

庖丁解牛

童雁汝南 2005年

每次读庄子的文字，心境十分通畅、舒展，心有着广远开阔的朝向、无尽无止。在绘画中，这种平素积累于心的空阔得以表现升华，并在画面中无限伸展开去。

庖丁解牛，究竟与庄子所追求的道，与艺术家所追求的境，有什么相合之处呢？

『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。

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、结晶着。它们只是高高低低、绵延起伏的丘壑，被云雾萦绕着。

画布上肖像在平涂的背景前时而堆染、积层、呈现；时而又向着画框的四边流转隐去。追逐着将流逝的它，游走的笔触，时而像笨拙的坚石，时而又像水波中的幻影。

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

我、笔、模特，完完全全共呼吸，每一笔都要和它气息相通。共同呈现着每一时刻、每一处、每一神情最微妙的变化。直接、快速、掠去即逝的信息。眼睛十分兴奋、活跃。我追逐着这瞬间的际遇，除了手上的笔紧紧跟着游走，感官已经没有识别的可能，这时大脑已经是一片空白，模特不存在，笔与颜料不存在，一切不复存在，我也游离于自己之外。我看见光斑越来越亮，有一点歇斯底里的耀眼了，越来越近画布已经无法表示着它的光芒，伴饱和的轰鸣，突然亮斑看不见了，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，亮斑反而更耀眼了。金黄色和着沙沙的颗粒、无意义的划痕，缓缓随风散在脸颊上，极度喧闹后回到寂静。我绷紧身体，攒聚全部的精神，皆被融入眼前的面孔中，而感到此一个对象即是存在的一切，以虚静的心，等着面孔中存在一切出现的可能。形象解放着它的形象，在超越感官后达到节奏的统一。

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。

『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。

庖丁对『郤』、『窾』、『紫』、『洳』、『族』的准确的『批』、『道』，如同对肖像中触觉般的视觉，对形、色具体精确的把握。准确性在运动的、生成的整体中捕捉，得到自由。只有形状与形状在光线中结合，它们搭建在一起，融合到一处，又游离开来。它们翻转，同时又交错，它们隔离，同时又复叠。『空』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，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。越是自由，可能越是真理即将降临。一种更为深层的，几乎不可体验的力量投入混沌，投入黑夜之中去寻找。

庖丁解牛，讲了道与技的关系，解牛不是于技外见道，而是技之中见道。今日艺术创作，多数人也不消材料技艺。如果解牛的技艺，只是为了解牛本身的目的，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的享受，并不在技术的自身，『莫不中音，合于桑林之舞，乃中经首之会』，这不是以解牛为目的，是无意识无用的结果，只有摆脱实用的束缚以得到的自由，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，而是具有真实内容的说法。是『道』在人生中实现的情境，也是艺术精神中具体艺术活动升华上去，在具体活动之中呈现。

庖丁，三年未尝见全牛，十九年解数千牛。我十五年如一日，几乎每天的念珠式的工作，永远的41x33，永远的正面脸孔，如解牛，领悟着老庄之『道』。

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 distance, 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 「critics」 and 「Tao」 of Pao ding towards 「yu」, 「kuan」, 「qing」, 「jian」 and 「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. 「Emptiness」 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.

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, then 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」 of Laozi and Zhuangzi.