

张晖 曾经熟悉的风景

Zhang Hui A Scene Once Familiar



张晖 曾经熟悉的风景

Zhang Hui A Scene Once Familiar

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

张晖:曾经熟悉的风景/张晖绘.—北京:文化艺术出版社, 2009. 11

ISBN 978-7-5039-3999-0

I. 张… II. 张… III. 油画: 风景画—作品集—中国—现代 IV. J233

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2009) 第 196701 号

张晖 曾经熟悉的风景

Zhang Hui A Scene Once Familiar

著者: 张晖

策展人: 房方

监制: 今日美术馆

责任编辑: 程晓红

装帧设计: 赵妍

翻译: 张佳玲 Luke Bergmann

摄影: 李亮

出版助理: 陈宽 乐天

出版发行: 星岛画廊出版社

地址: 北京市朝阳区惠新北里甲 1 号 100029

网址: www.whyschs.com

电子邮箱: whysbook@263.net

电话: (010) 64813345 64813346 (总编室)

(010) 64813384 64813385 (发行部)

经销: 新华书店

版次: 2009 年 11 月第 1 版

开本: 889×1194 毫米 1/16

印张: 5

字数: 3 千字

书号: ISBN 978-7-5039-3999-0

定价: 180.00 元

版权所有, 侵权必究。印装错误, 随时调换。

This catalogue is published on the occasion of
the exhibition "zhang hui / a scene once familiar"
presented at Star Gallery, Beijing,
14 November through 17 December, 2009

Curator: Fang Fang

Translation: Zhang Jialing Luke Bergmann

Photography: Li Liang

Designer: Zhao Yan

Publishing Assistant: Chen Kuan Le Tian

Production: Star Gallery

www.stargallery.cn

www.zhanghuipainting.com

Printed in China.



星岛画廊 STAR GALLERY

For A B a o

张晖 曾经熟悉的风景

Zhang Hui A Scene Once Familiar

他眼睛里的光亮

文 / 向华

和张晖一起骑车的时候，没怎么听他说过画画的事。可能因为在骑车时，画画并不重要，就像画画的时候，骑车不重要一样。在山中挥汗如雨埋头蹬踏的时候，身份背景都退到远处，山林才是真正的背景。不过我觉得更大的可能，是张晖这个人，根儿上就是少言寡语的人，不论骑车、画画，还是别的什么，都没听他谈过太多。我已经是个沉默的人了，和他比较就像个话痨。周边的世界和他比较，嘈杂得就不光话痨，简直是疯癫。

想在这个城市找安静的地方真不容易。张晖似乎对废气、噪音特别敏感，换句话说，对干净、清幽特别渴望。每当幸运地骑上一条通往乡间水库的小公路，无车，无人，再又幸运地骑行在黄昏中，晚霞映照水面，晖子兴奋起来。他的兴奋并不是常规地抽疯，该不说话还是不说话，只是眼睛放出光来。以后我几次在有夕阳的场合都看到他眼睛放光，用极小的声音赞一句：“真挺好的。”与我辈的嗷嗷乱叫代表同等分量的情绪。

听说张晖也常到楼群中有河的地方散步。一般在傍晚，沿水泥河岸走过来，走过去。夕阳沉落，晚霞漫天，水中倒映着楼影和霞影，他就“真挺好的”。此时的我们或许奔波在去饭局的路上，或许迷离着眼睛刚刚起床，或许话痨一天喉咙生疼正猛喝胖大海，多半没能像他那样，忙他人之所闲，并且闲他人之所忙。

黄昏是一种什么东西呢？是一种光线效应吧，本没有什么神奇。她公平地给予众生，公平地被多数人忽视，对另一小部分人来说却意义重大。一切的好都源自自然给予的瞬间，或者说那一瞬间覆盖了我们人类的世界，改造了我们的高楼大厦和躁动浮华，使不好也成了好。一瞬间下的山林或者城市凝固住了，凝固成张晖的记忆，他靠这个画画。

记得第一次看张晖个展的时候，在一个通体白色的房间，墙壁很白，天花板很白，他的画色彩斑斓，放射着光芒。我一下子被一种情怀打动。小心地看看周围的人，大家聊天、看画、吃东西，不知有谁和我一样已沉浸在某种硕大的东西里？这种叫做情怀的无法言说的东西，随风潜入夜，润物细无声，搞得人怪忧伤的。

