

Sui-hin Mak



I cross-pollinate identity, folklore, mysticism, comedy, trauma, technology, processes, and nature.

black

new abnormal

Latin *mutus* means
unable to speak

taking practice from
sonophotodynamic
cancer therapy (SPDT)

Lucid-dreaming mutedly and
sonophotodynamically, my art
practice explores a floating sense
of fringe liminal belonging.

interactive, performative,
in-person

fluid, suspended,
unrooted, formless

close viewing,
not being numb

These atmospheric
experiences encourage
viewers to feel diasporic
stories and latent
qualities of everyday
objects, places, language,
and sounds.

easily overlooked
aspects of life, daily
rituals

through the lens of

Informed by ongoing colonialism,
I pray that the world will get well
soon, imagining art as a medium
of memory, resonance, recovery,
and peace.

(finding the
shape of
water)



technology

nature

man

space enterprise aesthetic
responding to the studio
architectural elements

fun

sound sculpture of
fake water



It's a rather strange place. If I can't communicate my grief, I'd rather keep the artwork concise.

I'm aware of the audience, and the danger of praying for world peace in Oxford and the rest of the world, as shown by the arrests of peaceful protesters in Oxford.

The same themes recur in the forms of sculptures, videos, installations, performances and prints.



我無所言
I wish to remain silent

(should i
cryosleep?)



Font of Sterilization. 2024.

Foam peanuts, DC cooling fan, parabolic dish, reinforced aluminium tape, MDF stand, aluminium vent cover, electronics, single-channel video (23 minutes).
Sculpture h 100 cm, ø 70 cm; video on 32" television screen.

daymares
you're
obliged to
bear make you
wonder if you can
dreamscape
this lucid
dream at
all.

you
wish to
remain silent.
you have
nothing to
tell.

(Front)

[This is the A5 flyer / didactic for the Font of Sterilization. The audience is expected to read my feelings (albeit muted), and experience how hard it is to pray for peace while folding the paper crane. After folding, all words are hidden inside the crane and no text shows.]

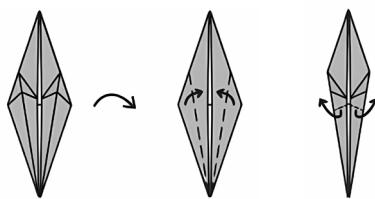
it
isn't
hard to
fold a paper
crane. but it's
hard, useless
and dangerous
to pray for peace
in this tumultuous
world.

your
lips
overflow with
grief; polystyrene
packing peanuts
polluted your
waters and
pounded your
land.

the
sky rains
only foam, not
water. the
land produces
no more, it
consumes.

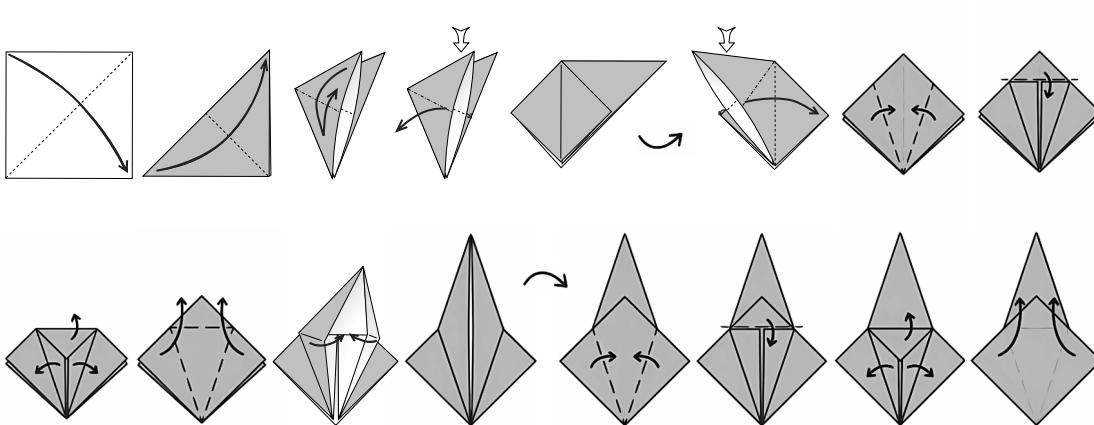
(Back)

endurance is not
about chanting a
basic right 500
times in 23 mins,
but daily rituals.
how would you
live on? life is
hard.



