

MAGICIAN SPACE

魔金石空间

Yasmine Anlan Huang: Becoming Everyone, Everywhere

2025.09.26 – 2025.12.06

Becoming Everyone, Everywhere

Text by Yasmine Anlan Huang

Soon after I moved to New York, I installed this Chrome extension, *Just Not Sorry*. As its name suggests, this software flags speculative phrases like *just*, *sorry*, and *I am afraid*, reminding the writer to speak in a firm voice. Only later did I understand, to move through the world without being diminished, one must remain unapologetic and affirmative. Perhaps this is the missing piece in my sense of professionalism. So I keep asking, *have I truly grown up?* Why does my confidence waver like a frightened girl's? A friend called it regression [1]. Yet he added: It is not yours alone, but the shared experience of an entire generation. And not only in China, but across the world, we zillennials are all held in the same uneasy suspension.

From early childhood into adolescence, I was always apologetic—an adjective more decent than *timid* or *craven*. I navigated the adult world as vulnerable prey; in the face of time and grandeur I felt insignificant, turning even my loudest questions inward. From classrooms and books, I learned the vocabulary of monuments, revolution, and leftist theories. “*You must address the nexus of ideologies and power*,” they said. Yet these stories belonged to others. To tell the stories of others requires courage, ethics, and the audacity to place oneself appropriately. I was left with nothing but a heart heavy with introspection, a secret longing for a future where I could become a proper adult.

In the midst of struggles, I could only turn to my own story as an outlet. The teenage version of me remained passive in the face of cruelty, simply gazing upward at the imagined, ideal self—one who, after constant failures, would successfully become an idol, finding a place to pour out unreciprocated love. Yet to fixate on reenactments feels too self-indulgent and narcissistic. It risks the cementing of a prison of time within a narrative of self-victimization, keeping me from the sublime I longed for. My sense of the sublime existed in language, in the illusions of ideological premises, in the almost divine tranquility with which I

scrutinized words and death, and in the ruins and dismantled symbols of globalization, where I examined promises that had never been fulfilled. At some point, perhaps driven by the anxieties of aging, my persistent numbness in the endless cycle of fight-or-flight [2] proved not innocence but careless folly. It was then that I resolved to become the grown-up girl capable of chronicling all stories. Before I can stand with full confidence in my actions, with enough leniency and discipline to tell others' stories within ethical boundaries, or even to become an unreliable narrator [3], I can at least be a witness, a spectator.

At some point I realized, the narratives of this exhibition coalesce into a single tale of becoming, the story of coming-of-age: from self-indulgence to an embrace of the other; from surrendering to frailty to a quiet resilience in the face of what cannot be changed. To present this show at twenty-nine, I may still, however unjustifiably, inhabit the role of a girl. A year ago I wrote: *Will I grow from a good girl into a good adult?* And here I remain, still a girl, but one who no longer flinches in the face of cruelty. But then, what kind of adult will rise from her?

[1] In psychology, regression refers to the defense mechanism where an individual reverts to behaviors and emotional responses characteristic of an earlier stage of development.

[2] Fight, flight, (freeze, and fawn) are a broader collection of natural bodily reactions to stressful, frightening, or dangerous events.

