



抚摸 (2019)

听说在我刚出生的时候，她曾经把我抱在怀里，8岁的我对于枯木般的手臂不信任，那太细了，我甚至担心它在抬手的过程中断掉，怎么能抱起我呢，也许和我当时是个小胖子有关。只有过年或生日院子里才会热闹，我才会见到她，在我为数不多的印象里，她总是坐在楼梯上晒太阳，门后是忙里忙外的大人和玩耍的小孩子，厨房在瓦房与大门之间，端菜的人像绕过一尊佛像一样绕过她，虽然这是她的生日。也许是出于对喧闹杂乱的躲避，我坐着陪她晒太阳，一只手牵着她的衣角，那是老年人身上才会见到的布料，被洗得变薄、发脆的纯棉，如果揉一揉，脆弱的棉纱会微微发热，和太阳在皮肤上的感觉很像。有时我会抬头看向她的脸，原来皱纹可以这样深刻的留在一个人的身体上，在失去弹性微微发僵的皮肤上，阴影变得很轻，似乎可以伸手抹掉，只留下那些深深的沟壑。不记得是否会聊天，也许是聊过的，但现在的我无法想象会聊什么。

Text

The disappearance of time and materiality completes the closed loop of the work -- the touch is sent to her by the flame.

Performance Art

Video and photos

Rose+Alcohol+Glass



Touch

我一直以为自己是一个对亲情比较淡漠的人，甚至认为血缘是一种维系关系的说辞，这个作品改变了我的看法，它唤起了一种陌生而绵密的柔情，原来我是这么思念她。说实话，我对太姥姥，也就是我爷爷的妈妈，已经没有清晰的印象了。她在我8岁的时候去世，当时她已经108岁了，很长寿，但我无法揣测她是否因此感到幸福，在她生命的最后几年，她几乎没有离开过那个有三间瓦房的小院子，也很少见到除爷爷奶奶以外的其他人，甚至很少散步，很少睡觉，很少吃饭，很少讲话。

也许人的衰老是接近一棵树的过程，皮肤模仿树皮，身体与头脑接近静止，接近土地。

听说在我刚出生的时候，她曾经把我抱在怀里，8岁的我对于枯木般的手臂不信任，那太细了，我甚至担心它在抬手的过程中断掉，怎么能抱起我呢，也许和我当时是个小胖子有关。只有过年或生日院子里才会热闹，我才会见到她，在我为数不多的印象里，她总是坐在楼梯上晒太阳，门后是忙里忙外的大人和玩耍的小孩子，厨房在瓦房与大门之间，端菜的人像绕过一尊佛像一样绕过她，虽然这是她的生日。也许是出于对喧闹杂乱的躲避，我坐着陪她晒太阳，一只手牵着她的衣角，那是老年人身上才会见到的布料，被洗得变薄、发脆的纯棉，如果揉一揉，脆弱的棉纱会微微发热，和太阳在皮肤上的感觉很像。有时我会抬头看向她的脸，原来皱纹可以这样深刻的留在一个人的身体上，在失去弹性微微发僵的皮肤上，阴影变得很轻，似乎可以伸手抹掉，只留下那些深深的沟壑。不记得是否会聊天，也许是聊过的，但现在的我无法想象会聊什么。

我只记得这些，她是年幼的我对衰老最深刻的印象，去世的时候我没有参加葬礼，没有告别，也不太悲痛，她就像是消失在了空白或是阳光里，见不到了而已，死亡是奇怪的事情。

你摸过玫瑰花瓣吗？要用指腹去抚摸，它会像绒布一样展开，与指腹摩擦的时间久了，水分蒸发，就会留下微微发黄的痕迹，再等到它完全干枯，痕迹与花瓣融为一体，就变得顽固与不可消除，抚摸的动作与时间凝结在了干枯的花，时间与行为共同促成了的转化，鲜艳到衰老、水嫩到干枯的流逝，恰巧符合了我对太姥姥感性印象的总和。这种行为也是反作用于内心的，漫长的时间消解了我内心的空白与模糊，抚摸不断唤起了一种陌生而绵密的柔情，十年来，我都没有在心底与她告别，我以为我是在不在乎，然而淡漠不是源于坚硬而是源于脆弱，抚摸寄托了我的思念，也让我放下。

