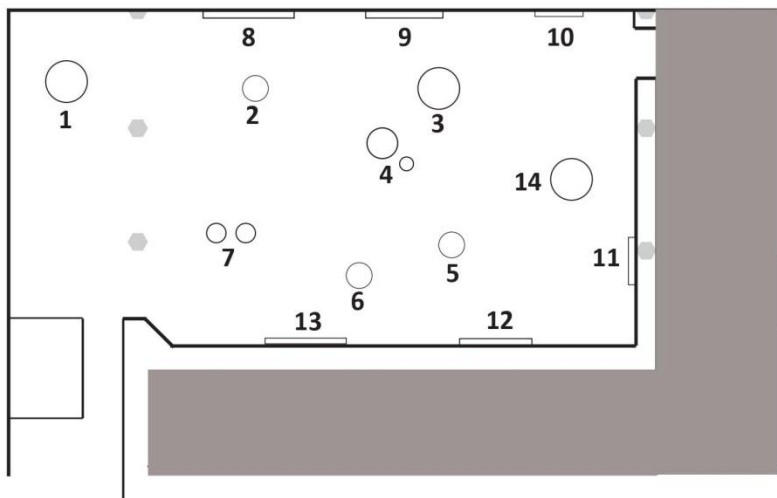


ANTENNA SPACE. SHANGHAI MOGANSHAN rd. M50. 16.MAY-12.JULY, 2020
天线空间. 上海莫干山路M50. 5月16日-7月12日. 2020

GUAN XIAO

关小
8 STORIES
8 个故事





GUAN XIAO 关小

8个故事

8 Stories

2020.05.16 - 2020.07.12

1. Hazel 榛子, 2020
Pigmented bronze, porcelain, motorcycle parts, dried flowers
青铜, 陶瓷, 汽车漆, 碳粉手工着色, 摩托车零件, 干花
110(L) x 41(W) x 150(H) cm
2. Messenger 信使, 2020
Pigmented bronze, Lacquer, porcelain, motorcycle parts, dried flowers
青铜, 汽车漆, 碳粉手工着色, 摩托车零件, 人造花
110(L) x 41(W) x 185(H) cm
3. Game Boy 游童, 2020
Pigmented bronze, porcelain, motorcycle parts, dried flowers
青铜, 陶瓷, 丙烯手工着色, 碳粉手工着色, 摩托车零件, 干花
57(L) x 33(W) x 163(H) cm
4. Petting-er 爱抚师, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts, artificial flowers, ropes, spirals
青铜, 丙烯烘烤, 丙烯手工着色, 摩托车零件, 麻绳, 螺旋线
65(L) x 30(W) x 165(H) cm
5. Catcher 捕手, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts 青铜, 汽车漆, 丙烯烘烤, 丙烯手工着色, 摩托车零件
50(L) x 33(W) x 180(H) cm
6. Storm Rider 风暴骑手, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts, artificial flowers 青 铜, 汽车漆, 摩托车零件, 人造花
45(L) x 45(W) x 200(H) cm
7. Night watcher 更夫, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts, oil-paper umbrella
青铜, 汽车漆, 丙烯烘烤, 摩托车零件, 油纸伞
70(L) x 33(W) x 138(H) cm
8. Gasp, Flushing, Dirt 喘息、潮红、泥土, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
164(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm
9. Blade, eclipses, lake 刀片, 月蚀, 湖 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
160(L) x 130(W) x 7.5(D) cm
10. Tongue, Cork, Fog 舌头、木塞、雾, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
90(L) x 90(W) x 7.5(D) cm
11. Run, Bruise, Dust 奔跑、擦伤、尘土, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
86(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm
12. Dew, Firefly, Days 露、萤、日子, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
130(L) x 117(W) x 7.5(D) cm
13. Red, Candle, Red candle 红色、蜡烛、红色蜡烛, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
120(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm
14. Lulubird walked out of delicatessen bumped into a swarm of buzzing. Lulubird 走出熟食店的时候撞进一群嗡嗡声中, 2020
Brass, pigmented brass, acrylic paint, dried flower, rope
黄铜, 黄铜烤漆, 丙烯, 干花, 绳子
root: 172x60x55cm/ cap: 52x44x58cm
8 Big birds: 41x22x6cm for each/
8 Small birds: 25x14x4cm for each

ANTENNA SPACE













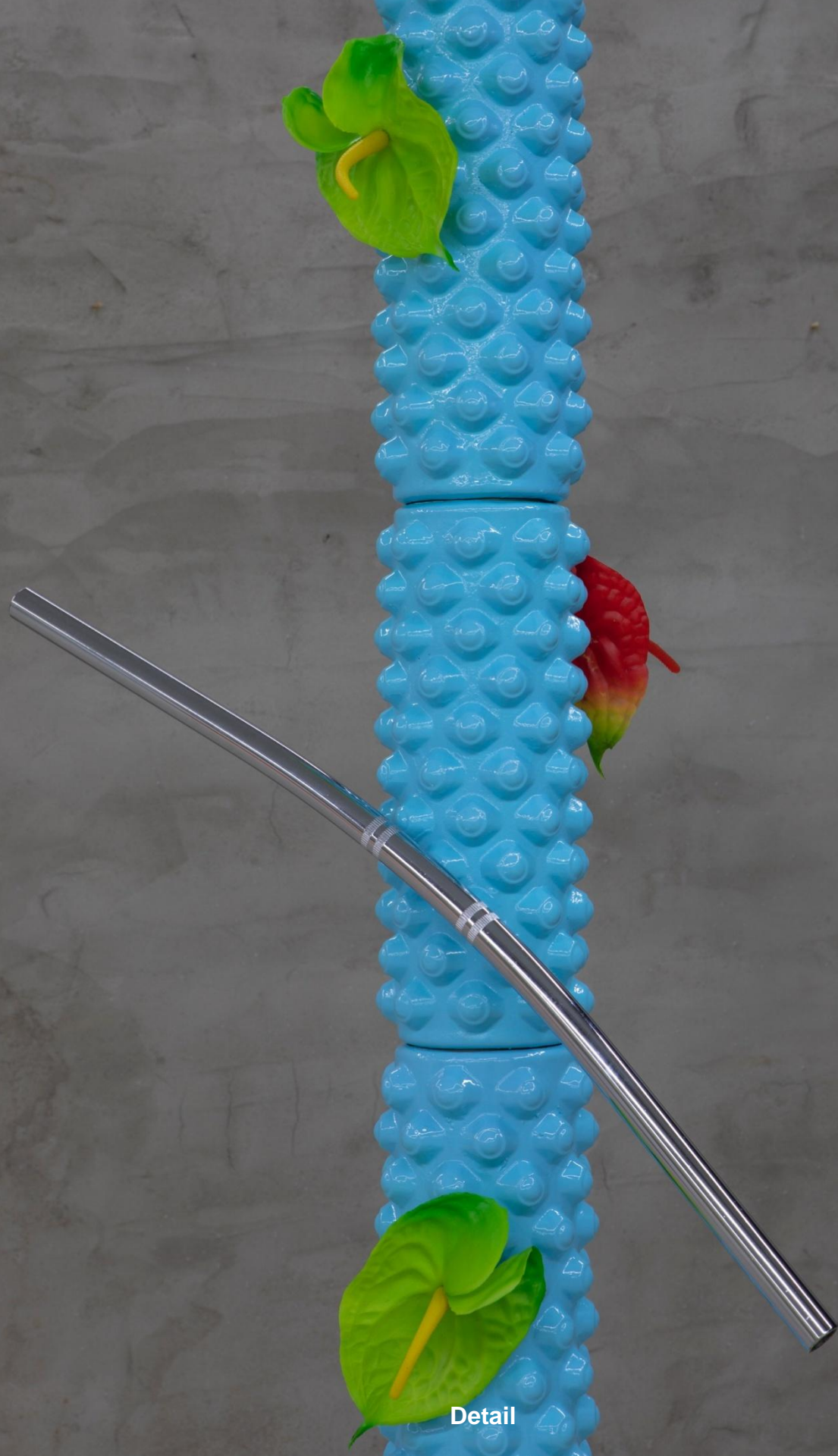
Catcher 捕手, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts 青铜, 汽车漆, 丙烯烘烤, 丙烯
手工着色, 摩托车零件
50(L) x 33(W) x 180(H) cm



