



Salt of the Land (2020-2025)

Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry papers, banana stem papers, threads, color pencils, ramie, gold leaf; Variable dimension

This work is made up of many pieces of handmade paper sewn together. The paper comes from mulberry bark grown at home, each sheet personally made by hand, carrying traces of sweat, earth, and sunlight.

Slowly, stitch by stitch, I sew the fragments together, piecing them back like the small debris of daily life. It does not seek perfection, but rather continuation and endurance, each piece supporting another, forming a whole.

The work is installed upside down, so viewers must bend down to see its details, and lift their heads to see the whole. It mirrors our everyday lives, we bow our heads to work, and sometimes lift them to think.

“Firewood, rice, oil, salt, soy sauce, vinegar, tea”, the simplest yet truest parts of life.

Under the theme *Salt of the Land*, it is like salt, ordinary, but giving life its flavor. It is a tribute to all who labour, and to everyone striving to keep order in their daily lives.

《柴米油盐酱醋茶
琴棋书画种草花》

这件作品是由许多片手工纸缝合而成。这些纸取自自家种植的桑树皮，一张张亲手抄制，也混着手汗、泥土与阳光的气息。

我慢慢地，一针一线地缝着，让这些小块重新拼合，就像整理每日的碎屑。它不追求完整，而是延续与持久，让小块互相扶持，成为一个整体。

作品被倒立安装，观看的人必须弯下身去看细节，也要抬起头去看整体。这像我们的日常，低头做事，偶尔抬头想一想。

“柴米油盐酱醋茶”，是生活中最平凡却最真实的部分。在《Salt of the Land》的主题下，它就像盐，不起眼，却让生活有味。这是一份献给劳动者的敬意，也献给每一位在生活里努力维持秩序的人。



Feathers on the Floor, but we stand firm and tall (2023-2025)

Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry papers, banana stem papers, threads, color pencils, ramie, mud bricks, cardboard, bamboo stick; Variable dimension

An approximately 8 x 8 x 8 space, its walls coated in black charcoal, its floor covered with handmade mud bricks composed of red clay, sand, and plant fibres. Some bricks are laid flat to form a surface; others are stacked into uneven shapes. Their surfaces are rough and incomplete, with fibres exposed and sand seeming ready to crumble at any moment.

Discarded cardboard has been stitched and collaged into the forms of demonstrators, leaning and embedded among the piles of mud bricks. On the walls, silhouettes appear, figures walking toward the placard.

Over the past two years, my life has been deeply influenced by community movements. Regardless of how systems change, people should never forget their right to democracy and self-determination. It is not a gift granted from above, but a voice reclaimed brick by brick, from the soil itself.

The walls are covered in black charcoal, the floor laid with self-made mud bricks, a mix of red clay, sand, and fibre. They are fragmented and incomplete, yet continuously rebuilt. Cardboard is sewn into the form of a placard, with figures emerging from the walls, moving toward it. To fight for our right to democracy and self-determination is an inseparable part of life.

Amidst the disorder and fragments of everyday struggle, there is still collective strength, a fragile unity, yet steadfast as a wall built from many hands.

《一地鸡毛。众志成城》

一个约 8x8x8 的空间，墙面被抹上黑炭，地上铺满由红泥、沙子与植物纤维自制的泥砖。泥砖平摊成面，也有堆叠成形的，表面不完整，纤维裸露，沙子仿佛随时会松脱。随手可得的纸皮被缝合、拼贴成示威者的形态，他们倾斜地插在泥砖堆间，墙上也散落着朝着 placard 方向走来的人影。

这两年，生活深受社区运动的影响。无论体制如何更替，人民都不该忘记民主自决的权利。那并非天降的恩赐，而是人民在泥土中一砖一瓦争取回来的声音。为我们民主的权利奋斗，是生活中重要的一部分。



The corners were wet (2023-2025)

Acacia bark, wooden chair; Variable dimension

A shirt and a pair of trousers made from plant bark. The shirt hangs vertically, its damp corners bearing traces like the marks left after washing and roughly drying one's hands from labour. The trousers rest over the back of a chair, their folds still intact, as if just taken off. The chair quietly bears the weight, as though it, too, is taking a brief rest. Between the garments lingers the warmth and humidity of a body that has just moved and worked.

