

Pile Up

How do we depart from entity

Los Angeles Trip Photobook

Feb 17-Feb 22,2022

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How do we stack up a massive, human-only structure? How do we define ourselves as human beings? How do we define the aesthetics we advocate? Each of us is like a molecule in a gas, moving, drifting, but never changing.

This trip to Los Angeles starts and ends in the city. We have walked through the wilderness, touched thorns, watched art, and witnessed longing. Then, we witness people, humanity, people's lives. People are the most important material for building a city, and also the most unknown thing. No one can define a person, no one fully knows how we become who we are.

The way I see things is largely determined by my experience, which is both heritage and innovation. I learn to be human in the human system, and to explore myself as a human. When we talk about the self, the most common definition we use is the person we are, which can also be understood in a broader sense as the trait of a group, of course, limited to humans.

From a dualistic point of view, the self of ourselves and the group to which we belong is the subject, and the self of others and the impersonal are the object. When our self-defined self is confined to dualism, it is difficult to escape the shaky, thorny environment of the moment.

This journey, this book is a reflection and an experience for me. To experience the self other than me, from grass, rocks and sand, from life I have never seen, and strive to expand the boundaries of self a little bit.



I squat down to protect myself
Found out that I was about the same size as a clump of weeds
I stretch myself
nor bigger than any rock
look around
only myself in the desert
But I know we have ten
They are also in the rock pile



Fabric

my clothes should be hung up
rather than dusty
fall to the ground
So it is among the thorns,
hanging on a branch
look past
That's the only thing that doesn't need
to grow



Santa Monica Pier And Beach

Accustomed

Amidst affluent neighborhoods, high-end homes and ocean views, the sporadic homeless are insignificant. Unfamiliar families only need to be entangled with the dog leash to know each other.







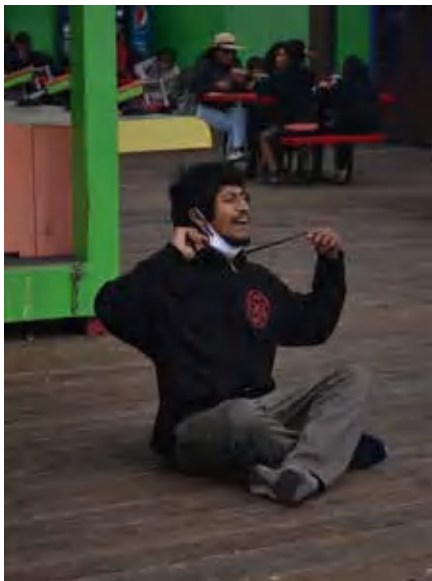
Every inch of grass, every tree has been trimmed
neatly silent
Sculptures, squares and balustrades hard to the edge
Relying on the blurred figure
People can't see their faces and clothes, but they can see the
decorations
“We Are Ocean,”
We drown droplets



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Extreme

Those people lying on the grass
There are things to live around
They are no different from a distance
until you see
Some of them have mountaineering
bags
Some people have plastic bags on their
pillows
The voice of surprise in the crowd is
faintly discernible
It was a tourist who found a squirrel











Skid Row

Sigh*

If there's a place in Los Angeles that's been forgotten by God, it doesn't take a guess to know where it is. This place is the elephant in the room of LA.





