

On the Road.....

A trip that was decided on a whim.

An journey of the body and soul on the road.

Such spontaneous romance adds a touch of color to the routine.

This is perhaps the best sense of ritual!

2023.12.31-2024.1.9

Translated from the Chinese Version with the help of ChatGPT

Istanbul



2023.12.31

Istanbul at dusk is so beautiful!

For the first time on New Year's Eve,

Arriving alone in a new city,

Experiencing a special New Year's night!





Beneath the hues of sunset,
A tapestry of scenes unfolds in bliss.
People traverse in fleeting delight,
As birds take flight in the soft twilight.



After a sumptuous dinner,
Drowsy due to jet lag,
Thinking that waking up would be the
start of the new year!

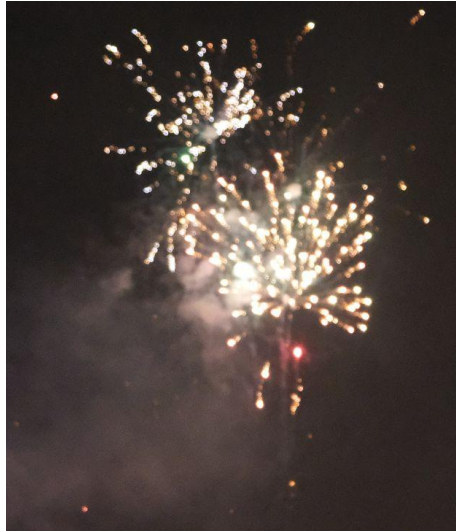
After a refreshing sleep, expecting to
wake up in 2024,

Only to realize it's just 10 p.m.!



Watching fireworks outside the window,
With a group of strangers,
Cheering and shouting,

"Happy New Year!"



Everyone is exceptionally friendly,
Offering me drinks, fruits, snacks,
Perhaps noticing I'm alone and
showering me with treats,

Hahahaha!





A small mosque,
Observing Muslims devoutly praying.

Contemplating the power of faith—
to persistently pursue a belief,
regardless of its correctness,
the reality of God's existence.

Such faith itself deserves sincere respect!



Standing in awe before the ruins of ancient buildings,
With my thoughts wandering,
Free-flying birds circle around the beams of the church,
Feeling the vitality of freedom mirrored by devout faith.





At sunset, this city immerses itself
in the gentle dusk,
evoking a poignant sense of a long day's end.





Istanbul is a scenery everywhere — gentle, delicate, enduring, and lingering, silently but eloquently narrating the story of this ancient city amidst the sprawling hues.





This really looks like
the Golden Gate Bridge!



Best-ever sunrise!

Witnessing a city awaken in the dawn light,
beside the Bosphorus Strait,
chasing the rising sun alone,
overwhelmed by the vast morning hues!

Waking up early due to the time difference,
Spontaneously decided to chase the sunrise.

Reminiscent of the days when,
as a child,
I would leave for school in the winter,
and the sky hadn't brightened yet.

Old memories slowly resurfaced,
filled with a sense of nostalgia for
the long-lost familiarity of childhood.





Listening to music,
walking on empty streets,
Not very cold,
A spontaneous joy in my heart.

A city before dawn,
Serene and tranquil,
Leaves a warmth in the solitude of my being.

Everything is nurturing, waiting,
Like hope...



Witnessing a city gradually awakening,
Such a feeling is unique and moving.

Compared to the lingering sunset,
the faint sadness permeating in
the long day's end,

Sunrise,
breaking through the darkness at dawn,
bestows infinite strength,
the power of hope!



Beneath the pinkish-blue sky's embrace,
Various buildings lining the strait's shores,
Flocks of seagulls soaring,
Lighthouses, ferries, symbols of love ...
What an unparalleled dream!