燃烧是一种仪式，广泛存在于各种宗教与习俗，在火焰中消失的事物会来到逝去的人手中。人们热衷于有形的事物，殡仪用品似乎总是钱、房子、车…连慰藉都带有消费社会的色彩，也许人们只是缺乏途径，不知道而无形的爱如何寄出。我把抚摸留在花瓣上，在作品的最后，将干枯的花瓣点燃，时间性与物质性的消失，完成了作品的闭环——由火焰将抚摸寄给了她。

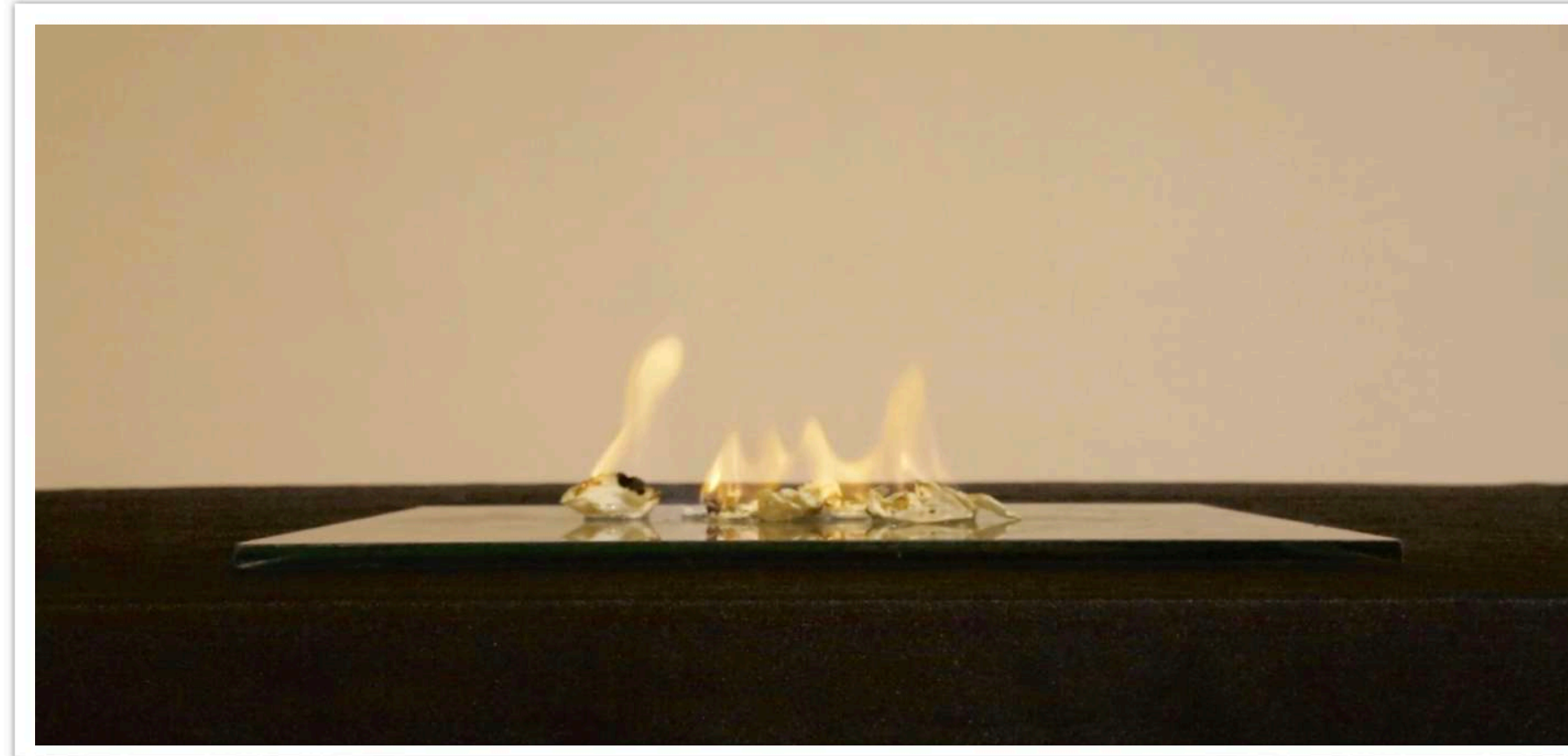
Text

The disappearance of time and materiality completes the closed loop of the work -- the touch is sent to her by the flame.

