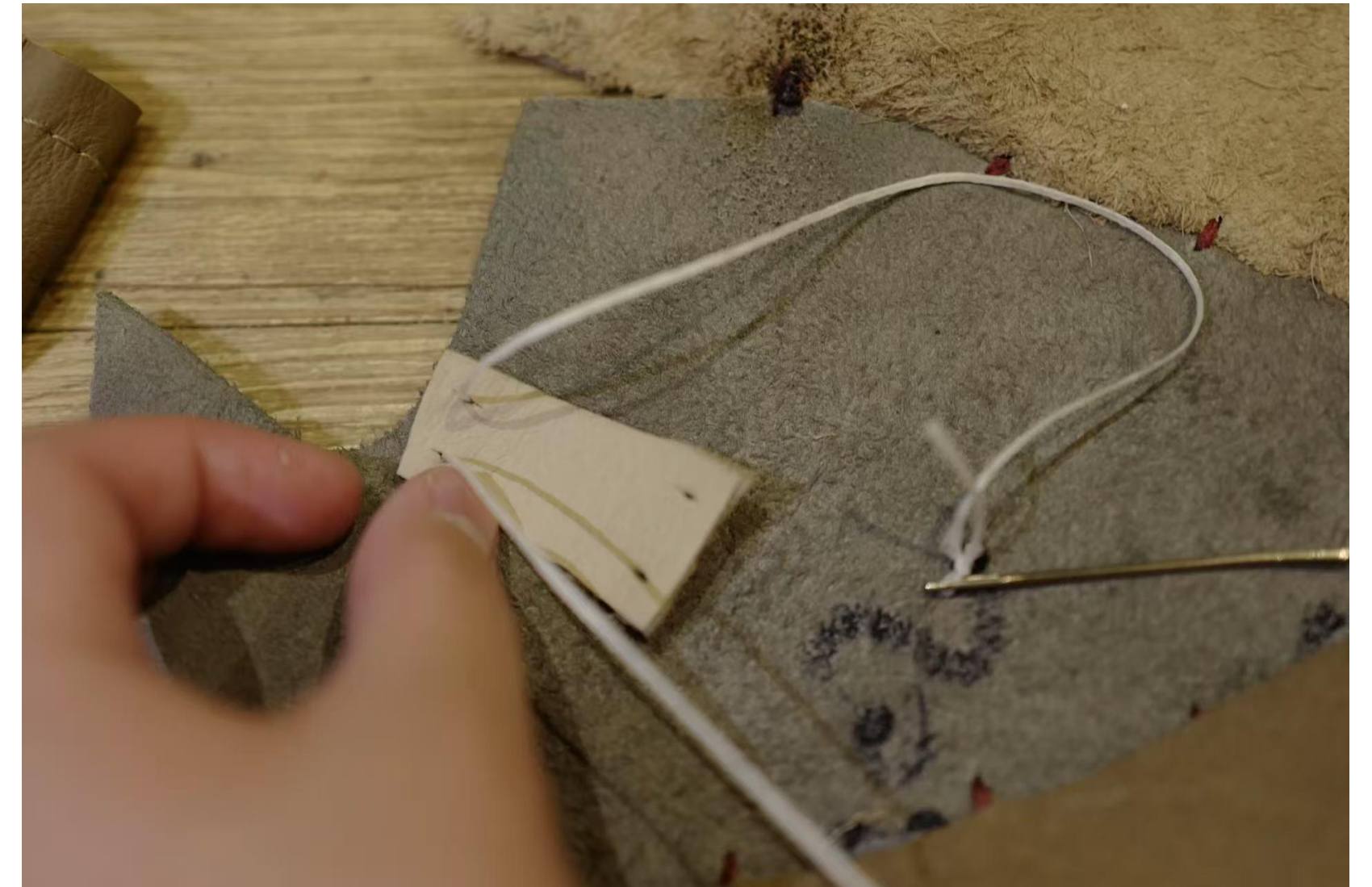




Stitching

In repeated viewings of these leather sacks, I noticed many signs of stitching. Some were newly sewn on, while others had long since become one with the leather. I was not sure if they were meant for continued use or if someone just wanted to cover up a broken area. But I was drawn to the stitching, which was less functional and more of an emotional action.



Experimenting process

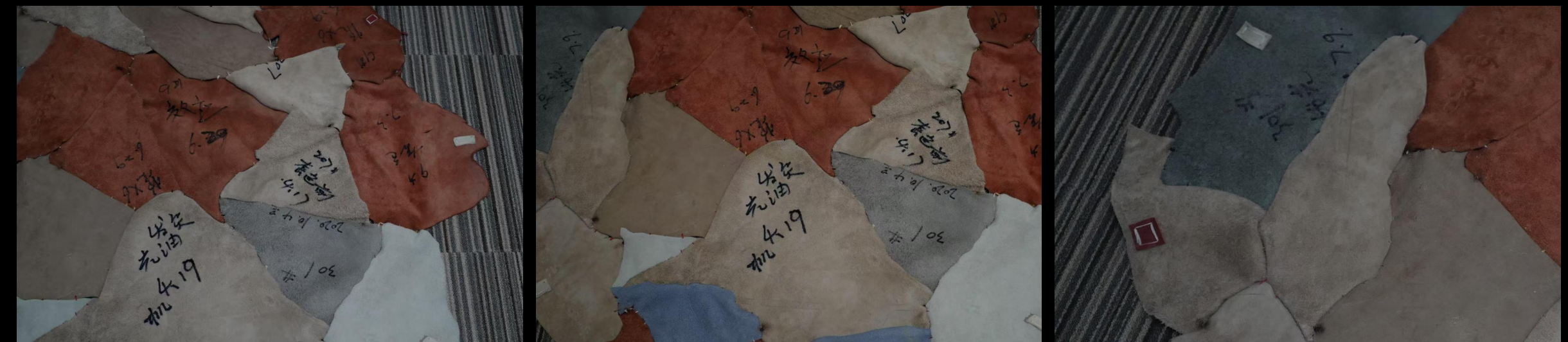
So I tried to stitch out a bag of my own, not to copy, but to respond. I am responding to a cultural memory that I have never really entered, but which is still relevant to me. I try to create a connection that is not thought out, but an autonomous urge to be close to something that comes from the physical.



