

June Yoon



webT[®]@UMA

and Haunting Images

..... Experimentations on Materiality, Installation, and Operation of Screens

MiMi (2018~)

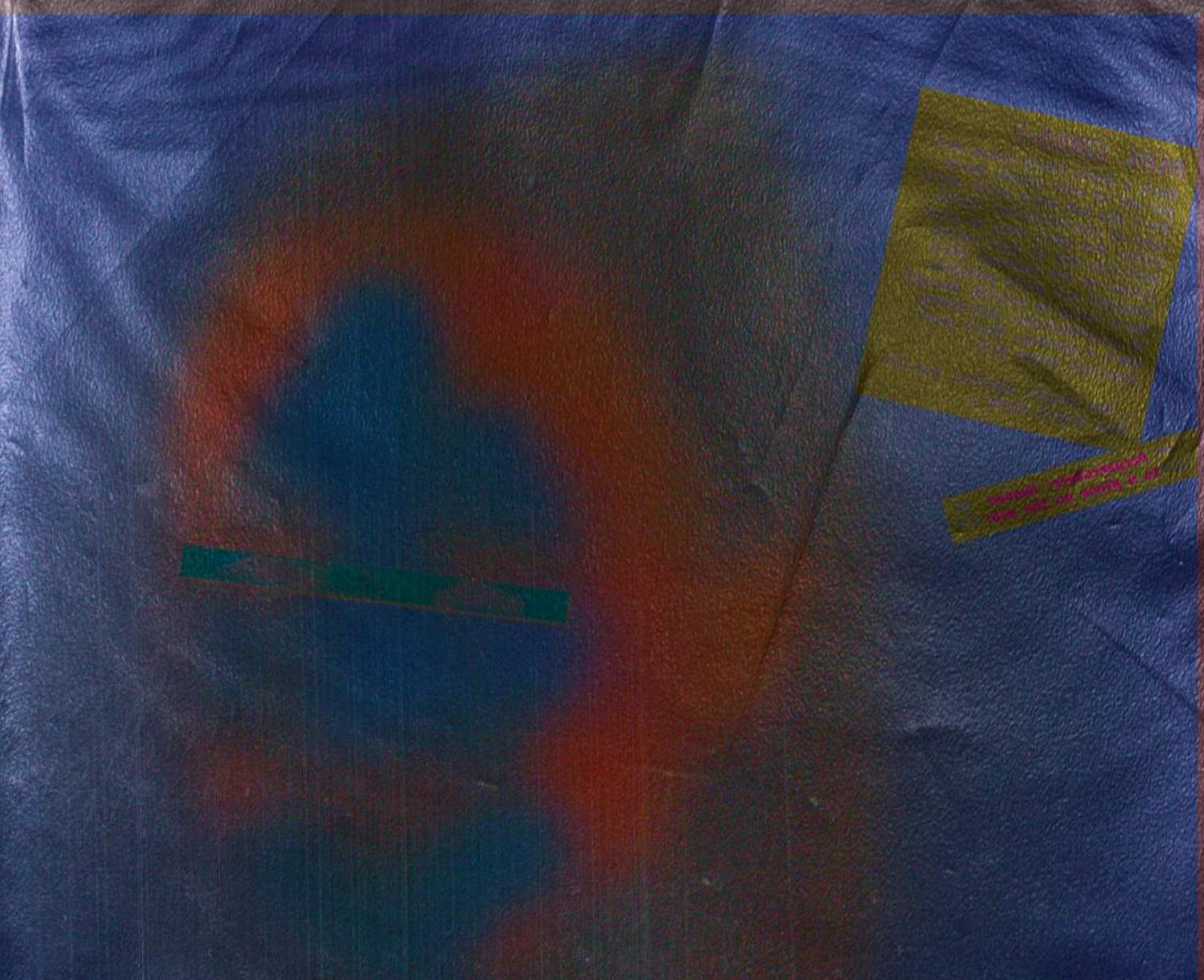
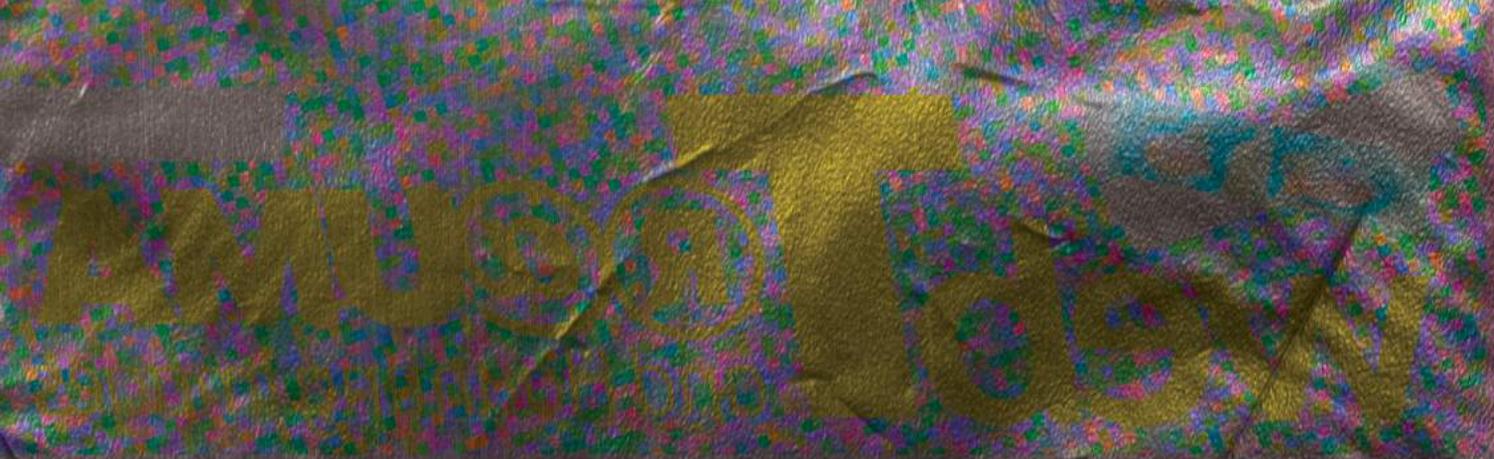
She's a Manic Pixie Dream Girl
for all of male online users.
She's shy but she's bold; she's
cute as your/their/our little
sister but she's sexy as your/
their/our hoe in your secret
folder on the desktop. She's
cheerful and she's grateful.
She's ready to sacrifice herself
to your/their/our well-being.
She's a fantasy. She's your/
their/our dream girl.

... She laughs, squirms, and af-
firms Oppa's state ...

♪ Perpetrators' heaven
is a place on the web! ♪



삼가 고인의
명복을 빕니다!



Small, illegible text on a yellow rectangular piece of paper.



의인도 사삼
명부음
배기
대!

Web-trauma and Haunting Images

*Experimentations
on Materiality,
Installation,
and Operation
of Screens*



Table of Contents

- 3 Acknowledgments
- 4 Prologue
- 6 On Trauma: Pornhubs, Princess Makers, 4chans of the world
- 20 On Persona
Persona / *Ms. LoveYourself* and her scripts / Sulli / *MiMi* and her
performance scripts
- 38 On Discomfort, Lousy, Ugly, Uncanny imagery
Uncanny imageries in *Ms. LoveYourself* and *MiMi's* portraits /
Monster, Monstrous / *MiMi's* performances, AMT drawing project
- 44 On Hysterical Laugh
Ms. LoveYourself / *MiMi*
- 52 Reimagining Cinematic Experience – My Art as a Haunted House
Haunting Images / Interactivity / Moving Screens – Light-screens /
Movable Screens – Object-screens / a Ghost House Rattling with
the Object-screens
- 77 Works Cited

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Finally, my indescribable love to my friends and family for being in my life and keep loving me in spite of my occasional venting of fury against the world.

Prologue

There is an exhaustive amount of misogynist perspective that feeds the production of the flattened, objectified images of women, from video games to androcentric pornography, which finds its apex in the dark abyss of online culture. The objectification enabled by the system and functionality of online/digital culture seems immortal, constantly creating undead ghosts of sexualized, commodified images of women.

The flattening of images of women – fetishizing, sexualizing, taking their human-ness away – that has been present in real life throughout the history of visual culture is accelerating with the system of digital circulation online. Once uploaded, an image is embedded online, copied and pasted, saved and re-uploaded, cloned and meme-ed in a seemingly infinite cycle. The image loses its context and time. Flattened images on flat screens of computers and phones. (Coincidence?) These images are immortal, hauntings online bulletin boards, group chat rooms, and offline secret folders of anonymous voyeurs. These sad undead images are deprived of good rest in peace, destined to be an indefinite index of their hosts.

The pervasive sexual objectification online and the over-simplification and negative categorization of femme identity has been constantly imposed on women as real human beings. One's story is crushed and flattened into trite female images, deprived of personality and narrative. This objectification accelerates with the spur of male-centric porn websites, anonymous online communities, and ero-games mainly produced by Japanese game companies featuring infantilized female characters, which employ and amplify the punitive and relegating perspectives of misogynist culture.

This web-trauma, a trauma as a child of biased perception and technology, has been circulating through commodification and rapid distribution of images. My research involves examining this ecology: how web-trauma is born, processed, consumed as tragedy, and feeds back to the newborn traumas. This cycle forms within online image distribution system, but also across reality and virtual, as the commodified image fuses with the identities of real human beings.

The horrifying reality of various forms of online culture such as video games, male-centric online communities and porn websites pushes me to address it in my work. The goal of my research is to understand the ecology of web-trauma and late-capitalistic values embedded in online culture, in order to find a strategic, sustainable, yet humorous way to deal with the cruelty of online culture enabled by emerging technologies.

I've been examining the possibility of transcending the flattened identities by suggesting a form of survival within this online regime by experimenting with the way of viewing. Developing alternative screens as a platform to display a narrative – utilizing factors like the distance and the light as a trigger to activate walls, films, papers,

and three dimensional objects into screens – has been my most recent practice, and the hope is that the operation of the screen will embody the haunting imageries of latent misogyny. The personae I built for performance videos and photographs embody a monstrous identity which is indoctrinated to the very objectification particularly within online culture.

Through unfolding two of my previous personae, MiMi and Ms. LoveYourself, and their bios, scripts, and sing-along videos, the readers will encounter a sense of discomfort that leads to questioning the meaning of their existence and performances. Uncanny imageries and hysterical laughter is the primary toolkit for my artistic practices that can guide viewers towards inquiries on what they perceive eerie or funny. Most of the time, intertwined with each other, these two elements of my works challenge viewers to be fascinated or disrupted by my uncanny looking and/or hysterically laughing personae. I aim to draw questions on what humanity is to confront in digital ephemera, through exploring the ridiculousness and hypocrisy found in the web.

With my personae and uncanny imageries infused with dark humor, I have been exploring the notion of the screen as a portal. Through the camera view, I transform every surface and object in a space into screens for an alternative visual experience. A successfully controlled chaotic imagery projected within a space generates an overwhelming atmosphere. The goal of my thesis is to construct an immersive space, with the object-screens and the light-screens I have been developing as the portals for the invisible – veiled – imageries of objectification and dehumanization around us. I'm building a haunted house, or a set for a horror show, filled with bountiful images of infantilized, objectified, commodified women online, which not only agitate our sensory response, but generate a conversation about the haunting ghosts of misogyny that we easily dismiss.

I'm making warning signs – targeted not towards certain gender/social groups but towards all of us, amplifying a fearful voice: "Steer right ahead in order to steer clear." They are warning signs for us who shut down the sense of criticality and inquiry under the pressure of social normality. They are warning signs for us to acknowledge the horrendous reality of dehumanization lurking every corner of the online culture. The gender norms and old customs crush individuals, and this brutality is amplified and vivified within the web environment.

Let us not look away from ugly reality – this is a staredown with both the monsters around us and the monsters in our own perception. A deadly custom is disassembled only when it is challenged right in its belly. My art, as a collection of warning signs, still aims to keep a humorous voice, as I believe in revealing the absurd boundaries of social norms. This life-long fight against horrifying customs must be still bearable for me as a maker, and hopefully for audiences too.

On Trauma:

Pornhubs, Princess Makers,
and 4chans of the world



I was 11 years old when I first encountered the term MILF

I was 11 years old when I first encountered the term MILF, along with names such as College Slut, Virgin Hoe, and Underage Bae. It was before when pornography was available through online streaming. These terms were the titles of downloaded files on LimeWire, on whose computer I choose not to reveal. MILF (Mom I'd Like to Fuck), the term for a sexually attractive woman, typically an older woman who is socially expected to have children, was once an erotic fetish derived from a common taboo.

It is now a widespread, culturally approved ideal thanks to the mainstream media and pornography – and its massive popularity in porn culture feeds back to the labeling of MILF as a type of woman to aspire to in real life. The shifting dynamics between the online visual culture and the understanding of the offline world is visible in punitive and demeaning terminology and character-level categorization of pornography websites. Commodification of sexual images has fused with the identities of real human beings.

Indulging myself in browsing the internet for existential crisis memes and absurd clips has long been my guilty pleasure. During another late night pampering myself with this junk habit, a year ago, a screenshot of a game from the 90's caught my eyes. The game is called Princess Maker, a life simulation game developed by a Japanese video game and anime production company Gainax. I recognized it as soon as I saw the screenshot of the game since it was the game I spent much time playing as a kid.

Revisiting the game that I used to play as a little girl, it was painful to realize how misogynistic and biased the contents of the game

were, and how popular it was both to young girls and adult men in Korea. The second series of the game, the most well-known version among the series, has a 10-year-old abandoned fairy as the main character, and the players, as her father, to adopt and raise her until she turns 18.

The ideal goal of the game is to raise her to be a wife of a prince, among many other possible options including 'royal concubine,' 'barmaid' 'housewife,' 'merchant's wife,' 'millionaire's wife,' 'maid,' and the incredibly rare options with specific job titles such as 'scholar,' 'general,' 'nun,' 'queen.' The game is made through a sexist perspective – which the highly biased ending options categorizing women as mother/wife/whore being perhaps the most stereotypical.

