

Artist : Yui Usui
Venue : XYZ collective, Tokyo
Exhibition Title : sugar
Date : 2016.9.18(Sun) ~ 10.16(Sun)

Yui Usui was born in 1980 and is currently based in Saitama. She graduated from Tama Art University in 2004 and completed the master's program at Kyoto City University of Arts Graduate School in 2006. Using everyday materials such as stickers, candy wrappers and strips of cloth, she creates handmade sculptures and installations that are both delicate and humble. In recent years, she has been weaving complex historical, cultural and social critiques into her work. Her two-month solo exhibition "Shadow Work" (Kurumaya Museum of Art, 2016) presented works that track labor that has been pushed to the social and economic periphery.

Usui has participated in group exhibitions including "XYZcollective at Brennan&Griffin - Man & Play -" (Brennan & Griffin, 2014) and "Japanese Nightingale Doesn't Sing at Night" (XYZ collective, 2015). This is her first solo exhibition at the gallery.

[speculum]

Is your mother tongue spoken around the world? How many languages can you read and speak? Do you use the language of someone who is mentally and physically sound?

Although we cannot live without language, the notable gaps between different languages may significantly affect one's life. By inverting the words that represent the first person point of view in several languages, I hope that the viewer can experience the shift from misunderstanding a language to simply looking at it (without recognizing individual words). Through this process, I hope that the works will make the viewer realize that the eyes are mirrors that reflect the world around them.

The title is taken from the 1973 film by Ingmar Bergman.

[scenes from a marriage #1,#2]

The work began with my own question: What is marriage? In Japan today, marriage is an institution, industry, lifestyle and illusion. It may represent multiple ideas, but one thing I know is that it is wrong to think of marriage as some kind of goal. It is something that is forever incomplete, a distorted repetition of mediocrity, quarrels, boredom and sensual pleasures. It may go well or it may not. Nobody knows.