

I am having an exhibition in my home, titled My life. I decided that I would title every artwork and exhibition from this point on: My life. The work has nothing and everything to do with my life. It is inside of it—as am I—and thus I may never be able to do anything, make anything, feel anything which is otherwise or outside of it.

With breath you lose the ability to separate the various days you were doing various things, they all slip together. Destroy parameters and have them all at once. Nothing will be different from anything else. It is all My life.

This My life loses the battle against

GRAVITY

—rather, it never knew anything about fighting. How is it that things “didn’t go as planned”? I make the mechanism which grants appearance the privilege to be delayed, to the last possible moment, so that I too am surprised. I’m afraid of forever and want it all the same. If I have all the time in the world, then I have no excuses. If I don’t have enough time, then I’m destined for resentment.

All I want is to be moved. To be a blade of grass with ears, living towards deafness from the constant loud. I said “I want to feel like I’m in front of Guernica”. The reply from a mouth that could’ve been mine, but wasn’t: “Then, make Guernica”. A thousand “but”s. I’m using physical space to counteract doubt, leaving the “but”s in the wake.

For a mere three seconds, I felt it. Then, the feeling was over. I remind myself that three seconds was a generous gift. Being that it was more than two. I don’t try to remember how it felt, instead I remember that it meant something. I call it gut practice.

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Jacksun Bein

My life

opening: Sunday February 8, 5—8pm

February 8—17, 2026

My life, 2026

foam

78 x 95 x 108 inches (dimensions variable)

My life, 2025-6

color photographs with mat and frame

17.5 x 11.5 inches

Thank you Jesse, Penelope, Shamadhi, Elias