



联友书刊

共 页 第 页

5

10

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20

20×20=400



形成

即将启程的朋友
我曾那么渴望与你同行
却在我的日常中动弹不得
现在，我只能在日出与日落之间
最亮的那颗星和最黯淡的心灵之间
诺言与背叛之间
默默审视
你要回去的路

——题记_给即将启程的朋友

1

穿过烟雨迷蒙的

盘山公路

我突然停在一个漫无边际的大坝

那儿翻腾着三种不同颜色的波浪

红的铜硫

黑的褐铁

灰的铅锌

仿佛大地所受的创伤

尽情交汇

在这人类遗弃之地

遗弃人类之地

曾經的村落

和野草交織在一起

曠日持久

竹子和芭蕉漸漸懂得

如何撫慰山脈受傷的神經

時間的褶皺處

世界以另一種方式延伸

猶如身體的屈伸

——你稍一轉身

荒蕪的世界背後

竟浮現出峰回路轉的生靈之地

這几乎是懸崖底下的秘密花園

勞動的欣悅

就像驅散山地濕氣的柴火

在泥牆背後升起

等待着

下一代

下一代有可能

從時間的環行跑道上

重新踏上泥泞的路面

我們仍然無法預料

步行多久

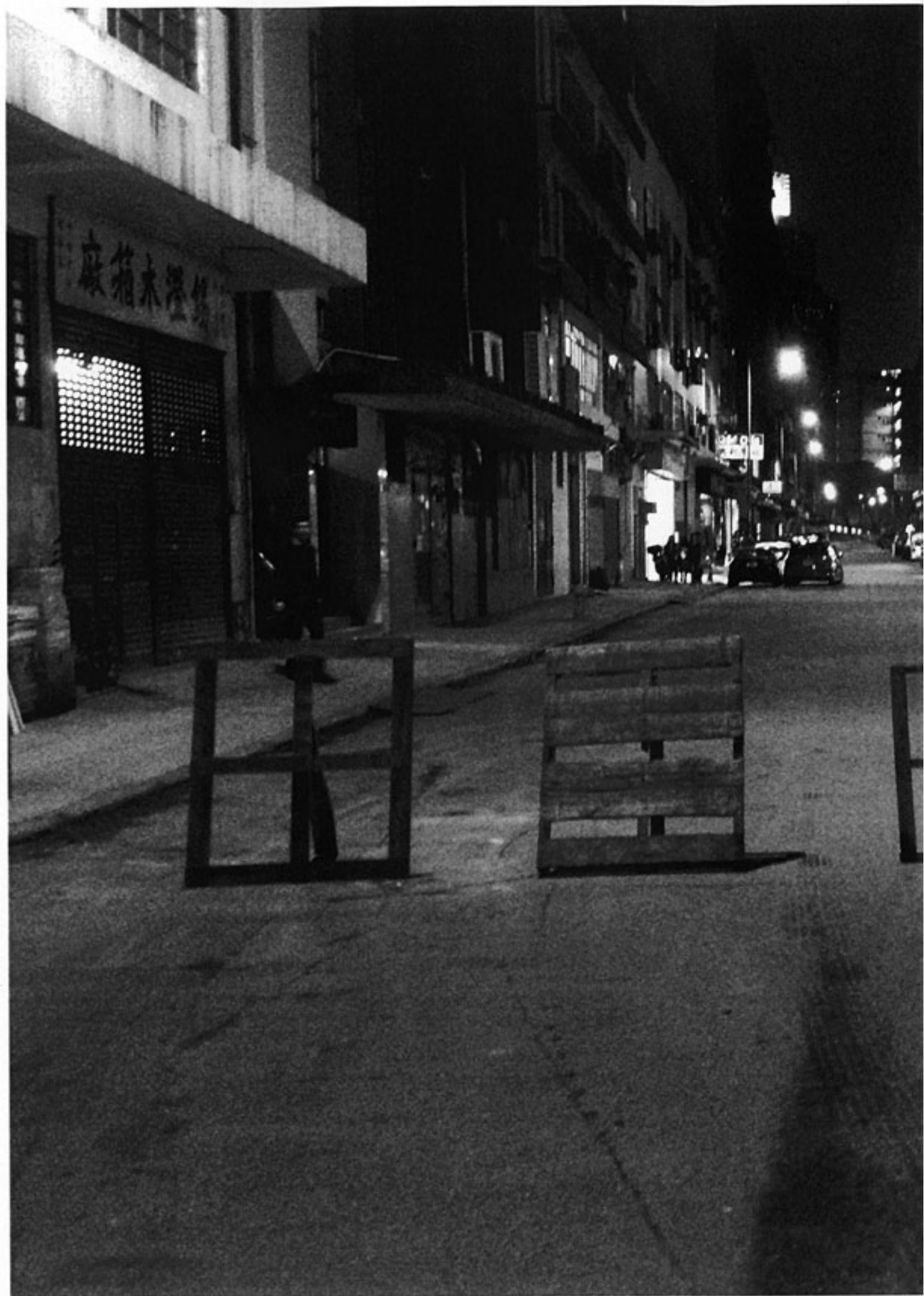
才能目击起源的战栗

而云层移动

山峰浮起

即将降临的夜幕更显大地的深沉







Hu Fang <hufang@vitamincreativespace.com>

5. Januar 2014 17:05

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Re: poem for the journey

2 Anhänge, 139 KB

形成 The becoming

Hu Fang

*My dear friend who is getting ready to depart
-I had been longing to be your companion
yet I am tangled up with my routine
Now, I could only silently gaze at
your supposedly returning path
Between the dawn and dusk
Between the brightest star and the dimmest soul
Between promise and betrayal*

Prologue - to my friend who is getting ready to depart

1

Tunneled through a smoggy
motorway which lingers on the mountain
All at once I found myself nailed down my feet in front of a boundless, enormous dam
In that place there was tricolor waves swirling:
copper-ish sulphur
blackish auburn iron
grayish lead and zinc
as if the fissure and the rift etched on the earth
Wantonly meshing, coagulating
On the deserted land
land that deserted human

The village foregone
woven with the wild grass
prolonged blazing sunshine
Bamboo and musa basjoo have gradually found out
how to comfort the wounded nerve of the mountain range

In between the crease of time
Universe elongates
As if body's stretching
—you slightly turn you back
What beyond the deserted land
startlingly an animistic land come into your sight:

It is almost a hidden garden under the cliff
The grace of labouring
has lighted up the flaring firewood, disperses the misty mountain mist
smoke rising up from the back of mud wall
Awaiting
Our descendants
Our descendants might could from the track of the circular time
have a new starting over
landing on your feet on the muddy puddle pavement

We still could not forecast
how long we still need to walk
just to witness the tremendous origin
And stratus slides
faulting peak floating upon
The destined lowering of night curtain stressed the melancholy of the land

2

Today
in the underground
everyone is phubbing
A girl had just broken into laughter
Leaning against you, a chubby woman
is transmitting tender signal to you
with her gently trembling body

The escalator the underground exit leads to
have been out of order for so long
Whilst the television commercial
Murmuring numerous declaration restlessly to people
You guess you could once again
continue with the daily recital in your mind
"Today I successfully touched the base of the Line 3 carriage
Today I could tolerate
suspending in the air
the spit and the bubbles of speeches and the plaza crowd
Tolerate the youths who stroke their mobile screens at all time
they are sending their warmest greeting to their buddies in illness"

In this manner
I guess I could sit on the pedestrian road
endure with the falling dusk
getting myself joining the homeless team

I clearly know I could not
become a starry night
But at least I could turn into
those inescapable
shadows of humans

3

I am on the plaza of the inverted time
seeing myself walking towards this life-changing tipping point:
Once again I squeezed few books
in the overloaded rucksack
I foresaw myself on my future journey
keep leaving books on the road I walked across

Expecting there would be someone picking them up
- In the soon be happened warfare
the existing books seem redundant

I just hope
The ignited thought by the flame of war
Could turn your crystalized existence
into red hot through smithing
Becoming the red hue of dusk
that human could not be wiped away

At this moment
I could get my Gardening book
left in the forest
The book of cookery
handed over to human
The book of geology
returned to the earth

(Translated from Chinese by Zoie)











1.

It is so short
that the sequence is unclear
and therefore:

a dip - a string - a flip
a slap - a slit -
a flush,

exoticism,

the order of hot cold hot cold fried bird frozen in a spasm.

(I'm still reluctant to reveal the extent
of horror
caused by your confidence
in this duality.
But given my disloyalty
I'm stuck too,
betraying freezing heat.
Imagine that heresy:
boiling both ways.)

2.

But wait, here, eight nine hours ago, arrested in calm terror of last minute check, prep travel props and items, here's where to go, things to forget, keys, cards, and me slide down cab leather cleavage and as always in the fold of departure I never dare to change that one name though you know better than identity security biometry, though know well from years of letters sent that wrong address always: true address, and attempts of fooling into naivety: vain. A change of name which would not be allowed to be asked for by whom to be aware of behind the door. But then my name is never what it is and owns its luxury of getting carried around. Ask not who enters nor why but wonder how. Travel will take care of ways of becoming strange beyond guests faint ghostlike, similarly illnesses have offered escape from hospitals. Scarves and scars.

3.

Technology's obscene(?) jouissance,
my face a smear across the horizon
every hour stretched 500 miles,
laughing at gases.

What should follow is an account of how limbs organized in angles - and resting against tangents to a history of standardization and hijackers, black box fantasies, sexualized rituals of service, and performers of safety instructions - reassure a sense of belonging if not here in the body despite organs. Organs, that find comfort in the hallucinatory discomfort and in the degrees of pain involved according to class (Business, Economy, Personnel, Pilots, etc.) and place (aisle, window, exit, rear, front, cockpit) as they swallow sandwiched bad vs bad technology, nature in between.

My PVC and your phlegm, in inseparable fits and shivers, is dry-flushed into stratosphere.

Hum of air as condition, conditioned hums and burps,
a speed condition, an airplane full of sweat.

Grid hum, phase jitter, cough echo.

We fly. Echo,

it's karaoke turtles
all the way down.

4. The comfort of limping will not be exhausted by panicking moires of foot work and shadows where coupled eyes take async for exile. That mistake again.
5. A borrowed throw of you know will not abolish and so forth.
6. The sky above was the color of television and you all watercolors on Skype.

7.

I had just got used to my limping again:

with soft hard left foot right foot hot step cold step
red through Living Mall in Middle Kingdom center land,
centered and balanced against a caved mountain to return to,
a turnover mountain inside lean-to,
a move is that not quite half step,
a borrowed fall into.

It was not a question of direction nor of where to eat sleep fuck that would unhinge a house: a house and its views, its futures from where you couldn't see it, its lies and folds that house you. But had that neighbor even asked, left a sticky note instead of a name: "start here (not here)", from where it became forever impossible to lean back into once accommodating disbeliefs.

Inhale hot hot cold alien before the encounter,
before the encounter
before the encounter obstructs falling.

Scales and balances organize names and war of names,
weighed twice - spliced - yes-no - more on this side
and whose hand is holding string.

