

# THE SECOND

Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND

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/

UNAgaleria / UNArte  
Bucharest  
2024

including a text by  
Valentina Chiriță  
A Company of Canopies

dance & video  
(Cosmina Moroșan, Anticorp Solar)

film still by Alfred Schupler







In response to the collective performance  
THE SECOND HANDS

- The Promise
  - The Second Coming of the Second Hands
- video stills





in succession of  
Tiong Ang & Company  
The Second Hands  
MNAC Bucharest 2022

[photo by Filippo Iannone]

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THE SECOND  
- between inside and outside  
(Heekyung Ryu, Andreea David,  
Aexea Ranta, Roxanna Ardeleanu)

film still by Alfred Schupler



# Înrudire

de

Edna van Duyn

# Kinship

by

Edna van Duyn

# The Stranger at Home

Dorin Budușan

Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND

Agency period:  
16-19 September 2024  
UNAGallery UNARIO  
Bucharest

Durational live  
performances:  
26 ('opening')  
27 ('rehearsal outside'),  
28 ('happening')  
September

# Live durational performances on 26, 27 and 28 September  
# Screenings of films / music improvisations / live painting  
# A brochure documenting the 2022 project and a new essay by Dorin Budușan was published, as well as the 2020 libretto/manifesto KINSHIP/INRUDIRE by Edna van Duyn in a new translation.  
Design by Serioja Bocso.  
[published by Tiong Ang]

28.09.2022  
Tiong Ang  
& Company

11.07.2022  
The Second  
Hands



Prologue

Nothing is  
controversial

Nothing is  
controversial

Nothing is  
controversial





THE SECOND  
- between inside and outside  
(Goeun Choi, Cosmina Morosan,  
Mihail Lucian Florescu)

film still by Alfred Schupler



Valentina Chiriță  
A Company of Canopies

On THE SECOND  
Tiong Ang & Company

1st day

It all starts with a good old two-second panic attack in the subway. Twenty minutes before arriving at UNAgaleria on the first day. My love affair with the performance isn't yet able to compete with meeting a lot of people, the enthusiasm melts with anxiety, the rusty sounds and the to-ing and fro-ing of the subway train weighs on me. Just before reaching the courtyard of the gallery, I am breathing again. I am happy, trust me. Still a bit dizzy, I enter the space and I search for familiar faces.

Lucian is already there, he accompanies me with a heartwarming presence. Andreea is comfy, lying on a blanket, eating pasta. She generally gives the impression that the whole planet feels like her home. There are other people, I make acquaintances, I instantly forget all names. Cosmina and Anticorp Solar are upstairs, yes! They are up and running, and I already feel much more relaxed when I watch their movements — they comb the air, and search for the unnamed in the dusty gray surfaces. They hug the emptiness. Downstairs, the musicians start their rehearsal. Călin, a friendly stranger, gives me a hug.

I start to remember names and words. Oana Maria waves at me, she is so damn fierce, fiery, and fairy. She boils the air, her fingers touching mysterious colored buttons. Stefan, sick and lying on another blanket, is burning with fever. Later on, his need is met with water with vitamins that I initially think is meant for me. I receive a glass of water from her. I accidentally start to blend in with the company.

I am nervous about climbing the stairs but I cannot go any other way. I want to see the whole space from above. First, Anticorp Solar accompanies me in a performative talk. We walk, we admire the paint splatters on the pavement, we look under a locked door. What is there, a table or a tableau? A bottle forgotten on a chair and a lot of dust bunnies, accumulated smudges in the corners, under the cupboards. He finds it funny that I associate a wrong word for a part of the dustpan. The palette of the dustpan. Other remnants, ins and outs, and I'm ready to throw myself in the armpits of the space. Here, upstairs, we look down in the pit of the gallery. I want to embrace the space, to take it all in. I miss my other friends.

I decide to use a macramé thread to connect the ground floor with the space above. To make a V-shape, I will draw the strand under the spot-lights. This is to highlight the elevation, to connect the invisible dots between the people. And who knows what else.

Anticorp Solar wants to throw the macramé ball through space and I feel it's risky, so I decide to take on the mission and take a slower route. I count the bars on the floor, throw the ball to the ground, and find behind the technical space a heavy machine that kindly offers me a bump to secure the tip of the V that I will then draw above.

Then, I descend partway down the stairs and choose a spot to begin a performance focused on preparing the space. I want to use a small, charred piece of wood from a burnt branch of a tree in IOR Park. In the space, there are several banners about saving this park in Bucharest.

