

1998--2013

Prince Huei's Cook was Cutting up a Bullock

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南山、丘壑与漫游

西湖南山三窗阁

的飘零,端得那般沉甸甸。

室一 满满。我曾建议他到室外的实景中办展。那大尺幅的画面置入景中, 南写生,带回十数张两米多高、三米多长的巨幅风景,展出时把雁南工作室撑得 发连在一起,衬着一双忧郁而敏感的眼睛,架着一副眼镜,整张脸所剩不多。因 童雁在南山路已经有许多个年头了。 童雁其实年轻,却蓄了一把胡子。胡子与长 壑者,大地的隆起与沉陷,浑浑茫茫,如在目前,如在远方。是风驱赶着景物, 这风景仿佛构成了行走列车上的一道景观,一种浑沌呈现却又无边伸展的丘壑。 连成一片。那景物像是受了天边的牵引,向着远方聚拢,身形匆忙,意态朦胧。 蜿蜒在天边,时而与远方的山脊沟梁相连,时而与林陌的黑瓦山墙错叠,浑浑然 连在一道,最易让人感到画家的观看。童雁的这些画中总有一条地平线, 脸的印象又颇难忘。童雁画了很多画,主要是风景和人物。去岁初夏他去浙北皖 此,他的面庞总有些模糊不清,端详他,却有匆匆一瞥的感觉。回过头去,这张 的真意。童雁眼追心追,来去匆匆,又分外认真。 捉与追赶,在观日常景物如丘壑的某种情心。那心中的风从景上拂过,正是风景 塑造着丘壑,指示着恒水的遥远。那风来在何方?在心,在心中对自然意态的捕 那山岭在跑,田陌在跑,云块在跑,景物混沌不清了,影影绰绰, 正是这条南山路南端的荫深处,一座绿色的砖房中,有一个『雁南艺术工作 时常举办画展和艺术活动。雁南,就是童雁汝南,实名演义,实地盘活。 仿佛丘壑。丘 实景与画景 浓浓地

所以,当我们面对这一群群无声息的、纠结着沧桑的笔触、浑然的影调的肖特要仔细端详,那像却又兀自模糊起来。那意写的笔,总在眉眼处大胆地勾画出待要仔细端详,那像却又兀自模糊起来。那意写的笔,总在眉眼处大胆地勾画出就如风在骨桑上拂掠。我们仿佛与这些像匆匆一面,擦身而过。这像记录的不是那人,而是与那人蓦然相遇、擦肩而过的瞬息印象。童雁那双敏感而忧伤的眼睛就如风在骨桑上拂掠。我们仿佛与这些像匆匆一面,擦身而过。这像记录的不是对的解问。对于这样的瞬间,童雁看清楚了吗?我们也看清楚了吗?那瞬间的、实的瞬间。对于这样的瞬间,童雁看清楚了吗?我们也看清楚了吗?那瞬间的不是对的潭池一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的『像』。这种『像』是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的『漫态』的浑沌一团的《歌戏》中,时而清晰,这些人物肖像亦是有限。对于这种情感,是不允许太清晰的,是需要一种生命的《漫游者》的不是一种生命的《漫游者》的正面头像,蓦然闯入眼中,直看着沧桑的笔触、浑然的影调的肖

正领受某种观看的诗学。 正领受某种观看的诗学。

朝夕夕的肖像上。 朝夕夕的肖像上。 立是那条南山路。童雁的身形融化在其中。南山路走不尽,我们只是走在她朝在人世道途上的随性漫步,那人与世界同在的无涯际的精神漫游。这种『漫态』在人世道途上的随性漫步,那人与世界同在的无涯际的精神漫游。这种『漫态』在人世道途上的随性漫步,那人与世界同在的无涯际的精神漫游。这种『漫态』有人世道途上的随性漫步,那人与世界同在的景处兀自虐玩。无论是前者的『魅玩世的一类,将近代史资源把来玩讽,将人性的弱处兀自虐玩。无论是前者的『魅五史』,并且整的清重。今日中还是那条南山路。童雁一路走来,有漫游的散脱,又有丘壑的滞重。今日中



