



Lovely Daze is a curatorial journal of artist's writings & artworks published in limited editions twice a year. Issue 10: Travelers & Magicians is inspired by a Bhutanese film of the same name...

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printed in my beloved formosa

Among  
natures element  
Death your greatest implement  
Your Spell  
hath sacrament  
therefore  
to frequent this death  
Hath Natures Best  
whos tempting

• Spills  
• car's decay  
• as mil. dew

ferment's away  
there's for elucidating  
by myth to liberate  
eye Emigrate

AS  
every pathway  
leads

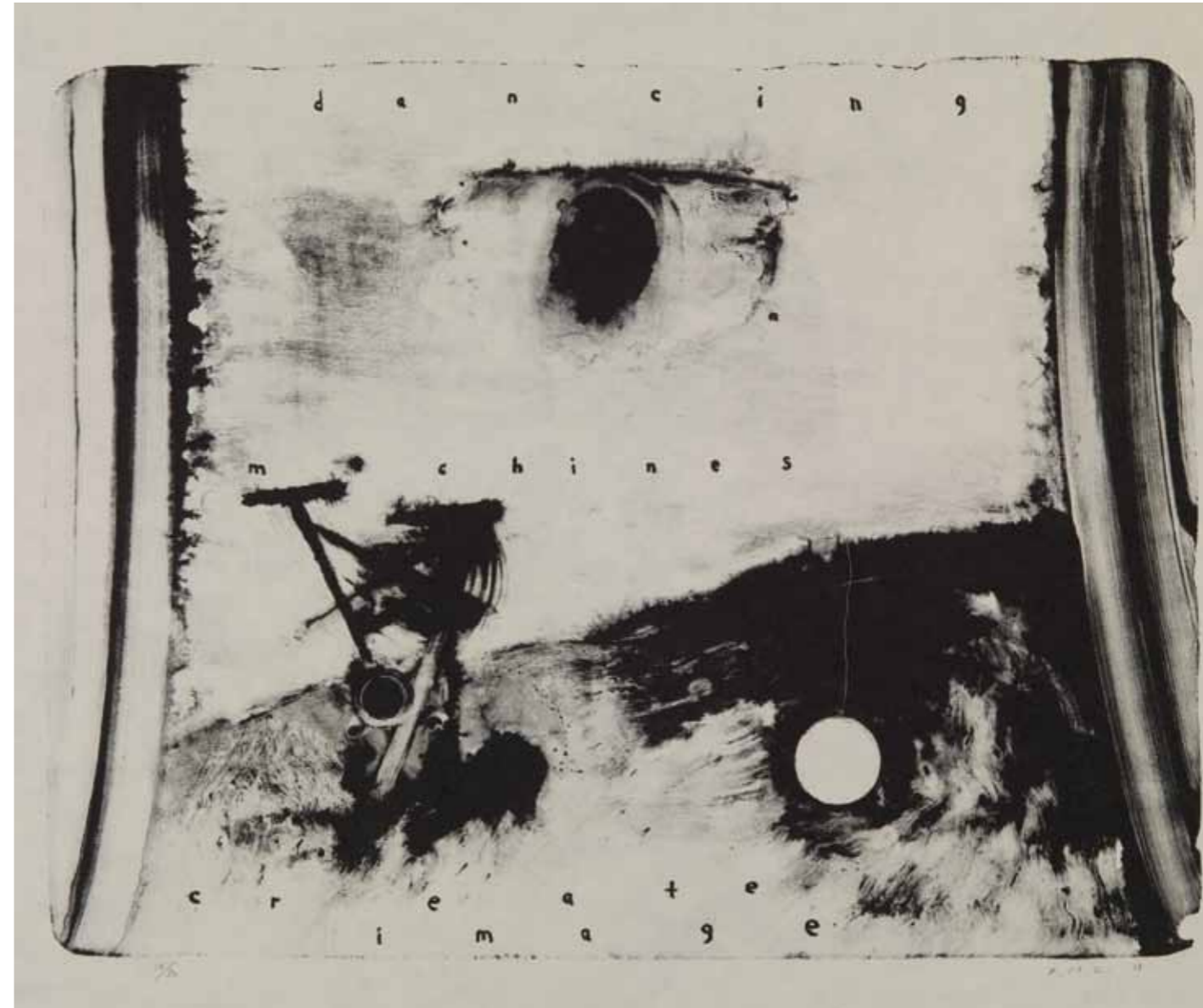
• You  
away.

is to touch  
upon what's not yet known  
• knows one's  
to know one's  
• UN'known

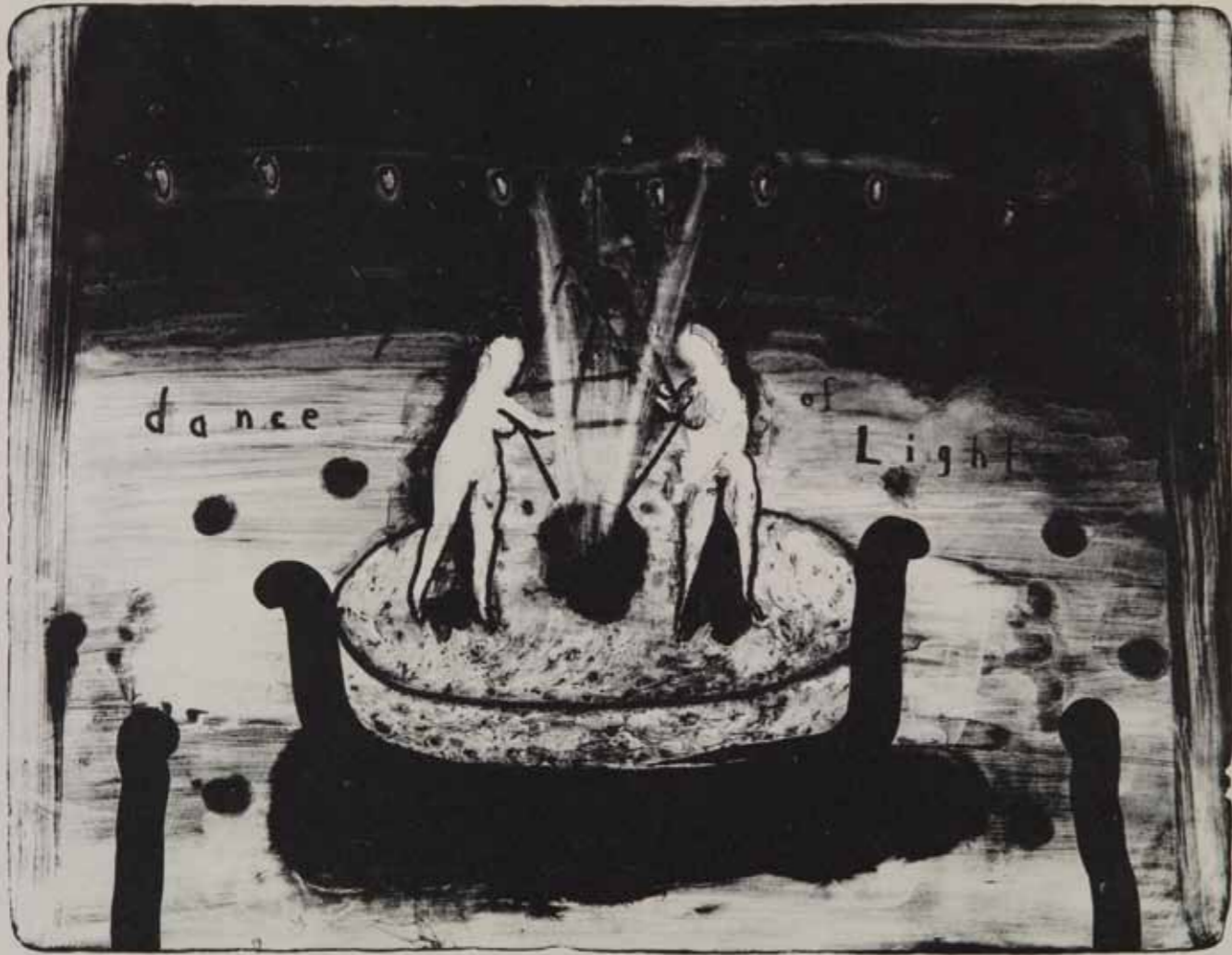
# David Lynch

lithographs, 2007 ~ 2011

Hervé Chandès from the Fondation Cartier brought me over to Idem and introduced me to Patrice Forest. I see this incredible place, and I get the opportunity to work there. And this was like a dream! It just opened up this brand-new world of the lithography and the magic of lithography, the magic of the stones. And it was a great, great thing! This thing of lithography, this channel of lithography opened up and a bunch of ideas came flowing out and it led to about a hundred lithographs. I will say that Idem printing studio has a unique, very special mood, and it is so conducive to creating. Patrice has the greatest attitude for all the artists and he creates this space of freedom and this joy of creating. It's so beautiful! And I think the place is very important—in other words, the same stone could be moved to another place, and I think that the work that comes out would be different. It's a combination of the stone, the place, the people, this mood, and out comes these certain ideas.