THE POWER IS OURS BECAUSE THE REASON IS ON OUR SIDE

I ask Andreea for permission, and she looks at me amused. Of course, I can use things from our shared space. So, I end up with white thread and a piece of wood shaped like a crescent. One image rises in my mind; I decide to follow it, even though I don't really want to. I told myself that I wouldn't embody evil spirits anymore, but what exactly is evil? What a caricature. It certainly isn't the horns. With Chego's help, I wrap the string around my face to secure the horns. She worries there's too much string, and after a while, left alone to work on covering my face, I decide that it's enough.

Someone is filming me this whole time, and I marvel at their patience. Suddenly, I see a figure staring at me from backstage, sitting on a chair, with a white face, a black cloak, and a tortured yet graceful posture. How delightful, another freak in the room. I adore its stillness and feel encouraged to continue. Little did I know. Later, I discover it's a mannequin. Still, at that moment, it was as alive as could be, right there in front of me.

Evil is the insatiability of those who plunder public spaces.

Near the entrance door in the gallery, I turn the charred wood into charcoal — I trace beside the burnt branch the shadow of branches that are no longer there. A lot of Vs.

I write "AIR" and pull out the strings out of my face faster than I had intended. It seems I just needed to transfer something from the soul of a person or a collective energy to make the heart of the wood beat again. The strings flow alongside the little piece of wood like veins. A desire for reassembly. No matter how calmly I create the charcoal drawings on the ground, there's still an inner turmoil. Behind me, Jan Lim lies on a blanket, hat over his face, and I can feel his calmness. I melt.

I search for verticality, trying to put the tree back on its feet. After struggling alone like a fisherman with a fish that's way too big, I finally manage to ask Andreea for help. Hooray, I've realized I'm not alone — that was the idea. We look for a support point, and Andreea secures the end of the macramé thread behind the gallery entrance door. The thread is like a clothesline, and the taller people bend slightly as they pass through.

I place a decayed quince under the tree.

Evening falls, and we eat in front of the gallery; Xiang Dong grills vegetables and meat, and people are sitting around with beers. I start to relax a bit too. I see some photos with Tiong and three girls — they look pop, casual, and sexy. They seem to create art simply through their presence.

My work in performance has a kind of desperation in it, and I must be honest. I need to separate passion from the workmanlike drive. How do I become part of a community? I have a tendency to separate myself from others in my work, even though the results tend to complement the context. I am still learning to be part of the company. To keep company. I draw a comparison with my grandmother's work at the Agricultural Production Cooperative, which was surely alienating — work for product ion rather than work that brings people together. I try to break away from that pattern and let myself be inspired by this particular company. I hate the word, so I promise myself that I will be "a diva".

Company, in this context, where actions arise organically from our interactions, from the stimuli we offer each other without direction or control, could mean branching out. We grow as we create. Moreover, and most importantly, I need to resist the tendency to force a shared interpretation, to set aside the obsession with cohesion, to let all the impulses in the space flow freely and simply follow them.

It is not even a branching, but a company of canopies.



2nd Day

We’re gathering in a maidan in the middle of the town, and someone keeps reminding us that this is where the marginalized gather. We have a picnic between the Academia Romana, the Palace of the Parliament, and the People’s Salvation Cathedral. The inside joke is that these are the satans who govern the people. Down with them.

Someone doubts that Andreea could get water from the Romanian Academy to make compote, eventually, they follow Andreea and return with a full water can.

I clean and chop the quinces together with Vlad. I take out the bansuri flute, and Ingrid plays it while Cristina accompanies her on the violin, and other girls sing along. The compote has boiled. Andreea pulls out a small device that emits noise that she can modulate; a few of us start to dance, moving jerkily to the noise among the bushes like a group of medieval dancers. Tiong follows us with a video camera.

I stay with Lucian and Andreea, and I emit sharp sounds that punctuate the noise, resembling a bit the sound of the pheasant we saw earlier. Then Lucian and Andreea chant ‘Among Satans’ as if in an exorcism. I don’t feel like chanting with them. I find a way out from the landscape, following the sound of my voice. I leave to observe them better from the outside. You need to allow time to create relations. After a few hours of being together, the discussions become more intense.

Dong makes omelets hours on end, then the omelet slowly transforms into pancakes. They make pancakes until night falls, and people have fun guessing the shape that the batter takes. The mystery deepens. Dorin explains to me the divination technique he invented with a friend. He points out that participants can negotiate some rules — it’s a democratic form of divination.

Then Anticorp Solar and Cosmina tell me how they helped an artist connect transparent threads between the Palace of the Parliament and a nearby shack, and how they almost succeeded.

