

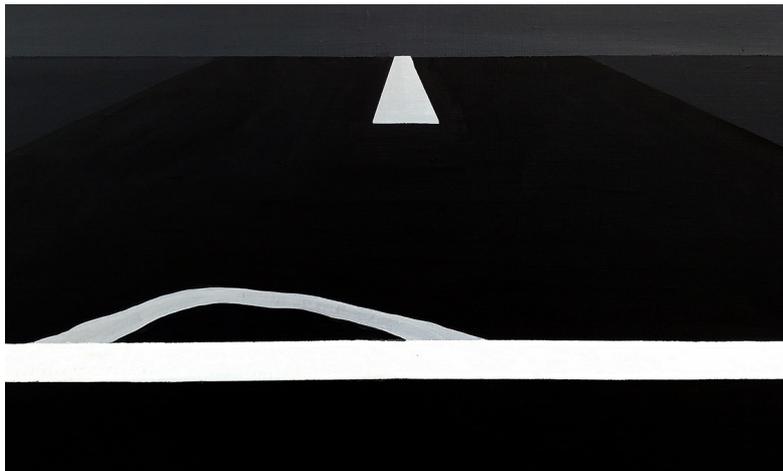
Studio Now



Currently working on the Cognition series.

Participating in an online exhibition 'Survival of the Fittest'. Website link attached on the mail.

The explanation of my works



< Cognition - Some existence & Some reality, 2020 >

This piece, as the name suggests, expresses my own experience about 'truth and reality'. Since 2018, I was diagnosed a disease called 'central serous retinopathy'. The major symptom of this disease is that blisters are caught in the retina and the object of the eye is distorted in the retina due to blisters. If the object is circular or different, the distortion is not severe, but in the case of horizontal lines such as horizontal lines, I recognize two images at the same time, just like the contents of the work. The disease belongs to macular degeneration in a broad sense, but it is different from macular degeneration in that it can be cured completely.

What I am trying to portray through my art is a question, 'Is the world we take in with eyes the same to everyone?' Most people, when they see an object, through cognition and recognition process, tend to associate it with things they learned before. And if the target is uniformed through collective intelligence, they accept it so easily that it is more like blind faith than rational doubt. Here is the hypothesis I'm trying to say in my art. A belief that people feel the same way when they recognize and feel the same thing. And that faith is a unquestioned blind belief that believes it is right. Isn't the blind faith that begins with this uniform collective intelligence a force to maintain human collective society, a double-edged sword that makes us forget the existence of individuals?

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

Kim's Essay

Motive Over Goal

Few months ago, I visited a studio of a fellow artist A who lives nearby. He is in his early 50s, single and has been living as an artist for 30 years. That day, he told me about how he went into an art school. Due to the poor household, his parents were against going to an art school. Without having had a proper art education, he worked at a small factory and with that money, went to art academy in order to get into a college in the suburbs. In the past ten years of knowing each other, we have only talked about the present, so the story he told made me change my prejudice toward him.

As we continued through the conversation, it escalated into a topic of 'how are we going to live from now?' That is when A told me about a conversation he had with another artist B. B is in his late 50s and has a wife and a son. The following is their conversation.

B: A! I am getting old and the art pieces are increasing. I don't know what to do with them!

A: You have a wife and a son. Why worry? Give it to them!

B: Would their love toward the pieces be as big as mine? I wish that I would become successful and sell everything before I die. And if any is left, I want to donate it to a gallery.

A: Why worry about the things after your death? Draw whatever you like when you are alive! After-death is nothing for you to worry about. Worrying about it now won't change what happens.

Hearing this conversation made me realize the attitude of A toward drawings and his standard of life as an artist. And this touched me. I thought back to the time when I decided to become an artist. Back then, I started art with a dream too big. I did not know what an artist represented and thought naively and ignorantly that if I draw, I could be an artist. I still hold this dream, yet with this ignorance gone, the reality seemed too high. Looking back at it now, the ignorance going away was necessary, and as I settled with reality, it was only natural that I stepped away from the innocent motive.

Only when they lose something important, do people come to realization. So I ask myself. 'Why did I obsess over dreams? What was the problem?' The languishment I was under must have been due to the unconditional thought of having to accomplish the dream.

Thinking back at the time when I first starting art, now I know. Dream had been a goal that I wanted to accomplish, but it was more of a motive that made be begin. Then I thought, 'perhaps A chose the life as is after feeling the endless agony.'

Now I am not tied to a set goal but rather enjoying it, so creation is fun. In addition, I have learned to set back and look at the world slowly and therefore, I was able to see and feel more. Motive from a dream. Perhaps human life seeks for the meaning of existence not through the joy of accomplishment but through the delight learned in the process of life.