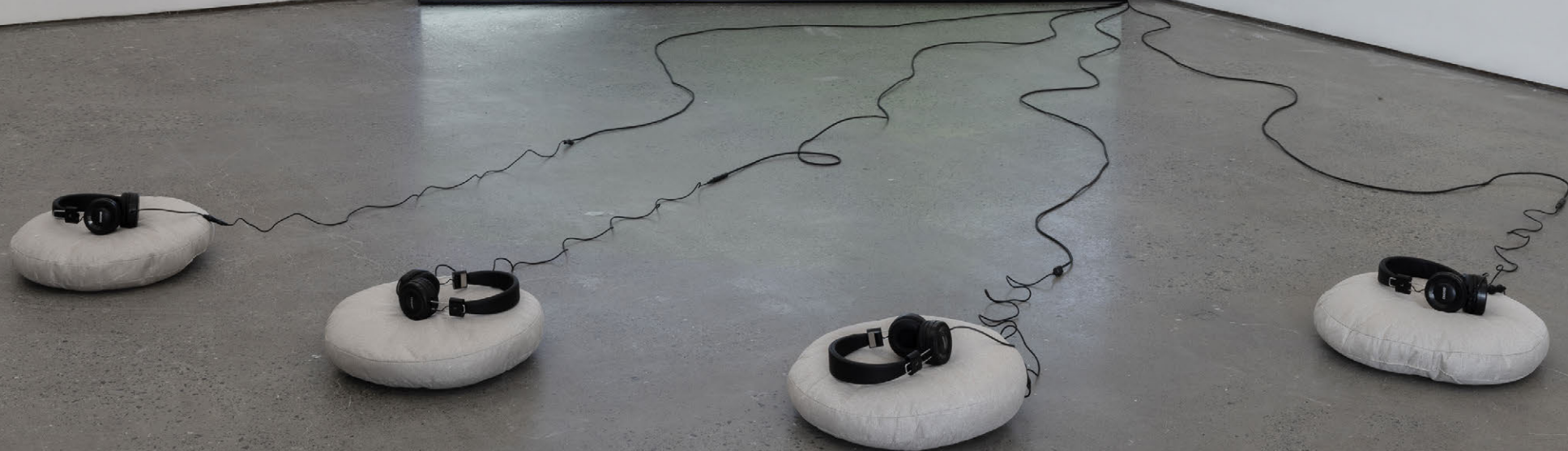
[3] An unreliable narrator is a storytelling technique where the narrator's account of events is not entirely trustworthy, either due to intentional deception or unintentional biases. This can manifest as lying, withholding information, or having a skewed perspective, making the reader question the accuracy of the narrative.

Yasmine Anlan Huang (b. Guangzhou, 1996) is an artist and writer working between London, New York, and Hong Kong. She explores how desires within coming-of-age tropes subvert patriarchal, colonial, and capitalist expectations. Previous exhibitions include Magician Space (solo, Beijing), Goethe-Institut Hong Kong (duo, Hong Kong), Whitney Biennial 2024 (New York), HART Haus (Hong Kong), Power Station of Art (Shanghai), Three Shadows Photography Art Centre (solo, Xiamen), among others. She has been awarded multiple fellowships and residencies, including the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. Her writing and translation have been published in p-articles, SAMPLE Magazine, Heichi Magazine, BIEDE Girls, and many others. *Love of the Colonizer*, her poetry and essay collection, has been published by Accent Sisters in 2022. Her second book *Becoming Everyone, Everywhere*, is forthcoming in 2025.

Huang holds a BA (Hons) in Creative Media from City University of Hong Kong, an MA in Literary and Cultural Studies from the University of Hong Kong, and an MFA from Parsons School of Design.



Exhibition view



Exhibition view

Together We Confess

2025

single-channel video installation, Full HD, color, stereo
8'53"

Shot in Ohrid en route to the remote Spomenik (World War II monuments and memorials in Yugoslavia), *Together We Confess* builds on the artist's concern with the interplay between economic migration, recreational tourism, and past geopolitical conflicts.

Intricately layered with voice-over and ambient sound, Huang captures the subtle tensions of coming-of-age narratives and the power imbalances inherent in tourism through an eavesdropped conversation between a Tajik family and an Albanian boatman—a mundane dialogue notably free from overt political discourse despite their shared post-socialist heritage.

