

鲁迪·克雷莫尼尼：当音乐停止

展期：2022.01.08 – 02.19

地址：胶囊上海，上海徐汇区安福路 275 弄 16 号 1 层

胶囊上海荣幸呈现艺术家鲁迪·克雷莫尼尼在中国的首次个展“当音乐停止”，展览囊括了艺术家近期创作的油画作品。展期为 2022 年 1 月 8 日至 2 月 19 日。

展览中呈现的鲁迪·克雷莫尼尼的绘画在乍看之下显得平静安宁，似乎是对日常生活的视觉叙事。但这只是表面。描绘对象看似过于简单，却在艺术家蜿蜒流畅的绘画风格和迅疾的手势下被赋予了复杂性。朦胧色调的微妙变化营造出暧昧不明和陌生疏离的视觉效果。由艺术家的回忆和情感牵引着，作品暗示了被表现的现实之私密而神秘的本质，默示着某些不确定、难以捉摸和隐约令人不安的张力的存在。

尽管对于这些画面的解读在语义上具有自主性，观者难以避免地被领入一个充满不确定性的无根脆弱的世界，一切被遗弃在这个世界中的事物都已陷入一成不变的惰性和彻底的麻木冷漠之中。

画面中各种室内场景内容多变，从倚在沙发上并不优美的身体，啣着最后一杯饮料的女士，到桌上两个尚未切开的硕大菠萝和瓶中的各式鲜花。而室外场景的绘画描绘的则是泡在泳池中三三两两的人，或是躺在天鹅形状的救生圈上独自漫无目的地漂浮于水面的人；周遭环境倒映在水体的边缘；在花园里可以看见雕像和繁茂的植物；更远处是立于池塘的火烈鸟和笼中鸚鵡；入口处精美考究的铁门挡住了围栏外的风景。

克雷莫尼尼所表现的颓废场景笼罩在忧郁、倦怠和“醉生梦死”的气氛里，揭示了一种麻木懒散且逐渐与世隔绝的僵死的生活状态，这里的一切都封闭在被约束又被很好地保护起来的家庭空间里。然而，这个空间限制了居住者的独立自主，舒适安全的代价是舍弃个人自由，这正是对人类生存现状的隐喻。其后果是消除欲望和任何形式的思想，在一个令人痛苦沮丧却安全的世界中沾沾自喜。克雷莫尼尼的作品点明了这个世界是如何纵容精致的散漫无为，使身在其中的个体感到深深的虚空和孤独。

每一幅画都像是一个冻结于时间又超脱时间之外的现实的碎片，悬浮在黑夜与白昼之间，在行动的意志与无力改变现实的无奈之间，在生与死之间，在对于被预言却迟迟不来的“后来”那折磨人的等待中，过去与未来已然缠绕交织在一个膨胀、单调、令人窒息的当下。

撰文 / 达维德·萨尔基奥尼 (Davide Sarchioni)，艺术策展人、史学家

原文为意大利语，由玛璠 (Manuela Lietti) 翻译为英文，由祁玉乐翻译为中文。

Rudy Cremonini: When the Music Is Over

Dates: 2022.01.08 – 02.19

Address: Capsule Shanghai, 1st Floor, Building 16, Anfu Lu 275 Nong, Xuhui District, Shanghai, China

Capsule Shanghai is delighted to present “When the Music Is Over”, artist Rudy Cremonini’s first solo exhibition in China, showcasing his most recent paintings. The show will run from January 8 to February 19, 2022.

At first glance, Rudy Cremonini’s paintings on show appear calm and reassuring, acting as visual narrations, depicting ordinary life. However, this is just on the surface. **The subjects portrayed, though seemingly simplistic, are complexly rendered in his fluid and sinuous, meandering pictorial style, conveyed by quick and immediate gestures. The crepuscular nuances present ambiguous and alienating visions.** Driven by the mnemonic flow and emotional involvement of the author, his work hints at the intimate and mysterious essence of the represented reality, insinuating the presence of indeterminate, elusive, and subtly disturbing tensions.

The interpretation of these images, despite their semantical autonomy, lead the viewer into a world of fragile certainties, devoid of any concrete foundations, where everything is abandoned to its own state of inertia and profound apathy.

The interior images may appear at times capricious, depicting subjects such as an ungraceful body lying on a sofa, ladies sipping their last drink, a table with two large, uncut pineapples, and flowers of different species, preserved in their vases. In the exterior, the subjects shift to that of some people in a pool, and others floating helplessly along, atop an inflatable swan. The surrounding landscape reflects on the water’s edge. In the garden, you can see statues and luxuriant plants. Further on, flamingos stand in a pond, parrots sit in a cage, and an intricately-wrought iron gate at the entrance blocks the view beyond the fence.

Cremonini recreates decadent scenarios, dominated by a melancholic, tired, even drunken atmosphere, embodying the expression of a stagnant life, dominated by both numbness and pervasive indolence, characterized by the gradual loss of contact with the outside world, where everything is locked up in a circumscribed and well-fortified, domestic space. This latter space limits the autonomy of those who inhabit it, showing that, living in a state of comfort and security comes only in exchange of individual freedom. All of this metaphorically expresses the human condition. The result is the obliteration of desire, of all forms of thought, and an intimate satisfaction with a distressed, frustrated, but protected and safe world. His work highlights how the world indulges in the refinement of idleness, leaving individuals with profound emptiness and loneliness.

Each painting is a fragment of a reality both frozen in time and beyond time, suspended between day and night, between the will to act and the impossibility of inspiring change, between living and dying, in the agonizing expectation of a predicted “after” that will never arrive, where the past and future seemingly intertwine in a dilated, monotonous, asphyxiated present.

Text by Davide Sarchioni, Art curator and historian

Original text in Italian. Translated to English by Manuela Lietti. Translated to Chinese by Yule Qi.