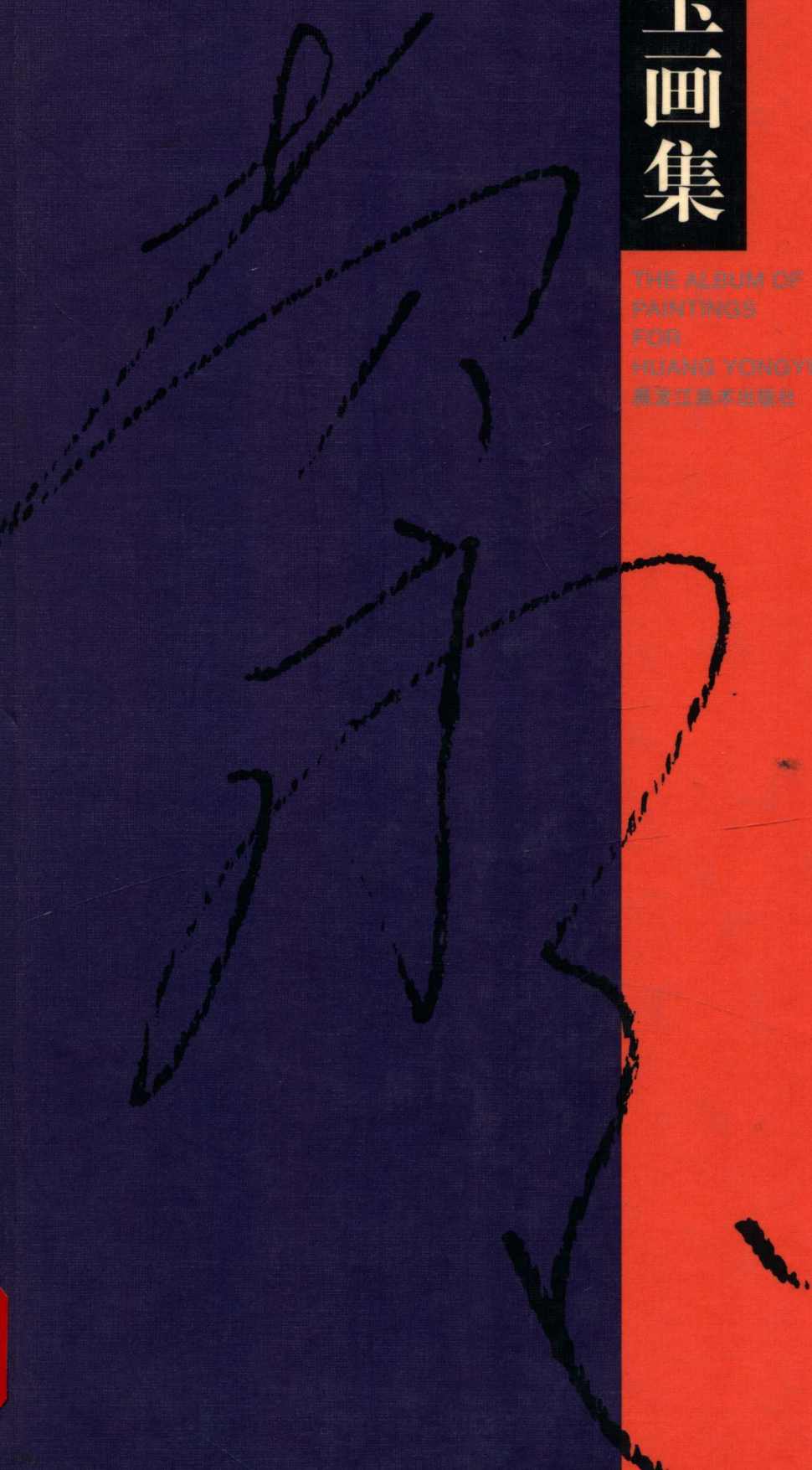


# 黄永玉画集

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风景  
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总策划

姚凤林 秦龙

责任编辑

原守俭

封面设计

宁成春 蒋悦 那泽民

版式设计

那泽民

摄影(部分)

