

## **Seyoung Yoon**

*Ready-to-wear out / Prêt-à-épuiser*

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The new works from Seyoung Yoon mark a painterly departure for the artist with a deeper picture plane, looser surface treatment and an expressive organisation of compositions and imagery. Within the works, visual matter is accumulated progressively, with and without strict determinative forethought such that design and inspiration exist mediately between each other. The corporeality of the imagery confirms a physicality in the production of the work and the experience that preceded it.

The total trouble of living, how, where and why to live, is the start of art. Art fills the gap of the world's insufficiency, as well as our own, without tools we would die, and without tools we wouldn't know what art is. Without eating we wouldn't know what looking is. Without the country the city doesn't exist. Without honesty there is no such thing as a lie.

The difference between a mirror and someone who sees. The land in which you are a stranger, the process of becoming independent, independent from yourself. To fill the gap between perfect self-subsistence, and having to eat to exist, and having to work to eat. And so on.

Like a spine wanders through the body, nationless among nations. Not-happiness is in the wicked, a pious person is not-wealthy. Working in some kind of factory. Cell-phones, fabric, commercial bakery, we make 10,000 loaves of bread a day. Auf-die-Oberfläche-Treten, steam, humidity and waiting for the bus.

I'm passive when I see something, it acts on me. But then I own it, the art work becomes part of me, it completes me in my imperfect passivity. You can never go home again. I teach myself to be an individual at the same time as teaching any other person to do the same. I can copy this process and share it and also place it in objects, in art-works.

Still lives, still life, art is dead nature, it is dead life made still. A painting is dead nature, it is wood and cotton. We see the shop and the painting simultaneously, they exist together and to enter one we exit the other. A still-life is the city making itself out of the carcass of the country. In a painting we make ourselves out of the carcass of our life. The world designs itself out of itself, we buy its many tiny examples and continue on so forever.

The process of becoming independent and not-wicked as I divide myself into smaller and smaller individuals that teach all other people how to do the same. How to design life and live among others.