

I am sitting here. Sometimes standing. Most times lying down. I am very comfortable, in my comforters with my cat and dog sleeping beside me. I will be more comfortable, if you people stop looking at me!!! This dorm room has too many windows. I already blocked all of them with my stuffed animals. But those curious student gazes, they find every gap, to look in. I am Truman. Those minor rolls use everything they can to get close to me, to the camera. And now I have to act, even in this isolated world I built. This shelter I claim to be temporarily out of the United States. My cooking show, eating show, striping show, sleeping show is on view in a loop. However, this is bearable. I lived off campus last year. After that, all of the above is bearable, As long as I stay on campus. Because the outside world is not for me.



Forgot to mention, my perfect container was broken before the gaze. Because the leader of the invader announced the attack long ago. Slided down the rope ladder and gave me a headshot. But with that handsome face I could not blame you as much as I blame the outside viewers. Said sweet words by me, I still prepped my ammo for revenge. Affection built on looks is always destroyed by the conflict of interest. But you never made another move, neither did I. I guess we are both going to claim rights on this land, co-live with conflict. I guess that works... Love you, little taiwan.



And just today, my heater broke. And I feel a freezing breeze. It's unusually cold today. I find 4 holes leaking on my window. That is where the gazes leaked in. I taped them all. I never felt this good. Not a single person attempted to look in my room, they all kept their head down and walked fast. Please never come back, but I am sure you are going to play hide and seek with me. Just like my heat, my insights, my talent, my unforgivens, and all my wills.

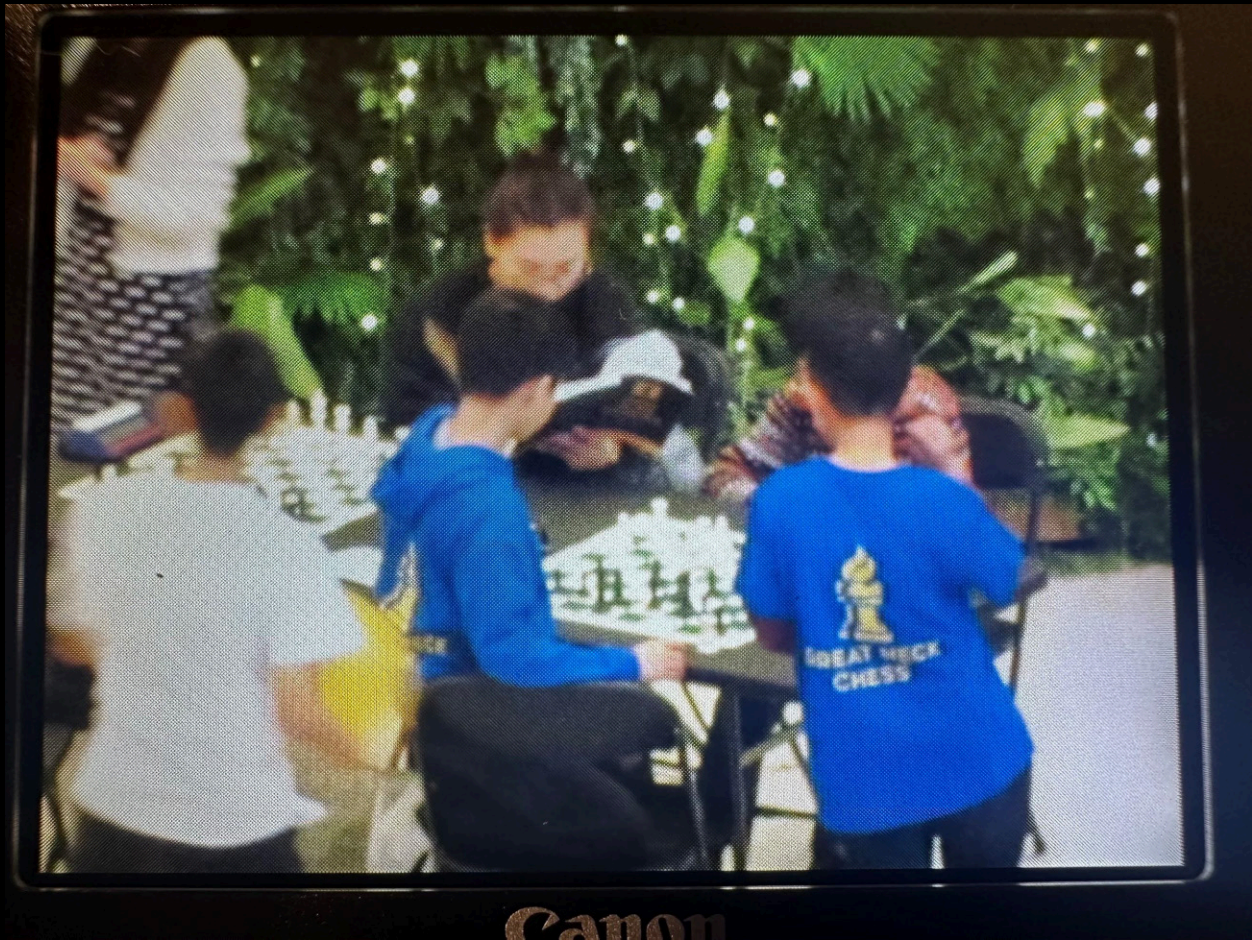




Is that LiLi over there? LiLi! LiLi!