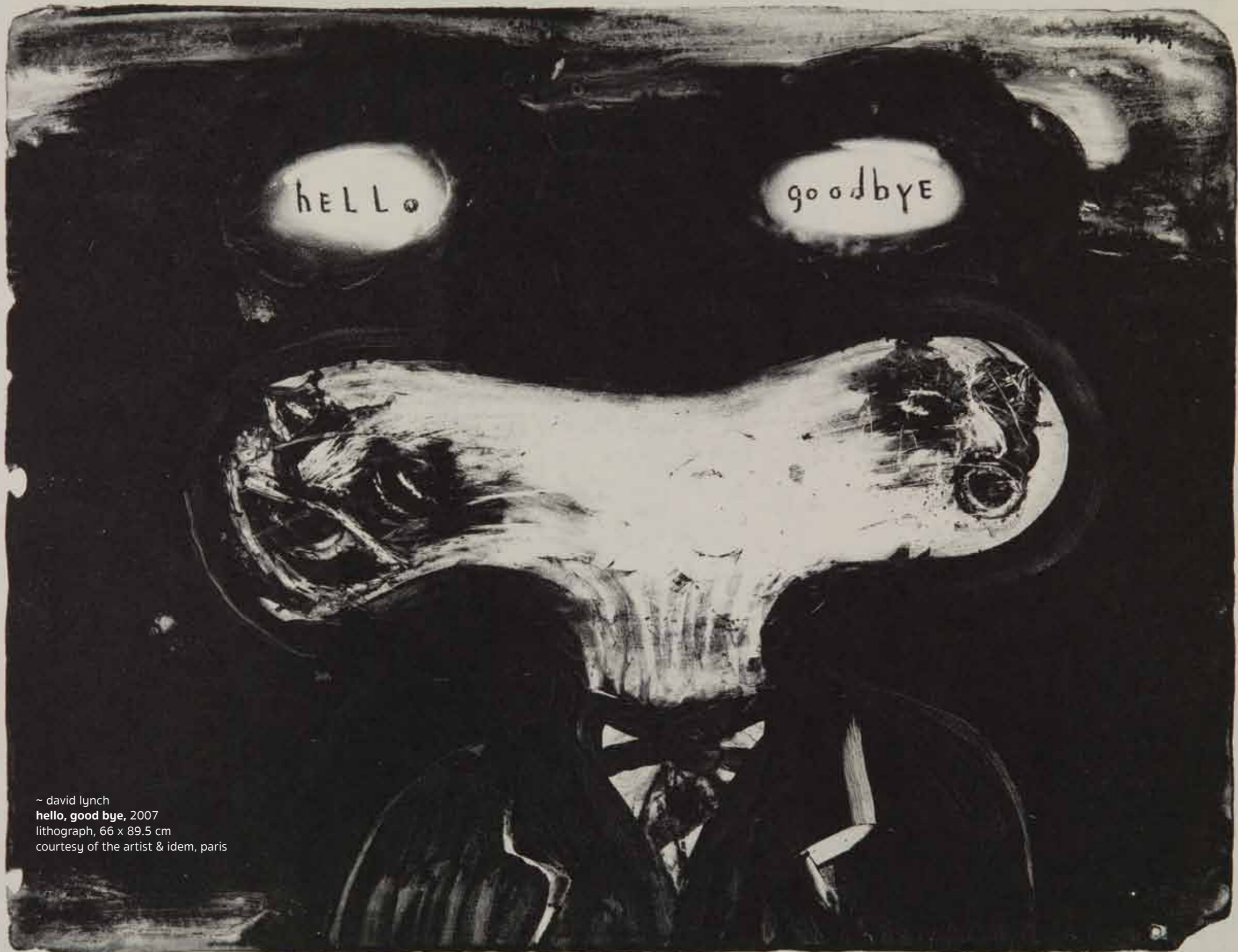
~ david lynch  
**dancing machines create image**, 2008  
lithograph, 66 x 89 cm  
courtesy of the artist & idem, paris



~ david lynch  
**dance of light**, 2009  
lithograph, 64 x 88 cm  
courtesy of the artist & idem, paris



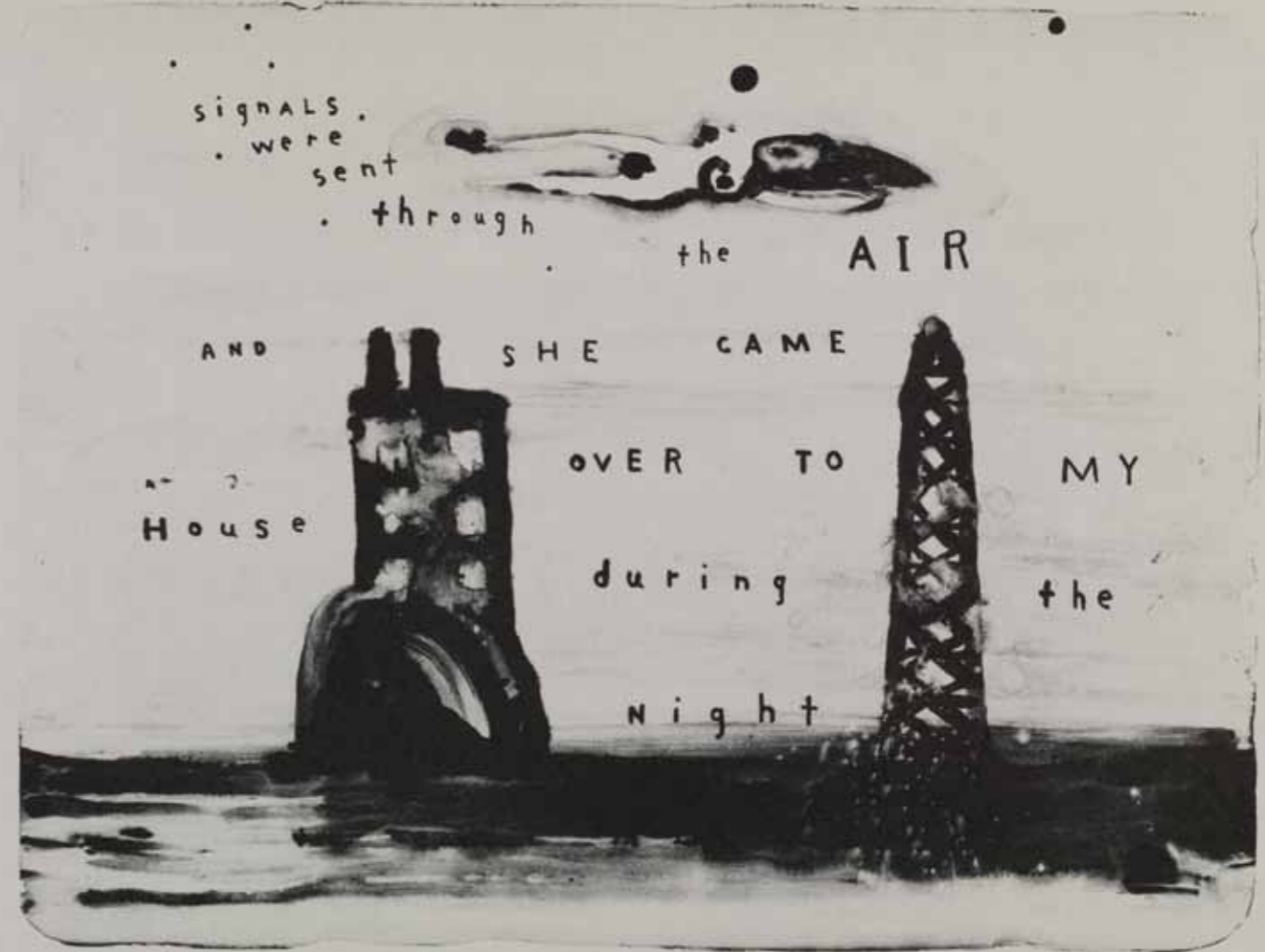
~ david lynch  
**woman obscured by cloud**, 2009  
lithograph, 64.5 x 88.5 cm  
courtesy of the artist & idem, paris



~ david lynch  
**hello, good bye**, 2007  
lithograph, 66 x 89.5 cm  
courtesy of the artist & idem, paris



~ david lynch  
**hand of dreams**, 2009  
lithograph, 64.5 x 88 cm  
courtesy of the artist & idem, paris



~ david lynch  
**signals were sent though the air and she came over to my house during the night**, 2011  
lithograph, 65 x 91 cm  
courtesy of the artist & idem, paris

# Apichatpong Weerasethakul

morakot (emerald), 2007

JEN  
Tong...Tong...  
Goh  
Are you two here?  
You look handsome today.  
I dreamt about going home to Nong Khai.  
It was raining so hard. The electricity was out... It was pitch black.  
Mom lit a wood stove to keep us warm.  
So we roasted potatoes...  
Dad, mom, everyone was there.  
We listened to country music on the radio.  
From a station in Udon.  
The DJ's voice was so handsome.  
But in real life he's bald...with a pudgy face.

GOH  
No one's as pretty as you.  
You still smiled even when your motorbike crashed

JEN  
Yes, you helped me lift it back up.

