

CHAI YIMING

Chai Yiming is like a sorcerer: only when God wakes up in him and gives him the urge to work, does he set to work. He is only a vector, allowing a higher existence to control him.

The multiple worlds which are apparent in Yiming's works amaze the viewer. In these worlds, reality becomes a fantasy, nothing has anything to do with the profane world and everything evolves in a somnambulistic state. The artist himself then becomes a "waking sleepwalker", walking in all directions. Or to put it differently, Yiming is a "sleeping" artist: in this sleeping state, he is permanently creating. Whenever he leaves daily life behind and enters the unfettered world of his art, a myriad of images pour out of his chaotic consciousness onto the paper, like snowflakes falling onto the ground. He then drifts among these aimless images, and this for him is a happy and light-hearted moment.

He also has a special liking for the world of eroticism. There, in his universe, he is the only male, and all creatures of the opposite sex are his lovers. He squanders the energy of his life wantonly, releasing pheromones whenever and wherever possible. The numerous and disordered images - aggregations, inversions, bodies grafted onto each other - roll and roar out of his imagination, but are just the tip of the iceberg. The sophistication of "San jie" (three worlds - the human, the god, and the devil), the secret sadness of yin and yang, his burning desire and his wild notions are all cynical and inconceivable. The rational, lucid mind becomes a source of chaotic, primeval creativity. He is like a great kaleidoscope; images are continuously flowing out of him to embellish his paintings. The artist is like a filter, trapping the debris of human emotion. He plays games in his paintings.

If the viewer gazes at his paintings again and again, and seeks to interpret the abundant, unexpected language of his images, there is bound to be a misunderstanding: He simply paints, and, being a true sorcerer, minds or concepts are just a heap of useless junk for him. All his paintings are just an unconscious dark shadow, a few scattered fragments, and tell of transient mirages. He is driven by his past experience. He gallops among the dimensions of space and time, transforming his numerous memories into images. He is a virtuoso dancer on paper. His paintings are not just pure imagination, but faithful records of parts of his life. The painter spontaneously sets out his diverse and complex memories: he used to be a foolish donkey, a smart flying eagle, a dreg; he used to be a black and white shadow, a kind of monster or ghost, or an unimaginable mystical object. But somewhere deep inside us, we understand, because we used to be those things too, we are of the same kind.

In short, Chai Yiming is an artist with a child-like perception and a masterful understanding of Calligraphy.

20.10.2005
Yigen

