

COLOURFUL COLOURLESS COLOUR & ME

Rama IX Art Museum Foundation

สนับสนุนโดย

สำนักงานคณะกรรมการวัฒนธรรมแห่งชาติ

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COLOURFUL
COLOURLESSCOLOUR & ME
May 9-June 14, 1998
MARSI GALLERY

I WORK TO KNOW 'ME'

AND HOPE THAT ONE DAY I & 'ME' CAN BE ONE

THEREFORE, I WISH THAT WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

THERE CAN BE NONE OF 'ME' NOR I.

คนที่ใกล้ตัวผมมากที่สุดก็คือ “ผม”

แต่ “ผม” ที่ว่านี้, ก็ทำความรู้จักด้วยยากเสียเหลือเกิน

ผมก็เลยทำงานศิลปะเพื่อที่จะได้รู้จักกับ “ผม” มากขึ้น

และหวังว่าสักวันหนึ่งจะเป็นอันหนึ่งอันเดียวกับ “ผม”

และในท้ายที่สุดจะได้ไม่มีทั้ง “ผม” และผม.....

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IN MAKING ART...

I BELIEVE, ART IS A SEARCH OF BALANCE OF THOUGHT & DEED & THE AESTHETIC
OF THE COMBINATION OF BOTH.

แนวความคิดในการทำงานศิลปะ...

ข้าพเจ้าทำงานศิลปะเพื่อค้นหาสุนทรีย์ภาพแห่งการผสมผสานกันระหว่างความสมดุล

ทางความคิดและการกระทำ

I THINK, LIFE IS A SEARCH OF BALANCE
BALANCE OF CAUSE, BALANCE OF EFFECT
BALANCE OF NO CAUSE, BALANCE OF NO EFFECT

I THINK, ART IS SEARCH OF BALANCE
BALANCE OF CAUSE, BALANCE OF EFFECT
BALANCE OF NO CAUSE, BALANCE OF NO EFFECT

I THINK PEOPLE HAVE VARIOUS WAYS TO SEARCH FOR
THEIR BALANCE OF LIFE... FOR ME, I CHOOSE ART...

NOT BECAUSE I THINK ART IS LIFE,
BUT ART CREATES BALANCE OF LIFE
TO BOTH THE CREATOR HIMSELF AND THOSE WHO APPRECIATE

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ผมว่าชีวิตเป็นกิจกรรมหาความสมดุล
สมดุลจากเหตุ, สมดุลจากผล
สมดุลจากไม่มีเหตุ, สมดุลจากไม่มีผล
ผมว่าศิลปะเป็นกิจกรรมหาความสมดุล
สมดุลจากเหตุ, สมดุลจากผล
สมดุลจากไม่มีเหตุ, สมดุลจากไม่มีผล
ผมว่าวิธีการหาความสมดุลของชีวิต
ของหลายคนมีหลายรูปแบบ มีหลายวิธี
ผมเลือกศิลปะ...ไม่ใช่เพราะว่าศิลปะ
คือชีวิต แต่เพราะผมเชื่อว่าศิลปะ
สามารถสร้างสมดุลชีวิตให้ทั้งแก่
ผู้สร้างและผู้ชื่นชม

Dissections

colours in colour, colourless colours
– in solitary magnificence

today the blue is passion,
tomorrow cool and distant
the red shouts loud,
in composing and discomposing emotions
a lush and fertile green,
sometimes dark – a disturbance
the black oh so rich and sombre,
a constant companion
the muted expanses of white,
speaks of mindful compositions
and then in hues the vital others,
interweave, garland and bind

harmonies and disharmonies–
in colour, colourless dissections
within the colourful clamour of silence
– enfolded and forsaken.

Varsha Nair

Bangkok, April 1998

On the first view I believed that someone had thrown colours on a thick sheet of paper. I enjoyed being absolutely wrong and confused. I had seen a print in a series called "Colours & Me".