The act of sewing is already a form of repair, which is not about restoring wholeness; it is about acknowledging differences, sewing up cracks, and replacing unity with collage. This kind of repair is not a solution to a problem, rather, it is a way of coexisting with incompleteness.

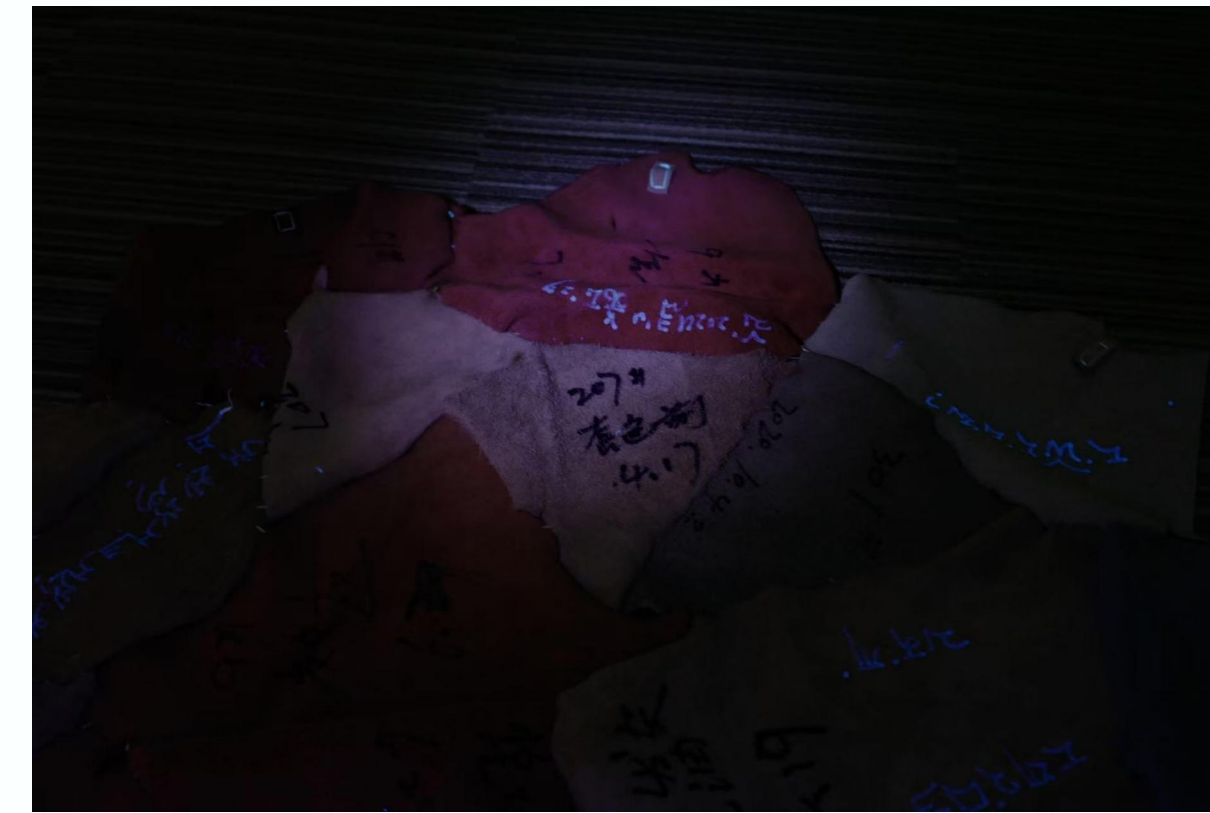


These leathers are pieces of edge that I purchased online that someone else did not want. They are different colours, sizes, and thicknesses of leather. It was originally remnants, useless items. I did not cut them, but kept their original shapes and only put them together by sewing. This irregular collage is more like an experimental stitching.