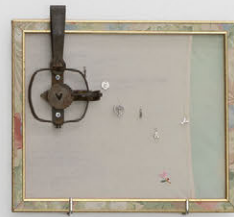


Video link: <https://vimeo.com/1121083873>

Password: magicianspace798



Povod, da mi je življenj, se javno zaborim, da gusno peje
A reason to forget about life in front of others, to forget even that quiet song
一个让我在人前忘记生命、忘记歌唱的理由



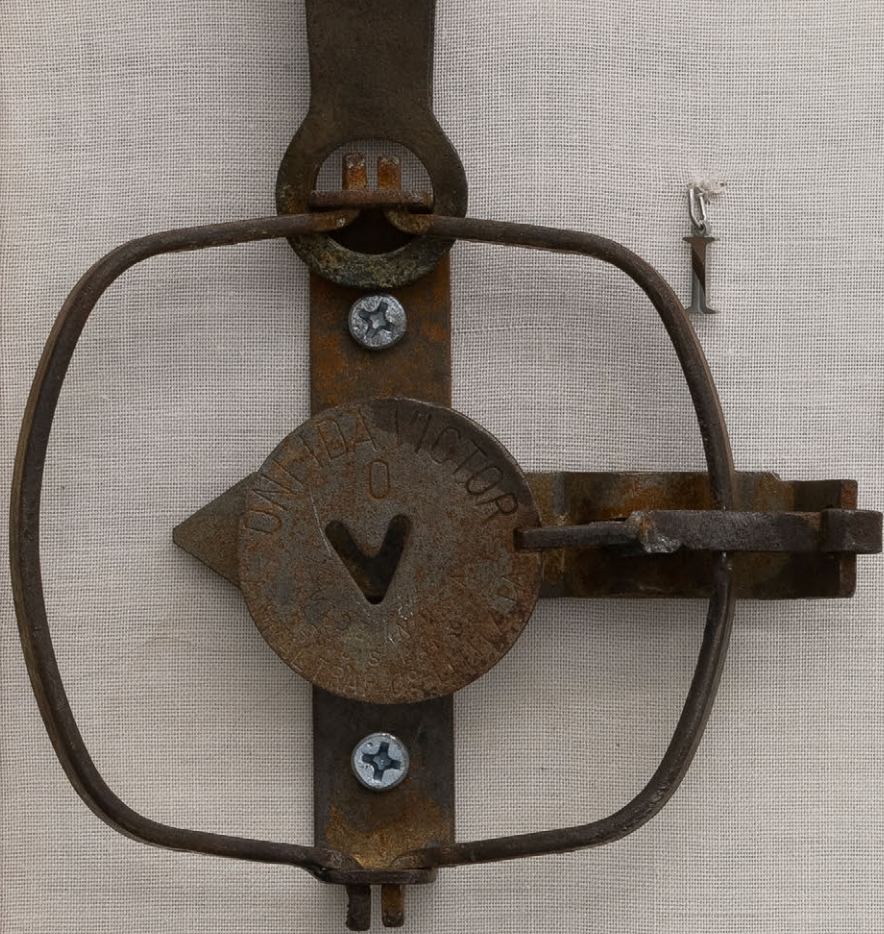
Exhibition view



Game

2025

North Macedonian handkerchief, vintage rabbit trap, silver and stainless steel charms, plant-dyed silk crepe de chine, hand-painted vintage frame
30 × 33 cm



Becoming Everyone, Everywhere

2025

Cast iron, silk ribbon, cotton thread, inkjet print on Takeo Fine Paper

18 × 11 cm (Book)

127.5 × 38 × 29 cm (Stand)

Becoming Everyone, Everywhere is a collection of short stories, notes, and snapshots by Yasmine Anlan Huang, gathered from her travels around the world. Building upon the autobiographical narrative of Siming, a recurring protagonist in Huang's previous publications and films, this book ventures into the realm of autofiction, offering a honest examination of the limits of self-narration. Through a seamless blend of coming-of-age desires and the exploitation of the girl image, Huang's narrative illuminates the unsettling coexistence of innocence and violence, agency and vulnerability, love and hurt, revealing complex, interwoven themes that resonate across cultural and personal boundaries.