并不努力地看清那人,而是去捕捉那种尚在混沌之中的状态。我们并不刻意追求像之时,我们同时所面对的是童雁式的观看,或者说是那种漫游中的心灵。我们

而是去琢磨心思相遇相浑的瞬间。

这状态和瞬间常常叠映而为

remotest place, sometimes linking with ridges or ditches, sometimes flickering catching the meaningful appearance of the nature, and from a kind of sentient chaos is indistinct, therefore it looks like hills and gullies. Hills and gullies, like Yan pursues it with his eyes as well as his heart, coming and going in a hurry, them completely. Scenes seem to be drawn by it, gathering together towards the distance, hastily and vaguely. Those scenes looked as if they were views from a walking train, stretching illegibly but boundlessly. The mountain ridge swelling or sinking parts of the earth, are vast and boundless, sometimes as and gullies. The wind from the heart breezes over the scene. That is why the if at present, sometimes in the distance. It is the wind that drives the scenes, forms the hills and gullies, and indicates the permanent remoteness. Where is running, the field path is running, the cloud mass is running. The scenery attitude with which one will appreciate the usual scenes as meaningful hills word scenery in Chinese is Feng Jing, which means wind and scene. Tong among the black tiles or walls in the field or in the forest, and merging with There is always a horizon in these pictures, it considerably winds in the does the wind come from? It comes from the heart, from pursuing and but particularly seriously.

the parts of eyes and eyebrows with a bold hand. It looked as if the figures fall be too clear. They need to be greeted with the slackness of life. Tong Yan and momentary and vague clearness possible? Tong Yan is always in a slack state impression of the sudden meeting. What has that pair of somber and sensitive landscape paintings, these figures are also vague, presented in every shape. The meaningful brushstrokes always draw some trace of vicissitudes of life at to greet these vague figures appearing suddenly. This kind of figures can not however, still, those figures are becoming vague as being watched carefully. go away in a hurry. These pictures do not written down those people, but the true. At such moment, does Tong Yan see clearly? Do we see clearly? Is that figures factually record what he has seen. Painters draw nothing but what he these figures shape each other, and in this way, the former is shaped into a or she has seen. As for Tong Yan, he does not want to do more. He always The figures created by Tong Yan are coming up to us group by group. into those unruly brushstrokes, sometimes clear, sometimes vague. Finally, those figures are smeared off for no reason as viewers' hesitating gazes passing over their spiritual bones. It seems that we run into them and then moving on them, the facial features are withdrawn inward, as if the wind is eyes of Tong Yan been seen? In those ten-odd years, these hundreds of keeps the figures at a certain moment, a moment far from intact but very They are invariable facades, suddenly barging into the viewers' eyes, More than one hundred figures are created for over ten years. Like his soul-rambler, glancing casually in a hurry.

Therefore, as we are facing the crowds of silent figures entangled with brushstrokes full of vicissitudes and integrated tinge, we are at the same time facing the watching of Tong Yan's type, or facing a kind of souls in rambling. We do not distinguish those figures with great effort, whereas we try to catch the kind of state still in chaos. We do not pursue the perspicuity in visual focus, whereas we ponder over the moments of the meeting and the merging of thoughts. Such states and moments often overlap and reflect with each other.

The South Hill, Gullies and Rambling

Xu Jiang

August 16, 2007

In the Pavilion of Three Windows, South Hill, W

In the Pavilion of Three Windows, South Hill, West Lake, Hangzhou

are formed as an integrated mass, bringing an admiring and sentimental suddenly, at one certain dusk, an unusual glow of sunset spreads evenly the green more luxuriant, as if a solemn protection, in a way of an umbrella, green is splashed on the branches by the rainwater, and then overflows down where art exhibitions or relevant activities are often held. Yan Nan, namely Hill road, in a green house built of brick, there is the Yan Nan artistic studio authentically heavy. Exactly at the shady depths of the south end of the South their hearts is the density of green and the wandering of the leaves, which is fullness with her backbone. There are many people walking on the South Hill snowy days, the South Hill road still constructed a kind of plain integration and sense for people towards the strong autumn. And finally winter comes. Even in from the branches to the paths and the corridors. The sky and the ground Looking upward, a golden vault greets us. In a few days, that gold slides silently. The walkers on the path can not perceive the southern cool. However or a great cover. Autumn comes late. The shedding leaves fell lightly and shaded over by green trees, whose crowns mingle with their shadow, making hastily. One water, one green. As summer approaching, the path is gradually hearts of teachers and students from China Academy of Art. In spring, a light original domain. Tong Yan has already been here for many years at the South Passing here hurriedly every day, but what accumulate over a long period in road, but the moods of the people from China Academy of Art are different. Tong Yan Ru Nan, is an artist revitalizing himself with his real name at his The South Hill road to the east of the lake is the campus road in the

