

2014-11-10 14:20

Case, Projektraum der Fotografie, Witschgasse 9 – 11

She is carrying a backpack with the word „flâneur“ written on it. Today, a classmate has made a work titled „flag“. It is a flag placed inside a transparent vitrine, with wind continuously blowing inside to make the flag move. They have been talking about the flag for an hour. Hye Kyoung is right: Sometimes one really doesn't want to attend the classes. Because it doesn't feel so meaningful. Is it really true that people have so much to talk about it? For me it is not so interesting. Sorry, but I don't really like the work. But the question is whether the commentaries are given out of respect or do people really have so much genuine thought about it? Even if I could understand German perfectly, it may still be boring. It is the third time today. The whole class just laughed. I have no idea what just happened. Some months ago I might have felt embarrassed. Maybe people just laugh sometimes without knowing why. What is „Papaguy“? What the hell is that? I have heard this word 10 times today! What is it with Carsten Höller and Pierre Huyghe. So people are talking about Tino Sehgal. I have seen it. His work was in Documenta, right? Yesterday the man I met in the U-Bahn was really disturbing. Recently, I have seen quite a few people with discriminative behaviour. Andreas Fraser, finally they are talking something other than the flag. Who is he? Is he the one who asked me to send him the documentation photos of Rundgang some months ago? Why it is always dark in the class. I feel so sleepy. I only hear the fan spinning.

2014-11-18 14:24

Seminarraum 1.04, Filzengraben 8 – 10

Late again. It is natural for people to look at the one who enters. And I can't help but to give a greeting bow. The professor asks if anyone knows where Singapore is. Someone says it is in Asia. Professor says thank you very much. The whole class laughs. I don't find it funny. There is no another Asian in the class. Another classmate just stares at me. Maybe he wonders why I have written so much. Oh, there is actually a Chinese student. I did not see her. A trip to Singapore for 2 weeks sounds good. 80% of the flight ticket is subsidised. 2015. Another classmate looks at me helplessly. It seems like he can understand nothing. I just want to say, I am no better than you. Dogs are allowed in class. If this happened in Hong Kong, the professor would never have allowed it. It is disrespectful, the professor would say. Michael Lee and Heman Chong are the artists from Singapore I know. The catalogue of their exhibition travelled all the way to here. Then it happens that I am attending this particular class. I find it magical. Halfway around the earth and finally it is back to Asia. Is it a residency? When will it be? Playing with a dog in the class...? Everyone passing by pats its head. This classmate keeps moving her hands when she speaks. There is a butterfly tattoo on her wrist. It is flying. The English classmate indeed speaks very fluent German. However he seems to have said something wrong so the classmates laugh at him. The dog looks bored. It tries to play with its master. Its master gives it a look and continues to focus in class. The girl at my left hand side likes to wear red. Is she looking at my shoes? The dog falls asleep. I understand. It makes you sleepy when you are not engaged, especially in winter. People laugh again. And I don't know why again. The dog gets excited when it looks at the Colombian classmate. It goes to play with him. She looks at my notebook, but has no idea what I write. Well, I write about you. So, what just happened? There are a few pictures, what do I have to suggest? She also has a tattoo on her back. Everyone touches the dog. So if there were some contagious disease, it would spread quickly. The dog just found that I have food in my bag! It is searching my bag. Someone just said 'I have to leave first' in Cantonese. And I am sure it is not real. The Colombian classmate is brave. People always laugh at what he says. Why laugh at someone who cannot speak German well? Why don't you try speaking another language? The sky is way too dark. Winter here... is annoying. What is the relationship of English and hipster? Oh she is actually not a German. She speaks Spanish. No wonder.

