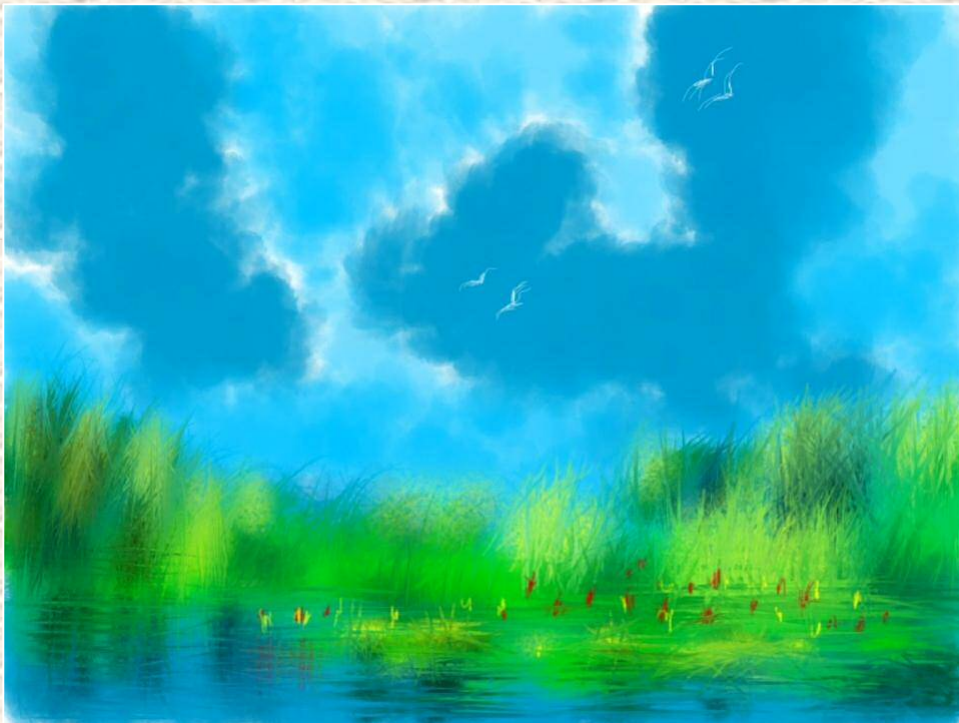


Just the Wind Passing

thought and painting

Somparn Promta



first published 2013
Wisdom Magazine



Art Book Project, Volume 4



Preface

I have a wonderful chance to join **Facebook** some months ago. My wife has to leave her page and I think that it might be well for me to keep it alive. As I have a website that runs for years and publishes my writings already. So, I decide to transform it to be a ‘garden.’ Inside the garden, there must be some ‘flowers.’ I think the paintings deserve to be such flowers. So, I have painted daily.

Facebook has a short life. So, I have selected some paintings from the garden and published here. The words found in the book are from the garden, and some of them are written here to fill something missing—certainly, to make the garden more beautiful.

