

Zihan Iris Li

float i;

```
//introduce a new variable  
//a floating-point variable `f`  
//with undefined value
```

```
//float—in contrast to integer  
//has countless possibilities between 0 and 1  
//as there are no fixed digits on either side of a decimal point
```

```
// i—integer,  
// i—index,  
// i—imaginary unit,
```

```
// i—I
```

Approved by:

Nora N. Khan
Writing Critic, Department of Digital + Media

Shona Kitchen
Thesis Committee Chair, Department of Digital + Media

Mark Cetillia
Thesis Advisor, Department of Digital + Media

Gordon Hall
Guest Critic, Department of Sculpture

Writing presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Masters of Fine Arts in Digital + Media of the
Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island.

Acknowledgements

Putting this book together was definitely not easy for me. I'm so grateful for the support from many people in all kinds of ways.

I want to express my love to:

My family and friends.

Everyone who helped, encouraged, inspired and accompanied me in these two years, especially when I was down.

A very special thanks to Nora N. Khan, who led me to a whole new journey in my artistic practice and provided great help with my thesis writing.

Thanks to Shona Kitchen, Stephen Cooke, Aly Ogasian, and Mark Cetilia, who supported and helped me with my research and encouraged me to go beyond myself.

Thanks to Everett Epstein, who co-designed this book and helped with editing.

To infinity

Abstract

The digital world is just another reality, alongside all the other parallel universes. It is similar to dreams, reflecting our fear and desire. When we are not conscious, the particles from our mind will travel freely and construct dreams. While in virtual space, digits are those wandering particles which form the world and are partially controlled by our minds. What is interesting is that no one in those realities will question the logic and behaviours, even though some of them are ridiculous, if you think carefully when you are awake in this physical world. We do find things go wrong sometimes, and we call them glitches.

Glitches are particles that are left behind. They exist in the in-between space; they are the chaos, the awkwardness, and moments of uncertainty. In terms of dreams, the glitches happen when I experience sleep paralysis; I am half awake, and I can't move my body. In the digital world, the glitches are system errors, disconnections and beyond recognition. In my life, the glitches are failures to communicate, in which I lose reactivity and do not know who I am.

My perspective - one that oscillates between different worlds - allows me to better approach the contemporary collision zone between digital and physical space. I examine the ways that we behave are constantly shaped by the technological tools we create, changing how we see ourselves, communicate with people and interact with our surroundings. As an artist in conversation with technology, I investigate my anxiety through social communications and my fear of disappearance and senselessness. The journey from 'unease' to 'acceptance' requires me to embrace the 'glitch' inside, know that uncertainty is liberty.

My artistic practice imagines possibilities to rethink technology, offering positions beyond complicity or opposition. Through live performance, wearables and installations, I reveal what happens in cyberspace to the physical world, illuminating our current use of technology by creating absurd scenarios.

Supported by ideas from quantum physics and inspired by cyberspace, this book will be a mosaic of multiple realities including dreams and digital platforms, 'glitches' in those different spaces and the works I've been doing.

The reading experience will be a trip to multiple universes with floating particles or surfing various popup windows with hidden errors.

Table of Contents

☞ A Splash of the Milky Way //meet another i
02 Introduction
12 A post, one of many posts

☞ Dune Throat //i in a loop
22 Messages failed to send
30 [MUKBANG] [a story behind]

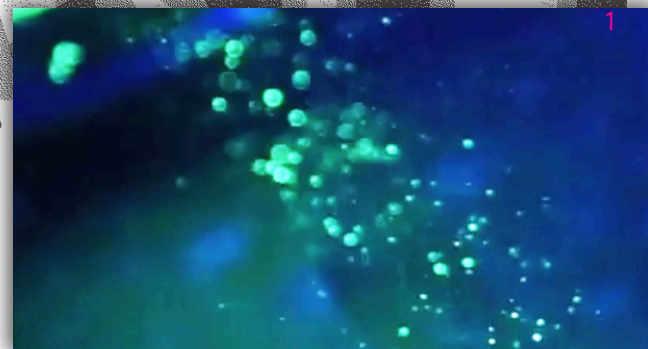
☞ 3.99g Sadness Mixed in a Package //hidden ingredients of i
42 A letter, one of many letters
48 Iris and the Magic Mirror

☞ Tunnel for eye //i be aware
60 Modern Therapy
72 [MUKBANG][Special events]
88 Iris and the Two Heavy Hands

A SPLASH

OF THE

MILKY WAY

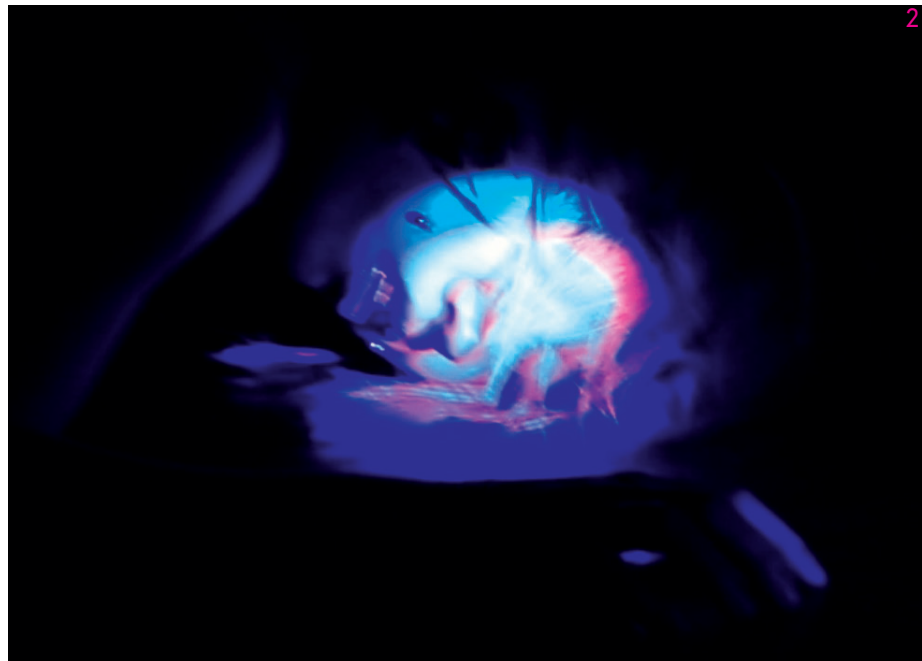


// meet another i

One night when I was 14, I woke up at midnight. My mind insisting that, "because $3+5 = 8$, you need to go back to sleep". I followed the simplest equation to execute the simplest function. I fell asleep in a second. With this small act, I slipped into an altered state.