I came down the stairs to meet LiLi. I can't find her.



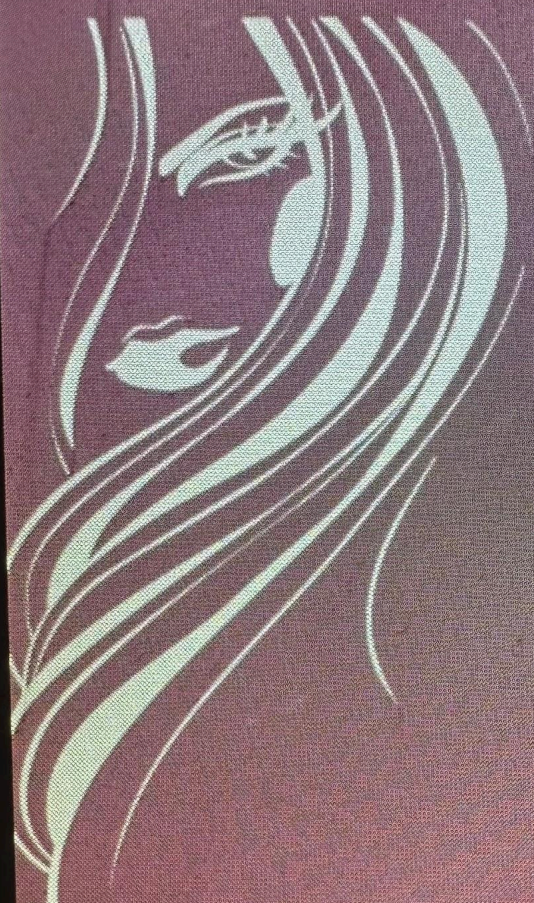
LiLi, are you too busy?



No more chasing for LiLi? Great, why don't we get your hair cut before going back.



Okay, daddy mommy.



香港  
美髮  
狄型

Mandy

HAIR SALON



I'm nervous, please, not too short.



"We will go to the supermarket really quick" No!! I don't want to be here alone.



I'll soon be as charming as they are.



I am finished. They are not back yet. I remember the supermarket is this way?



Not far from this Newsstand?



New year is coming. That's the best time of year for China.



Is this Uncle Fang? I want him to see me... Not really.



“Siyu!”



Canon

I will ask mom to buy some sugarcane.





“Siyu, don’t ever run around like that, what if we lost you!” said by grandma.



Don't go anywhere! Watch my vegetables while I go grab some pork.



## Siyu loves Dragon

There is a young woman, Siyu Lei. She likes dragons very much. She draws many dragons in her house. The house becomes a world of dragons. A red dragon hears of Siyu Lei, and is deeply moved. It wants to visit Siyu Lei and make friends with her. "Hi, Ms. Lei! Nice to meet you," the real dragon comes to visit Ms. Lei. She runs away as fast as she can. "Oh, my God! Help! Help!" she runs and shouts." The Dragons sigh, and left beyond the rainbow.



### **One life and two lives**

This two papercut was cut together, with them stacked. So they are the same and symmetrical. When the carving is done, they are peeled, and lay on the floor, with this photo taken. Right after that moment, they are typed to the two different windows. Before they were separated by the shore, one to one said, "you stay here, I will go to see what's on the other side of the sea."



## Ne Zha

I am Ne Zha. carving up my own flesh to mom, and dismembering my bones to dad. I am made of lotus. I am standing on the right, are you recognizing me? Or you only recognize me as these flesh and bones.



## Fireworks

I always think that the grown ups in my family are as tall as fireworks. They cover my sky. Loud and powerful, scares all bads away. But then, I see airplanes, guns, bombs, and the government. Now I look down, they aren't fireworks, they are dandelions. And I look up, the universe is above.



