

On Artistic Creation From the Perspective of Gaoertai

Gu Yuanyuan

School of Fine Arts Nanjing Normal University, China

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Abstract

When it referred to the beauty, most of the time we are in a mode of relatively loose, as it is not a universal topic in the public. Compared with other subjects, discussions about beauty needs the support of talent of beauty. It is like the different natural gifts among artists, some people have already successful at the beginning of ceremony while most people had never entered the prelude in their whole life. Art is inherently unequal.

Key words: Gaoertai, aesthetics, natural beauty

"One day, I was already old, in the entrance of a public place a man came up to me. He introduced himself and said, I've known you for years. Everyone says you were beautiful when you were young, but I want to tell you I think you're more beautiful now than then. Rather than your face as a young woman, I prefer your face as it is now. Ravaged." Margaret began his fiction "The Lover" so cruelly; Mr. Tomas Transtromer's "Gogol", was written at the age of 18, and ended at such a

height: Look outside, see how darkness burns hard a whole galaxy of souls. Rise up then on your chariot of fire and leave the country! This style allows readers to see what kind of state that talent and experience can reach.

I have been to the edge of many cities and met many people who are on the edge of the city. They are under the same sky with Margaret and Tomas Trostromer and struggle for the most basic needs of their life. Science and art are unimportant luxuries for them, like jewelry at the counter of themall. According to Nietzsche, there is a stupid humility in the world. When a person suffers from it, he is not qualified to be a disciple of the knowledge. Conversations with them make it clear to me that humility is often a by-product of stupid. The blankness revealed constantly in their eyes told me how much talent and experience can be limited to.

This is what is happening in the same city and at the same latitude. This fact is like a piece of cold marble flakes standing in front of us. Yes, some people have already been successful at the beginning of the ceremony, while most people have never entered the prelude in their whole lives. Art is inherently unequal.

Mr. Gaoertai said in his work "On Beauty" that the beauty of art is the same as the beauty of nature, it only belongs to those who can feel them. The word "only" in this sentence contains the meaning I want to show in the above remarks. There is no doubt that we must clarify the nature of the topic of discussion at the beginning, it was not a proposition that was widely known or intended for pleasure. However, when I finally realized that such criticism and pain were the basis of the proposition, I decided to see how much my talent and experience would reach.

In the keynote of "in search of my homeland", Mr. Gaoertai 's shows his true colors as a painter, and his writing style carved the time like a brush. Those time began in the mountains and ancient towns between Wu and Chu and began in the ancient town with water and land and the noise of the city. The water and soil in the south of the Yangtze River gave birth to Mr. Zhang's talent and aura and brewed his feelings and interests. After drinking a cup of turbid wine and seeing the wild geese fly to the south, he stayed up all night, wandering in the court. And he can't help thinking of his hometown far away. At night, Mr. Gao was a maverick who was wandering all his life. In his dream, he forgot that he was a traveler. His hometown was changing year by year, which brought him the boundless confusion that he was a guest, even when he was in his hometown. Such emotion has never gone away since ancient times. The field is vast, the sky seems to be lower than the trees, the river water is clear, the moon in the water seems to be very close to people. Seeking the homestead is actually to find the origin and habitat of the heart. Philosophers at all times and all over the world are thinking about where we came from and where we should go. The place where we are going to may be doomed when we set out. This is probably the answer we will eventually pursue.

