

Anna Kalan Liu

劉亞蘭畫集

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明亮的光

——給將要分離的好友

劉迅

“眼睛是心靈之窗”這句很形象的描繪，最初不知是誰的創造，也許是一位不知名的民間詩人。

還在三十年前，在我的一位現在已故的好友家中認識了劉亞蘭女士，最初的認識並沒有給我留下什麼深刻印象，但是總有那么一絲明亮的光留在我的心里，這就是她那雙犀利的眼睛。隨著時光的流逝和我們友誼的加深，我才逐漸感覺到這一絲明亮的光的價值和力量，她反映了亞蘭女士某些性格上的特征和智慧。

現在亞蘭女士要離開我們到太平洋的彼岸澳大利亞去了，世界事物往往如此，人們相處並不覺得可貴；當要分離時，才懂得她的價值，然而已處在“相見時難別亦難”的境地了。

我記得有一次我去亞蘭女士家中，她正在彈鋼琴，是匈牙利作曲家李斯特的《匈牙利狂想曲》，我被那激昂熱烈的琴聲感動了，我沒有近前喊她，只見她那像小鐵錘的手指有力地落在琴鍵上來回敲擊着，這不僅僅只在彈琴，她把自己的心都傾注在旋律里。她的這種對藝術的執着和熱情在美術創作上更加強烈地反映了出來。她的靜物、風景構圖飽滿，色彩豐富和筆法奔放等等都反映了亞蘭女士對於生活的熱愛和奮發向上的情緒。

不知為什麼，當我想到亞蘭女士所走過來的生活道路，我總想起俄羅斯偉大的作家列夫·托爾斯泰的《哈澤·莫拉德》，書的開始描寫了路旁的一棵紅色的牛蒡花，在無數馬蹄和車輪蹂躪踐踏過後，她依然頑強地生長着……

亞蘭女士帶着一顆熱愛祖國的心走了，她的那些明亮的光永遠留在我的記憶里，留在我的心里。

（寫於一九八三年）

A BRIGHT LIGHT

— on parting with a dear old friend

Liu Xun

"The eye is the mirror of the soul". I do not know who it was that first coined this apt saying, who had spoken it first. Some folk poet of unknown name it might have been.

I met Yalan Liu for the first time in my good old, now deceased, friend's house well over thirty years ago. I was by no means deeply impressed on first making her acquaintance, yet I somehow felt a ray of bright light reaching my heart, radiating from those penetrating eyes of hers. As time went on and our friendship deepened, I gradually came to be aware of both the power and value of that radiant light, the light that reflects some particular traits of Yalan Liu's disposition and mind.

Now Yalan is leaving us, going to the distant shores of the Pacific, to Australia. Such are the ways of life in this world that one, more often than not, does not value much the moment of being together until the time of parting when it dawns upon him that "It's hard to meet, but harder still to part."

I remember coming to her house one day when she was playing the piano. The music she played was Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody. Deeply moved by the sonorous, ardent sounds, I dared not disturb her, but stood there, watching her fingers moving nimbly along the key-board, striking the keys with the force of little hammers of iron. She was not just playing the piano, not just playing music, but immersing her whole heart and soul into the piece she was playing. This sincerity and ardour for Art is even more strongly reflected in her own works of art. In her nature's moods, in her landscapes, her drawings are graphic, colour-rich, and brushstrokes bold. All these bespeak of her ardent love of life, her eagerness to strive on with all her energy.

I cannot tell why, but whenever I think of the lifepath which has been Yalan's, I invariably think of the great Russian writer, Leo Tolstoy's book titled (Hadji Murat). At the beginning of this work the author describes a bush of thistle by the roadside, a thistlebush which is growing on, ever strong and hardy, in spite of countless horseshoes and cartwheels that stamp and roll over it, crushing it.

Yalan is going away now, taking with her the ardent love for her country, but the radiant light of her eyes shall always dwell in my memory, and in my heart.

飄流

——送別劉亞蘭畫友

中央工藝美術學院教授 吳冠中

“東邊日出西邊雨，這是無晴却有晴”。唐代詩人寫的是什麼啊？他在朦朧的藝術世界中探求，探求什麼？非晴也，是情，是真情！可憐的畫家們，他們踏破鐵鞋，他們付出了短短數十年的身家性命去追求真情，真情總在前面哪！撲啊，飛蛾於是被焚於火中，這是古今中外千千萬萬畫家們共同的命運，雖然他們的作品將被人們久遠地懷念！