**For the year of the Dragon**

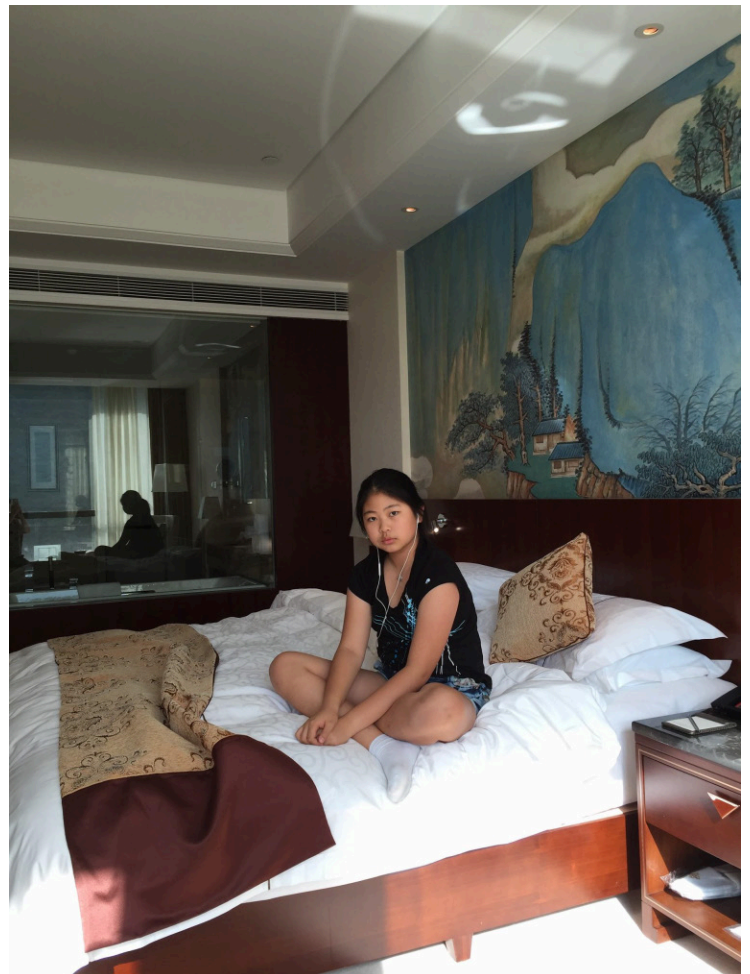






I have been wondering if I had anything that's immutable, like a tree that accompanies the duration of my lifetime. I crave an unique, eternal shoulder that I can rely on. But I only have these countless hooks that swing me by the cliff.

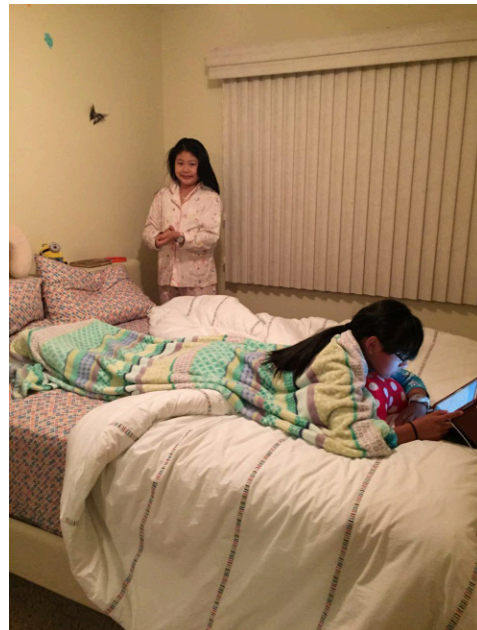
It's wasn't my decision to enter America  
Why am I deciding whether I should leave?  
Where is the next destination?  
Is that destination my destiny?  
Or maybe, wandering is my hometown,  
is eternal uncertainty.





With everything packed in, it's the end of all memories. I said I won't forget, but it's just grip tight to a palm of water. Only left wetness, soaked.

My friends. I couldn't call out your names anymore. Thanks for taking me in.



Don't misunderstand me. We shouldn't feel sad. I am already aware, the big tree will one day be dead, to ash. Wandering is alive. Like Schrodinger's cat.



I think I will be more scared of the day I finally set.



I sip my tea and think



I sip my tea and think  
Will I ever love a painting  
More than I love this fish tank?



Is this an advertisement for the horse race, or a impermanent installation.



Is this an advertisement for the horse race, or a  
impermanent installation.

With their hoofs tapping on the keys, playing Merry  
Christmas, Mr.Lawrence.

I only like it when its a advertisement.