When I was reading his texts in this way, I can't help looking back at the time when Mr. Gao lived: a country and a nation that had just emerged from chaos was still in ruins, and the nation is waiting for prosperity. The huge gaps in various fields, like the destruction they suffered made people unable to breathe, and the field of literature and art was more of a wasteland. Although it has been handed down for thousands of years, he did not know why he should chase. In such an environment, Mr. Gao's talent and interest are more and more incompatible, and this status determines his posture of walking alone, which is a gift from heaven as well as a disaster to him. However, disaster is not a kind of gift. How can the art of hammering blossom without suffering? Have God ever rolled the dice on the road to art since a long time ago? Mr. Gao's answer should be yes. In his opinion, two things that changed his life at the age of 20 were totally inadvertent: writing "On Beauty" and visiting Mr. Lu Sibai. I believe that with Mr. Gao's temperament, he will not be forced by any utilitarian heart. However, I also firmly believe that a roll of the dice is by no means without evidence to follow. Quantum Mechanics has proved that all probability will happen at the same time, but the final choice has its destiny. In my opinion, the two so-called accidental events depend on Mr. Gao's innate artistic sense of smell and poet's temperament, which cannot be obtained through hard work, but this is the gift from heaven. Hegel also said that the instinct and emotion must be tempered, enriched and deepened by living experience and thinking, and then genius can create mature and perfect works. Early works of Goethe and Schiller were not mature, some of them were stiff and crude. Most of these early attempts were tasteless, and some even ordinary and rigid. Only when they were mature did Goethe and Schiller become national poets in Germany, creating first-class poetry for Germany. And then producing their profound and pure poetry, the works that are truly inspired and perfectly formed are presented to the German people as gifts; Homer did not write his immortal poems until he was old.

In this point of view, it seems that although the maturity of artists has the theory of Epiphany, it cannot be separated from the relationship between talent and experience. Just imagine that Mr. Gao had already realized the origin of art when he was young. "On Beauty" is the product of the thought that "not caring about the specific things around us but thinking about the boundless problems such as the space-time universe, the meaning of life, and the value of existence". This path is exactly the same way of the sages: when Yang Ming was young, he was immersed in Zhu Xi's Neo-Confucianism that studying phenomena to acquire knowledge. He did not care about the specific things around him, sitting in his home and saw the bamboo to realize the Taoist. When his father asked him, and he answered that he wanted to seek Taoism from bamboo. This speech is not stingy for crazy words in the eyes of ordinary people, it seems that the forerunner of the times is always difficult to find bosom friends. The motive of visiting Mr. Lu Sibai was "to ask for criticism and guidance", which was an expression of artistic consciousness. The maximization of the individual's pursuit constitutes such consciousness.

Now I have finally figured out a point: the original world is just like a great sketch which is set off by contrast. No matter how wonderful the part is, it can't be separated from the surrounding environment. Otherwise, there will be no vitality. There are so many differences that can't be eliminated in the development of human beings. Our pilgrimage to fairness is with a devout and tolerant heart and can't be eliminated, Rawls has devoted his whole life to designing a kind of fairness under the premise of difference. In fact, his various expectations were reasonable reconciliations between emotion and law and seek to maximize the fair distribution of interests under the possible premise. This is a big inspiration to me: anything reaches the extreme will become a reasonable existence, the original neat boundaries are becoming more and more blurred, and art here can be described as a kind of state. There is a realm that "can't be said" in Buddhism. It seems mysterious, but in fact it really describes this state. To reach such a state, the world is big and boundless, and the truth is not rigid. It is impossible to give a unified explanation. At this time, the perfection of the individual's radiance is the most perfect interpretation of himself.

Mr. Gao's experience tells me that as a unique planet, we should pursue our own perfection. Even if we can chase this pursuit, it is also a great joy. Mr. Gao has the rebellious spirit of the whole era. He has the persistence that he never regretted even if he died for the things he chased. He uses his stubborn pursuit of life to set up his faith into a monument, which stands proudly steeply, the monument is strong. Today, we should not lack such spiritual background in our turbulent times. I yearned for and pursued his style, but I would never let it become a kind of shackle and shame the solemn mission entrusted to me. When it comes to imitation skills, I don't think I'm good enough. Everyone has his own possibility, but this does not mean that everyone has the possibility to grasp it. This proposition is not things I can discuss here. I have no intention to dignify it with such a formidable name to set off how noble I am. Although this method has become a high-sounding skill of many mainstream literati, what I care about is those trivial and ordinary life fragments and the including the meaning and energy in them. If there exists so-called eternity, I think this is. Looking down may indeed be powerful at first, but it is difficult to raise your head after a long time. And the posture of looking up posture is not inferior, not to mention that it will be relaxed very much when the neck-tired down. I would like to look up at the world around me, the starry sky above my head, the faith in my heart, shutting through countless details to sense the magnetic field of my soul.

