



王彤的话与画

TONG WANG'S
Word & Painting

【王 彤 著】 海潮摄影艺术出版社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

王彤的话与画 / 王彤著. 福州: 海潮摄影艺术出版社,
2008. 5

ISBN 978-7-80691-391-8

I. 王… II. 王… III. ①油画—作品集—中国—现代
②水墨画—作品集—中国—现代③素描—作品集—中国—
现代 IV. J221. 8

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2008) 第063842号

责任编辑: 卢清

装帧设计: skana 斯坎那设计 · 陆道龙

王彤的话与画

著 者: 王彤
出版发行: 海潮摄影艺术出版社
地 址: 福州市东水路76号出版中心12层
网 址: www.hcsy.net.cn
邮 编: 350001
印 刷: 福州市德安彩色印刷有限公司
开 本: 889毫米×1194毫米 1/16
印 张: 10
字 数: 30千字
版 次: 2008年5月第1版
印 次: 2008年5月第1次印刷
印 数: 2000册
书 号: ISBN 978-7-80691-391-8/J·85
定 价: 50.00元

目录 CONTENTS

我的话

MY WORDS

过去的事	006	Bygones
画只是画	010	A Painting Is Just a Painting
幻想与说明	016	Mediation and Interpretation
随想录	020	Random thoughts
调色板上的世界	028	The World on the Palette
自我素描	034	Self - Sketch
回故乡	038	On the Way Home
天使之翅	044	The Angel's Wings
就事论事	048	Consider Things as They Stand
艺术的故事	054	Art's story
有关希腊	060	About Greece

我的画

MY WORKS

1989 希腊写生作品选	066	Selection of watercolors painting from Greece in 1989
2007 哥本哈根油画写生作品选	076	Selection of oil painting from Copenhagen in 2007
2007 鼓浪屿油画写生作品选	080	Selection of oil painting from Gulangyu island in 2007
2007 广西油画写生作品选	084	Selection of oil painting from Guangxi in 2007
2007 油画作品选	088	Oil painting of 2007
2008 油画作品选	138	Oil painting of 2008



My words

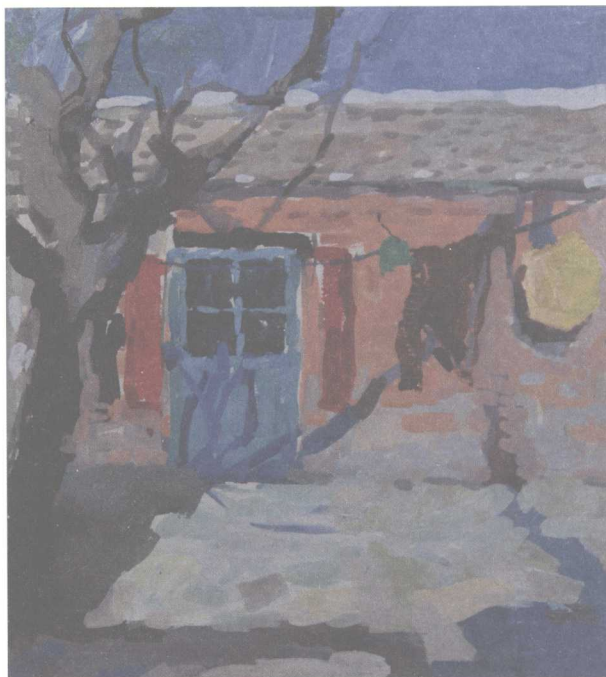
过去的事

王彤 / 2008年

过去的事情其实是很难成为过去的。总觉得一迈步，我的另一只脚好似沉陷在记忆中的泥潭里。在我们深层的记忆中，一宗罪行可能会被宽恕，一段刻骨铭心的初恋可能会随着时间而变得苍白。往事的一片温存、一场风暴、一缕斜阳、一丝柔情、一草一木都如同黑暗中的灯光照亮我们通向未来的道路，过去了的所有的价值只会在仁爱与宽容的平台上、在艺术家的创作中实现。

