

# Group

A different shift

Moving in, moving out

## 团队

工作在小组之间的交接中一直持续着。

# AFTER WORK

下班

Working all night by logical extension brings up work the next day. There is no need to speak about work from this seat because it is implied. 晚上工作的时候

When I am working all night.

The difference between work and after-work (wondering whether it should be called work and non-work) the feeling in back and neck, at one point the entire laboring body, would have told you when work had stopped. Right now, where I sit, I am in a similar position as when I am working. Furthermore, many people do all kind of work from a similar position. It seems that this is a very popular position these days.

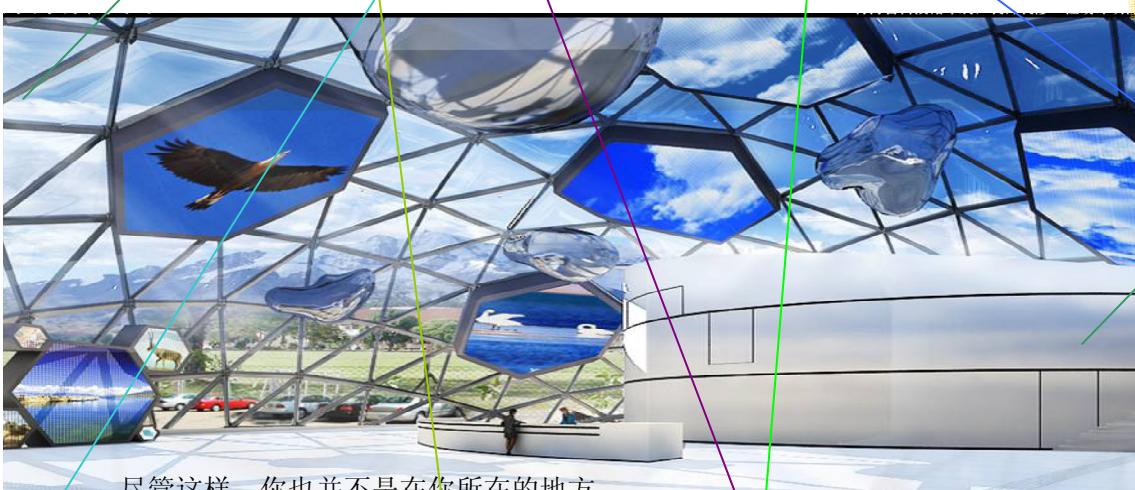
从晚上开始，一直工作到第二天，本身就是已经讨论出了结果，所以不用讨论了。

很显然清楚是上班还是在休息。以前上班时腰酸背痛的毛病到下班时就消失了。现在在工作时我还是保持同样的姿势。而且许多人工作时也是保持相同的姿势。它看起来成了最近的流行趋势。



The environment is in conversation with the body; perhaps this can be called "ergonomics," an arrangement and relation of spaces that move around with you. You have this fleshy body, which requires a certain climate in which to survive.

Despite this, you are not totally present where you are, because your body is not necessarily what you are doing or what you are thinking about.



尽管这样，你也并不是在你所在的地方。

因为

你在想的和你在做的都不是你的身体所需要的。



身体在讨论的环境中；这可能被称为人体工程学，地方的计划和关系随身体一起移动。“你的身体需要有一个合适的气候才能生存。”

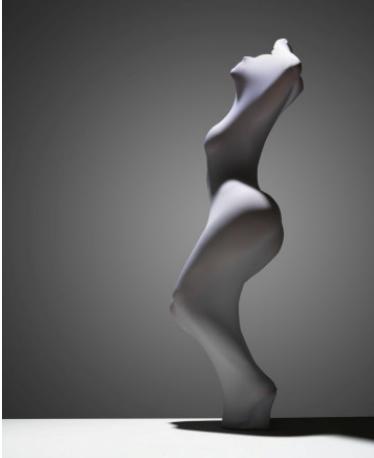


I hesitate to begin



speaking  
about this  
place,  
because it  
is not  
clear

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I did not see what he was reading.

whether it exists after it has been described.