Detail



Storm Rider 风暴骑手, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts, artificial flowers 青
铜, 汽车漆, 摩托车零件, 人造花
45(L) x 45(W) x 200(H) cm



Detail



Night watcher 更夫, 2020
Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts, oil-paper umbrella 青铜,
丙烯烘烤, 摩托车零件, 油纸伞
70(L) x 33(W) x 138(H) cm

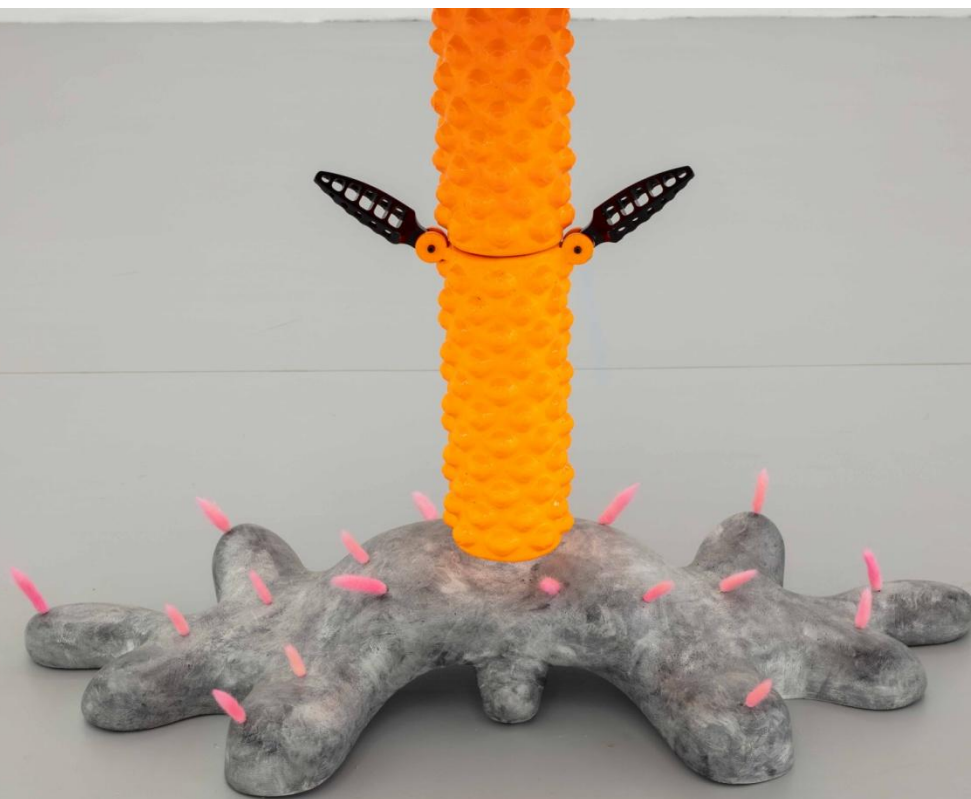


Detail



Hazel 榛子, 2020

Pigmented bronze, porcelain, motorcycle parts, dried flowers 青铜, 陶瓷, 汽车漆, 碳粉手工着色, 摩托车零件, 干花
110(L) x 41(W) x 150(H) cm

