

## 一张画的结束是一座火山的冷却

文：王光乐

严一能的内心是地壳下的地幔，火山爆发在他的行为举止上表现为他的偶有独走，在绘画上则表现为他对火的持续迷恋。

先是对火作为题材的外观模仿，再到用火作为工具来燃烧画布，他终以失望告终，在再现上他失落了真实的火光燃起的强度。以这份对火的感受作为记忆，在2012年他达到了一份自觉，他不再描绘火的形象，另外一种属性被他从火中抽取了出来。

他的画面开始变得如刻刀刻肤，如缝针缝肤，火热既然成为一种深刻的记忆，也可以成为一种割割缝缝之间的撕裂和修复的快感，绘画的过程变成没有目的的旅程。如镜面般水波的痕迹和撕裂的大地之间，几无立脚之地，在广袤的性情可到达的空间，没有一处可实际停留之地。即使找到了天的涯，海的角，也是只驻足相望，看看背包一直推着自已到达的地点，一如火苗般飘渺晃动的不确定。不断的前行又不断否定，才能匹配火的真正含义——燃烧、分裂、重组，最后隐匿在黑暗和平静中的是一种耀眼的体感强度，在绘画中终于能固定下来一些东西。

从南方小镇出来的小伙儿，都有一种从你身边默默走过的泰然处之。他们有笃定的对最坏结果的接受，别人没有看到的涟漪只迟留在自己心中。作为别人用规则活出来的生命，他们需要体验活出来，有时候不自主地用上了戕害自己的方法。久而久之，他们竟然爱上了这种方式。

在远离商业系统的十年，严一能靠画画健全了自己。每一张开启的画面同时是重燃的希望和脊背上的负重。一个科学家追逐知识，讲究知道，以头脑为主，靠怀疑进阶。一个信徒拥有慧根，讲究做到，以心灵为主，靠相信入门。一个艺术家晚上相信白天怀疑，他的犹豫就都留存在他的画布上，意义问题也横陈在他的脑门之上。这种不同义的反复是一个画家的持续日常，每天清洗掉所有的感性质素之后得到的确切概念，即刻又被感性抛掷脑后。搁置了本质，扬弃习得的训诫，以一种现象学的还原再来积累每日的情绪，是一场没有终点的马拉松。正是在这里，严一能置入了他对火的观察于绘画和自体生命中。他了悟了绘画的过程一如命运的作弄，是不确定的。这种反复与无目的性，成为严一能的新经验，他的绘画为他提供了一份为道日损却与他的本能直觉合拍的确定，命运的意味俨然在绘画中呈现。面对未知，就用一种无知的方式来行走，直到精疲力竭，绘画成为火的不确定性的灰烬而确定，一种无目的的合目的性在画面中缓慢显现。

对迟到的许可的认可，以至于反复咀嚼，从掉渣的牙里品尝酥烂的神经。走出平淡无奇的浅薄又迷惑的世界，他沉醉在自己的深渊。直到有一天，他决定用多疑拣选出的材料将深渊填平，一如填平他的画面中两个漂移板块中的沟壑。除了那些可以为填埋搭好架子的破坏力，破坏之火是深渊的源泉而填补之砂成了柔情的终结。

无疑严一能是一个个体主义者，对于抽象形式的选择他是这么说的：“我没把是否具象当标准，所以抽象也不是一个值得拿出来框选作品的条件。当画面里容易被人解读的那一部分越来越不清晰，抽象才会出现。熟悉的物象从情感沟通和语言传达上都是高效的，形象可以引起注意确实是进入作品的一个方便法门。但是反过来说，正因为大部分目光都止步于此，画面的信息表层化其实也会成为观者与作品深度交流的一个屏障，所以有些画它的精神性就必须得走向自己的对立面”。这正是在这块土地上的自下而上的现代性的个体与形式的生发与果实。批评家鲍栋谈到70年代人的形式选择时认为，“2000年代以来的很多艺术家所做的：夯实形式主义的基础上还要打开一种新的以形式为基底的美学批判。这代人所处的时代，让他们不得不面对一个旧体制已经快要崩离析但新机制又未到来的状态，他们的探索也是个人在时代的洪流中不断推翻形式主义又反复建立的过程，一切无所知，一切又有迹可循。”

在这个建基之上，严一能的绘画一如最经典的绘画传统，个人表现之所以为文本，在于作者看到了个人主义的语境是社会性，而非自我中心。这个醒悟使他趋于成熟，也深谙了自由的意涵，明白了个体觉悟是自由的前提。一种“我对我的放弃成全了我”，成为他的方法，生成的主体慢慢认识了他自己的自然意识。

“当火焰燃烧殆尽，余烟缭绕，世界又像大海于波涛汹涌后陷入宁静。石头经历过千百年的锤炼把沧桑磨砺出裂缝，裂痕又被山海微粒和空气尘埃所填满，凝固成琉璃般，翡翠般的巨石。火山、海洋、陆地、岩石……自然在斗转星移间不断被掩埋，也在光阴荏苒中不断生长重建。”剖开火山边上的一块沉积岩，分析哪一块燃烧得最晚，是在平面上用静止对动态的回忆。愈合的伤疤，是对血流不止后固定下来的东西的道别。绘画是这份定与不定之间的合理空间，给他以一次次的冷静去宣告火与血的存在，他在这得到了精神上的安宁。

这些意象的灰烬才是观看严一能的绘画的意象，像极了艺术与作品的关系，每一件艺术品都是激情燃尽的烟灰。每一个画家都要回答“什么是一张画的结束”，严一能给出的答案是：一座火山的冷却。

### **The end of a painting is the cooling of a volcano**

By: Wang Guangle

Yan Yinneng's heart is the mantle beneath the earth's crust, and the volcanic eruption manifests itself as occasional solitary walks in his behavior, and ongoing fascination with fire in his paintings.

