

劉沁齋畫集

劉沁齋題



SELECTED PAINTINGS

BY

LIU SHAOHUI

A MOST GIFTED,
PROFOUND ARTIST
AND
THE THEORETICIAN
OF YUNNAN SCHOOL

Guangxi Arts Publishing House

劉少惠畫集

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广西美术出版社

以此献给我爱和爱我的人

To those whom I love and to those who love me

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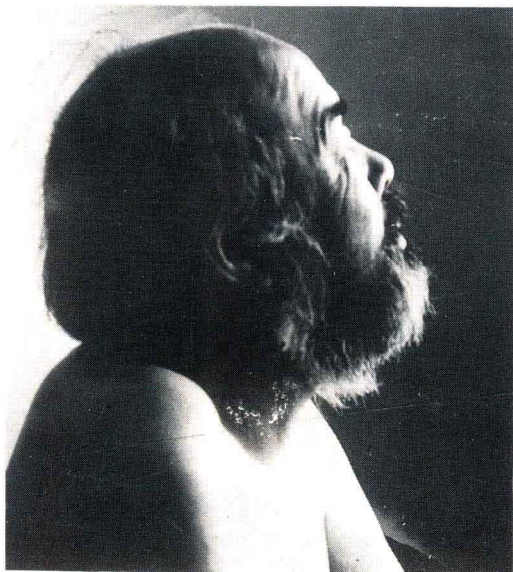
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序

柯灵

我不知道绍荟是否悄悄地在写诗，从他全部美术活动（包括文学著作）中贯串着对诗境的渴求而言，他是诗人，广义的诗人。正在日日夜夜地拓宽无声诗的疆域。我也曾请他的画笔为响导，去探寻过他的诗根，然而答案呢？

是在神州的腹地湖南？我请教过由于屈原之死而名闻天下的汨罗江，温情脉脉颤动似少女心弦的湘水，火焰在梦幻中化成的岳麓丹枫，灵动缥缈的张家界群峦……

是在神州的心脏——古都北京？我探询过中央工艺美术学院大卫与维纳斯的石膏像，资料室里敦煌壁画、彩塑和藻井图案，故宫雄伟的宫殿群，巨龙长城身上风雪与封建毒焰烙伤的鳞甲，芦沟晓月下桥上姿态迥异的石狮……

是在丰饶而又贫瘠、奇特而又原始的云南？我领教过大理的古塔，阿瓦山上的芦笙恋歌，澜沧江的狂笑，剑立的石林，洱海的月影，西双版纳榕荫的小路，开屏的孔雀……

是在他近年定居的桂林山水之间么？我攀抚过阳朔群鬟的秀发，灵渠漓江榕湖的澄碧，猫儿山顶挺立铁崖的古杉，龙胜温泉醉人的暖流，花山永不褪色的岩画……

说是么？用王维的话来讲“山路原无雨”；

不是么？“空翠湿人衣。”

水分一斧无痕地消失在空气中，妙在有无间。

不仅仅是山川风物，对前辈大师如李公麟、陈老莲，西方的高更、马蒂斯、克利、米罗，身边的张仃、张光宇、庞熏琴、李骆公……他有咀嚼历史痛苦的牙齿，善于扬长避短的好肠胃；桑叶死去，蚕丝方能诞生。

绍荟的艺术生命播种于三湘，孕育于京华，成长于云南，异峰突起于桂林。

他是奔向二十一世纪的现代人。春秋战国时代的义士游侠，民间叙事诗中具有传统美德的主人公对他来说都是可以触摸的铮友明师，为他津津乐道，言外有余情。

他善于在艰苦环境中把握时间，建树精神，更新旧我。把触觉的毛根，扎向深层泥土，跳出师长篱笆与守旧炫新的陷阱，虚心吸收周围人物（也包括后辈）的优点。

来了知己，或白薯半锅，或狗肉一盆，三杯酒后，带着微醺纵论画坛内外，不知东方既白。作画大则数丈，小而径寸，以至题花插图，或一挥而就，或踟蹰逾旬，或披月漫步，或挑灯苦读，或听友人絮语，或面壁忘言。思之既熟，墨潮滔滔，不能自休，务期元气淋漓。为我写一肖像，竟连作木炭速写五张，直到得意忘形，才用丙稀挥洒。

