

SIQI HÜ











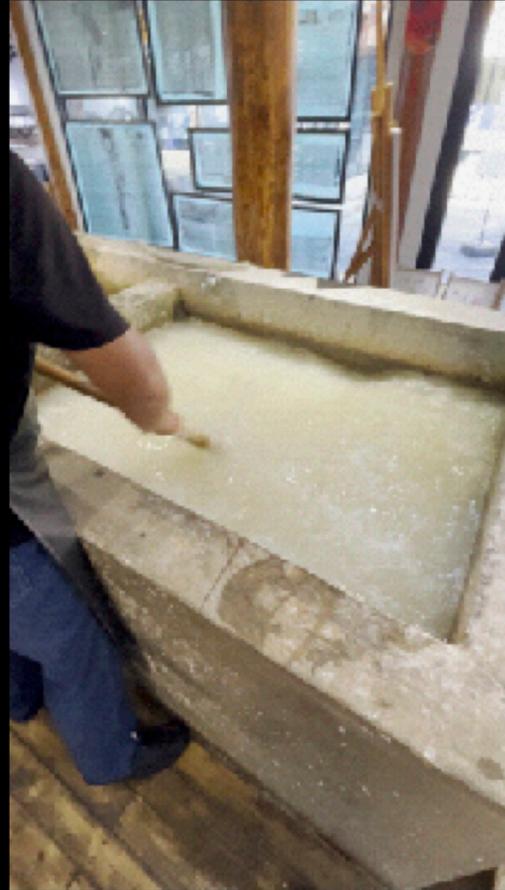
# How to use paper as a Sensory Catalyst?

To explore how:

tactile sense of paper  
contribute to its enrichment  
in communication.



**Dongba Paper**  
Lijiang, Yunnan, China





REFERENCE

“Paper is senseware;  
it serves,  
more than a material for  
writing and printing,  
as a perpetual medium of  
intelligence inspiring  
the human senses.”

DESIGNING DESIGN

KENYA HARRA

U. D. HARRA

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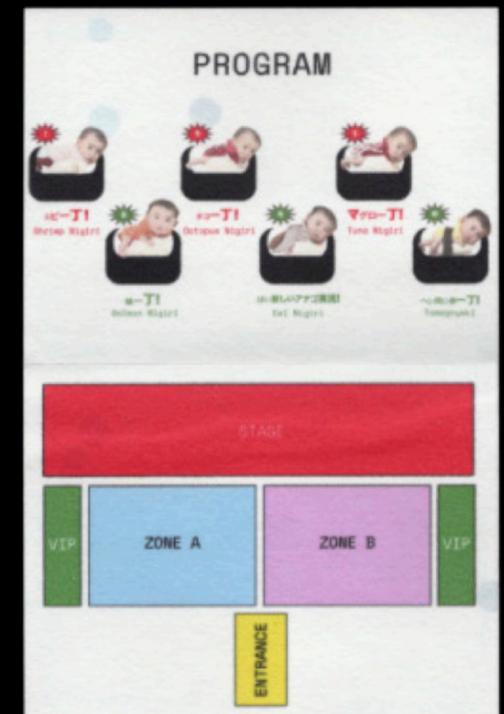
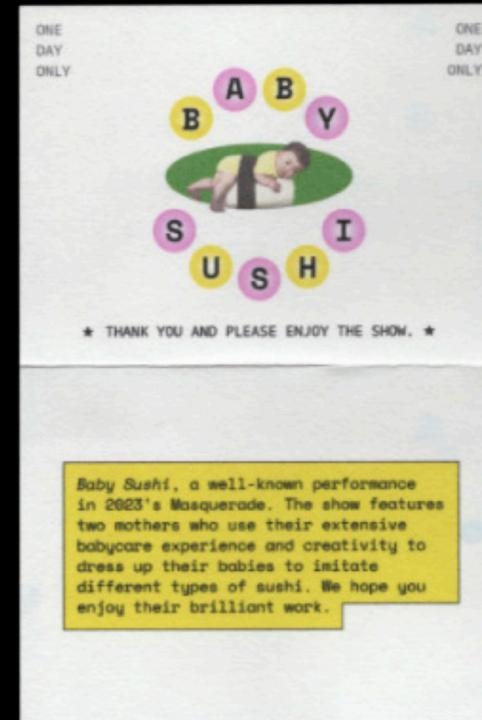
# BABY SUSHI











# 赤ちゃん寿司

Baby Sushi



Baby Sushi, a well-known performance in 2023's Masquerade. The show features two mothers who use their extensive babycare experience and creativity to dress up their babies to imitate different types of sushi. We hope you enjoy their brilliant work.

