

## 引言

盛夏伊始，拱形画廊非常开心地宣布将于 2024 年 6 月 7 日至 7 月 28 日推出艺术家齐乐的个展《闪闪的信号》，在一个没有选择回家而是走向森林深处的悠长的夜里，我们是被太阳唤醒的影子。任由飘忽的念头一起霸占身体，当无数个意识涌入，任由其涌入，漫长银河里，飞蛾一梦，翩翩流萤。

At the height of midsummer, Arch Gallery is delighted to announce the solo exhibition **Glittering Signals** by artist Qi Le, running from June 7 to July 28, 2024. On a long night when there was no choice but to venture deeper into the forest instead of returning home, we become the shadows awakened by the sun. Letting fleeting thoughts occupy the body together, as countless consciousnesses surge in, let them surge in. In the boundless Milky Way, a moth dreams, and fireflies flutter.

“来自晨暮昼夜的惊险，新鲜。

这些实践工作尝试悬停在似曾相识的现实，但绝不是可以抵达的现实。这里是现实的反面，是身体的内部、突然走神的时空缝隙。

我的童年有很长一段时间在山区度过，这片迷人、吊诡的景色日后不断以各种方式重现——它们游荡于牙齿、脚踝和睫毛之间，它们在一个个具体的温度里筑起洞穴，我的创作实践由此展开。”

——齐乐

"The thrills and freshness of morning, dusk, and night. These practical works attempt to hover over a seemingly familiar reality, but never one that can be reached. This is the opposite of reality, the interior of the body, a temporal gap

from a sudden distraction. Much of my childhood was spent in the mountains, and this enchanting, eerie landscape has continually reappeared in various forms—it wanders between my teeth, ankles, and eyelashes, it builds caverns in each specific temperature, and thus my creative practice unfolds."

——Qi

Le

## 前言

《闪闪的信号》

文/文静

晨光熹微，太阳初升，光斑穿过散漫的树叶照耀在家前面的小河上。今年夏天如这单调的鸟鸣一样显得既简单又跳跃，家就像小河的波浪，波浪是河流的呼吸声，望向这波光粼粼的小河碎片，家的景色也变得明亮、复杂起来。

太阳如幻，当空而照，垂直地俯瞰着波涛起伏的海面，阳光如闪闪的网格将世界笼罩，如飘浮的怀抱。听说小河会用尽全力窜入大海，海浪是大海的呼吸声，家就像大海的波浪，遥远、模糊、抗拒又层层叠叠。迎面而来的时间的光斑折射进房间，去触摸，是梦境的轮廓。梦的景物全部被清清楚楚、细致入微地暴露出来，覆盖在身上的潦草的光里有梦的眼睛，抓住散落的欲望，用自己的声音去说话，牙齿又碰撞在一起了，那是大海里扬起的白帆。翻个身，恍然察觉这是斑斓的记忆发出闪闪的信号。

生活并不是一幅幅均匀装配好的画，生活是一圈又圈明亮的光，照向自己，始终通往意识，包围着我们的是一个半透明的封套，把这种变化多端、不可名状、难以解说的内在精神——不论它显得多么反常和复杂，链接出连绵又漫长的线，是我的毛发，是我回去的地方，伸展，我忘了盛夏来了，拿起枪。

## Glittering Signals

By Wen Jing

In the dim light of dawn, the sun rises, and light spots shine through the scattered leaves onto the small river in front of the house. This summer, like the monotonous bird songs, seems both simple and lively. The home is like the waves of the small river, and the waves are the breathing of the river. Looking

at the shimmering fragments of this little river, the scenery of home becomes bright and complex.

The sun is illusory, hanging in the sky, overlooking the undulating sea vertically. The sunlight, like a glittering grid, envelops the world, like a floating embrace. It is said that the small river will exert all its strength to rush into the sea, and the waves are the breathing of the sea. The home is like the waves of the sea, distant, blurred, resistant yet layered. The time spots coming towards us refract into the room, and when touched, they outline the contours of dreams. The dreamscape is fully exposed in clear and meticulous detail, covered in the hasty light that has the eyes of the dream. It catches scattered desires, speaking with its own voice, and the teeth collide again, like the white sails rising in the sea. Turning over, suddenly realizing that it is the mottled memories sending out glittering signals.

Life is not a series of uniformly assembled paintings; life is circles of bright light, shining towards oneself, always leading to consciousness. We are surrounded by a semi-transparent envelope, linking this ever-changing, indescribable, inexplicable inner spirit—no matter how abnormal and complex it may seem. These continuous and long lines are my hair, they are the place I return to. Stretching out, I forgot that midsummer has arrived, and I pick up a gun.