

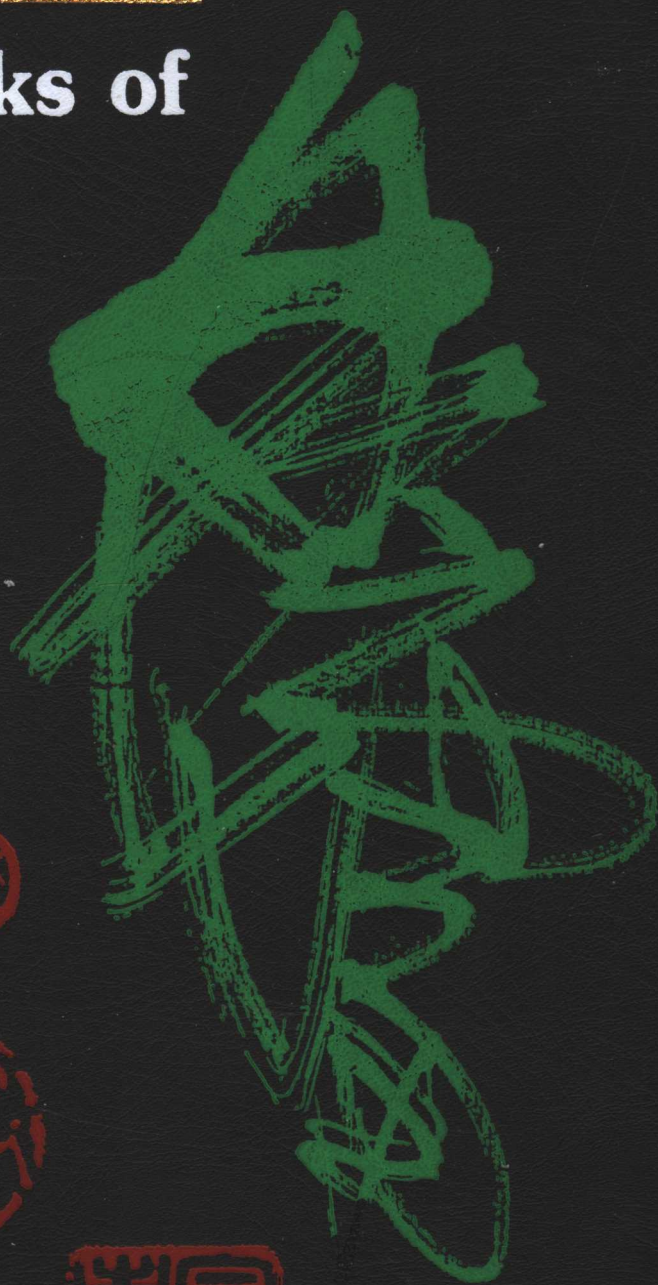
中國當代美術家

CONTEMPORARY CHINESE ARTISTS

The Life and Works of LIN YONG

Sichuan Art Publishing House

四川美術出版社



THE LIFE AND WORKS OF
LIN YONG

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Lin Yong

林 壩



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**The Life and
Works of Lin Yong**
—Contemporary
Chinese Artists Series

Sichuan Art Publishing House

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《中國當代美術家》畫傳旨在盡可能真實、全面地展示構成美術家藝術個性的諸多因素及其形成過程，力圖從美術家所處之社會背景、文化氛圍、生存環境及其獨具的生命形態的交織、衝突和生發中，探求其表現形態和演變歷史，以期讀者能充分而深刻地理解當代中國美術家獨特的美學追求及其藝術創作的價值，使美術家與讀者在心靈和情感上藉以獲得交流，從而在當今世界文化大循環的潮流中起到共振和推動作用。此實乃編者初衷，果能如此，將感到欣慰。

