

BREATHE

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by

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Abstract

Everything around us is interesting, but we keep so busy we miss out what is important. When we first get a gadget we get excited for few months, but soon we lose interest and seeking for something new and cooler. We are constantly hurt, tired, stressed, overwhelmed, but we are not aware because we are so focused on the future. We need to reset to get back on our track. We need to stay aware and remember our first excitement in order to refresh our purpose and focus. Life would be better if we step back, breathe, and notice what we wouldn't expect. My sculptures and installations help the viewer pause and appreciate the moment.

Clay is a medium that takes impression of the moment and the feeling. It carries the memories and gesture of the past. Looking at the lines and forms of my work allows me to reflect on the negative and re-center to the positive. This book introduces my art practices and explores the element of my work. I am not trying to speak through the sculpture to the viewer, yet wanting the sculpture to speak to the audience. I want the audience to have same reflective experience I have making the work.

Desert

10 years ago I went to the Qatar and saw a first desert and never forgotten my experience. It was filled with sand miles after miles. Could see the horizon line of the sand. The lines and the patterns of the sand that was created was beautiful. Experiencing these astonishing view There were something that bothered me. The tire marks that was created by quad ATV. The people were writing it wildy and destroying the beautiful patterns and the uniform lines and it was ruined. Next day I came to same sight and I couldn't believe I was at the same spot. The entire landscaped have changed, it recovered.

The moment I saw the recovery of the desert I found hope. When I was teenager since I moved to America I was physically and mentally abused. The damages were still there, from being a traumatized of loneliness and not wanted from the society. I decided to become a desert. Desert changes the entire landscape and over the time it recovers from those marking by fulfillment of other sand. The entire landscape changes, however; name remain as a desert. My journey will continue with endless wound and it will continue by constantly change like desert.

Clay

Clay is a person. working with clay can be extremely difficult because of it has individual different personality. Clay has its own attitude, memory, fragility, and unreliability. Clay divides into three different categories; earthenware, stoneware, and porcelain. Earthenware is impurities creates darker colors. It is mainly used for making bricks, sculptures, flowerpots, and building homes. Stoneware is another type clay with many impure particles. it's commonly used among ceramic artists for sculpture, pottery, and home appliances. Porcelain is the purest clay. It is the hardest clay to work with. The small particles of the clay makes it difficult to work among clay. These characteristic gives them individual different personality.

Clay remembers everything, depending on how you treat the clay can give reward and betrayals. This stressed that clay endures when it is used will show after it's fired. For an example: during the creation of a cup gets dents on the rim. The potter can fix the dent and make it into unifying circular shape. After the process of firing the dent will appear again because, the cup remembers the dent and it has a tendency of going back to the form before the reparation. This has taught me patience. Millions of things could go wrong while working with clay; there could be building a sculpture that took a month after the firing the piece could break, blow up, cracks, and unsatisfying results. Through all of these experiences it has taught me how to let go of things. leaving the past behind and moving on with the life. The frustration and anger doesn't change anything, when we let go the past in helps to move on to a better future. The moment we let go we can move forward.

Through my relationship with clay, I am able to feel a sense of belonging and it seemed to heal a part of me. I am able to find my own definition of Zen, allowing me the freedom to set my own rules for my practices. As an artist I still struggle to show this deep feeling and I am searching for the way to express myself by breaking down my forms in a provocative way by expressional line in natural forms in a provocative way. I have learned from nature and I put that energy into my art practice. My hope is that my artwork can create an experience with the viewer of serenity and inner tranquility.

Forms

My first year of undergraduate I was in deep depression. During that period, I took a humanity class and I was introduced with “strange fruit” by Billie Holiday. When I heard this song it struck my heart and experienced unforgettable moment. Even though; my past experience is not as crucial as African American that was hung, but I was able to connect the pain of discrimination from the past. The way she sang, rhythm, and melody took me to the deep sensational mood.

“Southern trees bear a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.”
Billie Holiday

From the song, “bodies swinging” made me felt like a strange fruit. Going through discrimination in young age made me felt like the body that was hung on the tree. Because of color my skin and unidentified identity made me felt like strange from the society. I was able to make a connection with “strange fruit.” The Strange fruit became my motive and I decided to express myself through the clay.

Forms of my sculpture began with making strange fruits. The forms have evolved as making numerous amount. It became part of therapies section. I was recovering slowly from my depression and through the recovery my forms have changed; from being strange looking sorrow fruit to anonymous abstract figures.

Clay has tendency of memory of capturing the moments. I started to transfer my memories into the clay. The gesture of smearing, rubbing, grabbing, and compressing I was able to put my energy into the clay. I was releasing my memories and energy into the clay. I put myself into meditational moment a while working with the clay. In this moment the The surroundings are blocked and just clay and me.

Earth To Earth
Enviromental Performance Art.



Raking



Picking





Washing Away



Time passes...



Marble Effect
Excavating ceramic



Untitled
Ceramic and Sand, 2016



Untitled
Ceramic and Sand, 2016



Untitled
Ceramic and Sand, 2016



Untitled
Ceramic and Sand, 2016



Untitled
Ceramic, 2016



Untitled
Ceramic, 2017

Untitled
Ceramic, 2017





Stepping Stool
Ceramic and Wood, 2016



Iggy's garden Series 2
Ceramic and Wood, 2016



Iggy's garden Series 2
Ceramic and Wood, 2016



Iggy's garden Series 2
Ceramic and Wood, 2016

Sponge Lamp
Night Table Lamp



Sponge Lamp 1
Ceramic and LED, 2017



Sponge Lamp 1
Ceramic and LED, 2017



Sponge Lamp 2
Ceramic and LED, 2017



Sponge Lamp 2
Ceramic and LED, 2017



Iggy's Garden
Ceramic, Wood, Concrete, hay, and sand, 2017



Iggy's Garden
Ceramic, Wood, Concrete, hay, and sand, 2017





Conclusion

When I first moved to United States I was 10 years old. I endured an intense culture shock, with language barrier and systemic racism. It was a very depressing time in my life, because I was bullied mentally and physically by both Koreans and Americans. I felt as if I was living in two opposing societies and both wouldn't accept me; therefore, I had no space to feel protected. During my tough time I used clay as a healing material. Meditation and transferring energy to the clay body helped me to recover from my pain. The clay has a power of transforming from nothing into a something. The clay holds memories of gestures that was applied. It is like how God formed man "from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living being" (Genesis 2:7). It has the ability to capture subtle expression, allowing for a transfer of life into the clay.

Through my relationship with clay, I was able to feel a sense of belonging and it seemed to heal a part of me. Kendo is form of Japanese martial art that also helps me recover and become a better person. Practicing Kendo, I was also practicing basic form of Zen without knowing the definition. Discipline and rules of Zen from kendo give me a guidance and allow me the freedom to set my own project – specific rules for my practices. As an artist I still struggle to show this deep feeling and I am ever searching for way to express myself through my forms. I have learned from nature and I put that energy into my art practice. I hope the viewer can also recover from the madness we live in and find their inner peace.

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