

## Artist's Note

Lee Kang So Artist

"How marvelous and mysterious it is?

I am carrying firewood, drawing water."

from a Discourse on Zen

Nature, the world, or the universe as perceived by us is but a manifestation of our mind's fantasy as opposed to reality. Yet, we take it as the outer world because of the mind's ability to recognize. The history of religions and saints, who have made efforts to understand the real world and not illusion, is still effective.

In the 20th century, Physicists proved the existence of the atom and discovered the nucleus and electron, and they are discovering quanta, neutrons and other subatomic particles. They say that the nature on the atomic level is not a mechanic world that is separable into smaller parts, but a network of relation in which no such thing as a part exists. For example, when observing electrons, it could appear as waves or particles, and what we observe depends on the way we observe it. This is to say that it is indeterminate.

"In order to say something about nature, we have to say something about ourselves at the same time."

Heisenberg

I fling the well-hardened clay, a brick-shaped or rectangular slab into a void.

The wet chunk of clay rhythmically comes away from my body and sits on the ground creating unexpected shape. Randomly and continuously flung chunks pile up and shape by themselves and the last piece of chunk shows the shape of the moment, or of the power.

Maybe random is not the appropriate word here. Because my body and soul expects something when flinging the chunk of clay, and the chunk always miss the expectation when coming away from my body. The viscosity and weight of the clay, my body condition, and the environmental condition make the expectation impossible. In this case, the expectation is very obscure.

It is obviously difficult to visually anticipate the energy of the flinging processes of instant human body cooperation of the brain, nerves, muscles, and every other cell mechanism.

Is the chunk of clay a form or energy?

Is our body a form or energy?

How silly!

For the last thirty years, I flung chunks of clay time to time with a small hope for my body that it can be open to the energy and finally be evolved.

And the story of my painting is not really indifferent from that of clay.

The random and scrawling brush strokes are not supposed to be unintentional. Whether it is intentional or not, it is the gesture and practice of my memory sculpted in my body through the long-time painting, and it is the encounter of the energy and the canvas.

For the painting, I also hope for my body and canvas may harmonizes and evolve as they encounter.