不合逻辑
的木薯

2019-20

世界迷界

2021

擦日彗星

2022

温床

2024-25



搬到倫敦的第三個月，蜜色皮膚的女孩敲開了我的門。她問，小姐，有興趣為聾人做個慈善捐款嗎？門框不高，比她站的平面高出兩個磚塊的尺幅，我站在原地，少有地俯視他人，說話也只能小心翼翼：比起捐款，我可以加入你們一起募捐嗎？我想走過一條條街敲開一扇扇大門。我剛剛搬來，除了寥寥幾個朋友外一無所有，其他人的家是我的摞本，我想知道我可以在這片土地上如何生活。

在此之前，我的朋友其實都是「網上鄰居」，素未謀面，卻遞伸出雙手擁抱我。我問 D 租房意見，用 X 的英國儲蓄卡付房租押金，撫摸在 C 家寄養的小貓。所有的碎片縫接起來，砌起我物理意義上的家。在最早的家里，我的童子功是用母語不斷記誦詩句：近鄉情

更怯，不敢問來人。何處是歸程，長亭更短亭。我的家在天光墟裏，在被雨水打到軟爛的木棉花蕊裏，甚至在凌晨三點 Q train 的老鼠氣味裡，可倫敦不是我的家。倫敦或許也不覺得我屬於這裡。

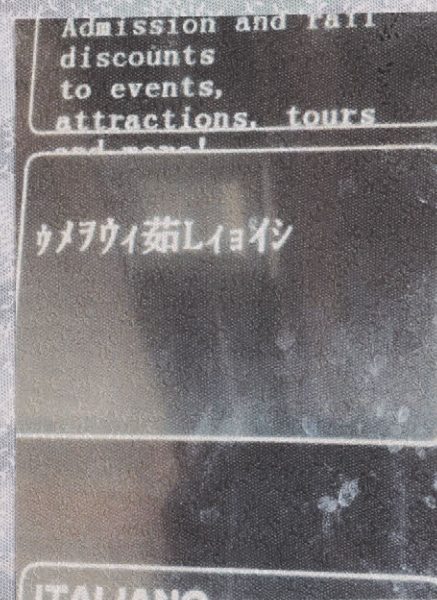
偶爾迷戀廢墟法。最驚訝「逆權侵占」——佔有這片土地後，要經過多久時間，這樣的生活才能屬於我？我干脆把家打開，讓朋友，和朋友的朋友闖入。他們會替我編織起屬於自己的故事嗎？他們的生活會成為我的摞本嗎？又或是一同處於滯空狀態：其實也可以且歌且行，永遠漂浮，不融入這裏的。而你，我的朋友，你又將如何度過此生？



ent.

The vending machine took precisely 40 seconds to dispense the coffee, and locating whiskey would consume even more of their time. Before their scheme, Siming had sworn off drinking, so naturally, she wouldn't know where to find alcohol off the top of her head. Holding a cup of coffee in each hand, Siming strode forward, her head held high. Fortunately, their early arrival at the station meant they needn't worry about missing the train. But where had Lily gone? She was no longer seated where Siming had last seen her. Perhaps she had taken it upon herself to carry their luggage to the platform, a gesture of care for Siming, who was still finding her footing in this unfamiliar territory. Siming felt a twinge of disappointment but continued walking, her mind entertaining an image of herself playfully seeking Lily's attention and asking to be pampered: "You're so good at taking care of others." As she neared the platform, a sense of incompleteness washed over her.

Where could Lily have gone? Siming scanned her surroundings, both ahead and behind, but found no trace of the girl who stood at the same height as herself. Could she be in the smoking area? But where was that?