Began by imitating the appearance of fire as the subject matter and using it as a tool to burn the canvas, he ended up disappointed that in the reproduction he lost the intensity of the burning fire. Using his feeling toward the fire as memories, since 2012, Yan Yinneng has reached a level of self-awareness. He no longer depicts the image of fire but extracts another quality from it.

His pictures begin to become like carvings and stitches on the skin. Since the fire becomes a deep memory, it can also develop a pleasure of tearing and repairing between the seams, that's to say, the process of painting is a journey without purpose. There is no place to stand between the traces of water waves like mirrors and the torn earth, there is no place to stay in the vast space that can be reached by temperament. Even if he finds the end of the sky and the corners of the sea, he can only stop to look at the place that his backpack has been pushing him to, as uncertain as the flame. Only by constantly moving forward and constantly denying can he match the true meaning of fire - burning, splitting, recombining, and finally hidden in the darkness and calm is a dazzling physical intensity. This intensity will fix something down in painting eventually.

The guys who come out of the small southern town have a calm attitude that walks silently past you. They have the certainty of accepting the worst outcome, and the ripples that others do not see only remain in their hearts. Like others who live with rules, they live out of their experiences, sometimes involuntarily using methods that harm themselves. Over time, they fall in love with this way.

Ten years away from the business system, Yan Yineng has been able to sound himself by painting. Each opened image is simultaneously a rekindled hope and a weight on the spine. A scientist chases knowledge, emphasizes knowing, focuses on the mind, and advances by doubt. A believer has wisdom, pays attention to doing, centers on the heart, and relies on faith. However, An artist believes at night and doubts during the day, so all the hesitations remain on his canvas, while all the questions cross his mind. This repetition of different meanings is the constant daily routine of an artist, who, after washing out all the sensual qualities to obtain a definite concept, immediately throws the definite out of the mind and becomes sensible again. Putting aside the essence, abandoning the acquired admonition, and accumulating daily emotion with a phenomenological reduction, artist runs into a marathon without end. It is here that Yan Yineng places his observation of fire in painting as well as his own life. He realizes that the process of painting is as uncertain as a trick of fate.

This repetition and purposelessness become Yan's new experience, and his paintings provide him with a certainty that is in tune with his instinctive intuition, and the meaning of fate is present in the paintings. Faced with the unknown, one walks with a kind of ignorance until exhaustion, the painting becomes the ashes of the uncertainty of fire and is determined, a kind of purposeless purposefulness slowly emerges in the painting.

Acknowledging and permitting to be late, so much so that repeated chewing and tasting the rotten nerves from the crumbling teeth. Out of the shallow and confusing world of blandness, he indulges in his own abyss. Until one day, he decides to fill the abyss with the materials he has dubiously picked out, just as he fills the grooves in the two drifting plates in his pictures. In addition to the destructive forces that can build a shelf for the filling, the fire of destruction is the source of the abyss, and the sand of the filling becomes the end of tenderness.

There is no doubt that Yan Yineng is an individualist, and this is what he says about the choice of using the abstract form: "I do not consider figuration as a criterion, so abstraction is not a condition that the framing works to be worth. Abstraction emerges when the part of the picture that is easy to be interpreted becomes less and less clear. Familiar objects are efficient in terms of emotional and language communication, and the fact that an image can attract attention is indeed a convenient way to enter the work. But on the other hand, because most of the gaze stops there, the superficiality of the image can become a barrier for the viewer to communicate deeply with work of art, so the spirituality of some paintings must go to their opposites." This is precisely the birth and fruit of the bottom-up modernity of individuals and forms in this land. Critic Bao Dong, speaking of the formal choices of the 1970s, argues that "What many artists have done since the 2000s is to open up a new form-based aesthetic critique on top of solidifying formalism. The era in which this generation lived forced them to face a state in which the old system was on the verge of disintegration, but the new mechanism had not yet arrived. Their exploration was also a process in which individuals repeatedly overthrew formalism and yet established it in the torrent of the times. Everything is unknown yet everything is traceable. "

On this basis, Yan Yineng's painting, like the most classic painting tradition, is the reason why the individual expression is based on the text. Because the author sees the context of individualism as based on sociality rather than egocentrism. This awakening makes him mature, understanding that individual awareness is the prerequisite for freedom. A kind of "my renunciation of me completes me", becomes his method, and the generated subjects slowly come to know their own natural consciousness.

"When the flame burns out, the smoke lingers, and the world falls into silence like the sea after waves have passed. The stone has undergone thousands of years of hammering to sharpen the vicissitudes of the cracks, and the cracks are filled with air dust and particles of mountains and sea, solidified into glazed, emerald-like boulders. Volcano, sea, land, rock... Nature is constantly buried but continually grows and rebuilds with the passage of time. " Dissecting a piece of sedimentary rock on the edge of a volcano and analyzing which piece burned the latest is a static remembrance of dynamics on a plane. The healing scar is a farewell to what is fixed after the flow of blood. Painting is a reasonable space between certainty and uncertainty, giving him the calmness to declare the existence of fire and blood. He finds spiritual peace there.

It is the ashes of these images that are the imagery for viewings of Yan Yineng's paintings, like the relationship between the art and the artwork. Every work of art is the ashes of a burning passion. Every artist has to answer the question "what is the end of a painting." And the answer Yan Yi can give is: "the cooling of a volcano."