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This is a work, 1 of 2 editions of 10 by Park in her show, Edition One and Two Fantasies, both at Essex Street, New York and everywhere at once.

I try not to use artists names in relation to talking about other artists works, for it feels lazy on my part. Although this install brought to mind a chapel or room for meditation , something that many artists attempt to produce. A close friend really enjoys movies that talk about movies or the making of themselves within the movie. This exhibition isn't exactly that but there's some relation to the door being propped open at the brick and mortar that relates to stepping into an ecosystem, even the glass and transparency of the building and Park's used ventilators converse , in , in , inside, out. I recently realized that texting friends, writing notes, looking up movie titles,

and staring at the wall in between looking at the works themselves are all valid practices while viewing an exhibition as long as the work in question is being considered. Viewing work is a form of meditation often times. On one of the prints inside three containers (stacked boxes) there are the words GOOD/BETTER/BEST printed backwards as if we look from the inside of a container, and mirroring that of the reversed 55 (for 55 Hester) on the front transparent door of the gallery. These works are POV inducing, we the viewer cosplaying ourselves, space, and air itself? Oh also are we a product? air is definitely monetized as we know, ventilators and the like are first come (with the right credentials and pockets or bags) first serve. These are life experiences and constants for many pre C19, yet, now becoming more apparent or highlighted rhetoric to many, myself included, at times.

I'm also reminded that I no longer want to speak of art in these terms GOOD/BETTER/BEST as they only really relate to craft or production versus whether or not the artwork is Interesting, does, or activates. But here in Park's work these descriptors are relating to the quality of breaths taken. Pacing.

Now more than ever I've appreciated the simple moments around me, tea almost every morning, the light in the living room, friends calling/hearing them laugh or complain, I love it all the same, moms super long texts that should be a phone call but she's too excited and needs to send the placeholder, hearing new music, sparkling water, all that, and yes even breathing, duh, is so special, and not a given. Giving thanks.

See parks show if you can, in the chapel, or otherwise. As you can see, she considered as many ways for people to experience the work as possible, audio described and captioned video and images with alt texts at essexstreet.biz