One day after school when I was 8, I stood in the living room, looking up at the white plaster ceiling, whispering to myself: "I'll remember this moment, the moment right now."

This moment still remains clear to me. It feels like waking up from a dream that happened a second before. The scene occasionally bumps into my mind: the camera of my eye pointing down from the ceiling at the 8-year-old me.



If you shrink into a quantum scale, you will see that our bodies emit a steady aura of photons constantly. The photons radiating from our bodies travel freely between time and space. When I am half-conscious, I assume that my mind loosened the reins controlling these particles. Left now to wander, they bumped into passing photons. As the particles, I travel back to meet the 8-year-old me, slipping into multiple universes with ease.

According to the theory of superposition, a quantum exists at every position simultaneously, but it will collapse into one result when you observe it. Without intentional observation, the uncertain state is its most liberated condition. The idea of quantum consciousness, which is brought up by **Roger Penrose**, suggests that the formation of consciousness is the collapse of countless possibilities. I think there must be many other parallel universes that exist simultaneously, and sometimes our intuition can capture a blink of that uncertain state. Like the intuitive voice, 'three plus five equals eight', which threw me back to the liminal reality of sleep.

Roger Penrose.
The Emperor's New
Mind: Concerning
Computers, Minds and
The Laws of Physics.
1989

While the physical world is built by a myriad of quanta, another particulate, digits, construct cyberspace, which we inhabit at the same time. We concurrently exist in various digital platforms as data, and as diffuse entities. Logging into a certain platform collapses us into fixed, virtual selves.



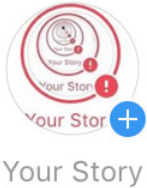
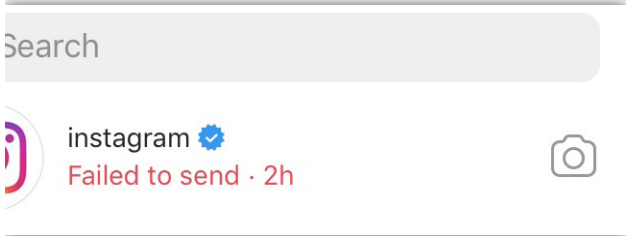
For Penrose, the logical calculation of a computer can not provoke intuition, as consciousness is not "algorithmic". A camera will not have self-awareness when it is placed in front of a mirror. However, for me, glitches are the intuition of a machine. They break through the barrier of programming, open up the entry to uncertainty, and interfere with digits from elsewhere.

At the beginning of this semester, while cleaning my laptop, I encountered a stack of waveform audio files dancing in an uncanny wave.

A glitch.

	Name	Kind	Last Accessed	Size
ero KB	Tom1_05.wav	Waveform audio	10/4/2017, 5:51 AM	223.5 MB
.88 GB	Tom2_05.wav	Waveform audio	10/4/2017, 5:51 AM	223.5 MB
7.2 MB	Tom3_05.wav	Waveform audio	10/4/2017, 5:51 AM	223.5 MB
5.2 MB	Kick_05.wav	Waveform audio	10/4/2017, 5:50 AM	223.5 MB

Intertwined with various digital platforms constantly, a stream of my consciousness must flow through cyberspace. In glitches, I catch a glimpse of this entangled other.



I noticed more glitches when there was a period that I felt emotionally disconnected; suddenly errors occurred on my phone, social media and video platforms. Everything around me seemed eerily caught in a field of glitch, sharing the same feeling of disconnection.



In front of a mirror,
I see a human
—a cyborg
—a machine programmed like other machines
—a glitch inside.



Glitch and I embrace:
Let's escape from the collapse.

The same street looks
different in everyone's mind.
It's depicted by our
subconsciousness,
without any intent.

What I can see is:
one side is the ocean,
the other side is the crowds.
—bustling but calm,
like the white noise.



A post, one of many posts

00:00:00

I'm naked running on the internet

00:00:00

Name: private

Location: private

Follower: 0

00:00:00

After a long time silence

another bubble broke

I'm back to chaos

00:00:00

No sync to Facebook

No sync to Instagram

No sync to WeChat

No sync to Weibo

No sync to Contacts

00:00:00

The backside of the moon is ice cream

00:00:00

Followed quantum spaceship, cyber raccoon, abnormality research centre and 11 more

