

墨色亦铿锵

徐勇民

湖北美术学院教授

Ink Also Has Its Resonance

Professor Yongmin Xu

Professor, Hubei Institute of Fine Arts



听同行抱怨专业困境时，我时常会提起一位朋友的名字，提起他的学术经历，生活背景，往往他们得知了这位朋友的相关信息后，默不作声。

几年前，了解到一位年轻作者的作品被他收藏，多少我能揣摩出他的鉴赏品味。有意思的是他最后学历是书法学博士。在此前，横跨大洋，已获得管理学博士学位同时又完成了博士后的研究经历。他的书法学博士论文直击当代书法转型的热点，引得我开始关注起来。汉字书写者数不胜数，我若是没有笔不离手的日常行为，也难以对他的行为有如此的好奇。这也让无所事事的时光变得有声有色了。

面对中国文化的厚度，任何人都有踏不到底的畏惧。他的行踪往往以空中飞行里程与经纬度的差异交错出轨迹，这实际上也延长了或是缩短了原本属于他的白昼与黑夜。我不知道他是不是从紊乱变化的生物钟领会了时空中文化差异的奇妙。他的学历与游历成了等待他人生变化的机遇。

在文化发展史上，社会经济的快速发展换取的是岁月被挤压了的离愁。在文化长河中刻下一痕，谈何容易。几

乎每个艺术家的身份都在暧昧的变化之中，亟需通过视觉形态的诉求予以认证。

很多有海外生活背景的艺术家的作品，图式与风格，极易识别。其面貌有些让人猜想他们是要表达一种入乡不随俗的忍耐，安享当年的身份变化和文化认知。

浸淫在东西方文化交汇中，已不习惯空泛的文化叙述。他十分清楚此时需要的是以勇气将隔膜转换为交融，他将现代社会商业有序的管理与艺术中极为宝贵的直觉结合了起来，将心灵的洗礼，陶冶在生活经验之中。他不忘将时光合理编织进创作历程，不断精进，并不太在意把精力抛掷在精微甚至有些吹毛求疵的技法之中。墨色与颜色变化通过手臂手腕的触受，尽可能迅捷地跨越个人的生存经验，身份同时切换于多元的社会圈层，依此作出了自己的选择。通过柔性宣纸和坚硬金属形成新的视觉团块，以作品给出文化融合的新鲜色彩。沉浸在属于书写与表现的体验之中。

他的作品《太湖石·东风》置放在旧金山亚洲艺术博物馆入口广场。他发给我看的是黑白图片，厚厚的云朵，不可见的风吹拂着《太湖石·东风》。他与深谙东西方文化史

的亚洲艺术博物馆馆长合影，猜想应该是午后光景，阳光有很生动的塑造力，博物馆前广场的东方艺术形态与合影人物呈现出丰满的生命姿态。

他书写“心经”，尝试书画合一的意象化表达。薄薄的宣纸，似乎越来越难以覆盖他心灵与躯体内丰富的经历。他需要蜕变把自己的创意付诸实施，表达视觉形态与意识形态在认知与记忆中的超越，果敢地把自己的作品置于公共空间同时也是公众舆论的面前。

“用笔亦无定法，随人所向而习之，久而精熟，便能变化古人，自出手眼。”他熬茶汤书写“贪”“愚”二字，秉执笔意念，用无笔书写的泼墨方式，让我想起他在博士论文中有专门对这两字在东西方文化中涵义的评介。大地山林，青檀树皮制成的宣纸，普洱茶，阳光，生命轮回，柔软与坚实……人们对于物质过于奢求，会忘记基本生存对精神洗涤的意义。书写汉字的那一刻，无论以何种方式，书写者的人格气质不也是被同时书写了吗？

当代艺术界此一时彼一时，各种观点激荡，还有不少的偏见短见，相互扭打的不可开交。创作者也常常为此所困。大潮之中的一意孤行，才可在他人无暇顾及的时空中任意翻腾，自在无比。

他常常会饶有兴趣地倾听朋友对他书法与艺术创作行为的评价。如同人们对他的所为生出的好奇一样。可人们在评价他时不一定能在学术舒适圈惯用的句子中找到恰如其分的评语。

我看过些对他作品的评论文字，语境略合，只是何以作者能够创作出这样的作品，说的还不尽兴。要知道，艺术圈早已没有了职业身份的专利，作品背后往往有更多故事。你得往别处想想才会发现稀奇之处。我还不知道他的管理学博士论文的选题是什么，本可以开口询得，转念想想，还是想在文中也在往后给自己留一丝悬念的好。

他似乎没有成为理论家与艺术家任何一方的同流，他一边以自保意味的笑吟吟，看着各执一词的双方，另一边又持之以恒，左右逢源地将事业荣誉和利益融为一体，毫

不吝啬地将精神财富公开。

他的创作构思在 MOLESKINE 笔记本上涂抹，这是艺术界不知多少大家过过手的。我也曾体会过当笔在笔记本上勾勒时，能隐现与前辈交晤的触感和精神安放的愉悦。通过文房用品的选择能觉察出作者对艺术家身份的热爱。

他在日常的交游与生活节奏中，听从文化游历中的冒险对自己发出的那一声呼唤。用技术手段将种种回忆无休止地放大并增值，这一切可能是来自岁月场景中的某个人物，某间房屋，某种味道，一道光线，一种声响或是一首曲子……

