

Yasmine Anlan Huang 黄安澜

安安 → 安 (やす) → やすみん → ヤスミン → Yasmine → 思明 → Siming

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www.vimeo.com/yasminehuang

Yasmine Anlan Huang (b. Guangzhou, China) is an artist and writer. Investigating the evolution of literary motifs and archetypes across cultures and time, her work seeks to expose hidden power structures and decolonize storytelling. She orchestrates a polyphony that blends past and future, fiction and reality, sublime and absurdity, innocence and violence. With a fusion of personal cosmology, political entanglements, youth subcultures, and everyday objects, she crafts emotive worlds through moving images, texts, installations, performances, and public programs. These works serve as surrogates for her hyper-vulnerability—she is also interested in how digital spaces consume and regurgitate life experiences.

Huang's works have been featured internationally, including Whitney Biennial 2024, Power Station of Art, Peckham24 with solo or duo exhibitions at Floating Projects, Three Shadows Photography Art Centre, Seoul National University Woosuk Gallery, Goethe-Institut Hong Kong and Magician Space(forthcoming). She has been awarded residencies in Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture and many others. Her writings and translations appeared in Heichi Magazine, p-articles, SAMPLE Mag, and many other platforms. Her debut book of poems and essays, Love of the Colonizer, was published by Accent Sisters in 2022.

Huang received her BA (Hons) in Creative Media from City University of Hong Kong, an MA in Literary and Cultural Studies from the University of Hong Kong, and an MFA from Parsons School of Design.



Her innocence is so complete that it renders her life a kind of unreal experience...

she never really lived,

so she has never really died.

Prologue:

I have been practicing the loss

*border,
narratology
and language*



projecting myself
onto the world

*idol industry,
fictionality,
and love*

dear velocity,

Crescendo

Servitude: do not believe that Google Map

Illogical Innocence

Genesis

Her Love is a Bleeding Tank

VIDEO ///



together we confess (2025)

Full HD, color, stereo, 08'53"

Full Video: <https://vimeo.com/1121083873>

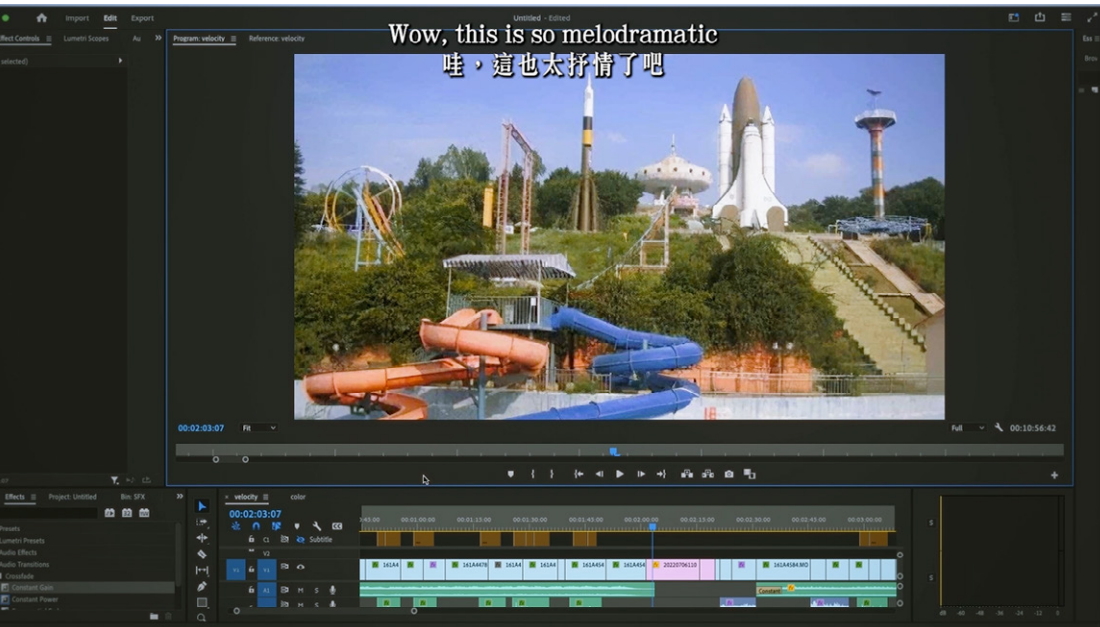
Password: confession

Shot in Ohrid en route to the remote Spomenik (World War II monuments and memorials in Yugoslavia), To the Lake I Confess / Together We Confess (working title) builds on the artist's concern with the interplay between economic migration, recreational tourism, and past geopolitical conflicts.

