

# My Book

ERIC CHYOU  
MAKERGRAPH



WHO THE FUCK IS "I"?

I AM A TROUBLED, WEIRD MAN WHO DOES NOT TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BODY AND MIND. AND I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT LOOKING INTO THE NEGATIVES MIGHT HELP BRING OUT THE POSITIVES SINCE NEGATIVES DEFINE THE POSITIVES AND INVERSE. OR IS THAT JUST AN **ENTRAPMENT** OF **SELF-PITY** OR **SELF-LOATHE**? AM I DEFINED BY THOSE BINARY FORCES? I TAKE GREAT EFFORTS TO UNDERSTAND AND AM TAKEN GREAT EFFORTS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, INTER AND INTRA-PERSONALLY.

THE STRINGS OF RECOLLECTIONS OF EXPERIENCES AND ASSOCIATIONS OF THINGS FOLDED AND WINDED AGAINST THEMSELVES, (CON-VOLVERE) **CONVOLUTED. CONTRADICTIONS** AND **DEPARTURES** OF LINEAR REASONING ARE OMNIPRESENT THROUGHOUT MY LIFE. **EVICERATING** AND **INVERTING** WHAT HIDES INSIDE FOR EXAMINATION IN HOPES TO LIBERATE AND FORM A FURTHER UNDERSTANDING OF MYSELF THROUGH THESE TWO DEEP STRUCTURES/THEMES PUPPETEERING ME: NEGATIVES AND POSITIVES. AND I AM THE SETTLEMENT OF THE COLLISION BETWEEN THESE TWO FORCES.

BEING PASSIVE, AVOIDING CONFRONTATION, HAVING FALSE SENSE OF FALSE PRIDE ARE I, DISTASTEFULLY. BEING PERPETUALLY **RECEPTIVE** AGAINST **INTRUSIVE** FORCES/IDEAS. AND LET THOSE REMNANT SCARS/REGRETS SLOWLY **TORTURE** ME, AND **EAT AWAY** MY INSIDE. FORMING WHAT I AM TODAY, AN **ABOMINATION. INSIDIOSLY SUCCUMBING** TO INTRUSIONS, I AM FILLED WITH **ANXIETY** OVER WHAT IS UN-KNOWN/COMING, NOT EVER KNOWING IF THERE IS A LIBERATION FROM THIS **PRECARIOUS** STATE OF MIND THAT CONNIVES WITHIN MY OWN DYSTOPIA, A SELF INFLICTED **HELLHOLE**.

THOUGH THIS LOATHSOME GARGOYLE, WHO BURNS IN HELL, SECRETLY YEARNS FOR HEAVEN. **BIZARRE** COUNTER-BALANCING OF **WEIRD** SOURCES OF PLEASURES. **YEARNINGS** OF RETURNING TO MOTHER'S BOSOM, ORAL PLEASURE. **LIKING** OF DISPLACING SUBJECTS/OBJECTS AT LESS THAN APPROPRIATE LOCATIONS, SENSUAL PLEASURE. WHAT CONDUIT SUPPOSEDLY GOES IN MAY GO IN, WHAT CONDUIT SUPPOSEDLY GOES OUT MAY GO IN AS WELL. MAYBE THESE MANIFESTATIONS OF AT TIMES MISPLACEMENTS AND DISPLACEMENTS OF APPROPRIATE-NESS REFLECT THE CONFLICTS OF THE INSIDES. "AS BELOW SO ABOVE". MAYBE THESE BIZARRE ACTS/OPERATIONS WOULD REVIVIFY THE CONVOLUTION OF MY WEIRD EXPERIENCES , FEELINGS, MIND, ASSOCIATIONS OF THINGS THAT LAY DORMANT AND PURPOSEFULLY IGNORED.

AND THESE OBJECTS, THE CONSTITUENTS, OF ABOMINATION ARE I.

WHO THE FUCK IS "I"?  
WHAT THE FUCK IS "I"?  
WHY THE FUCK IS "I"?

PUPPET?  
ABOMINATION?  
MERE JUXTAPOSED CONSCIOUSNESSES?

HEAD



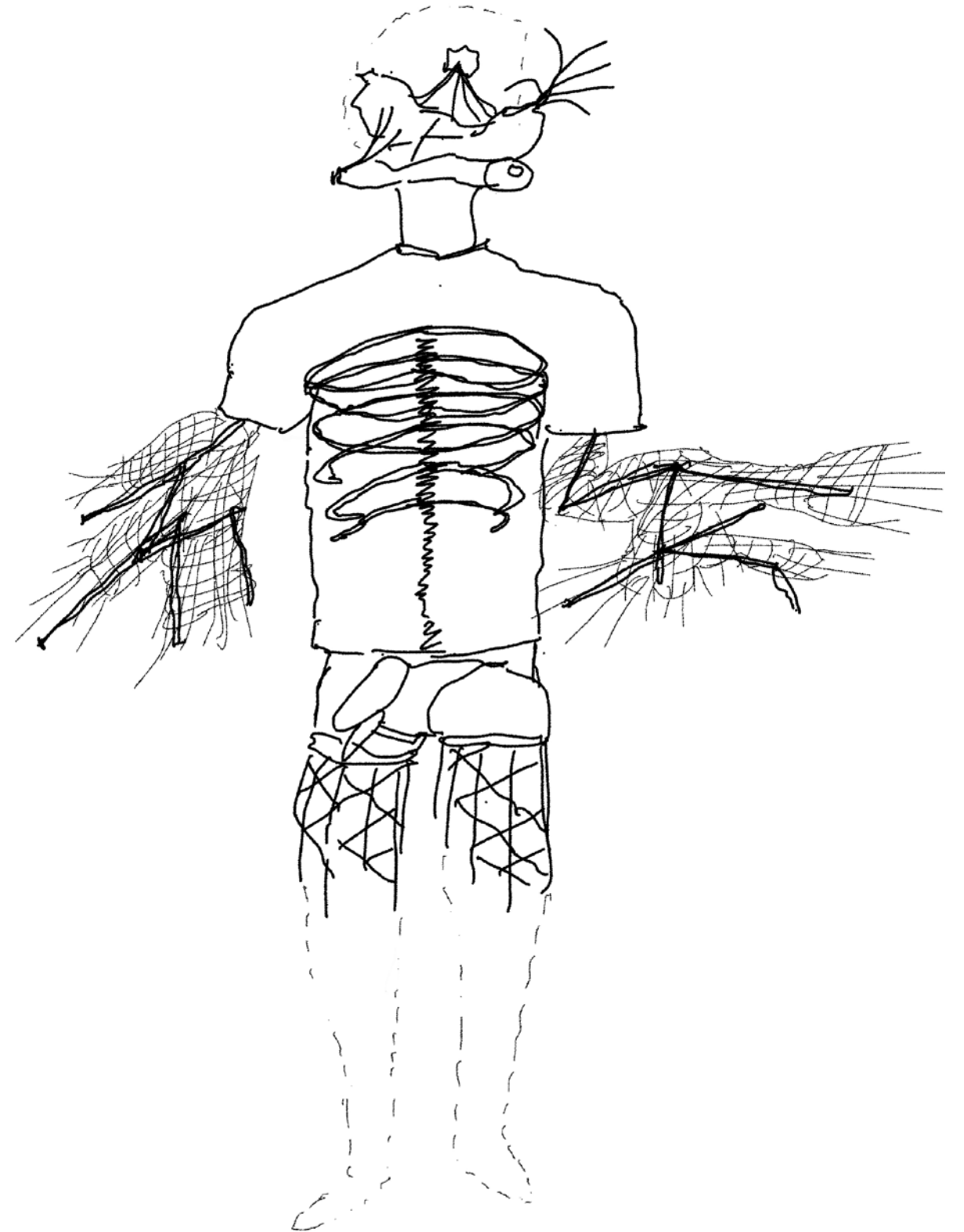
TORSO



HANDS



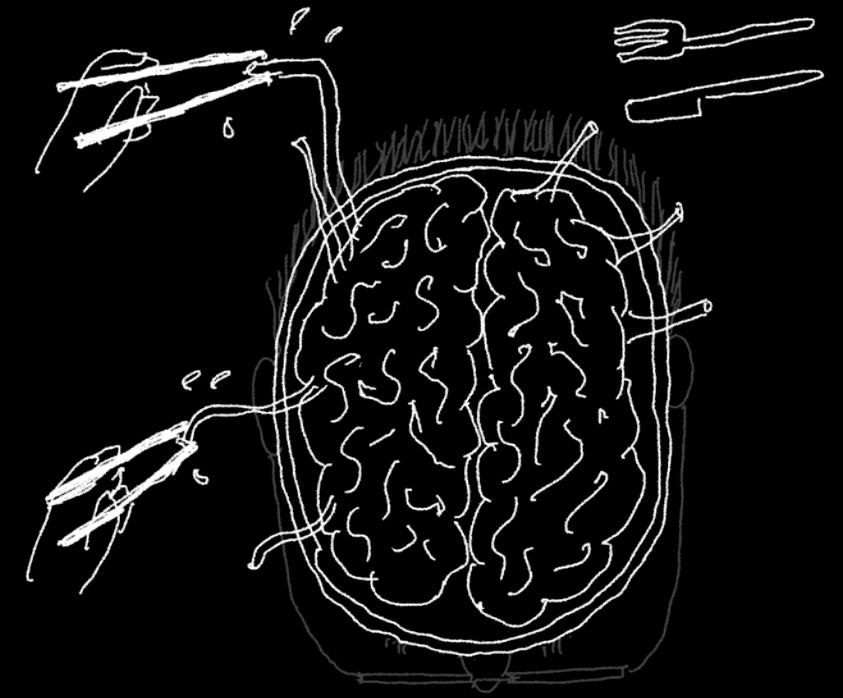
LEGS





Let the bizarre  
journey begin!

¡Deja que el extraño  
viaje comience!



noodles?  
brain?  
noodle brain?

# HEAD

\ 'hed \

Noun: a person's mental ability : mind or intellect

INSPIRATION:

CONNOTATIONS

- CORPOREAL IMPORTANCE
- DECIPHERING GOOD AND BAD
- CONCEIVE AND RECEIVE
- REACTION AND ACTION
- STIMULANT VS STIMULATED

PLASTIC | HEAD | BENDING | 2^X | SEMI\_SOFT | CLEAR | CONVOLUTED |

IMPULSE:

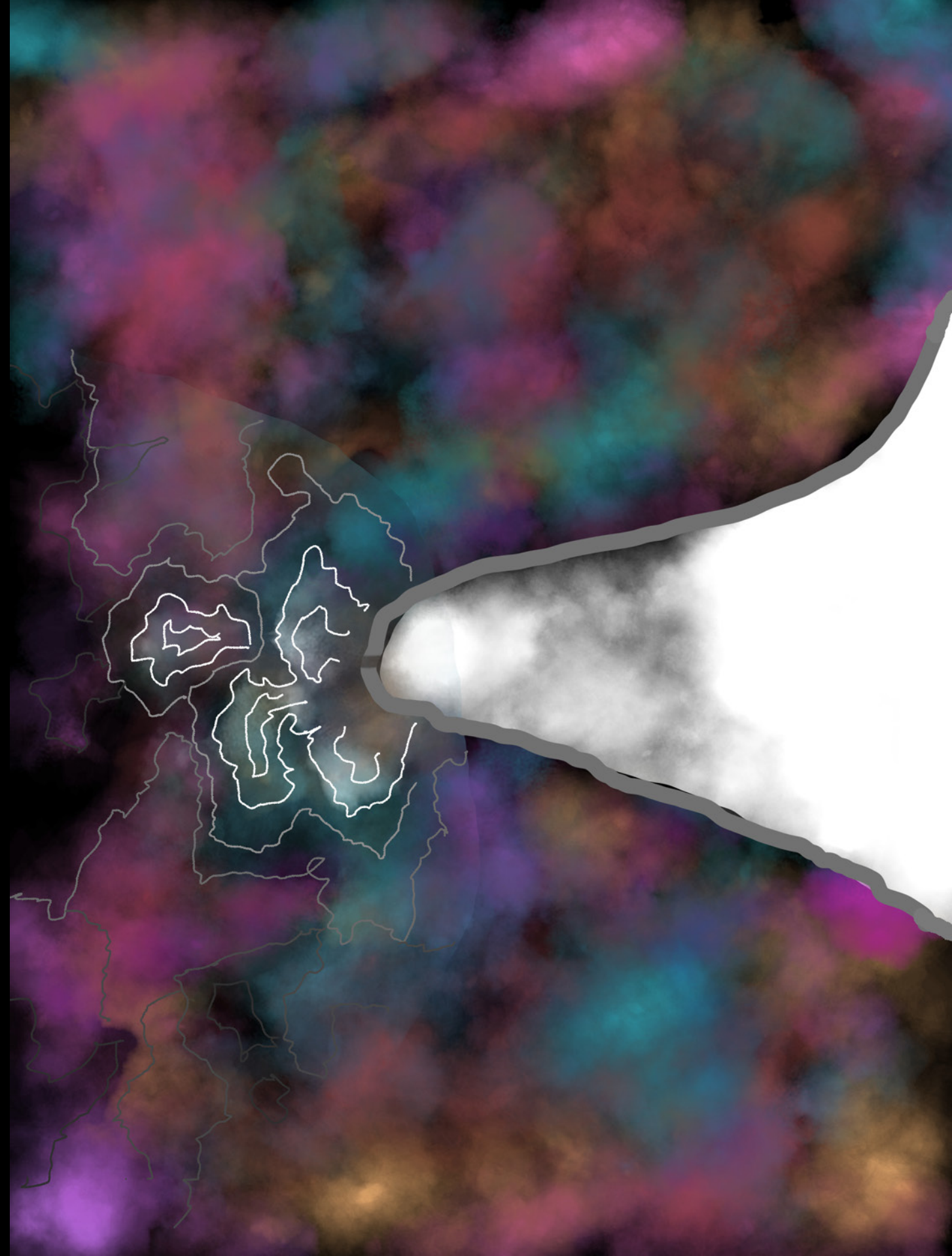
SEEING THE COCA-COLA BOTTLE AS ONE OF THE PUPPETEERING INSTITUTIONAL POWER STRUCTURE/EXTERNAL FORCES OF ME, I WANT TO DECONSTRUCT IT.

INTERPRETATION:

HEAD/MIND(IDENTITY), ARGUABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE BODY, IS FORMED BY THE INTERACTION BETWEEN INVASIVE STIMULANTS AND A RECEPTIVE RESILIENCE. THEY COMPLETE EACH OTHER. THE REMNANT OF THE INVASIVE FORCE CAN BE TRACED EVEN WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF THE FORCE. SCARING/TRAUMATIZING THE MIND TURNS INTO "TRAUM"/DREAM OR MEMORY CONSTITUTING THE MIND.

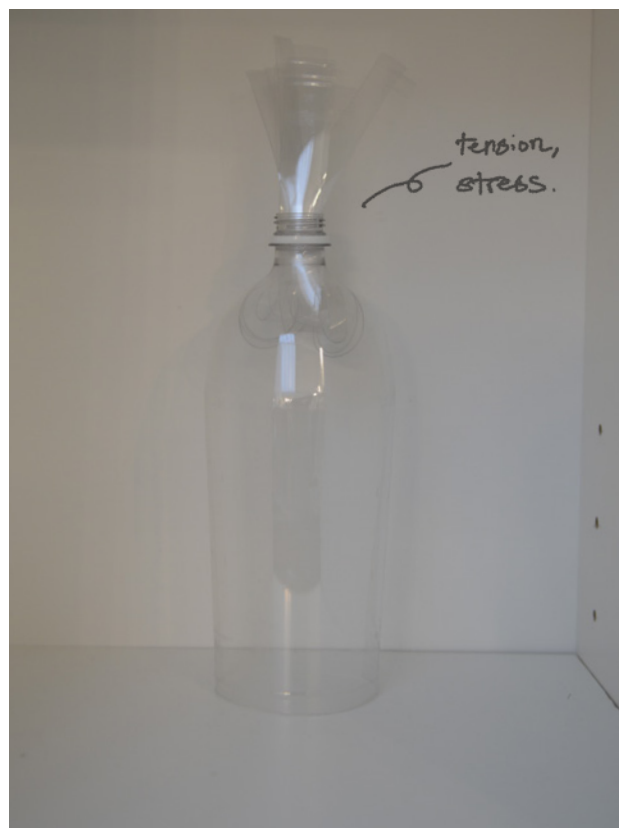
STIMULANTS/EXTERIOR FACTORS:

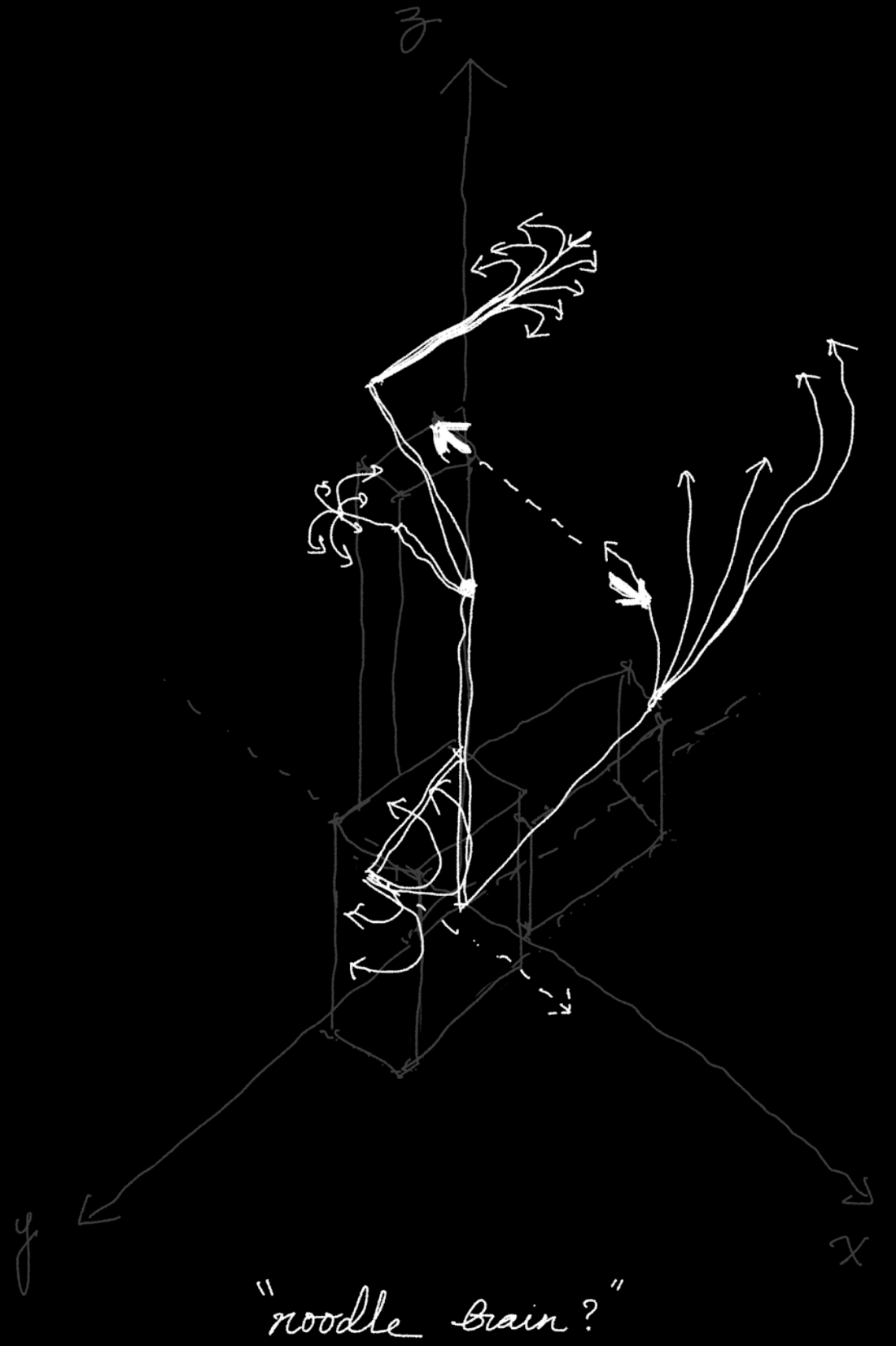
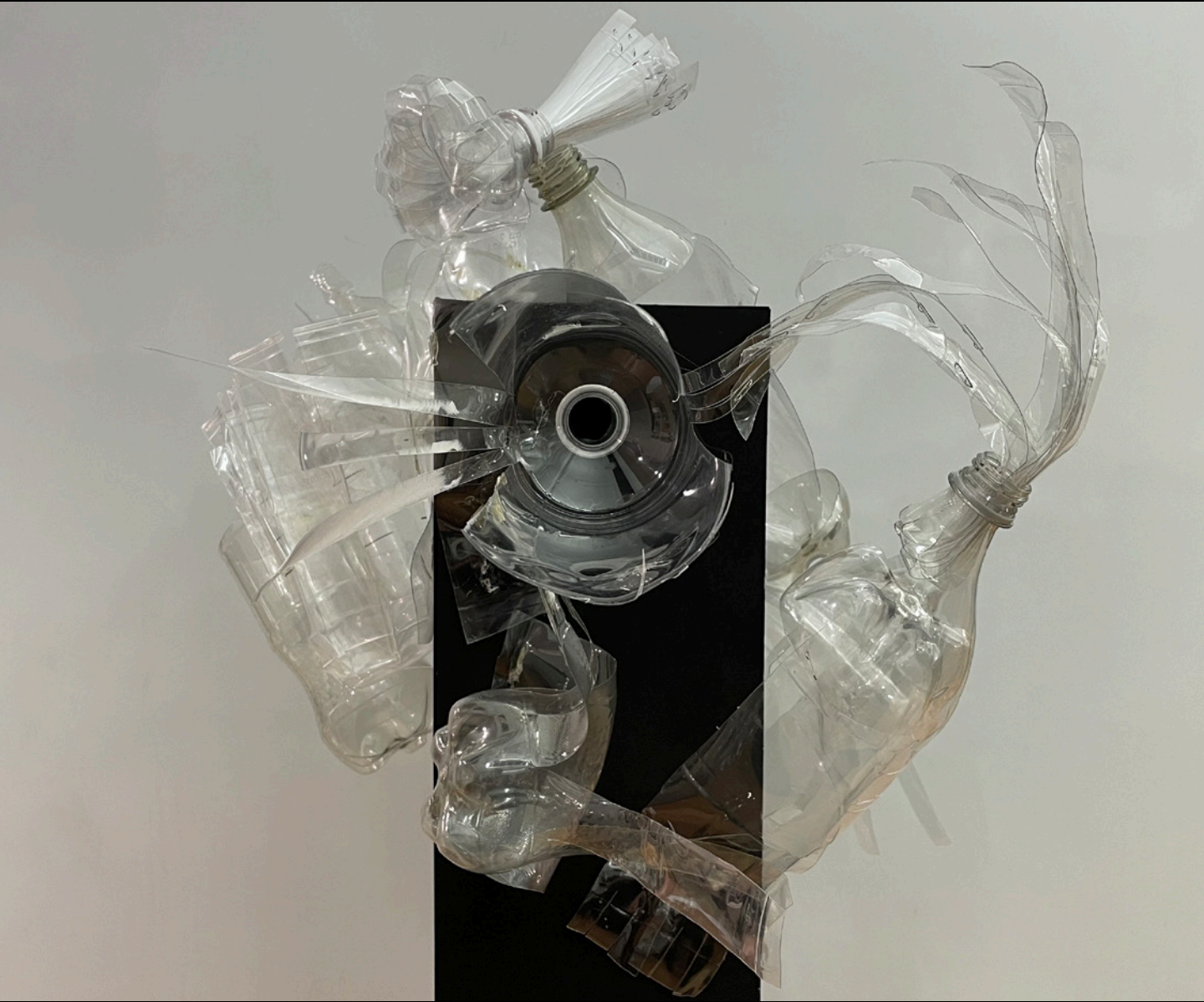
INTRUDE OUR HEADS/MINDS AND  
OURSELVES ON THE RECEIVING SIDE  
FRACTURE OR CONFORM/AGREE TO TAKE  
FORM