金横林

印制总监

何伟权

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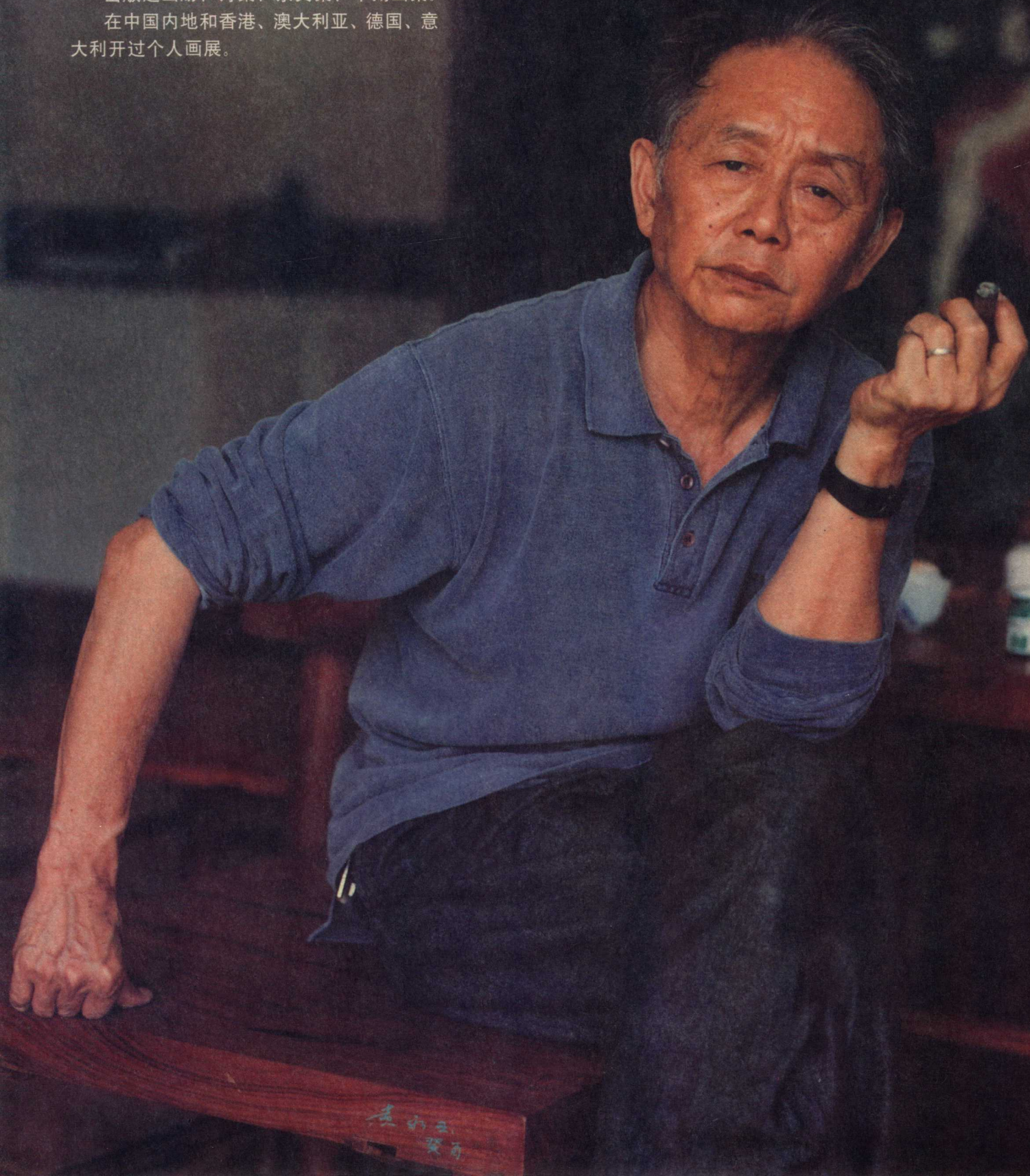


**黄永玉**，湖南凤凰县人，1924年7月9日出生。受过小学至初中二年的教育。16岁开始以绘画及木刻谋生。曾任瓷场小工、小学教员、民众教育馆员、剧团见习美术队员、报社编辑、电影编剧及美术学院教授。

写过诗、杂文、小说、剧本。

出版过画册、诗集、杂文集、木刻画集。

在中国内地和香港、澳大利亚、德国、意大利开过个人画展。







黄永玉画像（油画）/ 李宝瑞



# 序

黄永玉画集

## 与画无关的序

黄永玉

我深信美学上的价值也正是道德上的价值

——赫伯特·里德

人到七十岁以上，可算是真老了。

我喜欢回顾。写东西，画东西，要不回顾生活便是回顾知识、经验，那是很有意思的事；不过，我不喜欢搞“回顾展”。一个人还在写，还在画，不病不残，明天之后还有明天，事做不完，哪有空去作回顾？

