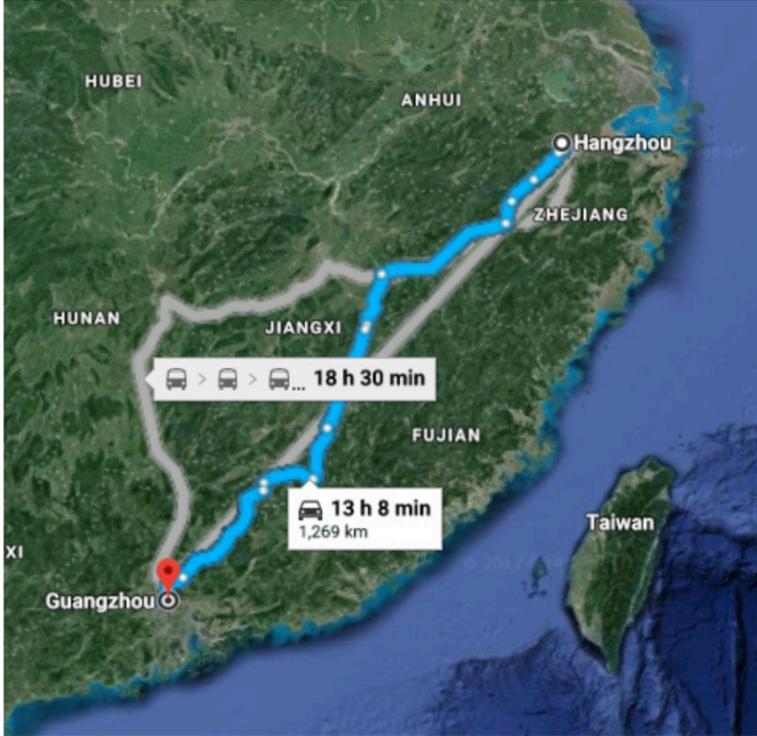


● My tongue is kidnapped

This is a work that shows the conflict between memories and reality. The title indicates my discomfort caused by switching from one dialect to another. Since I have long been living far away from home, the word “homeland” is nothing but a conventional term for me, creating a sense of disassociation. I am lost in this city which I was once familiar with, feeling anxious to find out the answer to “Who am I?” However, I do not wish to confront my hometown, so I am trying my best to label myself and I long to go back to the starting point.

A dialogue between me and my birthplace is shown in this work, after being away from home for four years. Aiming at showing how the new rules of my fast-developing hometown have a great impact on me, I take photograph of a series of ridiculous behaviors of myself in the environment that I was once familiar with. The whole work is an attempt to perceive my real feelings in sub-consciousness and build a connection between me and my homeland. It is difficult to tell whether this constructing process is a journey of finding self-identity in memories or a recreation of communicative bond between me and my home. As a result, a fluctuating state of mind is presented—a moment of hope might be followed by sudden anxiety.



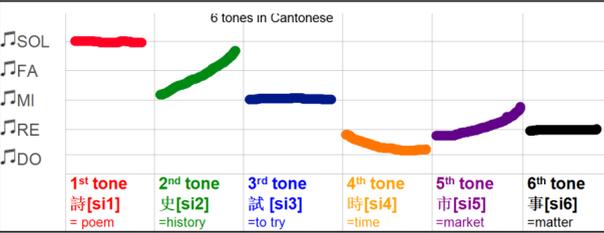
Distance from Hangzhou to Guangzhou

Differences between Mandarin & Cantonese

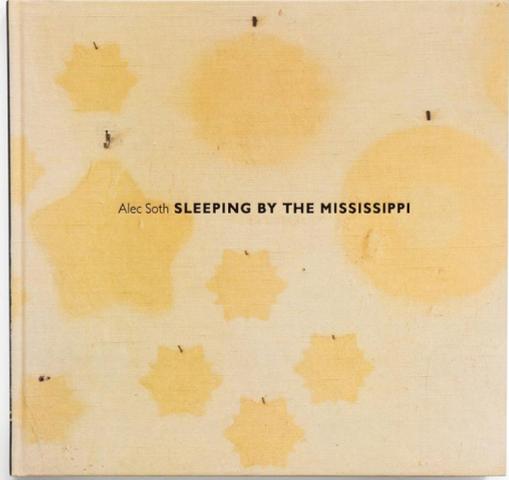
No. of Tones	Mandarin: 4	Cantonese: 6 to 9
Distinct “tone syllables”	1300	2000
Syllables before differentiation	403	627
Rimes	36	53