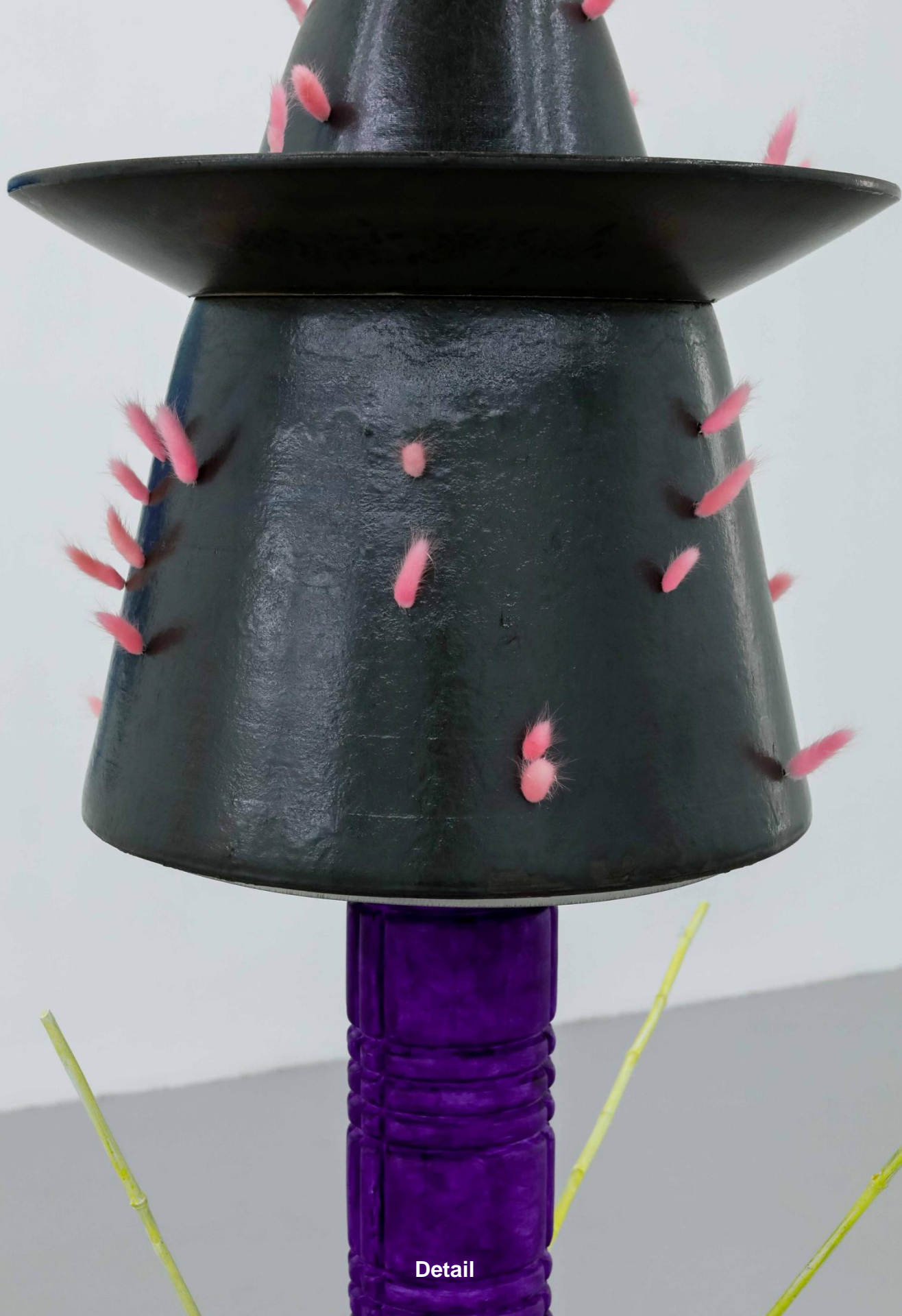


Detail

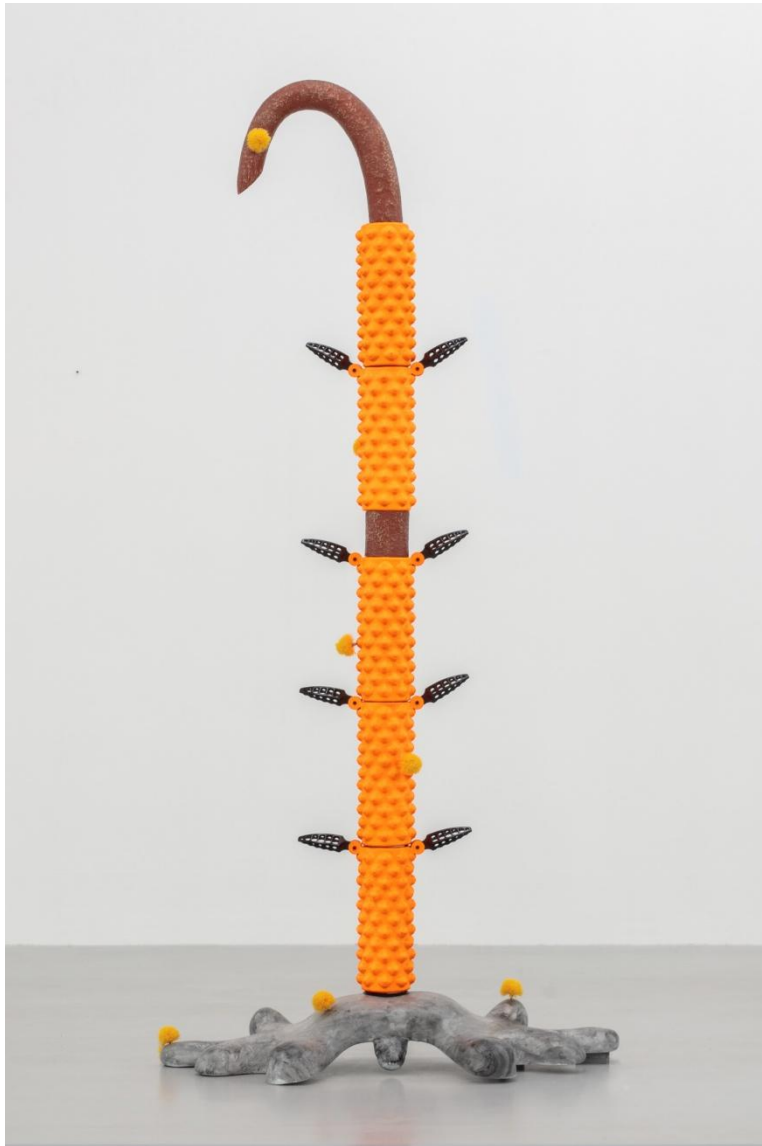


Game Boy 游童, 2020

Pigmented bronze, porcelain, motorcycle parts, dried flowers 青铜, 陶瓷,
丙烯手工着色, 碳粉手工着色, 摩托车零件, 干花
57(L) x 33(W) x 163(H) cm

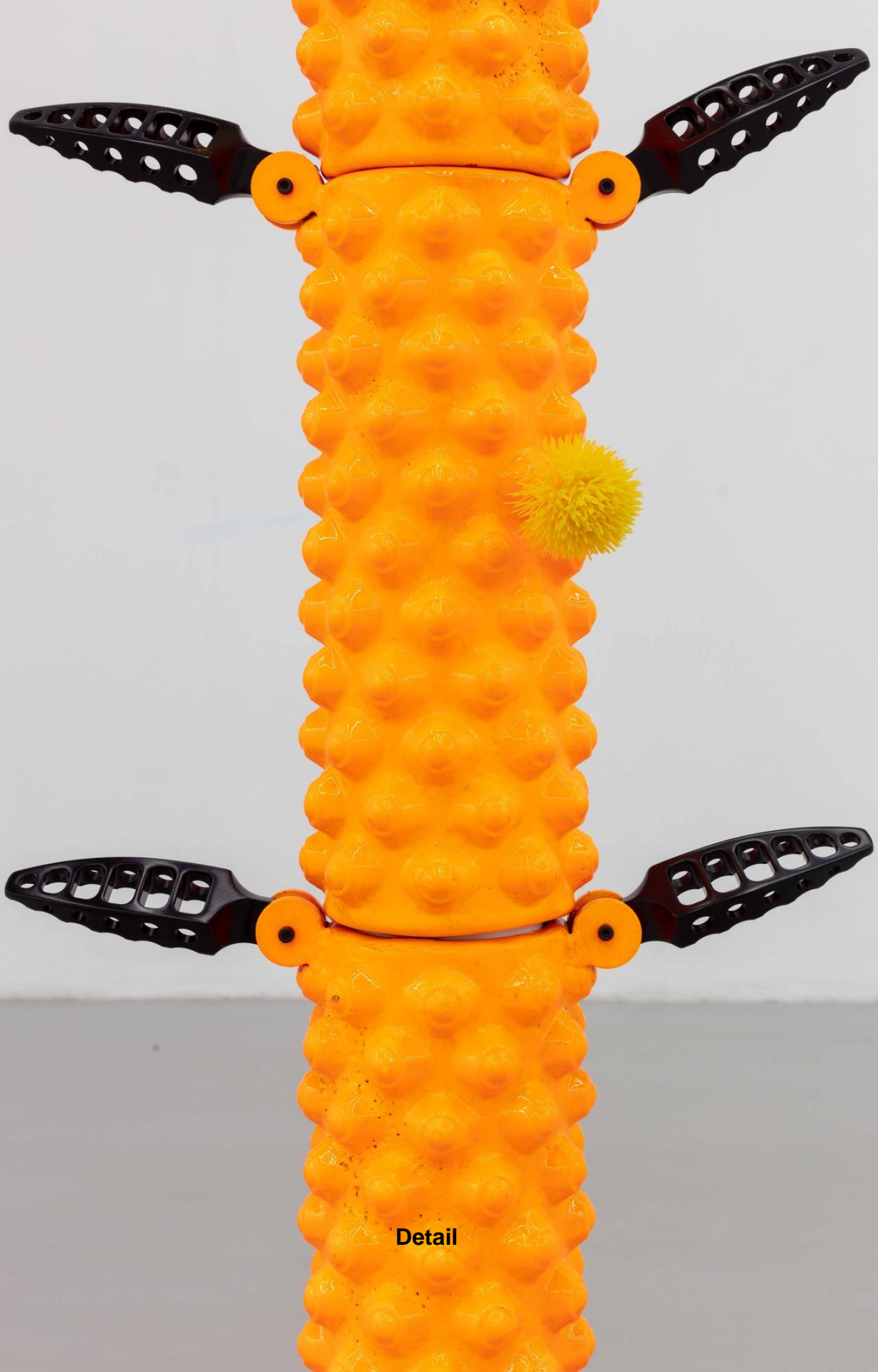


Detail



Messenger 信使, 2020

Pigmented bronze, Lacquer, porcelain, motorcycle parts, dried flowers 青铜,
汽车漆, 碳粉手工着色, 摩托车零件, 人造花
110(L) x 41(W) x 185(H) cm



Detail



Petting-er 爱抚师, 2020

Pigmented bronze, motorcycle parts, artificial flowers, ropes, spirals 青铜,
丙烯烘烤, 丙烯手工着色, 摩托车零件, 麻绳, 螺旋线
65(L) x 30(W) x 165(H) cm



