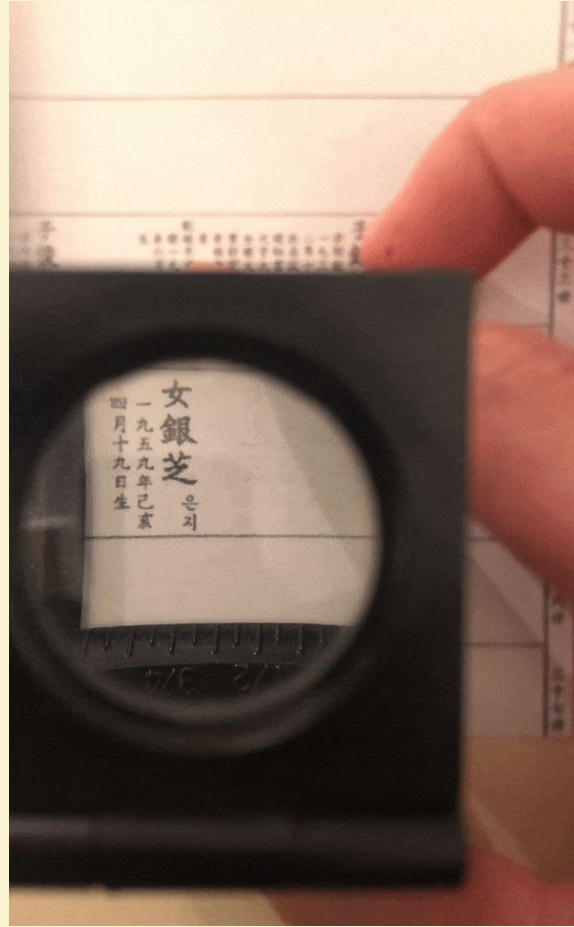




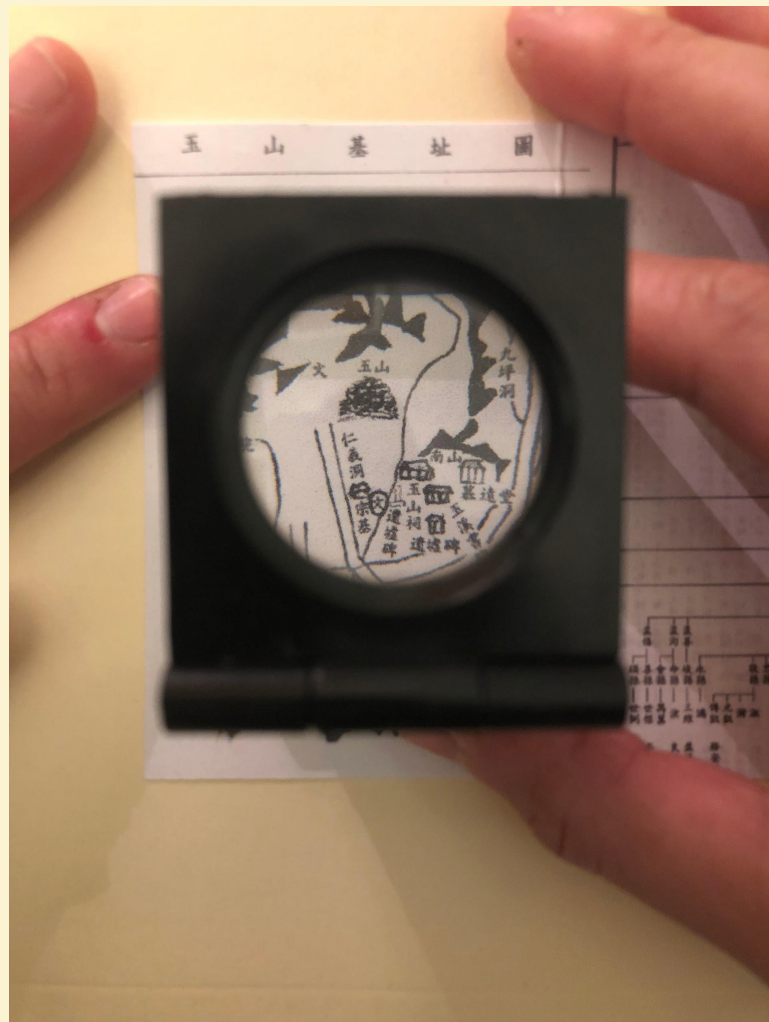
RESTORING LOST TIME
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Yesterday I read a book of my family,
tracing a line that became a continuous thread.

The first section of this walk begins inside my family's
Jokbo 족보 - which is a genealogy book used to record our
family history in Korea.



