

**EVELYN  
TAOCHENG WANG**  
FOR AN EMBARRASSED PERSON  
IT IS ALWAYS  
VERY DIFFICULT TO AVOID  
EMBARRASSING THINGS

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Private view 4 May, 6–9pm

**CARLOS/ISHIKAWA**

Unit 4, 88 Mile End Road

London E1 4UN

[www.carlosishikawa.com](http://www.carlosishikawa.com)

+44 (0) 20 7001 1744

Tracy rejected a boy who want to work here: “No, we only need girls.”

“Hey Lucy, did you heard of something like gay or lesbian?”

“I don’ t like those things. There is an even worst one, you just search on line: Transexual woman, or fake lady, or something like that, I really hate it. I would punch them if they touch me. Tao, have you ever heard of something like that?”

Lucy sat at the registration table cunning up the money. She is a tall girl, but he had buck-teeth, and smiling eyes that were black and bright, in a concave, wok-bottom face. Every day she wore a dress of black and red checked imitation wool, so big it was baggy on her, and a pair of homemade, grey sneakers. She has a lot of siblings she told me, so she wouldn’ t get any pretty clothes until she had a likely match—but since she didn’ t have anything pretty to wear, she couldn’ t get a match. She was trapped in a vicious circle, doomed to spend her blooming years in wistful longing: no young woman, no matter how clever, could break her way out of a dress like that.





“Haha, massage is actually a sensual business if you admit it or not. A naked body, an opposite sex person massages you! But that is why you can be successful because you are good at playing in the Middle place and still looks very honest.”

Tracy hugged a homeless cat and insisted that a male client coming from Hong Kong, and I said he was a Chinese born in the Netherlands.

He went to his favorite bed partition at first floor without guiding. He is around forty years old, could be a father and can treat his wife as a member of family; he is tall, has wide shoulder, very fat, full of energy possessed with a pair of sleepy eye; an obedient black leather business bag flying around him, charging his IPhone6-Plus together at registration table.

Curtains of first floor are different from ground floor, they cover whole narrow framed window, from inside you see the dark grey green pattern of seaweed without their roots roughly printed repeatedly, their fabrics become very thin and they produce shadows from nowhere and luminate a tune of light brown; and when you look at them from outside of the window, they are sunflowers sinking in water, and they are very thin paper soaked with thick fat oil.

“I know Van Gogh! He is famous because painted this yellow sunflowers! I thought that they were chrysanthemum!” Tracy picked up a Van Gogh poster copy from a trash few days ago, suddenly hung in this floor.



This client only loves to be massaged very light, slow and soft in his down-to-earth-demands. My oily hands touched his shoulder and moved away. He first tracked them with his eye, then with his fat fingers, raised up his chin, and then licked on them, tried to swallow them, dad becomes baby and I can not be his wife. And that was the first time I closely looked at someone' s tongue—a little pinky tiny broom.

I heard of Tracy and Yang were playing with cat and laughing loudly: “How do you think? Male or female?”

“I don' t know!”

I saw a yellow cat was playing with a corner of curtain under my feet, looks like a dog, she smelled around and stop for a while, felt nothing interesting.

“The cat is upstairs! She is biting and scratching this curtain for Buddha' s sake!” I said.

I let him sucked my finger, he also slightly opened his eye during this moment, no dramatized narratives from such behaviour. “Oh... you have a soft hand...so nice.” he murmured and closed eyes again.

He didn' t give any tips.

Yang fell in love with one of her clients. He is a Pakistanis. She changed into another person just in one day, maybe is her hair-do or her skin got fresh colour of peachy tan, or she really lost few kilo weight—actually is that nothing really changed and she still doesn't know she is changing—in love.

She told Tracy she wants to leave earlier today.

“So quick, you fell in love?” Before Yang left Tracy told her: “Wait a little bit, too hurry, and you should know your position.”

“Don't talk to her! I know Yang's character very much, she can't take anyone's advices at this moment.” Sunny said.

“Taocheng, please translate this phrase for me, what is he texting? Oh, how can I answer? Can I answer just only yes in English? Can I? What does this word 'both' mean? What is 'together'?”

This Pakistan man came to massage and paid 50 euros just want to see her. They both were sitting in a bed partition, he didn't allow her to massage him, he said: “I just want to see you. This is not a job for you.”

He kissed her.

“But you don't need to pay the 50 euros...it is not easy to earn money nowadays...”

“I don't want your boss know it.”

They were using ipone to communicate—using Google translation and Dict.cn, only could see two bright screens were moving behind curtains—in drizzling rain, in anxious cloud, little happiness.

“Taocheng!” Yang cooled down a bit and she was dragging my skirt: “Taocheng, will you do anything for your lover?”

I pointed onto my own face: “I? I? You mean you want to know if I would like to do everything to my lover? Who will be that person?” I was staring at her.



A man came here for “Happy Ending” this afternoon:

He walked to reception very quickly: “I don’ t time. I just only have 15 mins. I’ m a personal body build trainer over there, I have to go in 20 mins, my student is waiting!”