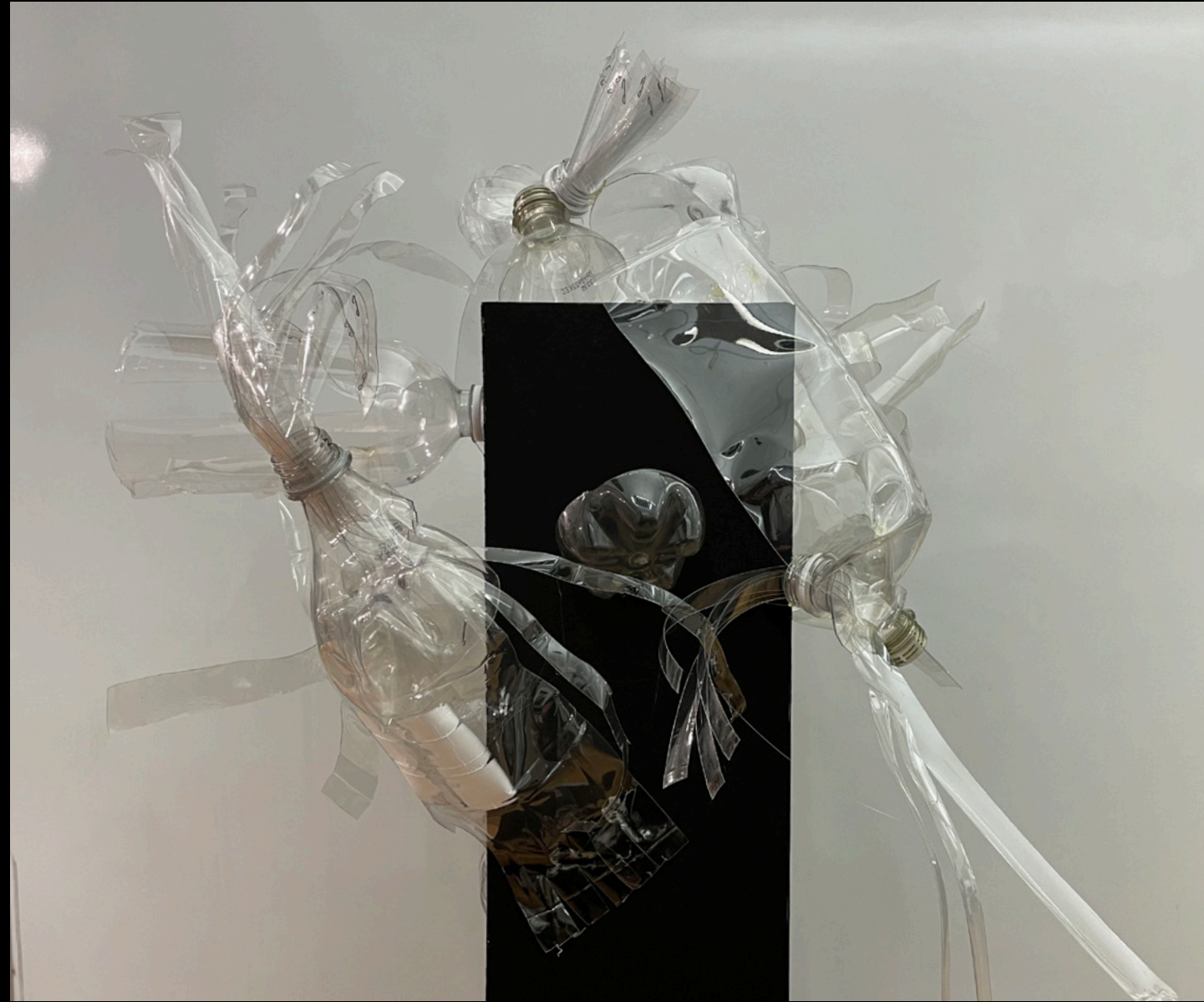
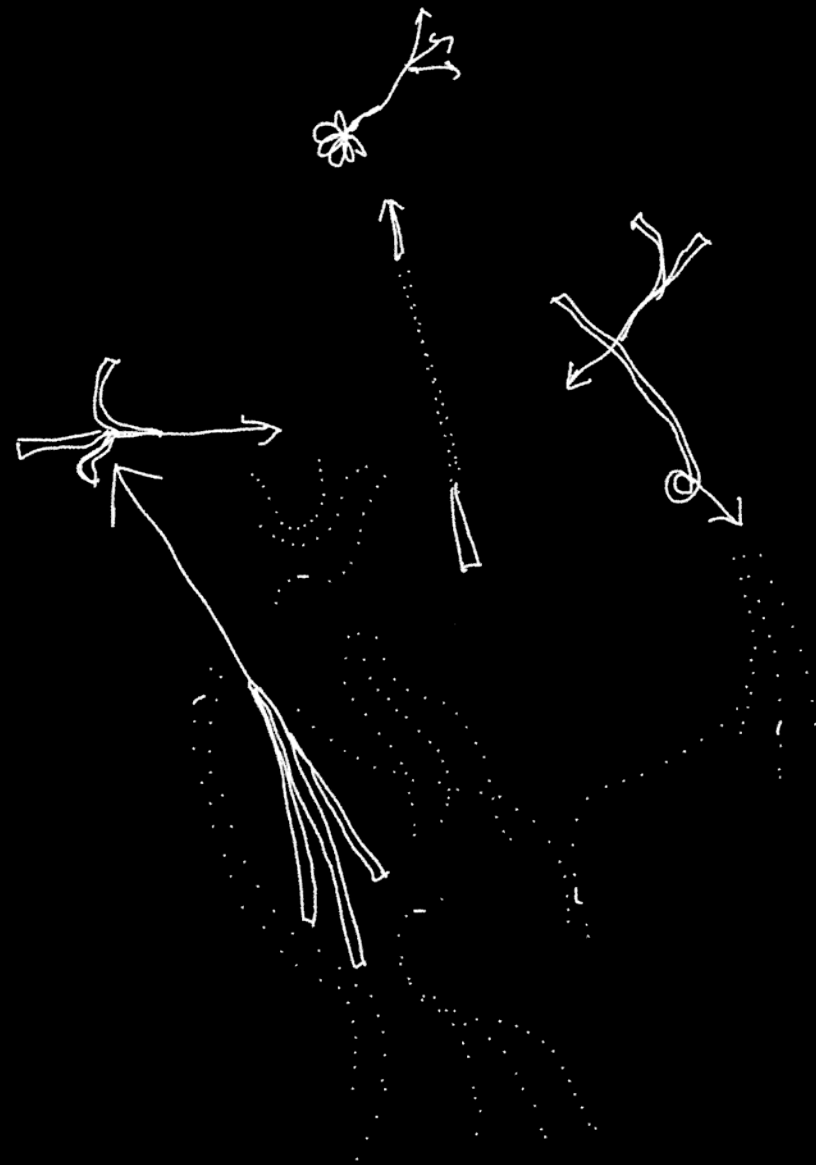


: TAKE APART BOTTLES

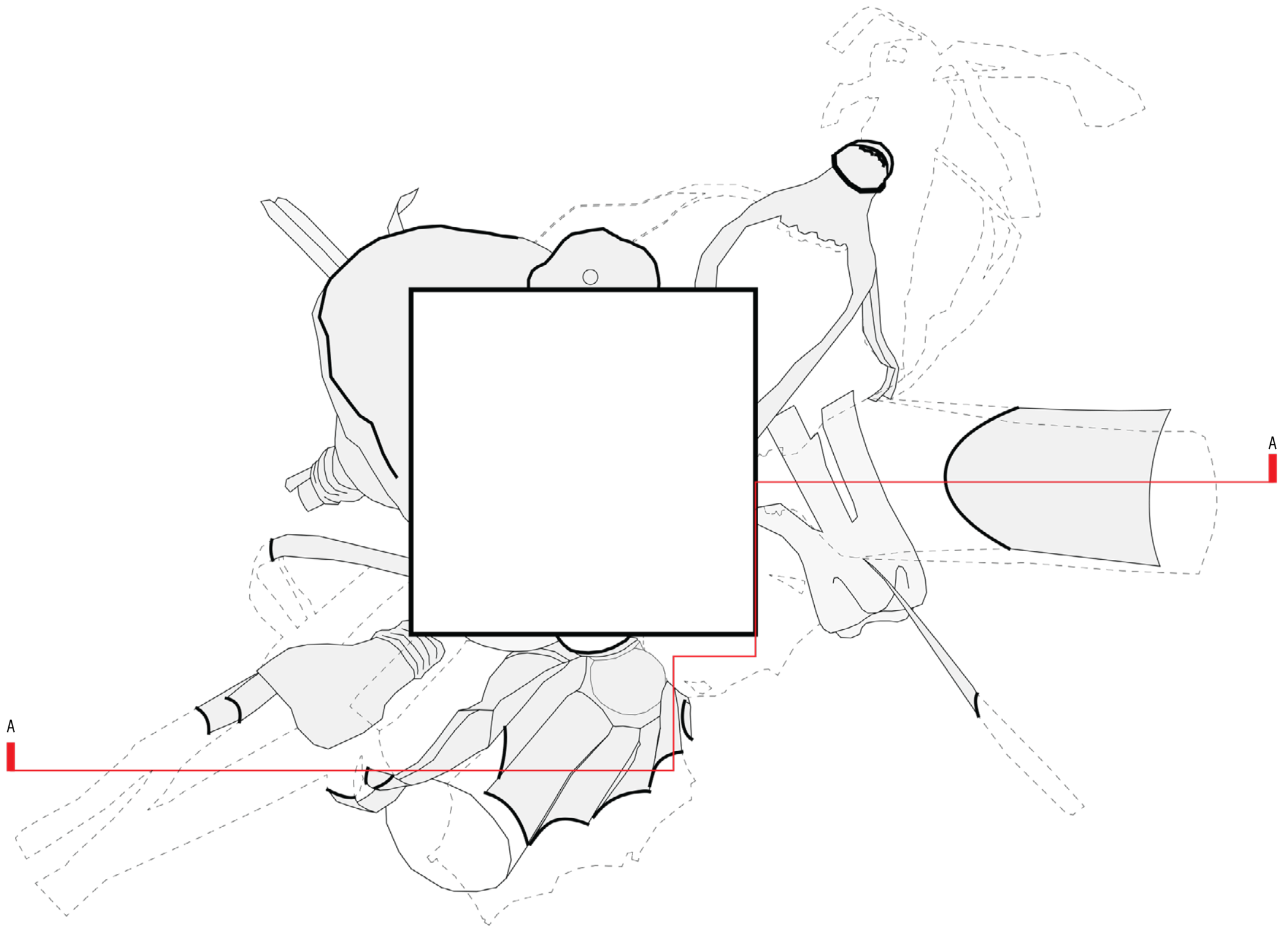
: RE-ASSEMBLE BOTTLES





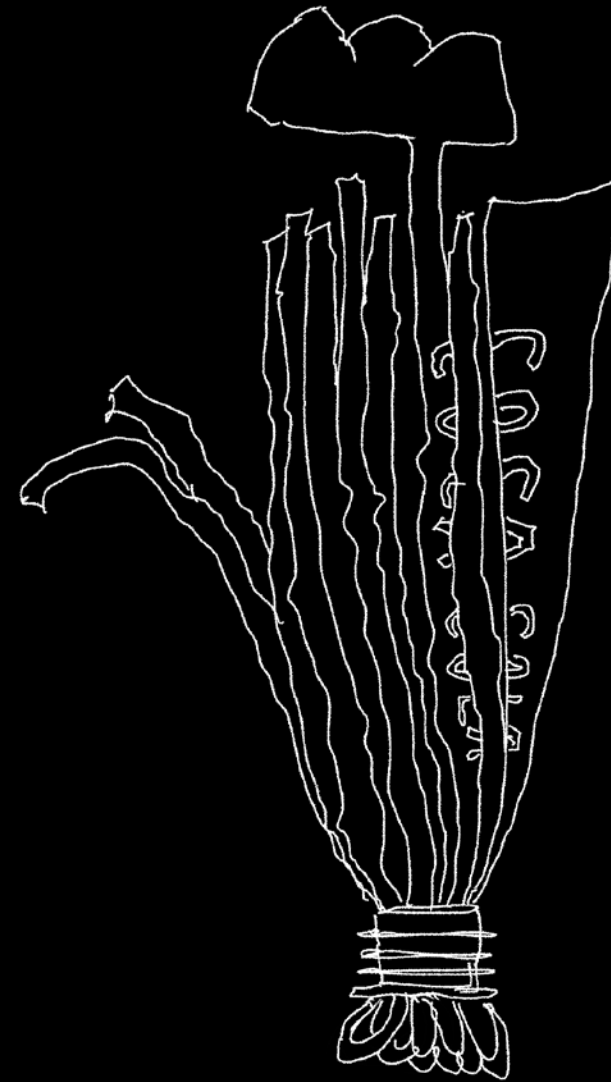


"absent minded?"



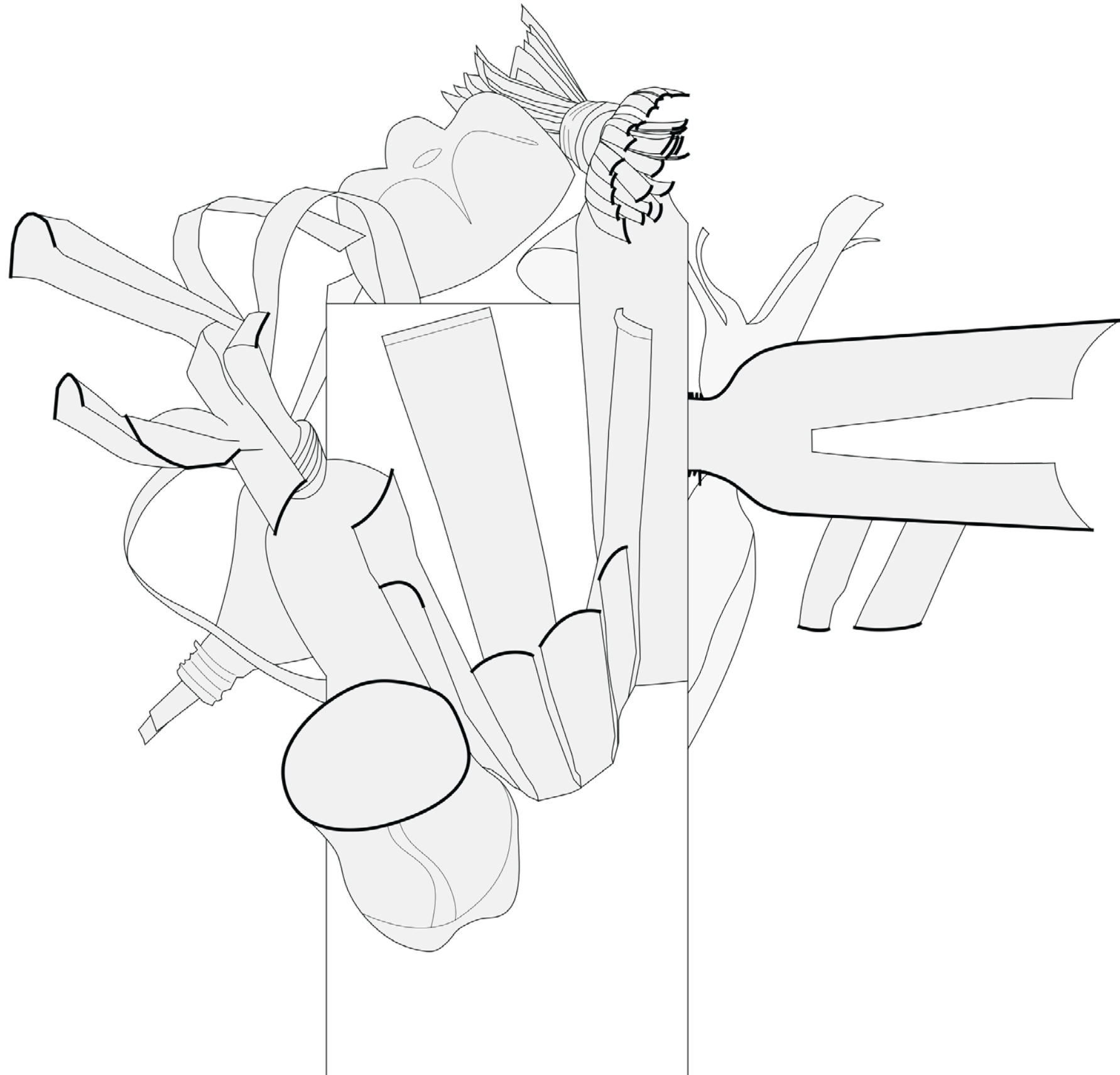
PLAN





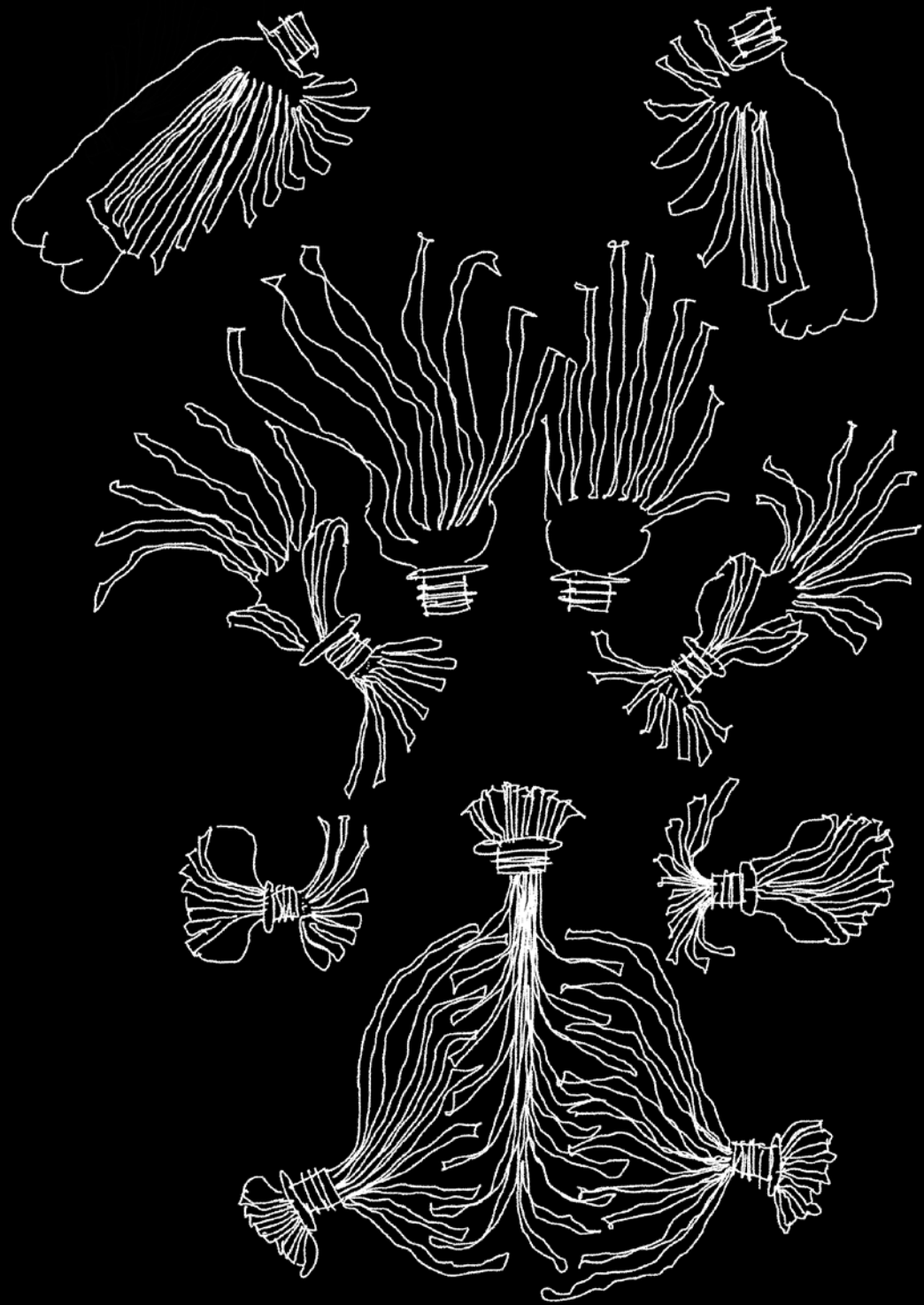
Cup?  
bottle?  
art?  
architecture?  
what?