TONG  
You dreamt about your home?  
I dreamt of Kanchanaburi.  
The soldiers dragged me out of bed.  
And let the dogs chase us.  
I hid in a tree that night.  
All I could see were small green lights in the distance.  
So I floated that way.  
Turns out they were squid boats.



~ apichatpong weerasethakul  
film stills of **morakot (emerald)**, 2007  
courtesy of the artist & kick the machine





~ apichatpong weerasethakul  
film stills of **morakot (emerald)**, 2007  
courtesy of the artist & kick the machine

JEN  
Dreaming of soldiers brings you luck.

GOH  
Bloody lucky, I say...

JEN  
No, bad things bring you good luck.  
Like an ugly face with a good voice. Nature always compensates.  
This guy had a crush on me in school.  
He never spoke.  
And only smiled. But helped with my garden.  
And send notes, saying if I liked him, please go to the window.  
So I rushed to the window.  
...and smiled at him.

TONG  
Nowadays, all it takes is a passing glance.  
And that's it.

GOH  
Or just elope.

JEN  
No, not in my time.  
If my family knew that I had a boyfriend, they would not let me study.  
That's it.  
I still have regrets.  
One time he got on the same bus with me.  
But I chased him off because didn't want my parents to know.

TONG  
Did you love him?

JEN  
I did... but...

GOH  
You'd be married with five kids by now.

TONG  
Don't tease her like that.

JEN  
But my parents would never...  
I regret it now.  
Why did I have to chase him off the bus? Why?  
I just didn't want the day to end.

BREAK (NO DIALOG FOR A WHILE)

JEN  
Listen...  
There's this tree called Parichart. Hidden in the mountains far away.  
To get there you must trek through the jungle or fly.  
If you smell its flower, you will remember your past lives.  
You will know who you were in many lives.  
Don't laugh, this is true.  
If we smell this flower with our lovers, we will be together.  
...for thousands of years until we are no longer reborn.

GOH  
There are frogs in the evening.

(LAUGHING) (IMAGE OF FLUORESCENT BULB ON THE CEILING)

TONG  
What are you saying?

GOH  
Frogs, you don't know frogs?  
Lots of them in the evening.



~ apichatpong weerasethakul  
film stills of **morakot (emerald)**, 2007  
courtesy of the artist & kick the machine



~ apichatpong weerasethakul  
film stills of **morakot (emerald)**, 2007  
courtesy of the artist & kick the machine

JEN  
Why a frog?

(IMAGE OF BED, LARGE WINDOW)

JEN  
Sometimes I miss home.  
I heard he's waiting for me.  
20 years and he still hasn't gotten married.  
I want to visit the Fisheries Department. There is a park with trees  
pruned into animal shapes.  
It's a hot spot for lovers to make out under the animal-shaped trees.  
I even wrote a poem for him.  
...what does it go?  
Oh, love bud, how I've watched you grow  
Oh, love bud, how I've watched you grow  
Will you blossom for me to see  
To smell your forbidden scent?  
As time passes...  
I...  
What's next?  
I can't remember.  
I look at you  
but today we're still far apart.  
I look at you... I take a glance  
I take a glance.  
I sense your indifference.  
Under the starry sky rests my heart.  
I'll wait for you here day and night  
knowing that you...  
knowing that you will return.

# Zheng Bo

## Application to Join the Party, 2015

Dear Weed,

For the past few months, I've been considering whether to join the Party. To be honest, I don't know you well enough. I met you two years ago in West Bund, and unexpectedly have been attached to you ever since. C asked me yesterday if I'm too obsessed with you. She doesn't know I'm writing this letter.

You were everywhere when I was young. You were nothing extraordinary. There's a hill right next to my home. All I can recall is wild jujube. They have thorns. Once I fell and my face was scratched. I also remember removing you from the field at school. When I visited N in California, she told me not to touch poison ivy. Before 2013, all I cared about are human issues. Perhaps it's N's influence, or perhaps seeds planted by my mom have finally sprouted. I suddenly changed.

But why joining the Party? I was at Xinyang Military Academy in 1992 for one year of military training. I remember one day I was on duty. The political commissar squatted down to smoke by the flower bed at the entrance. He asked if I would consider joining the Party. I was busy memorizing English vocabulary then. Later in the States, I ran into a classmate who attended military training in Xinyang as well. He did join the Party. After graduation he went on to work on Wall Street. He then started a company in Beijing. Last year he also organized singing red songs in his company.

Why joining the Party? Is it because of belief, love, ambition, beauty, or efficiency? I'm not so sure, but increasingly I believe a new -ism will emerge. "New" is not the right word. W has said that the revolutionary consensus developed in early 20th century China already included a kind of non-anthropocentric understanding of liberation. I haven't yet investigated whether my feelings are similar to thoughts of that period. I'm only writing down my feelings for now.

M said if not for us, you as a concept would not have existed. Though you as a concept are created by us, you are not created by us. Just like we are not created by us. Maybe this world is being operated by concepts, but the universe cannot be filled only by concepts. Beyond these concepts created by us, there is you and thousands and millions of other beings that I will probably never be able to meet in my life. We have occupied space and time, occupied energy and possibilities. You are trying to remind us that we are not all.

How can more people come to see that we are limited, and accept our limitedness? Is joining the Party the only way? I don't know, but I have to do something. I have to find a few trustworthy friends.

Zheng Bo  
July 18, 2015

# 中國美術學院

Dear Weed,

這一個月我一直在考慮，要不要申請加入 Party。老實說我對你並不够了解。只是兩年前的兩度接觸，鬼使神差對你產生了依戀。C 昨天問我會不會走火入魔。她並不知道我在寫這封信。

小時候到處都是你，並沒有什麼稀奇。我家旁邊就是山坡。我也記不起山上都長了什麼。只記得酸棗，酸棗有利。我不小心摔了一跤，臉上被划了幾個道子。再能記起的就是小學時要把你從子粒的揀場拔起。再往後就是去加州探望 N 時。她叫我小心不要碰 poisoning。13 年前我做作。看書關心的這那個人的問題。或許是受了 T 的影響。或許是母親種的種子終於發芽了。我突然愛了。

①

# 中國美術學院

為什麼要加入 Party? 記得 92 年我在信託陸軍學院當 instructor。某日輪到我執勤。坐在連隊門口。其他人都在上課去了。政委蹲在草堆邊上抽煙。他問我有沒有考慮過申請加入 Party。我當時正在背背單詞。原來在美國，不是一個軍官的同學。他入了 party。畢業後也去了華爾街。後來回北京創業。前兩年他的公司也賺了。唱紅歌。

為什麼要加入 Party? 是因為信仰。因為愛情。因為野心。因為審美。因為效率? 我並不肯定。但我越來越相信。一個新的 ism 必會浮現。"新" 這個字不對。W 說 20 世紀初的革命思想，就包括一種非以類中心主義的解放。我還沒來得及去仔細了解我的感覺與那段時間的思想是否一致。我只能在這心裏寫下我的感覺。

②

# 中國美術學院

你说没有我的，就没有你这个概念。你当然是我们的创造出来的概念。但你不是我们的创造出来的。就如同我们不是我们的创造出来的。这个世界或许因概念而运转。但这个世界总非由概念填充。在我们的概念之外，有你，有其它千种我从未见过，这一生无法相遇的生灵。

我们的时候空间和时间。与你的力量。与你的可能。你在尽力提醒我们。我们并非全部。

但如何让更多的人意识到我们的有限。接受我们的有限？是不是只有 party 这一条路？

我不知道。但我总得做些什么。我总得找到几个值得信赖的朋友。

郑波 2015.7.18

## Zheng Bo

Recent Projects, 2016

For the past few years, I have been working with weeds — marginalized plants — in order to understand the human condition in the Anthropocene. I have created installations, workshops, and “gardens,” according to the ecological and social condition of the art space that I collaborated with.

As the division between human history and natural history is collapsing (Chakrabarty), we can no longer separate art from nature. Every art space can have a piece of land so that plants and animals can live next to paintings and sculptures.



~ zheng bo  
film stills of **pteridophilia**, 2016  
courtesy of the artist & the cube project space, taipei



~ zheng bo  
film stills of **pteridophilia**, 2016  
courtesy of the artist & the cube project space, taipei



Jun Yang

Phantom Island, 2009

The Super-16mm film *Phantom Island* was made in 2009. An artificial green object with the outline of the island of Taiwan is driven on a truck through Taipei then pulled by a shipping boat into the sea and ultimately set adrift. Only at the end of the film is it indicated that the work was filmed in the East China Sea—namely, in the area between the People's Republic of China, Taiwan (Republic of China), and Japan. There is a specific reference to the history of Taiwan and its identity: from 1895 to 1945, the island was a Japanese colony; afterwards Taiwan became the Republic of China. To date, however, Taiwan is not officially recognized as a sovereign state, because the island is still claimed by the People's Republic of China.

The work was shot in 2009, one year before the 'island dispute' in that region started about the Senkaku Islands (this is the Japanese name) or Diaoyu Islands (the Chinese name). This dispute between Japan, People's Republic of China and Taiwan gained international media coverage.



