

中華旅游風情畫集

An Album of China Tourism Paintings



# 丁觀加作品選

*A Selection of Ding Guanxia's Paintings*

中國旅游出版社出版

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## 中華旅遊風情畫集 丁觀加作品選

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## 五彩繽紛的新疆

絢麗的色彩繡織着世界的美。

新疆的色彩，集中在維吾爾族婦女的身上。她們多彩的頭巾，及五彩繽紛、各式各樣的服裝，匯聚着這新疆的美。

我們在吐魯番的葡萄架下，一面吃着葡萄，喝着酒，一面欣賞着維吾爾族姑娘的歌舞。

這葡萄是如此的晶瑩甘美；這葡萄酒，是如此清澈醇香；這歌舞，把最美的色彩融化為如此嫵媚動人的韻律，又把我們的情思繫結在一起，隨着這悠揚的歌舞飛蕩起來。

在這色、香、味、聲的氛圍中，我好像進入了一個神奇的世界。我的心境是那樣的激動、舒坦、清悅；我沉靜、入迷、夢想……

我真的醉了。

新奇，往往是吸引人的一個因素，藝術的內涵，也應該包括它的存在。

繪畫的效果，如能達到像我敘述的吐魯番葡萄架下的境地，那一定是一幅傑出的作品。

我們的汽車停在公路旁的戈壁灘上。

我們走下車去觀察。作這裡的速寫是很簡單的，幾根綫條就完成了。天是碧藍的，沒有一片雲，戈壁是暗灰色的，有些地方泛着灰白色，只一

堆堆的石子，在公路兩旁隆起，才增加了這地面的起伏。

這條黑色的柏油路，伸向遠方的天地交接處，不見一輛車子，不見一個行人，不見一雙飛鳥。我第一次莫明其妙地產生了一種孤寂的心態。

當我體會到這種感受時，突然發現這條烏黑的柏油路活像一條黑色的巨蟒蠕動着向我遊來，陽光照射在它的身上，發出陰冷刺眼的光斑。

如果沒有同行的兩位畫家作伴，我將要立即鑽進我們的汽車裡了。

我不知道登上珠峰的登山運動員，更不知道登上月球的宇航員當時的心態，反正我體會到了孤寂兩字的含意。

在沙漠。

從地形來說，真是起伏多姿、變化萬端，尤其是綫條，疏密有致，長短參次，富於韻律感。但是，這茫茫的沙漠，哪裡是路？哪裡有人煙？

我沒有走多遠，就感到腳底下發熱了。我情不自禁地去摸摸沙地：手指發燙！我全身便顫栗起來，不由自主地後退了兩步，並轉身奔向我們的車子。

沙漠，這裡是“死寂”的地域。

我回想起在烏魯木齊博物館裡看到的從沙漠中挖出的古代的男女乾尸。我回想起在喀什噶爾的大禮拜時，見到那麼多的宗教徒的神態，是如此地虔誠。

我想，我們遠古時代的先人，與生育他們的沙漠作如何的拼搏，最後，永遠躺倒在她的懷裡；我們的先人，在一種特殊的境遇裡，產生了對生命的渴望，祈求“神靈”保佑的心理。

虔誠，不是宗教的專用名詞，它是對任何事物都適用的。

“誠則靈”。藝術家需要虔誠。

用虔誠的心去創作，才能有感人的作品。

當飛機離開烏魯木齊機場飛往北京的途中，我憑窗俯視，只見天山山脈像鐵鑄似的連綿不斷地起伏着伸展開來，我的思緒也由此而延伸着……

在新疆一個月了，我作了厚厚的一本速寫，又拍攝了很多照片。我留戀着帕米爾高原上的雄奇的山石、中巴邊境的塔什噶爾幹縣的古城堡；我留戀着神奇的火焰山、幽邃莫測的高昌、交河故城；我留戀着高原上的卡拉庫力湖的純淨、公格爾山與慕士塔格山的優美的傳說；我留戀着北疆的金色的草地、碧藍的賽里木湖、七彩的菓子溝以及中蘇邊境城市伊寧的異國風光、昭蘇的古寺；我留戀着吐魯番的葡萄、美酒；我留戀着維族姑娘的歌舞。

我留戀着新疆的五彩繽紛的色彩。……

# Multicolored Xinjiang

by Ding Gunjia

Beauty is woven by splendid colors.

