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Installation view at the 27th São Paulo Art Biennial, São Paulo, Brazil  
8 Oct. - 17 Dec. 2006  
"Como viver junto" (How to Live Together)

**"Blind Room"**

2006

installation, mixed media

Video Trilogy

1. **"Unfolding Places"**

Single Channel Video Projection

London, Seoul, etc., DVD-R, PAL system, 18 min. 11sec., Sound, Colour, English, 2004

Voice-over: Helen Cho

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2. **"Restrained Courage"**

Single Channel Video Projection

Amsterdam, Frankfurt, London, Seoul, Berlin, etc., DVD-R, PAL system, 18 min. 37 sec., Colour,  
Sound, English, 2004

Voice-over: Camille Hesketh

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3. **"Squandering Negative Spaces"**

Single Channel Video Projection

Brazil, DVD-R, PAL system, 27 min. 54 sec., 7 chapters, Sound, Colour, English, 2006

Voice-over: David Michael DiGregorio

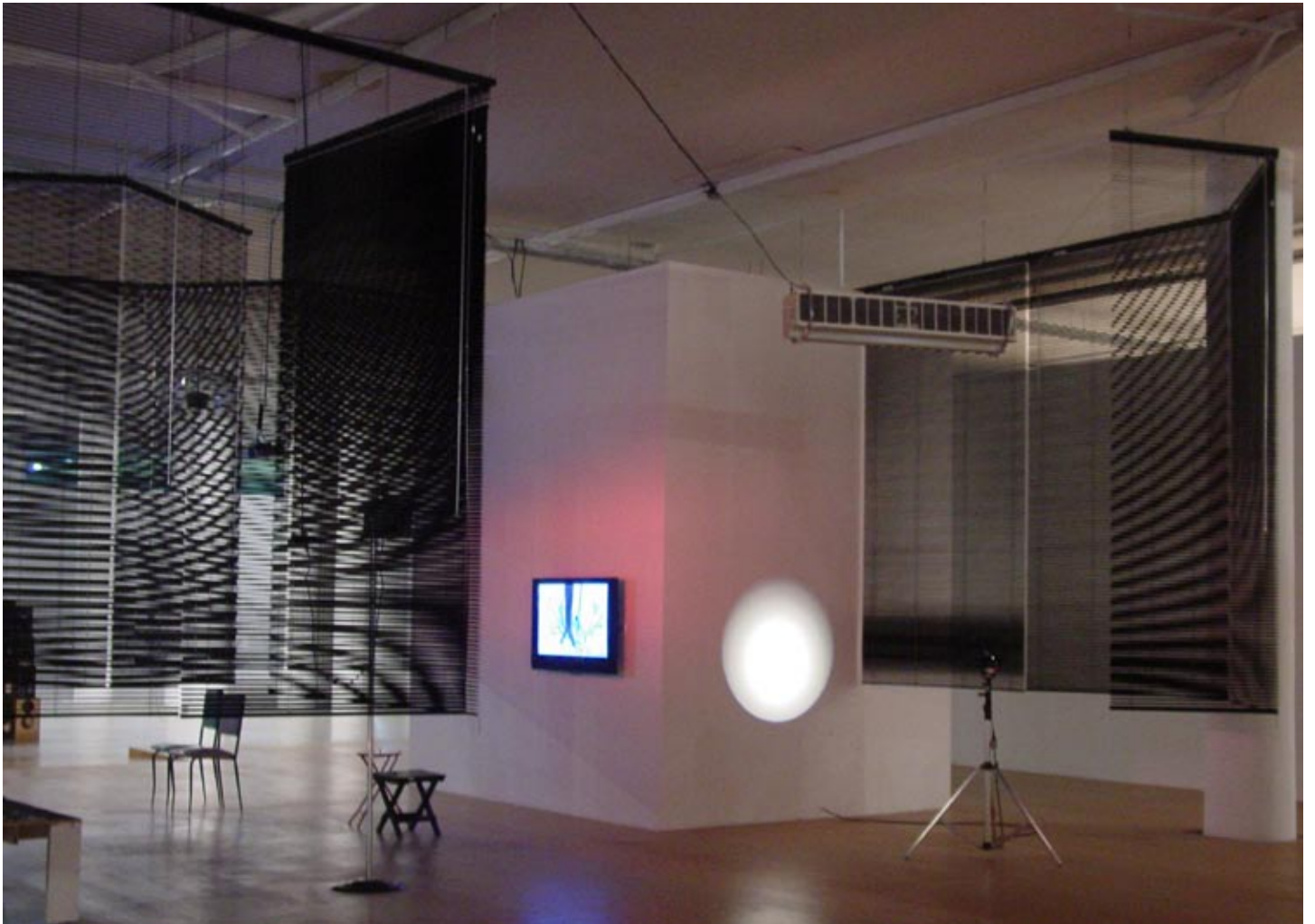
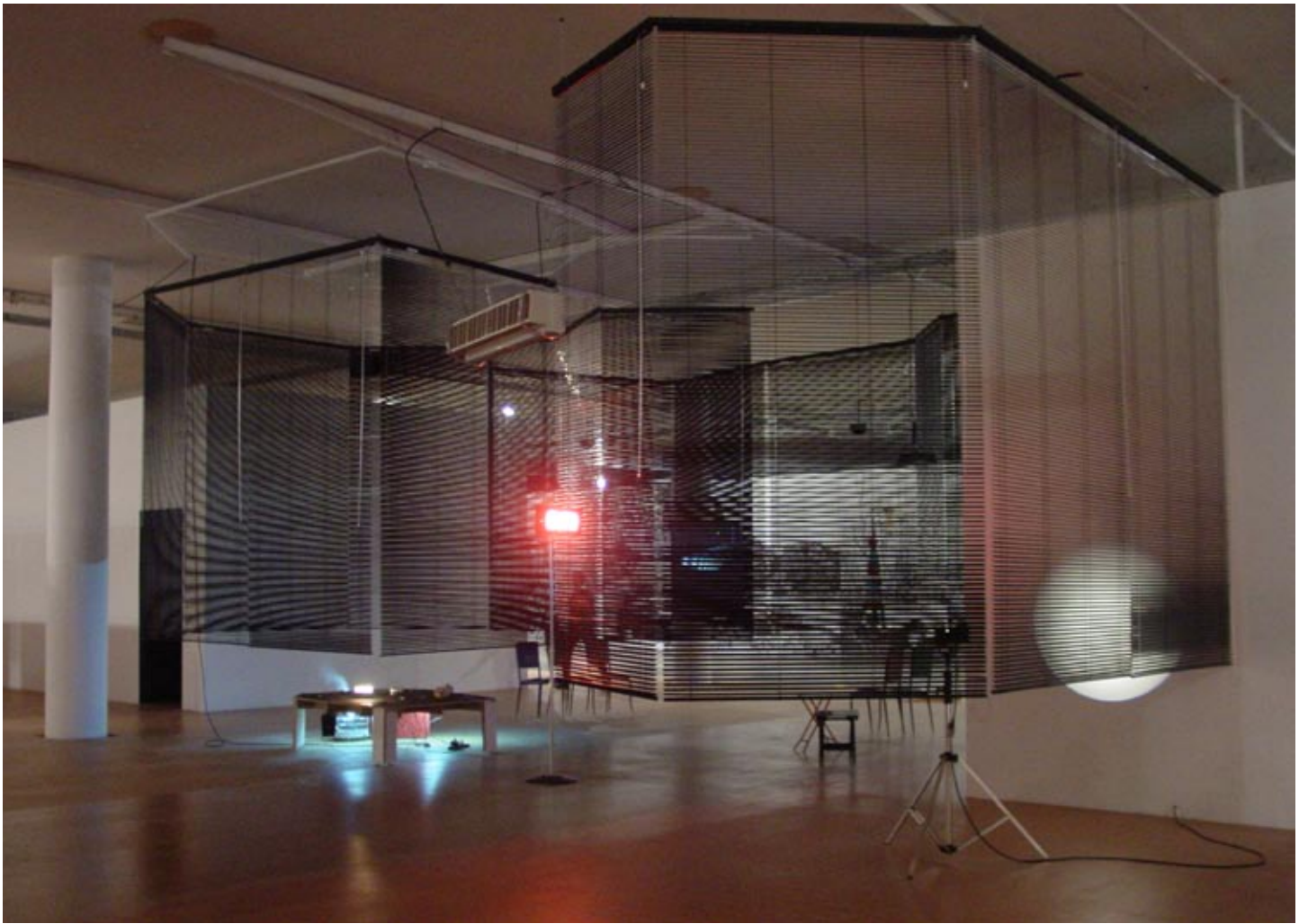
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\* This production was supported by BAK, basis voor actuele kunst, Utrecht , Netherlands

