

I wanted to write and send her a poem as large as bookshelves

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But I failed. I have never written any poem so far, nor measured the size of bookshelves. So by no means, I can write and send a poem as large as bookshelves. The reason I had to think of writing a poem is that I wished my words would become a kind of wait when they reached her. And the idea of the size of bookshelves is to say that the poem will obstinately remain like a silence on a wall of her room. Eventually, this text will not be able to be a poem, nor be watched for a very long time standing against a wall like bookshelves. But even if a text could not be a poem, it doesn't mean it is nothing. So if my wished wait still remains in my body, it will help the poorness of this text. If not a poem, I would like to restore this text to the small lump of paper with letters neatly put on. Even though it becomes a text never read, I will be able to find the reason for it to stay there with pleasure. / Suddenly, a poet named Jacques Denuitmain returned to me. Recalling him equals writing his name in 5 syllables (Jac, ques, De, nuit, main). Or sometimes I insert a blank on purpose (Jac, ques, De, nuit, main). Perhaps from tomorrow, an abstract shape will be seen on the retina of my eyes like an afterimage of the poet. The poem of Denuitmain, printed in Fuchsia color on paper, may have been colorless originally, which became a poem in Fuchsia due to the pressure of someone (or those) who wanted it to be a poem. The poet, never born, acquired a bizarre name of which the letters and sounds don't match, and became poet on his own. I don't know who he is, where he is. But he is a poet, and the letters crushed under his name become a poem. / I read a poem of Jacques Denuitmain. The title is 'Vexations'. And I watch a poem of On Kim. Fuchsia ink on paper that the artist named *Jacques Denuitmain's Poem for Watching*. The two are the same. The sameness leads the two to a difference. On Kim who requested a poem to Denuitmain planned to possess that uniqueness. Though attached on the wall and sometimes remembered as a poem of Jacques Denuitmain, this indifferent form, of which the presence itself will be eventually forgotten, will remain as an oblivion which belongs to On Kim. However, the act of watching provides the viewer with a conviction that the watched object and the watcher's body are occupying one space together. Like bookshelves leaning on the wall, or the brown piano put beside it, the poem is always with the artist. A text for watching is there just to exist. For the poem to occupy the empty space. / *Sunha's text is for reading*. On Kim practices an impossibility of reading through Sunha's text. Reading is always together with the impossibility of reading. The texts located far from the swirling center bring the reciter's voice to a labyrinth. The act of reading aloud is interrupted at a certain unexpected position, and the reading performer's body walks into the fragments of interrupted texts and stops itself. Like the young man who is a dam operator and doubts every day the true nature of the dam veiled by the mist, the reading performer's body reaches skepticism of the impossible reading. The skepticism due to a failure is the very purpose of this reading, so the voice caught in the labyrinth fails to occupy an appropriate space and attains the denial of its own existence. / Sunha's text has been moved to the work entitled Sunha's Text for Reading: Dam and endures the time of reading until it reaches the impossibility of reading. The text doubts itself, and where the word, sentence or paragraph is interrupted, it urges the anonymous

body of reading performer to pay a special attention to the empty shapes and the erased parts. The text for reading is just to approach the absence. When the body faces the moment of realizing the absence of meaning and shape, being refused reading, it comes to an ecstasy of loss as forbiddance: the body longs for reading but reading is tormenting. / The texts enclosed in quotation marks are firm yet imperfect. Like a story of the last night's dream told by a dreamer, or a shape of a dam veiled by the mist. Nevertheless, the texts embraced by quotation marks hold the presence (or the absence) of the language uttered by lips or written by fingertips of the first enunciator. This presence mark gradually slows down the reading, by reminding not only the language seized by quotation marks but also the language of oblivion having vanished out of them. The text by Franz Kafka, the man who couldn't sleep, but which is also not. After being repeatedly captured in quotation marks and rearranged, texts became a book. The one who tried to record memory, the one who reads that memory, the one who remembers again the reading, the one who records again the memory, and those who read the record aloud... / In the work *How to Use the Voice Between Memory and Writing*, appear two reciters. One recorder is with them. The texts in quotation marks are magnified and the structure looks loosened. The text presenting, believed to be presenting, the vague memory of the dreaming person, became so loose that omitted space between the lines looked even greater. Whose dream was that? And whose text was that? The reading of two persons and the reporting of another person suddenly appear, like a dream without sleep, as a record of an unrememberable voice. Two reciting voices and the sound of keyboard recording them emit into the air their sound, responding each other yet crossing indifferently. A book extracting a memory, rather a record, of a dream of a man who cannot get sleep, approaches that indifference, crossing the discrete interfaces between the consecutive incidents. / Indifference. That builds a void structure escaped far from any meaning, just like an act of reading sternly the segmented and scattered syllables in a steady and slow tone. Watching *Parallelepiped Book that is Neither Open Nor Closed*, I once again imagined that poem as large as bookshelves that I wanted to give to the artist, which can become a neat lump of paper. She slid a piece of typewritten document in the frame with greater width than height, positioned more to the left. I start with calling it a document. This document, with the full text of 『La bibliothèque de Babel』, a short story by Jorge Luis Borges overtyped eight times on an A4 paper with an electric typewriter, should rather have been a painting or a sculpture. But she calls this piece of paper sustaining the eight-layered ink a 'book'. To be a book, it was originally made impossible to read, so it is a depthless parallelepiped, which seems somewhat like a painting, a sculpture, a shelf, or a sliding door. A book just for watching, that it is. / Writing and reading, the two always reveal their own presence by not revealing each other, by taking a detour around each other. For the poem of Jacques Denuitmain to stand there as it is, it needs to wait long enough for an emancipation, an exception from the (failed) reading, to be allowed not to be read or to be allowed to be read reversely. Writing a text destined to disappear certainly drives to the impossibility of reading, to the constant oblivion of the necessity of writing and reading. On Kim. Her intimate suggestion, like a conversation between two people, brings forward the necessity of discord between writing and reading, or speaking and listening. Therefore I wanted to write and send her a poem as large as bookshelves. For the (give-up of) necessary discord told between her and me.

If, some day, this text becomes a poem by someone, please break my long breath and rearrange the text. Rearranging just once, that is enough.