This work stems from the artist's attention to the "labourer", whether in the kitchen or the workshop, whether white-collar or blue-collar, these bodies share the same moment after work: the damp corners, the hung garments, the breath that hasn't yet dried. The bark fibres are processed by hand, soaked, pounded, and dried. Time seeps into the material, shaping its temperament. There are no shortcuts, no way to rush it. Only time can soften the fibres and allow the work to take form.

Perhaps this evokes a quiet sense of body heat. The work does not dwell on the hardship of labour, but holds on to the pause that follows it, the moisture after washing, the still-wet corner of cloth, the breath of a body momentarily at ease. Even the chair seems to rest in that instant. Within this pause, the labourer is no longer defined or divided. What remains are humidity, air, and time, simple and real, like life itself. A shirt and a pair of trousers made from plant bark: the shirt hangs vertically, its corners damp like traces left by freshly washed hands; the trousers drape over the chair, their folds intact, as if just removed. Both garments retain their moisture and form.

《两角湿湿》

以植物树皮制成的一件上衣与裤子。上衣垂直悬挂，衣角带着潮意，像是双手劳作后洗净、随意抹干留下的痕迹。裤子搭在椅背上，褶皱依存，似乎刚脱下。椅子静静地承接着重量，像也在其中稍作歇息。衣物之间，停留着身体活动过后的温度与湿度。

这件作品来自艺术家对“劳动者”的关注，不论是在厨房、在工作间，不论是白领或蓝领，这些身体都共享着劳动后的瞬间：湿湿的两角、挂起的衣物、未干的气息。树皮纤维经由手工处理、浸泡、敲打与晾干，时间在其中沉淀成材料的性格。没有捷径，也无法催促，唯有时间让纤维柔软，也让作品得以成形。

或许这能让人感受到一种深深的体温。这件作品并不诉说劳作的辛苦，而是留住了劳作之后的“暂

停”。那是手洗完的水气、衣角未干的瞬间、身体暂时松开的呼吸。连椅子也似乎在那一刻获得片刻休息。在这暂停里，劳动者不再被区分，也不再被定义。只剩下湿度、空气与时间，像生活本身那样，简单而真实。



Untitled (2023-2025) | Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry bark; Variable dimension



Untitled (2023-2025) | Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry bark; Variable dimension



One Ringgit chicken (2023)

Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry papers, banana stem papers, threads, color pencils, color ink pens; 55cm x 104cm

In Malaysia, “One Ringgit Chicken” is a colloquial phrase for something cheap or insignificant.

This work reimagines the one-ringgit banknote, remade by hand with paper pulp, plant fibres, and natural dyes, transforming the printed logic of monetary value into the tactile language of labour, land, and daily life.

At the centre, a chicken sits as if hatched from the currency itself, a humble creature of the kitchen and the market, of care and consumption. Here, it becomes a metaphor for survival, for the unnoticed labour that sustains a home, and for the quiet humour of living under an economic system that prices everything, yet values so little.

One Ringgit Chicken asks: When value is measured only in money, how much is life's labour, and laughter, still worth?

《一蚊鸡》

在马来西亚，“一蚊鸡”原是形容廉价、微不足道的俗语。这件作品以一令吉纸币为原型，用手工纸浆、植物纤维与自然染料重造，将那被工业印刷定义的“价值”，重新还原为人手、土地与生计的质地。

一只鸡在纸币中央安坐，如同从货币系统里孵化出来的生灵。它象征家常、厨房、女性劳动，也象征市场与交易。在经济与生活的夹缝中，鸡成为一种隐喻：既是被消费的对象，也是顽强的存在者。

《一蚊鸡》是对“价值”的反问。它问——当我们以货币衡量一切，生活本身的劳作与幽默，还值几多？



Feather mother, feather home (2023-2025)

Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry papers, barks, ramie, bamboo, color ink pens, color pencils; Variable dimension

A hen sits in fullness, her body swelling like a quiet queen. Her feathers are not just plumage, they are home. The chicks live, hide, and grow within her warmth.

After the lockdown, I began raising chickens for eggs, the most basic source of protein in our family. From five to more than thirty, they have become part of our domestic world. One remarkable hen bred four or five generations, her daily walks with her chicks became our quiet joy.

In this work, the mother hen embodies the cycle of care and domestic labour. Her body is a house, her feathers are its walls, a shelter of tenderness and endurance that sustains everyday life.