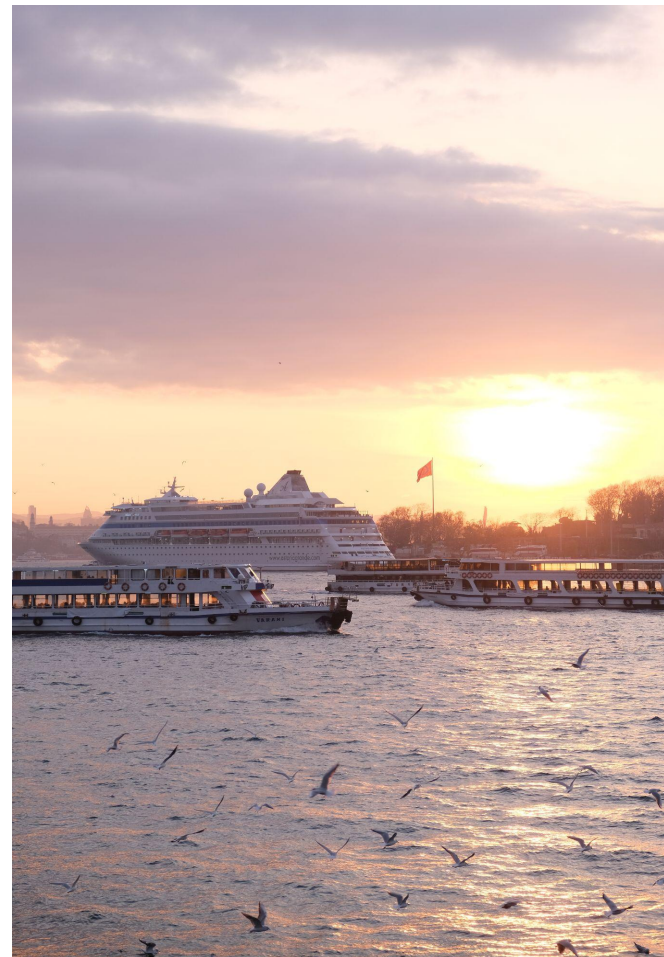
My photography journey
has reached an unprecedented peak!!





The scene of seagulls soaring is full of vitality.
Circling in the sky, flapping their wings,
Sometimes forming flocks.
The feeling of carefree freedom is truly enchanting!

I've always felt that my greatest happiness lies in
— my heart is always free!





As the sun gradually peeks out,
The sky transforms into a dazzling golden hue.

The crimson sun,
The golden morning glow,
Reflecting on the azure water,
With ferries dotting the scene
And groups of seagulls in the sky.

Forever captivated by the magical charm of nature,
An uncontrollable smile graces my lips,
And tears glisten in my eyes,
Due to the intense emotions and awe in my heart!

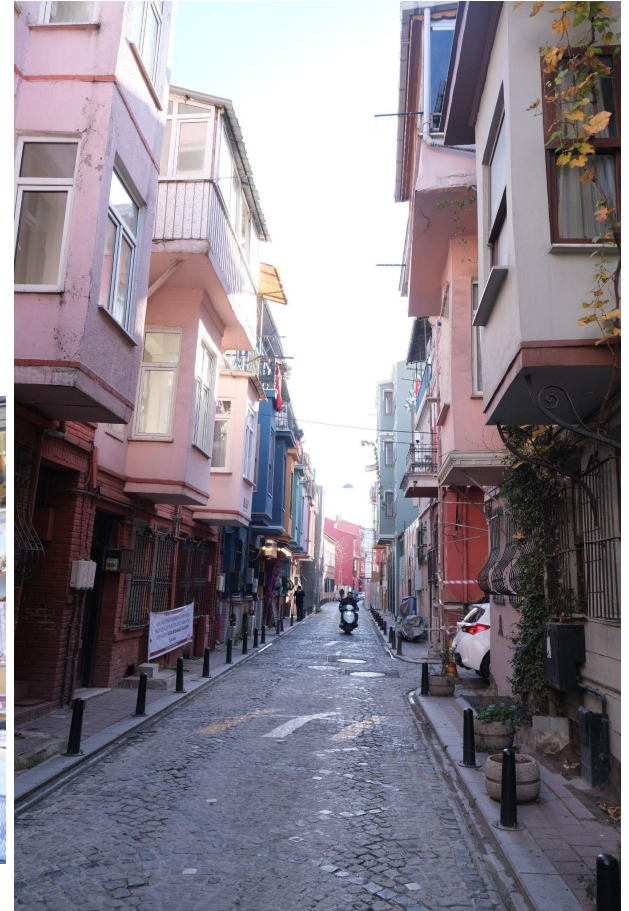


Running alone from the dark night towards dawn,
Witnessing a city gradually awakening in the morning light,
Freely blossoming between heaven and earth.
It truly is an unparalleled joy of living!

Love yourself!
Love the world!
Love all living beings!



Balat - The colorful houses always bring me joy,
as if the vibrant colors impart an endless influence.



The unique movie door signs,
weathered by wind and rain,
surprisingly carry a nostalgic charm

.....