**"Storage Piece"**

2003

Audio CD/performance with two actors, various previous works, inventory list and palette



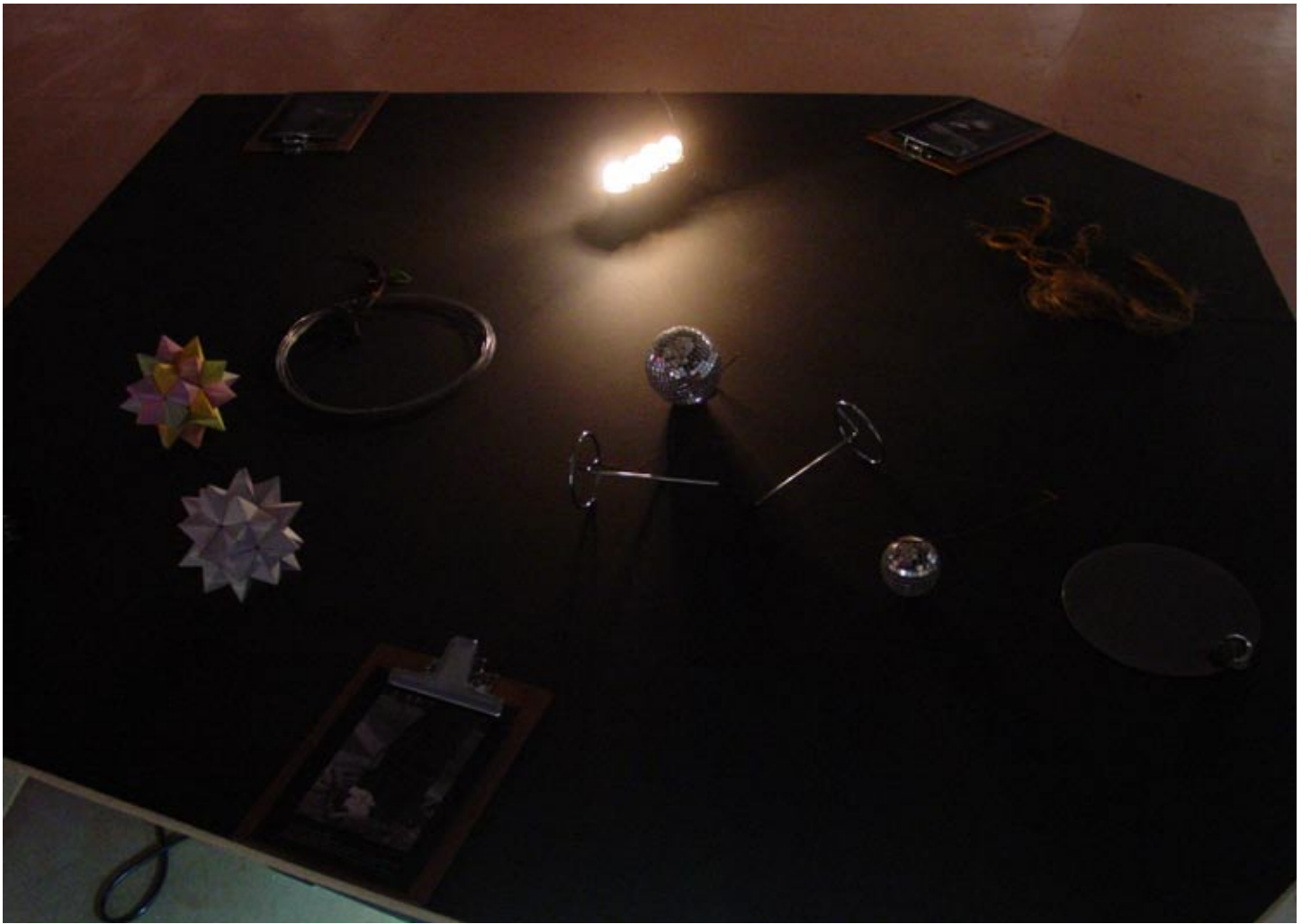






## "Unfolding Places", 2004

1. When on a moving subway or a train, one can see what seemed an everlasting length of space suddenly disappear and come back, as it takes a curve followed by straight train tracks. I am interested in this kind of space which comes into existence by visual recognition.
2. When first arriving at Incheon International airport, I go through the customs, pick up my baggage and then step out to the shuttle bus stop where I finally get to inhale fresh air. That "fresh air" is usually mixed with noise. If I identify this "fresh air" as the first element I meet when I arrive at a new place, it doesn't do the air a justice simply to call it "air". Every time at the airport, I am welcomed by an odd mixture of fine dust particles, polluted atmosphere, noise and visuals in bad taste. In other words, this air is sound, temperature, and smell. These not-always-pretty, quite honestly, noise, pollutions, weird humidity and jumble of all these elements creates certain feelings and that is what I first face. Of course this feel gets dulled by time, therefore its influence seeps deeply into my subconscious as my routine takes shape. Naturally I do not know if it has any effect on me or I wonder if I even care about it anymore. But at the moment when I first feel this air, taste it, I feel a sudden sting in my eyes.
3. Even after the arrival, the pursuit of place goes on. First, a private place where I can lie down and rest is much desired. Of course my need toward having a physically nice shelter remains minimal. There is no doubt about that. Nonetheless, I despise the longing for a shelter itself. The same goes for privacy. In other words, I come back to the road movie.
4. Late at night on my way home, there was a black woman, huge like a house, with a deafening voice riding on the same bus I was on. A few stops later, an elderly man stepped onto the bus assisting a very drunken Man who seemed to be his friend. The black woman had been on the phone since before she got on the bus. The loudness of her voice set a record volume for me. The drunk old man would at times speak really loudly in spite of his friend's effort to calm him down. Whenever he uttered something, the sentence always started with excuse me, as if to compose poetry. His voice was loud yet resonant and his manner of speaking even seemed quite polite, though there were plenty of curse words.  
Excuse me, hell, you are an alcoholic.  
Excuse me, I am a Queen.  
Excuse me, fuck, I know where I am.  
Excuse me, the bus driver knows me.  
Excuse me,  
Excuse me,  
The friend pushed a stop button and tried to assist the drunk friend so that they could get off the bus but to no avail. Missing his stop, the friend looked like wanted to help his friend again but got off by himself, leaving him saying "you are on your own now".  
A few more people got on.  
The drunk guy raised his hand abruptly in order to get some attention. "Excuse me". Besides, as if to react to something, he started a series of sneezes. Not being able to prevent stupid sneezing, he went on a couple dozen times continually. Some started to chuckle. When the sneezing finally stopped, barely controlling his body, the man collapsed in the back of the seat and his nose or saliva started running down. People stopped chuckling then. By now most of the riders got off and the man, the black woman and myself, of course there was the bus driver, were the only people left. Starting to gain some control over his body, he started the "excuse me" thing again.  
Excuse me, I 'm home.  
Excuse me, I 'm a German.



Excuse me, you really are an alcoholic

Excuse me, I can bloody mouth off.

Finally the bus came to the huge black woman's stop. In the middle of her phone conversation, she began cursing at the guy. He was too drunk to defend himself from the woman's horrible attack. Before his "excuse me" ever reached the ending, the woman finished her business and got off. Only after that he barely managed saying, "Excuse me, are you talking to me?"

I tried to check up on him once more through the bus window, but thickly covered with muck, it let no gaze through.

