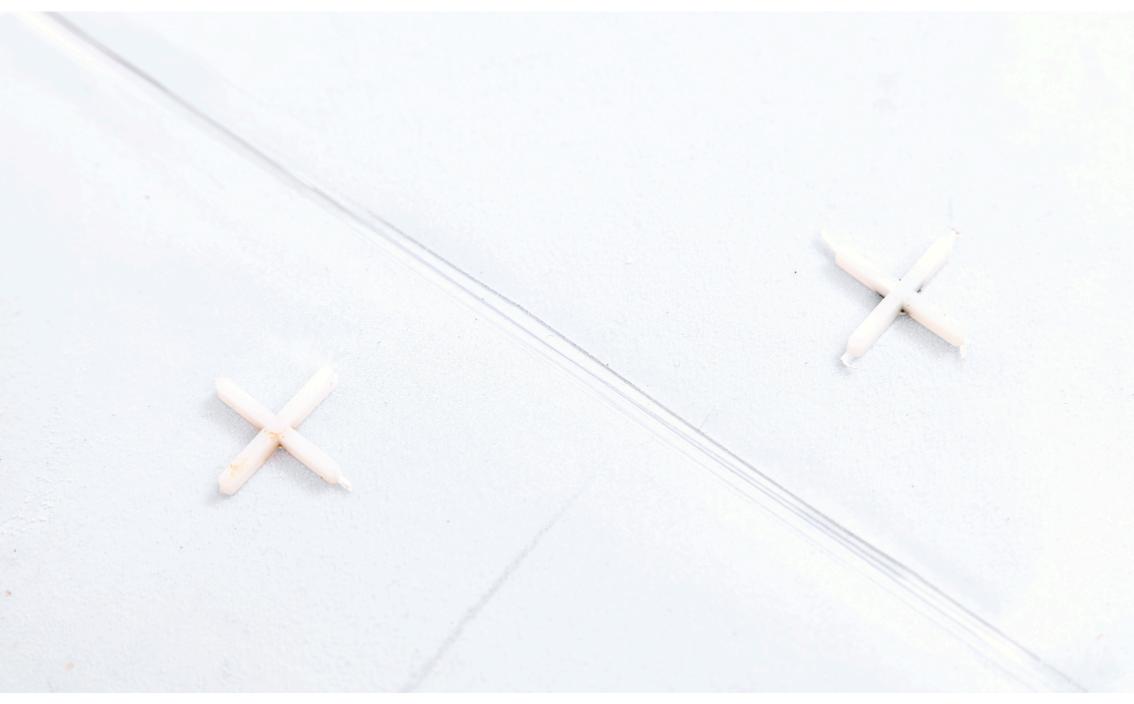






2019-2023, transferred pencil drawing on confetti, displayed in plastic-wrapped frames and scattered on floor, 1.5 x 1.5 cm, set of 100 (close-up)



2023, spray paint on PVC, sticker on window, tile spacer, cassette player, size variable (close-up)

A plaster with flowing blue droplets alludes to the imagination of the plaster as a house fragment, which once had the memory of the house, left in the trash crying. A pair of eyeballs in a distorted form, which usually happens after one crying a lot, came to visit the house that it could no longer recognize it.

In the old house, a black and white window with a curtain flying and dying plants tell you one is no longer living there. Restlessly laying around, paper made British-Hong Kong coins are also flying, flipping up and down as if the memory comes and goes. Looking into the photo where images of the coins display, it asks: I did not ask you to come by, why did you. The only thing that stands still is a mirror. Covered with droplets, it lost its reflection to see oneself clearly but only a crying eyeball.

To visit the home, one has to choose. To settle down, one has to cut themselves into half, one for the longing past, another half for the insecure future. Heading to the cloud and looking through the window, one may discover the light that casts the shadow of the window: the moon is shining on the sea, we are heading to it, why is it not shining on us?

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V. MOONLIGHT (THE MOON IS SHINING ON THE SEA, WE ARE HEADING TO IT, WHY IS IT NOT SHINING ON US?)