本書的出版，承蒙有志於宏揚東方文化的泰國湄南大酒店董事長陳洪振(亞真 陳信)先生及諸多知名人士的熱情支持，藉此篇首之頁，銘記於此，深表謝意。

王 偉

1989年1月中國成都

วัตถุประสงค์ของหนังสือเล่มนี้ ก็เพื่อแสดงให้เห็นถึงปัจจัยต่างๆ ที่เป็นจริงและรอบด้าน ซึ่งประกอบกันเข้าเป็นบุคลิกลักษณะทางศิลปะ และกระบวนการก่อตัวขึ้นจากบุคลิกลักษณะนี้ของจิตรกร ทั้งนี้ เพื่อที่จะแสวงหาอุปนิสัยของการแสดงออก และประวัติการแปรเปลี่ยนของบุคลิกลักษณะนี้จากการประสานกัน การขัดแย้งกันและการกำเนิดขึ้นระหว่างภูมิหลังของสังคม บรรยากาศด้านวัฒนธรรมและสภาพการดำรงอยู่ของจิตรกร ตลอดจนอุปนิสัยของชีวิตจิตรกรที่เป็นอยู่เฉพาะตัว เพื่อที่จะให้ผู้อ่านเข้าใจแจ่มชัดและลึกซึ้งถึงสุนทรียภาพ เฉพาะที่จิตรกรจีนยุคปัจจุบันเรียกร้องแสวงหา และคุณค่าของจิตรกรรมที่พวกเขาสร้างขึ้น ทำให้จิตรกรกับผู้อ่านมีการแลกเปลี่ยนกันทางด้านจิตใจและอารมณ์ ทั้งจะทำให้เกิดความรู้สึกสนองตอบและผลักดันให้ก้าวไปข้างหน้าท่ามกลางกระแสหมุนเวียนของวัฒนธรรมสากลในยุคปัจจุบัน นี่คือการมุ่งมาดปรารถนาเดิมของผู้เรียบเรียง ถ้าหากเป็นไปได้ตามนี้แล้ว ข้าพเจ้าในฐานะผู้จัดพิมพ์ฝ่ายจีนจะรู้สึกดีใจมาก

การที่หนังสือนี้จัดพิมพ์เป็นเล่มได้ ก็ด้วยความสนับสนุนและช่วยเหลืออย่างเต็มที่ของผู้ร่วมจัดพิมพ์ฝ่ายไทย คือ นายอาจิ้น ตั้งสิน (เงินหงเจิ้น) ประธานกรรมการบริษัท มิน่าโฮเต็ล จำกัด (โรงแรมแม่น้ำ) ร่วมกับกลุ่มบุคคลผู้ซึ่งมีความสนใจและมุ่งมั่นในการเผยแพร่ศิลปะวัฒนธรรมแห่งบูรพาพิศ ข้าพเจ้าจึงขอแสดงความขอบคุณอย่างสูงไว้ ณ ที่นี้

หวังเหว่ย

เจียงตู ประเทศจีน เดือน 1 ปี 1989

This album seeks to give an authentic and comprehensive picture of the various factors conducive to the building up of the artist's artistic character and to explore the forms of expression and history of development of this character from the social background, cultural atmosphere and physical environment in which he/she lives, as well as from the genesis and intertwining conflicts of his/her own life patterns. In this way, we hope, readers may gain a full and deep understanding of the peculiar aesthetic pursuit of a contemporary Chinese artist and the value of his/her artistic creations, thereby achieving a "communion" or "mutual participation" in thoughts and feelings, between the artist and his/her readers — a communion that will help promote the great cultural exchange now going on in the present day world. This, too, has been the goal the editors of this album endeavour to achieve, and we would be happy if it is attained.

Our special thanks are due to Mr. Achin Tangsin (Chen Hongzhen) Chairman of the Board of the Menam Hotel Co., Ltd. (Thailand) and other enthusiast for the promotion of Oriental art and culture, who gave us firm support for the publishing of this album.

January 1989

Wang Wei

Chengdu, Sichuan Province, China



The Artist Lin Yong

畫 家 林 壩

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Self-Portrait

Lin Yong

I agree with Jack London's saying that to be a strong man is to have strength. To gain strength, I try to be earnest and industrious.

I regret that times gone by cannot be recovered. Beautiful things can be added to my memory, but they appear and disappear in an instant.

Correcting a mistake often takes much more time than making the original mistake. It is really not worthwhile, so I prefer to rest for a moment if I am not in the mood to work.

Those who do not deliberately harm others are generally regarded as good people. I despise those who harm others deliberately, no matter who they are, and even if I am in no position to stop them.

I don't just want to pay lip service to my feelings, I want to give. But I have always found myself unable to give enough. I truly do not know my capabilities.

I am easily moved, but somehow I have got into the habit of concealing my emotions. Confronted by a beautiful object, I often feel uneasy and, in spite of myself, express indifference.

Sometimes I feel an impulse to seek out the beautiful, to love and fly into a passion. I get cold feet whenever it comes to moral principles, so I should say I am far from being a stout-hearted man. I hate to travel on foot at night, but if I must do so, I like to have several companions along to give me courage. When I am moved to tears by fear, I like to see that their eyes are moist too. People say a true man never sheds tears. As a matter of fact, he does shed tears, but his tears are shed into his heart. If he has no more tears to shed, he sheds his blood.