You say look a something like a sign
a half step, half betrayal line







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時間紀念碑 跨時間紀念



時間紀念碑 跨時間紀念



建行金
您的黄金之选

鸿润羽绒被
羽绒被制造专家

车次	到站	发车	站名
07411	10:02	25A	天津站
07415	10:14	27A	天津站
G1906	10:16	A12, 12B	天津站
G6013	10:17	9A, 9B	天津站
G532	10:23	15A, 15B	天津站
07713	10:25	A20	天津站
07709	10:30	A22	天津站
G1136	10:36	5A, 5B	天津站

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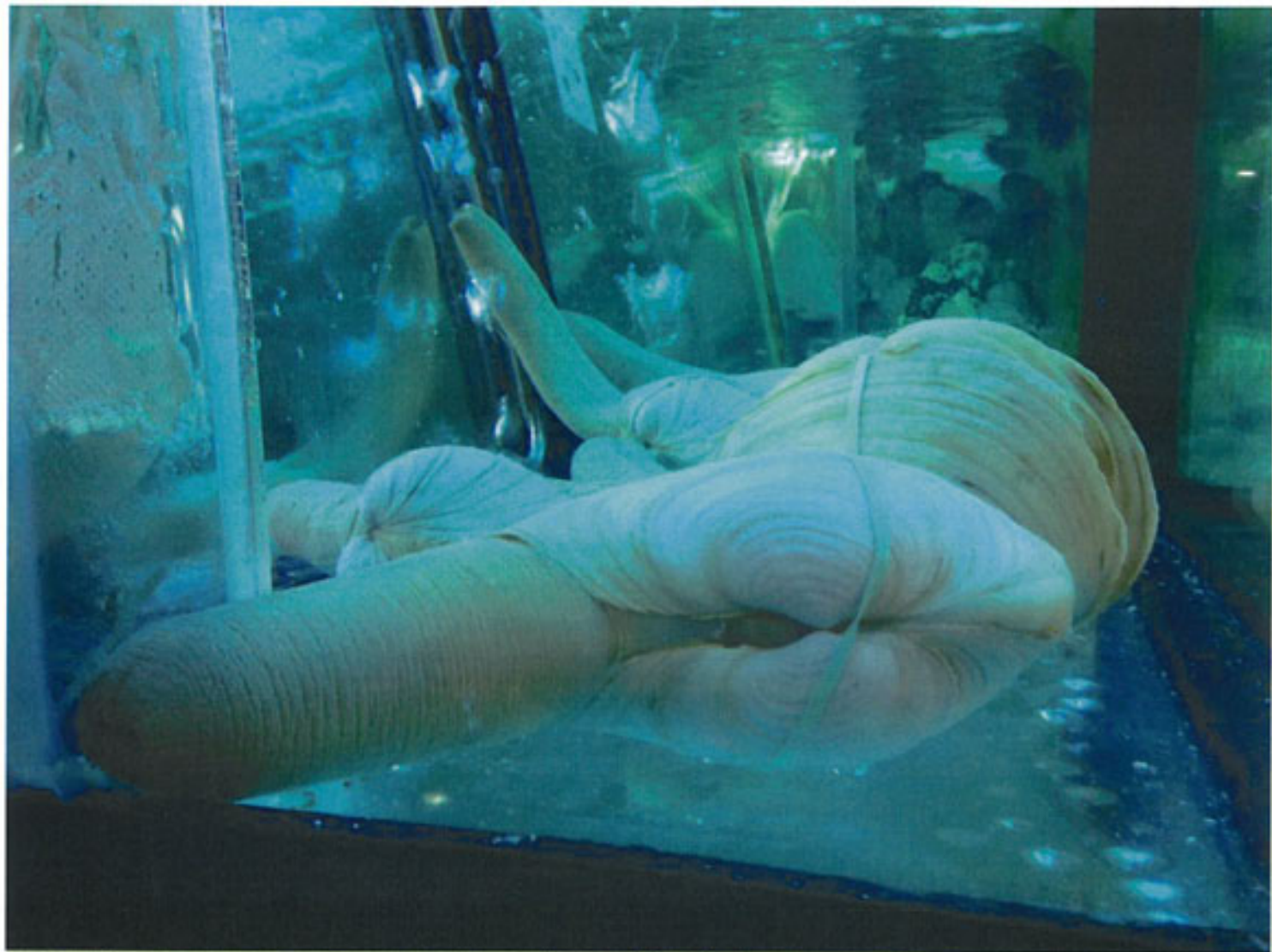
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爽爽爽爽



末代皇帝





象鼻蚌









Vitamin Creative Space
29 Hao, HengYiJie
510300, Guangzhou

14-01-2014
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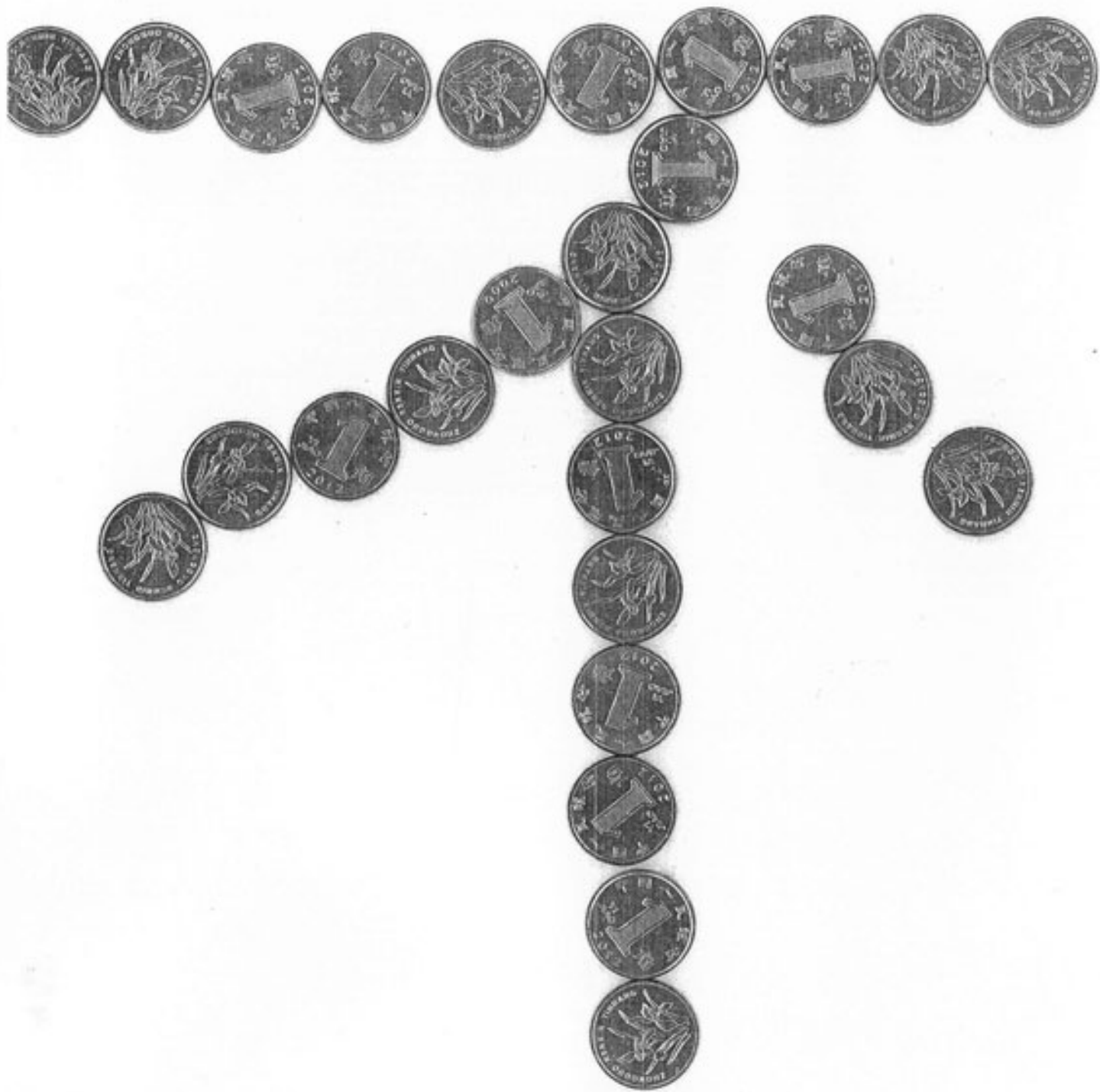
TOTAL TIME	45
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** Thanks for your visit! **

This receipt is a work of art and a
certificate of authenticity.

No 38 ###

time registered
please keep receipt



ERROR: syntaxerror
OFFENDING COMMAND:







52.543144, 13.403716

55.685971, 12.579694

32.062546, 34.760043

31.898328, 35.202908

50.83941, 4.376206

-8.237418, 115.379402

9.009763, 38.761758

38.696631, -9.189453

51.508423, -0.099619

56.314147, -35.049240





请使用下一个站点写一首诗中国！
你可以使用谷歌翻译。

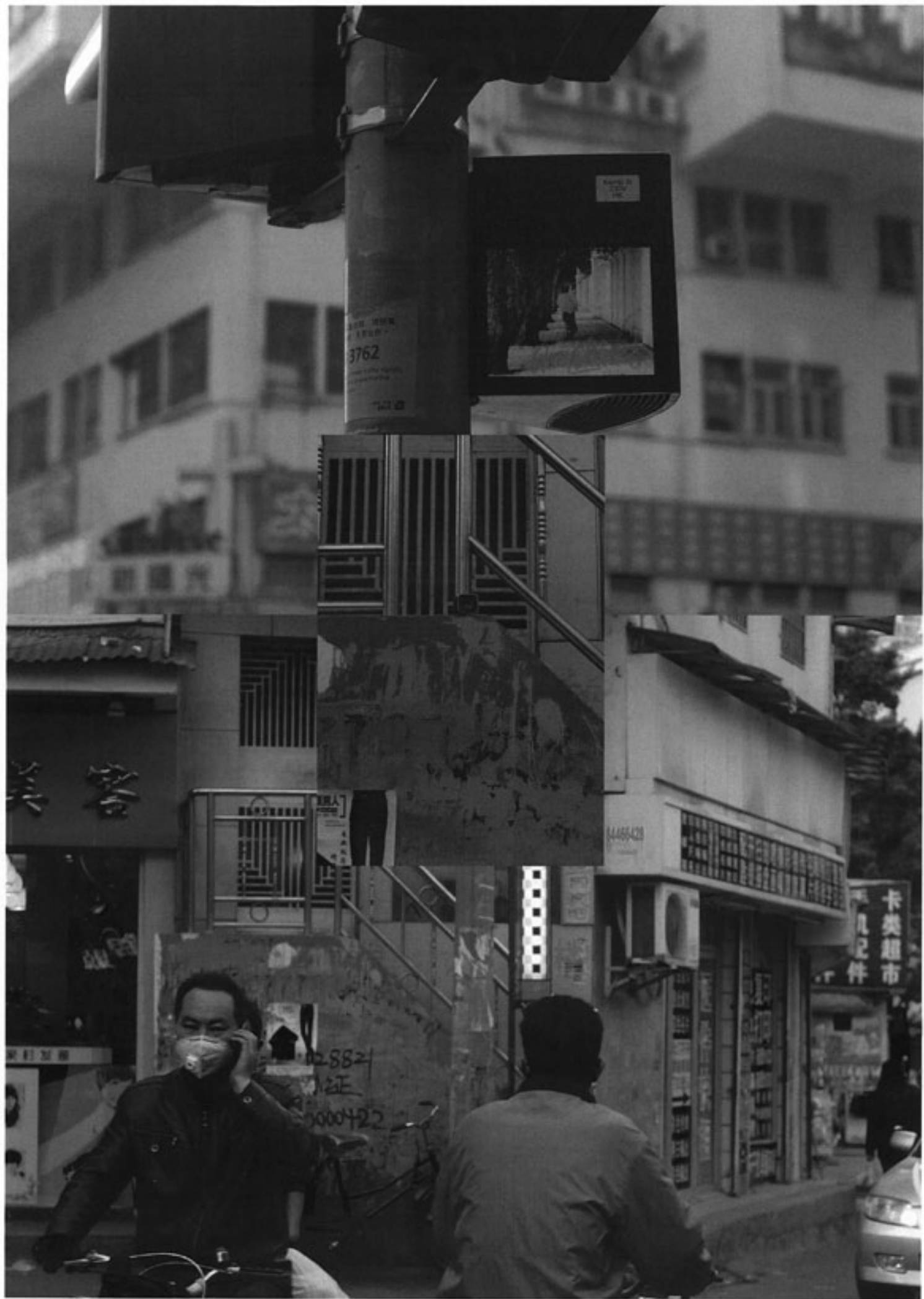
谢谢您！
你真诚的，
Vinzenz 雷氏

Please use the next page to write
a Chinese poem! You can use
Google translate.