“回眸一笑百媚生”这种意境，我从不敢想过。我有自知之明。我们这把年纪，“回眸”已是不易，“一笑”可能吓人，“百媚生”更是丑恶加荒唐的样子。所以“回顾展”我总是觉得难为情。

至于回忆录，那是好的。

就算是吹牛皮的回忆录，也能从中找到曲扭及如何曲扭的动机的历史线索，再看看其本人打扮、躲闪的正反技巧，真是给人以无穷的乐趣。这类回忆录，跟酒一样，经过年代的陶冶，简直越陈越香。历史发展机括复杂之极，又有自己庄严轨迹，吹牛说谎的作品逃离不了历史节拍，再周全的技巧最后也弄得七零八落、色彩斑斓耐人寻味。

丹钦柯的回忆录中那帮有意思的人，斯坦尼斯拉夫斯基，小剧场，契诃夫，高尔基甚至包括满脸胡子的托尔斯泰；老前辈，后起之秀，婴儿诞生，棺材铺老板的交往，打官腔，调情、幽会、吵架、辩论、咖啡、茶饮、猫；俄罗斯、意大利、法国、太平洋、大西洋、地中海；欢乐、哀愁、孤独；下雨、落雪、风暴以及晴天，无一不包。喧闹热烈活跃的19世纪俄罗斯文坛、剧坛、画坛全集中在这个集子里，厚达一寸半的中文译本琳琅满目，鸡毛蒜皮、七零八落，反映时代的本质；群星璀璨，相互辉光，透彻的文化厚度。读者生不同时，却仿佛自己是个热烈的参与者。

一个19世纪在巴黎经营艺术品买卖的詹伯尔出了一本日记，几乎囊括了第一次和第二次世界大战期间的欧美的文化艺术活动。这是位既有学问又高品味的雅人。他坚强地死在二战的集中营里，并鼓励自己的儿女参加了反法西斯的战斗。

所有的印象派立体派画家，巴黎画派、野兽派画家、雕塑家直到罗兰珊、罗丹、毕加索，他都有私交和买卖来往，好了，这日记记载的，不可避免地就成为文化历史的瑰宝。它比干巴巴的美术史生动，活灵活现。

重要的是他写了人和生活。那批人死了，却鲜活在后人的心中。

比如齐白石，比如张大千……，你可以从材料上了解到他们画了多少画，洋溢着满纸的赞美和尊敬，

其实，在前辈，同辈，或晚辈的闲谈中，这一些离开人世的老人家活泼极了，生动极了，尽人情极了，听到这些传说无异是教育和享受，他们不会因为时间一长而显得净化，而除神圣庄严之外一无可取。让真正的年轻同行恍然大悟，说一声：“哦！他们也是人！”多好！

眼前，一些人离老和死还差好一段路，便急急风把自己圣化起来，丢弃珍贵的人间平凡欢乐温暖。殊不知制造这种意境很费力气，也无聊。

傅山，傅青主对这方面是个通人。他经过一番为理想折腾之后静悄悄地回到山西老家乡下过日子，做他的妇科大夫专业，写诗，画画。他在一封信中写道：“老人家是甚不待动，书两三行，眇如胶矣。倒是那里有唱三倒腔的，和村老汉都坐在板凳上，听什么‘飞龙闹勾栏’，消遣时光，倒还使的。姚大哥说十九日请看唱，割肉二斤，烧饼煮茄，尽足受用，不知真个请不请？若到眼前无动静，便过红土沟吃碗大锅粥也好。”穷得真开心！

纪元前二、三千年希腊哲学家伊壁鸠鲁也深得这种妙趣，在他的《快乐论》中说过：“欢乐的贫困是美事。”

这意思当然不是说，只有穷才快乐，一般地说，富裕的人浮泛在欢乐的表面，而烦恼较多。

像所有的人一样，一个画画的，过得越平凡总是越长进的。他能认识很多人，又能去许多地方，有机会捡更多知识，锻炼了自己的性情……。

说来说去，不过是希望有这么一种热心人，在写到某某某的时候，写写他这个“人”；写写他成为“人物”的时候那点生活、那点琐碎、那点成绩时的必然根由。

写师承，作品帐单、成就、作品分析和价值当然对研究有用；写经历、结交、脾气、爱好、工作、琐琐碎碎、形成一部部大书，那就不仅仅是有用而且是有趣和全面地有益了。写出了个立体之极的文化时代。