With his wife
與夫人



The six-square-meter Cuncunju
Room of the author
六平米的“寸寸居”。



自我速寫

林 壩

我從來相信傑克·倫敦說的：“強者就是力量。”爲了獲得這力量，我崇奉刻苦認真的品性。

時間不能重複出現始終是一憾事；記憶雖然增加了，但美卻總是一閃之後又消失！可惜。

改正原先的錯誤事實上耗去了一倍或數倍原先惹成錯誤的時間。這真是最最不合算的所在——因而心裏不踏實時寧可閉目養神。

不用心去害人者，大致可作好人看待。倘若刻意害人的，就算無力反抗它，也應極力蔑視它——不管它是甚麼東西。

在感情上，我非常害怕開空頭支票，但又時時情不自禁地想給與——而結果總是發現我的匱乏。真是不自量力。

我很易動感情，但不知從甚麼時候開始秉承了一種掩飾自己的壞習氣。因而時時在以爲很美時又爲自己惶惶然。面對着美，我總是下意識地反映爲漠視，真是可憐！

我心裏不時有美的悸動、愛的衝動、怒的盲動，一接近倫理道德的邊緣，我就怯場，所以說，其實不勇敢。而倘硬要我衝鋒陷陣走夜路，我就總希望多幾個是人的東西一起，起碼壯壯膽，如果我嚇哭了，他們的眼裏也能有些淚光。有人說，自古男兒不流淚，其實男兒的淚祇不過流到肚裏去而已。淚倘流完，就是所謂流血了。



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Working tirelessly 作畫不知倦



Sketching
畫速寫

I never sit idly, because I fear that I shall have insufficient time to attend to my unfinished and unsatisfactory work, and pay off my debt. Some people say it's because I'm haunted by ambition. This is true. If I had no ambition, how could I know what I should do tomorrow?

For a long time I have written few letters to my relatives and friends. I think such letters are too dull and empty. If there is nothing wrong with them, there is no need to greet them. If something really happens to them, my simple regards are useless. If they need my help, I will reply immediately. I realize that my real pleasure lies in my notebooks at the side of my bed.

I enjoy watching plays, films, music and dancing on television, but unfortunately friends often call in the middle of a program. Gradually their conversation draws my attention, since we are at liberty to discuss any subject we please.

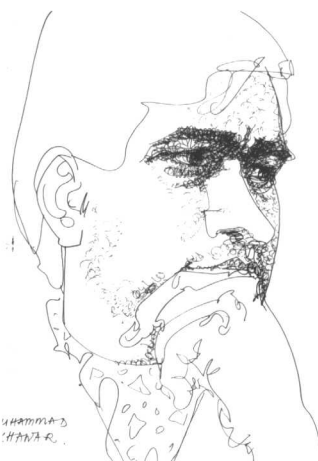
I like to keep silent if I am not allowed to speak the truth from the bottom of my heart. Of course, I try my best to speak tactfully to a good man, but I refuse to speak a single word to a good-for-nothing. The home should provide a quiet, warm place to rest after a hard day's work. Often they are more like hotels—a place to sleep, eat and wash. Both children and adults need care and love.

When I was a young man, I longed for love, but I was overburdened with plans for painting. Now I am a middle-aged man I often find myself wondering what love is. I think love can never be perfected. Flawless love exists only in the imagination. After all, painting is my major pursuit in life.

As a middle-aged man I have also come to understand that the most important things in life are to be upright, strong, hardworking and full of hope for tomorrow; never be overcome by difficulties and never lick anybody's boots.

Selected Works of Lin Yong

Figure drawings 人物速寫



Two illustrations for the novel
A West Wind Blew Last Night

《昨夜西風》插圖畫二幅





Still Life
《靜物》國畫

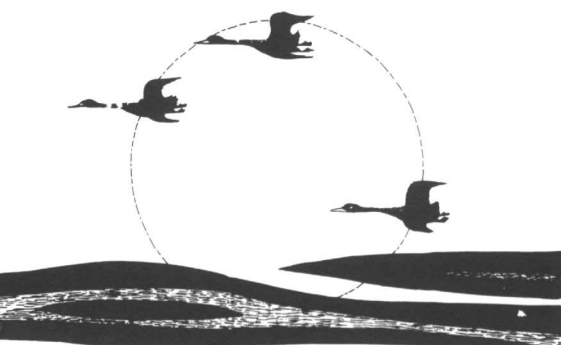


Tomorrow's the
important thing
多想明天



Sketches of human bodies

人體速寫



Two illustrations for the novel
Oh Man!
《人啊，人!》插圖畫二幅



我絕不肯無聊地坐着閑散。曾經想要做的事情一直沒做完、未做好。整天都好像欠着甚麼債似的。有人說，這是有野心。是的，倘沒有野心，我怎麼知道我明天要幹甚麼！

一直以來，我絕少寫信，以為“問好”很單調，真好的不用你問，不好的問了也白搭。自然，倘真有事情，倒還是寫幾句的。不過我在枕頭邊，畫桌旁卻隨時備了些小本本，想到甚麼即刻記下來，自己不時看看，還真是樂在其中。

