

# A Golden Pond

thought and painting

Somparn Promta



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Art Book Project, Volume 6



## Preface

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This is the third volume of the art book that results from my **Facebook**. A book of this kind, in a sense, is a record of the daily life of the author. Each day that I had painted, I felt happy knowing that some of my work caused some happiness in the mind of friends. There are some things in the world deserving to be a gift between friends; and among these things, art is included.

**Somparn Promta**

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May, 2013

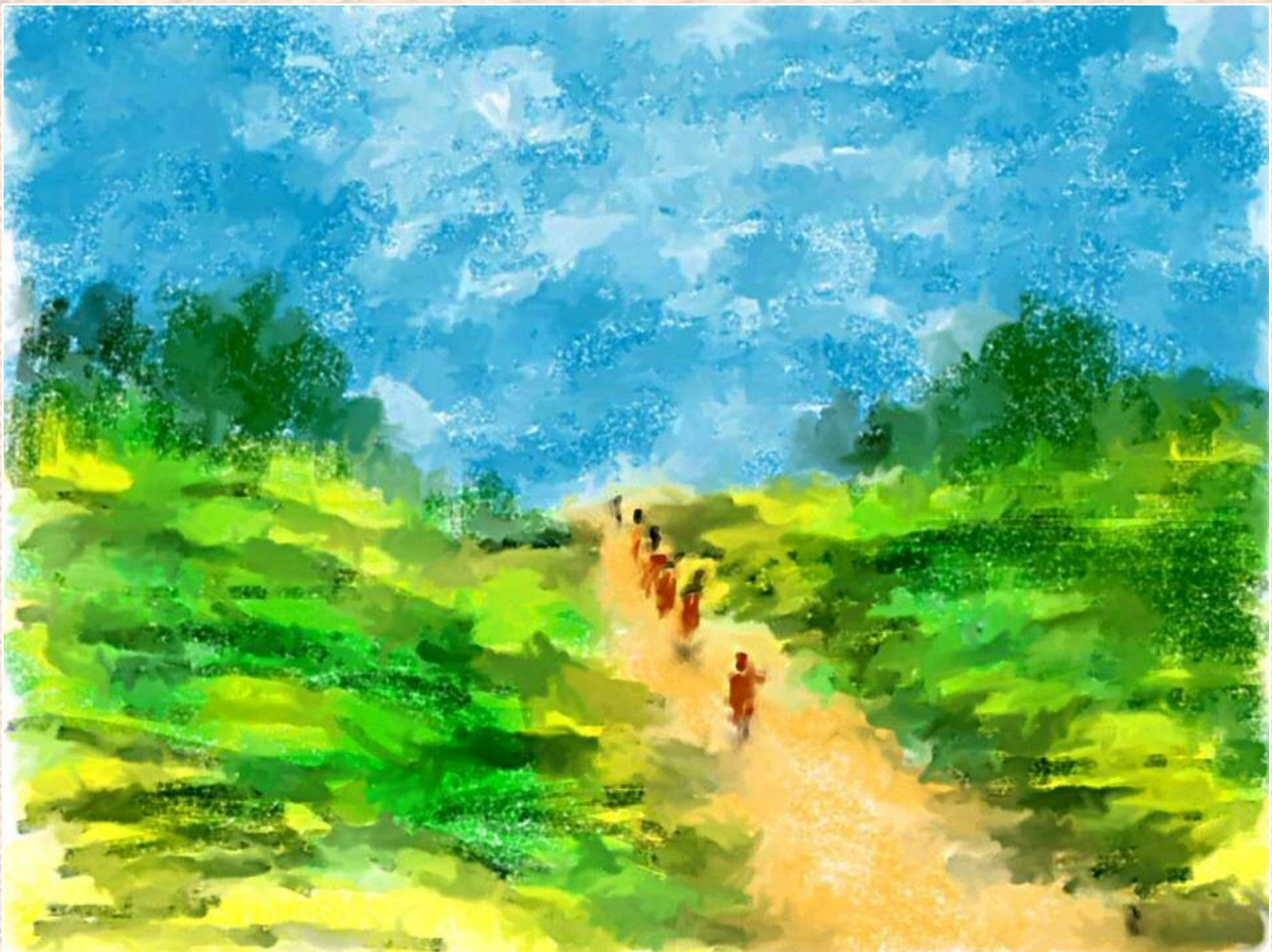


Start





A Group of Monks Going to the Village for Food in the Morning.  
March, 20





A Little Samanera Studying Pali at Night.  
March, 20