After my lovely friends joined me,
Even the style of photograph changed!



Cats and dogs,
All across the streets !



Cappadocio



The blue sky before nightfall is truly beautiful!



Unique landscapes of Cappadocio



The joy with companions !



Turn the lens towards the beauty
I don't often notice!





Of course,

I also have eyes discovering beauty!

For example, this...



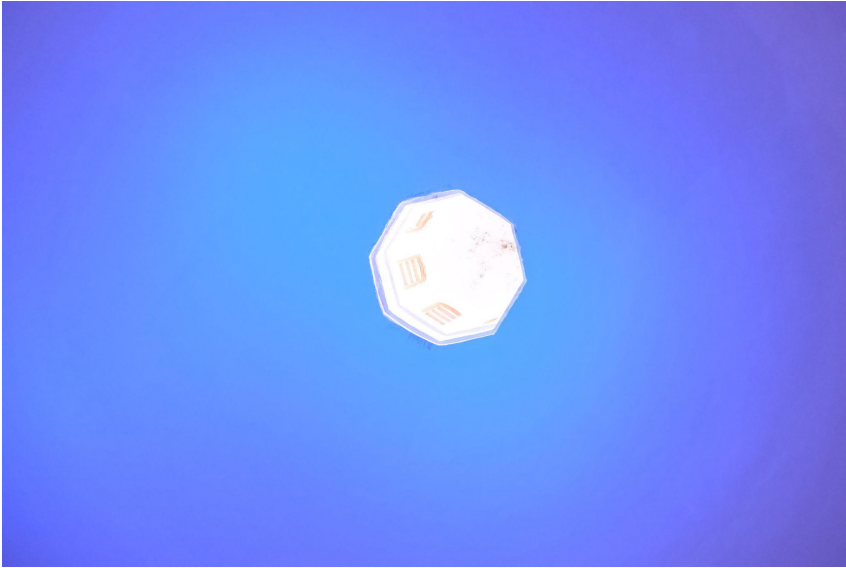
This

And this

One major gain from the trip Turkey
–Turkish bath!

It was truly so relaxing!
Fell in love with massages!

Unfortunately, I forgot to take pictures,
only have this one of the roof of the
bathhouse, hahaha!



Lucky us,
Fulfilled our wish
To take balloon flying in winter!
The pinkish-blue sky,
Probably why everyone says Turkey is romantic!