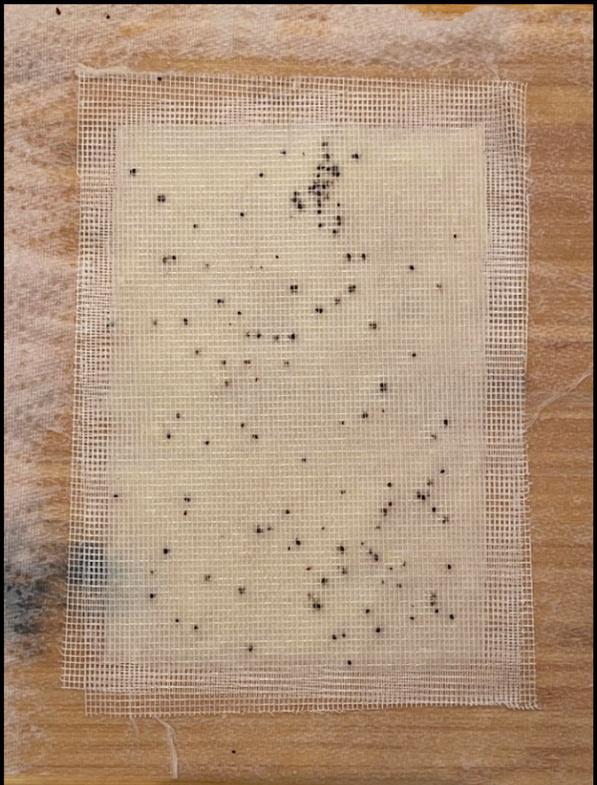


The easiest way to save resources and energy and to reduce waste is to use less. This means consuming less, buying less, doing with what we have already - establishing an inventory of all the unnecessary gadgets and duplications that so hideously clutter up our lives.

REFERENCE

“The sense of smell may be the most evocative of all our senses.

People who lose their sense of smell frequently also lose their ability to taste nuances and to call up those memories linked to a particular fragrance.”



- 01 Lemon
- 02 Lemongrass
- 03 Thai Basil
- 04 Coffee
- 05 Peppermint
- 06 Thai Tea Leaf

01



02



03



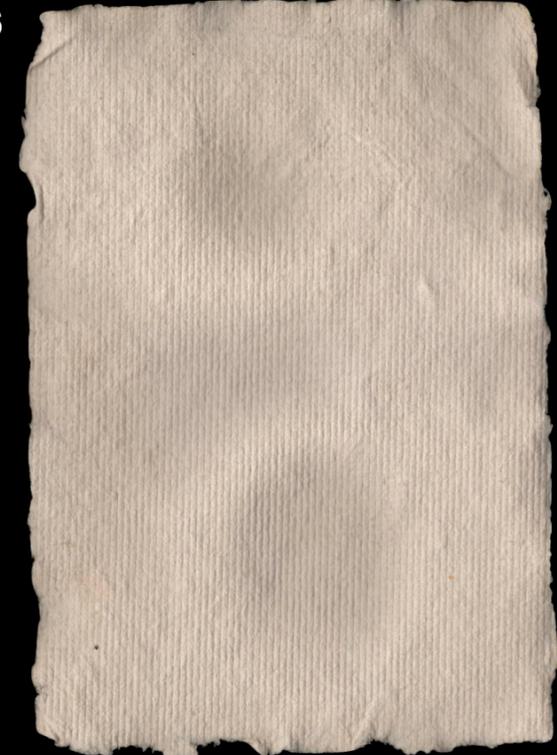
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05



