

Collected Edition of Chinese Oil Painter Volume of Ma Bing
中国油画家全集

马冰

四川出版集团

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我的状态

“谁若把培育感官作为存在的目的和核心，那他就是艺术家。”我常品味这句忘了是谁说过的话。

我喜欢在大街上随意举起相机，拍下一些别人可能不留意的东西，有时也在自己驾车时拍一些一晃而过的街景，更乐意在雨天雾天到街上去拍一些非常态的街景。所有这些，都是在为我的绘画做准备，这也是我对景写生的一种手段。我喜欢一个人独往，也喜欢寂寞和随意。有时自己跑到乡下关掉手机，目的是让自己独处。平时只要是能让我驻足观看令我感动的东西，我都尽量拍下来或画在本上，存入记忆中，期待不久的将来能把这记忆变成一幅画。我想只有这样才能让人们日后也有机会看到我曾经看到并感动过的事物，进而也感受着我的感动。

生活有时就像自己驾车在公路上行驶，车窗前永远是不同而相似的风景。不用选择，它们已经在那里，只是在等待着你的心和你的感觉去接近它。你看不到的，不能说它是不存在的；你感觉到了，它自然就存在于你的心灵。

白本非色，而色自生。色中求色，不如无色中求色，我钟情于黑白的图像和画面，这种颜色的图像具有不确定性。与其说传达图像，倒不如说传达情感，它是那种能唤起人们记忆的色彩。彩色则相反。它是丰富而现实的，用不着心灵去翻译。

每次当我在画布上着色准备完成这幅画的同时，我便开始了下一幅的构思，眼前这幅画只是时间和技术问题，而后一幅画却更有吸引力。我一直这样恶性循环地画着，画室里堆满了不知何时才能完成的画，但这是我唯一不用别人督促自己就乐意做的事。在开始构思一幅画之前，我听广播，看电视、DVD，读书，翻照片，并想象这些不同的图像变成一幅画后是个什么样子。在有了一点想法和灵感后，最困难的是集中思想，这时反而不能听不能看其他东西了，尽量使自己不被干扰。在烟雾中，在不时地摆弄刮刀和调色板的下意识动作中，慢慢地沉下去……这时我内心承受着精神的疲惫，感受着无以言状的焦虑，直到眼前的图像从模糊到渐渐清晰进而变成冲动，又重新开始了循环的过程。

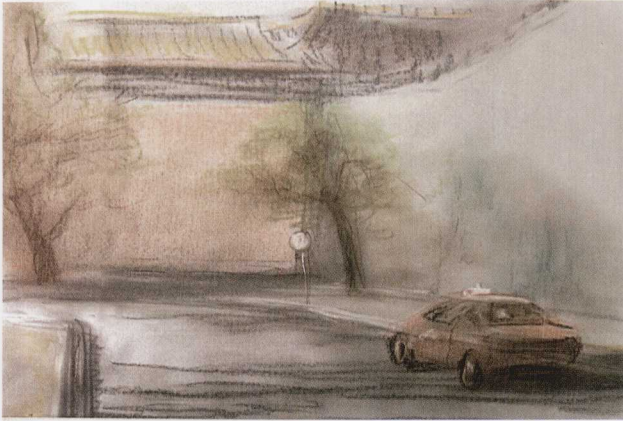
北京大街上的各色高墙，平静而不动声色，红的、灰的一律静静地站在那里，墙体上那剥落的墙灰，正如时间般变化得让人不能觉察。墙下的小草和植物，才是那墙变化的见证，仿佛在向人们诉说着什么。我开始注意到

