

When did we have the conversation?	2/11/17 11am	2/11/17 noon and 3/1/17 11:30 am
When did the person give me the “thing”?	3/17/17-3/19/17	3/1/17
What did the person give?	Flying from LA to Boston to see me.	A book that she made for class project.
What’s the story about the “thing”?	<p>This is the second time she does this. Last April she visited me at Dickinson, and after she left, I had very mixed feelings. In the past four years, I had also flown to LA and San Diego. In San Diego, she met me at the airport with a bunch of flowers. Therefore, this time I met her at the Boston airport with a bunch of flowers, too. This is the first time after middle school that I bought flowers for people. On Sunday she visited my studio and made an oil painting of me. This was the first time she used oil paint.</p>	<p>The book is about the the lost manners in the Chinese culture.</p>
What did we talk about in our conversation?	<p>The idea of this project was born during our video chat. I told them about my idea about exhibiting middle school notebooks, which was not good enough yet. And then Hu thought this project could be collecting things from all people, not just middle school students, and then I should turn those things into something, and maybe return those things back? In terms of the display, I, the person, become the “medium” that connects everything. She thinks this is going to be a project that warms your heart in the end. We’ll see.</p>	<p>We talked about the “idea” of the piece during lunch in a Korean restaurant. She’s the one who told me that this project sounds pretty political and that what you’re displaying is not the objects, but the connection between people.</p> <p>Two weeks later I decided to give her the thing. She invited me to her apartment and have homemade noodles. At the same time, I went to see if I wanted to rent that apartment next year.</p> <p>We talked about the difference between design and fine arts. She thinks I have much more freedom in the choice of form. And I told her that you think and analyze an idea way deeper than me.</p>
What is the story between us?	<p>She is my best friend. She told me to apply to U.S. colleges. Over the past 4 years, I go home whenever she goes home.</p> <p>I admire her in every way. She reads a lot. She knew how to paint watercolor much earlier than I did. She knows how to play the Chinese flute. Not to mention that she is now in a Phd program for Biochemical Engineering at USC. What she does in her research sounds interesting to me and I always ask her to tell me more.</p>	<p>We met in printmaking class last semester. She is a second-year graphic design MFA. I think she gives a lot of thought to every project. She thinks much more about the logical connection between content and form than I do. She has high standards for her works and is extremely hardworking. She taught me how to make a book. And I made that “Book of Sound”.</p> <p>Thursday nights we often walked together after class. She introduced me to the Boston Chinatown and Harvard Avenue.</p>

2/14/17 5pm	2/15/17 1pm	2/15/17 1pm
2/16/17	2/15/17	~2/21/17
A sock puppet wearing a Snoopy sweatshirt, representing me.	An idea.	A cigarette end in a container.
<p>It is a combination of what she thinks of me and her current state in art-making.</p>	<p>I told him the idea about human and nature mutually "generating power" on my sculpture. And he said he has always been thinking someone should tell the gyms to power themselves by having people run on those treadmills.</p>	<p>Part of the work he showed in last semester's critique.</p>
<p>She's the first person that I tested the script on. We were waiting to go to ICA that evening. She was dressed up fancy and I was in my Snoopy sweatshirt.</p> <p>Summary of our conversation:</p> <p>That person is giving me sentiment. The ultimate version: I prepare a box, and there's nothing in there. I am putting a lot of pressure on the viewer. Because that person will start to think what is important in their own lives? Giving an "idea" has less of a stake than a real object because this person didn't lose anything, he just shares.</p> <p>When the object leaves the person, that tie is cut. That object will be lonely.</p> <p>The person will naturally take some time/days to process what I've thought.</p> <p>Interesting thing is that I am giving the same speech/gift to all these people, but am asking for different things back. She thinks I am such a "theatrical" person. When person gives out the gift, their performance part ends. And then it's the installation part. She wouldn't call it a collaboration piece because I am still the one who makes decisions.</p>	<p>He told me about telemarketing and how the telemarketers have scripts. I took his idea and added possible reactions from people to my script.</p> <p>We also googled pictures of power towers leaning on a hill. That's something I had never imagined.</p>	<p>He told me that since I told him this conversation is going to be a "performance", he thought I should wear something special.</p>
<p>We went to Maine together, hiked and painted oil on a mountain, and both work as woodshop assistants.</p> <p>I think she's one of the most open-minded people here. Because of that, I tell her about my new ideas pretty often. I think I secretly admire her paintings. I just think I cannot do that.</p>	<p>He is a visiting artist who came for a studio visit. His way of talking is really calm and mellow.</p>	<p>He is a nice and polite guy who would offer to drive you home. His work is pretty special among us.</p>

2/15/17 ~3pm	2/16/17 8am	2/16/17 9pm	2/17/17 1pm
3/29/17 11am			4/1/17 7pm
Time that we spent together burning candles.			
<p>I asked her to burn wax candles for me to seal my envelopes (which is part of my poet project). We sat in the ramp for a good while and talked about everything. In the end we mentioned that a burning candle is a symbol for collapsing time. And we both kept one of the candle ends to "remember" this time that we spent together.</p>			<p>We went to see one of the acting major thesis shows. This is the first time I saw a show in their black-box theatre. It could also be seen as my first attempt to discover the BU theatre program after coming here for almost a year. So the company of a friend is really important to me.</p>
<p>She told me that this project definitely made her feel "awkward" as well, because you'll start to think "what should I give that doesn't make me feel unwilling", or "am I being selfish", etc.</p> <p>The card in cardstock is thick and nice enough for you to want to keep. Otherwise, if it's a normal printing paper, it'll be not as precious.</p>	<p>It would be interesting if the script changes after every person.</p> <p>Next semester take a ESL class, and the whole thing is performative as a piece.</p>	<p>She told me that the gifts are supposed to be given when the person wants to, but this project you're asking people to unwillingly give you something. She suggested me recording myself asking other people about this project because with different people I might have different intonation.</p> <p>We also talked about the idea of a singing chamber, where other people can see me but not hear me. She asked me what on earth I feared.</p> <p>People are connected in terms of feelings.</p> <p>We talked about my video "Entrance", where she felt I was "present". She said I might have different focuses at different stages of my life. Since I'm still in school, recently a lot of my work is about singing. In the next few years, I'll have other interests.</p>	<p>He was really excited at that moment, even more so than I was.</p> <p>He also mentioned another artist who also did a room piece, whose name I totally forgot.</p> <p>He thinks I should really talk to strangers. And I should invite the people to see my show in May, like what Jordan Gasteel did with the people that she painted.</p>
<p>I think her paintings are special and that's something I cannot do.</p> <p>In seminar, I have seen her handwriting on her notebook, and I was impressed by the neatness, and everything was in English... I mean, I admire her language ability.</p>	<p>She runs the woodshop! I mean, at such a young age, she already knows so much about all those tools and materials. In a sense, she is my role model.</p> <p>And I wouldn't feel awkward when talking to her about my new ideas every morning at the beginning of my shift.</p>	<p>She is an art history major. From my senior year, I started to ask her for advice on my works. She's more logical than me. She will point out that my ideas are not there yet, to become an art piece.</p> <p>She picked me up twice from the Harrisburg airport. Both times she offered before I asked.</p> <p>She's also from Shanghai, so this past winter break we went to museums together. She is planning to go to grad school in Chinese art history, as one of the few Chinese people that I know who make art their career. When we visited PSA, she told me that she thought the artists are the people who just have to work hard, and then people will come and find you to exhibit if you're good, while she thought curators like her would have to beg for jobs.</p>	<p>I think he is pretty chill and open-minded because I know that he goes to a lot of gallery openings and talks. He taught me a lot of things on welding last semester.</p>

