

(開幕)

2024年10月26日，週六
下午三時至六時

(日期)

2024年10月26日 - 11月23日

(開放時間)

週二至六，上午十一時至下午七時，
公眾假期除外

(地點)

香港香港仔興和街25號
大生工業大廈13樓

(聯絡方式)

office@kiangmalingue.com;
+852 2810 0317

(媒體諮詢)

賀依雲 Yiyun He
yiyun@kiangmalingue.com;
+852 2810 0317

(其他查詢)

廖薇 Ella Liao
ella@kiangmalingue.com;
+852 2810 0318

馬凌畫廊於田灣空間榮譽展出晋美創作的紙上繪畫，首次全面檢視藝術家自二零一五年以來創作的超過一百五十件作品。展覽追溯了晋美此系列悠長實踐的緣起及發展路徑，並配有由晋美女兒常羽辰撰寫的文章。常羽辰亦負責了晋美近期出版物《晋美》的編輯工作。

「二零一五年底媽媽做了一場手術，臥床期間她開始在紙上畫畫。二零一六年秋天我回北京，她一張一張地給我看。我的眼睛漸漸迷失在繁復的線條和質感中；鉛筆、蠟筆、水彩筆，它們留在紙上的痕跡是那麼實在，那麼確鑿無疑，媽媽創造它們的力道和手勢清晰可感。在每幅畫的內部，看似重復的紋樣，每次出現都有些微不同，似與不似之間的張力造成類似震顫的幻覺。重復不是機械性的而是充滿情緒的，執著的，脈搏一般地穩健地衝擊著我。在這些畫中，我可以感到媽媽，但感到更多的，是陌生難以名狀的力量。這力量類似生命的歡樂和苦痛，但更神秘，也更清冽。

這之後的幾年，每次我回北京的家都會有一個看畫的環節。每一次，畫的數量、發展和多樣性都令我深深折服。媽媽嘗試了更多的材料和尺幅，也嘗試了更多的筆觸、構圖和層次。最令我驚艷的是她對顏色無畏又無邪地使用——濃情的玫瑰，初春的芽綠，憂鬱的紫和躁動的橙，諂媚的粉和萬有引力的黑——她不含偏見地調度著寬闊的色譜，像麾下千軍萬馬的將軍。而這些顏色也不辜負她，這些顏色匯集成了水波、星雲、渦流、颶風，難說是美還是暴戾的畫面。

我也畫畫，因此我不僅欣賞媽媽的畫，更欣賞她作為創作者的工作風格。無論什麼時候，她總是在畫畫：在餐桌或床邊，在做飯前，洗碗後，在遛狗和去銀行辦事之間。媽媽的工作方式讓我認識到，藝術並不只在寬敞的工作室和大把不被打擾的時間中才能產生，藝術家也未必需要成為職業，相反，藝術是人的自然而然。像花兒向著陽光，像小草鑽出牆縫，媽媽在生活的瑣碎與煩惱之間見縫插針地起飛，性情自然舒展，藝術自然流瀉。每一次，每一張紙片，她專注而快樂地填滿，讓吉光片羽被灌注了永恆，平凡的日子也有了光彩。

二零二四年初，《晋美》一书终于出版。经过了八年缓慢的编辑，我终于可以把妈妈的画分享给大家。过去的半年里，这本书收获了许多朋友的赞美和支持，其中包括艺术家敬美（Kyung-Me）。她说她每天画画时都会把《晋美》放在手边，虽然风格完全不同，但她能从书中汲取勇气。经她的引荐，妈妈的画得以在马凌画廊展览。我们都很高兴。十月初，我陪着妈妈第一次去到香港，把百余幅画慢慢摆在空间里，我感到她的心情渐渐从忐忑变成坚定，甚至有些骄傲：原来那些在杂乱、昏暗的小屋子画成的画，在明亮宽敞的画廊里也不会逊色；原来那浸透着苦痛与烦忧的生活，真的哺育出了珍珠一般光彩照人的艺术。而现在，它们就要真正地看到了。」^[1]

常羽辰，二零二四年十月，北京

^[1] 本文部分节选自《晋美》前言初稿二零二零年，终稿二零二四年。

(關於晋美)

晋美一九六一年出生在山西，一九八二年考入山西大學藝術系。畢業後任某雜誌社美術編輯。一九九三年離職下海，開始經營「晋美花店」，在物質上、精神上支持家人的藝術追求。晋美在她五十歲時重新拾起畫筆。

