

The Furthest Away

Standing in front of a summer pond, I suddenly thought it was time to paint a winter pond. Looking back, it has always been like that. As if there are words that can only be said when not in front of the eyes, like a letter rather than a conversation.

The winter pond, where the cut branches are standing still with their necks stretched out, is humble and serene. Last year's lotus flowers have all disappeared. In the ground, next year's flowers will be asleep. The water surface, which cuts across the traces of the previous generation and the promise of the next generation, reflects the color of the flowing sky without rest. It's a landscape filled with what's gone, what hasn't come yet, and what's passing by. I transcribe the shape of the branches as if transcribing a text I cannot read. I fill in the color of the water surface, like counting the spaces between words and lines. The silent world is an unreadable book for humans seeking meaning. In front of it, we don't know what to do, but we keep trying to grope for something.

There is some kind of repetition in "Day to Day". Like the progression of a 5-bar score marked with a bis symbol in the middle three *bis* 두 번 연주하기*, three pictures are repeated between the first and last pages. The first and last days of life do not come twice. However, in between, there are countless returning days and nights, and seasons. 'Day to Day' connects two 'days', but in reality, it means 'all repeating days'. All those days are also different days. In the picture, black and white, what exists and what doesn't, branches and non-branches, water and non-water share the same frame, touch each other, and define each other's shapes.

When drawing a door that takes off its moult and a broken window, I thought of the image of empty parentheses. The white paper is already empty, but as soon as you put parentheses in a part of the paper, the paper inside the parentheses is distinguished from the rest. As if it has really become empty. At this time, the empty parentheses become a device that specifies the 'absence' itself. 'How does the drawn part make the undrawn part look different', 'How can the undrawn part become the protagonist of the picture' was my long-term interest.

"Montage" is a picture about the individual's perspective that creates a system of meaning by associating unrelated experiences. If the montage in video shows different scenes sequentially, the images on the triangular structure do not form a specific order. Due to the setting of three canvases at an acute angle, the audience can only see one images at a time. The place where separate scenes come together and trigger meaning becomes the head of the audience who turns around the work.

Several branches of works that make up the exhibition make the viewer associate with them. If someone recalls a tragic event from "Montage", the pond landscape that came down and faced again may be seen as a metaphor for countless deaths. The windows and doors that reveal the void can become pieces of unfamiliar daily life after loss. Depending on what you focus on and how you view other things, the pictures form different contexts.

It's the beginning of winter again. I am still painting last winter's pond. I thought I was throwing a brushstroke towards the distant past in the summer, but now I feel like I'm painting the coming future. As winter deepens, the pond will become more similar to the picture. But it can never be the same.

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*The section enclosed by the *bis* symbol is played twice and then moves on to the next measure. Therefore, the progression of the bottom left score is the same as the right score.