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2020 sewn cotton thread and print on curtain 290 x 200 cm

(close-up)





IV. CRYING EYEBALL (THE EYEBALL VISITED THE HOME CHANGED A LOT...)

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abandoned plaster house fragments 26 x 15 x 8 cm; 28 x 14 x 7 cm set of 2

(installation view)



"Half" is another key motif of the exhibition—half day, half night; half real, half imagined; half light, half shadow. All objects are searching for their other half. Jessie said she often feels that after crying, eyes become mismatched—one larger, one smaller. And in this pair of mismatched circular mirrors, the eyeball is split in two: one half remains in the eye, watching the other—one that can only be seen in a mirror...

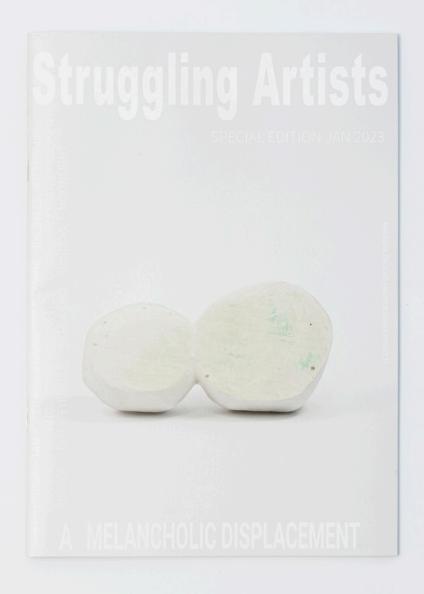
Jessie has long been playing this game of constructing a thirdperson version of herself, watching herself, even building her own artistic discourse.

// I did not ask you to come by, why did you? //

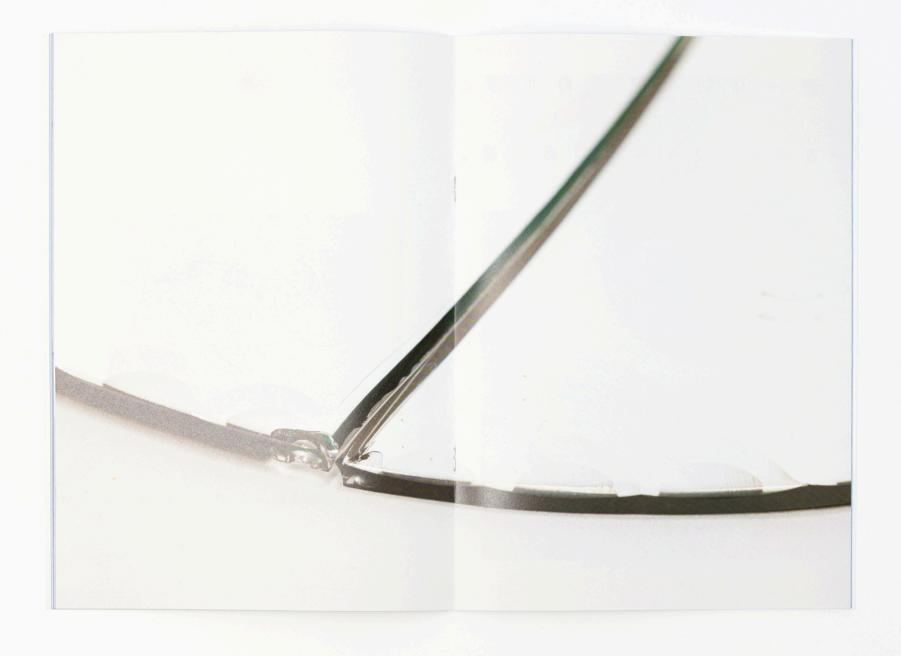
...In It Has to Be Apart\It Has to Be Alone, they become the names of Household Fragments, the monologues of Eyeball Maniac, and get continuously reassembled across various texts.

