

A Trash 101

[Chapter 101 - 101 Zhang Daqian's 4-Word Piece! A 100 Million Yuan Bid! \(4\)](#)

101 Zhang Daqian's 4-Word Piece! A 100 Million Yuan Bid! (4)

At this moment, the curiosity of Luo Feng's viewers had reached its peak.

Despite this, no one from behind the camera was willing to crack open the mystery of the artwork's price.

This left the viewers speechless.

"Just how many rare collectibles did the owner of this chest scrape together?"

"What a strange piece of work!"

"There no signature or any sort of indication of who the creator is! It's so odd!"

Wang Yousheng muttered to himself.

Logically speaking.

Zhang Daqian's calligraphy and paintings should all be signed.

"Wait..."

Qin Rubing suddenly thought of a possibility and exclaimed, "Wasn't there a saying? That back when the Bank of Communications was first established, Zhang Daqian designed their logo for them and hung it as a plaque?"

Qin Rubing's words were like cold water that was splashed across the crowd's faces, snapping them out from whatever reverie they were in.

Wang Yousheng took in the size of the sheet and immediately responded, "It's possible that this might be the very same piece!"

Initially, everyone was equally at a loss at why the calligraphy was done on a Xuan paper sheet with such odd dimensions.

However, if it really was a plaque, things would start falling into place.

Although it was made of Xuan paper, it was not impossible to mount and hang it in front of the bank's doors.

"No, that can't be the case. How could something as historical as the Bank of Communications very first plaque go unnoticed and unrecognized by this many experts present?"

"A matter of such importance can't possibly have flown under our radar!"

Wang Yousheng immediately refuted Qin Rubing's suggestion.

After all, they were all experts and veterans in the field, how could they miss something this obvious?

"That's true..."

Qin Rubing was unable to retort Wang Yousheng's points at this moment.

However, back in the chat...

Viewers were spamming messages like mad...

"Holy sh*t! It looks exactly the same as the current Bank of Communications' logo!"

"Yup! It's exactly the same!"

"There's no difference at all!"

"Huh? The f*ck do you mean? They're clearly comprised of the same words, so of course the words are the same!"

"No! What I mean is! The shape and font of the words are exactly the same!"

Qin Rubing immediately looked up the bank's logo on her phone upon reading the viewers' messages.

She compared and contrasted the two fonts.

At first glance, the font style that was employed by the modern bank was exactly the same as the one found on the Xuan paper, as if it was printed out based on the calligraphy on the Xuan paper.

"I got it! I got it! This isn't Zhang Daqian's work, but rather, Zheng Xiaoxu's!"

"When the very first Bank of Communications was established, Zheng Xiaoxu was commissioned by the bank to write their logo!"

"In other words, these piece of Xuan paper is the original manuscript that future recreations of the logo is based on! Otherwise, they wouldn't have spent what was probably hundreds of yuan's worth of Xuan paper just to write these 4 seemingly inconsequential words!"

Everyone was well aware that the calligraphy of most major company logos was not something based off a rigid computer font.

In most cases, they were personally written by someone.

In the case of the People's Bank of China, their logo was written by the famous calligrapher at that time, Mr. Ma.

The words "Industrial and Commercial Bank of China" were also written by one the great calligraphers at that time, Duan Yun.

Speaking of which, most of the major educational institutions' logos were also not static fonts, but rather, were specially written works of calligraphy by professional calligraphers.

In any case, Zheng Xiaoxu was an outstanding poet and calligrapher in modern times. He was especially famed for his calligraphy, as he excelled in both regular script and official script, and had unique characteristics in the structure of the characters and style, which were distinct and inimitable.

It was said that Zhang Daqian's calligraphy pieces were very similar to Zheng Xiaoxu's, or rather, his works were an imitation of Zheng Xiaoxu's.

Nevertheless, it was now clear to all that everyone had misidentified the author of the artwork since the beginning.

“...”

That is, everyone except Ji Shunjin, who was the only one who had known of the creator’s true identity.

However, now that the truth was out, he could no longer take advantage of the situation.

“If it’s indeed Zheng Xiaoxu’s piece of work, then the appraisal process is greatly simplified. From what I recall, the Bank of Communications commissioned this piece for 10 thousand foreign dollars per word!”

“It was said that the original manuscript of these 4 words have been lost due to war...”

!!!!

!!!!

Wang Yousheng’s words sent the viewers into a frenzy.

“10 thousand foreign dollars per word? The heck? That’s crazy!”

“Just these 4 words alone are already worth 40 thousand foreign dollars back then?”

“Damn, banks really do eat the rich, don’t they? How could they afford such a massive expense just for 4 words?”

...

“That’s freaking insane!”

“Speaking of which, how much is a foreign dollar from back then now worth?”

“Probably a couple hundred yuan per dollar, right?”

“Yes, it’s around 400 yuan,”

“But you can’t just judge it by its purchasing power. After all, a single foreign dollar could purchase several pounds of rice back then, and for that amount of rice, you could have also purchased a whole flock of slaves! However, if you were to attempt to sell the same amount of rice now, what could you possibly purchase with it?”

“Regardless, this means that each word written there costs around 4 million yuan today, which means that the whole piece is worth at least 12 million yuan!?”

“The f*ck?! Banks are f*cking loaded man!”

The viewers went wild.

They were like untamed beasts.

“Then, Ms. Qin, Master Wang, this piece should be worth quite a lot of money, right?”

Zhang Shunyong asked solemnly.

...

“H-How on earth am I going to name a price for such a valuable item?”

“This is the original manuscript for one of the major banks!”

It was impossible for anyone to name a price for the calligraphy piece. It was an unprecedented situation, after all.

“How about this, Rubing? Hand over this art piece to me, and I swear that I’ll no longer compete with you for whatever item Little Luo digs out in the future? Sound like a deal?”

Ji Shunjin was well aware of the item’s worth.

All other matters aside, if he could somehow obtain the piece and put it on display in his antique shop, he was certain that it would draw in swarms upon swarms of customers just to feast their eyes on it.

“This won’t do! We, the Rare Treasure Pavilion, also wish to collect this piece!”

Qin Rubing rejected the proposal outright.

Do you think me an idiot?

“Hahaha, the gamble to purchase a motorcycle has really paid off!”