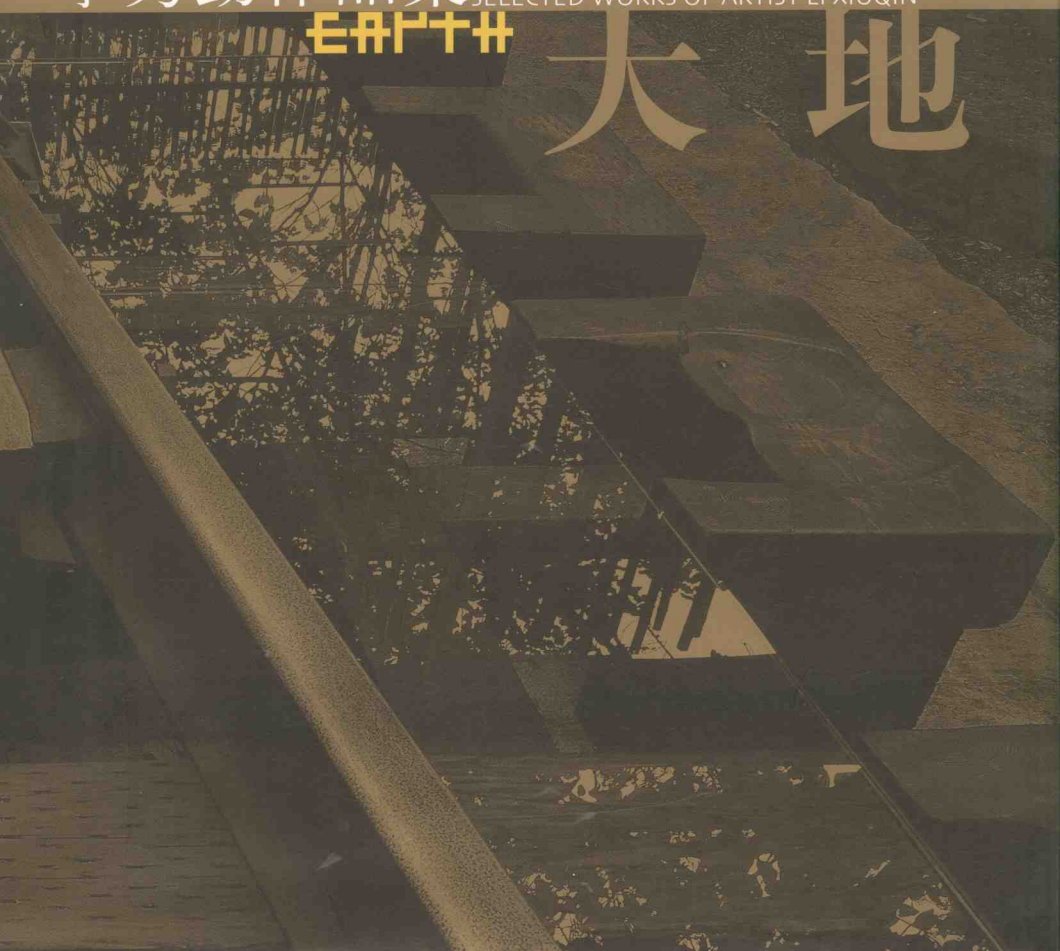


李秀勤作品集

SELECTED WORKS OF ARTIST LI XIUQIN

EARTH

大地



大地

EARTH

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……没有什么是我能够创建的，



我仅仅想在世界中找到自己。

I can create Nothing,
what I merely want is
to find myself in this
world.