~ jun yang  
film stills of **phantom island**, 2009  
super 16 mm film on hd, 8min  
courtesy of the artist



~ jun yang  
film stills of **phantom island**, 2009  
super 16 mm film on hd, 8 min  
courtesy of the artist



~ jun yang  
film stills of **phantom island**, 2009  
super 16 mm film on hd, 8 min  
courtesy of the artist

# Lee Kit

Breathe Deeper, 2016

'He did not seem to be a man occupying space, but rather a block of impenetrable space in the form of a man.'

The Invention of Solitude, Paul Auster



'Breathe deeper, daydreamer.'

# Harold Ancart

Blue Fear, 2015

Waiting in an airport at six in the morning after traveling for hours between one sky and another sky, one world and another world, ending up landing in my little hometown, somewhere in the north of Europe. The conveyor belt suddenly starts giving birth to suitcases; one after another - made out of all different colors, different plastics, different fabrics, that one could possibly imagine. The usual, and nonetheless unpleasant feeling that mine will never get out of the mysterious orifice that delivers suitcases, hits me in the back of the head like a baseball bat. A familiar feeling it is. One often legitimately doubts the becoming of one's luggage while handing it to the lady at the desk prior to hopping on a plane. The luggage usually shows up after traveling through the automatic and tortuous paths that sprinkle the dark underbellies of airports.

We usually keep, within our grasp, the most precious elements that are part of whatever our luggage contains. What I name here, "most precious," refers to those things we carry with us that have no market value, but which, nonetheless, are important to us for they witness part of our existence - parts that we cannot afford to forget to remember. In this case I am referring to notebooks, drawings, photographic films, and other treasures collected all along the journey I had just taken. This very trip - which without my having the slightest idea - was actually only about to begin.

There, while waiting like an ass, I bit myself thinking of the laziness I demonstrated and the sudden newfound confidence I gave in the baggage handlers of South Africa when, exhausted and nervous, I decided to put all my eggs in the same damn suitcase. I remember telling myself that it is not very wise to entrust my most prized possessions and such a heavy suitcase to those who, let's be honest, are not particularly well paid and probably also suffer from awful working conditions. Let's make it clear that I am not accusing anybody here. The luggage could have been lost between one terminal and another while transiting through London. A last possibility would be

that it had simply evaporated, like things tend to do sometimes. I remember when, as a little boy, I tossed a coin up in the air and never found it again. I was home alone and bored. I was playing in the kitchen at tossing a coin and catching it. One bad throw had sent it behind my back. Then nothing. The money coin had simply disappeared: evaporated in the hallways of time and space. I never heard it fall back to the ground. It did not make a sound. I searched every corner of the kitchen. I remember the white wallpaper with the cherry pattern, the plants on the window ledges, the cat's bed on top of the fridge ... I remember searching everywhere for hours without ever finding anything. At this very precise moment, I realized for the first time that things often disappear naturally, meaning without us losing them, or in other words - by themselves.

I am thirsty, I feel tired, and I want to smoke.

I like the taste of the tobacco in my mouth.

I remember the time when one could smoke in airports, supermarkets, and restaurants. It was a time of freedom and car accidents. Today, all that has come to an end. Today, one has to take one's shoes off if one intends to board a plane.

"For your own safety," they say.

That is all bullshit. It is to humiliate people that they have them taking their shoes off. To make them understand that they must obey. That there is no way you could escape their fucking system, even if you'd be willing to give up your shoes. You couldn't go far without them. You aren't used to running on your bare feet any more. You are used to putting on your shoes and going to work. It's because of money that you live this way. It's because of the supermarket, the tap water, and the plastic bottles. People were not meant to live this way. People were meant to eat when hungry, and sleep when tired, and run in the forest after something to kill, to shout back at the ocean when it rattles, to make fire at night and draw gods and animals and the moon on the wall of a cave with a chunk of charcoal. What a trip. Fucking shoes...Without your damn shoes you are no longer free.

These ramblings are leading me nowhere.

I want to scream.

Everyone around me has gone.

The black rubber carpet has stopped rolling.

No suitcase.

Shit.

I look around and see, a little way off, a counter, in front of which a queue has formed, composed of furious individuals, and finely deduce that it must be the Baggage Resolution Desk.

It is shit. It has never been so shit. I already have lost a lot, and I am about to lose the little I have left. I do not think that I am ready for it. I tell myself that being alive is at least something I can hang on to. But my horizon is bleak: it has no depth, no perspective at all. It stands right in my face, not far away - where I want it to be - but in my mouth and inside of me. I have no more ammunition. I am running on empty. The green paint has evaporated. I can't help myself thinking about tomorrow, about a hypothetical future, just like cowards do.

I need air. That's what I need. It is difficult to move through the present when we barely have anything to breathe ...

"What can I do for you?" she said with this strong accent, typical of people from my homeland in the north of Europe.

I can't remember if my suitcase was a Delsey or a Samsonite or God knows what. I know that it was rectangular, that it was made of rigid plastic and that it was dark grey, or maybe black. I also know that it is not going to be painless. I do not know many things, but I know that thing called Instinct. I know that when the red light starts flashing somewhere in the back of my head it means something is about to happen: that it is in the process of happening, that it is probably too late already, that I should have anticipated it, that I will have to accept what is happening. To accept what is happening when it happens, no matter if it is a good or a bad thing, is the only thing one can do. One has to swallow. When all is good then all is good and that's all right. But when the shit hits the fan, first you swallow, and then you make it right. That is the only way. The way you borrow. It is right in front of you. You might change and jump to another path, it will always ultimately turn into the one you are facing.

The suitcase was holding an X-ray of my lungs, a few of those notebooks in which I had taken notes and drawn in, a laptop, and all

my clothes. As I was leaving for six months I had taken all my pairs of trousers and all my shirts, it's actually seven or eight at most. They were good shirts. I never had much money but had always thought it a point of honor to buy clothes of quality. Better to buy one elegantly cut shirt of a fine cloth than ten crap ones - the same thing goes for trousers and shoes. I have always believed that it is important not to look miserable. I know better than anyone that it's not the habit that makes the monk, in the same way that the melody does not make the song. But I also know that this is not the case for most of the people who populate the planet. I know that I will sooner or later find myself in need to interact with them. I'm pragmatic enough to understand the basic mechanisms that allow certain types of interaction, or should I say, integration. I know that a good pair of shoes can open doors and I don't have anything against a bit of business.

In the end I didn't have so many clothes but those I had were meticulously chosen. I tell myself that I really messed up. I'm ashamed and for the first time, I consider my own future with blue fear. The code for the lock on my suitcase is 357 like the Colt Magnum. It's all of little importance in the end. One has to accept - and to accept is not an easy thing to do.



~ harold ancart  
**untitled**, 2015  
oil stick and pencil on paper on wood panel, artist's frame, 96.5 x 73.6 cm  
courtesy of the artist & clearing new york / brussels



~ harold ancart  
**untitled**, 2016  
oil stick and pencil on paper mounted on wood, frame, 167 x 133.4 x 3.8 cm  
courtesy of the artist & clearing new york / brussels



~ harold ancart  
**untitled**, 2015  
oil stick and pencil on paper mounted on wood, frame, 206 x 287.5 cm  
courtesy of the artist & clearing new york / brussels





~ harold ancart  
**untitled**, 2015  
oil stick and pencil on canvas on wood panel, artist's frame, 287.5 x 206 cm  
courtesy of the artist & clearing new york / brussels



~ harold ancart  
**untitled**, 2015  
oil stick and pencil on canvas on wood panel, artist's frame, 287.5 x 206 cm  
courtesy of the artist & clearing new york / brussels

# Tiffany Chung

## Syria Journal Entry, 2014

The speed of light in vacuum  $[c]$  is 299,792,458 m/s. The speed at which light propagates through transparent materials is less than  $[c]$ . The refractive index  $[n]$  of a material is the ratio between  $[c]$  and the speed  $[v]$  at which light travels in the material  $[n=c/v]$ . The refractive index of glass in visible light is around 1.5. Light in glass travels at 200,000 km/s. The refractive index of air in visible light is about 1.0003. Light travels in air at the speed very close to  $c$ . The light we see from the stars have left them years ago – the photons that cross the vacuum of space, travel for millions, billions and even trillions of years until they encounter our eyes. The dead stars we see so clearly in the sky of a city where there is no electric light.

How long does it take for a large-caliber projectile to traverse the air through artillery? How many shelling bombardments are needed to erase a city?

Life accumulated from thousands and thousands of years can now be contained in Victorian keepsake boxes. Collecting dust for many thousands of years to come.

Cultural heirlooms / in ruins and rubble / all lit up.