"Inverted What The Fuck?"



SECTION A-A



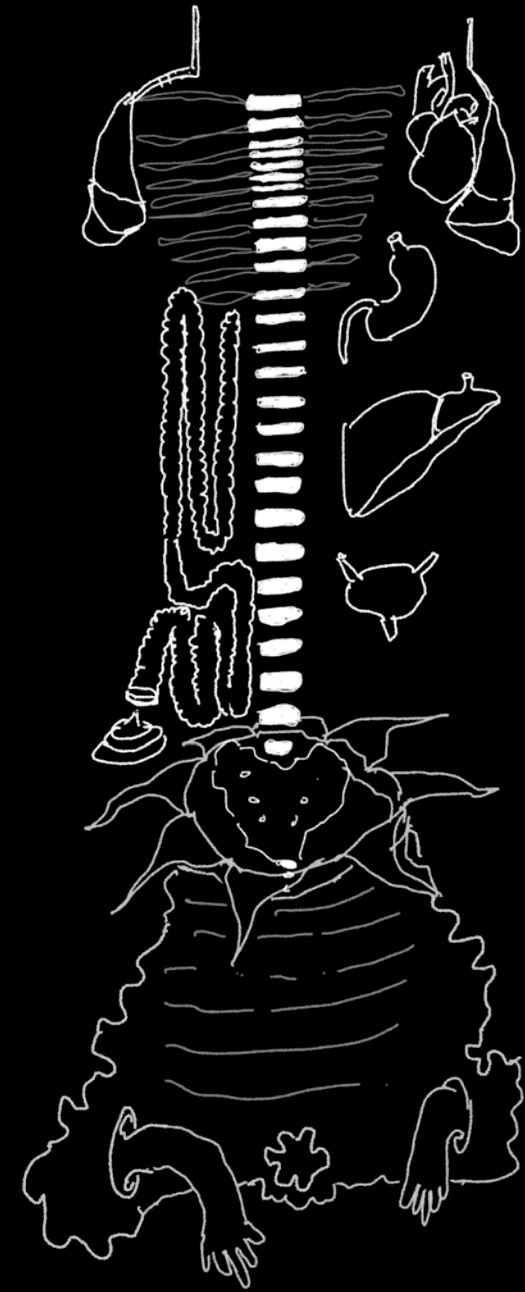


"Tormented Brain"









"What're you hiding underneath?"

"What'd ya mean?"



# TORSO

\ 'tor-sō \

Noun: : the human body apart from the head, neck, arms, and legs : the human trunk

## INSPIRATION:

I DON'T TREAT MY BODY(TORSO) LIKE A "HOLY TEMPLE". I INDULGE MYSELF IN WORLDLY PLEASURES: EATING HIGHLY PROCESSED FOODS AND SMOKING LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW. AND THOSE HAVE IMPACTED ME ON MY BODY AND ITS CONDITIONS. I HAVE STAYED OUT OF SMOKING CIGARETTES FOR A MONTH DURING STUDIO. MAYBE NOT ONLY WHAT WE EAT TELLS US WHAT WE ARE, BUT ALSO WHAT WE "IN-SPIRE" TELLS US WHO WE ARE.

WOOD | TORSO | BENDING | 1 | ORGANIC | TWISTED / STAPLED

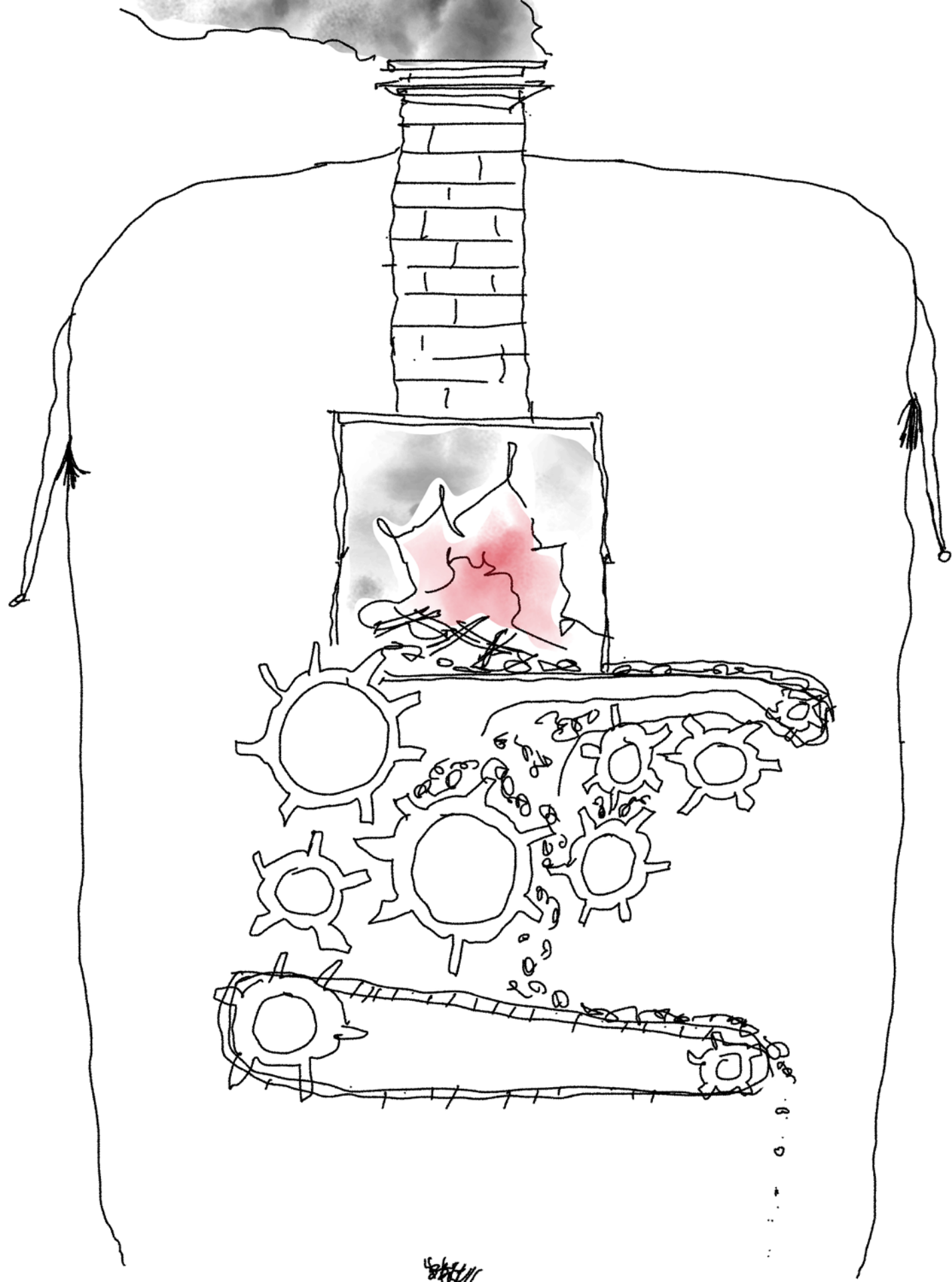
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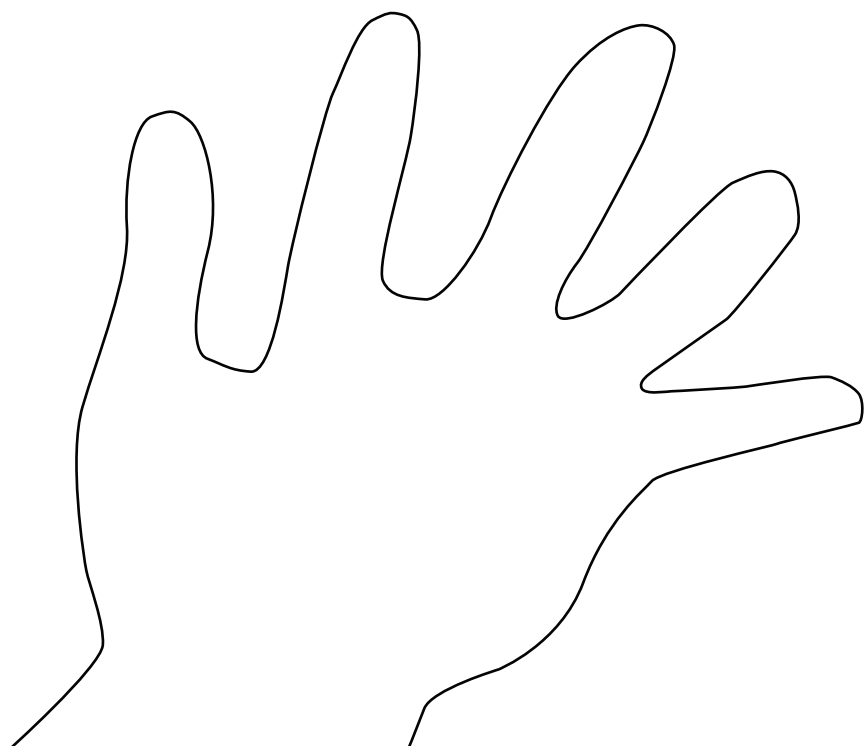
E-VISCERATING (EXAMINING) AND ONE OF THE DEEP STRUCTURES/ EXTERNAL FORCES (MCDONALD'S BAG). INVERTING AND E-VISCERATING THE BAG TO DECONSTRUCT WHAT IT WAS.

INTERPRETATION:

THE INSTITUTION/BAG IS PROCEDURALLY INVERTED STEP-BY-STEP. TO PREVENT RIPPING THE BAG, FIRST THE BAG NEEDS TO BE SQUEEZED HARD AND SOFTENED INTO A FABRIC-LIKE BALL. I USED MY HANDS TO PULL THE BAGS FROM THE INSIDE OUT LIKE HOW ONE WOULD E-VISCERATE (TAKING OUT ORGANS) ORGANS OUT OF A CHICKEN. THEN THE PROCEDURES ARE PRESENTED AND EXAMINED.

SKETCH, INSPIRATION

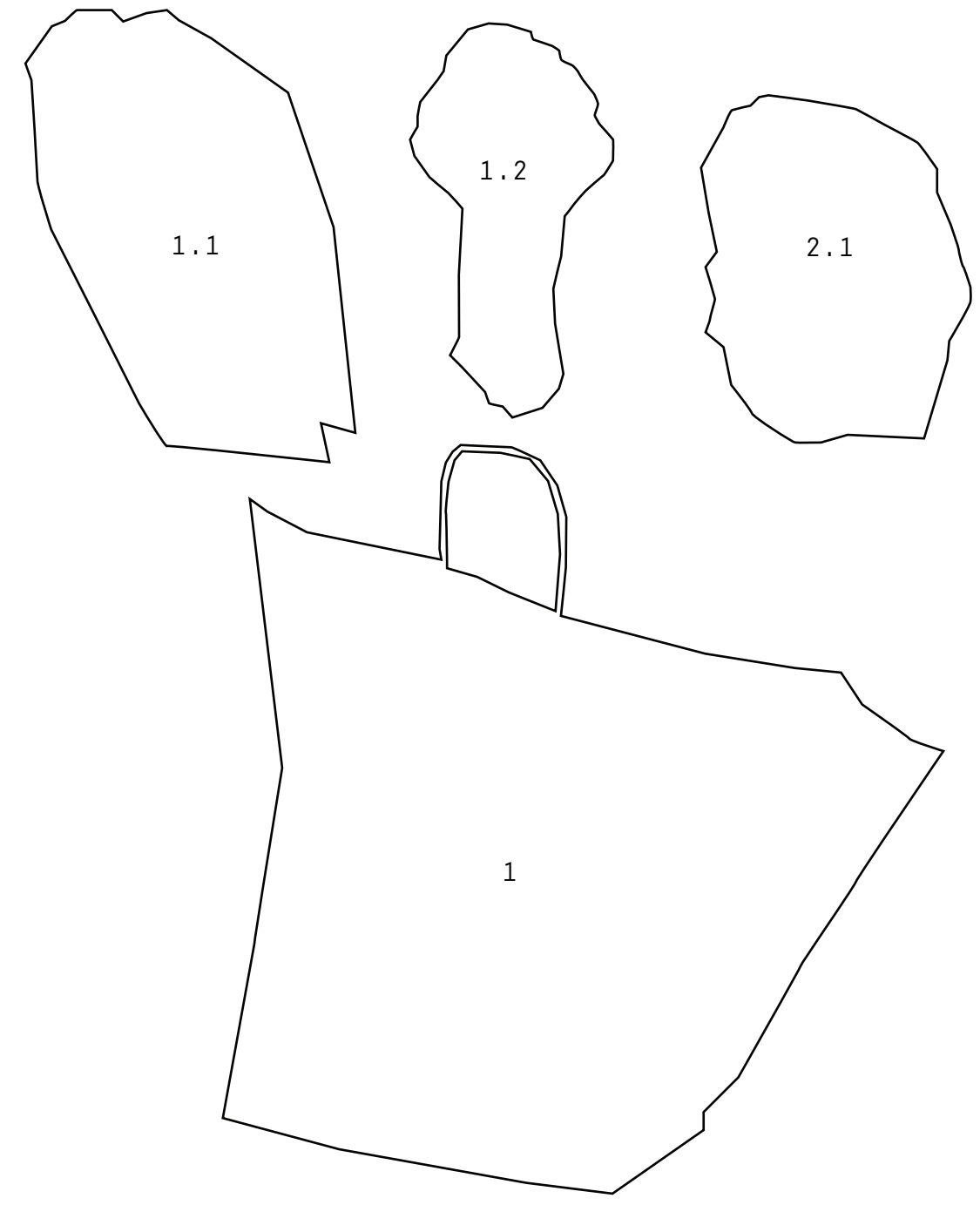




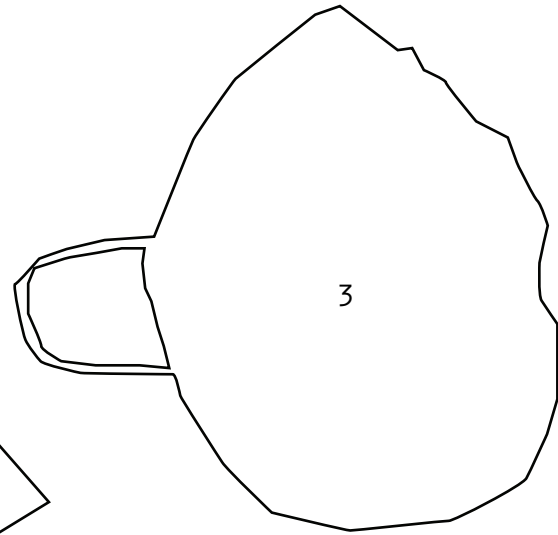
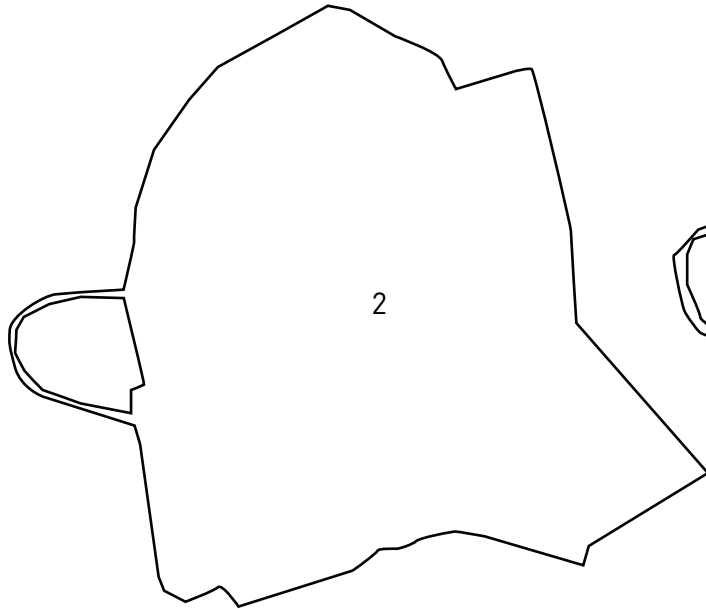
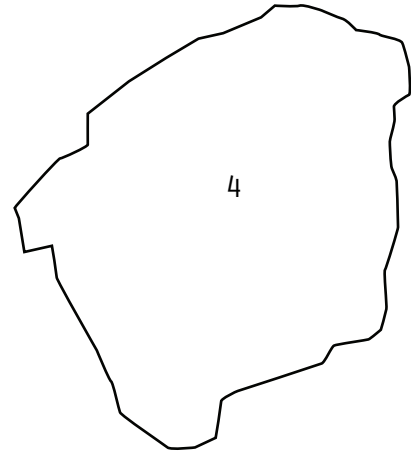
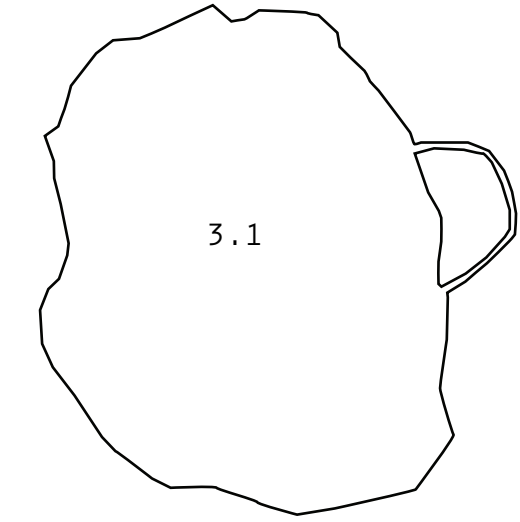