* Cantonese has a more complicated phonetic system than Mandarin *

Differences between Mandari & Cantonese



6 tones in Cantonese

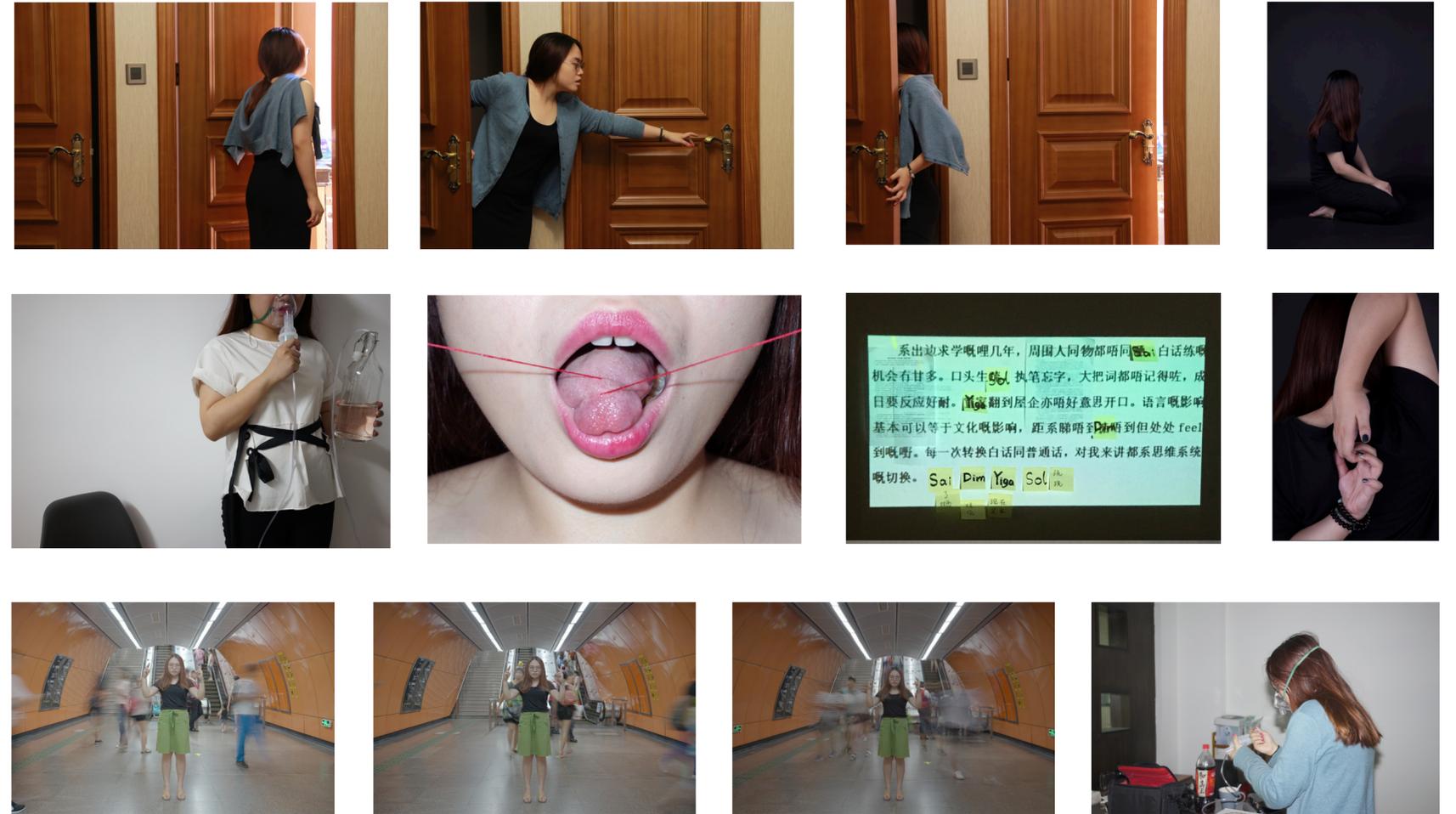
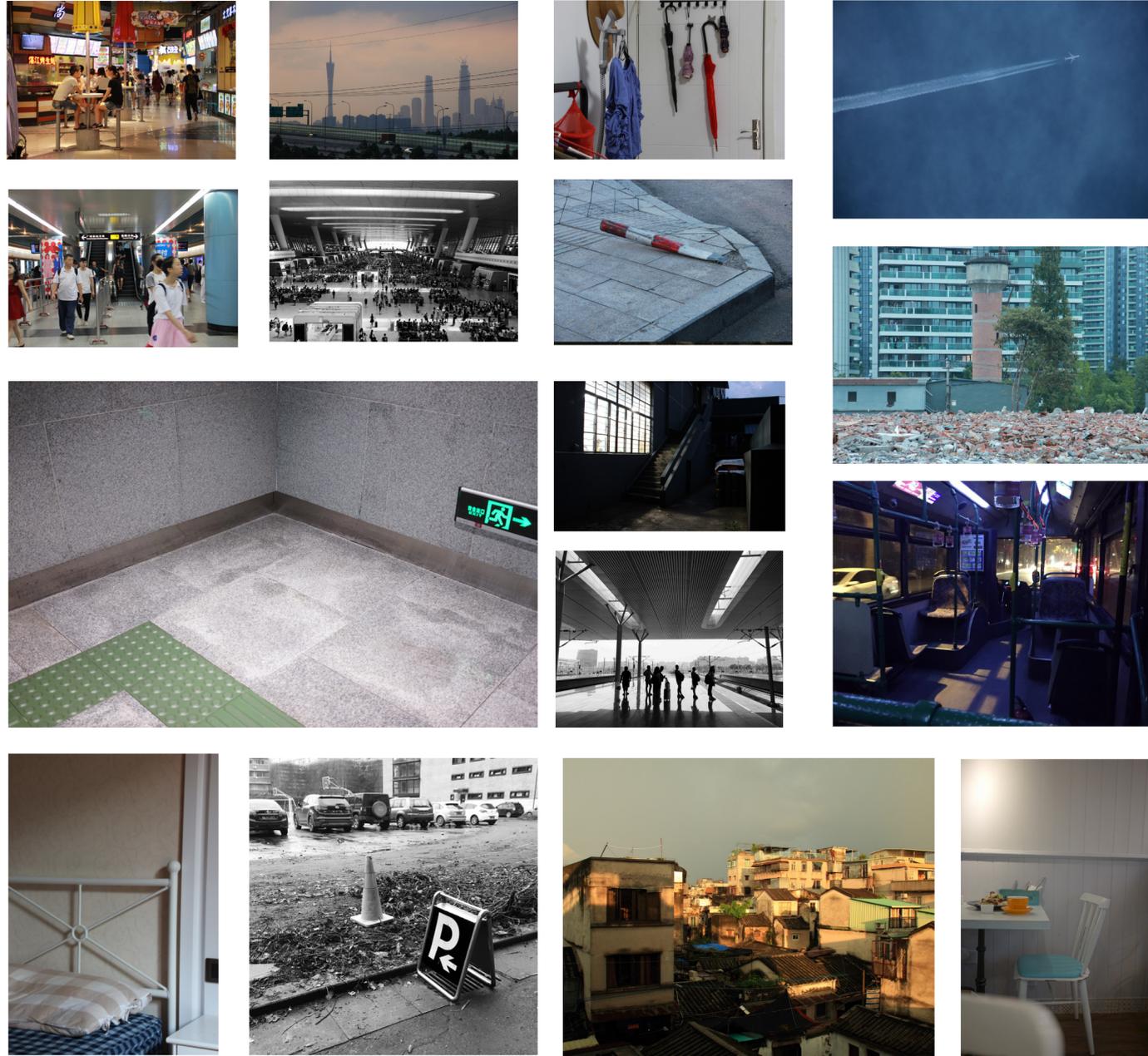


Sleeping by the Mississippi, Alec Soth

This is the very first complete photography works by me. It has taken four months from photo shootings to the book coming out. It seemed to me that thanks to the speed and convenience, photography is the optimal choice to collect materials for recording life. I tended to take pictures of scenery and the still life from all varieties of plants to a cup of coffee, only from the angle to capture the “beauty”, failing to think about what is behind each photo. It all changed last year when I witnessed lots of buildings brought down in my neighborhood. It was a pity they would disappear and I felt sorry for not being able to keep their traces. When I looked over the photograph *Sleeping by the Mississippi* by Alec Soth, suddenly occurred to me that photography can serve as a says factory narrative method.

