

Contemporary Chinese Art Collection Liu Xun 中國當代名家 劉洵



黑之華
LES FLEURS DU MAL

序

山艺术文教基金会
董事长

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1987年起，山艺术基金会开始接触和认识中国大陆艺术，从探究关注大陆杰出艺术家、支持大陆艺术家的创作；到参与和支持、推动大陆艺术的发展，迄今已近30年。

从八十年代中期开始，中国美术界开始了一场观念变革、艺术变革的美术运动。山艺术基金会以一种包容和顺应时代潮流的态度和精神，促进和支持了大陆艺术家和艺术史的探索性尝试，并在横跨八九十年代及新世纪之间的艺术事件中，收藏了大量珍贵的历史重要艺术文献。山艺术基金会在台湾出版了30多种与中国大陆现代艺术相关的艺术书籍（其中包括艺术家画册，艺术类杂志、艺术批评集，艺术专辑、散文集等）。在大陆和台湾主办过近80次大陆相关艺术展，多次为

艺术家策划和主办个展及联展。并努力发现和提携年轻的艺术新锐。培养艺术学院学生和关心艺术新秀，也是山艺术基金会多年来视之为己任的态度，并为此成立山艺术“罗中立油画奖学金”。这些在大陆和台湾进行的一系列艺术活动，正是山艺术基金会当初推动的目标之一~『中国艺术海外推广』。

立足大陆、面对历史，放眼世界，我坚信 21 世纪是中华民族汉唐以来发展最迅速、经济最繁荣，艺术最辉煌的时代。在中国全面实现现代化的大背景之下，中国当代艺术正在发生前所未有的重要变化，这样的变化也势必参与到全球化进程之中，并形成与世界的对话关系。中国具有深厚的、无可比拟的文化艺术传统，中国当代艺术在形态、形式和

观念变革上，正处于厚积蓄发之阶段。并且，中国拥有全世界最多的艺术工作者与艺术人才；我相信应该产生一大批迥异于西方审美观、独具中国民族特性和艺术性的杰出艺术家与艺术作品。

近年来，中国社会各界以及世界视野之内，已开始有更多人关注中国艺术的整个面貌及发展，中国的美术文化产业正呈现蓬勃发展之势。山艺术基金会有幸躬逢盛时、将进行更深入更精致的艺术推广计划~『中国艺术—深耕大陆，推向世界』。参与并主办一系列在国内的出版计划与展览活动；介绍和传播本土艺术家与他们的艺术创作，提升和吸引社会及世界对中国现代艺术的关注与理解。

Preface

Mountain Art Culture
and Education Foundation
Chairman

Lin Mingzhe

It has been twenty years since Mountain Art Foundation has been devoted to China's mainland art in 1987, from concerning about the mainland artists and supporting their works to joining in and promoting the development of the mainland art.

An art revolution started since the mid of 1980s, with great transformation of conceptions and arts in China's art filed. In the spirit of tolerance and conformity to the times, Mountain Art Foundation supported the mainland artists and advanced their exploratory experiment in art history and collected a large number of precious historical paintings and documents during the big event from 1980s to the new century. In Taiwan, it has also published more than thirty art books related to mainland's contemporary art, including catalogues for artists, magazines on art, collections of art criticism, art albums, anthologies, etc. It has hosted about eighty exhibitions related to the mainland art both in mainland and Taiwan, conducted and hosted solo or joint exhibitions for artists many times, and given guidance and help to new and younger art talent. Nurturing students from academies of fine arts and caring about the new talent in art have been regarded as the foundation's duty for many years and "Mountain Art Foundation: 'Luo Zhongli Scholarship for Oil Painting'" was accordingly established. The series of activities in mainland and Taiwan is part of the objectives that the Mountain Art Foundation has been intended to do – to promote Chinese art abroad.

Being based on the mainland while confronted to history and looking into the world, I believe that 21 century in China would be the period most fast-developing, most prosperous in economy and most glorious times in art after Han and Tang Dynasty. With the background of China's modernization, there are unprecedented changes in contemporary Chinese art, mostly to be involved in globalization, conducting a dialogue with the world. China, with its profound and incomparable art tradition, is fully prepared to revolution in art from form to conception. Moreover, China has the most artists and art talent in the world; I believe that there are a large number of artists and artworks emerging with Chinese features and characters, different from western aesthetic conception.

In recent years, with the Chinese art springing up vigorously, there are more and more people paying attention to Chinese art and its development from all sectors of society and all over the world. Having the honor to take this opportunity, the Mountain Art Museum will go further with the art promotional plan – Chinese Art: Deep Tillage in Mainland and Pushing to the World, including carrying out some publishing plans and hosting a series of exhibitions, introducing local artists and disseminating their artworks as well as drawing the attention and understanding of the society and the world to contemporary Chinese art.

在世纪的彼岸 —— 刘洵：我身边的 一个中国艺术家（节选）

杨丹叔

我是 1985 年秋偶然认识刘洵的。1986 年夏天，我和刘洵去了甘孜州南部的理塘。理塘是我和刘洵共同喜爱的人之一 —— 诗人仓央嘉措投胎转世的地方。但理塘对于我们的意义还不在于此，更在于理塘作为我们首次进入梦想中的雪域高原，她便以其宽广和友善接纳了我们。是的，理塘接纳了我和刘洵。这对于去“天边外”寻找心灵归属地的我们来说，不是用一个简单的词就能概括得了的。理塘犹如一道门——未来之门，灵魂之门——她为我们敞开了我们脚下的人生，同时也为我们敞开了通向人类家园的必由之路。

12 年过去了，作为一名记者，我有太多的机会重返理塘，刘洵同样也有机会，他每年的两个假期都要去藏地的某个地方采风，但从那之后我和刘洵一直没有再踏上那片土地，这或许是因为我和刘洵的内心仍然都还太脆弱，各人都有一些幻想不忍去破碎和实现；



或许是因为我和刘洵都曾经对她许下过诺言，而我们也都知道我们这一生已无法承诺了。我知道，有一些地方，有一些人，永远都只好存在于我们的梦想之中了。就像香巴拉，对于这片土地上的人们，永远都是他们梦想中灵魂的家园一样，也许青海就是刘洵梦想和现实中最后的香巴拉。但如今我仍不知道我最后的香巴拉究竟在哪里。

但是，理塘不管是在刘洵还是在我的回忆和生命里都是具体和真实的。那是因为，对理塘的回忆和怀念，也是对那里具体的人和事的回忆和怀念。被刘洵后来称之为理塘志玛的一个藏家女子；我和刘洵在理塘期间，一直为我们提供食宿的那家姓森的三姐妹；便是其中我和刘洵永远怀念的人。在我们彼此都不能实现团聚的梦想中，她们是我和刘洵一生的伤痛，也是我和刘洵一生的慰藉。

而理塘志玛，可以说是理塘的天空和理塘的草原带我和刘洵认识的。她就像是草原的精灵，召唤我们走向她的身边。她牧草一样在草滩上缓缓生长的歌声；她的那双飘动的白云深远而辽阔的眼睛；她像土地一样坦然地承受着大地上不幸和苦难的她的心灵，从此便是我和刘洵识别什么是真正的女人与认识雪域高原的底色和背景。

太阳从山头沉下去了，暮色中的白帐房在橘红色的光线里看上去就像是一片白色的墓地。那天是理塘的八一赛马节。我和刘洵像藏族人一样盘脚坐在开着雪菊和黄色小花的草地上，听着理塘志玛向我们讲述她童年和少女时代的故事。她的那些故事对我和刘洵来说，比童话和梦还要遥远。那时，那片白色帐房组成的墓地就淹隐在我们背后逾来逾浓的暮色之中。但是，天空下面的童话并不都是美丽的，除白雪公主外，还有许多是我们尚没

有听说过的。如果说她十三岁那年被四个野兽一样的男人轮奸的“故事”也是童话世界里的内容，那我情愿没有投生，也不忍再听第二次。但我从她望着西边的山外雪花一样的目光，那是佛寂灭的地方，我知道，我心中只有一片空虚和苍白。

我不知道人心究竟能承受得住多少不幸和罪恶。但是，我没有因为理塘志玛的不幸而心碎身死，也没有因此而对这个不仁道的世道做些什么，可见人心原本的阴影和黑暗。但是，今天，我想说的还不是这些。这样的人间悲剧在我们这个地球上从未停止过，也许我们早已习以为常；而对于如此悲剧下的毁灭和仇恨也同样是见惯不惊了。也许吧。今天，我要说的是，这个当初不足二十岁的小学教师，在向我们讲述她不幸的遭遇时，在她心中没有对这个世界的仇恨，她心中的那盏灯也没有因此而熄灭。她望着渐渐隐没在暮色中的西边的山，手指不经意地扶着一朵嫩弱

的野花，对这个世界，对给他带来太多不幸的故乡，她仍充满了无限的爱恋。她向我们讲她的每一个学生，讲仓央嘉措和他的故事，讲她自己的未来；讲理塘的山和水，理塘的花草和鸟兽。

我和刘洵一共在理塘住了十天。这十天里，我们所经历的事情，比许多人一辈子经历的事情还要多。我和刘洵离开理塘的那天早上，森家三姐妹，理塘志玛，来为我们送行。在汽车开走的那一时刻，我们和他们都默默地流下了眼泪。我们彼此在最后相互注视着对方的目光中，有千言万语，有万语千言，但只有我们自己知道：今生，除了在梦里，在回忆里，甚至在坟墓里，我们都无需说出我们心中那些要说的话。

那以后，我再也没有得到过理塘志玛的任何消息。后来我听说姓森的三姐妹多年以后纷纷结婚了，这期间，刘洵给理塘志玛写过好

几封很长的信，都没有得到答复。好长一段时间，他总是反反复复地对我说，他要调到理塘去工作。对此，我没有什么好说的。我了解刘洵，我深知理塘对我和刘洵意味着什么。

刘洵终于没有去理塘，两年后，在极度矛盾的心情下，他去了甘孜州北部的甘孜县。在此之前，87年的春节，我和刘洵，还有金阳曾去过一趟甘孜和色达。此行为刘洵留下了深刻的印象，也留下了许多美丽的故事。

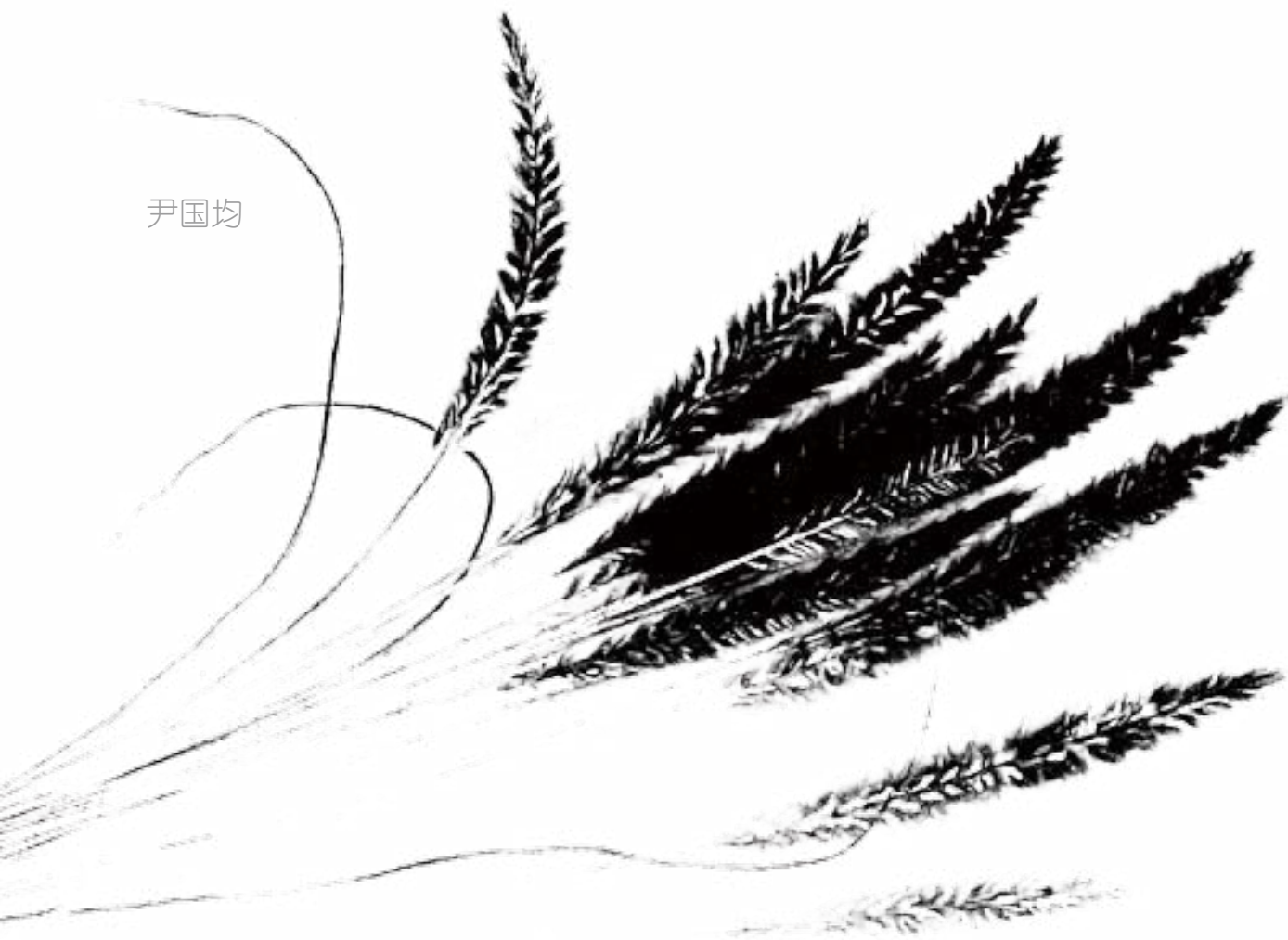
甘孜，除开恶劣的生存环境外，那里是一个让人心醉的地方。刘洵在甘孜的两年里，不断写有书信，叙述哪里的种种美丽和他的感受。其中一些关于他与当地藏族女子的故事叙述，让我和成都以及康定的朋友为之长久地感动和神往。金阳就曾到那里呆过较长的一段时间，诗人冉仲景来康定生活了十余年，唯一一次到关外，也是去的刘洵那里。

正是在甘孜州的两年里，刘洵完成了从自我朝向生命过度的一大批油画。这批油画以静物为主：木楼的拐角处的一盆西藏海棠；桌面上的书与镜框里的一片树叶；藏地农区的山坡上随处可见的一种叫阿布扎布的花；以及藏地农区另一种常见的野花——深紫色的勿忘我等等。另外则是风景：局部的房子；一小片柏杨林等等。而风景中作为主体的房子，几乎是高原上最常见的那种白墙黑瓦长条状的汉室平房，这种汉室平房是70年代以前的建筑风格；作为本地特色的藏式建筑则几乎是作为遥远的背景出现在林地的背后。此外，这期间，藏族女子和喇嘛还没有出现在刘洵的画布上。从刘洵这一时期的油画中，你能强烈地感受到孤独而坚定的人格自我对美神圣的捍卫；以及雪域仍作为遥远的香巴拉。在刘洵的心灵中被遥远而平静地注视着。

一九九八年七月三十日于 康定折多河畔

有关刘洵绘画的七段联想

尹国均



八十年代的中国绘画处在各自不同的“西方”艺术影响之中，由于气质和天赋，八十年代中国的画家们在选择着自己各自不同的“西方”。刘洵就生活在对上述精神的体会中，他既是“古典”的，又是“现代”的，他在体验着一种“浪漫”的抒情方式——生存之苦（叔本华，尼采），他在寻找着他的风格。他用细小的毛笔表达着他的体验，这种体验如海德格尔在凡·高《鞋》的画中体验到的永恒：农夫与苍茫大地那双鞋所负载的艰辛与希望，那是人类在大地上传来的声响。这是绘画史上现代主义之前所表现的最美好心灵之感即绘画的特性。刘洵就生活在对这种永恒诗性的感觉之中。波提切利敏感的边沿轮廓被巴尔蒂斯心领神会；藉里柯则充分领会了哈代幻象空间中的那种神秘的、宿命般的气氛。在那些伟大作品中，刘洵感叹这种精神的宁静与伟大，感受到生命中存在的悲剧命运和自然中戏剧般的宁静永恒，记得还是在八十年代初他对

我说英国诗人叶芝有一首诗，描写了一个女孩在荒野中被风撩起了裙子吹着走，他说他感受到一种神秘荒诞，这大概是《绿袖子》。刘洵是一个细心的，专心一致的生命存在体验者。他能体验每一棵树，远山的轮廓线，每片阴影或纯净的天空；他能整天看着普桑的同一幅画，赞叹那永恒的宁静。

八九十年代中国人谈得最多的是“自我”与“主体性”，其实对“自我”与“主体性”的认识有一个最基础也最简单的条件即真诚地，切实地面对自己的生命。自己的生命感受超越了一切理论——那个血肉之躯才是神灵的赋予当大家都在追随各种传媒运载来的西方现代主义，后现代主义各种作品和理论时，刘洵则悄悄逃向荒原，在那里体会他的宁静与永恒。在他的绘画中，我们可以看到他的画布上没有虚实主次，一切都是主要的。他可以埋头每一个极细的细节并沉寢在一种“无我”之境中。当我们发现画布上那些被他敏锐地感受到的

轮廓线，边沿线和那些“主观地”平面化了的色块时，我们看到了刘洵心中的那一个“永恒的宁静”。刘洵是一个相当“主观”的、在寻找着一种“抽象”永悟的画者。他不厌其烦地在一块画布上刮了画、画了刮，对刘洵来说他的画布上永远留下的是“半成品”。

在解释刘洵时，我们很难把刘洵放在一个确切的位置，他既不属于时下的“写实”风画派，因为他似乎在寻找一种抽象永恒的精神；他又不属于时下的“前卫”实验团体，因为他钟情于古典传统抒情风格，而且明显具有一种“古老”的“人文”精神。从另一层面上讲，他在讲究古典油画技法上的“层次”，“厚薄”的同时，又不自觉地感受到“平面”。在讲究“光”的同时又过分注重轮廓线的感受，他在“客观地”描绘时又受到“形式”影响；在感受生命的短促时又被“永恒”所迷惑。刘洵不自在地承受着这种生命的“迷惑”。

刘洵在画画时精力倾注在他面对的“自然”所有细节上，为此，他常常因为“细节”而进展很慢。他那种过分关心细节的方式可以解释为“逃避”喧嚣尘世，或者说他本身就希望埋入那些细节乐而忘返。他津津乐道于所有轮廓线，使我们感到一种“抽象的”赋予某种“思想”的意味。或者说隐隐有一种平面分割的感受，平面的“形式感”隐喻着形式的创造。刘洵所喜欢的“母题”比如干花，路，山野，树或石头的房屋让人想到英国小说家哈代的“埃塞克斯”宁静形成了刘洵喜欢的母题。我们不否认绘画寻找和创造花样翻新的有视觉冲击力的“形式语言”，但另一种更为古老的绘画——一种诗意的，文学性的，除了“能指”以外的喻意深刻的绘画“所指”仍然具有生命的无限性也为我们提供了无限的阐释可能。从某种意义上说，绘画丧失其应有的“诗性”和“文学性”而进入一种纯粹“形式”的玩弄与拼贴或许正是某些艺术走入绝境的根源。因为艺术史上最伟大艺术之所以在今天仍然具有震撼人心灵的生命力，或许正是其

诗性。刘洵是一个“边缘的”探索者，在世纪末喧嚣的多种“前卫实验”的绘画语境中，在更多的被“代理”的行画画手的背景前，他反而从大都市逃向了川西高原的“荒野”，让自己沉静在大自然的“纯净”之中，感受一种本真的生命——对自我与山川中某种“宿命”的体验。

在刘洵的绘画中，我们能看到一种内容大于形式的焦虑感，一种再现的形式不能承受感觉的细腻的痛苦。

刘洵 1980 年进入四川美术学院版画系学版画。四年学院生活中，他最喜欢的是德加的素描，比亚兹莱以及英国细木刻，喜欢波提切利，普桑，柯罗，罗塞蒂的画，喜欢哈代的小说。由于他生活在四川音乐学院，也喜欢勃拉姆斯。1984 年分配到四川省歌舞团当“美工”，第二年他只身去了甘孜州，然后又自愿进入了甘孜下面藏区流动小学，后又调入甘孜州立师专教美术。

Pieces of Thinking upon Liu Xun's Paintings

By Yin Guojun

The Chinese paintings in 1980s were under the influence of different western styles. Due to different disposition and talents, Chinese painters in 1980s were looking for different western styles suitable to themselves, among whom Liu Xun was both classical and modern. He was experiencing a "romantic" way of expression: pain of living (Schopenhauer and Nietzsche) and looking for his own style. He was expressing himself with subtle brushstrokes, which was like the eternity Heidegger had felt from Van Gogh's "Shoes": the farmer and the boundless land. The hardship and hope that the pair of shoes carried were the reflection of human on the earth. This is the most beautiful feeling in painting history before modernism, so to say, the characteristic of painting. Liu Xun lives in the sense of eternity and poetry. The sensitive fringe outline of Botticelli was understood by Balthus, while Gericault had full understanding of the mysterious and fatalistic atmosphere in Hardy's illusion space. Liu Xun appreciates the tranquility and greatness in the masterpieces and feels the tragic destiny in life and dramatic peaceful tranquility in nature. I could remember that in the early 1980s, he talked with me about a poem of the British poet Yeats describing a girl walking in the wild with her skirt blowing in the wind. He said he had a sense of mystery and absurdity from it, which was probably

like The Greensleeves. Liu Xun is a cautious and concentrated experiencer of life. He feels every tree, the outline of distant mountains, every shadow or light of the sky. He could place himself in the same painting of Poussan for the whole day, appreciating the eternal tranquility inside.

