



Faculty of Art

1994

## Artist's project: Min-Sook Lee

Lee, Min Sook

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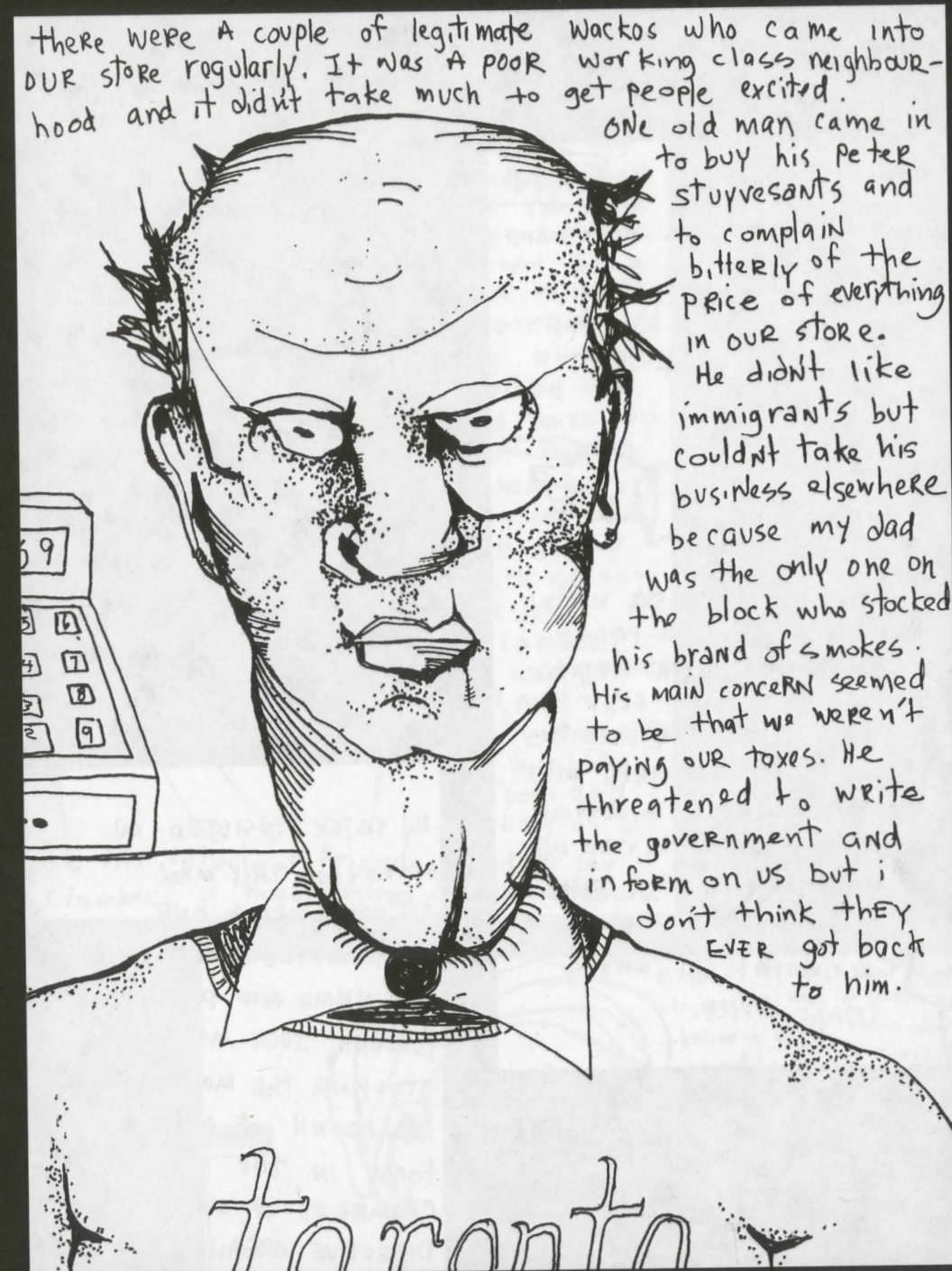
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Artist's Project

# Min-Sook Lee

Min-Sook Lee is working on a series of bar stories culled from time spent working in too many restaurants.



there were A couple of legitimate Wackos who came into  
our store regularly. It was A poor working class neighbour-  
hood and it didn't take much to get people excited.