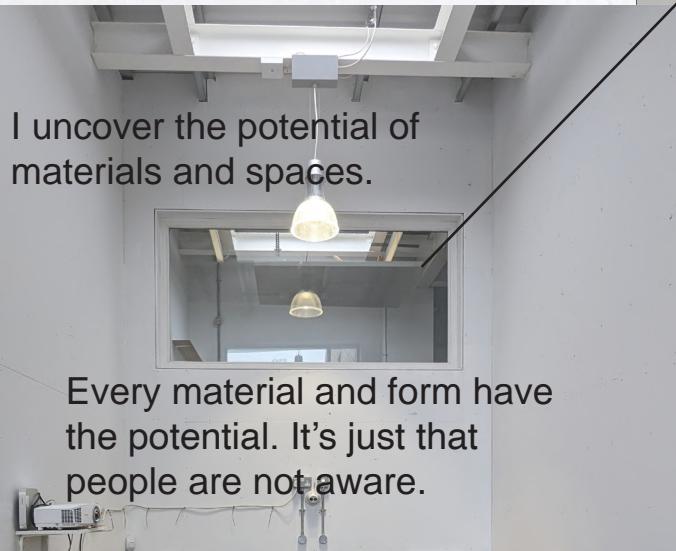
Font of Sterilization
Sui-hin Mak

you
don't have
to remember your
baptism. the new abnormal
lives in you anyway. grief
is useless. hope is
useless too.
:)



microplastics
seep into your
gut. you
safeguard your
heart from
external forces,
like a fragile
object.
fuck.

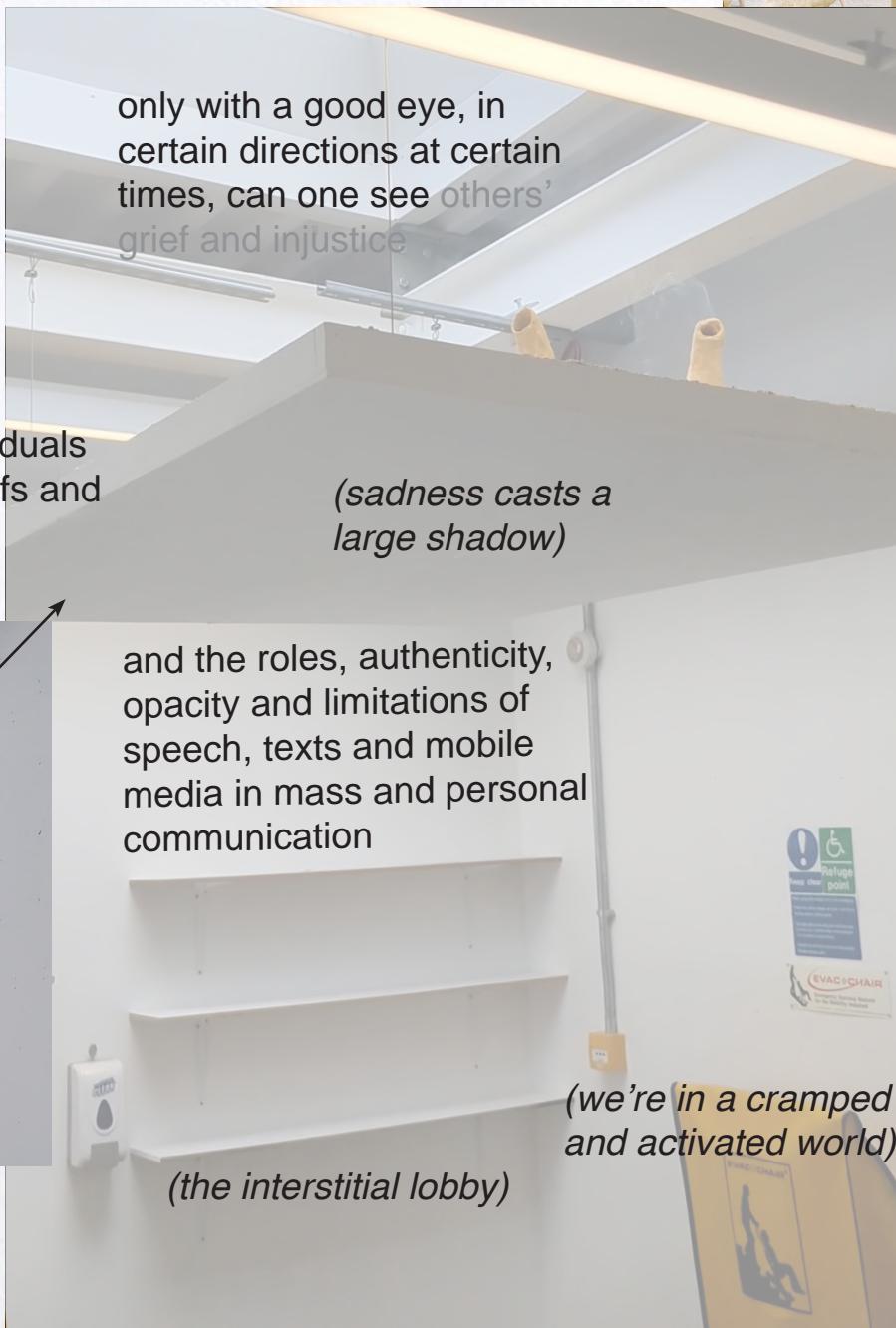
My alchemical art amalgamates elements and symbols, dealing with the curvatures of meanings between cultural gaps.