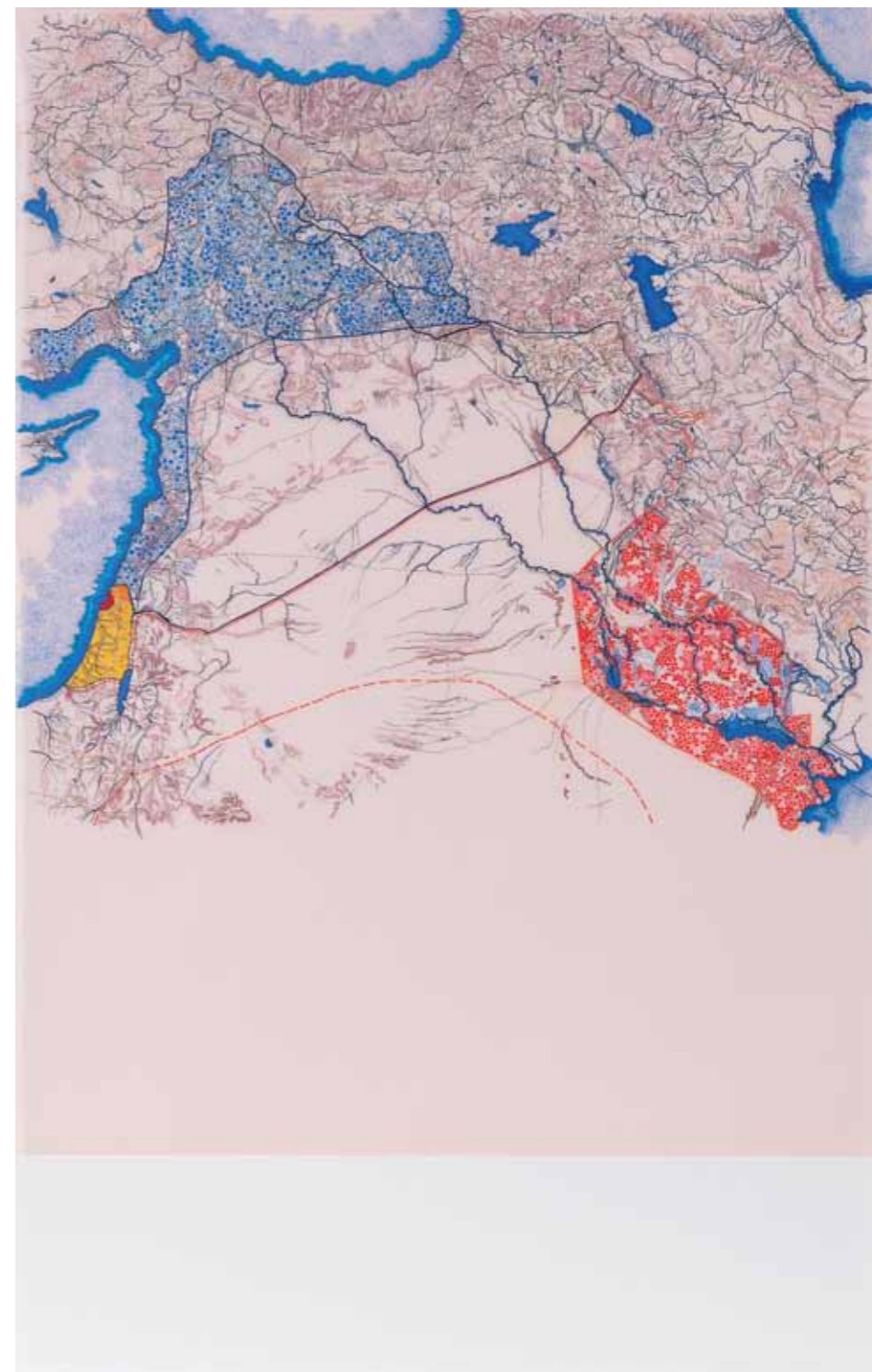
The city resurrects momentarily from its death. When the first sunray hits its debris. Lovers walk around, hand in hand. Before realizing they can't find their own shadows. Children ride their bicycles up and down little hills they don't remember being there. Eyes wide open before nightfall. Before all disappears behind distorted walls and into dark bullet holes.

I dare you to tell me what Baudrillard and Foucault have to say now. Dizziness grows as a discomfort. Ideas and concepts of home and Homs become blurry, interchangeable, darkened by fact and fiction. The notion and condition of having 'no home – not two homes.'

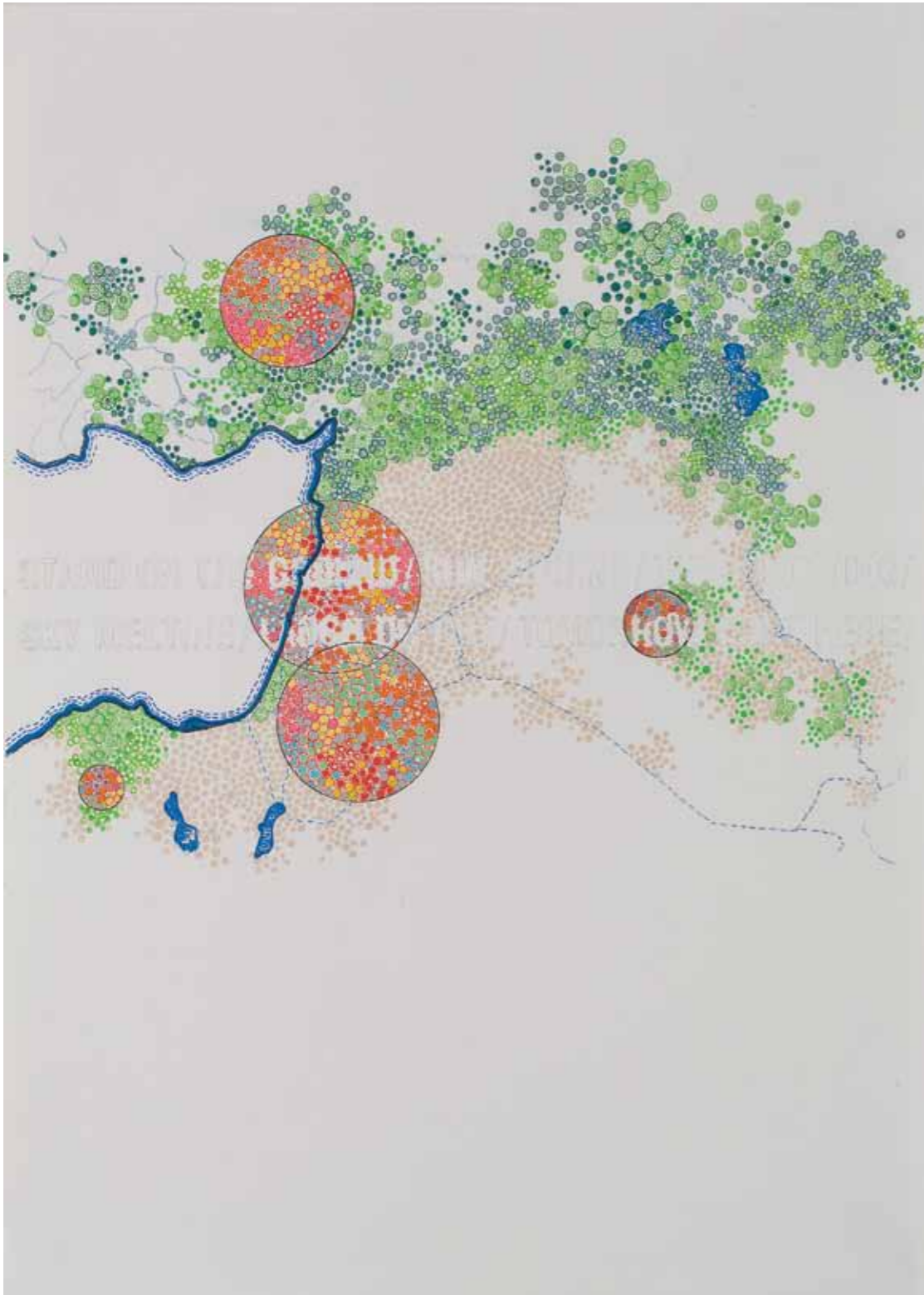
The building of a nation equates destruction. The ancient kingdom can only be re-constructed now through historical maps / data charts / reports / images; cities and lives reduced merely to dots, numbers, increasing day by day: IDPs – or the internally displaced persons, refugees – and refugee camps. This, too, has become abstraction, vaguely understood in one's imagination. Confusion created not by the lack of knowledge but an avalanche of information. History repeats itself. History that marked the beginning of televised conflicts, media downpours of human catastrophes in exotic and distant devastated topographies. History I want to forget. Even deny.