Liked circumference of 0 li 's post

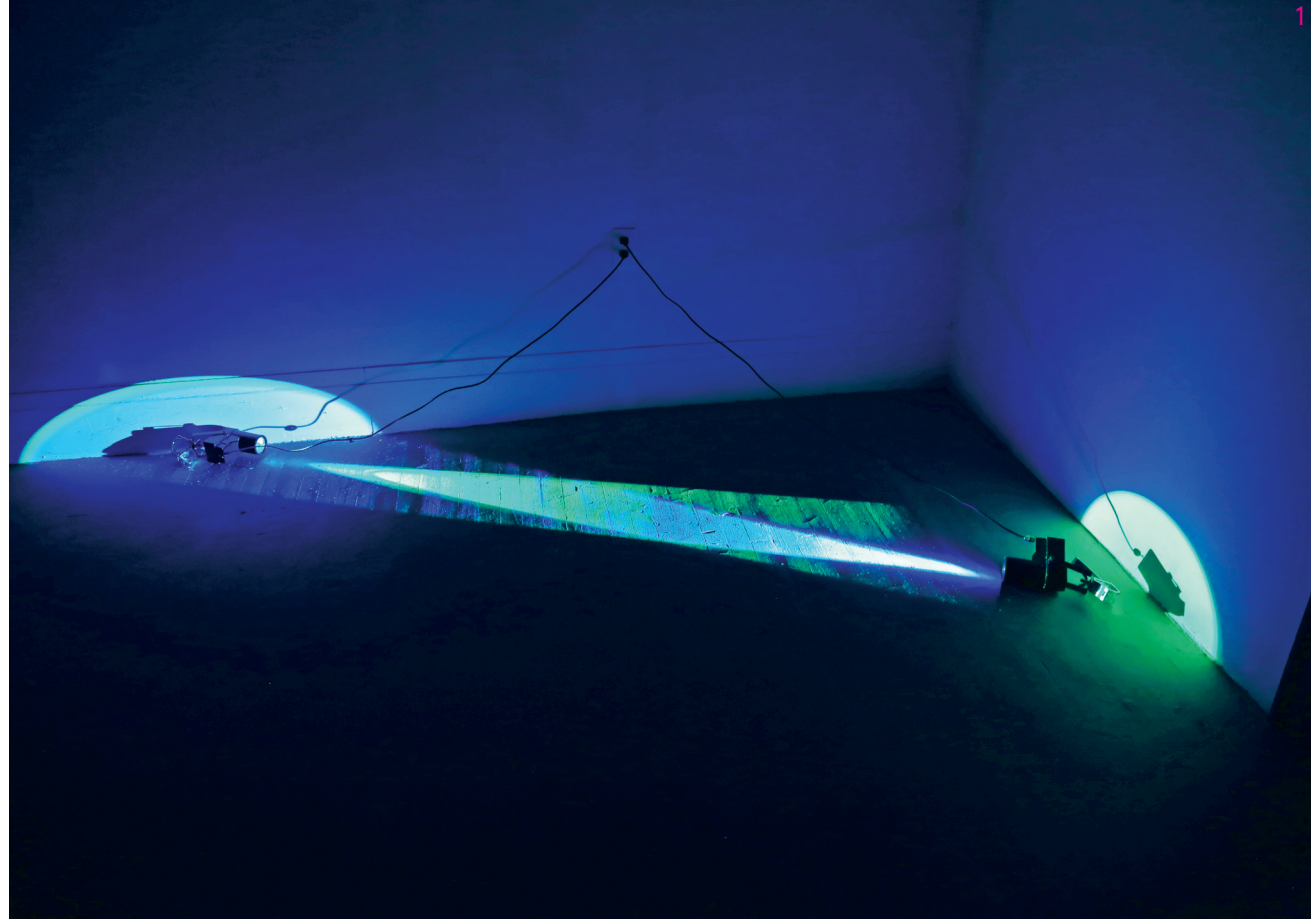
00:00:00

I woke up with the word 'interference' repeating in my mind

00:00:00

System message(1): Do you want to bind to your phone?

Private message(0)



DUNNEE THROAT



//i in a loop

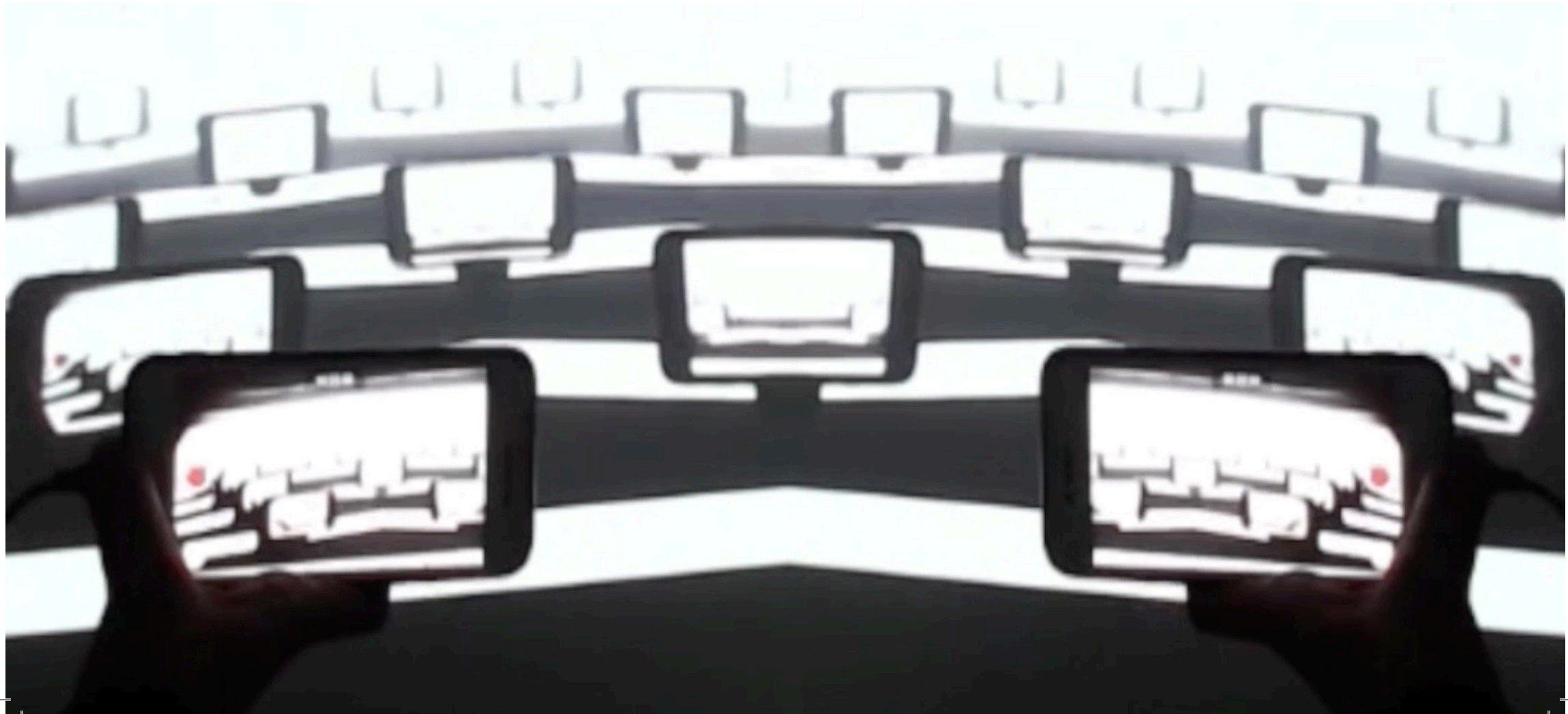
We walked down from a mountain. It was so steep that I had to use my hands to climb back from the stairs.