06

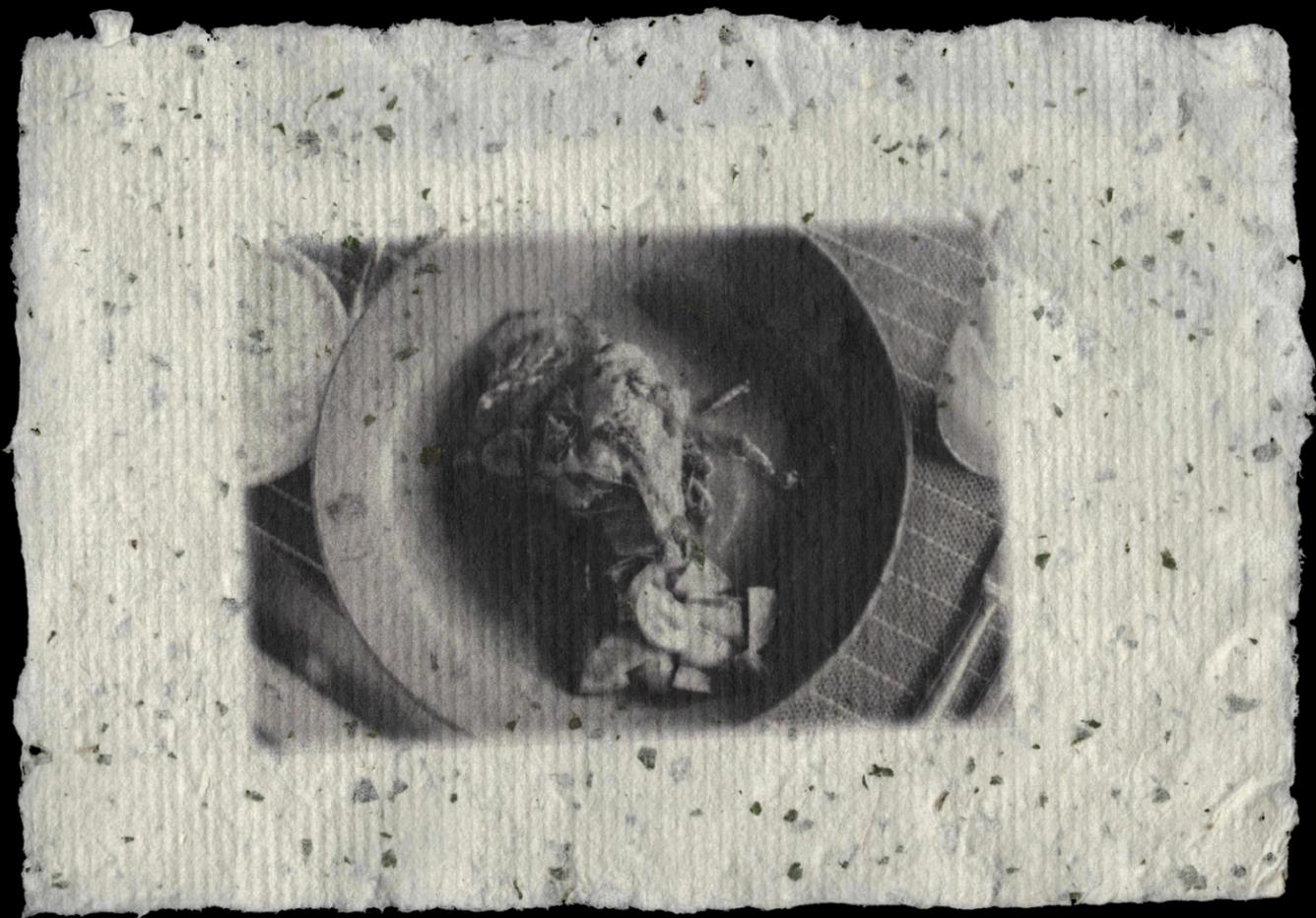


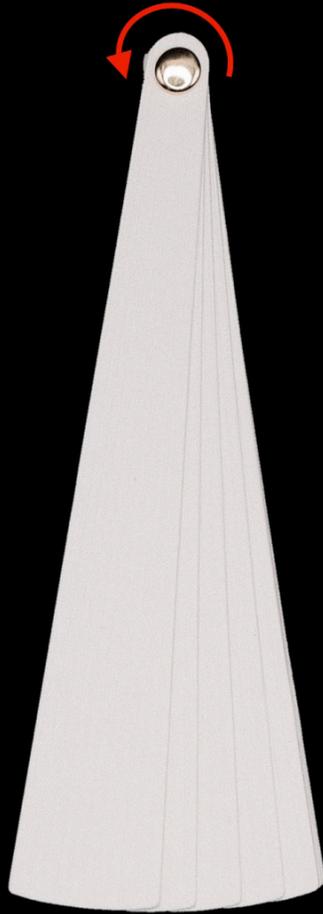
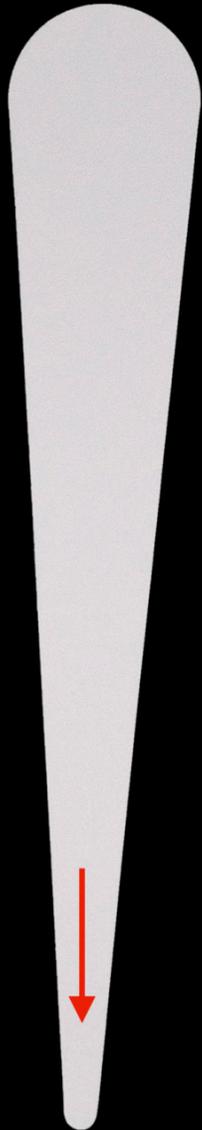