Kiang Malingue Jin Mei

馬凌畫廊

kiangmalingue.com

10 Sik On Street, Wanchai, Hong Kong
香港 灣仔 適安街10號
(Follow) @kiangmalingue

(Artist) Jin Mei

(Opening)
Sat, 26 Oct, 3 – 6 PM

(Date)
26 Oct – 23 Nov 2024

(Opening Hours)
Tue to Sat, 11 AM – 7 PM
Closed on public holidays

(Location)
13/F, Blue Box Factory Building,
25 Hing Wo Street, Aberdeen,
Hong Kong

(Contact)
office@kiangmalingue.com;
+852 28100317

(Media Enquiries)
Yiyun He
yiyun@kiangmalingue.com;
+852 28100317

(All Other Enquiries)
Ella Liao
ella@kiangmalingue.com;
+852 28100318

Kiang Malingue is pleased to present at its Tin Wan space an exhibition of drawings by Jin Mei. This is the first comprehensive exhibition of more than 150 drawings by the artist, tracing the origin and developments of Jin Mei's drawing practice since 2015. The exhibition is accompanied by an essay written by Jin Mei's daughter Chang Yuchen, who acted as the editor of the artist's recent publication, *jm*.

Mama had surgery at the end of 2015 and started to draw on paper while resting in bed. When I visited home in Beijing in the autumn of 2016, she showed me the drawings. My gaze got lost in the intricate lines and textures. Traces made with pencils, crayons and colored markers were so tangible and concrete, while the decisive gestures of mama's hand were still so present. Within each drawing, every seemingly repetitive element was slightly unique, and this tension between resemblance and distinction created an illusion like a constant tremor. Repetition is not mechanical, but charged with emotion and pulsing-like persistence. I could recognize mama in some drawings, but more often what I felt was an unfamiliar force. A force that evokes the joy and pain of life itself, but more mysterious, and more detached.

In the years that followed, we would have a "studio visit" in her bedroom every time I came home. Every time, the quantity, diversity, and development of her work would amaze me. Mama never ceases to experiment with new mediums, scale, composition, and technique. What humbles me the most is her fearless use of color. The green of spring, rose of passion, purple of melancholy, pink of flirtatiousness, and black of unfathomable abyss—mama operates a wide spectrum of colors like a general conducting a grand army. And the colors don't fail her, they conjure up torrents, stardusts and cyclones; images that express beauty and violence simultaneously.

I draw too, so I not only appreciate mama's work, but also her style of working—she's always drawing: before cooking, during laundry, between going to the bank and walking Dandan (our dog); by the dining table, in her bed, and sometimes on a folding chair. The way mama works has taught me: art isn't something so special that can only happen in designated time and space, and "artist" is not necessarily a profession; on the contrary, art is only natural. Like a flower grows towards the sunlight, or grass emerges from a crack, mama seizes the opportunity amid the chores and troubles of everyday life, and departs for a brief yet wild trip every now and then. With concentration and joy, she fills up pieces of paper, pieces of time. Her essence naturally flows, her art naturally thrives.

In 2024, jm the book was finally published. After 8 years of slow editing, I was happy to finally introduce mama's work to the world. In the past months, jm has received much love and support from friends, including artist Kyung-Me, who told me that she places this book on her table whenever she draws. Even though the styles are completely different, she could gather courage from my mama's work. Because of the recommendation of Kyung-Me, mama is able to show her work with Kiang Malingue, which delights us greatly. In the beginning of October, I accompanied mama for her first visit to Hong Kong. As we slowly placed her hundreds of drawings on the gallery floor, I could sense mama gradually transitioning from shaky nervousness to confidence, and even a

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touch of pride: it turns out that the drawings made in our dark, cluttered home are shining in this beautiful, spacious gallery; it turns out that life soaked with pain and worry actually gave birth to breathtaking artworks. And now, they are going to be seen.^[1]

Chang Yuchen, October 2024, Beijing

^[1] Parts of this text were first written in 2020 as the preface for *jm*, and finalized in 2024.

(About Jin Mei)

Jin Mei was born in Shanxi in 1961, and she attended the School of Art at Shanxi University in 1982. After graduation, Jin Mei worked as an art director for a magazine. In 1993, she “jumped into the sea”: she quit her job and opened her own business, Jin Mei Flower Shop, with which she supported the artistic practice of her family financially and emotionally. Jin Mei picked up a paint brush again when she was 50 years old.