2014-11-24 14:14

Case, Projektraum der Fotografie, Witschgasse 9 – 11

14 minutes. Today I struggled for quite a while before I left home. Although I really do not want to go to class, and I feel very uncomfortable about how people look at me. More importantly, I want to express how I feel about being in this situation. The weather is very nice, but everyone looks very tired and quite laid back. This classmate is playing with the light bulb. Maybe she does it because she thinks someone would look at her. She looks around after she did it. People are talking about giving birth to a baby/ bringing up a child. The classmate, who is speaking, does not look pregnant. People in Germany are generally individualist. They don't bother much about what others do. However it is possible that some watch others very often without saying a word. This installation work put me into a holiday mood. Another classmate brought her child in and the baby plays in a portable baby cot. Mother uses her handy. The baby wakes several times. She looks around and seeks her mother. Then she cries. One classmate always raises her hand before she starts talking. And I notice that she actually raises only the index finger instead of her whole hand. The British classmate looks a bit helpless. He briefly glances around while other people are laughing. In the middle of the class, the baby gets a bit impatient. She suddenly opens her mother's jacket and starts eating. Her mother does not dodge. I feel embarrassed and look away immediately. It seems that no one in the class feels awkward. When the baby is eating, she looks directly at me. I've never seen it like this before. Normally mothers in Hong Kong go to nursing room or they prepared a bottle of hot water and some milk powder. But honestly, it is natural for mothers to feed the children when they have to? And why was I embarrassed to have seen it? I think people have built a better consensus here for mothers. Every class we talk a lot. This classmate taught me how to remove dirt from a photo to be mounted into a frame. Every time I see him, he looks cooler. Last Saturday I saw him at a party. I said hi to him and I guess he did not respond at all. I was a bit sad because he is not the only one. Some other schoolmates behave similarly. I just hear someone behind talking about what I write. Then they laugh. That must be my misconception. Reality, Ruhrgebiet. It has been a while and I have no idea where their discussion leads to. There are still 3 more presentations to go. It must last much longer. A classmate just enters. She gets in and out for several times. Professor glances at her briefly. I do not know what it means. Resting one's chin on his hand - does it convey frustration? The third time she goes out of the room. She went to buy a coffee. Someone could not stand it and left. I think people just say they like something very casually. Sometimes the author does not mean it that way? The classmate, with a cup of coffee, looks at what I write. This classmate looks at another for at least 4 seconds and I have no idea what he thinks. Folding up the sleeves and to show one's tattoos seems very self-conscious. Her sleeves do not disturb her presentation at all. She speaks as if she is rapping. It looks trendy. She reminds me another person who also speaks unusually quickly. The classmate in front of me watches the reaction of others. Do people trying to be cool speak quickly? Yet I asked that person why he speaks so fast. He told me he has a lot to say and time is very limited. It makes sense. Oh she is actually a British! Then her German is really too good. Why I do feel better when I know she is British? Am I racist? It feels endless. 10 more minutes to go... I guess she is German British. Her hands keep moving when she speaks. Many classmates are playing with their smartphones. It is more or less the same in Hong Kong.

2014-12-8 14:00

Case, Projektraum der Fotografie, Witschgasse 9 – 11

I walk into the room and realise the exhibition looks similar to my plan, with a large text projection on the same wall. When I enter the room, she smiles at me. I leave to print something and come back. She smiles at me again. Obviously we do not know each other. She is the artist of the exhibition, so that explains it. She greets me like a host. Why are people sitting all the way at the back? I sit down next to the artist and no one would sit next to us! Is she going to speak? Okay that explains it again. How could I know? No one has said a word of it. Writing becomes very stressful here. There are many unspoken conventions. She wears circular glasses today. Usually she does not wear glasses. She keeps answering "ja, hmm, okay..." very politely. I am not sure if she is listening. Karaoke, that is what I want to say too. Yesterday I told my mother one of my thoughts and I find it quite accurate. In the beginning, I did not care much about what others think and do. Slowly I met more and more discriminative people who did something bad on me. I became more and more skeptical and wonder if people have biased views about me. At last I cannot help but protect myself and resist interacting with everyone. Is that her friend, the one sitting near the loudspeakers? I thought she was a collaborator. Or she is here to show support. She does not say a word. The German style discussion starts again. The artist looks at me. I am so hungry now. I only ate a little bit of congee before heading out. The circular glasses are white. Is something wrong with me? When someone whispers in another's ear and laughs, I think they are talking about me. I am the next one to present in the critique session. Will I be hangry? The sky turns all the way dark. At 3pm? Why do my fellow classmates all speak so quickly... even quicker? People are getting impatient, going in and out. The door is not closed, and it is windy. I have no idea what just happened. Is he going to speak first? He is Brazilian, why can he speak German so fluently. And I cannot identify any foreign accent in his speech. Another foreign student makes a face that I do not understand. He does not understand too. Didn't we say the presentation is for 10 minutes? 20 minutes has already passed. The room suddenly turns utterly quiet, for a second time. The light is on and everyone wakes up. Why is the professor looking at me? The artist's presentation is quite reasonable. But then, what is her work really about? I couldn't get it. Okay it's my turn.

