

TRANSPLANTS



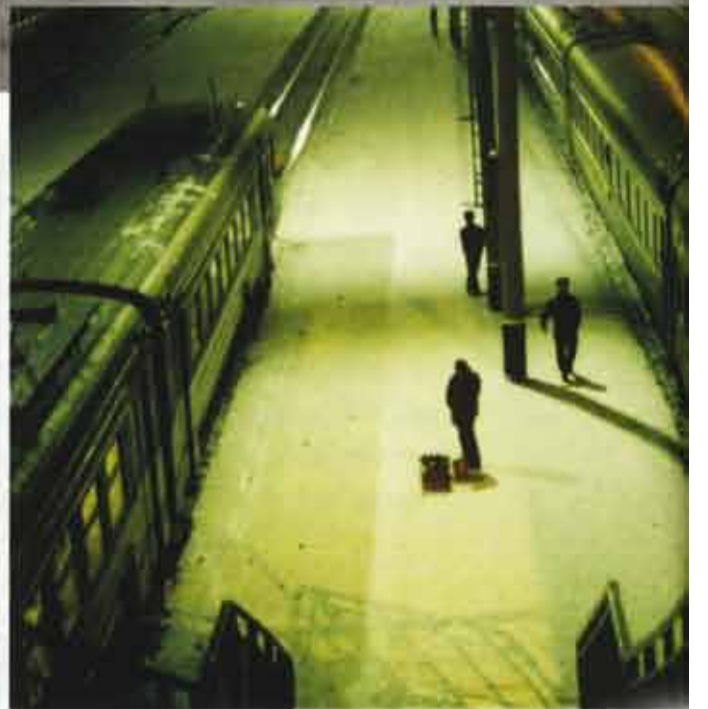
TRANS-PLANTS

Namaiki's Green Graffiti
Tomokazu Matsuyama Draws from History
Dan the Automator Talks Food
Streetwear's New Vanguard

Profiles: Jiae Hwang, Mike Ming, Brent Rollins

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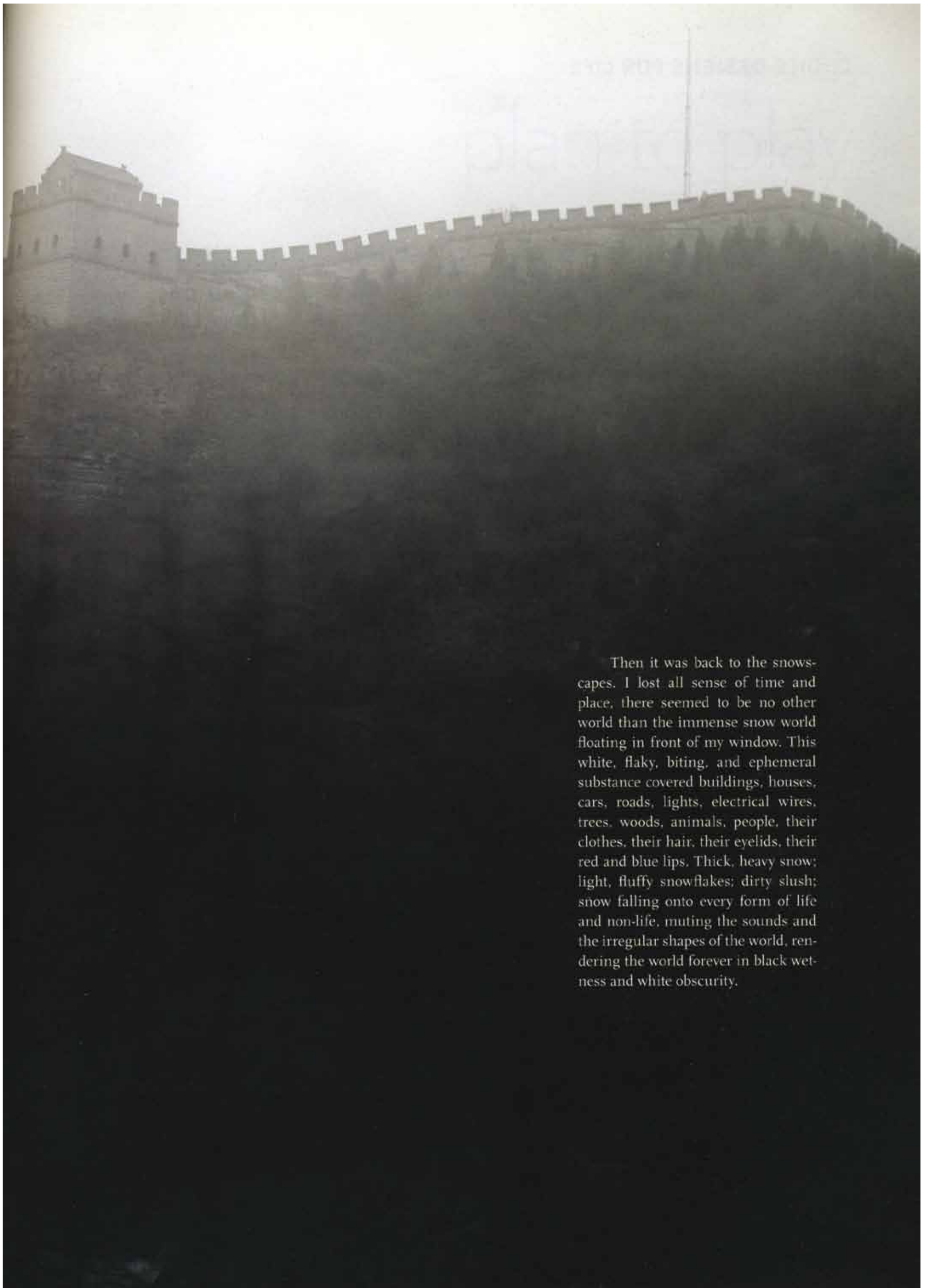
ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DIANA LUI

No "where," no time, only the scenery in front of my window, skipping like an endless old movie on an eternal snowscape. A wild and stark landscape, occasionally punctuated by people, animals, pieces of civilization. In the middle of nowhere, nighttime cities appeared like diamonds embedded in velvet blue mountains; factories in the snow desert stood like castles from another time; water towers stood proud and solitary like watchtowers.

There were also real watchtowers, fortified structures first built during the Qing Dynasty to protect villagers from floods, bandits, and wars. Some towers were owned by a single wealthy family while others were shared by several villages. Poetic names and verses are inscribed upon some of these tall buildings in Chinese. From a distance, they seemed like elaborate residences for giants living in the midst of wet marshes tilled by tiny farmers.





Then it was back to the snowscapes. I lost all sense of time and place, there seemed to be no other world than the immense snow world floating in front of my window. This white, flaky, biting, and ephemeral substance covered buildings, houses, cars, roads, lights, electrical wires, trees, woods, animals, people, their clothes, their hair, their eyelids, their red and blue lips. Thick, heavy snow; light, fluffy snowflakes; dirty slush; snow falling onto every form of life and non-life, muting the sounds and the irregular shapes of the world, rendering the world forever in black wetness and white obscurity.