

COLLECTION OF POEMS AND PAINTINGS BY JIA BAOXIONG



SUMMER EVENING SUMMER EVENING SUMMER EVENING

夏日傍晚——郑宝雄诗画集

湖南美术出版社

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山间清泉

郑小娟

我与小郑共事二十余年，已成为朋友。她对待工作与生活都十分认真，却不刻板。对人诚恳热情，善解人意。与她交往时，使我感受到愉悦和轻松。她具有与众不同的别样气质，这也许是她豁达睿智的父亲与善良温雅的母亲养育所致，也许是给予她真爱的小家对她的呵护所致。她总是那样的愉快，那样的优雅。

小郑兄妹5人随父母支边，从舒适的北京四合院迁到辽阔的内蒙古草原。小郑在内蒙古出生，中学毕业后又在内蒙古插队。她就这样伴着草原的风和雪步入艺术人生。今天，她的诗画结集出版，真令人高兴。让我们领略她的艺术与人生境界，倾听她心灵的声音。这是从草原吹过来的声音，好像很遥远，却是那样的亲切；这是一种经历过人生历练而又不失单纯的声音，就像潺潺清泉在山间流淌，轻轻地诉说，轻轻地感叹，轻轻地赞美，轻轻地呼唤！令人感动，引人深思……

衷心祝愿小郑和她的艺术永葆草原的青春。

2006年10月19日于长沙

A Clear Spring in Mountains

Zheng Xiaojuan

Ms. Jia is my friend and I have been working merrily with her for more than 20 years. She works so sincerely, and she treats colleagues kindly. In her daily life, she is so happy and elegant, has different taste from others, which is given partly by her open-minded, intellectual father and kind, gentle mother, partly given by her warm home.

Ms. Jia's five sisters and brothers had moved from Beijing to inner Mongolia with their mother and father to support construction of the border area. Born in inner Mongolia, she had been living in rural area after graduation from middle school. The wind and snow of grassland had witnessed her art life. Today, it is so delightful to see her book published. We can understand her art and life, listen to the sound of her soul which seems to come from the grassland and had gone through the test of life but had not lost purity, so remote but so cordial, just like a spring in the mountains, talking, sighing, praising and calling gently, which is touching and thought-provoking...

Hope Ms. Jia and her art forever as young as the grassland.

19 October, 2006, Changsha

初夏感觉

蔡 皋

读朋友的作品总是让我感到亲切，读着读着就会感觉到作品背后的那个人，可以看到对方说话时的神情。现在，我读《夏日傍晚》的画册就是这种样子。

我与郑宝雄相识很早，现在又同住在一个院子里，早已成了好朋友，其重要原因是我们有相似的生活和工作环境，又都为儿童读物作插图，有机会在一起交换各自的收藏——一些小家伙的趣事，那时候的语言往往随了顽童。随了哈哈的笑声。至今我的小小本本里还夹着那些笑声。

郑宝雄是个爱极了明朗丰富色调的人，她的日常生活、编辑工作和创作满到处都是这种色调，她很珍惜这种色调，在她的生活里连干花都是回忆。

我看到她总觉得像看到初夏的效果，初夏里洗一把冷水脸都是有味的东西。

她业余画大大小小的画，深深浅浅地染着，从春池里染过来，一路就到了初夏；她又写诗，长长短短地写，好似从了时间，时间是长长短短剪裁而来。总之我觉得清新自然，仿佛城之外吹来的风……

《夏日傍晚》集中了她的长短诗，有了韵律，诗人又画又写，诗就会变成画，画也会变成诗。有了流动之感。

我看《沉睡的夏娃》很好，这组画置于篇末，意味深长。四张画画着春、夏、秋、冬的夏娃，季节变化着，时间推移，夏娃在其间“睡得像个婴儿”，这很美。人在沉思时总让人觉得美，夏娃的沉睡像沉思，她睡了多久，还会睡多久并不重要，因为任何事物在大自然那里只是一瞬。想想这女人从酣睡中睁开眼睛问一句“下边怎样啦”的时候，那应是一种什么样的情景？