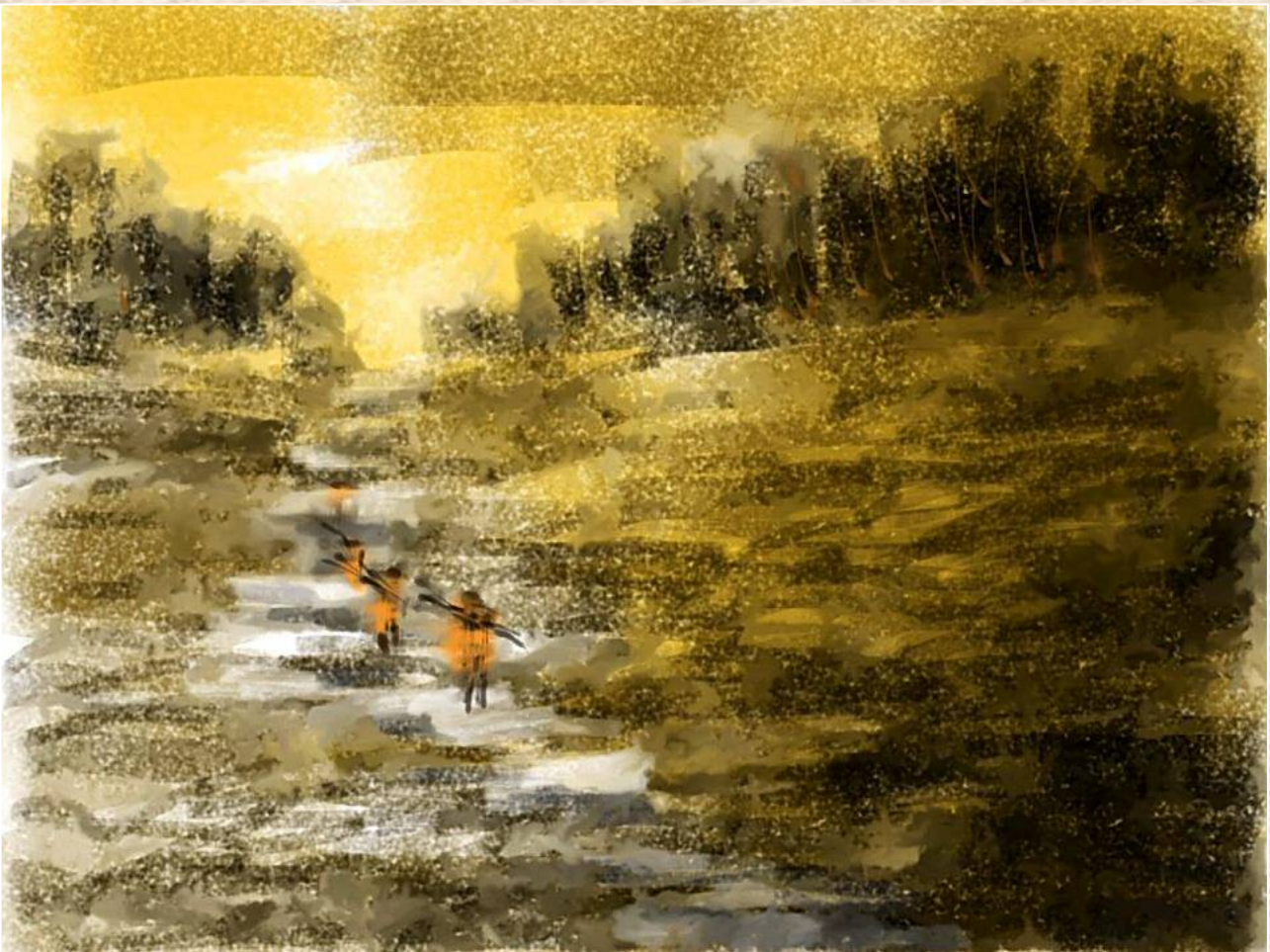


A Little Samanera Studying Pali at Night, a colored  
version.  
March, 20



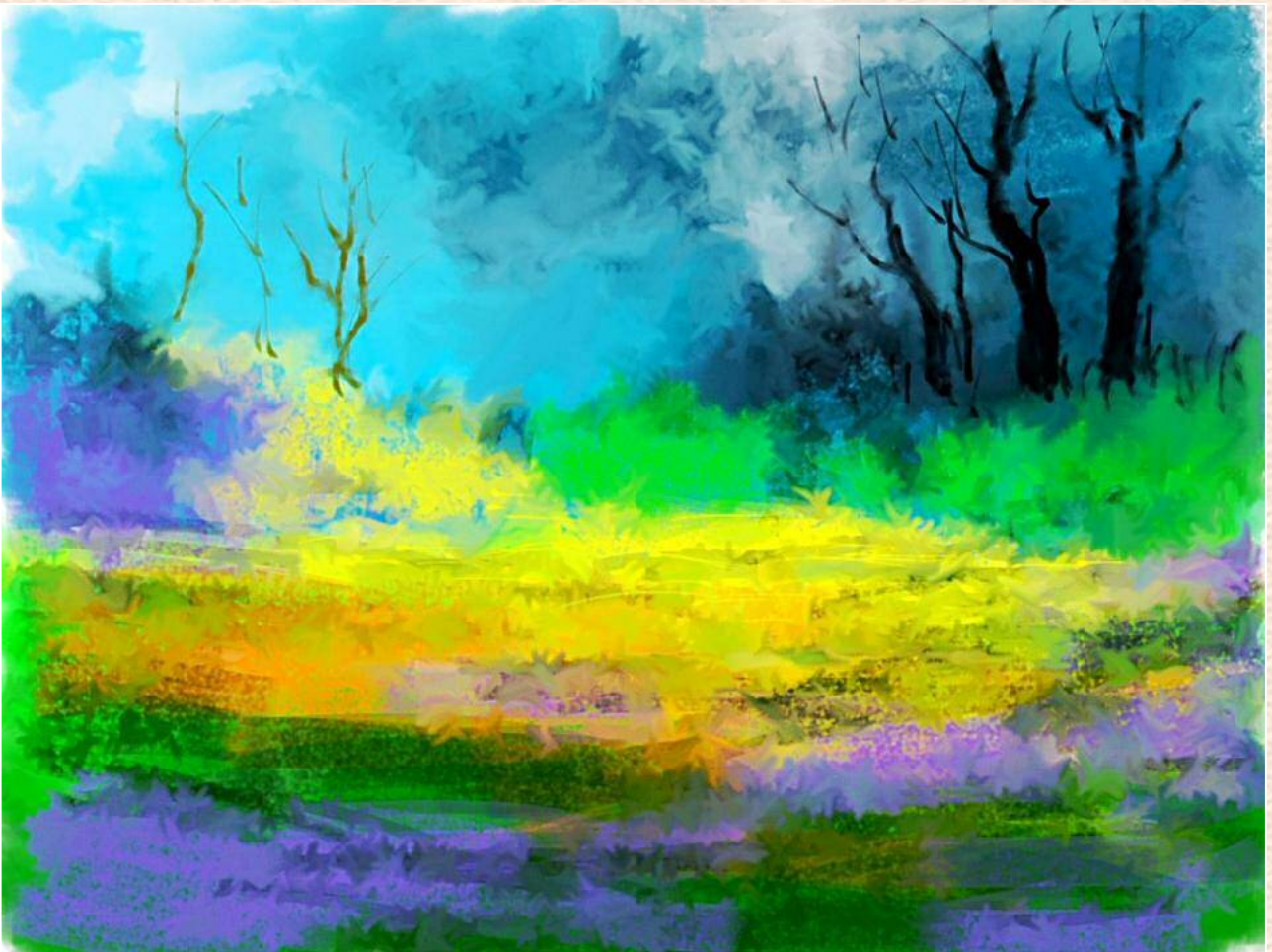


Monks Come Back from the Mountain, Carrying  
Bamboo.  
March, 20





In the Mountains.  
March, 20







A Flower Garden.  
March, 20



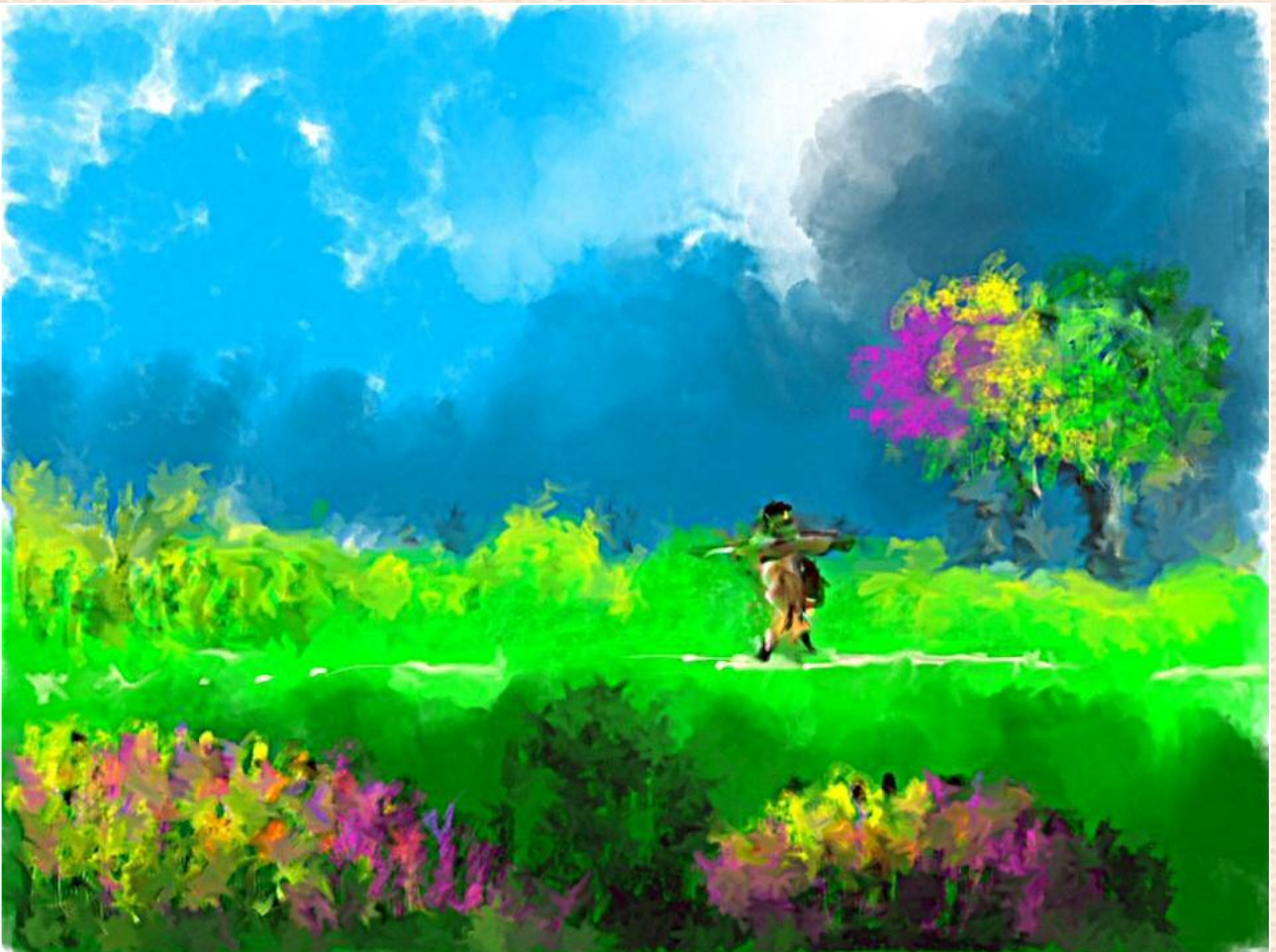


A River that Runs through the Mountains.  
March, 20





Wandering Monk Walking through the Mountains.  
March, 20





A Golden Pond.  
March, 20





A Small Pond in the Summer Field at Isan Village.  
March, 21





A White Bird over the City.  
March, 21





A Northern Farmer Carries His Vegetables to the  
Market.  
March, 21





Just a few words about art from me. Art relates to life. The life of people relates to their struggle to live. Their struggle relates to suffering and happiness. So, art relates to suffering and happiness of people.

