## 許/旼/英 허/민/영 ?/?/?





 $\mbox{(top) photo i took near seoul in 2019} \\ \mbox{(bottom) still from the documentary "Homes Apart: Korea" (1991)} \\$ 

hello.

i am embracing decay and i wonder if when my cells are returned to the world, i will finally understand who i am. right now, the way i wanna be and the current material conditions of this world are too much at odds, and i am lost. what i have learned is that i am confused and maybe looking for concrete answers has always been a fruitless endavor.





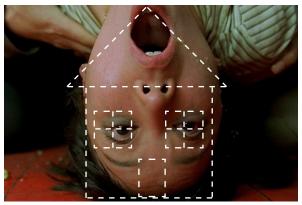






i was ok at school. i didn't love it, but i could always do what was expected of me. was it even ever possible to love something so apparent in its lovelessness? schooling was a dead thing that just sought to kill all it touched. i couldn't tell you a single thing i learned in k-12 and that's being honest. my memory is notoriously shit. is it any wonder i feel as i do now if i had no feeling of foundation to hold on to?

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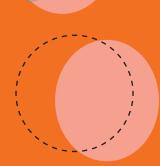
still from the movie "A Tale of Two Sisters" (2004) directed by  $\hbox{\sc 2}{\sc N}$  with a linework of a house edited on top of it.

define what it means
to be / home / when the
house
has / had / always / continues to be
Burning.
(did it even ever exist to start with?)











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