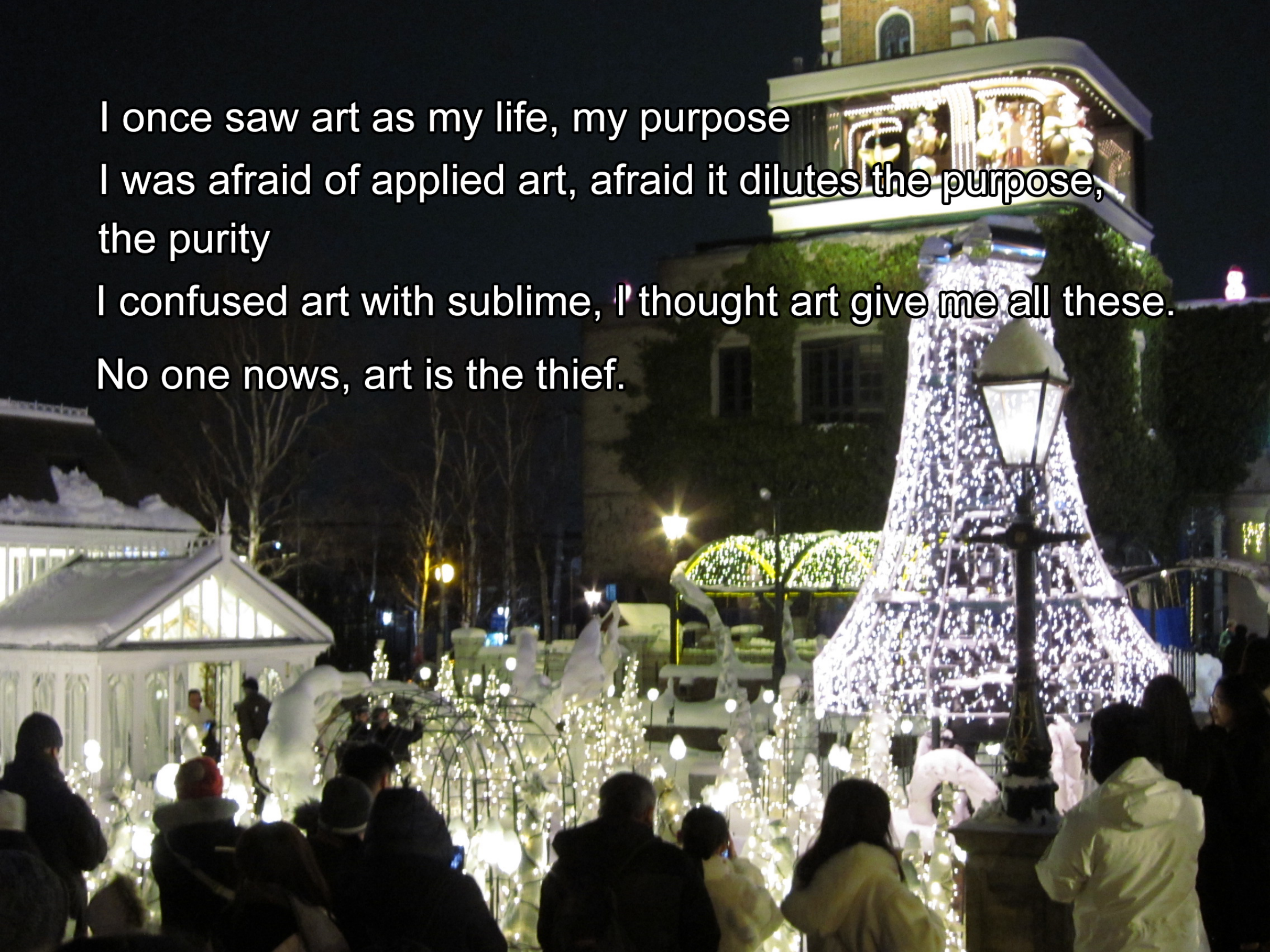




I once saw art as my life, my purpose



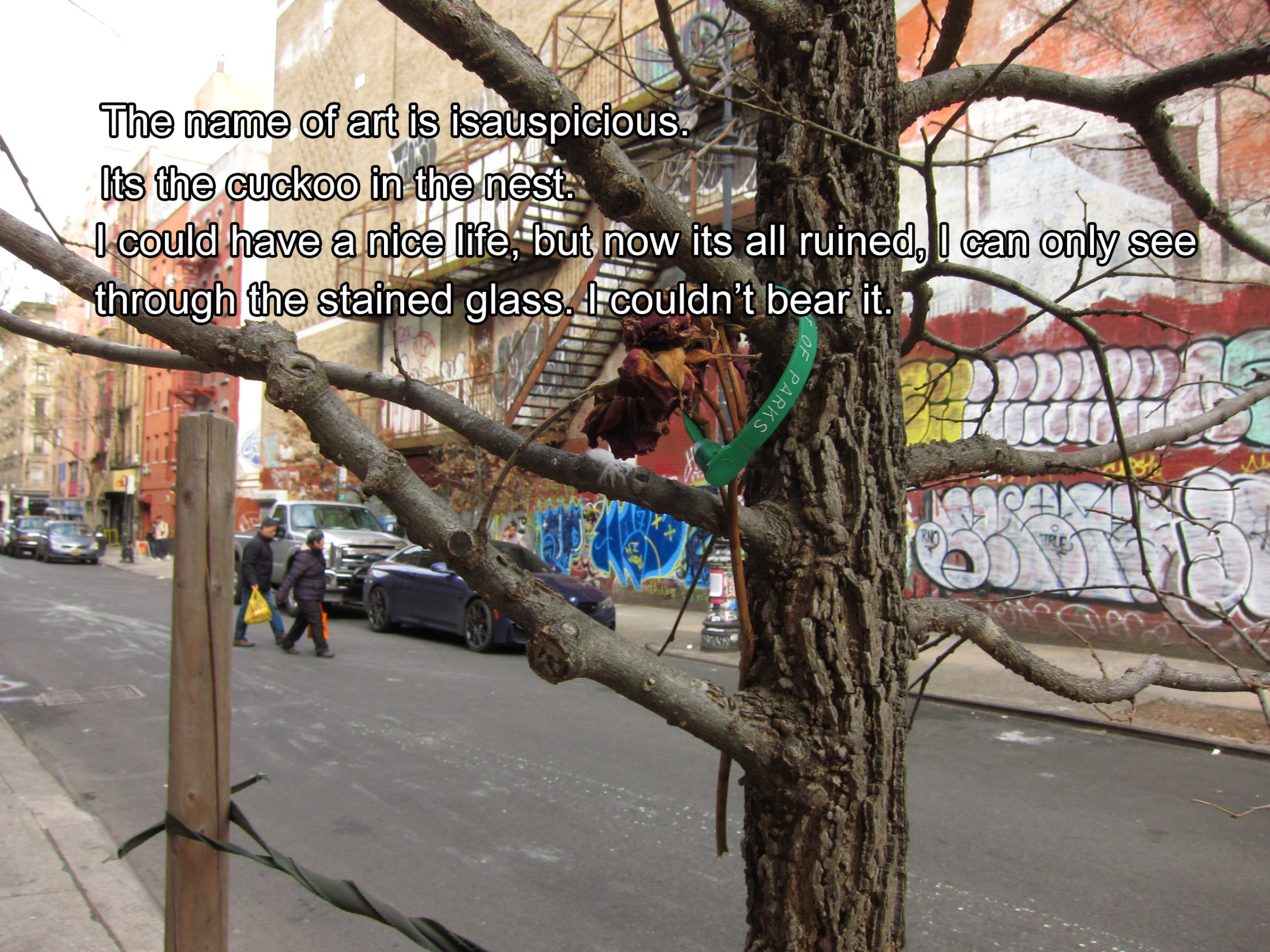
I once saw art as my life, my purpose  
I was afraid of applied art, afraid it dilutes the purpose,  
the purity  
I confused art with sublime, I thought art give me all these.  
No one nows, art is the thief.