Intricately layered with voice-over and ambient sound, Huang captures the subtle tensions of coming-of-age narratives and the power imbalances inherent in tourism through an eaves-dropped conversation between a Tajik family and an Albanian boatman — a mundane dialogue notably free from overt political discourse despite their shared post-socialist heritage.



在拔地而起的樂園之上，
in a paradise that erects from ground zero



dear velocity, (2024)

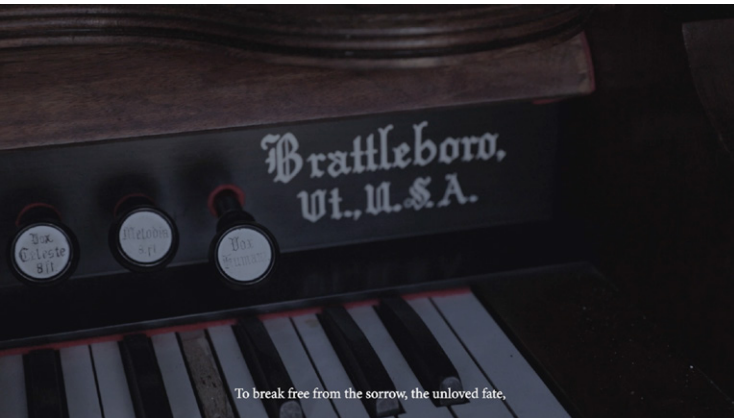
Full HD and found footage, color, stereo, 11'24"

dear velocity is an attempt to revisit the now-demolished “Space Wonder” amusement park (航天奇觀) in my hometown of Guangzhou, once home to a replica of the Space Shuttle Atlantis and a massive spaceship—icons of an era defined by aspirations for technology and the future it represents. Crowdfunded by local farmers, the park symbolized the collective dreams and embrace of globalization by Chinese citizens during a period of rapid change. Through moving images and music, the project extends the notion of time difference—the time difference between tropical and temperate zones, the time difference of space dreams—from the fresh perspective of a younger generation.

Full Video: <https://vimeo.com/996888749>

Password: atlantis

It questions whether the past was merely an imagined fantasy while offering a counternarrative to the decoupling process between China and the U.S., as well as broader trends of de-globalization and the rightward shift. By exposing the editing process within the video, dear velocity also examines whether reenactment can transcend mere aesthetic mechanisms while avoiding excessive sentimentality. How might we reinterpret and preserve the hopes those monuments once embodied? Will the time difference between us and the world ever truly end?



Crescendo (2024)

Single-channel video, HD, super 8mm film transferred to HD, color, sound, 14'06"