When did I start noticing these horrendous misogynistic cultural cues? When did all the fog start to clear? It is almost a miracle I started noticing what kind of environment I've been soaked in when I could have gone much longer without realizing everything – from media representation or enforcement of exemplary feminine figure to old customs that has been effective in my family – was ready to shame, blame, humiliate, sexualize, de-sexualize, belittle, ridicule, dismiss me as a woman in this patriarchal world.

Yet, it would have been much healthier and more bearable if the unveiling of the monster was of my own will. Unfortunately, it was an accident – like a hit-and-run case. I was knocked out by a massive number of anonymous misogynists and no one could do anything about it.

The story might be more entertaining if I write this way:

Content Warning
**This section contains
sexual assault that might be
disturbing to some readers.**

2011/08

It's one of the hottest summer afternoons in Seoul. Three freshmen are sitting in the student lounge. Two boys, one girl. A girl holds her drumsticks tapping on the table, while talking to two other boys. They are sipping cold drinks, cracking jokes, taking funny pictures of each other – they seem to enjoy their moments together.

A Caucasian man shows up from afar and walks right towards them. A girl and the boys seems surprised. The man is not alone – his company is catching up with giant video camera on his shoulder. The man is smiling, holding a mic in his hands. Two of them together – they look like they are from school broadcasting club. The man speaks English, asking if the three would answer some questions about the university. He introduces himself and his mate as reporter and camera operator from a small broadcasting company. A girl and a boy answers some questions in English, feeling entertained, excited getting to talk about their freshmen college life. The third of the gang refuses to be part of the interview. The Caucasian man suddenly speaks fluent Korean.

(in Korean)

...IT WAS A PRANK! We wanted to know how students react when they are asked to speak English! We are on our documentary project about the English usage in Korean universities. You know, when Koreans go through tons of English education, yet they are still seemingly shy about using...

The man goes on and on. The girl and the boy who just got pranked look puzzled, yet are laughing about the situation. The man asks them if the team can use the boy's name and major for they want put name tags when they use his footage. The girl is still laughing on the side.

It is a hot summer day in Seoul.

2011/12

It's a cold winter night in December. The girl gets a text message from her ex-boyfriend.

“Hey, you’re on TV! I can’t believe it! You’re on KBS!”

KBS is one of three main national broadcasting channels in South Korea. She runs out to the living room, turns the TV on. She sees herself back in that one summer afternoon in her school. Her and her friend’s interview is on in an episode titled The Reality of English Education in South Korea, as a series of a famous documentary program called DOCU 3 Days.

She runs to her room, briefly replies to her ex-boyfriend's text (haha yeah thanx), starts to call her friend who was also featured in the episode, discussing if they should do something about the reporter and the camera operator who lied to be a small broadcasting company, rather than telling them they were in fact from major national broadcasting company.

She goes to bed, her phone on her side.

It is a cold night in Seoul.

“HEY, YOU’RE ON TV!”

2012/01

It's a cold winter night in January. The girl is sitting in her room, listening to music, browsing the web, texting her friends. She's chilling in tonight. She gets a text message from a friend.

She looks confused.

"Hey, you're on the board of StarCraft Gallery in DC Inside¹... Check this out!"

She clicks the link. It's her, in summer clothes – a tee and shorts, flip flops – it's posted in a humor board of StarCraft online community. The post is titled Check out SNU² Girl's Big Thigh! But she doesn't remember taking the picture. She can't because she never took the picture. It seems like every picture is taken every other second while the girl was laughing – it's a series of screenshots from the documentary that was aired a few months ago.

CHECK THIS OUT!

¹ DC Inside is an online community with numerous themed boards (called galleries). One of them is for StarCraft users, yet it can be accessed by anyone.

² Seoul National University.

She scrolls down to read comments including:

She wants to be fucked that's why she's wearing shorts in school

Little slut

She must have been fucked by the guy next to her

Lucky guy

*She's suitable for my personal tutor.
I welcome her Good thighs. Thanks*

Little bitch

I want to punch her in her wet pussy and fuck her until she passes out

*I thought all the girls in SNU was gross
but this one is acceptable*

I know the girl – she's in my year. She's skinnier than she looks here

That's a shame

I want to lick her thigh in classroom

She cries.

She reads them over and over again. There's more comments with similar context and tone every other day. Her parents and siblings tell her to ignore them and not to think about them for her own good. A friend suggests she should sue them and then recommends a lawyer.

2012/12

She visits student counseling center.

I FEEL LIKE
I'M HOLDING
ONTO TRAGIC
MEMORIES

2013/05

She cries during her junior year final critique.

(translated from Korean)

"I feel like I'm holding onto tragic memories in an excuse to make art. I do not want to make art anymore. Maybe I can't move on because I'm not solving the problem but just keeping it as a potential resource. It's stupid and harmful. I hate what I'm doing to myself."

Her classmate who she's never talked before cries.

2014/01

She requests the administration for a gap-year.

I DO NOT WANT TO MAKE ANY MORE ART

2014/03

She gets approval for a gap-year from school.

2015/12

She resumes counseling.

DON'T BE A QUEEN!
DRAMA'S HOW
THAT'S HOW
WOMEN'S LIFE
IS ANYWAYS!

I was hit by rapid circulation system of digital images online and no one could do anything about it. This story of mine would speak to many other women, or anyone who has been othered and dehumanized at one point in their lives - wherever they live, whoever they are surrounded by - and that becomes an easy excuse for misogynists to normalize the phenomenon. (Don't be a drama queen! That's how women's life is anyways!)

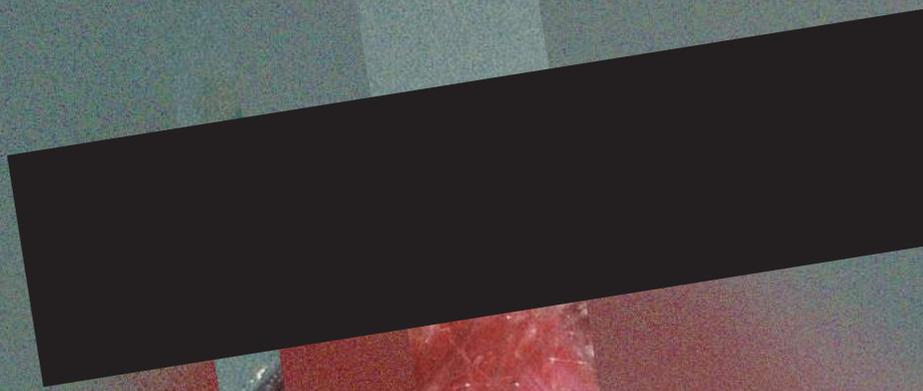
This happens much more frequently if you had ever been close to, or part of online community culture. Noted, that not all online communities are that masculine³ or prone to a violent language usage. But here I'm referring to the majority of online culture which are heavily associated with rape culture, and particularly the one that's set in South Korean context, established by South Korean keyboard warriors, whether or not they are incels.⁴ South Korea's long-lasting racist and misogynist culture is amplified in its online arena, fueled by old Confucian⁵ custom, an imbalanced sex ratio since the 60's, and a highly ethnically homogenous demographic.

PERPETRATORS,
ON THE WEB! PLACE
OTHER VISITORS,

³ Isn't it sad to say that's masculine and people will have a sense of what that means?

⁴ According to Wikipedia's definition, Incels (/ˈɪnsɛlz/ IN-se/lz) means "a portmanteau of "involuntary celibates", are members of an online subculture who define themselves as unable to find a romantic or sexual partner despite desiring one, a state they describe as incel-dom. Discussions in incel forums are often characterized by resentment, misogyny, misanthropy, self-pity, self-loathing, racism, a sense of entitlement to sex, and the endorsement of violence against sexually active people. The American Non-profit Southern Poverty Law Center described the subculture as "part of the online male supremacist ecosystem" that is included in their list of hate groups." (Wikipedia, "Incel.")

⁵ According to Encyclopedia Britannica, Confucianism is the way of life propagated by Confucius in the 6th–5th century BCE and followed by the Chinese people for more than two millennia. Although transformed over time, it is still the substance of learning, the source of values, and the social code of the Chinese. Its influence has also extended to other countries, particularly Korea, Japan, and Vietnam. (Weiming, "Confucianism.")



On Persona

The dynamics between the web environment and the understanding of the real world has affected the perception of my very existence as a woman – as a person. If I was not as cute as K-pop stars/anime girls/pixie girls in movies, I'd be called tomboy. If I wore shorts, I'd be called exhibitionist whore. If I were to wear more layers, I'd be called a virgin who needs to be rescued by male counterparts. I am constantly judged and my value as a woman is marked based on male gaze embedded in every corner of my life. Did someone kidnap me to be in this shit-show of someone's wet dream? When did I sign up for this?

Building up a story and a persona naturally came up for my artistic practices after the incident. A fictional world can bear an alternative reality while still adopting the problematic situations and phenomena from the real world. After a few years of depression and similar incidents of people around me, I needed a methodology to transcend my – and our – trauma. My depressed-self lost interest in the world where there seemed to be no hope or change of my surroundings – where you're told to bear and live along with those men who would rape, punish, smack, mock, humiliate me, because that's what women's life has always been like. It was normal as they say. I had to get rid of the part of me that felt contaminated by the brutal harassment – the part of me that was already dead in a way. My tragic memory and reality had to be virtualized, as it was too unbearable to face it every day and night. (And I needed to stop feeling like a victim and plan my vengeance.) So my persona, Ms. LoveYourself was born and died.





Ms. LoveYourself (2016)

Ms. LoveYourself is a persona of mine I developed for my 2016 project, R.I.P. Ms. LoveYourself: Memorial Exhibition. She ended up terminating her life in beautiful summer of 2016. She was 23 years old when she left us. She couldn't take any more suffocation and frustration as a woman in Korean society where an outmoded Confucian custom is still applied, rationalizing misogynistic value system under the name of tradition. She was a woman of color(s). She was seen when she was seen crawling in a field the night before she passed away. In her memorial exhibition in 2016, her ante-mortem portraits, a condolence video, and her belongings were presented.

Following is the eulogy for Ms. LoveYourself featured in her memorial exhibition, as a letter format and part of the condolence video.

함께 다음 추모사를 마음 깊이 읊어주시길 바랍니다. 삼가 고인의 영전에 애도를 표합니다. 긴 시간 희비를 함께 했던 우리의故나를사랑하자께 조문합니다.故나를사랑하자의 화려했던 생애는 긴 말로 설명하지 않아도 조문객 여러분들 모두 아실 것입니다. 우리를 위해 작전 수행에 바쳤던 고단한 삶, 부단한 희생하신故나를사랑하자이십니다. 고인의 바람대로 우리는 고인의 흔적을 뒤로 하고, 그가 남겨놓은 못생긴 세상에서 수많은 나를사랑하자들이 고통없이 살아갈 수 있게 노력해야 합니다. 그의 화려한 순직은, 무의미한 상실이 아닙니다. 증명을 하지 않고서는 실존함을 의심할 수 밖에 없는 우리들에게 귀감이 될 것입니다. 삼가 고인의 명복을 빕니다.

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to honor the life of Ms. LoveYourself. Let us pray for Ms. LoveYourself to rest in peace. We've had good times and bad with her. Her exceptional life is worth remembering, it should not be forgotten. She sacrificed for the good of us all. There are so many other LoveYourselfs, and we should help them live peacefully. She lives on in our memories, and her death shall not be in vain. Let none of us forget our fragile lives and the lesson we learn here today.



6 A performance group typically consists of female or male members range from two to six or more. The members include a leadsinger, sub-singers and a rapper or more. Most of the time, they do not play musical instruments themselves.

7 On November 24th, Goo Ha-ra, a Korean actress and singer who was close to Sulli, committed suicide.

Death of Sulli

(Choi Jin-ri, March 29, 1994 – October 14, 2019)

A few hours before I started writing this chapter, a 25-year-old Korean actress and singer had been found dead. She had been suffering from crude comments of keyboard warriors due to her pictures: her selfies or picture of her taken by someone else. She was wearing a shirt or a dress with no bra underneath in most of the pictures. She was smiling, in her comfortable clothes – she posted pictures of her enjoying the most ordinary moments of her life. The posts went viral. Keyboard warriors would go on for over a year debating how she should behave and cursing her by slut, whore, trash, et cetera. She used to date a notable Korean musician around that time. People roasted her whenever she posted pictures of their couple, calling her slut, whore, again, who likes to show off her filthy life dating a much older man.

People killed her with their disgust for her nipples showing through her clothes.

People killed her with their disgust for her abnormal behavior as a public figure – public woman.

She had to die as she was happy about her body, her life, herself as a woman.

She was one of many victims of Idol industry in South Korea. Behind the popular K-pop Girl/Boy groups⁶, there's an Idol industry heavily based on giant production companies. The members, or more precisely, the trainees of the company are treated as the products that need to be trained and refined before being out in the K-pop market. Most of them are caught in their long-term contracts, to pay back the cost of the training years, regulated and surveilled by company through to maintain good public reputation. Their weight, personal relationships, daily activities are under the company's control. They are enforced to maintain the style or personalities that goes along with the group's public image. . The enforcement of sexist perspective includes their stage costumes, performances, and character acting.⁷



On Persona vol.2: Dream Girl MiMi (2018)

- 8 MiMi was named after a doll which was popular in South Korea back in 90's~00's. The doll is modeled to have a slender femalebody – an equivalent of Barbie in the U.S. Fun coincidence: Mariah Carey's nickname is also Mimi.
- 9 Film Critic Nathan Rabin coined the term as a film stock character that “exists solely in the fevered imaginations of sensitive writer-directors to teach broodingly soulful young men to embrace life and its infinite mysteries and adventures.”
- 10 오빠/oppa/ Oppa is a korean word used by females to refer to older males. It literally means “(female's) older brother.” It can also indicate an older male friend of a woman, or a romantic interest. i.g. Oppan Gangnam Style

Let me take us back to Princess Maker. By facing how toxic the notions behind most of the choice of this once-popular game's interfaces are, I couldn't help but narrow down the focus of my first studio project in my MFA program from the broad interest in cultural/interpersonal objectification to the objectification of women that I've been witnessing within web culture including MMORPGs, video games, and male-centric online communities. And so, *Dream Girl MiMi*⁸ was born.