Phase One

At the beginning, I traveled between Hangzhou and Guangzhou to shoot some scenes relevant to my childhood, a few still lives of emotions and did some absurd behaviors. After sorting and ranking them, I found some staged ones of them were still confined to scenes of daily life, impacted by the over diversity. In this sense, I redid some actions and still lives in the studio to avoid unnecessary influences.

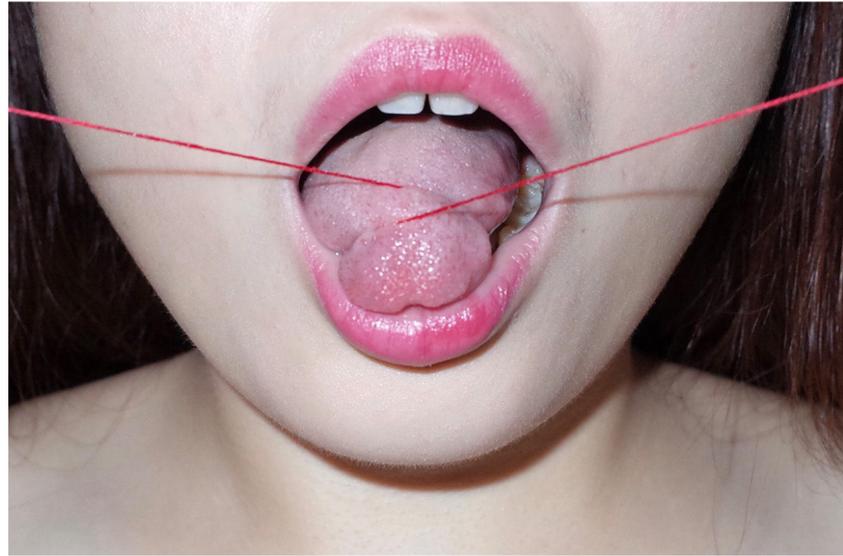


Phase two

One fun thing about this collection is that it involved a lot of experimental experiences. Gradually I have come to realize narration through photography does not have to be straightforward. For example, I have tried a lot to get across the abstract feeling "difficulty in converting language": I converted audio tracked to images, tied up tongues, transformed pronunciations from one language with another one and so on.