Somparn Promta

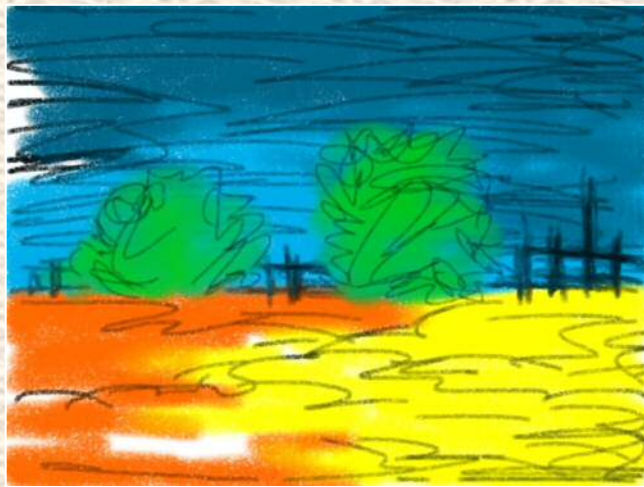
Department of Philosophy

Chulalongkorn University

April, 2013

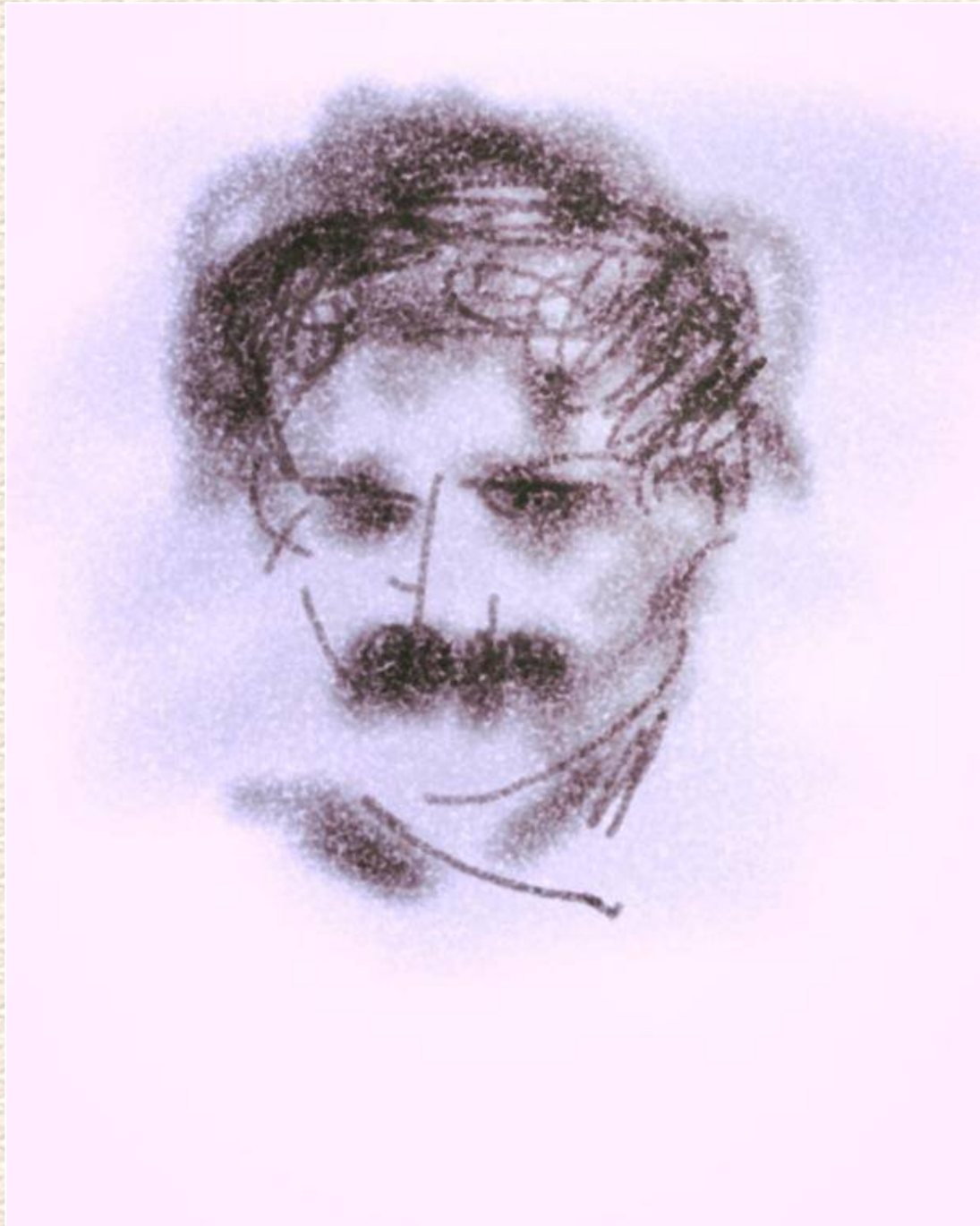


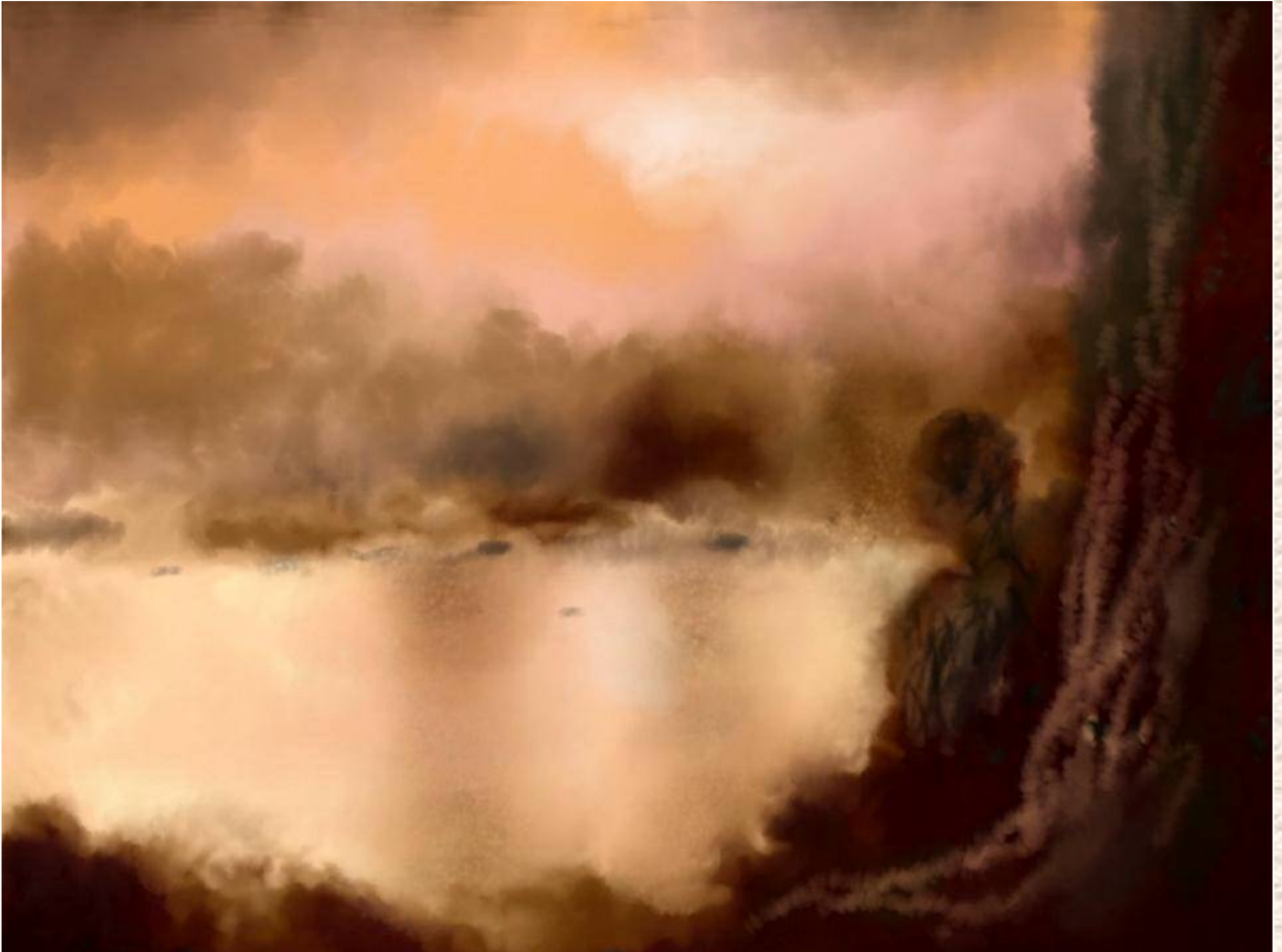
Start





My poor Nietzsche. God is never dead.
God is in Man's soul.
February, 17

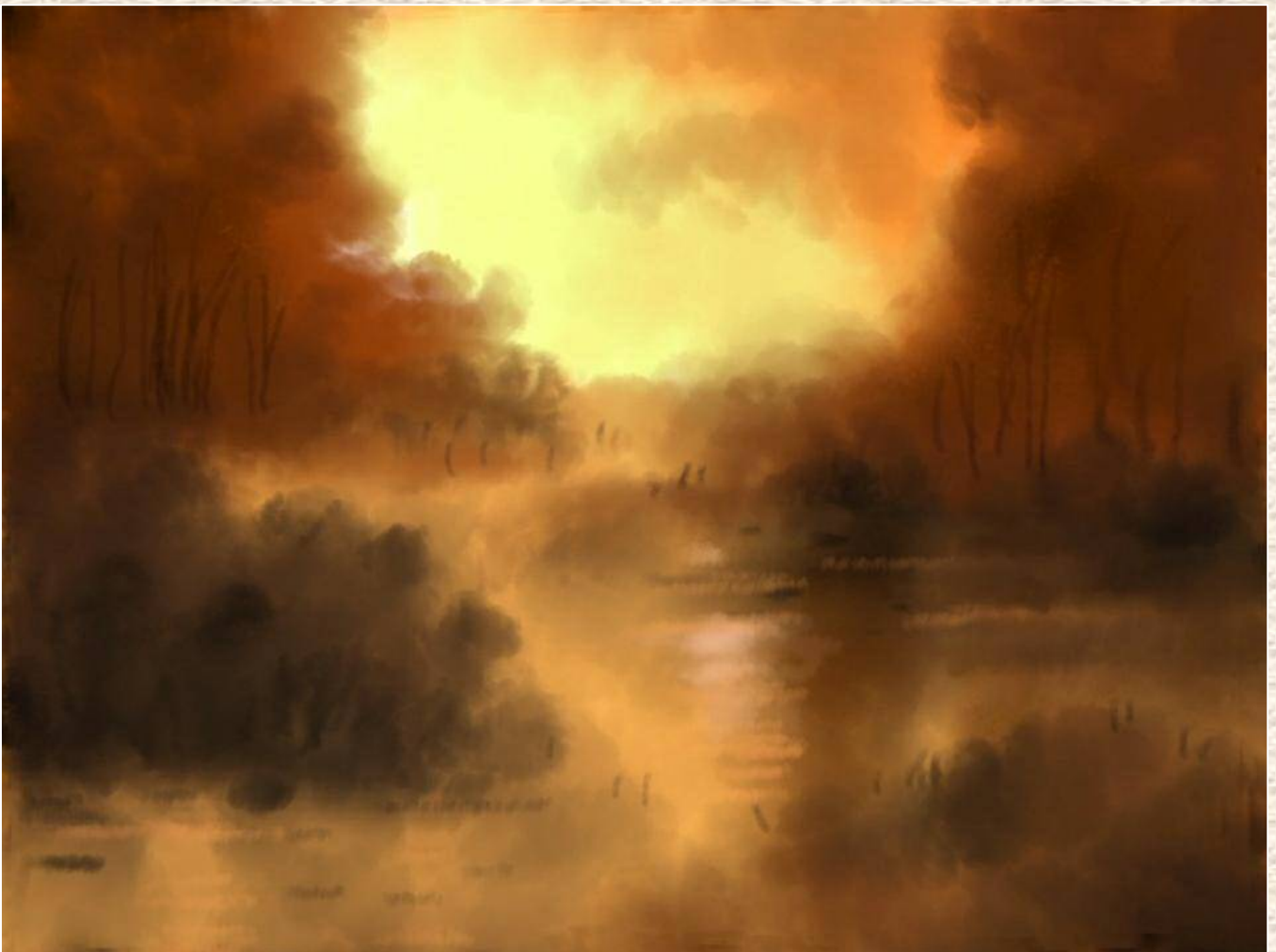




The Buddha sitting at the shore of Neranjara River, an evening before the enlightenment night.
February, 19



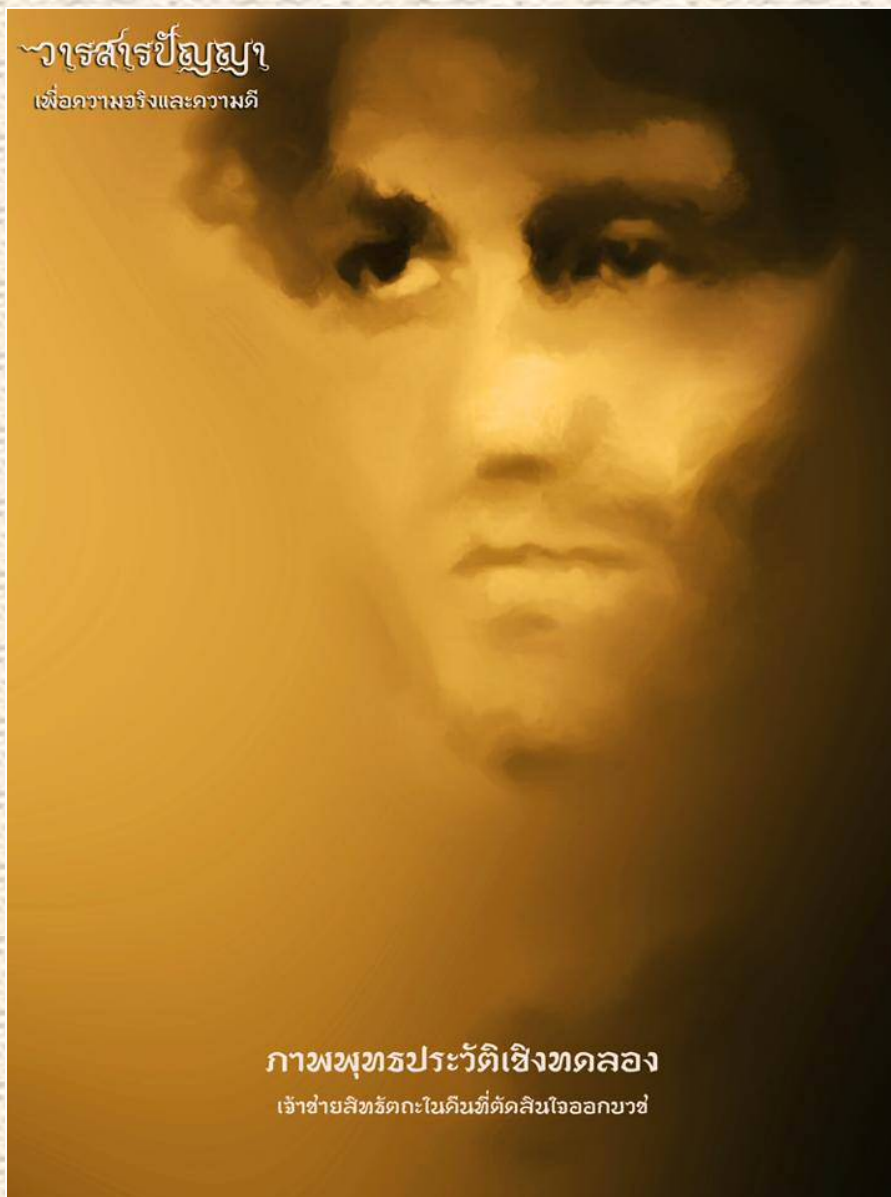
Some idea and feeling running inside.
Paint it before it is gone.
February, 19

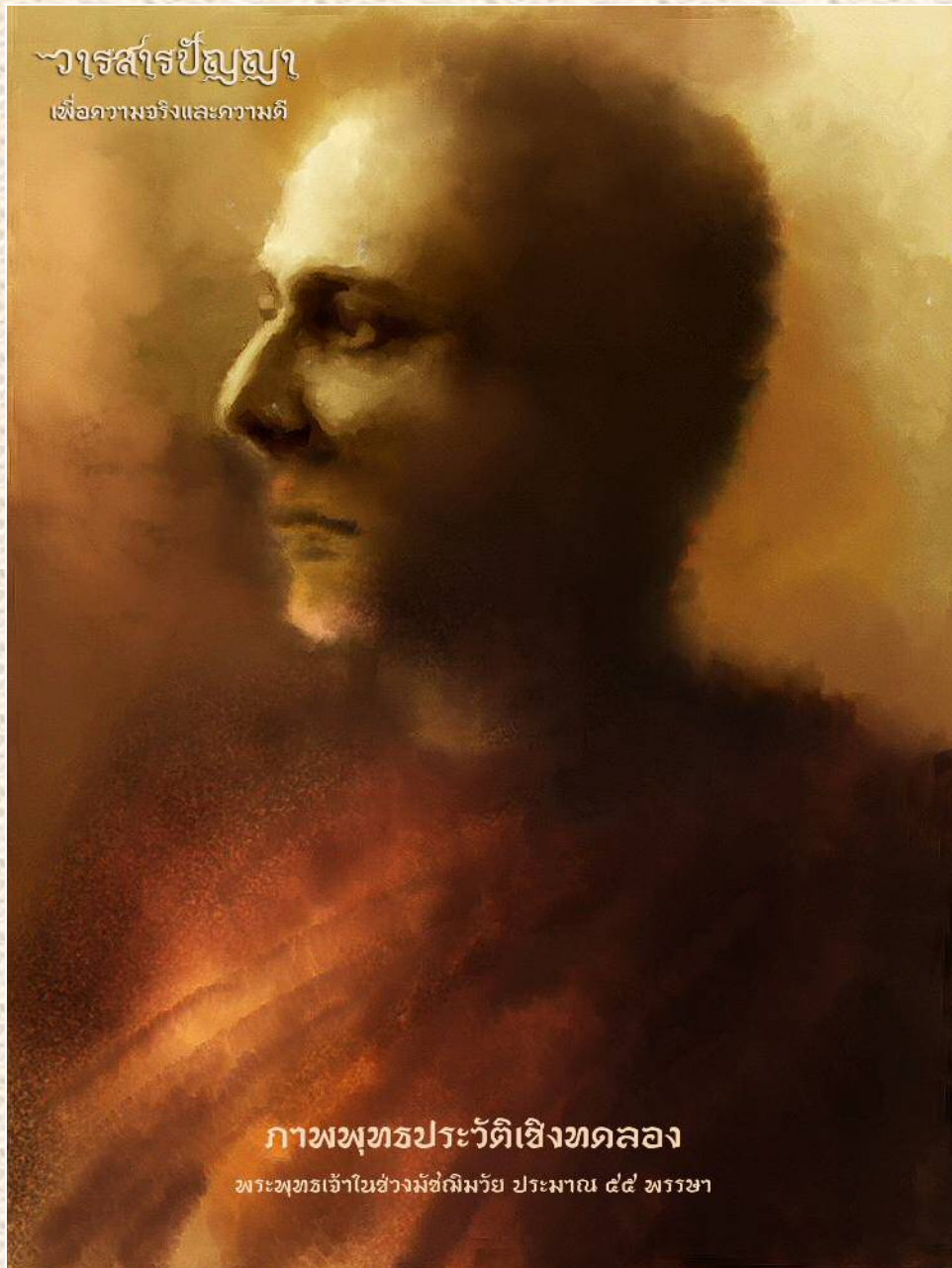




I have tried to paint the Buddha as I feel. The Buddha is a profound thinker. When I painted him, I think his eyes must show his profound thought. This is one of three images that I have finished this day.

