

## 《Characters》Exhibition — Models' Words

"How beautiful it is that our souls venture into the artwork."

Every experience the body goes through is an irreplaceable part of life. We hope the opening performance will likewise bring you an experience unlike any other. Presented by the Hong Kong Body Model Association, the \*Characters\* (《字》) Multimedia Art Exhibition reinterprets the role of the human body model in artistic creation through the fusion of calligraphy, photography, and video.

The opening performance \*Characters\* is led by Shi Lang. Over the course of several months, he and the models have explored body-themed practices together — including physical expression, recitation, and the writing of characters. At the opening, they will present a collective performance. The exhibition is a collaborative work by photographers Joshua Lee, Linda Cheung, and Harry Lam, and calligrapher Jonathan Yu, created alongside multiple body models, expressing the limitless possibilities of the body as a vessel for storytelling.

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### ## Words from the Models

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川流 **\*\*Flowing River \_\_ Andrew\*\***

Flowing endlessly into the sea,  
following the terrain, changing form along the way.  
Water nurtures the hope of life,  
holding infinite possibilities and endless dreams.

All life in this world depends on water's grace,  
and flowing water is a symbol of health.  
Yet water is a double-edged sword —  
it can give life, but it can also bring danger.  
Only through balance can it flow in peace.  
Too much or too little, nothing works as it should.  
Cherishing this flowing current,  
let us soar freely along the journey of life.

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### 本能、動、植\*\*Instinct, Animal, and Plant \_\_ Charlie

Animals react on instinct.  
Plants reach instinctively toward the light.  
Humans instinctively seek connection,  
instinctively act —  
with living as the primary goal,  
unbound by worldly ethics.

Just like animals and plants,  
the human body has instincts.

Still anchored in the will to live —  
yet simultaneously constrained by oneself,  
ruled by thought.

"Instinctively" suppressing instinct.

That is not a bad thing.

Only, it happens far too often —  
especially when the body is involved.

Following the body's instincts is the daily life of animals and plants.

Following the body's instincts as much as possible is my daily life,  
my passion,  
my goal,  
my —

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感性 **\*\*Sensibility \_\_ Michelle\*\***

How beautiful it is to be a sensual human being —  
how beautiful it is to follow one's own instincts.

The sensation of a match held so close to the skin  
that you feel its warmth without being burned.

The taste of dark chocolate melting in the mouth.

The sound of heavy rain heard  
while safely cocooned in bed.

Sensuality moves you like moving through water —  
slowly, fluidly,  
aware of every ripple you create.

That is what makes us human:  
exposed yet safe,  
grounded yet full of power.

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**武和舞\*\*"Wu" (Martial) and "Wu" (Dance) \_\_ Mann\*\***

"Wu" (武) and "Wu" (舞) are inseparable from who I am:  
one is my surname, the other is my passion.

Dance comes in many forms. Among my earliest memories is the image of my parents on the dance floor, spinning lightly as they waltzed — sometimes fast, sometimes slow through a few turns, grace intertwined with a certain free-spiritedness, two figures dancing warmly and closely together, eyes meeting with a smile.

A moment's pause, then the next step — legs wide, waist stretched, music filling the air — shifting between fast and slow, flowing across every corner of the floor, sometimes intimate, sometimes passionate, making you feel that this is what happiness truly is.

Though dance comes in many forms, what I ultimately found was tango. And I made Argentine Tango — the most primal and passionate of all — my true home! It stirs every emotion; with every quickening of the heart, you can feel the warmth of your partner. Hand in hand, chest to chest, in the smallest of spaces, we pray for happiness and joy. Even a simple giro captivates you — and when you find the connection, a smile of wonder always follows. Touching someone you love with both body and soul — joyful and unforgettable.

\*(One could say tango is a gift to an exceedingly dangerous lover!)\*

\*※ In Cantonese, "武" (martial) and "舞" (dance) share the same pronunciation — both are read as "Mou."\*

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氣 **\*\*Qi (Breath / Energy) \_\_ Xiao Ding\*\***

Breathe in, breathe out. Qi circulates through the body —

perhaps the most abstract presence within us.

Exhale, inhale. Exhale, inhale.

We move together with all things. And yet

my breath never quite — com — es — to — com — ple — tion.

One out, one in, one out, one in, one out, one in.

Out out out out out — one in — one — out out out out out — one in —

Two three four out, two three four in, two three four, two four three.

Exhale — no; two three four exhale, three two one exhale — no.

Exhale — no; exhale — no;

exhale and pull the belly in, inhale and let the belly expand,

exhale — one — inhale — one —

Two three four inhale, four two three.

\*Pfff.\*

Sinking.

Sinking.

Sinking.

\*Wah! Wah! Waaah —\*

Floating.

\*Ha — ha — ha —\* exhale, one.

\*Ha — ha — ha —\* exhale, one.

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### 革命\*\*Revolution \_\_ Christine\*\*

On that day, fire lived in our breath,  
and the trembling between our ribs  
made us forget the burning heat around us.  
Heat rushed through the alleyways,  
weaving flags from beams of light.  
I was restless, believing this would last forever.  
But the light gradually dimmed,  
slipping into the haze,  
until even the shadows forgot their original forms.

Leaving was not a single step taken,  
but a process of slowly dissolving.  
See — the haze is now dispersing.  
Listen — the wind speaks in unfamiliar words.  
I learned to live within mirrors,

held an entire city in my fragile body,  
and gazed slowly at the blood and tears within it.

Ash is the emptiness that remains after everything has burned.

It settles quietly over the ground where we once stood.

Without noise, without surprise.

Creeping like a rhizome, waiting for the moment to grow.

Hope is not a flower in full bloom.

It waits in the dark —

like moss living in the crevices of rock,

soft yet tenaciously strong,

slowly eroding the stubborn stone of despair.

Between the breaths that remain,

seeds keep waiting for rain.

They sprout again, silently carrying the original resolve.

There is no more blazing fire —

we take root; we grow; we exist.

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## 平衡 \*\*Balance \_\_ Liam\*\*

I was afraid that people would only see the sunshine in me,  
denying my wounds.

The greater others' expectations grew,  
the more I activated "self-destruction" mode —  
surrendering myself to others and saying, "I don't deserve this."

Eventually I allowed myself to sink into darkness —  
crying endlessly, drowning in self-loathing, letting myself go.  
My thoughts were as chaotic and crowded  
as the rush-hour transfer platform at Admiralty Station —  
overwhelmingly packed.

When I joined this project, I chose for myself — "靜" \*(Stillness)\*.  
Calligrapher Jonathan gave me — "囂" \*(Clamour)\*.

"Stillness" is the self when alone —  
avoidant, anxious, lost in oneself.  
"Clamour" is the me that pushes too hard,  
trying to prove itself to the world.

Darkness and sunlight, depression and joy, self-deprecation and confidence —  
all of it is me.

True balance is being clamorous without arrogance,  
and being still without running away.

I once believed that *"stillness like undisturbed water"* was the final destination.

But true balance is not the stillness of undisturbed water.

It is having the courage to let the wind blow across the surface,  
to not fear making ripples —  
and yet, to no longer sink.

Whether clamorous or still,

I have finally reclaimed all of it as my own,  
and stopped performing for others.

\*✂ The original title of this piece was "Clamour and Stillness," but it has since  
been renamed "Balance."\*