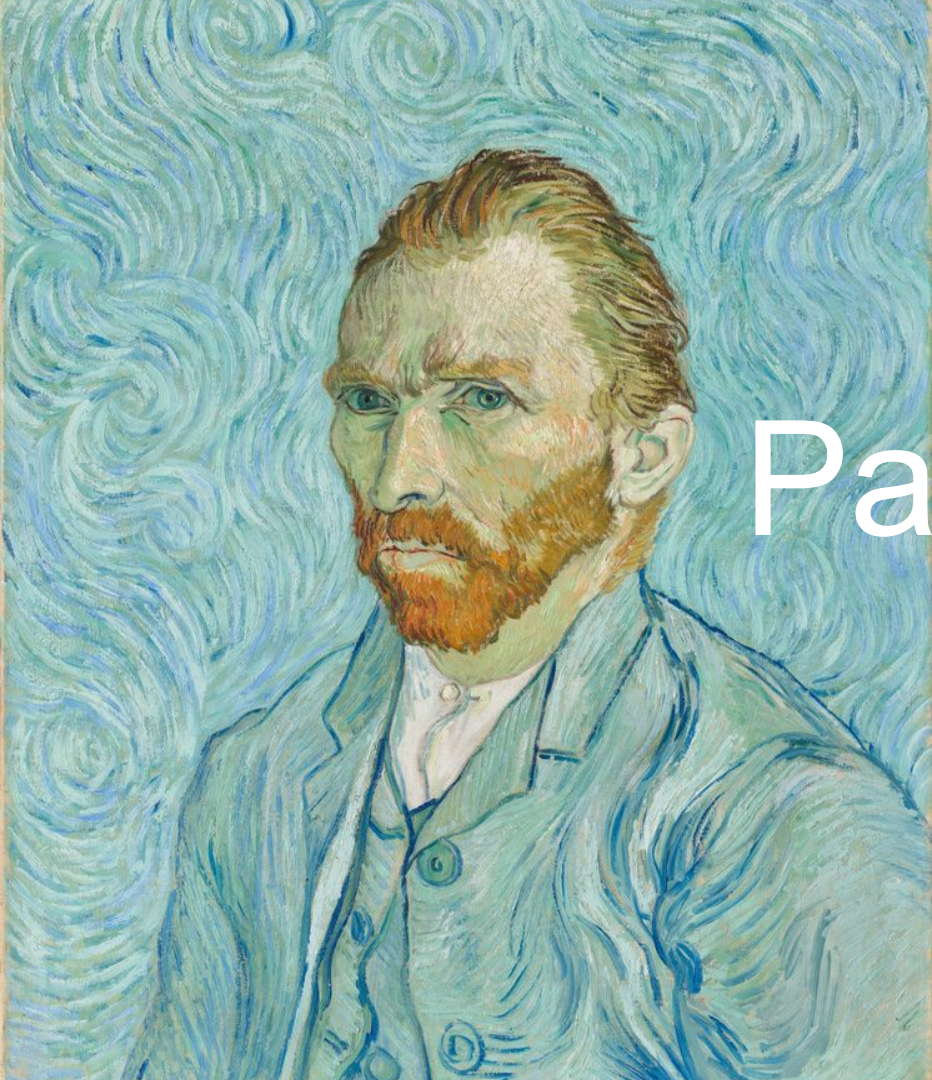


When journeying alone,
Amidst tranquility and spontaneity,
A smile graces my lips,
For every little beauty in leaf and twig.

When accompanied by friends,
In comfort and simplicity,
Unnoticed beauty unfolds,
Laughter resonates with lovely friends.

One trip, two different joys,
How delightful!