In order to find something to rely upon, I looked at a picture from the series "Lines Clours and me", and I could not see what I saw. It was overlaid in my mind with two pictures: "T197-H19", an oil on canvas by Hans Hartung, the German painter who in the middle of the 20th century was one of the masters of the "Ecole de Paris", and Calligraphy of Shun Takuan from the 16th or 17th century, now in the Idemitsu Museum in Tokyo. Terrible, am I getting sclerotic? Formal analogies? Why can't I see directly and at first hand what is really there, even though it is persented so clearly?

I might fill pages now about distances neccessary to see colours becoming colourless; about sensations and philosophies of a bursting negation and the most empty filled concentration; about themes in art history and science hidden in those prints; about the meaning of spiritual craftsmanship in the digital age... well, give me an axe instead, a big piece of wood for sculpturing and, one free hit!

I discovered someone who gave me the chance to play with my faults, a subversive fulfiller of expectations. "Hungry for a beautiful surface? Here, eat this!" And while you are chewing, the real art begins, a journey to a deeper ground under the surface.

Why does someone carve carefully in wood, and produce layers of colours, if "a child can do it better in five minutes"?

A question asked all over the world. Unintentionally it is a good one (I hope that Cy Twombly agrees). The question declares art to be useless and the artists to be nuts. Precisely! And...?

Some minds, irritated about their sudden questioning imagination wake up, it drives them nuts themselves and they start the search for the real answer. Yet they are on the path of eternal human experience. Is there anywhere better to reach with art ?

