

Statement

Seunghwan Baek / For my red bowl / 2018 / styropor, acrylic / 70*70*143 (cm)

The bowl I got from my friend was broken by my roommate. I couldn't feel any emotion at the sight of the broken bowl. Countless alternative dishes were in the kitchen and the bowl was not usually cherished. The many things that surround me will be forgotten indifferently like this unless I pay attention to them. And it will be easily reproduced at the same time.

'For my red bowl' is an attempt to restore the relationship between me and my surroundings. To remember the broken red bowl, I used styropor to build monuments. At the same time, I wrote down people and events that occurred while thinking about the red bowl

The light, fragile but long-lasting properties of styropor are in line with the intention to memorate my surroundings which is easily forgotten in modern society.

I had to think up the details of bowl like width and height, angle of the curved part, the accurate color and how I had usually used the bowl. Interest in broken bowls leads to memories of the friend who gave the bowl. To describe personal impressions for my friend, I remembered conversations we had over drinking, and moments of psychological reliance. Then I thought of Dimitri, who broke the bowl, and while describing him, I recall my life at Weimar.

The monument is placed in three different spatial contexts, next to the kitchen in the dormitory, the vacant lot in front of the convenience store, and next to the statue of Goethe and Schiller. The kitchen is where the bowl is broken and the convenience store is the easiest place to experience everyday consumption.

The monument next to Goethe and Schiller statues shows question about the function of the monument. In a modern society where countless contents and objects are easily consumed and reproduced , what do I really want to remember and what should be remembered?

The slow process of forming figures of bowl and writing down reminding the time which is connected to the broken red bowl make me more intimate with the world around me and bowl. The red bowl which used to be replacable become the only clue that connects my fragmented daily experience.











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ab 5,00 €
Straßenverkauf
Kaiserschmarrn 3,50 €
Rindfleisch 4,90 €
Vegetarische Gerichte
Gartische 5,50 €
Gartische mit Huhn
Schweinefleisch oder Fisch
Gartische mit Rindfleisch 7,50 €
Gartische mit Ente 8,50 €
Gartische mit Hummer 8,50 €



- For my red bowl_text

The red bowl has broken. I really don't mind. It is not my favorite one. There are numerous dishes in the dormitory kitchen to replace that bowl. They were left behind by the students who lived before. I got the bowl from Hae-yoon and the first thing when I think of Hae-yoon is his voice. Hae-yoon's voice is low and stable, giving credibility to the listener. So, I once depended on Hae-yoon. When I was a freshman, when I drank for the first time on the day of the club event, I cried like a child because of tough memory. Hae-yoon was with me and he hugged me until my tears stopped. If Hae-yoon hadn't hugged me for so long, I might have shed less tears. Thanks to him, I don't cry much anymore. Maybe, it is because I cried so much that my tear glands are dried up, or I promised myself not to cry in front of others. During the vacation, Hae-yoon visit to Busan (I had come back home to Busan at that time). We walked along the sandy beach of Gwanganri together and I remember having a drink in a nearby restaurant. We drank five bottles of soju with raw fish and boiled spicy soup. It was the spot where I could face Gwangan Bridge in a diagonal line and drank it outdoors, so it must have been summer vacation. We talked incessantly. Hae-yoon had a brother who was studying in the United States and he had not been long ago since he began to study a photography, so he thought he would be behind his classmates. We were both friends of the same age who entered college a year late and trusted each other. Hae-yoon walked me home that day and lost his wallet on the way back to his place.

Just before I came to Germany, Hae-yoon was also an exchange student at Weimar. I told him that I was coming to Bauhaus, and he left his plates, rice cooker, and drying stand. Not only the goods but also tips needed to live as an exchange student, such as how to get health insurance and make a bank account, where to find good restaurants, and where to play at Weimar. One of Hae-yoon's belongings was the red bowl that my roommate Dimitri had accidentally broken.

Dimitri, who is Russian, was different from the militant and rather blunt image I used to draw when I thought of Russian. He asks after me (and when I look feel bad, he is rather emotional, so he soon notices and give me a quiet interest), and he likes to make a funny Russian joke. And in his own words, he is neutral in everything and he doesn't feel hates about something. However, I think Dimitri apparently has a negative view of his own country. One night he came into my room and told me about his Russian college life, and he told me that he had to study nearly 40 hours of class a week and the equivalent homework. So it was hard to have free time and many students are suffering mentally. He also said that the way of professor's teaching was authoritative, and that students were not motivated to learn and were not independent. He was clearly angry and seemed

to want to be rewarded as complaining to me about his lost college life in Russia. And if there is one thing I should mention when talking about Dimitri, he is a musician. The day I first met Dimitri in the dormitory, after dinner, he came to the kitchen with a guitar and sang the song that he had made himself. I couldn't understand what he was talking about because he sang in Russian. However, I was happy to see the big Russian man singing Russian with playing the guitar in an unfamiliar kitchen overlooking Weimar street. Dimitri was making his room into a small music recording room equipped with a microphone, a guitar, a bass, and a few days ago he bought an electronic drum. He said he decided to buy a drum because he often dreams about playing the drum (note that Dimitri does not know how to play the drum.). Although I thought it was a surprise, I felt that he was more of a person who trusts to his instincts and is happier in things that inspired him than the stability that certain patterns of life brought him. I can play a drum, so we spent a lot of time playing together for fun. When I look at him playing together, there was a sweat on a bare head and the blue cotton chair where he sings sitting was also wet with sweat. These days, Dimitri's interest is to sing the Beatles's " Let it be " version of hard rock. During his singing, his face was getting red and his eyes were enlarged and smaller over and over as if he wants to put all his energy in his voice. He was pretty satisfied with that music so he was always playing it on a big speaker. The sound of bass drum went through the thick wall and sent a steady beat to my room.

On the night when the bowl had broken, Dimitri apologized and confessed to me, and I was thankful to his honest manner, and felt no emotion about the broken bowl at all. Anyway, the bowl was broken so I could only recall the red bowl by memory. The red bowl was wider and deeper than the ordinary rice bowl found in Korean restaurants, with white inside and red outside. The surface of the bowl was slightly shiny enough to directly reflect the light, and it was the only non-white bowl among Hae-yoon left. My room was finished in white concrete wall, eight steps from the door to the opposite window, with both arms stretched out to measure the width of the room. When I first entered the room, I thought of a ward to detain someone, so that a warm color could spread, I hoped there was object in the room that would take my eyes off the texture of concrete. So I used to put orange in a red bowl and put it in the room. The primary color red in the porcelain bowl felt more intense than warm, but the size was not so large, and the harmony with surroundings, for example, rough concrete walls of white, the achromatic clothes, the dull turquoise floor and the pale woody frames of furniture created an unique atmosphere.