我喜欢《坚强》里的那只鳄鱼，它举起两只受伤的脚板的样子让人同情。还有《林间》里那两只鹿，它们有一种对世界感到惊奇的神情，世事沧桑，人心倦怠，我们很多时候已不再惊奇，这实在算不得是一件什么好事情。

朝《小马》那边看过去也有意思，我们可以看看远处的草原，草原的天空，我们童年的天空。很多东西已经远去，但朴实和真诚还是在我们心里，等我们把它们喊醒。

我还喜欢《和解》，喜欢作品中人和狗目光对视的那一瞬，喜欢《夕阳的画面》里描绘的“同在夕阳画面中”的情景，生活真该多一点那样的对视，多一点那样的宽容。

《夏日傍晚》有许多光亮的东西，我想我们都瞧着。

夏日的夜晚，月亮出来了。

夏日的诗人这样歌道：

如果 / 你 / 真的很烦 / 请抬头 / 看看月亮

我现在不烦，但我很想看月亮，我抬头，看月亮，月亮美，月色亮，《夏日傍晚》的诗歌和月色是一样的情思，是这种情思化解了夏日的浓醇的吧……

2006年10月于长沙

Touch Early Summer

Cai Gao

Friends' works always give me warmth and let me think about something about her and her expression when she is talking . When reading *Summer Evening* , I feel the same.

Living in the same yard, Ms. Jia and I are good friends for many years, for we have similar living and working environment , draw illustration for children's books and exchange some interesting episodes of children . Our language of that period was just like the children's, those laughs are still reserved in my notebook.

Baoxiong likes bright colors so much that her daily life , editorial work and painting are filled with them. She treasures such colors, and even the dried flowers become part of her memory for life.

When I see her, I just feel like seeing the early summer . In early summer even washing face with cold water is thrilling.

In her spare time, she paints and dyes, large or small, from spring to early summer. She writes poems, long or short, as if they match the time which is cut and saved by her. In a word, I feel in her book the fresh air, just like the breeze from outside the city...

Collected in *Summer Evening* are short and long verses with rhyme. The Poet writes and paints. Poems become paintings and paintings become poems. All the things are flowing.

Sleeping Eve is so good. At the end of book, it conveys much. Eve In four seasons sleeps like a child ,in spite of seasonal change and elapse of time. It is so beautiful. Anyone is beautiful when she is lost in thought. Sleeping Eve seems in deep thought. It is not important that how long she has slept and how long she will continue, for anything is just a moment in nature. Just imagine, what kind of scene will be when she is awake and asks: what is happening below?

I like the crocodile in *Being Strong* and feel deep regret for its expression when he lifts his wounded soles of feet, and the two deer in *In the Forest* which feel so surprised about the world as well. Warmth or coldness is the way of the world, human is becoming uncaring and indifferent. It is not a good thing for us to lose interest to be surprised.

In *Little Horse*, we can see the grassland in the distant and grassland-sky. The sky in our childhood has gone away, but sincerity and honesty are still in our heart, waiting for us to wake them up.

I like *Reconciliation*, like the instant when eye-sight of the dog meets with the man, like the sunset scene in *A Picture in Sunset* as well. Hope more eye-sight meeting and more reconciliation beauty our life!

I think we have seen many shining thoughts in *Summer Evening*.

Moon rises in summer night.

Summer poet sings like that:

if / you/ are terribly restless/ please raise your head/ and gaze at the moon

I am not restless now, but I am eager to watch the moon, which is so beautiful and so bright. The poem and moonlight contain the same emotion, which dilutes thickness of summer...