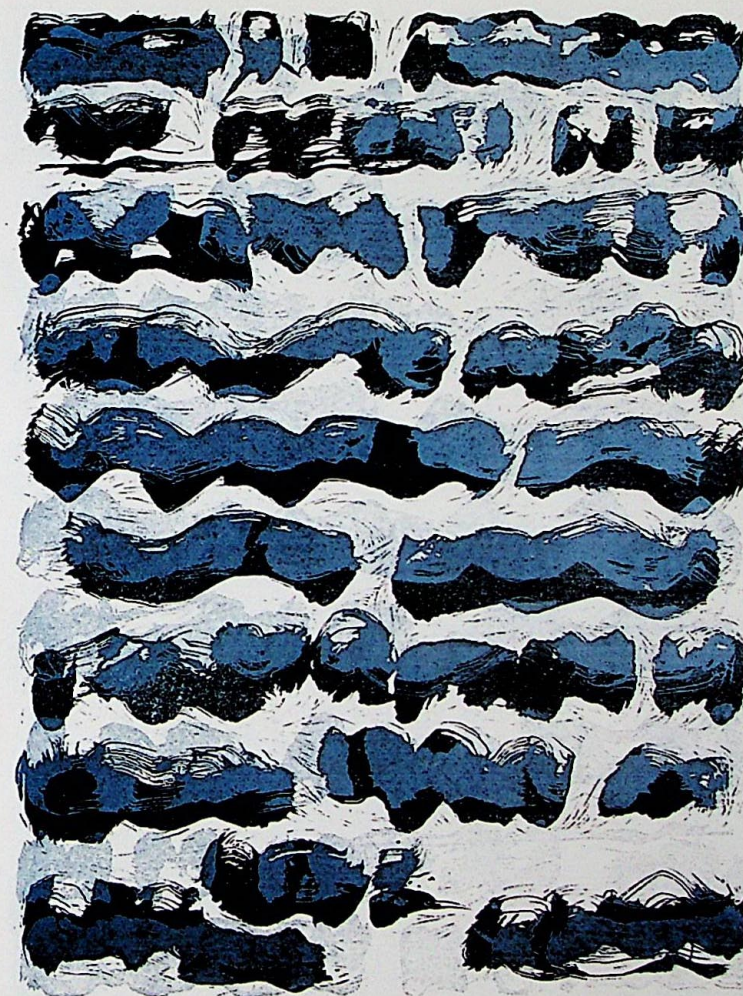
Volker Hamann
Colonge, Germany. 1998

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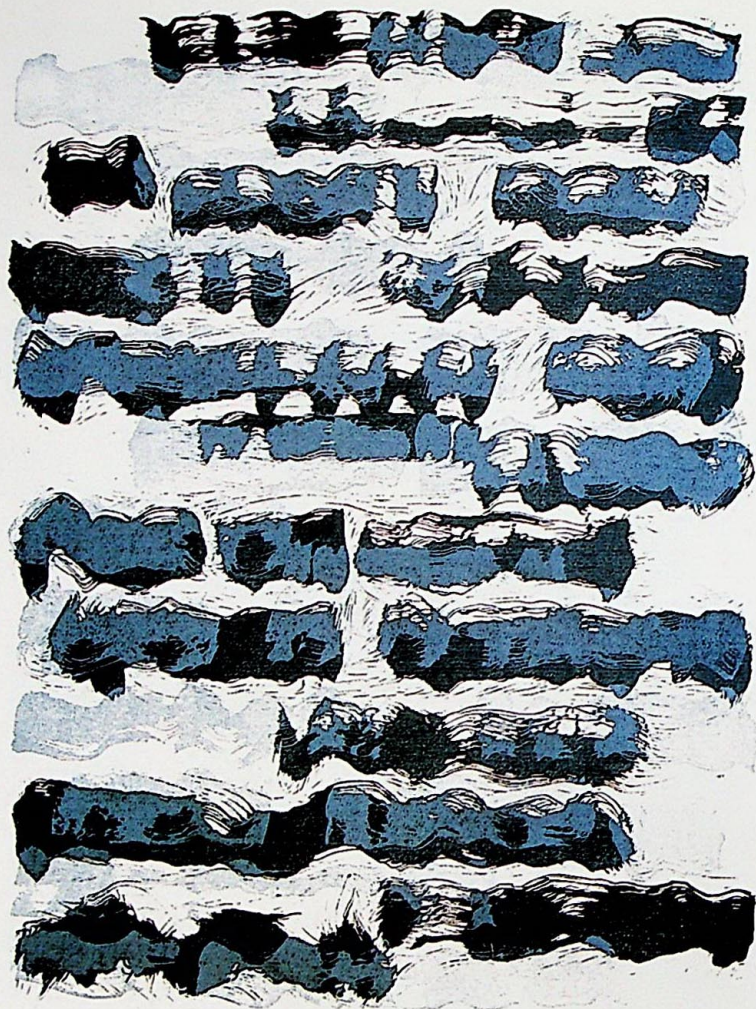
Nothing is as good as none
ไม่มีอะไรดีเท่ากับไม่มีอะไร

WORKS

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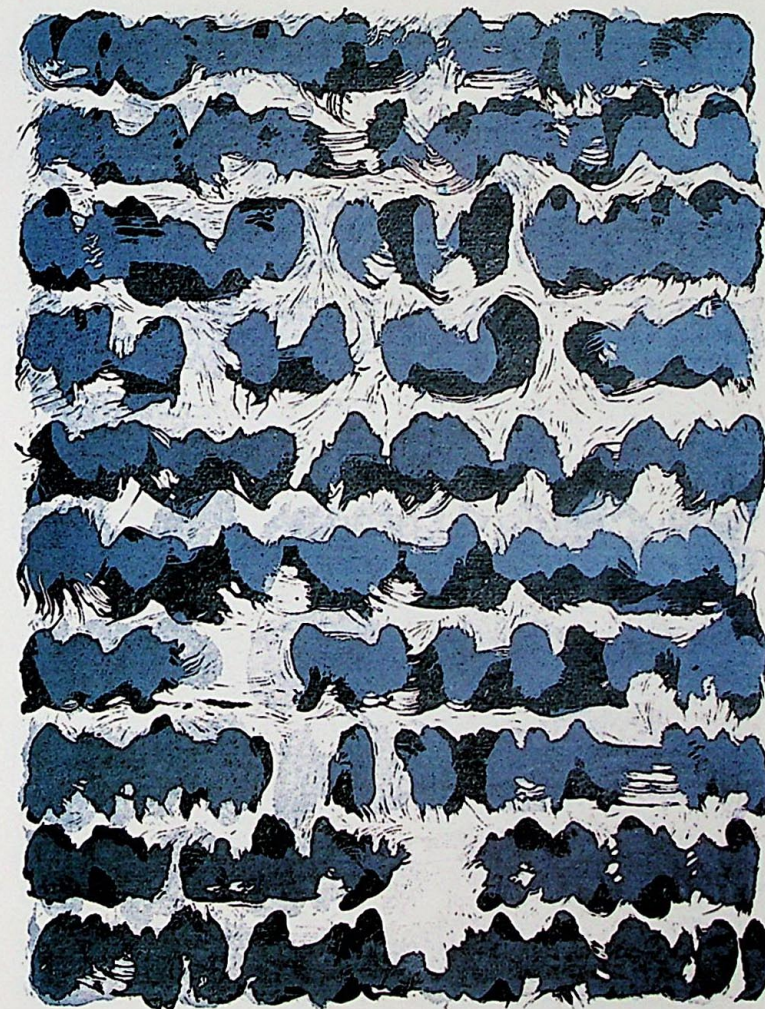