2/19/17 8pm	2/20/17 noon?	2/20/17 ~2pm
2/22/17 A plaid scarf, red, white and dark blue.	2/20/17 The envelope back to me.	2/20/17 The humming of "awkwardness".
<p>"Before you put the scarf in the room, put it on your neck first."</p> <p>The reason why it's plaid is that when I introduced myself to the younger Chinese students at Dickinson, I told them a fake name, <i>fang</i> (meaning "rectangle"), as opposed to <i>yuán</i> (meaning "circle"). She wants the thing to represent my character, so she thought it must be colorful. She thinks if she is one color (because she is good in one field), then I am multiple colors, collapsing into each other. But then if it's plaid, it cannot be a table cloth, therefore she thought of a scarf, which is perfect for the brutal Boston weather.</p>	<p>He gave the envelop and the booklet back to me because he thought that is the only "connection" between me and him.</p>	<p>It's the sound that she makes to herself (from the mouth) when she feels awkward, corresponding to the title of my text. It sounds like Mongolian throat singing. I told her that this is a real rare talent that few people get.</p>
<p>She told me that seeing my work is like seeing another life. She said she actually admires me in the way that when everybody else (especially Chinese students at Dickinson) majors in things that make money faster, I chose to do sculpture. It's like a pure stream of water. (???)</p>	<p>We talked for half an hour. It was the longest talk that I had with him.</p> <p>He invited me to sit in his studio in a Chinese way, saying "Sit, sit..."</p> <p>He drew a chart (with arrows connecting ABCDEF) on his desk, and analyzed their relationship. He questioned whether in the end A and F are connected. And the medium is me?</p> <p>I need to find a proper way to let the viewer get my point. Plus, what is my point??</p>	<p>I asked her if the pictures in the booklet are redundant. She said no, actually. For a stranger, the pictures are useful because they are a way of introducing myself.</p> <p>Although image and text are not related, (I think) they reflect my current state of mind.</p>
<p>We both went to Japan for a month in 2013 in an earth science summer program. I still remember eating at Yoshinoya and buying clothes with her.</p> <p>We started to get much closer in the last semester at Dickinson because we always ate in the café while nobody liked to. And we kept in touch after graduation via Wechat. She told me 3 times that she dreamed about me and her appearing together in weird settings...</p> <p>I actually admire her because I think she has a strong will. Whatever she wants to do well, she can do it. I often see her studying in the quiet section of the library. And she did get good offers. I would think she is successful in both her career and family relationships.</p>	<p>I barely talked to him before although I know that he is from China, too. But I think his works with dots are special.</p> <p>I like the way he talks. It's very slow, very zen, thus very ancient Chinese.</p>	<p>We shared a room when we were in Maine.</p> <p>I was amazed by her history of teaching in England. I think she knows much more than what she shows. And what she talks about in seminar is usually with real depth. Plus, her video work is something that I had never seen before.</p>

2/20/17 ~4pm	2/21/17 noon
4/10/17 night after the critique	4/4/17 ~12:15
<p>A letter/note put on my desk.</p> <p>The morning after my critique, I found this piece of someone's handwriting on my desk. I read it for many times and tried to understand what the words meant. So I went to the bar that night (which was extremely rare) and intended to talk about this exchange but ended up having a serious headache that night and had to leave early. To this day I still don't understand my feeling about this.</p>	<p>A tape measure.</p> <p>She lost the first one during spring break.</p>
<p>The fact that it's scripted is weird but can't tell why. It is scripted, but you're still expecting people's reactions.</p> <p>He related to: when a play is being blocked, actors just seem to know where to go in the space.</p> <p>He thinks the fact that picture and text is disconnected is good, because you first think they might relate, then you realize it's an idea after an idea after an idea.</p> <p>He is the first person to read the script "I don't know what to say, Wendy" on the last page. He also laughs more than my previous audience.</p> <p>I asked him what's a memento. It's a thing that you remember sb. with. And I googled it:</p> <p><i>an object or item that serves to remind one of a person, past event, etc.; keepsake; souvenir.</i></p> <p><i>anything serving as a reminder or warning.</i></p> <p><i>Roman Catholic Church. either of two prayers in the canon of the Mass, one for persons living and the other for persons dead.</i></p>	<p>She especially liked the line "Only you know the value of the thing that you give out."</p> <p>She suggested me asking the real close people, like my mother. I should really do that.</p> <p>She felt this sense of solitude (same with the video pieces) and asked me if I have a partner now and if I have had any partner before. And she pointed out that almost all my works have social components, because I don't have that. I am not a social person.</p> <p>(Yeah it's true. I don't go to parties, and I would even run out of the college formal.) She also got the script gig during my talking. Anyhow, I was so happy that Josephine likes this new project.</p> <p>In this studio visit, we talked a lot about translation and etymology. I learned that she speaks a lot of European languages. And I was fascinated by the fact that she always asked about what a Chinese character means, while nobody else seemed to care. I told her about my history of interpretation and my future life goal of being a professional interpreter. I am glad that this all ties together at this stage of my life. (I think I wouldn't be as afraid as before if I were to go back to China now and start a new life.)</p>
<p>I think he is pretty open-minded and chill about life. I mean, he goes to Maine, Japan, Marfa, and the MassArt trip. We had good lunches together in Maine and in Meimei's. Plus, I like his paintings. That kind of bizarre atmosphere and cinematic feel that he evokes through monochromatic choices is what I think I cannot achieve. And he would laugh at my jokes, so I am thankful for that, too.</p>	<p>Our studio visits have always been fruitful. She's the one who discovered (from my book of sound) that I have this habit of singing and encouraged me to make use of that in my work. She asked me, why, if not for joy, I insist on studying voice at BU (when it's not necessary). And she's the one who pointed out that I have multiple sides, just like my sculptures.</p> <p>She has that "feel" that I find nobody else owns.</p> <p>I want to be her.</p>