February, 20



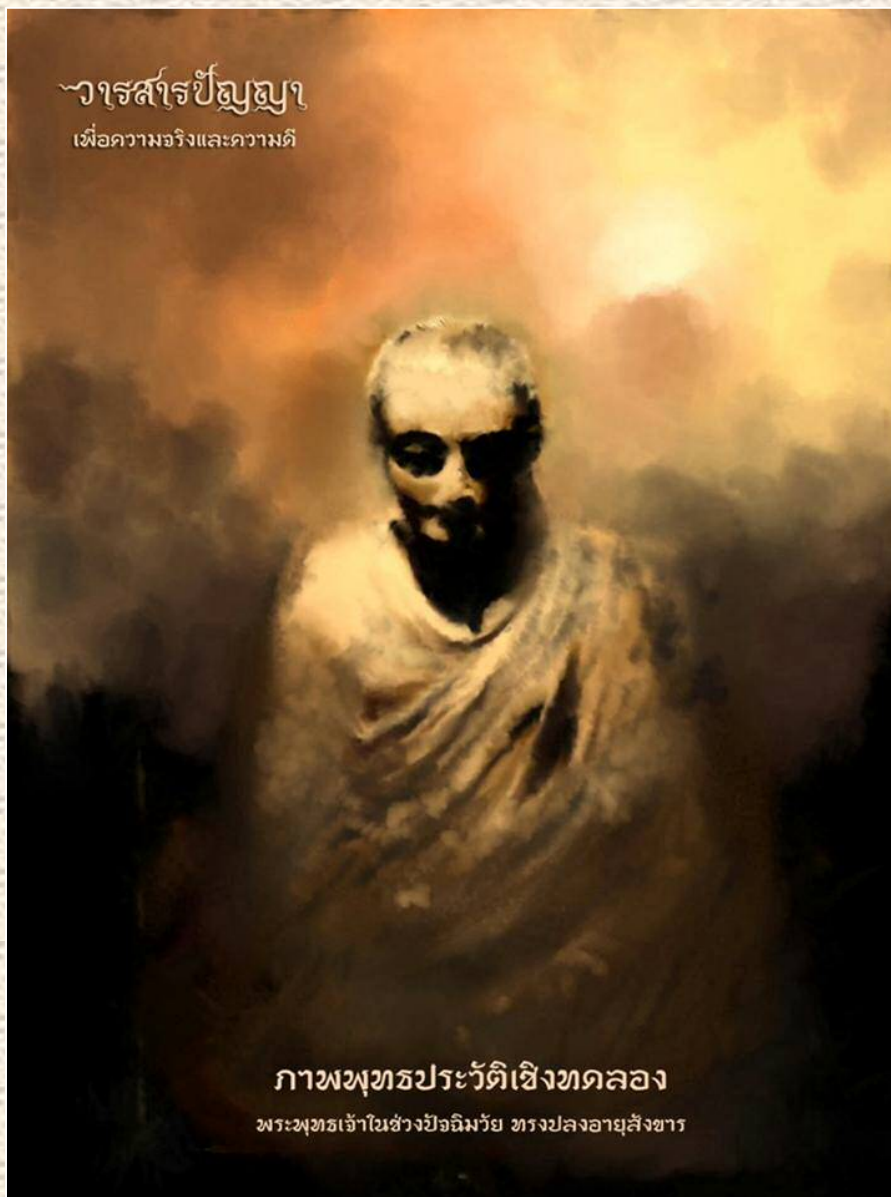


The Buddha in his middle age.
I use the eyes of Rabindranath Tagore as the model.
February, 20



The last days of the Buddha. The picture shows the moment he decides to die. I use a Ganthara Buddha's image as the model.

February, 20





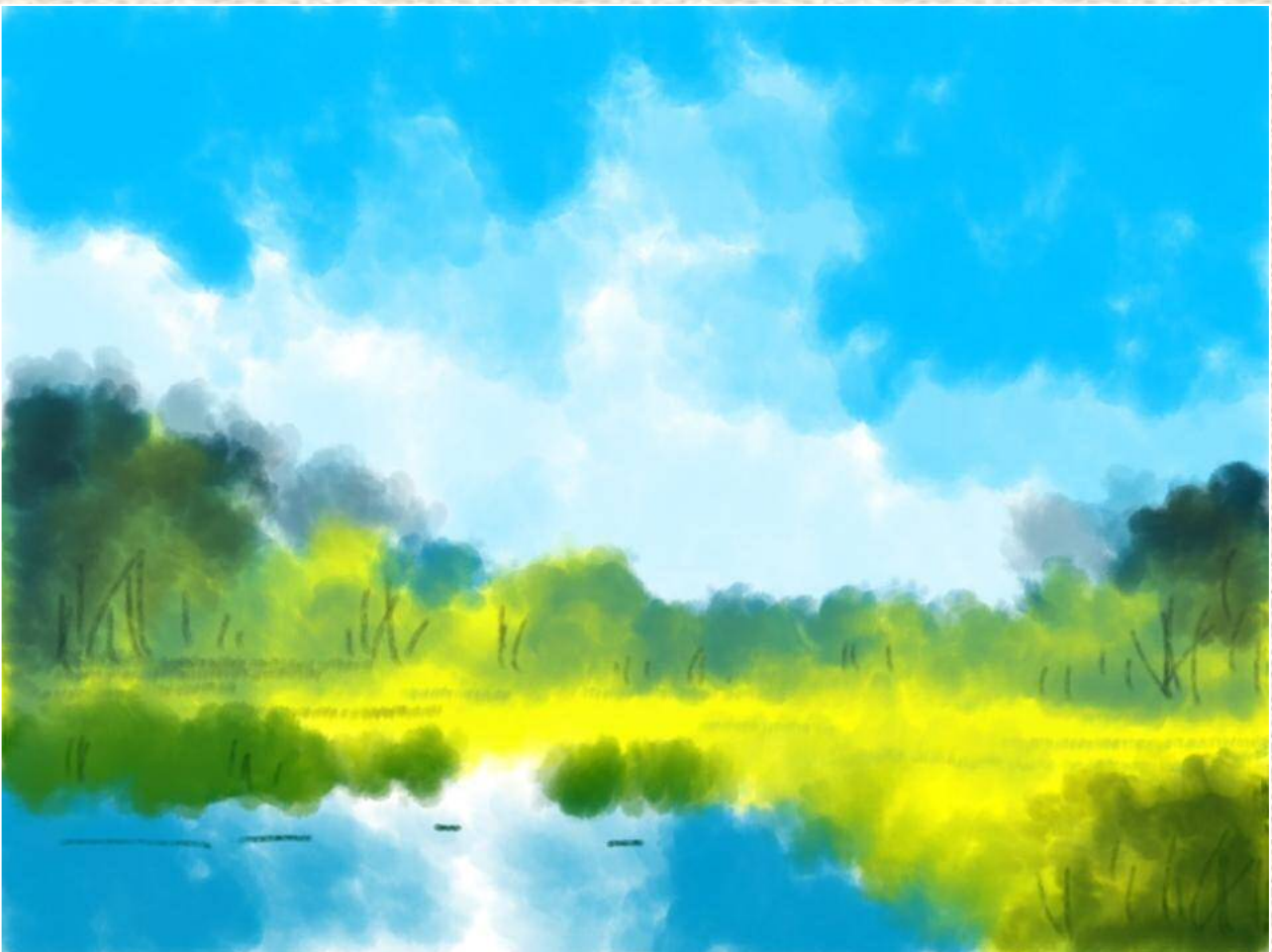
Weather changes. Sick. Paint this on bed.
February, 21





The body has its own way. Try to understand it. When the body is not strong, having observed that artistic creation is more effective. This may be a compensation of the body. Thanks.

