

A
CENSOR
BOOK

I WANT TO MAKE A HOUSE FOR ME AND MY ANIMALS.

This is the start of my work.

This text came out in March, at the beginning of my pre-diploma:

I want to make a farmhouse for myself,
together with a cat(or two, maybe three),
a dog (a big one),
a cow,
a hen (maybe a rooster as well),
and plants.

I think the beginning
is from the wax staffs I played with in previous semester.
When they meet each other,
scales come, as well as stories.

I like these ingenious meets, so I'm thinking
if I can join these meets, what will happen then?

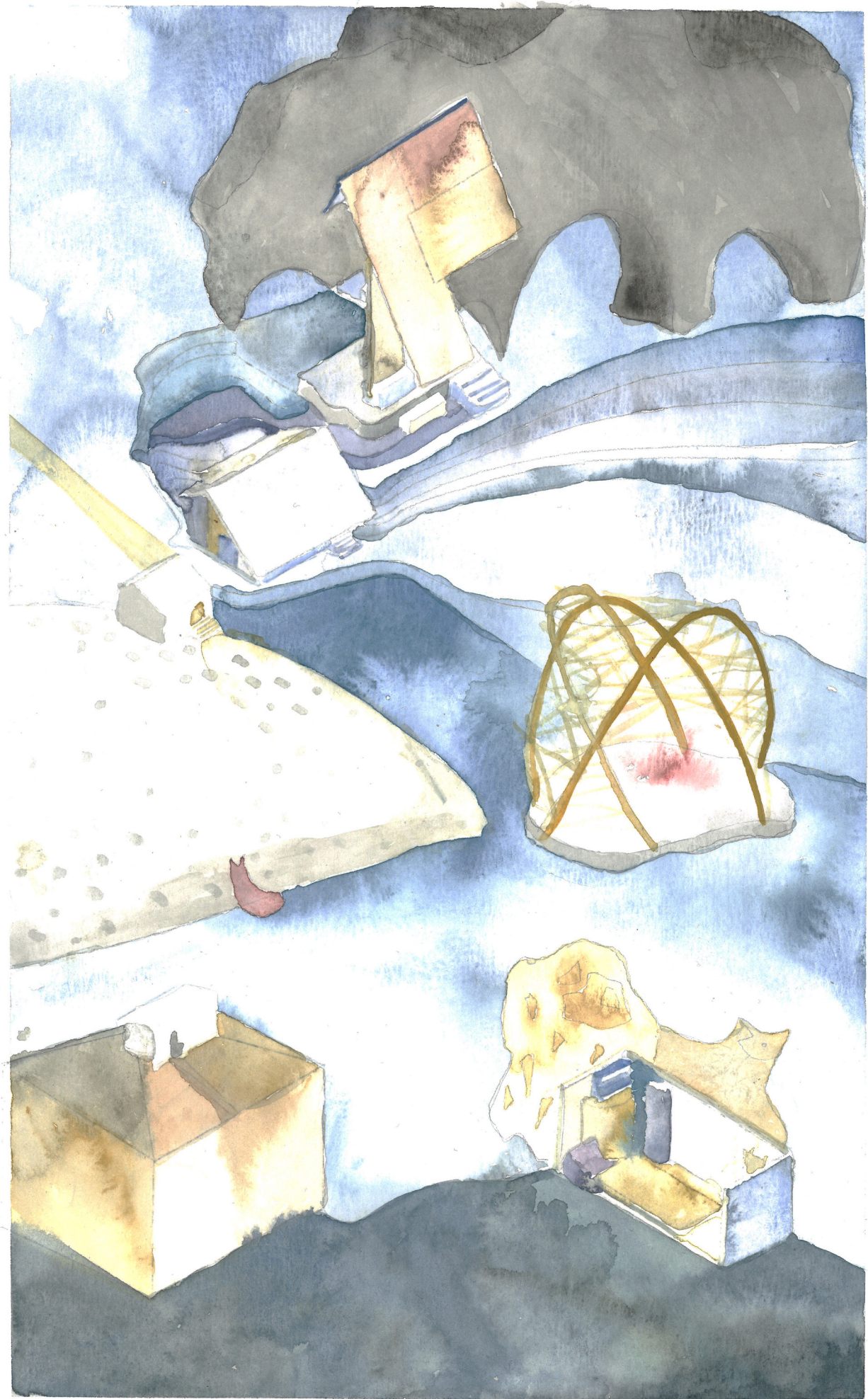
When our animals meet together in a space,
with different scale,
how will the body effect the space?
how will the space give the feedback?
and how will the space for each meets the other spaces?
I'm curious about it.

