

# 傅 涛

绘画作品集

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张涛（左）和恩师冯其庸先生（2003）



## 张涛简介



安徽人，自幼学习中国画，先后师从安徽名家王少石、杨天序先生。

1990 年，毕业于安徽省淮北煤炭师范学院艺术系。

1990 年，安徽省合肥“安徽画廊”首次举办“张涛画展”。

1992 年，就学于北京画院，师从王培东先生。

1993 年，中国美术馆、北京画院主办“张涛画展”。

1993 年，就学于中国艺术研究院研究生部，广泛学习美术学、艺术史理论，学习绘画专业兼顾理论。

1997 年，开始研习古琴艺术，师从虞山吴派，兼修了《阳关三叠》《泣颜回》《酒狂》《良宵引》《神人畅》《平沙落雁》等著名古典琴曲。

1998 年，叩拜国学大家冯其庸先生为师，成为其正式入室弟子。在冯先生的引导下精艺修德，学研中国古典文学、历史与艺术，旁涉西域文化。

2000 年，开始研究西域游牧民族文化与艺术，多次游历天山南北，走进草原深处。广泛考察西域游牧民族迁徙历史、原始宗教、民间禁忌、民俗文化、民间艺术，包括广袤天山以北的地区的草原石人、鹿石和岩画等。[2002 年成为哈萨克乃蛮部落的 kyuebala（小女儿女婿）。]

2010 年，参加石齐研究会主办的“第二期新中国画研究班”的学习。

2010 年始，先后陪同集美大学美术学院程原教授、英国威尔士大学艺术哲学副博士姚俊先生、北京师范大学博士生索菲娅女士，在新疆巴里坤地区、昌吉地区、伊犁地区、塔城地区和阿勒泰地区进行长期的游牧文化田野考查，遍访民间“阿依特斯阿肯”“阿吾勒巴克斯”。

## Introduction to Zhang Tao

He was born in Anhui, and has been learning the Chinese painting since the childhood following the two famous artists Wang Shaoshi and Yang Tianxu in Anhui respectively.

In 1990, he graduated from Art Department of Huaibei Coal Industry Teachers College in Anhui Province.

In 1990, for the first time he held the Painting Exhibition of Zhang Tao in "Anhui Corridor" of Hefei , Anhui Province.

In 1992, he studied in Beijing Fine Art Academy and learnt from Mr. Wang Peidong.

In 1993, the Painting Exhibition of Zhang Tao was held by Beijing Fine Art Academy and the National Art Museum of China.

In 1993, he learnt in Postgraduate Department of Chinese National Academy of Arts, widely learn about the history and theory of Chinese and foreign fine arts which is a process of learning theories and painting practice.

In 1997, he began to learn the plucked instrument Guqin(Chinese zither) following Yushan Wu School, he has studied the famous classic songs including *Yangguan Farewell( or The Song of Yangguan)*, *ACry Over Yanhui*, *Wine Fanatic*, *Beautiful Night Tune*, *A Conversation Between God and Man*, *Wild Geese Alighting on Sand* etc.

In 1998, he kowtowed the famous master of traditional Chinese culture Feng Qiyong as the teacher and formally became his disciple. Under the guidance of Mr. Feng, he perfected his techniques and cultivated virtues, widely studied the knowledge of classical Chinese literature, history and art, and he also involved in the cultures of Xingjiang province and middle Asia areas well.

In 2010, he participated in learning of "the 2nd research class of new Chinese painting" sponsored by Shiqi Research Institute.

From 2000 to nowadays, he has been involved in researches of the western nomad national cultures and arts, marching the south and north of Tianshan Mountain for multiple times and travelling to the plateau. During this period, he widely explored the migration history of the western nomad, primitive religion, folk taboo, folk culture and folk art, such as the grassland stone human statues, deer stones and rock art and so on. In 2002, he became the kyuebaba of Naiman Tribe in KZ.

Since 2010, he has been accompanying Professor Cheng Yuan from Art College of Jimei University; Mr. Yao Jun, Mphil from British Wales University; Lady Sophie, PhD Candidate in Beijing Normal University for a long-term grassland investigation of nomad cultures in Barkol, Changji, Ili, Tacheng and Altay regions, also searching and visiting the folk "Arentes Arken" and "Ahhlebacus".