(...)

6 The Danish phone ringer at a hotel sounds a bit like the sound of a subway train in Seoul. I keep reminding myself where I am, but every time it goes off I became disoriented. This kind of moment makes me lonely. At the same time however, I somehow grow confident that somewhere there are ties and links.

7. The dilemma could come down to a love or hatred of sleeping bags. In a space called house, a sleeping bag is cumbersome and unwanted. Something about it is unattractive and droopy. The same can be said about the nature of extra mattresses and the like; the symbols of wandering. I am not talking about a professional wanderer. That is because I don't have an illusion of a probability close to an improbability. Rather I am attracted to anarchistic aspects of the problem that simply challenge the reality or that go merely beyond it. In short, I am interested in states of a meek, even ridiculous and pathetic nature. Even though it seems vague, we should focus on a clear point. This point is a story about a territory of incessant coming and inevitable and constant going.

8. Whenever I land at different places, in an effort to fill gaps in my orientation, I often go to a movie theatre. A movie theatre is for me a road, a place for seeking and coming back.

It is a private-mini-urban road movie.

In the midst of passing scenery, a series of unnamed spaces emerge as new places. Going through places. Reaching a place. Leaving the place and hitting the road. The passing of time indirectly interferes with my perception, focusing on a change of places, a conversion of spaces. The power of time lies in being in the present. That is because when time hands over its time-ness to a place, the place gains more beauty as the time loses its influence. The place is like a gentleman who grows more distinguished as time goes by. The time is like an aging beauty who lets time gradually strip her of vitality. In the end, we all get to experience emotions. However, if one does not concentrate or open one's mind, emotions cannot penetrate the surface of experience.

(...)

10. Going to the airport, leaving there by train or bus heading to a city center is often left as something solely in my responsibility. I'm not trying to judge anything about it. My focus is on the aspect of "aloneness" in this act; my lone experience, time, perception, etc., all mine alone. "Arriving" is not a short process. On top of flight time, the additional time spent on "arriving" is a meaningful moment for it gives me opportunity to listen to the change of mood caused by moving from place to place.



## "Restrained Courage", 2004

It is midsummer. It is very hot. I hear neighbour's child crying loudly. Its constantly screaming for its mother. Before I get interested in what might have happened, all I think about is that I don't want to hear this screaming. It's horrible. It seems as if the heat has turned into sound and is returning like a boomerang. How can the child cry so bitterly... My aggravation has already left my head and has grown so large that it will soon blast the ceiling of the flat. The feeling of hate towards the mother is already bigger than any I have ever had towards anyone. Despite the heat I automatically stand up and walk up the stairway in the direction of the child's sound which I hate so much.

The door is ajar.

The flat is laid out not much differently than mine. It is not only cramped and stuffy, but all the household goods are stacked up to a huge pile covering all the walls. The child apparently notices that I'm there and lowers its crying voice a bit. Untouched, I speak a few words and calm her down, saying her mother will be back soon.

The effect is astonishing. The child immediately stops crying. I am suddenly extraordinarily satisfied and firmly believe that this world is still a place worth living in. I descend the stairs back to my flat, but behind me I hear the child starting to cry louder again. It gives rise to a feeling of betrayal.

When I now think about it, I can hardly understand how I was only fixated, in an insensitive way, to the acoustic disturbance, without worrying about the child. In the 10 years during which I hadn't experienced the heat in Seoul, I had probably forgotten that this heat makes people heartless.

Here in Germany, I learned that the next morning will not be as cold when the sky is cloudy at night. And when I experience the same thing in Korea, I find the humid air romantic.

When there is no space that can fill the distance in-between, it is perhaps my own niche which I had to create out of necessity.

Several lovers are also absolutely necessary.

One needs them to find out on account of which mistakes one has lost whom.

I formulate my ideas in front of the mirror. I want to laugh inwardly, just for myself. Because I needn't necessarily show it to others. The face of my "self" in the mirror shows no sign of change. Yet I know I am laughing quietly inside. Satisfied, I laugh for a long time. This laughing has no addressee, so I can enjoy it alone. It is pure laughing. It ought to be pure laughing addressed to me. This possibility of an extremely personal and inwardly laugh satisfies me for a period of time.

(...)

I did not help them.

Because I didn't have the courage to speak to them.

That's reality. I do not have the courage to speak to somebody.

The longer I watched them, the more difficult it became to speak to them.

It's not the first time.

When I got onto the last underground and went home through the streets of Insa Dong, a district of Seoul, one night, I saw a beggar being hollered at and beaten by a policeman. These things happen in Seoul. I looked at his eyes. I have always seen him around the underground station. Although he is pretty dirty, he is good-looking. His eyes don't appear normal, more like those of an insane



person. Yet his gaze is quite extraordinary. Each time I saw him, I looked at him closely. He is definitely a handsome man. Whether it was because of the feeling of encountering someone I knew or the violence taking place directly in front of my eyes, I was stunned and my heart pounded intensely. Maybe I was paralysed despite the compulsion to help. As was the case this time, I did not help the beggar in Insa-Dong.