In fact Tong Yan is young, but he cultivates a nice bit of beard, which connects with his long hair, setting off his somber and sensitive eyes. In addition, because of a pair of glasses he wears, there is not much face left. Therefore, his face is always somewhat vague. However, when one look him carefully, one will have a sense of hurried glance, while turning back, the impression of that face will be felt quite unforgettable. Tong Yan draws a lot of paintings, mainly of scenery and figures. He went to sketch to Zhejiang and south Anhui last early summer, taking back ten-odd pieces of landscape paintings more than two meters high and three meters long, which stuffed his studio while being exhibited here. I once suggested him to exhibit them outdoors where the pictures with such a big scale may merge into the real scene, and through such means the watching of the painter is apt to be felt.

turning into integrated hills and gullies, and forming a whole silence, as cloudy hills, evening hills, or rainy hills. When the shape of faces turn into hills and gullies, they, also, are silent like hills and gullies, muttering as an meaningful integrated appearance. The facial features fall into the gullies, while the details give way of marks of time, looked like a worn screen wall. The prompters of such turnings are no other than ourselves. It is ourselves rushing through to grasp the vague seen before we see clearly. It is just about this kind of seen that leads us to catch the moments in life, to experience the careless care, and to wait for the uncertain certainty. It seems that we are taken to that spot of watching, to appreciate a certain turning—watching moment. At an unexpected moment, the riddle behind the figures is being caught, and the muttering of the figures or those hills and gullies are being listened. When we feel something poetics of watching.

Still in that South Hill road, here comes Tong Yan, with an attitude of a rambler, facile and graceful, as well as of the heaviness and stagnancy of hills and gullies. In the circles of Chinese young artists, there are a lot of fascinating fellows, who catch some feeling characteristics of life, and express with exaggerated sexy appearance; and there are also a lot of cynical fellows, who take the resource from Chinese modern history, and toy with the weaknesses of human nature cruelly. Tong Yan has neither the former's fascination nor the latter's cynicism. The only thing he has is the independent rambling attitude, an attitude of letting his life alone rambling along the ways of the mortal world, and an attitude of boundless soul—rambling while human and the world merge together. This kind of rambling attitude is exactly the real state of the road in the South Hill, where Tong Yan's figure merge into it. The South Hill road is endless, and we only walk on her everyday image.

童雁汝南 2005 年

新了二百聚正平余的片景前寸前推杂、只层、是见;寸而又向青画匠的四边结晶着。它们只是高高低低、绵延起伏的丘壑,被云雾萦绕着。状的线条、光、影、色彩,它们慢慢延展着、游动着、跳跃着,又重新穿插着、模特坐在眼前,它在我眼里已经不是一个完完全全的形象,它们只是各种形原未见全牛』。庖丁与牛的对立解消了,即是心与物的对立解消了。

消了,技术对心的制约性消解了。 『官知止而神欲行』。庖丁已『辄然忘吾有四肢形体也』,手与心的距离解

形象解放着它的形象,在超越感官后达到节奏的统一。
形象解放着它的形象,在超越感官后达到节奏的统一。
 我、笔、模特,完完全全共呼吸,每一笔都要和它气息相通。共同呈现着每代、笔、模特,完完全全共呼吸,每一笔都要和它气息相通。共同呈现着每天,一个对象即是存在的一切,以虚静的心,等着面孔中存在一切出现的可能。感到此一个对象即是存在的一切,以虚静的心,等着面孔中存在,笔与颜料不存在,这时大脑已经是一片空白,模特不存在,笔与颜料不存在,见了,慢慢变成黑色的了,带着田地上秸秆烧尽的香味。我把亮斑涂黑,亮斑反见了,慢慢变成黑色的了,带着田地上秸秆烧尽的香味。我把亮斑涂黑,亮斑反见了,慢慢变成黑色的了,带着田地上秸秆烧尽的香味。我把亮斑涂黑,亮斑反胆,慢慢变成黑色的了,带着田地上秸秆烧尽的香味。我把亮斑涂黑,亮斑反胆,慢变成黑色的了,带着田地上秸秆烧尽的香味。我把亮斑涂黑,一点、大口,一时刻、每一处、每一种情最微妙的变化。直接、快速、掠去即逝的信息。眼睛一时刻、每一处、每一种情最微妙的变化。直接、快速、掠去即逝的信息。眼睛一时刻、每一种情景。