## 艺术人生——自序·道白

不惑之年，脾气和性格并未使我意识到生命的短暂与无常。一直以来，还是兀自得意于“愤青”这个洋溢着生命活力的称谓，富有生命的激情，活得慷慨激昂！

忽一日，得知一位同学老大姐查出了癌症晚期，最初的反应是非常惊愕，感到死亡还很陌生、遥远，与己无关。后来与这位老大姐之间短信互动，渐渐地，她让我变得心情复杂和沉重：其文字间的语气语调、对人世间的感慨和对生活的眷恋，都让我倍受刺激。为了调和她的心境，我劝道：“我们都是艺术家，我们看待、理解生活的方式就是绘画，它会调节心情、安抚灵魂的，拿起画笔吧，将您对生命的理解与感慨表现出来吧。”

半年之后，老大姐以欣慰和喜悦的语气告诉我：病痛的折磨大多在绘画的过程中逐渐消失，进入创作状态后，一切都忘记了，告别了紧张、奔波、疲于挣扎的世界，回到了自己久违的精神领域，感到平静和幸福……

再以后，大姐的女儿发来短信：妈妈刚刚去世，她很勇敢，走得很平静……鼻子一酸，我的眼睛立刻模糊了。

后来悼念老大姐，拜读了她的遗作，其生命最后的情感发挥得淋漓尽致：巍峨苍茫的远山下，一片祥和、宁静；刚直挺拔的青松历经风雨、孤傲凌立；枯黄而又富于希望的色彩正期冀美好的生活；几间前后交错的山居民房喻示着心中的世外桃源……在气氛凝重的空间里，内心的悲痛和感慨夹杂着无法控制的心颤，感受着这幅作品对我的静默冲击，也不知道是在怎样的空间里，相互交流细细叙述着……模糊的视线里，老大姐微笑着，渐渐地淡化、逝向远方。

什么是生命？什么又是艺术？

“离离原上草，一岁一枯荣……”

记得学画初期，在启蒙先生的教育下，练书法，习篆刻，临画谱，遵师道，依古训，“清心地以消俗虑，善读书以明理境，却早誉以及远道，亲风雅以正体裁”。习宋人画风，研历代名画，绘画追求笔墨苍劲、风格老辣，一副少年老成的样子！总听说：运墨可分五彩、五色扰心乱目。青春时期的我，努力地控制着内心的躁动和激情，一切模仿着前辈们的作品，对画面和表现技巧不断地临摹，反复锤炼，日复一日一遍又一遍地重复着……

偶一日，我问道，古人追求的内敛、含蓄、中庸的水墨文人画，为什么只有墨色黑白？色彩呢？为什么不能用鲜艳的色彩去自由而随性地表现五彩的世界呢？为什么不能用激情和热血去表现生



## Art and Life - Preface and Confession

At the age of 40, my temper and personality still hindered me from being aware of the ephemeral and impermanent nature of life. For a long time, I was proud to call myself a "cynic adolescent"... an epithet plunged in vehemence and rousing passions.

One day, I found out that a former classmate had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. At first, I was just stunned. Death had always been a somewhat strange, far away concept. Something far away from me. Then, I started talking with her and as a result, I felt even heavier and more confused. The deep emotions and attachment for life beneath her every word seemed to pierce directly into my soul, so in an attempt to ease her mind I told her: "Look, we are artists. The way we regard and understand life is painting. This is the very thing that we know can tune our souls and pacify our minds. So, get those deep emotions and attachments together, pick up your brush and express them with it.

Half a year later, she told me in a way somewhere between relief and joy: "Painting has gradually wiped out the unbearable pain that I felt before...as I enter the realm of creation, everything is forgotten. It feels as if I have teared down the shackles of anxiety and returned to a long-forgotten spiritual ease: to a land full of peace and happiness.

Short after that, I received a message from her daughter: "Mom has just passed away. She was brave. She died in peace" ... A lump came into my throat as my eyes were blurred by tears.

