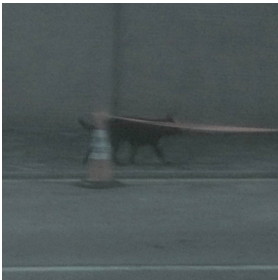


1. *Your Cold Chest*



Untitled (A Strange Encounter), 2020

I photographed a ghost dog last year. I must confess that the image is a fake. It was a cardboard cutout I made. A fabricated image of a non-existent ghost of an imaginary dog.



But one day the dog manifested itself to me at the crossroad near my studio. And at nights, dogs can be heard barking from afar. The dog must have followed me all along. There is a leather factory next to my studio. The air is sometimes pungent with a sharp odor. I'm told it's the smell of ammonia, which is used to delime leather. But the smell won't hide me from the dog. I've heard that art is a lie, a lesser imitation, an illusion, and an elaborate mime. But maybe they are wrong. The fiction is real. And The dog knows that.



Untitled (00044 N.O.W.R.F.Y.H.), 2020

This is a 19th century North African sword mounted on a discarded fridge. A sculpture I made shortly after finishing my graduation project. I must say I knew nothing about the sword when I made the purchase online. Nothing beyond that it is a 200-year-old artifact from a place and culture that I know nothing of. I was initially attracted by its shape, the texture of rust building up on its metal surface, and the crescent engraving on the blade. But mainly, it was the impulse I had back then of owning a sword. Am I appropriating a culture I have no part in? Maybe. I'm ambivalent. But perhaps that was a distance I needed. A distance that allows me to see objects not for its content but how they function as vessels for new meanings, physical, emotional, or social.

I like to pretend that I remember the sword's history but to recall the past is to summon a chaotic group of witnesses. I wish to share one of those witnesses: a text I wrote from which is the title of the sculpture is taken. (I've written the text two times, one in English and the other in Chinese.)

00044 N.O.W.R.F.Y.H

*Your shoulders split kindness
in two. Do you know how verdicts
are always returned in false names?*

*Carry me, Carry me. The streets are flooded
with flaccid thoughts. (How tantalizing is a
towed torso?) There is no
world beyond words, no body*

*beyond flesh. Sympathy is when I break
the silence between two edges.
I am the first stone: my love,*

*reign over, your cold chest.
If punishment is necessary,
it is because the tip of the sword
must penetrate deep and carve
No One Will Rise From Your Heart*

你的肩膀將善良一分為二

你知道判決總是以假名返回嗎

抱我，抱我，街道上充斥軟弱的思想

(被拖曳的軀幹是多麼誘人)

沒有世界無以言表

沒有身體逾越肉身

同情是當我打破兩刃間的沉默

我是第一塊石頭：

我的愛，統治着，你的冷胸

如果需要懲罰

那是因為劍尖必須深深插入並刻下

沒有人將從你心中升起

2. 2,000,000,000

I've been collecting objects. Swords and ancient metal tools, animal bones, taxidermy, fossils, used domestic items and more. I bought these objects from sites like the eBay, the marketplace of Facebook, Etsy, and Amazon. Shipped from around the world. From time to time, I would use these objects to make sculptures, partly to justify buying all these otherwise useless things, but for the most part, it is a fascination towards the objects and the fact that I could get hold of objects from different places, cultures, and time so effortlessly with just a few clicks online. Which can only happen in this particular time in human history. This is a set of crow skin and wings from the UK, in constellation with a 18th century hand sickle from Ukraine and a 2nd century BCE Celtic socket axe.

Recently, I read that over 2,000,000,000 parcels are shipped every day on earth. A number that for once was only used to count stars. To put into perspective, 2,000,000,000 seconds is 63 years. How much loss and decay is needed for such speed and abundance? Or perhaps what should really be asked is: in a world that is so fast and abundant, is there still room for loss and decay? I hope so. It's better to live in a world that can decay. it is both haunting and beautiful. Because decay creates space. A space that is about adapting and preserving, revising and recycling, progressing and regressing, evolving and devolving.

Does decaying have a shape? Does losing have a shape? If it does, will we recognize it if we see one?



Left: *Untitled (Fruits of Labour)*, 2021.
Right: *Untitled (Today We Must Savour)*, 2021.



Untitled (A billionaire unveils an electric truck styled after a 1996 polygon render), 2020

A billionaire is unveiling an electric truck styled after a 1996 polygon render. At the exact same instance, a goat drinks the water from your hands. We are learning to move from ruins to ruins to ruins. I made a sculpture from a discarded sink I found in a dumpster. The curve of which matches perfectly with a goat horn I have. A delicate

moment when the function and purpose of the object crumble, the body the object is designed for is substituted by a body of another species.

A mortician said that goat horns are partially filled with blood and nerves. What can goats feel with their horns?



Untitled (Two Baby Chairs), 2021

I've collected a few second-hand Ikea baby chairs. Much like many of the company's products, these baby chairs have that essential Scandinavian aesthetics—minimal, highly standardized, mass produced, neutral, and designed to be fit in any home. And it was not hard at all to search for used ones for sale. It turns out this model of baby chair is very common in Hong Kong families.

But what fascinates me the most about these baby chairs is their relation to human body, or to be more precise, their relation to what a body once was. These chairs are made for toddlers, whose bodies will eventually change and move on. But the chairs will remain, be emptied out and suspended in time. This is the vessel's inevitable failure to hold onto its content.

We lose things all the time. We live with absences. (Which is now more true than ever.) The absence of people, of sound, of nourishment, of hunger, of attention and of solutions.

3. The Door You Shut Stays Shut

A Shopping List:

1. New blades for my razor
2. An antique carnival shooting range target
3. Dried skin of a canary
4. A radical shape
5. A pair of swimming fins from the 80s
6. A taxidermy of a baby goat
7. Meteorite fragments
8. 964 lbs of concrete
9. A newly waxed floor
10. Beehives
11. An economical bubble
12. A metaphorical wound
13. A 16th century spearhead
14. Door knobs
15. A sleeping bag
16. A 3-inch giant in your hands
17. A broken jaw
18. A past life as a merchant
19. Nicotine
20. A stone thrower
21. A past that is yet to come
22. A distant cry
23. A single drop of gasoline
24. A whale song
25. A jar of sand from Galilee
26. Loose ends
27. The last two digits of a face value
28. A white dress
29. An intention to start a fire