Xinjiang's colors are produced by Uygur women. No matter old or young, they all wear colorful scarves and dresses made of red, yellow, blue, green, purple and white colored materials, which converge a beautiful Xinjiang.

Under a grape trellis at Turpan, we ate grapes, drank wine and admired songs and dances performed by uggur girls.

The grapes were crystal and sweet, the wine pure and aromatic and the songs and dances produced a charming rhyme which made one forget himself.

The color, aroma, taste and melody made me feel as if I was in a mysterious world. Exciting, easy and pleasant, I began to fancy...

I was intoxicated indeed.

Novelty often draws attention, which is applicable to arts.

A painting which produces the same effect as under the grape trellis in Turpan must be a masterpiece.

Our bus was pulled up in the Gobi beside the road.

We got off to observe. A sketch of the place was simple, several strokes would do. The blue sky was cloudless, the Gobi dark grey with a little greyish white color somewhere. Only piles of cobbles on the road sides added the undulate lines to the ground.

This black asphalt road stretched far away to where the sky and the earth meets. There was not a vehicle, nor a flying bird,

nor a single soul to be seen.

Somewhat, I felt lonely for the first time.

I was overwhelmed with the feeling, when I found the road just like a huge boa wriggled towards me. The sun shone on its back, refracting cold and dazzling light spots.

If without the company of the two fellow painters, I would have returned to our bus as fast as I could.

I do not know how the athletes feel as they climb up the Mount Qomolangma, nor can I learn the astronauts' state of mind as they reach the moon. But I have learned the meaning of 'lonely'.

In the desert.

The topography is full of changes, the lines, either long or short are drawn in a rather rhythmic pattern. But where is the road? Where are people among the sea of desert.

I did not walk much, when I felt the hotness under my feet. I could not help touching the ground. Ow! it could burn my fingers!

Quivering all over, I withdrew from the desert and ran towards the bus.

Desert, a place of dead solitude.

I recalled the ancient dry remains unearthed from desert and where are on display at a museum in Urumqi; I recalled the grand worship at Kashi and the devout believers.

I could imagine how our ancestors had fought against the desert and finally lay in their arms for ever. Therefore, a strong desire for life and the psychology to be blessed and protected by a certain

divine grew among them under such special condition.

'Devout' is not a word exclusive in religion.

Artists need devoutness too.

A moving work can be created only after applying your devoutness to art. I looked down at the Mount Tianshan as our plane passed over the mountain on our way back to Beijing from Urumqi. The rolling mountain below me looked as if it was made of iron, stretched afar. My mind unfolded then and there...

For one-month stay in Xinjiang, I made a lot of sketches and took many photos. I still cherish the magnificent and mysterious rocks on Pamirs and the ancient castle in Taxkorgan County on the Sino-Pakistan border; I cherish the exotic Flaming Mountain, unfathomable ancient cities of Gaochang and Jiaohe; I cherish the pureness of Kalakuli Lake, the nice legends about Kengur and Muztagata; I cherish the golden grasslands in the north of Xinjiang, the blue Salim Lake, the colorful Fruit Valley, the exotic scenery in Yining, a Sino-Russian border city and the ancient monastery in Zhaosu. I cherish Turpan's grapes and wine; I cherish Uygur girls' songs and dances.

I cherish the multifarious colors in Xinjiang.

丁觀加, 1937年生, 上海崇明人。畢業於南京師範大學美術系。現為鎮江國畫院院長。作品多次參加全國和省及出國展覽並發表。先後兩次訪問日本并舉辦個人畫展。出版有《丁觀加畫集》。

**Ding Guanjia** He was born in Chongming county, Shanghai in 1937. Graduated from the Fine Arts Department he is the Principal of the Zhenjiang Chinese Paintings Academy. His paintings have many times been exhibited and published in China and abroad. He has visited Japan twice and twice held exhibitions of his works. The Album of Ding Guanjia's Paintings has been published.