一切美好都有忧伤的一面，大美好亦即大忧伤。这和盯着香槟酒杯闹惆怅的小资情调完全两路，更近于宗教情绪。我看张晖的画中世界，那里有山，有水，有光线，有男女，有一切相，但是被全面提纯，一只是一，二只是二，

不具意义，不复杂化。人和太阳、山和水、树和楼宇等等之物，不管你拿谁和谁去比较，都比不出谁更要紧、谁更主观。这是有些神奇的，放下此岸的参照系，实现彼岸的大同：同等有情，同等孤独，真正做到万物无等差。

我蛮相信张晖的画是东方式思维。古人性爱山水，却努力避免做描画山水的奴隶。自然并不重要，或者说自然的自然并不重要，因世间的一切只有在内心激荡起涟漪才有意义，去表达那涟漪，如禅家直指人心，是画者要做的工作。张晖的夕阳，只是一个红团块加几根射线而已，符号得一塌糊涂。他的画里什么都是符号，山也是，水也是，楼也是，路也是，拥抱着的小人儿也是。就算符号了，也不给你什么象征意义。我佩服晖子画中毫无“欲说还休”的矫性，一种不遮掩的干净，温柔美好，骨子里是股狠劲，如此才能不陷在小我中不能自拔。

画画的张晖，骑车的张晖，我不知道他的内心世界是怎样的，是简单干净，还是厚壳重重，还是两者兼有——更大可能是厚壳包裹着简单干净——从画家的画看画家内心，根本是徒劳的事。其实，表达涟漪也依然不是画者要做的工作，我前面说的都在骗人呢。连连漪都是符号，你还指望什么？画者在构建自己的内心世界，边构建边筑墙。就算内里一片荒原，也有在周围筑上厚厚城墙的必要（这个与城府深浅无关），墙上开个窗口给人窥上一点，窗景所现，就是作品。

我觉得拥有情怀的城堡主都值得尊重，永远给他人并不强烈的刺激，却像雾一样挥之不去。与之对晤，似是置身于曾相识的过去，或在遥望隐约可见的远方，个中滋味，很难说得清。画展上的张晖站在自己的作品前，待人接物，脸上挂着食草动物特有的善良的微笑，并不自如但也绝不造作。远远看去，我觉得这个人 and 这些画结合得很好，形成一个整体性很强的气场，让人舒服。

读人，析画，远不如骑车简单愉快，一定是这样的。京郊那些山山水水，我和晖子还远没有跑遍。山顶的夕阳，和山谷中的黄草，还远没有看够。照耀三千大千世界的阳光，均匀地照耀着众生，只不过不是每个人眼里都能幸运地反射出光亮。

别处

文/张黎

张晖的作品首先给人的印象是长期坚持的绘画内容和风格面貌。他的色彩明快,笔意洒脱稚拙,没有雕饰,有着若有所思的情调和意蕴,透着天然质朴的气息。他对人物和风景的塑造、用笔和色彩已经达到自如的境界,摆脱了刻意经营和权衡得失的约束。更可贵的是他笔下的城市街道场景、个人情感生活、诗情画意的风景等等完全出自他自己的所思所感,都是艺术家日常生活所及的实在的事物和情感。在这一点上张晖是身体力行地实践艺术和生活相一致的艺术家的。他自然地遵循自己的内心感受,从不强迫和勉强,因而从不会被风潮和流行所左右。虽然经历了艺术界的潮流变幻,但一直不改初衷,无愧于从日常生活到内在人生的坦诚和天然。

从某些角度来看,情感的表达和抒发是一种企望心理平衡的实践。呈现在观者面前的作品是一系列文化、心理、时代精神的过程的结果。对这些过程的分析,寻找在过程中起作用的内在机制,能够帮助人们对艺术作品进行更深入的理解。艺术作品具有被多方面解读的可能性,若以情绪和感觉为线索,观者就会通过作品更多地深入艺术家的感知和心灵,体验艺术家真实生动的人生感悟。

在张晖的画面中经常出现的是一种“空镜式”的场景,景物描绘的轻松自如,但好像又意不在此。观者好像透过画家的眼睛看着眼前的景物,然而似乎画家的目光已经移到别处,思绪也随着飘向远方,一种莫名的不在场的情绪主导着这个场景。例如2008年的作品《游泳池》、2009年作品《公寓外的雪》和《二月》。在数幅《二人世界》中虽然有主体人物出现,但他们大多以侧面和背影显现,带来一种远去和追忆的意味。这样的画面是艺术家借景生情,由此及彼,由表及里,以在与不在之间的感悟触动观者的心灵。