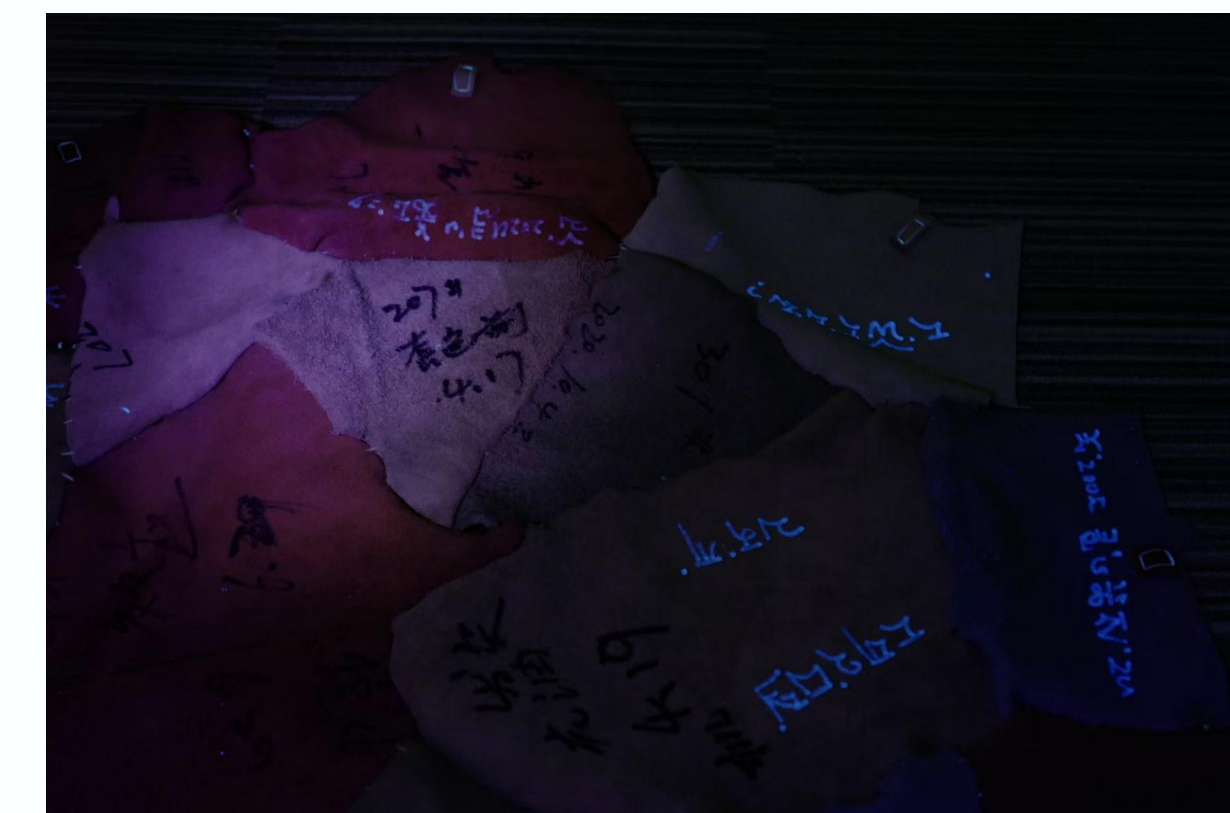
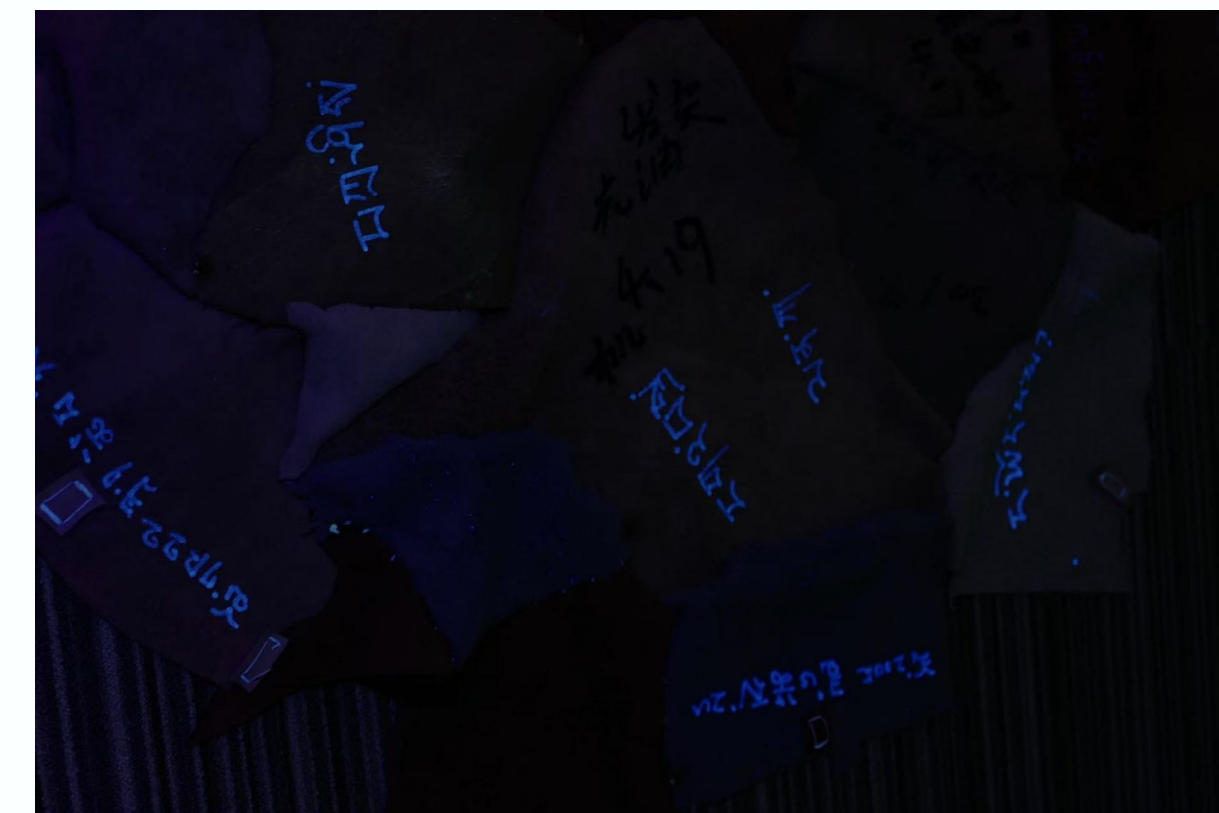




These texts are unrelated to each other and unrecognisable from each other, but share a leather surface. They appear together in space and are misplaced in time, but they are all recorded in this material. This is the third time I have 'drew' Tibetan text on different materials, from the khata, to the body, to this stitched sack. A material is not only a physical carrier, it is also the intersection of countless invisible relationships. There is labour, language, and suppressed identity.

