

Min Yoon

*Mind Hours Hand Minutes*

Ausstellung 29.04. – 03.06.2023

In his exhibition, *Mind Hours Hand Minutes*, Min Yoon presents new sculptures and wall works that address the paradoxical structure of time and movement in the metabolic process of art making. If the artistic process is 'creative,' that is, an act that brings something new into being, this subsequent being bears no traces of its creation, but instead appears as a vegetating creature, animated by nothing but its own decomposition. Here, it is not the viewer who digests the artwork, but it is the artwork devouring itself, presenting its organs in the form of their undoing, leaving us with an abundance of emptiness, an empty dummy, a cloudy tummy.

If the demands of creation in the art world turn time into artworks, Yoon does the reverse, elevating decreation and turning artworks back into time. But perhaps it is not so much a reversal as a perversion through which the artwork is broken down into discrete objects and organs, disorganizing its anatomical and temporal structure, leaving both out of joint.

It is not a body without organs – because the body itself collapses into nothingness – but rather disassembled organs which lack a body or a unifying structure. Here lies something like an intestine, there a poorly digested noodle, somewhere a snail slowly crawls along, mice everywhere, and all that in lifeless gray felt. Perhaps, the chains, somewhat helpless and useless, seek to hold the pieces together, to recover some kind of integrity. But the body as such, much like a signifying chain, is always incomplete, it is lacking the signifier that could complete it. Even the brain flees the flesh, and as an accessory on the hat-head, it is attached to the body without ever becoming its organic part, forever sticking out as its incoherent, excessive supplement.

If the body's fragments resist their incorporation into the intelligible whole, the same applies to the composition of the show: while it suggests an internal logic that holds the pieces together, along the lines of a whole which is larger than its single parts, it remains elusive, and perhaps phantasmatic. Learning devices and school stationery such as vintage composition books, medical drawings and blackboards displaying mathematical and linguistic equations act as connective links, pointing to a grammatical structure that binds the disorganized objects together. But the anatomical dummies and pedagogical tools reveal both nothing and too much. And as often in Yoon's work, the absence of a whole is compensated by an excess of singular parts.

While the educational material is structured by antagonisms and antonyms as learning devices, the partial organs and objects defy such a binary logic, hanging out and around as ejected excess, perhaps asking: What is the antonym of time? How can something be digested without first having been eaten?

The phonetic proximity between anatomy and antonym – words that initially appear as anagrams but aren't even false friends – suggests a relationship between the structure of the body and that of language. If the anatomy of the body is structured like a language, its individual components no longer appear as organic material but as symbolic signifiers. And as flesh turns into language, the body turns into a play on words – an anagram that can be disassembled and reorganized in infinite ways, constantly producing new meanings, often nonsense. Reading *time* backwards, we get *emit*: something leaks or escapes, leaving a gap. If the signifying chain is always incomplete, the failure of language might be analogous to the incoherence of the body, which will always fail to fill its gaps because the missing signifier is already here, within the signifying structure, making its present absence felt on this felt creature.