Thank you!
Sincerely yours,
Vinzenz Reinecke

SOUND WALK

[With a group or alone, walk through part of a city without speaking for at least 30 minutes. While walking, give continuous and focused attention to the loudest sound you hear around you by looking in every direction in which you hear something.]



等待!



准☒!



去!





Nina Schuiki <ninaschuiki@gmail.com>

Xoxo

Nina Schuiki <ninaschuiki@gmail.com>

15. Januar 2014 18:00

An: fotini lazaridou-hatzigoga <fotini@iwishicoulddescribeittoyoubetter.net>

Hej fotini i am going to weave through a skyscraper this morning between 10-12.if you are interested to join.sleep well

[notes on site-specific dimensions for a future planned action , Red Thread]

32 x 3 / ca. 100 m

32 floors

1 m = 5

50 m = ? 350

7 m = 35

1 m = 7

1 m = 1,6

50 m ? 80

?

45 = ~ 78

19

150 m





钱不可吞食

钱 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨

钱 钱

食 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨 丨

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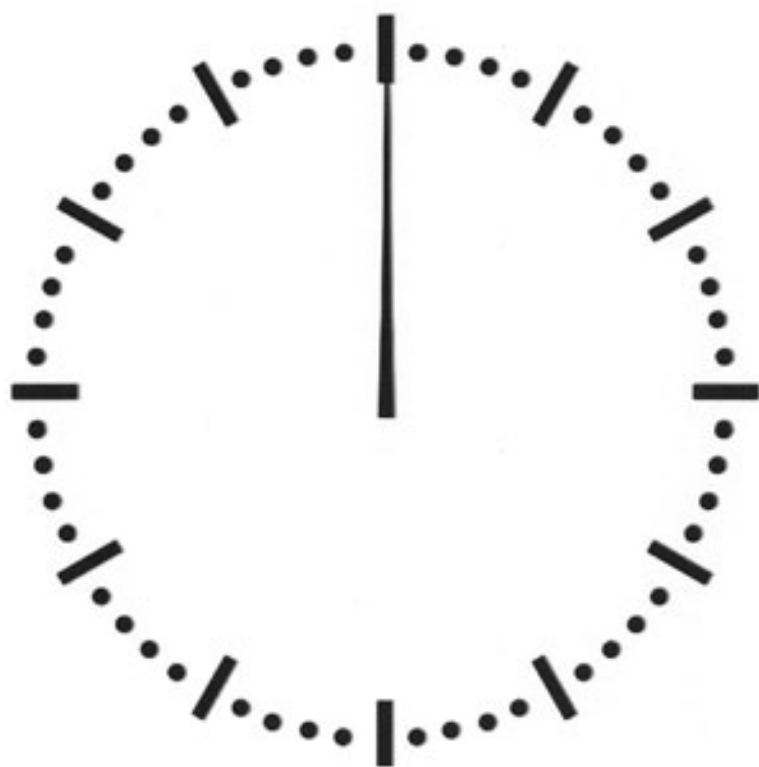
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20





一面之缘 A One-Time Meeting

文/李丽莎
Text / Lisa Li

2014.1
January 201

我刚到保安休息室门口,Nina 和在一旁打扫的保洁大妈就不约而同地向我走来。

I had just arrived to door of the rest area when Nina and a cleaning mama walked coincidentally together over in my direction.

保洁大妈笑着跟我搭讪：“我刚才在那里扫地，她跟我挥手，让我不要弄坏她的相机。”我使用英语问一旁的 Nina。原来是她们语言不通而产生误会，Nina 当时跟她挥手说，是让她如常打扫即可。听完解释，大妈捂嘴笑，又补充道：“里面那个保安还跟我说：她是我们的贵宾，你快走开，不要来这里捣乱！呵呵，我们都听不懂她说话！”

Cleaning Mama smiled and struck a conversation with me: "I was just cleaning there, and she waved at me telling me not to break her camera." I asked Nina in English. Actually it was a language miscommunication. At the time Nina waved at her and said it was okay to continue her cleaning as normal. After I heard the explanation, Cleaning Mama covered her mouth, laughed and added: "The security guard inside even told me that she is our special guest, hurry and get out of the way, don't cause a disturbance! Haha, we don't understand what she's saying at all!"

就这样，我和大妈聊了起来。

That's how Cleaning Mama and I started a conversation.

大妈说，这里做保洁的工人都来自中国各地，有一小部分是来自这附近的村子的，她就是四村的人，这个五矿·哈施塔特小镇所在正是鸡麻地八村。大妈想多赚点钱，她两个年轻的儿子都还未婚。因为觉得太辛苦，她关了经营十多年的水果店，去年初来到这里做保洁。她一个月挣个一千出头，但现在新来的保洁员工资却高出几百元，等下个月她一年合同满再续签的时候，她应该可以和别人拿得一样多了。

Cleaning Mama said all the cleaning staff here come from different parts of China, some of them from the villages nearby, and she is from Sicun, which is one of the 8 proper villages of Wukuang Halstatt, Jimadi village. She wants to earn a bit more money, because her two young sons have not married yet. Cleaning Mama closed the fruit store she had operated for over ten years because the work was too tough, and at the beginning of last year she came here to work as a cleaning lady. She makes a bit over 1,000 RMB a month, but the newcomers are making a few hundred more already. When her contract finishes next month, she'll be able to make the same amount as them.

大妈说，来这里拍婚纱的人把垃圾弄得到处都是，你若去说他，反而会被骂。那天这路边就停着一个轿车，有个女人开着车门吃瓜子，扔了满地瓜子壳。大妈上前指责，人家就偏不承认。这样让大妈生气的事情有能多，她能说出一个又一个。我问她是否喜欢在这样漂亮的地方上班，是否希望自己的村子也能变成这样，她说：“那肯定嘛！”

Cleaning Mama says that the people who come here to take their wedding photos toss their rubbish everywhere, and if you try to say something to them you only get cursed in return. One day a carriage stopped here by the road, and a woman eating melon seeds opened the door, throwing her seeds all over the place. Cleaning Mama came to her to say something, and they wouldn't take responsibility. There are all kinds of incidents like this that make her angry, she can go on and on about it. I asked her if she likes to work in a beautiful place like this, if she wishes her own village to be as beautiful as this. She replies, "Of course!"

大妈说，这里的物业管理处有经常四处巡察的“监工”，他们会偷拍下员工坐在楼梯上聊天偷懒的镜头，不声不响地回办公室放到公司电脑上，第二天你就要自觉带二十元罚款上班。似乎这些人是大妈最害怕的人，而不是物业部的领导，至少就在地撑着扫把跟我滔滔不绝地聊天时，那位随

我前来的领导就一直站在我身后打电话，不知是她全然不屑，还是全然不识？

Cleaning Mama says that the management here is constantly overseeing the area, and they will catch surveillance footage of the workers when they sit on the stairs being lazy. They'll sneakily report it on the computers of the office, and the next day there's a fine of 20 yuan to pay. It seems as if these are the people that Cleaning Mama is afraid of the most, not even the manager. At least during the time that she's sweeping the floor and chatting to me, I couldn't tell if she despised the manager that stood next to me talking on the phone or was unaware of him?

我们的聊天结束后没多久，大妈突然提着扫把神色慌张地从一旁的绿化带中向我小跑过来，抓起我的胳膊就把我拉进树荫下，我顺着她的手指看去：路前方是两个西装白领的高个男子四处张望的背影。“哎呀，吓死我啦！好在我走得快啊，差点就拍到我在这里和你讲话啦！”大妈庆幸地跟我分享她的好运气。

Not long after we finished chatting, Cleaning Mama came running over to me again in a flustered way with her broom in hand. She grabbed my elbow and pulled me under the shade of a tree and I followed where her finger was pointing: on the path ahead there were two tall men wearing western suits with their backs toward us. Cleaning Mama shared with me her good fortune: "Oh no, that scared me to death! Thank goodness I left quickly, otherwise I would have been filmed talking to you!"

大妈当年开水果店时，什么水果都卖，少不了惠州本地的大蕉。看着绿化带里种的一种类似芭蕉的树，她说那是供人看的，长不出蕉来，现在她卖水果的旧同行们都还给她打电话：你快回来卖大蕉啊，大蕉现在好好卖哇！

When Cleaning Mama had the fruit store, she would sell every kind of fruit, especially the big bananas that Huizhou specialises in. On the green area you can see what looks like a plantain tree; she says they're all looked after by the workers. When the bananas don't come in, the new owners of her old fruit shop will still call her: hurry up and come back to sell bananas, they are selling well!





breathing through the eye







Blandness: that phase when different flavors no longer stand in opposition to each other but, rather, *abide within* plenitude. It provides access to the undifferentiated foundation of all things and so is valuable to us; its neutrality manifests the potential inherent in the Center. At this stage, the real is no longer blocked in partial and too obvious manifestations; the concrete becomes discrete, open to transformation.

The blandness of things evokes in us an inner detachment. But this quality is also a virtue, especially in our relations with others, because it guarantees authenticity. It must also lie at the root of our personality, for it alone allows us to possess all aptitudes simultaneously and to summon the appropriate one in any given situation.

On this common ground of the bland, all currents of Chinese thought — Confucianism, Daoism, Buddhism — converge in harmonious accord. None of these systems conceives of it as an abstraction (for the purposes of establishing a theory) or, at the opposite extreme, as ineffable (in the service of some mystical calling). But it is precisely the bland that the arts of China reveal to us through their uncluttered spareness and allusive depths.