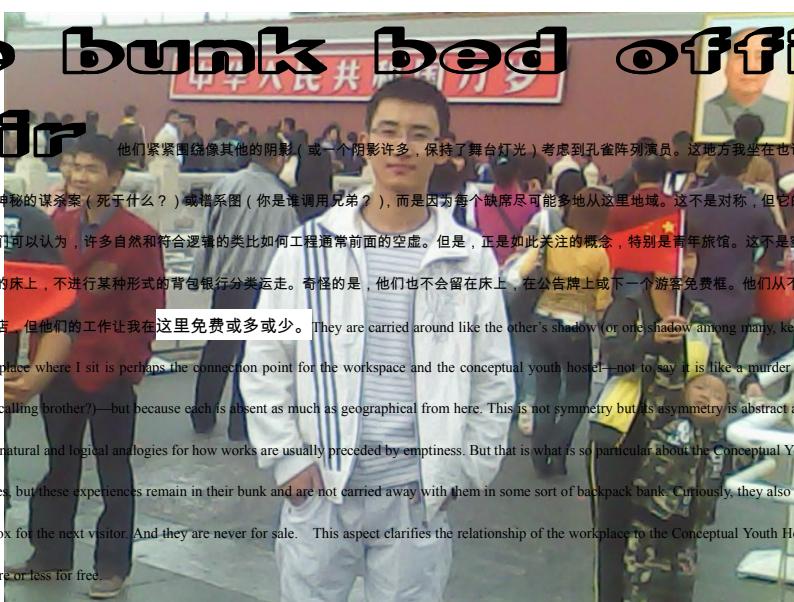
anyway, because it is still an imaginary place, I think. *It's called The Conceptual Youth Hostel.*

My curiosity about this place began at a hard-to-define point. However, I can say that one time I became aware of an old man reading on a bench identical to mine in a park in a foreign country. Whether it was because he was several meters away, because of my poor eyes, or because of the evening sunlight, his features seemed generic and almost prototypical. I soon realized that this was me in the future.



This text has proceeded in a more or less linear fashion, although it has only proceeded here, and so the areas of the conceptual youth hostel and the office do not overlap, buffered by the third party, the arbiter, this copy shop. At this time, February 1, 2010, I still do not know the name of this copy shop. I know it only through the experience of coming here and I cannot search for it on a database.

