

春物太昌昌——中日艺术家联展

文：加藤弘雨

去年十月在信州伊那谷高远湖边，和空间站主理人闲聊，她说：“伊那谷是个好地方，这里处处都可以写生，人们生活在大自然的森林公园里，简直太幸福”。

“我来这里十几年了，到现在还被这里的四季景色所感动，尤其雨季，那片山与山之间的云雾，总会多了几分感动”我说。

“生活在这里的人们与艺术家是什么样的一个状态哪？”付晓东好奇的问到。

“在这里的生活的艺术家自然有趣，每个人对生活生命有着不同的理解，等明年我们做一个中日艺术家联展吧？”我说。

她说“好啊”。

我们便约在了明年春天。

前几日伊那谷刮了一天的风，我看了一下日历，今日是惊蛰，日历上写着：“惊蛰未闻雷出地，丰收有望看春耕”，这个节气意味着春雷乍动，万物复苏，院子里多了几堆松动的新土，那是鼯鼠的杰作，几株南天下的福寿草也开了花，我才意识到已经立春许多时日。春天是一个充满欲望的季节，万物昌昌，窗外的猫儿也在呼唤着自己的春天，想起故乡怀府诗人李商隐的诗，“春风虽自好，春物太昌昌，若教春有意，惟遣一枝芳”。人在宇宙浩瀚世界里，也只有三万日夜，尤为短暂，人人皆为世间的过客，我们能留下什么给这个世界，千年前的人们他们是这样的心境来面对生活，迎接春天，喜悦悲伤都是心象的写照，几千年后的今天我们都读到古人的心声，与之共鸣也是一件不可思议的事。

物象即心象，万物有声即无声。人心内面自己与自己的对话内心深处的寻找自己，诗歌，造物都是表现手法，造物是人的内面与外界产生链接一种交流形式，春天也是造物者的季节。几千年来从古至今人们在生活之余，试着去理解自己内心的一种方法，通过自己的思考与双手来造物，这些是一种普遍的行为，也是艺术形成的最初起点，每个人都能为自己生命的神圣性来创造。

我一直认为人与人相遇不是偶而是必然，每个人都有每个人的角色，在这个本来无意义的世界里，我们在生活中能创造出一些“物品”来满足自己内心的需求，让生活更加多一分乐趣与激情。

空间站在今春之始的中日艺术家联展中，我们能看到每个不同艺术家对生命生活的思考与感悟，生命对于每个人来说都是神圣的，造物是每个艺术家心象的折射，欲望让造物者成为艺术家，在这春物太昌昌的季节，九位中日艺术家的作品在我看来她们都有自己不同尺度，造物昌昌，日日生活的日常中，艺术家还在继续着自己的生活与制作。

The Overflourishing Spring: Sino-Japanese Artists Joint Exhibition

By KOUN KATOU

Last October, by the shores of Takato Lake in the Ina Valley of Shinshu, I had a casual conversation with the curator of Space Station. She remarked, "Ina Valley is a wonderful place. Everywhere here is suitable for plein air painting. People live in a natural forest park—it's truly a blessing."

"I've been here for over a decade, and I'm still moved by the seasonal scenery. Especially during the rainy season, when mist lingers between the mountains—it always evokes a deep emotion," I replied.

Curious, Fu Xiaodong asked, "What is life like for the artists living here?"

"The artists who reside here are naturally interesting, each with their own unique understanding of life and existence. Why don't we organize a joint exhibition for Chinese and Japanese artists next year?" I suggested.

She responded enthusiastically, "That sounds great!"

And so, we set our sights on the coming spring.

A few days ago, strong winds swept through the Ina Valley for an entire day. I checked the calendar—it was Jingzhe (the Waking of Insects), which read: 'If thunder is not heard on Jingzhe, a bountiful harvest can be expected; the fields await the spring plowing.' This solar term marks the awakening of spring thunder and the revival of all living things. In my yard, small mounds of fresh earth appeared—evidence of the moles at work. A few adonis flowers bloomed under the southern sky, and I suddenly realized that spring had already been here for quite some time. Spring is a season brimming with desire. Life flourishes in abundance. Even the cats outside my window are calling out to their own spring. I recall a poem by Li Shangyin, a poet from my hometown, Huai Prefecture:

"Though the spring breeze is pleasant, spring's bounty is excessive;
If spring had intention, it would grant but a single blossom."

A human life lasts only thirty thousand days in this vast universe—a fleeting moment. We are all mere travelers in this world. What, then, can we leave behind? A thousand years ago, people faced life with such sentiments, welcoming spring, their joys and sorrows reflected in their hearts. That we can still read their words today and resonate with their emotions is nothing short of remarkable.

The external world is a reflection of the inner self; the voices of all things are both heard and unheard. Deep within, each individual engages in an internal dialogue, seeking self-understanding. Poetry and creation serve as expressions of this dialogue—making is a way of linking one's inner world with the external, a form of communication. And spring, too, belongs to the makers.

For thousands of years, from ancient times to the present, people have sought to understand their inner selves through creation—thinking, shaping with their hands, crafting objects as a means of self-exploration. This is a universal impulse and the very foundation of art. Everyone has the potential to create in reverence of their own existence.

I have always believed that encounters between people are not coincidences but inevitabilities. Each of us plays a unique role. In this inherently meaningless world, we can generate meaning through the things we create—objects that fulfill inner needs, bringing joy and passion to our lives.

In this spring's joint exhibition of Chinese and Japanese artists at Space Station, we witness how different artists contemplate and reflect on life. To each individual, life is sacred, and creation is a manifestation of their inner world. Desire transforms creators into artists. In this season of abundant vitality, I see in the works of these nine artists their unique measures of creation. Flourishing in their own rhythms, they continue their lives and their art, day by day.