Exhibition view



Exhibition view



Exhibition view

Crescendo

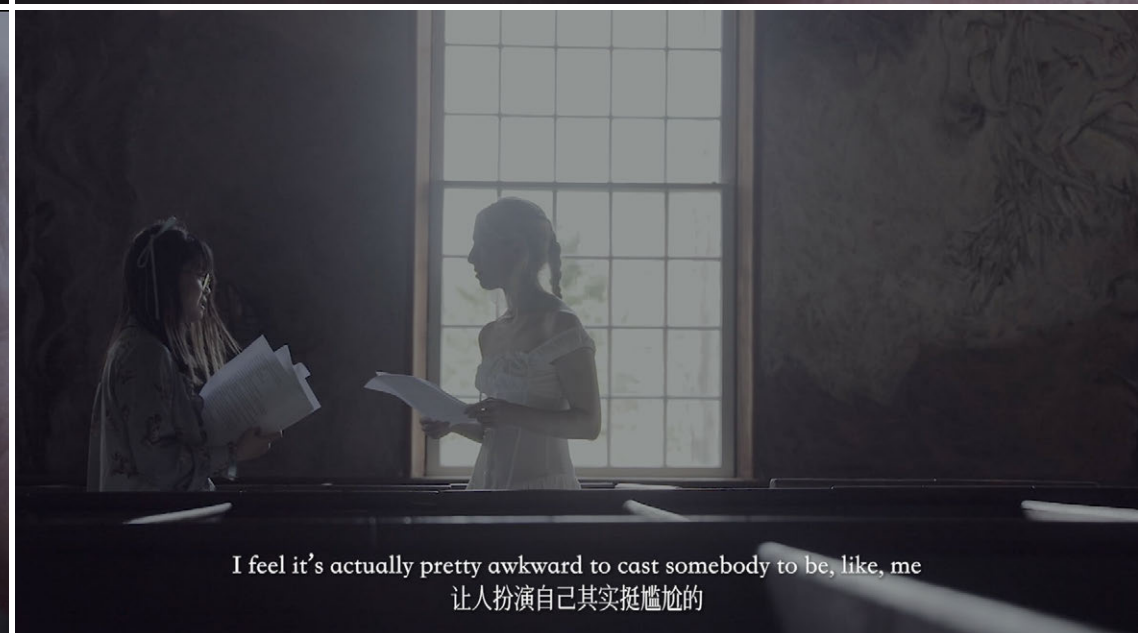
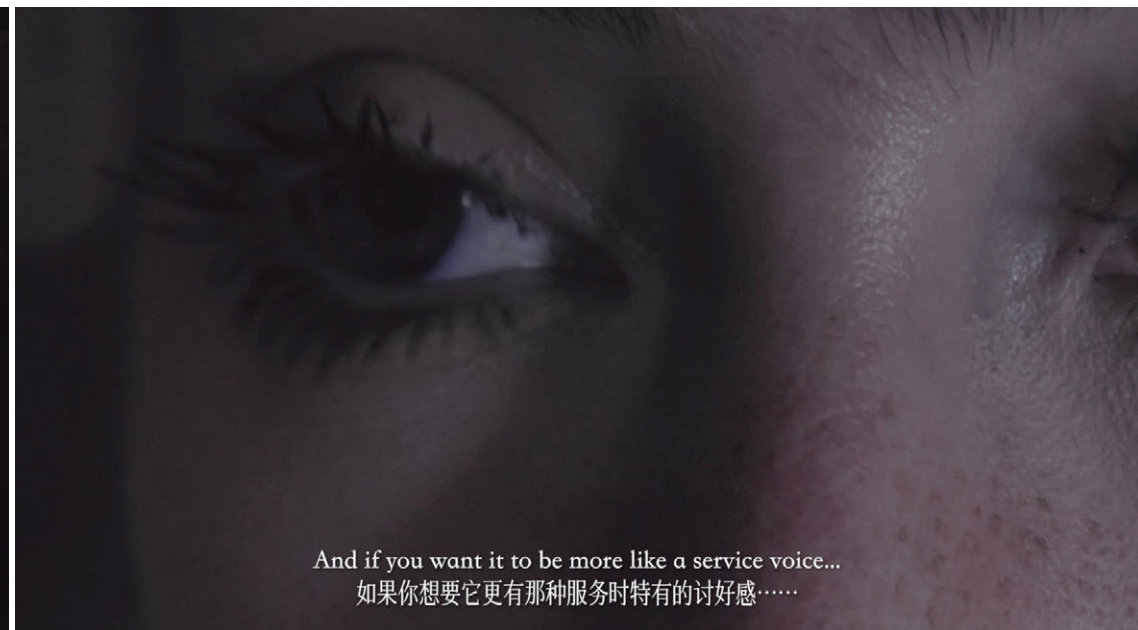
2024