Performance Art

Video and photos

Rose+Alcohol+Glass



Touch

I always thought that I was a person who was indifferent to kinship, and even thought that blood relationship was a way to maintain the relationship. This work changed my opinion, and aroused a kind of strange and dense tenderness. It turned out that I missed her so much.

To be honest, I don't have a clear impression of my great-grandmother, my grandpa's mother. She died when I was 8 years old, she is 108 years old at the time, very long, but I can't fathom her if she so happy, in the last years of her life, she seldom leaving the three old small yard, rarely to see other people, other than the grandma and grandpa seldom walk, even little sleep, little eat, rarely speak.

Perhaps human aging is a process of approaching a tree, skin imitating bark, body and mind approaching stillness, approaching the land.

I heard that when I was just born, she used to hold me in her arms. At the age of 8, I didn't trust her deadwood arms, which were too thin. In my few impression, she always sat on the stairs in the sun, behind the door is busy busy outside the adults and children playing, the kitchen between the tile-roofed house and the door, the waiter like a statue of Buddha around her, although it is her birthday. Perhaps out of the noisy and disorderly escape, I sat with her in the sun, a hand holding her garment corner, that is the old man's body can only see the cloth, washed thin, brittle cotton, if rubbed, fragile cotton yarn will be slightly heating, and the sun on the skin feel very similar. Sometimes I will look up to her face, the original wrinkles can be so deep in a person's body, in the loss of elasticity slightly stiff

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skin, the shadow becomes very light, it seems that you can reach out to erase, leaving only those deep ravines. I don't remember if I could talk, maybe I did, but now I can't imagine what I could talk about.

That's all I remember. She was the most impressive thing I remember about growing old when I was young. When I died, I didn't go to the funeral, I didn't say goodbye, I didn't grieve too much.

Have you touched a rose petal? Want to use fingers to touch, it will be like a flannelette, with stomach friction time is long, evaporation, water will leave traces slightly yellowish, wait until it is completely dry, and petals together, became stubborn and do not eliminate, the action of touching and time setting in the dry flower, time together with the behavior led to the transformation, bright to aging, the passage of water to the dry, happened to meet my impression of too grandma perceptual combined. , this kind of behavior is also a reaction inside a long time to eliminate the gaps in my heart and fuzzy, stroke aroused a strange and polybasic tenderness, ten years, I did not say goodbye to her at heart, don't care, I think I am indifference is not originated from hard but due to weak, however, touch for my yearning, also let me down.

Burning is a ritual that exists in a wide variety of religions and customs. Things that disappear in flames come to the hands of those who have passed away. People love tangible things. Funeral items always seem to be money, houses, cars... Even consolation has the color of consumer society, maybe people just lack the means to know how to send invisible love. I left the touch on the petals and lit the dried petals at the end of the work. The timeliness and materiality disappeared, completing the closed loop of the work -- the touch was sent to her by the flame.