Detail



Lulubird walked out of delicatessen bumped into a swarm of buzzing. *Lulubird* 走出熟食店的时候撞进一群嗡嗡声中, 2020

Brass, pigmented brass, acrylic paint, dried flower, rope

铜, 铜烤丙烯, 丙烯, 干花, 绳子

root: 172x60x55cm/ cap: 52x44x58cm/ 8 Big birds: 41 x 22 x 6cm for each/ 8

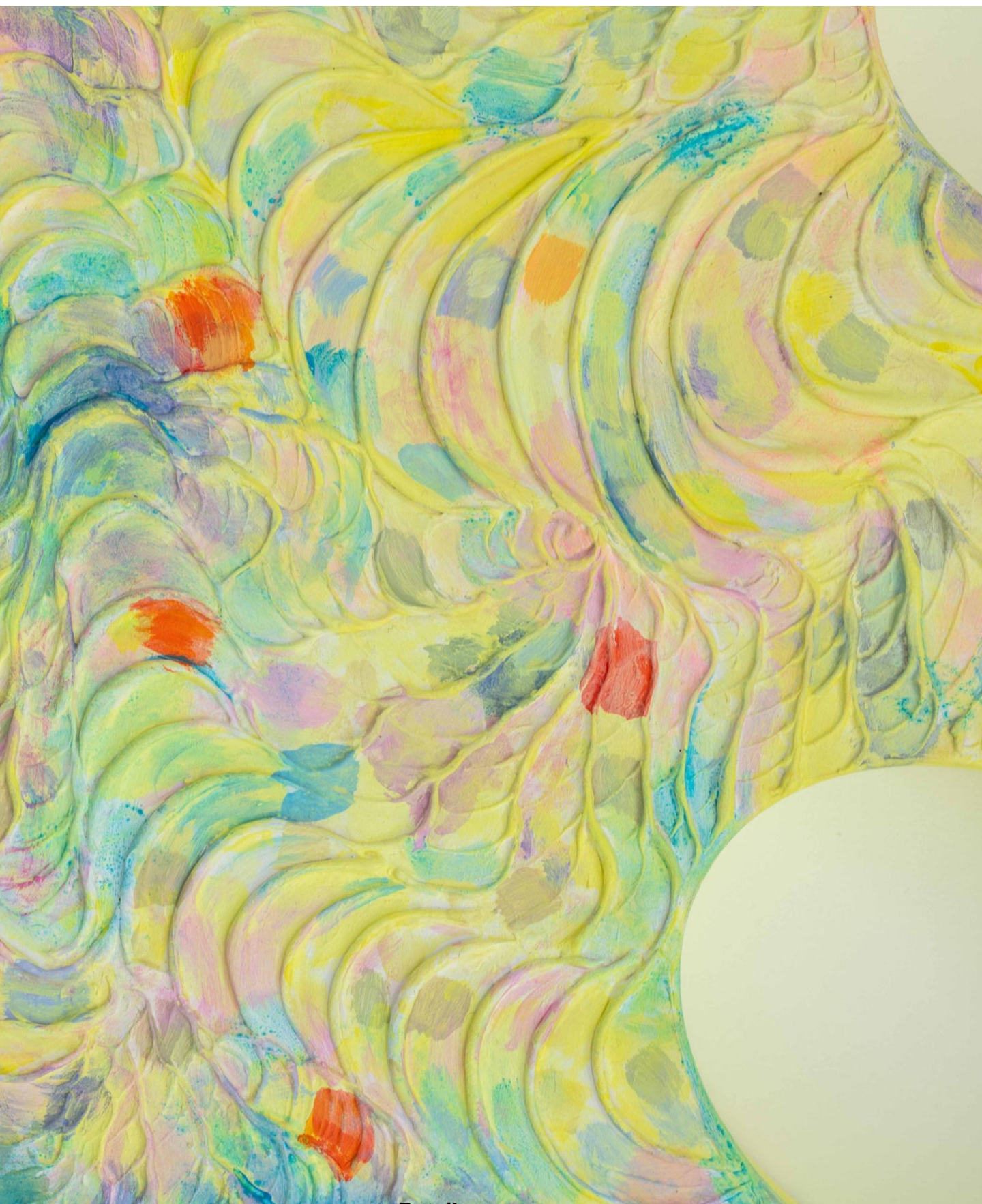
Small birds: 25 x 14 x 4cm for each



Detail



Dew, Firefly, Days 露、螢、日子, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
130(L) x 117(W) x 7.5(D) cm



Detail



Sesame, Keyhole, Sunset 芝麻、锁孔、晚霞, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
120(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm



Detail



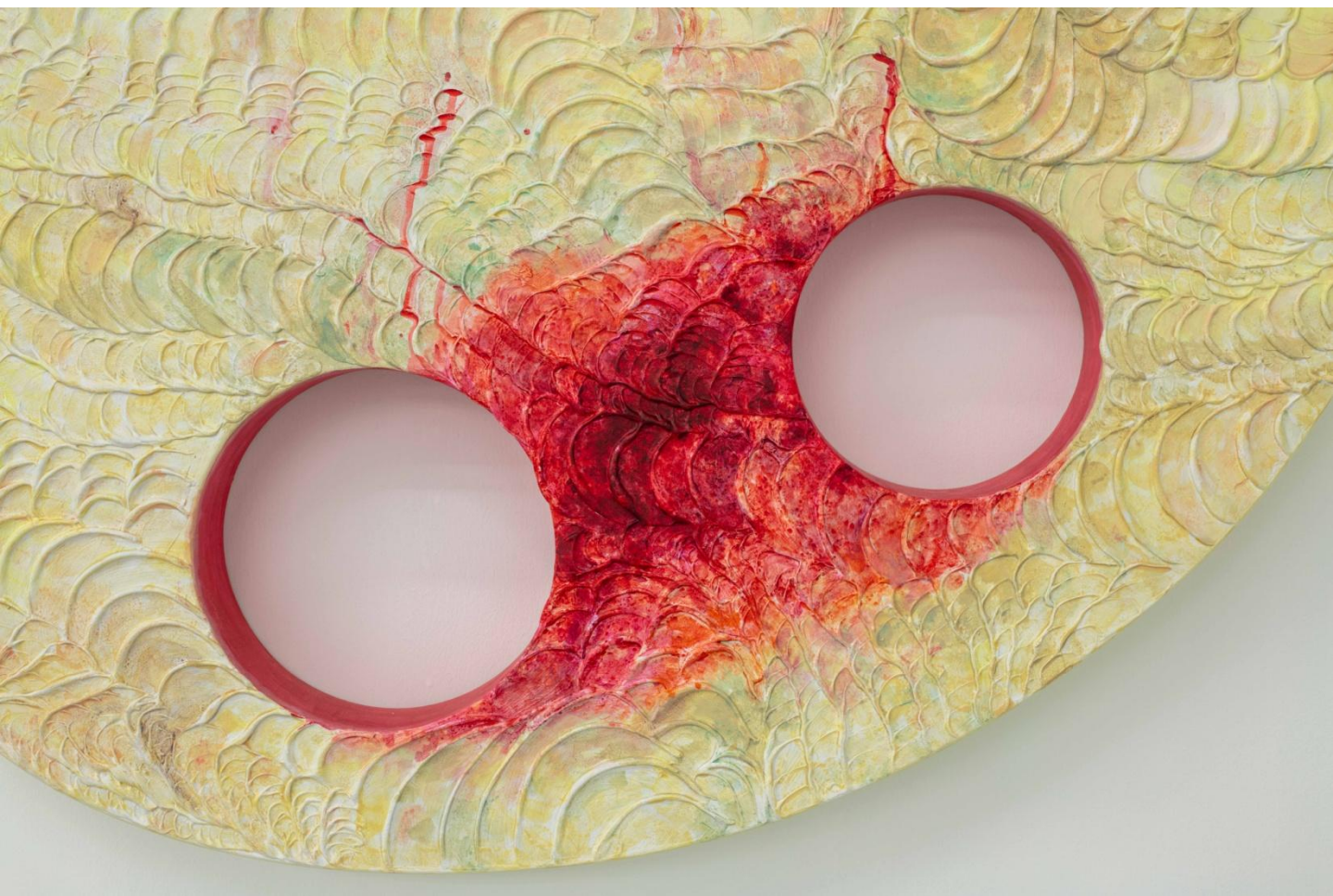
Gasp, Flushing, Dirt 喘息、潮红、泥土, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
164(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm



Detail



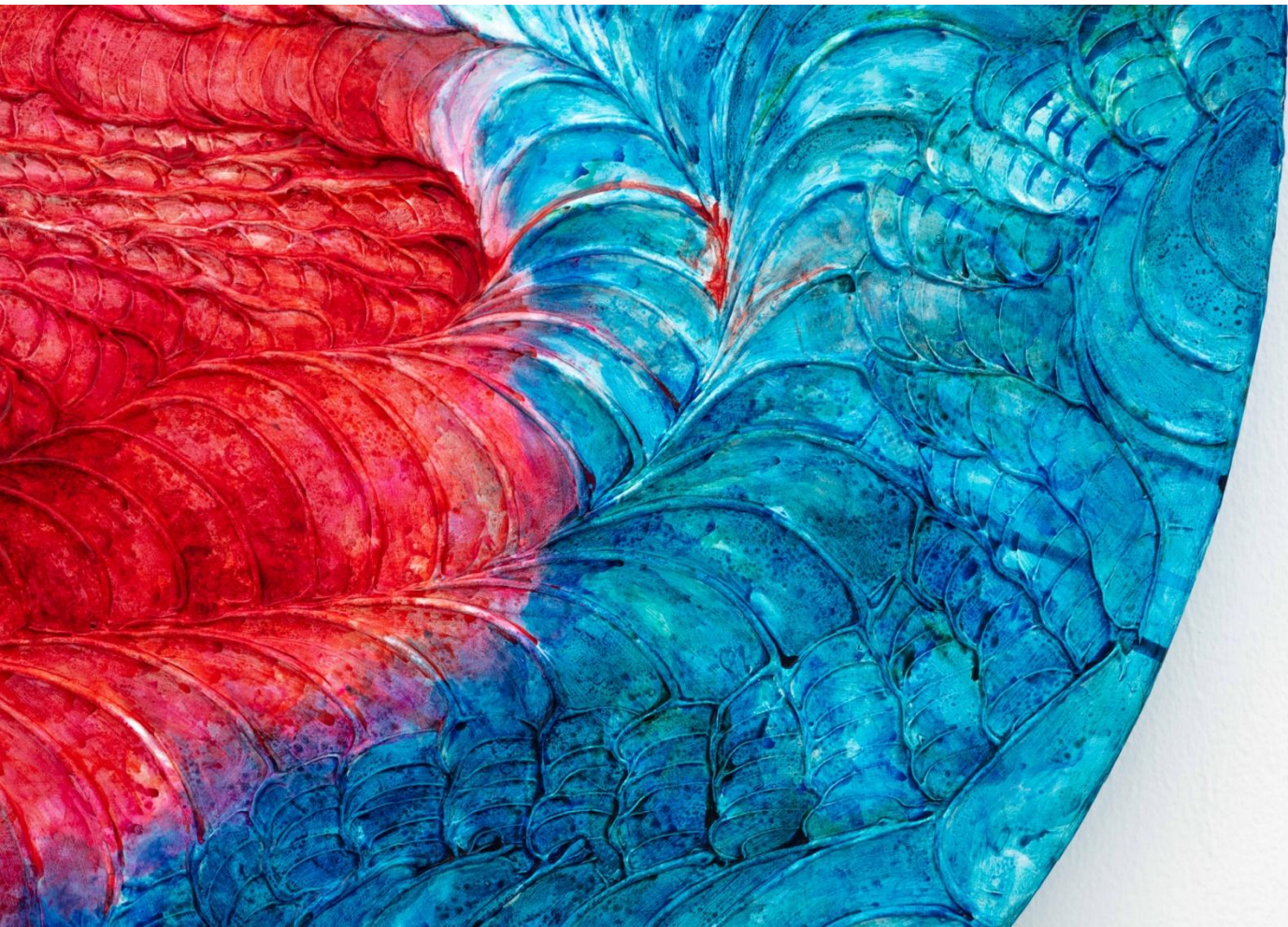
Run, Bruise, Dust 奔跑、擦伤、尘土, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
86(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm



Detail

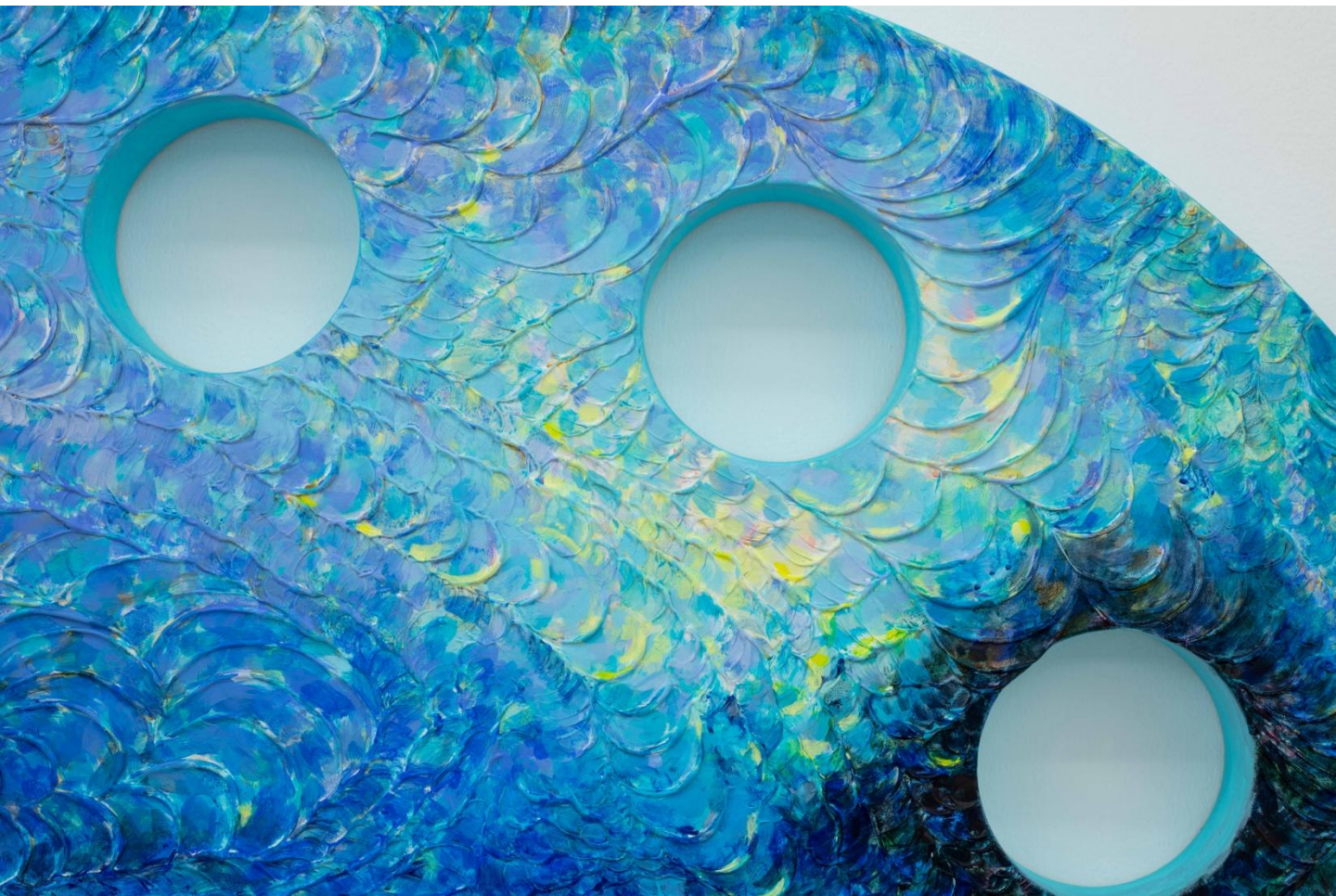


Tongue, Cork, Fog 舌头、木塞、雾, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
90(L) x 90(W) x 7.5(D) cm





Blade, eclipses, lake 刀片，月蚀，湖, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板，模拟土，漆
160(L) x 130(W) x 7.5(D) cm



Detail



Red, Candle, Red candle 红色、蜡烛、红色蜡烛, 2020
Wood panel, poly-putty base, paint 木板, 模拟土, 漆
120(L) x 120(W) x 7.5(D) cm



Detail

关小 GUAN XIAO

8个故事 8 Stories

2020.05.16 – 2020.07.12

在此次天线空间名为“8个故事”的个展上，艺术家关小用只具身份的角色、无法界定的样貌和穷其尽的修辞烘托着一种没有冲突的平均状态。就这些作品的图像溯源、文本描述而言，电影、绘画、文学、符号、风俗、童话、日常，都提供了视觉或内容上的启发；就这些作品的材料和形态而言，工业、手工、现成品、自然物，都构架着最终的审美。

各种各样不同的元素像是滚动的煤球，为了一个抽象的度量齐头并进地奔赴作为现场的空间。这些元素没有哪个是更为重要的，也没有什么是最先或者最后的；没有二元对立或各自为阵，也没有哪个在主导或哪个在让步——艺术家以一种均质化的暴力将这些元素打散，又以同样均质化的暴力将这些元素拼合在一起，让它们和平地栖居于一物之中，一室之内，一如这些元素在扁平化、均质化的语境之中的日常存在状态。柔软，那就用材料赋予其坚硬；美丽，那就用媚俗赋予其降格；真实，那就用人工赋予其虚构；平面，那就用手作赋予其肌理；自然，那就用技术赋予其工业；具体，那就用抽离语境赋予其抽象……异质，那就用修辞取消其冲突，以达至一种没有冲突的平均状态。

展览中一组以身份而命名的人形雕塑是艺术家柱状雕塑的延续。不论就材料、制法或是形象而言，它们是均质化的，毫无冲突的，竭尽全力地求同以形成一个整体的公约数存在。它们既是后图像时代的立体式拼贴，亦是现代主义之初的拟人化象征；既是雕塑的逻辑，又有现成品的气息；既显示为单个具体的人形，又被定义为抽象的集体身份。它们是这场展览叙事的角色担当，但却将人物匿名化，让社会化的身份代替生物性的个人出场——没有姓名，只有身份的八个（或者更应该称之为“种”、“类”）人（或者说“角色”“身份”）。姓名需要讲述故事，而身份需要的则只是常识，一个社会语境或文化框架下由描述性的语词构成的标准解释。艺术家在这里将均质化的生存状态转换成了平均化的视觉修辞——就样貌而言，这些雕塑的各部件粘连在一起，又似乎要彼此脱离，分道扬镳；显示出不同寻常的怪异，又的确努力在构建同一个象征；显而易见地独自兀立，又分享着视觉与文本的相似；是八个分离的个体，又是八种身份的群体；社会角色截然不同，又作为一个共同体集合在一个社会系统之下。但它们并未构成某种效果或景观，因为艺术家并没有堆叠这些元素，更没有打磨或修饰以构成一个完备整体，而只是从事一种让它们共处一室的修辞，呈现由平均逻辑所制造的一种看似正确——因为这种正确基于一种群体化的存在所导致的截然不同又大致相似的错觉。

如果说平均化的修辞导致了这样一种个体的消失，产生了模糊化、整体化、身份化的群体叙事，那在此次展览中展出的LULU BIRD和调色板中，它带来的更是样貌和身份本身的无法界定。LULU BIRD是与这些人形雕塑相似的人，还是一项帽子形状的雕塑？调色板究竟是一幅绘画，还是一个用颜料和画板构成的雕塑或物件？LULU BIRD是一个角色，还是一场事件？调色板是有关印象派绘画的启发，还是有关抽象或极简的当代变体？

调色板或许可看作是对此次展览美学修辞的说明——艺术家一改此前的喷涂，而以手绘代之，让绘画的工具成为绘画，如同这场展览将平均的修辞手段作为展览的样貌本身。

这些作品极尽修辞，因为这些元素无一不是安分的，却被艺术家煞费苦心地通过各种材料和制法，以各种视觉纠缠在一起，并给予其视觉上的愉悦感；这个展览又极尽平均，因为所有的冲突都通过拼合的手法和事实的描述平等地安放在一起。这是均质化时代的并置式修辞，用只有身份没有姓名的个体构成了展览或社会空间中的集合。它让所有元素都在场，又让所有元素在群体化的存在中失去存在感。它让事物什么都是，又让事物什么都不是；它让事物的本质模棱两可，趋于消弭；它让连结趋于无缝，也让连结趋于无效。（撰文：栾志超）

关小出生于1983年，现工作和生活于北京。关小的艺术实践主要围绕雕塑、影像和装置。她以自身身份、历史以及地域背景为材料，与当下高速分解中日益趋同的世界状况并置在一起，试图通过制造或直接或间接的矛盾来强调差异的重要性，并借由不同的主题表达出她对于差异的重要性的理解。

关小毕业于中国传媒大学。她先后在德国波恩美术馆(2019年)；美国圣路易斯当代艺术博物馆（2019年）；瑞士温特图尔市立美术馆(2018年)；上海K11美术馆；伦敦当代艺术中心(ICA)；法国波尔多CAPC当代美术馆和巴黎国立网球场现代美术馆(均为2016年)等美术馆机构举办个展。其作品也在诸多重要群展中展出，包括第57届威尼斯双年展(2017年)；第9届柏林双年展(2016年)；第13届里昂双年展(2015年)和纽约新美术馆三年展(2015年)。

关小 GUAN XIAO

8个故事 8 Stories

2020.05.16 – 2020.07.12

In Guan Xiao's solo exhibition entitled 8 Stories held at the Antenna Space, the artist employs characters with mere identities, undefinable appearances and exhaustive rhetorics to decorate a balanced state free of conflicts. In terms of image references and textual descriptions of the works, movies, paintings, literature, symbols, customs, fairy tales, the everyday, all have provided inspirations to the visuality and content of the works, while industrial, handcrafted, readymade and natural objects constitute the final aesthetics of the works in terms of material and form.