Single-channel video, HD, super 8mm film transferred to HD, color, sound
14'04"

This eternal grandeur and tranquility seems to be achievable only in my absence... A petite black-haired girl can never belong here..." — No, say the truth!"

Let's try again: the statement I don't belong here is just a cover-up for "my narrative doesn't belong here", or more fundamentally, no matter how hard I tried, my language doesn't belong here. So I invited an artist friend who embodies my admiration, envy, and desire to act as me. Once worked as a stripper, she was always seen by clients as a symbol of innocence.

In our brutal honesty, through our gazes and mutual instructions, we closely experience each other's anxiety and fear of loss. Allowing her to portray me and feel my pain—is it "literary translation as a political act" or just a one-sided, frivolous pleasure to tragedies?





I can no longer believe that tears are unseen gold
我再也不相信眼泪是看不见的金子了



Exhibition view



Exhibition view



Exhibition view

dear velocity,

2024

Single-channel video, HD, color, stereo

11'24"

dear velocity is an attempt to revisit the now-demolished “Space Wonder” amusement park in my hometown of Guangzhou, once home to a replica of the Space Shuttle Atlantis and a massive spaceship—icons of an era defined by aspirations for technology and the future it represents. Crowdfunded by local farmers, the park symbolized the collective dreams and embrace of globalization by Chinese citizens during a period of rapid change. Through moving images and music, the project extends the notion of time difference—the time difference between tropical and temperate zones, the time difference of space dreams—from the fresh perspective of a younger generation.

It questions whether the past was merely an imagined fantasy while offering a counternarrative to the decoupling process between China and the U.S., as well as broader trends of de-globalization and the rightward shift. By exposing the editing process within the video, *dear velocity* also examines whether reenactment can transcend mere aesthetic mechanisms while avoiding excessive sentimentality. How might we reinterpret and preserve the hopes those monuments once embodied? Will the time difference between us and the world ever truly end?





向我游说此刻超越边界的，绝对的不可能
To me, you lobby for the borders that forever will prevail



Exhibition view

Love of the Colonizer

2025

Mother-of-pearl on leather hardcover, digital print on fine art paper and tracing paper, stainless steel bar, silk, cotton and polyester ribbon, hand-dyed lace ribbon

19.7 × 13.2 cm (Book)

Dimensions variable

Love of Colonizer is Yasmine Anlan Huang's first book. Including 75 bilingual poems and 24 essays, the book serves as a sentimental archive of her nomadic two years during Covid in Hong Kong, Guangzhou, Shanghai, Beijing, and the United States.





殖民者之爱

Love of the Colonizer



Love of the Colonizer

殖民者之愛

will there be a night
 with two of the world's
 you know it is
 is such a growth
 may I have a dish-washer
 well-tended enough
 sometimes makes noise
 sometimes makes noise
 to grow up my screaming
 is a murder scene
 joyfully
 more concentrated
 than the gentlest of people
 we held our unpaired paws
 broke my most endearing glasses
 you endorsed me for being wounded
 and the wounded :

on those pieces I kneeled down and down
 and down and down

and in (一)

while the unexplored has been explored

学习广袤大陆中的历史学谱系

没有河道，只好改乘火车

雪还来的太早

你说我来得太迟

如果季节注定无法跨越

何妨不告诉我

不必闪转，再自顾自认养所有郁悒

谁戳破幻象又能被原有？



思明不知道什么是永恒的东西
Yasmine doesn't know what eternity means,

Clean #12

2025

Mixed media on wooden panel and canvas

Exhibition view

133 x 60cm

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Her Love is a Bleeding Tank

2020

Single-channel video, HD, color, stereo

5'31"