觉将与一种溢出所有领域的感觉,朝向世界,穿越它们的生命。成的,通过魔鬼般的灵感,穿越所有的感觉领域,穿越所有不同的感觉层次。视会儿。寻佛佛不在,真实是四处弥漫的。神圣的形象是由自由的创作生气贯穿而能够引人心动的东西就那么一点点,能够和宇宙发生通感的时刻也就那么一

混沌,投入黑夜之中去寻找。 『恢恢乎其于游刃必有余地矣』,庖丁的解牛,成为他无所束缚的精神游戏。 『恢恢乎其于游刃必有余地矣』,庖丁的解牛,成为他无所束缚的精神游戏。 『恢恢乎其于游刃必有余地矣』,庖丁的解牛,成为他无所束缚的精神游戏。 『花状之间流转、游走。一光一暗,重唱流转。两极之间的空,是感性的丰满, 在形状之间流转、游走。一光一暗,重唱流转。两极之间的空,是感性的丰满, 在形状之间流转、游走。一光一暗,重唱流转。两极之间的空,是感性的丰满, 在形状之间流转、游走。一光一暗,重唱流转。两极之间的空,是感性的丰满, 在形状之间流转、游走。一光一暗,重唱流转。两极之间的空,是感性的丰满, 也是存在的充溢。此时我的精神由此得到了笔和颜料解放而来的自由感、充实感。 "空』 "应丁对『郤』、『窾』、『祭』、『涧』、『族』的准确的『批』、『道』, 是存在的充溢。此时我的精神事故。

术活动升华上去,在具体活动之中呈现。 电丁解牛,讲了道与技的关系,解牛不是干技外见道,而是技之中见道。今本活动升华上去,在具体活动之中呈现。 一个是以解牛为目的,是无意识无用的结果,只有摆脱实用的束缚以得到的自由,才是自觉的自由,才合乎艺术的本源。解牛的技而近乎道,不是比拟的说法,而不是以解牛为目的,是无意识无用的结果,只有摆脱实用的束缚以得到的自由,对是自觉的自由,才合乎艺术的本源。解牛的技艺,只是为了解牛本身的目出,就是纯技术性的。而庖丁从纯技术上所得的享受,乃是技术所换来的物质性是具有真实内容的说法。是『道》技术上所得的享受,乃是技术所换来的物质性。

珠式的工作,永远的 41x33,永远的正面脸孔,如解牛,领悟着老庄之『道』。 庖丁,三年未尝见全牛,十九年解数干牛。我十五年如一日,几乎每天的念



Prince Huei's Cook was Cutting up a Bullock

Tong Yanrunan 2005

Everytime I read Zhuangzi's text, I feel easy and smooth, and my heart extends to a very far distence, to the endless world. In painting, the calmness accumulated during those normal days sublimates and extends to the infinite space within the painting.

Prince Huei's Cook was Cutting up a Bullock], what is the same thing between the 「Tao」 for Zhuangzi and the 「Ambit」 for artists have searching for?

[I haven't seen the whole bull.] The elimination of the conflict between [Pao Ding] and the bullock breaks the bond between mind and things.

When the model sits before me, in my eyes, it is neither a complete image They are color blocks, shadow of light, impression piled up this moment and then scattered that moment, all kinds of shapes of lights, darknesses, and colors wander, intersperse and crystallize. It is only high and low, extending infinitely, walking and jumping facula, undulating ground.

At this moment, the portrait is piling up, rendering and representing under the background painted plainly; at that moment, wandering towards the corner of the frame. I can't help myself following the flowing impression to chase the wandering brush—touching, those touchings sometimes like the hard stone, sometimes like the illusion of the water wave.

[Your mind knows that you should stop while your spirit is still wandering.] Pao Ding had forgotten the existence of his all fours, narrowing the distance between hands and mind, he liberated his mind from the restriction of technique.