比如说已不在人世的伟大的画家常书鸿先生。“四人帮”垮台的时候他已经很老了。眼睛不好，头脑也混混沌沌。说起话来总是那几句，重复又重复。在全国政协会上我和他一组，他一咳嗽清喉咙，我们就觉得这一上午的会就完了！我们充分估计到他会把去年和前年讲过的话再重复一遍。他幼小的时候，上专科的时候，在巴黎的时候，在敦煌的时候，像书上印过的一样。

我们很烦也没办法抵挡。于是便在笔记本上做起打油诗来，乘他情绪昂扬、万马奔腾之际，偷偷在桌子底



# 序

黄永玉画集

下传阅。

“书鸿发言万里长，先说巴黎后敦煌……”有这么一二十句吧！（年年会上这首长诗都作了新的修改，使其完美。）

为了保持会场的严肃性，读诗的人不敢面露笑容，只好扳着脸孔全身抖个不停。

说过来，我们是幽默之至，似乎还包括自己发言绝不会如此昏庸的自信和自豪，语言表达能力和逻辑性无可怀疑。我们比他年轻。

好不容易熬到吃饭散会时间……。

在许多老人家面前，好像我们永远不会老似的。

我见过张伯驹先生八十多岁的龙钟；文革期间毫无生活能力的老画家高希舜先生，我们共处牛鬼蛇神之室，看到他受折磨的景象，简直哀哀欲绝；近年来听说陈寅恪先生和吴宓先生的遭遇；多年前听说杨振声先生，冯文炳先生漫长的遥远的寂寞；还有文彩灿烂的师陀先生，丽尼先生和被遗忘如尘埃的《大卫·高柏菲尔》译者许天虹先生，今天有多少人会纪念他们呢？

生命力强大能熬过来的先生也有，如沈从文，钱锺书，朱光潜先生，虽然高寿是个原因，但起码也包含一种“苟存”的历史机会吧？以至能享受到一点太平年月显示正常颜色的权利。

……我们忘记了常书鸿先生也曾经有过年轻时代，并且非常的辉煌壮丽。

（60年代初我住在中央美院大家爱称之为“火车胡同”的教员宿舍时，徐迟听我讲过常先生的故事，后来写成过一篇动人的小说。）

常先生青年时在巴黎埋身在博物馆里，有幸看到外国人从敦煌偷来的文化珍宝，年轻的常先生热血沸腾起来，遂即决定了终生的命运。回国后按照自己设想的意愿，带着妻子和幼小的儿女来到敦煌。

那时候的敦煌可不是开玩笑的！千百里沙漠中的一个“点”，荒凉到了绝望的程度，半夜能听到四十里外驼铃声。瞧这一家人！在杳无人烟的绝境中，热有热的难处，冷有冷的难处；勉强的衣食温饱；音书联系细若游丝，忍受着被人遗忘的苦痛和恐惧。一年复一年地过去了。

妻子终于耐不住寂寞离开了（她并非耐不住苦，只是坚持不了信念而已）。儿子三四岁，美丽的女儿十二三岁照顾着全家三个人的生活，远远地去汲水，烧饭、洗衣（其实鲁宾逊式的生活，谈不上什么衣服），还要安慰、平衡一老一小的精神生活。到晚上，照拂弟弟睡着之后，还要跟着爸爸到一个洞窟又一个洞窟临画。爸爸一笔一笔地画着，她举着小植物油灯小心