People talked a lot about "ego" and "entity" in 80s and 90s. In fact, the basic and simple condition to understand them is to face the life genuinely. The experience towards life should be surpassing all of the theories: the flesh and blood are the gifts from the God. When people were pursuing artworks and theories of western modernism and post-modernism transferred by various media, Liu Xun went to the wild land quietly to look for his tranquility and eternity. In his paintings, we could see there is no distinction between virtual and actual as well as primary and secondary, with everything is important. He could dedicate himself in every subtle detail and a state of anatta. When we see the outlines, fringes and the deliberately flattened color tones from his canvas under his keen observation, we could see the eternal tranquility in him. Liu Xun is a fairly subjective painter looking for some abstract inspiration. He's never tired of painting and scraping on one canvas, and for him, it's always the semi-finished thing on his canvas.

It's hard for us to categorize Liu Xun. He's not realistic, as he's looking for some abstract and eternal spirit, while he's not among the avant-garde experimental group, since he's in favor of the traditional classical way of expression with an obvious ancient humanistic spirit. In other words, the same time he emphasizes the layers of classical technique, he cares about the flatness; when he focuses on light, he expects the sense of outlining; as he's drawing objectively, he's influenced by forms too; when he's feeling the briefness of life, he's attracted to the eternity. Liu Xun's been bearing the attraction of life uneasily.

Liu Xun pay great attention to the details of "nature" he faces during painting, thus he's usually slow in creation. His fuss over details could be explained as his wishes to escape from the vulgar life or his enjoyment from immersing in the details. He takes delight in talking about all the outlines, which are endowed with some abstract concept. In other words, there is some indistinct feeling of plane surface being separated, with the plane sense of form indicating the creation of forms. The subjects Liu Xun likes such as dried flowers, roads, hills, trees or houses made of stones remind people the Essex of Hardy, the British novelist. Tranquility becomes Liu Xun's

favorite motif. We don't deny that we should seek and try to re-create "formal languages" with great visual impact, but there is another more ancient painting, which is poetic, literary and with profound messages besides of significans, showing that designatum is vital and provides us unlimited explanations. To some extent, the fundamental reason that some art get into hopeless straits is that the painting is losing its original poetry and literariness and becoming some formal game and montage. The reason that the masterpieces in art history are still with shocking vitality are probably because of the poetry inside.

Liu Xun is an explorer at the fringe. In the noisy avant-guard experimental circumstances of painting at the end of the 20th century, he, on the contrary, escaped from the metropolis to the wild land of Western Sichuan Plateau. He is serene in the purity of the nature, to feel real life - the fateful connection between himself and the mountains.

In Liu Xun's paintings, we could see the anxiety of content over form; and the subtle pain in his paintings.

Liu Xun went to Sichuan Fine Arts Institute to study graphic

arts in 1980. During four years of study, his favorite was Degas's sketch, Beardsley and British fine wood carving. He was in favor of the paintings of Botticelli, Poussan, Corot, Rossetti and the novels of Hardy. He loved Brahms too as he lived in Sichuan Conservatory of Music. He was distributed to Sichuan Song and Dance Troupe as art designer in 1984 went to Ganzi alone the following year. Then he volunteered to a migrant primary school in Tibetan area in Ganzi, following which he was transferred to Ganzi State-owned Normal College as a teacher of fine art.

用心平常

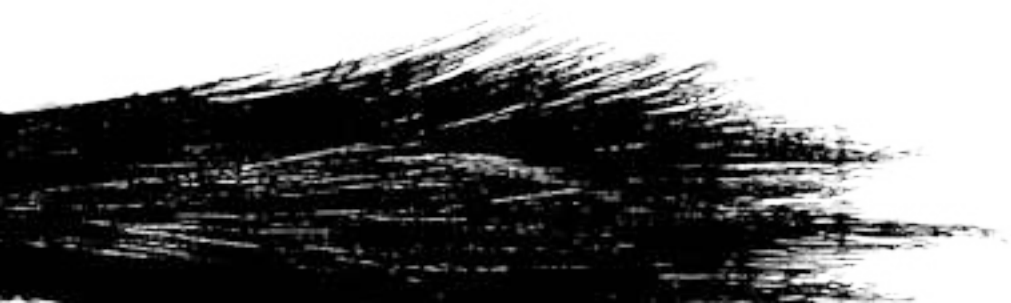
程丛林

看刘洵的油画，让我想起了陵墓中出土的绸缎，失色但不失光泽和品位。其中随形就势的用笔缓慢而收敛，如明敏的过客对山水动情相望而不语。色调不浓，得来空疏玄淡。形态仪像深稳，普通而奇异。意绪很有些禅雅冥蒙而渊远。

倘若把这样的作品放入眼前大规模流动的艺术场合，则显得脱离背景。作画者很沉静，不晕玄，无喘息，恍疑出俗。渗透着闹市中隐者的偏执和泰然，骨子里是个另类。这样的画，可能有他的缘由。山山水水天地间，自然秩序浑沌圆转，隐约沧桑，意象万千而自由，本来使人通透。更何况，在听觉上，刘洵深为巴赫的音乐所召唤。换言之，他是被一种久远而永恒的绵力所驱动。

在刘洵的画中，我看到十分向往的境界：用心平常地去画出那个感人的东西，那个东西就会很感人。

2002年6月26日于德国



Listen to Your Heart

By Cheng Conglin

Liu Xun's painting reminds me of the silk unearthed from the mausoleum, pale, but glossy and artistic. Its flowing technique of painting is slow and restraining, just like a passing traveler gazing upon beautiful scenery, with hills and waters silently rather than putting it into words. The painting is in soft color, free and natural, deep and steady, common but exotic, with profound artistic conception.

If this kind of work is to place in the art scene, it will appear isolated. The artist is very peaceful, natural, and unworldly, just like a calm but paranoid anchorite in the downtown area. This painting is done for a reason. The natural order between Heaven and Earth and multifarious free images make people pure and simple. Moreover, Liu Xun is in deep love with Bach's music. In other words, he is driven by a kind of ancient and eternal force.

Through Liu Xun's painting, I see my desirable state: Listen to your heart and draw up heart-warming things.

Written in Germany on June 26, 2002

勿忘我
布面油画

Forget-Me-Not(Sea Lavender)
85.5cm×70cm
Oil on Canvas
1990



有布纹的干花
布面油画

Dried Flowers with Mat
65cm× 56cm
Oil on Canvas
1996



浅草
布面油画

Timothy
115.6cm× 80cm
Oil on Canvas
2001



雪菊 5
布面油画

Plain Coreopsis No.5
100cm×100cm
Oil on Canvas
2001



植物
布面油画


Plants
114cm×89cm
Oil on Canvas
2002



黑花 4
布面油画

Black Flowers No.4
116cm×89cm
Oil on Canvas
2002





黑花
布面油画

Black Flowers
81cm×116cm
Oil on Canvas
2002

黑菊
布面油画

Black Chrysanthemum
82.2cm×70.2cm
Oil on Canvas
2003





干花
布面油画

Dried Flowers
116cm×116cm
Oil on Canvas
2003

麦穗 2
布面油画

Ears of Wheat No.2
130cm×80cm
Oil on Canvas
2003



黑花 5
布面油画

Black Flowers No.5
116cm×73cm
Oil on Canvas
2003



干花
布面油画

Dried Flowers
130cm×81cm
Oil on Canvas
2004



雪菊
布面油画

Plain Coreopsis
130cm×81cm
Oil on Canvas
2004



黑草
布面油画

Black Grass
135cm×95cm
Oil on Canvas
2004



吉祥草
布面油画

Reineckea
130cm×89cm
Oil on Canvas
2004



干花
布面油画

Dried Flowers
116cm×89cm
Oil on Canvas
2005



画框与植物
布面油画

Frame and Plants
116cm×86cm
Oil on Canvas
2008



台阶上的植物
布面油画

Plants on the Steps
115cm×82cm
Oil on Canvas
2009



古木
布面油画

Old Wood
73cm×73cm
Oil on Canvas
2010



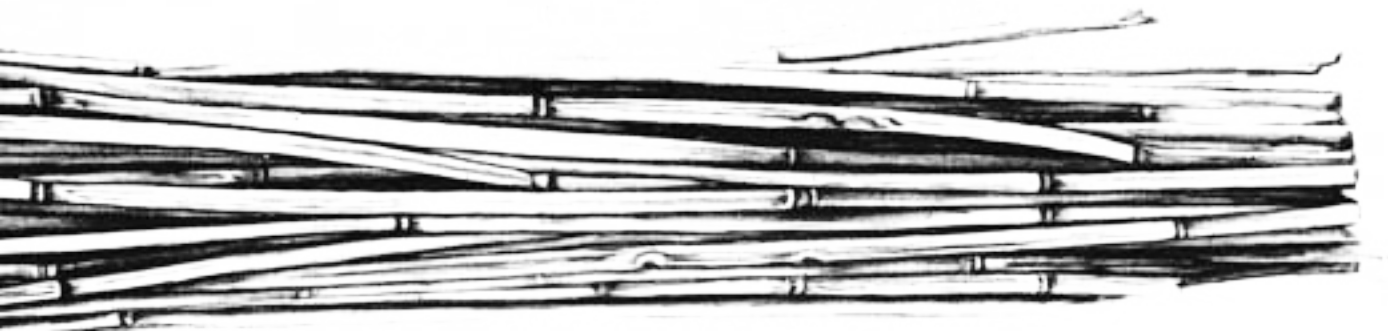
艺术书写的边缘突进 与原初图式

查常平

真正的艺术，永远是边缘的，和任何时代的主流话语图式无关。

艺术的边缘性，就是艺术书写图式的个人性，这种个人性的艺术语言图式，是一个艺术家称为艺术家的基本标识，它呈现在艺术家某个阶段或时期自觉与不自觉的艺术书写结果中。它相对于艺术家的习作，相对于和他共在的其他艺术书写者，都是一种原初性的图式。所谓艺术家，无非是那些在艺术书写中创造出原初图式的文化人。

艺术家刘洵的原初图式，是一种半椭圆形的坟堆图式。他创作的风景系列、静物系列，无论作为远景的山还是做为近景的树，还有传达各样否定性生命情感的静物画中的花卉造型，全是半椭圆形图式。该图式，既非客观的写实之物，也非主观的意象之物，而是介于主观与客观之间。它源于艺术家个人的独特经历和宗教认识。



20 世纪 80 年代末艺术家只身前往甘孜，在那里，经历了友人的醉死、自杀，以及许多只能在记忆中埋葬、回想的人事。他把自己对父亲、及往日生活的怀念带进灵魂的坟墓中。他在生命情感的流走、人生旅途的漂泊中，用怀念与牵挂、祝福与渴想来表白对坟墓中过去的执爱。按照他的朋友们的说法，“这是没有结局的事业”。

对于流浪的艺术家而言，是无家可归的。“长亭连短亭，何处是归程？”如果他的心灵、他的生命情感要继续流浪，那么，他就不能选择坟墓为安息之地。他唯一的命运，是将那些情感，借助象征性的语言，对象化到艺术形式中。刘洵的风景静物，他获取安慰的家园，从中，我们能够感受到古典艺术的静穆、秩序、高贵的美学。他的《高地晚秋》（1997），半椭圆形杨树近景，占居画面中心。其树根生命力顽强，倒映在水中，历历在目。两座残缺的 1/4 椭圆形山堆，横亘在一座远山面

前。艺术家利用非光源性的深浅交替，突出画面的结构秩序，他在书写过程中一直保持着对自己主观的率性冲动和临时效果的诱惑的节制，用细碎的笔触一遍遍地刻画出预定的图式，细节表面的真实，渗透出一种内在力量的存在，而绘画的肌理在顺服秩序的书写中遗留下来，人只能隐隐地感觉得到它。艺术家在这里，对原初图式的书写还处于实验阶段。他一年后创作的《高原风景》，树冠山形，明显呈现出残缺的椭圆形坟茔图式。远山近树、牦牛人家，清晰宁静，万古如斯，其房屋的内在结构，在高原阴天柔和明亮的光照下，把艺术家个人生命情感的漂浮混沌凝固澄明，正如肖斯塔科维奇的《第五交响曲》那样，忧郁、严肃。

艺术的主题关怀与图式关怀，在作品《灵山》（2000）中达到完全合一。作为原初图式的山堆，是其远景，近景为直立的经幡与散落的高僧灵塔。塔群和山堆之间，是平静祥和

的人家，草原。画面以灰色调为主，除了微红的印章式的草略显出一丝生命存留过的迹象。灵塔给出作品图式以意义：从事灵修的存在者的死亡，是不是就如同一切在者那样随生命的终结而永远消失？至少，它能否像山堆那样在时间中更为久远地存在下去？伤口所要祭祀的，不只是死者的亡灵，而且是在这种场景中生者的未来，尽管它的原初图式表现为三角形的山堆。其主题关怀的意义所指，却和刘洵的其它作品保持着内在的关联：那便是生与死的宗教感。

作为对当代艺术界纯化油画语言运动的回应，刘洵默默地进行着他的语言实验。他重制现成的油画材料掺和大量快干油以增强画面的透明感和流动性，线的构成性。他痴迷于理性微妙控制的色彩织体，排除人的易变情绪和光线因四季不同带来的干扰，以预订的灰色，用点的笔法将密集的色点化成片，最终达到消解方法的痕迹效果。他努力在画面上

追求某种“质感”“手绘感”，减弱色彩的深浅冷暖对比，一种古旧银器般的色泽，内含着艺术家个人隐秘的心理经验。对此，艺术爱者只能凭心感受、冥想。他的绘画干净无粉气，平整而不油滑。在书写过程中，艺术家克制着自己的生命情感，留下被剥蚀掉的痕迹。这样的效果，并非在任何环境任何光线下都能见到。作品《云关东雪》（2001），主体图式一片杨树、两座部分重叠的半椭圆形山堆构成。树梢上的冰雪因春天转暖，开始融化滴入水塘中，泛起一圈圈涟漪，打破了高原全部冬天的死寂。我们从画面上，仿佛听见了稀稀落落的音乐声。虽然的图式关怀上，它依然是椭圆形的杨树、山堆的延续，但比起《高原风景》、《高地唤秋》来，画面构成更加抽象化，色彩更为清冷，而不是写实性的生机勃勃的艺术对象。艺术家使用灰色，我想也许同他的艺术对象的记忆性有关。因为记忆中的物象，永远都应该是不清楚的、冥想的或令人沉思的。而人最需要沉

思的，便是他的冬天、他的死亡、他死后的归宿——一坟茔的意义，难怪刘洵在艺术观念语言图式上，择取半椭圆形的杨树造型、山堆、象征坟茔和彼岸的人生。他希望用一种架上的绘画的“质感”来生效，而非画的内容。这种“质感”是只有人手可以再现的能渗透到“神经末梢的触感”（刘洵语）他画多年前窗外的坟山，画白河在四川、青海甘肃三省交界处的平静迂回曲折，还有河中奋发生长水面上下辉映的水《草岸》（2001），无非是要向一切艺术爱者显明：死亡不是人生的终结，坟茔也不是我们的家。

刘洵将他的风景系列中画面的主体物像——杨树、山堆——画成坟茔般半椭圆式，并不意味着艺术家本人顺服于死亡的权势。“作为我的生存之终结，死相对于我的这种生存始终是陌生的。它仅仅作为这种令人惊异的陌生物成为人生命的一部分。”所以，即使在刘洵画的冬天雪景中，雪也处于正在融化

状态，杨树伸展着它顽强的枝丫，大地上出现了道路的痕迹，牦牛开始寻求新年的食物，遥远天空的云团在游动，一副充满希望的景象《冬》（1999）。

“欧洲绘画……对人的精神形式（智慧和技艺）的狂喜和赞美，则由静物画来体现。……从画艺的角度来说，静物画是欧洲绘画中一个最直接地用于判别画家技艺之高下优劣的竞技场”。但是，刘洵静物，当然不是为了同别人比试技艺的优劣，而是源于他对画中花草的热爱。每幅静物花草的无言无语，诉说自己孑然度日的生活处境与生存场景。他在后来创作的风景系列中，择取的半椭圆形坟茔的原初图式，已经隐含在静物系列的结构组成中。除了《静物组画之八》、2001年创作的《窗》之外，他的其它静物画的中心图式，都为半椭圆形状。不过，前两者的生命情感，依然流露出坟茔般静寂和对死亡的抗争气息。玻璃花瓶，摆放在窗前塑料椅上，一枝红花、

一片绿叶，《窗》的主题关怀，为工业文明对于人的生活场景的异化和自然复苏象征的希望。木楼拐角处的一分秋海棠，用叶的平面分染保持油画的粘度感，艺术家从中体会到理性地控制用色的奇妙，花绿叶红传达出光与体的感觉《秋海棠》（1990）。藏地农区，随处可见一处名为阿布扎布的野花，意思是草地上的姑娘。《阿布扎布花》（1990）这幅静物，红色的花心略显出生命的诡异，其中的小亮点，通过数次的提亮覆盖，呈现出自动闪烁的效果。另一件静物《黑花》（1993）是艺术家哀思一位亡友的情感表达。桌布细微的皱纹，花钵风化的残迹，紫黑色花叶无力的下垂，背景的深黑色，艺术书写着当时的压抑悲怆，画面上微妙地显明出来。他的《雪菊》（1992），尽管开放的自由欢心，但紫黑色的花瓶及其下面的椅子给人一种紧张而神秘的压抑感。他的《静物组画之五》（1990），同样选择了深黑色的背景，花瓣蓝的令人心醉，花枝的灰白色，和画面的整体忧郁气氛

相协调。这种艺术观念取向，集中体现在刘洵最新的一幅静物《干花》（2001）之中，背景、花枝、花叶、花钵、花土，尽都衰败枯黄。这样的意味，在精神性方面和艺术家的其它静物、风景作品的原初图式息息相通的。

刘洵以花为主体的静物，更多突出、关注的物本身，而不是自然物与人工物的关系。花开非象征自然中的四季生死轮回，而是艺术书写者强烈的主观情感的表达，一种同人的记忆死亡，压抑相关联的生命情感的艺术图式的原型。刘洵也画过一些以藏区牧民生活为主题关怀的油画，但里面或有半椭圆形的杨树构成，或从窗外望出去远处有几座坟茔，或是《暮色迷茫》（1997）中行走在黄土上的藏族女子，它们从不同程度反映出艺术家的原初观念语言图式。艺术家的这种抽象古典抒情风格，将个体生命情感的感受与地域文化相结合的装饰性所产生的虚拟性从而避

免逼真性，他的画面的平涂轮廓线，正式一
位置身于边缘的当代艺术家执着艺术的明证，
也是给与一切艺术爱者最好的馈赠。

2001年8月21日

The Marginal Boost and Original Graphic Presentation of Art

By Zha Changping

The real art has always been marginal, irrelevant to the mainstream language or diagram of any period of time.

The marginality of art is the characteristics of art, which is the basic attribute for an artist; and the attribute is presented in his/her artworks from time to time. It's an original form of presentation comparing to the other artists at his time. The artists are nothing more than culturatis who have created the original graphic presentations.

The original graphic presentation of the artist Liu Xun is a semi-elliptical grave mound. In his series of landscape and still life, they are all semi-elliptical no matter if it is the mountain far away or the nearby trees or the flowers expressing negative emotions towards life. The graphic presentation is neither objective and realistic nor subjective and imaginary, but between the two. It originated from the personal experience and religious understanding of the artist.

In the late 1980s, the artist went to Ganzi on his own, where he experienced death from intoxication and suicide of friends as well as people and things that could only be buried in memories. He buried his yearning towards his father and the

old days deep in his subconscious. As time goes by, he showed his love towards the past which was buried in the grave with yearning, wishes and desire. As one of his friends said, "It's a career without end."

For a drifting artist, there's no place called home. "Where, pray, is the way home? Along a string of wayside pavilions I roam." If he is to become a drifter, he can't choose a grave as his final destination. His only fate is to transfer the emotions into the subject of art with symbolic languages. He draws comfort from the landscape and still life, from which we can feel the solemn, ordered and noble aesthetics of classical art. In his *Late Autumn in the Highland* (1997), the semi-elliptical foreground of poplars takes up the center of the painting. The roots with tenacious vitality cast an eye-catching shadow in the water and two incomplete quarter-elliptical hills span in front of a distant mountain. The painter used the non-photogenic alternating shades to give prominence to the structural order of the painting. He restrained his subjective impulse and the temptation of temporary effects during painting, depicting the picture and details with subtle brushstrokes, revealing the existence of an inner power; while the trace of texture of the painting was left, which could

only be felt indistinctly. At that time, the artist was at the experimental stage of the original graphic presentation. In Landscape in Plateau he created one year later, the crowns of trees and the forms of hills were showing obvious deformed graphic presentation of elliptical graves shape. Under the gentle and bright sunshine in the plateau, distant hills and nearby trees, yaks and houses as well as the inner structure of the houses are clear and quiet, passing with the time, congealing and clarifying the chaotic emotions of the artist, as melancholy and solemn as Shostakovich's The Fifth Symphony.

The thematic and graphic solicitude of art was put together in Lingshan Mountain (2000), in which, the hills are shown in the distant while the foreground is the vertical sutra streamers and hierarches and stupas. Among the stupas and hills, there are peaceful houses and grassland. The painting is mostly in grey color, except the faint red seal-like grass showing a hint of existence of life. The stupas endow meaning to the graphic presentation: is the death of people engaged in sandhana, the same as the death of the common people? Can it exist longer as the hills? Meanwhile, the designatum of the meaning has an internal connection with the other paintings of Liu Xun, which is the sense of religion of life and death.