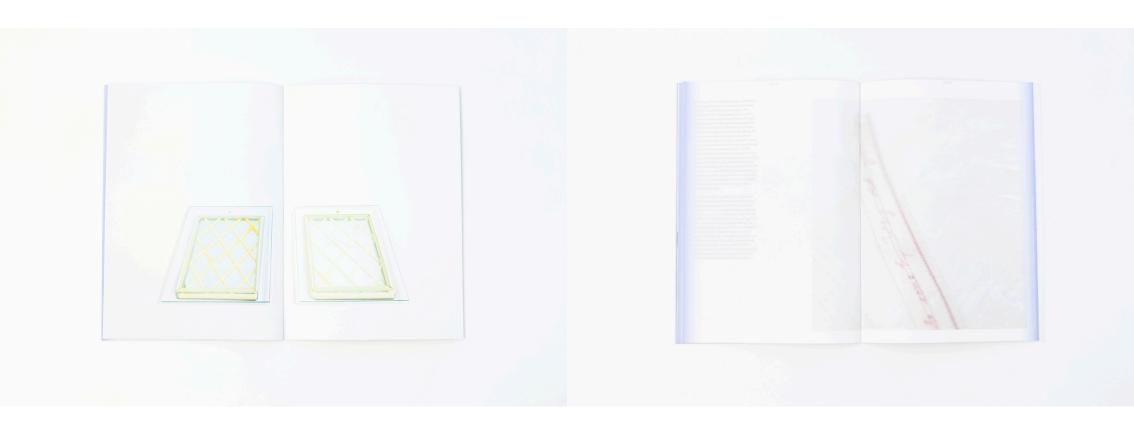
They quietly appear like small coins beside Jessie. She uses these stars and moons to align and tighten floor tiles, yet treats them like dust gently sending them away, leaving space behind, allowing the dust to return again. Open the exhibition booklet, and you may find they've followed you too flashing back in your mind when you least expect it.

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In a cold-toned room, surrounded by blue and transparent materials—plastic film, acrylic sheets, and cellophane—the space recreates the sensation of vision being wrapped in tearful eyes. It mimics how our sight is filtered through water molecules, tinged with the faintest blue, accompanied by irregular refractions and wrinkles from droplets.

As Eyeball Maniac, Jessie tells the story of plaster eyeballs. The three of them—hers, the eyes of the audience, and those of the space—are connected in a single visual line throughout the performance, guiding viewers through the work and the old home.

After the performance, I asked Jessie if she saw anything inside the plaster eye. She said it was pure darkness. Indeed, the color of the pupil had already told us: the world inside the eyeball is black.

// I want the eyeballs to see themselves cut in half //

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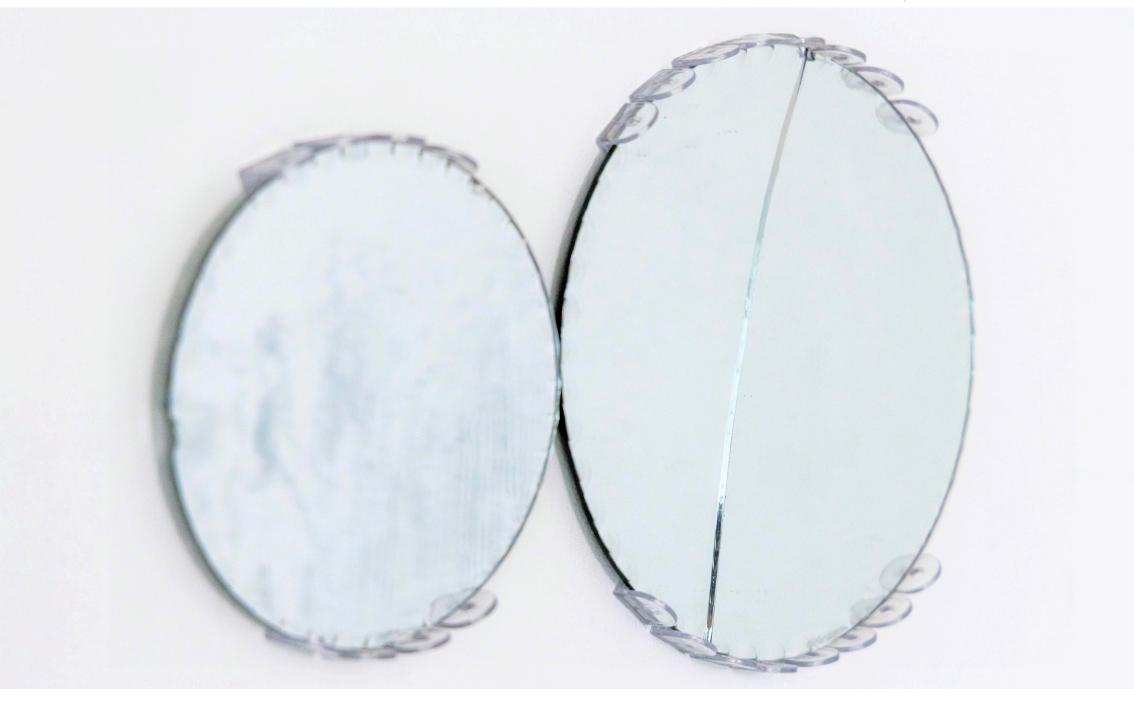