Selected images

from the series *My tongue is kidnapped*



My tongue is kidnapped



1345km



The 101st bottle of water I collected from the Pearl River



A mirror in NO.23 Room 104



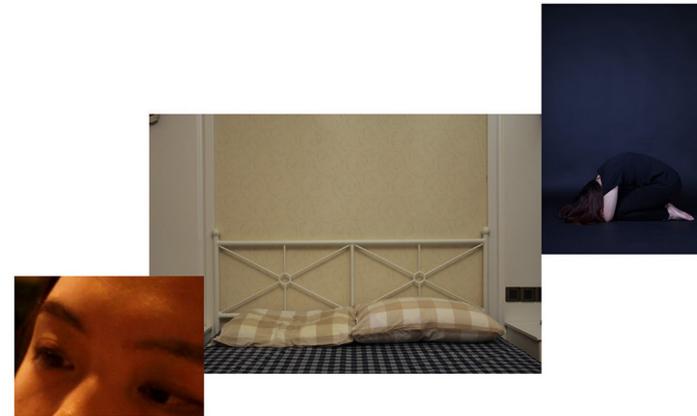
When I look at them from here



How to hold hands from the back



Out of the membrane



The eyes in 3am



I forget that my legs are numb



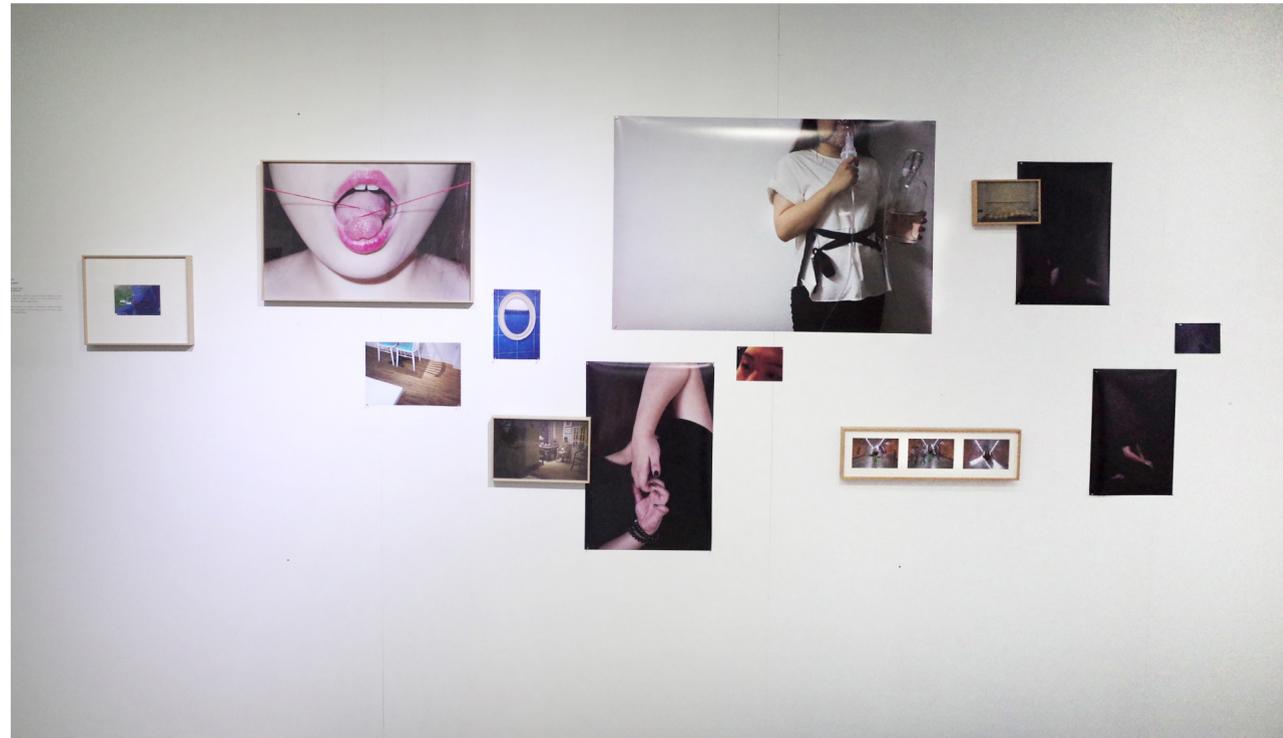
One step to the unknown

Installation view

It has not been long since I took this work to a photography group exhibition titled “30 ways to heal”.

I rearranged the sizes in accordance with the gallery space.

During the exhibition, some viewers tried to pose as in my works, where another way to interact with audiences came into being. Works are to face audiences. When I answered their questions and knew about their opinions, I also gained a chance to reflect on the photos again.



Installation View of *My tongue is kidnapped*
Giclee print, Various sizes, Mounted & Framed

2F, University Museum, Zhejiang Sci-Tech University,
Xiasha District, Hangzhou, China
13 December - 17 December, 2017

Photobook



<My tongue is kidnapped>
Size: 320 x 270mm
72 pages, 53 color images, Clothbound Hardcover
Self Published in December 2017

Due to the limits of venues or layouts, I would feel unfulfilled each time for not displaying the whole set of works. It feels like some tender sentiments have not been fully expressed.

Therefore I brought out the book, with the words I have written for the project.

During the process, I turned to the way how Alec Soth arranges photos, with similar signals to link the whole work, as a piece of evidence draws the viewers' attention from something vague back to the reality. I have sensed the significant influence arrangement has on the atmosphere and expressivity of the works.