All kinds of elements roll towards the exhibition space like coal balls for the sake of an abstract metric. None of these elements is more important than the others, and there isn't a first or a last one in them; There's no dualism or separation, nor dominance or subordination. The artist breaks down these elements using a homogeneous force and piece them together using the same uniform force to let them inhabit one object, one room peacefully, just like the quotidian state of existence of these objects in a flattened and homogenised context. If something is tender, then harden it with materials; if something is beautiful, then dress it down with kitsch; if something is real, then make it fictive through artificiality; if something is flat, then texturise it with craftsmanship; if something is natural, then make it industrial using technology; if something is concrete, then give it abstraction by removing it from its original contexts.....heterogenous, then cancel its incongruence with rhetorics, in order to achieve a balanced state free of conflicts.

In the exhibition, the group of human form sculptures titled with different identities is the continuation of the artist's monolith sculptures. They are all homogenised and free of conflicts regardless of materials, making or image, striving to become identical as a common divisor from the whole. They are three-dimensional collages in a post-image age as well as anthropomorphic totems of early modernism; they not only follow the logic of sculpture but also possess an aura of the readymade; they are presented as concrete individual human forms and defined as an abstract collective identity at the meantime. They are the protagonists of the exhibition narrative yet remain anonymous to let social identities enter the stage and replace the biological individual— eight individuals (or rather "characters", "identities") with no name but only identities (or they should rather be called "types" or "categories"). Names are obliged to recount stories, while identities need merely common sense, a standard explanation conceived by social context or cultural framework through descriptive words. The artist transforms homogenised states of existence into average visual rhetorics—the components of these sculptures adhere to one another while also appear to be coming apart, each leaving for their own destiny; they present an uncanny strangeness, yet indeed trying to configure the same symbol; they stand upright noticeably upon themselves, while sharing a visual and textual similarity; they are eight separate individuals and a collective of eight identities in the meantime; they are united under the same social system as a collective with their entirely different social roles. But they never are any kind of effect or spectacle, because the artist didn't stack these elements up or polish them to form a perfect whole, instead, she is engaged in a kind of rhetoric for them to stay in the same room, to present some kind of seeming correctness conjured by an egalitarian logic — because this kind of correctness is based on an entirely different yet generally similar illusion resulted by a collectivised existence.

If the flattened rhetoric has resulted in the kind of disappearance of the individual and an obscured, totalised and identified collective narrative, then what the LULU BIRD and palette exhibited in this exhibition bring is an undefinability of appearances and identities themselves. Is the LULU BIRD a person that looks like these human form sculptures, or a sculpture in the shape of a hat? Is the palette really a painting, or a sculpture or object made up of paint and palette? Is LULU BIRD a character or an event? Is the palette an inspiration about the impressionist paintings or a contemporary variation of the abstract and minimal?

The palette may be regarded as an illustration of the aesthetic rhetoric of this exhibition — the artist replaced spray painting with hand drawing to make the instrument of paint become a painting, just like the average rhetoric gives this exhibition a particular appearance.

These works are exhaustive in their rhetorics, because none of these elements is obedient, and yet they are mixed together by the artist using all kinds of materials and methods, providing a visually pleasing sensation; this exhibition is as even as possible, because all the conflicts are juxtaposed equally through collage and factual description. This is a rhetoric in a juxtaposing manner in a homogenised world, using individuals with only identities but no names to form an assemblage in the exhibition or social space. It lets all the elements to be present, while taking their presence away in their collective existence. It makes things become everything and nothing; it obscures the nature of things into ambivalence and nihilation; it gears connections towards seamlessness, it also drives connections towards being void. (Text by: Luan Zhichao)

Guan Xiao, born in 1983, currently works and lives in Beijing. The art practice of Guan Xiao mainly focuses on sculpture, video and installations. She uses her own identity, history and geographical background as material, to collage with the increasingly converging world conditions in the current high-speed decomposition, attempts to emphasize the importance of differences by creating or directly or tactfully contradiction; And to express her understanding of the importance of differences through various themes.

She graduated from the Communication University of China. She has since held solo exhibitions at Bonner Kunstverein (2019); CAM St. Louis (2019); Kunsthalle Winterthur (2018); K11 Art Space, Shanghai; ICA, London; CAPC, Bordeaux and Jeu de Paume, Paris (all 2016). Her work has also been presented within significant group surveys including the 57th Venice Biennale (2017); the 9th Berlin Biennale (2016); 13th Biennale de Lyon (2015) and the New Museum Triennial, New York (2015).

ANTENNA SPACE

1- 榛子

总是这样均匀且高速地旋转，伴随着低沉的蜂鸣。声音不断扩散，堆积，质量开始推着它滚动。日复一日。慢慢地，轨迹将声音切开，于是，诞生了两片圆形的地面。

它开始在地面的尽头滚动。没有同类也没有异类。日复一日。

圆形的地面终于开始各自旋转，它们不再是共生体，而成为了三个同伴。一天，地面以短暂得难以察觉的速度停顿了一下，转眼之间，它掉进匀速时间的裂缝，离开了那个仿佛会永远滚动下去的边缘。下坠，下坠。

直到有一天以线性的方式继续前进，直到引力拉（牵引）出脚掌。

2-捕手

露水悄悄滑落，树叶在晃动。绒毛般的草丝也轻柔的颤动。

灰尘开始从地面升腾而起，花粉四溢，植物向着高空尽力弹射出种子，毛发与孢子在空气中肆意飘荡.....

蝴蝶扇动翅膀，甲壳和节肢类昆虫晃动着触须，响尾蛇摇晃尾巴，青蛙的双腿快速的折叠着，羚羊用健硕的四肢奔跑..... 肢体运动相对于微观世界来说是粗重且略显笨拙的。就像在分子的海洋中搅动的餐具，把世界不断割裂，其密集程度如同重机枪的子弹不断落入平静的湖水，那种不可抗力的美感如同声音在入水的瞬间被屏蔽，钝化的单通道静谧，留下满是线条的世界。

但捕手则以它高超的技巧在这之中跳跃着。完美的避开每一次的割裂。与其说是跳跃，更像是一只被来回击打的球，依附在运动的表面，仿佛为了安慰它们一般而尽力的配合着.....随着波浪线的起伏而起伏，随着折线的震动而震动，随着弧线的坠落而坠落又随着抛物线再次扬起.....在运动之上全然地保持着静止。以静止的方式运动。它的身体成为了一只采集气味的口袋，只需保持敞开，即可。

3- 爱抚师

他总是在半夜醒来，楼下生意惨淡的酒吧永远在营业，蓝色的霓虹灯永远把他的房间照得如大海般梦幻。每当这个时候，他便会只装上一条机械手臂，下床，打开冰箱喝上一口KT52，那种怪异的味道他永远都习惯不了，咧咧嘴发出啧啧声，然后去浴室。

浴缸里依旧放满了水，黑暗中水波反射出淡淡的荧光。就像平时一样，他总是会在浴缸边坐下，伸出那条银色的合金手臂在水里摸索着什么，不一会儿，捞出一个发着微光的篮球。他用毛巾小心的擦干那个球，拿着它走回床边，上床，再抱着球重新进入梦乡。

4-风暴骑手

雨夜，梦。

伴随着潮湿的耳语，

她来了。

利剑在电光中劈开梦境。

5-游童

每当正午的太阳将尖塔的影子几乎从广场上完全擦掉的时候，叹息便开始从缝隙中不断涌出。沿着石墙熠熠地淌到地上，从石室内部涓涓地流入那条狭长的通道.....最后从出口慢慢渗出。尖塔周围的沙地开始悄悄的变得湿润。浅麦芽色的沙地会慢慢变成棕色。仿佛有人在正午的广场上给尖塔画出影子。每当这时，沙地上便会卷起一小团气旋，绕着尖塔打转，然后那个孩子出现了：赤脚，只腰上挂着一串粉红色的珠子。头上戴着一顶由晒干的王莲叶（Victoria lily）做成的帽子，说帽子似乎并不贴切，过于巨大的尺寸不但遮住了整个脑袋，脸孔，还往下遮住了脖子以及肩膀。不一会儿，孩子开始用稚气的声音唱起歌来：用1 敲碎骨头，用2挂好鞋子，用3拴住牲口，用4戳破袋子，用5剔掉肠子，用6擦干罐子，用7割下影子，用8装满河水，用9撒下种子.....西风吹过三次村庄的时候，敲响钟声。

