

This work is based on the work *One and Three Chairs* by Joseph Kosuth, a conceptual artist from the 1960's. After replacing the chair from the original work with the word *friend*, the artist borrowed the formal structure of the *One And Three Chairs*. The two photographs –a text, enlisting dictionary definitions of the word, friend, and the portrait photograph of the artist's friend- are completed by the participation of a 'person' who is happened to be called a friend. Unlike the motionless and unchanging nature of the chair, the friend participates in the work only on the opening day to let people know that he exists, which in turn creates ironic situation surrounding the work.

By using human being as a subject matter instead of an object like a chair, this work intends to express that accurately defining a Common Noun is impossible because the arbitrary interpretation by individual arises regardless of the definitions by dictionaries. As a result, this work also presents the contradiction caused by limitations of language. This work reflects the artist's ongoing interests in the issues concerning inability of communication by means of language, translation, institution and activity, thereby presenting the need for re-establishing relationship between neighbors, others and strangers through the meaning of friends.

“A friend does not indicate a person with whom one can share a memory based on the same linguistic, ethnic and regional background. We tend to call a person a friend when we cherish the person in our heart and when he or she stirs up good memories. However, the person might not feel the same way we do. If you consider a person who stands by us, and on whom we always wish to rely on a friend, we should not ask him or her a favor.

We are not supposed to rely on them and should not give nor take. I think this is very important. This is the principle of relationship. Although these principles are not to be abided by, it is desirable to adhere to if the relationship is important to us. I have intended to meet a friend, but repeatedly fail in it. As always, it is stranger who listens to my present concerns without bias. As is always has been, the person who can share good memory is an alien. However, we should not make a mistake of calling such strangers friends.

To me, a male with an American nationality, void of hatred toward different ethnicity – despite some degree of Western supremacy-, and wealthy yet supportive of the Democratic party is an alien. A male around me is a stranger if he shares same nationality and language with me, if he is not wealthy, nor poor, and if he is strongly against Western imperialism yet an ardent follower of Western ideology with a tendency of being nationalistic. I firmly believe that such absurd circumstances would purify my blood and mind. A friend and an alien lead to communication. At the same time it leads to a catastrophe. For this reason, solitude is my friend. This is the kind of friend I long for now.”