

56th International Art Exhibition
La Biennale di Venezia



Jump into the Unknown

Palazzo Loredan *dell'Ambasciatore*
3 Islands - *Murano, Lido, Pellestrina*

Travel

Object Installation
by **Choi Ik Gyu**

Exhibition dates: 9th. MAY – 18th. JUNE. 2015
Inauguration: 7th. MAY, 6PM, Nomadic Party
Opening Hours: 11AM-6PM, Except Monday
Location: Palazzo Loredan dell' Ambasciatore, Dorsoduro
1261, 1262, VENICE
Nearest Vaporetto Stop: Ca' Rezzonico, Line 1
<http://www.9dragonheads.com/>
<http://9dh-venice.com/>



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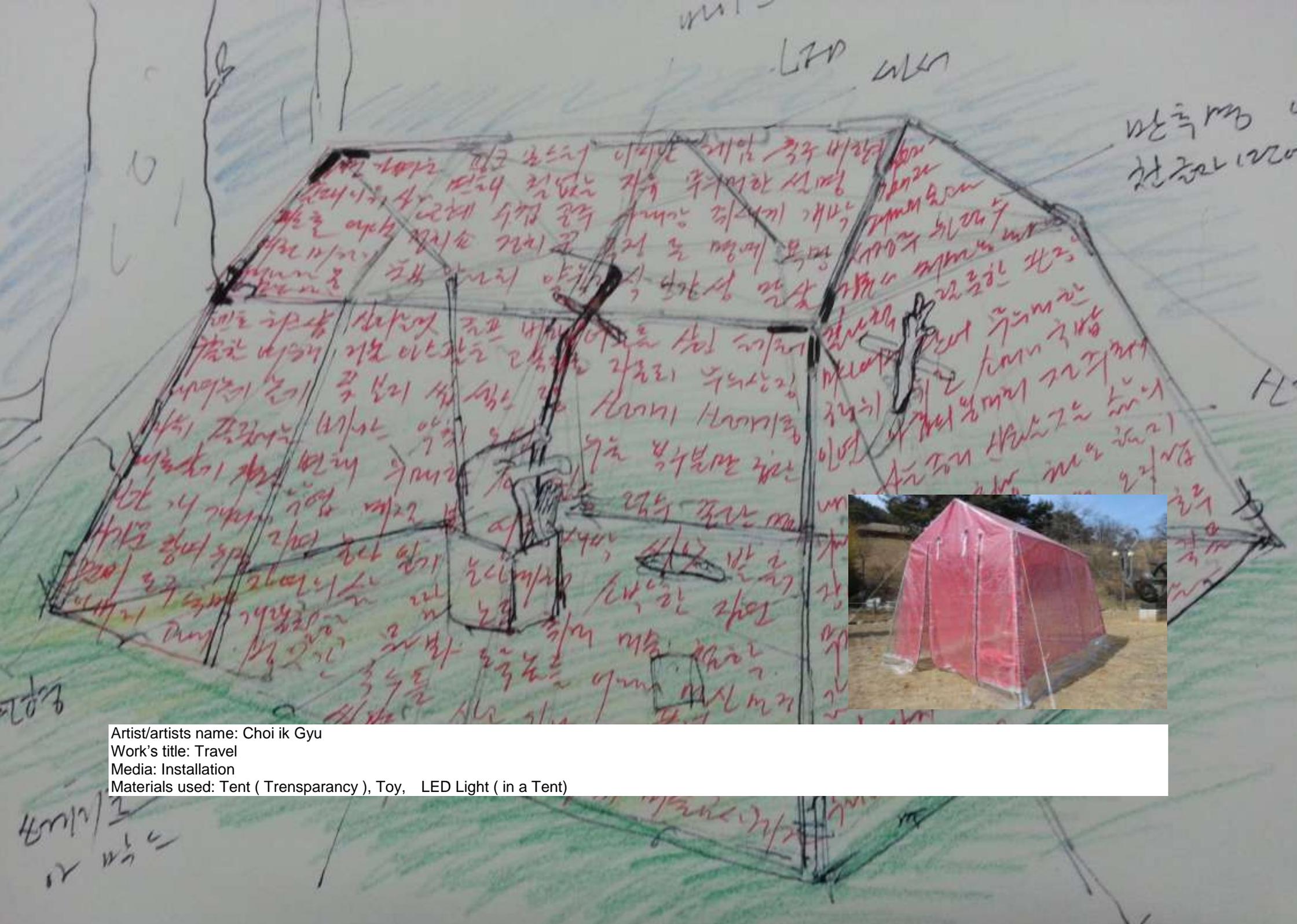


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Artist/artists name: Choi ik Gyu
Work's title: Travel
Media: Installation
Materials used: Tent (Trensparancy), Toy, LED Light (in a Tent)



Travel

An uncomfortable truth that I realized after I distinctively recognized myself and the world around me is that I am what has been thrown out into the world without notice and am a being that has been traveling in this unfamiliar world, regardless of my own will.