By taking us to the limits of the perceptible, that place where perceptions assimilate and nullify each other, the bland brings us to experience a world beyond. But this movement does not open up onto another, metaphysical world, cut off from the senses. It simply unfurls and expands this world (the only one): drained of its opacity, returned to its original, virtual state, and opened up — forever — to joy.

from Francois Jullien, *In Praise from Blandness*







aiww

3 weeks ago



isaacdanzer, appypollyloggy, pirat
this.



handysixdeuce

Who are these grunts @aiww



biafobia

:o



adrianchen0714

like homeless



crayolus

kurt cobain is back jajaja



wangchao2207

外国友人



dqdd

一帮傻彪



xphoenixc

有点像全世界无产者联合起来, |



muniqy

Haha @crayolus that's what I wa:



cchangy

Where r u ??:3



Leave a comment...



MEATING AI WEMEI



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I STIR super edited Teacher Hoe don't hang to dead waiting land e

And Danish men sound like robots sometimes And life lines exist a rye And we the used economy And performances work with one mind

And only the word cloud floats

We all knew that Helsinki's airport is used to grow chickens in the future; asylum centers be where the slices are sold, political confinements of control and other dedicated analysis

He wanted to go to China to check if China really exists

All the air in a plane starts in the first class and is fanned from the front to the back of the plane. First class colds. Hard breathing in the economy class.

I had to babysit his feelings, oh oh oh

I was trolled over 9000 times

We start up We couldn't even afford You were thinking about And where we are there is

About yes it is an amazing space but it's Illegal to be a balloon in the north

The unique thing about you is by chance the will

This is ink art

I think we know two things

Thanks ahead of time

Just to name a few names, You

This is a learning center which actually depends on what can't This is 40% of what is They understood the idea of staking I think Ok is a very fine airport

We talked internally for a few days

No one else thought of the details we didn't go into

We collected a lot of things about amazing

Two words

We lived here and said lots of things This is what you are doing now DO you like that piece of shit by McCarthy

We had a big clear rubber duck

Here is my dead grandmother

The triangle I want to put in the frame is a circle

THIS IS THE LAST FERRY !

Last ferry

Last ferry

Last ferry

Last ferry

Last ferry
Last ferry
Last ferry
Last ferry

We screamed THIS IS THE LAST FERRY LAST FERRY because it was the last ferry and the last ferry was leaving

In other words we *kept on searching for a heart of gold, I'd been a minor for a heart of gold*

Because life splits you open Because happy drink Because convey Because brutal politeness buries

Because in the exhibition Rocky 3 Drego kills the cold war Creed

This totally freaked me
out

There is a I don't know, it travels Welcome to China

If our days were numbered our names were not trees

In the north it is ILLEGAL to be a balloon

And the importance of not ever understanding you And 'tainting South American vividness & Polish goodbyes

In Italy when you with very hard you work like a German , when in Germany I forget

Again we remembered HE said 'art is what makes life more interesting than art', or the other way around. And I am positive I have other answers in my head fang.

Once a Chinese reporter asked everybody what kind of China do you really want? It took forever. At the end everyone wanted a China without hurry. And the sweater knit itself. maybe we ate the egg while it was in the hen

Since you didn't gush I can flower See you later Oceans razor Making a quick carpet from many lines of thought

HE says 'AN ACT WHICH WOULD OBLITERATE THE CONDITIONS OF THE OPTION'. BUT WHAT DOES THIS MEAN word garden?

Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi
Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi
Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi
Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi Kohlrabi

During her practice she discovered get it

Gardening in the extends I mean
Welcome toy guilt forest

On January 17, 2013, we drop a dry sponge in a bucket of water; Happy birthday art!

It's the fibers of differing lengths hooking into each other in opposite directions at different times that starts the twist scaling up, and then those pairs of fibers hooking into each other in opposite directions at different lengths and those pairs if three now hooking into each other in opposite directions again again again

Do you remember the part of middle march where the character is taught to learn how to read the words without understanding the language. Art thou 100%?

Maybe the seed thinks the soil into soil. In one tablespoon of soil there are 1.2quintrillion places to connect into the seeds springing roots in spring, so reads THE HISTORY OF SHIT so barb me HOW TO WRITE A POEM, Myakovsky says this



The Just Noticeable Differences, Unit 731 for example. For example, how do we reject the thing (google, residencies, market hungry kindness) with it giving the things more power , the hydra head. For example, phytoremediate that fucker and. For example, it will just eat your brain and your brain will be a little provocative for example.

Rike said a diagonal Kippenberger shook his hand as a one minute poem (und jetzt kommt mein Lieblingsgedicht (schüttelt hand schüttelt hand schüttelt hand schüttelt hand schüttelt hand) And he was laughing And on his own, And laughing is part of the power And I felt precisely not there We could try to be fries

Someone climbed into my poem and hung a dirty sock in this line

We were at A lot. A lot sucked. We lost A lot. We missed A lot. Let A lot return. Goodbye A lot.

If the dog is lost then found then decays and decades and wakes to bark the heart "Oh, Sariputra, Form Does not Differ From the Void, And the Void Does Not Differ From Form. Form is Void and Void is Form; The Same is True For Feelings, Perceptions, Volitions and Consciousness."

I always forget this word

Twist says you really must name your sheep Margaret. Dins agrees. Mary does not. But to do this name you must have a feeling for Margret. You will ask all the sheep sheep by sheep if they are Margaret. The sheep that is Margaret will nod her head. You see, I met a sheep once in a Tibetan river. The sheep had never eaten. Except cigarettes. The sheep was a reincarnation of an ex-monk. Every village person says so. The say the monk was so bad in life as a monk when he died he became a sheep. The sheep was Margaret. I don't know why it is a punishment to become a sheep. I don't know why Margaret. here are lower beasts. It was taboo to touch Margaret. So Margaret was always alone. Never allowed in the herd. Even the other sheep knew. This was 25 years ago. It is true because I was there.

This on the edge if what can be said

Let the OK sleep for now Let the I think go Let know take looms Maybe the key makes keys relevant

Make a note of the entrance to fangs head. Make a note of exercising kitchens. Make a note of putting an ice cream cone in someone's hand and asking then to hold it while you run into the store and then leave out the back door to meet your friends in the opposite roof and hunker to see how long they melt down.

1,000,000 years ago Robert Filliou declared that art started by someone dropping a sponge into a bucket of water precisely. He first proposed "Art's Birthday" in 1963, January 17. And the toad dreams of waking a swan.

This means you prepare something on that something which is happening, from my understanding.

In the Invisible Bank Cloud, Angel says when the giant sheep gains more hair we gain a sweater, but what kind of guy would sew a sweater while the wool is on the sheep

and it is like you are not a cup of tea

I have nothing to declare,
fucker

Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed
Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed
Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed Button pressed

If you don't have tickets, then the report cards will not be accepted.

and HE says 'if I was a bird I would sing with my hoarse voice'

The things never build were found Eggs all over the place
And the Dali Lama, if you know what I mean...

In the Dimness, agreeing Sources agreed

in the Sing period, movements were organized. Built objects were sited. Water & clouds sounds were shown as
not. I guess science. To open up to the times was to be timing shorn. Discussions were helpful. And invoking.
Prayer beads were make out of monks' skulls. In winter water was spread over 200km of road to scoot the
largest stones on the frozen mat. It was common knowledge not to feed your fighting cricket food from the
markets and restaurants. The pesticides and scree. We sat together to be alone. That was easy. And we had

Shredded baby turtle Ox tripe Marinated pig trotter -and knuckle with fragrant sauce - intestines A back back
seat Charcoal baked frog Special flavor roast chicken feet Slivers pomfret Scallops lamb kidneys oysters crab on
the same page , braised fish Bullfrog, fried rabbit head, wings Roasted lamb testicles Gristle kebab Cured
things Duck lotus fern root chrysanthemum's with sauce Preserved eggs Alga Radish Blended delicacies Blended
Towel gourd stems Fragrant Meat rolls, Mini sweet potatoes, Abalone mutton goose backstrap stripe
curdballpaste, edible throat with cumin , bamboo, torpedo fish, special flavored Preserved fruit combinations
Pine nuts, Carl, catfish , snakehead stewed kidney, ox brisket Scalded towel gourd stems Shaman schools Instant
lettuce Gathered Four treasures gathered jelly, top grade Lily, top year thirty year things , top grade one hundred
year things , top grade poached things, dragon tea, bread, pumpkin, mother fruit, pear juice, music, self made
duck, dickweed, crab roe, fragrant green things, Fragrant human flavored things, fragrant Black fungus salads ,
Top grade dicey things , Everything had a picture taken from above. Those who fled

I put two art porcelain sun flower seeds into the other real sunflower seeds. It would only hurt a little.

What is interesting is the basement. We simply don't yet understand the complex structure of the tea bag.

To receive them, rear meant north, borrowed views out were inward looking, water pooled pond-centered in the
front Hedged by the rockery drawing focus away. Dislodged and plastered Viewing in stillness Requiring
obeisance.

On the way out, I left behind My speckle-glazed waist drum My posited Ewer with floral Bird My white glazed
bit shaped pillow My warming bowl with tube-shaped ears My tricolor pottery fugitive of a west Asian merchant
leading a camel with a monkey on his back My rubbing of Stele inscriptions about the spiritual protectors of
kilns My blue and white fish with a garden My blue and white melon shaped vessel of concubines frolicking
with nine dragons in the sea and chicken head spout My favorite tripod with five mouths My red flag with
colorful clouds My golden textile tube My quoting whip My insignias from the 13th year My large drive carving
and 200km ice floor to scoot the carving

Please return the automatic guide.