他努力在岁月简洁朴素的身份记忆中杂糅入当代社会瞬息多变的游历，并获得自洽，亮起自己新的起手式，做出如何看待历史，看待生命和今日之世界的抉择。自然也有了从书法到绘画再到雕塑，从二维到三维挪用、交融，不一样的视觉呈现。这样的探索，仅仅靠判断力与心智的机敏，显然是不够的，朋友间对他有着厚重的期待。

去年暑期，在青岛一个很舒展的空间环境中，看到他的雕塑作品《千年》，一时想起若干年前听到 MV 版的曲子《回海上》，慢悠悠地似有烟火气的柔板爵士曲。“想打造自己的传奇。回来做自己的事情。”乐声缓缓而去，像风一样，却不知风从何来。

他在离上海寓所不远处一片桃树林中有工作室，他晒出图片上见到过。一直想去看看。工作室横卧桃园，背景是天空。拍下来已有海阔天空的故事。

写着写着，好比友人间手谈，忘了给出他的名字。此时写出——他叫任天进。

When colleagues lament professional struggles, I often mention the name of a friend—his academic journey and background usually leaving them speechless upon hearing it.

Years ago, learning that he had acquired works by a young artist revealed much about his taste. Interestingly, his terminal degree is a PhD in Calligraphy—this came after he pursued a management doctorate across the ocean and completed postdoctoral research. His dissertation on the transformation of contemporary calligraphy piqued my interest. Practitioners of Chinese calligraphy are countless, and without my own daily habit of keeping a brush in hand, I would hardly be so curious about his practices—curiosity that turns idle hours into vibrant contemplation.

Facing the depth of Chinese culture, one cannot help but feel the dread of its unfathomable layers. His travels, mapped by flight miles and shifting time zones, stretch or compress days and nights. I wonder if chaotic circadian rhythms taught him the wonders of cultural dissonance. His credentials and wanderings became catalysts for metamorphosis.

Cultural history shows rapid socioeconomic growth comes at the cost of time's poetic melancholy. To leave even a faint mark in this river is no easy feat. Almost every artist's identity drifts in ambiguity, demanding validation through visual articulation.

Many diaspora artists bear recognizable styles—some seemingly resisting assimilation, embracing fluid identities and cultural awareness. Steeped in East-West confluence, he rejects hollow cultural narratives. Courageously transmuting barriers into fusion, he marries corporate discipline with artistic intuition, tempering spiritual refinement in life's crucible. He weaves time into creation's fabric, honing craft without obsessing over minutiae. Ink-tones flow through wrist and arm, vaulting past personal experience as he navigates social strata. On supple xuan paper and rigid metal, new visual masses emerge—chromatic symphonies of cultural synthesis.

His sculpture *Taihu Rock – East Wind Wind* anchors San Francisco's Asian Art Museum plaza. In the monochrome image he sent me, invisible winds buffet clouds above *Taihu Rock – East Wind*.

He writes the *Heart Sutra*, experimenting with calligraphy-painting fusion. Thin xuan paper struggles to cover the richness of his mind and body's experiences. He needs transformation—to express visual and ideological transcendence, boldly placing his work in public spaces and scrutiny.

"Brushwork defies fixed rules; one must practice freely, refine over time, transcend tradition, and develop a personal style." He brews *pu'er tea* while writing the characters "poverty" and "ignorance"—brushless ink splashes recalling his doctoral analysis of their cross-cultural meanings. Earth, forests, xuan paper made from sandalwood bark, sunlight, life's cycle, softness and hardness... Overindulgence in material desires obscures the spiritual essence of survival. The moment one writes Chinese characters, isn't one's own personality and temperament also written down simultaneously—no matter the way one writes?

The contemporary art scene is turbulent, its debates often mired in prejudice. Creators are often trapped. Only solitary defiance allows one to navigate uncharted spaces freely.

He listens with interest to friends' critiques of his work—just as his actions spark curiosity. Yet few can articulate their evaluations within academic comfort zones.

I've read reviews of his art, their tone apt but failing to fully capture why he creates as he does. The art world no longer has professional monopolies; works carry untold stories. One must look elsewhere to find the marvels.

I've never asked about his Management PhD topic—perhaps leaving some mystery serves us both well.

He aligns with neither theorists nor artists, smiling

indifferently at their disputes while seamlessly merging career, honor, and profit, generously sharing his intellectual wealth.

His sketches in *MOLESKINE* notebooks—a medium touched by countless masters—echo my own joy in sensing predecessors' presence through strokes. His choice of stationery reveals his devotion to the artist's identity.

In daily life, he heeds the call of cultural adventure, amplifying memories endlessly through techniques—a person, a scent, a light, a sound, a song...

He blends timeless simplicity with modern flux, finding harmony. His approach—whether to history, life, or the world—spawns new visual languages, from calligraphy to sculpture, 2D to 3D. Such exploration demands more than mere acuity; friends place immense expectations on him.

Last summer, in Qingdao's serene space, I saw his sculpture *Populus Euphratica*, recalling an old MV—*Return to the Sea*, a smoky jazz ballad. "To forge one's legend. Return to one's own path." The music fades like wind, untraceable.

His studio, nestled near Shanghai in a peach grove, appears in photos—a horizontal form against endless sky. I've long wanted to visit.

Writing this feels like a go game between friends — I've omitted his name. Now revealed: Ren Tianjin.