

□
□□
□□
□□
□□
□□
□□
□□
□□
□□
□□□
□□□

An Excerpt from Hong Kong Life 2023

I want a crazy outfit to walk in through the narrow streets that just got flooded over yesterday. Something like those dreamers would wear, those who stay in fancy hotels here for a week and say they love this fluorescent neon city in rains.

Hong Kong is yet to recover and this is the high time for atomic fission. How would modernity remake them? Time is divided by zones and space is processed through days. In such moments I always wonder whether people really went to the same place. A question in a prompt book followed by a highlighted line of answer. *We never lived in the same London, nor the same Hong Kong.* The last overlapped experiences like city infrastructures and dialects then morph into pieces of a shared public storytelling assigned by hierarchical prettiness. Not just outfits but overall prettiness of everything you can see, you can hear, and you think of. They tell it first. I recite it after them for second-order spreading. Careful. If I mispronounced a word, I would be cast out and eliminated.

Now I am getting familiar with this distilled text, however different it feels. A good new text to break down. And the first thing in it: I want an outfit entailed to a document, that is to some degree similar to a visa but is invisible and also more valuable than a visa. So that's the outfit I want. When I walk among strangers from an alien past like ancient Islamists from Byzantium, it flirts, it proves.

September 2023
Hong Kong

[RSS feed](#) [Search](#) [Email](#) [QR Code](#) □□□

Made with [Montaigne](#) and [bigmission](#) 