



DEEP IN VIEWS

CHANG TIANHU PAINTINGS POEMS AND PROSES

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摄 影 曹勇

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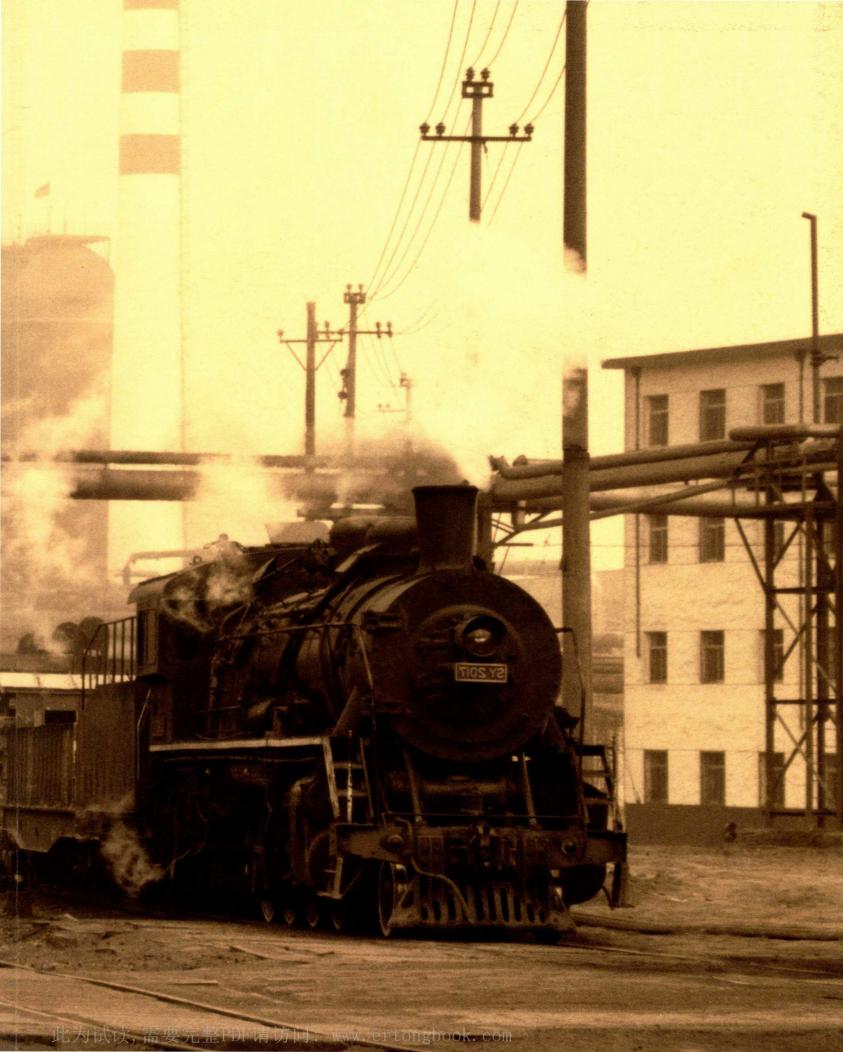
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谨以此书纪念我逝去多年的父亲







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我的世界因我的存在而美丽

我的世界既非俗丽的赞叹,也非脱尘的逃逸,似若松柏后凋,不与凡卉争荣,是经常看不见又必经的一段。流行的事,众人趋之若鹜,围观者、淘利者乐此不疲。然俗丽之美不等于现实之美,现实之美也不等于艺术之美,倘若有好事者将中国古代山水画复原为真山真水,恐怕山水画中的意境会荡然无存。十多年前,我背着画箱行走在山野森林的边缘,寻找巴比松式的或者希施金式的理想,却始终没有感觉。直至有一天,我拖着疲惫的身躯路过一处浓烟滚滚的炼钢厂,日落时分,夕阳照耀下的紫烟缓缓飘移,那里不时传来蒸汽火车的轰鸣。好奇使我渐行渐近,激动的心情难以言状,我于是有了搬进钢厂的想法。从那天起,钢厂里多了一个不拿工资却天天来上班的工人,风雨无阻,天天感动在我的世界里,我的世界因我的存在而美丽。白天疯狂地画画,晚上疯狂地写诗,一个不折不扣的文艺青年就这样诞生了。时光荏苒,傍晚卸货的小站使我恋,昏黄幽玄的灯光使我醉,大年初一雪地里串串的脚印,隆冬寒风里干枯裸露的树干,白屋前阵雨留下的水洼,阵阵机车哀长的嘶鸣,穿梭于梦和现实的边缘久久不能释怀。

也不知从哪天起,我曾经迷恋的烟囱和蒸汽机从我眼前统统消失。了解我的人都知道,我从前是 吸烟的,后来戒了,但不是为了健康,而是不能再追忆那份失落。这一失落竟延续到今天仍时常夜不能 寐,就像北京人失去了城墙、罗马人失去了角斗一样,物质的和非物质的,爱和不爱,都没有了。我收 拾起些许零碎的记忆悄悄躲进画布里黯然神伤。