As a response to movement of purifying the language of oil painting in the art community, Liu Xun has been performing his experiments quietly. He re-makes the existent materials and quick-drying oil to increase the sense of transparency and flowing as well as the constitutive character of lines of the painting. He's addicted to creating the subtle and rational color texture, getting rid of the disturbance of people's emotions caused by lights in different seasons, and making the dense points in pointillism into plane with the prepared grey color, thus eliminating any trace left. He tries very hard to obtain the "texture" and sense of hand-drawing on his paintings, and weaken the contrast of depths and tones of colors, creating the ancient-silverware-like color which bears the painter's deep personal experience. It is only with heart and meditation could the audience feel it. His paintings are clean and neat. During his creation, the artist explores his own emotions, finding the corroded signs, which can't be easily seen in most circumstance . As in his artworks Winter Snow in Yunguan (2001), the major part is a forest of poplars and two semi-elliptical hills with part of them overlapped. As the springs arrives, the ice and snow on the branches are melting and dropping in the pool, rippling and breaking the deadly stillness of winter in the plateau. We can even hear some

scattered music from the painting. Though it's the extension of elliptical poplars and hills, the composition of the painting gets more abstract, and the tone becomes cooler comparing with the realistic and vital subjects from Landscape in Plateau and Late Autumn in the Highland. As to the grey color he used, I assume it must be connected with the memorability of his artistic subjects. The things in memories are tend to be vague, musing or thought-provoking. While the thing one needs to think about most is his death and destiny after that. No wonder to Liu Xun choosed semi-elliptical poplars and hills to indicate graves and faramita. He expects the effects from the "textrue" rather than the content of the paintings. As to the "texture", he thinks it can only be re-created by one's hands as "it's capable of permeating to the teleneuron"(in his own words). He painted the graves outside the window, the peaceful and twisted White River at the juncture of Sichuan, Qinghai and Gansu, and as well as the marshy weeds striving in the river with beautiful reflection in The Shore (2001), all of which are intended to express the idea: death is not the end of life, and graves are not our destination.

Painted the subjects, such as poplars and mountains, in a grave like semi-elliptical, doesn't mean the artist is

subjected to the power of death. "As the end of my days, death will always be unfamiliar to me. It's only a part of life such as surprise and wonder." Therefore, even the snowscape of winter in his paintings, the snow is melting, the poplars are spreading, the road is stretching, the yaks are looking for food, and the distant clouds are full of hope.

"In European paintings ... the exultation and appraisal towards human's psychological forms (wisdom and skills) are expressed through still life ... from the perspective of painting techniques, still life is a way to judge the painters' skills." However, the reason Liu Xun draws still life is not to compete with others, but to express his love towards the flowers and grass in the paintings. Every still life shows his lonely situation and circumstances. In his latter landscape series, the semi-elliptical graves composition has been implicated in the still life series. Except for Still Life No.8 and Window created in 2001, all of the center graphics in his still life paintings are semi-elliptical. However, the emotions in the former two paintings still show sense of grave-like silence and struggling against death. In Window: with the glass vase on the plastic chair in front of the window, with a red flower and a green leaf, shows the transformation of people's life of

the industrial civilization and also the hope of the nature's recovery. In Begonia (1990), the artist has learnt the wonder of rational coloring, as he distribute the color evenly onto the leaves to keep the sense of glutinosity within the painting, thus creating shining effect of the red flowers and green leaves of the begonia at the corner of a wooden building. In rural Tibetan areas, the wild flowers named Abuzhabu are ubiquitous, with the name, meaning girl on the grassland. In Abuzhabu Flower, (1990), the red stamen shows the weirdness of life, while the bright points inside are shining naturally. And in The Black Flower (1993), he painted to grieve for a deceased friend, the tiny wrinkles of the table cloth, the weathering signs of the flowerpot, the withering of the purple black flower and the dark background are all claiming the depression and gloom of the artist. In his Plain Coreopsis (1992) though in blossom, the purple black vase and the chair are presenting a sense of nervous and mysterious depression. Still Life No.5(1990) also has dark black background, with the enchanting blue petals and grey flowering branches corresponding to the melancholy atmosphere in the painting. This concept is fully illustrated in his latest artworks The Dried Flowers (2001). In which the background, flowering branches, leaves, pots and earth are all in withering and decay. It's actually closely linked in

concept and expression with the original graphic presentation with his other works of still life and landscape.

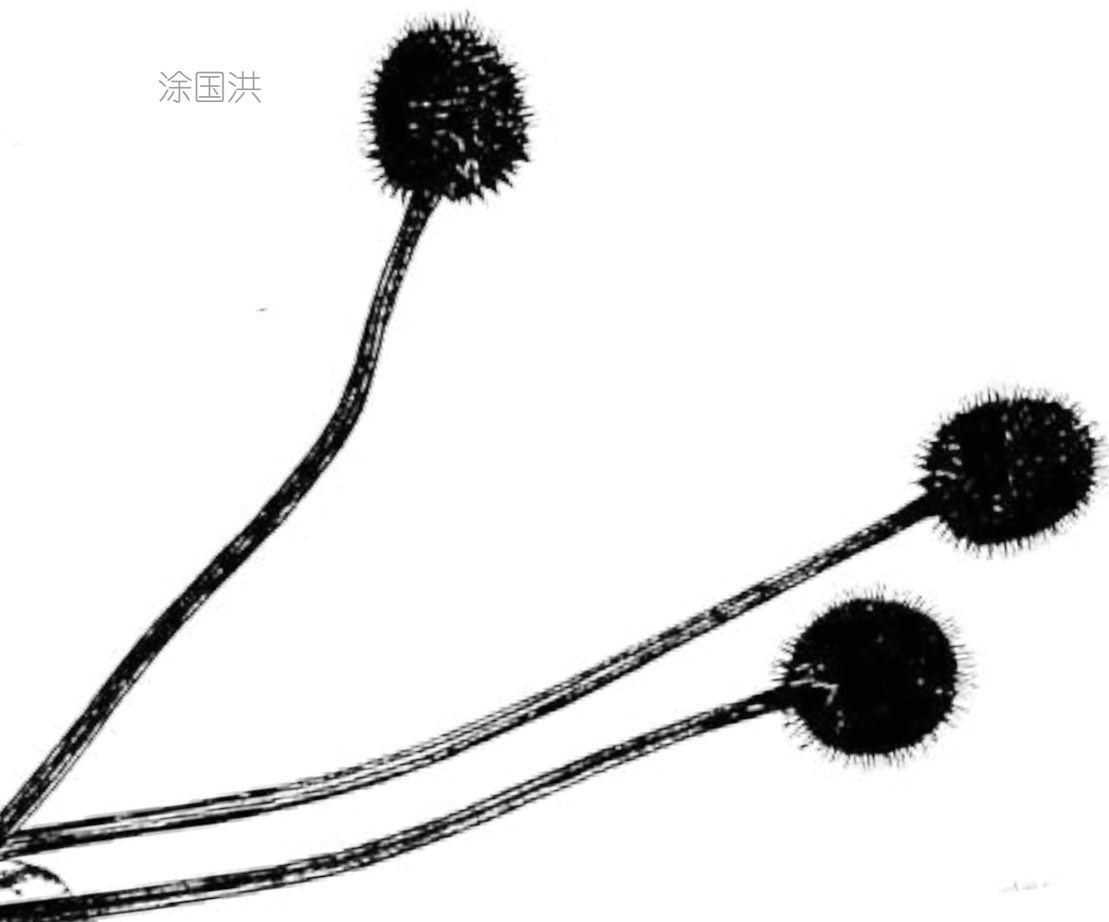
Liu Xun's still life with the subjects of flowers cares more about the objects rather than the relations between the natural VS. artificial. The flowers in blossom doesn't stand for the changes of seasons and reincarnation of life and death, but rather the expression of the painter's strong emotions, which is rooted in the emotions related to human's memories, deaths and depression. Liu Xun also has created oil paintings based on the life of Tibetan herdsmen, in which there are semi-elliptical poplars or several graves out of the window, or Tibetan girl walking in the loess as in *Twilight in the Mist*, all of which showing the artist's original concept and language. With the abstract and classical style, the artist has created virtual decorativeness in connecting the personal emotions and regional culture, thus avoiding the realistic depiction. The flat-painted contour line in his paintings is just the evidence of a marginal modern artist dedicated to art and the best gift for the art patrons.

August 21, 2001

漂泊者之歌

—— 刘洵其人其画

涂国洪



现实很近，心却格外遥远，刘洵注定要漂泊。

地老天荒的甘孜、阿坝成了刘洵漂泊之旷域。

在那片纯净的旷域，刘洵像一位中世纪的行吟诗人，迷醉于雪山、牧场和藏胞们的宽袍大袖。其间，他居无定处，朝启晚息——十几年如一日，居然不知滚滚红尘、市场经济一日千里，这般不识人间烟火，他不一贫如洗，谁一贫如洗呢？……

作为独子的他因思念年迈多病的父母，中断漂泊，于98年回到成都近郊，是时，他抱回的那一大堆油画着实让人瞠目结舌！

印象中的刘洵情绪反复、目光狡黠，虽骨架硕大，却不占空间，微微变形的体姿紧锁后有突地弹射之预备。这种人警惕性高，不太随大流，偏执任性，面对“情况”攻守不常，

与现实尚未过招，便已心灰意冷，不断后退，直退到现实鞭长莫及的虚拟之地。

刘洵的后退倒是拯救了自己。

宽阔的草地，通体透明的雪山和憨直藏民包容并清除了尘世逃亡者的极端情绪，日见熟练的油画技法诱发了曾经被封存的情怀和个体存在的自信，他玩命的画画。画画于他不仅是表达，也成了身体内新陈代谢的需要。

多年通畅的表达，多年通畅的新陈代谢，加上美不胜收的高原生态的浸润，原来萎靡紧张的刘洵终于变得性温情和、字正腔圆、姿势也还干净。

刘洵生长在四川音乐学院，青少年时不断遭到音乐入侵，长期的音乐入侵沉淀于他内心，却偏偏战战兢兢地捉住了油画笔，但节律之鬼神却下意识地穿过其笔端，混迹于五颜六色。

像《高原风景》这种东西，太少张力，太缺乏某种视觉当代性，但它真还能对情投意合者悄悄构成审美勾引。一种地域性的风景加上散诗的心境，再加上作者漫不经心的刻画，这还不够，也许还有混杂其间的缓缓节律——一种被拉长了的如歌低述的时间化情绪，也就是我们置身于一部古典抒情音乐作品时反复出现的那种虚幻的时空和飘忽的情绪。这种东西不断疏离视觉，冲淡了刘洵绘画中的视觉张力，使其与张扬视觉冲击视觉表现的当代艺术发生着巨大的拉距。

疏离视觉的当代性就很容易回到视觉的古典性。

就视觉的古典性而言，刘洵的绘画有两种可识性，一种是叙事倾向，就是我们通常所说的语言叙事或文学性，另一种是和声倾向。和声源出音乐，即在一部音乐作品中，多声部服从于主声部，它是古典音乐创作法则之一。

现代艺术发生之前，人类漫长的艺术史说穿了就是一部漫长的艺术叙事史，无论是作为语言艺术的文学，抑或是作为视觉艺术的美术及作为听觉艺术的音乐均无一例外。

艺术在史前首先是作为记事出现的，描绘狩猎场景的岩画壁画，镌刻着汲水女人优美体态的陶罐首先是原始人类对生存所需的物欲展示，语言文字出现后的人类早期艺术主要描述神话、祭祀及人类的生产活动，古代艺术是宗教和英雄叙事的典范。最具审美品格的中国古代山水画之核心仍是对“诗情画意”的展示。诗情画意是绘画形式以外的东西，绘画的诗情画意是借绘画语言（中国传统绘画是笔墨）来表个人之情达个人之意，这是一种又悖于英雄叙事，主题性叙事的事方式。叙事中的事不仅指事件，故事等情节化的东西，它还包括心境体验等情节化的东西。刘洵绘画中的叙事倾向正好是混迹于写实性精雕细琢中的个人心绪和某种对话着的个人体

验，这种心绪和体验先混迹，进而也许会模糊其对美景对细节的精雕细琢制造出听之任之的视幻感。与所谓“诗情画意”相比，它可能更像某种读出的诗情、读出的意境，且无始无终的悬浮物。

说绘画具有某种和声倾向，其实很牵强，因为音乐和绘画是两种形态有别的艺术，前者可听，但不可视，后者可视，但不可听。视觉可以和听觉之声？不同的艺术形态之间其实埋伏着形态间的互相转换。比如，一部音乐作品中可能出现模糊自然场景的旋律，细心的听者也许会因此联想到相关的视觉形象，反之亦然。这也说明，不同艺术间的形态转换不是凭空而得，须通过接受者的联想中介。

从画面上观，刘洵作品中的和声倾向是和谐统一的色调及对线性透视法则的遵从。然而，其潜隐的因素还是读出诗情画意并弥漫统摄着画面的某种无始无终的悬浮情绪。这种倾

向不止于刘洵，不少所谓内向的写实画家都有，只不过刘洵更偏执些而已。

刘洵的画看似很唯美，对美景的捕捉、对细节的反复把玩似乎都是为了刻意制造出精巧雅致的视觉效果。甚至是某种纤细微妙的言情乌托邦。唯其如此，我们才可能反观出他王顾左右而言他的真面目——对当下处境的自觉不自觉地逃离。人总是缺什么呼唤什么，穷人呼唤富有，被专治者呼唤自由，赤裸裸的当今中国人最需要精神避难所。刘洵画面的唯美其实是现实逃离者或被现实放逐者吹出来的一连串五颜六色的精致肥皂沫，深掩其内的却是对当下处境恐慌及无所适从的逃离。

将某艺术家进行批评定位只是为了批评家们借题发挥的策略而已。创作在本质上是难以进行批评定位的，因为创作是自由的、无法无天的，批评是寄生的、被动的。特别是对

刘洵这种置身于思潮以外的艺术家，批评显得尤为不适应。如果以其绘画的写实倾向和叙事性便简单地将他划归到古典主义，那么他作品中的“复调”倾向又何以解释？复调（多调性）是和声的树立，复调是音乐由古典走向现代的重要标识。音乐中的复调是为声部按对位和转调的结构手法使众声部平行不悖，共生共存。无独有偶，现代绘画区别于古典绘画正是事性的衰落和形式语言的独立。形式对叙事的独立与复调对和声的独立说到底语言形式的无所不在无所不包。像斯特拉文斯基的《火鸟》、《一个士兵的故事》便是对复调音乐的最好诠释。克利的《机器的喳喳叫》、《门前的庭园》等作品亦是对叙事性绘画的有力颠覆。

刘洵作品中的复调倾向是非观念的、技术的、写实的。具体表现在他对线性透视，对规则构图，对光与影，对诸局部的平均经营。在他的绘画中看不出他到底要偏袒什么。他什

么都偏袒，甚么都精心刻画。画面上的一切都被他宠得跃跃欲试互不相让。这很像巴赫金说的复调小说——众多地位平等的意识及各自的世界结合为某一事件的统一体，但又互不融合。将刘洵的画一字排开，也许会发现类似巴赫金所言的复调小说。规则的外轮廓线的对画面所构成的装饰性分割，加上对远景中景近景同样精细刻画，使画面上的每部分争先恐后地互外凸出，从而压缩了画面的空间深度，打破了空气透视法则，给人以群龙无首之感。同时，群龙无首的局部又被某种悬浮的叙事性情绪统摄着，使其不能最终摆脱叙事，摆脱和声，走向形式的自立门户。

气质中的叙事性和对形式的谨小慎微使刘洵始终处在叙事和唯美，和声和复调的悖论中，他既不愿皈依古典，也不愿走向当代，成为一个所指漂浮，能指模糊的边缘艺术家。边缘艺术家们不便进行学术炒作定位，他们难以加入使之脱颖而出的行列——主流艺术与非主流

艺术的功利角逐，他们被迫沦落为有心理和道德障碍的寡美人……

叙事与唯美，和声与复调，古典与当代的冲突及精巧的写实技能其实都不是刘洵绘画的本质，因为刘洵其人其画都与现实格格不入。这种人注定了要被放逐，要被迫漂泊，弥漫于刘洵画中的那种难以言状的悬浮物有如被拉长了的缓慢的如歌低述的旋律——那是被放逐者，漂泊者之歌。

在这貌似众声喧哗的时代，我们听到的看到的大多是关于金钱、技术，关于消费、资讯，关于星腕、关于男盗女娼之类的热门话题，而有关人本的，情怀一类的东西大都是不足挂齿的陈谷子烂芝麻，没有多少人还愿意说或还能说，没有多少人还愿意听或还能听，如果还有人在说还在听相关话题，必定是一小撮失去话语权力的精神漂泊者，精神被放逐者。

2000年6月4日于 重庆观音岩

Song to the Drifter – on Liu Xun and his Paintings

By Tu Guohong

The reality is close while mind is distant. Liu Xun is destined to drift.

Ganzi and Aba of eternity has become Liu Xun's drifting land.

In that pure land, Liu Xun was like a medieval troubadour, indulging himself in the wildness of the snow mountains, farms and Tibetan people. He had no definite residence, walked at sunrise and retired at sunset for over ten years, knowing nothing about the vulgar life and market economy. He was so otherworldly that undoubtedly he was left stony broke.

As the only son in the family, he went back to the suburb of Chengdu in 1998 as he couldn't bear his affection and filial piety to his elderly and sick parents, yet people were completely startled in front of the piles of oil paintings he brought back with him.

In my impression, Liu Xun was a person with unstable emotions and cunning eyes. He was in big size yet not spatial, and the slightly deformed body was knitted like preparing to bounce up. Stubborn and intolerant with high vigilance, this kind of people has no pattern in front of things and usually

gets disappointed before fighting with the hardship, keeping retreating to the virtual land beyond reach of the reality.

However, Liu Xun's retreat saved himself.

His pesky emotions were pardoned and eliminated by the wild grassland, the clear snow mountains and the honest and simple Tibetan people, and his concealed emotions and confidence were brought up by the increasingly improved painting skills. He painted and painted, as to him, painting was not only his way of expression, but the demand of psychological metabolism.

Years of fluent expression and metabolism as well as the pleasing plateau ecology have endowed the droopy and nervous Liu Xun mild temperament, clear articulation and neat postures.

Born in Sichuan Conservatory of Music, Liu Xun was surrounded by music in his childhood, yet he must choose oil painting in awe. However, the rhythm could get through his brushes and immerse into the colors, as in Landscape in the Plateau, it was in lack of sense of tension and visual modernity, but it was aesthetic attraction to congenial audience. Imagine in some special regional landscape added with poetry and the painter's

casual description as well as the slow rhythm, there came some elongated and cantabile emotion for the right moment, which was like the fleeting feelings listening to the same classical music again and again. It was constantly distracting the visual sense and alleviating the visual tension from Liu Xun's paintings, enlarging the distance between Liu Xun's paintings and modern art pursuing visual impact.

Alienation from the visual modernity means getting closer to the classical visual-orientation.

As to the classical visual-orientation, there are two kinds of identifiability in Liu Xun's paintings: one is narrative tendency, or so to say, the language narration or literary, and the other is tendency of chord. Chord comes from music, and it means in a musical composition, the multi-voice submits to the primary voice, which is one of the principles in creation of classical music.

Before the modern art came into being, the long history of art could be considered as a long narrative history, without exception including the literary as language art or the fine arts as visual art as well as music as visual art.

Art was a way of narrative in prehistoric age. The frescos on the rocks describing the hunting and pottery jars carved with the beautiful figures of female were the primitive people's presentation of necessities of life, while upon the appearance of language and writing, the art was mainly about fairy stories, sacrifices and human's activities. The ancient art could be considered as the model of religion and hero-related narration. As to the core of traditional Chinese paintings with the most aesthetic values, it was still presentation of poetic and pictorial splendor, which, as employed to express the painter's feelings, different from the hero-related and thematic narration. As in narration, it wasn't all about a story or a plot, but also about experience and emotions. The narrative tendency in Liu Xun's paintings was just about the personal emotions and personal experience among the realistic delicacy, which were mixed and then would blur the visual illusion of the delicacy upon sceneries and details. Comparing with the poetic and pictorial splendor, it was more like some poetry and atmosphere read out and some eternal suspended substance.

It's a little farfetched to connect painting with chord, since music and painting are two arts different from forms, with the

former one audible yet not visual and the latter one visual yet not audible. Could the visual accompany the audible sound? There is actually mutual transformation between different forms of art. For example, there might be rhythm blurring the natural scenes in a music, which could remind some listeners of related visual figures and vice versa. This also means that the formal transformation between different arts can't be obtained without foundation. It requires the audience as the medium.

We could see from Liu Xun's paintings that the tendency of chord is his deference to the harmonic color tone and law of linear perspective. However, we could also see the hidden poetic and pictorial splendor and some eternal suspended emotions covering the painting. Besides of Liu Xun, many introverted painters show the tendency of chord in their paintings, yet Liu Xun is more obstinate.

Liu Xun's paintings seem to be of aestheticism, as the delicate description of beauties and details are created for elegant and sophisticated visual effect. It's even like some subtle and refined Utopia describing feelings. Only in this way could we see the real state of him covered in side: the unconscious escape from the current situation. People are always calling

for things they are in lack of, as the poor for the richness, the reign for freedom and the naked Chinese people for the psychological shelter. The artist's experience of escapes and exiles helps create aestheticism which is actually delicate and colorful.

