

2006/2007 Worldstudio AIGA Scholarships

AIGA Award



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Illustration

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I grew up in Hong Kong, China, in a society that would pat budding artists on the head, mumble something vague, like “ that’s nice dear, now go do your physics homework or I’ll take your sketch book away.” Adults would smile knowingly at each other. “Sweet kid, really, so imaginative. Too bad he doesn’t understand that the only way he’ll survive in the “Real World” is by studying math and sciences. It’s the way of the future, you know.” After a whole year of nothing but Calculus, Chemistry, Physics and Biology in Form four (grade ten), I swore: Its either art for me, or risk becoming a decrepit old man that swears at innocent children in the streets. Immigrating to a small town in Missouri a year later, I immersed myself in as many art classes as could fit my schedule. Eagerly absorbing various techniques and laws of human anatomy, I upped my quality greatly. I use scribbling messy lines to communicate. To me it is not chaos; each line has a strength and boldness that screams “this is THE place I was meant to be!” I have a theory of where these lines originated from. Throughout childhood, I remember writing and rewriting various Chinese characters all over a blank piece of paper, the mindless repetition drilling the form of those words into my head enough so that I could take the dictation quiz the next day. I would write them large and small, sometimes frustrated, sometimes meticulous. Those pieces of prep scribbles are the very lines I use in all my art now, be it drawing or painting. It was senseless work to me at the time, but in hindsight it gave me the most valuable asset I have in my art arsenal.