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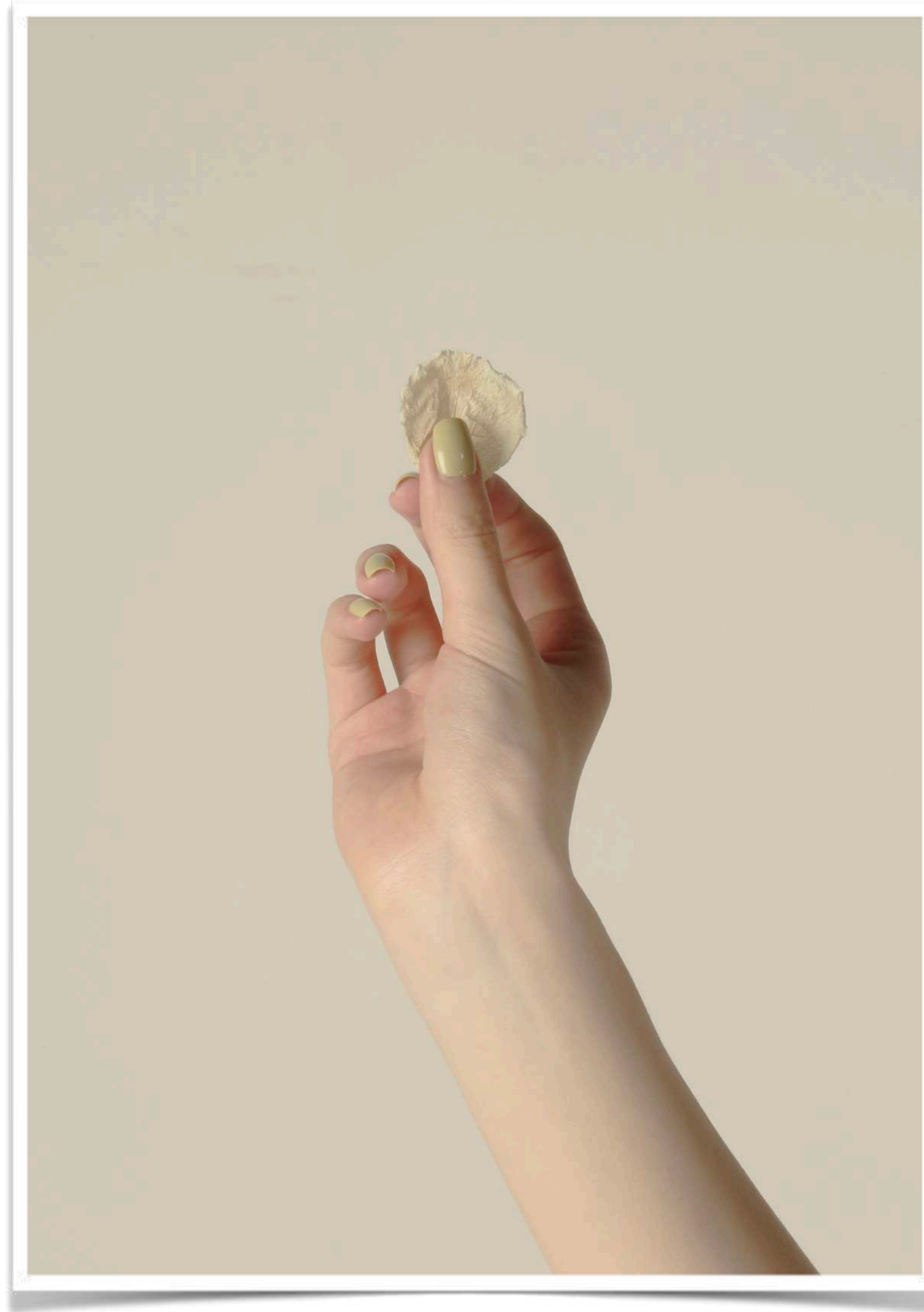
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