Dream Girl MiMi is the most recent persona of mine I came up with for my 2018 project, Make Your Own Dream Lover. She's an absolute outcome of online sexual objectification. The gist of her existence is summarized in three: male-gaze, objectification, infantilization. She's a Manic Pixie Dream Girl⁹ for all of male online users. She's shy but she's bold; she's cute as your/their/our little sister but she's sexy as your/their/our hoe in your secret folder on the desktop. She's cheerful and she's grateful. She's ready to sacrifice herself to your/their/our well-being. She's a fantasy. She's your/their/our dream girl. Following is a script for Orgasmimi (one of MiMi's nicknames) who talks to the camera to comfort 오빠들 Oppas.¹⁰



Cheering Orgasmimi

오빠를 위해 츄~ 오빠가 주는거면 다 좋아! 까~~(비명) 오빠를 위한거라면 뭐든지 할 수 있어. 그게 내 일이니까. 까악.(비명) 오늘도 오빠에게 좋은 하루가 되길, 츄~ 압, 애교스킬 빠악~

For you oppa, chu-. Whatever you'd give me, I'll love it! (scream) Whatever it is, if that's for you oppa, I'll do it for you. It's my job to do so. (scream) I wish you have a great day oppa, chu-.

Yay, cuteness loaded, shoot-.

오빠를 위해 츄~ 오빠가 주는거면 다 좋아! 까~~(비명) 오빠를 위한거라면 뭐든지 할 수 있어. 그게 내 일이니까.

까악.(비명) 오늘도 오빠에게 좋은 하루가 되길, 츄~ 압, 애교스킬 빠악~





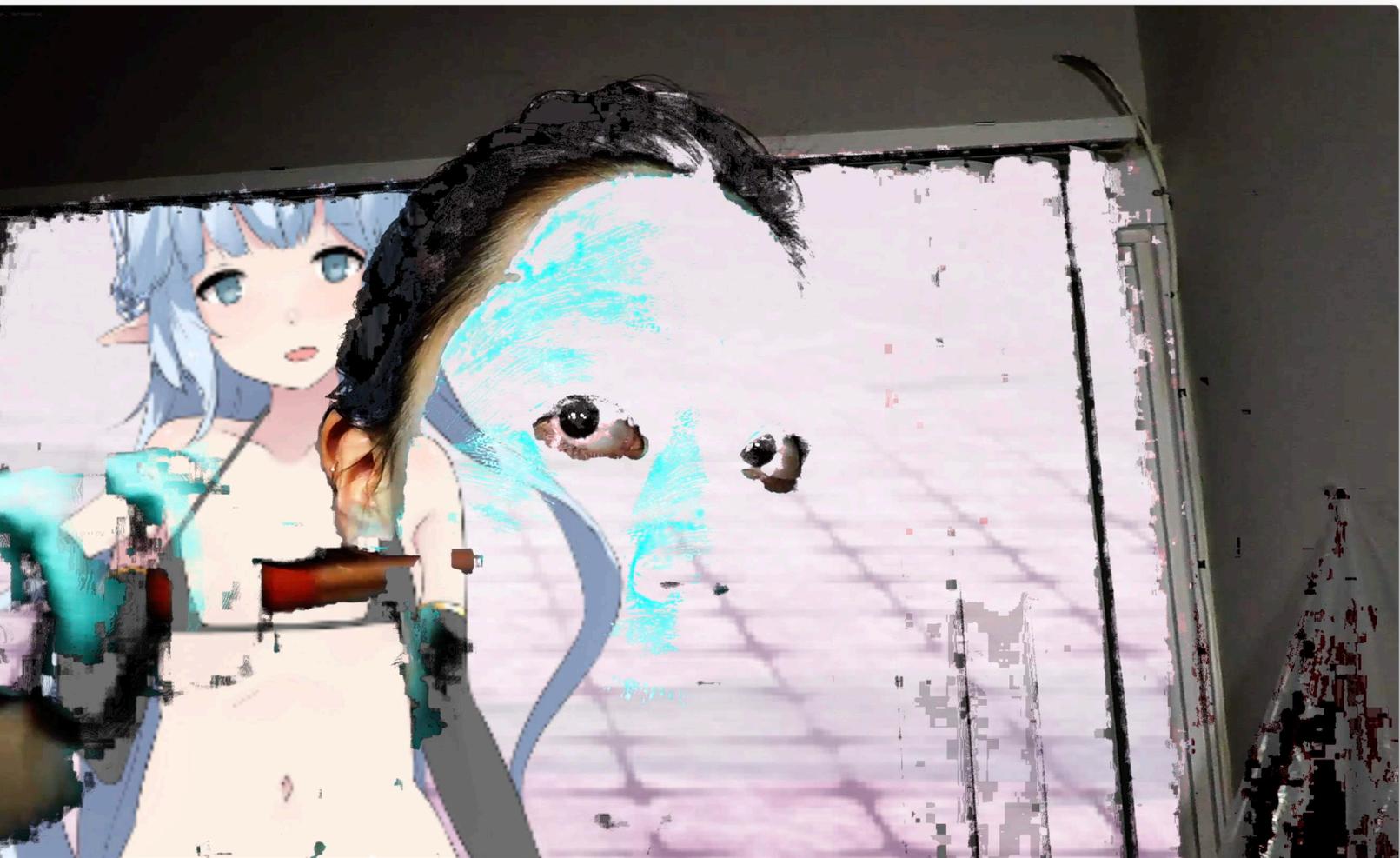
Orgasmimi Putting Makeup On

아 진짜 내가 오빠 위해서 이런것도 하구. 오빠 나한테 고마워해야돼! 오빠를 위해서 화장중~ 쥬. (화장중) 오빠 내가, 진짜, 룸메이트 피해서, 눈피해서, 어? 우리 룸메한테 방해될까봐 오밤중에 이러고있는거 알아? 오빠 진짜 고마워해야돼. (아이컨택) 오빠 진짜 고마워해야돼! 그치만 난 언제나 오빠한테 고마워. 오빠의 존재자체가 나에게 힘이되니까! 이 오르가스미미에겐 오빠의 존재자체가 힘이돼! 까~(비명) (화장중) 지금 내가 뭘 하는거냐면, 오빠의 완벽한 아이디얼 러버, 오빠의 드림러버, 가 되기위해서 단장중이야. 걱정마, 나도 오빠 취향이 파란색이 아닌건 알아. 나는 항상 시간을 투자해서 오빠에 대해 공부해. 그치만 날 믿고 기다려줘. 이렇게 하면 오빠의 아이디얼 러버 1,2,3. 4,5,6. 7,8,9,10. 다 나한테 씌울 수 있어! 까~~(비명) 고프로 스틱 리코딩.

Oh My GOD for real, I can't believe I'm doing THIS for you, oppa. You'd better be grateful! Putting on makeup just for you oppa-. CHU-. (putting on makeup) Oppa, for real, I'm like trying to find time when my roommate is away, right? Like, because I wouldn't want to disturb her, right? Do you realize I'm doing this in the middle of the night? Right? Oppa, you should be really grateful. (Strong eye-contact) You really should be! But I'm always grateful to you, oppa. Your presence itself gives me super energy. For Orgasmimi, your presence is just all I need! (scream) (putting on makeup) So what I'm doing now, is, so I'm getting ready to be your ideal lover, your dream lover. No worries, because I know blue is not particularly your taste. I always spend sooo much time to get to know you. But trust me, wait for me to get done. If I do this, like this, your ideal lover 1,2,3, and 4,5,6, and 7,8,9,10 - I can apply all of them on me!! (Scream)

GoPro, stop recording.





Carrot-and-stick Orgasmimi

아아아아 그거는 안돼. 그건 좀 곤란해. 오빠랑 좀더 알게된
다면 가능할지도 몰라. 희망을 버리지 마~ (윙크)

Ahhhh, that's not okay. That's a bit much. Maybe
when I get to know you better. So don't give up already-
(wink)

Orgasmimi Embarrassed

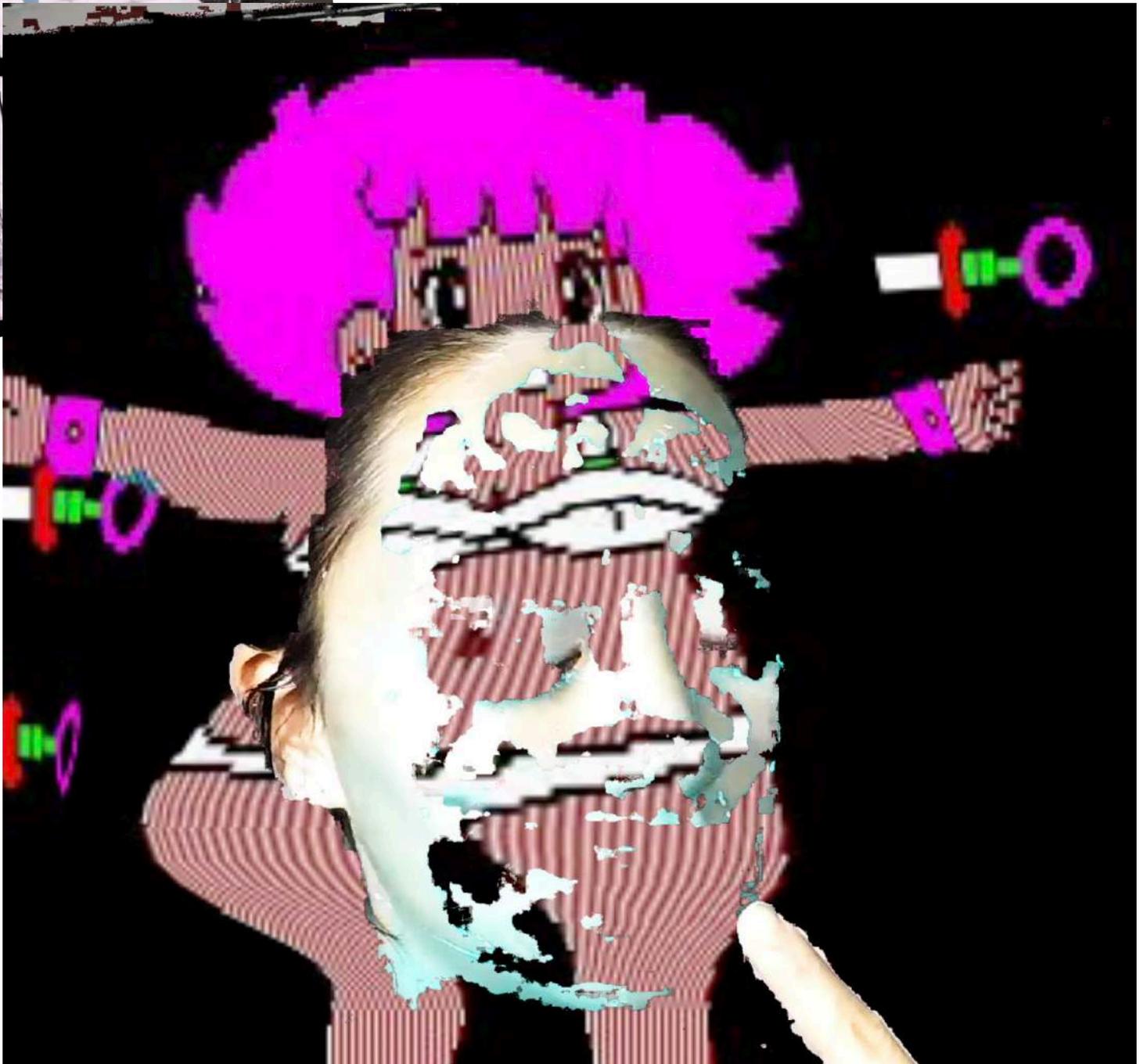
부끄러워. 부끄러워. 그렇게 쳐다보면 부끄러워. (얼굴 가리
기 0.5 초) 나를 계속 그렇게 보고있는거야? 빨리 다음단계로
넘어가. 아이 창피해. 아아아아, 그거는 안돼. 그건 좀 곤란해. 아
나 부끄러어영~! 아! 찌르지 마. 간지럽단 말이야!

I'm so ashamed! This is so embarrassing! If you look
at me that way, oh this is so embarrassing. (Covers face
for 0.5 sec) Are you still looking at me like that? Hurry,
move on to next stage already! Ayyy, I'm shy. Ahhhh, I
can't do that. That's a bit much. Ah, I'm embarrassed! Ah!
Don't poke me like that. It tickles me!

Concerned Orgasmimi

내가 너무 오빠를 (손가락질) 지루하게 하는 것 같아 걱정
이야. (걱정하는 손짓) 정말, 걱정이야. (절레절레) I'm worried
that I (points at herself) might bore you (points at the
camera) so much. (worrying gesture) For real, oh my god.
I'm worried. (shakes head)





11 A composite image of a 28-year-old Han Chinese male was made for National Geographic by the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Beijing, which had collected the photos over the course of ten years from several national technology research programmers. Digital artist Joe Lertola of Bryan Christie Design re-created the photo for the poster using 7,000 human figures. ("Meet The World's 'Most Typical' Person.")

So I invited MiMi to my bedroom to take photographs of her. MiMi was invited in order to comment on how violent the casual objectification is to an individual's being by making parody videos with monstrous visuals and taking exaggerated photographs that employs typical bodily expressions of pornography.

