

Ho King Man, Cici Wu, and Wang Xu

Mosquitoes, Dusts, and Thieves

January 12 – February 12, 2017

We escaped from yesterday to complete a mission of seeing the world from a point of view of three. It was a hot and windy night. We were unknowingly forced to meet. All working together, we wanted this to happen. Perhaps the wind helped a little. You called me. And I answered your call. I came closer because I wanted more. With you to free heat for each other. Not just the wind, maybe.

Smuggling a foreign object into the cinema, she asked, "Why can't we bring more than popcorn?" Lit in mothering compression, a forbidden speak, "What about you? What will you bring?" An altered machine witnesses love. No figures only pure fluctuations. A mechanical sensor struggles to adopt a new language. Lifting the blindfold, she retrieves her automatic machine, love on record, mimicking light to project a movement of language, whispering in the darkness. *Closer, Closer, Says Love.*

He picked up his confidential ten year past and dried it with two hundred and thirteen translated poems, substances and reminders. Today, let's have an earlier rest. Sorry, how about six thirty? Drink when it is hot. Leave it alive in the parlor. I am heart-broken. I am not going to wash my hair. All dolls were pressed under sleeping heads. *Bloody Flavour Won't Go Away.* If I die tomorrow, what do I get today? As long as someone gives you a medal, you will worship it as the god. The hand named intolerance cuts off sources of blood; the hand named unfamiliar claws open pores inside; the hand named helpless allows people to put the future into the cooking pot, *Squeezing Juices Out of the Time.*

Softer than hands, sweeter than feet, coquettishly rising over the Field. Out there, he and the gardener, together forging an affinity for labor through distant intricate contact: hand held heads gripping a mesh foam machine, soiling cotton over tractor cuts, weather belting speed on limb-like trees. A bust of memories, drying to remember days for kourous, sun and brick sharing *A Stand*, greeting one body in anticipation of another.

A light passage. Warm winded, you open the balcony window and we turn off the light.

They have to invent, from A to Z, a relationship that is still formless, which is friendship:
that is to say, the sum of everything through which they can give each other pleasure.

—Michel Foucault, *Friendship as a Way of Life*

Ho King Man (Xuwen, China 1988), Cici Wu (Beijing, China 1989) and Wang Xu (Da Lian, China 1986)

PRACTICE, founded in 2015, is an independent project space led by Ho King Man, Cici Wu, and Wang Xu. Located on the top floor of a Cantonese building in Chinatown, New York, PRACTICE acts as an artist's studio, exhibition space, and residency program. PRACTICE welcomes migratory artists passing through the city to live in the space itself and work on their projects for free. Artists live, make work, and exhibit their own work and curated exhibitions in the multifunctional space.

Special thanks to: Terence Chan, Stephen Crawford, Weiyi Fan, GOX, Ren Hang, Amy Lien, Taro Masushio, Xiaofei Mo, Sean Raspet, Casey Robbins, Junrui Wang, Ali Van, Air Variable, Zheng Yuan.

何京聞, 武雨濛, 王旭

蚊子, 灰塵, 和小偷

1月12日至2月12日, 2017

我們逃離了昨天為了完成一個任務, 用一個三方的角度去看待這個世界。在一個有微風又溫暖的夜晚。我們被一種莫名的力量驅使著相遇。一起工作著, 我們想要一些事情發生。也許風幫了點忙。你打電話給我。而我接了你的電話。我走的更近因為我想要得到更多。和你一起釋放一些溫暖給彼此。不只是風而已, 或許。

私運一個外來物進入電影院, 她問道: “為什麼我們不能帶除了爆米花以外的東西?” 在母親般的壓縮 (同情) 下點亮, 一種被禁的言說, “你呢? 你會帶些什麼?” 一個被改造的機器能夠見證愛情。沒有人物只有單純的光的波動。一個機動的感應器掙扎地接受一種新的語言。掀起蒙眼布, 她重新啟動她的自動機器, 記錄在案的愛, 在模仿光影的一種語言運動, 在黑暗中竊竊私語。近一點, 近一點, 愛情說。

他拾起他的十年往時曬乾成貳百壹拾叁首譯詩, 物質, 和提醒。今天, 早點休息吧。不好意思, 陸點半怎麼樣? 趁熱喝。活生生的放在廳裡。我很傷心。我不洗頭。所有的娃娃都壓在睡覺的腦袋下面。血的味道去不了。如果明天死去, 今天會得到什麼? 只要給個獎牌你, 你便當成神來拜。名為難忍的手, 切開了血的源頭; 名為陌生的手, 扒開裡面的血孔; 名為無奈的手, 讓人有未來下鍋, 把時間榨出汁來。

比手要軟, 比腳要鮮甜, 在田野上風騷地冉冉升起。在那裡, 他和園丁, 一起通過疏遠而複雜的接觸為勞動力鍛造一種祥和: 握住網狀泡沫機, 正在切割的拖拉機披著弄髒的棉, 天氣帶動速度在像軀幹一般的樹上。一陣回憶, 乾著記下庫羅斯的時光, 太陽和磚頭分享一個衣架, 迎接一個身體, 期待著另一個。

一條發光的通道。暖風迎來, 你打開陽台的窗戶, 而我們關上了燈。

他們必須發明, 從 A 到 Z, 一種形態未定的關係, 是友誼:

就是說, 通過一切的一切他們能夠給予彼此歡愉。

- 米歇爾•福柯, 作為一種生活方式的友誼

何京聞 (徐聞, 中國 1988), 武雨濛 (北京, 中國 1989) 和王旭 (大連, 中國 1986)

PRACTICE, 創立於 2015 年, 是一個由何京聞, 武雨濛, 和王旭三位藝術家一起引領的獨立項目。位於紐約唐人街的一棟廣東樓的最頂層, PRACTICE 同時作用於藝術家工作室, 展覽空間, 和駐留項目。PRACTICE 迎接遷移中的朋友在路過這個城市時免費暫住這個空間同時做他們的項目。在這個多功能空間里藝術家居留, 創作, 還展覽他們自己的作品和策展。

特別感謝: Terence Chan, Stephen Crawford, Weiyi Fan, GOX, Amy Lien, Taro Masushio, Xiaofei Mo, Casey Robbins, Sean Raspet, Junrui Wang, Ali Van, Air Variable, Zheng Yuan