

The Ruined Temple

thought and painting

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Art Book Project, Volume 9



Preface

This is the fifth 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.

Ruin has its esthetic value, at least it reminds us of the past. Something was glorious during its lifetime, but something was not. Both, when time passed, share the same fate. Everything is subject to ruin. Time is always the master of things in the universe. Time destroys everything and gives them the beauty as the ruin for our memory. A castle ruin might not be fully beautiful without some 'inglorious' things like unknown tiny flowers. The ruin still needs harmony. This is the law of the universe.

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Start





The Sunset.
April, 7





The Ruined Temple, One.
April, 7





The Ruined Temple, Two.
April, 8





For study. This is the old picture of the ruined Buddhist temple in Anurathapura, Sri Lanka. It was taken in 1908. The picture that follows is the painted version of mine. April, 8





The Ruined Temple, Three.
April, 8





Some friends write to me how to paint. For me, painting is the idea, not the technique. So, you do not need to learn it at school or university. If you go to art school, they will give you the technique. Art institution never creates artists. Self-training is of most importance. In self-training, we need a thing that I would like to call the observing mind. Observe what you see in the world, and observe the works of great artists, and finally try to find your own style. Art is ultimately the style.

April, 8



A friend's question: What about gift?

My answer 1: This question is important. I have some work to do now, and I will give my ideas about this later, maybe this evening. Thanks a lot for the question.

My answer 2: I have to answer the question carefully, as I partly need it to be my views concerning art education in our country. First, to be fair to art school or university, I would like to suggest that the same thing happens in other schools of disciplines as well. For example, I do not think that philosophy department creates a philosopher. What they taught the students are mostly the thoughts of philosophers. If there would be a student to be philosopher, that solely depends on him/herself. Second, I believe that someone is born with some ability to do something better than other. And this we call a gift. Gift is not mysterious as we see it everywhere. Fish are better than us in swimming. Birds in flying. Some people are better than other in painting or drawing. This is a fact. But I think gift has nothing to do with artistic creation. Gift just means a person has a natural ability to paint quickly more than other. But this does not mean that others cannot paint. I believe they can, but they need more training and time than the person who is born with gift. However, finally art might be related to the group of persons who are born with a gift more than other. I am interested in these people and I would like to say that gift is just a beginning. Self-training is more than 90 percent to make a person artist.