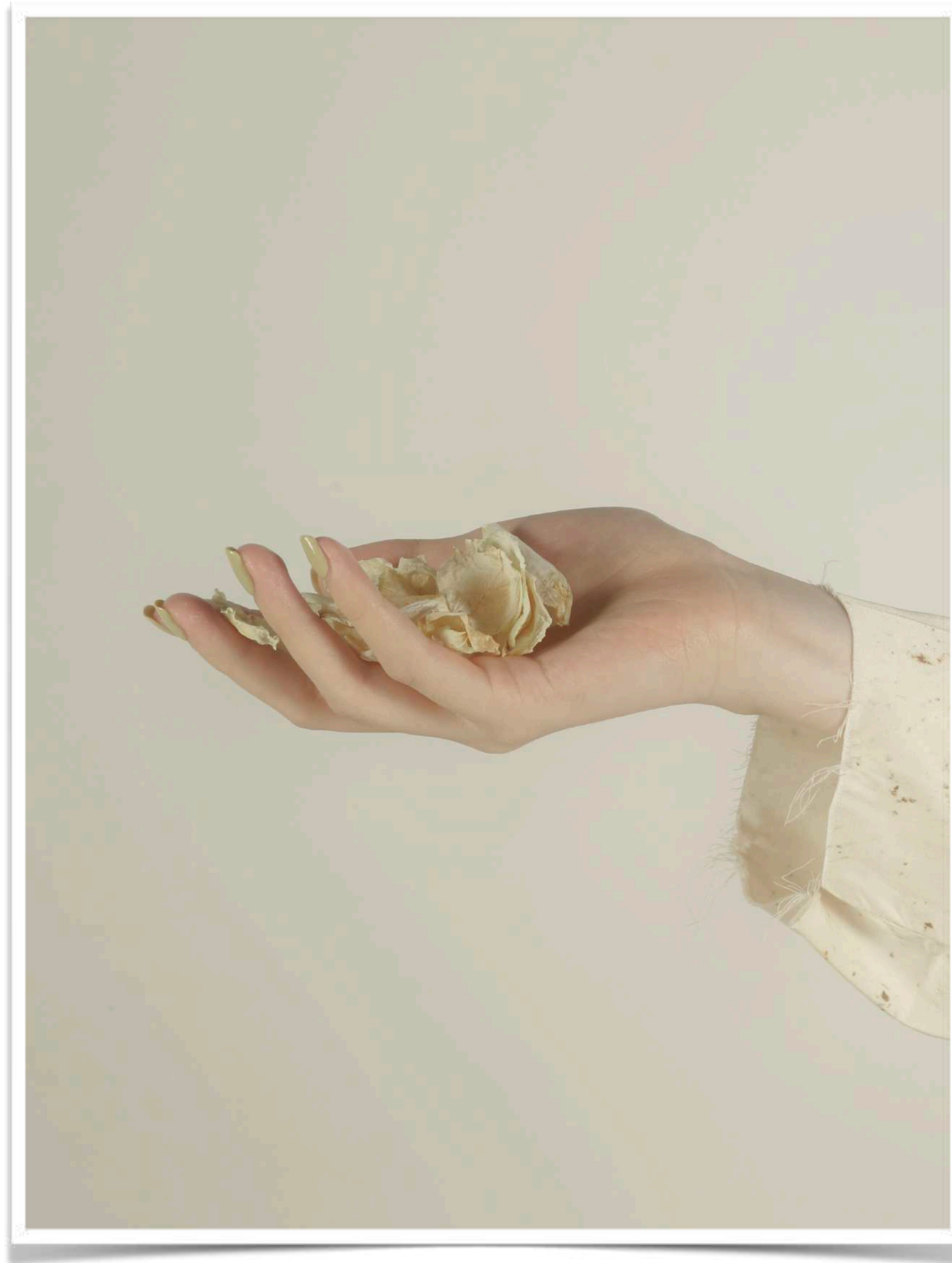
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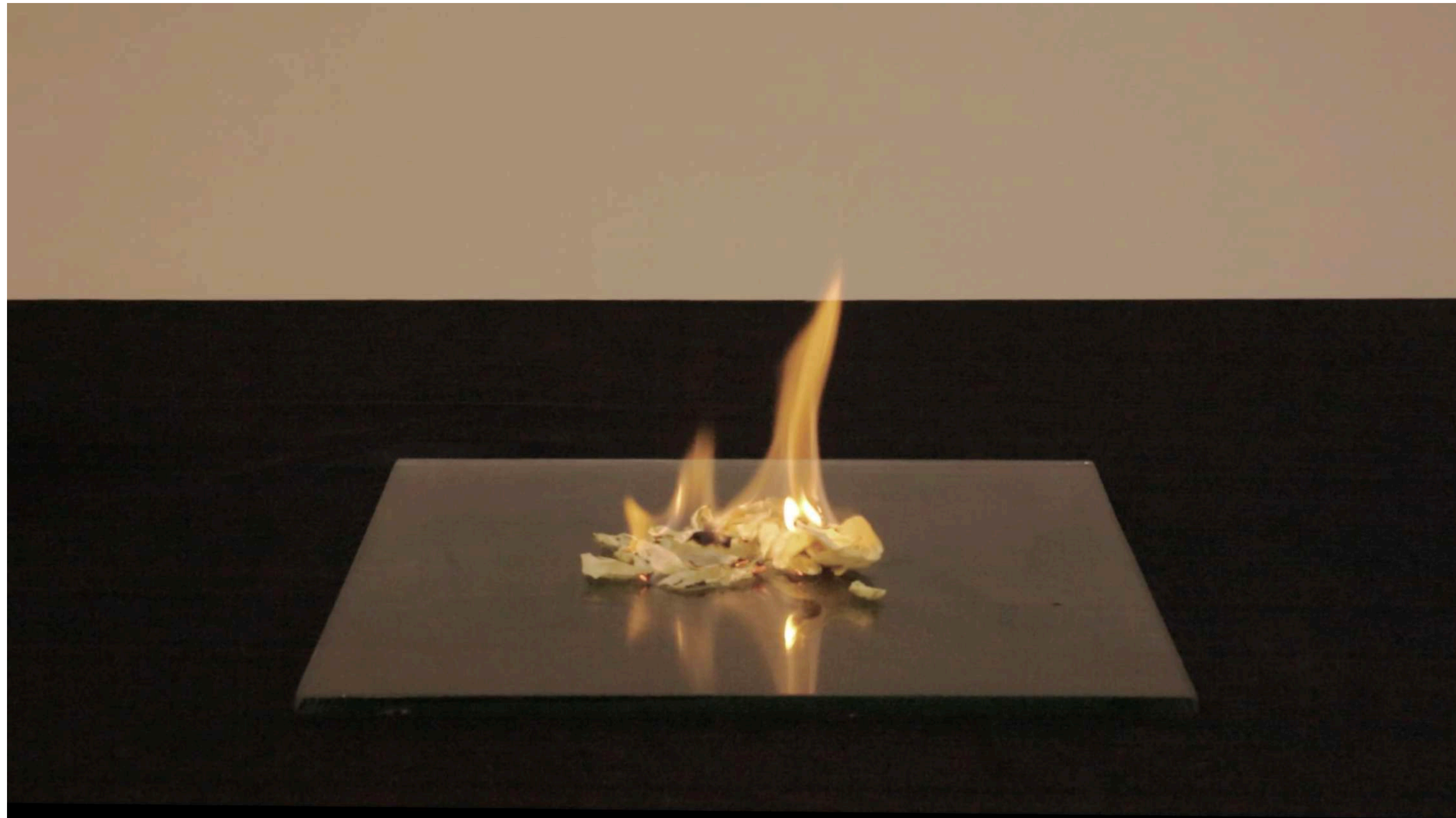
