

## Whereabouts

There are times when I think I am depicting distant or innocent things. The things that remain after something has vanished, those in front of my eyes that will soon disappear, those that are perhaps disappearing somewhere even now, or those that may have already vanished. Things like a plant withered and empty, eggshells piled in a corner of the kitchen, a vacant landscape, snowflakes that fill the world but will be gone by tomorrow, icebergs in the polar regions, and the last appearance of clouds in my imagination.

I have always spoken about the experience of loss, but there was no direct subject of loss among the things I actually drew. I couldn't draw them, so I didn't. The things I did draw were those I saw while wandering around the periphery of loss, things that somehow caught my eye. Those innocent things. They were selected by an intuition of the moment but stayed with me for a long time until they became a painting.

There were times when I waited, repeatedly thinking until the belief came to me that what I had chosen had meaning. Now, I just paint. I no longer trust the thoughts that came before drawing. The thoughts that arise while I'm drawing are true thoughts about the painting, I feel it every time I make the first stroke.

In a way, the meaning of a painting may be found faintly but clearly only within the very time of creating it, rather than in the motivation for creation or the subject that was drawn. Often, the painting I have done feels strangely unfamiliar, as if it belongs to someone else. The painting remains, but its meaning is elusive.

Loss is about gaining an expression that was never there before and losing another forever. I think the same is true for painting. When I see a new painting, slightly different in expression but similar to a previous one, I think some paintings will never be drawn again.

I have seen the clear face of a person a few times. A face as clear as transparent water rising over things that have gradually sunk over a long time. Such a face was always the last face of that person I saw. I wonder if I can someday paint a picture like that face.

It's something I cannot know. Therefore, I draw.

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The process of drawing is more about constantly subtracting than adding something. Color is erased and the contrast of light and shadow is reduced. The sense of volume and weight decreases, and the texture of the subject recedes behind the texture of the canvas. When drawing a world made up of such small differences, a unique delicacy is required. Delicacy contains slowness, so one could call such a painting a 'thin and slow painting'. For several years, I seem to be chasing a certain sensation that only emerges through a carefully constructed low-density canvas.

Some paintings are drawn twice. Translating what has already been drawn into different materials and sizes is a step further away from the original subject, and it is about overlaying two different periods on one canvas. Above all, it is about living out a certain kind of time. Embracing everything derived from the uncertain moment of choice as inevitable. The time of review that persistently wanders within.

The pictures that are drawn dryly by paying similar attention to all parts of the canvas appear ambiguous because of their calmness. Pictures that seem to be seen but not understood, pictures that face the audience but seem not to look at them, show a world that is similar to reality but somehow different. Depending on the aspect of that difference, the painting creates various distances. This is related to the psychological distance I feel from the world and the various emotions it triggers.

Im Jaehyoung