To criticize and judge an artist is just a strategy of critics. Creation is hard to be judged as a matter of fact, since it's free and boundless, while the critic is dependent and passive, and it's unsuitable especially for the artists beyond the wave like Liu Xun. If we categorize him into classicism upon his realistic and narrative expression, how should we explain the polyphony in his artworks? Polyphony is the foundation of chord and the important mark indicating music from classical to modern. Polyphony in music is to parallel the multi-voices with connecting them upon counterpoint. By lucky coincidence, the difference between modern painting and classical painting is the fading of narration and independence of formal language. The independence of form from narration and polyphony from chord comes fundamentally out of ubiquitous language forms. For example, *The Firebird* and *The Story of A Soldier* of Stravinsky are the best explanation to polyphony, while *Twittering Machine* and *Yard in front of the Gates* by Paul Klee are strong

subversion towards the narrative painting.

The tendency of polyphony in Liu Xun's painting is non-ideogenetic, technical and realistic, presenting in his average attention towards the linear perspective, composition of regulations, lights and shadows as well as every part of the picture. You can't see what he fancies more, as he fancies and depicts every detail. Everything in the paintings are doted by him and showing great vitality. It's very much like the polyphonic novel said by Bach, "A lot of concepts with equal status and the corresponding worlds are connected together for some event, yet not merging together. Putting Liu Xun's paintings in one line, we may find the polyphonic novel like Bach said. The decorative separation to the composition by the regular outline as well as the same delicate description of distant and near scenes has given prominence to each section of the painting, thus compressing its spatial depth and breaking the law of aerial perspective, showing sense of leaderless. At the same time, the leaderless part is governed by some suspended narrative emotions, making it unable to get rid of narration and chord and obtain formal independence. The narrative personality and cautiousness on forms have put Liu Xun in the paradox between narration and aestheticism, chord

and polyphony. He doesn't want to convert to the classical nor does he want to be modern, becoming a marginal artist with superficial designatum and indistinct significance. It's hard for marginal artists to be judged academically and join in the competition between mainstream art and non-mainstream art which would provide them chances to stand out, and they are left as lonely beauties with mental and moral obstacles..

No matter they are narration and aestheticism, chord and polyphony, the conflict between the classical and the modern, or the sophisticated realistic skills, they are not the nature of Liu Xun's paintings, as neither he nor his paintings are well merged with reality. This kind of people is destined to be exiled and drifting. The nameless suspended substance in Liu Xun's paintings is like the elongated and slow cantabile rhythm, which is the song to the exiles and drifters.

In the times everything are speaking out, what we see and hear most are about the money, techniques, consumption, news, stars and out-and-out scoundrels, while the topic on humanism and feelings are like petty and stale gossip not worth mentioning, as no one wants or is able to talk and no one wants or is able to understand. Even if someone is talking and listening to such

topics, it must be a small group of mental drifters and exiles without discourse power in the world.

Written in Guanyin Rock, Chongqing on June 4th, 2000

飘移中的模糊坐标

陈默



坐标方式是人类在数学研究中的重要发现。其原理是由上下左右的直线交叉点决定出某一定位的存在，并根据定位数值进行相关深度运算。倘若其横向或纵向直线发生不定形飘移，则坐标法的本质变异，坐标结果的模糊亦属必然。成语故事《刻舟求剑》为我们形象地演义了上述问题的成因，也启示后人：所谓定位法则是人拟定的，发生变异也是人造成的。问题的关键在于“变异”的健康性、合理性、有效性，以及其存在的精神意义和文化价值。在人类文明推进的数千年中，特别是 19 世纪末以来百年的现当代艺术进程，为我们留下了许多发人深省的课题。如果说，印象主义革命之前的古典主义，差不多成了西方艺术审美的唯一“坐标”，那么在印象主义之后的百余年中，多元的艺术形态产生了多元的审美诉求和标准，“坐标”的被颠覆也就成为一种必然。古典审美原则，为后人留下了生硬僵化的以“美”为准入前提的门坎，也严重束缚了艺术自身的多元进步。

而事实上，“艺术”概念从本质上说，从来就未曾被一个所谓的“美”垄断控制过，它的非确定性、飘移性、模糊性、多元性，一直成为其发展中的主流。只不过，特定的历史文化背景所派生的不同的牵制力，使其产生不正常的“统一”结果。现当代艺术革命的冲击，应被看作是将其真实面目还原的有效尝试。当波洛克将油彩泼向而不是画向画布时，当杜尚将批量生产的小便池买回一个签上大名并堂而皇之地送进“画展”场地时，当波伊斯提着大扫帚划拉落叶用行为表演无情调侃“真、善、美”时，传统审美坐标的尊容在剧烈摇晃中失去了千年修炼的矜持，新的“坐标”的不断派生，为人类的文明库存中增添了不断更新的经验与财富。艺术家刘洵，是一位生活历练丰厚的汉子。十几年藏区独行侠式的生活，极大地充实着他的艺术实验平台基础。高原小县城文化馆的夜间吉他手、文化站的摄影记者、流动小学的教师、藏区高校的艺术教师……。这期间既有常

人无法应对的艰难、风险、快感，也堆积了常人不具备的人生经历财富。在艺术史中我们常能找到这样一种规律：艺术家的经历与艺术能量的施放呈正比关系，而且随着程度的加深将直接影响到艺术家个性发展的可持续性。这也许可以解释为什么本土现当代艺术发展的二十余年中，80年代涌现的优秀艺术家远多于90年代的原因。到了90年代后期，这种状况似有日甚一日之优。当然，除了丰富的人生经历，艺术修炼的功课是优秀艺术家毕生要做的，鲜有例外。刘洵的奇异生活与艺术经历，成为他十几年来艺术实验不断发力的精神之源，也成为他个性语言方式形成中至关重要的原动力。阅读刘洵作品，有一种忽现忽隐的糍粑粑异香萦绕，也有一种宗教的神圣压力令人气紧。特别是他的早期作品，常将人带入玛尼旗阵与诵经声编织的神秘语境里，也使人在大象无形中幡悟，在大音稀声里洗心革面。遥想上世纪80年代初中期，仿佛一夜之间人们发现了藏区题材

的妙处，参展、出名、商业等动机的杂乱混合，令观者不得不忍受一个展览中半数以上题材雷同之痛楚，也成为一道时代转型期令人难以回首的荒诞风景。艺术作品的表现对象，亦或题材，本是上帝赐予的公共资源，然谁用怎么用却是大有讲究的。如前所述的唐僧肉见者有份的一厢情愿，只见皮毛不见骨的表面起哄扎堆，都注定是短命的无效的。刘洵的个案对佐证上述问题极有帮助。他也是自那个时期的“题材至上论”终结后的仍以藏区人文资源入画的佼佼者。近年来，随着其修练的加深，对传统道家和宗教的精华吸取有术，打开了一扇自我面貌更为清晰的语言之门。无法想象若缺失了上面几“环”逻辑之链，他的《干花》系列哪来源源不断的底气和生命力？几根枯草，些许残花败枝，这些作为曾经记录生命的微不足道的符号，亦或是曾经生命的残骸，被艺术家呈现时，却突显生命另面的异样价值，追问物质不灭的精神意义的真伪。逝者如烟，逝者如水，

逝者如歌……生与死的万物生存定式，是包括艺术在内的所有文化方式永远也做不完的命题。由于没完没了，其魅力也就不断滋生。刘洵的艺术语言显然偏离了传统“正宗”的坐标，而呈现一种在流动中的模糊变异。其作品中有古典的精致细节，也不乏当代的表现手段与虚拟趋向。就视觉效果而言，空间距离的压缩或延伸，皆在传统审美经验之外，故而给观者寻找“标准答案”增设难度，也使向固定坐标定位的企图落空。近观的符号重造远，远观的亦幻亦真，令不同观者进入不同的审美维度，也使得版本不一的精神消费结果染陈。事实上，不管是艺术方式的非逻辑性，还是阅读意向的非坐标性，亦或是语言样式的非共有性，皆是当代艺术发展进程中不可否认的显性特征，也是本土被多年灌输的唯一审美标准崩溃后所不能不面对的事实。如同就餐，单一食物的营养价值肯定远逊于多样食物给健康带来的多种可能性。总之，艺术之为艺术，“定形”是荒诞的。

2004年10月于成都龙王庙老莫柴屋

Drifting Fuzzy Coordinates

By Chen Mo

Coordinate is an important discovery of human beings in mathematical research. Its principle is to determine a particular positioning by the intersection point of straight lines from up, down, right and left, and carry out related depth calculations in accordance with positioning numerical values. If the transverse or longitudinal axis drifts out, then the essence of coordinate method will change, and the coordinate results will become inevitably fuzzy. The Chinese idiom story "Making His Mark" vividly shows the cause of the above-mentioned problem, and tells us that the so-called positioning rule is made by human beings, and the variation is caused by human beings as well. The key is the healthiness, rationality and validity of the "variation", and the spiritual significance and cultural values of its existence.

There have been many thought-provoking topics left in thousands of years of human civilization, especially in modern and contemporary art process since the end of 19th century. If we say that classicism before the impressionism revolution was almost the only "coordinate" of Western art appreciation, then multiple art forms generated multifarious aesthetic pursuits and standards in over a hundred years after impressionism, and the subversion of "coordinate" also became inevitable.

Classical aesthetic principles left us a rigid threshold with "beauty" as the admittance premise, which severely fettered the multivariate progress of art itself. In fact, the concept of "art" has never been controlled by the so-called "beauty" in its essence. Its uncertainty, variability, fuzziness and diversity is always the mainstream during its development. It is the force derived in particular historical and cultural background that brings about the unnatural "unified" result.

Modern and contemporary art revolution should be seen as an effective attempt to restore its true colors. When Pollock splashed paints towards the canvas, when Duchamp signed his name on a mass-produced urinary and sent it to a "Painting Exhibition" in an imposing manner, and when Beuys mocked up "the true, the good and the beautiful" by cleaning leaves with a giant broom, traditional aesthetic coordinates lost its thousands years of noble and reserved character in the severe revolution, and new "coordinates" were constantly derived, adding continually updated experience and wealth to human civilization.

Artist Liu Xun is a real man with rich life experiences. The Lone Ranger style life in Tibet for decades greatly enriches

his artistic experimental platform foundation. He used to be a nighttime guitarist of a cultural center in a small highland county, photojournalist of a cultural station, teacher of a migrant primary school, and art teacher of a college in Tibet. During this period, he not only experienced the difficulty, danger and pleasure which ordinary people cannot handle, but also accumulated extraordinary life experiences.

In the art history, we often can find this type of law: the artist's experience is proportional to the release of his art energy, and will directly affect the sustainability of his personality development with the deepening of richness degree. This may explain why the number of artists emerging in the 1980s is far larger than that in the 1990s over the 20 years of native modern and contemporary art development. In the late 1990s, this situation was getting worse. Of course, in addition to rich life experiences, artistic exercise is a lifelong thing every outstanding artist needs to do, with few exceptions. Liu Xun's fantastic life and art experiences become the spiritual source of the constant development of his artistic experimentation in the past decade as well as the crucial driving force of the formation of his personality language pattern.

The works of Liu Xun can make you feel the exotic fragrance of tsampa and the religious holy pressure. Especially his early works often bring people into the mysterious context with Mani flags and sutra chanting, making people feel penitent with an awakened conscience and make a thorough reformation in the peaceful and holy situation. In the mid-1980s, people suddenly discovered the beauty of Tibetan themes. Many artists took part in exhibitions with Tibetan themes intending to make a name or obtain profits, so that the viewers had to endure the pain that over half of the works in an exhibition had the same theme, which became the unbearable absurd scenery during the transformation period.

The performance objects or themes of art works are the public resources given by God. However, it needs careful study about who to use and how to use them. As mentioned above, the works of people who follow suit without deep thoughts are destined to be short-lived and invalid. The case of Liu Xun is a great example to explain the above-mentioned problem. He is one of the best artists who still paint Tibetan humanistic resources after the era of "theme supremacy" coming to an end.

Along with his deep understanding and absorption of the essence

of traditional Taoism and religions, Liu Xun has opened a door of language with a clearer self in recent years. I cannot imagine that where the continuous confidence and vitality of his "Dried Flowers" would come from if there was no "link" of logical chains mentioned above. Withered grass and dying flowers are only negligible symbols to record life or just life wreckages. However, when expressed by artists, they can highlight the distinct value of life and question the authenticity of spiritual significance of immortal substances. Time is going on like this river flowing away endlessly day and night. The life-and-death survival pattern of all things is the everlasting proposition for all cultural approaches including art.

The charm is constantly growing because of perseverance. Liu Xun's artistic language apparently deviates from the traditional "authentic" coordinates, showing a kind of flowing fuzzy variability. His works not only have classical exquisite details, but also include contemporary performance means and virtual trend. As far as visual effect is concerned, the compression or extension of spatial distance is beyond traditional aesthetic experience, thus increasing the difficulty for viewers to look for "standard answer", and making the

attempt to position the fixed coordinate come to nothing. The views are different when the works are appreciated nearby and afar, making viewers enter different aesthetic dimensions with various versions of spirit consumption results.

In fact, whether the illogicality of art form, or the non-coordinates of reading intention, or the non-commonality of language style, they are all undeniable dominant characteristics during the development process of contemporary art, and also the facts we have to face after the collapse of only native aesthetic standard inculcated for many years. Just like dining, the nutritive value of single food is certainly far less than that of various foods. In a word, it is absurd to "formalize" art.

以格物的名义： 刘洵的干花和风景

楚桑



像有论者指出的，刘洵的作品情绪有可能始于个人漂泊的背景。因为迄止于1996年，刘洵远离城市文明自我放逐了逾10年时间。这10年刘洵在甘、阿高原可谓颠沛飘零：康定，姑咱，甘孜，再康定，最后汶川——平均一个小地方呆两年。没有人知道这10年他是如何度过的，他得到了什么是他初衷所需要的。但这10年在刘洵身上确实投射出了一点波希米亚人对人生的特殊态度，他多半把高更引为楷模，逃离市嚣是为了获得某种生活的真实状态，以证验自己的内心假设。事实上发现灰暗人生中发亮的诗意一直是刘洵绘画的基本立场。即便后来他又回到成都西北边的远郊安定下来，他的绘画初衷也没有多大改变。虽然在同辈画家中，他这10年的“浪荡生活”是如此与众不同，但就作品而言，夸大个人经历的重要性显然不是那么恰当。真正促使刘洵把他的生活色彩持续转换成绘画喻意的东西其实还是对形式的冲动。换句话说，刘洵复杂的个人经历至多激活了画家

对装饰语言谱系的清晰理解——如果他选择的风格刚好可以调剂他矜持外表下狂乱的内心的话。如在上世纪 80 年代的前期作品中，他对后期印象派的修拉及其同时期其他画家的简单吸收，就表现出一种降低了的古典趣味。但这些还显得粗糙的早期倾向经过近 10 年的反复锤炼，却孕育出了他后来精致、隐逸、圆润的风格。现在刘洵对古典装饰画法的理解已经追溯到了拉图尔。当然，刘洵不是一个真正意义上的古典主义者。从他近期作品的时尚外观看，他只是借用了拉图尔的古典主义修辞态度。事实上，10 年的高原生活虽然动荡不安，但他却获得了与外部隔离的封闭环境，使他一直可以持续专注于古典语汇和现代形式之间的合成工作。何况只有那里才有的阴沉沉的风景，让他找到了他最想要的笔触、肌理、色彩。

刘洵的绘画经历了三个不太清晰的发展阶段。早期作品倾向主要表现为对象征主义和印象

主义两种趣味的生硬结合，透露出他在学院接受的版画训练造成的深刻影响：进入 90 年代后逐渐开始归纳，继续强调装饰性，在新浪漫主义风格上作了短暂停留后画出了迄今为止可能是他最好的那些风景：此后象征主义的精神取向仍然在起作用，但对宋明心学的揣摩开始支配画面，出现了近乎完美的单纯形式，并把他推进到了现在带有样式主义味道的阶段。刘洵不是一个故意制造时间反差的画家。他喜欢所有的均衡性带给他的那种抚慰感。所以，在他看来，作为精细描绘的开始，描绘对象稳定的静态投影非常重要——即便画风景他也表现出静物画家的习惯。但在绘制过程中，他会弱化投影，只保留较为明晰的轮廓线，让每个局部有限的色度对比既细微又富于变化。画面中起平衡作用的是等量分布的色彩涂层，在给予柔和的光感后，这些涂层会显示出相同性质的肌理效果。为了制造画面的静止特征，刘洵还喜欢在一个中轴线上让对象份量左右对称，同

时尽量控制笔触的运动幅度，在一个较浅的深度上，有意改变实际观察到的透视尺度。刘洵从不掩饰他对平板装饰画法的兴趣，排斥笔触的表现力是他需要这样一种内省秩序。所以，到了高原后，他发现这种秩序的理想形态就是暴露于透明光线下的那些亘古不变的物象类型。不同于依赖灵感和瞬间感受作画的画家，刘洵依赖的是长期的深入观察和理性化的精细分析。因此为了抵制即兴或偶发的不确定性，作品的制作过程通常会很慢，其精确规约的程序就像传统刺绣，包括不易被人注意的细节都必须符合设定，目的是让画面最终达到一种类似反复熨烫的平整效果，让画家过于活跃的不确定的情绪沉淀下来，并均匀分布于画面的各部分。从这角度看，他这种独特的绘制方法和西方绘画史上那些隐喻大师的制作风格是相通的：在中国工笔图式，在金属雕版甚至民间版画中，也可以找到相近的类比。另外就是刘洵对古典范式均衡尺度的运用。在 90 年代后半风格的成熟

期，他已经能够把作品的萧索意境和稳当的垂直水平结构非常紧密地进行结合，甚至在画面传达的荒芜感与康区山水真实的荒芜感之间，有时还可以找到宋人稳重、浑圆、挺拔的取景意味。宋人图式的周密，精微气息和“格物”态度，不仅对他的风景题材的画面造型产生了潜在影响，还成了他最近的干花系列之所以温润的思想水分。至少从表面看，宋人的体物方式使刘洵接近了一种平和的超验境界，是一种仪式化的，有隐居韵味的心象构造。当然，对宋人的效仿不是画家的主要兴趣。这一时期他更偏爱如莱顿、弗里德里希、维亚尔、德尼、德尔沃、霍柏等等有神秘倾向的这些西方经典画家。因为在这些画家的作品中，他可以找到他真正感兴趣的那些东西：象征，隐喻，装饰感，再加上一种有个人特征的抒情基调。比如，纳比派平涂形式中的神秘体验就具有刘洵推崇的视觉上的特殊感染力，不过他小心翼翼回避了其中那些单调的极端风格。博纳尔和维亚

尔尤其是后者画面中的迷离氛围，或许是刘洵更中意的典范。从他早期作品如《春》、《有墓碑的山梁》就可以看出，他甚至局部借用了博纳尔和维亚尔模糊的弯曲线条——这被认为是他们作品中最具特点的造型方法，只是这些弯曲的线条在他手里被改造成了更为确定的几何结构。刘洵另一类具有沉郁风格的作品如《罗柯马的回忆》、《云屋下的土墙》等，也在渲染孤独的感受，但看起来却从维亚尔滑向了弗里德里希，是对后者于真诚的浪漫主义氛围中烘托出的静谧境界做出的初步呼应。刘洵还十分在意现代艺术史上的另一些画家，这类画家的作品通常具有更为夸张的超验性质。比如意大利形而上画派那些凝固的画面营造出的诡异气氛和疏离效果，有时也会吸引他，并把这种吸引温和地表现在有杨树的院落、姑咱这些早期作品中。到了90年代中、后期，当他画出了《高地晚秋》、《灵山》、《云关东雪》这些更具完整沉思风格的作品后，他对弗里德里希的清澈理解

已经使他可以跨越上述那些观念的纠缠了。这一时期与弗氏直接对话的结果是，他发现了假托象征而被淹没的形式之美，似乎又让他重新回到了宋人图式和莱顿之间的某个位置。从这时起，在他的风景画中，单纯的形式感开始压倒所有那些不再重要的思想余赘。既出于对大师的吸收再次过滤，也出于对新的个人符号的幻想，他开始把那些表面生动的容易混淆的东西包括不确定的笔触都仔细从画面中剔除掉，以便在从这种历史的分析与研究中塑造出他自己的个人图像。

1990年，刘洵开始尝试新的跨度，这一年他画出了《秋海棠》，这是刘洵明确寻人抽象元素的第一件作品。随后几年，又连续绘制了几件面貌相似的花卉。从图像的演变看，在刘洵从风景到干花的转换时期，这些初期作品虽数量不多，却占有十分重要的位置。当然，除了一贯保持的忧郁基调，这些作品还未完全摆脱写实背景的叙述。真正完美的

形式出现在 2000 年，时间跨度刚好也是 10 年。这一年他画了《有布纹的干花》正是从这件作品开始，他的干花有了脱胎换骨感，不再是置于前景的某个摆饰，不再加有任何附带叙述，画面更内敛也更单纯，要传达的内在张力似乎突然有了一种特别的聚焦效果，甚至出现了过去较少强调的抽象因素。尤其是那些以野生雏菊、勿忘我、狗尾草等细花瘦枝为材料的干花，再植入一个冷漠的人工背景时会出现一种少见的被抑制的性质。这种抑制不仅放大了微不足道的题材意义，带有明显的强迫性，还罩上了一层观念的光晕，看起来就像是一簇还在颤动尚未死亡几可触摸的神经组织，散发出微弱的余温。刘洵脱水泡制后的干花形式确有一种自我怜悯的观赏效果，但这种形式过于完美，难免显得脆弱，或许这就是画家想要表达的主题。现在回过头看，受乃父影响，刘洵嗜读中国古典戏剧，偏爱带忧伤主题的现代小说，音乐是除绘画外主要的感官享乐，这种书离式的文化熏陶对他的趣味形成肯定

