

N/A

Payday  
Jiyeon Chung  
Feb 19 - Mar 13 2022

Opening - Feb 19 2025 / 7PM - 9PM

Wed Appointment Only  
Thu - Sat 12PM - 7PM  
Sun 2PM - 7PM



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Whenever I wake up the next day after massive drinking, I find myself searching for hangover cures, though nothing particularly useful ever comes up. In places far from here, people eat pizza; in others, they drink a shot of espresso. Once, after drinking until late morning and needing to catch a flight only a few hours later, I was certain I'd be denied boarding if I showed up in my condition. So before checking in, I looked for a pharmacy at the airport.

"For a hangover. I feel nauseous."

The pharmacist gave a small smile, "How much did you drink? You must be suffering."

"I feel like I'm dying." I answered.

"We have three options. 5,000 won, 10,000 won, 30,000 won."

"What's the difference?"

"With the 30,000 won one, you can drink again tonight."

"I'll take the 10,000 won one."

He handed it to me as if passing on a secret cure. "You'll feel better in two hours."

Inside the paper bag were stomach medicine and an herbal extract. The 10,000-won hangover remedy turned out to be simply the pharmacist's own mixture. The composition of the 30,000-won one remains a mystery. Something only that pharmacist at Incheon Airport seems to offer.

As I keep searching for hangover cures, I inevitably wander toward reading about "hangover drinking." The idea of curing a hangover with more alcohol always seemed like just another excuse drinkers make, but apparently some frustrated scientist actually studied it. After pages of chemical equations, the conclusion is simply: you forget alcohol with more alcohol.

In English, this idea is called "a hair of the dog that bit you," derived from an old English folk remedy where rubbing the fur of the rabid dog that bit you onto the wound was said to heal it. In Korean, it resembles "이열치열"—fighting fire with fire. The idea suggests that what appears to be the problem might be the cure. Applied to hangover drinking, however, this causal logic collapses into a ridiculous joke. Is hangover alcohol a remedy or a poison? And if I were actually cured by it, would it be the miracle of medicine or the miracle of poison?

Eventually, the miracle of this paradox unfolds like this:

drinking → drunkenness → hangover → hair of the dog → drinking → drunkenness → hangover → hair of the dog → drinking → drunkenness → hangover → hair of the dog...

— From the artist's note

The drinks on the shelf wait for the audience's choice, yet this gesture—at once hospitable and obstructive—blocks entry. A selfie entangled in layers of looking slips between gazes. Debit cards tinted with exaggerated hues in the color darkroom. Tequila glasses that have lost the function of holding drink, standing upright only through surface tension.

N/A Gallery presents Jiyeon Chung's first solo exhibition, *Payday*, from February 19 to March 13, selected as the winner of the gallery's Open Call. In this exhibition, Chung constructs a stage that actively summons contradictions embedded in our everyday rituals.

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"Payday" is both a common noun meaning payday and, in hip-hop vernacular, the day a rapper receives a substantial amount of "rap money." In Korean pop culture, the term has been solidified through swaggering lines such as "너의 연봉을 한 달에 버는 (I make your yearly salary in a month)" (*Don*, feat. The Quiett, Dok2, Nochang). For Chung, the gap between the glamorous idea of the hip-hop payday and the somewhat bleak, "laugh-so-you-don't-cry" version rooted in our daily lives becomes a space of tension—a place to insert a joke and explore the sensations beneath its surface.

A tequila shot placed on a small shelf attached to the second-floor door offers a toast-like gesture to the viewer, inviting them to drink or decline, but simultaneously blocks their passage. Regardless of the choice, to reach the third floor the viewer must step onto the installation beneath the large window. This glistening epoxy-coated installation plays a sequence of various producers' "type beats"—instrumentals made to appeal to rappers by imitating their style. Once they cross the installation, they enter the backstage.

The mirror selfie, slipping between the "me" I see and the "me" others see, positions itself as both lens and subject. Type beats, named after rappers rather than producers (e.g., Kendrick Lamar Type Beat), similarly reveal themselves through a kind of self-erasure, operating at the intersection of multiple gazes.