If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 1
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm

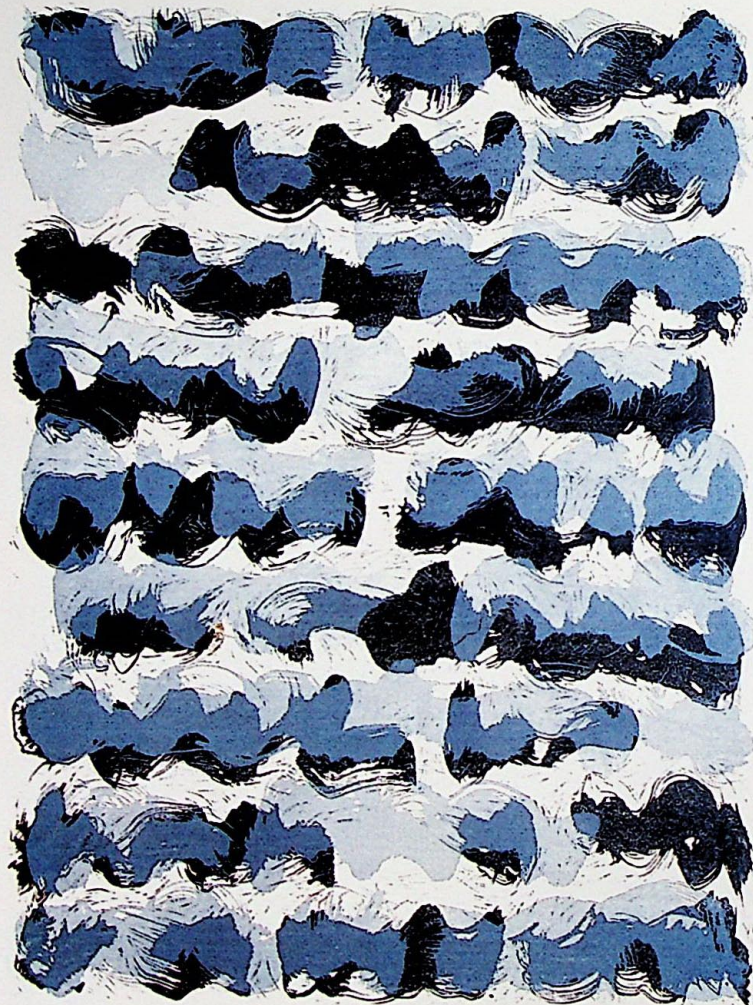


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If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 2
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm

