

## On Gravity

My mother still remembers the day when I told her that I don't want to be grown up anymore. I can recall the day either. When I was around seven I thought it would be okay to be not to grown up if I won't see my parents getting older. Maybe it was the first day in my life I really think about decrepitude and dying. Even though someone who did not choose to live, everyone needs to face loss, and death; once we are being here. Hence, on the day I realized that eventually life is a process of dying; like a thing thrown into a space with gravity. It comes into being without any reason or choice and inevitably faces death once started, just like an object thrown in the air falls down, then shattered when it hits the ground at the end. We call the process as 'free fall.' I thought the word 'free fall' is such an unfair term. If there is an object on free fall in the air, there is no way to resist or change but falling. Why people use the word like 'free' to such a nature?

From this reason, on many of my project based works, 'gravity' and phenomenon of 'free fall' are used as a metaphor of 'memento mori.' My works often towards the phenomenon of free fall, as a photographer who have been investigating the structure of the world beyond our visual perception using high speed photography. With the inevitability of one's life, it has uncertainty about 'how' it goes to the end once it is started. I consider one life as 'a phenomenon' that has one's own duration of time. At the same time, I consider free fall of the object also as a phenomenon, but last shorter than our life. If the life is a process of dying, I wish to catch the beauty within them on my work. On my previous project *Self-Portrait*, I put my body at the edge of the contemporary structure, in front of the void between high rise buildings and the spectacle vision of the city. Then the next steps are about the beauty of the coordinate of the object during the phenomenon of free fall. And I portray them throughout photography, and repetitive performance as a practice.

I ask my family sometimes my friends to repetitively throw apples or dropping stones. For the repetitive practice of 'life' of things to capture the moment of randomness and coincidence, it is hard to think others to than my parents, my

sister, my husband and my grandmother who passed away last year. Even though I wished to not to be grown up when I was a child, now I am older than my mom at that time, who just heard from her daughter that she does not want to be mature for her mom's anti-aging. During the period of time I am grown up, the earth has been revolving on its axis, and it moves around the sun. And the solar system itself also revolves around the galaxy, even the galaxy moves in the space of the universe. Hence, in the infinite space, anybody never stayed same coordinate. Despite the speed we travel in the universe, despite the instant duration of your lifetime compare to our surrounding nature, people meet each other, and eventually lost each other. What is celebrated, what is remembered after the time passed is the beautiful coordinate once we were in one frame.