

春恋三卷

● 图存

谢春彦 著



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春彦三卷

谢春彦 著

惜身

图存

我的绘画立场

匹夫余事

雕虫小技

我宁可画一张有缺点

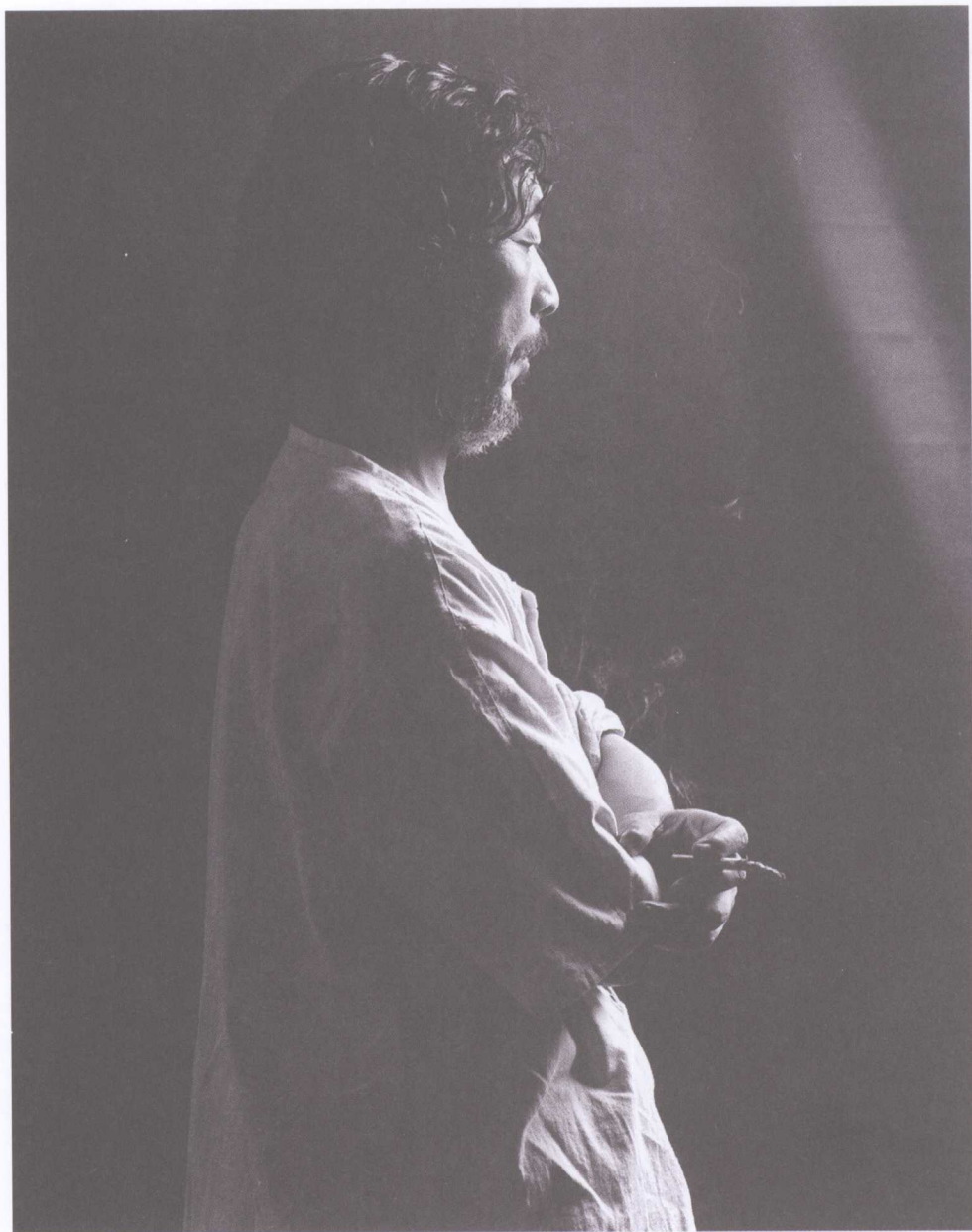
但必须是有特点的画

而决不愿意画那种

面面俱到

却一无己心己面的

尺寸之作



成厚齋

目录

代序

- 6 好样的，老头子 / 奕 青

水墨

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 11 我不思我在耶 | 43 观音 2 | 76 乐煞人 |
| 12 春雨 | 44 圣教图 | 77 杜甫诗意 |
| 13 新松 | 44 钟老爷 | 78 同行 |
| 13 泉响 | 46 和气生春 | 79 杜甫诗意再写 |
| 13 青城 | 47 龙钟 | 80 鲁迅·野草 |
| 14 无端雨 | 48 屈子辞意 | 81 石门哀情 |
| 14 有心绿 | 50 春雨楼头 | 82 竹与肉 |
| 16 江南雨 | 51 兰气 | 83 夜饮之鲁迅夫子 |
| 19 有风自故乡来 | 51 花影哪堪 | 83 自题夜饮图 |
| 21 草圣林散之造像 | 52 有山泉处 | 84 王蒙诗意 |
| 22 吉羊平安 | 53 松间明月 | 84 雄风 |
| 23 黄山有好茶 | 54 旧时月色 | 86 横云 |
| 25 日暮 | 55 临水 | 86 紫气之一 |
| 26 面包气息 | 56 花影 | 86 紫气之二 |
| 27 花间体 | 56 紫风 | 88 我来塬上 |
| 29 大禅 | 58 聊斋·青凤 | 88 君山青青 |
| 30 有余 | 58 如果 | 90 思胜妙思 |
| 31 一瞬 | 60 悠然 | 90 烟花四月 |
| 32 有声 | 61 青春 | 91 石门道上 |