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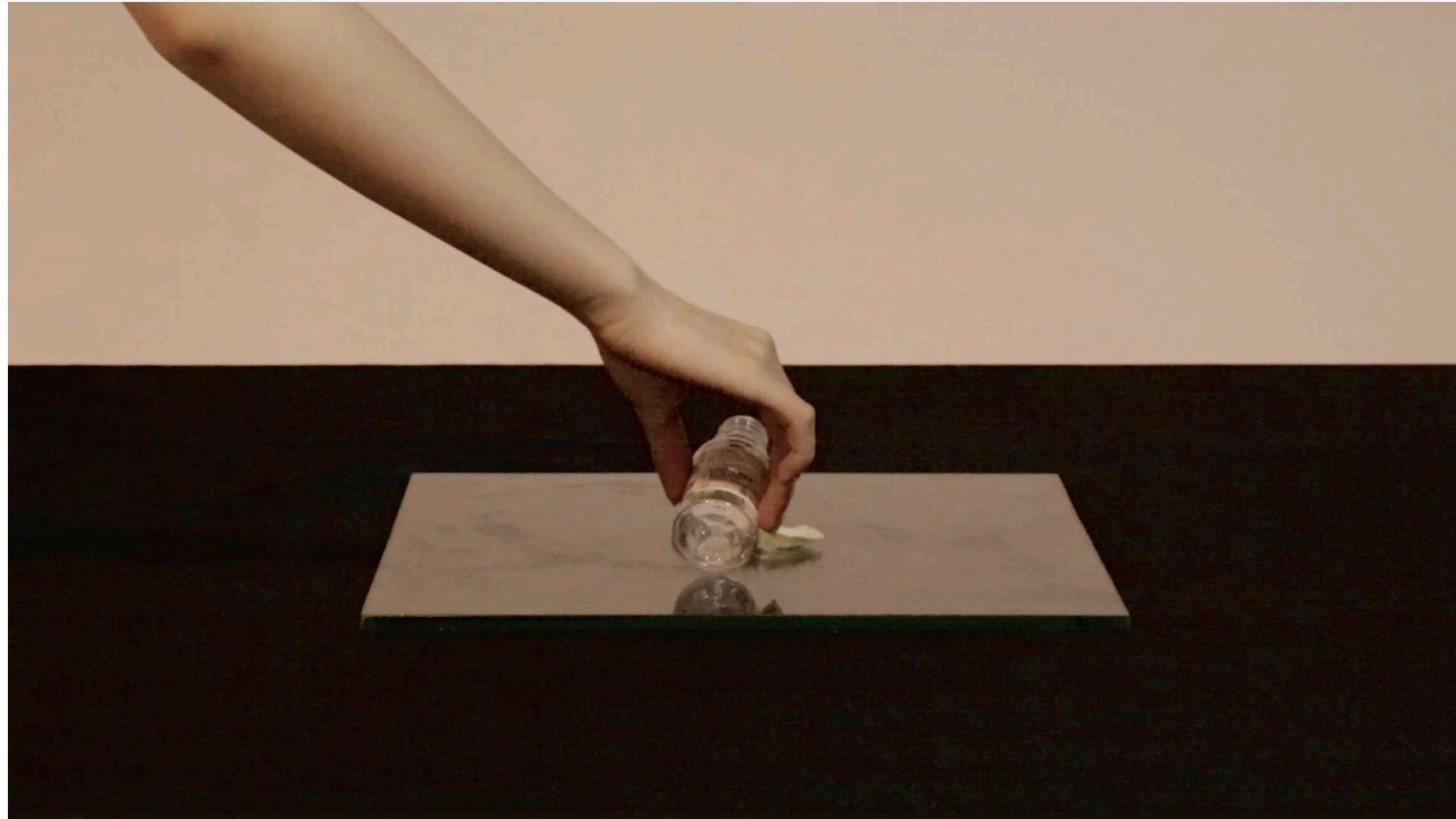
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