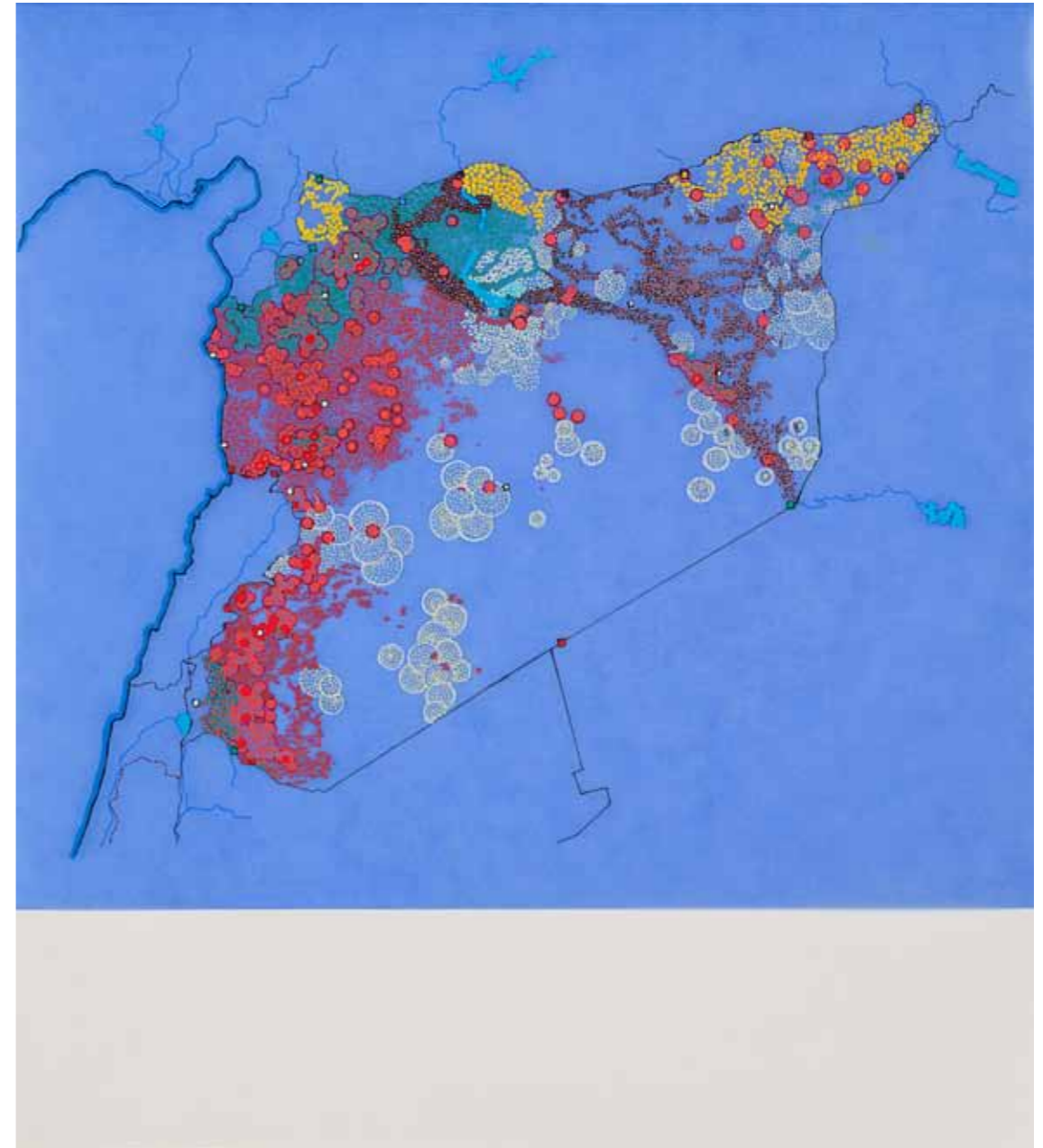
~ tiffany chung  
**UNHCR Lebanon time-series syrian registered refugees - june 2012: 25,411 - june 2013: 480,512**  
**- april 2014: 1,044,898, 2014**  
 oil and ink on vellum and paper, 79 x 100 cm  
 courtesy of the artist & tyler rollins fine art, new york & galerie quynh, saigon



~ tiffany chung  
**straight line carved and shaped the region:**  
**the secret deal of the 1916 sykes & picot agreement, 2014**  
 oil and ink on vellum and paper, 110 x 70 cm  
 courtesy of the artist & tyler rollins fine art, new york & galerie quynh, saigon



~ tiffany chung  
**UNHCR / HIU: syria regional crisis 1,658,177 camp and non-camp refugees, june 2013, 2015**  
oil and ink on vellum and paper, 42 x 30 cm  
courtesy of the artist & tyler rollins fine art, new york & galerie quynh, saigon



~ tiffany chung  
**march 2014 – HIU / the economist / bbc mapping the conflict: areas of control, border crossings, conflict frequency, and locations of camps, 2015**  
oil and ink on vellum and paper, 34 x 30 cm  
courtesy of the artist & tyler rollins fine art, new york & galerie quynh, saigon

*Shezad Dawood*  
Towards the Possible, 2014



~ shezad dawood  
film stills of **towards the possible**, 2014  
courtesy of the artist



~ shezad dawood  
film stills of **towards the possible**, 2014  
courtesy of the artist



~ shezad dawood  
film stills of **towards the possible**, 2014  
courtesy of the artist

# Cevdet Erek

Room of Rhythms -  
Long Distance Relationship, 2016



~ cevdet erek  
**room of rhythms - long distance relationship**, 2016  
mixed-media, architectural additions  
dimensions & duration variable  
installation view at cockatoo island for the 20th biennale of sydney  
photograph by ben symons, courtesy of the artist





~ cevdet erek  
**room of rhythms - long distance relationship**, 2016  
mixed-media, architectural additions  
dimensions & duration variable  
installation view at cockatoo island for the 20th biennale of sydney  
photograph by ben symons, courtesy of the artist

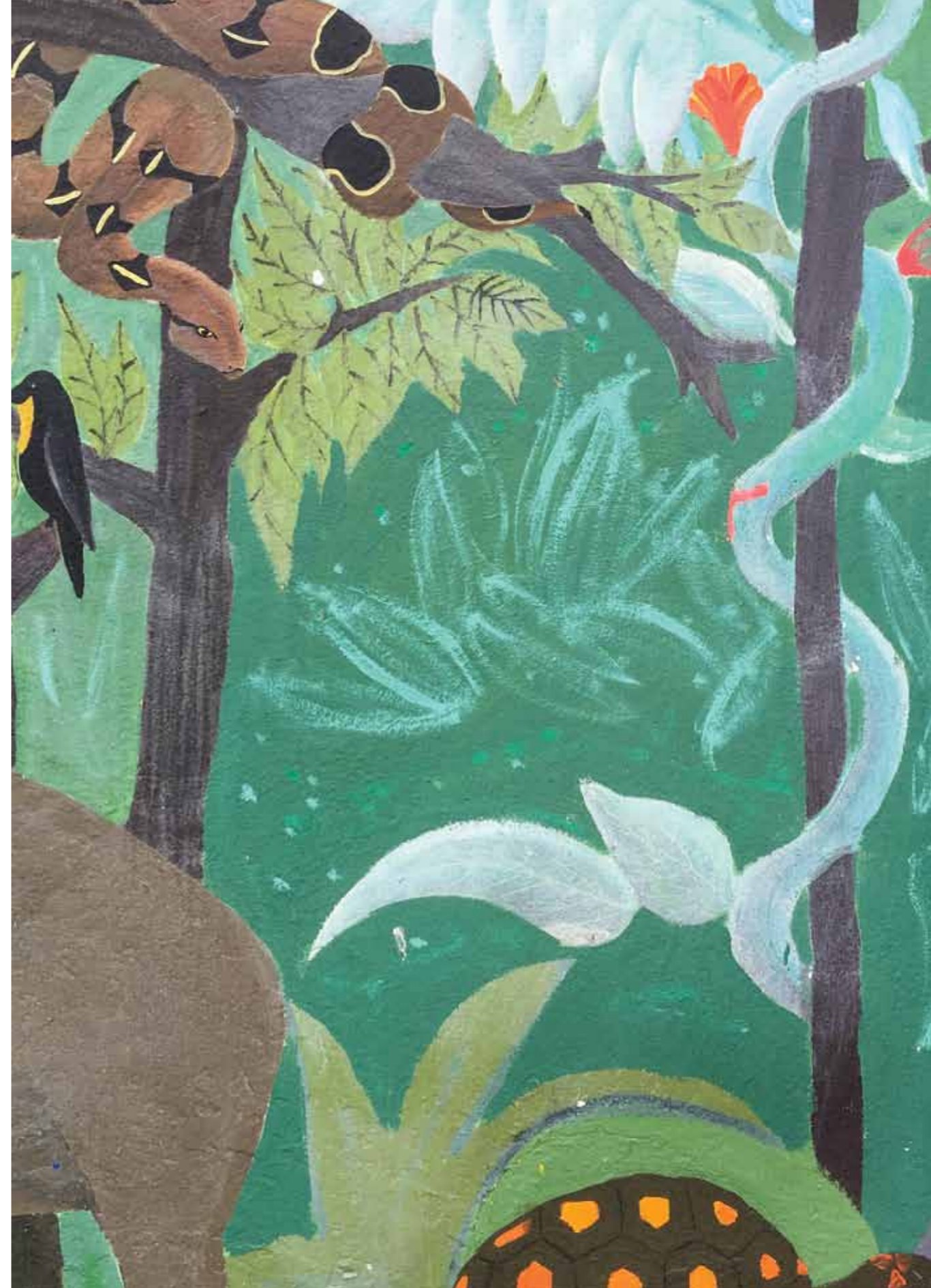
# Cristina Rodríguez

## Entre Muros URRAS, 2014-2016

Between the years 2014 and 2016, I photographed the various stages of a mural that was painted voluntarily by veterinary students of URRAS (Wild Animal Rescue and Rehabilitation Unit) in the National University of Colombia in Bogotá. Located within the veterinary department, this small unit rescues wild species from illegal trafficking, deforestation, and other human activities. After the health conditions of the animals recover, they are taught to adapt to the environment in the wild again. It is almost an impossible task as the animals have changed by the experience of being driven or taken from their territory, as well as the threats still being there.