As I mourned for my departed classmate, I decided to read the last artwork she created before passing away -- the depiction of her last emotions was touchingly vivid: the far-away and boundless mountain is somehow peaceful, somehow quiet; upright pines with scars of wind and rain proudly hold their ground; colors, withered but full of hope, seek the beauty of life, as the unevenly scattered abodes depict that very land of bliss amidst our hearts... In such a solemn atmosphere, joy and sorrow mingle and let the heart flutter on its own. I could feel the silent impact of this artwork in an inexpressible space in which dialogue and fine description took place... Upon my dim sight, my departed classmate grins as she gradually fades into the far-away horizon.

What is life? What is art?

"Boundless grass grows on this land, rises and withers as times goes by".

During the early stages of learning to paint, one must practice calligraphy, seal carving and the art of imitating classical paintings. Acting upon my first teacher's guidance I had to "empty my mind from mundanity, read to discern black from white, refuse the honor to go further and be upright and graceful every second of life". I learnt the style of the Song Dynasty painters, researched and admired famous artworks throughout time. I've pursued painting in bold, vigorous strokes and also in sophisticated style, I've been young but experienced! I've always heard that the use of ink can be divided into five levels, but also that the five colors will trouble the senses and bother the mind. During my adolescence, trying to control my restlessness and agitation, I imitated the works of the ancient ones. From the surface to the actual expression I restlessly kept approaching them. Day after day, night after night...

One day, I dared asking my teacher: how come the art of those ancient sages who seek self-restrain and practice the mean is always black and white? Where are the colors? Why can't we freely express our perception of the world through bright and vivid colors?



活呢？众人愕然：你！你年少无知，轻狂肤浅，不学无术，没有文化，不知道害怕！……吓得我立刻闭嘴，将这疑惑咽了回去，夹起尾巴，老老实实，默默沉浸在传统笔墨的黑白世界里。

鼓楼向南，穿过烟袋斜街，过了银锭桥，绕过后海南岸就到了恭王府——20年前，这正是中国艺术研究院所在地。记忆中，求学生涯的天空，始终是灰蒙蒙的。印象中一些镜头永远挥之不去：阴冷的冬日，不见一丝的阳光，阴霾的天空中时常会“呜呜”地飞过一阵鸽哨，我将头埋在衣领内，踏着枯黄的落叶和残雪，独自一人走在那很深的胡同里；有时我会跨个双肩包，蹬个半旧的自行车，在深巷中漫无目标地游荡；也常常会驻足仰天，张望一会儿被风旋卷起、渐渐飘向远方天空的塑料袋；身外的清冷，腹中的饥饿，内心的孤独和无助感常常搅在一起，总是感觉日子很是漫长；偶尔也会有一些同学画友相互鼓励，唯一的欣慰就是学业上的点滴进步。总之，稚气未脱的青年后生北上求学，坚持着这种苦中有乐的求道生活，一方面追寻着心中的艺术和人生的疑问，一方面时刻在想：孤独奋斗就有前方，有前方就有希望。

然而，由绘画兼顾美术学理论的学习和研究，远没有想象的简单。思维方式的转变，观念的更新非常痛苦——大量的功课需要恶补，许多书籍需要反复研读。大学期间没有搭建好知识框架，现在才深刻体会到自己的苍白和欠缺，以至于时常怀疑自己是否还具备继续学研的能力了？无边学海、无际天问令我近乎望而怯步，求学、问道、学问的过程简直就是对精神和意志的煎熬，简单的世界变得太复杂了，要想做个艺术上的明白人可是真的不容易！

偶然翻出早年我在中国美术馆举办画展的宣传册，求学时的年轻形象映到眼前：清涩文雅、忧伤感怀却双目炯炯。我疑惑地凝视着照片，恍若隔世：这是我吗？我有过如此年轻吗？我现在怎么了？艺术还是我的专业吗？

残雪冬末，丁酉再降，恩师冯其庸先生驾鹤西去。连日里，每每想念先生，他老人家多年来的谆谆教诲便历历在目……先生严谨治学、淡泊名利、勤奋一生的执着，实如一面光亮的明镜正端照着我、呼唤着我——学生愚钝，艺无精进，浮沉营生，真是有愧于恩师对我的期望。

