of small stones that he found over last few years. Every day he sketches them, one after another, in order to read them carefully and closely. They show beings – numerous beings – whether they are shamans, cheonros (angels in Korean), princess and queen, or mythical bird-cum-griffin like a griffon. Shin, however, named them somewhat differently: “shyammon” rather than shaman, “tenanya” rather than cheonros, “gyriffyns” rather than griffins. A queen is named, or has the name, Shyashya. Queen Shyashya is composed of multiple and endlessly weaving lines of gyriffyn. There’s no foreground or background. One form of being leads to another to make a multitude of forms or beings. One could say, a joyful and vital form of non-existence is Queen Shyashya.

The story of Queen Shyashya is a redemption of the lost language or lost “paradise” as told by the Little Prince. Shin believes this to be a tale of a journey to find art and artists. Shin guides us back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am and back to the basics yet the fundamental: a way of seeing, the question of who I am.