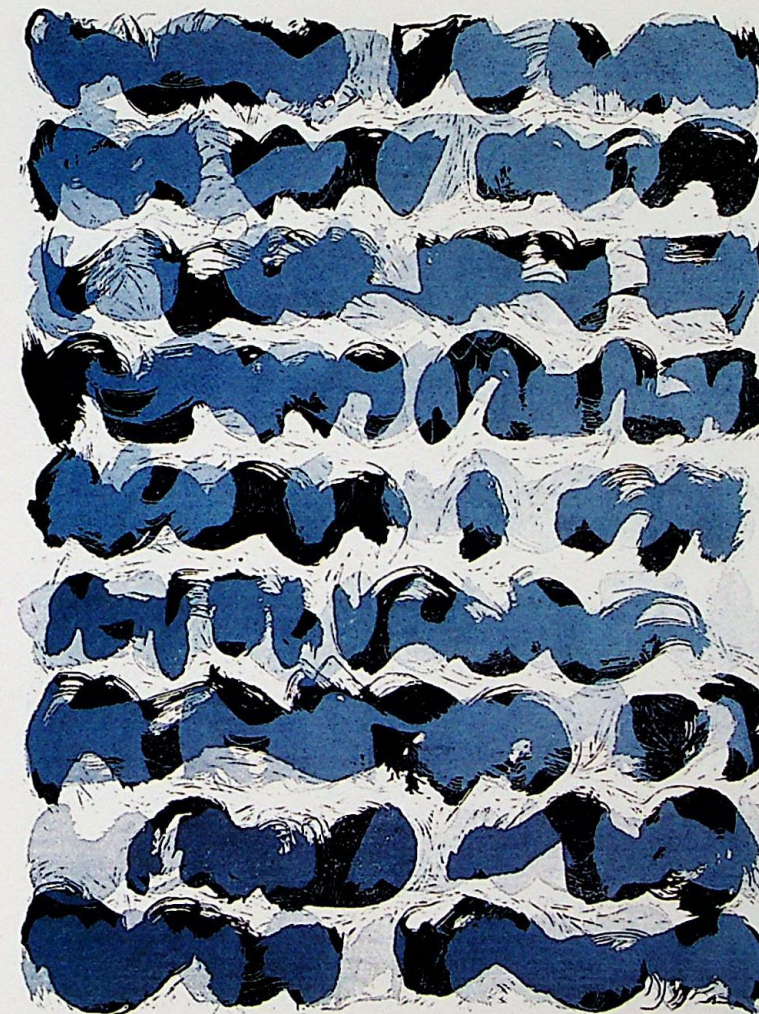


If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 3
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm

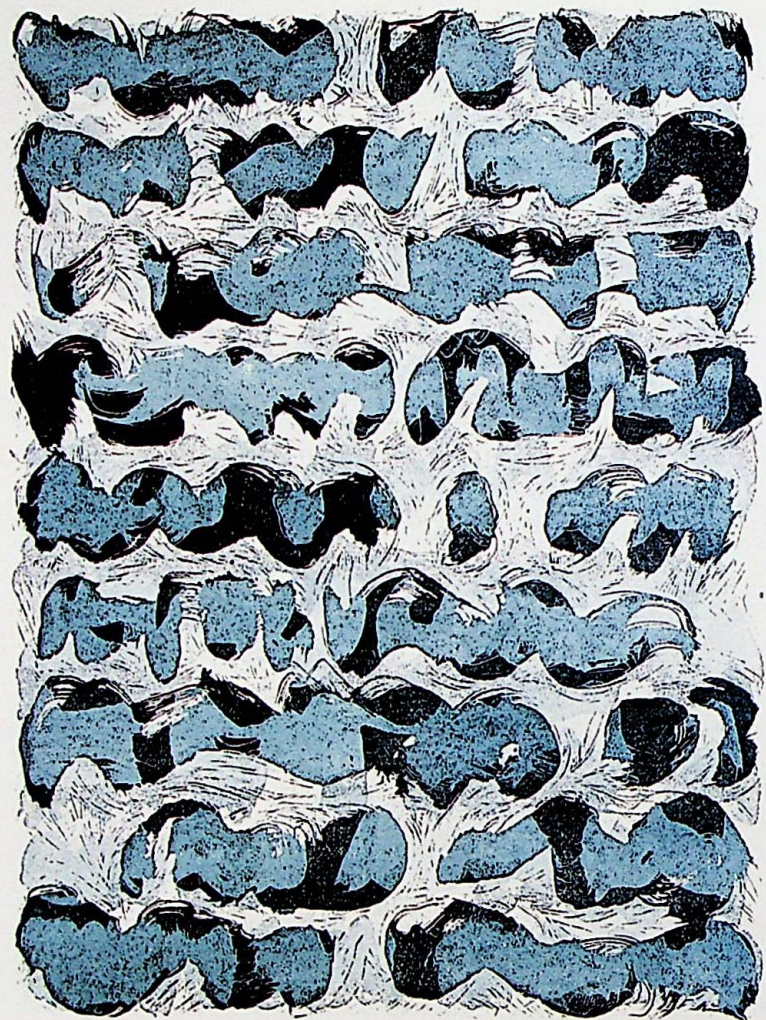


If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 4
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm

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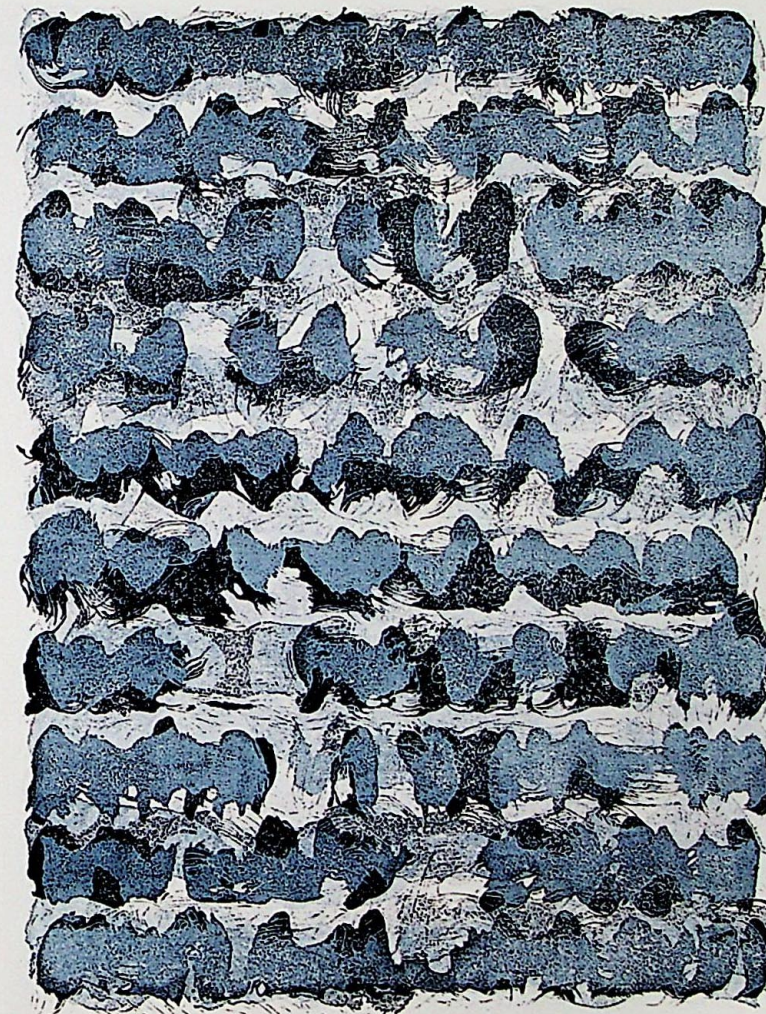