长夜焦虑、辗转反侧，身上劳损的肌肉隐痛，不绝如缕，也仿佛在提醒着我什么。随着年龄的增长令我日益感到肌体开始僵硬，身体逐渐下沉，原来灵敏的触觉、清晰的记忆和柔韧的躯体，开始变得迟钝、模糊、僵硬，渐渐散发出一些“朽气”，一如盛世下庸享俗乐的靡风和雾霾，让许多本然有意义的精神轮廓，变得模糊、萎靡乃至遮蔽。对于不太觉得“人生的路越走越窄”的“人到中年”的我来说，难免会问：人生就该如此吗？这是人生吗？人生的意义到底是什么？我虽然不能断定自己是否过早步入了一种男性“更年期”，但“过得毫无意义”这句常常脱口而出的话，



Why can't we express our most passionate feelings and unleash the warm blood that runs in our veins to create art?" Everyone remained petrified. "You punk! You young, ignorant, frivolous, superficial punk! you are not well-read nor gifted! witlessness certainly lacks the quality of fear!" Terrified, I just shut up, swallowed my doubt and with my tail between my legs silently plunged into the traditional well known black and white.

If you go south from the Drum Tower, after crossing the Skewed Tobacco Pouch Street, passing the Silver Ingot Bridge and going around the south bank of Houhai, you will arrive to the Prince Gong Mansion. Twenty years ago, the Chinese National Academy of Arts was located at this very spot. In my memories, all along my student life, the sky was always sort of grey. There are some scenes deeply carved in me, which will never fade away. For example: during the gloomy, cold winter days where not even a thread of light came across the blurry sky, only the cooing gentle whistling of a pigeon would come across amidst the haze. I used to put my head inside my coat's collar neck as I stepped on the withered yellow leaves and dirty snow. Sometimes I'd put on a backpack and rode a second-hand bicycle with the aim of pointlessly wandering around hidden alleys. Other times, I would stop, look up and contemplate the plastic bags whirling on the wind and drifting far away up to the distant sky. Lacking the warmth of friends and family and with an equally cold and empty stomach, a feeling of solitude and helplessness always made me feel the days were too long. I was now and then consoled and encouraged by several schoolmates for this feeling, and my only solace was the slight progresses I was making in my art studies. Anyway, as a young man who couldn't totally get rid of his childhood innocence, I kept moving forward trying to seek joy amidst sorrow. On the one hand, I was seeking for art and the meaning of life, while on the other I kept saying to myself: in a lonely struggle, there is a light at the end of the tunnel, and as long as there is one, then there is hope.

However, studying and researching both on painting and on the theory of art may not be as easy as you think. Changing one's way of thinking and allowing one's ideas to be renewed is extremely challenging. Homework had to be redone, and I had to read numerous books and essays over and over again. Failing to build a proper knowledge frame during my college made me realize the ignorance of mine and even made me wonder whether I had or not the abilities to keep on walking along the road of art. The boundlessness of knowledge and the infinite questions one can ask and never answer have almost discouraged me to keep learning. The process of doubting, asking questions and seeking answers is a torture for one's soul and a challenge for one's will. The simplest thing becomes the most complicated issue. To develop art sensitivity is a very, very difficult endeavor.

I stumbled upon a brochure of one exhibition I did in the National Art Museum of China a long time ago. I looked at my photograph: a childish, graceful, confused and worried young man appeared before me, penetrating my heart with two bright eyes. I stared at this young man suspiciously, as if he came from another planet...or from another life. Is this really me? Was that really a part of my life? And now? Is art still my vocation?

Feng Qiyong, my venerable teacher, passed away at the end of a winter in which the snow refused to melt during the year Ding You. After he did, I thought about him every single day. The never-ending patience of this old wise man came clear and bright to me. He was a diligent, responsible person, indifferent to wealth and fame: he was a perfect mirror able to reflect everything that I was not: the stupid and ungifted student who was never able to