The policeman continued to kick him and curse him without a pause. I don't know how long it went. I stood there as though rooted to the spot, without saying a word and without taking action against it. I don't know if other people passed by or if I just didn't notice them. My heart pounded so intensely that I could feel my pulse in my head. This state lasted until I heard the voice of a woman dressed in a pair of pants like a Budhisattva, a Buddhist priestess. Upon hearing her voice I saw her take a slight hold of the policeman's arm and prevent him from continuing. I don't know how it happened. Only later did I notice how wildly my legs were shaking and how weak I was at the knees. Although I felt as if I were about to collapse, I left the scene behind me and continued on my way.

I left the place in calmness.

I never admitted to myself that I am a very weak person. Of course I have never claimed to be a courageous person. But at least I believed that I did what I could do. That, however, does not seem to be the case.

This sometimes causes me pain. Because I want to live differently. Because I want to change things. I want to rise above the already existing form. A little bit of effort is not enough to do so. I must go very far. Then something will change.

As if they had guessed my thoughts, some people have been speaking to me about vanishing lately. "Vanishing" can be understood in different ways. The vanishing I speak of is both a literal vanishing and a kind of isolation. This state implies an extreme break in the course of life or time.

Because this break is very extreme.

What is the difference between vanishing and death? Normally one can assume that death is even more extreme and relentless than vanishing. But when thinking about it in a more profound way, vanishing is crueller. Because vanishing includes the possibility of a return. When someone makes himself vanish because he can no longer endure his life or wants to change something, it is the new beginning of even greater sorrow and problems. That's what we call "disappearing". Of course there are also different variations of "disappearing".

If the temporal dimension of a few days, months and years is the horizontal line, the fact of how extremely one distances oneself from one's world and the people belonging to it is the vertical line.

When many hours pass, this is called "years". These terms do not have the same meaning.

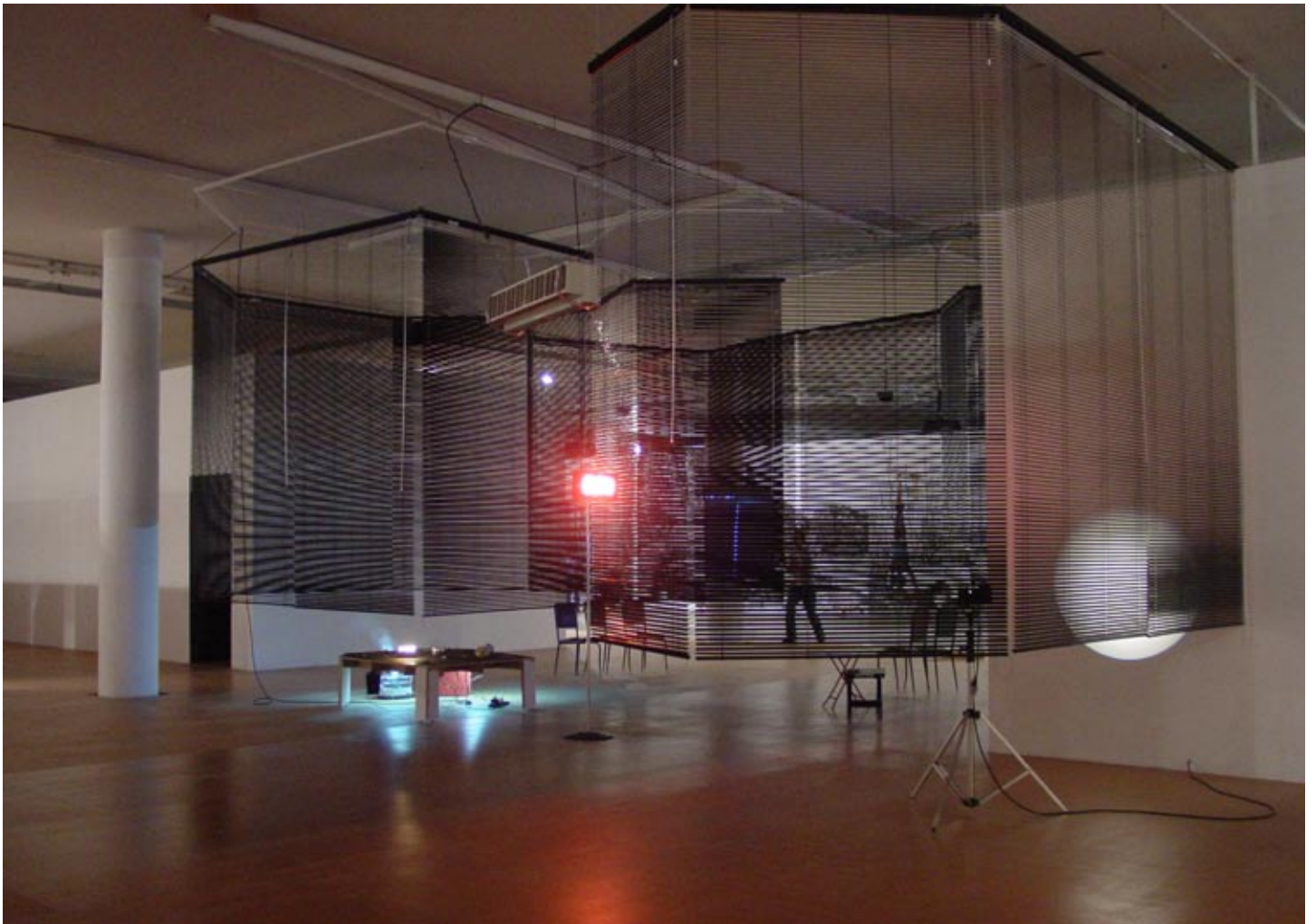
If the hour were a creek one can easily cross, the year would be a river one can no longer cross.

