

A collage of various food items including burgers, fried shrimp, fruit, and pastries, with the text "SHIMAN 仕满乡" in the center. The food items are arranged in a circular pattern around the central text. The items include: two burgers with sesame seed buns, a plate of fried shrimp with green garnish, a whole orange and a slice, a round yellow cake with white icing and fruit, a plate of rice with meat and vegetables, a plate of dumplings with sauce, a plate of bread with fruit and cream, a plate of pizza with fruit, a plate of fried shrimp, a plate of bread with fruit and cream, a plate of pizza with fruit, a plate of dumplings with sauce, a plate of rice with meat and vegetables, a round yellow cake with white icing and fruit, a whole orange and a slice, and two burgers with sesame seed buns. The text "SHIMAN 仕满乡" is written in a serif font, with "SHIMAN" in all caps and "仕满乡" in Chinese characters.

造个景，画个妆，打打扑克： 叶甫纳和我们村的那点事儿

和文朝 翻译：何思衍



和小平在被拍摄中
He Xiaoping being photographed



仕满村在谷歌地图上的全貌
Ariel Google Maps view of Shiman Village

叶甫纳根本不会玩“炸金花”，她甚至不知道这扑克要几个人一块儿打，这是一件应该首先交代读者（观众）诸君知道的事情；其次，诸君也有必要知道，我茨满村的兄弟姐妹们也基本不玩这个，统治茨满村的牌戏，其实是“斗地主”。

也因此，当叶甫纳宣布这一个展名字的时候，作为她整个创作过程的见证者、帮闲、联络员，以及作品的剧中人，我不是没有想过建议她换个名，但最后还是决定按下不表……

说实话，“斗地主”三个字太刺激且写实，不特是茨满村那些个手上还有那么一亩三分地的乡亲们，整个中国的农民阶级都已经在被国家机器和资本魑魅当作残余“地主”热火朝天地“斗”着，且到处传来它们胜利的消息，连哄带骗软硬兼施，对这个阶级卓有成效地进行着超肉体有时也连带着肉体的消灭。

为此，一局金灿灿或一盘香喷喷的“炸金花”，没那么直白，不怎么惨烈，甚至还有点欢乐和喜感，是蛮可以作为祭品献在这个进步时代灵前的，也可为各位大神小鬼的中国梦做一面五彩缤纷的招魂幡，省得梦醒时分大家找不着路回来。

以上，以及以下，关于“炸金花”这一个展的所有言论，我希望自己都能以“村代表”自任然后出之，而不仅仅是一个职业艺评人又一次叠床架屋的作品阐释，凡有后者出来摇头晃脑之处，还请诸君一律自动删节。

文艺一点说，在这，我应该是那个“蓝围巾男人”（man with a Blue scarf）。如果马丁·盖福特可以因为“为卢西安·弗洛伊德做模特”而写一本书的话，作为艺术家叶甫纳刀俎下的鱼肉，我和我的茨满村那些弟兄们，至少是应该努力凑出一些证词的。

Scene, make up, and a round of cards: the thing about Ye Funa and our village

He Wenchao Translator: Daniel HO

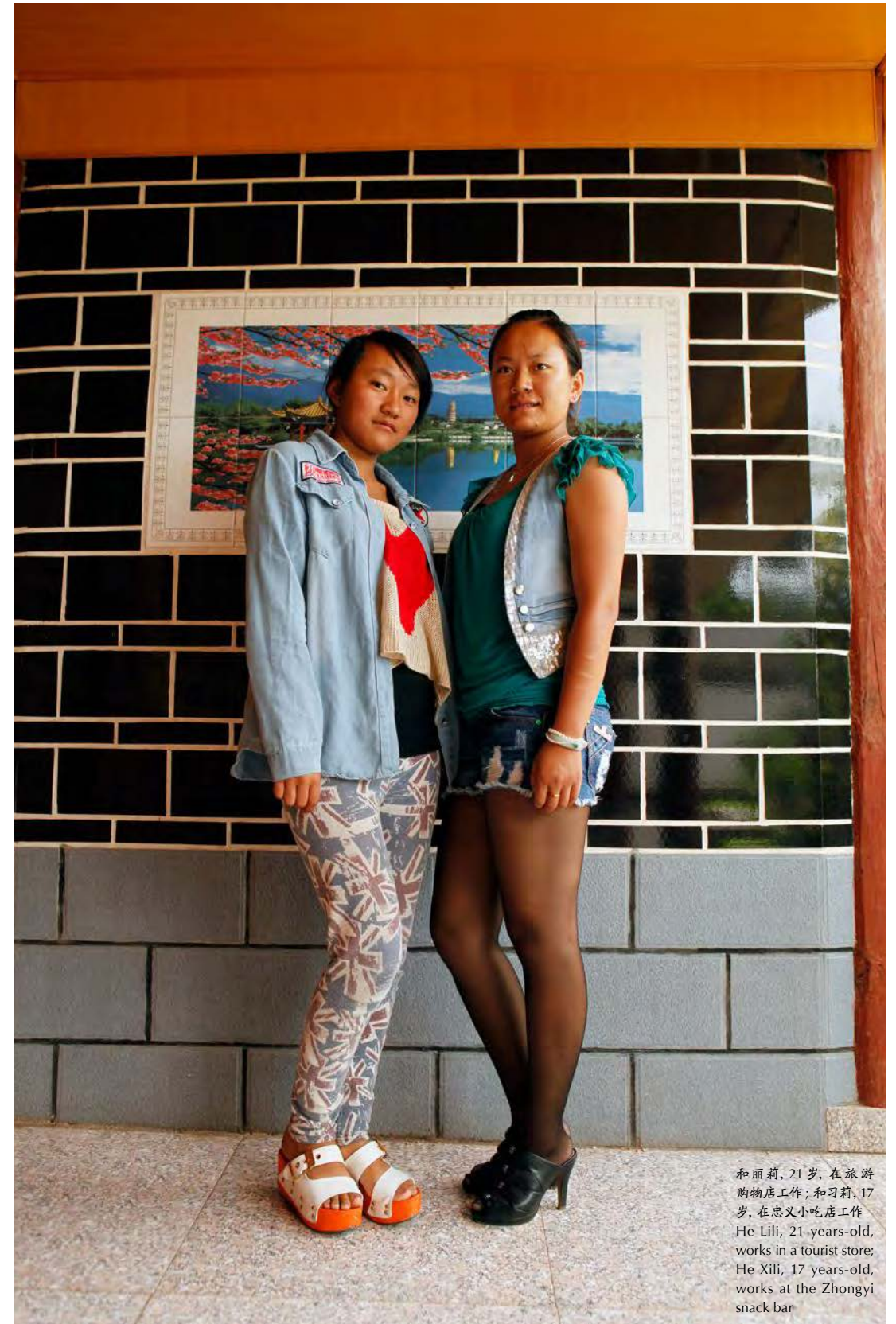
Ye Funa doesn't actually know how to play "Feint of the Golden Flower" [a card game similar to "Three Card Brag"; the "golden flower" is a middling hand, hence the "feint"]. She doesn't even know how many people are needed for this game. So this is the first thing to make clear to the ladies and gentlemen reading this (or the audience). The second thing you must know, ladies and gentlemen, is that folks in my village, Ciman Village, don't even play this. The game that rules the roost back in Ciman is actually "Farmers and Landlord" ["Dou Dizhu", literally "Fight the Landlord"].