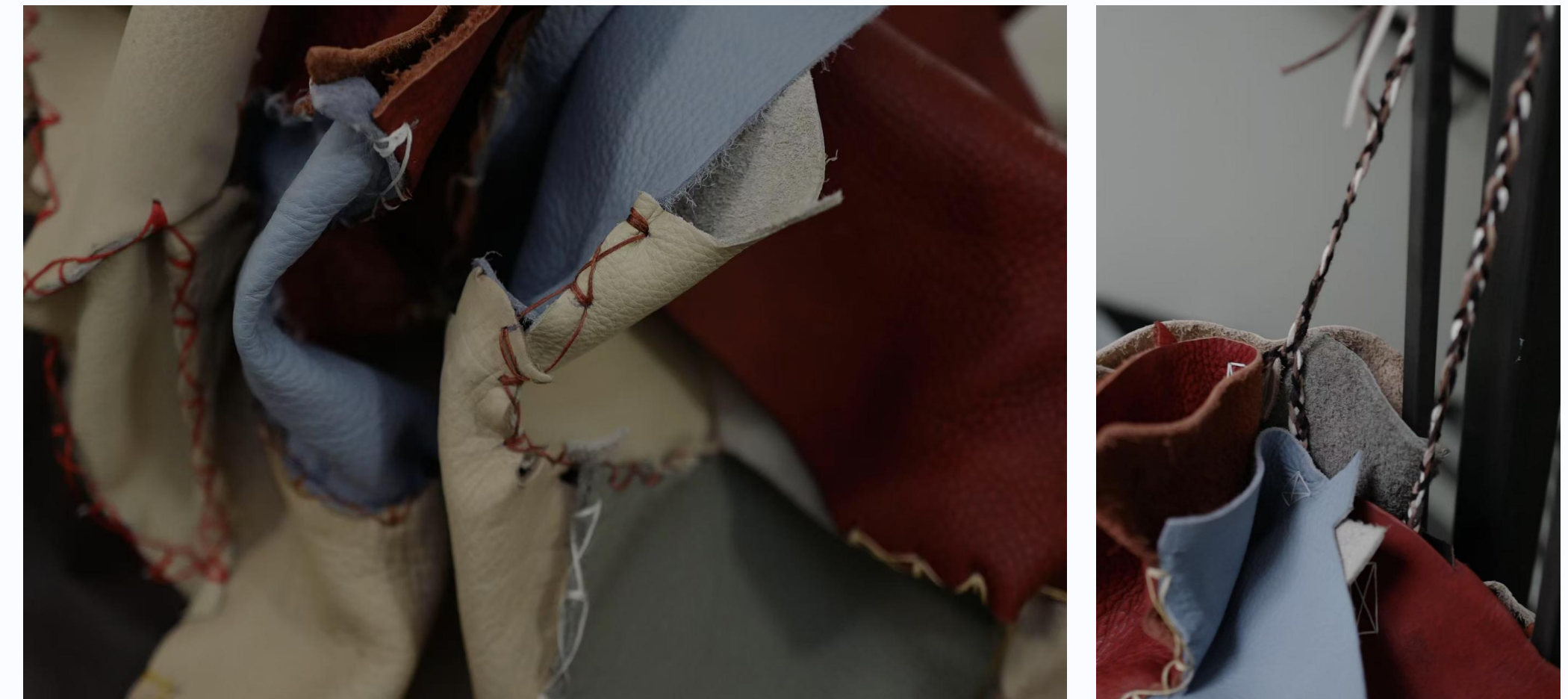


Turning over the back of this experiment, one can see that many of the leathers retain some residual writing, like marks or dates left by factory workers. They were not written for me, but accidentally became part of this work. I did not erase these marks, I wrote my and my family's names and birthdays next to them with an invisible ink.





After sewing, this leather is naturally closed into a pouch structure, which is not as coarse as a Tibetan leather sack. The irregular stitches and folds enclose a cavity, like a metaphor for a container of belonging. It is not a reproduction of an old object, it is a response based on physical labour. In the process of sewing, I left some traces of my real existence, and the sack thus became a figurative expression of my relationship with Tibetan culture.