3rd Day

I want to work with salt. I have five pounds of rock salt, and I’m very happy with it. I also want to paint lime on the now resurrected tree. I’d like it to smell like lime, but all I have is washable lime, which has no strong odor. I reach the gallery, where there are canvases and paints on the floor. A few people begin to paint. A little poem comes to mind — it’s a bit cringey, but I like it a lot, so I write it on a canvas with Lucian. Later, Xiang Dong added the Chinese translation to the banner that will be used in the following months at protests:

THE ANGEL TREES GROW LEAVES OF THE TREES FROM EARTH

Inspired by the painters, I draw some marks on the charred tree, at the top. I add white spots. If you look from a certain angle, it takes on a human profile. It’s an anthropomorphization, it also emphasizes a similarity. The tree has an ancestral profile, resembling an African mask, and I love it more and more. My affection grows with the attention I give it. In the end, I realized it looked better without my intervention.

I start working with the salt, pouring it into a small mound. It’s perfect. I kneel down and press my face into the salt. Due to perspiration, the salt grains stick to my skin. I need to feel the material and let it transform me. I follow the material and merge with it. Then, I press my face against the black tree. Heavy emotions emerge — helplessness in the face of the destruction of the trees, a sense of abandonment, and the inability to bear the passing on a collective and personal level. These emotions are usually buried. I can’t afford to feel them every day. I conduct a process of alchemy. It is also chemistry. The salt gets into my eyes and makes me cry. I make faces as if in a butoh dance. My face is now both white and black. My white shirt is darkened with charcoal. Together with the charred tree, we form a living sculpture, embodying death and life; they flow into one another, and I train myself to endure this passage. I need the material to excavate the emotions buried deep within. It’s a strategy rooted in realism: the frozen tears of repressed emotions are forced out when in contact with salt. The salt facilitates the alchemical process, pulling me out of inertia. The dry matter draws the liquids from my tear glands. I feel love for the dead tree; I kiss and hug it. Tiong stays by my side for a while. Suddenly, Aexea starts drumming by the door, where Andreea has been standing for a long time with her hand raised. The power and rhythm of the drumsticks make me dance and lift my spirits. I finally hear the music. It’s a slow rave. I keep dancing, shadowing Cosmina — she’s dancing with her hands, accompanying Lucian, who is reading, leaning against a wall. I offer energy with my hands to the wall.

I move towards Jan Lim, who is painting sinuous shapes on the canvas, forms of water. I’m fascinated by the way he moves the brush across the canvas and guides the color. I dance a bit behind him, following his style: meditative, focused, calm, and fluid, occasionally punctuated by quick movements. It feels like the right way to act, at the right time, and it inspires me, drawing me deeper into meditation.

Cosmina and Anticorp Solar are like the hands of a clock: one is the hour hand, the other, the second hand; who is the pendulum and who is the medium?

Dragoş brought some trash he had collected during his walks in the mountains — old plastic packaging and bottles — and arranged them in a circle. They look almost organic, having shriveled with the passage of time. They break your heart.

I go toward the circle of found objects collected by Dragoş and struggle to dance among them. It’s hard to dance on one foot. I see Vera (Heekyung) coming toward me, wearing an eye mask, moving through the space. I gently touch her shoulder, guiding her away from the trash. We share a soft moment of contact.

It’s very hot in the gallery, and I’ve been dancing. I watch Dragoş, who’s put on his magician’s cloak, swirling its lap around him. I go over to him to cool off. Suddenly, Tiong announces that we’re about to do something, and we work to form a unified organism, moving slowly, maintaining contact as our bodies support each other in the gallery’s stifling heat, heading toward the light outside — the light of the last summer day. The light Tiong holds seems to compete with it. The action lasts about ten minutes; we’re sweaty, and some of us groan, moan, or sing to support each other. Suddenly, our work together takes on a tangible form.

It feels like an ending; we take a well-deserved pause.

I meet up with Ana Barbu, my lifelong friend, a found-object artist and a lover of nature. We’ve worked together for a long time, so it feels natural that she would join me for the final part of the performance near the charred tree. At first, she starts to shape the remaining salt into a flame, but then changes course and creates an angel wing, adding soft fluff from her garden to its feathers. I dissolve activated charcoal in my mouth. I ask Lucian what word the tree installation inspires him, and he says, HOME. I let the charcoal flow from my mouth and use it to paint the letters of HOME on a layer of salt. We are at home among trees.