《家》是我保留的最早的一张水粉写生之一，它画于1979年。画面的中心是一个贴着对联的蓝色大门，右面晾着衣服，左面是杏树枝干。在冬日的阳光下，明暗对比强烈。实际上这个家并不是我的出生地，不是我祖上留下的家业，也不是我后来每月交房租的被称为家的公寓，那是父亲的工作单位分配给我们家的一个带着院子的三间平房。我的外祖父、外祖母、父母亲还有我的兄弟姐妹都曾住在这个二十世纪六十年代最普通、最简易的红砖房子。晴朗的夏夜，外祖母会坐在门前的小板凳上，一手拿着扇子，一手拿着搪瓷杯子喝茶，蟋蟀的叫声响成一片，月光下的杏树把院子铺上一片斑驳的影子。在她的身边是敞开的门和外祖父生了锈的生产牌自行车。冬天，白雪覆盖着院子，没有多久，院子里就会踩满我们孩子们的脚印。

一九七六年闹地震，半夜里我们家属院的地面上发出地光，那天晚上，我们全家在一阵巨大的震动中醒来，大家一起跑到门口，父亲用力地拉开已经变了形的大门，然后把手向门外一挥，说声：“跑！”父亲是最后一个跑到院子里的，他让全家手扶着杏树，树叶在我们的头上“簌簌”地发出声响。等一切都安静下来时，父亲又一个人跑回黑暗的屋子里，他回来时，手里拿着一大堆我们的鞋子。我在鲁美上学的时候，母亲不幸遇了车祸，六天后，她在昏迷中过世。没有了母亲，家也不再是一个完整的家了。我只有在假期的时候才回朝阳市，火车常常在后半夜到家。就是在这张画中院子的门前，我背着背包，长久地徘徊在门前，不敢去叩动家门。听到有“搬迁”的消息时，我已身在异乡，所以我无从知道我们家的房子和院子被夷为平地时的感受，大哥后来告诉我，父亲的单位命令我们自己除掉院子里所有的东



家 HOME, 水粉 Gouche, 1979.

西，包括我们的杨树和杏树。大哥说，他流着眼泪砍倒了两棵树。

多年来，无论我在哪儿，无论什么时候，凡是有关家的、有关亲人的梦，那么它都一定发生在我的这个家里。有很长一段时间，我都保留着一个这样的习惯，当我每一次试笔的时候，无论是毛笔，钢笔或铅笔，我都会不加思索地写上：朝阳市站前地质队家属院十栋三十九号。那是我的家啊！

《寝室》是我的毕业创作之一，做为一个国画系毕业的学生画出这样的画来，在当时几乎就是一件大逆不道的事。

《红衣服》和《母亲》都是在许勇老师的画室里创作的，在我七年的鲁美的学生时代里，许勇老师从来不曾为我们班上过一堂课，但是，在我的心底，他从来都是我的恩师，如同父亲一般充满慈爱的恩师。每一次，我在他的家里求他为我看画时，我都想拉着他的手对他说，我是多么地崇拜您！

期的作品都不知去向。不知从什么时候起，过去的事情总象一条大鱼在我的记忆中翻腾，我会想起过去的所有的琐事，但我永远不会把它们象样品一样展示出来。这并非有关勇气与隐私，就象在我的画室里，再大的桌子也不够大，无论多少个抽屉也装不下我的杂物。它是一个有关选择的问题。

一个人的创造性可以体现在任何一个领域，但是，假如想象力不在艺术创作的范畴之内的话，它将会给人带来很多不便。你不必非得喜欢我书中的作品，我的作品无论从什么意义上来说，都不会给你带来人生问题的思考。

这本书，集中了我近三十年所创作的部分作品，直到现在，我自己仍喜欢在画架上作画，反复地在画布前涂改，然后，再把它挂在墙面上，远远地望去，真的打心里高兴。

Bygones

Tong Wang, 2008.

Bygones in fact are barely bygones. I always have the feeling that when I put one foot forward, the other one is stuck in the mire of memory. Deep down in our memory, a sin can be forgiven and our heartbreaking first love might fade away with the passage of time.

The warmth, a storm, the setting sun, a tender feeling, a grass and a wood may illuminate our path to the future like a lamp in the dark. All bygone values can only be attained on a platform of benevolence and tolerance and in the creations by artists.

《Home》is the oldest gouache painting that I've retained. It was created in 1979.

In the center of the picture stands a blue door with an antithetical couplet pasted on it. To the right, some clothes are aired, while to the left, some apricot branches are seen, creating a sharp contrast under the sunlight of the winter day. In fact, this home is not where I was born; it is not a property from my ancestors, neither an apartment which I would later pay monthly rents for the so-called "home". It is a one-storey house with three rooms and one courtyard assigned to my father by his work unit. My maternal grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters lived in this commonest and simplest red-brick house during the 1960s.