景物之外,太阳和彩虹的形象也作为主体出现在张晖的作品中。在两幅延续前几年恋人相拥的图式的作品中,都出现了太阳这一“每天的见证”这样的象征意象。与其他几幅作品《光芒四射的太阳》一样,太阳代表着永恒,保证着“同样的每一天”。无论世事沧桑,太阳照常升起,新的一天总会来临,日子会照常继续。对于往事、消逝的时光,太阳咄咄逼人的光芒给了我们无限的现实感。而现实的“一瞬间”到底在哪里?它的难于把握反而映衬了不断浮现的对往事的追忆。同样的情绪在数幅《曾经熟悉的风景》中表现得更明显,傍晚的景致犹在,只是不见了当

年携手相游的人。彩虹则作为一种代表期许和希望的符号出现：在喧嚣的尘世之上乃有奇迹般的彩虹，不期而遇实则是冥冥之中的约定。

情感的抒发总是关联着愿望和期许、追忆和怀念、体悟和升华，人生经历、价值判断、思辨和反省等等这些可以表现为心理场景的因素在张晖的作品中表现得从容淡定而不忧怨。艺术家喜爱和习惯于轻松愉快的笔调、明朗的光线和色彩，这些并非是意图消除沉重与黑暗，孤独和寂寥，而是展现生存中悠然恬淡的一面。逝者如斯，愁不要强说。柳绿花红中隐约着离别之情，而阳光总是给人以坚实的刺激。

张晖的绘画正在逐渐走向成熟。对于景物的写意和抒情，对于人物在与不在的玩味，张晖画面中的景观超越了一时一地“正在发生”的现场。人、景、心境都是记忆中和感悟中心灵的写照。无论是对新的绘画语言的尝试，还是对多年前的图式的怀旧，都能够在画家得心应手的笔下折射出沁入人心的光泽。对张晖过去以及将来作品的持续关注将会形成令人心驰神往的经历和感悟。可以肯定的是，人们即将看到他更加自由地在空间和时间、存在与超越之间的漫游。

“那里应该有个彩虹”

——读张晖近作

文/卡门

张晖的新作品中蕴涵着乐观主义的情绪。明亮的色彩勾画出了宁静的风景，浑圆的和呈直线几何形的光芒四射的太阳，穿透平静的天空放射着光芒。在宁静的的水边，年轻的情侣以略显笨拙的姿态或拥抱或驻足，分享徜徉于眼前的风景。

在使用颜色的手法上，张晖同19世纪晚期的早期浪漫主义和印象派一脉相承，将简单普通的场景用饱满、丰富并赋予感情的颜色来表现。在张晖“年轻恋人”的画里，柠檬黄的天空，桃色或者橘黄色的湖面，长方形块状拼砌的紫色的小路，让人想起勃纳尔和莫奈的色彩。他们运用莹光的强烈的颜色去描绘普通的草垛和人物，表现得既平静又安详。2005年，张晖在明尼阿波利斯攻读其硕士学位时，或许他在明尼阿波利斯艺术博物馆内看到过凡·高1889年的作品《橄榄树》。张晖的近期作品里也使用了类似《橄榄树》的饱满的颜色，独立的笔触来描绘他风景中的岩石和树木。

像那些早期的现代主义者，他们推崇欢乐的精神并在不断探索这种灵性，意识到自然界中某种神的力量，但又不确定这种神性的根源或者信条，张晖追求着一种非宗教的精神。在他的硕士论文中描绘了一个“人、自然和神”三足鼎立的世界，其三者既独立又融为一体，他还引入了道教思想在里面。现在，张晖对于他的世界在某种程度上仍没有具体结论，他仍在自省、感悟和思索。