却是我对自己生活无奈的愤慨和抗拒：我与俗为伍、周旋社会、夹缝谋生，在茫然无序、焦躁挣扎的同时，又魂牵梦绕、鬼使神差般地时常躲进书房画斋，寻求寄托，安抚心神。

不觉日复一日、年复一年，前后纠结十余年，算是有了一点自己的人生艺术哲学。我觉得，现实以对精神的否定来肯定对精神贵族的普世需要。无论你是谁，又如何营生，在道德败坏、物欲横流的历史背景下，抗拒心灵异化，就是抗拒衰老，就是伟大的艺术本性和精神。这种精神不仅不是什么职业的专属，反而是所有曾“恰同学少年、挥斥方遒”真性的留驻。换言之，一切有理想、有底线的正常人，都有这种超越年龄、超越职业、超越死亡的精神担当。生命如白驹过隙，时不我待，面对雾霾挟裹与庸常蚕食，为人须自强，君子当抗争！一切只有真诚，必须真诚。真诚寄托艺术就是生命真诚的寄托，真诚探寻生命就是艺术真诚的探寻——这是抗拒沉沦、苟且、麻木的自我救赎。我常想，在对抗生命堕落、腐朽的同时，是否可以打破传统禁忌与思想专制，创造并体验新的人天境界和欢乐颂歌呢？

一切用艺术来说话吧！

仅就艺术的形态学而言，它也是人的表现，是人的全部教养及其各种社会关系在其总和性上的精神产物。它不仅强调技巧，更强调是否获具意义、变成意义，从而成为艺术精神内容本身的那种技巧。于我而言，我所热爱的传统文人画，也要接受这个法则的检视和审判，哪怕它在构图落幅上，在形势确定、色彩运用、笔墨表达、整体画面的气韵是否生动以至在创作风格如何确立等等方面，有着这样那样非常专业、令人陶醉的玄妙魅力。当然，没有几十年的修为和历练，诚难驾驭。然而，具有现实意义和时代精神的创造，却终究不是“喜写兰花怒写竹”这么简单的事情。因为，无论在其上下和内外，始终还有一个精神的慧眼、一只价值判断的无形之手在发挥作用，从而使得作品绝非限于意形兼备，甚至可以“得意”而忘形。在此意义上，语言、形式、技法等工具，借景写情、托物言志等手段，实在就是思想、心智的本身，是艺术精神的不断创造物，而非生命的镣铐和枷锁。

艺术是独特个性的自主创造。然而，中国传统文人画之笔墨是非常严谨、高度程式化的，一些稍稍自我意念的表现，都会脱离传统范畴的条框束缚。对文人画而言，传统形式的束缚，令功利化、碎片化的现代生活和个体，对人生的认知、感受和理解已经很难融入其中，哪里还能够谈得上对时代精神的整体感知和独立意志的表达？语式僵硬、题材陈旧、手法单一，如果再学识浅薄、眼界狭隘、意识僵化，靠拾古人之牙慧何来自主意志和真情实感？这显然违背了艺术的本质！

我知道，传统笔墨的反复锤炼是认识和掌握传统绘画的必要手段，笔墨语言本身也可以达到



fulfil his teacher's expectations.

I started to feel anxious at nights and to toss about in bed. I used to feel my muscles strained: a very subtle pain constantly reminding me of the years past. As I grow older, I can feel my body stiffening, slowly sinking. The sense of touch becomes less acute, clear memories become blurry, covered in haze. The body decays as if you could smell something is "rottening". Then for someone like me, who doesn't believe that human life just gets narrower every second, it's impossible not to ask myself: Is this the show we should live? Is this life? What's the meaning of life?" Although it is true that I've entered into a sort of early "male menopause", when I catch myself saying that "life has been meaningless", I think that is a terrible unfair assessment to myself and to my own life. As I was associated with vulgarity, dealing with society and trying to make a living, I turned back to painting and hid myself for days in my studio trying again to find solace and to pacify my mind.

