

Jusun Lee  
Notes

1. Walking and suddenly remembering that "Ju" means bead. My grandfather naming the thirteenth grandson, maybe carelessly. Now I work with beads. It feels like something decided before me. Strange. I like it.
2. I ran away from the world I belonged to. And still trying to be accepted again. It makes me sad but I am not conquered. Not yet. I am keeping myself.
3. Fighting the world alone. Tired. Thinking it was brave. Maybe just arrogance. I love myself the most Everyone wants love. Everyone deserves it. We reflect. Affect. Lean on each other. That becomes structure. That becomes society.
4. Being part of society makes me happy. From alienation to something softer. Art made that shift. I say everything but it never fully arrives. That gap is freedom.
5. I don't want to be categorized. But I want to be singular. Recognizable. Is that contradiction or desire.
6. Not what I want to do. What I want to feel. That moves me. More than scale. More than production. Imagining people standing in the space and sharing something invisible.
7. A small boy who liked shiny, tiny, pretty things. Now metal frames. Chains. Beads. I thought I would become a Barbie doll. Instead, an artist in my thirties.
8. How does someone learn sadness. Not the definition. The body learning it. Different stories. Still shared. That amazes me.
9. A bead alone. A bead only because others exist. Both true at the same time.
10. I remove emotion from my work. Too much information creates distance. I am afraid of that. But maybe structure can hold emotion. Maybe I am allowed

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