The chosen loneliness one locks oneself into for a few days so as to create time for oneself is totally different than leaving the lover, relative, friend and colleague. One is no longer oneself.

One leaves one's work, one's house and also oneself. Like someone who has lost his memory.

The person who has disappeared often wishes to be as innocent as someone who has lost his memory. New stories are constantly fabricated so as to forget recurring thoughts and the past and to lead a new life. And one tries to assert them. While one lie engenders the next lie, a new identity slowly emerges. And for me this identity is familiar and pleasant. But when I'm alone, I gradually grow more fearful. Is this really me? I cannot rely on anyone. There is no one on this side or the other side of the river who is on my side. Because I am a refugee on the other side of the river, who has done injustice, and because on this side I am an illegal immigrant with a forged ID card.

The only thing that is exclusively mine is utter loneliness. It is solitude.



## "Squandering Negative Spaces", 2006

### Chapter 1.

Going to a place means eliminating the rest of the places, consciously or unconsciously.

The harder and more difficult it is to find the object,  
the more the shadow also becomes fastidious.

The more the object faces the direction that is difficult to trace,  
the more the arrows pointing the opposite direction vibrate this and that way in confusion.  
When the object in pursuit turns a corner and disappears into the thin air,  
the shadow also turns the corner and hides itself likewise.

The more exquisite, delicate, and uncanny the person being searched is,  
the lover also...

I call "the rest" here "negative."

"The rest" are the arrows pointing toward all possible opposite directions, the shadow, and at the same time a lover.

It is a yearning, a representation, and a friend called 'the other.'

The object being pursued and "the rest" have an "oppositional relationship,"  
but they are a family  
and so they are in the same category?

No.

There is a problem of logic here.

Anyway, such stories surrounding "the rest" are familiar and vaguely understandable.

In this vaguely-understandable familiarity I discover the possibility that I could become familiar with people I do not know.

### Chapter 2.

Searching around

In how many "places" have I walked the streets only "to familiarize" them?  
How many streets have I gone to without resistance for no particular reason?  
To tame myself in the world of the others, or perhaps to assimilate myself.  
This is a very lonely process of self-colonization.

This is a process to commune with a place.

A process of overcoming the otherness and learning about the place.

A process of making something unknown known.

Here, there is a desire to change one's location, from a foreign land into a homeland.

Cannot remain a foreigner or a stranger for forever.

However, one cannot abandon, the loneliness, isolation, and pain generated  
when one makes the foreign land a homeland;  
when one makes oneself—an outsider—an insider;  
when one simply let one's rude thoughts become tame.



How must one face the presence/absence of the homeland?

By the same token, how must one face the presence/absence of a non-homeland?

I begin to walk again.

Without knowing the direction.

To lose the direction right.

It does not seem to be the case that the abysmal chasm that exists between possibilities is there to be crossed. If one could lose the ethical authenticity and the reality lodged in this chasm.

Nevertheless, I bravely left the place I familiarized myself with, slowly but suddenly.

### Chapter 3.

Hometown by Kim Beom

(.....)

*The town called Ungyeri described in this book is for use by those who need to talk about their hometown. This town possesses all the basic elements that any “hometown that people boast about” should have, such as warm, friendly inhabitants and picturesque surrounding landscape.*

(.....)

*The book is created for those of you who either do not know your hometown or would rather not reveal it though you do have one. You may have had little to say when someone asked about your hometown or at gatherings where people begin to reminisce about their respective hometowns, you could use the information provided in this book to describe it. Even if you do not have such a need, some of you may want to imagine a small, nameless mountain village or wish to have stories about places other than those that everybody recognizes by name or large, stifling cities. If so, you may find this book useful.*

(.....)

In the book Hometown I found a non-hometown where the actual existence of ‘hometown’ is unavoidable.

### Chapter 4.

Time unfold as place unfolds,

and place cannot unfold in exclusion of the time difference.

While place-ness is encoding, time-ness is decoding,

and while time is encoding, place is decoding.

object and reference

subject and environment

Through the editing of a film work,

we can transplant something new in the places of editorial cuts.

Editing is the amputation of continuity;

and editing is a method for creating a new continuity;

A seamless narrative is generated in this way,

between what was originally there and what is newly transplanted.

This process simultaneously generates a lot of “the rest.”



A place, a person, an object, or whatever I am in search of,  
I call it my lover.

No one could probably compete with my lover.  
It is because my lover is none other than the time difference and distance.  
Because, only the time difference and distance can seamlessly digest my love.  
That is to say, my love is perfectly alienated by time difference and distance.

Has love got to do with the presence of a desired lover,  
or the absence of a lover?

He who does not negate love cannot truly love,  
and he fails because he negates the loneliness or the deprivation of the individuals seeking love.  
Without assuming the agony, the other name for love,  
perhaps there is no room for the imprudence that could allow some degree of love.

Love grows only outside of the fence called 'self.'  
It looks as if love tries constantly to overcome the fence by spreading out its branches,  
but love cannot live without this fence.

For most of the time we find love within this agony.

## Chapter 5.

(...)

Is longing for the polluted air in Seoul no more than a simple decadence?

Vulnerability is a kind of a crack within an entity believed to be a unity.  
Just as the crack cannot be established without the frame called unity,  
when vulnerability is extinguished the grounds to confirm unity disappears.