THE FUTURE
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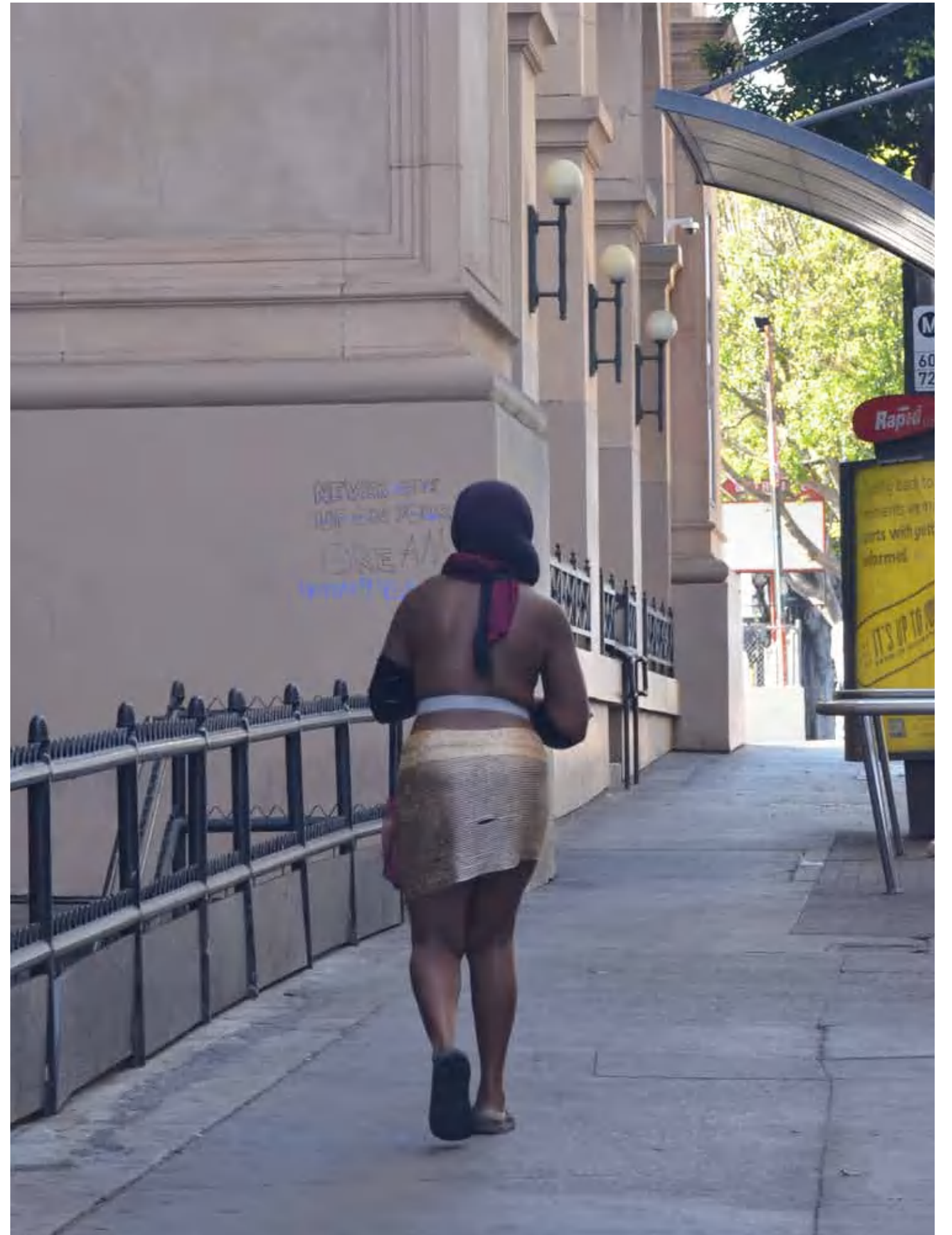
Van Wagner



MedMen
8th & Broadway

MedMen.com/Del

Need weed?
You're a 5-r















Wasted

By what definition do we exist?
By life and death, or by memory
I only live in one place
It's where someone knows me
in the corner of the city
Throws away all the time
On the street, or in the trash

Gave

It seems like someone always thinks
they can give something
So they did
They gave a failure to praise
and a domineering self
The gentleman in the suit said to
the tramp:
“Ten dollars for you”
“Oops I only have eight dollars in
change”

Welfear

New high-rise buildings glow with
a faint light
Coatings on building surfaces are as
white as new
The dilapidated bricks and tiles all
around are dwarfed by silence
That was never received alms
tents under the ground
still people’s homes