是有影响的。刘洵长期浸淫于象征主义、新浪漫主义的绘画经历，也让他相信把绘画与文学、音乐暗中联姻是可能的。这就可以猜度，刘洵向来欣赏的《西厢记》所渲染的那种欲罢不能的墙头情欲，多少与他对绘画表面的语言控制是相契合的。西厢记包含的暗自窃喜的偷欢以及郁结于内的悲悯性质，对刘洵而言，似乎还奇怪地带有高潮过后性疲倦与性颓唐的玩味。所以这些细致梳理出来的干花纹理，也就容易让人联想到这出戏曲尾声中那些委婉的唱词。尤其是画面表现的枯萎景象，在和凄迷的视觉美感结合时，他的干花也就自然产生了戏剧化的寓意——有关于我们生存中备受折磨的某种普遍肉身经验。刘洵关于生命情感双重流逝、枯萎、死亡的描绘可能确实隐藏了他的一些个传背景，浓缩了他 10 余年的内心记忆，但这种高度整合的样式显然已覆盖了画面背后的喻意，过于独特，其形式不仅逾越了艺术史的依傍，而且很少接受当代思潮的直接影响。刘洵一

直在感官玩弄和独立的文本试验之间游走，
在前现代、现代和后现代三重雾障间穿叉折
中，由此为自己搭建了一个通往未来的平台，
其独特的成果就保存在他的干花档案中。

2004年12月

The Investigation: Dried Flowers and Landscape of Liu Xun

By Chu Sang

As someone once said, the emotions in Liu Xun's paintings might be traced back from his experience of drifting. Ever since 1996, Liu Xun has had himself exiled from the metropolis for over 10 years, during which he could be said destitute and homeless in Ganaliang Plateau: he went to Kangding, Zangu, Ganzi, Kangding again and Wenchuan then, two years for each. No one knows how he lived through the ten years and what he obtained for his original intention. But the decade did project the special attitude towards life of Bohemians in Liu Xun. He probably took Gauguin as his model, escaping from the noisy world so to obtain some real state of living and validate some assumption in his mind. As a matter of fact, trying to find the bright poetry in dark life has always been the basic standpoint for Liu Xun in painting. Even when he settled down in the outer suburbs in southwest Chengdu later, he didn't change much of his original intention in painting. Though among the painters of his peers, he is so different because of his ten years of vagabond life, but as to the paintings, it's not so much proper to exaggerate the important of personal experience. It was actually his impulse towards forms that pushed Liu Xun to turn his colorful life into metaphor in painting. In other words, the rich personal experience at most activated the painter's clear understanding towards the genealogy of

decorative language, on the premise that the style he chose was just suitable to adjust his hysterical mind under his reserved appearance. For example, in his early artworks in 1980s, his absorption from the postimpressionist Seurat and his peers showed some reduced classical taste, which, after ten years of ordeal, gestated his later delicate, elegant and plump style. As to now, Liu Xun's understanding of classical grisaille could be traced back to Latour. Liu Xun is certainly not a classicist in real sense. From the fashion style of his recent works, he's employing the classical rhetoric attitude from Latour. As a matter of fact, the ten years of plateau life were turbulent and unsafe, but he earned himself closed environment separated from the outer world, providing him chances to be persistently dedicated to the integration of classical vocabulary and modern forms. Moreover, the cloudy landscape exclusive there brought him the brushstrokes, textures and colors he wanted most.

There has been three unobvious periods in Liu Xun's painting. His early artworks were mainly the raw combination of symbolism and impressionism, showing the influence of practicing graphic arts in college; in 1990s he showed sense of inductiveness and continued to focus on decorativeness, creating the best landscapes he's ever made after a short time with

Neo-romanticism style, after which romanticism was still functioning, while the conjecture towards Neo-Confucianism school started to dominant his painting, producing the simple form close to perfection and leading him to the present period of formalism. Liu Xun is not interested in making time contrast. He likes the sense of comfort that balance brings to him. Thus in his opinion, the static projection of the subject is very import to start the description, and he acts as a still-life painter even when drawing the landscape. But during his painting, he would weaken the projection and only keep the clearer outline so to bring subtleness as well as variety to every limited color block. In his paintings, the layers of color in even distribution act for the visual balance and would show the same effect of texture under soft light. To assure the sense of stillness of the painting, Liu Xun likes to draw one thing well-distributed on the axle wire and carefully control the brushstrokes, e.g., he would change the real perspective scale in a shallower depth. Liu Xun never conceals his interest towards the flat grisaille; the expressive force of exclusion of strokes requires an introspective order. As a result, when he arrived at the plateau, he found out that the ideal form of the order was the eternal images exposed in the bright light. Different from the painters relying on

inspiration and instantaneous feelings, Liu Xun relies on the long-term deep observation and rational careful analysis. In this case, in order to void the improvisation or occasional uncertainty, he's usually slow in creation, with the process with precise regulations like traditional embroidery. Even the details hard to be noticed must meet the pre-set standards to reach the neat and flat effect like being ironed, thus to settle down the painter's active and uncertain emotions and well distribute them on each part of the painting. From his special way of painting, we could see that he is similar with the masters of metaphor in western painting history on the creation styles and there are also connections between his paintings and traditional Chinese paintings with meticulous details, the metal engraving and even the folk graphic arts. Then there came his employment of balance of classical formulas. In the mature period of his style in late 1990s, he was capable of making close connection of desolate atmosphere and stable and vertical and horizontal composition in his paintings, and one could even see the mature, plump, tall and straight sense from the Song Dynasty in the wildness between that the painting transferred and the real landscape in Kang area. We could see that the delicacy, refinement and attitude of investigation of the Song Dynasty have not only influenced his composition of

landscape, but also become the warm and mild moisture for his dried flowers series. At least superficially speaking, the way of researching things of people from Song Dynasty has helped Liu Xun get close to a calm and free state, which is ritual-like with sense of seclusion. On the other hand, the emulation towards the styles of Song Dynasty was not his major subject. At that period, he was in more preference of the classical western painters like Leiden, Friedrich, Vuillard, Deny, Delvaux and Hopper, as from these painters, he had found things of his real interest: symbol, metaphor, decorativeness and the characterized expressive tone. For example, the mystery of Nabis's flat painting has the special visual infectivity that Liu Xun admires, yet he tries hard to avoid the boring and pesky style part. The misted in the paintings of Bernal and especially Vuillard is probably more attractive to Liu Xun. From his early paintings like Spring and Flat-topped Ridges with Tombstones, we could see that with some parts he borrowed the vague curved lines of Bernal and Vuillard, which were considered the most characteristic way of modeling in their artworks, while the curved lines were remolded into more stable geometry by Liu Xun. As to his artworks in depressed style like Memories about Luokema and Mud Walls under the Mist, they were glamorizing loneliness too, yet seemingly different

from Vuillard but Friedrich, which could be considered as the first correspondence to the tranquility in the genuine romance created by the latter. Liu Xun also pays attention to painters in modern art history, whose artworks are more exaggerated and experimental. For example, the weird and isolated effect from the solidity created by Italian Metaphysical School attracts him and has been used in his early artworks like *The Yard with Poplars* and *Guzan* in a soft way. In the second half of 1990s, upon his creation of the artworks with more complete thinking style including *Late Autumn in Highland*, *Lingshan Mountain* and *Snow at Yunguandong*, he was capable of getting over the entanglement of the above concepts with a clear understanding to Friedrich. The result of direct communication with Friedrich in that period was that he found the beauty of form covered by symbols, which seemingly put him back in some position between the illusion of Song Dynasty and Leiden. From then on, in his landscapes, the sense of form has overpowered the less important superfluous thinking. Out of his absorption and of re-creation from the masters as well as the imagination towards new personal symbols, he started to eliminate carefully the vivid yet confusing things including the uncertain brushstrokes out of his paintings, thus to create his own personal figures from the analysis and research of history.

In 1990, Liu Xun started to try new styles and he painted Begonia that year, the first creation seeking for abstract elements. In the following years, he drew several paintings with the similar flowers. From the changes of the pictures, it was the transformation stage of Liu Xun from landscape to dried flowers. He wasn't productive for those years yet it was an important period for him. By the way, though the gloomy tone was still present in the paintings, they were still connected with the realistic way of narration. The perfect form appeared in 2000, which was ten years later. He created Dried Flowers with Woven Designs in 2000, from which the dried flowers had a complete change, no more acting as some decoration placed in front. There was no more additional narration and the painting became more reserved and simpler. The inner tension seemed to show a special integrated effect, and there was even some abstract elements seldom appeared before. When the dried flowers consisting of thin and weak flowers and grass including plain coreopsis, forget-me-not and timothy were placed in a cold artificial background, it would show some uncommon sense of depression, which not only enlarged the meaning of the insignificant subject with obvious compulsivity, but also covered with his own philosophies and concepts; the subjects looked like a cluster of dying and trembling nerve

tissues radiating weak warmth. The dehydrated flowers Liu Xun made do have an ornamental value of self-pity, yet the form is too perfect to be strong, which is probably the subject that the painter wants to express. Looking backwards, Liu Xun was greatly influenced by his father, as he is fond of the classical Chinese drama and modern novels with blue themes and music is his major hobby besides of painting. His experience with symbolism and neo-romanticism in painting has encouraged him to believe in the possibility of marriage between painting and culture and music. In this way, it's not hard to understand Liu Xun's appreciation towards the unbearable desire in *The Romance of the Western Chamber*, which is correspondent to his control over painting languages. Moreover, it seems that for Liu Xun, the clandestine amour with pleasure and the inner sympathy in *The Romance of the Western Chamber* are strangely carrying the relish of sexual exhaustion and dejection after the orgasm. Therefore, the delicate texture of the dried flowers could easily remind people the implicit lyrics at the end of the drama. Especially when the withering scene in the painting connects with the melancholy visual beauty, the dried flowers present the dramatic meanings correspondingly — some common and personal experience we suffer from our life. Liu Xun's description of the elapse, withering and death of

life and emotions might embody his personal background and ten years of memories, but the highly integrated form has surpassed the connotation of the painting, as it was so unique that it not only has overstepped the art history, but also has little direct influence from the modern train of thoughts. Liu Xun has been walking between playing with senses and independent literary experiment, and as he walks in the fog mist of the pre-modernism, modernism and post-modernism, he has built himself a platform towards the future, with the unique achievement stored in the archive of his dried flowers.

December, 2004



多雪的冬天
布面油画

Snowy Winter
82cm×125.5cm
Oil on Canvas
1989

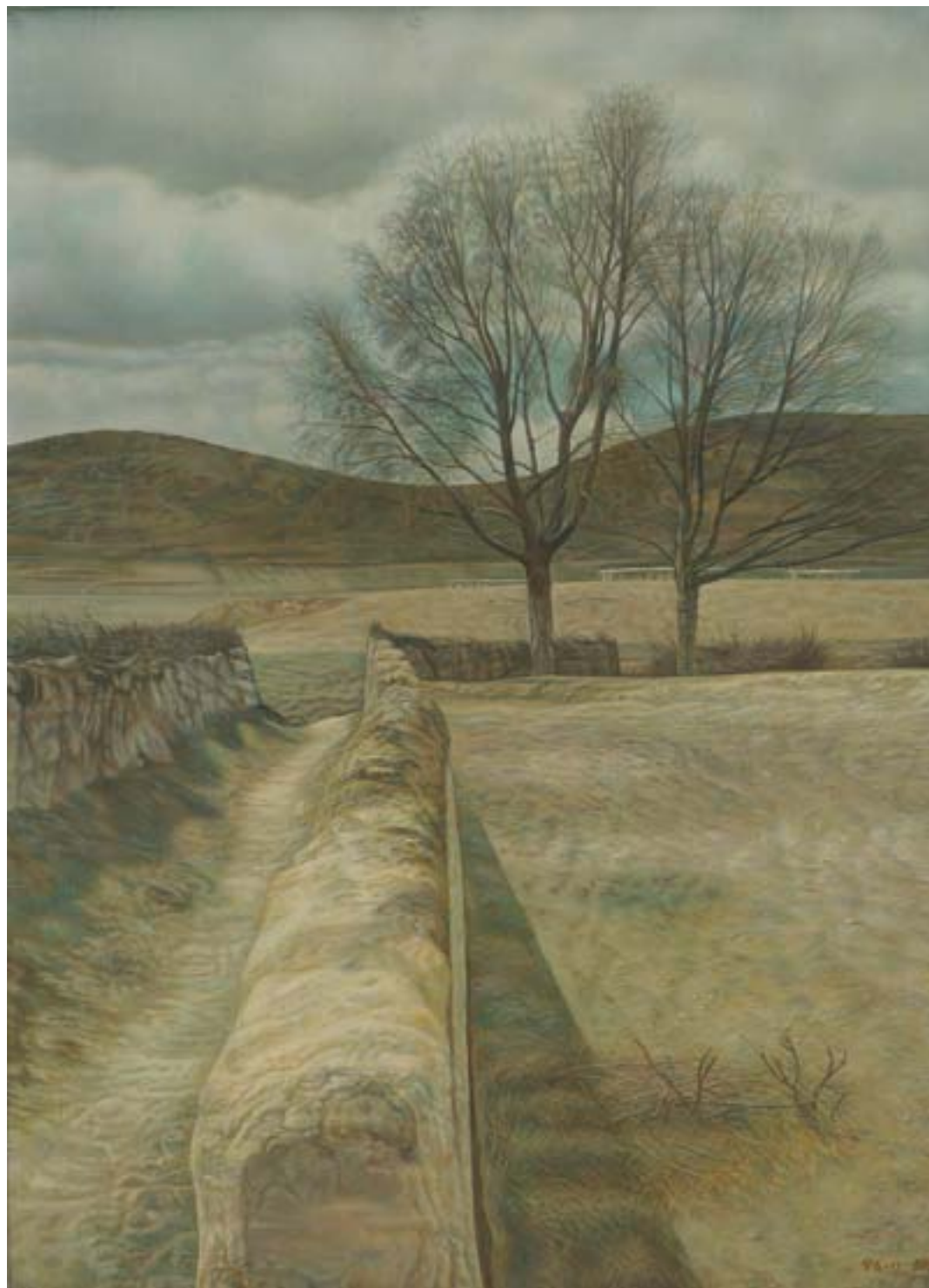


姜寨·冬
布面油画

Jiangzhai.Winter
122cm× 76cm
Oil on Canvas
1992

冬季杨树
布面油画

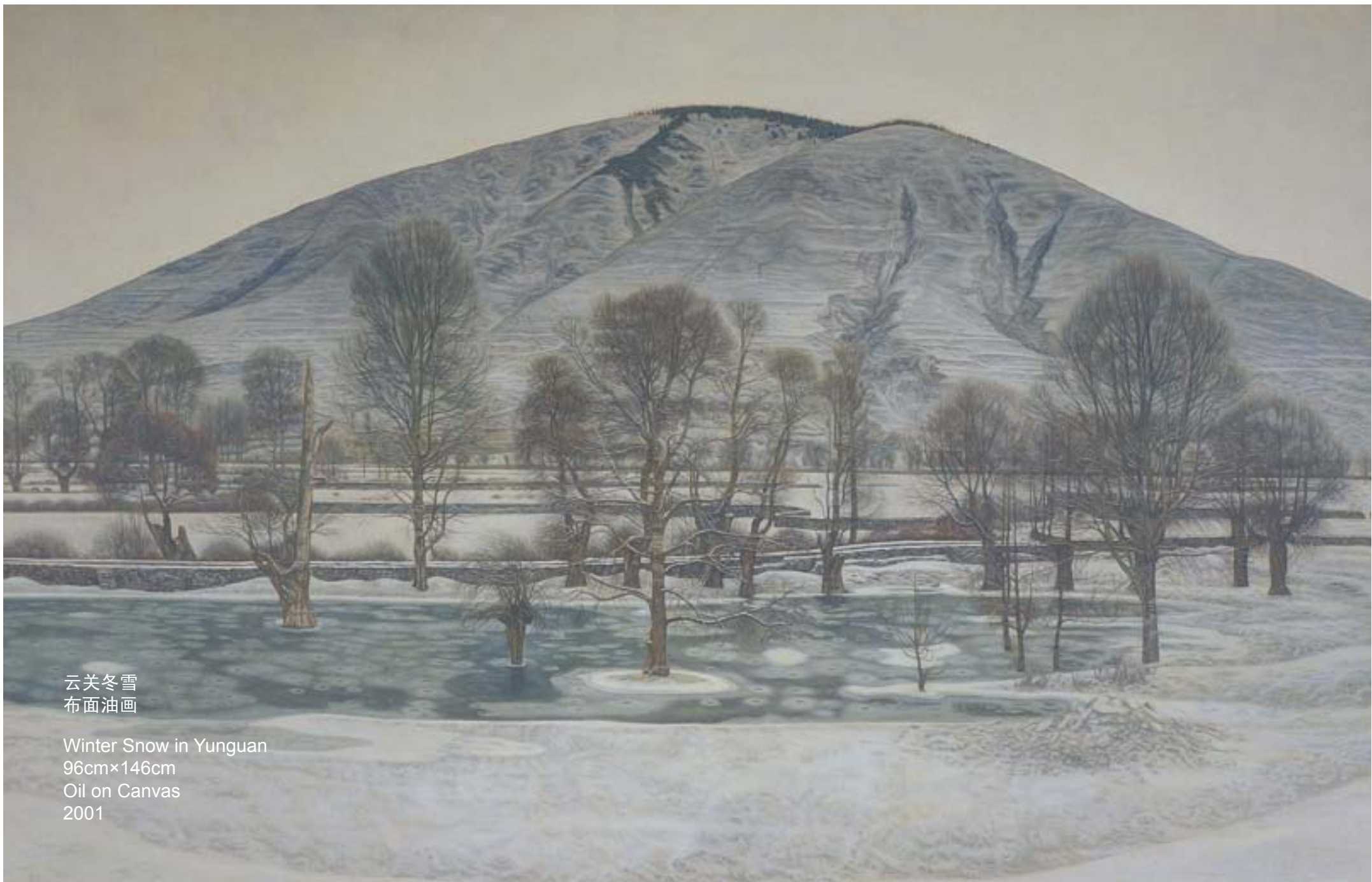
Poplars in Winter
80cm× 65cm
Oil on Canvas
1996





冬
布面油画

Winter
80cm×116cm
Oil on Canvas
1999



云关冬雪
布面油画

Winter Snow in Yunguan
96cm×146cm
Oil on Canvas
2001

家园 2000
布面油画

Homeland 2000
60cm× 80cm
Oil on Canvas
2001





杨树林
布面油画

Poplar Woods
84.5cm×84.5cm
Oil on Canvas
2001

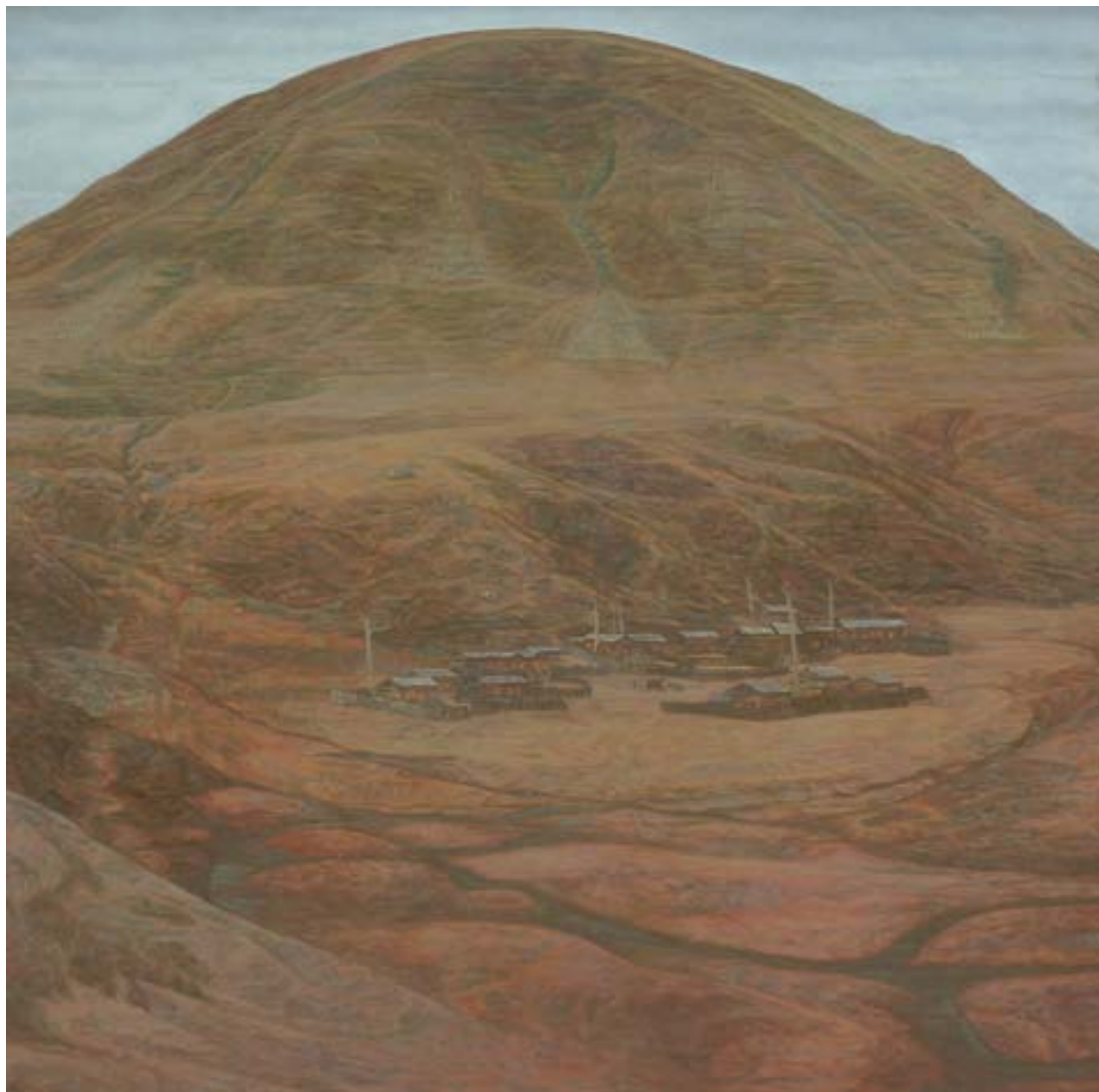


岗
布面油画

Hills
105cm×130.2cm
Oil on Canvas
2003

康定巴西
布面油画

To the West of Kangding
84cm×84cm
Oil on Canvas
2006





憩
布面油画

Rest
65cm×114.5cm
Oil on Canvas
2006

冬寂
布面油画

Silence of Winter
109.5cm×90cm
Oil on Canvas
2010





冬寂 2010.12
布面油画

Silence of Winter 2010.12
106cm×150cm
Oil on Canvas
2010



冬寂 2011. 2
布面油画

Silence of Winter 2011.2
88cm×114.5cm
Oil on Canvas
2011



丘缘尼姑寺（组画之二）
布面油画

Qiu-Yuan Nunnery 2
80cm×100cm
Oil on Canvas
2013


丘缘尼姑院组画（组画之四）
布面油画

Qiu-Yuan Nunnery 4
116cm×89cm
Oil on Canvas
2013



故园

刘洵




我魂萦梦绕的甘孜文化馆小院子随着时代的发展，已经发生了本质的改变。

在旧友的陪同下，我被告知已经站在文化馆的园门前面。基本的地形地貌让我相信的确是从前的街道。

昔日道路两旁是低矮的土墙、或者是有青砖显露的住房的墙体，间或出现的院门是对这些单一线条恰到好处的点缀，院门无一例外都是那种用几根圆形生铁棒焊接而成再涂上浅色油漆的铁门，即便在大门紧锁的日子里，铁门另一边的一切景至都可以尽收眼底。