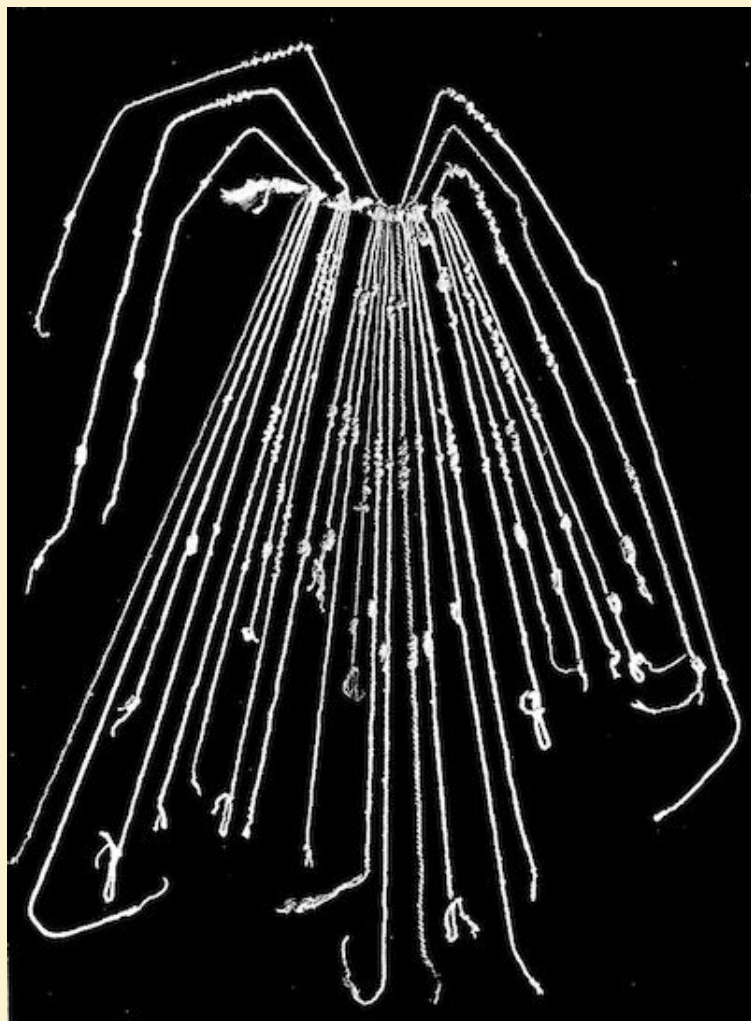


Quipu knots - Cecilia Vicuña

Looking back I've always been drawn to similar patterns where there is an unfolding narrative that is part of a continuous structure

Something that reminds me of my fami is a Quipu knot - which is a device used by the ancient Incas, where a combination of knots encoded histories, biographies, letters, and calendars.

The word "Khipu" comes from the Quechua word for "knot" - in both singular and plural form.