October, 2006, in Changsha

心灵的声音

周 实

认识郑宝雄，是在编《书屋》。

那天，拿起一篇来稿，那是一篇不长文章，心里立即就认可了。

文字淡淡的，情感却极浓，而且很纯正。文字是纪念一位友人，一本书的责任编辑，名字叫做严秋白。那本书的书名是《中国当代女画家》。

我不知道秋白的死因，我只感到一阵悲凉。我当时的读后感，也如作者写的这样：“关于秋白的死，我没有什么可说的。我想从八楼那样的高度跳下去一定需要足够的勇气。她选择了死一定像我们选择生一样有足够的理由，至少在走向死亡的那一瞬间是。”

我编发了这篇来稿，也记住了作者的名字。

就这样，一眨眼，十年过去了，今天接到她的电话，说她要出一本书，想要我也写点文字，跟着就将电子文本从邮箱里发了过来。

我看了，一部分是她的画，一部分是她的诗。我不知她如何编辑，是将诗与画相配呢还是各自单独排呢？不管如何排，都是好看的。

她的画颇富于童趣，笔触却又圆润精细，带有一点装饰味道。我喜欢她画的绵羊，还有那条笨笨的鳄鱼，以及两只蠢蠢的鹿。

还有她的诗，我也很喜欢，写得很单纯。单纯并不等于单薄，单纯也不等于脆弱，单纯的“我走失了／在无边的／沙漠里／脚下的沙砾／很烫／我把手和脚／抬起来／凉凉／决定从此／独立地／坚强地／活下去”。引号里是她的诗，真的很单纯。

看着她的画，读着她的诗，似乎听见了远处的声音，那是人的心灵的声音。

那声音里有快乐，有悲伤，更有爱的坚强勇气。

2006年10月12日

Voice of Soul

Zhou Shi

When editing *Study*, I got to know Ms. Jia Baoxiong.

The day when I got an essay, not long, but I was touched by it immediately.

The words of the essay are plain, but the emotion is thick and pure. The essay is to commemorate a friend named Yan Qiubai, who is an editor for a book with the title *Contemporary Women Painters of China*.

I do not know the reason for Qiubai's death, but I was filled with deep sorrow. My feeling after reading the essay was just as the author says: "I have nothing to say about Qiubai's death, I think it needs enough courage to jump from so high as 8th floor. She should have enough reason to choose to die just as we choose continue to live, at least at the moment when she went to death she had."

I published the essay and remembered the author's name at the same time.

Ten years goes in the twinkling of an eye, I received a call from her today. She told me a book written by her will be published and asked me to write something for her book, and then e-mailed me a file of her book...

One part is her paintings, the other is her poems. I do not know how to edit them. Will she match one poem with one painting or in the other way? Anyway I think it is wonderful.

Her painting is full of innocence, every touch is subtle and decorative. I like her sheep, that clumsy crocodile and the two stupid deer.

Her poems I like too, so pure but neither simple nor weak, just as the following lines: I lose myself / in the vast expanse of / desert/
the sand under my feet / is so boiling hot / I lift up my hand and feet / to set coolness / then I decide to / live/strongly / and independently.

While seeing her painting and reading her poems, I seem to hear the voices from afar, which is the voices of the human soul.

The voices are of happiness, of sadness, and of strength from love.

12 October, 2006

声音

如果
音乐是
心灵的声音
那么
每个人都有
自己的音乐
如果
你听懂了
一个声音
你的音乐
是否也会
被听懂

Voice

If / music is / voice of the soul / then / everyone has / the music of itself / if / you understand / a sound /
can your music / be understood by/others



声音 Voice (中国画Chinese painting) 80cm × 80cm

收获

静静地守望
秋后
平实的收获
淡淡地送走
无数个
日出和日落
这是
我的爸爸妈妈
用一生
写就的
童话

Harvest

Wait calmly for / the harvest / after autumn / see off quietly / countless / sunrises and sunsets / it is / the
fairytale / written by / my mother and father / with all their life



收获 Harvest (中国画Chinese painting) 80cm x 80cm