I conspired together with my brush and my model. Every stroke has connection and presents the delicate changes from every moment. Directly and efficiently capture the information which will elapse in a short moment of turning. My eyes are very excited and active. I chase the moment which comes accidentally, while I can't think and recognize anything anymore, except letting my hands follow and wander with the moment, at this moment, my mind is totally blank, nothing around me exists anymore, the model has gone, the brush and the paintings have gone, and also my mind have flied miles away. I notice that the bright spot becomes brighter and brighter, a little bit shining, closer and closer, the canvas is unable to express its flame. With saturated roar, suddenly the bright spot disappeared, it slowly turn into the black, with the smell of the wheat heaps burned up on the fields. I paint the bright spot in black, while it shines more strongly. The particles in gold and rustle, the scratches in no means, they are scattering on the faces slowly with the wind, after extremely noisy then turn back to the silent. I stretch and tight

my body, focus my attention, they are integrated into the faces, and I feel that the things are all of the existence. With the vain but quiet heart, I'm waiting for all of the probabilities which would appeared in the faces.

There are only few things can move one's heart, only a very short time that spirit can communicate with the universe, and it is just these few things and short moments are what I am looking for with my whole life. The sacred figure formed through the vitality of free creation. It passes all the sensational area of different levels and has the inspirations. The visual feeling, together with the feeling out of many areas, come to the world and pass through their lives.

If you are capable enough, you can do and you will do very well. | Pao ding, who disseminated the cow, has made this the boundless game of him.

The <code>[critics]</code> and <code>[Tao]</code> of Pao ding towards <code>[yu]</code>, <code>[kuan]</code>, <code>[qing]</code>, <code>[jian]</code> and <code>[zu[, are like the touchable visual feelings in the portrait, the correct holding towards the figure and color. The correctness can be get through the active and producing integrity, and finally achieve the freedom.Here are only the shapes integrate with each other under the light; they build and mix together this moment and then separate with each other; like a free spirit, wandering everywhere freely and easily. They turn over, while mixing at the same time; they apart from each other, while piling up at the same time. <code>[Emptiness]</code> flows and walks between shapes. Light and dark, sings and flows by turns. The emptiness between the two extremenesses is a sensible plumpness, and an existent overflow. At this moment, both I myself and my brush feel free and satisfied because of liberation. One kind of power, deeper and almost can't been experience, throw into the chaos, and throw into the dark night to have a searching.</code>

Prince Huei's Cook was Cutting up a Bullock has illustrated the relations between Tao and technique. To disseminate the cow is not to see the Tao besides the technique, but to see the Tao in the technique. Many art creations of today are just superficial techniques. If the technique of disseminating the cow is just to know the aim of disseminating the cow itself, them it is pure technique. But the enjoyment of Pao Ding obtained from disseminating the cow is the material enjoyment exchanged by the technique, but not from the technique itself. This is not the aim of disseminating the cow, but the result of unconsciousness. Only the freedom obtained without the binding of the practice can be the true freedom of consciousness and caters for the origin of art. The technique of disseminating the cow is close to Tao, which is not a comparison but one with true content. It is the situation which Tao has achieved in life and also has been upgraded from the concrete art activities, and displayed in the concrete activities.

Pao Ding, who can not seen the complete cow for three years and disseminated thousands of cows in 19 years. I do the same kind of work for fifteen years, the forever 41*33, the forever front part, like the dissemination of cow. I'm understanding the Tao J of Laozi and Zhuangzi.

for all of the probabilities which would appeared in the faces.

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2011	2010	圆框系列	2013	2012	2010	2009	2008	2007	2006	2005	2004	2003	2002	2001	2000	1999	1998	4-NOC 37-39	11V32 VI	作品	庖丁解牛 一 童雁汝南	前言	南山、丘壑与漫游一许江	代序	目录
2011	2010	129 100cmX100cm Series	2013	2012	2010	2009	2008	2007	2006	2005	2004	2003	2002	2001	2000	1999	1998		Alom×33cm Series		Prince Huei's Cook was Cutting up a Bulloo	Preface:	The South Hill, Gullies and Rambling / Xu J	Preface	Contents