電視電影戲劇舞蹈都很好看，可惜總是碰到有人來聊天或辦事。久而久之，就竟真的以為聊天比那些玩意都還有趣——畢竟聊天可按自己的意向，是未經審查的。這猶如遊水，還算愜意。

不能說真話，就寧可不說。要說，就刻苦認真地說幾句真話。對好人，說話委婉些。對廢人，就閉口勿說。家庭，本應是戰壕中的掩體。每當精疲力竭時有個安靜去處。舔傷口時也有避風港。但我們大家都易於把家庭辦成招待所——有吃有喝、有住有洗。孩子固然需要撫愛，大人何嘗不是有一半還是孩子！

愛情，年輕時該愛卻忙乎畫畫，心中隱隱然以為“書中自有顏如玉”的。中年了，竟時時不很明瞭愛情是甚麼東西，並慢慢地以為大致是一種人間欠缺、想象中完滿的東西。並以為猶如那月，總是缺了圓、圓了缺，想圓反而缺、想缺反而圓。不過，無論如何，總還是畫畫有意思一些。

活到一半，深以為人生最要緊的是脊骨要正！要硬！多想明天，多幹！不要隨便跪下，更不要拍任何一種馬屁！

A Chinese painting inspired
by a poem of the Song Dy-
nasty poet Xin Qiji

作品選《辛棄疾詞意》國畫



A Running Horse, That's Me

Lin Yong

Even as a child my mother told me that I was to be lucky, because I was born on the Queen Mother's birthday in the Year of the Horse. I was rather proud of this and looked forward to my birthday every year, feeling that I was really rather extraordinary. An old woman I knew who sold vegetables also congratulated me, and often said that I would one day become an official. Her words made my mother smile, so she often repeated her prediction. Actually, I think the old woman wanted to get a better price for her vegetables, but my mother believed every word.

My grandfather, the only son in his family, was a *xiuca*, which meant that he had passed the county civil examination in the late Qing Dynasty. This was somewhat unusual in a small town, and he was appointed to the Jinshan Academy of Classical Learning. He had previously been a teacher in the countryside. Unfortunately, my grandfather died young, leaving three children—my father and his two sisters. Later, my father became lame as a result of poor treatment for a sprained foot, and had difficulty finding a job. He decided to learn to paint flowers and birds. He became the first painter in my family. He married my mother when she was 16. After giving birth to four daughters, she had me at the age of 30. No words could describe her satisfaction.

I grew up lovingly cared for by my grandmother, mother, aunts and sisters. My grandmother has clever hands, and used to do various handicrafts popular among the Chaozhou-Shantou women. Her bamboo basket, filled with cloth scraps, became my child treasure trove. It was really great fun to see small clay opera masks and figures made from those cloth remnants with only a little cutting and pasting. They were decorated with chicken feathers and waste tinfoil from cigarette packets. Grandmother used to call me to come and watch how she made papercuts to decorate the sacrificial offerings used during the Spring Festival and other holidays. She taught me her skills, and after a while I could produce birds and flowers easily. During the Mid-Autumn Festival, coloured papercuts were used to wrap or decorate a pile of peanuts. My grandmother made most of these ornaments, but I did

馬跑着·那是我

林 壩

母親說我屬馬，又是娘娘誕那天出世，必是“阿媽”帶來的，憑這緣份，怎麼不有個好命水！所以年年“娘娘誕”，總是分外地欣欣然，面上光彩幾分。又加之天天來門口叫賣通菜的老婆婆，見我就說這孩子將來有官做，更惹得母親喜逐顏開，一直嘮叨這祥瑞的祝願。其實，娘娘那層關係是母親一廂情願，至今還未有落實。而賣菜婆婆的好話，本祇為菜好賣。但，母親竟一直都當真。想來，我的家一直三代都是單丁，曾祖父祇生祖父一男丁，清末最後一科中了個秀才，小城裏也算個事，就進了金山書院謀個職，這之前，他年年在鄉下設館授童子課。祇可惜壯年之際被瘟疫奪去生命。祇留下父親和二個姑姑。父親幼孤失父，又碰上黃綠醫生，把扭壞的足腕治跛了。跛了就祇能學不行路不站立的行業。父親就拜師學畫花鳥，並終於成了潮汕第一代抽紗設計師。母親十六歲嫁到林家，一連生下四個女兒，到了卅歲，才生下我這屬馬的，那份如願，那份高興，自不必說。