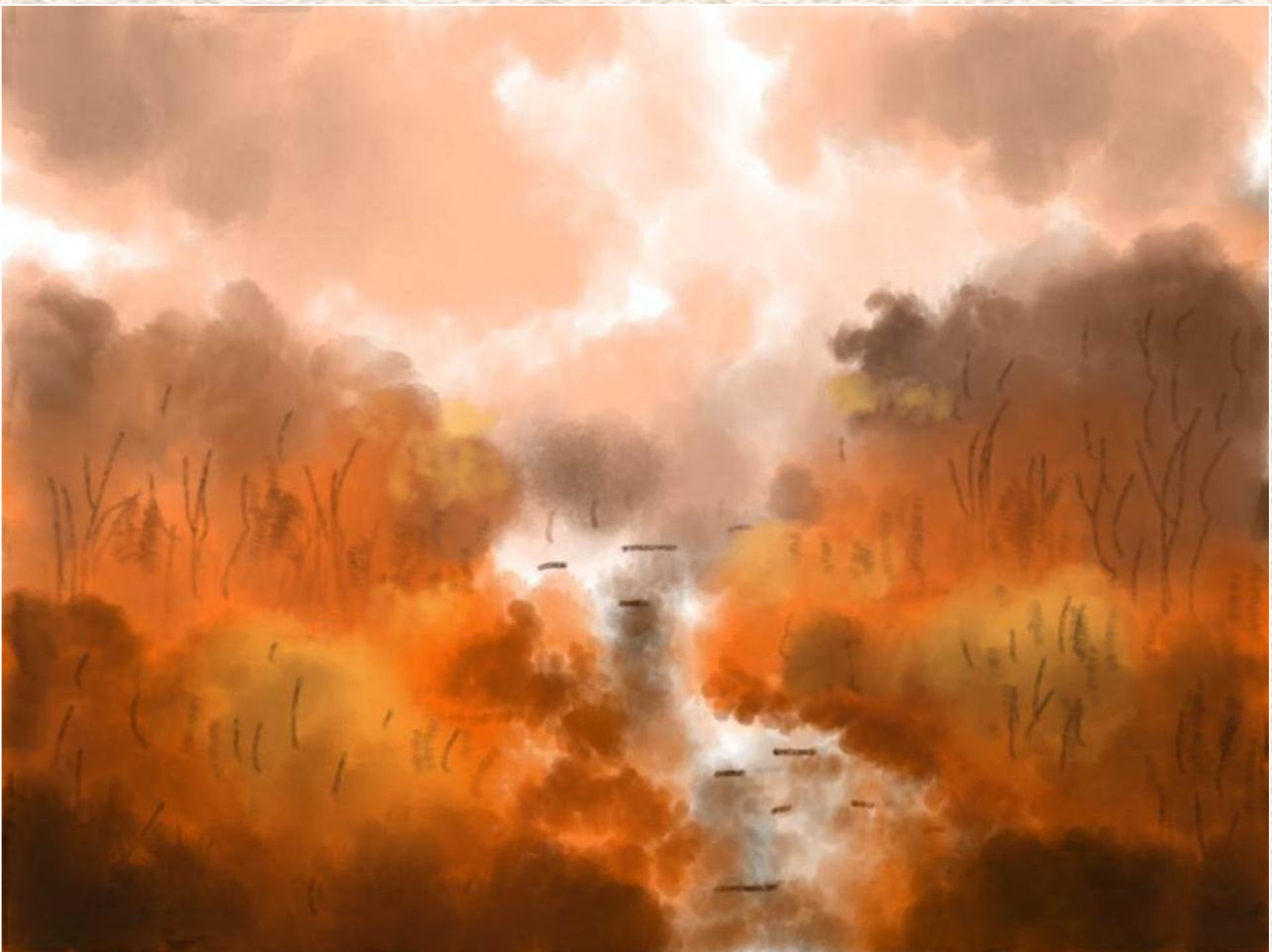
February, 21





A Buddhist is sometimes claimed to be an awakened person. The problem is: awakened to what? Some people say: to peacefulness of mind. For Shakespeare, we should awake not to peace; but to life, and love, and tears. For him, peacefulness of mind is colorless.

February, 21





Basically, I paint for personal pleasure; but always feel happy when I know that it makes other happy as well. Some people in the world, such as Jesus and Gandhi, do what they feel a personal pleasure. But what they have done cause them killed or sentenced to jail. I think no one would kill me for my painting. And this is why I consider the persons like Jesus and Gandhi much higher than me, even though we do the same thing, personal pleasure.

February, 22





For those who could be confused about “who is the owner of this page” I would like to say that actually the owner is my wife. She leaves this page for some reason. I see it as a garden and I think that it is a responsibility of a husband to take care of the wife’s garden. So, I am just a gardener--**Somparn Promta.**

February, 23



Just come from a night walk. The dark clouds in the sky make the moon unseen. The cool wind flows from the north. Suddenly, a group of fireflies are passing. The dark clouds help see them clearly and beautifully. Thanks, dark clouds and the absence of the moon.
February, 23





Nothing to say. Just paint for my friends, known and unknown. Most of the paintings in this page are real time, day by day, or even hours by hours.

February, 24





Dear my friends who visit the page, it is one of my intentions to make this page an art gallery. Traditional art exhibition is expensive and costs much money. Poor people, thus, have no chance to enjoy art. I believe Tolstoy. Art should be most cheap as much as possible, and open to all walks of life.

February, 24



I consider the Day of Magha as The Buddhist Day of Love. This music, **Secret Love**, could represent what I think. Buddha Bar, first originated in France around twenty years ago--if I was correct, is a place where the lovers come to drink and think about life. Music of the Buddha Bar shows that religion and passion should be merged into oneness. I think morality without love and passion is dry. It could be possible, but it is dry.

February, 25



Love of mother.

I paint this for the Magha Day of this year.

February, 25





Picture name: Hands of a Hopeless Mother. For the
Magha Day, as well.

February, 25



Picture name: Sorrowful Eyes of Young Salvador Dali. I like to play with human emotion, in my painting. And I have found that the eye is everything. Money buys nearly everything. Among the things that money can never buy is a joyful eye.

February, 26





Picture name: We Die for What, number one. No words for this picture. I always have no words for violence and war.

February, 26





We Die for What, number two. No words, again.
February, 26



Last picture of this day--sorry I have many works to complete. The name of picture is: A Lonely Man on the Sky. Every lonely man stays high above people; and that causes him lonely. A very simple way to not be lonely is just come back to the ground. Friends are to be found on the ground only, on the sky there is no real friend.

February, 26





All work has been completed, so having a free time to paint. This picture named: Old Memory. The painter was a village boy. The memory is of his own, ha ha...

February, 26





A mother of the land. This picture is dedicated to my mother and all mothers in the world. We all have our mothers.

February, 26



A father of the land. For every father in the world, who takes care of his children through hard work.

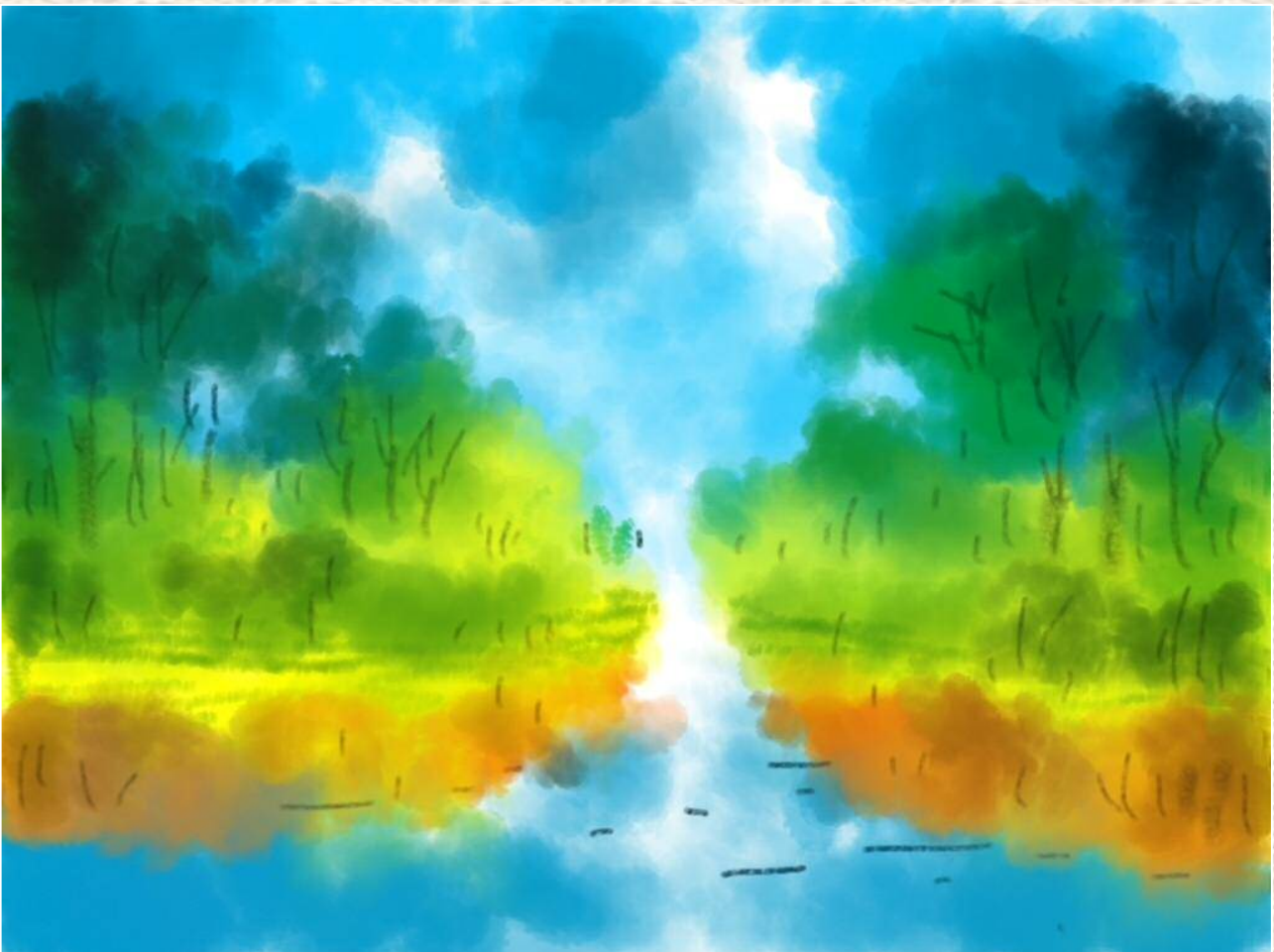
February, 26





A word before goodnight. It seems that our page is rather silent. I think sometimes deep conversation must be done through silence. I have intended to give something, daily, as the starting point of such silent conversation between us. Silence is powerful. And its power is great because it hides itself from a fool's notice.

February, 26





First picture of the day, A Green Field. I have to go to Mahachula to comment a thesis and stay there till evening. See you later.

February, 27





I am home now. This picture was painted at Mahachula, while waiting for my wife to come home together. Thesis examination many times is like making war. The student is always treated as the enemy of the committee. It may be better if we think of our students as friends, not enemies. For friends, no beat, no defeat, nor victory. For friends, on the contrary, goodwill and respect should be given.

February, 27





Dear friends, sometimes my friends at different educational institutes need me to mention that I used to study and now work at their universities, and help add more different information. So, please not be confused that why yesterday I worked at Chula, but today at Mahachula. I belong to many places, and I am so happy to be that. My life can never be like this without these institutes like Mahachula, Chula, Wat Mahadhat, and so on.

February, 27





Picture name: Grass. Grass is simple, humble, but so strong. Confucius says that people are the grass and the ruler is the wind. Grass has to move according to the wind. That is the ancient truth. Today grass has the right to move freely as it is right, sometimes even against the wind.