Suddenly, the stairs turned out to be a huge fabric at the moment when I failed to grasp it. I fell off from the mountain-side into the abyss.



As soon as I hit the ground,
I flickered twice, and appeared
on the mountaintop again, with
the same people.

—the game restarted.



Messages failed to send

now

slide to reply

We are going to see an exhibition together. They just watch their phones, they look so busy, they don't listen to me...they don't want to talk to me? what should i say?

ok I'm texting you because i don't want to be awkward, I'm just pretending i have stuff to do on my phone also. I don't talk to them is because I'm busy, not because I don't know what to talk or I'm afraid of being ignored.

Many of us are having dinner on the same table, no one is on their phone. What should I talk about, help! I never had a real conversation with people, we only talk about online stuff.

The couple sits next to us never stop playing with their phones, are they texting each other? LOL

Now I'm messaging you through my laptop because my phone is dead! Why I forgot to bring my charger again? I look so ridiculous haha I'm walking outside now! I'm holding my laptop with one hand and typing with the other hand. Thank god we got wifi here!

I went to see the doctor about my headache. He said that it's caused by long-time use of phone, and I should do more exercise, like raising my head and stretching my shoulders. So now I'm trying that, it's a really uncomfortable position!

My phone is broken, I'm so reliffffffffed.. slsrosorry i can't control that,,,/the screen is broken in to piecesses[sei ;sje ! finally i don't need to keepepojs online

He was really angry today. We had a serious argument... I missed what he said, I didn't mean to do that... Everyone is watching their phone while eating, not only me! But I never saw him being so mad :(Maybe I really did something bad...? btw, they fixed my phone this afternoon, so fast!

The whole day didn't touch my phone hahahahahaha level 1 completed!!

They said I'm difficult to reach and all the people from the group were waiting for my response. I just didn't check the app for ten minutes, they could have called me, they have my number. Or they can just come to knock my door if that's emergency...we are on the same floor.

They are everywhere!

There's nowhere for me to stay alone. This place is so crowded, so intense, so breathless. They are swallowing me, I can't reject.

I know you won't read any of those, I understand, I'm sending too much. Like whenever I want to share something interesting, she won't hear me, no matter how many times I repeated. Maybe because that's not interesting at all?

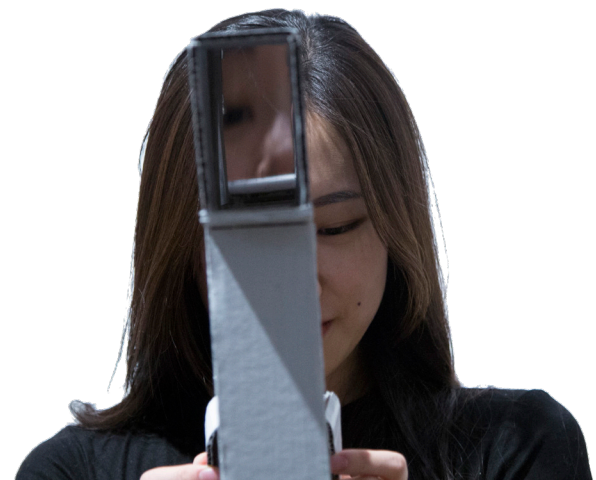
I don't know what to talk about... myself, them?
No, they won't care.

He said if he was with somebody, he would not touch his phone, he would just focus on what they were doing, that's why he didn't reply at that moment.



I think I won't text you this often, but you know that I'll visit you regularly. It's tough for me, but I'm now learning to stay interested in the outside world, and I'm trying to step out.

You're added to the group now, say hi to your new friends :)
They are waiting for you on Page 60



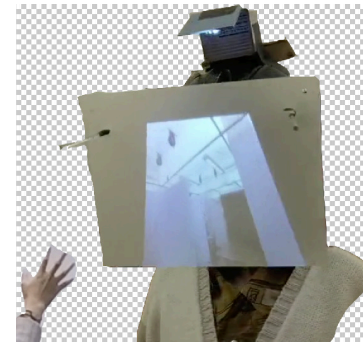
It happened many times.

Sometimes it was when I tried to catch a train. No matter how hard I tried, I was always blocked by the crowd. I saw the train was just in front of me, it never left, everyone was running, but no one could get onto the train.



Sometimes there was a heavy storm, and when I started to approach, the wind stopped, as did the rain. I was running in the same spot, or going backward, like on a treadmill.

I cannot move forward.



[MUKBANG][a story behind]

0 views | 8 years ago



Hi my friends, thanks for watching my channel ^v^
Please subscribe if you haven't yet.

Today I'm going to tell you the secret behind my success of
being a Mukbang watcher.

It will be easier to start if you have some 'supportive'
friends who always comment on how much you eat, or you
don't have anyone to eat with.

In either scenario, watching other people eat online is the
best solution - they will eat for you, and eat with you.

▶▶ Many times, I have to stop myself from eating too much. As I can eat more than my friends do, they always remind me that I shouldn't give up on my body shape and indulge myself.

In Mukbang, the eating live stream, there are tons of people who can eat huge amounts of food and never get fat.

So if you are in my case - you want to eat a lot but you are on a diet, watching Mukbang can help you!

Just choose a broadcaster you like, and imagine yourself being them. They can eat whatever you want for you.



▶▶ There are various types of eating to choose from, either focusing on the ASMR sound, or having a similar eating style as you. Sounds exciting, right?

After practicing for several nights, you will feel full and satisfied just by watching them without you eating anything!



The other common case is that you don't want to eat alone. Then you can choose more talkative Mukbang broadcasters.

It will take time to find, but be patient and watch all kinds of broadcasters from different countries. I'm sure you'll find someone you like to eat with.



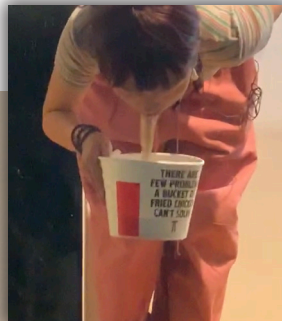
For my experience, I watched day and night until I found my favourite broadcasters. The related videos may help you to find more meal friends.

Another trick is to choose x1.5 speed to watch, it will feed you more kinds of food in the same amount of time. You will probably spend 5 hours per day to watch them, so speeding up can save you a lot of time!