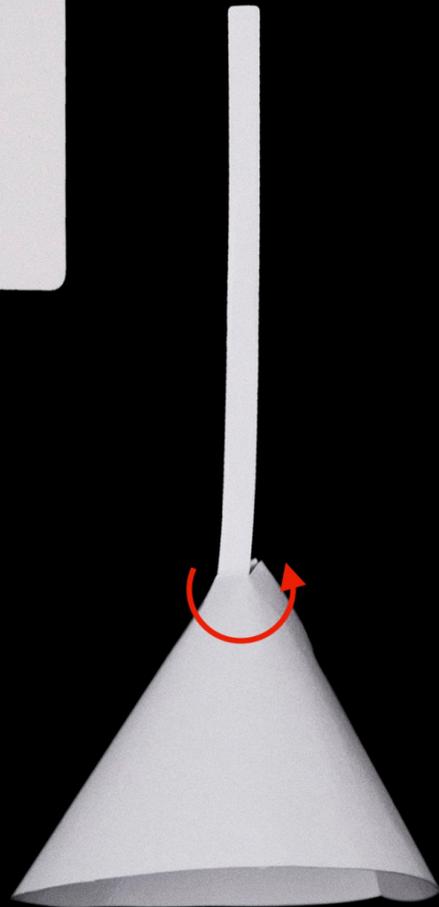
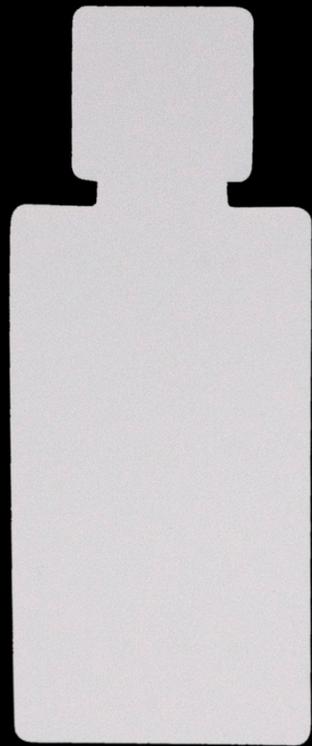


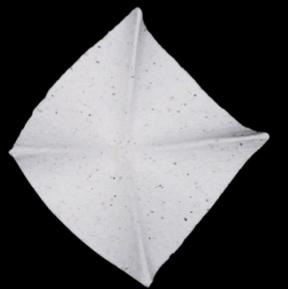
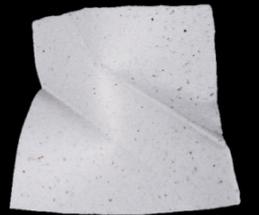