March, 21





High Mountains in the Mist, One.  
March, 21





High Mountains in the Mist, Two.  
March, 21



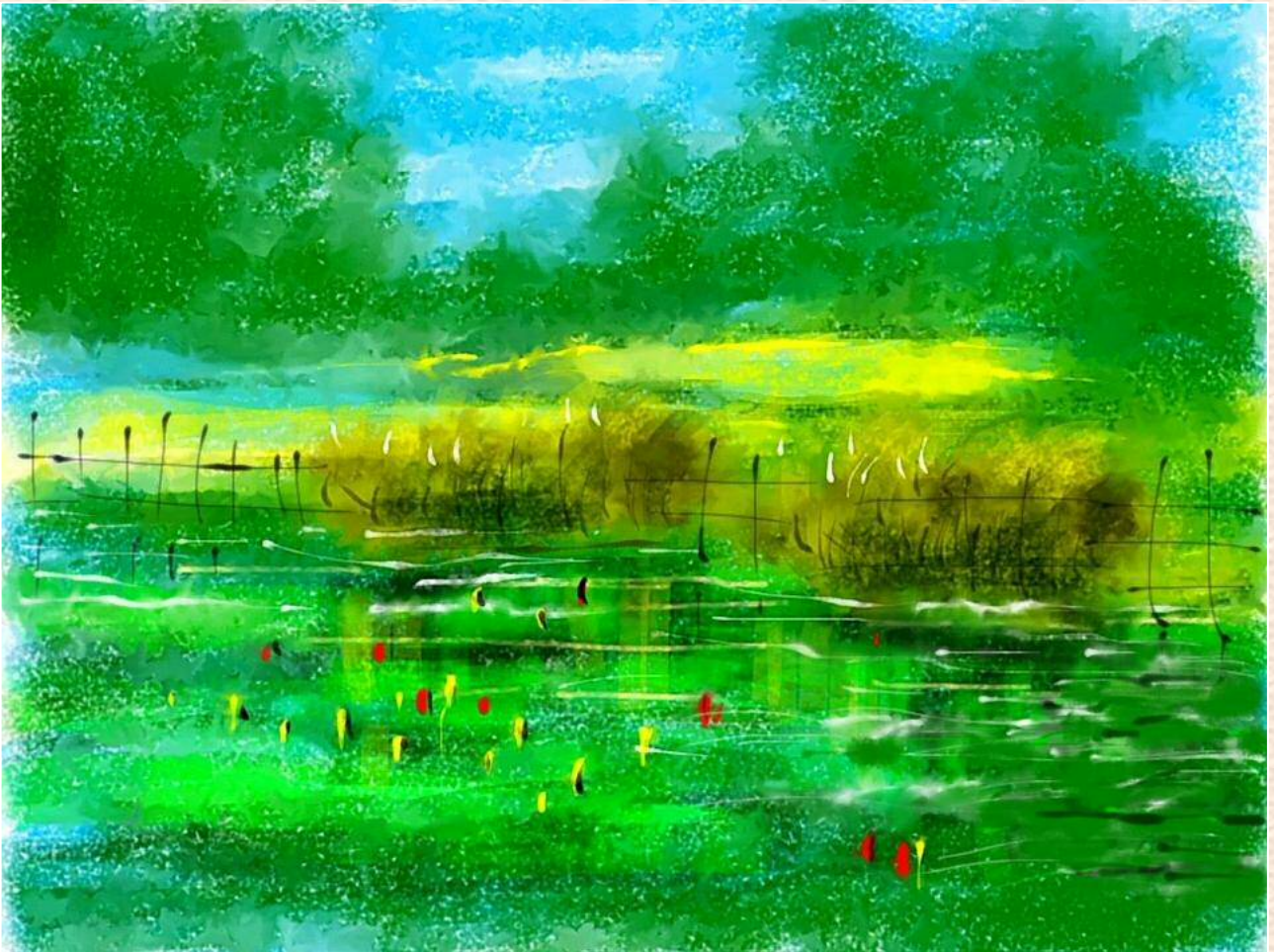


A Village Boy and His Friend. Requested by Acharn  
Udom at Mahachula.  
March, 21





No Name, painted yesterday but forgot to post.  
March, 22





No Name, just an experiment with purple. This color is rarely used. Need to know how the picture looks when it is painted in purple. Picasso, once, used to experiment with blue and pink.

March, 22





Forest in Black and White, One.  
March, 22





Forest in Black and White, Two.  
March, 22





Forest in Black and White, Three. Same place, but with fog.