《母鸡》

一只母鸡，羽毛丰厚，姿态伏坐如女王。她的身体本身就是家，鸡仔在羽毛间取暖、藏身、成长。

行动管制时期后，我开始养鸡，只为获得每日的新鲜鸡蛋。从五只到三十多只，鸡成了家里的一部分。其中一只母鸡繁衍了四、五代，带着幼雏散步、晒太阳，成了我们生活里最安静的欢愉。

在作品中，母鸡象征家务与照护的循环，她以身体为屋，以羽毛为墙，如女性般在柔软之中支撑着生命的日常。



Light Holds the Wind (2023-2025)

Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry papers, bamboo, thread; Variable dimension

Over the past two years, I have learned to make traditional lanterns and Malay kites. The two crafts unexpectedly share the same foundation, both are built upon bamboo. In Southeast Asia, bamboo is one of the most common materials, but to me, it feels more like a personality. Bamboo is light, yet strong. Its strength does not come from force, but from judgment, patience, and the sensitivity of the hands. I often feel it resembles a woman, flexible, resilient, and requiring care, understanding, and gentle guidance.

Lantern-making taught me about support and unity. Each thin strip of bamboo connects with another, forming a structure that can hold light. It is not only illumination, but also a form of collective strength. Kite-making taught me the language of wind, how to tie, balance, release, and let the wind become part of the form itself. This work combines both experiences. Bamboo forms the backbone, holding up fragments of life; paper, like skin, breathes with light and air. It sways gently, not entirely stable, yet deeply real. Like our daily lives, it is held together by hands, wisdom, and a small measure of resilience, as we piece life together bit by bit.

In this work, *light* and *wind* are not merely natural phenomena, but two invisible yet tangible forces in everyday life. Light symbolizes awareness, knowledge, and hope; wind represents movement, unseen labour, and emotion. The bamboo frame and paper surface relate like body and breath, light yet resilient, separate yet mutually sustaining. "*Light Supports Wind*" is a reversal of common thought. We often say wind lifts light or fans the flame, but here, light instead supports the wind. It suggests an inner strength, that amid the turbulence and drift of life, what sustains us may not be power itself, but awareness and warmth.

Bamboo, an everyday material across Southeast Asia, is shaved, bent, and tied by women's hands into the skeletal frames of lanterns and kites. Lanterns carry light; kites borrow wind, both depend on their frames, those seemingly delicate yet enduring structures, like the interdependence among family, community, and labourers. This installation, together with the previous work "*Firewood, Rice, Oil, Salt, Soy Sauce, Vinegar, Tea,*" belongs to the same life system, both are stitched together from handmade paper. But this time, the structure is more spatial, like a breathing space being held up. The bamboo pole stands like the spine of life, supporting two curtains pieced together through labour, while the colours of the paper, earth, rice, grey, and pale yellow, extend like the tones of body and land.

《光支风》

过去两年，我学习了制作传统灯笼和马来风筝。两个工艺在材料上不谋而合，都以竹为骨。在东南亚，竹是最常见的材料之一，但对我来说，它更像一种性格。

竹轻，却有力量。它不靠蛮力，而靠判断、耐心和手的感觉。我常觉得它很像女性，柔韧、有弹性，需要细心去理解、去引导。灯笼教我关于支撑和团结。那一根根细竹互相牵连，形成一个能照亮的结构。它不只是光，更是一种集合的力量。风筝教我关于风的语言。如何捆绑、平衡、放手，也如何让风成为形的一部分。

这件作品结合了这两种经验。竹像背骨，把生活的片段支起来；纸像肌肤，呼吸着光和空气。它轻轻晃动，不完全稳，却很真实。就像我们的日常，靠双手、靠智慧、靠一点点的韧性，把生活一点一点撑起来。

在这件作品中，“光”与“风”并非只是自然现象，而是日常生活中两种看不见却真实存在的力量。光，象征着觉察、知识与希望；风，则代表着流动、无形的劳动与情绪。作品中的竹骨与纸面，像身体与呼吸的关系，轻盈却有韧性，彼此支撑。

“光支风”，是一种反向的思考。通常我们说风托起光、风吹动火焰，而此处的“光”反而“支起了风”。它暗示着一种内在的力量：在生活的动荡与飘摇中，支撑我们的可能不是力量本身，而是觉察与温度。

竹作为东南亚极为日常的材料，被女性的双手削细、弯曲、绑扎，成为灯笼与风筝的骨架。灯笼承光，风筝借风，它们的存在都依赖于“支架”，那些看似柔弱却实则坚韧的结构，像是家庭、社区与劳动者彼此间的支撑关系。



I thought I could fly (2023-2025)

Self-made & natural color dyed mulberry papers, barks, ramie, bamboo, sack bag with straw and fiber, mud ball, color ink pens, color pencils; Variable dimension

I'm not entirely sure why I made this work. One day, I simply felt an urge to hang up something that looked like, and yet didn't quite look like, a chicken. That impulse to *suspend* something felt both absurd and strangely light. The bamboo pole seems to embody a supporting force; the lump of clay below it serves as grounding, as an anchor. And the suspended form in between, it looks as though it might take flight, yet is also caught mid-air, frozen in motion.

