

On Memory

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In the memory, it was a quiet summer night in the countryside. The light was dark around and all I can see is the shining stars. The wind-bell made by my grandmother was gently swaying in the breeze, and the breeze touched the edges of my favourite blue dress. Such a summer night could be one of my precious memories.

Now, I am living in the student apartment in Oslo. The warm light is spraying down on the grey wall and also touching my face as I am typing. I can see the people are walking downstairs through the closing tightly window. It is a bit late, and I am a little hungry. The man I love is also working on his project which needs to submit at the end of this semester. Such a winter night would make an irreplaceable time for me.

What could be a vessel of memory?

How do we transform memory into physical materials?

I have been trying to figure out how to bring the memories to our reality through my artistic practice, as well as the artworks that my interest.

In the course of exploration, I focus on some words and divided into four chapters to discuss.

Chapter 1: A Vessel for Time

Chapter 2: The Reconstruction of the Past

Chapter 3: Layered the Emotion

Chapter 4: You are your memory