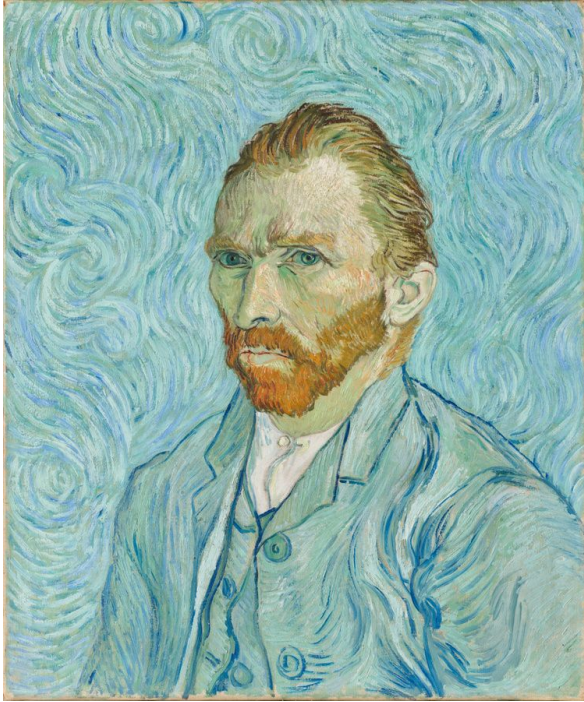




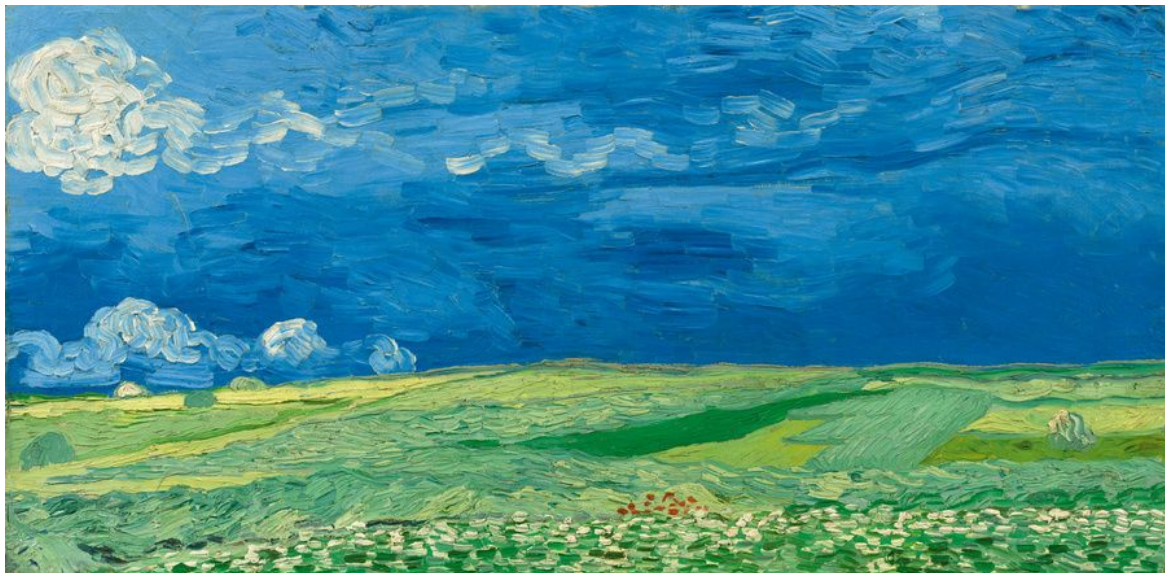
Paris



Van Goph



Traveled a long distance,
Indeed, it was just to see your exhibition!



Van Gogh's depression was truly healed to some extent by these beautiful natural landscapes. They indeed possess the gentlest power to soothe the soul.

So, what is most heartbreaking is: he truly felt the beauty of this natural world, but these 'beauties' still couldn't make him stay!

Why could he capture such a beautiful world with his brush,

Yet chose the most decisive way to leave?

Until I saw this painting of the wheat field...

These vibrant wheat fields brought him overwhelmingly calm,
reaching another kind of serenity —

When you attain tranquility from
experiencing the beauty of nature,
you become accepting of your own destiny.

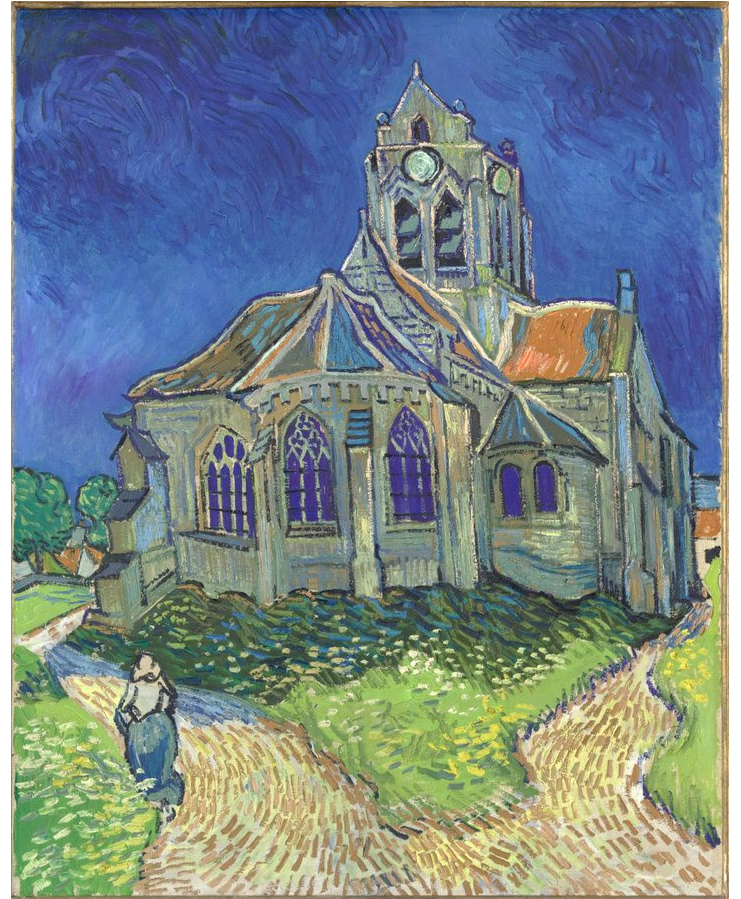
In Van Gogh's eyes,
perhaps leaving was his destiny.



This, perhaps, was the place he should go.

Attaining inner peace from the beauty of nature,
he surrendered to his recognized destiny –