我一直生活在祖母、媽媽、姑姑、姨姨、姐姐等女性的呵護之下，童年總泛着女性的柔光。祖母在祖父的影響下，竟能看讀，祇是不寫，她有靈巧的手，能作各種潮汕婦女的手藝。她那針綫碎布竹籃，是我小時心愛的聚寶盆。幾個小小的泥人戲劇頭，找段麻桿作身腰，再從那竹籃找出各式碎布，貼來剪去，加上鷄毛、香煙錫紙等廢物，一個個武生、花旦、忠臣、白鼻丑就相繼出現，玩起來就總有些時日。逢年過節，祭品供菓，都要有剪紙美化。祖母

Photo of Lin Yong, taken upon graduation from junior high school

初中畢業照



On the bank of the Huangpu River, 1966

黃埔江邊，1966年



some of them as an exercise.

Sometimes I collected cardboard boxes from which I cut out various figures. I attached hands and feet, and then in the evenings my grandmother and I would perform shadow plays with the figures. Grandmother told the stories while I moved the puppets. My sisters were our audience, and cheered loudly. When I recall their cheers today, I know they really enjoyed seeing my proud expression. Their cheers came from their love for me, because they didn't want to dampen my enthusiasm. At the time of the Lantern Festival grandmother would carefully construct lantern frames from bamboo splints and then cover them with white paper. I would search out my father's paints and draw carp, pomegranates and red peaches on the lanterns. I waited patiently for the evenings so that I could light my lantern. The excitement and intoxication I felt as I lit my lantern still remains fresh in my mind today. During the days around the Chongyang Festival (Double Ninth Festival), the autumn winds began to cool the land and the Hanjiang River started to recede. It was time to play with kites, which my grandmother lost no time in making. They were not as good as those made by professionals, but for a kid like me they were good enough.

I'll also never forget how my grandmother took me to the temple to worship Buddhas by burning joss sticks. When I was seven, she was in her sixties. She had bound feet and could not carry the incense basket full of offerings, so I carried it all the way. She wanted to pray for my father and myself. Standing beside her, I heard her repeated prayers for good fortune for my father and that I would grow up peacefully. When my grandmother recited the scriptures and made her vows, she asked me to go away and play by myself. I made use of the time to look carefully at the Sakya-muni Buddha. The Buddha stared at me with an expression of determined kindness. I was also interested in the arhats surrounding the Buddha. I didn't understand their strange gestures or why they all had such strange expressions. They didn't stare at me, but when I stared at them, I seemed to get lost in a dream. The incense gave off a mysterious smell and the sound of chanted scriptures blended well with the atmosphere. Worshippers with honest, pious expressions poured out their hearts to the Buddha. All these colorful scenes from my childhood become a source of inspiration for my art.

Next to our house was a Catholic church. On

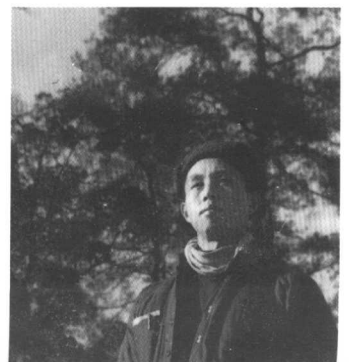
就會叫我到身邊邊剪邊教我，花鳥之類，很快就上手。中秋節到，柚子要套上花紙，花生堆要疊上花紙，這種種，除了祖母的手跡，就有我的學績。偶爾有了幾個廢馬糞紙盒，就會拆開鋪平，用筆略描一下，剪成紙影人兒，手腳另剪，再用綫打結卯上。夜晚在倒放的椅腿間貼上一張白竹紙，端來油燈，我和祖母就演紙影戲。口中自不免要唧唧呀呀又叫又說一番。而姐姐們，當然是觀眾，她們很會叫好和助陣。如今想來，她們當時怕是更愛看我得意的樣子多於看我的紙影，那叫好，本就出自愛心——不掃我的興。元宵時節，祖母定會找來一紮細竹篾，用紙捻丁細心紮起來，裱上白紙，由我找父親的顏色塗畫一番，幾下子，就會有鯉魚燈，石榴燈，紅桃燈出來。耐心等待天黑，點上臘燭那時刻真迷人，那份心醉至今還新鮮着。九九重陽，秋風初起，韓江的水退涸下來，露出了大片片溪沙壩。這是放風箏的季節。祖母又會操起錐剪竹篾，紮糊出鱈魚或八卦箏來，與精緻的製作一比，雖是最簡單的一種，而我的本領也祇能放得飛這樣子的風箏呵！

