

2014- 06- 17

14:00

I went out from home earlier, that's why I am on time. As usual, on Wednesday it is very quiet. My colleague from the last shift is already gone. The weather is very sunny; with this suit it gets a bit too warm. The spotlight overhead is dazzling. It is quiet and it makes me sleepy. I am just too used to the music and the sound effect. The marks on the carpet made by the previous passers-by are weakened by the new ones. A Japanese couple comes. The man has an afro and dark skin. He looks like a rap singer. Danny with his son Tom is looking for his daughter. He doesn't speak German. Once I was in a Christmas market near Zoologischer Garten in Berlin, I saw a woman looking for her child. She was out of control. She yelled for a long long time, louder and louder. She cried. I look at the watch, it is just 24 minutes. Previously I discovered this: If I am doing something, time passes faster. So I start to write. When I talk with the visitor, they unconsciously look at the notebook and the pen I hold. But no one ever ask me what I write. I believe he is the head of security, his name is Rosario. He just had a new haircut. I always notice his emotional changes. Sometimes he comes to me and shakes my hand. Sometimes, like today, he doesn't say a word. He looks worried. Footsteps behind me wander for a while. I don't want to turn back. The only way to look perfect for my task is to face the front. I guess that is a man with a pair of black leather shoes. One of the works is an ant hole. I look over from here. It looks like a fly is stuck on the wall. Oh, the man actually wears a pair of dark green shoes. After 15 minutes I will have a break and drink some water. Two men just come, one called Stan, another I can hardly hear. I guess they are Dutch. Visitors say goodbye to me (who looks like a security guard). It wouldn't happen in Hong Kong. The sound of water from the exhibition reminds me of an aquarium. I have listened to this song for almost 100 times. Yet I don't know its name. Working in Germany is totally based on mutual trust. I have been working here for some time but there is never anyone to monitor, as far as I know. There are four CCTVs on the ceiling. If I work in the control room, I would watch the people. At the centre of this tiled floor, there is a circular thing. I have no idea what is it.

2014- 06- 17

15:00

Tomorrow is public holiday. Tonight I have to buy some food, what should I buy? Milk, bread and eggs... So bright, is it heaven...Am I in heaven? Sleepy. The English accent of my colleague with the dog reminds me of Dominik. I wonder if he lives well in Berlin with his girlfriend. Katharina. I have a headache. After I shout her friend's name, the old lady says, "Tino Sehgal!" I am surprised. What happens to Rosario? He looks weirder. He comes close and glances at me. I discover the electrical cables coming out from the ceiling. When I listen to the footsteps, I remember the time at home when I was a child. I was awake and pretended to be sleeping. My mother came in and checked my blanket. I can distinguish the person by the slippers they wore. My mother always said I put my ears in the living room. Jean-Claude Van Damme played in a sci-fi-film. A villain was sent to jail and sentenced for 80 years, frozen in some liquid. The scene of breaking a frozen arm looks the same as the scene in Snowpiercer. This rather short couple with brown skin dresses like rock and roll fans in the 80s. The man in black leather jacket even wears a hair band. They are Rebecca and Cesar. My throat feels a bit painful. I want to drink water. This girl is called Leolin. Her head is rather small, and she looks like the alien singer in The Fifth Element. Maybe it is just because of her blue blouse. Only the left wall has skirting. The right wall doesn't. Tuning and Margaret should have come from Australia. The sky suddenly turns much darker.

2014- 06- 17

16:00

The sky turns completely clear. The sunlight gets in at 4pm through the window on the left hand side. So the wall I face is the north. Two more hours to go before I get off. This music is like the time-out reminder in Inception. Suddenly I feel like being in Pacific Place, a shopping mall in Hong Kong. The windows are full of beautiful goods. I enter an America restaurant that serves green beer of St. Patrick's Day. Today my neck feels quite tired. This granny wears a very strong perfume. It is too easy to fall asleep when my eyes are closed, even though I am standing. I was once taking a nap while someone happened to glance at me. Just the distance was far and I wear glasses for most of the time. I was not sure if he noticed. My suit jacket is a bit dirty as I wear it so often. I should take it for laundry. How much would it cost? A lady looks at the carpet right after she gets in. She can't tell what is wrong. It is like the cat that appears twice in Matrix, Déjà vu. Her name is Katharina. Indeed I can't remember the floor without this carpet. The space with Louise Lawler's exhibition is completely forgotten. My memory is bad, especially for space. 22 minutes before a break. It is strange. The stronger the sunlight the sleepier I feel. Maybe I haven't spoken for quite a while, I feel my mouth stinks. Many visitors asked me the same question - Which direction should I start with? Except for exhibitions with chronological order, I don't care at all. Why people want to be controlled even for viewing an exhibition. Am I talking to myself now?