Shunci: “Sir, 15 mins is too short to enjoy a nice massage.”

I entered my booth, he was completely lying naked and he posed like the Chinese character “big (大)” .

“Sir, please turn over.” He immediately jumped out from bed and close the curtain by himself and put 100 euros in my hand: “Please! You are so beautiful! I want a Happy Ending, I really don’ t have so many time, I really need it now.”

“Sir we don’ t have such service at all! If you really want to...”  
He puts another 100 euro in my hand and said: “Please!”





“Sir! If you really want this, there is a Red Light Street over there.”

“No! Every Chinese massage store give Happy Ending! You just close the curtain, nobody will know it, you see...my...I’ m... really...I’ m...Please. Here the money is yours!”

“Our shop is not like that sir! But I can still give you a professional massage if you change your mind, but I can not give you such service.”

He asked money back and ran away and said: “Shit! I should ask before!”





After Lisa knew my age, she bursted into a big laugh and stop: “Oh my dear, you can be my auntie now! I really don’ t understand you, I don’ t get it. I feel...I feel that you are so alone almost like a female version of Himalaya Mountain...I mean...here and now, Yang, Lucy, we all have relationship and love...and you are so beautiful...your life would be much easier if you have a boyfriend who can help you a lot...do you know that? You really should think about it. Every thing which I’ m striving for is that a fits and settle down life—a nice house, a nice country, nice money, a nice man...I don’ t get you Tao! 34 years and still do massage with us? I would just kill myself if I were you. Are you human?”

We massaged few American clients, she started to slightly flirted with one of them, surprised me that they added another two hours massage immediately and gave us 30 euros tips. Lisa held these euros laughed again: “Tao! You see! You should learn how to be gentle with men and make joke with them! Relax!”

It was a filmy, white-dark day. The brownish-green leaves of a plane tree were just outside the window; they were as big as a hand, and almost transparent. Across the street there was a row of old, red brick houses. A cat walked across the roof, black like a cloud shadow on snow—the only parts that showed were his black back and snake-like tail, gently waving in the air. A moment later, he reappeared on a balcony, aloofly waling along the top of the railing; looking neither left nor right, the cat just kept going on.

Today a man rejected me to massage for him:

He is not so tall, a middle eastern macho, his motorbike parked him, asked: “Do you have massage?”

He looked at me again after I and my colleague answered yes. He changed his idea to only massage half hour in his eye-laser.

I sent him to the booth. After I talked with my colleague that I will go home after this turn, he called in a urgent mood which can cause a visceral reaction ranging from discomfort to fear, disgust and anger: “Excuse me!”

He smelled me from a distance although it was just a wall of soft curtain: “You are not a real lady! You are a man!” Then he added a phrase of gesture of “I don’ t want an Asian ladyboy or something like this to close to me!”

He selected my colleague Yang to do it and immediately change the half hour to one hour.





Sands Murray-Wassink (as guest artist, USA/NL, born 1974),  
"Neither Spectacular Nor Respectable"  
2012, acrylic paint on synthetic gold fabric, 72 cm x 100 cm

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Evelyn Taocheng Wang, "Someone Mysterious Hung Herself Up Among Towers"  
2017, ink, mineral color on rice paper, 180 × 96 cm

4-5

Evelyn Taocheng Wang, "A Massage Salon—Curtains"  
2015, watercolour, pencil, acrylic on rice paper, handscroll, 45.5 × 344 cm.  
Photography: Gert Jan Van Rooij

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Evelyn Taocheng Wang, "A Female Grasshopper Shits Behind A Fake Hill"  
2017, ink, mineral color on rice paper, 180 × 96 cm

8-9

Evelyn Taocheng Wang, "A Massage Salon—Excuse me! You are not a real lady!"  
2015, watercolour, pencil, acrylic on rice paper, handscroll, 46 × 304 cm.  
Courtesy Collection of the Stedelijk Museum Schiedam, The Netherlands.  
Photography: Gert Jan Van Rooij

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Evelyn Taocheng Wang, "Who is going to burn my love-affair Mirror?!"  
2017, ink, mineral color on rice paper, 180 × 96 cm

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Evelyn Taocheng Wang, "Puzzle Game With Different Objects Indicate Women's  
Tragedy Future"  
2017, ink, mineral color on rice paper, 180 × 96 cm

Door opened, it was short man wearing sunglasses, I smiled to him and I didn't know where he was looking at. I guided him walking to reception and showed him the price menu: "Sir, we have full body for one hour, half body massage for half hour..."

"I know, I know, I know." He smiled and nodded and he said: "Do you have something else, haha, of course, I don't mean sex...haha...you know...men sometime need to release..."

Sunny: "I know, I know, I know. Would you like to do half hour maybe?"

The man's sunglasses was looking at me up and down, took half minute, I piled up smiles and he suddenly said: "You were a guy before this actually! I can recognise it actually, I mean, you were a guy!"

Sunny and Tracy immediately shouted out: "Sir! If you don't want to have massage, please leave our place immediately! The door is opened for you! And you should know how to speak well in front of ladies!"