And so as a result, when Ye Funa announced the title of the exhibition, as a witness, a hanger on, a go-between, and a character in the drama, I can't say I haven't thought about advising her to change the name—but in the end I decided otherwise.... In all honest truth, "Fight the Landlord" sounds too intense and realistic—not merely for the folks in the village with that tiny "one and three-tenths of a mu" plot of land on their hands [roughly 1/6 of an acre; 0.0667 hectares, or 667 sqm]—but the entire peasant class in all of China had been "struggled" against, in full frenzy, as vestiges of "landlords" by the machinery of the state and the demons of capital. And then came news of the victory,

in hoodwinking sweet talk with both carrot and stick on hand, undertaking a highly effectively extermination of this class—beyond physically, but sometimes physically, too.

To this end, a dazzling or appetizing round of "Feint of the Golden Flower" is much less forthright or tragic, even a bit jolly and enjoyable. It could very well serve as a sacrificial offering for the spirit of this age of progress, or as a radiant "banner to summon souls" [zhaohunfan] for the "Chinese Dream" of our various dear gods and spirits—saving us the trouble of finding our ways when we awake from the dream. The above, and below, opinions about this exhibition "News from Nowhere" I hope I can express as a self-appointed "village representative", rather than merely as a professional art critic once again piling on needless explanations about the work. When the latter part of me comes out bobbing my head all satisfied, I would ask my dear readers to forgive and forget, without exception.

A little more literarily, in this, I ought to be a "man with a blue scarf". If Mr. Martin Gayford can write a book because he "modeled for Lucien Freud", then my brothers from Ciman Village and I, as the "fish on the chopping block" for the artist Ye Funa (as the expression goes), we should at least have a go at coming out with some testimony.



和丽莉, 21岁, 在旅游
购物店工作; 和习莉, 17
岁, 在忠义小吃店工作
He Lili, 21 years-old,
works in a tourist store;
He Xili, 17 years-old,
works at the Zhongyi
snack bar



梁根, 32岁, 从事旅游服务工作
Liang Gen, 32 years-old, works
in travel company



丽莉习莉两姐妹
sisters, Lili and Xili



和小平, 30 岁, 开货车
He Xiaoping, 30 years-
old, truck driver

“过境”，以及我们村。

叶甫纳出现在我们村是有原因的,我们先说说这个。

2012 年夏天,为了完成那本到当时已经进行了两年,但时至今日也还躺在肚子里的“村落自传”,我回到茨满村,一边整理两年来村民们收集和撰写的各种材料,一边在村中展开马拉松式的村民访谈。照理,仅这两头,就已经让我四脚朝天无暇他顾了,无论如何也不可能再有精力把叶甫纳等一干艺术家招惹到村里来。但那座自东徂西跨过青龙河将村庄一劈两半的丽大高速黄山特大桥,以其不舍昼夜的轰隆之声一刻不懈的刺激着我,挖掘机、打桩机、灌浆机、搅拌机、巨型卡车,无往而不在,随时随地撩拨着我的神经,终于使我失去了以传统文人的方式与之进行一场君子之战的信心和勇气。

几经犹豫后,我开始以一种极端焦虑的心情,发函邀请艺术家朋友们前来助阵,这才有了后来的“艺术家过境计划”,说白了,我此时的初衷,完全谈不上有什么学术情怀,就是请大家在这场城乡之间的不对称战争中过来拉偏架使绊脚的。

第一个应召前来的,是艺术家储云。此后,在短短一个月时间里,先后有9位艺术家朋友陆续前来村中工作,而叶甫纳,即此一9人名单里唯一的女性和80后。我并没有一开始就很强烈地意识到这点,但当叶甫纳开始在

未来的一年多时间里逐步展开她的工作,并以“炸金花”这一个展做出一个小结时,我清楚的知道,挂在叶甫纳名字后面的那两个“唯一”属性,并非像看上去那样可有可无和不表露立场——这一点,我相信所有有机会将来综览全体“过境”艺术家最终成果的人,都不会有任何意义。——,对作为行动发起人且最后也沦为剧中人的我而言,叶甫纳是一个奇特的视角,一台在城乡结合部发起奇境之战的反动机器,她以一种五颜六色的重口味世界观,深深的打扰了我保卫乡土的清梦,并最后将我这种青幽幽皱巴巴的文人情怀,破烂化,粉末化,打赏和出卖给了对立面——从北上广汹涌而来又席卷而去的游客、观众、商人,以及诗人们,在叶甫纳这里,领走了乡村、雪山、青龙河,只把我普天下的“茨满兄弟们”留在了这个进步时代的排泄物旁边,恍惚着他们的不知是第几手的青春。

最终,艺术家是个比黄山特大桥这个水泥物件更无情残酷的存在,后者是一切挡在面前的都要毁灭干净,而前者,将眼前身后的一切丢进各自的残局中并予以永恒循环的重放……对那个我一开始企图打救,但现在已只是做点临终关怀的乡土,这是叶甫纳通过作品中那些迷惘的茨满村青年发出的最终消息。

“Transit” Project and our village.

There was a reason Ye Funa appeared in our village. Let's first talk about that.