他能把作品完稿后的自我陶醉，压缩到最短的限度迅速清醒。然后恳切地对友人学生们自剖书法方面的功底不厚，笔下线条柔韧含蓄不足，远离他思念的云南风情，心源日浅，技巧过熟的隐忧，害怕貌似翻新的凝滞……没有较远目光与自知之明，说不出这类心灵独白。

他对绘画所包含的“十八般兵器”都爱尝试：丙稀、水墨、版画、挂盘、壁画、连环画、年画、装饰画、插图、书衣、题头尾花小品，藤条抒情线描，动画片设计……不拘一格。

画册仅收一斑，远非全貌，主体是有关人与自然的新作，主题跟爱与死一样永恒，把民间传说、生态平衡作了新的理解，想化古出新。神不见得都是迷信，也是人们愿望的折射，人的美好品质，是创造神的原料，恶德则为创造鬼的原素。《女娲补天》是人类想获得超自然力量的童年幻梦；《八仙过海》也是这一憧憬在中世纪的反映；《天女散花》、《年年有余》则是善良的祝愿。从被大自然奴役，经过不切实际的改造自然，到与大自然和平相处，因势利导，尊重规律，利用自然，美化自然，从而达到美化人类的内在精神与环境，其中有广大的艺术空间值得巨匠们去开掘。这当然不是用人所共知的ABC做“圣经”去起牧师布道的作用，而是从情感与形象出发，把理念按进深层的潜流，在作者、欣赏者之间架起立体交叉桥。彼此同甘苦、济有无，超得失，会心而笑。

心胸博大者不会为杜绝失败而拒成功于千里之外，做过比错过好。摸清主客观双方，知足常乐；不知足也长乐。妙在因时空而制宜。对于别人的求索，看得惯与看不惯都高高兴兴，心入画中，神游天外，何必拘泥？

愿绍荃与天下有心人共勉！

一九八八年十月于北京

Preface

I don't know whether Shaohui is stealthily composing poetry, but his eager attempt to approach the poetic realm as shown in his entire artistic activities (inclusive of his writings) had enlightened me and I become convinced that he is a poet, or at least, a poet in a broad sense, ever expanding the boundary of silent poetry day and night. With his painting brush as my guide, I had searched for the root of his poetry, and yet where could I get the answer?

Does it lie in Hunan, one of the six provinces in Central-South China? There I had consulted these all: the Miluo River which is well-known all over the world because of Qu Yuan drowning himself in its waters; the Xiangjiang River which undulates like a lovely girl's softly beating heart; the red maples on Yuelu Hill, which the flames turn into in one's dreams; and the spirited and obscure mountain peaks at Zhangjiajie

Does it lie in Beijing, the heart and ancient capital of China? There I had consulted the statues of David and Venus on display in the Central Institute of Arts and Crafts; the Dunghuang murals, the painted sculptures, and the algae patterns stored in the institute's reference room; the magnificent buildings in the Imperial Palace; the snowflakes on the Great Wall, which are like the scalded scales of a gigantic dragon which was seriously injured during the wars between the feudal lords; and the stone lions in different postures on the railings of the Lugou Bridge

Does it lie in Yunnan, a peculiar piece of primitive land which is both rich and poor? There I had consulted the ancient pagodas at Dali; the love tunes of the Chinese wind pipe on Awa Hill; the frantic laughter of the Langchang River; the pointed stone forest; the moon reflection on Lake E'hai; the narrow path covered by the tall banian trees at Xishuang Banna; and the wing-spreading peacocks

Does it lie among the scenery in Guilin where he had recently settled down? There I had consulted the elegant hair-like foliage at Yangshuo; the limpid waters in the Lingju Canal, in the Lijiang River, and in Lake Banian; the unshakable Chinese firs on top of Mao'er Hill; the intoxicating warm current of the hot spring at Longsheng; and the never fading paintings on the cliff surface at Huashan Hill

How about to say "Yes" in answering these questions? symbolically, as the Tang

poet Wang Wei is quoted, "You'll never be caught in the rain along the mountain path."

How about to say "No" then? Again symbolically, as the poet is quoted, "You'll get wet, passing through the verdant foliage."

The water that has been cut with an axe leaves no trace of partition. Whatever is marvellous lies in between existence and non-existence.

Facing any scenery or folk customs, Shaohui is willing to experience pains in search of truth and knows how to develop the strong points and avoid the weak. So does he when he watches the works of those masters of art such as Li Gongling and Cheng Laolian in Ancient China; Gauguin, Matisse, Klee and Miro in the West; and Zhang Ding, Zhang Guangyu, Pang Xunqin, Li Luogong and others of his time. Silk comes into being only when mulberry leaves turn yellow.