In MiMi's portraits and performance videos, I actively utilized certain postures and expressions to visualize the gap between a sexualized, objectified image of women and the person in the shadow of the image. In some photographs, MiMi posed as a typical seductive femme fatale archetype – which I see as a product of expectations and definitions on young women under male gaze. Yet the image lacks the details of a female body and there's only her silhouette that's left to guess what the figure is. Instead, I filled in the silhouette with a typical male face from National Geographic's project.¹¹ In other photographs, MiMi poses randomly, but looking straight to the camera. More as her portraits, I fill in the silhouettes with the images of the female characters of various ero-games that represents infantilizing, sexualizing, objectifying of women. My goal was to let audiences be confused by the contrast between their own expectations and presumptions when seeing a female body and what they are actually seeing within the silhouettes. I had to perform MiMi as a way of revealing what is behind the veil of our common expectations and how carelessly we impose them on actual human beings.

Ms. LoveYourself and MiMi both are the personae I built in order to comment on casual objectification on female identity around me. This dehumanization is often overlooked as a norm for women to endure – or not even think/talk/be stressed about too often. (Can you hear the echo of "why are you so sensitive?" already?) The baseline for women has been lowered throughout the history of human culture, and even though there have been numerous efforts to acknowledge and enhance women's rights, the horrendous acts on women are still easily tolerated even by women themselves.

These personae are born in order to represent the artifact of patriarchy, to be part of the efforts to readjust the baseline of dehumanization, and to let us question ourselves about our own perspective that's been corrupted under the common male gaze surrounding us. Ms. LoveYourself and MiMi both carry a monstrous appearance (that's what they were told. They look cute, if you ask me.) In next chapter, I will talk more about the monstrous visuals and uncanny imageries – how they are incorporated in most of my practices and what role visualizing an eerie gist and uncomfortable sensation plays within the context.



On Discomfort: Lousy, Ugly, Uncanny Imagery





13 One of many definitions of normal is as follows:
nor-mal /'nɔrməl/
noun: normal; plural noun: normals
the usual, average, or typical state or condition.
(informal) a person who is conventional or healthy.

What now? The usual is what we barely care about when we deal with individuality, originality, peculiarity, characters, whatever it's called, diversity, exclusivity, inclusivity. Isn't it all we're for in this era of self-expression? Are we just using individuality and selfexpression as an excuse to boast how normal we are, how fashionably weird we are, how acceptably radical we are, how typically unusual we are? In that I see monsters – monsters in our judgement who are obsessed with social norms; who are dying to be part of the majority so that their place in safe zone of society is secured.

14 It's similar to what Hito Steyerl talks about image spam. According to her, image spam is the images that are sent out through the telecommunication media, drifting around space eternally – particularly the commercial images that are produced under the perspective of hyper-capitalism. Steyerl claims that they are not representing humanity (most of us would argue that they are, in a negative way) but they stand in for the people as negative substitutes, representing what humanity is actually not. They are double agents who absorb the flak of the limelight on their behalf. Monstrous visuals take over the part of image spam's mission. (Steyerl, "The Spam of the Earth: Withdrawal from Representation.")

Uncanny visualization has been underlying methodology for my practices as it is an effective method to evoke uncomfortable feelings and let the audiences question where that feeling stems from and how normal and abnormal is defined. Uncanniness is disquieting. Uncanniness is a mirror: a mirror that reflects our confined judgments and cowardly minds towards what we consider uncomfortable.

So the portraits of Ms. LoveYourself and MiMi were called monstrous by many audiences. Although I intended to arouse uncomfortable sensations and disrupt the audiences with eerie visuals...but monstrous? They are indeed representing a type of many minors in our society, minors that have been categorized as peculiars, minorities that have been believed to be treated in certain ways majorities could secure their dominance. But does that make minority a synonym as monster? According to Collins Dictionary, monster is:

- 1: a large imaginary creature that looks very ugly and frightening.
- 2: something which is extremely large, especially something which is difficult to manage or which is unpleasant.
- 3: if you describe someone as a monster, you mean that they are cruel, frightening, or evil.

Monstrous visuals are not monstrous. They are what they are, and what's monstrous is the way we see them. Our eyes detect some colors that are not like normal¹³ human skin; some lines that are not like normal bone structure; some movements that are not normal. So here I am for some defense for monstrous visuals.¹⁴ Monstrous visuals are monstrous in order to say what they need to say. They are doing a favor for us – their amorphous essence is exhausted by the ignorance of human minds killing each other with all sorts of invisible weapons: condescending words, violent comments, patronizing looks, commodified categorizations, punishment and reward system of normality. Monstrous visuals are putting a mask for us to face what we are stimulated by; what we feel disgust of; what we frown upon – they are mirroring our violently judgmental minds. Monstrous visuals mirrors monsters in our judgement who are obsessed with social norms; who are dying to be part of the majority so that their place in safe zone of society is secured. It's us who's monstrous.

**MONSTROUS
VISUALS
ARE NOT
MONSTROUS**

They are what they are, and what's monstrous is the way we see them.

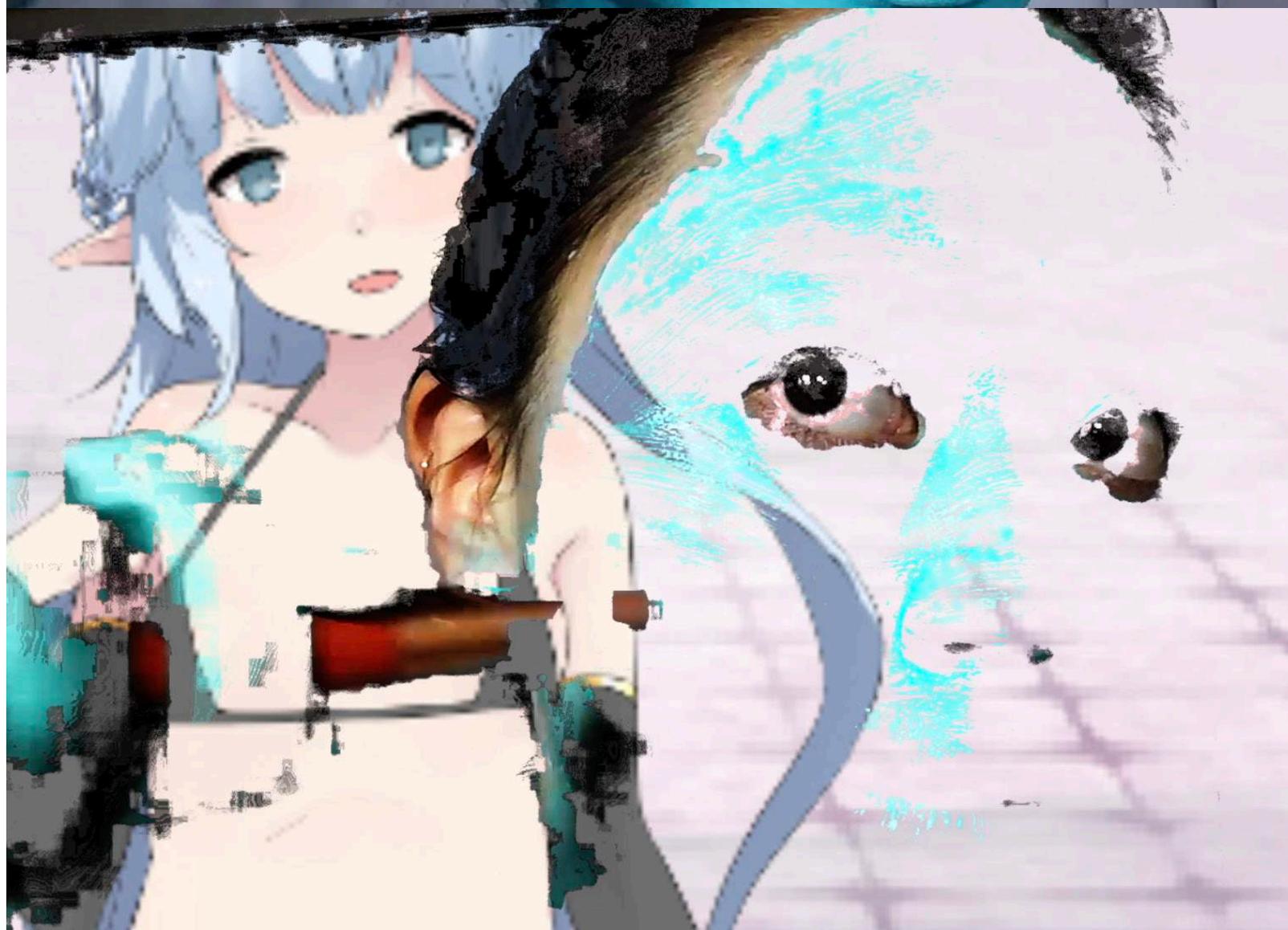
**THEY ARE
DOING A
FAVOR
FOR US**

15 Amazon Mechanical Turk (MTurk) is a crowdsourcing marketplace that makes it easier for individuals and businesses to outsource their processes and jobs to a distributed workforce who can perform these tasks virtually.

My skin as a screen: MiMi's performances, AMT project

Chroma-key is a perfect tool for transforming anything – anything that has a distinctive luminance or hue – into a screen to display an alternative image. I select certain color to be obsolete, ready for replacing with alternative color or image. And so, the whole section becomes a portal to another layer. Chroma-keying was applied to MiMi's performances, photographs, and Amazon Mechanical Turk¹⁵ project, in order to visualize the invisible enforcement of roles and images on female identities. For MiMi's performance, I painted my body in blue in order to transform my skin into a blue screen. As the action of applying the paint was more of abruptly pouring than carefully painting, my skin underneath was showing here and there. By transforming my skin into a rough, patchy blue screen, I could not only display the digital images of infantilized and sexualized women on my body, but still hint the actual human – me in this case – behind the screen. The Amazon Mechanical Turk project was done as an extension of MiMi's performances. In order to attain the various interpretations of dream lover (as a broader term for a dream girl) from broader audiences, I posted a task to draw their dream lover at \$0.20 per drawing. As I gathered the drawings, I took them and applied them on the video of me sitting in my studio space. Here, the images were coercively folded and distorted to fit in my silhouette. The flatness and vivid color of the digital image displaying on my body generated an appalling image for audiences to encounter.

Most importantly, the body-screen dropped all the details of human figure but the eyes – the eyes that look directly into the camera: the audiences. As well as the rough patches of my skin under the blue paint, my eyes were left open to create an eerie feeling of an object/image looking back at us. It was a stare-down between the audience and me as a performer; a stare-down between our forgetful consciousness and the sad, undead images that have been flattened and carved into the online regime. Derived from the practice to transform my body into a screen, I proceeded to transform a space and an object to a screen to create an alternative cinematic experience that can serve as a metaphoric installation commenting on the latent misogyny surrounding us – revelation of the haunting imagery of dehumanization.



The background is a collage of images related to laughter. On the left, there is a large, pixelated image of a person laughing with their mouth wide open. On the right, there is a smaller, tilted image showing a close-up of a person's teeth and tongue while laughing. The overall aesthetic is digital and vibrant.

**On
Hysterical
Laugh**



“...some kinds of human laughter partake less of catharsis than neurosis; less of the carnival than the apocalypse.” - Mikita Brottman (2004)

“I need reassurance that this something inside me, this something that is tickled by a joke, is indeed something that constitutes an element of my humanity. I discover something of what it is to be a human being by finding this thing in me, and then having it echoed in you, another human being.” – Ted Cohen (1999)

Throughout my practices, humor has been an imperative element to be incorporated whether it is for potential audiences or me as a maker. By arousing laughter at certain imageries or contents, I provide a chance for one to see their own condition, and how they are situated. In doing so, they are able to see how their position allows them to respond. By laughing at a distorted, manlike voice singing along Mariah Carey's Dream Lover, I redirect the laughter to realizing our own perception about what we just laughed at. Here, the notions one might laugh at include male, masculinity, pop-star, femininity, idealization, fantasy, fetish, love, and desire. Eventually, the hope is to leave a question mark in audiences' minds, or, to provoke the conversations among audiences about the absurdity of fantasized female images under the male gaze, and how normal and pervasive those dynamics are in our culture.

The smile and laughter of MiMi and Ms. LoveYourself are the neurotic kind – These characters portray the pathological aspect of some laughter and smiles that's associated with emotions such as anxiety, discomfort, and nervousness. According to Brottman, neurotic laughter often involves nervous and guilty pleasure of the audience's unease. (41) The laughs that might occur among audiences - and most definitely every time by me when I'm making the contents - is a cue – or a totem – for us to question how we can laugh about certain contents and why we feel uneasy while laughing; and to discuss what we've been overlooking.

The absurdist portraits of Ms. LoveYourself and exaggerated performances of MiMi partly aim to evoke laughs (of any kind) from audiences – or, part of them hopes the laughter aroused will lead the audience to question about what it means to laugh at something. What makes us laugh carries a significant clue to our own psycho-

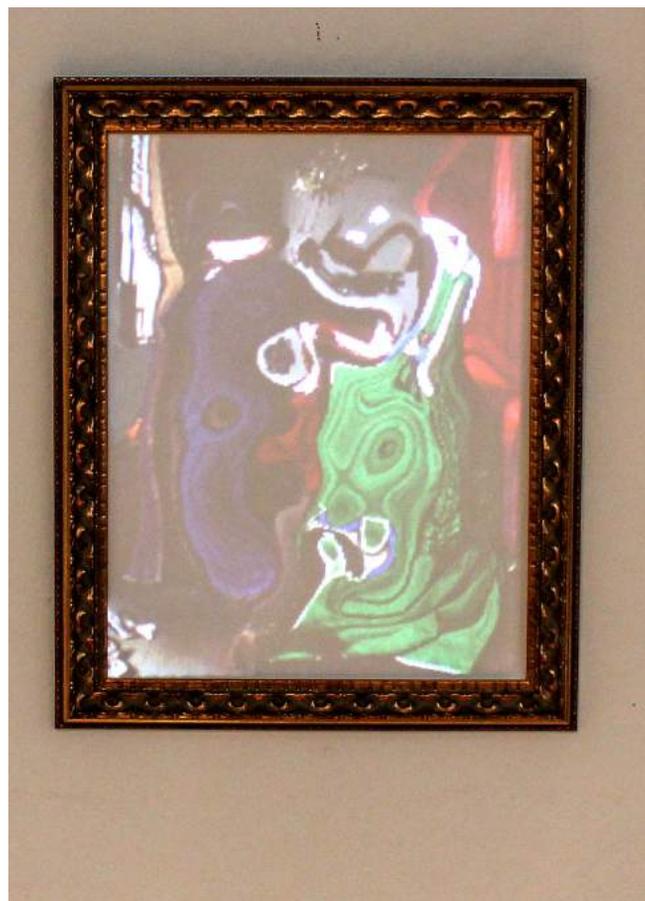
16 Duchenne smiles refer to the smiles that involves orbicularis oculi muscle (the muscles around the eye area), when non-Duchenne smiles does not involve those but the zygomatic major muscle action that pulls the lip corners up. (Keltner and Bonnano, 1997)

logical inclination that we usually struggle to deal with. (Brottman, 41) As soon as one realizes that there's no certain funny factor to the portraits of Ms. LoveYourself than her skin being colorful and her uncanny facial expression – so-called non-Duchenne smile,¹⁶ – I hope their laughs cease, followed by a conversation or doubts about their immediate laugh that's occurred.