當今難忘的還是跟祖母到寺廟進香禮佛的那些情景。我七八歲，祖母，她老，已六十開外，纏的小腳，走路小碎步，提不動香籃。這差事，就落到我頭上。又何況，她之入寺進廟，所祈所祝，本就衝着父親和我而來的。我每每提着盛着供品的香籃，佇立在她旁邊。看她跪祈時，反復聽到的總是她祝父親發財及我平安長大的囑語，而最開心的是她要唸唸經文還還願，讓我走開去玩玩的那時刻。我就可以繞着釋迦牟尼佛的全身來看看個究竟，佛低垂的眼簾總望着我，走到哪也盯着，慈祥裏帶有威懾。週圍的羅漢，倒是奇趣橫生，那時總不解為甚麼一個個羅漢要那麼愁眉瞪眼，蹬腿擰手，合掌彈指，祇覺得他們反而不緊望着我，而是我緊盯他們來遐想。檀香在散發着神秘的氣息，唸經的聲浪輕一陣沉一陣，與氣息相合。匆匆的人流，匆匆的氣色。人生的臉在這種場合，總是真誠地坦露着，畢竟他們在向神佛說知心話吶！童年之際，能有這種場合確

Photo of Lin Yong taken in 1966 when he graduated from Guangzhou Art College
1966年畢業於廣州美院



In the Jinggang Mountains, Jiangxi, 1966
在江西井岡山，1966年





It's Fine (1969)
《好得很》1969年



A Million-Strong Army Crossing
the Great River (1970)
《百萬雄師過大江》1970年



Eternal Glory to the Yan'an Spirit
(1971) 《延安精神放光芒》1971年

Sundays, several older girls in white dresses took us children to a small side hall and arranged us in rows. They gave us biscuits and sweets and told us stories. I didn't enjoy listening to the stories, and have now forgotten them. At that time, the small, beautifully printed cards attracted me most. The pictures showed small figures with wings flying into the sky, older men in long robes with beards, looking serene and peaceful; clouds and mist. Unfortunately, the cards were only issued after they had finished their stories. I yearned to get the small cards but paid no attention to the stories. I also tried to exchange my share of biscuits and sweets with other children for different cards. I thought the church was a nice place. Its large blue glass windows and the gentle sound of the organ accompanying the choir seemed to me very refreshing. The voice of the priest was so sonorous and pious that whatever he said was pleasant to hear. His convincing gestures made all his words believable. The temple gave me a kind of mysterious force, while the church cheered me up. It was impressive to see how intently the monks chanted the scriptures and how enthusiastically the priest gave his sermons. Visits to the temples made me feel that it was hard to make a living, while the church gave me the feeling that life was full



The Fish-and-Water Relationship
Between Army and People (1971)
《魚水情》1971年



The Eighth Route Army's
"Yangge" Dance Troupe Comes
to Our Village (1976)
《八路軍秧歌隊進村來》1976年



The Internationale (1971)
《國際歌》1971年

of vitality and humor.

In addition to the temple and the church, the city wall of Chaozhou was a favorite place. I didn't know then when the ancient city wall was built, but it seemed just like the ones I had seen in operas or paintings. The Hanjiang River flows around the eastern side of Chaozhou, and the high city wall formed one bank of the river. In spring, when the rising tide submerged the bridge, the gate in the city wall had to be closed. Standing on top of the city wall, I saw the masts of the ships like floating clouds, and the turbid eddies of the Hanjiang River carrying basins, chairs, small trees and even corpses. During the spring rains, the city wall was covered with mud and looked ugly. We children had a good time in autumn when the tide receded and left a large sand bar which we used as a playground. It was a fun to make sculptures by piling up wet sand, but we were even more delighted by our sketching contests on the level ground. One can imagine how nice it was to sketch with a foot, a hand or a twig in a vast tract of wet land. As we walked around, we would sketch the profile of a man wearing a straw hat and a pair of glasses with a beard and pipe. With no one to watch us we felt happy and at ease—feelings I never have today. On a moon-lit night, the city wall could only be seen dimly, and the banyan trees at the base of the wall seemed to have no leaves or branches. Only their outlines could be seen, forming a vivid contrast against the white river water. The scene was like an ink-and-wash painting. In those days, we all wore clogs, which gave out a clear, melodious sound. This sound merged with notes of a two-stringed violin being played on a boat on the river, making us feel very happy. The city wall stood silently under the bright moonlight, appearing to grow older and older. The eastern arch of the wall, known as Guangjimen Arch, was very imposing. Opposite to the gate was the ancient Xiangzi Bridge supported by about a dozen of stone piers. In the center of the river there was a floating bridge formed by wooden boats connected together. People came and went over the rocking bridge as white water broke over the stems of the boats. The sound of the hurrying people and surge of the water made a great deal of noise. Only an iron bull with its eyes wide open stood in silence on the center pier.