On a cloudless summer night, my maternal grandmother would sit on the small bench in front of the door, holding a fan in one hand and an enamel tea cup on the other.

Crickets were chirping vigorously, while the apricot trees cast a mottled shadow on the courtyard under the moonlight. By her side was the opened door and the rusty 《Production》 brand bicycle of my maternal grandfather.

In the winter, the courtyard was carpeted with snow. In no time, the footprints of us kids would traverse the courtyard.

In 1976, an earthquake hit my hometown. In the middle of the night, a light emerged from the

寝室 **DORMITORY**, 水粉 Gouche, 1984.



ground of our residential community and the entire family was jostled from sleep by violent shaking. All of us rushed to the door. My father desperately pulled open the deformed door and then waved his hand, shouting: "run!" My father was the last one to run into the courtyard.

He told us to put our arms around the apricot tree; leaves were rustling above us. When the quake subsided, my father ran back to the dark house and returned with a bunch of shoes for us.

When I was attending the Luxun Academy of Fine Arts, my mother was caught in a traffic accident and passed away in a coma six days later. With the passing of my mother, my family was no longer complete. I went back to Chaoyang City only during my school breaks. I often arrived by train in early morning. I would pace up and down in front of the door of this very courtyard in the picture, with luggage on my back, not daring to knock on the door.

When the news of "relocation" broke, I was abroad and therefore couldn't have imagined my feelings when our house, along with its courtyard, was being razed to the ground. My elder brother later told me that my

father's work unit ordered us to remove everything in the courtyard, including our polar and apricot trees.

My brother said that he cut down two trees in tears.

For many years, wherever and whenever I dreamed of my home and my family, I would always see this house. For a long time, I was in the habit of subconsciously writing down my home address as "No.39, Building 10, Residential Estate of Zhanqian Geological Team, Chaoyang City" whenever I was writing something in reflection with a brush, pen or pencil.

That was my home!

《Dormitory》 is one of my graduation works. A work like this by a student from the Department of Chinese Painting was practically the worst blasphemy at that time. 《Red Dress》 and 《Mother》 were both created in Mr. Xu Yong's studio. Although Mr. Xu never gave us any lecture during my seven years at the Luxun Academy of Fine Arts, deep down, I have always regarded him as my teacher to whom I'm greatly indebted and a mentor who treated me with fatherly kindness.

Every time I went to his home to seek his opinions

on my drawings, I wished I could have grabbed his hands and expressed my admiration.

《Dormitory》, 《Red Dress》, 《Mother》 and many of my other creations from the same period of time have been lost. I have no idea that since when bygones have been writhing like a big fish in my memory.

I would think of all bygone trifles but I would never display them like exhibits.

This has nothing to do with courage or privacy, just as whatever the size of the desk in my studio, it never seems big enough, and no matter how many drawers the desk has, they can barely hold all my stuff.

This is a question of choice. A man's creativity can be demonstrated in any field. However, if imagination falls out of the range of artistic creation, it will cause people great inconvenience. You don't have to enjoy the works in my book. In no sense will my works prompt to you reflect upon your life.

In my works, nevertheless, I have my own thoughts on my painting language and my perception and understanding of Chinese and Western cultures.

This book presents some of my works which have been created over the past three decades. Even today, I still enjoy painting on an easel and making repeated corrections on the canvas; then I would hang it on the wall and gaze at it from a distance with enormous delight.

Beijing "Jiuchang Art Zone" 2008



家长 PARENTS

布面综合材料 Mixed On Canvas, 116×185cm, 1986.

画只是画

王彤 / 1984年

1984年发表于《美苑》

当艺术每日里都在失去它原来的意义的时候，我只想在我的艺术创作中图个吉利。我不象许多人那样在创作中感受着彷徨与痛苦，我在我诸多的物象创作中所体验的，仅仅是对线与色选择时的感动。

在我所有的语言中，一块独立的暗红色，一个起平衡作用的手势，都是极宝贵的词汇。只有绘画才使我的心灵得到安慰，同时，一种与生俱来的力不从心感又无时不在。灵魂常常处于创作前骚动的瞬间。