同凡·高一样，张晖也时不时沉湎于暗淡的情绪中。他早期的作品以灰暗的颜色为主，描绘的是暗淡的都市风景。在《闪电》（1994年）一画中，着装灰暗的人群，在都市的晨光中，骑着自行车，像是赶赴某个重要的目的地。明亮的闪电擦过天空，光秃秃的树枝张牙舞爪，伸向冬日的天空。在另外一幅《闪电》（1997年）的作品中，人物僵持在动作进行的某一瞬间，像在打太极拳，更像在舞蹈。强烈的闪电暴露在天空上，白光戏剧性地照亮了清冷阴郁的街道。不同于凡·高的是，张晖以简洁夸张的卡通式的形象塑造了他画中的人物。

自2003年至2005年，张晖在明尼阿波利斯艺术设计学院学习期间，他一改阴郁的都市风景，开始探索色彩的斑斓。在早期的明尼阿波利斯作品里，他用色彩来描绘这个城市不透明的立方体式的没有窗的建筑物和单一的街道景

色来寻求一种超越。近而在后来的作品中，他更多的用具体的色块和不同层次的颜色来表达，具体的景物开始变得不重要。在一些版画和油画作品中可见一斑，他或是用符号式的人物游弋在狭长的水面上只露出头部，或者只用一些线条和色彩来表现类似水似的画面。再后来张晖又转向电脑数码，研究和尝试色彩在数字程序中的表现。经过这一时期的尝试，张晖终于得到了圆满的结果。他回到北京，在传承以前风格的基础上，创作了一系列的新的绘画作品。

张晖的近作充满着愉快的诙谐式的想象，富于戏剧性又具有诗意。和他的早期作品相比，他近作中的人物、太阳和彩虹画得同样简洁卡通。符号似的光芒四射的太阳，悬挂在明朗的天空上，充满了能量。明快的半圆形的彩虹划过舒展的天空。没有具体形象的和简约概括的人物在张晖的绘画中，描绘得姿态雅拙，朴实谦卑，亲切可爱，浪漫天真。

在张晖的城市风景中，画面下半部分多是秩序井然的楼房，精心铺砌的小路。其简洁的符号式的描绘，似与精心营造的风景似乎毫不相关，却又相互映衬。不变的网格状的都市风景在中国是很常见的，然而彩虹出现在这些风景中的灵感并非来自现实。在灰蒙蒙的北京，人们是难得在自己的居室窗前见到彩虹的。我问张晖那为什么画彩虹呢，他笑着说：“不知道为什么，我只是觉得那里应该有个彩虹，所以我就画了彩虹。”

对现实的细心观察，加上符号化的太阳和彩虹，张晖营造了一种微妙的略显荒唐的不和谐。他似乎是在展现当代中国的现状，即21世纪中国版的现代化。张晖选择用彩虹和微笑来取代现实世界里的那一丝苦涩和阴冷。作品《红太阳#3》就是一个例证，鸭船飘逸在湖面上，从西湖到北京，熟悉中国宁静的湖光山色的人都见到过类似的风景，张晖把她描绘得亲切浪漫，一点点的莽撞，但充满着欣然的乐观。

张晖的近作视角清晰，充满着自信。在色彩表达上优雅简约，明快闪烁，敏感准确，结合了他曾在明尼阿波利斯学习时对色彩的经验 and 尝试。其画面中以恰当的方式融入了现今北京生活的氛围，以不经意的诙谐和快乐的情绪描绘了当代中国风景。

With Flashes of Delight in His Eyes

By Xiang Hua

Zhang Hui rarely talked about painting when the two of us went biking. Perhaps it was because painting is not so important to cycling, in the same way cycling is not so important to painting. While we cycled through mountain trails, sweating and striving, the elements of our personal backgrounds faded far into the distance. Instead, it was the mountain forests that provided our common background. But the absence of paintings in our cycling conversations was more likely due to that fact that Zhang Hui himself was a person who preferred to speak little, in cycling, in painting, or in other pursuits. Although I might be usually considered a relatively quiet person, compared with him, I am a bit talkative. The world around us, when seen in comparison to Zhang Hui, is tumultuous, far from knowing balance.

To find serenity in our city is not easy. Zhang Hui seems quite sensitive to polluted air and to noise. One could say that he longs for fresh air and quiet. While cycling, we might find ourselves on a quiet lane winding through the countryside, a small reservoir ahead of us, in a scene uninterrupted by cars and or by tourists, with the sinking sun casting a sunshine that lingers on the waters. At such a moment, Hui might become excited. But this excitement is not that where words flow forth. Instead, his eyes would radiate flashes of delight. In such encounters, he would say a short phrase with a soft voice: "It's very nice..." When he makes such a simple remark, there is as much feeling as in a lifetime of my more enthusiastic expressions of excitement.