了这墙及墙的背后，我想做些什么，但又不知从何开始，只好通过画面的抚摸来了解这墙，想让它说出它自身的力量和神秘。

许多关于室内情景的构图，时时隐约出现在心中，可能是一次意外推门而入，也可能是回到家中室内状态的瞬间凝固，更可能是夏日午后昏睡下的情色春梦……忍不住拿起画笔，通过画布再次让它们慢慢浮现的时候，那便是我快乐的时候。这时我失重状态下的心灵获得了温暖与宁静。我远离了浮躁，接近了记忆中的真实，触摸到了时间的痕迹。这些个人化的作品，是暑期在八仙别墅借宿时的记忆，也是我在喧闹的都市里努力寻找闲淡、纯净生活的一种渴望，是些一时的情绪，并想借着这些对生活有更多的品味和咀嚼。

这几年来，尤其是在美院高研班学习阶段，我始终关注着环境和生活于其中的人，捕捉着看似平静的东西，挖掘着平静背后的精神世界。我对生存状态有着近乎神经质的敏感，对触觉、听觉、味觉、视觉都给予了特别的关照。我一直为感官而忙碌着……

马冰 2003年12月 北京·通州



My State of Being

“Whoever considers ‘cultivating his senses’ as the purpose and core of his existence, is an artist.” I have always relished this sentence, but sadly I forget who the author is.

While moving down the street, I enjoy taking random pictures of things others might not pay attention to. Sometimes the pictures are of basic street scenes which flash by my car window while I’m driving. Sometimes they are of some “unusual” scenes on rainy or foggy days. All of this is part of the preparation for my ‘yet to be started’ paintings. It is also one of the many ways I draw from the ‘senses’ one finds in nature.

I like to be alone! Lonely and free! Sometimes I go to the countryside and turn off my cell phone, just so I can be alone. Normally, using my camera, sketching pen or my own memory storage banks, I capture whatever it is that makes me stop to watch or look or that which touches me deep in my heart. I store these things, hoping to turn them into paintings in the very near future. I think in this way I can offer people a chance to see what I have seen, give them the opportunity to be touched by what has touched me and allow them to feel the way I felt at that past moment in time.

Life is sometimes like driving alone on the highway. The scenes passing by are always similar yet so different from each other. Without being chosen, almost like random selection, they are already there, waiting for you to embrace them with your heart and your feelings. You can never say that something doesn’t exist, simply because you can’t feel it existing. But for that which you can feel, it is already there, tucked away soundly, deep inside your heart.

White has no color! Colors are actually born within. One should look for colors in the colorless rather than in colors. I’m in love with black and white images and frames. Such images have non determinacy. Rather than conveying an image, blacks and whites do more in the conveyance of emotions. Black and white are colors which invoke a person’s memory. Multi-colors are the opposite way. They are plentiful and practical so consequently have no need of the heart’s translation.

Every time when I put colors on the canvas to finish one painting, the preliminary sketch of the next one will begin to come alive in my mind. The painting, physically in front of my eyes at the moment, is just a product of time and skill waiting to be finished.

The one waiting in the wings, off stage so to speak, becomes more appealing. I have been painting, trapped in this vicious cycle for a long time so consequently there are piles and piles of unfinished paintings filling every nook and cranny in my studio. But, this is the only way I manage to do so I finish the day, often without completing anything.

Before the idea of one painting comes to fruition, ready to place on canvas, I listen to the radio, watch TV or DVD movies, read or look through my many photos, imaging how the painting will materialize after I put all these images together. The most difficult part is to concentrate inspiration. Suddenly, arrives the moment when I can’t look at or listen to anything else. I allow no distractions and refuse to be disturbed. I subconsciously fiddle with my drawknife and palette



while cigarette smoke whirls about me as my thoughts and spirits slowly sink and settle into a state of exhaustion. My heart becomes full of the anxiety far beyond description, until at last the image in front of my eyes grows clearer and more defined.

Then by natural impulse begins another vicious circle.

High walls with many and indiscriminant colors, ring the streets of Beijing. Calm and collected, they stately stand observing the passing of history, while presenting the passerby with reds, grays, and many other colors. The dirt, that at times peels away from them like a favorite yet forsaken cloak, changes like time itself in a way that we can scarcely perceive. The small grasses and other plants and flowers that grow at the lower extremities of the walls are actually the only true witness to those changes. These witnesses seem to want to say something to us.