2/21/17 afternoon	2/21/17 7:30pm	2/23/17 8am	2/23/17 noon
	2/28/17 9:30 am	1/31/18 11am	
	Two "E" shaped metal parts from a machine with magnetic force.	Vinyl for my show some day.	
	I don't know how these parts should be put together. She likes to collect these little parts. She had been putting them on the edge of a shelf. They look so small but have so much weight.	The trade between us is that he will do vinyl for my show some day. He will decide the color, font and size.	
She must have heard me saying the script a lot of times and I finally went into her studio to do this. She seems very interested.	We were waiting for the Tuesday night lecture to start. I saw Rachel and approached her. She asked me something like, do you approach people like this, when they're sitting alone?	We had this precious peaceful hour in the early morning. She really liked the videos and even said that those are the things she felt but didn't make into her work when she was in grad school. The booklet has a good amount of texture/weight, I guess, because she said it feels more comfortable to have a thing in hand during a conversation. I agreed because then you don't feel as awkward in order to make direct eye contact! She thinks it is worthwhile to dig deeper into how people react to objects. She also thinks I am elevating the viewer's role in this piece because it's as if I'm telling them, "What you have to give is equally important." She pointed out that my projects touch on things that people are sometimes not willing to talk about, e.g. awkwardness during an encounter, and the fact that "nobody really cares", not just in the art world, but in life in general.	After I told him that I wanted him to sit in the chair that I arranged to do a "performance", he thought I had camera on in my studio. I learned that the turtleneck that I wore in the videos was a 60s thing. So after he saw my videos and some video that is not supposed to be seen, he totally thought that I was "acting" quiet in the seminar. He thought I should "act" as if I am an active student in the seminar and turn the whole seminar into my stage. He finds it interesting that an art student had to prepare a script for a critique in order to be correctly understood.
I see her a lot in her studio. She's one of the people that I say the most hellos to at BU. I admire the fact that she is combining her athlete experience and sculpture. I thought getting into training every day is similar to me getting into the practice room every day. Especially when I see her carry concrete with the hand thing on the arm, I can't imagine how powerful her body (and mind) is in order to do this.	She is also a "quiet" person in seminar. But I feel she must have some hidden power than she appears. Our encounters have always been friendly. She always smiles at me.	She owns the "niceness" that I long to have. She always smiles to me and asks about my recent works even if we're just saying hi in the woodshop. Being nice to people is really a good thing to do, and probably sometimes a hard thing to do? But anyhow, as the recipient of the "niceness", from Lydia and from other people, I feel at least comfortable and more willing to open up my heart and tell them more about myself.	As we got to know each other better, we got to understand each other's humor. It feels funny to bump into him when I was walking back to 808 from Blick.

2/23/17 11pm	2/24/17 9am	2/24/17 10am	2/24/17 10am	2/24/17 10:30
2/26/17 10am		4/5/17 18:22		
A sealed envelope.		3 words.		
Referring to the idea of an open check, he told me that whenever I feel I need her to write me something, I should mail this empty envelope back to her, and she will reply.		"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It's what he cherishes and he has tattoos of the words on his leg.		
It was almost 11pm when I arrived at their apartment. She "received" me in a grey fleece robe (she's very fashionable, at home). She's gonna get a silk one for the summer. She's the first person that I told about how there are three versions of the book. She's the first person that I gave the written version to.	I gave the speech during our breakfast in her dorm room. She's the first person that I used Chinese to deliver the same speech to. We talked a lot about mental disorders after we watched "Next to Normal". We mentioned that judging what/who is "normal" or "abnormal" is a subjective thing. She also told me more details about her stories when she was sick and took a year off. And I was impressed, again. I told her that what I was thinking most during the show was that I felt sad that I had never experienced all those feelings that the characters had. I couldn't even cry when the majority of the audience were crying. How I wish I could have emotions.	I approached him when he was reading, as usual as every morning, in the basement of HUB. He is the first "not-so-close" friend that I want to try the written text on.	She asked me to write down my address after my speech. She thinks I am combining sculpture practice with music knowledge, as before.	She didn't realize I was reciting my script. She thought this is a great project and looked interested. And I wrote down my email on the back of the script.
We took music history together, to begin with. She offered me rides to and from the Harrisburg airport multiple times. I'm grateful for that. She told me to watch the film <i>Florence Foster Jenkins</i> . We both think a liberal arts education is great and a place like Carlisle is perfect for that. Plus, she looks so chill. I mean, it's from the bones...	We got really close when she was freshman and I was sophomore. And then she became my roommate in junior year. She is a pretty logical thinker, but she is chill at the same time. What's extra funny about her is that she is always recommending products to me, like a toaster, a speaker, make-up, etc. As a political science major, she tells me about things that I don't know about politics, especially the Middle East, and China in the last century. And I respect her in that she reads and writes a lot and is an extremely hardworking person. She lives 3 hours' train ride away from me in China. So we meet pretty frequently during breaks. One winter break when we hugged goodbye at the train station, I felt all of a sudden super emotional. I don't know. I feel she's gonna do something big.	He and I overlapped for one year at Dickinson, and I have always heard that he is an extremely disciplined person that he appears at the café at 7am every morning and reads books afterwards.	She is the music department coordinator, who processed my forms every semester and opened the Rubendall door for me before noonday concert and senior recital. On the day of my thesis show opening, I was in such a hurry and anxiety, and she offered to print posters for me on larger sheets of paper on the music department printer. Although the majority of our encounters are just hellos, I feel she's really approachable. And in her office, she sits on a bouncy ball instead of a chair!	We both worked in the costume shop. And she sings so well.