For this project, *Entre Muros*, which means “between walls” (between boundaries or between frontiers) in Spanish, I printed these photographs of the mural on both sides of the paper, made them into foldouts, and placed them in a clear acrylic box. The audience may take out the photographs to fold and unfold imageries from both sides of the paper, however, each imagery that is created through this act is only a fragment of the original picture and one can never see it in its entirety at once. The project alludes to the constructed reality that we live in and points at its arbitrariness. When the photographs are folded and put back into the clear acrylic box, it is like looking at the constructed reality through a window or a lens. I see the box as a metaphor for the bulletproof windows through which I looked at fragments of my own country while growing up in Colombia in the 80's because of the constant security threats posed by the violent conflicts the country was experiencing. Finally in 1997, when threats were aimed specifically towards our family, we had to move out of the country abruptly. It was not until 2010 when I decided to return to living in Colombia again.

~ cristina rodriguez  
**entre muros URRAS**, 2014-2016  
dimensions variable  
courtesy of the artist





~ cristina rodriguez  
entre muros URRAS, 2014-2016  
dimensions variable  
courtesy of the artist



## Cristina Rodríguez

Notebook entry, family breakfast, Miami,  
June 2015

-... the risk is too high! That sense of fear that you just mentioned, which is only based on suppositions, just think of the one I felt for our family when it was a real threat! When we were a target, when there was a plan, everything! Think of what I'm saying! You mention this fear when the possibility is very remote; there is no plan, no visible danger, no precise dates... nothing. Nothing! Think of how scared I felt when they had all our information... this daughter rides horses, her horse is kept here, the other daughter does this or that, the wife goes to this place to do whatever, and this is the routes they take through the city. Everything! Months of surveillance! How do you think living with this fear felt like?

-Yes. I know. Fear blinds and governs us.

-So you keep questioning why we left Colombia!

-No! That is not my question. I know why we left, so I don't ask that question anymore. When I returned and identified that feeling of fear I-

-And I wasn't a fearful person! But if The State tells you that it cannot protect its citizens anymore then what? What can one do?!

-Leave.

~ cristina rodriguez  
**entre muros URRAS**, 2014-2016  
dimensions variable  
courtesy of the artist

## Cristina Rodríguez

Notebook entry, Bogotá, September 2010

A return that at the same time is a departure. It's good to learn to live with uncertainty. You have. You lose. You have. You lose. Having and losing go hand in hand. A never ending quest for an elusive sense of roots and of unity. Being from various places and none. Having lived many lives not one. Having been many people. Not one. An attitude that is necessarily nomadic. Those you love scattered around the world. There is always someone you are yearning to see, but you can't. And you are always about to meet someone new that will change your life.

~ cristina rodriguez  
**entre muros URRAS**, 2014-2016  
dimensions variable  
courtesy of the artist





~ david horvitz  
**untitled (watercolours 7)**, 2010 - 2012  
watercolour on paper  
courtesy the artist & chert, berlin

## Interview with **David Horvitz** by Charwei Tsai, 2016

CT: I love the work where you collect pieces of broken glass from different beaches and transform them into beautiful glasswork. What inspired you to start this project?

DH: A lot of my work comes from just wandering around and getting lost, and this was literally wandering around coasts and daydreaming. I like to go to coasts wherever I am, so I started collecting glass to make these, and it became a kind of time-line of my travels. So maybe I was in Ireland for a show, and I had some glass I found on a beach in Ireland. Or maybe I was on an Italian Island. So it became fragments or residues from this travel. And I like this idea of something that has an inherent instability, something that is ephemeral, like everything. And so there is this idea of the glass falling apart, and then being put back together, and maybe falling apart again one day.

CT: What were some of the most memorable places where you picked up the glass?

DH: California! Hawaii! Stromboli! Ireland! Long Island! Under the Brooklyn Bridge!

CT: Every time I see you, we seem to be in a different city and you are always en route to another, how has the constant traveling affect the way you make your work? Have you always worked on the road like this?

DH: Ha, I think I answered this already, in the first question, about how I'm always wandering around, not really sure where I'm going or what I'm doing. I think it's a way I like to experience space and time, not always having an itinerary that dictates things. Leaving things up to chance. And this kind of attitude manifested into a working practice. So yes!

CT: The first works that I have seen of yours are your artists' books at Printed Matter in New York, when did you first start making books? What was the first book that you have ever made?



~ david horvitz  
**untitled (watercolours 2)**, 2010 - 2012  
watercolour on paper  
courtesy the artist & chert, berlin



~ david horvitz  
**untitled (watercolours 3)**, 2010 - 2012  
watercolour on paper  
courtesy the artist & chert, berlin

DH: I don't know! I used to make photo books when I was an undergrad. Or no, I would make zines at photocopier stores, that were kind of inspired by punk culture, but the content was mostly cut up found things, like photocopied pages of poems or Marshal McLuhan quotes. I used to travel with the band Xiu Xiu and I made a lot of hand-made photobooks of the tours, and I'd sell them on the next tour.

CT: What was the most recent book that you have made? What is it about?

DH: In Stromboli I was at an art festival that was curated by Camille Henrot. I brought various kinds of herbs and tinctures that were supposed to induce lucid dreaming, or prophetic dreaming, or erotic dreaming! And I had a blank book and I let people write their dreams in there. That was the most recent! A one of a kind book... I thought to maybe publish it, but I like it as a single object book.

CT: Is publishing on paper still a big part of your practice or have you shifted more towards publishing online?

DH: I think I am slowly giving up both!

CT: Have you noticed any changes in the practice of artist's publications since you started?

DH: There is so much I can't really keep up. I get too overwhelmed. It's hard to follow what's going on.

CT: Where was the last place that you have been to that you felt inspired by?

DH: Yesterday on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, looking out at the sea at sunset and trying to synchronize with the rhythm of the waves. It was very calming, and I felt like I could just sit there and that the cliff could be my studio. But what would I do there?

CT: What are some of the projects that you are working on now?

DH: A children's book will come soon!



~ david horvitz  
**untitled (watercolours 4)**, 2010 - 2012  
watercolour on paper  
courtesy the artist & chert, berlin



## CONTRIBUTORS...

**Harold ANCART** lives and works in New York. In September 2016, he will present solo exhibitions at The Menil Collection in Houston and David Kordansky Gallery in Los Angeles. In 2015, his work was part of a two-person exhibition, Tierra Vaga, with Michel François at Fundacion Casa Wabi in Oaxaca, Mexico. Recent group exhibitions include: Taipei Biennial, Myth/History II: Shanghai Galaxy, Yuz Museum, Shanghai, China; Europe, Europe, Astrup Fearnley Museet, Oslo; Champs Elysées, Palais de Tokyo, Paris; and Un-Scene II, Wiels, Brussels. His work is, amongst many others, included in the public collections of the Museum of Modern Art, New York; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; the Smithsonian's Hirshhorn Museum; and Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York.

**Mark BORTHWICK** /... whom some time`s perform`s under “will shine” ay no mad no man no mark, was last sean in brooklyn, spain evade`ing all ode`s to fall an fail upon ay spell his recluse to seduce invisibles ay mystery that fade`s in with modesty an ardent glow, to letting the future go, we saw him perch`t upon a tree of sensual prism`s casting spell`s in to oblivion whilst sing`s as an eruptive chant an ol` traditional from an andelalucian gypsy tribe, her`s was imaginary / blasting the clamor of in essence of uncertainty`s an elixir of light`s to shadow an serenade one`s silhouette in to an oblivion who`s an horizon rising chanting, “ya gotta get over it all” whilst perch south facing the sun, in the spring till her leaf like moon beckon`s one through the eye`s of her leave`s...  
[www.markborthwick.com](http://www.markborthwick.com)

**Kelly CARMENA** lives in Los Angeles.

**Tiffany CHUNG** was born in Vietnam and continues to live and work there. Her work was featured in the 2016 Venice Biennale's curated exhibition, All the World's Futures. There, she showed an installation of 40 map-based drawings relating to the ongoing crisis in Syria. Her documentation of the Syrian conflict and refugee crisis parallels her ongoing investigation of the post-1975 mass exodus of refugees from Vietnam, of which she herself was a part. In 2016, Chung's work will appear in eleven museum exhibitions and biennials on four continents, including: Insecurities: Tracing Displacement and Shelter, Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY; EVA International – Ireland's Biennial; Illumination, Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebæk, Denmark; Demarcate: Territorial Shift in Personal and Societal Mapping, San Jose Institute of Contemporary Art, San Jose, California; The XIII Bienal de Cuenca, Ecuador. She was awarded the 2013 Sharjah Biennial Prize honoring her exceptional contribution to the biennial. Chung is a co-founder of Sàn Art, an independent, artist-initiated, non-profit gallery space & reading room in Ho Chi Minh City.