## The bunk bed office chair

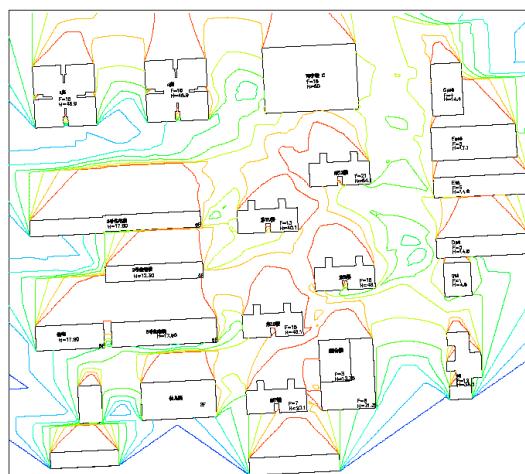


他们紧紧围绕像其他的阴影（或一个阴影许多，保持了舞台灯光）考虑到孔雀阵列演员。这地方我坐在也许是工作区的连接点和概念青年旅馆，并不是说像一个神秘的谋杀案（死于什么？）或谱系图（你是谁调用兄弟？），而是因为每个缺席尽可能多地从这里地域。这不是对称，但它的不对称性是抽象的，局势一片。他们不是对立的。我们可以认为，许多自然和符合逻辑的类比如何工程通常前面的空虚。但是，正是如此关注的概念，特别是青年旅馆。这不是空洞的，它存储了乘客的经验，但这些经验，留在他们的床上，不进行某种形式的背包银行分类运走。奇怪的是，他们也不会躺在床上，在公告牌上或下一个游客免费框。他们从不出售。这方面澄清了工作关系的概念青年旅馆和复印店。但他们的工作让我在这里免费或多或少。They are carried around like the other's shadow (or one shadow among many, keeping in mind the peacock array cast by stage lights). This place where I sit is perhaps the connection point for the workspace and the conceptual youth hostel—not to say it is like a murder mystery (what died?) or a genealogical chart (who are you calling brother?)—but because each is absent as much as geographical from here. This is not symmetry but its asymmetry is abstract and dolorous. They are not opposites. We can think of many natural and logical analogies for how works are usually preceded by emptiness. But that is what is so particular about the Conceptual Youth Hostel. It isn't empty; it stores its occupant's experiences, but these experiences remain in their bunk and are not carried away with them in some sort of backpack bank. Curiously, they also do not remain in the bunk, on a bulletin board or in a free box for the next visitor. And they are never for sale. This aspect clarifies the relationship of the workplace to the Conceptual Youth Hostel and to the copy shop, though they let me work here more or less for free.

这个作品我在这一直做完，青年饭店概念不能和办公在一起，因为我们在金木堂数码打印店，现在是 2010 年 2 月 1 号，但是我还不知道这个地方的名字，我认识这个地方，因为我来过这，在网上，我找不到这个地方的名字，



的确，这个地方是讨论方法的地方，不是办公地方，描述一个虚构的地方可能与疑  
问节理二手势，床上是满的也是空的，如果我们承认，由于矛盾留给我们的仅仅是  
两个真正的地方。这？办公？