If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 5
woodcut, 100 x 70 cm

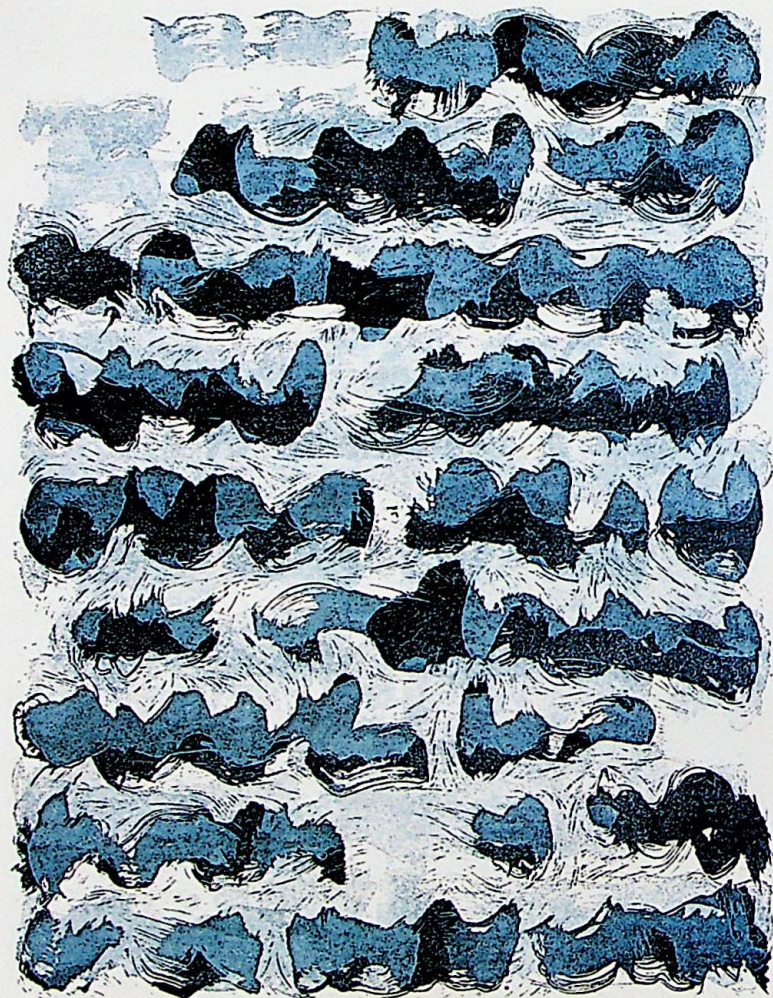


If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 6
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm

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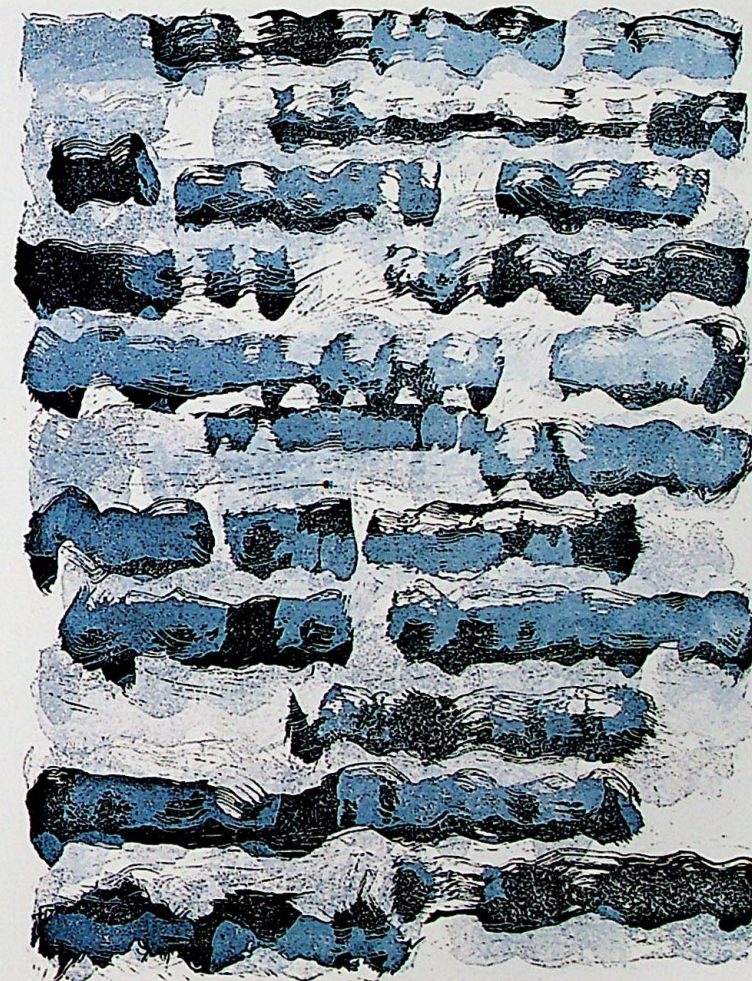


If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 7
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm



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If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 8
woodcut, 100 x 70 cm



If nothing is nothing then, why is there something called 'nothing' ? No. 9
monoprint, woodcut, 100 x 70 cm