

慢胸人

the man·chest·er

顾灵 Ling Gu

顾灵在esea contemporary驻地

Ling Gu's residence at esea contemporary

13 - 20 August 2023

# Chapter 01

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## 居家速成

## A Guide to Home Making

步速增长，慢胸人需要有意调解呼吸以配合这新的配速。即便离家旅行已超过24小时。天空中白色与暗色的云也大步流星。自带风的节奏。

粤语在耳边跳跃，中文招牌冲进眼睛。她自己与前来迎接的伙伴说着普通话。离开了家，又好像没有。

仓库的层高，两重门锁，钥匙挂在胸口。除此以外，按照自己的居家布局快速地 **mapping** 出日常生活的格局：卫生间里，和牙齿有关的放在水斗附近；和脸孔有关的放进玻璃小柜；与身体有关的放进浴室隔间；厨房里，速冻的放进速冻，冷藏的放进冷藏，需要烹煮的放在电磁炉上，杯垫在杯子下面，砧板和刀具在使用时组合起来，碗靠近筷子，垃圾靠近垃圾桶，脏衣服靠近洗衣机。

电脑靠近桌子，充电线靠近拖线板，行李箱靠近地板，衣服靠近椅子；八段锦靠近宽敞，睡眠靠近床。

As the pace quickens, this stranger carefully alters her breathing to match her new, Mancunian surroundings. It's been over 24 hours since she left home. In the sky above, white and dark clouds swirl to the rhythms of the wind.

Cantonese dances around her ears, Chinese shop signs dazzle her gaze. She chats in Mandarin with the friend that came to meet her, and it feels as though she'd never left home.

A high-walled warehouse, double door locks, and keys hanging around her chest. These few quirks aside, she maps out her new daily life according to the layout at home. In the bathroom, things for the teeth are placed by the sink, things for the face in the glass cabinet, and things for the body in the shower cubicle. In the kitchen, what needs freezing goes in the freezer, what needs refrigerating goes in the fridge, what needs to cooking goes on the induction hob. Coasters go under the cups; chopping boards and knives are used together. The bowls go near the chopsticks, rubbish in the bins, and dirty clothes in the washing machine.

The computer is on the desk, chargers in the plug socket, suitcase on the floor, and clothes on the chair; Qigong exercise is in the open space, and sleep is on the bed.

# Chapter 02

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## 粉色海藻舞 Dancing with Roses and Seaweed

好奇心给予慢胸人信心。在竖着一对朝天辫的Contact门口停下脚步，走进去撞撞看演出。结果幸运地遇到Chris Brown的Expand身体舞动工作坊。原本预订的四个人都临场取消了，就在她跟他one on one刚要开始时，救场天使Heidi Rose推门进来。人如其名，这个玫瑰色的音乐人马上去学马戏，而她正在做一系列有关身心认知的媒体内容策划。这份同属于三个人的无敌幸运或许是刚才The Whitworth草地上的小松鼠带来的。它们不论在树干的垂直方向上还是草地的水平方向上都游刃有余地横冲直撞，其中有一只胆大的卷尾松鼠朝着躬身的她一步一停地靠近。当时她明智地屏住呼吸接受它的施法，于是工作坊重头戏 The Alexander Technique开启前的热身中，她通过模仿松鼠的举动向它致意，比如把自己的两只小爪子护在胸前、鼻子嗅着潜在坚果的香气。

初次见面的Chris把他自带的练习裤借给原本穿了皮裙的她，而躺在地上在他的语音引导中感谢地面与重力将她的身体稳稳托起时轻柔触碰她各个关节的温暖双手也来自Chris。初次见面的两个人之间，可以发生如此亲密而又体面的接触，这既是身体的馈赠，也是心灵的馈赠。

Curiosity empowers this stranger. She pauses at the entrance to the CONTACT, a multi-arts venue where a pair of braided plaits stood erect like antennae pointing toward the sky, and ventures inside wishing to catch a performance. By a stroke of luck, she stumbles upon Chris Brown's movement workshop, "Expand." Four people had cancelled right before the event, and she was just about to start a one-on-one session when salvation came through the door. It took the form of Heidi Rose. Rose was a musician and aspiring circus performer. She was also working on new content exploring how we understand our bodies. It was a moment of pure serendipity shared between the three of them. Perhaps it had all been set in motion earlier that day, by the little squirrels on the lawn of the Whitworth. She had watched as they navigated along the tree trunks and across the grass with the grace of seasoned acrobats. One particularly daring squirrel tiptoed forwards. She held her breath as it cast its spell. During the warmup at the workshop, she mimicked the squirrel's movements, pulling her tiny paws tightly to her chest and breathing in the aroma of imaginary nuts.