李响
Lixiang







李秀勤作品集

Selected Works of
Artist Li Xiugin

还家 04

触感大地 010

我看李秀勤 022

图版 037

觉 038

触觉·凹凸系列之一 039

触觉·凹凸系列之二 041

触觉·凹凸系列之三 044

触觉·凹凸系列之四 046

触觉·凹凸系列之五 048

木 050

被盲文包装的静物系列 051

被开启的记忆 056

被开启的土地 057

被开启的空间 060

生命之舟 060

生命之门 061

舍 062

家园 064

坐如春风 室如兰 066

道口 068

道口 基石 069

石 072

呼吸的石头 073

开启秘密 075

生命之旅系列之一 80

生命之旅系列之二 84

生命之旅系列之三 87

对话 82

融会贯通 94

竹、炭 102

空与记忆 103

空的魅力 104

滴水穿石 106

空之语系列之一 108

空之语系列之二 110

净化与建构 111

人间·天堂 114

墙 115

触 118

山水 119

发烧系列之一 120

发烧系列之二 121

发烧系列之三 123

三个死去的生命 124

归 125

漂——写在水中的记忆 126

艺术简历 128

The Great Return 05
 Read the Mother Earth 011
 Li Xiuqin in My Eyes 023
 Sculptures 037

Feel 038

Sense of Touch · Concave-Convex Series No.1 039
 Sense of Touch · Concave-Convex Series No.2 041
 Sense of Touch · Concave-Convex Series No.3 044
 Sense of Touch · Concave-Convex Series No.4 046
 Sense of Touch · Concave-Convex Series No.5 048

Timber 050

Still Life Wrapped by Braille Series 051
 The Opened Memory 056
 The Opened Earth 057
 The Opened Space 058
 The Ark of Life 060
 The Gate of Life 061
 Introjections 062
 Home 064
 Easy Chair 066
 Junction 068
 Junction and Pebble 069

Stone 072

The Breathing of Stone 073
 The Opened Secret 075
 The Journey of Life Series No.1 80
 The Journey of Life Series No.2 84
 The Journey of Life Series No.3 87
 Dialogue 92
 Mastery 94

Bamboo, Carbon 102

Nihilism and Memory 103
 The Charm of Nihilism 104
 Holes in Stone Worn by Constant Dripping Water 106
 The Confiding of Nihilism Series No.1 108
 The Confiding of Nihilism Series No.2 110
 Purification and Construction 111
 Heaven · Earth 114
 Wall 115

Touch 118

Mountains and Waters 119
 Fever Series No.1 120
 Fever Series No.2 121
 Fever Series No.3 123
 Three Dead Lives 124
 Return 125
 Draft---Memory Written in the Water 126

Biography 128

还 家

The Great Return

给雕塑家李秀勤

To artist Li Xiugin

独自来往，她跨着自信的大步，挺着身板，目无旁骛，从女生宿舍直接走进教师工作室，中间闪过二十多年的岁月。有时带着孤独，偶尔在生活世界一游，精神却留在了作品的天地中。那个天地充满风声雨声，充满顽石与钢铁的撞击，充满新能量孕育的神秘。这是李秀勤，中国雕塑界独往独来的一位女侠。

老李雕像，大形，大块，体量与神情饱满而稍带夸张。待到抬起刀锤，向石用功，斧凿而去的渐少，仿佛有一股气血，随刀锤入石中。石渐趋隆起，凸出那种沉甸甸的分量。那石无言，却在膨起和凹下之间，布下无字书。那盲童排着队抚着石块的稚手，曾经拨动多少人的心弦。石的沉默和生命的无明，交织着令人肃然的气息。触摸，成为另一类的可视。那心与心的相通，那黑暗中灵光闪现的洞见，在这一瞬之间成为可能，并带向隽远。

老李喜钢与铁。但她的最爱，却是竹与木。十多年前，老李觅得几棵大木，顺木纹劈将开来，拼楔而成一尊大门。这木带着原始的倔强，剥去皮肉，仅存筋骨，直呈生命的傲质。在劈将开的巨木褶皱的深处，有几根锈迹斑斑的榫尖，钉子般楔入木质之中。铁棒带着几分强侵的霸气，与木的傲质融合在一起，述说着地老天荒的隽远。这铁棒又似乎是叩门之声，向着木，向着自然，向着家园在探路。

竹是另一种木，在中国人眼中是更带着精神性的木。2002年，老李在中央美院新校园的一个路口，抛出一片铁剪组成的竹林，寒光闪闪，恰似一片老李飞刀。这竹带着一种飞探的姿态，与她的另一组竹管引水的作品相呼应。那竹管同样有着一种引领的殷切。水从何来，老李在大自然中寻觅！

