

# remember times passing by

**remember times passing by** is a story about stones.

Stones that we encounter countless times around us may serve as different embodiments to people; storages of recollection, some kind of tokens, hope that we sincerely yearn for, dangerous weapons or a proof of outdoor. Likewise, stones move and change depending on how they are used. In addition, stones condense time and space as they are endlessly piled up and worn out. Stones are not only the outcome of condensed minerals but also that of their own or individuals' moments.

Hence, **remember times passing by** is a story about times.

It is a story about times possessing past, present and future or times between already and not yet. Times that are passing by at this moment are the past-becoming-present and present-becoming-future. Thus, times at this moment coexist with present as past for the time being and past that is forthcoming.

**remember times passing by** is a story about an interlude between times that have already arrived and times that have not yet come. It is a story about the moment or space that I exist. I have been working on searching different moments or spaces instead of those where I stand for the past several years. I created and went to a space of imagination which did not exist here and drew a map for a journey to discover a space or existence which might exist in a place beyond the horizon of my understanding and perception.

**remember times passing by** is a story about ways to face moments or spaces that are already given and that have not yet come. It is a story about existing between past and future which run into each other.



## **remember times passing by** stones that remember

Some say that arts serve as a monument. Here, the monument does not refer to a piece of stone where we stand and recall the past but the process of creative production with the mix of past and present.

We sometimes erect stones to recall. We stand stones when we experience events changing the way of my existence or the unpredictable disconnection of life. Incidents are not concealed on the strong surface of stones but remain intact and are extended when we stand in front of stones at this moment and again some time or other in the future. We build stones to bring incidents to the present and for times that are renewed every moment. We stand stones that are infinitely open within times.



**remember times passing by** stones coming to this moment

The world is abuzz with stones flown from the far away space. Maybe, stones that were flown from the distant outside which may take hundreds of millions of years in time to get to the earth are the ones that we will meet in the future. Do we meet those stones by bring those times to the present? Or, they maybe are the stones that we can see every day around us. So, there arises an incident in which stones that I see and fiddle with all the time turn into something extraordinary.



**remember times that have not arrived but that will arrive soon** stones that are already brought forward