The name of art is isauspicious.



The name of art is isauspicious.  
Its the cuckoo in the nest.  
I could have a nice life, but now its all ruined, I can only see  
through the stained glass. I couldn't bear it.



Artist is a job that never off.



Artist is a job that never off.

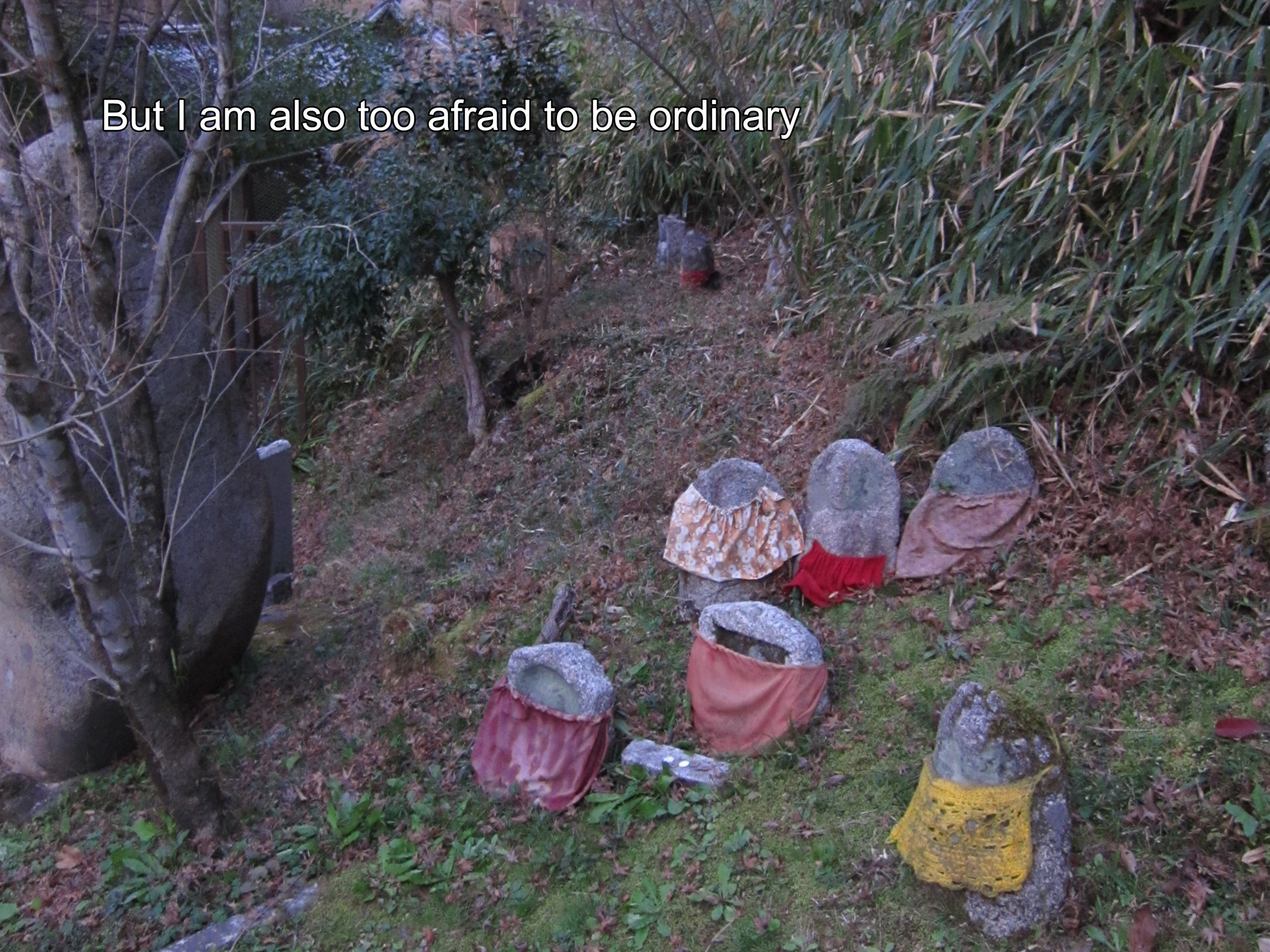
Is there a middle point? Or it just take it all.

Its not perpetual, because it absorb from life. It forces me to be nostalgic.