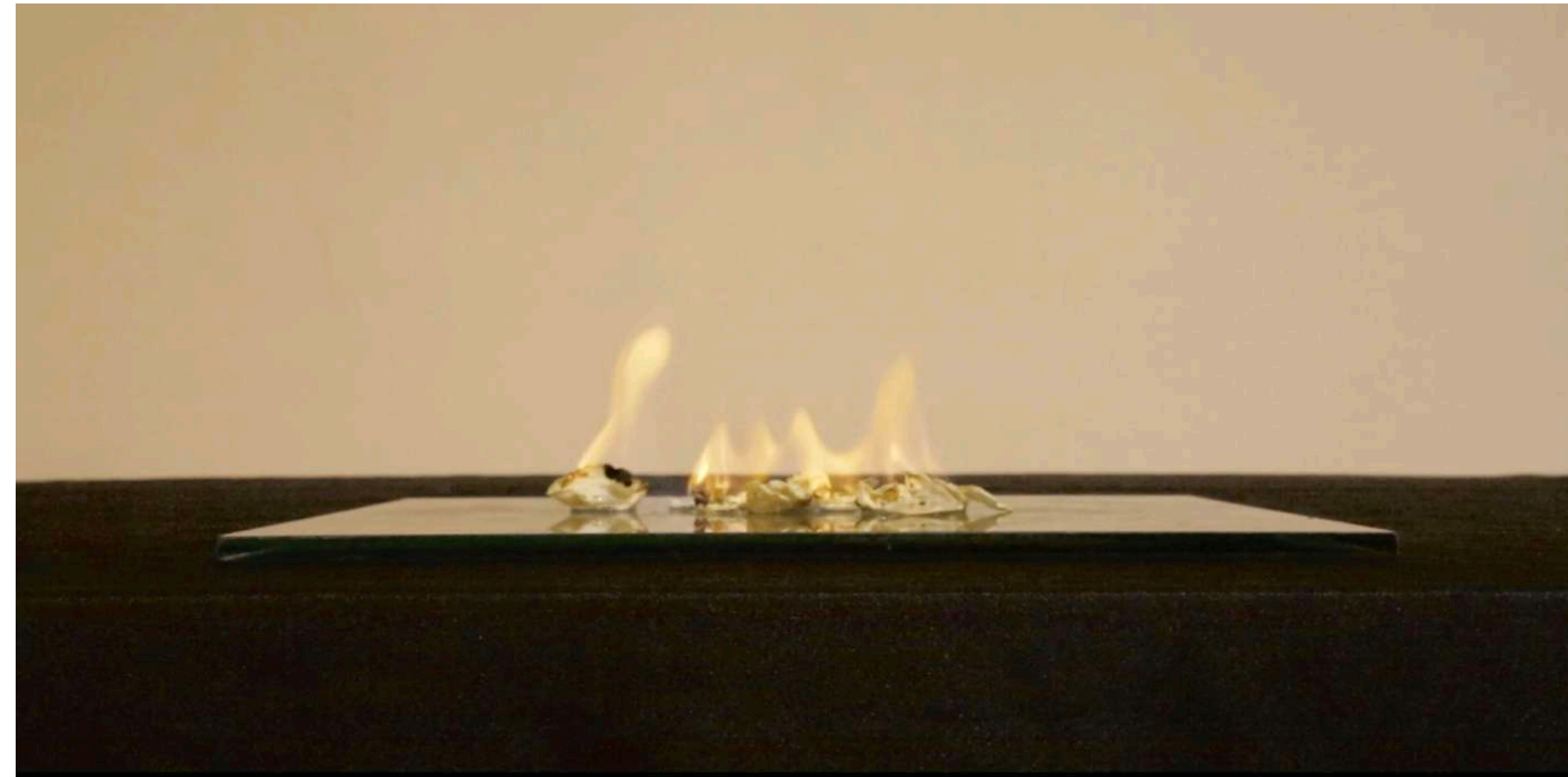
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玫瑰是一种非常符号化的事物

