

YUAN GAO

Filling in the gaps

My life experiences have always been full of alternation, in both a physical and spiritual respect.

Every short trip or long journey is like the formation of a fresh drawing, of an imaginary voyage. Coming to unfamiliar or exotic places and having been amazed by them is to me nothing less than a sort of bewilderment; an insight into the lacunae that are in the mind. Memory thus starts to fabricate an alternative narration, which is anecdotal in the light of an individual discernment and apprehension of reality.

Travelling has become a way to seek novelty and diversity. Sometimes, when everything has periodically returned to the state of 'business as usual', I can allow my emotions to dwell on the fleetingness of experience. Then, bit by bit, these experiences will possibly be locked up in my memory or, alternatively, they will disappear without trace. Sometimes there can be an empathetic occurrence in my life that is relevant to its experiential counterpart in my memory. This stirs up the desire to reform and refine those fragmented recollections. They turn out to be a series of twisted, deformed and misshaped sequences of reminiscence.

There is a real 'history' which stands behind my works of art. Actually, it is more like a place, a 'place' that is constantly there,

time in childhood and adolescence, a place that never had any proper name or description.

I have witnessed the whole process of it being maintained, developed, and then being devoured and metamorphosed as a consequence of modernization and urbanization in my home city. The alterations will not stop. In my mind, as a conjunction, this place is a land of loss, but not a land of forgetting.

The past can never chronologically return to the present. However, the 'place' remains in my mental reality. It symbolizes a conceptual space where ramifications of occurrences and contingencies are interrelated to form a complex of creation. In this 'place', self-awareness, sagacity and sensitivity to reality deteriorate to recollections. Therefore, my working process is aimed at regaining this awareness in order to reconstruct the understanding of environmental and mental alteration.

My mind is full of wonder, but there is also confusion and uncertainty. It wanders, searching for answers in both novelty and deviation in what resembles an act of tracing. It penetrates the practice of thinking and understanding, which consequently stimulates the work of art.

YUN QI

MONOLOGUE

The studio is a temporary cave for meditation;
a land of localizable territory;
it can be moved or altered at any time, and anywhere.

The studio is a stuffy and unventilated cellar,
when its master is troubled about finding progressive steps.
It is of a splendid and magnificent grandeur,
when its master adores every discovery.

Maybe someday,
the studio will become the fallacious Utopia resulting in the death of the artist.
Maybe someday,
the studio will turn out to be the tomb of inspiration; the crucifier of original

The studio is a battlefield where the enemy is no one but oneself.
Permanently conquering, challenging.
One cannot leave it, nor escape from it.
It is a stage with no spectators,
the artist being the only participant;
she is making the real show.

The studio is in the artist's mind;
a part of her mentality;
a realm in her idealistic nature.