Don't worry if their voice sounds different, some of them have already added effects to their sound. I don't believe the rumour that the sound effect is to cover their husky voice caused by vomiting over and over.

We all vomit a lot after binge eating, don't we?



I hope this video can help with your problems, and I'm glad if you decide to join our Mukbang watcher family!

I will share more stories of me and Mukbang on Page 72, please stay tuned :) See you next time!

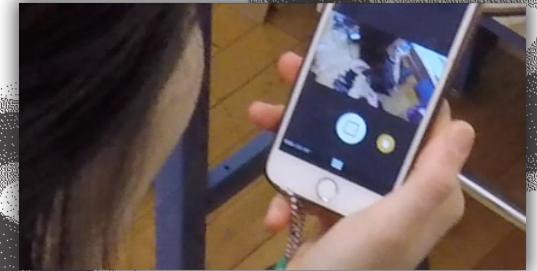


In a primary school, during recess, it was dark and empty. I stood on the corridor by myself.

A birthday song floated out from a classroom. I walked inside the classroom, wanted to join them, but I couldn't recognise any of them. Also, nobody noticed me.



//hidden ingredients of i



3.99g
SADNESS
MIXED IN A PACKAGE

A letter, one of many letters

Dear If,

I know I won't send off this letter, but I always want to write to you. I'm afraid of giving you too much pressure by telling you all of my personal stuff. We never met each other. I don't know if you even exist. Do I exist either - If my voice can't be heard? I had been restlessly waiting for your response at all hours until I moved to another place. Therefore, I can just pretend you sent to my previous address, not because you don't want to reply - even though I know I'm at all the places concurrently.

I love writing letters, especially to someone I barely know or never meet. It's different from writing diaries, but almost like it. The advantage of letters is that it will stay somewhere and I don't need to keep it. It might even be read by someone. I can't remember how many diary notebooks were torn off and flushed into the toilet by myself - I can't stop writing my thoughts, but whenever I look back, I'll hate my broken self. Sending them to other people is just another way of throwing away those thoughts.

The first time I wrote to you, I hesitated for a long time before sending it off, long enough for me to forget what the content was. It's actually not that long, compared to the time for good memories to fade away. Sometimes I can't figure out if something happened or not. Are they in my dream? Are they in my mind? Or they did happen at all? I like being forgetful and ambiguous, as I can just assume all bad memories didn't really happen - that's how my self-protective system works.

I think I met you in one of my dreams. Even if your face was blurred and unfamiliar, I knew that was you, for sure. That's our first meet, in another universe. You know that part of our body can travel beyond time, don't you?

By the way, how do you think the end of the world looks like? Will all different universes collapse into one, or will there only be one universe when comes to the end? I've never dreamed about the same scene before, but this year, there was one particular scene that appeared in my dreams again and again - mountains aflame. They happened in different ways, but ultimately, I just watched the fire calmly. What do you think the spirits will do after the end of the

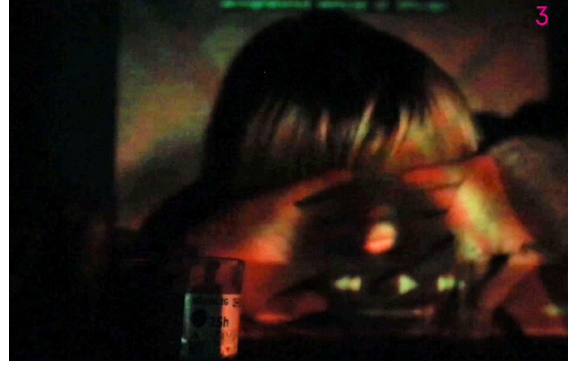
world? Do they keep looking for another body to inhabit or do they just flow in the air endlessly? Do spirits have to live in physical bodies? Will the life restart whenever they find another flesh? If they don't, will they be overlooked by other spirits? Why do we need reincarnation? Is that inherently programmed? How does the reincarnation system actually work? Do we need to fill out application forms, have interviews? Are there intermediate companies to balance the yin market and yang market? Who decides which creature to become for the next life, whether to be a human being, a moth, or a stone? Oh, we can probably decide everything by ourselves after the apocalypse - like lucid dreaming, there is no boundary, no hierarchy. We shape the space, we shape the time, we shape ourselves.

How's your life going? Anything exciting happen?

Wish you all the best :)

Sincerely,

Else



I didn't have anything to sing for the singing competition, so I decided to be the judge. I have a tool that can detect human faces and pixelate them, it would be fairer. I thought.



The other day, people told me the reason for me to be the judge is just because of my eye —it can record the competition and play it back for them.



Iris and the Magic Mirror

@Generated from Memory Collector
Visit Memory Collector to create your own fairy tale



Once upon a time there was a big face girl called Iris. Iris never thought her face was big until she got lost in a forest called 'high school'. In high school, there were three cute bears who claimed themselves to be Iris's friends.

"Iris, Iris, do you know your face is so big?" giggled one bear.

"Iris, Iris, let me just call you 'big face' as a nickname. We are close friends, we should give special names to each other." The other bear showed Iris a sweet smile.

"Iris, Iris, can I have one of your pictures as a gift, so that I can post it online every year when your birthday comes?" The third bear waved a picture to Iris which was stolen from her bag. That's the ugliest picture of Iris; she fought so hard to take it back but she failed.

The toys in her bag were the only comforts she had whenever she thought about those three bears. Among 'bob haircut', 'cheek contour', 'chokers' and many other toys, Iris loved 'magic mirror' the best - instead of showing a visually smaller face to Iris like the other toys, it would always be with Iris and told her softly that she looked great.

With the company of magic mirror, Iris eventually found her way out of the forest.

When she got out, she noticed that everyone's magic mirror was more powerful than hers. They had been soaked into the potion which was made by some genius magicians.

The magicians collected people's spit which contained their ideas of beauty and poured them all together, then concentrated that into the potion. In Iris's hometown, the most popular one was egg-textured skin, apple-sized eyes, and cone-shaped face. Everyone looked so shiny in the reflection of their spit-soaked mirrors.

Iris was intrigued, and she asked her magic mirror if it could also do that for her - soaked itself in the potion and made her look like them.

The magic mirror did that for Iris.