In the summer of 2012, in order to finish a “village autobiography”, a book that had already been going on for two years and which to this day I am still ruminating over, I returned to Ciman Village, on the one hand sorting through all kinds of material collected and transcribed from the villagers, while on the other, undertaking Marathon-style interviews with the villagers. Just this “sorting” had rendered me supine, unable to attend to any other cares; at any rate, there was no question of my having any extra energy to court Ye Funa and a bunch of artists to the village. Yet the Dali-Lijiang Expressway's Huangshan Bridge, bisecting the village in half and stretching from east to west over the Qinglong river, pricked me without a moment's respite with its rolling rumble by day and by night—excavators, pile drivers, concrete grouters, mixers, giant trucks—an absent omnipresence taunting my nerves at all times and places, until in the end I lost confidence and courage in mounting a gentlemanly battle against it, in that way of the traditional literati.

After some dawdling, I started—out of a highly anxious mood—to invite artists-friends to come boost my morale, which later led to the “Artists Transit Project”. In plain language, my initial intent then had nothing to do with any academic motivations whatsoever; I only wanted—in this unequal struggle between the city and the village—everyone to come help out and trip up the other side.

The first who accepted was the artist Chu Yun. Within a month thereafter, nine artist-friends came to work in the village one after the other. Ye Funa was the only female “post-1980s” generation out of the nine on the list. I had not realized this point very consciously at first, but when

Ye Funa started to develop her work over the coming year or so and when she created the exhibition “News from Nowhere” as one small summation, I clearly knew that this “only” I mentioned was not simply an unexpressed irrelevant stance—this point, I believe, will not have any significance for anyone who will have the chance to see the collective results of all the artists in the project. For me, someone who started the project and finally fell into the drama, Ye Funa has a singular perspective, a reactionary machinery that sparks a battle of wonders in this village on the rural-urban fringe. With an intense, variegated worldview, she deeply upset my simple dream of protecting and safeguarding village life. In the end, she got hold of that wrinkly, rarefied literati sensibility of mine and tattered it, powdered it, and rewarded and sold it out to its antithesis—the visitors, audience, merchants, and poets pouring in from Beijing, Shanghai, and Guangzhou and sweeping through the village before leaving, in Ye Funa's works, took away the village, the snowy peaks, the Qinglong river, leaving these “brothers of Ciman” of mine throughout the world behind, next to the excrements of this age of progress, distracting the flower of their youth, whoever knows at which remove.

In the end, the artist exists more heartlessly and cruelly than this concrete beast which is the Huangshan Bridge. The latter destroys and clears away all that obstructs it on the surface, while the former tosses everything around itself, front, behind, left and right into its respective endgames and also grants it an eternal, circular replay... For this native soil which I started to plan to save but now am only providing deathbed convalescence, this is the final thing Ye Funa conveyed through the works with those lost youths of Ciman Village.



奶奶、和丽妮，18岁，等待大学录取。觉得丽江很没文化一定要走出去。Grandmother He Lini, 18 years-old, awaiting college admission, thinks Lijiang has no culture and definitely wants to leave.



李行松, 32岁, 文化局
公务员。后方是其妹妹
李行梅, 28岁, 手机城
工作, 喜欢中性的衣服
Li Xingsong, 32 years-
old, employee in the
cultural department.
Behind is his younger
sister, Li Hangmei,
28 years old, works
at Cellular City, likes
wearing plain clothes

那么请吧，阁下，垃圾归于女王。

要是我尊称称叶甫纳为垃圾女王阁下，北京某家印染工作室的老板想必是会坚决附议并颌首称是的。当叶甫纳将现在铺设在“炸金花”现场通往二楼楼梯上的地毯图案发给这位老板，他在勉强印制了两小块儿之后愤怒的终止了与艺术家的合同，他将成品寄回并留下一条信息，此后，便再也没有接过或回复叶甫纳的任何电话或短信。这则信息的大意如下：别以为花了钱就什么垃圾东西都会给你印，记住，我也是有审美底线的，你这个实在太丑了，我无法接受！

初听这个段子，说真话，我精神为之大大的一震。一者，是感慨于在茫茫人海中居然还有一个如此有底线，并且是审美底线，并且毅然因之放弃经济利益的，几乎不得不大写的人！再者，是因为我欣慰的感到，我那顶早已预备有时的垃圾女王皇冠，这回是可以结结实实扣在叶甫纳头上了……

还在叶甫纳刚刚来到茨满村茫然的举着 D5 四处转悠的时候，我就震惊于她身上那种近乎追腐逐丑般的重口，换言之，这个 80 后青年艺术家似乎在我的城乡结合部感染上了某种审美不应症。在时隔一年先后两次一共八天的晃荡中，她总是掠过茨满随处可见的乡村美景直奔那些隐藏其中的诡异景象而去，比如破烂不堪的乡村广告牌，再比如那些粗制滥造大红大紫的瓷砖画，甚至村民

张挂在家中或丢弃在地上的那些低劣印刷品也让她流连忘返……正是跟随着她的驻足和游目，我一直引以为美的小村茨满，渐渐向我敞开了它此前从未向我完全披露的另一面。原先一直是在我怀乡之兴小心翼翼的掩饰下被视而不见的，此时才全然涌现语我眼前，并发出了闻所未闻的嘈杂声音——在叶甫纳的垃圾之旅中，我沮丧的意识到那个长青于我记忆中的美丽故土，早在黄山特大桥以水泥之刃将之开膛破腹以前，就已被从内部被感染和侵蚀，无所不在于百姓日用行住坐卧，而我所意图以行动或写作予以维护的所谓故土之美，其实早已被蛀空并于眼前逐渐坍塌为一堆我们终将无从分辨其所从来的审美垃圾……这一切，正如叶甫纳铺设在上海视界艺术中心通往二楼楼梯上，那细看之下令人几乎无从措足地毯：她在茨满村所见的一堆垃圾，它刺目的斑斓色彩，分别来自残落的鲜花、五颜六色的塑料袋、包装纸、烟盒、玩具，以及其它不可名状五彩缤纷之物——而当艺术家以这些来源于城市工厂并在流通中构成和代表了审美精神的玩意以一堆垃圾的形态回赠给城市，遭遇的却是某人来自其审美底线的强烈抵抗，以及想像中那一张赫然涨红的，被冒犯的脸……

哦，叶甫纳，她当然，必须得，毫不客气的接受加冕，戴上这顶垃圾女王之冠！

If you please, then, Your Highness, rubbish belongs to the Queen.

If I were to respectfully address Ye Funa as Her Royal Highness the Queen of Rubbish, a certain boss of a Beijing print and dye workshop will certainly second that and nod in agreement. When Ye Funa sent to this boss the carpet design that is now installed on the second-floor staircase in the exhibition “News from Nowhere”, after he reluctantly printed two small pieces, he angrily terminated the contract with the artist. He sent the finished product back and left a note saying that he would not thereafter accept or reply to any phone calls or messages from Ye Funa. The gist of the message was this: don’t you think just because you’re spending money I’ll print any garbage for you—remember, I have red lines in my aesthetics. This is really too ugly, I can’t accept it!