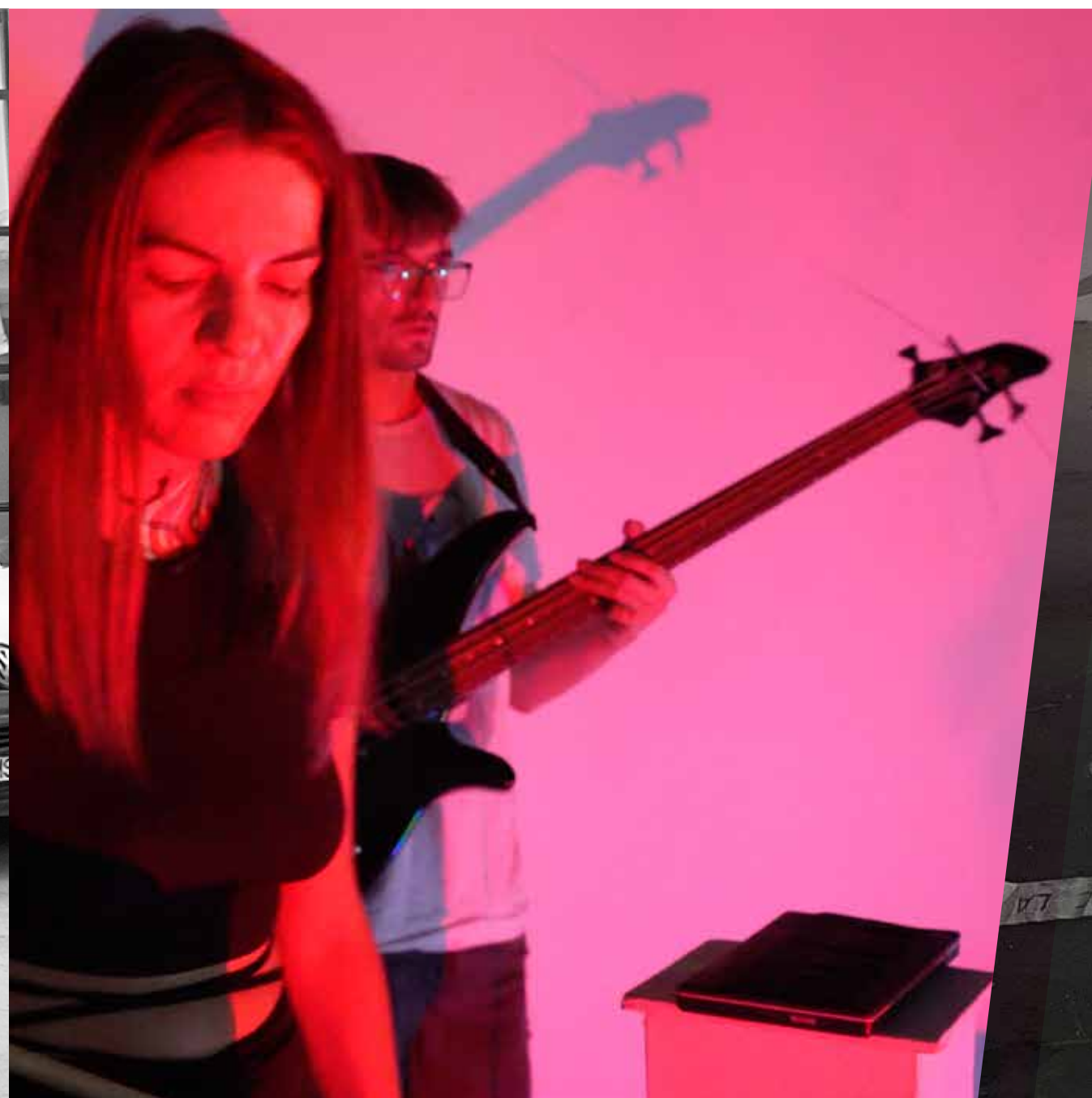
I still have some dissolved charcoal in my mouth, so I head over to the painters to see where I might use it. I see that Roxana has painted several colorful, charming creatures, and I ask if it’s okay to add a bit of black to her canvas. After she agrees and shows me the paint, I surprise her with my mouth painting, dotting tiny black charcoal beads to form the eyes of the pink creatures. The evening continues with sporadic dancing to the sounds of Anticorp Solar’s mysterious devices, readings from scattered books, and long conversations. Lucian and I hold a séance with Gellu Naum and write a poem together. I suggest we sign it with our shared pen name, Angelina. In the poem, Gellu Naum tells us how to reach the other shore. And we all stay a while longer, talking, improvising late into the night.