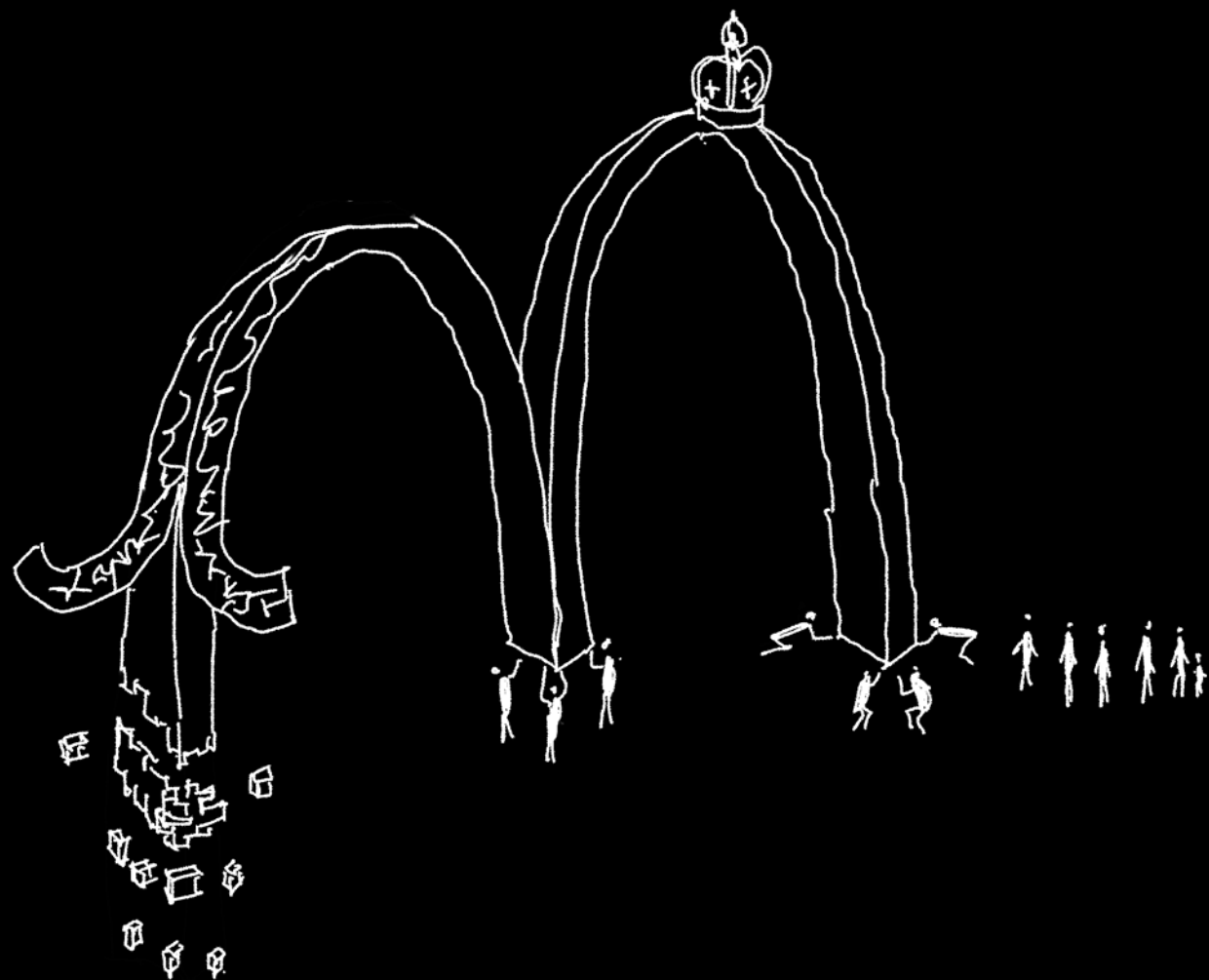






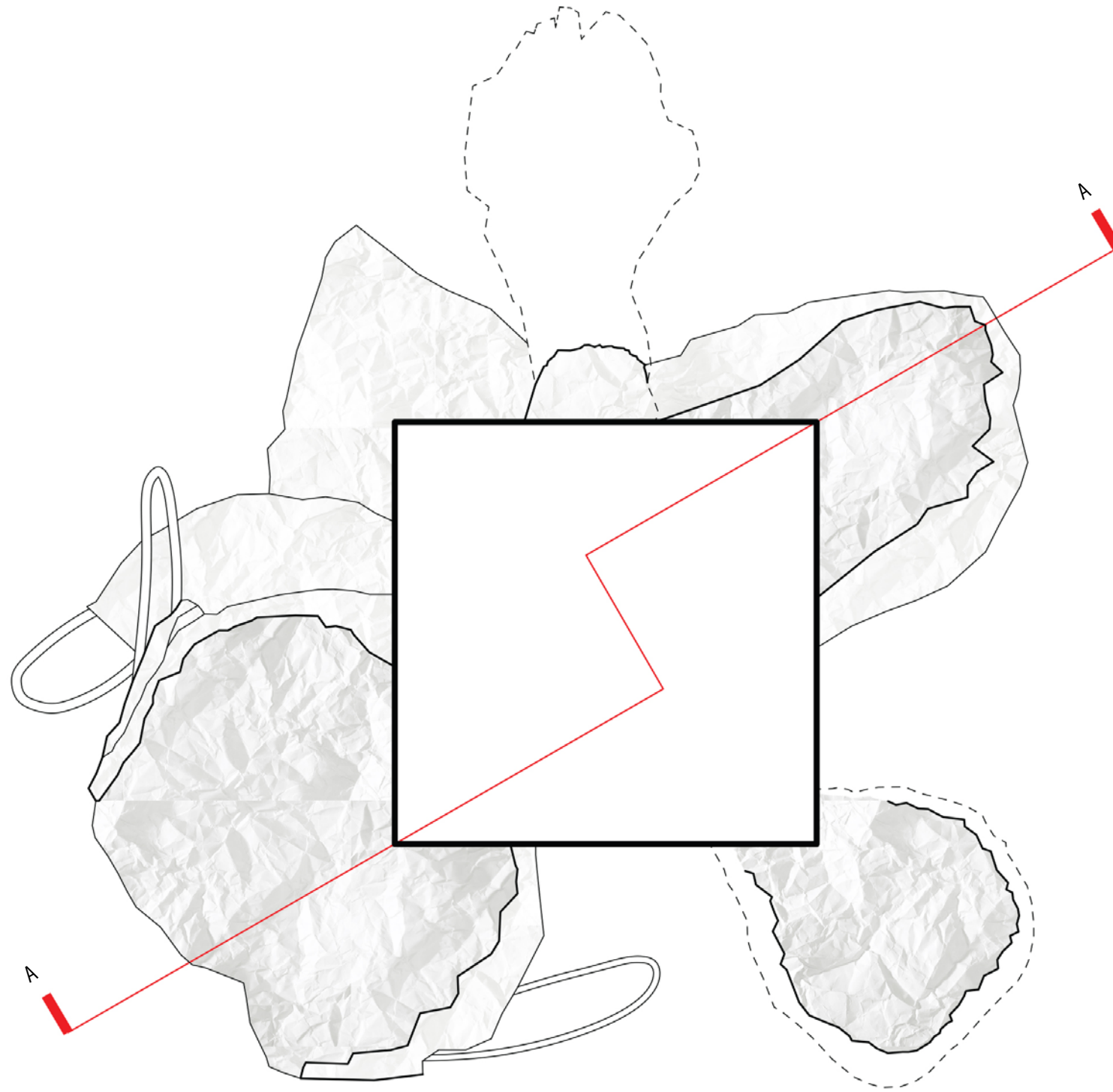




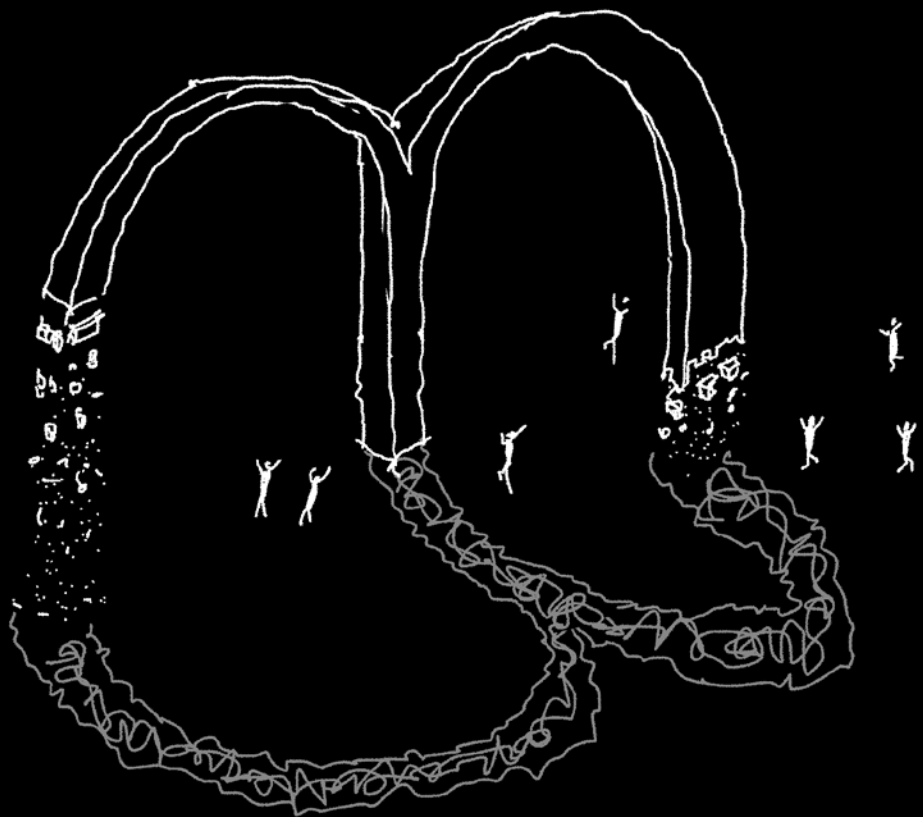


"Reconstructing Institution"

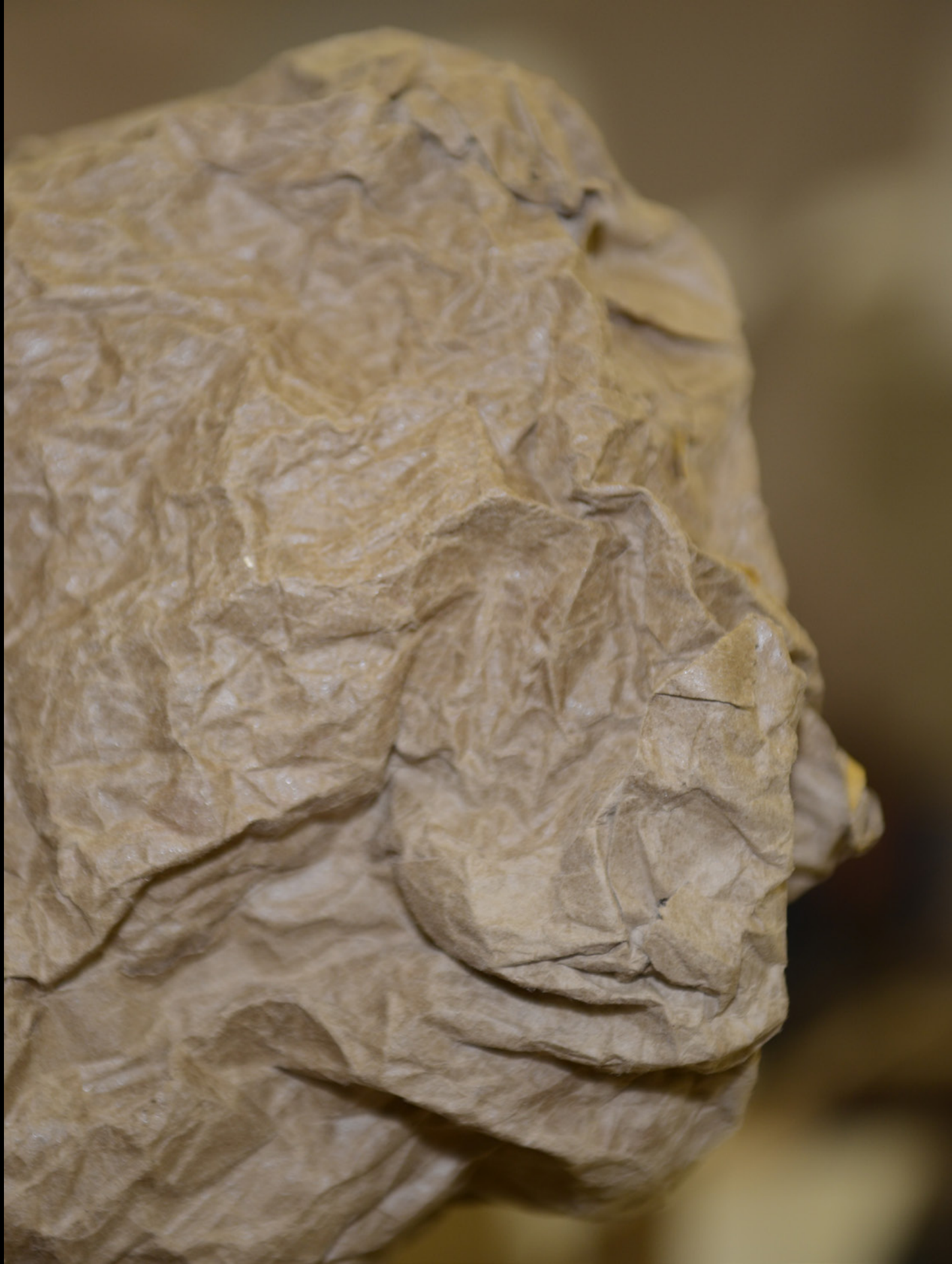


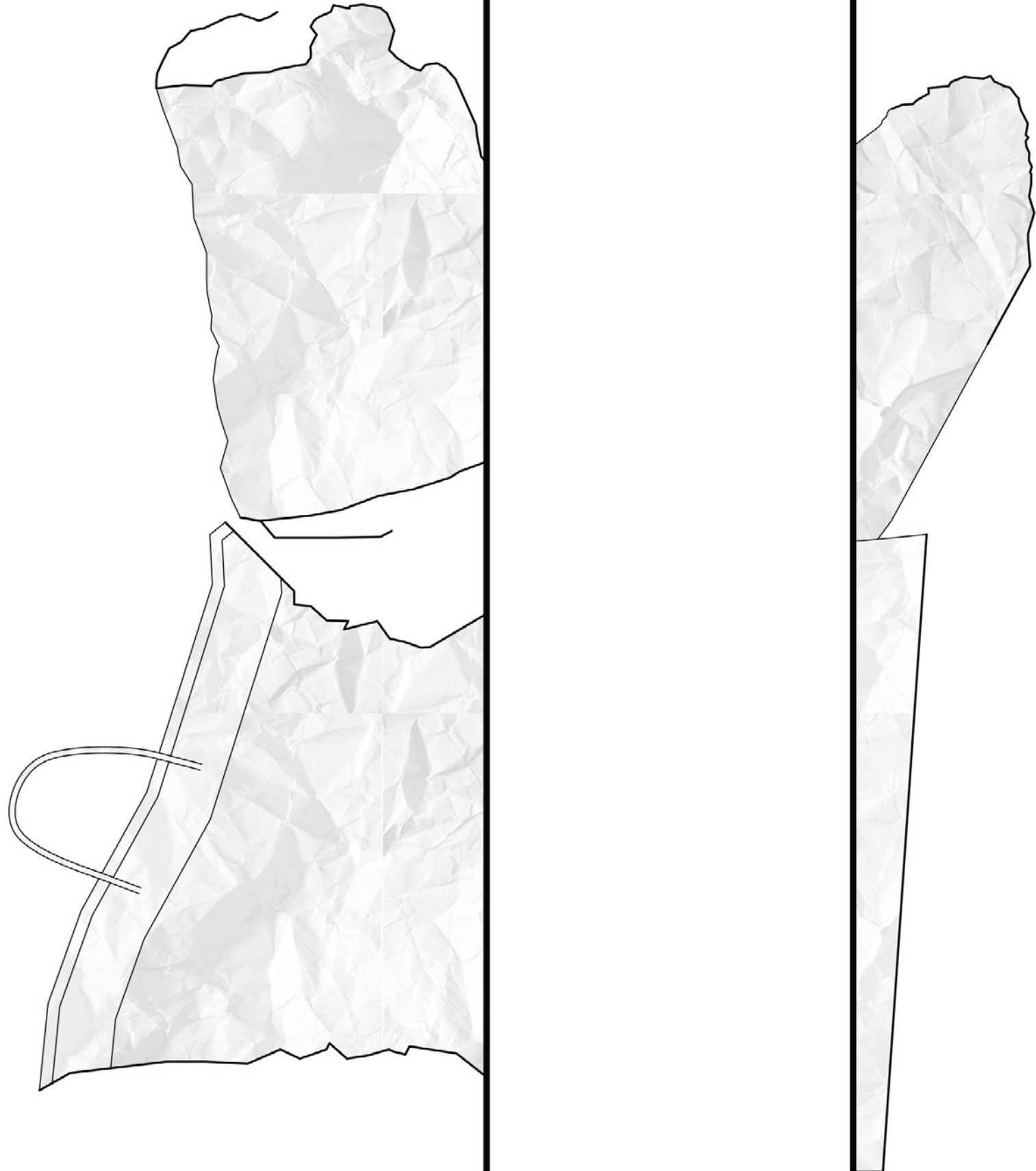






"Succumbing"





SECTION A - A



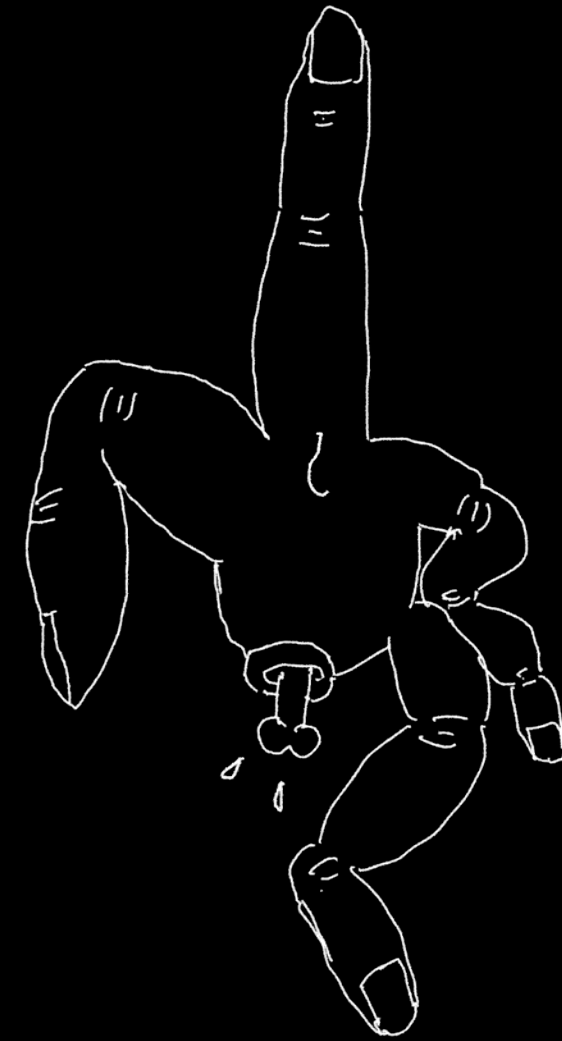


"Eviscerating"









omg! It's "dis-fingered"!

# HANDS

\ 'hands \

Noun: : used in reference to the power to direct something

INSPIRATION:

ANXIETY AND COMFORT. EVER SINCE I WAS A KID, I LIKED TO SLIGHTLY PEEL THE SKIN OF MY MIDDLE FINGER AND BITING NAILS. IT IS SUBCONSCIOUSLY SOOTHING TO ME. IT IS A WEIRD THING THAT I HAVE NEVER TOLD ANYONE: FEELING THE HARDENED SKIN NEXT TO MY FACE OR CORNER OF MY MOUTH IS COMFORTING. IS THIS RETURNING TO THE MOTHER'S BOSOM? IS ANXIETY OF THE UNKNOWN/ COMING RETURN ME TO THAT OF THE STIMULANT OF MOTHER'S BOSOM?



METAL | HANDS | WEAVING | 1 | SOFT/HARD | TWISTING |

IMPULSE:

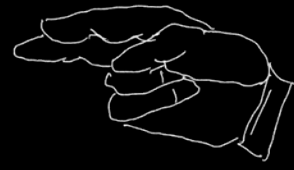
FINDING COMFORT/JUSTIFICATION WITH CARESSING AND MOUTHING (SUCKING?) ON SHARP OBJECT (THAT OF HAND) TO COUNTER-BALANCE THE ANXIETY OF THE UNKNOWN/COMING.

INTERPRETATION:

THE OUT-REACHING WIRE MESH SUB-STRUCTURES HAVE CAPTURED THE SENSE OF ANXIETY OF THE UNKNOWN. THE OBJECTS WOULD COMMUNICATE THEIR "COMFORT" BY THE COUNTER BALANCE, THE ANXIETY. THAT COMFORT WAS COMMUNICATED THROUGH THE "PODS" INSTEAD.

THE AUXILIARY OBJECTS (LEFT HANDS) AS IT SERVES AS A SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIRST OBJECT AND GIVES A SENSE OF JEALOUSY TOWARDS THE FIRST.

THESE METALS HANDS EACH REPRESENT SOMETHING THAT ARE IMPORTANT TO ME: PRESENCE, RECEPTIVENESS, AUXILIARY, AND TORMENT.