I began to notice a wall and attempted to learn what was behind it. I want to do something, but I don't know where to start. What I could do is to get to know this wall by it's touch via the canvas, continually wishing it would speak out it's mystery, it's power and the history it conceals.

On occasion, many compositions of indoor scenes show up wistfully in my heart. It might be an unexpected entering through the door. It may be a frozen moment in time when just returning home or it may be an erotic dream during a summer afternoon's nap. It is at these times I can't help but in picking up my brush and paint as I allow my inner most thoughts, memories, feelings and emotions emerge onto the canvas. These are some of my happiest moments. My heart finding itself in a weightless state, obtains warmth and peace. I'm far away from the fickleness and noise of the world. I am my closest to the truth in my memory and I unconstrainedly touch the tracings left by time it's self.

These personal works are the results of memories from a time when I stayed over the Villa of the "Eight Immortals". They are also representative of my desire to seek for leisure and a pure existence despite the noise, hustle and bustle of life in the city. These are renditions of some momentary moods. By them, I hope to be able to taste and present life in a much more preferential way.

In these years of late and especially during the time when I was studying at the 'Central Academy of Fine Arts', I have paid close attention to the surrounding environment and the people who live and breathe it. I have captured what seems to be 'the peaceful' while concurrently discovering the spiritual world behind this peace. I am almost nervously sensitive about the 'state of existence', concerning those things of special value; "the sense of touch", "the sense of sound", "the sense of taste" and "the sense of vision".

I have always been and remain consumed with the senses...

内心深处的欲望

6 时光在皇城的灰墙上游走，从大变小，从亮变暗，我常常沉浸在一种神圣的期待之中，奇迹还没有出现，关键是看我们谁有足够的耐心……这就是我的一切，这就是我迷恋的光线。有时我沉迷于感觉的本质之中，有时我又陷入艺术的浪漫里，我在自然中寻求同化，或者是在寻找能让我屏息的时刻。

2000年的冬天，阴霾的心情像皇城的天空，一片灰暗和无奈。我的家紧邻京承铁路和温榆河，下楼走几步就能看到田园风光。头顶是航空走廊，来往于北京国际机场的飞机每时每刻都在头顶轰鸣划过，开始降落。那段时间，我总是徘徊在河边和大铁桥旁。只要隐隐听到飞机的声音，我都会不由自主地抬头在天空中搜寻，盯着飞机直到它优美地调整好角度，越来越低地消失在不远处的树梢后。目送着飞机的消失，心中猜想飞机中可能发生的和正在发生的故事，想象着飞机落地后各色乘客以各种各样的方式和心情奔向繁华热闹的市场……

眨眼自己已到不惑之年，在这个城市生活也快十年了，但幼时的记忆和喜好却一直不能忘怀。我喜欢看铁轨交叉着伸向远方，更喜欢看火车缓慢移动的巨大身躯，听震撼心灵的笛鸣声。每次开车路过火车站，我都会想尽办法让车停下来或放慢车速观望一阵。我也热衷于飞机的起起降降，也许在我的内心深处，一直有一种“远行”和“飞翔”的欲望。

一缕阳光，落在道路上的百年老树高大的阴影，汽车压着百年石阶穿门而过……这些都会引起我浮想联翩的思绪和独特的想象，还有无法名说的来自心灵深处的悸动。画面中那些简单的要素，之所以存在，不是为了它们本身，而是为了它们所唤起的“独特的想象”。画面中富于意义的细节只是使人产生联想，其余的则由记忆来完成。