When I first heard of this, truth be told, I was stunned. First, I marveled how there is actually someone with minimum standards in this sea of humanity—and minimum aesthetic standards, who resolved to forego financial benefits. Someone you practically had to write about. Second, I was relieved to find that that crown for the Queen of Rubbish I had long prepared could now be firmly planted on Ye Funa’s head… Back when Ye Funa first came to Ciman Village, wandering at a loss in her D5, I was stunned by her hardcore search for the rotten and the ugly. This is to say that this post-80s young artist seems to have caught some kind of “aesthetics-resistance syndrome” at my village on the rural-urban fringe. In the total of eight days’ of wandering—over two visits one year—she always swept past the pretty rustic views found everywhere in Ciman Village, making a beeline for the odd sights hidden within, like the absolutely tattered advertising in the village, or the crude, slipshod ceramic paintings in gaudy colors, or even those substandard prints villagers hang at home or toss on the ground, which she had a

hard time tearing herself away from… Right when I followed her steps and her gaze, the tiny village of Ciman, which had always drawn me for its beauty, gradually unfolded another side, never before completely disclosed to me. What had always been hidden in plain sight, carefully glossed over by my nostalgia for my village, wholly rushed forth in front of my eyes and produced a din never before heard—in Ye Funa’s journey of rubbish, I dejectedly realized the beautiful native soil, ever so green in my memory, had long ago, even before its carcass was ripped apart by the concrete scalpel that is the Huangshan Bridge, been infected and corroded from within. The ubiquitous everyday items of the common folk—the “Old Hundred Names”—in walking, living, sitting, and sleeping, and that so-called beauty of the native soil I sought to protect with action or with words, had in fact been riddled with holes and about to teeter down in front of our eyes into a mound of aesthetic ordure the origins of which we will never tell apart… All this, just like that carpet Ye Funa set on the second-floor stairway at Shanghai’s V-Art Center, the carpet on which, under scrutiny, one could barely place oneself: the pile of rubbish she saw in Ciman Village, with its offensive polychromes, originating from fallen petals, multi-colored plastic bags, wrapping paper, cigarette boxes, toys, and indescribable objects in variegated colors—and when the artist returned these trinkets, which originated in urban factories and in their circulation constitute and represent a particular aesthetic spirit, back to the city in the form of garbage, this actually incurred an intense resistance on the standpoint of aesthetic baselines, and that face flushed red in anger, terribly offended…

Oh, Ye Funa. She certainly, she has to, without any reserve, accept the coronation of this crown for the Queen of Rubbish!



李小洁, 19岁, 玛卡厂工作,
想把村里足球场修好比赛
Li Xiaojie, 19 years-old,
maca plant worker, wants
to fix the village soccer
stadium for matches



杨小平, 24 岁, 酒店工作
Yang Xiaoping, 24, works
at a hotel

化了杀马特妆的威廉·莫里斯

也是凭着这使之必得称王的气势，两次“过境”下来，叶甫纳不但拿下了被上述垃圾逻辑搁置在城乡结合部的二十几个乡村青年，而且更用同样堪称垃圾的剪辑手法，制作了1个40分钟的录像（《仕满村消息》，40分钟）和5个视频装置（《消息》）——迫使所有这些15岁至36岁的年轻生命（包括我自己），一边犹豫在任其摆布与摆脱其摆布之间，一边比着姿势打着结巴，说着喂喂绊倒的纳西普通话，亮出了那一截截惨白、空荡，企图获得自由，但最终还是在某个不明所以然的庞然之物管辖下的舌头。

在《新消息》中，叶甫纳对我茨满弟兄们所做的访谈，被分别寄名在威廉·莫里斯关于“政治与现状”、“环境和理想”、“城市入侵农村”、“情爱”、“暴力”与“文化多样性”的数个言论片段之下，其中每个，都以莫里斯先生的1870年肖像和节录自其英文有声书的声音打头，接着，继之以一系列茨满村青年的面孔和他们磕磕绊绊的自述，最诡异的是，无论是莫里斯肖像还是这些面孔，都已被艺术家从局部或整体上刻意加以修饰、涂改，最后全在叶甫纳的垃圾化妆术中易容和化身成为一个杀马特般的刺目存在。

“过境”期间，叶甫纳不止一次对我抱怨，茨满的年轻人还是不够酷啊，比如说，没人骑山寨哈雷，很少有人戴墨镜，染发的也不多……直到她这作品出来，对

这种嘟嘟囔囔，除了奇怪以视，我基本算没有抓住重点：而这里所有那些加诸其上的面具、胡子、黑超墨镜、眼罩、鼻环、彩妆以及假发，证明了叶甫纳其实一直在怀揣一颗九十每分钟搏动着的杀马特之心——虽说“过境”茨满村期间，“杀马特”这个新词还基本不为人知，该词所指的那个人群，也尚未从他们本身的自由存在中被抠下来作为今天这样的社会学切片，没在微信朋友圈被无数人迅速转发然后迅速遗忘。——对此一城乡结合部世界进行观察、体验、试探、布局、设问和敲打。

在这儿，被艺术家杀马特化了的莫里斯先生和我们村青年，虽则面目全非，但其中某种严肃的天真，却在其言谈的反差中得到了一种甚至反常的突出：前者是远在被现实政治从乌托邦美景中剥离弃置之前的那个时代，一个童贞社会主义者及其近乎天然的远见；后者，则在这个被零碎之见和点滴失败堆积起来糟糕现实中，努力和认真于讲述自己的所见所闻所思所感，似乎只要以这种近乎异族的坦诚答复了访问者，他们自己，甚至这个小村庄的未来都能转而迎来一线生机……

围绕着这一天真，或至少与此有关，《仕满乡消息》是叶甫纳观察中的另一个面向。在这，莫里斯和青年们依旧在，但却卸下了杀马特妆容：加倍的直白，诚实，但有时候是加倍的坏，以绝对的服从、配合，起劲儿的破坏着艺术家的每一个问题，每一组镜头。

A William Morris, shamate-style

It was with this “regal” air that the two times she “transited” [into the village on that “Artist Transit Project”], Ye Funa did not only set twenty village youths in the rural-urban fringe under the aforementioned logic of garbage, but also employed a style of editing which could be termed rubbish in producing a 40-minute video (“News from Shiman Village” , 40 mins) and five video installations (“News”)—forcing all of these young beings, ranging from 15 to 36 years of age (including myself), on the one hand to waver between being ordered about and shaking off these dictates, while on the other hand posing and stuttering, speaking that stomp-on-the-ground funny Naxi Putonghua—evincing that orderly defeat, desolation, that bid to gain freedom, yet in the end still commanded by the tongue of that inexplicable huge thing.

