

This room holds an entire subjective experience. There is a bed, with a towel that has become translucent from the passage of time. Hold it up to the light, and you will see remnants of a name, once brightly stitched in. The name, barely visible, is “Vivian.” Vivian – derived from the form *vivus*, alive. A pillow nearby holds the characters “思名” (sī-míng). 思 (sī) – to think, consider, and to ponder. 名 (míng) – name. To be alive and to think of one’s name.

To the right, there is a lens in the wall. Look through it, and you will see a child who does not understand. A child who is confused by gossip, malice, anger, hypocrisy, and crime. In a moment, you will see the child in contemplation, wondering if her feet are crushing organisms invisible to her eye. She will put a ladybug in a container, replacing 0.5mm lead with blades of grass. She will carefully place it inside her school-desk to later find the red beetle all but alive. Moments later, years later, she will enter a room (in fact, this very room) to find a wasp very *much* alive. Not wishing to disturb it, she will leave the room and upon return, will find a still body curled upon the floor. The lens becomes fogged with the words: “Even without the intention of harm, death is present.”

Beside your feet, there is a box marked “Travels.” Open it and you will find tucked within, filed moments of a woman recognizing her own foreignness. Under “France” is a filed desire to be seen as an American in Paris, crossed out years later with a desire to be seen as Taiwanese instead. Under “Taiwan” are filed mockeries for differences in speech, manner, dress, and behavior. Under “Japan” is a filed ability to blend in. Under “Family & Relatives” are filed thoughts and actions marked as *precious*. Close the lid of the box, and the label becomes “Differences.”

On another wall is a shelf stacked with the books:

Culture & Truth
Orientalism
Objectivity
Leçon des choses
The Order of Things
Regarding the Pain of Others
Why Look at Animals?

Scribbled beside it are the words:

Wonder
Truth
Curiosity
Awe
Connection
Separation
Equality
Justice
Consideration
Peace

In the corner, there is a very small, very miniscule shelf. Look closely and you find a jar with dust built upon it. Examine carefully and you will see a tiny pill within it. Even closer, you will decipher its purpose and in a moment, you will discover the pill that removes all critical thought.