February, 28



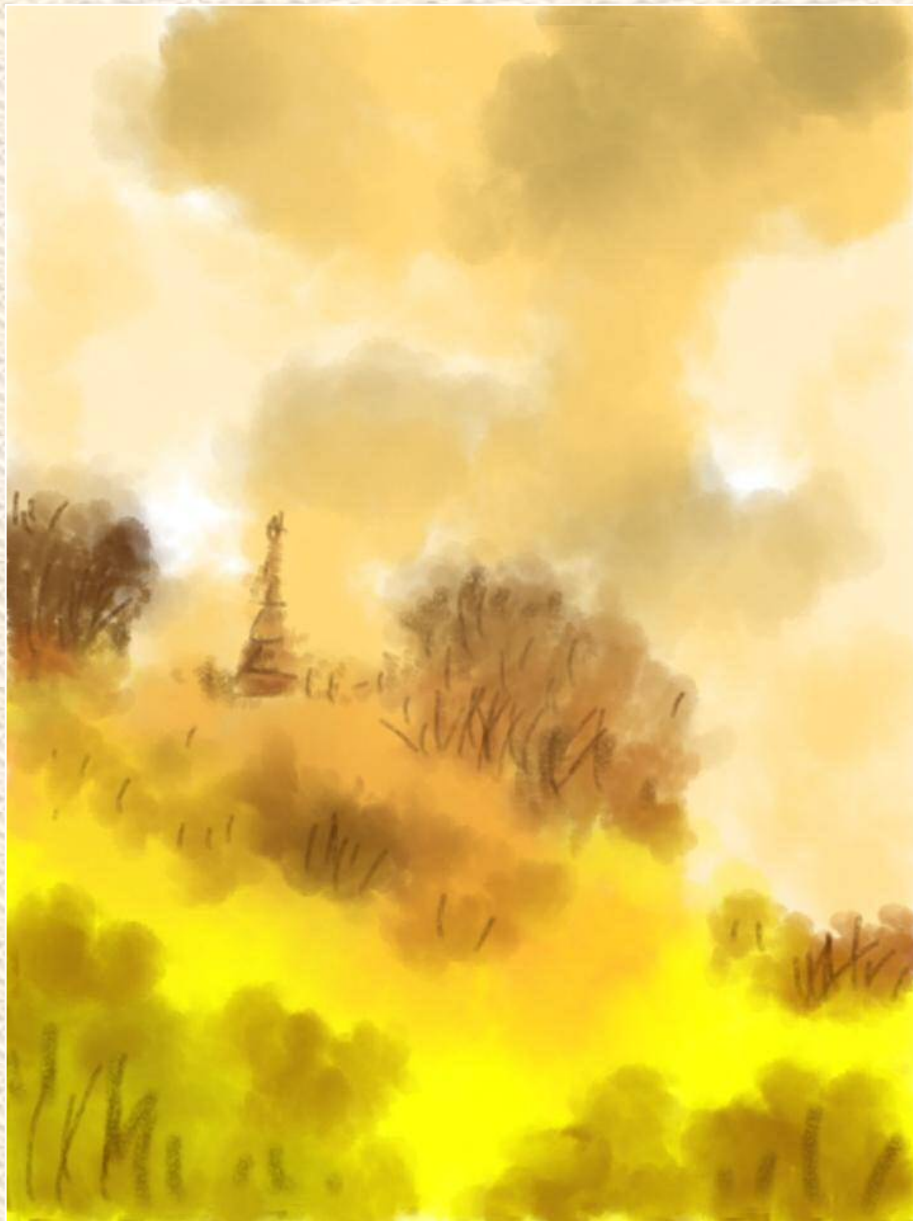


Plato talks about the philosopher king in his work. I would like to suggest the possibility of the philosopher buffalo. This picture named: A Philosopher Buffalo. When I was a boy in the village, I had noticed that some of my buffaloes think. If philosophy is judged from an attempt to think rather than being well-known philosopher, everyone could be philosopher of their kind, including my buffaloes...ha...ha...

February, 28



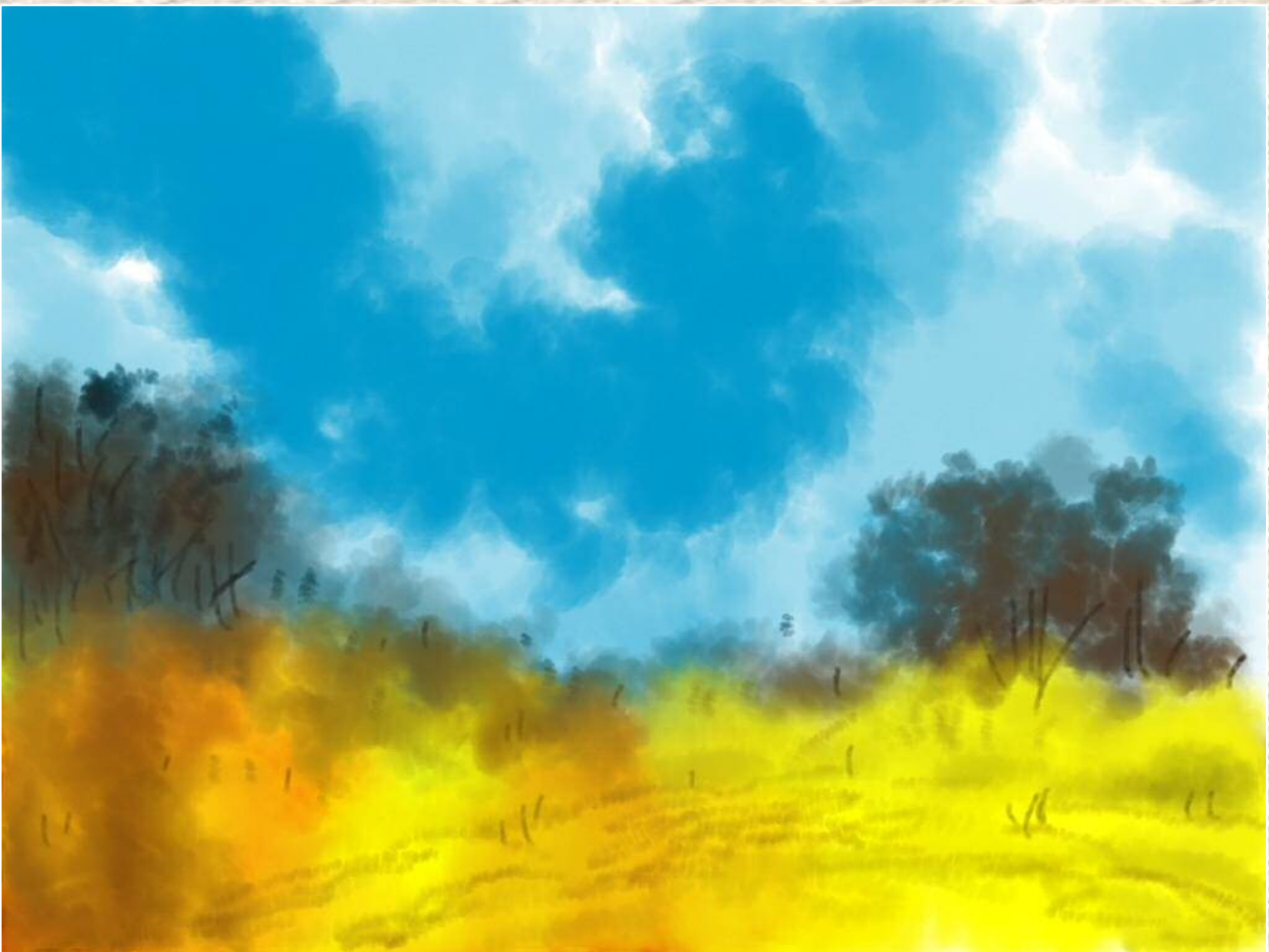
Picture name: Old Monastery on the Mountain. No description. Fill yourself what you feel.
February, 28





The merit of art is: people, both artists and the rest, can go everywhere they imagine. Anyhow, merit has responsibility. Sometimes, a place that art leads people to is not heaven, but hell.

February, 28





Caution before reading: please not be serious. Digital technology makes many people, including me, highly enjoy downloading ebooks. Unfortunately, we seem having no time to open them. How to think about this? I have a solution. Downloading is the end in itself. It is a kind of esthetic work. It is a joy in itself, even though after the download, we never open them...forever!

February, 28





A Nameless Fruit. I have long been interested in Classical Chinese Painting. Among my favorite artists are Liang Kai and Mu Chi. The Chinese painting has its unique way, based on unique philosophy. Brush strokes are at the heart of Chinese painting. I have noticed that in some painters' work like Liang Kai and Mu Chi, loneliness is the core esthetic quality. Loneliness is deeper than happiness, as it lasts longer in our memory.

February, 28



Last picture of the day. The new issue of Wisdom Magazine is nearly finished today. It seems that the update might be around second week of March.
February, 28





Picture name: Moon over the Old Pond. This picture is painted to prove for myself that why Renoir says black is the queen of colors. Actually, I like to paint the black and white picture more than the colored one. For me, black is mysterious color. Classical Chinese painting is done with the black ink only.

March, 1





Lonely Bird on a Lonely Tree. This morning, the north wind blows hard, leaves of trees falling at the window. Some emotion happens in the mind, feeling like a lonely bird. A Chinese poet says world is a lonely place, so family and friend are important. Life without friend is like a lonely cloud. Sorry for saying about loneliness this morning.

March, 1





No Name. Painted just minutes ago, playing with hard
pastel.
March, 1





A Point at Mekong River. Hard pastel, as well.
March, 1



Last picture of the day, A Night Hut. It was painted last night. Shortly before I went to sleep, I suddenly recalled a picture of Vincent van Gogh, named 'Night Cafe.' The feeling caused me to open my iPad and paint it. Night is usually mentioned by the Buddha as the most proper time to think and contemplate. One of sufferings of modern people is: nowhere to go this night. Home is designed to stay at night, friends!

March, 1





Come back to colored painting again. This picture named: The Orange Evening. After watching a movie, **Clockwork Orange**, I start to see that color can be applied to everything, even the evening.

March, 2





Orange Morning in the Fog. Georges Seurat is one of my favorite painters. But I do not like his pointillist painting. I love his drawing, which is usually done in black and white. Seurat's drawing is unique in that it does not deal with details of things in the picture; but with shadows of them. Plato says art provides man the shadow of truth. I agree. But Plato may not know that it could be possible that in some cases the shadow of things is 'truer than' the thing clearly seen in light.

March, 2





Shadow by the Road, a play with light and shadow. This afternoon, I have a lecture at Thammasat and shall come back home in the evening.

March, 2





A Man and His Dog in the Forest.
March, 2





Evening Park.
March, 2





Sorrowing Man and His Cat.
March, 2





Deep Forest in the Mist.
March, 3





A River that Runs through the Deep Forest.
March, 3





Amazingly, it is raining. I paint this quickly to capture the scene. The name of picture is: House in the Rain.

March, 3





Dear friends, thank you for visiting my page. As a painter, I think artistic creation is a study in itself. Every time after present a new picture, which is a new attempt of study, I feel the next one must have a new thing to present. Your visit helps me much in improving my work--as it encourages me to try a new way.