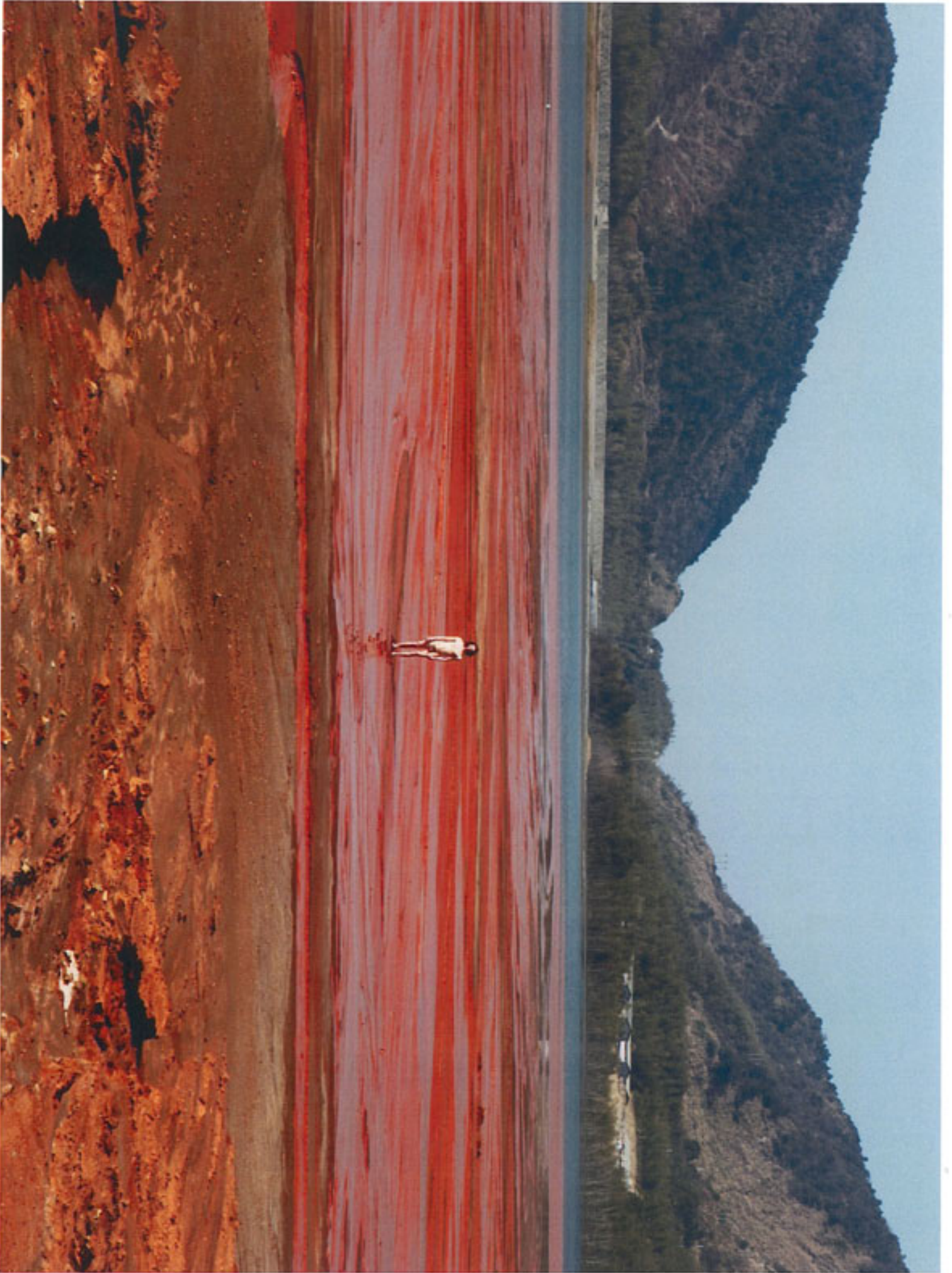
Jan. 24. 2014

Beijing Railwaystation

a distorted voice is heard from a loudspeaker, repetitively, in chinese saying something like:
"I heard you would like it here, even if you've never been before, and even if you've never even
heard of it before."









A dream I dreamt in a forest

Yuichiro Tamura

I slept for two nights in the urban village in Guangzhou, China. While asleep I caught a strange dream. I told people I met about the dream. They offered objects to help exercise the dream. I paid them for their things. The dream materializes.

Three day weekend

Many people with a fork in one hand are making a column in the Restaurant

I drink at the end of the train with a friend.

There is window next to the bed. A monk suggests not to look in this window.

The friend is floating in the air over the frogs.

A white porcelain cow on the orchid.

Time passes. Hanging in the room, something I do not know.

Numerous peanuts in the sky.

An man does not work because of the pain in his hip.

I do not want to hit my little toe on the foot of the desk.

Outside it is cold. Even to imagine hitting my toe is painful.

Another friend waits in the cold for two hours.

Quickly I run down the hill careful to avoid the approaching train.

A married woman goes outside two times a year. Now she to waits in the square of a castle.

The man scrubs the body of a naked woman.

Animals who are intertwined overlap.

Many gloves of two colors.

The dog runs away with the towel I throw into the road.

The cymbal is dropped from an airplane.

The cymbal rolls up the road.

It stops when hitting a tree on the other side of the road.

**NOTES from a TAG TEAM oral
translation with 贺潇 Fiona HE
of an artist talk by 李然 LI Ran.**

(so glad you were sleeping)

the moments after, rushed, I had the impulse to ask her if we should do it
in it again, like a

mance. perfor

what a difficult word!

**or exercise, or
marathon.**

They (you) use that word often, and we (you) can get
those subtle tones of
variation, like handwriting,

like speed,

(having written about the flowering sausage),

时间总是“正在经过”，把一切碎片化。
篝火的碎片四散，分头暗藏着火种。

肠满花

11/27
11/28
11/29
11/30
12/1
12/2
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12/5
12/6
12/7
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12/31

186
1927273

no be
superfluous
not to
state of
10/05/2021

can they
take on
this task
of
producing
art history

artists from
to enter art history
function of
artist
transition
ZHONG BUIAN
PROCESSOR
model
contemporary

using resources
in order to produce
"commodity squeeze"
"Atropolitan sphere"

commodification
or
services
and forms
of social
organization

Rike Siras
data.org.za
Uncontained. Openness
Community Arts Project
Archive

This history not everyone's
his subjective understanding
Artists have
historians

informal
cultural networks
↳ solidarity
support
safety
but also exclusiveness

part two of "this"
and part three of this else



part two of "this"
and part three of this else



((

China starts televising the sunrise on giant TV screens because Beijing is so clouded in smog

By [James Nye](#)

PUBLISHED: 00:04 GMT, 17 January 2014 | UPDATED: 16:29 GMT, 17 January 2014

The smog has become so thick in Beijing that the city's natural light-starved masses have begun flocking to huge digital commercial television screens across the city to observe virtual sunrises.

The futuristic screens installed in the Chinese capital usually advertize tourist destinations, but as the season's first wave of extremely dangerous smog hit - residents donned air masks and left their homes to watch the only place where the sun would hail over the horizon that morning.

Commuters across Beijing found themselves cloaked in a thick, gray haze on Thursday as air pollution monitors issued a severe air warning and ordered the elderly and school children to stay indoors until the quality improved.

Scroll down for video



© ChinaFotoPress via Getty Images

+5

Virtual sunlight: The LED screen shows the rising sun in Tiananmen Square which is shrouded with heavy smog on January 16, 2014 in Beijing, China. Beijing Municipal Government issued a yellow smog alert this morning

The air took on an acrid odor, and many of the city's commuters wore industrial strength face masks as they hurried to work.

'I couldn't see the tall buildings across the street this morning,' said a traffic coordinator at a busy Beijing intersection who gave only his surname, Zhang. 'The smog has gotten worse in the last two to three years. I often cough, and my nose is always irritated. But what can you do? I drink more water to help my body discharge the toxins.'

The city's air quality is often poor, especially in winter when stagnant weather patterns combine with an increase in coal-burning to exacerbate other forms of pollution and create periods of heavy smog for days at a time.

But the readings early Thursday for particles of PM2.5 pollution marked the first ones of the season above 500 micrograms per cubic meter.

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Westerners are so convinced China is a dystopian hellscape they'll share anything that confirms it

Twitter @qz

By Gwynn Guilford | @sinoceros | January 20, 2014



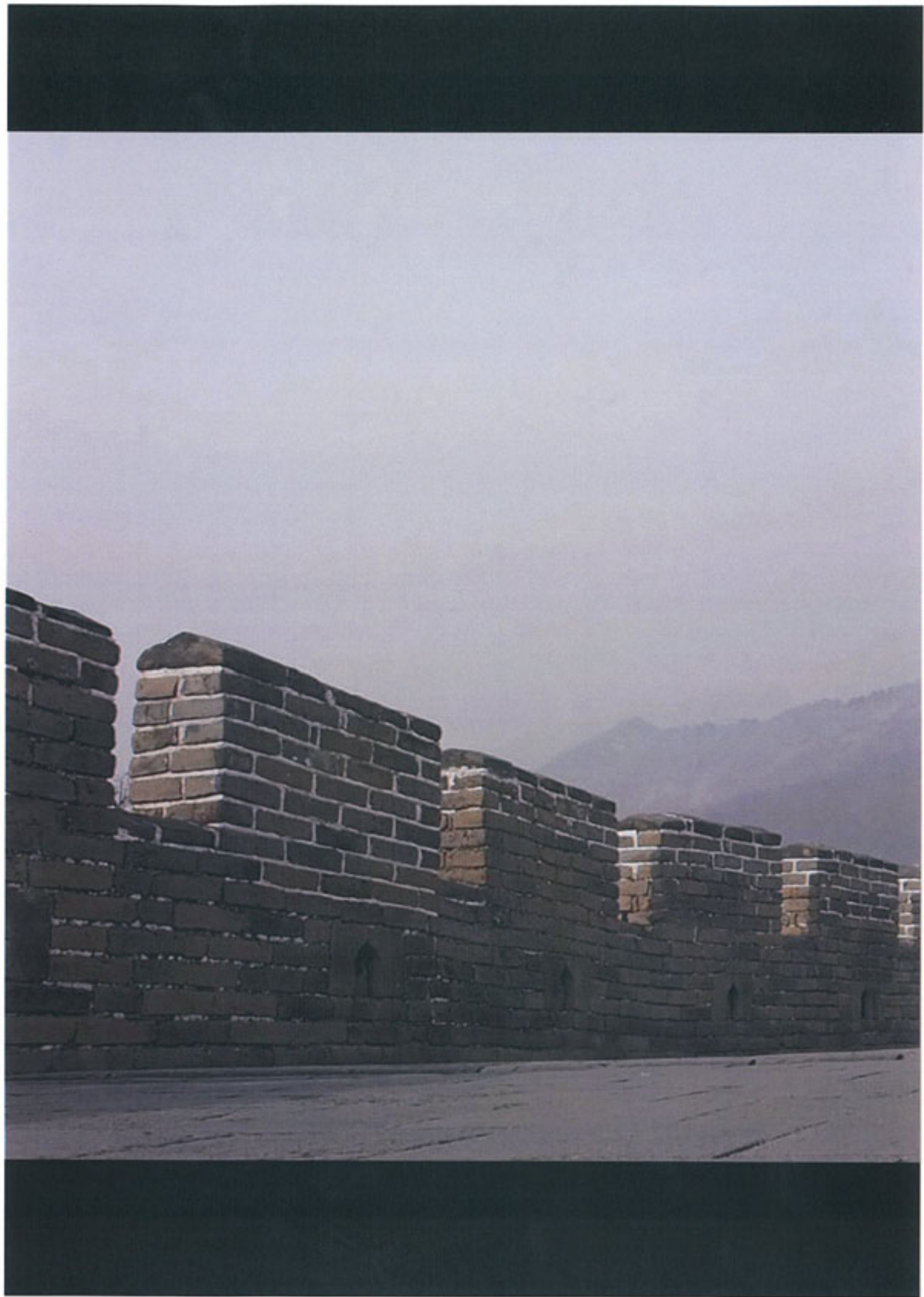
ChinaFotoPress/Getty Images, via Tech in Asia