2003年，老李与她的学生完成一组《净化与建构》的作品。这是一个竹、藤、砖、碳综合的场景，我曾经这样来描述这件作品：

玄色的围蔓，
与都市的钢筋铁墙对抗。

围蔓中，
一眼竹色水潭。

展粗陋的大网，
打捞喧忙的疲惫与惆怅，

让乡愁洒落，
抚慰跃起的竹椅和藤床。

从砖与泥之间，
根蔓悄然生长，

墙体切换空间，
又连通地久天荒。

那碳化的竹篱，

阻断雨和风的滋养。

却以无言的静默。

读一片黑色的感伤。

.....

这件作品中有一片令人肃然的黑墙。那是一堵炭墙，“霎那间，世界被烧成一块整炭”。那些活起来的竹家具，那些带着青草味的造型仿佛一下子获得了时间的深度。于是，有风从炭墙的深处袭来，在竹影婆娑中掠过。“有一种声音，从叠错弄影的卷席上滚落，滴入我紧张的胸膛。在那心的深处，我们曾经到过这个地方。”通过这件作品，老李正走向她的家园。

老李不仅走近竹木，而且走近竹木的日常境域之中。她设计家具，准确地说是如家具般的装置。作品《净化与建构》中的竹躺椅发出一份邀约，一份人与自然、与天地相对的邀约。2005年北京双年展上，老李制作了一片巨大的木结，木结呈井型，其中的木件可以任人组合，在不同的邀约中形成不同格局，并向我们提示着人在其中、“潜心静坐”的诗意。现在，老李已经坐在她的家园天井之中品茗。那独往独来的侠气正在转变为厚厚诚挚的相融，益友清谈的邀约。

老李喜欢真材料，并一步一步地向着竹、木、石这样一类的自然材料回归。她曾经将这些材料锻成铁，炼成炭，但骨子里都包含着一种与自然的亲和，一种湖畔所特有的、传递湖山浑然悠长气息的亲和。依着这种亲和，她感受到自然中某种运行的力量，并将之化合而为作品内在浑厚的气息。这种气息和当年的“盲文”系列一样，向着人发出邀约，向着人心发出邀约。让人们在与这些材质和造型的直接摩挲之中，在不仅观看而且坐卧穿行的过程之中，体验一种心游的品质。她让漂浮的人心降落下来，落在再熟悉不过的材料之上，实际上是落在这些普通亲和的材料造型与冥冥记忆相交叠的某个深处。于是，这些作品正向人的自己的记忆发出邀约。坐卧这些竹木，成了人们湖山记忆的某个瞬间，成为“杨柳岸，晓风残月”的人生梦调的真实载体，成为中国文化的诗化性格的净化之所。

老李，这个曾经放怀江湖的女侠，正归隐在湖畔深处的竹林中，在那里孕养更为深长的气息。

许 江

乙酉秋于南山三窗阁

Alone, she shuttles back and forth; confidently, with her straight back and non-cast-sidelong glance, she strides across blocks of women's dormitory into the teacher's studio, through which more than 2 decades have fled. Sometimes her merely company is loneliness, with whom she calls upon the social life on occasion, while her psyche has already left in the world of works, filling with the voice of wind and rain, teeming with collision of stone and steel, covering the myth of new energy gestation. She is Li Xiuqin, a chivalrous Chinese artist living in her exclusive field.

Li's works, large in size and majestic in manner, perfectly display the physical and mental vigor with fractional exaggeration. When she picks up her knife and hammer towards the stone, fewer and fewer pieces are being striped off in the process of sculpting. It seems that a stream of vigor is being injected into the stone. Little by little, the stone is bulging, indicating profound significance. Between the concavities and convexities, the reticent stone sets a wordless book. You can not image how many audience are impressed by the scene that lines of blind children's gentle feel stone with their little hands. The silence of stone and darkness of life interweave a scent of profound respect. Touching becomes another sense of sight. In an instant, the mutual affinity and the flash of insight in the darkness permit its possibility and drift to eternity.