March, 3





Three Trees and a Stream.

March, 3





A Night Beggar at Siam Square.
March, 4





A Man Sitting in the Night Park before He Commits
Suicide.
March, 4





Rain Clouds over the Field. This picture has been painted to thank the rain that is coming to reduce the hot climate of summer now.

March, 4





Man on a Broken Bridge.
March, 4





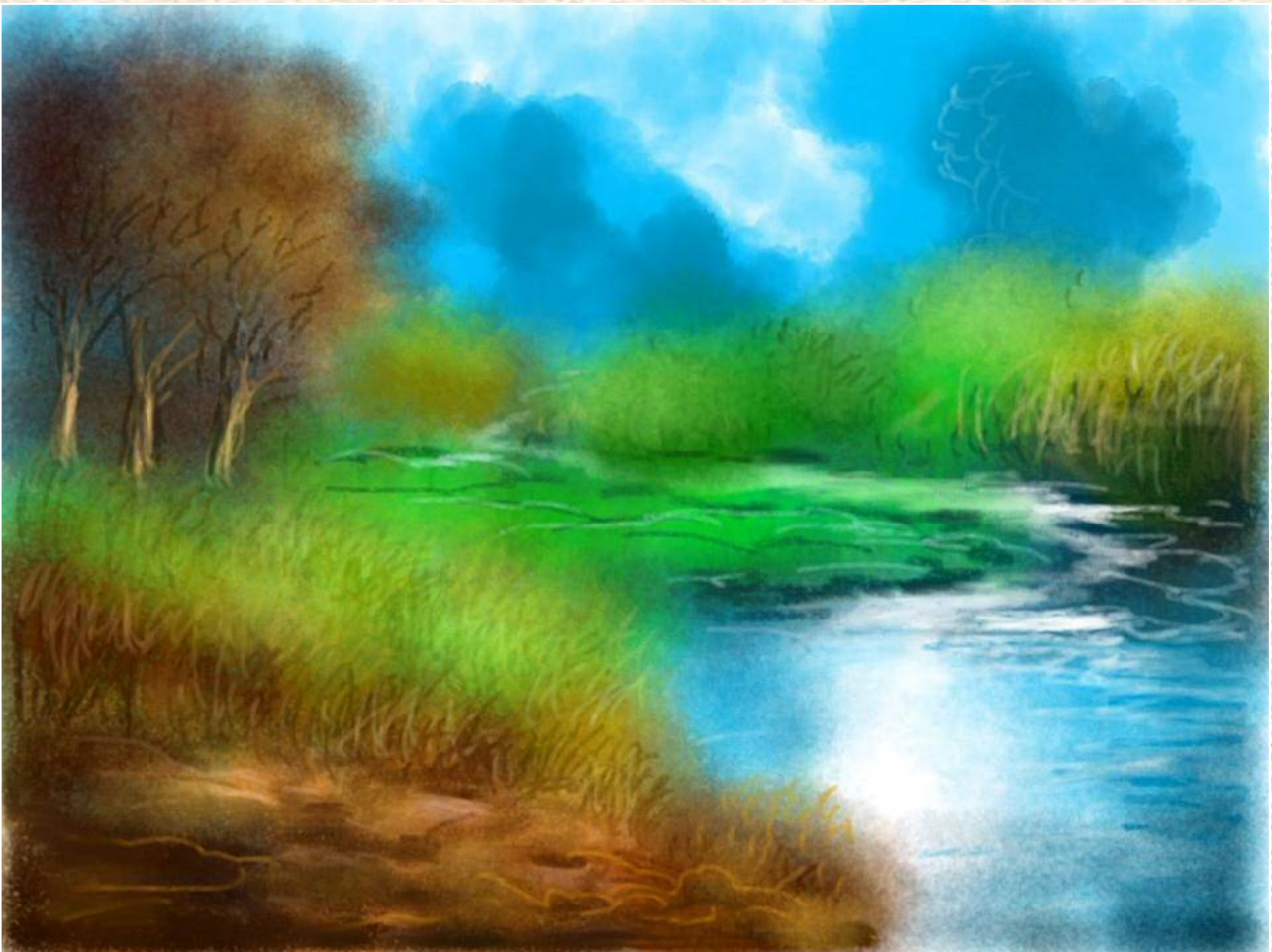
Dear friends, some among us suggest I should write something longer about the books, movies, or anything personally interesting for me. Thanks for the suggestion. But during this time, I need to take some experiment--it is rather personal. **Sometimes, I think words have a short life. Picture has a longer one.** So, let me prove it myself. It could be wrong. When I know I am wrong, I shall come back to words again. Moreover, you can read my words from the Wisdom Magazine. It may be good to make this place different from the magazine.

March, 4





A River that Runs through the Green Field.
March, 4





The Golden River.
March, 5





Old Sim in the Moonlight. Sim is a small house located in the Isan Buddhist monastery, where monks perform their religious ritual. It was usually built near a pond or a stream, if possible.

March, 5





A Monk Walking in the Forest Monastery.
March, 6





A Monk's Hut in the Isan Forest Monastery, A Summer
Time.

March, 6





A Forest Monastery Monk Practices Walking Meditation at Night.

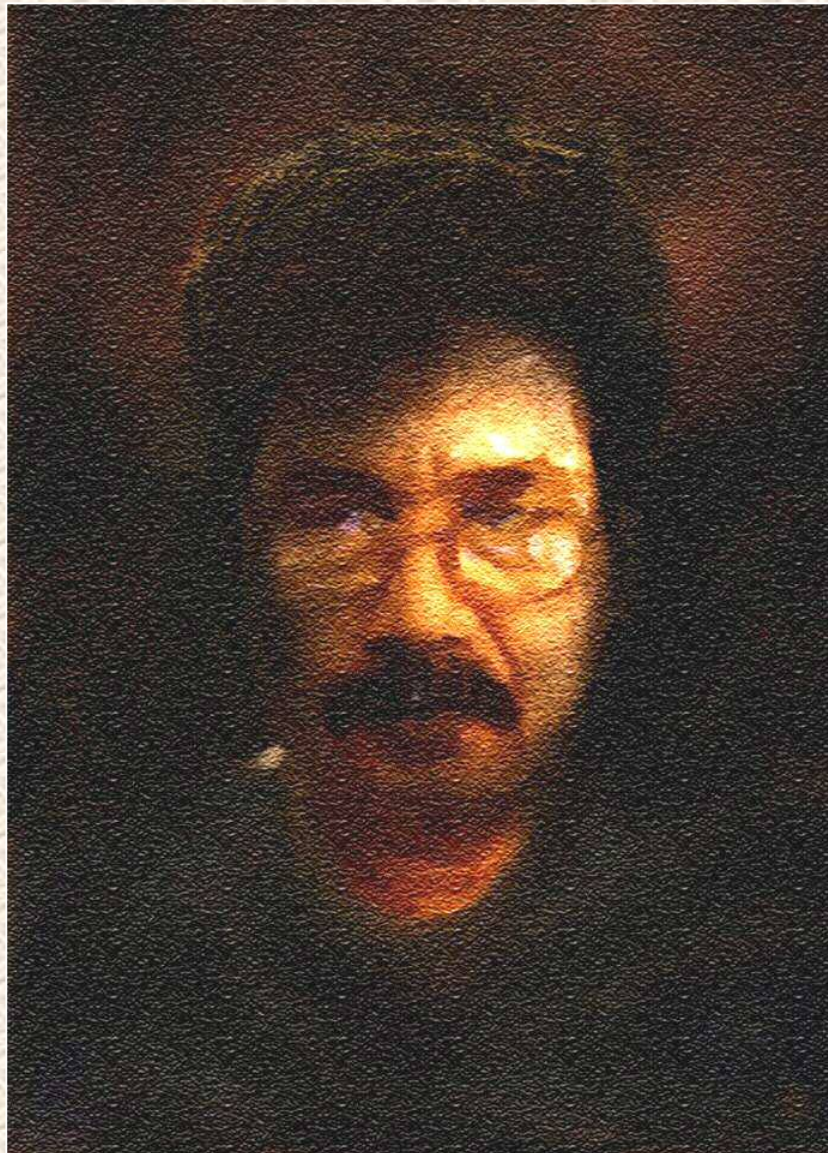
March, 6





Self Portrait. Actually, I don't like to paint myself. But sometimes I have to do for some reason, such as to use it in the book. This one is to be used in my new book. Sorry for presenting a personal matter.