| 32 古意 | 62 晨露 | 92 灯下之菊 |
| 34 何处 | 62 朝起 | 93 水暖 |
| 35 春花 | 64 变巴尔蒂斯法 | 94 论面图一组 |
| 36 鲁迅《故事新编》遗意 | 65 秋色 | 96 老外爱面 |
| 37 大匠之门 | 66 七月 | 97 白居易与麦面 |
| 38 听琴 | 66 微风 | 98 卡夫卡·乡村医生 |
| 39 浮世繁花 | 67 王蒙诗意 | 98 卡夫卡·乡村医生 |
| 40 山君 | 68 青春四题 | 98 卡夫卡·乡村医生 |
| 41 俯首 | 69 丸 | 100 卡夫卡·乡村医生 |
| 42 东坡玩硯 | 70 恢翁闲趣 | 100 卡夫卡·乡村医生 |
| 43 观音 1 | 71 戴花韩生 | 100 卡夫卡·乡村医生 |
| | 72 宗师 | 102 或可点心 |
| | 72 梦起 | 103 读安忆女史《长恨歌》得此意 |
| | 72 晨风 | 104 石库门旧意 |
| | 74 刘师母 | 104 弄堂 |
| | 75 谁家子 | 104 阳台 |
| | 75 琴祭 | 104 15路有轨 |

- 105 上海夜色
106 越剧《玉卿嫂》
107 老街43弄
108 南沙沟九楼一门有此好秋色
109 可乐
110 法国梧桐
111 住过林风眠的街
112 春到外滩
113 秋日衡山路
114 北剧狂姿
114 达摩也要读经
115 尚长荣演廉吏
116 江上
116 炼丹老李
118 新茶
119 读书图
120 不妨一面，当可一面
121 神仙要吃面，也到夏面馆
122 云冉冉
122 水悠悠
122 半坡遗意
124 青春·机场
125 工部诗意·酃州月
126 流水
126 卿卿
127 又见青凤
128 天地之间
129 水母

杂画

- 130 水墨插图一组
131 黄河怨
132 不无语
132 童言
132 故乡二题
133 为王朔《过把瘾就死》插图
134 为张贤亮小说画
134 故友刘可发