地跪在旁边。

那时候的星空下，除了上帝，茫茫尘寰，有几个人知道这两个使徒行者式的孤寂的父女生涯？

真正的革命者也许不能成为完美的艺术家；真正的艺术家也难是个完美的革命者。但奉献众生的信念一致却无可怀疑。

常先生是人，他老了，朦胧了。他害怕自己忘记了过去，像翻一册可爱的书本一样，一心想和大家共同欣赏……。

我们晚一辈的人沾染了不尊敬老人的恶习，以至老来遭到报应，终于也一齐被人称做“四旧”，才意识到，自己有朝一日也会衰老！哈哈！活该！

看到或感受到悲哀而不悲哀，不仅是个人悲剧，更是时代悲剧。一种荒谬而残酷的力量，能令整个时代互相仇杀，颠倒伦理，以至于麻木了情感，忘记自己是人。

这类事情的发生，也不是说从哪个，哪个时候的绝无仅有；是早就有的。也不是说刑罚品种的多少以决定残酷的水平。可怕而令人战慄的是那种非人性的深度，那种行为逻辑的演绎。

许久许久以前（二三十年前吧？）在《文物》杂志上看到一幅墓葬图片，殉葬者是对父子，并排垂直立跪，双手背后给一种无形的绳子捆绑着（绳子已经腐烂），头，一大一小置于死者面前。一点挣扎反抗的痕迹都没有，妥贴如摆设牺牲供品。

这两父子是在甚么情况下才死成这么中规中矩的样子的？

听人说新疆卖肉的杀羊，羊不用牵引，会一只只从羊栏那边走过来乖乖躺下，伸长着脖子让人放血。眼看放完这只，轮到的一只又会自己走过来躺下。

衰老的辕马承受不了辘重时哀号，同路的几十匹辕马会跟着一齐哀号。

说得更神一点。50年代初我常到东北兴安岭大森林体验生活，森林工人告诉我，锯一棵大松树时，不单止这棵松树会发抖，周围的松树都会发抖——人没注意而已……。

那么，河流为不幸而枯竭、而断流就不奇怪了……。

有生命而无感情是不可能的。

我深爱这个世界，包括它的悲苦。



## A Preface Irrelevant to Drawing

Huang Yongyu

I strongly believe that esthetic value is precisely the moral value Herbert Reed

One in his seventies can be considered really old.

I like to retrospect, either by writing or drawing. Be it life, knowledge or experience, Retrospecting has always been very interesting. However, I am not for the idea of holding "retrospective exhibitions". When one is still writing and drawing, with a sound body and so many tomorrows ahead, so many things ahead, how can I have time to retrospect?

"Glancing back and smiling, a hundred charms reveal". Such an artistic mood is something I have never dared to think about. I know my limitations. For people of our age, "Glancing" is no longer easy, "smiling" may be terrifying, and "a Revealing of hundred charms" may look even more hideous and absurd. So, I always feel embarrassed about a "retrospective exhibition".

As for reminiscences, however, that will be a good idea.

Even through braggart reminiscences, we can also grasp some historical clues to the motives of distortions, then examine the very makeup of the person and his various skills of equivocation. That can bring us immense pleasure. Such reminiscences, just like wine, will become more and more aromatic and fragrant with the passing of time. The logic of historical development is so intricate and yet has its own solemn trajectory: works full of brags and lies cannot escape the meter of history; however

perfect the skills may be, they will fall scattered, leaving only colorful and interesting stories that afford one much food for thought.

The group of interesting figures in Danchenko's reminiscences, Stanislavski, the small theatre, Chekhov, Gorky, and even the bearded Tolstoy; veterans and up-and-coming youngsters, birth of babies, contacts with the coffin seller, official jargons, flirting, rendezvous, bickering, debating, coffee, tea, cats, Russia, Italy, France, the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic Ocean, the Mediterranean; joy, sorrow, loneliness; raining, snowing, storming and fine weather, etc. Almost everything included in this collection are the bustling 19th century Russian literary world, theatrical world and painting world. The Chinese version of this book as thick as one and a half inches provides a feast for the eyes: details scatter here and there, reflecting the essence of the time; the splendid stars shine upon each other and represent the profound culture. Although the readers do not live in the same era, they feel as if they are active partakers of the events themselves.

Jambers, who was an art dealer in Paris in the 19th century, published a diary, which almost embraces all the cultural and artistic activities in Europe and America during the First and the Second World Wars. He was an elegant person with both rich knowledge and noble tastes. He died heroically in the concentration camp during the Second World War and encouraged his offsprings to take



part in the battle against the fascists.

He had personal and business contacts with all the painters, sculptors, impressionist, cubist, Parisian and brutalist as well as Rollandson, Rodin and Picasso. All right, what have been recorded in the diary has inevitably become the gems of cultural history, which are far more vivid than a dull transcript of the history, which are far more vivid than a dull transcript of the history of fine arts.

What's more important is that he portrayed both people and their life. They passed away, but still remain fresh in the minds of later generations.