Human smile has been considered to be associated with sensations of pleasure, and it has an adaptive, evolutionary significance in human history as a strong social signal that increases the chance of survival. (Brottman, 68) Infants are said that they smile more when they realize their parents and adults respond more and with more affirmative expression. Smile as a survival strategy – can this be applied to female social gestures that serves to secure male ego? MiMi's exaggerated gestures while staring straight into the camera the whole duration of the performances aim to arouse an uneasy feeling of an image – an objectified image – looking back with a disturbing facial expression. MiMi's occasional high-pitched laughs – neurotic laughter scattered throughout her performance – are essential to MiMi's personality which is adapting many of the social gestures of women that's maneuvered by the patriarchal customs. She laughs, squirms, and affirms Oppa's state – whichever that state would be depends on the viewers – repeatedly to boost the male ego.

[Too Divine To Be Seen \(2018\)](#), the ugly transitions and abrupt distortion and swap of the images made some audiences laugh – especially when they encounter ugly medieval cats when they walk closer to the Arnolfini Portrait. This interaction aims to provoke audiences to think about the conditions of modern museums and the changing dynamics of museum-based viewing.

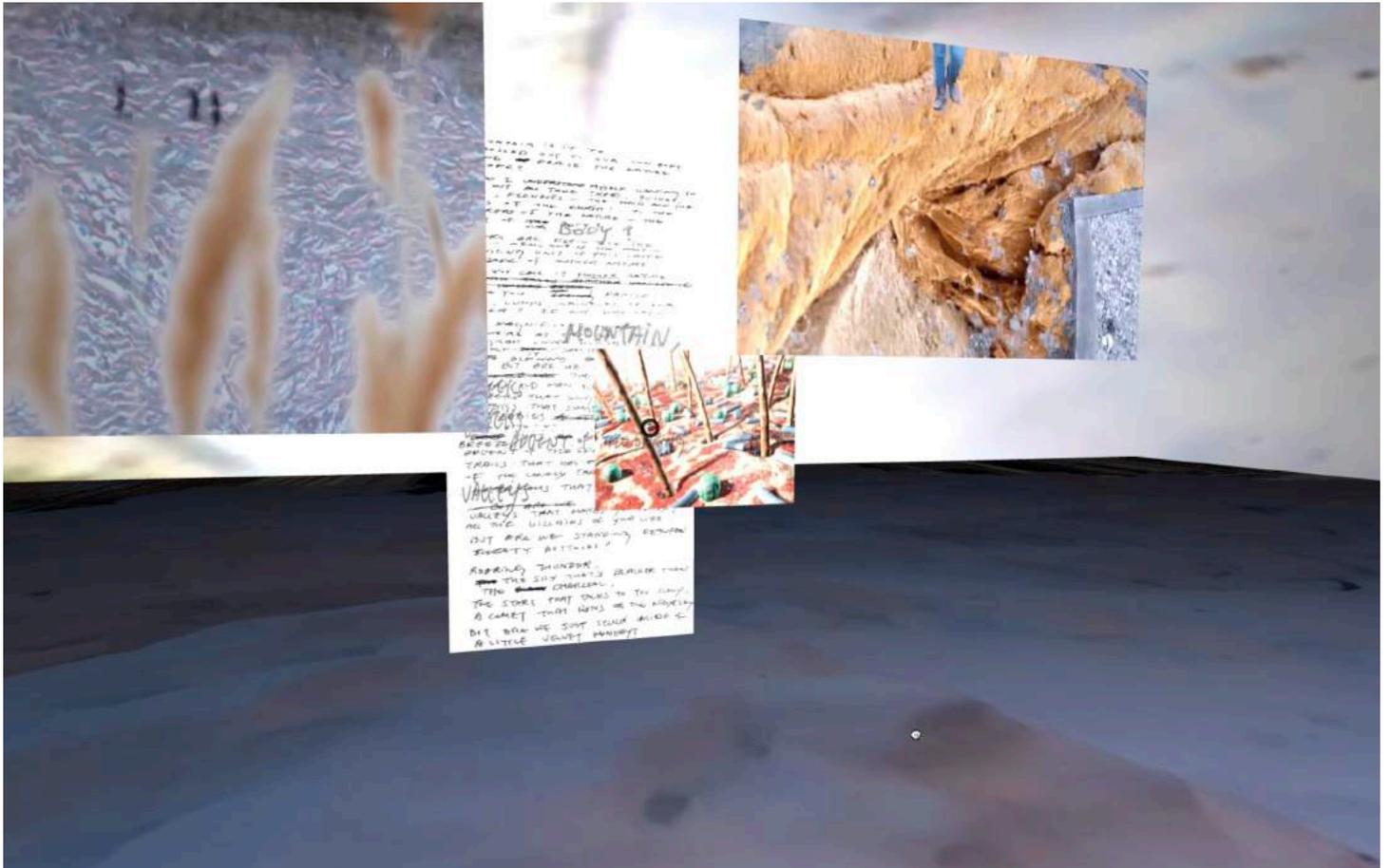
An interactive installation [Too Divine To Be Seen \(2018\)](#) is consist of two sets of speakers and two interactive screens in decorative wooden frames that hysterically responds to the presence of a person approaching. The images on the screen glitch and switch frantically if the viewer gets closer, showing the pieces like Jan Van Eyck's Arnolfini Portrait when the viewer is afar; swapping between the original paintings and ridiculous images of a hideous-looking cat from medieval paintings or a contemporary indie band's album cover. Another screen has Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa displayed when the viewer is not detected, and it swaps with a photograph of the gallery view in the Louvre, where the piece is guarded by a thick glass box and surrounded by tons of visitors trying to take a picture of Mona Lisa with their cameras. The images become ephemeral, by the fact that they are displayed on responsive screens rather than fixed paintings.





Fractal Pimple (2019), a webVR piece, was told as a funny piece several times by audiences, as it employs the poetry and the scripts about micro landscapes of human body such as ingrown hair, pimples, lumps, butt cracks while carrying ridiculously serious tone, considering how inappropriate or worthless they are thought to be talked about publically.

Loving what you hate How do I justify myself loving the images I hate? The lousy commercials, PSAs full of con man smiles, bad movies, lowfi pictures...



A person is wearing a mask that features a pixelated, anime-style face with large, expressive eyes and a stylized mouth. The mask is primarily cyan and white with black pixelated details. The person is in a room with wooden paneling.

Reimagining Cinematic Experience

My Art as a Haunted House



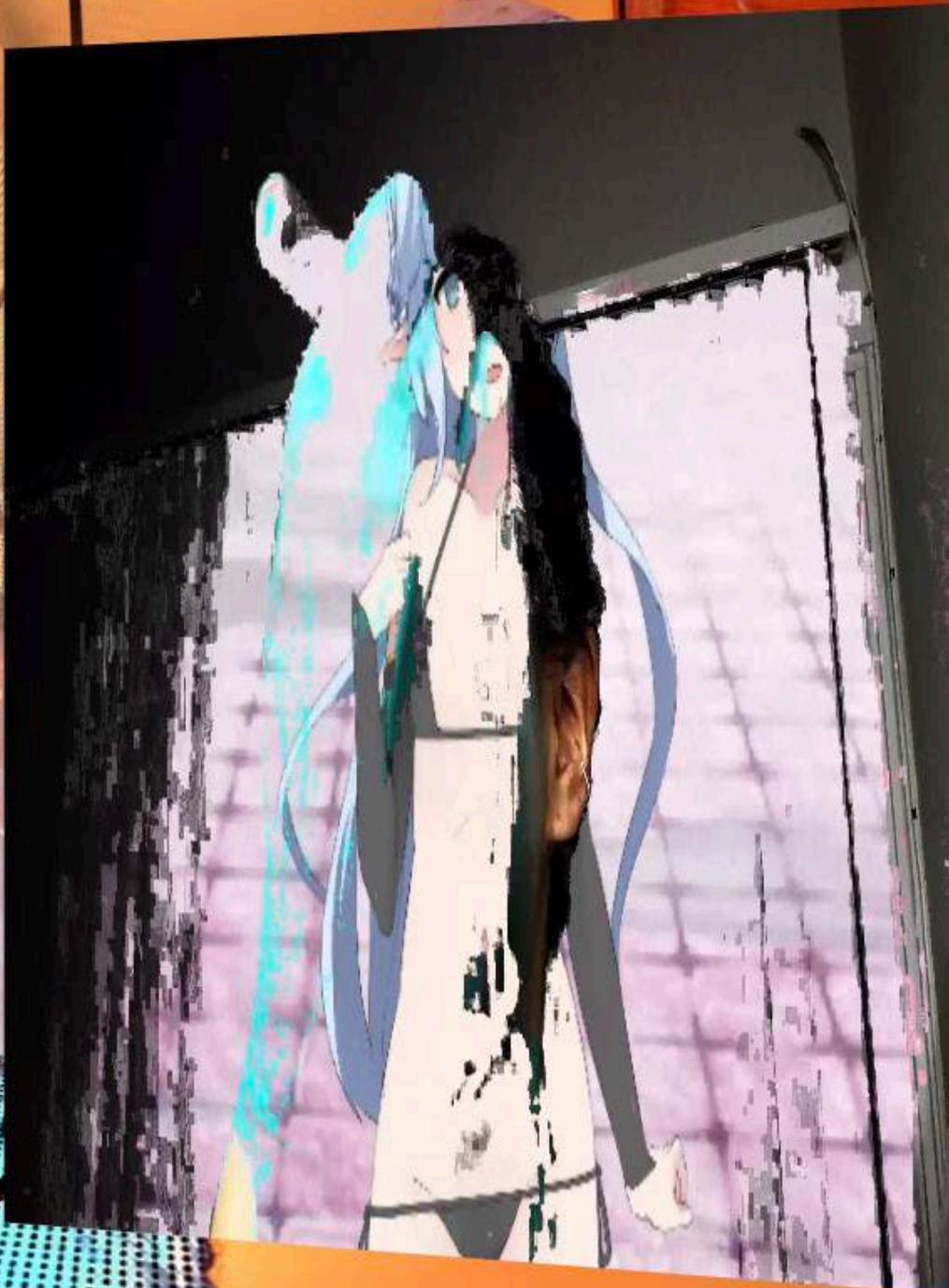


As a part of my thesis practice, I've been experimenting with material, installation, and operation of a screen. The objectified, over-simplified images of women in online culture are not only contained in the web, but they are affecting our perspective on our own identities. It is everywhere, the haunting misogyny. The image of objectified female identity lurks in the interfaces, platforms, and interactions within the web. The latent misogyny resurfaces in everything between me and the surroundings. By theorizing the screen, I aim to execute a coherent installation methodology that shows these imageries of dehumanized women around the space. This objectification lurking in plain sight is oftentimes invisible, as people often just turn off their sense of inquiry as if they turn off display monitors. By transforming my skin as a screen, and developing distance-activated-screens, light-activated-screens, and object-screens, I aim to develop an installation or an operation of the visuals that can roam around on the floor, ceiling, walls, objects, shadow, and space in between all of those – the haunting images that can generate a space to see, recognize, or be disturbed by the horrendous imageries of objectification happening online that we easily overlook.

Haunting visuals are buoyant – their image can be printed, painted, projected – but they are also, somehow, flat. They are untouchable. As much as they can be easily controlled – they can be enlarged in one click; they can be contained in a dimension – they lose the texture immediately. The texture of the object is an opportunity to link the subject matter and the sensory response of experiencing the piece. In my installations, some of the images are stuck in literally flat, rectangular screens; others, as in a broader definition of objectified images, are stuck in forms that have textures and dimensions – a tactile existence. These are forms that doesn't invite questions like "is this flat image real or not?!" as they have been privileged with their three-dimensional physical mass.

With all these personae and the light/object-screens, I try to envision a space to fill with them, to overwhelm the visitors within the space. I construct an immersive space for my works as if the actors need a stage. It is a show with the images I composed drifting around. It is a haunted house with the ghosts of the web culture that couldn't rest in peace – the objectified images that once uploaded coercively, mistreated by users, and embedded online forever. These ghosts come alive with the projection techniques and the materiality that enables their bodily existence. The materialized dehumanization and objectification is roaming around to have a word with us.





Haunting Images

Projection technology has made it so easy to turn every planar surface into a screen. What is the screen now? Do we even need a word for the screen? Images escaped from display devices with the help of transmissive projection technology. (Praise the HD 4K Projectors!) Image is not bound to the devices, and the screen is also freed from its original obligation. So what is the screen for now, for real?

Despite the temporality of a digital image, projection technology not only makes it possible for us to deliver a vivid image, but also an image crisp enough to generate an immersive environment with seemingly indestructible images. The projections won't be destroyed even if we punch the image on the screen. Even though we might successfully crack the screen, the images would still be projected somewhere, haunting around the corner of the wall behind, waiting to be discovered.