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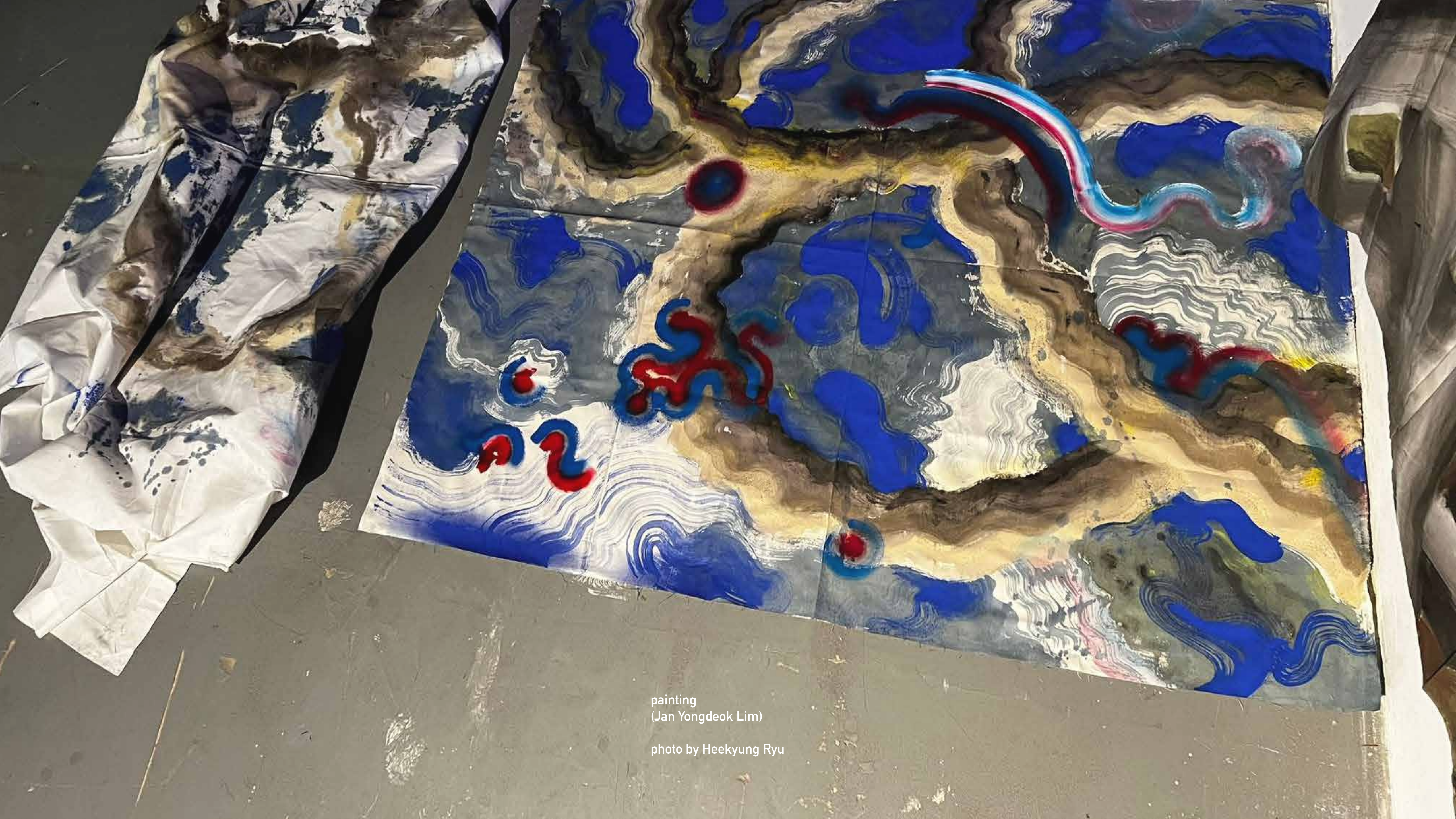


band  
(Jan Yongdeok Lim, Li Xiangdong, Heekyung Ryu,  
Goeun Choi, Tiong Ang)

photo by Adina Ionita







painting  
(Jan Yongdeok Lim)

photo by Heekyung Ryu





THE SECOND  
(Anticorp Solar, Dorin Budusan)  
2024

film still  
by Alfred Schupler



Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND

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16 -29 September 2024

UNAgaleria / UNArte, Bucharest



THE SECOND  
(Valentina Chirită)  
2024

photo by Petre Fall

We gather again. Some have gone east. Others stayed. For some, the journey ended halfway. A second time. Despite the absence of steel and marble, where do we stand now? We do what we've done before on the scaffolding. We hold the space, facilitate and care, keep busy, or just hang around. We read in silence, share a meal, play bass, move without direction, hold the space. Think otherwise, move in an open space, on a different chart, and act accordingly (or not).

