

## - Ambiguity: Waling on the Edge of Remembrance and Oblivion

It's a familiar scent- carried by the wind through the window crack of my room, gently stroking my cheeks, as I am about to fall asleep. I clearly have smelt this scent before. My mind remembers something, and my emotions are reacting to the memory. However, I have no way of extracting the memory out of the pool of unconsciousness, or figure out that might mean. It could have been the smell of my grandma's old summerhouse, or the scent of the sunset in Vermont. I walk down the blurry memory lane, trying to relive the nostalgia, but with no avail. So now, I try to reconsolidate at least this memory of the present moment- so that later, when I reencounter moments like this, I will be able to recall this moment of ambiguity about 'something' I couldn't remember. However, it is also in vain. Early morning's sizzling oblivion quickly evaporates the tiny drop of memory into thin air, and yet again, I'm only left with faint trace of 'something.' Floating in my head- right at the edge of my reach, there is 'something.' But this also disappears into oblivion as a day progresses.

Continuously cycling through the edge of remembrance and oblivion is an important part of my work. Clearly, many thoughts and traces of memory are scattered in my mind, but they all disappear when I try to extract them. In the end, this process materializes into the shape of 'ambiguity.' The fact that something is ambiguous is an interesting phenomenon. 'Realizing' the ambiguity of 'something' is the beginning of the process of 'recognizing' it.

To me, there is no definite thought. To say something is definite means exclusion of ambiguity. To eat, to sleep, to cut, to love, to walk, to believe, to see, to hear, to drink, to discover, to feel, to realize, to resent... All my mental and physical processes and beyond involve ambiguity. As a result, I cannot throw away a lot of things. To me, the action of tossing something is to deny the potential of ambiguity that the object may possess. I hoard things not because I enjoy collecting things, but because I cannot throw them away. In that sense, I am a very passive hoarder. My collections are slowly gathering time in the corners of my studio, and the now gathered time imposes new meanings. That way, new meanings are defined under new shades of ambiguity.

'Vandalizing' is the bridge that connects the 'realization' and 'recognition' of ambiguity to my eventual artworks. Whereas the processes of 'realization' and 'recognition' of ambiguity are intuitive, 'vandalizing' is intentional, and intrinsically contain violence. Through the process of 'vandalizing,' ambiguity is forced into concrete definitions. Just as I have to acknowledge that I am a passive hoarder, realization should precede the process in which various facets of my identity are defined. Realization requires a different shades of violence than that which 'vandalizing' entails. I am forced into defining differences between the reflections of my face on skyscrapers in Manhattan and on the mirror of my bathroom. I am forced into defining myself slowly losing attachments from objects I used to dearly cherish. This process is analogous to voluntary maintenance of table manners at a fancy restaurant. Manners are self-imposed, bourgeois standards for self-satisfaction tailored to shape oneself into a version presentable for others. A large part of my work is driven by self-satisfying rules, imposed onto myself, keep realizing and defining.

My effort to relive decaying memories materializes into neurotic obsession and sympathy to constantly changing nature of physical properties of material. I grind, stack, paint, hide, and scrape. Then I put it into a box and store it under a piece of glass. I package objects that now only contain faded memories, then I frame them and put them away on a shelf. I define objects of self-imposed meanings into the framework of 'hoarding,' and process them using various methods. I print out old images from my external hard drive, then I erase the content of the print and mount it on a metal plank. I forcefully bond shards of an old broken teacup and put it in a glass box. I take an old soapbox, cover it with paint, and scan it and print it out. If I print it on a paper it goes under a frame, and if I print it on an aluminum plank it is bent into a box again. I grind the metal beams and stainless boxes that had been gathering unknown number of years the corner of my studio, I burnish, and cover them with salt and let them oxidize. Salt, half melt in water, crystalizes, as if trying to force itself into some kind of toxic realizations, holding onto the edges of oblivion and remembrance, slowly oxidizes the surface of the metal, into ambiguous shapes.