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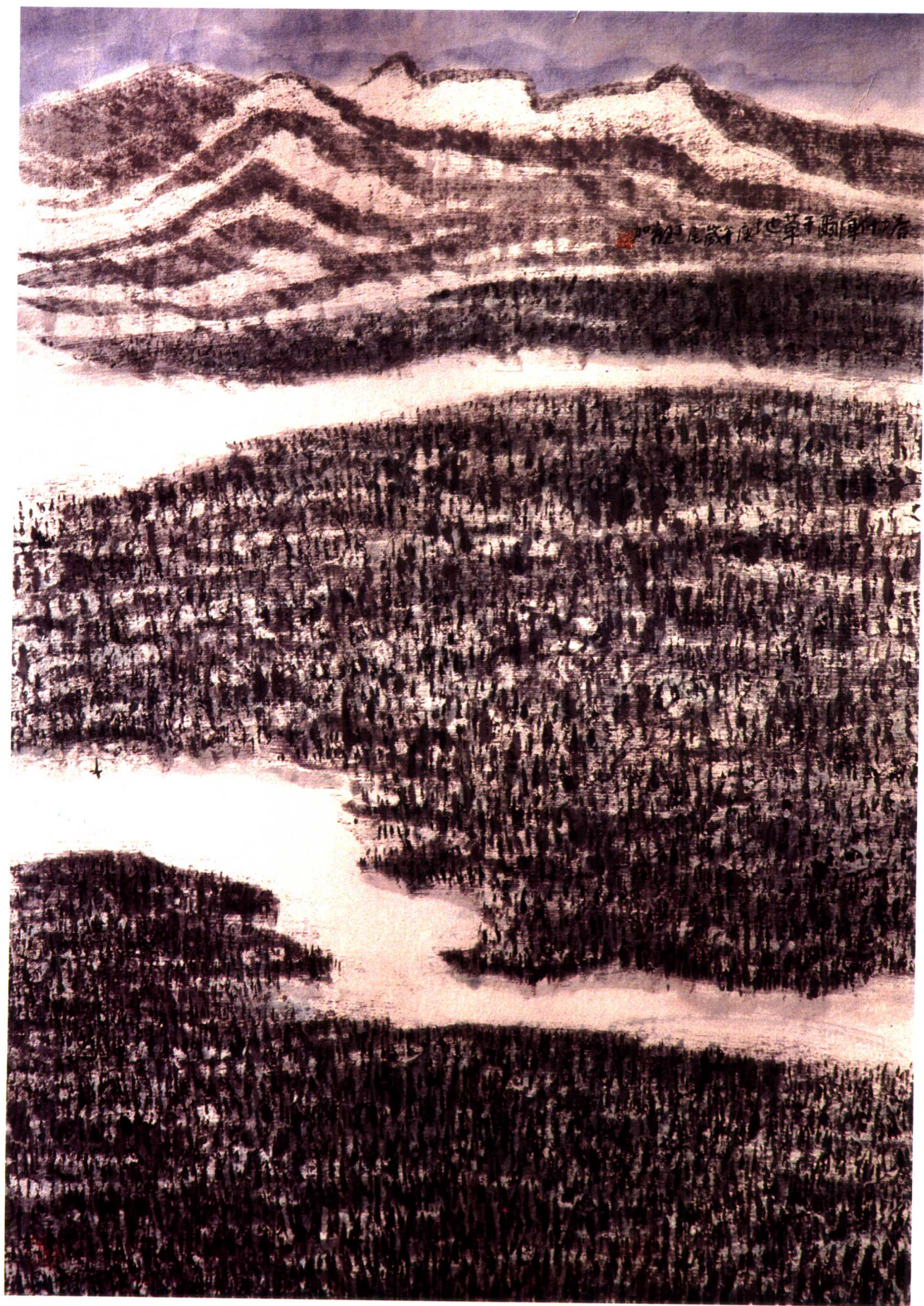