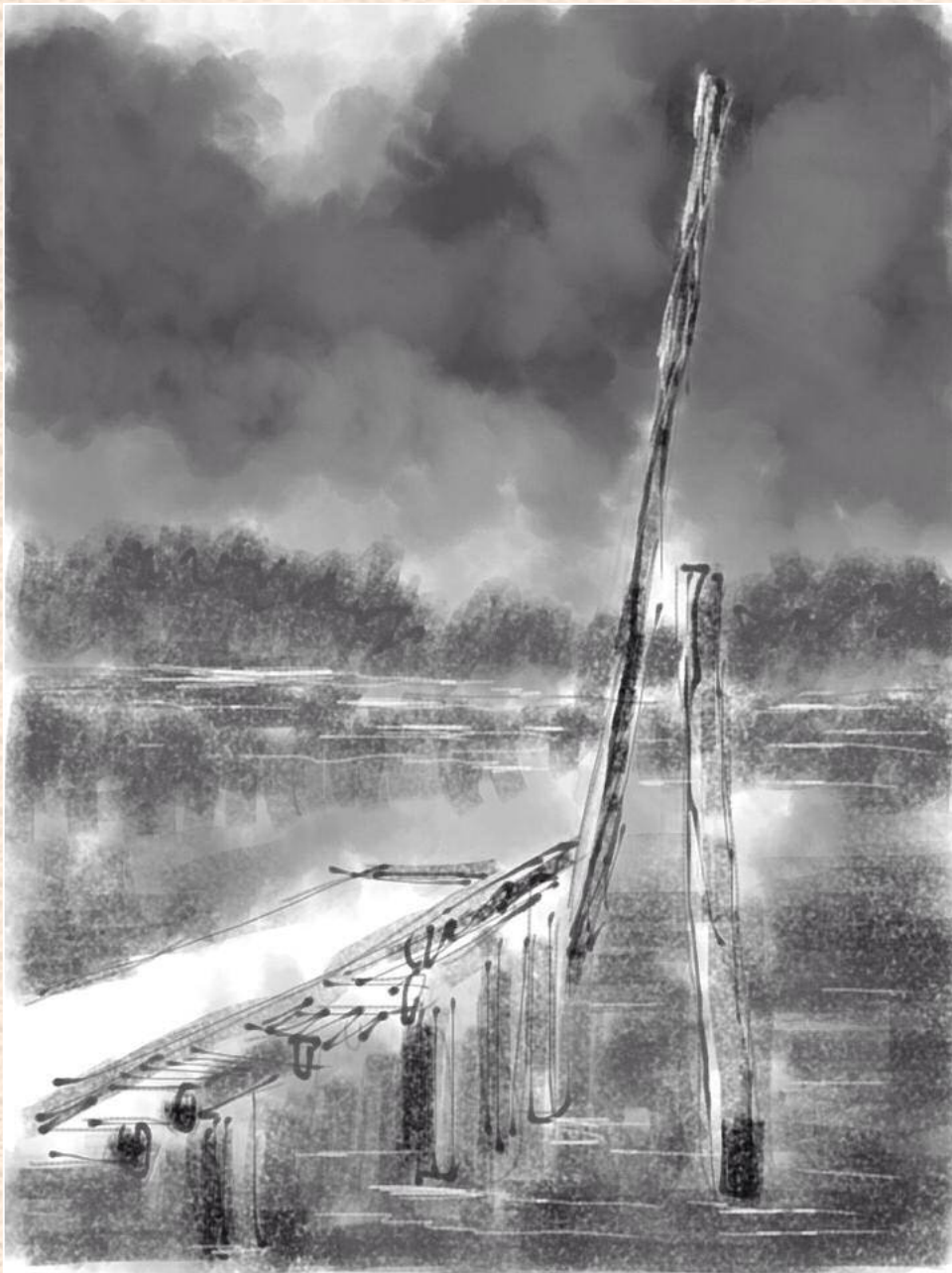
March, 22







Rain Clouds over the River.  
March, 22





A Baby Looking at the Father's Philosophy Book.  
March, 22





A Father Crying over His Dead Son.  
March, 22





A Golden River.  
March, 22



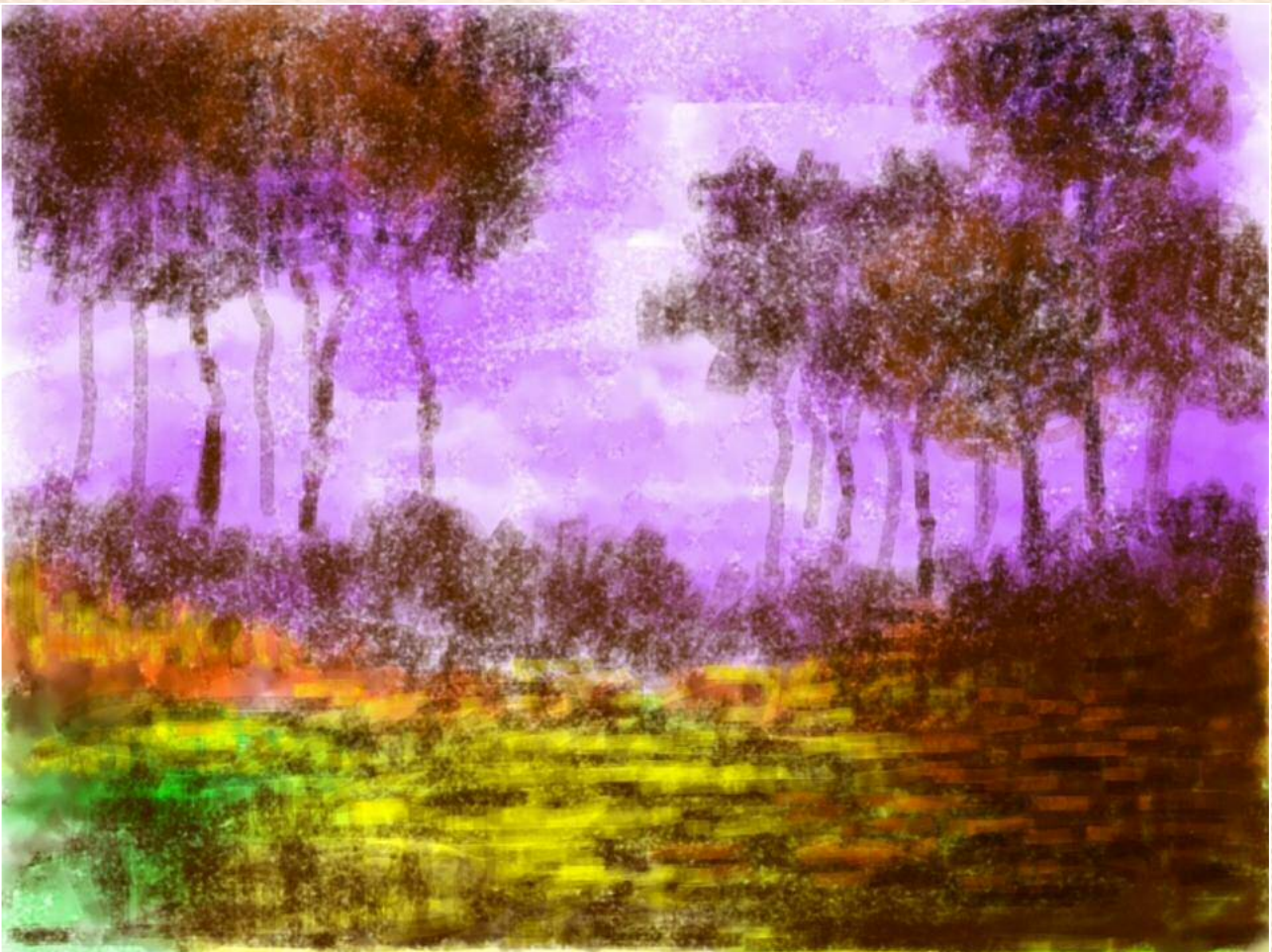


A Landscape with High Red Trees.  
March, 23





A Landscape with Purple Sky and Red Trees.  
March, 23





Rain Clouds in the Morning.  
March, 23





Rain Clouds in the Evening.  
March, 23





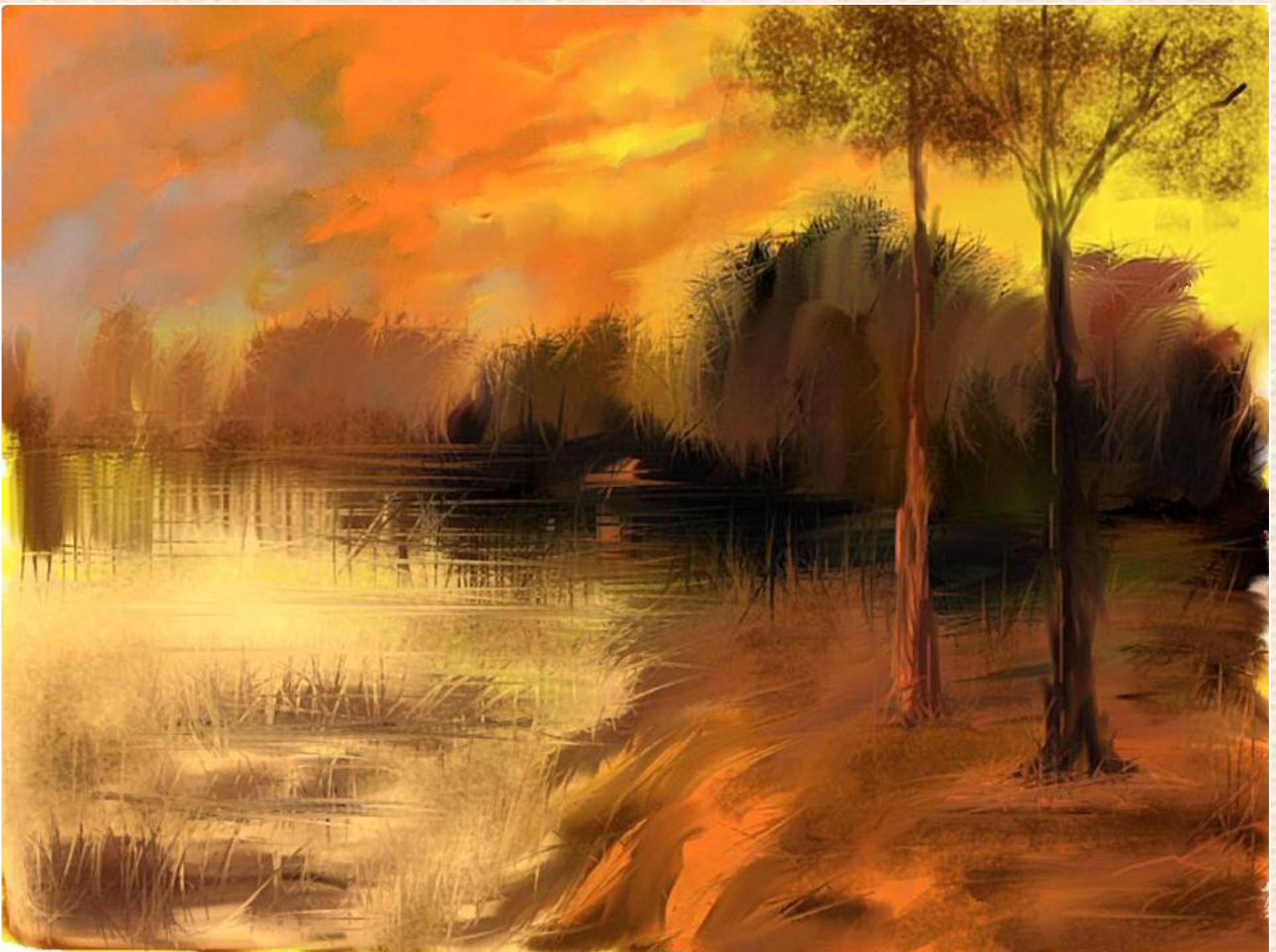


A Landscape with High Red Trees, another version.  
March, 23





A Landscape with Sunset, Colored.  