I see the process of transmissive projection - a beam of light breaking into distinct wavelengths and recombining into an image - as a metaphor for a person forcibly being taken and shifted into a mere image. Haunting, undead projections are a metaphor of those objectified images being engraved into the web forever. An image, once uploaded, cannot be completely removed from the web at all. Instead, the digitized, crushed copy of a person would wander around the web, the hard drives of anonymous downloaders, or our careless minds. So would a projection, remaining indestructible.



RELATIONS

1. "I'm coming." They don't just want to hear it, they want to know that neighbors hear it too, so scream it. Every guy wants to know, sexy?
2. "You're so good." You've got something that makes you stand out from the garbage. When it's something that makes you stand out, it increases tenfold.
3. "You're so big." This is in direct reference to our girth, not our overall weight and girth. No one wants to hear, "You're so large that logistically I cannot carry out a primal human interaction, which our bodies were designed for, with you."
4. "Wow, that was the best sex I've ever had." You've got to mean it though. We

MAKE YOUR OWN DREAM GIRL





For the installation of Make Your Own Dream Lover project, I projected the sing-along video, the Make Your Own Dream Girl video, and the VR web-space with MiMi's performances and photographs on to the wall and multiple screens installed in the space. A half-transparent film hanging from the ceiling, powerlessly, displays the photograph of me covered with an ero-game's female character. It was imperative for me to use as little display hardware as possible – by choosing thin papers, halftransparent films, and foam boards instead of setting up several monitors, my goal was to display the visuals as they are haunting in the air or on the surfaces of the space. The webVR space I built for MiMi's performances videos – MiMi's room of nightmares – is projected on the back wall, showing the infinitely rotating 3D virtual space, creating a chaotic visual, transforming the video installation into an immersive space.

Whether it's a monitor display or LCD/DLP projection, however, they are both digital images that only exists as human eyes temporarily process them until the machines malfunction or they are turned off. The major difference between monitors and projections is that the liquid crystal display projections lack of physicality that the monitors have. An image displayed on a monitor is too easy to eradicate – we can simply turn it off or, if we were to be merciless, even break the screen and we won't see the display anymore. This lack of physicality is allowing the projected images to be buoyant, haunting around the space.

Now that I built a three-dimensional space with planar screens, it was inevitable for me to face the aspect of having a space in between the screens – giving a chance for viewers to be in the space rather than looking at the screens from over the imaginary boundary of the exhibition space. What does it mean to have a space among video planes? If there could be more coherent motivation for audiences to walk around the screens hanging around – not just because they can – what would it be?



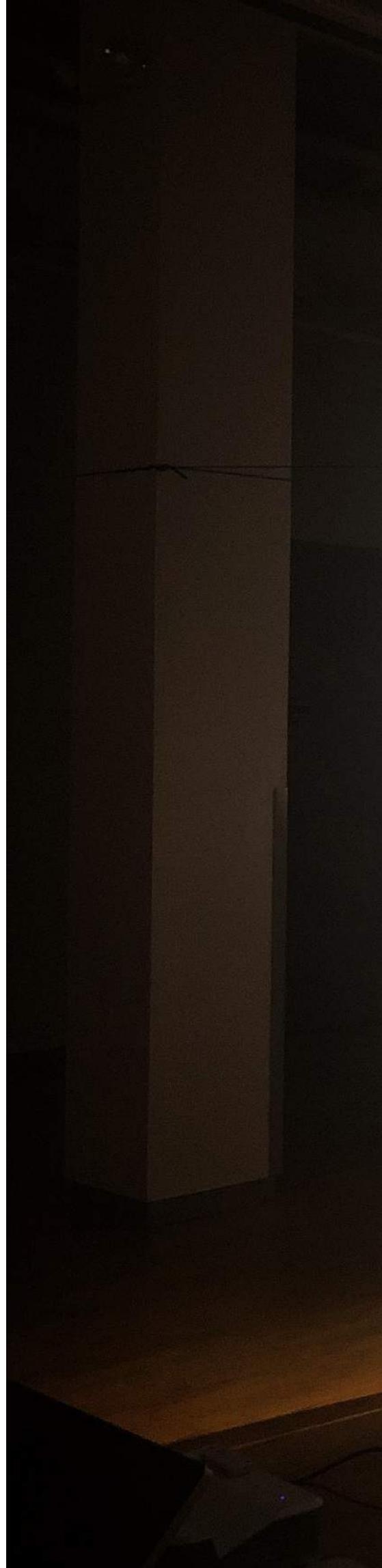
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Interactivity

What does it mean to show a controlled and edited image to the world; to hide one's body behind a virtual image? How can I have more control over that gesture? As a response to these thoughts, I designed a performance set that could let audiences meet a digital representation of mine while my body is hidden behind a sheet and revealed at the same time – physically and metaphorically. *Avoidance Performance* (2019) incorporates my aggressive response to the audiences within a set designed to allow relatively passive interaction between me and the surroundings. In order to invite audiences to certain area during the performance, a directional speaker was installed, letting them follow a faint voice recording to arrive at the range of the speaker where they could hear the clearer voice.

When the audiences were in the range, they could see the silhouette of me standing behind the screen and the faint camera view of themselves on top of the silhouette. As soon as the audience approached the screen, I hissed. With the mini projector, I was able to control the size and the location of the video which I programmed to be played only when I was making noise. The video was a recording of scrolling through my Instagram feed. I repeated the absurd gesture of making sounds to shoo away the viewers with my digital image representation, while hiding behind the screen when I can be seen easily and clearly from the side. The projection was only enabled by the presence of others in the space. The perfect digital ghosts of ourselves that have been edited and cropped would only show themselves when they noticed their admirers. The operation of the screens – the display of the visual – was based on the interaction between me and the audience.





Moving Screens, Light-screens

The portable mini projector allowed me to have more direct control over the video display – but I wanted to really dominate the display of the visual by handling the projection itself.

Can a screen move around, but not necessarily tied to the specific projection device?

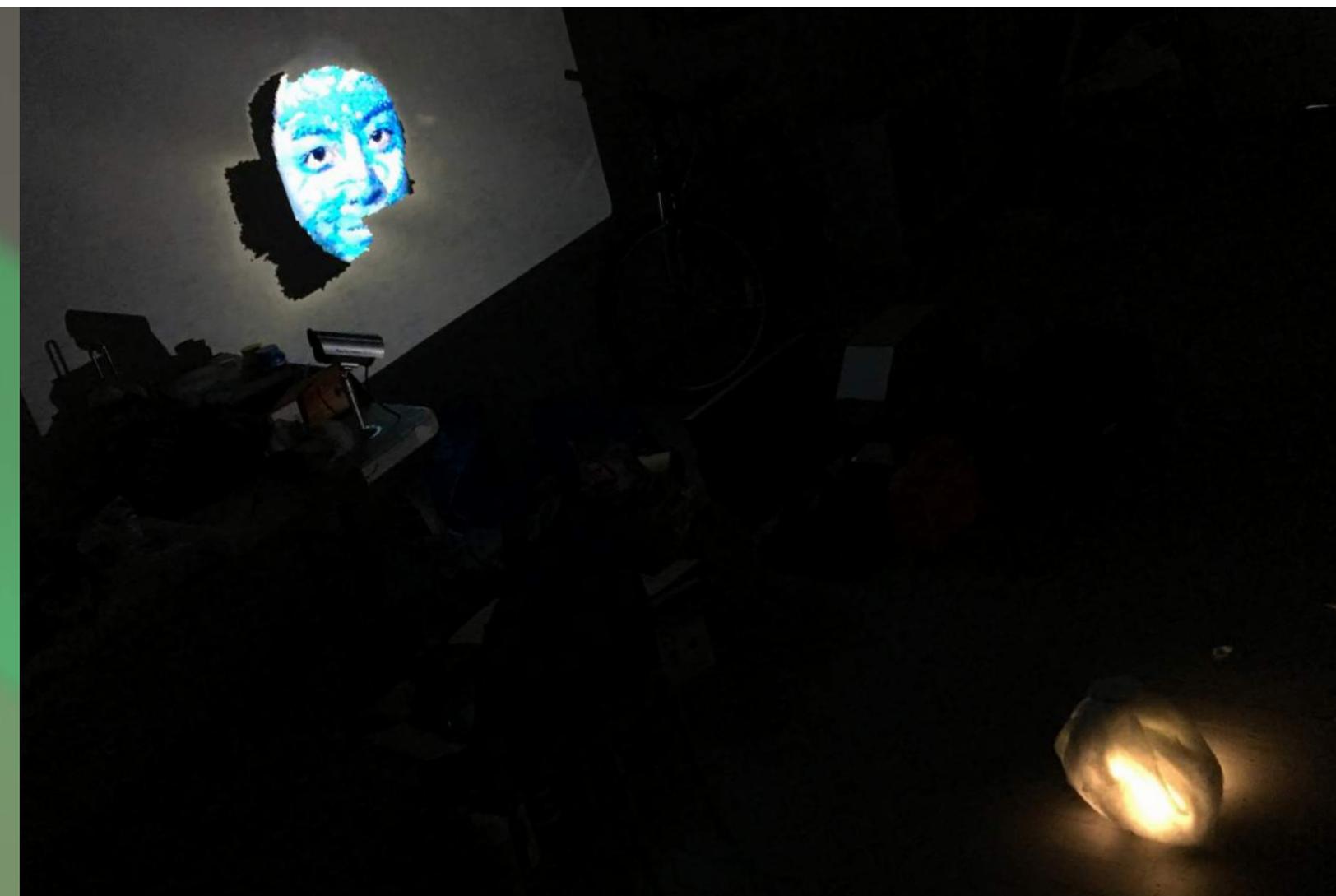
I built a system that only shows the image on the brightest areas that are seen through the camera. This lit area – wherever it is – becomes a screen. Utilizing luminosity was the key to create a screen that is not bound to the specific portable projector, and a diverse range of light sources opened up a whole new possibility of light-screen experimentations. Portable light sources such as bike lights and battery-operating LEDs were used to explore the free movement of the light-screen. As they are portable, they necessitate an interactive or performative aspect as the light had to be held and operated by someone – or something. I built a rotating structure with a reflective material to spread the light in a chaotic but controlled manner, such that the visual that is displayed through the light-screen can dominate the space and generate an overwhelming atmosphere. The light-screen enabled me to have more control over the motion and the gesture of the visual, which eventually allowed me to explore a range of types of the alternative screens as iterative props of the immersive space I aim to build.

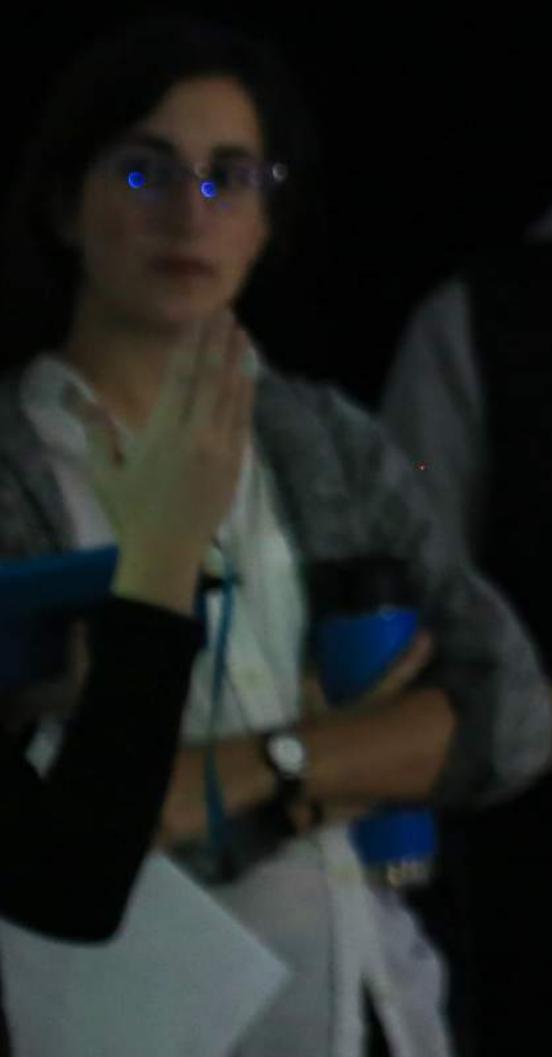


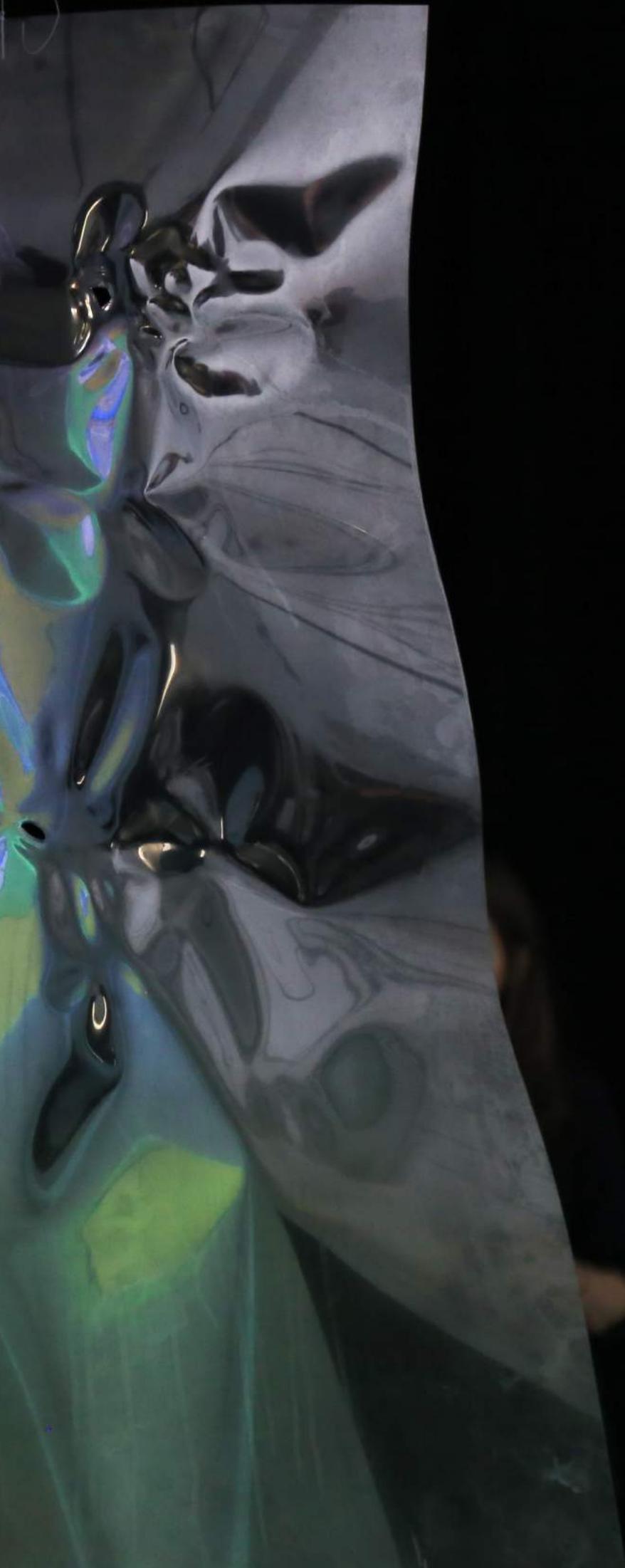
Movable Screens, Object-screens

Object-screen is another iteration of the screen experiment. It's movable, whether it be a static sculpture or a moving device. A glowing cotton-ball-screen is an example of an object-screen I experimented with. It can be rolled around the space, which requires a performer or an operator for the execution. From there, I have proceeded to develop more cohesive structure or a shape that can function as a screen that has a mass – a screen as a materialization of the atmosphere in the space.