Each single day of the past ten years I've tried to approach art and life from a philosophical perspective. I believe that reality affirms the common needs and possibilities of an intellectual aristocrat by denying his spirit. Whoever you are and however you earn a living, to resist the alienation of our hearts in an immoral and materialistic present means to resist decaying, which is the essence, the very spirit of art. This spirit does not belong to anything or anyone, on the opposite, it is nothing but "a dream of youth". In other words, every ordinary person who has ideals lives with a spirit: capable of going beyond age, profession and death. Time flies like an arrow, and it waits for no one. The gentleman must stand up to face haze and mediocrity! At the end, it is all about sincerity. Sincerity is the only possible way. To be sincere with art means to be sincere with life, and to seek sincerity in life means to seek sincerity in art...it means refusing to slowly sink, resign, and numb so called redemption of the self. I've always wondered if fighting against degeneration and decay could it lead us to get rid of our despotic ideologies and old-fashioned taboos, so as to create –and enjoy –a natural communion of man and nature brushed by the sounds of a joyful song?

Let's speak up with art!

In terms of art morphology, it is the representation of human and the spirit outcome from the total upbringing and various social relationships on basis of its aggregation. In addition to the technique, the skill becoming the art spirit itself by receiving and turning into the meaning have been emphasized. As for me, ancient Chinese literati paintings, ones of my favorites, shall accept the viewing and judgement of such rule, even if they are intoxicatingly charming with high profession in the composition, in determining of the situation, in the use of colors, in the expression of the use of brushes, in the vivid artistic conception of the whole picture and in the establishment of painting style. Beyond doubt, it is hard to control without cultivation and experience for decades. However, the creations with realistic significance and spirit of the time are not so simple as "painting an orchid with pleasure while painting a bamboo with anger". Because there are the insight of the spirit and an intangible hand of value judgment playing a role, whether up and down or inside and outside, in order to release the works from limitations of consideration to the meaning with the shape, even expressing the meaning beyond the shape. In such sense, tools including languages, forms and techniques as well as approaches such as expressing emotions through describing the scenery and holding things to convey the will, which are actually the minds and thoughts as well as constant creatures under the immortal art spirit

精彩绝妙境界。但是，掌握传统绘画与继承伟大传统之间未必存在着一种必然关系。“传统”也有“道器”之别。形而上之为道，形而下之为器。我不知道在多族一体、吸纳包容、涵化发展的中华文化精神中，我们在继承发扬上究竟是重“道”还是重“器”。但千年传承、万世一系，身边我所看到的却多是教条、僵硬、程式化的东西。许多非常精彩的笔墨，由于缺乏“吸纳包容、涵化发展”伟大的超越精神引导，最终也不过落得一介“传移模写”罢了，从形式到内容无不给人以嚼蜡感。不妨这样说，在艺术创作的思想感情上，如果情感追随笔墨程式，思想委顿于惯性思维，那么，这样的作品岂不是灵魂的欺骗吗？

艺术讲究的就是艺术家全面的文化修养和人生的超越性修为。

艺术是个人的精神主义和象征。艺术家一旦缺少情感乃至激情的穿透力，就会成为乏有洞见和创见的庸才，其作品也就弄成了杂烩汤。

在我看来，曾谱《幽兰》明志的圣贤孔子和其所喜爱的古琴之艺也是如此：虽其冠有“九德”之限，也从不排除《广陵散》这样抗争反叛的千古绝响。亦复如是，绘画之道中的中国水墨艺术的情感表达，不仅可以有懦弱的向善，压抑的美好，同样也要有发愤的激越，痛定思痛的深刻，乃至壮烈的升华。我热爱艺术上有血有肉的铮铮铁骨，我渴望绘画中可歌可泣的壮烈。这是小艺术、大艺术在人生统一性上的一种气概，这是“秋风骏马塞北”的壮美！如此传统，如此境界，不仅仅是精神的继承、文化的进步，更是人格上的豪迈与升华。

艺术是心灵超越性的修行。追寻艺术，是立人、立信、立志中的精己之艺、修己之德的灵魂净化与思想升华的过程。在这个德艺涵化的过程中，艺术家的人格应将不断自我完善，达成独立思考 and 独特个性。真正的艺术，形式的创造，语言的出新，实在是其内在的情怀、道义的担当和世界观的突破历练而出的！其呕心沥血、一生奉献、忘死济世与追求精神永恒，真是难能可贵、常人少及。扪心自问，艺术家自身的文化情结，其为天地立心、为生民立命、为往圣继绝学、为万世开太平的心怀真的具备吗？历史告诉我们，悲悯和责任与良知和道义相伴，具有情怀和担当才能抵御苟且和沉沦，而崇高的献身经常出于对自身被侏儒化的恐惧。艺术人生，无非是一种不甘于人的属性的矮化，从而不断从物格到人格、从小我到大我的提升和拯救。质言之，在立人为旨、生民为本的历史观、世界观乃至宇宙观下，追求真艺术，与做一个真正觉悟的人，是互为表里的——其知行统一的处世方式，表里如一的生活态度——即便像是“天上的”一颗流星，其崇高感和启示性，价值意义也远远大于对“脚下的”名垂青史的共同体想象。