前几日夜，为了让台湾来的同胞一睹北京风采，同林松、闫博等哥们儿一行数人由什刹海到故宫再沿皇城根到天安门一路步行下来，走了大约十里地的样子。好在闫博知识渊博，语言风趣，整个一个免费导游，一路行来，也有些别样的趣味。我也乐意再一次走近抚摸过无数次的老风景。回忆上次来时，已是两年前的事情了，这两年由于杂事太多，心里火烧火燎，往日的情绪已难寻觅。乘夜色老景重游，心情自是愉快，但那愉快之情随着前进的步子也变得越来越沉重了，脚步累是因为已至不惑，心里累是因为沉重的心情和百思不得其解所至。

城墙、街道还在，但已不是从前模样，老树已不知去向，青砖铺就的小道及护城河低矮的堤墙，完全变成了

大理石，三角形的塔松因比例和色彩的不协调，使城墙已不像往日那样高大。百年老树同斑驳的城墙之间的和谐，被绿色的草坪和整齐的三角形绿树切割开来，破坏了整体的造型和色调……此时我无言以对，只剩下了沉默。送朋友回到家中已是凌晨时分，翻出两年前画的关于皇城根的画，久久不能入睡……

从前到城中逛书店或办事，总是要找些理由绕道到皇城根走一走，不是为了别的，只想看一看那墙、那树、那门和那灰灰的沉重的色彩。春天看枯树上冒出的嫩黄色的树芽，冬天看白雪下红色的、黄色的皇城大墙和墙根下顽强挺立的树干。现在这一切都已不复存在，现在我只能凭着昔日的积累去回忆它往日的雄姿，只能让这些“遗失的乐园”封存在我的绘画中了。

画要表现空缺（我一直这样认为），并指出这种空缺是如何通过想象而补足的，这些启发性的要素是我绘画的主要成分，也是我的视角，因为它们延伸了绘画可能的意义，同时也对画面的诠释进行了约束和指导。

那次夜游，使我想到了人与自然、文明与自然的关系，现在我内心没有了表达的欲望（指皇城的现状）。我更乐意把它带回到宁静的时间中去，让它在那里散发幽光，给人一些启发。

颠覆性的或者说不经意的记录也许是两种可探索的道路，另外一种就是心理上的探索，寻找对应物并寄情其上，诉说自己的感受，也许这就是我所追求的绘画。今日的绘画有两个标志，一个是新的自我意识，另一个是对传统的敏锐感受。我肯定属于后者，我知道自己的位置。

新世纪已经翻过去三页了，在现在这个时期，在艺术千变万化、五花八门的门派之中，自己要做到有所为，有所不为。只有做到了有所不为，才能真正做到自己内心乐意去做的有所为，才能为自己留下天空和自留地，并把它经营好、打理好。



Desire Deep in My Heart

“Time marches by on the grey walls of the Forbidden City. Shapes changing from big to small, from bright to gloomy. I remain in ‘holy’ expectation! The expected miracle has yet to arrive! The key is one must have sufficient patience to wait for the long awaited expectation to materialize...” That describes everything about me. This is the kind of light that I’m infatuated with. Sometimes I’m devoted to the essence of the senses. At other times I fall into the romance of art. I look for the assimilation in nature or to say, I seek those moments that make me hold my breath.

Winter of 2000! I found my heart as grey and heavy as the skies above the Forbidden City. I was living right next to the railway station at Jingcheng and Wenyu river. The rural scenery was just a few steps away. Above my head there was a flight path where aircraft went back and forth from the international airport of Beijing and passed above with a roar as they started their final approach to land.

During that period of time, I always wandered around the river side near a big iron bridge. Whenever I heard the roar of an airplane, I would involuntarily look up to the sky, to stare at the plane that was adjusting its angle so elegantly, then observed as it slowly disappeared behind the treetops in the ‘not so far’ distance. I always imagined the stories that were taking place or might be happening on those planes and how the diverse passengers would move on to the flourishing and lively city center after landing with different cultures, thoughts and all kinds of various moods...

Time just flies by. My life began at forty, the “age of living without doubts” and I’ve been living in this city for almost ten years. Even so, I can’t disregard or abandon my memories and fondest thoughts from my childhood.