LOVE **GOD** **&** **HOPE**

ALICE

KERM
BERLO
HEAVY

"F
TWO

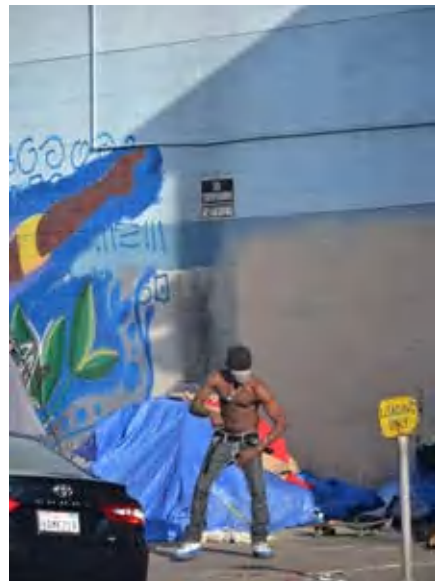
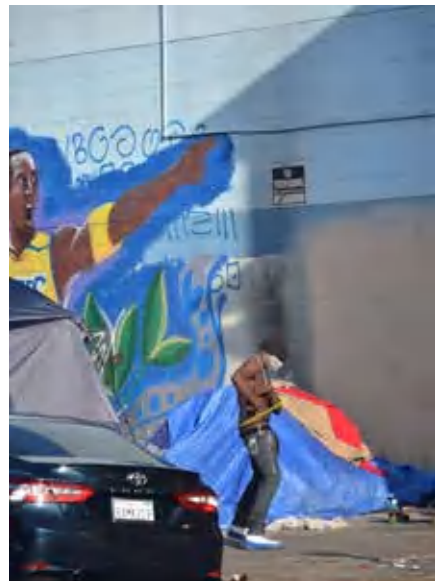
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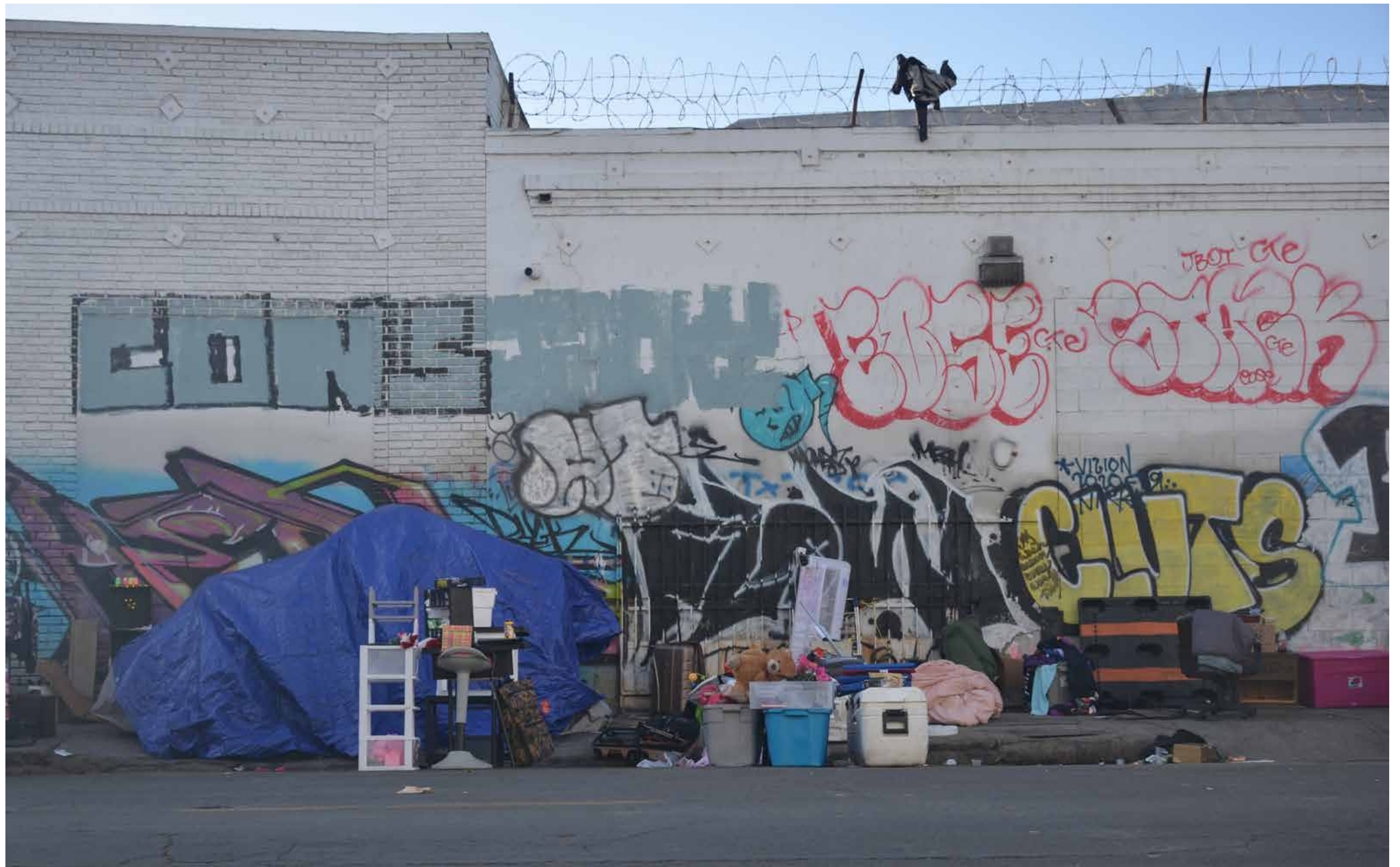