- 135 罗浮紫
135 小说一场景
136 为王蒙玄思小说作
137 《童年小记》选

速写

- 138 科布伦茨
139 教堂
139 巴黎客
139 夏宫门前
140 向米兰北去
140 罗马
140 佛罗伦萨
140 多瑙河上
141 卢赛恩湖
141 瑞士途中微雨
142 奥地利歌剧
142 威尼斯广场
142 水舞
143 威尼斯途中
143 惜别帕多瓦
144 维也纳绝响
144 凡尔赛宫前
144 喷泉
145 朱丽娅故城
145 王家玫瑰
146 赠画家徐天润诗稿
147 雅安拂晓
147 希腊遗意
147 震坤所赠
148 洛杉矶街树
148 好莱坞
149 曾家九正阁
150 双人舞
151 洛城行脚
152 为他人作稻粱谋者
153 黄山此泉石处，李太白曾到

书字

- 154 赠仲稀、杨培钊夫妇诗
155 今人王蒙句
156 幽梦落花
156 观莎剧赠谷导亦安
157 自作诗局部
158 赠毛时安君
159 百评聊斋之一
159 百评聊斋之二
160 悼画友陈逸飞
162 我怀美玉胜黄金
162 只手尚余压众芳
164 螺生碧海底
164 窟窿可有这种虫
166 无端心事在花间
166 言满天下
166 百评聊斋之一
168 螺生碧海底之二
168 笑把龙虫一并雕
170 关于红学和曹学的村言
171 笑问诸生
172 元人句
172 今人王蒙句
173 吊十发老画师
173 口占俚词书赠小狗子妈咪
174 书赠陆康印家
174 为元亮印家书
175 赠杜书记
176 元旦书红
177 乌衣
178 鲁迅夜饮
178 过云岩
179 聊斋百评之一
179 聊斋百评之二
180 我说我作

《春彦三卷》自跋

好样的，老头子

写在家父《春彦三卷》出版之际

奕青



波尔多归来，微醺着，从法兰西的葡萄美酒，至即将奔赴的苏格兰的威士忌，间中在上海的十多天里，被兄弟还有姐妹的欢宴聚会撩拨笙歌夜夜，为世界之杯奔波并且失眠痛哉阿根廷快哉意大利，这个夏天似乎发酵着慵懒和醉意，颠倒着过着慢6小时的日子。

终于某个黄昏，21楼天台坐定，与老子老谢把西瓜而临风，谈吐东西，仿佛十五年前那个小小的6楼阳台，数着浮云唱歌。

更早的时候，老谢在3楼露台教《唐诗三百首》、《古文观止》，每日一篇，小谢很乖，认真听讲，只有在背诵时挤眉弄眼拿腔作调。之后的6楼阳台，老谢说《恶之花》、《草叶集》，小谢心仪，并于某年老谢生日配乐朗诵自作诗一首恭奉。再后来，老谢励小谢奉孔孟为师，以《战争与和平》、《约翰·克利斯多夫》为标准，时小谢青春气盛，婉拒之，走殊途。

当下，时常针锋相对，或者是因为小儿改不

了的懒散，或者是因老子过于严格的脾性。小谢眼中的老谢是积极的，他似乎从没有颓唐地去回避困难，即使去年腰伤卧床数月他亦坚持躺着写作编书策划海内外联展，未见神情黯淡，他享受繁多工作带来的不同变化，他总是乐观地向前看；或者某些时候，他会很直白地愤怒，他不屑懦弱与小家子气，固执地保持着先鲁人的个人英雄主义，他吼“安能摧眉折腰，使我不得开心颜！”还有一点嘲弄“视金钱若亲妈干妈”的呆气。老谢是老派的，他敬重那些旧时光里的老人家，他乐于给他们温柔的情谊；那些真正德艺双馨的老头子们，他愿意为之奔走为之传扬，在曾经不能自保的荒唐的年月，在这个善于忘掉过去离弃精神的时代；他由衷地热爱家乡（这也深深影响了小谢），他会从台北经港直飞老家为大王同乡学子宣讲抗战血史，他会给新农民子弟的国际学校带来授课的外国专家，他说“故乡是心里最后一块璞玉矣”。