I enjoy looking at the train tracks extending into infinity where they eventually join each other to become one. I even more enjoy watching the train moving its enormous body in an unhurried fashion and listening to its whistle which convulses my heart. Every time I drive by the train station, I always try to stop the car or just make it slow down so I can watch them for a while. I also love to see the leaving and landing of those airplanes. Maybe deep inside my heart, I nurture this desire of “traveling far away” and “flying”...

A strand of sunshine, the tall shadows of hundreds years old trees lying on the road... cars passing through gates, pressing on the old stone stairs... these are the kinds of images that can send my thoughts flying with distinct imagination with an unexplainable throb deep inside of my heart. The simple factors in paintings exist not for themselves but for the “distinct imaginations” they awake. The details that we give meaning to in the pictures only make us think. The rest will be full by memories.

At the night of a few days ago, showing some friends from Taiwan to go around Beijing, we, Lin Song, Yan Bo and other friends took a long walk of about five kilometers from Shichahai to the Forbidden City then from the imperial foundation to Tian’anmen.

The profound knowledge and humor of Yan Bo added fun to our journey. He was just like a free and perfect tour guide! I was so glad that I could go revisit the old scenes I had caressed with mind and painted many times already.

The last time I was there was two years ago and during that time, with so many distractions in life, my heart was not at peace. It was difficult to find the old, familiar moods. It was such a pleasure to revisit these familiar places at night but slowly



the pleasure became heavier and heavier... physically, because of age... spiritually, because of my heavy mood and the perplexity in my soul.

The walls and streets were still there, but they were not the same any more. We didn't know where the old trees gone that used to line the street with shade and comfort. The small path made of flashed bricks and the low embankment walls of the moat had all been changed into marble. The pine trees as pagoda shape made the Forbidden City walls look less glorious as the past. The harmony of shape and color between the hundred year old trees and the motley-colored city walls had been destroyed in half by the green lawn and triangle shaped trees. I was wordless! Only Silence. It was already in the early morning of the next day when I returned home, I dug out my paintings about the Forbidden City of several years ago and couldn't fall in sleep for long time...

In the old days, when I came downtown for business or to visit bookstores, I always gave myself some reasons to walk along imperial foundation. It was only for renewed glimpse of those walls, the appurtenant trees, the gates and the grey, heavy colors adorning the wall themselves. In early Spring I would go to see the bright yellow sprouts that came out of the dead trees, and in winter, to see the redish, yellow walls with snow and the tree trunks standing upright. Now all of these are not existing anymore. I can only recall their majestic appearance within my own memories that were consummated and locked in time, put all together to see sealed as "Lost Paradise" in my paintings.

Paintings should show the opening, I've always thought so, and indicate how this opening could be perfect by imagination. These elements of inspiration are the main constituent parts of my paintings and my angles of view because they extend the significance of the possibilities of a painting and give the restrain and indications to the annotation of the appearance.

That walking journey at night made me think of the relationship between human and nature and civilization and nature. Now I have no desire to express in my heart (the present state of the Forbidden City). I would rather take it back to that peaceful time. Let it spread out its peaceful yet mysterious light which would probably give people some inspiration.

If a subversive or casual record might be two paths of exploration then the other kind is the psychological quest to look for one's counterpoint and rest one's love on it then tell one's feelings. That's the kind of painting I am looking for and working on.

There are two symbols of painting art today. One is the new self-awareness and the other is the acute feeling about tradition. I'm sure I belong to the latter kind, I know where my position is.

There have been three pages turned over since the new century began. During the period of today, among all these ever-changing and various denominations or art, one has to know what he has to do and what he can't do. When he doesn't give in to what he should not do, he can finally follow what his heart asks him and directs him to do, claiming a piece of free sky and space to himself to take tender and wonderful care for it.