2014- 06- 17

17:00

40 minutes till getting off, cheer up. On Friday the tickets for The Libertines concert in Düsseldorf will be for sale. Not sure if Will and Amy are going. I really hope the guy stops wandering at my back. His footsteps are extremely annoying and driving me crazy. He even comes to me and greets. Please stay away from me. His shoes are too loud. No one says that studying in a foreign country is as relaxing as retirement. Wendy didn't want to go back to Hong Kong. Many people live with parents and enjoy the food cooked by mother. But her mother can only cook fried rice. Lately I rarely contact schoolmates or other friends but my girlfriend. I am losing my interest to socialize. I don't feel the people here are interested in me. Maybe it is better to spend time on my own? I just think of the Pacific Coffee near Goethe Institut in Wanchai. Or I think of the people who are interested in me. The carpet has been here for quite a long time. And I am quite sure it was never washed so as to keep the marks. There must be a lot of fleas. I lose my consciousness briefly. I fall asleep and my pen drops on the ground. But no one is there. Time is up but the announcement is not yet made.

2014-06-19

10:00

Absolutely no one. Today is a bit cool. Maybe this is the reason why I am late. Or it is just totally difficult for me to wake up early every day? How does my father do it? For two decades he always goes to work on time. And I mean at 6-7am, how can one not thoroughly admire that? Yesterday I left my suit here in a garment bag. It seems the room has some insects. It itches me. There are quite many visitors today. The worst thing is group visit, especially secondary or primary school students. They are noisy and not well behaved. They do not care about your feeling. They treat you as an object. Some weeks ago there was a group of Italian students going in and out many times. All they wanted was to hear my inability to speaking their names and then laughed. I want to move to another apartment as soon as possible. The best is to live by myself. The colleague with noisy shoes is standing behind me again. He might be wearing another pair of shoes, less noisy. Or am I not fully awake?

2014-06-19

11:00

Every time I go to work in the morning, I have a surreal feeling. I can't be sure at which point I start thinking. Yet when I realize I am thinking, I forget what that is. Sui Fong is really a very funny person. Why she would go to play basketball with Yi Hing Ong? It is annoying. A kid screams in the lobby. A couple keeps talking behind me. I am going to the school's canteen to have my lunch. What will be offered? Will it taste bad? Sometimes the Germans are quite unpredictable with their facial expressions. Sometimes I think they lose patience, but just a short while they look at you with a smiling face. Steve, Michelle, Bryan and Ruffie. The youngest daughter in this family is a bit shy. Three visitors come with names that I totally can't get. It is a family of three. The man looks like the Hong Kong actor called Tsang Kong. He walks too close to me that almost makes me laugh. Hermes's outfit and movements are a bit pretentious. After talking with him, I find him totally cooperative and nice. The young girl is about 10 years old. She has a big tummy. I glance at her over a distance and mistake her as a pregnant woman. In this guided tour, a girl stares at the ant hole and looks very helpless. This visitors group should be quite nice. Maybe they are older. I wonder if anyone can do my job for a day without thinking. If there is, this guy is certainly a lucky guy. Why does my flat mate walk like earthquake? The sky turns much darker, is it going to rain? Yesterday I saw a book called Nordic Light. It is about the relationship of sunlight and architecture. It shows a lot of examples in Scandinavia during summer. I believe there is an irresistible attraction for human to look at sunlight shining on wall, though I don't know how to analyze that. I am recently very interested in architecture. Time always goes faster in the morning.