For example, Qi Baishi, Zhang Daqian etc., you may learn about the number of their paintings from written materials full of praise and adoration. In fact, in the chat of their seniors, contemporaries or juniors, the deceased were extremely vivid and human. Listening to such legends is no less than an instruction and enjoyment. Long passage of time cannot diminish them and make them look like nothing but solemnity and sacredness. So the real young fellow artists will suddenly see the light and cry out: "Ah, they are human beings, too! "How wonderful!

Nowadays, some people hasten to sacralize themselves long before they get old and die, giving up the precious joy and warmth of an average person. But they hardly know that it is so hard and dull to create such an artistic conception.

Fu Shan is a clever person in this regard. After a

period of struggling for his ideal, he calmly receded into his home village in Shanxi to work as a gynecologist while writing poems and drawing pictures. In a letter, he writes, "An old person, I cannot afford to move too much. When I write for two or three lines, gum will come clogging my eyes. But if I sit with those old villagers on the bench killing my time by listening to the folk opera such as 'The flying dragon is playing on the hooking banister, I will feel OK. Old Brother Yao once said he would invite me to see the singing, and he would buy 1kg meat, cook some cakes and boil some eggplants for us to enjoy to the full. But I wonder whether he will keep his promise. If there is still no sign of that for the time being, I will go to Red Soil Ditch to drink a bowl of gruel and that will be all right, too. " How happy that poverty is!

Epicurus, the Greek philosopher of A.D.2000-3000, also experienced such pleasure. In his "On Pleasure, he states like this, "Pleasant poverty is a happy thing."

That does not mean that only poverty can bring pleasure; generally speaking, the rich float on the surface of joy and have a lot of vexation at heart.

Like all the other people, the more ordinary a painter's life is, the easier it will be for him to grow mature. He can know a lot of people, go to many places, and have chances to pick up a lot of knowledge so as to cultivate his temperament...

All in all, I just hope for such kind of enthusiastic



persons, who will write about the "person" himself when they are about to describe that one; they will introduce his real life, his trivialities and, his necessary root for his achievements before he became "someone important."

Of course, it is useful to mention a painter's masters, his list of works, his achievements, and to analyze his works and value; but if you also write about his experiences, acquaintances, temper, tastes, work and all kinds of details to make thick volumes of books, that will be not only useful but also interesting, comprehensive and beneficial. That will be a cubic representation of a cultural time.

For instance, the deceased great painter, Mr Chang Shuhong. When the "gang of four" collapsed, he was already quite senior with poor eye-sight and muddled mind. Whenever he spoke, he always repeated the several worn-out sentences. At the meeting of the CPPCC, I was in the same group with him. Whenever he cleared his throat, we felt that the meeting of the whole morning was doomed to be ruined! We reckoned clearly that he would again repeat his words of the last year and the year before last: things about his childhood, his days in the technical school, his stay in Paris, in Dunhuang..., just as were printed in the book.

We were very bored but could not help. So I wrote a doggerel in my notebook and spread it under the table stealthily when he was concentrating on his eloquent

speech with zeal.

"Shuhong's speech is ten thousand miles long, from Paris to Dunhuang..." "The doggerel had about ten or twenty lines, as I remember. (This long "poem" was revised each year, whenever we attended the conference, for perfection.)

On the whole, we were in a very easy mood and seemed to In order to keep the serious atmosphere of the meeting, the readers of this doggerel dared not laugh, had to struggle to keep a straight face with the whole bodies trembling all the time.

On the whole, we were in a very easy mood and seemed to enjoy the confidence and pride that we would never be so muddleheaded when we spoke. We felt that our presentation ability and logic were beyond doubt, as we were much younger than him.

It was an ordeal to endure his speech until lunch time...

Before many senior people, it seems as if we shall never get old.

I have seen the doddering look of Zhang Boju in his eighties. During the Cultural Revolution, the old painter Gao Yaoshun who was not able to take care of himself, lived together with me in the same room for the "evil elements", and it was grievously painful to witness his sufferings: In recent years, I have heard about the bitter experiences of Mr Chen Yinke and Mr. Wu Mi. Many years



ago, I heard about the long and remote loneliness of Mr. Yang Zhensheng and Mr. Feng Wenbing and there are still such splendid literary figures as Mr. Shi Tuo and Mr. Li Ni, and the translator of David Copperfield, Mr. Xu Tianhong, who has been forgotten like dust... How many contemporaries can still remember these figures?

