

梁铨：新泉

Liang Quan: New Spring

文 / 李佳
Text by Li Jia

红树林画廊于 2024 年 5 月 18 日荣幸推出梁铨个展“新泉”。这是梁铨于红树林画廊举办的首次个展，将呈现以“故岭”系列为主的部分精选作品，同时包括艺术家早期的纸本拼贴实验，2023-2024 年新近完成的“泉之源”茶色组画，以及和建筑师刘晓都合作的橱窗装置“泉”。

梁铨用四十年的时间，慢慢地淘炼出一种属于他自己的艺术语言。它由那些最基本的，最单纯的形象元素所构成：平直的线条层叠、铺排、返覆、延伸，于穿连中形成一方一方水平或竖直的矩形；或疏阔，或紧凑，在深深浅浅相邻交叠处，被各种弧形与圆形钉住或破开；又总有一两处疏密有致的孔漏，在秩序中透露出另一重节奏和呼吸。然而来自抽象世界的图式并不能概括这里的全部，若我们细察画面，会发现这些线条和形状并非全然来自勾画，而是在某种程度上被交付给天成与偶然：这些几何轮廓来自被撕成窄条或长方的薄宣纸片，经浸染后，再于亚麻布底上依势相叠，相拼。它们如草木生长，蔓延生发，深浅不一的纸面彼此交叠，呈现出自然的线条，与之平行和呼应的是数根淡淡的墨线。纸面经过晕染和黏贴，形成的些微褶皱，纸缘的细小毛边与顿挫，偶然生成的色迹与墨痕……提示我们在克制与理性的画面操作背后，更多的是对即逝之瞬时的捕捉，对细微心绪的忠实，对无常命运的接纳，以及更重要的，一种来自真实生命的涌动。

梁铨的抽象绘画因此区别于纯然理性的图式塑造，与其说它通向彼岸的秩序与完美，不如说是在最平实的生活里，情感和记忆里最切近之处，从最具体的瞬间，心有所应的刹那，去照见这个世界的本来面目。作为禅宗的信徒和践履者，梁铨从不在渺远、高阔和神秘之处寻觅，相反，他将一切都真真切切地着落在自己每日的生活之中，平常草木，一盏清茶，净土非遥，灵山不远。在他的新作“泉之源组画”当中，画幅收缩成小品册页的巴掌见方，疏落几点混合了水性颜料的茶渍。深深浅浅，或重叠或数落，茶渍在纸面留下不规则的形状是灵动的，也因此不再全然可控。在方寸画面中，实与虚，满与空，破与立，取自中国传统花鸟画的经营位置布局谋篇，但又将最终的形迹着落交付给了偶然性和机缘。是否，在那些被无视和匆匆洗除的“渍”与“迹”当中，也藏着明心见性的钥匙？梁铨只是用他的艺术告诉我们，“世界不一定是有意义的，但它肯定是细致而真实的”。如果说一幅画最终通向什么地方，那它必定先是从日常中擦亮我们的眼睛，让我们得以看见低微之物和本来之态，松动心与身的诸般习见惯性，透出空隙。

如此，在梁铨和他一路走来的传统里，抽象的艺术也总有最具体，亲切的一面。日常的行住坐卧，一茶一饭，同笔下云烟是一体不分的，同心性的修炼，实相的参悟也是一体不分的。“新泉”由此展开二重意味：一是梁铨毕生所爱的汲泉烹茶，二是心胸要时时荡濯，复归澄明。新泉，亦是心泉。为了印证和解答梁铨画中“那得清如许”，我们特在展厅二楼邀请建筑师刘晓都先生重置和呈现了艺术家日常生活的空间——这套三居室房间是梁铨 90 年代初到深圳由单位分配的房子，同时也是他多年以来的工作室——简单朴实得像岁月在此停驻，在门厅一张不大的木桌上，梁铨工作，读书，铺开画纸，浸染颜料，这里也是他吃饭，饮茶，会客的地方。这样一处略显拥挤的角落，似乎在某种意义上可以说包含了梁铨艺术的全部秘密：不在别处，在此地，此刻，此心。

MANGROVEGALLERY is honored to announce a solo exhibition of Liang Quan, New Spring. This is Liang's first solo exhibition at the gallery. It will exhibit a selection of works by Liang, most of which are part of his Green Series, as well as the experimental works of paper collage from his early years, the works from Fountain Series newly completed between 2023 and 2024 using water-based pigment mixed with tea, and a mixed media window installation work Fountain in collaboration with the architect Liu Xiaodu.