The Ruined Temple, Four.
April, 8



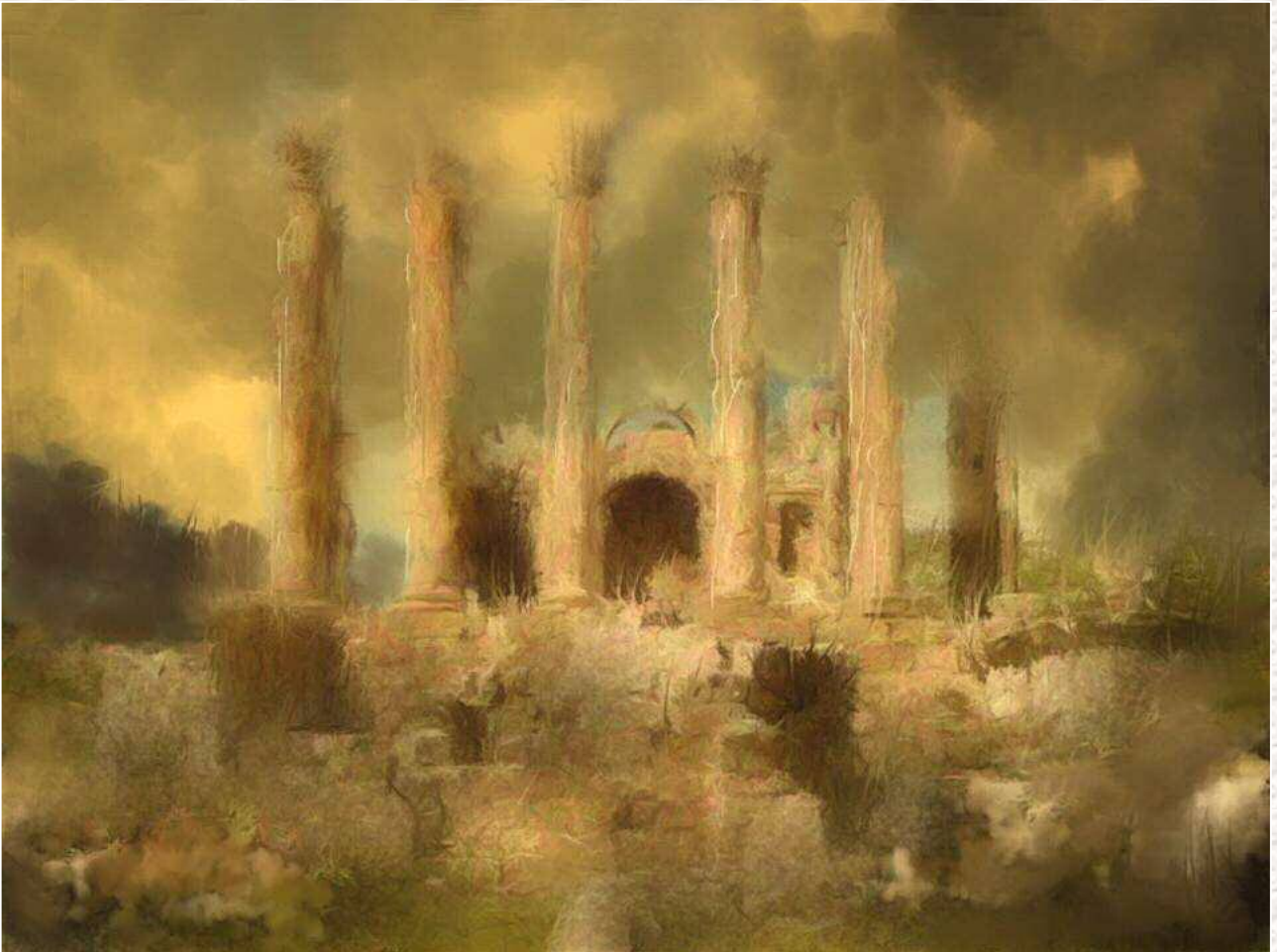


The Ruined Temple, Five.
April, 8





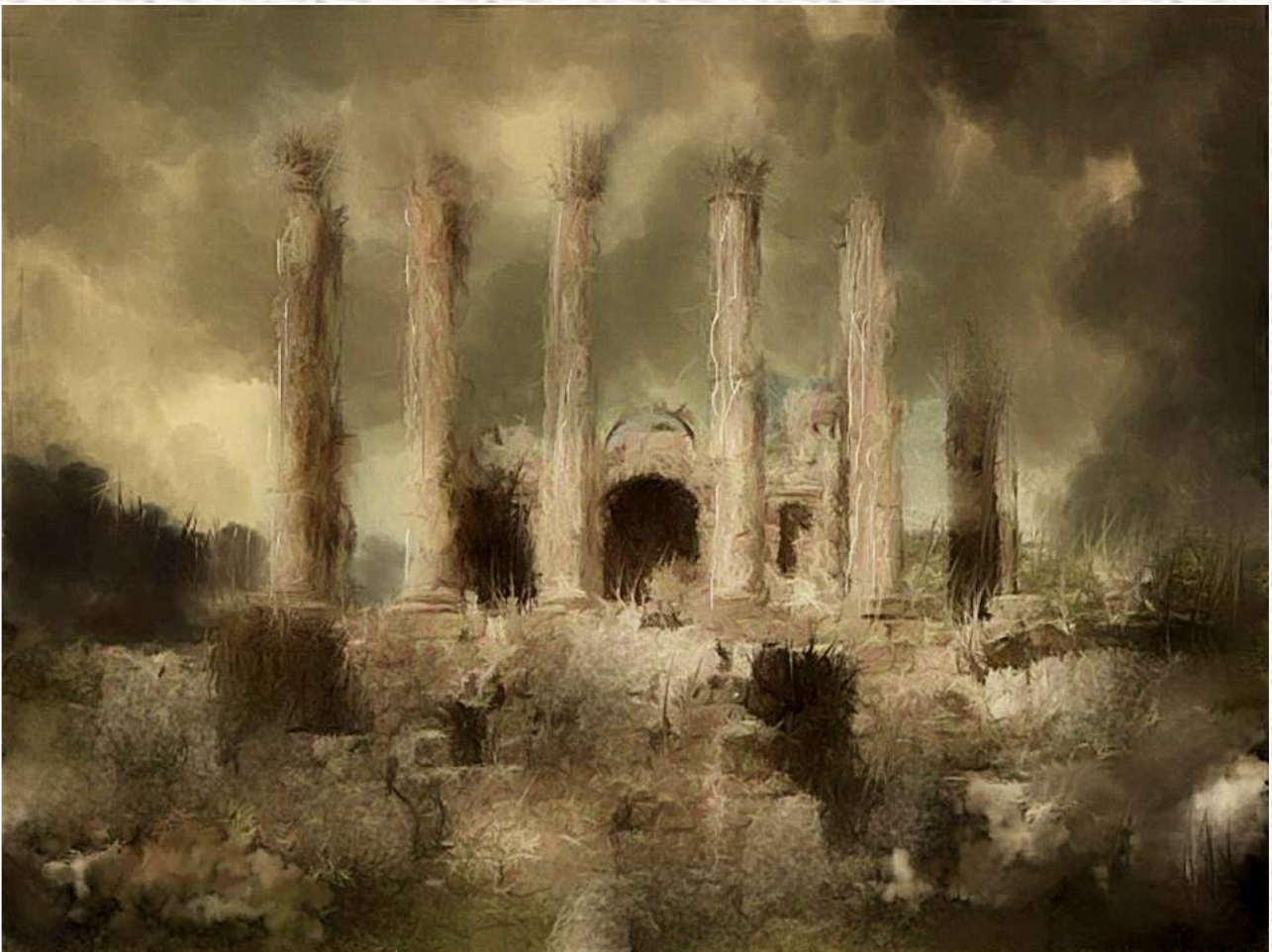
The Ruined Temple, Six.
April, 8





The Ruined Temple, Six. Another version. Digital painting has its special merits in that it allows the painter to enhance the colors as he needs. And the colors of digital paintings are so permanent. Time cannot destroy it.

April, 8





The Ruined Temple, Seven.
April, 8





The Ruined Temple, Eight.
April, 8





The Ruined Temple, Nine.
April, 8





The Ruined Temple, Ten. Playing with suddenly brush strokes in oil painting.

April, 9





The Rise of Poor People.
April, 9





People, One.
April, 9





People, Two.
April, 9





People, Three.
April, 9





People, Four.
April, 9





People, Five.
April, 9





Canaletto's Painting. One of the world painters who have the influence over me is Canaletto. This is one of his pictures. I have noticed that European buildings are a great source of great paintings as they have esthetic elements in themselves. The following picture of mine was painted from the picture of Victoria Hotel in Berlin. It is the old picture.

April, 9





People, Six.
April, 9





People, Seven. Gottingen, I was there two years ago.
April, 9





People, Eight. A night life at Chiang Khan. It is a small village located at the banks of Mekong River. Now it has been a place where city men like to stay during the holidays. I myself have a good memory with this place. It represents the primitive way that Isan people live their very simple life.

April, 10





People, Nine. Chiang Khan, Two.
April, 10





Chiang Khan in Colors.
April, 10





The Religious Life of Chiang Khan People.
April, 10





A Guest House in Chiang Khan.
April, 10





Bagan, A Field of a Thousand Pagodas, Myanmar, One.
April, 10





Songkran at Silom, One.
April, 11





Songkran at Silom, Two.
April, 11





Songkran at Silom, Three.
April, 11





Songkran at Luang Prabang, Laos.
April, 11





Little Samanera Playing Songkran at Nong Khai.
April, 11





Isan Farmer's House.
April, 11





Bagan, Two.
April, 11





Bagan, Three.
April, 11





People at Bangkok Central Bus Station Waiting for the Buses to Come Home during the Songkran Days.
April, 12





