomes more pungent. The viewpoint becomes closer, brush strokes follow one another in tight movements which recall the sensation of rubber. Some drippings underline the difference between the object and its painted effigy: the protagonist here becomes the track left by the brush. The texture of the painted material becomes the main subject of interest and of research: it is here that the artist's and her world protagonists' dialogue take place. It is a world that although made smaller by external motives, has nevertheless made her deepen her relationship with herself, with her own interiority, making it more intimate, closer. Most close.

Monica Dematté

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