

Micro Jouissance is an ongoing project that is, so far, the most personal to me. I've decided to go through introspection, asking myself: What's something that made me? Maybe compared to other great artists, I'm not an extreme person. I don't have much extreme drive or expression. Although my emotion shifts drastically, there's something that holds it back from being entirely exposed. Then I realized: that's caused by cities. Yes, this set of work talks about the classic topics of modernity and cities.

My experiences of living in hyper developed cities have changed my nature of being. Nothing is truly mine—body, identities, emotions, thoughts. They flow beyond the actual existence of cities, while being deeply affected by them. I live as a highly constructed individual, on a layer that is transparent yet untouchable by anything.

Bringing it back to the concept of "Micro Jouissance": Jouissance is overwhelming, transgressive enjoyment that feels as painful as it is ecstatic. This relates to my own experience of gaining satisfaction, or mental orgasm, from restraint or small punishments.

When I was in elementary school in China, we had individual small desks and chairs. I would squeeze my own body between the chair and desk until I felt somewhat suffocated. My ribs pressed against the side of the desk, and my back pushed against the back of the plastic chair. Every breath required my chest to push the furniture away from me, but the force brought it back. I'd never felt this secure and great.

Another thing: I relentlessly bite my nails. Rarely have I seen them grow past my fingertips. The white tips never survive beyond two days. Staring at my gory fingers, I tried acrylic nails. They never lasted a week. I'd bite them, peel that artificial layer off like a scab.

These acts hold compounded feelings. It feels like I was trying to merge my body with the furniture while taking off things that are inorganic and also not part of my body. I always feel the need to test my individuality—what are the boundaries that make my body mine, that make me mine? But in testing it, I realize nothing is really mine, and I see a stark border between my existence and everything else. I think I'm still part of a generation in progress, adapting to the modern way of living.