When I see some obscure object on the street and side of the highways (probably worn-out tires) I imagine them as people who disappeared from sight. People who had gone missing, people who had gone through an extremely agonizing events of their life...people who had vanished from the surface of this world – mysteriously or tragically – I imagined must have just shrunk into a smaller form. Maybe they couldn't bear the gravity. Maybe their souls are snatched, burnt, dumped – maybe that's what those mysterious looking objects on the roads are. A shrunk body looking like a chunk of burnt charcoal. It seemed like a metaphor for a belittled female identity. Hence I wrote the script for shrunk MiMi.







MiMi. BOUND TO THE GROUND

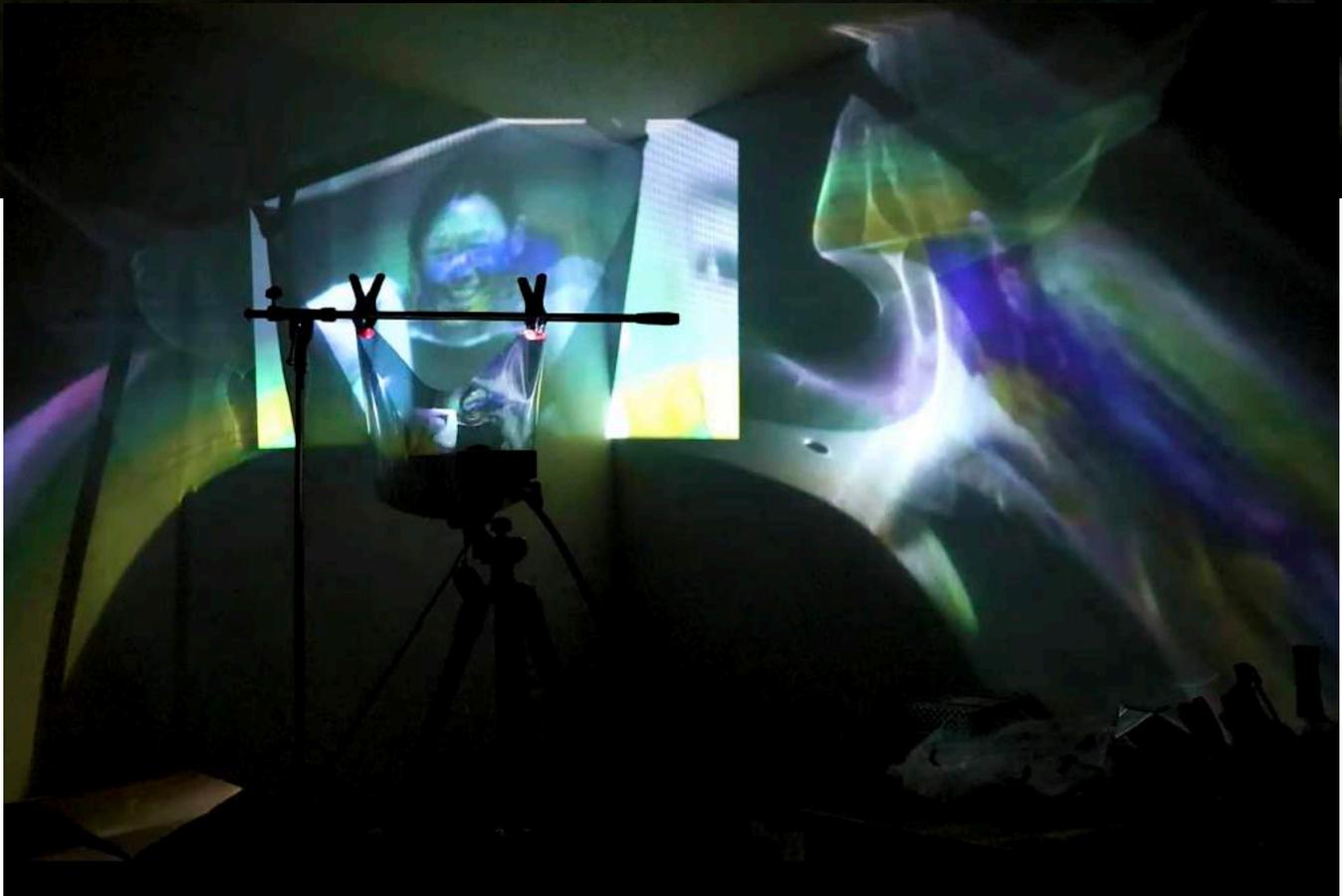
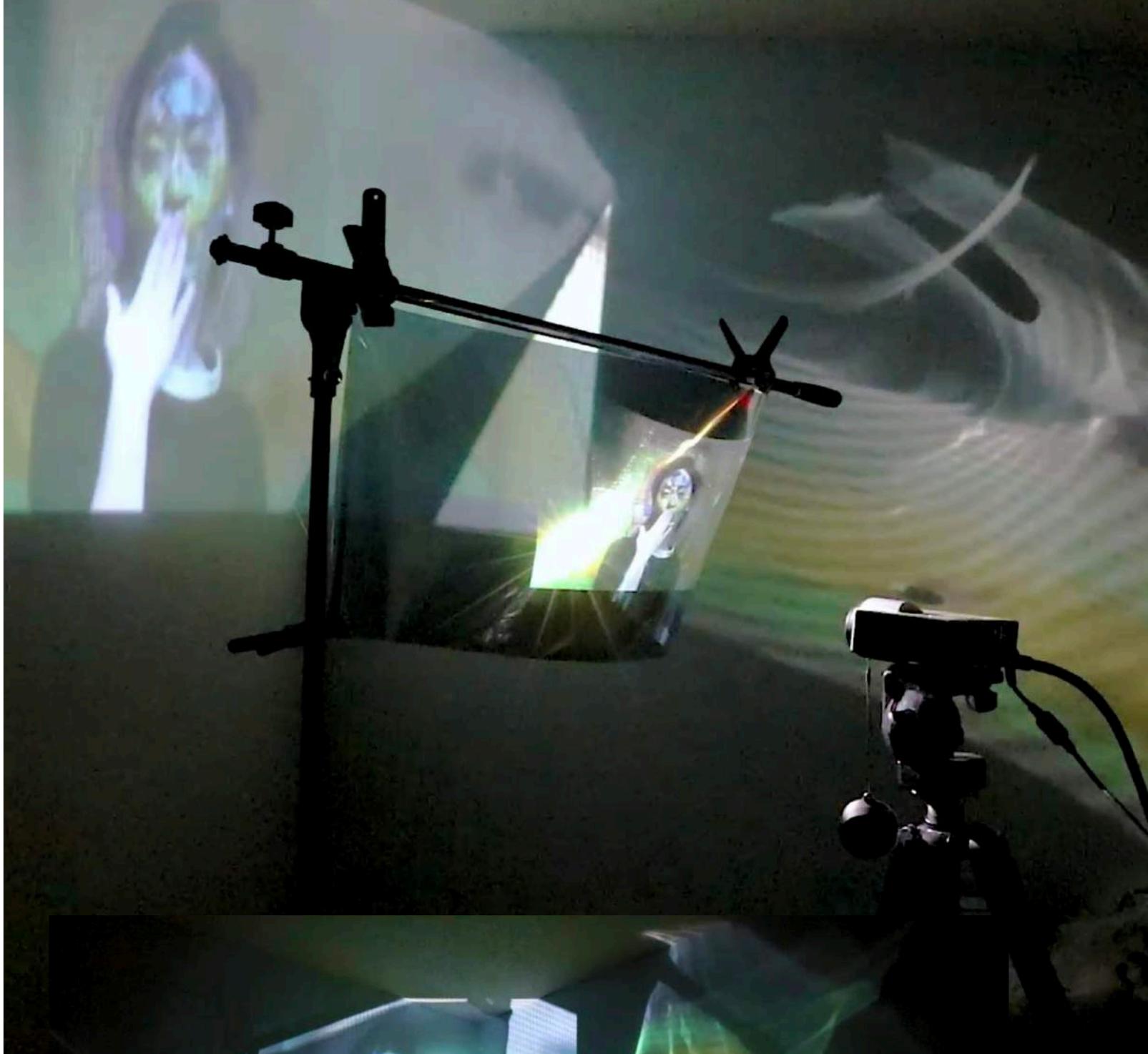
It's the 5th floor of an old Victorian building. It's a wooden floor, although, it seems as if it has no separation between walls or stairs. You can see walls and stairs from afar, yet when you go closer, there's nothing but the ground. When you go further again and stare back, there they are - walls and stairs and every other dimension.

SHRUNK LITTLE MIMI

It's a dildo-sized (size of a huge human penis) headless woman's figure on the floor. It looks like a burnt human corpse. Like a thick, rough branch. It's wrinkly, no details left, and the skin looks as if it had been stretched out and shrunk again. You pick it up. It's breathing. The chest faintly moves up and down. It's not dead. It's faint little breath is only noticeable when you hold it in your hand. It's starting to glow from inside. Maybe this is --'s lost sister, shrunk to death, still alive. -- lost his sister years ago. She had gone missing. And he suspected that she might be still around somewhere but here. He recalls she used to say she feels so small all the time, one day she might just shrink into a small charcoal stick. Ready to be crushed into bits and crumbs, yet still holding it together. Maybe it's her. Still alive. Escaped through a disguised death. But maybe she just shrank. To be out of sight. Maybe this is what they call undead.