I uncover the potential of materials and spaces.

Every material and form have the potential. It's just that people are not aware.

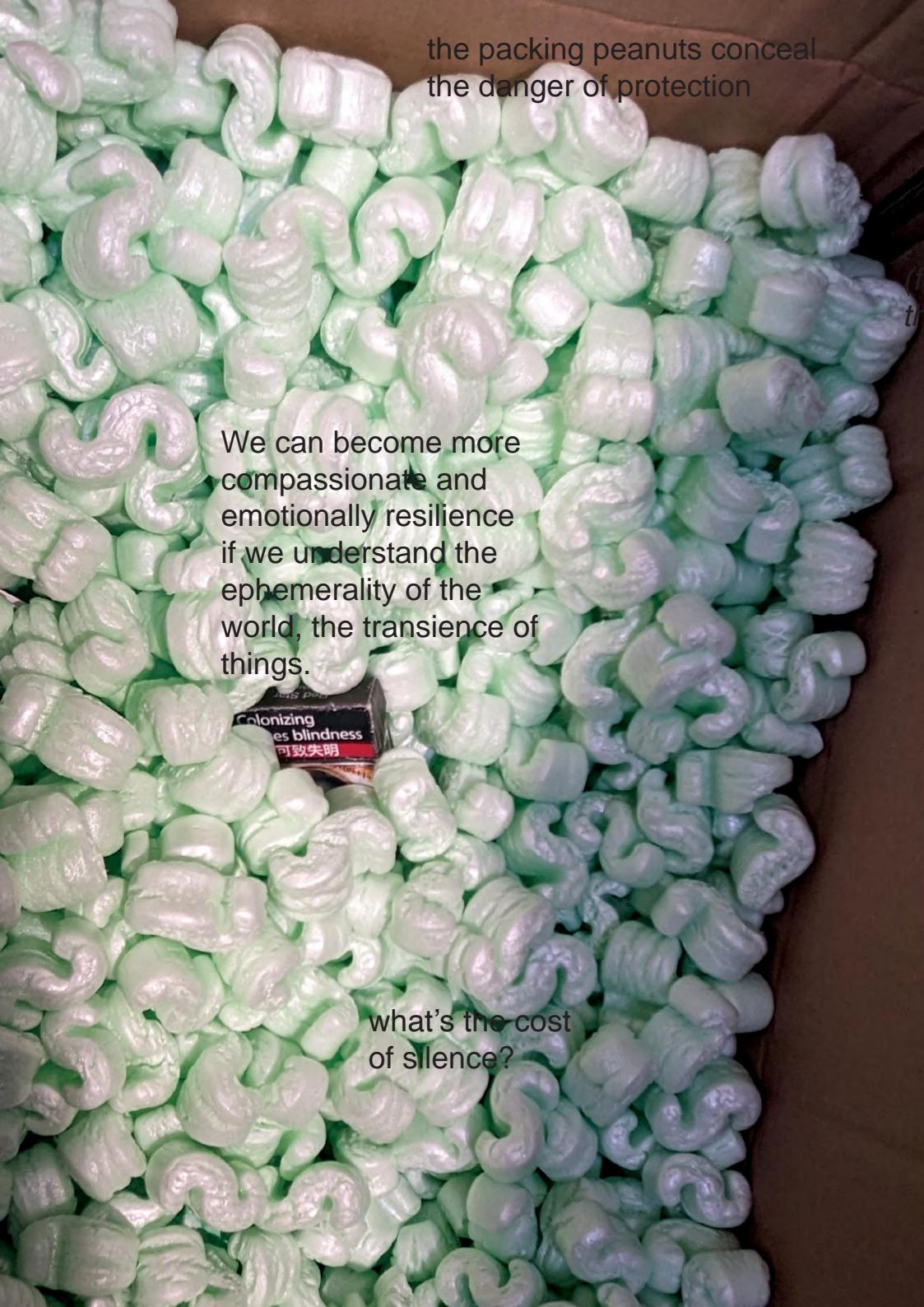
i breathe in the futility of sharing hope and the sense of crisis in usual silence



pp.4-5
Lawful Assembly. 2024. Emulsion paint on fibreboard, evolving incense of British and Chinese herbs, sand, Jesmonite, video projection (5 min), cardboard box, packing peanuts, risograph zines, laser print on paper, aluminium foil, PLA plastic.