时至今日，我还可以清楚地记得第一次步行在这条街上，已经走过与我命中有缘的院门。只是在经过她的时候，目光下意识地掠过铁门内灰色的白杨树，我又梦游般的折回来，满院子的白杨树枝在浅灰色的天空中；明亮的地面上除了冬日的落叶几乎是一尘不染；



用木板钉制的临街二层楼房，上第二层楼的扶梯就那么的暴露在建筑的外面，木板表面的蓝色油漆已经变成浅浅的蓝灰色……

时至今日啊，甚至就连那些铁钉钉头的锈迹浸润出的融融暖意也好像就在眼前；暖灰色调的土墙还不足一人高，象征性地将满院子静穆的白杨树包围起来，当然，也包括院子那一溜二层楼的老式木结构房屋，墙体用暗红色的泥浆涂抹成与寺庙大殿红墙相类似的效果，透过亮灰色的白杨树树干，房屋的幽暗沉着实实在在地对我散发出心醉的诱惑，以至于呆立在那里的我是不可能意识到此刻对我一生的重要。

“你们这儿需要画画的吗？”

我向院子里碰到的第一个人询问，这位老兄看上去纯粹朴有余，不像是和文化扯得上关系的样子。在往后的日子里我才知道，陈邦

文老师是这一地区有名的民间舞蹈家。在院子最里面那溜老式房屋左边的第一家房门前的院坝当中，我向文化馆馆长提出了我的求职申请。

“我们这儿已经有专门画画的了”

馆长的语气倒是很随和，不过谈话的内容真让我的心情沮丧到了极点，因为当我步入这安静的园中，就好像受到命运之神的牵引，来到唯一的也是最后的归宿。时至今日，我还能够清晰地去感受当时绝望的心情，感受当时亮晃晃的水泥地面。

大概馆长对我的印象是不错的，抑或是我的失望引起了他的同情，也可能是一个从小在内地长大的大学生，天远地远的主动来联系工作的事情实属罕见？

“你……还会做其它什么吗？”

“我还会弹吉它；会摄影……”，我努力搜寻自己可能有的能力，并且还希望杜撰点什么。

有那么一瞬间，我看见馆长黑里透红的面部肌肉似乎活跃起来，根本不再听我独自唠唠叨叨，他用藏话与周围的人激烈的讨论；电吉它、音箱也就像变魔术似的在明亮的三合泥地面上铺展开来。

对于我，这真是前所未有的严重时刻，我似乎进入了神话传说的情节当中：面对梦寐以求的金银财宝回答问题，说对了前途一片光明，说错一个字可能会死无葬身之地。馆长铜铃般的眼睛向外凸出，死死地盯住我的双手，加深了我恐怖的印象。

回头是不可能了，在那样的心境下，我能够表面装作十分轻松地把弦调准已经算得上超常发挥。对古典吉它的练习我是付出了极大热情和努力的，我知道在 80 年代的雪域高原，人

们把吉它更多视为一种打击乐器，我那两手算得上神技了。

熟悉的唏嘘之声很快出现在我的周围。接下来我被要求同手风琴合奏，并且希望用不同的调性伴奏同一首曲目，所幸凭我掌握的基本的乐理知识，对这些节奏明快、调性单一的歌曲基本上是可以胜任的，尤其是当我仅仅使用大小调主属和弦、下属和弦、来伴奏一些我并未听到过的、但在当地耳熟能详的歌曲的时候，气氛达到空前热烈！

“正好还空一套房子，你看行吧？”

我惧怕此刻发表的任何言论会让这起死回生的局面化为泡影，希望延续刚才和谐的气氛，我正式成为了这幽静小院的居民。

在后来的日子里，我慢慢发现一个有趣的现象，事实上“人”这种脆弱的动物并不适合长

期生活在高原严酷的自然环境里，明显的证据就是面容过早地衰老、皮肤的损坏包括白内障的高发、眼球向外凸显，令人忍俊的是一双死死盯住你的眼球似乎已经忿怒到极点，而此刻这双眼球的主人内心可能正懒洋洋地享受着暖和的日光，丝毫没有敌意。

幽默和对音乐、舞蹈的热爱其实是他们天性中重要的特征，这片土地上生息繁衍着一代又一代默默无闻的幽默大师，他们的康定同乡洛桑算是其中之一……

我象个垂垂老者站在文化馆的园门前陷入了无序的思索，昔日清静的街道已无处寻觅，繁华的铺面大多以农机修理、汽车修理为主。可能是出于安全的考虑，文化馆的院门改为用白铁皮密封的厚重铁门，过去的院落已经拆毁大半部分，包括临街的青灰色木板二层楼房。

可能是因为牵绳晾晒衣物的需要，白杨树还剩下三棵，杨树依然美丽洁净，树木周围地面上的落叶似乎还传递着从前的气息。

最最奇妙的是我从前的住处：土红色墙面的二层楼房，已经被拆除了三分之一的部分，但我的“故居”竟依然完好，因为县文化旅游的原因，一些能歌善舞的本地人被组织起来。据说“我的”房间现在的主人是一位跳舞的女子。愿望是还想进去看一看，大门紧锁，主人不在家，不过也许这样更好。

我绕到院墙外面，从这里通过两棵残存的白杨树看见昔日我住所的房顶、再亲切不过的窗户，房顶的上方是远处有坟墓的山梁。天色已晚，身后一颗圆形的树冠上聚集了许多小鸟。

2007.12.1

The Old Yard

By Liu xun

Ganzi Cultural Center which has bewitched me in body and soul has met essential transformation as time goes on.

Accompanied by an old friend, I was told that I was right in front of the gate of the cultural center. The landform assured me that it was indeed the old street.

In the old days, the roads were lined with mud walls or walls of residential structure exposing blue bricks, and a couple of gates were just properly decorated to a single line. With no exception, all the gates were iron welded with couples of round pigiron bars and tinted with light paint. Even when the gates were all shut, the sceneries on the other side could be seen from the outside.

Even to this day, I could clearly recall that I had passed by the gate of fate the first time I walked in this street. However, when I passed by and my eyes skimmed over the grey poplars inside the iron gates, I came back again like a sleepwalker. I saw the yard of poplars under the grey sky; the bright colored ground was immaculate except for the winter leaves; the two-floor building, with a street frontage, was made from wooden boards, and the staircases towards the second floor

were exposed outside the building, with the blue paint on the surface faded to grey..

Even to this day, even the warm color from the rusty stain of the nails are always in my mind; the warm and grey colored mud wall, even lower than a person, it surrounded the silent poplars; -it is more of a symbolical gesture. And also the old-fashioned two-floor wooden framed structures in the yard, the walls of which were painted with dark-red slurry, creating the similar effect with the red walls of temples or great halls. Through the light grey trunks of the poplars, I was so attracted by the dim and solemn house that I couldn't have realized how important the moment was to me for my whole life when I was standing there.

"Do you need someone to paint?"

I asked the first man I met in the yard. He seemed too simple to be a culturatis. It took me some time to know that he, Chen Bangwen the teacher, is a renowned folk dancer in the area.

I applied for the position from the Director of the culture center in front of the gate on the left of the old-fashioned houses in the yard.

"We've already had a painter."

The director was amiable, but I was so beaten by the conversation, it seemed that the fate was leading me to my sole and final destination. Even to this day, I could feel the desperation and see the shining cement floor at the moment.

Maybe the director had a favorable impression of me, or he felt sorry for my disappointment, or it was rare for a college student brought up in inland China to apply for a job afar.

"Er...what else can you do?"

"I play guitar, and I take photographs..." I tried very hard to search for my capabilities and I even wanted to make up something.

For a moment, I saw the director's facial muscle became active. He was having fierce discussion with people around in Tibetan, leaving me nattering to myself. In the mean while, the electric guitar and the sound box were present on the bright cement floor as if by magic.

It was an unprecedented critical moment for me. It seemed that I went into the story of fairy tale: I need to answer a question in front of the gold and silver; the right answer would bring me a bright future while a wrong one would lead me to the end of my life. The director's popeyed eyes were staring at my hands, which made me more nervous.

It was impossible for me to turn back, yet in that condition, it was supernormal for me even just to adjust the chord line well, and to pretend that I was calm. I paid great passion and effort in practicing the classical guitar and since guitar was more like a percussion instrument to people in snow-covered plateau in 1980s, my performance was considered master-level then.

I was surrounded by voices of praise soon. Then I was asked to ensemble with accordion and accompany the same song with different tones. Fortunately, I was competent for the songs of lively rhythms and single tonality with the basic musical knowledge that I learnt. Moreover, when I accompanied some popular local songs that I'd never heard only with major-minor mode tonic and subdominant, it gave rise to an animated and lively atmosphere.

"We have one house by lucky coincidence. What do you think?"

I was worried that any word would destroy the consequence rescued from the previous desperate situation and hoping to continue the harmonious atmosphere. I became resident of the quiet yard officially.

Then I gradually found an interesting phenomenon, that as a matter of fact, the fragile human beings doesn't adapt to the rigor plateau environment, with the obvious proof of early-aging looks, damaged skin, popular cataract and exophthalmos. It's ridiculous that you think someone with his eyeballs staring at you might be extremely angry, while in actuality he is enjoying the warm sunshine peacefully without any hostility.

Humor and love towards music and dance are their natural instincts. The land in this region has brought up generations of unknown great comedian, and Losang from Kangding is among them...

I was lost in endless thinking at the door of cultural center like an old man. The tranquility on the street in old days could not be found any more, and they've been replaced with

prosperous shops mostly dealing with repair of agricultural machinery and automobiles. It might be out of the concern of security that the gate of the cultural center were replaced by heavy and occluded galvanized sheet iron, and most of the old yard was torn down including the two-floor grey building with a street frontage.

Three poplars are left probably for tethering clothes lines. The trees are still beautiful and clean, and the leaves on the ground are seemingly showing the breath of the old times.

The most fantastic part is on my old accommodation: 1/3 of the two-floor building has been torn down while my old room is in good condition. Some local people good at singing and dancing are grouped together to meet the need of tourism of the county. It was said that my old room now belongs to a girl dancer. I wanted to get inside and take a look, but the door was closed and the owner was not there. But probably it was good for me.

I went around to the outside of the yard, from there, through the two existent poplars I saw the roof and familiar windows of my old room, as well as the flat-topped ridge of tombs over the roof far away. As it grew late, a lot of birds were getting together at the round crown of a tree behind me.

December 1, 2007

人与事

刘洵



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上个世纪80年代以前，在四川高原小城甘孜，无论是最高行政机构还是卫生院、村小都是由一溜青灰瓦顶下木结构的平房组成，集办公住宿于一体。四周是厚厚的暖色调土墙围成院子。院内有水井、石砌的花台、草坪和白杨树。每个院里几乎都有几株罌粟，夏季如火焰般沉沉地燃烧，加上绚烂的太阳花。入冬之后，这些繁茂的植物连根须都难以辨识了，只剩银灰色的杨树密织在小院的上空。

我第一次走进这院子便被那舒缓倦怠的气氛迷住了，仿如回到童年居住的馨园，回到川音无声的琴房和废弃的花园。在小院尽头，走进分配给我的房间，关上门，里屋有盘旋的木梯可以上到二楼，也是内外两室。相对于明亮的窗外，红灰色的地板和楼梯扶手被幽暗的光线笼罩着。我觉得这住房似乎与我前世有缘，每个角落都有提供冥想的细节，心又回到遥远的过去。

二

成都南门郊外的馨园在我出生以前便是音专的教工宿舍了。馨园是旧时代一位市长的公馆。我从生下来到念完大学都住在院子里。所以现在还常梦着回去转悠，甚至把多年以后的人与事也胡乱与它搅在一起。或者在别处的生活里，某一角、某一个房间里的某一瞬间找到了属于那灰色院子的记忆，于是神思恍惚……

院门倒是不大，厚沉沉的实木做成，黑色的油漆都已脱落。进门后两边有对称的建筑，房顶像公园的亭子，但下面是青灰色的墙体和狭小的门窗。都住了人，又不能进去玩耍，儿时的我觉得有些受骗上当。正对院门一排青灰色的二层老式楼房，底层正中漆黑的通道通向中院，因为楼房前面是共用的走廊，进去才是两间居室，所以贯穿楼房的通道就不算短了，这通道时常是对别人实施恶作剧和自己吓自己的场所。走出通道迎面一幢巨大

的灰色西式楼房，应该是昔日主人的住处了。可能是离通道口较近的缘故，想看看楼上的窗户就得大幅度仰视才行。楼房左右都有一条弯弯曲曲的三合土路通向较为宽敞的后院。路道在延伸的过程中不断分出岔道指向旁边的住屋，路以外是微微凹下去的结满苔藓的泥地和花木。

后院右边尽头处另有不太显眼的小巷，转而又成独立的小天地，要进入各居室都得走上三四级台阶。刻意制造的粗质地暖灰色石级与浅色的石铺地面构成明亮的浅色块。与布满苔藓和树叶的泥地以及精致的排水沟槽互为映衬。建筑的外型尽量简化，以直线为主，色调统一。而内部结构显得繁琐，让人无法一目了然。昔日主人的性格可能是喜好简洁无华但又十分注重私密性的类型吧？

像这种在主通道上容易被忽略的“三家村”、“四家村”，馨园内还有两三处，拐弯抹角

进去后深沉的寂静，加上那些怕吵闹、面色苍白的女主妇们严肃的目光，让童年的我满腹狐疑，就像我第一次踟躅于甘孜城迷宫似的老城区，低垂的灰色苍穹下鳞次栉比的建筑群呈现粉尘般明亮的暖色，路面洁净如洗，间或出现的人影瞬间又消失在房前坡后。我吃力地打听有关“活鬼”的事情，但毫无结果，远处那些窗帘背后的目光令我脚下的泥土变得松软而漂浮。

钢儿是我童年最亲近的玩伴，他的家就在后院那僻静小巷的尽头，我们常在这里玩耍，他母亲和姐姐不在家时也可以走上石级到屋里捣乱。小英学着她母亲的架势常在石级上对我们发布命令和训斥，对这般聪慧、漂亮又年长几岁的女孩，童年的我总是畏首畏尾的。转眼到了特定的年龄，钢儿开始学拉大提琴了，他的母亲的目光变得更加严厉。

钢儿的母亲与院里的许多主妇一样都是旧时

代的千金小姐，是革命的对象。幸好无产阶级还需要艺术的，所以他们没有立即被专政被流放。从新中国成立到文化大革命前这十多年，馨园成了独具特殊意义的新旧时代交替的延缓地带。新政府让这些没落族群或至少与之有各种瓜葛的灰色群体以公有制的形式集中住进他们原来的住所。他们虽已投身革命队伍，但昔日的秉性却难以根除，如喜静、洁癖、独处、享乐伴合着情绪化的艺术天赋在这园子的每个角落弥散，与屋外结满几十年苔藓的幽暗泥土和满是漏痕的西式屋顶黏合成某种荒诞、凄然和雅致的意象，这意象是上个时代偶然折射过来的幻影，因注定会彻底消失而弥足珍贵。

在馨园进门那排青灰色楼房的左边，住着深居简出的穆志清老先生与他的正房太太，穆老年轻时在宫里为慈禧太后奏乐，算是中国黑管界的前辈人物了。出门总是有人搀扶的形象我还记得。他的二房太太，一位戴眼镜

的瘦弱妇人和她儿子住在进门左手的“亭子间”里，在老先生住房的斜对面这个瘦小个子的男孩极少与院内其他孩子来往，较沉默，也戴着眼镜，四方脸，挺书生气的。着装十分朴素，所以绝对属于被忽略的类型。

院子的大门对直向里观看，透过那段幽暗的通道，视觉的焦点必然会锁定在主楼正中的那户人家。屋前几株芭蕉树十分醒目，迈上石级进入房前有一块平台供人休闲。户主是作曲系主任刘先生及夫人女儿和一大群猫，那年月饲养宠物不是件容易的事儿，何况是一大群猫啊！刘先生和他满脸雀斑的女儿体形瘦小，眼镜呈淡淡的赭色。他们似乎不太喜欢明亮的光线，也可能惧怕吵闹，居室的窗帘遮得严严实实。室内人均面积十分有限，又没有卫生间，人畜混居的景观和丰富的气味给童年的我留下很深的印象。每到春天的夜晚，这些可爱的精灵在馨园四周的墙上发出凄厉的呼唤，做为对歌唱家丁先生狗叫式

练声法的绝佳回应。

那个主流话语统一天下的年代，人的个性展示就意味着被清除的危险。在最后审判的前夕，在馨园这个特殊空间里，人们发自本能的，从血液里流传的个性展示与古老宅院编织成的故事，在我以后的记忆里不断发酵、扩散，成为生活的一部分。

就在中院主楼的左边，有一处十分别致的阁楼，顺着地面浅灰色的露天石级，至少要到一米多的高度，拐两三道弯，进入一扇狭窄的木门。进门后，依然是坡度很陡的木梯，只是两边有了玻璃窗的保护，像在童话故事的小房间里。经过再次旋转才能上到二楼，再走过一段有精致木雕围栏的露天通道，才算来到房主居室的门外。我也是瞅着楼下的木门忘了关时偷偷窜上去玩玩。建筑的意图既有安全的需要，更秀出几分嬉戏和对生活的细致把玩。我总觉得这是昔日千金小姐的

闺房了。现如今居住着一位蓄日本式小胡子略显颓废的小提琴老师和他学声乐的漂亮妻子。响亮的琴声由阁楼向四处散开，日复一日，记得他们的幼女很早就开始学拉琴了，唉，这样的环境不出大师，也一定是天才啊！

我的童年是在各种练琴声中渡过的，对音乐没有感觉是不可能的。加上从孩童时代起就被某种不可救药的感伤心绪所困扰的特质更是离不开音乐的浸润。如果打小学习音乐而不是绘画，我的人生经历是否会重新书写呢？

三

对古典吉他的练习我是付出了极大热情和努力的，在不同的季节不同的村镇，一曲《阿尔汗布拉宫的回忆》我不知深情演奏过多少次。在 80 年代的雪域高原，当人们把吉他更多视为一种打击乐器的时候，我那两手算得上神技了。我在甘孜的第二次婚姻，就与吉他有直接

的关系。我蓄意准备的一曲尚未奏完，她已决定留下了。冬季实在很长，夜晚的温度可以降到零下 20 C。刚到甘孜的那些时候享受孤独便意味着承受毁灭。因为自小没有劈材生火的经验，两三次失败便彻底放弃了。室内没有火，在当地人都是难以想象的事，怕冷干脆在床上蜷缩着不吃不喝，终于对藏族人民为何要歌唱太阳有了切肤的感受。从老婆烹制的一块羊腿结束了我在甘孜的单身生活。我一生都没有被任何事物如此打动过，这块冻得有点透明的羊腿永远悬浮在我的记忆中了。

甘孜城周围的每座雪山都有一个美丽的传说，甘孜老城的每一条巷道都流传这奇异的故事。

我的邻居益西降措是一位藏传佛教的和尚，年逾 60，性格幽默而和善，对甘孜县的人文典故也颇为了解，算是我们这个小院的中心人物吧。他隔壁住着的年轻女子达瓦长于舞蹈，长得挺好看的，终日里不停做家务。小院的人都