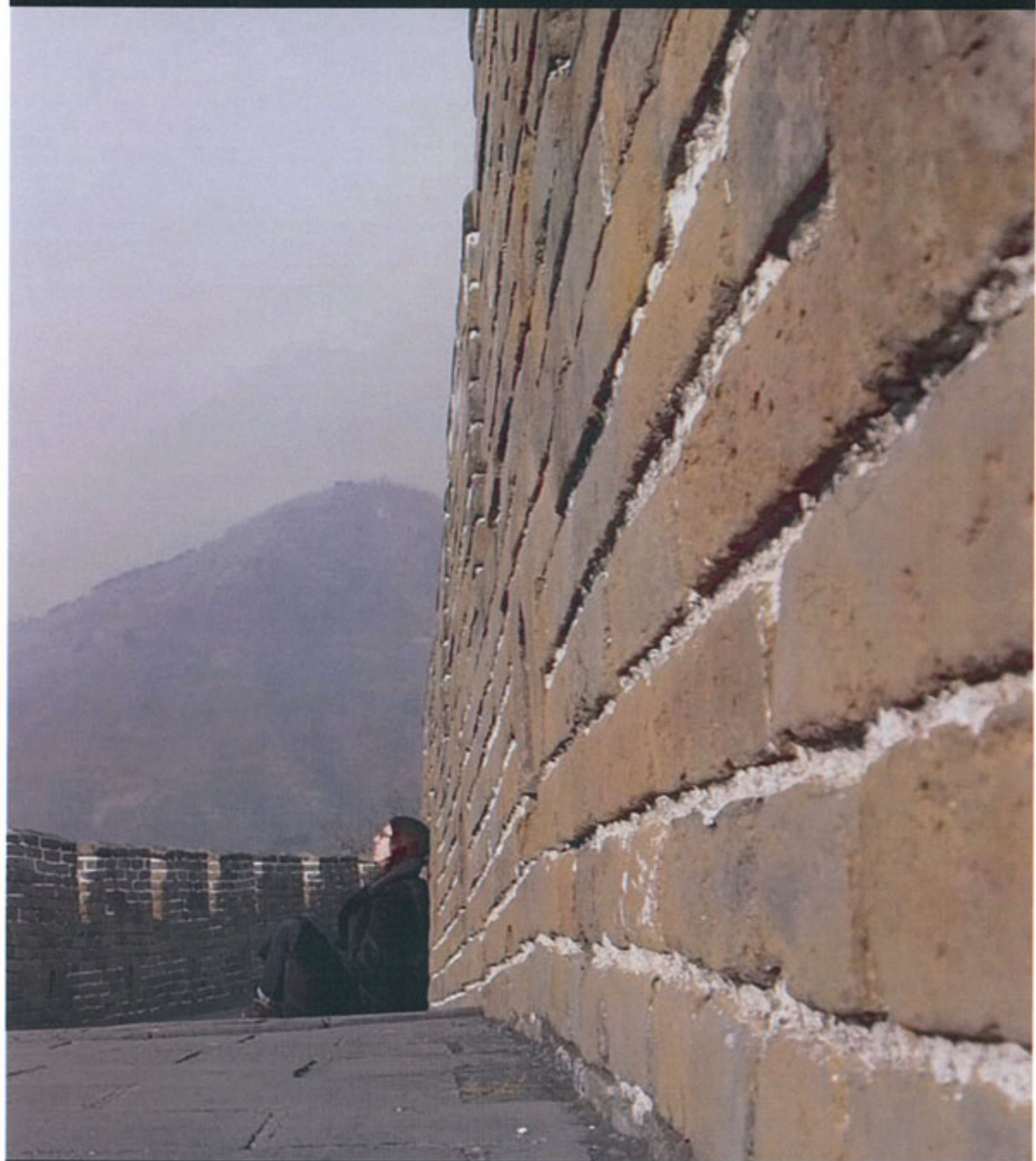
When it comes to China stories, people will believe almost anything. Take, for instance, the reports about pollution being so severe in Beijing that residents now watch radiant sunrises broadcast on a huge screen in Tiananmen Square.

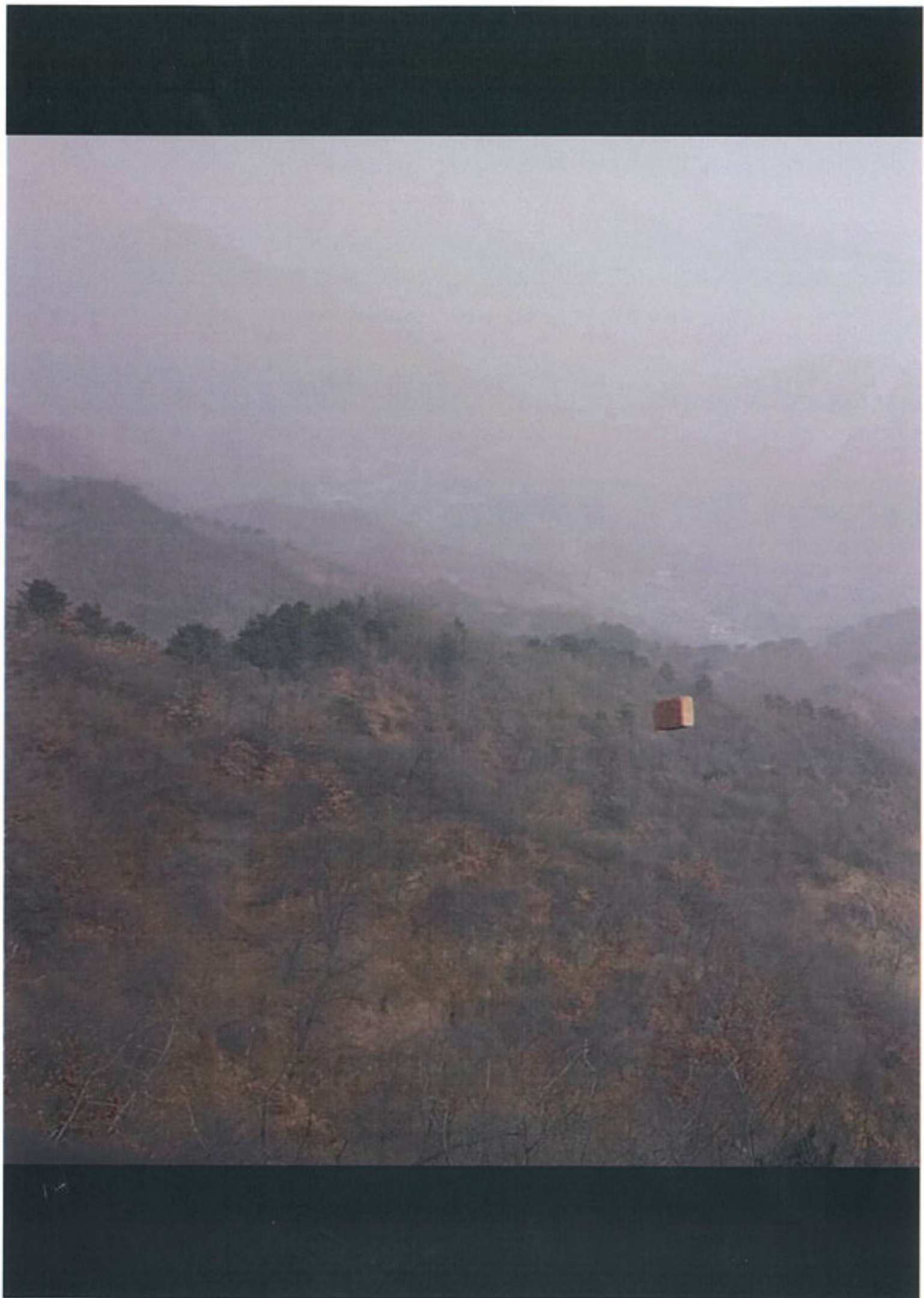
So, that never happened. As Tech in Asia flags, the sunrise is a clip from a tourism ad for Shandong province, in China's northeast; it's on screen for maybe 10 seconds or so per loop.

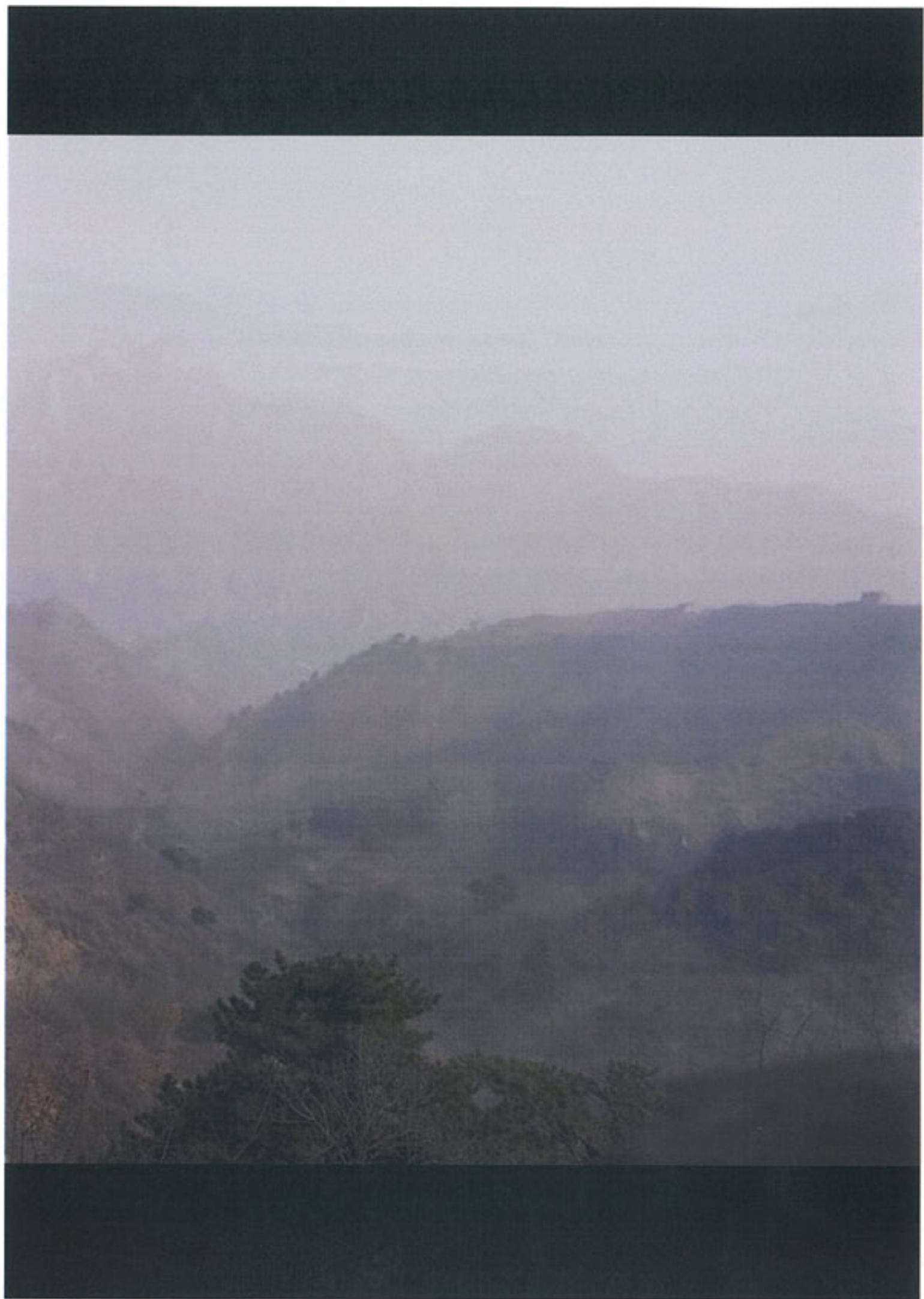
But that didn't prevent a slew of prominent media outlets—including Time, CBS News and the Huffington Post—from running the story, which originated in the UK-based Daily Mail, each taking their own liberties with the truth. The "glorious sunrise was broadcast as part of a patriotic video loop," explained Time.