2/24/17 10:30	2/24/17 10:30	2/24/17 11am
<p>He asked me extra questions after I finished. He told me that he didn't understand my project fully. He questioned whether the exchange was for real.</p>	<p>Although this guy just happened to be there, he seemed pretty interested in my work from his facial expressions. So I gave one copy to him as well.</p>	<p>"WHY ARE YOU HERE?" is the first sentence he said to me. I actually hesitated before I stepped into the scene shop from the green room because it felt weird to walk into this shop again, having thought that I might never be able to walk in here again.</p> <p>He told me about his project with metal tree branches. He laid the thing down for me to see how the grinding worked so smoothly on the concave curve. And he showed me the set and told me how he only spent \$125 buying wood from Federal Surplus and built the floor.</p> <p>He also asked me how I traveled because he wanted to give me some beautiful wood to carve. But after I told him I rocketed here, we started joking again, as usual.</p> <p>So I gave my Spiel, and he said "YOU CAME TO ASK FOR THINGS, AGAIN!" And I couldn't help laughing. Oh! How I used to get all my art materials from the scene shop!</p>
<p>I was the "sound designer" in <i>Big Love</i> and he was the "sound assistant". He pulled the volume sliders for me. Later we met at other shows and opening parties and said friendly hellos.</p> <p>He is a music composition major, I think. And it ties perfectly with his interest in sound engineering in the theatre. He is a sophomore, and I think he has a lot of potential.</p> <p>I think he's very curious, and I like curious people, although now I feel bad that I wasn't very nice to him during <i>Big Love</i> rehearsals because at that time I felt I didn't need another person to operate the sound board.</p>	<p>He is a random student from music department waiting to have a class on the couch. He was wearing a suit, looking Korean.</p>	<p>He's my boss in the scene shop for 3 years and the person who knows me the longest in the entire theatre department. At first we were just being nice, and starting from junior year we started to joke too hard. And every time I worked in the scene shop it became a joy just to joke with Jason. I mean, not a lot of people get my jokes and are willing to respond to me. So I feel grateful for that.</p> <p>And of course, he was extremely helpful and handy when I had technical questions, in both theatre projects and studio art projects. And I always took things from the shop (paint, metal bars, lamp shells), for free, to make sculptures. No matter how we joked, he was always generous when complimenting on my painting jobs (or, did he??). After graduation, I had the honor to work with him again in a theatre in Grand Lake. I gave him one of my watercolor paintings and he told me that I almost made him cry.</p> <p>The scene shop work was rough, and sometimes really frustrating. I still think I had cut open the cord of a jigsaw and thank god I didn't die. I had been sent on the Genie for millions of times, each time pushed by different people. I had been afraid of the grinder when I had to do it a ladder. I had painted the floor black with ultimate boredom. I had been afraid when taking lights off while standing on a shaky scaffolding system that my peers built incorrectly. I remember when I was drilling through metal bars, taking apart the saw table, laying the floor pieces for <i>Our Country's Good</i>, I felt so physically and emotionally fatigued that I thought I never wanted to work there again. I don't know how I persisted and was willing to come back to work again. But I also remember those moments after an afternoon's work, I would stand in the audience seat, and take a picture of our work in progress, with only the ghost light on, and feel calm again, covered in paint and sweat.</p>

2/24/17 11:30 am	2/24/17 noon	
	4/13/17 (arrived in mail)	
	A polaroid photo with a note.	
	<p>"Hey Wendy! I don't live in Longsdorff but I live in Davidson Wilson. So close; it's still not the quads area. I picked this picture to send you because I have been experimenting with Polaroid photography. This view is one I see every morning. The picture was taken on a clear sunny day when the tree first bloomed. I decided to take two pictures in different exposures of this view from my window. You currently have one and I have the other. Fraternal Twins if you will; same angle, same view, just taken at different exposures at different times."</p>	
<p>I met him in the scene shop and he went to Montgomery and told everybody I was there. But he said he told them that I was on a mission. He said he would give me a title of a book.</p>	<p>I dragged the two Sarahs to the balcony. And I left them my email and address.</p>	
<p>The first time I met him, I was in <i>Fiddler on the Roof</i>, and he was the run crew. We both worked in the scene shop and took theatre history seminar. And he worked in GVT last summer, so we got to talk about those people.</p> <p>He is different from all the other theatre people. I can't describe how. But he reads a lot. I often saw him sitting by himself on a round table in the café, reading. And one time I joined him and had a pleasant conversation which I don't remember now.</p>	<p>We were both in <i>Fiddler on the Roof</i> and theatre history seminar. And we went to SETC. Her acting was so good, especially in <i>Big Love</i>.</p>	

2/24/17 noon

We hugged in a pretty heavy way. I was actually so looking forward to see her. And I told her not to scream.

She's the other tech/design major. We both work in the scene shop. In one shift, she helped me get a splinter out of my finger. In another shift, she helped me get my watch out of the yellow paint can. And we dealt with the fake chicken-wire tree that looked like a sea horse.

In Grand Lake, we walked to the lake at dusk and got ice cream and caramel apple together. One day Youki didn't come home from hiking till around 10. Sarah offered to drive and pick him up. (Sarah and I were the only sober people at that time.) And I said I'll go with you cuz it's dark and it'll feel better.

One day we were the only two people who weren't allowed into the bar. So we walked back and sat on the swings in the children's park for a while. I came back to that place on another night. One day after work, she cooked dinner for me. We had salsa-flavored pasta and mushrooms and broccoli. She said it would be better to put some oil in the water in order for the pasta to not stick to the bottom. I was very moved. I thought we would never see each other again.

She draws very well. And she's good at acting. Sometimes I would really envy her because she can really be a design major under some serious instruction, while during my time there, people came and walked away. Plus, I was super jealous that she got to be the production assistant, had many interesting jobs, knew how to use Isadora, while I only painted.