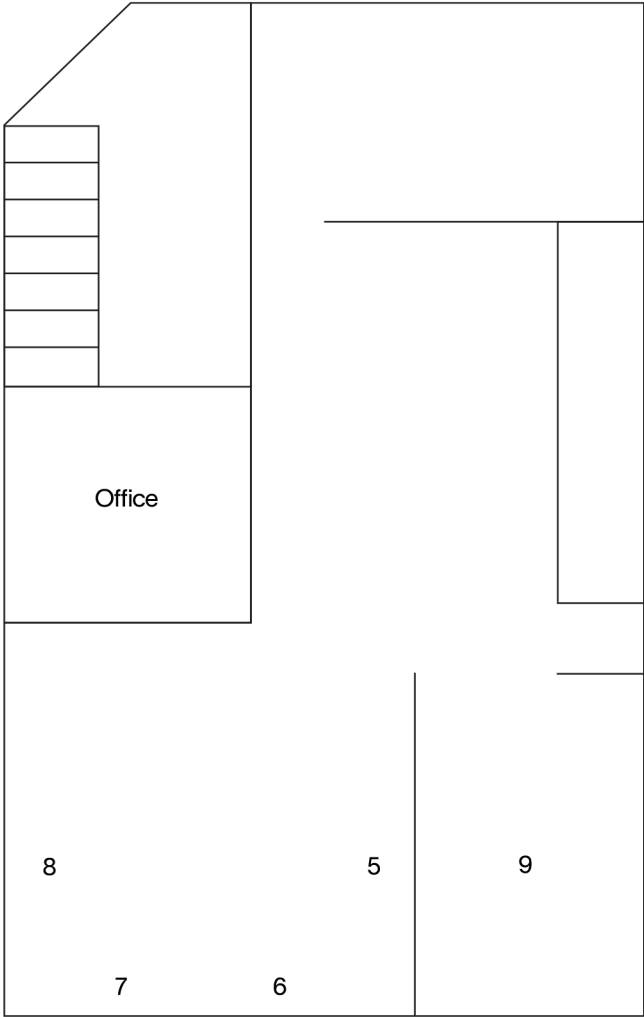
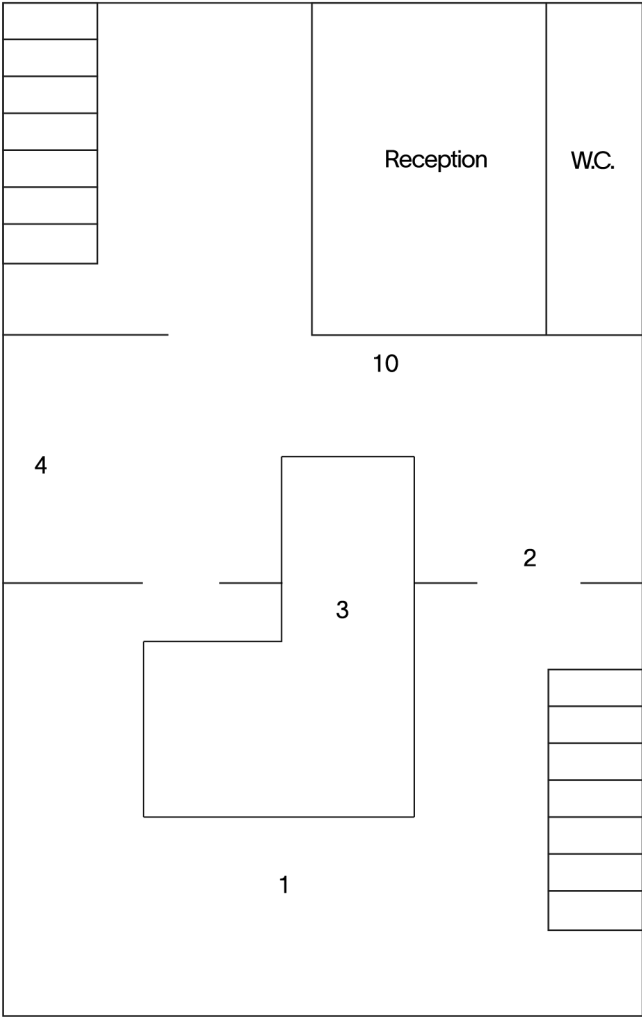
On the third floor, 1542, 5920, 2494, 8745 are photograms enlarged from the artist's debit cards, repeatedly lost and quietly vanished from the library of daily life—only to reappear after replacements had already been issued. In the color darkroom, these overlapping identities acquire exaggerated tones, taking on a strangely mystical aura. Opposite the photograms, tequila glasses filled with liquor sit upside down. Drawing from the paradox of "hair of the dog," these glasses echo the liquor shelf on the first floor, looping endlessly through drinking → drunkenness → hangover → hair of the dog → drinking again. The tequila glass, held together only by surface tension, calmly remains in place, unaware of when it will inevitably spill. And like a riddle, the lost card reappears only after everything is over.