How do stories like this happen? One reason is shabby journalism, something for which the Daily Mail is renowned. As TIA points out, the originator, a writer named James Nye, is based









I'm sitting here at the table with a slightly muggy fug in my head. Feeling mildly hung-over from the evening before. When I lay my hands on the surface, the white plastic coating of the wooden table, it feels cool – palms down.

This is my second trip to China: Or my first: Or my third. I'm not sure how literal or metaphorical I am. Okay, be literal – I've already been to China, three or so years ago – also with the Institute (kind of) – with O, C, S and Jeremias. About a week – a bit over – I spent the time in Beijing – perhaps I'll write about it later.

If I'm being literal – that was the only time that I was physically present in China. I like being literal; it can destroy romanticism, it stops you from building stories on weak foundations, it makes the reality of what you do more unique – heightens the vibrancy of what has actually been achieved – a meal without spices, pure unadulterated fluffy and crumbling potato meat | steaming | its internal heat melting the butter – softening and absorbing into the off white. Delicious. To say that I was in China just the once and not to tell extra metaphorical non-truths would be scrumptious – and maybe slightly braver.

I reach for some salt, pepper, cream cheese, bacon, a sprig of thyme. I become adulterous. This is my fourth trip to China.

A clock. Second. I sent it to the Institute so they could take it with them; it started and it started to travel around the world.

YOU CAN FIND THE AUTONOMOUS CLOCK HERE:
| www.theautonomousclock.com |

This gains time throughout the course of the day. This is a clock which ticks slower than usual clocks. This slowly moves to the east and synchronises with differing clocks in differing time zones. Every four days an hour. On the 28th of January 2014 this synchronised with China – three days after the Institute had left. I didn't join the rest of the Institute – I stayed in Berlin.

It was a melancholic feeling to be left behind – at least that is what I thought the feeling was due too – currently the Institute is around me. I'm still retaining the melancholia. In the final trip of the institute, you are reading the final book of the institute. Over the two week period I remember getting back home. In the evening.

Third.

Rune posted instant photos; nostalgic tints highlighting idyllic pre-conceptions. Yuichiro posted a picture of the Institute sitting in a semi-circle, all looking at a man who's talking in that impersonal way one does when in a semi-lecture setting. There is a monitor to his right. There's no caption to the photo. The person is most likely an artist or an architect or a thinker (we all think; it's probably a good guess). Remember looking at this image? Remembering Sao Paulo; this looked like the same kind of thing. Meeting new people one after the other in quick succession. Through recollection I feel now how I felt then. I joined the class in similar moments in the same way. Vinzenz posted his images of day to day happenings. This is a one sided, one directional, solitary connection – but let's not be negative. I saw an image of Rike's work for the Vitamin Creative Space – roof tiles on the floor, broken and crumbling from visitor's feet – I saw it. I got it. I loved it. I still love it. I feel the sound of the crack and the sudden shift in the position of my ankle as the weight of my body presses down on the tile – breaking with it in my mind's body.

I'm currently sitting at a table. The Institute is around me.

Fourth.

"...but we met him in Guangzhou..." My thought was that this was going to be my fourth trip – sitting with the Institute and hearing stories and not understanding references and inside jokes. But no one is talking as if they're there – they're talking as if they're here. We're here.

Six of the white tables we've used throughout the time of the Institute are assembled in a block as a column in the center of the room. I like it when it's like this. Laptops and soup bowls on the work surface. Conference table | most of the conversations are happening away from the white block column – orbiting planets of friendliness.

Now it's later – We're hanging stuff up on a white wall – piecing and editing the order of the book together. Stories behind the ideas, photos and works. We're in Berlin talking about China. I've moved with the Institute into their recollections; their thoughts and the nuances behind their actions, projects and beliefs. I can see the photos I saw in Berlin – earlier: Try to find them in this book.

A re-envisioning of all of the time within the Institute: "if that is a reenactment of Africa, my photo of me standing is also a reenactment of my work from Ethiopia..." A completion of time. This would be a good final act... except it's not the last thing we're going to do...

Stop now. The fug in my head has gone. I need to know how to end this. I was going to say something about finishing, and the Institute ending – something like that. Finishing on a nostalgic and perhaps melancholic sentiment; but I won't – we're here – not in China – the day hasn't ended yet – there are a few final decisions and I'm very happy about that. Thanks for reading this all the way through to the bottom. I want to say something that has been said before – the Institute is ending – the editing of this book is coming to a close – the end is at the beginning – this text should close with something like this.



The land has been changed the mountain has been moved.

The abstract moon. If he would know what's going on down here.



_MG_3222



_MG_3224



_MG_3244



_MG_3417



_MG_3247



MG_3263



_MG_3284



_MG_3496



_MG_3347



_MG_3348



_MG_3369



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_MG_3375



_MG_3398



_MG_3400





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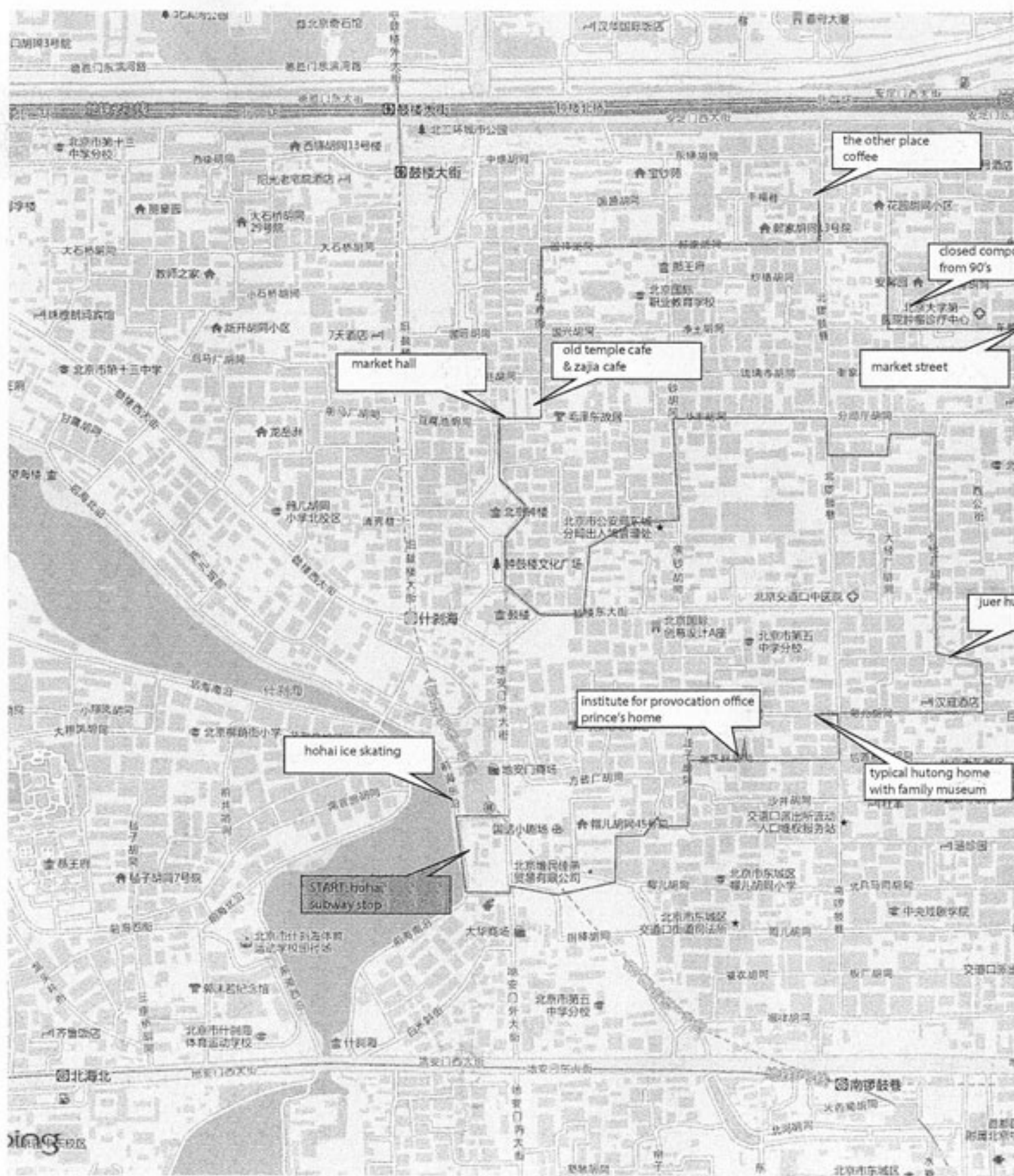
_MG_3618



_MG_4329



_MG_4364



the other place coffee

closed comp from 90's

market hall

old temple cafe & zaja cafe

market street

juer h...

institute for provocation office prince's home

typical hutong home with family museum

hohai ice skating

START hohai subway stop



GREETINGS TO MR. HUE AND CHE!



day 1

[sitting next to the bridge,
"so boring"]

what is the artists' role
in 'revitalization' processes?

day 2

[semi-legal apartment in an
industrial building with a
great view of hong kong]

how do we work
across borders?

day 3

[walking around kowloon]

what is the sound
of the city?

day 4

village-in-city,
city-in-village

day 5

接地气

day 6

[around a large round table,
next to the water]

the question of exile,
or,
can an artist save a life?

day 7
[vitamin creative space]

when is a work
finished?

day 8
[standing still at 200 km/h]

is that really moving or
just the color of
chinese winter?

day 9
[videobureau space, rāchangdi]

what is the responsibility of
the artist within and towards
configurations of art history?

day 10
[rāchangdi]

what do you think
of walle's new haircut?

day 11
[walking through the
nutangs]

what should be preserved?