互相照顾，常在院里的石凳上谈天说地，分不清那是上班开会那是饭后闲聊了。

阿冲为儿子的病十分焦虑，向益西降措讨教办法，老和尚实在有点儿犹豫，是取达瓦的一根头发埋在繁华路口呢，还是在她鞋底涂一些石灰粉以观察她半夜的行踪，两位汉子的研究是认真而严肃的。关于达瓦的“活鬼”身份我在其它乡亲们那里都得到了确认，像这样的家族甘孜还有几户，就是说在很早很早以前这些家族的后代里凡是女孩儿便肯定是“鬼”，男孩则不是。人们以口授心记的方式对这些家族不断认定。偏偏我见过的两三位，样子都很不错，唉，要让鬼缠上该很幸运的吧！

倒是我更像孤魂野鬼似的在僻静的小巷或孔萨土司的官寨遗址晃悠。要么连续两个月从天亮到天黑呆立于窗前，引起乡亲们极大的恐慌和议论，事实上我是在画远处有墓碑的山梁。

四

这些日子里我画了许多静物画，我觉得在室内研究静物画对确定自己的绘画语言有极大好处。事实正是如此，《秋海棠》初步实现了用几何形式将对象作如意安排的愿望，叶的平面分染希望达到既保持油画的粘度感，实质上又承载着某种中国的传统精神。体会到控制用色的妙处，花上的绿和叶上的红，如何以平均方式向自身过渡又不失光和体的感觉。《阿布扎布花》花心内的小亮点通过数次提亮罩掉的过程，产生暗自闪烁的效果，生命的诡异！当然一定是有节制的诡异，在特定框架内作一翻突破我觉得令人兴奋。

我把油画作为一种更为方便表现力更强的绘画材料，一种目前世界上“进化”相对完善的颜料。我并不痴迷于它在历史中产生过的效果，我相信它可以产生另外一些合乎我需要的效果，必须对现成的油画颜料进行重制以增加流动性和透明感，便于勾画线条，同

时越来越痴迷于一种微妙复杂又充满理性控制的色彩织体，因而在每幅画动笔前必须经过周密思考后配置若干支只用于此画的特殊灰色，因为人的情绪是脆弱和易变的，在长达几个月制作同一幅画的时间里，对各种灰色会随情绪光线季节的不同发生不一样的感应，这就必须靠既定的灰色进行限制。画到最后往往用点的方法，这样可以在用色的区域上更好的配合既定的形式变化，达到精确的目的，就如修拉用点的主要目的也是为了几何状的准确，并非完全是为取得闪烁的色彩效果，只不过我是将密集的点最后化成片，我始终不希望在完成后出现某种方法的痕迹。

我在文化馆的工作是每晚的吉他伴奏，几乎是一种麻木的机械运动，台下常有流血冲突，我们只要留心那些飞舞的空酒瓶就是了。一位风流倜傥的康巴汉子，迈出舞厅三步之遥，被 14 岁的少年偷袭成功，长剑刺穿了壮实的身体，这汉子喃喃叹息：“冤枉”，直到死去。

按照神的意思，他应该被水葬，一颗英俊的头颅让朋友抛向河心。生命轮回、四季更迭在这些区域焕发出短暂而耀眼的光芒。

五

窗外的罌粟花又在沉沉燃烧，预示着他们将死去，根须亦将化成粉末。在无花的季节里，粉艳的紫金花树常出现在我梦里。缤纷落英般的丰姿在梦里却变得轻如薄纱，淡淡的色泽几乎被清冷的天空溶化。

可能是昔日院子主任的偏爱吧。馨园大门外一左一右种植了两株紫金花树，院内也有几株。我家里屋窗外那株尤其壮实，是儿童们理想的攀爬对象，乳白色的树干被折磨的油光亮滑。随着时间的推移，人们对空间对土地的占有意识开始觉醒，临时搭建的杂物棚，厨房取代了从前的桑树林，芭蕉树和万年青等花木的空间，一律用红色砖石砌成的附加建筑群体加上燃烬的蜂窝摆满过道拐角或屋檐下，馨园的

住户们也加入了时代的变迁，不过，紫金花树依然年年开放。

说到浪漫热情，温文尔雅这些人类的美好品质，细想起来，生活里有些本质上严肃冷峻，桀骜不驯的人，可能出于生存或职业的需要吸纳一些热情的处世方式。而另一类人则是与生俱来的，温婉雅致的生活就像每时每刻的呼吸一样自然，在援助他人的行为中自得其乐。我的绘画启蒙老师朱宝勇先生属于后者，珍爱生命的每时每刻，其超然的人生态度深深沉潜我的生命流程。

在一个风和日暖的下午，朱老师为院里的小胡子提琴家作素描肖像的过程深深打动了我。其实我差不多快小学毕业了，正盼着有人指点自己的绘画。

朱老师欣然允诺了家人的请求。

我时常就在他家里作素描写生，室内充满了温馨的“小资”情调，用具和饰品记录着他以歌唱家身份出国访问的经历。那些时日的训练对我以后把握线条的变化，色调细腻的转换意义重大。当时的朱老师已负盛名，绘画方面的才能却鲜为人知，对我的辅导是以邻里的感情和对艺术本身的热忱为动力，从不收取报酬的，今天听来实属天方夜谭了。

记忆还十分的鲜活——朱老师指触画稿的轻盈姿态，以及略微女性化的表述方式犹在昨日。然而赋予戏剧性的是我少年时代影响甚大的另一位居住在馨园的艺术家居琳，性格是如此的自负极端，让常人难以亲近，因为他的夫人与我的母亲关系亲密，待我如同己出，给我提供了机会与吕老师没大没小的混在一块儿。

在馨园居住的十多年里，是吕老一生最落泊的

日子,才华横溢而不知天高地厚是1957年“倒霉”的那批中国文人的普遍情况。

吕老是受苦人出生,参加革命几十年艰苦奋斗,随着革命成功,凭个人极高的艺术天赋,四周充满了鲜花和掌声。正是当今天下,舍我其谁!孰料天意弄人,眨眼的功夫官场失意,家庭离散。此时的吕老已是万念俱灰了吧。我不清楚他是怎么和我陈姨认识,结婚的,不过就现代语境而言,一厢是正当落寞的臭文人。单纯正值芳龄的音乐教师,谈婚论嫁,实在是匪夷所思。那几年可能是吕老一生最安静的日子,功名利禄,过眼云烟啊。

我第一次见到吕老师的画作是一副巨大的“金猴奋起千钧棒”的漫画作品,我们一家人是最初的观众,都为其卓越的艺术才能折服。吕老脸上也焕发出紫红的光芒,蛰伏数年,他再也抑制不了天才的激情,他要用千钧棒横扫害他,压他,整他的小人,王八蛋!妈啦个屁的!我

诧异的看见吕老铜铃般的大眼炯炯有神,呀!原来和我一样也骂脏话嘛,只不过我不当着大人的面骂就是了。从此和吕老十分的亲近起来。

对我儿时的绘画作品吕老除嘲讽几句后很难在这一话题上坚持下去,我也就习以为常了。当时不懂,像他这类我行我素的天才,是不可能循序渐进作小儿科式的辅导的。

冬天,吕老唯一能做的就是与蜂窝煤炉子呆在一块,拼命抽叶子烟,拼命的咳嗽,拼命的咒骂,天才的自负和极端似乎只有通过咒骂的方式来宣泄,在粗俗的口淫里也不乏艺术的真知灼见。对中国古代墓穴的壁画和明清木板插画的鉴赏,对林风眠的赞誉.....只是多年以后我才有所领悟,多年后更领悟了吕老的孤独,有一个我这样的无知的听众总比没有强啊。文革后期,他似乎减少了咒骂的频率,如许多中国文人那样把目光转向传统书画。是

不是笔墨和宣纸的触摸和润延感觉可以舒缓胸中的怨气呢？当然吕老是能力过人的，可以用毛笔直接在生宣纸上对真人作白描写生。画前苦思良久，形准神似。我家里至今还珍藏着吕老后期的一副紫竹林中的观音像，笔墨娴熟练达，色淡雅，只是那观音菩萨略施粉黛，春意盈然，似乎在告慰众生：时代不同了，要及时行乐啊！

吕老师是率真的，没有故作深沉，吕老又是精明的，“大苦”之后向往幸福生活的愿望化为巨大动力，将品牌锁定在熊猫身上，那还是国内艺术市场刚刚解冻的初期，吕老的熊猫已畅销东南亚，在生命的最后几年终于过上好日子，常年居住在星级酒店。

人活在世上，都应该如愿以偿。

六

相对于大人们整齐划一的生活，馨园的孩子

是轻松的，无法无天的。有那么多废弃的琴房，教学楼可以进行再次的破坏。音乐会还是常常举行的，上百辆自行车摆满演奏厅前面的广场，拔掉这些自行车的气门芯，是孩子们重要的娱乐活动，远比打游击来得刺激！春芽是这一活动的策划者。

孩提时的春芽是馨园少儿地下活动的中坚力量，他的家在前院二楼上，有几年春芽突然消失了，当他再出现的时候，绘画才能已令我们心悦诚服。于是关于五七艺校、关于他们的老师以及美术社、成为成都绘画界的中心话题，那些年，春芽每次回馨园都会给我一些十分有益的指导，印象最深的是美术社那狭长的楼梯，以及阴暗的室内满是领袖的画像，春芽无不幽默的说，天天画毛主席，我们最了解毛主席。

七

我第一次到甘孜，就特别想看阴天的云层，清

晰而安静，万古如斯，远山近树，在高原阴天柔和而明亮的光照下，万物内在的秩序结构是再明显不过了，这秩序使人类文化的河流得以延续。我深信许多永恒的艺术形式是直接受到这种秩序的启发而产生的.....

甘孜冬天的早上，是最容易怀念何被怀念牵挂的时刻，细如丝网的杨树梢被寒冷凝固在清冽的天空。我推开窗户看到远处的冻土、圆形的树冠和大尾巴狗就好似回到北方老家、回到父亲的故事里。当我离开家乡、真正意义上像个男人独立生活的时候，才了解到父亲的存在对我有多么重要。为实现自己的艺术理想，父亲从未有片刻的停顿，在特定的时代，在话剧这一领域，他做到了辉煌。我在边缘地区生活的这些年，有大量的书籍是父亲读过了再寄到我手里，从普鲁斯特到高行健，从福柯到萨义德，对当代文化资讯充满了与职业无关的兴趣。

其实我从没回过北方老家。记得曾经有好些年，父亲每晚上会在我床边讲一个不同的故事。其中有些事关于北方农村的。父亲是话剧编导，讲述当然是生动而富有感染力的，父亲生在北方农村，不过从小跟我爷爷东奔西走，以后选择了话剧为职业，也是浪漫的天性使然吧。他的故事背景大都是河流旷野，旧时代的老街小巷以及社会底层人士的奋斗传奇。既有听来令人忍俊不禁的细节，也有笑过之后的苦涩情感，待我稍大一点《西游记》、《三国演义》、《水浒》还有鲁迅的《故事新编》、《安徒生童话》也都是边念边加上他自己的表述方式说给我听的，直到后来识了字，有能力阅读了，这一浩瀚的工程才结束。母亲是云南大学中文系毕业的，从小生活在一个循规蹈矩的旧式家庭。性格理性而严谨，只要发现我骂了脏话，哪怕就一个字，定会有一顿饱打，为了防止父亲保护，我往往会被拖进女厕所教育。除此以外

都是疼爱有加的，常翻译些先秦时期的故事讲给我听。

馨园进门左边靠墙有两棵大树，时至今日我都觉得那是我见过最大的树了，四季的变化对它们都没有太大的影响，只是在秋天起风的时候，树叶被风吹动浅灰色的另一面展现了出来，向着同一方向不停的晃动，有节奏的响声整个院里都能听见，年复一年，只要这声音响起时候，母亲就要考虑添衣服加被子之类的了。那些年我每个月都会莫名其妙的发一次高烧，半夜里胡言乱语，四周的人和物都飘得很远很远的，就是白天也会真切的看见身着古装的人物在墙上来回走动。我倒是庆幸因此可以不去幼儿园或者小学了，可以躺在床上等幻影的出现。可以凭风的声音想象院子里渺无人影，在馨园的每个角落的地上都能拾到大树上腐败的纤维、枯叶和蜂巢的残片。

父亲的生活可没有这般悠闲，每天骑自行车穿

行于城南和城西，只要一过下午 6 点，母亲便差我去校门口拨 3897，于是电话那端看门老头儿的嚎叫又在剧团里来回荡漾。爷爷和奶奶打我记事起没一天不吵架的，矛盾一升级准找儿子评理。父亲和前妻还有三个女儿，老大和老三的逆反性格比我好不了多少，让父亲费了许多神，格外的劳神！记得我还在念中学的时候，便已无法抑制的要去实现自己的流浪生活了，一个人来到幻想中的原始森林。因为厚厚的积雪，森林给我的第一印象就是黑色的，摄人心魄的静谧和怪异的风声，我在伐木工人的工棚里一住就是一个多月与外界毫无联系。大概是母亲谨慎的遗传基因开始生效，我隐隐觉得有些不对了，终于回到成都。对家里的恐慌十分不解。不过家里倒是随时担忧着我的突发奇想。多年后当我决定去“天边外”过另一种生活时，我看到了他们更多地无奈和牵挂。那是我大学毕业回到成都与高中同学结了婚，经父亲的努力，在市歌舞团找了份工作，一切才刚刚开始。

二姐和三姐很早就显示绘画方面的天赋，尤其是三姐，有一幅苏联少女卓娅的雕像写生，那种细腻的风格与她表面粗率的性格相去甚远。当时也没见过那样素描的，我从美院毕业以后才发现那也不失为一种好的风格，还有那些雕塑作品！

三姐是绝对的理想主义，小学还没毕业就把自己奉献给“广阔天地”，家人的劝阻被视为落后。到农村的第一件事就是对生产队长偷队里麦子的行为给以当面斥责，这就意味着理想的破灭，因为事件的后果是她无法预料和承受的，于是在那个炎热的夏天，父亲开始了成都到犍为无休止的循环旅程，在以后的若干年里关于调动，关于工作，关于情绪像一把达摩克利斯剑悬挂在父亲的头上，成为家庭的主要话题。当一切开始好转，三姐再次为理想同一位鞋匠结了婚，并为这次的婚姻付出了生命的代价。父亲在得知这一消息的瞬间，像被重击后茫然不知所措，有那么一瞬间的失声恸哭。

八

“我所有的作品，不过是一座座的墓碑。”相对于那些关于革命、战争、关于人民和法西斯的具体解说，肖斯塔科维奇对自己作品的这句话或许更接近本质，对于种种遭遇的思考，仅凭“战争的苦难”这几个字是难以概括的，除了“同构异态”“签名动机”以及后期对“12音”技术的植入这些“语言规则”外，最让我感兴趣的是一种独特的音色，它包含着一点点柔情和希望，惊恐和自嘲以及无可奈何，汇聚成巨大的震惊……

我开始对笼罩画面的“非光源性”深浅交替感兴趣。可以更有效突出深浅的结构秩序，同时暗示着另一力量的存在，从技术上讲达成这样效果最直接的方法是画好细节后再作整体意图上的薄色罩染，但为了度的控制，我宁愿在塑造细节时便始终加入这种深浅意图，以便随时把握过分与否，这需要画开始前作详细策划安排，克服一切率性冲动和临

时效果的诱惑，以始终如一的意图和毅力用细碎的笔触具体的刻画一遍接一遍盖上画的“皮肤”直到最后才能出现设定效果。内在的秩序从表面的细节中渗透出来，意图隐于画后。肌理是架上绘画重要的语言，我从不事先随意制造肌理，也不在画结束前率性的“量笔”，我的肌理（包括最细微的只能隐隐感到的）都希望是绘制过程中服从于秩序而“硬画”的。

在油画既定的概念当中，暗部是要避免参入白色的。

按我个人的情趣，希望把深浅（包括）冷暖的对比尽量减弱，直至难以察觉但可以凭心感受是我的理想，提供冥想的状态应该是幽幽的吧，我近来的画暗部都加入了白色，或者惧怕太深对比过强习惯用白色薄染，特别要想让繁复的树枝和肌理服从于非光源的深

浅变化时。这种变化我期望是极度柔和的，是通过一层又一层在同一区域施加同一意念逐步达到的，不能轻易看见只能感觉到，接近完成的同时画面越显得干净，或者说敏感，增减细微的笔触都能被轻易发现。一种被风吹过的“质感”平整而易感，但绝非光滑油亮，最后都变成一种痕迹，将被蚀掉的痕迹。一种隐密的难以言喻的快感支配下努力实现并非在任何环境任何心情任何光线下都能见到的痕迹。

2004年12月9日

People and Thing

By Liu Xun

One

In Ganzi, a small town of Sichuan Plateau before 1980s, no matter it was the highest administration authority or health center or village school, all were bungalows with wooden structure and green tiles roof, functioning for both working and accommodating. Around the houses there were thick mud walls of warm color yards, inside of which there were wells, flower-stands made of stones, lawn and poplars. Almost in each yard, there were couples of poppy flowers blazing like fire with bright heronsbills in summer. When winter came, the exuberated flowers were hard to be distinguished even by the roots, only leaving the grey poplars in the yards stretching to the sky.

I got attracted to the sense of gentleness and leisure the first time I walked into the yard. I felt like I was back into Xinyuan Garden where I grew up as a child, and I was in the piano practice studio and the abandoned garden. When I walked into the room assigned to me at the end of the yard, I saw a spiral wooden ladder leading to the second floor, which was also separated in two parts: indoors and outdoors. Comparing to the bright outdoors, the red-grey floor and the handrail of the ladder were covered by dim light. I felt that I was lucky to lived in the room, since every corner could be a clue for

meditation, taking my mind to the times long ago.

Two

Xinyuan Garden, at the suburb of South Gate, Chengdu, had been the dormitory for teachers and staff of music majors before I was born. It was once the mansion of a mayor from the old times. I was born in the yard and I lived there till I graduated from college. I often dream of going back and sometimes I even mistake the new people and things for memories from the past. Sometimes when I suddenly get a trace of memory of that grey yard from some other corner or room, I always get distracted and lost..

The yard gates were not very big. They were made of solid wood, on which the black paint was peeling off. The gates gave access to constructions in symmetry on either hand, with their roof like pavilions in public park, walls steel-grey and door and windows quite small. Since there were people living inside and I couldn't get inside for fun, I saw them quite boring when I was a child. On the opposite side of the gates was a row of old-fashioned two-floor, steel-grey buildings; in the middle of which was the dark passage leading to the middle of

the yard. In front of the buildings was the public corridor, through which was then the two living rooms, thus the passage throughout the buildings was not a short one. We sometimes played trick on people there and sometimes we got ourselves scared. Walking out of the passage, there was a big grey building in western style, which might be the residence for the original owner. It was so close to the end of the passage, and people needed to look up very hard to see the windows upstairs. On each side of the building was a zigzag mortar road leading to the more spacious backyard, along which there were also many forks reaching out to the side houses. Beyond the roads and forks, there were slightly-dented mud basin full of moss as well as flowers and trees.

There was an unobvious alleyway at the right end of the backyard, which became another independent world; and there were three or four steps in front of each living room. The warm-gray stone steps of coarse texture made coordinated with the light-colored stone floor, being set off by the mud basin full of moss and leaves as well as the delicate gutters. The exteriors of the buildings were simple with similar color tones and mostly in straight lines, while the interiors were too diverse to understand at one glance. I assume that the original

master must be in favor of simplicity yet caring a lot about intimacy.

As to the blocks consisted of three or four families, easy to be ignored, on the major passage, there were two or three more in Xinyuan Garden. The deep silence around the place and their housewives, sick of noise with stern eyes and pale looks, brought me great confusion and suspicion for my childhood. It was like the first time when I was wavering in the labyrinth-like old town of Ganzi, the row-upon-row buildings in the low grey sky, looked bright and warm, the street was pure and clean, and the occasionally-appeared people disappeared quickly among the houses and hillsides. I tried very hard to inquire about the "living ghosts" but in vain, while the eyes behind the distant curtains were making the earth under my tread soft and floating.

Ganger was my closest playmate in childhood. He lived at the end of quiet alleyway in backyard. We spent a lot of time there; and when his mother and older sister were out of house, we went to the stone steps to play tricks. Xiao Ying would love to give orders, standing in the stone steps, just like her mom; and I was always timid in childhood in front of the smart and

beautiful girl which is couple of years older than me. As we grew up, Ganger started to play cello, and I saw his mother's eyes were getting sterner.

Like many housewives in the yard, Ganger's mother was the daughter of a landowner of the old times, and thus the target of the criticism during Cultural Revolution. Fortunately, as the proletariat needed art, they were not exiled. During the 17 years from establishment of PRC in 1949 to the start of Cultural Revolution in 1966, Xinyuan Garden became a special safety place during the interlacement of the new and old times. The new government allowed the impoverished groups and their related groups to stay in their old houses in the form of public ownership. Though they devoted themselves into revolution; their nature was not easily changed. They loved quiet and solitude; they had fetish about cleanliness; the hedonism and artistic atmosphere were permeating in every corner of the yard. All of these had created some kind of weird, mournful and elegant scene, which mix with the dark mud of moss and shabby western-style roofs. The scene was the illusion reflected from the previous generation, quite precious as it was destined to be completely faded.

In the left of the steel-grey buildings at the entrance of Xinyuan Garden lived the secluded old man, Mr. Mu Zhiqing and his first wife. The senior Mu played music for Empress Dowager Cixi when he was young and could be considered as an important person in Chinese clarinet circles. I could still remember that he was always helped whenever he came out. His second wife, a weak woman wearing glasses, lived with her son in the pavilion-like house on the left, diagonally opposite to senior Mu's room. The small weak boy was quiet and didn't communicate much with other children in the yard. Wearing a pair of glasses on his square face, he looked bookish and dressed plain. He was definitely the type of person easily ignored.