身边，孩子们在追逐、打闹、嬉戏。清晨的空气中夹杂着一点昨日研墨的余香，我感到了内



rather than the shackles and chains of life.

Art is the autonomously independent creation of uniqueness. In spite of that, the using ink and brush of ancient Chinese literati paintings is precise and highly stylized as even a bit doing of self-expression may break the forbidden ground of traditional rules. To the literati paintings, restrictions from traditional forms, combined with the modern life and individuals, featured with utilitarianism and fragmentation, make it difficult for perception, feeling and understanding to well integrate with life. So, in that sense, how can we talk about the overall perception to the spirit of the time and the expression of the independent will? Considering stiff mode, obsolete themes, monotonous expressing way(s), with the addition of little learning, narrow perspective and rigid consciousness, how shall we build independent will and real feelings by following suit of the ancients? This obviously kills the faith of art!

I know that the repeated training of traditional ink-brush strokes is a necessary way to recognize and master the traditional painting while the ink language itself may reach a splendid and wonderful realm. Nevertheless, no data can prove an inevitable connection between mastering traditional paintings and inheriting the great tradition. For "tradition", it can also be divided into "Way" or "tool". Metaphysics can be referred as Way, while physics can only be referred to as "tool". I'm not sure whether we shall pay more attention to "Way" or "tool" in inheriting and carrying forward Chinese cultural spirit of the unity of multiple nations, the absorption and tolerance and acculturation development. Whereas, after thousands of years of inheritance, there are only more stereotyped doctrine and stylized things left. Many ink paintings of brilliant brush strokes, in the absence of the guidance of the great transcendent spirit, namely "absorption, tolerance and acculturation development", were finally no more than "replication by transferring" namely, copying the best works of the ancients, with insipid or monotonous feelings from the form to the content. In other words, as to the thoughts and feelings of art creation, if the emotions only follow the stylized strokes of ink-brush while the idea gets used to conventional thinking, the work is just like the deception of soul.

The art is significantly related to the artist's cultural accomplishment in full dimensions and the cultivation of transcendence in the life.

Art is the symbol of individual spiritualism, the artist's penetration force lacking emotions and passion will become the mediocrity without insight and creative ideas, then the art work will become some sort of mixed stew.

In my opinion, the sage Confucius once created Quiet Orchid to express the ambition, and the Guqin techniques which he likes are also the case: Despite the limit of "nine morals", the, inimitable art rebellious and struggling, like A Music from Guangling is not excluded. Similarly, there is method in art painting, the emotional expression in Chinese ink painting has not only the weak goodness, restrained beauty, but also has the irrigated passion, reflecting profoundness and strong sublimation. I love the vivid integrity of art and I desire the heroicness in painting. This is a kind of mettle of small and big art in life unity, as well as the magnificence of "autumn wind, smart horse and beyond north of the Great Wall". Such traditions and realms are not only the spiritual inheritance and cultural progress, but also the boldness and the sublimation in personality.

Art is the transcendental cultivation for both the heart and the mind. To pursue art is the journey of purifying the mind from the sublimation of thought, or in other words, the art of

心的祥和与平静。生命在延续，美好的生活才刚刚开始。阳光洒向铺满笔墨纸砚的画案，五颜六色的书籍画册闪烁着金色的光芒……一种幸福感油然而生：生命如此美好，艺术如此圣洁！我面带微笑走到窗前，迎着七彩斑斓的朝阳，向远外眺望——艺术也许真的可以慰藉灵魂、启发自由，从而使人视死如生吧……

路漫漫其修远兮，吾将上下而求索。

谦之张涛写于丁酉初春  
于北京通州望海楼并记