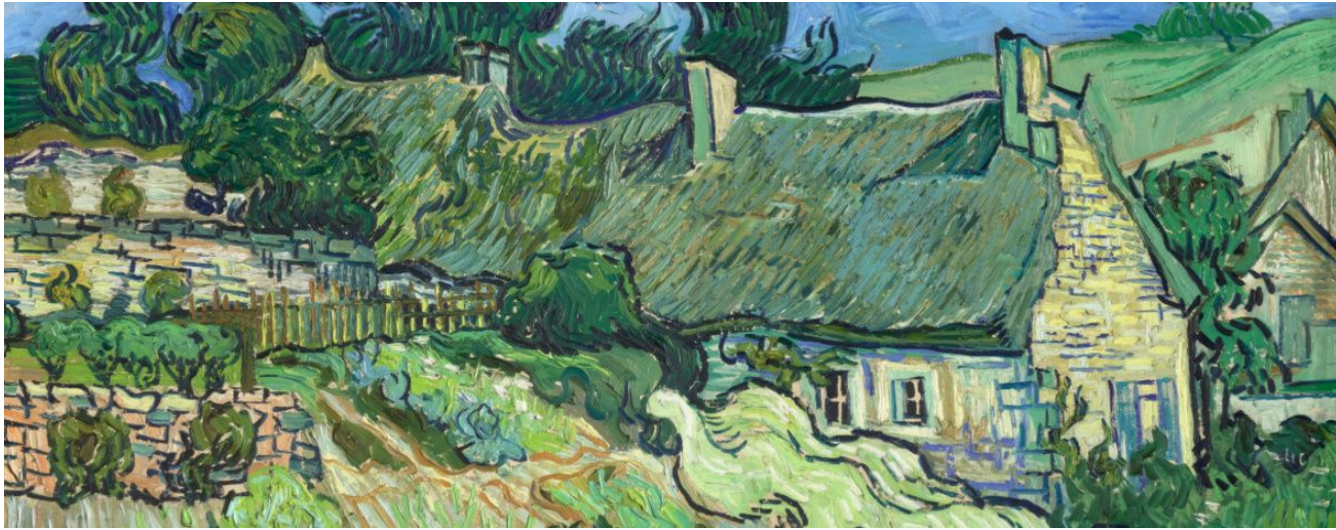
Going to the place he should be –
this church that connects to heaven!



If "beauty" cannot save a person,

Can "love" do it?

However, throughout his wandering life,
He never had the fortune to have someone,
Willing to stand by him...



The landscape paintings that should have been filled with people, were deliberately erased.

All beings to me are distant passersby.

Even if I use a brush to carve this beauty,

it can hardly conceal the sadness seeping through the canvas!

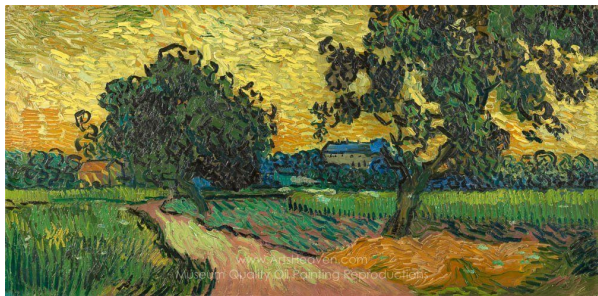
In the depth of the forest,
A solitary person,
Only realizing, upon gazing,
That it was actually a couple.
Yet, the woman's figure remains elusive.



Recalling the past,
Perhaps he regrets never having had a companion to stroll together in the woods.
If there were one,
would it diminish the pervasive sense of loneliness permeating the canvas?

One day or another

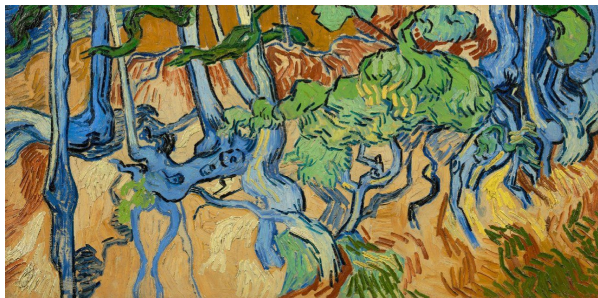
I believe I'll find a way to do an exhibition of myself in a cafe.



Surrounded by these artworks,
exuding extreme vitality,
permeated with immense solitude,
or revealing the destructive nature of "roots" -
my life is attacked at the root.



Enveloped, tears uncontrollably well up —
a lifelong wish he never fulfilled,
and now he's gone.



Yet, we've traveled from all corners of the world,
just to see his exhibition!

If time truly could traverse,
How I wish to go back to the era he lived,
Just to tell him:
"Do not be sad,
one day the world will see your greatness."

I think, I just want to hold onto him!

Rothko



No interpretations from Rothko for his own artworks.

Leaving it to the audience,

To build the connection.

To form their own unique feelings.

No standard answers.