(Later, I simplified my initialtive as "A house for me and my animals")

"For that to be possible, Wenkai feels the need to 'make the animals first', or in other words, to live herself into becoming close to make, recognize and show 'animal identity' - the biographies or the characters that she wants to care for in that house of her own.

Her proposed thesis work can be placed in the realm of (conceptual) works (of artists) that deal with 'the self' in relation to the known or unknown 'other', and that seek to unveil issues of compassion and discrimination etc. both in the ways we look at the other (object / objecthood) and in how we organize and take care of a shared environment. "

*foreword to my diploma project
by my supervisor Rolf Gerstlauer
(see A WORD BOOK)*





In December, when close to the conclusion, I had this dialog with myself:

You want to make a house for you and your animals.

You want to know what animals mean to you.

Your cats, the deer, some unknown visitors,
and the objects you made.

They are all equal to you, they have spirits, they have identities.

They're characters acting in the space.

Meanwhile, you meet the site in Lista,

You want it to be the site the moment you first meet it.

Like the way you want to be together with the animals.

So, you stayed there for three days with tent in May.

Some story happened, some new characters appear.

They greeting with each other, merge with each other.

Your house becomes animal, your site as well.

And the stories between you, become landscape, or environment.

They are making sounds.

They are acting and collective.

The process you try to find the architecture becomes a moving architecture
itself.

Some objects you made, become animals, they are finished at their moment
in their world, and some becomes the environment, the landscape, the
container, the archive.

Me, animals, house, together with distance, stories, scales, things that waving
us together...All of them become a big architecture already, in your mind,
reveal itself in the story or somewhere else.

Some wish to stop at a certain page.

Some continues its' walk to the end of the book.



But no matter whether they left or stay, they're part of this big architecture. The architecture for you becomes a container, an instrument, an archive, a nature, a landscape, an environment...

"Your staff plays a role in the network created by all what you did and by all that became of and because of you." (Rolf)

You have found lots of houses in the way you looking for the house. Some house are animals, some are fillers/containers. You don't like some sometimes, but at the end you like all of them. You wonder, maybe you already found the house, at the moment you meet the site, at the moment you enrolled in the stories, at the moment the objects appeared...

The architecture you are searching for, is already there again and again, in different way, with different voice, floating, uncertain, while precise and specified. Maybe, it's because there is always a specified spirit there, the spirit of this house.

You just try to see it with continuous acting, and it makes sounds in different instrument.

You don't know if you find the house at this time.

But it seems like you've realized how you would like to wave with others, talk with others, connect to this world, maybe.

And at the end of this semester, I summarized my work with five books, AN ANIMAL BOOK, A STORY BOOK, A HOUSE BOOK, A WORD BOOK and A COLLECTION BOOK.

They're like five different instruments playing a same music score, learn from each other and complement with each other. And the music score is my searching for the house/ the relationship between me, my animals and house; or to say, how to deal with "myself" with "the others".

When I look back, I find they works like a solar system. The core might be my desire to make a house for me and my animals (or come close to others). Then comes the AN ANIMAL BOOK act around this initiative. A STORY BOOK comes after, which is the acting and collective between the animal/character/ objects themselves and me. Learn from others, A HOUSE BOOK acts as an attempt to connect us, to connect with others. Except the role as container, it's also like the kind doorkeeper that helps to open the door of the "big Architecture". A WORD BOOK is like a witness observing us with a distance, but sometimes also come close and get involved. A COLLECTION BOOK is a collection of the voice from "the others", a complement with A WORD BOOK, but for me they are also characters, woven in this net as visitors. In addition, there is a WAX BOOK from previous semester, I bring it in as a reference, is something before my diploma work came out.