*Ne adunăm din nou. Unii au plecat înspre est. Alții au rămas. Pentru unii, călătoria s-a încheiat pe la jumătatea drumului. A doua oară. Cum ne poziționăm acum că oțelul și marmura sunt absente? Facem ceea ce am făcut și înainte pe schelă. Facem loc, facilităm și îngrijim, rămânem ocupați, sau doar stăm prin preajmă. Citim în liniște, mâncăm împreună, cântăm la bas, ne mișcăm fără direcție, menținem spațiul. Gândim altfel, ne mișcăm într-un spațiu deschis, pe o altă hartă și ne comportăm ca atare (sau nu).*



# THE SECOND

THE SECOND  
between inside and outside  
(Andreea David)  
2024

film still by Alfred Schupler











photo by Jan Yongdeok Lim





## # re-encounter, reunion

THE SECOND emerges as a temporary site for artistic exploration and production, an evolution of the ongoing collective endeavor known as 'The Second Hands'. While bearing the semblance of a conventional exhibition, it is fundamentally conceived as a dynamic 'user' space—a laboratory, workshop, and collective studio—where dialogue, didactics, and pedagogy play crucial roles in the dissemination and circulation of artistic experimentation. The project is driven by the desire to revisit and re-examine the 'energy and images' generated by the 2022 event held on the scaffolding and caravan grounds behind the former People's Palace—a site of encounter, a transient community, a 'free' happening characterized by a multiplicity of artistic gestures, behaviours, and voices.

This undertaking delves into the complex terrain of artistic and performative collaboration, giving voice to the diverse narratives of two distinct communities. Time itself is employed as a critical force, shaping the urgency and purpose of artistic creation within the context of an evolving society. The unease experienced in the presence of well-meaning strangers, the labyrinthine nature of self-perception, and the silent agency inherent in shyness constitute some of the work's unexpected thematic undercurrents as a form of 'social sculpture.' The collaborative ensemble comprises choreographers, musicians, dancers, poets, theatre scholars, architects, painters, filmmakers, researchers, and other artists, supported by a parallel team based in the Netherlands.

## # narratives and differences

In 2022 the original project 'The Second Hands' was realized in Bucharest under the name Tiong Ang & Company. This large-scale, performative, and collective art project served as an arena for deploying the full spectrum of my collaborative practice. This encompassed unscripted filming, forms of collective performance and theatricality, travel as an integral process, sound practice, radical improvisation, fluid 'tableaux vivants', and the happening —both as an event and a form of image-making—, all converging to evoke an alternative reality. I've recently begun to characterize this group work as 'social sculpture,' though my primary aim is not to instigate social change in any overtly activist, mediatory, or legalistic sense. Rather, my focus lies in crafting an alternative image of our evolving, uncertain world - a world replete with contradictions, conflicts, and injustices, yet simultaneously brimming with nascent possibilities.

The performance on stage —a large scaffolding next to the People's House— presented novel perspectives of the Palace façade and the distant Cathedral still under construction. This unprecedented setting facilitated the staged, collective gathering —also envisioned as a decentralized film set— generating a wave of dissociative experiences for the audience and fostering encounters of uncontrolled knowledge and raw energy for the participants/ performers.





materials  
(Dragoş Matei)

photo by Heekyung Ryu



Heekyung Ryu

photo by Jan Yongdeok Lim



Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND

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In response to the collective performance  
THE SECOND HANDS  
- video installation  
2022 / 2024







sound & space & text  
(Anticorp Solar)

photo by Tiong Ang





between inside and outside  
(all performers)

360 Cam still by Ingrid Sanghee Edwards



THE SECOND is a new work that revisits the social and emotional challenges of our displaced identities. But we also want to emerge from the shadows of despair and insecurity. Faded memories, mediatised experiences and socio-political alienation have affected our perceptions and behaviour. In a culture of difference —being and feeling ‘other’— we explore the tension between the authenticity of presence and the authorship of representation. The blind spot is framed by ever-changing means, viewed from subjective perspectives. We use different media, including painting, video, music, dance, installation, collective performance, experimental film, pedagogy, counselling and writing, and bring them together in a central happening. Our aim is to create performative situations with spatial and cinematic elements to reveal the current tension between a subjective, individual point of view and a collective, normative order. Do we live in unfulfilled expectations, have we interrupted our learning paths, do we keep false promises? How have we allowed ourselves to sink into the hole? How do we experience our place in the gap, this sense of nothingness, a radiance of emptiness, a desert of silence, a void – and can we express it, visualize it, imagine it?