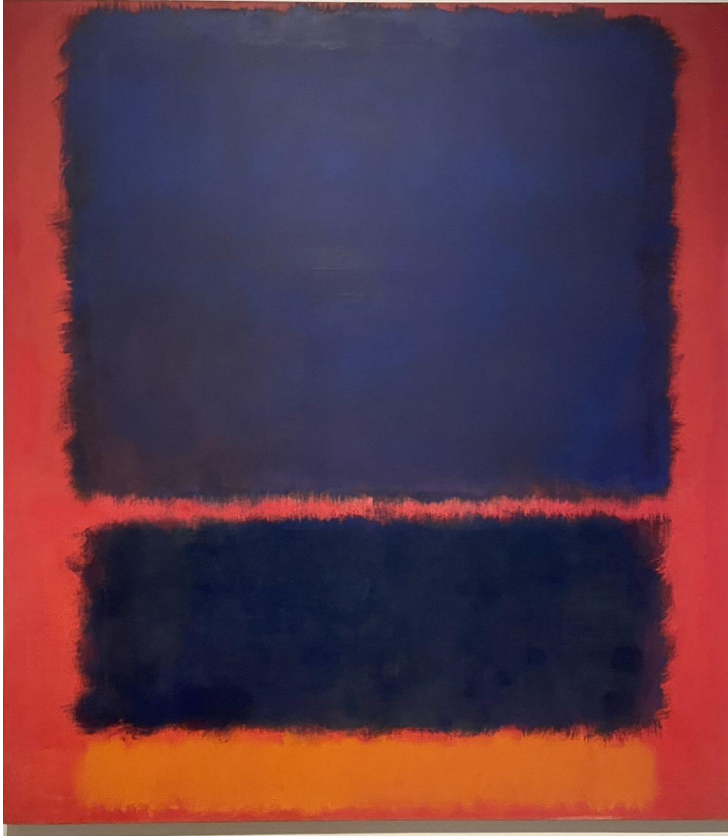
I'll let my imagination run wild.

Music helps understand artworks.

The dual impact of
visual and auditory sensations,
creates an exclusive environment.

Finding the most fitting classic music,
Looping it repeatedly...





A strong clash of contrasting colors.

The middle perpetually isolates

the upper and lower,

Uncoordinated.

Permeating, spreading, bleeding into the other,

yet never achieving a genuine transcendence.

Like good and evil,
Due to the absolute difference in values,
Never truly reach each other.

Or like two different individuals,
In an intimate relationship,
each adhering to their own beliefs.

Encounter is a collision.

A true intimacy achieved through
mutual influence and blending,
yet carries an insurmountable sense of alienation.



Yet...

Rothko's creations are achieved through the continuous layering of colors.

What appears as surface-level incompatible opposites, in essence, stemming from identical base colors.

A mutual interdependence!

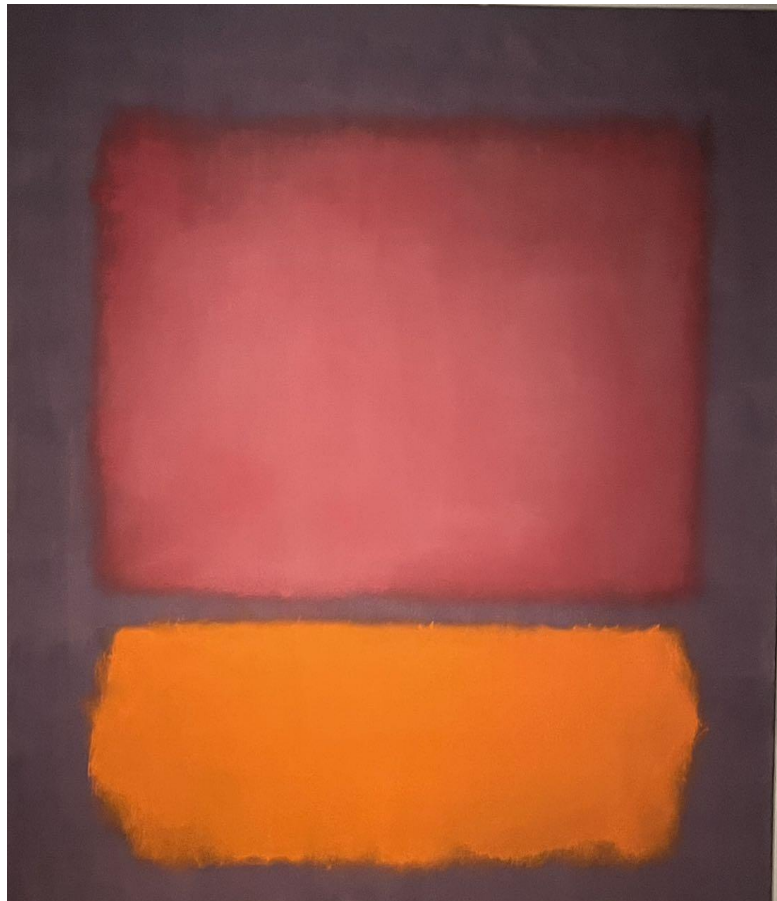




You and I may seem opposed,
but fundamentally,
are we not surprisingly similar?

