

# 李芃澎：池塘

Li Pengpeng: Ponds

艺术家 | Artist: 李芃澎 Li Pengpeng

策展人 | Curator: 何迟 He Chi

开幕时间 | Opening: 2023.4.2 16:00

开幕对谈 | Opening Talk: 2023.4.2 14:00-16:00

对谈嘉宾 | Guests: 黄周妥、何迟、李芃澎、闫冰 Huang Zhoutuo, He Chi, Li Pengpeng,

Yan Bing

展期 | Duration: 2023.4.2—2023.5.7

地点 | Venue: 美成空间 Gallery MC

地址 | Address: 深圳市南山区华侨城创意园北区 A4 栋 210-212

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我跟你讲一个事儿。小的时候，有一次我跟我爸后面，在池塘边上往家走，就是养鱼池那种堤坝，那种池塘啊，大池塘的好多，就在那个地垄上走走。我是想让他多陪我玩一会儿，当时我生病了，去学校请了假的。他是想让我赶紧回家写作业学习什么的。这样就有点矛盾，我又不敢说。我就跟在他后面，就有点祈祷的那个意思，心里默念着千万别带回家什么的。要不太惨了，我又生着病，又浪费着这个时间。我本来生病就是为了这个自由时间，想玩儿，玩一玩儿。

我从小就喜欢在野外待着，对田地、田野感情特别深。那个时候认识各种菜，各种昆虫，我都往家里抓，对它们一点戒备都没有，我不怕那东西有毒或者怎么样，天天抓。池塘里，就是在池塘里。但是我不抓鱼，特别奇怪。池塘里有很多别的昆虫，什么竹节虫，各种的，很有意思，感觉那个氛围和我挺对的，我老去。

跟在我爸后面祈祷这事儿，它还真应验了。我爸说，要不就跟你待一会儿，给你多点儿时间玩一会儿。

我们那个家属院玩儿的人特别少，基本上都是我自己。别的孩子家里管的很严，不让出来。我对这些自然物什么的非常感兴趣，那样过了好多年，快十年。我那个时候有点儿怀疑：我是把祈祷的这种心里话直接说出来了，让我爸听见了，我爸一想这孩子这么不想回去，就允许了。

这种跟我爸的，跟父亲之间的疏离感——也不能叫隔阂，其实没什么隔阂——有点父权的那种，我还是有点怕。我爸误会我很多事情，有时候有非常大的误会，比如他丢了什么东西，好像就怪我还打我，其实不是我干的。我是稍微有点怕他，他人也很随和，但是对我就有点狠，有的时候。

现在想起来，那个时候老牛了！我认识好多好多植物、动物，它们的根茎什么的，我都挖出来，都要去研究。各种蝴蝶，做那个捕蝶器，自己去弄回来。蜘蛛我也好多种，那种会织字母的毒蜘蛛，我都见过，但是那个不敢碰。蝎子我自己都抓过。反正就天天泡在地里那种感觉。像土豆儿，拉丝的那种，我都捋过一点儿，多长，什么颜色的。但是我对它的果实没兴趣，我就对它那构造什么的很着迷。我爱把野外好看的植物往自己院儿里移栽。

Here's a story which happened when I was little. There was a time when I was following my dad back home along some ponds, fishponds. There were quite a number of them, big ones, along the way. We were walking on the ridges among them. Just on sick leave from school, I was hoping he could spend more time with me, but he was hurrying me back home for homework or some learning. We wanted different things obviously, but I dared not tell him. I was just following and also praying in silence that he wouldn't take me straight home. Or it would be too miserable, as I was sick and my time was being wasted. I took the sick leave for the free time. I wanted to play, even for a while.

I showed an early interest in staying outdoors, hence my deep feelings for fields or farmlands. I got to know all kinds of vegetables, all kinds of insects or bugs, and I was a keen catcher who didn't care at all if the bugs were poisonous or dangerous in any ways. I just kept catching them and enjoying the time with them. The ponds, yes, they were in the ponds. But it's quite odd that I didn't like catching fish. I found the various insects in the ponds particularly interesting, like stick insects, so such environments, harmonious as I felt being inside, were haunts of mine in those days.

It was interesting that my prayer was really answered. My dad said, just a while, we can stay and play for just a while.

I had basically no playmate in our neighborhood. Other kids were kept so strictly that they were not allowed to come out. I was very interested in those things in the natural world, for many years, nearly ten. I even wondered at the time if I had said my inner prayer out loud somehow subconsciously, so, having learnt his kid's unwillingness to go home, my dad permitted the stay.

This sense of distance between me and my dad or father – not a barrier, there's actually no barrier between us – it's something a bit patriarchal that makes me kind of afraid of him. My dad would misunderstand me for many things, sometimes very big misunderstandings. For instance, if he lost something, he would blame it on me and beat me, but actually I didn't do anything. I was just a little bit afraid of him. He was usually a nice person. It's just that he was cruel to me, sometimes.

Come to think of it, I was awesome at the time! I was able to learn so many plants and animals. To satisfy my curiosity, I even dug up some plant roots for study. I made a tool to catch all kinds of butterflies. I also had many types of spiders. One poisonous type, I have seen, that knows how to weave letters, but I dared not touch them. Scorpions were also once my captives. Anyway, I just enjoyed my time in the field. For instance, I have even stroked a kind of potato to study its elongate-able

fiber, specifically, how long can it be, and the color. But I had no interest in the fruit part; what fascinated me was the structure of it. Whenever I met some beautiful plants in the wild, I would have them transplanted to my own yard.