**Shezad DAWOOD** was born in London in 1974 and trained at Central St Martin's and the Royal College of Art before undertaking a PhD at Leeds Metropolitan University. Dawood works across film, painting and sculpture to juxtapose discrete systems of image, language, site and multiple narratives, using the editing process as a method to explore meanings and forms between film and painting. His practice often involves collaboration, working with groups and individuals across different territories to physically and conceptually map far-reaching lines of enquiry. These networks map across different geographic locations and communities and are particularly concerned with acts of translation and restaging. Recent

solo exhibitions include: Galerist, Istanbul (2016) Pioneer Works, Brooklyn (2015) Fig.2 at the ICA studio, London (2015), Parasol Unit, London, Leeds Art Gallery and OCAT Xi'an, China (all 2014), Modern Art Oxford (2012). Group exhibitions include: Taipei Biennial (2014), Marrakech Biennial (2014), MACBA Barcelona (2014), Witte de With (2013), Busan Biennale (2010), Tate Britain, Altermodern (2009), and the Venice Biennale (2009).  
[www.shezaddawood.com](http://www.shezaddawood.com)

**Cevdet EREK** studied Architecture at Mimar Sinan University. He has been a member of the music band Nekropsi. He was an artist in residence at Rijksakademie in Amsterdam in 2005-2006. He currently lives in Istanbul and continues to work at Istanbul Technical University. Erek is representing Turkey at the 2017 Venice Biennale and his installations and performances that focus on sound, space and rhythm have been exhibited in dOCUMENTA (13) (2012), Istanbul Biennial (2003, 2013 and 2015), Sydney Biennial (2016), Sharjah Biennial (2013), Stedelijk Museum (2014), MAXXI (2014 and 2015), Istanbul Modern (2014, 2015 and 2016), Arter (2011), SALT (2012 and 2015) among others. His published books are SSS – Shore Scene Soundtrack (2008, BAS), Room of Rhythms 1 (2012, Walther König) and Less Empty Maybe (2015, Revolver/Artist). His SSS – Shore Scene Soundtrack was the recipient of Nam June Paik Award given by Kunststiftung NRW (2012).  
[www.cevdeterek.com](http://www.cevdeterek.com)

**Sabrina FINLAY** resides in Calhoun Isles, Minnesota with her husband Chris and vizsla-pittbull India. She is very happy living across the street from her brother Ryan, his wife Sakina and daughter Soraya. Sabrina is also greatly looking forward to her next visit with Charwei.  
[www.otabo.com](http://www.otabo.com)  
<https://borderlandco.com>

**David HORVITZ** was born in 1982, in Los Angeles, USA. He is a half-Japanese, California artist who currently lives and works in New York and Los Angeles. He has a BA from the University of California, Riverside, CA, an MFA from Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, and studied abroad at Waseda University, Tokyo, Japan. He has produced numerous books and exhibited internationally, including at the New Museum, New York, NY; EVA International, Limerick City, Ireland; Kunsthal Charlottenborg, Copenhagen, Denmark; Centre for Contemporary Art, Riga, Latvia; Freedman Gallery, Albright College, Reading, PA; International Studio & Curatorial Program, New York, NY; House of Electronic Arts, Basel, Switzerland; The Kitchen, New York, NY; Surrey Art Gallery, Vancouver, Canada; Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions, Los Angeles, CA; SF Camerawork, San Francisco, CA; Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts, San Francisco, CA; and Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, CA. In 2013, he founded Porcino gallery in Berlin.  
[www.davidhorvitz.com](http://www.davidhorvitz.com)

**LEE Kit** was born in Hong Kong is currently based in Hong Kong and Taipei. He works against his education as a traditional painter, with every piece rooted in the process of its creation rather than the product. Lee covers fabrics with acrylic stripes, plaids and song lyrics with obsessive care. Each piece appears abstract and minimal in its simple execution, but

not without a real world purpose upon completion. The hand painted cloths become picnic blankets, towels, tablecloths and window curtains. The works are infused into Lee's life and memories, collecting stains and spirit in its everyday use. These paintings are then retired and displayed as testaments to the memories they witnessed, laden with more life and warmth than the stark ambience customary to minimal and conceptual art found in galleries today. Recent exhibitions include Lee Kit: Hold your breath, dance slowly, The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Lee Kit: A small sound in your head, S.M.A.K., Ghent; You(you)., representing Hong Kong at The 55th Venice Biennale; The Ungovernables New Museum Triennial, New York; No Soul For Sale, Tate Modern, London.

**David LYNCH** was born in 1946, in Missoula, Montana and is best known as a prolific filmmaker. Some of his films that have now become classics include Erasure Head (1977), The Elephant Man (1980), Blue Velvet (1986), Wild at Heart (1990), and Mulholland Drive (2001). Lynch has received three Academy Award nominations for Best Director and a nomination for best screenplay. He has won France's César Award for Best Foreign Film twice, as well as the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival, and a Golden Lion award for lifetime achievement at the Venice Film Festival. The French government awarded him the Legion of Honor, the country's top civilian honor, as a Chevalier in 2002 and then an Officier in 2007. Lynch's work extends to the world of television, music, painting, and many other forms of art. His painting is characterized by its absence of color. He believes that black is a liberating factor and uses it to make his works become more dreamlike. The series of lithographs presented in this journal were printed at the historic printmaking shop Idem in Montparnesse, Paris. In addition to his contribution to the arts, since 2005, Lynch founded the non-profit organization David Lynch Foundation to fund the implementation of scientifically proven stress-reducing modalities for at-risk populations, including U.S. veterans and African war refugees with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), inner city students, Native Americans, homeless and incarcerated men.  
[www.davidlynchfoundation.org](http://www.davidlynchfoundation.org)

**Lesley MA** is curator of Ink Art at M+ in Hong Kong.

**Cristina RODRIGUEZ** was born in Colombia in 1980 and left with her family to the United States at when she was a teenager. She returned to her home country in 2010 where she recently finished her Masters of Fine Arts at the National University of Colombia. She is currently an artist-in-residence at Flora ars+natura in Bogotá.  
[www.cristinarodriguez.info](http://www.cristinarodriguez.info)

**Charwei TSAI** is grateful to her dearest editors & contributors who took time from their busy schedules and travels to support this little book. Lovely Daze is now eleven-years-old!  
[www.charwei.com](http://www.charwei.com)

**Apichatpong WEERASETHAKUL** was born in 1970 and grew up in the northeastern Thai city of Khon Kaen. He studied architecture before graduating in film at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1997, and currently lives and works in Chiang Mai. Weerasethakul is well known for both his feature-length films and experimental video works

which deal with memory and focus on stories drawn from his native Thailand. Favouring unconventional narrative structures, improvisation and everyday people rather than trained actors, Weerasethakul's works sit somewhere between fiction and documentary, inspired as they are by the lives of his subjects. With a characteristically poetic and at times dreamlike style, Weerasethakul's films subtly address personal politics and social issues, touching on themes such as sexuality, nature, and Western perceptions of Thailand and Asia more generally. His film, Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives, won a Palme d'Or prize at the 63rd Cannes Film Festival in 2010. In 2005, he was presented with one of Thailand's most prestigious awards, Silpatorn, by the Thai Ministry of Culture. In 2008, the French Minister of Culture bestowed on him the medal of Chevalier de l'ordre des arts et des lettres (Knight of the Order of Arts and Literature). In 2011, he was given another honor in the same field with an Officer Medal. Apichatpong has participated in a number of international exhibitions, including dOCUMENTA 13 in Kassel, Germany in 2012, Sharjah Biennale in UAE in 2013, Liverpool Biennial in 2006, Busan Biennial in 2004, and the Istanbul Biennial in 2001. In 2016, a retrospective of his films was presented at Tate Britain, UK.  
[www.kickthemachine.com](http://www.kickthemachine.com)

**Jun YANG** is an artist based in Vienna, Taipei and Yokohama. His works encompass various mediums – including, film, installation, performance and projects in the public spaces while addressing institutions, societies and audiences. Having grown up and lived in various different cultural contexts, in his artistic work Yang examines the influence of clichés and media images on identity politics. Previous exhibitions include the Gwangju Biennale 2012; the Taipei Biennial 2008, the Liverpool Biennial 2006, the 51st Biennale di Venezia 2005, and the Manifesta 4 in 2002. He is the recipient of the 25th Otto Mauer Art Award in 2005.  
[www.junyang.info](http://www.junyang.info)

**ZHENG Bo** was born in 1974 in Beijing and currently lives and works in Hong Kong. Committed to socially and ecologically engaged art through practice and research, Zheng investigates the past and the present from the perspective of marginalized communities and marginalized plants. He has worked with a range of communities, including the Queer Cultural Center in Beijing and Filipino domestic helpers in Hong Kong. His recent projects include Sing for Her (2013-15, a large-scale interactive installation created with seven minority groups in Hong Kong), Plants Living in Shanghai (2013, an open online course created with scholars in ecology, literary studies, and Chinese medicine), Weed Party (2015, a multimedia inquiry into the role of plants in the history of the Chinese Communist Party), and Socialism Good (2016, planting the Chinese slogan "Socialism Good" at Cass Sculpture Foundation in UK and leaving it to be intervened by weeds). He holds a PhD in Visual & Cultural Studies from University of Rochester, and teaches at the School of Creative Media, City University of Hong Kong.  
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