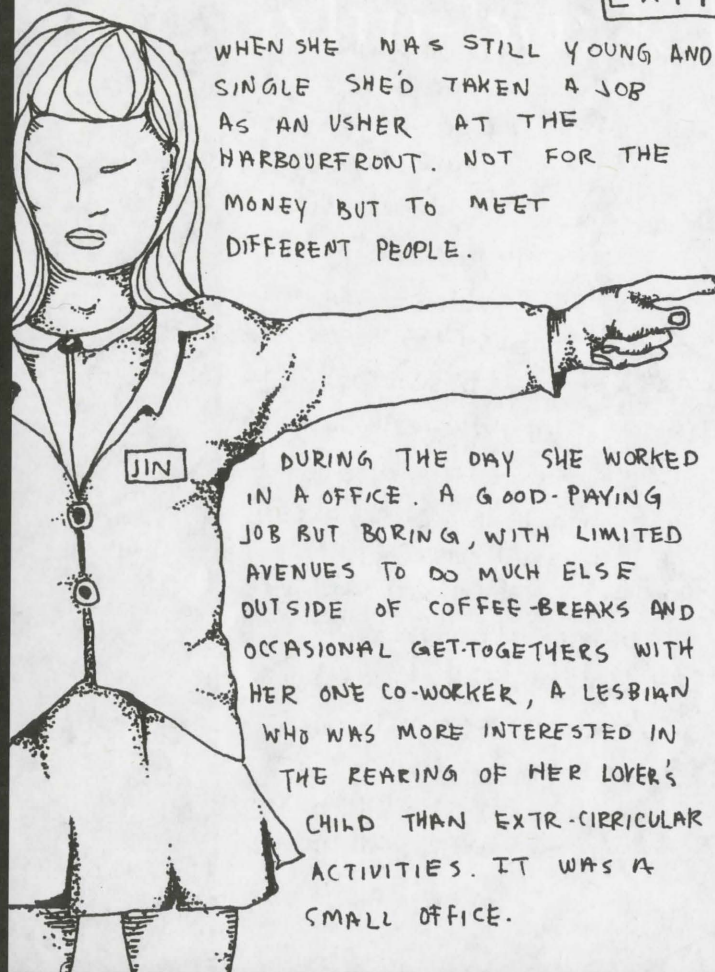
One old man came in  
to buy his Peter  
stuyvesants and  
to complain  
bitterly of the  
price of everything  
in our store.

He didn't like  
immigrants but  
couldn't take his  
business elsewhere  
because my dad  
was the only one on  
the block who stocked  
his brand of smokes.  
His main concern seemed  
to be that we weren't  
paying our taxes. He  
threatened to write  
the government and  
inform on us but i  
don't think they  
EVER got back  
to him.

toronto



EXIT



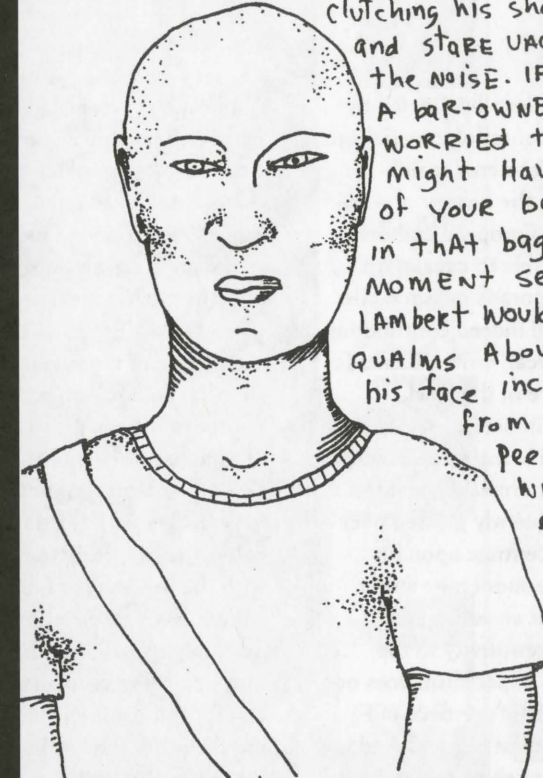
WHEN SHE WAS STILL YOUNG AND SINGLE SHE'D TAKEN A JOB AS AN USHER AT THE HARBOURFRONT. NOT FOR THE MONEY BUT TO MEET DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

DURING THE DAY SHE WORKED IN A OFFICE. A GOOD-PAYING JOB BUT BORING, WITH LIMITED AVENUES TO DO MUCH ELSE OUTSIDE OF COFFEE-BREAKS AND OCCASIONAL GET-TOGETHERS WITH HER ONE CO-WORKER, A LESBIAN WHO WAS MORE INTERESTED IN THE REARING OF HER LOVER'S CHILD THAN EXTR-CIRRICULAR ACTIVITIES. IT WAS A SMALL OFFICE.

