

# 审判

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我们每个人都饱受审判的煎熬，在这样价值观撕裂的世代之中。

尼采说：“重估一切价值。”非理性非道德留下了巨大的价值真空，从此以后，已经不再有不受质疑的基础了，全部的价值观，一旦被产生，就会宿命般的被反转，被颠倒。他所针对的是审判的最终条件：“对神负有债务的意识”，德勒兹认为“人类只有在生存状况背负上某种无限的债务时，才会呼唤审判，才会变得可受审判，才会去审判别人。如果债务是无限的，那负债人必须一直活下去。存在者始终对上帝负有债务。”无限债务的教义确立了不朽灵魂和审判之间的关系，到处都是同审判教义形成对立的残酷系统。”

在韩建宇的作品中，圆形监狱一直隐藏在作品画面的图像底层，一个无时无刻不在观测着的权力监狱。如同梦境一般，加高的迷宫一样的围墙，封闭的无回路的游记，记忆中刑场的终点，再也没有命运，因为我们自己的审判是我们唯一的命运。自我切割，自我惩罚成为了新审判的悲剧性的特征。那个监狱顶端的全能的监视之眼，已经深深的根植在每个人的内心，我们自己审判自己，自己把自己压上绞架，我们用全部的自我满足着大他者的凝视，使自己成为那个放债之人，也是背负着无期的债务之人。审判再也没有形式，因为判决具有了无限的形式。

在天师道中，债务被书写在一本独立的书籍中，每个人无法察觉自己的户籍，只有死后才能在判官处得到最后的审判，决定着不朽的灵魂在肉身死亡之后的处境。任何宗教都会有一个来自末日审判的期许，为现世中无权之人，潜藏于规则行恶之人，无法获得补偿之事，建立一个空想的法庭。而韩建宇的画中，这个审判没有被推迟，而是恰恰就在眼前，在时间和空间中，负债、忏悔、自责、偿还、再次选择，都成为画面中人物所沉浸的思想状态，在残酷系统的折磨之下，想要用决裂的形式来对抗无限。力量和权力已经生成强度，斗争在征服和被征服之间展开，所有的动作都是一种防守，或者是一种进攻。每一种力量都有它的反作用，每一种力量都在推进和增强对方。斗争是在互相设置绝境，无尽的折磨和对立的残酷，使获得挤压的生命力释放到最强。这已经超越了康德的判断力批判，成为了一场权力意志的角逐。这是爱 and 恨的问题，而不是审判的问题。正如斯宾诺莎所说“我的灵魂和我的身体合二为一，我的灵魂所爱的我也爱，我的灵魂所恨的我也恨，无尽的灵魂之中，一切微妙的好感，从最苦涩的恨至最狂热的爱。”

夜梦中，奇异的光，一道闪电，使我从睡梦中醒来。

## The Judgment

Each of us is suffering from judgments in such an era in which values are torn apart.

Nietzsche exclaims that “reevaluate all values!” Irrationality and amorality leave a huge value vacuum, and there is no unquestioned basis for them. Once all values are created, they will be doomed to be reversed and subverted. What he aims at is the final condition of judgment: the consciousness of debt to God. Deleuze believes that “only when mankind bears some unlimited debt in their living conditions can they call for judgment, become justiciable, and judge others. If the debt is unlimited, the debtor must live on. Beings are always in God's debt. The doctrine of unlimited debt establishes the relationship of an immortal soul to judgment, and there are cruel systems against the doctrine of judgment everywhere.”

In Han Jianyu's works, a circular prison, a prison of power that keeps watching constantly, has always been hidden in the bottom of the image. Like a dream, with the walls like a heightened maze, the closed journey without a circuit, and the end of the execution field in memory, there is no fate anymore, for our own judgment is our only destiny. Self-cutting and self-punishment have become the tragic features of new judgments. The omnipotent surveillance eyes at the top of the prison have been deeply rooted in everyone's heart. We judge ourselves, sent ourselves to the gallows, and satisfy the gaze of the Other so that we become both debtors and those who bear the unlimited debt. The judgment has no form because of its infinite form.

In Tianshi Dao, debts are recorded in an independent book. One can not realize his or her household registration. Only after death can he get the final judgment from the judge, who determines the situation of the immortal soul in the afterworld. Religion makes a promise, which comes from the final judgment, to those who have no right in the world, who pretend to follow rules and do wrong, and to those who can not get compensation, of establishing a utopian court. In Han's paintings, the judgment is not postponed but just presented in front of the audience. In time and space, debt, confession, self-blame, repayment, and reselection, all of which become the mental state in which the figures in the painting immerse. Under the torture of a cruel system, the judgment stands against infinity in the form of a break. Strength and power have generated intensity, and the struggle evolves between conquering and being conquered. All behaviors are defensive, or offensive. Every power has its reaction, and every power is advancing and strengthening the other side. The struggle is to set up a desperate situation, endless torture, and opposite cruelty, so as to release the vigor to the strongest. This has transcended Kant's critique of judgment and become a contest for the will to power. It is a matter of love and hate, not of judgement. As Spinoza says, “my soul and my body are one, and I love what my soul loves, and I hate what my soul hates. In the endless soul, all subtle favors, from the bitterest hate to the most passionate love.”

In the dream, a strange light, a flash of lightning, makes me wake up from sleep.