The shapes of water, fire, smoke and other fluid materials show the chaotic transience of our life.

The organic forms allude to our imperfect vulnerable flesh.



how do i put
out the fire of
the heart?



By magnifying the common Hong Kong urban sign as it is, this screen print allows the audience to appreciate the mystic, aesthetic and civic content of the original graphic, and question the function, tension and passion of everyday objects.

Chinese feng shui astrology preannounced ongoing chaos in the Score of Fire (2024-2043).

those who
play with fire
will perish by it



2023 version with
Simplified Chinese
(*finding the shape
of fire*)

Nerve Suppression. 2024.
Cotton dust sheet, photo prints, video projection (5 min).
Dolphin Gallery, St. John's College, Oxford.

The installation interrogates the interrelationship between life and death, in these times of transmigration.

What do nerves need to continue feeling, to be alive?

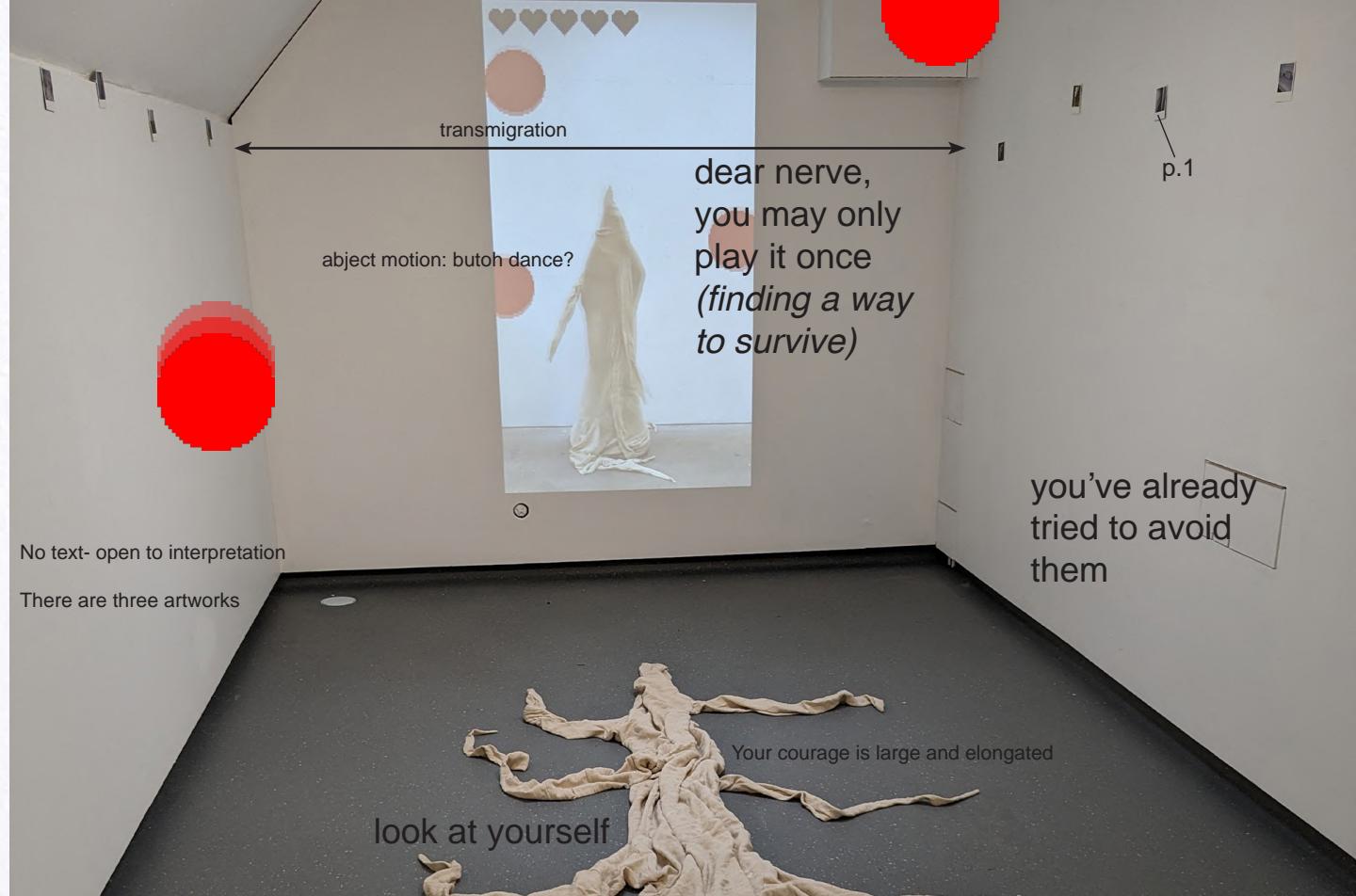
(in the virtual realm, hard to feel)

What exactly is being alive?