2/24/17 noon	2/24/17 noon
2/24/17	3/30/17
A mask that she made while she was in grad school.	Cross stitch (came in mail).
<p>The mask's name is Medusa. Since this mask was a student project, it has never been used. I could really wear it when talking to my next customers and even in the final critique.</p>	<p>On March 30, 2017, she messaged me on Facebook saying that she had things to send me for my project and asked for my address.</p> <p>On one side of the thing, it says "Go to Target". On the other side, it's embroidered flowers.</p>
<p>I thought she was upstairs, but she was in her office. Apparently she heard me talking to the two Sarahs. I sat in the chair where we used to talk.</p> <p>As soon as I finished my Spiel, she already knew what to give. I asked her if I sounded like I was reciting the text, she said no, she didn't think so. I told her about my recent feeling on "acting in everyday life". She also thought it is true that people act differently to different people, like your mother, your niece. And she told me she would also "rehearse" what to say in her mind before a meeting.</p> <p>I noticed the marionette hanging from the ceiling and asked if it was a new thing. She said it was there from a long time ago. She showed me how the marionette moved and said I could take it if I wanted. I really liked the movement of the thing. It is slow, ritual and spiritual. She later put it into the shape of a ninja. I took a video with Sherry demonstrating the marionette on my phone, for me to watch and cry with in the future.</p> <p>Actually I found out from Juli that she and Sherry were planning to send me a box of hot chocolate and two hats, which they thought I would totally need in Boston. And Sherry said hot chocolate and instant ramen are the things that she would send to her daughter Demma.</p>	<p>She helped me put on the mask that Sherry just gave me and told me about the box that they were gonna send me. I asked how was work in the costume shop going, and she said for <i>Next to Normal</i> there wasn't much to build, and it was mainly shopping.</p> <p>We met in the opening night party again. I complimented on her bomber jacket and told her how I desired a bomber jacket with embroidered flowers or dragons. She told me to go to Target. And later we joked that the "thing" could be the suggestion "GO TO TARGET".</p>
<p>During our final "toast" in the theatre on graduation day, she hugged me and I started to cry and wasn't able to stop for a while. This is the first time that I cried in public at Dickinson, I guess. And I don't really remember what she said to me at that time. Maybe it's something like, Boston is not too far, you can come back when you want to.</p> <p>She's the one who took me to work with her in West Virginia one summer. And that was my first job outside of college. We had a lot of long rides together, including trips to thrift stores and grocery stores. We must have talked about a lot of things in the car. We went to that drive-thru burger and shake place twice. She would order chocolate, and I blackberry. And we often ate in front of a fountain for lunch, wearing sunglasses, watching kids playing with water.</p> <p>It was from her that I learned to tip a lot more than I thought I was supposed to. And it was from her that I learned what to say when they ask you "How's everything going?" in a restaurant.</p> <p>She asked me to co-design the costumes for <i>House of Blue Leaves</i>. I was surprised. We shared our research pictures and shopped for fabric. She offered to drive me to Michael's one day when I was desperate for materials for my sculpture.</p> <p>She would handle everything for me, paperwork, SETC registration. When we were standing in front of my sound presentation booth at SETC, a person asked something like, whether Sherry was my mother. I was gonna say, yes, in many ways.</p> <p>One day at GVT she told me I should come to the Cabaret next year, which is my last chance. But I didn't go. I guess I have always felt guilty, especially to Sherry, about not choosing to go to theatre grad school. I don't know.</p>	<p>We shared a bed at SETC last year. And we went to workshops together.</p> <p>I got to know her better starting from senior year because I finally started working in the costume shop. She is nice and helpful in guiding me on my poor sewing skills. And she would get my jokes sometimes and really laugh, which makes me feel better.</p> <p>We would go get cookies and donuts in Britton Plaza during work time. Now I wish that we could have known each other much earlier. For some reason, I feel safe and happy when she's around. Plus, she always wears a smile.</p>

2/24/17 1:30 pm	2/24/17 2:30 pm	2/24/17 3pm
<p>I texted her that I wanted to meet with her. She was wearing a black, thick jacket in this warm weather. And after my Spiel, she told me that my Spiel (she used another word and I forgot) is too long for a person who's not that interested in contemporary art, and that she zoned out in the middle of the speech because she knew that I was reciting the script. Later I asked about what she's planning to do after college. She said she's going to be a lab assistant and help with experiments. I don't know if this Spiel has hurt our friendship because she might think that I wasn't sincere.</p>	<p>We met in the metal bar place behind Quarry. She asked if I came back to see the show. She was casual as usual. She knew what she wanted to give at the beginning. I asked about her job on the farm and she seemed pretty chill. Towards the end of our conversation, she started to text and I left soon.</p>	<p>Lizzy told me Joelle is around so I texted Joelle. And she received me happily, to my surprise. We sat on the bench outside Goodyear Gallery. I must have told her about the BU program. I don't remember. I asked about her post-bac program. And I gave my Spiel. She walked me through her show. I really like her new work, and I mean it. It's also about transformation after transformation. And the process with the firing in the kiln is what I would have never thought of. I thought the idea about afterlife and burning things for the creatures that are dead is an ancient yet interesting field to explore. We mentioned the word "sagger" and she told me that not a lot of people know what that is. And she was glad I know because we saw them in Jingdezhen. On the bench she also asked me, "Do you miss Dickinson?" I didn't know what to say.</p>
<p>We met in Jay's lighting class. We became project partners, and during finals, we changed lights in one shift. We sat together on the bus to and from New York to see <i>Curious Incident of the Dog</i>. I met her brother and sister during lunch at Ippudo. I think we had a really good time that semester. We sometimes ate in the café together. We went to the lake one afternoon. She lent me her black jacket. It was chilly. And she invited me to her dorm and cooked dinner for me.</p>	<p>We both work in the scene shop and joke with Jason. We were both studio art majors. She loves dogs and initiated the dog house at Dickinson.</p>	<p>We didn't know each other very well till our senior year, although we did spend 3 weeks in Jingdezhen with two other Dickinson students and Barbara in the summer of 2015. I thought we had a rough relationship there because we would often argue about the comparison between China and U.S. I have been secretly admiring her work for a long time, but I never really told her how I thought I liked her work. The sense of being both alive and dead at the same time in her bird sculptures is what I think I can never achieve in ceramics. She also knows a lot about Greek mythology. I think she's one of the smartest people that I know.</p>