The sense of direction for aimless wandering is probably anxiety and ignorance.  
But this case of anxiety and ignorance is special;  
the anxiety is perhaps based on curiosity  
and the ignorance is perhaps a weariness from knowledge.

How can we maintain a movement?

The distinction and separation between artificial-conscious and arbitrary structures.

The chasm in-between.

Why do so many relationships grow in asymmetrical structure?

For example, is the world losing me,  
or is it me who is losing the world?

There is a silence, and then a vulnerable silence that has a story to it. It is like this, for example:  
Any song that strikes a chord in our heart causes us to worry about its ending.



A state where one dares not to listen to a song because of the fear of its ending is a silence, but it is a different kind of silence. I am looking for the state of the vulnerability that includes this very potential sound.

(...)

### Chapter 7.

No common language exists that can be shared fundamentally without first learning.

There exist only individual languages.

At the same time, language exists to be shared.

It is a strange contradiction that languages that are meant to be shared should each have a different form.

The sharedness of a language is as significant as its singularity. Language is a phenomenon that proves in a single stroke that both the singularity and the desire for sharing is a shared nature. Thus, through language I perceive the commonness of another gap that exists between the singularity and sharedness.

Language constantly makes the self and the other slip on each other. The communication project that seeks understanding endlessly generates differences; it underscores that the project cannot achieve mutual confirmation, and it becomes clear that the goal must remain a forever challenge.

“The rest,” or the “other” spaces are ultimately arrows that are pointing at the core “the space,” and thus they are the only dependent objects that makes the estimation of the presence of “the space” possible.

A place that is not Home-Travel and Life-Settlement are contradictory, but at the same time they belong to the same category. Because, they are parts that make up the whole. They are each a prerequisite and the result of each other. However, there is a gap in-between.

They are yet other places; a space of imagination—one has imagined about it but has not yet been there; a space in a place that one has visited and not discovered, etc.

In the midst of such imagination and travel, there is yet another space that one cannot imagine reveals. That is the place that comes into existence at the moment of return or departure, and at the moment when imagination and intuition intersect.

In other words, in the space of the gap called negation and deficiency, and in the space of the unimaginable unknown, a living space is springing up.

Where I live is actually a place that is neither A Place That Is Not Home –Travel nor a Life – Settlement, but the gap in-between the two. Because, ‘deficiency’ and ‘gap’ are the only space where one could leave, return, and live simultaneously.

We must squander this deficiency.

Amidst such non-productive abuse,

the common place of those deprived would rise in full.



## **Interview with Jochen Volz**

27th São Paulo Art Biennial, São Paulo, Brazil  
2006

Jochen Volz:

You just completed a trilogy of videos, which examine in a contemplative way upon your environment, cities such as Seoul, London, Berlin and São Paulo, while voice-over narratives reflect along a series of occasions about the socialisation of the individual and alienation. How does a city effect your production?

Haegue Yang:

The trilogy of video essays includes “Unfolding Places” and “Restrained Courage”, both 2004, and “Squandering Negative Spaces”, completed in 2006. I was strongly motivated by a specific kind of narrative beyond today’s ordinary ‘issue-addressing-rhetoric’. Even if most of my work is led by a voice of silence, it is engaging the ‘act of speech’ with a potential addressee. It is a dialogue between ‘singularities’, whose location is rather vague whereas his or her identity of “homeless” is definite, remembering Bataille’s concept of the “community of absence”.

Even if the footage of my videos derives from various places, the work does not submit any travel experiences. The voice-over is contemplating about being lost, constantly losing oneself, negating distinctive territories, lacking courage, while various minor informal urban scenarios as well as staged elements are unfolding.

For “Squandering Negative Spaces” I decided to take a trip to Brazil. My subjective was to find a to me unknown place with blind but strong respect. The absence of knowledge prevents me from weariness, while my blind respect reinforce my keenness on environments and enable me to share things without insisting on commonness.

Jochen Volz:

“Storage Piece” is a critical and personal, exhibitionistic and potential sculpture, uniting a large amount of your earlier artistic production wrapped and stacked on palettes. With minimal precision you present a pile of conceptual thought. Although one could describe a certain cynicism, I would refuse to think “Storage Piece” as humorous?

Haegue Yang:

“Storage Piece” has been stem from my personal circumstance of being without a space to store my own works and so I used the gallery space as a makeshift of ‘urgency’. This piece is based on urgent reality and it is not a satire. I understand that a sense of humour creates smart and reliable distance to reality, and again one has to figure out this distance to reality first in order to be able to operate a sense of humour. But that distance is currently not detectable in my very personal and urgent relation to art. Instead I am more interested in the embarrassingly vulnerable state of mind and ‘weak thoughts’, through which I believe that out of the alienation one can mobilise the unusual strength to sympathise with the others.



카스맥주

Cass

도원산도  
DOYUN SANDO

KOREX

TO :  
PORT :  
MADE IN KOREA  
대한무역 (주)

Notice or poster on the wall.

## Storage Piece

Script of Performance/ Audio CD with two actors

Man:

Ladies and Gentlemen,  
I have to say that it is quite strange to add my own voice to the work, which I am showing here today. For some reason I think that it is somewhat legitimate to do so. Maybe because I think that this work is about a specific occasion. In a way this work would never have been realised without tonight's occasion. Is the show an occasion? I think in this case, yes. This piece consists of pieces of work, which have been shown before. Without an occasion such as today, they might still have been shut up in a dark spooky storage unit.