GAFFER TAPES T3ANAGRIK

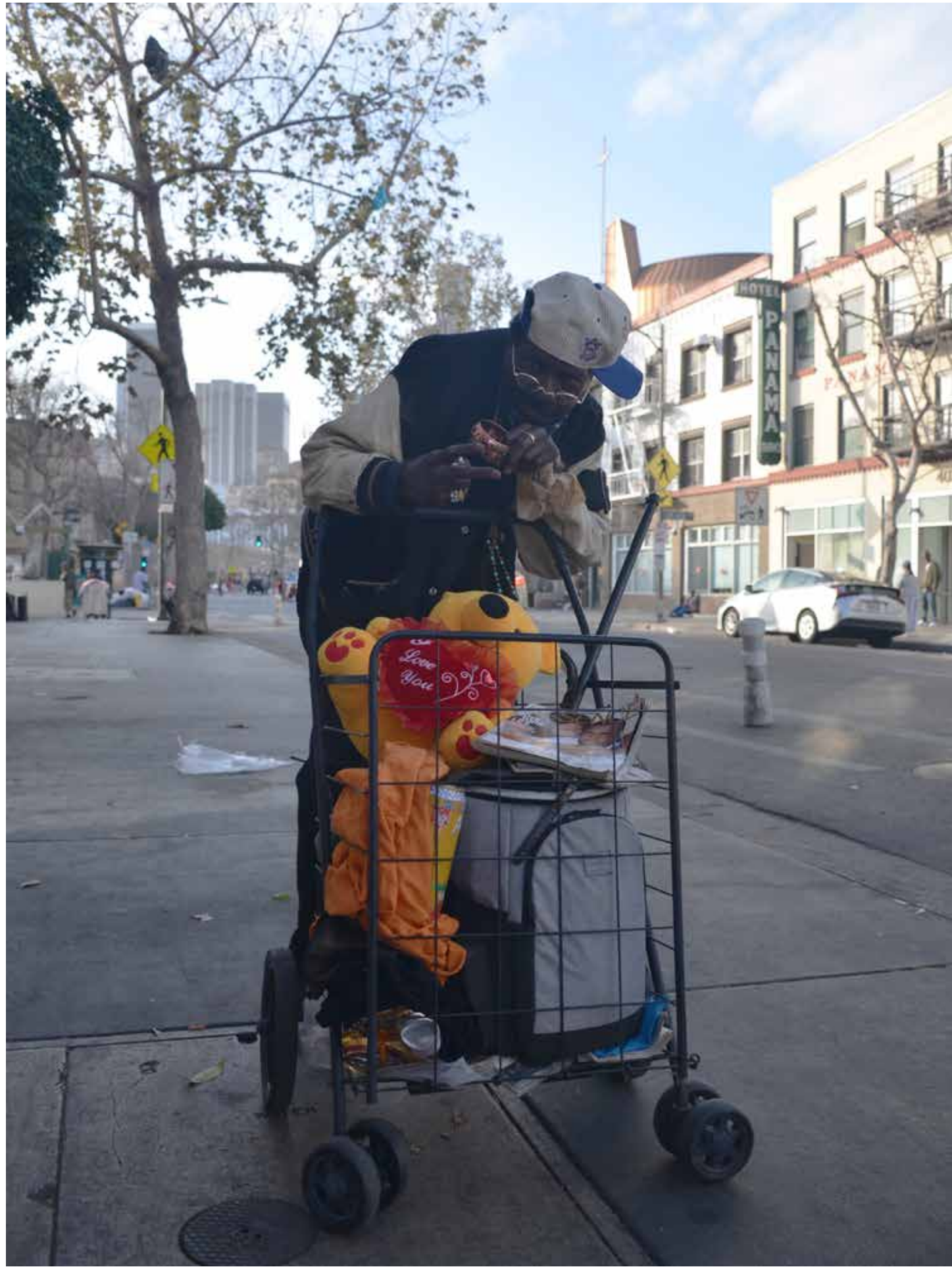


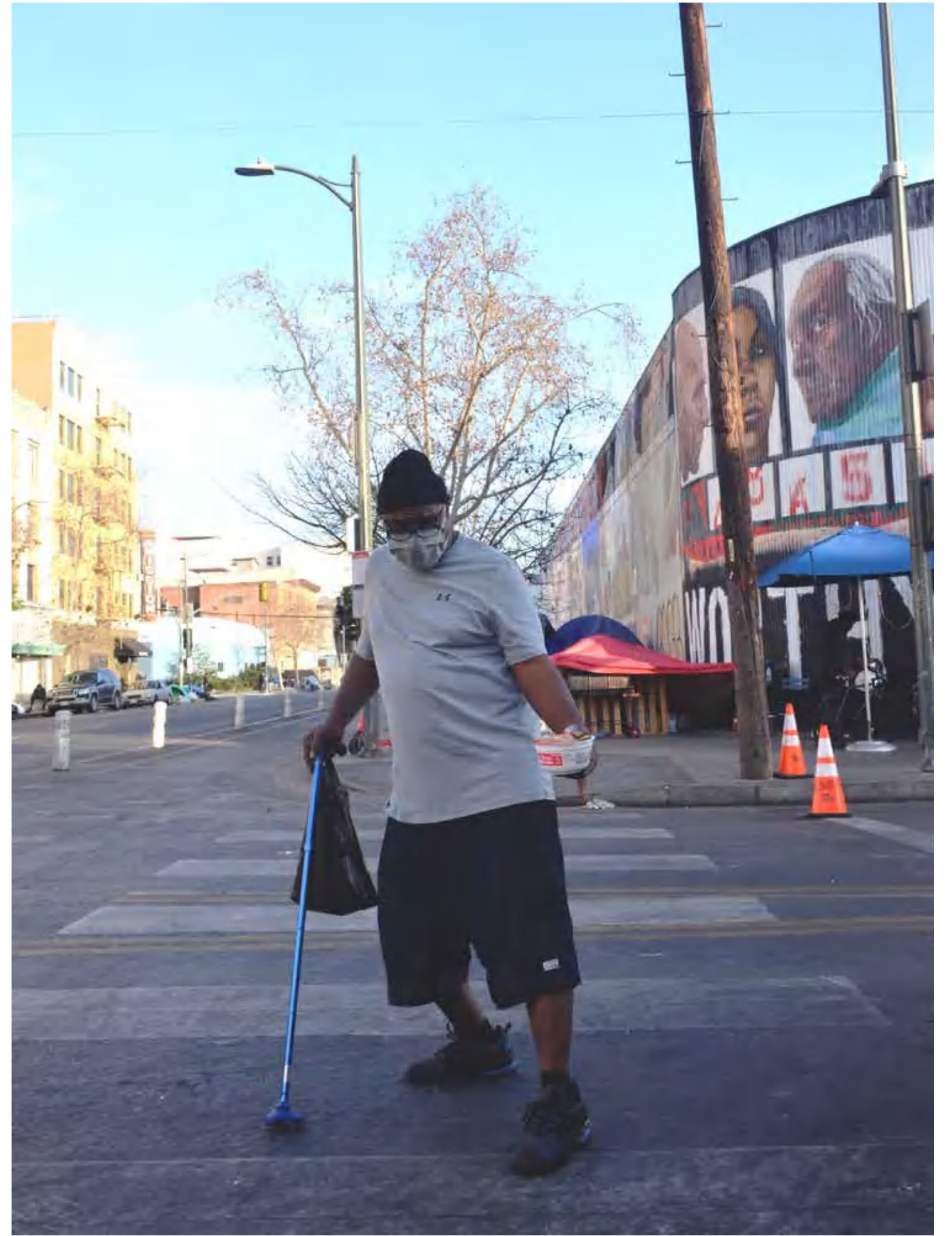


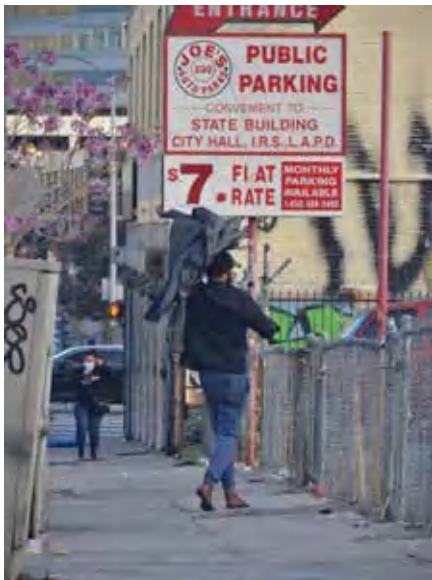












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