March, 23





A Landscape with Sunset, Black and White.  
March, 23





Four Trees.  
March, 23





Four Trees, another version.  
March, 23





A Blue Stream in the Forest.  
March, 23





Forest in Black and White, Four.  
March, 23





Forest in Black and White, Five.  
March, 23







A Golden Forest, One.  
March, 23





A Golden Forest, Two.  
March, 24





A Golden Forest, Three.  
March, 24





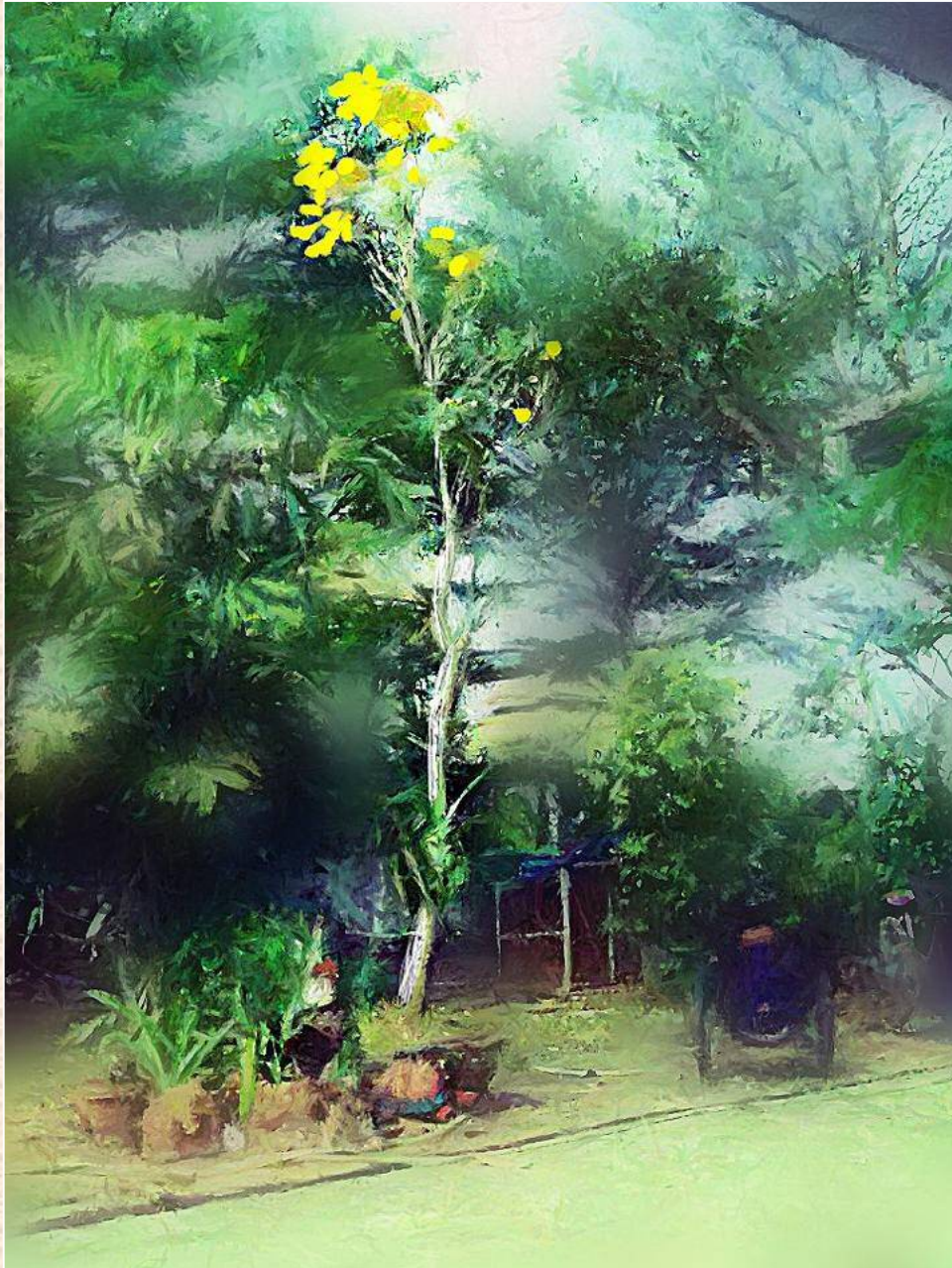
The Yellow Flowers at Home. This tree blossoms once a year. Its flowers last about seven days. The picture was taken an hour before posting, to keep the short life of blossoming in our memory.