The specific standards of good writing works have always been erratic, in many cases they are more elusive than the work itself. For literature, the language is fluent, the words are accurate, and the sentences are vivid.... It can reflect the "unity" of standards, and these should be a kind of default, repeating the empty space over and over again is pure murder and suicide. In my opinion, all excellent art forms, whether novels, essays or poems, have a wonderful internal rhythm, which is definitely not a concept of unity. It wanders around the top of the haze mystery, waiting for its authentic guest to have a taste.

My understanding on this kind of vacillation has always been very erratic. I am very reluctant to use the sentence "It is only can be understood but can't be explained". In my opinion, everything can be explained. This "explanation" is not pure. It can be conceptual, can be defined, can be detailed, and can be a description. Scientific explanations rely on technologies, while the artistic explanation lies in spirituality. I think this kind of uncertainty is the possibility mentioned at the beginning. From this sense, the "forever" and "infinity" are no longer unpredictable or difficult to obtain, on the contrary, they can get sustenance and stability. There is no principle of possibility, which means that there is no right or wrong, or everyone is right, or everyone is wrong. We are all the same on this issue, there is no difference.

I think this is the truth of the fact, which is less important. The most important thing we must realize is that the world is a great sketch set off by contrast. Therefore, we should know what is around the truth. It can be said that the power generated by covering up the truth - discovering the truth has pushed us step by step to today. It's a bit general to say so, but I can't go deeper alone. In order to see how much talent and experience I can reach, I have never stopped on the road.

The cynicism of youth can't be incapable of further increase. People and things that make me upset must be trampled to pieces before willing to give up. In "Fist of Fury", Jet Li said that attacking is the best way of defense. The spirit of ferocity runs through the sky. I think that should be the posture of youth. Mr. Gao's experience tells me that injury for things we chased is better than regret. I have been immersed in this kind of education for so many years. I have never given up the best way of defense. Even the most powerful soldiers can't attack in time and at anywhere. I'm more and more aware that the sharper is persistence. The so-called blunt knife sharpening meat is a decisive battle against time and life as a weapon. Life is doomed to be annihilated, but the victory or defeat is not known.

Although I am eager to know the answer, I am not in a hurry to find out. I know that not all problems have corresponding answers, and sometimes the problems themselves are the answers, and some problems lose their significance of existence when we find the answers. The great form has no shape. I am absolutely empty of cover and contain everything. I am fascinated by its exquisite cunning and smart way. I am fascinated by its great voice, the supreme realm, the philosophy of cultivating body and mind alone, maintaining personal integrity and amiable, and its compassion for the world and helping others. In my opinion, the actual world should and must be noisy and impermanent, otherwise there will be no Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, there will be no birth into the world, there will be no mud without dye, there will be no state that no one will be drunk and I will wake up alone, and I will not sacrifice myself with my blood. People are actually very cheap, they always go to the opposite side first, get out of control, and then jump out to correct it.

Today, I am immersed in art. I know whether it is cold or warm and identify what is turbid all by myself. Walking on all roads, I am often awakened by the open space around me. Just like Mr. Gao's self-consciousness and self-consistent always encourage me. The only constant in this world is the change itself, and the only definite commitment is death. Mr. Gao's suffering and pursuit are the pillars of his faith. When I am tired, I have no fear or regret to think that I can walk with him on the same road.

The gesture of youth has gone forever. I stand on the shore let time flow away. I keep thinking about how to insist on my own persistence all the time. Now it is clear that if we want to do this, we must make a clear distinction between sensibility and rationality. These two concepts are unified here. We replace rationality with sensibility, while rationality is based on sensibility. It is hard to describe all the troubles and pains caused by this unity. If there is any absolute, this process should be counted, so persistence is a kind of absoluteness. Now I have realized that the greatest and happiest thing in the world is to understand such an absoluteness and to protect it endlessly in my life. All my joys and sorrows will originate from and surround here; and will also sleep here and die here.

Looking at the road ahead, the night was foggy while the sky is wide.

About the Author:

Gu Yuanyuan (1987), is a PhD candidate at the School of Fine Arts, Nanjing Normal University. Her research direction is fine arts.