在6楼的北屋里，挂着他写给小谢的一首长

诗，时间久远，漫漶烟飞，怎样的字句记不太清了，大致的意思是，生而为人，岂能虚度岁月，不但要让自己过有意义的生活，负相当的责任，还要为国家为民族作出贡献，如是云云。所以，他写呀画呀，策呀划呀，两肋插刀，无所不事，无所事事，甘作走马，甘作堂跑，自笑：

生涯百事苍黄过，只手尚余护众芳。

舍命书生还走马，六郎酒醉戏“中堂”。

我想，老谢应该是会寂寞的吧，在他嬉笑怒骂热闹奔忙的皮相之后，存着的那些理想毕竟是有些不合时宜的了。

我们在表象上产生距离，这只是两种哲学态度，却极可能殊途同归。无论如何，我总是佩服坚持理想的人：老头子好样的！

丙戌仲夏某夜

I still felt tipsy after my returning from Bordeaux, I would go to enjoy the whisky of Scotland later, and, between the two trips, there was a short period of ten days staying in Shanghai, when I was surrounded by my friends, they held feasts one after another. The excitement also came from watching the World Cup, we were six hours behind the matches, the sleepless nights for Argentina and over enjoyment for Italy had kept my laziness and slightly inebriated for the summer.

Finally at a breezy dusk, I sat with my father, “old Xie” at the balcony of the 21st floor and had a nice chat with the cold watermelon. It reminded me of the tiny balcony we had fifteen years ago where I counted the floating cloud and sang songs. Earlier before that, it was at a third floor balcony, “old Xie” taught me Three Hundred Tang Poems and Standard Articles of Ancient Master Writers, one article each day. I sat quietly, listened and played mischievous tricks to him when I was asked to recite the article. Later on, we moved to the sixth floor and again at the balcony, “old Xie” taught me *Les Fleurs Du Mal*, *Leaves of Grass*, I understood them, and even composed a poem as a gift to him at his birthday. After that period, he guided me to study the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius, War and Peace, John Christopher. But I just rejected! As a rebellious young person, I took a different path

Perfect!

“Old Xie”, My Father!

Written before the publication of the collection
of my father's paintings and writings

BY Xie Yiqing



for my career.

Until now, I still fight with him, and this may be caused by my laziness, or maybe, he is too strict with me. To me, “old Xie” is always positive and energetic, and never to be knocked off by any difficulties. He has maintained his habits of writing, painting, editing, planning national and international exhibitions even though he had to stay in bed for a few months when he hurt his back last year. He never felt disappointed and unhappy for overloaded and unexpected works, he kept looking forward, and being optimistic. Occasionally he would be upset and angry, despise the coward’s and sluggard’s way of thinking and behaves, to maintain his strong personality with a heroic spirit as a Shandongnese. He would roar to avoid being unhappiness and fight for the justice.

“Old Xie” is old-fashioned. He respects those elder generations and creates close friendship with those noble folks with talents and high prestige. He enjoyed spending all energy for their promotion. He has great passion for his hometown and held lectures on Chinese Resistance War Against Japanese Invasion and other parts of Chinese history, he also brought foreign experts to the international schools founded by local farmers in Shandong Province. In his heart, hometown is the last peace of uncarved jade.

Hanging in the northern room on the old apartment on the sixth floor, there was a long poem he wrote to me, as time went by I could hardly remember clearly the verses, but the general meaning printed in my brain is that one was born for serving others and should not waste time in life, and should lived for a meaningful life, taking the responsibility and making contributions for his or her country and its people, so on and so forth. Therefore, he paints, he writes, he plans exhibitions and tries all his endeavor for any projects he undertakes. He laughs at himself that: “most part of my career has passed, even I have left with one hand, it will still help to protect others, I’d rather risk my life to be working as a running horse or a devoted friend, with an artistic spirit, I determine to provide with the best service”.

I think “old Xie” could feel lonely at some point, after his laughing and playing, furiously cursing, some of his thoughts, after all, may not be practical.