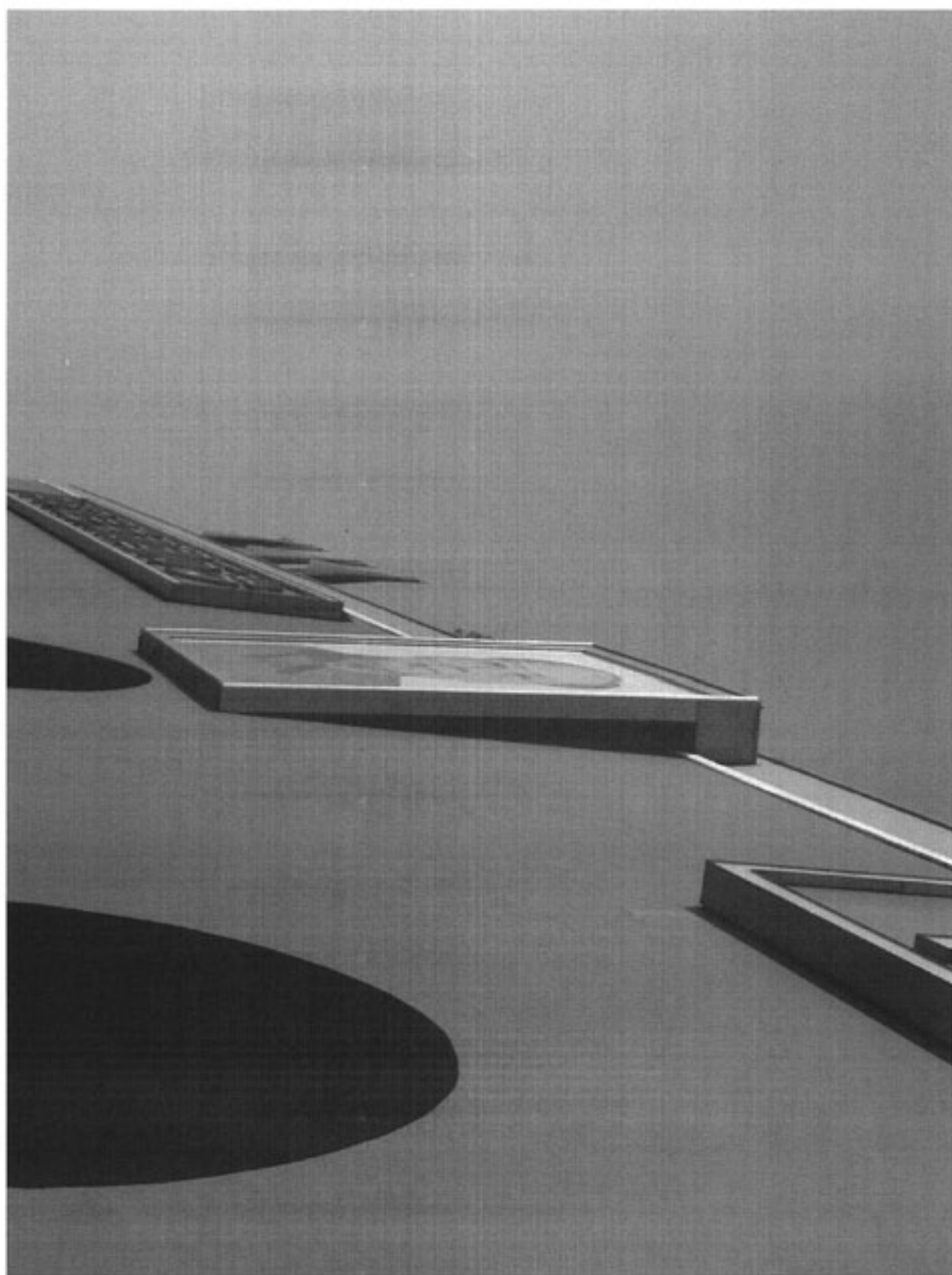
day 12
[on the dragon axis of the
city of beijing]

can we cure an ill society
by treating the city or
by treating the individual body?

Feb. 6. 2014

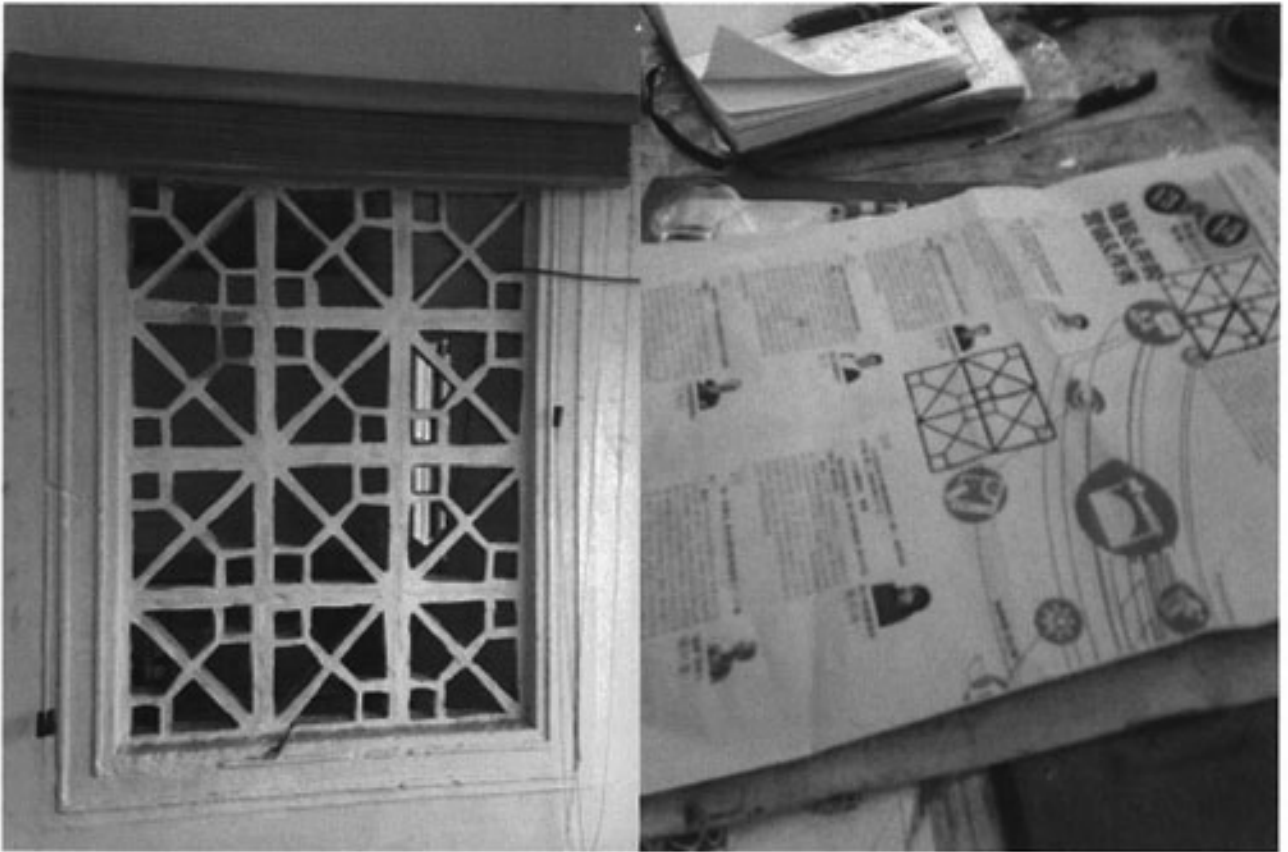
On an empty field outside of Peking a white banner was hung between two trees.
Translated to english the banner reads:

"Today an artist proclaimed in the newspaper
that everyone is equal in front of the law"



shrinking Mao. 22. 7. 14





Excursion organizers:

Christina Werner, Elaine W. Ho, Eric Ellingsen, Fotini Lazaridou-Hatzigoga

Workshop Spontaneous Book:

Eric Ellingsen, Fotini Lazaridou-Hatzigoga, Elaine W. Ho, Vlado Velko, Joanna Warsza, Christina Werner

With contributions by:

Malte Bartsch, Rune Bosse, Merlin Carter, Leon Eixenberger, Eric Ellingsen, Tomas Espinosa, Markus Hoffmann, Jeremias Holliger, Elaine W. Ho, Rike Horb., Fabian Knecht, Felix Kiessling, Hans-Henning Korb, Norgard Kröger, Fotini Lazaridou-Hatzigoga, Felix Meyer, Simen Museus, Vinzenz Reinecke, Nina Schuiki, Yuichiro Tamura, Kat Valastur, Raul Walch, Joanna Warsza, Christina Werner, Euan Willams

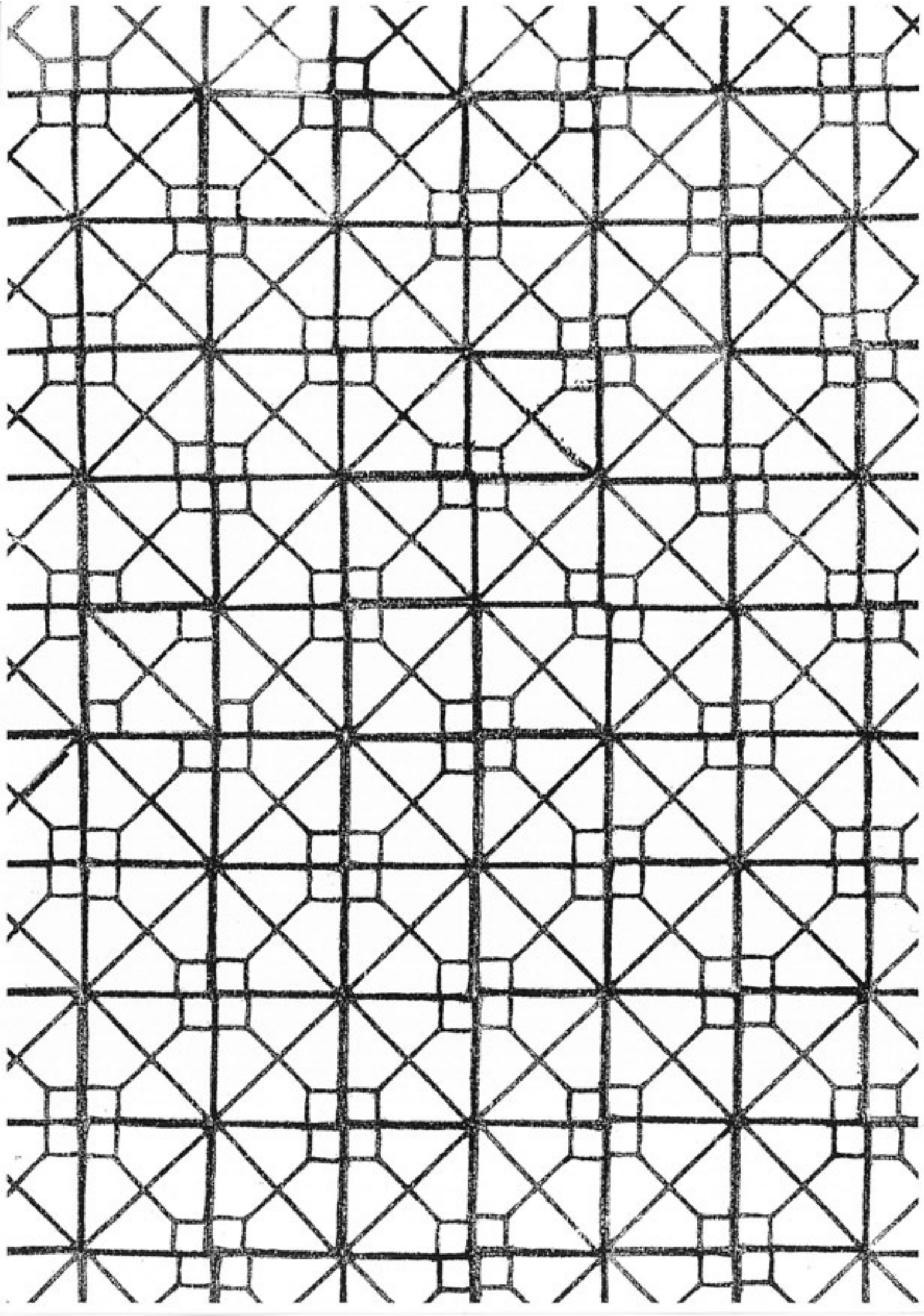
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医治你周围的物体



这个秘密是在你的右脚大脚趾