Beside the work stands an archery target, struck, marked, and bearing traces of impact. Perhaps there's a kind of dialogue between the two: one suspended in the tension of air, the other absorbing the force of being hit. I never intended to explain it. It feels more like a memory stored in the body: when I no longer need a reason, my hands simply know what to do.

《妄想》

我其实也不太清楚，为什么要做这件作品。只是有一天，很想把一只“像鸡又不像鸡”的东西吊起来。那种想“悬挂”的冲动，有点荒谬，也有点轻盈。

竹竿像是一股支撑的力量；下方的泥团，是根基，是落地。而被吊着的那只形体——既像要起飞，又像被定格。

作品旁还有一个箭靶，被射中、被留下痕迹。也许两者之间有某种呼应：一个在被拉扯的空气里悬着，一个在被击中的位置上承受。

我没有打算去解释它。它更像是一种身体的记忆：当我不再需要理由时，手就知道该怎么动。



Play, Pause, Stop (2024)

Installation on-site, bamboo-made arrows, sack bag with straw and fiber; Variable dimension

This installation art piece features a suspended archery target, crafted from a burlap sack filled with straw and natural fibers. At its center is a striking red "play" button-shaped bullseye, surrounded by marks from previous attempts—some arrows hit the target, while others miss their mark—capturing the repetitive nature of this action.

Using archery as its theme, the work explores its rich history as a skill, game, and art of precision. The act of aligning focus, effort, and intent to hit a target parallels the modern behavior of repeatedly pressing the "play" button on digital platforms. Through this metaphor, the piece raises a critical question: are we actively choosing to engage, or are we guided by media design to act?

The "play" button, a universally recognized symbol, traditionally invites us to start or participate. Yet, in the digital era, it has evolved into a habitual interaction. By juxtaposing the ancient art of archery with the modern digital interface, *Play, Pause, Stop* reflects on how our behaviors have shifted over time.

In the past, "play" was a tactile, physical activity, rich with sensory engagement. Today, it is often reduced to the mechanical act of pressing a button—a habit requiring neither skill, physical effort, nor deep focus. The arrows represent our daily actions: are these actions driven by intrinsic motivation, or are they shaped by external forces? The target, marked by countless attempts, visually represents the monotony and repetitiveness of modern interactions.

This work invites viewers to pause and reflect: are we truly "playing," or are we merely following cues designed to prompt our habitual responses?

《播放、暂停、停止》

这件装置艺术以一个悬挂的射箭靶为中心：靶心由一个装满稻草与天然纤维的麻布袋制成，中间绘有醒目的红色“播放键”形状。靶面上布满了箭矢留下的痕迹，有的命中，有的偏离，呈现出重复动作所积累的痕迹与节奏。

作品以“射箭”为主题，探讨这一行为从技艺、游戏到艺术的悠久历史。瞄准、聚焦、发力与命中的过程，正如当代人一再按下数码平台上的“播放键”那样，是一种将意图与行动不断对齐的尝试。借此隐喻，作品提出一个关键问题：我们是否真的在主动选择“播放”，抑或只是被媒介的设计所引导？

“播放键”作为当代的通用符号，原意是邀请人们开始或参与。然而在数字时代，它已演变成为一种下意识的习惯动作。作品将古老的射箭艺术与现代的数码界面并置，对比出人类行为方式的转变。

过去的“游戏”（play）是一种触觉的、身体性的体验，充满感官与专注；而今，它往往被简化为一次按键的机械动作，无需技巧、体力或深度专注。箭矢象征着我们每日的行动：这些行动源自内在驱动，还是被外在力量所塑造？满布痕迹的靶面，则可视为现代重复互动的视觉写照。

《播放、暂停、停止》邀请观者停下脚步、重新思考：我们真的在“玩”，还是仅仅在响应被设计好的指令？