

## For a Week

Soyoung Park

Did plaster figure work for around a week lately.

First, made a rough form and it was close to completion as being coated plaster directly.

Mere labor of sanding did over again sixty times to a hundred eighty times, four hundreds times then thousand times for making it fine like a skin.

Eventually made holes in the plaster mass to attach a handle.

The holes of the mass become windpipe, then they become a joy.

By the way, I always worry about how many holes I should make.

Why am I inclining toward an odd number than an even number?

Nevertheless that's just no more than convention.

Need more consideration.

Labor makes form, form makes art.

That becomes some title such as mass or form or burden.

Beauty is healing to me.

Beauty is sorrow.

Beauty is wildness.

Beauty is lonesomeness.

Beauty is anguish.

Beauty is courage.

Beauty is windpipe.

Beauty is mass.