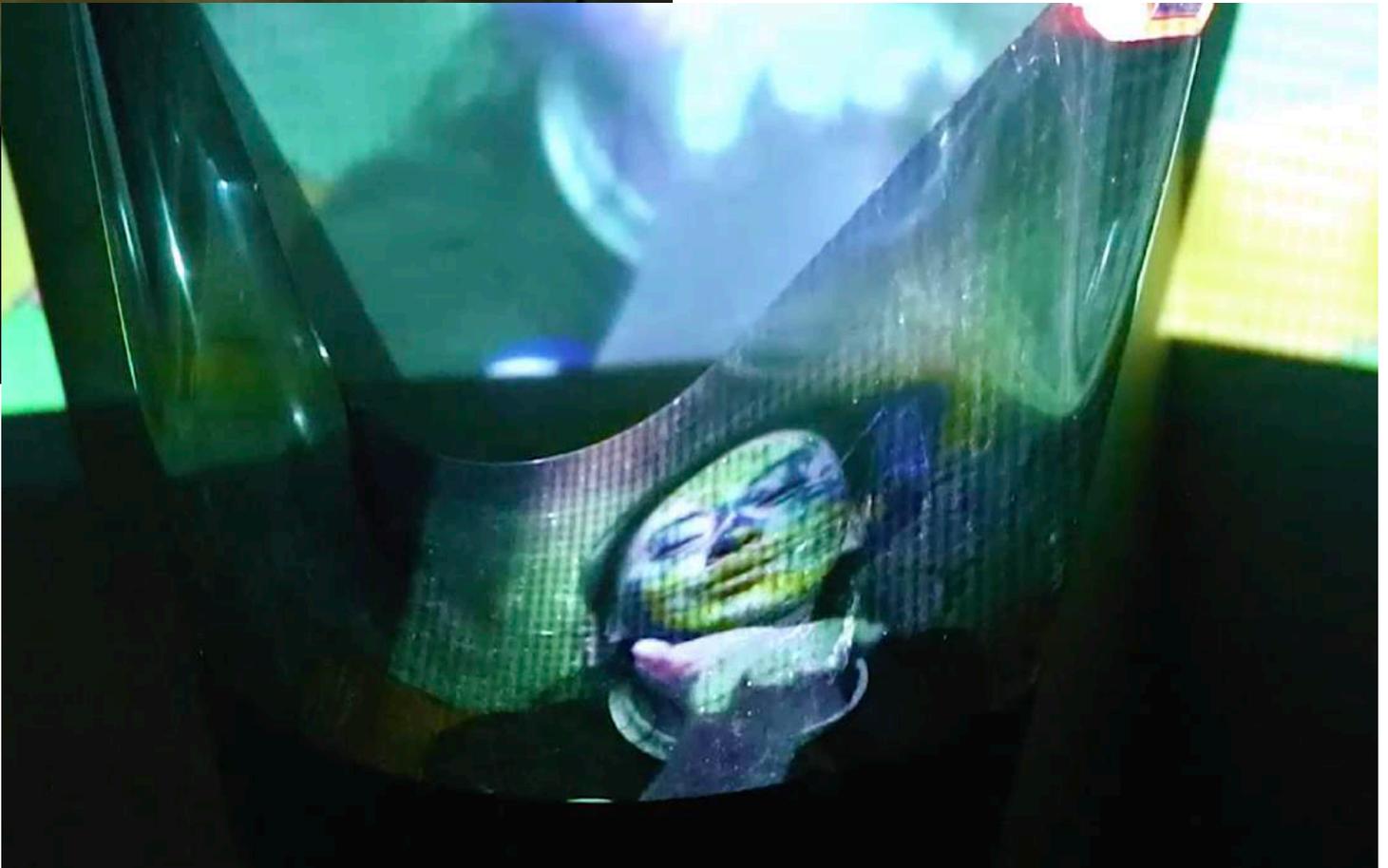


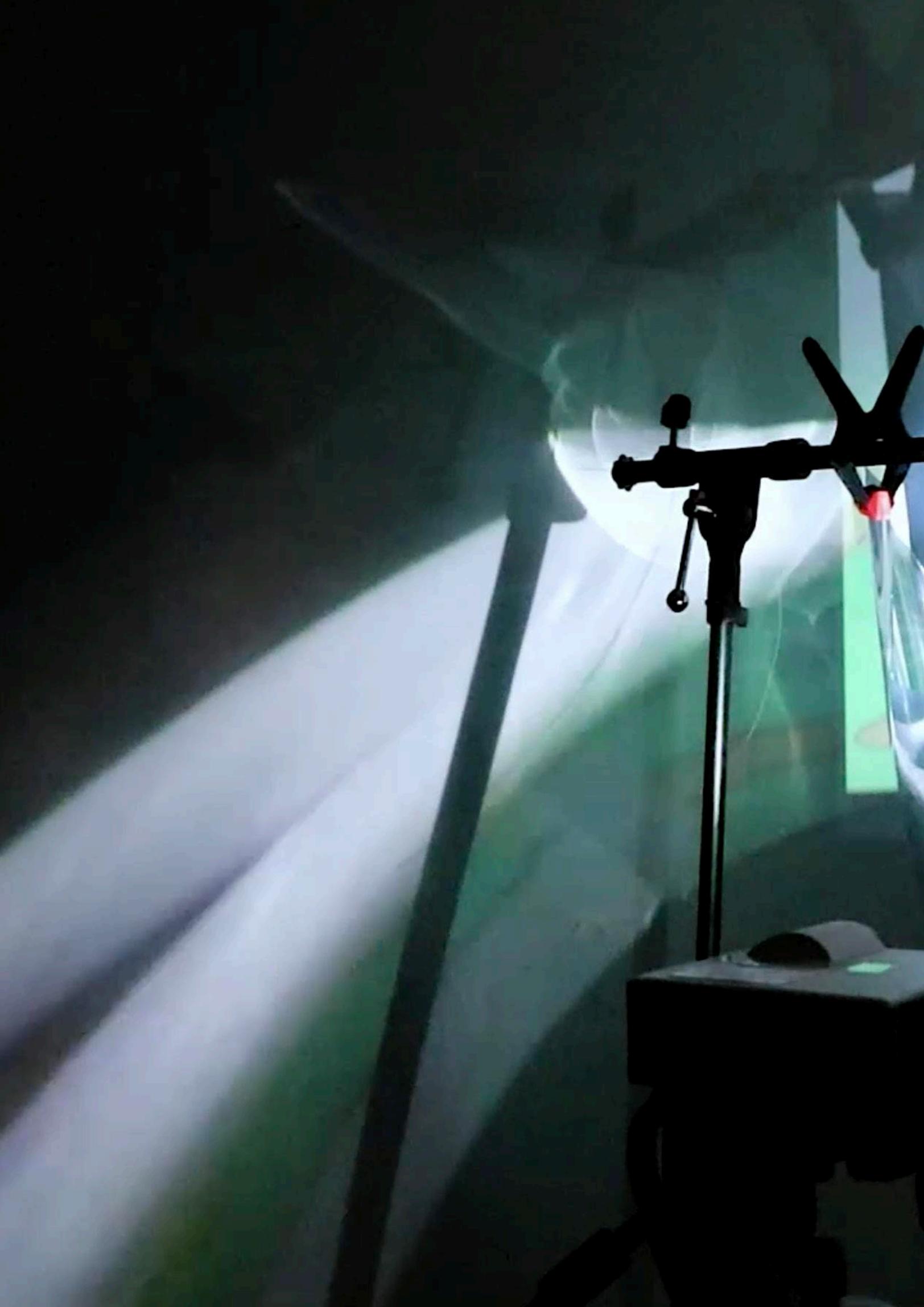


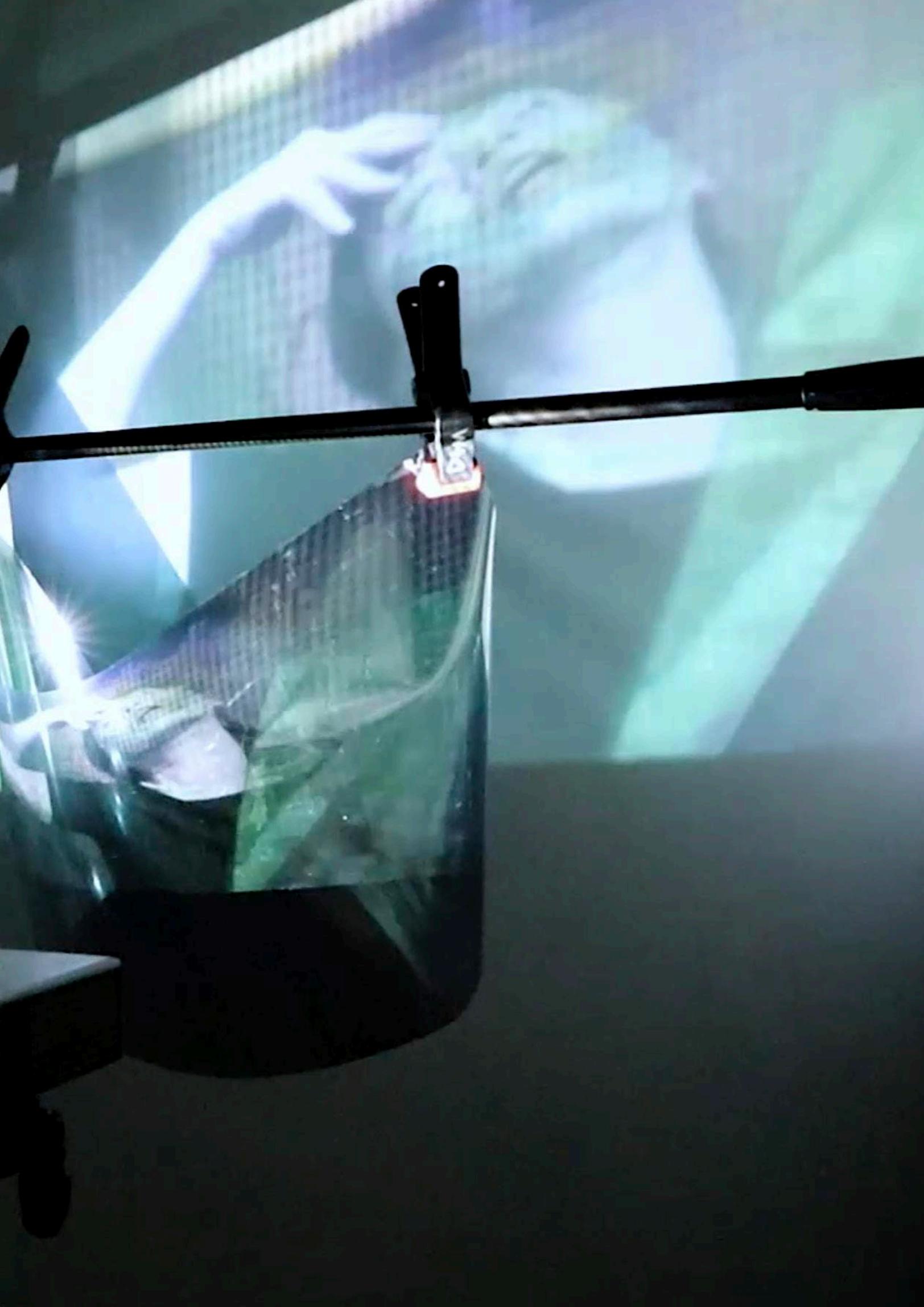
MIMI IN YOUR HAND

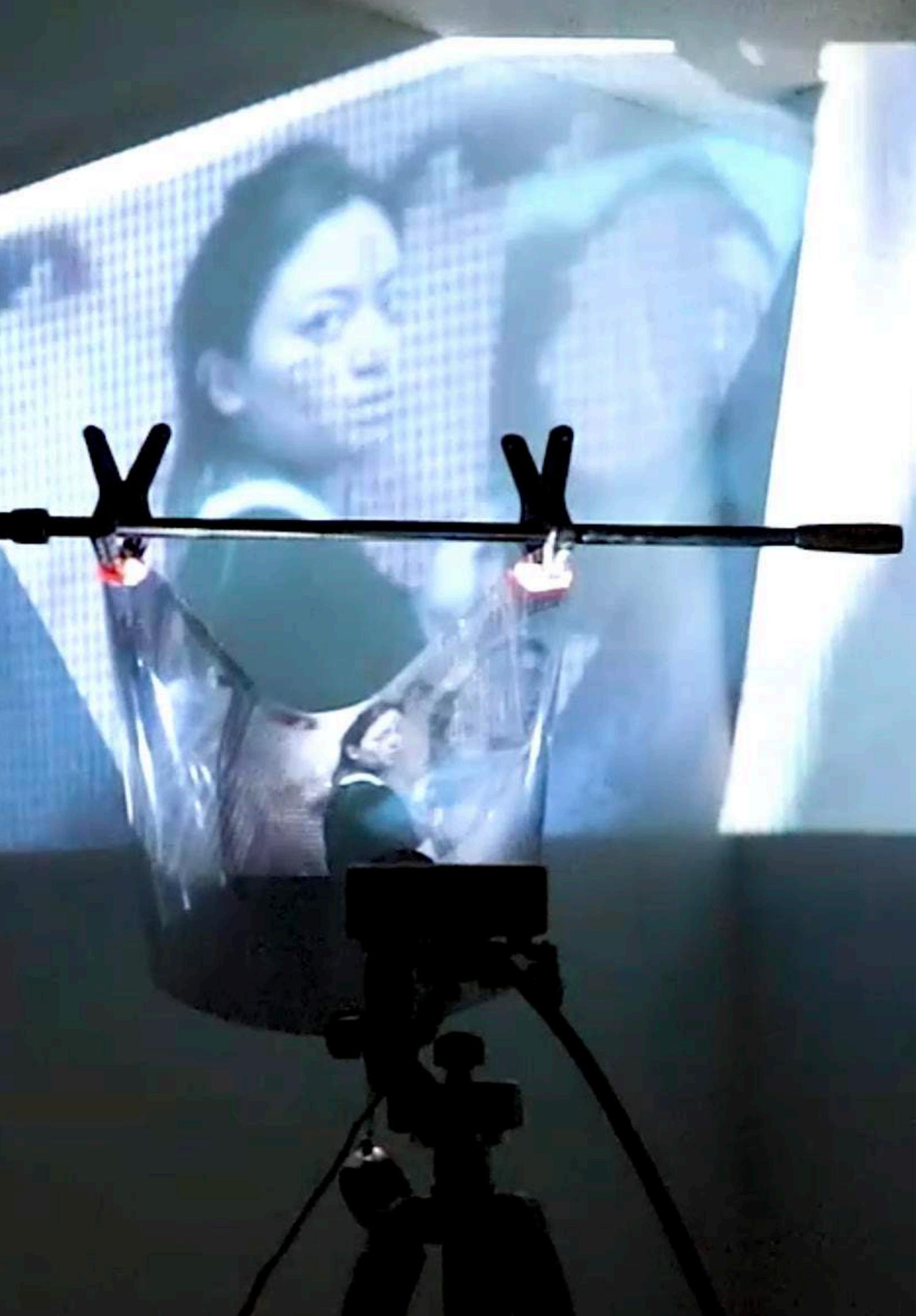
You see shrunk MiMi on the floor. You hold it. You look up to see a bird's-eye view of the space you're in unfolding in front of you. In the view, you're holding something very bright - so bright, glowing holy white, almost sacred looking. You see another image in the center of that light. It's a human trapped in the silhouette of headless body. You look down again. It's still bright, a glowing headless woman, but without any details.

Based on the scenario, I started modeling female bodies made of silicone and latex - in order to test the materiality of the screen and the possibility of an object as a screen. I chose those materials to actively utilize the texture and overall tactile sensation as part of the viewing experience. From there, I started to play with the texture of the screen to link the metaphor of a degraded female existence and the sensory response of handling the actual model.









A Ghost House, Rattling with the Object-Screens

I have been exploring the materiality of the screen whether it is through my skin or through planar, three-dimensional structures; the operation of the screen through utilizing light as a trigger for transforming an object into a screen; and the installation of the screens within the space. This ghost house is rattling with the haunting object-screens. I see this immersive space, a stage for my props, as an expanded cinematic experience. I compose dynamics among the screens, images, and space for viewers to confront what we easily ignore: the haunting ghosts of mistreated humanity in this age of web-trauma.

I will not lie; it is an exhausting journey I am initiating to keep fighting against the horrendous reality. We feel the need to cover our consciousness occasionally, when we are constantly slapped by the harsh storm of deadly custom. Not my entire artistic practices would drive towards revealing the violent bias against women and expressing the intense powerlessness. However, I know that I will keep coming back to make us face the reality, because it is everywhere. And that fact, that need to feel safe from the decayer of humanity is the reason I keep my voice critical, and humorous, to be able to keep calling attention to the monsters ahead, to prepare us for the long defiance.

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