The seeds of Shaohui's artistic life were sown in Hunan and nurtured in Beijing. It became flourished in Yunnan and reached a greatest height in Guilin like an uncommon peak.

Shaohui is a modern, rushing toward the 21st century. To him all the following personages are his bosom friends and teachers: the righteous men and chivalrous persons of the Spring and Autumn Period and the Warring States Period; the protagonists with traditional virtues that appear in the popular epics. These people are often mentioned by him when he wants to express something implicit.

As a man ever in search of excellence, he is well versed in grasping the slipping time when he is in difficulty; he knows how to build up his spirits and change in time the old self into the new. He reaches his antenna deep into the earth, jumps over the boundary of his teachers, avoids the pitfall of conservation, guards against the trap of boastful newness, and absorbs modestly all the strong points of those people around him, even including those who came to the world long after him.

When he receives his bosom friends at home in the evening, he often gives them a treat of boiled sweet potatoes or some dog meat. Wine is indispensable during the meal. Being a little drunken, he talks almost incessantly about things within and without the painting circle till he becomes aware of daybreak. When painting, he may

paint pictures as large as ten square metres or as small as two square centimetres, either with flowers to illustrate the themes or with a few strokes in an instance. Sometimes there are occasions on which he has to hesitate for days, to take a walk in the moonlight, to read late into the night, to listen carefully to his friends, or to stand mutely facing the wall. When his idea about painting a thing becomes mature, he at once moves his painting brush incessantly till it is fully expressed. Last time when I sat for him to paint a portrait of me, he was so earnest that he had made five charcoal sketches till he felt at last satisfied with his work. Then he began to paint it with acrylic paints.

He never allows his self-satisfaction to expand when he finishes painting anything. He reduces it to the least degree and soon becomes sober again, sincerely telling his friends or students that his handwriting does not have a solid foundation; that the lines at the tip of his brush are not implicit enough and far from the popular features in Yunnan, of which he often thinks in the distance; that the sources of his mind are becoming shallow; that he is afraid of his skill being too mature to get rid of such dullness as shown in those replicas Without a reasonable view of the future development and a thorough understanding of one's self, one will never be able to reveal unreservedly such a monologue as his.

He likes to have a try at different kinds of painting and style: acrylic painting, Chinese ink painting, woodblock print, hanging-disk design, mural painting, picture-book, new year picture, decorative painting, illustration, book-jacket design, filling-up design, lyrical linear sketch, and animated cartoon

This album of his paintings contains only part of his works but not all. They are in the main about man and Nature, each with a theme as eternal as love and death. As he has a new understanding of folk tales and ecological balance, he intends to derive the new from the old. The concept of God might not be an expression of superstition. It is a reflection of man's wishes. The excellent qualities of man might be the raw materials out of which gods are created, and man's vices the raw materials out of which ghosts are created. "The Story about Nuwa Mending the Sky" is but an expression of man's dream-like desire to possess supernatural force. "The Story of

"Eight Fairies Crossing a River" is also an expression of this kind in the Middle Age. "The Story about Female Fairies Scattering Flowers" and "The Story about Yearly Surplus" are but an expression of good wishes. Man has undergone different stages in his relations with Nature: firstly, he was enslaved by Nature, then there came about the unrealistic reformation of Nature; thirdly, the peaceful co-existence with Nature; fourthly, the utilization and beautification of Nature in accordance with the natural rules; and at last to beautify man's inner spirit and environment. All through these stages there exists a vast space for every master of art to explore. However the exploration is by no means as simple as the preaching of a clergyman, who takes what everybody knows for "The Bible". On the contrary, the exploration should take emotions and images as its starting point and let reasonable philosophy mix with undercurrents. Only by this way can a 3-dimensional bridge be built between the painter and the appreciator, and they be able to share happiness and bitterness with each other. Only by this way can they share rich and want with each other and neglect any loss or gain. And in the end they will smile to each other in mutual understanding.

A broad-minded person will never repulse success for fear of failure. Having a desire to do something, even though it may turn out a failure, is better than being reluctant to do anything for fear of it being done wrongly. If we have a thorough understanding of the subjective and the objective body, to be content and to be discontent make no difference at all in the sense that they both can ever give rise to happiness. The best idea we should have is to adapt our work to each particular time or space. As to the attempt of others, we must be happy with it even if we are discontent with it. Now let our mind find its way into painting and soar beyond the sky, Why should we, therefore, be restricted?

