

I drew everyday much like writing a page in the diary. When I was about to go to sleep after completing the day, I was faced with the time of 'transformation' as if the effect of hypnagogic hallucination had taken control between sleep and reality. When the time approached midnight, 'time' as what we experience in a day through specific physical movements, sensitivities and language became shrouded in materiality or it took shape to visit me. Then I would be quick to sketch the form which is the transformed state of time before falling to sleep. Most of the forms could be described as records of contents of emotion such as despair, anger or fear. As my diary grew thicker and thicker, through the personal 'forms of the diary,' I thought I was truly experiencing the Anthropocene period as Paul Crutzen had mentioned that the natural environment on the Earth is undergoing rapid deterioration by human beings following the Holocene period. My forms seemed like aliens stuck between the seen and the unseen. I named each of the form in the belief that I too was undergoing the age of LeeFicene.

In my head, after the monster called 'I' was born and raised, I am undergoing my personal Cambrian era in which this 'I' is multiplying dramatically. Recently, I am immersed in observing the multiple 'I' and the forms in between them and certainly enjoying seeing myself. I initially believed that the things that oppressed me, that instilled fear in me and exacerbated me to the point of anger were the various levels of prejudices, inhibiting rules and regulations, the person who didn't love me, and the cultural background rooted in prejudices. But slowly I began to realize that the things that were alien and strange to me, the uncanny (*Unheimlich*), were full of paradoxes of their own. I began to think that what made things uncanny were not the fact that they were unfamiliar and alien in themselves but that I was pushing them away based on the fact that they appeared as uncanny to me. Or even I was refusing to see them because the uncanny was inherently inside me? I had to come face to face with such thoughts and ponder on their identity alone, awake in the night. In my diary, they looked like insects, animals or even things that couldn't be named, and eventually I came to the conclusion that they were my exterior that was merged with me, or a combination of me and an alien other. I held the view that an artist is someone who observes the in-between of languages that cannot be put into words, or even forms - an individual who draws out the life that lies hidden, trembling, in between the crevices. So at times, I had the impression that I was coming face to face with this existence.

I am emerging from myself in leaps and bounds. From the inside of me who was immersed in the flood of coughs because of a cold, the insects scramble out in their droves to cover the Earth. I pick one of the insects up and draw it up close for a look. Soon I realize that even though the swarm of insects is flying all over, they look like a single giant insect. I also come to admit that this insect is the being inside me that was present prior to the time of language by drawing it. I then color the insect and talk to it. I give it the name of 'The Cold Bug'. Much like Franz Kafka's protagonist in *Metamorphosis*, Gregor Samsa, I see myself as a total stranger. I

draw this picture of the insect from the deepest well of my being and color it in the morning which is part of my daily schedule. As time passes, I look at myself drawing out a stranger, ever more alien to me, or I find I am spending more and more time on observing this being who is far from what I am or changing with time. Like the relationship between my doll and I in childhood, that thing is becoming increasingly closer to me, to the extent that it is indistinguishable from me. This is how things stand.

In Onkalo, Finland, a god is securely hidden inside a cave in the deepest of mountains. With the end of the 21st century when thousands of copper containers are placed inside the cave, the entire storage will be sealed. The god placed securely inside the copper containers is the god of destruction in the name of nuclear waste. If there is a descendent who dares to open up the containers, then the world will come to an end. 'My descendant! Please don't open the seal.' – whether to demand this or to leave it a secret forever to the descendants remains one of the most controversial issues at the moment.

Do not dare to awaken the god from his slumbers who is asleep inside the copper containers as if they are incubators or even a manger for horses. In front of the cave full of containers, we are reiterating the secret words of the story from Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, although this time, it is in reverse. "Don't open. Don't open. Don't leave any footprints on top as if you are Neil Armstrong leaving footsteps on the Moon." With the death of my descendants, the life span of civilization is shortened. Ahh, now is the time to turn off the lamp. This is the moment to turn off the electric light brightened by the death of descendants." (An excerpt from 'Electricity fueled by the Destruction of the Descendants')

I look at the face of the entombed god of destruction. And quickly I do a sketch of it. I also attempt to write something about it. (I have left a record of the process of manufacture of each of the works on display.) While I am writing, I am reading my desire to open up a series of taboos although I am aware that they remain resistant to destruction. The next day, I will turn my desire that has been dealt a blow in this or that form by finishing the drawing. Before I was able to turn the drawing into certain forms, there existed numerous ancestors, forms and matter. I witnessed an overflowing of the self. There soon emerged a conflict between the revolution of change stemming from the outside and the revolution that was exploding inside me. I felt the desire from within me that was continually being pushed forward. This desire is making an alien of the self. In a way, we might call this desire a self-abjection of sorts. I try to free myself from this desire, but I am bound firmly to it. Yet I relish the moment when I am able to draw something inanimate out from the depths of darkness to turn it into something alive. What lie in my sleep and outside of its realm, what lives inside and outside of myself are intertwined in their multiplicity to turn into several organs and then into a single

living being. As colors invade them, they begin to breathe gasps of life. Rather than the concept wielding control over the process, the concept of the work evolves into a particular work in the 'process' of manufacture. I can see the image shredding the cloth of reality in my very hands. It releases a strange breath - the breath of things that are clinging and stuck together. I finally give a birth name to this being that has been raised from the abyss. The title of 'Electricity fueled by the Destruction of Descendants'. Today, I have written a page in my diary, as usual. I have raised a being from the darkness and endless depth. Even though it seems ludicrously bizarre in form, it is a being without being encumbered by the disparity of goodness and evil, front and end or right and wrong. I am holding something that is totally, utterly different from any other in the world in my very arms. Like my doll from my childhood, a living, breathing being that looks sad and yet appears funny-looking. I would like to ask the jellyfish-like critics- is this abstract or isn't it? I greet this being with, "Hi, nice to see you".