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十问十答

Q10&A10

通过绘画,生命将获得整体觉醒的内在超越 一童雁汝南 后记

Postscript

Through the painting, the life will get the intrinsic transcendence

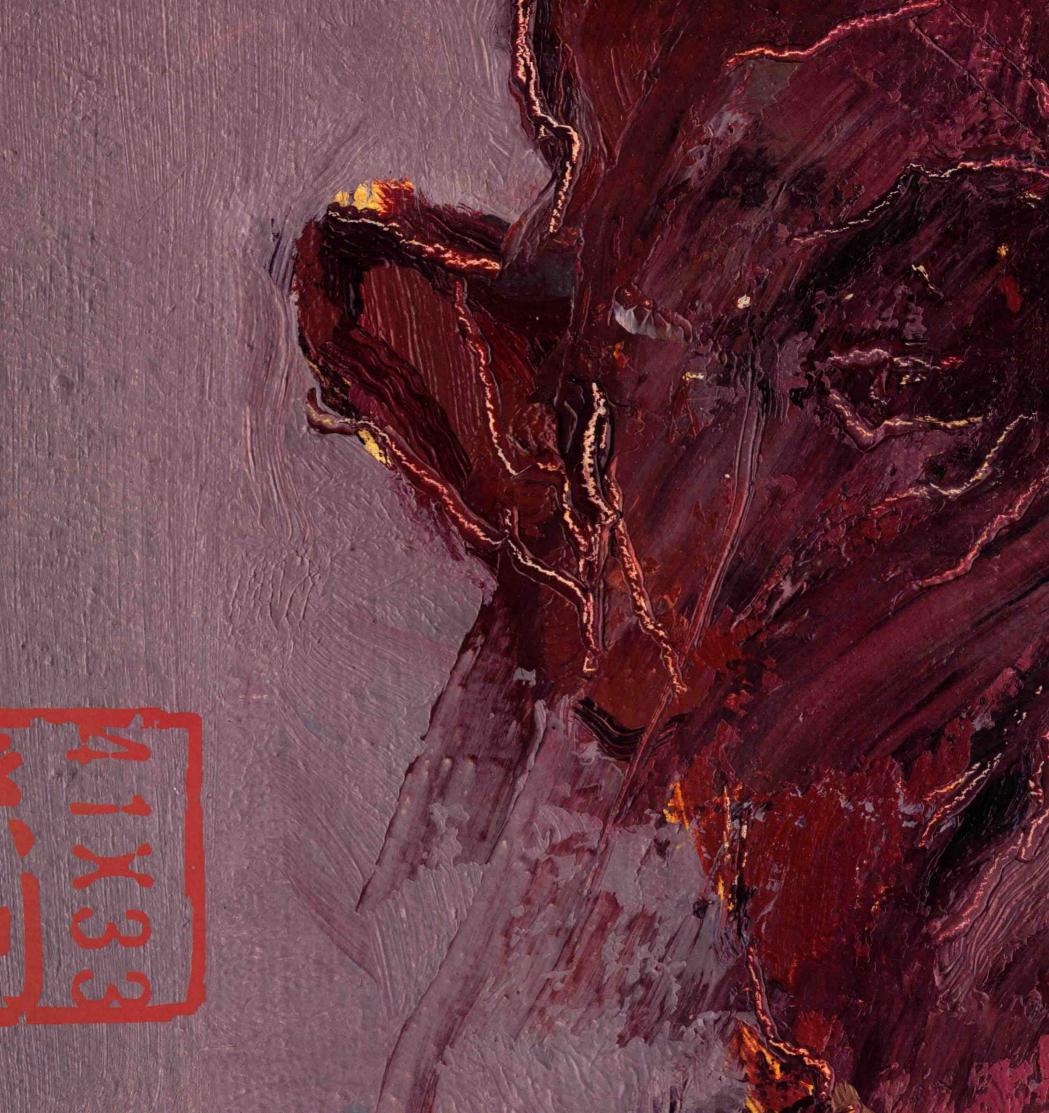
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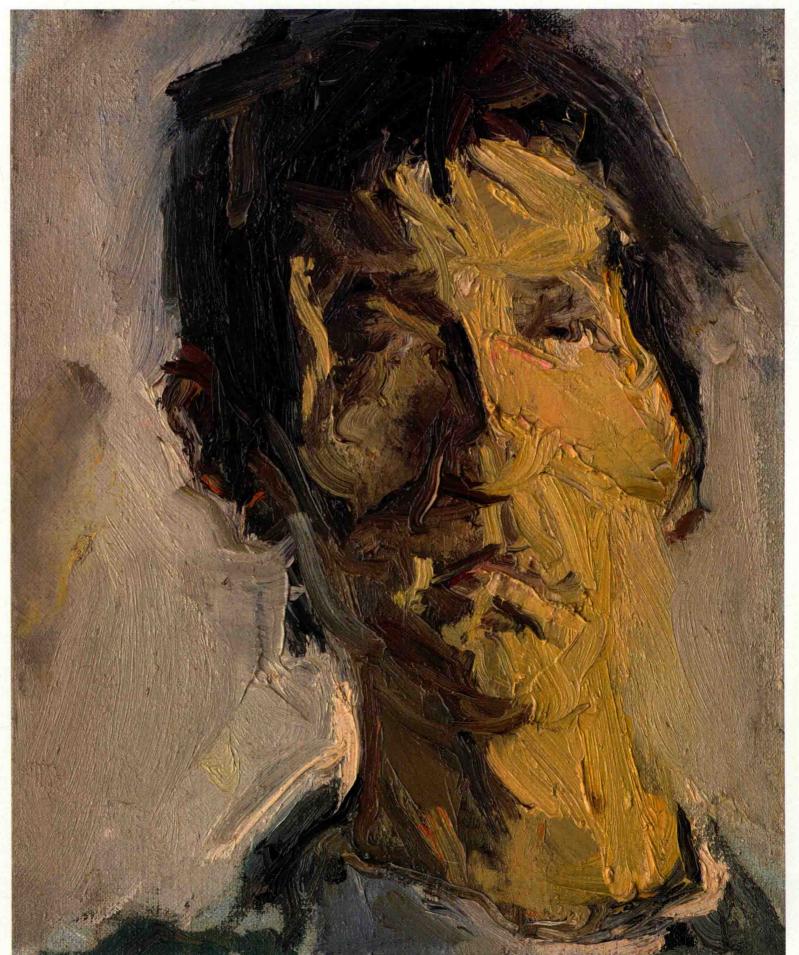
Resume