Micronesian stick charts

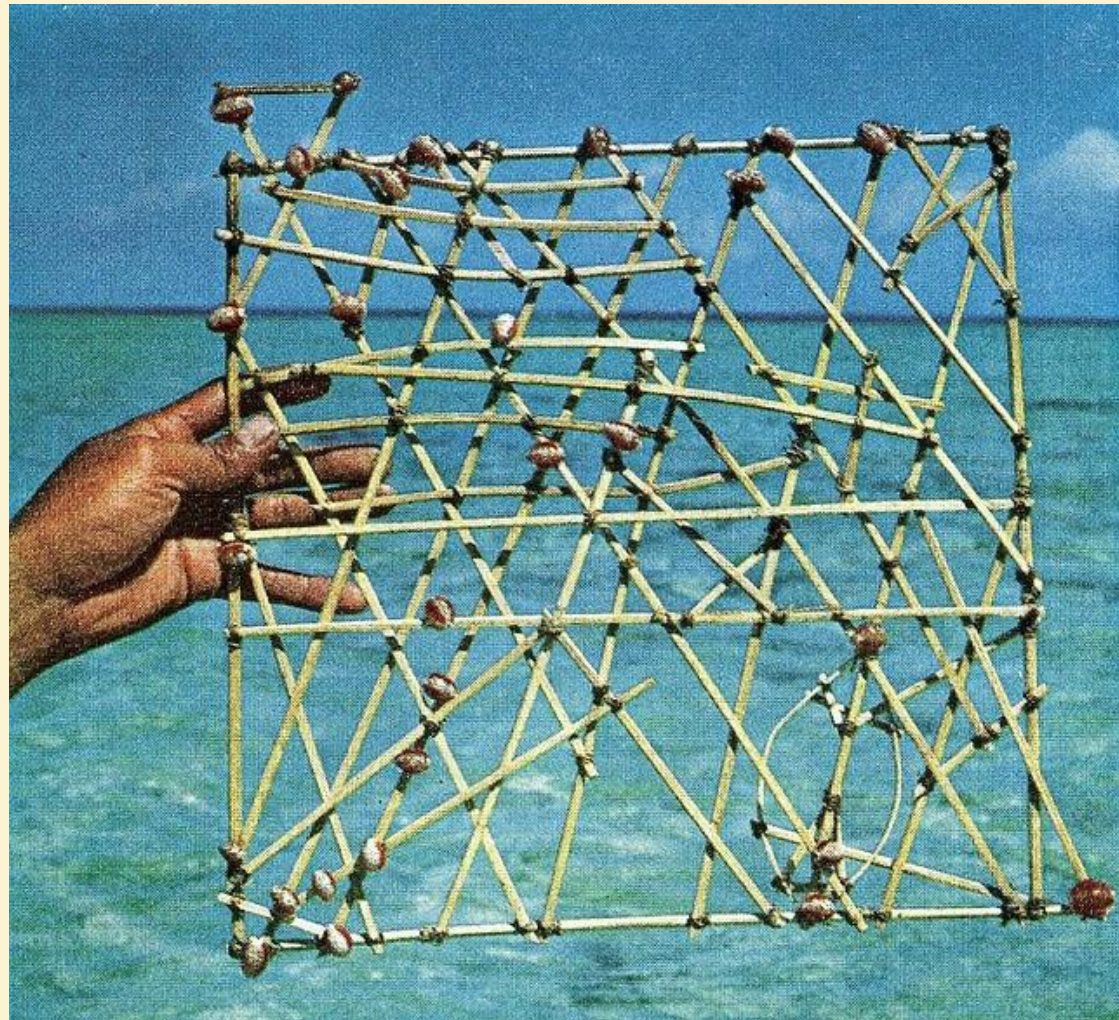
Micronesian stick chart used by navigators to get between the Marshall Islands.

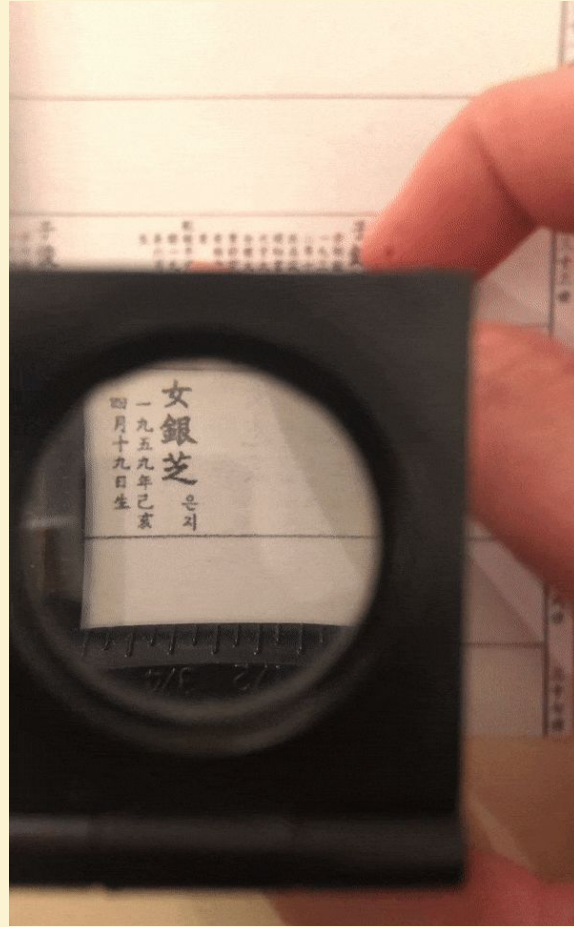
Where islands become dots, which each line becoming a marker of the ocean currents

The map was not taken along journeys but instead were memorized before traveling, with the navigator relying on their sense of memory and feel while in the canoe

The map imprinted into memory, mapped onto a surface

When knots and nodes are formed in connection to each other, becoming a map - I wondered what a tactile experience of that would be spatially.









Branching outwards from my own name, what would it be like to map out an extension of my family's book?

Where I can continue walking from lines of memory, feelings, and thoughts that are passed down.

And walk the memories of those who came before me, extending.

Mapping out memory - coming from car rides with my mom passing her childhood home.