





out of the window...

**Victor:** It is that moment of entering. Normally when you enter, you pay a lot of attention, the moment of entering a space.. Just like when you look out of a window; most of the time you pay a lot of attention to that 'looking out'. That sense of sharpened awareness or consciousness of the place you're going into. The consciousness of "what's next?"

**S:** So what is the beauty of that moment?

V: When you're awakened to that moment, that sort of awareness and tension, I feel that the senses sharpen and then you feel joy. For example, when you look out the window you see the beauty of that scene, which you never noticed before. Or even at night when you stare out the window in awe, and you look up at the moon, it's so beautiful and sometimes you don't notice. Our friends, how often do we really sit down and talk to them? Moments that you're so conscious and aware of their presence.

S: You have mentioned writers or philosophers like Viktor Frankl. What **S:** Nevertheless your work in this case, did you learn from his writings?

V: Well from his book Search for Meaning, I learnt that everyone has a choice and you have your own responsibility to choose what you want. Nobody can take it away from you. No matter how bad the environment is or how bad people treat you, we all have a choice. I think that's very important.

experiences?

could easily go into a state of depression and suffering when he was tortured by the soldiers in the labour camp. But he chose to not be affected. He chose to to align [yourself in] the balance.

frames of windows and doors, about that helped him survive. Though he capturing the moment. When one looks may be suffering, there's a certainty that he got when he realised his meaning, and he went on helping others, and that turned out to be joyous. It's a different level of joy I feel. In the city we have joy like going partying. But for him there's a spiritual joy that comes from the heart. It brings peace to yourself and to the people around you.



this sense of floating, these human figures floating..., they are mostly lying inert, but they are twirling and moving slowly. How does that relate to, being present, having full consciousness and meaning?

V: If you notice each sculpture is actually balancing on one point. The movement can be fast or slow. It depends on the wind that is blowing. S: Can you relate this then, to Frankl's Though the wind might be strong, it still balances on one point. If the wind is slow, it moves gently. Sometimes, V: When he was in the Nazi camp<sup>1</sup> he when you're in the early stage of that realisation, the fear comes in, the fear of falling. But the more you do it, the more you'll be able to sit on the balance,

Susie: You were referring to the wooden find meaning in the suffering. I think S: Is your work about wanting to represent oneself?

> V: When you want to draw, there's a portrait, and there's a reflection of oneself, of looking back. I think we're still questioning, we're still finding out, still going through the process. It's my personal journey through art, it helped me in my search for self. The figures develop a relationship that helped me come to a conscious awareness of myself as a person.

> S: There's a lot of expression in the pose of your figures, the technique and the material. Can you elaborate on the choice of wire?

> V: When I was studying in LASALLE, I explored different mediums. I majored in ceramics but for drawing classes, as I have partial vision, I talked to the Dean about not attending classes. but he said I had to. So they allowed me to explore different mediums. Wire came in during that time.

**S:** The human figure is a very intimate and symbolic subject for you. What about the bird figures? Are thev symbolic?

V: I read Bluebirds of Happiness by Maurice Maeterlinck<sup>2</sup>. We don't hear much of that story in Singapore. It was really beautiful. It was about a brother and sister from a poor family. They have rich well-to-do neighbours. The girl became very sick. One day, a fairy godmother came to the house and told them to look for the bluebirds of happiness to help the girl to recover from the sickness. They went to the past and present to search. One day when the children woke up from their dreams, they found the bluebirds in their house. It had been right there all the time. It can be a search for happiness, a search for freedom.

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*In the Air* – An Esplanade Commission

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Viktor Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning*. Frankl had been a Holocaust prisoner of Nazi concentration camp during World War Two, in 1942. <sup>2</sup> *The Blue Bird*, a play by Maurice Maeterlinck, 1908.