2014-06-19

12:00

The electric cables from the ceiling are still there. Are they always there? I really appreciate the old couples I have seen here. They keep themselves young by hanging around and dressing fresh. The two similar looking girls just stand 3 metres in front of me reading the booklet. Why turn back? Are you looking for the ant hole? It's over there! Anoshka and Julia. This lady keeps taking photos of the carpet. Dr. Hansik, why I ask your name and you bother to put 'Dr.' at the front? But maybe it is parallel to German. The origin of surnames was from occupation, with class division. The white light on the left wall is not from the spotlight, but daylight from the front door. It is stronger than the spotlight, so the yellow shade glows with a large white shade. It should only be in the morning, because the light is from the east. The colleague with an 'illuminating' face should have felt too bored. He comes and greets me. I tell him there is nothing happened, just that his face is too bright to look at. After that is a piece of silence and embarrassment. But that's me. These three men visit this exhibition together. I did in 2007. I was with Calum and Dominik in Amsterdam. We visited Stedelijk Museum. At that time it was still at the temporary site. The central station was being renovated. Seven years have passed. What have I done over the time? On Halloween I put a lot of clothespins on my hair and named myself Clipman. I have no idea how I dared to walk on the street like that. Laetitia had her corn hair already. She stuck a runner number and to make her face look dark. She said she was a dead corn. How can one forget that? I am indeed a morning shift person. The feeling is much more positive. It allows more practical time management. I don't understand why I am still so bad at recognizing faces, even after living in Germany for a year. Basically I can't remember someone who I met less than 3 times. Not to mention names. But I am surprisingly good at recognizing faces of strangers, such as some U-Bahn staff. Probably it is because of the uniform. Probably I just mistake different faces. I truly understand the difficulty of European recognizing Asian faces. We are just trained to identify specific sets of facial features. But last time a German guy was really rude. He said Asians look all the same instead of his incapability to tell the differences.

2014-06-19

13:00

A girl poses like horse stance in front of me while reading the booklet. Does she not know the gaze of others? A big group of Dutch students enter the venue. They are very loud and their names are very difficult to pronounce. What should I do? Let's go to heaven. The sunlight...why would someone say human like natural light? It's too bright. The light from the main entrance is gone. The bright light makes me sleepy. Many people love going to museum. Is it because of its tranquility? It is difficult to find a place to walk around quietly in a hectic and populous city. Besides parks, the only choice is museums. Since a month ago I can pronounce the German "R". I was happy for a short while. It is quite difficult for a Hong Konger to do that. But after a while I feel it's not so useful. It is only for place's and people's names. This family should have just finished travelling. They all look so tanned. Rosche and Martie are a very polite Spanish couple. A lady looks at me with a smile. She may know the trick already. Has she come before? I don't remember her at all. It would be fantastic if my home has such tall walls. I just realize the lunch time at school will be passed when I get off from work. Should I still go there? It shouldn't be flea biting me. It's just my skin getting too dry. Does Gabi still work at AAA? Go Neumarkt and eat.



2014-06-21

10:00

The weather is a bit cool, apparently only 10-15°C. My tummy doesn't feel well. I had many dreams last night. That's why I am still not awake, totally dizzy. The sound of running water, hiking along the stream, Pat Sin Leng... I have not yet tried hiking outside Hong Kong. The landscapes. I should be there two hours earlier for The Libertines concert. I will bring food and drinks, like picnic. The security guard I saw at last concert was too huge. I don't understand why bulky guys instead of muscular guys are hired to be security guards. What's happening at my back? In a Saturday morning like this, it is a bit too empty. Maybe most of them are tourists, so they are more attracted to the permanent collection. They just skipped the special exhibition. I can't even stand firm, feeling too dizzy. Halogen light bulb really consumes energy very quickly. The same 9V battery, with LED light can last few times longer. What if someone stab me with a knife from behind? Dizziness plus standing here equals floating. The sun in Truman Show suddenly rises. The people living there could get all blind. The director was Peter Weir, is he the one who also directed Picnic at Hanging Rock? Just 6 visitors came for the first half hour. Is it a joke? I think of this character, Comedian. I really like him, very humane but also tragic. Some visitors thought I was interested in them after I asked their names. I feel that many people have as many fantasies as me on strangers. Why on Saturday there are fewer visitors than Friday? Is that because of the night life on Friday so they can't wake up? Normally, when the weather is cloudy, a lot of visitors come. My father also likes to write on very tiny notepads. The words become so small. Obviously he is a big man with big hands. It certainly proves that the size of handwritten words is not related to the type of body figure. Certain kind of people has an obsession to write within frames. It's parallel to their character to go by the book.