Ma Bing, 2002

Published in the 4th issue of "Galleries" of 2003

偏离的视角

心理·空间

我的画是用具象手法来表达自己的感受的。题材多源于周围环境。城市中的一些特殊景观总是不断触动我，我时刻从窗口、楼顶、车内、路上观察着……我也画女人体，坦率地表现性欲、愉悦感和诱惑力。

在作品中不求完美，只求情感真切，追寻个人感受的真实，表象背后的心理空间真实。我努力想做到让我心动的景物通过我的画让观者一样心动。

遗失·乐园

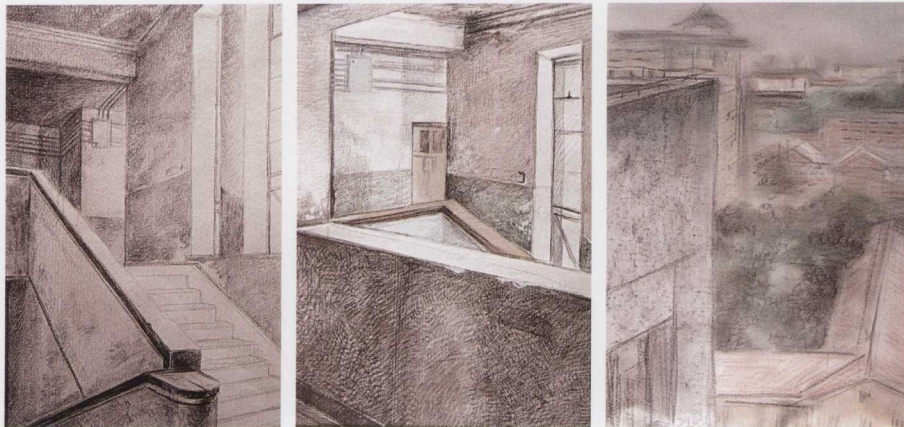
20世纪90年代初期到王府井中央美院求师、问学、访友，每到宿舍楼搭电梯上至十二层，都会站在西窗旁向远处眺望。那时王府井大街还没有今天这么多高楼，视线很好，心情往往随着眼前的景物而变得愉快。有一天西窗旁边添了一台旧琴，琴身上落满了灰尘，无言地看着我的到来。当时美院搬家已成定局，校园内时有弃物，一种说不清的灰色气氛弥漫校园。我被这气氛所感染，心中也像琴一样厚厚地落上了“灰色”的情绪。我把这“乐园”最后的形象定格在这幅画中，并给它起名叫“遗失的乐园”。

搬家·缘分

1994年到美院上助教研修班，在王府井老美院教室学习生活一年多，1995年美院搬家，我们又来到大山子继续学业，虽然对老美院时有留恋，但也很快适应了新校园。2000年考取美院油画高级研修班，时隔三四年又回到大山子校园学习，心中有种说不出的兴奋。随着校园在花家地的落成，我就又赶上了美院搬家，2001年我跟着美院来到新的校园，不同的是这次搬家对于我的影响可能是永久的……

美院三个校园我都生活、学习过。对美院我有一种特殊的恋情，教室、校园、教具和特有的美院气味，都给了我很大的影响，我念念不忘地把心中的记忆变成了眼前的这几幅画，只想和美院再叙叙缘分。

马冰 2002年 2003年画廊第1期



The Drifted View

MENTALITY·SPACE

I express my feelings by figurative painting. The subjects I choose are mostly from my real life. Some special scenes of the city touch me constantly. I continually observe from a window, the top of a building, out of a car or walking down a road... I also paint nude women and portray sexual desire, pleasure and allure honestly.

I don't look for perfection, only the true emotion. The verity of personal feelings and the truth of the soul behind the appearance. I try to let my audience be touched by my paintings with the sceneries touched me.

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LOST· PARADISE

In the early 1990's, I went to study at the Central Academy of Fine Arts which was located at Wang Fujing at that time. Every time I stepped off the dormitory's elevator at the 12th floor, I would stand by the west window and look out in the distance. At that time, there were not so many high buildings on the streets of Wang Fujing. There was a great view up there and normally I would feel better with this pleasant change of view in my eyes.

