

vacant seat, graduation

This is a series of drawings that reveal a perspective on a specific person or time that cannot be returned to, through empty spaces. The images that have become the subject of the drawings are snapshots taken of a specific person or people. The composition of the photos and the scenes they capture are faithfully reproduced, but only the spaces excluding the people are drawn. As these photos were taken to capture people, the spaces that appear behind the characters when the screen within the frame is composed would have been almost unconscious or considered valid only in relation to the main character. The space in the screen robbed of its characters looks strangely left behind, like clothes someone hastily took off. Photos are always a record of the past. When the things that were with me at that time are no longer there, that image becomes something strangely left behind to me. I draw them meticulously, yet faintly.

Friends

These drawings stem from emotions such as emptiness and isolation that I have felt many times or seen through others. Even if I meet someone or leave somewhere to get away from these feelings right away, they are ultimately waiting for me in a place where I can only return alone. I keep wanting to say that these feelings are latent in all of us. Someone may not agree with this. However, nonetheless, it is not just my problem. The several faces drawn in the same way are less an expression of interest in the different personalities that each friend has, and more an interest in some common state that all of them might have somewhere. Or it is my portrait revealed through their faces.

Missing

One night in March, crossing the Han River, I witnessed a search scene for a person who jumped in. About a month later, I saw a ship sinking to the bottom of the sea. 'Missing' presupposes the absence of someone and is only spoken by those left behind. At this time, the absence of the subject is an unconfirmed absence, so they are endlessly wandering between hope and despair, expectation and resignation, faith and disbelief, the will to remember and the fear of oblivion, or the will to forget and the fear that they might remember in the end. The method of carving thin lines one by one on the inkstick, or on the back of the paper, comes with a sense of hopelessness and anxiety, as they have to grope for something constantly without knowing exactly what and how it is being drawn. I constantly move between various psychological states such as feeling frustrated, anxious, restless, and hopeful. As a result, countless lines that are not perfectly controlled gather to form a space that is full yet empty, or distant yet not distant.

Recent works The words floating around are, in general, the languages of those left behind.

Writing this, I suddenly think, the traces of attempts to gather and look into those things that seem to have no substance and do not catch well, may have formed the previous poem.

Moments that seem to vividly sense the absence. Touching the void of something is usually empty or lonely, and the impressions of the disappeared things that suddenly come to mind are always close and far.

Saying goodbye and leaving is hard. I don't know how to do it. It's certainly not a pleasant thing to keep hanging around at the threshold of loss. But I don't think it's that bad.

Most of the time when I work, I don't really know what I am doing. It is burdensome to waver between the will to believe and constant doubt, but, therefore, I draw. Again, -