I



A



Z



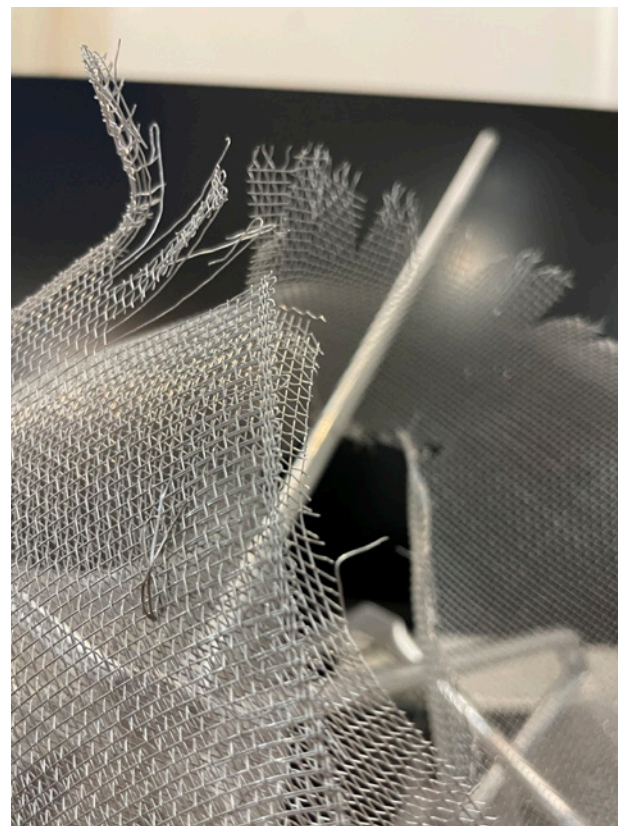
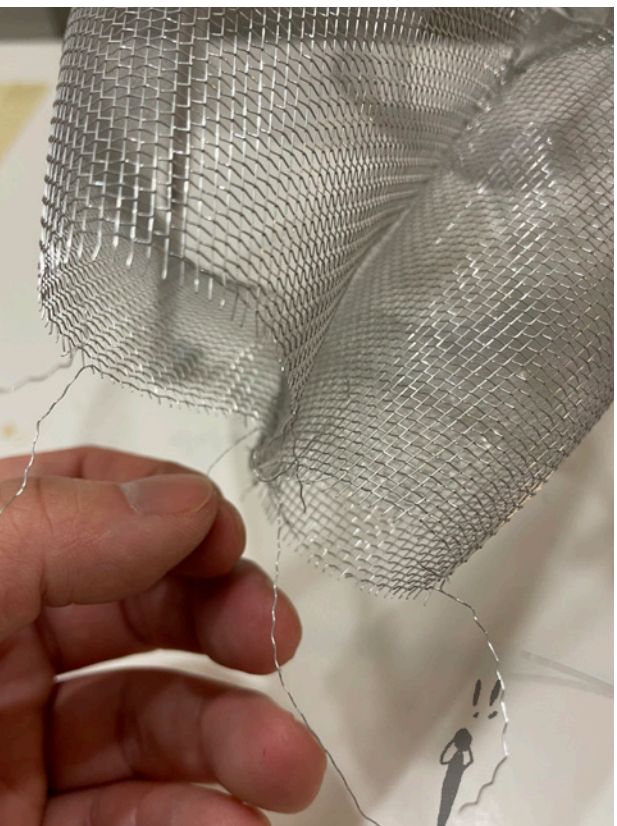
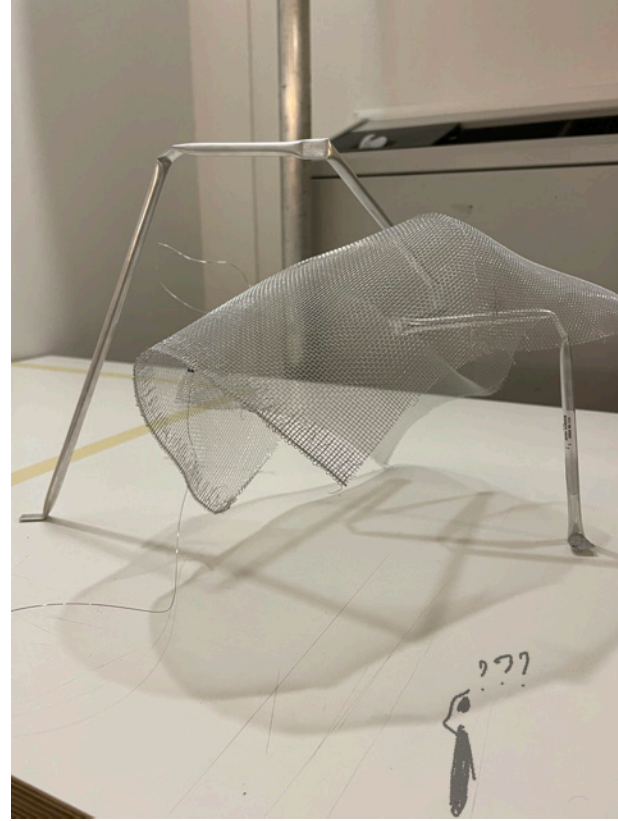
D



S







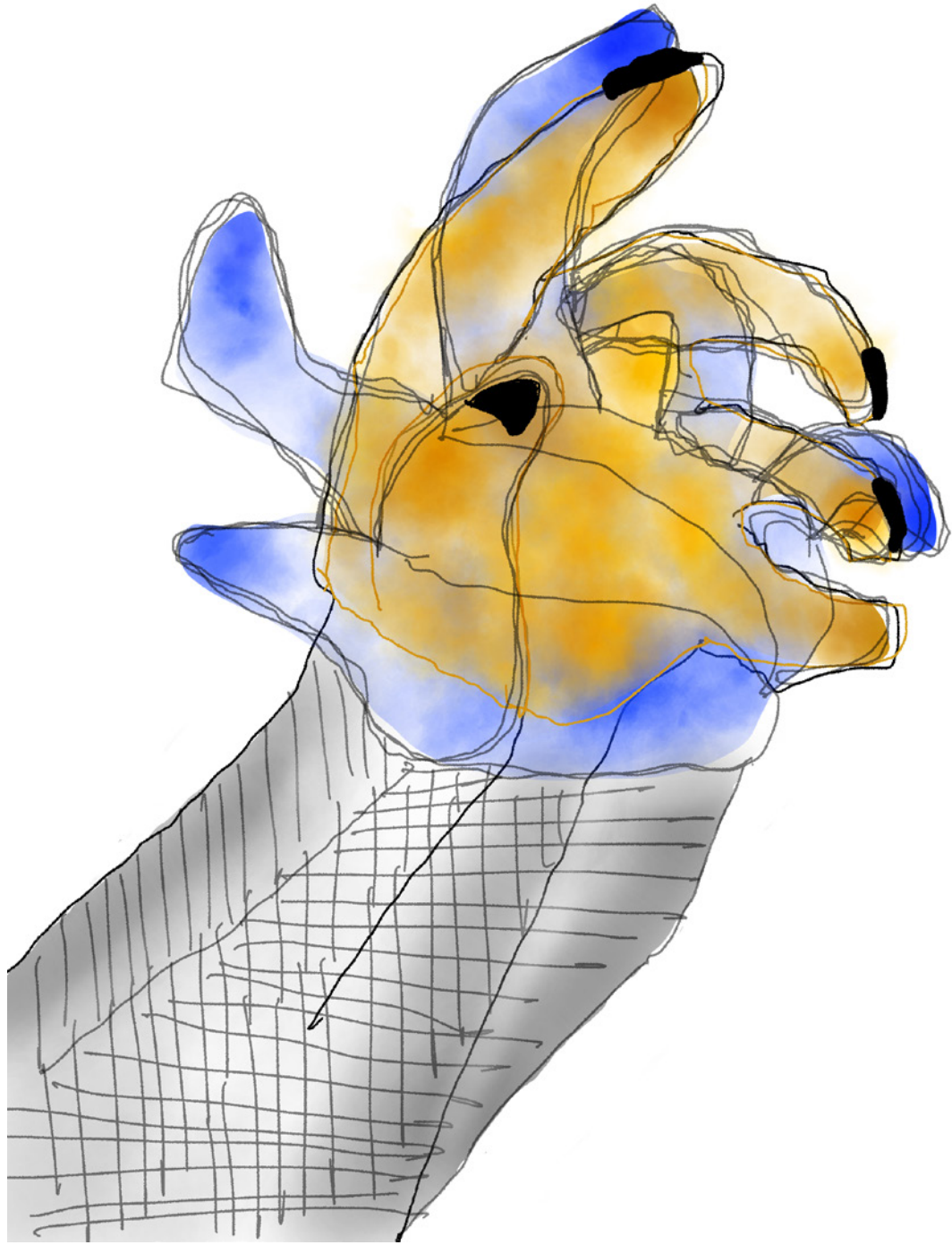




:RIGHT HAND 1

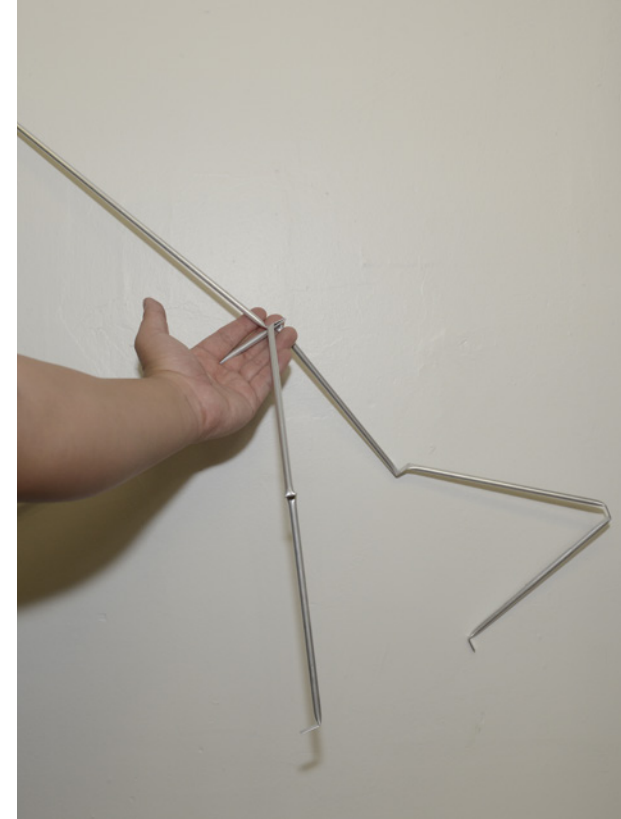


:RIGHT HAND 2



“LEFT HAND”

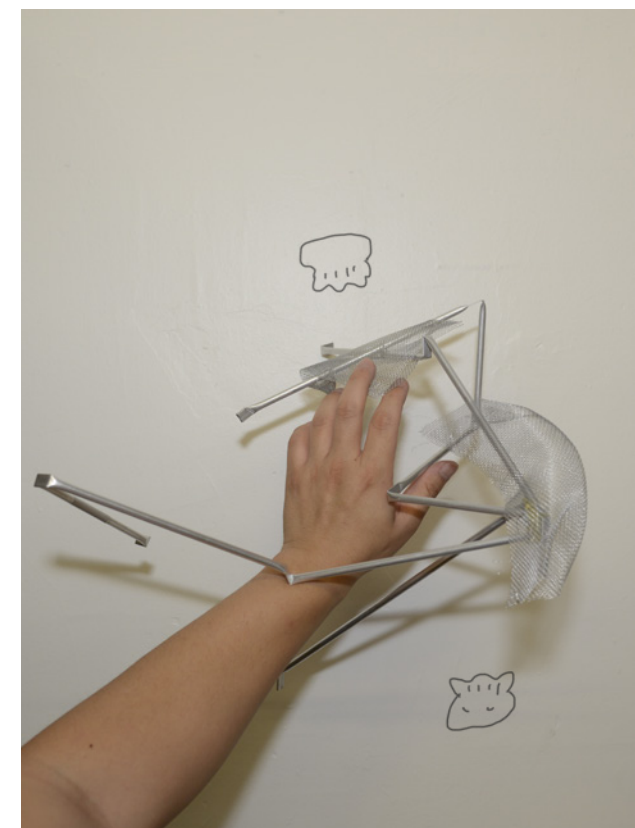
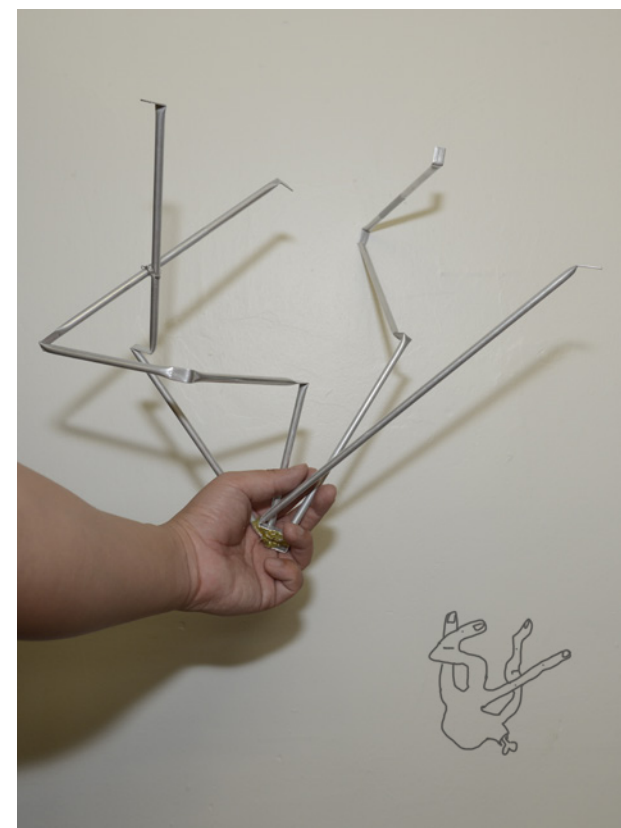
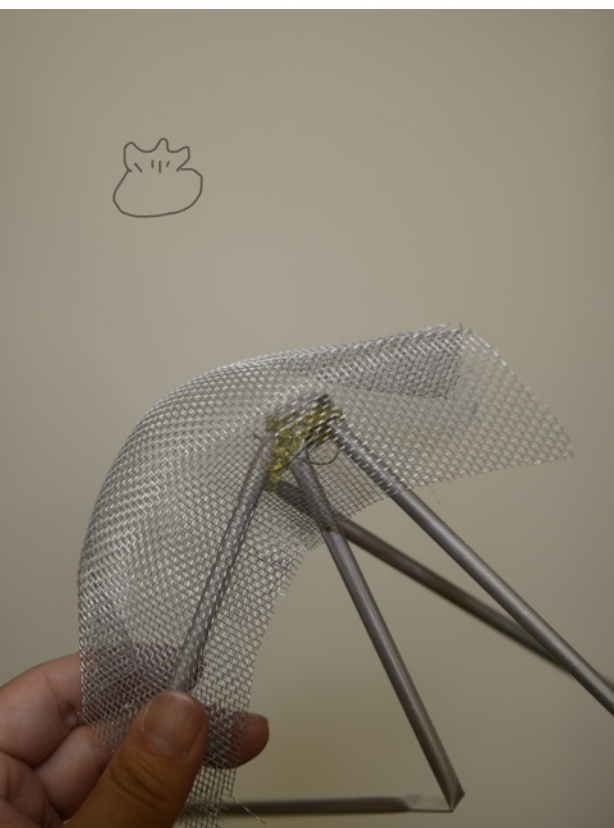




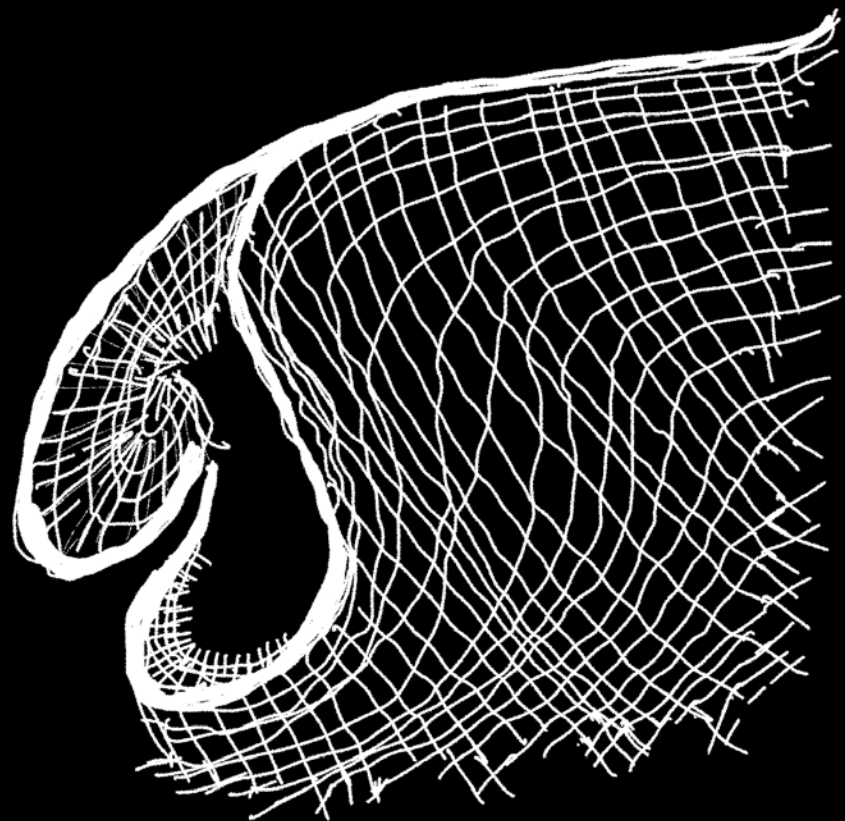
:BENDING ACCORDING TO HANDS

:LEFT HAND 1

:LEFT HAND 2







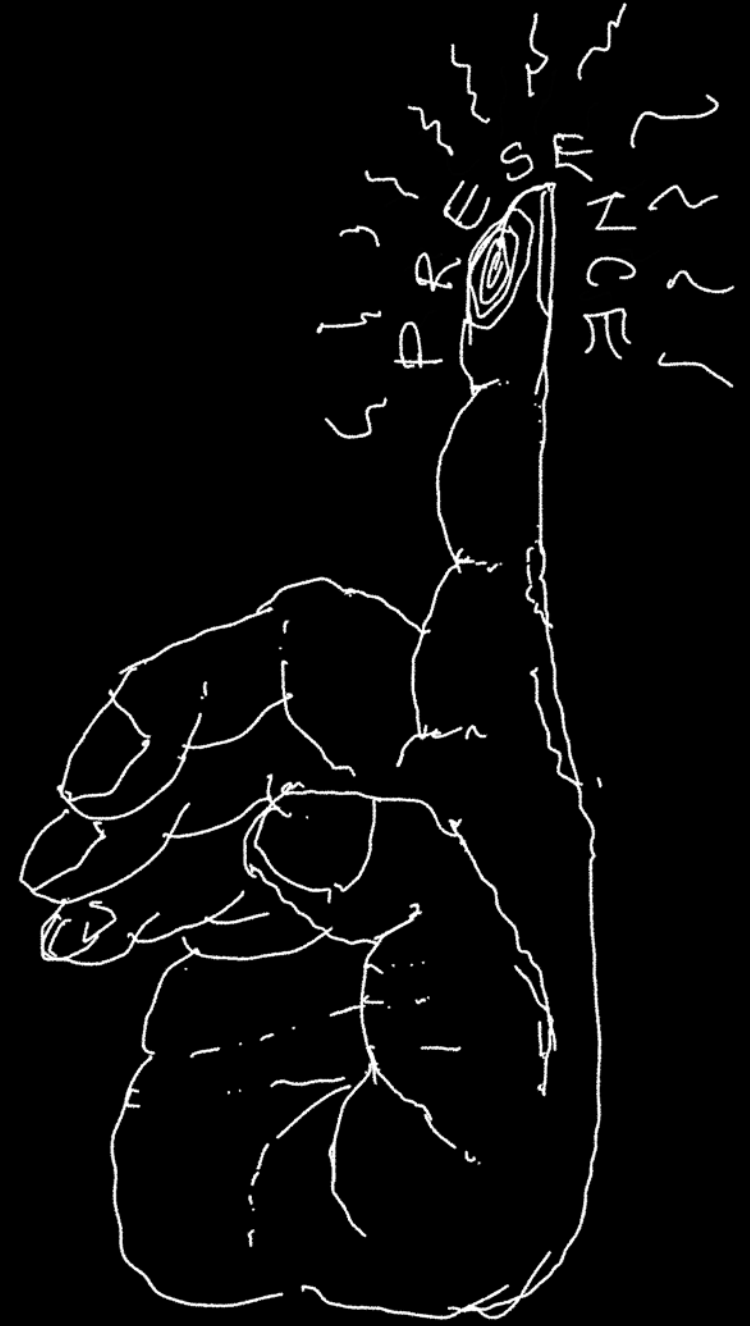
"Contradicting"