I hear that there is a river near Zhang Hui's apartment complex where he often likes to take a walk. He wanders along the banks of the river at dusk, when the sun slowly sinks into horizon, the sky glows with evening red, and the waters reflect shadows of buildings and sunset. Perhaps sometimes he says: "It's quite nice..." Unlike many others or me, he does not spend his time rushing from one dinner party to another, chatting away or oversleeping. He keeps himself busy doing what others would not care to spend time on, while freeing himself from things that keep the rest of us busy.

What is dusk anyways? Perhaps it is just a phenomenon of sunlight. There is nothing special about it. Sunset spreads over all sentient beings, but, at the same time, is ignored by the majority of them. However, it means a lot to a few. All its beauty is given by nature in the form of particular moments. Or one might say those particular moments envelope the world of human beings, taking our buildings and our tempestuous vanity and turning bad into good. They freeze mountains, forests and cities in an instant and create firm memories in Hui's mind. From these come the inspirations behind the paintings of Zhang Hui.

I remember the first time I visited an exhibition of Zhang Hui's paintings. Right inside the pure-white room with white ceiling and walls, his paintings were full of color and radiating light. Suddenly I found myself caught by some sensation that was indescribable. I carefully looked around at others in the room. They were chatting, wandering and eating. I wondered if there was someone who shared the same sentiment with me. It was a tender and soft feeling, yet it powerfully overwhelmed me with its gentle yet sorrow descent, like fine drops of rain settling into a thirsty spring night.

Beauty is the twin of sorrow. Perfect beauty goes together with deep sorrow. To make such remarks when considering the painting of Zhang Hui is not to invoke the sentiments of the petty-bourgeois gazing into a glass of champagne. Instead, it reflects a feeling that is almost more religious in nature. In the world created by Zhang Hui through his paintings, there are mountains, water, light, men and women. One is one, two is two. Everything is pure and simple. Adding complexity or second meanings is not the goal. Between humanity and the sun, mountains and water, or trees and buildings, neither dominates over the other, either in terms of significance or of the weight of emotion they carry. Letting go of differences of status in the life of this shore, a perfect equality of all beings is found on the other shore of the spiritual world. All are equally emotional and equally lonely. The borders among them, dissolved.

I very much believe that Zhang Hui's paintings reflect an eastern philosophy. Although the ancient Chinese

loved natural scenery with mountains and water, they also tried to avoid being slaves to nature in their art. Nature does not dominate people in any simple manner. In Zen philosophy, nature means something when it stirs up ripples in one's mind. In my opinion, to paint the ripples out on canvas is what a painter tries to do. The sun in Zhang Hui's painting is no more than a simple red orb radiating geometric rays, a mark. All the figures in his paintings, whether mountains, water, urban buildings, roads or lovers embracing, are all painted as marks. But, in this philosophical tradition, the marks seem to be signifiers without signifieds. I admire the straightforwardness of Hui and the absence of false sentimentality in his paintings. He expresses his true feelings without disguising them and there is a clearly-felt vitality behind the gentle beauty of his painting. He does not indulge in the emotions of a minor ego.

When it comes to Zhang Hui—be he a cyclist or a painter—I have few hints about his inner world. Is it simple and clean? Or deep and complicated? Or both at once? Quite possibly, it is layered: simple and clean inside, surrounded by a thick complexity. Yet I believe it is a waste of effort to try to probe into a painter's world merely through his paintings. In fact, if I said that a painter paints the ripples out on canvas, I have not spoken truly. What more would you expect to know about an artist if the ripples of physical world upon him are also symbols? A painter, while constructing his inner world on canvas, also builds up a protective wall. Even if it is possible that the land inside the castle wall is empty, the thick wall is still necessary. The artist only opens a small window in the bricks, which gives outsiders a peek into the inside. And the view through such a window is the artwork.

I respect the master of the castle who has true feelings. Zhang Hui's paintings do not try to stir up instant shock and sensation, but they slowly penetrate into the heart like pervasive mists. A viewer, while gazing at the scenery of his works, might feel as if being taken to familiar old days or to a vaguely visible distant point. It is hard to tell. On the opening reception of his show, Zhang Hui welcomes people with kind smiles. His