Why do some people not feel these?

the unnecessary necessity of concealing and remaining silent

la force majeur



Avoiding balls: Conscious / unconscious?
Reflex reaction?
Sensing = sentient?
Temporal and seasonal changes
The red balls are a virtual thing which can represent anything, in the virtual realm
Are the red balls life-giving?
Black hearts = dead?
Alien-like, though part of our body
Melancholic room
Casual arrangement of photos, not rigid

(sudden departure)



(continuous prayer?)

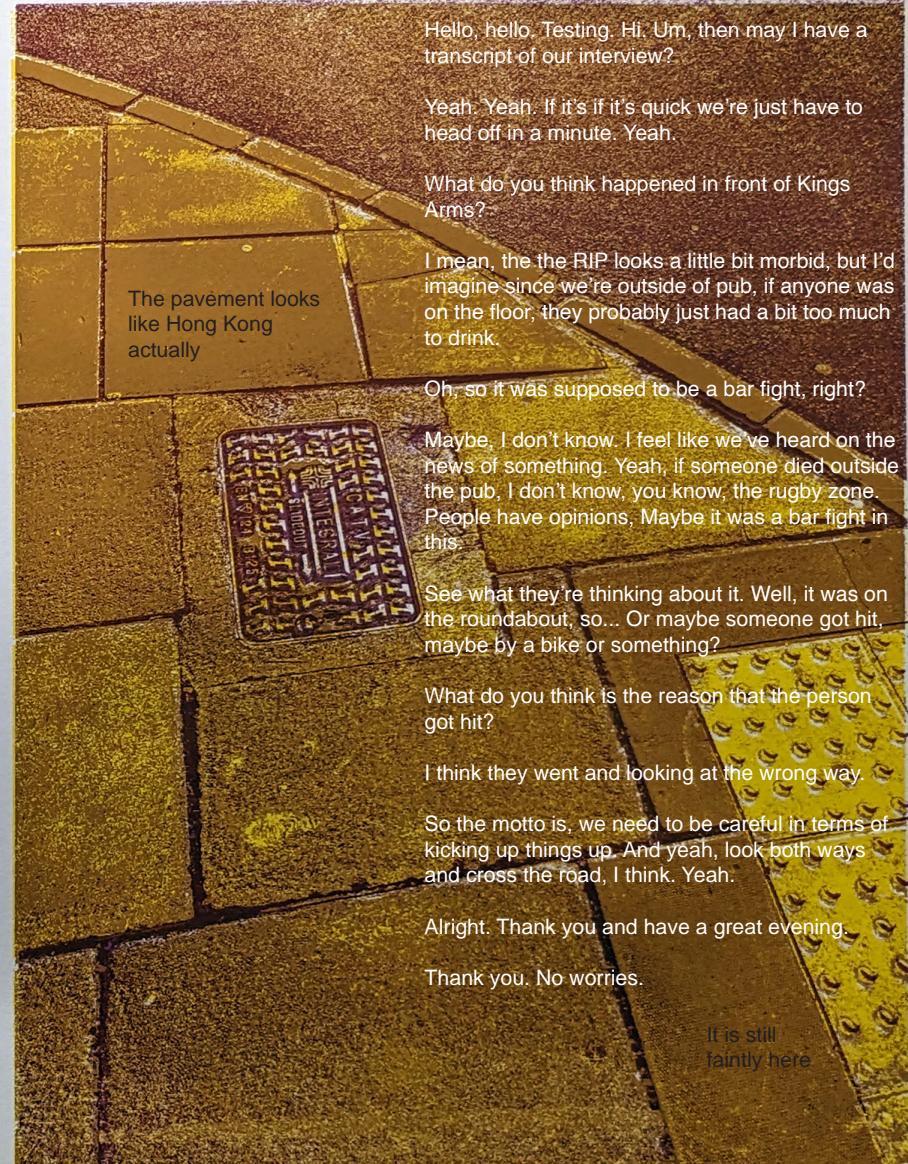
it is not worth filming, sewing and taking photos. some of the audience popped in and did not get it. they wanted something fun.

Was there a bar fight? What happened? I tried interviewing people around but they gave different answers.



3-colour silkscreen print of photograph taken one week apart at the same junction on Broad Street, Oxford in 2023. Heavy rain washed away the chalk drawing. What is truth? Is your memory of the land a joke? As an observer with a landscape architecture background, I pay attention to place history, spatiality and vibes – how my art interacts with the living space and people to create dialogues and feelings. PS this chalk drawing is not by me, but a found drawing.