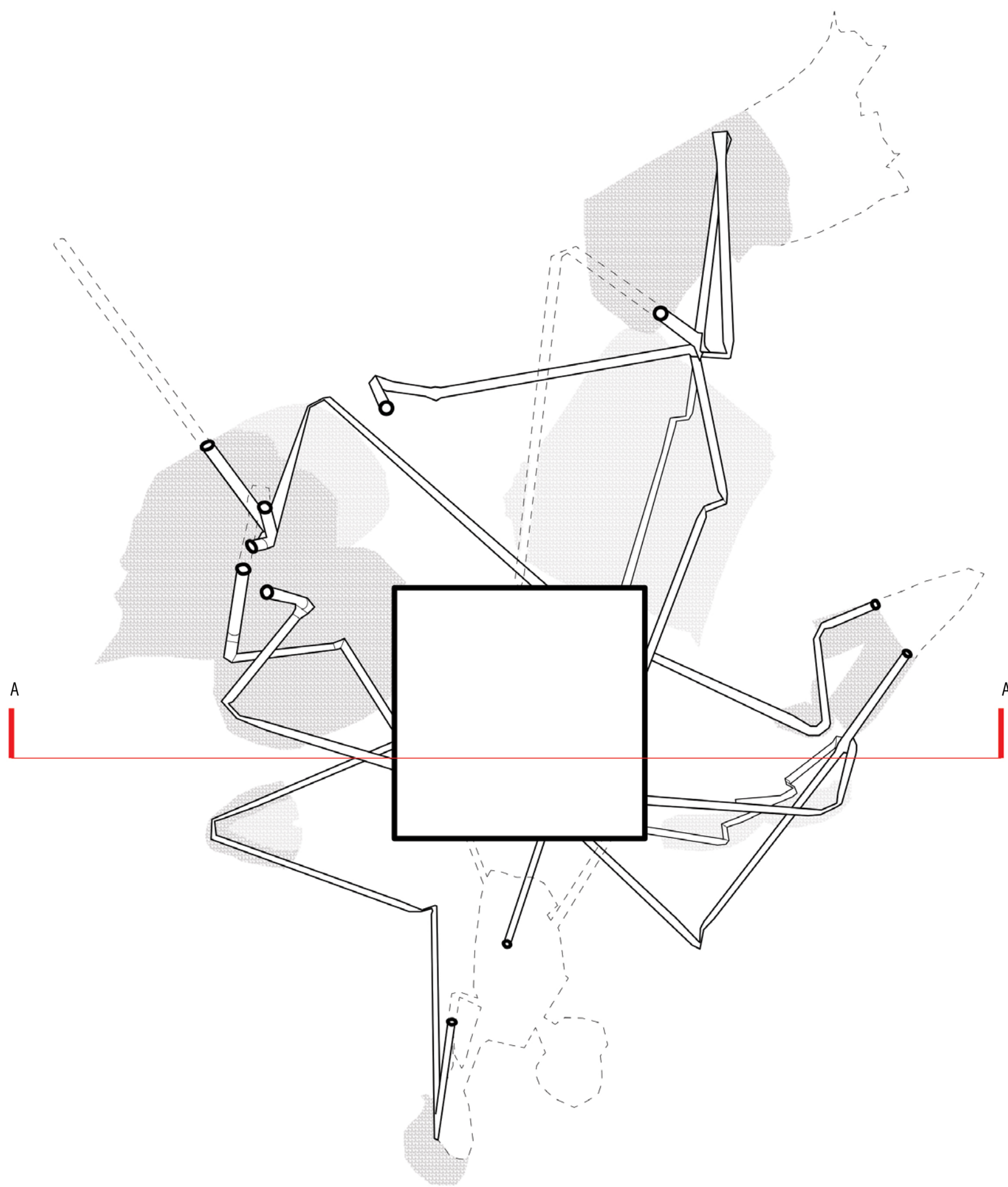




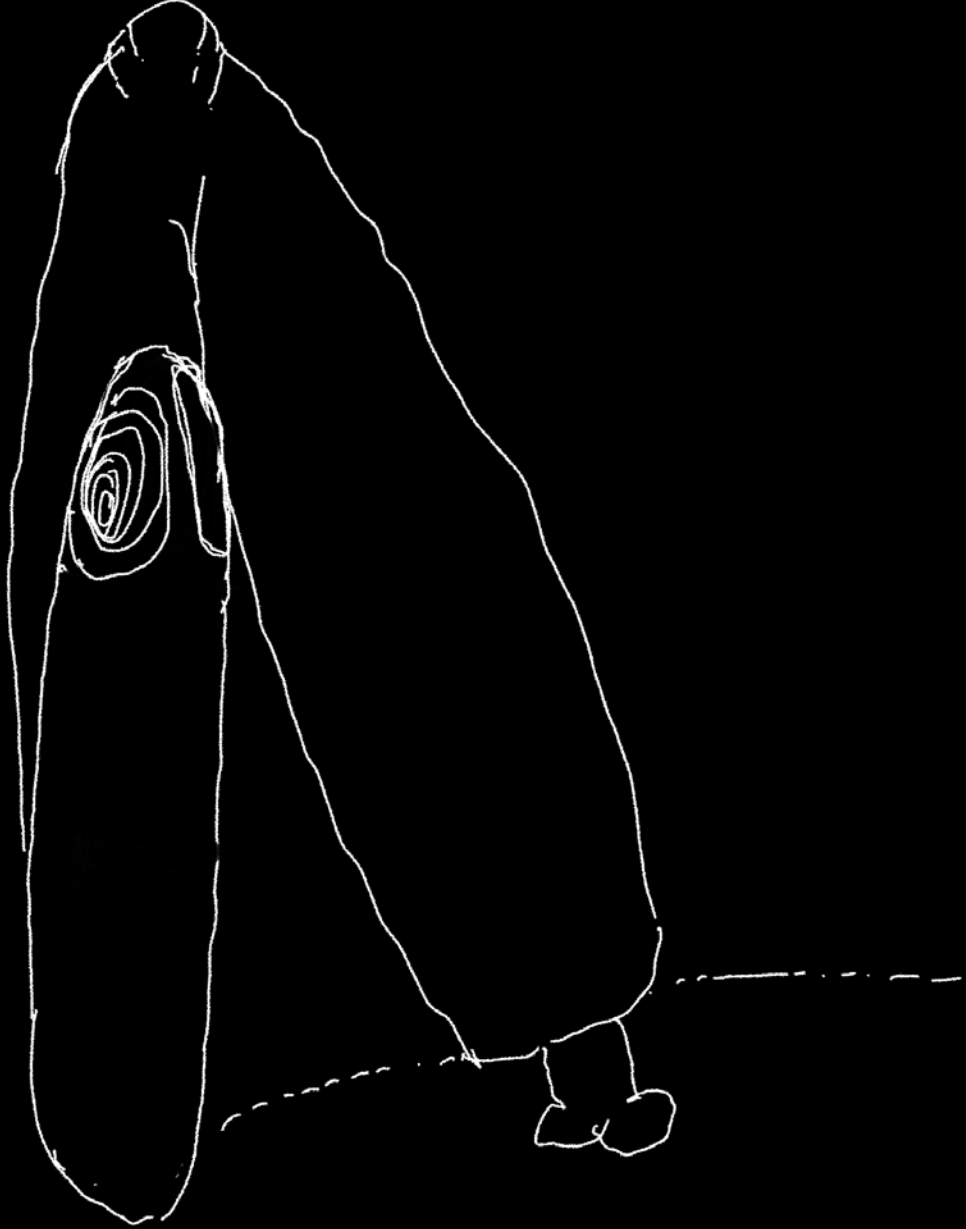




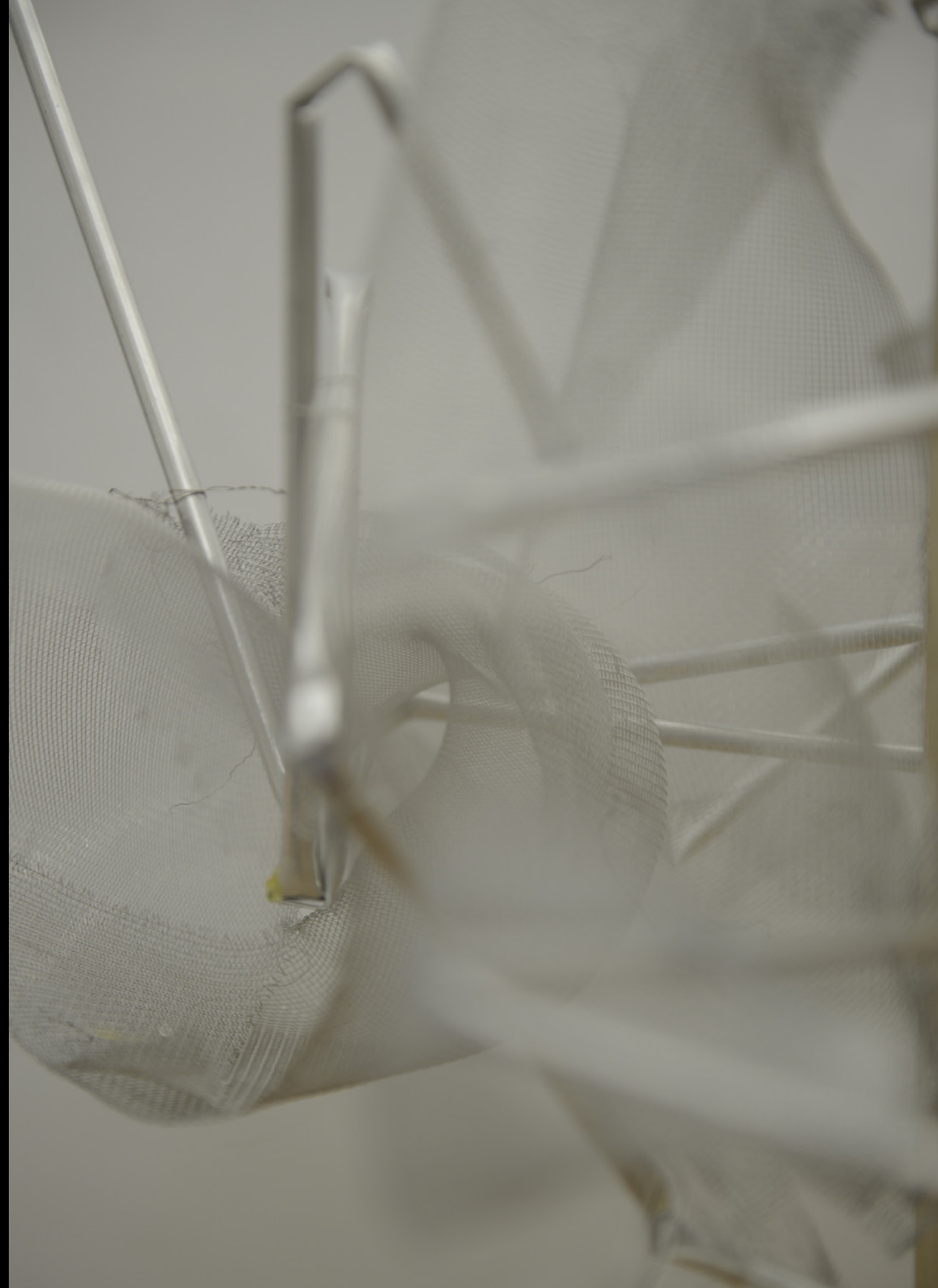
"I point therefore I am."



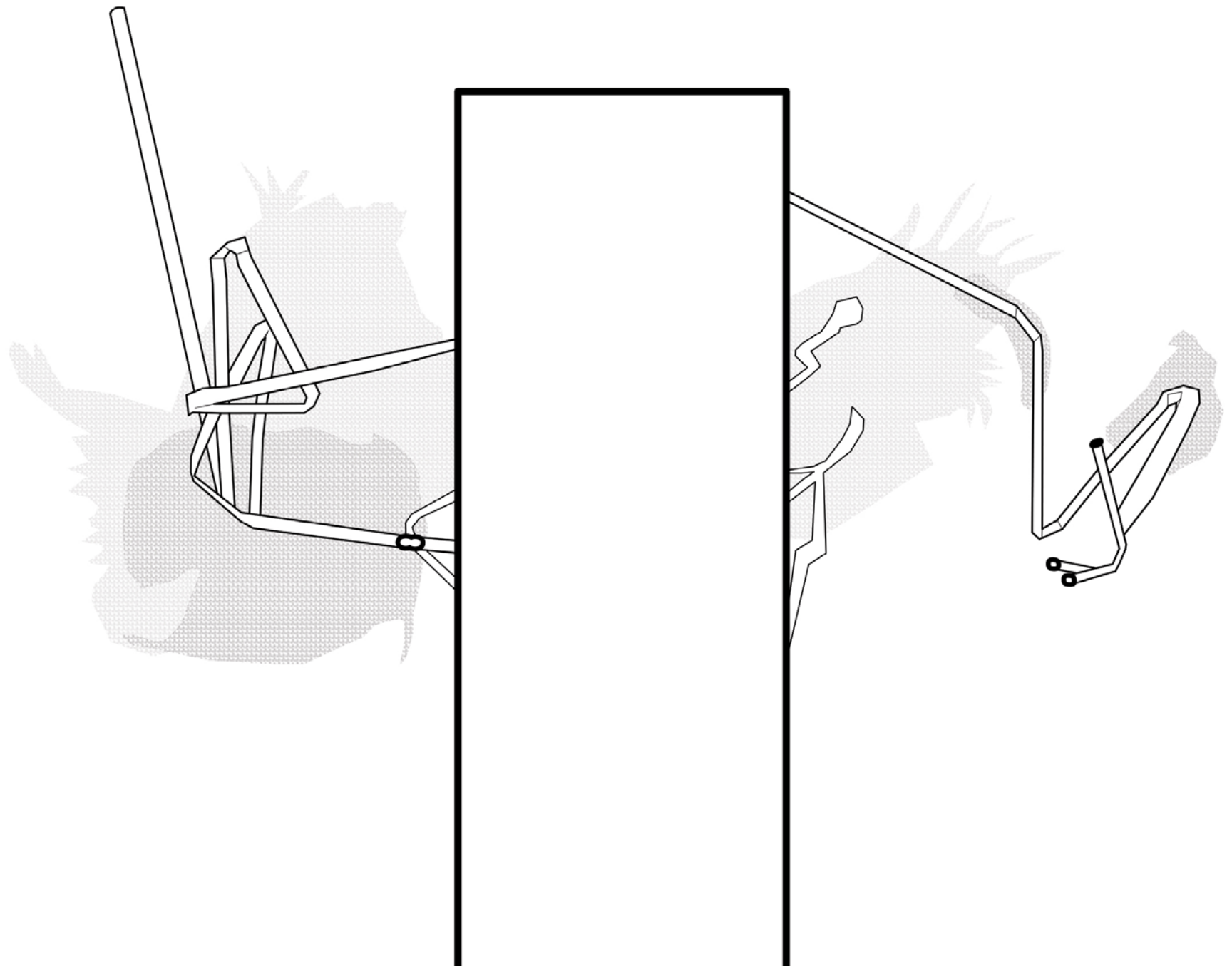
PLAN



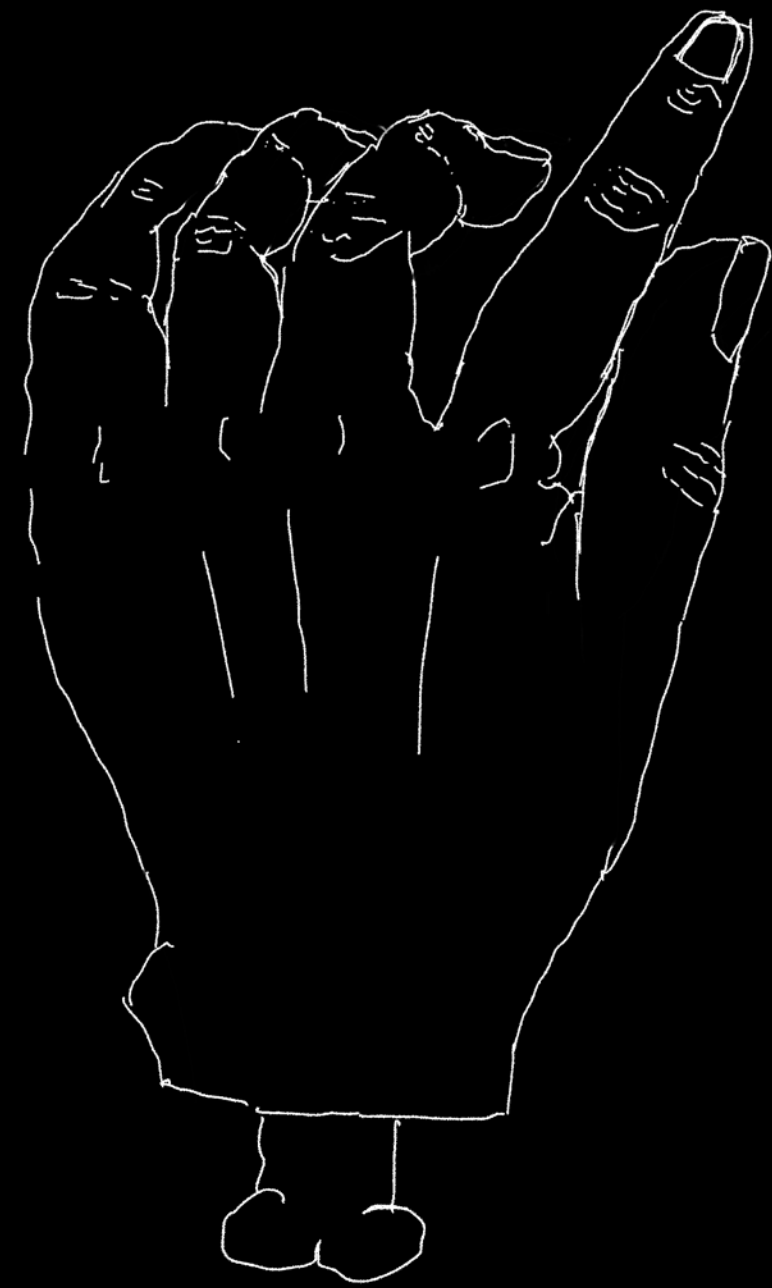
"Tortured fingers"



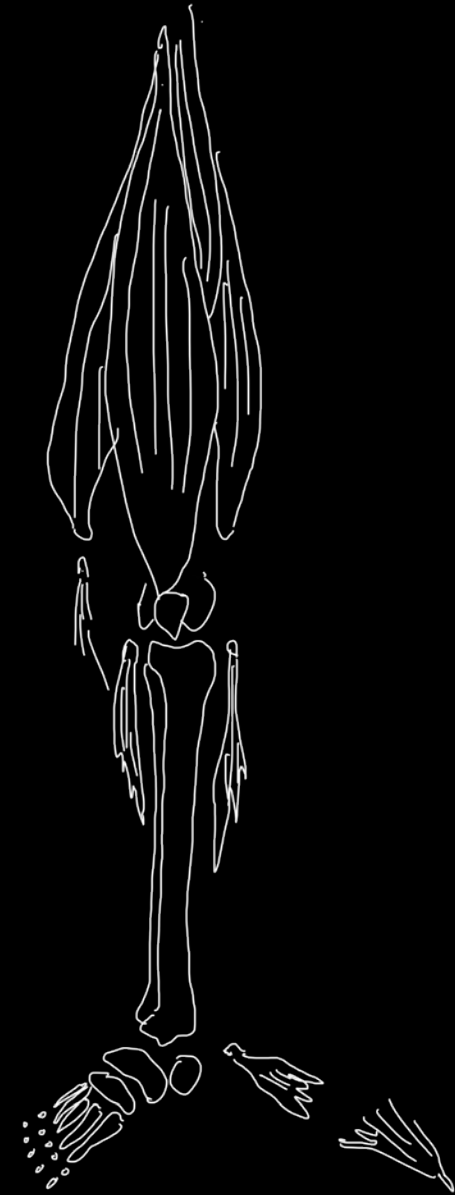




SECTION A - A



*"Axillary Left Hand"*



*The limb that's easily forgotten?*



# LEGS

\ 'leg \

Noun: : a branch or part of an object or system

## INSPIRATION:

LEGS (BEINEN)/BONES, ARE THE  
SUPPORT STRUCTURE OF MY BODY.  
I LOVE BEING AROUND/WALKING/  
TRAVELING AND HAVING SEX. LEGS  
ARE WHAT MAKE THINGS HAPPEN.  
IN A WAY, I AM WHO I AM BECAUSE  
OF MY LEGS. I AM WHO I AM, I AM  
WHAT MY LEGS MAKE ME TO BE. SEX  
IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST DRIVE TO  
WHAT ULTIMATELY PROPELS ME TO BE  
ME.