In *New News*, Ye Funa interviewed our brothers in Ciman, each taking a name from several speeches by William Morris about “politics and the current condition” , “environment and ideals” , “the city invading the village” , “love” , “violence” , and “cultural plurality” . Each of these opened with a portrait of Mr. Morris in 1870 and a selection of recordings from his audio-books (i.e. audio-books based on his texts), followed by a series of faces of the youths of Ciman and their halting narratives about themselves. The most bizarre was that both Morris’ s portrait and these faces were partially or fully embellished or altered on purpose by the artist, ultimately touched up and transformed by Ye Funa’ s “garbage make-up” into a gaudy existence in that shamate style [NB: “shamate” is literally derived from “smart” but refers to a Chinese fusion of Western and Japanese goth and glam rock styles].

During this “transit” period, Ye Funa had on more than one occasion complained to me that the youths in Ciman weren’ t quite cool enough: no one rode shanzhai Harleys, say, and very few wore sunglasses or dyed their hair…until

this work of hers came out, faced with such loud muttering, you couldn’ t really say I grasped the main point, other than observing in amazement. All these masks, beards, shades, eye patches, nose rings, makeup and wigs added on here proved how Ye Funa had always concealed a shamate heart pulsating at 90 beats per minute—even though during this “transit” period in Ciman Village, this neologism “shamate” was basically still unknown, while the people the term referred to had yet to be carved up from their own free existence into sociological specimens, nor were they rapidly reshared on WeChat Moments and just as rapidly forgotten—observing, experiencing, sounding out, laying out, posing questions, and beating into this world of the rural-urban fringe.

Here, with Mr. Morris and our village youths made up into shamate-style by the artist, though their visages were transformed, a certain grave innocence within ended up being thrown into unusual contrastive relief: the former, from that age before the idea was torn asunder and discarded from a utopian vista by the vagaries of practical politics, a chaste socialist with an almost-supernal foresight; the latter, meanwhile, in that rotten reality piled up with piecemeal insights and crumbs of defeat, striving and earnestly relating what they have seen and heard, what they think and feel, as though simply by responding to the interviewer in a candor verging on the alien, they themselves—or even the future of this little village—could in turn usher in a slim chance of survival…

Revolving around this innocence—or at least related to this—*News from Shiman Village* is another direction in Ye Funa’ s observations. Here, Morris and the youths still remain, but with the shamate makeup stripped off: a redoubled frankness and honesty, but sometimes a redoubled naughtiness—from absolute compliance and cooperation to vigorously wrecking the artist’ s every question and every shot.



郭正辉, 25 岁, 傈僳族外来人士, 酒吧唱歌
Guo Zhenghui, 25 years-old, Lisuzhu expatriate, sings at a bar



和连杰, 15 岁, 退学在家打游戏也做旅游服务工作
Below image of Li Chunhui, 17 years-old, rents clothes in Shangri'la, works at a supermarket



李春辉, 17岁, 曾在香格里拉租衣服, 超市工作
He Lianjie, 15 years-old, dropped out of school, plays video games at home and works in video game service



仕满乡青年合影：前排左一李行梅，左二吾娇凤，抱小孩者李满红，花短裤者龚坤，前排右二李红志，右一和正宇。后排左一杨卫平，左二杨小平，左三李耀东，左四和李志灿

Group photo of youth from Shiman Vilalge: Li Xingmei in front row first on left, Wu Jaofeng second from left, Li Manhong holding child, Guo Feng wearing flower shorts, Li Zhi front row second from right, He Zhengyu first from right. Yang Weiping in back row first on left, Yang Xiaoping second from left, Li Huidong third from left, and Li Zhican fourth from left

城乡结合部吗？我们还是分手吧！

2013年4月第二次前往“过境”时，叶甫纳注意到了我们家餐桌上的两样东西：一是那块粉色方格上间布着汉堡包、甜甜圈、冰淇淋、蛋挞、鸡肉卷等等西式快餐美食的塑料印花桌布，一是那本放在这桌布上的《乌有乡消息》——对于曾经留学英国，并始终对威廉莫里斯怀有极大热情的叶甫纳来说，这一“雨伞和缝纫机在手术台上相遇”的超现实奇境，几乎一下就抓住了她的神经。

一方面，这种遍布于中国农村家庭的塑料印花桌布和背后的那套审美逻辑，旁搜远绍的话，本身即与莫里斯曾经发起的新工艺运动及其创新精神深刻相关，从背反意义上，如果没有这种从工业化时代初期就已经无孔不入于人类生活的粗滥制品，莫里斯式的工艺理想也就无从措手；而另一方面，这本碰巧出现在塑料桌布上的《乌有乡消息》，使得莫里斯的社会主义者及乌托邦作家身份，有可能以一种意料之外的方式，重现于城乡结合部这一近乎倒错的背景之中。

正因为敏感和意识到了这里的关联所在，叶甫纳才最终得以将构成“炸金花”的大部分主题确定下来：直接以莫里斯肖像和言论为素材的《新消息》是这样；散布于展厅墙面与地面的那些快餐贴纸，铺设在楼梯上印花布，以及遍布其它作品的众多细节，也与此紧密相关；意图与《乌有乡消息》构成某种互文或至少向其致意的30分钟小短片《仕满乡消息》，就更是如此。

《仕满乡消息》开始于对一只苍蝇在上述那块塑料桌布上一组亦步亦趋的镜头，随后是我那个略显叛逆的小外甥女对丽江文化、旅游业，乡村生活等等问题连珠炮般的抱怨和指责，在这一阵阵语速急促得近乎失控的画外音过后，伴随着时断时续的垃圾摇滚，年轻而迷惘的身影渐次展开又隐去：有的一言不发，有的沉浸在缓慢的自述中，有的沉默，有的躁，有的被镜头逼迫，有的逼迫着镜头，有的揶揄着眼前这个意图摆弄他们的城市女郎，有的相互用我甚至无法诚实翻译的粗俗玩笑抵抗着自己的紧张……而蔷薇花、麻将桌、雪山、垃圾、大桥工地、桃花、果园、田野、游客、琳琅满目的快餐图案、