There are those who have a strong vitality and have survived the disasters, such as Mr. Shen Congwen, Mr. Qian Zhongshu and Mr. Zhu Guangqian, etc... While their longevity is a reason, isn't there at least a historical chance of "narrow survival"? So that they can enjoy the right to display their normal color in a peaceful time.

...We have forgotten that Mr. Chang Shuhong also had his time of youth, a very splendid one.

(At the beginning of the 1960's, when I lived in the teachers' dormitory in the so-called "train alley" of the Central Academy of Fine Arts, Xu Chi listened to my story of Mr. Chang and later he wrote a moving novel based on it).

Mr. Chang immersed himself in museums in Paris when he was young. The fortunate discovery of cultural treasures stolen by foreigners from Dunhuang made Mr. Chang burn with enthusiasm, which at once set the destiny of his whole life. After returning to the motherland, he took his wife and children to Dunhuang according to his designed wish.

Dunhuang of that time was no joking matter! As a

tiny "point" amid a boundless stretch of desert, it was desolate to the degree of despair. You might hear the clicking of the camel bells 40 miles away at night. Look at this family! In the lonely cul-de-sac, both the hot and the cold were unbearable; they just eked out a scanty livelihood; there were hardly tidings from the outside world and they endured the pains and horror of being obliterated. One year passed after another.

His wife could not bear it and left him at last (it was not that she could not bear the hardships, but that she only could not keep to the belief). His son was only three or four years old and his pretty 12-or-13-year-old daughter looked after the life of the whole family of three: she went very far to draw water from a well, cooked and washed clothes (actually there was hardly clothing for the Robinson's way of life), and had to console both her old father and little brother. When night fell, she would go with her father to copy those paintings from one grotto to another, after soothing her little brother to sleep. The father painted stroke by stroke and she was kneeling by him, cautiously upholding a small oil lamp.

A true revolutionary may not become a perfect artist; a true artist may also feel hard to become a perfect revolutionary. However, their beliefs in dedication to the mankind are undoubtedly identical.

Mr. Chang is a human, and he has become old and doddering. For fear that he might forget the past, he was



eager to share it with others, like leafing through an enjoyable book...

We, the younger generation, have slid into the bad habit of not respecting senior people, so we have got our retribution when we are old, too: collectively we are also called "the four olds". Only now have we realized that we shall also get dodderly someday! Haha! It serves us right!

Seeing or experiencing sadness without feeling so, that is not only a personal tragedy, but also a tragedy of the time. An absurd and cruel force could plunge the whole era into mutual hatred and killing, reversal of morality, even dumbness of feelings and forgetting we are human beings ourselves.

Also, it may not be reasonable to say that such things happen only in a certain time; there were such things long ago. We may not say that the number of kinds of corporal punishment determines the degree of cruelty. What makes one feel terrible and tremble is the depth of inhumanity, and the deduction of the behavioral logic.

A long time ago (about twenty or thirty years ago?), I saw the picture of a grave in the journal Cultural Relics. The sacrificed persons were father and son, kneeling there erect side by side, their hands being bound by a shapeless rope to the back (the rope had been rotten away), their heads, one big and the other small, put before the dead person. There was no trace of resistance at all: they were so obedient and motionless, just like material offerings

placed there.

Under what conditions did this set of father and son die in such an obedient way?

It is said that when butchers in Xinjiang kill sheep, the sheep will walk out from their pen one after another without need for drawing by people, then they will lie down obediently and stretch out their necks to let people bleed them. Watching one sheep has been bled through, another one will come in turn to lie down...

When the decrepit shaft-horse could no longer bear the weight of the impediment and wailed, dozens of his fellow shaft-horses en route would wail together with him.

To put it more mysteriously: at the beginning of the 1950's, I often went to the great forest of the Xingan Mountains of the Northeast to get experience of real life. The forest workers told me that when they were felling a big pine tree, not only this tree was trembling, all the pine trees around him were trembling, too, Only that people did not notice it...

Then, it is no wonder that a river dries up and stops flowing because of unhappiness...

It is impossible to have life without feelings.

I deeply love this world, including its sorrows and sufferings.

September, 1997, Hall of Lotuses, Beijing



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黄永玉画集  
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退休的快乐王子号 (丙烯画)





黄永玉  
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罗马最早的黄昏 (丙烯画)