劉亞蘭出生於中國，擠在嬌嬌閨閣的東方姑娘群中度過了單純愉快的童年吧！青年時代她在蘇聯學習，接受了西方式的生活和教育。一九五〇年又回到了土地遼闊的祖國。我認識她，是一九五六年，我們一同在高等學校的美術系任教。猶如絕大多數畫家，我們都在藝術道路的探索中碰到重重困難，尤其是體會了西方和東方兩方面感情氣質的人們，保持了一片童心的人們，更經常會遭遇到難言的苦惱，這確是一種苦酒。為了追求真情，我們喝過一杯又一杯的苦酒！然而，泥土是芬芳的，人民是可愛的，我們經常同學生們一起下鄉，住到貧窮的農民的小屋里，同農民吃一樣的飯，學着干他們的活。劉亞蘭的面貌並不完全像中國人，農民們開始是驚訝的，用好奇心同她保持着距離，但劉亞蘭自己感覺不到這距離，她用畫筆追求的老鄉們是親人，她畫的風景是故鄉，她的心早已許願嫁給人民了！劉亞蘭的中國話不如中國人說得流暢，這不要緊，畫家自己的語言是作品，因之劉亞蘭的嚴重課題是如何在審美中與中國人民交流，她東尋西找，她在藝術中漂流，似乎總很難確定可靠的扎根基地！

在這個世界上，幸福的人們是很多的吧！但中國人民卻承擔了更多生活的苦難，劉亞蘭除了藝術上的榜徨，更遭遇到各式各樣的生活的折磨和疾病的襲擊，但，她堅毅地頂過來了，消瘦的劉亞蘭骨頭是硬的，她給我們留下最突出的印象是堅毅，畫家的堅毅！女性的堅毅！

我和劉亞蘭早已不在一起教課了，“文化大革命”將同道們沖散，離開了北京，各自漂流，彼此間隔膜了。再相見的時候，劉亞蘭已同時用中國傳統的筆墨工具在作新的探索。近幾年來，這種探索一次比一次更自然，更自由，漸漸深化了。生活的波濤一個接着一個，將人們推向新的邊岸，劉亞蘭要離開祖國到澳大利亞去了，生活的飄流，藝術的飄流啊！我目送背着畫箱的劉亞蘭一步步遠去，有些感動！何必傷感，采來的苦果霉爛了？不，是發酵。發酵是為了釀酒，釀出苦難之酒，這晚熟之美酒，獻給可愛的人們！

（寫於一九八三年）

WANDERING

— Bidding farewell to a fellow — artist, Yalan Liu

By Wu Guangzhong

"Tis sunrise in the east, 'tis raining in the west, there's seemingly no light, yet light is there" — what did that Poet from the Tang dynasty mean? He was seeking something in the dim world of Art — what did he seek? Not a light to be seen by the eye, but enlightenment — the ability to feel truth! Poor artists, they wear out their soles of iron, they spend the short, oh so short, span of but a few decades allotted them in their pursuit of truth, yet truth is ever far ahead! One dash and the moth drops into fire, and is scorched to death — such is the fate common to thousands upon thousands of artists, old and new, in this and other lands, even though the work of their hands remains to be admired for ever and ever!

Yalan Liu was born in China, and spent her innocent and happy girlhood right in the midst of a lively, frolicsome crowd of oriental girls! In her youth she studied in the Soviet Union, adopting the Western way of life, receiving a Western education, and then came back to her vast native land in 1950.

I first came to know her in 1956. We were both teaching in the Art faculty of higher school, and both were bumping into all sorts of difficulties, while probing our way in Art, just like the overwhelming majority of artists, particularly those who had grasped both the western and the eastern conceptions of emotional effect of art, who have kept the purity of heart and were even more often liable to tight grips of unutterable bitterness — that was a bitter drink indeed! We were draining cup after cup of bitterness in our pursuit of truth, yet the earth was fragrant, the people lovable. We often went down to the countryside together with our students, where we lodged in the poor peasants' small huts, ate what they ate, and learned to do their work. Yalan Liu doesn't look quite Chinese. That surprised the peasants at first and aroused their curiosity, but also made them keep their distance from her. However, she herself was unconscious of any such distance. The peasants whose likeness her brush reproduced were her own people to her, the landscapes she painted were those of her own country. She had given her heart to her people long ago! Yalan Liu's Chinese is not as fluent as one would expect from a Chinese, but this does not matter. An artist has a language of his own, that of his work, so Yalan Liu's most pressing problem was how to establish a contact with the Chinese people through the medium of her Art. She was searching, wandering in the world of art, as though it was beyond her means to establish a strong foothold!

There must be a lot of happy people in this world! But the Chinese people have gone through a greater deal of hardships in their lives than most. Apart from her roaming the art, Yalan Liu has gone through many a trial in her life, subject to many an onslaught of disease, but she stoutly withstood them all. Slender as she is, Yalan Liu has a stout heart. What impressed me most is that dauntlessness of hers, an artist's dauntlessness, the dauntlessness of a woman, the dauntlessness of a proud human being!