Watching through the gates of the yard and the dark passage, one would get focus on the family in the middle of the major building. The banana trees in front of the house were very eye-catching; and up on the steps there was a platform in front of the house for leisure. The owner was Mr. Liu, the director of Composition Department, Mrs. Liu, their daughter and a gang of cats. At that time, it was not easy to keep a pet, not to mention a gang of cats. Mr. Liu and his freckled daughter were both in small size and wearing ochre glasses. It seemed that they didn't like bright light or noise, since their curtain was

always drawn tight. The room was very small and there was no restroom, and I was impressed by the state of people and pets living together and the heavy smell inside. For the nights in spring, the lovely cats would make sad and shrill cries on the walls around the Xinyuan Garden, which corresponded exactly to the singer Mr. Ding's dog-barking-style vocalism.

In that era dominant by mainstream discourse, any individuality would face the risk of elimination. In this special place of Xinyuan Garden, at the eve of the final trial, the interaction between people's instinctive individuality and the old yard had created a unique story, which has been fermenting and spreading in my later memories, growing to be a part of my life.

On the left side of the major building in the middle, there was a unique attic. One could get access through light-grey stone steps, over one meter high then through a narrow wooden door. Inside the door was a wooden ladder of steep slope, yet with protection of glass on both sides, making the small room fairytale like. It took another corner to the second floor; and then an open-air passage, with delicate woodcarving enclosure, led to the front door of the owner's living room. It was the only opportunity for me to play there when they forgot

to close wooden door downstairs. The pattern of the house was out of safety consideration, yet more about the master's enjoyment towards life. In my opinion, it should be the boudoir of the landlord's daughter. Now there lives a violin teacher with Japanese-style beard and his beautiful wife majored in vocality, with the former seemingly a little bit decadent. The loud and clear music spreads everywhere from the attic day after day. I could remember that their daughter started to play violin from a very early age. Ah! Growing up in this environment, even if she couldn't be a master in violin, she must have become a genius!

I spent my childhood in sounds of all kinds of instruments practicing, and it was hard for me to feel nothing about music. Besides, my incorrigible sentiment from childhood was nothing if there were no music. But if I studied music rather than painting at that time, would my life be completely different from now?

Three

I paid great passion and effort in practicing the classical guitar. I can't remember how many times I've played Memories of Palace of the Alhambra in different seasons and various

towns. Since guitar was more like a percussion instrument to people in snow-covered plateau in 1980s, my performance was considered master-level there. My second marriage in Ganzi was directly related to guitar. She decided to stay with me even before I finished the song that I prepared for her. The winter of Ganzi was very long and the temperature at night was -20 °C. It seemed that if one wants to enjoy loneliness, he needs to bear the destruction along. I gave up making fire after twice or thrice of failure due to lack of experience in chopping wood for fire. Even the local people couldn't bear staying in a room without fire, and I was so cold that I scrunched in bed not eating or moving at all. At that time, I finally understood why the Tibetan people praise the sun with songs. A leg of lamb my wife cooked ended my single days in Ganzi. I had never been so touched by anything before, and the leg of lamb which was a little transparent because of the freeze thus became the permanent memory for me.

Every snow mountain around Ganzi has a beautiful legend, and every alley in Ganzi talks about fancy stories.

My neighbor Yixi jiangcuo was a Tibetan Buddhist over 60 years old. He was humorous, kind, knew a lot about the cultural

allusions of Ganzi, and the key man of the yard. In his neighborhood, there lived a young lady named Dawa, a beautiful girl good at dancing yet busy with house work every day. People in the yard were very nice to each other. They often chatted on the benches, and no one could tell whether it was conferences about work or chatters after dinner.

Achong was anxious about his son's disease and asked for help from Yixia jiangcuo. The old monk hesitated between burying one of Dawa's hair in a flourishing crossing and smearing some pulverized lime onto Dawa's undersoles to track her whereabouts at night. The two men were serious about their discussion. I was confirmed by other neighbors too about the "living-ghost" identity of Dawa. There were some other families like this in Ganzi. It was said that in these families, the female descendants would be the "ghosts" while the male wouldn't. People kept recognizing these families by talking and mental note. The two or three "living ghosts" I met were all in good looking. It must be very lucky to be held up by such a ghost!

As to me, I was more like a ghost, as I often hung around in secluded alley or the official village site of Chieftain Kongs. Once I stood in front of the window from the dawn till the dark

for two months, it aroused great panic and discussion among the neighbors, while I was actually drawing the flat-topped ridge over the tombs far away.

Four

I made many paintings of still life those days. I benefited quite a lot from working on still life in my studio with regards to forming my painting language. That was the case indeed: Begonia showed my expectation to arrange the subjects in geometric form, and the flat dyeing leaves both kept the sense of viscosity of oil painting and carried some traditional Chinese ethos. I tasted the pleasure of controlling the colors; like the green on the flowers and red on the leaves, I knew how to make them both harmonious and bright on an even way. In Abuzhabu Flower, the bright points inside of the flower were showing shining effect after several times of highlight. Life was quite mysterious! Though the mystery was limited, I was excited to see the breakthrough in the frame.

I took oil painting as a painting material with more powerful expression and a more evolved paint in the world. I was not interested in the effect it had made in history, but I believed that it could create some other effects upon my need. I

remade the existent oil paints to increase the liquidity and translucency so as to draw the outlines. I got increasingly addicted to the color texture which was tiny and complicated yet full of ration, thus every time before I started painting, I would prepare after careful thinking several grey paints specialized for the painting. Since people are fragile and changeable with his emotions, during months of creating a painting, he would have different feelings to various grey colors due to the changing of emotions, lights and seasons, which requires limitations with the set grey colors. At the end of the painting, I preferred to use the pointillism, with which it would be easier to coordinate with the set form in an accurate way. It was the same with Georges Seurat who painted in small dots for accuracy of the geometrical shape rather than the shining effect from the colors, and the only difference between we two was that I made the concentrated dots into lines, since I never wanted to leave the obvious signs of some method in the painting.

My major work at the cultural center was guitar accompaniment every night, which was almost a numb mechanical movement. There were often sanguinary conflicts offstage, and all we needed to be aware were the flying empty liquid bottles. Once I saw a

gallant Kangba man who was thrust through by surprise attack by a 14-year-old boy with a sword the moment he stepped out of the ballroom. The Kangba man mumbled "I was wronged" till he died. According to the will of God, he should be buried in water, with his handsome head thrown into the river by a friend. The circling of life and changes of seasons in these areas were showing short yet dazzling glory.

Five

The poppy flowers outside the window were blooming, which was also the sign of fading away and their roots becoming dust. In seasons without flowers, the pink Chinese redbud went into my dreams frequently, in which the bouquets of flowers and piles of brocades became as light as tulle, and the light color seemed to be melt by the chilly air.

Maybe it was out of the original owner's preference that there was one Chinese redbud on each side of the gates of Xinyuan Garden, and there were several of them inside the yard. The one outside of my window was extremely robust, perfect for children to climb up and the milk-white trunk became shiny and glossy. As time went on, people were getting awake with their consciousness of possession. The temporary structures and

kitchens replaced the previous mulberry trees; the banana trees and the evergreens were replaced by the additional structures made of red masonry as well as burnout honeycomb briquette. The residents of Xinyuan Garden joined in the changes of times, yet the Chinese redbuds blossomed every year.

Speaking of human's good characters like romance, passion and elegance, I figured out that some people who were frosty and stubborn in nature might need to absorb some passionate things in needs of existence or career. However, to some other people, they were born with elegance and delicacy and enjoying themselves in helping people. Mr. Zhu Baoyong, my first teacher who initiated me into painting, belonged to the latter one. He treasured every moment of life, and his attitude of aloof dignity towards life was also merged into my nature and life.

In an afternoon with bright sun and gentle breeze, I was deeply impressed by the process of Mr Zhu painting for the violinist with beard. At that time I was about to graduate from primary school, eagerly expecting someone to give me directions on painting.

Mr. Zhu accepted the request from my family willingly.

I stayed at his house a lot for drawing and sketching. His room was full of warm bourgeois spirit, with the household articles and decorations showing his experience overseas as a singer. The practices in those days played an important role in mastering the lines' changes and the refined transformation of color tones. Mr. Zhu was renowned at that time, yet his talent in painting was rarely known by the people. The motive that he tutored me was from his emotions to the neighborhood and his passion to art. He didn't charge a penny from me, which might be Arabian Nights' story nowadays.

I have a fresh memory of Mr. Zhu's light gesture touching the paintings and his slightly-feminine expression. However, dramatically, Mr. Lv Lin, the other artist in neighborhood who influenced me greatly too, was arrogant and egoistic and hard to approach. But as his wife was very close to my mom and treated me as her own son, I got the chances to intermingle with Mr. Lv.

The over ten years of staying in Xinyuan Garden were the hardest days for senior Lv. It was commonplace to see Chinese men of letters at that time who suffered in the Rectification Movement in 1957 quite brilliant yet having exaggerated opinion

of their abilities.

Senior Lv was born poor and experienced decades of years of painstaking efforts after he joined the army. After the revolution succeeded, he was surrounded with flowers and applause for his artistic talent. It was just like "if I can't do it, who can?" then. However, the God of destiny made fools of the people - he became man of disappointed ambition in politics and separated with his families all of a sudden. He must be completely devastated at that time. I was not sure how he met Aunt Chen and got married. But it is hard for people nowadays to imagine a simple and good-looking music teacher getting married at a young age. I assume it might be the quietest and most calm period in senior Lv's life. Position and wealth were just as transient as a fleeting cloud.

The first painting of Mr. Lv that I saw was a large-size cartoon named The Golden Monkey Picks up the Golden Cudgel. My family was the first audience and we were all overwhelmed by his outstanding artistic talent. With flashes on his face, he couldn't restrain his talent and passion any more after years of hibernation. He wanted to sweep away those flunkies and villains with the golden cudgel. What the hell! I was so

surprised to see senior Lv's bright and piercing eyes. Hah! He talked billingsgate like I did, yet I didn't do it in front of the grown-ups. From then on I felt much closer to senior Lv.

I became used to senior Lv's pattern of sneering at my paintings of my childhood and never giving further instruction. As a child, I couldn't have known that a genius acting in his own way like him was not suitable for tutoring a child following some proper sequence.

In winter, the only thing senior Lv could do was to stay beside the stove of honeycomb briquette, smoking, coughing and cursing. It seemed that the arrogance and extremity of the genius could only be released in cursing. As a matter of fact, there was no lack of profound artistic insight even in the vulgar expression, like his appreciation towards the frescos in ancient Chinese tombs and the wood block from Ming and Qing dynasties as well as admiration to Mr. Lin Fengmian... It was after many years that I started to understand his loneliness, and as to him, it was better to have an ignorant audience like me than nobody. In late Cultural Revolution, it seemed he cursed less, turning his attention to traditional Chinese paintings like many Chinese men of letters. I wondered whether

the touching and sense of extension of brush, ink and China paper could release people from complaint. There was no doubt that senior Lv was outstanding in art creation. He could do line drawing of a real person with brush on the China paper. He would think for a while and the portraits were always as vivid as life. I still treasure a painting of Mercy Buddha in bamboo grove he created in his later time. The brushstrokes look stilled and experienced and the color is simple and elegant. The Mercy of Buddha is thinly powdered like in the awakening of spring, seemingly comforting the common people: the time has changed. Make merry while you can.

Mr. Lv was frank, never pretending profundity; and he was wise, as he turned his wishes for happy life to great advancing force. He locked his subjects on panda and at the beginning of the recovery of domestic art market, his paintings of panda had been popular in southeast Asia. He could finally enjoy life in the last several years of his life and he stayed in starred hotels frequently.

People should have their wishes fulfilled when they are alive.

Six

Different from the neat and ordered life of the grown-ups, the children in Xinyuan Garden were relaxed and uncontrollable. There were so many abandoned piano practice studios and teaching buildings to be re-destroyed. There were often concerts too, when hundreds of bicycles were parked in the square in front of the concert hall, and plucking the valve rubber tube of the bicycles was important entertainment for children, which was much more exciting than other games. Chunya was the hatcher of the activity.

Chunya was the core of our underground activities of childhood in Xinyuan Garden. He lived in the second floor in front yard. He once disappeared for several years and when he came back, we were impressed by his painting skills. Thus the focus of the discussion in Chengdu painting circles became Wuqi Art School, the teachers and art firm. At those years, every time Chunya went back to Xinyuan Garden, he would give me beneficial guidance a lot. The clearest memories were the long and narrow stairs of the art firm and dark room full of portraits of the leaders. Chunya said with humor "We draw Chairman Mao every day, and we know Chairman Mao most".

Seven

The first time I went to Ganzi, I was quite in favor of the clear and quiet cloud in cloudy days. The time passed in the distant mountains and near-by trees. Under the gentle and bright light of cloudy days in the high plateau, it can't be clearer to see the inner system of everything on earth, only with which could the river of human culture get extended. I firmly believe many eternal art forms are created under the direct inspiration from the system of order.

The morning of winter in Ganzi was the moment to miss someone and be missed. The top of the poplar trees as thin as silk net was frozen in the cold sky. I opened the window, looking at the frozen earth, round tree crown and dogs of big tails, feeling like I was back in the hometown in the north and back in my father's story. When I left home and started to live as an independent man, I got to understand the importance my father was to me. To realize his artistic ideal, he never stopped for even a while. He arrived at the peak of stage play at that special time. During the years I lived in the marginal area, I read a lot of books that my father sent to me after he read them. I read from Proust to Gao Xingjian and from Foucault to Said, creating great interest in modern culture and information

irrelevant to my career.

As a matter of fact, I never went back to my hometown in the north. I could remember that for many years, my father would tell different stories to me every night, many of which were about the countryside in the north. As a producer director of stage play, he was always vivid and infectious with his narration. My father was born in the countryside of the north and moved from spot to spot with my grandfather. It was probably out of his romantic nature that he chose stage play as his career afterwards. His stories were mostly based in the weald and moor, streets and lanes of the old times as well as the legends of the bottom of society. There were both amusing details and bitterness after the laugh. When I was a little older, he read stories in his own expression like Journey to the West, Romance of the Three Kingdoms, Refurbishment of the Old Legend by Lu Xun and Andersen's Fairy Tales. The huge project never stopped till I learnt how to read. My mother graduated from Chinese Department of Yunnan University. She was born in an old-fashioned family of rules and regulations, growing up with a rational and rigorous character. Whenever she heard one dirty word from me, she would beat me up, and in case of my father's shield, the venue was often in the lady's

restroom that my father couldn't approach. Besides of that, her love to me was never absent and she often translated stories of the Pre- Qin Dynasty for me.

There were two big trees in the left on the entrance of Xinyuan Garden, which till today I still think they are the biggest trees I've ever seen. Seasons never make changes to them. Only when the autumn wind came, the leaves would show the light grey side, shaking to the same direction and making sound for the whole yard from year to year. Every time the sound came, my mother would start to prepare more clothes and quilts for us. For those years surprisingly, I would have a fever every month, talking nonsense at night and seeing figures in ancient dress walking on the walls during days, feeling every person and thing flowing far away from me. I felt grateful that I didn't need to go to school then, enjoying waiting for the phantoms when lying in bed. And I also imagined the empty yard from the sound of wind, thinking of picking up the rotted fiber and leaves of the trees and pieces of honeycomb in every corner of the yard.

My father wasn't living as easy I was though. He rode between south and west of the city every day. Every 6 o'clock in the

afternoon, my mother would send me to the school gate to dial 3897, after which I could imagine the voice of the old man at the end of the phone howling in the troupe. From the day I could remember things, grandfather and grandmother were always having quarrels, and every time the quarrels got fierce, they asked my father for judgment. My father also had three daughters with his ex-wife, among whom the first and the third daughter were as rebelling as I was, making a lot of trouble for him. As far as I could remember, when I was in the high school, I couldn't help realizing my dream of wandering in the outer world. I went to a primary forest as I dreamed. My first impression to the forest covered in heavy snow was black and soul-stirring quiet with strange wind. I stayed in the work shed of lumberman for over one month without contacting anyone else. Then probably the rigorous gene inherited from my mother came into effect, I started to feel something wrong and I went back to Chengdu. But I didn't understand the panic in my family, as they were always worried about my swift imagination. Many years later when I decided to live a new life in the "horizon world", I could see they were so much unwilling to let me go, since at that time, it seemed that good things were just in front of me: I went back to Chengdu after graduation from college, got married with a classmate from high school and

obtained a position in Chengdu Song and Dance Troupe with my father's help.

My second sister and third sister had shown their talents in painting at their early ages, especially the third sister. She had a drawing of the statue of Zoya, the heroine of Soviet Union, the refined style of which was greatly different from her frank and rough character. I hadn't ever seen a sketch in that style before, and till I graduated from college I started to realize that the style was indeed good and so were the sculpture.

My third sister was definitely an idealist. She devoted herself to the "vast world" of the countryside before she graduated from the primary school, and the dissuasion from the family was considered as lagging. The first thing she did in the countryside was to denounce the team leader to his face stealing the wheat of the brigade, which brought smashup to her ideal, because the consequences were unexpected and unbearable for her. In that hot summer, my father started an endless trip from Chengdu to Qianwei. In many years from then, things about job transfer, career and emotions were like Sword of Damocles hanging in his head, becoming the major topics of my family.

When things were getting better, my third sister married a shoemaker out of ideal again, and she paid for the marriage with her life. The moment my father heard the news, he was dazed like being smashed and bewailed all of a sudden.

Eight

"All my works are merely tombstones." Comparing with the specific definition of revolution, wars, people and fascists, the words of Shostakovich describing his artworks were seemingly much closer to the nature. How could the words "hardship from the war" generalize the whole process of suffering? Besides of the language rules including isomorphic anomaly, signature motive and the after-implantation of 12-tone, the most interesting thing to me was a unique timbre, inside of which there was a little bit of tenderness and hope, panic and self-mockery as well as helplessness, which ultimately converged to huge astonishment...

I got interested in the non-photogenic alternant depth covering the paintings, which could give prominence to the structural order of different depths and also imply the existence of the other strength. Technically speaking, the easiest way to achieve it is to give light color onto the whole painting after

completing the details. However, out of consideration of proper controlling, I prefer to put my intention of depths inside when creating the details. It needs complete and thoughtful arrangement before painting, getting over the impulse and attraction of temporary effect during painting, and drawing the "skins" layer after layer with consecutive intention and willpower as well as subtle brushstrokes so to finally obtain the pre-set effect. The interior order permeates out of the superficial detail, while the intention is hidden inside. Texture is one of the most important languages for easel painting, while I never make up random or prepared texture, nor have I drawn frankly before I finish the painting. I want all my textures (including the tiniest that are not easy to feel) are subject to the order during the painting.

In the present concept of oil painting, the dark part should be avoided mixture with white color.

As in my preference, the contrast of depths and color tones should be as small as possible, and it's my ideal to make it hard to observe yet perceivable by heart, as I believe the state of meditation should be tranquil and soft. I've placed white color in the dark part of paintings recently, or in

other words, I'm used to thinly covering the picture with white in case of strong contrast. I'd like the complicated branches and textures to be subject to the non-photogenic change of depths, which I expect to be extremely soft and gentle and obtained gradually layer by layer in the same area with the same conception. It shouldn't be easily seen yet it's perceivable and the picture should be clean and clear upon its accomplishment, with any subtle and tiny additional strokes easily to be figured out. There should be neat and intimate tactile sensation like just being flown by the wind, yet it's not glossy and slippery. Ultimately it'll become a mark to be eroded, which is not ubiquitous in any environment or mood dominated by an intimate pleasure beyond expression.

December 9, 2004

刘洵

1960年 生于成都馨园

1980年 进入四川美术学院版画系

1984年 毕业，分配至成都市歌舞团

1986年 申请调入甘孜藏族自治州，先后做过大学教师、乡文化馆员等工作

1989年 调回成都，后任教于西华大学艺术学院美术系

1998年 个人油画作品展，东坡居艺术中心，台湾

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2001年 首届“成都双年展”，成都，四川

2002年 新雅风画廊首届沙龙艺术展

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2006年 十年当代油画典藏展，雅风画廊，四川

2006年 “守望者的视界”，雅风画廊，四川

2012年 “花语”——艺术家作品群展，山艺术 - 北京林正艺术空间，北京

2012年 山川蒙养 20年——山艺术文教基金会川美艺术作品收藏展，中国美术馆

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- 2000 The 3rd Chinese Oil Paintings Exhibition, National Art Museum of China
- 2001 The 1st Chengdu Biannual Exhibition, Chengdu, Sichuan
- 2002 1st Salon Art Exhibition, Yafeng Contemporary Art Gallery, Sichuan
- 2003 Dried Flowers nominated for the 3rd National Oil Paintings Exhibition
- 2006 "A Decade of Contemporary Oil Paintings" , Yafeng Contemporary Art Gallery
- 2006 "Vision of the Watchman" , Yafeng Contemporary Art Gallery, Sichuan
- 2012 Language of Flowers, Mountain Art Beijing & Frank Lin Art Center
- 2012 20 Years of Glory—Mountain Art Foundation Collection of Sichuan Fine Arts Institute, National Art Museum of China
- 2012 "Homesickness" Photography Exhibition, Suiyue Art, Sichuan
- 2013 Les Fleurs du Mal, Mountain Art Beijing & Frank Lin Art Center

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黑之華
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