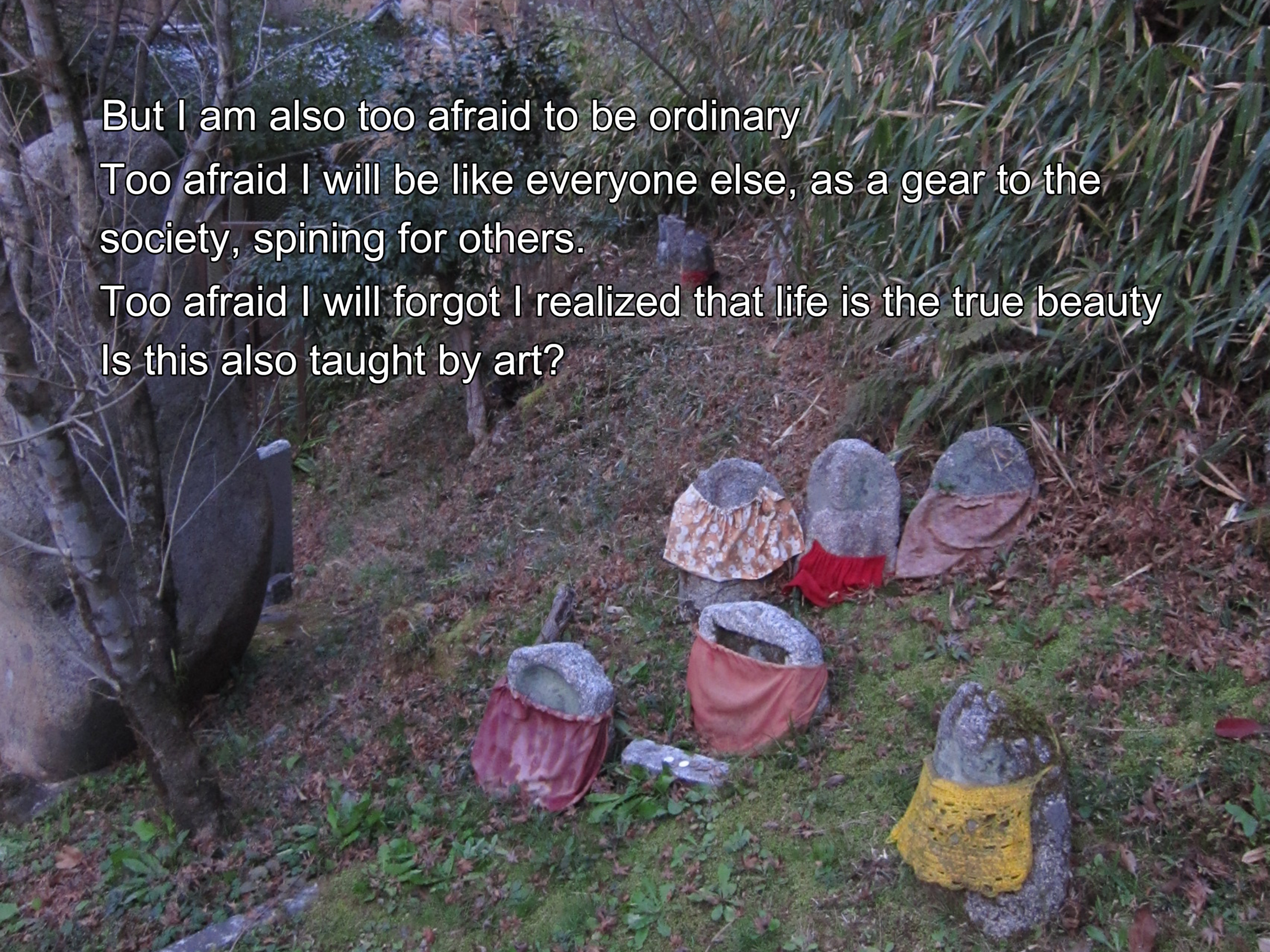
Then I only lived for 16 years.