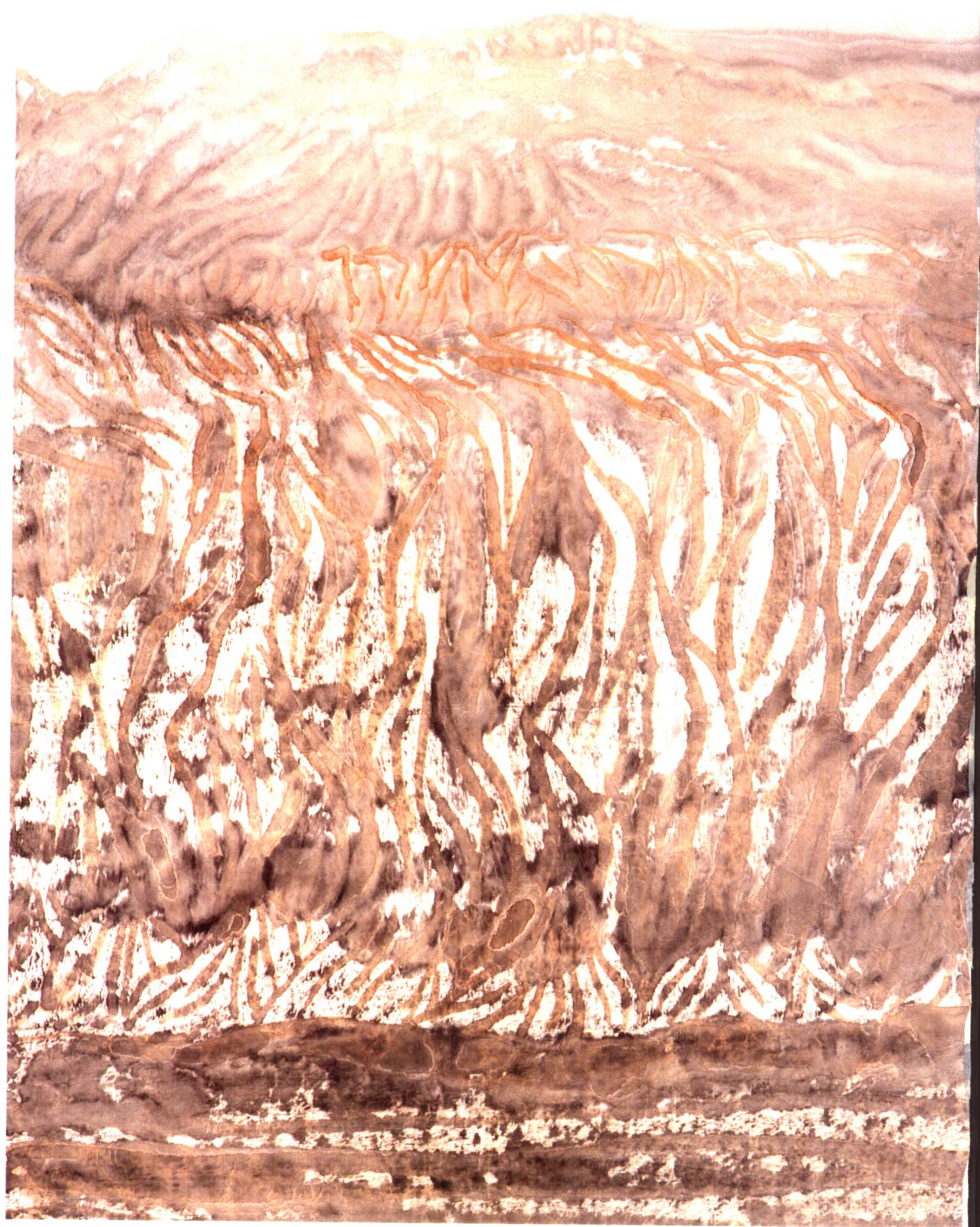




3 塔什庫爾干草地 Taxkorgan Grassland



九月赴新疆 魯西生 此稿以年二月 見於江學山書屋 丁卯年 加觀





火焰山印象 一九九〇年











6 帕米爾高原返喀什途中 On Way Back to Kashi from Pamir Plateau