Having passed times and spaces that I myself, have been confused by or pushed by someone else, now I've reached the present.

Since my willpower is weak and fragile, I can remain myself only by compromising with the uncomfortable situations that are given to me.

On the way, as I run towards my future, I realize that I am close to nothing in this huge universe.

Pursuing Happiness

People seem to build rigid walls, not to communicate, and the world seems so distorted to me, cold and oppressing to the point where people not only criticize but also use violence towards one another, which makes me feel sorry, uneasy and even upset.

Unwittingly, I've also closed the doors and loneliness has grown into depression which is eating me up. Whenever I am reminded of this sad reality, I feel so frustrated that I become stricken with the thought of giving up on my life.

However, I am striving to ignore it and fill my life instead with happy, pleasant moments.

To me, art is a little air-raid shelter. My kind of shelter where I can breathe deeply with my eyes half-open, looking at myself and the world around me, and be hopeful that my life will be filled with happy moments. This is also the place where I, from time to time, uncover the wounds that I feel ashamed of and would like to hide and bring them to the bright light so that I can talk about them, have a good look at them, understand them and therefore heal them.

Life is...

a riddle, tangled with irony.

Where am I from and how am I supposed to live?

All of a sudden, I find myself looking like a wild animal lost in the fog.

My Art

I am afraid of what is named 'my art' as being just a diligent monster which only knows to run forward, foolishly. Am I digging a grave hole and unknowingly being buried, stuck inside the walls of "elegance"?

I am not a great person, just an average, ugly person, leading a pathetic and ordinary life. But at times, I put on heavy make up to look pretty and talk about myself loudly using big words and meaningless rhetoric to make myself look like somebody, and I am embarrassed.

I wish to be an artist who can express her childish self without pretense.

I am afraid my art work will lead someone to a meaningless idea or force someone to feel uncomfortable.

Could it ever be accepted as a deep philosophy of life to someone? It's fine by me if it is interpreted as a fun playroom, just a feeling of comfort but nothing else, a dirty path in the countryside, or even trash that has been tossed onto the dumping grounds.

I hope people can walk into my work easily and comfortably, as if my work is just another stone we see on the street. It can also be a place for people to talk about their honest opinions, feelings and imagination while they are free to become angry, share their emotions, empathize with one another and communicate.

My Goals

I wish to have my art express not a single, but a variety of stories with some hidden symbols and also become a cause of creative, fun imagination enjoying limitless freedom.

This Strong Drink Called Art...

has made me drunk and caused me to wander around. Sometimes, I sit out on the streets and at other times, I lie on the benches and talk aloud. Still, I can't let this bottle go and therefore continue to walk and trembl

My Travel, a self-portrait, my art

Thought Travel

Since I decided to participate in the Venice Biennale on October 29, I have been trying to record everything that has had a great impact in my daily life or any experience that has taken over me for a moment, meaningful or not --from my soul-searching thoughts before sleep, to the things noticed on the streets by chance, to the letters and words read in the newspaper, to the stories heard over drinks, to the stories heard on TV, to my own memories from the past. In other words, I have been recording as many traces of my thought travels as possible.

Self-portrait

My own faces, various and whimsical -- While I recorded my stories, I tried to get away from lengthy sentences and wrote words as if I was simply listing them impromptu, because I tried to keep it simple, because I was concerned that I might fall into a trap of distortion or hypocritical flourish. I hope my work expresses everything about me including my past, present and even future so that it reflects the real me.

My Artwork

While during the process I described above, I tried to be earnest in order to look at how such factors are interrelated to me, Venice, my artwork and my life. Since this process has helped me see my art and my life and build a happy relationship between the two, I believe this journey has become another clue for finding a 'true-to-myself' view on art