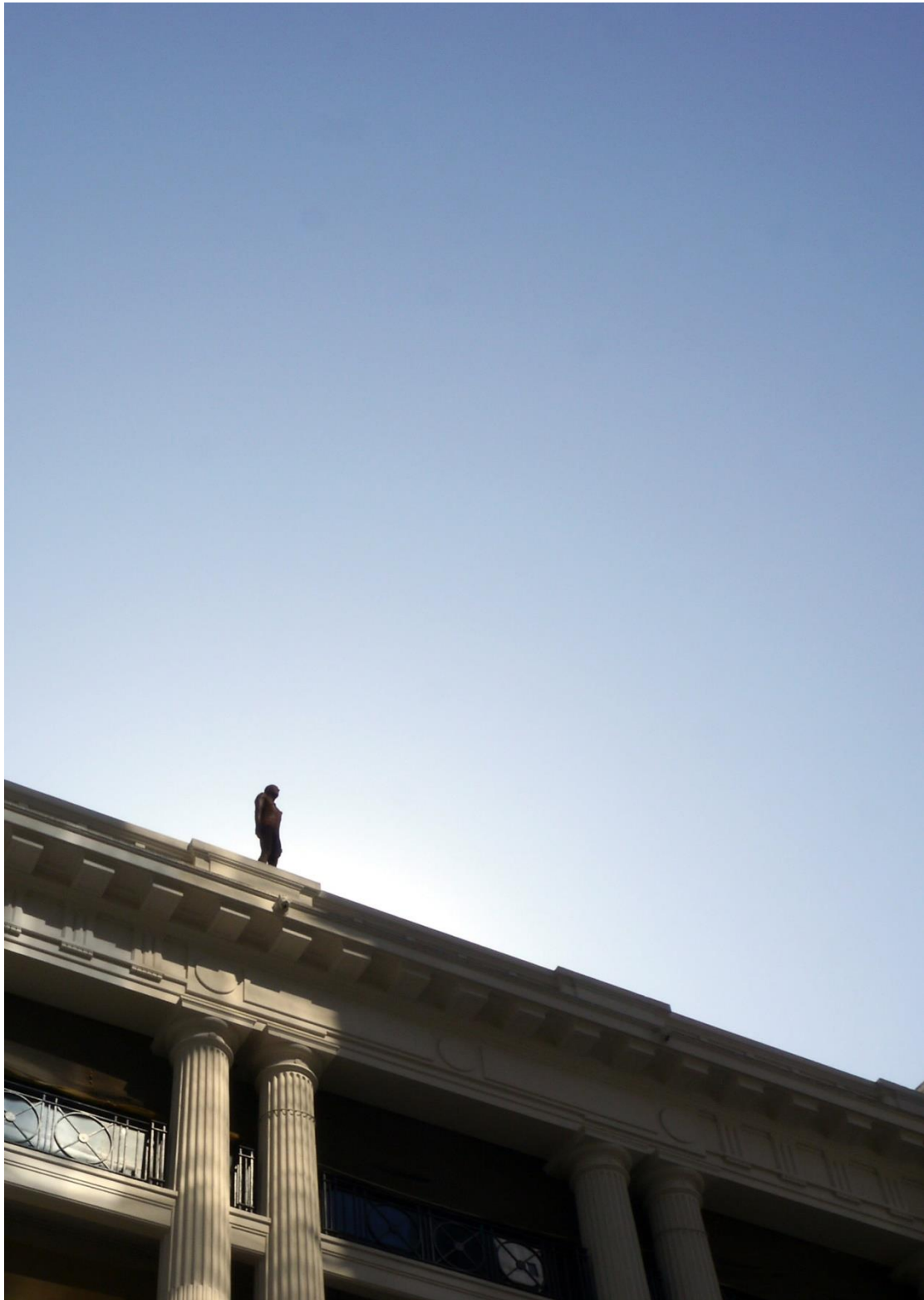


Reflections



Enigma

Be it on the streets or under the roofs, people start to ask what—what is that? There a dialogue begins. Passers-by guess if the statue on Queen's Road Central is real or dead. Then their friends who work in the Central District talk about their experience

of encountering another statue. That I was hanging around Central with a camera gave the illusion that I was an enthusiastic young artist. People across the social spectrum, from domestic helpers to security guards, from buskers to tourists, approached me so as to cast their opinions on the “enigma”. Seemingly, the public art project has created an amicable atmosphere by encouraging human-to human interaction.

When art becomes public, the esoteric tastes of the ivory tower no longer apply. Whatever abstruse meanings Antony Gormley attached to his sculptures, everybody had his own way to have fun with art. There were, of course, people who attempted to capture the street scene with a camera or a smartphone. Kids, petting the bronze surface, commented in front of their parents that the sculptures were “obscene” and “ugly”. Young ladies toyed with the sexual organ of the statue in an attempt to challenge the prevailing norms about women’s passive sexuality. According to many witnesses, the first time they met those sculptures, they thought that someone was trying to commit suicide. This was reported by news. Pessimistic as it may seem, isn’t such suspicion a classic example of being imaginative in Hong Kong style?

But later that same night, the Mong Kong clash broke out. My bosom was bursting with new questions – can public art ever be “public”? Is so-called public art enjoyed exclusively in an enclave known as the Central District, which embodies the Starbucks lifestyle and the upper middle class? Or is it intended as a façade of harmony, which covers up the roars of hungry people outside the enclave?



Daddy

In a hectic city where the tension between the palpable, perceivable and imaginable is heightened, one father proved surprisingly creative. Daddy's attention was diverted to small talk. He left his child with a "babysitter". The baby was so relaxed, so comfortable, so secure. He was so pacified with his pacifier. He was so confident in his daddy's proxy, and the proxy was so gentle but firm, calm and composed, giving a free hand to the baby without interfering. I was thinking — could his real dad have done better?



Rocket

Just as anthropocentrism smothers the natural scheme of things, so anthropocentrism smothers also we humans. I cannot but ask, are these all necessary? So greedily huge, tall and wide? And so mercilessly cold and constricting? I am robbed of air and sunlight, and spend most of my life in concrete cubicles the human project created. The smell of grass, the sound of birds, and the sight of trees were all distant memories. A brief transit out from conditioned air is the greatest luxury of my day. A short excursion I took to get a quick bite. A moment I can still get a glimpse of the sky. The walls do not for a single moment relax their compression. But there is still a slit left. I feel the humming inside me, as if there were powerful propellers driving blasts through my feet, ready to take my soul up there before the slit is completely closed.



Cosmos

It seems to be in a hurry, yet frozen in motion, as if trapped in a wormhole extending from a distant space-time, which accidentally crosses path with ours. For a moment, it forms the centre around which the whole universe, or at least the part we could perceive, expands, or rather explodes in four dimensions. The departing elements stretch their trailing lights into various shades of red, from crimson like the proud lips of a young girl, to the brick hue of a prison wall. The traveller is empty-handed but it is definitely carrying something. From the frontiers of the universe so far we received only electromagnetic waves, emitting by celestial objects from their cradles to their graves. Waves perpetuating in the space-time matrix through vibration of

gravitational pull are giving us newer information, about other oblivious players out there, who swallow rather than give out light. Is this meeting with a traveller a pure coincidence, taking into consideration the remote chance for two objects to collide in this immense universe? Or is it intended, to convey a message to us, far, far from that horizon beyond which light will never reach us?