But I am also too afraid to be ordinary



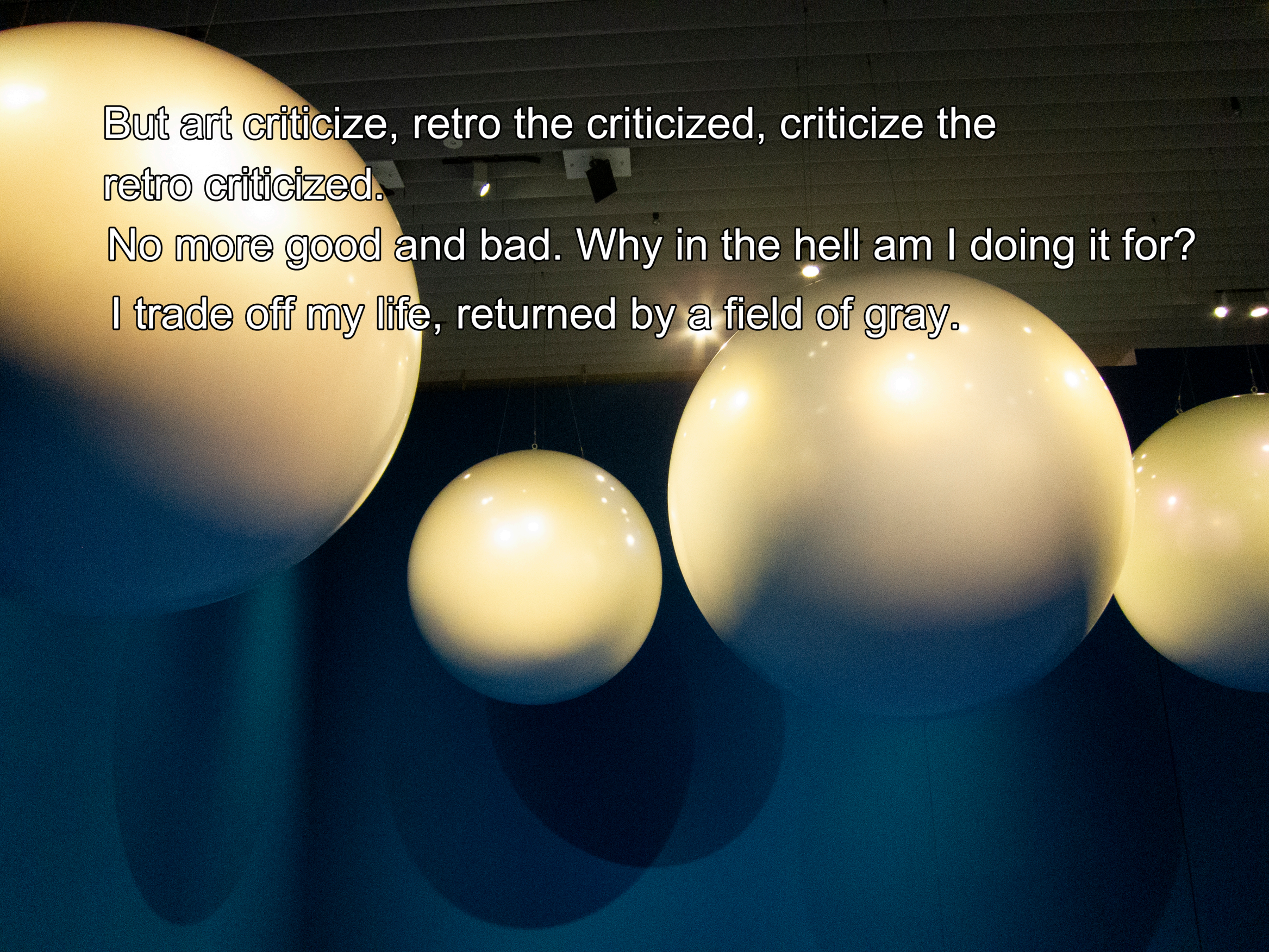
But I am also too afraid to be ordinary  
Too afraid I will be like everyone else, as a gear to the  
society, spinning for others.  
Too afraid I will forgot I realized that life is the true beauty  
Is this also taught by art?





But art criticize, retro the criticized, criticize the  
retro criticized.





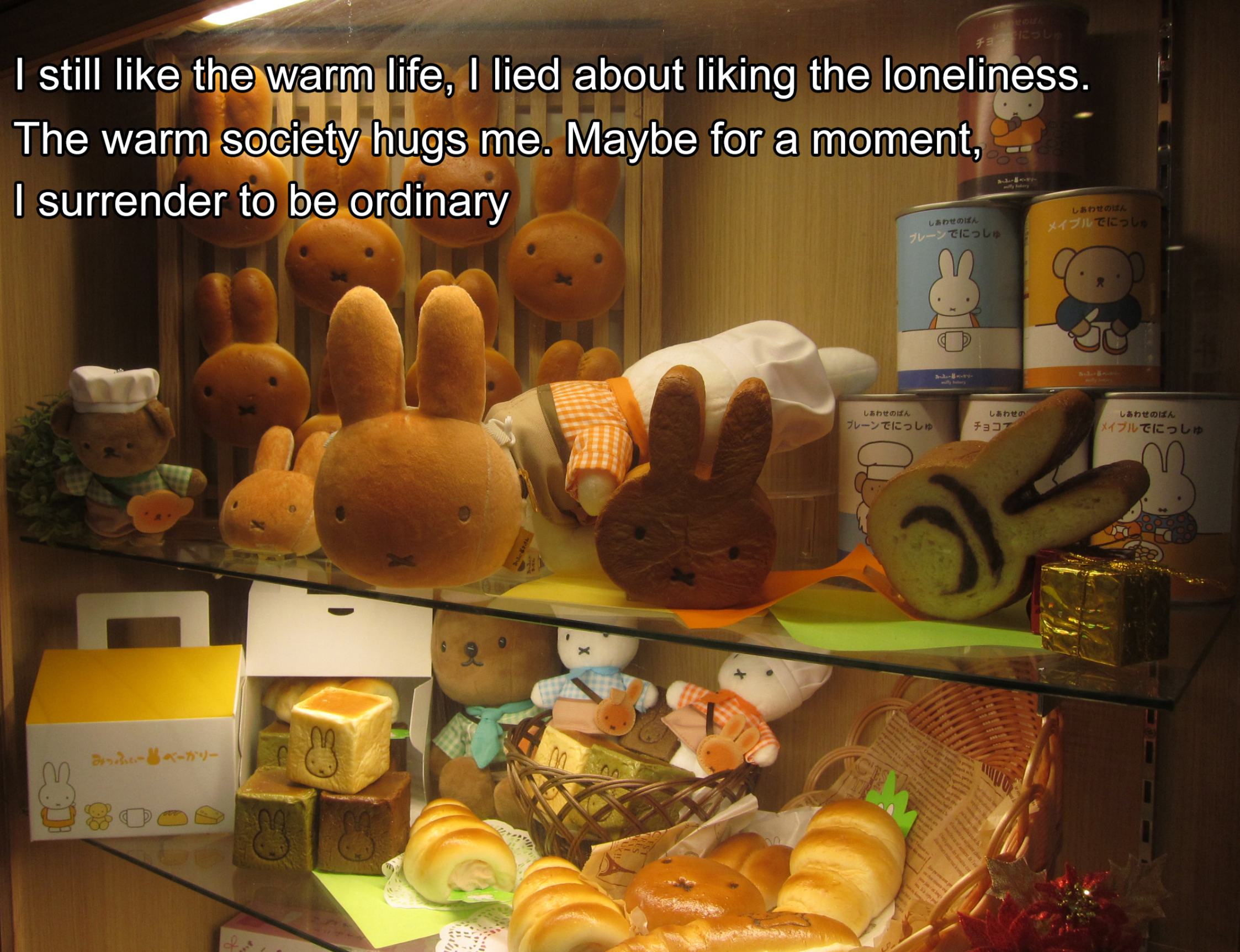
But art criticize, retro the criticized, criticize the  
retro criticized.