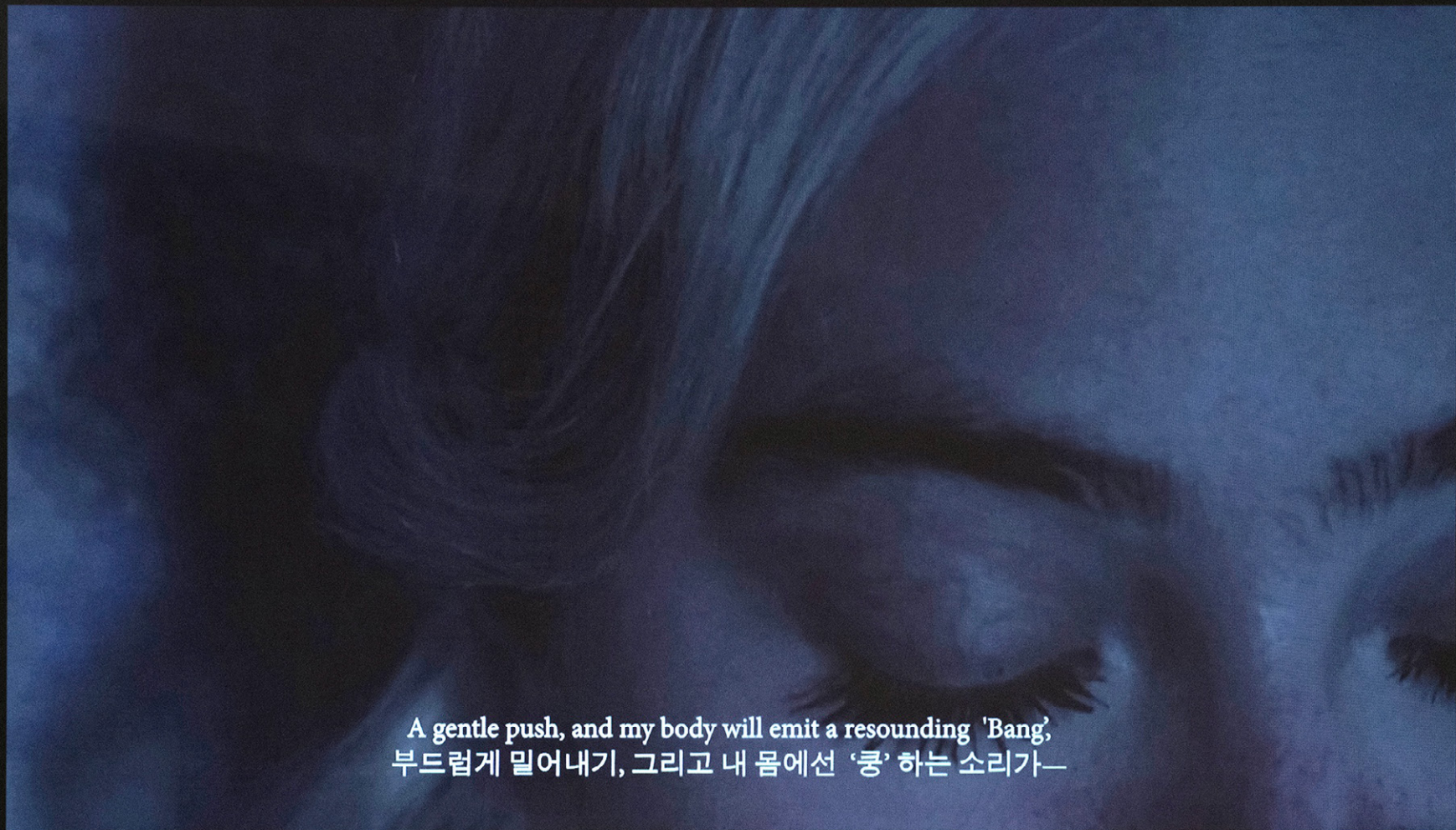
<https://vimeo.com/946296242>

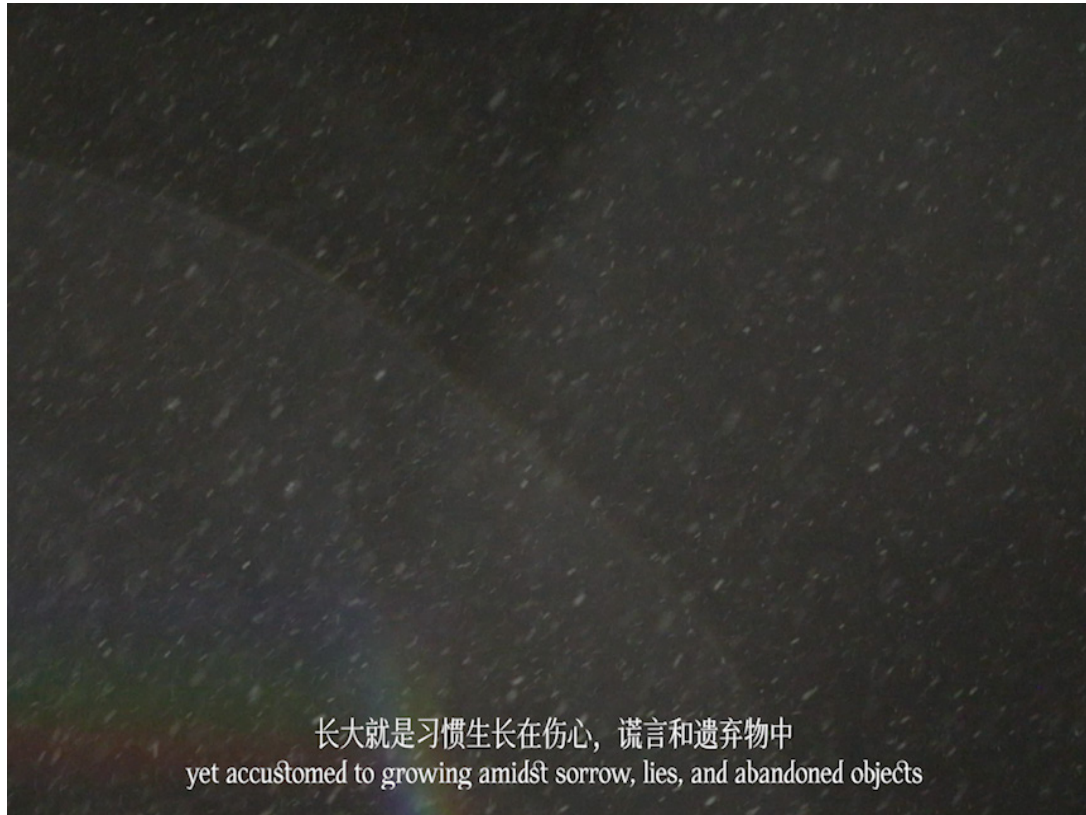
Password: solon

This eternal grandeur and tranquility seems to be achievable only in my absence... A petite black-haired girl can never belong here... — No, say the truth!

Let's try again: the statement I don't belong here is just a cover-up for "my narrative doesn't belong here", or more fundamentally, no matter how hard I tried, my language doesn't belong here. So I invited an artist friend who embodies my admiration, envy, and desire to act as me. Once worked as a stripper, she was always seen by clients as a symbol of innocence.

In our brutal honesty, through our gazes and mutual instructions, we closely experience each other's anxiety and fear of loss. Allowing her to portray me and feel my pain—is it "literary translation as a political act" or just a one-sided, frivolous pleasure to tragedies?





Installation view at LATITUDE Gallery

I've always been practicing the loss (2023)

Single-channel Video Installation, color, sound, 02'11"