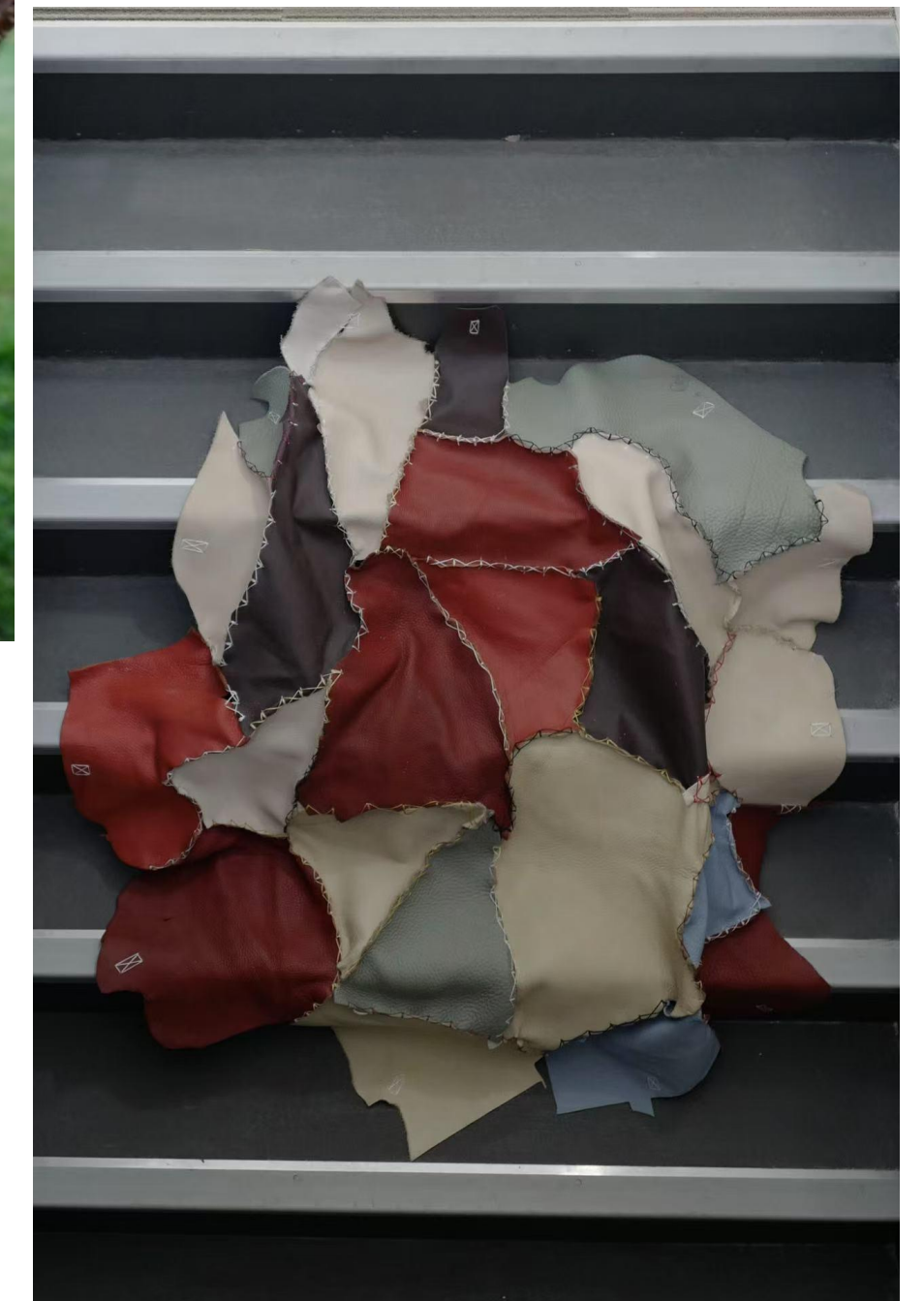
Experimenting process



I took this stitched sack outdoors, hung it from a tree branch, and placed it randomly in the grass or stairs. It was stitched together from a single piece of leather remnant, which inherently carries a complex relationship between the artificial and the natural. For Tibetans, nature is the continuation of life, the source of refuge and faith.



But I took a material stripped from an animal and put it back into nature. It hangs there like a container that has lost its belonging, and an organ that has been artificially created and desires to be returned.

