

空白空间 WHITE SPACE

弗朗西斯科·罗德里格斯 | 城市与狗

空白空间 (顺义)

2022.11.5-2023.01.15

弗朗西斯科·罗德里格斯于空白空间的首次个展“城市与狗”将于 2022 年 11 月 5 日于空白空间 (顺义) 空间开幕，并持续至 2023 年 1 月 15 日。

罗德里格斯的绘画创作像是其智利生活经验、现代拉美文学、西方绘画传统以及东方视觉（尤其是浮世绘以及动漫）的奇妙融合体。在他那具有强烈叙事倾向的绘画中，挣扎于成长困境的少年们总是在狗狼暮色之时开始躁动，歇斯底里症候则如瘟疫般在人群中迅速蔓延。

展览的标题援引自秘鲁当代文学大师巴尔加斯·略萨的小说《城市与狗》（La ciudad y los perros），文章以秘鲁首都利马的莱昂西奥·普拉多军事学校与扰攘的利马市为舞台，围绕着几个军校学员，描绘了青年们严酷的生活、他们与学校当局的种种矛盾。如略萨的小说一样，罗德里格斯的画作常常变换着叙述的视角与人称，其所描绘的舞枪弄棒的少年和他们的生活，仿佛让我们身临在安第斯山西缘、圣地亚哥城中正在上演的一幕幕残酷青春物语里。

在这些以绘画铸就的少年之诗中，弯月或骄阳总是孤独地悬挂于天空，群山与树影在视线的远端朦胧地摇曳，三三两两的飞鸟从天空划过或落于电线杆上。空旷的城中仿佛总有声音哼鸣，切近又遥远。于近处，石灰色的木栅栏或红泥巴的砖墙遮蔽住远方，使其可望而不可及。街道被围栏包裹得如同迷宫一样，危机四伏，却无法出走。少年们便在此时此地登场。在画家的笔下，他们常常孤身一人。尽管强装镇定，但放肆且急促吸入的香烟让他们的身体颤栗，嚣张的步伐常激起尘土飞扬。他们行走、停留、潜伏，更时刻准备着于街头巷尾突如其来的战斗，激烈得“人狗不分”。炽热的阳光晒黑了他们的皮肤，白墙耀眼得快让人目盲。当余晖在他们的面颊留下灼伤的红晕，孩子气的脸上也隐隐浮现出强装的笑容，不经意间袒露出青春期特有的忧伤，目光锐利也迷茫。

如果说城市是年轻人们的“战场”，那么家与教室就像是这些他们身心得以休憩的洞穴，精神的庇护所。他们惬意地躺在床上，或用磁带机听着音乐直至入眠，或沉浸在安静的阅读之中，甚至偷尝鱼水之欢。而在罗德里格斯迄今最大的三联绘画中，画家以半自传体的方式描绘出无人的教室：课桌散落其间，只留下少年们偷偷涂画下的心事，黑板上拉丁美洲的地理与人文、革命者与勇士的肖像、东方异国的图画等透露出少年们的精神日常。

而其余的事，大概少年们都忘记了，忘记了那陌生床上的被单，忘记了还未舔舐干净的伤口，忘记了他们曾极力想要驱散的孤独。那时，他们睁大眼睛，试图从黑暗中抓住某个东西，抓住一丝光明，抓住那像颗锋利的铁钉刺激着心灵的凄惶。夜幕降临的时候，城中的野狗像鬼一样地吠叫，像是为了打破那使它们感到害怕的寂静。

空白空间 WHITE SPACE

Francisco Rodríguez | The City and The Dogs

WHITE SPACE (Shunyi)

11.05, 2022-01.15, 2023

Francisco Rodríguez's first solo exhibition at WHITE SPACE "The City and the Dogs" will open on November 5, 2022 at the gallery's Shunyi location and be on view until January 15, 2023.

Rodríguez's paintings draw from his memories of Chile, modern Latin American literature, the traditions of Western art and Eastern visual culture, particularly ukiyo-e and anime. Within the narratives of his paintings, the twilight hour comes to represent the struggles of adolescence, while hysteria spreads through the crowd like a plague.

The title of the exhibition references *La ciudad y los perros* (The City and the Dogs) a contemporary novel by the Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa. Set at the Leoncio Prado Military Academy in Lima, Peru, the novel depicts the harsh life of several young cadets and their conflicts with the school authorities. Like Llosa's novel, Rodríguez's paintings have shifting perspectives and narrators. Set against the backdrop of Santiago, at the western edge of the Andes, the spectator is immersed in a brutal story of adolescence.

In Rodríguez's painted odes to youth, the crescent moon or the blazing sun hangs alone in the sky, with swaying trees and silhouetted mountains marking the horizon. Birds in twos and threes move from sky to telegraph pole, while an omnipresent humming sound pervades the empty city. Wooden fences and brick walls form a maze-like structure blocking the view: there is danger, but no path of escape. Here, the adolescents appear, often alone, their overconfident footsteps stirring up dust in their wake. Fingers tremble lighting cigarettes, as they walk, stand, and lurk like wild dogs ready for battle. The setting sun has left a burnt glow on their cheeks, and they force a smile, inadvertently revealing the peculiar melancholia of youth.

If the city is the battlefield for these young people, then their homes and classrooms are like caves and spiritual shelters where they can rest their bodies and minds. They lie comfortably in bed, listen to music on a cassette player until they fall asleep, immerse themselves in quiet reading, or indulge in intimate moments of sexual pleasure. Rodríguez's largest triptych to date shows a semi-autobiographical classroom devoid of people. Instead, it is populated with scattered desks scribbled with teenage thoughts, a blackboard showing the geography and arts of Latin America, portraits of revolutionaries and warriors, and pictures from exotic Eastern countries; a multiplicity of ephemera all capturing the daily interests and influences of the teenagers to whom the classroom belongs.

The adolescents will have probably forgotten the mundane details: the sheets on the then familiar bed, the wounds that had not been licked clean, the loneliness so hard to dispel. At the time, they opened their eyes wide, panic sharp like an iron nail as they tried to grasp a glimmer of light in the darkness. Night falls and wild dogs in the city bark like ghosts, as if to break the silence that frightens them.