I shall be very pleased if Shaohui takes this to heart together with other persons who have the same idea.

October 1988

Ke Wenhui

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第二乐章 Second Movement 现代重彩 Modern Heavy Colour (110×110cm) 1981

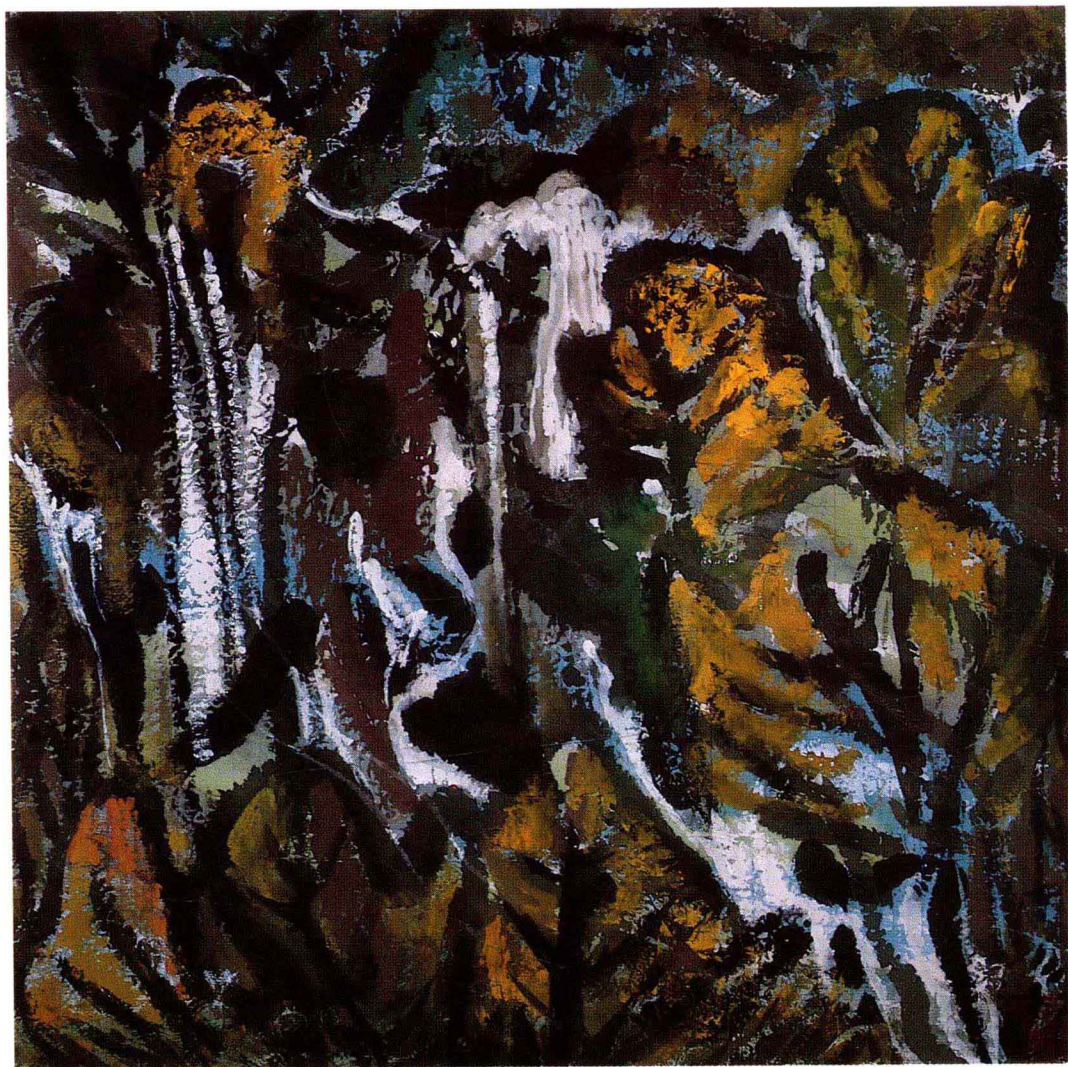


10. 第三乐章 Third Movement 现代重彩 Modern Heavy Colour (110×110cm) 1981



第四乐章 Fourth Movement 现代重彩 Modern Heavy Colour (110×110cm) 1981

人与自然 MAN AND NATURE





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