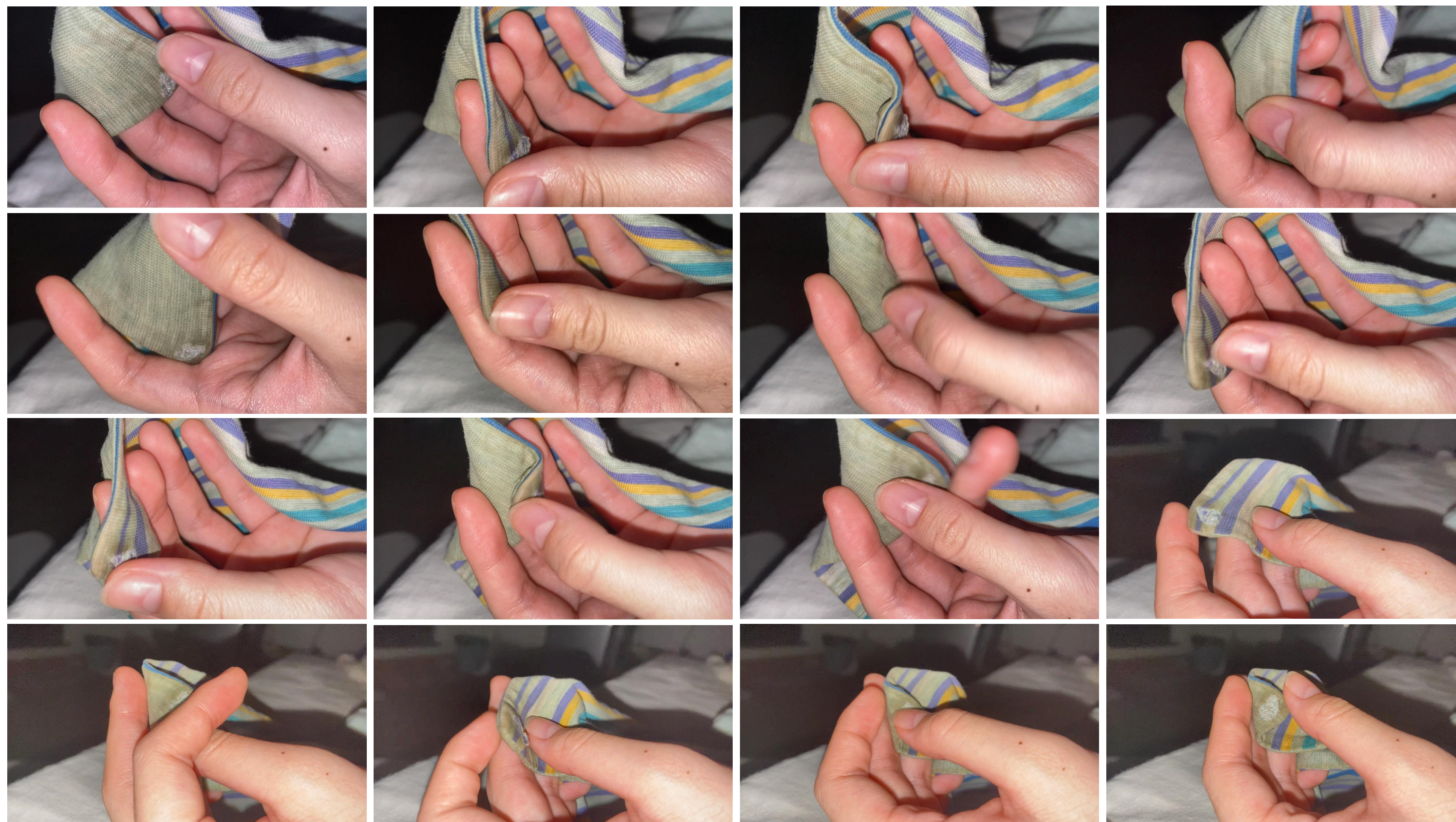




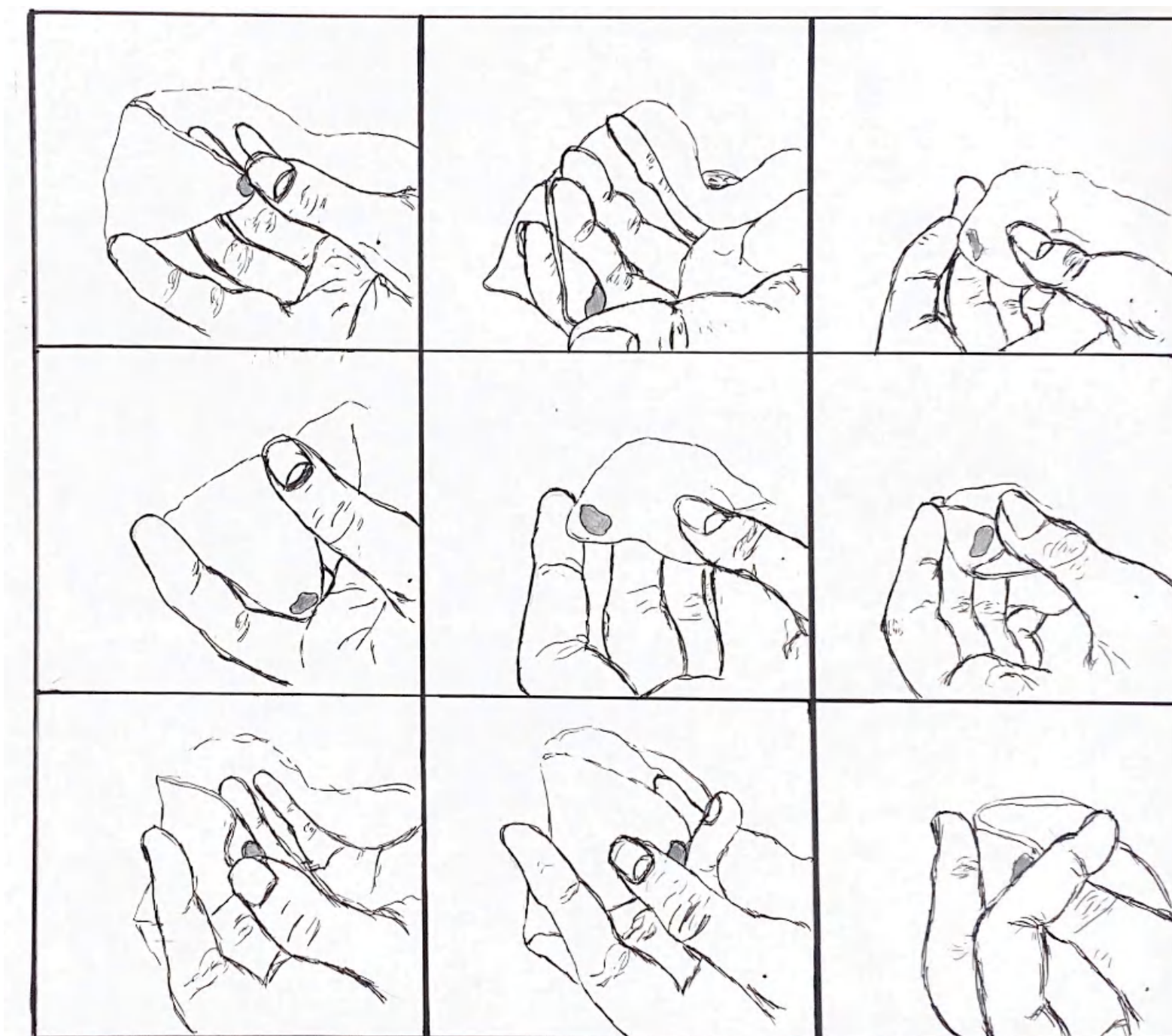
I entered a full daycare kindergarten when I was two years old, and was only able to go home on weekends, with my parents spending very little time with me as they were busy with their new business. With this background, the pillowcase became my emotional support, a physical presence in place of my parents' hugs.

With the accelerated globalisation and the increasing fluidity of cultural identities in contemporary society, I have always been in a state of wandering. When I moved from Chengdu to London at the age of 13, I experienced a cultural dislocation and a lack of belonging. In the face of this torn identity, I seek security only by touching one corner of my pillowcase and biting the tip of my tongue to fall asleep. My pillowcase is the only thing that has remained unchanged for more than ten years, and as time passes, it is gradually breaking. Here, I have basically described the process of breaking a pillowcase.

Thus far, I have given it life and even humanised it by calling it 'my son'. But behind this title lies a deep attachment that cannot be expressed in words.



Screenshots from the video



Sketch of the action of touching the pillowcase

I recorded the moment I touched the pillowcase. It was not a simple touching; it was an almost instinctive companionship, as gentle and attentive as treating one's own child. Unconsciously, this may be my silent repair of the trauma caused by frequent changes in environment, or perhaps it symbolises my mother. Every time I touch it, it is a short-lived return, a warm feeling of attachment to be close to it again.