清晨，面对树叶上将要坠下的露珠不能自己的时候，是什么样的意念在我的心头萌动；在闹市观望行人匆匆而过的身体，太阳的余辉在人脸上呈现出纷乱的闪光，又有什么样的情丝在我灵魂里激荡，我说不出。有某些语言的障碍，即便是人的亲情或愤怒，也只能是被很有限地传达在艺术作品中。问题的关键不在于如何使创作中的作品适合于我，而是我怎样去适应创造过程中那不能自己的，从一个阶段上升到另一个阶段的突变。因此我的创作过程常带有几分游戏的特点。要么去改变由此而给作品带来的戏剧性的不和谐，要么就去顺应以外的趋势，我似乎更情愿顺应。

在很多数量我所完成的作品当中，速写是最为直接地传达出了我对组成形体秩序的偏好的。如果我画一只苹果，我所感兴趣的也许不是苹果，而是它所占的空间。如果你能看出那蓝色背景上静寂突出物体的孤独感，那么在画它的时候，我可能就是孤独的；你如果认为那只是无数块赏心悦目的颜色平面，那么，我当时也许正沉缅于饱和的和集中的色彩灿烂中。对于我来说，作品永远不能是答案。

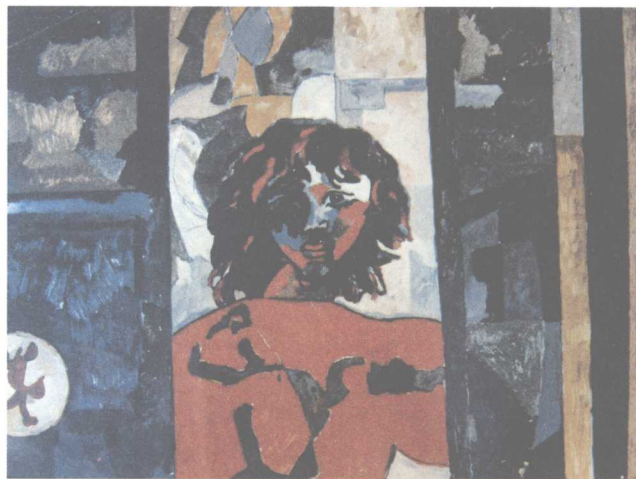
我不能分析它，阐明它，更不能去解释它。我认为在这方面，一切努力都将无济于事。在通常情况下，我很象在设计和种植着一个花园，而你只能象站在自己的园子里注视着或是回忆自我。可能正是许多毫无关联的表现形式才突出了作品中的某种判断和无数生疏的技巧。

情感因素和个性表达其实算不了什么。原始绘画，彩陶，青铜器，都有几分个性？长城，体现了中华民族的智慧与气魄，但也证明了一代君主的暴政与专制，象金字塔一样，是在强大的精神与肉体的重压下完成的。尽管我们对无数古老艺术的起源与动机有过种种猜测，但最根本最真实的，就是它们作为完美的作品而存在着。我们所关心的是艺术品本身，至于作品是在怎样的心境下完成，这并非至关重要。

我曾试着用传统画论的“墨分五色”去看印象派的作品；曾在《梦特芳丹的回忆》中寻找“诗中有画，画中有诗”的意境；也曾用塞尚的观点来理解敦煌……。我越来越认定，只有进入作品本身，才能有许多机会去发现艺术的种种效果和蕴藏着无限可能性的丰富内涵，同时也才能发现自己的相当良好的意识。

我从来不把我的追求当作这个时代非有不可的东西，也不指望别人都来理解我、明白我，我自己更不敢奢望用我的作品去影响别人的生活。是我的作品还是艺术自身的力量显得很弱呢？我很迷茫。

最后我想说，如果能在完成了一幅作品后，为了展览和出版，给作品标明题目而不枉费心机，那我可算是幸运的人。



红衣服 RED CLOTHES

丙烯 Acrylic, 1985.



武松打虎 WUSONG AND TIGER

布面油画 Oil Painting, 1986.

A Painting Is Just a Painting

Tong Wang

–Published in the 《Garden of Beauty》 Magazine in 1984

While art is losing her original significance day in and day out, I'm simply hoping for good luck in my artistic creation. I don't experience feelings of bewilderment or pain, as a lot of people do in the process of artistic creation.

What I've experienced in many object creations is not just my emotions over the selection of lines and colors.

