

## Studio Now



This month, I am focusing on the external wall painting and finishing up the props for <Forgetting> series.

## The explanation of my works



<Cognition – 16 The way of seeing, 2021>

This piece is a continual piece from the 'Cognition Series - To See' and is motivated by the clouds. However, not as the cloud being a concrete thing but rather to express it as a certain being that exists. The reason why the 'To See' series has black background is to eliminate the space shown through light. This piece also eliminated the recognition of space on the canvas as a three-dimensional space, and minimized the three-dimensional sense of the object by reducing the effect of light.

The reason was that it is intended to determine the status and meaning of the object and space based on each memory and information that those who look at the object and background in the work had. There are no front, back, left and right in this piece. However, I expressed it so that the existence and texture of the object can be inferred by a little light.

The 'To See' series is based on the idea that if light is eliminated, the nature and information of the actual object do not necessarily match the outcome perceived by human cognitive function, and that the actual object may exist unexpectedly simply. I'm planning to draw more of this series.

*For detailed image, go to webpage on the bottom of next page.*

## *Kim's Essay*

### Mark (2)

Last March, my mother passed away. She did have some illness but was handling day-to-day life fine until one day she had pain in her heart and it only took her 4 days to pass away from acute myocardial infarction. In Korea, we hold the funeral for 3 days, which has been a tradition to allow the ones living far away to have time to travel to say goodbye. When it was held, people gathered around to say their farewell. Those who were close to my mother came with grief to say farewell. Distant family members who were not close to and never stayed in touch with my mother came to say their farewell and talk about their feelings. Friends came to tell me how 'it's something everyone had or will go through' to cheer me up. Even the ones who have never seen my mother came to cheer me up. They too, were worrying about their own parents' health.

By the time the three days were over, my family, along with myself when to a mortuary at the basement of the building. There, a person I called my mother was lying cold. Looking at her, it seemed as if her 70 years of life was passing in front of my eyes like a panorama. The way she would smile at my young self. Picture of her wedding with my father which I once saw at her parent's house. The way she was carried to the hospital. Looking at her lying there at the mortuary, I could feel her life hovering over me, making me feel all kinds of things.

Facing the endpoint of a person who lived as a person and a mother, there was an unexplainable emotions about humans' finite life and meaninglessness. Though mother can no long exist as she did, she left a mark in this world by leaving my brothers and me. We do not know in what form our mother exist at the very moment, but her name is engraved into her gravestone clearly almost as to prove that she did exist in this world. Looking at her name on the gravestone, I too, feel that I am heading towards an endpoint in my life. I sometimes ask myself. 'What marks am I leaving right now?'