March, 24





The Yellow Flowers at Home, a painted version.  
March, 24





A Golden Forest, Four.  
March, 24





A Path to the Hill.  
March, 25





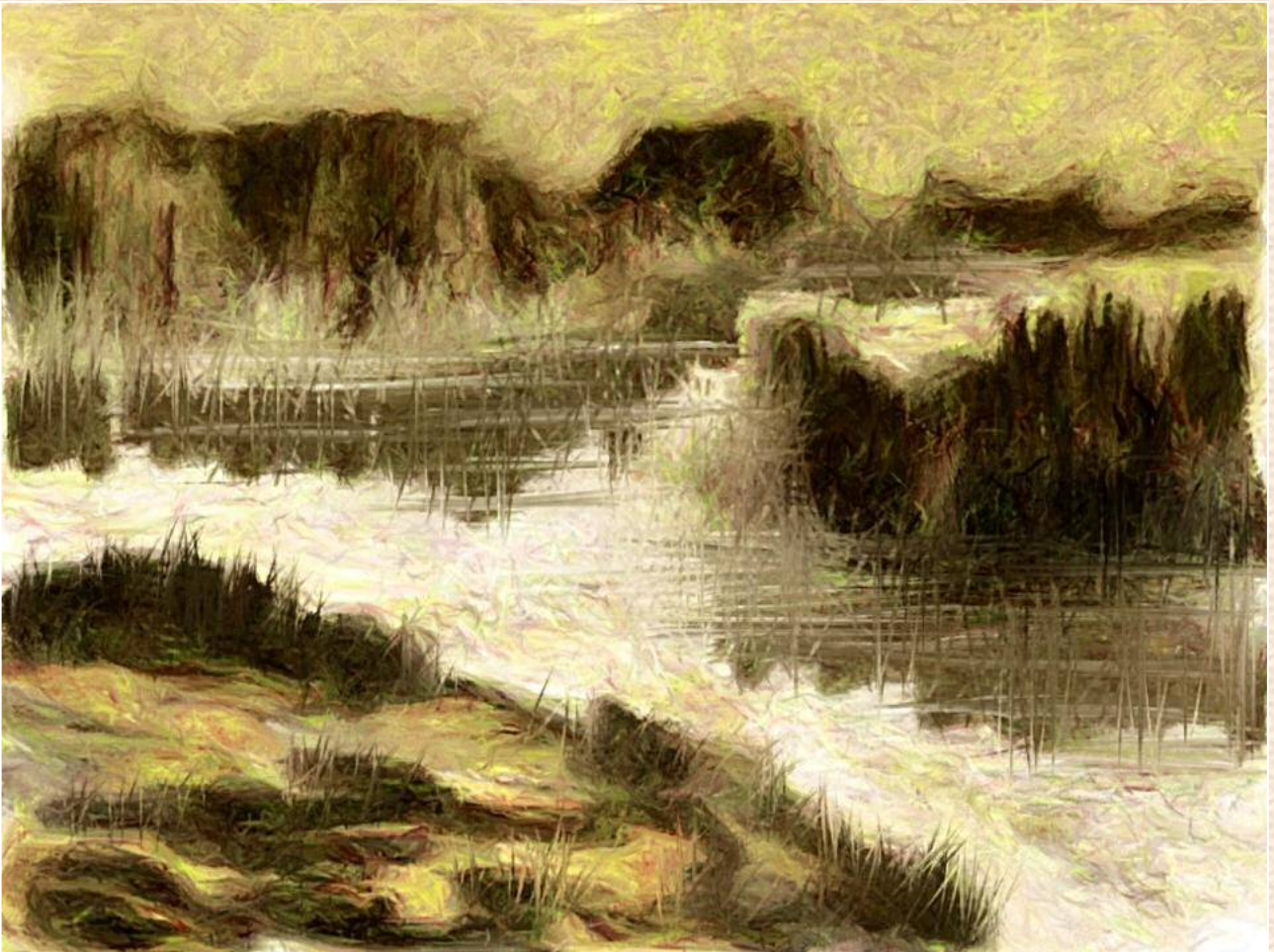
A Path through the Field.  
March, 25







Cyperus in the River.  
March, 25





To the Village.  
March, 25





## Grass in the Summer Field.

March, 25



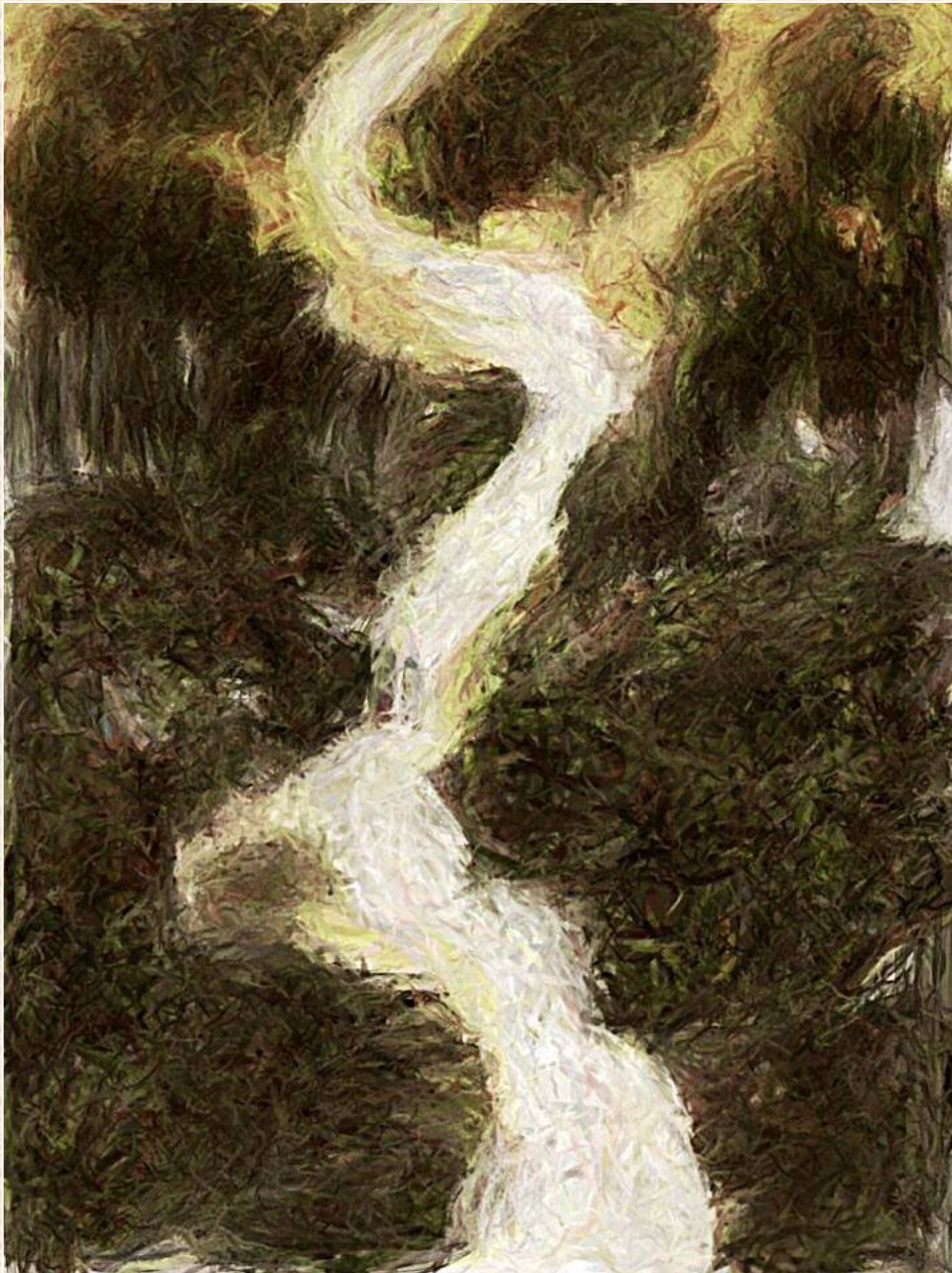


Waterfall, One.  
March, 25





Waterfall, Two.  
March, 25





Two Farmers, A Husband and His Wife, Talking in the  
Evening.  
March, 25





A Summer Field.  
March, 25





Stone Steps to Somewhere.  
March, 25







Summer Sun in the Morning.  
March, 26





Morning Sun.  
March, 26





Ayutthaya, One.  
March, 26



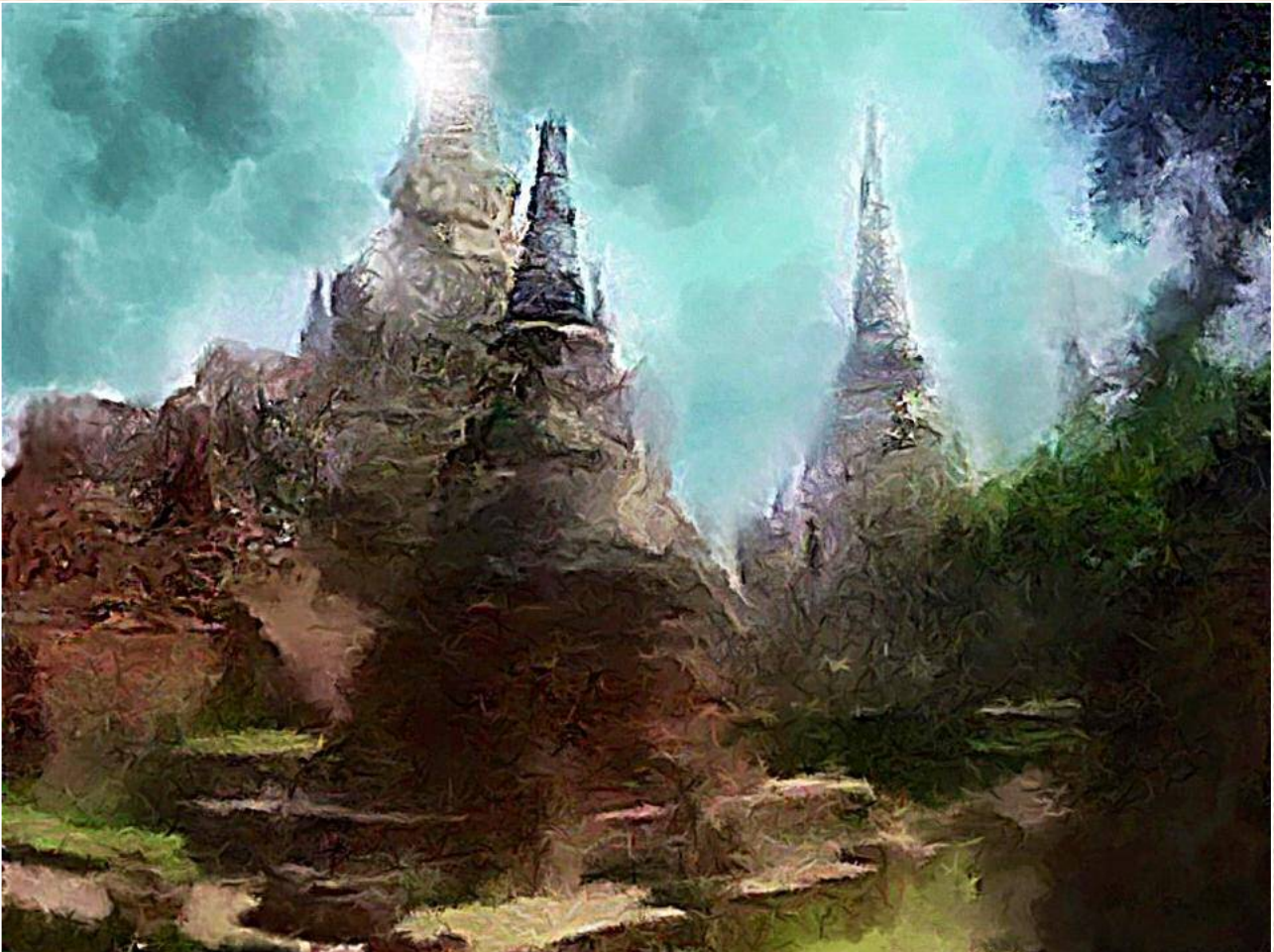


Ayutthaya, Two.  
March, 26





Ayutthaya, Three.  
March, 26





Ayutthaya, Four.  
March, 26





Ayutthaya, Five.  
March, 26





Ayutthaya, Six. Ayutthaya does not have old monasteries only, it has a lovely life of people as well. Exactly, the life of people never dies. The palaces and monasteries could die.

