

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 finishing 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; I only received feedback from people's facial expressions. 2015

I 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 summer homework. 2016

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

I started to cry more. 2017

I was graduating from SAIC. My father walked to 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 luggage. 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 independent seller, intern at a non-profit art organization. I 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 abandoned office, no profits. LMCC workspace offered me a nine-month free studio. 2018

My application for the 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

I went back to China again, realized that I had become 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. I was very proud, and the exhibition was ideal for me in many ways. 2019

I was finally hired legally, and my hourly pay was raised 144%, from \$9/hour to \$22/hour. 2020

I added two new nightmares to my anxiety lists: Losing the job and getting COVID. 2020

Slowly getting my artist's passion back, I started sending people a postcard every month, and the whole activity would last for a year. 2020

I found my sustainable strategy of being an artist, taking more responsibility for my day job, spending a half-day a week volunteering, and waiting for as many sunsets as I could. 2020

At the beginning of this year, I planned to try something new. I failed to study German and psychology but learned to be happier. 2020

I asked for a raise successfully. My only two other co-workers and I unionized after two bottles of whiskey. 2021

I finally received offer letters from Credit One Platinum, Capital One Quicksilver, BOA Customized Cash Reward, and Chase Freedom. 2021

I left the Dollarstates and came to the Eurozone. 2021

I fell in love with many artists at Jan Van Eyck Academie. 2021

I started to make art again. 2021

I started a romantic relationship with another artist at the residency and continued it in real life. 2022

I achieved my dream of checking Europe's most important art exhibitions: Documenta and Venice Biennale. I liked the former but disliked the latter. 2022

I finally took a good rest. Productivity is a false proposition that artists themselves should determine. 2022

I moved to Berlin regardless of the warning of “being too late.” I wondered how long it would feel at home. 2022

I carried the anxiety around, and my imagination of being an artist had been constantly remolded, depending on the different living circumstances. 2022

I was rejected for art funding and tried to figure out how to survive again. Living in a new country with a new type of immigrant visa did not make the task easier. 2023

I could not see Berlin, the ”art world,” the “West,” the “humanity” with much optimism anymore. 2023

Looking for a day job suddenly gifted me a moment of “security” and “autonomy” in producing art. 2023

I heard people say, “Where else can I go?” more than they asked, “How long have you been here?”. 2023

I saw some old friends post photos of them celebrating New Year’s Eve and their wishes for 2024 on social media. We live in such a distanced reality from each other. 2023