Woman:

So - we have here works, charged with prehistory, escaped from a place called 'storage' where they have hardly been able to cultivate their own context. But actually the work has a context! Maybe it is not so obviously visible. Maybe it does not have a familiar or expected visibility. The hidden state of beings, 'a being in storage' is the case and matter we have today. As an artist I am interested in a space, which is often not 'visible' or 'visual' but nevertheless has a strong presence amongst us. Here, we have one piece of art work. This consists of many different art pieces coming from Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Berlin, London, Darmstadt as well as from other places that couldn't accommodate the work any more. The art pieces have been transported in the same way as normal goods and commodities are shipped and traded around the world. Sometimes, like a military troop transport, they have been airlifted in - they are just dropped off in a specific place at a pre-arranged time. All this circulation is about the system of value, actual profit and true victory.

Man:

Some of the works in this show you can still recognize even though they are hidden behind protective 'outfits' called 'packaging'. We have here some pieces of furniture that are recognizable. I have worked many times with furniture in the past. These interior household pieces have often been a handy tool for me to talk about a form of life because they represent a personal taste, a life style and social

status.

I have worked with furniture ranging from high quality design objects to bulk rubbish. Also in here are DIY furniture pieces - like shelves.

Woman:

Let's take one metal rack here, a product from a company called 'Otto Kind'. They have developed an industrial module rack system. Quite nice I think. You can assemble them together without any additional tools. Still visually they look nice, and I believe they do not look pretentious at all. Super nice material, reasonable priced.

Man:

I used this metal rack system for the first time in a piece, called "What I'd love to have at home". As the title suggests they were one of two items, which I really need and wished I had at home - the thing was that the shelves I had at home just collapsed one day from having too much weight on them and they brought part of the wall down with them. I didn't know what to do.

So - by getting industrially manufactured shelves for this exhibition I just fulfilled my personal wish to have new shelves - but I got them through sponsorship - I didn't have to pay for them - as they were for this big exhibition I was in, in Frankfurt.

Woman:

I would love to have had them at home but I didn't have them where I really needed them, but in a space where something else was required, an art space - an exhibition - where they were realized as so-called 'artistic expression'.

Ever since that show I have used these shelves for many other works because they became something pre-defined that was ready to be used. So I felt free to take these shelves as an 'ultimate art piece'.

One time they represented the idea of an 'art object', other times they represented a rationally thought through functional device and another time they were nothing but an extremely aesthetic object that just looked nice.

These shelves on display are the exact amount to



rebuild two previous works of mine, one called “Air and Water” and the other one called “..., where everything was painstakingly ordered at its place”. Both these exhibitions were first shown in Frankfurt and then went on to travel to Cologne, then to Mannheim and finally to Paris. They were eventually stored in a gallery in Berlin and now they have come here to Sao Paulo!

We also have plenty of objects here from Korea. They were all imported to create a piece, called “Adopting Proportion” which was shown in Amsterdam. This work had to be made of things from Korea because the whole occasion was about introducing contemporary Korean art in the framework of a cultural exchange between two nations. But as I was now living in Europe, I did not have any piece to import from Korea. So the organizers of the exhibition allowed me to hire a personal shopper who took my list and bought everything for me in Korea.

Man:

There are even some early works of mine in here - so early that I have never included them in any catalogues, publications or previous exhibitions. I have some collages, some paintings and some photographs as well as some objects.

All of them are here now making up one piece and I feel that virtually all the previous pieces I have made make up this one piece. There are many missing works - works I just threw away and destroyed simply because I could not store them anywhere.

I felt embarrassed when I had to throw them away certainly not because of self-pride in having made them. The opposite really - because I had this feeling of how ridiculous it was to insist on and focus so much on the simple ‘physical’ realisation of each work. Still we stick so much to the fetish of the object and hope we feel something when we stand in front of it - we haven’t got to stage to just trust the idea itself.

I guess you can compare it with something I once read about history. I read that history can only be history once it has been written down. Writing is history. Whatever has not been written down has never had a place to exist as a part of history. This emphasis on the materialization of thoughts can be compared with the transfer of an artistic idea into something more concrete, graspable, a work of art.

The fetishised art object has been much criticized in the recent past - but still we all try hard to hold onto the physical art object as much as we can - as a thing of beauty or an investment - a commodity - and I

guess I try to hold on to these objects no more or no less than others.

It’s just that if there is any change in this attitude of object fetish then it is usually precipitated by the urgency of one’s circumstances.

This work today stems from a situation where my lack of space and the offer of space occurred at the same time. I was certainly in a crisis as I was in a situation where I had no space whatsoever for any of my belongings.

Woman:

But crisis often initiates a situation where one’s limits are challenged. This time was no different. The lack of space to store my work urged me to invent a storage space.

Now all my works have arrived from storage or from exhibitions that have just ended and are here now - where at least a solution has been found for my predicament.

The space where we arrive now is charged with potential where things can be contextualized while also transforming the gallery space literally into a storage space but in so doing the work is reintroduced as a commercial commodity shown in a gallery setting.

Ironically enough, for ‘art’ you can usually get everything sponsored, for ‘art’ you can bring things from far away and for ‘art’ you can have spaces for which you do not have any space at all.

Of course there are plenty of opposite cases - that you don’t get anything for your art whatsoever but I guess today I got a place to store my work and I have certainly got your attendance and attention because it has been something ‘arty’.

Thank you.