Please press on the link to access the video of touching the pillowcase corner: <https://youtu.be/Ck5NXxFB0K0>

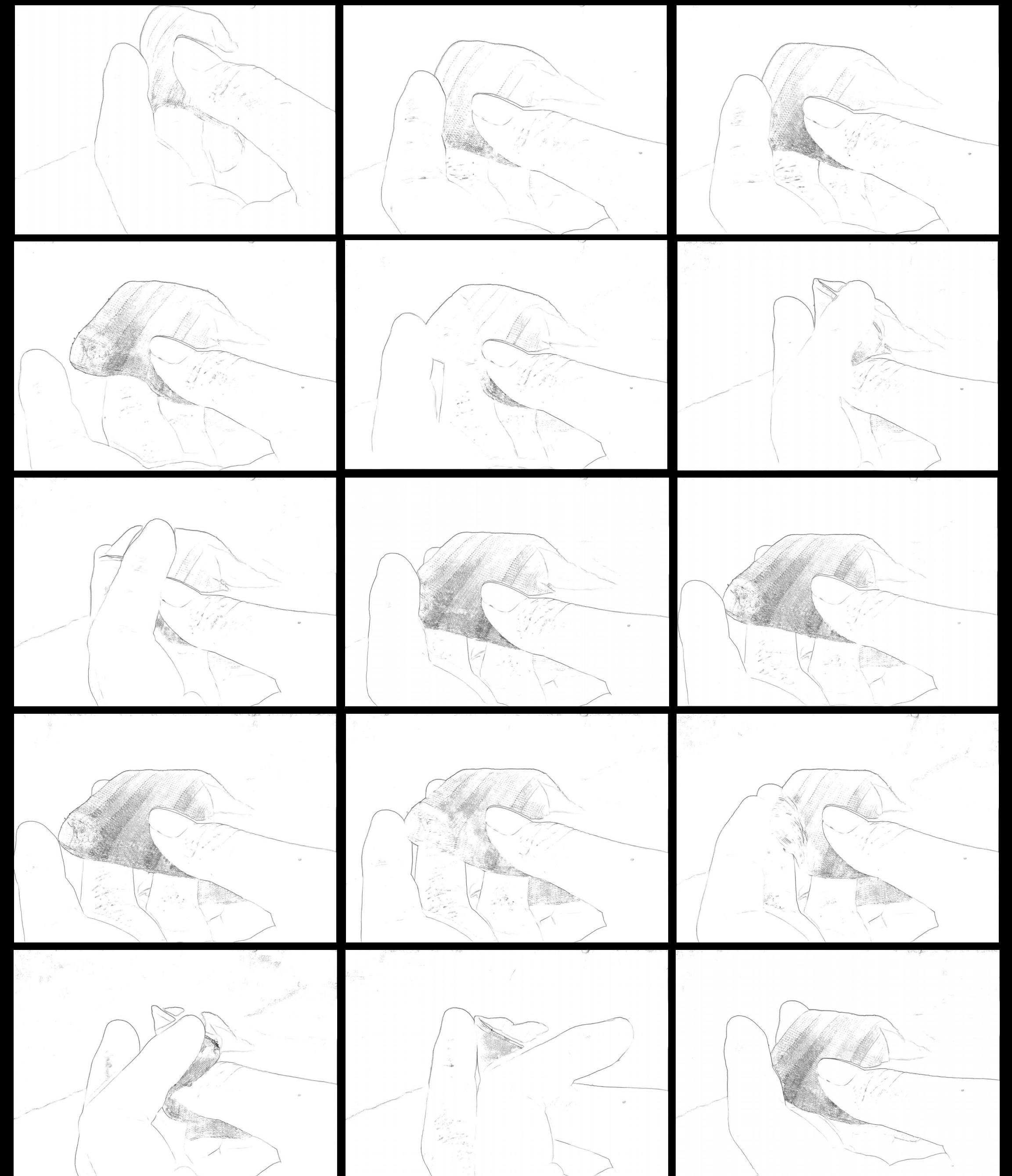
Flip Book Experiment



I slowed down my movements as much as possible as I touched the pillowcase, recorded them frame by frame with line drawings, and made a flip book. At first, I was not sure why I was doing this; I just felt that something needed to be left behind. Then I realised that maybe it was a kind of stay. My life is full of moving, adapting, and pulling away, and this slow, repetitive action gives me a momentary stop in the present. It is not just about the pillowcase, it is more like a state of desiring to be placed, to be seen.

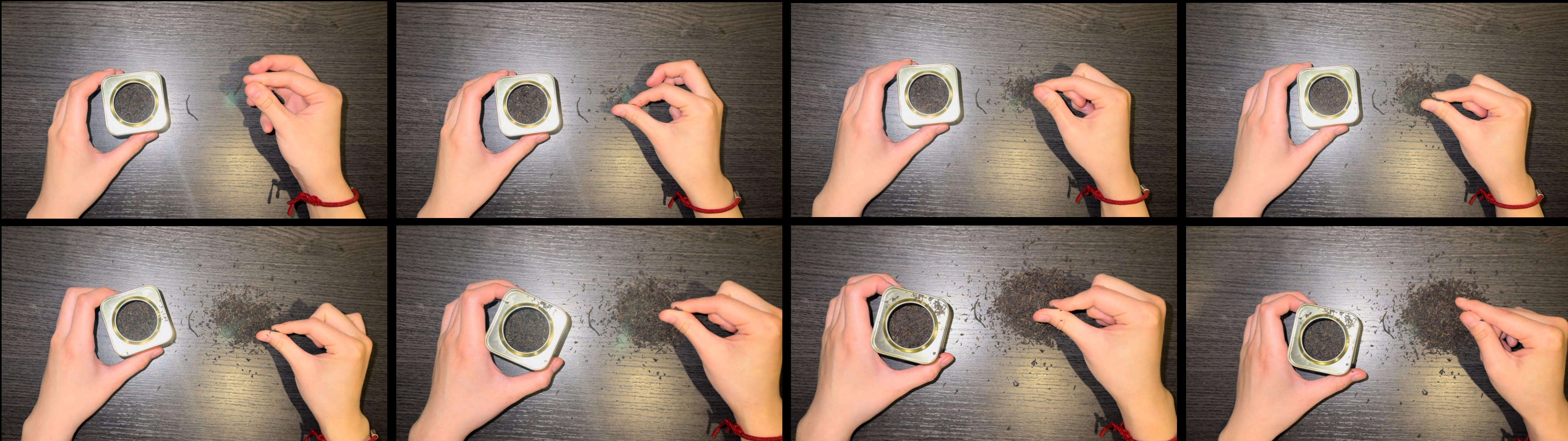
Please press on the link to access the video of flip book experiment (flip book and digital one):