On entering the city, one could see Kaiyuan Temple with its two warriors guarding the Buddha. The temple's four large heavenly kings, the Sakyamuni

構成了我今後的藝術積累。我家隔壁就是天主教堂，每逢星期日，就有幾個老姑娘，穿着白衣，把一羣小孩招進旁邊的小廳，排排坐下來，發幾塊餅乾或幾顆糖菓，聽着故事。至今已全忘了是甚麼故事，當時怕也不知是甚麼故事，因為我一心祇奔那故事講完才能發放的小畫片，印得美極了，有很多有對小翼的小人兒飛在天空，還有穿長袍的鬍子者，神情靜穆，雲呀霧呀，真真實實。每每得到畫片後，我就用我那份餅乾與人對換，以求多得幾種款式不同的畫片，小哥兒們大都慷慨大方得很。這教堂的美妙處還有那唱詩的風琴聲，歌起處、怎麼那麼柔順恬適？絕無寺廟的沉森。那寬大的有着藍彩玻璃的窗戶放出清新的氣息。牧師的渾厚虔誠聲調不論說甚麼，都顯得美好順耳。再加上看起來很有說服力的手勢，簡直不能不信服。寺廟給我神秘的壓力，教堂給我愉悅的歡躍，和尚唸經專注，牧師講道熱情。逛寺廟覺得做人很辛苦很沉重，坐教堂覺得做人很輕鬆很有活力。

寺廟教堂之外，要說說潮州的城牆。那是我心愛的去處。反正不知哪個朝代留下來的，實實在在就是戲中畫中那模型。潮州東畔是韓江彎繞着，這城牆，高高的城牆，其實也就是堤！韓水春漲，水漫過湘子橋面，城門就要關閉，船桅過處，在城中望去，竟如天邊行雲。而在城牆上

Husband and wife compare notes on a painting
與夫人評畫



Great Hall, the Bodhisattva Pavilion, the Liuzu Hall, and a library of Buddhist scriptures also came into view. What attracted me most was a carved stone pillar, and a stone railing engraved with flying girls with lowered eyes. The temple was permeated with the smell of incense and the sound of drums and wooden fish (a percussion instrument made from a hollow wooden block, used by Buddhist priests to beat out the rhythm when chanting scriptures).

Outside the temple was a line of shops making paper images for the dead. The craftsmen could turn out figures, household utensils, animals and birds. I once stood in one of the shops for a long time, watching in wonder as their clever hands created these objects. Sometimes I asked if I could try making the simple binding for them. Coming out of the shop, I entered another lane where I found a large number of coppersmiths. They made a clattering sound, and had displays of household items and copper gongs, which were then very popular in Chaozhou. The gongs were the chief musical instruments in the Chaozhou drum and gong performances. Even now I often recall their

望韓水，赤泛泛的漩渦，水面上有盆有椅、有豬有牛、有樹有櫃、死屍則自然有男有女。春雨泥濘時，這城牆真醜陋、真緊迫。但倘是春過了，秋來了，水已退回到江心去，城牆下的岸邊，就出現了大片綿延的溪沙壩。閃閃亮的沙與淺淺的江水，給我們一個嬉遊天地，濕沙堆塑固然好玩，濕水沙灘平整處的快畫比賽，更十分解恨。你想，一片濕平沙，用腳用手用樹枝，邊走邊畫個側面人像，咬個煙斗、戴個草帽，加個眼鏡，再加撇鬍子……天地昭昭，江流潺潺，雖沒有觀眾，但那份坦然與歡喜，至今再沒嚐到。夜來，月昇時，城牆隱在濛濛中，城基上的榕樹量成一片，沒有枝，沒有葉，墨瀟一團，與白粼粼的江水一對照，爽麗得心醉。刺桐樹的枝丫仿似筆筆粗獷的描畫，真是一幅水墨畫。我們幾對小木屐走在城基石板路上的清脆與江上外江船中傳來的提胡曲調雜在一起，那份說不清的滋味兒，直使我少年心頭陣陣緊縮。朗朗月影，怨訴弦音，城牆卻默默着，暗暗中，又添上一兩條皺紋。近撫城牆，皺紋可是千真萬確的！城牆上有座東門樓，是很威風的廣濟門城樓，樓基即是東城門。城門對面，就是古老的湘子橋了。石砌的十幾個墩，江心卻祇是木船聯起的浮橋。走起來，晃呀晃的，水流卻咬着船頭噴出嘩嘩的浪花。聲滔滔，人沸沸，進城出城一片忙，人去人往都匆匆。祇有江心橋墩