无水的河床、空荡荡的球场，所有这些在茨满村随处可见与不可见之物，被十足违和的方式剪切进这三十分钟的每一个分分秒秒，织就了一匹真正反莫里斯式的全数字编织物。

在这匹织物的最后，此前在访问者的镜头前各说各话，又一起坐在一张手扶拖拉机上，端着假乐器表演“吹拉弹唱”的三个青年人，——春平、春晖、满福——，他们手臂上扬指向天空，视线和身体随之转向，脸上被迫洋溢着一种被叶甫纳反复重拍并已经越发僵硬的欢愉神情：哦，看哪，天上正飞过一架飞机，并缓缓拉开（或拉上）了茨满村的天幕？

在这个噤里啪啦的镜头世界里，叶甫纳就这样以一种我能想象最为讨厌的不知情和无感，把城乡结合部所有尴尬的青春、理想、故事，和秘辛，赤裸裸的放在了一起，由里到外翻出来，又塞了回去。

那么我的茨满村弟兄们，他们会否也像我一样欣然接受这样的肢解和倒置呢？又或者，他们将因此而脸红、愤怒、伤感，并最终拒绝这部以他们为主角的奇怪电影？毕竟，《仕满乡消息》对于身在其中者习焉不察的现实及其荒诞的的对调和放大，在其可见效果上，已经戳穿了我一再于“过境”进程中向艺术家强调的在地及其独特性与纯洁，证明我之所为不过是遍在于普遍发展中的混乱与倒退逼近乡土时常常会发生的那种想象式抵抗之一。

可堪自慰的是，被城乡结合部这个庞杂的现实和象征深深搅动的，早已经不止小小的丽江以及更小的茨满，一个更大的中国，在全球化想象和大国愿景的双向推挤与堆积下，又何尝不是一个更加庞大无朋的城乡结合部呢？影片中所有那些鬼魅，对环境的破坏，无伦理的资本与政治对个人与族群的掏空，事实上有着一个远大于茨满村的现实，这里所示，不过是这一现实在一个最小接触面上造成的创口而已。

而我猜想，在如此创面上构成和蔓延的城乡结合部风景中，城市或乡村，最终会有一个要首先喊疼：哦，城乡结合部吗？我们还是分手吧！

The rural-urban fringe? Let us part ways after all!

The second time “transiting” in April 2013, Ye Funa noticed two kinds of objects on the dinner table in our house: one is that pink, checkered tablecloth in plastic, printed full of Western fast food items like hamburgers, donuts, ice-cream, egg tarts, and chicken rolls on top; the other is News from Nowhere printed on the table cloth. For Ye Funa, who had once studied in Britain and had always been enamored of William Morris, this was a surreal wonder of a sight— “as beautiful as the chance encounter of a sewing machine and an umbrella on an operating table” —almost immediately seizing hold of her imagination.

On the one hand, such plastic printed tablecloths, ubiquitous in rural Chinese families, and the underlying set of aesthetic logic—if you look far and wide—are in themselves profoundly connected with Morris’ s Arts and Crafts movement and its innovative spirit. In an inverse sense, had there not been these crude products infiltrating human living right from the fledgling stages of the Industrial Revolution, Morris’ s arts and crafts ideals could never have come along. On the other hand, the book News from Nowhere appearing on the plastic tablecloth by happenstance possibly allowed Morris’ s role as a socialist and a utopian writer to reappear unexpectedly in this almost inverted location amid the rural-urban fringe.

Precisely because of her sensitivity and awareness of the

connections here, Ye Funa was able to ascertain a large part of the themes in the exhibition *News from Nowhere*: it was so by directly utilizing Morris’ s portrait and speeches in *New News*; this was the intimate connection to the fast food stickers pasted pell-mell on the walls and floors, the cloth prints placed on the stairs, along with a variety of details in the other works; and it was even more so with her intention to create a certain pairing or at least an homage to *News from Nowhere* with her 30-minute video *News from Shiman*.

News from Shiman started off with a camera angle trailing a fly on the aforementioned plastic tablecloth, followed by my somewhat rebellious niece’ s string of complaints and criticisms of Lijiang culture, the travel industry, village life, among other issues. After this rapid, hasty, and nearly out-of-control voice emanating from outside the frame, then there was the intermittent garbage rolling, followed by young and perplexed shadowy figures gradually appearing and then fading away: some uttered nothing while others indulged in slow narratives about themselves, some were reticent while others were as irascible as crows, some were cornered by the camera while others pressed against the camera, some ridiculed this city girl intent on manipulating them, while others suppressed their nervousness with crude jokes which even I honestly could not translate... Roses, mahjong tables, snow-capped mountains, garbage, the bridge construction

site, peach blossoms, orchards, fields, tourists, fast food designs which were a feast for the eyes, dry riverbeds, empty ball parks—all these things visible or not visible in Ciman Village were cut up in an out-of-sorts way into every bit of a second in those thirty minutes, weaving a truly anti-Morris, purely digital tapestry.

At the end of this tapestry, three youths—Chunping, Chunhui, Manfu—who were speaking in turn in front of the interviewer’ s camera again sat on a hand tractor playing all kinds of fake musical instruments. Their arms pointed at the sky, the line of sight and their bodies changing along the way, the faces permeated with a kind of joy forced on by Ye Funa’ s repeatedly shooting, one which gradually hardened: oh, look there, a plane is passing by in the sky, bit by bit opening up (or closing up) Ciman’ s curtain in the skies?

In the pitter-patter of the world of the camera, Ye Funa, with the utmost ignorance and emotionlessness which I can imagine to be most detestable, nakedly placed all the embarrassments of youth, ideals, stories, and confidential secrets of this rural-urban fringe together, turning them inside out and stuffing them back in again.

So can my brothers in Ciman Village, like me, gladly accept such amputation and inversion? Or else will they flush red with embarrassment, anger, and hurt, and finally reject this strange film starring them as the main characters? Ultimately,

News from Shiman contrasted and magnified reality and its absurdities, that which those placed within were too accustomed to call into question; in its visible effect, it has already punctured the site-specific particularity and purity which I have again and again emphasized from artists in the “Transit” project—demonstrating why I am merely in one of those imaginary resistance which frequently happen in the retreat towards the native soil amid the confusion of widespread development.