关小 GUAN XIAO

8个故事 8 Stories

2020.05.16 – 2020.07.12

6-信使

道路还没开始喧嚣，连尘埃还来不及在大地上飞扬。

清晨浅金色的阳光中，那个金色的蛋泛出月亮般莹莹的光泽。对所有的昆虫来说，这不过是它们扁平世界中的金玛拉雅山。每天的这个时候它们都会同往常一样在太阳与金玛拉雅山共存的天空下开始进食。然而与往常不同的是，“咔”的一声出现了。轻轻的，悄悄的，秘密的，不让人觉察的。在那

几乎完美的金色的壳上出现了一丝裂痕。在三秒的寂静后。裂痕在时间和空间的褶皱中同时开始递增和递减运动。快速且密集。就像闪电划开天空，裂痕逐渐布满整个金玛拉雅蛋。

7-更夫

“天干物燥

小心火烛！”

噓，噓，噓——

长街对面是长街，长街背后是长街。

白鹤迈步，前后摇摆

今夜无月。

8-Lulubird 走出熟食店的时候撞进一群嗡嗡声中

月亮挂在下午的天空上，气候宜人。站在对面四层楼投下的阴影里看月亮似乎比太阳底下更清楚一些，天也更蓝一些。微风吹过，空气里全是巨人仙人掌（saguaro）花粉的味道。现在是它们密集排卵的季节，如果下雨气味会更浓郁，那时整个镇子就像浸泡在花粉酒桶中，被湿气包裹着，散发出热气，慢慢发酵.....但已经很久很久没有下雨了。新开的商店已经不再出售雨伞。每一天都比昨天更干燥一些。

1- Hazel

It always spins like this, at a uniform and high speed and accompanied by a low humming. The sound keeps spreading and accumulating as quantity starts to push it to roll. Day after day.

Little by little, the trajectory cuts the sound off, leading to two pieces of round ground.

It rolls, to the end of the ground. There' s no peers or rivals. Day after day.

Eventually the round grounds start to spin, respectively. No longer are they a symbiont. Instead, they are three pals. One day, the ground pauses, so transiently that it' s almost undetectable. Instantly, it falls into the crack of uniform time, tumbling out of the edge which seems would roll forever. Falling, down and down.

Until one day it keeps moving on in a linear manner and the gravitation pulls (draws) out the soles.

2-Catcher

Dew drops slide down, silently, and leaves waver. Fluffy grasses also quiver, gently.

Dust starts to fly up from the ground. Pollens are everywhere. Plants try very hard to launch their seeds high up into the sky. Hairs and spores float around in the air...

Butterflies flap their wings. Crustaceans and arthropod insects waggle their tentacles. Rattlesnakes rattle their tails. Frogs swiftly wind up their legs. Antelopes stretch out their muscular legs to run and leap... Under the backdrop of a microworld, body movements seem rough and even a bit clumsy. Like a spoon churning in the sea of molecules, it constantly cuts the world apart. It is as dense as the bullets shot from a heavy machine gun into a serene lake. The irresistible sense of beauty is instantly shielded, like sound to be devoured by the water: a passivated single-channel tranquility, leaving a world teeming with clues.

However, the catcher hops within the field so skillfully that it perfectly avoids each and every crack. As a matter of fact, rather than hopping, it' s more like a ball hit back and forth, attached to a moving surface and trying its best to cooperate as if for the sake of soothing them... It fluctuates along with the wavy lines, vibrates the polylines, drops and rises the parabola... Beyond the moving part, it' s absolute stillness. In other words, it moves in a static manner. Its body becomes a bag to collect smells. It will work as long as it' s open.

3- Petting-er

He always wakes up in the middle of the night. The pub downstairs, despite its flat business, is open as always. The blue neon lights adorn his room as fancy as the sea. At such moments, he' d install one of his mechanical arms, get out of bed, open the refrigerator and take a swig of KT52. He' s never used to its weird taste. "Ew" , he grimaces and goes to the bathroom.

The tub is full of water, which looks slightly sparkling in the darkness. Like usual, he sits down by the tub, stretching out his silvery metal arm to fumble in the water. After a while he picks up a shimmering blue ball. He dries the ball carefully with a towel, takes it to the bed, spin in, and embrace the dreamland again with the ball in his arm.

4-Storm Rider

A rainy night. Dream.

Along with the damp whisperings,
there she comes.

The dreamland is split up with a swing of the sword within the lightning.

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5-Game BOY

Within the cracks of the giant rock lie sighs.

When the noonday sun almost erases the shadow of minaret completely from the square, sighs start to sprout from the cracks. Along the stone wall, they flow to the ground, flowing into the long and narrow channel from the inside of the stone chamber... Eventually they slowly ooze from the exit. The sandy ground surrounding the minaret quietly gets wet. Its original wheat color gradually turns darker, as if someone is drawing a shadow for the minaret in the middle of the day. At such moments, a small cyclone could be seen from the sandy ground, which would spin around the minaret. Then, the kid shows up: bare-footed, and with a string of pink beads hung on his waist. And he wears a hat made by sundried Victoria lily. It doesn't feel quite right to call it a hat as it is too big and covers not only his head, face, but also his neck and shoulders. Shortly afterwards, the kid starts to sing with his innocent voice: To take one to smash bones, two to hang shoes, three to tether livestock, four to tear bags, five to remove guts, six to dry jars, seven to cut off shadow, eight to fill it with river water and nine to sow seeds... When west wind blows through the village three times, ring the bell.

6-Messenger

The road has not yet started to hustle and get busy yet, and it's even too early for the dust to be too late to fly upon the ground.

Sunlight in early morning is pale golden, and in the light golden morning sun shines, that "golden egg" is glowing like the moon. For all insects, this is just the Golmalaya in their flat world. At this time of the day, they will start eating as usual, under the sky where the sun and this Golmalaya coexist. However, unlike usual, a "click" appeared.

Gently, quietly, secretly, unobtrusively and hard to detect. A crack emerged on the almost perfect golden shell. After that almost perfect silence for three seconds. Three seconds of silence later, the fissures crack began to increase and decrease progressively and decrease progressively move in the folds of time and space. Fast and dense intensively. Just like lightning cutting through the sky, the cracks gradually filled covered the entire Golmalaya egg.

7-Night watchman

"The weather is dry and so are things,

Watch out and not to kindle them!"

Bang, bang, bang.

It is long street that is in front of the long street. And it is long street that is behind the long street. When the white crane takes a stride, it swings back and forth.

Tonight is a night without moonlight.

8-Lulu bird walked out of delicatessen bumped into a swarm of buzzing.

The moon is hanging in the sky, the weather is pleasant. When looking from under a shadow cast by the four-story building on the other side, the moon looks a bit clearer and the sky a bit bluer than from directly under the sun. A gentle breeze blows by, the air is infused with the smell of the saguaro's pollen. This is their flowering season; if it rains, the smell will be much stronger, then the whole town will be as if immersed in a barrel of pollen liquor, surrounded by humid air, emitting warm steam and fermenting slowly... But it has not rained for a long, long time. The newly opened shop no longer sells umbrellas. Every day is dryer than the day before.

ANTENNA SPACE