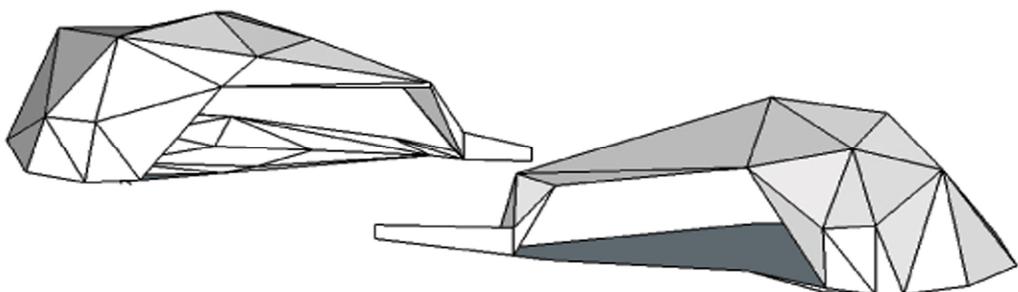
建设后大寒日日照平面等时线图

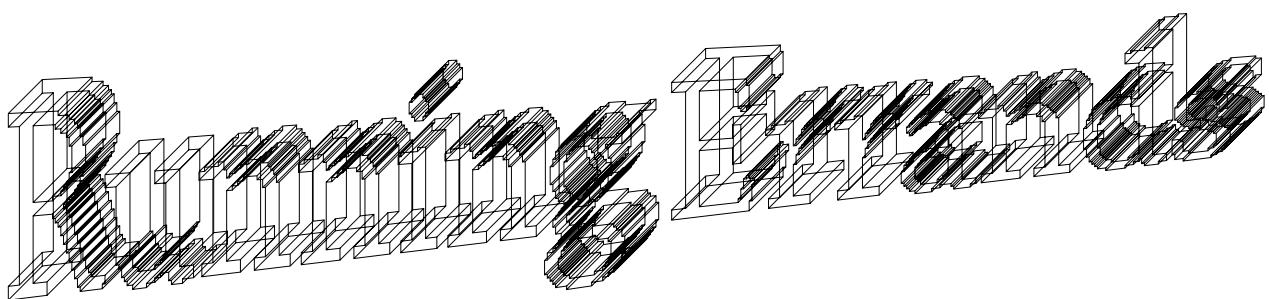
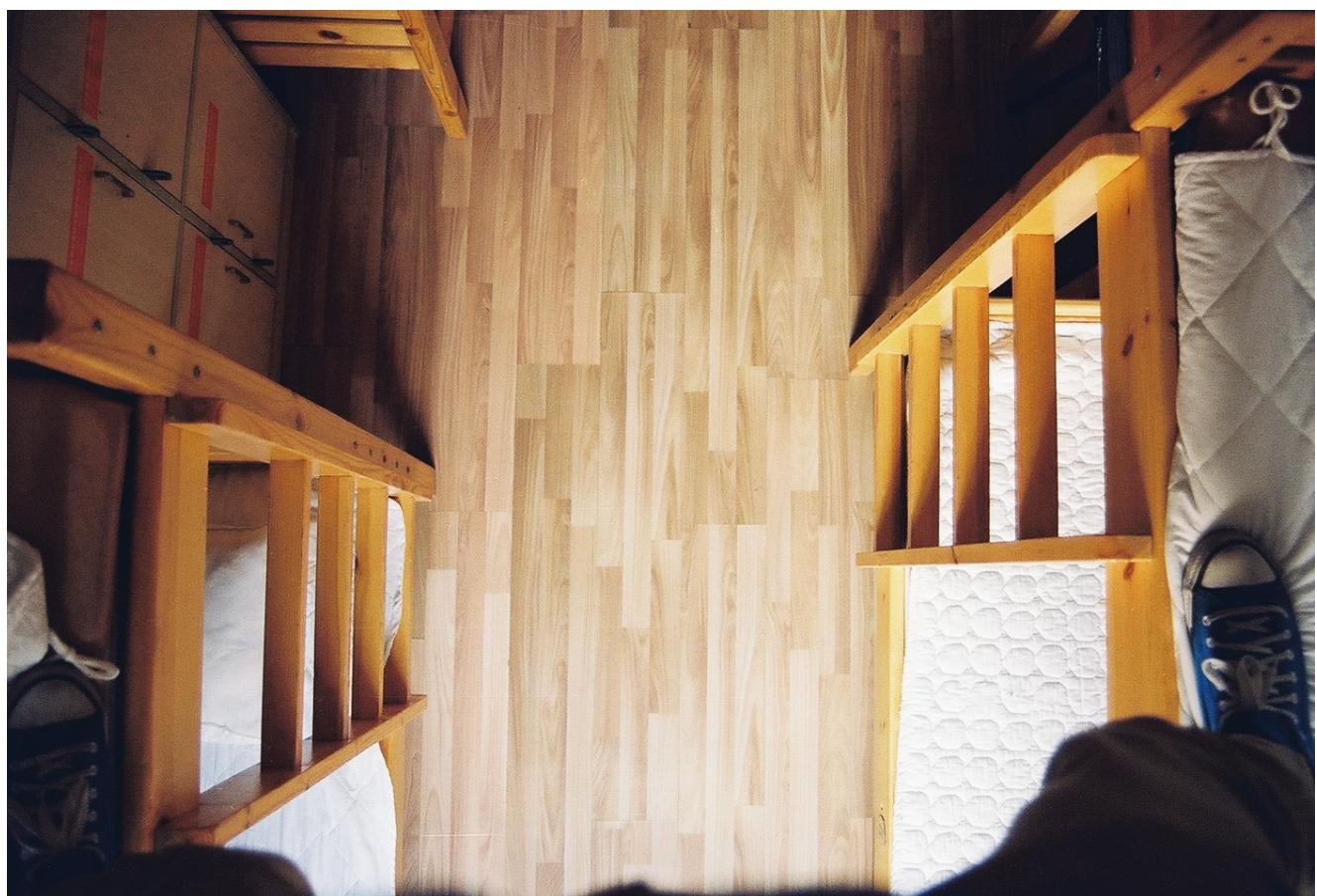
图例：  
—— 1小时  
—— 2小时  
—— 3小时  
—— 4小时  
—— 5小时  
—— 6小时  
—— 7小时  
—— 8小时

