Artist's statement

**Directed Diorama**

Since childhood, I was very fond of touching anything that was within my reach, so the dioramas covered in glass case meant an untouchable object of desire for me. My desire was even stronger maybe because they were not common toys to play with. Actually, what attracted more than the knowledge part of representation of historical fact were the miniature buildings and people gathered in a huddle in such a small land which highly aroused my curiosity. I wished I could have been reduced in size to play inside the diorama set. Then, I wanted to make the world by my own.

I made an approach to the form of diorama set which is used to express historical fact in the museum and I blended the figures I have made so far with the new figures created based on historical fact (I also had a wish of having a bird's eye view of a certain huge thing at one glance). In this process, the figures of existing works sometimes collided with the figures newly appeared and sometimes they got along with each other well. When we want to recognize a thing, we look at it, listen to it, touch it and then think of it. In the process, we sometimes gain truth but sometimes create distorted falsehood on purpose. When I was playing with toys in my childhood, I was deeply immersed in virtual stories that were being created in an infinite way. In the middle of the process, the virtual world and reality are mixed in the same space creating an interesting situation. This is comparable with the situation: as we play a simulation game and watch a movie or a drama, we substitute our position for the real protagonist and we get confused between the virtual world and reality. When I was absorbed in playing with the toys as a little boy, my mother's voice “Come to have dinner!” sounded like a sort of spell to return to the reality.

The diorama set composed as a series of events remind us of a sort of chessboard or checkerboard. Actually, instead of having a confrontation structure, it was produced with the composition moving forward one target point placed in the center. As modern-day people are absolutely busy with searching for their own goal, it is hard for us to find room to distinguish a certain truth and accept it. I had an impression that we were just performing our duty with excessive faithfulness as toy soldiers appearing in the art work or as actors of the stage in the situation directed by someone else. For people who just rush forward even hitting shoulders with others, there is no room to look at the side way. No gaze allowed. I feel sad to see this situation in which we fail to see what we have to see and we are pressed and pushed by something inexplicable. We are unable to think of something we have to ponder over. While we are thoughtlessly rushing forward, maybe we are gradually moving away from our dream, ideal and truth we have been longed for. Sometimes I miss my mother's voice, “Come to have dinner!”.

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