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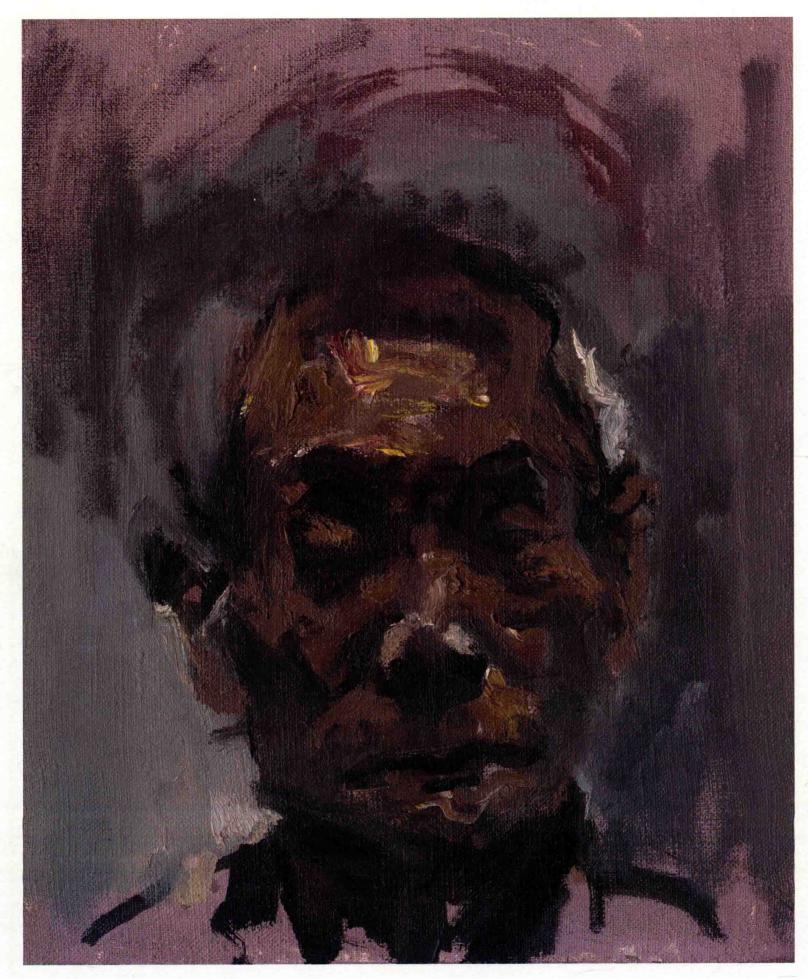








980807 | 布面油画 oilpating | 41cmx33cm | 1998



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