2015-01-05 14:48

Case, Projektraum der Fotografie, Witschgasse 9 – 11

I am so late. The worst thing is that the door is locked. I try so long but fail to unlock it. The whole clan is looking at me. Finally someone opens the door for me. Someone is telling someone else how the work should be done. This classmate likes to teach others. And he/she talks like a teacher. There are so many rules in his/her head. Another classmate takes a glance at me, like saying 'You're such a CCTV'. I guess the students here don't often take being undercover as a strategy to work with. Why is the table placed like this? And the room is so bright that I cannot see. The carpet at the entrance has a web site address on it. www.floordirekt.de. The Japanese classmate is sandwiched by two classmates who chatter. He just shows a poker face. She brought many paintings to present, and says she completed her Masters in another city. Maybe she really wants to prove that she is not a newbie. The very tall classmate cannot stand it any longer. He asks if she could start talking about her works. She is probably a bit nervous. She tucks her hair behind her ear and then flicks her hair backward. She talks about the photos she took in Africa and her efforts of learning their language. She is really interested in it. The whole book is about children in Africa. What is *Auslösung*? The second book is also about Africa. Her book is quite nicely printed. They actually lived together. It is very documentary. It is not easy to be involved even after seeing 10 photos of it. What actually motivates her study on African children? There are two more African photographers. I am really ignorant of this genre. Her motivation is to teach and to learn from another culture. I just saw a tattoo covered by her hair I have not seen before. The elder classmate interrupts in a seemingly authoritative way. Berlin Biennale, I have seen it. I like the rawness of this work. It loosely reminds me of William Kentridge. It is about the history of a cow. Another classmate has a bag that has a Nokia inside. Many young Europeans use Nokia handys. I find it very pleasant, as compared to Hong Kong. It does not break no matter how you drop it. I remember Hye Kyoung was not feeling well that day in Biennale.

2014-1-12 14:14

Case, Projektraum der Fotografie, Witschgasse 9 – 11

10 minutes before, people already arrived. But they didn't see anyone else so they left. And so 3 or 4 people come and go just like that. I sit by the window. And later on everyone sits by the window although there are many chairs in the room. A classmate brought some paintings and drawings. I am immediately reminded of a video on Youtube: A girl's work is criticized too harshly and she can't help but kick and break her paintings. It is a set-up. But my classmate's painting here is unbreakable, because it is not mounted on a frame. It is a bit unusual to look at paintings in a photography course. Discussion by "outsiders", why? She seems busy all the time. She often uses her handy. The room is bright but drowsy. The paintings don't look too good unmounted. Another painting that is mounted looks incomplete. Other classmates say the mounting looks cheap. It is too sloppy. Another classmate uses his handy. If there were a bed here, I would jump on it and start snoring in 5 seconds. I have a strange feeling. I finished presenting my works and have not paid attention listening to others. Stasi/Nazi/tamed/ behaved/ obedient. The kid has food all over his face after eating. I know it. Some germs won't do him any harm, right? It is quite chaotic, everyone is doing different things. I cannot focus.

2014-1-19 14:14

Case, Projektraum der Fotografie, Witschgasse 9 – 11

There are only 5 people when I enter. What is going on? I only know this is the name of the classmate who taught me how to prepare the photos for mounting. Oh it is not his name...or is it? I don't know! It is difficult for me. The whole class is helping a classmate to correct his English text for his diploma. Why don't we talk about the content? That would be more meaningful. I remember the mountain photos, the mountain built of waste. English language is not just for British or American. It is for the whole world. The best English I like is the international one. Last time she criticizes my work as "you can always do whatever you want to do". Why are his works not shown? Or did they finish talking about it during the 10 minutes before I arrived? Only the two English people, the artist and professor are speaking. frankieren? Thomas Demand, Christopher Williams. Never apologise? What are they talking about? Another classmate compliments his English and asks if he is German. He says he is. And she asks where he learnt English... This is like a Stammtisch conversation. This English classmate is very eager to present himself in front of the class. He is always quick on the trigger. But as it goes, he loses his point. Still he carries on. The topic and photos that professor talks about are quite of her preference. She is not too articulate today, though I cannot understand everything. Korpys / Löffler. I thought darstellbar means performable. It actually means presentable or representable. But performing arts is darstellende Künste. Seems they are not related. I am learning German in photography class. He likes to raise his voice up when another is speaking. o.T. actually means ohne Titel. At first I saw it and I thought it was over-time or lemon tea in Cantonese abbreviation. Korpys /Löffler is the name of an artist duo. Let's call ourselves Kwon/Fong!