March, 7





Buddhadasa Bhikkhu.
March, 7





Buddhadasa and a Puppy.
March, 7





Leo Tolstoy. Tolstoy is one of my most favorite writers.
March, 7



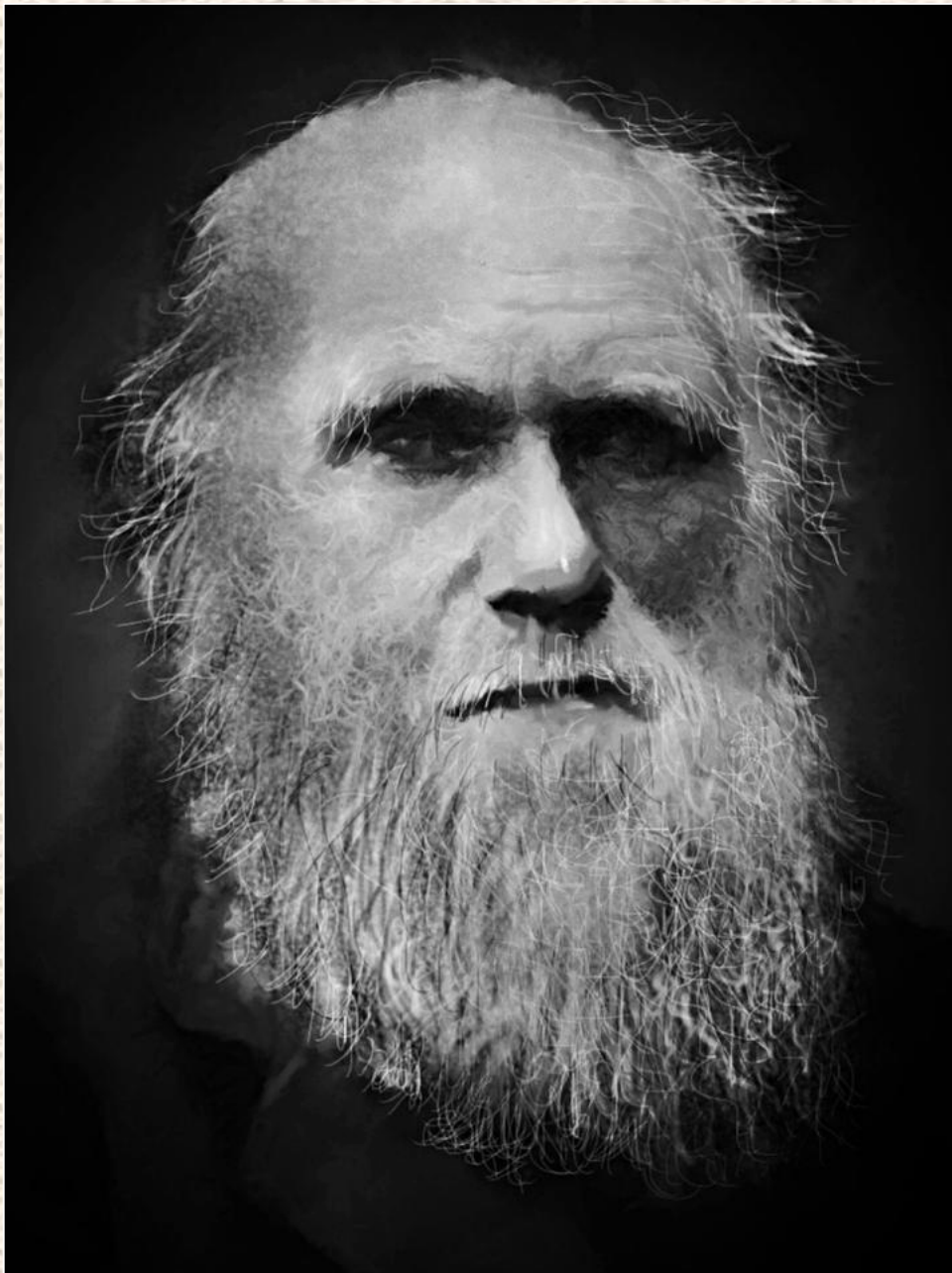


Old Railway.
March, 7





Another favorite thinker of mine, Charles Darwin.
March, 7





Girl in Sorrow.
March, 7





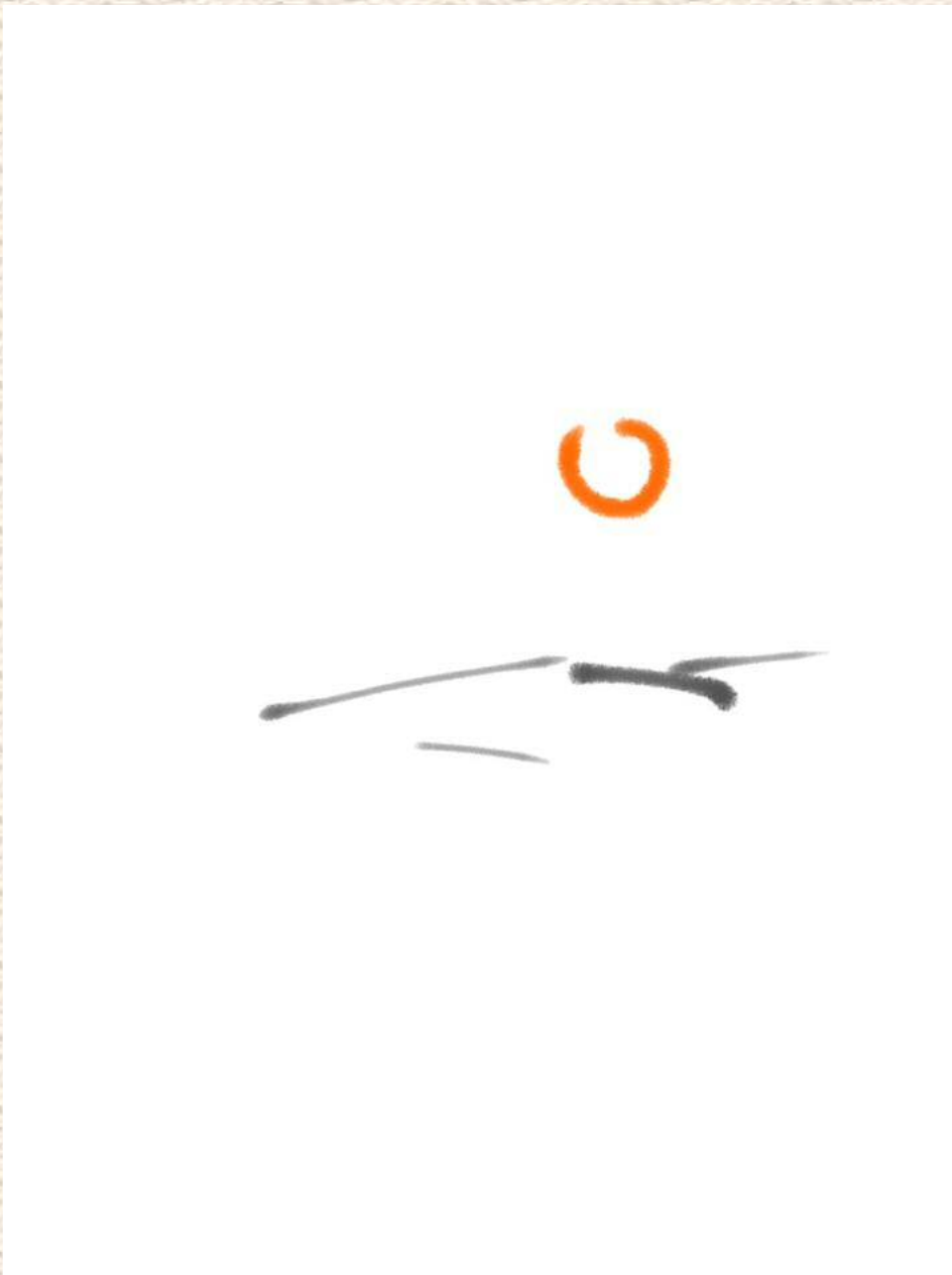
A simple thing can be easily found near you. Look and enjoy it.

