

If every sentence were a haiku, we would now abide in utopia. As it stands, we are caught in the crosshairs of logic and reason. It would be nice if the world stopped chewing itself. The news screams louder than the wind, and still, some pretend not to hear.

When the material and her matter, 1, 2, 3, started to own her, she left. Decentralizing is a hobby. It started with a dislocation of place, and the mislocation of self. Just like that.

*Prêt-à-épuiser* is the first room that opens under the umbrella of *Country Girl From Europe*. The phrase *Country Girl From Europe* began as a playful joke-like nickname from the artist's closest Korean friends. It was half teasing, half affectionate. Over time, it became a starting point for thinking about something else; a quiet marker for someone suspended between geographies, languages, and time zones. A person whose belonging was always in translation. A figure at the threshold, not quite rooted, not quite drifting. Some parts of the room speak in volume, others in layers. Some unfold through paintings—flattened, folded and cut-out rituals—while objects slip in like footnotes, almost overlooked, but never forgotten. There were no titles at the beginning. Only a body, and the quiet sound it made.

Crying. That was how she woke up every morning. She was crying before she opened her eyes for the first time. Sometimes she knew why, sometimes she did not. All she knew was her day would start after she shed a certain amount of tears every morning. She kept her tear diary during the morning, not like most people who write when they finish the day. Every morning, her diary was wide open ready to collect the drops she was to shed.

By the end of month 3, the diary became crispy with the wet papers adding their salty ends to it. Every page was one day so you can do the calculation around how many notebooks she had made crisp after around half a year. She was almost worn out herself. One early morning she wanted to measure the amount of tears with her hands. The thought came from a rather rational approach since the concerns on dehydration were becoming a real matter for her. And maybe she could do something about this, she thought. For sizing, she made her palm round like a riverbed, a little basket that can contain and hold the size of small invisible pebbles. The three deep wrinkles on her palm resembled the chinese character resembling a river. When her tears dropped on the floor, they rang like coins hitting an empty tray.

She doesn't try to fix the feeling, only to hold it in a form that can be remembered. Emotions, once leaked, are dehydrated and reapplied, stitched into surfaces, pressed into corners, tied around canvases like ribbons made of memory. The rituals are soft, but stubborn.

What looks like decoration is often defense. Certain works perform cuteness while burning inside. There is no climax here. Only repetition. This is not catharsis. This is a system. A method of surviving, where emotions are measured, documented, and dehydrated into gestures. A method of handling emotion by folding it, cutting it out. Sometimes the feeling shows up as a pattern, sometimes as a bow, sometimes as a cartoon face that won't stop smiling.

To decorate is to delay collapse? To repeat is for sure to remember. A star, a death, and to schedule tenderness, maybe, is to survive in style. The room does not speak loudly. It hears what it shouldn't, and forgets not what it must. The room has no eyes, no ears, but it remembers what you bring in. It is a room that knows too much, but reveals enough. Cornered by identity, by language, by nations that erase your face. To be ready-to-wear out is to be ready to carry one's softness like armor. In this exhibition, Yoon draws the first contour of her long-held framing. Not of identity, but of continuity. Not of origin, but of persistence.