## # empty space and shared time

THE SECOND addresses important issues of human rights, independence and environmental awareness, linked to personal concerns such as the social psychology of creation, individual growth and mental health. Through social interaction, we invite voices that have been silenced to share their stories. In these turbulent political times, so close to or even within our national borders — but also in our own fragmented and confused minds —, the conversations we have with each other are characterized precisely by the very conditions of uncertainty and darkness. That’s why it’s crucial to create space for these conversations (and productions) to happen, illuminated by international exchange and inclusive collaboration, as well as in new aesthetic dimensions.

THE SECOND begins in a dark and empty gallery with a small number of people and will evolve over two weeks into a live set for a turbulent performative encounter where the space is gradually filled by our shared time together. Our approach is to develop kinship, knowledge and sensitivity to the ‘temporality and mood’ of the city and its artists and institutions. We do this from a unique perspective —that of an ‘inside-outsider’. Our diverse group of performers represents different worlds: Northern, Western, Eastern, Southern European, Asian, American, hybrid, Romanian, local and diasporic, both visible and unseen. We’re aiming for a shared authorship in an international and transdisciplinary context. This is the essence of ‘the Second Hands’ as a group of people: the cyclical nature of identities rooted in fading origins.

Tiong Ang  
& Company



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Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND  
UNAgaleria / UNArte, Bucharest  
16 - 29 September 2024

# International collaborative project of dialogic visual and performative arts: performances / installation / experimental music / workshop / screenings / publications (following 'The Second Hands', National Museum of Contemporary Art (MNAC) Bucharest, 2022)  
# Live collective performances 26 and 28 September 2024  
# Rehearsals / book presentation at the 'maidan' of Academia Romana, 27 September 2024

# The Company \_NL: Ingrid Sanghee Edwards, Heekyung Ryu, Andrés Novo, Robert Wittendorp, Jan Yongdeok Lim, Aster Arribas, Timea Andrea Lelik, Filippo Iannone, Dorin Budușan, Che Go Eun, Li Xiangdong, Sharon Oxford, Mahsa Fartous  
# The Company \_RO: Andreea David, Călin Nahaiciuc, Anticorp Solar, Cosmina Moroșan, Dan Stancu, Alfred Schupler, Adriana Gheorghe, Roxana Ardeleanu, Oana Maria Zaharia, Ștefan Botezatu, Alex E, Iulia Chindea, Diana Negroiu, Alexandra Andronic, Aexea Ranta, Cristina Beteringhe, Mihail Lucian Florescu, Valentina Chiriță, Dragoș Matei et al  
Tiong Ang (artist, curator, educator, filmmaker, organizer)  
w/ Andreea David (artist, choreographer, dancer, activist, organizer)

# Live durational performances on 26, 27 and 28 September.  
# Screenings of videos by Robert Wittendorp / Ganesh Nepal / Filippo Iannone / Dan Stancu / Fey Lehiane / Ingrid Sanghee Edwards / Alfred Schupler/ Tiong Ang et al  
# A brochure documenting the 2022 project and a new essay by Dorin Budușan was published, as well as the 2020 libretto/manifesto KINSHIP/INRUDIRE by Edna van Duyn in a new translation. Design by Serioja Bocso.

THE SECOND  
(Roxana Ardeleanu)

photo by Jan Yongdeok Lim





the Kitchen

photo by Li Xiangdong







Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND

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musicians  
(Călin Naihaiciuc, Alex E, Cristina Beteringhe  
Stefan Botezatu, Aexea Ranta, Oana Maria  
Zaharia)

photo Petre Fall



THE SECOND  
(Ingrid Sanghee Edwards, Tiong Ang,  
Sharon Oxford, Mahsa Fartous)

photo by Sharon Oxford





# THE SECOND builds on a previous project, 'The Second Hands', which happened in Bucharest in 2022. That project involved a caravan trip from the Netherlands to Romania, culminating in a large scaffolding structure (like a stage) and sound installation behind the former People's House. It also included a multi-screen video piece and a big, collective performance or happening that mixed cinema, concert, and a caravanserai (a roadside inn).

This new work, THE SECOND, takes the form of a group performance, a sound installation, and exhibited materials, all brought together by Tiong Ang & Company. It's all about exploring how we exchange ideas and work together across cultures and different fields, especially considering today's social, economic, and political climate. Back in 2020, Tiong Ang created a large-scale, public artwork for the Bucharest Biennale at the National Museum of Contemporary Art (inside the Parliament Palace, formerly the People's House). After a Covid-19 delay, it was mostly completed in May 2022. Then, in 2024, the team was invited back to Bucharest to further develop the project (now called THE SECOND) at UNAgaleria, the gallery of UNArte, Bucharest's main art university..