朋友们劝我画美女,说美女好卖。再看看满街的杂志封面尽数美女风流。我也是人,能不明白美女的价值吗?但美女的美,不是美术的美。鱼和熊掌,我要熊掌。子非熊,安知熊之乐?我在崎岖的山路上艰难行走。这曲子,有人听要弹,没人听也要弹。国人的志趣不会永远停留在美女和秀腿,我的志趣也不会永远停留在忧郁的风景。一切随我心境的转移而转移,我存在到哪里,那里就是我的世界。最近几年,我的枕边多了几本常看书:《巴黎公社》、《十月革命》、《荷马史诗》、《埃涅阿斯纪》……一组宏大的后古典油画创作系列渐渐清晰——《英特纳雄耐尔的缪斯》,激动使我再一次疯狂地变成不折不扣的文艺中年!什么也不说了,干活。是为序。

常天鹄 2011.9.27 于工作室

MY WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL BECAUSE OF MY PRESENCE

My world is neither the one whose presence is to win gaudy praise, nor the one trying to escape from the secular affairs. It is just like the pines, though never competing with the flowers to flourish the mild spring days, yet struggling to combat with the harsh winter days without the slightest bow to the torture of the adverse weather, always preserving its verdant green and exerting vigor and life to the otherwise boring and freezing world. My world is so unnoticeable that it is sometimes even invisible to other people. However, it turns out to be a phase everyone must go through. In the real world, there will never be lack of chasers to pursue those gaudy but trendy things; the onlookers or the profiteers will never stop enjoying so much from their pursuing. However, neither is this sort of garish beauty equal to the real beauty, nor is the real beauty equal to the beauty of art. If there's someone who really managed to restore the true mountains and water from an ancient Chinese landscape painting, the artistic conception in the painting would all vanish.

More than 10 years ago I was walking in mountains along the edge of forests with my picture box, trying to find the ideal of Barbizon or Shishkin style, but to no avail. One day I trudged by a smog-billowing steelworks. It was just at the moment of sunset, the purple smoke shining under setting was slowly drifting, and from time to time there came the roar of a steam train. A strong curiosity drove me closer and closer and an unspeakable excitement filled all my heart. It was at that moment that the idea to move into the steelworks came to my mind. So from that day on, the steelworks in came a young worker, who was there every day but didn't get a single penny of salary. He kept on showing up there, rain or shine.

I was so enchanted by the surroundings and so touched by the world around me—that's a world of mine. My world was beautiful because of my presence! Crazily painting during the day while frantically writing poems at night, I became a purely artistic youth. The flowing time saw my infatuation with the small station unloading goods at dusk. The silent night witnessed my intoxication with the dim and faint light. Deeply enamored by everything around me—those footprints on the snow-covered ground on the 1st Day of Chinese New Year, those bare withered tree trunks exposed in the freezing winter days, those puddles left by drizzles outside of the white chamber and those long and sad rumblings from locomotives, I was shuttling at the edge between my dreams and the reality but could never help being obsessed.

I do not know from which day on, the chimneys and the steam engines, which I was so fascinated by,

have completely disappeared from my sight. People who know me all know that I used to smoke, then I quit, not for health, but that I couldn't recall the feeling of loss, which has even extended till today and often kept me awake all night, just as Beijingers have been suffering from the loss of their ancient city walls while the Romans have been sighing over the loss of their gladiatorial combats. Everything has gone—the material or non-material, the beloved or non-beloved, and nothing has left for me. All I could do was to pick up some fragmentary memories and quietly hid in my canvas, lost in the depressive sadness, feeling dejected.

My friends advised me to draw pretty women, saying such things would sell well. One may have an easy glimpse of that when glancing at the magazine covers everywhere, the centerpiece of which are all crammed with pretty women. I'm also a man, can't I just understand the value of those beautiful ladies? But the beauty of them is not the beauty of art. As the saying goes "You can't have your cake, and eat it", so I just want to have my own cake —the BEAUTY OF ART. The "art of beautiful ladies" is never mine. How could those tide-chasers know the genuine happiness in my art?

I am making my way in a rugged mountainous road, playing my own tune. I will keep playing it, be there listeners or none. Just like my belief that the interests of our Chinese people will not always stay in the beauty of women or their legs, neither will my mind always stay in the melancholy landscape. Everything changes with my mind. Where there is my presence, there is my world. Just beside my pillow are several books, which I have been reading quite often in recent years, including "PARIS COMMUNE", "OCTOBER REVOLUTION"," HOMERIC EPIC "and " AENEID" etc.

A wish to create a masterpiece has gradually shaped and finally materialized in my mind —it is a grand post-classical painting series, "INTERNATIONAL MUSE". The excitement of creation has stirred me so much and again I have been reborn to be a purely fanatical artistic middle-aged man! Nothing more to say. It's time for work. Hence this article serves as my preface.

Chang Tianhu Sep. 27. 2011. At the Studio



艺术家常天鹄在风景这个题材上的艺术探索与吴冠中完全相反,他的"碳排景观"直面社会问题。常天鹄更注重心理刻画,更注重人文思想在风景中的确立。

---- 郭瑞腾 东南亚著名收藏家、实业家

In artistic explorations on the subject of landscape painting, Chang Tianhu is completely in opposition to Wu Guanzhong. His "carbon emission scenery" focused on social problem. Chang Tianhu pays more attention to psychological characterization and the establishment of humanistic ideas in landscape

- Cahyady Kumala Kwee

A well-known collector and industrialist in

Southeast Asia

注: 郭瑞腾(Cahyady Kumala Kwee),东南亚著名收藏家、实业家。收藏吴冠中作品数百幅,拥有吴冠中美术馆、新加坡好藏之美术馆。藏有毕加索及印象派的众多世界名画,对中国艺术市场有重要影响。

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