In my entire language, a separate patch of dark red color and a gesture that helps maintain balance are both extremely valuable vocabulary. Only painting can put my mind at ease; at the same time, an innate sense of inadequacy is omnipresent, and my soul oftentimes experiences just a fleeting moment of restlessness before I pick up the brush.

In the early morning, when I'm barely able to control myself at the sight of the dew on the leaves which are about to drop to the ground, what thoughts race through my mind? I have no idea what emotions are raging in the soul when I'm looking at the passers by bustling about in the downtown area, with the slanting light of the setting sun quivering on their faces.

Due to some language barriers, even human affections

or wrath are communicated through artistic works in a highly limited manner. The bottom line is not to render the works in the making more suitable for me; rather, it's to adjust myself to the abrupt change from one stage to another which is beyond my control in the creative process. Therefore, my creative process, to some degree, often exhibits the characteristics of games. I can either change the dramatic discordance or follow outside trends; I would rather opt for the latter.

Among the numerous works that I've completed, sketching most directly conveys my preference for the shaping order.

When I'm drawing an apple, I may not be interested in the apple but the space it takes up. If you can feel the loneliness of the silent protruded object on that blue background, then I might have been lonely when I was drawing it; if you think that is just a plane consisting of countless visually appealing color patches, then I might have been engrossed in the resplendence of the saturated and concentrated colors.

For me, my works are never answers. I cannot analyze them, elaborate on them, let alone interpret them. I believe that in this regard, all efforts are futile. Normally, it looks like I'm designing and maintaining a garden, while you can only gaze at me or refresh your memory of me as if you're standing in your own garden. Perhaps, because of these unrelated forms of representation, the certain judgment and countless rusty techniques in the work



荒原 WILDLAND

布面综合材料 Mixed On Canvas, 116×185cm, 1986.

are accentuated. Emotional factors and personality representation are really nothing.

How much personality do primitive drawings, painted potteries and bronze vessels have?

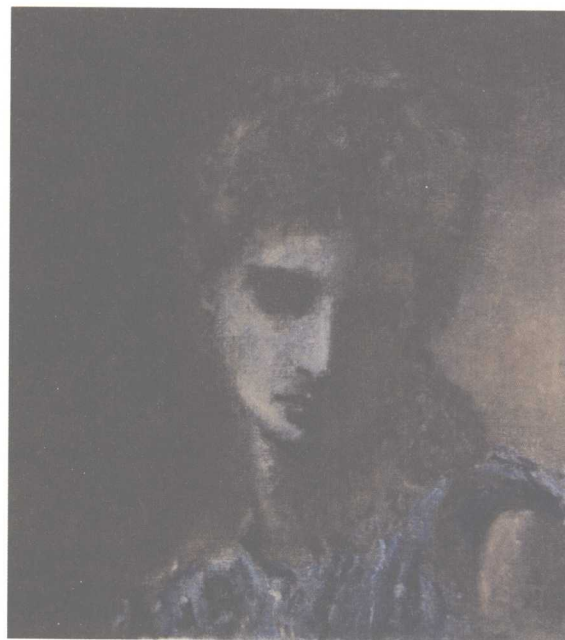
Although it is an embodiment of the wisdom and ambitions of the Chinese people, the Great Wall also bears testimony to tyranny and dictatorship of the emperor; like the Pyramid, it was built with tremendous mental and physical pressure. We have made numerous speculations about the origins and motives of countless ancient arts, but the most fundamental and truest speculations are that they exist as perfect artworks.

We're concerned with artworks themselves; as for the mentality with which the works were created, it's not an essential issue.

I once attempted to look at impressionist works with the notion of "ink coming in five colors" in the traditional painting theory; I once sought the artistic conception of "painting in the poetry and poetry in the painting" in *《Souvenir of Mortefontaine》*; and I once tried to gain an understanding of Dunhuang from Paul Cezanne's point of view.

I'm increasingly convinced that only by immersing myself in the works can I seize sufficient opportunities to discover the various effects of arts and the rich contents teeming with infinite possibilities and confirm that I have a fairly good awareness.

I've never regarded my pursuit in this regard as something



肖像 PORTRAIT, 布面油画 Oil Painting, 1999.

indispensable to the contemporary era, neither have I expected others to understand me or know me.

I've never aspired to influence others' life with my works. Are my works or arts themselves weak? I'm puzzled.

Last, I'd like to say that I consider myself fortunate if I have an easy time finding a title for my work for exhibition or publication after it has been completed.