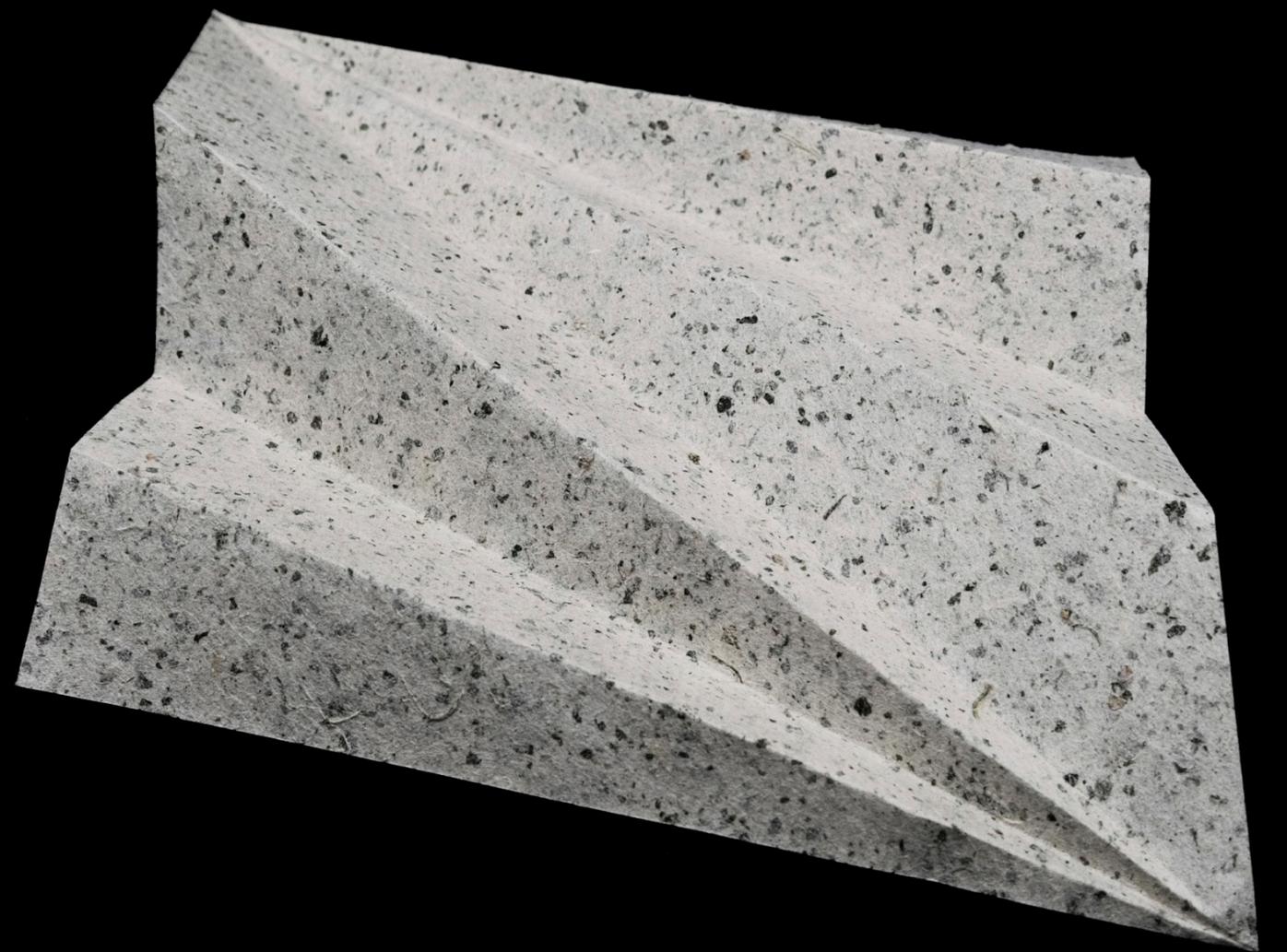
IN YOUR SEA BELLY  
MY HAND COVERS  
YOUR NAVEL  
SWALLOWS ME  
BACK TO THE FISH











Your walls are  
warmth incarnate,  
Rising from the  
earth in red resolve,  
Holding secrets of

I step through  
archways,  
Marrakech,  
Where the ochre  
dust of centuries  
Clings to the soles  
of my feet.

Marrakech, you are  
a dream unfurling,  
Between shadowed  
riads and sunlit  
squares,  
A timeless pulse  
beneath the stars  
A poetry that is  
never fully spoken

Berber kings,  
And trades in silks,  
In scents, in stones,  
In souks where  
voices fold over  
each other,  
I lose myself to the  
medley,  
A thousand stories  
A thousand wishes,  
A thousand wishes  
pressed into brass.

In the heat of your  
afternoon,  
The air is thick  
with orange  
blossoms,  
While palm fronds  
sway with ancient  
rhythm,  
And the Atlas  
broods in its  
distance.

Berber kings  
And trades in silks  
If scops in stones  
In souks where  
voices fold over  
each other  
I leave myself to the  
freely,  
A dross and starts  
etched in carpets,  
A dross and waxes  
pressed into brass.