February, 15





Love is light, for a lover and the loved.
February, 16



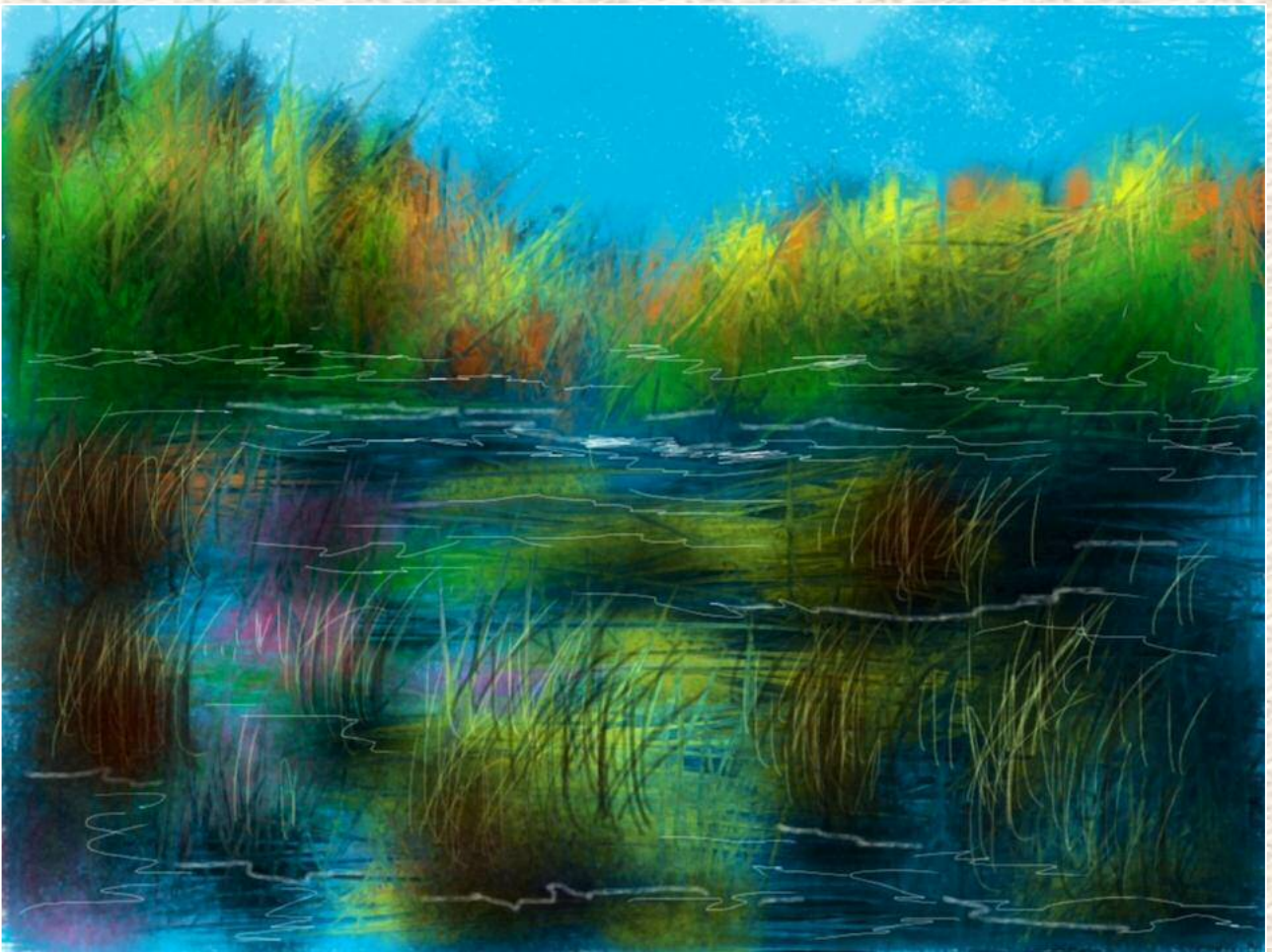


Sometimes, we need to be alone.
February, 17



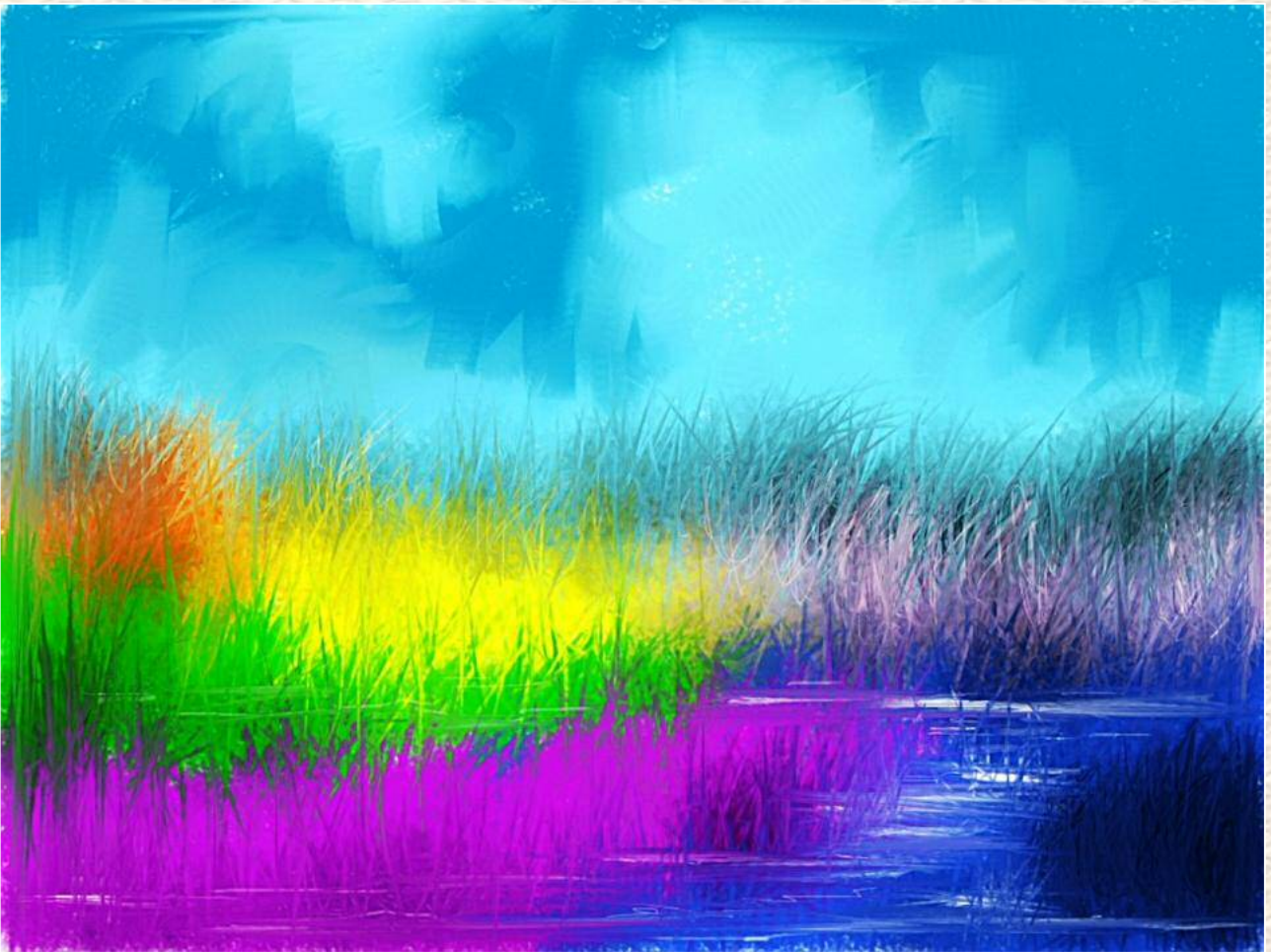


A Stream that Gently Flows.
March, 8



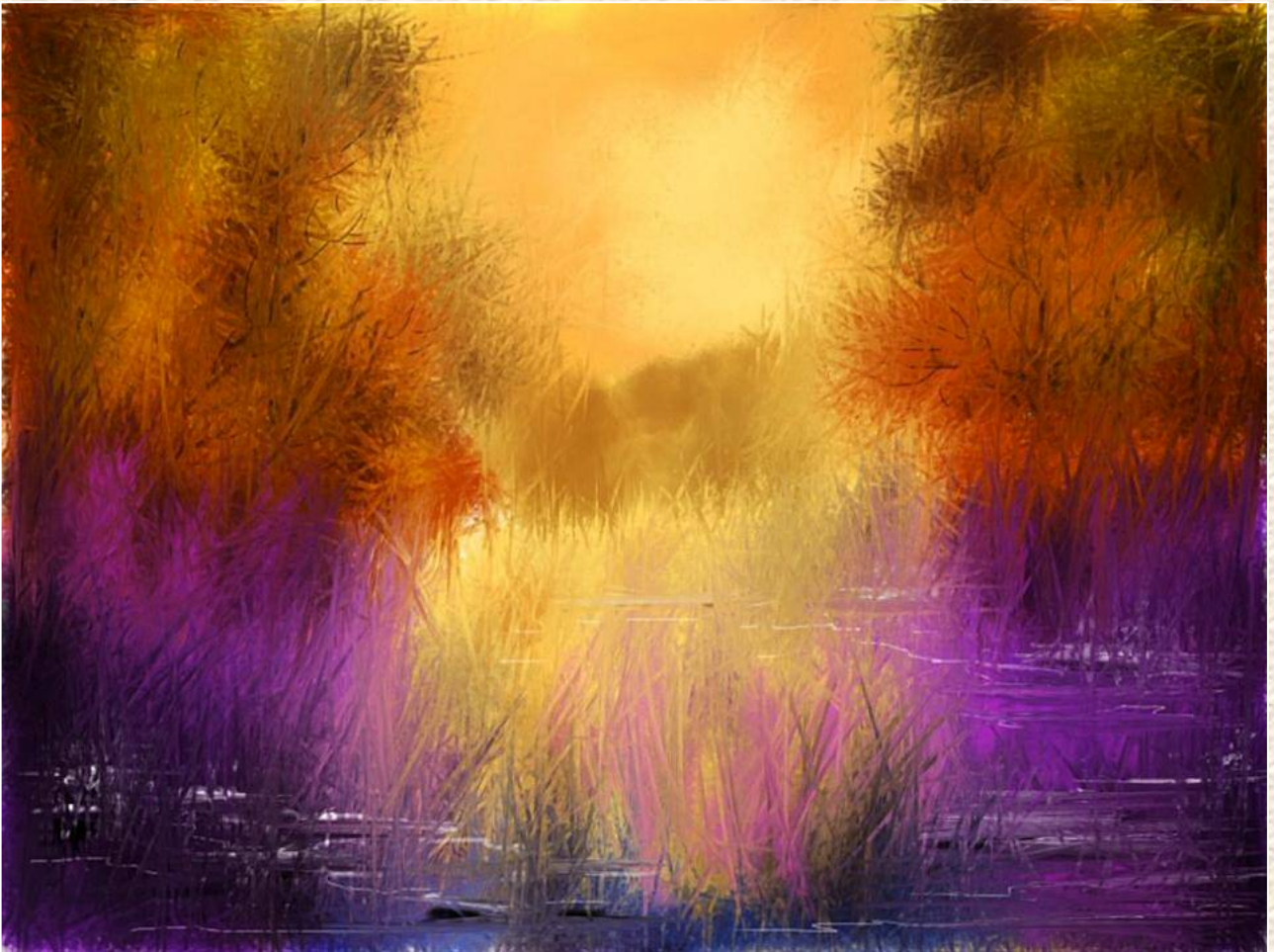


A Stream that Gently Flows, Two.
March, 8



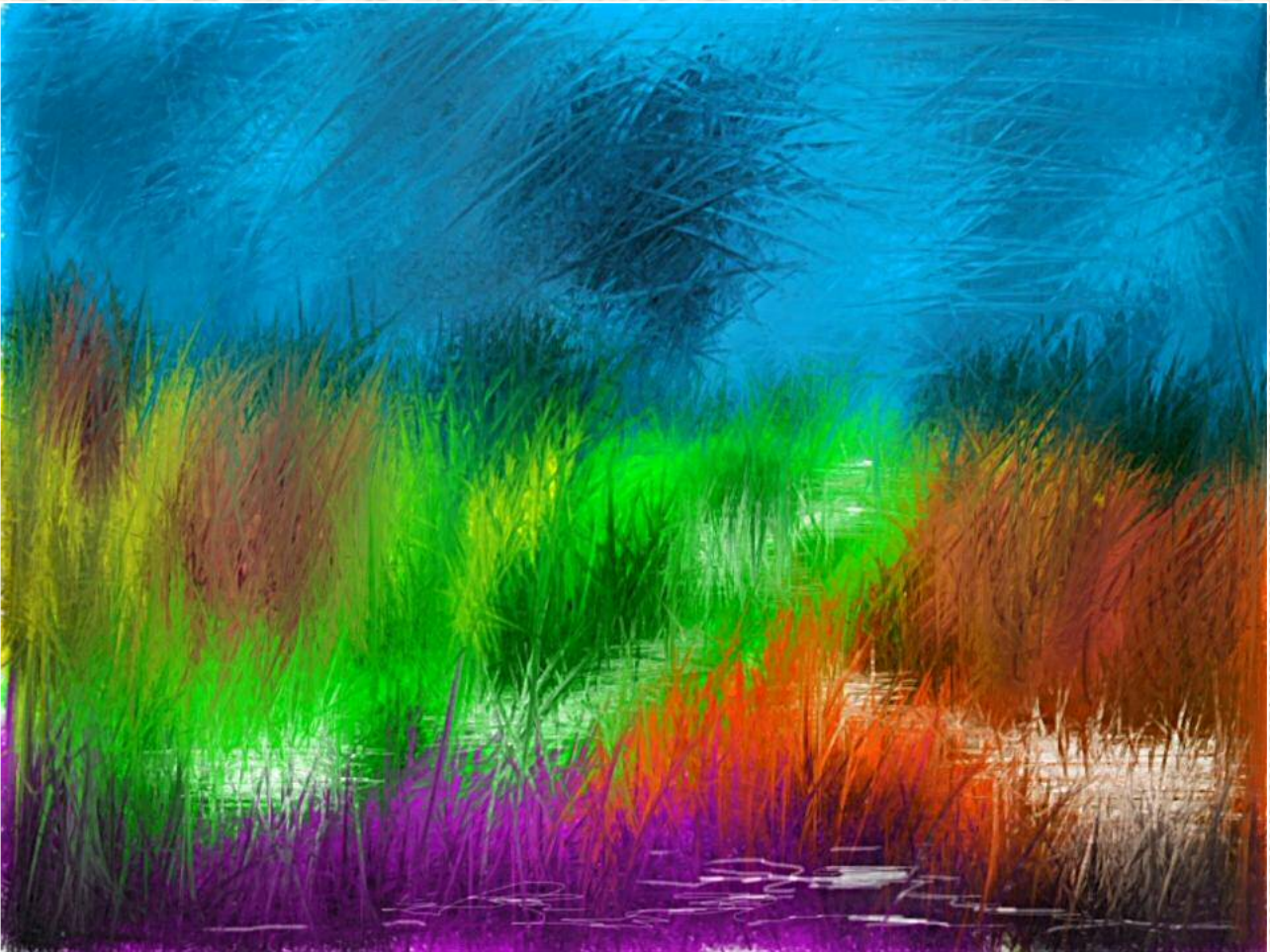


A Stream that Gently Flows, Three.
March, 8





Field of Colors, One.
March, 8





Field of Colors, Two.
March, 8





A Lotus Pond.
March, 8





A Lotus Pond, Two.
March, 8





A Lotus Pond, Three.
March, 9





The End





Author



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.