What I can console myself with is that what was deeply roused by this disorderly reality and symbol that is the rural-urban fringe is no longer merely Little Lijiang or the even littler Ciman. Under the twin pressures of a globalized imaginary and the mirage of a great nation, how can an even greater China not be a vast and incomparable rural-urban fringe?

All those ghouls and goblins in films, the destruction of the environment, unethical capital, and the hollowing out of the individual and the group by politics in actuality have a reality far vaster than Ciman Village. What is shown here is but the wounds produced by the tiniest contact within this reality.

And I hazard, on this vista of the rural-urban fringe constructed and spread on this surface of a wound, which of the city or of the village will in the end have to cry out first? Oh, the rural-urban fringe? Let us part ways after all!



和亮东, 32 岁, 小卖铺店主
He Liangdong, 32
years-old, owner of a
xiaomaibu (small market)



和霞, 24 岁, 酒店工作, 家
里被拆迁拒绝搬走
He Xia, 24 years old,
works at a hotel, refused
to leave home when
being demolished



和丽雯, 20 岁, 机场地勤
He Liwen, 20 years-old,
works on airport grounds



杨虎, 白族, 25 岁, 路过的
拉货司机
Yang Hu, 25 years old,
truck driver

风景，及其疑难杂症。

就像在丽江坝子的其它大部分地方一样，从茨满村可以望见玉龙雪山，区别在于，从 2010 年开始，随着黄山特大桥的兴建和最终完工，以前从村中任何角落看去都一览无余的雪山，如今却需要和一座横亘于中间的水泥大桥并观同视，如此一来，那个低头不见抬头见的雪山，从茨满望去，就仿佛给加上了一个水泥底座或者带上了一条水泥腰带……

这一变迁带来的结果之一，是，作为真山实水的玉龙大雪山，在茨满村人的眺望中，渐渐变成了一座假山，一个盆景，一位不时挤弄出神圣表情的著名演员。当然，若论起玉龙山的演艺生涯，早就已经随着旅游业的兴旺就开始了，只不过在和黄山特大桥进行混搭之前，至少在茨满村这样的视角，它还多少保留着一些作为神山的本来神色，并在村民们日出而作日入而息的古老生活中部分保持了某种近乎神秘的功能……而横空出世的大桥，不但就地劈开了村庄的现实，也通过近乎用强和猥亵的贴身拥抱，取消了雪山这个曾经被安放在远方而又混同于眼前的美好存在，从而彻底从细节处改造了这个村庄的精神和视野。

与茨满村这一景观变化和它的关系美学相表里，叶甫纳那件形似一个巨大蛋糕的装置作品《玉龙雪山》来得更加讽刺，用这样一个造型，她非常邪恶的点出了玉龙雪山或类似风景名胜的食用价值，并相当大度的邀请大家加入这个进行中的甜品派对，对着这一雪白的、散发着

牛奶般色泽与芳香的“玉龙山”刀叉并举，分而食之。——在丽江这样一个为了城市的观看和消遣而存在旅游目的地，风景自然是要被人从其自然存在中被提取出来加上被各种料继而大快朵颐的，吞咽、咀嚼，最后，再吐出一个个茨满村，一座座特大桥，一条条高速路……

以如此形态表现的《玉龙雪山》，加上以瓷砖画、动感风景灯箱、LED 彩灯树这些或常见于茨满或其它城乡结合部，并通常作为一般家庭装饰物或节庆用品而随处可见的景观造物为素材或材料创作的“假景”，在挪用、堆砌和偷换中，叶甫纳实际上启动到了一个远比一般现实批判更加复杂和当下的的动机：风景，不但在城乡结合部的二手美学中，在旅游业和景观消费中，而且就在艺术内部，都在越来越表现为种种越来越难以诊断的疑难杂症——在不同的前提和动机之下，分裂、重组，甚至颠倒为与其原始门第不相仿佛的心理、经济、与政治结构，在不同人群的理想、背景，和现实中，固化为各种等级之物，且各自停止了与真实和自然了交换和流通。我们称为第二或第三自然的种种拟造情态，不是，或不再是自然的回光返景或苟延残喘，也并非任何模仿和对镜，它自有其逻辑和生命系统，而且对真实但凋敝中的自然保持着敌意的封闭。

在茨满，我们眼看着一座真山变成了假山，这并不是什么特殊体验。不是什么神奇的捏造，它事实如此。

The knotty problem of vista

Just like most places along the banks of the Lijiang river, from Ciman Village one can see the Jade Dragon Snow Mountain (Yulong Xueshan). The difference is that since 2010, with the construction of the Huangshan Mega-Bridge, whereas in the past one could take in the mountain at one glance from anywhere in the village, now one also sees a vast concrete bridge which spans right in the middle. In this way, the snowy mountain, which one saw whenever one raised one head, now looked like it had an extra concrete pedestal or belt...

One of the results of this change is that the Jade Dragon Snow Mountain, this real and genuine landscape, has in the distant gaze of the villagers gradually become a fake mountain, a bonsai, a famous actor who now and again forcibly ape a look of the divine. Of course, speaking of the Jade Dragon Snow Mountain's acting career, it had started long ago with the boom in tourism—only that, before being coupled with the Huangshan Mega-Bridge, it more or less preserved some of its original spirit and bearing as a holy mountain, at least from the angle in Ciman Village. It had also preserved a quasi-mystical function in the villagers' ancient way of life, heading out with sunrise and returning to rest at sunset... The extraordinary span of this bridge not only cleft the reality of the village wide open, but through a tight embrace verging on the violent and the lewd cancelled out the wonderful existence of the mountain, once situated safely in the distance and yet in front of one's eyes—thereby utterly transforming the spirit and horizons of this village from the smallest details. Contra the transformation of the vista in the village and of the form of its relational aesthetics, Ye Funa's installation work, Jade Dragon Snow Mountain, which resembles a huge cake, turned out to be all the more ironic. With this model, she extremely evilly pointed out the food value of the Jade Dragon Snow Mountain or similar landscapes, and rather generously invited everyone to take part in this dessert party in progress. In front of this snow-white “Jade Dragon

Mountain” with its milky sheen and scent, everyone had forks and knives in hand, dividing and devouring it. In a travel destination like Lijiang, existing for the sake of urban viewing and leisure, the landscape naturally had to be plucked out of its natural existence—with all kinds of seasoning added, then heartily gorged upon, swallowed and chewed. In the end, spitting out one Ciman Village after the other, one mega-bridge after the other, one expressway after the other... The artist presented Jade Dragon Snow Mountain thus, along with a painting in ceramic tiles, landscape light boxes with sensors, a tree with LED lights, which are regularly seen in Ciman or other villages on the rural-urban fringe, used as ornaments in ordinary families or for festivals and regularly employed as elements in “fake scenes”. In this appropriation, stacking, and substitution, Ye Funa has in reality activated a motive far more complex and contemporary than ordinary critiques of reality: landscape—not only in that second-hand aesthetics of the rural-urban fringe, or in the tourist industry and consumption of sights, but also within art itself—is more and more expressed as knotty problems that are harder and harder to diagnose. Under different premises and motivations, it has fractured, reconstituted, and even inverted into what had originally been dissimilar structures of psychology, economics, and politics, solidifying as objects for different classes, under the ideals, backgrounds, and reality of different groups of people, each halting the exchange and circulation with reality and nature.