For forty years, Liang has been cultivating his own artistic language. It consists of the most basic, simple visual elements there are: straight lines stacked up on top of and next to one another, repeating and extending themselves, crisscrossing into a grid pattern, sometimes spread out sparsely, sometimes packed up closely together. At the points where they intersect, they are either pinned down or broken up by curves and circles, while behind this predominant pattern there are aberrations, elements that dance to another beat. On the other hand, an abstract scheme does not explain all that is on the canvas. If we look at the paintings carefully, we may recognize that all of the lines and shapes do not come about by way of pencils or brushes; some are the result of a stroke of serendipity. These geometric shapes are thin Xuan paper cut into narrow strips or rectangular shapes, dipped into a dye bath, and then arranged and pieced together on linen cloth. They proliferate and spread out like grass, turning into color patches of different hues and intensities that are stacked upon each other, invading into each other, creating natural and unaffected lines that parallel and echo the faint ink lines. The paper that has undergone the dyeing and pasting process has some minor creases, rough or jagged edges, and some accidental ink blots, reminding us that underneath the generally controlled and rational painting process, there are those little fleeting moments that need to be captured, those subtle feelings that need to be appreciated, the impermanence of life that needs to be accepted, and, most importantly, the pulsations of life that need to be felt.

Liang's abstract paintings are unlike those purely rational constructs, in that instead of pointing to an otherworldly order or ideal, they shed light on the nature of the worldly things, by focusing on the most mundane life, on the most intimate corners of memory, on the most precise instant, on the moments when our souls connect. As a believer and practitioner of Zen Buddhism, Liang never seeks in mysterious places high and far away; instead, he nestles everything inside quotidian details: a tree, a blade of grass, a cup of tea. Pure land is not far off, soul mountain is just around the corner. In his new Fountain Series, the frame is reduced to palm size, with a few drops of tea stains mixed with water-based pigments scattered across the canvas. These tea stains of various shades are sometimes overlapped and sometimes spread out. They form into irregular shapes no longer entirely under the control of the artist. In these small frame pieces, the balance between the abstract and the concrete, between the full and the empty, between the making and the breaking, takes after the composition of the traditional bird-and-flower paintings; nevertheless, the shapes and trajectories are ultimately subject to chance. Is it possible that,

among the stains and smudges usually overlooked or scrubbed away, there is a key to the mind and the soul? Liang uses his art to tell us, the world does not necessarily have a purpose, but it surely is detailed and real. If a painting has to be about something, it has to be about opening our eyes to the everyday life, to make us see the small and lowly things, to break us out of ruts both mentally and physically, to create spaces that allow new insights to emerge.

Thus, In Liang as well as the tradition he has espoused, abstract art always has its concrete, personal side. The nuanced details in one's daily life are in every way integrated into the world on the canvas, indispensable for the cultivation of the mind and the comprehension of the reality. The meaning behind New Spring, accordingly, is two-fold. One is about Liang Quan's lifelong passion for tea. Two is about a mind that needs to be cleansed of impurities and returned to purity, at all times. New Spring is homophonous with "spring of the heart" in Chinese. To illustrate how Liang's paintings acquire the clarity, luminosity, and some Zen serenity that they have, we work with the architect Liu Xiaodu to reconstruct the everyday living space of the artist on the second floor of the gallery—the three bedrooms apartment that the institute he worked for allotted him in the early 1990s, which doubles as his studio throughout the years. The room is simple, as if time has stopped in a bygone era. At a wooden table in the hallway, Liang works, reads, spreads out the drawing paper, and mixes the paint. At the same table, he eats, drinks tea, and receives guests. This slightest cramped corner seems to have contained all the secrets about Liang's art: not somewhere else, but here, now, in this heart.

中国深圳 No.110, Stage 2, South Square, One Shenzhen Bay
深圳湾1号广场南二期 110号 Shenzhen, China info@mangrovegallery.com www.mangrovegallery.com

红 树 林 M A N G R O V E
画 廊 G A L L E R Y E