When it came home with the spit-soaked coating, Iris for the first time found herself as shiny as those people, and she had a small face. Thinking about how annoying the bears were, Iris hugged the mirror tightly and ran out to play with the shiny people. They welcomed Iris so warmly that she didn't want to leave them and her mirror for a second.

Within just a few days, the coating faded away, but Iris couldn't accept her original look anymore. Even her magic mirror softly told her that she looked great as usual. She commanded the mirror to get the spit-soaked coating back.

"Sorry my lord, we are designed with terms and conditions. The only way to keep me coated with spit is to feed me with your body. But you don't have to do that, you already look good, you..."

"Ok, I'll let you eat me!" Iris interrupted the mirror before it finished its line.

She gave her hands first, then arms, feet, legs... She kept feeding the magic mirror without thinking, as she only cared about whether her reflection was still shiny.

The mirror, too, suddenly became more and more greedy. It shouted to Iris : "Give me more! Give me more!"

Not until this was over did Iris realise, the mirror had already swallowed the last part of Iris's body.

The mirror let out a belch, back to its tender demeanour, and whispered to the forever shiny Iris in its belly :

"You look great."

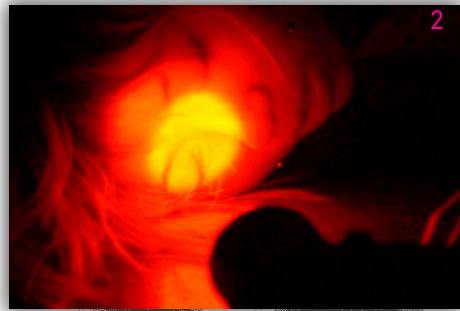


See another generated result on Page 88



She pulls open her two lower eyelids all the way to her mouth, on which are revealed the gashes cut in grids, deep and fresh.



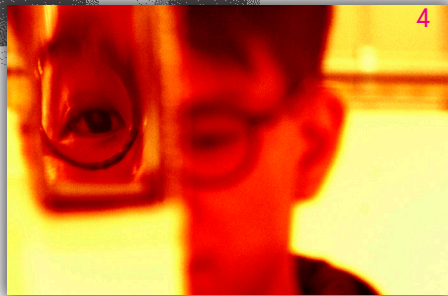


//i be aware

TUNNEL



FOR EYE



My eyes are round.
No matter how hard I squeeze
them, they are never arched
smilingly eyes.



One day in the bathroom,
we chatted cheerfully.
Within a glimpse,
I caught myself in the mirror,
laughing with arched eyes.

I stunned
—something must be wrong.

Modern Therapy

clone or download

shared by ZihanLI

[Code](#) [Issue](#) [Pull requests](#)

- template for individual.ai
- template for two users.ai
- demo video.mov
- message failed to send.txt [redirect on Page 22](#)



Quick links:
<https://youtu.be/Z8r9uzg8rMA>

README.md

Many of us share the same problem that we cannot put down our phones. Even if we want to focus on people in front of us and the physical world, our body memory will keep us staying with our phones. This open-source page shares alternate ways to solve this problem. It provides templates for you to make your own 'devices', and shows steps of two therapies.

Please make sure that you practice enough times and you get used to each step before you move to the next stage. After tested by myself, the best duration for each step is about 21 days, 5 hours a group, 3 groups a day. Enjoy building your own tunnels towards the real world and people you care about!



第一阶段 First Stage

1. Tie the go pro with a head band
将go pro系在一个头带上
2. Put it on your forehead
放到额头上
3. Fasten your head band
系紧
4. Connect go pro to your phone
将go pro与你的手机连接
5. Navigate by go pro View
用go pro来探路吧!

Try not to look up to have a better treatment
尽量不要抬头来保证拍摄质量

第二阶段 Second Stage

1. Put on this headset
戴上这个东西
2. Adjust the height
调整高度
3. Look around to accommodate
四处看看来适应
4. Say Hi to the new world
和新世界打招呼
5. Free your hands
解放双手

Train your neck
训练颈部动作

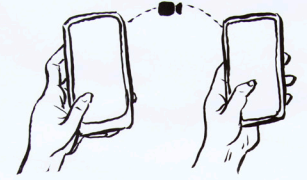
It's an important stage to adjust your body movement
please wear it all the time!


第三阶段 Third Stage

1. Put your phone in a secret place
将你的手机放在隐蔽的地方
2. Lock it
锁上
3. Pick up your new phone
拿起新手机
4. Say Hi to the new world
面向新世界
5. Free yourself while walking
with your "new phone"
用新手机来解放路上的你吧!

Congratulations! That's your final stage!
祝贺! 这是你最后一个阶段!

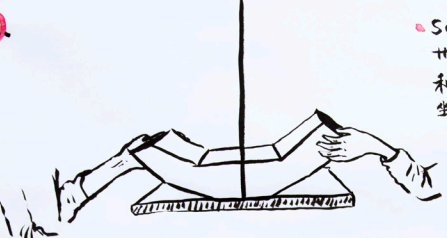
第一阶段 First Stage

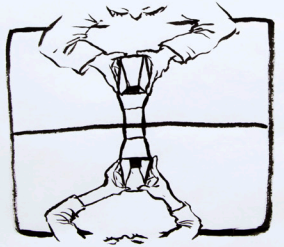
1.  • Take out your phone and FaceTime with your treatment partner
拿出手機與你的治療對象視頻通話

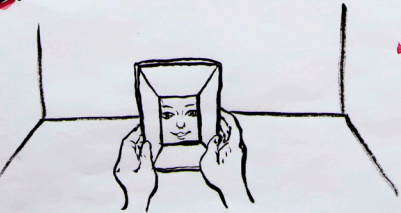
2.  • Do it while your partner and you are in the same place
當你們在同一個地方時進行

3.  • Having dinner, or walking together or anything...
吃飯時、一起走路時、或任何事情...


第二阶段 Second Stage


1.  • Seat with your treatment partner
和你的治療對象坐在一起


2.  • Look into it and talk with your partner
看里面並與他說話

3.  • Here is the only place you can talk to each other, treasure you time!
這裏是你們可以交流的唯-地方 珍惜吧!

第三阶段 Third Stage

1.  • put it on the table when you are having meal
吃飯時將它放桌上

2.  • Looking into each other occasionally while you are eating
時不時看看對方

3.  • Have a good meal!
祝您吃得愉快!