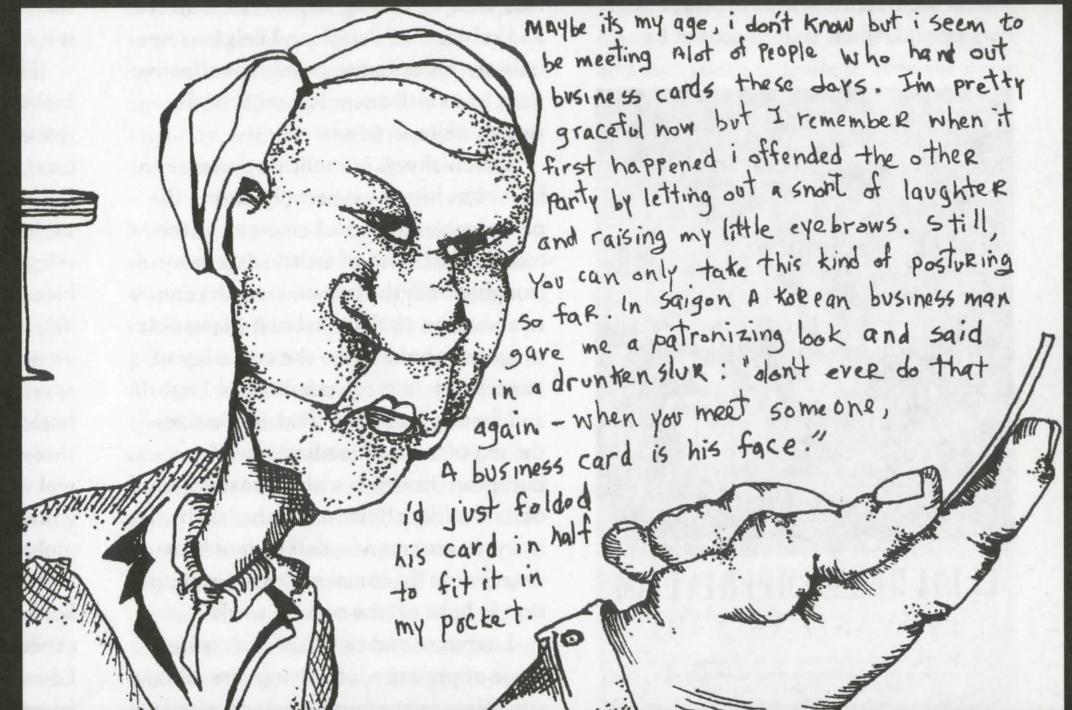
MY SISTER INSISTED ON MARRYING THIS MAN. AN ODD LOOKING ONE WITH LITTLE MONEY TO HIS NAME AND PECULIAR PURSUITS SUCH AS STUDYING THE MOLECULAR BREAKDOWN OF ORDINARY FOODS IN THE CHAMBERS OF OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS. NOTHING PLEASED HIM MORE THAN EATING A BOW OF GRAINS AND FIBRE AND STUDYING THE OUTCOME THE MORNING AFTER. JIN SAID HE WAS CUTE.



WHEN I FIRST MET LAMBERT I THOUGHT I HAD HIM PEGGED: 'EURO-PACKER' doing the full moon party circuit in SAIGON. it only took a few more encounters for ME to see he WASN'T NORMAL. LAMBERT would sit in the bars



clutching his shoulder bag and stare vacantly at all the noise. IF YOU WERE A BAR-OWNER you'd be WORRIED THAT HE MIGHT HAVE A bottle of YOUR BOOZE stashed in THAT bag. When the MOMENT seized him, LAMBERT would HAVE NO qualms ABOUT fishing his face inches AWAY from YOURS AND peer at you with glassy eyes. LAMBERT was  $\frac{1}{2}$  FRENCH AND  $\frac{1}{2}$  VIETNAMESE, he spoke both and English but as his reluctant friends liked to say: 'Lambert is misunderstood in three languages.'



MAYBE it's my age, i don't know but i seem to be meeting alot of people who hand out business cards these days. I'm pretty graceful now but I remember when it first happened i offended the other party by letting out a snort of laughter and raising my little eyebrows. Still, you can only take this kind of posturing so far. In SAIGON A Korean business man gave me a patronizing look and said in a drunken slur: "don't ever do that again - when you meet someone, a business card is his face." id just folded his card in half to fit it in my pocket.