1. <https://youtu.be/R8eM9IP0Yv8>
2. <https://youtu.be/jbA9Zr3bpuE>



Digital line drawings

Touch Action Experiment



Screenshots from the video

Please press on the link to access the video of touch action experiment: https://youtu.be/zbyKlzh_yls

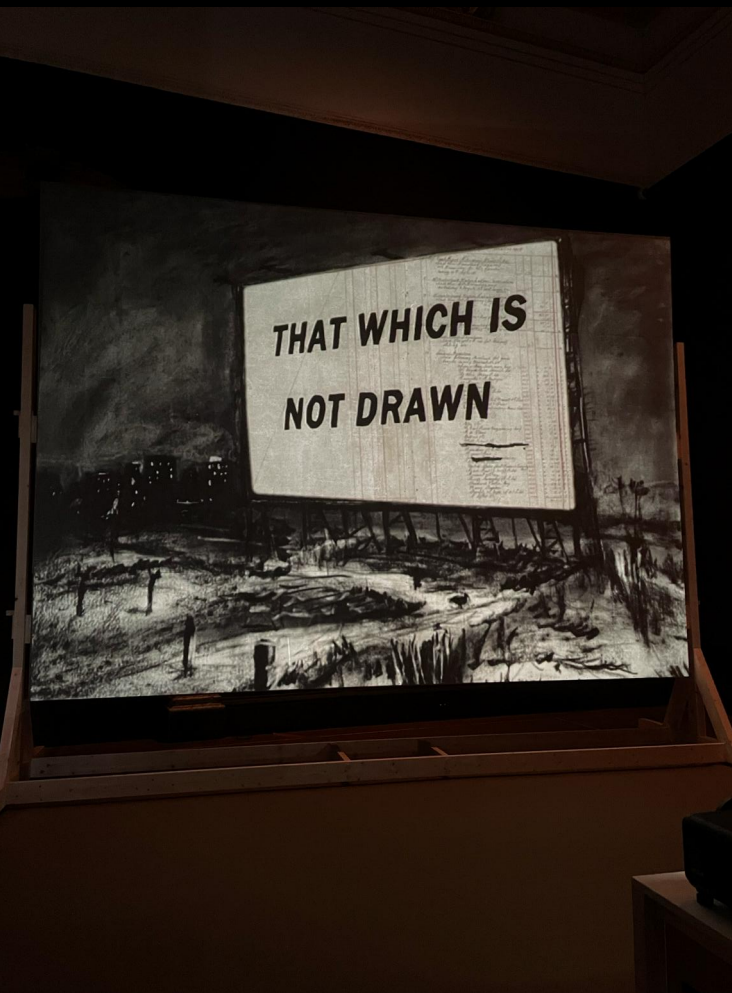
I applied to the tea leaves the same motion I would have used to repeatedly touch the pillowcase. When this soothing touch is applied to a pile of loose tea leaves, it creates a subtle collision. I was attempting to apply a private habit to a substance that was not mine at all.

Though I was inspired by the tea stored in leather bags in Tibet, I did not use Tibetan tea, but chose to use English tea instead. It is a material provided by the circumstances of my current life, and responds appropriately to a state of being in my cultural identity. I have both a rooted connection to Tibetan culture and a long-term rupture and distance. I often say that I do not understand this culture, but in my creations, it keeps returning to me in various ways. This is not belonging, or perhaps not rejecting, but a state of always surrounding, always close to, but never able to fully enter. This kind of uncertainty and repeated close movements repeatedly tell me that this may already be the truest connection between me and it.

Artist Research And Stop-Motion Experiment



The 'Conservationists' Ball, William Kentridge (1985)
Charcoal, Coloured Pastel And Gouache On Paper (Triptych).
198.5 X 97.5 cm (Left), 198.5 X 138.5 cm (Centre), 198.5 X 97.5 cm (Right).



Other Faces, William Kentridge (2011)
35 mm film transferred to video
9 minutes, 45 seconds



Mantegna, William Kentridge (2016)
Woodcut printed from 12 woodblocks
onto 21 sheets of various sizes of
Somerset Soft

I saw William Kentridge's exhibition in November 2022 at the Royal Academy of Arts. His use of charcoal and frame-by-frame erasure to deal with the residue of history, memory and bodily sensations, a state of leaving traces and eliminating traces at the same time attracted me deeply. In his films, each modification and movement of a drawing is not an erasure, but an accumulation, a kind of time made of traces.

So I tried to use charcoal to record the slow motion of my touching the corner of the pillowcase, using stop-motion to simulate the tempo of hesitation, falling back, and approaching again. This is not a complete movement; it is more like an elongated moment in time, and with the constant repetition and overlapping of the brushstrokes, a very fine intimacy is visualised.



Screenshots from the video

Please press on the link to access the video of stop-motion experiment:
<https://youtu.be/LxR8R1Qbylw>