It is long ago now that I was teaching together with Yalan Liu. The cultural revolution has scattered most of those that walked the same path, chased them out of Beijing, sending each one to roam alone by himself, and contact now lost. When we met once again Yalan Liu was deep in yet another search, this time with a Chinese brush, and in recent years this search has yielded better and better results, more and more natural, freer, deeper.

The waves of life keep rolling on, driving people in different directions, urging them on towards new shores. Yalan Liu is now leaving her native land bound for Australia. Oh, drifting in life and drifting in Art! When I see Yalan Liu

off, gazing after her receding figure as she moves farther and farther away with the paintbox on her back, I cannot help feeling a bit melancholy! But, why melancholy – for the decaying of the bitter fruit gathered? Nay, it is only fermenting, fermenting to make wine, to make wine of bitterness, wine of late – ripening, and wine of fragrance, to be offered to the lovable people!

真與夢 畫與音樂

——讀劉亞蘭近作

中央美術學院教授 張安治(已故)

我和劉亞蘭女士自五十年代初期至六十年代曾同事十余年，對於她創作勤奮，教學認真和不放過每一次深入生活或觀摩我國古代藝術遺產的機會深為感佩。她早期的油畫作品兼有西方現實主義和印象主義優秀傳統的影響，色彩豐富而和諧，筆觸靈活，形象鮮明；又逐步吸收我國民族、民間藝術的特征，使其作品的風格趨于富麗并且有東方色彩。特別是她的靜物畫，既華彩繽紛，又有虛有實，作法也更為大膽。經過十年動亂，她的油畫又明顯有新發展。如《我的夢》，也可以稱之為《石窟之夢》。寫月色迷離中的石雕菩薩或供養人，是夢，是詩，也帶有宗教的虔誠。這反映了作者思想境界的深入，對真與夢，古與今，藝術與人生，充滿了新的憧憬與追求。但我更愛她的油畫近作《黃河落日》和《愛女像》。她幾乎每年都要為她的女兒劉驊畫像。或天真含笑，或以花為襯，人花并美；而這一幅，全畫用薄薄油彩，膚色如象牙白却具有微妙的變化；少女的眼睛也變得異樣深沉，背景十分單純，充滿一種古典的含蓄的美，和歐洲文藝復興時期大師奇奇的格調頗為接近。這樣精緻而樸實無華的表現，正體現了她注入了深刻的母愛。《黃河落日》中的遠近山坡平原，已接近沉沉一片，只見閃閃的長河蜿蜒流去。一輪金日尚停留在地平線的邊緣，天空的雲朵上染着淡淡的霞彩。使人感到祖國的大地即使在夜幕中，也是如此沉厚而廣闊！而藝術家熱愛生活熱愛自然的激情，正像這日日夜夜奔騰前進的黃河之水！

亞蘭女士由于生活和感情的深入，她的油畫風格又由富麗燦爛趨于深沉含蓄，這也是很自然的轉變。她同時加強了對傳統中國畫技法的鍛煉。如臨摹水樂宮壁畫，嘗試錢與水墨在各類題材上的應用，并使墨筆與豐富的色彩相結合。如《老樹根》，根和老干用濃墨干筆，愈顯其蒼勁有力，大片野花則點綴結合，墨色筆變，而這種點筆已不是西畫中表現光的躍動的點，它們已具有結合物象特征的中國畫的素質。從題材內容看也很有意思，作者不畫大樹的繁枝茂葉，却畫蟠曲的老根并以大片野花為襯，這正是平凡中的燦爛，象征了老健與青春永在！

《白月季》全用水墨點染，白花也不用綫勾，可見運用傳統技法又不為陳法所拘束。《花叢飛天》的衣紋挺秀，背景卻畫成灰青的天空，具有西畫的特色。《石窟壁畫的感受》也是如此，難用的是中國畫工具，并以墨為主，也可看出中國畫的筆法，但墨色渾溶，從情調看和油畫《我的夢》頗為接近。另一幅很使人感興趣的畫是《蕭邦的“波羅乃茲”》，畫面有一輪用金色畫成的太陽，顯現在浪湧的波濤之中。水和天空的色彩紅、黑與灰紫交採，波浪部分用金色勾畫細密而飛動的綫紋。形成一種綫與色的音樂。我對音樂的知識很貧乏，不知道“波羅乃茲”的主題是什麼；但從畫面感受到神祕的感情之激，在沉鬱中閃着金色的光輝，在複雜中顯得單純，在激蕩中啟示着寧靜；這是畫也是音樂，是現實中的夢也是感情里的真，是大自然的贊歌又是生命的象征。

劉亞蘭女士的作品不僅創造性地交織了中國畫和西畫的一些技法形式上的特點，也蘊含着東西方藝術的意境和主題的要求；表現了它們所獨有的風格面貌和她的強烈鮮明的個性。

(高于一九八三年)

BEALITY AND DREAM, PAINTING AND MUSIC

— on Reading Yalan Liu's recent works

Zhang Anzhi

(professor of the Central Arts Academy of China)(Now deceased)

I have worked together with Yalan Liu for over ten years, from the early fifties and into the sixties. Her unremitting application to creative work, her conscientiousness in teaching and her eagerness never to miss an opportunity to plunge into the thick of life, or to scrutinise the works of art that we inherited from the past have deeply impressed me and filled me with admiration.

