

自述

郭冰心

我常在画画的时候升起毁灭的心态，与自己所想到的东西抗衡，愤怒、自省、自责、悲伤、偷乐等情绪交替进行，每次的终止都抱有遗憾也恰好的完美。

画这些画的时候经历了上海最冷的一段时间，最低温零下十度左右，后院的花草各个都冻蔫儿了，我全副武装，三条裤子，两件羽绒服，毛线帽子，手套，这些成了那段时间的标配，那么冷的天，不画画能干啥，不画画更觉得冷！奇怪的是雏菊竟没冻死，仍然开的灿烂。我的短发已经不能给头部提供足够的温暖，一阵风吹去天灵盖和后脑勺都瑟瑟发抖，一个冬天都在妄想摘掉帽子的挣扎中戴着帽子度过了。回顾 2020 年，我对植物有了更多的兴趣，他们让我看到生命的力量，让我意识到生长就是我们的天赋。相信画本身也有生长的能力，我是他们的一种养分来源，他们是自己世界的主角。我疯狂的画，疯狂的示爱，直到精疲力竭，化为他们的肥料。我真的是个自作多情的人，看事物能看到悲伤流泪，也能受到鼓舞而被感动，还会看到愤怒而发火，这些思绪同时发生在我画画的时候，好像身体和意识是分离的，偶尔回过神来发现自己在画画。除了脑袋会思考，身体本身也有思考的能力并不总为脑袋所理解，这样解释画画跑神可过得去？

## Personal Statement

Guo Bingxin

I often get hit by an impulse to destroy while making a painting, to confront what I have in mind, hence my varying feelings in the process, including anger, introspection, remorse, sorrow and retrained joy, and every time it ends up with certain regret and also the right proportion of perfection.

It was a coldest period in Shanghai when I worked on these paintings, with the lowest temperature being around -10 °C, and the plants in my backyard were all frosted. To fight the cold, I would have three trousers, two down jackets, a knitted cap and gloves on for most of the time. In such cold days, what else could I do than to paint? I'd feel even colder when I didn't paint! It's strange that the daisies were still alive and looked brilliant. My hair was so short that it couldn't keep my head warm enough, any gust of wind would have the top and back of my head shiver, so the whole winter I failed to take my cap off although I wanted and struggled to. In 2020, I got more interested in plants, as they showed me the power of life and made me aware of our gift of growing. I believe that painting also has the ability of growing; I am a source of nutrition for them and they're the leading roles of their own worlds. I paint and paint like crazy, as a way to express love, until I get exhausted and end up being their fertilizer. As a sentimental person, I could be saddened to tears when watching something, or touched for being inspired, or infuriated to directly vent my anger. These feelings also arise when I paint; I'd come around and find myself painting at times, as if my body were separate from my consciousness. The brain is for thinking, but the body can also think, only in a way not always understandable to the brain, so what about this explanation for being absent-minded during painting?