No more good and bad. Why in the hell am I doing it for?  
I trade off my life, returned by a field of gray.

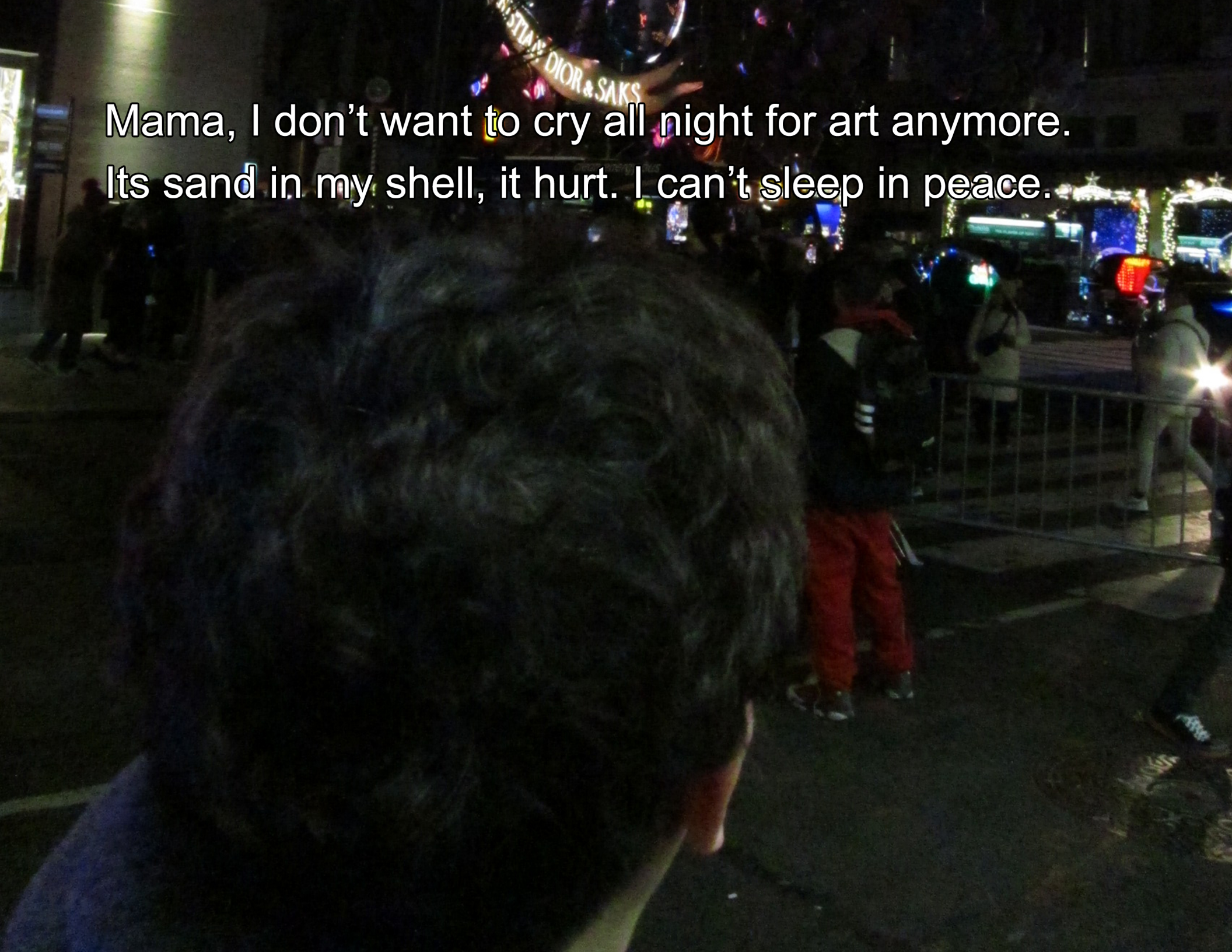
I still like the warm life, I lied about liking the loneliness.



I still like the warm life, I lied about liking the loneliness.  
The warm society hugs me. Maybe for a moment,  
I surrender to be ordinary



Mama, I don't want to cry all night for art anymore.  
Its sand in my shell, it hurt. I can't sleep in peace.





Mama, give me an answer.