Apparently we haven’t shared the same ideas and this may be caused by our different attitudes in philosophy, however, we may reach the same goal by different routes. After all, I always respect those who have strong wills. “Old Xie”, you are perfect!





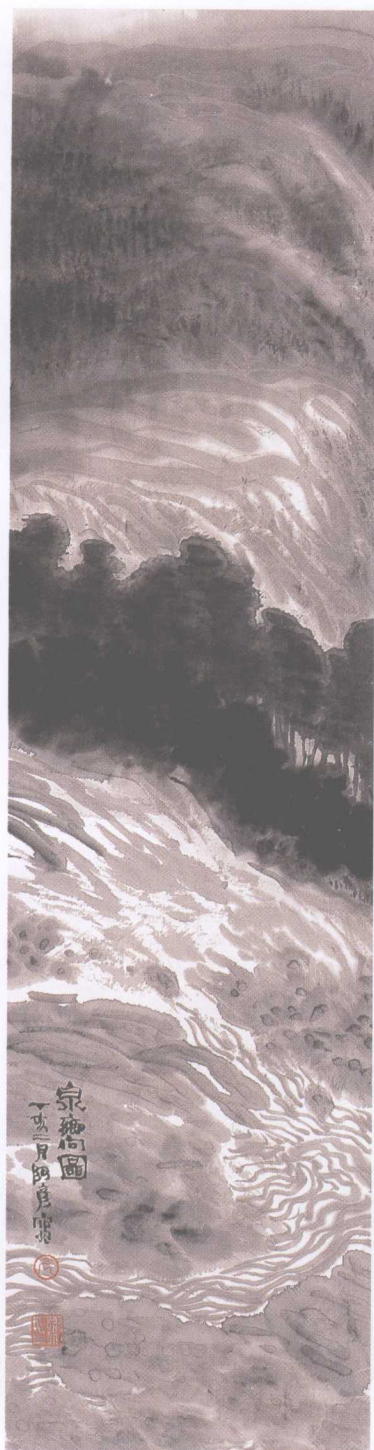
我不思我在耶



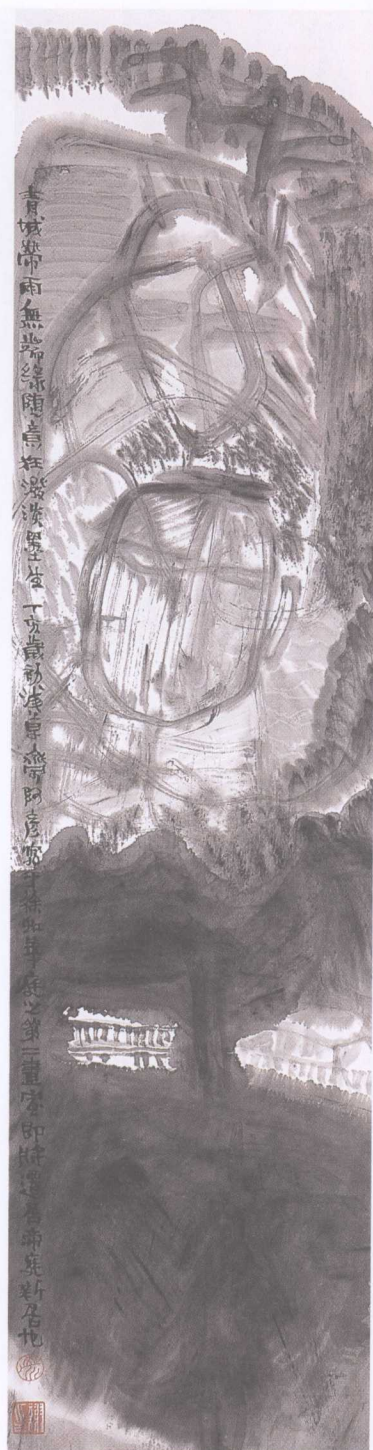
春雨



新松



泉响



青城



无端雨



有心绿