2014-06-21

11:00

This visitor has an eye problem. I often see people with similar eyes. When I talk to them I feel uneasy. I know they are actually looking at me but it just doesn't look like so. Every time I talk with people about this, they think I am very mean. A visitor calls herself Solulu Budu. I can't help to laugh. Again, I am back to the stream. Someone fell down. Female visitors are more open to my request. Many of them are very curious and ask multiple questions. However, after the questions, they would normally give me their names. The colleague with an 'illuminating' face gives me a more friendly feeling. It is him who asked how I feel standing here. Relationships are certainly mutual. I wonder if it is true about wearing colourful pants means a higher tendency to be gay. I read article states that genes affect sexual orientation. One in every few persons has a stronger tendency to be homosexual. Just the ideology of the society implants an unhealthy image of being homosexual. Therefore more people insist they are not. I am more or less with this theory. Two girls come to me and say goodbye in a formal way. They disappear from my sight. But then they peep their heads out again from the wall, top and bottom, twice. It looks exactly like a mime. I am sorry but I really can't stop laughing. My colleague talks with me. I see a lot of newly grown hair on his head. On his skin head, there is a 10 cm long scar. Maybe that's why he always wears a hat? The new security guard is African. He also speaks German. His accent is easy for me. But he gives me a strange feeling, like an undercover, like me. I just happen to scare an aged man. I don't mean to. I hope it doesn't trigger a heart attack. There is no way to see his face, he is backlit. Another security guard with dark skin has been working here for long. He is very tall and talks little. No chance to get to know where he is from. He waves his hand at me. When I yawn, visitors always arrive at the same time. I have to close my mouth embarrassedly. I yawned many times today. I can't even stop it. Is it a lack of fresh air?

2014-06-21

12:00

This tall black security guard looks very young. I can only tell when I am close enough. His teeth are very white and clean. I saw a work in a dark room upstairs. I could only hear the sound and saw very small spots of dim light on the ceiling. Still it felt very magical. I was thinking, "This must be imitating the atmosphere on the board of an icebreaker." There was a small stage at the centre. The stage was somewhat moist. On top of it were different sets of choreographed color spotlight. I stayed for more than half an hour then left. I liked it. Then I went out of the room and saw a notice, "Because of technical problem, the video projection was temporary out of order." This experience proves one thing for me - the best art is always a DIY in our heads. The tips of the shoes of this Chinese girl are wet. Is it raining outside? I couldn't open my eyes for the whole morning. I heard traffic congestions. Why the drivers are blaring horns? Is it traffic jam or protest? People with small handwriting may not relate to their character. They may just like to see things packed together, so packed that it amazes the eyes, that it stands out. It's the same as writing on a grain of rice. I have to open my eyes. The teenagers, under 15, are so used to shouting in the street but being timid with their parents. Cool weather makes one snoozy. F-Stop Leipzig. I have not yet been to Leipzig. But it gives me an indescribable appeal. Wearing a tee shirt with a British flag print, a Dali signature mustache, I thought he is British. But he is called Michael with the German pronunciation. The sun rises! Cock-a-doodle-doo~

2014-06-21

13:00

Bösner offers cheap and tasty coffee. I have a headache again. Am I about to check out? After hearing my voice, a child shouts. The African colleague looks a bit like Eddie Murphy. What does he want to do walking with a glass of water at the entrance of an exhibition? There is water spilled all along the way. The girl with a trench coat, holding a document envelope and a green bag, comes out from the exhibition. But I didn't see her go in. The God particle, the blackhole, aurora, squirrel, Britain, Subway. There is noise and things falling on the ground. Oh it is not caused by him. He just comes back. People are taking photos so close to the ant hole. General public visits exhibition, takes photos with mobile phones. These photos aim to be re-exhibited to others. These two persons watching me are waiting for my interaction with other visitors. I can't take a nap. They can't wait anymore. They leave. I have to buy milk tonight. The couple is so calm and has question, doubt or discussion. I feel awkward. What's going on? This man wears a red tee shirt and a white scarf.