II. EYEBALL MANIAC

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2023, laser engraving on frosted acrylic board, mirror, plastic sheet, needles, lampshade, pencil drawing on envelope, steel rack, duvet plastic packaging, 15 x 75 x 0.5 cm, set of 21 (close-up)

Jessie Tam's 'It Has to Be Apart/It Has to Be Alone' (2022) asks us how we can transform objects to reclaim and preserve them. Her exploration into unwanted household fragments mirror how community spaces are undervalued in a neoliberal society. Inspired by her Aunt's now-demolished home in Hong Kong, Tam's work cuts nine abandoned items in half to commemorate their missing pasts and reach for their missing futures—the most striking of these being her plaster eyeballs. A wall of sketched-on glassine bags builds new lore for these objects—complementing the repurposed fragments in Dinganga's 'Tower Club' (2025).

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Jessie Cheuk Lam Tam's Once Upon a Time There Was a Baker Who Wanted to Be an Artist tackles love as a transformative energy structurally related to our own sense of identity, and how what we love builds who we are. Through a speculative narrative, the work brings us into the inner universe of a want-to-be artist, merging dream and reality. In the spirit of a fairy tale, a bakery workshop is transformed into fragile artworks, made of paper, cardboard, PVC, and plastic film. Words are written on surfaces, almost disappearing within games of reflections and transparency. The title of the whole work appears on a framed mirror as if dusted off its surface. Also onto other objects, a similar effect is created, and words such as "better" and "don't cry" emerge. In the delicate space dominated by whiteness and small pastel color interventions, plasticized paper kitchen utensils - oven mitts, potholders, an apron - are displayed, with a few other more delicate interventions around a big slice of bread, on which the words "how to love myself like loving a burnt toast" are almost spelled. The work renders with child-like delight the persistence needed to succeed in transforming a wish into a lived life, the bitterness and the failures encountered along the way into a desire for and of the art world, as well as hinting at the unspoken courage needed to embrace artmaking as self-love and transcend the omnipresent doubting related to such a precarious career. The last element of Jessie Cheuk Lam Tam's installation is a transparent and fragile plastic film, hung from the ceiling creating a sort of curtain system to activate the space. This seethrough veil almost seems to materialize the last metaphor of love hinted at by the title of this text.

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BETTER (BETTER)



One of the tasks I have to do in the restaurant is to clean the table with soap water. After a day, the dust gathers again. Looking at the them, I think:

Everyday cleaning is like making space for the dust to come.





2021 Oil, gelatine powder and pastel powder on plastic sheet, oil, steel wool, tape  $10 \times 4 \times 3$  cm set of 30

(close-up)



## CLEANING IS TO WAIT FOR THE DUST TO COME: WINDOW



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2021 oil, gelatin powder, pastel powder on plastic sheet, oil, steel wool, rice flour size variable

