

## *Studio Now*



I am currently working on an experiment about the thought of recognition at the studio. Until it gets specified, I will be working on it alongside with the “Forgetting“ series.

## *About Forgetting – City Life Series*



<Forgetting - City Life 11, 2010> Staring into the male and female mannequin displayed in a store since I felt the youthfulness, I soon feel the opposite feeling.

Clothing, like pheromone capturing others, seem like the most affective product of the city to bring up their external value for the young generation. The bitterness about the phenomenon of their appearance being covered in these products of the city and soon becoming their whole, forgetting the very nature of individual existence, was the motivation for creation of this piece.

*For detailed image, go to webpage on the bottom of next page.*

## Kim's Essay

### A Grumble

5:20 AM

I wake up, wash my face and head to work.

I get out of the house around 5:50 AM and head to work 30 minutes away from home. After I deliver all the items to their destination and come back home, it is 9:30 AM. After a little break, I head to the studio.

I cannot get right to work even when I am at the studio. As I backtrack my schedule to see if I have forgotten anything and prioritize my works, things that were buried memory pour out all at once. I try to plan everything every month but 'life does not always work the way I want'.

Aside from drawing, I work on multiple project preparation and exhibition work with other artists and the time points to 8 PM.

Then I think 'Oh, I haven't had dinner yet! Should I go home? No, is it too early for me to go home? I have to work in the morning. Shouldn't I head home now to rest and sleep?' and I slowly walk home.

I wanted to see the sky. I just wanted to stare only at the sky.

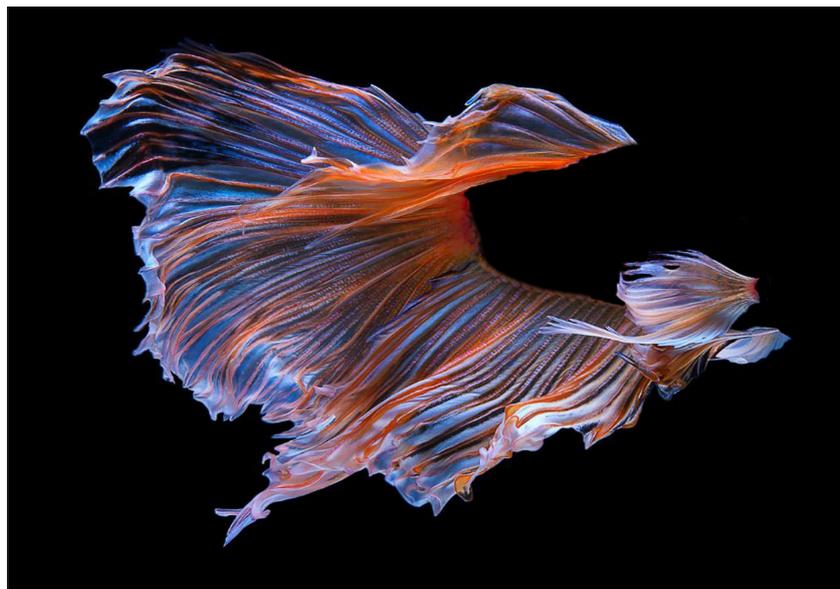
'What is it like to live fiercely?'

'What have I lived for the last five years?'

Time passes like a war. May, June, they really were like war...

The new atmosphere that I have to face is coming towards me.

I now want to run looking only at the place I wished for. Until my heart fails me...



A source about Cognition