Li is fond of steel, and bamboo and wood are her favorite. Almost a decade ago, Li sought out several trees, along the grain she split them apart and pieced them together as a door. The wood took along the original tenacity, after being stripped off the skin, the remained muscles and bones clearly announce the pride spirit of life. In the deep split tracks of the huge wood, some rusty rabbits were spotted, nailing into the wood. The iron rabbits hold a bit of aggressive arbitrariness, melting into the wood, speaking of eternity. Equally, the iron rabbits seem to be the sound of knocking at the door, exploring the way to the wood, the nature and the permanent home of heart and soul.

Bamboo is another kind of wood, especially a sort of spiritual wood in the view of Chinese. In the year of 2002, Li planted a cluster of bamboo composed by scissors at one corner of the new campus of China Academy of Art. These bamboos, just like her flying scissors, emit cold luster. With an exploring gesture, they echo another group of her works---a set of drains made of bamboo who, also, are eager to be the guiders of water. Where does the water come from? Li is probing into the nature.

In the year of 2003, Li together with her students completed a series of works named Purify and Construction, which is a comprehensive scene of bamboo, vine, brick, and carbon. I have ever depicted the works like this:

Black surrounding curtain,
 Resist the urban steel walls.
 Enclosed in the curtain,
 Is the bamboo green pond envisaged in your eyes.
 Extend her crude net,
 To salvage the noisy fatigue and disappointment,
 Let my homesickness scattered,
 Appease leaping bamboo chairs and vine beds.
 Between the mud and bricks,
 Quietly vegetating are the roots and stems,
 The walls transfer to another universe,
 Again bridge eternities.
 That carburized bamboo fences,
 Block the nourish from wind and rain,
 With silent Wordless,
 Read a feeling of black pathos.

In her works, there is a solemn black wall, a carbon wall, upon reaching, a feeling of "instantly, the world is burnt into a carbon" sprouts up. All of sudden, the revitalized bamboo furniture, the grass-taste sculpts regain the depth of time. Thereupon, from the deep of carbon wall, blast of wind raids and skims through the whirling bamboo shadow. "A sound fell down from the overlapped rolled mat, dripped into my atwitter heart, into which our footprints have once stepped." It is the works that reveals Li is returning to her own heart.

Not merely hobnobbing with bamboo and wood, she, also, come close to their daily practicability, which could be revealed in her self-designed furniture-to be more specific, furniture-like devices. An invitation sent by bamboo chaise longue in her *Purification and Construction*-an invitation towards human being and nature, an invitation towards the heaven. In 2005 Beijing Biennial Exhibition, a huge wood joint was displayed, in which the spare part can be assembled discretionarily, various patterns are formed to uncover a unique poetry of "individual get involved and sit quietly with great concentration." While savoring tea in her parvis, the unsociable chivalrousness is converting into strong earnest amalgamation and invitation to hail-fellows.

Li is fond of real materials, and is gradually returning to nature materials as bamboo, wood and stone. Once, she hammered these materials into iron, burnt into carbon, while deep in the bone, the benignity with nature is

involved-the profound harmonious benignity of lakeside exclusive, leaning on which, she can feel kinds of kinetic strength and fuse it into intrinsic and vigorous temperaments in her works, like *Braille series* of the preceding, it sends invitation to human being, to their innermost heart. Upon direct touching the materials and shape of sculptures, it enable audience experience a quality of mental tour, calming down their blundering hearts and landing on the familiar materials they once turned blind eyes to, in fact, it descends deeply into the overlaps between the shape of general material bearing hospitable property and dim memory. Thereupon, these works are sending out invitation to individual's own memory. These works reshape themselves into the instantaneous moment of nature, the real vehicle of "the morning breeze and lingering moon of willow shore," and the refined place of poetized characteristics of Chinese culture.

Madam Li, the chivalrous artist, once rambling between rivers and lakes, is returning to the bamboo forest besides lake and gestating more profound manner.

Xu Jiang

Three windows pavilion in Mt. Na. 2005