The Colorful Sangkran at Ubon Ratchathani.
April, 12





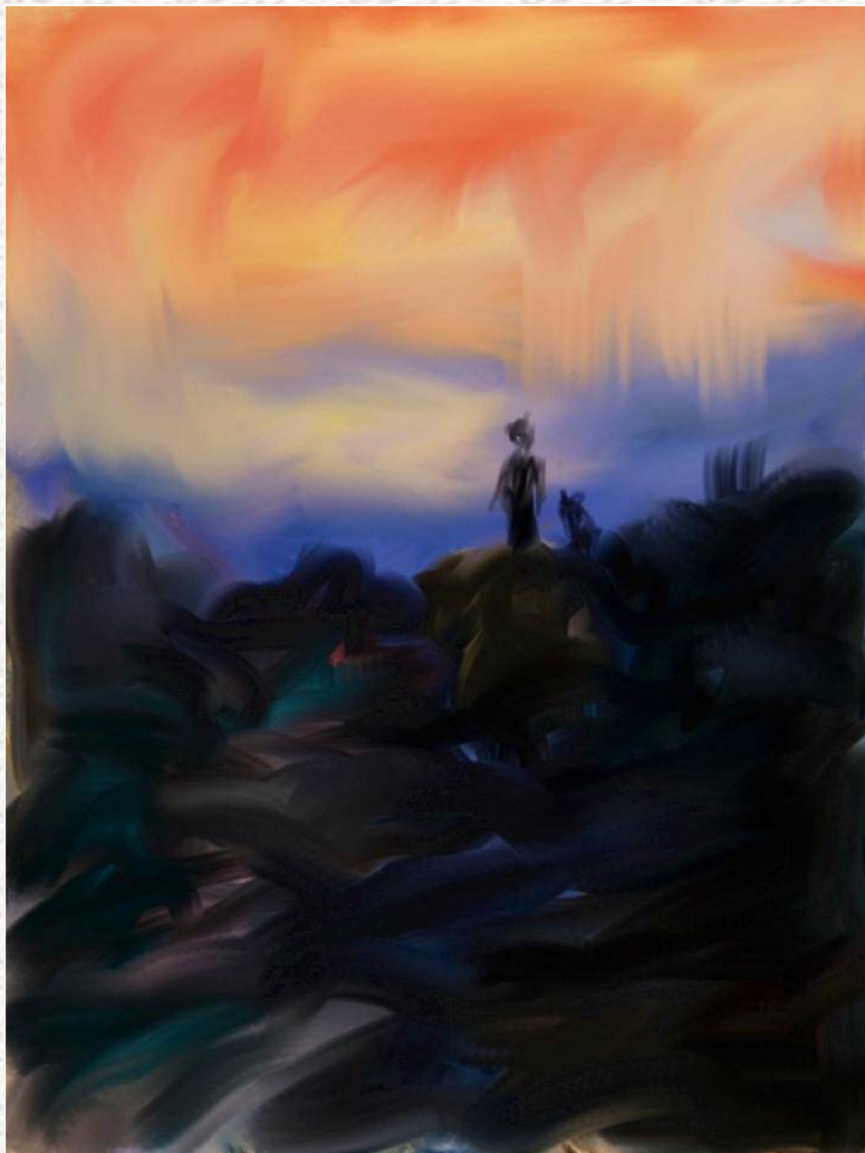
Bangkok Kids Enjoying the Songkran Days.
April, 12





No Name. Just for interest of those who love art. I have painted this picture some minutes ago. No idea, absolutely nothing in my head. It is just reaction after I saw the picture named 'The Scream' by Edvard Munch, see the following picture. In Munch's picture, I saw three colors, red, yellow, and blue. These three colors lead my hand to paint this picture, mysteriously.

April, 12





The Scream by Edvard Munch. They said this version was sold last year, 12 million US dollars.

April, 12





No Name, turning back to Photoshop. This picture is the only one, now, in this page which is painted with Ps. For the study of my friends.

April, 12





Summer Rain.
April, 12





The Old Man and His Old Dog Coming Home.
April, 13





A Farmer's Hut, Somewhere.
April, 13





Old Tea Shop. Painted and sent to a friend whose family is its owner yesterday.

April, 13





Sunlight and the Rainclouds on the Mountain.
April, 13





Mekong River at Chiang Khan, unpublished.





Garden, colored version, unpublished.





Tree Reflections, unpublished.





Garden, black and white version, unpublished.





Path in the Forest, unpublished.





The Bridge, unpublished.





Husband and Wife Collecting Woods on the Mountain,
unpublished.





House in the Valley, unpublished.





Old House in the Woods, unpublished.





Chiang Khan in the Mist, unpublished.





Monks Getting Food in the Morning at Chiang Khan,
unpublished.





Old House at Chiang Khan, unpublished.





Chiang Khan Street, unpublished.





Chiang Khan Night Market, unpublished.





Old Chiang Khan, unpublished.





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.