2/24/17 ~4pm	2/24/17 ~5pm
2/24/17	4/11/17
<p>A ball and a sheet of printed paper.</p> <p>He picked up a ball on the floor. I asked what it was and he said "I don't know" (?). He also gave me a sheet of two-sided printed paper that has images of his new project, including the word "Boston". He used the computer-generated subtitles on platforms like Youtube and had this disjunction between image and word. He said he also wanted to send me some sound.</p>	<p>A CD of Lieder from Schubert with a note saying "I think you might enjoy it." (came in mail)</p> <p>I got assigned a lot of pieces by Schubert when I studied with him.</p>
<p>Joelle yelled "Wendy's here" and he walked to Joelle's studio to find me. I sat on a bench in his digital studio. He was doing some computer work.</p> <p>He laughed A LOT during my speech. He seemed to find the ending of me handing a script extremely funny because it's like "Oh here's what we've just talked about." I think he's the person who laughed the most among all the people that I've tried. He seemed to immediately know what to give.</p> <p>He thought it was pretty brave of me to do this project. (He used the word "brave" and that was new to me.) He thought I have progressed a lot, for one semester of grad school. He said that he loved the fact that I just randomly show up from Boston.</p>	<p>He said, "My wife is coming in a minute. I will have 3 minutes and 46 seconds in the future. What's this thing about?" I think he is the first person to reject me at the very beginning?? But maybe it's the problem with my use of language. But he did find something funny after I handed him the script.</p> <p>Well, to tell you the truth, I actually had imagined him as the recipient of the speech while I wrote the script.</p>
<p>He was my academic advisor for all 4 years at Dickinson. I took 4 classes with him and that was a lot for one professor. He really knows the art of talking and sounds encouraging all the time. He talks in a goofy way and is good at imitating people, but I think he's mysterious in some way. He points out the problems in my paintings pretty precisely. And he replies to my emails like lightning. I was surprised that we talked for pretty long last October when we met in Trout Gallery. I am grateful for that.</p>	<p>I took 5 semesters of voice with him and I would say he's one of the people who I had to stare at for the longest time. We had a lot of fun in class, I think. I would actually tell him things that I wouldn't tell other people. In one lesson, I told him that I was so stressed that I wanted to drop my theatre major. He said that would be such a bummer for Sherry. And I thought so, too. I didn't want to be a bummer.</p> <p>In one class, we talked about how practicing is a lonely thing to do. And the majority of singing is practice, instead of performance. In this way, I thought we shared something in common. One day after masterclass, around 8pm, I bumped into him in front of the 3rd floor bathroom and I asked "Why are you still here?", and he said, he had to finish writing the masterclass reviews so that students could have them before the jury. On that day, I felt again that we had something in common.</p> <p>He called me "Miss I want to do everything right now". It is still true. He once said I strike him as a person who do not rely on the company of men (and that's why he assigned me all those weird songs??). But good time didn't last long. In the first half of my senior year, I didn't sound right and I became so depressed. That was the first time I didn't feel like going to the practice room anymore. And some misunderstanding happened, and I agreed to be assigned to Prof. Schoenfeldt. I think the peak of my voice study was during my study with him, between my sophomore and junior years, when I didn't know much about music and voice. Now as I learned more, I have more problems and frustration with myself. In the next few years, I can see myself in desperate search of that pure voice and the sense of pure happiness from just learning.</p>

2/24/17 6pm	2/24/17 6pm	2/25/17 4pm	2/25/17 5pm
		2/25/17	
		A butterfly dress that fits me pretty well.	
		According to her, it is what a 23-year-old should wear (I don't agree on that), as opposed to things that I usually wear, which she thinks make me look like a middle-schooler. After I ended my speech with "How about that?", she said, in tears, you deserve to have everything you're having, and in this dress you're going to sing out really well, something like that. I was at a loss, but moved.	
After he read the script, he thought he was in my "play".	She read the script pretty carefully, I would say, longer than everybody else.	She started crying in the middle of my speech. I actually didn't know how to handle that moment. I asked her why, and she said because there was this moment when she realized that she was living the "dream" that she thinks is not dreamable in the future: taking cello, acting, equestrian, ballet, international relations at the same time, plus listening to me talking passionately about my useless art project. And then I thought about whether I am also "living the dream" in grad school. Am I? And then we talked about our feelings with "the sense of belonging" in the theatre department. I still don't think I "belong". I never attended cabaret. But why do I keep coming back to Dickinson after graduation, just to see a play?	I contacted her via email, and she replied! So I pinned the envelope onto her office door.
He is so good at joking. I feel happy every time I meet him. He's also from Shanghai, and therefore we sometimes hang out during breaks. He is hardworking and already has a job offer one year before graduation, which I heard from another friend.	There's some "fate" between us. She and her father came to visit Dickinson in April and we met in the cafe. And now she is the girlfriend of the guy above. She's fashionable in every way... a true Shanghainese.	She told me that what she appreciates about me the most is that no matter how lame my work is (that includes drawing and singing), I am always blindly passionate about my lame work. She also told me that some people feel confident because they do own their things. But in my case, even though I don't own it yet, I still believe that "I can do it." And she thinks that's the true confidence. We used to talk in the practice room for 3 or 4 hours till 1 am. I always write down what she said because they're so "to the point". She's the one who gave me the idea of collecting English class notebooks. She's the one who told me that a person's current state of mind is written on the face and you can't fake it. She's the one who told me about the joy of acting and experiencing the life that you can never have. She pointed out that I am poor at "reading comprehension" after I told her about my understanding of <i>Next to Normal</i> . I didn't know her very well during my time at Dickinson. But we got much closer after graduation. I asked her to be my model for my figure drawing homework. I even visited Hangzhou in order to give her a box that I wanted her to take to Sherry. Sometimes I wish that I could have part of her life. She has a long history of stage performance. She knows so much about politics. She's so chill about spending money, putting on make-up and that sort of things. I realize that we are different people from so different family backgrounds. But I have started to like her. I wish that her dream is not just a dream.	She's the new art history professor that Dickinson hired in my senior year. I have seen her in other people's critiques, but we never talked. I have been hearing stories about her. The people who tell me those stories want to be her.

2/25/17 6pm

2/25/17

A bandana.