29 October 2023 16:35 Kings Arms, Broad Street
Interview with two young Caucasian males



Hello, hello. Testing. Hi. Um, then may I have a transcript of our interview?

Yeah. Yeah. If it's quick we're just have to head off in a minute. Yeah.

What do you think happened in front of Kings Arms?

I mean, the RIP looks a little bit morbid, but I'd imagine since we're outside of pub, if anyone was on the floor, they probably just had a bit too much to drink.

Oh, so it was supposed to be a bar fight, right?

Maybe, I don't know. I feel like we've heard on the news of something. Yeah, if someone died outside the pub, I don't know, you know, the rugby zone. People have opinions. Maybe it was a bar fight in this.

See what they're thinking about it. Well, it was on the roundabout, so... Or maybe someone got hit, maybe by a bike or something?

What do you think is the reason that the person got hit?

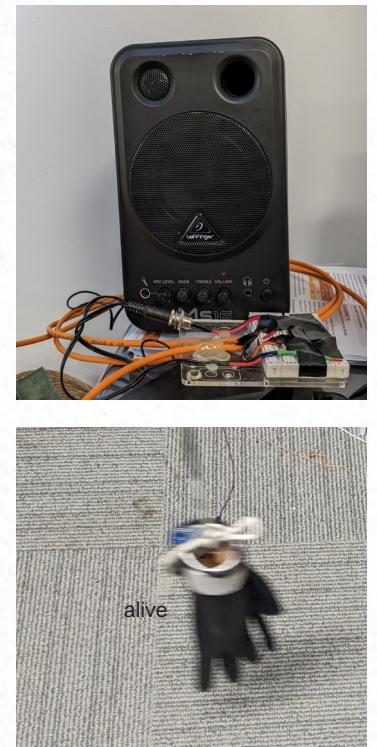
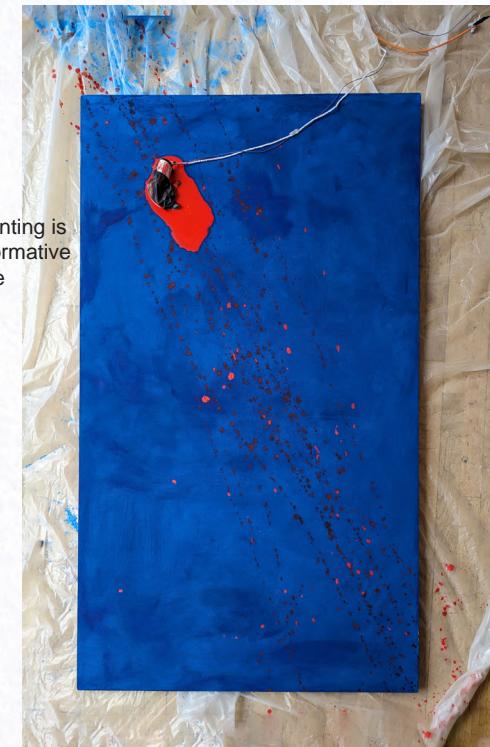
I think they went and looking at the wrong way.

So the motto is, we need to be careful in terms of kicking up things up. And yeah, look both ways and cross the road, I think. Yeah.

Alright. Thank you and have a great evening.

Thank you. No worries.

It is still faintly here



The suspended glove is a chaotic pendulum system. The glove wail with live electronic sound generated by an analogue accelerometer, and helplessly drip paint into frantic patterns. Their struggle shows the unpredictability and impermanence in life, and that we are all interconnected in this world. It discusses mental health and emotional response to trauma and drastic changes in living conditions.

Please treat it as a joke, as you ever had, please.

Depression. 2023. Performance: 10 min. Acrylic on canvas, rope, glove, accelerometer, electronics, amplifier, plastic sheets. First performed at Christ Church, Oxford.

Trying to break the communication barrier in Oxford in a divine comedy of a space age Taoist funeral hell-breaking ceremony (nine hell realms in outer space) to save a paper crane from torment and guide it to paradise



Fiery Cart Hell, on Mercury
金星：火車地獄



Interrogation Hell of Knife Mountain and Sword Trees, on Olympus Mons, Mars
火星奥林帕斯山：普掠地獄刀山劍樹