Chris had lent her his pair of dance pants to replace the leather skirt she was wearing. She lies on the floor as he guides her with his gentle voice and warm hands, letting herself sink further into the ground. A rare moment of intimacy and benevolence between two people meeting for the first time. It was food for body and soul.

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活学活用，她把Chris通过The Alexander Technique试图从她身上清走的压力交还给直面重力的地板。在工作坊的第三段，她和Heidi应邀以“海草”为关键词即兴舞动。海草是没有根的，而借用Holdfast附着在海床上。因为它长在水中而非地里，Holdfast与引力的关系给予它更强的灵活度。她尝试把自己的后背作为Holdfast贴着地板，而让四肢成为四根共享Holdfast的海草。它们以数字为节拍展开编舞：从2对2的双人舞开始，双腿海草倒向左边的时候，想象中的水流把双臂海草推向右边；双臂海草向前摆动时，双腿海草也随着向前摆动…；当组合变成1与3，一条臂或一条腿在海床地板上休息，而其他三只则可以像Chris、Heidi和她一样不断开发新的身体可能性。闭着眼从透明海水下朝太阳的方向看，金灿灿的水光中波咯波咯向上冒着水泡。长短不一的条状腿海带、臂海带与头颈海带好奇地同时伸向天空，心想：天空，是另一片海水吗？

随着音乐渐息，她和Heidi默契地贴近寻求这段即兴舞动的尾声。她卷成了一块石头趴在地面休息，而她也慢慢卷起来，并把上半身贴在她曲线的后背。一块暖而软的石头上，搭着另一块软而暖的石头。这便是她和Heidi，一对初次见面却配合默契的舞伴。

三个人在粉色的暮色晚霞前留影，顶天立地地占满整面墙的窗户就像一道神秘的分界，跨过去，就一步到了粉色的天边。

She was learning quickly. After trying the “The Alexander Technique,” she worked with gravity to ground her energy. In the third part of the workshop, they were invited to improvise a dance, creating movement inspired by seaweed. Seaweed has no roots; it clings to the seabed with holdfasts. Because it lives in water, the interplay of these holdfasts with gravity gives it great flexibility. She imagines her back as a holdfast, gripping the floor tightly as her limbs transform into four strands of seaweed. They dance to a series of numerical beats, starting with pairs of twos. The seaweed legs bend to the left and an imaginary current nudges the seaweed arms to the right. Then the arms swing forward, and the legs follow suit. As the combinations shift to one or three, one limb rests on the floor, letting the other three explore new possibilities. Eyes closed, she looks up from under the clear water to the golden sun. She watches in the glimmering light as the bubbles gently come to the surface. Seaweed of all lengths - arms, legs, and a neck - reach for the sky at once and they wonder: is the sky just another ocean?

As the music fades and the dance comes to an end, she and Heidi draw closer. Heidi curls into a stone-like pose, taking the floor as her resting place. Gradually, she also coils up and presses her upper body against Heidi’s curved back. One soft, warm stone rested on another soft, warm stone. They had only just met but were perfectly in sync.

The three took a photo as the pink hues of the sunset seeped in through the vast window, which took up the entire back wall. Standing behind them, it was a mysterious threshold, just a step away from the rosy horizon.

一根针管似的笔，购于曼城科学工业博物馆

A pen resembling a hypodermic needle was purchased from the Manchester Museum of Science and Industry.