Supported by: UNArte, MNAC (Bucharest), Mondriaan Fund, Stichting Stokroos (Amsterdam) and many individuals



Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND



UNAgaleria  
Combinatul Fondului Plastic  
Strada Băiculești 29, București

16-29 September 2024

IG @whatisuniversal  
FB Tiong Ang  
[https://tiongang.net/\\_include/pdf/SECONDHANDS.pdf](https://tiongang.net/_include/pdf/SECONDHANDS.pdf)  
<https://unarte.org/unagaleria/>



Tiong Ang & Company  
THE SECOND

A picnic / rehearsal at the 'maidan' of Academia Romana  
in response to the collective performance  
THE SECOND HANDS / THE SECOND  
2022 / 2024

'poetry reading, film shoots, publication and writing  
exercises at IOR Park / Academia Romana'





# THE SECOND



THE SECOND  
(Oana Maria Zaharia)

film still by Alfred Schupler



THE SECOND

(Andreea David, Jan Yongdeok Lim, Goeun Choi  
and a tree from IOR-park)

photo by Tiong Ang





Tiong Ang is a visual artist, filmmaker, curator and educator. His work explores the social, emotional and existential challenges of having multiple identities, experiencing repeated displacement, and the widespread influence of images.

His approach examines how we perceive the world and behave socially, addressing the impact of fading memories, how media shapes our experiences, and feelings of social, ecological and political disconnection. He works in various locations and cultures, exploring the tension between being authentically present and who has the authority to represent others. His artistic practice embraces a wide range of media, including painting, video, installation, collective performance, experimental film, pedagogy, counselling, and writing. Over the years, Ang has developed a unique way of working collectively, blurring the lines of individual authorship by functioning as a “group”—like a band, team, or cooperative. These collaborations bring together diverse personal attitudes and experiences, navigating the complex interplay of cultural differences.

Individual viewpoints are less valuable than the collective perspectives and the creative process itself, but still occasionally shine through. Ang’s artistic exploration of how place, time, and individual voices interact in a turbulent world reveals a global landscape of unique personal truths and a wealth of shared understandings, all existing within a context of contested freedoms and various forms of oppression, such as colonialism, patriarchy, and violent authority.

Tiong Ang & Company’s THE SECOND HANDS is a collaborative performance project exploring physical exchange and shared discomfort through a journey across European borders. It’s a tribute to freedom of movement and resistance, brought to life by a diverse group of artists with varying skills and viewpoints. Conceived as a road trip, a collaborative film, and a performance within a constructed space, the project’s development was largely hidden during the Covid-19 pandemic, existing for nearly two years as a kind of clandestine gathering place for unrealized ideas and unheard voices.

THE SECOND HANDS has now resurfaced, embracing uncertainty, divergence, and a sense of being in-between as core principles. This is embodied by the project’s setting: the abandoned car park and archive of the National Museum of Contemporary Art, situated in the former People’s Palace—a building erected during Nicolae Ceausescu’s regime. A car and caravan journeyed from the North Sea to the Black Sea, culminating in a stop behind the People’s Palace. A large scaffolding structure was built to host a meeting between two groups: a traveling band originating from the former West, and a diverse collective of Romanian artists, dancers, and musicians who have come to meet them. Together, these performers create a temporary alternative community through their shared performance.

THE SECOND HANDS began as a keynote project proposal for the 9th Bucharest Biennale 2020, titled FAREWELL TO RESEARCH. It was conceived for the public space in front of the National Museum of Contemporary Art (MNAC), situated behind the Parliament Palace in Bucharest, and included a planned film screening installation within the museum’s library.

Originally scheduled for May 28–July 4, 2020, the project faced repeated cancellations and postponements due to the COVID-19 pandemic. It was eventually rescheduled for May 26–29, 2022.

Following this, at the invitation of director Calin Dan, Tiong Ang participated in a seminar at MNAC (International Academy #3) in November 2023, where he (re)presented the project within the museum’s context.

A reunion/re-encounter project, titled THE SECOND, was then held in September 2024 at UNAgaleria/UNArte in Bucharest, bringing together the original cast and crew (participants) for a new exhibition.

#### THE SECOND

THE SECOND HANDS (CAR SALES PLOT):  
#CARAVANSERAI / #CINEMA and #CIRCUS (Lenin’s choice) /  
#KOMEDIE STAMBOEL / #OTTO E MEZZO / #ROAD MOVIE