Abattoir Hell, on Neptune
海王星：屠割地獄



Unknown location

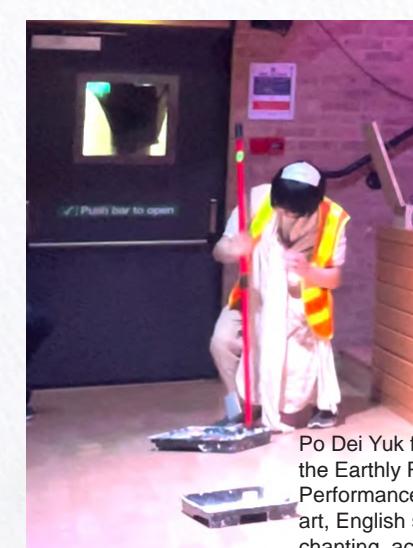


'Robe' text: Safety First
安全第一



Final hell-breaking chant in Abattoir Hell:
地獄陰霾皆洞燭
血池清淨轉生蓮
Requiem æternam dona ei et扑爆你個 bloody hell
Om bolap soudapdat Om bolap soudapdat Om bolap soudapdat

*(The darkness of hell is entirely illuminated
The blood pool is purified, transforming into lotuses
Grant him eternal rest and I smash and blow up your bloody hell
Taoist hell-breaking mantra x 3)*



Po Dei Yuk for a Paper Crane (Breaking the Earthly Prisons / Breaking the Hells). Performance (30 min). Animation, sound art, English spoken word, Cantonese chanting, acting, guitar, electronic music, woodblocks, tambourine, props and installation. Jacqueline du Pré Music Building.

Oxford people always think I'm joking. You like having fun. Yeah, go and play games yourself.

When investigating the cultural locatedness of Hong Kong humour in art, I favour interstitial and liminal spaces. I reject reductive binary black-or-white categorisations. I use ambiguous dreams and wordplay to inspire viewers to imagine various competing or even contradictory interpretations.

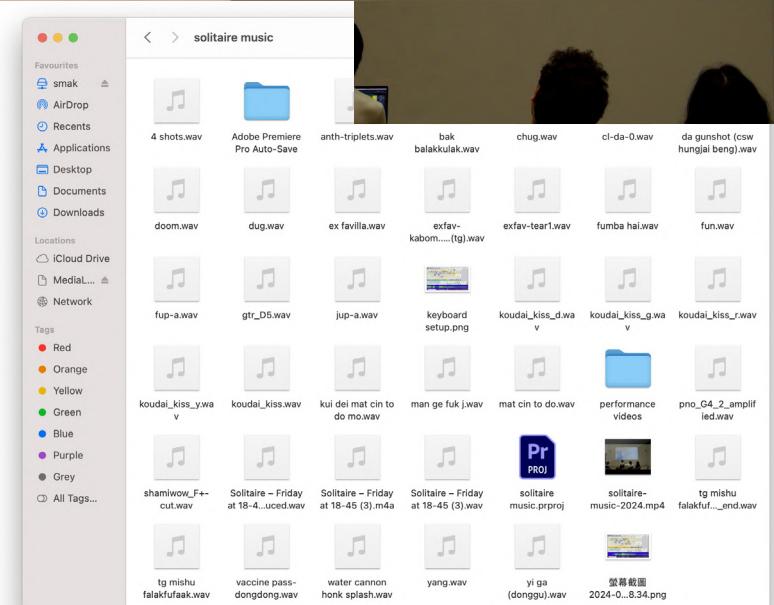
Solitaire Music. 2024. Performance: 20 min. 7-channel audio, 1-channel video.



The performance mixes Mozart-Cagean game music, serialist musique concrète and video art.

The spatialised multichannel audio explores polarised chromatic tensions within the socio-mystic gamut.

Found sounds of propaganda and conflicts were assigned to every playing card on the tableau. It reflects on how a single person could construct justice and peace in a tumultuous world with an unknown future.





The most beautiful views are also very sad ones.

'What I dream of is an art of balance, of purity and serenity, devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter.' – Henri Matisse

Risograph posters with Matisse-style cutouts.

Our world is made up of people, and people belong to nature.

Buddhists thought that everything in the world go through four stages:
birth, aging, sickness, and death.

What would Matisse make if he were here today?

Sunflower Field, 2024. Insect-eaten and sun-faded risograph posters.
The Bishop's House Garden, Wolfson College.

The condom inflator conveys the emptiness of ongoing colonisation and nationalist propaganda.

How does an inflated ego burst?

Have you seen a condom being blown up and explode before?
I try to use materials in novel ways and forms.

all (7) spotlights
shining towards it

humanely
handdrawn star
dragon ball?

light, moves
in the wind

protective
state?

reciprocating
action

interactive
performative
sculpture

giant

back to the gallery with
a fun and exciting piece



Your Love Is Violent. 2024. Marker on rubber latex condom, PLA plastic, Schrader valve, track pump, found metal stand, dried leaves, nuts and bolts.

ecological grief
moveable leaves

wilted

and the not yet-wilted

lacrimosa

地下鐵路圖

MASS TRANSIT RAILWAY



陽世奸雄違天害理皆由己
 陰司報應古往今來放過誰
 WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND

2022

Mixed media print: Pochoir, B&W photocopier, Oil-based ink on paper

42 x 29.7 cm

Edition of 10 + 1 A/P

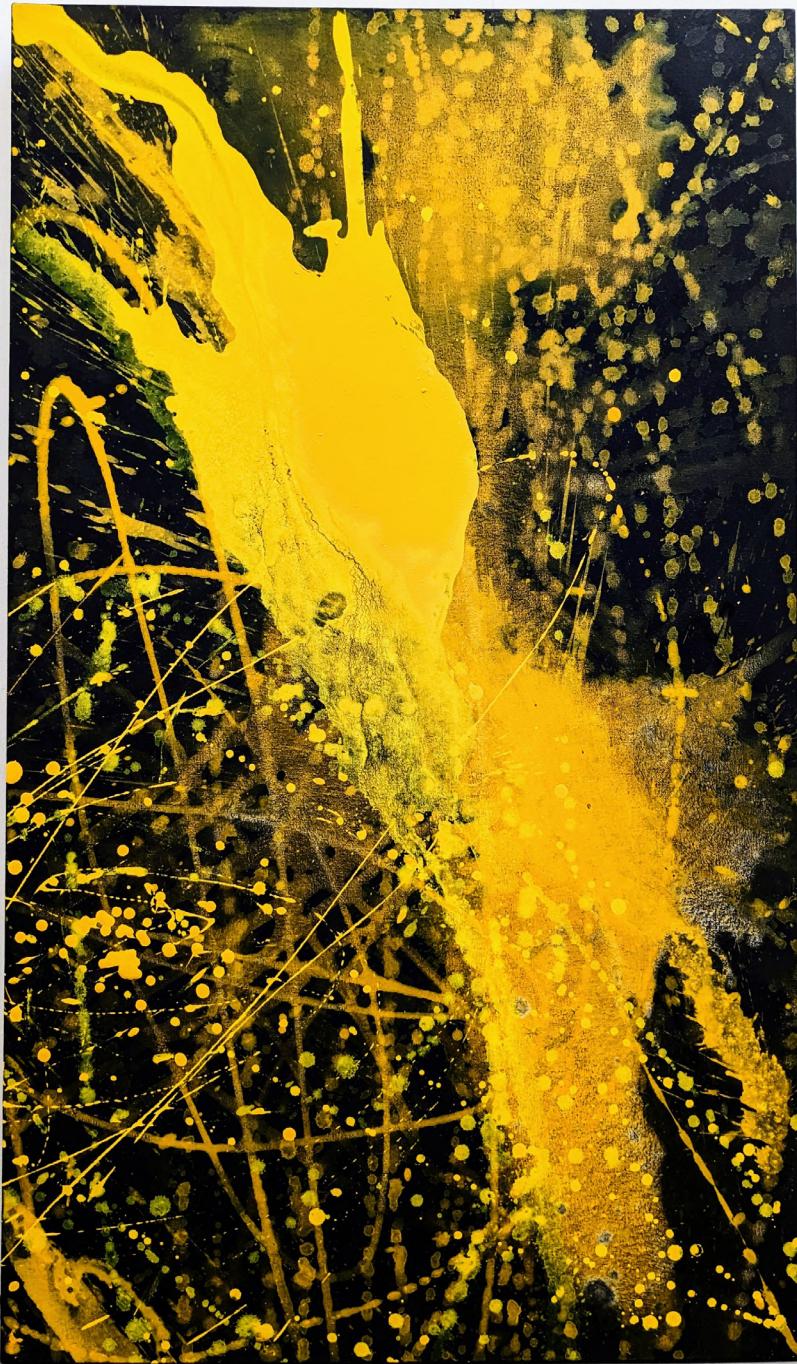
Based on research on traditional books, scriptures and funeral rites.



Fiery winter leaves fell. But the forest is always here.
Will the next winter be Romanian?
I asked Formosan gum trees. They didn't know. They
said we should fight the virus together, and that we
should remember forever that everyone's efforts today
determines tomorrow.

西瓜波 (Cantonese pronunciation: sai1 gwa1 bo1) :
“watermelon ball”, a kind of red-and-white plastic ball
mass produced in Hong Kong. People in the olden
days played them as footballs or basketballs. Classic,
nostalgic, retro. To me it's something that represents
the golden age of Hong Kong's plastic toy industry in
1960s ~ 1980s and the enduring Lion Rock spirit.

Winter Forest
2020
Relief monoprint: Romanian ash woodcut,
Oil-based ink on paper
23 x 23 cm



Finding Light in Cosmic Indifference

2023

Acrylic on canvas

122 x 71.5 cm

Compound Blackburn pendulum drip painting of a circular weight and a condom filled with paint, representing the locus of control between the world and our self