One day someone placed an old piano beside that window. With dust all over it, it quietly watched me. It was sure it would be moved to another location since there were abandoned objects here and there throughout the campus. An unexplainable grey atmosphere pervaded the whole place. I was influenced by this atmosphere so my heart was covered by this grey mood just like the piano with the grey dust. I captured this last image of the paradise in my painting and named it "Lost Paradise".

MOVING· DESTINY

I studied in the class of advanced training of assistant professor at CAFA in 1994 and studied in the old classrooms of CAFA for more than a year. In 1995 it moved so we went to Dashanzi to continue our studies. Reluctant to depart, we still became accustomed to the new campus very quickly. In 2000, I passed the exam to go study at the higher level class of Oil Painting so I was back to the campus in Dashanzi after three or four years. I was really excited about that. As the new campus was completed in Huajiadi, I was there again for the moving of CAFA. Then in 2001, I went to the new campus of CAFA. The only difference was that this time the influence this moving put on me, was permanent...

I studied and lived in all the three locations of CAFA so I have a special love for it. The classrooms, the campus, the teaching aids and it's special scent influenced me greatly. I stored all these memories in my heart that will forever remain in my heart with these paintings. I only hope to recount the destiny with CAFA.

Ma Bing 2002

Published in the 1st issue of "Galleries" of 2003

技术主义时期的艺术话语

12 画家的任务是力求从作品后面消失，他不能当公众人物。然而，在我们这个大众传播较为发达的时代，技术喧宾夺主的艺术时期，情况往往相反：作品消失在画家的形象背后了。

如果一个画家，想成为公众人物，受害的终归是他的作品。这些作品，人们充其量只能当是他的行动、宣言、政见的附庸。

艺术评论在这样一个时期显得举足轻重，从画家与艺评家的关系中我们可以看到，评论不再是可有可无的东西，然而，一个画家与艺评家关系太密切了，这个画家的成就则会让人怀疑，而且，评论与创作的媾合，总是一件婚外情，是很危险的事情，因为，它使创作处于被动位置，创作很轻易就浮到表面上来。正确的关系应该是，画家画画，评论家写艺评，评论家看画家的作品，画家看评论家的文章，如此而已，并不存在多大干系，更不存在受制关系，甚至也可以互相不看，艺评照样可以写下去，画也一样能画出来。

当今这个时代的画家绝对是聪明透顶的，画家自从成了一种职业后，策略变得重要了，现在画家再也不是那种纯粹意义上只画画的人，而往往是少有作品却声名远扬的名人。

画家这个神圣的字眼正被越来越多的艺术掮客玷污、贩卖，即使是善良的画家，也同样忙于策略，希望通过策略赢得名气。无疑，这个时代的艺术机制已经出现了可怕的扭曲与变形，在善良画家的记事本上，也不外乎记着诸如艺术圈、关系网、请客吃饭、互相吹捧等等含糊而明白的字眼。

技术主义的操作伴随而来的是浮躁与喧嚣，作为没有信仰的当代人来说，艺术在更大意义上是一种策略，它帮助还有一点所谓艺术细胞的人装点官阶的排场。

一件绘画作品中，技术本身并不构成深度，油画作品通过技术产生，但深度则是通过技术背后的意义产生的。没有意义的技术制作，产生的是游戏或混乱，而缺乏技术的表达能力，必定会影响内容的体现。

在这个信仰危机的年代里，人们试图通过对技术与形式的没有限期的实验与翻新来弥补心灵空虚；无止境的模仿，技术的玩味制作，技术与形式的艰难苍白探寻，带给我们的是艺术变得越来越中庸化、媚俗化、商品化。

风格，只能是自己觉得正常又自然，不故意又不可避免，但别人看来却异常有生命力的东西。

单纯以一种技术的实验来突破艺术精神方面的困境，这是不实际的幻想，虽然技术曾经给 20 世纪 80 年代末 90 年代初的美术界带来不可估量的新鲜血液，但更切合实际的事实是，技术背后的艺术精神是首要的。