March, 26





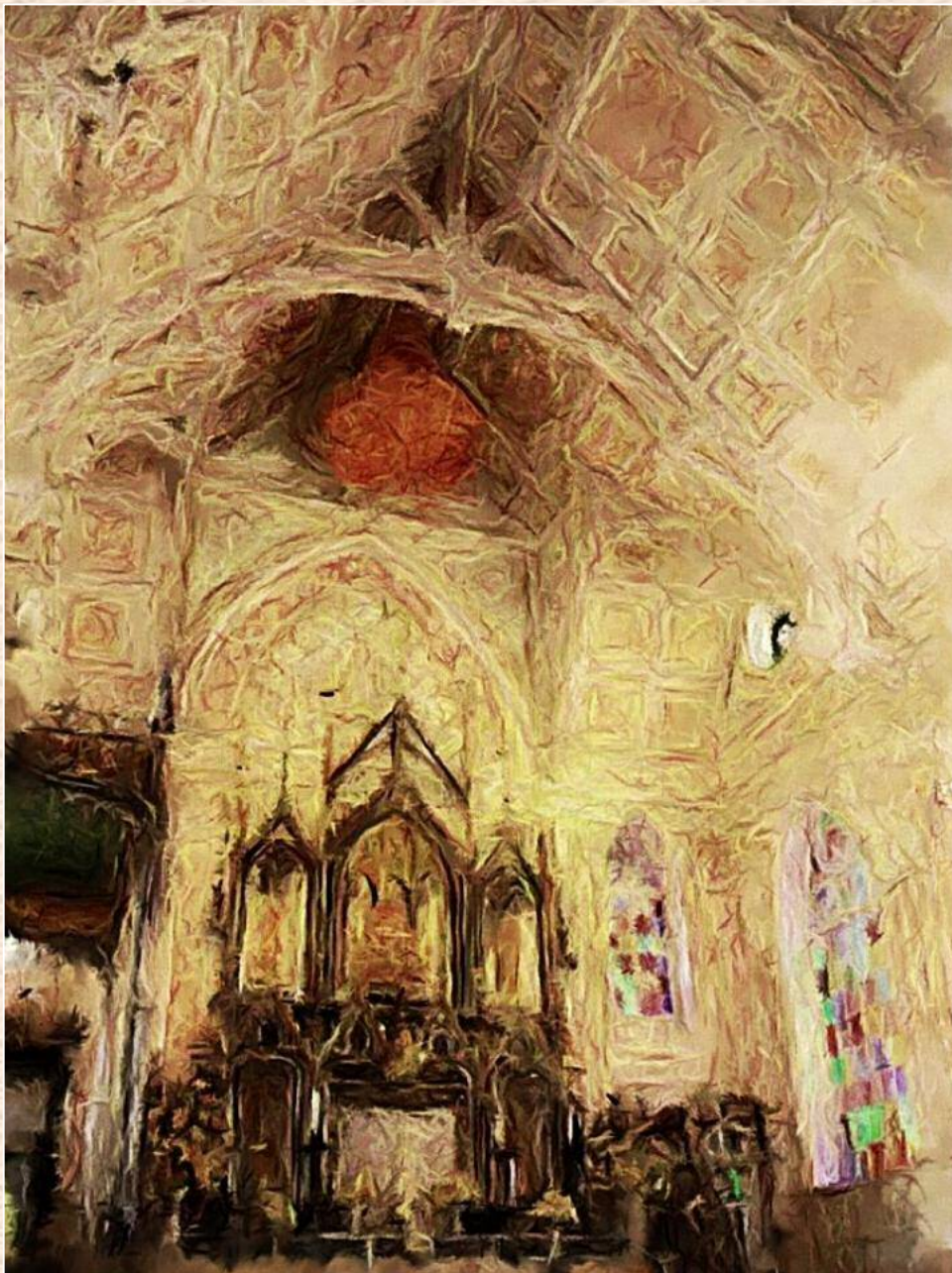


Ayutthaya, Seven. Crescent Moon over Wat Niwet  
Thammaprawat.  
March, 26





Ayutthaya, Eight. Inside the Uposatha of Wat Niwet  
Thammaprawat.  
March, 27





Dear friends, after I have painted some pictures that have the content related to religion, something happens in my mind. As philosopher, I have usually been criticized whether or not I believe in religion. Acharn Sulak Sivaraksa used to criticize me in the public, saying that 'Somparn does not believe in Nirvana and rebirth.' I have nothing to respond to this. But I have my kind of religion; and I more understand this when I have painted the picture of Buddhist monasteries like Wat Niwet Thammaprawat. For me, religion is a feeling. And religious feeling is needed if you need to be artist. Einstein once said religious feeling is needed by scientist as well if a person needs to be more than a scientific technician.

March, 27



**A Reader's Question:** Not quite understand that how religious feeling can be related to painting.

**My Reply:** Thanks for the question. In the above statement, I have referred to all kinds of art, which include painting. For me, religious feeling is the feeling that leads us to somewhere, in our mind or in the external world, and from that place so many wonderful things are privately found by the person. I think of Tolstoy as an example of the artist who greatly utilizes such a religious feeling as I said. Certainly, Camus seems not needing this kind of religious feeling, and he can be a great writer. However, I consider the work of Tolstoy more deep than Camus' and this is due to the having or not having of religious feeling that we are discussing. Religious feeling must be natural and it would not work for the person who does not feel it exactly. Religious feeling in its most simple meaning is: a feeling that we feel: man is just dust in the wind, but life is not absurd. The painter should paint a thing that people and himself, after seeing it, feel this world is not bad; life is worth living. I am not sure that the positive thought like this can be gained from where. But a place that I myself have found this thing is religion. My religion is so broad. Buddhism is included in my religion. More importantly, my religion is not institution. It is an idea, floating in the wind or in the stream!

March, 27



Ayutthaya, Nine. Folklife by the River.  
March, 27





Ayutthaya, Ten. Bang Pa-In Palace.  
March, 27





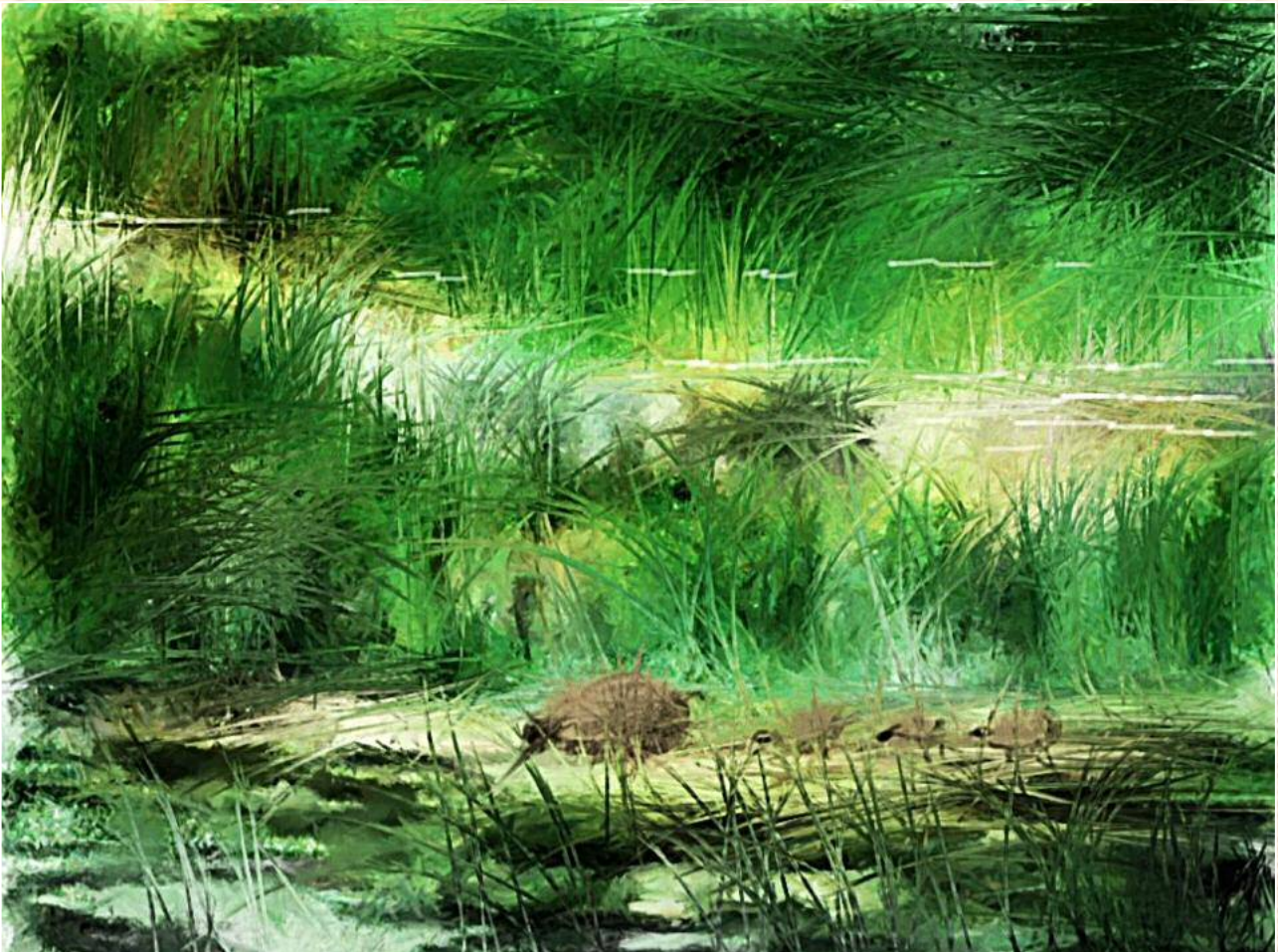
Ayutthaya, Eleven. Boats in the River.  
March, 27





Animal Life, One. Mother Bird and Her Children. Dear friends, I think we should stop the Ayutthaya series. The next one is the series of animal life. The world of animals is one of the subjects that artists in the world like to work on. Me too.