2014-06-22

10:00

I am late again today and discovered by a Burmese colleague. I thought it would be like yesterday with the cool weather. It turns out to be much warmer. I wear too much. Cornelios should be the minority among the colleagues. Most of the colleagues are not German. The tall black colleague is in a nice mood today. He comes and greets me. But he stands at a position in backlight so I can only see his teeth. When did I start having a habit of being late? It is like drug addiction, so hard to quit. The African colleague is being strange again. He stands directly in front of the entrance besides the ant hole. He doesn't belong there. Does he also want to be a performer? And by the way where is the Eastern European colleague? I haven't seen him for a week, and where is Adli?

2014-06-22

11:00

I dreamt of a person yesterday. I guess it was me but the face belonged to someone else. He played in a band. There was a bus on the street. Two persons were recruiting someone for auditioning all over the street. He got on the car. He was then under house arrest. Many nails were hammered on his stomach. He didn't die and managed to leave. His girlfriend went missing. He then realized she was someone's wife. He was grieved and disappeared. After a short while, he appeared again and became a professional table tennis player. At times I think the lift there is very small. It looks like a model. When I get home, I will make fried rice. I can't figure out the names of the visitors today. It's not that I am still not awake but I feel uneasy. Two Koreans are talking behind me. Martin comes with two blonde girls, Tubia and Meike. His facial expression tells me that he doesn't want to respond to me at all. But I was very polite. In order to look good in front of the two girls, he has to respond to me. A Turkish girl shows a lot of dissatisfaction. Her face tells me, 'What do you want?!' This grannie doesn't wait for my questions and says her name directly. I can see her lack of patience. Objective Machine. Kunstein, this name sounds almost like a sculpture. Art stone, a rock turns to be an art work through the polish of time. I want to know people's reaction if I do the same thing in Hong Kong's museums. In the past, people also wrote diary. Later their diaries were published. When they were writing, did they have a specific reader in mind? Or they were the only readers? German family names are countless and difficult. And they seldom repeat. It is different from the Chinese who always have repeated surnames but diverse first names. An old man sits on the chair with his hand cupping his chin, head down. Is he thinking about the meaning of the works? He seems to be suffering, like there are ants in his pants. Poor guy. Just the opposite, another old man opens himself completely to art. He even asks me, "What should I do now?"

2014-06-22

12:00

The poor old man is still in deep thoughts. I can see that his hair has turned white. Maybe thinking is his hobby. This elevator is almost the same as the work by Richard Artschwager in the collection except it is smaller. He is in pain and shows impatient gestures. Maybe he is just waiting for his family. Now he stands up, walks back and forth. Michael, Bettina. She does have a very sweet face, but her perfume is way too strong and doesn't smell good. I wonder how many names have I announced during last two months. It must be more than all the European names I got to know. Chinese cabbage, cauliflower, winter radish, turnip cake. Louisa has a typical and delicate German face. Lamy, Valerie. 'Hahahaha...'. This is the reaction by an American woman. A Hong Kong artist called CHING Chin Wai. He wanted to fight against exploitation of cheap labour. He did a work called Please give a seat to security guard movement. And he successfully helped the security guards from unnecessary damage to the knees. I understand how painful is to stand from 10am to 6pm. But taking this exhibition as an example, there are a lot of blind spots when the guards are sitting. Maybe it is even better to offer more short breaks. So the guards don't have to stand for too long time. The girl with brown skin and hair, apparently Italian, wears white tee shirt and pants. She reads the booklet. She smiles. Not sure if this girl wants to enter and tells me her name. Jana Schlotz? Arianna. I have seen at least 30 Anna(s). Viktoria is a bit annoying. This old man speaks very slowly. He can't speak German. After my loud announcement of his name, he shivers. Still he thanks me.

2014-06-22

13:00

Dusk comes without any greeting. I remember when I was in primary school. It often rained heavily around 5pm, just before I left school. The lights at the staircase were about the same like this. I was a boy scout, so sometimes I helped to keep things in order when the school kids leave. Now I really can't explain why I did all these. I was so obedient and fond of teamwork, Boy scout, prefect...Now I detest police and security. Even I have to be a part of them, I would only want to be an undercover. I like to be sneaky. This girl has two tattoos on her arm. But it is too far to know what they are. Oh, gone? Anna, Soklikov, they are Slavic. Two aged men visit the exhibition on Sunday. Mother and three daughters - Calra, Antonia, Angelika and... I forgot. Oh Theresa Teresa? This man is called Bürgler. Why does schnitzel come to my mind? If I go to Ulsan in Korea, how would I communicate with the people?