FABRIC | LEGS | WEAVING | 2^2 | SOFT/HARD | HANGING | TWISTING

IMPULSE:

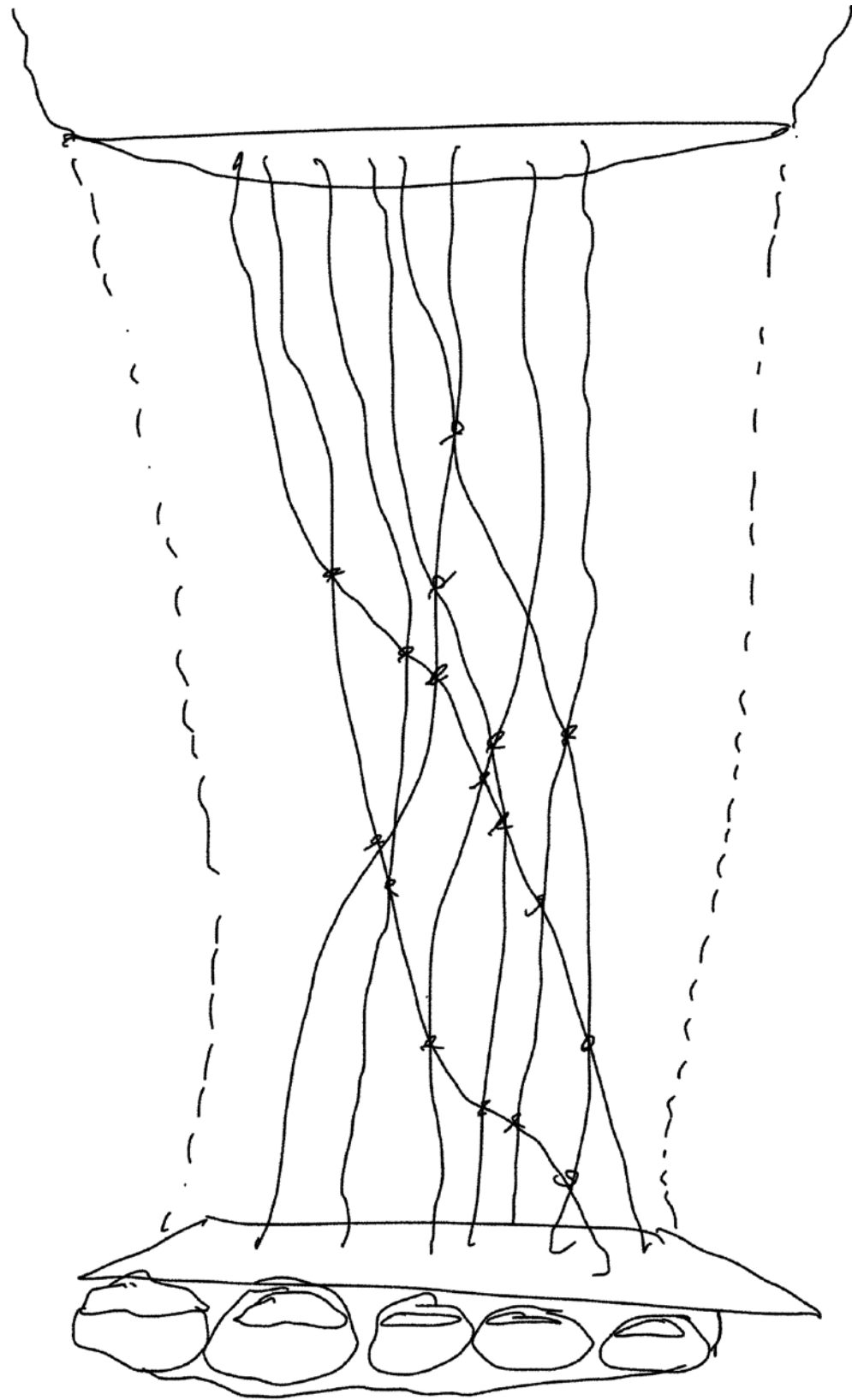
LOOKING AT FABRIC, I FEEL LIKE  
THEY WANT TO STAND UP. SOMETHING  
THAT IS AGREEING TO GRAVITY  
WANTS TO RESIST THE DECADENCE  
AND ERECT ITSELF AND DO AND MAKE  
AND BE. DOES THE INVERT OF LEGS  
DEFINE WHAT LEGS ARE

OPERATIONS: ROTATE, INVERT,  
TWIST, MISPLACE LEG SPACES.

INTERPRETATION:

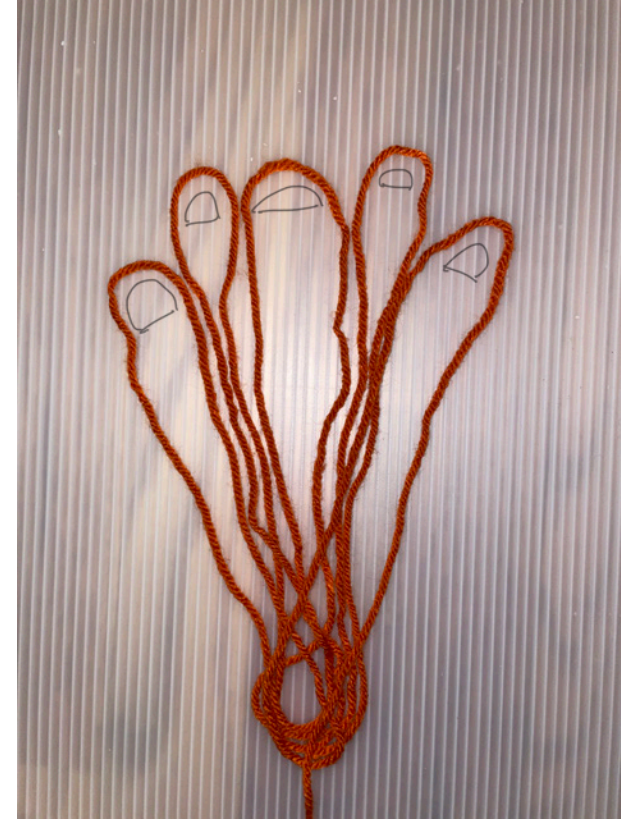
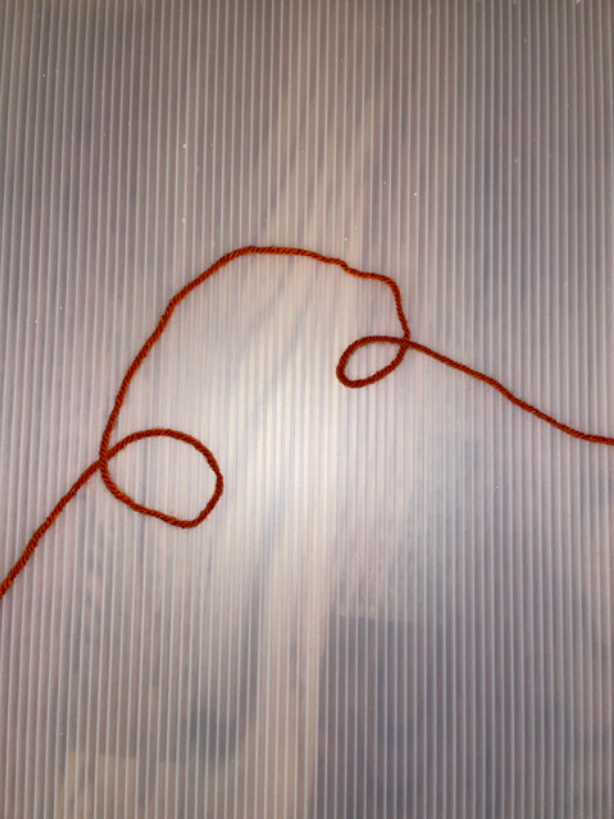
BY MISPLACING/TORTURING THE  
PANTS FABRIC, IN ORDER TO KNOW  
WHAT IT IS TO EXIST.

FABRIC RESISTS CHANGES, AGREES  
TO GRAVITY. SERIES OF TORTURING/  
OPERATIONS MAKE IT COME ALIVE  
AND GO AND BE, AND THERE'S  
ALWAYS THAT HINTING DRIVE OF SEX  
LYING AROUND ANY MOTIVES.



SKETCH, INSPIRATION









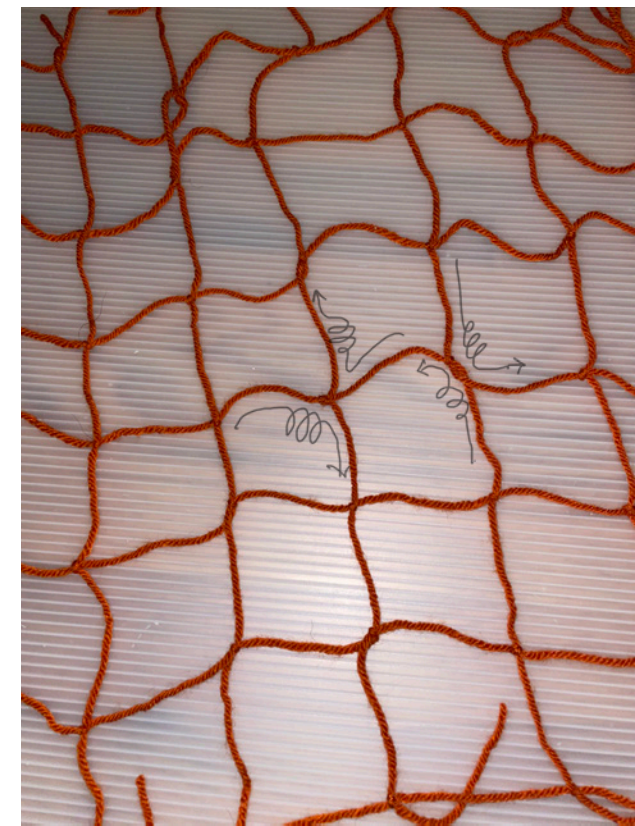
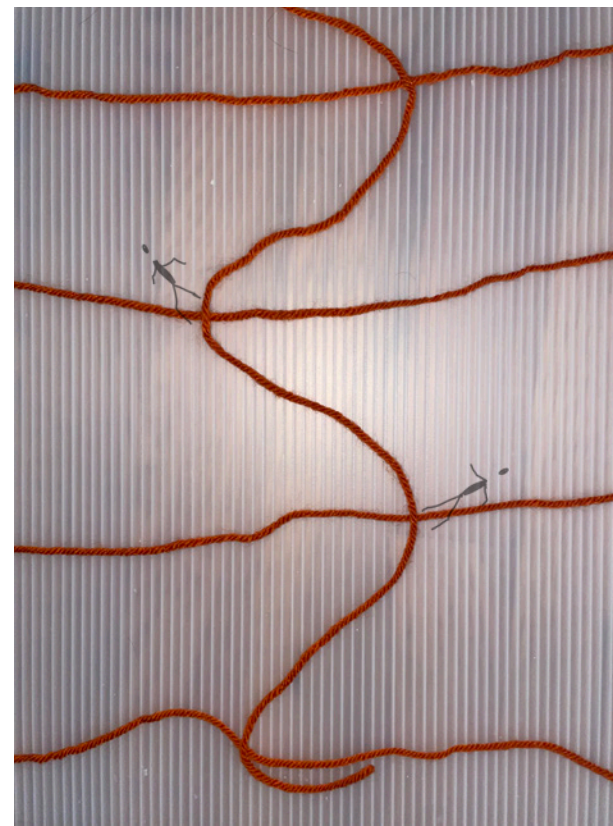
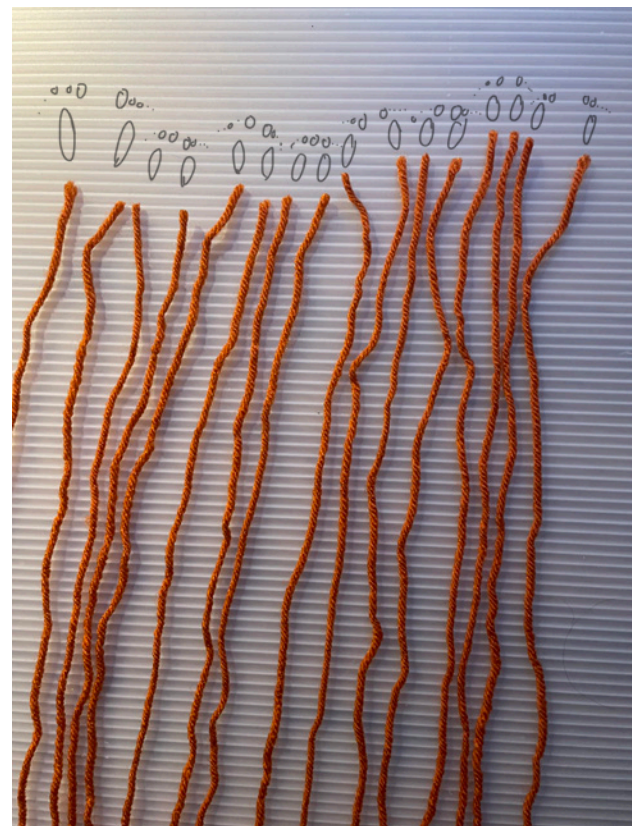
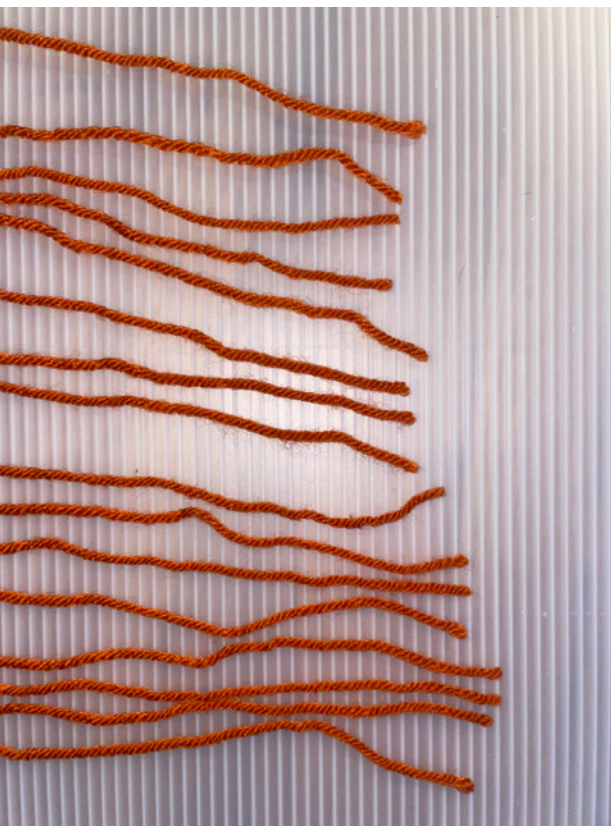
:RIGHT LEG LEANING



:2^4

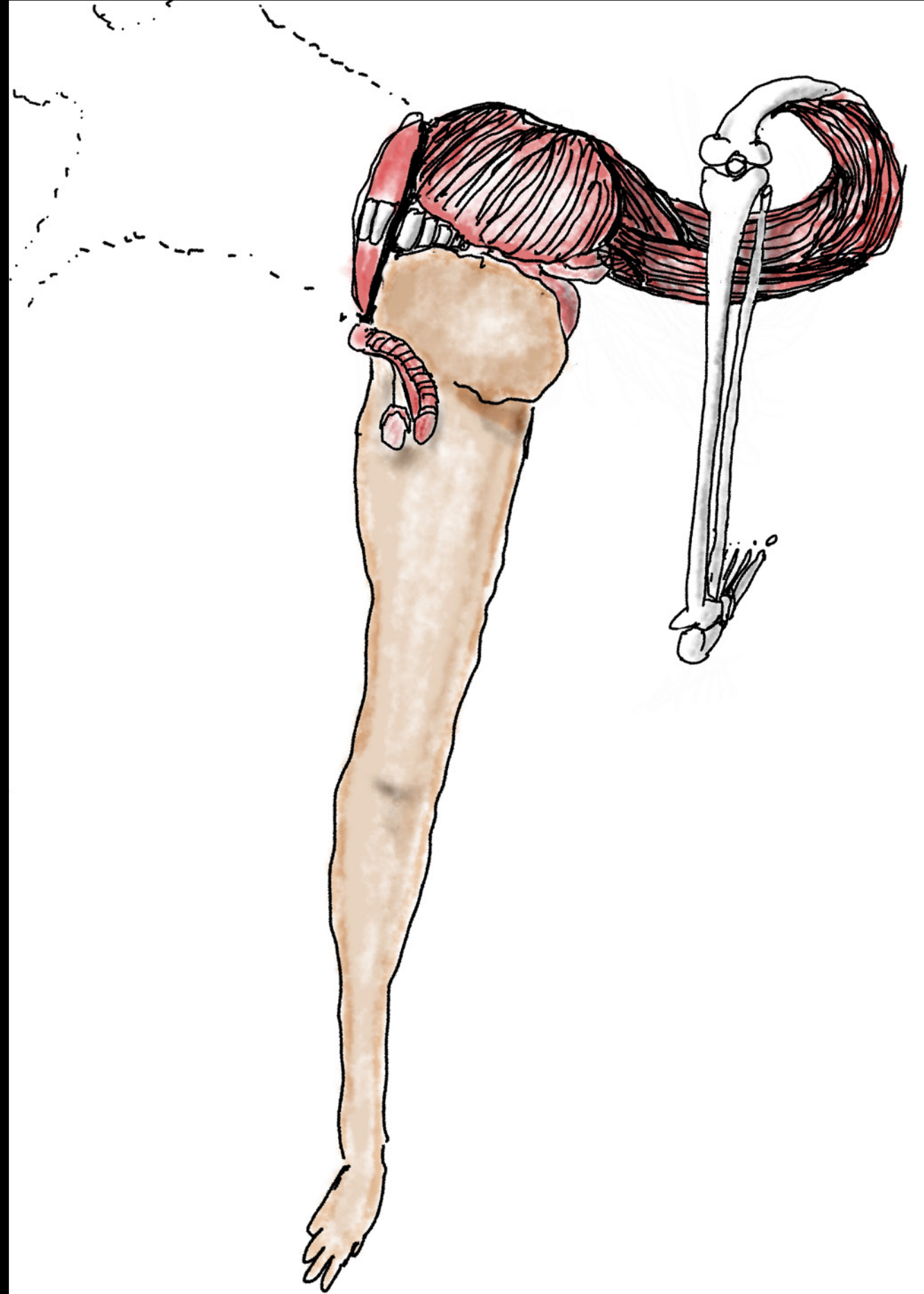
:KNOTTING ORDER

:PRECARIOUS EXO-STRUCTURE WEAVING





SKETCH, INSPIRATION







:CAN IT BE A SKIRT?



:CONNECTING INSIDE TO OUTSIDE



:I WANT TO E-VICERATE IT



:INVERTING INSIDE TO OUTSIDE

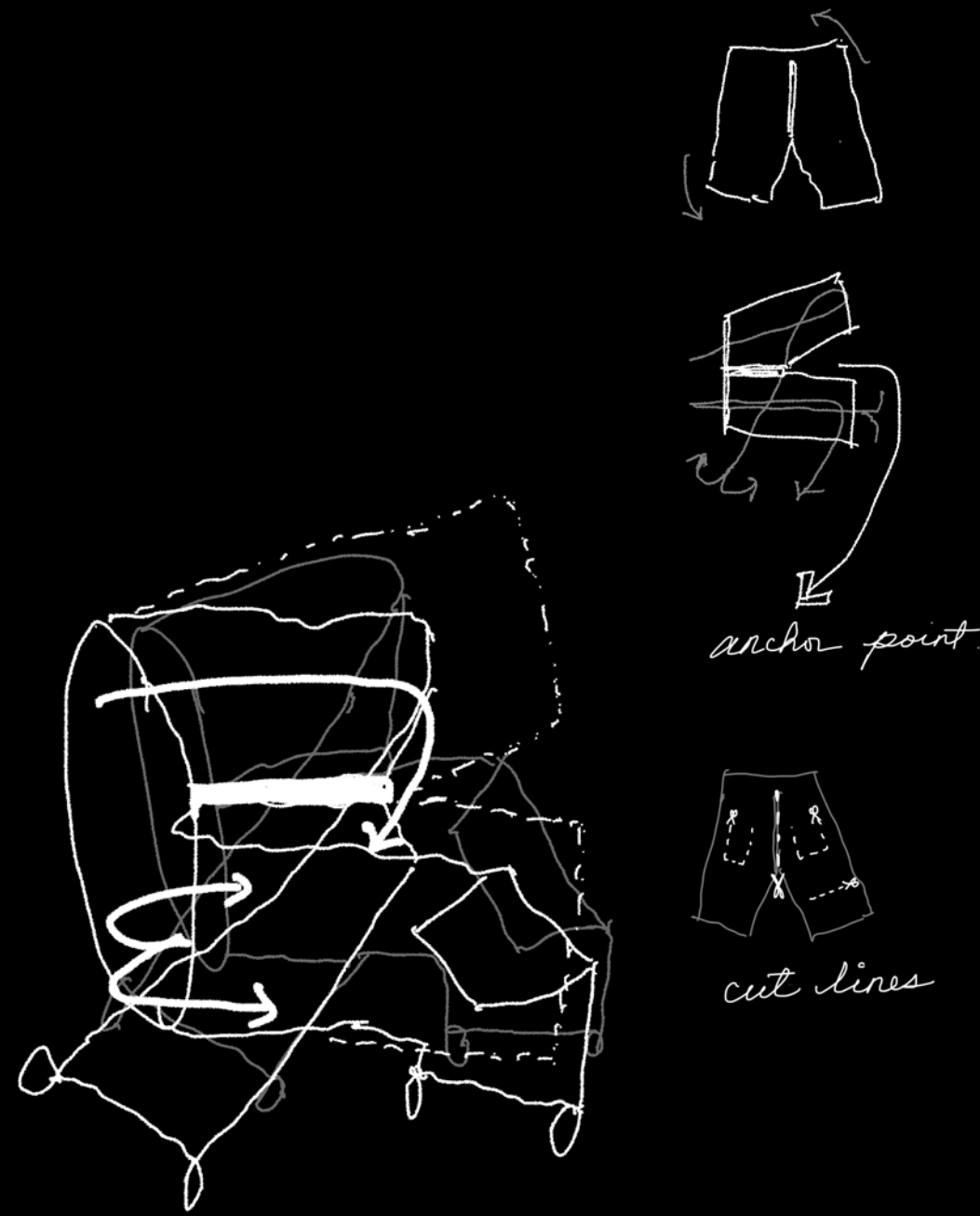


:RIGHT TRUNK LEFT UNCUT



:RIGHT TRUNK LEFT UNCUT



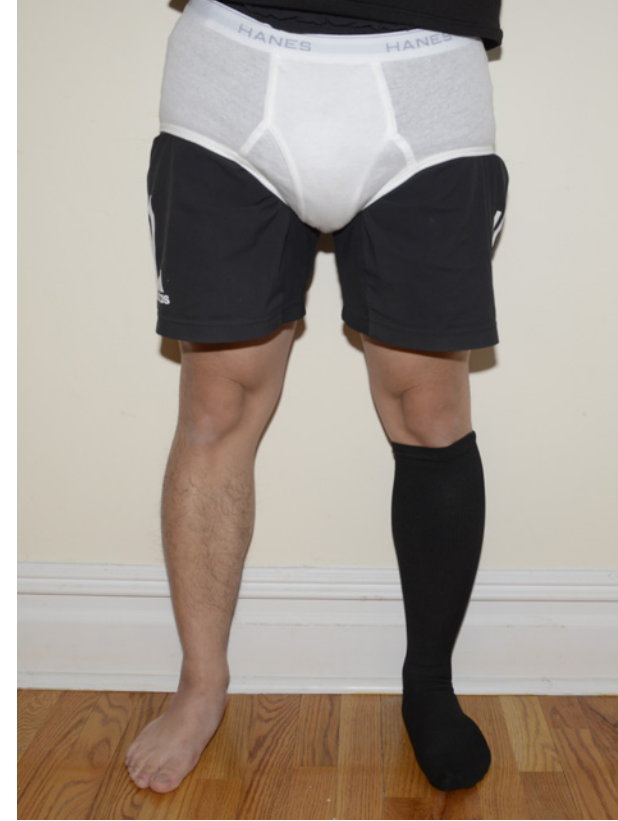


"an Abomination"