Her Love is a Bleeding Tank is a one-take visual poem. The narrator Yasmine is nobody but my self-projection, and a concentration of delicateness, purity, as well as all virtues which seems not celebrated in the modern world. An eye is a theater, in which I replay the life experience of the little Yasmine who could never fulfill her dream of being an idol, her endurance of unnecessary hardship, and the relationship between stoicism and love.



生长痛对她来说是大海里的白象
The pain of growth has become a white elephant in the sea



汗津津的, 是要浸透她让她再缩水一点吗
He was sweaty. "Are you gonna make me shrink more?"



她坐在原地 感觉有一种巨大的隔阂
She sat there in place, feeling a huge disconnection from the world

Exhibition view



Exhibition view

Your Earnest Fondle

2025

Saga brocade silk fukuro-obi (kimono sash), digital print on fine art paper

21 × 14.8 cm

Yasmine (or Siming, the surrogate of my agony) blames the reason she couldn't be an idol on her hands. Genetics dictated that her hands could never be soft, but rather like steep cliffs, ravines across. She could not imagine how such biological features could ever become the vessel of love and care, so she could only suppress her dream of being an idol, living as an average person. This time, she (I) browsed her iCloud album—an archive of over 101 thousand images collected from 2013 to the present—and selected 672 images of her hands to turn them into a dictionary of her life experience.

This work was initially installed in a *truck exhibition* that took place in front of the Sham Shui Po street market. Local residents were invited to enter the truck and interact with selected pieces. Unable to return to Hong Kong due to the pandemic, I chose to create this 700-page *dictionary* as my embodiment and invited the audience to look through, caress, and fondle all my pains as if holding a hand-shaking event.







Your Earnest Fondle



Toxic Dependency (My Beloved Sufferings)

2025

Embroidery and gel medium transfer on heat-
transferred polyester, hand-painted vintage
frame

36 × 23 cm



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Bad Things Happen, Not Only in Literature

2024

Embroidery and gel medium transfer on
plant-dyed silk crepe de chine, pigeon
feather, hand-painted vintage frame
18 × 14 cm







Povod, da mi je življenje, se javno zaborim, da gusno peče
A reason to forget about life in front of others, to forget even that quiet song
一个让我在人前忘记生命、忘记歌唱的理由

Exhibition view

MAGICIAN SPACE 魔金石空间



I've Always Been Practicing the Loss

2023

Single-channel video installation, color, stereo

2'11"

I am obsessed with the idea of collection, sorting and preserving the debris from (un)loved ones. At one point, I almost self-diagnosed as a hoarder, but it turned out it's I am just a keen practitioner of morbid dependency, though sometimes felt ashamed about it.

In 2020, I encountered a castle-shape, pinkish tooth box, and simply teared when seeing that: just the thought that something so perfect can be mass-produced, easily bought, circulated, makes me feel that there are still some corners of this world that are still light and effortless enough to bear my collection of debris. Three years later, I started to unpack the narratives around the amber, tooth box, tear vials and specimen, maybe, also my romanticizion of self-harm and the ultimate disassociation: death.



醒来时思明拨弄伤口，
Yasmine woke up to fiddle with her wound,



长大就是习惯生长在伤心，谎言和遗弃物中
yet accustomed to growing amidst sorrow, lies, and abandoned objects

Video link: <https://vimeo.com/1121108225>

Password: magicianspace798

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