• This is the final stage, you can apply it to other situations as well.
這是最後階段，你也可以應用到其他場合

All the food from the buffet is electronic parts.

I stared at the food on my plate, with a fork and a knife hold in my hands.



I kept switching the 'food' with my mind, trying to find the one which can help me go to the stage of lucid dreaming.





5



5

[MUKBANG][Special events]

Recommended for you - Page 30

Subtitles/CC: English

▶▶ 2019.4.11 9:00pm-10:20pm

I'm so glad to see you guys in real life for the first time! Although I can't see who is on the other side, I'm physically here with you. I guess the biggest difference between tonight's Mukbang from the previous live streams is that we can have real interactions. Between you and me, there's only a one-way mirror, and through the bottom gap, we can exchange food.

Oh there's a big strawberry sent by someone! In return, I'll give you a dumpling!

<chewing sound>

... <Speed x16> ...

Thank you guys haha, I got too much food from you! Do you have enough for yourself?

Who is knocking my screen? Is that your drink?

Cheers! Are you also drinking coke?

<clink back to the one-way mirror>

... <Speed x16> ...

Can you hear my voice more clearly this time? You like the chewing sound better?

What are you eating right now? Keep commenting, I want to chat with you.

You want me to eat fried chicken with ice cream? Let me try...it actually tastes great!

... <Speed x16> ...

Here's the last bite for today!

Thank you so much for coming! Hope to see you next time!



▶▶ 2019.10.3 7:40pm-8:30pm

Hello everybody! This is tonight's challenge: finish this whole bucket of chicken! It's a meal for four people.

Wish me good luck!

<chewing sound>

Someone commented to ask me to eat faster. haha. I'm doing my best! I ate the whole chicken wing in only one bite.

What do you want me to eat next? mashed potato? corn? biscuit? or more chicken? which one? ...

Hello? can you hear me? anyone?

Ok then I'll just have another chicken wing. What's your favourite food? Have you had dinner yet? ...

I guess no one can hear me. Alright, so the chicken tastes actually bad when it's cold, but I think the way I eat makes it look tasty, right? Also, the water really helps me to swallow faster. I'm so glad that I have enough water here, otherwise, how can I eat all of these...

... <Speed x16> ...

I'm done with this, that's too much, but there's one more left, I need to finish.

I hope they feel that I'm enjoying this. My face is sore, I'm smiling too much.

This is disgusting, I'm about to throw up...

<vomiting>

That feels much better.

Well, this is not the first time, I'm experienced in that.

(Smile)Thanks for coming! See you next time!



▶▶ 2019.10.22 7:00pm-8:05pm

I didn't tell anybody I'm going to have Mukbang tonight.

It will just be an ordinary meal, although I'm being displayed in public.

You know what? If I go to some restaurants by myself, they will also bring a spotlight pointing at me. They almost announced to everyone that someone is eating alone! They said they are being kind by putting a huge teddy bear in front of me, but I don't care if there's nothing in the front. Everyone in the restaurant will throw me a pitying look.



Right now, I'm eating alone, facing the street in downtown. I don't know if anyone will pass by and see me. But I won't see you, so you can feel free to throw me any look you want.

It's so relaxing this time that I don't need to put on a pleasant face for you. I can just be on my phone, even though the content is shown on the big monitor beside me.

I'm being totally exposed.

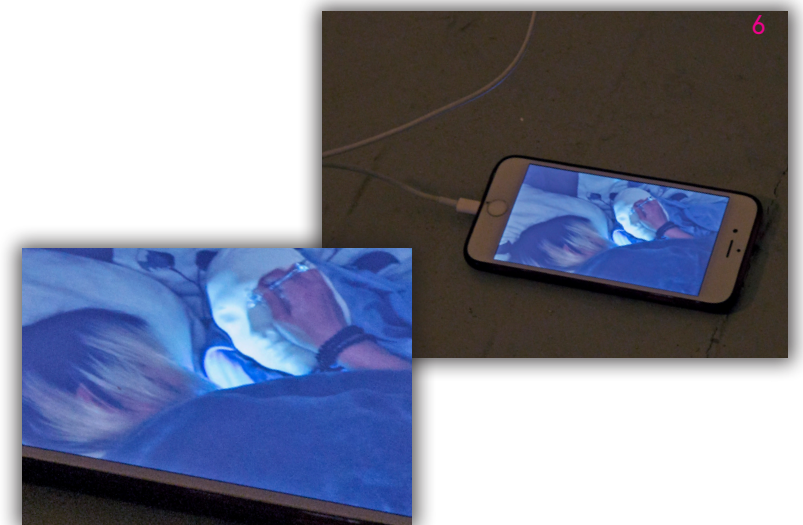


When everyone froze in panic, she appeared in a metal mask that concealed all her facial features.

Suddenly all the knives pointed at her from all directions.

She deflected the knives with her mask, except for one which punctured her left cheek.

She turned to the knife slowly, leaving a deep scratch on the only exposed area of her face.





Iris and the Iron Hands

@Story posted by an anonymous netizen



I assume you all know the story of Iris and the magic mirror. If not, please go to Page 48.

Today I'm going to tell you another version of that story.

Once upon a time there was a big face girl called Iris. Her best toy was a magic mirror. After it was soaked in the magician's potion, the mirror could change her look into the most popular egg-textured skin, apple-sized eyes, and cone-shaped face. To keep the spit coating on, Iris had to keep feeding the mirror with parts of her body. She gave the mirror her two hands first, and when she was ready to sacrifice another part, she suddenly noticed something wrong.

Iris has two moles on her cheek, and she loved them so much. It took Iris about a year to raise them up. She took great care of them with love, because that's the gift from her mom. Iris's mom also had a big mole on her face, although people around them thought their moles were ugly and should be cut off. Iris promised to mom that they would protect their moles, no matter what happens.

So this time, when Iris stepped into her shiny look, she found her cheek moles disappeared.

"Why did you erase my moles?" asked Iris angrily.

"Well, anything not in the beauty potion will be erased," the magic mirror explained.