Is there absolute good and evil?
Or beneath the surface of goodness,
are there shades of darkness as well?

Is human nature inherently inclusive,
encompassing various possibilities?



The rich variety of colors,
a glimpse into human nature,
revealing the complexity hidden
beneath the surface.

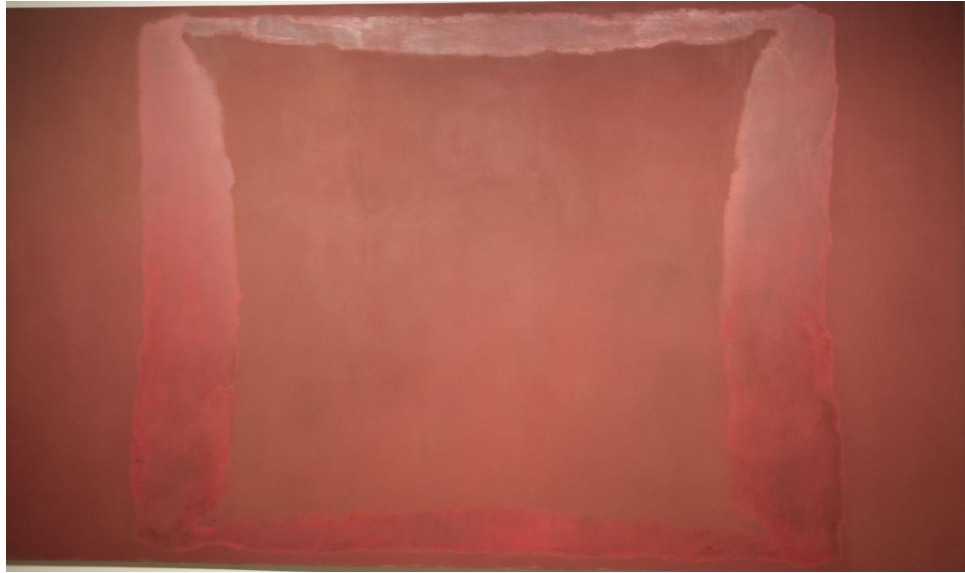
The blending, colliding, cutting, and separating
— all achieved through colors,
an extreme expression.

In the gaze of the audience,
it establishes an extreme form of intimacy.

Black on Maroon

“If people want sacred experiences they will find them here.
If they want profane experiences they’ll find them too.”

[\[Mozart Requiem: III. Sequentia\]](#)



A gigantic mouth-shaped artwork composed of varying shades of maroon.
Standing in front of it, feeling a strong calling:
step inside, step inside, and explore the world behind it.

[\[Mozart Requiem: III. Sequentia\]](#)



Shifting my gaze away,

Suddenly realized that the entire room was full of "Black on Maroon" paintings, each forming a door-like shape.

Creating a unique sense of mystery with their contrasting colors, enticing you to come forward and explore their secrets.

[\[Mozart Requiem: III. Sequentia\]](#)



While the unique "holy gates"
surrounding three sides of the gallery,
The central wall features horizontal shapes,
resembling an altar—where the "divine" descends.

Immersed in such a dark room,
accompanied by Mozart's "Requiem",
in the interplay of music and artwork,
the soul undergoes an unparalleled spiritual baptism.

[Mozart Requiem: III. Sequentia]



Gazing at the central altar,
Meticulously examining each door,
you can't help but wonder:
Which door do you wish to step through?
True or false,
void and disillusionment,
what lies behind each door?
Undergoing the sacred yet sincere spiritual baptism,
You confront your innermost self, questioning:
What is it that you truly desire?

In this moment, Rothko achieves what he aspired to—
granting colors a power akin to music and poetry.

Without the need for verbal explanation,
the most direct sensations can strike the heart.

It is snowing in Paris!