Marrakech, you are  
ardent and turning,  
Between shadows  
rests and sunlit  
squares,  
A timelapse pulse  
beneath the sea,  
A poetry that is  
never fully spoken

In the heat of your  
afternoon,  
The air is thick  
with orange  
blossoms,  
While palm fronds  
sway with an ancient  
rhythm.  
And the Atlas  
broods in blue  
distance.

I step through  
archways,  
Marrakech,  
Where the ochre  
dust of centuries  
clings to the soles  
of my feet.

Your walls are  
warmth incarnate,  
Rising from the  
earth in red resolve,  
Holding secrets of



A snake charmer's flute calls  
the crowd to dance.  
Jemaa el-Fnaa alive  
with mystery,  
Where scents of spice and incense  
take their chance  
To lead each traveler into reverie.

Heart  
this bustling city conceals.



Golden melodies, veiled in  
dust and fire  
Copper and hammer rhythm  
to the day  
And walk the ancient  
city maze again  
A labyrinth where shadows  
wave and sway.

of spice and incense  
change  
lead each traveler into reverie.



A splash of mist  
pouring under lights  
Wisdoms evening  
echoes across the city  
The city sighs a meditative air.

in where shadows  
wave and sway.



A place of story,  
Marrakech reveals  
The ancient heart  
this bustling city conceals.

Heart  
this bustling city conceals.



A place of story,  
Marrakech reveals  
The ancient heart  
this bustling city conceals.



Golden medina, veiled in  
dust and sun  
Copper and hammer rhythm  
to the sky  
Bedouin rise against a  
city sun-eggs  
A labyrinth where shadows  
weave and sway



A splash of medina  
pouring under lights  
Widowhood evening  
Lambent across rooftop in velvet  
night—  
The city sighs, a meditative air.

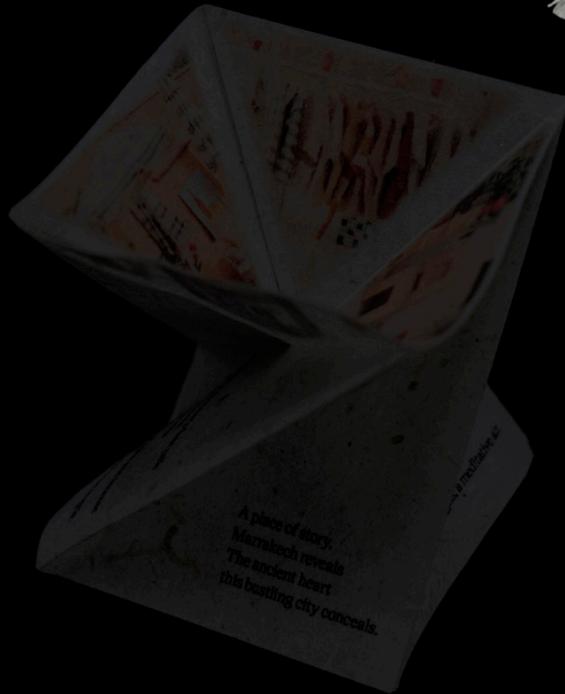


Golden medina, veiled in  
dust and sun  
Copper and hammer rhythm  
to the sky  
Bedouin rise against a  
city sun-eggs  
A labyrinth where shadows  
weave and sway



A splash of mint tea,  
 pouring amber light,  
 Welcomes evening,  
 as the call to prayer  
 Echoes across rooftops in velvet  
 night—  
 The city sighs, a meditative air.

... where shadows  
 wave and sway.



A place of story,  
 Marrakech reveals  
 The ancient heart  
 this bustling city conceals.

... where shadows  
 wave and sway.



Golden emeralds, velvet  
 blue and red  
 Copper-toned lantern rhythm  
 in the deep  
 Red walls rise against a  
 city sun-spun,  
 A labyrinth where shadows  
 wave and sway.

... of spice and incense  
 ... change  
 ... and catch traveler into reverie



... where shadows  
 wave and sway.

... where shadows  
 wave and sway.



Golden medina, veiled in  
dust and sun,  
Coppersmiths hammer rhythm  
to the day,  
Red walls rise against a  
sky azure-spun,  
A labyrinth where shadows  
weave and sway,  
... of spice and incense  
... chance  
... lead each traveler into reverie.





THANK YOU

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