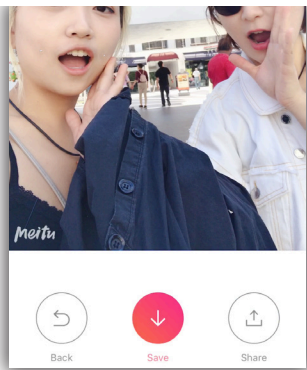
"I think my moles are so pretty, why you decided what is beauty for me?" Iris almost cried, then said, "You betrayed me! Give my hands back to me! Spit them out!"

She started to kick the magic mirror.

"Ouch! ouch! That's not fair! It was you that made me soak in the potion and now you want to back out!"

The mirror ran away from Iris and hid behind a tree, "Besides, it's not me to decide what is beauty, it's the magician! no, it's the people who spit-the majority in town!"

"I don't want the coating anymore, I want my hands back!" Iris clung to the mirror with her feet, and bursted into tears.



Seeing Iris cry, the mirror got flustered, it didn't want to get in trouble. The mirror pretended to be principled and conscientious.

It pat Iris and said, "I'll give your hands back, but they will not be as same as the original one. It was told in terms and conditions, and you didn't hear that part..."

Then the mirror spitted out two iron hands and fled.

Iris connected the iron hands to her arms, and she immediately recognised that the hands are frozen into the gestures she did the most to make her face look smaller.

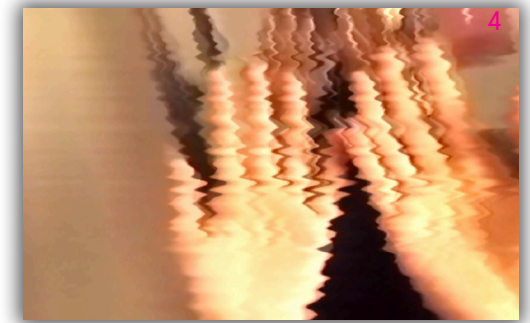
Having these two hand gestures around her face was so easy and comforting for her, but at this point, they were just too heavy and painful to carry.



Iris left here.

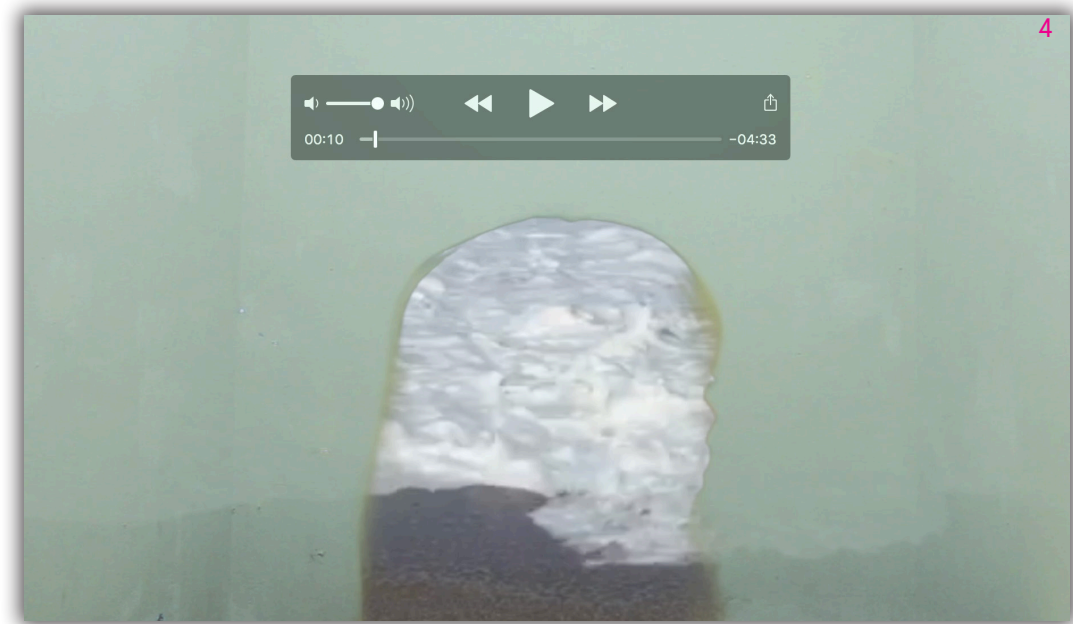
We don't know how Iris dealt with her iron hands, nor do we know if she regrets what she did to the magic mirror.

Even though people gossip about the iron hands, they keep spitting into the potion and feed their bodies to their mirrors. More and more magic mirrors are produced and soaked with that shiny coating, which made by shattered limbs and disgusting spit.



The oncoming crowd walked
against me like a wave.
their faces obscure.
I couldn't move.
They blanketed me as they
passed through my body.

I was called by some voice,
and I turned around,
only to see the white plaster
ceiling above me



-i woke up.

Image List

1. Whisper (2019)

installation, 2m x 2m x 0.5m
sound reactive light
photo credit to Zihan Iris Li

2. FM (2019)

performance, 20min, 5m x 5m x 5m
sound reactive light
photo credit to Eunhyung Chung

3. Tech Paralysis (2019)

video, 1920x1080, performance, 15min
GoPro, USB microphone, Max MSP
screenshots from video produced by Zihan Iris Li

4. Modern Therapy (2018)

installation, 1.2m x 2m x 3m
cardboard, mirror, phone, GoPro
photo credit to Zihan Iris Li
model: Ji Yoon Jen Chung, Weng Wei Hsiang

5. On Air (2019)

performance, 60min, 1m x 3m x 2m
one-way mirror, wood, monitor, phone, microphone
photo credit to Eunhyung Chung, Jihoo Kim, Zongxian
Huang, Zhanyi Chen

6. Masks of masks (2019)

video installation, 9min, 1920x1080
plaster, plastic, projector
screenshots from video produced by Zihan Iris Li

7. Burden (2019)

sculpture, 0.5m x 0.5m x 0.8m, performance, 15min
iron, ribbon, velvet, mirror
photo credit to Zihan Iris Li, Eunhyung Chung

lizihan-iris.com

©copyright 2020
by Zihan Iris Li
all rights reserved


```
//introduce a new variable
//a floating-point variable 'i'
//with undefined value

//float—in contrast to integer
//has countless possibilities between 0 and 1
//as there are no fixed digits on either side of a decimal point

// i—integer,
// i—index,
// i—imaginary unit,

// i—l
```