

Witness Essay at De Appel, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Performance of Sung Hwan Kim *Pushing against the air (with a concert and talks images)* with Byungjun, David Michael DiGregorio and Sung Hwan Kim

by Brigitte van der Sande

"Look what you do, sir," replied Sancho. "Those things in the distance are no giants but windmills, and what arms are the wings seem to be rondgewenteld by the wind and the millstone run. "

"It is clear," replied Don Quixote, "that you have no experience with adventures: these are giants, and if you are afraid, you make your get away and I say a prayer while a heavy, uneven fight with them aanga. "*

It is sultry hot in the attic packed room of The Apple. The public is mixed: many (old) students of the Curatorial Training Program of The Appel, teacher and director of the National Academy, *curators* and critics, remarkably many Koreans. We are staring at the performers for us and to the projection of the face of one of them on the back. The decor is simple: a low wooden table where the two performers are. On the table an acoustic and an electronic guitar, a sound, an old-fashioned lamp cap, behind one of the performers is a fan. In space hang two curtains of silver sliertjes. Later, there is still one third performer to be in the audience on the floor to the first two. He serves the film and an overhead projector. He, Kim Sung Hwan itself (Seoul, 1975), the interviewer, *His Masters Voice* (HMV). One of the performers show Byungjun Kwon (Seoul, 1971) to be a South Korean radio and sound artist. The other is the American musician and artist David Michael DiGregorio (Boston, 1979), *aka dogr*.

Small tasting sounds start the concert, a performer talk about teeth, eyes, hair of a former lover, the other performer of response with small gestures are large projected. There refrain third voice in the story, SMR both performers asking for their memories of music, funeral music, which was played at the funeral of your grandmother? Out white guitar DiGregorio shrill tones of the Star Spangled Banner, the audience laughs, you recognize the reference to Jimi Hendrix 'guitar solo from Woodstock in 1969, where he American acoustic anthem with bombs and grenades lardeert to the protest song against the Vietnam War. Byungjun takes arguing about a Korean song that his grandmother always sang when they sad was DiGregorio cut through it with deafening music and guitar sound effects. HMV calls for love songs, have you ever been a *love song* written Byungjun plays dadidadida ... and says: "It was like this ...".

The tone is soft, almost tenderly, we are witnessing an intimate musical and visual conversation between friends who dig in their memory. Almost an hour long exchange the voices and music is uncertain spot made drawings on the projector Masters of His Hand and a movie about a project with students in Cape Town last year intervene with the words and sounds to finish in a rousing musical apotheosis of the performers illuminated with masks in the darkened room, Sung as a modern Don Quixote is fighting the fan. The audience is carried away in a game that looks spontaneous but very thought out and break after a wild enthusiastic clapping and whistling from. It took many short, this multi-media bombardment of memories and

references.

The French philosopher and filmmaker Chris Marker, or rather the fictitious cameraman Sandor Krasna in "Sans Soleil" in 1982, is not the memory opposite of forgetting, but the flip side, its lining. The memory

rewrites memories constantly, just as history continually is rewritten. Marker used in 'Sans Soleil' is a non-linear structure of spoken word and re-word, which the images in turn comment. This stream of words and images that are responding constituted a break with the usual vertical montage in films. Marker making no film on the operation of the memory, but the film itself is the memory, a means to remember things. The intimate tone, the personal accent is essential, it is not general statements of eternal validity which historians looking for, but personal memories and impressions pile up, write each other, cry on, so that if it were a crack created by space for their own associations of the viewer, even essential for the work as the associative flow that the artist offers. Sung performance put me back to the first performance I have ever saw exactly thirty years back ((okay, with one day difference), on May 21, 1977 in De Appel by Wies Smals. The artist Laurie Anderson and called her performance "For Instants - Part 5", was a mixture of short stories, pictures and music an electric violin and a bow with an electronic audio tape instead of horsehair, which Anderson later would be so famous. Sung Joan Jonas cites itself as an inspiring example, but the (early) work of Anderson is much closer to the work of Sung than the mythical and universal values seeking performances of Jonas. For Anderson and Sung, the distinction between performance and reality vague and asking for it ever to be broken. Anderson sings in 'for instant' "Art and illusion, illusion and art / are you really here or is it only art? / Am I really here or is it only art?" Sung agrees in the performance 'Her' in 2003:" This is why he decided to put himself in the film. He had to bring in the real. " Autobiographical memories are up or constructed, both performers create *live* stories necessarily fragmentary and unfinished continue because the artists in between in word, gesture and respond to music what is happening on the ground. Both Sung and Anderson use the display as projection plane of existing movies and *live* recordings, reflecting surface and resting between the fragments by. Both simultaneous voice, sung and words and the projected doubling of the physically present performer and the projection of the performer on the screen, the doubling of subject and object. But what they most everything connects, the use of an overwhelming aural space, by Anderson himself, in Sung by Byungjun and David Michael DiGregorio. For my generation and younger who grew up with disco, punk and techno music, especially hard music, a sensory intense, personal experience to Common experience is preferred. It is not just the 'hear' but also the 'in-between-hear. " Music provides consistency and creates a collective aural casing of the more fragmented stories and images of individuals, artist or not. Sung and Anderson carry

us with their performances in a *stream of consciousness* from which the brute awakening is. After Sung performance I heard of several people they had no idea where the performance was about, but it was good, and art. If I was a witness in advance all armed with pen and paper and proficiency. I saw three performers with a strong, unequal struggle covenant with the giants, but oh, what is this fight is good.

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* Miguel de Servantes Saavedra, *The ingenious nobleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*, Part I, p. 78, Uitgeverij Athenaeum-Polak & Van Gennep, Amsterdam, 1997, Barber translation of Pol.