

Untitled, Tenseless and A voyage Series(2003-2009)

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I was lost.

Like always pollutants completely filling up my head, I had to go there to clean off. Escaping from the crowded city and its shade fading away my sights, I face formless seduction of trembling leaves. Trees are old and the forest is deep. Right at the moment when absolute solitude mutes even birds' quiet chirpings, without hesitant I open the curtain to the forest.

Once, when bread of life and customs from god was exhausted and finally people became indifferent, "they" hid themselves, one by one, to the other world out the door. Recognizing "them" was quite accidental. Day and night meets twice daily, however, in this time of usual transition, grandiose universe and my miniscule existence is meaningless. The one time, that I swiftly released myself, actually arose from an illusion like a fiction. I was walking in the dreamy picture that day. The sun did not set yet and the moon was more than glimmering. Stars were twinkling on the pond and houses were gleaming without lights led. This occasional experience is somewhat untruthful. It is too lively and realistic.

This place is especially unusual today. It is bizarre and uncomfortable. Leaving behind momentous hesitance, I step my foot following sudden curiosity and nervousness. Soon I am spaced out and become blind. It is a usual phenomenon every time I come to this place. Because estimation and decision is impossible here, I have to use my animalistic tentacles to sense. Not listening and looking perhaps would be better. Then, I can meet with myself that is looking at me. It surely is a place I had been before. Whisper from breeze, trembling twigs, and seduction of endless green marsh; layered traces of old world make what I see become nothing. Peeling the layers of traces is difficult like getting out of labyrinth only depending on a compass.

It is very hard to photograph this place because you can see more when you stop looking and thinking. It might be easier at the time when we were very younger. The most difficult journey has begun after so long a time. We start to see and give meanings to unknown things, then, we return to that "unknown" world.