As soon as I finished, he took off his red bandana from his wrist. I asked him how long he has been wearing it and if he has some other ones to wear. So he retold the story of getting a scar from burn (for some reason I thought it was from glass-blowing??) and the thing with the small wrist. Oh I totally remember asking about that in the opening-season party in Grand Lake. Another reason said was that one of his favorite writers (who died young, committed suicide) always wore a bandana.

He then said now he feels he lost his security blanket and I asked about what that phrase means.

(And I researched the writer, David Foster Wallace, and found: ...*In his conversations with Rolling Stone reporter David Lipsky, Wallace referred to it as "a security blanket," something he initially wore when feeling nervous, or "whenever I feel like I have to be prepared, or keep myself together"...*

Perhaps Wallace explains it best when he tells Lipsky that he views it as "a foible... the recognition of a weakness.")

And I just realized that I painted this red bandana in the painting that now hangs in Jason's shop.

Friday afternoon, I saw him by the doorsteps and he said he still had a lot of things to fix before the opening night. After the party toast, we were talking at the front porch, where he smoked and enjoyed the smoke. He asked if I had thought about putting my Chinese identity into my work. I told him that right now it's not showing in the form yet, but is present in the way I work. Then I told that I believe my Shanghainese/Chinese identity is in the bones. You can't hide it.

The next day, on my way to Platto, I saw the most beautiful sky I've ever seen in Carlisle. There was a hole in the massive clouds, not to mention the colors. While waiting, I recorded some water dripping sound from a plastic rain collection thing. So Kent smoked a cigarette before we went in. We sat by a small round table by the bar. I said they probably won't check my ID, and Kent said no look very young. So I pretended I was drinking vodka. He asked me why I made those videos to begin with. We talked about Ashley and farm house and then moved on to my Spiel. As soon as I gave out the thing, he started to read "an idea, a title of a book..." back to me. He asked about the print.

He asked me if I am making friends in Boston. And I talked about our art bubble and he laughed.

He asked me about family. I don't know what to say. I told him that I am afraid I want to make money by becoming an interpreter right after BU. And Chinese parents would really expect you to do money after college and I feel obligated. And with my degree from Dickinson I wouldn't be able to find a good enough job in Shanghai. But even so, I take so much pride in the fact that I went to Dickinson. The bread was good...And the biscuits and cheese and jam. Last time in Café Bruges we also had a cheese thing. This time I was actually surprised that he asked me to go to somewhere other than the theatre to just talk. He thinks this project works in that it's about value. And I cut him off and said yes it reminds me of real economy, and trading things is the most original form of economic activity. On the ride back to the theatre, he told me I should not stop building sculptures cuz I was a good object maker. I think he is right. Before the mic check, I told him that I always thought the show tickets should take another form, like a 3D thing. And he rephrased it as something for the audience to take home with.

I think I got to know him better after he told me to "be bold" when painting the set one afternoon. Plus, he instructed me on the sound design in *Big Love*. I always had to go to ballet after not having enough time to work in the sound booth. But to begin with, he came to see my half-year show in Goodyear Gallery and thought those sound collages could totally be used in a real play.

Last summer he invited me and 5 other Dickinson people to work in a theatre in Grand Lake. I had a strange, unprecedented experience there. I mean, something like extreme happiness with extreme depression. I don't know why I felt sad during work time. I still feel bad about not being able to tell him at that time what happened within me when he said it made him worry. But anyhow I remember is that we threw rocks into the fire but they had to bounce on the brick wall first (???). He texted me and asked me where I was when I was painting by myself by the lake while they were playing Frisbee. We had an "authentic" American dinner, peeling peanuts and throwing shells on the floor. We had a "good" time painting the edges of fake light panels black with small brushes.

One day after rehearsal, Noah asked him, "How many hours do you sleep, Kent?" And he said something like, 3 or 4, you know, after a day's work, you need to read.

Well, he's a role model in every way. He is open to new ideas and is generous about giving out ideas. He is extremely polite and friendly to an extent that he uses apologetic words a lot. He seems to know everything about theatre and fine arts. He paints, designs, reads, and even makes furniture, I think. He tied himself with a rope and fixed the projector in the air. And he cut a circle with jigsaw freehand, and I mean his hand was the clamp. Oh and he smokes a lot and our conversation often happens outdoors.

I had never met a person like this before.

2/26/17 noon	2/27/17 4:45 pm	2/28/17 11pm
<p>I messaged Tabitha two weeks in advance that I was visiting Dickinson. I felt the need to visit the salad department this time because last October I missed them.</p> <p>Tabitha and her daughter, Cailin, waited in the parking lot for me for one hour because I messed up the time. I feel bad and I was glad at that moment I chose to walk that way instead of the other way. On the car ride Tabitha told me about how Cailin's novels were well received by her teachers. Cailin talked about how she drew people's eyes and you can see that person's character through the eyes. And I thought this project would be interesting to do with Cailin because all the other people are adults. We went to this fancy Chinese buffet place in Mechanicsburg. Tabitha talked a lot about the new student worker from Vietnam who jokes with her with such a straight face. And I said I would love to meet him.</p> <p>She thought I lost some weight in Boston, so I told her about how bad my cooking is. On our way to the airport, I also talked about how I felt it an obligation now to take care of my grandparents, especially after this past winter break. And she felt the same with her grandma, who doesn't remember things right now. That part, I had never mentioned to anybody else.</p> <p>Tabitha was wearing the red hoodie that I gave to her in the summer of my junior year. And I still wear the Snoopy pajama set that she gave me as a Christmas gift one year.</p>	<p>3/21/17 7:30 pm</p> <p>A King Kong postcard.</p> <p>It came with a CD. Her brother-in-law gave her for Christmas. He traveled around and heard stories about King Kong, and recorded a CD with the stories. He recorded himself telling the stories.</p>	<p>3/19/17</p> <p>Paracord crochet.</p> <p>Both color & material a symbol of strength.</p>
<p>Tabitha is my "boss" in the salad department. I worked almost every week day morning in my first seven semesters of college. That was a huge time commitment. But at the same time, I met these salad department ladies who treat me like a daughter. They gave me rides, food, took me to restaurants, and I actually introduced them to my parents during graduation.</p> <p>At first we were just being friendly and I learned how to make yogurt parfait cups and fruit trays. She told me she watched a lot of Chinese, Japanese, Korean dramas that I had never watched. We joked a LOT. But later I also noticed that there was a lot of drama between the people in the salad department and in her family that I could not imagine. But who doesn't have dramas? It's just some are willing to tell, and some would probably hide for a lifetime.</p> <p>I some way, I feel I understand Tabitha because I also have some stories that are not yet to tell. In another way, she's still mysterious to me.</p>	<p>She introduced apricots to me in a seminar class. It's just delicious!!</p> <p>She is a very mysterious person to me. When she talks, the world seems to become quiet, as if the air is sucked out. I don't know why I feel that way, but that's where the charm lies. Anyhow, she's always smiling and friendly to me.</p>	<p>We went to Maine together and she has always been a friendly and happy person. She offered to drive me home after the hibachi dinner.</p>