我们将那种香气怡人的植物称为玫瑰，这是物体本来的自在属性，在社会语境被赋予的重重定义下，人们似乎已经不再渴望透过符号化的象征寻求自然事物的原貌，博尔赫斯的「玫瑰即玫瑰，花香无意义」，或者辛波斯卡的「只有玫瑰才能盛开如玫瑰，别的不能」

玫瑰已经抽象于花朵这个概念之外，更像是种种体验归化为无可替代的渴望，一瞬间的具象与创造，或者说一种不断地赋予符号感情、精神层面的共同体验。广泛意义上的认同与领悟得到了迅速传达，玫瑰是浪漫、年轻、激情、美丽...玫瑰是只能是这样的玫瑰，特征理所当然被扁平化，不开花的玫瑰还是玫瑰吗，不鲜艳的玫瑰还是玫瑰吗，不芬芳的玫瑰还是玫瑰吗，玫瑰的语汇由这些元素构成，正如玫瑰所对应的年轻的、生命力旺盛的女性特质，而威廉·布莱克笔下的病玫瑰可以看作对与这种概念的反叛，我同样想要讲述玫瑰的“侧面”，所以我选择了讨论关于生命延续的存在性问题———死亡与衰老，而我对此最深刻的体验就是年幼时与太姥姥的相处，所以我选择把这段经历与玫瑰的概念结合。