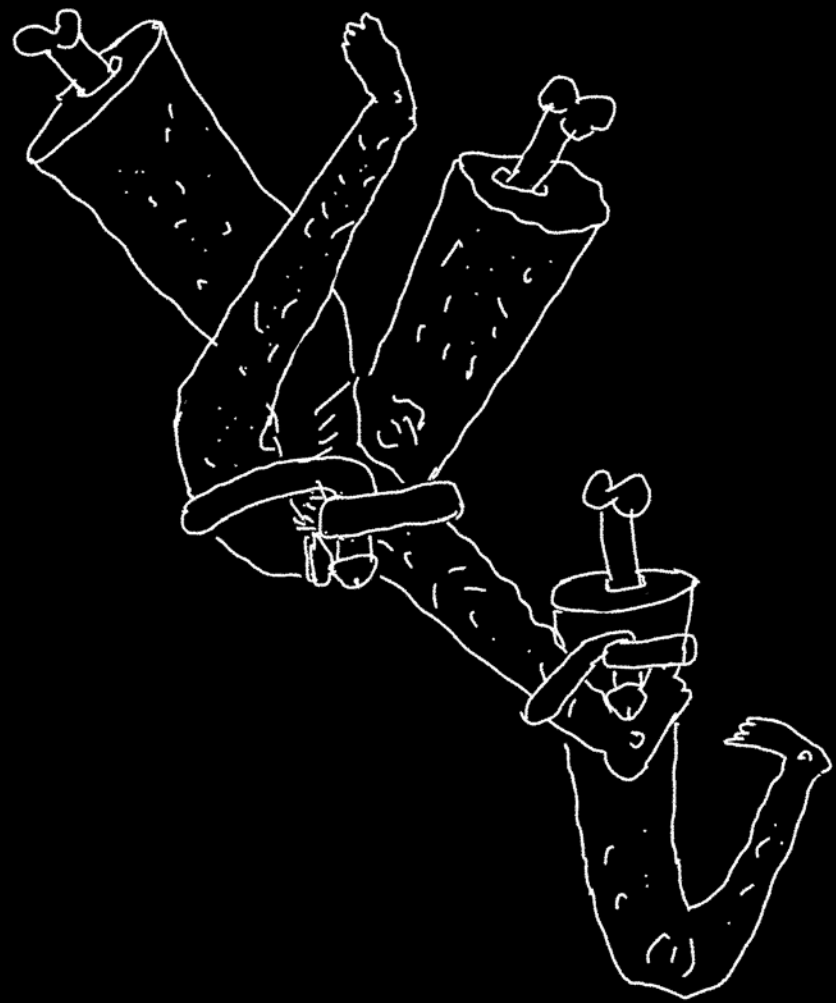






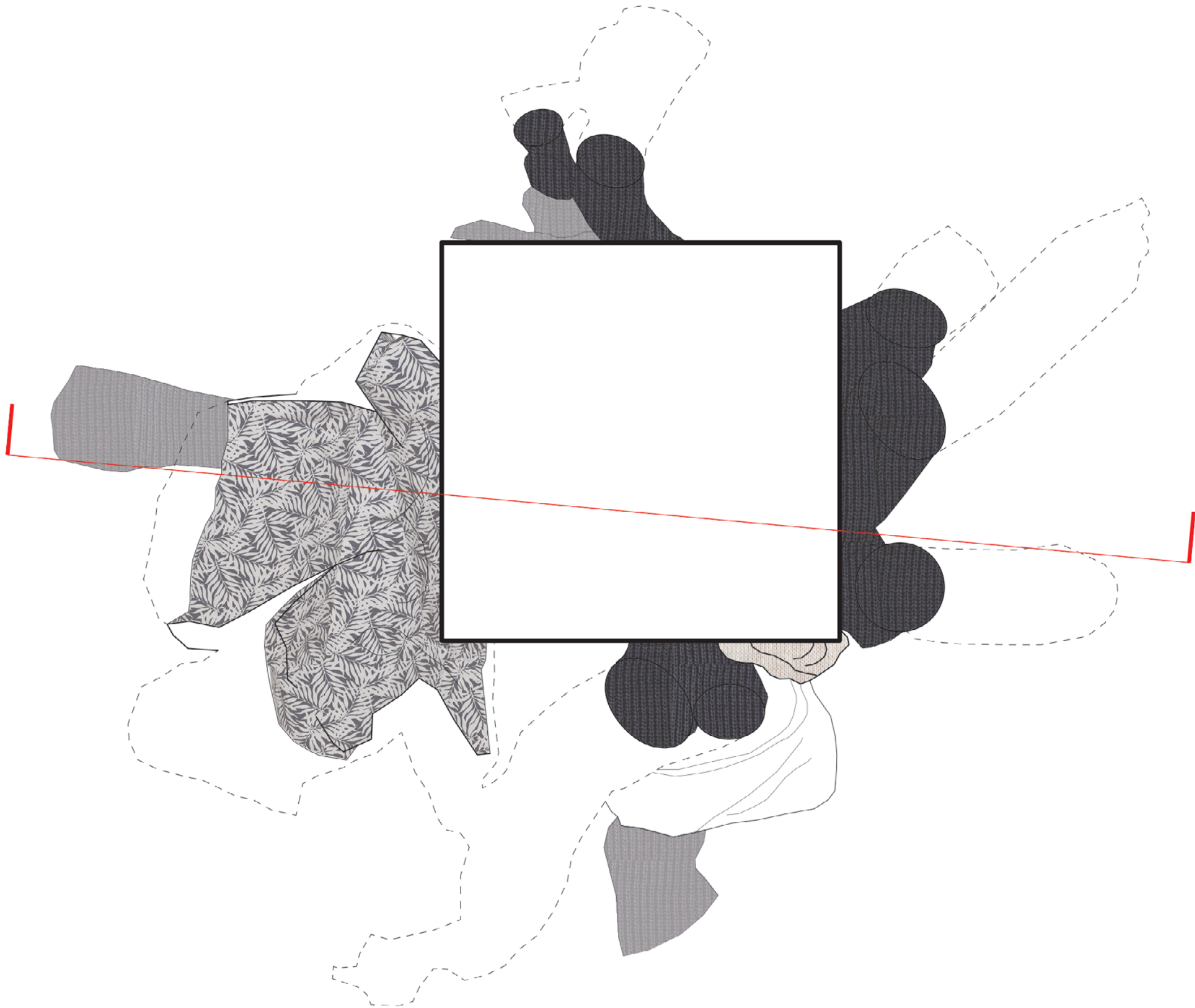




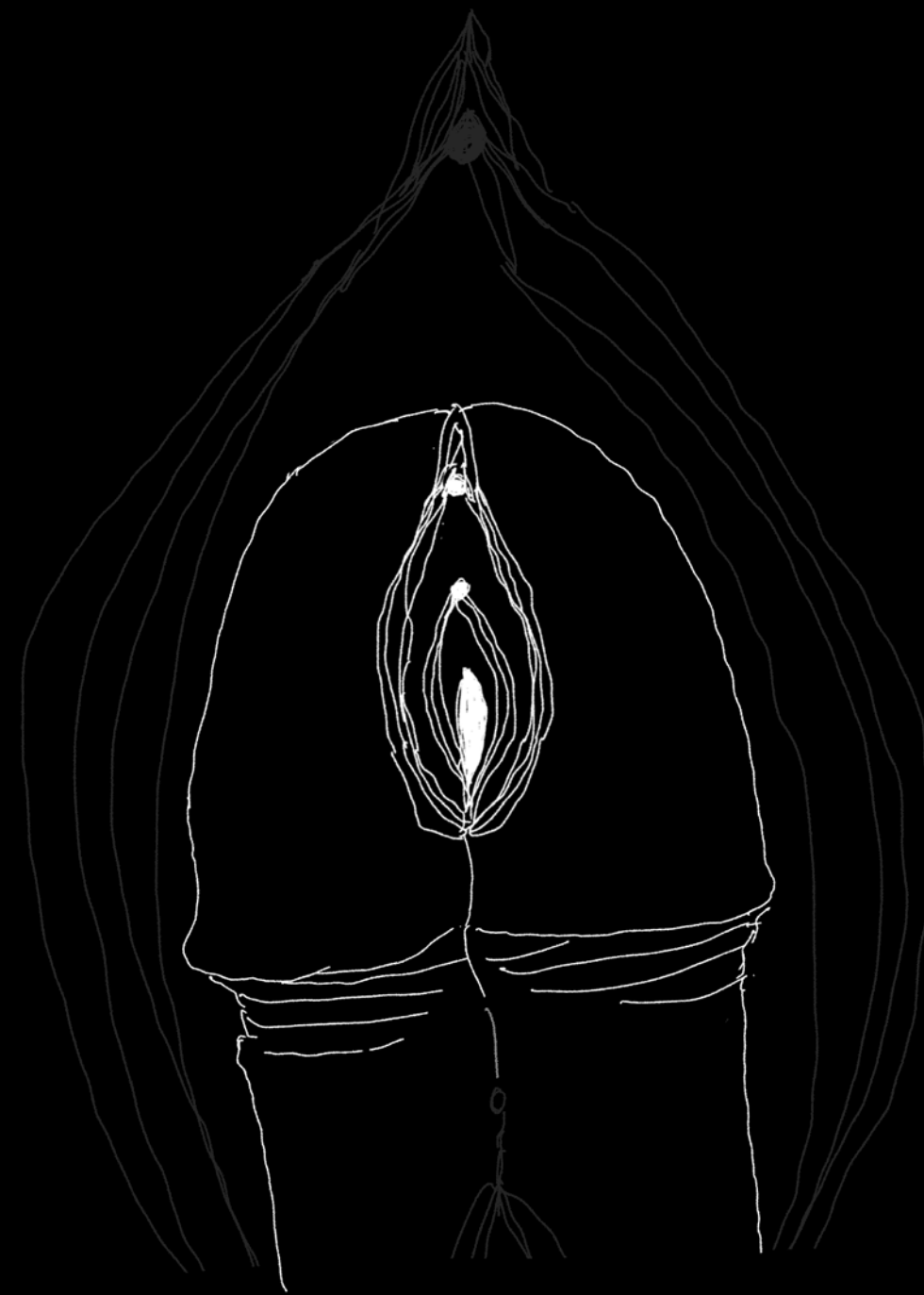


"Sexual Frustration"

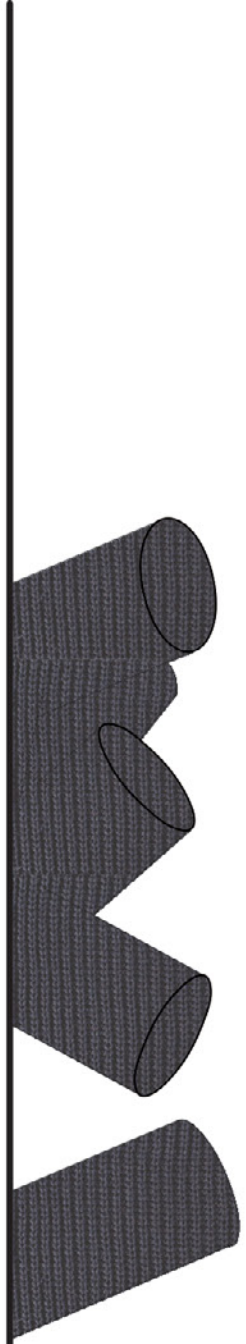








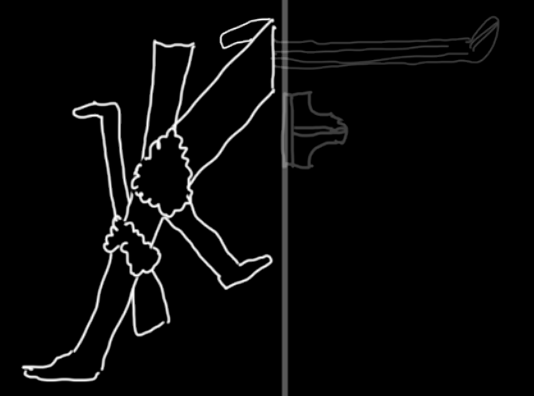
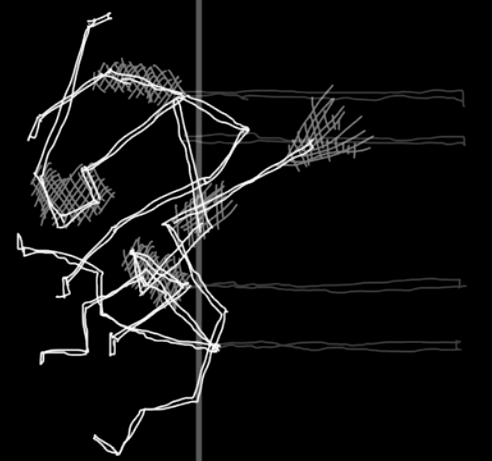
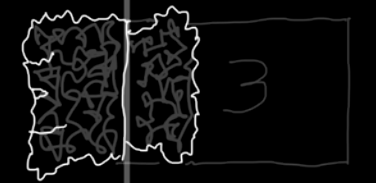
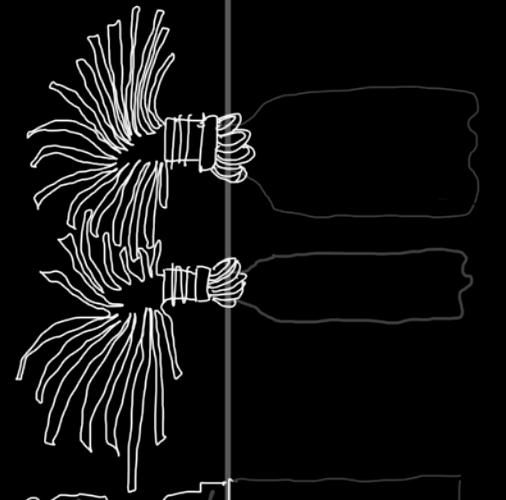
"Bi-Sexuality Self-Denial"



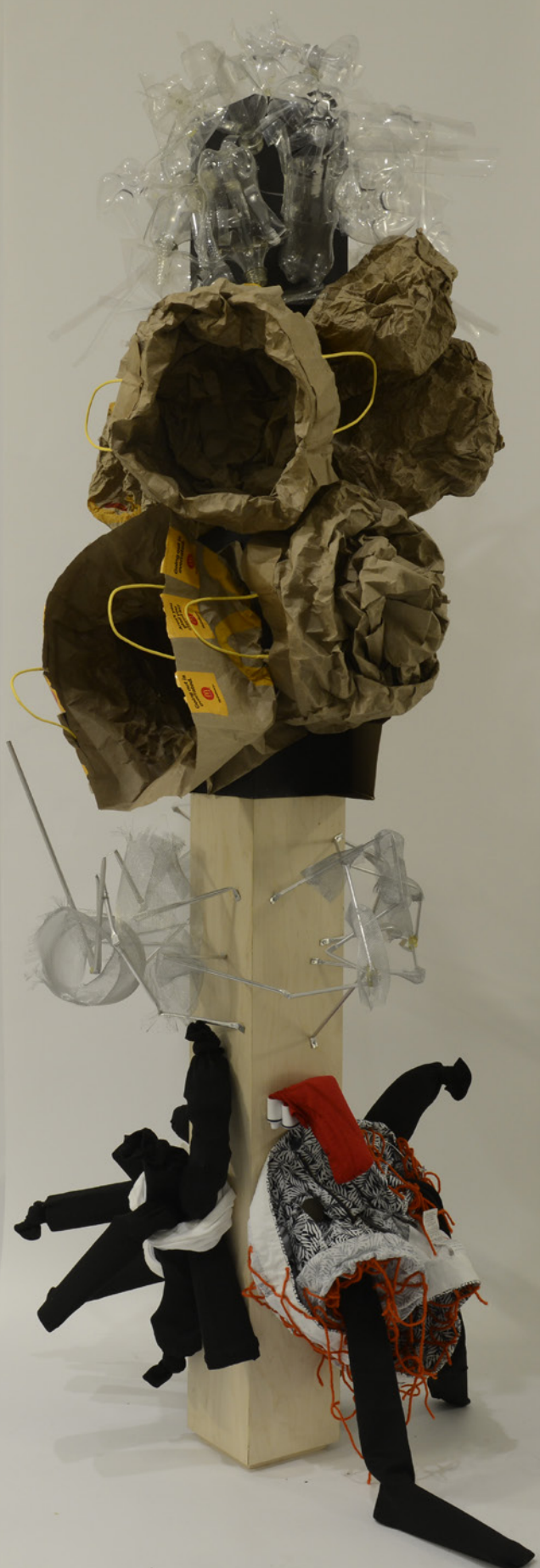












An object can represent me and neither can many. There's absolutely nothing that these physically represent me. Therefore I'm producing these "squiggly" lines that haphazardly represent me. It took a lot of courage to produce these images though most are still left out, not everyone is interested in my story. So, I'm leaving these squiggly lines as a piece of forensic evidence. Like I always believe and said "as above so below", it will be evident to some to tell me apart by reading into my writing or rather hand-writing. On this journey of self-defining/finding path without an end, so far, nothing could better represent me neither these abominations/objects but their processes and my words.

"Me? Eric Chyon"

Does anything really matter?

這些真的都重要嗎?

¿Algo realmente importa?

Ist wirklich etwas wichtig?

即甘有邊爾重要?

I GUESSING LOOKING AT/FOR THE NEGATIVES DOES REQUIRE ONE TO LOOK ALSO AT/FOR THE POSITIVES. THROUGHOUT THIS SHORT JOURNEY OF SELF-SEEKING, THOUGH ONE'D SPEND ONE'S WHOLE LIFE CHASING THIS UNKNOWN QUESTION, THERE IS NO ANSWER BUT ONLY TRYING TO KNOW BETTER. BEING AN ADULT IS JUST LESS OF CULTURALLY BEING A BABY/TEENAGE, THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE CUT-OFF LINE FOR ADULTHOOD. WE AS HUMAN, I SUPPOSE, STRUGGLE TO DEFINE WHO WE TRULY ARE. "WHY" IS ONE OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED QUESTION THERE IS TO BE ANSWERED. I GUESS LEARNING TO BE AND LOVE MYSELF, LOOKING BEYOND THAT WHICH ARE KEEPING ME BEHIND AND DOWN, WOULD MAKE MY LIFE A BIT EASIER. LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO BE SPENT MOURNING THE PAST. OR MAYBE THESE ARE JUST ME BEING TIRED OF CHASING AND EXCUSES THAT I USE TO AVOID TRULY REALIZING MYSELF TO THE FULLEST. OR MAYBE THIS IS JUST HUMANITY. I DO NOT KNOW.

MY STRUGGLE OF THIS CONSTANT INDECISIVENESS UNDER THE BOMBARDMENT OF SOME BIPOLAR FORCES WILL CONTINUE OR MAYBE IT'S POINTLESS SINCE TO A CERTAIN DEGREE WE AS HUMAN ARE ALL THE SAME OR MAYBE NOT. I DO NOT KNOW. HOWEVER, UNDOUBTEDLY MY STRUGGLE WILL CONTINUE AND SO WILL MY SELF-SEEKING JOURNEY UNTIL I CEASE TO EXIST OR UNTIL THE ABSOLUTE OBLIVION.

"TO KNOW THYSELF IF THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." -SOCRATES.

"HMM, REALLY?..." - ERIC CHYOU



Life Will Go On