3/1/17 6pm	3/1/17 9pm	3/2/17 noon
<p>She loved the “learning through copying” idea and left her Gmail address. She suggested me criticize some of the phenomena that I find awkward from my experience in the U.S. and compare that to China. I don’t know if I’m ready to do that yet. But she also suggested I start writing them down first and then make them into work. She didn’t like the video works like the other people do because they are just art about art about art. And making videos is like defending my work by talking, instead of doing. And the latter is what she thinks most Chinese people do.</p> <p>She was the first person that I told, in Boston, at the end of my speech, about how the selection of my participants is totally not a random thing. I picked the people that I wanted to pick. Especially after the Dickinson trip, I realized that they are actually the people who I admire, and the people who has some personal quality that I think I can never achieve.</p>	<p>It was during the break of our choir rehearsal. I gave the speech in Chinese, I guess?? The week before, she asked me what my work was about. So I said, next week I’ll bring a thing to you.</p>	<p>We had lunch in the BU cafeteria. And I gave the Spiel in Chinese. She asked me what other people have given me. And she said it sounded like the majority of people gave you a physical object. She said she might give me the copy of the X-ray thing of her baby because in this one, you’ll know whether it’s a boy or a girl. (And we talked about how in China, telling you boy or girl is not allowed till the baby is born because some people might want abortion.) She thinks knowing beforehand is good also because you can start think about the name. And then we talked about how naming a child is a huge thing in Chinese culture. And I thought, again, about introducing my Chinese name instead of “Wendy” in the future.</p>
<p>She is a visiting artist. I sensed that she must be very famous in the U.S. but she’s really approachable. She seems to be highly actively engaged in social movements, which is showing a lot during our conversation.</p> <p>We talked a lot at the hibachi dinner. She liked the fact that I am Chinese. She said she likes to work with Chinese students because she thinks they are just straightforward. I was glad that I finally met someone in Boston that showed serious interest in Chinese culture (I mean she listens to podcasts on Chinese history while working). After my meeting with her, I thought I should really learn my culture better. As she said, “You need to get online.”</p>	<p>We started to talk from the second week of rehearsal. I learned that she also sang in choir four all four years of college, in Tongji University in Shanghai. And she has been attending the BU chorus for all four semesters when she’s here.</p> <p>She’s in a master program in economics.</p> <p>I asked her about the meaning of singing (like, who do you sing for?). It turns out we both sing for ourselves more. I also asked about the group voice class that she took. She told me that she probably doesn’t even know how she sounds by herself. (I was shocked!) She has always been singing in a group. And she feels the necessity to review the things that we covered in rehearsal and be able to sing the right notes so that the group sounds right. I was impressed.</p>	<p>I was a freshman and she was a senior when we first met. We were both in the Dickinson choir. She is now in a math Phd program at BU. She and her husband helped me find the apartment and drove me everywhere.</p> <p>Her career and family are everything that I desire to have but will never have. When comparing myself to her, I realize how my path as an art student is so different from a normal Chinese person’s expectation. Sometimes I really wish I could just work in an office, typing, counting money, whatever, like almost all my Chinese friends, and have a family and just live peacefully.</p>
		<p>An ultrasound image of her baby.</p> <p>That was the day that she knew it’s a girl!</p>

3/2/17 3pm	3/3/17 3:30 pm	3/24/17 2pm	3/28/17 12:20 pm	Late March or early April
Within a month	3/24/17 8:10 am	3/24/17		
A card and a note.	A recording of her humming a song from the Bible.	A tissue.		Name card.
The piece of note wraps the card. The card has her painting on it.	It's a song in Korean about John 3:16 from the Bible. She recorded it when she was walking on the hill in a happy mood. When she was little, her dad used to sing it a lot and orally taught her this song when she rode on his back while they were walking home. So the recording carries the rhythm of the walking from her childhood memory.	She said since she wasn't prepared for this, she would give me a piece of tissue from her bag.		He gave me his name card first. So I said oh I have something similar.
I walked to her studio and luckily she was there and had time to talk.	We had our second meeting to talk about the book project. We talked about translation. What impressed me most was that she said there are so many things that are not yet or cannot be translated in this world. Even if we translate something into another language, something might get lost. (Similarly, something might be added.)	She was the first person who took out a lollipop and said she needed some sugar to pump herself up during a studio visit.	They told me a lot about the visualization of information. I agreed that I could tie my charts to making sculptures. Mary seemed very interested while reading the booklet and sometimes laughed out loud. They thought this project tied back to my relationship with fiction and reality. They gave the most groundbreaking feedback on this piece, which is, the people who gave the objects could be fictional. And the objects could be images of the objects, instead of real objects.	
The first time we talked was in the first-year seminar room. I noticed the name "Fu Yuanhui" on the shirt of the character she painted. She organized the trip to MassArt. And I was glad I had outsiders' point of view on my work. She offered her slot to meet with Sheila Pepe to me. And I was very grateful.	In our first meeting, she told me that she picked me because of my presentation in the seminar room. I was very happy that she liked the wooden sculpture that I made in my freshman year. Nobody at BU had commented on that. On that day, she showed me her glass work, sent me her most recent poems and I showed her my most recent videos. In our second meeting, she told me she had been thinking about my addiction to mailboxes. And here comes our new idea. I am happy that I got to work with a mother with two kids because she must see the world very differently, and she might see much more than me, a person who has never had a partner.			I think I had a good time in the lessons here at BU (Well that's because all the other things suck I guess).