There is an influence of the fine traditions of both the Western realism and impressionism in her early oil paintings, with colours rich and harmonious, brush strokes nimble, and images distinct.

As she gradually grasps the characteristic traits of Chinese national and folk art, the style of her paintings gain in splendour and assume oriental colouring, particularly her still life paintings in which there is found a richness of colour, imagination and reality, and the manner of painting is still bolder.

After the ten years of turmoil there is again an obvious new development in her oil paintings. For example "My dream" which can also be named "Dream in a Grotto". To paint a stone statue of Buddha, or a worshipper in shimmering moonlight, is to create a dream, a poem, and involves a feeling of devotion. That means that the painter's thoughts run deeper, that she is full of new visions, and has set forth on a new pursuit between the realms of reality and dream, of the ancient and the new, of Art and human life. Of her recent works in oil, the ones that I like best are "Sunset on the Yellow River" and "Beloved Daughter's Portrait".

She paints her daughter, Leonella Liu, almost every year. Innocently smiling, on a background of flowers, the girl and the blossoms mutually enhance each other's beauty. But in this portrait, done in the thinnest layer of oil colours, — the girl's complexion ivory white yet with wonderfully playing shades, her eyes too changed and grown deeper, the background wholly simple — this portrait is full of the classical veiled beauty approaching the style of the great Master of Renaissance, Da Vinci. Done with great finesse and utmost simplicity, this picture is to me an incarnation of the depth of a mother's love.

In "Sunset over the Yellow River" the mountain slopes and valleys far and near are somnolent, while the glimmering waters of that great river go their winding way. A golden sun hangs above the strip nearest the horizon, the tops of clouds slightly tinted with a pale sunset — rose. Even under the veil of night it reveals to one the depth and vastness of our native land! Yalan Liu's ardent love of life and nature too is likened to the waters of the Yellow River, untiring in their steady course, day after day, night after night!

It is quite natural too that with Yalan Liu's deeper knowledge of life and feelings, her style in oil painting has undergone a noticeable change, turning from splendour to depth and finesse. At the same time she has intensified her own efforts to master the traditional Chinese technique of painting. This she has done by copying the Yonglegong murals, experimenting with using line strokes and Chinese ink water colours in different genres of painting, and combining Chi-

nese ink with variegated colours. For example, in her "Old Roots", the roots and the old stump are painted with thick Chinese ink on a dry brush, revealing sturdiness and strength of the aged tree. A wide stretch of wild flowers is a combination of dot and line strokes, the shades of the ink changing, and these dot strokes are no longer the strokes representing the transition of light as in Western painting, but have the quality characteristic to Chinese paintings of combined images. The idea of the painting is interesting too. The painter does not paint spreading branches and the rich foliage of a tree, but simply winding knotty roots on a background of wide stretching wild flowers. This is indeed romance in the ordinary run of things, a symbol of the everlastingness of age and youth!

"White Roses" too is done in dot strokes in ink. The flowers have no contour lines, the painter has obviously used the traditional method, yet has not been constrained by the old injunctions. In "Apsaras Flying in a Rain of Flowers" the folds of the garment are long and graceful, but the background is that of a greyish-blue sky, which gives the painting an occidental hue. Likewise in "Gleanings from Cave Frescoes". The tools the painter uses are Chinese, and her main medium of ink and brush strokes are laid in the Chinese way, yet the ink is diluted and this gives the picture and approach akin to the oil-painting "My Dream". Another interesting painting is "Chopin's Polonaise", wherein the sun is painted gold among the roaring waves, the sky and water interwoven in crimson, black, grey and purple, the waves being contoured in gold and painted with dense flying upward strokes. It represents a sort of music composed of lines and colours. My knowledge of music being very poor, I do not know what is subject matter of Polonaise, but this painting imparts to me a mysterious emotional effect, a golden glow beaming through darkness, simplicity emerging from complexity, quiet born out of turmoil. It is both a picture and piece of music, a dream in reality and truth in emotion, a hymn to nature and a symbol of life.

Yalan Liu's paintings are not only a creative blending of the characteristic techniques and forms of the Chinese and Western styles of painting. She has nised recog and grasped the essence of the demands set by both Eastern and Western Art relating to artistic conception and choice of theme, so that her paintings reveal some characteristic traits of each, as well as her own strong and clear-cut personality.

Beijing January 1981

圖 版