尹吉男先生写过一篇文章，有部分内容是这样的：

“当艺术语言被‘纯化’到只剩下技术的时候，相对社会身份来说，艺术家的独立地位是无法取代的啦。”“现在是技术喧宾夺主的艺术时期，在竞技中日益精湛的手艺有效地支撑着艺术家的社会身份，手艺的高超自然是得益于学院训练和社会磨练，从欧洲古典油画到当今国际风行的装置艺术，范本无穷，虚心使人进步，可写实，可表现，可抽象，可装置，可行为，可方案，只要欧美涌来新潮，都能及时作出响应。”“客观地说，以手艺立身行世的艺术家的能够更有效地将风行的公共观念（不论东方的还是西方的）加以视觉化、物质化，创造出一种‘与我无关’的精神制品。”信仰的失落使人们失去了与平庸的现实生活相抗衡的能力，导致画家没有勇气面对现实、描写现实，现实成了真空，技术成了实在可行的操作，现实一蹶不振，技术主义明星辈出，技法、技巧浮在表面一发不可收拾。

一件好的绘画作品，其意义绝对不只在技艺的创新与突破，而更重要的是它本身显出来的心灵力量，这是一个很一般的道理，内容大于形式，而形式是为内容服务的。然而，目前许多作品却以技法、材料制作为主，它让内容为形式服务了，找一些容易出效果的东西来画，来制作，来为技巧服务。

美国画家霍珀用自己的一生，画出了他的那个时代，他对自己的所作无所求。实际上，作为一个画家对当代性的关注，这本身就是一种勇气，这种勇气与生存息息相关，它需要你安于贫困和孤独。

不正视自己的生命状态，不表达自己的真实理解，那么一切拼贴、挪用都将使自己不伦不类。

我们期待伟大的艺术作品产生，但却没有想到，实际上我们更需要期待能够关注人类灵魂、社会状况而努力创作的艺术家。

对物质的追求，对眼前的小利益的获取，对人与人之间的不信任、恐惧，是当下人类最为真实的生存图景。

卡拉OK的目的在于愉悦，是对某些感官的满足，以对感官的满足为目的的油画作品，同艺术的本质有天地之别，一是为了享受，一是为了使心灵得到滋养。卡拉OK模仿及装腔作势，自然是短命的，因为它不对心灵负责。作为一种艺术形式的油画，它必然以对生命与心灵的关怀来取得长久魅力，形式与技巧容易过去，只有心灵才让我们刻骨铭心。

在开放的当代，一些画家更愿意做的仍然是怀旧般的冥想，大部分有缘油画仍然局限在古代仕女、美人图及服饰的小圈子里，更多的还有以地域风情取胜，少有大的抱负，自然谈不上为人类而艺术了。这样的油画作品，制作完后，很像一件精致的工艺品，它往往精致有余，玲珑小巧有余，底气不足，豪气不够。

世纪末本来是一个机会，它提供了足够宽松的学术气氛，然而一些没有修养的所谓艺术家，却把它搞得乌烟瘴气。

绘画是为了满足人们的心灵需要的，它或者给我们愉悦，或者给我们痛苦，总之，都与我们的心灵有关。绘画作品不是为眼睛服务的，至少不是简单地对眼睛负责的。

比如，这一部分画得很“好看”，并不在说明一种感官的满足，而是暗引心灵的某种程度的满足与需要。这几年，尤其是一些学院看重对技术的研究、对材料技法的研究。看画的着眼点，不看内容，看制作，是目前流行的通病。把艺术直接降低到一种“技术”、“技巧”和“熟练工”的位置，出现了一些“赝品”。而艺术一旦是可以复制的“赝品”，它恐怕也失去了它本来的意义。我非常喜欢美国画家霍珀的对心灵与技巧的巧妙结合处理，及他对