All kinds of fabricated emotions which we call second or third nature were not and are no longer that refracted light or the dying gasps of nature, nor are they any kind of imitation or reflection. It has its own logic and vital systems, moreover maintaining a hostile seclusion away from a real but destitute nature.

In Ciman, we see with our eyes a real mountain becoming a fake mountain. This is no peculiar experience; this is not fantastic concoction. It really was so.



李红志, 27岁, 其妻肖明, 25岁, 在石鼓开夫妻商店
Li Hongzhi, 27 years-old, and his wife, Xiao Ming, 25, opened a sex store in Shigu



站立者杨卫平, 25岁, 丽江城
开小超市。坐者和正宇, 26岁,
锡卡厂工作。兄弟分家, 在他家
还没盖起来的新房地基上
Yang Weiping (standing),
25 years-old, small market
owner in Lijian. He Zhengyu
(sitting), 26 year-old, maca
processing plant factory. Half
brothers, still haven't covered
the new house's foundation
at their home



李满红, 28 岁, 从事旅游服务工作。有老婆儿女的, 多高兴
Li Manhong, 28 years-old, works at a travel company. Has a wife and daughter, and is very happy

一千副扑克及其占卜术

“炸金花”中有一张自动麻将桌，叶甫纳还印了一千副扑克。

麻将桌摆在现场，且不时有愿意凑成一桌的观众和艺术家坐下来撮上一局；而扑克，也有一部分码放在展厅一角，供有兴趣的人拿走……这两样东西，是叶甫纳对茨满村青年及其生活的最直观的再现，除了打工或干农活，在其他清醒的时间，他们大多是围绕着这两者进行活动的，赌资有时候是酒有时候是钱……这些游戏和消遣的普遍和重要程度，使得辗转于坐等拆迁或回归田园这两造可能性之间的茨满村，成为一个类似于等待戈多式的剧场空间，其中的荒诞和张力，是有理由让叶甫纳这样来自都市的年轻人既惊且怖既好奇而终于愕然的。

用在“过境”中所采访拍摄的青年人肖像印制一千副扑克，这个主意对叶甫纳而言，既是对这一经验所致冲击的消解和释放，也是某种程度上的干预和介入：这些印有茨满村青年的桃杏梅方，除了一部分会流入个展观众手中并在他们可能的牌局中成为一手烂牌或一手好牌，其它的大部分，将回到茨满村，在村民手中以各种“斗地主”、

“炸金花”、“三打一”的方式排列组合，变出同花顺、大三元、炸弹……

这所有流转在村民自己手中的牌，我那茨满村的兄弟姐妹，他们将如何在这局中继续排解或改变自己的命运呢？谁将是赌神？谁会出老千？谁又最后会决定将这 54 张纸牌收起、装框，张挂起来，成为他们在此一城乡结合岁月中最初和最后的青春留影？

叶甫纳对这同时代以及同时代人有疑，有好奇，有决断，在这个可以叫茨满村或仕满村或士满村但又都不是的纳西族小村庄——ci man，做了上述这些未来的 ci man 人看来，也许会感激或咒骂的事。

谁能确定这是何意呢？作为剧中人，我知道最少。

谢谢 观看

完

In the exhibition “News from Nowhere” , there is an automatic (mechanical) mahjong table. Ye Funa also printed 1000 playing cards.

The mahjong table was placed in the exhibition; from time to time, viewers willing to form a table sat down to play a round with the artist. As for the playing cards, some of the chips were set aside in one corner of the exhibition for those interested to take them away....These two things are Ye Funa’ s most direct representations of the youths in Ciman Village and their lives. Aside from working in a job or on the farm, during the rest of their waking hours, they mostly revolve around these two activities. They sometimes bet alcohol and sometimes bet money...the popularity and importance of these games and leisure make Ciman Village—flitting between the two possibilities of waiting for the house to be demolished and them to be relocated, or else returning to the farm—a space akin to Godot’ s theater. The absurdity and tension within are reasons enough to make Ye Funa, this young woman from the city, both astonished and frightened, both curious and ultimately stunned.

For Ye Funa, the idea of printing 1000 playing cards with the portraits of the youths interviewed in the “Transit” project was both relief and release from the shock caused by this experience while at the same time being to a certain degree an intervention and a meddlesome act. The suites are printed with the youths of Ciman—aside from a few which

will end up in the audience’ s hands and possibly become a rotten or excellent card in their card games, the vast majority will return to Ciman Village. In the villagers’ hands, these will be recombined in all sorts of possibilities in games like “Farmers and Landlords” , “Three-Card Brag” , “Three On One” , becoming straight flushes, three of a kind, the “bomb” ...

Those cards that circulate in the hands of the villagers, those brothers and sisters of mine in Ciman Village—how will they continue to reconcile or change their fates during this round? Who will be the card shark? Who will be the cheat? And who in the end will decide to gather these 54 cards, frame them, hang them up, making them the first and the last records of youths in this rural-urban fringe?

Ye Funa has her doubts, curiosity, determination vis-à-vis the age and the people of this age. In this little Naxi village called Ciman Village, or Shiman Village, but really neither—“ci man” . This, perhaps, for these future inhabitants of “ci man” , could elicit gratefulness or abuse.

Who can be sure what this means? As someone inside the drama, I know the least.

Thank you for reading.

End

April 7, 2014



梁根夫妻，梁根 32 岁，从事旅游服务工作。其妻 28 岁。家母过世一年，妻子怀孕 6 个月
Liang Gen's wife, 28 years-old. Liang Gen, 32 years-old, works at a travel company. Mother passed away a year ago, wife is 6 months pregnant



青年聚会在树林中烧烤，打麻将
Eating BBQ and playing Mahjong at a youth gathering in the woods