At the entrance, the tilted glass offers its toast-like gesture. In another room, the shiny epoxy-coated installation seduces the viewer with its polished surface. Yet after stepping past the installation—having chosen to embrace abundance—the viewer encounters the riddle-like cycle of cards that vanish and return, and glasses of liquor gathered together, concealing their precarious nature. Like a mirage that appears suddenly, exists briefly, and disappears without warning, the music fades, leaving behind only glasses that cannot be drunk. If they wish, visitors may return through the single entry path, step onto the installation again, listen once more to the music, and drink again.

Throughout her practice, Chung has explored subjects that blur within the concept of time. In *Every Evening* (2016), a place where children went missing slips back into ordinariness beneath a thin layer of the everyday. In *Borrowed Tower—How to Remember a Mouse* (2019), a Haruki Murakami book quietly vanished from a Frankfurt library under the public promise of borrowing and returning. And the long-held fantasy of *The First Snow* becomes increasingly indistinct each year, dependent on the subjective criteria of those who observe it.

*Payday*, like her earlier works, seeks to look closely without claiming to define what is seen. The exhibition's multi-ending structure—allowing the audience's choices to shift its flow—offers a moment to adjust one's pace. A mirage where illusion and seduction intertwine, *Payday* presents a joke that cannot simply be brushed aside.

Jiyeon Chung received a BFA in Photography from Chung-Ang University in 2012 and has been studying Sculpture at Städelschule in Frankfurt since 2018. Beginning with *Every Evening* (2016) and *For Your Unseen Beauty* (2019), Chung has explored the obscurity surrounding the origins of events and the whereabouts of narrators. *Payday* is her first solo exhibition. Selected group exhibitions include *Traveling Eye* (Sinchon Cultural Power Plant), Frankfurter Kunst Vertrieb (Frankfurter Kunstverein), *Lash 23* (Nassauischer Kunstverein Wiesbaden), and *Flashforward Flashback* (Sidae Yeogwan).



1.

*THEE PSYCHO KILLAH TRASHBOI MAKES MONEY TREES INTO GRAIN AND YOUR WISH CANCELLED SO THAT FLOW ACE WAVES THRESHOLD, 2022*

Produced by REBoRN, beatsforyourvibe, Shotta Beatz, gspdmusic, slique, BasicBeats, Fantom XXX, NXMERCY, Masked Lord, Berserk beats, Millwxxd, wastedhoudini

Mixed by CIFIKA

9 min 24 sec
2.

*Mindset, 2022*

Don Julio Añejo, 1800 Añejo, Patrón Añejo, Don Julio Reposado, Jose Cuervo Reposado, Durango Reposado (edible), wood, paint, glass

Dimension variable
3.

*Stage, 2022*

Wood, paint, epoxy

420 x 290 x 60 cm
4.

*Selfie, 2022*

Digital pigment print, paint on wooden frame

100 x 80 cm
10.

*1542, 2022*

C-type Hand Print, paint on wooden frame

Print: 10.3 x 7.9 cm

Frame: 40 x 30 cm

5.

*2494, 2022*

C-type Hand Print, paint on wooden frame

48.7 x 57.2 cm
6.

*5920, 2022*

C-type Hand Print, paint on wooden frame

48.7 x 57.2 cm
7.

*1542, 2022*

C-type Hand Print, paint on wooden frame

48.7 x 57.2 cm
8.

*8745, 2022*

C-type Hand Print, paint on wooden frame

48.7 x 57.2 cm
9.

*A Hair of the Dog, 2022*

Jose Cuervo Reposado, glass

Dimension variable