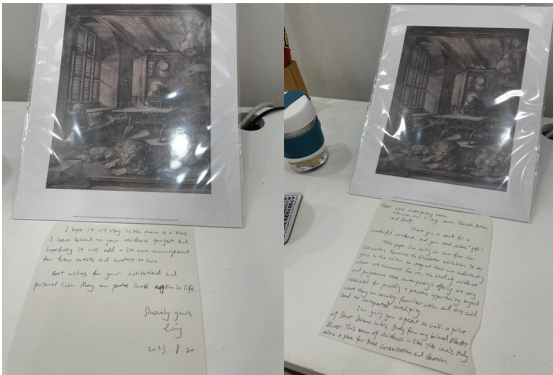


esea contemporary团队送给我的礼物，  
🕯️ 是曼城的象征

The gift given to me by the team,  
🕯️ is the symbol of Manchester.



曾在此驻地的名单  
names of previous residents



我送给esea contemporary驻地小屋一幅来自丢勒的版画《圣杰罗姆在他的书房》，因为这间驻地小屋跟画中传奇的书房一样，能让人专注与慷慨。

My present for the esea contemporary's residence is a print copy from Albrecht Dürer's *Saint Jerome in his study*. This room of residence is like the legendary study offering a place for true concentration and devotion.

# Chapter 03

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## 夜河纸面洒金 Golden shimmers on night waters

从Home看完将近半小时的映前广告跟两个半小时的拉斯·冯·提尔的《破浪》(1996) 4K修复版后直接在那儿吃了晚饭。上菜的份量很大，剩下的要耗用两个打包盒才装得下。慢胸人觉得胸口有点被过咸的Halloumi堵到了，但Grill的香气又稍稍疏通了这个胸堵。此时窗外雨颇细密，风有点急。打算起身回家的她正隐约担心着自己的孤身，未曾想洛克达尔运河(Rochdale Canal)陪她约会似的送她走了一程。

河畔餐馆的灯光与人声洒在如纸薄的河面，一层细细密密的金点，是雨作的抽象画。它们仿佛引诱她去河面上走，Emily Watson在影片中演绎的浪漫不及这夜河纸面洒金。

Half an hour of pre-show adverts before a 4K restoration of Lars von Trier's "Breaking the Waves" (1996) at Home. She stayed for dinner. The portions were so large that it took two boxes to take the leftovers home. This stranger felt a little overwhelmed by the salty halloumi, but the smell from the grill helped ease her tight chest. She looked out of the window to the brisk wind and the soft rain. Getting up to leave, she was slightly uneasy about the walk back, all alone. But soon enough, she found company in the Rochdale canal, which took her hand as if they were on a date.

The lights and chatter from the canal-side restaurants spilled onto the water's surface, casting a fine layer of golden specks; an abstract piece, painted by the rain. They seemed to beckon her into the waters. Even Emily Watson, the film's romantic lead, paled in comparison to the shimmering beauty of the canal at night.

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雨声渲染的暗夜里，洛克达尔运河不怎么说话地陪她速速地步行。雨点乘着疾风打湿她的裤腿，但她并不觉得冷，因有运河在她身边。邻着宽宽河面的窄窄支流穿过满是涂鸦的桥洞，前方视线遮蔽处转而开朗时迎面不曾遇见一个人，一个鬼；身后也不曾有谁赶上她。运河先生动用它的魔力驱散了旁人，唯独跟她走在这浪漫的雨夜。

开阔的湖面先柳袭人，妖娆葱郁的一群柳发向我揭开洛克达尔由河变湖的芳婉转场。何其莫奈的睡莲画从夜色中如小兔子般跃然而出：荧荧绿芳庭，宛宛水中亭。啊，我可要回家了，亲爱的洛克达尔先生，抑或是洛克达尔小姐？

In the dark rain, they hurried along in silence. The canal wasn't much for talking. Her trousers were soddened, but she didn't seem to feel cold with the canal by her side. Along the narrow straits, under the graffitied bridges, they went without seeing a soul. Not even a ghost. The canal had worked its magic to clear the route for the two of them, this romantic, rainy night.

A willow tree flirted with the surface of the canal as it opened up into a lake. Monet's Water Lilies emerged from the darkness like bunny rabbits: vivid greens, fragrant gardens, delicate water pavilions. Is it time to return home now, Mr. Canal, or Miss Canal perhaps?

本篇写作从作家西西的写作中汲取了养分。  
在此致谢。

This piece of writing drew inspiration from the works of the writer Xi Xi.  
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