March, 27







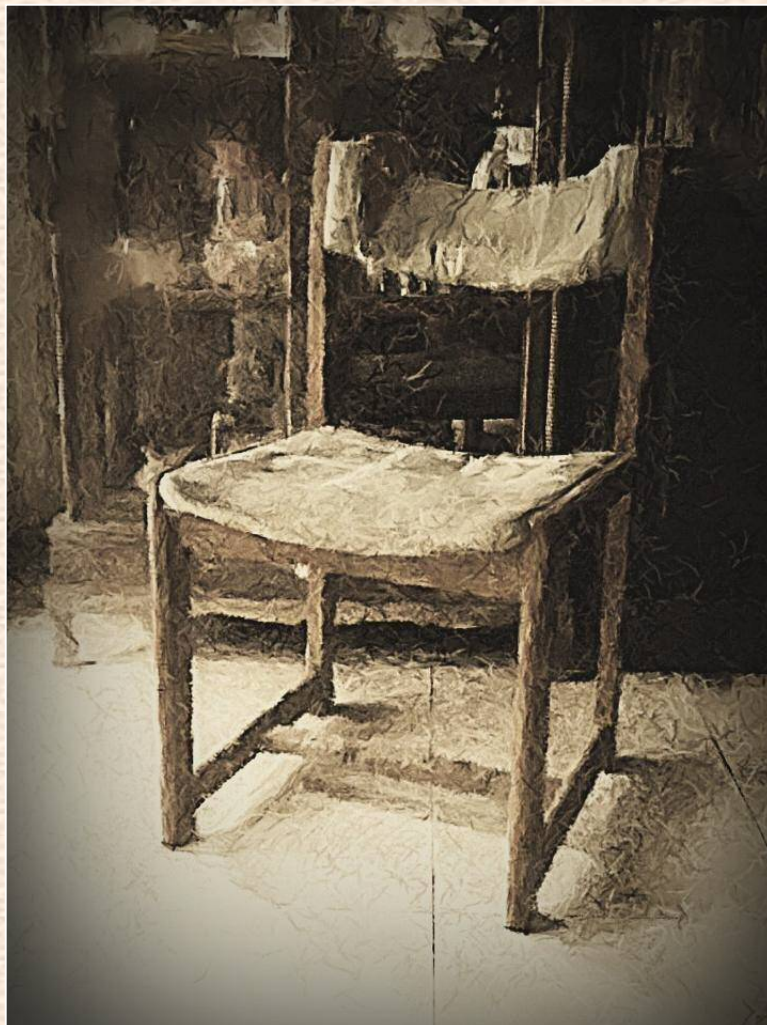
Animal Life, Two. Five Baby Owls.  
March, 28





My Old Chair. It has been used for nearly 30 years. Today, I let it rest. However, sometimes used. This chair has so many memories with my dogs. At first, when I wrote my Ph.D. thesis at night, a dog liked to lie under it and bit its legs. When the father dog died, his sons did the same thing with the chair. These biting signs have so many meanings to me. When I miss my passing dogs, I always sit on the chair, reading or writing.

March, 28





Animal Life, Three. A Dog Waiting for the Light of the Car  
of His Master.

March, 28





Animal Life, Four. I Think, therefore I Am (a Dog!)  
March, 28



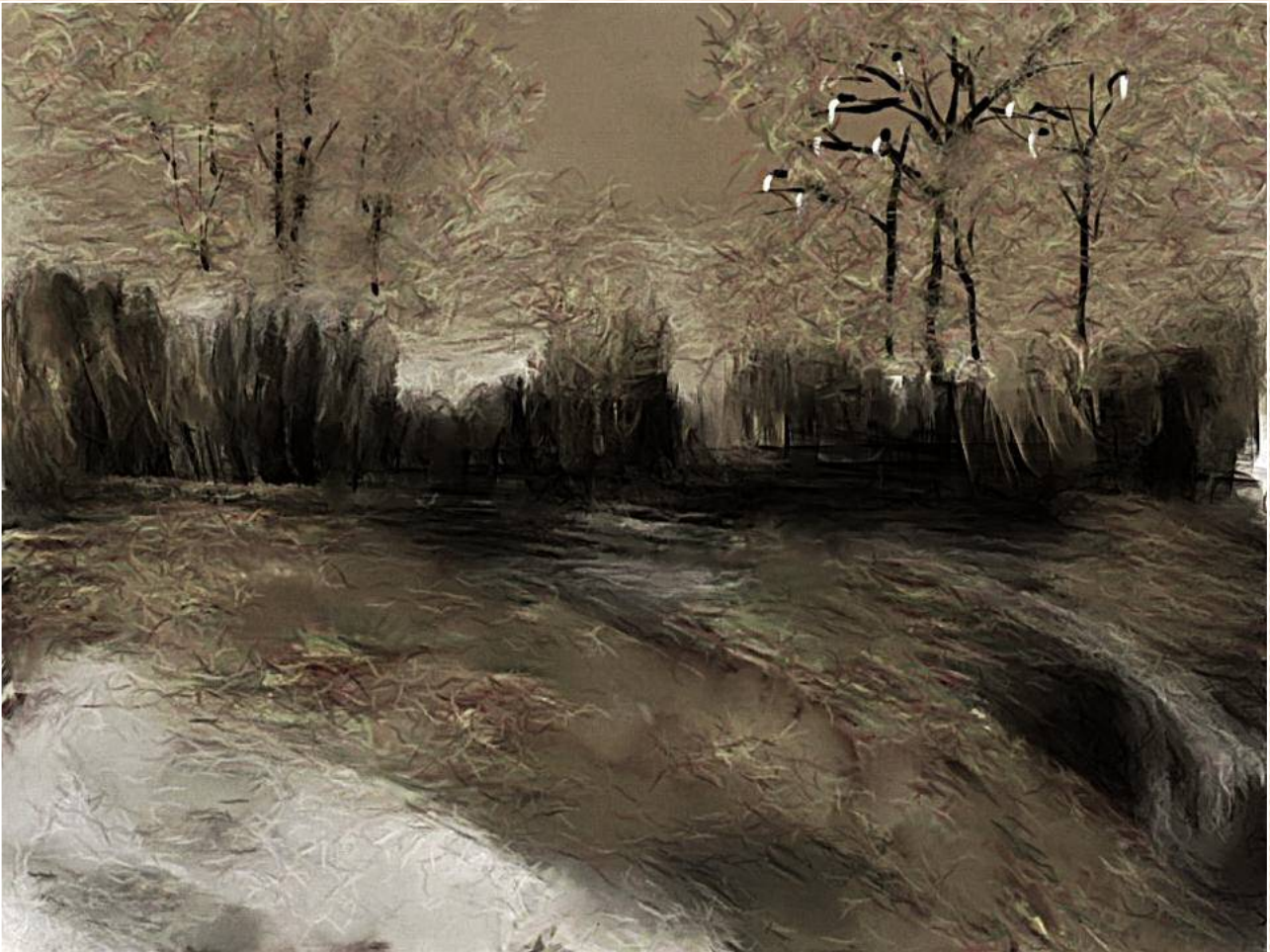


Animal Life, Five. My Dog in the Field. He, named Lino, likes to walk with me in the evening, with his friends. They are to be painted next. March, 28





Animal Life, Six. White Birds on the Trees.  
March, 28





Animal Life, Seven. Little Owl and the First Raindrops.  
March, 28





Animal Life, Eight. A Lonely Night Bird.  
March, 29







Animal Life, Nine. A Farmer's Cat at the Cottage's Window.  
March, 29





Animal Life, Ten. A Sick Man and His Beloved Cat.  
March, 29





**My Comment** on 'Animal Life, Ten:' After painting this, I suddenly think: suppose a man who was a billionaire was dying, between his cat and his money which one he might think of, just seconds before he had been passing away from the world. Please answer this question yourself.



Animal Life, Eleven. A Farmer and His Dog Coming Home.  
March, 29





The End





## Author

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**Somparn Promta** is a self-trained artist. He composes music; writes novel, poetry, short story, and essay. Actually, he is a Buddhist philosophy professor at **Chulalongkorn University**. While he was a philosophy student at Chula, he used to have a personal art exhibition, just one time in his life, to collect money for his education—but failed.

Besides working in art, Somparn also runs the online academic magazine, **The Wisdom Magazine**, published in Thai and English, monthly. His music and art book can be downloaded at the magazine website.