

I was accepted into the MFA program at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and rejected or waitlisted by the other three art schools. 2015

During my Visa interview, I declared that I would go back to China as soon as I graduated. 2015

The airline meal was too cold, so I farted a lot on the airplane. Layover in Tokyo was a wise decision; the massage chair in the airport was amazingly comfortable. 2015

I was mugged and robbed on the way home at 1 AM after finished a project in the studio. No PTSD, only an expansive medical bill. Horrible impression on CPD. 2015

A unique experience in art school: My English was too bad to understand the critique, only received feedback from people's facial expressions. 2015

Got into my first group exhibition, and was told that using IKEA frames was embarrassing and unprofessional. 2016

I did the first live performance in the school's gallery. I was half-naked but had no social anxiety. No small talk in the opening! 2016

I was awarded a department fellowship. Extremely sad to learn that art school was complicated competitive. 2016

Finally, I went home for the first time. We started the family project, and my parents were trying to help me finish a summer homework. 2016

I visited New York, lay on Pipilotti Rist's installation bed, and secretly cried. 2016

I started to cry more. 2017

Graduating from SAIC. My father walked the stage of commencement for me. Besides, he performed a gallery talk spontaneously. 2017

My mother reported she saw a drunk parent put a glass of wine on another student's sculpture in the MFA show. 2017

I went to Skowhegan. It turned out to be my best summer so far. Endless life-changing lessons and gossips. 2017

I moved to New York with two luggages. My first bedroom was \$550/month. Anti gentrification! 2017

Living as an artist in real life. I worked three jobs: Bubble tea barista, warehouse packer for an

Amazon seller, intern at a non-profit art organization. Participated in three residencies: The Studios at Mass MoCA, Vermont Studio Center, Atlantic Center for the Arts. Residencies were good places for stress eating. 2018

Freewriting became my morning routine. 2018

Living as a New York artist in a privileged way: Making art in Wall Street businessmen's old office, no profits. LMCC workspace offered me a nine months free studio. 2018

My application for O1 Visa was approved. 2018

I moved into a new apartment. Finally settling down in New York. 2018

I extended my first solo show to a two-person exhibition. My collaborator was Sandra Harvey. A.I.R. Gallery was the perfect venue for the project. 2019

I stopped updating social media. 2019

Went back to China again, realized that I became a stranger in my hometown. My fantasy of a nation is fluid based on my limited living experience in the land. 2019

Panic attacks scared me very much. 2019

I had another two-person show in Shirley Fiterman Art Center at BMCC, with Dennis Oppenheim. Very proud, and the exhibition was ideal for me in many ways. 2019