图 3

**True, describing an imaginary place might be a gesticulation jointed with doubt, however benevolent; constructing a thought-place might eliminate the very possibility of the thought's placeness through describing it. A bunk is full is empty; if we acknowledge that as paradox we are left merely with two real places.**

Issey Miyake				
teint		Dessin		
bleuter	à fleurs	à fleurs	ligne	







Annex

The print shop was closed for two weeks during Chinese New Year.

We travelled to my colleague's hometown of Yuci in Sha'anxi province for a short trip. After lunch and a stroll around the old town, we asked about visiting some of the caves we had seen on the train ride, and were driven to Houguo, a small town in the sharp, arid hills nearby, where the homes are built into mountainsides. Walking up the steep rocky paths leading up through the town, I could imagine that with its winding river, donkeys and willow trees it was quite charming in the summertime, even with an influx of noisy tourists (for whom it was prepared, with antiquey posters pasted to the rock walls, brass plaques and a shuttered café). I followed a sign that indicated the Mountain God Shrine. On the shoulder of a ridge, echoes of faraway firecrackers rumbled along the terraces and ditches folding in the shadows of the sun's reddish glow as it sank into its cradle of particulates. Farther along on a plateau there was a labyrinth made of bamboo and colorful ribbons, and some young people approached it, speaking a local dialect. One of them seemed to be observing me now and then, which wasn't surprising, as I had been the object of many stares since stepping off the train in Taiyuan. But then I noticed that she looked quite familiar.

I asked her if she knew me. We looked at one another strangely, but I suspected she knew from where. Slowly it emerged that I knew her from the print shop where I have been writing this very document, but she had come back to Houguo to visit her family, who lives in one of these cave-houses, where she had grown up. I was too dazed by this coincidence to ask to see inside the house.

After the print shop opened again I came back to work on this document and found the atmosphere had changed. Nobody here seemed at all interested in my project anymore, and I felt that my presence was an imposition. As if they suspected I had followed this girl to her hometown.

### 我家

金木堂打印店在春节关门两周，我去了同学的家乡-山西榆次，我们午饭后走路去看老旧的乡村，我在从北京西去太原的路上看了窑洞，我问同学我们可以去看窑洞？他开车去了后沟，一个很小的城镇，很干也很陡峭，这个地方里的很多家都在窑洞里，我们盘沿走到上面，我想像这里的夏天很漂亮，这里有一湾曲的小河，有骡子，有垂柳，在夏天这里有很多游客，在这里喧叫，这里的墙上有很古老的画，在有游客的地方，有“后沟”的牌子，还有一个关门的咖啡的店，在这里人们祭拜神灵，这里有个牌子，我走过去，走到山上，听到在很远的地方有鞭炮的声音，还有回音，回音逐渐没有了。到了下午，红红的太阳照在山上，在山上有一个迷宫，上面有很多颜色的带子，我听了饭店里的人用后沟话讲很特别的话。我在太原火车站时，有很多太原人看我，说外国人，但是我并没有感到惊呀，但是在后沟我看到她，我感到很惊呀！我在这看到一个熟人，我问：“我认识你？你在北京？”她说在北京金木堂，但是，我不记得那个地方，我很想去她家去看，但是我看到她感到很惊呀，一时间忘了问。

春节以后，我来金木堂做文件，我觉得这里变了一点，没有人值得我的文件有意思，可能我在这做的文件不好，他们可能觉得我跟着她。