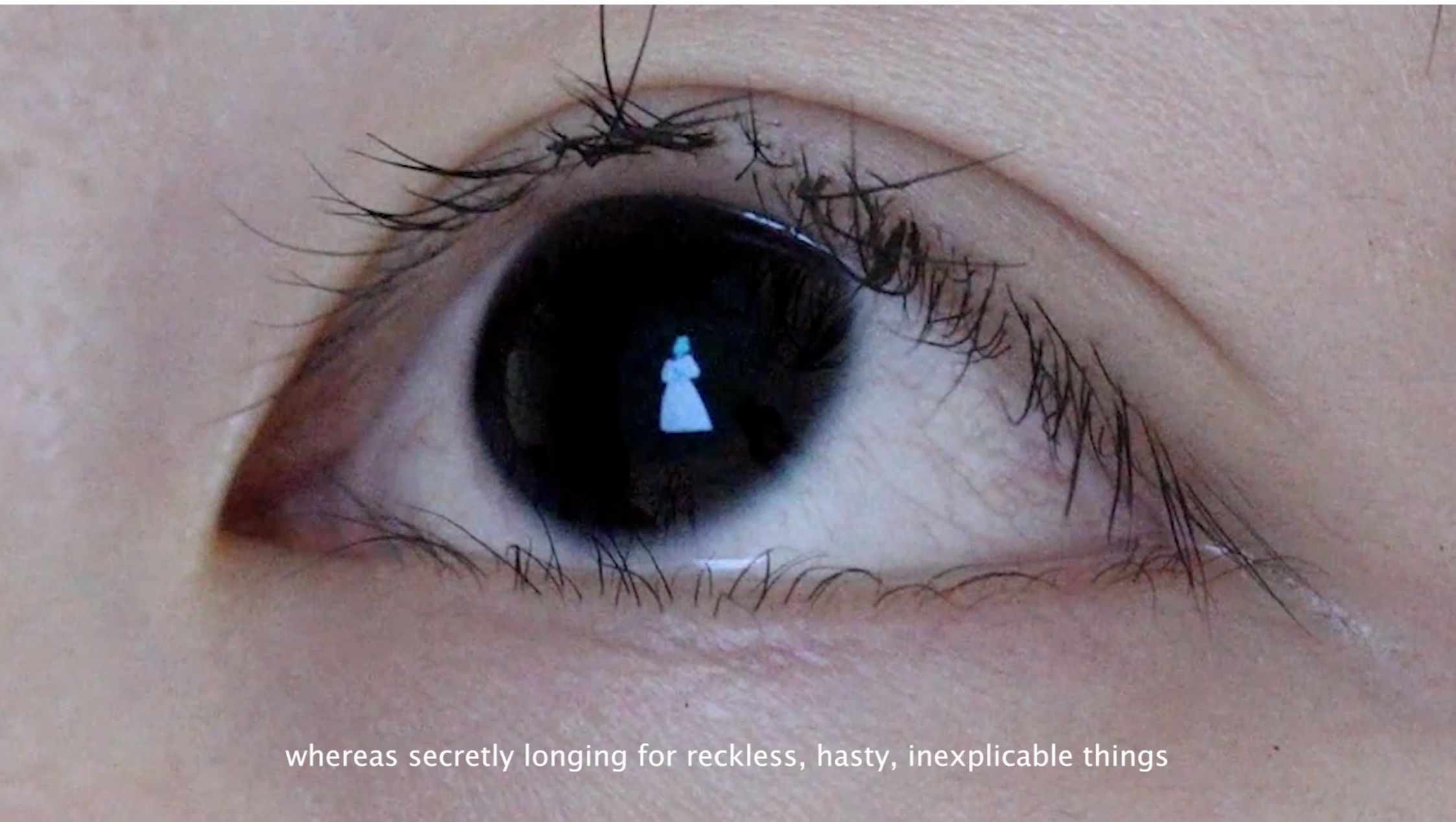
Full video: <https://vimeo.com/949923720>

Password: penland

I am obsessed with the idea of collection, sorting and preserving the debris from (un)loved ones. At one point, I almost self-diagnosed as a hoarder, but it turned out it's I am just a keen practitioner of morbid dependency, though sometimes felt ashamed about it.

In 2020, I encountered a castle-shape, pinkish tooth box, and simply teared when seeing that:

just the thought that something so perfect can be mass-produced, easily bought, circulated, makes me feel that there are still some corners of this world that are still light and effortless enough to bear my collection of debris. Three years later, I started to unpack the narratives around the amber, tooth box, tear vials and specimen, maybe, also my romanticization of self-harm and the ultimate *disassociation*: death.



whereas secretly longing for reckless, hasty, inexplicable things

Her Love is a Bleeding Tank (2020)

Single-channel Video, 05'31", HD, color, sound

Full video: <https://vimeo.com/393744619> Password: bleeding

Her Love is a Bleeding Tank is a one-take visual poem. The narrator Yasmine is nobody but my self-projection, and a concentration of delicateness, purity, as well as all virtues which seems not celebrated in the modern world. An eye is a theater, in which I replay the life experience of the little Yasmine who could never fulfill her dream of being an idol, her endurance of unnecessary hardship, and the relationship between stoicism and love.