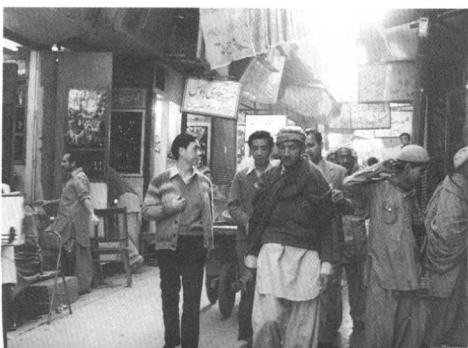
Lin Yong and his wife with
Pakistani children
與妻同巴基斯坦羣童合影



Wedding feast in a village
鄉下的婚宴

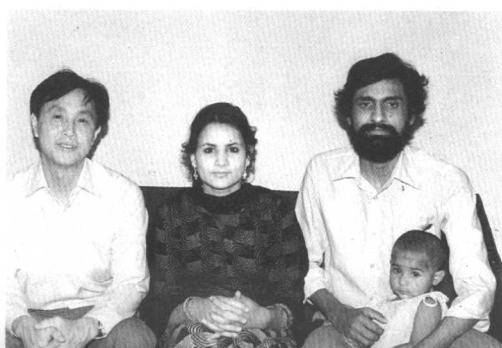


Strolling along a street
漫步街頭



與這一家人合影留念。

Posing for a souvenir picture
with a Pakistani family



sound. After the coppersmiths, I came to the shops selling drawn work. The embroiderers produced woolen needle-point work on satin, sometimes producing a relief effect by adding appliqué. A few shops also made costumes for puppets. They were great fun, and I spent a great deal of time in these shops. The decorated puppet heads with their elegant garments, were just like the ones I had seen on the stage.

The beautiful landscape and colorful local customs of the ancient city of Chaozhou aroused my desire for artistic creation even as a child. Exciting, fresh images filled my mind, and my native place always seemed to me the most beautiful. I have always cherished its memory. As descendants of the dragon, many Chinese artists have explored the origins of this mythical beast along the Yellow River or the Great Wall. After living for 15 years in Chaozhou, and studying and working for 30 years around the Zhujiang River, I find I am inextricably bound to my native land. I am an out and out southerner. I love it, and no one can persuade me to go elsewhere.

上有隻生鐵鑄成的水牛，靜穆地守在那裏，牛身被摸得閃亮，牛眼睜得大大。

入得城來，有個開元寺，寺中有二大金剛四大天王，釋迦大殿，觀音閣，六祖堂，藏經樓等等，而最吸引我的是石刻的華表，石雕的通欄，盡是飛天的人兒：不是教堂的小孩兒，卻是低垂眼皮的好姑娘。寺中沉沉的檀紅色與白白的麻石色全浸在供香的檀味中，鐘磬大鼓木魚的音調包孕了這一切。出了寺門，是一溜的紙紮鋪，人間一切的人物用品飛禽走獸，全可在這兒的師傅們的手中紮出來。大紅大綠的調子引得我眼花繚亂，一站下來觀看就可以大半天，粗淺的扎式還可來兩下子呢。繞過開元街，入義安路，就是銅匠的天下。叮叮噹噹，整日敲個不停，而金閃閃的銅鑼及器皿就一一上架。須知潮州大鑼鼓就靠的是這銅鑼，二排一溜幾十面敲起來，着實讓人血氣升騰！那鑼音如今還時時浮在心頭。與義安路交叉的後巷，則是顧繡抽紗的鋪位，用絨綫繡在錦緞上面，再加上箔墊，繡出浮凸的效果。其中還有幾間木偶戲服店，則是迷去我最多時間的地方。浮洋的泥人頭在這兒一一配上了華麗的裝束，與戲臺上的一樣。我外婆家的宗祠，就在附近的鐵巷當中，就是滿是石雕、木雕、陶塑的名建築“黃公祠”。今天已變成了古城保護辦公室。

潮州古城的風情喚起着我童年的藝術飢渴。精巧明麗，秀美鮮艷本就在我的血中突突奔流。從來，我絕不敢評說

Lin Yong's Pakistan Visits
—Photographs, Paintings
and Exhibitions
作品選

Bride
《新娘》國畫



Art exhibition of Lin Yong's Pakistan visits in Beijing's
Chinese Art Gallery 在中國美術館舉辦
訪巴作品展



Black Muslim robe
《穆斯林黑袍》國畫



Figure drawing
人物速寫



Figure drawing
人物速寫

